ARTAMENES;
OR, THE
GRAND CYRUS,
That Excellent
ROMANCE.
IN
TEN PARTS.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY,
Governour of *Noſtre-Dame*.

Engliſhed by F. G. *Eſq*;.

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TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE deſervingly Immortal *CYRUS*, once the Terror of the *Eaſtern* World, his Ambition yet unſatisfi'd, and his *Aſiatick* Conqueſts too narrow a Bed of Honour, As the conſummating Triumph to his finiſh'd-Victories, begs leave to take his Reſt of Glory under YOUR MAJESTIES Sacred Roof. For indeed, there are those Contingencies of Fate attending even *Records* and *Monuments*; thoſe Periods to mouldring Marble, and ruſting Leaves of Braſs, that the Memories of the *Great Dead* are only ſafe in the Hands of the *Greater Living*. Their Honourable Reception ſo heightens our Veneration, and the *Pride* and *Renown* of *Paſt Ages* is ſo indebted to the *Countenancing Authority* of the *Preſent*, that Remoter Antiquity ſeems in a manner to ſupport its whole Grandeur, and borrow its Recognition from that only Royal Act of Grace. The Remains therefore of the Great *CYRUS*, as in all Duty bound, prefer a Nobler Repoſitory in the Cloſet of the Fair MAJESTY of *Britain*, before a *Semiramis's* *mis's Temple*, or an *Eaſtern Chronicle.*

But theſe Inviting Advantages are not the only Potent Charms that bring Him a Suppliant for YOUR MAJESTIES Royal Umbrage. For introduced into that Illuſtrious Preſence, his Surveying-Wonder beholds *Your Stately Walls* adorn'd with *Trophies* ſo nearly reſembling *his Own*, that the aſtoniſhed Conqueror, once the *Guardian Genius* of protected *Iſrael*, *Judah*'s rous'd Lyon, and the *Deliverer* of the People of GOD, meets that Affinity of Glory in the Triumphs of the Great *NASSAU*; as carries a more Attracting Influence. Yet all this while, though never was *Hero* more honour'd then *CYRUS*,

RUS, raiſed up by the Particular Call of the Almighty, in no meaner a Cauſe than the *Relief* and *Succour* of his own diſtreſſed *Temple* and *Altars*, and dignifi'd with no leſs a Title than HIS SERVANT. However, as a Champion of that God *he knew not*, like a *fainter Phoſphorus* to a *brighter Sun*, He finds the Glories of the *Perſian*, infinitely outſhin'd in thoſe of the *BRITISH WORTHY*, as being the Succeſſes of that *Dearer Darling* of *Providence*, whoſe KNEE, alſo bends, where his ARM Fights.

But for His full and complete out-doing *CYRUS* in all the Points of Honour, there wants only His conſummating that laſt

Reſerve of Heaven, when after a happy Concluſion of his Commiſſion'd Arbitration between the *Croſs* and the *Creſcent*, His Leading-Arm to Scourge the Tyranny of *Europe*, ſhall fill the *Weſtern Annals* with as large a ſhare of Fame, as *CYRUS* ever ſwell'd the *Volumes* of the *East*. With theſe Conſiderations, he cannot pay a juſter Homage, than to the far-renowned Throne of *Britain*, ſo nobly fill'd with that Rich Portrait of *Himſelf* on one hand, and a *fairer Divinity* than his admired *MANDANA* on the other.

'Tis with *this Plea*, the Hiſtory of the *GRAND CYRUS* is Addreſs'd to YOUR MAJESTY. The only guilty Bluſh not to be hidden, is, That 'tis preſented by no Worthier Hand, when laid at YOUR MAJESTIES Sacred Feet by the trembling Adoration of

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTIES

Moſt Obedient

Subject and Servant,

E. S.

To the READER.

THAT *moſt Incomparable* Romance, *ſo well known under the Title of* ARTAMENES, *or the* Grand CYRUS, *having withdrawn it ſelf for ſome time from the Publick, for want of another Impreſſion, is now ſent forth a Second time, in hopes to meet the ſame Reception which the Former had, as well for the Fame of the Author, as the Noble Subject of the Hiſtory: Of which it may be truly ſaid, That never any thing was Writ with more Wit and Paſſion, than this may juſtly claim; and therefore not unworthy the moſt Ingenious and Refin'd Underſtandings. For our Author has ſo laid his Scenes throughout the whole Work, as to touch at the moſt Remarkable Affairs of his Time. For the Intrigues and Miſcarriages of War and Peace are better, many times, laid open and Satyriz'd in a* Romance, *than in a downright Hiſtory, which being oblig'd to name the Perſons, is often forc'd for ſeveral Reaſons and Motives to be too partial and ſparing; while ſuch diſguis'd Diſcourſes as theſe, promiſcuouſly perſonating every Man, and no Man, take their full liberty to ſpeak the Truth. Other Writers of this nature there are, who to tickle the* *ears of their Readers, make it their Buſineſs to embelliſh their Works with ſtrange and forced Inventions, not caring for a Reputation farther than among the Ignorant, which are indeed the greater Multitude. Theſe Men deceive their Readers, and by repreſenting to their Fancies the Imitation of Impoſſibilities, lead them into the wrong Path of following Example; which never can be deſign'd to put us upon more than is in the Power of Mortals to perform: Whereas Monſieur* SCUDERY, *a Perſon of great Underſtanding, profuſe Fancy, and clear Judgment, purſues exactly the Truth of Hiſtory in moſt things; and where he deviates a little, 'tis only to accompliſh his Particular Worthy, with the Virtues of Many: urging nothing either improbable, or impoſſible. And therefore you ſhall find the Author himſelf making an early Proteſtation in the Perſon of* Chryſantes, *That all was pure Truth which ſhould be related in the Hiſtory of* Artamenes; *and that if he ſhould chance to fail, or leſſen the Truth, it was the Modeſty of* Artamenes, *which had accuſtom'd him to ſpeak part of his Glory, and never to aggrandize the Greatneſs of his Atchievements.*

If you ask what the Subject is; 'Tis the

Height of Proweſs, intermix'd with Virtuous and Heroick Love; conſequently, the Language Lofty, and becoming the Grandeur of the Illuſtrious Perſonages that ſpeak; ſo far from the leaſt ſully of what may be thought Vain or Fulſom, that there is not any thing to provoke a Bluſh from the moſt modeſt Virgin; While Love and Honour are in a Seeming Contention, which ſhall beſt inſtruct the willing-ear with moſt Delight.

As for the Alteration made in the Bulk of the Volumes, we conſulted the Practice highly approv'd in France *and other places beyond Sea, and lately much in uſe in* England, *of contracting cumberſome Folio's into a far leſſer Compaſs, chiefly for the convenience of the Reader, by reducing them into ſo many ſmaller Diviſions, as render them much more portable than before, and conſequently leſs troubleſome Companions for thoſe that travel, or when their leiſure hours invite 'em to delightful Converſation, under the pleaſing Shades of Summer, with the Renowned* Artamenes. *For whoſe ſake, and for their own Benefit, we hope the Readers now-a-days, will be no leſs indulgent in the Reception of theſe* leſſer Volumes *than in the former entertainment of the* larger Folio.

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ARTAMENES;

OR, THE

GRAND CYRUS.

PART I. BOOK I.

THE Conflagration of *Sinope* was ſo great, that the very Sky, the Sea, the Valleys and Tops of Mountains, tho far remote, were all illuminated by its Flames: ſo that notwithſtanding the black mask of Night, all things might mournfully be diſcerned: never was object more terrible to Spectators than this; Twenty Ships might be ſeen burning all at once in the Port; which tho floating in the midſt of water, did belch up Flames as high as Clouds: Theſe affrighting Flames being blown by the bellows of an impetuous wind, did oft times bend toward the Town; and as if but one huge faggot were ſet on fire, ſeem'd to conſume it all. They flaſht from place to place in an inſtant; and there was ſcarce one Quarter in all the Town, which by a dire communication did not feel its fury. All the Tackling, Cordage and Sails being ſet on fire, flew horribly into the air, and fell down again in ſparks upon the houſes, which being thus conſumed, are forc'd to yield unto this mercileſs Element, and tumble down in thoſe

Streets, unto which they were before an Ornament. The hideous multitude of flames which ſtream'd through ſeveral ſtreets, and which had more or leſs fury, according to the ſubject upon which they ſeiz'd, did ſeem to Combat one with another, by reaſon of the whirling wind which countermoved them; ſometimes mingling together, ſometimes parting, as if they did diſpute about the Glory of deſtroying this ſtately Town. Amidſt theſe Lightning flames, one might behold whole Clouds of Smoke, which by their diſmal dusky colour, did add much terror to this doleful Spectacle: Alſo the great abundance of ſparks (of which we ſpoke before) whiffling up and down the Town, like enflamed ſtorms of Hail, was doubtleſs moſt horrid to all beholders. Near this confus'd combuſtion, there was a Caſtle ſeated at the lower end of the Town, built upon the top of a ſturdy Rock, which did ſhoot it ſelf into the Sea; unto this the flames had not yet reached, but did every moment threaten it, becauſe the violent wind did waft that way: It was likely the fire would firſt ſeize upon the Gate thereof, becauſe the houſes near it, were moſt enflamed, and neareſt ruin. In the midſt of theſe fiery flames one might perceive ſome Churches and great Stone-houſes, which gave more reſiſtance than the reſt, and retained ſo much only as might teſtifie the Magnificence of their Structure, and move Compaſſion for their inevitable ruin. In ſhort, this terrible Element devoured all, or at leaſt ſeem'd ſo near it, that the ſad ſight of ſuch a diſmal chance, did move both terror and compaſſion in all beholders.

The Amorous *Artamenes*, in the head of Four thouſand men, marching out of a low Valley, covered with a thick Wood, was much ſurpriz'd with wonder at this dreadful object, and ſeem'd ſo amazed, that he was not able to expreſs his wonder by his words: He looked upon the Town, viewed the Gate, he caſt his eyes upon the Sea, which ſeemed all fire, by reflection from the Clouds; he gaz'd upon the Mountain tops, and ſaw all the Plains plainly; he lifted up his eyes to Heaven; he had not power either to ſpeak, or go any further, as if he were unſatisfied whether what he ſaw was real, or elſe but a deluſion of his Phantaſie. *Hidaſpes*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatidas*, *Araſpes* and *Feraulas*, did ſee this fatal flame, but tho they were near him, durſt not ſo much as look upon him. *Artamenes* turning his Horſe on to a little higher ground, did from thence perfectly perceive, that this Town which ſo burned, was the very ſame which he intended to ſurprize that very night; and according to his provident Intelligence, brought hopes with him, to relieve his Princeſs, which the King of *Aſſyria* there detain'd a Priſoner. He being thus extremely tranſported with Paſſion, began to expoſtulate with the Gods; Is it poſſible, ſaid he, you can be ſo cruel and unjuſt, as to conſent unto the Loſs of the faireſt Princeſs that ever was? and that you ſhould Predeſtinate her ruin, at that very inſtant, when I undoubtedly reſolved her ſafety? In ſaying this, he advanc'd a little forward; none but *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* followed him; Alas my Friends (ſaid he, beginning to gallop, and commanding the reſt to follow) how Lamentable are my Deſtinies? and unto what a diſmal ſpectacle have they brought me? Come follow, follow me my friends, and let us dye in the ſame Flames which have ſeiz'd upon my illuſtrious Princeſs: Can it be (did he ſuggeſt unto himſelf) that theſe Flames which now I behold, dare offer to deſtroy my moſt ador'd *Mandana*? But why do I ſay, can it be? No, no, alas, it is too too true to be doubted: The Gods, I ſee, have kindled too great a Fire for her to eſcape it; had it been their pleaſure to have preſerved her, ſurely they would have Pumpt up the Waves of the Sea, to quench the Flames; and never have permitted her to incur this danger: But alas, ſaid he, moſt injurious Rival; Canſt thou endeavour thine own ſafety, more than hers? has not thy unworthineſs caus'd her deſtruction? If I did behold my divine Princeſs (ſaid he in turning towards *Chriſantes*) in the hands of a Tyrannick Prince, who was in the head of a hundred thouſand men, ready to ſacrifice her before my eyes, I ſhould not apprehend ſo much deſpair as now; for then I ſhould have an Enemy before me which I might aſſault, tho not vanquiſh;

but here I have nothing to do in the world, but to throw my ſelf into theſe flames which have conſum'd my Princeſs. After theſe expreſſions he paſſed ſilently on a little farther, and ſeeing none near which could underſtand, but *Chriſantes*, he violently broke thus into Paſſion: Oh Heavens, ſaid he, am not I acceſſary to the death of my deareſt Princeſs? Is it not for the affection that ſhe bears unto me, that ſhe her ſelf hath cauſed this Conflagration, rather than ſhe would fail in her fidelity to me, the unfortunate *Artamenes*? But oh ye Gods, if it be ſo, then I do confeſs I have deſerved all my miſfortunes, and am worthy of my worſt reſentments: *Chryſantes* ſeeing him ſtand ſtock ſtill in a ſilent melancholly poſture, drew near him, and endeavoured to chear him up: But then *Artamenes*, going on, and looking back with ſo ſad an aſpect as might move compaſſion out of inſenſible ſtones, ſaid unto him, No, no, *Chriſantes*, ſuch diſaſters as theſe are not capable of any conſolations; there is no way for me but one, and that I'll immediately take: yet this poor comfort remains, that the ſame fire which conſum'd both my Princeſs and my Corrival, which mixed both her Innocency and his Crime together, and which deprived me both of the Object of my Hate and of my Love, ſhall alſo deſtroy Me for company, and mingle the aſhes of my adored Princeſs with mine together. In ſpeaking this, all the ſigns of abſolute deſpair appeared in his face; his tone was ſadly mournful, and all his actions ſeemed preparations for preſent death. Day now began to dawn; the Sun's approach did ſomewhat mitigate the horror of the accident; the Sea, the Valleys, the Mountains, aſſume again their natural colours; and the face of this ſad Scene ſeemed ſomething to change complexion. *Feraulas* obſerved two remarkable paſſages, and hinted unto his Maſter; Sir (ſaid he) do you not diſcover a Galley in the Sea, which ſtrives with all its power to row from this unfortunate Town? And do you again obſerve, how every one endeavours to extinguiſh thoſe flames which flaſh towards the great Tower that is over the Portal of the Caſtle? I do obſerve them both (anſwered

Artamenes). Certainly (ſaid *Chriſantes*) theſe are infallible ſigns that the Princeſs is not yet periſhed, but may happily be preſerved, either in this Galley, or that Tower which the flames have not yet touched. Alas! (cry'd out *Artamenes* ſuddenly), I ſhould be happy, and begin to breathe ſome hopes again, if this were ſo. By this time they were approached near the Town, where he diſcovered many men, ſtriving to ſtop the fire from catching hold of the Tower. Beſtir thy ſelf (cry'd he out, and mended his pace), moſt unhappy Rival, and endeavour the ſafety of our Princeſs; aſſure thy ſelf, that if thou doſt preſerve her from this danger, I will forgive thee all the injuries thou haſt done me. This Prince did not continue long in the ſame reſentments; for one while he was all Prayers and Vows in behalf of his Miſtreſs; another while all Curſes and Imprecations againſt his Rival. Preſently after, looking upon the Galley, and diſcovering ſome Women upon the Deck, he was then in an extaſie of Joy. But upon ſecond thoughts, conſidering, that tho the Princeſs were one of theſe upon the Deck, yet as to him ſhe was for ever loſt; then he began to reaſſume his firſt deſpair. Afterward, when he viewed the Tower, and obſerved how the Sea and Fire did wholly environ it, and that happily his Princeſs might be in it, then he changed his apprehenſions, and gave order, That thoſe Troops which came to deſtroy the Town, ſhould now preſerve it, and help to extinguiſh the flames. *Artamenes* being in no diſpoſition to go back again, ſent *Feraulas* to take command of his Men, and to march ſpeedily after him. Coming near the Town, they found the air very fiery hot, and heard ſuch hideous noiſe, that none but *Artamenes* himſelf would enter; the roaring of the Sea, the rumbling of the Wind, the flaſhing of the Flames, all theſe, added to the horrid noiſe of whole Houſes tumbling, which were ſhaken into heaps of earth; the lamentable complaint of living, and the cruel cries of dying men: all theſe diſmal dins, which were anſwered by an Eccho from the Mountains, did make a moſt mournful and horrid harmony, if I may call a ſound ſo full of ſad confuſion a harmony. But all this could not divert the intentions of *Artamenes*; for he being now near the Town, and all his Men drawn up in a Body, he addreſſed himſelf, and ſpake unto them in theſe winning words: *Imagine, my fellow Soldiers, that it is I which is in that Tower; that it is I my ſelf who am at the very brink of periſhing, between fire and water, and that it is I whom you come to ſave: Or, to expreſs my ſelf a little better, Imagine, I ſay, that your King, your Princeſs, your Wives, your Fathers, and your Children, were all incloſed within this Tower, and with* Artamenes *ready to periſh; let all theſe dear Relations rowſe up your ſpirits unto a gallant deportment: you muſt (my Companions) do as never yet was done; you muſt deſtroy your Enemies, and yet you muſt ſave them; you muſt fight againſt them with one hand, and ſave them with the other: In ſum, you muſt attempt all manner of ways to preſerve that Princeſs who may be your Queen, and deſerves to be ſo of the whole World.* After this, *Chriſantes*, *Araſpes*, *Aglatidas*, and *Hydaſpes*, who had each of them the command of a thouſand Men, came unto *Artamenes*, to receive their ultimate Orders: *Feraulas* was admitted unto Council, who was no mean Agent in the buſineſs; who alſo had tranſacted for Intelligence within *Sinope*, and unto whom *Artucas* had promiſed to deliver up a Port of the Town that ſame night. *Feraulas* gave his Vote, That it was expedient to proceed in the very ſame manner as if the Town were not on fire, and, without any further Inquiſition, to march ſtraight unto the Gate by *Mars* his Temple; becauſe, ſaid he, if perchance this accident has not put the whole Town into a general diſorder, we may perhaps find reſiſtance at any other place; it being always a cuſtom upon ſuch accidents to double their Guards, leſt the Fire ſhould proceed from ſome deſign of their Enemies: whereas, on the contrary, if you proceed this way, we are ſure to find no oppoſition; for if *Artucas* and his Complices be not all conſum'd in fire, we ſhall certainly have their aſſiſtance; and altho they ſhould be all periſhed, yet we are certain to find none in that place to obſtruct our paſſage. This advice was good, and founded all reaſon. Afterwards it was put to the Queſtion, What courſe was moſt commodious whereby to gain the foot of the Tower? *Aglatidas* obſerved the fire to ceaſe on that ſide of the Gate, becauſe the Ships being ſooner conſumed than the Houſes, it muſt therefore conſequently follow, that the fire muſt ſooneſt ceaſe there alſo; therefore he conceived it the moſt convenient courſe, to take the way of the Port, becauſe then they ſhould have but one ſide to Guard, and becauſe that alſo this way was the eaſieſt to go unto the Foot of the Tower. *Artamenes*, who thought each Minute an Age till he was there, would contradict nothing, leſt he ſhould loſe time; he marched himſelf firſt, and gave Command through the Army, to divulge it about the Town, how he had no other deſign in coming thither, but to preſerve the Princeſs; inducing the People thereby to refuſe Reſiſtance, and not impede his Plot. They all begin to March; *Feraulas* guided *Artamenes* (who was, like the reſt, on Foot), unto the Gate by *Mars*'s Temple; and there they found him whom they ſought for, who was in ſuch deſpair of *Artamenes* coming (for this ſad Sight had much retarded him), that he was careleſs whether he threw himſelf into the Flames, or lived any longer. He no ſooner ſpied them he long'd for, but he caus'd the Gates immediately to fly open. The Guards at the place were very thin; for maugre his Commands, moſt of his Men ran away to ſee in what Condition the Fire had left their Houſes, their Wives, their Fathers, and their Children; ſo that they found no great difficulty in becoming Maſters of that Guard; yet they found enough to do in defending themſelves from Fire. *Artamenes*, in marching through the inflamed Streets, expoſed himſelf unto extraordinary Danger, and was many times in hazard of being overwhelmed with falling fiery Houſes; tho the Object was terrible to him when he was without the Town, yet it ſeemed much more horrid when he was within; they marched with Swords in their right Hands, and Bucklers in their left; they had hotter Service in preſerving themſelves from burning Coals, which continually tumbled upon their Heads, than from the Darts of their Enemies. Upon the unexpected Arrival of *Artamenes*, all they who ſurviv'd within the Town, did begin to double their Lamentations and Amazement: Many of the Grandees, who before were buſy in quenching the Fire of their own Houſes, did quit that Charitable Office, and endeavoured to Muſter into Arms, to make ſome Reſiſtance; but alas, neither Arms, nor Captains, nor Soldiers, nor any thing fit for Oppoſition, can be found in ſo confus'd a Diſorder: In ſome places, Men were pulling down their own Houſes to preſerve their Neighbours; others threw their Plate, their Jewels, and their richeſt Things out at Windows, in hopes thereby of ſaving ſomething: Mothers without any care of Goods, or Houſes, or any thing, might be ſeen running about the Streets with Hair burning off their Heads, and nothing left, unleſs in either Arm a Child. In ſhort, the Sight was ſo ſad and terrible, that if *Artamenes* had not been ſo tranſported as he was, with vehemency of Paſſion, doubtleſs he would have ſtopt his Courſe, to have ſuccoured them, ſo worthy were they of Pity, and ſo ſenſible was he of their Miſery. Nevertheleſs, he marched on; the Report of his Arrival was every where divulged: *Aribees*, the Governor of *Sinope* (who uſed his Endeavours to prevent the Fires catching hold of the Tower, and who upon this occaſion had Rallied moſt of the Men and Soldiers which ſurviv'd) was at his Wits end, and involved into ſuch Anxieties of Mind, that he knew not whether was moſt Expedient, to fight *Artamenes*, or to quench the Flames; for thus he argued, What will all my Services advantage the King of *Aſſyria*, tho I ſhould get the Victory, whilſt he in the mean time is ruin'd by the enraging Flames? On the contrary, What ſhould I get by quenching the Fire, whilſt in the mean time I am taken a Priſoner by *Artamenes*? I, who am his mortal Foe; I, who betray'd the King my Maſter; I, who tranſacted the Conveyance away of the Princeſs his Daughter; I, who mov'd the People to Revolt: No, no, let us Fight with *Artamenes*, who is as terrible to the King of *Aſſyria*, as

Fire, or Flames, or any thing elſe can be; let us provide for our Preſervation that way: In ſaying ſo, he gave Command, that all they who were quenching Fire, and with Engins pulling down the fired Houſes, ſhould now take up Arms, and thoſe Men who had none, to provide them with all ſpeed, and take them where ere they found them; let Fire rather hurt their Houſes than not ſuccour him. When *Artamenes* had paſſed through a great part of this pitiful Town, and marching along the Port, he came unto the Foot of the Tower, did wonder to ſee none quenching the Flames, and was amazed when he ſaw *Aribees* with Reſolutions to fight him: What (cried he out) do I come to quench the Fire, and muſt I now hinder it from being extinguiſhed? No, no, my Friends, it muſt not be; upon that he gave Command, that ſome of his Men ſhould help to extinguiſh the Fire, whilſt with the reſt he fought with thoſe whoſe Office it was to have done it: When all was thus ordered, he advanced towards the main Body of his Enemy, in the Head of which was *Aribees*. *Artamenes* turning his Eye towards the top of the Tower, there he eſpied the King of *Aſſyria*, who ſeem'd to be in a very deſperate Condition, as if he were indifferent whether he caſt himſelf into the Flames, or Sea. The ſight confirmed *Artamenes* in his Opinion, that his Princeſs was alive, and therefore he gave ſecond Orders of quenching the Fire; then he marched with the reſt and Charged his Enemy, who received him with great and deſperate Reſolutions; ſo ſoon as they joyned, he got ſight of their General. *Aribees* (ſaid he aloud) I come not to Fight, but to Puniſh thee; the fault ſhall be thy own, if I do not procure thee a Pardon from the King of *Medes*, upon Condition thou wilt ceaſe Arms, and help to preſerve thy Princeſs, and mine. But *Aribees*, who thought his Crimes too great to be pardoned, in lieu of Anſwer, did run at him with his drawn Sword, and began a Fight in the midſt of Fire; the Fight was more terrible to him than the Fire, for Blows fell from an invincible Arm, in whom Love, Hate and Revenge, did kindle more than accuſtomed Valour at this time, altho he was ever the moſt Valiant Man alive. *Hidaſpes*, *Artucas*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatides*, and *Araſpes* drew near *Artamenes*; as for *Feraulas*, his Orders were to quench the Fire. The King of *Aſſyria* all this while did at once behold that, which would produce his Safety, or his Sorrow; his Weal, or his Woe; and would either loſe his Life, or kill his Enemy. *Artamenes* caſting up his Eye often towards the Tower, ſaid to himſelf, I ſhould be infinitely happy, if my Princeſs did but ſee what I do to preſerve her; were I certain, that She were an Eye-witneſs either of my Victory, or of my Death, I ſhould deſire no more. Mean while, the Fight was furious; in the midſt of Fight, *Artamenes* mind was much upon *Feraulas*, and his Orders in quenching the Fire. In Concluſion, he undertook a ſingle Combat with *Aribees*, amidſt all this Confuſion, which indeed, was an Act too Opinionative and Hazardous; for tho this Traytor had to deal with the Gallanteſt of Men; yet deſpair might by chance have done that in him, which true Valour might do in the other; yet for all this, *Artamenes* fought full of hopes, and was confident that after this, there was nothing but a few Walls between him and his Princeſs. Indeed his Acts were Miracles, he ſlew all that ſtood in his way, and wounded *Aribees* in ſo many places, that in concluſion, he had no other Reſolutions but to render himſelf, if upon a ſudden an enflamed Houſe had not faln upon the place of Combat, ſo that *Aribees* was covered with its ruin'd Rubbiſh; and all Men thought he had periſhed both by Fire and Sword, as deſerving double Puniſhment for his perfidious Rebellion. *Artamenes* alſo, who tho he had received but few Wounds from his Antagoniſt, yet thought himſelf in a dangerous ſtate, when he was ſurrounded with Flames and Smoke; and certainly, had he not ſhielded his Head with his Helmet, he had inevitably periſhed, his Coat of Arms was burnt, and a thouſand to one but he had been Smothered in this Adventure. The fall of this Houſe did raiſe ſo thick a Duſt, a Smoke ſo black, and a Cloud of Sparks ſo fiery, that for a long time nothing could be diſcerned upon the place. That which moſt vexed *Artamenes* in this Accident, was, that *Aribees*, who was upon the very point of Submiſſion, had retreated forty or fifty Paces, and thereby eſcaped his Revenge: *Artamenes* touched him with the Point of his Sword, but by a miracle of Fortune miſſed him, and now found no Enemy amidſt theſe fatal Ruins. After this Accident, all they who had dependance upon *Aribees*, were all amazed and fled. But this Hero *Artamenes* runs after them, and cries aloud, that he came with Intentions to ſave, and not to hurt them. In concluſion, he perſuaded them to lay down Arms, and truſt to the word of a Conqueror, who heretofore had given Teſtimonies of his Generoſity; and ſo in a ſhort time, all ſeem'd to be on one ſide. *Artamenes* encouraging his Men, did ſhew them by Example what they ſhould do, and himſelf quenched the Fire. All the People wondered to find ſo Charitable an Enemy; his Soldiers pull'd down Houſes with their Engines of Artillery; they did employ their Bucklers and Helmets in carrying Water to throw upon the Fire. In ſhort, they neglected nothing which might be thought expedient in the buſineſs. Every Captain did admirably demean himſelf in this Encounter; amongſt the reſt, *Aglatides* ſeem'd rather to Fight for Death than Victory, ſo couragiouſly did he expoſe himſelf unto the Fury of the Fight and Fire: Mean while, *Artamenes* ſeeing the Fire decreaſe, was infinitely tranſported with Joy and Hope to ſee his deareſt and faireſt Princeſs She is (ſaid he in his heart) within this Tower, and if I be not the moſt unfortunate Wretch that ever liv'd, I ſhall preſently bleſs my Eyes with the ſight of her, my moſt adored Princeſs. I may chance have the honour from her own Lips to be termed her Liberator; and now I hope to ſee both the Object of my Love, and of my Hate. The Fire is now extinguiſhed, and he approached under the Walls of the Tower; he gave Orders to ſecure all Avenues and Ports of the Town; as he began to demoliſh the Walls of this Tower, not yet knowing whether he ſhould meet with any Oppoſition; he ſpied a Man of good handſome Deportment, who opened the Gate unto him, and in lieu of diſputing his Entrance (which indeed he had done, had he not known *Artamenes* from the Battlements of the Tower) he reverently addreſſed himſelf, and in a paſſionate manner ſaid, *Sir*, If the Name of *Thraſibulus* be not quite forgotten, do him the Honour to uſe all your endeavours to prevent the Ruin of a moſt Illuſtrious Perſon, of whoſe ſafety we ſhall utterly deſpair, unleſs your timous Aſſiſtance help it. *Artamenes* ſuppoſed it to be the Princeſs who was in ſome Extremity, and therefore did not inſiſt upon the nicety of Ceremonies with *Thraſibulus*, whom he preſently knew by his Voice: Come along my old Conqueror (ſaid he to him), let us haſte to relieve this Illuſtrious Perſon. As ſoon as ever he had uttered theſe Words, he ran haſtily up the Stairs, and many followed; among the reſt, *Hidaſpes*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatides*, *Thraſibulus*, and *Feraulus*; but they all, except *Thraſibulus*, wondered to ſee no Soldiers in the Tower, nor in any other place of the Fort: *Araſpes* by Order from *Artamenes* ſtaid at the Gates, to prevent Surpriſals: *Artamenes* was ſo tranſported with deſires of ſeeing the Princeſs, that he was at the top of the Tower before the reſt; but, O Heavens, how ſadly he was ſurpriſed with Amazement, when in lieu of the Princeſs, he found none but the King of *Aſſyria*, who was his Rival, and Raviſher of the Princeſs, alſo his utter Enemy! An unarmed Enemy ſunk in Sorrows: *Artamenes* turned toward *Thraſibulus*, and askt him, if this was his Illuſtrious Perſon he meant? He ſeeing all the Company following, with deſire to come up to the top of the Tower, and conſidering with himſelf, that his Diſcourſe with the King of *Aſſyria*, would not be fit for all publick Ears, beckned unto them to retire: Then he asked where the Princeſs was, imagining She might be in ſome lower Room of the Fort; but he was much more ſurpriſed with Wonder, when the King of *Aſſyria* ſaid unto him, You ſee *Artamenes*, a Prince more unfortunate than your ſelf,ſince he is the cauſe both of your Diſaſters,and his own. You may ſee (ſaid he, ſhewing him the Galley which was not yet far off, by reaſon of contrary Wind) another Raviſher of your Princeſs, more guilty than my ſelf, becauſe he profeſſed Amity and Friendſhip unto him, whereas I never gave you the leaſt hope of any Love from me. What (cried out *Artamenes* in looking upon the Galley, and not regarding his Enemy) is not the Princeſs here in your Power? No, no, anſwered the King of *Aſſyria* ſighing) the Prince *Mazares*, that moſt perfidious *Mazares*, hath Raviſht her both from me and you, and hath rob'd you of the Glory of your Victory; but ſince you cannot ſatisfy your Love in ſeeing your Princeſs, ſatisfy your Hate, and take a full Revenge upon me your Rival-enemy; you ſee I am not in Condition to oppoſe you: I was reſolved, as ſoon as this Galley was out of ſight, ſince I could not follow it, to caſt my ſelf either into the Flames or Sea, and ſo finiſh my Misfortunes, rather than fall into the Hand of you my Rival Enemy. The Enemies of *Artamenes* (anſwered this generous and ſad Prince) have never any cauſe to fear him, but when they have Arms in their Hands. The Condition in which I find you, is your Umbrage from the Heat of my Anger, and preſerves you from the Fury of my Reſentments. After theſe words, poor *Artamenes* was ſo ſadded with Sorrow, as never Man was more. He ſees his Princeſs Raviſhed away the ſecond time, but cannot follow, ſince all the Ships were conſum'd, ſo that there appears no poſſibility of Relief or Revenge upon this ſecond Raviſher. He looks upon his firſt Rival Raviſher, and ſees him in his Power, and ſees him unarmed, and without any deſign but Death. *Artamenes* has now no Heart, he ſees his Diſaſters are without either Parallel or Remedy; he had ſometimes ſome thoughts (had not the generoſity of his Soul ſtayed him) of ſatisfying his Revenge upon his Rival, and ſometimes upon himſelf; he was ſo ſurrounded with Sorrow and anxious Cogitations, as he neither knew what he ſhould, or what he would do. Preſently he heard the King of *Aſſyria* ſay, I ſee, *Artamenes*, Fortune is your good Friend, and the very Winds are obedient unto your Wiſhes, in blowing back the Galley to the Shore, ſo that happily you may ſafely receive your Princeſs again. *Artamenes* looking towards the Sea, did plainly perceive the Galley was forced by contrary Winds ſo near back again, that Women might perfectly be diſcovered upon the Deck; and might eaſily ſee how Sailors tug'd with all their Strength, to part the Violence of the Waves, keeping themſelves as far from Land, as they could, by force of Oar. At this ſight, Joy might be ſeen to ſparkle in the Eyes of *Artamenes*; but as for the King of *Aſſyria*, ſad Sorrow and Deſpair ſeem'd to be all his Hopes: knowing well enough, that tho the favourable Wind did waft the Galley ſafe into the Port, yet the Sweetneſs of that Fortune would be all *Artamenes*, and not his; yet he cheered up himſelf with hope of ſeeing *Mazares* puniſhed. I hope you will permit me (ſaid he to *Artamenes*) that if it be the Pleaſure of the Gods to make you happy, in ſafe reſtoring you the Princeſs, to ſave you the labour of puniſhing this Raviſher, be pleaſed, but to allow me Combat with him, and furniſh me with a Sword, and I will promiſe you, that immediately after my revenging Victory, I will force it through my own Heart; by this means I ſhall permit you to enjoy that Happineſs quietly, which as long as Life is in me, I ſhall always diſturb. This Revenge muſt I reſerve unto my ſelf, (replied *Artamenes*) yet in conſideration of that Reſpect which I bear unto the King of *Aſſyria*, and his Misfortunes, I will deprive my ſelf of that Satisfaction, which I could find in revenging my ſelf upon his own Rivalſhip: But as for *Mazares*, I muſt reſerve the Puniſhment of his perfidious Fact unto my ſelf. After this, theſe two Rivals, without any more memory of old Hate, applied themſelves to obſerve the Galley, both wiſhing Happineſs to the Princeſs, and Curſes upon the Raviſher, as if both of them had one and the ſame Intereſt. This Object had ſuch pleaſing Influence upon their Eyes, their Spirits, and their Imaginations, as that now they ſeem to be very good Friends. But in concluſion, they ſee the Sea begin to change colour, the Winds riſe, the Waves boiſterous, ſometimes toſſing up the Galley as high as Clouds, and ſometimes bulging it to the bottom of the Sea with its Surges. This ſad Sight had likewiſe the ſame Effect upon both their Minds, and moves them equally unto Paſſion; *Artamenes* look'd upon the King of *Aſſyria* with an unexpreſſible ſadneſs, and the King of *Aſſyria* look'd upon *Artamenes* with a Face full of black Deſpair; the Equality of their Misfortunes did ſuſpend all their Cogitations; and they apprehended all that Love could imagine dolorous and reſentive. They ſaw, if the Wind continued where it was, that the Galley would be driven againſt the foot of that Tower wherein they were, and ſo Daſh all in Pieces; ſo that now they begin to fear what before they deſired, wiſhing the Winds would now ſecond the Prayers of the Raviſher, and blow them far from Land: Mean while, the Storm encreaſeth, and according to the ordinary capricious Inconſtance of the Sea, a Whirlwind did upon a ſudden ſo interſhock the Waves, as the Galley was carried far from the Town with incredible Celerity; ſo that theſe two Rivals loſt the ſight of it, and with it all their Hopes, and their Hearts. What fears of Shipwrack theſe two Illuſtrious, but Improſperous Princes, did Reſent, is not imaginable. Fain they would exclude *Mazares*, out of their Prayers for *Mandana*; but rather than She ſhould want a wiſh of ſafety, they Pray for both, and Repent them of their firſt Deſires. Now, when that Object, which before did take up their paſſionate Reſentment of each other, was out of ſight, they began to conceive of one another as two Rivals, and two Enemies. *Artamenes* was upon Departure, with Intentions of committing the King of *Aſſyria* into ſafe Cuſtody, when the King began to ſpeak thus unto him; I know *Artamenes*, that your Birth and Quality is equal unto mine; I am ſure of it by infallible and moſt certain grounds: I do retain much Confidence in your Generoſity, of which I have had ſo much Experience, and of which, maugre my hate, I have been a long (tho tacit) Admirer. Therefore I will both believe and hope, that you will not deny me one Favour wich I ſhall deſire. As you are my Rival (ſaid *Artamenes*) I ſhould deny you all your Deſires; but as you are the King of *Aſſyria*, I can deny you nothing, ſo it be not prejudicial unto the King whom I ſerve, nor his Daughter whom I adore; and be confident, I will deny nothing which will not Wound my Honour, or my Love: I oblige my ſelf unto it by the Word of a Man, whom you ſay is not Inferior to your ſelf, altho it paſs not ſo in the Opinion of the World: Demand then what you pleaſe, but firſt conſider well with your ſelf, leſt, againſt my Will, you ſhould provoke me to a denial. The King of *Aſſyria*, as ſoon as *Artamenes* had ſaid ſo, replied, I know that I am in your Power, and you may transfer me into the Hands of *Ciaxares*; I know again, it will be of much Advantage unto him, to get that King unto his Fetters, a great part of whoſe Kingdom he hath Conquered: But I know you too Noble to triumph over me, or to inſult over your Captive-Rival, whom you cannot chuſe but know to be a Man of Soul, ſince he hath meaſured his Sword with yours; ſuffer me therefore, to have ſo much Honour as to contribute my Endeavours towards the Puniſhment of our Common Enemy, and of Releaſing the Princeſs: And I do oblige my ſelf by Promiſe, that if it pleaſe the Deſtinies to be ſo propitious unto me, as that I ſhall find out the Illuſtrious *Mandana*, yet I will never tranſact any thing unto your Prejudice, until firſt the Fate of Arms in Duel have decided our Fortunes. I confeſs *Artamenes*, (ſaith he further) that my Requeſt is ſomething difficult, yet if your Soul be not capable of any but eaſy things, I ſhall conceive you unworthy to be my Corrival. 'Tis true, (replied *Artamenes*) but I cannot conſent unto your deſire: It is much more eaſy for me to determine our Controverſy by the Sword, than Conſent unto your Liberty; nor is it in my Power ſo much, as perhaps you imagine. As my Love is not inferior unto yours, *Artamenes* (replied the King of

Aſſyria) ſo my deſire of Combat is no leſs violent in my Soul than yours; yet I would not Fight for the Enjoyment of the Princeſs, ſince She is not in a Condition to be the Prize of the Conqueror; but *Artamenes*, our beſt and moſt expedient courſe, is to purſue the Raviſher of *Mandana*, and to contribute both our Endeavours jointly together for her Freedom, ſince our Intereſts unto her are ſo equal. Do you not apprehend, that if both of us ſhould fall in Combat, then would the Glorious *Mandana* remain in the Poſſeſſion of our Common Rival, without either Protection or Defence? At theſe Words, *Artamenes* paus'd, and then replied; Doubtleſs, it was not juſt to Expoſe our Princeſs unto ſo much hazard; nor is it fit for me, who am entruſted by the King of *Medes* with his Army, to diſpoſe ſo peremptorily of ſuch a Priſoner as the King of *Aſſyria*; all that I can with Honour and Safety promiſe, is, to employ the beſt of my Endeavours for his Releaſe. But to teſtify in the mean time, how deſirous I am to Encounter ſo Gallant an Enemy, and that I will, if poſſible, procure his Freedom; I do now engage my Honour, never to pretend any thing unto the Princeſs, altho She were in my Poſſeſſion, tho the King of *Medes* ſhould conſent unto it, and She her fair ſelf were pleaſed with it, before the Fate of Arms has rendred me a Conqueror in Combat with you. I cannot deny (ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*) but your Arguments are convincing, that you have Reaſon to Treat me as you do, and that my Requeſt was unreaſonable: And, tho you be Wiſer than I am, yet I beſeech you confeſs, I am more Amorous, ſince I have loſt ſo much Reaſon, which you have retained. I muſt Diſpute with you (replied *Artamenes*) that Controverſy more obſtinately than the other. Then the King of *Aſſyria* without any further Replies, did entreat him to endeavour his Releaſe, which once happily obtained, might much conduce to the Safety of the Princeſs. Upon this *Artamenes* retired, and committed the Guard of the *Aſſyrian* King unto *Araſpes*, commanding to Treat him with all Obſervance and poſſible Civilities, waiting upon him unto his accuſtomed Lodging, and ſo at this time they parted. *Artamenes* marched through all the Streets, kept the People in good Order, and quite quenched the Fire; he ſent out ſeveral Men, to ſee if they could diſcover any happy tidings of that Galley, which had carried away his Princeſs: He diſpatched Poſts unto *Ciaxares*, with Intilligence of all Adventures, and employed all the reſt of the day in giving out Orders: At Night he retired unto that Chamber where his Princeſs was wont to lie, which he knew to be the ſame by the Information of *Thraſibulus*, unto whom he applied himſelf with as much Civility, as the Inquietude of his Mind would permit him; he gave Order for the Reparation of his Ships, which had been torn by the Tempeſt, and conſumed by Fire: He related unto *Artamenes*, how the King of *Aſſyria* did Treat him with much Reſpect, and permitted him to lye within the Caſtle, where he did ſee the Princeſs *Mandana*; and how the laſt Night, they were all very apprehenſive of that noiſe which the burning of Ships did cauſe; and how the King of *Aſſyria* call'd for his Sword, and never reſted in a place; that he having a deſire to go unto the Princeſs's Lodging, found it lockt, but found no Soldiers which uſed to guard the Fort, and eſpecially that Place; that he call'd for his Servants, and broke open the Chamber-door, but found no Body in it; afterwards, when he deſired to go out of the Fort, he found it a thing impoſſible, by reaſon of the Fire: That after all this, he often went unto the top of the Tower, where too deeply reſenting his Diſaſters, he reſolved every Minute to throw himſelf either into the Fire, or the Water. *Thraſibulus* could make no further Relation, becauſe he arrived at *Sinope* but the day before; ſo he left *Artamenes* in his Chamber, who at their parting aſſured him, he would move the King to make him ſatisfaction for his Ships which had been burnt: *Thraſibulus* did highly commend his Moderation, becauſe in all theſe ſudden and unexpected ſad Diſaſters, he did not deject himſelf by unprofitable Sorrows, but couragiouſly endured this ſo conſiderable a Loſs. *Artamenes* did wake away the Night in ſuch diſturbed Imaginations, as cannot be conceiv'd by any but himſelf. Behold (ſaid he in his melancholly Mind) the place where my Princeſs is abus'd! Me thinks I ſee her with a doleful Memory think upon me, and where perhaps She mourns for the misfortunate *Artamenes*! Without doubt She hath ſpoke ſomething concerning me; for by what other way was it poſſible the King of *Aſſyria* could know that *Artamenes* was more than real *Artamenes*? I, who during the time I was in the Court at *Cappadocia*, paſſed for no other than ſuch a one as *Philidaſpes*, a ſilly Knight, tho perhaps I was as Amorous as he, and by conſequence as unlike to delude: But alas, my moſt divine Princeſs! how fatally comes it to paſs, that I ſhould be here in your Priſon? And that I ſhould find your Raviſher here, but not you? I find a Rival, upon whom I cannot with Honour exerciſe my Revenge; I have lamentably loſt a Princeſs, whom I know not how to follow; her Beauty, which was my higheſt Glory and only Happineſs, I find now to be cauſe of my dire Diſaſters, and her own miſerable Misfortunes; She has met with many Adorers, but yet they are ſuch, as are without becoming Reverence. In what places ſoever She came, She procured Rivals unto me, and Enemies: Ah Divine Eyes! (cried he out) how comes it to be poſſible you ſhould infuſe ſuch injuſt, and ſo irregular Reſentments? You, I ſay, which never charm'd my Heart with any other Thoughts, but thoſe of Fear and Reverence? I, who never durſt preſume ſo high, as to ſay, I lov'd you; I, who never look'd upon you, but was Planet-ſtruck, and Trembled; I, who have long, long adored you in the Secret of my Soul; I, (I ſay) who had rather dye a thouſand Deaths, than any one of all my Actions ſhould in the leaſt degree incur your Diſpleaſure: But for all this, you are Courted by Hearts who are moſt unworthy of you; Hearts that never ſtudy that Reverence which is your due, but aim only at their private Satisfaction; for my part, I cannot repent me of my humble Paſſions; and in ſpite of this Misfortune

fortune in miſſing this Soul of Life, I had rather be *Artamenes* than *Mazares*; not but that he is happy in his very Crime, for he ſees her, ſpeaks to her, and has the opportunity to diſcourſe of his Paſſions; but doubtleſs her Anſwers are all Diſdain; and thoſe Eyes which are his Glory and Delight, will become his Puniſhment when they ſparkle Anger at him. In a word, I had rather lodge innocently in the heart of my Princeſs, than lie an Offender at her feet. But, Oh Heavens! (cry'd he out, in a ſudden paſſion) will you permit this terrible Tempeſt to continue, and be her ruin? As he was muſing thus in theſe melancholly imaginations, he heard a great noiſe without; and preſently *Chriſantes* coming haſtily into the Chamber, Sir (ſaid he) the King of *Aſſyria* will eſcape; or, to ſpeak truth, I think he is gone: for *Araſpes* hearing a noiſe in the King's Chamber, within which (out of reverence unto him) he did not lie, opened the door, but found no King: We went all immediately out, and ſearched diligently; we find, that under his window, which is directly oppoſite unto a fire-ruin'd Houſe, there is a great heap of ruinous rubbiſh, which hath filled up the Mote under the Caſtle in that Quarter, ſo that it raiſed up a high hill of combuſtible ruins, by which we ſuppoſe the King eſcaped. *Artamenes*, tho he was much moved at this unpleaſant news, yet ſent out Orders immediately unto all the Ports of *Sinope*, and went himſelf to ſeek his Priſoner. As he was at one end of the Town, he diſcovered a Troop of Men in Arms at the other end, and who endeavoured to become Maſters of the Port: He haſted thither, but all too late, for the King of *Aſſyria* was already gone, and had charged through the Court of Guard. Theſe were ſome who were commanded by *Aribees*, and who every one did believe to be dead; but he did lie cloſe under the rubbiſh of that ruin'd Houſe, which ſeem'd to bury him alive. This man, to gain more time for the King of *Aſſyria*'s eſcape, began a Skirmiſh, notwithſtanding all the Wounds which he had formerly received. *Artamenes* no ſooner ſaw him, but ſaid, What, Traytor, art thou riſen again to betray thy Maſter? if thou wilt eſcape with thy life, then thou muſt give me my death. In ſaying ſo, he made at him with ſuch a furious impetuoſity, as *Aribees*, tho courageous enough, was forced to retreat a little; yet it was but to retard his death one moment longer. for *Artamenes* did preſs ſo ſore upon him, as he had enough to do to defend himſelf, and muſt needs fall under the Valour of him who never fights but conquers: In concluſion, he beſtowed upon him ſuch a fatal blow acroſs his body, that, in ſpight of his Curaſs, he fell at his feet. Before he died, he confeſſed, that being ſo concealed under that heap of rubbiſh, he rallied as many of his men as he could, and hid them amongſt the ruins of Houſes; and having in the interim enquired what Chamber the King of *Aſſyria* did lye in, he got up to his Window in the beginning of the Night, by that heap of Cinders and half-burnt Wood which was under it, and ſo with as little Noiſe as poſſibly he could, he helped the King of *Aſſyria* to eſcape. At the end of this Confeſſion, this perfidious Wretch loſt both his Speech, and his Life together. All his Complices ſeeing him in ſo ſad a Condition, betook themſelves to their Heels. *Artamenes* could purſue the King no further, by reaſon of the Nights obſcurity. Upon his return unto the Caſtle, he ſent unto *Ciaxares*, to advertiſe him of the Accident, and ſpent all the Night in Contemplation of all the mutable and capricious humours of his Fate; he was much amazed, when he conſidered all his Adventures, and that one ſo Young ſhould be the Subject of ſuch Viciſſitude in Fortune. Whilſt he was thus deep in Thought, and walking in his Chamber, (for his turbulent Mind would not permit him Sleep) he found upon the Table a very rich Table-book, whoſe Leaves were of *Indian* Palm; but, Oh Heavens! into what an Extaſy was he wrapt, when upon the opening it, he found the Hand of his Princeſs; he looked upon it again moſt earneſtly, and the more he lik'd the Lines, being now fully perſuaded it was her Hand, and thus began to read.

The Princeſs *Mandana* to the King of *Aſſyria*.

R*Emember*, Sir, *you told me a hundred times that you could deny* Mandana *nothing; if you think upon that, you will not accuſe the generous* Mazares *of any Infidelity, ſince he was moved at my deſire to Act as he did; not that he has any other Intereſt in my Liberty, than ſuch as Virtue does infuſe into Souls well deſcended. Reſolve then to Pardon him that Crime, which to ſpeak truly, does in ſome ſort Reflect upon your own Advantage, ſince it is a means to leſſen my Averſion, by the Teſtimony which you gave me of your Love. Know, that I will Protect him in my Father's Court, who hath Protected me in yours. Know alſo, that it is by the Pardon of* Mazares, *by which you may obtain yours from* Mandana, *and may find more room in her Eſteem, then ever you could in her Affection.*

Mandana.

As ſoon as *Artamenes* had read this Letter, he preſently repented of his Malignity againſt *Mazares*, and now made as many Prayers for his Safety, as he had before for his Ruin: Appearances (ſaid he) are fallacious, and it is too much raſhneſs to Cenſure upon the Actions of another, without moſt certain Knowledge. Would not any one have concluded *Mazares* the moſt unworthy Man upon Earth, and that his Infidelity unto the King of *Aſſyria*, had no other foundation, but his unjuſt Love? But it ſeems, that Pity and Compaſſion were the only Motives which prompted him to this Tranſaction: I perceive it is not his Fault, I am not the happieſt Man in the World; but if the Tempeſt do not prevent me, I ſhall hope to enjoy my Divine Treaſure; in the mean time, I ſhall reſent the Actions of *Mazares*, as having no other deſign in them, than ſuch as conduce unto the Liberty of my Princeſs, tho it was my croſs Fortune to come too late to Relieve her; but, ſaid he, what imports it, by what means good Fortune come, ſo I enjoy it? I will therefore in this hope revive, and reſolve to become a Friend unto *Mazares*, in Protecting him againſt the King of *Aſſyria*. After he had thus reaſoned with himſelf, and ruminated upon what his Princeſs writ; he looked if there were any more within the Book. But, alas, he found that which he expected not, it was a Letter from *Mazares* to the King of *Aſſyria*, and thus Indited.

Mazares Prince of *Saces*, to the King of *Aſſyria*.

I Will now no longer conceal my Crime, but will ingenuouſly diſcover unto you how great it is: I have not only been Perfidious unto you, but have alſo deluded her, whom of all the World I moſt adore, which is, the Princeſs Mandana*: She thinks I endeavour to leſſen her Misfortunes, whilſt my Aims are only for my ſelf. In ſhort, my Sin is againſt her as well as you, and it proves alſo againſt my ſelf, ſince for ought I ſee, all my Endeavours are ineffectual. But what ſhould I do? It was Love conſtrained me, and I muſt obey. If you be truly Noble, you will pity me without any thoughts of Revenge, unleſs upon your Self, as well as me. Yet I muſt tell you, that I ſhall be ſufficiently Puniſhed by* Mandana*, as long as* Artamenes *keeps ſuch ſtrong Poſſeſſion of her Heart, and denies Admittance unto you, unto me, and unto all the Princes in the World, except him: It is againſt the Law of perfect Generoſity, to Puniſh me for that Crime, of which your ſelf is Guilty.*

Mazares.

What's this, I ſee, Said *Artamenes*! I expected to find a Friend, and in the turning of an Eye, I have found a Rival; and a Rival too, who perhaps has uſed my Name, and abuſed my Princeſs in conveying her away, She ſuppoſing it to be my deſign, which he tranſacts for himſelf: But moſt Glorious Princeſs, can I hope for ſo much Bleſſedneſs, as to be entertained into your Heart, as *Mazares* thinks? If it be true, then I am the moſt happy, and the moſt unhappy Men, both together, that ever breath'd; happy in having tha Honour which all the Princes in the World cannot deſerve; and unhappy in having a Title unto that Treaſure which I can-not poſſeſs. Capritious Fortune, which orders all Occurrences, does never afford me any good, but She makes me more Reſentive of it by a Deprivation; as if Sweets would not Reliſh, unleſs I Taſted the Bitter alſo: I ſhould never have known, that I was thus Loved, unleſs by the Extremity of my Misfortunes, I had been thus brought to hate my Life, and wiſh my Death. Whilſt he was in theſe Contemplations, one came and told him, that no Intelligence could be learnt all along the Sea-coaſt, concerning that Galley in which the Princeſs was; this gave him ſome Hopes to mingle with his Fears of her Shipwrack, and did ſo elevate his Spirits, that he admitted of the Company of his Commanders in the Army, who followed him. *Hidaſpes*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatides*, *Araſpes*, *Feraulas*, and *Thraſibulus*, that famous *Greek*, all came into his Chamber, where *Artamenes* entertained the laſt of theſe more particularly, and told him how ſorry he was, that he could not ſo readily as he deſired, furniſh him with Ships; but if it were ſo, that his Deſigns at Sea, were only to ſecure himſelf from his Enemies, (as ſome ha formerly hinted unto him) then he would promiſe him a ſafe Sanctuary in the Court of the King of *Medes*; and did further oblige himſelf, to remit him unto his former Eſtate, as ſoon as he had found out the Princeſs his Daughter. *Thraſibulus* returned him moſt humble Thanks for this obliging Offer, and accepted it, ſince this was all he was able to do for the preſent. The Valour, and winning Qualities of *Artamenes*, had poſſeſſed this Man's Soul with ſo muc Love, ever ſince he firſt knew him, that this happy meeting proved an Antidote unto him, againſt hi former Misfortunes. After *Artamenes* had thus honoured him, he went out with him, and all the re of the Officers, into the Streets of the Town, whe the Fire was quite quenched, yet all the rude Rub

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biſh remained; the ſad Sights which every where appeared, great Beams half burnt, whole Houſe quite demoliſh'd, and ſuch lamentable Objects, infuſed ſuch melancholly Imaginations into them all, as it was impoſſible to think of any thing but Sadneſs in a place ſo diſmally Diſmantled; there they ſaw ſome Men ſearching for their Treaſure which was buried among the Cinders of their Houſes. Others, who are compoſed of a more tender Diſpoſition, were raking among the Ruins, for the Bones of their burned Kindred and Friends. *Artamenes* was much mov'd with theſe mournful Spectacles; he commiſerated and comforted all he met, and promiſed unto the Inhabitants in general, that nowithſtanding their Rebellion, he would move the King to Rebuild their Town. *Feraulas* then preſented a Man unto him. who brought a Letter from the King of *Aſſyria*: He took the Letter, broke open the Seal, and reading it in a low Voice unto himſelf, found theſe Words.

The King of *Aſſiria* unto *Artamenes.*

I *Commend your ſcrupulous Virtue, which would not permit you to make uſe of your Generoſity: Doubtleſs you could not well have conſented unto the Liberty of your Priſoner, who deſired it; unleſs you had failed in that Duty which you owe unto the King of* Medes. *As I will be juſt to you; be not you unjuſt to me; nor blame a Prince, who had not made an eſcape, had you truſted him upon his Parole; nor can he think he hath committed a Crime, ſince he eſcaped your Guards with intentions to endeavour the delivery of our Princeſs. To teſtify unto you, that in breaking my Priſon, I have not broken the Conditions of our Treaty; I do here promiſe you again, That I will advertiſe you of all Paſſages, and that I will make no War upon the King of* Medes, *but afford him ſome Auxiliaries: And that which is moſt difficult for me to perform; I promiſe you not to ſpeak a word more of my affection to the Princeſs, though it ſhould be my happy fate to deliver her; nor will I think it was your neglect which* *gave me my Liberty: Keep Promiſe with an Enemy, if you would have him keep promiſe with you.*

The King of *Aſſyria.*

Artamenes read this Letter with a double reſentment, both of joy and ſorrow; he was well pleas'd with the King of *Aſſyria's* Promiſes, for the Princeſs might as ſoon fall into the hands of *Labinet*, as his; but on the other ſide it much griev'd him, that he ſhould, in the face of all the People, receive ſuch a Letter from the King of *Aſſyria* as he muſt not ſhew unto *Ciaxares*, for many reaſons therein contained, and therefore he would not impart it unto any. When he was come into his Chamber, he took a leaf made of the bark of Cedar, or ſome ſuch like (for the Ancients were not acquainted with Paper) and writ theſe words.

Artamenes, to the King of *Aſſyria.*

I Will never fail where once I Promiſe, but ſhall account it as a due Debt, which muſt and ſhall be Paid: Be confident, that I will punctually Perform every circumſtance which was agreed upon between us; I wiſh we were now in a Condition to diſpute the Prize of which I am unworthy, which yet none ſhall ever enjoy but by the Death of

Artamenes.

When this Letter was ſealed, he gave it unto the ſame man who brought the other; who drawing nearer, whiſpered him in the ear, and told him how he had Command from the King of *Aſſyria* to acquaint him, That if he had any occaſion to ſend unto him, he was retired unto *Pteria*, a Town whereof *Aribees* had been Governour, as well as of *Sinope*, and that it was now committed unto his Fidelity; After this the man departed. *Artamenes* went out alſo, and continued his walk round the Town; he went unto the Temple, which he moſt preciſely viewed, ſince it was the place where firſt began his Love: upon his departure from thence, not well knowing whither he went, or what he did, he continued his courſe along the Sea ſide, where the Gally which conveyed away his Princeſs did once ſtand: whilſt he continued his melancholly walk, with his two faithful Companions in all his Adventures, the wiſe *Chriſantes*, and the valiant *Feraulas*, Was ever time ſo ill imploy'd (ſaid he to them) as ſince we came to *Sinope*? It is impoſſible to be more toſt and croſt with multitudes of ſad events, than we have been: The time is tedious alſo in conſideration of the ſmall or no utility which any of our tranſactions have produced ever ſince. I came with hopes to relieve my Princeſs, and alas, I find her in moſt eminent and dreadful danger, where I cannot bring her any Aſſiſtance: When I gave any credit unto thoſe fears which ſeized upon my Soul, then was I ready to caſt my ſelf into the Flames, and be reduc't to aſhes, as well as the Town; on the other ſide, when I rows'd up my Soul, what pains did I take to relieve my Princeſs? I fight, I quench the flames, and puzzle my ſelf; but when all is done, in lieu of my Princeſs, I find her Raviſher, and find him in ſuch a condition as I cannot take Revenge, without a ſtain unto mine Honour. And then again, I find another new Raviſher of my Princeſs, and in ſuch a Place as is inacceſſible: Preſently, I find my Rival-Priſoner make an eſcape; and muſt pray for *Mazares*, whoſe Ruin I deſire. Oh Deſtinies, cruel Deſtinies! who order all our Fortunes; I beſeech you, make me either abſolute Happy, or abſolute Miſerable; and toſs me not continually between Hopes and Fears, between Life and Death. Sir (ſaid *Chriſantes* unto him) after ſo many Misfortunes which you have either ſuffered or prevented, you muſt hope to ſurmount them all. And it is to be hoped (added *Feraulas*) after all theſe croſs events, Fortune will be weary of her obſtinacy, and give over. During all this time, the Heavens were clear, the Wind ſoft, and the Sea ſerene; the Waves daſh gently upon the banks, and in a calm temper, ſeem'd to be obedient unto that Supream power which preſcribed them their limits. *Artamenes* was much pleaſed with this Halcion ſerenity; he was as much tranſported with Joy as the Raviſher himſelf could be. In concluſion, he looked along the Sea ſide, and ſaw many People aſſembled together, who by their buſie Actions, did ſeem to be much amazed: *Artamenes* was exaſperated with much Curioſity, and changing colour upon a ſudden; What can theſe People be doing, ſaid he to *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas?* Sir, anſwered they, Perhaps they are Fiſhers, and are untangling and drying their Nets upon the ſhore: whilſt they were walking towards them, *Feraulas* ſpied upon the Water ſide, ſome Wreck of a Ship; but beckned unto *Chriſantes*, not to take any notice of it unto their Maſter; who was ſo intent upon thoſe Men by the Sea-ſide, that he took no notice of what *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* had ſeen; yet he had hardly gone twenty Paces further, but turning his eye towards the water which was upon his left hand, alas he ſaw it all covered with broken planks intermingled with Cordage and other wreck, and amongſt the reſt a dead Corps. Oh what horror did *Artamenes* apprehend! he ſtood ſtone ſtill; lookt upon the wreck, viewed the Corps; gaz'd upon *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, and durſt not move a ſtep further towards thoſe Men, who were not above forty Paces from him, fearing to find there the dead Corps of his deareſt Princeſs. *Feraulas* ſeeing him in this perplexity, ſaid unto him, What Sir, do you think there was no Ship upon the vaſt Ocean but this, that you ſhould be thus troubled at it? do you not conſider, that Shipwrack is a thing moſt common? This is the cauſe of my Grief, anſwered unhappy *Artamenes*; if theſe misfortunes were Rare, I ſhould not Fear ſo much. Then, maugre all his apprehenſions, he drew nearer thoſe Mariners, whoſe Trade it was to look for Wreck, and thrive by the misfortunes of others: *Artamenes* enquired of them, what they knew concerning this fatal Accident; one of them anſwered, that they ſuppoſed it to be ſome Galley which periſhed this laſt night in the Tempeſt, as might be conceived by what the Sea brought to the Shore, and by what they had collected from a handſome and well-faſhioned Man, who was taken up and carried into a Cabbin ſome hundred paces from the Shore; and who violently refuſed all thoſe aſſiſtances which we endeavoured to afford him. *Artamenes* without any further inquiſition, went to the Cabbin, where he found them all Officious to help this half dead Man; he preſently knew him to be *Mazares*; for he had often ſeen him at *Babylon* in the Court of *Nitocris*, Mother to the King of *Aſſyria*, ſo that he perfectly knew him to be the Raviſher of *Mandana*: He lay upon a Bed more drown'd in Tears, than Water of the Sea; and more changed by his Deſpair, than by Shipwrack. This dejected Prince did ſometimes lift his Eyes up to Heaven, and ſometimes caſt them down upon a Rich Scarf which he held in his hand, and which *Artamenes* did know to be the Scarf of *Mandana*; becauſe ſhe had heretofore refuſed him the Honour to beſtow it upon him. This ſight had ſuch a ſad operation upon the Heart of *Artamenes*, as he reſolv'd to live no longer. But when Sorrow had ſilenc't his Tongue; he underſtood that *Mazares*, who ſeem'd to be at his laſt Gaſp, and ſtriving to ſpeak, cried out as loud as his Weakneſs would permit; Oh Miſerable remainder of my Fair Princeſs, why did I not periſh with her, ſince I could not preſerve Her? Alas, alas, What do you do unto me? Why do you ſhew me the Mournful Reliques of my Unfortunate Princeſs, whom I have deſtroyed? Oh ye Gods, who guide our Deſtinies, and are not ignorant of my endeavours to preſerve Her, why did not you aſſiſt me? At this *Artamenes* drawing nearer, whoſe Grief, Anger, Rage, Deſpair and Love, would not permit him to reſolve, whether he ſhould kill this more than half-dead Man, or no; or whether he ſhould Charge him with his Crime, or further inform himſelf how this Fatal Accident happened. Sometimes he was in that Cruel Reſolution; and ſometimes he would queſtion him; Sometimes he would Lament his Princeſs, and ſometimes accuſe the Gods; ſometimes he would kill his Rival, and ſometimes Himſelf: his Tears and Lamentations would ſometimes break forth whether he would or no, and that ſo paſſionately, as *Mazares* underſtood who he was, by ſome who pronounced the Name of *Artamenes.* He then turned himſelf with as much precipitance, as a man in his feeble condition could do; and beholding *Artamenes* with a moſt Pitiful and Reſentive Aſpect: Is it you, ſaid he, who was the moſt Happy Man in the Affection of a great Princeſs, and whom I have made the moſt Unfortunate by her Ruine? Is it thou (anſwered *Artamenes* with a heart wounded through with wo) who by thy injurious Act, has undone the World, and deprived it of Her who was the Faireſt and Moſt Illuſtrious in it? It is I, replied the Unfortunate Prince, with his Eyes drown'd in Tears, who am the ſame unworthy wretch you ſpeak of, and who would immediately puniſh my ſelf for it, if I had but ſtrength enough; but Death I hope ere long will do it for me: Methinks I find you too Calm; I ſhould be obliged unto you, if your hand would undertake that Office. Thoſe who firſt found me Floating upon the Water, I believe, do know I did not much court them to preſerve me; for it is infinitely againſt my will to live after the Death of this Divine Princeſs. But is it certain, ſaid *Artamenes*, that the Princeſs is Dead? Did you ſee her periſh? Did you uſe all your power to preſerve her? Did you not part from her? Did you ſee her in the Water? Did you ſee her Dead? I ſaw her upon the Galley (anſwered the ſaid *Mazares*), I ſaw her fall into the Sea, and I caſt my ſelf after her; I took hold upon her by this Scarf, and held her up a long time upon the Waves; but oh, ye cruel Gods, one rouling Billow unlooſed this fatal Scarf, and parted us, ſo that I could never ſee her more. Ask me no more after this, what I did, or what I thought, for I deſired Death, and freely bequeathed my ſelf unto the Waves, not valuing my Life at any rate; and at laſt, I was found floating upon the Water by theſe charitable Men, who brought me into this Cabbin. Now *Artamenes*, you have all I can inform you of; here unhappy Prince, ſaid he, take this Scarf, which more belongs to you than me; I deſire nothing in this World, but the Glory to dye by your hand, if you would pleaſe to honour me ſo much; *Mazares* pronounced theſe laſt Words ſo faintly, that every one thought him dying.

Artamenes ſeeing him in this ſad Condition, took the Scarf which feebly fell from the Hand of this faint Prince, and he went away from this deſpicable weak Enemy, who was not worthy of his Revenge, having too ſadly ſatisfied his Curioſity. He dolefully droopt as he walked along the Sea-ſide, being followed by *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, who obſerved as they went, whether they could eſpy any thing belonging unto this dead Princeſs. He commanded the Mariners to go all along the Shore, and among the Rocks, to ſee what they could diſcover; never was Man in ſo pitiful a plight as poor *Artamenes. Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* had not hearts to ſpeak unto him; nor did he himſelf know that they were near him: He lowr'd, and look'd upon the Water, ſuppoſing every thing he ſaw, to be the dead Corps of his deareſt Princeſs; he would ſometimes ſtride a moſt precipitate pace, and then upon a ſudden ſtop, and ſtand in a deadly Dump; after he had in vain walked very long by the Water-ſide, he ſtept upon a ſmall Rock which ſtretched it ſelf a little into the Sea, to ſee if the Waves would reſtore unto him, that which they had taken away; and commanding every one to continue their Queſt, there remained none with him but *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, who, ſay what he could, would not leave him. But alas, what lamentable Expreſſions did poor *Artamenes* uſe? What did he think? Am I not, ſaid he, the moſt unlucky Man that ever liv'd? Can a more horrid Torment be imagined than this, which by the Tyranny of my Fate I now endure? Ah, my faireſt Princeſs, was it the Intentions of the Gods only to ſhew you upon the Earth? Did they make you to be the Wonder of the World, and muſt not we all Adore you? Ah! alas, alas, ye furious fatal Flames (cried he out, looking upon the Town, whoſe Ruins might be ſeen far off), what cauſe have I to curſe you for the loſs of my unparallel'd Princeſs! I know too well, it was your oppoſite Element which gave me my dire and diſmal loſs; yet mercileſs, tho you be, you would have left me her precious Aſhes, that ſo mine might have had the Glory to be mixed with them; but the rigor of my Fate is ſuch, that this inexorable Element of Water will not render me my Princeſs, either alive or dead, altho it is her will to ſave the Life of her Raviſher, and my Rival; had the Fates left this Rival in ſuch a ſtate, as I might without blemiſh unto my Honour have ſatisfied my Revenge, it had been ſome light Conſolation amidſt my grand Misfortunes; but this barbarous Element retains my Princeſs, and ſaves my Rival, only to tell me the ſad News, how he ſaw her in inevitable Danger, and left her in the Arms of Death; that he ſaw her in ſuch Reſentments of me, as I durſt never hope for, and at laſt loſt his Tongue, ſo that I could gather from him nothing but deſpair. You have this comfort yet remaining (ſaid *Chriſantes*), that he could not ſay he ſaw her Dead, that ultimate and fatal Syllable was not yet pronounced; alſo, it may rationally be hoped, (added *Feraulas*) that the ſame Fate which followed *Mazares*, might alſo follow her; and haply hers much better than his, for She hath no reaſon to wiſh her own Death like him; yes, Sir, it may very well be She lives, and hath no ſad Reſentments, but of you. Ah, *Chriſantes*, ah *Feraulas*, (cried he out) this poor pittance of Hope which remains at the Root of my Heart, may chance to cauſe a greater Evil. Yet if this were not, you might be ſure, my Friends, that without any further Cries, or Tears, or Sighs, I would preſently follow my moſt adored *Mandana*; there is not any thing but this faint hope, which reſtrains me; and tho it be a good Preſervative, and a Cordial Antidote againſt all Misfortunes, yet it is too weak to hinder me, if I once were fully perſuaded my Princeſs were periſhed. Alas *Chriſantes*, methinks I ſee her in the Sea, how diſdainfully She receives help from her Raviſher; methinks I ſee that boiſterous Wave take her from him, who when he had ruin'd her, would then too late preſerve her; methinks I ſee the Waves (oh ye Gods, what ſhould I ſay, what ſhould I think!) Smother her, and Sink her to the Bottom of the Sea. In ſaying ſo, Tears did flow; he kiſt the Scarf with profound Sorrow, and ſadly ſaid, Oh thou which heretofore was the height of my Ambition to wiſh for, and thought thee the greateſt Honour I durſt preſume to Aſpire unto; I could never believe that I ſhould reſent thee with ſo much Sadneſs: All I deſire from thee now, is to Inſpire me with Courage enough to Vanquiſh thoſe who are Enemies unto my King, and my Princeſs. I look upon thee now, as a Motive unto my Memory of *Mandana*, which will double my Deſpair, and haſten my Death. Now *Chriſantes*, ſaid he, do you not now wonder at the odd Contrivances of my humorous Fate? That I ſhould receive more Teſtimonies of my Divine *Mandana*'s Affection to me from my Rival, than from her ſelf? Her ſevere Virtue did diſtribute her Favours with ſo much Wiſdom and Reſervedneſs, that I my ſelf could never preſume of ſo much happineſs, as I underſtood from the King of *Aſſyria*, from *Mazares*'s Letter, from *Mazares* himſelf, and from *Mazares* Dying, who all do tell me, I had a greater Share in her Heart, than ere I could hope for: But, oh ye Gods, why do you afford me ſo great a Bliſs, ſo much certainty of her Affection, ſince She in whoſe Election my Felicity conſiſts, is not in a condition to Love; and ſince I muſt abandon Life, Hope, and all which can be called happy! After he had thus vented his Sorrow, he was a while Silent, ſometimes looking upon the Sea, ſometimes whether thoſe he had ſent to ſearch, were returned; and ſometimes caſting his ſad Eyes upon the Scarf. *Chriſantes* ſeeing the Day was much ſpent, would perſuade him to walk toward the Town, because the Day was far ſpent. This reaſon, tho it had Argument enough in it to perſuade him, yet it could not have cauſed him to remove, if he had not ſeen at a good diſtance off, *Thraſibulus*, *Araſpes*, *Aglatides*, *Hidaſpes*, and many others coming towards him, who out of Civility did retire, to give him the Liberty of enjoying his Thoughts; but after they had a reaſonable time abſented themſelves, they drew near; he no ſooner ſaw them, but he roſe up, and looking upon *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, ſaid, What ſhall I do to perſuade theſe Men that my Paſſion for the Princeſs is for her, as the Daughter of *Ciaxares*, and not as the Miſtreſs of *Artamenes*? Happily you may (ſaid he unto them) but certainly, my Friends I cannot; I know if *Mandana* could appear at this inſtant, She would command it, and would charm my Tears. As ſoon as he had ſpoken, *Thraſibulus* and all the Company came near, ſo that he became ſilent, and met them. They perceived ſome odd Adventure had chanced; and becauſe he was infinitely beloved of all, eſpecially thoſe who had near Relations unto him, they changed Countenances alſo, and did participate of that Grief, whereof they knew not the Cauſe; they were ignorant of it a good while, and it was a very Death unto *Artamenes* to tell them: *Feraulas* ſaved him the labour, and by a ſhort Relation told them the ſad News; he was very brief, leſt, if he ſhould aggravate the matter, *Artamenes* would not be able to contain himſelf, but would give too many Teſtimonies of what he deſired to conceal. *Thraſibulus* lamented the loſs as much as poſſible; *Hidaſpes* being more concerned, as having Intereſt in the Houſe of *Ciaxares*, was deeply perplexed; *Araſpes* alſo did ſadly reſent it; *Aglatides*, who naturally was of a Melancholly Compoſition, did beſt ſympathize with Sorrow, and was ſo ſad, as if he had a particular Intereſt in the Princeſs. *Artamenes*, who thought the Town would be a better Umbrage for his Grief, than where they were, becauſe he might retire into his Chamber under pretence of Writing unto *Ciaxares*, therefore he walked on, giving Order unto *Feraulas*, to take them which came with *Thraſibulus*, and go ſeek out for Intelligence, either of the Safety or Loſs of the Princeſs. All the way he paſſed to the Town, he obſerved much Silence; mean while, every one got Information of the

Accident. There was an univerſal Condolement for the Princeſs, and of thoſe eminent Excellencies in her; her amazing Beauty, her trancſendency of Spirit, and her Divinity of Soul. Some lamented the King her Father, and his ſad Reſentments; others ſorrowed that ſuch an Illuſtrious Race as the King of *Medes*, ſhould extinguiſh in the Princeſs, by ſo fatal a Chance. In ſhort, they all lamented, and amongſt them all, none knew who had leaſt Cauſe to complain: *Hidaſpes* ſpeaking to *Chriſantes*, ſaid unto him, This Accident makes me remember what Grief the King of *Perſia* my Maſter reſented, when he firſt received the ſad News of Young *Cyrus*'s Shipwrack, who as you know better than I, was a Prince of the moſt ſuperlative Hopes in the World; and queſtionleſs *Ciaxares* will be as ſenſible of the Princeſs, his Daughters Misfortune, as *Cambiſes* was of that Prince, his Son's. I did extreamly lament that Loſs, for tho I was not ſo nearly concerned as the King his Father, yet I could not chuſe but as much bewail him. *Chriſanees* diverting this Diſcourſe, ſaid unto the ſad *Artamenes*, That happily the Meſſenger, whom he ſhould ſend unto *Ciaxares*, would find him forward on his March, he having Muſtered together his Men when he came away, with intentions to follow preſently after. *Aglatides*, whoſe Thoughts were all compos'd of Love and Melancholly, addreſſing his Speech unto *Artamenes*, I aſſure you, ſaid he, altho I be the Subject of *Ciaxares*, and by conſequence an Enemy unto the King of *Aſſyria*; yet I cannot chuſe but pity the laſt, as one who when he ſhall hear of this ſad Accident, will think himſelf the moſt undone Man upon Earth; for (ſaid he) tho he was not beloved, yet he was a Lover, and Love doth ſo exceed all the other Reſentments, which either Nature, Reaſon, or Friendſhip can give, that there is no Compariſon between them. As for my part, ſaid he, if in lieu of a Lover, who was hated, as the King of *Aſſyria* was, I ſhould know a Lover which was beloved, who had ſuch a Loſs, I am perſuaded my very Pity of him would endure unto my Death. But as the Virtue of the Princeſs was too reſerved

ſerved to expreſs any Affection unto any one, therefore I muſt needs lament the King of *Aſſyria*, who indeed really deſerves it. *Artamenes* was too much troubled to Anſwer unto this urgent Diſcourſe; and tho he had Power to reſtrain his Tears, yet he had not enough to ſtop his Sighs; he only told *Aglatides*, that the Princeſs was ſo full of all admirable Virtues, as that all who knew her, did adore her; and therefore all thoſe who had that happineſs, muſt needs lament her, whether *Medes*, *Perſians*, or *Aſſyrians*. Then *Artamenes*, becauſe he grew weary of all Company, did go ſome thirty Paces before all the reſt. *Mandaua* was the Subject of every ones Dicourſe, but of *Artamenes* Grief. Every one commended the Affectio nwhich *Artamenes* bore unto the King his Maſter. Altho that ſad Accident had as ſad an Influence upon them all; yet ſome amongſt them had never ſeen the Princeſs, and ſome again had never been in Love, ſo that a vaſt difference might be obſerved between their Loſs and his, and they were ignorant of the main principal Cauſe of his Grief.

When they were come into the Town, *Artamenes* went into his Chamber, and diſmiſſing all his Attendants, remained ſadly by himſelf alone, entertaining nothing but Deſpair, by calling to Memory all his dire Diſaſters: He took *Mandana*'s Scarf, which he found in the Hands of Miſerable *Mazares*, and lock'd it in his Cabinet; but all his care in keeping it, was rather an Addition to his Deſpair, than any Conſolation to him in his Sorrows; and to augment his Injury, he recalled into Memory every ſlight Favour that ever he had received from his Princeſs. This great Soul, whoſe Thoughts had never any Reflection but upon Heroick Atchievements, did upon this occaſion permit the Idea of ſo many hardy Combats, ſo many victorious Battels, and ſo many glorious Triumphs as he had obtained, to come freſh into his Imagination, to the end his Deſpair might be more excuſable, and that they might better colour the Weakneſs which he ſhould diſcover in this Adventure; he reſented all his Atchievements,

chievements, as performed in the Service of that Miſtriſs, whom now he thought not to be in this World. The Memory of theſe were great Additions unto his Miſery; if it can be conceived poſſible any Addition can be unto a Sorrow, which from the firſt Reſentment was extream and unſupportable. He could not reſolve with himſelf, whom he ſhould ſend to carry this ſad News unto the King of *Medes*, and far leſs could he reſolve to tell the diſmal Story with his own Mouth. In ſuch confus'd and anxious Thoughts did he paſs away all that Night, as he could not determine any thing upon it. In the Morning, *Feraulas* coming to him, *Artamenes* asked him what news of *Mazares*, and whether he recovered that Weakneſs wherein laſt Night he left him? Let ſome run, ſaid he, to know, and if he be able, let him be brought hither; he gave this Order very haſtily, not knowing almoſt what he ſaid; but a while after, News was brought, that the Fiſhermen in whoſe Tent *Mazares* lay, did report, That *Mazares* never revived out of that Sound in which *Artamenes* ſaw him, but died immediately after his Departure our of the Tent. The report of his Death, infuſed various Imaginations into *Artamenes*; he admired Divine Juſtice in deſtroying a Prince, whom he knew to be moſt Criminal, and murmured againſt thoſe rigid Gods for ruining a Princeſs whom he knew moſt Innocent. And as his Spirits were wholly taken up with the Grandure of his Loſs, ſo he made no ſtrict Inquiſition concerning the Funerals of *Mazares*; the very thoughts of his Raviſher were ſo tormenting to him, that he did quite obliterate his Memory. Amidſt theſe reſtleſs Thoughts, News was brought, that it was ſuppoſed *Ciaxares* was upon his March with all his Army near the Town; for a great thick Duſt ariſing out of a Valley, was diſcovered from the top of the Tower, which could be nothing elſe but the March of his Troops. This News did much ſurpriſe *Artamenes*, but much more, when he ſaw *Andramias* arrive, who informed him, that within a little more than an hour *Ciaxares* would be in *Sinope*; *Artamenes* then began to beſtir himſelf, and ſo diſcreetly, that he was in ſome hopes to hide part of his Sorrow; he Commanded all the Officers to draw up into *Battalia*; he mounted himſelf on Horſe-back, and was followed by *Thraſibulus*, *Hidaſpes*, *Chriſantes*, *Araſpes*, and *Aglatidas*; he Marched to meet the King, who when he was within the ſight of *Sinope*, left his Army, and marched in the Company of the King of *Phrygia*, of the King of *Hircania*, of *Perſodes*, Prince of the *Caducians*, of the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, of the Prince of *Licaonia*, of *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Timocrates*, *Artabaſes*, *Madates*, and *Aduſias*, who were *Perſians* and *Grandees* amongſt the *Homotimens*, like as *Hidaſpes* and *Chriſantes*, who accompanied *Artamenes*; never was Meeting more ſad than this; *Ciaxares* ſeeing the Town ſo ruin'd, could not chuſe but Sigh; *Artamenes* ſeeing *Ciaxares*, unto whom he muſt be a Meſſenger of ſuch ſorrowful News, had not the heart to move towards him, yet ſtirring a little, and the King coming very faſt, they were preſently within thirty Paces of each other. Then *Artamenes*, and all who Accompanied him, alighted, and went on Foot to meet the King. *Artamenes*, notwithſtanding his Sorrow, preſented *Thraſibulus* unto him; then *Ciaxares* giving them all his Hand to kiſs, Commanded them to Mount, and calling *Artamenes* unto him, he began to Diſcourſe of their Tranſactions in general; and to aggravate their Miſfortunes, he told *Artamenes* that he underſtood *Mazares* had carried away his Daughter. *Sir*, ſaid ſad *Artamenes*, you will think your ſelf more unfortunate when you ſhall know that *Mazares* lives not, and that it may be——At theſe words, *Artamenes* penſively pauſed, and could tell no further. *Ciaxares* looking upon him with a moved Aſpect, ſaid to him, What, *Artamenes*, have you any more ill News yet to tell me? Sir, anſwered *Artamenes*, the News is ſo very bad, I dare not tell it; I beſeech your Majeſties patience until we arrive at the Town, before you be further informed; for your Sorrows will be leſs ſeen in your Cloſet, than in the open Field; *Ciaxares* wondred at his dark Diſcourſe, and looking him in the Face, he perceived ſuch ſigns of Sorrow in his Eyes, that he durſt not preſs him any more, to relate that which rather than his Life he deſired to know, leſt if he found what he feared to be true, he ſhould diſcover too much Weakneſs before all theſe Illuſtrious Princes. He gazed in the Eyes of *Artamenes*, and conſulted with his own Reaſon, and winded all his own Thoughts to gueſs at it; but it was eaſy to be perceived by *Artamenes*'s Deportment, and by his Silence, that he much feared to relate all he knew, and *Ciaxares* durſt not enquire of that whereof he was ignorant. Mean while, thoſe which came with *Ciaxares*, and they who came with *Artamenes* talking together, the Accident was divulged amongſt them: The ſad News cauſed many Murmurs and Mourning Exclamations amongſt them, ſo that the Noiſe reaching the Ears of *Ciaxares*, he knew well enough there was ſome ſtrange Adventure happened, which he muſt know. Being come to the Town, the Soldiers which *Artamenes* brought with him, obſerving the Orders which they received, made a Guard for the King to paſs through; and tho *Ciaxares* did extreamly long to ſatisfy his Curioſity, yet would not before all the World, but ſilently went on till he came to the Caſtle. As for his Army, he ordered it to Incamp in the Valley, which was between a great Hill and the Town, and which was ſpacious enough to lodg them, tho they were a hundred thouſand Men. The King was no ſooner lighted, but *Artamenes* Conducted him unto the beſt Chamber of the Caſtle; he was no ſooner there, but he carried him into a Cloſet: Come my Dear *Artamenes*, ſaid he to him, what ſtrange News have you to relate, which yet I have not been acquainted with? This demand did much ſurpriſe *Artamenes*; yet ſeeing there was no Remedy, he was conſtrained to acquaint him with the Princeſs ſad Fortunes; he could not contain, but his Tears went before his Tongue: *Ciaxares* ſeeing his Tears trickle down his Cheeks, ſaid to him, What would your Tears tell me *Artamenes*? Is my Daughter dead? Then *Artamenes* with a profound Sadneſs, told him in few Words, all he knew concerning

ing *Mandana*'s Shipwrack: The Report ſtruck *Ciaxares* to the Soul; never did Father expreſs more Tenderneſs and Grief for a Daughter, than he. *Artamenes* ſeeing he might now well weep it out, and not be obſerved by *Ciaxares*, who was blinded with his own Tears, began and continued it ſo long, as never was Sight more ſad; he ſpoke not a Word to *Ciaxares* by way of Comfort, neither could *Ciaxares* find any fault with the Tears of *Artamenes*. Was there ever (ſaid this Mourning Father) any Prince more unhappy than I? Could not I have foreſeen my Misfortune by ſo many Oracles, told unto *Aſtiages*, that the Scepter which he bore and left unto me, ſhould ere long be transferred into the Hands of a Stranger? Might not this have informed me, that I having but one Daughter, ſhould inevitably loſe her? Alas, *Aſtiages* turmoiled himſelf, and turned every Stone to deſtroy them who might uſurp the Crown; but he never dreamt of preſerving her who ſhould loſe it in loſing her Life! Is there no hope remains? Is it certain, ſaid he, She is quite gone for ever? Well, well, ſaid he, my dear Innocent Daughter ſhall not dye unrevenged. The Gods who have puniſhed *Mazares* one of her Raviſhers, hath taught me what I ſhall do unto the King of *Aſſyria*: He ſhall dye, he muſt, and that immediately. As he is the cauſe that the Illuſtrious Race of the Fam'd *Dejoca*, is extinct in the Perſon of my Daughter, ſo ſhall the King of *Aſſyria*'s alſo extinguiſh in his own. The Gods, no not the very Gods ſhall prevent his Death, nor mitigate my Fury. *Artamenes* amazed at this Expreſſion, ſaid, Sir, did you not meet with him, whom I ſent to acquaint you with the King of *Aſſyria*'s Eſcape? What do you ſay, *Artamenes*, that the King of *Aſſyria* is——(replied he angerly)? I ſay, Sir (ſaid he), That I ſent one to acquaint you with the King of *Aſſyria*'s Eſcape; how (replied *Ciaxares* angerly), is not he in my Power? Is he at Liberty? Ah! no, no, it cannot be; I cannot believe he is gone; I cannot eaſily think *Artamenes* will ſuffer a Priſoner of ſuch a conſequence to eſcape. It is too true (anſwered *Artamenes* faintly), it was my ill, and his good Fortune to eſcape my Guards: But, Sir, ſaid he, let not this trouble you ſo much; for if it were as eaſy for me to regain my Princeſs, as it is to give you the Death of the King of *Aſſyria*, your Deſires ſhould have Satisfaction. *Ciaxares* was not pleaſed with this Reply, and tho he always loved *Artamenes*, and had great Obligations towards him, nor did he ever entertain the leaſt Suſpition of his Fidelity; neither did he believe this Accident proceeded from any other ground, than from his Negligence and Improvidence; nor yet could he in all his Tranſactions accuſe him of the leaſt Fault; yet he reſented this Eſcape but odly, and went out of the Cloſet without ſpeaking one Word. Then finding all the Commanders and Grandees, who followed him in the Chamber, he diſcourſed unto them concerning his lamentable Loſs, with much Conſtancy, tho with much Sorrow, and every one of them according to their ſeveral Relations, did teſtify how they ſhared in his Miſfortune with him, always hinting unto him, that as long as the Corps was unfound, there was ſome hopes remaining: As for *Artamenes*, he retired a while into another Chamber, where ſeveral Complements paſſed between him and all the Princes which came with *Ciaxares*, for they all honoured and eſteemed of him, as much as of the King whom they ſerved. Mean while, *Ciaxares* was very deſirous to have all the Paſſages concerning the King of *Aſſyria*'s Eſcape to be made more apparent unto him; he underſtood that *Artamenes* ordered *Araſpes* to Command the Guard over the King of *Aſſyria*, and that *Araſpes* was one whom *Artamenes* loved; yet do what he could, he could not diſcover that *Artamenes* had any Conſent in his Eſcape: But amongſt thoſe who came with the King, there was one who was an intimate Friend of *Aribees*; this Man, when he underſtood that *Aribees* was Dead, entertained much hatred againſt *Artamenes*, who finding out by chance that the King of *Aſſyria* had writ unto him, acquainted *Ciaxares* with it: *Ciaxares* ſent immediately for *Artamenes*; he no ſooner ſaw him, but he asked him very ſharply, why he did not acquaint him ho the King of *Aſſyria* did write unto him concernicg hi Eſcape: *Artamenes* was much ſtartled at this Queſtio becauſe the Letter contain'd ſuch Matter as muſt no be made known, and ſtood a good while before he anſwered: at laſt he told *Ciaxares*, That it was not ſtrang he ſhould forget a thing of ſo poor importance as tha ſince he had ſo many Paſſages of ſad Concernment t acquaint him withal; and ſince the Letter contain' nothing, but how the King of *Aſſyria* told him he ha not tranſgreſſed the Laws of Generoſity in making a Eſcape, ſince he was not truſted upon his Parole. W ſhall be better ſatisfied, ſaid *Ciaxares*, by the Letter i ſelf, than by Words. Sir, replied *Artamenes*, I ſhoul moſt willingly ſatisfy you; but as I was walking yeſterday by the Sea-ſide, hearkening after News of th Princeſs, I unfortunately loſt it, and I ſuppoſe it fel into the Water: *Artamenes* made this Anſwer ſo coldly, that it moved *Ciaxares* to tell him roughly, contrary to his Cuſtom, that he thought this Chance ver ſtrange, and in plain terms, that the managing of thi Buſineſs did not pleaſe him. *Artamenes*, who bor much Reverence unto him as the Father of his Princeſ and who knew he had reaſon to ſay as much as he did therefore he did ſilently withdraw; and becauſe *Ciaxare* turned his back, and would hear no more, he went ou of the Room.

Night being come, ſome Commanders retired to the Camp. All the Princes were lodged in the Caſtle, and faireſt Houſes of the Town, which the Fire had ſpared *Ciaxares* did paſs over the Night with reſtleſs Mind but *Artamenes* much more, who beſides his own Paſſions did participate of the King's, notwithſtanding his Jealouſy and rough Deportment towards him. It ſeems Fortune obſerves no mean, neither in her Favour, nor her Frowns, but Exalts her Favourites unto the higheſt Top of Felicity, and Sinks thoſe whom ſhe is diſpleaſed with, into a Gulf of Miſery. Thus ſhe dealt with *Artamenes*, who now ſeem'd to faint under the preſſure of this diſaſterous Accident, and thought Himſelf and his Honour deeply concerned. The next Morning *Ciaxares* ſent for him into his Cloſet; when he was come, there appear'd more Anger than Grief in his Countenance, which plainly told *Artamenes* there was ſome freſh misfortunate Storm ariſing; but as the State ſtood with him, he valued his Life, and his Death, at the ſame rate, and was indifferent whether of them ſhould be his Fate. The Violences of *Ciaxares*, and his angry Looks, did not much trouble him, but he reverently asked him if he would Command him any Service; *Ciaxares* anſwered, yes, he would ſee the Letter which the King of *Aſſyria* writ to him; and looking upon him with Eyes full of Anger: Look you, *Artamenes*, ſaid he, ſee how Innocent you are of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Eſcape; expound unto me this myſterious Riddle, which I cannot underſtand. *Artamenes* was wonderfully aſtoniſhed at it, becauſe he ſaw it was the ſame Letter which he writ unto the King of *Aſſyria*, and which he gave unto that Man who brought the King of *Aſſyria*'s Letter unto him; yet to be better ſatisfied, he opened it, and read the very ſame words *Verbatim*, which he had written. As he was reading, he often changed Colour, and was as long about it as he could be poſſible, thinking in the mean time for ſome handſome Reply; for he plainly ſaw, that if he did not ingenuouſly Paraphraſe upon the Letter, his Honour would receive a great Blemiſh, ſince it would ſeem, as if he had been Perfidious unto his Maſter, and held Correſpondence with his Enemy: On the other ſide, he thought, that if he ſhould diſcover his Love, then he ſhould too much traduce the Honour of his Princeſs, which he valued at a higher rate than his own. *Ciaxares*, who had not yet ſounded him to the Bottom, was diſpleaſed at his long Silence. What look you for, *Artamenes* (ſaid he unto him) in that Letter? Is it for ſome fine Excuſe you are ſo long pumping? Speak I ſay, and explain what you have writ from the firſt to the laſt Syllable; in ſaying ſo, he took the Letter out of *Artamenes* hands, who all this while behav'd himſelf with much Reverence: Sir, ſaid he unto *Ciaxares*, if I could produce the King of *Aſſyria*'s Letter, your Majeſty might ſee I am not ſo guilty as you ſuppoſe me; nor that theſe Compacts between us are of ſuch a ſtrain as you may imagine. If you be not faulty, then inform me better, ſaid *Ciaxares*, ſuppoſing he had ſome ſecret Reaſon in his Heart, which happily might juſtify him. *Ciaxares* opening the Letter, read aloud what *Artamenes* had writ, and looking Sternly upon him, how Expound you theſe Words, ſaid he unto him,

> *I will never fail where once I Promiſe, but ſhall account it as a due Debt, which muſt and ſhall be paid; be confident, I will punctually perform every Circumſtance which was agreed upon between us.*

Speak *Artamenes*, ſaid he, tell me what you have promiſed the King of *Aſſyria*: and indeed, how could you promiſe him any thing without Breach of Duty to me? Sir, anſwered *Artamenes*, you know there hath been ſome ſmall Difference between the King of *Aſſyria* and me. There is alſo ſome Tranſactions between us, which do not at all concern your Majeſty; and that the love of Honour hath a long time made us Corrivals. Tell me then (ſaid *Ciaxares*, aſperating his Speech) what Colour can you Gloſs upon theſe Words at the end of the Letter?

> *I wiſh we were in a condition to diſpute for that Prize of which I am moſt unworthy, yet, which none ſhall ever enjoy but by the Death of*
>
> Artamenes.

What Prize is this, *Artamenes*, which is ſo dear unto you? I told you Sir, anſwered he, that Glory and Honour is the Prize, and the only Cauſe of all the Differences and Tranſactions which the King of *Aſſyria* hath, or ever ſhall have with *Artamenes*. It is for the firſt Rank in point of Valour, for which I will contend as long as I live. For my part, ſaid *Ciaxares*, after all your plauſible Expoſitions, I cannot conceive what Prize you ſhould contend for, unleſs my Crown, or my Daughter; and which of theſe ſoever it be, it makes you equally culpable; yes, and you *Artamenes*, much more in fault than the King of *Aſſyria*, ſince her Quality may pretend to both; but your Condition, by all appearances, is far below them. Sir (replied *Artamenes* faintly), by this Argument, you may ſuppoſe that the King of *Aſſyria* would never contend with me about ſuch a thing, unto which I could never pretend. You ſpeak (replied the King) in a Tone ſo diſſonant unto your Condition, that it doth rather confirm my Jealouſy, then extenuate it; for tho the King of *Aſſyria* be my Enemy, yet he is a King, and in that reſpect you owe him more regard than is fitting for your Diſcourſe. When I have a Sword by my ſide (anſwered *Artamenes*, who could no longer contain), it may be I ſhould make a King look about him, as well as another Man; you know ſome, who can inform you whether I ſpeak truth or no; and he, whoſe part you ſcorn to take, can tell you ſomething, if he had not a very bad Memory. I do not queſtion your Gallantry (ſaid *Ciaxares*), nor make any doubt of your Valour, but I have ſome cauſe to ſuſpect your Fidelity. Your Majeſty needs not to doubt of either, if you did but know me well (ſaid *Artamenes*). It cannot be imagined his Faith ſhould be corrupted, who hath had ſo commanding a Power as I have had. Why then (replied the King) do you not make your Actions more clear and intelligible, ſince you are ſo Innocent? I beſeech your Majeſty (anſwered he), preſs me no more to diſcover a thing, which I neither ought, nor can reveal. It is ſufficient, ſaid he, that the Gods have ſo often imployed my Hand to ſupport that Scepter unto which you think I pretend, and kept your Crown upon your Head. Upbraid me not with your Services (retorted *Ciaxares* angerly), for if you remember what once you were, and what now you are, you will acknowledg

ledg they have not been ill-rewarded: I have remem bred them too much, and if I had loſt the Memory o them, perhaps you had ere now loſt your life. Conſum no more time in contriving Excuſes to palliate you Crimes; I ſhould be as glad as you, that you coul purge your ſelf from them. Sir, replied *Artamene* I am far from Upbraiding you with my Services, fo they have been ſo inconſiderable, I ſhould not ſo muc as have thought upon them, but in Vindication of my injured Innocency. Can you produce any proof o your pretended Innocency, ſaid *Ciaxares* to him? Yes anſwered *Artamenes*, from Arguments drawn from my Virtue, if you were capable of knowing it. Well (replied *Ciaxares*), you will not then diſcover unto me what this Correſpondence is, which you hold with my Enemy, and Raviſher of my Daughter. Sir, (anſwered the Innocent *Artamenes*) you ſhall never know that *Artamenes*, this Man whom it ſeems you know not; the Man, who as you are perſwaded would betray you; the Man whom once you loved, that this Man did ever hold any Intelligence or Correſpondence with your Enemies. I ſhall in time make you confeſs (replied *Ciaxares*) for it is apparent enough, both by your Letter, and your Diſcourſe; and as the Knowledg of every Particular in this cloſe Conſpiracy is neceſſary to my own Safety, and Good of my Kingdom; ſo perhaps, when you are in a cloſe Priſon, ſafer than that wherein you kept the King of *Aſſyria*; then, I ſay, you may perhaps better inform me. Sir, anſwered *Artamenes*, (without any Paſſion or Tranſportation) Priſons and Puniſhment cannot compel *Artamenes* to Reveal what he hath a mind to Conceal. My Priſon ſhall thus far comfort me, that I have exchanged my Sword for Fetters, in a time when your Majeſty have no Potent Enemies to moleſt you; ſo that thus loſing me, you have but loſt an unprofitable Servant. I underſtand you very well, (replied *Ciaxares* in much Choler) you cannot forbear upbraiding me with your Services. Then going to the Chamber-door, he call'd for the Captain of the Guard, and Commanded him to Conduct him unto his Chamber, and keep him ſafe upon forfeiture of his Life. The Captain, who dearly loved *Artamenes*, and who knew how great a Favourite he was, ſtood amazed at the Command, not well knowing whether he ſhould obey or no; and finding ſo ſudden a Revolution in the Fortune of one, who the very day before, was the only Man in the Kingdom, and who ordered the Deſtinies of Kings and Princes, as he pleaſed; he was ſo confounded, that he knew not what to do. But *Artamenes* obſerving his Aſtoniſhment, Come (ſaid he) let us go, (giving him his Sword) and pay this laſt Service unto the King, thereby teaching the reſt of his Subjects to Obey with a willing Mind, more courſe Commands than theſe. In ſaying ſo, he made low Obeiſance unto the King, and followed *Andramias* with as ſlow a Motion, as if he had been free. After this, the King Commanded to ſecure *Araſpes*, and was obeyed. It were a very difficult task to relate fully, how *Artamenes* reſented this Paſſage, and what ſtrange Thoughts he apprehended. The King of *Medes* alſo had much Reluctancy for what he did. *Artamenes* did more wonder at the odneſs of his Fate, than lament it. The King repented almoſt every Minute of what he had done: What ſhall I do, ſaid he, with this Offender, who hath done me ſo much good Service, and whom I love ſo well, who hath ſtolen away the Hearts, both of my Friends and Enemies? This Offender, I ſay, who all the World eſteem, yet none knows where he was born; who ever met with ſo croſs an Accident? Can it be imagined that *Artamenes*, by whoſe Valour I have obtained ſo many Victories, and conquered ſo many Kings and Countries, ſhould wound his Honour with Treachery? On the other ſide, what can I conceive of this Letter, which puzzles him to explain, and the Crime is ſo great, that his Pretence and Colours cannot hide his Correſpondency with the King of *Aſſyria*: No, no, ſaid he, *Artamenes* is guilty; and tho it be either in matter of Love, or matter of Ambition, he is Culpable, and deſerves Puniſhment. The worſt is, loving him as I do, I ſhall grieve more for him, than he will for himſelf; but ſaid he ſuddenly, the Sorrows which I reſent for the loſs of *Mandana*, will quit me from that of *Artamenes*; and my Soul will be ſo ſenſible of the one, that there will be no room for the other. But let us uſe all Expedients to bend this obſtinate Spirit, let us do what we can to make him confeſs his Fault, that ſo we may have occaſion of Pardon.

Whilſt *Ciaxares* was thus arguing the matter with himſelf, *Artamenes*, whoſe amorous Soul could not be ſeparated from the Memory of *Mandana*, was more troubled at her Shipwrack, than his Priſon; and entertain'd more ſad Apprehenſions of her loſs, than Sorrow for his own. Do your worſt, you rigid Deſtinies, ſaid he, you cannot afflict me more; my Soul is not ſenſible of any Sorrow, but for *Mandana*, therefore I defy you; multiply your Penalties upon my Perſon, and I will not complain of your Injuſtice. Since my Princeſs wants a Tomb, it is no matter tho I languiſh in a Dungeon; the worſt is, it can but hinder me from a more high and generous Death. Ah faireſt Princeſs, ſaid he, whether you inhabit amongſt the Dead, or amongſt the Living, in Heaven, or upon Earth; if you could but ſee the unhappy *Artamenes* in *Ciaxares* Priſon, you would reſent it with Wonder and Sorrow; however, I complain not of his Severity or Injuſtice, ſince I ſeem culpable in his Eyes; and indeed, I am ſo, but it is in a far different manner than he apprehends it. I am culpable, deareſt Princeſs, but it is againſt you, indeed I am, I confeſs it, I am culpable in Loving you, not as you are the Daughter of the King of *Medes*, but as you are the faireſt Angel that ever lived. As you are the Daughter of a great King, it was lawful for me to Love you; but as you are *Mandana*, I muſt Love you, and not reveal it; I muſt Suffer, and not complain; I muſt Adore you in my Death, and muſt dye Dumb, and not ſpeak a word of Love; yet, alas *Mandana*, (cried he out) I fear I am the cauſe of your dire Misfortunes; for if I had not loved you, and your Soul not poſſeſſed with any thoughts of Grace towards me, then perhaps you might have plac'd your Affection upon that great Monarch of the World, and without all theſe Misfortunes have been Queen unto the King of *Aſſyria*; then, ſaid he further, I ſhould not have been ſo happy in the Glory of her Love, nor would you have had any thought of *Artamenes*, the unfortunate *Artamenes*, a Lover, whoſe obſervant Paſſions never offended againſt the Laws of Virtue, by any exorbitant Deſires; and whoſe obſequious Soul was ever obedient unto your Will, whoſe Life and Death is conſecrated unto your Service. In ſum of all, I will dye (my Princeſs) and never let *Ciaxares* know what the ground is of *Artamenes* Correſpondency with the King of *Aſſyria*. Think not this (my Divine *Mandana*) a ſmall Sacrifice, which I am reſolved to offer unto you in the Carriage of this Affair. The deſire of Glory, is a Paſſion as well as Love; a Paſſion moſt violent and imperious; yet for all that, I muſt value the Honour of my Princeſs above it. What tho' *Ciaxares* think me perfidious, it is no matter, ſince I am not ſo; I know the King of *Aſſyria*, tho my Enemy, will vindicate me; and tho he be my Corrival, yet he will ſpeak in my behalf. Believe on, *Ciaxares*, and think me a Traytor as long as you pleaſe, ſince you do not know the true ſtate of the Matter; for tho my Princeſs was moſt Innocent, and her Virtue had but too much ſtrictneſs in ſo pure an Affection; yet for all that, *Ciaxares* and the cenſorious Court, it may be, will never believe that I could be ſo long diſguiſed without her conſent. If I ſhould diſcover who I am, it would more confirm *Ciaxares* in that Opinion which he entertains, that I aſpire unto the Crown, altho I am not born ſo far from a Crown as he imagines. Alas, ſaid he, how rigid are my Deſtinies! I am afraid to juſtify my ſelf, tho it be moſt natural to do it; my Fears to offend my Princeſs, tranſcend my fears of Infamy, altho the fear of Infamy ſhould be above all other whatſoever; and tho never any did more greedily thirſt after Glory than *Artamenes*; but why ſhould I fear it, as long as I have the Teſtimony of my own Conſcience, and the Teſtimony of my moſt mortal Enemy? The gods, who are Protectors of oppreſſed Innocency, will ſurely vindicate me after I am Dead: they who now Accuſe me, will then Juſtify me, by ways which I cannot apprehend. Truth in concluſion will be found the ſtrongeſt. Whilſt *Artamenes* and *Ciaxares* were thus tormented in their own melancholly Reſentments, all the Court, and all the Army were angred at the Accident: The King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince of the *Caduſians*, the Prince of *Licaonia*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, *Hidaſpes*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatides*, *Thraſibulus*, *Madates*, *Megabites*, *Aduſius*, *Artabaſes* and *Feraulas*; all theſe were wonder-ſtruck at the Impriſonment of *Artamenes*; and not only theſe Princes and Captains, but alſo all the Inhabitants of *Sinope*, and the whole Army, all theſe did ill reſent it. As ſoon as the News was divulged, all the Kings, Princes and Commanders, went unto the Lodging of *Artamenes*, but were denied Entrance. *Ciaxares* ſent for them all, and told them, That he was compelled for the good of his Affairs to Arreſt *Artamenes*, and commanded them to have a care that the Soldiers, who he knew loved *Artamenes* very well, did not Mutiny. He told them, that this Tranſaction would conduce much to the ſafety of the State, and the good of all the Princes his Allies. This far-fetcht Diſcourſe made no Impreſſions at all upon their Spirits; but all of them unanimouſly did beſeech him to act warily in this buſineſs of ſo great importance: You know, Sir, ſaid the King of *Phrygia*, and I do believe it an abſolute impoſſibility, that *Artamenes* ſhould betray you; you may remember, Sir, that the time was, when we were at Variance, and I fully perſuade my ſelf, if any ſuch thing had been tranſacted by him, I ſhould have known it. The King of *Hircania* ſeconded, and ſaid, it cannot ſink into my belief, that ever he can be guilty of any treaſonable Deſigns. No, I warrant you, ſaid *Hidaſpes*, I would not believe it, tho he himſelf would ſay it. If my Head would be accepted as a Gage for his Innocency, ſaid *Aglatides*, I would throw it at your Majeſties Feet. If ſo much

Innocency

Innoceny as he carries about him, had half the Army for his Accuſer (ſaid the Prince of the *Caduſians*) the Army of *Artamenes* would confound them all, if they ſhould reſiſt. I ſhould ſhamefully be-ly my own Eyes, and my own Knowledg, ſaid the Prince of *Licaonia*, if I ſhould witneſs againſt him. I do not think, ſaid the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, that there can any one in the World be found, who can or dare accuſe him. I am his Complice, ſaid *Chriſantes*, if he be Criminal; and yet I am moſt certain, that I am far from any Treaſon; I have ſeen his Soul ſtand firm amidſt the Cloud of his Misfortunes, and cannot think it ſhould ſhrink in the Sun-ſhine of his Proſperity. It is neither credible, nor poſſible, cried *Madates* and *Megabites*, both together. If your Majeſty would be pleaſed to bring his Accuſers face to face, I ſhould ſoon ſtop their Mouths, ſaid *Feraulas*.

In ſhort, all theſe Princes, and all the Captains, one after another, and ſometimes all together, did ſtrive who could plead with ſtrongeſt Arguments in behalf of this unfortunate, yet famous *Artamenes*; one put him in mind of his Victories, another of his Generoſity; one extoll'd his Valour, another his Fidelity. In concluſion, they all fell off from the Reverence which they owed unto *Ciaxares*, becauſe he would not allow *Artamenes* time to Anſwer in his own Defence. The King was then much tranſported with Paſſion, and ſhewed unto them the Letter which *Artamenes* acknowledged to be his own Hand; and ſaid unto them in great Fury, Look, I pray you, whether he, whom you ſo violently defend, be ſo Innocent, as you ſuppoſe him. The King of *Phrygia* read the Letter, and upon the firſt Apprehenſion, did think it a little odd; yet for all that, he could not alter his Mind, no more than all the reſt which heard it; after they had a while conſidered that appearances were falacious, but no proofs, they all unanimouſly concluded with one Voice, (tho they could not well argue it) that ſtill *Artamenes* was Innocent; and that he was ſo conſiderable a Perſon, as tho he were culpable, yet the King ought not to loſe him upon a ſlight occaſion. So we do apprehend it (anſwered *Ciaxares*) yet notwithanding, I would have you know, that in this Juncture of time, when the Soldier is Inſolent and ready to Revolt, it is not ſafe to countenance turbulent Spirits too much. When the Kings, Princes and Commanders, perceived the King ſo much in Paſſion, they would preſs him no more: And the Valour of *Artamenes* had made ſo perfect a purchaſe of all their Hearts, and made them all either his very Subjects, or Allies; therefore they would never quit their Reſpect unto him, nor ever become Unſerviceable unto him whom they ſo much loved, as doubtleſs they had done, if they had exaſperated that Spirit, which was already too apt to kindle. Therefore they left *Ciaxares* to ruminate upon the matter, and gave him time to recollect what he had done, and what was beſt hereafter to be done. Mean while *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, upon their departure from the King, did vent a thouſand Proteſtations in behalf of their Maſter's Innocency, and ſtuck cloſe to their Reſolutions of Conſtancy in his Service; they proteſted to periſh, rather than one of ſo high a Soul ſhould ſuffer ſuch Injuries. There was nothing they ſtuck at, but this Letter, and *Artamenes* had this good fortune, that every one believed there was ſome myſterious Matter in it, which he himſelf would clear. There was not one that could believe him to be Guilty, for there was no probability that he ſhould comply with that Man, whom he endeavoured to Conquer, and whoſe Empire he ſtrove to overthrow.

The Officers had much to do to keep the Soldiers in Order; they ſo tampered with them, that they left them in a diſpoſition to be at *Artamenes* Service, whenever he ſhould need them; they were glad to give them good Language, and deſire their Patience, telling them that *Artamenes* would be preſently at Liberty; and that if they ſhould raſhly go about to deliver him, it would make his Condition worſe; ſo that mixing Commendations of *Artamenes* with their plauſible Perſuaſions, they cheriſhed them, and prevented their

Revolt both together, and did ſuppreſs their Violences which yet did not need, without loſing their Loves. But for all this, the whole Camp, and all the Town did ring in his Commendations; the Name of *Artamenes* Ecchoed every where; the *Medes*, the *Perſians*, the *Cappadocians*, the *Phrygians*, the *Hircanians*, the *Caduſians*, the *Paphlagonians*, and all other Nations, whereof the Army was Compoſed, all cried up *Artamenes*, and made Songs and Elogies, every one in his own Language, and after his own Cuſtom, in Commendations of *Artamenes*, and who but *Artamenes* in every Mouth? There was not a Captain in that vaſt Army, which vaunted not of ſome Honour which he particularly had received from *Artamenes*; nor was there a Common Soldier which did not brag that *Artamenes* knew his Name, and himſelf too. In ſum, *Artamenes* was the Subject of every one's Diſcourſe; every Soldier left the Camp, and went into the Town to learn how ſquares went with *Artamenes*; and every Inhabitant of the Town went into the Camp, to incite the Soldiers in behalf of their beloved General *Artamenes*; there was not one to be found, only except this Friend of *Aribees*, who tranſacted privately and prejudicially to *Artamenes* in incenſing the King againſt him; every one except him, I ſay, was a well-wiſher unto *Artamenes*. It was this Man, who had not only got knowledg that the King of *Aſſyria* had writ unto *Artamenes*; but it was he alſo, who gave the Letter unto the King of *Medes*. *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* did much admire which way *Ciaxares* ſhould come by it; but Heaven, which would have Crimes always diſcovered, made it evident at laſt; they much beat their Brains, and turned every Stone to find it out, but could not. But thus it fortun'd, the Meſſenger whom the King of *Aſſyria* ſent unto *Artamenes*, and by whom *Artamenes* returned this Letter in anſwer unto the King of *Aſſyria*, did in his return back, meet with one who was Brother unto *Aribees*, who falling into diſcourſe with this Meſſenger, asked him whither he Travelled, and from whence he came? And by degrees ſcru'd out of him, what his Buſineſs was; this Brother ſo tampered and ſuborned the Meſſenger, that he ſhewed unto him the Letter; and when he had read it, did by his permiſſion Copy it out; he alſo told the Meſſenger, that he might do a moſt excellent piece of Service, not only unto all *Medea*, and all *Cappadocia*, but unto *Aſia* alſo, and indeed unto all the World, if he would return back again to *Sinope*, and carry this Letter unto a Friend of his, who waited upon *Ciaxares* (the very ſame Man, who was ſo cloſe an Enemy unto *Artamenes*); he further told this Meſſenger, that it would be a moſt acceptable piece of Service unto the King, ſo that he need not doubt of being largely Rewarded; and that the King of *Aſſyria*, who ſent him, would alſo be much pleaſed at it, he having ſo great an Intereſt in the Ruin of *Artamenes*; and that the King of *Aſſyria* would be as well pleaſed with the Copy, as the Original, and that he himſelf would carry the Copy to the King of *Aſſyria*, whilſt he did return unto *Sinope*, and carry the Original unto this Friend of his. He perſuaded him not to ſcruple at the Ruin of an Ambitious Man, whoſe Aims were at Univerſal Monarchy; a Man whom all Men ſeem'd to Love, but their Loves did proceed from Fear; ſo that if ever Fortune ſhould frown upon him, he would aſſuredly be Ruin'd without recovery, and that all things would then look with new Faces; and that thoſe who were now in appearance his deareſt Friends, would then become his utter Enemies; and that for his part, he would be ſure to have the Benediction of all the World, if by his means this Deſign were brought about, which tho it was great, yet might ſafely be negotiated without any danger at all; for all the difficulty was in delivery of this Letter unto the King; and if that were done undiſcovered, then all the Peril was paſt. In ſhort, this Brother of *Aribees*, whoſe Name was *Artaxes*, did know well enough how to deal with him he ſpoke unto; ſo that giving a bag full of golden Perſuaſions unto him, he gull'd this poor ſilly Mercenary Wretch to do as he would have him.

Artaxes writ unto his Friend, how he had met with an admirable Expedient to be revenged for the Death of his Brother, and deſired him by all means to put it into Execution; and that for himſelf, he would go unto *Pteria*, a Town not far off *Sinope*, whither the King of *Aſſyria* was retired, and would tranſact with that Prince againſt *Artamenes*, and there wait upon the ſucceſs of that Deſign, which he had now committed unto him, not daring to appear at Court.

This Mercenary Meſſenger arrived at *Sinope*, found out that Friend of *Aribees* and *Artaxes*; found him diſpoſed according unto his Wiſh, and proſecuted the Deſign ſo cloſe, as he brought it unto that ſtate wherein you find it. It is a very remarkable Paſſage, that this Meſſenger, who was fully perſuaded he ſhould act an univerſal Good unto all *Aſia*, in Ruining *Artamenes*, did to his great Aſtoniſhment find, in lieu of a general Joy, that he had cauſed an univerſal ſadneſs; and how he had brought all things into ſo great a Diſorder and Confuſion, as it was hard to reduce them into their former Tranquillity. This Man, who certainly had a Soul as ſimple as ſinful, was much moved and angred he ſhould be ſo gull'd as to ſwallow ſuch a Gudgeon; ſo that he did abſolutely reſolve to Addreſs himſelf unto the Friends of *Artamenes*, and acquaint them, it was he who had incenſed *Ciaxares* againſt *Artamenes*. This Man repaired firſt unto *Feraulas*, and ingenuouſly confeſſed all the Paſſages, but with ſuch ſigns of ſad Remorſe, that altho he was the Man who had brought his Maſter's Life in danger, yet he would not treat him hardly. Then after he had ſoundly chid him for his firſt Act, he much commended him for his ſecond, and reſolved to make more uſe of him in diſcovery of this ſecret Enemy unto *Artamenes*. He preſently acquainted his Maſter with it, tho *Ciaxares* had forbid any ſhould ſpeak unto him; for the Captain of the Guard being fully ſatisfied concerning *Artamenes* Innocency, did not obſerve his Order ſo exactly, but he gave him liberty of entercouſe by Letter. *Artamenes* was glad when he knew how this Letter came unto the Hands of *Ciaxares*; for tho Great Souls, who are incapable of Crimes, cannot eaſily believe others are more culpable than themſelves; yet he entertained ſome light kind of Jealouſy, that the King of *Aſſyria* had a hand in the buſineſs; and the thought of that, did much torment him. For, ſaid he, if by happy Fate, *Mandana* ſhould be alive, and ſhould accidentally fall into the King of *Aſſyria*'s hands; then what Confidence, ſaid he, can I have in the Word of ſuch a Prince, who is guilty of ſo perfidious a Fact? All this while *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* endeavoured to uſe all means that Fortune would afford them, towards the Preſervation of *Artamenes*; and found it to be a very difficult buſineſs; for as the caſe now ſtood, they knew not whether or no it became their Duty, to acquaint *Ciaxares* with the truth of *Artamenes*'s Story, and all his Adventures; they ſaw it would Accuſe him one way, and Excuſe him another; yet they conceived, that his Life would be leſs in danger, as a Lover of the Princeſs, than as a Friend unto the King of *Aſſyria*; his Quality, which was much above what it ſeem'd to be, did appear unto them to be but an ill Expedient, thereby to advantage him. They were full of ſo many Fears and Doubts, as they knew not what to reſolve upon, or to imagine: In concluſion, they thought it not fit or juſt to truſt intirely unto their own Opinions in a Matter of ſo high Importance; nor to charge themſelves ſolely with the Event of an Affair, whereupon depended the Safety or Deſtruction of the moſt Eminent Man in the World. Therefore they concluded it moſt fit and ſafe to make Choice of ſome principal Perſons, and other ſtrange Princes, who were moſt Affectionate unto *Artamenes*, and whom he had moſt obliged, to be of their Councel. They thought it beſt to let theſe know, that he whom they ſo well loved, was much more worthy of their Affection and Aſſiſtance, than they thought him to be; and to deſire their Advice, what courſe were beſt to be taken in this Tranſaction. They had a great deſire to ask the leave of their dear Maſter, before they went to work; but that was ſo nice a thing to truſt unto, as they would not hazard it; for he ſeem'd to be ſo careleſs of Life, that they thought he would not take the pains to preſerve it, or uſe the beſt expedients for it; and therefore they did imagine, he would never conſent they ſhould reveal him. In their laying a foundation for this Deſign, they reſolved, not to truſt this Seceret unto any but *Perſians*, and ſtranger Princes, and not to impart it unto any *Mede*, upon any condition; becauſe they being Subjects unto *Ciaxares*, might perchance diſpence with the Laws of Friendſhip, and reveal it, or at leaſt obſerve them with ſome Reluctancy and Scruple. So when they had fully reſolved upon this Deſign, they ſought out Opportunities to put it in Execution; and they hoped to receive this Satisfaction from it at the leaſt, that they had not neglected any expedient which might preſerve him, who is the moſt fortunate and unfortunate Man, both, that is in the whole Univerſe.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

PART I. BOOK II.

THE Deſign which *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* undertook, was ſo Juſt, that Fortune, who is an Enemy to Virtue, and was much incenſed againſt the Illuſtrious *Artamenes*, did ſeem to ſmile in lieu of frowning upon it. Theſe two faithful Servants intending to Aſſemble together thoſe who had been deareſt Friends unto their Maſter, excepting againſt *Medes*, made choice of the King of *Hircania*, the Prince of the *Caducians*, and *Thraſibulus*, whom *Artamenes* ſent to viſit ſince his Arreſt; *Aduſias* and *Artabaces*, met alſo in Council; likewiſe all the reſt of the Princes, except the King of *Phrygia*, who kept near *Ciaxares*, in hopes to mitigate his Choler; who notwithſtanding all endeavours to the contrary, was in all Diſcourſes concerning *Artamenes*, much incenſed againſt him. In concluſion, the King of *Hircania* addreſſing himſelf unto *Chriſantes*, did entreat him, That ſince he had ſo great a Share in the Friendſhip and Affection of *Artamenes*, and had alſo ſo long a time been related unto him, he would be pleaſed to inform them of all his Adventures, ever ſince he came into the Court of *Ciaxares*; alſo acquaint them with his Birth, to the end that thereby they might happily find out ſome Conveniency which might conduce unto his Preſervation, by the Intereſt of that Prince, under whom he was born a Subject; or at the leaſt, to make uſe of ſome handſome Pretence, which might keep *Ciaxares* in ſome ſuſpence, until his Anger was a little over. Furthermore, *Hidaſpes* added, That *Ciaxares*'s Army, conſiſting of ſo many ſeveral Nations, he might perchance be one of them; if ſo, it were good to know his Country, becauſe it would be a ſtrong Motive unto *Ciaxares* to be reconciled unto him, for by that conſequence he might win the Hearts of all thoſe who have the Honour to be born in the ſame Country, under the ſame Laws and Prince, that *Artamenes* is; if he ſhould prove to be born in an Enemies Country, then *Ciaxares*, it may be, conſidering he hath a Man of that Concernment in his Power, will be ſooner induced to preſerve him, as a means to draw ſome Advantage from his Enemies by it. As ſoon as *Hidaſpes* had delivered his Vote, all the reſt did concur and approve of it. Perhaps (added *Thraſibulus*) by the knowledg of his Story, we may come to diſcover the Reaſons why *Artamenes* held Intelligence with the King of *Aſſyria*, and what the Cauſe may be, that he will not Reveal it to *Ciaxares*; for theſe are the two myſterious Labyrinths which moſt amaze us. Sirs (anſwered *Chriſantes*) I apprehend it as a good Omen, that you ſhould thus prevent the Intentions of *Feraulas*, and my ſelf, for we came unto *Hidaſpes* with the ſame deſign, and to Aſſemble together all you whom good Fortune has thus happily brought unto this Houſe: The Sequel of my Diſcourſe will inform you, why we made choice of *Hidaſpes*'s Houſe; and why we thought it fit, that ſo many famous *Medes* as were Friends unto *Artamenes*, do not meet here. In a word, Sirs, we come to tell you who *Artamenes* is; *Chriſantes* had no ſooner ſpoke that laſt Syllable, but all the Princes interrupted him with Acclamations of Joy, and Expreſſions of Hope to have him of their Nation: No, ſaid the King of *Hircania*, I ſhall not be ſo happy as to have that Honour; the Prince of the *Caduſians* ſaid the ſame, and all deſired it, but tacitly confeſſed they were all unworthy to be Soveraigns over ſuch a Subject, yet that he himſelf deſerved to be Monarch of the whole World. In concluſion, all the Princes were full of Impatiency till they knew it; and commanded that the Door ſhould be ſhut, leſt the Narration ſhould be diſturbed; they ſit down and preſſingly deſire *Chriſantes* to begin: Some did put it to the Queſtion, Whether it were not fit they ſhould ſtay for the King of *Phrygia*; but the major part did ſo burn with deſire to know the

Original of him, who had ſo highly demean'd himſelf, that they would not permit ſo long delay, but did double their Entreaties, that *Chriſantes* would ſatisfy their longing deſires. After he had paus'd a while, and recollected into his Memory, the Idea of ſo many great Exploits, as he had ſeen him perform, reſolving to follow the Courſe which was concluded between *Feraulas* and him, he began the Story.

The Hiſtory of ARTAMENES.

MY Task is to ſpeak things ſo wonderful, that I conceive it convenient to prepare you beforehand, leſt you ſhould be ſtartled with Admiration; for indeed, Sir, (ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the King of *Hircania*) the Birth and Life of *Artamenes*, is ſo full of extraordinary glorious and tranſcendent Circumſtances, as will hardly find belief in thoſe, who only hear and have not ſeen them; therefore I think fit to proteſt unto you, That all is pure Truth which ſhall be related unto you; and if I ſhall chance to fail or leſſen the Truth, it is the Modeſty of *Artamenes*, which hath accuſtomed me to conceal part of his Glory, and never to aggravate the greatneſs of his Acts. Nevertheleſs, Sir, this *Artamenes*, whoſe Valour and Virtue has rendred him ſo Famous, is not leſſened by the Greatneſs of that Prince who gave him Life. For, Sir, when I ſhall tell you, that this *Artamenes* was before his birth, predeſtinated by the Gods to be a Terror unto all the Kings of the Earth, and that he is no other than *CYRUS*, Son of *Cambiſes*, King of *Perſia*; I ſhall tell you nothing but what is moſt true, and what I ſhall very eaſily make appear. At this, *Hidaſpes*, and all preſent, cried out, What (ſaid they with one Voice) is *Artamenes*, *CYRUS*? Is *Artamenes* Son to the King of *Perſia*? *Artamenes* (replied *Chriſantes*) is the very ſame I tell you; and by conſequence of the moſt Illuſtrious Family in the World, ſince his Predeceſſor the Valiant *Perſeus*

ſeus, derives his Pedigree from the Son of *Jupiter*. But (ſaid *Hidaſpes*) did not you confirm me in that Opinion which all the World had of his Shipwrack? And did not you your ſelf tell me how you changed Maſters after his Death? And that he whom you then waited upon, was called *Artamenes?* Moſt true, replied *Chriſantes*, I confeſs I did ſo, but I did it by the Command of *Cyrus*, who deſiring to paſs under that Name, obliged me to call him ſo, and I will phraſe him ſo throughout moſt of this Relation, to the end you may more eaſily underſtand it. In the Sequel and Concluſion of this my Diſcourſe, you ſhall know what were his Reaſons which moved him to aſſume this Dignity. I muſt needs ſay (ſaid *Hidaſpes*) you have great reaſon to prepare thoſe which hear you, againſt wonder. But (ſaid *Artabaſes*) thoſe have loſt their reaſon, who ſuſpect the truth of it, when they ſhall conſider on what affectionate terms of familiarity, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* were linked unto him. There need not many Arguments (ſaid the King of *Hircania*, ſpeaking to *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, and *Artabaſes*) to perſuade me that *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*; it were more difficult to think that ſuch an extraordinary Man ſhould be of a common Extraction. For my part (ſaid *Thraſibulus*) I have had ſome ſuch thoughts ever ſince the firſt day I knew him; for his high Actions would not permit me to doubt of his Quality. *Perſodes*, Prince of the *Caduſians*, applying himſelf unto *Hidaſpes*, *Artabaſes*, *Aduſius*, *Chryſantes*, and *Feraulas*, ſaid unto them, You are ſo highly honoured in being Subjects unto ſuch a Prince, that I muſt needs think your glorious Servitude excels my Sovereignty; and that it is a greater Honour to obey *Cyrus*, than to Command a hundred thouſand Men. *Hidaſpes* was ſo inflamed with deſire of knowing more preciſely all particulars concerning the Life of him, whoſe firſt Adventures he had been well acquainted with, as he deſired *Chriſantes* to begin his Story, from the firſt departure of *Cyrus* out of his Father's Court. But becauſe *Thraſibulus* knew nothing, and the other Princes never heard of the Paſſages in the Court of *Aſtiages*, only by common

Vogue, which often is a liar, therefore it were more expedient he ſhould begin his whole Story, ſo that the Memory of thoſe who knew the Paſſages, might be revived, and *Thraſibulus* who was altogether ignorant in them, might be informed. *Chriſantes* then, after a little Silence in contriving the method of his Diſcourſe, and turning towards the King of *Hircania*, began thus.

Sir, I will not abuſe your Patience in Repetitions of *Artamenes*'s moſt glorious Deſcent: It will ſuffice to ſay, his Name is *Cyrus*, and derived from the illuſtrious Race of *Perſides*. This is enough to inform you, That there is not one more Noble in the World: *Cyrus* hath this Advantage above others, that he is Sovereign of a People (if it befit a *Perſian* to ſay it) amongſt whom Virtue is loved, and Vice abhorred with ſuch diſguſt, that it dares not appear unleſs under a cloak of Virtue: *Artamenes* moreover (for ſo I will call him yet) has the Glory to be ſubject unto a Prince and Princeſs, whoſe Applauds fills the Story of all Nations, ſo that he derives nothing from them, but what is moſt Noble and Heroick. Now ſince the Hiſtory of the King of *Medes*, does much conduce to the clearing of my Relation, I ſhall be forced to fetch far off a Foundation to build the reſt of my Diſcourſe upon. Be pleaſed to remember, how the Ancient Kings of *Aſſyria*, became Lords of all higher *Aſia*; and how the wiſe and famous *Deiocus*, Son of *Phraortes*, did incite his Country-men to rebel againſt their Tyrant Kings; and after he had got the Sovereignty of the *Medes* into his own Power, reſtor'd it into the Hands of a *Mede* again. You know, Sir, that this Great and Generous Prince, was lineally Deſcended from the Ancient Kings of *Medes*, and that it was he who ordained ſuch excellent Laws, who built the ſtately Town of *Ecbatane*, and who reduced under his Obedience all the ſtate of his Anceſtors, which were the *Bruſſians*, the *Paratecenians*, the *Struchatians*, the *Ariſentines*, and the *Budiens*. After *Deiocus*, who reigned Fifty three years, *Phraortes* his Son, inherired the Crown, and reigned ſo peaceably, as if the *Aſſyrians* had never uſurped. But being not content to ſit quietly in the Throne of his Predeceſſors, he began to make War againſt the *Perſian*, a People ſo ruſted with more than a whole Age of Peace, that they finding themſelves aſſaulted by a moſt Martial People accuſtomed to Conquer; and to prevent the utter Deſolation of their Country, complied with them; and Peace was ſo concluded, that the two Crowns of *Perſia* and *Media* were inſeparably intereſted; ſo that as often as *Phraortes* ſhould ſtand in need of their Aſſiſtance, they were obliged to lend it. Here, Sir, was the firſt Connexion of the *Medes* with the *Perſians*. I need not relate, how *Phraortes*, ſwell'd with Ambition, pronounced War againſt the King of *Aſſyria*, who ſlept ſecurely in a Downy-bed of Peace within his own Dominions. Nor how, after he had reigned two and twenty years, and beſieging the Town of *Minos*, periſhed in the attempt: nor how after his Death *Ciaxares* his Son, the firſt of that Name among the Kings of *Medes*, ſucceeded in the Kingdom; nor how Fortune was ſometimes a Friend, and ſometimes a Foe unto this Prince: for I know you are not ignorant, how in giving Battel to the *Libians*, when he was at the very point of being Victorious, it became ſo accidentally dark upon a ſudden, that it was impoſſible for him to continue Fight, and finiſh his almoſt gotten Victory. You know alſo, that in beſieging the Town of *Minos*, (of which we ſpake before) intending to revenge the Death of his Father *Phraortes*, who was killed before this Town, and being at the very point of taking it, *Medeas* King of the *Scythians*, appeared with an Army of a Hundred thouſand Men, within ſhot of his Camp. You know alſo, how this King loſt the Battel unto the *Scythians*, and his Empire with it, but got again into the Throne; for this Invaſion of the *Scythians* laſted not above eight and twenty years. You know alſo, that this *Ciaxares* not changing his Reſentments with his Fortunes, revived the War with the King of *Aſſyria*. and at laſt became Maſter of the Town of *Minos*. Then, Sir, you know, how this firſt *Ciaxares* was Father unto *Aſtiages*, whom he left a quiet Inheritor of his Dominions; but as this Prince was born in a turbulent time, ſo I believe that the reſtleſs ſpirit of the Father was tranſmigrated into the ſoul of the Son, and imprinted ſuch melancholly thoughts in this Prince his Son, as cauſed him to paſs his life with much inquietude; and was pattly a cauſe of all thoſe thwartings in *Artamenes* his fortunes: He was married very young, and in a manner doubtleſs extraordinary, though out of my memory. The Battel which the King his Father loſt unto *Aliattes* King of *Lydia*, by reaſon of that obſcurity which blinded both Armies, was a cauſe of his marriage; for after ſo ſtrange an accident, the King of *Medis* conſulted with the Prieſt, and *Aliattes* went unto the Temple of *Diana* at *Epheſus*, which by reaſon of the Oracles there, was grown in great repute: Theſe Princes were told by the Prieſt, and by the Oracle of *Diana*, that the Gods did expreſs by this remarkable ſign, they were not pleaſed with the war, but that they ought to reſolve upon terms of Peace. The King of *Sicily*, who was a mediator in the matter, did ſo negotiate between them, that the King of *Lydia*, who had but one Daughter, Siſter of *Cræſus*, ſhould marry her unto *Aſtiages*, the ſon of his enemy: So you may collect by this, that the marriage which was made up ſo ſoon after the war of *Lydia*, gave me (ſome ſay) cauſe to ſay, that this Prince, born when the Stars had ſuch tumultuous influence, received from them ſuch troubleſome Inclinations. As for his Reign, Sir, becauſe it is ſo late ſince it ended, it would be ſuperfluous to relate it. Let it ſuffice to tell you, how he knowing that none of his Predeceſſors, ever ſince the Famous *Deiocus*, had enjoyed their Kingdom in Peace, therefore he always ſtood upon his guard, and feared ſome Revolt: You know, Sir, that he had by the Queen his wife, and ſiſter of *Cræſus*, *Ciaxares* who now reigns, and retains the invincible *Artamenes* priſoner: You know alſo that he had one Daughter called *Mandana*, an admirable Beauty, of great vertue and wiſdom: That long ſince the Queen his wife died, and with her all his affections to any other, ſo that he would never marry more: Since this loſs, all his thoughts are upon his young Son *Ciaxares*, and his young fair Daughter *Mandana*; endeavouring to keep himſelf peaceable within his own limits, without any attempts upon his Neighbours: And tho he had the good fortune never to be in any conſiderable actual war, yet he had to be in continual preparations for it; ſometimes againſt his ancient enemy the King of *Aſſyria*, ſometimes againſt his Allies, and ſometimes againſt his own Subjects; yet for all theſe inquietudes, which his perpetual turbulencies did procure him, his Court held up the proudeſt head in all *Aſia*. For (as you know) the *Medes* were always addicted to Magnificence and Pleaſures, *Aſtiages* eſpecially, who was moſt of all devoted unto all manner of Diverſions of his Melancholly and Penſive cogitations. *Ecbatane* was the fitteſt ſeat for it of all places in the world. This Prince therefore, ever ſince the birth of his Son *Ciaxares*, did always every year celebrate a certain day of publick Jollity. It was his Cuſtom to go himſelf unto the Temple to thank the Gods for his Son, and offer Prayers for his Preſervation: The young Prince *Ciaxares* was then about ſixteen, and the Princeſs his Siſter about fourteen years of Age. When one of theſe Feſtival Ceremonies were obſerved, there chanced a ſtrange Accident, which did much diſturb their Devotion and Jocundry; for as *Aſtiages* was going out of his Palace in the morning unto the Temple, and carried with him the Prince his Son, upon a ſudden the brightneſs of the day became all dully dim, and the Sun ſo eclipſed, as it caſt ſuch a black obſcurity over the face of the whole Earth, as none could almoſt diſtinguiſh each other; that little light which was, gave ſuch a glooming ſhadow, as was moſt terrible to them all: This Accident extreamly troubled *Aſtiages*. The People took it for no good Omen; for tho thoſe which ſaw this Eclipſe, had ſeen others alſo; yet this was much more affrighting than they, as well becauſe it was much greater, as becauſe it happened upon ſuch a remarkable day: Inſomuch as they did think it more than a meer curſory and natural accident, and concluded

ded it to be a Comet, or ſome ſign from Heaven, by which the Gods did portend and advertiſe the King and People of ſome important matter. Some remembred that terrible darkneſs which affrighted *Ciaxares* the Father of *Aſtiages*; and then none made it any queſtion, but it was an advertiſement from Heaven, to move the two Kings of *Medes* and *Lydia* unto Peace, and therefore they thought this Comet to ſignifie ſome ſuch thing. To be ſhort, every one vented his peculiar fancy, and explained the meaning of it according to his own capricious humour: Some ſaid it might preſage the King's death; others feared the deſtruction of the Empire; ſome the loſs of the Prince his Son; and all did augure Mourning conſequents. But although this obſcurity did much amaze them, yet that which followed this Eclipſe did abſolutely confound them; for after it had continued thus dark four compleat hours, the Sun, contrary to its common natural courſe, diſcovered it ſelf all at once in an inſtant; and was ſo hot, ſo clear, and of a Light ſo tranſplendent, as it blinded all them who durſt gaze upon it: The heat no leſs extream than the brightneſs, for it was ſo exceſſive, as the people thought all the earth ſet on fire. All this while *Aſtiages*, who was always naturally too apprehenſive and ſuperſtitious of ſuch Accidents, and was fully perſuaded that the Prieſts knew almoſt all things future; therefore he aſſembled them together, and commanded them to conſider ſeriouſly, what might be the meaning of this Prodigy: Doubtleſs, Sir, you know how theſe men lead their lives, which afford them leaſure enough to contemplate theſe Celeſtial Signs; and have ſo deep an inſpection into the influence of Stars, that they can by them oftentimes divine long before, what ſhall afterwards come to paſs. The Gods alſo, do ſometimes inſpire them by ſecret ways which are unknown unto the Vulgar: Their Anſwers are as certain as Oracles, and have this advantage above them, that they have much more clearneſs, and far leſs riddle in them than Oracles uſe to have: ſo that *Aſtiages* having got them together, as I formerly ſaid; and after they had prayed unto the Gods, and contemplated the Stars, they told the King, (having prepared him beforehand to receive patiently whatſoever they ſhould tell him, leſt he ſhould break into any violent Paſſion) That according unto their Speculations, thoſe Gifts, and that Knowledg which they had received from Heaven, this great Eclipſe, which had ſuch ſupernatural Cauſes, did ſignify either his own Death, or the Prince his Son, or the declining of his Sovereign Authority. As for the two firſt of theſe, they told him, that they could not conceive it ſhould be either of them; becauſe they had heretofore, according to his Commands, calculated both their Nativities, and had collected ſeveral Aſtronomical Obſervations concerning both their Lives; they always found and concluded, that both their Lives ſhould be long; therefore they muſt by conſequence conclude, that it portends decay in Dominion; and that univerſal Revolution threatens all *Aſia*, particularly *Meden*; and that it ſhall be upon them ſuddenly, unleſs they make ſome happy uſe of thoſe Advertiſements which Heaven does ſignify unto them, as *Ciaxares* his Father had done before him. *Aſtiages* was Planet-ſtruck with this Diſcourſe; and conceiving that out of fear, the Prieſts had not revealed all they knew, did preſs them further to declare their full knowledg. In concluſion, they told him, that in their Opinion it was to be feared the extraordinary Brightneſs which followed the Darkneſs, and the Sun's ſo ſudden diſcovering it ſelf in an inſtant, did ſignify that the Prince his Son, following too much the Counſels of Ambitious Spirits, would one day uſurp his Crown. The Darkneſs did ſignify his Power, which ſhould alſo be obſcured; and the Brightneſs did ſignify the ſudden Splendor of the young Prince: But yet, for all this, there was a Remedy; for the Gods did not admoniſh Men in vain. But that the King his Father, when he was forewarned, did appeaſe them in making Peace with *Lybia*. And ſo likewiſe ought he to render himſelf ſubmiſſive unto them, by Sacrifices, by Prayers, and by his Virtues;

and that he ought to have extraordinary care in placing wiſe and prudent Men about the young Prince, ſuch as ſhould infuſe ſapient Inſtruction into him, and root out of his Mind all thoſe corrupt Seeds, which ill-diſpoſed Men had ſown. The King no ſooner heard what theſe Magick-Prieſts had ſaid, but he was fully ſatisfied; for tho his natural Diſpoſition was always prompt, and ſuperſtitious in ſuch things; yet he had ſome apparent colour for this, becauſe *Ciaxares* his Son did begin to put forth ſome ambitious Buds, and all his inclinations were Grandure and Dominion; alſo he had many about him, who fomented this natural Propenſity; ſo that the thoughts of *Aſtiages* no ſooner reflected upon him, but he imagined him in his Throne, ſnatching the Scepter out of his Hand, and throwing him into Priſon. You may imagin, Sir, how diſguſtive this Diſcourſe was unto the Soul of a Prince, who priz'd his Crown above his Life; but who in ſpite of all jealous Reſentments, did yet retain the Affection of a Father towards a Son. In the mean while, he charged the Prieſts not to publiſh what they had told him; fearing that it might cauſe his Ruin if they did; and that if his Son ſhould come to the Knowledg of it, he might chance think it no Crime to make bold with the Crown, ſince it ſeem'd to be the pleaſure of the Gods to have it ſo; therefore he gave expreſs Command unto them, that they ſhould tell the Prince his Son, and divulge it unto all the People, how this Eclipſe had nothing extraordinary in it; that the Circumſtance of Day upon which it happened, was a meer Caſualty, from whence no ill Conſequences can be drawn; and that they ſhould not ceaſe their Prayers unto the Gods for his good Fortune: the Prieſts were obedient to his Commands, but he did not reap that profit from their Obedience which he expected. For ſince the People were told it threatned no evil, they apprehended and feared much more. The young Prince did imagine, that perhaps the Magicians found it foretold his Death; ſo that both Court and People were in great Diſorder. The King did all he could to teſtify he harboured no ill Apprehenſions in his mind; yet for all that, in the midſt of the feaſting Jollities, which were ſumptuouſly prepared for his Diverſion, and diſguiſe of his melancholly thoughts, one might ſee him troubled, and his mind much diſquieted. His heart was poſſeſt with two Paſſions at once; Paternal affection towards a Son, contending with Jealouſie of his Sovereign Authority: So that it was eaſie to conclude, he was not at peace within himſelf. He loved the Crown as well as he did his Son; and perhaps was biaſſed on that ſide more than the other, as the ſequel preſently after made it appear; for adviſing with himſelf by what expedients he ſhould divert the young *Ciaxares* from his aſpiring thoughts, he concluded the beſt was to ſend him far off from Court, where the Grandees of State were always reſident, and who all looked upon him as one who one day ſhould be their King, which was dangerous to a diſpoſition too apt already to hearken to ill counſel; yet this reſolution of removing him, was not without much anxiety and ſorrow: For he feared leſt this courſe ſhould more incenſe *Ciaxares*; for (ſaid he to himſelf) as long as he is with me, and under my eye, I ſhall need no ſpies to obſerve his Actions, I ſhall my ſelf be a witneſs of them; but when he is in a far-off Country, whom ſhall I truſt to be his Protector? May it not be well ſuppoſed, that many ill-diſpoſed perſons will there ſpeak aloud, that which here they dare not ſo much as think? In concluſion, Sir, when he had throughly argued the matter, and weighed every Circumſtance, he conceived he had found out a ſafer courſe than to remove him; for when he remembred that the King of *Cappadocia* had but one Daughter living, under the Tuition of the Queen her Mother, he thought that if he could bring about a Match between her and his Son *Ciaxares*, it would be an excellent way to remove him, without giving him any occaſion of complaint, and without any appearance of any cloſe deſign in it. Moreover, it might probably be conjectured, that the putting one Crown upon his Son's head, would ſatisfy his young Ambition, on, from Aſpiring unto the other, and ſtifle all uſurping Deſigns againſt his Father: To be ſhort, he apprehended ſo much advantage in this Match, as he bended all his endeavours to bring it about. I will not trouble you, Sir, with relating all the Paſſages in tranſacting it, nor the Rubs he met withal in the Negotiation; for I do ſuppoſe you are not ignorant of a Law in *Cappadocia*, which permits not their Kings to Marry their Daughters unto any ſtrange Princes, leſt their Kingdom ſhould become ſubject unto the Dominion of a Foreigner; yet *Aſtiages* acted his part ſo well, and with ſuch good ſucceſs, as the Marriage was concluded; for he found it out by chance, that *Ciaxares* was born in *Cappadocia*: For the Queen his Mother going a Pilgrimage to viſit a famous Temple which was in that Country, fell ſick when ſhe was great with Child, and was delivered of *Ciaxares* within the Confines and Juriſdiction of *Cappadocia*. At laſt, he married his Son *Ciaxares* unto this young Queen, whoſe Beauty and Virtue might be rated at a higher value than her Crown. As ſoon as ſhe was married, the Queen her Mother died; the People reſented her Death as a Puniſhment for not preciſely obſerving the Fundamental Law of the Land. Mean while, *Aſtiages* is ſecure, finding his Son wondrous well pleas'd with his Condition; alſo that the Crown of *Cappadocia*, and the Virtue of the Princeſs his Wife, did highly contribute unto his happineſs, and that *Ciaxares* ſo eſteemed of it. After this Marriage, all Pleaſures and Delights do bid adieu to *Ecbatane*. The young Princeſs *Mandana*, Daughter to *Aſtiages*, will needs depart from that Court, wherein ſhe was ſo adored; for ſince the abſence of the Prince her Brother, there was none could obtain any thing from the King her Father, but by her Interceſſion.

Amidſt this calm Serenity and univerſal Quietneſs, *Aſtiages* had a moſt odd and horrid Dream, which is talked on by every one. As he was in Conſultation again with his Prieſts, concerning the Accidents of his Life, they told him how they found, that all their former

Prediction was in a likelihood to fail; but that infallibly, the Princeſs his Daughter ſhould have a Son, who would make himſelf Maſter of all *Aſia*, and by conſequence ſhould poſſeſs this Throne in lieu of his Son *Ciaxares*; and who, to conclude, ſhould cauſe a general Revolution. *Aſtiages*, contrary to his old Cuſtom, had much ado to belive a Tale ſo unlikely to prove true, and for a long time rejected the Prieſts, thinking all their Predictions to be no better than Lies, ſince they ſo failed him in their firſt. But thoſe extravagant Viſions, and Operations of his Phanſy, did perplex him ſo many Nights together, that he began to think again, that there might be ſome truth in their Speeches; yet this had not cauſed him to fear the Menaces of theſe Signs ſo much (tho Dreams were much conſiderable among the *Medes*, eſpecially their *Prieſts*, who believed them to be the ordinary ways by which the Gods did communicate themſelves unto Men) if other Signs alſo had not concurred, and augmented his Fears, and ſeemed to authoriſe them. The Princeſs *Mandana*, who knew nothing of all theſe Paſſages, being one Night in her Cloſet, which was illuminated by many Lamps of Criſtal, it was told her, the King her Father intended a Viſit, for *Aſtiages* was reſolved to entertain himſelf with her, in hopes to temper his diſturbed Mind, by the moderation of this Princeſs Society; who, without doubt, was as virtuous as ever any: He no ſooner was ſetled in the Room, but all the Lamps did immediately of themſelves extinguiſh, only one, which was juſt over the head of *Mandana*, which ſtill retain'd its Light, and doubled that which all the other had loſt. *Aſtiages* more troubled at this Prodigy, than at all his Dreams, conſulting afreſh with his Magicians, who aſſured him, that this was an infallible ſign his Sovereignty ſhould ceaſe, and be all in Subjection unto that one Son, which *Mandana* ſhould be Mother of, according unto the Dreams which before they had interpreted unto him: The next day after, when the Princeſs was at the Temple, the Earth quaked, and all the Ornaments of the Church

fell to ground, except the Image of a young Chil
which ſtill ſtood upright, holding a bow in his han
The Magicians conſtrued this Child to Emblem th
which ſhould be born of *Mandana*, and become the lo
of all Nations, but abſolute Maſter of the moſt nob
part of all the World. Since theſe Accidents and re
terated Prodigies, the heart of *Aſtiages* was all fear
The Princeſs,which before was his only joy, is now th
cauſe of all his ſorrow: Yet truly he ſuffered not alon
for ſhe was ſharer with him, though in a far differe
manner; ſo that when ſhe knew what Expoſitions th
Magicians had made concerning *Ciaxares* and her ſel
this wiſe Princeſs went to her Father, and moſt hum
bly deſired him not to trouble himſelf concerning her
for ſhe aſſured him, that if he thought fit, ſhe would ne
ver marry; and by that means the menaces which ai
at him ſhould all become void; or rather than her li
ſhould cauſe his diſguſt, ſhe would reſolve her death
and think it a happineſs to be a Victim which would a
peaſe the angry gods, and reſtore him unto his Soul
tranquility: ſhe told him, that ſhe thought it but he
duty to value his ſatisfaction before her own life. Whe
Aſtiages heard his Daughter thus expreſs her ſelf, in lie
of being moved at it, he did believe ſhe acted ſome piec
of diſſimulation: and that it was ſome fears made he
ſpeak ſo confidently: Moreover he bethought himſel
of a Prince, his Ally, called *Artambaſes*, who was capti
vated by the beauty of the Princeſs, and who entertain'
ſome far-fetch'd hopes of her favour. *Aſtiages* though
this Prince (who indeed was of a nature ambitious
might become the Father of that Child which he ſ
much feared; ſo that without returning any anſwer t
what the Princeſs had ſo ſubmiſſively ſaid, he ſtern
commanded her not to ſtir out of her Chamber, an
prepare her ſelf to be obedient unto whatſoever h
ſhould command: The Princeſs after ſhe had promiſ
an abſolute, though blind obedience, retired. *Aſti*
remained in the room, and in a moſt reſtleſs mind: h
could neither reſolve of his Daughter's death, nor p
any confidence in her promiſe of never marryin

for (thought he) though her reſolution perhaps for the preſent be ſo, yet *Artambaſes* in concluſion will win upon her, or perchance make head againſt me without her conſent; ſhe is young and fair, and by conſequence may be tempted beyond her green reſolutions, therefore it is dangerous to confide in her words; though I ſhould incloſe her, Love will break the ſtrongeſt walls, and deliver her either by power or policy. If I ſhould let her be at liberty, they would court her before my face againſt my will; ſo that I know not what to do, or what to think upon: but at laſt, ſince he had no mind to deſtroy her, he thought it the beſt courſe to marry her; yet to marry her ſo, as in all likelihood there might be no fear of what the Fates threatned. After he had a-while thus wandred in his own diſcompoſed thoughts, he remembred himſelf of *Cambiſes*, who lately ſucceeded in the Kingdom of *Perſia* by his Father's death; him *Aſtiages* thought moſt fit to be his guard from all his fears: For (ſaith he) I am ſure the *Perſians* are not ambitious: but they are juſt, and contented with their own, without any thoughts of enlarging limits: they ſecurely reſt themſelves upon the downy Beds of peace, and will never diſturb that ſoft repoſe in any hopes of uncertain conqueſts: Moreover I know *Cambiſes* in particular doth as much exceed other Princes in point of moderation, as the *Perſians* in general exceed all other People of the World. He governs his People by Laws, not Will: So that he is a Father as well as a King unto his Subjects. Moreover, the Kingdom of *Perſia* is not ſo abſolute, but that it retains ſome ſhadow of a Commonwealth, where many will not ſoon be induced to undertake a War, as one ſingle man may be: nor hath Ambition ſo predominate an influence upon a Senate, as it hath over the mind of an abſolute Prince. In concluſion, Sir, (not to lengthen my ſtory with what is not abſolutely neceſſary) be pleaſed to know, that the King of *Medes* reſolved upon this Marriage, and preſently propounded it to *Cambiſes*, who reſenting it with much joy, ſent his Ambaſſadors unto *Ecbatane* to court the Princeſs. *Aſtiages*, who himſelf procured the Match, you may be ſure would not refuſe it, but preſently conſented, and ſent the Princeſs his Daughter into *Perſia*: She, according to her accuſtomed vertue, is all obedience; and in a ſhort time after, thought her ſelf the happieſt Princeſs in the World, when ſhe found her Husband owner of ſo many admirable qualities, and received from him ſuch ample teſtimonies of his affection towards her.

To be ſhort, *Aſtiages*, according to all appearances, ſeemed to reſt in much ſatisfaction and ſecurity; and *Ciaxares* his Son was likely to ſucceed him in peace: Alſo the Princeſs his Daughter was ſetled in ſo calm a Countrey, that according to all prudential appearances there was not any reſemblance of a War to ariſe. But this ſerenity laſted not long in the ſoul of *Aſtiages*: *Mandana* was no ſooner ſetled, but he repents of the Match, and endeavours to get her again into his power. That which ſtirr'd up his jealouſie, and begot new fears, was, becauſe all the Sacrifices which he offered unto the gods, did ſeem to be all rejected: And the Magicians, who ſince his dreams had much buſied themſelves in contemplation of the Stars, and obſervation of other Cœleſtial Motions, did all unanimouſly conclude, That the great Revolution which threatned *Medea*, was at hand; and that they did every day more and more freſhly diſcover the malignancy of thoſe Conſtellations which did portend a dire confuſion to it: Inſomuch, as that there was more neceſſity to prepare how to endure it, than ways how to prevent it.

Things ſtanding thus, *Aſtiages* ſent to entreat *Cambiſes*, that he would be pleaſed to permit the Queen his Wife to come unto him. The Queen, although ſhe was well acquainted with the humorous diſpoſition of the King her Father, did deſire her Husband, that he would be pleaſed, ſhe might have leave to pay this ſatisfaction unto him who gave her life; for ſince ſhe knew her Father's reſtleſs Soul, ſhe was in ſome hopes to qualify him: And though ſhe loved *Cambiſes* infinitely, yet ſhe was contented rather to leave him for a time, than cauſe a War between him and her Father, which might chance to ariſe upon a refuſal. *Cambiſes*, altho extremely tender over the Queen his Wife, was yet ſo complacential as to ſend her into *Medea* in an Equipage befitting her quality. And to make her appear more glorious in the *Medean* Court, where ſhe was brought up, than before ſhe did; the King, her Husband, conducted her to the Frontiers, and there bid her adieu with as much affectionate ceremony as is imaginable: As for *Mandana*, ſhe feared the King her Father would keep her for the ſatisfaction of his mind, and to free himſelf from all his jealouſies and fears; ſo likewiſe her Soul was ſenſible of much ſorrow, when ſhe feared alſo that her Husband would not ſo part with her: but for this time they parted, *Cambiſes* to *Perſipolis*, and melancholly *Mandana* to *Ecbatane*, where at firſt ſhe was received with abundance of Joy, ſo that *Aſtiages* was more at hearts eaſe than he could have imagined. Before ſhe was married, many diſſuaded him from it; but now ſince ſhe was married, and ſo far from her Husband, he could not conceive any thing poſſible to diſturb his quiet. He foreſaw that if he ſhould retain her long, and ſhe deſirous to depart, perhaps a War might thereupon ariſe betwixt him and the *Perſian*; but he valued that leſs, than to ſee *Mandana* in a condition to have a Son: ſo then all was fill'd with welcomes, feaſts and jocundry; inſomuch as the Princeſs began to be in ſome hopes ſhe ſhould be deceived in her former fears. Yet amidſt all theſe pleaſant diverſions, her health began to impair, and viſible marks of indiſpoſition appeared in her complexion: ſhe believed the cauſe might proceed from her wearineſs in her journey, or from the change of (though her native) air; only it might be her reſentments of her Husband's abſence; but within a little after, ſhe certainly perceived ſhe was with child; and this troubled her ſo much, as ſhe fell abſolutely ſick: for ſhe concluded it queſtionleſs, that her Father would not ſuffer her to return in that condition: and if ſhe ſhould ſo chance as to be delivered of a Son in *Ecbatane*, the beſt of her expectations would be an exchange of his Cradle for a Priſon; or ſo ordered, that ſhe ſhould not have the diſpoſal of her own Child. Sometimes ſhe imagined her Husband angry with her for concealing from him her Father's humour; and ſo many troubled thoughts did diſturb her, as ſhe ſtood in need of all her Conſtancy to conceal her Melancholly: Mean while, ſhe reſolves to conceal her Condition as long as ſhe can: ſhe keeps her Chamber continually, and for the moſt part, her Bed. A while after ſhe complains of the Air in *Ecbatane*: and intends a requeſt unto the King her Father, that ſhe may return into *Perſia*, or elſe that he would be pleas'd to permit her to go unto a fair Houſe in the Country, about ſome five miles from *Ecbatane*, conceiving that place was moſt fit to conceal her condition in: But as ill-luck would have it, one of the Phyſicians which came to viſit her, diſcovered the truth, in ſpite of all her care to conceal it: for ſhe often complained of ſo many untrue Diſtempers, thinking thereby to delude them, and divert them from knowing the true cauſe, as made them more inquiſitive. The Phyſician, hoping to be a welcome Intelligencer, told *Aſtiages* ſhe was with Child: ſo that when the Queen preſented her deſires unto her Father, ſhe was handſomely denied, and told, this was much better Air; ſo that if ſhe were in *Perſia* ſo ill as ſhe is, he would wiſh her in *Medea* for recovery of her health; this being both her native, and incomparably better Air than that of *Perſipolis*, therefore he would by no means have her think of return: That he would moſt willingly conſent unto her deſires of going into the Country, if he could be perſuaded it were better; for *Ecbatane* had more pleaſant Gardens by much, and the Court was fitter for diverſion of her melancholy, than any Country ſolitude could be: therefore he deſired her to remain where ſhe was. Preſently after, all her Women about her are removed, and others put in their rooms: The time of her delivery drew near, and *Aſtiages* is fuller, if fuller poſſible can be, of new fears: In few words, Sir, *Mandana* is delivered of a Son; and timorous *Aſtiages* cauſeth his confident *Harpagus* to take it, with expreſs charge to carry it cloſely into ſome remote Mountain, and there leave it amongſt Tygers in the Wilderneſs: This Prince was ſo inhumane, as he would have preſently killed him, but the Gods reſtrained him from a Fact ſo foul: *Harpagus* being ſomewhat leſs cruel than he, would not at that time do it, but faithfully promiſed it ſhould be done: and not daring to be ſeen in the deſtruction of this Infant, he committed it unto the execution of a Shepherd called *Methridates*, who dwelt at the bottom of a great Mountain in the Wilderneſs; whom he ſent for, and commanded him to do with this Child as he had received charge. And be pleas'd to know, Sir, that this Shepherd carried this Child away, which was the faireſt that ever eye beheld: During the time that this Shepherd was at the town with *Harpagus*, his Wife chanced to be delivered of a dead Child: the Shepherd brings this live one to her, which preſently began to laugh upon her; ſhe took it in her arms, and forſaking the Corps of her own dead Child, took the care of this fair Little one, and would never let her Husband reſt until he conſented: As for the dead Child, he threw it out amongſt the wild Beaſts, to be there torn in pieces. This poor Nurſe, whoſe name was *Spaco*, thought no more of the dead one, but reſolved to become Nurſe unto the other, who ſhe knew to be of ſome high quality, by the Mantle in which the Child was lapt, it being made of cloth of gold. You may ſee, Sir, It had been an eaſie matter for *Methridates* (living at the foot of a deſart Mountain far off, but towards the North of *Ecbatane*, and the *Euxean*-bridge) to have put this Child to death, and never fear diſcovery in a place ſo rude and deſart: And you know, Sir, as well as I, that all the parts of *Medea* towards *Aſpires*, are mountainous wild Foreſts covered with Woods, and fill'd with ſavage Beaſts.

Be pleaſed, Sir, to know further, that this *Methridates*, putting his own dead Child into the Cradle, which was very rich, and which brought *Mandana*'s, ſhewed it unto thoſe which *Harpagus* ſent thither to ſee it: Theſe men taking it, carried it unto their Maſter *Harpagus*, who having acquainted *Aſtiages* with it, received orders to entomb it amongſt the Kings of *Medea.* Thus you ſee, Sir, the Son of a Shepherd in a Royal Sepulcher, and the Son of a great King in a Shepherd's poor Cottage: Know alſo, how *Aſtiages* cauſed it to be divulged about the Court, that *Mandana*'s Son died of ſome Diſeaſe, and told the ſame unto the Princeſs: he ſent alſo unto *Cambiſes* to condole the loſs: But poor *Mandana* all this while, although ſhe did more than ſuſpect the truth, yet ſhe with much ado continued in her Conſtancy, and took no notice: And though the deep melancholy which dwelt in her eyes, did witneſs as much; yet ſince it could not be helped, ſhe would not diſcover the cauſe, nor infuſe any jealouſies of it into her Husband's thoughts. The better to colour her grief, ſhe deſired a ſecond time leave to go into the Country, which now without any repugnance is conſented unto: And *Aſtiages* ſent afterwards unto her, to let her know, that if ſhe pleaſed, ſhe might return into *Perſia*; for he had this conceit, that it was the firſt Son of *Mandana* only, whom he had to fear, which being ſecured, he was then glad to be rid of the Mother, whom if he ſhould detain any longer, would by her extremity of ſorrow draw a thouſand reproaches upon himſelf. As ſoon as this Liberty is obtained, ſhe preſently returns to *Cambiſes*, unto whom ſhe opened not a ſyllable of her troubled ſoul, but attributed the alteration of her Complexion unto her abſence from him, and her ſorrows for the death of her Son. I am forced, Sir, to be a little longer than is fitting in the relation of my Maſter's ſtrange Infancy, who though all this while in a poor Shepherd's homely Cottage, was notwithſtanding apprehenſive of thoſe Glories which belong unto a Kingdom: Be pleaſed, Sir, to know in few words, that this young Prince, though then unknown unto himſelf, or any elſe, to be one, did then act the part of a King, and cauſed himſelf to be called ſo amongſt all the Neighbours Children which played with him, when he was but ten years of age: He made himſelf feared, loved and obeyed amongſt them, as if he had been really their abſolute Prince: One day, having puniſhed one of the

Boys, whom he called Subjects, for ſome offence committed, the Father of that Child ſo puniſhed, chanced to be an Officer in the King's Houſe; who coming to the knowledge of this paſſage, and wondring that this young poor Shepherd's Son ſhould act the part of a King ſo well, told *Aſtiages* of it, and infinitely extolled the beauty and boldneſs of this Child: The King caus'd him to be ſent for, and asked the Child why he puniſhed the other Boy: the Child did return ſo quick an anſwer, as ſtruck the King into a wonder, ſeeing him ſpeak unto a King with as much confidence, as if he had been among the Boys. Moreover, *Aſtiages* was infinitely aſtoniſhed, to ſee this Son of a poor Shepherd ſo much reſemble his Daughter *Mandana*, as never two were more like: Indeed, he had ſome ſecret ſuſpicions in his ſoul, which told him, it was the ſame that he ſuſpected it to be. In concluſion, Sir, *Aſtiages* could not be ſatisfied, until he ſent for the Shepherd himſelf out of his Cottage, and asking him in a terrible tone, and with ſtern looks, where he got this Child; the poor ſimple *Methridates*, thinking the King had known the paſſage, and being terrified with the King's looks and queſtion, confeſſed the whole ſtory. The King, in ſpite of all his fears, could not chuſe but like and love this admirable Child; and after he had aſſembled all the Magicians, they told him (whether it was the truth of their thoughts, or whether it was their pity that moved them to diſſemble, I know not) that the Royalty which this Child had exerciſed over the Boys, was an infallible ſign that the Gods had heard their Prayers, and that all the Dominion which this young Prince ſhould have over the *Medes*, was limited and confined unto that which he hath exerciſed over the Boys, ſo that there needs no more fears of him: They further told him, that the Gods do ſometimes threaten great Princes by theſe Prodigies, only leſt they ſhould forget that duty which they owe unto them: And in concluſion they told him, That if he would be pleaſed to follow their Advice, he ſhould ſend this young Prince unto the King of *Aſſyria* his Father. *Aſtiages*, who conceived many affectionate thoughts of this Child, was glad of the Advice, and being himſelf of a weak ſoul, relied much upon the judgment of theſe Magicians, and was fully perſuaded, that this imaginary Royalty was the fulfilling of his Dream; and truly, Sir, as the caſe ſtands now with *Artamenes*, it is apparent that *Aſtiages* has no reaſon to fear *Cyrus*: yet though he permitted this young Prince to live, whom he named *Cyrus*, he would not pardon *Harpagus*, for he baniſhed him the Court and Kingdom: This man, who would neither be abſolutely pitiful, nor abſolutely cruel, is left without ſupport or refuge, and compell'd to the rigor of a long Exile. Neverthelesſ (as I know you are not ignorant) *Aſtiages* ſent *Cyrus* unto *Cambiſes* his Father, writing this Excuſe unto him; That to prevent certain malignant Conſtellations which threatned this Child, he out of his affection was forced to hide him, and cauſe his ſorrows in divulging him dead; but this ſorrow will quickly change it ſelf into a double recompence of joy, when he ſhall ſee him living, ſo well, and ſo amiable. *Cambiſes* received him with unexpreſſible joy; and the wiſe *Mandana* gave as many thanks unto her Father *Aſtiages*, as ever ſhe received cauſes of diſpleaſure from him; though ſhe had learned the truth of the ſtory by the information of *Harpagus*, who was fled thither, and told her all, in hopes thereby to procure himſelf Protection. And though ſhe could not be convinc'd, that *Aſtiages* was ſo innocent as he made himſelf, yet by the knowledg of what was paſt, ſhe was inſtructed how to prevent the like for the future: Mean while, the young *Cyrus* is in *Perſipolis*: for joy of whoſe welcome, both publick and private *Sacrifices* are made throughout all *Perſia*; and for whoſe Education, all men of high parts throughout the whole Kingdom are imployed. When *Ciaxares* heard of theſe Paſſages, he ſent unto *Cambiſes*, and the Queen his Siſter, to congratulate their good Fortunes in finding their Son; and he writ in an high Complement unto the Queen, how he wiſht his Daughter *Mandana* might hereafter become worthy to be the Miſtreſs of *Cyrus*, whoſe fame fill'd all the World. This young Princeſs was born unto the King of *Cappadocia*, about three years after the birth of *Cyrus*; and had the Name of her Aunt, *Mandana*, given unto her.

Now, Sir, to tell you how young *Cyrus* was educated, would but abuſe your Patience; for his high Atchievements ſince, does ſufficiently demonſtrate it to all the World. I ſhall only tell you, that both the King and Queen's endeavours were with all poſſible care to infuſe ſuch good diſpoſitions as now appears to be in him: For all men find, in all his actions, and his words, ſomething ſo ſweet, ſo high, ſo complacential, and ſo full of goodneſs, as it is an abſolute impoſſibility to know him, and not to love him. He was marvellous well proportioned, exceeding fair; and as this charming Symmetry did from his very infancy appear in all parts of his body, yet his ſoul and ſpirit was infinitely above it. Perhaps you know, that in *Perſipolis* there is a pleaſant, ſpacious place, called the place of Liberty, in one Quarter thereof ſtands the King's Palace: None inhabit within this Square but Grandees, and wiſeſt ſort of *Perſians*: for Wiſdom in that Nation is no leſs valued than Nobility by deſcent, which alſo is in very high eſteem: It was within this famous Quadrangle, wherein none but Perſons of great Wiſdom and Nobility did live, that the young *Cyrus* was educated. Amongſt us, all private men do breed their Children with as much care, as if they were to be all Kings; and are perſuaded, that to be men, and to be virtuous, are terms inſeparable: *Cyrus* coming out of a poor uncouth Shepherd's Cottage, unto this moſt famous and learned Academy, it was a wonder that Nature ſhould furniſh him with as much prudence and wiſdom, as if he had been brought up here from his Cradle. He had for his Tutors in Vertue, the wiſeſt that could be cull'd out of the Old Doctors: Active young men for the exerciſe of his body, and a younger ſort for his recreation, which were well educated in all virtuous qualities: Great care was had to prevent all ſorts of vicious Perſons from coming about him, leſt they ſhould chance to corrupt his own natural ſweet Inclination; for they knew well that if the ſoul of a Prince, who muſt rule over a People, be once poyſoned, the People alſo will be infected though here he ſaw none but examples of Goodneſs and Vertue. Moderation, Liberality, Juſtice, Valour, and all the Vertues, were ſo eminent in him, and got him ſo much applauſe among the *Perſians*, that they extoll'd him as a Child ſent from Heaven, rather to inſtruct, than be inſtructed by them. But I fear, Sir, that I have already tranſgreſſed my limits, and by conſequence abuſed your Patience, eſpecially thoſe *Perſians* which hear me, becauſe, perhaps, they know theſe things better than I my ſelf. My Maſter lived in this Quality until his ſixteenth year of Age; And then Fortune began to offer him opportunities of diſcovering the greatneſs and generoſity of his Soul, both in his words and Acts; And to put in practice that greatneſs of ſpirit which his youth did promiſe; you may remember, Sir, how *Harpagus* was baniſhed by the King of *Medes* for not exactly obeying his Commands in putting to death this young *Cyrus*: This Exile had formerly been of great power in *Medea*, being in ſuch favour with the King, as he made him Governour in one of his greateſt Provinces: This man did endeavour to reconcile himſelf unto *Aſtiages*, but all in vain: he was in this diſcontent forced to travel from Court to Court to find out protection and relief from thoſe Princes which were Enemies unto the King of *Medes*; and being ſome certain days diſguiſed in *Perſipolis*, found out an opportunity to diſcover himſelf. His habit was *Perſian*; he mingled himſelf among the multitude which waited upon the Prince to hunt; and having the Language of the Countrey paſſable enough, he was not known to be a Stranger. *Cyrus* was lively and active at the Sports, and none are leſs tired, or more bold and forward at theſe Sports than he, either in following the Chaſe, or aſſaulting the wild Beaſt at a Bay: He drew a Bow, threw a Dart, and uſed a Sword admirable well: he was alway Victor in the publick Games, and bore away the Prize. But to return to *Harpagus*: He did follow

Cyrus very cloſe at this great hunting whereof I ſpoke; and waited upon him ſo near, when the Prince followed a wild Bore ſo eagerly and faſt through the thick of the Foreſt, leſt he ſhould loſe ſight of the Bore, as none of all the *Perſians* was able to follow, only *Harpagus*: *Cyrus* overtook this wild Beaſt, bent his Bow, and ſhot an Arrow through his Heart: After this Victory, whereof *Harpagus* only was a Witneſs, he ſat down, and reſted himſelf until ſome of his own Servants came in, upon a bank cloſe by a little Brook, which ran acroſs the Foreſt in that place: In all theſe Chaſes it is the cuſtome of the Countrey for Hunters to carry a Bow, a Quiver, a Sword, and two Javelins: This gallant young Hunter wore them all, and his Buckler alſo, for them alſo they uſe in hunting as well as wars; As he was thus ſitting, *Harpagus* drew near him: *Cyrus*, who had not yet ſeen him, took him for a *Perſian*, began to ſhew him the Prize, and cried out, I have killed him, I have killed him: but *Harpagus* kneeling upon the ground, told him, that he knew how he might obtain a more glorious Victory than this. The Prince thinking the man had diſcovered ſome greater Bore than this which he had killed, roſe up, and asked him heartily whither he ſhould go to get this Victory? Into the head of an Army of Thirty thouſand men (anſwered *Harpagus*) which I come to offer unto you; ſo that if you pleaſe to accept of it, you may make your ſelf Lord of a Kingdom: *Cyrus* aſtoniſhed at his words, lookt upon him more earneſtly than before; and ſuppoſing he had ſeen him formerly, Who are you (ſaid he) that make this gallant offer? I cannot yet think my ſelf worthy of it, ſince my valour was never tried againſt any but Bears, Bores, Lions and Tigers? I am, Sir (ſaid he) one that is ſent by the Gods to tender you a brave opportunity of getting immortal glory. If all be true you ſay (ſaid *Cyrus*) ſhew me the way I muſt take, and let it be as difficult as it can be, I will follow it with all alacrity. I have already told you, Sir (ſaid *Harpagus*) you muſt repair unto the head of an Army of Thirty thouſand men, which wait for your commands, and to conquer when you bid them. It becomes not him to Command, (replied *Cyrus*) who hath not yet learnt how to obey; it is far fitter I ſhould be their Companion, than their General. But I pray you (Noble Stranger, whom I think I have ſeen before, tho not remember you) tell me where this Army is, and who they are alſo, who is the Enemy, and what the Kingdom you would have me Conquer. Sir, (anſwered *Harpagus*) I am not at all unreaſonable in my deſires, when I wiſh your Aſſiſtance againſt a King who hath baſely broken the Laws of Humanity againſt a Prince, who is both the Love and Wonder of all which know him; a King, I ſay, who hath acted againſt Nature, Reaſon, and Juſtice; who by an ill-governed Ambitious Jealouſy, would againſt all Humanity or Conſcience take away the Life of ſuch a Prince, in whoſe behalf I now ſalute you: It is in the behalf of a hopeful, young, innocent Prince, and againſt ſuch an unnatural unworthy King, I deſire to animate you. It nearly concerns your own Honour to condeſcend unto my Deſires. Your deſire (anſwered *Cyrus*) is too full of Juſtice to be denied: And not to keep me any longer from this Army which you deſire I ſhould repair unto; inform me who is this barbarous King, and who is the injured Prince; for I do much wonder, ſince I have been ſo carefully informed of all the prime Paſſages of the World, I ſhould not gueſs at them both. Sir, (then anſwered *Harpagus*) you are the Prince which owes Revenge. Yes, (ſaid *Cyrus*) and by whom Noble Stranger can I be injured? I, who have hardly yet begun to live; I, who ever ſince I firſt br~~eathed~~, have been rock'd in a Cradle of ſlumbering Peace, who never had Enemies in all my life, and who never yet was Enemy unto any, but ſuch wild Beaſts as theſe which infeſt the Foreſts? Sir, replied *Harpagus*, who perceived ſeveral Hunters to come from ſeveral Quarters of the Wood) if you pleaſe to go a little further into the Wood, and lend me your Audience, you ſhall underſtand that you have Enemies, and more terrible ones than you imagine; ſuch, as if you do not make open

War upon them, will make a ſecret one upon you, and that in ſuch a manner as may perhaps become moſt fatal to you. *Cyrus*, according to his deſire, ſtept ſome twenty or thirty paces into the Wood, and beckned with his hand unto thoſe which followed, that they ſhould not approach: Then looking moſt attentively upon *Harpagus*, Is it poſſible (ſaid he to him) that what you tell me can be true? And that you ſhould know my Life better than I do my ſelf? And ſince you have told me who the Prince is, pray tell, who is the Enemy? Sir, (anſwered *Harpagus*) the King of *Medes* is he, who endeavoured to kill you, and who will yet kill you, if you kill not him firſt. How, (ſaid *Cyrus*, more amazed than before) is *Aſtiages* my Enemy? And is there a neceſſity I muſt be his? No, no, (ſaid he) it muſt not be; but if he have any Enemies, I pray tell me them, that in his behalf I may Fight, and overcome them if I can: But to undertake a War againſt him, is a thing I neither can, nor will, nor ought to do. *Aſtiages* is Father of that Queen, whoſe Son I have the honour to be; and I muſt look upon him as one who gave Life unto her, who gave me mine; neither can I forget how he treated me with many Teſtimonies of his Affection to me. It was he who had a tender care of my Life at my Birth, and cauſed thoſe reports of my Death to no other end, but to make me live: It was he, who brought me out of the poor Shepherd's homely Houſe, unto a Prince's Throne; it is he who hath deſerved my Love, my humble Requeſts, and good Opinion. *Cyrus* having ended his reply, *Harpagus* deſired leave to ſpeak, and related unto him the whole Paſſages, of which the Prince had hitherto been ignorant, for the Queen his Mother ſpoke not a Word of it unto him ever ſince his return. *Harpagus* began then to aggravate the Cruelty of *Aſtiages*, and to aſſert the truth of his Information by this infallible Proof, That he himſelf was the Man who received that bloody command to Kill him, from the Mouth of *Aſtiages*; yet he durſt not tell unto *Cyrus*, how he left him with *Mithridates* to do it for him; but he rather related, as if he was the means whereby he was preſerved: At laſt, he told him how he had received Intelligence from the Province of *Paretacene*, that if he would pleaſe to Command all thoſe Forces which they would bring into the Field, and perſonally appear amongſt them, all *Medea* might eaſily be conquered. *Cyrus* hearkened very attentively unto this Diſcourſe, and paus'd a good while before he anſwered; at laſt, he ſaid to *Harpagus* with a Countenance more dejected than before; I know not, *Harpagus*, whether I ſhould be angry with you, or whether I ſhould thank you; but I am ſure you have made me very ſad, in telling me, that I ſhould be the innocent Subject of that Prince's Injuſtice, in whoſe Honour I have ſuch an Intereſt. But, Sir, (anſwered *Harpagus*) your own Honour ought to be conſidered in the firſt place: Therefore it is (replied *Cyrus*) that Revenge is not permitted me: Cruel Friend, ſaid he to him, what Propoſitions do you come to make me? You offer me an Army, which I have a deſire (but dare not) to accept of; You tell me of an Enemy whom I muſt not Fight with; and you propound ſo many juſt, and ſo many unjuſt things all together, that it is impoſſible but my thoughts muſt waver at them: Yet know, *Harpagus*, tho I have ardent deſires of Glory, to become Famous, and to Conquer Crowns, at leaſt derſerve them, yet I cannot now accept of your offer; and tho I am arrived at that Age, which ought to give ſome tokens of Valour, yet it is requiſite as well that I give ſome Teſtimonies of my Temperance: Hah *Harpagus*! What would you have me do? Why did you not tell me of ſome lawful Enemy? Sir, (anſwered *Harpagus* very coldly) I had thought that the King of *Medes* Injuries had been convincing Reaſons for you to diſpenſe with thoſe Obligations of Conſanguinity, which otherwiſe would have required Reſpect from you; but ſince I am (it ſeems) deceived, it becomes me, Sir, to be ſilent, and to be no more ſenſible of thoſe Affronts which are put upon you, than your ſelf are; and ſince you are pleaſed to teſtify your Temperance ſo far, as to forget your own Injuries, I ſhall perhaps (whilſt I paſs the reſt of my days in Exile for ſaving you) be ſorry that *Cyrus*, Son to the wiſe *Cambiſes*, and virtuous *Mandana*, ſhould ſink under the Wrongs of the King of *Medes*, who without all queſtion will attempt upon his Illuſtrious Life, either by Poniard or Poyſon; upon *Cyrus*, I ſay, from whom ſuch high Acts are expected, and who may now if he had but a mind, take a full Revenge, prevent the Storm, preſerve the *Perſian* Ancient Laws and Liberties, become Lord of a large Kingdom, and perhaps of all *Aſia*; him whom the Gods by ſo many Prodigies do invite unto Sovereign Dominion, and Act as I propound unto him; and who tell him, that if he undertake this War, if he ranſack all *Medea*, Conquer all the Land, and mount into the Throne of *Aſtiages*; he then does no more but what is juſt, and the pleaſure of the Gods for him to do. If it were their pleaſure to have it ſo, (anſwered *Cyrus* ſharply) they can tell how to bring it to paſs without my intermedling: However, I do not conceive it juſt, and I am reſolved never to wear a Crown upon unjuſt terms. Kingdoms are not got without Combat (anſwered *Harpagus*) and Glory is a cruel Miſtris, which will never be enjoyed by any but ſuch as Court her in a Field full of Dangers. I ſhall expoſe my ſelf unto Dangers enough (replied *Cyrus*) in not deſtroying him, whoſe deſign is to deſtroy me: But let me intreat your Patience *Harpagus*, until we can do it more Nobly, and if I be not much deceived, I ſhall acquit my ſelf with more Honour in this innocent War within theſe Woods, than in that. Mean time, to make it manifeſt, that I am indulgent towards *Aſtiages*, ſo I will be juſt to you; know, that if you ſhall inform me of any other, who ſhall be culpable of the like Injuries, he ſhall not eſcape my revenge: For your part, *Harpagus*, ſince you would not conſent unto my Death, nor put the cruel Commands of *Aſtiages* into Act, I will preſent you unto the King my Father, and the Queen my Mother; this Court ſhall be your Sanctuary, provided, that you do not hereafter propound any thing which may divert my Duty to *Aſtiages*; I ſhall think it was the heat of your Zeal to ſerve me, prompted you unto theſe unjuſt Propoſitions; and I ſhall conſider, that as it is my Duty to reſpect my Enemy, ſo I ſhall think my ſelf obliged to gratifie him who preſerved me from his Injuries. But *Harpagus*, ſaid he, with a more pleaſant Aſpect, it is not now a convenient time to talk more with you, and I am very ſorry to break off any Diſcourſe of Wars, Combats, Victories, and Triumphs.

After theſe words, this Miraculous Child turned towards the Company; and *Harpagus* being raviſhed with the Wiſdom of ſo young a Child, accepted of his offer, only deſired him, that he would be pleaſed to acquaint the Queen his Mother, and know her pleaſure before he appeared in Court; which *Cyrus* did alſo promiſe him: thus *Harpagus* parted from him, and mingled with the Multitude; and *Cyrus* alſo went away with intentions to follow the Sports no longer. I then had the Honour to be near him, and was appointed by the King and Queen to have the particular Care of him: And *Feraulas* whom you ſee here, being but two years elder than *Cyrus*, waited upon him as a Play-fellow, being very fit for ſuch a purpoſe, and of a cloſe reſerved Inclination. *Feraulas* was the firſt, who obſerved how the mind of *Cyrus* was troubled, and coming unto me, who at that time did not mind him; Sir, (ſaid he to me) Methinks the Prince is very reſerved, and Melancholly upon a ſudden; from whence ſhould this change ariſe? I know not (ſaid I) nor did I perceive he has had any miſchance all this day: perhaps (ſaid he to me) the Man whom I ſaw talking a long time with him in private, hath told him ſomething which hath angred him. As we were thus diſcourſing, *Cyrus* came near us, and ſaid, *Chriſantes*, I would ſpeak with you; all the Company then kept their diſtances, and the Prince began to tell me in a low Voice, all which *Harpagus* told unto him, with his anſwer unto it: he told it me with ſuch Gravity, Wiſdom, Generoſity, and Spirit, as really I was amazed, and lookt upon him as a Miracle: When he did expreſs that Joy which he apprehended, when *Harpagus* offerd him an Army of Thirty thouſand Men; Oh Heavens, with what unwillingneſs did he refuſe it! and when he would ſhew his Sorrows, that it was not permitted him to accept the offer, he expreſſed it to the life: I cannot believe any Man of greateſt Wiſdom and higheſt Parts that ever this Age produced, could with more Prudence, Wiſdom, and Nobleneſs, determine upon a matter ſo nice and curious, as he did upon a ſudden. He repented him tho of his promiſe to Protect *Harpagus*, and of his preſenting him unto the Queen his Mother; for thought he, if ſhe ſhould know of her Father *Aſtiages*'s Cruelty, it would but become her Torment, and it would be an infinite Grief unto him, to be a cauſe of hers. In concluſion, he ſaid unto me, Pray *Chriſantes* tell me, whether I have done well or no, and give me your Counſel what I ſhould do in the buſineſs; for (ſaid he) altho I dare truſt unto my own Courage, yet I dare not conclude too much in my own Prudence and Diſcretion, ſince I have not yet attained unto ſuch years of Experience, as I dare truſt my ſelf. When he had ended, I gave him his deſerved Commendations, and told him, I thought all he ſaid was very well; but as for acquainting the Queen with what *Harpagus* told him, I did not conceive why he ſhould not. Take it upon your ſelf then, *Chriſantes* (anſwered he) as for my part, I confeſs it goes againſt the hair of my Diſpoſition to tell ſo bad a Story; I promiſed him that I would: When we came to *Perſipolis*, *Cyrus* went unto the King's Lodgings, and gave me opportunity to go unto the Queen: I acquainted her with the Adventure, and it moved her unto much Joy and much Sorrow, for ſhe deſired to keep the Prince ignorant of *Aſtiages* her Father's Cruelty; alſo ſhe did much rejoyce that her Son was ſo rarely qualified, and had returned ſo wiſe an Anſwer. Upon the whole matter, ſhe charged *Cyrus* to ſpeak nothing of it unto the King his Father, ſince it was irreparably paſt, and would but moſt unprofitably vex him. As for *Harpagus,*

gus, ſhe thought it but juſt to Protect him, and that i was neceſſary to detain him ſtill in *Perſia*, in order t the Reconciling him unto *Aſtiages*; for ſaid this Virtuous Princeſs, altho the King my Father was too to blame, yet I am his Daughter, which is Argumen enough for me to preſerve him to the utmoſt of my Power; therefore *Harpagus* muſt not upon any term depart a Malecontent, ſince he has Thirty thouſand Men at his Devotion, which may kindle ſuch a War in *Medea*, as may prove its ruin. It were better Policy to let this my own Country be his Sanctuary, than another Prince's, who by his Power and Intelligence may become prejudicial unto me and my Father alſo. Alas, alas, (ſaid he) what croſs Fate is this? *Harpagus*, as he is Rebel to my Father, ſhould be my Foe; but as he preſerved my Son, muſt be my Friend, and deſerves Protection. The King of *Medes*, as he is my Father, I owe him all Obedience and Love; but as he is my Son's Enemy, and would deſtroy him, (if I may ſay it) I do hate him. What think you, *Chriſantes*? How can I reconcile theſe things? In concluſion, after ſhe had well weighed all Circumſtances, ſhe reſolved to move the King her Husband for *Harpagus*'s Protection, as one who had been an ancient Servant unto her Father, the King of *Medes*; and whom he baniſhed for ſome Cauſe, which afterwards ſhe would deviſe; and to ſtay him in *Perſia* as long as they could, leſt he ſhould cauſe a War in *Medea*. But withal to contrive it ſo, as that he ſhould dwell in the Country, and not appear in Court, leſt the entertaining of him ſhould become offenſive unto *Aſtiages*. She gave me an eſpecial Charge to prevent his coming near young *Cyrus*, leſt he ſhould corrupt his Thoughts. All things are tranſacted according to theſe Reſolutions. The Queen is extreamly fond of her Son, and commends him for his Diſcretion in his carriage of the Buſineſs: *Harpagus* is civilly treated, and preſented unto the King her Husband; afterwards ſent unto one of the King's faireſt Houſes, with orders taken for his Subſiſtency, and kept continually in hopes. All this while, *Aſtiages* is not rightly compoſed in his mind; but ſtill fears leſt the menaces of the Gods ſhould be ſeconded with ſome diſaſterous Effects. He had Spies conſtantly at *Perſipolis*, who gave him Intelligence of *Harpagus*'s Arrival and Reception; and how he had Conference with the Prince in the Foreſt; for afterwards, ſeveral *Perſians* knew *Harpagus*, and divulged it. He alſo had Advertiſement how the Province of *Paretacenes*, whereof *Harpagus* had been Governour, ſtood affected, and that he had opportunity to make head, if he had a Diſpoſition to it. He had alſo ſeveral Informations of ſecreet Aſſemblies and Conſultations, the Cauſes whereof he was ignorant. All this coming at one time to him from divers places, added to his own timerous Diſpoſition, did cauſe him to reaſſume his former Fears and Inquietudes. He aſſembled the whole pack of the Magi; *they* conſult afreſh with the Gods and Stars; they pray, and offer Sacrifices; upon the reſult of all, they tell *Aſtiages*, that they will never fail in their Fidelity, nor conceal what they diſcover in the Stars and Victims, which ſeemed to portend nothing but Deſtruction and Change, and that preſently; for doubtleſs ere long the Effects would follow the malignant Signs; there needed no more to wound the Soul of that Prince, who was always naturally apt enough to believe them; and who by other concurring Circumſtances did too apparently ſee the probability of what the Magi told him. *Ciaxares* his Son was yet King only of *Cappadocia*, and had one only Daughter. This Jealous Prince apprehended that if young *Cyrus* had any deſign in forging, he might much more eaſily put it in Execution, than if *Ciaxares* had a Son, knowing well enough that the People do commonly more affect a King than a Queen. Moreover, *Harpagus* being fled into *Perſia*, who had ſuch a ſtrong Faction, and good Intelligence within his Dominions, it was therefore to be doubted things would not ſucceed well upon that ſcore. Thus *Aſtiages* fearing every thing, and ſuppoſing his own Shadow to be a Plot; and apprehending not only things ſemblable, but alſo abſolute impoſſibilities, he became the moſt wretched Man that ever was. The Queen of *Perſia* had alſo Intelligence of all her Father's Diſtempers; for as he had his Spies in *Perſipolis*, ſo had ſhe hers in *Ecbatane*, who every hour advertis'd her; and who upon this News renewed her Sorrows. It was her pleaſure to Honour me ſo far as to diſcover her Fears and tell me how ſhe doubted the King of *Medes* her Father, being prompted by his old Paſſions, would take ſome violent deſign in hand to deſtroy her Son *Cyrus*; her Experience of things paſt, was a ground for her Jealouſy for things to come: I diverted her Paſſion as much as poſſible; but ſhe being a Woman of a high and apprehenſive Soul, it was not eaſy abſolutely to remove her Reſentment, ſince there was ſo much reaſon in it; ſince *Aſtiages* might act ſuch a thing in ſome cloſe private manner as we could not foreſee. However ſhe commanded me to have an extraordinary care of *Cyrus* her Son, and to prevent his hunting as much as I could, but not to let him know the reaſon; for it might be imagined, that if *Aſtiages* had any Plot upon his Life, he might there in wild Foreſts find a fit opportunity for it. I promiſed my Obedience, and found it no great difficulty to obſerve her order: for ſince the laſt time of hunting, *Cyrus* became ſo deeply Melancholly, ſo as that which before was wont to be a pleaſant Recreation, did now but augment his humour; yet notwithſtanding he was of ſuch a natural and ſweet Complacency, that when I attempted to obſerve the Queens Commands very punctually, I was not denied my Requeſt unto him; for as he deſired one day to hunt, more for Cuſtom and Company, than any Delectation he found in the Sport: I told him, that I had ſome Advice to give him, which I humbly beſought him might be well accepted; he aſſured me, that he would ever follow my Counſel without Contradiction. Then I told him, that as hunting in his younger years might be allowed him as his Buſineſs, ſo in his riper years of Diſcretion, it ſhould be uſed ſeldom, and as a Recreation only; therefore it would appear an act of Wiſdom to forbear it, or at leaſt uſe it not ſo often as he was wont. Your Advice, good *Chriſantes*, (ſaid he to me) is very good: And it is not long ſince I did entreat *Feraulas* to aſſiſt me in contriving ſome ingenious ways, wherein I might more nobly imploy my time. Sir, ſaid I to him, *Feraulas* deſerves the honour of your Love, and his Advice is to be asked. But I conceive it no great difficulty to find out many ways wherein your hours might be better ſpent than in hunting. *Chriſantes* (ſaid he to me) it is not ſo eaſy as you imagine. Whileſt we were thus in Diſcourſe, the Queen ſent to enquire for *Cyrus*, ſo that the Hunting and our Diſcourſe both, were at this time prevented. Some few days after, the King took a Journey about ſome great buſineſs, which would be a Month before his return; he left the Queen and Prince both at *Perſipolis*, with orders to ſtay there until his return. After he was gone, *Cyrus* would Hunt no more, but was compoſed of all Gravity and Sadneſs: I preſſed *Feraulas* to tell me the cauſe of his Melancholly, but I could not get a Syllable out of him, what the Prince had told him. I urged him again, and that ſo importunately, as at laſt, he told me how *Cyrus* complained he could not endure this idle kind of Life, and often lamented it unto him; after this, the Prince grew to be of ſo dull a Complection, as he was not knowable; the lively Features which formerly moved Adoration in all the Ladies of the Court, are all dampt and vaniſht; his thoughts run no more of Hunting, his Study is muſing and penſiveneſs; he forgot his Exerciſes of Darting, Shooting, and the like; Solitude is the only Life he leads. The Queen was much troubled at this Alteration, and many times told him of it; but his Anſwers were, That ſome ſlight, ſimple Indiſpoſition had produced theſe effects in him, and humbly deſired her not to trouble her ſelf about it any more. *Harpagus* all this while, he chears up himſelf in hopes, that when *Cyrus* is older, he may then chance to exchange ſome of his Affection for ſome Ambition, which might then afford him ſome opportunities of acting that, which he was now but plotting. Thus being the ſtate of things, I one day obſerved the Prince mo penſive and ſad, than ever; and ſeeing he refuſed a manner of Recreations or Society, I ſaid unto him Sir, you have ever heretofore done me the Honour t believe me, whenſoever I took the boldneſs to adverti you of any thing which might conduce unto yo good; I perceieve that of late, you have habited yo ſelf unto ſuch a quite contrary courſe of Life, than th which you were accuſtomed, as I cannot chuſe bu ask the reaſon: Have you not often told me, *Chriſant* (ſaid he) that the Joys of Children ought not to be th Buſineſs of Men? I have told you ſo indeed, Sir, (an ſwered I) but yet there is a great deal of difference be tween playing the Child, and doing nothing at al 'Tis true *Chriſantes*, (anſwered the Prince) if I ſhoul do no more hereafter than I do at preſent, I were no worthy to live; yet the unhappineſs of my Conditio doth in this interval, give me leiſure to contrive wa of changing my idle courſe of Life. Why, Sir, (ſai I to him) do you ſay your unhappy Condition? Ar you not the Son of a great King, and a great Queen Doth not Fortune ſo much ſmile upon you, as th you are beloved of your Subjects, and feared of yo Enemies? You, I ſay, who ſhall one day be poſſeſſe of a great Kingdom, where ſuch a laſting Peace is ſ ſurely ſetled as nothing can diſturb it; you whom th Gods have adorned with ſo many admirable Qualitie of ſo generous a Mind, ſo ſublime a Soul, all who Inclinations are noble, whoſe Perſon is admirabl handſome, whoſe Strength ſo incomparable, and who proportion of Body, moved by ſo courageous a Sou may eaſily prompt you to the moſt heroick Action Suppoſe I were all theſe you tell me (anſwered *Cyr* very quickly) and that they were Spurs to quicken me unto high Actions, and that the Gods have given me ſuch Qualities to employ them in common, poor, idl Things, am I not then the moſt unhappy Man aliv to make no better uſe of them? If I ſhould continu this courſe of Life long, Poſterity would not know that *Cyrus* ever lived: No, no, *Chriſantes*, I am not ſ happy as you think me, eſpecially ſince the time that *Harpagus* talk'd with me in the Foreſt: Let me tell you, I have endured ſuch anguiſh of Soul ever ſince, as you would pity me if you knew it; and I would acquaint you with it, if you will promiſe to be faithful and obey me. Sir, (ſaid I to him) I ſhall never fail in my Fidelity, and I will promiſe ever to obey you, ſo far as your Commands are juſt. I deſire no more, (ſaid he); then looking upon me with ſuch an Aſpect, as would win the heart of a Savage-man: My dear *Chriſantes*, (ſaid he) if you knew the torments of Mind I have endured, I am ſure they would move Compaſſion: *Harpagus* you know motioned a War unto me, and I refuſed it. Doth it repent you, Sir? (ſaid I, interrupting him) No, (ſaid he) but it troubles me that any Man ſhould propound any difficult buſineſs unto me, and I not in a Condition to accept it; not to diſſemble with you, if I had followed the Suggeſtions of my own Mind, I ſhould not have been eight days after that croſs Accident, but would have found out ſome War in ſome Country or other, that I might thereby make it apparent unto *Harpagus*, and all the World, how the only reaſon why I refuſed his Motion, was, becauſe I thought it unjuſt, and not becauſe I thought it difficult and dangerous: Who knows (ſaid he) whether *Harpagus* will think it Cowardiſe or Temperance in me? I am now of Age, wherein my Valour may be ſuſpected; and I ſhall never reſt ſatisfied until by ſome honourable and dangerous Adventure I have juſtified my ſelf, and redeem'd my honour: This is it, *Chryſantes*, I am infinitely weary of my idle Life, nor can I underſtand why you ſhould commend me as you have done, unleſs it were to rouſe up my dull Soul unto ſprightly Action. It hath been my Leſſon never to be weary in any Action I ſhall undertake, and that Delicacy is a crime; I have been taught that Valour is eſſentially requiſite in a Prince; and how he ought to Fight, to know the uſe of his Bow, his Spear, his Buckler, his Sword; but to what purpoſe are all theſe; if he never uſe them? What good is there in ability of Body to endure hardſhip, if ſhould be ever treading in the ſmooth Paths of th Courts Tranquility? What uſe can I make of m Valour, as long as I am lull'd in a lazy Peace? Wh ſhall I be the better for combating with wild Beaſt which know nothing but as nature teacheth them? I ſhort, *Chriſantes*, (not to conceal my Soul from yo I conceive the ſapient Documents and Inſtructio which have been infuſed into me, do all Authoriſe th deſign which I reſolve upon as ſoon as ever I can get opportunity for it. And what is your deſign, ſaid I t him? I would (anſwered he) leave the lazy Cour and Travel into *Aſſyria*, and from thence into *Phrygi* or any place, where I ſhall hear there is any War; have a deſire to inſtruct and improve my ſelf to th beſt Advantage; I would learn to know my ſelf, an all the World. Your Deſign is great, (ſaid I) an proceeds from a moſt Noble Soul; but, Sir, ſuch De ſigns as theſe ought not to be ſo lightly and inconſide rately taken up. I do not well know (anſwered *Cyru* how I ſhall take it, ſince Fortune doth oppoſe me; bu this I know, that I will employ the utmoſt of m Power to undertake it: Good *Chriſantes*, let me en treat you not to diſſwade me, for all you can poſſibl ſay, will be in vain, I am throughly reſolved upon it I am not ignorant of that Duty which I owe unto th King my Father, and unto the Queen my Mother; am infinitely tender of them both; but yet my deſir of Honour and Love of Glory is above both. Whe ther you allow, or diſallow of this Reſolution, believ me, dear *Chriſantes*, I will find out a way to put it i Execution, or Death ſhall be the only Obſtacle whic can hinder me. *Cyrus* pronounced theſe words wit ſo much active Animoſity, and with ſuch heroick Vio lence, as I paus'd and wondered, and could not an ſwer; his Eyes more than ordinary Sparkling; his Complexion more Vermilion; every Part ſo Agile, and his Diſcourſe ſo Poſitive, that there was no Contra dictions to be thought upon. I muſt confeſs, I did much honour his budding Virtue in him, and I coul not contend, with what I ſo much liked and admired. In concluſion, I deſired eight days time for conſideration, not liking to undertake a matter of this conſequence too raſhly; but I had much ado to obtain it, for he was reſolved to be gone whileſt his Father *Cambiſes* the King was in his Progreſs: Then, Sir, I did think my ſelf ſtrangely entangled in the buſineſs: I did perceive by the Queens intelligence from *Ecbatane*, that the Fears and Jealouſies of *Aſtiages* did rather much encreaſe, than any thing diminiſh; and I ſaw that this Violent, Scrupulous, and Superſtitious Prince, would either deſtroy *Cyrus*, or declare a War upon *Perſia*; and that it was impoſſible to prevent the one of theſe two: I preſently addreſſed my ſelf unto the Queen, and told her, that I diſcovered every day more, and freſh Diſcontents in the Prince her Son, and moved her to perſuade the King her Husband, that the Prince her Son might undertake ſome Travels, and in a diſguiſe ſee the World, be acquainted with the Manners of other Countries, and remove from under that malignant Conſtellation, which in this place, at this time was ſo predominate. But ſhe anſwered me, That ſhe thought *Cambiſes* being perſuaded that the Manners of the *Perſians*, were more Virtuous than thoſe of other People, he would therefore never conſent unto it, unleſs he had ſome ſtrong Arguments to induce him thereunto: yet as for her part, in conſideration of the King her Father's humours, ſhe did not much diſapprove of the motion; I perceived ſhe had ſome Inclinations that her Son ſhould be removed, but that her Maternal tenderneſs, joyned with the deſires of concealing her Father's Cruelty from *Cambiſes* knowledg, did impede it; and that this was the only reaſon which hindred her from abſolute conſenting to his departure: both ſhe and I did conceive much likelihood of producing good Effects, provided he were ſo handſomely diſguiſed, and not diſcovered by the Spies which *Aſtiages* had lurking in every corner of *Perſipolis*. Moreover, ſhe conſidered that the King of *Medes* her Father was Old, and of a mutable Diſpoſition; therefore

fore it might ſo happen, that during her Son's Travels he might either die, or alter his mind, when he knew that he, who was the cauſe of his Fears, was far enough remote from being in the Head of any Army to trouble him; and ſince he travelled without any Accommodations or Train proportionable to his Quality. And tho the Queen did well enough reſent and underſtand all this, and confeſſed it, yet the preſence of her Son was ſo dear unto her, as ſhe could not fix upon this harſh Reſolution, however ſo full of Reaſon. I, pondering all theſe Circumſtances, and knowing that Honour was the only motive which prompted *Cyrus* to this Deſign, alſo conceiving it the only prudential courſe for the preſervation and maintaining of Peace between theſe two great Kingdoms, then I reſolved without diſcloſing any of theſe reaſons unto the Prince, to conſent unto his deſire, and I my ſelf to be a partaker of his Fortunes, and a witneſs of his Virtues, from which I expected high Atchievements. Certainly it was not without great reaſon, that I concealed from him the cauſes of all our Fears which we apprehended of his Life, if he had ſtayed any longer in *Perſia*; for doubtleſs, if he had known the truth, he would quickly have alter'd his Reſolutions, and would not have quit the Name of *Cyrus* for that of *Artamenes*, which now I adviſed him to take upon him. I cannot expreſs the Joy this Prince was in, when I went unto his Chamber, and told him, that he had overcome me, and that I would conſent unto his deſires, upon condition, that in all the Voyage, he would be pleaſed to promiſe me to condeſcend unto mine, and be rul'd by me; indeed, I never in all my Life ſaw ſo many ſigns of full Satisfaction, as appear'd in his looks. Ha, my *Chriſantes*, (cried he out, and embracing me) ſince you have contented in this, fear not, but I will obey you in any thing. Let us go, let us go upon any Conditions, for as long as you ſhall demand nothing but what is juſt and honourable, be confident, I will never diſobey. In concluſion, Sir, (not too much to abuſe your

Patience) it was reſolved that *Cyrus*, and I, and *Feraulas*, (from whom he had not hid the deſign) and two other Servants, ſhould be all the number. As for our Subſiſtence, we took with us all the Prince's Jewels, which were not a few nor common ones, tho the *Perſian* Nation does openly profeſs to contemn all ſuch magnificent Superfluities; but the Queen following the Cuſtom of her own Country, brought with her a vaſt number, and gave the moſt and beſt of them unto *Cyrus* her Son, who ſeldom wore them, unleſs at publick Feaſts, and grand Ceremonies, intending to poiſe himſelf between the magnificent *Mede*, and the moderate *Perſian*. We put up all theſe Jewels, and pretended to Hunt with a ſmall number; we did prolong the Chaſe until Night; then diſperſing our ſelves in the Foreſt, and meeting at an appointed Rendezvous, we took our way and began our Voyage; the horrid Sequel whereof affrights me when I think upon it: But before our departure, the Prince writ unto his Father, asking Pardon for departing out of the Kingdom without his leave: He wrote another Letter alſo unto the Queen his Mother upon the ſame Subject; and without acquainting me, he left a Note to be conveyed unto *Harpagus*; in which he told him, That tho he had refuſed his offer, yet he ſhould ſee ere long, by what Rule he ſquared his Action. As for my part, I thought it not good for me to write unto the Queen, leſt the King ſhould come to ſee what I writ, and gather ſomething out of it, which the Queen would have concealed. Now, Sir, *Cyrus* muſt ceaſe to be *Cyrus*; and under the Name of *Artamenes*, you ſhall underſtand ſome of his glorious Acts. After we had lain three days in the wildred Foreſt, where we chang'd our Habits, and travelled three Nights, we arrived at *Suſianes*; that way ſeeming more ſafe than the other to paſs into *Aſſyria*, of which you know *Babylon* is the Metropolis, a Town, then of the greateſt Splendor of any that ever was. But, Sir, it befits me not to ſpeak of it before you, ſince you all, except *Thraſibulus*, contributed to the Deſtruction of it, and therefore are not ignorant:

I will only tell you, that tho *Artamenes* had no Intentions to take part with the *Aſſyrian* againſt the *Phrygian*, becauſe the *Aſſyrians* were the old Enemies of *Aſtiages*; yet we went thither to ſee the Court, which then was the greateſt and moſt pompous in all *Aſia*. When we approached near it, the Object did much delight *Artamenes*. As we paſſed along the Banks of the River *Euphrates*, we admired the Situation of this proud Town, which ſtood between two of the moſt famous Rivers in the World, *Tygris* and *Euphrates*. Here paſſed by us, two Men talking together, how that the Queen was poſſeſſed with great Joy, and great Sorrow, both together: *Artamenes* did overhear them; and you muſt know, Sir, *Cambiſes* had always a great deſire that his Son ſhould be taught the Languages of all the prime Nations of the World: It was his cuſtomary Speech, that it were very ſtrange a Prince ſhould not underſtand the Language of that Nation from whom he would entertain an Embaſſador; ſo that both *Artamenes* and I underſtood that Language: *Artamenes* then underſtanding what theſe two Men ſaid, addreſſed himſelf very civilly unto them, and asked them in their own Language: What did the Queen ſo much Joy, and ſo much Sorrow at? The one anſwered, That her Joy was, becauſe about ſome eight days ſince, the tedious War between the King of *Aſſyria*, and the King of *Phrygia*, was happily ended; a happy Peace was concluded upon advantageous Terms, and joyfully proclaimed about ſome two days ſince. But the Joy of this great Queen, who ſolely governed the Kingdom ſince the Death of the King her Husband, altho ſhe had cauſed the Prince her Son to be Crowned King; this Joy, I ſay, was turned into great Sorrow; the reaſon of it is, becauſe ſhe having but this only Son, whom ſhe intended to Marry unto the Daughter of a Prince, called *Gadates*, with whom this Peace was concluded, and whom this Prince could not affect, was gone from the Court, and none knows what is become of him. After the Man had thus ſatisfied the Prince's demands, and the Prince returned thanks, the Man took his way, and we ours. But when I look'd upon *Artamenes*, and found him all Sadneſs; What, Sir, (ſaid I to him) have you any ſuch intereſt in the buſineſs of the Queen *Nitocris*, as that you ſhould be a Partner in her Grief? *Chriſantes*, (ſaid he to me) altho I know this Princeſs to be the Glory of her Sex, and the Fame of her Name, and Virtue moves me to a high eſteem of her, yet it is not her Sorrow troubles me moſt, but I am vexed at the giddy fantaſticalneſs of my Fortune: I come hither to ſeek for a War, and find all huſh'd up in Peace; I thought to find a turbulent Country, turmoild in Confuſions and Diviſions, and behold all compos'd into Tranquility; I hearkened for the ſhrill Sound of Trumpets, and I heard nothing but Acclamations of Joy; I went to the Court to ſee how the moſt Potent Prince of *Aſia* lived in this moſt ſtately Town, and it ſeems he's fled, and nothing but Cries and Tears, where I expected ſuch Magnificence. But *Feraulas*, (ſaid he, turning towards him) this ſhall diſquiet me no more; and if other buſineſs troubled me no more than this, my heart would be more at eaſe. *Feraulas*, as well as I, did cheer him up, and told him, that the Diſgrace which he apprehended concerning *Harpagus*, was nothing, nor ſo great as it ſeems he thought it; yet, notwithſtanding we went into *Babylon*, and obſerved it with much Circumſpection; the Prince viewed the Fortifications, and I was amazed to hear with what Judgment he ſpoke of thoſe things, in which he had never been verſed or inſtructed; the Martial humour of this Prince, caus'd us to ſtay longer upon ſuch things than any other; he did moſt ſeriouſly view the prodigious Walls of the Town, the Motes and Ditches full of Water, which inviron'd it; the hundred Gates of Braſs, which ſhut and opened into it;the River *Euphrates*,which added much Strength unto it; he look'd upon theſe more preciſely, than upon the Magnificence of the King's Palace, or the rare Gardens, which may be ſaid to be in the Air, becauſe they are over all the Houſes, and all the Walls: nor did he much mind the Temple of *Jupiter Belus*, which you know is one of the greateſt Rarities in the World. In all his Walks and all his Journeys, all his Thoughts, and all his Diſcouſe was all of War: If I were to take this Town (would he ſay) I would Aſſault it on that ſide; and when he ſaw a great Plain, which had any riſing Ground about it, he would tell me, that he ſhould be Maſter of the Field, if he gave Battle unto the Enemy from that piece of Ground. Thus did we view *Babylon*, and becauſe many things were very remarkable, we ſtay'd a Month in it; during which time, we often ſaw the Queen, who doubtleſs was one of the greateſt Princeſſes in the World: It was ſhe which built that magnificent Bridge, that huge piece of work, whereby ſhe turned the courſe of the River *Euphrates*, which hath ſince cauſed much Sorrow unto *Artamenes*: Notwithſtanding her Grief for the abſence of her Son, yet ſhe did not deſiſt from the work, but we ſee her every Morning and Evening, go, her ſelf to haſten it on, which has rendred her famous unto Poſterity. In this Court we ſaw *Mazares*, Prince of *Saces*, who ſince, was much engaged in my Maſter's Adventures, and hath cauſed him a thouſand ſad Diſaſters, ſuch as was like to be at the price of his Life. *Artamenes* one day thinking upon *Nitocris*, and her great Work, turned to me and ſaid, This Princeſs makes me wonder at the induſtrious care which ſhe takes about this Work; certainly her aims in it are all for Fame and Glory; But poor I have not yet done any thing to advance my honour. Diſquiet not your ſelf, Sir (ſaid I to him) ſince you are yet but young, and cannot complaim of any loſt time; you have much before you, and will have occaſions enough to make you talkt on: At laſt we ſatisfied his impatience, and left *Babylon*, becauſe we had intelligence that there was ſome ſigns of a War began to appear between the King of *Lidia* and the King of *Phrygia:* But as I was not ſo forward as he to run into danger, ſo I endeavoured to ſtay him until ſuch time as the Wars were publickly declared, yet to travel both the Countries without engaging on either ſide: At my deſire he conſented, when he call'd to mind his promiſe of being rulud by me all the Voyage: and he reſolved to perform his word, though with much repugnancy: So we travelled thoſe Countreys which were governed by thoſe great Princes, and *Artamenes*, though as impatient as any to have his Arms on, yet was perſuaded by me: It muſt be acknowledged that the *Greek* Nation hath many advantages above others, and if it were united as it is divided, and if thoſe which dwell in the ancient Countrey would concur with thoſe who inhabit *Aſia*, then perhaps they would teach obedience unto all them which they term Barbarians. Well, Sir, after we had ſeen many places, which would be over-tedious to relate, we came to the Town of *Milete*, which we found to be very faſtious, ſome lamenting their Prince which others had depoſed, and thoſe others plotting how to prevent his ever-reſtauration, leſt they ſhould be treated as Traytors: We ſaw the Towns of *Mius* and *Priends* both of them within *Caire*. We went afterwards to *Claſſomenes*, to *Phocius*, and *Epheſus*, where the beautiful Temple of *Diana* told *Artamenes*, that our own Nation might be aſhamed they did not build ſuch another, but that they ſhould ſo offer their Sacrifices upon the tops of Mountains: Conceiving, that the beſt works of all the Sons of men were yet far too unworthy to be the Houſe of God. Certainly this Temple is a piece ſo magnificent, that it well deſerves the name of the World's wonder. We underſtood that the late King of *Lidia*, named *Alliatte*, Father of *Cræſus*, who now reigns, had great devotion unto this place, and how he ſent hither Offerings ſo rich, as the Temple of *Delphos* had not the like, although it was fam'd all over the World, and more ancient than that of *Epheſus*. We underſtood here alſo, That the Inhabitants of that Famous Town were not well pleas'd with *Cræſus*, as they were formerly with his Father, having ſome jealouſies that he intended war upon them. *Artamenes* ſtayed here ſome days longer than intended, purpoſely to dive into the buſineſs: During which time we could not chuſe but wonder at the multitudes of ſtrangers that reſorted hither to conſult with the Oracle. I moved *Artamenes* to enquire concerning the ſucceſs of his Voyage and Fortunes, yet he would not, but told me that he had more reverence unto the Gods, than to pry into their Secrets; nor was it fit to ſatisfy fond curioſity ſo far as to fore-know his future Fortune: yet that which chiefly reſtrain'd him (as I conceive) was his fear not to find that in the anſwer of the Gods, which he ſo much deſired, to wit, Glory, and the occaſions to acquire it, War: but the event of things did ſhew how his fears were falſly grounded, and that the Deſtinies would have told him nothing but of his Victories and Triumphs. Whilſt we were at *Epheſus*, we converſed with many *Grecians* which came to that place, ſome out of Devotion, and ſome Curioſity: amongſt the reſt, *Periander*, King of *Corinth*, came hither in diſguiſe, and lodged in the ſame place with us: Many terms of Friendſhip paſt betwixt him and me (if it become to ſay ſo of a Sovereign.) This wiſe Prince, whoſe wiſdom was in higheſt eſteem throughout all *Greece*, had ſo great a fancy unto *Artamenes*, as he forced me to promiſe him, as ſoon as our Affairs would permit, to travel unto *Corinth*. After we had paſt over all *Chaire*, and part of *Lidia*, we viſited both high and low *Phrygia*: in the firſt of theſe we ſaw that great Town of *Apameus*, and in the other the Mountain *Ida*, the Port of *Tenedos*, the River of *Xanthis*, and the deplorable Ruines of *Troy*; *Artamenes* ſtayed here with much delight, and viewing the places where the valiant *Hector* and famous *Achilles* fought, he could hardly ſtir off it: at laſt we paſt on, and behold the Tomb of this Demigod. As we came into *Jonia*, we procured a man of the Iſle of *Samos*, who being a great Scholar, well travelled, and very knowing in all Antiquity, became our guide, and ſhewed unto us all that was rare: *Artamenes* asked him a thouſand Queſtions concerning *Troy* and its Leaguer. There remains yet ſome Ruines of the two Marble Caſtles, which neither the Flames nor old Time had yet demoliſhed. The Prince was much pleaſed with the ſight, and went over all the Ruines and Rocks, and over the Famous Rivers of *Scamander* and *Simois*. This Countrey, which heretofore did flow with Noble blood, ſeemed now to be a Land conſecrated unto the Gods of Peace: This Learned *Grecian* which we had with us, told us, that *Periander*, whom we had ſeen in *Epheſus*, was not the only wiſe man of *Greece*, but that the Nation was now as full of wiſe and excellent men, as in the days of *Agamemnon*, *Ulyſſes* and *Neſtor*. This commendation moved *Artamenes* to have a great deſire of going thither. So that we ſeeing the Wars in *Phrygia* proceeded no further, I perſuaded him to paſs into *Greece*, to which he conſented, and we went.

To begin with the moſt famour firſt, We came to *Athens*, which we much admired, as well for that Famous Port of *Pireus*, as the excellent order of Laws here eſtabliſhed by a man of great wiſdom, whoſe name was *Solon*, and who did voluntarily baniſh himſelf ten years for his own Countrey, to the end his Laws might thereby not be changed, he having obliged the Citizens by Oath to obſerve them until his return. *Artamenes* came here acquainted with *Piſiſtrates*, who, as ſome ſaid, became Tyrannical; Whilſt we were at *Athens*, there was a flying Report that *Solon* was in the Iſle of *Cyprus*. So that I confeſs I did forward *Artamenes* his deſire of going thither, as well to ſee that fair Iſland ſeated in the *Ægean* Sea, alſo that Famous Temple of *Venus*, as to be acquainted with that prudent *Grecian*; but we were not ſo fortunate as to find him there, yet it was *Artamenes* his good fortune to contract friendſhip with a Prince called *Philoxippes*, a man of high ſpirit and great vertue: But I will not trouble you with every particular paſſage of our Voyage, and omit many Iſlands which we ſaw in the *Ægean* Sea; I will only tell you, that after our coming to *Athens*, whither my Maſter promiſed *Philiſtrates* to return, we went to *Lacedemon*, which Government did not pleaſe him, who thought all the Earth too little to fill up the chinks of his Ambition. This Great Soul thought two Kings in one Kingdom incompatible. At laſt we came to *Delphos*, *Argos*, *Micenes* and *Corinth*, where we were magnificently treated by the wiſe *Periander*: for this gallant man ever thought the Laws of Hoſpitality inviolable, and that Strangers could not be welcomed with too much Civility: It was his pleaſure that the Princeſs *Cleobuline* his Daughter, whoſe beauty and wit was fam'd throughout all *Greece*, ſhould honour *Artamenes* with her converſe: he was as exact in the Greek Tongue as any Native. *Periander* to entertain him, cauſed *Arion* (that famous Muſician, as well for his excellency in that Art, as for the *Dolphin* which preſerved him) to play before him. I will trouble you no more, Sir, with many remarkable Paſſages, and how my Maſter did infinitely better himſelf by the obſervation of the ſeveral Manners and Cuſtoms of thoſe People and Places where he came: But in the concluſion of all, I muſt tell you, That at the Port of *Corinth*, where men from all parts arrive, there we came to know, that the War between *Lidia* and *Ionia* was now broke out and publiſhed, and that the ſtorm which had long hovered, was now fallen upon them. Upon this *Artamenes* becomes all Impatiency till he were in Arms, and preſently reſolved for *Epheſus*, there to engage with them againſt *Cræſus* their Enemy. In taking leave of *Periander*, he told him how deſirous he was to recompence the *Grecians* for the Civilities which he had received from them. So *Periander* furniſhing us with a well tackled Ship; we put to Sail with a favourable wind. *Artamenes* thought now he had met with an opportunity to put that prodigious valour which Nature had infus'd into him, into practice: his deſire of glory did elevate his Soul ſo high, as that he was wrapt into a Heaven of unimaginable joy: But Fortune which had made him wait ſo long for an opportunity, did now offer him one which he looked not for, and which was like to have proved very fatal unto him; for ſuddenly a Mariner cried out, he diſcovered four Sail of Ships coming towards them, and if we looked not well about us, they would immediately fetch us up: The Pilot he lookt, and was more diſmayed than at firſt: for he diſcovered that it was certainly the valiant Pirate who made up to aſſault us. Pardon me, Generous *Thraſybu-*

lus, (ſaid *Chriſantes*, and breaking off his Story) if in following my Narration exactly, if I give you a Name which was ſo much renowned in all the Seas where we paſſed. No, no, (ſaid *Thraſibulus* to him) I think never the worſe, that you ſhould give me a name which my ill fortune made me aſſume, and which, perhaps, better Fates may render more conſiderable upon the *Ægian*, *Helleſpont*, and *Euxian* Seas, and which may wipe off all that infamy which waits upon the quality of a Pirate: Continue on your Story, and omit not the leaſt circumſtance which relates unto the Story of *Artamenes*. *Chriſantes*, ſeeing *Thraſibulus* ſilent, and all the Princes prepared for attention, he went on. The Pilot then being confident it was the valiant Pirate which came with reſolutions to ſet upon us, without any further order endeavoured to ſhun all encounter, and fly from ſuch an Enemy as always uſed to conquer; eſpecially ſince their number ſo exceeded us: which *Artamenes* no ſooner ſaw, but he took hold of him with one hand, and of the Stern with the other; No, no, ſaid he, thou ſhalt not be Maſter of this Ship if thou beginneſt to run away; Mark me, if thou doſt not immediately carry me ſtraight unto the Enemy, I will throw thee into the Sea, or run thee through with my Sword: The Pilot as well as I, was ſo amaz'd at his violence, as he threw himſelf at his feet, and ſaid, that he did not think he would undertake ſuch an Enemy as there was no hopes or poſſibility of overcoming: Do as I bid thee, ſaid *Artamenes*, and leave the reſt to the Gods, and my Courage. When I heard the Prince ſay ſo, and having learned from the Mariners how the famous Pirate was mighty ſtout; Sir, (ſaid I to him) what do you mean to do? I will either conquer, or die, ſaid he, and will not loſe this firſt opportunity which Fortune offers me to make uſe of my Valour: But, Sir, (replied I) how can you conquer where there is neither poſſibility or hopes of it? Have I not told you (ſaid the Prince) if I cannot conquer, I can die; and I had much rather do ſo, than fly, and not fight when I have occaſion offered: Sir (replied I) to retire from an Enemy too numerous and ſtrong, is not a diſgraceful flight, but a prudent and honourable Retreat, and you ought not to mix Raſhneſs and Valour together: Diſcretion is the better part of Valour; I know not how to make theſe faint diſtinctions (ſaid the Prince very roughly to me) I am afraid to be deceived by them in a buſineſs which concerns my Honour; the ſurer way is to fight, and that I'll take: Therefore (ſaid he, ſpeaking to the Soldiers and Mariners) I heartily deſire you all to prepare your ſelves for fight, and imitate me: During this Argument, the four Ships which gave us chaſe, and were much better Sailers than we, were come ſo near us, that I ſaw there was no way but to prepare for defence: and it was not to be imagined that the Prince would now retreat, or ſubmit without combat: Then I began to aſſiſt the Prince in giving orders: And after we had commanded them all not to row when we were almoſt within Oar-reach of the Ship, and the Pilot to make toward their Admiral, *Feraulas* and I rankt our ſelves next him: I muſt needs give this Teſtimony of his virtue, Never was ſeen more conſtancy and alacrity in ſo great a danger, as appeared in the Soul of this young Prince; He had got ready by him a Bow, a Quiver, abundance of Arrows upon his ſhoulder, beſides ſome in his hands; alſo many Darts and Javelins, but he thought ſo little of a Buckler, and of any danger, that he had wanted it, if I had not brought him one juſt when we began to accoſt the Enemy. All this while the Renowned *Corſaires* ſees our inequality, and thought to take us without a blow; but *Artamenes* is of another mind, and inſpires mettle into the Soldiers and Mariners, and commands the Pilot to make towards the Enemy, who doth ſo punctually obey, that we were preſently within reach of each other: ſo that in lieu of vailing Bonnet, as *Corſaires* did believe we would, we ſaluted him with a Cloud of Arrows, which killed many of his men, whom we ſaw tumble down upon the Deck; This bold attempt made the Pirate conclude, that either ſome man of a moſt high courage was in the Ship, or elſe ſome deſperate Enemy, who would die fighting without ſubmiſſion.

miſſion. He being thus incenſed with our bold affront, begins to order himſelf like a Soldier who knew how to fight: He commanded all his Ships to encloſe us round, that ſo he might the more aſtoniſh us, and take us without boarding: yet do what they could, it was two hours at the leaſt before he could compaſs us; and if the Prince would have been contented with fighting thus upon ſuch unequal terms, and have retreated without an abſolute victory, he might eaſily have avoided that danger wherein afterwards we were ſurrounded; for at laſt theſe four Ships (in ſpight of all our Pilots art) did compaſs us about, and fell upon us with ſuch fury, as we fought in darkneſs, by reaſon of the ſhowers of Arrows which covered our Ship, and fell upon our heads. *Artamenes* ſeeing it thus, commanded to make at the Admiral, and aſſault him: we all obey, we grapple, we board him, and begin a fight, the like was never ſeen: *Artamenes* leapt into the Ship of *Corſaires*, at the ſame time when the Pirate leapt into his: ſo that in an inſtant of time theſe two Generals were amidſt their Enemies. The fight is now moſt ſtrange; and that happened upon this accident, as the like, I believe, will never do again: for we were all very attentive unto *Artamenes*, and when he leapt into the Pirate's Ship, all of us leapt after him, except ſome few that were repulſed or killed: on the other ſide, the Soldiers of *Corſaires* did the like, and followed their Captain with the like fury that we followed ours. By this confuſion *Artamenes* became Maſter of *Corſaires* his Ship, and *Corſaires* Maſter of *Artamenes*: At their firſt entrance, they both rejoyced,and thought they had been Victors; but when they perceived their Error, and that they had only changed Ships: *Artamenes* by menaces made the Mariners of *Corſaires* Ship obey him; *Corſaires* did the like with *Artamenes*'s Mariners; they then began to fight afreſh, and ſtrive to re-enter into their own Ships: The fight is furious, and this odd chance did a-while prolong it, and our deſtruction; for the three other Ships of *Corſaires* did not perceive this changing chance, as well becauſe they were ſo far off, as becauſe of the thick clouds of Arrows: therefore they move not a finger againſt the Ship of their Admiral in which we were, but they aſſault our Ship in which *Corſaires* was; ſo that he could neither defend himſelf, nor offend us: My Maſter knowing him to be the Chief of the Enemies, did undertake him ſingle, with ſo much vigour and reſolution, as none ever ſaw the like: And all the Mariners who were Spectators of the Combat, did aſſure us, that *Artamenes* more than twenty times entred the Veſſel: and the Valiant Pirate did the like before any advantage on either ſide did appear; All after their example puſht the Pike, ſhot Arrows, and did ſlaſh with Swords: As for *Artamenes*, he uſed all theſe Weapons: for when he was far off, he ſhot Arrows; when nearer, he us'd the Pike; and when joined, his Sword was not idle. The truth is, he was ſo admirable at them all, as I could not believe it to be him. Preſently after, the three Ships diſcover their error, and fight no more againſt their Maſter, but fall all pelmel upon us. Now when *Artamenes* ſaw no hopes of any thing but periſhing; and ſpying *Feraulus* and I near him, (*Feraulas*, I ſay, of whoſe valour I will not ſpeak in his preſence) he turned towards us all in a fury, and ſaid, "I ſee, My "Friends, we cannot overcome, but if you will ſecond "me, the Pirats ſhall pay very dear for their Victory: After this, what did he not do? or what can I ſay more than is truth? Though he ſaw the Ship beſet round with Enemies, and though he found their Commander *Corſaires* of great courage; and though he ſaw moſt of his own men which remained alive, almoſt all wounded, and himſelf alſo received a wound with an Arrow upon the left ſhoulder, yet for all this he was not at all diſmayed; he was ſometimes at the Prow, and ſometimes at the Poop of the Ship: Here he puſht a Pirate into the Sea, there he kill'd another with his Sword at one blow; and ſo beſtirr'd himſelf, that one might well know he was uncapable of ſubmiſſion: All this while, *Feraulas* and I had the misfortunes to be ſo wounded, as we were carried out of the combat; *Feraulas* having two wounds with a Javelin through both his Thighs; and I, two cuts with a Sword upon my Right Arm: Yet for all this, though *Artamenes* ſaw he was quite loſt, and heard me cry unto him, that it was no diſhonour to render himſelf a Priſoner, and that the Pirate would ſave him; and though he ſaw the Deck covered with blood, and dead men, yet this Imp of *Mars*, this inflexible heart of ſteel would not ſurrender, but fought on with more violence than before. In concluſion, a Valiant Greek, who was very eminent for combat, did grapple with him; they both tumble into the Sea: Then did all the Soldiers which were alive, ſubmit; and the Pirate now having no Enemies to reſiſt him, did ſee ſome 30 paces off his Ship the invincible *Artamenes*; who ſwimming with one hand, and holding his Sword with the other, did yet maintain fight againſt that Valiant Grecian, which tumbled into the Sea with him, who ſeeing *Artamenes* Lance always againſt him with much courage, began a terrible Duel: This Greek being elder, much ſtronger, and leſs wounded, did better reſiſt the violence of the Waves, which ſometimes did ſeparate them, and ſometimes brought them together, ſometimes ſeemed to choak them both, and end their quarrel in triumphing over both; the like Combat was never ſeen upon Land: I leave you, Sir, to imagine what effects this wrought upon my Soul, who by reaſon of my wound in the Arm, had loſt ſo much blood, as I could not move, or help; Imagine, I ſay, what I thought when I ſaw this excellent Prince in ſuch a condition: I know not well what my deſign was, but I remember how I would have thrown my ſelf into the Sea, but was not able: at laſt the Pirate being charmed with the Valour of *Artamenes*, and ſeeing him in this danger, commanded five or ſix of his men to take a little Boat and ſave him: Theſe men did preſently obey his command; and making towards *Artamenes*, commanded the ſtout Greek to forbear Combat; whereupon, he got into their Boat, and changed his deſires of killing, into endeavours of ſaving *Artamenes*. They did their beſt to catch hold of him, which they could not have done, if he had not been much wearied with ſwimming, and had received

ceived another wound in his right Arm againſt the Point of a Rock which was inviſible within the water: he ſtrives to ſwim faſter, and accoſt this Boat, and a violent Wave wreſted his Sword out of his hand: as he was about to dive for it, thoſe which were in the Boat, catched hold, and drew him in, brought him aboard the Ship, and preſented him unto the renowned Pirate, who received him with a generoſity beyond example; and ſaid, “ Have I fought with ſo poor a Courage, that “ you think me unworthy to be both your Conqueror “ and Deliverer? You have fought (anſwered *Artamenes*) with ſo much Courage, that my fears of never equalling you, make me deſpair; and I care not “ for receiving my life from that man whom I would “ have killed, and could not. The inequality of your “ number (anſwered the moſt Illuſtrious Pirate very “ ſweetly) does juſtify your Valour ſufficiently, and “ gives excuſe enough unto your defeat: if I ſhould “ triumph thus again, I ſhould never triumph more: “ and I find my Victory ſo dearly bought, and honourable to you, that if there were a Praiſe to be given “ unto the Conqueror, I would give it unto you, and “ not aſſume it unto my ſelf. When he had ſpoken thus, he gave command, that there ſhould be as great a care of *Artamenes* as of himſelf: And after he was informed whoſe this Ship was, and underſtood them to be mere Strangers, whom Curioſity only brought into *Greece*, then he treated us with much more ſweetneſs than before. I ſhall not now tell you, Sir, of all the Civilities which this Noble *Corſaires* uſed towards *Artamenes*, and us all, becauſe the honoured *Thraſibulus* knows it well enough. I ſhall only tell you thus much; that if *Artamenes* had been his Brother, he could not have expreſſed more indulgence. My Maſter's Wounds were not dangerous, *Corſaires* was the worſe, but both quickly healed; yet *Feraulas* and I could not ſo ſoon recover. Now, although *Artamenes* could not comfort up himſelf with any honour he had gotten, ſince he was not abſolutely Conqueror in this firſt Combat which ever he had made; yet Virtue, being ever full of attractive Charms, cauſed a great League of Love inſenſibly to grow between him and the Renowned Pirate: This Amity was the cauſe why this Illuſtrious Pirate was not ſo forward in offering my Maſter his Liberty, and why my Maſter was ſo backward in asking it. So that there being occaſion of *Corſaires* going towards the *Euxine* Bridge, we went along with him: not conſidering whether or no it would conduce to the good or bad fortune of *Artamenes.* In our paſſage thither, we put in at *Lesbos*, where the Noble Pirate had ſome buſineſs: My Maſter and I went to ſee a cry'd-up Beauty there, whoſe Name was *Saphon*, whom all *Greece* admired; indeed, we found her worthy of that fame, both for her Beauty, and the Verſes which ſhe compos'd. But, Sir, to come unto the buſineſs of my Story: I muſt tell you in few words, That in our paſſage to the *Euxine* Bridge, after we had ſailed three days and three nights, *Corſaires*, who uſed to aſſault others, was now aſſaulted himſelf by ſix Ships. This Combat, which was both long and fierce, *Artamenes* would needs be in; and performed Acts ſo gallant and high, that the modeſty of the famous *Corſaires* made him ſay after the Battel, that he owed the Victory unto *Artamenes.* In concluſion, he thought himſelf ſo obliged unto my Maſter, that of three Ships which he had taken, he would needs give him two: yet *Artamenes* would take but one; in which he deſign'd himſelf for the *Helleſpont* and the *Ægine* Sea, and ſo for *Epheſus*, intending to ſend *Periander* this Ship in lieu of his own, which was much torn and leaky, ſince the laſt Combat.

Thus he parted from this generous Pirate, not knowing him, nor being known unto him; for as they were both reſolved not to diſcover themſelves, ſo they would not ask one another that queſtion which they themſelves would not anſwer unto. And thus their friendſhip, though very great, did cauſe them both to moderate their deſires, and not be too inquiſitive into what both of them deſired to conceal: Alſo ſuch was the Diſcretion of my Maſter, that he fought in this laſt encounter, and never knew againſt whom, nor ſo much as asked the queſtion, becauſe he found that the generous Pirate made a myſtery it. *Artamenes* then, with *Feraulas*, my ſelf, and two Servants more which *Corſaires* gave my Maſter, returned from whence we came, and at firſt found a favourable wind; yet we had ſcarce ſailed ſix hours, but a terrible tempeſt began to riſe, and that ſo extraordinary and violent, as the Pilot himſelf began to tremble: the Air was dusky, the Sea boiſterous, and rowled (*Montes volvuntur aquarum*) mountains of waves upon us, and upon one another; it roared horribly, and toſt the Ship ſo high, and then again ſo low, as the Mariners had much ado to keep it upright: the flaſhes of Lightning, the rumbling of Thunder, and the night's obſcurity, all theſe, made us ſee when we could ſee nothing elſe, That they who are of a lofty compounded Soul, cannot fear death, let it appear in what horror it can; for my Maſter was no more moved at it, than if he had been floating in the calmeſt River in the World, he gave out Orders without any confuſion: Though the Danger was ſo great, and Death looked ſo inevitably grim; yet fear did not ſo much as make him alter his Countenance or Diſcourſe. We continued three days and three nights in this manner, and were quite driven out of our Aims; for intending at the *Euxine* Bridge, we found our ſelves upon the fourth day at Sun riſe, caſt upon the Port of *Sinope*, which you know is in *Cappadocia*, towards the Frontiers of *Galatia*.

I relate this, Sir, that you may more wonder at the oddneſs of phantaſtical Fate, who preſerves *Artamenes* from the Fury of an incenſed Sea, to caſt him in the midſt of his Enemies Land; for *Ciaxares* you know was the Son of *Aſtiages*; and indeed it was he, who had more reaſon to fear the Menaces of the Gods than *Aſtiages* his Father; who was ſo old, as he had as many Feet in his Grave as in his Throne; yet when we underſtood that the Court was not at *Sinope*, but at another Town called *Pteria*, I was in leſs fears; and tho I did not ſee how it was poſſible *Artamenes* ſhould be known, yet I endeavoured as much as might be, not to put in there, but it could not be avoided. We ſaw from the place where we were, that ſtately Temple dedicated unto *Mars*, which as you know, is a little out of the Town. The next morning, whileſt our Ship was repairing which had been much torn by the Tempeſt, we went to viſit the Temple. And as things that are extraordinary, are commonly the diſcourſe of them who Travel for Curioſity, and have nothing elſe to do but to ſee Wonders, the Prince began to ask the reaſon, why in ſo many places as he had travelled, he ſhould find fewer Temples dedicated to *Mars*, than any other Gods or Goddeſſes; and as if he were jealous of the Honour of that God, he called to memory all the Temples which had been dedicated unto *Venus*; and found, that there was many more devoted unto that Goddeſs of Love, than to that God of War: And why, Sir, (ſaid I to him ſmiling) are you an Enemy unto that Divinity, which is ſo much adored throughtout all the World, and every one does offer Sacrifices unto her? I am no Enemy, anſwered he, but I am very jealous of the others Honour, and think it fitter that *Mars* ſhould have more Altars than ſhe: Perhaps (ſaid I) you will not be always in that mind. I know not (anſwered he) but in the mind I am in now, War ſhall ever be preferred before Love. You have reaſon, Sir, (ſaid I) for the one is much more Heroick than the other; but as zealous as you are now for *Mars*, you may perhaps one day become a Convert, and pay as much Devotion unto *Venus*. I cannot think ſo (ſaid he) I am much deceived if ever that come about; as ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, we entred into the Temple, which we found magnificently adorned. There was then very few People in it, ſo that we had convenience of obſerving every thing: we found here in the Temple a Stranger of a very handſome Garb, and well proportioned, much about the Age of *Artamenes*, or about two years at the moſt more than he. This Gallant obſerving the Cuſtom of the Country, where they uſe to be ſoon acquainted, came amongſt us, and diſcourſed with *Artamenes*; they earneſtly view one another, and with ſome Aſtoniſhment: This Stranger found we ſpoke the

Language of the Country, which much reſembles that of *Medes*, as well as that of *Aſſyria*, by reaſon of its nearneſs to both; he ſpoke in the ſame we did, and ſeemed to be one of an ingenious Spirit. Preſently we ſee much Company come into the Temple, and obſerved to paſs before us Preparations for ſome coſtly Sacrifice; they were a hundred white Bulls crowned with Garlands of Flowers, driven by two Men, the ordinary number for Hecatomes: we ſaw many Veſſels of Gold paſs by to receive the blood of theſe Victims: we alſo ſaw men carry the ſacred Chafing-diſhes, on which to burn their Incenſe; alſo their rich Knives wherewith to cut their Sacrifices; and all the Sacrificers in their Ceremonial Habits walked two and two together: Preſently all was ready to be ſacrificed, only there wanted the Perſons who muſt offer them. As we were looking upon all theſe things with much delight, upon a ſudden we heard many ſay aloud, Room for the King; room for the King: at theſe words the People preſſed unto both ſides, and made a paſſage for the King. I confeſs to you, Sir, this Accident did much ſurpriſe me; and I was very angry to ſee *Artamenes* ſo near *Ciaxares*, who came this Morning from *Pteria* unto *Sinope*, to offer theſe Sacrifices. *Artamenes* too curious and forward to ſee theſe Paſſages, would, whether I would or no, range himſelf in the firſt Rank of the People, juſt in the Prince's paſs. The Train of Courtiers which uſe always to walk before the King, were come up to the Altar: *Artamenes*, who much longed to ſee the King of *Cappadocia*, ſees him enter, and leaning upon the Arm of *Aribees*, who was then a great Favourite; after him entred the Princeſs *Mandana* his Daughter, who without all manner of diſpute was abſolutely the faireſt that ever eye beheld. I no ſooner ſaw her appear, but I ſaw *Artamenes* alſo preſſing near her, and leaving the Stranger which we met with, for a fairer Object This Princeſs might well kindle ſuch curioſity in the Soul of *Artamenes*, as ſhe did. Be pleaſed, Sir, to remember, as I told you in the beginning of my Relation, that this Princeſs was born about three years after *Artamenes*,

tamenes, ſo that the firſt time he ſaw her, ſhe entred upon her Sixteenth year; ſhe was this day moſt richly dreſt; and tho there did not appear any affectedneſs in her Habit, yet it was infinitely becoming; her Tiffany Vail of Silver did not at all hide the Splendor of a thouſand rich Jewels ſet in Gold to deck her Hair, which was the faireſt Flaxen that ever was ſeen; her Ornaments did not Eclipſe the vivacity of her ſprightly Looks, which is the eſſential part of a perfect Beauty; She was of an excellent Stature, and walked with ſo much modeſt Majeſty, as ſhe did attract the Eyes of all Beholders; her Neck no Snow ſo white; her Eyes were blewiſh fair, but ſo ſweet, ſo lovely, ſo ſparkling, and ſo full of inviting Charms, as it was abſolutely impoſſible to look upon them and not admire; her Lips no Roſe ſo red; her Teeth no Ivory ſo perfect white, nor no Rule ſo even; her Complexion ſo pure, ſo clear, ſo ſmooth, and ſo exact Vermilion, that all the Luſtre of a Flowry-ſpring was ugly in compariſon of her glorious Idea; her Hands as white and clear as ever any eye beheld; for I beheld this laſt piece of Beauty, as ſhe lifted up her Vail at her entrance into the Temple, and as afterward with wonder I beheld all the reſt. In ſhort, Sir, all theſe Beauties and attractive Charms which laſt I related, are good Arguments to render *Artamenes* more excuſable. He was ſo Planet-ſtruck with all the Actions and Motions of this Princeſs, that whether ſhe walked or ſat, whether ſhe Spoke or were Silent, whether ſhe Smil'd or Frown'd, ſhe was all Charms, all Attracts, all Admirable; with this Divine Apparition was *Artamenes* ſurpriſed, and amorouſly blaſted: So that not regarding *Ciaxares*, he beholds *Mandana* coming in ſuch a manner, as I told you; but fairer by a thouſand degrees than any Tongue can tell: He was ſo raviſht, that removing from his Station, he got up cloſe to the very foot of the Altar where ſhe kneeled: *Feraulas* and I ſeeing him do ſo, preſſed up alſo; and we ſaw him ſo placed, that he might both ſee and be ſeen by her; for I never in the whole courſe of my Life ſaw ſuch a Paſſage; ſince the Princeſs of *Cappadocia* came into the

Temple, *Artamenes* minded nothing but her; he knew not whether it was a Sacrifice, or only an Aſſembly, or ſome publick Game for a prize; he ſaw nothing but *Mandana*; he lookt upon her continually, and the more he lookt, the more he lik'd, and often changed Colour; he told us afterwards, how he was ſo wrapt with the Divine Viſion, as he had not power to look off her, and he aſſured us, he did what he could to divert his Eyes and Thoughts, but it was not in his Power. Mean while the Sacrifice begins, and the Chief Prieſt being proſtrate at the foot of the Altar, pronounced these words; the King, the Princeſs, and all obſerving a hush ſilence.

FOR *the Happineſs of this bleſſed Peace which we enjoy, Accept* (O *Mighty God of War*) *theſe pure and innocent Victims, which here we come to offer, in lieu of that which young* Cyrus, *the Terror of all* Aſia *would have offered, if the goodneſs of Heaven had not eſtabliſhed the Thrones of all the Kingdoms of the Earth in Peace by his Death. Receive from the King, from the Princeſs his Daughter, from all* Cappadocia, *and from all* Medea, *theſe their moſt devout Thanks for the great benefit of his Death. His Death, I ſay, which hath given a happy Peace in all* Aſia, *and whoſe Life would have put the whole Earth into Confuſion and Miſery.*

I leave you to judg, Sir, in what a caſe I was in, and how my Maſter was ſtartled, tho he minded nothing elſe but *Mandana*; for he was much aſtoniſhed when he heard himſelf named: I lookt him in the Face, and he lookt upon me, but his mind was upon ſomething elſe; I removed from my Station to come to him. Sir, ſaid I very low, we ſhould not do ill to be gone from hence, but we ſhall do better (ſaid he, bluſhing) to ſtay here. When I ſaw the Prince in that Reſolution, I durſt not preſs him further, leſt ſome notice ſhould be taken of us. Then I ſtayed by him, who notwithſtanding all this, did ſtill look upon *Mandana* with ſo much earneſtneſs, that he neither minded the

Death of the Sacrifices, nor the Perfumes: he perceived no ſuch thing until all the Ceremonies were over, and the King, and Princeſs his Daughter, were going out of the Temple. Then he followed them out, and I think he would have followed them into the Caſtle, whither they went to Dinner, and which was ſome Sixty paces out of *Sinope*, if I had not ſtopt him. Sir, (ſaid I, ſhewing him the way) that is your way to the Town; then *Artamenes*, without any anſwer to what I ſaid, but ſtill looking after the Princeſs Chariot; as long as they were within ſight, he never turned his head that way; at laſt we came to the Houſe where we lodged. All this while our Ship was trimming, and putting into ſome condition to make Sail; but when we came to it, there was a great Alteration; for *Artamenes* at his going to the Temple, was all for haſte; but at his return, he ſaid they made too much haſte to do it well. All Dinner while, he ſpoke little, eat leſs; for my part, altho I ſaw him look very attentively upon the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*, yet I did not think he could ſo ſuddenly, in ſo ſhort a time be charmed. Preſently after Dinner, *Feraulas*, whom we had loſt in the crowd, comes back; and he having more particularly enquired into the cauſe of the Sacrifice, he drew *Artamenes* and me aſide. Sir, (ſaid he to him) you muſt prepare for your departure hence, and that preſently. And why ſuch haſte, anſwered the Prince ſmiling? Becauſe (replied *Feraulas*) you are in a Country, where the People give thanks to the Gods for your Death, and think it ſuch a happineſs, as they have offered Sacrifice for it. I know that already, anſwered the Prince, without any emotion; but ſince they think me dead, they will not ſeek me alive. But *Feraulas*, (ſaid I) do you know any more than what you had from the Mouth of the Prieſt, when he ſpoke in the Temple? I have learned (anſwered he) from one of the Sacrificers, that *Aſtiages* being aſſured by ſeveral Intelligences, that young *Cyrus* is periſhed by Shipwrack, and believes him to be dead; therefore he hath commanded that ſame day which is ſuppoſed he periſhed, ed upon, to be a day of Thanks unto the Gods in the Temples of *Medea* and *Cappadocia*, for deliveri them from the cauſe of that apparent Danger whi the Stars did threaten unto them. Therefore (ſaid h to me) it concerns you to have a care of the Prince ſafety, and to conſider what would be his Fate, if h ſhould be known unto the King, or the Princes of th Country, who do ſo much rejoyce for his Death, a that they render publick Thanks unto the Gods for it During this Diſcourſe of *Feraulas*, *Artamenes* was very penſive; and perceiving I was going to ſpeak unto him he prevented me, and ſaid, with a moſt ſad and di contented Countenance, Fear not *Chriſantes*, that ſhall be diſcovered; if any thing do it, it will be o too haſty Preparations of departure; this may make ſuſpected, therefore let us ſtay, and reſt quietly; let not depart tumultuouſly. In ſaying ſo, he turned fro us, and would not ſtay our Anſwer. Then he took walk by the Sea-ſide, being followed by two Slav which the valiant *Corſaires* gave unto him, and *Ferau* and I followed preſently after: But alas, this Walk li tle pleaſed him, for we found him in a profound me lancholly dump. In ſhort, Sir, he was in Love; an loved ſo deſperately, as never Man was in more dee Paſſion: and as this Paſſion had taken ſuch ſtrong po ſeſſion of his Soul; ſo the Expreſſions which he ha uſed againſt Love in his firſt going to the Temple cauſed him to conceal it from us, he being aſhame to diſcover his weakneſs. He was continually expo ſtulating with himſelf what it was which thus trouble him, not well knowing whether it was Love or no What kind of Torment(ſaid he to himſelf)is this whic I endure? From whence proceeds this reſtleſneſs o mind? If the ſight of the faireſt Angel upon Earth b the cauſe, then I am the moſt miſerable Man alive Yet methinks ſuch beautiful Objects ſhould not inſ any Paſſions but Delight and Joy. How comes it t paſs then, that the faireſt Proſpect which ever Eye b held, ſhould cauſe my Sorrow? I know not (ſaid whether I ſhould think it Love, or whether worſe humour: But what is it I would have? or what is it I can have? Alas, alas, I neither know what I would, or what I can have; and hence comes all my misfortune and my ſorrows: Yet I am moſt certain of this; that if I follow my own inclination, I muſt love the Fair *Mandana*, as great an Enemy as ſhe is unto me; But what do I ſay, I muſt love? Ha! no, no, I do explain my thoughts but ill; and my Tongue betrays my Heart if it do not ſay, I do love *Mandana*, and that I will for ever love her, and that I think my ſelf the moſt miſerable man unleſs ſhe love again. But alas, alas, Miſerable unfortunate *Artamenes*! Came I here to ſee her offer Sacrifices of Thanks unto the Gods for my death? Did I come to learn how *Cyrus* can never pleaſe her, but in the Tomb wherein ſhe thinks him buried? After theſe Contemplations his Paſſion was a little qualified: But preſently hope, which makes Love live, and undertake all impoſſibilities, and without which there is no ſubſiſtence, did perſuade him, that *Artamenes* and *Cyrus* were two: and that he, as he was *Artamenes*, was not at all intereſted in thoſe things which the *Medes* reſent againſt *Cyrus*, Son to the King of *Perſia*: and that altho *Cyrus* was hated, yet *Artamenes* may happily be beloved, if he uſed the means, and endeavoured by his ſervices to render himſelf worthy of it. As he was thus entertaining himſelf with this flattering Argument; the ardent deſire of Fame and Glory, which heretofore had held a ſtrong poſſeſſion in the heart of my Maſter, began to come in competition, and diſpute for victory, with the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*.

When his thoughts reflected upon this glorious Rival of *Mandana*, he then began to rouſe up and reſolve never to think upon the Princeſs any more. Why ſhould I (ſaid he) forſake a Miſtreſs which will never fail to recompence me, and all which follow her; and whoſe ſervitude is ſo glorious, as ſhe rewards them which are faithful unto her, with no leſs than Kingdoms, Crowns, and immortal Glory. What is become now of my eager deſires, to know and be known of all the World? Poor I, who ſculks under the falſe name of *Artamenes*, and am buried alive to ſatisfy my Enemies? Have I left *Perſia* for nothing elſe, but to become a fooliſh Lover of a *Cappadocian* Princeſs? and have I left *Cyrus* to become a Slave unto one who thanks the Gods for my misfortunes? and who, perhaps, her ſelf, with her own hands, would throw me into my grave? No, no, (ſaid he) I muſt not be ſo fooliſh as to fetter my ſelf: Recollect thy ſelf *Artamenes* (ſaid he) and remember how oft thou haſt been told in *Perſia*, that love is a dangerous paſſion: Stop entrance therefore into thy heart at firſt, never let it take poſſeſſion, and domineer. But alas, (added he preſently) what do I ſay? what can I do? I ſpeak of reſiſtance, and am already fettered: I ſpeak of Liberty, and I find my ſelf in ſtrong Chains: I think of Reigning, and am a Slave: I ſpeak of Glory and Ambition, and Heaven knows, I have no higher than to be *Mandana's* Servant: and I will never ſeek any greater honour, than I can find at the feet of my Princeſs. I plainly ſee, that I am more hers than my own; and that all my Reaſon is far too weak to oppoſe Love: My own eyes betray me; my heart has left me, and my will is all hers; I would not love my life, but in hopes to imploy it in her ſervice: And I find that my Reaſon, as rebellious as it is againſt my heart, begins to argue in behalf of my Princeſs; it tells me ſecretly that Love is the noble cauſe of all Heroick Actions; that it took up Lodgings in the hearts of all the Heroes: and that the famous *Perſian*, the firſt King of my Race, for all his valour, was overcome by it, when he firſt ſaw his *Andromeda*: It tells me, that the Gods themſelves were ſenſible of it; and that it is never idle, but in the hearts of ſluggiſh Spirits; yet moſt agile in the Souls of them who are truly generous. In concluſion of all, it tells me, That ſince *Mandana* is the Faireſt, and moſt abſolute Beauty in the World, I am excuſable if I love her: And that though, perhaps, I ſhall not be much commended for it, yet it aſſures me, I ſhall not be much blamed; Follow on then *Artamenes*, purſue thy humour which thus tranſports thee; and make no more reſiſtance againſt a Fair Enemy, whom thou canſt not vanquiſh; or if thou didſt, would repent it. After the agitations and toſſings of this violent and noble ſpirit, the Prince began to mend his pace; *Feraulas* and I followed, but found him ſo altered, that we began to wonder; ſuch a ſorrow ſadded his eyes, and all his geſtures were ſo turbulent and diſordered, that I began to undertake him, and ſaid; Sir, I cannot underſtand from whence all this melancholly can proceed which thus diſcompoſes your face: for though theſe Sacrifices for your death, I know, cannot be pleaſing to you; yet, methinks, ſuch a Soul as yours ſhould contemn, and not permit them to trouble you: you, I ſay, who have been taken for dead more than once, and in a more gaſtly manner. You have reaſon *Chriſantes* (ſaid he to me) to think that this publick thanks is not the cauſe of my grief; for, I aſſure you, that as ſoon as *Cyrus* does revive again, this falſe joy of his Enemies ſhall be turned into ſorrow. But *Chriſantes*, there is another cauſe, which I would tell you if I had but confidence enough; for I do conf your wiſdom makes me fearful to reveal it. Sir (I to him) one of your age had need be wiſe to judge the wiſdom of another: This wiſdom whereof yo ſpeak, knows no cauſes of any fear you ſhould have but ſhall think himſelf honoured when you ſhall impa any ſecrets unto him. I know not, ſaid *Artamenes*, wh ther or no I ſhould tell you that——At theſe words *A tamenes* ſtopt, and could not for his heart go any further, but not being able to expreſs himſelf, he bluſht, and ſigh'd, and ſmil'd; at laſt, looking me in the face, he ſaid, Do you not gueſs, my dear *Chriſantes*, at what I dare not tell you, and for which I fear you will chide me, when you know it? When I heard him ſay thus, the zeal he uſed in the Temple, and his eying the Princeſs, made me conclude he was in love: And remembring what I ſaid unto him, at his firſt entrance into the Temple; I ſaid unto him, Is it not, that *Venus* has a mind to be revenged on you for taking *Mars* his part ſo much againſt her? I ſaid this unto him in a laughing and jeſting manner, ſuppoſing that this humour might chance be but a piece of Gallantry, and a light Phanſie which might eaſily be blown over: But alas, *Artamenes*, who asked me the queſtion more in earneſt, anſwered me in ſuch a tone, as I ſaw it muſt be no common remedy that could cure his Diſeaſe. But after he had fully opened himſelf, and told me all, I contributed all I could to divert his thoughts, and diſſuade him; I urged the little reaſon he had to love ſo violently, and the impoſſibility of ever being beloved again: for, Sir, (ſaid I to him) if you appear as *Cyrus*, the Princeſs will be ſo far from loving, that ſhe will hate you, and *Aſtiages* will be ſure to load you with fetters at the leaſt: on the other ſide, if you court her as bare *Artamenes*, what hopes can you ever have from *Mandana*? Can a poor ſimple Knight pretend unto the Daughter of a great King? A Princeſs, who is lookt upon as the ſole Succeſſor unto the Crowns of *Media*, *Cappadocia*, *Galatia*, and *Perſia* alſo? for ſince they think you dead, *Aſtiages* and *Ciaxares* will doubtleſs prepare themſelves to uſurp it, if *Cambiſes* die firſt; And though they both know that the Kingdom of *Perſia* is elective, yet ſince it hath continued ſucceſſive in the Illuſtrious Line of *Perſides*, ever ſince his time, they will now pretend it ought to be ſo ſtill: Recollect your ſelf therefore, Sir; be a man, and aſſume your Reaſon: Caſt not your ſelf away frivolouſly: Hath the Gods deſign'd you for ſuch high things, and muſt you dream away your time in Love?

What would you have me do (ſaid the Prince)? I have not rendred my ſelf captive with ſight; I have conſulted and argued with my ſelf as much as you can, and produced as many reaſons: therefore *Chriſantes*, I cannot promiſe to cure my ſelf upon a ſudden, there muſt be time for it: therefore urge me no more to depart from hence, but give me time to conſider. Sir, replied I, Love is a diſeaſe whoſe venome is contagious, and of a nature ſo malignant and ſubtle, that one cannot too ſoon fly from the place infected. Thoſe who are already infected, do carry the Diſeaſe with them (replied the Prince) although they do change Air; therefore preſs me no more to depart, I conjure you unleſs you intend to make the Diſeaſe worſe. But (ſaid I) if you ſhould chance to be diſcovered, your Ruine were moſt certain. It would be more certain (anſwered he) if I ſhould depart; therefore pray let us ſubmit to Fortune, and talk no more of it: The Prince ſpoke to me in ſuch a manner as it was apparent he deſired I ſhould have ſome indulgence towards him, ſo that I was glad the Ship was not trimm'd up. The next morning *Artamenes* went again to the Temple of *Mars*, pretending to inform himſelf of ſome particulars concerning the Countrey: but indeed his Deſign was to find out ſome Subject, to ſpeak concerning the Princeſs: He fell into diſcourſe with one of the Sacrificers, whom he found to be a man of good ingenuity; he asked this Prieſt a thouſand Queſtions, before he could handſomely bring in *Mandana*: at laſt he asked him, whether *Ciaxares* had any more Children beſides this Princeſs his Daughter? No, ſaid the Prieſt; and it is very ſtrange, for the People were wont to affect a King rather than a Queen, but now they have left off that humour; for ſince this Princeſs came at age of diſcretion, her beauty, and her vertue have ſo dazled the eyes of all, that they will not change the Queen for any King. *Artamenes* was raviſht to hear the Prieſt ſay ſo, and ſaid unto him, If the beauty of her Soul were like to that of her Body, doubtleſs then ſhe deſerved that good opinion; Yes, yes, (anſwered the Prieſt) a thouſand times more excellent and more vertuous than either you or I can imagine: for ſhe is wondrous fair without vanity or affectation; ſhe ſits in a Throne without pride, and conſiders the miſfortunes of poor men with compaſſion, and her bounty doth often relieve them. Thoſe who have the honour to be more about her than I have, do ſay, that ſhe is of a moſt winning converſation. As for my ſelf, I cannot ſpeak of her but with thoughts of that Piety which ſhe expreſſeth towards the Gods: I can aſſure you, Sir, there is none more religious and vertuous than ſhe, nor of greater wiſdom and knowledge in all things that a humane ſoul is capable of. In a word (added the Prieſt) ſhe is the honour of her Sex, and a ſhame unto ours.

I leave you to judge, Sir, whether the Amorous *Artamenes* was not in an extaſie of joy, that he was not deceived in her; and whether or no this did augment his Paſſion: He lookt upon me all the time of this Diſcourſe, and was glad he had found ſo good an excuſe for his weakneſs: He lengthned the pleaſant Diſcourſe as much as he could, and asked the Prieſt if ſhe came often unto the Temple? When ſhe was at *Sinope* (anſwered he) ſhe came hither almoſt every day. And where ere ſhe is, ſhe will come one day in a year with the King, to render thanks unto the Gods for the death of a young Prince, who, if he had lived, had uſurp'd all *Aſia*; Then ſhe hates his memory (ſaid *Artamenes* bluſhing, and interrupting him) and is very glad of that man's death, who would have hindred her from being Queen of ſo many Kingdoms. I never diſcovered any thoughts of hatred in her (ſaid the Prieſt) and I believe her too good to carry malice to the Grave, or to hate the man ſhe never knew, eſpecially ſuch a one as he whom report ſpeaks to have been rarely accompliſhed; ſhe knows it her religious duty to take both the good and the bad which the hand of Heaven doth give, with an equal Thanks; and ſince ſhe knows that Conquerors and Uſurpers cannot act their Deſigns but by the permiſſion of the Gods, who makes them only inſtrumental to chaſtiſe thoſe whom it is their pleaſure to dethrone; therefore, I ſuppoſe, her joy proceeds from her knowledge that the Gods are appeaſed by the death of that young Prince whoſe life did portend deſtruction to us; but then this joy is ſo moderate, and ſweetly tempered without the leaſt ingredient of hate or anger, that her ſoul keeps hell within her limits, and without diſordered paſſion. To thank the Gods for the death of a man, conſidering him ſimply as a man, were impious and ſacrilegious rather than any devotion: and neither the King nor the Princeſs, nor any of the Magi, are ſo ill inſtructed in Divinity: But to render thanks for the death of Tyrants and Uſurpers, who would pull down Thrones, and depopulate Kingdoms, is an act both of juſtice and piety, which doth not contradict the Rules of Religion, Humanity or Juſtice. *Artamenes* did hearken unto this Diſcourſe with ſuch different Reſentments, as indeed I pitied him; ſometimes he was all Joy, and ſometimes all Sorrow; now in Hope, then preſently in Deſpair; but however, he thought it a great happineſs to hear that *Mandana* was owner of as much Virtue and Wiſdom, as he ſaw ſhe was of Beauty. Mean time, this Prieſt liked *Artamenes* very well, and ſaid thus unto him: Friendly Stranger, if you deſire to ſee our ſtately Ceremonies, come hither three days hence, for thoſe which we ſhall then celebrate, will be much more magnificent and ſumptuous than theſe which you have now ſeen. *Artamenes* thanked him, and deſired to know the end and reaſon of them: To whom the Prieſt anſwered, That there was a Prince and Neighbour unto *Cappadocia*, called the King of *Pont* and *Bythinia*; This Prince being in Love with *Mandana*, had ſent his Embaſſadors unto *Ciaxares*, to demand her in Marriage. *Artamenes* being much moved at this, interrupted, and asked him, Whether this Ceremony was for the Marriage of the Princeſs? No, no, anſwered the Prieſt, for we do obſerve the Cuſtom of the *Aſſyrians*, who were our Ancient Lords, that when a Princeſs muſt ſucceed unto the Kingdom, ſhe cannot by this Cuſtom marry a Stranger; and therefore *Ciaxares* had refuſed the King of *Pont*; who being not content with this Anſwer, nor able to help his Paſſion to the Princeſs, hath confederated with the King of *Phrygia*, and declared War againſt the King of *Cappadocia*; ſo that their Army being ready to March, the King and Princeſs come at the time I told you, to ſupplicate the Gods, eſpecially him to whom this Temple is dedicated, That he would be pleaſed to proſper their Proceedings, and aſſiſt them in ſo juſt a War, which maintains the Fundamental Law of their Land. *Artamenes* was ſo ſurpriſed with different Apprehenſions, as he had no mind to ask any more Queſtions, but after he had in few words given many thanks, he civilly took his leave; and as he was fully reſolved, not to hide any of his Thoughts from either

Feraulas or me, becauſe he could receive no Aſſiſtance but from us; ſo, as ſoon as he had opportunity, he ſaid thus unto us, Was ever ſuch conceited Fortune as mine? Are the Gods reſolved I ſhould be tormented with two violent Paſſions at one time? I am no ſooner in Love, but I am Jealous alſo; I no ſooner ſaw her Beauty and her Wiſdom, but I underſtand how it has captivated the heart of a Prince, and that an excellent Prince, whom only one bare Cuſtom of the *Cappadocians* has cauſed to be rejected, and nothing elſe; who knows, whether the Princeſs does not in her heart diſallow of this Cuſtom? And whether I do not love one whoſe Soul is already beſtowed? Alas, alas, this Cuſtomary Law, which makes ſomething worſe for the King of *Pont*, makes me deſpair. For as he is a Stranger, ſo am I; therefore for that reaſon, as alſo many others, I can never have any hopes of Pretence unto her. Sir, ſaid I to him, if all the difficulties which you imagine, and which are a thouſand times greater than you do apprehend, would alter your Reſolutions, I ſhould with all my heart conſent unto it; but ſince I cannot, yet do not (I beſeech) you contend with Monſters, and almoſt Impoſſibilities. No, no, *Chriſantes*, (anſwered he) never hope to make me give over my deſign; eſpecially now, ſince I can ſatisfy my deſires of Glory, and my Paſſions for *Mandana* both together: And ſince I find a War in *Cappadocia*, why ſhould I go ſeek it at *Epheſus*? But, Sir, ſaid I to him, if you ſhould chance be diſcovered, in what danger are you then? It is not the conſideration of any danger (replied he) that can alter me; but I ought, on the contrary, to ſeek after dangerous Enterpriſes; and to give you full Satisfaction, know, that I am abſolutely reſolved to carry my ſelf ſo Gallantly in this War, under the Notion of *Artamenes*, as that *Cyrus* may without danger come out of his Tomb afterwards. Sir, ſaid I to him, all this while the King your Father, and the Queen your Mother, do think you dead, and doubtleſs are infinitely troubled at it; it is a piece of Inhumanity to ſuffer them to continue in it. Why ſhould not you think (as I do, ſaid the Prince) that this report of my Death, is nothing but the device of my Mothers, to divert *Aſtiages* from ſeeking me? And that ſhe hath acquainted the King my Father with his Cruelty; ſo that this falſe News is diſperſed by his conſent, and hath ſent it to *Aſtiages* as true; ſo that, *Chriſantes*, your reaſons are too weak to convince me, or make me alter my Reſolutions. Indeed, I did find ſome probability in what the Prince had ſaid, not imagining, how any other way, this report of Shipwrack ſhould ariſe. But yet notwithſtanding, I fell afreſh to perſuade him from his Paſſion, to fly from that Court which was ſo full of danger to him, and to give intelligence of his being alive, unto the King his Father, and Queen his Mother: But as to the firſt of theſe, I might as well have bid him do a thing abſolutely impoſſible: As to the ſecond; as no danger could diſmay his Soul, ſo he told me, that my Reaſons were not good, but that I gave them becauſe I had no better. And as to the laſt, Know, ſaid he, *Chriſantes*, that *Cyrus* ſhall never be known unto the King of *Perſia*, until *Artamenes* has rendred himſelf famous throughout all *Aſia*; yes, *Chriſantes*, *Aſtiages* ſhall eſteem of *Artamenes*, *Ciaxares* ſhall favour him, the King of *Pont* ſhall fear him, and *Mandana* ſhall love him; otherwiſe he ſhall ſleep in the Tomb with *Cyrus*; and he had rather dye in earneſt, than not fully ſatisfie his deſires of Glory, and alſo his Affection which he owes unto the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*. Sir, ſaid I to him, for my part, I cannot yield unto Paſſion, or conſent unto the Opinion of a Man, whoſe Reaſon is prepoſſeſſed and partial, unleſs I ſhould render my own ſuſpected. Thus we parted, and he went unto *Feraulas*, who being younger than I, was not ſo croſs unto him in his deſign, and therefore better pleaſing. I began to contemplate and weigh what courſe to take was beſt, in a buſineſs of ſuch intricacy and danger. As for *Artamenes*, it were a needleſs Queſtion to ask how he entertain'd himſelf with *Feraulas*, for you may be ſure *Mandana* was all their Diſcourſe. *Artamenes* asked him, if ſhe were not the moſt perfect Beauty in the World? And as he anſwered, that all *Perſia* had not one comparable to her; That's not enough, (replied the Prince) but tell me, that all *Greece*, where the faireſt Women in the World are, has not one (who by a thouſand degrees comes near her) and ſay, that the famous Image of *Venus*, which we ſaw at *Cyprus*, who charmed all that came near, was ill-favoured in compariſon of the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*; ſo much does ſhe tranſcend all the Beauties of the World! Perhaps, Sir, I have inſiſted longer than was fit upon the Paſſions of *Artamenes*, and their effects, but I was conſtrained to ſuffer that Evil which I could not prevent, and to endure that which I could not help.

Mean while the day of Sacrifice, of which we ſpake before, approached; *Artamenes* muſt be there, and more haſty than any of the Sacrificers; for he was there before any Doors were opened; but for all his earneſtneſs, we found the young Stranger, which we met withal, in the Temple before us, who waited for the opening of the Gates. My Maſter, tho he knew no reaſon for it, yet had ſome ſecret odd thoughts of him, finding him there, and more forward than himſelf; and tho out of his Civility, he could not chuſe but ſpeak unto him, yet he did it in ſuch a manner, as partly diſcovered his Anger, and made me wonder, for there was never a ſweeter and more complacential Spirit in the World than this; yet I found by his Words, as well as by his Tone, that this young Stranger did not pleaſe him. Certainly (ſaid he to him, in meeting with him) you are either very full of Devotion, or very full of Curioſity, that you come thus early to ſee a Ceremony, wherein on my Conſcience you have no great Intereſt, and which cannot afford you any Novelty, ſince you have already ſeen them. I may ſay the ſame to you, (anſwered the young Stranger) ſince I find you as forward as my ſelf; but I will confeſs to you, that I ſaw ſuch delectable Sights in the Temple, the laſt time I met you here, that I could not chuſe but come again. I would gladly know (replied *Artamenes* very ſharply) which was the moſt delectable Sight you found in the Ceremony; whether the Ornaments of the Temple? The abundance of Victims? The coſtlineſs of the Sacred Veſtments? Or the Function of Prieſts, The Confluence of People? The Majeſty of the Prince? The Magnificence of the Court? Or the Beauty of the Princeſs? It might be all theſe, (anſwered the ſociable Stranger) but if I be not deceived, you your ſelf can gueſs, which among them was the faireſt Object. Since I believe we are of ſeveral Countries, (replied my Maſter) we may perhaps differ in our Opinions, and therein alſo be ſeveral; and that which is fair to me, may chance not be ſo to you: The *Perſians* delight moſt in their Temples; the *Scythians* in their Houſes; the *Græcians* immortalize themſelves by their Statues; the *Aſſyrians* and *Medes*, in their magnificent Palaces; ſo every one has his Phanſy for his Reaſon, and thinks nothing fair but what complies with his own Humour, and carries with it the Cuſtom of his Nation. Yet, replied the Stranger, there be ſome univerſal general Beatitudes, which pleaſe and hit the fancy of all Nations; the Sun delights the whole World; Diamonds ſparkle in all Eyes; and alſo many Perfections there are which are beautiful to all Men upon Earth. This Diſcourſe, tho it was very general, yet it did not pleaſe *Artamenes*; and I am perſuaded, that if one of the Sacrificers had not come to open the Doors of the Temple, this Diſcourſe had not ended ſo civilly as it begun; for indeed, *Artamenes* harboured a great diſlike of him, altho he had but few his equal in point of handſome Behaviour. The Door of the Temple was no ſooner open, but preſently they parted, and *Artamenes* ſhunned Converſe or Meeting with him, as much as he could, but mingled amongſt the Company which came into the Temple.

Indeed this Sacrifice was much more Magnificent than the laſt; for as the People are always more forward to pray unto the Gods for Deliverance from future Miſfortunes, than to thank them for any benefits paſt; ſo now there were many more multitudes of Men than before, more Ceremonies uſed, the Victims better adorned, and every thing more delightful to the Eye; the Princeſs alſo was more beautiful in the Eyes of Amorous *Artamenes*, than the firſt time he ſaw her. And as Love is always ingenious in conceit, ſo my Maſter thought *Mandana* pray'd unto the Gods with more Fervency and Zeal than ſhe did before: This joy'd him much, and made for his advantage, that ſhe ſhould be more earneſt with the Gods for his good Succeſs in War, than ſhe was in thanking them for his Death. But immediately his Joy turn'd it ſelf into a contrary Paſſion; for, who knows, ſaid he, whether or no ſhe prays for my Rival? And whether the inward Devotion of her Heart do not contradict the outward Expreſſion of her Lips? Perhaps ſhe prays more for the King of *Pont*, than for the King of *Cappadocia*; and that the happy Succeſs of her Affection to that Prince, is the happy Succeſs of the War that ſhe prays for? But what am I thinking, Mad-man that I am, ſaid he to himſelf? I am offending againſt a Princeſs, whoſe Virtue is without blemiſh, and whoſe Soul is ſo ſweetly calm, that it cannot be poſſeſt with any Paſſion. I ſee it by her Eyes, and judg it by her Motions, and haply I may find her Heart not ſo ſtony and inſenſible of Love. In ſhort, Sir, not to abuſe your Patience; The ſecond View did confirm what the firſt begun; and one Paſſage chanced which did much augment his Paſſion, which was this. The Sacrifice being ended, the Princeſs did not go out of the Temple ſo ſoon as the reſt, but ſtayed at her private Prayers after the King. The People knowing her Cuſtom, retired, and left her at her Devotion. *Artamenes* did not ſo, for he went not out as long as ſhe ſtayed. The young Stranger was no forwarder to go out than he, but ſtood always before *Mandana*. The Sacrificer, with whom my Maſter had diſcourſed three days ſince, found him out among the preſs; and being willing to do him any favour as a Stranger, who travelled out of Curioſity, and as a Man whoſe Deportment and Converſe

verſe had much pleaſed him; he came to him, and told him in a low voice, That if he would have a little patience, he might hear the Princeſs ſpeak as ſhe went out of the Temple; for (ſaid he) I have a Petition unto her. *Artamenes* being much raviſhed with this happy accident, thanked him very civilly for his kind offer, and prepared himſelf for this happineſs, which he did not ſo ſoon expect. The young Stranger over-hearing this, preſſed after very boldly. The Princeſs being ready to depart, as ſhe was at the Gate of the Temple, the Sacrificer went unto her, my Maſter followed him, and the young Stranger following both; The Prieſt did moſt humbly beſeech her, that ſhe would be pleaſed to mediate unto the King her Father, that during theſe enſuing Wars, he would have a care for the preſervation of the Temples: For Madam (ſaid he) the Gods are the Gods of all Nations; *Cappadocia* hath Altars as well as the King of *Pont*; and as Victory inclines unto one ſide, Enemies muſt not be taught how to commit Sacriledge, nor by example of others draw upon themſelves the anger of incenſed Gods. The Princeſs conceiving his deſire juſt, did thank the Prieſt, and aſſured him, ſhe would have a particular care that no diſorder in the Temples ſhould be uſed, as heretofore had been in the War between the *Scythians* in *Medea* and *Aſſyria*; And that ſhe would move her Father to it in the beſt manner ſhe could. But Grave *Thiamis* (ſaid ſhe to him, for that was his Name) be you ſure to pray unto the Gods for Peace, which is the beſt way to preſerve your Temples; for my part I ſhall not be at reſt as long as the War laſts; and I confeſs, that I prefer a Peace before a Victory: Therefore pray unceſſantly unto the Gods, that they would be pleaſed to change the heart of the King of *Pont*, and that they would direct the heart of the King my Father to prefer the ſafety of his Subjects in general, before his particular glory. After theſe words the Princeſs went away, and left *Artamenes* in a wonder at her beauty and wiſdom: For though ſhe had ſpoken little, yet he found much purity of expreſſion, much ſpirit, much complacence and goodneſs in the ſenſe of her words. In ſhort, Sir, the ſtate of *Artamenes* was incurable: and though I had been able to have eaſed him, yet he would not hear me; But when we were returned to the Town, and I had conſidered the matter more ſeriouſly, I found no ſuch great danger in it, as at the firſt I did apprehend: for who knows (thought I) whether it be not the pleaſure of the Gods by this innocent way, in ſpight of all the prudence of *Aſtiages*, and all his fears, to bring *Artamenes* unto the *Perſian* Crown, and to make him Lord of all *Aſia*? Can it be imagined, that the Divine Powers, who never act againſt reaſon, have foreſhewed all theſe prodigious portents unto the Magi concerning *Cyrus*, in vain? Did they not expoſe him to the danger of being devoured by Lions and Tigers? yet did they not miraculouſly ſave him? Have they not moſt divinely accompliſhed him? Have they not infuſed great thoughts aud inclinations into him? And have they not conducted him through ſeveral Nations without a ſtop? Did they not preſerve him from the danger of that cruel Combat with the Pirat? Did they not bring him by Tempeſt amidſt his Enemies, and landed him at *Sinope*? Did they not bring him in the nick of time to be a Spectator, when a ſacrifice of thanks was offering for his death? Have not the Gods caſt him into love of her who offered it? Have they done all theſe wonderful things (I ſay) to deſtroy him? no, no, It is impoſſible: Had not the Gods deſtin'd him unto ſome greater Fortune, they would have ſuffered him to periſh by Tygers and wild Beaſts in the Houſe of *Mithridates*, or have let him periſh at Sea, or kill'd him in ſome civil Combat; or elſe this Port, on which we were blown, might have been a Rock.

Moreover, I conceive it impoſſible that *Artamenes* ſhould ever be taken for *Cyrus*, becauſe the *Cappadocians* do ſeldom or never come into *Perſia*. I remember that the laſt time *Ciaxares* ſent thither, his Embaſſador was a *Medeam*; and, I know, when he returned, he came not to this Court, but went unto *Ecbatan*; ſo that of all the places in the World which I can think of, this

Court ſeems to be leaſt dangerous for him. I cannot imagine which way *Aſtiages* can come to know that *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*; or if he ſhould, it may well be thought he would not treat that Prince ill, who is in Arms for the intereſt of *Ciaxares* his Son; neither can it be thought that *Ciaxares* will ſo much diſhonour himſelf, as to be ſo full of fears as his Father. Whereas, if he were in any other Court, or if he ſhould be diſcovered in that other Court, then *Aſtiages* would ſuppoſe him to be cajolling and inciting his Enemies againſt him, and would contrive all poſſible ways to deſtroy him. As long as *Aſtiages* lives, *Cyrus* cannot be more ſafe in the *Cappadocian* Army; ſince the beginning of his Travels he is more changed than can be credited; ſo that it will be very difficult for thoſe who ſaw him at *Ecbatan*, to know him again: or for thoſe who ſaw him ſince in *Perſia*, for then he was very young, and very little. 'Tis true, *Feraulas* and I, who lived in ſome conſiderable rank at *Perſipolis*, may chance come to be known; But we can eaſily put it off, by ſaying that we changed Maſters after the Shipwrack of *Cyrus*: Beſides all this; may not Fortune be truſted with any thing? Moreover, who knows but that Love is the only neceſſary Paſſion whereby to attain unto glory? Ambition in ſo young a heart as his, cannot retain its violent and harſh deſires ſo long, as to add victory unto victory: yet ſince the Genius of this Age is ſo much devoted unto pleaſures, there is not a more delectable humour in the World to make the moſt rugged and difficult things ſeem feaſible and eaſie, than Love: Moreover, ſince *Artamenes* is ſo amiable and extraordinary handſome, who knows but the Princeſs may love him as well as he loves her? And it may be certainly concluded, that ſince he is hated unknown, he would never be loved if he were known to be *Cyrus*.

Theſe Reaſons, Sir, moved me to give ſome ſatisfaction unto my Dear Maſter: yet becauſe I would not truſt only unto my own reaſon in a buſineſs of this importance, I cauſed a Sacrifice the next day to be offered unto the Gods, that they would be pleaſed to inſpire me with knowledge how to tranſact in ſo nice a buſineſs.

neſs. After the Offering, I found my ſelf ſo ſtrongly confirmed in my Reſolutions to comply with *Artamenes* in his amorous Deſign, as I thought it would be to oppoſe the order of Heavens, if I ſhould croſs him in his Affection any more. Thus Humane Prudence, which is but a blind director in future things, moved me to conſent unto a Deſign which hath caſt my dear Maſter into that danger wherein now you find him: I did not yield unto him upon a ſudden, but by degrees, and ſeem'd to reſiſt him a little at the firſt: But as ſoon as I gave my conſent that he ſhould endeavour to make himſelf eminent in the War in which he had engaged himſelf, our buſineſs was only to appear in an Equipage befitting men of ſome quality: We had yet Jewels ſufficient to carry it out, and many more than we ſtood in need of; ſo that the buſineſs being fully reſolved upon, he writ a civil Letter unto *Periander*, and commanded the Ship to make for *Corinth*, and to preſent that Ship and Letter unto that Famous Greek in lieu of his own which was gravelled upon the Sands in the laſt Sea-combat. Whilſt the King and Princeſs ſtaid at *Sinope*, *Artamenes* ſaw them very often; and though he had ſeveral opportunities of being made known unto them, yet he refuſed them all, being reſolved to do it in a more glorious way than ſo: Mean while, all preparations for the War goes on, and news is brought every day, that the King of *Pont*, and the King of *Phrygia*, were forward on their march towards *Galatia*. *Ciaxares*, to prevent them, draws ſpeedily to the general Rendezvous, endeavouring as much as he could to enter into *Bithynia*, and carry the War nearer his Enemies Countrey: And ſince the Princeſs his Daughter was the cauſe of the War, therefore fearing leſt the Enemy might attempt upon her perſon in his abſence, he would have her follow unto a Town called *Anigres*, which was not far from that place where he reſolved to enter the Enemies Countrey: Mean while, *Artamenes* furniſhed himſelf with ſuch neceſſaries as are fit, to wit, Arms, Horſes, and Tents. He often met with the young Stranger which he had ſeen in the Temple of *Mars*: And the ſame man which ſold Arms unto *Artamenes*, ſold alſo unto *Philidaſpes*, for that was the Name which that Stranger owned; ſo that meeting together in this place, they both of them knew that one and the ſame deſire of glory and honour did enflame their Souls to engage in this War; and were both of them but a little ſatisfied with one another. But not to inſiſt, Sir, upon any thing which is not abſolutely pertinent unto the Story; we come to the Rendezvous. The King viewed his Troops, and we marched towards the Enemy: *Artamenes* with ſorrow ſaw the Princeſs go to *Anigres* with two thouſand men for her Convoy and Guard: But ſince it was his deſtiny to endure all that Love could call rigorous, he reſolved to comfort up himſelf in her abſence with hopes of Victory and Return. My Maſter ranked himſelf in the Squadron of Voluntiers, as well to encamp and fight near the King's perſon, as becauſe in thoſe Troops which had no particular Captain, nor obeyed any Orders but the General's, he might more eaſily conceal himſelf; and alſo becauſe they who deſired to make themſelves eminent by any notable exploit, might there find the beſt opportunities. The Army of *Ciaxares* conſiſted of forty thouſand men, that of the Enemy of fifty thouſand. I will not trouble you with relating how many of them were Archers, how many were Darters, nor how many Horſe, or how many Foot, ſince it is not pertinent to my Diſcourſe; and ſince I have ſo many Combats and Battels to relate, it is not requiſite to inſiſt upon that: For my intention is not to compoſe the Hiſtory of *Cappadocia*, it is the Hiſtory of *Artamenes* only which I rehearſe: Let me therefore only tell you, that when theſe two Armies firſt faced one another, I never in my life ſaw *Artamenes* ſo pleaſed: He was armed that day after a very remarkable manner. His Arms were Ruſſet wrought with flames of gold; His Plume waving and reaching to the very crupper of his Horſe, was of a lively Flame colour: His Horſe, according to the faſhion of the Countrey, was trapt with ſtuds of ſteel, part Ruſſet, part gilt: *Artamenes* carried two Lances in his left hand, with a

Buckler upon the ſame Arm; another Lance in his right hand, and a broad ſhort Sword by his ſide, to uſe in the throng of his Enemies: I never ſaw him ſo gallant and pleaſant in my life; And tho the *Perſians* were never much commended for good horſemanſhip, yet he managed his with ſuch a quick facility, and ſat him in ſo brave a poſture, and with ſo fine a grace, as he did attract the eyes of all men upon him. The Armies being both ready to fall on, and Charge ſounded on both ſides; *Artamenes*, who was placed in the firſt rank, no ſooner ſaw a Squadron vapour, but he was gone in an inſtant, like a Thunderbolt, above an hundred paces before the reſt, and fell upon the Enemy with ſuch a fury as he diſordered them, broke their Ranks, and ſtruck terror and death into their Army. After the fatal Clouds of Arrows which darkned the Air, and fell upon both Armies, were diſpelled, and that they came to hand-blows, *Artamenes* then performed ſuch Acts as ſurpaſſed all imagination: His three Lances held three of the Enemies braveſt men; and when he drew his Sword, wo betide him that ſtood in his way, and death to him that durſt encounter: He looked every-where for the King of *Pont*, and deſired to have a bout with him, but could not find him; for hap would have it ſo, that whilſt he was on one ſide of the Army, the King of *Pont* was on the other: and though his valour broke all their ranks, ſquandred their Squadrons, and nothing could reſiſt him; yet he was not ſatisfied, and thought nothing eminent enough, unleſs he either held or took the King of *Pont* Priſoner: His Courage was much exaſperated when he ſaw *Philadaſpes* amidſt the thick of the confuſed fight, and obſerved him as valiant a man as the World had: his valour won him the eſteem, emulation, and admiration of *Artamenes*, when he ſaw none fight like him; ſo that obſerving each other with a brave emulous eye, they ſtrive to ſurmount one another; and from this time became Corrivals in Ambition and Valour. *Artamenes* was more happy one way than *Philidaſpes*, and Fortune gave him better opportunities of ſhewing himſelf: For the King of *Pont*, who thought he could not end the War better than by taking the King of *Cappadocia* Priſoner, ſince for his Ranſom he might obtain his Daughter; he therefore kept a reſerve of Ten thouſand Men, the beſt of all his Troops, who had Orders not to Fight until a certain Sign was given, which ſhould be when they were inform'd where *Ciaxares* did keep his Quarter; then they to fall upon him, and take him Priſoner: Theſe Orders were punctually obeyed. The King of *Pont*, and the King of *Phrygia* ſeeing that the Victory did poiſe in an equal Balance, and having diſcovered the place where *Ciaxares* was in Perſon, they give the Signal; the Ten thouſand Men fell furiouſly upon us, and put our Army into great Confuſion: *Artamenes* had the good hap to be near the King when he was compaſſed about, and ruffly aſſaulted by his Enemies. Indeed, if he had not been there at that time, believe it, *Ciaxares* had not been now in a Condition to keep him his Priſoner, for all the World did ſee he had there elſe periſhed. *Artamenes* ſeeing this freſh Storm fall upon the King, took the boldneſs to come to him, and ſaid, Sir, tho I am but an unfortunate Stranger to you, yet if your own Subjects will but do like me, you ſhould overcome (I warrant you) then, not ſtaying for any Anſwer from the King: Come, come, follow me my brave Men (ſaid he to them which were about him, trembling for fear) if you will but take heart and follow me, I'll warrant you we will preſerve the King, and get Honour enough beſides. Theſe words, and the Confidence which they ſaw in the Eyes of *Artamenes*, did ſo rouſe up their dull Spirits, that they began to courage up; then he led them on, and charged the Enemy with an unimaginable fury. Now, ſince the Enemy had Commands to ſpare *Ciaxares*'s Life, and to take him Priſoner only, therefore they durſt not Fight ſo tumultuouſly, leſt then they ſhould perhaps kill him unawares; yet *Artamenes* ſlew ſuch a Number of them, tho they defended themſelves as well as they could, that it was a wonder he was not tired with killing. But whileſt he was in this gallant Fury, he heard many cry confuſedly, *The King is taken*; and immediately after, *The King is kill'd*: At the ſecond of theſe ſad words he turn'd about, and ſaw a Body of Horſe who guarded the King, whom they had taken, whether alive or dead, he made ſtraight towards them: Then animating thoſe *Cappadocians* which followed him, and ſpying *Feraulas* and me, call'd us by our Names; Come away, ſaid he to us, let us go and relieve the King; and let us not be leſs Valiant in delivering him, than our Enemies have been in taking him: Then we charged that Body of Chivalry, in the midſt of which we perceived ſome Confuſion, and as it were a Fight. The Gallant *Artamenes* brake the Ranks of the Enemy, and gave a Death to all he met; being come to the middle of the Squadron, he ſaw *Ciaxares* with ſome Fifteen or Twenty, who having got Arms in their hands, would not render themſelves unto thoſe who compaſſed them about. And when the Enemy ſaw that *Artamenes* was like to relieve *Ciaxares*, there was one deſperate Fellow among them, who thought it was more advantagious for the King of *Pont*, that *Ciaxares* were kill'd, rather than eſcape; therefore he lifted up his Arm which held a great Sword, to ſtrike the King upon his Head, which was then bare, for he had loſt his Helmet in the Combat, the Buckles being broken; this Blow had inevitably kill'd him, if *Artamenes* had not ſtept in with his Sword, and run this raſh Man through the Heart, and made him fall at his Feet, juſt as the Blow was falling upon the King's Head; the King ſeeing this, called him his Preſerver and Deliverer. And my Maſter thinking the like Chance might hap again, took his own Helmet from his Head, and put it upon the King's. Then without ſpeaking a word, or loſing a minute of time, he went immediately out again to Fight, reſolving his Buckler ſhould defend the Blows from his Head; this Act, which was obſerved both by Friends and Enemies, wrought different effects. The King was amazed at it, and would needs give him his Head-piece again. But his Enemies when they ſaw better than before the admirable Beauty of *Artamenes*, and that Martial Diſpoſition which did ſo eaſily become him in Combat, they thought ſome Divinity had deſcended to preſerve *Ciaxares* from his Enemies, and againſt whom it was no boot to reſiſt; therefore their Fears encreaſe, and many thought their Heels to be the beſt Arms. *Artamenes* followed them, and drave them upon the left Wing of their own Army, which put them into diſorder, ſo that he had abſolutely defeated them if Night had not been ſo near, which hindred his purſuit, and cauſed both Parties to retire unto their Colours. *Philidaſpes*, tho he was not preſent at all theſe Paſſages; yet did he much contribute unto the happy Succeſs of this great Action? For it was he who kept our right Wing from giving ground, and who fought with the left Wing of the Enemy, whileſt we had our Hands full in delivering the King; ſo that if he had not been, we ſhould have had the main Bodies of both the Kings upon us, and then could never have been able to do as we did. And ſo it may truly be ſaid, it was only *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*, which preſerved *Cappadocia* at this time; yet ſince the Art of *Artamenes* had the fortune to have the King for a witneſs, who thought it *Artamenes* only which ſaved his Crown and Life, therefore he had the greater Honour and better Fortune. Mean while, Night invites all unto their Tents, the Victory not being abſolutely declared: *Artamenes* bethought himſelf of two ſlight hurts in his left Arm, which however, it did not haſten him to Bed. The King alſo received a little hurt in the Hand; but we underſtood by one of our Soldiers, who had been taken Priſoner and eſcaped, that the King of *Pont* had a more conſiderable Wound with an Arrow; and which was a cauſe neither ſide had any mind to fight again. *Ciaxares* was no ſooner come into his Tent, but he ſent to ſeek out his Deliverer, and to bring him thither; yet ſince none knew the Name of *Artamenes*, it was next day in the Mornin, before *Ciaxares* could ſatisfy his extream deſire to ſalute and thank him for ſaving his Life; at laſt, my Maſter being found out, and being ſo commanded from the King, he comes unto him; but he addreſſed himſelf with ſuch Modeſty and Reverence, as if he had done him no Service at all. After his firſt appearance before the King, every one accoſted him, and deſired Acquaintance. *Philidaſpes* alſo gave him a reſpective Complement for his good Fortune the day before; all admired his handſome Preſence, and were inquiſitive to know the place where he was born. The King no ſooner ſaw him, but he went to meet him, and embrace him; after theſe firſt Welcomes, the King did commend him ſo much, as the Modeſty of *Artamenes* could not endure it. Sir, ſaid he to him, I have done yet ſo little in your Service, that if I did not hope to do you more another time, I ſhould be very much aſhamed of this; but if I may have the Honour to continue a Soldier under your Colours, the Zeal which I have unto your Service, and the Examples of theſe Gallant Men which are in the Army, will create new Deſires of Glory in me, and enable me to accompliſh it; and till I have done ſomething worthy of them, I dare not without Bluſhing receive ſuch Commendations from ſuch a Prince as *Ciaxares*. Your Modeſty, anſwered the King, does as much aſtoniſh me as your Valour, it being more extraordinary to find that grave Virtue in one ſo young, than to fight, which is a tumultuous Act, and more ſuitable with your years. Sir, (replied *Artamenes*) your Majeſty muſt pardon me, if I think you Phraſe it not aright, and call that Modeſty in me, which is a bare reſentment of my conſciouſneſs; for ſince I have ſeen all theſe gallant Men which hear me, perform ſuch brave Acts, and amongſt the reſt (ſaid he, in ſhewing him *Philidaſpes*) this Noble Stranger, it would be extream Boldneſs and Vanity in me, to think I can deſerve any Commendations for what I have done; rather I will receive them from your Majeſty, as a Spur to quicken me up hereafter unto Gallantry, than as a Recompence for what is paſt. I ſee (anſwered *Ciaxares*) it is a hard matter to overcome you in any thing, and this makes me afraid to ask you of what Country you are, leſt you ſhould have no willingneſs to impart it. Sir, (replied *Artamenes*, following the Reſolution which we fixed upon when we came from *Sinope*, and which I forgot to tell you) I was born in that Country, where the People are from their Cradles both Wiſe and Valiant; and the reaſon why I deſire to conceal it, until I have made my ſelf worthy of it, is, leſt my Actions ſhould become a ſhame unto it. If that be your reaſon, (replied *Ciaxares* ſmiling) you may very well ſatisfy my Curioſity; for whether you be *Greek* or *Perſian*, which in my opinion, are the two Nations which come neareſt the Deſcription you gave of yours, or whether you be the Son of ſome great and wiſe King, it would be an Honour unto him for to have you for his Country-man. *Artamenes* with a low reverent Congee, ſaid unto him, Since you both Commend and Command me, Sir, I will tell you, that my Birth is very Noble; and moreover, that I am of that Country which is as conſiderable as any one upon Earth: But to tell you, Sir, the Names of my Parents, and the particular Place where I was born, is a thing I neither can, nor ought to do, having for ſome reaſons which would very little concern your Majeſty, if you knew them, promiſed, and fully reſolved not to make my ſelf known until my return; therefore I moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſty, command me not to diſcover it: And be pleaſed to know, that when your Majeſty hath any Service to Command me, he, who calls himſelf *Artamenes*, ſhall obey you. It were moſt unjuſt (anſwered *Ciaxares*) to exact that from you, which you are not willing to impart, and I am too much indebted to you to compel you unto any thing. See, Sir, all the diſguiſe which *Artamenes* takes upon him; this Great and Noble Soul being exact in all Virtue, could not ſpeak the leaſt Lye. After this, *Ciaxares* did treat him with all imaginable Civility, and deſired him to Command a thouſand Horſe, whoſe former Commander had been killed in the late Battel. *Artamenes* at the firſt excuſed himſelf, and refuſed it; but afterwards, leſt he ſhould diſpleaſe *Ciaxares*, he accepted of it; he thanked the King for the Honour, and aſſured him that he would imploy it the beſt he could in his Service. And becauſe there was another place vacant by the Death of the former Commander alſo, *Ciaxares* conferred that Regiment upon *Philidaſpes*, whom he had known longer than my Maſter: for *Aribees*, who, as I formerly ſaid, was then a Favourite, had preſented him before the coming from *Sinope*. The King had no ſooner conferred this laſt Honour upon *Philidaſpes*, but *Artamenes* did congratulate with him, who returned him a civil Complement, but yet harboured within his heart many Sparks of Jealouſy at all the Honours which *Ciaxares* had done unto *Artamenes*. Mean while, *Artamenes* is looked upon as the King's Deliverer, and it were a crime in any one not to bid him welcome. So that as well for that reſpect, as becauſe he had a natural pleaſant way of attracting the Hearts of all which ſee him, therefore he is viſited, extolled and welcomed by all the Court, and all the Army; the Regiment eſpecially which he Commanded, were beyond all expreſſion pleas'd with him, and came to tender him their firſt offers of Obedience with abundance of Joy: *Philidaſpes* and he did alſo viſit one another; and you muſt know, that *Philidaſpes* reported his Countrey to be *Bactria*. Now ſince the Battel was bloody on both ſides, and all things in great diſorder, therefore neither ſide thought yet of any fighting again; wherefore the King being deſirous to advertiſe his Daughter of all paſſages, and being pleaſed to honour my Maſter ſo far as to acquaint him with his deſire, commanded him to go unto *Anigres*, and carry his Letter unto *Mandana*, and alſo to acquaint her how he was alive, and preſerved by his Valour; the King ſaid unto him ſmiling, that a Man which bore his Arm in a Scarf, might very well leave the Army for four days without diſhonour or ſuſpicion of being taken for a diſſertor of it, and at the deſire of his friend not refuſe ſuch a Commiſſion. I leave you to judge, Sir, how this joyed *Artamenes*, and how it wrought upon his thoughts; he changed colour at the firſt motion of it, and not daring to accept of it without firſt refuſal; Sir, (ſaid he) The hurts which makes me carry my Arm in a Scarf, are ſo ſmall, that they will not hinder me from fighting againſt your Enemies, if occaſion ſhould be offered; and becauſe I am afraid ſome ſuch opportunity may preſently preſent it ſelf, I dare not accept of this Commiſſion wherewith you would honour me; No, No (ſaid *Ciaxares*, and giving him the Letter unto the Princeſs) do not think that we will fight without you; for you have ſufficiently convinced me, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to have your help before we can conquer our Enemies: But yet it is fit that a Princeſs who muſt wear the Crown of *Cappadocia*, as ſoon as ſhe comes at that age which is appointed by the Laws, ſhould know what ſervices you have done her, and that ſhe ſhould receive the intelligence from your own mouth, to the end you may receive from hers that acknowledgment and thanks which is your due. As *Artamenes* was ready to anſwer, *Philidaſpes*, who for ſome reaſons which you ſhall hereafter know, was not pleaſed that my Maſter ſhould have this Commiſſion, addreſſed himſelf unto the King with a very comely grace, and ſaid, ſmiling, unto him, If it be your Majeſties pleaſure the Princeſs ſhould be informed of all the brave acts of this gallant Stranger, I conceive ſince he is ſo modeſt, it is not convenient to ſend him, becauſe that Modeſty will rob him of that honour which is his due; therefore if your Majeſty would be pleaſed to give me leave, I ſhall preſent his Panegyrick unto the Princeſs; I, I ſay, who was an eye-witneſs of his Valour, and a great admirer of it. *Artamenes*, hearing and ſeeing *Philidaſpes* ſo forward, was afraid the King ſhould conſent unto his deſire; therefore without giving the King time to anſwer, he ſaid, Sir, ſince the acts of this Gallant Stranger who ſpeaks, are ſo illuſtrious, and much more than mine, it would be but juſt in me to preſent them unto the Princeſs my ſelf: Therefore without any further oppoſition unto your Majeſties Commands, I will accept o the honour, ſince there is more reaſon I ſhould ſp his Elogy, than he mine. Sir, Replied bluſhing *Philidaſpes*, his going will leſſen the honour of *Artamenes*; but (replied my Maſter) it ſhall not leſſen the honour of *Philidaſpes*. The King being much pleaſed with this pleaſant Controverſy (of which you ſhall hereafter know the cauſe) would be Umpire in the matter, and gave this judgment betwixt them. I will (ſaid he to *Artamenes*) thus far hearken unto the advice of *Philidaſpes*, as to uſe it as an Antidote againſt your too much modeſty : I will therefore have *Arbaces*, the Lieutenant of my Guard, go along with you , to help out your modeſty, and ſpeak aloud thoſe things which perhaps you will not ; ſo the King took the Letter from him, and when he had altered it, gave it unto him again: *Artamenes* took it with as much joy, as *Philidaſpes* ſaw it with anger. As I remember it was thus indited :

Ciaxares King of *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, unto the Princeſs *Mandana* his Daughter.

He who ſhall give you this Letter, having ſaved my life, I thought none more fit to acquaint you with the danger wherein I was, than he who delivered me from it: And I could not deviſe a more prevalent way to cauſe his ſtay amongſt us, than thoſe prayers and deſires which I know you will make unto him ; and becauſe I am acquainted with his modeſty, therefore I have ſent Arbaces *with him, that he may tell you what perhaps the modeſty of the other will not permit him ; for I ſee he hath a better faculty in extolling the valour of another, than his own. In ſhort, he hath ſaved my life, and had vanquiſhed all my Enemies, if night had not hindred his purſuit. Pray unto the Gods that all my Captains may be like unto him ; and tho you cannot make him my Subject, endeavour at the leaſt to make him my Friend:*

Ciaxares.

Judge you, Sir, what Joy this was unto *Artamenes*: *Feraulas* waited upon him in this little journey, and was a witneſs of all paſſages, and my Maſter's Entertainment. Alas! ſaid he to himſelf in reading the latter end of the Letter, how unneceſſary is this Prayer? how impoſſible a thing it is to be a Lover of *Mandana*, and not a friend unto *Ciaxares*? Yes, yes, think no more of it, I am, and will be a friend unto the King of *Cappadocia*, and to the King of *Medes* alſo, and ſo great a friend too, that I will be an enemy unto *Cyrus*; Let him keep in his Tomb ſtill, unhappy *Cyrus*, who is the object of all the fears and hates of theſe Princes; as long as *Artamenes* is thus happy, keep ſtill in the obſcurity of thy Sepulchre, and never come out: Oh! *Artamenes*, happy *Artamenes*, (added he) thou art going to ſee thy Princeſs, and to ſpeak unto her; to be commended by her, to be known unto her, and happily may prove ſo fortunate as not to be hated: But alas, alas! that is not enough, for to be perfectly happy, is to be beloved. Thus Sir, were the ſpirits of *Artamenes* inſpired with all the delicate and tender paſſions which Love could contrive: Sometimes his ſoul was all joy, ſometimes again quite quaſht with fear; for who knows (ſaid he) but that for all the King's Letter to her, I ſhall incur her diſlike? There are ſecret ſuggeſtions of ſoul which moves us to love or hate, for which no reaſon can be given, and againſt which there is no reſiſtance; ſo that perhaps tho I be not the moſt odious of Men, and tho I have done ſome conſiderable ſervice to the King and her, yet, if I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to find ſuch an antipathy in her ſoul, then all my actions, my ſervices, and obſervances, tho I owned all the vertues in the World, and tho I had all the Crowns of the Earth upon my head, yet I ſhould never win her affection: I may perhaps by theſe obtain her liking and eſteem, but that will not ſatisfie me; Love is ſuch a capricious Paſſion as it will never be content with any thing but Love again: And I ſhould conclude my ſelf the moſt unhappy of Men, if I ſhould find in my Princeſs only a bare eſteem without affection: The violent Raptures of his ſpirit, made him buſie himſelf about a hundred petty things which heretofore he never thought upon. As ſoon as he came to *Anigres*, he would himſelf chuſe what Clothes to wear; and asked *Feraulas* a hundred times, which he ſhould take? and which did beſt become him? To be ſhort, when he was dreſt, and wearing a very magnificent rich Scarf of Golden Tiſſue, to bear his Arm in, he was conducted by *Arbaces* unto the place where the Princeſs was. *Artamenes*, Sir, did afterwards confeſs unto us, that he had more timorous motions of ſpirit at that time, than when he fought that valiant Pirate, or when he fought in the laſt Battel: This great heart which never trembled in moſt horrid dangers, was now poſſeſt with ſuch fear, that had not his joy a little tempered it, he had quite ſhamed himſelf, and incurred the Princeſs diſ-favour; but at laſt being come into her Preſence-Chamber, magnificently furniſhed (*Arbaces* having acquainted her before, whilſt he was dreſſing himſelf, in what manner ſhe ſhould receive him) where ſhe was waited upon by a great number of Ladies which waited upon her in this voyage, and alſo many others of the Town and Province: She was that day dreſt but negligently, yet ſo fair and charming did ſhe appear in his eyes, that (as he told me afterwards) he ſaw none of the other beauties and rich attired Ladies about her; ſo much was his eyes and mind poſſeſs'd with this powerful object. The Princeſs no ſooner ſaw my Maſter, but ſhe roſe up, and having been already told of all the ſervices which he had done her Father, ſhe prepared her ſelf to receive him with joy and thanks: *Artamenes* made two Congies, and approaching with all reverence due to one of her quality, he kiſſed the King's Letter, and preſented it unto her: When ſhe had read it, He was beginning his Complement; but the Princeſs in a moſt obliging manner prevented him, and ſaid, What Divinity (Noble Stranger) brought you amongſt us to preſerve all *Cappadocia* thus, in preſerving the King, and which enabled you to do him better ſervice than all his Subjects could? Madam (anſwered *Artamenes*) you have reaſon to think ſome Divinity brought me hither, and that ſome Benevolent Divinity too, ſince it hath brought me to the honour of being known unto you, and enabled me to render ſome ſmall piece of ſervice unto the King, which might have been performed by any other hand as well as mine: Modeſty (ſaid the Princeſs, turning to the Ladies about her) is ſo eſſentially belonging unto our Sex, as I know not whether I ſhould ſuffer this Gallant Stranger to uſurp it or no; he cannot be content to enjoy his own eminent Valour, unto which we cannot pretend, but he muſt take upon him our Modeſty alſo, when we commend his Gallantry, as Women may very allowably do when their Beauty is commended: For my part, (added She) and looking upon *Artamenes*, I find ſome injuſtice in your procedure, and ought not to ſuffer it, tho I cannot chuſe but infinitely commend you for it. Such, Madam, as you (replied *Artamenes*) ought to receive praiſes from all the World, and not to give them to any but very ſlightly, leſt you ſhould repent: Therefore I beſeech you, Madam, do not run that hazard; ſtay, Madam, until I have the honour to be better known unto you: I know already by *Arbaces*, anſwered ſhe, that you are thought to be of that Nation (tho you will not confeſs it) who amongſt all thoſe great qualities you attribute unto them, are ſuſpected of Craft and Subtilty; yet that which you have done, doth well deſerve to be excepted out of the general Rule; nor can I ſuſpect that your Prudence out of your exceſs of reaſon, ſhould degenerate into craft: but on the contrary, I am fully perſwaded you are the very ſame you ſeem to be. I am much obliged unto you, Madam (anſwered *Artamenes*) that your Goodneſs is pleaſed to make ſuch a favourable exception; I can aſſure you, that in doing ſo, you are not deceived; and the cunning Artifice of which the *Greek* Nation is ſuſpected, cannot be laid unto my charge; but, Madam, whether I be *Greek*, as it ſeems you think I am, or of any other more ingenious Nation, I have ever reaſon to ſay, That ſince you have a good opinion of me, I have cauſe to fear leſt time ſhould make you alter your opinion: Time (replied ſhe) can never make any ſuch alteration; but what you have already done, deſerves commendation, and for it I muſt ever retain a good opinion of you, as of him that hath ſaved the life of my Father. I wiſh, Madam, anſwered he, you may never loſe it, and that the moſt glorious Princeſs of the World may ever do me that honour as not to think me quite unworthy of her eſteem. After this, the Princeſs did enquire of all circumſtances concerning the Fight, and *Artamenes* did exactly relate it, excepting thoſe paſſages which concerned himſelf, and them he ſlightly paſſed over in few words; which made *Mandana* (who had all the ſtory of his Acts from *Arbaces*) much to wonder: But *Artamenes* did not fail to ſpeak very advantagiouſly in the behalf of *Philidaſpes* and his valour; whom the Princeſs remembred to have ſeen at *Sinope* a little before her departure. In ſhort, his deportment was ſo happy in this firſt acquaintance, as he was highly cried up by all the Ladies: And though he had not the entire freedom of his Soul, ſince he was ſo heart-bound, and tied by the eyes unto the beauty of *Mandana*; yet did he not now ſeem half ſo much bewitched as formerly he had been: His lovely Preſence, diſcreet Civility, ſweet Modeſty, and his handſome Garb, joined to the Eloquence of his Words, and Wiſdom of his Mind, did blind all the diſorders of his Soul, and made them not perceived; ſo that he departed from this entertainment with a general applauſe. *Arbaces* lodged him in a Chamber of the Caſtle which looked towards the Garden, and expreſſed all the care which was due unto one who had preſerved the King his Maſter: *Artamenes* was no ſooner in his ſtately Chamber, but deſired to walk in that Garden which was a Proſpect unto his Chamber; ſo little reſt did his amorous inquietudes permit unto him; not but that he was infinitely joyed at the Princeſs, and the Civilities wherewith ſhe treated him; but as an effect of Love, which is of ſuch a nature as it alwaies cauſeth pleaſing troubles, and never moves unto any joy or ſorrow but tumultuouſly, and in odd agitations or diſorders. *Artamenes* then, as happy as he was, yet was reſtleſs, and would fain have entertained more Diſcourſe with the Princeſs, ſo more ſtrongly have captivated himſelf in freſh chains and charms, which he found in her eyes and diſcourſe. However, his Reaſon doth no more oppoſe his Love, but rather aſſiſt it, in contriving ways conducible unto his Satisfaction. Sometimes he feared he had not ſpoke all he had to ſay, or that he was not well enough prepared to ſpeak what he did. However, the ſweet Idea of *Mandana* was it which filled every cranny of his amorous ſoul: At every turn he thought he ſaw her, and fancied every feature; telling himſelf a hundred times She was abſolutely the faireſt and wiſeſt in the whole World. After he had thus fancied her, and thinking that ſhe had ſomething of Gallantry in her ſpirit, which (without prejudice to *her* natural modeſty) did incomparably ſet her off; after, I ſay, he had pleaſingly contemplated all theſe things over and over again; O ye Gods (ſaid he) if ſince ſhe is ſo lovely, it ſhould ſo fatally fall out, as that ſhe cannot love me, what will then become of miſerable *Artamenes?* but (preſently recollecting himſelf) ſince ſhe ſeems to be ſenſible of benefits and glory, let us go on as we have begun, and act ſo gloriouſly, that although her Genius ſhould be againſt me, yet her eſteem of them may win her affection, at leaſt eſteem of me, whether ſhe will or no: For though I confeſs one may eſteem a thing a little which they do not abſolutely love; yet I conceive one cannot eſteem any thing very much which they do not love a little. Let us hope then, and render our ſelves worthy of pity, if not of Love. As he was thus diſcanting upon the ſtate of his Love, *Feraulas* told him, that he ſaw the Princeſs at the end of a Walk; who according to her uſual Cuſtom, came to take the Air in the Garden about the Sun-ſetting: *Artamenes* obſerving ſhe came towards him, had doubtleſs out of reverence gone into another walk, if ſhe had not beckned unto him to come nearer: But Sir, to avoid being tedious, I muſt in ſhort tell you, that in this walk and new diſcourſe, *Artamenes* diſcovered ſuch freſh Beauty, and ſo much admirable Wiſdom in the ſoul of *Mandana*, that as before he only loved her, ſo now he adores her. The Princeſs alſo better diſcovering the ſpirit of my Maſter, conceived a very great eſteem of him, and treated him more reſpectively than at firſt. To fulfil the King's commands, ſhe endeavoured to perſwade his Continuance amongſt them: But alas! how unneceſſary was that Prayer! and what joy did he reſent, to hear her ask that which he himſelf had ſo great a deſire unto, and which was ſo ſuitable unto his Paſſion? After he had brought the Princeſs unto her Chamber, who was waited upon by many Ladies of Honour, ſhe gave order he ſhould be waited upon unto his, with all poſſible magnificence, and was punctually obeyed. All this while he mentioned not a ſyllable at the Table concerning the Battel; but when all the waiters were retired, and he being alone with *Feraulas*, all his diſcourſe was of *Mandana*; he asked his opinion concerning her; Whether all theſe felicities which had been conferred upon him, did not pleaſe him? But before they ever thought of it, and contrary to their intention, the night was more than half ſpent in diſcourſe with *Feraulas*, who doubtleſs did not croſs his fancy, ſince he found *Mandana* fair above all natural excellencies: At laſt, they went to Bed, but not to ſleep; for when it came into his thoughts that he was to return unto the Camp in the morning, and that Manners commanded him to take his leave before he went, then there was no room for ſleeping; but he roſe in the morning before he had ſhut his eyes, and as ſoon as the Princeſs was to be ſeen, he addreſſed himſelf unto her, and deſired he might return to the place whither his duty called him, and where the King and ſtate of things required him: But ſhe would not permit him; for ſhe told him, that ſhe deſired he ſhould be a witneſs of a Sacrifice of thanks which ſhe would that day offer unto the gods, for preſerving by his hand, the King her Father: and that he might aſſure himſelf ſhe was pleaſed with his company, ſhe expreſſed her ſelf thus: I pray you, *Artamenes*, ſtay, but I dare not command you: But you may, Madam, anſwered he, and more than that; for I and all the Earth ought to pay obedience unto ſuch a Princeſs. *Artamenes* ſtayed then the other day in *Anigres*, and went unto the Temple with the Princeſs, whom he had the honour to accompany: All the People cried him up with ten thouſand Applauds, as their Benefactor; for it was divulged in a moment, both by *Arbaces*, and the Princeſs Domeſticks, that it was he which preſerved the King. The next morning being come ſooner than he wiſht it, he muſt take leave, and be gone; which without doubt he did with as much grief as love, although he durſt not expreſs either, more than by ſilence and profound reverence. She gave him a Letter to the King her Father, the effect whereof I can tell, for *Ciaxares* ſhewed it unto every one, in hopes to oblige my Maſter the more by it; and there was none in all the Army which had not either ſeen it, or heard the Contents, which were theſe.

The Princeſs *Mandana*, to the King of *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, her Father.

SIR,

IT *was not without ſome reaſon Your Majeſty did miſtruſt the Modeſty of* Artamenes, *ſince it was only by the Lieutenant of Your Guard, that I came to know what he had done for Your Preſervation, and by conſequence for the preſervation of all* Cappadocia, *all* Galatia, Medea; *and of* Mandana, *whoſe death had been included in Yours: He told me of the great danger to which Your Majeſty was expoſed, but he intimated not a ſyllable of his own valour which relieved you; ſo that I might for ever have been ignorant of it, had I not heard more from others than him. I have ſo perſwaded him of your Virtue, and tyed him to Your ſervice, as more endeavours had been uſeleſs. But, Sir, I beſeech You, let not my Prayers be fruitleſs, when they ſhall deſire You, not to expoſe Your precious Life unto any more hazards. Your Majeſty may do well to conſider, how the happineſs of all your Kingdoms depend upon it; and perhaps* Artamenes *may not be always ſo fortunate as to relieve You. Commit the care of* *conquering Your Enemies unto this Gallant Stranger, and employ him no more in preſerving the Life of that Prince, in which is inſeparably concerned the Life of*

Mandana.

Artamenes, delivering this Letter to the King, was welcomely received; *Philidaſpes*, who heard it read, was the only man who ſeemed to be diſpleaſed at it: The envy which appeared in his looks, diſcovered the anger and trouble of his mind. Few days after, my Maſter's Wounds were well recovered, and he was not idle in the exerciſe of that Regiment under his Command. As the two Armies were entrenched near one another, ſo he was continually ſending out Parties, which always returned with the Advantage, for he quite beat up one quarter of the King of *Phrigias*'s Brigade: *Philidaſpes* was alſo very fortunate in the like Encounter. Now tho this War was begun by the King of *Pont*, becauſe he was refuſed the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*; yet becauſe this ground for it was not plauſible enough in the eyes of the People, ſince nothing ought to be more free than Marriages, nor nothing could be more juſt than the Authority of Fathers over Children; nor nothing more unalterable than the fundamental Laws of a State, which did here forbid the Banes; therefore the pretence and colour of this War was given out to be, a right he had unto two Towns, which bordered on either ſide of a great Plain, between *Galatia* and *Bythinia*; both theſe Princes conceiving, that both theſe Towns belonged unto them, though both of them were in poſſeſſion of that Town which bordered upon their own Provinces: So theſe two Towns were declared the cauſe of the War: the one called *Ceraſia*, in poſſeſſion of the King of *Pont*; the other *Aniſa*, in poſſeſſion of the King of *Cappadocia*. But ſince the King of *Pont* was much wounded, and his Chyrurgions told him, he would not quickly recover, therefore he protracted the Fight as much as he could: yet for all that, he could not chuſe but be often ſkirmiſhing. The Victory ſeem'd always to poiſe equally, unleſs when *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*

lidaſpes

Hidaſpes appeared: Mean while the King of *Phrygia* had received private intelligence, how the King of *Lydia* would declare war againſt him, and enter into his Dominions: he imparted it unto the King of *Pont*, who was much troubled at it; knowing that if the King of *Phrygia* fell off, he was not able to reſiſt *Ciaxares*, who had under his command, not only *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, but alſo all *Media* and *Perſia.* Whilſt the Princes were in Counſel what to do in ſuch a croſs Conjuncture, the King of *Phrygia* adviſed, That before this News was divulged or known unto *Ciaxares*, it were expedient to ſend unto him, and make an offer, to determine the Controverſie by Combat of two hundred men againſt two hundred men, that ſo the War may be ſooner ended, and much blood ſpared: for, ſaid the King of *Phrygia* to him, if the War with *Lydia* do not hold me long, Pretences enough may be found out to break the Peace with the King of *Cappadocia.* The King of *Pont* ſeeing no likelihood for him to come off with honour, if *Phrygia* ſhould decline him, therefore he approved of this advice notwithſtanding all his bravery, and his paſſion for the Princes, or his ambitious deſires of Glory. He ſent therefore Propoſitions unto *Ciaxares* accordingly; who held a Council of War concerning it: Opinions were different, ſome for it, ſome againſt it; *Aribees*, who found the continuance of the War was for his own advantage, did openly oppoſe it; but yet *Ciaxares* conſidered, that *Aſtiages* his Father, King of *Medes*, was ſo old he could not live long, and therefore had no mind to be engaged in a long War, ſince when his Father died, he was then to leave *Cappadocia*, and go into *Medea*; and conſidering the ſtate of things, how the *Ponteans* were more numerous than the *Cappadocians*, and that ſucceſs of war is dubious, therefore he accepted the offer: The Controverſie was to be determined within eight days. The Articles of Conditions were theſe following.

1. That both Princes ſhould draw off their Armies into thoſe two Towns which were under their reſpective ſubjections, and which were the Cauſes of the War.

2. That the Combat ſhould be fought in that great Plain between the two Towns, and where now the Armies were entrenched, and thoſe two Towns to be the utmoſt limits of them.

3. That either Prince ſhould, as he pleaſed, chuſe thoſe that ſhould fight for their intereſt, without conſideration of Rank or Quality; but that Valour only was ſufficient to be admitted into Combat.

4. That the Combatants of both ſides, coming out of theſe two Towns at one time, ſhould meet in the middle of the Plain where they were to fight.

5. That they ſhould fight on foot, and have no other Arms, than each man two Javelins and a Sword, but not to bring any Bows or Arrows.

6. That the two Enemy-Kings ſhould ſtay the event of this Combat, each of them in the head of their own Army, near the Town where they are to encamp, without any information but by the return of the Conqueror; it not being permitted unto the Conquered to return, or have any Quarter of their Life from their Enemies;, nor either Party to ſend any intelligence of diſadvantage.

7. That the Succeſs of the Combat being known; the two Kings, guarded only with two thouſand men apiece, ſhall meet in the place of fight, as well to ſalute one another, as to verify the report of the Victorious.

8. That Hoſtages ſhould be given on both ſides.

9. That theſe Hoſtages which ſhall remain in the two Camps, ſhall viſit, and ſearch the two hundred men which muſt fight, to the end they ſhall bring no other Arms than is permitted by Conditions.

10. That after the Combat, the Party vanquiſhed ſhall abandon the Town, and draw off his Army into his own Countrey: that the Conqueror ſhall take Poſſeſſion of that Town for which the War commenced.

11. That the Bodies of thoſe two hundred men of the Parties vanquiſhed, ſhall receive no ignominy, and that their Funerals ſhall be ſolemnized with honour, together

gether with thoſe which are dead of the Party conquering, upon the place of Combat.

12. That after this, Peace ſhall be firmly eſtabliſhed between the two Princes, and Commerce allowed between their Subjects; the King of *Phrygia* to be compriſed within this Peace as an Ally of the King of *Pontes*.

All theſe Articles being agreed upon, and ſigned by both Parties, they were publiſhed in both Camps, and both Armies began to move towards the Towns unto which by Articles they were to repair. The Princeſs hearing of it, deſired to ſee her Father, and came unto *Aniſa*, the day before thoſe who ſhould be choſen Combatants were elected. I leave you to judge, Sir, how all they who had a deſire to purchaſe Fame and Honour, were ſollicitous to be accepted of in this ſervice: and I leave you to judge alſo whether *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* would not be with the formoſt. The laſt of theſe two did preſume upon the favour of *Aribees*; and my Maſter, though he was extremely thirſty of Honour, yet could not aſſure himſelf of that favour; for though he had done the King great ſervice, and his Valour was ſufficiently known; yet becauſe he was a Stranger, his fears were above his hopes, and that objection would be a great obſtacle: yet he thought, that if he were not accepted to be one of them, then all his hopes of *Mandana* would be quaſht: For, ſaid he, what can I do to obtain her eſteem in a calm Court, where I ſhall find no occaſion of ſerving her? but if I could be an aſſiſtant to get this victory, I ſhould then have ſome ground to build my hopes upon: But alas! I fear that I am not fortunate enough for that happineſs, and I fear *Philidaſpes* will be preferred before me, though he be a ſtranger as well as I: For, Sir, it is not to be imagined how theſe two young Gallants did in all their actions extremely envy, at leaſt emulate one another. The Princeſs was no ſooner come, but *Artamenes* went immediately to her without my knowledge; and as ſoon as he found an opportunity, Madam, ſaid he, I come to beg a favour, though I confeſs, I am unworthy of it: You are worthy of all (anſwered the Princeſs ſweetly) and be aſſured, if the thing you deſire be neither unjuſt nor impoſſible, you ſhall certainly obtain it: and ſince I know you are too noble and wiſe to deſire any ſuch, you cannot doubt but your deſire is granted: I know, Madam (ſaid he, doing humble reverence) that the thing I deſire is in your power, ſince it is in the King's, who I am ſure can deny you nothing; but, I confeſs I dare not aſſure my ſelf there is as much juſtice in my Petition, as there is poſſibility; and though I do but what I ought in endeavouring to obtain it, yet I know not whether you ſhall do as you ought in granting it. Nevertheleſs, Madam, I will ask it, and that with as much zeal as my ſoul is capable of: and if it be ſo that the good fortune which I had in doing the King a little ſervice, has any thing obliged you, I beſeech you let me obtain this deſire, as the greateſt and moſt glorious recompence that ever I can obtain. Prevail, I beſeech you, moſt adored Princeſs, with the King your Father, that he will do me that great honour, to admit me to be one of the two hundred Combatants which muſt fight. That which you ask (replied the Princeſs with much wonder at his generoſity) is not impoſſible, but moſt advantagious unto the King my Father: but I muſt confeſs, I do not think it juſt, ſince, when you have ſaved his life as you have done, you ſhould receive ſo bad a recompence, as to expoſe your own in a fight, which according to the Articles muſt needs be bloody, and full of danger. You are too good, Madam (anſwered *Artamenes*) to fear my deſtruction: But trouble not your ſelf, Madam; for the care you have of me will preſerve me in the midſt of dangers; and it cannot be thought the Gods will deſtroy what you would ſave: Therefore, Madam, (continued he ſmiling) ſince I ſhall fight without danger, do me the honour to aſſiſt me in my ſuit: For, Madam (added he, aſſuming a more ſerious look) if I do not obtain it, I muſt needs fly from the place I live in, ſince I cannot live in it without diſhonour, and where they do not think me worthy to do that which two hundred others can do.

If there were but one to fight, perhaps then I ſhould not dare to think my ſelf, being a ſtranger, worthy to defend your intereſt; but ſince the number is two hundred which muſt have the honour, I think, Madam, I may without any great preſumption beg this noble Office: I would very willingly (anſwered the Princeſs moſt candidly) petition you another might be choſen in your room; but ſince you do ſo earneſtly deſire it, I will promiſe you to ask the King my Father. As *Artamenes* was ready to anſwer, and gratefully caſt himſelf at her feet, *Ciaxares* comes into the Chamber: the Princeſs no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe went towards him, ſaying, Sir, This Noble ſtranger is ſo inſatiable of honour and glory, as not being content with the ſervice he hath done you already, would yet have you receive another victory from his hand, and deſires you to admit him into the number of the Combatants. *Ciaxares*, raviſhed with this Propoſition, embraced him, and thanked him for his zeal to his ſervice; but it was a long while before he would conſent; and ſince the Princeſs did not ſpeak all this while, *Artamenes* turned towards her, and ſaid, Madam, do you remember your promiſe? No, anſwered ſhe, I do confeſs I cannot keep my word; and that fighting is ſo contrary to my diſpoſition, that nothing can be obtained from me, but prayers that all Wars and Fightings may ceaſe: Ah, Madam (replied he) your goodneſs obliges me, and undoes me both. Then did he ſo earneſtly importune *Ciaxares*, that after many denials, he conſented: not but that he was very glad a man ſo valiant as *Artamenes*, would fight, but his denial proceeded from him as an effect of his love to him, and becauſe he feared to loſe him in this Encounter. To tell you what was the joy of *Artamenes*, how many thanks he gave the King, what graceful Addreſſes he made unto the Princeſs, and what excuſes he had, that he had ſo ſlenderly ſerved her, would be to loſe precious time, ſince I have ſo many notable things to tell you; however, I muſt needs tell you how *Philidaſpes*, who put on to be one of this fatal number, did miſs of his deſire; for though *Aribees* could have told him that *Ciaxares* would not admit him, yet he excuſed it handſomely, and told him that *Artamenes* having ſpoken firſt, and *Ciaxares* having already conſented unto one ſtranger, would not by any intreaties admit of any more, leſt the *Cappadocians* ſhould murmur, who would think it a wrong done unto themſelves. This Accident cauſed much ſorrow in *Philidaſpes*, ſo that had he not otherwiſe been more conſiderably intereſted in the King, he would have quitted the Court and Camp upon it; that which moſt ſtuck in his ſtomack, was, that *Artamenes* ſhould be preferred before him, being a ſtranger as well as he. And though *Ciaxares* told him afterwards, that if he had ſpoken firſt, he ſhould not have been denied; yet this did not ſatisfy him. On the contrary, the joys of *Artamenes* were doubled by the ſorrows of *Philidaſpes*; and this great Soul, as generous as he was, could not chuſe but rejoice at his grief; ſuch was the violent emulation between theſe two high Spirits. Am I not very happy, ſaid he to me, when he met me, that I muſt either overcome in the Quarrel of my Princeſs, or I muſt die for her? If I eſcape the danger, I ſhall be the Meſſenger of Victory and Triumph; or if I die, I am certain ſhe will lament me. Ah *Chriſantes*, what honour is this? Ha, Sir, anſwered I, what have you done? That which I ought, my dear Friend, anſwered he, and that which you would have done if you had been in my caſe: But, Sir (ſaid I to him) have you forgot that *Artamenes* is more than ſuch a common Knight as he ſeems to be, but that he is Son to the King of *Perſia*? No, no, my Governour (anſwered he) and becauſe I know my birth is not common, therefore I muſt ſtrive to do things above common Capacities. But, Sir (ſaid I) why have you not obtained as much for *Feraulas* and me, as you have for your ſelf? Is it becauſe you ſuſpect our Courages? Ah *Chriſantes* (ſaid he, imbracing me) I will rather ſuſpect my own; but it was not poſſible to be done; and if I had put in for ſo many, I might, perhaps, have been denied my ſelf. But notwithſtanding all his reaſons, and though I was not poſſeſſed with ſuch violent Paſſions as he was, yet I was very ſorry he ſhould be engaged in ſuch a deſperate Deſign; but there was no remedy: he had got himſelf liſted before I got knowledge of his intention. The choice of Combatants being made, the day of Combat comes on; Hoſtages were given on both ſides; they ſearch and view the Combatants and Arms, according to the Conditions of the Articles: Notice is ſent unto the King of *Pont* of their readineſs, who ſent the ſame meſſage back of his men. This ſelected Troop paſs'd before the King, who at break of day offered a Sacrifice unto the Gods for their Proſperity. *Artamenes* was in hopes the Princeſs would have been with the King her Father when they parted; yet ſhe not having a heart for it, ſtayed ſtill in the Temple praying for them, ſo that he was deprived of that hope for conſolation. As for my ſelf, Sir, I could not chuſe but drop ſome farewell tears at parting, ſince it was not now permitted to go with him as at other times; but now we were not ſuffered to aſſiſt him, or be a witneſs of his Valour: He perceived our ſorrows, and ſaw us all drooping: He looked upon us with as gallant and pleaſant an aſpect as ours was ſad: Cheer up, ſaid he to us, I will conquer, I'll warrant you; and ſo laughed at us; I ſee you are but bad Fortune-tellers; as he ſpoke theſe words, they came to the Gate of the Town where the King ſtayed. Sir (ſaid my gallant Maſter to him, march in the head of the Troop) I am going to make my ſelf worthy of thoſe honours which your Majeſty hath done me, and to imitate the Example of theſe brave men which go with me. And I am going (anſwered the King) to prepare a Lawrel for you and them, not doubting of good ſucceſs, ſince *Artamenes*, and ſuch men are to fight. Thy Glory is great, cried the hopeleſs *Philidaſpes*, and thou ſhouldſt not be alone, if I had as much of thy good Fortune as I have of thy Valour: We ſhould be very ſtrong if we had you with us, anſwered *Artamenes*, but we will endeavour to vanquiſh without you. After theſe, two hundred Heroes which were devoted unto the Grandure and Tranquility of *Cappadocia*, were gone out of the Town, and the Gates were ſhut, we had no full information of that fierce Encounter; wherefore I ſhall rehearſe as much as we knew, and reſerve the reſt unto the end of my Story. When theſe two Troops came upon the Plain, they halted a little, and ſent out a Party of four to diſcover whether their numbers were equal, and Arms according to Articles. All being found right, and an equal ground choſen, they advance without any noiſe or vapour, but in a ſilent terrour: When they joined, they uſed their Javelins, which did great execution, but much more upon the *Cappadocians* than the other ſide; at laſt falling to their Swords, and ſhielding themſelves with their Bucklers, they begin to mix. *Artamenes* (as we had the knowledge of it afterwards) ſtept a little before his Fellows, and at one blow with his Sword did offer the firſt Victim of this Sanguine Sacrifice: His Valour was not ſo happily ſeconded; for to ſpeak in general, the *Ponteans* had got much advantage of the *Cappadocians*; not but that they did behave themſelves as gallantly as men could do, but that the other ſide proved more fortunate, and their wounds leſs mortal. *Artamenes* looking about, and perceiving, that maugre his fury, the number of the *Cappadocians* did diminiſh, he fell into a ſtrange rage, and acted ſuch things as indeed can neither be imagined nor credited; and it might juſtly be ſaid, that the event of Combat did abſolutely depend upon him: he was not ſatisfied with offending his Enemy, and defending himſelf, but he alſo defended every one of his Companions, and received the blows which were aimed at his next fellow. In ſhort, he did ſuch Heroick Acts, and wrought ſo many wonders, as he was an abſolute miracle of valour. Inſomuch, as one of his Enemies, whoſe name was *Artanus*, began to think, that for all the advantage which his ſide had gotten, it would be hard to get the Victory; and therefore he began to think how he ſhould ſave his own life, and ſculk away; for (ſaid he himſelf, as afterwards we had knowledge) if my ſide prove ſtronger, I can mix amongſt them in the end of the fight without diſcovery; and if they periſh, then I ſhall ſave one by the ſhift, although I quit my Countrey, and live unknown in ſome other Quarter of the World. Being thus baſely reſolved, and during the confuſion of Combat, he ſtole backwards by degrees until he was quite behind all his own ſide; then he ran away ſome twenty paces off, and, as if he had been kill'd, fell down; then crept further and further off, inſenſibly by little and little, until he came unto a little Hill where he might be an inviſible Spectator of the Combat: All the reſt being buſied in fight, minded him not; Mean while, the ſtate of the Fight came to that paſs, as *Artamenes* ſaw but fifteen of his ſide againſt forty Enemies: I leave you to judge, Sir, if the *Pontean* ſide did not hope to be Conquerors, and the *Cappadocians* fear defeat: yet ſince it was no boot to ask Quarter, but either to fight or die, which would make the moſt deſperate become moſt valiant; *Artamenes* did ſo encourage them both by words and example, as he infuſed freſh life into his Fellows: As for himſelf, every one thought him abſolutely invulnerable, and ſaid that a diſmal fatality was tied to his Sword, which at every blow was dipt in the blood of his Enemies. He had a blow for all: He followed thoſe which fled or ſhrunk from him: He kill'd them which ſtood cloſe to him. In ſhort, he laid ſo about him, that from the forty which was againſt fifteen, he brought it to be ten to ten. This reaſonable equity got him a new heart: Come on (ſaid he to his Fellows) let us finiſh the Victory which is almoſt already gotten; and indeed, conſidering how the caſe was altered, he might well ſay ſo; yet he knew not that three of his nine Companions were ſo wounded, that they fell preſently after; ſo that there remained but ſeven againſt ten: he himſelf was all the while ſo fortunate, as he received but one ſlight hurt on his ſide, by reaſon of his ill Curaſs; yet it had only razed the skin, ſo that it did not trouble him at all. This heart of a Lion, ſtill fought with the ſame fury and ſtrength that he did at firſt: He killed two of his ten Enemies preſently, the third held him play a long while, yet fell at laſt: As he turned himſelf about, thinking to rejoice with his Companions, panion, he found but one left, and three Enemies upon him; he ran in all haſte to relieve him, but he came too late, for his Fellow fell juſt as he came in. Now, Sir, the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* ſtood in need of all his courage, when after three hours Combat, and that more ſharp than ever any Battel, he found himſelf ſingle againſt three Enemies. Yet loſing neither heart nor judgment, he fought with them after a quick moving and nimble manner, leſt he ſhould have his Enemies on all ſides of him at once: and ſhewed ſuch ſprightly agility, that his three Enemies found they had enough of him, and felt his Sword at every Paſs: When they preſſed upon him, he in the turning of an eye was on the other ſide; and though all their blows did not miſs, for blood ran down in many places; yet for all that, his ſtrength failed not. But he being reſolved either to conquer or die, and his Enemies being amazed to ſee one man reſiſt them ſo long, they made at him all together at once. *Artamenes* ſhielding himſelf with his Buckler, charged violently through them all, and did ſeparate one of them from the other two; He fell like a fury upon this third man, and made him fall at his feet, by running him through the Body. This chance made the other two to droop, but gave new courage unto *Artamenes*: So that now altering that manner of fighting which before he was compelled to take, when he had three againſt him; he begins to charge them with ſuch precipitation, as that one of them ſtumbling upon a Buckler which was under his feet, *Artamenes* not loſing this opportunity, fell upon the other, and kill'd him preſently: Now, cried out *Artamenes* (and flouriſhing his Sword as he was turning toward his laſt Antagoniſt;) Now muſt true Valour decide the Controverſie, without mixture of Fortunes, and where none can ſhare in the glory of the Conqueror: In ſaying ſo, he fell like a Lion upon this laſt Adverſary, who received him with more Gallantry than uſeth to be in common Spirits. Now has *Artamenes* but one to fight withal, but believe me a doughty one, whom Fortune, it ſeems, had reſerved to make *Artamenes* pay dear for his Victory. Theſe two Valiant

Heroes; one of which was to carry away the glory of the Day, took time to breathe and look about them: They ſaw themſelves all blood, and amidſt a Field covered with dead men, ſo that Victory did not look with any charming countenance: and though both of them had hopes to be victorious, yet this diſmal ſight terrified them. Preſently the Combat begins afreſh, and with ſuch fury as the like was never ſeen. He who fought with *Artamenes*, was a man of good quality, as well as *Artanus*, who all this while lay lurking; and becauſe he had ſeen my Maſter ſo thunder up his Fellows, durſt not riſe up to aſſiſt his Partner. Here, Sir, may be admired the ways which the Gods uſe, when they are reſolved to ſave one; and it muſt be acknowledged their ſecrets are inſcrutable: For the caſe ſtanding thus, could any man believe that *Artanus*, who was all this while hid, and freſh, and ſaw my Maſter wounded in many places, ſhould not dare for all this to riſe and help his fellow to conquer one man whoſe blood guſht out in ſo many places? but he thought it ſafer to ſtay there, and keep in a whole skin: Thus you ſee *Artanus* was not very valiant; but as I have heard ſince, undertook this Engagement with very ill will. This man, ſeeing *Artamenes* when he was ſingle againſt three, could not be conquered, but brought it one to one; and who remembred that this laſt man who fought with my Maſter, was his Corrival; and ſeeing how the caſe ſtood now, never thinking of his Country, but of his Revenge, his Jealouſie, and his Love; he reſolves to get the Victory, and never fight for it; for (ſaid he to himſelf, as afterwards he confeſſed) this Combat cannot end, but one of theſe two at the leaſt muſt die, ſince they fight with ſuch reſolution; and he which dies, will before his death give many wounds unto his Enemy: If he which is an Enemy to my Country fall, I ſhall find my Rival in a condition eaſie to be vanquiſhed; and if my Rival die, I ſhall as eaſily overcome the Enemy of my Country, ſince he has loſt ſo much blood as he can hardly ſtand, and who has ſhed ſo much of his Enemy's as he has left himſelf none; ſo that which ſide ſoever Fortune turns on, I will fight with the laſt man, and he ſhall die too, and I will live, and triumph without danger. Theſe were the thoughts of *Artanus*, who prayed equally for the death of both his two Enemies : And truly it ſo fell out, as his unjuſt Prayers wanted but a little of being heard ; *Artamenes* and *Pharnaces* (for we knew afterwards that to be his Name) breathing a while as we ſaid before, began a Combat, and ſuch a one, as all ambitious deſires of glory could not make more fierce: And *Artamenes* fearing leſt his loſs of ſo much blood ſhould betray his Courage ; therefore he charged his Enemy with all his force : ſo that *Pharnaces*, who ſaw there was but two ways to chuſe, either death or victory; had yet this conſolation left him, that he thought *Artanus* his Rival and Enemy was dead, ſince he ſaw him not fighting : and this hope, not to be any more croſt in his Love, begot a freſh deſire of vanquiſhing; and moved him to fight ſo fiercely, that I heard my Maſter ſay., before he knew any thing of it, that he did imagine it to be Love which ſuſtained his Courage, and enflamed him with that Heroick heat. They fought yet a long time: *Pharnaces* wounded *Artamenes* in four places: *Artamenes* him in ſix : Their ſtrength began to fail, and their Bodies to reel, ſo that to finiſh the Combat ſooner, they ſtep nearer one another : Thruſting is all their play, not uſing their Bucklers, which they were hardly able to lift; They paſſed at one another both together, but hit differently; for *Artamenes* ran *Pharnaces* through the heart; and *Pharnaces* ran *Artamenes* through his thigh, and left his Sword in it. So that my Maſter, yet holding his Sword in his hand, and couragiouſly drawing his Enemy's out of his thigh, holding both Swords in his hands, he cried out, I have got the Victory; and preſently after, being very weak, he fell. But here's the wonder, Sir, for if *Artamenes* had not fallen as he did, he had died, becauſe *Artanus* would have preſently diſpatched him: who (as we knew by his confeſſion, and as you ſhall know in the ſequel of the Story) as ſoon as he perceived his Rival dead, did riſe up, aud prepared himſelf to fall upon my Maſter, whom he perceived to reel; but as ſoon as he ſaw him fall, he moved no further towards him, he cared not for going to ſee him take his laſt gaſp, but went as faſt as he could to tell the King of *Pont* he was the Conqueror. This man (if he be worthy of that name) was fuller of joy than the true Conqueror was; for he was full of glorious fancy; he had ſeen his Rival die, and hoped that this Victory would certainly obtain him his Miſtriſs, who was Siſter unto the King of *Pont*: He could not imagine any thing could be a dor unto his Felicity, unleſs his remorſe of Conſcience, and his unparallel'd Cowardize. I know very well, Sir, that I have not half particularis'd this great Encounter; ſince it came unto light only by *Artanus*, when he was vanquiſhed, and kept a Priſoner of War amongſt us; and by my Maſter, whoſe Modeſty would not ſuffer him to relate any thing wherein his own Valour would be mentioned: Mean time, *Artamenes* is very weak, and continued ſo a long while: His ſounding cauſ'd his blood to ſtop, ſo that when he recovered out of thoſe fits, he got a little ſtrength, and crawl'd up upon his knees with his Sword in his hand, as if he would look about, to ſee whether any would diſpute with him about the Victory: yet he ſaw nothing but broken Javelins, half Swords, bloody Bucklers and Men, who though dead, yet did retain grim faces of fury: On the one ſide he ſaw a *Cappadocian*, on the other a *Pontean*; on all ſides, horror and blood in abundance. He tried often if he could walk, but found it impoſſible, by reaſon of his laſt wound, which had ſo weakned him, as he was not able to ſuſtain himſelf: Mean time, he knew it was the duty of the Conqueror to carry news of the Victory, ſince their Combat had no other Witneſſes; and ſince the fate of Arms had thus ordered him, he was not able, for it had left him only ſo much life, as he was ſenſible of unimaginable pain: Alas, ſaid he, What good will my Victory do me; ſince, when I am dead, they will not know I am victorious? *Ciaxares* will repent of the Honour which he did me: and *Mandana*, illuſtrious *Mandana* will, perhaps, think I died in the beginning of the Combat, before I had done her any conſiderable ſervice: and that I have ſo poorly behav'd my ſelf, as *Philidaſpes* would have carried it better: Yet, oh ye Gods, ye Juſt Gods, ye know what I have done for my Princeſs, and how dear the Victory does coſt me: After this he looked round, but ſaw none; ſo that not knowing what to do, and verily believing he ſhould die before any could know of his Conqueſt; he began gently to draw unto him as many Javelins, Swords, Helmets and Bucklers as he could reach, and piled all theſe Arms one upon another, as if he would build a Trophy; then he took a great ſilver Buckler, which once call'd the valiant *Pharnaces* Maſter, and dipping his finger in his own blood, which by reaſon of his motion began to run again, he writ upon it theſe vermilion Letters,

To Jupiter, the Guardian of Trophies.

And plac'd it upon the top of this Glorious Pile of Arms, which he had erected near him. After which, weak and weary as he was with this Triumphant Labour, he did lie down a little, his left Arm leaning upon his own Buckler, and holding his Sword in his right, as if he would defend the monument of victory which he had compiled: But notwithſtanding this uneaſie condition, all his thoughts (as he told me ſince) were beſtowed upon his Princeſs; and the hopes he ſtill had that ſhe might come to know of his Conqueſt, made death appear very pleaſant and welcome unto him; yet if he could but have that happineſs to ſee her only once more, it was all that ever his heart could deſire. Mean time, *Artanus* who was gone to publiſh his falſe Triumphs, had fill'd all the hearts of his party with Joy, eſpecially the King of *Pont*, who though he did not much love *Artanus*, yet was very glad to receive this welcome news from him. The Hoſtages, which according to the Articles, remained with the King of *Pont*, were as much dejected; and certified the ſaid tidings unto their Maſter, to the end that Hoſtages on th ſides might be returned, and both Princes meet in e place of Combat, with Two Thouſand Men apiece, according to agreement; *Ciaxares* and the Princeſs *Mandana* were in a ſad perplexity; for ſeeing none of their party return, there was great likelihood things went not well on their ſide; but at laſt, being put out of doubt by return of the Hoſtages, that which at firſt was only a perplexity, becomes now an abſolute ſorrow: yet notwithſtanding, becauſe he would keep within the limits of Conditions, he goes unto the place of Combat, with that number of Men as was agreed upon. The King of *Pont* did the like; but as for the Princeſs, ſhe mourned extreamly, and ſtaid in the Town. When the ſad News was firſt brought unto the King, the firſt word ſhe ſpoke was with tears in her eyes: Alas, Sir (ſaid ſhe) poor *Artamenes* will never ſerve you more; the good ſervice which he did us in ſaving your Life, was but ill requited: As for *Fernulas* and my ſelf, Sir, I leave you to imagine how great our ſorrows and our deſpairs were; and though we knew the News too too true, yet we would accompany the King on to the field, and pay our laſt ſervice unto the body of our deareſt Maſter: So we went with *Ciaxares*, who came upon the ground juſt at the ſame time with the King of *Pont*: But both parties were extreamly amazed, when in coming near the place, they ſaw *Artamenes*, who having recovered a little ſtrength, at the ſight of the King for whom he had fought, was got upon his knee, with his Sword in his hand, near the Trophee which he had erected, and ſeeming to put himſelf into a poſture of defence, if any ſhould oppoſe him: But amongſt all them which were aſtoniſhed, *Artanus*, who was waited upon as Triumpher, was the moſt; eſpecially when he heard *Artamenes* in a loud voice, ſay to *Ciaxares*, Sir, the Victory is yours, the gods by my hand have given it unto you. When the King of *Pont* heard this, he ſaid, that it was himſelf to whom the Victory belonged, ſince here was preſent one of his Combatants, who was not ſo much as once wounded, ready to juſtify it. Then ſaid *Artamenes*, Without doubt, he who told you that Lye, did run away from fight and death, and Triumphed before he had fought: For if he had been Conqueror, why did he not make an end of me, and hinder me from piling up this Trophie? I left thee for dead (anſwered the impudent *Artanus*) for thou hadſt done fighting long before I came away. Thou baſe Impoſtor (ſaid *Artamenes* to him) if I had not had more terrible enemies to fight with than thou, the Victory which I have obtained, ſhould not have coſt me ſo dear; this valiant Man whom thou ſeeſt dead at my feet (ſaid he in ſhewing him *Pharnaces*) was the laſt Man of thy ſide which was in the field, and who only was in any hopes to overcome me; but as for thee, it ſeems, thou haſt not got ſo much as a ſcratch finger in that field thus covered with dead Men; and dareſt thou brag of Victory? The Condition which thou art in (anſwered the malepert *Artanus*,) is nothing like that of a Conqueror. At theſe words, *Artamenes* being tranſported with anger, gathered up all his ſtrength, and ſtrove to riſe; then looking about for *Artanus*, with a face full of lovely fury, Come (ſaid he to him, and holding his Sword in his hand) come on, thou which vaunt'ſt of victory without a wound; weak as I am, and cut in pieces, thus ſteept in my own and Enemies blood, I will yet maintain thou art a baſe lying Impoſtor; and that it is impoſſible thou durſt ever fight. At theſe words he put himſelf into a fighting condition; when the King of *Phrygia*, who came with the King of *Pont*, being much taken with the magnanimity of *Artamenes*, cried out that there was no Juſtice a man who ſeem'd ſo valiant, ſhould in ſuch a weak condition, undertake a new fight: My Maſter interrupting him, Sir, ſaid he, perhaps I have not ſtrength enough to live an hour, yet I have enough to fight with ſuch a feeble fellow as he. *Artamus* was ſo confounded at all this, that in ſpight of his impudence, it was eaſie to perceive there was no truth in his words: However *Ciaxares* lighted from his Horſe, and both Kings were on foot: *Ciaxares* embraced *Artamenes*, and commanded to ſuſtain him, ſo that *Feraulas* and I ſtept in to hold him up againſt his will. Then ſaid *Ciaxares*, Altho *Artamenes* were in a condition to fight, yet I know no reaſon why I ſhould ſuffer him, there being no juſtice a Conqueror ſhould hazard the Victory a ſecond time: inſomuch as this Conteſt had like to have been put unto the worſt extremity; and doubtleſs, if the King of *Pont* had not worn his Arm in a Scarf, by reaſon of a wound received in the laſt fight, this diſorder had not ended ſo well. The King of *Phrygia*, as one leaſt intereſted, did ſomething qualify the anger of theſe two Princes, and told them, that the buſineſs did require ſome time to examine the truth more exactly, but in any caſe not to do things over-raſhly and inconſiderately: The two Kings, conſenting unto this Propoſition, retired: And *Artamenes* did earneſtly deſire that his Trophy might ſtand, and that *Ciaxares* would be pleaſed to leave a guard with it, which was conſented unto. During theſe Conteſts, there was a neceſſity of carrying away *Artamenes*. I ſent unto the Town to get a Litter; the Princeſs hearing of it, ſent hers; for which my Maſter (as you may imagine, Sir) thought himſelf not a little obliged. After the Princeſs had given orders for the Funeral of the Combatants upon the place of fight, with all ſolemn Pomp, as well one ſide as the other, *Feraulas* and I did carry *Artamenes* into a Houſe in the Town, where he had lodged ſome days before; yet *Ciaxares* would not ſuffer it, but cauſed him to be carried into the Caſtle: All the King's Phyſicians and Chirurgions were brought into the Chamber. After they had viewed his wounds, put in their firſt tents, and dreſſed them, they told the King, that they hoped none of them were abſolutely mortal, although two were very dangerous; ſo that by their care, and his own ſtrength of nature, a happy cure was hoped for. The Princeſs alſo that firſt night, ſent many times to know in what ſtate he was; and he underſtanding of it, tho the Meſſenger ſpoke very low, the Phyſitians having forbidden all noiſe, he called to the Meſſenger, and would himſelf receive the Princeſs Complement; after he had received it, feebly turning himſelf on one ſide, and

opening the Curtain of the Bed, which was cloth of gol
Tell the Princeſs (ſaid he) *that I ask her pardon for fighti*
her Enemies ſo poorly, and bringing home a Victory which w
yet diſputable. If I die, I hope her goodneſs will pardon m
and if I ſcape, I ſhall hope to repair the fault by ſome bett
ſervice: Give her moſt hearty thanks for this honour of r
membring me; and aſſure her, that her goodneſs does not o
lige an ungrateful Soul. Mean while a Fever ſo violent
ſeizes on him, as every one deſpaired of his life: I can
not tell how to expreſs the ſorrows and cares which C
axares and the Princeſs had of him, unleſs I ſhall tell you
that *Ciaxares* was as dear over him, as if *Mandana* ha
been ſick, and *Mandana* alſo as if *Ciaxares* had been ſ
wounded: But in a little time the danger was over, an
I could not chuſe but wonder at the humorous conce
of Fate, which made this Prince and Princeſs, who th
other day offered Sacrifices of thanks for his death, no
as forward to make Prayers for the preſervation of hi
life. At length every one is well pleaſed to ſee that a
their cares were not in vain; for after the twentieth da
his Phyſicians queſtion not his perfect recovery, b
promiſe a preſent cure. As ſoon as he was in a condi
tion to be ſeen, both all the Court and Camp did vi
him. *Aribees*, as great a Favourite as he was, came o
to tender his Complement: *Philidaſpes*, in ſpight of h
ambitious jealouſies which the Valour of *Artamenes* pro
cured him, fail'd not to pay civilities; and the King
who ſaw him every day, brought the Princeſs to co
gratulate his recovery. This wrought a wonderful e
fect in *Artamenes*; ſo that in few days after, his Wound
healed extraordinarily; ſuch power, it ſeems, has th
Soul over the temper of the Body. I will not troubl
you, Sir, in telling you what were the entertainmen
at theſe two viſits; it being eaſie to imagine, that the de
ſerts and valour of *Artamenes* was the whole ſubject o
their converſe. But, Sir, to return unto matters of W
where we left: Be pleaſed to know, that whilſt *Artam*
nes was thus in cure, Embaſſadors paſſed continually b
tween the two Kings, to find out ſome expedient ho
to determine this difference, and bring it to Arbitr

ment. The King of *Pont* protracted it as long as he could: hoping, that during this vacancy the King of *Phrygia* might perhaps be free from the deſigns of his Enemies; and according to that, he could conclude either Peace or War: but the matter continued ſo dubious, that it ſeemed the Gods did purpoſely ordain it ſo, to give *Artamenes* time of recovering his ſtrength, to vindicate his Honour, and acquire more glory. He left his Chamber ſome two months after his firſt wounding, and went to preſent his thanks unto the King and Princeſs: afterwards he returned civil complements unto all the Court and Camp, eſpecially unto *Philidaſpes*. By this time, Sir, the two enemy Kings, having agreed upon Judges to hear and determine upon the Reaſons and Arguments of both Parties impartially, They erected a very magnificent Tent upon the Plain where the Combat was, and cloſe by the Trophy which *Artamenes* had compiled. Four of the *Cappadocian* and *Galatian* Grandees, and as many of *Pont* and *Bythinia*, were conſtituted Judges of this famous Controverſie, after they had all taken ſuch Oaths as were neceſſary to remove all ſuſpitions of prejudice and partiality; alſo three ſtately Thrones equally erected, and under them a long Seat covered with Purple, for the Judges of the Field; and all this handſomely prepared; the King of *Pont*, and the King of *Phrygia* conducted *Artanus* to juſtify his pretended Victory: But though he had more ſpirit than valour, he went unto this Combat much againſt his will, though it was not to be a bloody one. *Artamenes* was alſo conducted by *Ciaxares*: Four thouſand men of both ſides ranged themſelves, half upon the right hand, and half upon the left. Theſe Kings taking their Places according to their Rank, and Judges ſitting at their feet, *Artamenes* and *Artanus* ſtood at the Bar: ſilence was proclaimed. But, Sir, I will not trouble my ſelf to repeat *verbatim* the Speeches of theſe two Orators; I ſhall only tell you the iſſue of them; he which ſpoke firſt, was *Artanus*, who though he was eloquent, and delivered it with a good grace, yet it made no impreſſion upon the hearers: But on the contrary, the Speech of

Artamenes having the Rhetorick of truth in it, and pronounced by a man of ſuch an excellent Preſence, gaine the hearts of all his Auditors: His Courage did ſo ſet o his Eloquence, and wrought ſo upon the King of *Pon* that he could not chuſe but admire the Spirit as well a Valour of *Artamenes*. At theſe words the King of *Hircani* begun to ſpeak and ſay, Wiſe *Chriſantes*, I beſeech yo do not deprive us of the happineſs to know the ſenſe o what was ſpoke in this glorious Court, in which the Cauſe depending was ſo uncommon, and where the Judges were Subjects unto them whom they were to judge, ſo by conſequence muſt needs beget a curioſity in them who are ignorant of it. Since it is your pleaſure, Sir, replied *Chriſantes*, I ſhall relate as much as my memory is capable of. The firſt which ſpoke, as I told you already, was *Artanus*, who after he had made low reverence unto the Kings and Judges, began his Speech to this effect:

The Oration of *Artanus*.

SInce it doth not reflect upon my Honour in particular, I will not ſtand to relate unto my Judges all that I did in the Combat wherein I was: It will ſuffice if I only ſhew, that it is my Party which hath conquered, and who ought to enjoy the fruits of their Victory. I think there can no queſtion be made, but if it be granted I was there, and fought, that then I did overcome: therefore it imports the juſtice of my Cauſe, to make it appear by ſtrong and pregnant conjectures, ſince all the Witneſſes of my Actions are dead, that though I was without Wounds at the end of the Combat, yet it was the particular goodneſs of the Gods unto me, and not my cowardiſe which preſerved me. Imagine, O ye my Judges, what probability or likelihood there is, that I could fly or hide my ſelf in ſuch an open Plain, or that where the Combat was, where the danger was not leſs in flying, than in fighting, ſince if it had been diſcovered by any of my Enemies, I had infallibly been purſued; and if by my Friends, then I had expoſed my ſelf unto their Revenge, and all the Puniſhments which were due unto one who had baſely deſerted and betrayed his King and his Countrey: ſo ſhould I have incenſed againſt me, ei-

ther my Friends, or my Enemies, or both; and ſo by conſequence ſhould have incurred greater danger than if I had remained fighting. Moreover, Sirs, you know that none were compelled to undertake this Combat; ſo that had I not found in my ſelf heart good enough for it, I ſhould never have engaged in the buſineſs; All Pont, nor all Bythinia, were not to fight; all the gallant men of either Nation were not employed in the Encounter; ſo that if I had feared fighting, I could have declined my Engagement without any more diſhonour, than a hundred thouſand others, who did not engage themſelves. I could have teſtified deſires to have been one, as others did, yet not have accepted of it more than they; and ſince fear is always witty, I could have invented excuſes enough to have put it off, if I ſhould have been accepted. Theſe Circumſtances I conceive are ſufficient to convince any reaſonable and unbyaſſed man, that I did fight; and if it be granted that I fought, it muſt conſequently follow that I got the Victory, ſince it belongs unto that man who remains laſt in a condition to take away the life of his Enemy: Now, every one knows how Artamenes was more unfortunate than I was: The Kings which hear me, did ſee how he was ſteept in blood, all wounded, and ſo weak, that his Sword was more ſupported by his courage than ſtrength, and therefore they would not permit him to fight it out in that condition. I confeſs, the great inequality between us, was extraordinary; and it might very well cauſe wonder, that of four hundred men which fought, there ſhould remain but two living, the one whereof to be wounded in ſo many places, and the other ſo freſh and whole as if he had never fought; but the Gods work Miracles when they pleaſe: yet can it be that wounds ſhould be taken for marks of Victory? If ſo, why hath our Tutors ſo carefully taught us to defend our ſelves from blows? Why do we wear any Bucklers? but let us go to wars without defenſive Arms: Wounds, Sirs, are rather ſigns of weakneſs in the party who receives them, than of his great Courage; if men may brag of Victory becauſe they are wounded, the weakeſt, the ill-favouredſt, and moſt unfortunate, have the advantage over the ſtrong, handſome, and moſt happy men. In Duels, a little ſcratch is counted a great diſadvantage: 'Tis true, his wounds are certain marks that he was in danger, *but it is as certain that his Valour was not able to avoid them: Methinks I hear ſome ſay, that his Wounds do argue for him; but if I underſtand their Language right, they plead his Defeat and my Triumph: As for this Trophy which he raiſed in my abſence, I conceive it was no difficult matter for him to do, ſince he was alone; And it was a cunning device of him, which ſhame of being overcome, and deſire of honour, made him invent: But after all this, Sirs, ſuppoſe that I did not fight, but that I fled in the beginning of the Combat, yet where is the great advantage which he pretends unto? It is true, that then I deſerved puniſhment; but it is not true that he deſerves to have the Victory, ſince he had the advantage of one man more on his ſide than his Enemy had; and ſince the ſtate of the Combat was brought unto that wherein you found him, it had been eaſie for that one man which was wanting, to have kill'd him, and got the Victory. Can he ſay himſelf that he ſaw me fly? if he can, I may chance doubt of the Victory, and hereafter truſt more unto his eyes than my own Valour; but ſince my Enemy can ſay nothing againſt me, only that he did not ſee me fight, and that I had received no wounds; I ſhall deſire that his weak reaſons may not be accepted of, but rather mine which hath truth and weight in them: For it muſt be a conſequent, that if I fought, I conquered; and it is apparent that I fought, ſince I was accepted for a Combatant, and that of my voluntary diſpoſition and deſire. And that though I did not fight, yet cannot he be declared Conqueror, becauſe then he fought upon inequalities, and therefore his Conqueſt is not lawful; Therefore, Sirs, defer no longer, but pronounce judgment; for I do not oppoſe againſt the glory of* Artamenes*: Let it be granted he did gallantly, and that his wounds are marks of courage, and not weakneſs: I will only inſiſt upon this, that there was not an Enemy to oppoſe me, nor any who can ſpeak a word in contradiction of what I ſay, unleſs that he did not ſee me fight; he (I ſay) who perhaps was ſo wounded at the beginning of the fight, that he could not ſee any thing, therefore I deſerve judgment to be pronounced on my ſide; for if he did not ſee me, his eyes were full of blood, and therefore could not: But as for me, who by the goodneſs of the Gods, and my own valour did keep my ſight, my blood, and my ſtrength; I ſaw him fight, and* *ſaw him wounded, and fall dead, cloſe by this imaginary Trophy. So, Sirs, having no more to ſay, I deſire that the honour of my Countrey and my Triumph may be no longer deferred.*

As ſoon as *Artanus* had ended his Speech, there was heard a ſtrange odd grumbling and muttering Noiſe, without any Acclamations amongſt the Aſſembly; by which it might eaſily be gueſſed that the People diſliked his Diſcourſe. *Artamenes* told me ſince, that never any thing in his life did ſo much trouble him, as to endure this Ignominy; yet he reſolved to anſwer without any diſturbing Paſſion; and the weakneſs of this feeble Fellow made him turn his Anger into Pity, and caus'd him to omit every thing that concerned his private Injury, only ſo far as concerned the Advantage of his Cauſe, and Juſtification of his Valour. After the murmur of the People ceas'd, and *Artamenes* had in a graceful demeanour done Reverence to the Kings and Judges, the People preſſing in ſilence to hear him, he began his Anſwer thus.

The Oration of *Artamenes*.

Victory is ſo high a Good, and Cowardiſe ſo baſe an Evil, that I wonder not to find a Man, who would gladly enjoy the firſt without winning it, and ſhun the ſecond, tho he do deſerve it. Deſire of Glory and Honour is born with us, and fear of Infamy is found in the baſeſt of Men, moſt deſerving it. Neither do I at all wonder that Artanus *would triumph without Fighting. But indeed I wonder, that conſidering he is a Man of more Wit than Valour, he hath not ſhaped his Lye more reſemblant unto Truth; and that he hath made no particular Relation of his Acts, which had been very requiſite, before he can convince us of his coming off ſo without Wounds; at leaſt, he ſhould have told us who was the God which ſo preſerved him. I am moſt certain, the Valour of one Man could not preſerve him ſo miraculouſly, but it muſt needs be ſome other Divinity which kept him inviſible from my Eyes, whenas after I only was left againſt* *three, I ſaw none about me but they; they (I ſay) who by their own Fate, rather than my force, did fall before me. I am moſt certain, that* Artanus *was none of thoſe three; yet I know that the Valiant* Pharnaces *was the laſt of them which remained, and fought with me ſtoutly, diſputing the Victory; and who if he had been ſeconded by ſuch a freſh unwounded Man as* Artanus, *would eaſily have carried away the Victory from me, who was then ſo weak, ſince he had almoſt done it without him: I know well enough, that Wounds are no infallible Marks of Victory; but I know alſo, that to boaſt of not being wounded, is no proof of his Fighting. Methinks he ſhould have at the leaſt ſhewed ſome of his Enemies Blood upon him, tho none of his own; but it ſeems* Artanus *went out as if to a Combat of ſimple Gallantry, where bloody Victory is forbidden. I confeſs, I cannot ſay any thing in particular againſt him; I neither know when he fled, nor how he hid himſelf, or how he vaniſhed: I only know, that I did not ſee him Fight, and this is ſufficient to convince that he did not overcome, ſince he left me alive. There are Crimes of another nature, whereof thoſe who are accuſed cannot be convinced without ſight, as that ſuch a one was ſeen kill a Man in the Corner of ſuch a Wood, and pull him by the Arms, and run his Sword through him; ſome ſuch Circumſtance muſt be ſeen, or elſe thoſe who do accuſe, do rather Juſtify then Condemn. But here in this caſe it is quite contrary; for in ſaying negatively, that I did not ſee* Artanus *Fight, is all that I can ſay againſt him. But I do affirmatively accuſe him of a Crime of which he cannot juſtifie himſelf, only in ſaying, that he ſaw me, that he fought with me, and that he overcame me, which in my Opinion will not be eaſie for him to do or prove. Then furthermore, tho he dares not truſt too much to the Exploits which he hath performed; yet he dares ſay, that becauſe he fled, and I fought upon Inequalities, therefore I muſt not have the Victory. But, Sirs, where found he any Law to authorize this Diſcourſe? At the beginning of a Combat, doubtleſs the number of Combatants ought to be equal, and their Arms alſo; but when once the Combat is begun, every one may lawfully take thoſe Advantages which Fortune preſents, or which his Enemy ſuffers him; What tho a Soldier go out of*

Combat either by Death, or otherwiſe? Or if he fly, he is as well vanquiſhed, as if he had been Killed, or taken Priſoner. And he, who doth oppoſe the Victory of his Enemy no way but by flying; or ſaves his Life only by not expoſing it, is moſt unworthy to have any ſhare of Honour or Glory in the Victory. But if he do, then I confeſs, that Artanus *having managed his Life ſo thriftily, has ſome reaſon to ſay he deſerves the Triumph better than I do, who indeed have not been ſo ſparing of my Blood as he. But this Victory did depend upon the Death of all Enemies; if ſo, then he cannot ſay the Victory was his, ſince all theſe Kings and Judges who hear me, did find me alive with Arms in my Hand, ready to defend my Right againſt him or any who oppoſed. Now, Sirs, to make it appear that I neither fear his Force nor his Fortune, altho he ſeems invulnerable, in a Combat where ſo many gallant Men loſt their Lives; I moſt humbly deſire you to permit me Combat with him in Liſts, and in the preſence of thoſe Kings who hear me; for if you will be pleaſed to grant me this Petition, which he never ſo much as mentioned, and which in juſtice you cannot deny me, I will promiſe you he ſhall Vaniſh no more out of my Sight, but I will render you a better account of him. I know well, that in ſome reſpects it is an Injury unto the Juſtice of my Cauſe, and to the Title of that moſt Illuſtrious King, whoſe Intereſt I maintain, to put it unto a ſecond Hazard. But ſince upon the whole matter, there is only his Negative, and my Affirmative, without other Teſtimonies, which does appear before you Judges, who can never be convinced of the Truth, either by the Words of* Artanus, *or mine, but only by our Actions; therefore I conceive there is no other way to clear the matter in queſtion; and to tell you truth, I care not for preſerving that by my Eloquence, which (without Vanity be it ſpoken) I have got by my Valour: The Glory of this Victory is too great to coſt the Valiant* Artanus *not one little drop of Blood. He muſt, Sirs, he muſt either confeſs the truth before all you who hear us, or elſe muſt have the Life of* Artamenes; *and ſince two hundred Men were not able to give him one ſcratch, he needs not fear one ſingle Man, and one who is ſo much weakned by his Wounds as he is, yet one whom I aſſure you he ſhall not Vanquiſh without Ho-*

nour; therefore certainly, if he did Fight before, he will not fear to Fight now. I ask no more advantage for my Cauſe, O ye Judges; and you cannot pronounce any other Judgment but with a trembling Accent; and do what you can any other way, one ſide will complain; whereas, if I ſhall make you underſtand the truth from Artanus's *own Mouth, then you may boldly give Sentence without any fear of Injuſtice, or that either ſide will complain of you: Deny me not therefore, I conjure you, ſince I deſire nothing but what is moſt juſt and reaſonable. Moreover, that* Artanus *may oppoſe this my Deſire, by hopes of avoiding Combat, tho if Juſtice be granted unto me, he cannot avoid it; therefore I adviſe him to hope for Pardon, by confeſſing his Fault, and ingenuouſly tell us, that he thought it better to ſteal a Victory, than to run a hazard for it. But if he will diſpute the Buſineſs, and ſtand upon terms of Juſtification, then this gallant Man muſt reſolve upon this courſe which I deſire, and which I beſeech you to ordain. I freely give him his choice of Arms, and promiſe this further, that tho he fall into my Power, I will not kill him, provided he will confeſs the Truth, and be more ingenuous under my Feet, than he is before this Majeſtical Tribunal. It is in your Power to pronounce this juſt Sentence, which I expect from you, it being the only way to make that Truth appear, which I affirm.*

Artamenes had no ſooner ended his Speech, but all the People made a great Shout, much different from that which they made at the end of *Artanus*'s Oration, for then there was nothing heard but a hollow Murmuring; but this was lively Acclamations and Applauds, which ſeemed to tell the Kings, and the Judges, that *Artamenes* muſt have the Victory. His very Enemies could not chuſe but commend him; ſo charming is Virtue, and ſo powerful is Truth. *Artanus* would have anſwered in oppoſition of Combat, but none would hear him. None of the Kings did like of this Propoſition which *Artamenes* made, for *Ciaxares* was unwilling to hazard again the Life of ſo excellent a Man. And the King of *Pont* not well ſatiſfied,

fied, that his Cauſe ſhould depend upon the hands of *Artanus*, whom he had no great good Opinion of. Mean while, the Judges riſe, and conſult in private: during which interval, *Philidaſpes*, who was preſent at all the paſſages, and was driven into abſolute deſpair by ſeeing new Honours every day heaped upon *Artamenes*, addreſſed himſelf unto *Ciaxares*, and moved him to take into his conſideration the ſmall time ſince *Artamenes* left keeping his Bed, and his Chamber; therefore he humbly deſired him to let him have the Honour of fighting with *Artanus*, in caſe the Judges permitted a ſecond Combat, which favour would eternally oblige him. *Philidaſpes* ſpoke not ſo low, but *Artamenes* jealouſly obſerved him; and ſuſpected ſuch a thing, and fearing leſt he ſhould obtain his deſire, he addreſſed himſelf, and ſaid, Sir, do not hearken unto *Philidaſpes*, ſince what he deſires is equally injurious, both unto his Honour and mine. How know you that, replied the young Stranger? I know (replied *Artamenes*) that ſuch a Man as *Philidaſpes* ought not to Fight with a Coward, unleſs he was forced to it, as I am; and it is a wrong done unto my ſelf, to think that I have need of all my Strength to vanquiſh ſuch an Enemy as he is. Altho *Artanus* were *Artamenes*, replied *Philidaſpes* roughly, I would deſire as much. And tho *Artanus* were *Philidaſpes*, (replied my Maſter) I would not yield my place unto another. *Ciaxares* ſeeing them ſo high in Conteſt, and fearing it might proceed further, did embrace them both; and commending their Courage and Zeal, cauſed them to embrace each other. He told *Philidaſpes*, that he was not to be Judg in his own Cauſe, therefore could not ſatisfie him: And he told *Artamenes*, that he had no reaſon to have an ill Opinion of *Philidaſpes* for his offer: He commanded them both to expect the Sentence of the Judges patiently. The Judges were in long Conſultation, before they could reſolve what Sentence to pronounce; for tho every one did verily think that *Artanus* had plaid the Villain; yet notwithſtanding, he ſo peremptorily denying it, and there being no Witneſs,

neſs to prove it, they were much intangled in their Judgments. Thoſe of *Ciaxares*'s ſide could not give Sentence againſt their Prince; for all they which knew *Artamenes*, could not doubt but he had vanquiſhed. And thoſe of the King of *Pont*'s ſide, altho they did believe the ſame, yet durſt not give Sentence againſt their Prince, becauſe their belief was grounded only upon Conjectures. So that after a full Conſideration of the whole matter, they reſolved upon Combat, and gave Sentence, That he who could cauſe his Enemy to confeſs he was vanquiſhed, ſhould be eſteemed Victorious; and if it ſhould ſo hap, that his Enemy ſhould dye without Confeſſion, the matter ſhould be interpreted advantagiouſly for him who killed him; that the Duel ſhould be in cloſe Liſts, as *Artamenes* deſired it, and in the Preſence of both Enemy-Kings. No ſooner was this Sentence pronounced, but *Artamenes* was all Joy, and thanked the Judges after ſuch a manner as did preſage Victory; but ſo did not *Artamus*, who went along grumbling againſt the Judges, and the King his Maſter; ſo that (as we came to know afterwards) this Prince being of a gallant Diſpoſition, did treat him but ſcurvily, and told him ſharply, that if he had really overcome before, he might overcome again; but if he had played the part of a baſe Coward, as he began to ſuſpect him, then he ſhould be very glad to ſee him puniſhed by the Hand of *Artamenes*; adding further, That he ſhould not grieve ſo much for the loſs of *Ceraſia*, as he ſhould rejoyce at his ruin; and that the one would be a Cordial againſt the other. After all, this Prince cauſed him to be diligently watched, leſt this Coward ſhould play him a ſecond Prank, and avoid Combat by Flight, as doubtleſs he had done, if he could have found a handſome opportunity. As for *Ciaxares*, he was ſorry for nothing, but that he was to hazard the Life of ſuch an Illuſtrious Man, and engage him in freſh Danger, ſince the verieſt Coward might by a misfortunate hit, chance to wound the braveſt Man in the World.

Mean while, the time of Combat being limited to be within four days, every one retreats unto the Towns in which the Kings had Encamped their ſeveral Armies. *Ciaxares* was no ſooner in the Town of *Aniſa*, but he went unto the Princeſs's Chamber, waited upon by *Aribees*, *Artamenes*, *Philidaſpes*, and many others. He no ſooner acquainted her with what was reſolved upon; but ſhe preſently ſaid, What, Sir, is it juſt that he ſhould be put to overcome an Enemy twice? Is not one drop of *Artamenes* Blood more worth than the Conqueſt of *Ceraſia*? For my part, (added ſhe, and held her Hand before her Face to hide her Bluſhing) I confeſs my weakneſs, and cannot hear you talk of Combats and Fights, whithout fear and trembling, eſpecially when they reflect upon the Life of him who has preſerved yours, Sir. Madam, (interrupted *Artamenes*) you infinitely Honour me, in taking any care of my Life, which could never be better expoſed than in the King's Service; but, Madam, never fear me in this Combat, rather be ſorry that I have ſo weak and baſe an Enemy to fight withal. The fault is not in *Philidaſpes*, Madam, (ſaid *Aribees* unto the Princeſs) that *Artamenes* is expoſed unto this Danger, ſince he hath endeavoured all he could to exempt him, and Fight in his room. It is very true, Madam, (ſeconded *Philidaſpes*) that I aſſumed the boldneſs to Petition to the King for it, but he did not think me worthy of that Honour. That's not the reaſon, (anſwered *Ciaxares*) I did not deny you becauſe I thought you were unworthy, but becauſe I thought it unjuſt. Then added my Maſter, This is another reaſon, Sir, becauſe *Artamenes* would not have ſuffered him, for he never uſes to yield his place unto another. The King, who was afraid leſt the two Gallant Strangers ſhould fall out upon it, broke off Diſcourſe, and left the Princeſs, carrying with him all them which followed him unto *Mandana*. For all theſe paſſages, Love was predominate in *Artamenes*, ſo that he never was with the Princeſs, but he obſerved her with a moſt circumſpect Eye. When he was in his Chamber with only *Feraulas* and me, he asked us, what we thought of that Bluſh which appeared in the Face of *Mandana*, when ſhe talked of him, and of her diſlike, that he ſhould Fight any more. Was it (ſaid he to us) only an effect of her natural, ſweet, and calm Diſpoſition which is Antipathious unto War? Or was it, think you, the Service which I have done her Father, that has ſomething ingaged her Soul in ſome Diſpoſition not to hate me? But, alas, ſaid he preſently, (not giving leave to anſwer) was it not that ſhe was aſhamed, and repented of thoſe obliging Words which ſhe ſpoke in my behalf? Is it not an infallible ſign that her Tongue did contradict her Heart? I cannot abſolutely tell what to think of that lovely Bluſh which lookt ſo like Divinity, and charm'd my Soul anew? Flatter me not, dear *Feraulas*, (ſaid he) but tell me truly, what do you think of it? And how ſhould I interpret it? Sir, (ſaid he to him) I cannot conceive any thing by it, but what makes for your advantage; for admit it to be but an effect of Pity, yet it will be a good ground for you to build your hopes upon, and you may more eaſily work upon her Soul, when ſhe ſhall be acquainted with thoſe Paſſions which you endure for her ſake. Ah *Feraulas* (cried he out) when will that be? How long before I muſt make it known unto her? *Cyrus* dares not peep out of his Tomb to tell her; and *Artamenes*, who appears to be no more than a bare ſimple Knight, dare he entertain ſo raſh a thought without extravagant Folly? To tell you truth, Sir, *Artamenes*'s mind ran more upon the Princeſs than upon *Artanus*; not but that he thought upon the Combat with as much care and memory as was fitting; but that when he thought upon any thing whatſoever, ſtill there was a mixture of *Mandana* in it. And Love which works ſuch Wonders, beſtowed this Privilege upon him, that he was able to diſcourſe of War, of Buſineſs, of News, of Complements, and every thing, without ever omitting the dear thoughts of his Princeſs.

Mean while the day of Combat comes on, and he muſt go to take his leave of her with ſuch jolly Looks, as gave aſſurance of Triumph. Madam, (ſaid he) I come to beg ſome Arms of you, wherewith to fight *Artanus.* I had rather (anſwered ſhe moſt ſweetly, but more ſad than uſual) find out a way to make you invincible. You may do it eaſily, Madam, (ſaid he) if you do me but the Honour to accept favourably of thoſe Services which I ſhall do for the King and you; and doing me only the favour, of wiſhing me Victory. For if I be ſo happy, tho *Artanus* were the Valour of the World, (as Heaven knows he is not) I ſhould moſt undoubtedly vanquiſh him. If there want nothing but acknowledgement of your Services, (replied the Princeſs) and my Prayers, to make you triumph, go *Artamenes*, go, and fear not being vanquiſhed. After this, the Princeſs, as if ſhe were weary of this kind of Diſcourſe, bad him farewel in a moſt ſweet and obliging manner; and *Artamenes* went towards the King, who was ready to go unto this Combat. *Ciaxares* was followed only with Two thouſand Men as before. The Kings of *Pont* and *Phrygia* met alſo, with the like number in the ſame Plain and Place, where the Judges pronounced Sentence, that was cloſe by the Trophy of *Artamenes.* There they rayl'd out a piece of Ground, which was longer than wide, and of ſufficient bigneſs for a Combat. *Artanus*, who thought his Sword too much, would fight with no other offenſive Arms; always imagining that the fewer Arms his Enemy had, the leſs ſhould he be expoſed unto them; either of them one Sword, and one Buckler, was all their Arms. At the two ends of the Liſts, there was two Scaffolds erected for the Enemy-Kings; and at either ſide, another for the Judges. The Four thouſand Soldiers were ranked, ſome behind the Scaffolds, ſome on the ſides of the Liſts, all remaining under their own Colours, not mixing, but ſo placed that all might ſee. At both ends of the Liſts there was two entrances for the two Combatants, into which *Artamenes* and *Artanus* entered at one time, and preſaged the event of the Combat at the firſt, by their different Aſpects. *Artanus* would Fight on Horſe-back, having more confidence in his Strength and Nimbleneſs, than in the Courage and Valour of him which rid him; but he knew not, that the more vigorous and fierce his Horſe was, the leſs was he ſerviceable unto that Rider who was afraid to ride him, or could not guide him: *Artanus* then appeared in moſt magnificent Arms, and upon a Milk-white-horſe, ſo fine, ſo well-made, and ſo ſprightly, that at firſt he invited all to look upon him; he had a lively, and a proud Look, and pawing with his Foot, ſhaking his Main, foaming at his Mouth, and violently Neighing, he began his Carrear; he ſeemed impatient to carry his Maſter unto his Enemy. But, Sir, altho the Horſe of *Artanus* did win the Admiration of all Men, yet the ill-favoured Poſture of him, who rid him, deſired the Pity of all Spectators; the leaſt motion of the Horſe, ſhook him almoſt out of the Saddle; and one might plainly perceive, all his endeavours were to keep him from his Enemy, as if he were afraid to be too ſoon aſſaulted. As for *Artamenes*, he appeared otherwiſe; for tho he rid upon a very handſome Black-horſe, yet this day he took but very common Arms, as being aſhamed to Fight with ſo baſe an Enemy; he carried his Body boldly, and his Countenance confidently; he ſat his Horſe gracefully, and was ſo dexterous a Maſter of him, that it was eaſy to perceive he knew how to Command him. All ſuch Ceremonies as are commonly uſed upon the like occaſions being ended, and the Signal by Trumpets no ſooner given, but putting on his Horſe to Gallop, he made towards *Artanus* with mighty fury; he did ſo little fear his feeble Enemy, that he almoſt neglected the uſe of his Buckler. As for *Artanus*, he knew not at all what he did; for giving his Horſe too much Bridle, then pulling him in too ſuddenly, one great bound bounſt him all on one ſide; then his Horſe ſhaking his Head fiercely, and half rearing upright, he ſuddenly runs away with his Rider to the other end of the Liſts, before *Artamenes* could ſalute him with one Blow; but *Artamenes* turning his Horſe, he followed him, and fell upon him before he was well got into the Saddle again; then he paid the

Debt he owed him, and gave him ſuch a Blow with his Sword upon the right Shoulder, that Blood ran down his gallant Suit of Arms; *Artamenes* gave him another. *Artanus* all this while kept himſelf upon the poſture of Defence, but durſt not ſtrike ſo terrible an Enemy, leſt he ſhould further provoke him, always hoping that *Artamenes*'s Horſe would tire before his, or that ſome Accident or other would chance to take pity and relieve him. Mean while *Artamenes* was much angred, for he could kill him when he pleas'd, but that Victory would not pleaſe him; for he deſired to ſatisfy the World out of *Artanus*'s Mouth, concerning the truth of the whole matter, he fought and ſpared him alſo; notwithſtanding this advantage which *Artamenes* gave him, yet this Wretch durſt never turn one Blow back; he was hurt in four ſeveral places, not once daring to lift up his Sword againſt my Maſter; his Horſe being aſhamed to bear ſo baſe a Burthen, would have thrown him; at laſt, my Maſter extreamly diſdaining ſuch a Coward, gave him a luſty Blow with the back of his Sword, which made him tumble upon the Neck of his Horſe, who thereupon took that opportunity to throw him half dead upon the Ground; his Helmet falling off his Head, his Sword out of his Hand, and he held faſt unto nothing but his Buckler, of which he always made more uſe than any other Arms. *Artamenes* lighted preſently from his Horſe, and running at him with his Sword lifted up, Confeſs, thou baſe Enemy (ſaid he to him) all the truth of my firſt Victory. I'll confeſs all, anſwered this wretched Coward, (covering himſelf with his Buckler) ſo you will ſpare my Life. There is ſo little Honour in taking it from thee (anſwered my Maſter, holding his Foot upon his Neck) that I will grant it; but be ſure thou telleſt no more Lies before the Judges; if thou doſt not tell all the whole Truth, there's nothing ſhall ſave thee from the fury of immediate Revenge. The Judges deſcending from the Scaffold, went into the Liſts towards *Artamenes*, who ſeeing them coming, Come, ſaid he to them, come and hear the truth from the Mouth of an Enemy. Speak it then, ſaid he to him, If thou wilt live, and defer no longer the Vindication of my Honour. Then the wretched *Artanus* being moved with remorſe, but much more with fear of Death, told in few words the whole truth of the Story, ſaying only by way of excuſe, That when he perceived the manner of the Fight, and that the Victory was in great diſpute, that in all probability all on their ſide would be loſt, therefore he thought to have that by Cunning, which he could not by Valour. In concluſion, he confeſſed that *Artamenes* was left but Fifteen againſt Forty, that he brought it to be Ten to Ten; afterwards Seven to Ten; after that himſelf againſt Three; preſently himſelf againſt Two; and at laſt, himſelf againſt *Pharnaces* only. In ſhort, he confeſſed all he knew, and feared Death much more than Infamy. And truly, ſince he was ſo pitifully bafled, he need not to fear the loſs of any more Honour, having loſt ſo much already, that it was impoſſible for him to loſe more. The Judges hearing the Confeſſion of *Artanus*, did entreat my Maſter to content himſelf with this acknowledgment, and to let him riſe and live. I will let him riſe and live, anſwered *Artamenes*, upon condition he will live in Honour, and play ſuch baſe Tricks no more. The Judges then were in no more Controverſy, but all agreed that my Maſter was Victorious; declaring *Ceraſia* to belong unto the King of *Cappadocia*, and ordained that the Trophy which *Artamenes* had piled up, ſhould be hereafter built in earneſt unto the Honour of *Artamenes*. The King of *Pont* did receive this News like a Prince both of Courage and Wiſdom; and he witneſſed more reſentment of Sorrow for the vile Action of *Artanus*, than for the loſs of *Ceraſia*. As for *Ciaxares*, he received *Artamenes* with extraordinary Joy, which doubtleſs was no welcome News unto *Aribees* and *Philidaſpes*, who were both preſent. As for *Artanus*, ſince he was of great Quality, ſome of his Kindred took him off, and had care of him, notwithſtanding the King's anger. But the King told them, that tho they did Cure him of his Wounds, yet he would never look upon him again. When the Judges of both ſides had acquainted their Maſters the Kings with their Judgments, the two Enemy-Kings, and the King of *Phrygia* did meet, and ſaluted one another the ſecond time.

The King of *Pont* told *Ciaxares*, That he would return unto his Army, and the next day withdraw it off from before *Caraſia*, to the end he might take Poſſeſſion of it: He told the King of *Cappadocia*, in concluſion, that he had more reaſon to eſteem himſelf happy in having the Friendſhip of ſuch a Man as *Artamenes*, than in recovering the Town; and for his part, he would with all his heart give half his Kingdom, to have but one Soldier ſo Valiant as he. *Artamenes* was cloſe by *Ciaxares*, when this Complement paſſed, who returned an Anſwer full of modeſt Civility; tho all which coming from a Lover of *Mandana*, was nothing pleaſant to him. After this, the Kings departed; *Ciaxares* to *Aniſa*, all the People came out of the Town to meet him; the whole Army was drawn up into Battalia; the Princeſs her ſelf being advertiſed of all Paſſages by a Man, whom the King had ſpeedily diſpatched with Intelligence, met the King juſt at the gate of the Caſtle, where *Ciaxares* preſented *Artamenes* unto her, whom ſhe received with abundance of Joy; But as ſhe did expreſs her Joy, that he was come off ſo ſafe from ſo dangerous an Encounter. Call it not ſo, Madam, I beſeech you, (ſaid he to her, and Bluſhing) do not wrong me ſo much, as to believe I could think my ſelf expoſed unto any danger in this Combat. The Honour which you were pleas'd to do me, in promiſing your Prayers for Victory, had ſuch an Operation, as I became Victorious without any Danger. I know not (anſwered the Princeſs) whether you vanquiſhed without Danger; but I am certain you did not vanquiſh without Honour. Many other Complements paſſed which would be too long to relate. And *Ciaxares* to recompence in ſome manner the Services of *Artamenes*, beſtowed upon him, not only the Government of *Caraſia* which he had conquered, and of which he thought to take Poſſeſſion the day after; but the Government of *Aniſa* alſo, with all the Country about it, it being Vacant by the Death of a former Governor. It is but juſt, ſaid the King, that *Artamenes* ſhould enjoy that which he hath got, and that which I had loſt, but for him. *Aribces* durſt not directly oppoſe this great Benefit which the King had conferred upon *Artamenes*, becauſe his Services did well deſerve as much; for he had performed abſolute Miracles in the Battel; he had ſaved the King's Life; he had brought the Enemy unto many diſadvantages; he did prodigiouſly vanquiſh in Combat of two hundred, and had concluded a General Peace by one particular Victory. But altho *Aribees* did not abſolutely oppoſe this great recompence; yet he thought *Artamenes* did eclpſe him and *Philidaſpes*: He told the King in a low Voice, that he apprehended much danger by truſting thoſe two Places in the hands of a Stranger; and that it were better to recompence *Artamenes* by ſome other Places in the midſt of the Country, than by thoſe Frontier Towns: Yet, ſay or do what he could, the King would not alter his Reſolution. It was his pleaſure alſo, to obſerve the Sentence of the Judges, and to erect an everlaſting Monument unto the Glory of *Artamenes*, in the place where he himſelf had compiled the Trophies; and commanded the Architectures to place all thoſe Trophies upon a magnificent Pillar of Marble, which ſhould riſe a great height, with a glorious Inſcription upon it; this was in a little time after finiſhed, notwithſtanding the continuance of the War. For, Sir, you muſt know, that the King of *Pont* did very punctually keep Promiſe, and retire from *Ceraſia*: But you muſt know alſo, that the Inhabitants of this Town did ſo extreamly love this Prince, under whoſe Government they had lived ſo long; and had been ſo ill uſed by the laſt Kings of *Cappadocia*, under whom they once lived, that the King of *Pont*, do what he could, was not able to perſuade them to open their Gates unto his Enemy; yet he thought that when he was gone from them, they would then change their Reſolution, ſo that he would not ſend any thing of it unto *Ciaxares*, leſt it ſhould incenſe him againſt them, but retreated himſelf as he was obliged, leaving only one Captain with Five hundred Men, with Orders to remain there, and deliver up the Place unto thoſe whom the King of *Cappadocia* ſhould ſend to receive it. On the other ſide, *Ciaxares* being pleaſed to favour *Artamenes* in all things, told him very graciouſly, that he would have him go take Poſſeſſion of his own Conqueſt in the Head of Six thouſand Men. But when *Artamenes* came there, he much wondered to find the Gates ſhut, and all the Walls man'd with Soldiers to defend it and themſelves if any would Aſſault it; he thought it ſtrange that he ſhould be forced to Storm it, yet he would know what the People would ſay, before he would fall on; he therefore commanded his Troops to keep out of Arrow-ſhot, and ſent to Summon the Town, commanding the Inhabitants to open the Gates, according to the Conditions with the King of *Pont*; but they being fully reſolved not to change Maſters, took up Arms, and Diſarmed thoſe Five hundred Soldiers which the King of *Pont* had left; then they prepared a Declaration, and threw it over the Wall unto the Herald which ſpoke unto them, telling him, That *Ciaxares* might there ſee in writing their Reaſons why they defended the Town againſt him, and perhaps might approve of them; alſo bidding him be gone preſently, or elſe they would make him, for they were reſolved to defend themſelves, tho the King of *Pont* had forſaken them. *Artamenes* having read the Manifeſto, ſtood aſtoniſhed, not only at the hanſome compoſure of it, but becauſe he ſaw that never were Subjects ſo faithful unto their Prince as theſe. I do not well remember the whole Contents of it, but I have not forgot that it ended in theſe words.

If we were perſwaded that we were your lawful Subjects, we would do the ſame unto the King of Pont, *which now we do unto you; but as on the contrary we take our ſelves to be his, we will dye a thouſand Deaths, rather than receive any other*

other Maſter. We know that he hath abandoned us; but we know withal, that he did not abandon us without Sorrow; ſo that we are reſolved to keep it for him, whether he will or now; and as the caſe ſtands, be rather Rebels unto him, than change Maſters. If we can reſiſt you, we ſhall rejoyce and be happy; if we periſh in reſiſting you, Death will free us from all Servitude; whatſoever befals us, we will not change our King and and Government. If you be generous, and well adviſed (as we hope you will be) you will rather recompence than puniſh us for our fidelity: and you may be glad that we have given ſo good an example of fidelity unto your Subjects, which may teach them to be as faithful unto your ſelf when there is occaſion for it.

Artamenes finding the people to be of Heroick diſpoſitions, would not ſtorm the Town without further order; he ſent me unto *Ciaxares*, to carry this Manifeſto, and receive his Commands, ſtaying himſelf in the head of his Regiments, and facing *Ceraſia.* The King doubtleſs was much moved at this event; and *Aribees*, who had a cunning wit, did believe that the people had ſome other ground for their action, than their pure affections unto their Prince; and imagined that their Prince did prompt them to it: So that ſince the continuance did redound unto his private advantage, he did exaſperate the King as much as poſſible he could: Nevertheleſs (as we came to the knowledg of it afterwards) the only cauſe which moved the *Ceraſians* unto this generous reſolution, was only their affection unto their King, and diſlike of the *Cappadocians.* *Ciaxares* ſent to the King of *Pont* to complain of the Inhabitants, to tax him with breach of Covenant; and without any more loſs of time, he cauſed his Army to advance againſt the Town, and to enter it any manner of way whatſoever. The King ordained *Artamenes* his Lieutenant General; this ſtruck ſorrow and anger to the very heart of *Philidaſpes*, when he conſidered that now he was ſubordinate unto the only Man of all the World, which was an obſtacle unto his Glory, and conſequently unto his main deſign. The Princeſs was much troubled at the accident: *Philidaſpes* more than ſhe; *Ciaxares* is reſtleſs: The King of *Pont* is both glad and ſad: The King of *Phrygia* is angry: *Aribees* is well pleaſed; and *Artamenes* is neither moved with one Paſſion or other, but keeps a *medium* between both, ſince he ſaw his love was not concerned in it, and that was the only thing which could move him either to joy or ſorrow. The King of *Pont* anſwered thoſe whom *Ciaxares* ſent unto him, That he was very ſorry, and much offended that the *Ceraſians* did not obey him; and that for his part, he had done all he could: for all he could do, was to command them to ſet open their Gates. But (ſaid he to the Embaſſadors) I do not think my ſelf obliged to go and beſiege them, or to fight againſt thoſe who out of their extream affection to me, do caſt off obedience It is ſufficient that I will not aid them: Beſides, they are now none of my ſubjects, they are the ſubjects of *Ciaxares*, and it belongs to him to order them: Yet I do, indeed, think my ſelf bound to intreat them, but not rigorouſly to compel them. This Prince, thus diſmiſſing the Embaſſadors of *Ciaxares*, ſent one of his own Heralds with them, whom the King of *Cappadocia* cauſed to be conducted unto the Walls of *Ceraſia*, for to ſummon them to ſurrender the Town: But they would not obey, and bid him tell his Maſter, that though he had cruelly forſaken them, yet they preferred death before ſubjection unto the King of *Galatia*. *Ciaxares* ſeeing their conſtant reſolution, did commend them for it in his heart, yet he plotted how to aſſault them; to that end he held a Councel of War, the reſult of which was, To carry this Town by force. In order to which, he ſate down before it: Quarters are choſen; Lines are drawn; Trenches are caſt up; Ladders and other Engines are prepared. Mean while, *Philidaſpes*, whom we did not believe to be of ſuch an ambitious ſpirit, was full of reſtleſs envy: It did appear ſo viſible in his eyes, that all the world took notice of it. He thought, that if he did not come off very eminently at this ſiege, he ſhould come infinitely ſhort of *Artamenes*, who had carried it ſo highly; and ſo by conſequence his great deſign would be ruined: He alſo thought what gallant things ſoever he did in this expedition where *Artamenes* was appointed Governour, they would all redound unto his advantage. Neither was the King of *Pont* without his ſhare of vexation in mind; for his *Mandana* ſtuck in it; and this affection of the people towards him, moved much tenderneſs in him towards them again. So that queſtionleſs, had not the *Lydian* War, which the King of *Phrygia* feared, diverted him, he would have been willing to begin that War which he had but newly ended. But, Sir, it was not long before he had what he wiſhed for; becauſe the King of *Phrygia* newly received ſome intelligence, that the King of *Lydia* was not in condition for War, a great part of his own ſubjects being lately revolted. This news begot new reſentment in the mind of the King of *Pont*: But whilſt he was deliberating what was beſt to be done; *Ciaxares* cauſed *Ceraſia* to be ſtormed: *Artamenes* did things above admiration, and *Philidaſpes* did no leſs. I will not, Sir, ſtand to deſcribe exactly all the particularities of this Siege; having many things of greater importance to relate: Let me tell you only in few words, that the Inhabitants of *Ceraſia* did deſperately defend themſelves, and found enough for the valour of *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* to work upon; and I have ſince heard my Maſter ſay, that he never found ſuch ſtout reſiſtance as from them; nor did he ever fight more againſt the hair of his diſpoſition: for conſidering the couragious mind of the Men, and their incomparable fidelity, it could not chuſe but grieve him that his valour ſhould be imployed againſt ſuch Men. They maintained the Town againſt four Aſſaults, with Gallantry above example: They ſaw all their Gates broken down, and a great part of their Walls demoliſht with Martial Engines, before they would render themſelves: And being intrenched towards the higheſt part of the Town, they ſtill found us work enough. *Philidaſpes* helped not a little in this Siege; and both *Artamenes* and he did ſo highly eſteem of one another, that it may well be ſaid, valour did never beget ſo much admiration, and ſo little love. But in concluſion, after theſe unfortunate inhabitants had a long time very ſtoutly reſiſted, they were compelled to yield: Yet before they were the laſt time aſſaulted, *Artamenes* did beſeech the King that he might ſend a Summons unto them once more, with aſſurance of a general pardon, if they would render themſelves, and reſiſt no more, which *Ciaxares* conſented unto. At that very inſtant, there arrived an Embaſſador from the King of *Pont*, to intreat the King he would be pleaſed to pardon the inhabitants of this Town, when he had vanquiſhed them, and not to die his victory too deep in blood: He preſently returned this anſwer, That he would pardon any but Rebels. But this laſt ſummons which was ſent into the Town, returned in vain, and the deſperate men made anſwer, That let things go as they would, they had rather dye gloriouſly, than abandon their King, as he had them; nor would they ever have any other Maſter, and by conſequence could deſire nothing but death, ſince there was no other way to get their Liberty. *Ciaxares* finding their obſtinacy, did not only give orders to Aſſault them, and ſo take them; but do what *Artamenes* could, he gave orders alſo to put them all to the Sword: The loſs of Six thouſand Men at this Siege was it which moſt incenſed him. As for *Philidaſpes*, never Man fought better than at this laſt Aſſault: For ſeeing it was ordered that this miſerable Town ſhould be deſtroyed, he helped forward with it as he could; for it was ſome ſatisfaction unto his ambitious jealouſie, to ſee that Town ruined whereof *Artamenes* was to be Governour: But my Maſter ſaved it as much as poſſible, and at the end of the Combat, did force the King to grant life unto a few which remained, who were conſtrained to receive it againſt their wills. This ſad Victory was very happily gotten, both for *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*, neither of them having received but one ſlight hurt. Mean while, both love and anger diſturbed the King of *Pont*'s mind: Now he only wants a handſome pretence to begin a War; He ſends to *Ciaxares*, and much complains of his cruelty towards the *Ceraſians*. *Ciaxares* anſwer, That thoſe whom he had puniſhed, were his Subjects and ſuch Subjects as rebelled againſt him more than once; of whom he was not bound to render an account unto any. The King of *Pont* was pretty well ſatisfied with this tart anſwer, becauſe it furniſhed him with a ſlight occaſion of quarrel: He ſends back to *Ciaxares*, and tells him, that he would hold Alliance no longer with a Prince, who uſed his own ſubjects ſo ſcurvily, and therefore would from henceforward declare himſelf an enemy. *Ciaxares*, for all this, knew that he had an infallible expedient to make peace when he pleaſed, ſuch an one as would make him throw his Arms down preſently, and therefore he never complained againſt his procedure: You know, Sir, that this expedient which the King of *Cappadocia* did mean, was the Marriage of the Princeſs *Mandana* unto him. But yet notwithſtanding *Ciaxares* received this meſſage very ſowrly, and anſwered him with as much tartneſs as the Embaſſy was full of Injuſtice. Now ſee how things are more embroyled than before: *Ciaxares*, whoſe Army was much weakned, retreated towards *Aniſa*, after he had burnt the Town of *Ceraſia*, as well to prevent the King of *Pont* from ever repairing it, as becauſe he would not be put to the neceſſity of leaving a Gariſon in it, as alſo to make it a terrible example of his revenge. *Artamenes*, leſt the King of *Pont* ſhould think that this retreat proceeded from any fear, he did intreat *Ciaxares* that he might ſtay about *Ceraſia* with Ten Thouſand Foot, and Four Thouſand Horſe, to obſerve the motions of the Enemy; and to let him ſee, that there was no fear of him. Mean while, the King might Recruit his Army out of thoſe Gariſons and Places which were near him, he might quickly make new Levies; and with thoſe Troops which he carried away with him, he might appeaſe that Tumult which was lately riſen, which was not of any deep conſideration: The King approving of *Artamenes*'s Propoſition, conſented unto it, and appointed thoſe Troops which were to remain under conduct of my Maſter. Obſerve here, Sir, the ſtrange and fantaſtical effects which violent Paſſions do produce in that ſoul which is poſſeſſed with them : *Philidaſpes*, who was abſolutely deſperate to be put upon ſuch a neceſſity, that he muſt obey *Artamenes* as his Lieutenant-General, and who for many reaſons was to follow the King unto *Aniſa*, whither he was now upon return : yet notwithſtanding all thoſe occaſions which required him to be about *Ciaxares*, and notwithſtanding thoſe ſecret grudges to be under command of *Artamenes*, he did for all that ſollicit *Ciaxares* to be one of thoſe which ſhould be with *Artamenes* ; and was ſo very earneſt, that he obtained his deſire ; The Reaſon of his deſire was, becauſe it was an intollerable vexation of ſoul unto him, to ſee *Artamenes* every day purchaſe new glories and honours, and he no partaker with him ; and becauſe he was abſolutely reſolved to be his inveterate Rival in point of Ambition. The King of *Pont* underſtanding that his Enemies Army was divided, advanced immediately with all his Forces towards *Artamenes*. His Army conſiſted of Five and twenty thouſand Men : with them he reſolved to ſwallow up *Artamenes*, or at leaſt make him retreat to his Maſter at *Aniſa* : But this inequality of number could not make *Artamenes* budge a bit. I took the boldneſs to tell him, that there was too much hazard in the Adventure ; but he anſwered me, That there was more hazard if he declined Combat ; ſince by that he ſhould loſe himſelf in the eſteem of his Princeſs. No, no, *Chriſantes*, ſaid he, the deſigns of my ſoul are all extraordinary, and above common reach : To gain a Battel upon equal terms, is the common glory and fortune of every day, which any paltry Valour may chance to ſtumble upon : But to get a Battel, when in all likelihood it is quite loſt, this is that which *Artamenes* muſt do if he will hope to preſerve himſelf in *Mandana*'s favour ; and *Artamenes* muſt ſuffer as *Artamenes*, or elſe oblige her ſo that ſhe will not hate *Cyrus*. In concluſion, Sir, He call'd a Council of War ; but though *Philidaſpes* was of *Artamenes* his opinion, and would fight it, becauſe he would not ſeem leſs bold than *Artamenes* ; yet all the reſt of the Captains declined it : But however at this time Prudence muſt give place unto Valour. Notwithſtanding *Artamenes* was as wary as he could, He poſſeſſed himſelf of all the advantages which the place would afford, and beſtir'd himſelf with as much vigilance and prudence as the greateſt Captain in the World could do. The King of *Phrygia* and the King of *Pont* did often fall into the Quarters of *Artamenes*, but were always beaten off with loſs; and in what Quarter ſoever they lighted, they always found my Maſter in the head, they always were repulſed, and found him invincible. Theſe two Kings did ſet a high value upon him (as we afterwards came to know) for they feared *Ciaxares* more by reaſon of him, than by reaſon of all his power beſides, whether conſidering him as the Son of the King of *Medes*, or as King of *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*: But, Sir, to make a ſhort Relation; It may truly be ſaid, that *Artamenes* gave and got three little Battels in a ſhort time: In the firſt he undertook a ſingle Combat with the King of *Pont*, and gave him a little hurt, and had the better of that bout. In the ſecond the matter was more dubious, *Philidaſpes* did miraculouſly, and attempted to take the King of *Phrygia* Priſoner: But in the third there hapned a chance unto *Artamenes*, which ſaved his life afterwards, as I ſhall tell you in the ſequel of my Diſcourſe, and, indeed, it doth deſerve your knowledg. Then Sir, I ſhall tell you, that it was always the cuſtom of *Artamenes*, in all Fights that ever he was in, to ſeek out as much as poſſible the principal Commanders of the Enemy: He laboured with all diligence to find out and fight with the King of *Pont*, as he was the King-Enemy and King-Lover of *Mandana*. As he was ſearching all about, he ſaw upon his right hand one Knight who defended himſelf againſt fifteen or twenty *Cappadocian* Soldiers; He went to them, and he knew him to be the King of *Pont*, who by that number had inevitably been utterly ruined; He went ſtraight to them, and making himſelf known by his voice; Hold, my Companions (ſaid he to them) Kings muſt not be overcome thus, they muſt fight more nobly, and not be oppreſſed by multitudes: Upon his words, the Cavaliers held their hands, and he addreſſing himſelf unto the King of *Pont*; Valiant Prince (ſaid he, and ſtopt a little) It ſhall be none of my fault but yours, if you do not revenge the blood which I ſpilt, and finiſh that which was the other day begun: Generous Enemy (Replied the King of *Pont*, going back, and holding up his Sword) It would not be juſt in me to fight againſt my Deliverer; neither will I put you to take that from me which you come to give me; nor will I ever put my ſelf unto ſo much diſhonour, as to kill him who ſaved my Life. But when he ſaw that *Artamenes* was not pleaſed with his Anſwer, and perhaps would force him to fight, he left him, and mingled ſuddenly amongſt the multitude, whither *Artamenes* followed, but could not meet with him that day. This paſſage moved both wonder and ſorrow in my Maſter: For conſidering the brave acts which he had ſeen the King of *Pont* perform, he knew it could be nothing elſe but generoſity of ſoul which moved him to do thus. Alas (ſaid he to me, when he returned at night unto his Tent) what a dangerous Rival have I met with? and how unhappy ſhould I be if *Mandana* knew him as well as I do? But, O ye gods (ſaid he) that this Prince did but know who he was that would have fought with him, and what the reaſon was which moved me to ſave his Life: He knows not that I ſaved it only to take it away; for he did not look upon me as a Generous Enemy, nor ſuſpect me to be his Rival. But *Chriſantes* (ſaid he to me) how is it poſſible that ſhe ſhould know him, and hate him? Have not I more cauſe to fear, who am but bare *Artamenes*, and who am more hated as the Son of the King of *Perſia*, than as a meer ſtranger? Afterwards, as a ſpark of jealouſie, he commanded me to enquire with all care and wit concerning the original of *Pont*'s love; which I did, and which I eaſily found out, there being none in all *Cappadocia* which was ignorant of it: I found, that the late King of *Pont* having a war with the King of *Cappadocia*, and in concluſion being drawn to terms of Peace, they were to give Hoſtages on both ſides; and that the King of *Pont* ſent one of his

Children with this, who then was not the eldeſt. That within ſix Months after he had been in the Court of *Ciaxares*, his love took firſt beginning, but durſt not openly profeſs it, becauſe it was not he who was to ſucceed his Father in the Kingdom. That in concluſion, his Father and elder Brother being dead, and he ſucceeding to the Crown, he ſent Ambaſſadors to court the Princeſs by way of marriage, but ſhe was refuſed him upon ſeveral reaſons already mentioned. *Artamenes* underſtanding this, was ſtrangely diſquieted; for all the vertue, modeſty and ſeverity of *Mandana*, had much ado to perſwade him, but that this Prince, who was ſo generous, ſo handſome, ſo lovely, ſo amorous, and ſo compleat a man, muſt needs in ſix months time obtain one corner in her heart and affection; yet when he remembred how the Princeſs did cordially rejoice at any Victory obtain'd from this Prince, his fears of it begun to vaniſh and diſpel his inquietudes: but his Soul was not yet at reſt; for (ſaid he) ſince this Prince, who is very handſome, of a good deportment, extraordinary valiant, and full of wit (as they tell me) cannot gain her heart; How can I ever hope to pretend unto it? I, who am a Prince indeed, but dare not tell it; who paſs only for an unfortunate ſtranger, without Eſtate or Countrey. So it was, Sir, that after this third Combat, wherein *Artamenes* had the better, and *Philidaſpes* became very eminent, he thought good to refreſh his Troops a little while, eſpecially ſince the King of *Pont* did the like: During which interval, thoſe Forces for which order was given to be drawn out of ſeveral Gariſons, were come up, his new Levies alſo compleated, and then his Army amounted unto above fifty thouſand men effective; the King of *Pont* recruited alſo: So that theſe two Enemy-Kings were both ſtrong and able to diſpute the Victory upon equal terms: *Artamenes* was received both by the King and Princeſs with wonderful applauſe: *Philidaſpes* alſo was well welcomed, tho much below *Artamenes*, which drave him into a moſt melancholly mood. During the time they continued at *Aniſa*, they often waited upon the Princeſs, and commonly both together, which did nothing at all pleaſe *Artamenes*: How cruel is *Philidaſpes* (would he expreſs himſelf unto me) to ſteal from me the one half of *Mandana*'s adorable looks, and all the ſweetneſs of her Diſcourſe? For he is ſo continually in her preſence, that though every one did not think him capable of ſuch a high ambition, yet they thought he was in love; Why doth he not hang upon *Ciaxares*, and ſeek his Fortune that way? Can he not let me alone with the Princeſs? Let him not think that I will ever be his Rival in that Ambition, to become great in the King's favour: If thou thinkeſt I do, alas, thou doſt abuſe thy ſelf: No, no, *Philidaſpes*, enjoy, and enjoy freely all the wealth of *Cappadocia*. Be more in the King's favour than ever any, I allow it, but leave *Mandana* only to me; take ſome other courſe to come unto that which thy Ambition aims at, and trouble not me thus in my freedom of Diſcourſe with her; which to me is a very heaven of joy. I know very well (ſaid he to us) that I dare not yet tell her of my paſſion; for her vertue commands my ſilence; her modeſty and ſeverity forbids me: I have not yet done things great enough to expoſe my ſelf unto ſo great a danger: yet notwithſtanding, I cannot chuſe but deſire moſt earneſtly to entertain diſcourſe with her without any Witneſſes. For my Friends, if ever that happy time once come unto me, none ſhall ever ſhare with me in her favour and lovely looks: I only will enjoy her eyes and thoughts; I ſhould prize this as an infinite happineſs, tho I ſpoke not a word to her of my Paſſion. How do I know but that this Divine Princeſs, who is ſo full of wit and apprehenſion, will, when I am alone with her, perhaps gueſs at that which I would have her know? and common courteſie cauſeth her to divide her mind between *Philidaſpes* and me: But what is this I ſay? (ſaid he, reprehending himſelf) No, no, it is not yet time to diſcover thy Love, *Artamenes*; but keep it cloſe, and let none know it: *Artamenes* is not yet arrived at that Point where he ſhould be: nor hath he ſhare enough in the heart of *Mandana* to arm himſelf withal againſt her Anger; He muſt firſt oblige her more

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by his great Services; and gain more eſteem by his Heroick Acts: force her Inclinations by perpetual complacency: divert her diſpleaſure always if poſſible, and merit her love by as many amorous reſpects as ever Soul was capable of: And then perhaps it will be time to ſpeak unto her upon terms of Love. But alas (added he) if *Philidaſpes* do continually enjoy her company, how can I have opportunities to do it? In concluſion, he was ſo full of fears, leſt *Philidaſpes* ſhould be inſpired with Love, as well as Ambition, that thoſe different thoughts troubled him infinitely. Mean while, all the freſh Recruits were come up; and the King, before he advanced againſt his Enemy, who was in the Field ready to preſent him battel, would take a general view of his whole Army: And in order to that, cauſed it to paſs under the Walls of *Aniſa*, upon which the Princeſs ſtood to behold that Martial Ceremony. *Artamenes* was that day in very common Arms, although he had very rich ones trimmed up, which none yet ever did ſee; but he ſaid they were not made to be ſeen, and therefore he would not wear them until he had ſeen his Enemies in them: telling *Feraulas* and me merrily, that Arms were never handſome until they were ſanguin'd with the blood of his Enemies. But although he did not that day rely upon his gallant and handſome deportment, yet notwithſtanding he did excel all the reſt of the Army, even *Philidaſpes* himſelf, though *Philidaſpes* was very handſomely proportioned, and that day very proudly trimm'd up in Arms. The Princeſs being then upon the Walls, waited upon by all the Ladies of the Court, and of *Aniſa*, ſhe viewed the Troops, who after they were paſſed by the King and her, were by the orders of *Artamenes* drawn up into Battalia, who ſtood in the head of them, and carried himſelf with ſo gallant a grace, that he did with delight attract the eyes of all upon him: It might be ſaid, that all this great body was linked unto him by an inviſible Chain, ſince by the leaſt motion of his hand, or accent of his voice, it moved as he commanded; ſometimes to the Right hand, ſometimes to the Left; ſometimes to the

Rear, ſometimes doubling their Ranks, and ſometimes their Files; in ſhort, there was not a very Sergeant in all the Army which underſtood his Office better than *Artamenes* did. As they were buſied at this brave Exerciſe, the Princeſs diſcovered a far off upon the Plain, one of the King of *Pont*'s Heralds, who was eaſily known by his diſtinguiſhed Habit. When he was come near the firſt Ranks, he was conducted unto the King, of whom he deſired permiſſion to ſpeak unto *Artamenes* concerning ſomething from the King of *Pont*; *Ciaxares* calling him, the Herald addreſſing his Speech unto him, Sir (ſaid he) the King of *Pont* my Maſter, who eſteems you, and thinks himſelf obliged unto you, and who would not have the Victory, if it be his fortune to get it, imputed unto any baſeneſs of his men, hath ſent me to advertiſe you, that there are forty Knights in his Camp (whom he does not know, for if he did, they ſhould be all puniſhed) who have took a ſolemn Oath, and conſpired againſt your life, to be at the firſt Battel, and not to ſeparate nor ſeek for any but *Artamenes*, nor fight with any but him, but either to kill him, or periſh themſelves. This is the Conſpiracy, Sir, which the King my Maſter hath enquired out, and which was found in a Paper ſcattered in the Camp, but he cannot diſcover who are the Parties, or who it was that writ it: Therefore, Sir, the King of *Pont*, and the King of *Phrygia*, who ſent me to you, to advertiſe you of it, not daring to deſire you, that both for their honour, and your ſafety, you would forbear to fight that day, knowing well that your great Spirit cannot forbear: but they adviſe you at leaſt to wear ſome ſimple unknown Arms that day, to the end theſe baſe men may not eaſily diſtinguiſh you, nor effect their unworthy Deſign. The Herald having delivered his Meſſage, and made low reverence, alſo *Artamenes* another unto the King, he deſired laeve to anſwer the Herald, which he did moſt civilly, although it did much vex him he ſhould receive ſuch Obligations from his Rival. I am much obliged unto the King, your Maſter, (ſaid he unto the Herald) for the care which he takes in preſerving my life: But to teſtify unto you that I am not altogether unworthy of that honour which he hath done me. I muſt deſire leave of the King, (ſaid he in turning towards *Ciaxares*) that I ſtay you a little before I give you my Anſwer. Then he whiſpered *Feraulas*, who was cloſe by him, in the ear, and commanded him ſomething which none underſtood: but it was preſently known; for *Feraulas* making haſt, and my Maſter's Tent being not far off, we ſaw him return preſently, and followed by a Soldier which carried as a Trophy that magnificent Sute of Arms, which *Artamenes* had cauſed to be made for himſelf. This ſight ſurpriſed Spectators, and begot a curioſity in the Princeſs: for *Feraulas* obſerved that ſhe eyed the Arms, and was much aſtoniſhed at them; Certainly, Sir, *Artamenes* could not make choice of any thing more magnificent, nor more obſervable. They were engraved with gold, and were enamelled with ſuch lively colours as the bow of Heaven had none more glittering: All the Nails were headed with Rubies, intermixed with Emeralds: In the middle of his Buckler was a great Sun, repreſented by Diamonds which dazled all thoſe who beheld it: Upon his Head-piece was an Eagle of Maſſy gold, moſt rich, with her Wings diſplayed, who bending down her Head and holding the Helmet's top in her Beak and Talons, did ſeem to gaze upon the Diamond-Sun whch ſhin'd in the midſt of his Buckler: as who ſhould ſay, that this Sun, which according to *Artamenes* his device did emblem the Princeſs, did deſerve more regard than that Sun which ſhined in the Heavens. From the Train of this proud Bird did iſſue a Plume of Feathers, admirably well mixt with twenty ſeveral colours: The Hilt of his Sword, the Scabbard, the Belt, the Gauntlet, the Sute of Arms, and all the appurtenances, were ſuitable unto this magnificence, which for the richneſs of the ſubſtance, the excellency of the work, and the admirable variety of colours, nothing could more invite the eye to gaze, than it: As ſoon as they appeared, every one began to ask and deſire to know what *Artamenes* would do with them. The King lookt upon my Maſter, and ſtept nearer to hear what he would ſay; when *Artamenes* after a low Congy, and asking leave to anſwer the Herald, Tell thy Maſter (ſaid he to him) that ſince my Arms are good enough to reſiſt his which are ſo dreadful, I ſhall think them therefore good enough, not to fear thoſe gallant Cavaliers who have ſuch a high opinion of their Valour, as that there muſt needs be forty to fight with one: I prethee publiſh throughout all the King of *Pont*'s Camp, that theſe Arms which here thou ſeeſt, ſhall be thoſe which I will wear upon the day of Battel. And aſſure thy Maſter from me (if the King will pleaſe to permit me) that to acknowledge his generoſity in ſome manner, there ſhall none ever aſſault in my preſence, but one to one: nor ſhall his Valour ſink under an oppreſſing multitude, if I be there: The Herald, though aſtoniſhed at the greatneſs of *Artamenes* his Soul, would have anſwered ſomething, but he hindred him: No, no, my Friend (ſaid he) do not oppoſe thy ſelf againſt my Deſign; and be confident, that if the King thy Maſter did but throughly know me, he would not diſallow of what I do. *Ciaxares* hearing what he ſaid, would have oppoſed him; inſtancing, that it was not wiſdom or juſtice ſo ſlghtly to hazard a life which was ſo conſiderable. My Honour, Sir (replied he) ought to be more precious unto you; therefore I moſt humbly beſeech Your Majeſty, force me not unto any diſobedience: But this (replied *Ciaxares*) is to no purpoſe; yet he diſmiſſed the Herald without any other Anſwer. When he was gone, and his Arms carried back unto the Tent, *Artamenes* was not moved at it one jot, though the Advice did ſo nearly concern his life. But *Ciaxares* had other reſentments of it, and was much perplext, almoſt reſolving not to advance towards the Enemy, fearing to hazard that life which was ſo dear unto him. The Princeſs, who ſaw the Herald come unto the King, and who knew *Feraulas*, which carried thoſe magnificent Arms, had a great deſire to know the meaning of it; ſo that ſhe ſent one of her Servants to enquire, who met us as we were conducting the Herald out of the Camp, after we had according to the

Orders of *Artamenes*,carried him through the body of the whole Army, my Maſter being deſirous that the Herald ſhould inform the King of *Pont* in what a gallant condition it was;then we gave him at the parting,according to my Maſter's appointment, a Diamond of a very conſiderable value. This Servant of the Princeſs enquired of us all which he deſired to know, and we told him in few words, relating the generoſity of *Artamenes*. He was ſo generally loved, that this man ſeem'd to be much troubled at the great danger which my Maſter did expoſe himſelf unto, though he was much joyed to ſee that he turned all the Deſigns of his Enemies unto his honour. He acquainted *Mandana* with the buſineſs of the King of *Pont*'s Herald, and with *Artamenes*'s Anſwer: We knew afterwards by a Lady whom the Princeſs loved very well, and unto whom *Feraulas* did afterwards bear a very good will, that the Princeſs did preſently change colour at the news: that it did trouble her extremely, and that ſhe commended *Artamenes* highly. *Philidaſpes*, who was alſo cloſe by the King as well as my Maſter,did alſo extol him; but it was alſo out of different reſentments, Anger and Jealouſie: Notwithſtanding I found out this anger and this ambitious jealouſie, which is inſeparable from all thoſe who aſpire unto high reputation. *Artamenes* had ſome light ſuſpicions that *Philidaſpes* was in love with the Princeſs; And I think *Philidaſpes* had no leſs jealouſie of *Artamenes*: However, both of them tranſact as if they both knew it; and they were poſſeſſed with the ſelf-ſame Paſſions. The Princeſs for her part thought that they were both of them in love with Honour and Glory only, and dreamt not of any ſhare ſhe had either in their hatred or love. *Ciaxares* queſtionleſs did love them both, becauſe they did both of them highly deſerve it: but with this difference; that his inclination did forcibly compel him to prefer *Artamenes* before *Philidaſpes*, altho he had as many obliging engagements to the one as the other. It is very true, that *Philidaſpes* was much held up by *Aribees*, who being deſirous to oppoſe this new Favourite *Artamenes*, did think no way ſo expedient as to make this other young Stranger his Stalking-Horſe, who as well as my Maſter had the advantage of novelty, which is a great charm throughout the World: So that theſe two being in oppoſition to one another, he betwixt them both might better preſerve his own power and credit. Mean time, my Maſter, who let no occaſions of his reſtleſs love eſcape his thoughts, reſented them very deeply when he underſtood how the Princeſs commended the King of *Pont*'s generoſity. How unhappy am I (ſaid he to us at night when he was retired) and how ought I to ſuſpect my Fortune, ſince ſhe uſeth all her art to torment me? O thou too generous Enemy (ſaid he) canſt thou not conſpire againſt my life, without adviſing me to preſerve it in ſuch a cruel manner? Why doſt thou not contrive ſome other way to get the reputation of the World, without making me the Subject of thy deſerving it? But (ſaid he) I am too blame that I do not make my true caſe known unto the King of *Pont*: It is to abuſe his generoſity, to hide from him that I am his Rival, againſt whom perhaps he would conſpire, if once he knew as much: But alas, dare I diſcover my love unto my Rival, who dare not tell as much unto my Princeſs? and can I endure that the King of *Pont* ſhould thus load me with obligations, and force me againſt my will to return generoſity for generoſity, and alſo to preſerve that life which I would take from him, which I ſhall infallibly do whenever any honourable occaſion offers it ſelf, unleſs he exchange his Paſſions? Alas, unhappy Prince (ſaid he) that I ſhould lament thee! thee who queſtionleſs doſt eſteem of *Artamenes*; thou doſt wiſh him engaged in thy ſervice; that he had been born thy Subject, and that he would become thy Creature. But O ye Gods: although he were thy Creature, thy Subject, and thy Brother, yet he would be always thy Rival, and therefore thou ſhouldeſt not wiſh his life ſo much as it ſeems thou doſt: But in the mean time thou preſerv'ſt it, do what I can, if what the Herald doth inform me be true; and certainly I ſhall owe thee my life if I eſcape; ſince if I had not been prepared for it, it would have been impoſſible for me not to fall upon thoſe diſadvantages. Ah *Mandana* (ſaid he pitifully) incomparable *Mandana!* do not beſtow all your eſteem upon my Rival: Stay until the end of the Battel, then compare his Actions and mine together, and then diſpence it with equity: yet notwithſtanding, there is a vaſt difference between him and me; for *Mandana* knows the King of *Pont* is in love with her, but ſhe is abſolutely ignorant of my Paſſions. May be, Sir, (ſaid I to him) that the knowledge ſhe hath of his Paſſion, is more prejudicial than advantageous unto him: No, no, *Chriſantes* (ſaid he to me) as ſevere as my Princeſs is, and what rigorous vertue ſoever be in her, it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould deprive love of that privilege, but that all glorious Actions beget a new eſteem in thoſe who know them: yes, *Chriſantes*, Love is a cauſe of Love; And it is without all doubt, that when ſhe is perſuaded all the Glorious and Heroick Acts which are done, are done for her; if ſhe do not then return love, yet ſhe will at leaſt eſteem, and ſometimes pity; ſo that, *Chriſantes*, at this very time it may be *Mandana* doth eſteem and pity my Rival, and perhaps I may have ſome ſhare in her eſteem; but I ſhall have none of that pity; and I am well aſſured, that in all her recompences which ſhe hath conferred upon me, there was not any ingredient of her heart or affection in them; may be ſhe infuſed into them ſuch a mercenary reſpect as belongs to one who hacks out his Fortune by his Valour, and who looks more after recompence than glory; But as for the King of *Pont*, he cannot be thought to be one of theſe: All his Actions are ſuits for love: the War which he makes with her Father, ſpeaks the violence of his Affection; His generoſity perſuades her he is worthy of hers, and all things argue for him, and againſt me. I ſhould never make an end, Sir, if I ſhould repeat all his words: Nevertheleſs, as he was the next morning to march towards the Enemy, and after he had given order for all things neceſſary for his Voyage, often charging that his Suit of Arms ſhould be ſure not to be forgotten, he waited upon the King unto the Princeſs, to take his leave. *Ciaxares* did there highly extol him; but after he had done his Commendations, he began to chide him as much for his opinionative reſolution to carry thoſe remarkable Arms: Therefore (ſaid the King unto him moſt affectionately) I am reſolved to preſerve your life, as you preſerved mine; you ſhall ſtay with me upon the day of battel. Sir, (anſwered *Artamenes*, throwing himſelf at his feet) I am infinitely engaged unto your Majeſty for your goodneſs towards me, but I moſt humbly beſeech you to pardon me, if I do not in this obey you: But I am reſolved to reſerve my ſelf as much as poſſible, ſince it is neither wiſdom nor juſtice to expoſe my ſelf unto the fury of forty at a time, who perhaps may wound me more dangerouſly in conſideration of that ſervice I ſhould do your Majeſty, than they could in conſideration of my ſelf; Then fight in plainer Arms, replied the King: for though you have ſent word otherwiſe, yet you ſent without my conſent, and it is I that muſt be Maſter in my own Affairs, and in my own Army. It is moſt true, Sir, Replied *Artamenes*; But Generoſity ought to be Maſter of both our Actions, and by conſequence I muſt not do that which redounds unto my own diſhonour. When the King ſaw that *Artamenes* would not be perſuaded; I will leave you to my Daughter, ſaid he, and turned to the Princeſs, Perſuade him if you can, and I will thank you: At theſe words the King embraced the Princeſs, and went out. She waiting upon him to the door: *Artamenes* was then obliged to ſtay after him, and as the Princeſs returned from waiting upon her Father, whom ſhe did not part from without tears, *Artamenes*, unto whom ſhe had given her fair hand, would needs take his leave of her; but ſhe ſtaying him in an inviting manner, *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe to him) do you ſo much fear my Prayers, that you will needs be gone ſo haſtily? You are dreadful in all your Actions, Madam, (anſwered my Maſter) and it is my duty to depart from my own generoſity, rather than from you: I have no Deſign (Replied ſhe) to perſuade you out of your Generoſity: but my deſire is, if I could poſſible, to oblige you not to expoſe, without neceſſity, unto danger, a life ſo glorious as yours, and which hath been ſo ſerviceable unto my Father. You know (ſaid ſhe) that reaſon ſhould be the limits of all your Actions. Valour hath its bounds, beyond which, 'tis Raſhneſs rather than right Valour. Madam (ſaid he, interrupting her) it better becomes a man of my age, rather to go beyond thoſe ſtrict limits which your exact wiſdom preſcribes, than to ſtay ſhort of them. The exceſs is always better than the defect. Your Argument is good (replied the Princeſs) but I would have *Artamenes* be neither too timorous, nor too bold. Madam (ſaid he, interrupting her again) it is not impoſſible but I may regulate my ſelf according to this preciſe mediocrity which you deſire me. But in the choice of theſe two extreams, I moſt humbly beſeech you, give me leave to incline more unto that way in which I may meet with Honour, than the other where Honour never comes: Oftentimes (ſaid the Princeſs, interrupting him) we muſt ſurmount and overcome our ſelves; Yes, Madam, (anſwered *Artamenes*) We muſt, ſo the Victory do not make us unworthy to conquer others. *Mandana* then ſaid, I do not deſire of you that you will not fight, but only that you would not wear thoſe remarkable Arms at the firſt Battel. Madam (replied my Maſter) you may command from *Artamenes* that which is moſt hard for him to part from, without any thought of diſobedience; but for this, he cannot conſent unto your deſire; a Diſguiſe (ſaid he, and bluſht) is allowable in Love, but not in War. In ſhort, Madam (continued he, and ſmil'd) it is far from my Diſpoſition to hide my ſelf from my Enemies, or to render my ſelf leſs remarkable. If I were ſo abſolutely qualified as to merit a Favour from the moſt excellent Princeſs upon Earth, I ſhould then take the boldneſs to beg of Illuſtrious *Mandana* that glorious and magnificent Scarf which now ſhe wears: and if I had the glory to obtain it, it would be an infallible Preſervative againſt all dangers, and an abſolute certainty of Victory: It would render me invincible, in rendring me more remarkable. *Artamenes* (Replied the Princeſs, and bluſht her turn) hath all the excellent qualities to deſerve the care of the greateſt Princeſs of the World for his preſervation: And if I were perſuaded that this Scarf, whereof you ſpeak, could preſerve you invulnerable, you ſhall without all doubt eaſily obtain it: But I am ſo far from thinking it will preſerve you, that if I ſhould give it unto you, I ſhould fear my ſelf acceſſary unto your ruine, and that it would invite the Arrows of your Enemies unto your heart, for which end I have not kept it. You are moſt ingenious, Madam (anſwered *Artamenes*) and can oblige me in denial of it: But, Madam (continued he with a moſt ſerious countenance) I have nothing to ask you; for indeed to deſire that, were to deſire my Enemies ſhould not ſee me, as perhaps ſome of them ſhall not, if my Fortune do not fail me, nor my courage betray me: I am glad (replied the Princeſs) that you have put me in a condition to refuſe you nothing. But *Artamenes* (continued ſhe) what will you do? I will vanquiſh your Enemies, Madam (anſwered he) and do that which ſhall make you know I have vanquiſhed them; which I could never do, if I ſhould hide my ſelf, as you deſire me.

As they were in this Diſcourſe, in comes *Philidaſpes*, who came to take his leave of the Princeſs; all three change Colour at once; *Philidaſpes* for Anger to find my Maſter there; *Artamenes* for Spite, to be ſo interrupted by him; and the Princeſs for Shame, whereof ſhe could not tell the cauſe. Becauſe it was a good while, ſince the King went out of *Mandana*'s Chamber, therefore he thought fit to leave *Philidaſpes* with her, whilſt he went to ſeek the King, but it was abſolutely impoſſible for him to ſtir; and thereſore he ſtayed there as long as *Philidaſpes*. As ſoon then as *Philidaſpes* entred, the Diſcourſe did alter, as tho there had never been any Expreſſions of Love between *Artamenes* and *Mandana*, and as tho ſhe never knew that my Maſter was in Love with her; for that pure and noble Fire, which afterwards did enflame his Heart, his Soul, and all his Faculties, was yet but a little weak Spark; yet *Feraulas* and I did think (for we were both preſent at this Diſcourſe) that this Arrival of *Philidaſpes* did a little croſs and anger the Princeſs. He no ſooner came near her, but ſhe ſweetly ſpoke with abundance of civility to him; but how much ſweetneſs ſoever the incomparable *Mandana* retain'd in her Soul, yet ſhe always appear'd majeſtical, modeſt, and high in her Looks; ſo that my Maſter has often told me, when he was with her, he durſt not ſo much as think upon his Paſſion, much leſs expreſs it; inſomuch, as ſhe made him fear, as well as love her. *Philidaſpes* and *Artamenes*, ſtay'd a good while with her, but durſt not openly expreſs the leaſt Shadow of that ſecret Averſion; which they had one of another; and as they were both Strangers to her, ſhe treated them both alike with equal Civilities. Yet notwithſtanding, becauſe *Artamenes* had the Command over *Philidaſpes* in this Martial Occaſion, and perhaps the Inclination of the Princeſs prompted her, therefore ſhe did more Honour unto *Artamenes* than to *Philidaſpes*. As they were ready to depart, Go, generous Strangers, (ſaid ſhe to them) go and be happy, and manage your Lives ſo, in the day of Battel, that I may receive all the particulars of the Victory from your two Mouths; but above all things, have a care of the King. It is to me, Madam, (replied *Philidaſpes*) whom that Honour belongs; for as for *Artamenes*, he will have enough to do with his forty Cavaliers; without looking unto any elſe. We ſhall ſee, Madam, at the end of the Battel, (anſwered *Artamenes*) who it is which beſt acquits himſelf of his Duty; for if I be not miſtaken, it is beſt judging upon the event. I queſtion not, replied the Princeſs, but you will both of you do ſuch things, as will well become Men of great Souls, and high Honour; and I will go to preſent my Prayers unto the Gods, that they will be pleas'd to make you Conquer and Triumph. Upon theſe words ſhe left them both, and went immediately unto the Temple.

Preſently after, the Lieutenant of the Guard came to tell *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*, that the King Commanded them to haſten unto their Commands; and certainly, it was well this Order came ſo happily; for if their Converſe had continued but a little longer, in the Abſence of the Princeſs, I believe they would have made a Quarrel of it; ſo averſe were their Diſpoſitions when they were together. The reaſon why they were ſo haſtily commanded away, was becauſe the Soldiery was a little in diſorder, and talked very high in a time when it was fit for them to think of Action. They both then went after the King; and the whole Army, which was already upon their March, advanced towards the Enemy, who was not above two days march from thence. I know, Sir, you wonder to hear me tell of ſo many Battels as *Artamenes* fought, and got in this War. But, Sir, to leſſen your wonder, you muſt know, that there are not many Gariſons or Places of Strength, neither in *Bithinia*, *Galatia*, or *Cappadocia*; ſo that the Victory doth always fall unto him, who can make himſelf Maſter of the Field, which cannot be but by fighting and gaining of Battels. The firſt day of this March, *Artamenes* was all in a dump; and becauſe I knew it could not be the apprehenſion of this Danger whereof he was forewarned, which could cauſe this reſervedneſs; but I knew that his phantaſtical Paſſions of Love would oftentimes forge Mountains out of Molehills, and make every trivial Accident to be a matter of great Importance, therefore I reſolved to ask him what it was which ſo much troubled his mind; whether it was becauſe the Princeſs denied him the Scarf which he asked; or the denial of any thing elſe, which was leſs advantagious to him? Can the reaſon of it, *Chriſantes*, (ſaid he) be, becauſe ſhe hath a care of my Life? And thinks this Scarf which is ſo rich and magnificent, will make me more remarked by the Eye of my Enemies? Or, is it not rather, becauſe ſhe thinks me unworthy of it, and becauſe ſhe will not give me any cauſe of complaint; therefore her dexterous Wit hath contrived this obliging pretence to colour her denial? In ſhort, whether do you think it was for *Artamenes*, or againſt *Artamenes*, that ſhe refuſed it? And whether muſt I commend, or complain of her for it? Should I be ſad, or be glad at it? Would I could rightly know the thoughts of my Princeſs, that I might regulate mine own accordingly? But, alas, (ſaid he) whatſoever her thoughts are, they are all reaſon, and I have no cauſe to complain; if ſhe refuſed it becauſe ſhe feared ſome fatality in it prejudicial to my Life, it were an unconceiveable favour; and if ſhe refuſed it, becauſe ſhe thought my Quality unworthy of ſuch an Honour, then ſhe hath done only a wrong to *Cyrus*, but not to *Artamenes*. But, O ye Gods, (added he) if after the Services which *Artamenes* hath done her, ſhe refuſed the Scarf unto him, becauſe he was but *Artamenes*, how can he ever hope ſhe will ever permit him to tell her that he loves her? Or how can he ever hope to be beloved? No, no, ſaid he, let us not conceive ſo cruel a Thought; let us reſent the Princeſs's Refuſal in a more advantageous Senſe, and let us think that what ſhe ſaid, and ſaid ſo ſweetly, was for us, when ſhe did it againſt us; let us not interpret her meaning, and dive too deep into the Secrets of her Divine Soul; let us rather ſuffer our ſelves to be pleaſingly deceived, than endeavour to find out ſo irkſome a truth. After this, *Artamenes* did ponder upon the Princeſs, her behvaiour unto *Philidaſpes*, even to the leaſt circumſtance; and tho he perceived that himſelf was much more regarded than he, yet he could have been contented if he had not come in at all; and almoſt wiſht that his Princeſs had no cauſe of Quarrel with him; therefore he chid himſelf for all thoſe fantaſtical Thoughts which his Paſſion caus'd to conceive of her; Her, who as violent as ſhe ſeem'd to be, did yet permit him to follow the Rules of Reaſon. But to be ſhort, Sir, we marked that day: The morrow after, we came within ſight of the Enemies Vanguard; and within the compaſs of two days time we were in readineſs to give Battel unto the Enemy, which both ſides much deſired with equal longings. The King did all he could to hinder *Artamenes* from wearing thoſe remarkable Arms, but could not prevent him: I never ſaw my Maſter's Countenance ſo pleaſant as that Morning. As for my part, I trembled to think of the danger unto which he expoſed himſelf, for all his Valour which I knew to be in him: *Feraulas* and I, reſolved to follow him cloſe, as near as the Diſorder and Confuſion of the Fight would permit us, and either preſerve his Life, or loſe our own. *Ciaxares* did all he could to keep him near him; and when he perceived that there was no perſwaſions would prevail, he committed the Command of the Right Wing of the Army unto Him; and unto *Aribees* the Left Wing, under whoſe Command he always ordered *Philidaſpes*. In ſhort, Sir, without any further patticularizing the order of the Battel; it will ſuffice, I tell you, that *Artamenes* did prodigious Acts; inſomuch as I, who was an eye-witneſs of them, could not conceive them within any compaſs of poſſibility to be done. He performed his Promiſe to the King of *Pont*'s Herald, and wore thoſe magnificent Arms which I told you of; ſo that it was eaſy enough for thoſe Forty Conſpirators to know him, and fall upon him when they found their opportunity. Their Reſolutions were (as ſince we learnt) not to Aſſault him when he was alone by himſelf, but when he was buſily engaged againſt ſome others of their Party; but ſince *Artamenes* was prepared for them, they could not Act their Deſign. When both Parties were within the Shot of Arrows, which had obſcured the Air with Clouds of them, *Feraulas* and I, who had no eyes but upon *Artamenes*, did ſee that he was more oppreſſed with them, than any which were about him; that his Buckler, tho it was covered with a plate of Gold, was very much battered; and that there was ſome likelihood a great number had compacted together, who aimed all at him. But *Artamenes* without the leaſt aſtoniſhment, or any fear of Danger wherein he was, lifting his Buckler up with his Left Arm, to preſerve himſelf from the Arrows which lite like Hail upon him; and turning unto thoſe about him, Come my Companions, (ſaid he to them) let us go and vanquiſh thoſe which Fight ſo well at a diſtance, and who perhaps will not be ſo Valiant with Swords, as they are with Bows. In ſaying ſo, he led them on;

they follow and fell on with ſo much Courage and Precipitation, that the Enemies Left Wing was diſordered, and thought to call for Quarter; but preſently after they took heart, and the Combat was ſtifly diſputed. Mean while, the forty Conſpirators which were to fa upon *Artamenes*, did not forget the promiſe which they made unto him who employed them; and it was eaſy to diſtinguiſh him from other Enemies, who had no particular deſign upon his Life. For theſe did always ſhun our Men when they aſſaulted them, and would not engage with any who fell upon them, unleſs my Maſter; ſo, that it is impoſſible he ſhould ever have any reſt, which thoſe who fight in the bloodieſt Battels ſometimes have; for which way ſoever he ſtirred, he was ready to be compaſſed about; if he charged one, then he was preſently beſet with four or five; if he killed one, he brought two more upon him for it; the more he defended himſelf, the harder he was beſet; the more he made them fall, the faſter they came in, and did treble their number, to execute their Plot: *Feraulas* and I contributed all our force to Fight theſe cruel Enemies, who fell ſo fiercely upon him; yet, if his own Valour had no better befriended him than ours, all our Aſſiſtance had been in vain. But he, Sir, laid about him with wonderful fury, and did things ſo much above imagination, that becauſe they are ſo incredible, I dare hardly relate them. The chief o the Conſpirators was ſo ſubtle, and ſo baſely wicked, the he commanded his Cavaliers to endeavour all they could to kill his Horſe, that ſo he being that way overturned, ſome of their Companions might more eaſil kill him. This Plot took effect twice; The firſt ti I had the good fortune to be near him, and gave hi mine whether he would or no; and I verily believe h would not have accepted of him, if I had not at th ſame time accidentally light upon another, one of h ſide who was next me being killed. But for the ſeco time, I ſaw the Horſe which I gave him, fall dead, a my Maſter recover himſelf from under him, fighti with thoſe that fell upon him, before I could get in his Aſſiſtance; for the Conſpirators had ſo compaſſed me about, that they hindred me. A thouſand to one but he had been kill'd at this bout; yet it was the Will of Heaven to preſerve him, and make him ſo fortunate to kill one of thoſe Conſpirators, whoſe Horſe was an excellent good one; ſo that *Artamenes* without the loſs of a minute of time, and in ſpight of all their Reſiſtance which oppoſed him, he got upon him, cutting off the Hand of one who had hold of the Bridle, and putting to rout all that durſt reſiſt him. In concluſion, Sir, *Artamenes* to my knowledg killed and wounded above Thirty, and took many Priſoners beſides, both Conſpirators and others. Mean while, the Enemies Right Wing ſtood out better than their Left; and for all the Valour of *Aribees* and *Philidaſpes*, the Victory did coſt them dearer than it did *Artamenes*; altho they had no particular Enemies to fight againſt, yet in the end they obtain'd it. *Ciaxares*, for his part, was in the Main body of the Battel, fell upon the Enemy, and quite diſordered them, ſo that the Victory went clearly on his ſide; all was in a mighty Confuſion, the Conquerors purſued the conquered very eagerly; ſome rendred themſelves, and threw away their Arms; others preferred Death before Captivity. In ſhort, the Victory is got, and all by the Valour of *Artamenes*, who without all queſtion was the principal Cauſe; for I had forgot to tell you, that at the beginning of the Battel, *Aribees* and *Philidaſpes* were forced to give Ground a little, by reaſon of the violent Charge of the Enemy, whereof *Artamenes* being advertiſed, and ſuppoſing himſelf able to deal with the Enemy which he had in hand, without them, ſent Two thouſand Men to the Relief of *Aribees* and *Philidaſpes*; which Auxilliary preſerved them from being vanquiſhed, and by conſequence was the very getting of the Victory. In all this great Confuſion, *Artamenes*, who had received but two ſlight hurts, charged and purſued the Enemy in all places where he ſaw them Rally, or make any Head. As for thoſe who were not in a Condition to make Reſiſtance, never was a Conqueror ſo full of Clemency as he. As he was thus engaged in this purſuit, he diſcovered the King of *Pont*, whom *Philidaſpes* did heavily preſs upon with Twelve or Fifteen Men, and had inevitably killed him, if my Maſter, who was followed by *Feraulas* and me, with two others, had not come in to his reſcue. As ſoon as he came near, ſpeaking as loud as he could, and diſperſing thoſe who aſſiſted *Philidaſpes*; Generous Prince, (ſaid he to the King of *Pont*) ſince you are not ſo fortunate as I am, tho you are more Valiant; you would not perhaps ſo happily eſcape from thoſe who ſet upon you, as I have from them who ſet upon me: If I do not keep promiſe with you, it is becauſe you will obſtinately Fight againſt thoſe Men, who are not abſolutely under my Command, the King whom I ſerve being Perſonally in the Army; but either render your ſelf a Priſoner, or elſe Fight with me ſingle, I give you the choice of theſe two. Unto theſe words, which did infinitely raviſh the King of *Pont*, (and ſurpriſe *Philidaſpes*) the King of *Pont* began to reply, juſt when a hundred of his Horſe rallied together, and ſought about for him, and began to Charge them who had compaſſed him about. But the King ſeeing that he could not Fight with *Philidaſpes*, who would have taken away his Life, unleſs alſo he fought with *Artamenes*, who preſerved it; went away with as much haſte as he could. This little-lookt for Accident did ſo ſurpriſe *Philidaſpes*, as you cannot imagine; yet preſently after, when he had recovered his amazement, never thinking to follow the King of *Pont*, he turned angerly towards *Artamenes*, and ſharply ſaid unto him, What, will you have none to Triumph but your ſelf? And are you not content with your own Victories, but you muſt alſo rob other Men of theirs? *Artamenes* looking upon him with a fiery Aſpect, It is ſuch a one, (anſwered he) who makes uſe of the Valour of others to vanquiſh a diſtreſſed Prince abandon'd of his Men, who ought to be reproached with ſtealing a Victory; and not *Artamenes*, who never imploys any Arm but his own to obtain it; and who leaving all the Plunder of a Field unto the Soldiers, doth ſeldom make them partakers of his Dangers. Thoſe whom Fortune favours, (replied *Philidaſpes*)

Philidaſpes) need not to call any others to their help. Thoſe who dare truſt unto their own Courage, (anſwered *Artamenes*) never beg the help of Fortune. I am certain ſhe hath been your Friend, and helped you at this bout, replied *Philidaſpes*. And certainly ſhe hath forſaken you, (replied *Artamenes*) that you ſhould thus need the Aſſiſtance of Twelve or Fifteen to deal with one ſingle Prince. It is an eaſy matter for you to vanquiſh, (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) who never have any to Fight with, but baſe, faint-hearted, and ſimple Antagoniſts. It is an eaſy matter for you to vanquiſh an abandon'd King with a great number; but you would perhaps find it a harder matter (added he, and raiſed his Voice) to vanquiſh *Artamenes* ſingle, whenſoever you ſhall give him an occaſion to Fight with you; for he deſires it, and it ſhall be to morrow Morning if you pleaſe. Let us not ſtay ſo long, (replied *Philidaſpes*) then he ſtood upon his Guard, ready to receive *Artamenes*, who came moſt fiercely upon him, and gave a furious Blow, which doubtleſs had deeply wounded him, if his hand had not turned, and the Sword glided upon his Arms. To be ſhort, they both of them felt the weight of each others Blows, and the ſtrength of their Arms, do what we could, who endeavoured to part them; but here, Sir, I beſeech you, admire what Virtue and true Valour can do; we were but only Four which follow'd *Artamenes*, and they were Twelve or Fifteen which followed *Philidaſpes*, who when they ſaw the diſpute that was between them, tho they took his part againſt the King of *Pont*, yet they would not do ſo againſt my Maſter, but turned on his ſide. At this very time, *Ciaxares*, followed by a great number of Men, did draw near us, and cauſed theſe two furious Combatants to give over, and ſuſpend their Choller. What *Demon*-enemy unto my Glory (ſaid *Ciaxares*) would ruin theſe who have made me Victorious? And why would ye do that your ſelves, which Fifty thouſand Men could not do? After theſe words, he asked what was the ground of their Quarrel; and when he underſtood it, he chid *Philidaſpes* very much for drawing his Sword againſt one who had the Command over him; and he did a little blame my Maſter, for ſo ſaving the King of *Pont*. Sir, (ſaid *Artamenes* to him) I will engage my ſelf, to repair this Fault by ſome way that is more honourable; and I will promiſe you to bring you this Illuſtrious Priſoner before the War be ended, or elſe Periſh in the Attempt: Did I not promiſe in Your Majeſties preſence, that I would not ſuffer him to be vanquiſh'd by any numerous Multitude? And I did but keep my word with him. If the King had not come,----- (replied the deſperate *Philidaſpes*) you might perhaps have been puniſhed, (Then added my Maſter, interrupting him) for your Boldneſs and Raſhneſs. The King impoſed Silence upon them both, and by Virtue of his Sovereign Authority, agreed them upon the place, and cauſed them to Embrace one another before him.

In concluſion, a Retreat being ſounded, they Encamped upon the Field of Battel, and every one returned into his Tent, and *Artamenes* thought upon his; *Feraulas*, who had been wounded, did the ſame: As fo me, who had eſcaped more happily than they, I found my ſelf in a Condition to do them both Service. The King came to viſit *Artamenes* at Night; who not being able to contain his Joy, that my Maſter had eſcaped ſ dangerous an Adventure, he expreſſed all the ſigns tha poſſibly could be, of a moſt dear and tender Affectio towards him. He ſent immediately unto the Princeſ his fair Daughter, to acquaint her with the Victor and Preſervation of *Artamenes*; and my Maſter (as yo may very well believe) did receive this Honour fro the King with much Joy and Reverence. All th while, tho *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* were good Frien from the Face outward, yet they were not ſo at t Heart; and it may eaſily be conjectured, that this l Adventure did ſharpen their Spirits; it begot phan ſtical Reſentments in both their Souls. For, Sir, diſguiſe the matter no longer; *Philidaſpes*, whom Maſter thought to be only an ambitious Man, did lo

t

the Princeſs as well as he; and this is the reaſon why he was ſo hot againſt the King of *Pont*; looking more upon him as a Lover of *Mandana*, than as an Enemy unto *Ciaxares*. Neverthleſs he drew ſome reſt unto himſelf out of this Accident; for conſidering how generouſly *Artamenes* had preſerved the King of *Pont*'s Life, he could not ſo much as ſuſpect my Maſter to be his Rival; thinking it a thing impoſſible in ſuch a caſe to be a Rival, and ſo generous both. As for *Artamenes*, his thoughts ran quite contrary concerning *Philidaſpes*; for his Suſpicion of his Love to the Princeſs, was by this days accident more augmented than ever. How, is it poſſible, (ſaid he to us at Night, after *Ciaxares* was gone out of the *Tent*) that *Philidaſpes*, who cannot harbour any particular hatred of the King of *Pont*, unleſs, becauſe he is his Rival, ſhould offer to kill him, as he was about to do? That Prince, I ſay, who ſeems to be of a brave and generous Soul, and is inſpired with a gallant deſire of Glory? Ah: No, no, *Chriſantes*, (ſaid he to me) *Philidaſpes* loves *Mandana*, if I be not the moſt deceived Man in the World. Thus, Sir, you ſee, that one and the ſame Action produces different effects; for *Philidaſpes* did think that *Artamenes* did not love *Mandana*, becauſe he ſaved the Life of the King of *Pont*; and on the contrary, *Artamenes* thought that *Philidaſpes* did love her, becauſe he did endeavour to kill him in a manner ſo diſhonourably. Yet notwithſtanding this, all theſe diverſities of Opinions were ſo dubious, ſo uncertain, and grounded only upon weak Conjectures, that they could not aſſure themſelves of any truth; but they entertained an inveterate Averſion one againſt the other. However, ſome two or three days after the Battel, *Ciaxares* held a Councel of War, to conſult whether or no they ſhould purſue their Enemies, who were retreated, and who waited for a puiſſant Recruit: And to amaze them the more, it was reſolv'd to divide the Army, and ſend one part of it to beſiege a ſtrong Fort in *Bythinia*, which was ſeated upon a great Lake; by this means to divert and impede thoſe Forces which the Enemy expected: Mean while, the moſt conſiderable

ſiderable part of the Army, to ſtay and wait upon that part of the Enemy which had Rallied, and to act according as they ſhall ſee cauſe. Things being thus reſolved upon, *Ciaxares*, who did find himſelf not well, returned to *Amiſa*, and left *Artamenes* Lieutenant-General of the Army which was to keep the Field: *Aribees* followed him, and ſent *Philidaſpes* with the reſt of the Troops to beſiege that Town whereof I ſpoke before. The capricious Humour of theſe two Rivals, would not ſuffer either of them to be contented with their Employment. *Philidaſpes* ſaw that *Artamenes* being in a condition, wherein he might Fight with the King of *Pont*, had therefore the Advantage of him. And *Artamenes* thought that the gaining of ſuch a conſiderable Town, was more advantage than gaining a Battel; for ſaid he, after the taking the Town, he is got into a Place of great Importance; whereas, after the winning of a Battel, the Conqueror gets nothing but a bare empty Field, without any other benefit of the vanquiſhed. But at laſt, they muſt be content; *Philidaſpes* departs with Sixteen thouſand Men, and *Artamenes* ſtays with Thirty thouſand; the King reſerved no more with him, than what was neceſſary for his Guard. My Maſter had received ſuch ſlight hurts, that he kept his Bed but one day. Theſe two Rivals taking their leaves of one another in the preſence of the King, did in appearance wiſh all good Fortune one to another, but inwardly with a counterfeit hate.

The next morning, the King removed, and left the command of the Army unto *Artamenes*, in ſpite of all the ſollicitations of *Aribees* to the contrary. There were two Priſoners which were taken in the Fight, one of them was much wounded, and deſired to ſpeak with *Artamenes* concerning ſome buſineſs of Importance: My Maſter being told of it, went preſently unto their Tent; ſuppoſing it might perhaps be ſomething which might be ſerviceable to the King: when he was entred, the wounded man ſpoke firſt; Sir, ſaid he unto him, Since you have beſtowed upon me ſuch demonſtrative marks of Valour, by thoſe wounds which I have received from your hand, I will give you a full ſubject for your Juſtice, or for your Clemency: Thoſe are two Virtues, replied my Maſter, in the choice of which there is no danger of being deceived; yet my nature being ever more inclinable unto Indulgence than Rigour, you may almoſt be certain which of them I ſhall chuſe and follow: Sir, (ſaid he which was not wounded) that which my Brother would ſay, and which becauſe he is very weak, I will ſay for him, will ſhew you ſufficiently which you will follow, and juſtify all the rigour which you can deviſe againſt us; for indeed, Sir (continued he, and caſt himſelf at his feet) we are vile, wicked men, whom our knowledge of your Virtue hath made virtuous, and in love with your Glory, and who by conſequence do hate our Lives, until we have by ſome poor ſervice made a little ſatisfaction for that evil we would have done you. *Artamenes* hearing theſe men ſay ſo, knew not what to think; at laſt, he which was wounded, began to ſpeak, and with much pain, tell him thus: Sir, not to hold you any longer in ſuſpence; and to teſtify we are really penitent for our Crime, ſince we diſcover it our ſelves; know, Sir, that my Brother and I were two of thoſe forty Cavaliers, who conſpired againſt your Life, and who did ſet upon you with ſo much baſeneſs in the laſt Battel. Alas! my Friends (ſaid *Artamenes*, interrupting him which ſpoke, and looking upon them both without any anger) What moved you to do ſo? and what moves you to do thus? Why would you then deſtroy me? and why would you now ſave me? how dare you expoſe your ſelves unto the will of a juſtly incenſed Conqueror? Sir, (replied that Conſpirator) we would have deſtroyed you, becauſe we were unfortunate men, with whom hopes of Recompence was more prevalent, than true love of Honour. But now, Sir, your illuſtrious Example has better taught us, and we do prefer one act of Virtue before all the Grandure of the Earth; and therefore it is, that we had rather hazard our Lives in diſcovering our fault, than conceal from you, how the chief Author of that Conſpiracy is now unknown in your power; and if he ſhould chance to be exchanged or delivered amongſt other Priſoners, perhaps he would act worſe than before, and attempt againſt the moſt Noble Life living upon Earth: How, ſaid *Artamenes*, the chief Author of the Conſpiracy in my Hands! Who may this man be, whom certainly I never offended ſo much as to hate me; and who hates me ſo much as he prefers the death of his Enemy before his own Honour? It is *Artanus*, Sir (replied they both together:) Is it *Artanus* (replied my Maſter?) Yes, Sir, ſaid one of them; it was indeed *Artanus*, who contrived that Note which was found in the King of *Pont*'s Camp, and engaged us amongſt the forty Conſpirators, who were to fight againſt none but *Artamenes*, and kill none but him: And that man who ſpake unto us from him, and ſhould have given that Note back unto him, did loſe it amongſt the Tents; ſo that it being carried unto the King, he cauſed this information to be given of it. But ſince neither *Artanus*, nor any of the Conſpirators were named in the Writing, nor known unto any, nor could he diſcover the Author, or any of his Complices, therefore he ſent to advertiſe you of it, but was not able to remedy it by the puniſhment of them, becauſe he knew not who they were. Believe it, Sir, it was *Artanus* who ſuborned us; it is he who is in deſpair, and aſhamed of what he would have done, and that he ſhould be overcome by you in a manner ſo ſhameful unto himſelf, and ſo prejudicial unto the Love which he bears unto the Princeſs of *Pont*, in affection to whom he is deeply engaged. To get himſelf into this Princeſs favour, he came diſguiſed into the Army: where not doubting, but by that Party which he had prepared, he ſhould kill you, he intended to ſhew himſelf, after the Battel, with your Arms; and if I durſt ſpeak it, with your Head in his Hands, to the end the King of *Pont* might take him into favour, becauſe he had got the Victory over the moſt valiant of his Enemies. But, Sir, the Juſtice of the Gods, and your Valour, has prevented him: and now, Sir, you may diſpoſe of our Fortunes, and our Lives, as you pleaſe. If your Wounds be not dangerous (anſwered *Artamenes*, looking upon him which was in bed)

bed) you may have time to repair your fault by ſome generous Act: for I cannot puniſh thoſe who repent, nor revenge my ſelf upon thoſe who are not in a condition to defend themſeves. Ah, Sir, ſaid theſe two men (the one holding up his hands, and the other kneeling) againſt what Man, or rather againſt what God have we been ſuborned? Againſt a Man who fears the Gods (replied my Maſter) taking the one of them up with one hand, and holding out the other unto his Brother; and one who does prefer death before the leaſt injuſtice, or the leaſt baſeneſs; And therefore (continued he) I will forget that Crime which the unhappineſs of your condition cauſed you to commit; and becauſe I will recompence you for your Repentance,and for the good ſervice you have done, in telling me the Author of your Crime is in my power, I will give you your lives, and promiſe you liberty, which otherwiſe ſhould not have been without ranſom. Oh, Sir, ſaid they, command any thing, and be obeyed; for what doth not thoſe men owe, who have life given them when they deſerved death? I command then (replied *Artamenes*) that before you be ſet at liberty, you ſolemnly ſwear, that for no conſideration whatſoever you will ever employ your Valour againſt any, as you did againſt me: and that you will not diſhonour your Lives, nor your noble Profeſſion, by any ignoble Actions; Fight againſt me like valiant Soldiers, as an Enemy unto your King, and do what you can to overcome me; for I promiſe not to refuſe the meaſuring of my Sword with either of you; or fall on me both together, if you have ſo good an eſteem of me, that you dare not do it ſingle; but do not ſell the blood and the life of any one; nor endeavour to gain by Infamy. O Sir, ſaid they, interrupting him, we will rather run our Swords through our own hearts, than ever draw them againſt you, nor ever imploy them in any unworthy Action: After this, *Artamenes* did make very much of them; and having learnt who it was which kept *Artanus* Priſoner, who conceal'd himſelf as much as he could, he commanded him to be brought into the Tent where theſe two Cavaliers were:

as ſoon as he was come thither, and ſaw him there, then he thought he was diſcovered, and therefore not ſtaying till *Artamenes* ſpoke to him, or mentioned his Crime, I know (ſaid he) that thoſe Traytors whom I ſee, who though they had not power to reſiſt my Promiſes, have yet the perfidy to accuſe me, therefore I will not go about to deny that whereof they may eaſily convince me. But, Sir (ſaid he to him in a moſt ſuppliant manner, and in whom fear of death did plainly appear) what would you have a man do, who in loſing his Honour, hath loſt his Reaſon, but to cover one Crime with another, and find his own life in your death? I know this is but an ill Argument; but ſince I have no other, I muſt addreſs my ſelf unto Clemency, and ask pardon, ſince I cannot ask Juſtice, but I muſt ask Puniſhment with it. This, this is a ſtrange kind of fearing ignominy, (anſwered *Artamenes*) that you ſhould diſhonour your ſelf for fear of being diſhonoured: No, no, *Artanus*, your Paſſion hath made you extravagant: and this courſe which you take, is not the way unto Honour. I think that I know a little better than you, how to find out the paths which leads unto it; therefore let me be your Guide, and tell you without any anger or reproach, That the way to forget your former faults, is not to commit new ones. If you have any intention to blot out of the memory of men any act which perhaps is ignominious, you muſt repair it by a hundred acts of Virtue and Honour; not fall from worſe to worſe: therefore *Artanus*, I intend to ſend you unto the King your Maſter; At thoſe words *Artanus* changed colour, and it plainly appeared that he had rather ſtay in the hands of him whoſe life he had attempted againſt, than return unto the King of *Pont*: ſo that *Artamenes* obſerving it, Fear not *Artanus* (ſaid he) but that if I ſend you, I will ſend ſecurity of your life with you: If I had a mind to ruine you, I ſhould not need to ſend you any whither to be puniſht. If I may gueſs at what will be hereafter, by what hath already been, I find but ſmall hopes of your goodneſs; and if I may judge you by your preſent looks, it is eaſie to ſee in your eyes, and in your way of proceeding, that your heart harbours much anger and fear; but yet for all that, *Artanus* is no more terrible unto me living, than if he were dead: Therefore I will forget what's paſt; I will commit the future unto the Gods, and behave my ſelf for the preſent like a man of Courage; Do you ſo too, *Artanus*, if you be wiſe. In concluſion, Sir, after much diſcourſe together, *Artamenes* ſent *Artanus* unto the King of *Pont*, and would never have diſcovered the Crime of the man, if it had not been always dangerous for Kings to keep ſuch wicked wretches about them, without the knowledge of it: but he intreated him to be contented with the knowledge of *Artanus*, without puniſhing him; ordering the Herald, whom he commanded to conduct him, that he ſhould not leave the King of *Pont* until he had engaged his promiſe not to puniſh him: *Artanus*, who in ſpight of all his malice, could not chuſe but ſee the moderation of *Artamenes*, yet could not chuſe but complain of his hard fortune, which made him find ſo much rigour in the clemency of his Enemy; ſince in giving him life and liberty, he gave him ſhame and confuſion alſo, in ſending him unto the King of *Pont*, and ſpoiling his reputation in the eſteem of his Princeſs, whom he loved. As for theſe two Cavalier Priſoners, after *Artamenes* had given them their liberty, they beſeech him not to ſend them unto the King of *Pont*, their Maſter, but let them hide their Infamy in ſome far-off Country. *Artamenes*, who judged that perhaps theſe men might fear the revenge of *Artanus*, who was a man of ſome quality in his own Country, did conſent unto their deſires, as ſoon as he which was wounded was recovered; gratifying them with great rewards at departure. When this Act was made known unto the Princeſs, ſhe did extremely commend him for it, as well as the King of *Pont*, when *Artanus* came home; ſo that my Maſter had the commendations both of his Rival and his Miſtreſs at one time. It is true, the Prince was ignorant that he whom he ſo much extolled, was the greateſt Obſtacle in the World unto his Deſigns; and the Princeſs was alſo ignorant of his being her Adorer. We underſtood, Sir, by the Herald's return, how the King of *Pont* had much ado to reſolve whether or no he ſhould ſuffer *Artanus* to live; But the Herald obſerving my Maſter's command, not to leave him until he had obtained the King's promiſe to let him live; the King did at laſt promiſe not to puniſh him, upon condition he ſhould never come into his preſence, but for ever go out of his Dominions. During all theſe paſſages, *Artamenes* never diſpatched any Meſſenger to *Ciaxares*, but he preſented his Complements unto the Princeſs: And the Princeſs never ſaw any come from the Camp unto *Aniſa*, but was very inquiſitive how he did, and was much pleaſed to hear all the wonders of his life related.

To ſum up all in few words; It may juſtly be ſaid of *Artamenes*, that whatſoever he did, was excellently done. And I remember at that time there was an old *Cappadocian* Captain who was quartered in *Galatia*, and had committed ſome diſorder in his Lodging, whereof the Inhabitants came to complain; *Artamenes* knowing him a very ſerviceable Soldier, and had lived long in Arms, deſired to give him ſuch a check as ſhould correct him, but not incenſe him; thinking it fit to have ſome reſpect unto an old Officer, who had been ſo much longer in Arms than himſelf; Therefore he ſent him this Meſſage in a piece of Paper, *That he conjured him not to force a young Soldier to take ſo much boldneſs upon him as to chide and chaſtiſe an old Captain.* I relate this paſſage, Sir, to the end you may know the judgment and moderation of my Maſter, and that you ſhould not wonder to underſtand, that though he was a ſtranger, yet he ſo demeaned himſelf, as he was as much feared, loved and obeyed, as if he were a *Cappadocian* born, and one of the moſt illuſtrious Families amongſt them.

Mean while, the King of *Pont* having received great Auxiliaries from *Phrygia*, and ſo recruited his Army, that he was in a condition to undertake both *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* at one time if he had pleaſed: But yet he thought it more expedient to offer fight with *Artamenes* before he divided his Forces, becauſe then he would be more numerous than my Maſter, intending to relieve that Town which *Philidaſpes* beſieged, (and which was well provided with all things neceſſary to endure it) after he had gotten the better of the day, as he hoped to do. But ſince he was ſo much in love with the Valour of *Artamenes*, and owed him his life, He would in ſome way or other requite it. The King of *Phrygia* and he did ſtudy how to find out ſome extraordinary courſe to be diſengaged from thoſe Obligations wherein he had fettered them, and not to be ſo perpetually overcome as well by his Virtue as his Valour: They fixed upon a ſtrange and new Reſolution. 'Tis very true the King of *Pont*, who was really generous, was concerned in it: For although he knew that *Artamenes* did not ſo much as ſuſpect his generoſity in that buſineſs of the forty Conſpirators; yet ſince *Artanus* was Baniſhed, ſome ill-meaning minds, or perhaps *Artanus* himſelf, would forge a falſe report, That the Author of that Conſpiracy is not yet known; and will tacitly give it out, as if the King of *Pont*, although he did advertiſe *Artamenes* of it, yet was the Author of it; and that his generoſity in ſending unto *Artamanes*, was a meer ſubtilty: This Prince therefore did deſire to juſtify himſelf from any ſuch ſcandalous reports; and in order to that, the two Kings cauſed this command to be publiſhed throughout all the Army, exacting ſtrict obedience, That none whoſoever ſhould uſe any Bows, Arrows, Slings, Darts, Javelins, or any far-off Engines, againſt *Artamenes*, whoſe Arms were ſo remarkable, that none could miſtake him: and to uſe no other weapon but Sword only againſt him, and not to fight againſt him but only one to one, as much as the confuſion of the Battel would permit, leſt ſo gallant a Man as he ſhould dye by the hand of a Coward, who might kill him at a diſtance with an Arrow, or leaſt he ſhould be ruined by a multitude, as *Artanus* attempted: They conceived this Act would redound unto the glory of their Nation; they thereby teſtifying unto the World, that they cared not for Victory upon baſe diſadvantages. The day after the publication of this Order, *Artamenes* (who truſted unto none but himſelf in all matters of importance, and who was ſo able, ſo vigilant, and capable of every thing, (if I may ſay it) as he took upon himſelf the charge of the whole Army, and tranſacted ſucceſſively) cauſed a party to go out with him, and face the Enemy. The King of *Pont* being advertiſed of it by his Spies, ſent the like number to beat off thoſe who approached ſo near them: But *Artamenes* wondred that he was not covered with Clouds of Arrows as he uſed to be, and far from being compaſſed about by multitudes; for he never had but one at one time upon him; he himſelf aſſaulted many, but he was never aſſaulted by more than one at once: This accident did a while aſtoniſh him, for things were not wont to go ſo; yet in the heat of Action he reflected but ſlightly upon it, nor thought of any thing but getting the Victory. In concluſion, a great part of the Enemy was cut off, many took Priſoners, and the reſt ſaved themſelves by flight in the diſorder of the Battel. *Artamenes* being returned to the Camp, the Priſoners which were taken, hoping to be uſed better for it, did publiſh the generoſity of their King, and the prohibition which he ordained concerning my Maſter. The Soldiers hearing ſo unuſual a procedure, and *Artamenes* coming to the knowledg of it, he cauſed all the Priſoners to be preſently ſet at liberty, deſiring them to tell the King their Maſter, that he ſhould preſently ſee he was not altogether unworthy of that honour which he had done him. I was by him when this happened; and he was no ſooner got by himſelf, but looking upon me with admiration, *Chriſantes* (ſaid he to me) what odd fortune is this, to have a Rival who overloads me with ſo many favours, and ſo much generoſity, that I am almoſt forced to hate him? Such an one as by his good intentions unto me, drives me into a ſtrange deſpair! Doubtleſs he thinks to purchaſe the Princeſs eſteem by this way, and ſeeks more after publick acclamations than victory; Oh, if it be ſo, ſaid he, how much more terrible is he to me when he preſerves my life, than when he aſſaults me to take it away? No, no, too generous Rival (ſaid this amorous Prince) I will not ſuffer thee to ſurmount me in virtue; and I am reſolved to diſpute with thee more ſtifly for the eſteem of *Mandana*, than ever I contended with thee for victory in the head of an Army: Yes, *Chriſantes* (ſaid he, and lookt upon me) my Princeſs ſhall never ſay that the King of *Pont* hath done any brave act, but ſhe ſhall ſay that *Artamenes* hath done another as Heroick; at leaſt, I will make ſuch a Combat in the ſecret of *Mandanaes* heart, as he ſhall not with juſtice overcome me, unleſs the inclination of my Princeſs be byaſſed by leaning more unto his ſide, and ſurmount me that way more than by his own merit: After this, Sir, I would have ſaid ſomething, but he would not hear me. The next morning he held a Council of War, and according to the order thereof, it was thought beſt he ſhould impede the enemy from attempting to raiſe the Siege which *Philidaſpes* attended upon, in caſe there were any intentions of the Enemy diſcovered to take that courſe; yet he could not reſolve to contribute ſo much unto the glory of *Philidaſpes*, nor leave the King of *Pont* ſo long in the advantage of his high generoſity; Therefore he ſo wrought with all the Captains of his Army by that winning eloquence which nature and education had given him in the *Greek* Language, as they were all reſolved to force the Enemy unto Battel, as himſelf intended: Judge, Sir, whether it were a hard matter to make two Enemies meet which ſought one another; therefore it was not long before *Artamenes* had his deſired ſatisfaction: But here you may wonder, Sir, at what the deſire of glory can do in a ſoul that is truly generous. *Artamenes*, who upon the King of *Pont*'s notice concerning the conſpiracy againſt his life, had choſen the moſt glorious Arms that the World could make, to the end he might better be known to them who ſought for him in the laſt Battel, and who now thought that all who knew him by thoſe Arms would not fight againſt him neither with Bow, Arrow, Javelin or Dart, nor fall upon him ſingle; he therefore left off thoſe gallant Arms, to the end he might not be known: Thus did he endeavour to ſhew unto the World that none ſhould conquer him in point of generoſity: Sir, ſaid I unto him (in the morning when he was putting on his Arms) will you hide all your gallant Acts in ſuch obſcure Arms as theſe? It is fit I ſhould, *Chriſantes* (ſaid he unto me) at this time, if I will ſhew my ſelf worthy of that Honour that is done me: But Sir, (ſaid I) is it not to be feared that it will take away the hearts of your Soldiers, when they cannot diſtinguiſh you from that great number who are Armed as you are? If they follow me (anſwered he) they cannot chuſe but know me; and I intend to behave my ſelf ſo, as it may be they ſhall eaſily find me: At laſt, Sir, they fought, and *Artamenes* did ſuch things as are not imaginable. Until now he fought but like a valiant Man; but at this time it might very well be ſaid, he fought like an incenſed God: one would have thought he knew himſelf incapable of Wounds, ſeeing how he adventured himſelf. He drove their Squadrons on heaps, he broke their Ranks, and charged through and through their beſt compoſed Bodies; nothing could reſiſt him. In concluſion, he carried the matter ſo prodigiouſly, as he made both his friends and his enemies know him, notwithſtanding his ſimple Arms, which were all ſanguin'd with the blood which he had loſt; and which running upon his Curace, made him moſt terrible to look upon: His Buckler was all mangled with Arrows which fell upon it. The King of *Pont* meeting him in this condition, and eaſily knowing him; It is not my fault, Generous *Artamenes*, (cried he aloud unto him) ſince I have done what was fit to preſerve your Life: Nor is it my fault (anſwered *Artamenes*) that your Valour does not receive an advantage in my defeat, ſince I do all I can to make you Glorious; and do not ſpare a Life, which perhaps is more ways than one an obſtacle unto your victory and happineſs. But valiant Prince, ſaid he, we have contended long enough upon points of Generoſity; Let us now try if we can fight as well as acknowledg a benefit; for I am much deceived, if we can otherwiſe overcome one another without diſhonour. Upon theſe words the King of *Pont* would have replied ſomething, but *Artamenes* making ſigns that he had rather fight than talk, did advance towards him; and then theſe two Gallant Men began a Combate, which perhaps had been very fatal to them both, if night and darkneſs had not againſt both their wills parted them, and by conſequence had not left both their general and particular victories in doubt: yet notwithſtanding the advantage did fall upon *Artamenes* ſide; for he loſt few Men, killed many, and took many Priſoners: But ſince the Combate was not ended when night came on, and ſince both of them remained upon the field in their Arms, it was difficult to ſay abſolutely which ſide was loſer, or which a gainer; yet it was partly a cauſe of taking the Town which *Philidaſpes* beſieged; becauſe that after this, the King of *Pont*'s Army was not ſtrong enough to be divided, nor venture to ſuccour that Town, and come between both our Armies. The next morning *Artamenes* having intelligence, that two thouſand men were upon the way on the Mountains which bordered upon that Plain betwixt *Aniſa* and *Ceraſia*, conducting Money unto the King of *Pont*'s Army for payment of his Soldiers; he went to give a ſtop unto this Convoy: ſo that meeting with them, he forced them into a Valley environed with inacceſſible Rocks, to ſhelter themſelves; who ſeeing themſelves brought into that ſtrait condition, conſulted what they ſhould do; ſince if they fought, they were loſt; and if they ſtaid there, it would be a loſs unto their Maſter: ſo that to ſave themſelves, and be rid of that ill condition, they beat a Parley, and ſent twelve of their Company unto *Artamenes*, with their Bucklers full of Gold and Silver, entreating him to accept of that for their ranſome, and let them depart. *Artamenes*, who was always more Heroick in all his Actions, than they could imagine, told them, that he would freely give them their lives and liberty, and alſo ſuffer them to paſs with their Gold and Silver, ſo they would leave their Bucklers which held it, behind them, as marks of his Victory: But theſe ſtout and couragious Soldiers, throwing down all that was in their Bucklers upon the Earth, and putting them upon their left Arms, taking their Swords in their right, You ſhall ſee (ſaid they, turning away towards their Companions) that our Nation never uſe to leave their Bucklers but with their lives; and may be (what inequality ſoever there is between us) you ſhall never get them without danger of your own. *Artamenes* ſeeing the Soldiers carry it out ſo very bravely, was ſo charmed with a generous envy, as he could not reſiſt them: And when he conſidered that he had got this advantage without honour, becauſe he got it without danger; and that as the ſtate of things were, an addition of Two thouſand Men could not much alter the caſe: And ſeeing theſe Twelve Soldiers go away in ſuch a gallant reſolution, Valiant Men (cried he to them) come again, and take both your Money, your Lives and your Liberties, which you ſo well deſerve: you have overcome me, my Companions, ſaid he to them, and if you had been in the laſt Battel, the King your Maſter had defeated us. Theſe Soldiers were as much ſurpris'd with his Generoſity, as he was with theirs, and knew not whether they ſhould give any credit to his words: But at laſt they believed, and having acquainted their Captains with it, all ſhouted for joy and wonder, and made all the Rocks round about ring with the Name of *Artamenes* and his Glory. Thus were theſe Gallant Men releaſed out of the Valley which encloſed them; who when they came unto their Camp, did publiſh the Generoſity of my Maſter's Name, for which the King of *Pont* ſent a Trumpeter to thank him moſt heartily for his civility. But Sir, I never conſider, how I abuſe your Patience, nor how long thoſe Paſſions which I reſent for *Artamenes*, have kept me; therefore let me reflect if you pleaſe upon the moſt important things of my Maſter's ſtory. Winter drawing on when this laſt Battel was fought, and the Town which *Philidaſpes* beſieged, being preſently after taken, where *Philidaſpes* behaved himſelf like a Man of great Gallantry and Prudence, and *Ciaxares* having had ſuch happy ſucceſs within the compaſs of eight Months, he called off *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*, who after they had ſetled all their Troops in their Winter-Quarters, and ſeen their Enemy do the like, did come unto the King, who now returned unto *Sinope*. I need not tell you, Sir, how *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* were entertained by the King and the Princeſs: for you may be aſſured that it was with as much civility and joy as their great Services could deſerve. As they were diſpoſed when they took their leaves of the Princeſs, ſo they were the very ſame at their return; the firſt time that they ſaw *Mandana* at her Chamber,(there they met) It ſeemed by *Feraulas* who was there, and well recovered of his wounds, that the Princeſs was diſpleaſed and angry; yet ſhe ſhewed nothing but ſuch charms as were able to captivate the hearts of moſt rebellious Lovers; She diverted her Diſcourſe after ſuch an ingenious manner by her ſweet complacence, which had nothing of affectation in it, that ſhe gave them no occaſion to renew thoſe differences which paſſed between them in the laſt Battel, of which the Princeſs was not ignorant. When you took your leaves of me (ſaid ſhe to them) I remember that I entreated you to look unto your ſelves ſo well, as I might from your own mouths receive the particulars of the Victory; but now I will ſpare you that labour; for I have ſuch an indiſpoſition unto War, that I do not love much to diſcourſe of thoſe glorious advantages which my Father hath obtained by your Valour: Never fear that I am ignorant of them, or that I will ever forget them. Fame doth court and love *Artamenes* ſo much, and doth not hate *Philidaſpes*, that the leaſt of your actions muſt needs be publiſhed: My ſoul is more ingenuous than to loſe the memory of benefits. But truly I do much affect peace; the calm and quiet Virtues do much better agree with my inclination, than theſe lofty proud ones. That Prince then (replied *Artamenes*) would be very unhappy, who hath a particular aim to pleaſe you, and could find out no other way to pay you ſervice but by Sword, and Fire, and Blood. Queſtionleſs (added ſhe) that a Prince who had nothing but Valour, and good Fortune in Fighting, hath not in my opinion all the qualities neceſſary to deſerve the eſteem of a reaſonable Princeſs. For if he have thoſe only, and no more, I ſhould believe that a common ordinary eſteem might well enough content him; but he ought not to pretend unto ſo high a degree as Love. What qualities then, I beſeech you Madam, (replied *Philidaſpes*) are requiſite to purchaſe the favour of an Illuſtrious and Great Princeſs? It is requiſite (anſwered ſhe, if I be not deceived) that his Valour be not too cruel; that he love Victory better than blood; that his fury laſt no longer than fight: That he be ever civil; That he affect glory without pride; That he look for it in ſuch ways where he may find it; That ſweetneſs and clemency be his predominant qualities; That he be very liberal; but liberal with diſcreet choice: That he be always grateful; That he do not envy the glory of another; That he be juſt unto his very enemies; That he be an abſolute Maſter of his paſſions; That his converſation be not lofty or proud; That he be always faithful to his Friends, and terrible to his Enemies: And to ſpeak all in one word, That he have all the Virtues, and none of the Vices. You have reaſon Madam (replied *Artamenes*) to ſay that he ought to be exact in all, who deſerves the affection of an illuſtrious Princeſs: But, Madam, doubtleſs ſhe muſt be ſuch a one as reſembles you, who without injuſtice can deſire that perfection which is not to be found amongſt Men; and if ſhe never confer her affection upon any but thoſe who are worthy of it, then that treaſure would never be enjoyed by any, though without queſtion it be deſired by all the Princes upon earth. I know not (ſaid ſhe) whether the affection of ſuch a Princeſs as reſembles me, be a thing ſo precious as to be called a Treaſure; but I know very well, that if ſhe reſemble me, her affection ſhould not be eaſily obtained, ſince by a premeditated deſign I am reſolved never to beſtow any part of my Love lightly, but to fight againſt my own inclinations if they ſhould offer to overcome me. I know not, Madam, (ſaid *Philidaſpes*, interrupting her) whether this hardneſs of heart be not as much to be condemned in your Sex, as you conceive pride is in ours; I do not think it, (ſaid ſhe); if I did, I ſhould perhaps change my mind: But whatſoever it be, to ſhew that I am not unjuſt, I pray know, that I am as liberal of my eſteem, as I am wary of my love, ſince truly I ſhall never refuſe it unto my greateſt Enemy when they ſhall deſerve it; Imagine then (ſaid ſhe to *Artamenes*) if I do not only much eſteem you, but admire you for all thoſe gallant acts which you have performed: And imagine *Philidaſpes* (ſaid ſhe in turning towards him) if you have not much reaſon to pretend unto a great part of my Commendations for what you have done: Thus did this diſcreet and wiſe Princeſs entertain theſe two Gallants whom ſhe perceived to be very ambitious and extreamly jealous of their Honours; and therefore ſhe durſt not aggravate the great actions of my Maſter, leſt *Philidaſpes*, who ſeem'd to be the more violent and haſty, ſhould be offended. Then they parted, being very well pleaſed with *Mandana*'s civilities, but much troubled to have it from her own mouth, that her affection was ſo hard to be obtained.

It appeared that *Philidaſpes*, who was as Amorous as *Artamenes*, and did entertain the ſame Reſentments, was a little more netled than he, eſpecially ſince throughout the Princeſs diſcourſe, he found many more obliging terms towards his Rival, than himſelf. All this while *Ciaxares* thinks upon nothing but Feaſts, and publick Jollities. *Aſtiages* hearing of his Victories, ſends to Congratulate with him, and ſent alſo a great Complement unto my Maſter, relating to his Valour. The Court was never ſo full, nor ſo glorious as now: All the Officers of the Army made *Sinope* their Rendezvous, and almoſt all the Ladies of Quality throughout both Kingdoms repaired thither. The Preſence of the Princeſs was free and open; there was not a day, but the King went unto her Chamber, and by conſequence every one had permiſſion to enter: For ſince the King was very well acquainted with *Mandana*'s Virtue, he did permit Men of Quality to enter into her Preſence, tho he himſelf was not there; ſince the Lady of Honour

nour her Governeſs, and all her other Women were continually there, and never left her. So that it might be ſaid, *Artamenes* did ſeem to be very happy, tho indeed he was not; for he had the good Fortune, during the time of his Paſſion, to get infinite Honour, to ſerve *Ciaxares* moſt highly; to oblige the Princeſs moſt ſenſibly in ſaving the Life of her Father, and overcoming all his Enemies, ſo that he might be almoſt aſſured of her eſteem. But on the other ſide, when he conſidered the auſtere Virtue of the Princeſs, of which he made profeſſion; he could never hope ſhe would ever ſuffer either *Artamenes*, or *Cyrus*, to preſume ſo boldly as to ſpeak of Love: Moreover, the King of *Pont* and his Paſſion ſtir'd up his Jealouſy; and the Preſence of *Philidaſpes* was troubleſome to him, tho he knew no reaſon for it; yet *Artamenes* and he loſt not an inch of any opportunity to ſee the Princeſs; they followed her unto the Temple; they waited upon her into the Park and Walks, and viſited her at all permitted Hours; they neglected nothing, that two Men equally poſſeſſed with Paſſion could do. But that which moſt amuſed my Maſter concerning *Philidaſpes*, was, that beſides his diligence about the Princeſs, one might ſee him always buſy about *Ciaxares* and *Aribees*, and ſeem'd to be ſo urgent in all his Actions, that my Maſter did ſuſpect his Ambition as well as his Love, tho he every moment thought him capable of both. In all matters of Gallantry they were always oppoſite one to another. In all their Opinions they differed: 'Tis true, *Artamenes* had this advantage, that he oppoſed *Philidaſpes* without any ſhew of humorouſneſs in his mind, which his Rival could not brag of. For tho really he was a very compleat Man, yet he was of a more violent, conceited, and active Temper; he was always too full of Contradiction in his Diſcourſe, and therefore not ſo plauſible. Truth is, it appeared one Night when they were with the Princeſs, that he was not abſolute Maſter of Himſelf or Thoughts, but ſuffered them ſometimes to rove further than he would have them: There was then but few about her, and theſe two ſecret Lovers were there almoſt alone with her. After diſcourſe upon many ſeveral Subjects, the Princeſs had a great deſire, if it were poſſible, to unite them, to the end they might become more ſerviceable unto her Father; and beginning to diſcourſe upon what might be the ordinary cauſe of friendſhip; I have wondred a hundred times (ſaid ſhe to *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*) that I could neve diſcover any great matter of Friendſhip betwixt you two; for tho I know you do eſteem of one another very much, yet methinks you love not one another ſo much as you ſhould do: I mean, (ſaid ſhe) that confident friendſhip, and tenderneſs of Affection, which dare truſt and tell all things unto him that is loved, and partake of one anothers Sorrows and Joys. For you are both of you Strangers, and both Men of Spirit, Courage and Generoſity; you ſerve the ſame Prince, and you ſhould Love one another; for I believe your Souls are too Gallant to be capable of Envy: If ſo, then how comes it to paſs that you do not love, as much as eſteem one another? And why cannot I find that Union of Soul betwixt you, which makes Friends reveal their Hearts and Secrets one to another? Perhaps, Madam, (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) it is becauſe we eſteem too much, to love one another alſo. And perhaps alſo it may be, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) that our Secrets are of too great a Conſequence to be revealed unto any. I would therefore gladly know, (replied the Princeſs, and that very preciſely) what it is which doth diſunite you; for I do confeſs, I cannot find it out: For my part, (continued ſhe) I know but of two Paſſions which can hinder gallant Men from loving one another, thoſe are Ambition and Love: As for the firſt of theſe, I do believe my Father is able to ſatisfie you both. As for the ſecond, I can neither ſuſpect that two Men ſo generous as you are, can be ſo weak, nor indeed do I ſee any appearance of it: And it may be, that there is not one of my Women (ſaid ſhe ſmiling, and looking upon them all) that hath not ſecretly chid her Beauty, becauſe ſhe has not fettered you ſince you came to Court, where it is obſerved, that the Inclination

tion is not at all that way. Tell me then, (ſaid ſhe to them) I Conjure you, and do not hide the truth of the matter from me: I leave you to judg, Sir, in what a Labyrinth *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* were now entangled; and what an odd chance this was, that the Princeſs ſhould deſire that thing which they could not tell her, and that which would have amazed her, if they ſhould have aſſumed the boldneſs to have told what they knew, tho neither of them in particular knew all they deſired to know. For it is certain, that as yet ſhe did not ſuſpect any thing, either of the Paſſion of *Artamenes* or *Philidaſpes*; or that *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* did hate one another, rather by reaſon of certain ſecret Jealouſies which they had of their Deſigns, than out of any certain knowledg of the truth. Yet the Princeſs, whoſe aim it was to Act the moſt advantagiouſly ſhe could, for the Service of the King her Father, and to reconcile the minds of theſe two Men, who were of ſuch Eminency, did very much preſs them, to tell her what was the Obſtacle which obſtructed their Friendſhip. Madam, (anſwered *Artamenes*) It will be a hard matter for me to tell you, ſince ordinarily I do not uſe to have any difference with thoſe I eſteem: As for me, (replied *Philidaſpes*,) I will go a little further than that, and ſay, I am never uſed to have any thing but difference with thoſe I do not Love, whether I eſteem or deſpiſe them: my heart (ſaid he) cannot reſt in ſuch a juſt Medium, between Love and Hatred; and though I could, yet I ſhould byaſs more to one ſide than the other: you make me much joyed (anſwered the Princeſs very haſtily, leſt *Artamenes* ſhould make ſuch a reply as ſhould ſharpen the ſpirit of *Philidaſpes*) for I never could ſuſpect that he could hate ſuch a Man as *Artamenes*, who never offended you; whom all the Court knows; whom the King my Father does extreamly love, and whom I eſteem very much: ſo *Philidaſpes* (continued ſhe, not giving him leave to ſpeak) ſince doubtleſs you cannot hate *Artamanes*, I conclude that of neceſſity you muſt love him a little; and if ſo, I hope that I ſhall not have no hard task to make you love him much: for, ſaid ſhe, in turning towards *Artamenes*, Doubtleſs you will never reſiſt me, nor ever diſagree with *Philidaſpes*, who is owner of a hundred excellent Qualities, and whom the King my Father eſteems infinitely; he who certainly Loves you a little, and who deſerves the approbation of thoſe who are more knowing than I am: And, added ſhe, if there be any prevalency in my Prayers, you ſhall, for the Love of me, carry it ſo for the future, that the whole Court ſhall take notice of the good correſpondence which is betwixt you, and no more wonder at the coldneſs which appears in all your actions, and in all your words, the cauſe whereof every one is moſt ignorant. Perhaps, Madam, anſwered *Philidaſpes*, we know it not our ſelves: But, ſaid the Princeſs, whether you know it, or know it not; I hope you will do as I deſire you. The Gods, Madam (ſaid *Artamenes*) for ought I ſee, are not ſo rigorous as you, ſince they allow us liberty to Love or Hate thoſe whom we judge worthy of either: Be pleaſed to be ſatisfied, Madam, with that Lawful Authority which your rare Qualities have given you over the hearts of all them who have the honour to come near you; and do not Tyrannically (if that which I owe you will permit me to phraſe it ſo) impoſe upon *Philidaſpes*, to Love *Artamenes* compulſively; nor upon *Artamenes* to Love *Philidaſpes*, whether he will or no: If they will at any time Love, let them have the freedom of their own choice entire, and take not from them the Merit of their Affection: And if they will eternally hate one another, (replied *Philidaſpes*) let them have the liberty to do it, without any juſt offence to you. That cannot poſſibly be (replied ſhe,) for I eſteem both of you too much to ſuffer it. Why, Madam, ſaid *Artamenes* to her (and changing colour) Cannot I hate *Philidaſpes*, unleſs I do anger the Princeſs *Mandana*? No, ſaid ſhe, nor *Philidaſpes* hate *Artamenes*, without offending me extreamly, ſince I have ſo deſired of him the contrary. We are both of us then, very happy, and very unhappy, replied *Philidaſpes*: and you ſhall be both of you very reaſonable, if you will Love one another, for the Love of me. This is not poſſible, replied *Philidaſpes*. Indeed, Madam, anſwered *Artamenes*, I think it would be much more eaſie for us to hate one another for the Love of you, than to love one another for the Love of you; for, ſaid he, both of us aiming at Glory as we do, and ſeeking out all occaſions to greaten our ſelves by obtaining the eſteem and friendſhip of the King, if you ſhould byas more unto *Philidaſpes* than unto *Artamenes*, I think that *Artamenes*, though he durſt not complain of you, yet he would hate *Philidaſpes* a little: And I my ſelf think (replied this violent Prince) that tho it ſhould happen ſo to me, *Philidaſpes* would content himſelf with eſteeming *Artamenes*, without Loving him. The Princeſs was then very ſorry ſhe had undertook a buſineſs, which ſhe found much more hard to compoſe, than ſhe believed; therefore ſhe thought it better to end this diſcourſe, than continue it any longer. Then ſhe begun to ſpeak unto them with abundance of excellent ſweetneſs; At leaſt, ſaid ſhe, will you promiſe me to live together as if you did Love one another; and that you will not contradict one another in any thing? *Philidaſpes* (anſwered *Artamenes*) ſeems to be ſo zealous in the King's ſervice and yours, Madam, and I alſo the like, that it may be imagined, there will be always much concurrence in all our deſigns: I know (replied *Philidaſpes*) that at the leaſt we ſhall meet one another very often: And I think that ever ſince the firſt day *Artamenes* arrived in *Cappadocia*, I have every day ſeen him. It is true that I met you at the Temple of *Mars* (anſwered *Artamenes*) the ſame day I came to *Sinope*: What day was that (asked the Princeſs?) It was the ſame (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) whereon you offered a Sacrifice of Thanks unto the Gods, for the Death of that Prince who would have ſubverted all *Aſia*, and uſurped your Crown from you; I remember it very well (ſaid the Princeſs, deſiring to break off the former diſcourſe) and I never in all my life had ſo little devotion to render thanks unto the Gods for a Benefit, as I had that day; not but that according to the Predictions of all the Magi, the Ruin of young *Cyrus* was a happy fate for all *Aſia*; but becauſe that naturally I ever had ſuch a repugnancy in me againſt rejoycing at the death of any one, as that I had need to have a great intereſt in the Publick Felicity, if I conſent unto it. Why Madam (anſwered my Maſter, bluſhing a little) are you ſo good as not to hate *Cyrus*? How (ſaid *Philidaſpes*, interrupting him, who always would be of a contrary opinion) can ſhe hate a Prince whom ſhe never ſaw, and who is her Couſin; and who, as I am aſſured, was one of much merit? Therefore it was neither reaſonable nor poſſible to hate him. But (anſwered my Maſter) it ſeems you told me, that he would have ſubverted all *Aſia*, and uſurped the Crown from the Princeſs: But I ſaid it (replied *Philidaſpes* ſharply) becauſe the Magi ſaid ſo, without ſeeing any appearances of it. *Cyrus* (anſwered my Maſter very coldly) would be much obliged to you, if he were living: But not very much to you, replied *Philidaſpes*, who would have him hated when he is dead. Since the King my Father (ſaid the Princeſs to them) has both you about him, who are ſuch gallant Defenders, in his Service, I believe it had not been eaſie for *Cyrus* to deſtroy us. This opinion, Madam, anſwered my Maſter, is a great Glory to us. I ſhould have acknowledged as much, replied *Philidaſpes*, if ſhe had named none but me. I ſhall leave you to judge, Sir, what effects this diſcourſe did beget in my Maſter's ſpirit; but as he was about to reply, the King came in, and broke off further diſcourſe. After he had ſtaid a while with *Mandana*, he went out to walk by the Sea-ſide, and every one followed him. As ill luck would have it, *Aribees* held the King in a long private diſcourſe, ſo that *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* turned to each other, and took a walk by themſelves; and ſince they came out from the Princeſs with exaſperated ſpirits, ſo they were a little while ſilent, both of them queſtionleſs recalling unto memory all that paſſed: Did ever any one ſee ſuch croſs Fortune as mine (ſaid *Artamenes* to himſelf) *Mandana* would force me to Love *Philidaſpes*, who Loves not me; who is oppoſite to all my deſigns; who contradicts all my diſcourſe; whom I always find about the Princeſs; who looks upon me with envy, and perhaps is my Rival. This laſt reflection imprinting it ſelf very deep in his ſoul, did move anger to appear very high in his looks; and I, who was not far off, obſerved it; I think his enemy alſo, had very near the ſame thoughts: at length I perceived *Philidaſpes* and he change colour both together at an inſtant; and by their muſing ſtudy which both ſtood in, I perceived them to be very angry and cholerick: After they had ſtood a while without ſpeaking a word, and ſtanding at diſtance one from the other; *Artamenes* on a ſudden rouſing himſelf out of his muſing, ſaw that the King and the Company was a good diſtance off, and remembring what *Philidaſpes* had ſaid in the Princeſs's preſence; You have reaſon, ſaid he, to ſay that we meet very often, ſince without any deſign we are met here ſingle together in the midſt of ſo much people: I care not much (replied *Philidaſpes* briskly) for meeting here in a walk; but I muſt confeſs to you, I do not love to meet you near the King, or the Princeſs, or in a Battel when I am upon the point of taking Kings Priſoners. For my part, replied *Artamenes*, I have no ſuch averſion from meeting you; and I ſhould be glad to find you in the head of an Enemies Army, where we might diſpute the Victory, and ſhew you how to take Kings Priſoners in ſuch a way as would be glorious. There needs not, anſwered *Philidaſpes*, an Army of Fifty thouſand Men to give you that ſatisfaction which you deſire; and if you deſire it, I ſhall eaſily ſatisfie your longing. It ſhall ſtick only upon you, replied *Artamenes*; and leſt the pretenſions which you have at the Court ſhould hinder you from giving me this ſatisfaction, or oblige you to repent of what you have ſaid, Let us to morrow morning before Sun riſe, ſee whether the Princeſs have reaſon to deſire that *Philidaſpes* ſhould love *Artamenes*, and *Artamenes* love *Philidaſpes*. I like it well, anſwered he; and take heed leſt the Honours which you have from the King, and the reſpects you bear unto the Princeſs, do make you alter your reſolutions: Therefore, replied *Artamenes*, Let us meet behind the Temple of *Mars*, where I will ſtay for you with a Sword by day-break: Mean while I think it good to follow the King, leſt any ſuſpicion ſhould be of our deſign. After this they appeared before the King, and carried the matter ſo well, as none did dream of any thing that paſſed between them; I, my ſelf, who, as I ſaid before, had obſerved ſome diſorder in their Faces, was deceived like the reſt: And I had been ſo often accuſtomed to ſee alterations in his countenance, without any misfortune to follow, that I by this could not foreſee that which followed. At night, when *Artamenes* was retired, he ſhut himſelf in his Cloſet with *Feraulas*, unto whom he imparted his deſign, becauſe he had need of his help to get him out unſeen. *Feraulas*, as he told me, did diſſwade him, laying before him the inequality which was betwixt *Philidaſpes* and him, whoſe condition was ſo much inferiour, as that there was no juſtice they ſhould meaſure Swords together. But my Maſter anſwered him, that *Artamenes* did appear to be no more than *Philidaſpes*; and that in Combats, Valour was to be more valued than Quality: At laſt he told him, that he ſhould fight better againſt a valiant Soldier, than a great cowardly King. Neverthleſs, Sir, although the buſineſs which *Artamenes* had in hand, might well have taken up all his thoughts, yet it did not hinder him from telling unto *Feraulas* all the diſcourſe which paſſed betwixt the Princeſs, *Philidaſpes* and himſelf: And his Paſſion did ſo much reflect upon his ſoul, as that he ſtood firm in the midſt of greateſt dangers. What ſhould be *Mandana's* deſign, ſaid he to *Feraulas*, in ſo earneſtly deſiring that *Philidaſpes* and I ſhould love one another? Was it only a bare effect of her wiſdom and goodneſs? or was it ſome ſecret good-will that ſhe bore unto *Artamenes* or *Philidaſpes*? Has ſhe ſeen into my heart, and there found all thoſe jealouſies which cauſe my averſion to love him? But alas! if ſhe had done ſo, ſhe would have ſeen that I adored her, and would not have been ignorant of thoſe Paſſions which I endure for her, and would have been far off from commanding me to love him; I conceive ſhe would rather have commanded me not to come near him. Oh ye God's, ſaid he, How ſhould I know whether it be only Ambition in him, or whether he be in love? Whatſoever he be, I hope the Princeſs is ignorant of his Paſſion, as well as of mine; that which ſhe ſaid unto us in the beginning of her diſcourſe, tells me as much. I believe you too generous, ſaid ſhe, to ſuſpect any ſuch weakneſs in you. Ha! *Mandana*, Illuſtrious *Mandana*, ſaid he, this weakneſs is glorious, and it muſt be a great Soul only which is capable of it. But is it poſſible, ſaid he further, that my Eyes, and all my Actions have not yet given you the leaſt ſuſpition of my Love? Do you not conceive that all my Martial Adventures, and Acts which I have done, were done for you? Has any ſeen me ask any recompence for what I have done? or had I any Intereſt of my own in it? And cannot *Mandana*, the moſt divine *Mandana*, imagine that ſome Paſſion more noble than Ambition, did move *Artamenes* to his Adventures? Nevertheleſs, *Feraulas*, ſaid he, this amiable Princeſs, who is ſo far from having the leaſt knowledge of it, did add this unto her diſcourſe, *And it may be there is not one of my Women that has not ſecretly chid her beauty, becauſe it has not captivated you ſince you came to this Court, where every one obſerved that your inclination was not that way.* Ah, too unjuſt Princeſs, ſaid he, Why did you not obſerve it? and why did you not rather ſay in your ſelf, *Since* Artamenes *does not love any in the Court, doubtleſs he loves me.* But alas, ſaid he, *Mandana* tells me by this diſcourſe, that ſhe would not have me to be her Conqueſt; and that ſhe thinks ſhe has done me honour enough in telling me, that the Beauty of her Women might have captivated me. Sir, ſaid *Feraulas* unto him, this is only *Artamenes* who hath received this ſlight injury. It is true, replied he, But dare *Artamenes* be *Cyrus*? Can he ceaſe to be *Artamenes*, and not be hated? Ah cruel world (cried he again)! what abundance of ſorrow and deſpair doſt thou afford me? I wiſh *Mandana* knew I loved her, but I would not be the teller of it: and by what means can ſhe ever know it, if ſhe buſie her ſelf in ſeeking about the Court for one to captivate me; and if ſhe never apprehend, that none can look upon her, but needs muſt love her; and that though *Artamenes* be only *Artamenes*, having a heart ſo great as he has, he cannot abaſe himſelf to love elſewhere? That which gives me a little comfort is, ſhe treats my pretended Rival no better than ſhe does me; and that through all her diſcourſe, her words were more favourable towards *Artamenes* than him. If I had been well aſſured he had been my Rival, my ſorrows would have been my death, and my ſymptoms of Jealouſie would have diſcovered my Love unto my Princeſs: In ſhort, Sir, *Artamenes* talked with *Feraulas* as if he had nothing to do in the morning; but ſeeing he never thought of bed, he put him in mind of it, and my Maſter followed his Advice, riſing in the morning by break of day.

I had forgot to tell you, that *Philidaſpes* and my Maſter had agreed to fight on Horſeback, without any other Arms but one Buckler, and one Sword, leſt their Deſign ſhould be diſcovered; and that either of them ſhould have one Eſquire with them, to be Spectators of the Combat. *Feraulas* went out with *Artamenes*: as ſoon as they were ready, they went out at a Back-door, and ſtole away quietly, not being ſeen by any: They came upon the place appointed, half an hour before *Philidaſpes*: Here, Sir, *Artamenes* did begin very much to fear the Princeſs diſpleaſure, who when ſhe ſhould hear of a quarrel ſo ſoon after her deſires to love one another, had juſt cauſe of offence; yet this ſtrong averſion which he had towards *Philidaſpes*, was more prevalent than his fears, and concluded it better to expoſe himſelf once unto the diſpleaſure of his Princeſs, than not to be revenged of a Rival. He looked for *Philidaſpes* with much impatience: But he preſently appeared, and perceiving my Maſter ſtayed for him; I deſire your pardon, *Artamenes*, ſaid he, for coming no ſooner, but I will endeavour to make ſatisfaction for my ſluggiſhneſs, by that diligence which I bring with me to vanquiſh you if I can. I hope, replied *Artamenes*, that mine will prevent you, and we ſhall preſently know whether we ſhould love or hate one another. After this, both drew their Swords, and after they had either of them made a paſs with their Horſes, as it were to put them into wind; they then ſtaid a-while oppoſite one to another to take their meaſures, and ſeat themſelves in their Saddles; after which they fell to't, and ſtruck ſo furiouſly, as both of them had like to have fallen: *Philidaſpes* his Sword did glide upon the Buckler of *Artamenes*; and the Sword of *Artamenes* did graſe a little upon the right ſide of *Philidaſpes*: Their Horſes, which were ready guided, did not ſtartle at a Charge ſo violent; and theſe two terrible Rivals turning ſhort both together, did endeavour to crouper each other if they could; but they were both ſo quick, and fought with ſo much judgment, as it was not poſſible for either to do it. Then giving the rein to their Horſes, and making a ſecond Paſs, the Sword of *Artamenes* the ſecond time light upon the head of *Philidaſpes*, and gliding down to his Shoulder, gave him two wounds at one blow; the Sword of *Philidaſpes* alſo was ſtain'd with the blood of *Artamenes*, and run him into the Thigh through and through: My Maſter perceiving himſelf wounded, became more furious; and *Philidaſpes* ſeeing his blood run in divers places, did double his choller. Behold here, Sir, theſe two fierce Enemies as much animated, as if both of them had known each others qualities and loves: All that Skill, Strength and Valour could do, was done at this time: *Artamenes* preſſed upon his Enemy, his Enemy upon *Artamenes* again: Sometimes they would ſhift and husband their ſtrength warily, then upon a ſudden they would vanquiſh or die; and both did diſpute the Victory ſo ſtoutly, that they began to eſteem, though not love one another, much more than before. But without troubling you with a relation of every particular paſſage of this fierce Combat, I will only tell you, that my Maſter wounded *Philidaſpes* in ſix places, and received but three wounds himſelf. Being in this condition, *Artamenes* began to be deſperate to ſee himſelf ſo long reſiſted: and caſting his Buckler behind him, putting on his Horſe with ſpur and voice, and lifting up his Sword as high as his Arm could reach, he let it drive at the head of *Philadaſpes* ſo terribly, that it bore him down half in a ſwoon between the feet of their Horſes, catching his Sword into his hand as he fell. My Maſter lighted immediately from his Horſe, and holding both Swords in his hands, did run unto him, and cried, *Philidaſpes,* if thou canſt riſe, I will permit thee, and render thee thy Sword; but if thou canſt not, then acknowledge that *Artamenes* is worthy to be thy Friend. *Philidaſpes* at theſe words recovering out of his ſwoon, did offer to riſe, but he could not poſſible: ſo that looking upon my Maſter with his eyes like fire, Thou haſt overcome me, anſwered he, kneeling, but thou ſhalt not overcome me always, if thou beeſt ſo humane as to let me live. In this condition they were, when *Aribees* accidentally returned from hunting, and followed by many people, who ſeeing my Maſter with a Sword in his hand, came up to him, not well knowing whom it ſhould be: As ſoon as he was come near, and ſaw my Maſter, he was aſtoniſhed, eſpecially when he ſaw *Philidaſpes* whom he had overcome. What, *Artamenes,* ſaid he to him, you fight then with the King's friends as well as his enemies: I will fight, anſwered he, with the King's enemies whereſoever I meet them; and I will alſo fight with the enemies of *Artamenes* in what place ſoever I meet them. My Maſter then turning towards *Philidaſpes,* who was at deaths door for very ſpite and grief to be ſeen in this poſture, wherein he could not ſtir; *Philidaſpes* (ſaid he to him, throwing him his Sword) thou haſt uſed it too well to be deprived of it; and if thou beeſt as full of Reaſon as Valour, thou wilt never put me to that condition as to do thee the like favour again. *Artamenes* not ſtaying for his Anſwer, would have got upon his Horſe, but he ſtood in need of *Feraulas* his help, for his loſs of blood had extreamly weakned him; yet being a very little held up, he kept himſelf very firm in his Saddle. But it was not ſo well with *Philidaſpes,* for he was very much wounded, and carried by five or ſix Men unto the next Houſe, there to have his wounds dreſſed. *Aribees* leaving ſome of his Men with him, and having given order for ſome of the King's Surgeons to have a care of him, he went to acquaint *Ciaxares* with the accident: As for *Artamenes*, he would not go publickly into the Town, but went unto the Sacrificer, with whom he had diſcourſe the firſt time he came unto the Temple of *Mars*, having ſince that time confirmed a great league of friendſhip between them. As ſoon as he was there, and had taken order concerning his wounds, he ſent *Feraulas* unto the King and the Princeſs, to deſire their pardon, and to beſeech them not to condemn him before they underſtood the matter.

As *Chriſantes* was about to go on with his Relation, the King of *Phrygia* came in, who coming from *Ciaxares*, interrupted this Relation, and told all this illuſtrious Company, that the Prince did continue ſtill inflexible, and that he was every day more and more incenſed againſt *Artamenes*: Alas (ſaid the King of *Hircania*, and all the reſt of the Princes who had heard *Chriſantes* tell the ſtory) if you did but know who this *Artamenes* is, whom you ſpeak of, you would much more lament him than you do: It would be very hard for me (replied the King of *Phrygia*) to be more ſorry for him than I am, for I have ſo great eſteem of him already, that I cannot intereſt my ſelf in the preſervation of ſo brave a Man, more than I have: But you will change your thoughts (anſwered the King of *Hircania*) when you ſhall rightly know who *Artamenes* is: And you will confeſs (added *Perſodes*) that never was Prince more illuſtrious than he. A Prince (replied the King of *Phrygia* haſtily) yes Sir (replied *Hidaſpes*) and one of the moſt conſiderable Princes of the World. After theſe words, the King of *Phrygia* was very urgent with them to inform him further: Then all of them would needs tell him ſomething of it: One would tell him of his Birth; another would extol his Valour; a third would relate ſome particulars of his love; and all of them, according as paſſages did moſt move them, would needs ſet out the illuſtrious life of *Artamenes.* *Chriſantes* ſeeing this forwardneſs amongſt ſo many famous perſons, although this confuſion was very glorious unto his dear Maſter, ſince it was but an effect of their paſſions towards him, did intreat them to defer the buſineſs until another time; he himſelf undertaking to relate the beginning of this Hiſtory unto the King of *Phrygia* particularly, to the end that afterwards they might all together meet, and hear the marvellous ſequel of it, from the relation of *Feraulas,* who was better known in it than himſelf; he being younger and more imployed in all the Paſſages of my Maſter's love. All the Princes did conſent unto the reaſonable motion which *Chriſantes* had propounded: yet notwithſtanding they could not part ſo ſoon, but continued a good while together, extolling the unfortunate *Artamenes*, and magnifying equally his Virtues, his Misfortunes, and his Glory.

The End of the ſecond Book.

PART

PART I. BOOK III.

WHilſt theſe two famous Friends of *Artamenes* diſcourſed of his great Misfortunes, and high Qualities: he in the mean time rendred himſelf worthy of more praiſe than they did give him, enduring his Priſon with moſt admirable patience. The uncertainty of the Princeſs's life was the only diſturbance of his Soul; but his Captivity was too inconſiderable to move it at all. To ſpeak the truth, never man was more in love than he; this did ſo extremely torment him, as there was no need of any other Paſſion to be added. When he call'd in his memory the wonderful events of his Life; and remembred how many dangers he had eſcaped; what love he had purchaſed from *Ciaxares*; what ſervices he had done for *Mandana*, and what Paſſions he endured for her: what obſtacles he had met with in his deſigns; how quiet a life he might have led, if he continued in *Perſia*; what Travels he has undergone; how gloriouſly Fortune had ſhined upon him: what Illuſtrious Rivals he had met withal; what famous Victories he had obtained, and into what a ſad misfortune he was now reduced: All theſe, I ſay, coming confuſedly into his mind, he had much a-do to give credit unto himſelf; nor when he was alone ſolitarily in his Chamber, he knew not well whether he was *Cyrus* or *Artamenes*, or either of them; but he was ſure that he was the moſt unhappy Prince upon Earth, who, without ſome extraordinary aſſiſtance from the Gods, could never hope for any ſatisfaction in his life. The abſence of the Party belov'd (ſaid he to himſelf) is, in the eſteem of all the World, the worſt misfortune. But alas, I am not ſeparated for a time only, but, I fear, for ever: When I was in the Army, I knew ſhe was at *Ancyra* or *Sinope*:

I knew ſhe was well; I was certain ſhe was in pleaſant Company, and a delightful Place, ſo that then my abſence from her did not vex me; I had none but my own ſorrows to endure, and my only ſorrow was, to be abſent from her: The Gods do know my grief, and how the deprivation of her ſight was inollerable to me: But alas, alas, I am now in a moſt lamentable condition; for I know that my Princeſs is either dead, or elſe in the barbarous hands of ſome who detains her againſt her will; I am moſt certain ſhe is either in her Grave, or in a Priſon: And in what place ſoever ſhe is, I know ſhe ſuffers, and doubtleſs pities my misfortunes; yet (ſaid he) if I could with honour ſhake off my Fetters, I would find out either her Tomb, or her Priſon; for the Sea, according to its cuſtom, would render me this fair Corps either alive or dead: I would either die with her in the one, or deliver her out of the other; And it would be a greater conſolation to me in my misfortunes to do ſo, than to languiſh out my life in Priſon, where I endure an unjuſt Accuſation, not daring to juſtify my ſelf; not becauſe I ſhould appear unto *Ciaxares* more criminal as a Lover of *Mandana*, than as a Friend unto the King of *Aſſyria*; not becauſe it is a Crime whereby *Artamenes* is diſhonoured, but rather it is infinite honour unto him, and becauſe the honour of my Princeſs is infinitely above my own: that ſevere vertue whereof ſhe makes profeſſion, always forbidding me to give the leaſt ſuſpicion of my love unto any whatſoever; and therefore I will die a thouſands deaths rather than let the leaſt ſhadow of it appear: Not that (O my moſt illuſtrious Princeſs) you have any reaſon to make me hide my Love as if it were vicious; or conceal any of your Favours to me, as if they were not correſpondent with your Vertue: for indeed what have you ever done for *Artamenes*, which you had not good reaſon for? or which might contradict your pureſt innocence? you have oftentimes rigidly denied your ſelf and me, and hid ſome part of your good-will towards me; you never gave me any more teſtimonies of it than ſuch as by ſome weak conjectures I could draw, that you did not hate me; you have oftentimes deprived me even of your very looks; you have warily reſerved your very words; and all that I can ſay of you is, that you had the power to deſtroy me, but did not: But, O ye Gods, Can you have ſuch a thought as to ruine a man who loves you? A Prince who had concealed all his deſires from you, who ſtifled them in their birth, and never durſt deſire any thing which might offend the pureſt Virtue? A Prince, I ſay, who adores you as men adore the Gods, and who hath devoted unto you every minute of his life? Yet for all this, it is your pleaſure I ſhould keep cloſe my paſſion, and that to me is an abſolute command: Therefore I am reſolved never to diſcover my Princeſs: I will look for death without complaint, and never reveal the true cauſe of all my ſorrows; Thus did the Amorous *Artamenes* paſs his time: He had this benefit in his Priſon, that his Keepers did both lament and reſpect him; ſo that if he had been diſpoſed to make an eſcape, he might eaſily have done it: *Andramias*, who commanded the Guard, was a near kinſman unto *Aglatidas*, who bore ſo great a love unto *Artamenes*, that he neglected nothing which was in his power to deliver him. Beſides this Alliance which was between *Andramias* and *Aglatidas*, there was ſome other Obligations which tied *Aglatidas* unto him; ſo that he permitted *Aglatidas* to viſit *Artamenes* when he pleaſed. It happened one night when all were retired to their Lodgings, that *Aglatidas* went unto his Chamber, and offered him all his aſſiſtance; He ſpoke unto him of ſome ways which conduced unto his flight, if he pleaſed: *Artamenes* did thank him very civilly, but told him, that he would never come out of priſon, unleſs by the ſame power which put him in; he ſaid, that guilty men might do well to ſlip out of their Chains, but innocent men ought to ſtay till they were untied; and therefore he deſired him to reſt ſatisfied concerning that matter, and not to hazard the King's diſpleaſure for the love of him: He told him that it would be a very great comfort unto him, to ſee him ſome times, eſpecially ſince his melancholick diſpoſition did beſt ſute with his preſent fortune; but that it was not juſt to permit him for his ſake to run into danger. *Aglatidas* then anſwered *Artamenes*, That he found no ſuch joy in his life as to fear the expoſing it; but in this he did not run any hazard at all, becauſe firſt the King had not ſtrictly forbid the ſeeing of him. Secondly, *Andramias* being his Friend, his Couſin, and one that was obliged unto him, it was no extraordinary courteſie to let him viſit his Friend: Alſo his Chamber being within the Chamber of *Andramias*, ſo by conſequence far enough off from the Guard, he might conveniently viſit him often without being perceived, and might afford him that poor comfort to have one with him who might condole his Miſfortunes. *Artamenes* denied him; but *Aglatidas* was ſo urgent, that in the end he permitted him to come every night into his Chamber. There was none more fit to comfort an unfortunate man, than *Aglatidas*, who was always ſad, even then when any joy appeared in the faces of them who were in his Company. This Noble melancholly man came one night unto *Artamenes*, and after they had a long time diſcourſed of the mutability in Fortune, and miſeries of life, they both of them were a long while ſilent. *Aglatidas*, who knew nothing of his love, and who deſired to cheer him up a little, ſpoke thus unto him: Sir (ſaid he) I ſee you are unfortunate; yet for all that, you are not ſo unfortunate, but one may poſſibly be much more: That Grandure which you have loſt, may eaſily be found again: It is a common thing for a Prince to paſs from a Throne to a Priſon, and from a Priſon to a Throne again: There are many misfortunes which ſeem leſs glorious, are yet more ſenſible; and the more cloſe they are kept, the more are they inſupportable: You have this ſad comfort at the leaſt (ſaid he) that all the World laments you: and ſuch great falls as yours, do move compaſſion in all honeſt men. On the contrary, there are misfortunes of ſuch a dire nature, as they are not pitied by any; and are ſo far from inviting compaſſion, as they who endure them, are accuſed of weakneſs, of folly and ſimplicity: So that to prevent the growth or encreaſe of our misfortunes

tunes and ſorrows, we muſt ſtifle our Sighs, and hide our Tears, or at leaſt never to publiſh the cauſe of our Afflictions.

Artamenes hearing *Aglatidas* talk thus, did imagine that the ſad melancholly which continually ſat upon his Soul, and appeared in his face, was doubtleſs cauſed by love, though he never did diſcover it before this time. As curioſity to enquire after the misfortunes of ſuch as have reſemblance of our own, is a quality incident to all unfortunate men; So *Artamenes* ſighing and looking upon *Aglatidas*, Is it not poſſible (ſaid he to him) that your melancholly which I have ever thought to proceed from your natural temper, may have ſome other ſecret cauſe which yet I never asked you? Yes, Sir, Replied *Aglatidas*, there is one, but it is of ſuch a nature, as I ought to conceal it from ſuch as you, whoſe Souls, perhaps, are ſenſible only of Ambition and Glory, who having never found the force of Love, would call all thoſe things which that Paſſion produceth, folly and weakneſs, as I ſaid before; Never fear (anſwered *Artamenes*, ſighing the ſecond time) that my Virtue is ſo ſevere as you believe; for though my unhappy Life be not yet far ſpent, yet in ſo many Travels as I have gone through, perhaps I have not been altogether inſenſible of that Paſſion: Therefore, my Dear *Aglatidas* (ſaid he to him) if you have any deſire to comfort me in my misfortunes, let me not be ignorant of yours, and I do conjure you not to think but my Soul ſhall be very ſenſible of them; and though I am overwhelmed with my own ſorrows, yet I ſhall make ſhift to condole yours alſo. *Aglatidas* did a-while deny him, but at laſt being overcome by his importunity, and by the perſwaſions of *Andramias*, who had been a witneſs of his misfortunes, he began thus, after that the Captain of the Guards had given all requiſite Orders to prevent either diſcovery or interruption.

The

The Hiſtory of Aglatidas *and* Ameſtris.

I Have often heard ſay, that Love above all other Paſſions does moſt fortify or moſt enfeeble men, according unto the occaſions which preſent themſelves: and that it never doth ſo abſolutely ſubdue a Soul, but it leaves ſome Reliques of its ancient dominion: but yet it is not ſo in my heart; this general Rule hath its exception in me; for ſince Love commanded in chief, it hath quite rooted out all ambition, it hath abſolutely extinguiſht all deſires of glory, and left no other reſentments but jealouſie and ſorrow. I will not ſtay you, Sir, in telling that I am deſcended from the Illuſtrious Race of famous *Aglatidas*, (whoſe Name I own) who did ſuch gallant Acts under the Reign of *Phraortes*, in his *Perſian*, *Medean* nad *Aſſyrian* Wars; for, perhaps, you do already know them: I will only tell you, how ſince that time all they of my Family have always held the firſt Rank (next after the Princes of the Blood) about the King: I was born then, Sir, in a high condition; and I dare ſay of my ſelf, that my Inclinations have not degenerated from the worthineſs of my birth. I had a Father, whoſe indulgent cares did doubtleſs give me good education; and if Love had not given a ſtop unto what he expected from me, perhaps I ſhould at this day have been much above what I am. I no ſooner attained unto my ſeventeenth year, but having a deſire to get ſome eſteem in the World, and ſeeing all was peace in *Medea*, I went unto the King of *Saces*, Father of Prince *Mazares*, who has ſuffered ſhipwrack, where I dare ſay of my ſelf, that in a little time I got ſome honour. But after his Wars were ended, and Peace was eſtabliſhed throughout all *Aſia*, I was compelled, after two years ſpent among the *Saceans*, and in my Travels, to return unto *Ecbatan*, which, as you know, is one of the goodlieſt, moſt magnificent, and moſt delightful Places in the World. I arrived there ſome few days after *Aſtiages* received news of the death of young *Cyrus*, Son to the

King of *Perſia*, and the Princeſs his Daughter. Then I know you have been, Sir, ſo long in *Cappadocia*, as you cannot be ignorant of all the Paſſages in *Medea*: of the menaces of the Gods, of the fears and fright of *Aſtiages*, and of the joy which he conceived for that ſecurity which all *Aſia* hoped for by the death of that Prince, who, as men ſay, did promiſe mighty matters unto the World: I came then to the Court in a time of great jollity and feaſting, and there I ſtaid a-while with all delight imaginable: The King never hunted, but I was with him; There was never any meeting of Ladies, but I was ſure to be there; I wore rich Clothes, and recreated my ſelf in the pleaſant Walks: And, as you know, there is not a more delightful place upon Earth than the King's Palace, and Gardens at *Ecbatan*; ſo there was not one day which did not afford me freſh delights: The King was pleaſed to take more notice of me than I deſerved. I got the love of all the young Gallants in the Court; and if I durſt ſay it, there was none of the Ladies which did hate me; for as my deſign was general, to pleaſe all; ſo it had been a hard matter to have diſpleaſed any one in particular. Thus did I enjoy my youth and liberty with abundance of ſatisfaction: Whenas *Artambaces*, who, as perhaps you know, had heretofore been in love with the Queen of *Perſia*, before ſhe was married unto *Cambiſes*, Father of *Cyrus* (of whom I ſpeak, and who going from the Court upon that occaſion, was afterwards married in the Province of *Ariſantine*, unto the Daughter of a great Prince in that Countrey, and who went away from *Ecbatan*, and carried with him his only Daughter about fifteen years of age, whom he loved extremely, and who doubtleſs did deſerve as much.) It chanced ſo at that time, being glutted with variety of Pleaſures, and weary of the tumultuous Court, I took Horſe (being waited upon by only one ſervant) to go and enjoy my ſolitude, at a fair Houſe which my Father had ſome thirty miles from *Ecbatan*: I departed very melancholly and lumpiſh, not knowing any cauſe for it at all, my deſign being only to recreate my ſelf in viewing the Pictures, Statues, Gardens, Grotts, and Fountains about my Father's Houſe, that thereby I might make my converſation more pleaſant at my return to the Town. But alas, Sir, little did I think what would hap unto me in this Voyage! I have often wondred ſince at the pains which I took to captivate my ſelf, and how I found out a way which led me into ſuch a Labyrinth of trouble as hath diſquieted all my life. When I came into a great High-way, a hundred paces of the Caſtle, I ſaw a Chariot overturn'd which was quite broken in pieces; the magnificence of it did tell me that it belonged unto ſome Perſon of Quality; but ſince there was no Grooms about this Chariot, of whom I could enquire, I went on: being come unto the firſt Gate of the Caſtle, the Porter, who opened the Gate, told me, that *Artambaces*, whoſe Name and Quality I knew very well, coming from the Countrey to *Ecbatan*, had the misfortune to break one of his Chariots; and ſeeing he could travel no further that day, deſired to ſtay there that night whilſt his Chariot was repaired: The Porter told no more, than that *Artambaces* was there, but mentioned not a word of *Hermaniſta* his Wife, or *Ameſtris* his Daughter. So after I had given order for the beſt entertainment poſſible, I went ſtraight into the Garden, where I was told he was: But, Sir, I was much amazed, when croſſing a Quarter in the Garden, I ſaw in a green Arbour the faireſt Lady that ever eye did look upon, and whom I did not know at all; for *Ameſtris* had never been at Court: This Beauty was no leſs ſurpris'd to ſee me, than I to meet her in that place: For ſhe thinking there had been none in the Houſe but Servants, ſhe little expected there one of my Garb: It was very hot, and ſhe had none with her but one of her Women, ſhe had pulled off her Cypreſs, wherein ſhe uſed to cover her fair Neck; and being bare armed, ſhe lay negligently upon a bed of green Graſs, her Head lying upon the Knees of that Woman which was with her: I no ſooner ſaw her, but I ſtopt; and as ſoon as ever ſhe perceived me, ſhe ſtarted up, and put on her Cypreſs: we both did bluſh at the paſſage; but certainly it was out of different apprehenſions, Modeſty cauſing that in her which love did in me: For, Sir, the firſt minute of this fatal view was the firſt minute of my Paſſion; yet, notwithſtanding all my unparallell'd aſtoniſhment and wonder, I ſaluted the adored *Ameſtris* with much devotion; and beginning diſcourſe, Madam (ſaid I, to let her know who I was) I did not think to find ſuch fair and pleaſing company in my Father's Houſe; and if I had known that ſuch an one as you had been in the Arbour, the reverence I owe unto ſuch as you ſeem to be (though I think there is not ſuch another in the World) would have taught me better manners than to diſturb your reſt. Sir (anſwered ſhe) it belongs to me to deſire pardon for interrupting the pleaſure of your ſolitude, which it ſeems you came to take in this pleaſant place: But, Sir, (ſaid ſhe in beginning to walk on) It is my Father's part to make excuſes for the freedom which he took upon him to lodge with you to night, ſince an unexpected piece of luck did force him to it. Seeing then that her deſign was to conduct me to her Father, I preſented her my hand, and eaſily obſerved by this firſt Addreſs, that ſhe had a deſire to make me know who ſhe was: for there appeared in all her Actions ſo much gallantry, ſpirit and modeſty, as I ſaw ſhe was Miſtreſs of as much Soul as Beauty. Madam (ſaid I, conducting her, and anſwering unto what ſhe ſaid) it is a great happineſs to be interrupted by ſuch an one as you; and I think there is no reaſonable man, who would not for ſuch a bleſſedneſs not only quit his ſolitude, but the Court alſo, with all its magnificence and pleaſure: I always lookt for Flattery (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) out of *Ecbatan*, and perhaps I ſhall well enough defend my ſelf againſt it here; but I do confeſs unto you, that I do fear it a little here where I did not think to be aſſaulted. When you came into the Arbour where I was, I was commending unto my Woman whom you ſaw with me, the innocency of theſe Woods, and the honeſt ſimplicity of our Countrey; but for ought I ſee, the dominion of Flattery extends it ſelf further than I imagined, ſince there is no ſafety for humility and modeſty within thirty miles of *Ecbatan*; If you ſhould, Madam (replied I) forbid all thoſe praiſes which without doubt the Court will pay you, then certainly you muſt forbid your own knowledge, and be ignorant that you are the faireſt Beauty in the World. By this time we were approached ſo near *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſtra* his Wife, as in lieu of her Anſwer, ſhe told him who I was, and obliged me, as was fit, to preſent my Complement unto them: they made many excuſes for the freedom which they had taken; I profeſſed that my Father was much obliged unto them for it; and that for my own particular I took it for an infinite honour: they anſwered me with the like civility; and their converſation ſtood too much upon Ceremony: ſo dangerous it is to ſtay long in the Countrey from the Court: After this they began to commend the handſomneſs of the Gardens and Fountains. And *Ameſtris* did like the beauty of the Place ſo well, that ſhe could not believe *Ecbatan* had any place could pleaſe her better, altho' ſhe heard many wonderful reports of it. *Artambaces* inquired concerning Court-news, and was ſatisfied in a hundred things whereof he was ignorant before, becauſe they happened ſince his departure: I had the happineſs to find a great diſpoſition in *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſtra* to affect me: As for *Ameſtris*, I was well ſatisfied to find ſome hopes that ſhe would not hate me: And ſince ſhe was of an excellent judgment, knowing there was much difference between the Court and the Countrey-Tone, ſhe would ſpeak but little, and with much moderation, being reſolved to reſerve her ſelf until ſuch time as *Ecbatan* had a little gloſſed her, before ſhe would ſuffer her charming Soul to ſhine. And it was a ſecret which many who came out of the Countrey unto the Court, may make good uſe of, if they deſire to get eſteem there; for their Manners, Cuſtoms and Faſhions are ſo contrary, that let theſe new-comers do what they can, they will run into many Abſurdities, if they talk much; and the more they expoſe themſelves, the more they become ridiculous. *Ameſtris* therefore kept her firſt converſation very reſerved: but yet it was impoſſible to hide thoſe rare qualities wherewith ſhe was adorned.

During one day and a half that *Artambaces* ſtayed at my Father's houſe, I gazed ſo long upon the ſplendour of *Ameſtris*'s Beauty, as I was dazled: I wondred at the cleanneſs of her accent; the ſweetneſs of her expreſſion; with what a natural Eloquence ſhe ſpoke: I admired alſo at the Solidity of her Judgment, the Gallantry of her Spirit, the quickneſs of her Wit; the Complacence of her Humour, and the Charms of her Diſcretion in reſerving her ſelf. During the time that theſe welcome gueſts were there, I ſtudied all the diverſione I could deviſe to entertain them: I carried them to hunt in a Park which was behind the Garden; I led them into all the ſhady Walks in the heat of the Day: where, what with the Singing of the Birds, the noiſe of the Fountains, the curioſity of the flowry Borders, the Statues and Pictures in the Galleries, and my converſe, I gave ſome ſatisfaction to theſe Illuſtrious Perſons, who aſſured me they thought themſelves welcome. After, Sir, I had treated them with all the Magnificence I could poſſible, they reſolved to depart; but it was not in my power to ſtay there any longer, though I came with intentions to ſtay ſeven or eight Days; I told *Artambaces* I would be his guide, and go to blaze the Apparition of that bright Star unto the Court, (pointing at *Ameſtris*); ſhe bluſht at the phraſe, and replied without Pride or Affectation. The Chariot being put into order, we parted; I took Horſe, and kept continually on that ſide where *Ameſtris* did ſit; and all the way I did, as I did the firſt minute I ſaw her, to wit, look upon her, and adore her with ſo much delight and ſatisfaction, as I thought it impoſſible there ſhould be ſo many vexations in Love as was talked of. My Eyes, my Heart, my Thought, my Soul, and all was upon *Ameſtris*: But all this while I found my ſelf ſo tranquil, and ſo pleaſingly contented, that I believed this kind of Love which I bore unto this excellent Beauty, was no other than ſuch as men uſe to have unto all Beautiful objects: I did find that I had nothing elſe in any admiration; and as I knew that I had never ſeen any thing ſo Beautiful, ſo I wondred not at any thing elſe: I did infinitely joy to ſee her; to have the honour to be near her, and hear her ſpeak: Thus did we paſs on the time and the way from my Father's houſe until we came at *Ecbatan*. During which interval, I acquainted *Ameſtris* with all the delights and diverſions of the Court: She asked what Ladies had the Empire in matter of Beauty, and who were eſteemed the beſt Wits? And a hundred ſuch Queſtions as theſe, which *Artambaces*, or *Hermaniſta*, or *Ameſtris*, do put unto me; She knew the Court before ſhe came there. At laſt we arrived at *Ecbatan*, and went unto the Ancient Palace of *Artambaces*, which is one of the faireſt there. I ſuppoſe, Sir, that you do well remember how this famous Town hath ſeven Walls, one within another; that the Battlements for diſtinguiſhment are all of ſeveral heights; And to make the object more Magnificent unto the Eye of thoſe who behold them; they are Painted all with ſeveral colours; thoſe of the firſt were White; thoſe of the ſecond height, Black; thoſe of the third Red; the fourth Blue; the fifth Orange; the ſixth Silvered; and the ſeventh Guilt. And Sir, be pleaſed to know, that within the Circuit of this laſt Wall was the Palace of the King of *Medes*, ever ſince the Famous *Deiocus* did build theſe Proud Walls; and within the Circuit of that Wall next it, were the Palaces of thoſe Perſons which were of the Higheſt Quality. The Palace of *Artambaces* was between the Wall with Golden Battlements, and that with Silver; and as chance would have it, my Father's joyned unto it. As we were arrived at the Gate of *Artambaces* Palace, there we found a great number of his Ancient Friends, who there expected him; ſo that I could not preſent my hand unto my adored *Ameſtris*, to conduct her unto her Chamber, becauſe that great number of men which were there, ſtept in before, and preſented themſelves unto *Hermaniſta* and her. Until now, Sir, my Soul was all Joy and Love, that dangerous Serpent was lurked ſo cloſe under thoſe pleaſing flowers, that I did not diſcover its ſting. But from the firſt minute of my thoughts to part from *Ameſtris*, and to take my leave of her, then did love appear unto me immediately in a moſt horrid ſhape, I ſaw him Armed with his Bow and Arrows; I ſaw him with a Torch in his hand, and knew him perfectly to be the moſt Terrible of all the Gods. No ſooner did I perceive the company preparing to depart, but I bluſht and became dumb immediately; I was all ſerious and ſad; and looking upon *Ameſtris* without a Heart or a Tongue, my Mind told her many things which ſhe could not underſtand: In concluſion, part we muſt, and part we did, but it was with ſo much Sorrow, and ſo much Love, that never was Paſſion like unto mine. My Father asked me at night why I return'd ſo ſoon? But as I was going to Anſwer, in comes a Gentleman from *Artambaces* to thank him for all Civilities which he had found at his houſe; and indeed it fell out happily for me, becauſe my Soul was unquiet, and all ſo diſordered that I knew not how to frame a handſome anſwer unto my Father's queſtion. I retired then unto my Chamber, and was very indifferent what became of me. Me thought the Idea of fair *Ameſtris* haunted me always, and I could not forbear admiring her Beauty, her Wit and her Judgment: My imagination preferred her before all that the Court had amiable; and I could find nothing comparable to her. I was aſtoniſhed to ſee one brought up in the Country, and in a Country ſo far remote, ſhould not be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe which were moſt accompliſhed in the Court, neither in her Garb, or her Habit, or her Language; I conſidered her as an abſolute Miracle. Then thus eſteeming of her, you may be certain that I admired her with abundance of ſatisfaction. But that which I did think moſt ſtrange, was that in ſpite of my heart, I was unquiet and melancholly. What would I have? (ſaid I unto my ſelf) How comes it to paſs that the Beauty of my Loved and Ador'd *Ameſtris* ſhould not produce the ſame effects in my Soul, which other Beautiful objects do uſe to do? For commonly the ſight of Fair and Fine things does fill our imaginations with delight; from whence comes it then, my divine *Ameſtris*, that in thinking upon you, I ſhould be thus turbulent and diſordered?

ordered? But on the contrary, have I not ſufficient cauſe to be content? I have ſeen you the firſt of any in your coming to the Court; and had the good fortune to find you in a houſe where I was able to pay ſome part of that ſervice which is your due; and after ſuch a manner it was performed, as the Civility muſt needs invite you to prefer me before the acquaintances you ſhall get at Court: At the leaſt I have this advantage, to be the firſt of your acquaintance who admires you, and —— (at this word I ſtopped, not knowing whether I ſhould ſay) who Eſteems, Loves, and Adores you. But determining the matter in my ſelf, after I had a while conſulted with my thoughts, No, no, my Heart (ſaid I) conſider it no more, confeſs that thou doſt Eſteem, and Love, and Adore *Ameſtris*; and if there be any other Phraſe more fit to expreſs ſo violent a Paſſion, make uſe of it upon this occaſion, and publiſh unto all the World how happy thou art to be the firſt Conqueſt of ſo perfect a Beauty. From whence then comes all this Melancholly? (ſaid I in my ſelf, and examining the cauſe) But alas Sir, I was yet a very ſimplician in Love; and did not know that the nature of this Paſſion was to bring a reſtleſs diſpoſition with it. I knew not that the happineſs, which a Lover hopes for, does afflict him; that the Favours he enjoys do make him reſtleſs; and that which he has loſt, makes him deſperate. I was ſuch a Novice as I knew not, that Grief and Melancholly were inſeparable Concomitants of Love; That a Lover never gets a Conqueſt without pain; That he can never keep his Miſtreſs without Trouble, nor cannot loſe her unleſs he loſe his Reaſon alſo. But yet I reſted not long in this Ignorance, for I had ſuch ſad experience of its rage, as never man became more knowing than my ſelf, in all the fantaſtical giddy humours of Love. After I had throughly conſulted with my apprehenſions; I did conclude, that without all manner of doubt, I was in Love; and that reſtleſs diſpoſition which reigned over me, did very apparently proceed from that Fear which is always born with Love, to wit, leſt he which Loves, ſhould not be beloved by her he does love And when I began to think, that perhaps all my Services would not find a Favourable reception : this Word perhaps did ſeem moſt ſad unto me ; and that uncertainty was ſo tormentive,that I became almoſtmad.So that if I durſt have followed that folly which poſſeſſed me, I ſhould have accuſed *Ameſtris* of that which ſhe never thought upon, and deſired her to recompence a Love which yet ſhe knew not of, and of which I my ſelf but a little before was ignorant. I ſhall deſire your Pardon, Sir, if I do parricularly relate unto you the rovings of my Paſſion: For I conceive it will be pertinent unto my deſign, that you ſhould know them ; leſt you ſhould be aſtoniſhed to find with what Violences I have been tormented in all the ſequel of my life. After I had then paſſed over that night with much turbulency of mind, I aroſe in the morning, and intended to preſent my ſelf with my father unto *Artambaces*, to accompany him when he went unto the King, ſuppoſing it to be in ſome kind a rendring of ſervice unto *Ameſtris*, in paying it unto one who was ſo near and dear unto her : In concluſion, *Artambaces* after he had ſaluted my Father, thanked me for my laſt civility, as a thing which obliged him very much ; for he was not ignorant that *Aſtiages* looked favourably upon me : We went then unto the Court, and to the King, where I could not chuſe but ſpeak of *Ameſtris* unto every one I met. I publiſhed unto all them whom I knew to be in love already, That their conſtancy would be put unto a dangerous trial ; and I warned all them which were not in love, that if they had any deſire to preſerve their liberty, to be ſure they never looked upon *Ameſtris*. Upon the matter, I may ſay, I ſpoke ſo, that I ſpoke too much , as you ſhall know by the ſequel of my diſcourſe. Preſently after, I asked my ſelf what deſign I had, in deſiring to gain ſo many hearts unto *Ameſtris* ? and where ſome ſecret reſentments of jealouſie bad me be ſilent in the midſt of all my diſcourſes of her. Going the next day unto *Hermaniſta* , I underſtood ſhe was not to be ſeen, becauſe ſhe found her ſelf very ill the laſt night.

The

Then I went to viſit ſome other Ladies, not in hopes of any diverſion, for there was now no thoughts of any ſuch thing in me, but only with *Ameſtris*: but my intentions were to ſpeak of her, not fearing to procure my ſelf any Rivals: ſo I went unto the rareſt beauties of all the Court and Town; and though it was not very judiciouſly done, to commend unto any fair one, the beauty of another, and that ſo extraordinarily as I did; yet I did it with ſuch aggravations, as I was ſure that I procured my ſelf the hate of all thoſe I ſaw that day: And I uſed the matter ſo, as there was none but *Ameſtris* her ſelf, who was ignorant that I was in love with her. I moved jealouſie in ſome, envy in others, and a curioſity in the wiſeſt. The next day *Hermaniſta* found her ſelf to be reaſonable well diſpoſed; all the Court came to viſit, and I, amongſt the reſt, the firſt. *Ameſtris* was very handſomly dreſt that day; and I thought her ſo wonderful fair, as I wiſh'd a hundred times that I might be ſo happy as to be her ſlave: She entertained me with much civility, and deſired me ſweetly, that I would tell her the names of all thoſe which came to viſit her, leſt ſhe ſhould out of ignorance commit a fault againſt their Quality: You may well ſuppoſe, Sir, that I received this command with abundance of ſatisfaction, and went not that day from her. I confeſs unto you, that I paſſed it over with different thoughts: both joy and ſorrow mingled in my ſoul; ſo that I could ſay, I enjoyed not pleaſure without pain; nor any pain without pleaſure: It is very true, as I told you before, that the whole Court came to viſit *Hermaniſta*; and it is more true, that the beauty of *Ameſtris* did charm them all: Not a Man did enter, but was amazed; nor a Woman, though the faireſt in all the Court, but bluſh'd to ſee her ſelf excelled by any Country Lady: It would be a hard matter to tell you, Sir, how much I joyed at the glory of *Ameſtris*; or to tell you how it troubled me to think that I was ſure to have as many Rivals as Men which ſaw her. That which moved moſt admiration in me, was, that in this firſt day of her viſits, ſhe committed not the leaſt abſurdity in all this ſo great and ſo long a converſation; and that ſhe received the commendations which every one did give her, with ſo much modeſty, that the faireſt of our Ladies, in ſpite of their eclipſe, could not chuſe but love her, and confeſs ſhe deſerved the eſteem of all the World. When moſt of the company was gone, only ſome five or ſix, whereof I was one; I began, like the reſt, to commend her; but ſhe told me, That though perhaps ſhe had not committed any groſs abſurdity in this meeting, yet ſhe had ſo many obligations to me, that though it may be ſhe did deſerve ſome commendations, yet ſhe was not to receive them from me. I would have anſwered her, and told her that ſhe might very well pretend unto my beſt commends and praiſes; yet ſhe would not ſuffer me, but began to diſcourſe of what ſhe had ſeen before: She highly commended the beauty of all thoſe who viſited her, and enquired more particularly of them; praiſing ſometimes the Wit of one, and ſometimes the Handſom Behaviour of another: I muſt confeſs unto you, Sir, that I was very much perplexed; for I obſerved every one found her to be ſo fair, that I was afraid to ſatisfy her curioſity, in ſpeaking over-well of any that might be my Rival: And I found by her inquiſitive curioſity of every one, that ſhe had a deſire not to be hated of them: I ſpoke therefore with as much moderation as I could: I commended my deareſt friends, though contrary to my cuſtom, with leſs zeal; leſt I ſhould perhaps help them to deſtroy my ſelf. Night drawing on, I muſt leave her; and as ſoon as I went from her, I went unto the King, where we talked of nothing but the beauty of *Ameſtris*, and that ſo advantagiouſly, as the King deſign'd a viſit unto *Hermaniſta*; and *Artambaces* told her, ſhe might expect him the next day; though his age, you know, might very well have diſpenſed with the curioſity of ſeeing fair Ladies: But the next day the King went thither, and, as the reſt did, acknowledged *Ameſtris* for a miracle: I cannot tell you how many ſlaves this Beauty captivated; how many Lovers threw off their old fetters, and entred into hers; and what a ſtrange Revolution ſhe cauſed amongſt all the Gallantry of *Ecbatan*. But I can very well tell you, that there was not one in all the Court which had not ſeen her, and which did not love her, or at the leaſt admire her, except one who was my friend, called *Arbates*, Brother unto *Megabiſes*, who was there; and who, as you know, is allied a little unto the Royal Family; This Man was of a good diſpoſition, and ſhewed much affection towards me; and I alſo returned unto him ſo much fidelity, that I preferred him before all the reſt of my friends: *Arbates* affected ſolitude, and never car'd for the converſation of Ladies, ſo that ſay what you would unto him, he could not be won unto this viſit; He was contented to ſee *Artambaces*, but he had never ſeen *Hermaniſta*, and by conſequence *Ameſtris*; yet I viſited this bright Star with a conſtant aſſiduity; and I had better opportunities than any other for it, becauſe there was a very great League of friendſhip betwixt *Artambaces* and my Father: *Ameſtris* had ſuch an abſolute power over my ſoul, and I ſo much reverence of her, that I durſt not diſcover the paſſions of my heart unto her, but did hide them with as much pains, as others to make theirs known; ſuch were my fears to anger her. Amongſt many others, I perceived that *Megabiſes* was one who was fettered in the chains of *Ameſtris*. This did very much vex me; and as I never uſed to conceal my ſoul from *Arbates*, ſo I acquainted him that his Brother *Megabiſes* was become my Rival, and asked his Counſel in the buſineſs: He gave it me, and doubtleſs moſt faithfully; He told me, That if he could poſſible, he would cure me of my dangerous diſeaſe; but if he found that he could not, then he would endeavour to cure his Brother: But he told me in the mean time how he thought it fitting, that ſince I was the firſt Lover of *Ameſtris*, ſince ſhe came to Court; So I ſhould be alſo the firſt which ſhould diſcover my Paſſion unto her: I thanked him for his faithful advice, and was ſo importunate with him to ſee *Ameſtris*, that in the end I prevail'd, upon condition I would undertake to prepare her, ſo as the converſation might be ſolitary, without multitudes of company.

I went then unto *Ameſtris*, whom by good fortune I found alone, ſo that I had an opportunity to ſpeak unto her unheard by any: Madam (ſaid I, after other indifferent Diſcourſe) you will perhaps think me very bold in not being contented with that honour which I have in coming to you my ſelf, but that I muſt alſo beg leave to bring a friend of mine, who paſſionately deſires to receive the ſame honour, altho it was never his cuſtom to viſit Ladies. I am the more obliged (anſwered ſhe) and ſince you think him worthy to be your friend, it would be a happineſs to me to become mine: Madam (ſaid I, and changing colour) I would deſire one favour from you, and, if it be poſſible, obtain it, That you would carry it ſo with my friend, as he may only eſteem and admire you, without loving you: I think (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling and bluſhing both together) that you deſire a very difficult matter; but ſince you forbid only impoſſibilities, I will do what I can to ſatisfie you: Ah Madam (ſaid I unto her) little do you think what you have ſaid; you would think this which I deſire, to be impoſſible, if yon did but know your ſelf as well as I do: *Aglatidas* (anſwered ſhe, with a more diſpleaſed ſmile) know, that I pretend unto no more, than that you who are a friend unto *Artambaces* my Father, ſhould not live with me as others do, from whom I endure their flatteries, out of complaiſance and cuſtom; but as for you, I would not have you uſe it; and if you continue theſe kind of ſpeeches unto me, you will force me to carry my ſelf ſo towards you, as perhaps may diſpleaſe you: Why, Madam (ſaid I to her) will you let all the world commend you, and will you not permit *Aglatidas* to ſay, that all the world does love you? or at leaſt I am certain it is ſo, if I may judg others by my ſelf. I confeſs, (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, and turning her Diſcourſe unto jeſting) that ſince you ſpeak your affection unto me after ſo unuſual a way; and ſince, not in ſpeaking of your own fancy, but the fancy of the Court in general, I have no reaſon to blame you in particular; But (ſaid ſhe then, and changed her Diſcourſe) Go, bring your Friend, and as for the reſt, leave the care of it unto my ſmall merits, without any fear of his being captivated. I wiſh Madam (replied I) that he may be more happy than one of his deareſt friends is: You are ſo unwiſe (replied ſhe) that one may find out of your ſpeeches more ſubject to pity you, than to quarrel with you; therefore *Aglatidas* for this once I will be more indulgent to you; In ſaying ſo, ſhe roſe and went unto a Balcony which opened into a Garden, and called two of her women unto her, ſo that I ſaw ſhe deſired to break off diſcourſe. Then I went unto *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta*, from whom, after I had held a little diſcourſe, I departed, and went to find out *Arbates*, unto whom I imparted the permiſſion I had obtained from *Ameſtris*. I related unto him all that I ſpoke unto her, and all her Anſwers, and how I deſired her to give *Arbates* leave to enjoy his freedom: It ſeems (ſaid he unto me ſmiling) that you are not only jealous of *Megabiſes*, and others who have ſeen your *Ameſtris*, but you are alſo jealous of *Arbates* who never ſaw her, and who never deſired to ſee her, and who never would have ſeen her if you had not deſired him: *Arbates* ſpoke this with ſuch an angry ſmile, that I was much puzled; certainly if I had not already asked leave of *Ameſtris* to bring him, I ſhou'd have been well contented to have let it alone: But as the caſe now ſtood, I ſhould have ſeemed too giddy-headed unto my Friend, and *Ameſtris* would have thought it ſtrange if I did not bring him; yet when I conſidered that *Megabiſes* was his Brother, and a Lover of *Ameſtris*, I thought my ſelf ſafe enough; and that which ſo much troubled me before, did now not at all diſquiet me, ſuppoſing that *Arbates* would never become a Rival unto his Brother and his Friend both at once. I remained ſilent a good while after I had propounded unto my ſelf that *Arbates* ſhould not ſee *Ameſtris*: But upon a ſudden I ſaid, No, no, I will not deprive *Ameſtris* of the acquaintance with ſo compleat a Man as *Arbates*; or him of the incomparable delight in hers; but if ſhe ſhould chance to enchain me (ſaid he ſmiling) what would become of our friendſhip? Then if you break thoſe chains (anſwered I) for the love of me, our friendſhip will be more ſtrong. But what if I cannot (replied he) will you then blame me? I know not (replied I) but yet I know that I do not ſee how any one ſhould love a Rival: Never then (anſwered he) put me to the hazard of loſing your friendſhip; and ſince *Ameſtris* is ſo terrible and dangerous, leave me to my ſolitude, and let me enjoy my liberty; for if I ſhould have the misfortune to loſe it, I know not whether I ſhould hate you more for being the cauſe of it, or you me for being your Rival: not that I find any diſpoſition in my ſelf why I ſhould fear any ſuch thing at all; but on the contrary, I perceive the ſpirits of the moſt rational Men are ſo weakned by this Paſſion, as I will never be without an Antidote againſt this ſo dangerous a Poiſon: Fear me not *Aglatidas* (ſaid he to me) and believe, that if I do loſe my Liberty, it ſhall not be without ſtrong oppoſition. When you were catcht, Love took you unprovided, and put a trick upon you: You went into the Countrey to enjoy your ſolitude, and unexpectedly you find *Ameſtris* there; you were not prepared for ſo ſudden an aſſault: Your eyes were blinded with over-ſudden light; your Reaſon was confuſed, and your Heart was ſurpriſed: and therefore it was no wonder if ſhe captivated a Man who had no Arms wherewith to defend himſelf? But it is not ſo with me; for all the world tells me of it, you your ſelf tell it, and that a hundred times, how *Ameſtris* is the Faireſt upon Earth; and from theſe reports I have fancied ſo perfect an Idea of her, that I am abſolutely perſwaded ſhe cannot ſurprize me; and perhaps too I have overfancied her, and ſhall find her a meaner Beauty than my expectation look'd for: Moreover, I go with reſolved intentions to diſpute with her for my heart, as much as poſſible; and ſince my Brother loves her, and you love her, very reaſon ſaies, that there is no danger I ſhall be captivated. I told him, that I wiſhed as much; yet I could not chuſe but fear the contrary. *Arbates* not being able to forbear laughing, You are ſo ſimple (ſaid he to me) that the very fear which I have to be like you, may well make your mind at reſt; yet notwithſtanding let me tell you whilſt it is time, if you pleaſe, I will not ſee her, ſince there is nothing but hazard in it. I confeſs unto you, Sir, that I was in a hundred minds whether or no I ſhould take him at his word, but I could not reſolve upon it; I found ſuch folly in my procedure, that I was confounded; at laſt I told *Arbates* that I would not alter my mind, but to morrow after dinner we would go unto *Ameſtris*. *Arbates*, as I have deſcribed him, was ſomething ſolitary, but he was none of thoſe angry Melancholiques whoſe converſation was clowniſh or incommodious; but on the contray he was of a very pleaſant diſpoſition in any company which pleaſed him. The cauſe of his reſervedneſs was not any melancholly compoſition in his natural temper; but it was becauſe he was of a more delicate fine ſpirit, which without much difficulty could not endure the leaſt fault in his Friends: he looked for perfection in every thing, and could not endure defects; ſo that ſince it was a hard matter to find many exactly perfect, therefore he found but few to love, and many to ſhun: As for me, he did me the favour to find an exception for me out of the general Rule, and forced his inclination to love me.

The next day we went unto *Ameſtris*, with whom we found *Megabiſes*, who was the moſt aſſiduous obſervant of all my Rivals, and moſt to be feared, being without queſtion the handſomeſt and compleateſt Man about the Court. As ſoon as we entred, I preſented *Arbates* unto *Hermaniſta*, and after to *Ameſtris*; they received us both with much civility, and treated us after ſuch a manner as I might diſcern they eſteemed thoſe whom I did; for beſides the common reſpect which was due, and which they rendred unto his condition and merit, they did things in ſuch an obliging manner, as told me, without words, that the Favours which *Arbates* received, were partly done for the love of *Aglatidas*,

das. To ſpeak truly, thoſe firſt welcomes which he received, becauſe they could not be attributed unto his merit, in ſo ſhort acquaintance, therefore they were far from moving any jealouſie in me, but rather much joyed me; not but that I had ſome far-fetcht fears leſt this civility ſhould engage *Arbates* more than I would have him, but becauſe ſhe did quickly diſſipate them. The Converſation therefore was very pleaſant that day; for *Megabiſes* was ſo ſurpris'd to ſee his Brother amongſt Ladies, that he could not forbear telling *Ameſtris*, this was one of the greateſt miracles of her beauty: Think not, Madam (ſaid he) that my Brother comes hither to find in you all thoſe excellencies which all the world admires: But on the contrary, Madam, I dare aſſure you, that he would be raviſh'd with joy to find, if it were poſſible, any imperfection in your Beauty, or any fault in your Language: any dulneſs in your Wit, or any harſhneſs in your Humours. Perhaps it would be advantagious unto *Megabiſes*, and many others (replied *Arbates*) that the fair *Ameſtris* had ſome imperfections, ſo that ſhe could cenſure theirs; but as for me (who never look for any defects, but becauſe I look for perfections) I am raviſhed with joy to find them all in one; and to ſee my ſelf undeceived in that error wheren I have been, in believing that there was nothing perfect in the World. You are a very good flatterer, for a ſolitary Man, replied *Ameſtris.* I am very ſincere, Madam, (replied he) and therefore I freely tell you what I think: After this, *Hermaniſta* diverted the diſcourſe; News and Court-diverſions was all that afternoons entertainment. For my part, I ſpoke but little all the day: I was ſo taken up with looking upon *Ameſtris*, and obſerving *Megabiſes*, *Arbates*, and *Otanes*, that I cared not for diſcourſe: I ſaw *Megabiſes* grew every day more in Love; and a Hundred others alſo were daily captivated: *Arbates*, for a Man who affected ſolitude, methought was much pleaſed with this firſt days converſation; and *Ameſtris* did deal her civilities with ſuch equality, and covered her thoughts with ſo much Modeſty, that I could not diſcover any Partiality. Indeed I was very unquiet all the time, inſomuch as *Ameſtris* perceiving it, did pleaſingly chide me, ſaying, That if ſhe had not known how I had a better Reputation than my Friend, ſhe ſhould have taken *Aglatidas* for *Arbates*, and *Arbates* for *Aglatidas*: Yet I thought my ſelf happy that *Ameſtris* would take any notice of my naughty Humour; and *Arbates* was very well ſatisfied, ſo that his accuſtomed Solitude appeared no more melancholly than any other. Night being come, every one retires to his own Lodging: I carried *Arbates* unto my Father's Houſe; and becauſe I had a mind for to treat him civilly, I carried him upon a Tarras, where we ſaw the River *Orontes*, which runs by *Ecbatan*: We took two turns upon that Tarras, and ſpoke not a word: *Arbates* not daring, perhaps, to tell me what he thought of *Ameſtris*; nor I daring to ask him his Opinion. But here, Sir, you may admire at the fantaſticalneſs of Love: I proteſt unto you, I equally feared that *Arbates* would commend *Ameſtris* too much, or that he would not commend her enough: I feared that he would not diſapprove of my Choice; and I feared that he himſelf would chuſe where I had choſen before him. I being then thus perplexed, as I have told you, and walking ſilently two turns about the Tarras, at laſt I broke the ſilence, and ſaid with a little forced ſigh, Well *Arbates*, have you defended your ſelf very well? has not the fair *Ameſtris* made a Rival of the deareſt Friend I have? You are ſo jealous (anſwered *Arbates*) that to break that ill habit, I will not ſatisfie your curioſity: I will only tell you thus much, That I think *Ameſtris* to be worthy of all admiration: But if you admire her (ſaid I to him) I believe you love her alſo. That is not an abſolute neceſſity (anſwered he) nor a neceſſary conſequence; yet I will not talk any more of it; for I would work a cure upon your mind, and inſenſibly unaccuſtom you not to fancy Monſters to fight withal. Ah my dear *Arbates* (ſaid I to him) leave me not in the midſt of theſe uncertainties; Tell me, I beſeech you, what are your real thoughts of *Ameſtris*? What would you have me tell you (anſwered he)? if I commend her, you will ſay I am in love; and if I diſcommend her, you will ſay that I either deceive you, or have loſt my reaſon: It is no matter (ſaid I to him) though you ſhould let me know that you only eſteem her, but I would know whether your heart be not taken; and whether you love her ſo much, as you muſt one day hate me for it? I know not what's to come (anſwered he); but for the preſent I know I am infinitely obliged unto you, for bringing me to the knowledge of the faireſt Lady in the world. I confeſs, Sir, that ſeeing *Arbates* ſpoke with ſuch freedom of ſpirit, I did believe all his tart anſwers had been only in jeſt, and mocks at my imbecility: ſo that being aſhamed of my ſelf, I left off troubling him, and went quietly to ſupper. In concluſion, I found, that though *Arbates* was extreamly wounded with the beauty of *Ameſtris*, yet he would not be forced to love her; and by the power of his virtue, he reſiſted it as much as he could, and ſtrove with all his ſtrength not to become a Rival unto his Brother and his Friend, ſuch a Friend too, who had made choice of him to be his Confident, and without whom he had never ſeen *Ameſtris*.

It is to be believed, that what he told unto one who was a Friend both to him and me, was true; That he did all things poſſible not to love her: But, Sir, all was in vain; Love made a wonderful ſtrange alteration in him: until now he ſeemed to be the moſt ſincere and faithful Friend unto me of all men that ever I did meet withal; but he became upon a ſudden the vileſt Cheat upon the Earth: We met many days, but not a word of *Ameſtris*, as if he had never ſeen her. He did ſo cure all my Jealouſies of him by this cunning, that I deſired him to let us viſit her ſometimes, but he denied it very ſtifly: and indeed he was many days, and never went unto her: But to my misfortune, I knew afterwards that he had ſeen her thrice in the Temple, twice walking in the Garden of the King's Palace; and once walking upon the Banks of the River *Orontes*, where ſhe often uſed to walk. *Arbates* then ſeeming unto me to be far from any deſign upon *Ameſtris*, I kept correſpondency with him; I ſpoke to him concerning my Paſſion, and asked his Counſel. When I told him, that I had not yet followed his Counſel in diſcovering my love unto her as ſoon as I could, becauſe ſhe did ſhun all ſuch occaſions; then he anſwered me thus; When I counſelled you to ſpeak of your Paſſion ſo ſoon, I did not then know *Ameſtris*: But oh Gods, *Aglatidas* (ſaid he) I have much altered my Opinion upon ſight of her, and find, that the grave modeſty which I obſerved in her Countenance, doth tell me you muſt not diſcover your love too haſtily and lightly unto her. Believe me (ſaid this treacherous Friend) you muſt not think to tell *Ameſtris* of any love, until you rendred her a hundred ſervices, and until you have brought her to that paſs, as ſhe cannot deny you without ingratitude. This way (ſaid I) is very far-fetcht; Yes, it is ſo (ſaid he) but it is very ſure, and the other very dangerous: for (ſaid he) what if ſhe ſhould be diſpleaſed when you diſcover your Paſſion? if ſhe ſhould forbid you to ſee her? if ſhe ſhould ſhun you, or if ſhe ſhould hate you; what courſe would you take then? Surely (replied I) I ſhould die: But (continued I) if ſhe be never acquainted with my Paſſion; if I never muſt tell her, but let my Rivals be more favoured than my ſelf, and ſpeak of their loves, how can ſhe come to know of mine? Would you have her recompence me for that which ſhe is ignorant of? I would have her know it (anſwered he) but I would have it after ſuch a manner as will not diſpleaſe her; I would have her heart engaged a little to embrace your love when you tell it openly: But who ſhall engage, replied I, this illuſtrious heart of *Ameſtris*? Your endeavours, your ſervices, your reverence, and your ſilence (anſwered he) whereas others procure her hatred by their importunities: And believe me, *Aglatidas*, although I am not acquainted with matters of love, more than by report of others; as I have examined the Paſſion in it ſelf, knowing the cauſe, I can gueſs at the effects: Be aſſured then, that if you love, *Ameſtris* will come to the knowledge of it; Love is a fire, which ſhines as well as burns; and cannot be, but be diſcovered. Therefore *Aglatidas*, reſt contented concerning that: Let all your cares be to find out ways of ſerving her whom you adore, and make her plainly know your love without telling her. Thus, Sir, this cunning *Arbates*, who knew well enough my diſpoſition, cauſed me to reſolve not to diſcover my Paſſion more than I had already, unto *Ameſtris*, or any elſe: But though all the Court did ſuſpect me to be in love, yet I confeſſed it unto none but *Arbates*: And though many others did appear to be before me, yet I kept my ſelf within the limits which my unfaithful Friend preſcribed me; I promiſed to order my ſelf according to his directions: and he alſo promiſed me to take off one of my moſt dangerous Rivals, not conceiving it, as he told me, that this Deſign was advantagious unto *Megabiſes*. Indeed he promiſed very fair; but alas, all was for his own ends, as afterwards you ſhall know. Then, Sir, the true reaſon why he would not go ſo often unto *Ameſtris*, was, not only to hide from me his love unto her, but alſo that the counſel which he intended to give unto *Megabiſes* his brother, might not be ſuſpected. In the morning therefore he went into his Chamber, where he found him alone, and after diſcourſe of a hundred indifferent matters, he asked him how he would beſtow the day? *Megabiſes*, who did not ſuſpect the ſubtilty of his Brother, anſwered him ingeniouſly, that he would ſpend the day with *Hermaniſta*: You ſhould have ſaid (*Ameſtris*, anſwered *Arbates*, laughing and ſcoffing at him) for what vertue is there in *Hermaniſta*? If *Ameſtris* had no beauty, I believe you would not viſit *Artambaces* ſo often. It is true (anſwered *Megabiſes*) but what do I more than all the Court does? *Aglatidas*, who is your ſpecial Friend, is not he continually with *Ameſtris* as well as I? Yes (anſwered the falſe *Arbates*) and I would to heavens he were not ſo; for loving his quiet as I do, I wiſh he would not trouble himſelf with a Deſign which cannot be advantagious unto thoſe who are ſo much bent upon it. I know very well (replied *Megabiſes*) that Love is a reſtleſs Paſſion, which affords no ſerene delights; yet for all that, if *Arbates* did experimentally know it, he would not be ſo forward to blame thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it; and would find, that how rigorous ſoever the pains of love do ſeem to be, yet it affords more delight than all the pleaſures in the World, which are not cauſed by it. Yet this wherein you are engaged (anſwered *Arbates*) is ſo full of danger, that I would do any thing in the World which were in my power to divert you; begin then with *Aglatidas* (ſaid *Megabiſes*, embracing his brother) and believe me, I ſhall be more obliged unto you for curing his diſeaſe, than mine. I'll do my beſt (replied *Arbates*) and perhaps I have already done more to him than you. Oh Heavens (replied *Megabiſes*) is it poſſible that you can divert *Aglatidas* from prejudicing me concerning *Ameſtris*? Certainly (anſwered *Arbates*) I will do all that is in my power that *Aglatidas* ſhall not prejudice other Lovers of *Ameſtris*: But deceive not your ſelf, and know, that it is not with any intention that *Megabiſes* ſhall get any more intereſt in her by it. But on the contrary, I wiſh with all my heart that he would prejudice others no more than I would have *Aglatidas* prejudice him: What then would you have me do? (replied *Megabiſes*) I would (anſwered *Arbates*) have you ſtrive to ſtifle a Paſſion which has much weakneſs in it in general, and will in this particular procure you much unprofitable trouble: for, ſaid he, there are a hundred more which promote the ſame Deſign; and which is more, you are to court one whoſe heart is ſtone, and therefore difficult to be pierced. Difficulty (anſwered *Megabiſes*) is the life of love: Yes, replied *Arbates*, but impoſſibilities will make it die. It is true, anſwered *Megabiſes*, but why is it impoſſible that one of my quality ſhould marry the Daughter of *Artambaces*? I do not hold it abſolutely impoſſible, replied *Arbates*, that *Megabiſes* ſhould marry *Ameſtris*: But I do not hold it an eaſie matter to be beloved; for I know by *Aglatidas*, who is very well informed of it, that *Ameſtris*, for all her modeſty, is ſo paſſionately in love with her own beauty, that ſhe is abſolutely incapable of loving any thing elſe: Then Brother, do you imagine it ſuch a happineſs to marry a Woman who loves her Looking-glaſs better than her Husband? and whoſe Soul is ſenſible of nothing but her own attracts?

Moreover, continued he, aſſuming a more ſerious Countenance, *Ameſtris* is Daughter to *Artambaces*, a baniſhed man eighteen years ſince, and who has made his peace no otherwiſe, but becauſe *Ciaxares* (who hates him in behalf of the Queen of *Perſia* his Siſter) is not now here. Do you not think, ſince *Aſtiages* is ſo very old, that *Artambaces* muſt pack out of *Ecbatan* the very ſame day that *Ciaxares* leaves *Cappadocia*, and aſſumes the Crown of *Medea*? Imagine then, *Megabiſes*, what pleaſure you will have in leaving this Kingdom, to live in the Province of the *Triſantines* with a proud inſenſible Woman, who will waſt your Fortunes in lieu of advancing them; and who then, perhaps, will not be ſo fair (for a hundred things beſides Age may decay a Beauty) nor contribute any thing to your ſatisfaction. Ah Brother, ſaid *Megabiſes*, you are deceived, *Ameſtris* will be for ever fair: Do but aſſiſt me ſo far as to marry her, and never trouble your ſelf with my good Fortunes afterwards. What tho I be baniſhed? I care not tho ſhe be inſenſible, it is no matter, ſo we be baniſhed together; for then I ſhall enjoy my good fortune with more freedom; and if ſhe be incapable of loving any thing, then I ſhall be free from all cauſes of Jealouſie: Therefore if you love me, aſſiſt, but no more oppoſe my Paſſion: You deſire that of me which I cannot do (anſwered *Arbates*) we muſt not give poiſon unto frantick Friends when they ask it, principally to you. Hard-hearted, inſenſible brother (replied *Megabiſes*) I do almoſt wiſh you my Rival to puniſh you for condemning my Paſſion ſo ſeverely; and to teach you experimentally, that love is not a voluntary buſineſs: You would, perhaps, repent you of your wiſh, replied *Arbates*, if it could poſſibly be; but however, confeſs unto me thus far, That you would be more happy if you were at liberty, than you are at preſent: then promiſe me only, that you will endeavour a while to break out of your priſon. Never think it poſſible for me to do it, replied *Megabiſes*; but becauſe I will not deny you in every thing, I will promiſe you to try; though to tell you truth, it is as good as if I promiſed you nothing. *Arbates* perceiving that he could work no more upon the mind of his brother, left him for that time; reſolving to diſpence with the intereſt of a brother and a friend, and promote his own love before theirs. I was perſwaded, as he ſaid himſelf, that he was forced unto this by the extremity and violence of his paſſion, and that he did take up the humour without much reſiſtance unto himſelf. But I am perſwaded, that let love be never ſo potent, it neither can nor ought to force us unto things which are contrary unto Honour or Honeſty: and that though this paſſion be the moſt noble, yet it muſt not excuſe any baſe or wicked act. However *Arbates* was involved into a moſt perplexed condition: He was deeply in love with one whom he durſt not viſit, leſt changing his retired life, he ſhould grow too palpable, and become ſuſpected by his Brother and my ſelf. He was violently in love, but durſt not diſcover it: He had two Rivals whom he loved, and whom he was engaged to love. His Brother commanded him not to be his hinderance, and he had paſſed his promiſe to aſſiſt me. He aſſured me, that he would do all in his power to reclaim *Megabiſes*; and he told *Megabiſes* that he would ſet *Aglatidas* free. What ſhould he do then to ſee *Ameſtris*, to betray his Brother, to deceive his Friend, and to promote himſelf unto their prejudice? He knew they were inſeparable from *Ameſtris*, What courſe could he then take to viſit her every day without being ſuſpected by us both? And what cunning could he uſe to bring about his deſign? Prepare your ſelf, Sir, to hear the moſt notable piece of Treaſon that ever Love did prompt any man unto, and be perſwaded that you muſt needs be amazed at what I am to tell you. *Arbates* then a while after came and told me, that he had imployed the beſt of his endeavours to reclaim his Brother, and cure his paſſion: and indeed, as the thing was true, ſo he related it ſo punctually, as I made no queſtion of the truth: I thought my ſelf ſo obliged unto him for it, that I think if he had diſcovered his own love unto me, I ſhould have returned ſo much friendſhip unto him, as to have died, and yielded up my intereſt of *Ameſtris* to him alſo; ſo ſenſible was I of ſo great a benefit, and addicted unto the Laws of Generoſity. Whilſt *Arbates* had ſufficiently amuſed me for ſome time by the relation of all he had ſaid unto *Megabiſes*, and all *Megabiſes* anſwers unto him; he perſonated himſelf of another humour with his Brother, and feigning himſelf by little and little to be very compaſſionate unto his Brother, he acted his part ſo well, that *Megabiſes* made him his deareſt confident: He was his only Oracle, and was guided only by his Orders as well as I. As *Arbates* feared nothing more, than that *Megabiſes* and I ſhould find him alone with *Ameſtris*; and moreover, finding that according to his Plot there was a neceſſity of our being often with her; So I was ſure to give notice unto *Megabiſes* of the time when I ought to be with her, and alſo to give me notice in my courſe when my Brother ſhould be there; Inſomuch as ſince he tranſacted in our buſineſs, we never ſaw *Ameſtris*, one without the other. Love and Jealouſie moved him to fear one Rival ſingle with *Ameſtris*, more than many together. Yet he had this piece of prudence, to deſire me, both for my intereſt and his own, not to quarrel with my Brother, and to aſſure me alwaies upon his word, that he would tranſact with all his power to ruin the deſigns of *Megabiſes*, which alſo, as he told me, did not pleaſe him: He alſo adviſed my Brother not to quarrel with me, leſt when we were gone far off to fight, others might in the interim ſtep in and ſupplant him: and thus we lived. *Megabiſes* he complained that I was a perpetual obſtacle unto him; and I complained that *Megabiſes* was the ſame to me; As for *Ameſtris*, ſhe lived in ſuch wiſdom and reſervedneſs, that her vertue could not diſcover any of his Projects. It is certain, that notwithſtanding her impatial behaviour and civility which ſhe uſed unto all that came unto her; yet every one obſerved that *Megabiſes* and I had a greater ſhare in her eſteem than any elſe; and that *Otanes*, who doubtleſs you have ſeen in the Court of *Medea*, was the man moſt hated and ſcorn'd: for my part I could not diſcover any more extraordinary favour from her than unto many others: but thought that *Megabiſes* was the happier of the two; inſomuch as I could not forbear to complain continually of *Arbates*: *Megabiſes* for his part he thought that I was better treated than himſelf,and complained alſo of his Brother, who indeed intended to betray us both alike. One night then, when we were alone in my Chamber, My dear *Arbates* (ſaid I to him) how long will you hold me in hopes? and how long muſt the Paſſion of *Megabiſes* perſecute me? Why has the enticing eyes of *Ameſtris* made a Lover of my Friend's Brother? and ſuch a Lover upon whom they look more favourably, if my jealouſie do not much deceive me? Ah my dear *Arbates* (ſaid I) if *Megabiſes* had not ſuch relation unto you, my Sword ſhould long ſince have done me right, and revenged that injuſtice which is done unto my Love, which I am ſure preceded his, and which perhaps would have been more faithful and ſincere unto me. *Arbates* ſeemed much touched at my complaints and ſorrows: Sometimes he would deſire pardon for his Brother's injuries; ſometimes thank me for the reſpect which I had unto his friendſhip; and ſometimes he entreated me to continue it. After he had asked as much as he deſired, looking ſuddenly upon me with a troubled countenance: You ſhall ſee, *Aglatidas* (ſaid he) if *Arbates* did not love you, and love you as much as one can love another, he would not make that Propoſition unto you which he is about, and act ſuch a piece of Treaſon as he has premeditated: Know then (ſaid he) I know but one way which will infallibly break the deſigns of *Megabiſes* upon *Ameſtris*: Ha! my dear *Arbates* (ſaid I) let us quickly take that happy way, if it will rid me of my Rival, who is ſo much to be doubted; You know (ſaid he to me) that *Megabiſes* loves me with abundance of tenderneſs, ſo that he will perhaps do that for my preſervation, which he would not do for my prayers and reaſons: I muſt then (ſaid he) for a certain time ſeem more troubled and melancholique than I uſe to be; and when he asks me the reaſon of it, and preſſeth me importunately more than once, I will tell him that I am in love with *Ameſtris*; and that all my trouble and melancholly was nothing elſe but my endeavours to overcome my own paſſion, which I could not do: In concluſion, I will intreat him, and preſs him to take ſome care of my life, and with tears, and ſighs, and ſorrows diſpute with him for the Victory: I know very certainly (ſaid he) that he loves me moſt dearly, and that it will go hard with him to reſiſt me. I bluſh (ſaid this vile perfidious *Arbates*) my dear Friend, to propound ſo horrid a Treaſon, but what will not one do for a Friend he loves? But my dear *Arbates* (ſaid I, embracing him, and fearing he ſhould be offended at what I was intending to tell him) ſince the Friendſhip you have with me moves you ſo ſtrongly to deceive *Megabiſes*; what would you not do both to him and me, if you ſhould chance become in love with *Ameſtris*? And may I not fear, that counterfeiting to be ſo in Love, you ſhould become really ſo? Is it ſo (Replied the crafty *Arbates*, ſeeming very angry) do you thus take the proofs of my affection? Take heed *Aglatidas*, leſt if I keep within the ſimple limits of reaſon, I do not aſſiſt *Megabiſes* againſt you, and prefer the conſideration of Blood before that of Friendſhip. *Arbates* pronounced theſe words with ſo ſerious a look, that I thought I had angred him; ſo that checking my ſelf, I began to truſt in his Promiſes, and ſpoke him ſo fair, that his counterfeit choler was appeaſed, and his anſwers were ſo well, that my fears did vaniſh. I confeſs, Sir, that at the firſt this Propoſition did aſtoniſh me, but conſidering the benefit which I might perhaps receive by it, and reſolving that I would never loſe *Ameſtris* without loſing my life; I thought it better to have recourſe unto gentleneſs than force, and conſented unto his Plot, having no ſuſpicion or jealouſie, or any imagination of his real being in love with her: fearing only leſt he ſhould hereafter be intangled. Mean time this was ſufficient for him to have the freedom of ſeeing *Ameſtris*, without ut incurring any diſpleaſure from me; but yet he wanted the ſame advantage over his Brother's mind, therere the next Morning he went unto him and deceived im as well as me, and almoſt after the ſame manner, ough the reaſons which he uſed were not the ſame. He found *Megabiſes* in the King's Garden, where he was formed he might find him: as ſoon as he met him; What makes you here Brother (ſaid he to him) whilſt erhaps *Aglatidas* is with *Ameſtris*? at leaſt I am certain e went this Morning to *Artambaces*. You would do uch better (anſwered *Megabiſes* roughly) to be no ore his Friend, but rather leave him unto my fury d jealouſie, than to tell me of his tenders to *Ameſtris*: Never think that I am able to endure this complacential ay; my Patience will not always ſuffer *Aglatidas* to e the Friend of *Arbates*, and to be favoured by her I ove; *Aglatidas* (I ſay) who of all my Rivals is the nly man I fear, and he alone can come in competition ith me. *Arbates* was ſurpris'd and aſtoniſhed at this, nd looking upon *Megabiſes*, Why Brother (ſaid he) would you have me break with *Aglatidas*, becauſe he is our Rival? He who is ſo generous as not to break with e, although you be his Rival, and I your Brother; who has asked me pardon a hundred and a hundred imes, for that it was his ill fortune to be ſo ingaged n the Love of *Ameſtris*; who moreover loved her before you knew her; and who has lately given me ſome hopes to conquer his paſſion for the love of you and me? et for ought I ſee (ſaid the crafty *Arbates*, ſeeming very ngry, and offering to go away) you take all the good offices which I have done you, in ſo bad a ſenſe, as I will trouble my ſelf no more about them. Ah my ear Brother (ſaid *Megabiſes*, ſtaying him) I pray you pardon an unfortunate man, who hath loſt the uſe of his reaſon, and leave him not thus in deſpair: I ſaw (continued he) that you loved my Rival ſo much, that I took you for him, and againſt my will my anger ſurpriſed me, and forced me to ſay ſomething, which perhaps has angred you. But pardon me, I moſt heartily beſeech you: and ſince it is ſo that you love me, and love *Aglatidas* both, cauſe him, I conjure you, to leave loving *Ameſtris*, for I am not able to endure it; he muſt either leave loving, or elſe I muſt leave living. You are very violent (replied *Arbates*) and what likelihood is there to help a man who is ſo incapable of reaſon? one who would have me to renounce all manner of generoſity, to ſatisfie an unruly paſſion? Love (replied *Megabiſes*) excuſes all ſorts of injuries. Remember what you ſay (replied *Arbates*) and to prevent ſuch an inconvenience, as that my Brother and Friend ſhould quarrel, I will become a Traitor unto *Aglatidas* in behalf of *Megabiſes*. At theſe words *Arbates* ſtopt, the better to examine himſelf concerning the Propoſition which he was to make (for *Megabiſes* related it all afterwards) and after he had a while ruminated upon the matter, he began to ſpeak in a more ſerious Tone; Hitherto, Brother, (ſaid he) I have tranſacted with *Aglatidas* only by perſwaſive reaſons, to give over his Paſſion; he, I ſay, who reſpects you much, and who doubtleſs bears as great a Love to you as me: But now ſince I perceive your Love is grown unto ſuch an extremity, and ſince I fear my affection to *Aglatidas* ſhould hazard his Life, I will follow your own Maxims, without conſideration of what is juſt, or what unjuſt. I will therefore counterfeit a falſe Friendſhip unto *Aglatidas*, and ask his pardon for a ſecret which I am to reveal: I will tell him, that when I endeavoured to reclaim his Love, that it was meerly for my own intereſt, and not for his nor yours. In concluſion, I will earneſtly pray him and preſs him, that he will give me leave to love and ſerve *Ameſtris*, as a hundred others do the like; telling, that otherwiſe it will coſt me my life; conjuring with all feigned tears and ſighs, not to hate me, or ſuffer me to deſpair: But how will this feat advantage me (replied *Megabiſes*)? I hope (anſwered *Arbates*) that perhaps he will yield *Ameſtris* unto me, or at the leaſt when he knows that I am in love with her, he will not think it ſtrange if I viſit her, and not ſuſpect that I am with her upon your account. Ah Brother (ſaid *Megabiſes*) if *Aglatidas* knows how to love, he will never yield unto you, but will diſpute the matter as well with you as me. However, replied *Arbates*, you will get this advantage by it, that you will have a faithful man about *Ameſtris*, who will defeat all the deſigns of your Rival, and advance your own. Your Reaſon is good (anſwered the too credulous *Megabiſcs*) but Brother (ſaid he) I ſaw you once with *Ameſtris*, was it not becauſe you did then a little love her? When I was there (replied *Arbates* ſmiling) I loved your Rival too well, and it was at his importunity that I came thither; and he thought ſo little of any ſuch thing, that I think you need not be jealous of your Brother: Conſider it well, ſaid he, and reſolve whether I ſhould ſerve you, or whether I ſhould not: for I aſſure you, I ſhould think my ſelf much obliged unto you, if you would not employ me in any ſuch infidelity to my Friend. *Megabiſes* ſeeing ſuch an indfferency in the mind of *Arbates*, aſſured himſelf, nor could ſuſpect that man who loved both *Aglatidas* and himſelf ſo much, would ever fall in love with *Ameſtris*: And thus, Sir, he cozened both him and me, and brought all things to the paſs he deſired. In concluſion, he aſſured me, that he had acted his part unto *Megabiſes*, according as was covenanted between us: He expreſſed his ſorrows and deſpair to the life, and told me, that he would not abſolutely promiſe him to ſee *Ameſtris* no more, but he had given him permiſſion to ſee her, and to endeavour with her in his behalf, Swearing unto him, that if I found her more tractable, he ſhould then abſolutely retreat, and leave him in quiet poſſeſſion of his good fortune; Then, Sir, the ſame which *Arbates* told me, he told alſo unto *Megabiſes*: and perſwaded him that I reſpected you ſo much, as to yield up *Ameſtris* unto you, and that he ſhould alſo permit him his leave to ſee; and then, Sir, there was nothing which could oppoſe his joy; ſo that he told us ſeverally, there was no more to be done, but for him to court her in their behalfs daily, and to gain her eſteem by ſome particular civility. But ſaid I then to him, My dear *Arbates*, if ſhe ſhould chance to love you in earneſt, during this fiction, where were we then? I fear not that (anſwered he) and doubtleſs it was the leaſt of his fears) for my own defects aſſure me of the contrary: And moreover (continued he) I will faithfully promiſe you, that when I am alone with her, I will not then ſpeak a word to her but in your behalf, and therefore there is no danger at all. In a word, Sir, *Arbates* did ſo work upon the mind of *Megabiſes* and me, as we did conſent that he ſhould viſit *Ameſtris*, and that he ſhould be very aſſiduous with her; I leave you to judge, Sir, if ever the like chance happened: and if ever there was a more proſperous cheat for a while; for ſince I thought that *Megabiſes* retired himſelf, becauſe he thought *Arbates* would be better treated than himſelf: I wiſh'd *Arbates* all good ſucceſs: Alſo *Megabiſes* having the ſame thoughts, had alſo the ſame deſires. Thus did both of us pray for our greateſt enemy, and our moſt dangerous Rival: and whilſt he was tranſacting our Ruin, we gave him as many thanks as if he were perpetuating our Felicity: He went daily to *Ameſtris*, who treated him with abundance of civility, and ſhewed him more favours than any elſe, becauſe ſhe conceived his Viſits were only in conſideration that he had quitted his ſolitude, and changed his courſe of life: he had freedom of diſcourſe with *Ameſtris* when he pleaſed, and that with more reſpect than either of us: for as we were both of us perſwaded that when he diſcourſed alone with her, he ſpoke unto our ſeveral advantages, we endeavoured to facilitate the way unto him; and we our ſelves furniſhed him with Arms to deſtroy us: for in lieu of imploying thoſe precious minutes with her in private to the advantages of *Megabiſes* or me, he all the while was endeavouring to get himſelf into her good opinion: But for the firſt days, it was after ſo handſome and reſpective a way, that ſhe could not be angry: and if ſhe did ſuſpect any ſuch thing as love, ſhe thought alſo that he had never given her any occaſions of diſpleaſure; ſhe behaved her ſelf unto him with much reſervedneſs, but yet as I have ſaid, with very much civility, becauſe indeed he was worthy of it, both in reſpect of his quality, and of his wit: *Megabiſes* asked him every day whether I began to change my thoughts, and I asked him very often if his Brother did pity his counterfeit paſſion? To this he anſwered me, that he began to have very much hopes of him; and to the other, that yet he knew not what to hope of him: To the one, that the thing was poſſible, but difficult; to the other, that notwithſtanding all the difficulty, he would bring it about: and to them both, that nothing ought to be done precipitately, if they would have it done well; and that they ought to give time of conſideration and contrivance of the matter. In ſhort, Sir, this Impoſtor tranſacted his Enterpriſe ſo cunningly, that whereas he ſhould have acted for us, we both of us acted for him, and gave him a thouſand thanks for his knavery. We met oft all together at the Chamber of *Ameſtris*, and both *Megabiſes* and my ſelf endured torments beyond imagination. Sometimes our Paſſions were turned all into deſpair; ſometimes jealouſies mingled. *Megabiſes* ſuſpected his Brother was more my Servant than his: I alſo thought that *Artabes* would betray me to favour him; ſometimes we were all fears, and ſometimes we did apprehend that *Artabes* neither was in love, nor ever would be. As I remember I told you, that by the orders of my unfaithful Friend I was never to ſpeak openly concerning my Paſſion for *Ameſtris*. But though I obſerved that order moſt exactly, yet dare ſay the fair *Ameſtris* was not ignorant what power her charming eyes had over my heart: And although my tonge did never reveal the ſecrets of my ſoul, yet all my Actions, my Looks, and alſo my common diſcourſe in indifferent matters, did clearly evidence (I knew not how) the violence of my love, eſpecially unto any that was poſſeſſed with any inclination to judge things for my advantage: I was obliged for the juſtification of *Ameſtris*, and her favours to me, to ſay, that ſince it was her pleaſure to honour one ſo much, it was becauſe ſhe knew that *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta* allowed of it; it being certain, as I was well informed ſince, that it was their deſire I ſhould become a Servant unto *Ameſtris*, becauſe I was the firſt man of all the Court which had the honour to be known unto her, and becauſe I had never ſaid or done any thing which diſpleaſed her, but was upon all occaſions diligent to ſerve and dilect her: Yet notwithſtanding her ſlight diſpoſition not to hate me, did not at that time afford me much happineſs, becauſe the ſeverity of her wiſdom, and prudence of her civilities was ſuch, that none could reaſonably gueſs ſhe bore any good thoughts of me; neither fear ſhe had any ill, becauſe of her aſpect, ſuch was the wiſdom and judgment of her behaviour. Yet I dare ſay, that *Arbates*, as proſperous as he was in his knavery, had ſome angry times; for when he was with *Ameſtris*, between *Megabiſes* and me, it was impoſſible but he ſhould be ſtung with ſome remorſe of conſcience, for betraying his Brother and his Friend, and ſometimes apprehend the end of the adventure; not but that he had foreſeen all things; and that if his deſign did not hit, he was not to ſeek for excuſes: His deſign was, that when he had aſſured himſelf of the favour of *Ameſtris*, to ask pardon of us both, for covering his love to *Ameſtris* with the cloak of a ſeeming it to be affection unto us, and to ſeem ſo extreamly ſorry for the accident, that we ſhould pity him: He imagined, that for his Brother there was no fear of his life from him; and as for me, he believed that our friendſhip, and the reverence which I bore unto *Ameſtris*, would hinder me from ſpoiling his deſign; and after all, the fair *Ameſtrs* would not expoſe her ſelf unto any danger of cauſing a quarrel. Thus had *Arbates* laid the foundation of his Plot: But Fortune, which meddles in many matters, would not ſuffer it to hit: And thus we lived for a reaſonable long time: Then *Arbates* ſeeing how he was baited, both by his Brother and my ſelf, and thinking that he was upon good terms with *Ameſtris*, he began to expreſs his paſſion more openly than formerly he had, and intended to open his deſign unto her; and a while after he found a favourable opportunity. He told *Megabiſes* and me ſeverally, that now he was reſolved to know which of us two ſtood beſt in the favour of *Ameſtris*; but to that end we muſt not go unto her theſe two days, but give him the opportunities to entertain her in private: We both conſented unto his deſire, tho on my ſide with much ado. He went then unto *Ameſtris*, unto whom he could not ſpeak the firſt day, by reaſon of much company: there happened to be then there one of her Lovers, called *Otanes*, an ill-favoured man, and moſt diſpleaſant both to her and all the Court: This man was ſeldom from her; not but that *Ameſtris* had a very great diſlike of him, but becauſe he being a man of quality, *Artambaces* would not forbid him his houſe: It was this man who did moſt hinder *Arbates* from ſpeaking unto *Ameſtris* the firſt day: but the next day after proved more happy, for he found her without any company beſides her own Women: ſhe her ſelf was leaning upon a Balcone which looked into the Garden; ſo that he might deliver his mind without being heard by any; At firſt their diſcourſe was upon indifferent things; but ſince he had a hidden deſign, and deſired to fall inſenſibly into diſcourſe of ſomething which might diſcover it unto her. Madam (ſaid he to her) I found you yeſterday in ſuch a ſolitude as was not uſual with you, very like unto that humour out of which you have drawn me; I ſhould think my ſelf much honoured (anſwered ſhe) in being a means to regain you unto your Friends: But I believe it rather the perſwaſions of *Megabiſes* and *Aglatidas* which had that power over you, than that I contributed any thing at all. *Megabiſes* and *Aglatidas* (replied he) has not ſo much power over me as the fair *Ameſtris*. You are very unjuſt then (anſwered ſhe) for in my opinion they have more right unto that power than *Ameſtris* hath, who deſires power over none but her ſelf. That which you reſerve unto your ſelf (replied *Artabes*) is doubtleſs much better than all the reſt of your Empire; though I aſſure you, that you have an abſolute dominion over all thoſe who have the honour to come near you; and for my particular, I prefer you before all the Crowns in the world. If difficulty in getting of any thing (anſwered ſhe) do add any thing to the value, then you have reaſon to eſteem me ſo, ſince it is moſt certain, that it is no eaſie matter, ever to get an abſolute power over the heart of *Ameſtris.* That would be too much, Madam, to deſire an abſolute ſovereignty in ſo glorious a place (replied *Arbates*) and I know ſome men, whoſe ambition would be contented with leſs, and account themſeves moſt happy if you would acknowledge them for your ſlaves. For my part (replied *Ameſtris*) without thinking that *Artabes* would more clearly explain himſelf, I would adviſe none, either to give or receive any fetters; and by my good will, none of my Friends ſhall ever become unhappy. Ah Madam (ſaid *Arbates* then) continue always in ſo juſt a mind, and never repent it. To repent of things which are juſt, replied ſhe, is doubtleſs a crime, which I do not intend ever to commit. If ſo, Madam, replied he, why do you ſuffer one man in the world (who adores you without parallel, and whoſe rigorous ſilence cannot expreſs himſelf) without ſhining upon his miſfortune, by your favourable aſpect? You, I ſay, who expreſs your ſelf ſo divinely, and ſay, that by your conſent, none of your Friends ſhall ever be unhappy? *Ameſtris* ſtood a while without an anſwer, not knowing well whether *Arbates* ſpoke concerning *Megabiſes*, my ſelf, or himſelf: She was ſo ſurpriſed at the diſcourſe, that ſhe knew not well how to expound it: but the firſt diſorder of her ſpirit being paſſed over; I know not *Artabes* (ſaid ſhe in a higher tone) whether or no you have any deſign upon me, to make me follow your accuſtomed humour, and prefer ſolitude before ſociety: but I know very well, that though you do not change me, you move me to adviſe you to reſt your ſelf quiet in your own Cloſet, and trouble my Chamber no more. I cannot be any where but with you (replied *Arbates* precipitately, who was naturally of a haſty violent temper, though he ſeemed dull and melancholique unto thoſe that knew him not very well.) Surely *Arbates* (ſaid *Ameſtris*, in looking upon him with many marks of anger in her eyes) you do not know me. Pardon me, Madam, (anſwered he) I know you very well, and cannot be ignorant, that you are the faireſt, and moſt amiable in the world: but it is you, Madam, (added he, who knows not the unfortunate *Arbates*; he, I ſay, who adores you, as devoutly as men adore the Gods; he, whoſe thoughts are all upon you; and who ſeeks nothing upon earth elſe; I ſay, who will die, and die a thouſand deaths rather than live without the love of *Ameſtris.* Then you muſt prepare your ſelf for death (replied ſhe, and broke off his diſcourſe) for *Ameſtris* will not beſtow her eſteem, nor love, nor friendſhip upon any, who want thoſe reſpects unto me which are fitting. Is to adore you, to want reſpect? (replied he.) To tell me as much, is, anſwered ſhe. Do as the Gods do then (anſwered *Arbates*) and know my thoughts; and, like them, receive my Prayers, and grant me that which it is your pleaſure I ſhould not ask. I'll grant nothing (ſaid ſhe) unto them who render themſelves unworthy, no not my compaſſion, which I ſeldom refuſe unto any in miſery: But *Arbates* (ſaid *Ameſtris*) I deſire no more of your company, and forbid you ever viſiting me any more. In ſaying ſo, ſhe would have gone away, but he ſtaid her. Since this is the laſt time (ſaid he unto her) that I muſt have the bleſſedneſs of your company, you may very well hear me all I would ſpeak, and it is but fit I ſhould let you know what *Arbates* is; to the end, that before you do abſolutely deſtroy him, you may conſider well whether you have any reaſon for doing it. I know but too much (replied ſhe) and it would have been better for him if I had known leſs. You do not yet know, Madam, (ſaid he) that he who ſpeaks unto you, does love you ſo extreamly violently, that there is no crime which he hath not committed for your ſake; he hath betrayed his Friends; he hath cozened his kindred; he hath diſhonoured himſelf, and there is nothing which he hath not done, which might make him reſt capable of getting your affection, and to hinder all others from poſſeſſing it. The reaſon, Madam, why I tell you what I have done, is, that you may know what I can do: If there be any of my Rivals which diſpleaſes you, do but ſeem to wiſh them well, and I ſhall preſently rid you of them; But (continued he) *Megabiſes* and *Aglatidas*, they are more fortunate than I; if you deſire to preſerve them, hide ſo all your advantageous thoughts of both of them, that I do not perceive them, and that they themſelves do not perceive them. *Megabiſes* and *Aglatidas*, replied ſhe, are wiſer than you are, in my opinion. I know not, Madam, anſwered he, whether they be wiſer; but I know very well, that if they be more happy than I, they ſhall not be ſo long. At theſe words *Ameſtris* grew ſo extremely angry, that ſhe uſed all the vile and ill terms ſhe could invent againſt *Arbates*, who doubtleſs did often repent him of his violence, though in vain. This crafty and ſubtle man, by the violence of his paſſion and ſorrow, had loſt all policy and craft upon this occaſion As they were upon theſe terms,a Servant came in and told *Ameſtris*, that there were a great number coming to viſit her; but ſince ſhe found her ſpirits a little diſordered, and leſt any ſigns of anger or ſorrow ſhould appear in her face, ſhe left *Arbates* on a ſudden, and went into her Cloſet to compoſe her countenance. Mean while *Arbates* went out of the Chamber, but in ſuch a fury, and ſo deſperate as poſſible a Man could be: Sorrow ſo poſſeſſed him, that becauſe he could not reſolve to ſee either *Megabiſes* or me, he took his Horſe and went for ſome certain days into the Countrey, leaving order to tell every one, that important buſineſs ſo happened that he was forced to go without bidding adieu to any of his Friends, or ſeeing us: Mean while, *Megabiſes* and I, who knew nothing of the truth, and who were in abſolute deſpair, becauſe *Artabes* had rendred us no account of the diſcourſe which he had with *Ameſtris*, we would go the next day unto her; but we were told that ſhe was not well, and would not be ſeen: The next day we went again and ſaw her, but much more melancholique than accuſtomed: Methought ſhe treated us more coldly than formerly ſhe was accuſtomed. I leave you to imagine, Sir, how troubled I was; for as I believed that *Arbates* had ſpoken to her concerning me, the laſt time he was with her; ſo I expounded this coldneſs in her, in a cruel ſenſe. *Megabiſes*, as I have heard ſince, he was at no more reſt than I, and therefore paſſed all that afternoon in much melancholly: But here may be admired, Sir, how Fortune diſpoſes of things: All the while I was thus tormenting my ſelf, and had truſted the conduct of my Love unto a Friend, who had betrayed me; my Father, I knowing nothing of it, was an earneſt ſollicitor for my happineſs, as you ſhall know. I was then very melancholly, both at the abſence of *Arbates*, and the coldneſs which I obſerved in the Countenance of *Ameſtris*; when my Father ſent for me, and propounded unto me a Marriage with the Daughter of *Artambaces*, not only as a thing which he wiſhed might be, but as a thing already done up amongſt them. Sir, replied I, this which you propoſe is too advantagious to be conſented unto without much Joy: But do you think, Sir, that *Ameſtris* does reſent it with the like gladneſs? *Ameſtris*, anſwered he, does not yet know of it; but I believe ſhe is ſo well educated, to be obedient unto her Parents, who I know do deſire it as much as I. Sir, ſaid I to him, I would know it from *Ameſtris*, and not from *Artambaces*: It is your own office, replied my Father, to inform your ſelf of her thoughts and deſires: I leave you to judge, Sir, how infinitely I was joyed at ſuch welcome news: it was ſo abundantly pleaſant, that I reliſhed it but imperfectly; and it moved ſuch violence in my ſoul, that I could not reſent it as I ought: Oh Heavens, how oft did I wiſh the perfidious *Arbates* were there to be a witneſs of my good Fortune, and to ask him pardon for the diſpleaſure *Megabiſes* did reſent. Mean time, becauſe I thought it ſtrange that they ſhould marry me to *Ameſtris*, before I had acquainted her with my Love: I took an occaſion the next morning to viſit her, and it was my happineſs to find her alone: I obſerved, that ſhe did often change colour; and I Imagined, as indeed it was true, that ſhe had been acquainted with the intention of *Artambaces*, concerning our Marriage, of which he had ſpoken unto her an hour before I came: But alas, Sir, what ſtrange inquietudes did this fair and amiable Divinity afford me? and how great were my fears, that ſhe had no diſlike of me, becauſe they had propounded it unto her! Madam, (ſaid I to her almoſt trembling) dare *Aglatidas* be ſo bold as to aſk the fair *Ameſtris*, whether the many changings which he perceives in her fair face, be a good or a bad omen for him? I think, ſaid ſhe, (bluſhing very much) that I have heard the Magi ſay, That men ought not to conſult with any but the Stars, to know their Fortunes, and not to ttouble themſelves at ſuch lame and ſlight obſervations. I think (replied I) that thoſe who deſire to know whether they ſhall be Rich, or fortunate in War, ought to do as you ſay; but I believe, that they who would know nothing elſe but what the heart of *Ameſtris* thinks, ought to conſult with nothing but her eyes; and ought to aſk their good fortune from nothing elſe but them. *Ameſtris* (anſwered ſhe) is not conſiderable enough to give Felicity or bad Fortune unto any: But *Aglatidas* may believe, that *Ameſtris* will never ſeek her own good Fortune, but by the will of thoſe who ought to diſpoſe of her: But Madam, ſaid I, if thoſe whom you ſpeak of, ſhould adviſe you unto a thing which is repugnant unto your mind, would you obey them without murmur? I would, doubtleſs (replied ſhe) as long as I have life; and I hold it better for my ſelf to do that which I ought, than to do that which pleaſeth me. It is a moſt ſevere virtue, replied I, and methinks it is a little too blind an obedience; for, Madam, unto how much deſpair would that man be driven, who ſhould be ſo happy, as by the choice of your Parents to be a Husband unto the divine *Ameſtris*, if he ſhould afterwards know that ſhe obeyed her Parents only, and married him by conſtraint? I would hide my thoughts ſo cloſe (anſwered ſhe) that he ſhould never know it: Ah, Madam, (ſaid I to her) do not abuſe your ſelf ſo much, this is a thing which cannot be; Therefore, Madam, I conjure you by all that is moſt venerable and holy, to tell me ingenuouſly, upon what terms am I in your heart? for I cannot think my ſelf more unhappy, than that you ſhould be ignorant how you are abſolute commander over mine; yes, Madam, ſaid I, you know that ſince the firſt minute I had the honour to ſee you, I have loved you with unequalled

qualled paſſion: that I have ſerved you with as much reverence, as any can the Gods; and ſecretly adored you with every atom of my heart: Then, Madam, it's your part to let me know whether I muſt hope or fear, whether you can endure me without averſion, or whether you like me out of Complacency without compulſion; it is abſolutely in you to determine upon either my good or my bad fortune: I have already told you (replied ſhe) that I have no power in my own felicity, and therefore by conſequence cannot have in another's: But, *Aglatidas*, ſince I have received a command from *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta* to entertain you, when you ſpeak of your affection, let me tell you with much ſincerity, that I think the choice which they have made for me, is very advantagious for me, and ſo much, that when I underſtood it, I was in much confuſion; and if you obſerved any alterations in my countenance, doubtleſs it was, becauſe I was aſhamed to be no more worthy of the honour which you do me, than I am. *Ameſtris* pronounced theſe words with ſuch reſervedneſs, that I could not diſcover her heart, which put me into great perplexity andmelancholly: I was at this time almoſt angry with my Father for ſo ſoon putting forward my good fortune; for, ſaid I to my ſelf, how ſhould I know now whether or no *Ameſtris* loves me; *Ameſtris*, I ſay, who is the wiſeſt Lady upon earth, and one who would dwell with the moſt ill-favour'd man, if ſhe once married to him: So very much was I poſſeſſed, Sir, with this kind of unquietude, that I could not hide it from *Ameſtris*: Madam (ſaid I to her) you ſee here before you the moſt happy, and the moſt unhappy man both, of all men upon earth: The moſt happy, in the noble hope which *Artambaces* gives unto my Fathe, that *Ameſtris* will not refuſe me; but the moſt unhappy, in that I cannot know whether *Aglatidas* be the choice of *Ameſtris*, or *Artambaces*: What will it advantage you to know it, or to know that which I know not my ſelf? For as I have ever been ſtrongly of this opinion, That I ought not to diſpoſe of my ſelf; ſo I am contented to deny my heart my own choice, and ſubmit my ſelf unto a blind obedience. Then Madan (ſaid I unto her) if your Parents ſhould command you to accepr of *Megabiſes* or *Otanes*, would you obey them? I have already confeſſed it, if I be not much miſtaken, (replied ſhe:) Oh heavens (cried I)! Madam, why will you not make me happy? I will not deny you happineſs (anſwered *Ameſtris*) if my conſent be neceſſary unto it: But, Madam, (ſaid I, interrupting her) how ſhall I be aſſured that your conſent is more than a conſtrain'd obedience? ſince you tell me that you will obey, though never ſo repugnant to your mind: You are very unjuſt, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe to me, to deſire that I ſhould tell you my thoughts, and I only to gueſs at yours; therefore endeavour to diſcover them if you can, and content your ſelf to know thus much, That *Artambaces* has the heart of *Ameſtris* in his power, and if he diſpoſe of it unto you, as very likely he will, then you ſhall have an abſolute and lawful power over it: This is not yet enough, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) I would preciſely know what you thought of *Aglatidas*, at that very time before *Artambaces* did ſpeak unto you in his behalf? I thought, ſaid ſhe, doubtleſs, as all other reaſonable people would think. But were you ſo abſolutely indifferent, ſaid I to her? You are too inquiſitive (anſwered ſhe, ſmiling and bluſhing both) and if I ſhould continue anſwering you thus, it ſhould go hard but I would ſay ſomething which ſhould be either to your diſadvantage or my own. After this manner, Sir, did this wiſe and nimble Lady free her ſelf from my perſecution,and cured me a little of my melancholly humour; for I thought ſhe ſpoke theſe laſt words in ſuch a manner, that I might very well expound them in a favourable ſenſe for my ſelf: Then thought I my ſelf moſt happy; and if *Arbates* had but been ar *Ecbatan*, there was nothing more which I could have wiſhed; yet ſince Perſons of Quality do never marry in *Medea*, without the King's conſent, *Artambaces* and my Father did conceal it ſome certain days, until they found a fit time to acquaint *Aſtiages* wirh it; But Sir, they were happy days for *Agl t das*; what delights did he not find in the converſation of *Ameſtris*? For ſince her Father commanded her to reſpect me as one that was to be her Husband, I found in her ſoul ſo ſweet a complacence, and obſerved ſuch tenderneſs towards me, that I might very well ſay, I was fully recompenced by theſe bleſſed minutes, for all the ill ones that ever I ſuffered: Yet ſhe would never confeſs that ſhe loved me, or ever did love me; but permitting me to hope what might be hereafter, ſhe ſaid enough to ſatisfie me that ſhe did not hate me: *Artambaces* and my Father having met with that fit opportunity which they waited for, ſpoke unto the King concerning our Marriage, who preſently conſented unto it, becauſe he knew not that *Megabiſes* pretended unto *Ameſtris*: The conſent of *Aſtiages* was no ſoonner obtain'd, but immediately the matter was divulged about the Court: *Megabiſes* being preſently informed of it, went preſently unto the King, and deſired him to forbid the Banes; but the King told him he ſpoke too late, that his word was paſt, and the thing was abſolutely without remedy: *Megabiſes* went away from the King ſufficiently malecontent, and reſolved of another way to compaſs his end; he ſought an occaſion to meet me, and having found me, without any more preamble, *Aglatidas* (ſaid he to me with a low voice in my ear) you ſhall not enjoy *Ameſtris*, but by the death of *Megabiſes*; therefore, without more ado, let us go out at the Gate which opens towards the Mountains, and compleat your joys by my deſtruction. *Megabiſes* (ſaid I to him) I need no preſſing to go whither you would have me; but I confeſs I would not, if poſſible otherwiſe, take Sword in hand againſt the Brother of *Artabes*: But you may (replied he) if you will yield *Ameſtris* unto me: *Ameſtris*, replied I, Ah, no, no, *Megabiſes*, I can never yield her; and if there be no other way to give you ſatisfaction, we muſt follow your intention: In ſaying ſo, we went out, as ſoon as we were rid of thoſe which were about us, and came unto the foot of a great Rock, under a great Hill, where he would have us fight; I confeſs that the friendſhip of *Arbates* troubled me a little, and I had no mind to loſe the blood of his Brother: But when I began to think that *Megabiſes* was my Rival, and that the poſſeſſion of his *Ameſtris* depended upon his life or Death, all other conſiderations vaniſhed, and fury became maſter of my ſpirit: We were no ſooner at the place which he aimed at, but we drew our Swords, for it was ſo near the Tower, that though we were on foot, yet we need no taking our breaths: *Megabiſes* came up to me with ſo much fury and violence, as let me know I had a dangerous enemy to deal with; and I dare ſay he received me with ſo much reſolution, as he had no ill opinion of my courage; We being both of us nimble and well skill'd at weapon, did hold out many blows without a wound, which I believe did anger us both: So that we reſolved to put the matter unto Fortune, and not to ſtand fencing any longer. *Arbates*, the politique *Arbates*, having in all likelihood invented ſome new cheat for us, and returning to Town, ſaw us afar off at the foot of the Rock: who, not knowing who we were, rid up unto us with drawn Sword to part us: But, O heavens, how he was ſurprized when he knew us; and what variety of thoughts he had upon it! *Megabiſes* being his Brother, it may eaſily be believed, he would intreat me to hold; and regarding me as his Friend, he obliged his Brother to uſe his Sword no more againſt me: But when he did reſent us as his Rivals, I know not whether he had a mind to ſet upon us both, and lay aſide all reſpects of fraternity or friendſhip: yet natural reſentments always appearing firſt upon ſudden accidents, *Artabes* no ſooner ſaw us and knew us, but he cried out as loud as he could, to hold our hands: his voice being known unto us both, and both *Megabiſes* and my ſelf being moved at it, we turned aſide and ſaw *Arbates* with a drawn Sword, as I ſaid before, who having got between us, in parting us, not lighting from his horſe, What ſtrange fury poſſeſſes you (ſaid he unto us) and what new quarrel is riſen between you? The fault's not mine, my dear *Arbates* (ſaid I to him) the Gods do know with what unwillingneſs I came to it; Why then 'tis you, *Megabiſes* (ſaid *Arbates* to him) who without conſideration that *Aglatidas* is my Friend, and contrary unto your promiſe, have begun this quarrel in my abſence? It was I indeed (replied he) who invited him to it, and who will ſend him to his grave, unleſs he either ſend me to mine firſt, or yield *Ameſtris* to me: *Arbates*, who knew not how things ſtood ſince his departure, and would not have his Brother *Megabiſes* to enjoy *Ameſtris*, no more than he would have his Friend *Aglatidas*; therefore looking upon us both; You are too furious (ſaid he) and have loſt your reaſon; I never heard ſay that *Artambaces* would give his Daughter unto him that was moſt valiant; therefore in lieu of fighting to no purpoſe, go both unto him together, and he to whom he conſents, let him continue quiet poſſeſſor of *Ameſtris* s Ah my dear *Arbates*, you have pronounced a moſt favourable Sentence, for *Artambaces* has promiſed his Daughter unto me: Yes, ſaid *Megabiſes*, and the King has conſented; therefore judge you if it be not time to fight with *Aglatidas*, or whether I am in ſuch a condition as to follow your counſel. At theſe words *Arbates*, who doubtleſs would never have given that counſel, but that he imagined *Artambaces* would never beſtow his Daughter upon men that would quarrel about her, and thereby he might get advantage by it, therefore he began to change colour, and looking upon me with eyes full of rage and deſpair; And is it true, ſaid he unto me, that they have promiſed you *Ameſtris*, and that *Ameſtris* hath conſented? It is true, ſaid I to him, and I rejoyce in the good Fortune, and *Ameſtris* did obey without any murmur: Hah, if it be ſo, ſaid he, *Megabiſes*, let me fight with the happy lover of *Ameſtris*, and do not you meddle, for I have more intereſt than you have, and *Aglatidas* ſhall be more innocent in cauſing my death, if it chance, than yours; In ſaying ſo, he fell upon me with much fury, and I ſtept aſide, not being willing to fight with my Friend, and yet wondring from whence theſe words ſhould proceed. *Megabiſes* very generouſly ſtept in betwixt us (and incenſedly ſaid unto him) What wilt thou ſhame us both, and make all the world believe we were two againſt one? Retire, or elſe my thoughts of Honour and Love ſhall make me forget thoſe of Nature; at theſe words I let fall the point of my Sword, to let *Arbates* ſee I had no deſire to ſight with him: How now *Arbates*, ſaid I to him, can I believe what I ſee? and can *Aglatidas* imagine that *Arbates* is become his enemy? Ah, no no, ſaid I, I can never believe it; for I cannot hate any unleſs the lovers of *Ameſtris*. And it is under that notion (anſwered the furious *Arbates*, lighting from his Horſe, and advancing towards me) that I cannot ſuffer your good fortune, and which prompts me to diſpute the matter with you unto my very laſt drop of blood: Are you a lover of *Ameſtris* (ſaid *Megabiſes*) as well as I? Yes, I am (replied he unto us) and ſo zealous a lover too, that none ſhall ever enjoy her as long as I live. I leave you to judge, Sir, how *Megabiſes* and I did wonder, and admire a little the various effects of *Arbates* his language: I, who a little before did love this perfidious friend, and hated *Megabiſes*, as ſoon as I heard him ſo expreſs himſelf, the love I had formerly to him extinguiſhed, and the hate which I bore unto the other, ſuſpended; this new jealouſie operating upon my fancy more ſtrongly than the old one: *Megabiſes* for his part, looking upon me as one that had been deceived by *Arbates* as well as himſelf, did leſſen his averſion to me, and increaſe his hate of the other: And *Arbates* being all deſpair and violent paſſion, made no difference, as I thought, between his Brother and me his Friend; although I think he was the moſt unhappy, it being to be thought, that the image of his crime and double treaſon did often preſent it ſelf into his mind, and tormented him without ceſſation; yet *Arbates* could not now fight with me, becauſe indeed I refuſed, and becauſe *Megabiſes* would not ſuffer him; and on the other ſide, he would not ſtay to be a witneſs of the Combat which was begun between *Megabiſes* and my ſelf; nor was he, as furious as he was, able to fight againſt us both, nor would I have ſuffered him to fight with his Brother. But becauſe *Megabiſes* was not leſs amazed at the love of *Arbates* than I was; Since when, Brother (if I may call you Rival, ſaid he to him) have you been in love with *Ameſtris*? Since the firſt minute that ever I ſaw her: (anſwered he) What (ſaid I to him, interrupting him) did you fall in love with her that day I carried you unto her? Yes, cruel Friend, replied *Arbates*, it was you which forced me to go, and who forced me to betray you afterwards; to deceive *Megabiſes*, to offend *Ameſtris*, and to diſhonour my ſelf: Therefore *Aglatidas* (ſaid he) ſince I can be no longer your Friend, it muſt of neceſſity be, that either you or I muſt die: It were better (ſaid I unto him, that you did repent of your crime; I cannot repent (anſwered he) until *Aglatidas* and *Megabiſes* leave loving *Ameſtris*: Since it cannot be but upon thoſe terms (ſaid *Megabiſes* and I both together unto him) we muſt bethink our ſelves whether it be better to pardon or to puniſh you. As we ſtood thus arguing the matter, we ſaw a number of people coming towards us, who being told that we went out of the Town together, came to ſeek us, having ſome ſuſpicion of our quarrel. The furious *Arbates* having no mind to ſtay, took horſe, and told me in my ear, that three days hence he would expect me from morning till night, in a certain place which he appointed, and told me, that if I were not the baſeſt coward that ever lived, I would come thither and give him ſatisfaction: Then he preſently rid away, and we loſt the ſight of him. Thoſe men who ſought us, did find us, and brought us to the Town, but for all their vigilance, both *Megabiſes* and I eſcaped them, and went out to fight ſome five hundred paces from *Ecbatan*. I will not trouble you with relating the particulars of our Combat; I will only tell you, that I was ſo fortunate as to hurt *Megabiſes* ſlightly in the hand, and diſarm him: I thought it not fit to go into the Town the ſame day, becauſe *Megabiſes* was allied unto the Blood-Royal, and it would ſeem ſome diſreſpect in me to fight with him, though it was not I who began the quarrel: I went therefore unto a Friend's Houſe, without thinking that this way led me unto the place which *Arbates* had appointed: for if I had conſidered it, it may be I ſhould not have took that way, ſo much was my former love to him ſtronger than my preſent hate. But, Sir, I forgot to tell you, that in diſarming *Megabiſes*, my own Sword did break, ſo that in the end of the Combat I could not reſtore unto him his own, ſince it ſeemed not juſt unto me, that he who had the good fortune to be Conqueror, ſhould himſelf be diſarmed: Therefore I had then *Megabiſes* Sword, by reaſon of the Hilt, which was of a very extraordinary faſhion; ſo that as I came to the place *Artabes* had appointed, and where he punctually expected me; he no ſoonner ſaw me, but he knew the Sword of *Megabiſes*, and thought I had killed him: This ſight ſuſpended all other thoughts for a time: Why now (ſaid he in coming towards me) I do not only ſee him who enjoys *Ameſtris*, but alſo my Brother's murderer: Your Brother (ſaid I to him in going back) is not in that condition; and if it were as eaſy for me to leave loving *Ameſtris*, as it is to render you your Brother, we ſhould be quickly Friends: That cannot be ſo (ſaid he) for none of our Family uſe to quit their Swords but with their lives; but however it be, you muſt fight with me; and though that ſhould not be, yet I have other cauſes to hate your life, and wiſh your death. In the name of the Gods, *Arbates* (ſaid I to him) do not urge me to kill the Man I ſo much love, and lend me ſo much patience as to hear me a little: *Arbates* at theſe words ſtayed, and did not preſs upon me ſo hard: I began then to ſpeak of a hundred things (notwithſtanding my hate, and my reſentments) to bring him unto reaſon, though I could not do it; Why, ſaid I to him, do you not remember that I was your Friend? Yes, ſaid he, but I remember better that you are my Rival, and ſuch a Rival who is to marry *Ameſtris*: The Gods are my witneſs, ſaid I to him, I would yield her to you, if it were in my power, notwithſtanding all your treaſons againſt me. So would not I, anſwered this deſperate man) if it were my caſe; for if I thought my heart could ſtoop to yield her unto any one, I would run my Sword through it, for a puniſhment, for a thought ſo baſe and unworthy of *Ameſtris*: But (replied

I) though I ſhould not marry *Ameſtris*, perhaps *Arbates* would never be the better, but another might be more happy than us both. That other, replied he, ſhould be unto *Arbates* as *Aglatidas* is at preſent, that is, a man whoſe ſight nor life I could endure: If I look upon you as my Friend, I am confounded at my treacheries which I cannot repent of: If I look upon you as the Vanquiſher of my Brother, I muſt revenge his diſhonour: If I look upon you as my Rival, I muſt hate you, and kill you if I can. But, ſaid I to him, muſt I fight with you with the Sword of *Megabiſes*? and wound you with the Arms of your Brother? My Brother, ſaid he, is my Rival as well as you, and you imploy none but the Arms of an Enemy againſt me, when you imploy his. In the name of our former Friendſhip, (ſaid I to him) do not force me to fight. In the name of our hatred and love to *Ameſtris* (replied he) diſcourſe no more. Upon theſe words he fell upon me, and I was forced to look to my ſelf: I was a long time only putting by the blows he gave, ſo long, that I obſerved his anger and fury had loſt him his judgment; he ſtruck at random, and laid himſelf open all the while; and if I had a mind, I could have run him through a hundred times: But when I obſerved how he fought, I pitied him; and he ſhould not have died, if he himſelf had not cauſed his deſtruction. When the Combat had laſted a long while, he obſerved how I ſpared him, and then that which ſhould have relented him, did the more exaſperate his fury; ſo that making a paſs at me, and ſteping on the wrong ſide, with great violence he ran himſelf upon my Sword, which pierced him to the Hilt; I drew it out inſtantly, but it ſeem'd I gave a freer paſſage for his Soul, for he died immediately, without ſpeaking one word.

I confeſs to you, Sir, I never found my ſelf more troubled than now; for indeed I loved *Artabes* very dearly, moreover; I was ſorry it ſhould ſo fall out as to be with his Brother's Sword; but that which I was moſt ſenſible of, was, becauſe it would retard my Marriage, and force me for a time to forbear the Court, ſince *Ar-*

bates was a Man of that Quality: yet it ſo fell out, that *Arbates* fell upon me, there were divers people ſpectators of our actions, and ſuch as were able to teſtifie in my behalf, if neceſſity ſhould require it. But as my ſorrows were extream, after I had intreated thoſe people to take care of the Body of my unfaithful and unfortunate Friend, I went unto a Kinſman's Houſe, not far off from that place: I was no ſooner there, but I diſpatched a Letter to my Father, to *Artambaces*, and to *Ameſtris*, to acquaint them with the Accident, and I neglected nothing which was fit to be done upon ſuch an unlucky occaſion. I will not loſe ſo much time as to relate the various cenſures of ſeveral men, ſince you will eaſily conjecture them: The Death of *Artabes* made a great noiſe throughout the Court: The chance to fight with two Brothers in a day, and to kill *Arbates* with his Brother's Sword, were circumſtances that in appearance did aggravate the matter; but in ſubſtance did not at all make me more guilty: yet notwithſtanding *Aſtiages* ſeemed much incenſed, and *Megabiſes* thought his Brother had betrayed him, and was his Rival, yet he could not chuſe but ſhew much reſentment of his Death, and cloak the intereſt of his Love with Revenge of his Brother's Death: *Artambaces* therefore, and my Father, reſolved that for a while I ſhould keep cloſe, and get from *Ecbatan* as I could, to the end a new quarrel with *Megabiſes* might be prevented; and they did both of them contribute all their endeavours to compoſe the matter: they had no ſooner reſolved upon my departure, but I was acquainted with it; and tho' I did foreſee as much, yet I could not chuſe but be much ſurpriſed at it: The thought of that felicity wherein I was before, and the condition wherein now I was fallen, did ſo much ſad me, as I hardly had the power over my own reaſon; I therefore ſent to beſeech my Father, that he would be pleaſed to give me a little time to reſolve upon this irkſome departure, and to prepare my ſelf for it, which was eaſily granted unto, becauſe he knew I was in a Houſe which would ſafely conceal me; and he thought though *Aſtiages* was much incenſed againſt me, yet he ſuppoſed that he would not long continue ſo againſt the Son of one who had ſo long time ſerved him. I ſtayed here ſome few days, during which time I writ three Letters unto *Ameſtris*, to obtain leave of her that I might come and bid her adieu; but notwithſtanding all my urgent prayers, and reaſons, I believe ſhe would never have ſuffered me, if I had not employed a Kinſman unto her, who was alſo a prevalent Friend of hers. In concluſion, Sir, I obtained licenſe to come one night into the ſtately Gardens which are about a hundred paces from *Ecbatan*, on the South ſide, and whoſe vaſt extent was ſuch, that it deſerved the phraſe of a great Park, rather than a great Garden: Hither it is where thoſe who are weary of the tumultuous Town, uſe to come and walk, there being much leſs company than in the King's Garden, or upon the Bank of *Orontes*. Perhaps you remember, Sir, that in that place there is a great Border, whoſe Partitions are Graſs, in the midſt of which there is a ſtately Fountain whoſe Baſin is half ſable, half argent; whoſe ſides are coloured Maſſy green, whoſe largeneſs and coolneſs affords a very pleaſant ſeat unto thoſe which deſire to reſt themſelves: Then, Sir, this great Border is environed with a Table and thick Wood, in which is many Paths cut, and which by a hundred turns and returns, makes the Walk very long and difficult to find the way out. Alſo it is much leſs frequented, but not at all leſs pleaſant than the reſt; But becauſe the other Borders are nearer the entrance, therefore they were more uſed, and none but ſolitary and melancholly perſons uſed to go unto this Fountain: It was in this place where the fair *Ameſtris*, being perſwaded by my Kinſwoman and her Friend, reſolved to meet me. It would be hard, Sir, for me to tell you all the joy which I received at this welcome news: I forgot that I was to ſee her upon terms of bidding her farewel, and never thought of what might follow this interview; I thought only of her permitting me to ſee her in a place where I might diſcourſe of my Love; and where perhaps I might receive ſome teſtimony from her, that ſhe was not diſpleaſed with me. I came thither before break of day for fear of diſcovery: I paſſed away all the morning and the afternoon in a little Lodge at the far end of the Walk, where none dwelt but the Gardener, who for a little Money will do what you pleaſe; the Sun no ſooner began to decline near her bed, but I aroſe, and went into the thick Wood, which compaſſeth about the green Borders of Graſs, looking and longing with much impatiency for the coming of *Ameſtris* with abundance of impatience; The Wind whifled not a Leaf, but I thought I heard her coming, and her fair Idea preſented it ſelf ſo lively in my fancy, as though I ſaw her often, when I ſaw her not: At laſt, the Sun being ſet, this glorious Star appeared, and I ſaw her come out of a part of the Wood, attended by my Kinſman, and three or four of her Women; for though this ſecret meeting was no crime, yet this Wiſe Lady did chuſe rather to come accompanied with a ſeaſonable number, than a few. I no ſooner ſaw her, but I went to meet her, and preſenting her my hand, I led her unto the Fountain, where we were certain to be heard by none, nor fear any ſurpriſal: At firſt I thanked her for her goodneſs towards me, with all the reverence and reſpect that was poſſible; but ſince time was precious, ſhe was no ſoonner ſeated, but I kneeling unto her, whilſt my Couſin and the reſt of her Women diſcourſed of the beauty of the place, ſome ſix paces from us: Madam (ſaid I to her) may the unfortunate *Aglatidas* believe that you have honoured him ſo far as to ſee him here with a good will? and was it not by chance that he hath this delight to meet you? No, *Aglatidas*, (anſwered ſhe) it was by my own conſent that I ſee you; and I believe that my Father having commanded me to honour you very much, would think it no crime in me to give you this teſtimony of my eſteem, and (if I durſt ſay it) of my friendſhip. Ha, Madam (ſaid I to her) hide not my happineſs from me; and if it be ſo that I am ſo happy as to move you unto any ſlight acknowledgment of my Paſſion, let me know, Madam, whether it be your pleaſure to preſerve my life; and think not that I am of their humour who uſe to flatter themſelves, and expound all things to their own advantage; but on the contrary, I do always uſe to be jealous of my ſelf, and doubt whether any can eſteem me: therefore, Madam, I beſeech you, be ſo indulgent unto my weakneſs, as not to incline ſo much unto that ſevere humour, which makes you think Love to be a crime, and which cauſes you to uſe only theſe cruel words of eſteem and friendſhip in all your diſcourſe, but thoſe of Love and Paſſion are never heard from you: Be pleaſed to conſider, that I am an unfortunate man, and am to be an Exile in ſome Countrey where I can find no joy: Think, I conjure you, that I have need of ſome conſolation during this cruel abſence; and that if you do not afford me ſome ſigns of your affection, I muſt die with deſpair and ſorrow. Do you think, *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe to me) that theſe are ſmall things which I do for you? To come into the Garden, to admit you private Diſcourſe, and to hear you diſcourſe of your Paſſion, which how lawful ſoever it be, yet has danger in it, ſince it is ſo powerful? and which cannot be endured by a Maid without injury to her Modeſty, if ſhe be really reaſonable. Why, Madam, ſaid I to her, does a Paſſion which *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta* approve of, leave any ſcruple in the mind of *Ameſtris*? and is it a crime in *Aglatidas* (who has not one ſingle thought to offend you) to tell you of his Love? Ha, Madam, if it be ſo, I ſhall think my ſelf the moſt unhappy man upon Earth: No No, *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe to me) I will not be ſo ſevere: I confeſs, ſaid ſhe, caſting down her eyes, that I eſteem you too much to be angry with you for loving me, and I wiſh you may always do ſo: I know not, *Aglatidas*, if it were true that I did love you, ſince you would have me believe you love me; I know not, I ſay, whether it be not out of courſe to tell you as much, or whether it be not better to let you gueſs at my thoughts, than to explain them plainly; for indeed *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe, abſence does often weaken the ſtrongeſt affections: and if it ſhould ſo fall out that you ſhould alter, *Ameſtris* ſhould never enjoy her ſelf, if ſhe had once confeſſed her ſelf ſenſible of your Love: Ha! Madam, ſaid I unto her, let not that conſideration deprive me of one favourable word from you; and be confident, that when *Aglatidas* does not love his adored *Ameſtris*, then he is not in this world: Time and abſence are two potent enemies (replied ſhe). Yes, Madam, againſt weak men (replied I); but *Aglatidas* is not of that number; your fair eyes have too ſtrongly tied his heart, ever to be diſengaged. But you, Madam, ſaid I, whom all the earth adores, do tell me, that you have reſerved one corner of your ſoul for ſome one of my illuſtrious Rivals, which you have not given unto me; for, Madam, I muſt conclude this from all that you have ſaid, That I am beholding unto *Artambaces* for all the favours of *Ameſtris*: You are not beholden to him for this Walk (replied ſhe) ſince none knew of it: Good Gods, Madam, ſaid I to her looking upon her, will you not determine my fate? and either poſitively tell me,you hate *Aglatidas*, or you love him? The firſt is not juſt, replied ſhe; and the other,though it were no fault, yet it were not very handſome. I beſeech you then, Madam, ſaid I to her, be pleaſed to let me explain all your actions, and all your words unto my advantage, to make your eyes confeſs you love me, and let ſilence be a conſent, ſince words muſt not. I permit you, ſaid ſhe to me bluſhing, to think all that will preſerve the life of *Aglatidas*, and to bring him to me full of fidelity home again: It is enough, Madam, ſaid I to her, it is enough; and ſince it is your deſire I ſhould be conſtant, there needs no more to make me the happieſt of men: But, Madam, ſince you have by ſuch a glorious Commandment engaged me to be faithful, dare I then perſwade my ſelf, that ſince you have done ſo, you will be ſo your ſelf? Believe it, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe then unto me, *Ameſtris* does not uſe to engage her heart upon eaſie terms; and ſince you have a place in it, nothing ſhall take it out but death. I leave you to judge, Sir, what effects theſe favourable words wrought in my ſoul: Then I took *Ameſtris* by the hand, and kiſſing it whether ſhe would or no, with as much reverence as love, I thanked her in ſuch paſſionate terms, that I dare ſay they mollified her heart; yet ſince I left *Megabiſes*, *Otanes*, and a hundred more in love; Madam, ſaid I to her, I have one favour to deſire which I dare hardly name, and which yet I cannot conceal. Then ſhe preſſed me to know what it was, aſſuring me that any thing which was not unjuſt, ſhould not be denied: That which I deſire, Madam is, if without forfeiture of my reſpect I may name it, that you would be pleaſed to be as reſerved of your favours as you can, both unto *Megabiſes* and *Otanes*, and a hundred others who are your ſervants, and not to let all my Rivals be happy, whilſt the unfortunate *Aglatidas* ſuffers unimaginable torments: I do ingenuouſly confeſs, Madam, that my deſire is unreaſonable, but Love knows no Laws of reaſon, nor can be kept within limits: I cannot promiſe you, anſwered ſhe, not to ſee them whom you call your Rivals: but I will aſſure you, I will not give them any favourable reſpect. This is too little to ſatisfie my jealouſie, Madam, replied I, unleſs you will be pleaſed to do me ſo much honour, as to promiſe me to reſpect them as little as can be poſſible; for, Madam, ſaid I, though your eyes be never ſo much diſpleaſed, yet they are always lovely, ſo ſprightly and ſo divine, that it is much better to ſee them in their anger, than not to ſee them at all: Therefore, Madam, I beſeech you have compaſſion upon my imbecility, and refuſe me not the conſolation to hope that my enemies ſhall not gain by my abſence; and that I may not be the only man which ſhall be deprived of that happineſs in ſeeing you: I would have you, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe to me, ſet your heart at reſt concerning that, and aſſure your ſelf, that I will with as much care affect a ſolitude, as I ſhould rejoice in your preſence and preſervation: But in conſenting unto this which you deſire, I muſt tell you thus much, That I will engage my ſelf no further than civility will permit, thinking it not juſt I ſhould promiſe more. That perhaps may be too little, Madam, ſaid I, to ſatisfie my Love, though it be enough to ſatisfie one that gives Laws unto the whole World, and receives none from any but his own will:

And indeed it is too much for me, if I do rightly conſider my little, and your great merit. I ſhould conſume too much time, Sir, if I ſhould relate all that was ſpoken at this ſad but pleaſant conference; but ſince it was grown very late, *Ameſtris* wou'd part, and I parted from her both with ſorrow and ſatisfaction: The more obliging words ſhe had given me, the more unhappy did I conceive my ſelf in leaving her: and I could almoſt have wiſhed that ſhe had been leſs favourable, that I might have been leſs grieved: After I had a while continued my ſo much intereſted thoughts, I did ſo much love the cauſe of my grief, that my grief became precious and pleaſant unto me: And I cheriſhed them with more care than I can expreſs unto you: and from that fatal minute when I left *Ameſtris*, until this, wherein I ſpeak unto you, I almoſt never ceaſed from entertaining them: I followed *Ameſtris* by my eyes as long as poſſible, and parted from her ſighing, not being able to ſpeak Adieu: I returned unto my melancholly lodging, not minding my way, nor any thing elſe but my ſorrows; The Idea of *Ameſtris*, with all her attracts, and charms, and all her ſplendour, appeared unto me, notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the night. Two days after this interview, I went into the Province of *Ariſantines*, where *Artambaces* procured a convenient Retreat for me, with one of his Friends who had been Governour of a conſiderable place; I will not relate my melancholly ſorrows all this Voyage and Exile. It's enough you know, that the violence of my love was ſo predominate in my heart, and my ſoul was ſo much infected with that paſſion, as I was never at reſt: And the more to augment my ſorrows, I was no ſooner departed, but I received the ſad news, that *Hermaniſta* being ſeized upon by a violent Fever, did die the ſeventh day; and that *Artambaces*, who loved her with unſpeakable tenderneſs, was fallen ſick upon it; But the misfortune ended not here; but a few days after, I heard that the loving Husband followed his Wife to the Grave; And that *Ameſtris* by Orders from the King, was committed unto the Guardianſhip of one that was allied unto *Megabiſes*, and not at all a friend unto me: Imagine, Sir, into what a condition this diſmal news tranſported me; for I was infinitely bound unto *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta*; and moreover I reſented the ſorrows of *Ameſtris*: I imagined that I ſaw her in the hands of her enemies, who would not eaſily ſuffer me to ſee her; and upon the whole matter, I had nothing to rely upon but the fidelity of *Ameſtris*, which me thought I had not well enough deſerved, to put too much confidence to it: Not but that I knew my Father did very much deſire our Marriage: But yet there was ſome cauſe to fear, leſt if when he ſaw the King alter his mind in favour of *Megabiſes*, who had already made his peace, that then my Father ſhould comply with the time, and alter his mind, in hopes he might more eaſily obtain my pardon: Thus I lived in ſuch Melancholy as may be more eaſily conceived than expreſſed: *Ameſtris* alſo for her part, her life was very full of bitterneſs: I did write unto her conſtantly every week by an expreſs Meſſenger whom I ſent, and ſhe did me ſo much favour as to anſwer me, and that with ſo much wit and wiſdom both, as her Letters moved no leſs wonder than love in me. As ſhe was extremely troubled for the loſs of *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta*, ſo ſhe writ unto me in ſuch ſad expreſſions as would have inſpired ſorrow in a ſoul that was in its height of jollity: She expreſſed ſuch tenderneſs for thoſe ſhe loved, that I almoſt wiſhed my ſelf in the room of *Artambaces* and *Hermaniſta*, that I might ſo receive the feeling teſtimonies of her affection. Alas, ſaid I, how well does this fair Lady know how to love thoſe whom it is her pleaſure to love? and how infinitely happy ſhould I be in the enjoyment of her affection in quiet and liberty? But whilſt I ſigh'd and complain'd away my days and nights, without any other comfort but the Letters of *Ameſtris*, my buſineſs rather went worſe than mended, becauſe *Megabiſes* having ingratiated himſelf in the Kings favour, did impede it; inſomuch as my Father always ſent me word I ſhould come no nearer *Ecbatan*, but reſt in patience: *Ameſtris* alſo feared I ſhould run ſome hazard for the love of her;

and leſt I ſhould expoſe my ſelf unto ſome freſh quarrel with *Megabiſes* or *Otanes*, who were buſie about her; ſhe prayed very importunately not to return too haſtily: Thus I ſaw I was arreſted, and remained in the moſt cruel anxiety that ever did Lover: I knew that *Megabiſes* was ever upon better terms with *Ameſtris* than any other of my Rivals; that for a long time ſhe had treated us with equal reſpect: that *Megabiſes* was handſome, and had Courage, Wit and Quality enough. Moreover, I conſidered, that his Eſtate was much augmented by the Death of his Brother *Artabes*, and that he was much in the King's favour: So that as I made all theſe things Arms wherewith to perſecute my ſelf, I did charge my ſelf with all thoſe misfortunes which I feared; imagining, that if I had not killed *Artabes*, I ſhould not have had ſuch cauſe to fear that *Megabiſes* could marry *Ameſtris*, becauſe he was not ſo rich, nor perhaps in ſuch favour: Thus did I live the moſt unhappy of men, always perſwading my ſelf, that what I wiſh'd for, would never happen; and that which I feared, would fall out every minute. Sometimes I could not hope that *Ameſtris* would continue ſincere and faithful; ſometimes I conceited her Letters were but diſguiſements of her thoughts, and that all the teſtimonies of her affection were but tricks to delude me: but yet (as I knew afterwards) the amiable Lady preſerved her faith, and her ſelf inviolably for me; for ſhe did not only reſerve her love for me; but ſhe acted ſo vigorouſly and ſo ſeverely with all the reſt of her Lovers, that if ſhe had inſpired meaner paſſions, her cruelty to them had abſolutely cured them. But as her beauty never begat any but violent loves, they could not quite give over their deſign, but did daily perſecute her; yet her time of mourning, which ſhe did really (as well in her heart as habit) obſerve, furniſhed her with a ſpecious pretence of reſervedneſs and melancholy; ſhe kept her ſelf within thoſe limits as exactly as upon ſuch occaſions is required: And ſhe became ſo ſolitary and retired, as thoſe who loved her had much ado to get ſo much opportunity as only to ſee her; The firſt month of her mourning

ing being over, ſtill ſhe did not alter her ſable mode, but did refuſe all manner of diverſions whatſoever; only the converſation of *Menaſtes* (for ſo they called him that was my kinſman and her friend) was ſome comfort and pleaſure unto her: They went out ſometimes together to walk in the ſame Garden where I ſaw her laſt, and ſhe teſtified all that love could infuſe into a virtuous Lady; and certainly he infuſed in my behalf as much reſentments as he could into the adored *Ameſtris*: But alas, I was not a jot more happy; and I looked upon things much otherwiſe than they were: not but that I ſuppoſed *Ameſtris* to be faithful unto me, and did really love me: But, O Heavens, this pleaſant imagination, how delightful ſoever it was, yet did it not free me from impatience; but I had an extream deſire, which moved me to go unto *Ecbatan*, with greater hopes to ſee *Ameſtris* conſtant, than to ſee *Ameſtris* unfaithful. In concluſion, I was ſo prompted both by my Love, and by my Jealouſie, that I reſolved for *Ecbatan* ſecretly, and to go unto that Gardener, where I ſtayed a day when I took my leave of *Ameſtris*, and whom I found very pliable to receive gifts, and to do me any good office I ſhould employ him in; ſo I went with one man only, making all poſſible haſte to be at *Ecbatan* before any report of my departure could come either to my Father or to *Ameſtris*, becauſe I had obliged him with whom I dwelt, not to write of it unto the Court: My deſign was to arrive in the night, for fear of being known; and having ſent my ſervant unto the Lodging which I appointed him, I went preſently unto the Garden, reſolving to inform my ſelf ſecretly how *Ameſtris* did, before I ſaw her; after my ſervant had carried my horſe unto their lodging at the next Town, I paſſed away all rhe night in that place where I ſaw her laſt; and calling into my memorial the favourable words which I had from her fair ſelf, I was in ſuch delighting ſatisfaction as I cannot expreſs unto you: I know not by what ſecret charms this place did qualifie the turbulency of my ſoul; but I am certain that ſince I came thither, not any jealouſie or melancholy, or any other diſtempered Paſſion troubled me, only my impatience and longing deſires to ſee *Ameſtris*; and that was ſo great, that as I told you, I walked all the night, it being an abſolute impoſſibility to ſleep. Then, as I could no way let *Ameſtris* know of my arrival but by my Kinſman, I muſt thereſore ſtay until day time; but I had the misfortune to underſtand that he was gone into the Countrey, and would not return until the next day: Yet notwithſtanding I conceived it better to confine my ſelf unto my patience, than to hazard the diſpleaſure of *Ameſtris*, by letting her know the news by any way than as ſhe was accuſtomed to receive it. I will not tell you, Sir, how reſtleſs I was that day in the Gardener's houſe, whither I was retired to prevent my diſcovery: But I will tell you, that as ſoon as the Sun was ſet, that I thought there was no danger to be within the little paths of the thick wood which compaſſed about the graſs border, in the midſt of which was the Fountain, as I have already told you; then I went thither to rejoice my ſelf in that place, where I laſt ſaw her I loved: I looked upon all the places where *Ameſtris* had been, eſpecially that where ſhe did ſit: It was here, in this very place (ſaid I) where the incomparable *Ameſtris* aſſured me of her conſtancy, when ſhe commanded it upon me, and where ſhe permitted me to think any thing that might conduce unto the preſervation of *Aglatidas*, and bring him back full of fidelity unto her: See (ſaid I to my ſelf, and as if I had ſeen her) ſee here, adored *Ameſtris*, the ſame *Aglatidas*, the very ſame you deſired him to be, that is the moſt faithful, the moſt amorous, and moſt paſſionate of all your Lovers: But my loved and adored *Ameſtris* (ſaid I) I hope you alſo will retain the ſame I left you; and I hope to have nothing to contend about, but that ſevere virtue, which fordids you things moſt innocent. As I was in the midſt of theſe pleaſant contemplations, I diſcovered through the boughs of trees, on the other ſide of the green border, one who ſeem'd to be *Ameſtris*, waited upon by three other Women. I looked upon her moſt earneſtly, and I was confirmed in my belief: I ſaw ſhe made towards the Fountain, after ſhe had looked about her, to ſee if the coaſt was clear from any interruption of her ſolitude; ſhe ſat down by that pleaſant ſource, directly in the ſame place where I kneeled unto her when I took my leave: She leaned her head on one ſide upon her left hand, which did lie upon the moſs-colour edge of the Fountain, and letting her right hand lye negligently upon her garment, ſhe looking upon the water like one that was in a profound ſtudy, at leaſt, as I might judge by her poſture, for her face was not towards me: But, O heavens, what operation had this viſion upon my ſoul! My heart trembled, my ſpitits were diſordered, and I was not maſter of my reaſon; I would have advanced towards her, though I had no power to ſtir; and I know not what odd fancy, which I cannot expreſs, moved me to ſtay unſeen, rejoicing a while at that good fortune which chance afforded me beyond my hopes: Indeed, Sir, my joy was ſo abſolutely predominate to my ſoul, as I was never ſenſible of the like; for I did not only ſee *Ameſtris* in a place where I hoped preſently to ſpeak unto her, but I ſaw her in ſuch a place as moved me to think ſhe thought of me; and that the end of her coming thither was but to remember our laſt diſcourſe: O moſt happy *Aglatidas*, ſaid I to my ſelf, what doſt thou muſe upon? Why doſt thou not preſent thy ſelf unto thy faithful *Ameſtris*? upon theſe words, violently bending the boughs which hindred my paſſage, I was going out of the wood to throw my ſelf at her feet, and to interrupt the thoughts ſhe had of *Aglatidas*, by rendring her *Aglatidas* himſelf: But when I was almoſt out of the Wood, and ready to enter into the green border, I ſaw one on the other ſide, who by his garb and gallant array, ſeem'd to be a man of quality: Then I retir'd with as much haſte, as I advanc'd before; and as Love is always ingenious to perſecute thoſe who acknowledge it for their Soveraign; I ſuddenly exchanged my joy for inquietude: Which of my Rivals is this, ſaid I, which comes to interrupt the thoughts of divine *Ameſtris* from her dear *Aglatidas*? Ha, ſaid I, if it be true, that I am in any corner of her heart, why ſhould I envy him that throws himſelf at her feet, to acquaint her with his paſſion? But who knows, ſaid I preſently, whether or no *Ameſtris* does not ſtay here to meet this happy Rival? and whether ſhe do not prophane that place by her infidelity, which I took to be a teſtimony of her affection? Doubtleſs, ſaid I, being much tranſported, and hardly my ſelf, when I ſaw him advance towards her, this inconſtant woman ſtays for him; for if it were not ſo, he would not make ſuch haſte, but would approach her with leſs ſtraining himſelf: But, O Heavens, what multiplicity of ſorrows ſeized upon me, when I perfectly ſaw that he who came unto her, was not only my Rival, but the moſt of all dangerous Rivals, *Megabiſes*: I could not think of it without extraordinary turbulency: Yet ſince from the place where I lay hid, I could not ſee the face of *Ameſtris*, neither durſt I change place for fear of making ſuch noiſe as might diſcover me, therefore I could not preciſely know whether ſhe ſaw him coming or no: Yet as jealouſie blinds all objects, I did imagine ſhe ſaw him coming towards her, and by conſequence, becauſe ſhe did not riſe and go to him, therefore I believed ſhe ſtayed for him, and that there was a great familiarity between them, becauſe ſhe did him not the honour to ſalute him, nor uſe any manner of Ceremony: I know not, Sir, how I ſhould expreſs unto you my ſad reſentments at that time; but I am moſt certain that love did never invent any ſo cruel to torment thoſe ſhe would puniſh, than that which I endured upon this occaſion. In concluſion, Sir, to make it known unto you, that what joy ſoever the ſight of that fair and dear Perſon had given me in the inſtant before, I muſt tell you, I could not chuſe but paſſionately deſire I were deſtroyed; I wiſhed ſhe would riſe and be gone from that place: But, ſaid I, if ſhe go away, I ſhall ſee her no more; yet if ſhe ſtay, I may perhaps ſee her beſtow her favours upon my Rival; If ſhe ſhould riſe, he would follow her, and I ſhould not ſee the manner of his treatment: But if ſhe do not go away, ſaid I, is it not an infallible proof that *Megabiſes* and ſhe are upon good terms? Go then, adored *Ameſtris*, (ſaid I, joyning my hands) and ſtay not for my greateſt enemy. But alas, this illuſtrious Lady, never thought of going; for ſhe was ſo taken up with thoughts of *Aglatidas*, and his long abſence, that ſhe never ſaw *Megabiſes*, until he was ſo near her, that ſhe could not ſhun him. She no ſooner perceived him, but ſhe roſe, contrary to my expectation: and as I knew afterwards, asked him with much ſeverity, why he came to moleſt her ſolitude: But, O Heavens, as I did not ſee the face of *Ameſtris*, nor her fidelity to me, nor her rigor towards *Megabiſes*, ſo I was not a jot ſatisfied: I was in a hundred minds to ruſh out of the wood, and break off their diſcourſe, which I could not underſtand: I thought to aſſault *Megabiſes* before the face of *Ameſtris*: yet ſeeing he had not a Sword, and I but one, I changed that deſign, and deferred my revenge; and notwithſtanding my deſpair, my jealouſie, and all I ſaw, I had ſo great reſpect unto *Ameſtris*, that though *Megabiſes* had had a Sword, as I had mine, yet in conſideration of her, I think that I ſhould not have dared to have ſet upon him; beſides the conſideration of a ſcurvy noiſe which this manner of doing it would have raiſed: Therefore then I remained an immoveable ſpectator of this tedious diſcourſe: for as I exactly learned afterwards, after ſhe had ſhewed *Megabiſes* how ill ſhe took his abrupt intruſion, ſhe would have gone away, but he did conjure her ſo urgently to hear him, as the laſt time, proteſting unto her, That if after he had expreſſed himſelf,ſhe ſhould then forbid him any hopes of her affection, he would never importune her any more, nor ſee her. *Ameſtris* thinking ſhe had found a good occaſion to be delivered from the perſecution of *Megabiſes*, told him at the laſt, That he might ſpeak, upon condition it ſhould be the laſt time; and upon condition he would abſolutely reſolve to follow her order, whatſoever it might be: *Megabiſes* being glad in the midſt of his deſpair, that he had obtained permiſſion to ſpeak, After a low reverence, thanked *Ameſtris* for the favour ſhe had done him: But alas, Sir, How deep a wound did this thanks make in my heart?

and how little did I underſtand the truth of the paſſage? the Fountain was in the midſt of the green Border; the Border was very large; the Wood which compaſſed it about, was every where equally diſtant from the midſt where they were, and the Border round: I was too far off to underſtand: I could come no nearer without diſcovery: I ſaw not the face of *Ameſtris*: I ſaw *Megabiſes* in a poſture of thanks for ſome favour, and I could conceive nothing but cauſe of deſpair; nor do nothing, but endure the moſt iutolerable Hell that ever was. Yet *Megabiſes*, not to loſe his precious time, whereupon the joy or the ſorrow of all his life did depend, began to ſpeak unto her in theſe terms. You know, Madam, ſaid he to her, that my love to you has ever been ſo full of reverence, that it never almoſt durſt appear in your eye, but when deſpair had rob'd me of my reaſon, and forced me to reveal it: Yes, Madam, I have ſuffered, I have endured without complaint, until the news of that good fortune which *Aglatidas* was to enjoy; for me to diſpute with him for an Honour, unto which I thought I had as much right as he: For, indeed, Madam, our Qualities are equal: I have loved you ſince the firſt Minute I ſaw you: I have ſerved you with an unparallel'd aſſiduity, and unexampled fidelity: and all this, Madam, without receiving one favourable word from you, nor one common ſmile which had the leaſt ſweetneſs intended in it towards me: I have found you civil, it is true, as long as only matters of indifferency were in agitation: but as ſoon as I had diſcovered my paſſion, ha! Madam then thoſe eyes, thoſe fair eyes, which I adore, never looked upon me but in anger: you have ſhun'd me as an enemy: and to lap up all in a few words, I believe you have hated me: Yet for all this, Madam, I have not left adoring you: you, I ſay, who has deprived me of my reſt, and troubled the tranquility of my Life: who has made me loſe a Brother whom I much loved: You rob'd him of his reaſon and virtue, and cauſed me to hate him; you have preferred the man who kill'd him with my own Sword: Yet, Madam, I love you ſtill, and ſhall eternally love you: yet notwithſtanding, there remains ſome beams of underſtanding in me, though my ſoul and ſpirits be infinitely troubled: and I deſire to conjure you to tell me without diſſimulation, What is the Cauſe of your averſion towards me; to the end I may regulate my reſentments: for although I know very well that your Marriage was reſolved upon with *Aglatidas*, and I know that *Artambaces* loved him; yet I am not reſolved whether it was by his choice or yours. Therefore tell me, Madam, I conjure you, Whether your inſenſibility of my Love, be an effect of your Sympathy with *Aglatidas*, or your natural antipathy to *Megabiſes*? Speak, Madam, I beſeech you, to the end I may know after what manner I ought to tranſact; and fear not my deſpair: but on the contray I promiſe to acknowledge your ſincerity for a double favour, when you ſhall pronounce the ſentence of death upon me. I could, Madam, ſaid he, without further troubling my ſelf to diſcover your true thoughts, make uſe of other means, and take other courſes to effect my deſigns; you know that I do not ſtand upon ill terms with the King: and that you are at preſent with one of my friends and allies, who might advantage me more ways than one; and that either by cunning, or the Authority of *Aſtiages*, I could take more violent and infallible courſes. But, Madam, I cannot, I am not capable of ſuch ways: the heart of *Ameſtris* is a thing which can never be gotten with ſatisfaction, but by her ſelf: therefore, Madam, it muſt be you only which with ingenuity can tell me the ſecret of your ſoul: for if it be not engaged, then I ſhall eſteem my ſelf a moſt happy man, and will not deſpair of good fortune; but if, Madam, it be engaged, it is but juſt, that I only ſhould be unhappy, and not be perpetually a trouble unto you, either to your ſelf, or to that happy Rival whom you have choſen: Speak, Madam, I beſeech you (ſaid he to her, in a moſt ſuppliant and paſſionate manner) and deny not unfortunate *Megabiſes* this ſmall favour: At theſe words he ſtopt; and with much impatience waited for the anſwer of *Ameſtris*, which I could not underſtand. But alas, mine was more cruel; and when I thought that perhaps the anſwer of *Ameſtris* unto *Megabiſes* was favourable, I was upon the point of reſolving to leave the place where I was, and intertupt their Diſcourſe: Yet notwithſtanding, it being the nature of jealouſie to nouriſh poiſon, and to ſeek that which will maintain it, and ſhun that which would deſtroy it; ſo I kept my ſtation, and endeavoured to know by the countenance of *Megabiſes*, whether the anſwer of *Ameſtris* was gracious to him or no: for (as I told you before) I could not ſee hers: This wiſe Lady then, being moved with ſome compaſſion towards *Megabiſes*, reſolved to try if ſhe could cure him, by telling him her very real thoughts. But here admire, Sir, the fantaſtical effects of love. *Ameſtris* diſcovered more things now to my advantage, unto *Megabiſes*, than ever ſhe had diſcovered unto me in all her life; and whilſt ſhe was telling them, I took them for ſo many injuries done unto my own heart, ſuppoſing all her actions and geſtures to be Teſtimonies of a new Paſſion; and all thoſe Words which I could not underſtand, to be ſo many infidelities. After then a little ſtudy upon that which ſhe would anſwer, I know not (ſaid ſhe to him) whether what you tell me be your real thoughts or no; but I know very well, that I will not diſſemble mine: Know then, *Megabiſes*, that I have eſteemed you according to your deſerts, and I held you in a degree of friendſhip as long as I believed you intended nothing but civility towards me; but ſince you have given me ſuch Teſtimonies of a violent Paſſion, I do think that I ought not to deceive you by any falſe ill-grounded hopes: for ſince I was reſolved abſolutely to obey my Father, I would never give my own mind leave to determine upon any thing. What, ſaid *Megabiſes* interrupting her, if *Artambaces* had commanded you to accept of my ſervices, would you have conſented? Doubtleſs I had (anſwered ſhe:) But, (ſaid he) have you the ſame reſolved blind obedience for *Aglatidas*? and did not your own choice precede the choice of *Artambaces*? It did not precede his (anſwered this lovely Lady: But, *Megabiſes*, it is ſo ſtrongly confirmed, that nothing can alter it: Never think (ſaid ſhe) that by acknowledging I do not hate *Aglatidas*, this ſhould give you any ground for hope, that ſince my heart is ſo ſenſible of him, it can ever be ſo of yours: No, *Megabiſes*, deceive not your ſelf, I love *Aglatidas*, becauſe my Father when he was dying commanded it, and becauſe my own inclination does not refuſe it, and becauſe my own reaſon argues for him: But beſides all this, I muſt acknowledge ſomething more unto you, and tell it in hopes to cure you, though I cannot without bluſhing tell you, That I do love him, and I will love him eternally: I have no other reaſon to give you, but I do and will love him: Love (ſaid ſhe) is doubtleſs a Paſſion, which if it were poſſible we ought not to have: But when it is entertained, and innocent as mine is, it ought to be made illuſtrious by an inviolable conſtancy: My Father's command hath rendred the original of this Paſſion in me to be no crime; and I muſt not make it become criminal by infidelity: Never think, *Megabiſes*, that there is any thing offenſive unto you in the affection I have unto *Aglatidas*; I choſe him not, but he was given unto me; but ſince I have accepred of him, I muſt preſerve him till death, and keep my ſelf for him as long as I live: yet notwithſtanding, to teſtifie that I will do all I can for you; I perſwade you to regulate your thoughts if you can: Content your ſelf with my eſteem and friendſhip, and be confident you ſhall enjoy both them as long as I live. *Ameſtris* having done ſpeaking, the unhappy *Megabiſes*, who bore an unconceiveable reſpect unto her, in lieu of breaking into complaints and reproaches, thanked her for her freedom and ſincerity, and teſtified with tears in his eyes, that he was much obliged unto her for offering unto him her eſteem and friendſhip: but as he had a little changed his ſtation, ſo that I could ſee no more than his ſide, I could not perceive any melancholy in his face, I only ſaw a geſture, as if he had given thanks for ſomething, which (as you may conceive) did not a little vex me; yet *Megabiſes* after he had a little deplored his misfortune, and admired at the change, and his own moderation,

tion, told *Ameſtris*, that he durſt not promiſe her an alteration in his thoughts: But at the leaſt, Madam, ſaid he, I will ſo hide them, that you ſhall never perceive them, and ſo far I will promiſe you: I will not have you, ſaid he ſighing, divide your heart: No, Madam, ſince I can have no room in your affection, ſuch as I wiſh, never beſtow your eſteem nor your friendſhip upon me neither: Drown all thoſe petty favours in the love you bear unto too happy *Aglatidas*, and give nothing unto unfortunate *Megabiſes*, only one favour which he deſign'd to ask you: After this, Madam, he will be as good as his word, he will ſpeak unto you no more: Therefore, Madam, (ſaid he, with eyes full of tears) refuſe not to grant me this Requeſt; and permit me, during this Baniſhment which I intend, to ſay, that you have not abſolutely forſaken me? Aſſure your ſelf (ſaid *Ameſtris* to him) any thing which will neither offend againſt my own duty, nor *Aglatidas*, ſhall not be denied you. Say then only, Madam, added he, That if deſpairing *Megabiſes* had been happy, he might have been loved by the divine *Ameſtris*; and that being unfortunate ſhe hath only ſome ſlight compaſſion upon his misfortune. I have already ſaid the firſt (anſwered ſhe); and for the ſecond, I am neither blind nor ſtupid, but do ſee things as they are, and as I ought to ſee them, and to ſay more, I think as I ought to think of them: but ask me no more, and remember your promiſes. I dye, if I remember them, Madam, anſwered he; but I will never forget them: At theſe words he kneeled to give her thanks, and bid his laſt adieu; and before ſhe had any time to hinder it, or make any ſign ſhe was diſpleaſed with it, he kiſſed her hand twice: Oh Heavens, Sir, what did I think when I ſaw what I now tell you! at that very inſtant both my love and my jealouſie gave place unto another paſſion, and that was hatred; or to ſay better, Hatred, and Love, and Jealouſie, Anger, Fury, Rage, met and mingled all together in my mind, and all ſtriving to be predominate in my ſoul, put it into a great diſorder, ſo that I had no reſpect for *Ameſtris*; I began then to come out of the Wood where I was hid, and reſolved to beſtow a thouſand taunts upon her, and perhaps worſe upon *Megabiſes*; when preſently I diſcovered the King attended by the whole Court, who contrary to cuſtom came to walk there: The Guards no ſoonner appeared, but *Ameſtris* parted from *Megabiſes*, who for his part went to lament his misfortune in ſome ſolitary place: But they neither of them came towards the place where I was, and ſtayed alone, not being able either to complain or revenge my ſelf: I went into the thick of the wood, but ſo tormented by all paſſions, that I could not fix my mind upon any object; I no ſoonner began to think of the infidelity of *Ameſtris*, but I thought of *Megabiſes* his good fortune: and as ſoon as I thought to complain of my Miſtreſs, I began a deſign to revenge my ſelf upon my Rival: my ſoul was ſo tormentingly toſſed, that I was not a minute at quiet in my ſelf; yet as the King came late, ſo he ſtayed not long: Night coming on apace, I only waked and ſtayed in the Garden; I remember the Moon ſhined very weakly that Night, becauſe ſhe was at the laſt end of her courſe, and that dim melancholy light ſuited beſt with my humour; after I had ſent my Servant to fetch my Horſe, I paſſed away the Night without ſitting down or reſting my ſelf, only a little while upon the ſide of the Fountain: I walked in every path, and one might have ſaid I was ſeeking my Miſtreſs and my Rival in every corner of the wood, although I knew neither of them were there. But when I came to the place where I ſaw them together, It was here, ſaid I, where I ſaw the unfaithful *Ameſtris* beſtow a favour upon my Rival, ſuch a one as I durſt never pretend unto: Here it was, in this place, added he, where I received ſuch a favour as I thought none could ever have obtained but my ſelf: Yes, *Ameſtris*, I thought your virtue was ſo preciſe, that without the aſſiſtance of *Artambaces*, I ſhould never have obtained any place in your heart: but for ought I ſee, *Megabiſes* need none to help him unto the ſovereignty of your heart; and your inconſtancy has excluded the unfortunate *Aglatidas*: But cruel Lady (ſaid he) muſt you needs chuſe the very ſame place which was the only Teſtimony of that love you gave me, and there beſtow your favours upon *Megabiſes*? Muſt you needs betray me there where you promiſed your fidelity unto me? Is it poſſible but that in ſpeaking unto *Megabiſes*, you ſhould remember *Aglatidas*? Does not the murmur of this Fountain, with which you ſaw me mingle my tears at parting, put you in mind of him? Did not that moſſe-green Cuſhion upon which you leaned, remember you that I bedewed it with my tears? Cruel and perfidious Lady, have you forgot how you drew back your fair hand which I would have kiſſed, and which *Megabiſes* hath obtained with your full conſent: Why (unjuſt and ungrateful *Ameſtris*) were you ſo liberal unto him, and ſo niggardly of your favours unto me? Do you not remember how you permitted me to think of any thing that might preſerve *Aglatidas*, and bring him back unto you full of fidelity? Would you have him preſerve himſelf only to ruin him? and did you deſire him to continue conſtant, to the end he might be more ſenſible of your infidelity? If it had been your mind I ſhould have been unhappy, had not that been enough, but you muſt make me ſenſible of it alſo? Had it not been more honour for you to have treated me ill, than to betray me? You had been only cruel then, and perhaps leſs unjuſt; But as you have now uſed me, you are cruel, wicked, perfidious, and inhumane: But alas (ſaid I) is it poſſible that all the while I courted *Ameſtris*, ſhe did not love me? Whether is it that ſhe always did deceive me, or has changed her mind? Muſt I look upon *Ameſtris* as one that is a cheat, and inſenſible, ſuch a one as laughs at the misfortunes of another? or muſt I think her weak, unconſtant, and a lover of novelty, who loves thoſe ſhe ſees, and forgets thoſe ſhe ſees not? Such a one as gives her heart to any that asks it? But alas (ſaid I) that heart, that glorious heart, has coſt me too dear in the obtaining, for that to be ſo: How many tears have I dropt? how many unprofitable ſighs? and what abundance of pains have I taken, before I could receive the leaſt ſhadow of any good-will unto me? what then can I think of you, unfaithful *Ameſtris*? have you ever loved me? or have you ever hated me? Ha! No, no, ſaid I preſently, you did love me when I laſt left you; I diſcovered your heart moved; I perceived in your eyes whether you would or no, ſome tears of tenderneſs which your modeſty did ſtrive to keep in; You did hide ſome of your reſentments from me; you grieved when I left you, and certainly you did then love me, moſt lovely *Ameſtris*: But unhappy man that I am, you did not love me more than you had reaſon for: I know (ſaid I) that abſence is moſt dangerous; but alas, I was abſent for the love of you. Moreover, you have alwayes writ unto me, as if you had continued faithful: and yet I ſee you the moſt unfaithful woman that ever was: Ha! too happy *Megabiſes* (ſaid I) never think you ſhall enjoy your happineſs quietly; for I muſt revenge the wrong that you have done me. Is it thou, who by ſome trick or other haſt altered the heart of *Ameſtris*, and ſeduced her from her good inclinations to me? It muſt be thou, doubtleſs, who is the only cauſe of her crime, and my misfortune: I will therefore have this reſpect unto *Ameſtris*, as not to ſpeak any thing unto her concerning it; nor complain of her injuſtice, nor charge any but him only who has made her culpable. But, O Heavens, ſaid I, *Ameſtris* is one of a moſt excellent wit and judgment; ſhe cannot eaſily be deceived: *Artabes*, as cunning as he was, could do no good upon her: No, no, let me not flatter my ſelf (ſaid I) the heart of *Megabiſes* holds correſpondence with *Ameſtris*; ſhe is as culpable as he: and he enjoys not her affection, but becauſe ſhe has given it unto him.

If I ſhould tell you all I ſaid, Sir, and all I thought upon, I ſhould not finiſh my ſad ſtory this night, but ſhould too much abuſe your patience and goodneſs; I will only relate, that I intended a hundred times to quit *Ameſtris*, to forget her, and ſcorn her: then again I reſolved a hundred times alſo, to repent and love her eternally, maugre her crime: there was only one reſolution which I kept conſtantly in my mind, which was to kill *Megabiſes* whereſoever I found him; but yet I did not know ſometimes whether I ſhould love or hate *Ameſtris*: yet however, I was fixed upon it to ruin my Rival: Day and my Horſes were no ſooner come, but I ſent my Servant to know whether *Megabiſes* was with her, and inform me of it; but to my ill fortune he was gone into the Countrey, and none of his men could tell which Rode he took. This chance did much diſpleaſe me; and the thought, that this meeting of *Megabiſes* and *Ameſtris*, was only to bid adieu in that place, did double my deſpair. Then I ſent to ſee whether *Menaſta* was returned out of the Countrey, to the end I might make my complaints unto her of the perfidy of her friend; but I underſtood ſhe was fallen ſick, and could not ſo ſuddenly return: Then was I the moſt deſpairing man upon earth: I had ſeen ſuch paſſages as moved me not to doubt of the infidelity of *Ameſtris*: I ſaw her more fair than ever, at leaſt in my imagination: My Rival was abſent: my only Confident was ſick, ſo that I had no opportunity either to lament or revenge my ſelf. I ſtayed two days cloſe in a little Town neer *Ecbatan*, in this deplorable condition, with intentions to be informed whither *Megabiſes* was gone; but do what I could, there was no certainty of it to be learned: I was only told, that he went that way which leads into the Province of the *Ariſantines*, which was the place of my retreat: yet becauſe there was divers croſs ways conducting to ſeveral places, I could not conclude any certainty thereupon; yet I did imagine that he was gone to ſeek me out, and fight with me, that ſo he might more quietly enjoy *Ameſtris*: This thought made ſuch impreſſion in me, that I took horſe to return, enquiring very exactly all the way for him: ſometimes thinking I had found him, and then preſently found my ſelf deceived: I came at laſt to the place of my retreat, without any intelligence of *Megabiſes*. At my return I found a Letter from *Ameſtris*, which came during my abſence, and which did vex me ſo much as it would have pleaſed me if my mind had not been prepoſſeſſed: but ſince it is not very long, and ſerves to the purpoſe which I intend; I will relate it to you; and if I be not miſtaken, it was thus indited;

From

From Ameſtris *unto* Aglatidas.

Since you have ſo much curioſity and deſire to know how I do, and what my diverſions are; know, that I do ſhun the tumultuous Court as much as handſomely I can; that there is only one, whoſe converſation I can endure without regret; and that I do as much as I can, make this Converſation ſolitary and retired; you may very well imagine that I do not chuſe the Gardens of the Palace for my Walks, but the Fountain in the Green Plain, is the ordinary Place where I entertain that only one Perſon, who at preſent can afford me any delight in Ecbatan: *There it is where I entertain my ſelf. I will not tell you* Aglatidas, *all my thoughts in this retired Place, for perhaps it will more conduce unto your quiet, to keep you ignorant; and perhaps alſo it will be more advantagious unto* Ameſtris *if you do not gueſs at them.*

I beſeech you, Sir, to wonder at the odneſs of this accident; If I had received this Letter, before I had ſeen what I did, I had been raviſhed with joy: for then I ſhoold have underſtood this ſolitude whereof ſhe ſpeaks, to have been for the love of *Aglatidas*; I ſhould have taken that only Perſon which ſhe could endure, to have been my Couſin with whom ſhe had diſcours'd of me; I ſhould have thought her going to the Fountain in the Green Plain, had been to remember the laſt time I ſaw her: and ſhould doubtleſs have thought her Letter to be infinitely obliging, ſince in telling me, it would not conduce to my quiet, that I ſhould know her muſing thoughts, I ſhould have interpreted her meaning was, that the knowledge of her ſorrows would augment mine: And I ſhould have thought that none could expreſs affection more ſtrongly and gallantly than ſhe did in the end of her Letter, in ſaying, *That perhaps alſo it would be advantagious for her that I ſhould not gueſs her thoughts.*

But, Sir, this Letter did work a far different effect in my mind; and I expounded it in a quite oppoſite ſenſe to what ſhe did mean it: I did apprehend it ſo inhumane, that ſeeing ſhe betrayed me, and had written to me in a double ſenſe, I believed that the more to oblige *Megabiſes*, ſhe had ſhewed him the Letter: Yes, yes, perfidious *Ameſtris* (ſaid I in reading the Letter, and commenting almoſt upon every word) I have ſome deſire to know what you do, and what are your diverſions; I know indeed that you do not lie when you write unto me, that you ſhun the tumult of the Court, and that there is but one Perſon whom you can endure without regret, and that you alſo do what you can to have that converſation in a ſolitary and retired place: you tell me, cruel *Ameſtris*, that I may imagine you ſhun the Gardens of the Palace for your Walks; but perfidious as you are, I cannot imagine you go unto the Fountain in the Green-Plain unto any other end than to entertain *Megabiſes*: yet I do underſtand, and ſaw with my own eyes, that the only perſon in *Ecbatan* which can pleaſe you, is the too happy *Megabiſes*: You ſay further, that you entertain your ſelf: Ah, I have ſeen too much, cruel *Ameſtris*, I wiſh the Gods I had not ſeen it: But you have reaſon, ſaid I, to ſay, that it would conduce unto my quiet to be kept ignorant of your Muſings, and more reaſon to ſay that it would not be advantagious unto *Ameſtris* that I ſhould gueſs at them: But how (unjuſt Lady) can you acknowledge them a wrong, and not repent of them? But perhaps you writ this Letter before that cruel diſcourſe with *Megabiſes*: and indeed I was not miſtaken in my conjecture; for looking upon the Date of the Letter, and remembring the day I ſaw them together, I found it was writ the day before it.

This did put me into ſo hot a chaſe, that I was reſolved to uſe all poſſible means for the curing of my ill-grounded Paſſion: You may eaſily conceive that I took up this reſolution with abundance of ſorrow, and that I was to endure more than one Combat, before I could overcome: I reſolved to wait until Fortune gave me an opportunity to be revenged of *Megabiſes*, and not to travel the World over in queſt of him, as I once intended:

tended: and I reſolved to ſurmount thoſe reſentments which Love had infuſed into my Soul: I would not anſwer *Ameſtris*, nor ſeek for any Conſolation in reproaching or taxing her for her Crime; but I commanded him who uſed to receive the Letters, to ſend them back again, without letting me ſee them, or opening of them.

If you ever were in Love, Sir, I need not tell you what I endured upon this occaſion: You will eaſily know that it is a moſt difficult thing to break ones heart of a violent Paſſion: That I have reaſon enough not to think upon *Ameſtris*; yet I thought perpetually upon her: and it is in vain to make any offers to ſcorn her, ſince I did ever eſteem her more than all the World. I ſought out company and diſcourſe, thinking to divert my ſelf that way; but it was ſo diſtaſtful, that ſolitude was leſs ſupportable. I called Books to my relief, but in them I found nothing but good unprofitable Counſels. I went to hunt, but I found that my wearineſs of body did nouriſh the diſtempers of my mind. In concluſion, I reſolved to let time cure that which nothing elſe would. But, O Heavens, this remedy was long and tedious. All this while the innocent *Ameſtris*, ſhe hearing no news of me, and ſeeing all her Letters ſent back, gave over writing to me any more, and was in a very ſad condition. Sometimes ſhe imagined I was dead, but my Couſin underſtood from my Father, that it was not ſo. They endeavoured, but in vain, to find out the cauſe of my ſilence; and the innocence of *Ameſtris* was ſuch as ſhe could not gueſs at it. She had ſome fears that *Megabiſes* would render but an ill account unto me, and had told him ſome tales of her: But upon ſecond thoughts ſhe could not believe him ſo baſe as to do ſuch a vile act, nor me to be ſo weak as to believe him, ſince I was his Enemy and Rival: ſo that there was no likelihood of any ſuch thing; for he was too much a man of honour to uſe any ſuch cheats; alſo he was going to live in a place where he could enjoy no fruits of his policy, ſince it was then known that his deſpair had carried him into thoſe wars which were then up in *Lydia*: What did not then the amiable *Ameſtris* think? and of what crime did ſhe not accuſe the unfortunate *Aglatidas*? She thought him to be unconſtant, that ſome new beauty and freſh paſſion had wrought a change in him, and upon that thought ſhe would forget her ſorrows, and repent ſhe had ever loved him: She told a hundred ſtories againſt me and my Love, and did all ſhe could to take that heart from me which ſhe had given me: *Menaſta*, who loved me very well, and who was returned out of the Countrey, was not able to excuſe me, but ſhe nouriſhed all her angry thoughts againſt me.

Indeed, Sir, it might very well be ſaid, that we were both of us as unfortunate, as we were innocent. In the mean time, he with whom *Ameſtris* lived, and who had a deſire to pleaſure *Megabiſes*, and who ſeeing that he was abſent, alſo knowing that there were abundance which pretended unto *Ameſtris*; intended to take a Voyage in the Province *Ariſantines*, where the greateſt part of his Eſtate was, to take ſome order concerning urgent buſineſs there: For, Sir, it was unknown at Court whither I was retired, and this man did not know I was there. *Ameſtris*, who could not endure the Court, it was much againſt her mind, and who deſired to hide her ſorrows, was very glad of the motion; and much the more (as I heard ſince) becauſe ſhe hoped coming into that Province where I was, ſhe might find out the cauſe of my alteration, of which yet ſhe was ignorant: In the mean time, as the abſence of *Megabiſes* did faciliate the matter, my Father having obtained my favour with the King, commanded me to return unto *Ecbatan*, juſt at the ſame time when *Ameſtris* went out of it. I confeſs I received this news with ſorrow, and would have been content to have continued longer in baniſhment: Yet notwithſtanding I thought to tell things as they were, and ſeemed to believe that my heart was ſufficiently cured from fear of any more wounds at the ſight of *Ameſtris*: I then returned unto *Ecbatan* and met her not, becauſe ſhe took another way.

I cannot relate, Sir, what troubles my mind was in when I came near *Ecbatan*, when I entred into it, and paſſed by the Palace-Gate of *Artambaces.* I feared to meet *Ameſtris*, and I looked about me exactly in paſſing through all the ſtreets. I would have deceived my ſelf, and not known the place where ſhe was: But alas, that I ſhould know my ſelf ſo little, and that I ſhould be ſo ignorant of what was to come. I was no ſooner lighted from my Horſe, but I went to my Father's Chamber, who received me with unexpreſſible joy; though he reſented ſome ſorrows to ſee my face ſo altered as it was: For indeed, Sir, I was ſo much changed, that I doubted whether I ſhould have been taken for my ſelf. My Father at laſt told me, that he had been ſo ſolicitous about the buſineſs which concerned my life, that he never thought of preſſing forward the buſineſs of my Marriage, becauſe that might have too much incenſed *Megabiſes* both unto love, and unto revenge. Sir, ſaid I to him, you have done very well, for at the preſent, Marriage is a thing which I more fear than deſire. My Father deſired me to explain that *Enigma*; but I excuſed it, and went unto my old Chamber in a mighty melancholly. The next Morning my Father carried me unto the King, who received me very well, and who would have reconciled the Family of *Megabiſes* and ours: but as for *Megabiſes*, he was not yet returned unto *Ecbatan.* In going from the Court, I was not long alone, for the report of my return was no ſooner divulged in *Ecbatan*, but many of my friends came to viſit me. And ſince my love unto *Ameſtris* was known unto every one; After the firſt Complements were paſſed, *Arbatan*, the Brother of *Harpagus* (whom the King had heretofore employed to deſtroy Young *Cyrus*) who was in the Catalogue of my beſt Friends, asked me, if I did not meet the fair *Ameſtris* upon the way as I returned to Court. I bluſh'd at the Name of *Ameſtris*, and asked my Friend, Whether *Ameſtris* was in *Ecbatan* or no? To which he anſwered, That queſtionleſs ſhe was not.

But here, Sir, admire what love can do! I was no ſooner aſſured of her abſence, but I reſented both joy and ſorrow together: and my mind was ſo divided upon this occaſion, as I could determine upon nothing: Yet notwithſtanding, I think that if the ground of my heart had been well examined, I ſhould have more deſired her return to *Ecbatan*, than rejoyced at her abſence: not that I was fully reſolved never to make the leaſt ſhadow of love unto her; but, not to diſguiſe the matter, I did yet love her more than I thought I ſhould: and it is the natural quality of Love to deſire the ſight of the party loved. I reſerved my mind ſo cloſely all the time of this converſe, that I never was the firſt which ſpoke: I had a hundred deſires, that every one ſhould ſpeak unto me of it, but I never durſt ſpeak of it my ſelf: ſince I had no other Confidents unto whom I durſt open my Paſſions, but *Arbates*, who now was dead, and *Menaſta* who was gone with *Ameſtris*: I could not make misfortunes known unto them, who already knew them not. Yet notwithſtanding I altered my reſolution, and *Artaban* did ſo diligently ſeek my friendſhip, and enquired concerning the cauſes of my profound melancholly which appeared in my face, and all my actions; that I being moved by his affection, and my own ſorrows, I did acquaint him with the original of my love, with its progreſs and end; for ſometimes I was ſo bold as to ſpeak as if I were no more in Love. It chanced one day when we were both alone together, and diſcourſing, of ſome paſſages at Court, I took the heart to tell *Artaban*, that the time was when I loved *Ameſtris*; But Sir, in pronouncing theſe words, I bluſh'd: And *Artaban*, embracing me, ſaid, Ah my dear *Aglatidas*, you do love ſtill, your face does betray you, your heart has more ſincerity than your tongue: I know not whether I love yet (ſaid I unto him ſighing) but I do know very well, that I ought not to love her any longer; and more than that, I will not love her any longer. Love (anſwered he unto me) does not uſe to ask counſel of Reaſon, nor deſire the conſent of our wills to ſubject us: The ſame violence which made it maſter of our hearts, whether we would or no, can maintain it by the ſame ways. Love (ſaid *Artaban*) is not a lawful King, but a Ty-a Tyrant, which does not more kindly uſe them who do not defend themſelves, than they who will diſpute with it for their liberty, and who will have the Soveraignty where it would reign. Whatſoever it can do, ſaid I, whether I love *Ameſtris*, or whether I love her not, ſhe ſhall never have any more ſhew either of Love or hatred from me. You will ſoon change this Opinion (replied he unto me): There needs not many words to prove that every minute of your life ſpeaks Love unto her: all your Diſcourſes, and all your Actions do manifeſt that you will be always faithful unto her: your paſſion of her is very lively painted in your eyes: For (ſaid he, not giving me time to anſwer him.) from whence elſe can this ſtrange alteration, which appears in your face, in your ſpirits, and in all your humours, proceed? From what cauſes can ariſe this profound melancholly, this ſolitude which you prefer before all your friends; theſe continual ſighs; that indifferency wherewith you look upon all Court-diverſions; from whence can theſe proceed but from your being in love? I do not, nor will not love *Ameſtris* any more (replied I) and I hate all the reſt of the world beſides, except *Artaban*. And why do you hate them? (anſwered he) ſo many brave and gallant men, who do court you, and infinitely honour you? what will they do? what will ſo many fair and amiable Ladies as are in *Ecbatan* ſay? what has Nature and they done, that you ſhould thus hate them? No, no, *Aglatidas* (continued he) deceive not your ſelf, you do love *Ameſtris*, and you do love her ſo much, as you hate all the world beſides. If you did not love her, doubtleſs you would not hate others, but would love them as all other grave men uſe to love them. If I did love *Ameſtris* (ſaid I to him) I ſhould have wiſhed her return, and have known of her departure, and have reſented it. This Reſentment (replied he) is no leſs a mark of your love, than your wiſhes; for *Ameſtris* cannot be terrible unto you: you cannot fear her return, but you muſt love her. Moreover (ſaid he) what other ground can you find for your Melancholly? You are beloved of all the world; you have a

Father which conſents unto any thing you deſire; your Quality is inferior unto few; you are abundantly rich; you enjoy youth and health; you are of a compleat and handſome deportment (ſaid he flatteringly) you have courage and reputation enough: What is it then *Aglatidas* that you want? Where is any ground for your Melancholly? The remembrance of my Misfortunes (anſwered I). The remembrance of your Misfortunes (replied he) ſhould cauſe your Joy, when they are paſt: You had better have ſaid, your Misfortunes do continue. But I beſeech you (ſaid he) what will make you happy? They muſt be things impoſſible (ſaid I to him) nothing elſe, but that *Ameſtris* had never been perfidious. What then (replied *Artaban*) is your good fortune ſo inſeparably annexed unto *Ameſtris*? Can you never be happy without *Ameſtris*? You are very urgent (ſaid I to him) and I will anſwer you no more: Tell me, you cannot anſwer; but at the ſame time confeſs that you are the moſt in love of any man in the World: But my Dear *Aglatidas* (ſaid *Artaban*) why do you conceal ſo great and dangerous a Diſeaſe, which can never be cured but by diſcovering it? I hide it (ſaid he and changing colour) becauſe I think it incurable; and if I did not infinitely love *Artaban*, I ſhould not tell him as I do, that in deſpite of my reaſon, and againſt my will, *Ameſtris*, the perfidious *Ameſtris*, does take up all my thoughts, and poſſeſſes my heart whether I will or no. As I left ſpeaking, *Artaban* embracing me, began:

Now (ſaid he to me) you have told me your Diſeaſe, I will endeavour to cure it. I believe you wiſh it, (ſaid I to him) but it is not ſo eaſy to do as to ſay it; for know, *Artaban*, that though *Ameſtris* ſhould repent her of her Infidelity, and come to me with tears in her eyes, I could not yet be perfectly ſatisfied; the remembrance of what is paſt, would keep me in continual inquietude for the time to come; and I ſhould poſſeſs a treaſure which I ſhould be in perpetual fears to loſe. As often as ſhe gave me any obliging Language, I ſhould imagine that the ſame expreſſions were uſed in favour of my Rival: And I could not reſpect the heart of *Ameſtris* otherwiſe than as a prophaned Altar. What if *Ameſtris* (ſaid then *Artaban*) ſhould with all her charms and beauty aſk pardon for her weakneſs and change, would you refuſe her? Ah cruel Friend! (ſaid I to him) what delight can you take in perſecuting me, in lieu of preſerving me? and telling me of ſuch impoſſibilities? But if it ſhould ſo happen (ſaid he to me) how would you uſe her? In ſpight of all my inquiſitive jealouſies which fills my heart, I think I ſhould throw my ſelf at her feet, and hearken unto her repentance, to aſſure her of my eternal love, and to require more exact fidelity from her than hitherto ſhe has obſerved. But alas, how far am I from that condition? But will you follow my counſel (ſaid *Artaban* to me)? I will do any thing (ſaid I to him) that would procure me ſome conſolation. If ſo (ſaid he) neglect not what I ſhall tell you, and know, that conſidering the ſtate of your ſoul, I have found an infallible remedy, either to make *Ameſtris* give you full ſatisfaction, or elſe to rid you of your paſſions to her. If I ſhould hearken unto Reaſon (ſaid I unto him) I ſhould rather chuſe the ſecond, than the firſt; but if I hearken unto my own heart, I ſhould prefer the firſt before the ſecond. Know then (ſaid *Artaban* unto me) ſince Love is ſo noble a Paſſion, as nothing can recompence it but it ſelf; and is ſo powerful that nothing can overcome it but its own forces: you muſt love, to make love ceaſe; and the hatred which commonly ſucceeds that love, is but love diſguiſed under an appearance of anger; which is more dangerous than if it appeared in its natural colours. In ſhort, *Aglatidas*, (ſaid he to me) you muſt cure one paſſion with another; and to make you leave loving *Ameſtris*, you muſt love another Beauty. Alas, (replied I then) how eaſy a matter is it for *Artaban* to give ſuch counſel, and how hard is it for *Aglatidas* to follow it? But (anſwered he me) the remedy which I will tell you, ſhall be eaſie, and not ſo impoſſible as you think it. Truly (ſaid he) as long as you remain in this kind of ſolitude wherein you now live, it will not be an eaſy matter for you to engage your ſelf in any new love: But you ought to look upon thoſe which may entangle you: you muſt expoſe your ſelf unto the Waves, and throw your ſelf into the Sea, to avoid ſhipwrack. The Diſeaſe is ſo dangerous, and the Phyſick ſo extraordinary, that you muſt almoſt die, in hopes to live the longer. But do you believe (ſaid I to him) that it is poſſible that I ſhould not only love any other Beauty, but that I can endure it? You may queſtionleſs, if you will (anſwered he); but at the firſt you muſt only feign a love of ſome other, and perhaps it will at length become a real love. If it do come to paſs, that you do love another, then you'll jeer at the inconſtancy of *Ameſtris*; and if it do not come to that paſs, yet at leaſt, it will be a handſome revenge for the injuries you have received. Perhaps (ſaid he) this fiction may bring your Miſtris unto ſome reaſonable terms; and her jealouſie may give you that, your love could not bring about. This remedy (ſaid I to him) is very dangerous, very uncertain, and very difficult: for you ſay, that perhaps I ſhall love, and perhaps I ſhall not love another; perhaps I may revenge my ſelf; perhaps *Ameſtris* will ſee her error. In a word, all is grounded upon perhaps's; that is to ſay, upon little or nothing; and I ſee ſo much uncertainty in this remedy, that I cannot think it good. Will you have another (ſaid he to me)? I have one (ſaid I to him) which is infallible, and that is death, which will, doubtleſs, rid me from all my ſorrows. That is the laſt remedy which you muſt uſe (anſwered *Artaban*) and it muſt never be made uſe of, but when all others have failed. In concluſion, Sir, what Arguments ſoever he could uſe, I could not conſent unto him that day: But a while after, hearing that *Ameſtris* was to return, he did ſo importune me to follow his counſel, as I reſolved to follow this Counſel, though it went much againſt the ſtrain of my mind. There was then in the Court a Lady called *Anatiſa*, one indeed of great merit and beauty, yet one whoſe beauty had never made many Conqueſts, and was doubtleſs far leſs fair than *Ameſtris*; yet fair enough. Chance would have it ſo, that the ſame day whereon I had conſented to try the remedy which *Artaban* had preſcribed,

bed, I found her in the Walks of the Garden in the Palace, where I had not of a long time been, becauſe I had ſhunned company as much as poſſible: And as I neither had, nor could have any particular inclination unto any, nor had any liberty to chuſe in a time when none but *Ameſtris* could pleaſe me. Chance, I ſay, making me meet *Anatiſa* ſooner than another, I did not refuſe diſcourſe with her, as I was uſed to do with all other Ladies, ſince my return to *Ecbatan*; I mean, as much as civility would permit me: I ſpake then unto that Lady divers times that day; and although our diſcourſe was upon nothing but upon very indifferent things, ſhe thought her ſelf much obliged to me, becauſe I had done more unto her than unto any other Lady ſince my return to Court. And certainly it was advantageous to me, that the ſolitude wherein I had lived, did help me to perſwade the World unto that which I would have it believe; elſe doubtleſs it had not been ſo eaſy for me to deceive it, as it deceived it ſelf; and likewiſe if *Anatiſa* had not helped me to delude it.

For, Sir, I did not think that the complacency which this fair Lady rendred me, was any effect of my merit; but on the contrary, I plainly ſaw it had a reflection from *Ameſtris*, it being moſt certain that *Anatiſa* would not have treated me ſo favourably as ſhe did, but that ſhe conceived it did redound much unto her honour, that the man who had formerly loved the faireſt Beauty of the World, ſhould quit thoſe fetters to be captivated in hers. This petty jealouſie of Beauty, cauſed *Anatiſa* then to treat me with all poſſible civility; and I finding ſo much facility to execute what *Artaban* adviſed me unto, did tranſact as he would have me. Not, Sir, that I could ever reſolve to tell *Anatiſa* that I loved her, as well becauſe in very truth I had no ſuch Paſſion in me, as becauſe I thought it did too much treſpaſs upon the Laws of Generoſity; yet my manner of living with her did tell the Court as much, and likewiſe told the thoughts of *Anatiſa* the ſame, for I did viſit her very oft, I almoſt ſpoke unto none but her; I appeared very melancholly and diſordered; ſo that all the World took theſe things to be effects of a freſh Paſſion. *Anatiſa*, on the other ſide, did ſee that I was chained unto her Society, and that I did upon all occaſions which were offered, commend her; that I refuſed the company of all other women but ſhe; and that in our Diſcourſes I did often appear as if I were a little frantick, not knowing what I would ſay. But alas, all theſe, which ſhe took to be effects of my love to her, were only effects of that which I bore unto *Ameſtris*, how perfidious ſoever ſhe ſeemed to be unto me. Really, I did ſometimes repent the following of *Artaban*'s counſel, and all others alſo, when I began firmly to reſolve of loving *Anatiſa*, and to baniſh *Ameſtris* from my heart and memory. Change, change, (ſaid I to my ſelf) this feigned Paſſion unto a real one, and be no longer faithful unto one that hath betrayed me; do not betray one that has nothing in her but ſincerity for me. 'Tis true, *Anatiſa* is not ſo fair as *Ameſtris*, yet perhaps ſhe will love me more faithfully. Tell her then, that thou loveſt her, ſaid I to my ſelf, although thou yet doſt not; ſo that being obliged by Generoſity not to lie, thou mayeſt no longer remain in any fears of returning unto inconſtant *Ameſtris*, or ever to ſee her, or ſpeak unto her, when ſhe returns, as they ſay ſhe will.

This thought, Sir, did ſo fortifie it ſelf in my mind, that I went three or four days together unto *Anatiſa*, with intentions to tell her, I loved her; but ſome intervenient paſſage or other hindred me from executing them; but when I found the opportunity, notwithſtanding all my determinate Reſolutions, I was dumb when I was about to ſpeak unto her; I diverted the diſcourſe; my tongue would not obey, my heart revolted againſt my will; my will it ſelf altered, and was unſetled; and indeed, not deſiring that which I deſired but one moment before, I dejected my eyes, as being equally aſhamed of what I did, and what I would have done. But, O Heavens, that which ſhould have deſtroyed me in the Opinion of *Anatiſa*, did confirm me; for ſhe ſuppoſing that the love and reverence which I bore unto her, had cauſed all theſe diſorders which ſhe diſcovered in my mind, ſhe did treat me more kindly, and would not ſee it. All the Court, Sir, believed I was in love with *Anatiſa*; one of my Couſins did write as much unto *Menaſta*; who, as I have told you, was with *Ameſtris*; but this Lady who writ, did mention it very obſcurely, knowing that ſuch news would be reſented with ſorrow, and therefore ſhe would not plainly tell it, until ſhe came to *Ecbatan* to ſee it. Meantime, I heard of two things together, which much grieved me; the one was, That *Ameſtris* would preſently come back: and the other, That *Megabiſes* would very ſhortly be in Town; This buſineſs which fell out only by accident, did ſeem unto me a thing agreed upon; and I did abſolutely conclude, that the voyage of *Ameſtris* was cauſed by the abſence of *Megabiſes*, tho' I could not gueſs at the reaſon. But as jealouſie always inclines more unto that which will augment it ſelf, than that which would leſſen it, I did not buſie my ſelf to reaſon the matter, from whence I might perhaps draw ſome conjectures unto my advantage; but I ſought out thoſe conjectures which would more torment me. They return (ſaid I) to triumph over my miſeries before my eyes; and they cannot eſteem themſelves happy, unleſs I be the witneſs of their felicities. However, perfidious *Ameſtris*, you ſhall not have ſo much ſatisfaction, as to think that I am unhappy; I will carry the matter ſo with *Anatiſa*, as you ſhall not ſo much as ſuſpect that I love you. But as for you, *Megabiſes*, never hope to enjoy your conqueſt quietly; for though I will pretend no more unto her, yet I will take away the enjoyment from thee, in taking away thy life, or at leaſt diſpute it unto the laſt minute of my life. Theſe tumultuous thoughts being a little appeaſed, I had ſome comfort to think, that *Ameſtris* ſhould believe I was in love with *Anatiſa*; and I was for a certain time ſo cloſely with her, as I my ſelf did wonder at it. In the mean while *Ameſtris* came to Town, and *Menaſta* was much confirmed in her belief of my new paſſion; yet notwithing ſhe would ſpeak with me before ſhe would abſolutely condemn me; and ſhe quickly found the opportunity; for indeed, as ſhe was my Couſin, I was in civility obliged to give her a viſit, which with much ado I reſolved upon; yet I would not go alone: but do what I could, ſhe ſpoke unto me particularly of it. Is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe to me) that what I hear can be true? Can any man who has been ſo happy, as not to be hated by *Ameſtris*, think upon loving *Anatiſa*? *Ameſtris* (ſaid I unto her) has not thought *Aglatidas* worthy of her; and I do not know, *Menaſta*, whether ſhe or I has made the worſt choice. She perhaps did that out of weakneſs, or an humour, which I have done out of reaſon, and to be revenged on her. But, *Menaſta*, let us talk no more on it; ſhe was always your friend, and I my ſelf believe ſhe concealed it from you, to betray me. It muſt needs be (anſwered ſhe) that ſhe has kept it ſecret, if it be true that ſhe betrayed you, for I never knew of it; but I confeſs, I have much ado to be perſwaded of the truth. I have had more to do (replied I); and if I my ſelf had not been a witneſs of her infidelity, if I had not with my own eyes ſeen her perfidious Treaſon, I ſhould never have believed it; no, though you your ſelf ſhould have aſſured me of it: But as I would not have believed you, ſo you your ſelf would have ſpoke againſt her; nor do I think that you will juſtifie her now. No, no, *Menaſta*, ſpeak no more of it, *Ameſtris* has betrayed me, and I have left her; ſhe has not thought me worthy of her affection, and I have not thought her worthy of mine; though, ſetting her infidelity aſide, ſhe is the admiration of all the Earth; and ſince ſhe either hates or ſcorns me, I am diſpenſed from that fidelity which I promiſed unto her. I confeſs (ſaid *Menaſta*) if ſhe be culpable, you are not to be much blamed: But however, you are to blame; for did you ever complain unto *Ameſtris*? have you ever accuſed her? did you ever give her time to juſtifie her ſelf, or to repent of it? Complaints (ſaid I) are requiſite, when the Crime of the party beloved is in any doubt, or when it is ſo ſmall, as a Confeſſion may wipe it off: But when the Offence is of ſuch a nature as that is which I have received, complaints do but procure new matter to be again deceived. Spare therefore

fore your pains unto *Ameſtris* (ſaid I) and move her not to confeſs a thing which ſhe cannot confeſs without confuſion, as anticipated as ſhe is in the love which ſhe poſſeſſeth. *Menaſta* was ſo ſurpriſed to hear me ſpeak ſo, as ſhe could not anſwer; for ſince *Ameſtris* never told her of any converſe which ſhe had with *Megabiſes*, ſhe could not imagine any other colour of complaint which I could have: ſhe thought, that to excuſe my inconſtancy, I had ſuppoſed a Crime whereof ſhe was innocent, as appeared by her eyes, and that I was much more culpable than ſhe. That which confirmed her in her opinion, was the diſorder which ſhe had obſerved in my mind; not doubting, but that the diſorder was grounded upon my being aſhamed of my weakneſs, and upon this change which I had made; yet notwithſtanding, being deſirous to augment it, I do aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) that during all this voyage which *Ameſtris* hath made, there was not one Lover which could commend her for her indulgency towards him, nor brag of any favour. I do not doubt it (anſwered I) for ſhe is more faithful unto him whom ſhe has preferred before me. But who is that ſo happy lover of *Ameſtris* (replied ſhe in anger) that *Menaſta* ſhould not know him? Since you will have a ſecret of it (ſaid I unto her) I will have ſo much reſpect unto her, as not to reveal what I know, and help her to hide that which cannot but be too much publiſhed, and of which within this little time you will make no doubt of. As we were upon theſe terms, there came in ſo much company, that our diſcourſe could not continue longer; and I went from *Menaſta* in a doubled perplexity. For (ſaid I) if *Ameſtris* were within the compaſs of repentance, her ſoul would have confeſſed ſome part of her weakneſs, or at leaſt would have found out ſome handſome pretence and excuſe for it; but in denying all, it renders her culpable of all; and ſince ſo, I have nothing to do but to revenge my ſelf. Revenge, then (ſaid I) the real infidelity of *Ameſtris*, by a feigned infidelity. I will render my diligence unto *Anatiſa*, though I cannot render her my heart; I will puniſh her by this bad choice, and neglect nothing that may ſatisfie my reſentment, though I cannot ſatisfie my love. Mean while *Menaſta*, who was really incenſed againſt me, and thinking none would tell *Ameſtris* of my new Paſſion, thought fit to tell her of it, and went unto her that ſame Evening. She was not the firſt who brought her the news; for amongſt ſo many as did viſit her, there was ſome who out of malice, or ſimplicity, had told her of that thing, wherein all the World knew ſhe had ſo much intereſt. *Menaſta* found her very ſad; for, Sir, to make you underſtand my miſfortune the better, I am conſtrained to acknowledge, that *Ameſtris* did love me, and loved me with ſuch tender affection as I cannot yet think upon it, without extreme joy, and extreme ſorrow, and ſtrange confuſion both together. She no ſooner ſaw *Menaſta*, but ſhe made it evident by her melancholly, that ſhe was acquainted with my new paſſion; yet at the firſt ſhe ſpake only of indifferent things. *Menaſta* for her part, not knowing well where, or how to begin ſo vexatious a diſcourſe, nor knew well what ſhe ſhould ſay, did anſwer her with half-broken-off words. But in the end, the adorable *Ameſtris* not being able to hide her reſentments any longer, asked her whether ſhe had ſeen me? and whether my new Love was ſo ſtrong as to make me forget my Civilities unto her? I have ſeen him (anſwered ſhe) but I have ſeen him ſo deprived of reaſon, that I would no longer acknowledge him for my Kinſman, nor believe that it was *Aglatidas*, whom I formerly knew, and ſo much eſteemed. Indeed (ſaid ſhe to her) he courts *Anatiſa*, he follows her every where, and I think he really loves her. But although this Crime be too great, yet it is not that which animates me moſt againſt him; for thoſe who are naturally weak and inconſtant, do deſerve rather compaſſion than reproaches, ſince they do no more than what they cannot help: But *Aglatidas* would excuſe his fault by laying it upon you; this is that which I cannot endure; and this is that which I thought fit to tell you, to the end that you may puniſh his folly and ingratitude by your hatred and ſcorn. What (ſaid *Ameſtris*) doth *Aglatidas* accuſe me of any thing? Yes, replied *Menaſta*, he ſays that you have betrayed him; he ſays he ſaw it with his own Eyes, that he cannot doubt of it; and that your new choice is more unreaſonable than his. Indeed, (ſaid ſhe) I can ſay no more, but that he is full of Folly and Malice both. *Ameſtris* was ſo ſurpriſed at the Story, that her Soul, as great as it was, could not chuſe but tremble; ſhe changed Colour, Tears ſtood in her Eyes, and her Wiſdom had much ado to reſtrain them. If ſhe called to mind the Love which I profeſſed unto her, and the Reverence wherewith I ſerved her, ſhe conſidered my Change as an unrepairable loſs; if ſhe remembred the Goodneſs which ſhe uſed to me, ſhe could not enough condemn my Ingratitude; if ſhe conſidered the Fidelity which ſhe conſtantly preſerved for me, ſhe abhorred my perfidy; and if ſhe obſerved the difference which was between *Anatiſa* and her ſelf, ſhe could not but be aſtoniſh'd at my Weakneſs and Blindneſs. But upon the whole matter ſhe muſt needs conclude me capable of both, and ſhe could not poſſibly doubt of it. *Menaſta* did aſſure me afterwards, that the wrong which I did unto her Beauty, in preferring one who was in all things ſo much inferior to her, did not ſo ſenſibly move her, as the wrong which I did unto her Virtue, in accuſing her of Inconſtancy. What, ſaid ſhe, does *Aglatidas* take from me that heart which he had given me? Will he neither Love me, nor ſee me? And has he forgot all his Obligations which were upon him, for ſuffering him to manifeſt his Paſſions? But for for all this, I will puniſh my ſelf without anger, and perhaps I will cheer up my ſelf by reaſon.

But *Menaſta*, that he ſhould excuſe his own imbecilities by accuſing me, this is a thing which is above my Patience; and makes evident unto me, that Love is a moſt dangerous Paſſion. For truly, did he ever meet with any more excuſable than I, or more innocent? I loved *Aglatidas*, it is true, but I loved him not only becauſe he loved me, but becauſe my Parents did believe him to be a Man of Wiſdom and Judgment, and that he had all the Qualities requiſite to be in a compleat Man.

Moreover, might I not well believe, that Fortune having made me Rich enough, his own Intereſt might move him unto that which my mean Beauty could not? And whether it was Love or Ambition which he was ſenſible of, I might well hope he would be faithful. Yet it ſeems I was deceived in my Conjectures, and I was ignorant that he could not love any thing. But, alas, ſaid ſhe, is it not in our Power, when Innocence and Reaſon has planted Love in my heart, to find a means to root it out? Yet it muſt be, added ſhe, and I am ſo fully reſolved, that I cannot hope to bring it to paſs. In ſhort, Sir, the adorable *Ameſtris* being not well at peace in her ſelf, could not reſolve what to do; and ſhe deſigned the next day to take ſome ſolitary Walk with her dear Confident, and endeavour to ſettle her Reſolutions upon the Buſineſs, and to ſhun the Converſation of all indifferent People, who as the ſtate ſtood with her Soul, did but importunately trouble her. They went the next day unto the Garden, whither very few uſed to Reſort, and where *Artaban* by accident did meet them; he no ſooner ſaw them, but he had a great Curioſity to underſtand their Diſcourſe; to that end, he hid himſelf behind a thick Hedge, and following them by the eye, he ſaw them ſit down in a green Arbor. Thither he went, ſhading himſelf by the Boughs of a great Tree which hung down, and there couched himſelf behind a little Buſh of Myrrhe, which was cloſe to the Arbor; he was no ſooner ſetled, but he underſtood that *Menaſta* anſwered unto ſomething *Ameſtris* had ſaid, and which he could not underſtand. No, no, ſaid ſhe to her, you muſt not take Revenge upon your ſelf; it is fit that *Aglatidas* alone ſhould bear the Burthen of his Crime. Do not confound Innocency and Culpable together; hate *Aglatidas* if you can, and do not puniſh *Ameſtris*, who is in no fault. *Ameſtris* (replied this lovely Lady) not being able to hate where ſhe loves, what would you have her do? And why ſhould ſhe not think her ſelf as Culpable, for loving where ſhe ſhould hate, as *Aglatidas* is, for hating where he ought eternally to Love? After this, theſe two Ladies began to diſcourſe upon that which might have given me the boldneſs to accuſe *Ameſtris*; for (ſaid *Menaſta*) what likelihood is there that without any pretence or colour, he ſhould be ſo inconſiderate? *Ameſtris* reflecting upon what *Menaſta* ſaid, began to tell her that which ſhe knew not before, to wit, the Converſe which ſhe had with *Megabiſes*; but (added ſhe) if *Aglatidas* had been preſent at it, he would rather have thanked me, than complained; but he was far off; and *Megabiſes* for his part, being ever ſince in *Lydia*, could not inform him any thing. No, no, ſaid *Menaſta*, that cannot be the cauſe, for he did not ſo much as name *Magabiſes* unto me; and without all queſtion, if it had been he, *Aglatidas* would have named him to me, and ſpoke of him; ſo that it muſt be concluded, that he being aſhamed of his Weakneſs, was forced to fly unto this Impoſture, thereby to excuſe himſelf when he ſpoke unto me. Truly thoſe who commit Crimes, ſaid ſhe, do ſeverely puniſh themſelves in committing them; and had you ſeen how reſtleſs and unquiet *Aglatidas* was, when he ſpoke unto me, you would have conſented unto it. That which does moſt wonder me, ſaid *Ameſtris* unto her, is, that when we were in the Province of *Ariſantines*, we did underſtand that *Aglatidas* ſeemed always to be Melancholly; if this change had chanced ſince his return to *Ecbatan*, then I muſt needs conclude, that out of a capricious Humour, or elſe out of reaſon, he has preferred the Beauty of *Anatiſa*, before that of *Ameſtris*. But I conceive *Menaſta*, that his change took beginning during his Exile, in a time when he received moſt Teſtimonies of Affection for me; for I writ unto him, and that in a moſt obliging manner. But after all this, (ſaid *Menaſta*) what do you intend to do? I intend (ſaid ſhe) to puniſh my ſelf for my misfortune, to lament it eternally, to repent me of my Weakneſs, and ſtrive to forget *Aglatidas*, tho perhaps it is not in my Power; and to lead a cloſe, and more unhappy Life than ever any did. But (replied *Menaſta*) I had rather you would take into your Conſideration, one of theſe two important Courſes: The firſt is, That if you cannot perſwade your ſelf to hate

Aglatidas, then to try all poſſible means that may bring him unto reaſon. The ſecond is, That if you can bring your ſelf to hate him, then to puniſh him ſeverely for his Crime. Alas, alas, replied *Ameſtris*, how difficult a thing it is to hate, where one is reſolved to love all their Life long, and how hard it is to puniſh where one loves! I have one infallible way, (ſaid *Menaſta*.) But by the way you may admire, Sir, the odd Deſtiny of things in this World; for *Menaſta* did propound the very ſame way unto *Ameſtris*, which *Artaban* had propounded unto me; to wit, that ſhe ſhould feign to entertain ſome one of her Pretenders very kindly; for ſaid this Lady unto her, I have ever known *Aglatidas* to be extream ſenſible of Honour; ſo that when he plainly ſees that his Mutability has put *Ameſtris* into a Capacity of preferring another before him, then one of theſe two things will come to paſs, that is, he will either forſake *Anatiſa*, and return unto *Ameſtris*; or elſe at the leaſt, he will be ſufficiently tormented in his heart. Moreover, who knows but that by permitting your ſelf to be loved, you may come to ceaſe loving him? Love, for ought I underſtand (ſaid ſhe), is never cured by contrary Remedies, nor by any violent Applications. Time and Reaſon, by more inſenſible ways, brings many things to paſs; therefore if you will believe me, follow my advice; it conduces much unto your Honour, (added ſhe) that the World ſhall not ſuſpect you ever loved *Aglatidas*; and to prevent it, you muſt do as I adviſe. This laſt conſideration was very forcible upon the Soul of *Ameſtris*, who after much other Diſcourſe, reſolved to take my Counſel. In the mean time, *Artaban*, who was raviſhed to hear the Diſcourſe of theſe two Ladies, did gently ſteal away without being perceived; going in haſte unto all places where he thought to find me; but as my ill fortune was, he could not find me; after he had in vain ſought me at the Court, in the Palace-Gardens, and at *Anatiſa*'s Lodging, he reſolved to ſtay till Night when I ſhould return, not imagining that the ignorance of what he knew, could be of that importance, as to be ſo prejudicial unto me. But, O Heaven! how fatal it was unto me? And, how many Sighs did that Journey which I then took, coſt me? I have already told you, Sir, that the Garden where *Ameſtris* was, is a very ſolitary place, where very few People uſe to Walk; but all ill Fortunes conſpired together to afflict me,and to make me the moſt unhappy Man upon Earth. *Anatiſa* prompted by my evil Deſtinies,deſigning to walk with ſome of her Friends, made choice of that place, becauſe ſhe had never ſeen it; and I did particularly chuſe it, that I might there enjoy my ſad Thoughts, becauſe I did verily think not to meet *Ameſtris* there, nor *Anatiſa*, nor any thing that might interrupt my muſing Contemplations. But, Sir, I was wonderfully ſurpriſed, when in entring into the Garden, I ſaw *Ameſtris* afar off walking with her dear *Menaſta*, and at the ſame time I ſaw *Anatiſa* at the foot of an Arbor, compoſing ſome Flowers which ſhe had gathered; this unexpected ſight did much trouble me, and ſo ſurpriſed me, that I ſtopt upon a ſudden. I knew not whether I ſhould apply my ſelf unto her whom I loved, and had betrayed me; or to her who loved me,and whom I betrayed; I ſtood in ſuch an Anxiety, as I could not reſolve, nor can expreſs; I was in a mind to go unto *Ameſtris*, and my Jealouſy did almoſt ſubmit unto my Love;I thought to go and throw my ſelf at her feet,without regarding *Anatiſa*; but her Crime coming freſh into my Memory, I altered that Determination, and began to incline towards *Anatiſa*; yet I made my approach ſo gentle, and was ſo unwilling to turn from *Ameſtris*, that I was in a mind to go unto neither, but to ſink down under the load of my Sorrows; yet my diſdain driving me out of an extream Anxiety into an invincible Obſtinacy, I regarded not *Ameſtris*, but went unto *Anatiſa*, unto whom I ſpoke as I was accuſtomed; but yet I acted it with ſuch diſtraction of Spirits, as that if this Lady had not been diſtracted her ſelf with obſerving the actions of *Ameſtris*, ſhe might eaſily have perceived the cauſe of my inquietude; but ſhe was wrapt into ſuch an extaſy of Joy to ſee her ſelf preferred before the faireſt Lady in the World, as ſhe neither minded the Alteration in my

Countenance, nor the Obſcurity of my Words. *Ameſtris* (as ſince I heard) now ſeeing that her ſelf, which before ſhe had heard only by report, was extraordinarily ſurpriſed: Until now, this adorable Lady reſented only Sorrow for my change; but now, ſeeing with her own eyes, *Aglatidas* at the feet of *Anatiſa*, her Anger began to rouſe up her ſpirits; and a ſecret reſentment of Honour did infuſe into her ſo great a deſire to be revenged for the ſcorn which I offered unto her, as ſhe could not forbear to teſtify as much unto *Menaſta*. Here, Sir, may be admired the prodigious accident, which chance only brought about in this buſineſs: I think I told you how *Megabiſes* was to return within a few days; and after he had been in the Wars of *Lydia*, he reſolved to return unto *Ecbatan*, and never thought to call me unto any account, neither for the Death of his Brother, whereof he knew I was culpable, nor for any other of our ancient differences. The King did ſend unto him, to forbid him abſolutely, after the Reconcilement which was made between our Families, and had commanded me to Quarrel no more, but to ſhun meeting as much as poſſible, it being but juſt to have reſpect unto a Man whoſe Brother I had killed. *Megabiſes* came into the Town in the Night, that he might be more particularly informed in the ſtate of things, before he received any Viſits; and reſolved to paſs away the reſt of the day in the Garden where I was, knowing it the leaſt frequented, and where alſo was *Ameſtris* and *Anatiſa*. *Megabiſes* then, who knew him unto whom the Garden belonged, entred into it as ſoon as he lighted from his Horſe, and at the very ſame inſtant, when *Ameſtris* being tranſported with Anger to ſee me with *Anatiſa*, did ſay unto *Menaſta*, that ſhe had good reaſon to Counſel her to puniſh me: *Megabiſes* entring in confidently, was infinitely ſurpriſed to ſee both his Miſtreſs and his Rival in that place; but he was more amazed to ſee me not with *Ameſtris*; yet, Sir, ſince *Megabiſes* had not ſeen her ſince the time he promiſed to ſee her, or ſpeak to her no more, he would make it known unto her by his reſpect, that he had not forgotten to keep his word; ſo that after he hadm ade her a moſt low Revence, he retired, and would have gone out of the Garden; but *Ameſtris*, whoſe Spirit was highly incenſed, and thinking it a fit occaſion to be revenged, called him unto her, and received him with much civility; this afforded him as much Joy, as me Sorrow. For, Sir, I ſaw *Megabiſes* enter; I obſerved how he would have gone away, and ſhe to ſtay him; I ſuppoſed that he offered to go away, becauſe he ſaw me there. And I doubted not, but that *Ameſtris* knowing of his coming, came thither purpoſely to meet him. I leave you, Sir, to gueſs at the trouble of my Soul, and the agitation of my Mind: For my part, I never think upon the condition wherein we were, but I wonder at the capricious humour of Fate. For *Anatiſa* was wrapt up into the height of Joy to ſee her ſelf preferred before *Ameſtris*, by *Aglatidas*, who neither preferred her, nor loved her. *Megabiſes* for his part, he was infinitely glad to be called back by her, who had for ever baniſhed him, tho ſhe which called him back, did it not out of any Affection ſhe bore unto him; only *Ameſtris* and my ſelf, who if we had rightly underſtood one another, had been the happieſt of all, we were the moſt perplexed Souls upon Earth. Mean time, tho *Megabiſes* thought himſelf very happy in being with *Ameſtris*; yet the remembrance of his Brother's death, and the ſight of him who kill'd him, did ſo reflect upon his heart, as he had no good mind to be where I was. Madam, (ſaid he unto *Ameſtris*) I ſhould make a doubt whether the command which I received from the King, could work ſo prevalently upon my Spirit, as to hinder me from my juſt Reſentments againſt a Man whom I ſee before me, if the Reſpect which I owe unto you did not reſtrain me; therefore, Madam; fear leſt this Reſpect ſhould not be ſtrong enough to reſiſt the apprenhenſions of Blood and Nature, I moſt humbly beſeech you to pardon my Incivility, and give me leave to leave you. Upon thoſe words he made a very low Reverence unto *Ameſtris*, and without ſtaying for any anſwer, he went out of the Garden; ſhe who only ſtayed him to anger me, was not forward to retain him. As for me, Sir, who never underſtood what they ſaid, I no ſooner ſaw him gone, but I was in as great a chafe as I was to ſee him enter, imagining that he only went out to diſguiſe the appointment which *Ameſtris* had given him.

Not being to ſtay where I was, and thinking I ſhould better hide my perplexity in walking, than in ſtaying there, I propoſed a departure unto *Anatiſa*, who conſented unto it. But ſhe more out of vanity than complacency, would needs, do what I could, go unto *Ameſtris*, thinking it would be a triumph unto her to carry her Slave whither ſhe pleaſed: Then we went to meet *Ameſtris* and *Menaſta*; and as we came near one another, *Anatiſa*, not telling me her deſign, began to ſpeak unto *Ameſtris*; whereat I was ſo angry, that I was in a mind to leave her, and be gone from that place where the object of my love, and the object of my hatred were together. I neither durſt nor would look upon *Ameſtris*, I wiſhed with all my heart that *Megabiſes* were there, that I might fight with him. Sometimes I thought *Ameſtris* leſs fair, and *Anatiſa* more. But, O Heavens! that ſometimes was quickly over, and I thought *Anatiſa* ugly, and *Ameſtris* angelick-fair: yet *Anatiſa*, who as I told you, would needs triumph, and better aſſure her ſelf of her Conqueſt, ſpoke very ſpitefully unto *Ameſtris*; and in accoſting her, I am very happy (ſaid ſhe unto her) to meet ſuch good Company in a place which is uſed to be very ſolitary, and I have reaſon to think my ſelf ſo, ſince expecting only the pleaſure of the Walk, I have met alſo with the delight of company My company (anſwered *Ameſtris* very coldly) is ſo far from pleaſant, that you have rather cauſe to complain, if you had not ſome other to divert you. If you ſhould put to Judges (replied *Anatiſa* maliciouſly) I am ſure *Megabiſes*, whom I ſaw with you, would not be of your mind; and as for *Aglatidas*, he is no competent Judge, for he would give ſentence in my behalf. As for my part (ſaid I in a great confuſion) I do not doubt but *Megabiſes* finds *Ameſtris* to be incomparable in all things; and I confeſs (ſaid I, changing colour) that he has good cauſe to publiſh, that the converſation of *Ameſtris* is the moſt complacential of any in the world, when ſhe pleaſeth. Ah! Madam, (replied *Anatiſa*, who was raviſhed with joy to ſee ſuch ſigns of anger in the face of *Ameſtris*) be not now of that humour, and be pleaſed to ſuffer all thoſe commendations which I will give you: I deſerve ſo little (anſwered ſhe) that I will not adviſe you to imploy your time to ſo little purpoſe. There is a kind of humility (replied *Anatiſa*) which honour will not admit of: Yes (replied *Ameſtris*) and there is alſo a kind of falſe humour, which covers oftentimes abundance of baſeneſs: I ſuppoſe (anſwered *Anatiſa*) that neither you, nor I, are guilty of either: I know nothing (replied *Ameſtris*) for none do know themſelves very well: It is much more hard, ſaid I unto her, to know the thoughts of another; Eſpecially of thoſe (replied ſhe) who do counterfeit to be generous and ſincere, but indeed are not ſo; I am confident (ſaid the malicious *Anatiſa*) that *Megabiſes* cannot diſguiſe his thoughts: Thoſe who like him (anſwered *Ameſtris*, thinking to ſpight me) do affect true honour, do never uſe to do ſo: there is none but baſe men uſe to diſſemble their thoughts. I confeſs unto you, Sir, that I was infinitely perplexed to hear *Ameſtris* thus expreſs her ſelf, that I could not poſſibly ſtay any longer in that place: As I came not into the Garden with *Anatiſa*, I thought my ſelf not engaged to ſtay with her: Furthermore, I was not in a condition to obſerve an exact correſpondency in my actions. I had ſeen *Megabiſes* pleaſed ſo well, I obſerved *Anatiſa* ſo well content; I ſaw *Ameſtris* ſo fierce, contrary to her cuſtome; and I found my ſelf ſo ſad, ſo angry, and ſo deſperate, that at laſt being ſtirred by my love, my hate, and my jealouſie, I left this both dear and intollerable company: I went then out of the Garden with an ill intent, reſolving to be revenged upon *Megabiſes* for all the wrongs that *Ameſtris* had done me: And to that end in lieu of entring into the Town, I went to conceal my ſelf in the Houſe of one of my Acquaintance, with intention to ſend the next day unto *Megabiſes*, to meet me with his Sword. I would not advertiſe *Artaban* of my deſign, becauſe I knew he would contradict it; but alas, I did not know that I ſhould have been the happieſt man upon Earth, if I had ſeen him, whereas now I am the moſt unfortunate. In the mean while *Ameſtris*, who had not treated *Megabiſes* ſo well, but only to anger me, had no ſooner loſt the ſight of me, but not being able to endure the company of her Rival, ſhe ſought out a pretence to leave her, and went to complain of her misfortune in ſecret unto her dear *Menaſta*. As for *Megabiſes*, it may be ſaid, that his good fortune was but a flaſh and away; which ending as ſoon as it begun, made it more dusky and intollerable than before: And as for *Anatiſa*, though her joys to be preferred before *Ameſtris* did laſt a little longer, yet it was but to torment her more ſenſibly afterwards. For my part, Sir, I never thought my ſelf ſo unhappy as now I found my ſelf. At the firſt time when I ſaw *Ameſtris* favourable unto *Megabiſes*, I had this advantage, as that ſhe took a little pains to delude me; ſhe knew not that I ſaw her; and at that time when ſhe ſpoke unto him ſo mildly, ſhe did not write roughly unto me. I might then think that her heart was divided, and that he did not ſo abſolutely poſſeſs it, but there might be a corner of it for me. Moreover he then ſaw her to bid her adieu: but now, doubtleſs he came not with any intention to leave her; and *Ameſtris* was certain in the Garden ſtaying for him: She now ſaw me before he came in, and cared not whether or no I was a witneſs, ſince ſhe did not go away before he came. As for *Megabiſes*, he would be ſomething more diſcreet, he ſeemed to have no deſire to ſtay when he had diſcovered me; but ſhe did moſt cruelly call him back to ſpight me; ſhe looked upon me with anger, but upon him with ſweetneſs, and commended him before my face: She (I ſay) who heretofore made profeſſion of ſuch auſtere virtue; ſhe who denied me her affection ſo obſtinately; ſhe who was ſo ſevere and rigorous unto me. How comes it to paſs, *Ameſtris* (ſaid I) that you have thus changed your humour? But however, I muſt be ſo bold as to trouble your felicity as well as you have done mine; and tho my reſpect be ſuch, as I will not revenge my ſelf directly upon you; yet you ſhall give me leave to be revenged upon *Megabiſes*. See, Sir, how I did draw poiſon out of the moſt innocent things; and how I interpreted all the actions of *Ameſtris*; who for her part did as much upon mine, and who determined to be revenged upon me in a moſt cruel manner. Bur, Sir, I muſt tell you before-hand, that he with whom *Ameſtris* lived, being bribed unto it by *Otanus*, did no longer take the part of *Megabiſes* for her, and did continually perſecute her, to the end that he might bring her unto that paſs, as to prefer riches, before all other things in the world, and never to conſider the good or the bad qualities of him whom ſhe was to marry: Moreover, *Artaban* not finding me, went to her; but her mind was not for any converſation; therefore ſhe left me alone with *Menaſta* in her Chamber, and ſhut her ſelf in her Cloſet. Then, Sir, the diſcourſe between theſe two, was only upon me: *Menaſta*, who knew that *Artaban* was my Confident, did ſo preſs him, as he acknowledged that it was a terrible jealouſie, which had taken me off from the ſervice of *Ameſtris*: But do what ſhe could, ſhe could ſcrue no more out of him; for ſince he was to meet with me at night, therefore he would not diſcover any more unto her, leſt I ſhould perhaps not allow of it. His viſit continued not long with *Menaſta*, becauſe he did ſit upon thorns until he had diſcourſe with me: He was no ſooner gone, but ſhe went unto *Ameſtris* in her Cloſet, who was retired thither under precence of writing ſome Letters of importance: She told her, how after much other diſcourſe, *Artaban* had confeſſed, That it was a horrid jealouſie which cauſed my change. How! (anſwered *Ameſtris*) *Aglatidas* extremely jealous! Good Gods! how is it poſſible he can be ſo? What cauſe have I given him? Which of his Rivals is it that I have favoured ſo much as to give him any colour or cauſe of change? Has any obſerved any ſuch complacence in me? Have I ſought out any occaſions to ſee, and be ſeen? Have I held any private diſcourſe with any one? Have I been a frequenter of any ſuſpected Walks? Have

I received any ſecret Letters, or writ any? Is there any one that can vaunt of any favour received from *Ameſtris*, except the perfidious *Aglatidas*? Indeed *Menaſta*, what have I done? what have I ſaid? or what have I ſo much as thought, which can excuſe his inconſtancy? for my part (ſaid ſhe) I never knew the like jeaalouſie to this: But I pray tell me, ſuppoſe I could learn the ground and commencement of it, what can I do to help it? I muſt certainly never look upon any, but mew up my ſelf eternally: How is it poſſible in a great Court, in a populous Town, where I am ſeen by all the world, and where I ſee with equal indifferency, all thoſe who come to me, that I ſhould ever find out who it is which cauſeth his inquietude? For perhaps it is *Andramias*, perhaps *Araſpes*, perhaps *Megabiſes*, and perhaps the King; How ſhould I then help it, *Menaſta*? How ſhould I cure him if I would? It muſt needs be confeſſed (anſwered my Couſin) that *Aglatidas* has carried it very ill: Say (ſaid *Ameſtris*) that he has loſt his reaſon, in loſing that eſteem which he ought unto me; for conſidering how I have carried my ſelf unto him, he ought never to have madean ill interpretation of my actions, or ſuſpected them, or believed any thing againſt me, though his own eyes had perſwaded him unto it. Muſt inconſtancy be a conſequent of jealouſie? For my part, I think that jealouſie makes men unhappy, but I do not believe that it ought to make them perfidious: That *Aglatidas*, becauſe he thinks no ſincerity in my words, will not ſee me, nor love me any more, but hate me, I do not blame him: I look upon his hatred as a conſequent of his violent love unto me; but that *Aglatidas* as ſoon as he thinks that I do not eſteem him, ſhould at the very ſame inſtant have a ſoul ſenſible of a freſh new Paſſion; this, *Menaſta*, is a thing which cannot be. If he had loved me very well, what cauſe of complaint ſoever I had given him, it was impoſſible but he ſhould love me yet, or at leaſt not hate me; and it is more impoſſible (if I may ſay it) that he can ſo ſoon love *Anatiſa*. Ha! (ſaid ſhe) whoſoever ſhould have told me heretofore, that I ſhould ſee *Aglatidas* come into to a place where I was,and leave me, to go unto *Anatiſa*, I ſhould not have believed it: Yet it was injuſtice (not to ſpeak of love) after he had ſeen me this laſt time,entertaining thoughts very advantageous for him, to accoſt me in ſo offenſive a manner; Could he not have reſtrained *Anatiſa* from coming to me? Might he not have ſhun'd the meeting? No, no, (ſaid ſhe unto *Menaſta*) he would not, but he on the contrary had a deſire to put my patience unto the moſt vigorous Teſt: I know (added ſhe) that at the laſt he quitted the company, and went alone out of the Garden; but it was confuſion and anger, not repentance which drove him away; he was aſhamed of his crime, but he had not ſo much virtue as to diſingage himſelf: So that after all this, tho' he ſhould have repented, yet I ſhould not have been ſatisfied. But (ſaid *Menaſta* unto her, interrupting her) What do you reſolve upon? I will (anſwered ſhe, with a quite altered complexion) never think upon *Aglatidas* any more; and ſo carry the matter, that he ſhall,whether he will or no, think eternally upon *Ameſtris*; I will make him acknowledge his own crime by the thought of my innocency; and that he ſhall know my innocency by my misfortune: I muſt make him ſee,that I never loved any but him, and that I have been ever faithful unto him: But in letting him ſee it, it ſhall be done after ſuch a faſhion, that he ſhall get nothing by it. If he do not repent of his fault (ſaid ſhe) I ſhall puniſh him for loving; and if he do repent, then I ſhall puniſh him for betraying me, and puniſh him according to his deſert. I do confeſs (ſaid *Menaſta* to her) I cannot eaſily deviſe what kind of revenge it is that you have contrived: It is ſo ſtrange a one (anſwered *Ameſtris*) that I dare hardly tell it, leſt you ſhould divert me from it, either by your reaſons, or your prayers. But how can you make him certainly ſee that you have continued faithful, ſince you do not know what it is which hath made him jealous. 'Tis true indeed (replied *Ameſtris*) I do not know the cauſe of his jealouſie, but I do know him who is not the cauſe of his jealouſie, and that ſhall ſerve me both for my juſtification, for my revenge, and for my puniſhment all in one. *Menaſta* hearing her ſpeak ſo, and finding little ſenſe in her obſcure words, was very urgent with her to explain her ſelf, and did oftentimes aſſure her, that ſhe would not contradict her intentions, until at length ſhe told her. You are not ignorant (ſaid ſhe to her) neither you *Menaſta*, nor the inconſtant *Aglatidas*, what an extream averſion I have ever had againſt *Otanes*, notwithſtanding all his wealth and quality; for I have told you both a hundred and a hundred times, that for all his riches and condition, he is the man whom of all the world I do moſt ſcorn and hate: you know alſo (ſaid ſhe) that he has loved me ever ſince the firſt day I came to *Ecbatan*; and that I have hated him ever ſince the firſt minute I ſaw him: Know then, *Menaſta*, that before I will in any part reclaim the perfidious *Aglatidas*, I will obey my Kinſman, who is my Guardian, that is, I will marry *Otanus*, who is the ill-favouredeſt man alive, and thereby make *Aglatidas* ſee whether I ever loved any of his Rivals. What (ſaid *Menaſta*) will you marry *Otanus*? Yes, anſwered *Ameſtris*) I will marry him, and I cannot make choice of a greater puniſhment wherewith to afflict my ſelf for loving *Aglatidas*, and alſo to chaſtiſe *Aglatidas* for betraying me: This is the way *Menaſta* (ſaid ſhe), whereby I will both juſtifie and revenge my ſelf, although I do not know him whom *Aglatidas* thinks to be my partner in my crime: By this courſe I ſhall be ſure to cure *Aglatidas* of his jealouſie: for indeed *Otanes* has ſo many defects, that I am ſure I cannot deceive my ſelf, it being abſolutely impoſſible that *Aglatidas* ſhould have been jealous of him.

Ah! *Ameſtris* (ſaid *Menaſta* then) Do not confound innocency and crime together; puniſh *Aglatidas* alone, but do nor puniſh *Ameſtris*; rather marry *Megabiſes*, and believe that you will be ſufficiently revenged of my perfidious Kinſman that way. No *Menaſta*, (ſaid ſhe) that which you propoſe is not juſt; that way would be a revenge upon my ſelf, and not upon *Aglatidas*; for *Megabiſes* is handſome enough to make *Aglatidas* think that I loved him; ſo that if it were ſo that ever he loved me, he would then quit that paſſion, and ſtick cloſe unto his dear *Anatiſa*: Then indeed he had ſome ground to believe that I might love a man whom indeed was worthy of it. But when he ſhall ſee that I have choſen one for a Husband, whom he knows certainly I could never love, then perhaps his heart, as perfidious and inconſtant as it is, will repent it of its fault: But it ſhall be an unprofitable repentance; for when I have married *Otanes*, I will then be as faithful unto him, as if I did love him, and as if he were the moſt accompliſhed man of the World. Ha Heavens! (ſaid *Menaſta*, interrupting her) take good heed what you ſay. Can you have ſuch a Reſolution? (Or, to give it a fitter Phraſe) can you be ſo inhumane unto your ſelf, as to expoſe your ſelf unto the greateſt of Misfortunes? Do you think, that you can all your Life long endure the preſence of a Man, whoſe Converſation has glutted you in one ſingle hour? I cannot endure it; doubtleſs (anſwered *Ameſtris*) the torment which I ſhall endure, will juſtify me yet in the mind of *Aglatidas*; and after I have in that manner cleared my ſelf, my Death immediately and infallibly following, will beget ſuch a Torment alſo in his Soul, as ſhall never extinguiſh; if there were any other way to juſtify my ſelf, then perhaps I ſhould not take this. But upon the whole matter, ſince *Aglatidas* does himſelf complain, how can I gueſs at his Diſeaſe, and Cure him otherwiſe? Yet (ſaid *Menaſta* to her) appearances are oftentimes fallacious; and for ought you know there may be ſome other Cauſe which has begot this Jealouſy in *Aglatidas*, which you are ignorant of. Tho that ſhould be ſo (anſwered *Ameſtris*) yet *Aglatidas* is more innocent; I do confeſs he might be Jealous, and I ſhould not have been offended at him; but it ſeems he could not love *Anatiſa* ſufficiently, without doing me this irreparable wrong; therefore *Menaſta*, I muſt, if it be poſſible, I muſt choak this new taken-up Love in him by an eternal Sorrow, and an unprofitable Repentance. But do you not conſider (ſaid *Menaſta*) that in deſtroying this Love in him, you deſtroy your ſelf alſo by ſuch an unheard of way? That's it which I deſire (replied *Ameſtris*) and if I did not know that melancholly is a gentle Poyſon, which by inſenſible degrees does operate its effects, I would not abandon my ſelf unto it. Permit me (ſaid *Menaſta*) to ſpeak once more with *Aglatidas*: When I am dead, ſaid *Ameſtris*, I will permit you; and then I conjure you to aggravate my Sorrows unto him, that it may increaſe his. What (ſaid *Menaſta* to her) do you ſpeak of Death and Marriage together? Yes, (replied *Ameſtris*) and as I am going to the Church, I will imagine it to be unto my Grave, and ſhall hope that the Nuptial Torches will ſoon be changed unto Funerals. But why would you dye, replied *Menaſta*? But (anſwered ſhe) I cannot both live happily and innocently, ſince I find it to be very criminal to love *Aglatidas*. In concluſion, Sir, *Menaſta* was conſtrained to leave *Ameſtris*, becauſe it was very late. This prudent Lady was no ſooner come unto her Lodging, but ſhe ſent to ſeek me, being reſolved to ſpeak unto me, and if ſhe could, to cure my mind both of this jealouſie, and this new paſſion; for ſhe did verily believe that I was in love with *Anatiſa*, but all her labour was loſt: The next Morning ſhe ſent alſo unto *Artabam*, to deſire his help in ſeeing me, but ſhe ſent a little too late, for he was newly gone out: Mean while *Artabam* as well as *Menaſta* did deſpair of finding me: and theſe two which had ſuch pleaſant things to relate unto me, were both of them much troubled that they could not learn what was become of me: They were not like to know, ſince I concealed my ſelf as cloſe as I could with intention to let *Megabiſes* hear from me.

Indeed, day did no ſooner dawn, but I ſent a Man with a Note unto him, which acquainted him, how I deſired to fight with him upon that Quarrel which he might eaſily gueſs at; and to let him know that the man whom I ſent, would conduct him unto the place, where I would expect him with a Sword in my hand.

But ſo it chanced that he whom I ſent unto him, found abundance of Company with him, becauſe three of his Friends came to him and would have him go unto the King who intended to hunt that day, and to be with him before he went; this Note therefore could not be ſo handſomly delivered, but it was perceived, and ſuſpected what the buſineſs was, ſo that it was impoſſible for *Megabiſes* to give me Satisfaction. *Artaban* coming to hear of theſe Reports, acquainted the King, who gave order to ſecure *Megabiſes*, and commanded to look out for me: But here, Sir, may be admired how Fortune does ſport her ſelf at the Deſtinies of Men. Although I did challenge *Megabiſes*, yet there was almoſt none in the Court that would believe it, unleſs thoſe which were with him when he received the Note; and the report of it being ſpread abroad that *Megabiſes* and *Aglatidas* would fight, it was not thought likely that I who had killed his Brother ſhould alſo call him to an account. *Ameſtris* thought it to be *Megabiſes* who called me in queſtion, and not I him; and did imagine that this would more confirm me in the opinion I had of her, ſo that ſhe reſolved to go on in her odd Determination. Mean while *Artaban* with ten or twelve of his Friends took horſe, and all the care they could to find me out: I knew by the return of the Man whom I ſent, that *Megabiſes* was clapt up, and that he ſent me word by him he would give me ſatisfaction as ſoon as he could: But when I perceived *Artaban* ſome two hundred Paces off, and becauſe I would not be clapt up as *Megabiſes* was, I galloped away, and as I often turned my Head, I ſaw *Artaban* before the reſt riding as hard as he could, and making Signs with his Hand to ſtay me, becauſe he would ſpeak with me. But as my Misfortune had reſolved my Ruine, I perſwaded my ſelf that the Wiſdom of *Artaban* thought it not fit I ſhould call that Man in queſtion whoſe Brother I had killed, and indeed I my ſelf did think it unreaſonable; ſo imagining that he had nothing to ſay unto me, unleſs that the King would make *Megabiſes* and me Friends, the more he made ſigns to ſtay, the more I ſpurred my Horſe: I did oft underſtand what he ſaid, but would not make anſwer; and I think he had overtook me, had I not met with a great Ditch which my Horſe did freely take, but his would not under a quarter of an hours beating. In the mean time, I having found a thick Wood which hindred his ſight of me, I quit the common Road, and took ſuch an obſcure Path, that *Artaban* was conſtrained to return very ſorry and angry that he had not ſpoke with me. I not well knowing what Reſolution to take after I had contrived and deviſed a hundred Deſigns, I went unto a Church which was not far off, the Prieſt whereof I knew, with whom I had an intention to ſtay four or five Days concealed, imagining that they would reſtrain *Megabiſes* very long, and that as ſoon as he was at liberty, he wonld give me Satisfaction: It would not be at all advantagious to you, Sir, to tell you what kind of life I led in this place, ſuppoſing that you will imagine it to be moſt reſtleſs and melancholick. This Church was built in an ancient Forreſt, the Trees whereof were ſo thick, that the Sun did never ſhine upon it: I wandred all the day in places leaſt frequented: Sometimes I paſſed away the time with the *Magi* which dwelt thereabouts, and with him with whom I lodged: I had told him that ſome Grumblings at Court cauſed me to retire for a time: But whoſoever I entertained my ſelf withal, and whereſoever I walked alone, *Megabiſes* and *Ameſtris* took up all my Thoughts: Perhaps, ſaid I, they are juſt now together; perhaps *Ameſtris* is talking of me unto him with Scorn; perhaps ſhe is entreating him not to expoſe himſelf unto a new Quarrel; perhaps ſhe is praying againſt my Life; and perhaps *Megabiſes* and ſhe are married: To tell you, Sir, how ſadly this laſt Thought was reſented, and how deeply it wounded my Soul, is a Story which I cannot poſſibly relate. Upon a Day then when I was moſt dejectedly walking in the Forreſt, I diſcovered a Coach full of Ladies; I no ſooner ſaw it but I ruſh'd into the Wood: But one of the Ladies ſpying me, *Aglatidas* (cried ſhe) do not fly, and but ſuffer me I beſeech you to ſpeak one minute with you: I knew the Voice full well to be *Menaſta*'s, and imagining that perhaps *Ameſtris* was with her, I knew not whether I ſhould ſtay or ſhun her. But at laſt hearing her call very earneſtly and very often, I turned and came to her, as ſhe was coming out of the Coach, which was very near the Church; ſhe having two Friends and one Servant with her, did leave them, and deſired them to go and ſtay in the Church whilſt ſhe did ſpeak with me concerning ſome Buſineſs ſhe had with me: We being Couſins, the Ladies which were with her did not think ſtrange at her freedom to me, ſo that *Menaſta* giving me her Hand, and walking ſome twenty or thirty Paces into the Wood without ſpeaking a word to each other, ſhe ſaid unto me, looking me earneſtly in the Face; I do not know *Aglatidas* whether what I have to tell you will be welcome or unwelcome unto you, for ſince you love *Anatiſa* ſo well, you will not regard the Marriage of *Ameſtris*. *Ameſtris* (cried I out, being tranſported with Sorrow and Jealouſy) is ſhe married? Yes, replied *Menaſta* faintly, but *Aglatidas*, what does the News concern you, that you ſhould be ſo troubled at it? you who have told me you did not, nor would not love *Ameſtris* any longer? I think ſo too, replied I, and I believe I ſhould not love her; but I do hate *Megabiſes* ſo much that I cannot hear of his Happineſs without an unimaginable Deſpair: If *Megabiſes* (anſwered ſhe) have no other Joy but what the Marriage of *Ameſtris* affords him, I would adviſe you not to trouble your ſelf at his good Fortune: What (ſaid I to her, with a Mind full of Hatred, Sorrow and Jealouſy, not knowing her meaning) can *Megabiſes* marry *Ameſtris* and not be the happieſt and moſt ſatisfied Man in the World? Ah *Menaſta* (ſaid I, not giving her time to anſwer) this is not poſſible, but you have more reaſon to ſay that ſince he enjoys ſo much good Fortune, that he ſhall not enjoy it long; for indeed that unjuſt Raviſher of the Treaſure which belonged unto me, and which I thought to obtain, ſhall die by my own Hand. *Menaſta* wondring to ſee me ſo troubled, and tranſported with Anger, ſhe looked upon me, and interrupting me, ſaid, If you do not hate *Megabiſes*, I tell you again, but as the Husband of *Ameſtris*, you may let your Soul be in quiet, ſince it is not *Megabiſes* who has married her: Is it not *Megabiſes* that has married her, ſaid I? No, ſaid ſhe: Ah *Menaſta* (ſaid I with a leſs troubled Mind) do not mock me, but ſpeak more ſincerely unto me. I proteſt unto you (ſaid ſhe) I do not lie; for *Ottanus* is the Man whom the incomparable *Ameſtris* hath married. *Ottanus* (ſaid I to her) married *Ameſtris? Ottanus* the uglieſt of Men; he whom ſhe moſt hated? Ah, if it be ſo, then either her Kindred or the King has compelled her unto this ſtrange Marriage. Not at all (replied *Menaſta*) and you had more intereſt in her Affections than any had. I (replied I) being all Amazement? I confeſs unto you (ſaid I, not knowing well what I ſaid) that I had rather ſhe ſhould have married *Ottanus* than *Megabiſes:* But for all that, know *Menaſta*, that *Aglatidas* could not marry *Ameſtris*; or if he had been diſpoſed, it would not have been advantagious to him. Yes, (replied *Menaſta*) it would before the Beauty of *Anatiſa* had razed out of your Heart the love of *Ameſtris*. *Anatiſa* (replied I haſtily) had never any place in my Heart: *Ameſtris*, the perfidious *Ameſtris*, only did reign there with Soveraignty. *Menaſta* not being leſs aſtoniſhed to hear me ſay ſo, than I was to hear ſay *Ameſtris* was married, did ask me if it were very true that I loved *Ameſtris* yet? Yes *Menaſta* (ſaid I unto her) I do love her yet; and though my own Eyes did ſee ſuch things, as I did not think I ſhould ever ſee, yet I did not leave adoring her perpetually: The love I ſhewed unto *Anatiſa*, was but counterfeit, and a meer effect of my Deſpair: But *Menaſta* (ſaid I to her) what was it that ſet *Megabiſes* and *Ameſtris* at odds? and what moved her to marry *Ottanus? Megabiſes* (ſaid ſhe to me) was never in league with *Ameſtris*. Ah *Menaſta* (replied I) you ſaw not that which I ſaw. Ah *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe) you ſaw nothing but what I know. You may here admire, Sir, what ſtrange effects Love produced in my Soul: The news of *Ameſtris* her Marriage did infinitely afflict me; but becauſe I thought ſhe had been married unto *Megabiſes*, and afterwards heard ſhe was not, I did a while reſent ſome Joy to mingle amongſt my Sorrows; this gave me a little comfort. But in concluſion, Sir, after that *Menaſta* had cauſed me to ſwear a hundred and a hundred times that I did not love *Anatiſa:* She began to aggravate the Obligations which were upon me unto *Ame-*

ſtris for her Fidelity to me, and her Rigour unto *Megabiſes:* And to make me more reſent it, ſhe told me how *Ameſtris* had forbidden *Megabiſes* for ever ſeeing her, and how he promiſed her that he would not, at the Fountain in the Green Border within the Garden, where accidentally they met. Ah *Menaſta* (ſaid I, interrupting her) then have my Eyes moſt cruelly betrayed me; and done me very bad Service. So it was, Sir, that *Menaſta* telling me nothing but truth, and finding my Soul ſoftened with Sorrows, it was no hard matter for her to perſwade me. The Miſt of Jealouſy which was before my Eyes did vaniſh; and I immediately ſaw that which I ſaw not before; that is, I ſaw *Ameſtris* appear extreamly innocent, and my ſelf infinitely to blame. After this, *Menaſta* told me all that I have told you; the deſpair of *Ameſtris* to ſee me unconſtant, and to know that I was jealous, not knowing of whom, and at laſt to juſtify her ſelf in my Mind, ſhe undertook this ſad Deſtiny to marry *Ottanus*, knowing well that it was impoſſible it ſhould be he of whom he was jealous. In concluſion, *Menaſta* told me that whereas I might have been the happieſt of Men, and given *Ameſtris* ſatisfaction, I had made my ſelf the moſt unhappy, and made her more unfortunate than my ſelf: Ah *Menaſta* (cried I out) this is not poſſible; if it be, then never was Misfortune equal unto mine: She told me further, that the Quarrel which I intended with *Megabiſes*, did haſte on her odd Reſolution: That my abſenting my ſelf, and *Anatiſa* going into the Country at the ſame time, cauſed her to think that the Voyage was agreed upon betwixt us; and ſhe told all thoſe who ſpoke unto her in the behalf of *Ottanus*, that ſhe was reſolved to marry him, ſo that the buſineſs was not protracted, but quickly diſpatched. At the ſame time ſhe asked the King's conſent, who conſented willingly thereunto, ſuppoſing it to be a good Expedient to reconcile *Megabiſes* and me, both of us being equally in the principal cauſe of our Differences: *Menaſta* told me alſo that the King ſpoke to my Father concerning it; and that my Father ſeeing the coldneſs that was in me towards *Ameſtris*, and being glad that I ſhould be no longer intereſted in the Love of *Megabiſes*, did himſelf deſire the

King to conclude up the match. In ſhort, Sir, *Menaſta* told me, that the buſineſs was ſo cloſely carried, as almoſt none knew of it when they went unto the Church to be married. Alas *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe unto me) had you ſeen *Ameſtris* in that condition, you would have rather thought her going to a Puniſhment than a Marriage; and might very well have ſeen her Innocency by her Sorrows: I ſaw her (ſaid ſhe) an hour before this ſad Ceremony, and ſhe no ſooner ſaw me, but looking upon me with Tears in her Eyes, I know not (ſaid ſhe to me) whether the unconſtant *Aglatidas*, if he ſaw me, would reſent my Sorrows, and repent of his Crime; But however *Menaſta*, it were requiſite that I did juſtify my ſelf: I would let him ſee his Jealouſy was ill-grounded, and I muſt die for Grief; but if my Prayers have any prevalency in them he muſt eternally lament it. As ſoon as ſhe had uttered theſe doleful words, they called her to the Church, and I followed after with Tears in my Eyes like a ſad Mourner: Every one who ſaw her, wept alſo; all that knew of the Marriage were amazed, *Megabiſes* although he was very patient at it, yet it infinitely ſtung him: *Artaban* was ready to forbid the Banes when the Ceremony was almoſt finiſhed, coming into the Church no ſooner: *Ottanus* himſelf was ſo ſurprized, and not ſo well ſatisfied as he might be, becauſe he did not very well underſtand how this good Fortune did come about; and becauſe he was ſo conſcious of ſo many defects in himſelf, as he knew that he could not be beloved. Indeed it was the Diſcourſe of all the World, and every one vented their Conceits concerning it, though there was none but *Ameſtris* and *Menaſta* which knew that *Aglatidas* was the only cauſe of this ſo unjuſt, ſo unreaſonable, and ſo diſcordant a Marriage. Never ask me (ſaid ſhe unto me) what *Ameſtris* did after this diſmal Day; ſhe was all Melancholy, all altered, and I could never look upon her but with Tears; if you ſaw her your ſelf, you would pitty her and be ſad. As we two were thus together, *Artaban* (to compleat my Misfortune) having at laſt diſcovered where I was, came and found me hearkening unto *Menaſta*: He no ſooner ſaw me, but coming to me, Ah cruel Friend (cried he) what have you done? And why did you ſo obſtinately fly me? I who had the beſt and moſt delightful news in the World to tell you? I that could have told you that your own Eyes had deluded you, and that *Ameſtris* was moſt innocent. *Menaſta* much ſurprized to hear him ſay ſo, asked him what he meant by ſaying ſo? Then he told her before me, how he heard *Ameſtris* and ſhe in the green Arbour, where he had learned by their Diſcourſe, how that *Ameſtris* was faithful unto *Aglatidas*, and that ſhe never loved *Megabiſes*; how that their meetiug in the green Border by the Fountain, was by meer chance and not appointed; how that ſhe had commanded *Megabiſes* never to ſee her more, and that accordingly he went away and obſerved her order, and in concluſion that he heard how *Ameſtris* was purely innocent. I hearing then *Artaban* ſpeak thus, and being no longer in any ſuſpicion of the Fidelity of *Ameſtris*; Tell me ſome more cruel Friend (ſaid I to him) and double my Misfortune by telling me thus of my good: Forget nothing which might have made me happy, to the end I may be eternally miſerable. It is hard for me to tell you, Sir, what confuſion my Thoughts were in upon this Accident: I looked upon my Errour with a horrid ſhame; I hearkned unto the Juſtification of *Ameſtris* with abundance of Joy; and I reſented my own Misfortune with a ſtrange Deſpair: But when my Imagination preſented unto my Soul, that *Ameſtris* the faireſt Lady in the World, ſhould be in the Poſſeſſion of the moſt ugly and odious Man; I quite loſt all Patience, and could not chuſe but lament and be ſtupid. But ſince *Menaſta* could ſtay no longer, ſhe left me: At laſt I ſaid to her, May I not once more ſee *Ameſtris?* I do not think (replied *Menaſta*) that ſhe will permit it; and in that Mind which I left her, you can never hope for any more favour from her: Ah *Menaſta*, (ſaid I) do not add to my deſpair; I would gladly ſee *Ameſtris*, I would diſcourſe with her, I would throw my ſelf at her Feet; and if you would be pleaſed to facilitate the way, I may perhaps do ſomething which would pleaſe *Ameſtris*, and which might render my Deſpair more publick. In ſhort, Sir, I ſpoke with ſuch violence as moved *Menaſta* to pitty me; and promiſed me to deceive her Friend for once;

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and to let me hear from her when ſhe found a fit time for her to meet me in ſome place. After this, *Menaſta* went away, and *Artaban* who had no other buſineſs but to find me out, and tell me that it was his deſign to prevent my Misfortune, he ſtayed with me, and would not leave me in that condition wherein I was: and ſo much the willinger, becauſe he ſaw the Counſel which he had given me took ſuch unfortunate Effect: But I was ſo juſt as not to be angry with him for it: I accuſed only my ſelf, not my Friend: Muſt it not be confeſſed (ſaid I) that I am the moſt unfortunate, the moſt culpable, and therefore moſt to be blamed of any Man in the World? for indeed (ſaid I to *Artaban*) I have had a greater loſs than ever any had; I have been in greater fault than ever any was; and I have ſuffered more than the moſt unfortunate Man ever did. After I had ſaid ſo, I was a while ſilent, then again upon a ſudden I began to ſpeak: But *Artaban* (ſaid I unto him) did you ſee *Ameſtris* in the Church? No (anſwered he) for I was ſo troubled when meeting *Menaſta* who told me that *Ottanus* had married *Ameſtris*, that I could be no more inquiſitive concerning a Buſineſs which I could not help, and which I had helped doubtleſs, if I had but known it one quarter of an hour ſooner: What then (ſaid I to him) is it moſt true that *Ameſtris* did always love me? and is it alſo certain ſhe never favoured *Megabiſes*? and after all this, can I be happy? How, *Artaban*, can this poſſibly be? No,no (ſaid I) I cannot comprehend it; ſince *Ameſtris* is *Fidele*, and *Megabiſes* not happy, in this reſpect the Heart of *Aglatidas* muſt needs rejoyce: But alas, the thought that *Ameſtris* is *Fidele*, and muſt never be mine, this Reſpect makes me dead in Sorrow; No,no,I had rather you were unconſtant than faithful; and ſince you are never to be mine, Why do you, cruel *Ameſtris*, preſerve your Affection for me, yet deprive me of all the Conſequents? To deprive me of your Sight, your Diſcourſe, and your fair Self? This is (inhumane *Ameſtris*) to conceal a Serpent under Flowers; This is the way to poiſon your Preſence; and indeed it is to be barbarous under a colour of being pitiful; Alas, had it not much more availed me not to have juſtified your ſelf, than to have done it in ſuch a ſtrange, ſuch an extraordinary, and ſuch a cruel way? For in believing you to be unconſtant, I had none but my own Misfortunes to ſupport: I then thought you happy whilſt I ſighed, and I did not know that your Felicity did not cauſe my greateſt Puniſhment: I had not experimentally tried that I ſhould be more ſenſible of the Misfortunes of the Party beloved than of my own. What, *Ameſtris*? Muſt you be for ever unhappy, and unhappy for the Love of me? Muſt you eternally endure the ſight of a Man whom you hated, and never ſee another whom you once honoured with your Love? and all this becauſe *Aglatidas* ſeem'd to be perfidious unto you, and becauſe he was jealous without reaſon, though not without ſome kind of Appearance, and by conſequence without any ſhew that I loved you ſtill; though none are ever jealous of that which they do not love. Alas *Ameſtris* (ſaid I) Did you ſo little know your own Beauty, that you ſhould ſuffer your ſelf to be deluded by a trick ſo eaſy to be diſcovered? Could you ever think that any Heart which once loved you and adored you, could offer any Victims unto any other Divinity? As for *Aglatidas*, he might with reaſon think himſelf not beloved by *Ameſtris*, his own Defects might authorize his Suſpition: But as for *Ameſtris*, how is it poſſible, ſhe ſhould ſo much as conceive, much leſs firmly believe, that any one could ceaſe from loving her? and ſo ceaſe to love her as to love any other? yet ſhe did think it, ſhe believed it; and ſhe has revenged her ſelf, and after ſuch a ſad manner as muſt make me eternally ſigh; for to ſay truly, there neither is, nor was, nor I think ever can be any Misfortnne comparable unto mine. I know not (ſaid *Artaban* then unto me) whether all thoſe who are not beloved will acknowledge what you ſay. Thoſe who are not loved (anſwered I) may hope that one day they may be, and that Hope may ſupport them amidſt their Inquietudes. But as for me, on the contrary, though I confeſs I was beloved, I ſhall never receive any ſigns of that Affection: I muſt never ſee *Ameſtris* again, never ſpeak to her; ſhe will never write unto me again, but ſhall be treated as one ſhe hates: No, no

Artaban, I am certainly the moſt unhappy Man in all the World; yet thoſe who lament for the Death of their Miſtreſſes will diſpute with you for the firſt rank in unhappineſs, although you would have all they would yield it unto you; they do diſpute with me for it without reaſon (replied I) for who hinders them from following thoſe they love unto the Grave? There are a hundred ways which lead to Death, and the end of their Evils is in their own Diſpoſition: But it is not ſo with me, for as long as *Ameſtris* lives, this Remedy is denied me: I muſt preſerve my Life as if ſhe were delighted with it; for indeed I cannot leave *Ameſtris*, becauſe I cannot omit any occaſion which may ſerve her, and becauſe after all this I would ſee, as well as I can, how far the Fidelity of this Lady will go. Then confeſs, ſaid *Artaban*, that thoſe who ſee their Miſtreſſes not only unconſtant and married, but married unto thoſe whom they are more indulgent unto than the firſt they loved, have more cauſe to complain than you. I ſtayed a while at this before I anſwered; but preſently beginning to ſpeak as if I had ſeen *Ameſtris*: Pardon (Divine Lady) my Imbecility, and do not hate me, if in this Accident I do conſider my ſelf more than you. Yes, yes, *Artaban* (ſaid I, in turning towards him) I do confeſs that I do contradict my own Thoughts; and although I am deſperate at the Misfortune of *Ameſtris*, yet I would not have her happy with *Megabiſes*, but I had rather ſhe ſhould be unfortunate with *Ottanus*; I had need to call all my Reaſon and my Generoſity to aſſiſt me, and to keep this criminous Joy from entring my Heart: I cannot forbear the entertaining it when I know that he who now enjoys *Ameſtris* ſhall never enjoy her Love; and when I know ſhe thinks upon me with Sorrow, and eternally regrets me: I would have her know my Innocency as I know hers, and that I ſhould be juſtified in her Thoughts as ſhe is in mine: I know (ſaid I) this will augment her Sorrow, ſince it may come to paſs that Deſpite will choak ſome part of that Affection ſhe bears unto me: But, adorable *Ameſtris* (ſaid I) ſeek out ſome other Remedies for your Sorrows, and find it rather in the ſweetneſs to know, that you are perfectly,

fectly, though improfitably, loved. After this I went ſilently to walk; afterwards upon a ſudden I began to ſpeak, anſwering unto what I had thought upon: No, *Megabiſes*, ſaid I, I will not fight with you; and though you ſhould offend me, yet if you ſtill love *Ameſtris*, you are more cruelly puniſhed than any Death can inflict: And afterwards to ſpeak the very truth, without that Paſſion which hath blinded me, I did owe ſo much Reſpect unto the Blood of his Brother which I had let out, as not to think of ſpilling his. But as for *Ottanus* (ſaid I) how can I ſuffer him to live? and knowing the Vertue of *Ameſtris*, how dare I ſo much as to deſire his Death? What then (ſaid I to *Artaban*, with more Anger than I can now expreſs) muſt I all my Life long ſee *Ameſtris*, the incomparable *Ameſtris*, ſubject unto a Man unto whom the Gods have denied all things except his bare Condition and his Riches? and unto whom they have not given any more Soul than as much as will render him odious? Why *Artaban*, is it not permitted me to ſet *Ameſtris* at liberty? Ah, no, no, (ſaid I to my ſelf) I dare not attempt it, I dare not propound it unto her; I dare not ſo much as have a thought of it, leſt ſhe ſhould forbid it; What ſhall I then do (ſaid I to *Artaban*) and what ſhould I think? So it was, Sir, that I can well ſay, that I ſuffered as much as was poſſible to be ſuffered, and not die; the Joy which I reſented at the Innocence of *Ameſtris* did doubtleſs keep in my Life, it not being poſſible without that Cordial to have kept my Heart from breaking when I heard ſhe was married. But though I lived, yet ſurely it was to endure more Sorrow; for certainly the Obſcurity of a Grave was much to be preferred before the Trouble and Miſery which I endured. Sometimes *Ottanus* did not ſeem ſo odious unto me as he always before did ſeem; ſometimes I thought that *Ameſtris* did not apprehend his Defects ſo great, becauſe it was grown habitual unto her to ſee them. I feared alſo that the Treaſure which *Ottanus* poſſeſſed, did not really reach his Heart: but thoſe Fears laſted not long. My greateſt Conſolation was, to think that *Ameſtris* could not love him who poſſeſſed it. In the mean time the Night drawing on, it was time to retire: I paſſed that Night away without ſleep, and I complain'd away the two next Days. Upon the third in the Morning I received news from *Menaſta*, who ſent me word, that if I would be in the Garden about the green Border where the Fountain is, by ſix of the clock at Night, ſhe would bring *Ameſtris* thither, as not knowing that I would be there; but to prevent any diſcovery of this meeting, it were requiſite ſhe went into the thick Wood on the right Hand of the Fountain. Whoſoever ſhould have told me, Sir, but one minute before that I ſhould have another minute of Joy in all my Life, I could not have believed him; yet I no ſooner knew that I ſhould ſee *Ameſtris* again that day, but I abandoned my ſelf entirely: I went thither an hour before, never thinking either of *Megabiſes* or *Ottanus*, or of the Marriage of *Ameſtris*; and never thinking of any thing elſe but that I ſhould ſee her, that I ſhould ſpeak to her, and that perhaps ſhe would anſwer me favourably. And afterwards reviving upon a ſudden out of the pleaſant Lethargy of thought: Alas! (ſaid I) what can ſhe poſſibly anſwer me, which can render me leſs miſerable, ſince the more ſweet ſhe is unto me, the more miſerable does ſhe make me? yet for all that I deſire her to be ſo, and not incenſed againſt me. I entertained all that day on this manner with *Artaban*, and I ſent unto *Menaſta* that I would not fail to be there. Mean while, this witty Lady did really delude *Ameſtris* (as ſince I came to know) and propounded this ſolitary walk unto her, as moſt ſuitable to her Humour and preſent Condition; yet notwithſtanding, ſhe thought it convenient, that *Ameſtris* ſhould not reſent me ſo culpable as formerly ſhe did, therefore ſhe brought her an hour ſooner unto the Walk than ſhe appointed me, to the end that ſhe might have more time to prepare her: As they were then in that little Wood where ſhe led her, the fair afflicted Lady did her ſelf begin to contribute unto the Deſign, and begun a Diſcourſe of which my Couſin was very glad. It muſt be acknowledged *Menaſta* (ſaid ſhe to her) that the Misfortune which thus perſecutes me, is very rigid againſt me, ſince it will not ſuffer me to have that comfort as to know what *Aglatidas* does think of my Misfortune:

He is ſo taken up with *Anatiſa*, that perhaps they mock at my melancholy Deſtiny; and perhaps *Aglatidas* thinks my Marriage rather an Effect of my humour than as a Misfortune whereof he is the real cauſe: But (ſaid ſhe) my Soul is a little more reaſonable, for I cannot forbear wiſhing two different things at once: I no ſooner had wiſhed to know that *Aglatidas* was ſenſible of my Misfortune, but preſently after I deſire for my own quietneſs to underſtand no more of him; never to meet him as long as I live; nor hear no more ſpoken of him; but alas, all theſe Deſigns have but an ill bottom in my Heart; and I have more reaſon to reſent my Marriage as a great puniſhment for my loving ſuch a perfidious Man. I wiſh, ſaid *Menaſta*, that you had never thought him ſuch a cruel Man, or that you would no longer think him ſo; but as I think you are more unhappy by reſenting him ſo: What (ſaid *Ameſtris*, interrupting her) ſhould I not believe that *Aglatidas* was perfidious? and can I think that he is not ſo ſtill? Ah, no, no, *Menaſta*, I muſt not think him otherwiſe, and for the future I muſt not perſwade my ſelf of any thing that may juſtify him: I wiſh only that he would repent of his Crime, to the end that he may be a Puniſhment unto himſelf; But know that as long as I do not think *Aglatidas* repentant and unhappy, he does not put the Stability of my Soul unto any dangerous Trial: And it would be more cruel unto me to tell me that I was deceived; that *Aglatidas* was never culpable; that what I have ſeen was but an illuſion; that he hath been always faithful unto me; That he never loved *Anatiſa*, and that he hath ever loved *Ameſtris*; I confeſs *Menaſta*, that if I could be perſwaded of all this, then I ſhould be more unhappy than I am; and though I ſhould not become more criminal, yet doubtleſs I ſhould become more unfortunate: But this is a thing which can never be, and a thing which I need not fear; I would to God (ſaid *Menaſta* to her) it were poſſible you never were acquainted with the innocency of *Aglatidas*: The Innocency of *Aglatidas*, replied *Ameſtris*? Ah, I do entreat you not to make merry at my Misfortune; it is too great, *Menaſta*, to be uſed for your Diverſion; and I am more your Firend than to be treated ſo.

No, no, replied ſhe, I ſpeak ſeriouſly; *Aglatidas* it is true was very unwiſe, but he was ever faithful: What, replied *Ameſtris*, did not *Aglatidas* love *Anatiſa*? *Aglatidas*, anſwered *Menaſta*, never loved any but you: O Heavens! (cried out this wiſe Lady) mercileſs and cruel Woman that you are, why do you ſpeak thus unto me? If this you tell me be falſe, why do you tell it? and if it be true, why did you not either tell it ſooner, or eternally conceal it from me? I could tell it no ſooner, replied *Menaſta*, becauſe I knew it no ſooner; and I could not hide it, becauſe *Aglatidas* is reſolved to tell it you himſelf: Oh (replied ſhe, with a quite altered Countenance) whether *Aglatidas* be culpable or innocent, I will never ſee him as long as I live; if he be culpable, he is not worthy of it; and though he be innocent, yet I ſhall be criminal to ſuffer it; therefore *Menaſta* talk no more of him, he does but too much take up my Memory; he is but too much in my Heart, and I wiſh to Heaven he were leſs. After theſe words ſhe was ſilent; and *Menaſta* ſeeing her Mind was ſo much troubled, did repent of her Promiſe, and was a good while before ſhe durſt ſpeak any more unto her: After ſome minutes had thus paſſed on, *Ameſtris* looking upon her with Eyes ſwimming in Tears, and beginning to ſpeak with leſs violence: But yet, ſaid ſhe, *Menaſta*, what moved you to ſpeak thus unto me? I durſt tell you no more, anſwered *Menaſta*, for ſeeing the Innocence of *Aglatidas* did torment you as much as if he were criminal, I thought it better to ſpeak no more of him, neither as faithful or as inconſtant: Know *Menaſta*, replied ſhe, that I love you ſo much as to pardon ſuch a Fault, and know (ſaid ſhe, bluſhing) that I deſire you to tell me all you know concerning *Aglatidas*, and diſguiſe nothing from me: *Menaſta* ſeeing *Ameſtris* deſired it, told her all ſhe knew concerning my Adventure; to wit, how I came to be jealous by ſeeing *Megabiſes* with her in the Garden; how that moved me to leave writing unto her; how I did not ceaſe to love her; how *Artaban* had counſelled me to love *Anatiſa*, or at leaſt to ſeem as if I did; and how I challenged *Megabiſes*, and hid my ſelf to no other end but to fight with him; and in concluſion, ſeeing

ing *Ameſtris* hearken favourably unto what ſhe told her; then ſhe told her further what I had told unto her; and confeſſed ſhe had diſcovered in me ſo many ſigns of abſolute Deſpair, that ſhe was not able to deny me one requeſt which I made unto her, which was, that I would be a means that I might once more ſee her. In concluſion, Madam (ſaid ſhe) that you may not be too much ſurprized at it, be pleaſed to know, that I induced you hither, only to the end that *Aglatidas* might preſent himſelf unto you. Ah *Menaſta* (ſaid *Ameſtris*) what have you done? unto what have you expoſed me? how do you think I can endure the ſight of a Man whom I have made ſo unfortunate? and how can I deny that unto a Man who might have made me all happineſs? Yes, *Menaſta*, you have done me great wrong, if this Meeting ſhould be diſcovered, would the World not think it was by my conſent? What will all the Court ſay? what may *Ottanus* think? unto how much danger do I hazard my Reputation? No, no, I muſt never conſent unto what you have promiſed him; how would you have me ſpeak unto him? what would you have me ſay? Shall I tell him I love him ſtill? alas I cannot do ſo without a Crime, or at leaſt it is not handſom to do it: Shall I tell him that I hate him? Ah, good Gods, how can I ſay it? I who did not ſo, when I thought him perfidious? Speak then *Menaſta*, I conjure you; you have Wit and Virtue, and Diſcretion, I beſeech you adviſe me, and adviſe me faithfully: Yet (replied ſhe, not giving her leave to anſwer) it is better to ask no counſel at all, and ſhun ſo dangerous an Occaſion: In ſaying ſo, ſhe began to walk, and go away; when *Menaſta* did bid her look where I was coming; ſhe no ſooner ſaw me, but ſhe ſhed Tears; and as ſhe turned from me to hide them, I kneeled down at her Feet, before ſhe was well recovered in her Sight; I thought, Sir, that I had ſuch a ſhare in thoſe Sorrows which I obſerved in *Ameſtris*, and they did ſo augment mine, that I had much ado to ſpeak; yet after much ſtraining my ſelf, I ſaid unto her, You ſee at your Feet, Madam, the moſt culpable, the moſt innocent, and the moſt unfortunate Man that breathes, who, as criminal, comes to ask Puniſhment; who, as innocent comes to juſtify himſelf before you; and who, as unfortunate, comes to beg Compaſſion, and ſome Comfort in his Miſery: Not, Madam, that I ſeek to live, but that I deſire to die more cheerfully and gloriouſly both: And this will be (Divine *Ameſtris*) if you will be pleaſed only to acknowledge that I have not merited my Miſfortune; and that you would not judge me unworthy of a more happy Deſtiny. I know not *Aglatidas* (anſwered ſhe, and raiſing me up) neither whether I ſhould anſwer you, nor whether I ſhould hear you, but I know very well that you are the only cauſe both of your Miſfortunes and mine; for indeed *Ameſtris* is not one of whom one ought to be jealous: Why, Madam (ſaid I) ſhould I give the lie unto my own Eyes? Should I truſt more unto your Merit and your Goodneſs, than to their Teſtimony? Do you not know, Madam, that except the laſt time when I had the honour to ſpeak unto you, you never had given me any ſtrong Arguments to believe, that I ſtood upon any good terms in your Mind? What then would you have it, Madam, which ſhould ſuſtain my Weakneſs upon ſuch an Occaſion? If I had received ſeveral Proofs and Tryals of your Affection to me, then it had been a horrid Crime to ſuſpect your Inconſtancy: But what Engagements had I from you, Madam, which might create in me ſo great a Confidence? It is true indeed that I have had ſome favourable Expreſſions from you, and was permitted to interpret them in the beſt ſenſe for my ſelf, and that I have received ſome civil and obliging Letters from you; but, Madam, were all theſe ſufficient to belie my own Eyes? and had my Paſſion been worthy of you if I had retained all my Reaſon upon ſuch an Accident? No, Madam, to love you perfectly is to loſe all Reaſon as I have loſt it; and to preſerve only Reſpect as I have preſerved it; for indeed I did not complain before all the World; I lamented in ſecret, I ſought out ſolitude to ſigh it out there; and when I returned to *Ecbatan*, I was forced to it: You returned (ſaid *Ameſtris* to me, interrupting me and changing colour) to wait upon *Anatiſa* before my Eyes, and to force me againſt my Will to receive a Paſſion which could not enter into a Soul that was not preceded by another.

ther. Ah, Madam, ſaid I to her, I beſeech you do not upbraid me with a Fault which indeed I have committed, but I committed it by the counſel of another : 'Tis true I did counterfeit a Love unto *Anatiſa*, but it was only becauſe I ever loved you ; that open Love was but an effect of my true concealed Love ; and I know not how the adorable *Ameſtris* ſhould ſuffer her ſelf to be deceived by ſo groſs an Artifice, and which I uſed with ſo little care : Do not think, Madam, that I have prophaned the ſame words which I imployed to perſwade you of my Affection, and that I ever courted *Anatiſa* ; No, I never told her that I loved her ; I let her interpret my Melancholy as ſhe pleaſed, but I never did ſay ſo much as *I love you.* I do confeſs that I once did intend it, but my Heart and my Tongue were, whether I would or no, faithful unto you : Yes, Madam, when I fled from you, when you thought I courted *Anatiſa*, even then I gave you convincing Teſtimonies of the greatneſs of my Affection : For to love the faireſt Lady in the World as long as ſhe is gracious and favourable, this is a thing moſt ordinary ; but for me to continue loving her, when I thought ſhe had forſaken me, when I believed ſhe had betrayed me and loved another, and I for fear of diſcovering my Weakneſs, ſeemed to love another ; Ah, Madam, this is it which makes it evident, that nothing can extinguiſh my Paſſion but Death, and that you will reign eternally in my Soul. *Ameſtris* all the time of this Diſcourſe dejected her Eyes, and afterwards upon a ſudden lifting up her Eye-lids with extream Melancholy : Juſtify your ſelf no mo[illegible]aid ſhe to me) for you are yet but too much in my M[illegible] and let me imploy that little time I have to be with you in telling you ingenuouſly my real Thoughts : I would, Madam (ſaid I to her) if it may be without prejudice to that Reverence I owe you, beſeech you firſt not to make me deſpair, but to let me die leſs violently ; I would gladly ask you why when you thought me culpable, you ſhould then be revenged upon your ſelf ? Could you not invent a Puniſhment which I alone might have ſuffered the Miſery which you thought I deſerved ? Why did you not rather doom me to die before your Eyes ? Why, Madam, did you puniſh me by making

Your ſelf unhappy? I thought it beſt (anſwered ſhe) in my opinion to make you miſerable by this courſe, becauſe I could not otherwiſe juſtify my ſelf in your Mind, and I thought I could not do it more certainly than by marrying *Ottanus*, whom you knew well I did not love, and of whom I knew moſt aſſuredly you were not jealous: Ah, Madam (ſaid I to her) what do you tell me? Muſt *Aglatidas* hear from your own Mouth ſuch cruel Words? What, Madam, *Ottanus?* that ſame *Ottanus* who I have ſeen to be the greateſt object of your Averſion: Can he ever be the Husband of *Ameſtris?* Yes, anſwered ſhe, ſince *Aglatidas* would not: I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid I to her, have not ſuch a Thought of me; but on the contrary, believe that if you will but let *Aglatidas* alone, *Ameſtris* ſhall not be long the Wife of *Ottanus*; I pronounced theſe Words in a very paſſionate violence: But O Heavens! how aſtoniſhed I was, when I ſaw *Ameſtris* go back and look upon me with an imperious Air, wherein appeared no leſs Anger than Sorrow: Know, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe to me, that as I have not changed my Opinion of you, ſo I have not changed my Vertue, I am the ſame you knew me, and ever will be, it is incapable of any Injuſtice; I have loved you, I confeſs, but I loved you without a Crime; Never think then, that although I ever had a great Averſion towards *Ottanus*, and had never married him out of ſuch a Thought as I cannot my ſelf expreſs, yet I ſay never think that I can ever deſire not to be his Wife: The time was indeed when I did not deſire it; but ſince I am ſo, it befits me to live with him as my Husband, and not to deceive. You know (ſaid ſhe, with Eyes full of Tears which ſhe would have reſtrained) that I will live out all the reſt of my days with *Ottanus*, whom I have ever hated, as if I had ever loved him; and with *Aglatidas* whom I ever loved, as if I ever hated him. Why, Madam, ſaid I to her, will you live with *Aglatidas* as if you ever hated him? What rigid Vertue can impoſe ſuch a ſevere Law upon you? No, no, Madam, ſaid I to her, do not fear that I will uſe any violence; do not puniſh me ſo cruelly for one Word pronounced againſt my Will in Paſſion, and without any deſign to execute it: I would have killed *Megabiſes* becauſe I thought you loved him, and I will not attempt againſt *Ottanus*, becauſe you do not love him, and I will hope that you will never love him: Let then this happy Husband of the fair *Ameſtris* live, ſo I may have ſo much happineſs as ſometimes to ſee her, that I may be put in mind of thoſe glorious Hours, wherein by the Will of *Artambaſes* I might have poſſeſſed the place which *Ottanus* now enjoys; let him enjoy that glorious Place in peace, ſince the fatal Deſtinies would have it ſo; but let me alſo poſſeſs in peace that which you have given me; let me, Madam, enjoy ſome glimpſe of that Felicity to the laſt minute of my Life: You may, if you will, bring me to my Death, as they uſe to bring Victims, that is, with Songs of Joy, and Crowns of Flowers: Yes, Madam, I ſhould die with Joy and Honour, if you would only permit me to render you an account of my Sorrows: And never fear that I ſhall ever deſire any thing from you which can diſpleaſe you; No, divine *Ameſtris*, I would only have my Complaints to be favourably heard, and I would only be comforted by ſome words of pity; you have hearkned unto *Megabiſes* whom you ſo love, and will you refuſe the ſame favour unto a Man whom you have not hated, nor perhaps do yet? That's the reaſon (replied ſhe) why I ought to deny it; for indeed, *Aglatidas*, I did love you, and I cannot hate you, ſo that for that very reaſon I ought to miſtruſt my own Thoughts: It is not (ſaid ſhe) and the Gods do know it, the Affection which I bear unto you can ever cauſe me to fail in that Duty which I owe unto *Ottanus*, nor in that which I owe unto my ſelf, but becauſe I am not in a capacity ever to be yours, therefore I ought not to admit of ſeeing you, or loving you. What then, Madam, ſaid I to her, do you intend then to hate me? I cannot do that if I would (anſwered ſhe) but I can forbear ſpeaking to you: Ah if you can do that (ſaid I to her) then you will not love me any more: And take heed, Madam, you do not renew a freſh Jealouſy in a deſperate Soul, and perſwade me, that perhaps the Riches of *Ottanus* did gain your Heart: Do not, Madam, ſtir up ſuch a violent Paſſion in my Mind; and to prevent it, afford me at the leaſt ſome ſmall ſigns of indifference: For indeed, Madam, if you ſhould cauſe me to deſpair, I ſhould again loſe my Reaſon abſolutely, as I did in my firſt Jealouſy, and perhaps ſhall not be able to preſerve that Reſpect which I ever have done: Tell me then, adorable *Ameſtris*, that you do not hate me, and that you would have me love you; and alſo permit me ſometimes to tell you that I am ready to die for the love of you. I will tell you more than that (ſaid ſhe,) for I will confeſs that I eſteem *Aglatidas*, as I ought to eſteem him; and that I love him as well as ever I did love him; and that I will love him ſo until I die: But after all this, he muſt ſee me no more as long as he lives: All that I can do for you is to permit you to think that when you ſhall hear of my Death (which I believe will be ere long) that Melancholy was the cauſe, and that my laſt Thoughts would be of *Aglatidas*. Now (ſaid ſhe) you ſee all I can do, and perhaps more than I ought to do, and therefore never hope for any more. Who ever ſaw (ſaid I unto her) the like Adventure unto mine? You tell me that you have loved me, and that you love me ſtill; you tell me that you will die in thoughts of me, and why will you not whilſt you are alive hear me ſometimes? It is becauſe I cannot (anſwered ſhe) without ſome offence to Vertue, and without too much expoſing my Reputation: Does not your Innocency (ſaid I) ſuffice to ſatisfy that? No (anſwered *Ameſtris*) it behoves to appear as well as be vertuous: Appear then (ſaid I to her) to be good and pitiful, if it be true that you are ſo: Do you (ſaid ſhe) appear reaſonable and generous, if you will continue to be always what you are: Would you have *Aglatidas*, Madam, ſaid I, ſee you no more, and perhaps love you no more? I ought to wiſh the latter as well as the firſt (replied ſhe) but I confeſs I cannot: What would you then have me do, ſaid I? I would (anſwered ſhe) have him love *Ameſtris* without any hope; that he ſhould comfort himſelf without ſeeing me; that he ſhould live with deſire of Death; and that he never forget me: In ſaying ſo, ſhe would have left me, but I took her by the Hand whether ſhe would or no, holding her by force, and kneeling down: In the Name of the Gods, Madam (ſaid I) either grant me what I deſire, or do not forbid my Death: I can conſent unto no more (ſaid ſhe to me) Honour bids me deny what you deſire, and my Affection bids you live at leaſt as long as I. Have patience *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe) perhaps the time will not be long: Ah, Madam (ſaid I to her) ſpeak not thus of your Death; rather forget *Aglatidas* than let the faireſt Lady in the world find a Tomb; you might do better (ſaid ſhe) to phraſe her the moſt unfortunate, and perhaps alſo the moſt unjuſt, and the moſt inhumane: But in the Name of thoſe Gods which I have already invoked, Madam (ſaid I to her) let me ſpeak unto you but once more: Adieu *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe) adieu, I begin to think my Heart would betray me if I ſhould hearken to you any longer, and that I ought to truſt unto my own Vertue no longer: Live (ſaid ſhe) if you can, and if it be poſſible love none but *Ameſtris*, and never ſee her more; ſhe prays you, and if you will admit of it, ſhe commands you: In pronouncing this ſad Sentence, ſhe left me all in Tears; and all that I could do was to kiſs her fair Hand which ſhe drew away from mine with too much violence: You may judge, Sir, in what a condition I was when I ſaw *Ameſtris* going away with *Menaſta*, who all the while of our Diſcourſe, ſtood five or ſix paces from us, to watch leſt any came, and underſtood nothing at all what we ſaid: I will not inſiſt, Sir, upon repetition of my Apprehenſions, for it would but too much abuſe your Patience: Let this ſerve for all, that there was never any eſteemed himſelf more undone and unfortunate than I; for indeed I found that I loved and was beloved, but for all that there is not any ingredient of hope left for me: I found that it was not permitted me to force my happineſs from him which enjoyed it: I had no more Rivals to puniſh, I had no more inconſtant Miſtreſſes to complain upon: What comfort could I ever hope for amidſt my Sorrows? I had no power to forget one which loved me, who had all my Heart, my Spirits, my Soul, my Memory, and all, and for whom I forgot all the World beſides. There was not any hope for me to ſpeak unto her; She had forbid me to die: Indeed I found nothing but what did extraordinarily afflict me; yet notwithſtanding I would try whether by the aſſiſtance of *Menaſta* I could ſpeak once more unto *Ameſtris*; but, Sir, it could not poſſibly be obtained; and from that day this cruel el Lady would never walk in any place, leſt ſhe ſhould meet with me; alſo ſhe feigned to be ſick, to the end ſhe might not go out at all. When I underſtood by *Menaſta* the full reſolution of *Ameſtris* never to alter, I then determined to remove from that place where I could not ſee her; leſt in conſideration of me, I might perhaps have contributed unto her Death, by cauſing her reſtraint: As for *Megabiſes* who was as much vexed at the Marriage of *Ameſtris* as I was, although he was thought not to love any longer when he came to *Ecbatan*; yet he found as well as I, that it was not ſuch an eaſy matter to extinguiſh a violent Paſſion. *Aſtyages* having heard where I was, did reconcile us, without ſeeing or embracing one another, commanding me, becauſe I had killed his Brother, to ſhun meeting him as much as I could poſſible. The cauſe of our laſt Quarrel was not known unto any, no not unto *Megabiſes* himſelf, who was always ignorant that I had ſeen him in that fatal Garden, near the Fountain in the green Border. As concerning *Anatiſa*, I left *Ecbatan* before ſhe returned out of the Country; ſo that I cannot tell you what ſhe thought of me: I did write a Letter at my Departure unto *Ameſtris*, which I ſent unto *Menaſta*, but I never had any anſwer unto it. I went wandring a while from Province to Province, not well knowing what I did, nor what courſe to take, until ſuch time as the War begun in *Aſſyria*; I hoped there to put a period unto my Misfortunes, in finding out an honourable Death. During all the time I was there, I never received any news, neither from *Menaſta* nor *Ameſtris*; although I uſed all poſſible means to engage ſome or other to enquire of them: And ever ſince that, you have been a Witneſs of my Melancholy, although you knew not the cauſe. And ſince that I never heard more of *Ameſtris*, unleſs what I knew by *Araſpes*, how that *Ottanus* was yet living, and that yet ſhe was unfortunate, and in all likelihood, ſince Melancholy did ſo remain in her Face, ſhe yet perhaps loves the unfortunate *Aglatidas*: Now, Sir, you underſtand what the Adventure was which you deſired to know; and what were the Misfortunes of that Man who more than any Man in the World wiſhes a happy end unto yours, and who expects nothing but Death to put an end unto his own.

After theſe words *Aglatidas* was ſilent ; and *Artamenes* thanked him for the pains which he had taken ; asking him pardon for cauſing him to revive his Sorrows, and did ſeem to be extreamly ſenſible of them. I confeſs, ſaid he to him, that you are much to be lamented, and the Accident which has made you ſo unfortunate was a very extraordinary Event : But for all that, ſaid he to him ſighing, you do know that *Ameſtris* is living, and you need not doubt but that yet you are beloved : So that you may hope that Time and Fortune may work a happy change in your Affliction ; But I do know ſome more unfortunate than you. I know not that, Sir, replied *Aglatidas*, but I do know very well that I did loſe an ineſtimable Jewel in loſing *Ameſtris*, and that if Ambition ſhould join it ſelf unto Love to perſecute me, I could not be more melancholy than I am ; yet, Sir, it is very generous in you, to intereſt your ſelf more in the Miſfortunes of others than your own : You have unjuſt and heavy Fetters of your own to complain of, and need not trouble your ſelf to lament the Unhappineſs of *Aglatidas*, who is not worthy of that Honour. *Aglatidas*, anſwered he, is worthy of all that is great in the World, and therefore I hope that one day, the Gods will put a period unto his Misfortunes. Although I had all the Qualities in the World, replied *Aglatidas*, thoſe which you do attribute unto me, would not create any Hope in me ; and as long as *Artamenes* continues unhappy, I know not why any who have any Vertue, ſhould ground their Hopes upon that reaſon which is not always infallible. Thus did *Artamenes* and *Aglatidas* diſcourſe away the time until *Andramias* told them that it was time to retire : *Aglatidas* asked *Artamenes*, whether he could do him any ſervice, deſiring to let him know that he could contribute ſomething towards his Delivery : but *Artamenes* thanked him, and told him that his Priſon was not ſo great a Misfortune, that if he could, he would never come out, unleſs by the ſame Hand which put him in.

E

The End of the Firſt Part.

ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS;
That Excellent
ROMANCE.

PART. II.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY,
Governor of *Noſtre-Dame*.

Engliſhed by *F. G* Eſq;

LONDON,
Printed by *John Darby*, and are to be ſold
by the Bookſellers of *London*, 1690.

ODLEIAN
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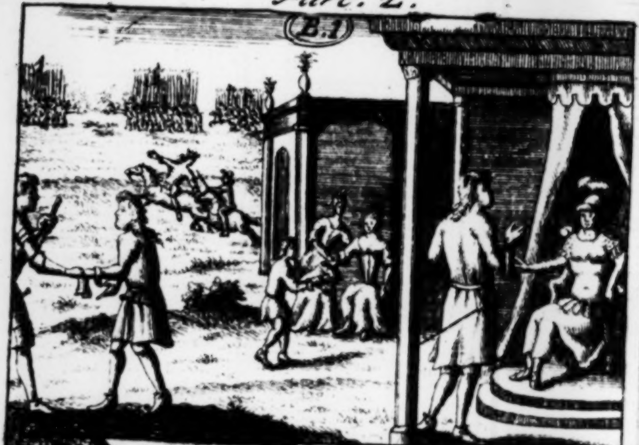
Part. 2.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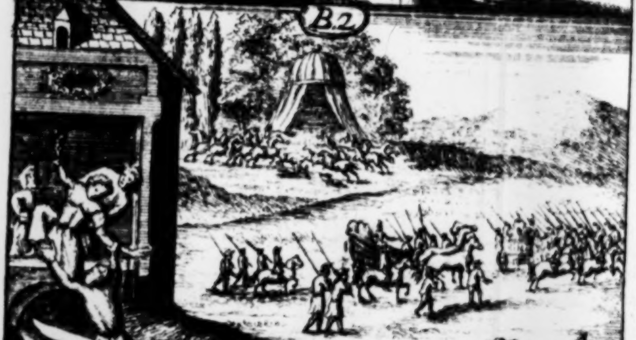
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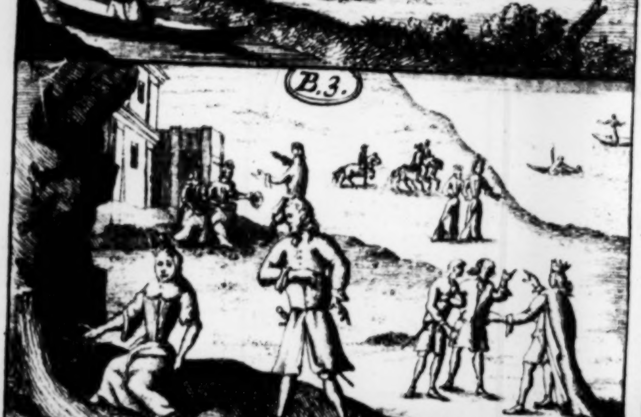
B.3

ARTAMENES,
OR, THE
GRAND CYRUS.

Part II. Book I.

THough this Illuſtrious Priſoner was careleſs of his Liberty, yet his Friends did contribute all their diligence to procure it: and *Hidaſpes* entertained not a thought of any thing elſe ever ſince he knew *Artamenes* to be *Cyrus*: Not only *Hidaſpes*, *Aducius*, *Artabaſes*, *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas*, who were native Subjects unto the King his Father, and hereafter to be his, did all of them in particular, contrive all Expedients for his ſafety. But the King of *Hircania*, the King of *Phrygia*, *Perſodes*, *Thraſibulus*, and many others alſo, were not leſs ſolicitous. So that, to loſe no time, *Chriſantes* went the next morning betimes unto the King of *Phrygia*, with intentions to relate unto him, in a more conciſe manner, all that which the day before he had related concerning the unhappy Life of his dear Maſter: but ſince they thought it expedient to keep always ſome about *Ciaxares*, to prevent him from taking any violent Reſolutions againſt *Artamenes*, the King of *Phrygia* ſaid, he thought it fitteſt for him to undertake that Office, ſince he was moſt affectionate, and had moſt prevalency with the King of *Medes*. In that conſideration therefore, *Chriſantes* did in ſhort tell him the ſtory of *Artamenes*, whereof he himſelf had ſeen a great part, and reſolved hereafter, at more leaſure, to relate the Particulars in a more ample manner. *Chriſantes* did ſo ſatisfy the curioſity of this Prince, and did ſo extreamly charm him by his relation, although it was but a bare abridgment of his Life, that he did infinitely redouble his eſteem of *Artamenes:* and cauſed him to go with more diligence unto *Ciaxares*, and obſetve all his Reſentments. In the mean time, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* went unto the Houſe of *Hidaſpes*, where the King of *Hircania*, *Perſodes*, *Thraſibulus*, *Artabaſes*, *Aduſius*, and all thoſe who heard *Chriſantes* the day before, did rendezvous. They no ſooner ſaw *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, but they did very importunately deſire them to finiſh their Diſcourſe of the glorious Life of *Artamenes*. The Princes would have ſent for the King of *Phrygia:* but *Chriſantes* told him how he had already ſatisfied his Curioſity, and then they did ſit down, whilſt *Feraulus* did purſue that Story which *Chriſantes* had begun the Day before.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of Artamenes.

WHen I call to memory all the great Acts which *Chriſantes* told you yeſterday, I have much adoe to think it poſſible there ſhould be any thing elſe to tell you; and when I think upon all which remains, that I am to relate unto you, then methinks *Chriſantes* hath told you nothing, ſo full of Miracles is the Life of my Maſter. I know Sir (ſaid *Feraulas* to the King of *Hircania*) you have not forgot, how after that Combate 'twixt him and *Philidaſpes*, wherein he had the Advantage, he retired unto that Sacrificer whom he ſaw in the Temple of *Mars*, when he came firſt to *Sinope*, and from thence he ſent unto the King and the Princeſs, to preſent his Excuſes, and beg pardon for the Combate which he had made, but I think you know not the Sequel of that Accident: *Aribeus* who did patronize *Philidaſpes*, did all he could to cauſe the fault to reflect upon *Artamenes*; but although *Aribeus* ſpoke all that his Genius could ſuggeſt in behalf of *Philidaſpes*, yet the Eloquence of my Maſter's great Services ſpoke more effectually for himſelf. Nothing made a greater noiſe in the Court than this Combate; every one was inquiſitive of the Cauſe, but none could find it: It was the common Diſcourſe of the Court, and every one imagined that Ambition cauſed the Quarrel; but yet as none did particularly know the Original, ſo each one took the liberty to think as they would. The King was extreamly angry at the Miſchance; for as they were Men of high Service, both of them, ſo he was afraid to loſe them both, or at leaſt one, becauſe their Wounds were very great, eſpecially *Philidaſpes*, whoſe Hurts were much more dangerous than thoſe of *Artamenes*. And though the King did highly prize them both, yet his Mind did put a great difference between them; when he began to conſider how he owed his Life unto *Artamenes*, and unto his Valour all his Illuſtrious Victories, he could not chooſe but in ſpite of *Aribeus* and all he could ſay, prefer *Artamenes* before *Philidaſpes*. He was extreamly diſpleaſed at the matter, but he conceived he ought not to puniſh them, as well becauſe he loved them, and was obliged unto them, as becauſe neither of them were born Subjects unto him, and therefore by conſequence ought not to treat them rigorouſly; yet notwithſtanding, for Formalities ſake upon ſuch occaſion, he would have the Princeſs come to ask their Pardon, which by abſolute Command from the King ſhe did, tho not without ſome repugnancy. After this formal Ceremony, he ſent to know of their Healths, and to tell *Artamenes*, that he had done worſe in ſo expoſing himſelf, than if he had hazarded a Battel: He alſo ſent ſome obliging Complement unto *Philidaſpes*, ſo that the Buſineſs was better paſſed over than every one did think it. That which did moſt vex *Philidaſpes*, was to ſee all the Court take *Artamenes* part, except ſome old Friends of *Aribeus*, who fawned upon his Favourite. Now Sir, it is time to tell you what the Princeſs thought upon the matter; for altho by the King's Command ſhe had begged pardon for theſe two Illuſtrious Offenders, yet ſhe knew not, whether for her particular, ſhe could conſent unto it. I am now about ſpeaking ſuch Secrets concerning her, as you will be inquiſitive how I ſhould come to the knowledg of them; therefore it is requiſite I ſhould now tell you, that a long time ſince, one of *Mandana*'s Women, called *Marteſia*, with whom I had a great League of Friendſhip, did tell it unto me; for at that time there paſſed between us only a bare common Civility, and I was then altogether ignorant of what I now intend to relate. You may be pleaſed to remember, that the Day before this Combate was fought, the Princeſs uſed all her endeavours to contract a League of Friendſhip between *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*, and how ſhe entreated them to live at leaſt, as if they did (tho they could not) love one another: So that as ſoon as ſhe underſtood of their Fighting, ſhe was in a great Choler, and thought that they failed in their Reſpects to her. *Marteſia*, of whom I ſpoke, was ſhe, whom of all her Women ſhe loved moſt, and in whom ſhe had moſt Confidence; but until that time *Marteſia* had taſted more of her Liberality than her Truſt: and I believe that what the Princeſs thought of *Artamenes* upon this occaſion, was the firſt great Secret which ſhe imparted unto her; nor had ſhe, as I think any other, who ſhe pleaſed to create her Confident. It was now a long time ſince the Princeſs looked upon my Maſter with much Eſteem, and indeed, I learned from *Marteſia*, that ſhe did extreamly commend him, ever ſince the firſt time ſhe ſaw him; and ſince that time, upon an hundred Accidents, ſhe has ſpoke of him after ſuch a manner as ſhe was not wont to ſpeak of any elſe; ſhe obſerved his handſome Garb, ſhe liked his pleaſant Spirit, ſhe commended his Wiſdom, ſhe admired his Valour, ſhe could not comprehend his good Fortune; and indeed ſhe ſaid, that *Artamanes* was every way a Miracle, and one whom the Gods had ſent as a Protector of her Father's Life, and Glory of his Reign: But upon this laſt Accident, her Anger had ſo incenſed her Mind, as it compelled her to open her Heart unto *Marteſia*. I know not (ſaid ſhe to her that Night the Fight was) whether or no I ſhould, after the Example of the King, pardon

Artamenes and *Philidaſpes*: for indeed, *Marteſia*, could there be any thing more offenſive unto me, than this their Procedure? I no ſooner deſired them to love one another, but they preſently quarrel; I wiſh'd them to live, as if they loved at the leaſt, and they immediately fight, even that Morrow after I deſired them; in truth I cannot think they could have ſet ſo ſlight a value upon my Words, neither do I think I can pardon them. I do believe, Madam, replied *Marteſia*, that there is ſome hidden cauſe in the Buſineſs, which is not underſtood, and which perhaps would juſtify them if you knew it; for certainly they are Men of Souls, and high Judgment, and Men alſo who much reverence you. But they have afforded me very ill Teſtimonies of it (replied the Princeſs very ſharply) and I intend to let them ſee I am ſenſible of the Injury. But you are alſo ſenſible of their good Deeds, and being ſo, what will become of all their brave Services (replied *Marteſia*?) But *Marteſia*, I would fain know (ſaid the Princeſs to her) what I ought to think of the boldneſs of *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes*, and know which of them was the firſt Aſſaulter: The Event of the Combate tells me that *Artamenes* had the better of it; but nothing tells me which of them was moſt culpable. I think Madam (replied *Marteſia*, who was alone with her in her Cloſet) that both of them may without injuſtice be blamed; for did you not entreat them both to love one another? Yes, replied the Princeſs, but tho neither of them can be innocent, yet it is probable they are not both of them equally culpable, and that is it which I would preciſely know; not but that I think *Artamenes* is leſs in fault. And why Madam do you think ſo (anſwered *Marteſia*) ſince you have no more proofs for the one than the other? I know not (replied the Princeſs) but I do more ſuſpect the haſty violent humour of *Philidaſpes*, has failed in his reſpects unto me, ſooner than the wiſe temper of *Artamenes*: moreover (added ſhe) the Victory which *Artamenes* got over him is an infallible mark of the juſtneſs of his Cauſe: Indeed (ſaid ſhe bluſhing) tho I cannot tell for what Reaſons, yet I cannot chuſe but wiſh *Artamenes* be found leſs culpable then *Philidaſpes*; and I ſhould be very glad that a Man who has ſo much obliged, ſhould give me no cauſe of Complaint. It is very true (anſwered *Marteſia*) that *Artamenes* is a Man incomparable, and one whoſe Merits does doubtleſs deſerve a higher Eſteem than any other: But Madam (added ſhe) what ſhould be the reaſon that a Man of ſuch extraordinary Vertues ſhould conceal his Quality and place of Birth? It is to be believed (ſaid the Princeſs bluſhing) that his Quality is equal to his Carriage, for if it were not, he would never conceal it. But (ſaid *Marteſia*) what brought him to this Court? and why ſtays he here? for I hear ſay he never asked any thing of the King. Never any thing (anſwered the Princeſs) but only leave to fight againſt Enemies; yet (ſaid ſhe) his Services have not been ſmall, nor all his Actions meanly Glorious; and here this great Princeſs began to repeat what my Maſter had done in the firſt Battel, when he preſerved the King her Father's Life out of the Hands of his Enemies who had inviron'd him with Danger: The prodigious Advantages that he got above all others; the wonderful Combate, wherein he remained the only Conqueror of two hundred Enemies; How he erected a glorious Trophe: The Combate which he had with *Artanes*: The taking of *Ceraſia*: The Battels that he won againſt the King of *Pontus*: The remarkable Arms which he wore, to make himſelf better known unto thoſe who conſpired againſt his Life: The poor ſimple Arms which he made choice of to conceal himſelf from thoſe who had order to ſpare his Life: His generous Behaviour unto theſe valiant Souldiers which would not yield their Bucklers, and of his rendring them their Money again: And alſo all his other Gallantries, which ſhe remembred as freſhly and preciſely, as if they were done but yeſterday: and yet after all theſe (ſaid ſhe to *Marteſia*) there appears not the leaſt Ambition in his Mind, and I neither know what brought him hither, what he ſtays for, nor what he aims at: not but that the King my Father would do very much for him; but upon the whole matter, his Services are infinitely above all Recompences; and this is the reaſon *Marteſia*, why I wiſh him more innocent than *Philidaſpes*. And although *Philidaſpes*

daſpes be a Man of a high Soul and excellent Spirit, alſo in divers occaſions hath done good ſervice, yet there is a great difference between them: The turbulent humour of *Philidaſpes*, does not pleaſe me; Moreover, I think him more Ambitious, and fuller of ſelf-ends than *Artamenes*.. After this manner, Sir, was the firſt diſcourſe of him: Mean while, as the King did pardon theſe two illuſtrious Offenders, the Princeſs would not make her Reſentments of them to appear; ſo that ſhe ſent to know how they did. *Philidaſpes* was a long time very ill, and his Life in ſome doubt: but my Maſter's Wounds were never in any danger: and within three Weeks after the Fight he preſented himſelf unto the King and Princeſs; to thank the firſt for his Grace towards him, and the ſecond for interceding in his behalf. She was then in her Cloſet, and none but her Woman with her, ſo that as *Artamenes* did addreſs himſelf to give her Thanks, and acknowledg the Favour; Think not (ſaid ſhe to him) tho I did beg your Pardon, that I my ſelf in particular did conſent unto it: No *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe in a more imperious Tone) it is only the King hath pardoned you, but *Mandana* is yet diſpleaſed. If to die at your Feet (anſwered *Artamenes*) would give you that ſatisfaction, I am moſt ready to do it. But Madam, what's the Crime I have committed? How can that Man, who does reverence you with as much Devotion as he does the Gods, poſſibly offend you? Pray tell me then (ſaid ſhe to him) whether it was not neglect in your Duty to ſlight my Requeſt as you did, when I deſired you to live peaceably with *Philidaſpes*? But Madam (ſaid he) you alſo deſired *Philidaſpes* to live peaceably with *Artamenes*. 'Tis true (ſaid ſhe) and I intend not to juſtify him by accuſing you; I would only know which of you is more or leſs culpable than the other. Indeed I know not my ſelf (replied *Artamenes*, and changing Colour) the ground of our Quarrel is ſo dubious, that we did not explain it one to another, nor perhaps ever ſhall. Did you know one another (demanded the Princeſs) before you came hither? No Madam (anſwered *Artamenes*) our Acquaintance and our Averſion began together, at this Court, and almoſt at the very ſame Minute: But Madam, it befits not me to ask what moved you to deſire that I ſhould love *Philidaſpes*: It is the Duty of *Artamenes* only to ask Pardon for not obeying you. As I ſeldom uſe to make unjuſt Requeſts (replied ſhe) ſo I am not uſed to be denied; and I did not think that *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* would have been the firſt. My Maſter, ſeeing the Princeſs angry, was moſt extreamly ſenſible of it: Ah Madam (ſaid he to her) if I had thought I could not revenge my ſelf without incenſing you, doubtleſs I had never done it: But Madam, is there no hope to obtain a pardon for that Crime which was not voluntary? Is the Princeſs *Mandana* more inexerable than the Gods, who are indulgent to all repentant Tears and Prayers? The Princeſs who did really eſteem *Artamenes* very much, and had already entertained ſome diſpoſition to love him; ſhe ſeeing him much troubled, was afraid leſt her being more ſevere than *Ciaxares*, ſhould offend him; ſo that, overruling her own ſelf, ſhe reſolved to qualify him, and freely pardon him: Well *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe to him) the inquietude of your own Soul does ſufficiently puniſh you; and I will inflict no other Penance upon you, but that you do not any more expoſe your ſelf unto any more Dangers. Ah Madam, ſaid he to her, your Goodneſs is Divine in pardoning me; but it is very rigorous that you ſhould impoſe it upon me, to be indulgent unto him who oppoſeth himſelf againſt all my Deſires. I promiſe you (ſaid ſhe to him) that if *Philidaſpes* do prefer any thing unto the King which may be prejudicial unto you, I will take your part againſt him. No Madam (replied *Artamenes*) there is nothing I can crave of the King; I have received more from him than I can deſire, and if *Philidaſpes* do contend with me for nothing but Recompenſes we ſhall never fall out again; and for what elſe, replied the Princeſs, can he diſpute with you about? At theſe words, *Artamenes* being much plunged, could not chuſe but bluſh, and looking moſt paſſionately upon the Princeſs, I think he would have diſcovered part of his deepeſt Secrets unto her, if the King had not come into the Room: *Mandana*, who had a moſt admirable Wit, and having exactly obſerved all the Actions of *Artamenes*, took eſpecial notice of his troubled Soul, yet ſince the King was there, ſhe could not poſſibly make any long reflection thereupon. *Ciaxares*, after much other Diſcourſe, told her how it was his abſolute pleaſure, that *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* ſhould for the time to come live lovingly together; and to that end, he would have *Artamenes* accompany him in a Walk which he intended to take; and that as they paſſed by the Door of *Philidaſpes*, they would in paſſing by, viſit him, becauſe *Aribeus* deſired as much, and then he would cauſe them to embrace each other. *Artamenes* would gladly have ſtayed behind; but *Ciaxares* obſerving his repugnancy, told him that Conquerors ought not to keep at ſuch diſtances with their Enemies conquered; moreover he would have the Princeſs take this walk, and viſit, ſhe ſhould be his Uſher, and thereby make the buſineſs more handſome and advatageous for him. When the Princeſs ſaw the Kings deſire, ſhe refuſed not, and indeed ſhe thought ſhe ought not to be any hindrance unto ſuch an Accommodation. As for *Artamenes*, he ſeemed much vexed at it, and did obey with much adoe; for, as he reſented it, it was a very croſs Adventure to agree with *Philidaſpes*, and go unto him, and alſo to be conducted thither by the Princeſs her ſelf: yet ſince he ſaw there was no remedy, he reſolved upon it. The King and the Princeſs took their Coaches, and went out of the Town, for *Philidaſpes* was not yet returned into it, by reaſon of his Hurts. After they had took the Air and ended their walk, they came unto the place where he was: The King diſcourſed in a low Voice privately with *Mandana*, at the foot of the Stairs a long while: Mean time, my Maſter addreſſed himſelf unto *Marteſia*, but ſo diſturbedly, his Mind and his Countenance ſo altered, that he was ſcarce knowable. *Marteſia*, who perceived it, could not chuſe but chide him, telling him that his Hatred was too violent, and that if he knew as well how to love as to hate, his Friendſhip were the moſt excellent Jewel in the World. Doubt it not, *Marteſia*, ſaid he, and if ever I love, I ſhall love more violently than I hate *Philidaſpes*. You make me very inquiſitive, ſaid ſhe to him in a low Voice. And I extreamly deſire to know, whether or no you do love, and who it is you love? I cannot (replied he bluſhing) ſatisfy the half of your Curioſity; it not being juſt that I ſhould tell you that which I never told unto any, and perhaps never will. As they were thus diſcourſing, the King and Princeſs ended theirs; and my Maſter was obliged to preſent his Hand unto the Princeſs, who eaſily had obſerved the turbulency in *Artamenes* Mind. The King found *Philidaſpes* that Day in a good condition, but ſo ſurprized at the ſight of *Artamenes* in his Chamber, that his Wounds began to open, and bleed afreſh, at the ſight of him who made them, ſuch was the violent agitation of his Reſentments. *Ciaxares*, to prevent the like Reſentments in *Artamenes*, told him that he would have them embrace each other. The violent diſpoſition of *Philidaſpes*, upon this occaſion, had much adoe to contain it ſelf: Yet ſeeing the King was peremptory, and would have it ſo, and that the Princeſs complained of him, alſo all the Court being preſent, he recalled himſelf and obeyed. *Mandana* then cauſing *Artamenes* to come nearer, and telling him that it was the part of him who was moſt in health, to come the greater part of the way, and indeed ſhe did gently puſh him forwards towards *Philidaſpes*, who embracing him by force, told him that Kings ought to be obeyed in their own Dominions. You have good reaſon for it, anſwered my Maſter, and upon the ſame ground I do as the King and the Princeſs commands me. Whoſoever, Sir, did well obſerve the motions of theſe two gallant Strangers, might eaſily diſcover that there was ſome great Secret which did lie at the Heart, but none could know what it was. This Viſit laſted not long, but whilſt it continued, *Artamenes* was always looking upon *Mandana*, or elſe upon *Philidaſpes*, who for his part was ſo quaſht that he almoſt looked upon no Body. The King being retired, and the Princeſs following, both returned to the Pallace, where *Mandana* was no ſooner arrived, but ſhe had no diſpoſition to ſee any one. As for *Artamenes* he ſtayed yet with the King, but with ſo much reſtleſsneſs that he could not ſtay there long, therefore he alſo returned unto his Chamber. He was no ſooner there, but ruminating upon all the paſt Paſſages, he thought it no diſpleaſure, ſince he could pick ſome comfort out of it. Why, ſaid he, ſighing, muſt it not be permitted me to hate my Enemy? Will *Mandana* eternally contradict all my Inclinations? What hidden Intereſt can ſhe have in this Deſign which muſt oblige me to love *Philidaſpes*, and *Philidaſpes* to love me? Is it only a bare Deſign to preſerve the Lives of two Men whom ſhe thinks are not unprofitable unto the Service of the King her Father? Or elſe becauſe, having ſome particular eſteem of *Philidaſpes*, ſhe would take off from him an Enemy; who by all treatable means would not be reconciled? and under pretence of treating us equally, ſhe has ſome unequal biaſſed Thoughts of us: But alas, (ſaid he) why ſhould I be ſo unjuſt, as to interpret the Actions and Words of my Princeſs in ſuch a Sence? She who ever did treat me well, what can I in reaſon complain of? Can *Artamenes*, as *Artamenes*, ask any thing of the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*, which he has not already obtained? She has highly commended me; ſhe has treated me with all Civility; ſhe freely honours me with her Diſcourſe without diſdain; ſhe has offered to be his Advocate unto the King; ſhe has taken care of his Life; when he offended, ſhe procured his Pardon, and indeed, there is nothing which the illuſtrious *Mandana* does not do for *Artamenes*; But alas, although *Artamenes* be contented as *Artamenes*, yet *Cyrus* is nothing ſatisfied as *Cyrus*: This *Artamenes*, ſaid he, whom the Princeſs thus favours, is not he whom I wiſh ſhe would favour: *Artamenes* ſeems to affect nothing but War; he aims all at Honour and Glory; but he whom I would have her know and favour, loves nothing but *Mandana*, and ſeeks for nothing but her affection. Sir, (ſaid I to him, for I was cloſe by him when he thus diſcours'd with himſelf aloud and all alone) How can this amorous *Artamenes* be in any hopes to be favoured as you deſire, if *Mandana* do not know him? Would you, Sir, have the moſt vertuous and glorious Princeſs of the World to love you, before ſhe knows ſo much as that you love her? And would you, replied *Artamenes*, have this moſt glorious and vertuous Princeſs endure that I only as *Artamenes* ſhould ſpeak unto her upon terms of

Love? No, Sir, (ſaid I) but *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*: This is reaſon (replied he) but is there not as much danger in appearing *Cyrus*, as *Artamenes*? As *Artamenes*, ſhe will perhaps only put me off with a little pitty, but as *Cyrus* ſhe will puniſh me with hatred and anger: But however, anſwered I, if you will ever be beloved, you muſt ſome way or other let her know you love her, otherwiſe you will never bring it to paſs: Though you ſhould gain a hundred Battels, and conquer as many Kingdoms and Empires, after all your Victories and Conqueſts you will never triumph in the Heart of *Mandana*, unleſs you make *Mandana* know that ſhe triumphs in yours. Love, Sir, can never be gotten without Love: The Princeſs will commend you; ſhe will eſteem you, but never love you: for indeed, Sir, all your great Acts which you have performed, relates only unto your ſelf; the conqueſt of your own Heart is that which belongs to her, and which will only pleaſe her: If you deſire that your Victories ſhould become ſerviceable unto you, let her know that ſhe hath vanquiſhed the Conqueror of them all; and that he whom none could reſiſt, is captivated by her Charms and Beauty. But *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) how dare I ſpeak to her of it? and how can I chuſe but be affrighted at the anger of a Lady whoſe Modeſty is extream? and whoſe Vertue is ſevere even to the very height of Rigour? I do not ſay, Sir, replied I, that it is convenient to ſpeak unto the Princeſs downright and openly of Love; but only to give her ſuch an eaſy taſte as that ſhe may gueſs at the reſt: But if in gueſſing at it (replied he) ſhe ſhould chance to hate me, what would then become of me? Fear it not (replied I) and know Sir for certain, that Love was never the cauſe of Hatred: *Mandana* may perhaps command you to be ſilent; and perhaps ſhe may reject you, but ſhe cannot hate you for loving her: The manner, Sir, of making her to underſtand it, may indeed be ſomething dangerous; and therefore in diſcovering your Love unto her, you muſt not hint a word of your being beloved; you muſt not ask any thing, nor hope nor pretend unto the leaſt favour; only comfort your ſelf in making your diſeaſe known unto her who is the cauſe of it; and as long as you carry it only ſo, Sir, believe me, it is hard for her to hate you, let her Vertue be never ſo ſevere: Indeed, ſaid I, as long as *Mandana* does not know you love her, it is a queſtion whether ever ſhe will love you; yet on the contrary, if you let her gueſs at your Paſſion, perhaps in ſpight of all her Rigour ſhe will love you: But *Feraulas*, ſaid he to me, what if ſhe ſhould baniſh me? No, no, (ſaid I to him) never fear any ſuch rough Treatment: So many great Actions as you have done, will plead unto her in your behalf, ſo that ſhe cannot be ſo inhumane, and if I be not extreamly deceived, the buſineſs will work better than you imagine. So, Sir, after this manner, a good part of the night was ſpent in reaſoning upon the matter between *Artamenes* and me: *Artamenes* reſolved to find ſome fit opportunity of making his Paſſion known unto the Princeſs, without any point-blank expreſſions of it: But alas, whilſt we were hamering out this Reſolution, *Mandana* took a quite contrary courſe to our Expectations, and defeated our Plot.

I told you, Sir, how ſhe retired into her melancholy Cloſet, whither ſhe was no ſooner entred, but ſhe called for her confident *Marteſia*, and asked her what *Artamenes* ſaid unto her, whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking with the King her Father in the entrance into *Philidaſpes* his Houſe? for ſhe had an Eye upon them when they diſcourſed: This Lady was obedient, and told her word for word all the Diſcourſe; and adding her own Thoughts unto thoſe of my Maſter; for my part, Madam (ſaid ſhe to the Princeſs) conſidering the manner how *Artamenes* anſwered me, when I deſired to know whether or no he was in love, and whom he loved; I do verily think he is in love. *Mandana* bluſh'd at the word, for ſhe her ſelf began already to ſuſpect ſome ſuch thing: But ſhe being deſirous to pump the Thoughts of *Marteſia* without diſcovering her own: With whom (asked ſhe) do you think it is that he is in love, with me? Madam (anſwered *Marteſia*) I have thought ſo ever ſince; though my own reaſon could not abſolutely conſent unto it: For truly, *Artame-*

nes viſits not any ſolicitouſly, he does not ſo much as ſpeak unto any of my Companions, but only as far as common Civility requires: he paſſes away all the day with the King or you; and if *Artamenes* were of any other quality than he is, he might eaſily be ſuppoſed to be in love. For, Madam (ſaid ſhe to her, quaking a little) *Artamenes* looks upon none but you, nor ſpeaks unto any elſe; he commends you, he eſteems you, and it may almoſt be directly ſaid he adores you. He follows you to the Temple; he walks, he hunts with you, and waits upon you to all publick Feaſts: when the King your Father comes to you, he is ſure to come with him; and though the King comes not, yet he never fails: He bluſhes as oft as he comes near you, or when you are alone where he is. Indeed ſaid ſhe, laughing, If *Artamenes* were a King, or the Princeſs *Mandana*, *Marteſia*, I ſhould believe he were in love with her: I think (ſaid the Princeſs, interrupting her) that *Artamenes* has done you ſome ill office or other, for if you ſhould perſwade me of the truth of what you tell me, you may well conceive he can never be happy, nor could you ever find out a worſe way to be revenged of him. I ſhould be very ſorry, Madam (replied *Marteſia*, aſſuming a more ſerious Look) to be a cauſe of any ill unto *Artamenes*: But as your intereſts are more dear unto me, Madam, than his; I thought it my Duty to tell you, that I knew not whether it were not worth your pains, Madam, to obſerve his Actions, ſome certain days, that my doubts might be made more clear unto you. The Princeſs bluſht at this diſcourſe more than ſhe did before; and leſſening her Voice, as if ſhe were afraid, that *Marteſia*, unto whom ſhe ſpoke, ſhould hear her; As you are wiſe and diſcreet (ſaid ſhe to her) I confeſs that ſince this Morning, I have had ſome ſuſpicion of what you ſay, and I am poſſeſſed with ſuch confuſed Thoughts, leſt *Artamenes* ſhould diſcover any of his Folly, as I cannot expreſs my ſelf; for truly in one minute I have obſerved a hundred things which before I took no notice of; or to expreſs my ſelf better, I look upon them after another manner than I did before. Do you remember *Marteſia*, the firſt day he ſaw me, after he had ſaved the Life of the King my Father? did you not then think that he looked upon me with an extraordinary obſervant Eye, and full of Paſſion, how alſo he did not ſo much as look upon any one of thoſe Beauties which were then in my company? have you not forgot, after what a faſhion he deſired me to obtain permiſſion from the King, to fight with his Enemies, and after what a manner he took his leave of me? Did you not further obſerve him when I deſired him not to wear thoſe remarkable Arms? Did you not ſee, I ſay, after what kind of odd manner he denied me? and with what an amiable air he asked the Scarf which I refuſed? In what terms he did interpret it, when I told him, I wiſht *Artamenes* would neither be too prudent, nor too raſh? It is not poſſible, Madam (ſaid he to me) that I can regulate my Thoughts, according to that which you deſire. Do you not remember alſo ſince the day that *Philidaſpes* and he came together to bid me adieu? For my part I do now admire that I ſhould at that time interpret the inquietudes which I then ſaw in his Face no better: Do you not yet further remember the Joy which appeared in the Eyes of *Artamenes* at his return? and alſo that converſe which you had with him and *Philidaſpes?* But above all the reſt, (ſaid ſhe) do you remember what were the Reſentments of *Artamenes* when I would have obliged him to love *Philidaſpes?* For my part (ſaid *Marteſia*, interrupting her) I think, Madam, by all which you have remembred, and by a thouſand other trivial paſſages, which I have particularly obſerved, and which you could not ſee, that *Artamenes* is not only in love, but that he is alſo jealous of *Philidaſpes*; and that perhaps, *Philidaſpes* is in love with you as well as *Artamenes*. You are not too wiſe (ſaid the Princeſs to her) to let me hear of too many Injuries at once: No *Marteſia*, no, *Philidaſpes* is only ambitious, and for my own quiet's ſake I would not ſuſpect him of any other humour; That would be too many Crimes to puniſh, eſpecially for one who loves not to inflict any Puniſhments at all; therefore let us not think upon any but *Artamenes*: But for that (ſaid ſhe) ſome handſom order muſt be taken; and if it be poſſible, I muſt prevent receiving ſuch a ſenſible diſpleaſure, for indeed I do eſteem *Artamenes* very much; I have many Obligations upon me to him, and I ſhould be very ſorry to be put unto any neceſſity of treating him ill: Therefore *Marteſia*, I command you to be continually near me, and cauſe all the reſt of your Companions to be ſo alſo; and leave me not alone at any time; It cannot now be long before he depart, and the time of drawing into the Field comes on, therefore this conſtraint will not continue long. After this ſhe diſmiſſed *Marteſia*, and remained alone in her Cloſet; But O Heavens! what vexing and tyrannical Thoughts did toſs her Mind? that ſmooth Tranquility which heretofore was Regent in her Mind, did now no more viſit her turbulent Soul; yet ſhe continued in that Reſolution which ſhe fixed upon with *Marteſia*. You may judge then, Sir, how difficult it was for *Artamenes* to execute his deſign of diſcovering his Paſſion unto the Princeſs, ſince ſhe had obſtructed all thoſe ways which formerly were wont to be open. For three Weeks together, it was carried ſo handſomly, that he did not think *Mandana* to be at all acceſſary to it; he rather thought it to be unlucky chance which cauſed it: yet, as oft as he bethought himſelf of how many favourable Opportunities he had let ſlip, maugre the aſſiduity of *Philidaſpes*, he was almoſt in abſolute deſpair: But when he bethought himſelf again, how that it was not now *Philidaſpes* who prevented the execution of his deſign reſolved upon, he thought it then only the Malignity of his Deſtiny: But ſo it was, that he was not long without this obſtacle alſo; for within twenty days after, the King and the Princeſs did viſit *Philidaſpes*; he came to preſent his Thanks, and to take up the ſame room about *Mandana* as he was accuſtomed before; therefore *Marteſia* was not ſo much neceſſitated to attendance; and now *Artamenes* did quite deſpair of ever getting an occaſion to diſcourſe particularly with his Princeſs. There paſſed many general Diſcourſes, wherein *Mandana* did let *Artamenes* know, how dangerous a Deſign his was to talk of any Love; for though it was but in Speeches by the by, addreſſed unto another, yet ſhe ſo explained her Thoughts, as he could not chuſe but think, they related unto him, conſidering the method and decorum of her Words, and therefore he concluded, that to diſcover his Paſſion unto the Princeſs, were to expoſe himſelf unto danger: The difficulty which he reſented, and had not foreſeen, cauſed in him moſt ſenſible Sorrow; and it might well be ſaid, though his Tongue was tied, and did not ſpeak of any Love unto the Princeſs, yet all his Actions ſpoke plainly for him; ſo that as I knew ſince by *Marteſia*, his dumb eloquence was well underſtood: and the Princeſs did interpret his Perplexities, his Melancholy, his Impatience, the alteration in his Countenance, and his Muſings, as they ought to be; ſo that ſhe doubted not at all but *Artamenes* was paſſionately in love with her. Here, Sir, may be admired, how fallible is all humane Prudence; for if my Maſter had then ſpoke unto the Princeſs of any Love, conſidering how things then ſtood, he had irrecoverably been undone; for then ſhe would have ever treated him but badly; and doubtleſs would have for ever baniſhed him from her; notwithſtanding all the eſteem ſhe had of him, and notwithſtanding all the great Services he had done unto the King her Father: But becauſe he ſpoke not a word of it unto her, yet patiently endured, and ſtill had her in amorous reverence, the Princeſs had pity of him, and whether ſhe would or no, did entertain into her Heart, ſuch a tenderneſs of him, as might perhaps be phraſed Love; not that this vertuous Princeſs did think it ſo, for if ſo, doubtleſs ſhe had ſurmounted her ſelf whatſoever came of it; nor that ſhe did with any heed obſerve her ſelf; but becauſe Love carries with it ſuch a blinding Quality, as that the cleareſt Judgments cannot look about them, and which hinders them who are poſſeſſed with it both from knowing others, and themſelves alſo. Sometimes ſhe would ask her ſelf many odd Queſtions, which ſhe her ſelf would not preciſely anſwer: She would oftentimes wonder, that *Artamenes* whether ſhe would or not, ſhould come into her Thoughts; and why ſince ſhe knew of his Love, ſhe ſhould not be more angry. Why (ſaid ſhe unto her ſelf) ſhould I permit a Man who goes into the Court but as a common ordinary Cavalier, to love me, and I endure his Sight and Company? Ah no, no *Mandana*, this ſtrict ſevere Vertue, whereof you make profeſſion, muſt not endure it; And though 'tis true, that Love can never be without hope, yet it befits me to puniſh *Artamenes* for his Raſhneſs and Folly, for what can he ever hope for, without a wrong unto me? what can he deſire without extravagancy? and what can he ask me, without offence? But alas, ſaid ſhe, he has told me nothing that does anger me, nor indeed ought to anger me: he asks me nothing which can diſpleaſe me: I owe unto him the Life of the King my Father; and the King owes many Victories unto him; and perhaps I owe unto him, the Joy of my days, ſince it is to be believed, that the King of *Pontus* would have been victorious but for him; and then, I ſhould either have been his Wife or his Priſoner; Let me not therefore hate *Artamenes* becauſe he loves me; and ſince he ſpeaks nothing to me of his Love, let not me ſpeak any thing unto him of my Anger. Alas (ſaid ſhe ſometimes unto *Marteſia*) why ſhould *Artamenes* have any ſuch Thoughts in his Mind? why does he not keep within the limits of a good Eſteem? For my part, Madam, (ſaid *Marteſia* to her) I think you know not well what you ſay; nor I cannot imagine what kind of Vertue that is, which takes up your Soul, and had rather that *Artamenes* ſhould not love you at all, than that he ſhould love you as he does, as long as he does not ſpeak of it unto you. You put me very much to it *Marteſia*, (replied the Princeſs) yet notwithſtanding I will tell you, that I do ſo much eſteem *Artamenes*, as in conſideration of himſelf I ought always for his own Tranquilities ſake, to wiſh that he were not in love with me: I know indeed, Madam, (replied *Marteſia*) that in conſideration of himſelf, you ought to wiſh his Tranquility, but I know alſo very well, that in conſideration of your ſelf, the ſame is in ſome ſort advantagious to you, to ſee the gallanteſt Man of the World, and the moſt accompliſhed in all things, to eſteem and love you, even to the height of Adoration. I doubt not (replied *Mandana*) it is honourable unto me; and I muſt tell you, that Honour is it which I prefer before all the Earth; but, *Marteſia*, I would have him keep within the Limits of Eſteem, and obſerve ſuch a Friendſhip, as a Man of his Condition ought to keep unto one of mine. Tell me, Madam, I conjure you, (ſaid *Marteſia*) whether it would pleaſe you, that *Artamenes*, who loves you ſo well, ſhould love any other better than he does you? Indeed, you put me into a *Dilemma*, (replied the Princeſs); but I always thought, that tho *Artamenes* eſteemed me more than any in the World, yet I would not care if he did love me a little leſs. Ah, Madam, (replied *Marteſia*) you abuſe your ſelf; and one cannot have that Indifferency to the Affection of thoſe whoſe eſteem they deſire: Indeed, Madam, it would be a great wrong to you, that he, who of all Men in the World has moſt Spirit and Judgment, ſhould not eſteem you moſt of all the Earth. Pray, Madam, what does the illuſtrious *Artamenes* want? A Crown (replied the Princeſs, bluſhing) and let that ſuffice, *Marteſia*, to make me fear the Paſſion of any Man who is not a King, and to hold all his future Actions in ſuſpition, and indeed to make me more than my ſelf; for truly (ſaid ſhe) I have an Enemy which holds ſecret Intelligence in my Heart, and bids me love him, if one invincible *Remora* were removed; which doubtleſs does forbid me *Artamenes*, and all his high Accompliſhments, and cauſes me, maugre his Love, his Merit, and my own Reſentments, to keep my own Liberty entire.

Thus, Sir, was the ſtate of Things at that time; *Artamenes* was deep in Love, and durſt not tell: *Philidaſpes* was no leſs amorous, nor leſs cloſe, being for divers Reaſons engaged to diſguiſe his Thoughts: *Ciaxares* loved them both, but *Artamenes* incomparably more than *Philidaſpes*: And *Mandana*, though ſhe knew it not, did doubtleſs love my Maſter a little, and eſteem *Philidaſpes*, although his humorous Diſpoſition did much leſſen it.

At this time the Son unto the King of *Armenia*, called *Tygranes*, came to the Court of *Cappadocia:* A great League of Friendſhip ſprung between him and *Artamenes.* Mean time, the Spring approaching, certain Intelligence was brought, that the Confederate Kings had already drawn their Armies into the Field. This News haſted on all the New Levies, and all requiſite Orders were given to prepare all things in readineſs to receive the Enemy in a ſhort time: One Brigade of the Army was already in the plain of *Ceracia*; yet in all likelyhood it was not in any condition to reſiſt the King of *Pontus*, and the King of *Phrygia*, although they were advangiouſly entrenched. Now ſee, *Artamenes* conſtrained to depart, and to depart, without power to reveal that he loved; this was no ſmall diſguſt unto him. He went in all haſte to take leave of the Princeſs, becauſe ſecond Intelligence came, which aſſured *Ciaxares* that this Army was ready to be ſhut up, between the King of *Pontus's* Forces, and a puiſſant Recruit come out of *Phrygia* in a few days; ſo that my Maſter, not having time to ſtay a minute, leſt he ſhould come too late, was forced to depart abruptly, and to lock up all his Paſſion in his Heart; yet for all that it appeared plain enough in his Eyes, and he ſignified it ſufficiently unto the Princeſs by his Sorrows. Go, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe to him, in bidding him adieu) and be as happy as you have been; if you will oblige the King, my Father, have not a greater care to vanquiſh his Enemies, than to preſerve your own Life. *Mandane* ſpoke this before all the People, ſo that *Artamenes* durſt return her no other Anſwer, than as all the reſt there did; that was, with much reverence and acknowledgment: then he left her, without any further explaining himſelf, than by ſtolen Looks, and reſtrained Sighs, half cut off in the middle as ſoon as they were breathed. As for *Philidaſpes*, his turn was not yet to go, for he was to command thoſe Troops which were not yet in readineſs. But my Maſter went, and was followed by all the young Gallantry of the Court; who upon this Occaſion, which in all appearance was like to be full of Danger, did ſet out themſelves in the braveſt Equipage: The Prince *Ty-*

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granes would needs be one, and ranked himſelf among the Volunteers, of whom he was Chief. We made all poſſible haſte; but ſince *Artamenes* was not throughly informed concerning the Enemies, and how they lay, when we came within fifty Furlongs of the Plain of *Ceracia*, he ſent out *Chriſantes* with a Party of ten or twelve only, to enquire of News, and to know whether all the Paſſes were open or ſhut, and whether the Army was incloſed between the King of *Pontus*, and thoſe Auxiliaries from *Phrygia:* Mean time he made a halt, at a ſmall uninhabited Village, where they might defend themſelves, in caſe the Enemies Scouts came upon them: We found hid, among the old Ruins of the Town, ſome poor Peaſants, who told us for certain, that the confederated Kings had two mighty Armies; and that if our Army were not hemmed in, it would be preſently.

Artamenes finding the ſtate of the War, to ſtand upon as bad Terms as the ſtate of his Love, was vexed beyond all expreſſion. He could not endure to hear that thoſe Enemies which he had formerly conquered, ſhould now be in a likely condition to conquer. He abſolutely reſolved to die a thouſand Deaths, rather than to ſurvive a Defeat. No, no, (ſaid he in himſelf) I cannot ever look the Princeſs in her fair Face after a being beat; and if ill Fortune will needs have it ſo, that I muſt be beaten, then there is no way but to prepare for Death: I (I ſay) who after all my great Victories, durſt never approach her Preſence but with trembling; nor ever had ſo much confidence, after I had conquered Kings, to let her know I was her Slave. But (O Heavens) muſt I die, and *Mandana* not know that I die for her? And can I not have ſo much ſad Conſolation, as to hope, that ſhe ſhall not be ignorant of all thoſe Torments that I have endured ſince the firſt time I ſaw her? Perhaps, when ſhe underſtands my Love, by hearing of my Death, that the knowledg of it will not then incenſe her Soul, but eaſily pardon a Man, who in loſing his Life, did not loſe his Devotions to her: Let me tell her then by my Death, that I lived not but for her. And to leſſen my Crime, let me acquaint her with my Condition, though not abſolutely to know who I am; it will be enough ſhe know that *Artamenes* is o Royal Extract, without knowing that *Cyrus* and *Artam* *nes* are the ſame; Let me not be my ſelf the Obſtacl which ſhall hinder her from that compaſſion which I expect from her Goodneſs, nor ſtop thoſe Tears which hope will flow from the tenderneſs of her Heart. I kno well enough, (ſaid he) that the Delights of the Grav are leaſt ſenſible; but however, if I loſe the Battel, an my Life, I ſhall more delightingly loſe them both, by virtue of this Hope, and I ſhall murmur leſs at the rigou of my Deſtiny.

This thought, Sir, did ſo flatter his Deſpair, tha preſently he ſet himſelf to write unto the Princeſs, and to diſcover that unto her which he had ſo long ſo carefully concealed. After he had writ, and read, and overread the Letter, he ſealed it; and calling me in privat *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) you muſt do me a piece of very important Service, and do it with all poſſible exactneſs. Sir, ſaid I to him, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf ver happy, if I could find that which I have ſo long looke for, and would gladly make you know my Zeal unto you Service. You may doubtleſs, (ſaid he) but I fear tha the Courage of *Feraulas* will fail and deny me, and ſhall have much ado to perſwade him not to fight at thi time. I confeſs, Sir, (ſaid I to him) I cannot eaſil conceive, what it is you would command me; and it is hard task for me, not to partake of that danger unt which you expoſe your ſelf. Yet it muſt be ſo, (ſaid h to me) conſider me either as your Maſter, your Princ or your Friend, and deny me no more: You know (ſai he, with abundance of ſweetneſs) that I am very we acquainted with the couragious Heart of *Feraulas*, and need no more Teſtimonies of his Valour; therefore le not that trouble you, and believe it, you can never in a your Life ſo much oblige me, as you may at this time though indeed I might perhaps command you to do wha I deſire, yet upon this occaſion I will earneſtly entrea you. At theſe words I was not able to endure any longer; Sir, (ſaid I to him) you make me wonder extreamly, therefore I beſeech you defer no longer, but te

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me preſently what I muſt do that I may as preſently obey you. You muſt not fight at all, my dear *Feraulas*, (ſaid he) but always keep in that Quarter which is freeſt from any danger, and there expect the event of the Fight, which we intend ſhall be preſently : If ſo it chance that I fall, and die, as certainly I will if I be vanquiſhed, then go in all haſte,and carry this Letter unto *Mandana* ; and let her ſay what ſhe will, tell her not that I am *Cyrus:* you may declare my Quality, but not directly the place of my Birth ; This is all, my dear *Feraulas*, that I would have you do, and fail me not I conjure you ; be as faithful to me in this Buſineſs as ever you have wont to be. Sir, (ſaid I to him) with Tears in my Eyes, this is moſt cruel, that I ſhould receive a Command, which I muſt not execute till after your death : But I hope, Sir, Fortune will ordain it otherwiſe. I wiſh it may, (anſwered he) but it is not likely : Yet however, do not you fail in that which I deſire you, ſaid he, embracing me, and teſtifying unto me, that there is no Service ſo difficult, which you will not perform for me. I promiſed him, Sir, to do all I could ; and how could I deny a Prince that was extreamly troubled, and in Love, and alſo ſtaggering in his Reſolutions ?

Preſently after, *Chriſantes* returned, and brought two Priſoners with him which he had taken, and who told *Artamenes* that the King of *Phrygia*'s Army would not come up until the next day ; and that the King of *Pontus* his Army, in which was the King of *Phrygia* himſelf, would decline fighting until the other Army was joined with it, and then they would infallibly ſurround the *Cappadocian* Army, and between them both, hem it in. *Artamenes* was very glad of the News ; and to underſtand from *Chriſantes*, how he had diſcovered a Paſs which the Enemies did not guard, where he might eaſily convey his Men.

Chriſantes had no ſooner brought this Intelligence, but we immediately took Horſe, and marched with ſo much haſte, and ſo happily, that Night favouring our Deſign, and concealing our Motion, we came unto the Camp undiſcovered, or meeting any. I will not ſtand to tell you, Sir, how great was the Joy of all the Officers and Souldiers when they ſaw *Artamenes*, him whom they looked upon as a God, and believed invincible. As ſoon as he arrived, he took a view of the Army, which he found not to exceed the number of ſixteen thouſand Men: So that though indeed theſe Troops were the beſt of all *Cappadocia*, yet *Artamenes* thought himſelf very hard put to it; for the King of *Pontus*'s Army, which had quitted their Trenches and Gariſons, and whoſe Van-guard was within ſight of my Maſter's Army, conſiſting of 20000 Men; and thoſe which were to join with them were fifteen thouſand Men effectual. Finding himſelf brought unto this Extremity, and ſuppoſing that his Enemy would force him to fight, before *Ciaxares* could be advertiſed of it, he reſolved upon as bold an Enterprize as ever any did. Beſides thoſe Reaſons which I have already declared, he had one more, which in my Opinion was of no ſmall conſideration: He knew that *Philidaſpes* would exaſperate the King to make all haſte, and would come with all thoſe Regiments which were ready to march; but *Artamenes* would not ſuffer him to have ſo much advantage as to engage himſelf in ſo great a Danger.

After ſerious conſideration of the Buſineſs, he call'd a Council of War: But the Opinion of *Artemenes* was always the Reſolution of every One; and how hard and difficult ſoever, it found no contradiction: He told all the Commanders, that if they were once ſurrounded by the King of *Pontus*, and the King of *Phrygia*'s Armies, there would be no ſafety for them, but if poſſible they muſt fight them ſeverally: That if they ſhould fall upon the King of *Pontus*'s Army firſt, it was to be feared that the Enemy would decline it, and delay until the *Phrygian* Army came up, whilſt we were buſied with them, and ſo infallibly defeat us: That if we ſhould ſtay ſtill in our Trenches, and relie upon Relief, doubtleſs they would be forced out before *Ciaxares* could come to them: So that conſidering the ſtate of all things, the beſt courſe was to fall upon the *Phrygian* Army, unperceived by the King of *Pontus*; and that to be effected according as he had already contrived: That our Army being more in number than theirs, and theirs tired out with a tedious March, they might eaſily be defeated; after which, perhaps we ſhould be upon even Terms to fight the King of *Pontus*: So, Sir, all that *Artamenes* propounded, was approved of and followed. He ſent out a Party to ſtop that Paſs where the *Phrygian* Army was to march: And being certainly inform'd, that this very Night they would encamp ſome thirty Furlongs off; as ſoon as Night came on, he and his Army began to march ſilently, without either Trumpet, Drum, or any noiſe; and left in his own Camp, only a ſmall Guard, ſome hangers on, and ſuch as could not fight, commanding them, that as ſoon as he was a pretty way off, they ſhould kindle many Fires, thereby to deceive the Enemy, and to take away all ſuſpicion of his Enterprize from the King of *Pontus*. I ſtaid, Sir, in the Camp againſt my Will, with an abſolute Command from *Artamenes*, that if I ſaw him not return the next Morning, then to go preſently unto *Sinope*, and acquit my ſelf of my Charge: Not, Sir, that you ſhould think, a Camp wherein almoſt none were, was a place of any Security; but becauſe *Artamenes* had hopes his Deſign would ſucceed, but if it did not, then I might more eaſily and ſafely retire as ſoon as I heard of his Death: Yet, Sir, though I went not with my Maſter, I knew all the Paſſages of this dangerous Adventure: But not to forget any thing which I ſaw, let me tell you how *Artamenes* before his departure did encourage his Officers and Souldiers; how he embraced them, flattered them, commended them; and promiſed mighty Matters to them.

'Now is the time, my dear Companions, (ſaid he to 'them) when I muſt remember you of your ancient 'Vertues, and bid you fight with as much fury, as if all 'the World were Spectators of your Actions: I cannot 'now look upon your Valour, neither will this dark 'Night let me ſhew you what you ſhould do by my own 'Example: I cannot exaſperate you by my Voice, 'ſince our Deſign is to ſurprize an Enemy in the obſcurity of Night, and vanquiſh them before they awake:

‘ wake: your ſelves muſt be the only Witneſſes of your
‘ own Valour and Fidelity. Never think that Darkneſs
‘ can cover, either our Valour or our Cowardize, it
‘ will be known do what we can: The Victory of our
‘ Enemies, if they get it, will teſtify what you do. And
‘ on the contrary, when I ſee your hands full of bloody
‘ Spoils of dead *Phrygians*, to morrow at the break of
‘ Day, and all their Enſigns broken, then ſhall I teſtify
‘ on your behalfs what you have done: Theſe are the
‘ Signs, my Friends, which muſt ſpeak your Actions;
‘ and theſe are the Marks by which you ſhall know my
‘ own Valour.

After theſe words, all the Commanders and Souldiers did lift up their Spears and Swords to teſtify their Approbation, and by a ſilent kind of confuſed Noiſe, did aſſure my Maſter that they would punctually obey him. Then they began to march with all alacrity and ſpeed; and after he had put about him a white Scarf to be known by in the Dark of Night, they went upon this Expedition, without any other Arms than Spears and Swords, becauſe Bows and Arrows were uſeleſs in the Dark of Night. *Artamenes* was ſo fortunate as to find his Enemies faſt aſleep, which did not a little facilitate his Enterprize: Since they knew the King of *Pontus*'s Army did wait upon ours, they could not dream how it was poſſible they ſhould be ſurprized; ſo that they ſlept ſecurely, without any fear of Quarters being beat up: Their firſt Guard did not fail in their Duty; but it was ſo quickly repelled, that before the Souldiers were awake, or could rank themſelves under their Colours, or get into any poſture of Defence, they were many of them killed. He who commanded theſe Forces was called *Imbas*, and was very valiant; he made it appear upon this occaſion that he was ſo, ſince notwithſtanding this Surprize and Diſorder of his Army, he had rallied a very conſiderable Body together, and did ſo gallantly entertain *Artamenes*, that for a while he was in hopes of Victory. The like was never heard of, as thoſe who were in the Combat did report; for after the firſt ſhock was over, wherein

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Artamenes had commanded all ſilence to be obſerved, he began to make himſelf known by his Voice, to the end he might encourage his Men: And as all did anſwer him in a triumphant and mortal Language, they made ſo great and terrible a Din, that the Enemy thought themſelves very ill informed, and gueſſed us to be at leaſt thirty thouſand Men. The Night, though dark, becauſe there was no Moon, yet not ſo obſcure by reaſon of a ſtarry Firmament, but one might perceive another: And in this gloomy Light, *Artamenes* failed not to keep good Order in that Combat, which was ſo full of Confuſion and Diſorder.

As he found that there was yet a good cloſe Body to contend with, and which ſtoutly reſiſted him, he doubted whether *Imbas*, whom he knew to be a Man of Courage, and commanded this Army, could be found or no? but ſince he could not directly ſee how to aſſault him, he bethought himſelf of a Project which took effect: He ſpoke as loud as ever he could theſe words: If the Valiant *Imbas* would be victorious, why does he not come out and fight with *Artamenes*, and diſpute with him for the Victory in Perſon? This Language cauſed *Imbas* to come unto him with a drawn Sword: I did not think (ſaid he) I had ſuch an Illuſtrious Enemy ſo near me, nor ſo lawful an excuſe for my Defeat if it chance. At theſe words they fell to work, and fought, and often charged that none ſhould part them: but in concluſion, my Maſter being ſtronger, and more fortunate, he ſtruck the Sword of *Imbas* out of his Hand, and ſeizing upon his Bridle, threatned to kill him if he did not render himſelf: *Imbas* being in that condition, without more ado rendred himſelf; and *Artamenes* committing him to the Guard of four Souldiers, went to conſummate the Conqueſt which yet remained. The Cavalry of *Artamenes* trod the Phrygian Infantry under their Horſes Feet; and almoſt all the Cappadocian Infantry were become Cavalry; for in the Diſorder, as the Phrygians were taking Horſe, our Men killed them and got into their Saddles, riding their Horſes againſt their Maſters Friends: ſome exchanged their natural Sleep for an eternal Nap: others, half armed, defended themſelves as well as they could; ſome again took the advantage of the Night's Obſcurity, and fled for ſhame; others, without any Arms, did obſtinately diſpute for their Lives, and all in general was in a mighty confuſion. In concluſion, Sir, after two hours Diſpute *Artamenes* found none to fight with; and ſounding a Retreat, every one repaired to his Colours, and altogether returned to the Camp.

This Enterprize was ſo judiciouſly contrived, and ſo happily executed, that at break of Day I ſaw *Artamenes* return in the head of his Troops; who calling unto thoſe who guarded his Priſoner, ſuffered him to march by him. My Maſter held a Sword in his Hand which he had forced from one of his Enemies; and *Imbas* who knew it, aſſured him, that it was the Sword of his Lieutenant-General: Never was beheld a more magnificent Triumph than this; there was not a Captain nor Souldier which had not ſome Trophy of Victory in his Hands: Some had Phrygian Bucklers, others Sutes of bloody Arms; ſome Enſigns half broken, others whole bundles of Spears upon their Shoulders; ſome had the Heads of dead Souldiers, which they carried by the Hair, and a great number brought chained Priſoners: the Prince *Tigranes* had two Enſigns of his Enemies which he had forced from them; and there was not one but could ſhew an aſſured Mark that he was in Combat. When *Artamenes* ſaw them all, he was extreamly joy'd, he commended and cheriſhed them; and to make his Word good, he ſhewed them the General of their Enemies which he had taken Priſoner; alſo the Sword of their Lieutenant General which he had forced from him.

Artamenes was thus in his Triumphant Conceits, when News was brought, that there appeared about fifty Men on Horſes, from *Sinope* ſide: He ſent out a Party to diſcover who they were; but it was found to be *Philidaſpes*, who being envious at *Artamenes*'s Honour, was come from Court without leave; and could not endure that his Rival ſhould be in any dangerous Adventure wherein he was not: yet I think, Sir, that he repented himſelf of his forwardneſs, when he underſtood that he was not to have any ſhare in that Victory which was got without him. He came unto *Artamenes*, when all the Commanders and Souldiers held their gallant Trophies in their Hands; and when he knew how Squares went by that Party which was ſent out to meet him, he had a mind to go no further, yet Civility would not permit him to return. My Maſter no ſooner ſaw him, but he was troubled; yet notwithſtanding there was never Man more ſweet and civil after a Victory than he, and he went to meet him: Judg, *Philidaſpes* (ſaid he to him) what we ſhould have done if you had been with us, ſeeing we have done thus much in your abſence. I know not (anſwered he) whether I ſhould have been partaker of your Glory; but I am ſure I ſhould have been a partaker of your Peril. There is enough of that yet, (replied *Artamenes*) ſince we have yet an Army of 20000 Men before us to fight with. The firſt Victory you have got, (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) is it not a certain Omen of a Second; and perhaps in participating of the Peril with you, I ſhall be no partaker of the Glory? We ſhall preſently ſee that, anſwered *Artamenes*, for I do not think it good to let our Enemy fortify himſelf before we fight him: We muſt make the beſt benefit we can of thoſe Favours which Fortune affords us; ſhe is a capricious Lady, and would not be ſlighted, and ſometimes withdraws her Favours for ever, if they be not taken when ſhe preſents them. You are better acquainted with her than I am, (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) who never yet received any good from her. Let us ſee (replied *Artamenes*, who was a little netled at this Diſcourſe) whether the Good or the Bad which I have received, hath brought me to that Acquaintance.

After this, turning towards the Commanders and Souldiers, and ſpeaking unto them with ſo much boldneſs, and ſuch pleaſant Eyes, as ſeemed a happy preſage.

'Certainly (ſaid he to them) my brave Compani-
'ons, Conquerors are never weary: Tell me, were ye
'not more weary before, than ſince you have vanquiſhed
'your Enemies? But my dear Companions, let us not

‘deceive our ſelves, for we have yet only begun to conquer, and we muſt ſecond that good beginning, as long as there is any to oppoſe us. Let not the Number of your Enemies affright you, for I can aſſure you, that we are more terrible to them than they ought to be to us: It being a more difficult task to fight with Souldiers accuſtomed to conquer, than with thoſe that never fought. The noiſe of our Victory has animated our Army, and fainted the Hearts of our Enemies: Fear and Terror has half defeated them before we come at them; and if my Conjectures do not much deceive me, this ſecond Victory will come at as eaſy a rate as the firſt: The preſence of the Valiant *Philidaſpes* will render it more facile; and Fortune which always favours bold and dangerous Enterpriſes, will not forſake us in this. Come on my brave Companions, let us go, for if you love Difficulties, you will never be without Honour; and if you expoſe your ſelves to Eaſe, you will never be in ſafety, but put your Enemies into a condition to be always as Thorns in your Sides.

As ſoon as *Artamenes* had ended his Oration, all the Officers and Souldiers did applaud the Reſolution he had taken: In purſuance whereof, he took a Muſter of his Army, to ſee how many he had loſt; and he found wanting only five hundred Men, though he had defeated ſixteen thouſand: After this he commanded them all to take a little Repoſe, and within two hours after to prepare for Combat: Mean while he treated *Philidaſpes* with all Civility. But as he would have the Report of this firſt Victory animate his Army, and be a Foundation for a Second; he ſent back to the King of *Phrygia*, *Imbas* his Lieutenant-General whom he had defeated, and took Priſoner, as I formerly told you; commanding the Herauld which was to conduct him, to tell that Prince how gallantly this valiant Man had defended himſelf; and had given ſuch a teſtimony of a noble Soul, during his Diſgrace, that he would not do him the diſpleaſure to keep him Priſoner during the Battel; nor deprive himſelf of that Honour to vanquiſh him the ſecond time, if good

Fortune failed not. *Philidaſpes* hearing him ſay ſo, could not forbear contradicting him, and told him, that this Man might be made uſe of after the Battel, if the Succeſs ſhould not be fortunate. If we be overcome (replied *Artamenes*) we ſhall have no uſe of Priſoners, ſince then we ſhall be either dead or Priſoners our ſelves; and thoſe whom we have already taken, will then be releaſed in ſpight of our Teeths: And if we be Conquerors, (ſaid he) then all will be in our own Power. But it muſt be acknowledged (replied *Philidaſpes*) that you have given a valiant Man unto your Enemies. 'Tis true, replied *Artamenes*, but in giving that one, we have releaſed many which otherwiſe ſhould have guarded him. Yet ſo it was, Sir, that my Maſter did what he pleaſed, and *Philidaſpes* was ſilent.

Mean while the King of *Pontus*, and the King of *Phrygia*, were extreamly ſurprized, when at break of Day they were advertiſed in their Tents of the great Shouts of Joy which were heard in *Artamenes* his Army, and that many Phrygian Enſigns were ſeen there. Theſe Princes having ſeen the Fires in the Camps of their Enemies all the Night long, could not imagine how it was poſſible they ſhould fight, and defeat the Forces which they expected: Neither could they believe that *Imbas* would betray his King and Country, and take part with the *Cappadocians*. So that in their Uncertainties, they neither knew what to think or ſay: All the Captains and Souldiers were no leſs troubled; and altogether concluded that things went not well. But as they were ſending out to know what the Matter was, they ſaw *Imbas* arrive, who being moved by his own generoſity, and intending to excuſe his Defeat, by the Valour of his Enemies, did ſo much extol their Courage, and magnified *Artamenes* ſo highly, that he ſtruck Terror into the Souls of all who heard him. You have ſaid enough, (anſwered the King of *Pontus*) to take away the diſhonour of your Defeat, in ſaying it was *Artamenes* who overcame you. And it is enough (ſaid the King of *Phrygia*) to oblige us not to fly ſuch an Enemy, who if we be vanquiſhed by him, it is no diſhonour: Tell then *Artamenes*, (ſaid the King of *Phrygia* unto the Herauld) that we will prepare to receive him as he deſerves, and if we can, render him favour for favour, and endeavonr to be in that condition as at our return we ſhall ſend him Priſoners after the Battel. Mean while, *Artamenes* was reſolved to finiſh this War at this bout, and neglected nothing which might conduce to his Happineſs, he met not a Captain unto whom he did not promiſe ſome Recompence from the King: He never ſaw a common Souldier paſs by, whom he did not call by his name; and unto whom he did not beſtow ſome obliging Language: He did inſpire into them all both by his Words and by his Actions, ſuch an ardent deſire of Glory, that he was hardly able to reſtrain them, ſuch was his powerful Art to invite Mens Hearts, and make himſelf abſolute Maſter of their Minds.

After then all the Troops had ſolaced themſelves with a ſlight repaſt, and offered a Sacrifice unto the Gods in in the Head of their Army: *Artamenes* marched ſtraight to the Enemy in Battalia, with Prince *Tigranes* and *Philidaſpes* who would not leave him, to the end that *Artamenes* ſhould do nothing which he did not do as well as he. I confeſs, Sir, that when I ſaw things in that condition, I could not reſolve any longer Obedience unto the command of *Artamenes*, but I put in amongſt this young Gallantry of the Court, which made up a Troop of Voluntiers, and followed my Maſter. But yet I know not how he got a ſight of me, and as ſoon as he ſpied me, he made a ſign with his Hand; then I quit my Rank, and he came forward to me ſome fifteen or twenty Paces, Sir, (ſaid I coming to him) I beſeech you give me leave to fight: No, no (anſwered he) I will not; and your diſobedience has offended me: I have done, Sir, (ſaid I) ſince you will not permit it, and I will retire my ſelf. However *Feraulas* (ſaid he) if I die at this time, you may aſſure the Princeſs that the day of my Death was a bloody Day unto my Enemies, and that in one day I was both Conqueror and Conquered. After theſe Words my dear and beſt Maſter, commanded me aloud to obſerve his Orders, to the end that none ſhould think worſe of my Courage and my Retreat, which otherwiſe might have been blemiſhed: After this I left him, and he marched towards the Enemy, who did prepare to receive him. They endeavoured to perſwade their Souldiers, that the former defeat of their Troops would be advantagious to them, ſince they had ſo wearied their Enemies as they muſt needs be weak; yet for all that, ſay what they could, the very name of *Artamenes*, did more daunt them, than all the good Language of the Princes could encourage them: Mean while both Armies ſeemed to be inſpired with the ſame Spirit and the ſame Fury, they both advanced, and join; the Air is obſcured with Arrows; the breaking of which, as they met, and claſht one againſt another, added a terrible noiſe to the martial Harmony: Theſe firſt blows on both ſides, did redouble their ardent deſires of vanquiſhing in the Hearts of both Parties. After they had emptied their Quivers, Bows were uſeleſs, and they drew nearer; thoſe whoſe Arms were Spears did puſh them with furious Violence; Swords followed preſently after; And both ſides coming to handy-Blows, all behaved themſelves like valiant Souldiers, led on by valiant Commanders, and now begins the mortal Millelany: Every one fights, every one would vanquiſh, and every one is both Aſſaulted and Aſſaulter: The left Wing of *Artamenes* his Army, did foil the right of the Confederate Kings: And the right of the Princes did much ſhake the left of *Artamenes*: As for him, he did not only do according as he was accuſtomed, but he did that which never was done: The Prince *Tigranes* did alſo ſignalize himſelf at this time: *Philidaſpes* after their example, did all that could be expected from a Man of a great Soul: and my Maſter himſelf, has often told me, notwithſtanding his hate of him, that he deſerves immortal Praiſes: It is no wonder therefore if the leſſer Army get the better of the greater; having three ſuch extraordinary Men in it which ſuſtained it. It muſt be confeſſed, that the getting of the Battel deſerves to be wholly attributed unto *Artamenes*; Not only becauſe a hundred times more valiantly than any other; Not only becauſe he gave out Orders with more excellency of Judgment than any other; Not only becauſe he did extreamly animate his Souldiers, whom he often rallied, whom he often ſupported, whom he often defended, and was in every place where need was; but alſo becauſe he did one thing which put more Enemies to rout than any thing that all others did: My dear and invincible Maſter, who was reſolved to vanquiſh or die, and to preſerve the Honour of his firſt Victory, which he knew he ſhould loſe if he loſt this Battel, and would be accuſed for hazarding it too much: *Artamenes*, I ſay, who would either Triumph or Periſh, did not now ſtudy to pick out Enemies to fight with, and ſpare their Blood, as almoſt always he uſed, thinking it better to hazard being wounded by endeavouring to take valiant Men Priſoners, then to kill them, as he eaſily could have done: But now at this time, he fell upon all that ſtopt his Paſſage; he wounded all which did not render themſelves, and killed all that obſtinately reſiſted him: Meeting then with a Body of Horſe which ſtood firm, he charged them; he foiled them, and made them fly, not obſerving that the King of *Pontus*, that generous Rival, whom he ſo much eſteemed and loved, was he which made moſt Reſiſtance; But having wounded him in the right Arm, and this Prince being out of Combate, and out of hopes to be relieved; ſince he was ſo compaſſed about with the Souldiers of *Artamenes*; ſeeing himſelf, I ſay, in this Condition, and knowing my Maſter, he had rather render himſelf unto him than any other; and in this thought, ſeeing himſelf preſt on every ſide, and ready to periſh: I muſt render my ſelf *Artamenes* (ſaid this wounded Prince) I muſt ſubmit and confeſs you deſerve to conquer. At theſe words, *Artamenes* knowing him, came neer, and ſeeing he could not lift his Sword, he deſperſed thoſe who preſſed upon him; you yield rather unto my Fortune than my Valour, (replied he): But however, I muſt make uſe of my good Fortune, and will endeavour to ſhew you that it is accompanied with ſome Vertue; in ſaying ſo, he turned towards *Chriſantes*, who fought always near him, and putting the King of *Pontus*, into his charge, go *Chriſantes* ſaid he, conduct the King unto our Camp: for he will be better waited upon there than in his own, where all is in confuſion; but look to him, (ſaid he) as a Prince who would have been our Conqueror, if all his Souldiers were as valiant as himſelf. *Chriſantes* obeying my Maſter, and guarded by two hundred Horſe, did convey the King of *Pontus*: to whom *Artamenes* ſaid at parting with him, with much Civility, Sir, I would go my ſelf to wait upon you, if the neceſſity of my Office would permit me. But ſince I ſee ſome of your Souldiers with Arms in their Hands, your Majeſty will pardon me if I leave you, and go to put my ſelf into ſuch a condition, as I may return with more Reverence and Leiſure to ſerve you: At theſe words, ſtooping as low as the skirt of his Saddle, he turned his Horſe; And this conquered Prince, ſubmitting himſelf to the Law of a Conqueror, who treated him with ſo good a Grace, and followed *Chriſantss*, not at all then King of his Liberty: yet the King of *Phrygia*, coming preſently after to know that the King of *Pontus* was taken Priſoner, began to be in a mighty Fury, and though he was not now much above the Age of a young Man, yet was he Maſter of much Vigour and Generoſity, ſo that apprehending this loſs, he doubled his ſtrength in his endeavonrs to repair it: he muſtered together as many Men as he could, and went himſelf into places fulleſt of danger: *Artamenes* being informed where this Prince did fight, went thither, and took as many of his Men with him as he met in the way, and began a freſh Combate: Nothing was to be ſeen in all places, but dead, and dying Men, Souldiers throwing away their Arms, either to render themſelves or fly. And the Victory was clearly on *Artamenes* his ſide; yet the Night drawing on apace, it could not be diſcerned where Men fought, and where Men fought not: And *Philidaſpes*, whom the Croud had ſeparated from *Artamenes*, notwithſtanding his Reſolution not to forſake him; having vanquiſhed all thoſe which reſiſted him, and not ſeeing my Maſter to give out Orders, cauſed a retreat to be preſently ſounded: Immediately after, every one was rallied under his own Enſign:

ſign: The Party of *Artamenes* was abſolute Maſter of the Field, and of all the Enemies Baggage which they had forſaken: But as for the Conqueror himſelf, none could tell any tidings of him: All the Captains asked one another where he was; and all the Souldiers were inquiſitive what was become of their General: one ſaid, I ſaw him not, ſince in the Head of our Company, he routed a whole Squadron which reſiſted him: another ſaid, I never ſaw him ſince he killed a brave gallant Man which oppoſed him: And indeed every one obſerved him the laſt time they ſaw him, by ſome heroick Act or other: But though all ſaw him in the Combate, yet none knew now where he was; he was not to be found any where: He was neither in the Camp, nor in the Field of Battel; ſo that it muſt clearly be concluded, he was either a Priſoner, or dead. *Philidaſpes* himſelf was much moved at it, whether it proceeded from his Generoſity, or from a quite contrary reſentment, he was very careful to enquire him out. For my part, Sir, I never was ſenſible of ſo great a Sorrow: *Chriſantes* was not a little ſad: And it was well ſaid, that there was not one in all the Army, which grieved not more for this loſs, than the gaining of two Battels did rejoyce them: In the mean time ſince *Philidaſpes* undertook the Command of the Army under the notion of the General: All the Officers did without any difficulty receive Orders from him: As for the Prince *Tigranes*, he was not to ſtay long in *Cappadocia*, nor take upon him any Employment, only as a Voluntier: All the Souldiers had Souls ſo inquiſitive after their General, that they muſt be better ſatisfied concerning his Fortune: They ſpoke unto *Philidaſpes*, to enquire of the King of *Pontus* into what place they believed the King of *Phrygia* was retreated, to the end a Herald might be ſent thither, to know if *Artamenes* were there a Priſoner; for indeed there were two Souldiers, who were certain they ſaw *Artamenes* a good way off juſt at night, purſuing his Enemies on that Quarter where the King of *Phrygia* made his Retreat. It was I, Sir, who was imployed unto the King of *Pontus*, who was logded in my

Maſter's Tent. He aſſured me, that the King of *Phrygia* was at that Town neareſt *Ceraſia* cloſe upon the River *Sangar*. But, Sir, I never in all my Life found a Prince more reaſonable than he; for when I expreſſed my Fears that *Artamenes* was taken Priſoner: If that be all (ſaid he to me) never fear him; and calling for Pen and Paper, though he was wounded in his right Arm, yet he writ a Letter unto the King of *Phrygia*, by which he deſired, that if *Artamenes* chanced to be in his Power, to treat him with all poſſible Civility: a Herauld then was diſpatched to the King of *Phrygia*: *Chriſantes* and I, with an infinite number of others, of all Conditions, lighting abundance of Torches, went to ſearch amongſt the dead for that which we wiſhed never to find, though we much feared we ſhould: Alas, (ſaid I to *Chriſantes*) can the Gods be both ſo favourable and ſo averſe unto *Artamenes?* would they permit him to get two glorious Victories in one day, to let him periſh thus, and let *Philidaſpes* enjoy the Fruits of all his Hardſhip? Though day did break, yet we continued in our Fears, and glad we were to ſee we ſought in vain. Since we knew that Quarter where *Artamenes* was ſeen the laſt time, *Chriſantes* and I went thither, not well knowing why we ſcattered ſo from the reſt of the Company: But the Deſtinies who conducted us, knew that which we were ignorant of. As we began to be in abſolute deſpair of ever finding our dear Maſter, and were reſolving to return back, we heard a pittiful weak Voice calling us; we went thither in all haſte, and found two Souldiers ſore wounded, the one in the Leg, the other in the Thigh, who not being able to riſe, lay there all night, hoping for ſome Paſſenger to help them; having both of them received their Wounds in that Place, as they purſued the Enemy: But though their Wounds were great, and weakneſs extream, by reaſon of their loſs of Blood, yet the firſt thing they ſpoke, was not to ask any help, although they were our own Men; but on the contrary, one of them ſpeaking and looking upon us (for he knew we belonged unto *Artamenes*,) Go (ſaid he to us) towards the ſide of that River

ver which you ſee ſome two hundred Paces off, and look carefully there, whether your Illuſtrious Maſter be not in the ſame condition that we are in. Our Maſter (ſaid *Chriſantes* and I both together) Alas, my Friends, what can you tell us concerning him? We ſaw him yeſterday very late (anſwered the Souldier which ſpoke before) purſuing the King of *Phrygia*, who retreated from fight, but as they paſſed by us, we ſaw that *Artamenes* was wounded, at very parting of day, for we ſaw his ſuit of Arms all bloody: We, alas, were as you ſee us, amongſt theſe Buſhes, which did interpoſe between our ſight of the adverſe Party; but we ſaw the King of *Phrygia* before him, and a great Company following after him; and we ſaw him in yonder place, which I point at, maintain a furious fight, and if I be not much deceived, there I ſaw the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* fall, at leaſt, I am certain, there was none ſtayed there, nor any went off, but ſome which ſwam the River, of which I am certain *Artamenes* was none of them. The Souldier had no ſooner ended ſpeaking, but *Chriſantes* and I began to run to the place which he ſhewed us, with doubled Fears which we could not expreſs: I think we had left theſe two poor Souldiers without help, had we not accidentally met ſome of our own Men, unto whoſe care we committed them: Mean while we came to the River-ſide, which is the River *Sanger*, that parts the Kingdom of *Pontus*, from the Kingdom of *Bithynia*: As ſoon as we came there, we ſaw all the Banks covered with killed Men: There was a little Wood-bridge, which ſeemed newly broken; and as the ſtream of this River was not impetuous, we ſaw all along as far as we could look, Men killed, and Arms broken; the Water it ſelf was changed colour, and all the Graſs on the Bank-ſides was ſanguin'd: never was object more mournful than this; we found many of our own Men amongſt the dead, and many alſo of the King of *Phrygia*'s; But O Heavens, how I trembled, when following the River a little lower, I knew my dear Maſter's Horſe, which I ſaw dead on the ſide of the Water; two of his Feet in the River, as if he would have paſſed over, when he was ſhot dead with an Arrow which ſtuck in his Flank:

Alas, alas *Chriſantes* (cried I) doubtleſs our Illuſtrious Maſter is periſhed either by Steel or Water; which way ſoever it be, we have loſt, alas we have loſt the Great *Artamenes*.

It is impoſſible to tell you, Sir, how great was our Sorrows and Aſtoniſhment: We ſaw his Horſe which was very remarkable; and within two Paces further we found his Head-piece, and as the River was narrow, we could ſee his Buckler, which being within lined with Wood, did flote in the Water, and ſtopt by ſome Ruſhes which grew there. In concluſion, Sir, we abſolutely concluded him loſt, ſince we had ſearched ſo exactly all along the River, and found him not; and ſince upon our return to the Camp; the Herauld, which we ſent to the King of *Phrygia* brought no News of him; upon a ſecond reviewing of our Sorrows, *Chriſantes* and I went again unto the fatal River, and mixed our Tears amongſt it: We followed the Sides, as far as in all probability the Waves could convey the Corps of our dear, dead, and honoured Maſter; and ſince this River did empty it ſelf into the Sea, not far diſtant, we imagined it might convey the Corps into that Abyſs: at laſt, Sir, we returned again unto the Camp all in deſpair, we abſolutely thought him dead; and ſo did all the Army as well as we. Never was Victory ſo ſadly reſented as this, and the loſs of twenty Battels had not moved ſo much Sorrow as this; every one ſighed, all wept and lamented; the Captains had much adoe to keep in their Souldiers from disbanding themſelves, and they did publiſh aloud that now there was no more hopes of any Victories ſince *Artamenes* lived not: Some ſaid that now they would ſerve no longer becauſe there was no more recompence to be looked for; others that they would never more expoſe themſelves to any Dangers, ſince never any would be ſo exemplary as *Artamenes* was: All ſaid, let us lament a General who made us to conquer without almoſt any Danger, who, ever did more himſelf than he commanded others to do: who did magnificently recompence us for the leaſt Services; who took all the Danger to himſelf, and left the Plunder to us; who by his ſweetneſs and charming familiarity, was as well our Companion as our General. You may ſee, Sir, what the Souldiers ſaid, whilſt all the

Commanders lamented as much as they, either publickly, or elſe privately in their Tents. The Priſoners we had taken were alſo very ſenſibly ſad at it, and could find no Conſolation in their Captivity, ſince they were not now under the Power of *Artamenes*, from whom they hoped for favourable treatment: The King of *Pontus* particularly was extreamly grieved at it, and ſeemed to be more ſorry for the loſs of him who had wounded him, who had vanquiſhed him, and who had taken him Priſoner than he was for the loſs of two Battels, and his Liberty. *Philidaſpes* himſelf, notwithſtanding all their Thwartings and Averſions, ſeemed to be much grieved at this pitiful Accident; and if he did entertain any Joy, he diſguiſed it ſo well that it appeared not in his Face. But whilſt all the World was mourning, I departed from the Camp full of diſpair, and told no body, no not wiſe *Chriſantes*, and I went to *Sinope*, to acquit my ſelf of that ſad Commiſſion which my Maſter impoſed upon me, and to carry his Letter unto the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*. I made ſuch haſte as I arrived there four hours ſooner than he who *Philidaſpes* ſent to acquaint the King with all Paſſages, and to bring new Orders. But ſince I deſired to ſee none but *Mandana*, I went the back way of the Town, and footed it unto that Gate which is next the Caſtle, and which as you know is not above twenty Paces from it; after I had told them, who ſtopt me at the Gate, that I came from *Thermicira*, they let me paſs, ſo that I came into the Caſtle unknown unto any, becauſe it was almoſt Night; and going up a pair of back-Stairs which conducted unto the Princeſs Chamber, I came into her outward Room unſeen by any. I ſent firſt unto *Marteſia*, to tell her that *Feraulas* had ſomething to impart to her in private; I underſtood ſince by this Lady, that the Princeſs had been extreamly ſad all the Day, and that ſhe was much moved when ſhe was told that I deſired to ſpeak with her, before any knew what I had to ſay. What would *Feraulas* have with me (ſaid ſhe to *Marteſia*?) If *Artamenes* be Conqueror, it is the King unto whom he ought to render an account of his Victory; and if he be conquered (ſaid ſhe ſighing) I ſhall but too ſoon know his Misfortune. Madam (anſwered *Marteſia*) I can ſay nothing, for I no ſooner ſaw *Feraulas*, but without giving almoſt as much time as to tell me he deſired to ſpeak with you, I came to tell you: Let him come (ſaid ſhe) into my Cloſet, whither I will go, and do you bring him thither. *Marteſia* having received this Order, came to me where ſhe left me, and conducted me to the Princeſs, without opening my Mouth, ſo full was I of Sorrow: I no ſooner ſaw the fair *Mandana*, but in ſpight of my reſtraint, my Cheeks were all Tears. The Princeſs ſeeing me in that ſtate, changed colour, and ſpoke firſt with much haſte; Has *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe) loſt the day? and are our Enemies Conquerors? *Artamenes*, Madam (ſaid I) has vanquiſht your Enemies; he has brought the King of *Pontus* to be your Priſoner, and has won you two Battels in one day: But, Madam (ſaid I doubling my Tears, and much ado to ſpeak) at laſt *Artamenes* loſt his Life, and won the Day. Is *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe in the ſaddeſt Tone that ſhe could expreſs) loſt in this Battel? yes, Madam (replied I) *Artamenes* is no more of this World: See (ſaid I in preſenting the Letter which my Maſter writ unto her) what he gave me before he went to fight, aud what he injoyned me to deliver unto your Hand, after his Death, if it ſhould chance in this diſmal Battel. The Princeſs at theſe words, could not reſtrain her Tears no more than I: She went to a Table where there was a Light, and did ſit ſo as I could not ſee her Face, purpoſely to hide her Tears: But do what ſhe could, and notwithſtanding my own ſorrows I obſerved that her Grief was extream. I owe ſo much unto *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe in taking the Letter) that I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not ſadly reſent his loſs; and if after his Death, I do not whatſoever he deſires me; for (ſaid ſhe turning a little towards me) I do imagine that this illuſtrious Man would commend ſome of his Servants unto me, and ask ſome Recompences for them, which he never would for himſelf. I know not, Madam (ſaid I to her) what my Maſter has writ: But I know that they who had the honour to be his, deſire now nothing but Death; and neither pretend either unto any Fortune or any Life. Mean while the Princeſs, after ſhe had dried her Eyes from thoſe Tears which ſhe could not keep in, ſhe began to read my Maſter's Letter; which as *Marteſia* told me afterwards, was thus indicted.

Artamenes to the Princeſs of *Cappadocia.*

B*Efore you read what an unfortunate Prince does write, think, I beſeech you, that he which takes this liberty to write unto you, will never write again; and he could not reſolve to fail in that reverence which he ows you, until after he had loſt his Life in your Service. But, Madam, as he durſt not diſpleaſe you as long as he lived, ſo he would not deprive himſelf of ſo much conſolation, as to hope, that you ſhould know after his Death, how he lived not but unto you, and how he never loved and adored any elſe but you; Yes, Madam,* Artamenes, *who by his Birth is not abſolutely unworthy of the Princeſs of* Cappadocia, *is ſo conſcious of deſerving the Princeſs* Mandana, *that from the firſt Minute he ſaw her, he never durſt tell her that he loved her; and how his Love was it which cauſed all his good Fortune in Arms, and all the Torment of his Life. No, Divine Princeſs, it was only for your ſake that I was here in this Court diſguiſed and unknown: It was for you I fought; I vanquiſh'd, and refuſed all the Earth; though it is one of the moſt noble parts of it, which if I had lived I had commanded. That which moſt perplexeth me at preſent is, that I cannot know whether I ſhall die Conqueror, or Conquered: If the firſt, then, Madam, receive the Victory as the Fruits of my Love, which I purchaſed at the price of my Blood: If the latter, then pitty an unfortunate Man who died in your Service, and who died adoring you. Since I have nothing to hope for, I believe your Vertue will not be offended at my reſpectful Paſſion; and you ſhall never find worſe than I diſcover, ſince the firſt time that I writ unto you is the laſt of my Life. There needs no other anſwer, Madam, unto what I deſire, but ſome ſlight Teſtimonies of Sorrow and Pitty; refuſe them not then I conjure you. And that you may be the eaſier induced to pardon my boldneſs, conſider, if you pleaſe, Madam, that if I had lived,*

ved, you had perhaps been for ever ignorant of what I now tell you, when I am entering into my Grave.

Artamenes.

As long as the reading of this Letter laſted, Tears did ſo abundantly trickle, that ſhe was forced divers times to break off: But when ſhe had ended, knowing that ſhe was not able to reſtrain her Lamentations more than ſhe could her Tears; and being deſirous that I ſhould be no witneſs of her exceſſive Sorrows: *Feraulas*, (ſaid ſhe to me) you ſee that I have not forgot how the illuſtrious *Artamenes* ſaved the Life of the King my Father, ſince I ſo condole his loſs, that I can take no joy in all thoſe glorious Advantages which he hath atchieved for us: But (ſaid ſhe, ſighing) what can be done leſs for him, who in one Day hath won two Battels? hath taken an Enemy's King Priſoner, and hath beſtowed an everlaſting Peace upon all *Cappadocia*, than to make that memorable Day, a Day of Sorrow and Tears for his Loſs? Grief did ſad this Princeſs, that ſhe could hardly pronounce theſe laſt words; ſo that to be at more liberty of Lamentation, Go, *Feraulas*, (ſaid ſhe to me) lament your glorious Maſter, and come hither in the Morning, for I ſhall be glad to ſee you. Then I made a low reverence to depart, and was at the Cloſet Door when ſhe called me back; *Feraulas*, (ſaid ſhe to me) tell me before you go, of what Country was the Famous *Artamenes?* and exactly tell me what was his Quality? He was a Prince, Madam, (ſaid I to her) and had, if he had lived, been a King of a great Kingdom: But, Madam, this is all I have in Commiſſion to tell you, my Maſter having expreſly forbidden me to tell his Name. 'Tis enough, ſaid ſhe, for the Glory of *Artamenes*, and too much for the Tranquillity of *Mandana*. She being more loaden with Sorrows at theſe words, diſmiſſed me, and ſtaid alone, only with her dear Confident *Marteſia*.

I was no ſooner gone, (as ſhe told me afterwards) but giving her my Maſter's Letter to read; See there (ſaid ſhe) alas, there you will find the Cauſe of my exceſſive Sorrow; conſider, I pray you, if ever any was more lamentable. *Marteſia* obeying the Princeſs, began to read the Letter in a low Voice unto her ſelf; but *Mandana* would not ſuffer her: No, (ſaid ſhe) *Marteſia*, I would underſtand what I confuſedly beheld, and what perhaps I have read falſe. *Marteſia* began to read the Letter aloud; but, O Heavens, how oft was this reading interrupted! and how happy had *Artamenes* been, if he had known her Reſentments of him; whoſoever ſhould have told me, within this hour, (ſaid the Princeſs to *Marteſia*) that I ſhould receive a declaration of Love without Anger; and that I ſhould pity him which made it, and dearly loved his Memory; Ah, *Marteſia*, I ſhould not have believed it: yet I cannot chuſe but confeſs my Weakneſs unto you, and acknowledg that I do infinitely compaſſionate the unfortunate *Artamenes*. I am not angry at him for loving me; yet I know not (added ſhe) whether if he ſhould riſe again, I ſhould repent of what I ſay, and all I would do, ſhould be to hide my Reſentments; yet, *Marteſia*, I do well find, that *Artamenes* had a greater ſhare in my Heart than ever I thought, and perhaps more than he ought to have, or I to afford him. Indeed, *Marteſia*, my Soul is extreamly troubled, I am very ſenſible of thoſe Sorrows which are in me; and whether I will or no, all theſe ſad Paſſions do not offend me: I perceive, (added ſhe) that the knowledg of his Quality mingles a ſerret Sentiment of Joy in my Soul: I recal his Life, and all his heroick Acts, into my Memory; and againſt my own Mind and Conſent I cannot forbear to be glad when I find all theſe Things and Circumſtances which have been told unto me, confirm me in the belief of his Birth and Love. Indeed, *Marteſia*, not to diſſemble the Truth, I do think, that as *Artamenes* loved me, and I had no certainty of it, ſo I did love him alſo, and knew it not: That which I named Eſteem and Acquaintance, (ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd) might perhaps have been called ſomething elſe: Indeed, I know that I did oft-times wiſh a Crown upon the Head of *Artamenes*, and knew not well why I wiſh'd it: And I knew moreover, that though the ſuſpicions which I had of his Paſſions did diſturb me, yet I was never abſolutely unwilling that he ſhould love me. But, O Heavens, that which is moſt conſiderable, and moſt vexatious, is, that I know I ſhall reſent his Death ſo deeply, as it will moleſt all the Tranquillity and hopes of my Life.

The ſad *Mandana* ſtopt at theſe words; and *Marteſia*, though ſhe was much troubled at the loſs of *Artamenes*, yet to comfort the Princeſs, told her, that the Gods were ever wont to mix Bitters and Sweets, Goods and Bads together, and never the one without the other; and therefore at this time ſhe muſt think that all theſe Victories are bought at a dear Rate. Ah, *Marteſia*, (ſaid ſhe to her) that Victory which is at the price of *Artamenes*'s Life, is infinitely too dear, though it had brought me a Crown with it; for, my dear *Marteſia*, it is a hard matter ever to be comforted after the loſs of ſuch a Prince as he; a Prince, I ſay, who was owner of all excellent Qualities, and no bad Ones; alſo one who loved us. But (ſaid *Marteſia* to her) if he had lived, you had never known as much; or if you had, you would have been offended at it. I confeſs, (replied the Princeſs haſtily) I ſhould have been offended, and that mortally. But, *Marteſia*, he never told me of it, until he was at the point of Death; I knew it not, until he was in ſuch a condition as he could not know what I thought of it; and it is this principally which cauſeth my moſt ſharp Sorrow. All the great Acts of *Artamenes*, and all his high Vertues, were things which truly did gain and merit my eſteem; but I muſt confeſs unto you, that his reverence and reſpect of me, has abſolutely gained my Heart; The Combats which he fought, the Battels which he won, and all his other glorious Actions which he did to merit my Approbation, did not ſo much appertain unto me, but that he and others did ſhare in the Glory with me: But that *Artamenes* ſhould love me, and out of his profound reverence and reſpect unto me, ſhould not tell it me until his Death; this, *Marteſia*, reflects wholly upon *Mandana*: this is it which makes me plainly ſee that *Artamenes* did value me: And this is it which obliges me to love the Memory of a Man, who had Reaſon in his Love, and loved me without offending or diſpleaſing me. Madam, (ſaid *Marteſia* then unto her) I do conceive it juſt indeed, that you ſhould cheriſh the memory of *Artamenes*; but yet I know not why you ſhould ſo much injure your ſelf as to grieve ſo exceſſively. I know not (replied the Princeſs) whether it be juſt, or handſom, but I am ſure I can do no leſs. I ſhould never have finiſhed my Relation, Sir, if I ſhould tell you all that *Mandane* ſaid and did upon this occaſion; ſhe went to Bed, and would not eat any Meat; ſhe paſſed away all the melancholy Night without a wink of ſleep.

The ſame Night that the King knew of the Victories and Death of *Artamenes*, by him whom *Philidaſpes* ſent to advertiſe him; he teſtified an extream ſorrow for the loſs: All the Court and all the Town were ſad; one would have thought his Battel had been loſt, and the whole Kingdom utterly ruined: All were quite deceived, only *Aribeus*, who was glad in his Heart, though he durſt not let it appear, ſince the King thought that the Princeſs was yet ignorant of this ſad News; he ſent to tell her, and went himſelf the next Morning to condole, and alſo comfort her, for he knew very well that ſhe did very much eſteem *Artamenes*. This Meeting was condoled on the King's part very tenderly and ſadly; and very wiſely and reſervedly on the Princeſs part; for ſhe diſcovered no more Sorrows and Compaſſion, than the Intereſt of the State might reaſonably cauſe in her Soul for ſuch a loſs: But as ſoon as the King was gone, ſhe ſent to ſeek me; and as I could not ſtay any longer at *Sinope*, ſo they found me coming to take my leave on her. When I came into her Chamber, Madam, (ſaid I, coming near her Bed) I come to deſire your leave that I may return to the Camp. What will you do there? (replied the Princeſs). I would go (replied I) to ſee if *Chriſantes* have ſince my departure from him, yet found the Corps of my dear dead Maſter, which before we could not find. What (ſaid the Princeſs, ſighing) has not the unfortunate *Artamenes* received the honour of a Burial? No, Madam, (ſaid I, with Eyes ſwell'd with Tears) unleſs *Chriſantes* have found him ſince my departure.

Then ſhe enjoined me to relate unto her all that I have told you; to wit, all that we found along the River of *Sanger*, and all I knew concerning the Death of my dear Maſter: After I had told her all, and by my ſad Relation cauſed her to bedew all her fair Face with a Deluge of Tears, ſhe began to preſs me again to tell her his Name: For, ſaid ſhe, what good reaſon could he have to conceal it? I know not, Madam, (anſwered I) nor can I, I confeſs, comprehend it, conſidering the greatneſs of his Birth: But it belongs not to me to examine my Maſter's Reaſons; it is my duty only to execute his laſt Commands with all punctual obſervance. You have reaſon (ſaid ſhe to me) and I have done you wrong in preſſing you unto ſo unjuſt and unreaſonable a thing; It is ſufficient that I know that he was of a Royal Extract; and there is not any Prince in the World, let him be as great as he can be, but may deſire a Son like unto him: Mean while, (ſaid ſhe to me) believe it *Feraulas*, and aſſure *Chriſantes* of as much, that all they which had relation unto the moſt glorious *Artamenes*, may obtain any thing from the Princeſs *Mandana*, and that which ſhe has not done for him, ſhe will do for his. You are too generous, Madam, (ſaid I to her); but I have already told you, that we ask no more from the Gods, but only the Corps of our dear Maſter, and the honour to bring him unto his Grave. Theſe words did ſo extreamly move the Princeſs, that putting out her hand unto me, ſhe ſaid, you are worthy Servants of ſuch a Maſter as you have loſt: Go and ſeek out with all diligence thoſe glorious and ſad Relicks, until you have found it out; and when you have found it, let me be acquainted with it, to the end I may move the King, my Father, to pay thoſe honours which are due unto his Merit, and unto thoſe Services which we have received. After this, ſhe diſmiſſed me with a profound ſigh, and would have given me a Jewel, but I refuſed it, and went from *Sinope* to the Camp, that I might follow the invincible *Artamenes*, if I could do nothing elſe.

Mean while, although the King was much troubled at the loſs of my [illegible] of his Victory; and fearing leſt the King of *Phrygia* ſhould bring freſh Forces into the Field, and relieve the King of *Pontus*, therefore he ſent, the next Morning that I parted from *Sinope*, a command unto *Philidaſpes*, to bring the Priſoner (King) to Court; ſo that the day after I came to the Camp, *Philidaſpes* with ſix thouſand Men, went to conduct him. He left the Command of the Army, by Order from *Ciaxares* unto *Artaxes*, Brother of *Aribeus*, and came unto *Sinope* with intentions to Triumph, and aſſume unto himſelf all the glorious Labours of my moſt Illuſtrious Maſter. Neither *Chriſantes* nor I would return to Court, but both ſtaied in the Camp, and continued our ſearch all along the fatal River *Sangar*, and in all places thereabouts for what we had loſt, and to lament our Misfortune. The Prince *Tigranes*, who ſaw there was no more to do in the Army, returned to *Sinope*, much grieved for the loſs of *Artamenes*; As for *Philidaſpes*, as generous as he was, I do believe that if he was not glad of the Death of *Artamenes*, yet he had ſome reſemblances of it, which preſently after produced the ſame Effects in his Heart. He departed from the Camp, in ſuch a manner as was not ordinary, but very magnificent: As for the King of *Pontus*, he had contrary reſentments in his Soul, for he was extream ſad at the loſs of the Battel; much grieved at the Death of him which won it; angred to follow *Philidaſpes* as his Conquerer who was not ſo; and in extream confuſion, to appear as a conquered Priſoner, before that Princeſs whom he loved: yet amongſt all theſe bad Reſentments, he had ſome ſecret Joy, that he ſhould ſee her again.

Mean time *Philidaſpes* march'd in all haſte, and as he went to *Sinope*, he ordained a petty Triumph, wherein might be ſeen all ſigns of Mourning, as well as Victory for the Death of their General, not daring to expreſs it otherwiſe. Then, as at the laſt Battle, all the Baggage of both Kings was all taken; ſo alſo they met with many things which the King of *Phrygia* had formerly taken from *Ciaxares*, in a War which was betwixt them. *Philidaſpes* made uſe of all the rich Plunder to make the

Pomp more proudly Magnificent; He cauſed two thouſand Men of War to march firſt, in the Head of which were carried abundance of Enſigns gained from the Enemy; and the better to ſet forth the Death of their General, they which carried them were in Mourning; Fifty Trumpets followed theſe Enſigns, in black Mantles and Pennons; afterwards followed forty Coaches, covered with black, all fill'd with magnificent Coats of Arms, Head-pieces, Plumes of divers Colours, Bucklers of an hundred ſeveral Faſhions; Swords, Bows, Quivers, Arrows, and Lances; and all this in ſo handſom a mixture, and ſo well ſet out, with Order and with Confuſion both, that as they who were there told us, nothing could be beheld more Beautiful and Pompous: Six other Chariots followed theſe forty firſt, all fill'd with that which *Ciaxares* had formely loſt, to wit, magnificent Pavilions, great pieces of Plate, both Silver and Gold, prized at an ineſtimable Rate and Value, both for their huge Prodigiouſneſs, and rich Engravings; a Throne of Gold, richly beſet with Onyx, Topaz, and other rare Precious-ſtones: After theſe Chariots, marcht the King Priſoner on Horſeback, but without a Sword, invironed with a hundred for his Guard, in mourning Caſſocks, and followed with fifteen hundred Priſoners, chained four to four: Immediately after marched *Philidaſpes* alone, cloathed in Mourning, and his Horſe Furniture ſuitable, with the Baſton of a General in his Hand; The reſt of the Regiments followed, marching in the ſame order as the firſt.

As this Triumph came into the great Plain within 20 Furlongs of *Sinope*, they of the firſt Rank ſaw a Litter, which croſſing the way about an hundred Paces before them, did ſtay as if it were to let the Souldiers paſs; yet they were no ſooner within compaſs of looking into the Litter, but preſently making a ſtop, they began to run out of order, and cry out, It is *Artamenes!* it is *Artamenes!* This word paſſing from the firſt Rank to the ſecond, and from the ſecond to the third, and ſo throughout all, the glorious Name of *Artamenes* did in an inſtant fill the Mouths of Friends and Enemies; Captains and Souldiers, Conquerors and Conquered : all ſtops, and in a moment, all would advance to be better cer- tified of the matter : *Philidaſpes*, who was afraid it ſhould be ſome Stratagem of the King of *Phrygia*, to put his Souldiers in diſorder whilſt he relieved the King of *Pontus*, commanded every one to his place, and advan- ced to the place where the noiſe began. But O Hea- vens, how was he ſurprized, when looking into the Lit- ter, he ſaw that it was really *Artamenes* which was withi it, who held his Hand out to the Souldiers, and cheriſhed all them which came near him : This ſight did doubtleſ aſtoniſh *Philidaſpes*, and perhaps made him ſad : But a he was one of a great Soul, Wit, and Generoſity, ſo he partly hid it, without expreſſing much Joy, or much Sorrow ; he lighted from his Horſe, and came near my Maſter. *Artamenes* (ſaid he in coming to him, and pre- ſenting him his Generals Staff) could never riſe in a fitte time ; he who died in the day of Victory, revives a- gain in the day of Triumph : In the caſe that I am i (replied *Artamenes* ſmiling, and moſt civilly ſaluting him) I may more aptly be taken for a vanquiſhed, than Vanquiſher : And to tell you truly, I think that I am ne ther fit to follow a Chariot, nor to go before it. Chario of Triumph (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) are not difficult to b conducted, for commonly Fortune guides them. *Arta- menes* had not leaſure to anſwer this nice Complemen for all the Officers, whether *Philidaſpes*, who comma ed them, would or no, did quit their places, and a knowledg him no more, but came to ſalute their Ge- neral *Artamenes* : All the Regiments not daring abſolu ly to quit their Ranks, becauſe of the Priſoners whic they guarded, yet they preſſed ſo, that all the Sould ers might at leaſt ſee the Litter where he was. T King of *Pontus*, impatient to embrace his glorious Co querer, ſent one of them who was appointed for h Guard to ask leave for him to come near : The Sol dier coming near, and preſenting what the King *Pontus* deſired, my Maſter with an unparelled Modeſ making a ſign to him with his Hand, It is *Philida* (ſaid he) and not *Artamenes*, which can grant him t

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leave, and of whom he muſt ask it, ſince he received the laſt Orders from the King, and commands in Chief. *Philidaſpes* being even confounded, and half angry at my Maſters ſweet civillity, ſaid unto him, That his power was nothing ſince he was preſent, and therefore the Command was in him. I care not for commanding others (anſwered *Artamenes*) when I am not in a condition to do that my ſelf which I bid others do: You muſt at this time (anſwered *Philidaſpes*) endure this inconveniency, for I do not think there is any will take your Office out of your hand. Why you may better take it upon you than I (replied *Artaments*) Your Souldiers will not conſent, replied *Philidaſpes*, and I think they have good reaſon for it. In concluſion, Sir, after this modeſt conteſt *Artamenes* took upon him that Command which belonged unto him, and turning towards the Meſſenger from the King of *Pontus*: My Friend, ſaid he to him, tell the King of *Pontus*, that if I were able to go, I would come where he is, and do him that reverence which is his due, and tell him that he may do what ever he pleaſes. This generous Royal Priſoner came then with great Joy to ſalute the Man who had captivated him: I could not but grieve much (ſaid he in coming to him) at your loſs; and I never had any Thought of my Liberty, until that minuit you were believed to be dead. Sir, (anſwered my Maſter with mnch ſweetneſs) if I were not ſo wounded, as I could not ſuſtain my ſelf, *Artaments* would not receive the King of *Pontus* after ſuch an uncivil manner; and doubtleſs he would let him know, that he thinks his Victory very unfortunate, that he is not had in more Veneration. Never ſpeak of unfortunate (anſwered the King of *Pontus*) my Fetters are not baſe, ſince you did put them no; nor have I need of all my Victories to follow *Artamenes* as my Conqueror: Such as you, who deſerve to conquer (anſwered my Maſter) ought to be but little troubled at being conquered, and it is a greater Argument of your Valour, than mine, that you find ſuch conſolation in your Misfortune. The King of *Pontus*, drawing back a little, to give room unto thoſe who yet had not ſaluted *Artamenes*, my Maſter had a deſire to know whether or no the Victory was compleat: he asked of the King and the Princeſs; he enquired particularly of moſt part of all the Officers; and he had the goodneſs to ask where *Chriſantes*, and where I was: He cheered up thoſe with his Eyes unto whom he could not ſpeak; and aſſured all the Souldiers ſmiling, that he deſired not from them any part of the Plunder, or Booty. Every one deſired to know what had become of him? But he told them all, that this was not a fit place for it, and deſired their Patience. After this joyful Tumult was appeaſed, *Artamenes* ſent to the King to acquaint him with his being alive, and that he was in the Head of ſix thouſand Men, who brought the King of *Pontus* unto him, to the end he might acquit himſelf of his former Promiſe, and to tell that he waited for his Orders: Mean time, they marched gently, and came within ſix Furlongs of *Sinope*. I leave you to imagine, Sir, what different Thoughts came into my Maſter's Mind: 'Tis true that he ſaw he returned to the Court in a moſt glorious manner, having gained two Battels in one day, and brought a King a Priſoner with him: But yet he knew the King of *Pontus* was his Rival, and that did make him almoſt repent the taking him: The ſight of *Philidaſpes* alſo did agitate in his Mind, the remembrance of all their ancient differences, and ſtir'd up no ſmall turbulency in his Soul; but of all other Inquietudes, the incertainty whether or no I had delivered the Letter unto the Princeſs did moſt grate in his Mind: Sometimes, he deſired it were: Sometimes he feared it was: Sometimes he was uncertain which he ſhould wiſh, and could not determine what to think. *Philidaſpes* for his part was not without his Turbulencies; he ſaw the glorious Reſurrection of his Enemy; and looked upon him as more his Conqueror, than the King of *Pontus* did; and thought it concern'd him as near as the loſs of his Liberty. This Prince, though indeed he was the moſt unfortunate of all at this time, yet he did not think himſelf ſo; for he knew not that *Philidaſpes* and *Artamenes* were his Rivals: but on the contrary he was in hope that my Maſter would do good Offices to the King and Princeſs; ſo that he loved him with an extream tenderneſs. Thus did theſe three Illuſtrious Lovers of the Princeſs of *Cappadocia* reſent the Buſineſs: Mean while, the Meſſenger which my Maſter ſent before to carry news of his happy Reſurrection, arrived at *Sinope:* you may imagine, Sir, how he was received: The King reſented more joyfully than he could expreſs, and made him which brought the happy Tidings, repeat it a hundred times over: The King ſent preſently to acquaint the Princeſs, who teſtified an unimaginable Satisfaction: The whole Court was raviſh'd: All the People rejoyced: *Aribeus* himſelf was compell'd to ſeem ſo, becauſe he muſt not be ſingular, and made ſome counterfeit ſigns of Gladneſs as he did before of Sorrow: The Prince *Tigranes* who had deſigned his departure, deferred it, in hopes to ſee *Artamenes*, and went not until the fifth day after his return. The King deſirous to honour my Maſter, ſent him word that he would not have him come into the Town in a Tumult, and without Ceremony; and appointed him to encamp his Troops near the Caſtle, about ſix Furlongs from thence; and there he would have him lodg, aſſuring him, that he would come that Night to embrace him: He was obeyed, and all things were as he commanded: The King then went and carried Chyrurgions, and Phyſicians with him unto *Artamenes:* whom he cheered up, the like was never ſeen: He received *Philidaſpes* alſo very well, but not comparable to my Maſter, who was conſtrained to go into his Bed: As for the King of *Pontus*, he appointed unto him the beſt Chamber in the Caſtle; and as a little before *Ciaxares* came, this Prince ſent unto my Maſter, deſiring him to obtain from the King, that he might not enter into *Sinope*, amongſt the reſt of the Priſoners: So my Maſter, who thought he could never enough acknowledg the Generoſity of this illuſtrious Priſoner, was ever forward to render him any good Office he could deſire, provided, it did not relate unto his Love: For, as *Ciaxares* told him, it was not Juſt that he ſhould enter *Sinope* as if he were not conquered; *Arta-*

menes, did deſire him as a Recompence for all his Services, that the King of *Pontus* might come into the Town in the night, as well as himſelf. It will be ſufficient, Sir, (ſaid he) that the People ſee the Plunder of the Field, and the other Priſoners, without augmenting the Misfortunes of this great Prince (unto whom I am obliged) by an unprofitable Pomp; and without making me aſhamed of thoſe Honours which I deſerve not. The King could hardly reſolve what to do, but in concluſion, he muſt yield unto him who was ever wont to conquer. *Artamenes*, beſeeched *Ciaxares*, that he would be pleaſed to ſee the King of *Pontus* his Priſoner, which at the requeſt of my Maſter he did. The enterview of theſe two Enemy Princes paſſed with all poſſible Civility between them. Mean while the King burned with an ardent impatience, to know where *Artamenes* had been; how he eſcaped, and how he came ſo opportunely to meet the Army. He no ſooner knew from the Chyrurgions who had ſearched his Wounds whilſt he went to viſit the King of *Pontus*, that they were all abſolutely without danger, but he preſſed him extraordinarily to relate it: *Artamenes* would have had a days Diſpenſation, but the impatiency of *Ciaxares* would not permit it; he exactly told them, all that which I am now going to tell you, and which I afterwards had from his own Mouth; To let you know then what was become of my Maſter, I muſt return to the place of Battel, and tell you, that when thoſe two Souldiers, of which I ſpoke, did ſee him paſs; it was true, as they believed, that he was wounded in the left Shouldier, and yet he did not ceaſe following the King of *Phrygia* as far as the River *Sangor*. As this Prince in his retreat paſſed over a little Wood-bridge, which I already ſpoke of, the Multitude of thoſe which followed, and which would paſs all at a time over with him, cauſed the Bridge to break when he had half his Men on the one ſide, and half on the other ſide of the River; But that which ſeemed to do him an ill Office, did him a good one, beaauſe by this Accident my Maſter was ſtayed, and he could not continue his purſuit; yet thoſe which were on this ſide the broken Bridge, redoubling their Valour out of deſpair to ſave themſelves, did obſtinately defend themſelves: On the other ſide, *Artamenes*, all in anger that this Prince had eſcaped him, did aſſault them with unimaginable Violence, and ſo there began a freſh Combate: Thoſe which followed the King of *Phrygia* on the other ſide the River, thinking themſelves ſafe, endeavoured to help their own ſide by ſhooting abundance of Arrows, from the other ſide of the River, and we could not return the like, becauſe *Artamenes* had then no Archers with him: In concluſion, almoſt all they which fought being dead, and day at an end, one of the Arrows from the other ſide ſhot the Horſe of *Artamenes* in the Flank; the Horſe perceiving himſelf wounded, began to run with all his ſpeed along the River-ſide, and whether my Maſter would or no carried him from thoſe few of his Men which remained; afterwards falling to Curvet upon a ſudden, and leaping by the Water-ſide, as if he would ſwim the River, he fell dead down, in danger to drown my Maſter, becauſe that ſince he had fought near the Bridge, he had received a Wound in the Thigh, ſo that he had much ado to diſingage himſelf from under his Horſe, and get out of the Water on to Land. Yet notwithſtanding all the Blood which he had loſt, and the heavineſs of his Arms, he recovered himſelf. But as ſoon as he had got out of this danger, he was preſently engaged in another; for he perceived he was much more wounded than he thought to be, it being abſolutely impoſſible to hold himſelf up; beſides, the night came on, and he ſaw not one about him; yet he heard a noiſe of Men which fled and paſſed by not far of that place; but becauſe he knew not whether they were Friends or Enemies, he paus'd a while to deliberate whether he ſhould call them or no; but preſently, he heard no more of them, and there he lay, not knowing what to do or what would become of him, knowing well that he had not ſtrength enough to carry himſelf to the Camp, though in the obſcurity of the Night he ſhould chance to ſtumble upon the Way; Moreover it was ſo dark that he could not ſee, nor had he Strength if he had had Eyes to find his Helmet, and Buckler which he had loſt in fighting, though he ſought them as well as he could; he ſate then down at the Root of a Tree, reſolving to ſtay there until the next day: Certainly if any had ſeen him in that deplorable Condition, it would have been hard for them to believe, that he had gained two Battels in one day; took a King a Priſoner, and chaſed another. But after he had ſate a while in this cold manner, chance would have it, that a Horſe which was left without a Maſter in the fight, wandring along the River-ſide, paſſed by him; as ſoon as the Animal by favour of the Stars eſpied him, he ſtarted back with all ſpeed; but by good fortune his Bridle which hung down did entangle his Feet, and made him ſtumble ſo near my Maſter, that he catching hold of the Bridle, he ſeized upon him and held him: The Horſe being none of the moſt metled, ſtopt preſently; and *Artamenes* knowing himſelf weak with loſs of Blood, and conſidering he was far from the Camp, with much ado got up, and reſolved to go unto any place, where he could diſcover any Light, or Houſe, thinking it were better to ask help of an Enemy, rather than periſh at the Foot of a Tree, where there was none to help him; he knew that there was one part of *Bithynia* which was not very affectionate unto the King of *Pontus*, whoſe Father had uſurped it from thoſe which were the legitimate Owners. Indeed, becauſe he could do nothing elſe, he marched ſtraight to the place where he ſaw light; As he came near it, he ſaw it had been a goodly fair Caſtle, built with Fortifications, and which now had no Towers nor Walls: *Artamenes* entred it without reſiſtance; but, the Feet of his Horſe made ſuch a noiſe in the Ears of them that were within, that *Artamenes* heard a great number of Woman cry, as if a thouſand Men were coming to take them; but my Maſter putting them out of fear, by the weakneſs of his Voice, he ſaw appear a Woman well on in years, and of a good deportment upon the Battlement, whom four other Women lighted with Torches: Mean while, *Artamenes* being lighted from his Horſe, though in great pain, he ſaw this Lady look upon him with extraordinary obſervance, and after ſhe had thus well conſidered him, not giving him time to ſpeak, ſhe cried out upon a ſudden; Ah my Son! ah *Spitridates*, is it you? ah *Spitridates*, is it poſſible I ſhould ſee you here? At theſe words, although there were Men in the Houſe, ſhe ran to help *Artamenes*; thoſe which took him by the Arms ſuſtained him; all the Women came near to look upon him, and this Lady which ſpoke unto him, deſiring to imbrace my Maſter, he fell into a ſound, and remained as dead in her Arms, which troubled her much. In a belief he was her Son, ſhe commanded they ſhould carry him to a Chamber, to diſarm him and get him to bed; for ſince he was all bloody, ſhe knew he was wounded: By good fortune there was a young Chyrurgion, which after the rout of the King of *Pontus*'s Army, came thither. Mean while, though *Artamenes* had not ſtrength enough to anſwer that Lady, which called him *Spitridates*, yet he did remember it, at his coming again to himſelf; but he was much aſtoniſhed, when opening his Eyes, he found he was in a fair Chamber, in a ſtately Bed, and many Ladies about him, amongſt which there was one who was admirably fair; he alſo ſaw her which called him *Spitridatis*, but he ſaw all in Tears for his Wounds, and for the Arms ſhe ſaw him have: My Maſter notwithſtanding his weakneſs, had no ſooner recovered his Sight, and his Reaſon, but he ſaluted the Ladies with much Reverence: He intended to preſent a complement and excuſe his ſurprize, but this aged Lady prevented him, and ſaid unto him ſighing; Alas, is it poſſible I ſhould ſee you again? and that the Gods amongſt all my bitter Misfortunes ſhould afford me this good one? to find you after I have ſo long lamented and bewailed your abſence? but alas, I find you wounded, and in Arms for our Enemies, in which, perhaps you have killed your Father, or your Brother, or both, for we hear no news of them, and they were in the Battel, as it ſeems by your Wounds you were alſo: Ah *Spitridates*, what cauſe has the King given you, that after five years Travels you ſhould return in Arms againſt him and your Countrey? My Maſter hearing this Lady ſpeak thus, was much ſurprized, and though he could not without trouble to himſelf, yet he would needs undeceive her: If I were he whom you think me to be (anſwered he unto her) I ſhould not diſown my ſelf, but ſince I am not, I ought not to let you go on in your Error, though perhaps it might have been advantageous unto me. What, ſaid the Lady, are you not my Son? No, Madam, anſwered my Maſter, I am ſo far from being your Son, that you have relieved an Enemy, but ſuch an Enemy, as hath done nothing which might in reaſon incite you particularly againſt him, ſince his deſign aims no other, than faithfully to ſerve that King in whoſe ſervice he is engaged. I ſee my Son (ſaid ſhe interrupting him) that you are aſhamed of what you have done, and will not confeſs who you are, ſince we hear no news of thoſe two which are ſo nearly related to you, and who perhaps you have fought withal, and knew not; nor will I (ſaid ſhe, leaving him) diſturb you in that condition you are in. After this, the Lady went out of the Chamber, and left my Maſter in much wonder, ſeeing they would needs take him for one whom he was not; He paſſed over that night quietly, for though he had loſt much Blood, yet no Fever ſeized on him; and his wearineſs cauſing him to ſleep, he was as well the next Morning, as one who had two ſuch great Wounds could poſſibly be hoped for.

This Lady, failed not to viſit him in the Morning, and renewed her Complaints: ſhe then ſaw there was ſome difference between *Artamenes* and *Spitridates*, but no more than ſhe thought five Years might alter, it being ſo long ſince ſhe ſaw him: My Son, ſaid ſhe to a Woman who was there, was not ſo big when he left us; he had not the ſame Symmetry of Face, ſo High and ſo Noble; but he was then young, and five Years might make a great change in a Man of his Years. Yet *Artamenes*, who would by no means lie unto her, ſpoke ſuch things unto her, as ſhe doubted of it: he beſeeched her that he might ſend a Letter unto the Lieutenant General of the *Cappadocian* Army, but ſhe would not conſent unto it.

No, ſaid ſhe unto him, I cannot be yet reſolved of my Doubts; My eyes tell me you are my Son, but your Words aſſure me you are my Enemy; and which of them ſoever you be, peradventure you have killed my Husband: at theſe words, Tears flowing in her Eyes; If ye be my Son (ſaid ſhe to him) I ought to pardon you, and though ye ſhould be an Enemy unto the King under whoſe Government we are at preſent, yet I ought to be compaſſionate, and pity you, ſince you are ſo unfortunate and generous as not to delude me; and for theſe Reaſons I will aſſiſt you. I know, my Son, that ſince you have forſaken the King of *Pontus*, I muſt hide you, as one that is delinquent; But, my Son, ſaid ſhe, I am your Mother, and moreover we are aſſured the King of *Pontus* is taken Priſoner, and you know the Princeſs his Siſter will not entertain you in his abſence; and we do every day receive a hundred ſecret Aſſiſtances, in conſideration of you; ſpeak therefore, I conjure you, and tell me exactly the Truth; Tell me whether you be *Spitridates*, and what is your true Name and Country.

My Maſter now found himſelf in a Labyrinth; there was no colour of Reaſon to tell he was *Artamenes*, for that would be to put ſuch a Man as he, perhaps into the hands of his Enemies; he beſeeched her therefore for the preſent, to believe that he was not *Spitridates*, and not to preſs him any further to tell his Name; he aſſured her, that the King whom he ſerved would not be pleaſed with it, and that for divers other Reaſons, he could not do it. This diſcourſe was long and tedious, and cauſed my Maſter's Wounds to bleed afreſh; a Fever ſeiſed upon him, and he was eight days very ill: During which time, nothing was ſpoke of but curing him, and during all which time, he was marvellous well treated by this Lady, though every day, ſhe ſometimes thought him an Enemy, and ſometimes her Son, but hearing at laſt, that her Husband, and her other Son were eſcaped the Battel and fled with the King of *Phrygia*, her Soul was more tranquile, and more capable of Reaſon.

The next morning when ſhe underſtood my Maſter was reaſonable well, ſhe would try another way, to diſcover whether he was her Son: She imployed that fair Lady, her daughter, whom my Maſter did principally obſerve at his firſt coming; and ſhe came unto him, with two other Women, and thus put him to a new trial. Brother, (ſaid ſhe to him) Madam, (anſwered he, interrupting her) I ſhould be infinitely honour'd in the Name, but ſince I am not *Spitridates*, I muſt needs undeceive you, and content my ſelf with the title of your moſt humble Servant. Whatſoever you are, replied this fair Lady, you deſerve more than that phraſe, ſince, conſideriug the ſtate we are in, there is none more unfortunate then we; yet to clear my Doubts, both mine, and others in the Houſe, I deſire you to take ſo much pains, as to open this Box, where perhaps, you may find ſomething which will pleaſe you; in ſaying ſo, ſhe preſented a Box, in which was a very rare Picture, and looked upon him with extream attention. *Artamenes*, who knew not why ſhe would have him open this Box, obeyed her, and was indeed well pleaſed with the Picture of a Lady admirably fair: but ſince he knew not who it repreſented, and having in his Heart another Picture which darkned the Beauty of this, there appeared no extraordinary ſurprize in his Eyes; he looked upon it as a fair thing indeed, but it moved him neither unto a great Joy, nor any Inquietude. This fair Lady obſerving the calmneſs with which he looked upon this Picture; Ah generous ſtranger (ſaid ſhe) I am now certain that you are not *Spitridates*, for he was never able to look upon this Picture with ſo much coldneſs; after theſe words ſhe left my Maſter, and went unto her Mother; You need no longer doubt (ſaid ſhe to her) but this Man is not *Spitridates*; for he beheld this Picture without any joy or turbulency at all; he grew neither pale, nor red at it; his Soul was quiet; his Eyes appeared neither pleaſant nor ſad, therefore it is impoſſible he ſhould be *Spitridates*: no, Madam (ſaid ſhe to her) he is not my Brother, ſince he is not a Lover of the Princeſs of *Pontus*; I muſt conclude he is not in Love, ſince he can look upon this Picture with ſo much indifferency;

he I ſay, who never heard her named without a Bluſh; nor ever ſaw her without Aſtoniſhment: Thus ſpoke this young fair Lady, and it was her words which did indeed moſt undeceive the old one. My Maſter came to know all this which I intend to tell you, from a Woman which looked unto him, and who being deſirous to oblige him, told him all ſhe knew.

So, Sir, this Lady being now fully perſwaded, that *Artamenes* was not *Spitridates*, did yet reſolve to treat him very well; and his Merit having already gained ſo powerful an influence upon her Heart, ſhe came to him the next morning, and found him in a good ſtate: Generous Stranger (ſaid ſhe to him) ſince you have no mind to be *Spitridates*, be therefore what you pleaſe; and let me loſe a Son whom I thought I had found: I beſeech you, let not the reſemblance he has unto you offend you, for of what condition ſoever you are, his Name cannot be very diſhonourable unto you, ſince his Anceſtors in loſing the Crown of *Bithynia*, have not loſt their Nobleneſs of Blood. Madam, ſaid *Artamenes* then unto her, I moſt humbly deſire your pardon, if I have not rendred unto you that reverence which is your Due, and my Duty. Excuſe not your ſelf (ſaid ſhe) in what you have not failed, ſince (added this Lady, ſighing) Princeſſes which live under the Dominion of an Uſurper, muſt not exact that, which perhaps their condition might another time require: Although, ſaid ſhe, you be not my Son, yet you do much reſemble him, and for that reaſon, I am obliged to render you your Liberty. If you be my Son, you are in no ſecurity within this Houſe; and if you be not my Son, yet you can have no more aſſurance of ſafety; therefore it were better that you depart, and I will cauſe you to be conducted unto what place you pleaſe. My Maſter was raviſhed with joy, at the generoſity of this Lady; he thanked her, and proteſted that he would ſerve her all the days of his Life; and perhaps more effectually than ſhe believed: To which end, he deſired her to lend him a Litter which might carry him to the Camp of *Ciaxares*. My maſter was yet far from being well; but Love adding new ſtrength unto him, he would depart the next morning, and go thither where he might hear *Mandana* talked on. He was waited upon with the young Chyrurgion who dreſſed him; and others who had orders, that if they met any of the King of *Pontus*'s party, or the King of *Phrygia*, to ſay that *Artamenes* was a Couſin unto their Miſtreſs, whom they carried unto her, and who had been wounded in the laſt Battel. My maſter at departure, did receive a hundered Civilities from all theſe illuſtrious Perſons, which he rendred back unto them afterwards with Intereſt, promiſing them that 'ere long they ſhould hear from him.

As they went the way towards the Camp, he met ſome ſtragling Souldiers, of whom he enquired where the Army was; who anſwered that *Philidaſpes* the day before, went from the Camp to conduct the King of *Pontus* unto *Sinope*; So that changing their Road, they went to meet *Philidaſpes*, which they doubted not but to do, ſince Coaches and Priſoners marched ſlower than the Litter did: and he did meet them in the Plain, as you have been already informed. See, Sir, what my Maſter's Adventure was, when they thought him dead. Since the paſſage was ſomething extrordinary; *Artamenes* had ſo much curioſity as to ask the King of *Pontus*, whether there was a Prince called *Spitridates*, which reſembled him? The King of *Pontus* told him, that he had thought himſelf deceived ſeveral times, for that it was not poſſible any two ſhould be more like one another then *Spitridates* and he, both ſymmetry of Face, compoſure of Parts, and Stature.

But to return unto my diſcourſe where I left: After *Ciaxares* had heard, from my Maſter's own Mouth, all his Adventure; he admired his good his Fortune, and extreamly rejoyced at it; and after a long Diſcourſe, he left him and returned to *Sinope*. Yet notwithſtanding, it was reſolved that the next Morning, all the Plunder, and all the Priſoners ſhould enter the Town; and that at Night the King of *Pontus*, and *Artamenes* ſhould be conducted thither. *Ciaxares* was no ſooner departed, by my Maſter ſent to tell the Priſoner, King, he had obtained his deſire, which cauſed him to rejoice very much. Afterwards *Artamenes* thought of ſending back the Litter which was lent him; and in ſending it, he made choice of the richeſt and faireſt of all his Jewels, and preſented it unto that fair young Lady which ſhewed him the Picture, deſiring her, ſhe would honour him ſo much as to receive that poor teſtimony of his acknowledgment; not daring to ſpeak of any kind of gratuity unto the Princeſs her Mother, conſidering her high Generoſity: he did moſt nobly recompence the Chyrurgion which dreſſed him, and all thoſe of the Houſe which had been ſerviceable unto him: who were all extreamly well ſatisfied, as well with the richneſs of his Preſents, as with the knowledg of the manner how *Artamenes* was treated both by the King and all the Court: They imagined their Miſtreſs did not know the true quality of her Priſoner. After that my Maſter had given out all neceſſary Orders, and Night being come, he was all alone, and at liberty to entertain his Paſſion: I ſee my ſelf, (ſaid he unto himſelf) eſcaped from abundance of Dangers, and few there are which do not admire my good Fortune; but for all this good Fortune, which perhaps incites others to envy me, I cannot chuſe but eſteem my ſelf the moſt unhappy Man upon Earth; and doubtleſs ſhall ever be ſo until I ſhall obtain ſome teſtimony of my Princeſs Affection; or at leaſt that ſhe does favourably accept of mine. Alas, (ſaid he further,) if *Feraulas* have preſented that Letter which I commanded him, perhaps ſhe has read it with diſdain, and was ſo far from having any compaſſion, that ſhe was angry: Perhaps alſo (added he) ſhe has pardoned me, and pitty did ſo tender her Heart, that ſhe received my Declaration without hate, But admit ſhe did ſo (ſaid he) and pardoned me when ſhe thought me Dead, who knows whether ſhe will do ſo now I am Living? Perhaps *Feraulas* has not yet delivered it, and then I ſhall contiuue ſtill innocent in her thoughts, as I was at parting: But then alſo (ſaid this Prince) I ſhall be unhappy that way: for if ſhe do not know I love her, how dare I ever tell it? What would I have? (ſaid he yet) and what can I deſire? I fear that ſhe ſhould know of my Love, and yet I deſire ſhe did. I do entertain both Fears, and Hopes: I deſire to ſee *Mandana*, and am ſo near either my ſupream Felicity or my ſupream Misfortune, that my Soul muſt needs tremble; and the uncertainty of my good or my bad Deſtiny, that it diſturbs my Reaſon. In ſuch thoughts as theſe *Artamenes* paſt away a great part of the Night; yet ſleep ſeizing upon his Eyes, againſt his will, he was the next Morning in a very good condition; and the King's Chyrurgion aſſured him, that within a few days he would not only be able to quit his Bed, but his Chamber alſo, and be perfectly recovered.

He received Viſits from the Court all the day long; and ſent to preſent a Complement unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, who received it with much Civility, and returned him the like again; but it was after ſuch a manner, that though my Maſter did oftentimes repeat, word for word, all that ſhe ſaid unto him, and contemplated upon it, yet he could not pick any thing out of it, which might either fortify his Hopes, or encreaſe his Fears.

The morning was imployed in entering into *Sinope* with all the Booty and Plunder, and Priſoners, conducted by *Philidaſpes* after all the Mourning was taken of; And the Princeſs out of a Window in the Caſtle, beheld them all, with a Mind as turbulent as my Maſters. Night being come; the King of *Pontus* was conducted by Guards into the Town, and put into a place of Safety; but in paſſing under the Window of the Princeſs, he both ſaw her, and was ſeen, by Candle-light: This moved pitty in *Mandana*, and ſhame in the Priſoner: *Artamenes* followed the King of *Pontus*. The Inhabitants of *Sinope* knowing that he was to enter the Town in the Night, did light Candles in all the Streets hanging Lamps at every Window: ſo that by the ſhouts of Joy, and multitudes of Lights, this Night-Entry was very Triumphant and Magnificent. *Artamenes* was accompanied by all the Grandees of the Court, who conducted him to the King; my Maſter was in one thing leſs happy than the King of *Pontus*, for he ſaw not the Princeſs in paſſing under her Window, becauſe ſhe was gone to Bed immediately, and faigned to be ill. *Marteſia*, who from the firſt minute that her Miſtreſs heard *Artamenes* was alive, had obſerved much joy in her Eyes, was now much amazed to obſerve the Diſturbances in her Soul; therefore ſeeing none with her, and that ſhe might ſpeak freely: Madam, (ſaid ſhe to her) ſhall I ask whether it be barely ſome indiſpoſition in you which moves you to go to Bed, or is there ſome Misfortune hapned unto you which I am ignorant of, and which diſturbs that ſatisfaction which you might take from one of the happieſt days in all your Life? For indeed, Madam, you ſee the Wars are ended moſt glorioully; you ſee that King which you would not marry, in Priſon, and you ſee that Prince, whom you thought dead, and ſo much lamented, to be living. I confeſs, my dear *Marteſia* (anſwered the Princeſs) that I am very happy in many things, but not in all; and I am ſo ſenſible of my Misfortune, that I take no joy in all thoſe apparent Felicities, which thoſe who know not the bottom of my Heart, do think I do: Madam (replied *Marteſia*) what can it be that ſhould trouble you? The King loves you; all *Cappadocia* adores you: A Halcion Peace invites you unto all the Delights of the Court; and as the King's Phyſicians ſay, *Artamenes* will be quickly recovered. *Artamenes* (replied the Princeſs, ſighing) will perhaps be but too ſoon recovered; and though I wiſh him all manner of good Fortune, yet I would he were in ſuch a condition, as not to leave his Chamber until I were fully reſolved how I ſhould live with him. How, Madam (replied *Marteſia*, in a wonder, and interrupting her) *Artamenes* whom you wept for ſo bitterly, do you ſay, perhaps he ſhall be too ſoon recovered? Ah, Madam, certainly I did not rightly underſtand you; or elſe you did ill explain your ſelf: No, no, *Marteſia*, (replied ſhe) the croſſneſs of my Deſtiny is ſuch, as that I deſire not to ſee *Artamenes* as much as I did deſire his Life: For know (ſaid ſhe, in changing colour) that I do love Honour and Glory, above all other things; but I do not hate *Artamenes* ſo much as to be deprived of his converſation without

out Repugnancy; yet you may well think *Marteſia*, th after he has let me know that he loves me, I ought no to give him that liberty which heretofore he had, an that I live with him, with more reſtraint, than I did i thoſe times when I had not that tenderneſs for him which I ſenſibly find to be in my Heart, in ſpite of all my Vertue. For indeed *Marteſia* (ſince I may diſcover th bottom of my Soul unto you) let me tell you, that i *Artamenes* had been ſo bold as to ſpeak unto me of an Love, I had then treated him but ill. I ſhould then have excluded him from my company, and perhaps I had leſ eſteemed him, becauſe then I ſhould have ſuſpected he had not a true eſteem of me: But this way which he takes to let me know his Love, (Compaſſion having ſofned my Heart) I have underſtood it without anger; and I have believed it without any difficulty; and ſince I ſa he could have no dangerous deſign in his Affection, I did not oppoſe and ſtifle it in the beginning; but I called into my Memory all his Services: and I repeated in my Mind all his Services, his Virtues, and all his rare Qualities a hundred and a hundred times over; al theſe have told me that he loved me in a moſt reſpectful manner: I have given more credit unto it than if he had told it: and I have more acknowledged it, than eve he could hope for: indeed *Marteſia*, his Death, gave Life unto my Friendſhip (not to give it any other phraſe) which is an Affection unto him moſt pure and innocent: Judg then, if, after I have given up my Soul unto ſuch a harmleſs Paſſion, it will be eaſy for me to reſiſt, and overcome it.

But, Madam, (ſaid *Marteſia* to her) is *Artamenes* more in fault now he is living than he was in his Grave? No anſwered the Princeſs, but he is more to be feared: No that I intend abſolutely to withdraw my Affection fro him: All that I can do, will be to reſtrain my ſelf fro giving him any ſigns of it. But, Madam (replied *Marteſia*) why will you puniſh him, who is not in any fault and why will you torment your ſelf in making him unhappy? Stay, Madam, until he give you ſome cauſe t complain; and if he ſpeak any thing unto you which ſha

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diſpleaſe you, then it will be time enough to deprive your ſelf of his Sight. But *Marteſia* (ſaid the Princeſs interrupting her) how do you think I can look upon him without extream Shame? and how can I baniſh out of my Soul, that Affection which I entertained when I thought him dead? For my part, Madam (replied *Marteſia*) I do confeſs unto you, that I cannot conceive what reaſon you can have to love *Artamenes* when he is dead, and hate him when he is alive. Ah *Marteſia* (cried *Mandana*) how far are my Thoughts from any Hate? And how happy would *Artamenes* be if I lov'd him a little leſs than I did! for indeed, if I did not diſtruſt my own Heart, I ſhould live with him as I did before: I would ſtay, as you bid me, until he gave me juſt cauſe of complaint, and reſt in quietneſs. But, Madam, (replied *Marteſia*) I ſee no cauſe why he ſhould ſo diſquiet you, for as he did write unto you, and as *Feraulas* told you, he is a Prince; neither do I ſee any cauſe why he ſhould be ſo offenſive unto you, in coming to tell you himſelf, what before he did write unto you: Ah my dear *Marteſia*, (replied the Princeſs) that which you tell me for my Conſolation, is that which moſt torments me; for if *Artamenes* were not of that Quality he ſaith he is, his boldneſs ſhould not have offended me, and dead as he was, I ſhould only have pitied his Folly and Misfortune: But now I find nothing which can offend me or anger me; upon the whole matter I muſt not chuſe my ſelf a Husband: Moreover, that fatal Cuſtom, which the Aſſyrians when they were Lords of *Cappadocia* did leave upon it, will not permit me any pretence or colour to juſtify the Affection of *Artamenes* unto me, and much leſs *Mandana*'s unto him: So that *Marteſia* he muſt overcome himſelf; he muſt uſe all extream Violences to do it; he muſt render *Artamenes* unhappy, and me unfortunate: Me-thinks (ſaid ſhe) that I ſee him ſearching in my Eyes for the manner of my receiving his Letter: But alas, what do I ſay? will not *Feraulas* tell him, that he diſcovered no ſigns of Anger in my Mind? but that he ſaw me weep, and bluſh, and indeed tell him that he is ſure I love him? and perhaps that I loved him, before he had made me know he loved me? Ah *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe) this Misfortune is befaln me, and it is in vain to hide my Thoughts from *Artamenes*; he knows it (ſaid ſhe) he knows it; and perhaps, does imagine it otherwiſe than it is, which cauſeth him to conceive ſome criminal hopes, and to prepare himſelf for offending me: Alas (ſaid ſhe) whoſe Misfortune ever equal'd mine? I muſt paſs away all my days in an unparallell'd retiredneſs: I muſt deprive my ſelf of all innocent Delights, leſt they ſhould render me ſuſpected: I muſt forbid entrance into my Soul any thing that tranſcends not ſevereſt Vertue.

I muſt give reſiſtance unto the Merits, the Services, and all the great Qualities of *Artamenes*; and my Heart muſt not give it ſelf up unto him, but at his Grave; yet perhaps, at this very hour, when I am ſpeaking of him, *Artamenes* repents that he ſpoke unto me ſo ſoon; and perhaps he thinks that he had been better entertained if he had ſpoke unto me the firſt minute he ſaw me; and thinks this rigid Vertue whereof I make ſuch ſtrick profeſſion, is but an artificial Cloak. But what ſhall I do? (ſaid ſhe) Certainly I do accuſe him unjuſtly, and he is innocent doubtleſs? No,no; *Artamenes* will interpret my Tears in another ſence; he will think that compaſſion only cauſed me to drop them; he knows that I do owe unto him the Life of the King my Father; and for that reaſon only I owe unto him my Sighs and my Tears; Let me be therefore more at reſt in my ſelf, (ſaid ſhe) let me be ſatisfied with mine own Innocency; let me only take away from *Artamenes* all occaſions of ſpeaking with him in private; let me hide from him that tenderneſs towards him, which I have entertained in my Heart, if I cannot overcome my ſelf; and let befal what will, let me reſolve rather to die, than to do, ſay, or think any thing which is not juſt and vertuous, and which does not give full ſatisfaction unto that Love which I have unto Glory. Thus did the glorious *Mandana* entertain her ſelf with *Marteſia*, whilſt my Maſter, who knew not whether ſhe had received his Letter or no, was more perplexed. *Philidaſpes* all this while almoſt never appeared; he ſaw the Princeſs at his entrance into *Sinope*, but that was all, and whilſt he went to give Orders for thoſe new Levies which he thought to command, and which were muſtered near a Caſtle, about ſixty Furlongs from *Sinope*, whereof he was Governour. The Princeſs had more Liberty to ruminate upon her Reſolutions: Mean while, my Maſter's hurts healed faſter than the Chyrurgions could hope for. He was in few days not only able to quit his Bed, but his Chamber alſo, and in a condition to go and preſent himſelf unto the King and *Mandana*: He wiſhed heartily that I were with him, that he might know what I had done; yet he thought it would be a long time before I came, for though he had ſent Orders unto me to come unto him, yet it was ſo far off from *Sinope*, where we were encamped, that without extraordinary haſte I could not come ſo ſoon: So that being preſſed on by his Paſſion, and in extream impatience to ſee the Princeſs, after he had been with the King, he preſented himſelf unto *Mandana*, and went with ſuch agitation of Spirit, as the like was never ſeen until now; he was wont to approach with an ordinary reverent Fear: But now, he reſented all manner of Fears that was poſſible to be imagined. The Princeſs for her part, knowing that *Artamenes* would come unto her Chamber, did often change Colours, and ſometimes would be angry, that ſhe was not abſolute Miſtreſs of her own Heart. As ſhe ſat upon her Bed, it was more eaſy for her to hide the diſorders of her Mind from *Artamenes*, who, as ill luck to him would have it, did find much company with the Princeſs. He ſaluted her with all befitting Reverence, and ſhe received him with all the Civility that a Princeſs of *Cappadocia* could pay unto a Man who had obtained for her ſo many glorious Victories, and brought her a King a Priſoner; yet notwithſtanding, my Maſter obſerved, that her Civilities were expreſſed with ſo much Reſervedneſs, as that he ſometimes believed ſhe had ſeen what he had written: Doubtleſs ſhe knows (ſaid he in himſelf) what I deſire ſhe ſhould, and which I fear ſhe does not: Preſently after, when the Princeſs had given him ſome obliging Language or other ; I am deceived (ſaid he) ſhe knows i not, and I dare not tell her of it. The Princeſs on th other ſide, ſhe was very much perplexed ; ſhe conden ned all her Thoughts ; ſhe repented of all ſhe ſaid, wh ſhe commended *Artamenes* ; ſhe thought he did inter pret all her Commendations to his prejudice ; and th ſhe would be all ſilence, or anſwer coldly : yet ſhe feare to diſoblige him, and againſt her own Inclination di repair that coldneſs with ſome ſlight Civility. This Vi did ſo paſs, and *Mandana* carried it ſo handſomly, th *Artamenes* could not diſcover her true Reſentments, an he retired with more Love, and more Inquietude tha before. At his return, there came unto him an old Ca tain of Horſe, who deſiring to ſpeak in private wi him, and told him, that about three or four Hours ſince he met with a Man on Horſeback coming to the Tow as he was. He demanding whither he went? the Ma did anſwer him very ſurlily ; afterwards falling into diſ courſe of diverſe Matters, they quarrelled and fought that there were certain Men came in, and parted them But during this Combat the Man dropt a Letter, which I took up after he was gone, in which there migh perhaps be ſomething worth his notice. *Artame* thanked the Captain, and taking the Letter, it contain ed theſe words :

DO not fail in any thing which you have promiſed ; be aſſured, that for my part, I will not neglect to what I ought ; make ſure of the Guards, which have engag their faith unto you, as I will of the Souldiers which I ſh bring unto you : Prepare Men which ſhall obſerve reſpect u that Perſon who moſt of all the World deſerves it, and prom them ſuch Recompences, as are worthy of their Services. Mo over, though you have told me, and though I have promiſed y that my Paſſion cannot endure it ſhould be you only that ſho work out all my good Fortune, ſo ſtay for me, before you begin execute your deſign ; for peradventure it may ſo fall out, th when the Princeſs ſhall ſee the Prince of Aſſyria *at her Fe ſhe will forgive his Violencies, or at leaſt excuſe them : And ſhe is [illegible] ignorant that [illegible] is in love with* *and that* Philidaſpes *is Son to the Queen* Nitocris. *So it is fit it ſhould be I which ſhould acquaint her with both, as ſoon as we have carried her away, to the end that we may leſſen her diſpleaſure, by acquainting her with my Condition and Quality. He which brings this Letter is faithful: Truſt him freely with your Anſwer; and make haſte, if you will oblige the moſt amorous Prince upon the Earth, and the moſt thankful.*

After *Artamenes* had read this Letter, he was extreamly ſurprized; he commended the Fidelity of the Captain; promiſed him recompence, and that he would make it known unto the King; and after he had cauſed him to ſtay a while, he gave him a very good Horſe, and a fair ſuit of Arms; then he diſmiſſed him, appointing him not to be out of the way, in caſe he ſhould have any need of him. After this Officer was departed, *Artamenes* did read over the Letter again: O Heavens, ſaid he, *Philidaſpes* is the Prince of *Aſſyria*, and *Philidaſpes* is in love with *Mandana*; and *Philidaſpes* would carry her away: I know his Hand, and I know by it, that he is not more happy than my ſelf, the Princeſs is yet ignorant both of his Quality and his Love: Let me gather ſome benefit out of this ignorance; let me be faithful unto my enemy, and not diſcover him, leſt in the diſcovery I ſhould prejudice my ſelf; his Conſpiracy muſt be defeated ſome other way: I muſt put the Princeſs into ſafety by taking away his Life.

He preſently ſent to know where *Philidaſpes* was; but notwithſtanding all his Care and Diligence, it was not poſſible for him to find him out. Some ſaid he was in that Caſtle of which he had the Command; others aſſured, he was not; ſome ſaid, he was rid out of Town for five days; and moſt ſaid, they knew not where he was.

Mean time, as *Artamenes* did not know the time when this Conſpiracy ſhould be acted, he found the Matter required quickneſs; yet it was a long while before he could reſolve to acquaint *Mandana* that *Philidaſpes* was one day to be the King of *Aſſyria:* He remembred that when he came to *Babylon*, this Prince was departed thence two days before; and he alſo remembred that he ſaw him in the Temple of *Mars*, the firſt day he came to *Sinope*. What ſhall I do (ſaid he) againſt this dangerous Rival? ſhall I acquaint the King with this Plot, without imparting it to the Princeſs? Or, ſhall I go to the Princeſs before the King? Since the matter relates directly unto her, perhaps ſhe will be offended if I do not make my firſt Addreſſes unto her. Go then *Artamenes*, and diſcover the whole truth unto her, and diſguiſe it not at all. But what do I ſay? am I certain that I can be as good as my word? No, no, it is impoſſible? Can I tell my Princeſs, that my Rival loves her? and that he is one of the greateſt Princes of the World? and that he wants nothing to compleat his good Fortune, but the conſent of the fair *Mandana*? I that dare not ſpeak for my ſelf, muſt I ſpeak for my Enemy? Muſt I ſtifle my own Sighs, and conceal my own Tears, and go to acquaint my Princeſs with the Raptures and Paſſions of my Rival? A Rival that is handſom, who has a Heart and a Soul, and whom I have often heard the fair *Mandana* commend. Ah, No, no; I had far better die.

But on the other ſide, (ſaid he) The Conſpiracy is ready to break out: if I do not ſhew that which *Philadaſpes* hath written, but content my ſelf only to ſay that there is a dangerous Deſign on foot, and that he is the Contriver; who knows whether I ſhall be believed. Every one knows that we two are not very good Friends and this Conſpiracy has ſo little probability in it, that before I can perſwade them it is true, and endeavour to prevent it, it will be executed, the Town will be ſurprized, the Princeſs carried away, and this happy Rival will carry with her all that can induce me to love my Life. Speak then, *Artamenes*, ſpeak for thy Rival, to the end thou mayeſt tranſact againſt him: If he were in a place where I could find him, I would acquaint him with my Paſſion, and not diſcover his unto the Princeſs and after that endeavour to leave him in a condition unlikely to carry any one away: Indeed I would do that which I am bound to do; he ſhould die, or I would die, and ſo all our Differences would be terminated. But, alas, he he hides himſelf, he keeps out of my Violence; I know no more of his Enterprize, but as much as cauſes Jealouſies, Fears, Hatred and Deſpair: I am ignorant who are his Accomplices; I know neither when nor how they muſt act, I only know that they are deſigning my Ruin. What ſhall I do, unfortunate Man? I loſe time, whilſt mine Enemy is advancing his Deſign. Go then, go the Princeſs, Tell her that which never any Lover but my ſelf did or would do, to the Party loved: Peradventure (ſaid he) I may draw ſome Advantage out of my Misfortune by it; I may chance to diſcover, in her fair Eyes, the motion of her Soul, and ſee the Secrets of her Heart; and perhaps alſo, that after I have ſpoke for another, I may find opportunity to ſpeak for my ſelf. Go then, unhappy Lover; follow as thy Deſtiny leads thee, and defer it no longer: Hope ſtill, that in declaring the Love of *Philidaſpes* unto *Mandana*, thou mayeſt cauſe her to hate him; and make all haſte poſſible leſt he execute his Deſign, and carry her away, elſe he will get her into his Power, and there he'l keep her: perhaps he will win her Heart, obtain his Pardon, and for ever enjoy her.

This laſt Thought moved him to reſolve, not to loſe one Minute more of time, but to go preſently unto *Mandana*; and he did ſo in all haſte, deſiring ſo much favour as to ſpeak with her in private. The Princeſs did imagine that his drift was to ſpeak unto her concerning his Love, and therefore was offended at him; ſending him word ſhe was buſy, and he could not ſee her. *Artamenes* even deſperate at this Anſwer, ſent her word the ſecond time, that he deſired to ſpeak but one Minute with her concerning ſomething which related unto the Service of the King and her, and which would not admit of any delay; *Mandana* wondering at this urgency of *Artamenes*, did think to deny the ſight of him; but fearing that his Buſineſs might indeed concern the Service of the King, ſhe commanded he ſhould enter, and commanded *Marteſia*, with another of her Women, not to ſtir out of her Cloſet. My Maſter then entred, and not being able with his own Mouth to relate the Paſſion of *Philidaſpes* unto the Princeſs, Madam, ſaid he to her (after he had ſaluted her with much Reverence, and preſenting the Letter which *Philidaſpes* had writ unto her) you will there find the juſtification of my Importunity: *Artamenes* pronounced theſe words with ſuch a troubled Mind, that *Mandana* fearing it was ſome new Device to ſpeak unto her concerning his Love, was in a mind to refuſe it; but taking it afterwards, with a trembling Hand, and opening it with a Bluſh, ſhe was cleared of all her Doubts, and ſhe learned that from *Artamenes*, which ſhe never did think to learn: Immediately there appeared much Anger in her Eyes, and my Maſter received ſo much ſatisfaction, as to know aſſuredly, that *Philidaſpes* had no deep ſhare in the Heart of *Mandana*. I am much beholden to you (ſaid ſhe to him) for giving me notice of ſo important a Buſineſs; but tell me, I pray you, all that you know concerning the Deſign. *Artamenes* then told her how he came by the Letter, and told her further, that if he could have found *Philidaſpes*, he would have defeated the Conſpiracy, and never acquainted her with it. The Princeſs then thanked him as civilly, as the trouble wherein ſhe was would permit her; and wondering extreamly at this Adventure; what (ſaid ſhe) will *Philidaſpes* uſurp a Crown by Violence and Treaſon, as I do imagine his Deſign is? But that a Lover ſhould manifeſt his Love by a raping way, is a thing without Example, and above my Patience: Mine, I ſay, (added ſhe, in all diſorder) who could not indure a Declaration of Love from one of the greateſt Princes upon Earth, after ten Years Service, Reſpects, Sighs, and Submiſſions!

Artamenes heard theſe words with much ſorrow; and fearing to find the like, he interrupted her, and asked her what was her pleaſure he ſhould do in this Buſineſs? I would have you (ſaid ſhe) go with me to the King and acquaint him with it, and not to forſake me when I ſhall ſtand in need of your Valour. As long as I live (replied my Maſter) you ſhall not need to fear *Philida-*

pes; and be confident, Madam, if you pleaſe, that I will be no leſs ſolicitous to defeat his wicked Deſign, than you your ſelf are. I am obliged unto you (replied the Princeſs) but let us loſe no time, but preſently go to the King. I know not, Madam (ſaid my Maſter) whether my Zeal to you will not ſeem a neglect of Duty unto him, and whether he will not take it ill, that I have told you the raſh enterprize of *Philidaſpes*, before I advertiſed him. What you ſay (anſwered the Princeſs) is not without ſome colour, therefore he muſt be told you met with me accidentally, as you were coming with the Letter unto him, and ſo you told it unto me: Soveraign Power (ſaid ſhe) is a thing ſo nice, ſo delicate, and ſenſible, that how good ſoever your Intentions are, yet perhaps the King will not like your proceeding; ſo that it is not amiſs, if you tell him a handſome little innocent Lye, to colour the matter. Then they went to *Ciaxares* his Chamber, and told him what they knew, and the manner how they came to know it: *Artamenes* ſent to ſeek the Captain who gave him the Letter, to the end the King might underſtand from the Mouth of that Officer, the whole matter. *Ciaxares* knowing the Hand of *Philidaſpes*, did certainly conclude it to be a dangerous Conſpiracy: He himſelf remembred, and knew that the Prince of *Aſſyria* was not at *Babylon*, nor had been a long time; therefore that confirmed him in his opinion, that *Philidaſpes* was he: But ſince the Accomplices were not mentioned in the Letter, they could not gueſs at them. The Princeſs and my Maſter ſuſpected *Aribeus* to be one; yet ſince they knew the King loved him, they durſt not openly declare their Thoughts: Mean time, *Artamenes* having Orders to do whatſoever he ſhould think fit for the ſafety of the Princeſs, cauſed all the Guards of the Caſtle and Town to be changed; and having cauſed all the Inhabitants of the Town to take Arms; he placed Courts of Guard in every Street; afterwards he asked leave of the King, that he might go and chaſtiſe *Philidaſpes*: but *Ciaxares* would not permit him to go out of the Town; and the Princeſs did ſo ſtrongly oppoſe it, that he thought no more of it, ſince indeed, they knew not very well where he was. The ſix thouſand Men which conducted the King of *Pontus*, were diſpoſed of unto ſeveral Gates and Avenues about *Sinope*; for it was not doubted but *Philidaſpes* would make uſe of thoſe four thouſand Men which were about the Caſtle, whereof he was Governor, to execute his Deſign. *Aribeus* carried it extream craftily, and after the King told him of it, he ſeemed to be very zealous againſt it, and blamed *Philidaſpes* very much, and did ſeemingly moſt endeavour to apprehend him; ſince it was not known whether he was lying hid in the Town, or in his Caſtle, they were much confuſed; yet notwithſtanding the next Morning, *Artamenes* was ſo urgent, that he was permitted to take the ſix thouſand Men, and go to ſummon the Caſtle, to be ſurrendred up unto him, and alſo to fight the four thouſand Men which were there, in caſe he found any oppoſition: But he was mightily amazed when he came thither, and found none in the Caſtle, and not a Man of the four thouſand quartered about it: All he found was, that indeed *Philidaſpes* had been there, but went out the laſt Night, and that about thirty Furlongs from thence, he disbanded all his Troops, and went with a ſmall Company unto a Forreſt which was not far off: *Artamenes* went thither, and ſearched all about, ſending many ſmall Parties unto ſeveral Quarters of the Forreſt to hear of News, yet none was to be met with, only ſome Souldiers which fled and knew nothing, but that long ſince *Philidaſpes* endeavoured to get the love of the Souldiers; and that ere long he did intend to imploy them upon ſome important Deſign. *Artamenes* then ſeeing he could hear no more of him, returned to *Sinope*, to render an account to the King and Princeſs of what he had done. Mean while they kept up their Guards, and held an obſervant Eye upon all thoſe who had any Command of Forces in the Town. After all this Tumult and Trouble, *Artamenes* being alone in his Cloſet, did recall into his Memory, his laſt Adventures, and to grieve at that extream Violence, which he had obſerved in the Princeſs's Mind, when ſhe was told of the love of *Philidaſpes*; What ſhall I do (ſaid he) and what can I hope for from her, who ſpeaks of the moſt puiſſant Prince of all *Aſia*, with ſo much pride and diſdain? yet (ſaid he) ſhould I have been more happy if ſhe had ſpoke with leſs Rigour than ſhe did? for as ſhe has expreſt her ſelf, I have no cauſe of jealouſy, and therefore need not to fear the greateſt torment of Love: But alas, although ſhe leſſens my Jealouſy, yet ſhe augments my deſpair; for ſince one of the greateſt Princes of the World, hath declared his Love unto her, and done ten years Services, Reſpects, Sighs, and Submiſſions, yet all this paſs for a Crime in her Mind; what can I hope for, who have not a Crown to preſent unto her? I who perhaps ſhall not be very well entertained by the King my Father, when I ſhall return into *Perſia*? I (I ſay) who am ſuch a one as I dare not tell her, nor cannot tell her unleſs I incur her Hatred? O Heavens! what will the prevention of this dangerous Conſpiracy avail me? and why ſhould I wiſh my Rival removed, ſince the Heart of *Mandana* is inflexible, and ſo hard that nothing can move it? As he was thus entertaining himſelf with theſe Thoughts, *Chriſantes* and I arrived, and told him all our Adventures: After our firſt welcomes, and after *Chriſantes* who was more weary with the haſte we made, than I was, went to reſt himſelf: My Maſter embracing me with a moſt obliging tenderneſs: What *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) is become of the Letter which I gave you? is it yet in your Hands? or did you deliver it the Princeſs, when you came to *Sinope*, as I was told you did? Sir, (replied I) this demand, does call in queſtion the Fidelity of *Feraulas*; and you cannot doubt of my exact Obedience, but doubt alſo of my Affection to you: What *Feraulas* (ſaid he unto me) then you have delivered it? yes, Sir, ſaid I, and ſhe has received it: Ah *Feraulas* (ſaid he) do not make me deſpair; and if *Mandana* told you then any thing which diſpleaſed her, I think it were good that you did not acquaint me with it; yet notwithſtanding (ſaid he, not giving me leave to ſpeak) it is better that I knew the whole Truth, that I may no longer trouble my ſelf with an unfortunate Life, and preſerve an unprofitable

fitable hope. Sir, ſaid I, you are far more happy than you think you are. No, no, *Feraulas*, (anſwered he) do not flatter me, and do as I did at firſt bid you. No, Sir, (ſaid I to him) I do not diſguiſe the Matter; and then I exactly told him all that the Princeſs ſaid unto me. I repreſented unto him her Sorrows; I told him of her Sighs, and that I ſaw a deluge of Tears flow from her Eyes; that ſhe ſpoke unto me with extream tenderneſs; that for his ſake ſhe would have me ſerve her; that ſhe was fully informed of his Quality; that I told her nothing but what was his pleaſure ſhe ſhould know; and that if any Judgment were to be given of Eſteem and Friendſhip, by the Sorrows which ſhe teſtified; I aſſured him, he was then at a very high rate in her Fancy. Ah, *Feraulas*, (ſaid he to me) all that you have told me, relates only unto poor dead *Artamenes*: But who knows whether *Artamenes* living, or if *Artamenes* were changed into *Cyrus*, he ſhould be ſo happy? He muſt hope well, (ſaid I) and I aſſure you, that I ſee great appearances he will.

My Maſter hearkened unto all I ſaid, as if a God were ſpeaking unto him; and I got my ſelf ſo much Credit in his Opinion by this welcome News which I told him, that from that time he did me ſo much honour as to acquaint me with all his Thoughts: He cauſed me to repeat a hundred tiimes over what I told him before; and he was ſo inquiſitive, as he would almoſt have me tell him what the Princeſs thought, and what ſhe ſaid after I was gone out of her Cloſet, but I could not tell him that; for as yet there was not ſuch Amity betwixt *Marteſia* and me, although truly it was not long after that I profeſſed my ſelf her Servant, and became her Confident. *Artamenes* then finding himſelf much more happy than he hoped, could not leave putting further Queſtions unto me: ſometimes concerning Things paſt, and ſometimes what I thought of future Events? Yet notwithſtanding all this Joy which I had brought him, ſometimes his Soul was not ſerene, but feared that *Artamenes* would not be ſo happy living as he was Dead. And certainly his Fears were not without Foundation; for at that very time when I was thus with him, *Marteſia*, who accidentally did meet *Chriſantes* and me, as we arrived, went to advertiſe her Miſtreſs of it. Ah, *Marteſia*, (ſaid ſhe to her) what do you tell me? and what is *Feraulas* going to tell *Artamenes?* I ſuppoſe (ſaid this wiſe Princeſs) that to gain the Love of his Maſter, he will tell a hundred things which I never ſaid unto him. He can tell nothing (replied *Marteſia*) but that he heard you ſigh often, and that he ſaw you weep, for the death of a Man, who perhaps you would weep for again if he were really dead. I confeſs it (anſwered *Mandana*) but if he were dead, he could never come to know my Weakneſs. No (replied *Marteſia*) nor ever acknowledg it by his Services and Reſpects. But (ſaid the Princeſs) *Artamenes* will now know it by *Feraulas*, that I have done ſuch things as are never uſed to be done but unto ſuch as we love. 'Tis true, Madam, (ſaid *Marteſia*) but would you have *Artamenes* believe you hate him? he who has a thouſand, and a thouſand times expoſed his Life in your Service; who has preſerved the King's, your Father; who has gained ſo many Battels; who has brought a King a Priſoner; and who at this very time prevents a Conſpiracy which aims at your Perſon. No, *Marteſia*, (anſwered the Princeſs) I would not have *Artamenes* think I am ſtupid, ungrateful, and inſenſible, as I ſhould be if I ſhould hate him: But as I would not have him think I hate him, ſo I ſhould be very glad if he would not think I love him: I wiſh that he ſhould deſire it without hope, and content himſelf with a great eſteem and much acknowledgement. Theſe Diſtinctions are too delicate and nice, (replied *Marteſia*) and it is not an eaſy matter to keep within that juſt mediocrity which you propoſe, nor do I think you can do it your ſelf. Mock not at my Weakneſs (anſwered *Mandana*) but help me to hide it, in not forſaking me when *Artamenes* is with me; for I do confeſs I ſhould be very ſorry he ſhould urge me to baniſh him. See, Sir, how the Princeſs and my Maſter did both of them reaſon the Matter in private: indeed the Matter was carried, as ſhe reſolved it ſhould, for during fifteen days it was abſolutely impoſſible for *Artamenes* to ſpeak with the Princeſs privately: ſhe carried ſo handſomly and with ſo much Civility to my Maſter, as he could not except against it. Yet notwithſtanding, he thought himſelf very unhappy, and not daring to complain of *Mandana*, did yet perpetually complain of his rigorous Deſtiny; he knew very well, that the Princeſs was the true cauſe of his Diſtempers, but he had ever ſo great a reſpect unto her, that he would never accuſe her, but when he could find no Excuſe, nor no other cauſe of his Misfortunes: yet after theſe Fifteen days, though *Mandana* did very obſtinately avoid all manner of occaſions to be alone with *Artamenes*; yet Fortune, for all her ſeverity, brought it ſo about, that my Maſter found an opportunity to talk in private with her.

The Princeſs, ſince the Prince of *Aſſyria* attempted againſt her (for we will no longer call him *Philidaſpes*) never went out of the Town to take the Air; all her Walks were confined unto Gardens within the Walls, which were of no great Circumference. Thither ſhe ordinarily went when the Sun grew low; ſhe was always waited upon by very many, ſo that it was impoſſible for my Maſter to ſpeak unto her in any Language but that of Eyes; yet it was a Language which ſhe would not underſtand nor anſwer, for ſince the return of *Artamenes* ſhe was very wary of her Looks. So it happened, that the King would diſcourſe in private with the Princeſs in the Garden; every one, out of reverence, retired to the other ſide; and as this Diſcourſe continued long, ſo thoſe who were not abſolutely to wait upon the King, did by degrees depart: ſo that when the King went out, there were no more Men left in the Garden, than were to wait upon him. My Maſter offering to follow him, and *Ciaxares* ſeeing the Princeſs alone with her Women; no, *Artamenes*, (ſaid the King to him) I will leave you to entertain my Daughter, and to divert her from that Solitude which ſhe is apt unto. This Prince was raviſh'd at this Command, and obeyed it with joy; and the Princeſs who was extremly ſurpriſed at the Accident, could not find any pretence to prevent it: ſhe looked all about for *Marteſia*, but ſaw her not; for ſhe ſeeing all the Court in the Garden, could not imagine the Princeſs would be in any need of her to prevent *Artamenes* from ſpeaking unto her; ſo that ſhe went to diſpatch other Buſineſs. There were yet four or five other of her Women with her; yet they having received no particular command to keep neer her, as long as *Artamenes* was with her, my Maſter no ſooner began to lead her in her Walk, but all they ſtaid ſome ten or twelve paces behind: The Princeſs was then in that Arbour which is directly oppoſite to the Garden Door: ſo that though ſhe had a deſire to retire her ſelf, yet ſhe muſt of neceſſity walk that out. She would always begin to diſcourſe, to the end ſhe might prevent my Maſter in his Intention, who being tranſported with Paſſion, and invited unto it by this favourable opportunity, interrupted her, and with much reverence ſaid unto her: If the poor Services which I had the happineſs to do unto the King, have any ways obliged you, (as you have divers times done me ſo much honour as to ſay they have) then I moſt humbly entreat you, Madam, do not go away ſo ſoon, but do me that honour, and give me ſo much liberty, as to diſcourſe one hour in private with me. If it be, (anſwered the Princeſs) to diſcourſe concerning any thing which relates unto the King my Father, I ſhall moſt gladly conſent unto it; but if it be not, I cannot believe you have any ſuch Buſineſs with me as muſt be diſcours'd of in private. The Princeſs bluſh'd as ſhe pronounced theſe laſt words, and my Maſter continued ſpeaking unto her very low; That which I deſire of you (ſaid he) is more eaſy than you imagine, ſince it is abſolutely in your own diſpoſe, without implying the King's Conſent: But, Madam, (ſaid he) why do you fear *Artamenes?* and why will you not hearken unto him? I fear, (replied ſhe) that he does not know me well; and I fear leſt he ſhould deſire ſuch things as I could not conſent unto; Therefore, if he will take my Counſel, he ſhall not expoſe himſelf to be denied. No, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) my Soul cannot be ſatisfied with that; I muſt either abſoutely leave the Court; I muſt fly away for ever; I muſt die in deſpair, or elſe the Illuſtrious Fair *Mandana* muſt hear me: I deſire but this one only Favour, I ask no more, and if you will be pleaſed to grant it, *Artamenes* will eſteem himſelf moſt happy. As often as you deſire, (replied the Princeſs) to ſpeak in private, I do always imagine you come to tell me of ſome new Conſpiracy; and that there is ſome other *Philidaſpes*, whoſe ill Deſign I muſt know, and puniſh, if it be poſſible. 'Tis true (replied my Maſter) that which I have to tell you, is not ſo far unlike that of *Philidaſpes*, but you may gueſs at it, ſince that ſame Cauſe which moves him to act, moves me to ſpeak: But, Madam, far from my Thoughts be it to do you any Violence: My Thoughts are only to die; and I deſire nothing from you, but that it may be permitted me to hope, from your Goodneſs, for ſome teſtimonies of Compaſſion when you ſhall hear your Rigour has caus'd my Death: ſuch as you were pleaſed to afford me when laſt you thought me dead by the Hands of your Enemies: This, Madam, is all the Favour that I ask, and all that I will preſent unto the illuſtrious and moſt Fair *Mandana*.

The Princeſs being much ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe, would not give any ſuddain or tumultuous Anſwer, but deſigning to ſatisfy her own virtue, without giving a check unto that Amity which ſhe bore unto my Maſter, ſhe took a little longer time for it; therefore ſeeing a green Seat near her, ſhe ſat down, and my Maſter ſtood by hér, bending himſelf down the better to underſtand her, whilſt the Princeſs's Women, leaning againſt a Rail ſome ſeven or eight paces off, did talk together. As the Princeſs did ſit, and *Artamenes* aſſumed again his Diſcourſe, ſhe prevented him, and told him thus: I ſee, *Feraulas*, thought my Tears very precious, ſince he would not hide them from you: and the Compaſſion which I had for the dead *Artamenes*, has made living *Artamenes* very bold; Therefore ſince I my ſelf did contribute unto your Fault, I will not treat you ſo ſeverely as if you had not this Excuſe: And I think thoſe Obligations which I have to you, do require that I ſhould not baniſh you upon a light Occaſion; but *Artamenes*, after this tenderneſs which I had towards you, and yet ſtill have, you muſt repent your ſelf of it, and correct your ſelf for it. If I ſhould repent that I loved you (anſwered my Maſter) you have pronounced the Sentence of Death upon me; and I will not defer the execution: but, Madam, this is a thing which I never did, nor ever can do. Repent at leaſt, replied the Princeſs, that you ever told me of it; and reſolve with your ſelf never to ſpeak of it any more. Since I have ſpoke of it once (anſwered my Maſter) if you forbid me to ſpeak of it any more, I doubt I ſhall not obey you, and my Death within a few days will tell you of my Paſſion: But, Madam, I muſt tell you once, I muſt acquaint you with my Love, ſince elſe perhaps you will never know it: I conjure you, Madam, not to refuſe me this Favour: Remember, Madam, that you told me, he who has the honour to ſpeak unto you, had the good Fortune to be lamented by you, after he took upon him the boldneſs to write unto you, that he loved you. 'Tis true (replied the Princeſs, much diſordered) but it was principally becauſe you having never told me of it, I pittied you. Continue then in the ſame bounds and limits wherein you lived before; and I will keep the ſame diſpoſitions which I had. But, Madam, (anſwered *Artamenes*) I cannot recal what's paſt, and I can do no leſs then I have writ. 'Tis true (replied *Mandana*) but you may forbear telling me of it any more. Though that were poſſible, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) yet my Eyes, and all my Actions would ſpeak it for me, and my Death would preſently after more ſtrongly confirm it unto you, than all my Words can do. Moreover, Madam, do not think that I have rendred my ſelf your Slave without a Combate: I have reſiſted you as much as I could: and perhaps I had ſtronger reaſons then you think I had to do ſo: I ſaw you, Madam, and I loved you, though I uſed the utmoſt of my Endeavours to the contrary; yet for all that, I could not break my Chains, nor ſhake off my Fetters; and I have ever worn them with as much patience as reſpect: More than this, Madam, I have ſerved the King, or rather you, ſince I never thought upon any but you; and ſince the Arms of *Cappadocia* have been fortunate in my hands, it muſt be attributed unto that ambition which ſwell'd my Soul to render my ſelf worthy of your Love: You know, Madam, how I have lived; you know that I never ſpoke one word unto you which could diſpleaſe you; and I had not ſpoke unto you of my Love, but when I thought I ſhould never ſpeak more: I concealed my Love till death, and certainly if I had not told you of it when I was thought to be in my Grave, I had never told it with my Tongue: But, Madam, ſince your Tears revived me; ſince the Gods did ceaſe thoſe Sorrows which you reſented at my loſs, by giving me Life, why will you ſo cruelly puſh me into my Coffin? and why will you not afford ſome pity upon an unfortunate Prince, ſince you had ſome compaſſion on him when he was thought to be dead? It is becauſe (replied *Mandana*) that the dead Prince did expiate his Fault in dying, and the Living Prince did revive his Crime with his Reſurrection. Indeed, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe, with a very ſerious look) I do confeſs that I much eſteem you; that I have many Obligations upon me towards you; and that your ſuppoſed Death did much grieve me; but at that very ſame time I alſo declare, that I loved my own Honour and Glory much more then I eſteem *Artamenes*; though I eſteem him very much; and though I am infinitely tender of you, yet I would reſiſt and overcome it rather than conſent you ſhould entertain me with a Paſſion which will render me ſuſpected. Ah, Madam, (ſaid *Artamenes*) how ill inſtructed are you with that Love which you have procured in my Heart? and how little do you know with what Zeal I love you? Know, Madam, that the purity of my Paſſion does equal the Purity of your own glorious Soul: yes, Divine Princeſs, I do love you after ſuch a Reverential manner, that I would for ever diſclaim my own Heart, if it ſhould entertain any unjuſt deſire. I love, and prefer the Glory of *Mandana* before my own; and if I did find in my ſelf the leaſt vitious

Thought, I durſt never be ſo bold as to ſpeak unto her of Love. Moreover, Madam, if my Birth and Quality had rendred me unworthy to carry your Fetters, I ſhould break them, in giving my ſelf a Death; and I ſhould never have ſuffered the fair and illuſtrious *Mandana* to have a Slave unworthy of her. O I wiſh to the Gods,that *Artamenes* did merit that glorious Title by his own Vertues, as he merits it by his Quality; yet, Divine *Mandana*, it is for the love of you that *Artamenes* is only *Artamenes*; and is ſo far from being taken for the Son of a Great King, that he paſſes only for a Man whom Fortune favours: But,Madam, in dedicating himſelf unto your Service, he ceaſeth not to be what he is, to wit, one that ever had a great Soul, and always uncapable of any unjuſt Thought. Do not think, I beſeech you, that I have known you ſo ill that my Heart can ſuſpect you of any Weakneſs: No, Madam, I never could think the Princeſs *Mandana* was ever capable of any violent Paſſion, yet I hoped that ſhe would tolerate me and my Paſſion, ſince it was not oppoſite unto her Vertue; for indeed, Madam, I dare ſue for nothing elſe but only permiſſion to love you, and to tell you ſo. You ask too much by half (anſwered the Princeſs bluſhing) and I ſhould be unworthy of that innocent Paſſion, which you do aſſure me you bear unto me, if I ſhould conſent unto what you deſire, and if I ſuffered you to tell me that more than once, which all others, except you, never told me without being hated.

This Exception is moſt glorious unto me, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) but this Prohibition is alſo moſt rigorous. I would gladly know what Crime I have committed ſince my Return? You have told me that (anſwered *Mandana*) which you ought not to have told me, that's your Crime. Then, Madam, I muſt have loſt my Life, (ſaid *Artamenes*) for indeed it is come to that paſs as I could not live and not love you, nor love you without telling you, nor be ſilent without dying. The Princeſs then was ſilent a good while; afterwards, beginning to ſpeak, I muſt needs tell you *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe to him) that you do extreamly anger me: I do eſteem you, I am much obliged to you, and yet I have much ado to forbear baniſhing you: Apply your ſelf I conjure you to regulate your Thoughts, if it be poſſible; eſteem *Mandana* as ſhe ought to be, then ſhe will not be offended: but on the contrary, as ſhe is ſatisfied by the ſecret teſtimony of her Soul's Purity, ſo ſhe does ingenuouſly confeſs unto you that ſhe is joyed *Artamenes* does value her, and perhaps that *Artamenes* loves her; but ſhe would have this Affection limited, and kept within bounds. Then ſhe would have that which is not poſſible (anſwered my Maſter): but that which is moſt equitable and fit (replied the Princeſs) for indeed Vertue does preſcribe limits unto all things. I have already told you, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) that my Paſſion does not contradict Vertue. Time and your Silence will manifeſt that (anſwered *Mandana* in riſing) and by theſe two, I ſhall know whether the Affection of *Artamenes* to me be as pure as he ſaith it is. Why, Madam, replied my Maſter, do you forbid me to ſpeak? Yes (anſwered the Princeſs bluſhing) unleſs it be to tell me the true Name of *Artamenes*. My Maſter ſtood amazed at this Anſwer, yet notwithſtanding after he had been a while ſilent: If I ſhould tell you, replied he, you would not preſerve me in your good Opinion; and if I muſt die by your Severity, it were better that you do blame your ſelf for the death of a poor ſimple Cavalier, than for the death of a great King. This was their Diſcourſe, when a great deal of company came in, and interrupted their Converſation; and ſince the Princeſs was moved in her Mind, ſhe retired, and was no ſooner come into the Caſtle but ſhe went into her Cloſet, and called for *Marteſia*; ſhe being come, the Princeſs chid her, becauſe contrary to her order ſhe had left her, and afterwards, related unto her what my Maſter had ſaid, and her Anſwers; but with ſo much inquietude, that it was eaſy to judg there was a great combate in her Heart; and that how innocent ſoever the Paſſion of *Artamenes* was, yet her ſcrupulous Vertue was not ſatisfied with that Diſcourſe ſhe had with him. She ſaid that ſhe ſhould have ſpoke more roughly unto him, and that ſhe ſhould have baniſhed him. My Maſter, for his part, did complain both of *Mandana*, and himſelf; he found himſelf nothing ſatisfied in his Love; he could not perceive that ſhe did receive his Love very well; and tho ſhe had not baniſhed him, yet he found no great concordance between the relation of *Feraulas* and what he did find himſelf; and yet he preſerved ſome hopes, and lived at a little more quiet than he did before: he never ſaw the Princeſs but ſhe bluſhed; he never ſpoke unto her, but ſhe received his Diſcourſe; and tho all their Talk was but general, and as it were Interruptions, yet ſhe always gave him ſome light ſatisfaction. But inded (not to keep you too long with my relation) *Artamenes* behaved himſelf with ſo much reverence towards *Mandana*, and ſhe did ſo perfectly ſee that he had no Thoughts but ſuch as were full of Innocence and Vertue, that ſhe began not to ſhun his Converſe ſo much as before, but ſometimes to give him the liberty to tell her how much he eſteemed her, yet not to dare openly to profeſs his Paſſion.

One Day when he was in her Chamber, being tranſported with the violence of his Love, and ſeeing none but *Marteſia* with her, he did beſeech her with Tears in his Eyes, that ſhe would be pleaſed to tell him her true Apprehenſions of him. That which you ask (anſwered ſhe, very obligingly, and with much Spirit) is not perhaps of ſo ſmall importance as you think, and I conceive I am not bound to ſatisfy that Man ſo far, who thinks me not diſcreet enough to be told the true place of his Birth, and his right Name. Ah, Madam (replied my Maſter) what do you ask me? and what would you know? Ah, *Artamenes* (anſwered ſhe) what do you alſo ask me? and what is it you would know? That which I deſire, Madam (replied he) is but of a ſmall importance, for indeed, I would only know whether you hate me; whether you be indifferent, or whether, by good Fortune, you have any diſpoſition to admit of my Love without repugnancy? That which I would know of you (replied the Princeſs) does not leſs concern me; for indeed, ſince you are not *Artamenes*, I ought not to conſider you as ſuch an one; and I may tell ſuch things unto a *Median* which I ought not to tell unto a *Scythian:* How would you have me ſpeak unto you, ſince I do not know you? Does it not ſuffice, Madam (anſwered he) that you know my Heart, and that you know I adore you? Not at all, anſwered ſhe, and tho I do know theſe things which you tell me of, yet that is not enough to inſtruct me how to regulate my Behaviour with you. So then, Madam (ſaid my Maſter) according to what I am, you will behave your ſelf more or leſs obliging to me. Doubtleſs I ſhall, replied ſhe. But, Madam (ſaid my Maſter) of what Country ſoever I am, I ſhall be the very ſame you ſee me: So that, will it not be ſome Injuſtice in you to hate me, becauſe perhaps I ſhall be of that Countrey which does not pleaſe you? I do not ſay I will, replied the Princeſs, and I do promiſe you that I ſhall always eſteem *Artamines* in my Heart, of what Country ſoever he be; yet if you be (ſaid ſhe) of that Quality as you ſay,and as I believe you are, how is it poſſible there can be any ſuch great Myſtery in concealing it? Speak then (ſaid ſhe to him) and tell me what you are, if you would have me tell you any thing. My Maſter being extreamly put to it, did not think to reveal himſelf, yet upon ſecond Conſideration he reſolved to diſcover himſelf; for conceiving that what good Thoughts ſoever the Princeſs had of him, ſhe would never manifeſt them until ſhe knew it; therefore he reſolved upon it to tell her the Truth. I know, Madam (ſaid he to her) that in telling you who I am,I do run a hazard to be hated,but I do know alſo that it ought to perſwade you of the greatneſs of my Paſſion, and will do more than all my Words and Services can do, ſince it is moſt certain, that if it had not been extreamly violent, from the very firſt Minute it began, *Cyrus* would never have loved you. *Cyrus?* (replied the Princeſs in a mighty amazement) what, *Artamenes*, was not *Cyrus* drowned? No, Madam, replied he, I can aſſure you he never was in danger of it. But is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe in wonder) that you are *Cyrus?* Yes, Divine Princeſs (ſaid he, kneeling to her) you ſee at your Feet the ſame *Cyrus* whoſe Life has cauſed ſo many Turbulencies in the King of *Medes*, and whoſe Death cauſed an univerſal Joy thorow all *Aſia*,when the fair & famous *Mandana* did then thank the Gods for it,as unkind as ſhe is, and offered a Sacrifice unto them: Yes, Divine *Mandana*, the firſt time that my Eyes had the honour to ſee you, was in the Temple

ple of *Mars*, and it was there where my Paſſion firſt took reſolution never to riſe up *Cyrus* until *Artamenes* had obtained permiſſion from *Mandana*; it is therefore in you to diſpoſe abſolutely of my Deſtiny: He will ſtay in his Tomb if you pleaſe, and he will come out if you permit him; for indeed, ſince you have done him the Favour and Honour not to hate him, it does not much import whether he be *Cyrus* or *Artamenes*, and paſs as a common Knight, or as a great Prince; ſince moſt certainly he has no greater Ambition but to be loved by you. *Mandana* hearkened unto this Diſcourſe with much attention and aſtoniſhment. At the firſt, ſhe knew not what Thoughts to entertain concerning my Maſter, or whether ſhe ſhould believe him: but that Doubt did quickly vaniſh, and ſhe was ſo well acquainted with his high Generoſity, that ſhe believed every Word he ſpoke, and made no queſtion but that he was really *Cyrus*: She conſidered with her ſelf, that it was no harder matter than that the World ſhould falſly believe *Cyrus* to be drown'd, than to believe that *Artamenes* was killed, as all *Cappadocia* thought not long ſince; and that it was no more impoſſible that *Artamenes* ſhould be *Cyrus*, than that *Philidaſpes* ſhould be the Prince of *Aſſyria*: Reaſoning all theſe things in ſecret with her ſelf, ſhe was a long time looking upon my Maſter before ſhe would give any anſwer, which did ſo much trouble my Maſter, as not being able to conceal it; I ſee, Madam (ſaid he to her) you cannot keep your Word with me, not to change Thoughts of *Artamenes*: I perceive by your ſilence that *Cyrus* hath diſturbed you. *Cyrus* (replyed the Princeſs) has indeed a little troubled the calmneſs of my Mind, yet I will aſſure you he has done no ill Office unto *Artamenes*; but on the contrary (ſaid ſhe ſighing) but as I find *Artamenes* to be much more unfortunate than I thought him, ſo alſo I find more diſpoſition in my ſelf to lament him. But I pray, ſaid ſhe, tell unto me all your paſt Adventures, and do not conceal any thing from me which concerns the beginning of that Life, whoſe after-Years has rendred him ſo glorious. My Maſter to ſatisfy her, did punctually relate unto her all that had chanced unto him: He told her what *Harpagus* told him concerning the ill Intentions of *Aſtiages* towards him;

afterwards what Offers *Harpagus* did propound unto him, how he would cauſe the whole Province of *Paratecenes* to riſe againſt the King of *Medea*; he told her alſo how he refuſed his Offers, and how he commanded him to make no more ſuch Propoſitions: He told her alſo how deſires of travel to ſee the Wars had cauſed him to leave *Perſia*, and change his Name: In few words, he told her of all his Travels; how a Tempeſt drove him into *Sinope*, and how he was in the Temple of *Mars*, where he ſaw her thank the Gods for his Death. It is true indeed, ſaid the Princeſs, that I was with the Sacrificers to render thanks unto the Gods for the loſs of *Cyrus*; but it is as true alſo that I did never rejoyce at his Death: And that it did ever ſeem unto me much raſhneſs in thoſe who dare undertake to explain the Oracles, and the meaning of the Star ſo preciſely. Can I believe, Madam (ſaid my Maſter, interrupting her) that the fair *Mandana* did not rejoyce at the Death of *Cyrus*? *Cyrus*, I ſay, whom *Aſtiages* would have ſmothered in his Cradle: *Cyrus* whom all the *Magi* were certain, ſhould poſſeſs the Throne of the King of *Media*, and command all *Aſia*: And *Cyrus* who from his Infancy has diſturbed the tranquillity of a King, who has ſuch near relation unto you.

It need not ſeem ſtrange unto you (replied the Princeſs) that I ſhould not rejoyce at the Death of a Prince whom I knew not, and who never did me any hurt, ſince you had ſo much generoſity as not to take revenge upon that King who would have put you to Death; and (as you have done) to ſerve that Prince who had his Life from him, who would have taken yours away. But *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe unto him) for I dare not yet call you *Cyrus*, ſince you have told me what you are, I have not leſſened that eſteem which I had of you; and on the contrary, ſeeing I am more obliged unto you than I thought, I think my ſelf engaged to acknowledg it; yet notwithſtanding, I confeſs that I do not well know how I ought to deal with you. If I look upon you as a Prince who would not take revenge of his Enemy, by reaſon of relations in Conſanguinity; As a Prince,

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I ſay, who in ſpight of all thoſe Reaſons which might have abſolutely diverted him, yet hath not ceaſed to love me: A Prince who hath ſaved the Life of the King my Father; who hath a thouſand and a thouſand times expoſed his own for him; who hath received ſo many Wounds; conquered ſo many Provinces; won ſo many Battels; took a King a Priſoner; prevented a dangerous Conſpiracy; and who has long loved me, without telling me of it, or diſpleaſing me: If I look upon you, in theſe Reſpects, I do confeſs *Artamenes*, that without any prejudice to Vertue or Decency, I could wiſh, that by the conſent of the King my Father, I might give you ſome Teſtimonies of that extraordinary eſteem which I have of you. But if I alſo look upon you as a Prince whoſe Birth began with ſo many Prodigies, ſo many Eclipſes which dimmed the ſplendor and heat of the Sun, who ſhook the Foundations of the Temple; of whom the Stars have foretold ſo much; and all the *Magi* aſſures us he will be the overthrow of all *Aſia*: I confeſs, I ſay, that then I cannot well reſolve my ſelf; for though 'tis true, my Heart tells me that they who did interpret the meaning of thoſe things, have but ill underſtood them; and that if the Stars did foretell your Birth, it was becauſe the Gods did preſage unto Men by them, that you ſhould be a Prince whoſe Vertues ſhould be extraordinary: Though, I ſay, I ſhould reſent it ſo, yet this is not enough: Doubtleſs *Aſtiages* and *Ciaxares* will never allow that *Mandana* ſhould diſpoſe of her Affection unto *Cyrus*: But *Mandana* (ſaid *Artamenes* interrupting her) this ſame *Cyrus* who is ſo terrible unto all *Aſia*, is now proſtrate at your Feet, and you may diſpoſe of his Fate as you pleaſe: To what end, Madam (ſaid he) to what end are all his Conqueſts which he hath made? Can it be imagined that he aimed at any univerſal Uſurpation, ſince he hath refuſed all that the King would give him? though I have fought, and vanquiſhed, and conquered, yet doubtleſs he hath enjoyed the fruits of all my Combats, my Victories and my Conqueſts: I am not ſo much as Maſter of my own Sword; but ſince you do reign in the Heart of him whoſe Hand doth guide it, you need not fear I ſhall commence any unjuſt War: It belongs unto you, Divine Princeſs, to order the Deſtinies of People and Kings; and the Life of *Artamenes* depends wholly upon your Will: yet, Madam (ſaid he in a moſt ſubmiſſive manner) if it be your pleaſure that *Cyrus* ſhall not revive, he is ready to obey you; yes, adored Princeſs, *Cyrus* who can diſturb the tranquillity of all *Aſia*, and has hopes to reign over a great and glorious Kingdom, is ready to renounce all his Rights that he hath unto the Crown of *Perſia*, and paſs away all the reſt of his days under the cloud of *Artamenes*, if he find any hopes that *Mandana* will not leſs eſteem him. And if it be ſo that he muſt wear a Scepter to merit you, chuſe you, Madam, in what place of the World you would have him expoſe his Life to get one, and certainly he will go: Things that are moſt impoſſible would appear unto me moſt eaſy, provided you will not take from me my hopes of your Love; Say then, Divine Princeſs, would you have *Cyrus* revive? or would you have *Artamenes* live? or would you have them both die? I give you the choice of theſe three ways: Speak, I beſeech you, and conceal not your true reſentment from me. Firſt, would you have *Cyrus* come out of his Tomb? I dare not adviſe him to that (replied the Princeſs) fearing if he ſhould, he ſhould enter it for ever. Will you then have *Artamenes* live, only as *Artamenes*? That would not be juſt (anſwered the Princeſs) nor advantagious for him. Will you then, Madam (replied he) have them both die together? By no means (anſwered ſhe) for I have had too much Sorrow for the Death of *Artamenes*, to hope I ſhould find any conſolation in the Death of *Cyrus* and his both. What then is your pleaſure I ſhall do (replied he?) I know not (anſwered ſhe) but I deſire to take ſome time to reſolve my ſelf. But however, Madam (replied my Maſter) will you be pleaſed that I ſhould hope I am not hated, whether you conſider me either as *Artamenes* or as *Cyrus*? I do permit it (ſaid ſhe, and did riſe) ſince it is not juſt I ſhould be leſs generous than you are. Thus, Sir, the Diſcourſe ended, which my Maſter, as ſoon as he was retired, did me the honour to relate exactly unto me. *Feraulas* (ſaid he unto me) I did foreſee that *Artamenes* would not be ſo happy living as dead; and it was only Compaſſion which moved the fair *Mandana* to weep. Sir, (ſaid I to him, after he had told me all that I have told you) I do not ſee that you have any great cauſe of complaint, nor why you ſhould not hope for more indulgence from that ſeverity which the Princeſs hath uſed towards you; for ſhe has not baniſhed you, nor abſolutely forbidden you to ſpeak, ſhe has only took time to reſolve her ſelf: Hope, Sir, hope well, and believe that it is very hard for her, after ſo many great Acts as you have done, not to reſent them well; and certainly they will plead very powerfully for you in the Heart of illuſtrious *Mandana*. Ah *Feraulas* (ſaid he) it is not good to be flattered up with hopes, but better to reſent ſome little diſpair: If you knew (ſaid he unto me) how my Heart trembled when I expected the Sentence of Death from the Mouth of *Mandana*, the firſt time ſhe ſpoke unto me, you would have pittied me. As the ſtate of things is now, I do not know whether I ſhould ſtill continue *Artamenes*, or whether I may appear as *Cyrus*; whether I ſhould die, or whether they would have me live: I am abſolutely ignorant whether I ſhould be the moſt unhappy Prince upon Earth, or the moſt happy; this cruel Ambiguity muſt needs put my ſoul into great diſorder; for indeed, it is brought unto that paſs, that I muſt expect nothing elſe but either a moſt inhumane Death, or a Life full of all Felicities. *Artamenes* added unto theſe, a hundred other Contemplations, which moved me unto much compaſſion, and which did clearly let me ſee that he did love, as much as it was poſſible for any one in the World to love. But whilſt he was thus ſpeaking of it unto me, the Princeſs was in diſcourſe with *Marteſia*, and told her all her Reſentments: Did ever any ſee the like Adventure unto mine (ſaid ſhe) whilſt I am praying and offering Sacrifices of Thanks unto the Gods for the Death of *Cyrus*, that very ſame *Cyrus* is a Witneſs of all my Sacrifices and Prayers, and yet for all this he loves me, and follows me, and is continually with the King my Father? He hath performed a hundred glorious Acts which I dare not almoſt remember, fearing they ſhould make *Cyrus* more predominate in my Heart. Alas! O ye juſt Gods (ſaid ſhe) why have you ſuffered Men to explain your Intentions ſo badly? and that they ſhould believe *Cyrus* would overthrow all *Aſia*, and ſit in the Throne of the King of the *Medes*? He, I ſay, who does not imploy his Valour unto any other end, but the advantage of him who muſt one day have the Scepter of *Aſtyages*? But, Madam, (ſaid *Marteſia* to her) who knows whether the Gods have not intended that *Cyrus* ſhall reign in *Medea* by marrying a Princeſs, who, in all likelihood, if things do not change faces, ſhall be the Queen of it? If the Gods had pleaſed to have had it ſo (replied ſhe) they would not have moved the Heart of *Aſtyages* to hate *Cyrus* as he doth: And my dear *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe) that which you imagine hath no foundation, or liklihood in it; and I muſt abſolutely forbid it, notwithſtanding all the Merits, the Quality, the Services, and all the Vertues of *Artamenes*, and not diſpoſe of my ſelf, but according to Reaſon. But yet, Madam (ſaid *Marteſia* to her) what do you reſolve upon? and what ſhall *Artamenes* reſolve upon? Shall he be ſtill *Artamenes*? or ſhall he become *Cyrus*? I would have him (replied *Mandana*) ſeek out handſome Expedients to appear as *Cyrus*; not to be diſtaſtful unto *Aſtyages*, to be protected by the King my Father, and to obtain their Permiſſions to marry me; which if he can do, I ſhall not be any hindrance of his good fortune, and perhaps (if I durſt ſay it without bluſhing) I would ſhare with him in it: But if he cannot do as I ſay, within a time that I ſhall limit him, and which ſhall not be long; I muſt, my dear *Marteſia*, baniſh him for ever; and perhaps, deprive my ſelf for ever of all Tranquillity and Delights. Me-thinks, Madam (anſwered *Marteſia*) that this reſolution is too violent; and knowing the Vertue of *Artamenes*, and your own Innocency as you do, you ought not to drive that Prince into deſpair, unto whom you are ſo much obliged. Time, Madam, begets alterations every day ; you know that *Aſtyages* is extreamly old, ſo that this *Remora* will quickly be removed. No, no, *Marteſia*, ſaid ſhe to her, I neither can nor ought to ſuffer *Artamenes*, after he has diſcovered his Paſſion and his Quality, to ſtay any longer amongſt us : If the King ſhould chance to diſcover it, hath he not good reaſon to tax me with a Crime ? and might he not imagine, that I have conſpired with *Cyrus* to partake with him in the Dominion of all *Aſia*, which the *Magi* have foretold ? What better way can you find, Madam (replied *Marteſia*) to prevent the too ambitious Deſigns of *Cyrus*, than to keep him always near you? as long as he ſhall be only *Artamenes*, and as long as he is in love with the Princeſs *Mandana*, he will never make War upon *Aſtyages*; he will never aſſault *Ciaxares*. But who knows, Madam, whether, if you baniſh him, this Great and Heroick Soul will endure your Rigour with Patience? Who can tell whether or no he will bring a War upon all *Cappadocia*, and upon all *Media ?* You are acquainted with his good Fortune ; you know his Courage; fear then, fear, I ſay, to incenſe it, and do not you your ſelf contribute unto the deſolation of all *Aſia :* Take heed, Madam, take heed what you do, and do not too raſhly baniſh *Artamenes*. *Marteſia*, replied the Princeſs, all that you ſay is very conſiderable; yet notwithſtanding, that which I think is no leſs, and I had rather expoſe all *Aſia* unto Danger, than my own Glory : For if this Revolution chance to come, doubtleſs it is the determinate Reſolution of the Gods to have it ſo ; but *Mandana* neither can nor ought bring her ſelf into ſuſpition of a criminal Intelligence, in ſuffering a diſguiſed Prince to be in the Court : One who is well proportioned, of a great Heart and Soul, and moreover one that is in love with her. Ah *Marttſia*, this ought not to be ; not but that if I do baniſh *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe, and bluſht) I ſhall baniſh him with much Repugnancy and Sorrow ; yet notwithſtanding, in conſideration of my own Glory, it is very requiſite that *Artamenes* do not ſuſpect me of any weakneſs. I have told him of ſuch obliging things, that I do fear he will think more than I would have him, and indeed I had rather he ſhould ſuffer, and that I my ſelf ſhould ſuffer, than expoſe my ſelf to be leſs eſteemed. But, Madam (replied *Marteſia*) can you pronounce this ſad Sentence? I know not (anſwered ſhe) and I dare not aſſure you; yet I will ſtrive with my ſelf, as much as poſſible to hide from him that tenderneſs which I have of him. Thus did the illuſtrious *Mandana* reſolve upon that cruel Sentence which ſhe was to pronounce againſt my dear Maſter; but ſince he did not yet know it, he ſtill lived betwixt hope and fear. Mean time, the King of *Pontus*, although he was very well treated in his Priſon, yet was he moſt unhappy; for ſince he ſaw the Princeſs out of a Window, at his entrance into *Sinope*, that ſight did renew in his Heart freſh reſentments of Love, as violent as he was capable of: The remembrance of all thoſe pleaſant days wherein he had formerly ſeen her in that Town, did extreamly torment him. Alas (ſaid he, as afterwards he told) what good fortune can I ever hope for? I, who during the time I was in this Court, and at liberty, never could obtain one favourable look from *Mandana*? what can I pretend unto, who am vanquiſhed, and clog'd with Fetters as I am? I do acquaint you, Sir, with a few of the King of *Pontus's* Thoughts, that you may not be ignorant of any thing which paſſed at *Sinope*. As for *Ciaxares*, he lived at eaſe and peaceably, enjoyed the pleaſant fruits of *Artamenes* his Victories. *Aribeus* for his part, he tranſacted with much ſubtilty, and ſeemed to regard nothing but the managing of State-Affairs, wherein *Artamenes* would not meddle, limiting his Employments altogether unto Martial Matters. At this time there came news from the Camp, that the King of *Phrygia* had not yet got any conſiderable Body together ſince his defeat: And there ran a report that *Bithynia* would riſe, and relieve the King of *Pontus*; but this laſt news was not certain, nor had the Priſoner King heard it, when he ſent in the Morning to deſire my Maſter that he would come unto him. *Artamenes* who was naturally moſt civil, and who eſteemed this Prince very much, though he was his Rival, did not fail to do as he deſired him, after he had asked the King's leave to ſee him. When he was come into his Chamber, and the Guards retired, the King of *Pontus* ſaid unto him: Generous *Artamenes*, you have ſo nobly obliged me with Arms in your Hand, that I cannot believe you will do it with leſs joy now I am in your Fetters, therefore I took ſo much liberty as to deſire my Conqueror, he would be pleaſed to come unto me, that I my ſelf might deſire him, that he would be pleaſed to be my Friend, my Protector, and my Confident altogether. Since Fortune only (anſwered *Artamenes*) cauſed you to loſe your Liberty, you have given me a Title which I ought not to abuſe, and you offer unto me three Qualities, which I dare not accept of, ſince I am not worthy to be your Friend, and ſince I have not power enough to be your Protector, and ſince I have not perhaps all thoſe neceſſary Qualities which might deſerve the honour of being your Confident: But, Sir, without any further ſearch what Attributes you ſhould give me, I do ſincerely aſſure you, that any thing which *Artamenes* can do to ſerve you, he will do it with much gladneſs; for indeed you have obliged me to it, and perhaps over-obliged me. The King of *Pontus* not apprehending the myſterions Senſe of theſe laſt words, did anſwer nothing unto them, but began to commend him afreſh, and extoll his Generoſity. Then when he thought he had ſaid enough, to prepare his Mind not to refuſe him: Noble *Artamenes* (ſaid he) doubtleſs you are not ignorant, that the Prince whom you ſee, is fettered with more Chains than one; and thoſe which heretofore he received from the Princeſs *Mandana*, are yet neither untied nor broken, but much more ſtrong and heavy, than thoſe which your Valour cauſes me to wear. *Artamenes* was much ſurprized at this diſcourſe; but ſince the King of *Pontus*'s Mind was taken up with what he had to ſay, he did not obſerve it, but continued his Speech: I know very well you are not ignorant, that I having been heretoſore ſent unto *Ciaxares* as a Hoſtage, during the Treaty of Peace, betwixt the late King my Father and him, I remained in this Court ſix Months; That I fell in love with the Princeſs *Mandana*; that I durſt not diſcover my Paſſion otherwiſe than my Sighs; that I departed with much Grief: you know alſo, that at my return, I underſtood not only that my Father was dead, but my elder Brother alſo, ſo that as ſoon as my Tears for them were dried up, and being then a King of two Kingdoms, I thought that I might without offence, pretend unto the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*. I ſent Embaſſadors unto *Ciaxares* to demand her in Marriage; you have doubtleſs alſo heard, how that Prince did deny her, becauſe I was a Stranger; he, I ſay, who did not need to inſiſt ſo rigorouſly upon that Law of the State, nor obſerved it ſo preciſely upon that occaſion, ſince there was not a Prince in all *Cappadocia*, who was capable of marrying her. Since you know all theſe, generous *Artamenes*, I will not trouble you with a more exact relation of them: I will only beſeech, you will be pleaſed to aſſiſt me with your advice, what I ſhall do in this unhappy condition which I am in: But that ye may the better do it, I will open my Heart unto you, and tell you that I do moſt paſſionately love the Princeſs *Mandana*; and though I am vanquiſhed, yet I cannot chuſe but deſire to reign in her Heart. Tell me then, I beſeech you, what I ſhould do, and what I ſhould hope for; and whether the illuſtrious *Artamenes* can by his Favour, his Generoſity, and his Addreſſes find any means to mollify *Ciaxares*, and bend the unflexible Mind of *Mandana*, and whether he can make me a Conqueror in my Fetters. I do know very well (added he) that I do ſpeak without ground, and without reaſon: But what would you have a paſſionate amorous Man do? who can have no liberty without *Mandana*; who cares not for his Life without leave to love her; who cannot think of any Peace having ſuch an inveterate War in his Heart; nor ſpeak of any Ranſom unto a Prince, with whom he can have no treaty without *Mandana*: I do know alſo very well that I am unjuſt to ſpeak thus unto you; But generous *Artamenes*, if you ever have loved, you will lament me as much as your ſelf, and you will comfort me in my Miſery, though you cannot cure it. My Maſter hearkened unto this Diſcourſe with extream ſadneſs and diſpleaſure: He had a good mind to tell the King of *Pontus*, that he could never have made choiſe of a more unfit Man than himſelf, to do him this Office; and indeed to have told him the true Cauſe, and by that means denied his Aſſiſtance: yet not knowing whether the Princeſs would think well of it, therefore he would not take that courſe, and therefore againſt his Inclination he was forced to diſſemble the Truth.

The Condition which you are in (anſwered *Artamenes* unto the King of *Pontus*, after he had a little thought upon it) doubtleſs is worthy of Compaſſion, and I do pitty you more in reſpect of the Fetters which *Mandana* hath cauſed, than in reſpect of thoſe which Fortune hath brought upon you by my Hand; yet ſince it is the Princeſs who gave them unto you, it muſt be ſhe only who can comfort you; and you demand that of *Artamenes* which he neither can or ought to ſerve you in: Think not, Sir, added he, that it is for want of Generoſity which cauſeth me to do this; and believe, that if you did know me well, you would not ſuſpect any ſuch thing, but would acknowledg, that I do but what I ought to do: yet to teſtify, that I have a Deſign to acknowledg thoſe Obligations which I have towards you, I do promiſe that I will endeavour to obtain an advantagious Peace for you from *Ciaxares*, which ſhall be more advantagious than if you were not a Priſoner: and I will not neglect any thing which may obtain your Liberty. But as for the Princeſs (ſaid he) diſpenſe with me I beſeech you from doing you that Office, or ſpeaking unto her of your Paſſion: ſhe is a Princeſs who makes profeſſion of ſo much auſtere Virtue, and there appears ſo much Majeſty and Modeſty in her looks, that tho I were the greateſt Prince upon Earth, and ſate triumphant upon a Throne, and ſhe before me in Fetters, yet I think that I could not, without trembling, ſpeak unto her concerning Love, either for my ſelf or for another: ſo, Sir, in that condition which Fortune hath put you, I do not think it is a Service which I either can or ought to perform for you.

I know very well, replied the King of *Pontus*, that I have done you wrong to move it; but Illuſtrious *Artamenes*, what will become me? ſhall I die in my Fetters without complaint? and can I not at leaſt obtain of you, a permiſſion once to ſee the fair *Mandana? Artamenes* was then much perplexed; for notwithſtanding the high Vertue of the Princeſs, yet Jealouſy did ſeiſe upon his Soul; he ſaw that the King of *Pontus* was a Prince, of a good Symetry, and of much Spirit; he imagined that this enterview could not but cauſe him much diſpleaſure. Yet this firſt thought was preſently corrected by a ſecond, which told him there was no fear of that: he told then the King of *Pontus*, that if he would obtain this Favour, he muſt ſend unto *Ciaxares*, who perhaps would not deny it. But, Sir, (ſaid he to him) if you would take my Advice, you ſhould not do it; for indeed, what will the ſight of her advantage you? you will ſee her ſo fair, that perhaps you will return more unhappy than before. Ah, *Artamenes*, (ſaid the King of *Pontus*) you know not how to love; or to ſay better, you were never in love? for know aſſuredly, that what ill uſage ſoever can be, how much ſeverity ſoever appears in the Eyes of the Party loved, and how much cruelty ſoever ſhe can have in her heart, what courſe Language ſoever ſhe can give, yet the ſight of her has ſome ſuch kind of ſweetneſs in it which moves delight: And I do not know, whether an ill treated Lover, who ſees the Party which ſo treats him, has not ſome more happy minutes, than a beloved Lover who is abſent from the Party beloved. So, generous *Artamenes*, if I can but obtain ſo much happineſs as only to ſee *Mandana*, I ſhall be much comforted, although ſhe give me not one obliging Word: endeavour ſo, I conjure you, that *Ciaxares* do not deny me when I ſend unto him concerning it.

I have told you, Sir, already, replied *Artamenes*, that I know not how to meddle with any thing which relates unto the Princeſs: all that I can do is to endeavour your Liberty; and that I will ſo ardently ſolicit, as you ſhall know by that how *Artamenes* would acquit himſelf of that Duty and Service which he owes you; and if he do refuſe thing elſe which you deſire of him, it is becauſe he has invincible Reaſons which prevent him. Do you not conſider, Sir, (ſaid he further unto him) that I am a meer ſtranger in *Cappadocia*? that I have no more power than what my Sword gives me? and that this which you deſire of me is a Buſineſs which I neither can nor ought to ſerve you in? The King of *Pontus*, though he was almoſt ignorant of the true Reaſon, which moved *Artamenes* to deny him, yet did very well receive his Excuſes; and knowing that he deſired ſuch things as were apparently impoſſible, excepting the ſight of the Princeſs which he hoped to obtain; he asked pardon of *Artamenes* for moving him with unreaſonable Deſires, and, as my Maſter told him, that he ſhould er'e long know by his endeavouring his Liberty, that he would do all which was fit for him to do. This Amorous Prince deſired him not to make ſo much haſte; for (ſaid he to him) I make it a Queſtion, whether it is better to be a Priſoner in *Sinope*, or to be free upon the Throne of *Pontus*, and *Bithynia*?

After this *Artamenes* left the King of *Pontus* with much perplexity, and almoſt as much troubled as if *Mandana* had underſtood all that the King of *Pontus* had told him, and as if ſhe had ſeemed to be much moved at it: As he went from thence, he went to the King, who bad him very welcome, and held him long in private Diſcourſe: the King told him, that he did owe unto him all the Glory of his Kingdom, and did attribute unto him all the Favours which he received from Heaven. He diſcourſed concerning his own Marriage with the Queen of *Cappadocia*: of all his intanglings which he ever had with the Princes his Neighbours, and what happy Iſſues he had from them all: of his good Fortune to have the Princeſs his Daughter, ſo rarely accompliſhed as *Mandana* was. Then he exactly related all that the *Magi* had ſaid concerning the Birth of the Son to the King of *Perſia*; the Menaces unto all *Aſia*; particularly to the King of

Medes: How *Aſtiages* was perplexed: how great was his Joy when he was credibly informed *Cyrus* was drowned. But *Artamenes* (ſaid he then unto him) you ought alſo to rejoice at his Loſs, and go into the Temple to offer Sacrifice of Thanks unto the Gods for his Death as well as we; for indeed ſince he had the Stars on his ſide; if he had lived he would have diſputed with you for a ſhare in you Victories, ſince he could not make himſelf Maſter of all *Aſia*, without being your Conqueror. *Artamenes* bluſh'd at this Diſcourſe; but *Ciaxares* believed it was out of modeſty becauſe of the Praiſes which he had given him, therefore went on with his Diſcourſe, and repeated all the Obligations in which he was bound unto him: I leave you to judg, Sir, whether my Maſter had not enough wherewith to entertain his Thoughts withall when he returned from him. He ſaw the King of *Pontus* was extreamly in Love; but although one cannot love a Rival, yet this Rival moved him to compaſſion, though it was with much vexation. That which did moſt trouble him, was the manner wherewith *Ciaxares* expreſſed himſelf; and from thence he concluded, that *Cyrus* was not in a condition, to riſe out of his Tomb, though the Princeſs her ſelf ſhould conſent unto it; ſo that he was extreamly perplexed at it.

The next Morning *Ciaxares* ſent to ſeek him, and carried him to the Temple, where he ſaw the ſecond time, Thanks given unto the Gods for his Death: But in lieu of giving Thanks (like the reſt) ſo unneceſſary and ill grounded, he rendred Thanks, becauſe that ſame Sacrifice for his Death, was the Original of his Love. Imagine, Sir, if any thing could be more ſtrangely odd, than to ſee true *Cyrus* under the falſe Name of *Artamenes* preſent at this Ceremony. He told me afterwards, that he was often moved, to caſt himſelf at the feet of *Ciaxares* in the middle of the Temple, and to make himſelf known who he was; but fearing the diſpleaſure of the Princeſs, he forbore, and ſtood dumb all the time of the Ceremony; it was ſome Joy unto him, that *Mandana* feigning her ſelf not well, would not be preſent and aſſiſt, ſhe not having power to hear them ſpeak of a dead Prince, whom ſhe knew was living.

This feigned Excuſe of *Mandana*'s, did furniſh my Maſter with a Pretence to viſit her: he went thither as ſoon as he returned from the Temple; and finding her upon her Bed, having none with her but her Women, who could not hear what he ſaid, they keeping at a reſpective diſtance: I come, Madam, (ſaid he to her in a low voice) to give you Thanks, becauſe you came not to thank the Gods for the Death of *Cyrus*; and I come alſo to ask you, how long I ſhall be ignorant, whether I muſt Live, or whether I muſt Die? Without all queſtion, (replied the Princeſs) I would have you live, and not alſo live, but I would have you live happily: but to tell you the truth, I do not ſee any appearance of it. Why, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) am I worſe in your Favour than I was? No, (replied ſhe) but I do not ſee that you are more in Favour with Fortune: for indeed, the Sacrifice from whence you came, does hint unto you, that the King's Reſentments continue as they were; ſo that you may very well doubt, whether, maugre all your Services, you can without danger diſcover what you are, not that I ever obſerved thoſe violent Motions in the Mind of the King, which they ſay the mind of *Aſtiages* was poſſeſſed with: But my fears are, leſt if you ſhould diſcover your ſelf, the King of *Medes* ſhould demand you of his Son; and that *Ciaxares* ſhould not have power to refuſe you unto a Prince who gave him Life: Let then unhappy *Cyrus* remain in his Grave (then anſwered my Maſter) and let unhappy *Artamenes* live with you. The Princeſs hearing him ſpeak ſo, leaned upon her right Arm, and looking upon him, with a moſt obliging Eye, though moſt modeſtly: The Gods are my Witneſs (ſaid ſhe unto him) if I have not a greater eſteem of your Vertue then I have for any other; and if I do not retain in my Heart, ſuch an acknowledgment and tenderneſs of you, as cannot be but it muſt be accompanied with much good Will: But indeed *Artamenes*, Reaſon muſt be predominant, and we muſt not conſider ſo much thoſe things which do pleaſe us, as thoſe which ought to pleaſe us;

and therefore although your Converſation be moſt delighting unto me, and the manner of your loving me does give full ſatisfaction to my Vertue, yet notwithſtanding, I am forced to tell you, that if within the compaſs of three Months, (and I doubt this term is too long) you cannot contrive a courſe which will be apparent unto me, you may revive *Cyrus* out of his Grave without danger unto him, then you muſt return into *Perſia*, and live there happily if you can, and ſtrive to forget *Mandana*, leſt ſhe ſhould diſturb your Tranquillity: But, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe unto him, without giving him leave to interrupt her) to remove all cauſes of Complaint; know, that during this three months time which I allot you, I will contribute unto your good Fortune as much as I can, and as much as ever handſomeneſs will permit me. I will aſiſt you with my beſt advice; I will endeavour to diſcover the King's Mind; I will inform you by what Expedients you may perhaps, gain *Aribeus*, who hath a great prevalence with him; and I will not neglect any thing which I can poſſibly and reaſonably do for your ſatisfaction; if notwithſtanding all this, the Law of *Cappadocia* be not an invincible Obſtacle unto your Deſign, and that the Quality of a Stranger be not incompatible with the King's Reſentment: But when all is done, if both your endeavours and mine become fruſtrate, then you muſt (ſaid ſhe, and changed Colour) reſolve your ſelf for an eternal Separation; and Reaſon muſt abſolutely triumph over all which would reſiſt it.

What, Madam, (replied *Artamenes*) will you baniſh me? and baniſh me for ever? Forbear your Complaints (ſaid ſhe to him) until the time come, that there be cauſe, and think not your ſelf unhappy till you be ſo. To ſee (replied my Maſter) that you can reſolve to make me ſo, is to be ſo already; for indeed, Madam, if I were as much in your mind as I might be, you would have more indulgence towards my Love, and you could not reſolve to deſtroy for ever a Prince who adores you with an unequalled Reverence, and who will infallibly die, as ſoon as he is ſpeparated from you. I deſire you once more (ſaid the Princeſs to him) not to vex your ſelf unprofitably; and do not mollify my Heart until there be ſome need of it: be contented, that I am conſtrained to baniſh you, and that I do it not with much ſorrow; and that I was not more diſpleaſed at the report of your Death, than I ſhall be at your abſence: But however, *Artamenes*, Glory is to be preferred before all things, and as long as I do not ſtrive againſt you, but rather to give you all ſatisfaction, you have no juſt cauſe to complain of me. *Artamenes* knew well that he neither could nor ought to hope for any more from ſuch a one as *Mandana*; and though he ought to prepare his Mind for it, yet he could not chuſe but be very much grieved at it. She knew how to comfort him ſo ſweetly in his Sorrows, by the heavenly Charms of her Converſation; that he preferred the Evils which he ſuffered as a Servant unto *Mandana*, before all Felicity he could enjoy without her.

He began then to follow *Ciaxares* more cloſely than before: He courted *Aribeus*, contrary to his own Inclination, with more diligence, and neglected nothing which might get him a good Eſteem in the Court, ſo that though he ſhould diſcover himſelf, they would not think of deſtroying him: And ſo it was, that he was univerſally beloved, and ſo much, that the extraordinary care he took did not create him any new Servants, nor augment the Zeal of thoſe he had before, ſo great was their Zeal already.

In the mean time, the Man who *Artamenes* ſent to carry the Jewels unto the daughter of that Lady, who miſtook him for *Spitridates*, and who had ſo charitably entertained him, returned unto *Sinope*, who informed *Artamenes* that there was like to be a new War in *Bithynia*: he further told him, that he found the Caſtle invironed with many Souldiers; and that when he had ſpoke unto that Lady, ſhe was extreamly ſurprized to ſee the Jewels which he had to preſent unto her Daughter: That at the firſt ſhe doubted whether ſhe ſhould ſuffer her to accept of them; but in concluſion ſhe did permit her; That at his taking leave of her, ſhe beſtowed a very rich preſent upon him, and charged him to tell *Artamenes*, after ſhe did with aſtoniſhment underſtand it was he, that the King her Husband was endeavouring to put himſelf into ſuch a condition, as that hereafter he might be able to retaliate his Liberality; and to make *Spitridates* his Son, who had the honour to reſemble him; worthy of that reſemblance. This Man told *Artamenes* further; that in his return, he ſaw all the Country full of Souldiers, and that ſome of them had ſtaid him for ſome certain daies, which was the reaſon he did return no ſooner.

Two hours after his arrival, there came certain news from *Artaxes*, that all *Bithynia* was in rebellion, and *Pontus* about to be the like; and that the King of *Phrygia* was compelled to retreat, becauſe that *Creſus* King of *Lydia* was entred with an Army into his Dominions, and that a great part of his Forces did change Maſters, and ſided with thoſe who moved the People to revolt, and who in truth had much right unto the Crown of *Bithynia*. In concluſion, they knew *Arſamones*, husband unto that Lady, who had treated *Artamenes* ſo well when he was wounded, and who took him for *Spitridates* her Son, was in the Head of a very conſiderable Army; and that if the King of *Pontus* were not ſoon ſet at liberty, and to take ſome courſe to oppoſe his Conqueſts, not only *Bithynia*, which his Father had uſurped, would be loſt, but *Pontus* alſo, which was legitimately his, would be in the ſame condition.

It was reported, that the King of *Phrygia* was about new Levies in his Country; but yet the Reports went alſo that he would have his hands full of War againſt the King of *Lydia*: Inſomuch as it was apparent that there would fall an infallible Revolution upon the Kingdoms of *Pontus* and *Bithynia*, if they were not preſently remedied.

Artamenes, finding a good opportunity to oblige the King of *Pontus*, and acquit himſelf of his Promiſe to him, and alſo to procure his departure from *Sinope*, where he was not very glad to ſee him, did beſeech the King, that he would not only give him his Liberty, but alſo that he would lend him ſome Forces wherewith to reduce his Subjects unto their Obedience. He repreſented unto the King, that it would be much more glorious for him, and advantagious alſo to do ſo, than to detain him a Priſoner; ſince if it ſhould ſo fall out, that he ſhould loſe his two Kingdoms, as very likely he was, then he would not be able to pay his Ranſom; but would be either forced to keep him always, or elſe cruelly to deliver him, in a time when it was too late, and when there was no hopes to get into the Throne. Moreover, he told him that the King of *Pontus* was generous, and that obliging him thus gallantly, he could run no hazard of danger. In concluſion, as *Artamenes* was always very prevalent with *Ciaxares*, and could perſwade him unto any thing he pleaſed; ſo, the King condeſcended unto his Deſire, upon condition, notwithſtanding, that the King of *Pontus* ſhould deliver into his hands, two conſiderable Places, which yet held unto his ſide; and that he ſhould ſolemnly promiſe, never to make any War againſt *Cappadocia*.

Artamenes having obtained his Suit, went preſently to the King of *Pontus*, who was already informed of his Misfortunes, but knew no Remedy; He no ſooner ſaw my Maſter, but going to him, with much conſtancy, though with much melancholy; Generous *Artamenes* (ſaid he to him) if in loſing the Crown of *Bithynia*, you had conquered it, I ſhould not be ſo ſad as I am; but that my moſt mortal Enemies ſhould triumph over my Misfortunes, I confeſs that I have not patience to endure it without complaint, nor can I chuſe but much deſire that Liberty which I have deſired you to obtain for me. Sir (anſwered *Artamenes*) as it is my uſe to do what I ought, ſo I have effected your Demands, and perhaps above your deſires, for I do not know whether I have not gone further than you deſired. My Maſter then told him what he had done with *Ciaxares*, and how by this Article not to make any more War upon *Cappadocia*, it was to be tacitely underſtood, not to pretend any more unto the Princeſs: As this was reaſonable, ſo he did not murmur; he grieved in ſecret without complaint, and thanked *Artamenes* very civilly for his Generoſity: he extreamly extolled this great Act, and thanked him who brought it to paſs. If ever I come unto my Throne again, generous *Artamenes*, (ſaid he to him) I ſhall owe unto you all my Glory, and all my good Fortune; and I do proteſt unto you, that if I can conquer again the Kingdom of *Bithynia*, it ſhall be your fault only, if you do not as ab-abſolutely command it as my ſelf: you are no more a *Cappadocian* (ſaid he to him) than you are a *Pontian*, ſo that without offence unto *Ciaxares*, I may well hope for the ſame Happineſs and Advantage which he hath: he hath nothing now to do, but to live in Peace, and I am in a way of War, and for this Reaſon, I believe, that my wiſh is not unjuſt, nor will diſpleaſe you. Sir, (anſwered *Artamenes*) I am much obliged unto you for theſe advantagious Reſentments you have of me: But, Sir, if you knew me more particularly, you would quickly change your Mind; and therefore ſince you know me no better, I will not abuſe you in your Error, nor receive thoſe Favours from you, which doubtleſs you would repent of afterwards: And though, it is true, I am not born a Subject unto *Ciaxares*, yet I am ſo tied unto his Service by many ſtrong Reaſons and Obligations, that I can never be diſingaged from him.

After the firſt apprehenſions of Joy in the King of *Pontus*'s mind were paſſed over; Joy, I ſay, for the Liberty which he had obtained, and for thoſe Auxiliaries which were offered him, Love then began to take a place in his Heart, and he could not forbear ſome expreſſions and ſigns of his weakneſs, and in the preſence of *Artamenes*, grieved at thoſe great Neceſſities which oppreſſed him: for (ſaid he) as long as I am in Priſon, I do know very well, that I ought not to pretend unto the Princeſs *Mandana*; and that if I remain in them, I ſhall be ſtill in the Kingdom, ſo by conſequence, far off from any Pretentions to her. But (generous *Artamenes*) in caſting off theſe Fetters wherein you have enchained me, I muſt alſo caſt off thoſe which I received from the fair *Mandana*, at leaſt wear them in ſecret: and, alas, in hiding them, they are not leſs heavy, nor ſhall I be leſs her Slave. *Artamenes* did not know well how to anſwer this Diſcourſe; all he could do, was handſomly to divert it, and to ſpeak of War in lieu of Love: yet ſince things did very urgently require it, he gave Orders for the King of *Pontus*'s departure within a few Days: and this Prince not being able to depart till he had ſpoke with the Princeſs, and took his leave of her, ſent to beſeech *Ciaxares*, that he would not deny him that Favour: *Artamenes*, who was preſent with the King when this Permiſſion was deſired, had a good mind to oppoſe it, yet durſt not: Yet he was much puzzled to reſolve whether he ſhould be preſent at this Enterview ro not; yet notwithſtanding all the Indiſp oſition he had to it, yet he would be a Witneſs of it: He was in much fear that he ſhould not be able to reſtrain himſelf; yet at the laſt could not chuſe but go. The Permiſſion of the Princeſs concerning this Viſit was asked; ſhe had no great fancy to it, yet *Ciaxares* having promiſed it, there was no remedy; but remembring his gallant Deportment unto *Artamenes*, ſhe reſolved therefore to treat him civilly.

The Day of this Princes departure being come, all the Ladies, and all the Court, who were appointed ſo to do, did then wait upon the Princeſs: *Artamenes* was as diligent as any to be there, and doubtleſs as obſervant of all the Paſſages in this Enterview as any. Since this Treaty between the two Kings was ſigned by both Parties, the King of *Phrygia*, if he pleaſed, being compriſed; and all the Priſoners releaſed, alſo the two Kings ſworn in the Temple to obſerve the Articles, and to live in peace with each other: the King of *Pontus* did not then addreſs himſelf as a Priſoner unto the Princeſs, but as a free Prince; and waited upon by the Officers of *Ciaxares*, as he himſelf was: This Prince was one of an admirable Preſence, and then very ſumptuous in Apparel. The Princeſs, who perhaps would not have been ſo indulgent to him but in reſpect of *Artamenes*, was but very ordinarily dreſſed, nor did ſhe need to be better, for ſhe appeared that Day ſo admirably fair, as that ſhe quite darkened the faireſt and moſt glorious in all the Company; the King of *Pontus* ſaluted her with much Reverence, and ſhe received him with as much Civility; ſhe would have given him the Precedency, but he would not receive it: He took that place which was next the Princeſs, ſaying with a handſome Grace, that it was not fit a Priſoner of *Artamenes* (in looking upon my Maſter and ſmiling) to ſit in the place of the Princeſs *Mandana*. Do not think, Sir (ſaid ſhe to him) that your Conqueror deſires to change either Rank or Condition with you: He is too generous to deſire that the King of *Pontus* ſhould not enjoy all thoſe Honours which his Birth had conferr'd upon him. I wiſh to the Gods, Madam (replied this Prince ſmiling) that every one whoſe Fetters I wear, would treat me as well as *Artamenes* doth, for if they did, I ſhould not be in that condition I am, to wit, perpetually a Slave, and unfortunate. I do not wonder (ſaid the Princeſs) that all they which go to War do not take Priſoners, ſince then every one muſt have great Courage, and all be fortunate: But I do confeſs I think it very ſtrange that all they who do take them do not uſe them well; for my part I aſſure you Sir, that by my conſent they ſhould not wear their Fetters long, but ſhould preſently enjoy their Liberty. I doubt not, Madam (replied the King of *Pontus*) but you are full of pitty; but Madam, there are a ſort of Captives whoſe Liberty does not depend upon the Wills of their Conquerors, and who are ever Priſoners, in a Priſon without any Gates, Grates or Guards. Thoſe who are of that Humour (replied the Princeſs) muſt patiently ſuffer that Misfortune for which there is no Remedy, and complain of none but themſelves. I know ſome, Madam (replied the King of *Pontus*) which have been uſed to what you ſay, and without accuſing you of thoſe Evils which they endure, and do prepare themſelves to ſuffer them as long as they live. I ſhould be very ſorry, ſaid ſhe, that ſo great a Prince as you ſhould have any juſt cauſe to complain of me, but if my Memory do not much fail me, I behaved my ſelf all the while you were in the Court of *Cappadocia* with as much Civility as was due unto a Son of the King of *Pontus*. I do acknowledg it, Madam (replied this Prince) but yet I make a doubt whether you have treated me as well ſince I came unto the Crown as before. I would have you think (replied the Princeſs) that you have ſome cauſe to complain of your ſelf, ſince you have declared War againſt us; but I have much ado to perſwade my ſelf that you had any reaſon for doing ſo. If I did commit a Fault (replied this Prince) I have been ſufficiently puniſhed for it: I have loſt ſeveral Battels; I have loſt my Liberty; and I am in a way to loſe both my Kingdoms: yet, Madam, I ſhould think all theſe but ſmall, if I could but be ſo happy as to gain any room in your Eſteem: I know very well, Madam, that ſince I have loſt theſe Battels, and appear but as a Slave before you, are ſuch things as ſeem not to merit that Honour: But yet conſider, Madam, that the Glory of my Conqueror does leſſen the Shame for my Defeat, and though conquered, and Priſoner as I am, let me not offend the Princeſs *Mandana*, if I beg a little room in her Eſteem, ſince I muſt never pretend more unto her Affection. Be not, Madam, leſs generous than the King your Father, and the Illuſtrious *Artamenes*: The laſt of theſe did ask my Liberty, and the other granted it. Refuſe not then the Favour which I beg of you, and do me ſo much Honour to believe, that ever ſince the firſt Minute I ſaw you, I have as much Eſteem and Veneration of you as can be imagined: Indeed, Madam, I adored you before I was a King; I did the ſame when I was Owner of two Kingdoms; and I continued it alſo in declaring War againſt the King of *Cappadocia*: I did not repent of it when I was all Wounds, and ſwam in my own Blood; and I retained the ſame Thoughts whilſt I was in thoſe Fetters, which the Clemency of the King your Father has freed me from; and I ſhall ever keep them, whether my Sword do win me my Scepter again, or whether it cauſe me to loſe my Crowns: And as long as Life is in me I muſt love you, Madam, with a moſt reſpectful and violent Paſſion. Now you know that, Madam, which I had a moſt earneſt deſire once in my Life to tell you, and which, ſince told, will make me die ſomething leſs unhappy, ſince my Love is well known throughout all *Aſia*, though I never told it you but in the Language of my Eyes: I do not fear that this ſpeaking thus boldly unto you, and before ſo great a Company, will offend you; and ſince I know that my Protector (ſaid he in looking upon *Artamenes*) has ſome Credit with you, I ſhall hope that in conſideration of him, and after his Example, you will not inſult over my Miſfortunes, nor ſpeak harſh things unto him concerning me, ſince it is the laſt time that perhaps I ſhall ever have the Honour to ſpeak to you. *Artamenes* hearkened unto this Diſcourſe with as much Vexation in his Mind as was imaginable; he looked upon the Princeſs; he looked upon his Rival; and tho he could not perfectly know the Thoughts of *Mandana*, yet he thought them ſomething too favourable to the King of *Pontus*, and was often in a Mind to mingle Converſe with them, altho the Quality in which he did appear did not permit him ſo to do; yet he was very glad to hear it from the Mouth of his Rival, that he had never ſpoke of his Love unto *Mandana*; but he was in ſome Diſorder to hear thoſe high Commendations which he gave her, and knew very well that his Love did render their Friendſhip impoſſible. In concluſion, after the King of *Pontus* had done ſpeaking, the Princeſs, who roſe at the ſame time he did, lifting up her Eyes and bluſhing a little; I do not know (ſaid ſhe) whether it be the Faſhion of all young Princes to colour their Ambition with a more gallant Paſſion, or whether it be only a ſimple deſire of Glory; but I am certain that you do give me a great Subject for my Vanity, and a great cauſe to complain of you: For, Sir, I cannot deny, but that it is very advantagious for me to be eſteemed by a Prince who is accompliſhed with ſo many excellent Qualities; and I muſt alſo tell you, that I have ſome reaſon to accuſe you, and perhaps to puniſh you too, for ſpeaking unto me as you have done: But, Sir (ſaid ſhe to him) I will take all that you have told me as I ought to do, and will be ſo far from uſing you ill, that I do proteſt it ſhall not be long of me if you do not depart from this Court as free in your Mind as in your Body; and if my Prayers would conduce any thing to ſet you in your Throne again (notwithſtanding all that is paſſed) you ſhould not want them. Madam (anſwered the King of *Pontus*) I had rather you had hearkened unto my Prayers than to employ yours in my behalf, but that is not a thing to be thought upon, further than to puniſh me for my raſhneſs in daring to love the moſt glorious Princeſs upon Earth. After this the Princeſs anſwered, and he replied again; then he took his leave and went out. *Artamenes* knew not whether he ſhould ſtay with the Princeſs, or follow this Prince; he feared leſt the King of *Pontus* ſhould obſerve his Vexation, and he was apprehenſive leſt *Mandana* ſhould perceive his Jealouſy, and be offended at it: So that to expoſe himſelf unto neither of theſe Hazards, he went firſt unto *Ciaxares*, and preſently after the King of *Pontus* returned to bid Adieu. This word Adieu, put the Mind of *Artamenes* into its accuſtomed Tranquillity, out of his apprehenſions of Joy to ſee his Rival packing, ſo that he began to behave himſelf with much Civility towards him: *Ciaxares* did treat him very well at parting, and gave him an hundred Horſe for his convoy unto the Camp, and ſent Orders unto *Artaxes*, commanding the Army to obey this Prince, and to put a Garriſon into thoſe two places which the King of *Pontus* was to deliver up unto the King of *Cappadocia*. *Artamenes*, waited upon by all the Court, did conduct the King of *Pontus* a good way out of the Town; and although he was his Rival, and entertained ſome ſparks of jealouſy of him; yet this Prince did teſtify ſo much Friendſhip unto my Maſter at parting, that he could not forbear being much moved with him: Yet after his departure, *Artamenes* was in a much happier condition, than he could have believed: For ſince the Princeſs knew his Quality and his Affection, and ſuffered him to ſee her often; ſince he had no *Philidaſpes* to torment him; ſince the King of *Pontus* was gone, never to return again, he thought himſelf ſometimes in the height of Happineſs; and ſometimes alſo he was not without his Vexations of Mind: For when all was done, he muſt diſcover himſelf what he was, and expoſe himſelf unto the violent humours of *Aſtyages*, and perhaps unto the anger of *Ciaxares*: Yet notwithſtanding, ſince the one of them was far off, and the other ſeemed to love him very well, the hopes of his Heart were above his fears, and he ſeemed never to be ſo well ſatisfied. Now ſince Peace brought Joy thorowout all

Cappadocia, there was nothing to be ſeen in all the Court, but Diverſions, and Entertainments; and my Maſter was no leſs frollick and gallant among the Ladies, than he was couragious in War, and prudent in Councels; The King went at that time unto the pleaſant Town of *Amaſia*, which, as you know, is ſeated upon the River of *Iris*, and afterwards went unto the ſtately Town of *Themiſcira*, where he ſtayed, as well becauſe he had ſome buſineſs there, as becauſe indeed the Princeſs did love that place. For as the River *Thormodon*, which waſhes the Feet of the Walls, is one of the moſt pleaſant Rivers of the World, ſhe took great delight in walking upon the Banks; and my Maſter had the honour oftentimes to wait upon her, and found fit Opportunities to give her an hundred Teſtimonies of his Amours and reſpectful Paſſion.

Thus did he live in much ſweetneſs of mind, during all the three Months which was allotted him; during which time he had gained him ſuch a powerful eſteem in the Heart of *Ciaxares*, that he was in ſome hopes he might diſcover himſelf without any danger. He asked Counſel of his deareſt Princeſs, who hardly durſt give it unto him, ſince ſhe feared to expoſe him unto any danger that was ſo dear unto her; yet ſhe forced him to take that Reſolution, by her often remembring him, how the time ſhe gave him drew on, and that he muſt either try ſome courſe, or reſolve to depart. There needed no more to move *Artamenes* to hazard all, rather than leave his Princeſs; Therefore after he had took his leave of her, as if he were going to die (being uncertain how *Ciaxares* would receive him) he went ſtraight to the King with Intention to tell him he was *Cyrus*; and alſo to tell him, that the Love which he bore unto the Princeſs, though ſhe did not know it, had forced him to ſtay in this diſguiſe within this Court. As he went unto *Ciaxares*, one of his Officers told him that the King had received ſome news from *Aſtyages* which troubled him very much, and that he had Orders to go ſeek the Princeſs, to tell her ſhe muſt come unto the King: *Artamenes* hearing this, believed that it was ſome People that were in Rebellion, not imagining it could be any thing elſe: But however, he thought that day not a fit time to diſcover himſelf; and that it were more fit the Princeſs were advertized of this, leſt being ſent for by the King, ſhe ſhould be too much ſurprized, and imagine that it was becauſe he had diſcovered himſelf, and ſo ſhe might perhaps ſpeak ſomething which might prejudice themſelves; he turned then preſently, and told the King's Officer, that he ſhould be very glad to conduct the Princeſs unto *Ciaxares*, ſince ſhe muſt come, and deſired him, that it might be his Commiſſion to bring her. This Man knowing what favour my Maſter was in, conſented unto his deſire, and told him he would ſtay in the outer Chamber, and not ſhew himſelf unto *Ciaxares* until he brought the Princeſs. *Artamenes* went then to her Chamber, and told her his buſineſs, letting her underſtand, by the way as they went, that he muſt needs defer the execution of his Deſign until he knew what was the cauſe of the King's Perplexity. When they came into his Cloſet, they found him walking alone; yet he no ſooner ſaw them but ſtopt; and addreſſing his Speech unto the Princeſs: You had reaſon, Daughter, (ſaid he with an altered Countenance) to abſent your ſelf from the laſt Sacrifice of Thanks unto the Gods for the Death of *Cyrus*, ſince all was unprofitably rendred; and if I had known then, what I know now, I ſhould have changed the intention of the Sacrifice. The Princeſs and *Artamenes* both, were mightily ſurprized at this diſcourſe, and thought verily that *Ciaxares* did not only know that *Cyrus* was in his Court, but alſo in his Cloſet. *Mandana* repented of thoſe favours ſhe had diſpenſed unto my Maſter, and prepared to juſtify her ſelf unto *Ciaxares*. *Artamenes* for his part, he was deſperate to obſerve by the Princeſs's Countenance, how much ſhe was troubled, and out of his exceſs of Love, he took more thought for her Sorrow, than for all the danger whereunto he thought himſelf expoſed. But ſeeing that *Mandana* had not power to ſpeak, and that the King began to walk again, as if he underſtood that he had told them enough. Sir, (replied my Maſter) have thoſe who have told you that *Cyrus* is living, told you that he hath any ill deſigns againſt *Media*, or *Cappadocia?* There needs no more (replied *Ciaxares*) but the knowledg of what the *Magi* (who are the moſt knowing Men of all *Aſia*) have preſaged and told us concerning *Cyrus*: We muſt therefore (ſaid he) endeavour to find a Remedy againſt an Evil, which is yet not gone ſo far but it may be prevented; and ſince the good or bad Fate of all *Aſia*, dedends upon the Life or the Death of one Man, we muſt do all we can, to bring him into ſuch a condition, as that we may be able to diſpoſe of his Life or of his Death without any danger. *Cyrus*, as I underſtand from the King my Father (added he, in ſtopping, and looking upon the Princeſs) is not at this preſent in the Head of an Army of a hundred thouſand Men; therefore Daughter (ſaid he to her) I am not much troubled at him; and unleſs I be very much miſtaken, he will not do us ſo much hurt as is threatned. At theſe words *Artamenes* verily believing that *Ciaxares* knew all the truth of the buſineſs, was upon the point of aſſuring him, that he would anſwer for the Fidelity of *Cyrus*, when the Princeſs interrupting him; Sir, (ſaid ſhe to the King) let us hope that the Gods, who are the Authors of all goodneſs, will not ſuffer all *Aſia* to be overthrown; but perhaps they will be ſo indulgent to us, that at a leſs rate than at the Life of *Cyrus*, they will ſuffer us to enjoy the Felicity of your Reign, in quietneſs. I will believe it Daughter (replied the King) for as long as *Cyrus* does not appear with Arms in his Hands, he will conquer no Provinces nor Kingdoms; and though we ſhould ſee him in the Head of an Army, yet look upon him here, (ſaid he, and embraced my Maſter) who we will turn looſe unto him, and who I am certain will prevent his Conqueſt of all *Aſia*. The Princeſs and *Artamenes* were yet ſurprized at what the King ſaid, as much as they were at the beginning of his diſcourſe, but yet they were much better pleaſed. *Mandana* who durſt never lift up her Eyes till now, looked upon my Maſter, who to confirm the King in that opinion which he had of him, Yes, Sir, (ſaid he unto

Ciaxares) as long as *Artamenes* is *Artamenes* you never need to fear *Cyrus*, although he were in the Head of an Army of a hundred thouſand Men; and I am infinitely obliged unto your Majeſty for that good opinion which you conceive of me. I cannot have too great a one (replied *Ciaxares*) and if the Gods had not ſent you unto my aſſiſtance, I ſhould be much more than I am troubled at what the King my Father hath ſent unto me. Then he began to tell the Princeſs and *Artamenes*, how *Aſtyages* had ſent him word, that *Cyrus* was ſeen in *Perſia*, and a little after he paſſed into *Media*, and that he went towards *Bithynia* and *Pontus*: How *Aſtyages* had again conſulted with the *Magi*, who aſſured him more confidently than ever, that the ſubverſion of all *Aſia* would happen moſt infallibly, if they did not ſome way or other appeaſe the Gods: Moreover, *Aſtyages* had ſent him word, how he had proclaimed a Command in all places within his obedience, to arreſt *Cyrus* if they could find him, and to bring him unto him either alive or dead; promiſing great Recompences unto any that could either take him or kill him: To effect which, he had cauſed to be publiſhed, the eaſier to know him, that he wore black Arms, that upon his Buckler was repreſented a Slave, who ſeemed to chuſe Chains, and refuſe a Crown; breaking the laſt, and aſſuming the firſt, with theſe words;

Moſt Heavy, but moſt Glorious.

Ciaxares added further, that he had already given order unto *Aribeus* to publiſh the ſame in *Themiſcira*, and throughout all *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, and to be very diligent in a Buſineſs of that importance. You may judge, Sir, in what a condition *Mandana* and *Artamenes* were in, and what different Thoughts did poſſeſs their Souls. The Princeſs was ſo impatient while the diſcourſe laſted, that ſhe was once in a mind to go out and ſay nothing: She had no mind to diſcover that *Artamenes* was *Cyrus*; and it was ſo much againſt her diſpoſition to contribute any thing unto this innocent

Fallacy, wherein, for the ſecurity of my Maſter, they were like to continue, that ſhe was not able to anſwer a word unto any thing the King ſaid unto her: But by good fortune *Aribeus* coming in to ſpeak with the King upon ſome important Buſineſs: She went out and *Artamenes* conducted her unto her Cloſet, unto which ſhe entered without any Company but *Marteſia:* She was no ſooner there, but looking upon my Maſter with a moſt melancholy Aſpect; well *Artamenes,* (ſaid ſhe to him) *Cyrus* need not revive, but it is time that *Artamenes* were gone. This Prince hearing her ſay ſo, deſired to ſettle her Mind as well as he could, and to make her think that there was not ſo much danger as ſhe apprehended: That according to all likelihood, he which was thus taken for him in *Perſia,* muſt needs be the ſame *Spitridates,* for whom he was taken in *Bithynia*; and therefore ſhe need not be ſo much affrighted at it, becauſe very few *Perſians* uſe to come into *Cappadocia,* eſpecially any ſuch as can know him; and it does more apparently ſeem he ſhould not be known, ſince they take another for him. Although all this ſhould be ſo (ſaid the Princeſs) yet this is not enough; for *Artamenes,* I have thus long ſuffered, in hopes that you would find ſome expedient or other, to diſcover your ſelf without danger; and that I might be aſſured I ſhould not be leſs innocent in permitting the ſociety of *Cyrus,* than I have been in ſuffering the converſation of *Artamenes.* But now, ſince I ſee both *Cyrus* and my own Honour in imminent Danger, I muſt not longer be inldugent unto you: Though I had but one of theſe two Intereſts upon me, yet were I obliged to do ſo; but having both of them at once, *Artamenes* muſt, he muſt be gone. Tell me rather, Madam, (ſaid *Artamenes,* and interrupted her) that he muſt go and die; for indeed, I cannot live unleſs I look upon you: Yes, yes, Madam (ſaid he) you have found out an infallible way to deliver all *Aſia,* from that unhappy Prince, whom the *Magi* ſay muſt conquer it; and you could never have pitcht upon a more certain courſe, to procure the tranquillity of *Aſtyages:* But, Madam, I beſeech you, be not you more inhumane, than he is cruel, in pronouncing thus the Sentence of my Death; he, it is true, would have taken away my Life, but it was in an age when I knew not the ſweetneſs of it: Moreover, I had neither ſerved nor loved him; whereas you with your own Hand do thruſt me into my Grave, after you had done me the honour to allow me a little room in your Soul: You know well that I have ſerved you, and have adore you, and do adore you ſtill, and alſo muſt adore you as long as I have any Breath. Does the Menaces of the *Magi* move me? and do you look upon me as that terrible Prince who muſt make all *Aſia* deſolate? But if it muſt be ſo, Madam, that I muſt die, I do conſent unto it; I ſhall make no doubt to execute your Will: There needs neither any Irons nor Poiſons to make you obeyed, inſenſible Princeſs; the Reſolution to bid you Adieu, is enough to put a Period unto my ſad days: No, no, my Princeſs, (ſaid he, and kneeled) this fatal word Adieu, can never come out of my Mouth without my Life; and do not, I conjure you, pronounce that diſmal Sentence your ſelf, until you have conſidered upon it. *Artamenes* ſpoke all this, I am telling you, in ſuch a paſſionate manner, and with ſo much violence and reſpect together, that the Princeſs was ſomething more qualified; Do not think *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe to him, in raiſing him up, and cauſing him to ſit down) but that Sorrow which I reſent in baniſhing you, will be a comfort to you in your Misfortunes. What, Madam, (ſaid he, interrupting her) do you think any thing can comfort me, after the loſs of *Mandana?* No, no, Madam, it is impoſſible. You loſe only the ſight of her, (anſwered ſhe) but do not loſe her eſteem and Friendſhip, unleſs you will render your ſelf unworthy of it, by too obſtinate a diſobedience. But, Madam (ſaid he to her) though I ſhould diſobey you, you could not puniſh me any otherwiſe than to let *Cirxares* know that I am *Cyrus*; and though he did know it, they could but put me into Priſon, and perhaps ſacrifice my Life, for the tranquillity of *Aſtyages*. But, Madam, be not deceived in this, for I had rather be fettered in *Cappadocia*, than

Crowned in any other place of the World where you are not : And I chuſe rather to die by the Hand of *Aſtyages* than the Hand of *Mandana*. *Mandana* (anſwered the Princeſs) would do none of this you ſpeak of : But perhaps ſhe would withdraw her Affection, if you ſhould ſail in your reſpects of her. Ah, Madam (replied my Maſter) is it a ſailing in reſpect, to deſire the being near you, that I might more adore you? Indeed *Artamenes* (ſaid ſhe to him, with Looks full of much Sorrow and Majeſty) It concerns my own Honour, and therefore cannot prevent my Reſolution. If it be ſo, Madam (replied he) I confeſs you have reaſon, and the Life of *Artamenes* is too inconſiderable, in compariſon of ſo precious a Jewel : I will die then, Madam, but be not ſo inhumane as to haſten my Death : Let me expire gently, and refuſe me not the conſolation, to enjoy the ſight of you a while. You know, Madam, that there remains yet fifteen days of the three Months which you allotted me ; and take not the benefit of them from me, unleſs you would have me grow impatient, and perhaps diſobey you. *Artamenes* pronounced theſe ſad ſyllables ſo feelingly, that it was impoſſible *Mandana* could refuſe his deſire ; but allowed him all his full time, the better to colour his departure unto *Ciaxares*. I do not relate all, Sir, that theſe two illuſtrious Perſons did ſpeak, during this diſcourſe, nor what they ſaid afterwards during thoſe days prefixed, for it would be too tedious, nor what my Maſter ſaid when he was in his Chamber by himſelf. But let me tell you thus much, that never was Melancholly comparable unto his ; and perhaps the ſame in *Mandana*, though ſhe conceal'd it better. Sometimes ſhe would deſire him to promiſe her, that he would never make any War upon either *Cappadocia* or *Media* ; and he would always anſwer her, that the moſt infallible way to aſſure her ſelf of that, was to keep him with her. In concluſion, ſhe wiſhed him to love her for her own ſatisfaction, and ſhe wiſhed him to forget her for his tranquillities ſake : But however, ſhe was ſtill reſolved he ſhould depart. The buſineſs depending thus, and whilſt *Artamenes* was with the

Princeſs, *Ciaxares* ſent to ſeek him. At the firſt, ſhe had ſome fears that the truth of the buſineſs was diſcovered; and that the King's ſending for him was to no other end but to arreſt him; for even that very morning *Araſpes* arrived at *Themiſcira*, and came from *Aſtyages*; but ſhe underſtood preſently after, that the King did ſend for him, to communicate ſome important buſineſs unto him. For, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that *Aſtyages* ſent *Araſpes* unto *Ciaxares* to tell him, *That it was abſolutely his determinate deſire, that he ſhould marry again; becauſe (ſaid he) thereupon depends the ſafety of* Media. *This Prince added further, that he knew very well the* Cappadocians *did not much care for having a King; and that they loved the Princeſs* Mandana *ſo very well, as that they were deſirous ſhe ſhould be their Queen: But yet it was not ſo convenient for the* Medes; *for it was to be doubted that if ever* Cyrus *ſhould attempt any thing againſt them, and ſhew himſelf unto the People; the* Medeans *might perhaps ſubmit unto him, and not think themſelves unjuſt in ſo doing, ſince there was only a Woman to reign over them: That he ſhould therefore provide for a Succeſſor; and that it was very conſiderable, that doubtleſs they would never be ſo forward to ſteal away the Princeſs* Mandana, *but becauſe ſhe is an Heir apparent, to be Queen of many Kingdoms; that therefore he had better loſe one Crown, than be expoſed by ſuch Accidents to loſe two: That the Laws of the* Cappadocians *and* Medeans *are different: That the* Cappadocians *will not admit of a ſtrange Prince; and that on the contrary, the* Medeans *will never admit a Subject of the Queen of* Cappadocia *to be their King. Moreover, upon ſerious conſiderations of all his Allies, and with whom he ſhould match, he conceived that* Thomiris *Queen of* Maſſagettes, *was ſhe which was moſt convenient for him: That ſhe was a Princeſs of an admirable Beauty, of a great Spirit and Heart: That ſince ſhe had a Son of about fifteen years Old, ſhe muſt ere long inveſt him into the Government of his Dominions; and that it might be ſuppoſed, that this great Queen who had been accuſtomed unto Rule, would be glad to find ſuch an opportunity of ſeating her ſelf in a Throne again: That her age was ſuch, as Children might well be hoped for, and ſuch as might afford him a very happy Life: That there was not amongſt all the Princes* *his Neighbours, one Princeſs whom he could marry: That ſome of them were his Enemies, and the reſt had no Daughters. Moreover, although* Thomiris *had a Son which was fifteen years old, yet ſhe her ſelf was not above nine and twenty: That the alliance contracted with that People, would be always very advantagious to him; becauſe, although they be far off his Dominions, yet it may well be ſaid that the* Scythians *are Neighbours unto all the World, ſince having no Towns nor Houſes, but living always in Tents, they paſs from one Kingdom unto another in an inſtant, as they have ſufficiently demonſtrated, when hertofore they invaded all* Aſia. *So that to contract alliance with them, would be a way to make himſelf powerful Friends, and rid himſelf from terrible Enemies. That if, notwithſtanding all this, he did not like of it, then he would have him find out ſome other way, that the Scepter and Crowns might not deſcend unto a Daughter.*

This, Sir, was the effect of what *Araſpes* told unto *Ciaxares* from *Aſtyages. Aribeus* who was preſent at this diſcourſe, and in whom the King did confide, having ſecret Deſigns in his Thoughts (as afterwards was known) was very much amazed at it: Yet ſeeming to be in a profound ſtudy what he ſhould adviſe *Ciaxares* unto, being thereunto required, he did approve of all that *Ciaxares* mentioned; fortified it with freſh Reaſons, and did aggravate thoſe which *Araſpes* had but ſlightly touched, and did indeed cauſe the King to reſolve of doing as he was before adviſed unto. Not but that his extraordinary tenderneſs over *Mandana*, did cauſe him to contend with himſelf concerning this Deſign: But ſince two Crowns ſtood in competition, and that if ever he would have the Crown of *Media*, he muſt do as he was deſired, therefore he conſented unto it. Then ſince *Aribeus* did for ſeveral reaſons wiſh *Artamenes* further from Court, he told *Ciaxares* that *Artamenes* was the only Man which could tranſact his negotiation of Marriage with the Queen of *Maſſagettes*, and bring it unto a happy concluſion: That he was furniſhed with all requiſite Qualities for it: That he was one of an excellent Spirit, and great Reputation. So that if he ſent *Artamenes* unto *Thomiris*, there was almoſt no queſtion, but he would bring about this Match, which was ſo glorious for him, and important to the State. *Ciaxares* ſeeing much probability in what *Aribeus* did ſay, did approve of his Counſel, and preſently after ſent unto my Maſter, as I have formerly told you; and ſeeming more than ordinarily indulgent, ſaid thus unto him; The Gods have not furniſhed you with ſo many different Qualities to employ them one way; and therefore becauſe thoſe excellent Gifts which you have received from Heaven ſhall not be idle, after all thoſe illuſtrious Subjects to make your Valour appear, I will give you one which will try your Prudence. My Maſter, according unto his accuſtomed way, anſwered unto the Civilities of *Ciaxares*, with as much modeſty as ſubmiſſion, ſeeming very impatient to know wherein he might do him any Service. *Ciaxares* then told all the Matter wherein *Aſtyages* had imployed *Araſpes*, and all that which *Aribeus* adviſed him unto; and at laſt, what he reſolved upon. Moreover, he further deſired him, that it might be his Buſineſs to acquaint the Princeſs his Daughter with the Buſineſs; and ſo to endeavour with her, as ſhe ſhould not love her Father the worſe for it; for, *Artamenes*, (ſaid he to him) I know that ſhe eſteems you very much, and would receive the Matter much better from you, than from *Aribeus*, unto whom ſhe has no great kindneſs.

I leave you to judg, Sir, how much my Maſter was ſurpriz'd at ſuch a Propoſition; he knew not whether he ſhould contradict the King's Deſign, or approve of it; whether he ſhould undertake the Commiſſion of ſpeaking unto the Princeſs, or abſolutely refuſe it; and he was in ſuch fear to offend, either the King or *Mandana*, to blaſt either his Duty or his Love, in ſo nice a Conjuncture, that he knew not what Auſwer to return. But ſince *Ciaxares* had done him the Honour to ask his Advice in a Buſineſs which was already reſolved upon, he ſaid thus unto him; That as concerning his Marriage, it did not become him to meddle, or ſpeak, or give any Counſel unto a King which was ſo prudent as he: That as concerning his telling the Princeſs, he would do it, ſince he had ſo commanded him; but as concerning his Voyage

age to the Queen of *Maſſagettes*, that was a Buſineſs which did not ſute with his Genius: If I were to go and conquer her by force of Arms, (ſaid he to him) I ſhould then perhaps be proud of the Employment as ſoon as any other; but ſince I muſt uſe only perſwaſive Arguments, diſpence with me, Sir, I beſeech you, from ſuch a Negotiation as I am leſs fit for than you think I am. *Ciaxares* hearing this his Anſwer, thought that it did only proceed from his uſual modeſty; therefore, without any more ado, he told him, that he muſt prepare himſelf for it as ſoon as poſſible.

My Maſter not being able abſolutely to reſolve upon it, did not punctually anſwer *Ciaxares*; but without either refuſing or accepting this Office which was put upon him, he left him, and went immediately to *Mandana*, with Orders from the King, to prepare her Mind ſo handſomly, as that ſhe ſhould not complain againſt him. As ſoon as the Princeſs ſaw *Artamenes*, ſhe eaſily found by him, he was come about ſome new and unpleaſing Buſineſs. Well, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe to him) is *Cyrus* yet diſcovered? No, Madam, (replied he) but I may on the contrary very well ſay, that he is but too much concealed, ſince they will needs put him upon a Commiſſion which is moſt unfit for him. The Princeſs being more inquiſitive upon this Anſwer, did preſs him to explain the Riddle: Which he exactly did, and told her, word for word, all the Diſcourſe of *Ciaxares*; he did aggravate the tenderneſs of the King's Diſpoſition unto it, in regard of her: But after he had told her, concerning the Deſign of Marriage with *Thomiris*, and the Commands he had received to go unto the Queen of *Maſſagettes*, and tranſact the Buſineſs, he ſet himſelf to obſerve the Princeſs, and to diſcover by her Eyes what ſhe thought of ſuch an extraordinary Accident. But as ſhe perceived his drift; No, no, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe to him) the loſs of a Crown does not at all diſturb my Mind; and though the King my Father ſhould take from me, both the Crowns of *Cappadocia* and *Gallatia*, as well as that of *Medea*, yet you ſhould not ſee me murmur: I have a Soul more firm and ſettled than you think I have, and they ſhall take more Scepters than one from me, before I would alter Countenance. This, *Artamenes*, is not that true Glory which I am ſenſible of: I value not thoſe tranſient and vaniſhing Honours, which depend only upon capricious Fortune, and have no relation unto my own peculiar Vertues, ſo that I can aſſure you, I do find nothing in my Father's Deſign which troubles me, or which is not moſt juſt: And I think my ſelf extreamly obliged unto him, that he ſhould ſpeak of any ſuch thing unto me. All that you ſay, Madam, (anſwered my Maſter) is extreamly generous; but though you do carry your ſelf in the matter, as a moſt Heroick Lady ought to do, yet I have great cauſe to complain of my own rigorous Deſtiny. I can ſee no cauſe you have (ſaid the Princeſs) to complain ſo of your Misfortune. Why, Madam, (anſwered he) ſhall they employ *Artamenes* in taking the Crown of *Medea* from you, and ſhall he not lament it? he'l ſay, who had rather give you all the Crowns and Scepters in the Univerſe. I have already told you (anſwered ſhe) that my chief Felicity is not inſeparably linked unto a Crown, therefore never fear that you diſpleaſe me by obeying the King. But peradventure, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe to him, with half a ſmile) we are not both of one Humour; perhaps, I ſay, that *Mandana* having one Crown fewer than ſhe had before, ſhe will not ſeem the ſame in your Eye as ſhe did before. O, Madam, (cried out my Maſter, and interrupting her) do you know well what you ſay? Is it poſſible that the Princeſs *Mandana* can ſo innocently deſcant upon ſo nice a Matter? Or, can you ſo eaſily part from a Crown? Yes, Madam, (ſaid he) it ſeems you can; but certainly they can never do it without injuſtice: yet, Madam, ſince you have pronounced thoſe cruel words, I will obey the King, and negotiate with as much care to take the Crown from you, as I ought in all reaſon to endeavour the Conqueſt of it for you: yet, Madam, you have done me wrong in ſaying ſo unto me; to me, I ſay, who have built all my Conſiderations upon your faireſt Face and divineſt Soul, and who never regarded your Crowns, but only as Ornaments much inferior to your

Vertue. Yes, divineſt Princeſs (added he further) although you were as far off from a Throne, as you are near it, yet I ſhould be the very ſame unto you: I care not at all for knowing that you are to command Scepters, it ſuffices me to know that you deſerve them, and leave the reſt unto my Valour: If I have ſaid any thing which expreſſeth an unwillingneſs to take the Crown of *Medea* from you, it is becauſe I cannot tranſact againſt you; my own Reſentments would certainly riſe up againſt me, if I ſhould entertain ſuch a thought: And on the contrary, all the Motions and Faculties of my Heart, with a full conſent of my Reaſon and my Will, are dedicated unto your Service.

The Princeſs ſeeing that *Artamenes* was ſo apprehenſive of a ſmall Injury, did repent ſhe did it; and to appeaſe him, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe to him) if it be ſo, as I do believe it is, that the Vertue of *Mandana* is it which you do love beſt in her, this Voyage which they impoſe upon you, ought rather to Joy than Diſpleaſe you; for indeed, to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, it was rather the hopes of my being Queen of *Medea*, than of being Queen of *Cappadocia*, which cauſeth them to deny me unto thoſe who pretend unto me: for although that the Law which they inſiſt ſo much upon to authorize their denial, be really the cuſtom of the Country; yet ſince there is not at this preſent any Prince in all *Cappadocia* fit to marry me, that Law may perhaps admit of ſome Expoſition to the contrary; and ſo in taking the Crown of *Medea* from me, they have removed from you one great Remora; and ſince I ſhall, nor can be but only Queen of *Cappadocia*, it will not be ſo difficult for you to obtain the King's Conſent unto your Deſires, provided he can ſuffer you to be *Cyrus*. But, Madam, (ſaid my Maſter then) when is it your pleaſure I ſhould put it to the hazard? At your return, (replied ſhe) and I ſuppoſe the Queen of *Maſſagettes* will not deny you her Aſſiſtance, after you have brought her into the Throne of *Medea*: Alſo, (ſaid ſhe to him) you have the advantage to depart without my Baniſhment; and I ſhall have that comfort, that in leaving me, you will not grieve for me. O, Madam, (replied he) I ſhall not be the happier, for Abſence is ſo great an Evil unto thoſe who know truly how to love, that what Occaſion ſoever it be which ſeparates them from the Party beloved, they are all one unhappy: And, Madam, how can I be certain that the King of *Aſſyria* will not attempt any thing againſt you? you know he has ſecret Intelligence in the Court which we cannot diſcover; you know what he has already attempted: How then, Madam, would you have me to expoſe my ſelf againſt this great Danger which may and does threaten my Life? It may be hoped (anſwered he) that the bad Succeſs of his firſt Deſign, will repulſe the Second: I muſt take care to prevent them, if he have any ſuch Deſigns; and I do aſſure you they ſhall be all in vain: And ſince ſtaying or departing is not in your choice nor mine, though this Accident of Abſence had not happened, you muſt be contented; and you know I always told you, that it was my Reſolution you ſhould be gone: Therefore, *Artamenes*, obey the King, and leave the future ſucceſs unto the Gods.

In concluſion, Sir, *Artamenes* reſolved to depart: *Ciaxares* did preſs it, and prepared for him the greateſt and moſt magnificent Equipage that ever was heard of before in *Cappadocia:* He received Orders not to propound the Buſineſs which he was to negotiate at the firſt Addreſs unto *Thomiris*, for *Ciaxares* would not expoſe himſelf unto a denial: But ſince there was ſome Pirats, which had ſeized upon many Merchants Ships which appertained unto *Cappadocia*, in the *Caſpian* Sea; and that there was a kind of a little maritine War, betwixt the *Cappadocians* and theſe Pirates, who belonged unto the Country of *Maſſagettes:* This was to be the pretence of his Negotiation, though really it was indeed to treat ſecretly of a Marriage between *Thomiris* and *Ciaxares*.

I will not ſtand to relate unto you all the Farewels which the King and all the Court did give unto my Maſter. *Aribeus* himſelf ſeemed to be more a Friend unto him than ordinary; and *Artamenes* had all outward Incitements to be well ſatisfied with him; yet for all this, *Artamenes* had ſuch turbulent Vexations in the Secret of his Heart, as did much diſturb him; for ever ſince *Philidaſpes* (or to ſay better, the King of *Aſſyria*) vaniſhed, there was no News heard of him: They did underſtand that he was not yet returned unto *Babylon*, and that the Queen *Nitrocris* was much perplexed at his long abſence. Sometimes *Artamenes* could hardly perſwade himſelf that *Philidaſpes* was the ſame he ſaid he was; and ſometimes again he did not doubt it at all. But at laſt, all his Equipage and Retinue being ready, depart he muſt, and bid adieu unto the Princeſs. I was never more ſtrongly perſwaded than upon this Occaſion, that the Gods do ſometimes impart unto Men, ſuch Reſentments of things which ſhall ſucceed unto them in the Future; for my Maſter was ſo ſunk with Sorrows to leave *Mandana*; and the Princeſs, though very well verſed in overcoming her own Paſſions, ſeemed to be ſo troubled, that if they had certainly known, they ſhould never have ſeen one another again, they could not have been more ſad.

This Farewel, as you may well think, was taken without any other Witneſſes than the faithful *Marteſia*, with whom I had already contracted a great League of Friendſhip. The Complement was not long, and their Diſcourſe was rather Silence than Words. That Sorrow which appeared in the Eyes of *Artamenes*, was all the Eloquence he uſed to deſire the Princeſs not to forget him; and that Grief which he ſaw ſet in the Eyes of *Mandana*, was almoſt all the Favour that he received from her at parting. Shall I, Madam, (ſaid he to her) believe my own Eyes? will you permit me to think that I have ſome ſhare in that Melancholly which I ſee in yours? Yes, *Artamenes*, (anſwered ſhe) I do permit it; and I ſhould be ſorry if you do not think that there is more in my Heart than you can ſee in my Face. There needed no more than this to revive my Maſter if he had been dead; and I think alſo, Sir, that there needed no more than his apprehenſion of Sorrow and Joy to make him die.

Theſe two oppoſite Reſentments cauſed ſo much diſorder in his Soul, that he was dumb, and almoſt loſt his

Reaſon: He left the Princeſs, and ſpoke not a word unto her, but looking as long as he could after her, he went out and took Horſe, not knowing who was with him, nor what way he took, nor indeed what he did himſelf think upon: Thus did the firſt days Journey paſs on; the ſecond was not leſs melancholly, and all the reſt were like them; and from the Town of *Themiſcira*, until he came to the Banks of *Araxes*, (that famous River which borders on the Kingdom of *Maſſagettes*) I verily believe my Maſter knew not which way he took; he knew not, I ſay, whether we went thorow the Province of *Aſpires*, or thorow *Colchides*, or went over the high Mountains. In ſhort, I verily think he knew not whether he was upon Sea or Land, or whether he went over dry Forreſts. or Mariſh Rivers: He was ſo entirely taken up with his Paſſion and Melancholy all the whole Voyage, which was very long, that he obſerved not at all any of theſe pleaſant Objects.

Being at length come to the ſide of the River *Araxes*, we paſſed over a Bridg of Boats, which were placed there for the conveniency of Paſſengers; and we began (if I may ſo term it) to enter into a new World; for, Sir, we ſaw no more Towns, nor Villages, nor Houſes, nor Temples: And all that vaſt Country, from the Banks of *Araxes* unto that part which adjoins unto the *Iſſedonians*, is nothing but a great huge Plain, intermixed with little Hills, which are extreamly delightful. This ſo new an Object did a little expel the Melancholy of *Artamenes*, and moved him to obſerve, with much delight, that all theſe Plains, and all theſe Hills, were adorned with an hundred thouſand ſeveral Tents, differing in their Forms, in their Bigneſs, and in their Colour: Two or three hundred of them might be ſeen in one place, thirty or forty in another; and ſome ſtanding by themſelves, ſeparated from all the reſt: There alſo might be ſeen abundance of folded-up Pavilions, which the People uſed principally in their Wars. There were alſo Chariots loaded with magnificent Canopies, under which they might ſhield themſelves from violent Rains and Winds, and alſo be an Umbrage unto them, from the over-heat of the Sun: An infinite number of Troops might be ſeen paſſing thorow theſe Plains, and added much delight unto ſo wonderful a Spectacle.

Artamenes, after he had much admired their variety of Cuſtomes, paſſed on towards the Tents-Royal, for ſo in that Country do they uſe to call the place where the Court reſides. Theſe Tents do often change and remove from Ploce to Place, according to the Seaſons of the Year; although they do moſt commonly pitch them near the Banks of *Araxes*, by reaſon of the Commodities which that great and pleaſant River does bring unto them. When we came thither, we had two whole days Journey through the Country of the *Maſſagettes*, before we could come unto the Place where the Queen was. But, Sir, to tell you truth, this Voyage did afford us abundance of Diverſions; and the ſight of ſo many uncouth things would not ſuffer us to be weary: Moreover, the People, though mixed with many which were not Native *Scythians*, were not mean and poor in their Habit; but on the contrary, they are all very rich, ſtately, and magnificent; for their Country does abound in Gold and Copper, and they make great uſe of thoſe two Mettals; but very ſeldom or never any Iron or Silver, becauſe indeed they have them not: So that their Lances, Spears, their Quivers, their Bows, their Arrows, their Suits of Arms, their Belts, their Swords, their Bridles, their Bitts, and all Furniture belonging to Horſes, and a thouſand other things which would be too tedious to relate, are all of pure Gold, or at the leaſt guilt with Gold; ſo that every thing did make a very magnificent ſhew.

We underſtood in our Paſſage, that the Queen's Son, called *Spargapiſes*, was not then with her, but that he was gone with *Ariantus*, Brother unto *Thomiris*, towards thoſe Provinces which lie near the Mountain *Imaus*; which, as you know, does divide the two *Scythia's*. Yet notwithſtanding this Abſence, we found the Court extreamly full; for ſince *Spargapiſes* was but fifteen Years old, and *Ariantes* was not popular in that Country, all did adhere unto the Queen, who for a long time had the Government of all, and who truly was a Woman of very great Qualities, though ſhe had ſome, which it were to be wiſhed ſhe had not. We alſo underſtood that there were two ſtrange Princes within that Court; one of them was a Prince of the *Tauroſcites*, called *Indatherſis*, and Nephew unto a famous *Scythian*, whoſe Name was *Anacharſis*, who was then in Travel: The other was called *Aripithes*, Prince of the *Sauromates*; ſo that, as we underſtood, theſe two Princes did render the Court more illuſtrious than ordinary.

At laſt, Sir, we diſcovered the Tents-Royal a far off, or to phraſe it more rightly, the goodlieſt Town in the World; beiug moſt certain that never Eye beheld one more magnificent: It was in extent above five and twenty Furlongs ſquare, full of large Streets, of orderly erected Tents in an even proportion: The mixture of colours was judiciouſly obſerved; Purple gilt, white and blew, were mingled in ſuch a confuſion, out of which one might find a rare regularity: Every Tent had upon the top, great boſſes of Gold or Copper, with waving Flags in them. In divers places of the Town (if I may term it ſo) one might ſee ſome Pavilions, much higher than the reſt, which looked like our magnificent Temples and Pallaces in our Towns: In the midſt of all was the Pavilion of *Thomiris*; very remarkable for its Beauty, prodigious for its Largeneſs, and admirable for the Royal Enſigns which ſpired upon the top of this ſtately Tent. When we were come fifteen or ſixteen furlongs of it, there appeared a great Body of Cavalry, in the Head of which was one of the moſt conſiderable Men of all the *Maſſagettes*, who came from the Queen to receive my Maſter: for as ſoon as we were paſſed over the River *Araxes*, ſhe was advertiſed, that an Embaſſador from *Ciaxares*, called *Artamenes* was entred into her Dominions: So that at the Name of *Ciaxares*, and *Artamenes*, ſhe ſent one of the beſt Quality, waited upon by many others to receive him: The firſt Complements being performed, we continued on our way, and when we came near it, we perceived this great ſquare of Tents, was incloſed with painted and guilded Rails, and guarded by Souldiers of a very handſom Garb: We perceived alſo, that there was a little River, which did divide it ſelf into two Arms; the one whereof paſſed all along the outſide of this moveable Town, and the other ran through the midſt, joining again a little below this Town as before: We perceived that the Queen's Pavilion, was in the midſt of a great Quadrangle, unto which four great Streets did open, with guards on every ſide this Angle. In concluſion, they conducted my Maſter into a very ſtately Tent, which was appointed for the Embaſſadors of all ſtrange Kings. Since the Train, and Equipage of *Artamenes* was very great and magnificent, the people had no leſs curioſity to guard us, then we had to behold them. For the *Medean* Habit is much more glorious than any other part of *Aſia:* And *Ciaxares* was pleaſed that our Garments ſhould be after the *Medean* Faſhion, all imbroidered with Gold, and *Artamenes* with Pearl. We arrived about Noon-time, and reſted our ſelves all the reſt of the day; It was the next morning before *Thomiris* admitted Audience unto my Maſter.

I had forgot to tell you, that, in ſending to meet *Artamenes*, *Thomiris* ſent an Interpreter, who was well verſt in all the *Aſiatick* Languages: But my Maſter had no need of him, and *Thomiris* underſtood the *Aſſyrian* Language, which of all others is the moſt univerſal, and which *Artamenes* alſo underſtood very well, becauſe it much reſembled that of *Cappadocia:* So that my Maſter being advertiſed that ſhe underſtood this Language, he prepared to addreſs himſelf to her in it; although he preſented his firſt Complement in the *Cappadocian* Tongue, becauſe he would obſerve Ceremonies, and render all due Reſpects unto the King who ſent him.

The Hour of Audience being come, many of the Queen's Officers came to wait upon my Maſter, and conduct him unto her, where both the Princes which I named unto you, and all that had any Grandure or Beauty, either in Men or Women, did rendezvous to ſee this Embaſſador, of whom ſuch brave Reports were divulged; though in that place they could not judg of his Handſomeneſs. They carried us through three ſeveral Chambers very richly hanged, before we came unto the place where ſhe was: But when we entred into that, I do confeſs I was a little amazed; and I had much ado to perſwade my ſelf, but that I was rather at *Babylon*, at *Ecbatan*, or at *Themiſcira*, or at *Sinope*, than in the Camp of the *Maſſagettes*; ſuch Magnificence and Grandure did I behold. All the Chamber was hanged with *Tyrian* Purple, richly imbroidered with maſſy Gold, in which was repreſented divers Stories of their preceding Kings: There we beheld, at the top of the Chamber, an hundred Lamps of Gold, beſet with precious Stones: The Queen was upon a Throne which was raiſed three ſteps higher, hung with Cloth of Gold, and a Canopy of the ſame, both of them adorned with maſſy Gold-plate: There was at the foot of the Throne, a little Raill and Baliſter of Gold, which did diſtinguiſh and ſeparate the Queen from all the reſt which waited upon her: All the Ladies richly dreſſed, did ſit on both ſides this Throne upon Cuſhions of Purple, laced with gold, and all the Men ſtood behind them: *Thomiris* did wear that day a Robe and Mantle after the *Egyptian* Mode, which ſeemed to be negligently caſt about her, yet was very Majeſtical, both of them were of Gold Tiſſue, ſewed with Silks of divers Colours: For the mourning of widows amongſt the *Maſſagettes* never laſt above the firſt Year: her Dreſs upon her Head was high behind, from whence hung down a Cypreſs which reached down as low as the Earth, and then turned up again to her Shoulders, and there was faſtned, waving looſly with a great Plume of Feathers on her Head. Her hair was flaxen, and half negligently looſe: her neck was ſmooth and white, half coververed with a tranſparent Tiffiny, which was very ornamental unto the reſt of her habit: I forgot to tell you, that her Gown was tacked up on the right ſide with a Claſp of precious Stones, which cauſed to be ſeen that it was lined with Tigers Fur, much ſpotted and admirably haudſom; her Buskins were of cloth of Gold, lined with the ſame Fur, and tacked up by the Head of a Lion, on, whoſe Eyes were Rubies. Indeed it may well be ſaid that the dreſs of *Thomiris* was an Ornament unto her Beauty, as her Beauty was an Ornament unto her Dreſs. This Princeſs, who indeed was nine and twenty Years old, ſeemed not to exceed twenty, ſhe was of a good Stature, and a little above the ordinary ſize; her Garb was high, but proud withal; her Eyes fair, but full of Fire; her Colour ſo pure, ſo lively, and ſo freſh, as if ſhe were in the ſpring of Youth: In a word, ſhe had a handſom Mouth, white Teeth, fair Hands, good Arms, and a handſome Plumpneſs. I ſaw *Thomiris* then to be a fair Princeſs, and my Maſter as prepoſſeſſed as he was, did afterwards confeſs, that except *Mandana* (who without all queſtion was infinitely more accompliſhed) he had never ſeen a more ſprightly Beauty than her.

This Queen did riſe as ſoon as ſhe ſaw my Maſter, and deſcended unto the firſt ſtep of her Throne: That Rail of Gold which they opened in the midſt, cauſed my Maſter to advance to the foot of the Throne, and ſetting his Foot upon the firſt ſtep, and kiſſing her Robe, he preſented unto her a Box, all covered with Diamonds, in which the Letter from *Ciaxares* was incloſed: Telling her, in few words, and thoſe in the *Cappadocian* Language, the Cauſe of his Embaſſy. She anſwered him in the ſame Tongue, but very little; and taking the Box, ſhe gave it unto the Interpreter. After this, ſhe ſat down in her Throne, and my Maſter did ſit in that place which was appointed for him on the right Hand of the Throne without the Rail. You know, Sir, that theſe kind of Diſpatches, are only Letters of Credence, and ſerve only to authorize him who brings them; and that at the firſt Audience they never uſe to ſpeak concerning the depth of their Buſineſs.

After then the Letters of Credence were read and interpreted unto the Queen, and that every one began to ſpeak in the Language of his own Country; *Artamenes* much wondered to hear *Thomiris* ſay unto him, in the *Aſſyrian* Tongue, I am not a little obliged unto the King of *Cappadocia* for making me acquainted with a Man, whoſe Reputation has begot in me ſo great a

Curioſity: Do not think (ſaid ſhe to him) but Fame can fly over *Araxes*, and tell us of your Acts done in all Places where you came: you muſt know that ſhe travels over the Seas, and believe it ſhe is welcome when ſhe reports your Honour; yes, renouned *Artamenes*, (added ſhe) we knew you before we ſaw you: your Name came before you, and Our Eſteem of you preceded your Arrival. I fear, Madam, (anſwered my Maſter unto her in the ſame Language which ſhe ſpoke) leſt I my ſelf ſhould deſtroy that glorious Eſteem, and do but an ill Office unto that Renown and Fame which flatters me, ſince perhaps you will believe it no more, and hereafter take all thoſe Truths which ſhe ſhall tell you for Lies: But, Madam, although ſhe has done me this Favour, yet ſometimes ſhe renders Juſtice, therefore I moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſty, to believe her when ſhe tells you, that the Prince whom I ſerve, is one of the greateſt Kings in the World. I know very well, replied *Toomiris*, that *Ciaxares* is indeed a great Prince, and that he is owner of excellent Qualities; moreover I know that the Princeſs his Daughter, is as admirable in Beauty as *Artamenes* is in valour: And I know alſo (added ſhe) that your Hand has made the greateſt part of all *Aſia* to tremble; and that you have won as many Battels as you have lived Years. My Maſter was ſo much amazed and confounded to hear *Toomiris* ſpeak after that manner, as he could not chuſe but expreſs his aſtoniſhment. Madam, (ſaid he to her) you do extreamly amaze me, for I do not remember that I ever ſaw any of this Country of *Maſſagettes*, neither in the *Cappadocian* Court, and in the Army of *Ciaxares*: I cannot Imagine which way you ſhould come ſo well acquainted with any of our Paſſages; yet notwithſtanding, it appears that your Majeſty is not very well informed, ſince all that Glory which is attributed unto me, does all of it belong unto the King my Maſter; whoſe Arms, it is true, has been proſperous in my Hands, but they have been ſo in all others as well as mine.

I will not ſtand to relate all this diſcourſe, which was much longer then was accuſtomed at any firſt Audience.

The Queen did aſſure my Maſter, in his taking leave of her, that he ſhould have all the Satisfaction concerning his Voyage which could be hoped for; and that ſhe would pleaſe *Ciaxares* in all things which Reaſon would admit her. *Artamenes* retired then, much ſatisfied with *Thomiris*, and much aſtoniſhed to find ſo neer the *Scythians* ſuch magnificent People, ſo civilized and full of Spirit. We afterwards came to know, that it was the cuſtom of *Thomiris* to ſend out ſeveral Men unto all the Courts of ſtrange Princes, who unknown, did from time to time give her an account, of all the Paſſages throughout all *Aſia*; and moreover, it was the policy, of both the *Scythians* and of the *Maſſagettes*, who in that did imitate them, to make Invaſions when they were leaſt thought upon, and to that end, they endeavoured to know exactly all Paſſages in every Nation, that thereby they might prevent themſelves from being ſurpriſed, and ſurpriſe others.

In the mean time, the two ſtrange Princes who were in this Court, the one, as I have already told you, was called *Indathirſes*, and the other *Ariſithes*, and who were both of them in love with *Thomiris*, ſeeing with what extraordinary civility ſhe received my Maſter, came to ſee him the next Morning: He returned them a Viſit, a few days after, and found thoſe two *Scithyans* to be very compleat Men, principally *Indathirſes* Prince of *Tauroſcithes*, and Nephew unto the Famous *Anacharſis*. *Aripithes* alſo had Spirit enough, but he was a little too ſuſpicious and violent; whereas *Indathirſes* had a perfect reſemblance of the *Aſiatick* ſweetneſs, and not at all Salvage or rude: both of theſe Princes ſpoke the *Aſſyrian* Language as well as *Thomiris*, ſo that they could hold Diſcourſe with my Maſter, who did ſo raviſh and charm them, that they looked upon him as a God; ſo much did they admire his Carriage, his manner of ſpeaking, his Sweetneſs, his Handſomneſs, and his Complexion. The Queen for her part, was very well ſatisfied, and uſed ſuch advantagious Terms, that there was no doubt but that my Maſter had by his Preſence, much confirmed her in that good opinion which ſhe formerly had of him; for we knew, that ſhe had given out theſe Words, in ſpeaking of his Handſomneſs and good Deportment, Doubtleſs (ſaid ſhe) that People who adore none but the Sun, are leſs reaſonable than we, who are adviſed to repreſent our Gods in Figures, or do adore Men; and queſtionleſs, they who firſt gave that advice, had ſeen ſome which reſembled *Artamenes*: For certainly there is ſomething in him ſo Great, and ſo Divine, which begets Admiration and Reſpect. In ſhort, Sir, during the firſt Days we had been in this Court, it may be very well ſaid that every one was very well pleaſed; *Thomiris* was raviſhed to ſee *Artamenes* in her Court: the two Princes were extreamly glad of Friendſhip with ſuch an Illuſtrious Man; all the Court in general perceiving that the Preſence of *Artamenes* did ſo much add unto their Diverſions, rejoyced.

The People who naturally love valiant Men, look'd upon *Artamenes* with Delight; and my Maſter himſelf, ſeeing the manner of his Treatment, hoped for a good Succeſs in his Deſign, and had no other Vexation of Mind, but that of Abſence and his Paſſion, which to ſpeak truth was very great; yet he was a little comforted with hopes of a ready and happy Return; yet not to loſe time, whilſt he ſeemed to negotiate with the Queen's Councel, concerning thoſe Affairs which were the Colours of his Voyage, to wit, the Pyrates upon the *Caſpian* Sea, the good Information which had the moſt predominate ſtroke in the Mind of *Thomiris*, to the end he might diſcover her Thoughts, and ſmell whether ſhe would hearken unto a Marriage with *Ciaxares*, he learned out, that one called *Tires* had moſt credit with her, and thereupon endeavoured to engage him as much as he could. But ſince there muſt be a time for that, therefore he was forced unto Patience againſt his Will; mean while, he ſaw the Queen every Day, and almoſt every Hour. She diſcourſed with him concerning all different ways of making War; ſhe enquired at what manner he governed his People; ſhe would know how he lived in his Court during times of Peace; and ſhe diſcovered ſo much Spirit, ſo much Wiſdom, and ſo much Delight in the Company of *Artamenes* that ſhe could not commend him enough: ſhe did all ſhe could poſſible to keep him with her; for ſhe let him ſee all the Magnifices of the *Maſſagettes*, and all their Pleaſures; ſhe carried him to Hunt; ſhe cauſed Horſe-Races to be made, wherein he ſhewed his Skill; ſhe ſhewed him Dances after the *Scythian* manner, where thoſe who danced were habited like native *Scythians*, with rich Furs of divers ſorts; the Muſick, tho a little Salvage, yet, was very delighting; ſhe ſhewed him Combates and Victories without Blood. In ſhort, ſhe neglected nothing that might divert him: He alſo ſaw one of their Sacrifices; he alſo had the ſatisfaction to ſee that *Mitra*, the God of the *Perſians*, tho under another Name, was alſo the God of the *Scythians* and *Maſſagettes*, and indeed more particularly than we, for they never offer Sacrifices unto any but the Sun, which we do call ſo; and offer unto him none but Horſes, thinking (ſay they) that it is but juſt to ſacrifice unto the greateſt and moſt ſwift of all the Gods the moſt noble and the moſt ſwift of all Animals. *Thomiris* treating my Maſter thus, he was courted by all the Court, and in all likelyhood, he would preſently be in a condition to obtain what he could deſire. He obſerved that *Thomiris* did reſent all imaginable Complacency in his Company, both *Chriſantes* and I ſaw that ſhe did infinitely eſteem him, but we could not foreſee that it, which in all appearance ſhould have advanced the Deſigns of *Artamenes*, did retard them; my Maſter ſpeaking with *Teres* concerning Affairs which related unto the Pyrates on the *Caſpian* Sea: *Teres*, by Order from the Queen, told him that he ſhould receive ſatisfaction; but yet he muſt allow her a little Patience, becauſe *Thomiris* deſired that her Son *Spargapiſes* ſhould return before ſhe gave him an Anſwer. In concluſion, after that *Artamenes* had prepared *Teres* by good conſiderable Gifts, and thereby hoped he would be ſerviceable unto him; and told him that he would gladly know whether a Propoſition of Marriage with *Ciaxares* would be acceptable to her or no? My Maſter layed open unto this Prime Miniſter of State, the Grandure of that Prince which was to be King of the *Medes*; the Advantage and Glory which would redound unto all *Maſſagettes* thereby; and forgot nothing that might induce this Agent to approve of the

Motion; ſo that he being throughly perſwaded himſelf, might more effectually move *Thomiris* to hearken unto it. *Teres* did hear *Artamenes* very willingly, and ſeemed to approve of the Propoſition, and promiſed him to preſent it unto the Queen, with all Diligence and Affection poſſible. Mean while, *Thomiris*, who yet knew nothing of the Deſign, behaved her ſelf as ſhe uſed to do, with abundance of Civility unto my Maſter; which began not to be very pleaſant unto *Indathirſes* and *Aripithes*. For my part, I do confeſs that I began to think *Thomiris* did bear ſo much eſteem unto *Artamenes*, as would quickly convert it ſelf into Affection: I perceived ſhe did commend him very often, that ſhe changed Colour when he came near her, and that her Eyes always followed him when he went from her: yet I did not tell my Maſter what I thought, for I believed him ſo poſſeſſed with his own Paſſion, as that he would not regard it: Yet, Sir, this light Suſpicion was not without a good Ground, for we knew preſently after that this great Queen, who never had loved any before; who was married extreamly Young; who had continued a Widow fifteen Years; who had refuſed all the Grandees of both *Scythiaes*; and who guarded her Heart againſt the love of *Indathirſes* and *Aripithes*, who were both in love with her, and ſerved her above a Year, yet could ſhe not chuſe but be ſurprized at the Merit of *Artamenes*: But, Sir, it is worthy of admiration to conſider by what ways the Gods will contrive things, when it is their Pleaſure to bring them to paſs. Altho *Thomiris* did know of many of the famous Actions which my Maſter had performed, yet ſhe knew not all the Particulars: therefore being very deſirous to know them all, ſhe was pleaſed to caſt her Eyes upon me: So that my Maſter ſending me one Day unto her, to tell her of ſomething, ſhe did command me to relate all I knew concerning the glorious Life of *Artamenes*. For my part, I did then think that I ſhould rather have done my Maſter ſome ſervice by it, than augment the eſteem which ſhe had of him (for I had then no Suſpicion of what I told you) therefore I related very exactly all his Combates, all his Victories, and all thoſe Paſſages which his Generoſity had prompted him unto. How he ſaved the Life of *Ciaxares* by expoſing his own: the Combate of the two hundred; The Duel between him and *Aritanus*. The Siege of *Ceracea*: The Battel which he won: The remarkable Arms which he had on that Day, when forty Cavaliers conſpired againſt his Life: The common Arms which he took afterwards to conceal himſelf thereby, from thoſe who had Orders to ſpare him: His Combate with *Philidaſpes*; and in general all his Gallantry during the War; but not concerning his Love, you may well imagine that I ſpoke not a Word. She asked me what his Quality was, and I told her that it was very Noble, but that I had eſpecial Order to diſcover no more. To tell you the Truth, Sir, I think that the Reputation of *Artamenes*, his Deportment, his Garb, his Handſomeneſs, and his Spirit, had kindled Love in the Heart of *Thomiris*, and my Diſcourſe did ſerve for Bellows to the Fire, and augmented it: It became ſo predominate that ſhe could not quench nor overcome it. I make no queſtion, Sir, but you deſire to know how I came to dive ſo into the ſecret Thoughts of the Queen; therefore, before that I relate unto you ſuch things as will ſurprize you, I muſt recal into your Memory, how under the Reign of the firſt *Ciaxares*, Father of *Aſtiages*, who now lives, the *Scythians* did invade all *Medea*, and after they had poſſeſſed it eight and twenty Years, they were expelled: Then, Sir, in their return unto their own Countrey, they carried with them a great number of Priſoners of all Sexes, Ages, and Conditions. There was a Man of Quality amongſt the *Maſſagettes*, whih followed the *Scythians*, and who was in love with one who was Aunt unto *Aglatidas* whom you know, and who indeed is a Man of much Merit: This Man, in his return, carried her away with him, and when he came into his own Countrey, married her. I tell you, Sir, becauſe this Perſon was yet living when we came into this Court; and yet retained ſo great a love unto any thing that related unto *Medea*, that there was no good office which ſhe was not ready to render unto us; and *Chriſantes* had contracted ſuch a confidence with *Gelonida*, (for that was her Name) ſince ſhe came amongſt the *Maſſagettes*, that ſhe did faithfully advertiſe him of all things which came within the compaſs of her Knowledg: She being much promoted, and knowing a thouſand things which they were ignorant of in that Countrey, ſhe rated at a very high eſteem, eſpecially having married a Man of very good Quality, and one of great eſteem among the the People; ſo that by reaſon of theſe good Qualities, ſhe was choſen to be one that was always with the Queen from her Infancy, and continued ſo ſtill when we came to the Court of *Thomiris*. *Gelonida* was doubtleſs a Woman of a good Spirit, and much Vertue, and therefore ſhe was conſtrained to tell ſome things unto *Chriſantes* (which you ſhall know) to the end he ſhould endeavour to free her from one Miſchief, which without his aſſiſtance ſhe could not prevent. By her we came to know, Sir, that *Thomiris* no ſooner ſaw *Artamenes*, but ſhe began to eſteem him, and had ſo great an Inclination to love him, that it may almoſt be ſaid ſhe loved him at the ſame inſtant in which ſhe began to eſteem him. This Princeſs had a great Soul, but naturally very paſſionate; ſhe looked upon nothing with the Golden Mediocrity; her weakeſt Deſires were like determined Reſolutions; and as ſhe was perſuaded that all her Deſires were juſt, ſo ſhe ſubmitted her Reaſon unto her Will, and endeavoured every way to ſatisfy it; ſo that there needs no wonder at thoſe Violences wherewith ſhe tranſacted to compaſs her Deſires: Yet notwithſtanding, when ſhe firſt perceived that her Heart began to engage it ſelf, ſhe began alſo to bid reſiſtance, but it was after ſuch a manner as rather augmented the Malady than cured it: And as the Agitation of the Air does kindle Fire, and makes the Flames more violent; ſo *Thomiris*, deſiring to quench thoſe Sparks which ſhe perceived in her Soul, did inflame them more, and cauſed that ſmall Spark, which at firſt had neither light nor heat in it, to flame by that Agitation which ſhe gave unto it. She endeavoured to know what it was which tormented her, and plainly found it to be Love. How comes it to paſs (ſaid ſhe to *Gelonida*, when ſhe could not hide her Grief any longer) that the ſight of this Stranger does procure unto me both Joy and Vexation? To me, I ſay, who have paſſed away thus much of my Life, without the knowledg either of Love or Hatred? nor ever loved any thing but Liberty and Glory. Why am I troubled, ſaid ſhe, both when I ſee him, and when I ſee him not? If he have a pleaſant and delighting Soul, why do I not endure his Company without penſiveneſs? If he have not, why does his abſence trouble me? Do I not know very well that *Artamenes* is to be but a while here, and that the ſame Fortune which brought him hither will preſently take him away again? But ſuppoſe it ſhould not (added ſhe) what have I to do with *Artamenes?* Do I not underſtand by one of his Men, that he will not permit the Place of his Birth and his Quality to be known? Moreover, do I not know that though theſe Arguments are very ſtrong, yet there is one moſt invincible one, againſt which there is no Remedy? For, ſaid ſhe, admit Love to be a permitted Paſſion; ſuppoſe *Artamenes* were a Prince, and a Prince of ſome of the *Scythians*, ought *Thomiris* to love him, ſince he loves not her? Oh no, no; Let us not ſubvert the univerſal Cuſtom of the World. The Gods gave not Beauty unto Women to begin Love, and court Men; but on the contrary, It is their Pleaſure that this Ray of Divinity, which in an Inſtant doth what it pleaſes, and as well as the Sun, doth ſhine and heat immediately, ſhould beget Women Adorers whether they will or no. They did not give this rare Priviledg unto our Sex that we ſhould renounce it. And beſides, who knows whether or no the Heart of *Artamenes* be not already engaged? and who can tell whether he have not an Averſion unto the *Maſſagettes*, who have ſo often matched with the *Scythians!* I ſee, ſaid ſhe, that he is very Civil and Complacential: But for all that he is a Stranger; he loves not us, and therefore we ought not to love him. *Gelonida*, hearing her ſay ſo, would have confirmed her in her Reſolution; But, *Thomiris*, fearing to be cured of that Diſeaſe which brought her almoſt as much Joy as Sorrow, prevented her: No, no, Mother, ſaid ſhe to her) for ſo ſhe often called her in private) ſpeak not yet, and do not move me to deny you; for though, I ſay, I ought not to love *Artamenes*, yet I do not ſay that I do not love him: There muſt be ſome excuſable Faults, and innocent Errors. Love paſſeth amongſt us for a dangerous Paſſion, I confeſs, but not for a criminal one: So, when I ſay that I ought not to love *Artamenes*, it is for my own quiet that I ſay it, and not for my glory; for I do not doubt, but if I ſhould move *Artamenes* to love me, and marry me, the *Maſſagettes* would not commend me for it: Native *Scythians*, who hate all Strangers, would perhaps blame me; But the People over whom my Son is to reign, and the *Iſſedonians* whoſe Kingdom is mine, they would eſteem me the more for it. Valour amongſt us is valued at a higher rate than a Crown; And if I ſhould make choiſe of the moſt valiant Man in the World, I ſhould merit more Honour than if I had married the greateſt Prince upon Earth: *Spargapiſes* would be beholden unto me for it; and if this Hero ſhould guide him in his firſt War, I ſhould not doubt of good Succeſs. So that, *Gelonida*, when I love *Artamenes*, I am neither unjuſt nor criminal; and ſince my People hath oftentimes ſolicited me to chuſe for a Husband either the Prince of the *Tauroſcithes*, or the Prince of *Sauromates*, I may eaſily imagine they will have leſs Averſion unto *Artamenes*, ſince they do look upon him with ſo much eſteem. But, *Gelonida*, the main matter is, that *Artamenes* does not love me, nor knows that I love him; but perhaps his Affection is ſetled ſomewhere elſe. As for the firſt of theſe (ſaid ſhe) he does no Injury unto that mean Beauty with which they flatter me up, for though it ſhould be ſo that it does not wound him, as doubtleſs he does not think that I ought to accept of his Affection, he would eaſily reſiſt ſuch weak Thoughts, and vanquiſh them. But alas! if the ignorance wherein he is, of that which my Heart apprehends of him, does hinder me from making any Progreſs in his Affection, he would perhaps paſs from a light diſpoſition to love me, into a ſtrong inclination to hate and deſpiſe me, if I ſhould make it known unto him: I ſhould perhaps then think, that a wild Paſſion would be Miſtreſs of his Reaſon, and *Thomiris* who does prefer his Courage, his Mind, and his Vertues before the Charms of his Perſon, would be ſuſpected of a diſhonourable Weakneſs. Alas! (ſaid ſhe) into what a condition am I reduced? If *Artamenes* do not know that I can love him, or to ſpeak truth, that I do love him, he can never love me; and if he ſhould know it, he will never eſteem me: If it be ſo that his Heart be already engaged, what would I have him do? or what can I deſire of him? No, no (ſaid ſhe upon a ſudden) I muſt cure this Diſeaſe which thus torments me, how bitter ſoever the Remedy be; I muſt diſmiſs this dangerous Embaſſador, whom I deſire might never depart from hence; I muſt, I ought, and I will do ſo; but yet I know not whether I can or not. In concluſion, Sir, after a moſt violent Agitation, and a ſtrong Conteſt with her ſelf, ſhe retired without any power what to reſolve upon: And here admire, I beſeech you, the fantaſtical Humour of Love and Fortune, when they join together to perſecute any one.

My Maſter unto whom the remembrance of *Mandana* gave reſtleſs Thoughts, and unto whom the impatient deſires to return would not allow a minutes reſt, did preſs on *Teres* to ſpeak unto the Queen, and to induce the Queen to give him a more favourable Anſwer, he viſited her oftner than ordinary, and ſpoke unto her a long time together; yet he could not ſo abſolutely contain himſelf, but that his melancholy would be predodiminate, and he oftentimes ſighed in ſpeaking to *Thomiris*, ſeeming as if ſomething did diſturb his Mind; he did ſometimes in thinking upon *Mandana*, examine the Beauty of *Thomiris*, and very ſeriouſly fix his Looks upon her Face and Eyes. This Princeſs is fair indeed (would he ſay ſometimes to himſelf when he looked upon her) but my Princeſs is infinitely above her. I do not diſcover in this, that charming modeſty and incomparable ſweetneſs, which is the Soul of Beauty: Indeed *Thomiris* (ſaid he ſighing) is not *Mandana*, and I look upon her Beauty with indifferency, but upon the other with Adoration. Mean while, Sir, the Queen of *Maſſagettes*, who underſtood not this mute Language, nor could rightly interpret the Looks and Sighs of *Artamenes*, did think, that perhaps he might love her, and durſt not tell it; and this conceit did puff her up into abundance of Joy, and yet it was not a Joy that was full of Tranquillity; for (ſaid ſhe) peradventure

venture the cauſe of theſe Sighs is from *Themiſcira*, though he be here amongſt the *Maſſagettes*, yet (added ſhe) it may be, that I am the cauſe of his Sorrow, as well as he is of mine, for indeed though I will not believe my Glaſs, leſt it ſhould flatter me, yet the Paſſions of *Indatherſes* and *Aripithes* do perſwade me to think, that it is not abſolutely impoſſible to find ſome Beauty in *Thomiris*: Let us hope then (ſaid ſhe) and endeavour to undeceive our ſelves in the interpretation of a thing which ſo much concerns us. As ſhe was in theſe Thoughts, *Teres* according to his promiſe unto my Maſter, came to propound unto her a Marriage with *Ciaxares*; and ſince he did not at the firſt tell her directly the buſineſs, but oftentimes named *Artamenes*, this Princeſs did not very well underſtand what he did mean, though ſhe knew very well what ſhe deſired he ſhould ſay: But at the laſt he told her, that the buſineſs of Pirats which was ſo much ſpoken of, was only the pretence of *Artamenes* his Embaſſy, but that his right buſineſs was to move her unto a Marriage with *Ciaxares* King of *Cappadocia*, and *Galatia*, and who hereafter was to be King of the *Medes* alſo. *Thomiris* was much ſurprized at this diſcourſe, yet notwithſtanding, ſince ſhe had no mind to diſcover the diſquiets of her Mind unto *Teres*, although he was in great favour with her; ſhe only told him, that ſhe was much engaged unto *Ciaxares*, but that this was a buſineſs which could not be haſtily reſolved upon; therefore, that ſhe might have the more time to conſider of her beſt courſe, ſhe bad him tell *Artamenes*, that he had not yet moved the matter unto her; and deſired *Teres* to prolong the buſineſs as much as he could. *Teres* promiſed the Queen, that he would do as ſhe commanded: But the liberality of *Artamenes* had ſo wrought upon the Spirits of *Teres*, that he told unto my Maſter the Queen's true Anſwer, giving him much hopes of his Negotiation; becauſe (ſaid he) if ſhe had diſapproved of it, ſhe would have refuſed it at the firſt. This hope gave much ſatisfaction unto *Artamenes*, ſo that he was more frequent in his Viſits, and obſerved ſome alteration in her Mind: For, Since this Propoſition of

Marriage did move in her ſuch cruel Vexations of Soul, as ſhe almoſt loſt her Reaſon. Let us doubt no longer (ſaid ſhe unto *Gelonida*) of *Artamenes* his indifferency towards us after ſuch a propoſition as this: We are ſo certain of it, that if he had told us from his own Mouth, he loved us not, we could not have been more ſure. But it may be alſo (ſaid ſhe) that he obeys his Maſter againſt his Will; and this Melancholy which I diſcover in him, may proceed from hence, that he is conſtrained to ſpeak for another, when he would ſpeak for himſelf. This Princeſs continued not long in one Thought, but contradicted her ſelf a hundred times in one day, yet which way ſoever ſhe turned it, ſhe ever loved *Artamenes*: She fancied, that if ſhe could marry him, ſhe would make the name of *Maſſagettes* ſound throughout the World; ſo that Ambition joyning it ſelf with Love, would never ſuffer her to be at reſt. Mean while my Maſter, who was ignorant of her true Thoughts, lived at his uſual rate of Melancholy. But that there might want nothing to compleat the ſum of his Misfortunes, it happened that *Indatherſes* and *Aripithes*, who were both of them Men of high Souls, and both in Love were very prying into the Aſſiduity of *Artamenes* with *Thomiris*. They obſerved alſo, that the Queen was much perplexed more than uſual; and that always when *Artamenes* came to her, there did appear more Joy in her Countenance, than ſhe uſed to expreſs unto any elſe.

In concluſion, Sir, theſe two Princes, who when we came firſt to this Court, were jealous one of another, although the Queen did treat them both alike with equal indifferency, did now ceaſe their ſuſpicious Thoughts one of another, and converted their Jealouſies, their Animoſities, and Suſpicions which were between them, into Hatred of my Maſter; they contracted between themſelves a kind of Confidence and Friendſhip; and my Maſter cauſed that which perhaps never was ſeen before, two Rivals hold good correſpondency together: They could not ſee any important cauſe why *Artamenes* ſhould ſtay long there; and the inſenſibility of the Queen towards them, cauſed them to think, that the Inclination which ſhe ſeemed to have unto *Artamenes*, did not ariſe without his contributing ſomething towards it. At laſt they believed that *Artamenes* loved *Thomiris*, and *Thomiris* did not hate him: They diſcourſed together, as of a thing which did equally concern them both, and ſeemed to be firm Friends. Shall we endure this affront (ſaid *Aripithes*) from this Stranger? Muſt we ſuffer him in the face of all the Maſſagettes, to obtain that in a few days, which we with all our Cares and Services cannot obtain in a whole year? I know very well ſaid *Indatherſes*, that he is infinitely handſome, and extreamly amiable; but that which perhaps may excuſe *Thomiris*, will not juſtify him, who ought not to exceed the quality of an Embaſſador. All this while, Sir, they were agreed concerning my Maſter's Crime, but they could not concur in the way of puniſhment; for they being too Gallant to think upon any baſe way of revenge: And to fight with an Embaſſador, was the way to cauſe *Thomiris* to baniſh them both, who doubtleſs would not ſuffer the Law of Nations to be violated upon the Perſon of *Artamenes*; and alſo by that courſe they ſhould expoſe themſelves unto a forraign War: So that they had much ado to reſolve upon it; neither could they agree which of them two ſhould take this Enterprize in hand, which was no leſs difficult than glorious. *Indatherſes* ſaid it belonged unto him; *Aripithes* ſaid he had as much right unto it as *Indatherſes*; and it may very well be ſaid, that they knew not how nor when, nor why they ſhould revenge themſelves upon a Rival whom they could not deſtroy without deſtroying all their hopes of *Thomiris*. This was therefore their principal Reaſon why they deferred their Revenge, and moved them to obſerve more narrowly the Actions of *Artamenes* and *Thomiris*. They conſented to render an account one to another of all they could learn out, and to tranſact jointly, how to rid themſelves of ſuch a dangerous Enemy. Certainly it were very good ſport to ſee *Thrmiris*, *Artamenes*, *Indatherſes*, and *Aripithes* all together: For *Thomiris* thought of nothing but how to make *Artamenes* love her.

menes thought neither of *Thomiris*, *Indatherſes*, nor *Aripithes*, but diſpoſed of all his Thoughts upon *Mandana*. *Indatherſes* and *Aripithes* forgot their Jealouſies one of another, and thought upon nothing but *Artamenes* and *Thomiris*. Mean while my Maſter, who thought every minute an Age, did preſs *Teres* for the Queen's Anſwer: And the Queen ſeeing herſelf importun'd, aſſured *Teres* that *Artamenes* ſhould be ſatisfied within theſe three days. To repreſent unto you, Sir, the turbulent Agitations in the Mind of *Thomiris*, during this time, would be a piece of difficulty. It will be ſufficient that I tell you, that this Princeſs being very glorious, had much ado to permit her proud and lofty Soul, abſolutely to command *Gelonida*, to ask *Chriſantes* whom ſhe obſerved often with her, whether *Artamenes* would be content to accept of that which he demanded for *Ciaxares*. *Gelonida* then did endeavour to qualify the Mind of *Thomiris*; and moved her to prefer the King before the Embaſſador: but *Thomiris* anſwered her, that ſhe preferred the Vertue of *Artamenes* before all the Crowns upon Earth: yet *Gelonida* (ſaid ſhe to her) I would have you carry the buſineſs ſo, that *Artamenes* ſhould know I love him, and not eſteem me the leſs for it; and order the matter ſo as my Paſſion for *Artamenes* may be ſatisfied, with directly ſtifling my Paſſion which I have unto Honour. Though *Gelonida* was much diſpleaſed with this Commiſſion, yet ſhe aſſured the Queen, ſince nothing could change her Mind, to obey her with all Fidelity, and ſhe did promiſe it the more ſeriouſly, becauſe ſhe feared that *Thomiris* could not truſt this Secret unto any other, who would manage it better than her ſelf. The hopes which *Gelonida* would have had of returning into her own Country, if the Queen had married *Ciaxares*, moved her to be very ſorry for that Paſſion which *Thomiris* bore unto *Artamenes*. Moreover, ſhe could not imagine that my Maſter could refuſe that Honour which was offered unto him; and ſhe did forſee, that if he accepted of it, it muſt needs produce a War between *Thomiris* and *Ciaxares*. Yet ſhe reſolved to ſpeak, and that quickly, for elſe the Queen would never be at reſt;

Having then found *Chriſantes*, ſhe reſolved to tell him the whole truth, and after that to tell him, that if he loved *Artamenes*, he would hinder him from accepting this honour which *Thomiris* offered him; becauſe elſe in all likelihood, he would betray his Maſter unprofitably, and never enjoy any quietneſs. *Chriſantes*, much amazed at *Gelonidas*'s Diſcourſe, as ſoon as his Wonder was a little over, aſſured her, that ſhe need not to fear it; and that *Artamenes* would never accept of it: but ſince he would not give her any more direct anſwer until his Maſter knew it, he asked her a little more time before he would abſolutely reſolve her; he went immediately unto him in his Tent, where finding only me with him; Sir, (ſaid he to him) I believe you cannot gueſs what ill Fortune I have to tell you, and to what a proof your Conſtancy is put unto: Fortune *Chriſantes* (ſaid he to him) is it not very rigorous, when ſhe ſends us only ſuch Evils as we did foreſee, but when her Malice is extream, ſhe will fatally ſurprize, and overload thoſe whom ſhe intends to deſtroy; yet notwithſtanding (ſaid he) I cannot imagine, what it ſhould be that is ſo very averſe in this Court, unleſs by Misfortune it be, that *Thomiris* has ſome ſecret Averſion to me, which cauſes her not to anſwer *Ciaxares* more favourably, ſo that I ſhall be compelled to return without doing any thing. Sir, (replied *Chriſantes*) this laſt thing may perhaps fall out ſo, but it will be by a quite contrary Reaſon to what you ſay: I underſtand you not (replied *Artamenes*) you will perhaps underſtand me better (ſaid *Chriſantes* to him) when I ſhall tell you that *Thomiris* loves you; and loves you ſo much as ſhe offers you that which ſhe refuſes *Ciaxares*. My Maſter cried out at this report of *Chriſantes*, and it was a good while before he could believe it: No, no, (ſaid he to him) *Gelonida*, has either loſt her Reaſon, or elſe yours is not in its right place. *Thomiris* who has regarded the Paſſions of *Indatherſes* and *Aripithes*, with ſuch cold indifferency for above a whole Year, cannot poſſibly love *Artamenes*: *Artamenes* (I ſay) who loves not her, nor has neither ſaid nor done any thing which might make her think I did; who on the contrary has moved her to marry the King who ſent him; and who can ſeem no more than a common Embaſſador in her Eyes: So that *Chriſantes*, you are either not the ſame you uſe to be, or elſe *Gelonida* has deceived you. Sir, (ſaid *Chriſantes* to him) there is no alteration in my Mind, nor has *Gelonida* deceived me; for ſhe ſpoke unto me with great Gravity and Wiſdom; therefore I beſeech you give me your anſwer, for ſhe allowed me but until to morrow to return it unto her. *Artamenes* ſeemed ſo confounded to hear *Chriſantes* ſpeak in that manner, that it was eaſy to ſee he had much ado to believe him: yet calling unto his memory many Paſſages which he both ſaw and underſtood, and which he regarded not before, he no longer doubted the truth of what *Chriſantes* told him. I could have been well contented, if it had been in his power that *Chriſantes* and I had never known it; and his Soul was in all things ſo generous, that he would have been well pleaſed to bear all the burthen of his cares himſelf, and have concealed them from us if it had been poſſible: But he could not do it, therefore he began to comfort himſelf with us, in multiplying his Misfortunes: Had ever any Man (ſaid he) ſuch fortune as I? when I began to love divine *Mandana*, was it not to be thought that ſuch a ſweet and bitter Humour might move her to Compaſſion, and to be tenderly ſenſible of it? yet, as many Acts as I have performed; as many Services as I have done her; as much Pains as I have took; as many thouſand unprofitable Sighs as I have breathed; as many Tears as I have ſhed, yet all theſe could not molify her Soul. It may very well be ſaid, that if I were not dead, or at leaſt ſhe thought me ſo; *Mandana*, the fair *Mandana*, would never have afforded me the leaſt teſtimony of her Affection. And yet for all this ſhe reſolved to baniſh me, and that for ever, when I came hither. But alas, the Misfortune which perſecuted me in *Cappadocia*, has not followed me hither amongſt the *Maſſagettes* in the like manner; but quite contrary, ſince a Queen who ſeems to be fierce, and proud, loves him who cares not for her; offers him a Heart which was never asked, and would conſent unto that of her own motion, which ſhe might without Injuſtice refuſe if it were asked: No, no, ſaid he to us, this perverſe Accident, is neither an effect of my Merit, nor the imbecility of *Thomiris:* It is only my Misfortune, and my adverſe deſtiny which would puniſh me as well by a refuſal of good things, as by thoſe which they never afforded me. Do not think, divine *Mandana*, (ſaid he) that the Sorrows which I am ſenſible of, are any effects of my refuſing a great and a fair Queen; No, divine Princeſs, I have no ſuch Thoughts: My Heart does too dearly preſerve the image of your Angelick Beauty, to be ever moved by hers, or any elſe: But I do confeſs this perverſe Accident does much diſpleaſe me: And if it were in my choice, I had rather fight two Battels, than to be put upon ſuch a neceſſity, as to make a glorious and a proud Princeſs bluſh for Shame and Confuſion. Tell then, *Gelonida*, (ſaid he to *Chriſantes*) that I would not believe what you told me; but that though you had perſwaded me to believe it, yet it had been to no purpoſe, ſince the Fidelity which I owe unto the King whom I ſerve, will not permit me to accept of ſuch an Honour; yet *Chriſantes* (ſaid he) forget not to tell *Gelonida*, that I gave no credit unto your words; and leave an handſom way open for *Thomiris* to repent her ſelf of her firſt Thoughts; which perhaps ſhe has already condemned in her ſelf. Thus, Sir, did my Maſter ſay unto *Chriſantes*, who went immediately unto *Gelonida*; and ſhe as ſoon to give an account of the anſwer unto the Queen: But alas, this Anſwer produced Effects, contrary to the Hopes and Expectation of *Artamenes*; and *Thomiris* would not make uſe of this honeſt way to correct her firſt Thoughts by her ſecond: but, on the contrary, it did exaſperate the Mind of this Queen in lieu of appeaſing it, and this lofty Soul thought ſhe was now doubly obliged to overcome him which reſiſted her: No, no, *Gelonida* (ſaid ſhe unto this Lady, after ſhe had delivered the Anſwer of *Chriſantes*) *Artamenes* is not ſo hard to be perſwaded as he ſeems, and perhaps he is but too well perſwaded of my Honour, to compaſs my Deſign: This is not a Buſineſs wherein any falſeneſs can be ſuſpected, for where a Princeſs woes, and is the firſt which ſpeaks of Love, there cannot be any doubt of it. For hence it muſt be concluded, that *Artamenes*, who ſeems not to credit what is told him, would either be told of it often, or elſe he would never have it ſpoke of again; which of theſe two ſoever it be, *Thomiris* is not ſatisfied, unleſs it be ſo, that *Artamenes* thinks it to be a becoming Modeſty, and will not at the firſt, anſwer unto a Propoſition, which is ſo advantagious for him. But however *Gelonida*, I muſt at the leaſt know the Heart of *Artamenes*, though I cannot obtain it: And I muſt ſpeak unto him, in ſuch a manner as he cannot diſguiſe himſelf, though he were as ſubtle as any Grecian. Muſt you ſpeak, Madam, replied *Gelonida?* Alas, I beſeech you be not too haſty in ſuch an unuſual way, leſt you ſhould afterwards repent it: Conſult a little better before you reſolve it, and do not blindly follow a Paſſion which will draw you into too much inconveniency, if you take not heed. No, *Gelonida*, replied *Thomiris*, that Paſſion which poſſeſſeth me, ſhall not cauſe me to commit a Fault; but know, that at this time I do prefer the ſincerity of the *Scythians* my Neighbours, before that handſomneſs of *Ecbatan*, whereof you ſpeak ſo much: That Vertue which cauſeth us to diſguiſe our Thoughts, and hide that which is in the Soul, is not the cuſtom of the *Maſſagettes.* Amongſt you it is no matter if a Woman do love, ſo ſhe do not expreſs it; whereas amongſt us we uſe to baniſh the moſt tender Thoughts out of our Hearts, if we do not find them juſt. And ſo I do aſſure you, that if I could think it a Crime to love ſuch an Illuſtrious Man as *Artamenes*, I would contend with my Paſſion in lieu of concealing it.

But on the contrary, I do not at all hold it diſhonourable or unworthy, to affect that Man whom I think worthy to command all others: I cannot ſee that there is any ſuch great Myſtery in the Matter as you imagine, ſince there is none but Crimes which we ought to cover and conceal. But, Madam, (replied *Gelonida*) ſuppoſe *Artamenes* ſhould not give ſuch an Anſwer as you deſire, and as I believe he will not, would you not repent of your ſpeaking to him ? I know not what I may do, (anſwered *Thomiris* very angrily) but I know for the preſent, that I will be better ſatisfied of *Artamenes* his true Thoughts. Good Heavens, Madam, (ſaid *Gelonida*) are you not afraid to ruin that which you would promote ? I do fear every thing, (anſwered *Thomiris*) But what would you have me do ? I am no more a Miſtreſs of my own Will, and I do no more than what pleaſeth that Paſſion which poſſeſſeth me ; and becauſe I believe it juſt, I have ſubmitted my ſelf unto it. *Thomiris* ſpoke many other things which diſcovered the diſturbance and irregularity of her paſſionate Mind ; ſhe could not endure the Converſation of *Indathyrſes* and *Arapithes* ; ſhe thought upon nothing but *Artamenes* ; and becauſe it was indeed the Vertue of my Maſter which had ſuch a powerful influence upon her Heart, ſhe believed that all the Effects of ſo noble a Cauſe, and ſo pure, were all Innocent.

Mean while, *Artamenes* was not a little perplexed with a fear to ſee *Thomiris*, after this Propoſition which had been made unto him ; and the Queen for her part, ſhe knew not very well how to endure the looks of *Artamenes*, notwithſtanding her ſeeming Reſolutions. This violent Paſſion which poſſeſſed her, being more predominate than her Modeſty, cauſed her not to ſtay long without the ſight of the Object of her Affection. My Maſter not daring to omit any part of his Duty, went unto her at the uſual hour ; and as ill Luck would have it, found none with her but her Woman, who were no hindrance unto private Diſcourſe, becauſe they ſtood far off at the other end of the Room. *Artamenes* then ſaluting her with a moſt humble Reverence, and not daring almoſt to look upon her, leſt he ſhould put her to the bluſh, did ſpeak unto her concerning things far off that Buſineſs. But as *Thomiris* retained nothing in her Mind but it, ſo ſhe turned all unto her own Deſign ; and were the Diſcourſe never ſo far off the Matter, yet ſhe did handſomly draw the ſenſe of it unto her own Ends, After ſhe had rendred the like ſalute unto *Artamenes*, with as much confuſion as he; and after the firſt Complements, he began to diſcourſe of the Beauty of the Country of *Maſſagettes*, and its Vaſtneſs. It is true, (anſwered ſhe unto him) our Country is not very contemptible; yet I cannot be perſwaded but you prefer *Cappadocia* before it; and perhaps (ſaid ſhe, bluſhing) you had rather Obey there, than Command here. Doubtleſs (replied *Artamenes*) it is but juſt ſo to do; for, Madam, neceſſity does impoſe it upon me to obey in *Cappadocia*, although I am not born a Subject unto *Ciaxares*; nor can I ever have any right to Command among the *Maſſagettes*, unleſs (ſaid he, ſmiling) the King my Maſter do ſend me to make War upon them, which your Majeſty knows very well how to prevent. You know, ſaid ſhe to him, that Crowns are obtained more ways than one: There are Kings Elective, as well as there are Kings by Conqueſt; and who told you, that without fighting you could not reign here, or at leaſt over the *Iſſedonians*? Reaſon, Madam, told me, (replied *Artamenes*) knowing very well, that the Crown of the *Iſſedonians* is not Elective: and alſo knowing moſt certainly, that your People are ſo well contented with your Government, that they will never change you. No, Madam, I am not ſo meanly verſed in the ſeveral Cuſtoms of People, but that I know that the *Spartan* Cuſtoms and the *Maſſagettes* are not alike, and that it is not here as where the Kings are Elective: But it is you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, and would not give her time to anſwer) who may get ſeveral Crowns without fighting: And your Vertue hath procured you ſo many Royal Adorers, as I may well ſay, you may chuſe Scepters and Crowns, when, and where you pleaſe: And although thoſe which you have of your own already be very Illuſtrious, yet, believe it Madam, there are others alſo which are not unworthy of you. For my part, (replied the Queen) I am partly of your Mind in one thing, for as you had rather Obey in *Cappadocia* than Reign here, ſo had I rather Obey here than Reign in *Cappadocia*.

Perhaps, Madam, replied my Maſter, you would not ſay ſo of *Media* if you were there; and the ſtately Pallaces of *Ecbatan*, are, if I be not deceived, to be preferred before your magnificent Tents. No, *Artamenes*, replied ſhe, all the Magnificence of *Ecbatan* moves not my Mind; I ſeek for ſolid Vertues, and not ſplendid Thrones; and I know you are too full of Reaſon not to be of my Opinion. Alſo I am perſwaded, that although we have no Palaces nor Towns, yet if you did find amongſt us a Princeſs which were moſt Illuſtrious in every thing, you would prefer her before her that ſits upon the Throne of *Aſſyria*. Doubtleſs, I know, Madam, anſwered *Artamenes*, that I ſhould more eſteem ſuch an one in a Priſon, than many others which wore Crowns: But, Madam, when I ſpeak unto you of the Throne of *Media*, I am not put to that trouble, ſince the Prince who muſt ſit upon it, is one that is owner of all great Vertues and good Qualities. He knew better how to make his choice, (anſwered *Thomiris*) when he committed the Command of his Arms unto you: But I doubt whether he was ſo judicious in employing an Illuſtrious Conqueror to be an Embaſſadour, ſince in my Opinion they are different Qualities. If Fidelity (anſwered *Artamenes*, much non-pluſt) be one of the moſt eſſential Parts of this kind of Employment: I can aſſure your Majeſty, that I have as much of it as I have of Courage; and if I prove not ſo happy in this my Negotiation, as I have been in War, it ſhall be becauſe, Madam, your Majeſty would not have it ſo, but not my fault. No, Madam, I will omit no Endeavours which may conduce to the ſatisfaction of that King who ſent me; and if I cannot obtain it, then I muſt return back with much Sorrow, but I will carry nothing with me which may tax, either my Fidelity, or my Diligence. You have not yet told me (replied *Thomiris*, in much turbulency) the true Negotiation about which you came unto this Court; and had not *Teres* acquainted me, I had not known it. That which you impute unto me as a Crime, (anſwered my Maſter) is indeed, out of my reſpect, and if I ſay as much as the handſomeſt Expedient; for, Madam, I did not think it fit to expoſe the Honour of that Prince whom I ſerve unto any Diſgrace,

grace, nor expoſe your Majeſty unto the open refuſal of a great King, if the Propoſition did not pleaſe you; yet notwithſtanding I hope for better Succeſs; and notwithſtanding all that hath been told me, to be as happy in my Negotiation as I have been in War. No, *Artamenes*, deceive not your ſelf, (anſwered the Queen) that which you have propoſed unto me, will not take effect, and you your ſelf are an invincible hindrance unto it. I, Madam, (anſwered my Maſter). Yes, you, (anſwered *Thomiris*) and therefore complain not if *Ciaxares* receive no ſatisfaction from me. I do confeſs, Madam, (anſwered *Artamenes*) I do not underſtand you. You underſtand me well enough, *Artamenes*, (anſwered ſhe, with a faint Voice, and dejecting her Eyes) but it's I that does not underſtand you. You may underſtand me, Madam, when you pleaſe, replied my Maſter; and if I have been ill interpreted, I ſhall be moſt ready to clear all your Doubts, and juſtify my ſelf. Your Crime (anſwered *Thomiris*) is of ſuch a Quality, as I cannot accuſe you, but I muſt accuſe my ſelf, which is not an eaſy matter for me to do. As I am very confident of my own Innocency, (replied *Artamenes*,) ſo I do not doubt of yours; nor can I ſuſpect a great Queen of the leaſt Error. No, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe, and covering her Eyes with her Hand) I do not err, when I think you worthy of a Crown. Alas, Madam, (cried out my Maſter) doubtleſs I am not rightly underſtood; and leſt I ſhould neglect that Reverence which I do owe you, I think it is my beſt not to anſwer you. You ſhall anſwer me enough, in not anſwering me at all, replied the Queen, and I ſhall not need any long diſcourſe to underſtand you. But, Madam, (ſaid *Artamenes* then) ſince what your Majeſty tells me is true, I have no other Buſineſs, but to take my leave of you and return to *Themiſcira*, that I may no longer keep one of the greateſt Kings upon Earth in a fruitleſs Hope.

This laſt Diſcourſe which my Maſter had premeditated to puzzle the Queen, did much ſurprize her, and put her unto ſuch a non-plus, that ſhe knew not what to anſwer; for ſhe thought, that by leaving no hopes in *Artamenes*

menes to promote the Intereſt of *Ciaxares*, ſhe ſhould perſwade him that ſhe loved him: But perceiving this courſe did produce ſo bad an effect, and that this reſolute Anſwer took from her all pretence of ſtaying him, ſhe repented of what ſhe had ſaid, though ſhe knew not how to remedy it: She was upon the very point of more openly diſcovering her Paſſion unto him; Love and Modeſty did much contend which ſhould open, which ſhould ſhut her Mouth; ſhe would ſpeak, and ſhe would be ſilent; ſhe would oftentimes change Colour and look upon my Maſter, then upon a ſudden withdraw her Looks, and deject her Eyes; and all this with ſuch violent agitation, and turbulent irreſolution, as cauſed abundance of perplexity in my Maſter, whom this croſs Adventure made even deſperate.

But in concluſion, *Thomiris* not being able to ſpeak down-right of her Paſſion unto *Artamenes*, and not being willing that he ſhould depart, did turn the Matter another way; ſo that beginning to ſpeak again, It is not now, *Artamenes*, (ſaid ſhe to him) that you ſhall receive your Anſwer; but ſince you ſpoke unto me by *Teres*, it is by him I will return you an Anſwer: Mean while we will not yet reſolve upon any thing; a minute cannot make us alter our firmeſt Reſolves. Perhaps you will deſire nothing to morrow but what you deſire now; and perhaps, I my ſelf alſo, ſhall not wiſh for any thing but what I wiſh at preſent, though I am fully perſwaded, that what I ſhall deſire is equally innocent and glorious. As they were upon theſe Terms, *Indatherſes* and *Aripithes*, who ſince their jealouſy of my Maſter, became inſeparable Companions, came in and interrupted the Diſcourſe. Theſe two Princes did very eaſily obſerve a great agitation in the Mind of *Thomiris*, and ſaw ſome ſign of diſorder in the Face of *Artamenes*, which they imagined was cauſed by their Anger to be interrupted in their pleaſing Diſcourſe, but which indeed was quite contrary. Theſe jealous Princes ſpoke little; *Artamenes* for his part ſaid not much. *Thomiris* was reſtleſs in her Mind, that not being able to endure the preſence of theſe two Princes who loved her, and could not love them; and the delighting, and therefore cruel ſight of *Artamenes* whom ſhe loved, but who loved not her, troubling her, ſhe took leave of them all, and at the ſame time quitted her ſelf of the Objects of her Indifferency, and of her Love.

After the Queen was gone, *Artamenes* went out alſo with the two Princes; and ſince he was much pleaſed with *Indatherſes*, whom he ſuſpected not of any ſuch Thoughts as he brought with him, he left them not ſo ſoon: They whoſe Minds were only to diſcover his Intentions, and being glad of this Opportunity, propounded it unto him to walk out together. During this walk, they put an hundred odd froward Queſtions unto him concerning the Time he was to ſtay in this Court; unto which he anſwered very innocently: So that ſometimes he did confirm their Jealouſies, ſometimes he would leſſen them, but yet commonly they rather augmented than diminiſhed. Doubtleſs (ſaid *Indatherſes* to him) it is a Buſineſs of ſome great Importance, which detains you thus long in this Court, and which moved the King of *Cappadocia* to employ a Man of your Quality unto the Queen.

My Maſter, thinking to do them a pleaſure in ſpeaking advantagiouſly concerning *Thomiris*, did anſwer *Indatherſes* in ſuch a manner as moved Reſentment quite oppoſite to Joy. The Queen (replied he) is a Princeſs ſo illuſtrious, that though the Negotiation were not of any great Importance, yet the King, whom I ſerve, would ſend none unto her but a Perſon of great Quality, and if he failed in any thing, it was in that he did not make choice of one more worthy then my ſelf to treat with ſo great a Princeſs. I do believe (anſwered *Aripithes*) that he could not have found out one who had been more welcom to her; But that which moſt wonders me, added he, is to ſee the Queen treat you as ſhe does, and yet diſpatch you no ſooner. Affairs are never diſpatched in ſuch haſte, replied my Maſter, unleſs they be ſuch as concern open Wars. Thoſe which you negotiate, anſwered *Indatherſes*, I do believe are not of that Nature, I ſhould rather think them Matters of

Love; ſince the King whom you ſerve is not married, having only one Daughter unmarried alſo, and this Queen a Widow; and the young King her Son being alſo a great Prince, it is not impoſſible but Love may be the ſubject of this ſo ſecret Employment. No *Aripithes* (replied he, interrupting him) it cannot be as you ſay, for the Marriages of Kings and their Loves are never concealed; I rather ſuſpect ſomething elſe: you may very well think (ſaid *Artamenes*, half ſmiling) that if I had any ſuch ſecret Orders, I ought not to tell you, nor ſhew you my Inſtructions, but I muſt leave you the liberty of your own Thoughts, and give you leave to divert your ſelves in reaſoning upon ſuch a Buſineſs as I muſt never tell you. I do not think (ſaid *Indatherſes* then) that your Buſineſs is Matters of War, for the moſt ſecret things of that nature would quickly be divulged: But if I be not much deceived, our impatience to know your Buſineſs is not greater than yours, to know the end of your Negotiation: For the Court of *Thomiris*, though it be very glorious to us *Scythians* who are declared Enemies to all Magnificence, yet it is not ſo to you, who has ſeen the Court of *Media*, and live in that of *Cappadocia*, which is not inferiour in all gallantry and pomp.

My Maſter thinking he had done them a great piece of Civility, did augment their Jealouſy, when he told them thus: I do confeſs that *Cappadocia* has moſt attractive Charms in it; and I do confeſs alſo, that any free and reaſonable Soul muſt needs find very great Ones in this Court of *Thomiris*: and though in lieu of being in a pleaſant, ſuch as hers is, ſhe ſhould reign over that People who live under the Mountain *Imaus*, amongſt the Rocks and Precipices, yet ſhe alone were enough to make the Place moſt pleaſant where e're ſhe were; and would doubtleſs ſo charm Embaſſadors to wait long upon her, that they would make no haſte away from her. Since we are ſtrangers as well as you are, replied *Indatherſes*, it is not fit for us to comment upon thoſe Commendations which you beſtow upon the Country of the *Maſſagettes*; and as for the Queen (added ed *Aripithes*) it belongs not to us to tell her what you ſay advantagiouſly of her, it being very probable that you being facetious as you are, you have found out ways to acquaint her with your good Opinion of her. She is one, replied *Artamenes*, who muſt not be commended to her Face; it is no leſs injurious to take too much liberty in commending a great Queen, than it is ſcandal unto one of a mean Condition: But as for *Thomiris* (ſaid he to them) there is no need to tell her ſhe is infinitely deſerving, and by conſequence infinitely eſteemed, ſince it is not poſſible ſhe can be ignorant of thoſe admirable Qualities wherein ſhe is ſo tranſcendent. You may imagine, Sir, how theſe two Rivals were ſtung at what my Maſter ſaid; Sometimes they would whiſper together, and ſometimes they would look upon *Artamenes*, and ſeek for that in his Eyes, which they plainly ſaw in his Words: As for his part, his Spirits were ſo poſſeſſed with Paſſion, and angered at this vexatious Adventure wherein he was entangled, that he minded neither the Diſcourſe nor Actions of theſe two Princes, as we underſtood by him which waited upon them, who told it afterwards unto *Chriſantes*.

But in concluſion, Sir, *Artamenes* being impatient to be alone, that he might have liberty to digeſt his Thoughts, did end the Walk, and parted from theſe two Princes who left him with a colder Complement than they accoſted him. We underſtood afterwards, that as ſoon as my Maſter was parted from them, they began to deſcant upon that turbulency which they obſerved in the Queen's Face: upon the penſiveneſs which appeared in the Eyes of their ſuppoſed Rival, when they came firſt in, and upon every word he had ſpoke unto them whilſt they were walking: But the reſult of all their Arguments was, that they concluded he loved *Thomiris*, and *Thomiris* did not hate him; and in concluſion, did both think and ſpeak, as much as moſt violent Jealouſy could prompt them unto. My Maſter, for his part, had not too much tranquillity, and the Queen was moſt of all perplexed: Inſomuch as ſhe was ſorry to ſee her ſelf in a manner exceed the Modeſty of her

Sex; that which moſt vexed her was, to ſee her Folly did not thrive; it grieved her to the Heart, that neither her Beauty, nor her Quality, could move the Heart of *Artamenes:* This moved her abſolutely to command *Gelonida,* to ſpeak her ſelf unto my Maſter; and pump his Thoughts to the bottom of his Heart: *Gelonida* denied a Command that had ſo little reaſon in it, but *Thomiris* would without more contradiction be punctually obeyed: *Gelonida,* ſince there was no remedy, ſpoke her ſelf unto *Artamenes,* after ſhe had prepared his Mind a little, by the aſſiſtance of *Chriſantes:* But the truth was, Buſineſs was rather to help him out with a handſom Pretence to refuſe the Queen, than any perſwaſion of him to her; for ſince this Lady was ſo affectionately tied unto the Intereſt of *Ciaxares,* and conceiving that the Queen made a Choice below her Quality in thinking upon *Artamenes;* ſhe carried the Buſineſs after ſuch a manner, as did little leſs intangle my Maſter, than if ſhe had driven on the Deſign which *Thomiris* deſired her: Certainly he never met with a more peeviſh piece of Buſineſs: He prayed *Gelonida* a hundred times over, to perſwade the Queen that he eſteemed her as much as a mortal Man could do: But although he were extreamly in love with her, yet would he never falſify that Fidelity and Reverence which he owed the King of *Cappadocia.*

Indeed, Sir, he ſaid as much unto her, as any Man of the ſweeteſt and nobleſt Mind could do, to conceal the Shame and Confuſion of ſo great and fair a Queen. *Gelonida* and he, then being agreed upon an anſwer, ſhe returned to *Thomiris,* who did moſt impatienly expect her; ſhe no ſooner ſaw her, but cauſing all to go out of her Chamber; Well, *Gelonida,* (ſaid ſhe to her) let me from your Mouth hear, whether it be *Thomiris* or her Crown which *Artamenes* thinks unworthy of himſelf? It is rather he, Madam, replied *Gelonida,* who thinks imſelf unworthy of both: But, Madam, he ſaid furher, that though he might without injuſtice aſpire unto hat Honour which your Majeſty is pleaſed to offer him, nd notwithſtanding that eſteem which he owes you, yet he reſolves rather to die than fail in Duty to his Maſter. What, (replied *Thomiris*) would he do ſo, though he loved me? Certainly, Madam, (ſaid *Gelonida* to her) it cannot be thought that Love will ever corrupt his Duty. He told me, Madam, that he adored you in his Heart; but though his Life was deſtined to be unhappy, yet he would not be wicked. His Vertue indeed would be great (replied the Queen) but his Love would be ſmall if he could do ſo; and doubtleſs, he expreſſed his Paſſion unto you as an indifferent imaginary thing which never diſturbed his Reaſon, by any experience he had of it. I could have ſpoke as he does the day before he came hither; but now, ſince I have altered my Thoughts, I am perſwaded that if he loved me, he would change alſo with me; and his Generoſity would be perhaps a little diſpenſed with, principally in ſuch a Buſineſs as does not directly injure his Vertue. But, *Gelonida*, (added ſhe further) it is not I that can perſwade him; that which my Merit cannot do, my Reaſons will not. Your Merit, Madam, replied *Gelonida*, has (as he aſſures) wrought upon his Soul, as much as you can reaſonably deſire: He doth acknowledg that he both eſteems and admires you; but he adds withal, that it is in ſuch a manner, as thoſe who are Native Subjects unto their Queen, although he be not one of yours. For my part, replied *Thomiris*, I cannot tell what to think of *Artamenes*; for certain I am, there is no vitious Thought in my Heart, for if there were the leaſt tincture of any ſuch, very deſpite and repentance ſhould quickly cure of that Malady which troubles me; yet although that kind of imbecility does not diſturb me, my Soul is not at quiet: *Artamenes* has induced me almoſt to hate *Indathirſes*, and *Aripithes*; I cannot indure the Name of *Ciaxares*, which by others he has moved in, but not himſelf: every thing which might divert me, annoys me; my own Thoughts vex me; and not well knowing whether I love, or ought to love, I am only certain that I hate my own Tranquility, and that it will be hard for me ever to find it, unleſs he will permit me to give him a Crown, and confer that on him which in-

deed

ted his Vertue deſerves, and Quality denies him. For y part, Madam, (replied *Gelonida*) I think that *Armenes* prefers his Duty before his Ambition. But, *Genida*, (replied *Thomiris*, very angerly) if you do imagine ſuch an impoſſibility in my Deſign, why do you not tell me that *Artamenes* ſlights me? that *Artamenes* ſpeaks of me but with a faint Reſpect, and that *Artamenes* is unworthy of my Affection? Perhaps, if you carry it thus, very Spleen will work that in my Heart, which Reaſon could not. But you ſeem to tell me, that *Artamenes* ſpoke unto you with ſo much reſpect, and ſo much Wiſdom, that I can hardly either complain or deſpair; For if *Artamenes* do eſteem me, he may chance to love me; and if he love me, then that which he calls Duty unto *Ciaxares*, will quickly ſubmit unto the Duty which he owes unto *Thomiris*; therefore I muſt only keep *Artamenes* in this Court as long as poſſible I can, and ſubmit the reſt unto Fortune. I do believe, Madam, replied *Gelonida*, that it will be very difficult to keep him long, for if I be not deceived, he will preſently ask leave to depart. He may ask it, (anſwered this violent Princeſs) but he ſhall not obtain it: The Orders which I ſhall give will ſtop his Paſſage over *Araxes*. This was the diſcourſe of *Thomiris* and *Gelonida*: But to the end that *Tirez* ſhould not underſtand her Intentious, ſhe gave him order to tell my Maſter that if he would have a little patience, ſhe would within a few days, give him a peremptory Anſwer. *Artamenes* was then very much perplexed, for *Gelonida* did let him know by *Chriſantes*, that the Queen's Paſſion was every day more and more violent: *Teres* on the contrary, told him that there was great hopes in his Traſanction: Indeed, he neither knew well what to think, nor what to reſolve upon; He did ſtill urge *Teres* to preſs on the Buſineſs, and told him plainly, that if he received not an Anſwer within a ſhort time, he would be gone without it.

Mean time, this bad Succeſs did much torment him; not only becauſe he was ſorry that he diſturbed the Tranquillity of *Thomiris*; not becauſe *Ciaxares* would be perhaps diſpleaſed with him, but becauſe he apprehended ed *Mandana* might imagine that he did not uſe his beſt endeavour in the Buſineſs, ſince the Succeſs of it might deprive that Princeſs of a Crown. He was forced therefore unto Patience, and to wait upon the Iſſue of that Buſineſs, which in all appearance would not ſucceed handſomly. *Thomiris*, ſince ſhe had ſpoken unto *Artamenes* in ſuch plain Terms, was two days and would not be ſeen by any, under colour of being not well: During which time, *Artamenes*, the better to entertain himſelf with his melancholly Contemplations, went out to walk upon the Banks of that Rivolet, which, as I told you, did run along the Tents-Royal, and went which very little company; He would ſometimes leave us among ſome certain Trees which grew there, and there command us to ſtay; he would walk alone by himſelf, and go ſo far ſometimes that he would be out of our ſight.

Two days after that *Gelonida* had ſpoke unto him, *Indatherſes* and *Aripithes*, who had obſerved a great ſecrecy between *Chriſantes* and her, and conceived things much otherwiſe than they were, were extreamly tormented with their Jealouſies, and without any further reſolution, would clear all their Doubts of being revenged upon *Artamenes*. But yet the difficulty was to agree, which of them it ſhould be which ſhould execute it; for ſaid *Aripithes* unto *Indatherſes*, if you ſhould call *Artdmenes* in queſtion, and he give you no ſatiſfaction, you muſt then fight with him, and then perhaps you would pretend a new right unto *Thomiris* by this Combat. No, anſwered *Indatherſes*, I promiſe you never to pretend any thing unto her without her free Conſent: So that you may eaſily imagine, that my Quarrel with *Artamenes* is not the way to procure her Favour if ſhe love him, but it will put you into leſs danger of her hatred than my ſelf. But ſo it was, Sir, that they could not agree upon the Matter; they were rather ready to fall upon one another, for it is imaginable, that union which was grounded upon Jealouſy was not indiſſolvable, and ſo they parted very ill ſatiſfied with one another; and *Indatherſes* ſeeing my Maſter go out of the Tent to walk, followed only by two or three of his

Men, he went after with an equal number, to ſeek him by the River ſide where he often walked: As ſoon as *Artamenes* ſaw him, he went towards him, and accoſting him with much civility; I am happier than I thought (ſaid he to him) ſince I expected nothing in my Walk but ſolitude, and find ſuch good Company. *Indatherſes* anſwered my Maſter civilly enough before the Company; and beginning to go on, *Indatherſes* propounded to walk on Foot; and my Maſter conſenting unto it, they gave their horſes to their Men, and walked alone along the River ſide: As ſoon as they were at a reaſonable diſtance, and out of ſight of their Men; *Indatherſes* looking upon *Artamenes*, I know not (ſaid he to him) whether the Buſineſs I have to tell you, will ſurprize you; but I do know very well it can never trouble you ſo much as it has me. I know not (replied *Artamenes*) whether or no it will ſurprize me until I do know it; yet I can aſſure you, that I uſe not to be ſo at any perverſe events; but always prepare my ſelf to receive the worſt Malice of Fortune with a quiet Mind. My Buſineſs with you now (replied *Indatherſes*) is not of that quality: but before I explain my ſelf any further, tell me, I beſeech you, whether ſince you came amongſt the *Maſſagettes*, you ever heard of the Cauſe which brought me into this Court of *Thomiris?* Since I do uſe be ſincere (replied my Maſter) I muſt confeſs they tell me it is becauſe you are in love with *Thomiris:* and that both you and the Prince of *Sauromates* are poſſeſſed with the ſame Paſſion. Knew you as much before you ſaw *Thomiris?* I did ſo, anſwered my Maſter; Why then did you not defend your Heart (added *Indatherſes*) againſt her Charms? and ſince you make ſuch publick profeſſion of Generoſity, why would you diſingage two Princes, who have received you with all poſſible Civility? for I am certain that the Queen loves you, and I conceive that you love her; for this Princeſs would for a whole Year together obſtinately deny her Affection unto me, to place it upon a Man who never asked it, or does not love her. I do confeſs (anſwered *Artamenes* coldly) that what you tell me does more ſurpriſe me than I thought it would: But ſince I do not uſe to give any Explanations of this nature, unto any who complain of me, and ſpeak unto me in ſuch an Air as you do, I can ſay nothing to you, but that I reverence the Queen more than to ſuſpect her of any ſuch Imbecility as you accuſe her of: And for my particular, if I have been any Obſtacle, unto your Affection, I have done nothing but what I ought. But yet (replied *Indatherſes*) you do not directly tell me, whether or no you love the Qeen, and whether the Queen loves you, and whether your Buſineſs at Court will quickly be diſpatched? I will give you no other Anſwer (replied my Maſter) but as I did before, that I have done nothing but what I ought to do; and if you be not contented with it, then you muſt look out a way to get better ſatisfaction, for I will not refuſe you any that I can. I do know very well, (replied *Indatherſes*) that to aſſault an Embaſſador, is in ſome degree a violation of the Law of Nations, which all the People in the World think Sacred; but ſince I am a Stranger as well as you, I do not think my ſelf obliged by the Laws of this Country, nor that I am any thing injurious unto Honour, if I demand reparation for the Affront which you have offered, in cauſing *Thomiris* to hate me. Moſt Juſt (anſwered my Maſter, without any *dorr* at it) and if you pleaſe to walk ſome two hundred Paces further out of their ſight which follow us, you having a Sword as well as I, we may there end all Differences, and ſee whether the Love you bear unto the Queen, will make you Conqueror without any Danger.

Artamenes told us afterwards, that his anger to ſee himſelf perſecuted by a Man unto whom he was not any Rival, did ſo tranſport him, that he was not leſs incenſed than if he had been in love with the Queen. *Indatherſes* then accepting the Offer, they began to walk until they were out of any ſight of their Men, who never minded them: *Indatherſes*, and *Artamenes* drawing their Swords, began the Combat, the particulars whereof I cannot well relate, ſince all we know was from the Mouth of the Combatants, whoſe Modeſty would not permit them to ſet out their own Valours. *Artamenes* told us that *Indatherſes* ſhewed himſelf a Man of great Courage, and much Valour, in this dangerous Attempt. They made ſeveral paſſes at one another without a touch: but at laſt, ſince it was my Maſters deſtiny ever to vanquiſh, his Sword was ſanguin'd with the Blood of *Indatherſes*: The hurt was but ſlight, yet ſince it was in his right Arm, it much troubled him; ſo that fearing he ſhould not be long able to manage his Sword, he reſolved to come up very cloſe unto my Maſter, who received him as gallantly. *Indatherſes* was as tall as my Maſter; but there was ever ſuch a ſtrange vigour in the Heart of *Artamenes*, as it always doubled his ſtrength in any Dangers, and which ever made him victorious; ſo that after a little time of diſpute, *Artamenes* catch'd hold of *Indatherſes* Sword, and preſenting his own Sword unto his Breſt, cauſed him to confeſs himſelf vauquiſhed. My Maſter having both Swords in his hands; you will now acknowledg (ſaid he) that *Artamenes* is not altogether unworthy of the Affection of *Thomiris?* I will confeſs (replied *Indatherſes*) that you have valour enough to vanquiſh me, and that my Fortune is not good enough to diſpute with you for her. And I do confeſs, replied my Maſter, reſtoring him his Sword, and imbracing him, that I am not in love with *Thomiris*, that I never was nor ever will be. How, replied *Indatherſes*, are not you a lover of *Thomiris*? No, (replied *Artamenes*) and by my good will, ſhall never be any hinderance unto your Felicity with her. Since it is ſo (replied *Indatherſes*) why would you fight? Becauſe I would better perſwade you of the Truth, (anſwered my Maſter) and not ſuffer you to ſuſpect my Valour. *Indatherſes* was ſo much ſurpriſed and charmed with the generoſity of *Artamenes*, that he could not chuſe but deſire him to explain this Riddle, and uſed ſuch preſſing terms, and ſo full of ſubmiſſion, that my Maſter promiſed him he would; yet ſince he was hurt in the Arm, he perſwaded him to return unto his Tent to be dreſſed. The difficulty was how to get thither unperceived, and ſince it was not poſſible, *Artamenes* deſired him not to be troubled at it, leſt that *Thomiris* ſhould be offended with him and baniſh him, that he would take it upon himſelf, and ſay that it was he who firſt aſſaulted him. You are then it ſeems ſo much in her Favour (anſwered *Indatherſes*) that you fear not her Anger? Rather ſay, (replied *Artamenes*, ſmiling) that her Anger is ſo little terrible to me, that I fear not to expoſe my ſelf unto it.

Mean while, Sir, you may Imagine how much they were amazed which held their Horſes, when at their return they knew, by the Blood of *Indatherſes*, they had been fighting: that which moſt wondred them, was to ſee them ſeem as good Friends, as when they went out. And indeed *Indatherſes* and *Artamenes*, did ever after that love dearly. My Maſter becauſe he would keep his Word, after he had brought *Indatherſes* to his Pavillon, ſent *Chriſantes* to the Queen, to ask pardon for the Combat which he had fought with *Indatherſes*; that he confeſſed he was to blame in it, therefore he begged Pardon for *Indatherſes* as well as himſelf.

Thomiris much wondred at this Combat, and could not gueſs the Cauſe: *Aripithes* who was quite out with *Indatherſes*, was angry with himſelf that he could not go unto him to ask what *Artamenes* had told him. Yet the Queen, who could not be angry with *Artamenes*, reflected all againſt *Indatherſes*, ſaying, he had extreamly offended her, by affronting an Ambaſſador in her Court. *Artamenes* knowing it by the return of *Chriſantes*, went himſelf to beſeech her, in the behalf of *Indatherſes*; or if ſhe would puniſh him, yet not to make that the Ground of it. She urged my Maſter to tell her the Cauſe of the Combat, but he would not be induced to tell her; yet in concluſion procured a Pardon both for himſelf and *Indatherſes*. *Aripithes* angry to be thus prevented by *Indatherſes*, but much more to ſee my Maſter eſcape the danger of the Combat, and be victorious, reſolved, notwithſtanding his Pretentions unto the Queen, to quarrel with him alſo, and to ſeek out for an Opportunity.

Mean while the Prince of *Tauroſcithes*, who was all impatient until he was better informed from the Mouth of

Artamenes, of all which he ſaid unto him, did ſend civilly unto him; [illegible] the next day performed: He went unto his Tent, and acknowledged unto him, that his Negotiation at this Court was, to propound a Marriage between the Queen and *Ciaxares*; but not being able to give the Reaſon, he found her very averſe in the Motion; and that he began infallibly to ſee he ſhould return without effecting any thing, but the Buſineſs which related unto Pirats upon the *Caſpian* Sea, which was only the ſpecious Pretence of his Voyage. So, Sir, (ſaid he to him) you may well judg that I am in no Fault, nor ſhall not be, although I do continue my Tranſaction of the King's Intereſt whom I ſerve: But trouble not your ſelf at it, for I do aſſure you, that I am not able to effect it. And that I may the more quiet your Mind in regard of my ſelf: I do confeſs unto you, that I am in love with one whoſe Manacles I would not quit for all the Crowns of the World. *Indatherſes* gave my Maſter many thanks for his Generoſity and Freedom: And after he had promiſed unto him perpetual Affection, how comes it to paſs (ſaid he to him) that you cannot promote your Negotiation, ſince the Queen beſtows ſo many Marks of her Eſteem and Affection upon you? *Artamenes* deſiring to conceal from *Indatherſes* the Imbecility of *Thomiris*, told him, that it was oft-times the Cuſtom of Kings, to ſweeten the bad Succeſs of a Buſineſs, by their way and manner of tranſacting it. Yet *Indatherſes* was too much intereſted in the Buſineſs to be ſo eaſily deceived, and not to diſcern the difference between the Effects of common Civility, and the Effects of a violent Paſſion: But do what he could, he could not move *Artamenes* to tell what he knew concerning the Love of *Thomiris*; my Maſter always telling him, that he may very well content himſelf with knowing that he had no Affection unto the Queen.

This Diſcourſe being ended, *Artamenes* left him, and *Chriſantes* came to advertiſe him, that the Queen had given ſecret Orders to obſerve his Actions very carefully, leſt he ſhould eſcape away. You may imagine, Sir, how and ſeemed as if he [illegible] him ; yet he diſſembled it, times made Viſits to the Queen, who did not He divers him but after an ordinary manner ; ſometimes ſhe would be melancholy ; ſometimes ſhe would paſs from melancholy unto vexation, and ſhew ſome ſigns of Anger and Fury ; ſometimes ſhe would aſſume her civil and obliging Humour, ſo that it was eaſy to judg, that one and the ſame cauſe produced different Effects. My Maſter did once more preſs upon *Teres*, who made anſwer, that he was almoſt in deſpair of doing him that Service he would, but yet he could not give him any abſolute Anſwer. Afterwards he let my Maſter know, that the Queen commanded me to tell him, ſhe would have him ſtay until the return of *Spargapiſes* and *Aritanus* ; that ſhe could neither conclude of any thing, nor ſend him away until the King her Son came back : But withal he told him, how ſhe had ſent her Son ſecret Orders not to return over-ſoon, and beſeeched him to pardon him if he were not able to perform thoſe good Offices which he promiſed. After this, we obſerved that upon the matter *Artamenes* was not at liberty, and that there were always many Men which obſerved him ; he could never walk, but he was accompanied with a great number, and had ſcarce the freedom to be in his Tent without a Guard. The Ordinary Guards were not only doubled, but there were Courts of Guard placed in ſeveral Diſtances round about the Railes of the Camp.

We underſtood by *Gelonida*, that to colour the Buſineſs, it was given out, the Queen had received Intelligence, how *Artamenes* had ſecret Deſigns upon the Country ; and therefore, without offering any violence unto him, unleſs her Doubts were better cleared, ſhe would have him carefully looked unto.

Artamenes ſeeing himſelf brought unto this Extremity, did not know what to reſolve upon : He ſaw ſufficiently that the Marriage of *Ciaxares* could not be brought about ; he knew that if he ſhould move for new Leave to depart, it would rather more reſtrain his Liberty, than do any good. He perceived, by thoſe Orders which were given unto the Guards about the Tent-Royal, and by them which obſerved his Actions, that there was no poſſibility to eſcape; nor could he deviſe how to get himſelf out of this Labyrinth. Alas, (ſaid he ſometimes unto us) what can I do? what ſhall I ſay to *Ciaxares?* how can I ſpeak unto *Mandana?* Shall I tell them that *Thomiris* is in love with me? Is it poſſible for me to entertain them with any ſuch Diſcourſe? But if I do not tell them, what will the King and the Princeſs think of my flight? what will they ſay of ſuch ſtrange Proceedings? May they not well ſay I have loſt my Senſes? Yet as the ſtate of things does ſtand, this is the beſt which can happen unto me:My hopes of ſeeing *Mandana* will comfort me, and my Innocence will not long lie hid. Thus was *Artamenes* deſcanting upon the Buſineſs when *Gelonida* came to tell him, that ſhe would adviſe him to be gone as ſoon as he could; but ſince he did not very well know how to do it, he thought good to colour it, and therefore he deſired leave once more to depart: But ſhe anſwered that it could not be with conveniency, and therefore he muſt abſolutely wait the return of *Spargapiſes.*

Artamenes then ſeeing himſelf denied, and a Priſoner, was extreamly melancholy; not but that *Gelonida* did contrive all the ways ſhe could for his eſcape, but there was no means poſſible to bring it about. This did more diſquiet my Maſter than any thing elſe; for if he had been permitted but a Sword in his Hand, I do verily think he would have hoped to eſcape by forcing the Guards, and killing all that oppoſed his Paſſage, for ſuch wonderful and incredible things have I ſeen him bring to paſs. But when he began to conſider that the Queen was not thus violent and unjuſt, but becauſe ſhe loved him, he could not reſolve to diſhonour her by ſuch an Action; nor kill the Subjects of that Princeſs, whoſe Crime was an error of Love to him. Sorrow did ſit ſo heavy upon his Soul, that *Indatherſes*, now healed of his Hurt, and coming to viſit him, did perceive it, and did ſo urge him to acknowledg that *Thomiris* loved him, and that her Love was the cauſe of his Sorrows, as he could interpret it no otherwiſe; and at laſt told him how the Queen expreſſed ſuch things unto him as did induce him to believe it: And further told *Indatherſes*, that he ſhould infinitely oblige him if he would deviſe ſome way whereby he might eſcape. Now you may plainly ſee, generous *Indatherſes* (ſaid he to him) that I am not your Rival, ſince I do deſire your furtherance to rid me away from *Thomiris.* I do indeed, (anſwered *Indatherſes*) and plainly ſee you are in no fault; but that on the contrary, I am much obliged to you: But for all that (ſaid he) you do cauſe abundance of trouble in my Soul; for, truly, to diſcover the bottom of my Heart unto you, I ſhould be leſs troubled than I am, if *Thomiris* loved one who loved her: But that this Princeſs, who is ſo admirably fair and amiable, who has a Soul ſo great, and ſo unalterably ſetled, as to reſiſt the Love of *Aripithes* and my ſelf ſo long, ſhould, after all this, fall in love with a Man who loves not her; I do really confeſs to you, that I cannot reſent it but with abundance of extraordinary Sorrow: 'Tis true, I ſhould be more jealous if you loved her, but not half ſo much grieved. But in that ſtate wherein I do find my ſelf, pardon me (ſaid he to him) if your admirable Merits can juſtify *Thomiris* in my Thoughts. No, generous *Artamenes*, I will love her no longer; I will either pull that Paſſion out of my Soul, or elſe I'le die: And the more to facilitate your eſcape, I will determine upon my own; to that end I will tell the Queen, I have received Orders from the King of the *Tauroſcithes* my Father, to come unto him, and deſire her Leave to be gone: Since I am not *Artamenes* (ſaid he, ſighing) ſhe will permit it; and the better to further our Deſign, you ſhall feign your ſelf ſick: In the Night you ſhall come into my Tent, and I will convey you away with me; your Servants may alſo paſs amongſt my Train, and we will go out ſo early in the Morning, that the Guards cannot know you: You may appoint ſome Servants to ſtay behind, who may tell it, that their Maſter is not well, they dare not go into his Chamber until it be late; this Device will afford you more time, and you will be further off before your flight be diſcovered:

Thoſe who watch and obſerve you in the day-time, commit all the care of you in the night to the Night-guards, who watch both within and without the Camp, ſo that the Project will apparently take effect; and I ſhall ſet you in ſuch a way, where, unleſs I be much deceived, they will never ſeek you. In ſhort, *Indatherſes* told him, I will be both your Guide and your Convoy; but (ſaid he) do not think that this Office which I do you, is out of any Intereſt or End; for let me tell you once more, I will love *Thomiris* no longer; Abſence, which uſes to cure ſuch Maladies, ſhall perfect that which Anger has begun.

In a word, Sir, to make my Diſcourſe the ſhorter; though *Artamenes* was extreamly unwilling to take from *Thomiris* ſuch an illuſtrious Lover; yet *Indatherſes* did preſs it ſo upon him, that he accepted of his Offer: The Buſineſs was done with more eaſe than we could expect. *Indatherſes* asked leave, and obtained it; my Maſter counterfeited being Sick; we went out of our Tent unto that of *Indatherſes* (which was very near) in the Night: We appointed one of thoſe who was to ſtay behind at the Chamber Door, to conceal our flight as long as he could.

At the firſt break of Day, we went out of the Tents-Royal unperceived by any, becauſe we were mingled amongſt the Train of *Indatherſes*. The Guards, who had Orders from the Queen to let this Prince paſs, did not oppoſe our paſs; ſo that we were got out of the Camp, and out of their furtheſt Courts of Guards undiſcovered by any: But I forgot to tell you, Sir, how much it troubled my Maſter thus to leave his Men; ſo that if *Gelonida*, who was privy to our departure, had not aſſured him, that ſhe had prevalency enough with the Queen to prevent any ill uſage unto them, I do believe he would not have gone; but this vertuous Woman did ſo faithfully promiſe to protect them, that he did believe it, and took her Counſel; leaving a Letter for *Thomiris*, whereby he endeavoured to colour and excuſe his departure.

Mean time, our March proved ſo proſperous, that we were not found by them who queſtionleſs did ſeek for us; for *Indatherſes* did lead us ſuch a way, as none would ever ſuſpect us to take. My Maſter would have quitted this Prince from being his Guide any longer; yet *Indatherſes* would needs continue his Office; for, Sir, ſince he imagined, that as ſoon as the flight of *Artamenes* was diſcovered, the Queen would cauſe all the Paſſages over *Araxes* to be ſtopped; therefore he conducted him unto a place higher up the River, where it parted into three Diviſions, and where they might ford it over: It was juſt to the ſide of *Araxes* that *Indatherſes* conducted *Artamenes*, whom he loved exceedingly, altho he had been a cauſe of much Sorrow unto him. My Maſter did then ask pardon, for being in ſome ſort a cauſe of his Griefs, and both of them embracing one another with equal tenderneſs of Affection, they parted with reciprocal Promiſes to love one another eternally. *Indatherſes* looked upon *Artamenes* as he paſſed the River; who being landed on the other ſide, ſaluted the Prince of *Tauroſcithes*, and he him again. Afterwards *Indatherſes* took the way unto his Country, though now he was a good way out of it, and we took that which conducted unto *Cappadocia*. But, Sir, that which made the firſt day's Journey moſt unpleaſant, was, becauſe *Artamenes* had much ado to reſolve with himſelf what he ſhould ſay unto *Ciaxares*; yet after he had well bethought himſelf, he reſolved to tell him only, that he did not find things in ſo good a ſtate, as to move *Thomiris* openly concerning his Marriage; and that this Princeſs being perſwaded unto it by ſome ill-diſpoſed Perſons, cauſed a Rumour to be raiſed, that he had ſome bad Deſigns in agitation; that he being advertiſed how they were jealous of his Actions, demanded leave to depart: Which being denied, and ſeeing they reſolved to arreſt him, he thought it his Duty to prevent it, leſt any Diſgrace ſhould reflect upon the King.

In concluſion, after he had fancied what to ſay, the hopes of ſeeing *Mandana* again, did revive ſome Joy in his Soul; and after this, we travelled not a day wherein we did not diſcover ſome new ſatisfaction in the Countenance

tenance of *Artamenes* : Every ſtep he took towards *Mandana*, was a freſh delight ; and his own Thoughts did ſo pleaſantly entertain him, that he did not need either the Company of *Chriſantes* or me to divert him : Commonly he went either ſome thirty Paces before, or thirty Paces behind the reſt of the Company, that he might ſtudy out his Thoughts with more freedom. One day then, when we were not above five hundred Furlongs from *Themiſcira* ; and becauſe our Journey was great, we we were gone out before day did appear : After we had rode above an hour, we came into a Foreſt, when the Sun from the Eaſt did firſt gild the Clouds : There was one of my Maſter's Men, named *Ortalques*, riding upon a white Horſe, and being the firſt which rode, that the reſt might follow him in the dark ; *Artamenes* followed him, *Chriſantes* and my ſelf, with ſome others, followed *Artamenes*.

Marching in this Order, and this approaching Light beginning to pierce through the thick Foreſt, permitting us to diſcern Objects which were not far diſtant : my Maſter diſcovered upon his right Hand, a great and rich Pavillion erected under ſome Trees, and guarded by many Souldiers, and ſeemed as if they would forbid entrance unto any which ſhould come there. This Sight ſo extraordinary, begot a little Curioſity in my Maſter ; but his Mind was taken up with the Idea of his Princeſs, that it ſtopped his Curioſity to ask what it was. When he was gone a little further, he could not chuſe but turn his Head aſide ; and he ſaw, through the Boughs and Trees, a Woman, who lifting up the hanging of the Tent, ſeemed to look whether or no it were day. About ten or twelve Paces further, he who went firſt, and was called *Ortalques*, being then ſome twenty Paces from *Artamenes*, he ſaw a Man in Arms, who getting upon his Horſe which his Page did hold, came up to him, and asked him, whether he was that Country-man? and whether he could tell him which way he ſhould croſs the Foreſt, and never enter into the Plains? No, Sir, (anſwered *Ortalques*) but perhaps thoſe that come after me may better inform you. Then *Artamenes* came up and asked him what this Cavalier did ſay? But whilſt he was relating it, my Maſter ſaw a dozen Horſe-men coming, who after they had looked upon this Stranger, cried out, it's he my Companions, it's he; ſend preſently to inform our Captain; then one of them ſpur'd his Horſe, and rode in all haſte to the place from whence they came: Mean while, the eleven which remained, fell upon this unknown Cavalier, who being retreated ſome certain Paces, commanded his Page aloud, to go in all haſte, and cauſe them to depart; for (ſaid he, ſpeaking of *Artamenes* and the reſt, who ſeeing the inequality of the Combate, had their Swords drawn ready to defend him) this relief which the Gods have ſent me, is ſufficient to make my Party good with them; after which I ſhall be with you.

Indeed this Stranger was not deceived; and the Generoſity of *Artamenes* not permitting him to ſee one ſingle Man in his Preſence, aſſaulted by eleven; never ſtood conſidering what he had to do, but as ſoon as he ſaw theſe Cavaliers aſſaulted a ſingle Man, drew his Sword, and commanded us to do the like; ſo that advancing towards theſe Blades, he gave time unto him whom they would have deſtroyed, to ſpeak what I already told you unto his Page: *Artamenes* underſtood not what it was he ſaid, although I did very diſtinctly hear it; as ſoon as he had given that Order, this unknown Cavalier came in to diſingage my Maſter from his Enemies, but he perceived that he had done it himſelf, by killing three of them with his own Hands, and we, the reſt of his Company ſeconding his Valour, as well as it was poſſible for us; ſo that this unknown Partner joyning with us, it was an eaſy matter to vanquiſh the remainder of our Enemies, it being moſt certain, that he was as valiant as any Man in the World; he fought then as a Man that would teſtiſy unto his Liberator, he was not unworthy of that Protection which was given him: But as the laſt of his Enemies fell dead by the Hand of *Artamenes*, and as he came unto him to render him Thanks, the day being full light enough, he knew him (as we imagined afterwards;) ſo that immediately altering his Deſign, he recoiled back, and went towards *Ortalques*, who was looking round about to ſpy whether there were any more Enemies to fight withal; and being come near him, Tell your Maſter (ſaid he in great haſte) that I am very ſorry to be ſo uncivil, and ſeem ſo ungrateful: But ſince my Deſtinies compel me to it, I hope he will excuſe me. After he had ſpoken theſe words in great haſte, he rode preſently through the Trees, and followed the ſame way which the Ladies and thoſe which were with them took: *Ortalques* told my Maſter what the Stranger ſaid: This paſſage, you may well ſuppoſe did much ſurprize *Artamenes*, ſince he could not imagine why he ſhould ſo haſtily ſend this Complement by his Man, and how preſſing ſoever his occaſions were, it would not have retarded him more to have ſpoke it unto himſelf, as well as unto his Servants: He thought that in fighting he heard the tone of a Voice which was not altogether unknown unto him; yet he could not recal who it ſhould be; ſo that longing exceedingly to know more of this Adventure, he went to look amongſt the dead, if there were none amongſt them which had been known unto him; and viewing them, he found one, who by reaſon of a great Wound received in his right Hand, and another in his Throat which made him Speechleſs, ſo that he was not to be underſtood by any thing but Signs: This wounded Cavalier no ſooner ſaw my Maſter, but as we might conjecture by his ſigns he knew him, although none of us could remember him, or ever ſaw him; and to ſay truth it was not ſtrange at all, ſince it is very ordinary for thouſands to know the General of an Army, whom he knows not again. This Man, as ſoon as he ſaw my Maſter near him, ſeemed to be very joyful, and exceedingly deſirous to make him underſtand the Adventure; but the more he endeavoured to explain himſelf, the more he puzled *Artamenes*, for he could not pronounce a word or a ſyllable, nor was there any way to draw any conjecture from him: Sometimes he would point towards that way which the unknown Cavalier had taken, as if he wiſhed us to go after him: Sometimes

times he would point towards that place from whence they came, as if he expected ſome relief from thence; afterwards, he would look about, and make us view that Pavilion, which the Men belonging unto that unknown Cavalier had left, and carried away the Ladies which were in it: In ſhort, all his Signs and Actions did but augment the diſquiet of *Artamenes*; who to ſee if he could find any thing in that Pavilion which might better inform him, lighted from his Horſe and went in; but though he could not meet with any thing which could add any thing unto his Knowledg; yet notwithſtanding he could not leave it: Sometimes he was in a mind, though he knew not why, to go after him whom he had ſo opportunely relieved: other-times he reſolved to tarry there in hopes that ſome would come and give him better intelligence of the Accident; and ſometimes he would chide himſelf for loſing ſo much time which was ſo precious; what ſhall I do here (ſaid he) and intereſt my ſelf in other Mens Buſineſs, when I may be drawing nearer my Princeſs? and as if he were aſhamed of that fault, he went out of the Pavilion, got on Horſeback, and commanded one of his Men to take up the wounded Man behind him, until he came unto the next Houſe, where he might be dreſſed, and from whence he might ſend to bury the dead, who by their Arms ſeemed to be *Cappadocians*: That which was moſt advantagious unto us upon this occaſion was, that there was none of us wounded, except *Chriſantes*, who received a ſlight ſcratch in his left Arm. *Artamenes* remembring that there was one of theſe twelve Cavaliers, which turned back as if he went to fetch relief, would needs ſtay a while to ſee if any came, notwithſtanding the counſel of *Chriſantes* to the contrary; for indeed he ſuppoſed if there came any Men, they would be numerous, and that *Artamenes* was not in a condition to reſiſt them, yet it was not that reaſon which hindred him from ſtaying longer: But ſeeing that the wounded Man was in much danger; and that his Throat with ſtriving to ſpeak was ſo ſwelled that the Man almoſt loſt his Senſes, and fearing it might choak him, he marched in all haſte unto the next Houſe or Town; as ſoon as he came there, he ſent for a Chyrurgion to ſearch the Wound in his Neck, and to try if there were any poſſibility to recover his Voice. For three days together this wounded Man could not ſpeak a ſyllable, nor was there yet any likelihood: *Artamenes* ſeeing that, commanded the Chyrurgion to have a great care of him: He gave his Recompence before-hand; and continued on his Journey: He did enquire of all thoſe whom he met with in the Houſe where we were, whether there were any Men ſeen lately in Arms; but we found none, neither there, nor any where upon the Road, who could inform us any thing: *Artamenes* was ſo poſſeſſed with a profound muſing that we marched all that day, and the next within ſix hours of Night without pronouncing one ſyllable: But when we came to the Banks of *Thormodon*, and within ſight of *Themiſcira* where the King told him he would ſtay till his return, Joy did then a little move his Heart, and turning himſelf towards me (who was next him) with a pleaſant Countenance. At the laſt, *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) I ſee the place where my Princeſs is, and by conſequence, I hope to ſee her preſently: But, O Heavens, ſhall I find her the ſame I left her? Shall I obtain from the ſincerity of her Vertue, ſo much happineſs, as to hear her ſay ſhe thought upon me in my Abſence? Sir, (ſaid I to him) although the Princeſs do not tell it you, yet you may well believe it, for I am moſt certain, it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould do otherwiſe. Indeed I had good reaſon for what I ſaid; for a few days before we parted from *Themiſcira*, *Marteſia* had ſo much goodneſs in her,as to truſt me with all the advantagious Thoughts which the Princeſs entertained concerning my Maſter: But ſhe did ſo expreſly forbid me to ſpeak of it to *Artamenes*, that I never durſt reveal them; giving him only ſome hopes in general of being beloved, without particularizing any thing: And to tell you the truth, I ſaw him ſo grieved at his abſence from the Princeſs, that I made no queſtion, but if he had known all theſe ſmall Circumſtances which I have told you, he would not have died for Grief: But in concluſion, Sir, after much ſuch like diſcourſe between my Maſter and me, in coming near *Themiſcira*; and after much rejoycing in hopes of ſeeing his *Mandana*, we came within a hundred Paces of the Gates, where we met one that was a Servant unto the Princeſs: *Artamenes* no ſooner ſaw him, but rode towards him in all haſte, and asked him very earneſtly concerning the King, and the Princeſs. Ah, Sir, ſaid the Servant, would you had come four days ſooner! At theſe words my Maſter began to look pale, and preſently to convert his Hopes into Tears, and his Joy into Sorrow, he looked in the Eyes of the Servant, for the cauſe of his diſcourſe, but not being able to divine it; what (ſaid he) is there any diſaſterous Accident chanced unto the King or the Princeſs? Yes, Sir, (replied the Servant) and doubtleſs the greateſt that could chance, for the King has loſt the Princeſs his Daughter; How, (replied my Maſter deſperately confounded) is the Princeſs dead? No, Sir, (anſwered he) but ſhe is carried away: I do think it very happy, Sir, that the Mind of *Artamenes* was taken up with the worſt Reſentment firſt: For indeed I am fully perſwaded, if the thought of her Death had not inſtantly preceded his thought of her being taken away, he would have ſunk down dead upon the place. How (cried he out) is *Mandana* taken away? Who is the Man that durſt attempt ſo raſh and unjuſt Deſign? *Philidaſpes* (anſwered the Servant) whom they ſay, was the Prince of *Aſſyria*: *Philidaſpes*, replied *Artamenes*; yes, Sir, replied he, and the ſame Misfortune would have it ſo, that a Party which was ſent after her, were killed by ſome which reſcued her, of which the King is aſſured. Ah my Friends (cried out *Artamenes* in turning towards us) we need not queſtion but that it was we, who have killed the Protectors of *Mandana*; who have relieved her Raviſher, and who are acceſſary to her carrying away. Sir, ſaid *Chriſantes* unto him, is it not better to go into the Town, where we may be better informed of all the Circumſtances in this great Misfortune? *Artamenes*, notwithſtanding his deſpair, finding *Chriſantes* ſpeak Reaſon, ſet forward; But Heavens knows, how altered from what he was before, and what a prodigious Change, Sorrow made immediately in him; he had ſo ſad and ſo terrible an Aſpect all at once, as one might eaſily ſee Anger mingled with his Melancholy; and that now Jealouſy was more in his Heart than Love. He preſſed the Princeſs's Servant, to tell him how the Miſfortune happened: He underſtood then, that three days before this Accident, *Aribeus* moved the King to hunt ſome thirty Furlongs from *Themiſcira*, and during his abſence the Deſign was executed. But, ſaid my Maſter to him, how could they excute it? It was no difficult matter (replied *Mandan*'s Servant) for the Guards were corrupted, and it was they who carried her away: Alſo, it is thought one of her Women betrayed her, out of a ſecret Jealouſy ſhe had, that the Princeſs preferred *Marteſia* before her: You know, Sir, (added he) that the River *Thormodon* runs under the Windows of the Princeſs *Mandana*, and that thoſe Windows are ſo low, that there needs no Stairs to deſcend them. Then, Sir, one of the Guards obſerving the hour in which the Princeſs was uſed to retire, went and knockt at the Door of the outer Chamber, as ſhe was ready to undreſs her ſelf; that Woman which was of the Conſpiracy, opening the Door, went and told the Princeſs there was one of the Guard who had ſome important matter to acquaint her with. The Princeſs wondering at it a little, did for all that command him to enter: Madam, ſaid he to her, I come to advertiſe you, that there is a deſign in agitation to carry you away this next Night. The Princeſs knowing that heretofore ſhe heard of ſuch a thing, was much aſtoniſhed; yet notwithſtanding after ſhe had thanked the Man, ſhe asked him how he came to know it, and how it might be prevented? To give more credit unto my words (ſaid he to her) you need only to ſtep unto the Window, where I will ſhew you the Bars half looſe. This wiſe Princeſs being deſirous to be ſatisfied of the truth, went unto the Window: That Woman who was of the Plot, taking a Candle to light her: But, Oh Heavens, ſhe was no ſooner there, but the Guard breaking out the Bars of the Window carried her away, for they were filed looſe before-hand. I leave you to judge how the Princeſs was amazed at it: She commanded him to hold off; but much more was ſhe aſtoniſhed, when ſhe ſaw ſix more of the Guards enter, and taking her by Violence, committed her into the Hands of her Raviſher, who was in a Boat under the Window with many armed Men. *Mandana* at the firſt did obſtinately reſiſt him; but was forced to ſubmit: One of her Women reported, that when ſhe knew him to be *Philidaſpes* by his Voice (for he was diſguiſed) ſhe cried out, Ah *Philidaſpes*, if *Artamenes* were here thou durſt not attempt this: But in concluſion, Sir, *Philidaſpes* carried her away, and all her Women cried lamentably out, but all in vain; for thoſe of the Guard which were not of the Plot, deſiring to enter, could not, for they which betrayed, barred the Doors behind: The confuſion was ſo great that theſe Women belonging to the Princeſs *Mandana*, cried out on every ſide, that they had taken away their Princeſs, and did not open the Doors unto thoſe which could not enter but by breaking them. I forgot to tell you, that theſe Raviſhers did alſo take away with them that Woman which was of the Conſpiracy; but as for *Marteſia*, they would not take her; but yet notwithſtanding, this generous Woman would not forſake her Miſtreſs, but held her ſo hard and faſt by the Clothes, that they were conſtrained to take her alſo: although they doubtleſs heard the Princeſs cry out, Ah *Marteſia*, do not forſake me! At the laſt, Sir, the Boat going with the current of the River, went at ſuch a rate as they were quickly a Furlong off on the other ſide of the Water, where there was as many Horſes waiting for them as there was Men, ſo that it was not poſſible to be remedied; for before the Governour of *Themiſcira* could be advertiſed of the Accident, or could know what courſe to take, they were got ſo far as there was no hopes of recovery: Yet notwithſtanding, the Captain of the Guard taking Horſe with two hundred Men only, divided them into ſeveral Parties: One of them was the twelve which met *Philidaſpes*, and knew him rather by the Arms he wore, than by his Face; for having been ſo long concealed in the Country, he ſo changed his Habit and Countenance, as he was not knowable: Thoſe twelve Men then knowing him, as I told you, and ſeeing a great Pavilion erected, wherein doubtleſs was the Princeſs, and it being probable, he would pitch his Tent as ſoon as he was a good diſtance off, one of them returned in all haſte to advertiſe their Captain, that he might ſpeedily come and relieve his Men, who ſince ſome Strangers had took part with *Philidaſpes* might be in danger to be defeated; but he was ſo unfortunate, that he could not meet with him. Deſperate as not to find him, he returned in full haſte to the place where he left his Companions engaged with *Philidaſpes*, and with thoſe Men who accidentally met him in that place: But O Heavens! he found there ten of his Companions dead, and found not the eleventh at all; he ſaw the Pavilion ſtanding, but none in it, and he could not diſcover any ſign that one of *Philidaſpes* his Men were killed: So, Sir, this Man came to acquaint the King, who came hither in all haſte as ſoon as he heard of the Accident. He hath ſent unto all the Ports, to prevent the paſſage of *Philidaſpes*, in caſe he intend to take Sea: But to tell you truth, there is no great likelihood of catching him that way, ſince they have failed in their firſt diſcovery. Moreover, yeſterday (added the Servant) there run a Manifeſto throughout *Themiſcira*, by which it appears that *Philidaſpes*, ſays he is *Labinet*, Son unto Queen *Nitocris*, and ſole Heir unto the Kingdom of *Aſſyria*. Moreover he ſays;

THat Cappadocia *by right belongs unto the Crown of* Aſſyria, *and therefore he could not think of any milder way to conquer it, than by making* Mandana *Queen of* Aſſyria; *That the Law which forbids any Stranger to marry the Princeſs, ought not to be objected againſt him, ſince by right the* Cappadocians *are his Subjects: That the Reaſon why he did not ask the Permiſſion of* Ciaxares, *was, becauſe he certainly knew that all the* Medians *hating the* Aſſyrians, *both* Aſtyages *and*

Ciaxares *would not conſent he ſhould marry the Princeſs. That as he is not a Stranger unto the Princeſs of* Cappadocia, *no more is ſhe a Stranger unto him: So that he hopes the Queen* Nitocris *will approve of his Deſign, and receive the Princeſs* Mandana *with much Joy.*

There are many other things in the Manifeſto, Sir (added he) which would be too tedious to rehearſe. During all this Diſcourſe *Artamenes* ſaid not a Word, not that he hearkened unto it with any Serenity of Soul; but on the contrary, one might diſcover in his Face ſuch viſible Marks of turbulent Paſſions, that he would make all that looked upon him to pity him: but the Reaſon was, becauſe he perceived that he could not ſpeak without diſcovering too much exceſſive Sorrow unto a Man in whom he had no Confidence, and therefore he thought it better to keep cloſe the vaſtneſs of Grief unto himſelf. *Chriſantes* eaſily obſerving his Diſquiet, went away in all haſte as ſoon as the Servant had ended his Relation. Yet *Artamenes*, not knowing well how he ſhould endure the ſight of *Ciaxares* without too open a diſcovery of his Deſpair, ſent *Chriſantes* to ſee how the King did, to the end he might have more time to prepare himſelf for ſo difficult a Tranſaction. My Maſter, ſeeing only me with him, looked upon me in ſuch lamentable manner as would have infuſed pity into the hardeſt Heart of Stone. *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) *Mandana* is carried away, and carried away by *Philidaſpes*; *Philidaſpes*, I ſay, who I could have killed ſeveral times: But O Heavens (cried he out) is it poſſible the great Antipathy between him and me, whilſt I took him to be my Rival, ſhould ever let me miſtake the Raviſher of *Mandana*, and let my own Arm aſſiſt my moſt mortal Enemy? What, my moſt Divine *Mandana* (ſaid he all in Fury) were you in that Pavilion which I ſaw? and was that unknown Stranger *Philidaſpes?* Perhaps it was you I ſaw lift up the Hanging of the Tent? have I both deſtroyed you and my ſelf? have I ſlain thoſe which would have relieved you? Did I hinder them from killing *Philidaſpes?* Was I in a Condition to deliver you, and did not? Did I help him to carry you away? And could that Traitor *Philidaſpes*, who queſtionleſs knew me, accept of the aſſiſtance of his Enemy? Alas! *Mandana*, are not you in *Themiſcira?* Are you in the power of *Philidaſpes?* But O Heavens! was it not too much you ſhould do all this by Violence,but I muſt contribute unto it? And muſt the injurious *Philidaſpes* carry you away by the aſſiſtance of my Hand, and my Valour? But never think, *Philidaſpes* (added he) quietly to enjoy ſuch an Illuſtrious Conqueſt in what part of the Earth ſoever thou art, it ſhall coſt thee thy Life. Yes, though thou ſhouldſt be in *Babylon*, the greateſt and ſtrongeſt City of the World, in the midſt of all thy Guards, ſitting upon the Throne of thy Fathers, yet will I puniſh thee for this moſt injurious Act. Nothing but thy Blood can waſh it out of my Memory, and nothing but thy Death ſhall be the Penalty of thy Crime: O Heavens (ſaid he) unto what dire Misfortunes am I deſtined? Ah *Thomiris*! that your unjuſt Paſſion ſhould coſt me ſo dear, and that I ſhould be ſo rigorouſly puniſhed for troubling your Tranquillity. But, Divine Princeſs, ſaid he, who was pleaſed (as they aſſure me) to pronounce my Name when they took you away; will you remember me in *Aſſyria?* ſhall not the Tears of *Philidaſpes* charm you? will you not pardon his Crime? will not the Magnificence of *Babylon* blind your Eyes? and that great Court invite your Mind? will you not praiſe the Violence of *Philidaſpes*, to be exceſs of Love? will you not be the ſame upon the Banks of *Euphrates* which you were wont to be upon the Banks of *Iris* and *Thermodon?* O Divineſt Princeſs, ſhall not *Artamenes* be preferred before *Philidaſpes?* and *Cyrus* before the King of *Aſſyria?* Alas! ſaid he further, did the Gods the firſt Minute that I ſaw *Philidaſpes* move me to hate him, that I ſhould ſerve him in ſuch an unjuſt occaſion as this? How was it poſſible my Rival could ſo diſguiſe himſelf? I knew him when I ought not to have known him, and I did not know him at that critical time when it was moſt important for me to know it was *Philidaſpes*, and who *Philidaſpes* was. Imagine *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) how great would have been my Joy, if the Gods had permitted me to have known the Truth, when after I had fought and vanquiſhed *Philidaſpes*,

pes, I ſhould have gone unto the Pavilion, where I ſhould have found my Princeſs, and delivered her, and brought her back unto *Themiſcira*: But you may imagine how extream is my Sorrows and my Deſpair, ſince it is I only who am the only cauſe of her loſs; It is I who put her into the Hands of *Philidaſpes*, and am Acceſſory to the taking her away; I might have joined with theſe who aſſaulted him, but alas! I aſſaulted them; I might have ſaved *Mandana*, but alas! I have loſt her; yet I muſt repair the loſs, if it be poſſible, or at leaſt be revenged of him who was the cauſe of it. Aſſiſt me, O ye moſt juſt Gods, with Conſtancy enough to ſupport this diſmal Accident and not die. I know that Death is a Remedy againſt all Misfortunes, and that this Remedy would cure me of all mine: But, Divine *Mandana*, you have at this time done that in me which the moſt affrighting Dangers never could; Yes, my Princeſs, that Heart which never apprehended Death amidſt the moſt bloody Battels, has now ſome fears of it under the heavy Load of his Diſcontents: I do fear, my Princeſs, I do indeed, but I think it is not a baſe and feeble fear, but ſince I fear not Death for any cauſe but to expoſe my Life to gain your Liberty, doubtleſs you will pardon me: But alas! who can tell whether ever you ſhall ſpeak again unto *Artamenes*, or *Artamenes* ever ſpeak unto *Mandana*? However (ſaid he) I am ſure I ſhall look *Philidaſpes* in the Face, though he be King of *Aſſyria*, and it ſhall not be long before I diſturb his Felicity.

As *Artamenes* was thus reſenting his Fate, *Chryſantes* returned, and told him that he might ſee the King; but ſince his Return was divulged, more than half the Court was aſſembled about *Ciaxares*, which News not much pleaſed him, fearing nothing more than to have too many Spectators of his Sorrow: The ſight of the Caſtle where he ſaw the Princeſs laſt, redoubled his Sadneſs; the preſence of the King did ſo damp his Soul, and made his Sorrows ſo apparent in the ſight of all that great Aſſembly, that though *Ciaxares* was much ſadded, yet was he much more. This Prince no ſooner ſaw my Maſter, but never remembring the buſineſs of his Voyage, he reflected upon on that loſs which he had. Alas! *Artamenes* (ſaid he to him) *Philidaſpes* has not been ſo happily diſcovered in his ſecond Enterpriſe as he was in his firſt; The Gods have inſpired him to force away my Daughter. I wiſh, Sir, (replied my Maſter) that I could either by my Valour or my good Fortune regain her, and that I could prevent the unjuſt *Philidaſpes* from long enjoying that Treaſure which I might eaſily have taken from him. The King, not well underſtanding theſe Words, deſired the Explanation of them; and *Artamenes* could not hold from relating that buſineſs, which moſt of any thing in the World did ſenſibly trouble him: He told the King how he had met with *Philidaſpes*; and how he ſaw the Pavillion ſet up in the Forreſt; how he had killed them which aſſaulted the Raviſher of *Mandana*; and how he had contributed to the carrying away of *Mandana*. This ſtrange Event did much ſurprize the King, and augmented his Sorrows in ſuch a manner as he could not heed *Artamenes* and his Grief, which appeared exceeding much when he had ended his Relation: But by good Fortue, all they which ſaw him, did believe that this exceſſive Sorrow which ſo much appeared in his Face and Words, was only an effect of that odd croſs Adventure which he had met withal. Inſomuch as all the Court were ſo ſad at the Misfortune of the Princeſs, as that there was none ſo little intereſted in it as could preciſely obſerve his Actions. After this fatal Relation was ended, and every one ſpoke of it with Wonder as well as Wo, Sir, (ſaid my Maſter, ſpeaking to *Ciaxares*) will you permit me to go after and ſeek *Philidaſpes?* I cannot call him the Prince of *Aſſyria*, ſince I can hardly believe that a Son of the Queen *Nitocris*, who is one of the greateſt and wiſeſt Princeſſes in the World, ſhould attempt ſo unjuſt a Deſign. True it is (added he) that it is hardly to be believed that any Man who is not of Royal Extract, durſt elſe undertake an Enterprize ſo bold as to force away the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*. Ah *Artamenes* (ſaid *Ciaxares*) the Averſion which you ever had unto *Philidaſpes* was better grounded than you thought, and I doubt not but you will infinitely intereſt your ſelf in this Buſineſs. Doubt it not, Sir (replied my Maſter) for I promiſe you either to deliver her, or die by the Hand of her Raviſher. After this the King went into his Cloſet, and called *Artamenes* after him, to the end he might ask him whether it was true that he came back without any Train or Equipage as he had been told. *Artamenes* then told him what I have told you: But ſince the King's Soul was ſo ſadded with the loſs of the Princeſs, he cared not much for the bad ſucceſs of his Voyage, and having ſuch need of my Maſter's Valour in ſuch a dire conjuncture of Affairs, he never examined whether what he had ſaid unto him were likely or no. *Artamenes* urged him again to give him leave to follow *Philidaſpes*, though there was ſmall hopes of finding him: And ſince it might ſo hap that the Princeſs might fall ſick by the way and retard his March, *Ciaxares* conſented unto his deſire, and gave order for three hundred Horſe to follow him: The next Morning my Maſter asked the King if any thing of the Conſpiracy were diſcovered,and whether he ſuſpected any as Aſſiſtants unto *Philidaſpes?* But the King told him, that *Aribeus* had uſed all poſſible means to enquire into the buſineſs, yet unto this hour could never have any Conjecture. My Maſter had a great deſire to tell the King that *Aribeus* was not a fit Man to be imployed in that Inquiſition, by reaſon of the great Friendſhip between him and *Philidaſpes*; but he ſtayed until his Jealouſies were grounded upon a better Bottom than Surmiſes, and until he had more plain and convincing Arguments againſt him. Then he left the King, and without the cloſing of an Eye all that Night waited impatiently for break of Day. Mean while, Sir, not to hold you with relation of all the Agitations of his reſtleſs Mind, and the wearineſs this laſt Voyage had cauſed in him, give me leave only to tell you, that in fifteen days which were imployed in queſt of the Princeſs, we met with no news that could afford any hopes unto my Maſter; but on the contrary, we were advertiſed, how after many croſs and blind ways which they took purpoſely to deceive Followers, *Philidaſpes* was arrived with the Princeſs at a Town within his own Kingdom, which is towards the Frontiers of *Media*, and in ſuch a place where he might raiſe an Army too conſiderable for us to attempt the reſcue of the Princeſs; we learned alſo for certain, that *Philidaſpes* was really Son unto the Queen *Nitocris*, and ſo we returned again unto *Themiſcira*, without effecting any thing, but knowing that *Mandana* was in the Hands of ſuch a Prince as might (if the Queen his Mother would conſent) bring an Army of two hundred thouſand Men into the Field. The thought of this, though it dejected the Spirits of all others, yet did it elevate the Soul of *Artamenes* in lieu of driving it into deſpair; and the Quality of his Rival did in ſome ſort comfort him in his Diſgrace. All the reſt which before went after the Raviſher of *Mandana*, did fruitleſly return: They only told us, that the wounded Man whom we left by the way, did recover of his Wounds. Mean while *Aribeus*, (who as you ſhall know by the ſequel of my Diſcourſe) was not innocent from this Conſpiracy, conceiving that though perhaps my Maſter would not find *Philidaſpes*, yet he might perchance meet with ſome of the Guards which he had corrupted and ſuborned; did pretend a Journey unto *Pteria*, whereof he was the Governour, under colour that ſome ancient Greek inhabitants of *Sinope*, did attempt ſomething againſt the Service of the King; for, Sir, I think you know how this Town was built by the *Mileſiens*, and how that Grecian Colony has often changed Maſters. Indeed it would be a difficult thing to define exactly which is true *Sinope*, it is ſo filled with Inhabitants of ſeveral Nations; having been one while poſſeſſed by the *Græcians*, another by the *Galatians*; ſometimes again by the *Paphlagonians*, and at this day by the King of *Cappadocia*. *Aribeus* therefore raiſed this falſe ſeditious report, that under pretence of it, he might be gone from *Themiſcira* before *Artamenes* returned, and ſo came unto *Sinope*, as I ſaid before: So that my Maſter being rid of him, was in abſolute and quiet Poſſeſſion of the King's Mind: But as the ſtate of things ſtood, there was nothing to be thought upon but War. *Ciaxares* ſent firſt to the Queen *Nitocris* to ask her whether ſhe allowed of her Son's Act, and to demand the Princeſs his Daughter? He ſent alſo unto *Aſtyages* to acquaint him with the Misfortune, and require Aid. Mean while, he levied as many Souldiers as ever both theſe two Kings were able to ſet out: Though thoſe Orders which he ſent unto *Aribeus* to raiſe Men in his Government, was invalid unto him, for that Traitor had diſpoſed them for other Deſigns. He made a ſhew as if he would execute the King's Commands; and feigning to be ſick, would not come at *Themiſcira*.

Mean while, we underſtood by the return of him who was ſent unto Queen *Nitocris*, that ſhe diſclaimed the Action of the *Aſſyrian* Prince; and that he was not yet come unto *Babylon*. At the ſame time, thoſe who were left among the *Maſſagettes* returned, and told us how *Gelonida* ſaved them, about fifteen days after our departure: They brought a Letter from that vertuous Woman unto *Artamenes*; by which ſhe ſaid in general, that his abſence cauſed abundance of trouble in the Court of *Thomiris*: That ſhe had much ado to obtain pardon for his Men; yet at laſt ſhe told her, nothing but the return of *Artamenes* could give her ſatisfaction; and that he muſt either return, or ſhe muſt die, and revenge her ſelf that way. Yet we had no ſooner rejoyced at the return of our Men, but we underſtood that *Aſtyages* falling ſick upon the news of the Princeſs being taken away by the Prince of *Aſſyria*; was ſo exceſſively moved at it, in conſideration of the King his Son's Intereſt, and in conſideration of his Hatred unto the *Aſſyrians*, that a Fever ſeized upon him and he died within four days: declaring by his Will, that all his Subjects ſhould take up Arms for the Liberty of the Princeſs *Mandana*. The news of his Death almoſt moved my Maſter to tell *Ciaxares* whom he was; but when he remembred all the Expreſſions which he uſed, when *Cyrus* was diſcourſed on, his fears to be deprived of that Honour to deliver his Princeſs prevented him; for, ſaid he, if by chance he ſhould not change his Thoughts, who knows whether or no he will baniſh me? and whether in lieu of delivering my Princeſs, I procure my own Death? perhaps he will preſently clog me with Fetters, and ſo this

Army which ought to be imployed for *Mandana*'s Liberty, will be diſabled. Mean while *Ciaxares* muſt prepare himſelf to take poſſeſſion of *Media*'s Throne, and go to *Ecbatan*, but before his arrival, he cauſed Troops to be raiſed, becauſe he would loſe no time. The *Cappadocians* were much troubled to ſee themſelves both with a King, and without a Queen at once, eſpecially ſince their Princeſs was in the *Aſſyrian* Power, foreſeeing that if they ſhould return under their Government, then their Kingdom would be no more than a Province; yet this fear was not univerſal, for there were many which ſtill retained a ſecret Affection unto the *Aſſyrian* Nation. *Aribeus*, as every one thought, was of that mind, even at that very time when he was ſo loved by *Ciaxares*; ſome alſo ſaid that the original of his Houſe was extracted from *Aſſyria*. How ever it was, when the King was ready, not yet ſuſpecting any Treaſon in *Aribeus*, he commanded him to come unto him, intending to declare him Regent of the Realm; but he not daring to truſt him, and fearing leſt this ſeeming honour was but a trap to ſecure him, he ſent word back unto *Ciaxares* that he was ſick; and if he were pleaſed to honour him with the Government of the *Cappadocians*, he beſeeched him to ſend ſuch Orders unto him; yet the King being informed that *Aribeus* was not ſo ſick as he fained, began to be jealous of him, and committed all the Authority unto a Man of great Quality, called *Ariobantes*, which ſo incenſed *Aribeus*, as he reſolved to act as afterwards he did. *Artamenes* ſent *Ortalques* unto *Artaxes*, Brother of *Aribeus*, to command him in the name of *Ciaxares*, to continue in the King of *Pontus* his Service: *Ciaxares* went then to *Ecbatan*, and my Maſter accompanied him. The King of *Perſia* at the ſame time ſent an Embaſſador to the King of *Medes* (for henceforward we will call *Ciaxares* ſo) to condole with him the Death of *Aſtyages*, and the taking away of his Daughter the Princeſs *Mandana*; and alſo within a few days after, he ſent another, to congratulate his happy coming unto that Crown, and to offer him Aſſiſtance in his Wars againſt the Prince of *Aſſyria*. Now, Sir, was *Chriſantes* very much entangled;

yet he feared not that my Maſter would be known, for queſtionleſs he was very much altered as well as I, who was almoſt of the ſame Age, yet he was ſure that himſelf, being much elder than we, would be diſcovered; ſo that againſt his Will, he reſolved to tell a handſom Lye; he told then the *Perſian* Embaſſadors in equivocal Terms, that he being in utter deſpair ever to bring into *Perſia* that Prince whom he carried out, he reſolved to wander from Court to Court, and from Country to Country: he further told them, that in a Voyage unto *Greece*, there he met with *Artamenes*, and has indiſſolvably tied himſelf unto his Fortunes; *Aduſius* whom you ſee here, and was then one of the Embaſſadors, moved him to relate all the particulars in the ſhipwrack of *Cyrus*, and to tell him whether his Body was ever found. But *Chriſantes* demeaned himſelf very handſomly in the diſcourſe, telling him, that they which eſcaped from the ſhipwrack never knew what became of them which periſhed: Moreover, he beſeeched both him and the other Embaſſador, not to tell *Ciaxares* that ever he had the honour to be with young *Cyrus*, leſt the hatred which he bore unto that unfortunate young Prince ſhould reflect upon him: *Chriſantes* alſo asked him whether the loſs of *Cyrus* did not extraordinarily perplex the King and the Queen of *Perſia*? *Aduſius* did anſwer him, that they had been much troubled at it, and ſtill were; but as they were both of them very wiſe, ſo they knew how to qualify their Sorrows; and could not chuſe but aſſiſt that Prince which rejoyced at their loſs: This they will do, both out of Generoſity, and Policy, ſince upon the whole matter, *Ciaxares* was not blameable for what he did; for the reſentments of *Aſtyages*, the Predictions of the *Magi*, whom the *Medeans* much reverence, and the *Manies* of the Stars did induce him thereunto. But preſently after, Sir, we were informed that the Queen *Nitocris* was dead, and that the Prince her Son was come unto *Babylon*, and brought the Princeſs *Mandana* thither in Triumph. This intelligence did much trouble *Artamenes*, for as long as ſhe lived, it had been much more eaſy for him to deliver the Princeſs than now, it being to be ſuppoſed, that vertuous Queen would never protect any Injuſtice, though committed by her own Son: But ſeeing that he could not reſcue *Mandana*, until he had taken the prime Town in the World, and ſubverted all *Aſia*, this did infinitely perplex him; not that the greatneſs of the Enterprize did at all aſtoniſh him, but becauſe he apprehended that it would take a long time to execute ſo great a Deſign, and would move the King of *Aſſyria* to take ſome violent Reſolutions againſt the Princeſs. Mean while *Ciaxares* having accepted the King of *Perſia*'s Offer; *Aducius* returned in all haſte to inform the King his Maſter, and all ſides thought upon nothing but preparations for War: The King of *Aſſyria*, who was not ignorant of the *Median* preparations, began to acts his part. *Mazares* the Prince of *Saces*, who, as you know, was his Vaſſal, and who then was in *Babylon*, promiſed him his Aſſiſtance: And you are not ignorant, Sir, how the King of *Arabia* did as you did, that is, he took part with the King of *Aſſyria*: Alſo it is rather unto the generous *Thraſibulus*, whom I now ſpeak unto, than unto this illuſtrious Company, ſince there is none of them, only he, which is ignorant of what I ſhall hereafter tell you.

Then the King of *Hircania* interrupting *Feraulas*, told him, that it was true indeed, it was only unto *Thraſibulus* unto whom he was to addreſs his Speech; yet notwithſtanding, although he did know a good part of what he had to relate, yet he ſhould be very glad to have it revived in his Memory: *Thraſibulus* thanked the King of *Hircania* for it, and *Feraulas* continued his diſcourſe as followeth.

The King of *Aſſyria* then preparing for War as well as we, was not only aſſured of help from the King of *Lydia*, from the King of *Hircania*, and from the King of *Arabia*, but alſo from the Prince of *Saces*, from the Prince of the *Paphlagonians*, and from the *Indians*. As for the King of *Phrygia*, he was alſo preſſingly ſolicited to take the King of *Aſſyria*'s part, following the Treaty of Peace which was made with Queen *Nitocris*. But ſince he had

Wars with *Cræſus*, and that this Prince was to aſſiſt the King of *Aſſyria* as well as he; he told this Raviſher of *Mandana*, that he was willing to aſſiſt him, provided his Troops might not mingle with the *Lydians* his Enemies; which was promiſed him, but was not performed. This Prince had a good mind not to engage himſelf on the King of *Aſſyria*'s ſide: But having not ratified that Treaty of Peace which was confirmed between the King of *Pontus* and *Ciaxares*, he reſolved upon that which he could not help. As for the King of *Pontus*, he was not in a condition to take either part, for he was mbroilede with Civil Wars in his own Kingdom, which did extreamly preſs him, and which doubtleſs would have deſtroyed him, if they have not already done it. Obſerve, Sir, how many Kings, and how many Princes had engaged themſelves on the unjuſt Side. Moreover, *Aribeus* ſeeing the King of *Aſſyria* in poſſeſſion of the Throne of his Father, did declare and publiſh, throughout all the Province of which he was Governour, that the Princeſs conſented to go with the King of *Aſſyria*: He leavied Troops; called back *Artaxes* his Brother, who was ſent to help the King of *Pontus*, notwithſtanding the King's laſt Orders, and perhaps conduced to the deſtruction of that Prince thereby.

Having then got a conſiderable Body together, he ſent it unto *Babylon*: Moreover, the King of *Aſſyria* diſpatched an Embaſſador unto *Cræſus*, as I have told you, to ſolicite him that he would join with his Army; repreſenting unto him, that the *Perſians* and *Medians* were two ſuch Nations, as if they were joined together, they might well aſpire unto the univerſal Dominion of all *Aſia*. Moreover he urged, that there was ever an Alliance between the Kings of *Lydia*, and the Kings of *Aſſyria*; ſo that in demanding Aſſiſtance upon this Occaſion, which concerned the Common Good, though in appearance it ſeemed only for the taking away of the Princeſs *Mandana*, he ought not to be denied. Moreover, yet the conſideration of Conſanguinity ought to be no Impediment in the Buſineſs; ſince if he had made War againſt *Ciaxares*, he did it in behalf of *Mandana*; and that he would never have taken her away, but with intention to put the Crown of *Aſſyria* upon her Head. Indeed, all the World knows that *Cræſus* was perſwaded by him; ſo that his Enemy had on his ſide, the *Saces*, the *Hircanians*, the *Arabians*, the higher and lower *Phrygians*, the *Indians*, part of the *Cappadocians*, the *Lydians*, the *Paphlagonians*, the *Syrians*, and the *Aſſyrians*: We underſtood how he endeavoured to engage the *Carians* in his Quarrel, but they refuſed.

Mean while the King of *Perſia*, being ſtrongly ſolicited by the Queen his Wife, Siſter unto *Ciaxares*, made choice of two hundred *Homotimes*, (theſe are the nobleſt Perſons of all *Perſia*); unto every one of theſe two hundred Men, he gave leave to chuſe four others of the ſame Quality; ſo that by this means they made up a thouſand Men. Afterwards he appointed every one of this thouſand to leavy, amongſt the People, ten Men with Bucklers, ten Archers, and ten Slingers, ſo that this compleated the number of thirty thouſand Men beſides the *Homotimes*. This thirty thouſand choice Men, were better than fifty thouſand others: *Hidaſpes*, whom you ſee there, had the command of this Potent Aid, and *Aduſias* was his Lieutenant-General. *Ciaxares*, you may well imagine, received them with much joy, and *Artamenes* was ſo ſenſible of it, that I know not how to expreſs his Extaſy. Mean time, he was ever ſending out for Intelligence, and was credibly informed, that *Cræſus* brought in ten thouſand Horſe, and forty thouſand Foot, Bucklers and Archers. That the King of *Phrygia* had 6000 Horſe, and 20000 Pikes and Bucklers. That *Aribeus* ſent out of *Cappadocia* 4000 Horſe, and 10000 Foot. That *Maragdus*, King of *Arabia*, pretended to have five thouſand Horſe, ten thouſand Foot, and an hundred Armed Chariots. The *Hircanians* were to have alſo an hundred Chariots, and four thouſand Slingers. The *Caduſians* eight thouſand Foot, The *Indians* as many: Alſo the *Paphlagonians*. Beſides all theſe, the King of *Aſſyria* had twenty thouſand Horſe, and forty thouſand Foot. All theſe compleated up the number to be forty-five thouſand Horſe, and near an hundred and fifty thouſand Infantry, beſides the Chariots.

On our ſide, we had ten thouſand Horſe, and fifty thouſand Foot, all natural Subjects of *Ciaxares*; beſides the Auxiliaries from the Provinces of the *Ariſantines*, of the *Struchaltes*, and others; all which amounted unto ten thouſand Horſe, and fifteen thouſand Foot. So that when all were joined together, with the thirty thouſand *Perſians*, the thouſand *Homotimes*, the five thouſand Horſe, and ten thouſand Foot, for that part of *Cappadocia* which was not revolted: We found that our Army was in a gallant Condition, though it was not ſo numerous as the King of *Aſſyria*'s, ſince it conſiſted only of five and twenty thouſand Horſe, and one hundred thouſand Foot, without any Armed Chariots; and though it was very advantagious to have thirty thouſand *Perſian* Infantry, and ten thouſand *Median* Cavalry, yet the Number was much inferior: But my Maſter ſeemed not to be at all aſtoniſhed at the inequality, nor at the great number of Kings againſt whom he was to fight. But on the contrary, aſſuming freſh Courage in ſo important an Occaſion, which might render him ſo glorious, although the Captivity of the Princeſs did infinitely trouble him; yet notwithſtanding, hoping to relieve her, or elſe die for her, cauſed him to become Maſter of his Melancholy. And though he was not yet known amongſt the *Medes*, yet his Reputation, his gallant Deportment, his Sweetneſs, his Courteſy and Liberality, had procured him already great credit amongſt them, ſo that he was abſolutely adored. It was at this time when he took a love unto *Araſpes*, and when *Aglatidas* took a love to him. But I had forgot to tell you, that *Harpagus*, who had all this while ſtaid in *Perſia*, ſince the departure of *Cyrus* from thence, being deſirous to return into his Country, made uſe of this Occaſion, after the Death of *Aſtyages* who had baniſhed him, and came into *Media* with *Hidaſpes*, who by the Commendum of the Queen of *Perſia*, made his Peace with *Ciaxares*, although he knew *Cyrus* no more than the *Perſians* did.

In concluſion, to abbreviate my Relation, which otherwiſe would be too unpleaſant unto ſo many illuſtrious Perſons who were Eye-witneſſes of what I am to tell.

The Army of *Ciaxares* began to march, *Artamenes* being his Lieutenant-General, and commanding the Van-guard. When we were ready to enter the Enemy's Country, *Artamenes* ſaw upon his right Hand a great Eagle, which flying with impetuous haſte, ſeemed to make towards *Babylon*, as if he would ſhew him the way he was to follow. The flight of this Bird was looked upon as a fortunate *Omen*; and *Ciaxares* making a Halt, offered Sacrifices, not only unto the Gods of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, but alſo unto the *Aſſyrian* Deities, deſiring them to be propitious unto him. I will not ſtand to tell you how this great Army marched, nor how prudently *Artamenes* ordered this vaſt Body; I will only relate how impatient my Maſter was to be taking Priſoners, that he might enquire ſome News of *Mandana*. And ſeeing that ſome of the Enemies Scouts appeared, he offered to go unto them, but they took their Heels and would not fight; ſo that he bethought himſelf of a Stratagem, which was this; he cauſed in the Night-time, a great number of Fires to be made, behind the place where our Army encamped, and none in the place where we were: ſo that theſe Scouts coming in the Night to ſpy, or take ſome of our Men, they were extreamly amazed when they found us near them, whom by the Fires they thought further off. Some Priſoners then being taken, we knew by them that the King of *Aſſyria* would within a few days leave the Princeſs at *Babylon*, under the guard of *Marſares*, and that he would e're long be in the Head of his Army, accompanied with the Kings of *Hircania*, *Lydia*, *Phrygia*, and *Arabia*: But as impatient as *Artamenes* was to be doing with the King of *Aſſyria*, whom we will now no longer call *Philidaſpes*, he could not be at him ſo ſoon as he thought; for he found, that they who had divers times fled before him, went back over the River *Gnides*; which deſcending from the *Mantian* Mountains, paſſes thorow the Country of the *Dardinians*, and diſchargeth it ſelf into the Red-Sea. Then, Sir, this River is ſo violent a Current, and the *Aſſyrian* Troops having broken the Bridg, that it ſtopped him: *Artamenes* coming to the River ſide, beyond which ho ſaw Men in Arms, was even deſperate to ſee it was impoſſible to get over: He could not be perſwaded of the Danger, until he had found it by ſuch Experience as might prove fatal to him; for being exaſperated by the fury of his Soul, and the violence of his Love, he ſpurred his Horſe into the midſt of the River, where the rapid Fury of the Water had like to have engulfed him: But being come back, by good Fortune, unto the ſide again, there was one of thoſe white Horſes, ſuch as amongſt us are uſed to be ſacrificed unto the Sun, who of himſelf leaping furiouſly into the River to paſs over, was preſently whirled into the bottom of the River and never ſeen again: So that *Artamenes* not knowing what courſe to take for a paſſage, bethought himſelf of a ſtrange extraordinary way, which was, to divide the River by Channels. In concluſion, he propounded this Device, and put it in execution: He took ſuch monſtrous pains for eight days together, that all Ages may hereafter ſpeak of it for a Wonder: For amuzing the Enemy always by his preſence on the ſide of the River, he cauſed a great Rampire of Earth to be caſt up, to blind the *Aſſyrians* from ſight of the Pioneers, that they might not ſee what they did; and having digged an hundred and ſixty Channels, which took their beginnings from the River, he made ſo many little Rivelets out of that great One, by dilating it into ſo many ſeveral Channels, and paſſed over without any trouble with his whole Army.

This Prodigy did ſo amaze the *Aſſyrian* Troops on the other ſide the Water, that they would abide no Combat, but haſted in diſorder to the Body of their Army, thinking that none but Gods could turn the courſe of that River; and concluding afterwards that nothing was impoſſible unto *Artamenes*. Indeed, I am fully perſwaded, that there are few things which can reſiſt the Courage of ſuch a Man as he, whom Love had inſpired with a moſt heroick Heat. As ſoon as *Artamenes* was got on the other ſide the River, he was infinitely joyed; imagining that ſince there was no more to do but to fight, and then enter into *Babylon*, nothing could debar his entrance. We marched then ſtraight unto the Enemy, who with all diligence was marching towards us: We were yet two days march from them, when we ſaw an old Man, of a handſome and comely Deportment, coming towards us, and followed by three hundred Horſe, deſired to ſpeak with *Artamenes*, and having in few words told the juſt cauſe of his Complaints againſt the King of *Aſſyria*, ſaid he was come to ask Protection from *Ciaxares*, and offer unto him all the ſtrength he had. Indeed *Gobrias* who was at this preſent in *Sinope*, offered unto *Artamenes* to put his Eſtate into his Power, as indeed a few days after he did: And the Princeſs *Arpaſca* his Daughter, who is one of the faireſt Ladies in the World, did receive *Artamenes* moſt magnificently into a place of ſtrength, which belonged unto him, and which ſhe did by his command, and whom *Artamenes* left in Poſſeſſion of it. But, Sir, I muſt not dwell upon this, though there be many brave things dependant upon it: It was at this time the wiſe *Gobrias* engaged *Gadates* unto *Ciaxares* his Party; yet not to ſtay upon any thing which does not directly relate unto *Artamenes*, I will only tell you, how the King of *Aſſyria* hath given juſt cauſe unto the valiant King of *Hircania*, and to the Prince of the *Caducians*, to quit his Party; theſe two Princes came and ranked themſelves on *Ciaxares* his ſide, or rather on *Artamenes*, ſince certainly the reputation of my Maſter was the moſt convincing reaſon which obliged theſe two great Princes to truſt his Word: I will not ſtay to tell you how the King of *Cyprus* ſent alſo ſome Troops unto him, under the command of *Thimocrates* and *Philocles*: But let me tell you, that the two Armies being now in view of each other, and the day of Battel being come; *Artamenes* was buſy in ordering his Troops into ſuch a poſture as they might vanquiſh: He commended them, and commanded them with ſuch an imperious and obliging Air, as there was not a Souldier in all the Army which was not eager to obey him. When theſe two mighty Armies were come out of their Trenches; and that the armed Chariots, the Archers, the Slingers, the Launciers and Pikes, and thoſe which uſed Swords, on both ſides were ranged into Battalia, *Artamenes* in lieu of a long Oration, ſaid nothing but this unto them.

☞ ‘Which is he amongſt you, my fellow Souldiers, who will be before me? who will kill the firſt Enemy? Which of you is it, whoſe Valour will exceed *Artamenes*? Come on, my Companions (ſaid he to them) I do proteſt that I ſhould not be leſs joyed to ſee you ſurmount me in Valour, than if I had overcome the *Aſſyrians*.

Theſe few words pronounced by ſuch a Man as *Artamenes*, had ſo excellent an operation on the Hearts of the Souldiers, and wrought ſuch great effects, that their Voices made the Air ring ſuch a Peal, as reſembled a ſong of Victory and Triumph: *Ciaxares* by the advice of *Artamenes*, would have the word of Battel that day to be *Jupiter our Protector*; ſo that the Combate beginning, the noiſe of both ſides was hideous, what by the confuſion of Cries, the claſhing of Arms and Arrows, and the neighing of Horſes, than which nothing is more aſtoniſhing. But, Sirs, all you (except *Thraſibulas*) do know it, therefore without particularizing this days great buſineſs, I will only tell you that *Artamenes* ſeeking for the King of *Aſſyria* with much diligence, at laſt found him, being informed by one who was taken Priſoner, in what quarter he would fight; and meeting with him in the throng, Let us ſee (ſaid he to him) let us ſee, whether the King of *Aſſyria* be more valiant than *Philidaſpes*, and whether I can now take away his Life as eaſily, as I did preſerve it in the Forreſt where I met him? That Prince hearing theſe words, turned fiercely towards him, and knowing my Maſter by his Voice, *Artamenes* (ſaid he to him) the King of *Aſſyria* perhaps is not more valiant than *Philidaſpes*, but he is more civil, ſince though he be now a King, he will not refuſe meaſuring his Sword with you, who paſs but for a common Cavalier, and no more: Advance then (ſaid my Maſter to him, when he ſaw him ſtudying what to do) and be aſſured that the Raviſher of *Mandana* is more diſhonoured in taking her away, than he is in fighting with *Artamenes*: I ought not to fight with you (anſwered that Prince) ſince I owe my Life unto you; but what ſhall I do? there is a ſecret thought in me, which moves me to hate you, and is more prevalent than my Generoſity: after thoſe words they came together and fought: The Sword of *Artamenes* was died with the Blood of that Prince; and if the throng and confuſion of the general Combate had not ſeparated them, I believe the Death of the King of *Aſſyria* had put an end to the War. But at the laſt a report being divulged among all the Troops, that he was either dead or a Priſoner, it made ſo great a diſorder as the like was never ſeen: Some fought, others fled: The King's Allies thinking the King of *Aſſyria* to be dead, retired: *Crœſus* cauſed all his Men to be drawn off and be gone, and taking the mountainous Way, ſaved the reſt of his Troops from the general Rout. The King of *Phrygia*, who had cauſe of diſcontent given unto him, becauſe one part of his Men were ranked in the ſame body with the King of *Lydia*'s, contrary to what was promiſed; and he being ever in love with the Glory of *Artamenes*, did retire, and entrenched himſelf in an advantagious place, and waited the ſucceſs of our Victory. The Prince of *Paphlagonia* was taken Priſoner, and almoſt all the conſiderable Perſons in the Aſſyrian Army, either periſhed or changed ſides. The truth is, Sir, (ſaid **Feraulas**, always addreſſing his diſcourſe unto *Thraſibulus*) it may very well be ſaid, that the Gods did fight for *Artamenes*; for it is moſt certain that there never was ſeen ſo many great Princes altogether which did ſo weakly diſpute the Victory; not but that there was great difficulty in obtaining it, becauſe though they did not fight it well, yet their inequality of number made it no eaſy matter. Certainly, and without flattering the *Perſians*, the *Homotimes* did Miracles that day; alſo the *Median* Cavalry as well as the *Hircanian* wrought wonderful Effects. Yet in this great diſorder, the King of *Aſſyria*, who in all other Adventures would rather perhaps have been killed, than given ground, did now retire;

when he ſaw that there was no hopes of Victory, and that *Maragdus* King of *Arabia* was killed cloſe by him: Fearing without doubt, that if the noiſe of the defeat ſhould come unto *Babylon* before his return, there might riſe ſome ſuch diſorder as might let the Princeſs eſcape: The ſudden retreat which he made did certainly confirm the report of his Death. The *Cappadocian* Troops, fearing to be under the power of *Ciaxares*, as a Maſter which was juſtly incenſed, joyned unto that Party of the *Aſſyrians* which were the King of *Aſſyria*'s Convoy: And I do very well remember, that my Maſter ſeeing theſe *Cappadocians* fly, purſued, and cried out unto them, *Why do you fly with them that are vanquiſhed? Is it not better to ſtay and triumph with Conquerors?* But his words were in vain; for Shame and Fear ſtifled their Repentance. To relate unto you the number of the dead, the abundance of Priſoners, the vaſt multitude of Arms and Horſes, the great number of Chariots and Tents, and the infinite rich Plunder, would not be much to the purpoſe: But let me tell you, that *Artamenes* moved *Ciaxares* to give all the Plunder of the field to the Souldiers; and for his own part he reſerved no more than the liberty to divide and beſtow it more or leſs according to the deſerts of the Captains: None of the *Homotimes* or *Perſians* would load themſelves with any of it; but he would have the chief of them which were accuſtomed to fight on foot, to take the beſt of the Enemies Horſe; ſo that he made the firſt *Perſian* Cavalry which ever was ſeen in *Aſia*. But although this defeat of ſo many Kings, and the Friendſhip which he had contracted with ſo many Princes, who in reſpect of him had taken the King of *Media*'s part, might well have ſatisfied him, yet the King of *Aſſyria* being neither dead nor a Priſoner, and the Princeſs being ſtill in *Babylon*, all ſeemed unto him as if he had done nothing; ſo that he was not long at reſt, but two days after the Battel, marched toward *Babylon*. In going thither, we underſtood that the King of *Lydia* was abſolutely retired; and that the King of *Phrygia*, though diſcontented with the *Aſſyrian*, yet waited as I told you, to ſee the ſucceſs of things. But my

Maſter deſired to remove ſuch a puiſſant Reſerve from his Enemy, he ſet out a conſiderable Body of Horſe under the command of *Hidaſpes* to go and fight him; and indeed the deſign did thrive ſo happily under *Hidaſpes*, that after ſeveral Skirmiſhes they enforced the King of *Phrygia*'s Trenches, and took him Priſoner: But ſince *Artamenes* had been obliged unto him during the *Bithynian* Wars, he moved *Ciaxares* to uſe him very well; he left unto him the command of thoſe his Troops which remained after his defeat, upon condition they ſhould not be imployed againſt him, at the Siege of *Babylon:* for, ſaid he, the King of *Phrygia* will never fight againſt that Prince whom he came to aid: *Artamenes* ſent him with as many *Median* Troops only to ſecure a Paſs, which was equally advantagious unto the King of *Phrygia*, if he would return, and to *Ciaxares* from being ſet upon from that ſide: He alſo gave liberty unto the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, who afterwards did not forſake him.

At the laſt, Sir, we came within ſight of ſtately *Babylon*, and although my Maſter found it very ſtrong when he was there, yet he found it much ſtronger this ſecond time, as well becauſe he now obſerved it better, as becauſe the King of *Aſſyria* had now a greater intereſt in it. As ſoon as he eſpied the magnificent Palace which elevates it ſelf in the midſt of *Babylon:* There it is, *Feraulas* (ſaid he to me) whither we muſt go and deliver *Mandana:* He did preſently begirt the Town round about with his Troops, to ſtop the paſſages of any out, and to diſcover in what place and part it was beſt aſſaultable: But to ſay truly, we found the Walls ſo high, ſo thick and ſo ſtrong, that our Battering Rams could work no execution; alſo the huge deep Ditches full of Water hindered our approches to make any uſe of our Engines: Moreover, it ſeemed abſolutely impoſſible to aſſault it from the River, by reaſon of that prodigious work which Queen *Nitocris* had made, whereby the River *Euphrates* was brought almoſt round the Town, as well to dilate the impetuoſity of the River, as to make the acceſs unto the Town more difficult; for the River by that means winding and crinkling as it did, it was impoſſible that they in the Town ſhould be ſurprized by Boats, theſe turnings being ſo long, that it would be a long Days work to come by them into *Babylon*, from the place where they muſt begin. I will not inſiſt upon an exact relation of this Siege, or the prodigious Pains which was taken in circling about ſo vaſt a Town; nor how many Towers *Artamenes* built up from diſtance to diſtance anſwerable, as well to ſecure his Entrenchments and fortify his Lines, as to diſcover what the Enemies did within their Walls; nor how theſe Towers were placed upon Wooden Piles of Palm, of a moſt prodigious height; nor all the Engins which he prepared for this Siege; nor will I tell you, how the Valour of *Mazares* did appear in divers Sallies which the Beſieged made, nor how my Maſter repulſed them: But I muſt tell you in few words, that all their Attempts, and all they could do againſt ſo ſtrong a Town, were all ineffectual, and vain. *Artamenes* deſpairing of gaining it, ſeeing that Winter drew on, and that ſooner than ordinary, the Fields were covered with Snow, he knew not what to reſolve upon: For although there were an infinite number of Men within the Town, yet were they victualled for a long time, ſo that he had no hopes to take it either by Force or Famine, unleſs he ſhould tarry ſo long a time as the thought of it did affright him: At laſt he bethought himſelf of a way which yielded him ſome hopes of ſucceſs; he did not think the River *Euphrates* could reſiſt him, more than the River *Gnides*, ſo that with the conſent and approbation of the King, he cauſed two great Trenches to be made, which joyned to the River, and took the Water from the River above the Town and let it into the Channel again beneath; but before he had finiſhed theſe Trenches or given paſſage for the Water into them, he placed twenty thouſand Men near the Paſſage where the River runs into the Town, himſelf being in the Head of them, and ſent as many unto that place where the River iſſues out of the Town: Things being thus ordered, he gave the ſignal to open the Trenches a little before night; ſo that in leſs than two Hours this River being made fordable, he marched himſelf the firſt up to the Knees in Water (in ſpite of the coldneſs of the Weather, and Horſe being unfit for taking Towns) and did ſo encourage the reſt by his Example, that all which had order for it followed, and thus they did moſt couragiouſly, and with fierce impetuoſity enter into proud *Babylon*. The aſſault was made at both ends of the Town in an inſtant, *Hidaſpes* not being leſs diligent than *Artamenes*. My Maſter, to make ſure work, went preſently unto the Palace, where (as we were informed by Priſoners which we took) the Princeſs uſed to lodg, and took with him the Prince *Gadates*, and one of the Officers of *Gobrias*, to conduct him thither.

I will not relate unto you, the Amazement of the Inhabitants; the hideous diſorder of the Night; the Combats which he was forced unto in ſome Streets, and the Facilities he met with in others, nor how a great Sedition which was in the Town did help forward their Deſtruction; nor will I ſpeak of the confuſed Eccho of the noiſe, the deſolation of the Women, and the general Aſtoniſhment of the People. But I will tell you how *Artamenes* thought upon nothing but *Mandana*, and went in all haſte unto the Palace: At firſt the Guards made ſome reſiſtance, but as ſoon as one of them cried out that the King was eſcaped, they left the Gates, threw down their Arms; and left *Artamenes* Maſter of the place: But O Heavens! it was in vain to look for *Mandana*, for he could not find either the King or the Princeſs, nor could meet with any which could inform what was become of them. As for *Hidaſpes*, according to Orders from *Artamenes*, he ſecured all the publick Places, and placed Courts of Guard in ſeveral Streets, and kept in Arms all the night, ſo that at break of day, more than half the Army of *Ciaxares* was got into the Town: and *Artamenes* was abſolute Maſter of *Babylon* excepting two Caſtles, which rendred themſelves the next day: But neither in the King's Palace, nor in the Caſtles, nor in the Temples,nor in any of the Houſes, (for *Artamenes* cauſed all to be ſearched) could the King of *Aſſyria*, or *Mandana* be found; only one of the *Aſſyrian* Women which they had placed about the Princeſs, and who followed her not ſaid that at the beginning of the night, the King being accompanied with many of his Men, came into her Chamber, and took her and her two *Cappadocian* Women away with him, and went down a pair of Stairs which leads into the Garden, but whither they went afterwards ſhe could not tell. To repreſent unto you my Maſter's deſpair is a thing impoſſible: Why do the Gods, (ſaid he) load me thus with inſupportable Misfortunes? why will they not permit me to deliver my Princeſs, and puniſh my Rival? Ah *Feraulas!* I ſee it is impoſſible. It was very happy that *Ciaxares*, and ſo many Grandees accompanied him, and gave out neceſſary Orders to calm this huge Town; for as for my Maſter, *Mandana* was the only thought that he could entertain. A whole Month paſſed without any Intelligence either of the King of *Aſſyria* or the Princeſs, during which time he ſuffered as much torment as Man could do: Alas, ſaid he ſometimes unto me, what am I better for winning Battels, taking of Towns, or ſubverting of Kingdoms, if I can neither relieve my Princeſs, nor puniſh my Rival? If it were not my own Hand that put her into the power of her Raviſher, I ſhould be leſs troubled; but ſince it was by my own Valour that the King of *Aſſyria* carried her away; and that ſame Valour cannot make me kill him, this is a thing which is above my Patience: For to ſave the Life of her Enemy, when he was ſet upon by eleven Cavaliers, and not to be able to take it from him, at that time when ſo many others as valiant as himſelf felt the weight of my Blows: This is it *Feraulas*, that the Gods are reſolved upon my Deſtruction, and that I muſt prepare my ſelf for it. I forgot to tell you, Sir, that we found in *Babylon* a great number of Ladies of very great Quality, who having been uſed with much reſpect (for *Artamenes* before he entered the Town did give expreſs command that none ſhould offer any violence unto any Women) came to give him thanks, and aſſured him that the Princeſs *Mandana* would thank him alſo for the Civility which they had received from him. At the very name of *Mandana*, my Maſter did double his Civilities towards them;

and he received this ſatisfaction however, to hear *Mandana* well ſpoken of, as well in *Babylon* as *Themiſcira*, it being moſt certain that this Princeſs had cauſed her ſelf to be adored amongſt them. *Artamenes* underſtood by theſe Ladies that his Rival did treat her with abundance of Reſpect, at leaſt in their ſight. But they told my Maſter, that ſince the beginning of the Siege, none were permitted to come near the Princeſs; nor any Lady to come within the Palace: I will not tell you, Sir, the ſeveral Reflections which my Maſter made upon all theſe things, for it would too much lengthen my Story; only this, that ſometimes he knew not well whether he ſhould grieve more to underſtand that his Rival was more rigorous unto her, ſince the ſiege of *Babylon*, than to uſe her as he did before. To ſpeak truth, I do believe, that what theſe Ladies had ſaid unto him, as thinking to tell good news, did not much pleaſe him, ſo much did Jealouſy diſturb his Reaſon, and ſo difficult a thing it is to prevent that humour from poſſeſſing thoſe that are moſt reaſonable. But, Sir, at the laſt there was ſuch great care taken to be informed concerning the King of *Aſſyria*, that they had intelligence he was retreated unto *Pteria*, whereof *Aribeus* was Governor: that *Mazares* conducted him thither, and that *Aribeus* his old Friend had received him into the Town; and that the Princeſs was very ſtrictly guarded in that place; yet we neither could know then, nor at this day how they could get out of *Babylon*. This news did at firſt afford much Joy unto *Artamenes*, who moved *Ciaxares* to diſencamp his Army which lay in and about this ſtately Town; and after he had left a ſtrong Garriſon in it, and given all requiſite Orders for keeping it, we marched with all ſpeed towards *Pteria*; and although this March was very long, yet ſuch was the prudent Proviſion of *Artamenes*, as our Troops wanted nothing, nor were they worſe for it: But, Sir, when we came within three days march of this Town; that Joy which my Maſter had to know where his Princeſs and his Rival were, was much leſſened; for we had intelligence that the King of *Aſſyria*, the Prince *Mazares* and,

and *Aribeus* had conveyed away the Princeſs and themſelves to *Sinope.* When *Artamenes* conſidered how that Town was ſeated upon the Sea, and without a naval Army it was impoſſible to beſiege it, his Sorrows were mightily multiplied: For indeed *Ciaxares* had no Ships, neither could he get them ſo ſoon as to be ſerviceable, and yet 'twas all in vain to beleaguer *Sinope* without them, ſince if they ſtormed the Town from the Landſide, then the King of *Aſſyria* had the Sea open to ſave himſelf, and carry away the Princeſs; this was the thing which moſt of all *Artamenes* feared: This diſaſterous Circumſtance which was a reaſon, why he durſt not beſiege *Sinope* with an Army of a hundred thouſand Men, cauſed ſuch a ſadneſs in him as cannot be expreſſed.

Deſperate then as he was, he propounded unto *Ciaxares*, to ſend me into *Sinope* diſguiſed, to the end I might ſuborn ſome or other, and try whether the Town could be taken by Conſpiracy. When *Ciaxares* could not think of a better way, he conſented unto this, and I obtained that which I my ſelf deſired; for indeed, Sir, it was I who firſt made the Motion unto my Maſter. I went then after I had moulded my ſelf into the Habit of a Country Peſant; and ſince we had heretofore ſtayed a long time in *Sinope*, I had got my ſelf many Friends: Amongſt the reſt *Artucas* was one, who is a Kinſman unto *Marteſia*, and now here with us; he always loved me, though he was ſomething obliged unto the ſervice of *Aribeus*: when I had got into the Town, and had concealed my ſelf with one who was very faithful unto me; I perceived that it was a thing impoſſible to ſpeak with the Princeſs as I deſigned: And I underſtood that they always kept Gallies with Oares, and Ships ready for Sail in caſe of any need, eſpecially ſince the King of *Aſſyria* underſtood that our Army was ſo near him. I ſmelt alſo, that though *Artucas* was a Captain of one of the Gates in the Town, yet he did not approve of the revolt in *Aribeus*; but thought it very ſtrange that the Princeſs ſhould be a Priſoner in a Town which was her own: I underſtood alſo that the Prince *Mazares* had all poſſible care of her, and did as much as he could qualify the violent Humours in the King of *Aſſyria*. In concluſion, after I had well conſulted with my ſelf what I had to do, I went one night unto *Artucas*, who was not a little amuſed to ſee me: After the firſt Complements were paſt, I began to ſpeak of things in particular: I made him underſtand that he was engaged on the worſt ſide, not only becauſe it was unjuſt, but alſo becauſe it would ruin him: In few words, I told him ſo many things, and ſo handſomly prepared him, that he ſtaggered, and at laſt I made him reſolve to deceive *Aribeus*, and become faithful unto his King. We agreed then that he ſhould deliver up the Gate, on that ſide the Town towards the Temple of *Mars*, preciſely upon that day and hour, that I ſhould appoint him: So then when I got out of *Sinope*, and was returned to the Camp, I brought ſuch Joy unto my Maſter, as is inconceivable; you know, Sir, (purſued *Feraulas* ſpeaking unto the King of *Hircania*) that this Reſolution was fixed upon, That *Artamenes* ſhould come with four thouſand Men only to ſurprize *Sinope*; that *Ciaxares* ſhould follow the next day with the whole Army. But my Maſter being advanced to execute this great Buſineſs; he ſaw as he came out of a Valley, that the Town which he came to ſurprize was all in a Flame, and believed that the Princeſs would periſh in it: You alſo know that in lieu of deſtroying *Sinope*, we ſaved that little which remains; how we quenched the Fire; how *Aribeus* fought; how he was overwhelmed, and how he being come unto the Foot of the Tower in the Caſtle, the generous *Thraſibulas*, whom you ſee there, opened the Gate, and told my Maſter, that there was in that place an illuſtrious Perſon who had need of help: Neither are you ignorant, how *Artamenes* running haſtily up to the top of the Tower, thinking to find the Princeſs there, he only found his Corrival: And doubtleſs you alſo know how my Maſter did ſee a Galley, in which the King of *Aſſyria* told him that the Prince *Mazares* had taken away *Mandana*.

In concluſion, *Feraulas* deſired chiefly to acquaint theſe Princes that his Maſter held no baſe intelligence with the King of *Aſſyria*; after he had told them all the turbulent Agitations in the Minds of theſe two Rivals, whilſt they looked from the top of the Tower upon the Galley during the Tempeſt; then he moſt exactly related all the diſcourſe between the King of *Aſſyria* and *Artamenes*; making them to underſtand the promiſe which *Artamenes* had made, how that it was not prejudicial to the King's Service; and that the intereſt of his Love was the only thing which made him conceal the King of *Aſſyria*'s Letter. Afterwards he ſlightly rehearſed the flight of this King; the Death of *Aribeus*; the retreat of this Prince unto *Pteria*; how he had written unto *Artamenes*, and the reaſon why *Artamenes* did hide his Letter from *Ciaxares*; by what accident his Anſwer came unto the King's hands; how *Artamenes* believed, and almoſt ſtill believes, that the Princeſs periſhed; how he found *Mazares* half drowned, and indeed all that happened until the arrival of *Ciaxares*, and impriſonment of *Artamenes*. In purſuance whereof, he conjured them all to conſider what was beſt to be done for the preſervation of ſuch an illuſtrious Man: For, (ſaid he to them) Sirs, all this that *Chriſantes* and my ſelf have related unto you, is only to give you ſome light touch of his Vertue, it being moſt certain that it is infinitely above all that can be ſaid or thought.

Feraulus having ended his Relation, left all thoſe illuſtrious Auditors in ſo much admiration of the miraculous Life of *Artamenes*, and in ſo much joy that they were not miſtaken in that opinion which they ever had of his Innocency, that they could not chuſe but give ſome Teſtimonies of it. I ever believed (ſaid the King of *Hircania*) that it was impoſſible *Artamenes* ſhould be in any fault: And I never doubted (added *Perſodes*) but that he was ever abſolutely innocent. The worſt is (replied *Hidaſpes*) that one cannot juſtify him before *Ciaxares* of that Crime whereof he is accuſed, but by accuſing him of another which will not leſs incenſe him: And I doubt (ſaid *Chriſantes*, interrupting him) that *Ciaxares* would be as well pleaſed with his holding ſecret correſpondency with the King of *Aſſyria*, as with *Mandana*. If the Princeſs ſhould be dead (anſwered *A-*

duſius) there would be no difficulty to juſtify *Artamenes* in diſcovering his Love; but if by happy Fortune ſhe be alive (replied *Feraulas*) my Maſter will never forgive *Chriſantes* and me, for diſcovering his Paſſion unto *Ciaxares*. For my part (added *Thraſibulus*) I conceive it requiſite to uſe much prudence in the matter, and not to diſcover the Love of *Artamenes*, until ſuch time as it be thought fit to diſcover his Quality. But the knowledg of his Quality (replied *Chriſantes*) is a thing altogethet as dangerous to acquaint the King with: I am of this opinion (ſaid the King of *Hircania*) not to do any thing ſlightly, but to bring things unto ſuch a paſs, as to hazard nothing; and to that end, before any thing be diſcovered unto *Ciaxares*, it is expedient to gain the Hearts of the Captains and Souldiers in ſuch a manner, that there may be neither any fear nor danger in ſpeaking unto him for *Artamenes*. All the Princes concurring with the King of *Hircania*, and approving of what he ſaid, did aſſure *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas*, that they themſelves would rather periſh than ſuffer their Maſter to be in danger of it; and that they would neglect no manner of expedient which may conduce unto his Safety. *Thraſibulus* was in deſpair of any power to ſerve him any way than in his Perſon and Courage, which he would pawn for him. As they were thus debating, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Thimocrates*, and *Philocles* came in: They were not preſent at the Relations of *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, becauſe as ſoon as *Ciaxares* came to *Sinope*, they returned to the Camp, and lodged not in the Town. But ſince they were no leſs affectionated unto their Maſter than the reſt of the Princes; *Feraulas* ſaid unto the King of *Hircania*, that he muſt needs engage them in behalf of *Artamenes*. At the name of *Artamenes*, *Gobrias* asked what he ſhould do to ſerve him? *Gadates* all impatient, that if it were only to die for him, he was and ever would be ready. *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* appeared to be as ready as any to ſerve him: So that the King of *Hircania* beginning to ſpeak, let them all underſtand that there was nothing elſe to be done, but for every one to be ready to ſave *Artamenes*, if there were any attempt to deſtroy him. Upon theſe words, all the Princes did ſolemnly ſwear to unite themſelves, and take up Arms for his ſafety whenſoever there ſhould be any need. They were all upon theſe terms, when *Artamenes* came unto *Hidaſpes*, and told him that he came to aſſure him, *Artamenes* had ſent a Note unto the King which made him very glad, but none could tell him what it was; and ſince he knew him to be a Lover of *Artamenes*, he would adviſe him to go into the Caſtle. *Hidaſpes* after he had given thanks unto *Artucas* for his counſel, acquainted all the illuſtrious Aſſembly with it; who out of impatience to know what it was, went preſently unto the King, but with ſo much eſteem, and ſo much affection unto *Artamenes*, and did ſo intereſt themſelves in his Fortune, that any would have ſaid, that they were all of them his Kindred or Subjects.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The End of the Firſt Book.

ARTAMENES,

OR, THE

GRAND CYRUS.

Part II. Book II.

IT was not without good cauſe, that *Artucas* told *Hidaſpes*, how the King of *Media* was very glad and joyful, at a Letter which he received from *Artamenes:* And the joy of *Artamenes* did exceed the Kings, if it be permitted me to put a difference between things that are both of them Extreams; but to diſcover the true cauſe of the Satisfaction to theſe two Perſons, whoſe preſent Conditions ſeemed to be ſo unlike, You muſt know, that the ſame day about Noon, a Man which heretofore had ſerved *Andramias*, and ſince ſerved *Artamenes* in the *Scythian* Voyage, and was ſent by him to *Artaxes*, who commanded thoſe Troops which were left the King of *Pontus*; upon his return unto the Caſtle of *Sinope*, he deſired to ſpeak with his ancient Maſter. *Aglatidas* was then with *Andramias*, who commanded the Man to enter, and whom at firſt he knew not; yet he no ſooner heard him ſpeak, but he knew him by his Voice. *Andramias* gave him his Hand, and asked him if he could do any thing for him? Yes, Sir, (anſwered he) for I doubt not but if you will do me the ſavour to let me ſpeak with Renowned *Artamenes*, I doubt not, I ſay, but I ſhall help him unto ſuch News to tell the King, as may obtain him his Liberty.

Andramas not imagining what this Man could tell of any ſuch Importance, urged the Man to tell his Buſineſs unto him; and to tell him alſo, why he was ſo affectionate unto *Artamenes?* for *Andramias* had ſome kind of Fear to be ſurprized, and thought this to be ſome Device of the King's to try his Fidelity. Then *Ortalques* (for that was the Man's Name) told him, that he ſerved *Artamenes* in the *Maſſagettan* Voyage; and preſented him a piece of a torn Letter, upon which he ſaw theſe words written,not knowing to whom they were directed, nor from whom they came.

☞ " Tell it, that I am living: That they carry me
" into one of the two *Armenia*'s; but I know
" not unto whom I ſhall go: and that the
" King of———

After that *Andramias* had read this which was writ upon a looſe piece of Paper, he looked upon *Ortalques*, and asked who it was which gave it him? But the Man, without more ado; Indeed, Sir, (ſaid he) the Princeſs *Mandana* is living. How, (cried out *Andramias* and *Aglatidas*, both together) is the Princeſs *Mandana* living? Yes, Sir, anſwered *Ortalques*, and this which you ſee writ there, is, as I think, her own Hand. *Andramias* and *Aglatidas* having not fully ſatisfied their Curioſity, urged him to tell them all he knew concerning the Princeſs: And the Man told them, that when he was engaged in the *Pontean* and *Bithynian* War, he being ſent thither, it was his hap to be much wounded, and ſtaid there a long time ſick, not being able to follow *Artaxes*, whom *Aribeus* had called away: That afterwards being deſirous to return home, he came unto a place which is near the *Euxine* Bridg, in that place where the River *Halis* empties it ſelf. That being there, and going out one Morning to walk, he ſaw a Ship on the Sea ſome three or four Leagues off the Land; cloſe by which, there was one of theſe great wodden Boats of Pine-tree, which can very well endure the Waves when the Winds are high, and which are uſed to carry Merchandize; into which he ſaw many Perſons deſcend, and diſtinguiſhed ſome Women. After this, the Ship ſailed into the open Sea, and the Boat came ſtrait unto the Mouth of the River; but ſince the Stream in that place was very impetuous, it was a long while before the Rowers could get out of the Sea into the River: During which time I came unto the River's ſide, and I took notice that there was a Woman in the Boat, which did very attentively look upon me; that afterwards, hiding her ſelf behind another Woman, ſhe did ſomething, and I ſuppoſe it was to write that which you ſee upon that piece of Paper. Then another of the Women coming to the Prow of the Boat, which touched the Land, and came within three paces of me, and having lapped up this piece of Paper in a Hood, which ſhe took from her Head, ſhe threw it unto me, ſeeming as if the Wind had waſted it from her, for it was ſomething high, and blew it where I was: I thought that I knew the Party; and within an hour after I recalled my ſelf, and knew certainly that it was one of the Princeſs's Women, called *Marteſia.* The Men who were in the Boat, were ſo buſy in rowing, and ſtriving to get up the River, that I think they did not mind the Action of this Woman: For my part, I haſtily took up what was thrown unto me; and going a little aſide, I ſaw that which I now give you, and I was ſo ſurprized at it, that I knew not what to think.

Mean while, the Boat being paſſed the Mouth of the River, it made away much more readily, and was ſoon ſo far from me, that I knew not what to reſolve upon: I had a better mind to follow this Boat, than to come to *Sinope*, whither I underſtood the King's Army was marched; for indeed, ſince I knew nothing what paſſed here, I could not well tell what they deſired me to do: yet after I had well examined the Matter, I did conclude, that my beſt way was to come hither; ſo that I embarked in the firſt Ship I did meet with, and ſo hither I came. As I went down to the Port, the burning of this Town making me very inquiſitive, I heard of all the Paſſages of *Sinope*, and I made no more doubt but that it was the Princeſs of *Mandana* who ſent me hither; for I verily think I ſaw her in the Boat: To tell you who carried her away, is more than I can do; all I know is, that certainly ſhe is living. *Andramias* and *Aglatidas*, after they heard this Man's Relation, doubted no more than he but that the Princeſs was living. But to make it more clear, *Aglatidas* told his Couſin, that ſince *Artamenes* had been ſo long in the *Cappadocian* Court, it was impoſſible but he ſhould know *Mandana*'s Hand, therefore the beſt way would be to ſhew him what *Ortalques* had brought, and not to go unto the King, and acquaint him with any thing which might move in him a falſe Joy. *Andramias* approved of the Propoſition, and with *Ortalques* entred into the Chamber of *Artamenes*, who then was profoundly plunged into cruel thoughts of the Princeſs's Death, or at leaſt at the apprehenſion of it. *Aglatidas* coming to him, and after he had ſaluted him, Sir, ſaid he to him, here is a Man, whoſe Name is *Ortalques*, who deſires to ſee you; and has brought a piece of Paper unto *Andramias*, which Hand perhaps you know. If I know the Hand, as well as I know the Name of *Ortalques*, (replied *Artamenes*, in much ſadneſs) I ſhall eaſily tell you who writ it; for the Man ſo called, ſerved me in my Voyage to the *Maſſagettes*; and as I went out of *Cappadocia* to *Ecbatan*, I ſent him unto *Artaxes*, who then aided the King of *Pontus*, and ſince that until now I heard nothing of him. In ſaying ſo, *Artamenes* conſidered the Character of the Paper, yet he no ſooner looked upon it but he bluſh'd; and looking upon *Aglatidas* and *Andramias*, with ſuch extream turbulency more than uſual: Doubtleſs, cried he out, the Princeſs *Mandana* did write this Paper which you ſhew unto me; and I have ſeen her Letters unto the King too often to be miſtaken. Alſo I my ſelf had the Honour, when I came firſt into *Cappadocia*, to preſent one unto him from her, wherein ſhe was pleaſed to ſpeak too advantagiouſly of me to loſe the memory of it: But I beſeech you, ſaid he unto *Andramias*, if you can do it without danger to your ſelf; let me ſee, *Ortalques*, for I do confeſs the Vertue of the Princeſs has much intereſted me in any thing which concerns her; and I ſhould be very glad to underſtand what he knows of her. *Andramias*, who much deſired to oblige *Artamenes*, cauſed the Man to enter, unſeen by any of the Guards: but during that time, *Aglatidas* eaſily perceived, that the Joy and Agitation of *Artamenes* his Mind, had a more powerful Cauſe than bare Compaſſion; he beheld the Paper, as if he were afraid to be miſtaken: He lifted his Eyes up to Heaven, as if he rendered Thanks for ſo great a Happineſs; he walked up and down the Room, and never regarded *Aglatidas*, nor ſpoke to him afterwards; coming ſuddenly to himſelf, and fearing he had been too much tranſported, If you did but know (ſaid he to him) the Merit of the Princeſs *Mandana*, you would leſs wonder at my exceſs of Joy; for although ſhe ought to be your Queen, I aſſure you I ſhall intereſt my ſelf as much in her Service, as any Subject ſhe ſhall one day have in all *Media*. It were to be wiſhed (anſwered *Aglatidas*) the King were acquainted with your Zeal unto any thing which concerns her, and that he would have the ſame thoughts of you which I have. Mean while *Andramias* brought in *Ortalques*, whom *Artamenes* embraced with exceeding tenderneſs, ſeeming as if the more News he told him concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, the more welcome ſhould he be: Yet notwithſtanding he asked him ſo many things together, that *Ortalques* could not anſwer him; but at the laſt he told him as much as he knew, and as much as did not yet fully ſatisfy *Artamenes*. But yet notwithſtanding the certainty of the Princeſs her Life, that did afford him an unexpreſſable joy, inſomuch as no other Conſideration could diminiſh his delight: It is your Duties (ſaid he unto *Aglatidas* and *Andramias*) to rejoice at the Reſurrection of your Princeſs. But (ſaid *Aglatidas* unto him, interrupting him) *Ortalques*, out of Zeal which he bears unto you, has ſome thoughts which ſeem to me very reaſonable, for indeed he deſired to ſee you, with intention that it might be from your Hand the King ſhould be acquainted with the Life of the Princeſs his

Daughter; imagining, with ſome probability, that the Joy which you ſhould give him, wonld in ſome ſort diſpoſe his Mind to hearken more favourably unto what I ſhould ſpeak to him in your behalf. Alas, (added *Andramias*) it may be thought, that ſince perhaps he will be neceſſitated unto a freſh War for the delivery of the Princeſs, he will ſooner ſet you at liberty. That Reaſon would be but weak, (replied *Artamenes* modeſtly) ſince he has ſo many other gallant Men about him, were it not for the Zeal which I have unto his Service, and which may be accounted ſomething extraordinary. But if I ſhould ſend this Note unto the King, would it not reflect too much upon you, *Andramias?* and would it not accuſe you for giving me too much Liberty? No, replied *Aglatidas*, not at all; for ſince *Ortalques* did once ſerve *Andramias*, and afterwards ſerved you, it is nothing ſtrange that he ſhould be received into a Place where he had two Maſters; and that you knowing the Hand, deſired to acquaint the King with this welcome News, which *Andramias* may carry from you. *Artamenes*, who did indeed deſire to be perſwaded, did conſent unto the Motion which *Aglatidas* made; and calling for Ink and Paper, he writ as followeth.

ARTAMENES unto the King his Soveraign Lord.

AS long as I thought my ſelf uſeleſs unto your Majeſty, I endured the weight of my Chains without impatience: But the happy News of the Princeſs's being alive, perſwades me, that perhaps I may be ſerviceable in her Delivery. And I now dare moſt humbly beſeech you, not to deprive me of that Honour to render you that Service; ſolemnly proteſting unto your Majeſty, to come into your Priſon and put on my Fetters, *the very next day that the Princeſs is at Liberty.*

Artamenes.

Andramias taking the Letter which *Artamenes* writ, alſo the Note from the Princeſs *Mandana*, went with *Ortalques* unto the King, where *Aglatidas* would alſo be preſent, in hopes to perform ſome good Office unto ſuch an illuſtrious Priſoner; and becauſe the Actions of my Maſter had begot ſome ſuſpitions in him of his Love, he thought that he would be very glad of Liberty; and indeed, though he loved *Aglatidas* very well, yet he did ſtrive to conceal his Joy in his own Heart. They were no ſooner gone out, but being able to hold no longer, What, my Princeſs, (ſaid he) are you living! need I no more fear your Death? muſt all thoſe gaſtly Images of Tombs and Coffins no longer terrify my Fancy? No, no, I can now believe you breath and live, and perhaps think upon me. Ah, whoſoever it be, either Gods or Men which have ſaved my Princeſs from the Waves, and from ſuch an almoſt inevitable Danger, What does not *Artamenes* owe unto them? If it was a Divinity, it merits my Vows; if it be a mortal Wight, it is worthy of all my Services: But whatſoever it be, ſince *Mandana*, Divine *Mandana* does live, I will permit my Soul to take full delight, as ſhe did before all ſorrow. But, alas, (ſaid he, after he had been a while ſilent) I am not ſo happy as I thought my ſelf: For though 'tis true *Mandana* lives, yet ſhe is a Captive; and that which is moſt cruel, I am in Fetters alſo, and by conſequence not in a condition to relieve her. What King would ſhe ſpeak unto? to whom may it be imagined is ſhe a Priſoner? what would ſhe expreſs by her Note? what a moſt cruel Accident is this, that I cannot taſte in quiet the greateſt Joy that ever amorous Mind was capable of? Yet am I not to blame (ſaid he) to deſcant thus upon the preſent condition of my Life, at a time when I ſee my Princeſs lives, and when I may hope to ſee her again? For ſince it is the pleaſure of the Gods to bring her from the deep Abyſs of the Sea, they may alſo perhaps bring me out of Priſon to deliver her, and ſet her upon her Throne. But, my faireſt Princeſs, after all theſe Misfortunes which I have endured, I dare not make any Prayers for my ſelf; I fear leſt my own Intereſts ſhould be contagious and infect yours; and for the love of you I will ſeparate them, and ask of the Gods no more than what directly relates unto you: Therefore, O ye Omnipotent Divinities, which govern all the Earth, cauſe them to deliver me, that I may deliver my Princeſs; that I may have power to puniſh all her Raviſhers; to bring her back unto her Father, and let her poſſeſs all thoſe Crowns which you have enabled me to defend, fight for, and conquer for the King of the *Medes*: O ye moſt juſt Gods, do only as I ſay, and afterwards let me die at the Feet of *Mandana*; and that ſhe may never have any other Sorrows but for the loſs of *Artamenes*.

Thus did the moſt amorous Prince in the World entertain himſelf, whilſt *Andramias* with *Ortalques* was with the King; and whilſt all his illuſtrious Friends were with *Hidaſpes*, where they received the Advice from *Artucas*, which made them all impatient, and moved them to go preſently unto the Caſtle, as I already told you. But to make you underſtand how *Artucas* came ſo ſoon to the knowledg of it; you muſt know, that when *Andramias* gave the Letter unto the King from *Artamenes*, this Prince was in a rapure of Joy, which cannot be expreſſed, ſo that ſome of thoſe who were then in the Chamber, without diving any further into the Matter, or ſtaying for any more, did in all haſte divulge, that *Artamenes* was in favour with the King; and it was from them which *Artucas* had that which he told unto *Hidaſpes*, as knowing him moſt affectionate unto *Artamenes*. The King of *Phrygia*, who was with *Ciaxares* when he received this Letter, being deſirous to take hold of that Occaſion, told him, that ſuch good News as that, well deſerved Liberty unto him who ſent it: And *Ciaxares*, in his firſt apprehenſions of Joy, did partly forget his Anger againſt *Artamenes*, and was glad to receive from his Hand this News as a ſign of his Affection unto his Service. He then did exactly inform

form himſelf from *Ortalques* of all he knew, and all he had ſeen; and bad *Andramias* that he ſhould aſſure *Artamenes*, it ſhould be long of himſelf if he did not ſuddenly come out of Priſon to relieve the Princeſs his Daughter; and that he ſhould no ſooner acknowledg the Correſpondency which he held with the King of *Aſſyria*, nor ſhould no ſooner ask pardon for it, than he ſhould forget what was paſt, and reſtore him unto his former Condition. O, Sir, (ſaid the King of *Phrygia* then unto him) let not your Majeſty ſtand upon ſuch an uſeleſs piece of Formality; for I do almoſt certainly know that *Artamenes* is Innocent; and if there were any ſecret Intelligence between the King of *Aſſyria* and him, it was not at all prejudicial unto your Majeſty's Service.

As they were thus in Diſcourſe, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince of the *Caducians*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Thraſibulus*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſias*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, *Artucas*, *Feraulas* and *Chriſantes* came in; and immediately after *Aglatidas* entred, with a multitude of Strangers of Quality, whom this ſtrange News did draw unto the King, every one being deſirous to rejoice with him in the happy News, which did indeed deſerve a Publick Thankſgiving. The Name of *Mandana* was in every one's Mouth; thoſe who knew her, told it unto thoſe who knew her not, and diſcourſed of all her admirable Qualities; ſo that as the Souls of all were dejected at the News of her loſs, ſo now they were elevated at the News of her being Alive.

After the firſt reſentments of Satisfaction, *Ciaxares* much diſpleaſed that he could not preciſely know what was the Adventure of the Princeſs, nor who carried her away, nor why they carried her unto *Armenia*. He knew very well that the King of that Country was his Tributary; that the Prince *Tigranes* his Son was Gallant and Generous, and one that loved *Artamenes*: But he knew alſo that the old King was capritious and humorous, and that he ſent no Troops to his Army as he was obliged to do; *Ciaxares* therefore did not fully reliſh his Joys, but would ſometimes make his Unquietneſs apparent. Sir, ſaid the King of *Hircania* unto him, let not the Captivity of the Princeſs *Mandana* diſquiet you, for if you would have her Priſon Doors fly open whereſoever they be, you need do no more but ſet open the Priſon Doors of *Artamenes*; and ſet him before ſo many Kings and Princes as now hear me; and you may be aſſured, Sir, that if he be our Guide, we will follow him unto *Armenia*, and make Victory follow us. When we have rendred Thanks unto the Gods, (replied the King of the *Medes*) we ſhall then ſee how they will inſpire us: But for my part, I do not think, that in thanking them for their Equity in ſaving an Innocent Princeſs, I ought to pardon a Delinquent, and ſuch an one as will neither ask Pardon, nor repent; no nor ſo much as acknowledg his Fault, altho it be moſt apparent. Ah, Sir, (cried they all with one Voice, both the Kings, the Princes, the *Homotimes*, and all the Cavaliers) *Artamenes* indeed is Unfortunate, but never was Culpable. There is not one of us but will enter into his Priſon, and remain an Hoſtage for him, until he has made proof of his Innocency by his new Services, or (to ſay better) new Miracles. *Ciaxares* was much moved to find ſuch violent Affection in the Minds of all theſe illuſtrious Perſons, and could not anſwer them but with a Congy; yet ſuch an one as left them in ſome hopes, inſomuch as they redoubled their Reaſons and Requeſts. *Aglatidas* was not leſs zealous than any; And *Migabiſes* (mauger their old Quarrels) was amongſt them in the King's Chamber, and begged Liberty for *Artamenes*, as well as his old Enemy. The King of *Phrygia* did extreamly preſs *Ciaxares* unto it; the King of *Hircania* ſpoke wonderful boldly; *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* uſed as much Power, as there was in *Greece* Eloquence; *Thraſibulus* did no leſs; *Hidaſpes* and *Aduſius* ſpoke with extream violence, as well as *Perſodes*, *Gadates*, and an hundred others, who ſeemed all to be linked unto the Intereſts of *Artamenes*.

Ciaxares then ſeeing himſelf thus urgently preſſed; Know, (ſaid he unto the King of *Phrygia*, and *Hircania*, and all the reſt) I wiſh as well as any that *Artamenes* were Innocent, or at leaſt that he would acknowledg his Crime with Repentance, upon condition I gave one of my Kingdoms; and to let you ſee that I will do all I can, I do permit you (at our return from the Temple) to go one after another unto him, to the end you may perſwade him unto obedience, and not to keep that ſecret from me, which I both will, and I ought to know. After he had ſaid ſo, *Ciaxares* without giving them time to anſwer, went out of the Chamber, and went unto the Temple to thank the Gods, for the favour he received from them, and that they would be pleaſed to compleat the Bleſſing, in rendring unto him the Princeſs his Daughter: All the People followed unto this Ceremony; and the happy News being divulged both in Town and Camp, cauſed a general rejoycing every where: At their return from the Temple, he had not forgot what *Ciaxares* ſaid, and therefore intreated him to give order unto *Andramias*, that any of his Friends might go unto *Artamenes*, and endeavour to diſcover (as he ſaid) what the King would know.

The King of *Media*, ſince he ſaw the ſtate of things to be as they were, would have been very glad if *Artamenes* would ask pardon, that he might give it unto him; ſuffered moſt of thoſe Princes and Perſons of Quality to ſee *Artamenes* in little Companies; ſo that at that time when Permiſſion was given, and Orders ſent unto *Andramias* to that purpoſe; the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania* went to viſit him, accompanied with *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*; leaving all the reſt in great impatience to enjoy the ſame happineſs. In going thither, they reſolved to acquaint *Artamenes*, that they knew he was *Cyrus*, and that they were not ignorant of all the reſt of his Adventures, to the end, they might afterwards adviſe upon the beſt Expedients to procure his Liberty. Not but that *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* did apprehend he would be angry with them, but yet they ſaw ſuch a neceſſity of it, that they would run that hazard, and rather expoſe themſelves unto Diſgrace, than to hide from him a Truth which was requiſite he ſhould know. As ſoon as theſe two Kings entred, *Artamenes* was much amazed as well at the ſight of them, as of *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, for although *Aglatidas* had ſeen him, during his Impriſonment, for *Andramias* did ſo much favour his Couſin, yet none elſe of his Domeſticks ever ſaw him. This famous Priſoner received theſe Princes with all the Civility and Reſpect, which *Artamenes* as *Artamenes* did owe unto Perſons of that Quality; but after they had ſaluted him, and moved him to embrace *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, they told him, ſmiling, that they came to receive Orders from him, and to know what he would have them do, to deliver *Artamenes* out of Priſon, and to put him into ſuch a condition, as he might appear to be *Cyrus*. At theſe words, *Artamenes* looked upon *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*; but the King of *Phrygia* beginning to ſpeak, No (ſaid he to him) do not blame theſe two Men whom you ought to love better than any Men in the World; and be not ſorry that we know the Secrets of your Life: They were not told us, but when there was a great neceſſity, therefore murmur not, but be aſſured that what we know ſhall never hurt you. I know very well, Sirs, (anſwered *Artamenes*) that *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* had always good Intentions towards me, and that queſtionleſs they could never have made a better choice than of you, and the King of *Hircania*; for all that, Sirs, there are ſome paſſages in my Adventures which I wiſh had been never known, and which I ſhould never have told whilſt I had Life. Had we not ſeen you in eminent danger, (ſaid *Chriſantes* with much reverence) we would have kept in an invincible Secret; but we conceived, that ſince we could tell nothing which was not glorious unto you, we thought it better to acquaint theſe Kings which hear, me with your Innocency, than ſuffer you to periſh. *Artamenes* although he was very ſorry that they knew what he would have concealed, yet forced himſelf not to ſeem ſo openly, leſt he ſhould diſoblige theſe two Princes who were thus intereſted in his Fortune. Then they acquainted him with the Alteration which appeared in the King's Mind, and with his obſtinate deſire to know exactly what that Intelligence was which he had with the King of *Aſſyria*. Since that you know all, replied *Artamenes*, you may underſtand that I ought not to tell him; not that I care for expoſing my Life by incenſing the King againſt *Cyrus*: But when I think how I ſhould diſpleaſe the Princeſs *Mandana* by it, and ſhould expoſe her perhaps unto the Anger of the King her Father; Ah Sirs, I do confeſs I cannot think on it but I tremble, and therefore it is a thing which I can never do, I had much rather that *Ciaxares* ſhould think me perfidious, than that *Mandana* ſhould ſuſpect me of indiſcretion: Indeed, Sirs, ſhall I tell you truly? If I have any Sorrows for your knowing the truth of my Life, it is meerly in reſpect of the intereſt of this moſt illuſtrious Princeſs; not but that ſhe is purely Innocent,nor that her Vertue can be ſtained by any Calumnies, yet for all that, I wiſh you thought me to be as faulty as *Ciaxares* doth, and were ignorant of that which might juſtify me. Theſe Princes hearing him ſpeak ſo, could not chuſe but ſmile, and afterwards admire the power of his reſpectful Paſſion, which moved him to prefer the intereſt of the Princeſs, not only before his own Life, but alſo before his own Glory. In concluſion, after a long diſcourſe, which yet would not afford them a way to reſolve upon, they deſigned to protract the buſineſs as long as they could, and obtain for certain days permiſſion to viſit him. That in the mean time, they adviſed him to ſpeak concerning *Ciaxares* as he was wont, which was with much Reverence and Affection; that on their ſides, they would tell the King of *Medes*, how they were in ſome hopes to come unto the knowledg of ſomething which he deſired to be informed of, yet he muſt have patience for a while: That in the interim, they would incite all the Captains and Souldiers, to ask his Liberty; and in concluſion, they would act further according as *Ciaxares* did appear more or leſs incenſed againſt him. *Artamenes* thanked them moſt civilly for their good Intentions towards him: And did that which two days before he could not think he ſhould, which was to ſolicite them earneſtly to break his Fetters; for ſince he knew the Princeſs living, and that ſhe was in Captivity, his Priſon became intolerable unto him. *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, ſtaying after theſe Princes, told him the Names of all thoſe who were acquainted with his Story; and he did a little blame them for making ſo many private unto it: But, Sir, (ſaid they unto him) by what other ways can you hope to break your Chains, to deliver your Princeſs, if ſo many illuſtrious Friends as you have, ſhould be all ignorant of your Innocency? Ah (ſaid he unto them) if all you have told them will procure me my Liberty, you had good reaſon to do it, and I have great cauſe to thank you. Afterwards he told of his Joy to hear the Princeſs was not periſhed, and of his diſquiet in being abſolutely ignorant in whoſe Hands Fortune had diſpoſed her; for, ſaid he, you know as well as I, that the King of *Aſſyria* is now at *Pteria*; and they aſſure you that *Mazares* is dead. Thus diſcourſing of one thing or other, yet all relating unto his Love, he kept *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* a long time with him. They were no ſooner gone out, but *Perſodes*, *Hidaſpes*, and *Aduſius* came in; after them followed *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, and *Megabiſes*: and after them again, *Thraſibulas*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, and *Aglatidas*: Indeed of all thoſe who had permiſſion to ſee him, there was not one but earneſtly deſired it: *Artamenes* tranſacted with thoſe who had been told his Hiſtory, as he did with the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Hircania*; and with thoſe who knew it not, according as it was agreed upon between the Princes and him. Mean while *Ciaxares* diſpatched one unto the King of *Armenia*, and made choice of *Megabiſes* for that imployment; appointing him to acquaint that King, how ſince he underſtood the Princeſs his Daughter was within his Dominions, he deſired ſhe might be ſent back unto him, in an Equipage proportionable unto her Quality; and in caſe he refuſed, then to declare War againſt him. That which incenſed *Ciaxares* more againſt him, was, that this King refuſed the payment of that Tribute which he ought to do, and produced ſome weak-bottom'd Reaſons for his Exemption; he never thought upon any new War which was likely, but he was ſorry for *Artamenes*, and hearkened very favourably unto thoſe who returned from the Priſon, who told him, that *Artamenes* did always ſpeak of him with very great Reverence and Affection, and that according to all Appearances, he was moſt certainly innocent: But after all, he would needs know ~~this impenetrable~~ Secret, which they put him in ſome hopes to diſcover, yet the opinion of every one was, that ſince they fore-ſaw a neceſſity of a War with *Armenia*, it would move *Ciaxares* to paſs over his firſt Reſolutions. Mean time, *Artamenes* remembred himſelf of his promiſe unto the King of *Aſſyria*, which was to advertiſe him exactly of every thing, to the end they might tranſact together for the Liberty of the Princeſs: Oh ye Deſtinies, (ſaid he to himſelf, in calling to memory his Promiſes) unto what intricate Adventures do you expoſe me? It ſeems I came into this World only to do good Offices unto the King of *Aſſyria*: I found out his firſt Conſpiracy to no other end but to acquaint *Mandana* with his Love, which himſelf durſt not diſcover: I went unto the *Maſſagettes* for nothing elſe but to facilitate his ſecond Enterprize: And I returned back purpoſely to ſave his Life, and to help him in the carrying away of *Mandana*: I came now to *Sinope* to ſave him from the fury of the Flames; and now at this time I do not underſtand of my Princeſs being alive: But to give him ſo much ſatisfaction as to know by what means, and to make the way eaſy unto him to deliver her: For indeed, ſince I have promiſed, I muſt and will keep it: But alas, how can I inform him, that ſhe is in *Armenia* whilſt I am a cloſe Priſoner? All his Kingdom is not yet ſo abſolutely deſtroyed, but he has ſome diſperſed Troops which he can rally together: There is one part of *Aſſyria* which does acknowledg his Authority: The one half of *Cappadocia* is for him; and he may perhaps as ſoon deliver her as *Ciaxares*, what ſhall I do then? and what ſhall I reſolve upon? But alas, what am I doing, (ſaid he reprehending himſelf) do I conſider and doubt upon a thing which I have promiſed? No, no, waver no longer upon it; and if I deſire that Men ſhould perform their Promiſes with me, let me be ſtedfaſt unto my Word: And alſo, ſince the King of *Aſſyria* is ſo gallant, let us not give him any cauſe to ſuſpect it, or to ſay the truth, we do but inform him of that which he cannot chuſe but know ere long, it not being poſſible, that the Life and the Priſon of the Princeſs *Mandana* can be long concealed. *Artamenes* alſo conſidered that ſince *Ciaxares* did accuſe him for having intelligence with the King of *Aſſyria*, he expoſed himſelf unto abſolute deſtruction if ever it were diſcovered; but the fear of any danger was not any reaſon at all to hinder *Artamenes* for performing what he had promiſed, and therefore he did deſcant no longer upon it. This generous Prince reſolving then to ſend unto *Pteria*, did look upon *Ortalques* as upon one whom he knew to be full of Fidelity, and ſince at that time almoſt any one had liberty to viſit him, he loſt not that opportunity; ſo that it was an eaſy matter for him to excuſe his deſign. He ſent then *Ortalques* unto the King of *Aſſyria*, after he rewarded him very nobly for the good News he brought unto him, and appointed him to tell that Prince from him, that he advertiſed him, how *Mandana* was living; that ſhe was in *Armenia*, not knowing who carried her thither: He deſired him alſo to keep his Word with a Man who is ſo punctual with him in ſo nice a Buſineſs. *Ortalques* did acquit himſelf of this Commiſſion with as much fidelity as haſte; and going out of the Town under pretence of ſome particular Buſineſs of his own, he went unto *Pteria*, which is not above a hundred and ſeventy Furlongs from *Sinope*, where he found the King of *Aſſyria* ready to depart from thence. This Prince was raviſhed with the Generoſity of *Artamenes*, and was unexpreſſibly joyful at the certainty of *Mandana*'s Life, for by his Spies which he had in *Sinope*, by the means of *Artaxes*, Brother to *Aribeus*, who always had ſome powerful Friend or other near *Ciaxares*, he knew of the Shipwrack of *Mazares*, and the Fears which every one apprehended of the Princeſs being periſhed: He received *Ortalques* therefore very well, and after he had magnificently rewarded him, Tell *Artamenes* (ſaid he to him) that the King of *Aſſyria* cannot promiſe to be his Friend, ſince Fate will have us ever Enemies, but let him aſſure himſelf that the King of *Aſſyria* will not neglect the rules of Generoſity, and therefore will always keep his Word exactly. But whilſt *Ortalques* was at *Pteria*, and came back to *Sinope*, to give an account of his Voyage unto his Maſter, and acquainted him with the generous Anſwer of the King of *Aſſyria*: All the Kings and Princes were buſied in obſerving the reſentments of *Ciaxares*, and contriving which way they could be ſerviceable unto *Artamenes*: And all the Officers and Souldiers in the Army moved by their own Inclinations, and incited by their chief Commanders, did nothing elſe but ask aloud for *Artamenes*, that he might be rendred unto them again, elſe they reſolved never to ſtir a Foot again unto any War: Whilſt, I ſay, *Ciaxares* was yet very irreſolute what to do, though he ſeemed to incline towards ſome indulgency, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* were very reſtleſs in their Tranſactions; for ſometimes they went to viſit their Maſter; ſometimes they courted all the Princes which had intereſted themſelves in his Fortune: ſometimes they went into the King's Preſence, and very often unto *Hidaſpes* and *Aduſius*; ſo that continually beſtirring themſelves, and living between Hopes and Fears, their Souls were never in any Tranquillity. They had a deſign to ſend into *Perſia*, and advertiſe *Cambyſes* of the Life of the Prince his Son, and the danger wherein he was, but the diſtance of the place prevented them? *Artamenes* alſo ſuppoſing ſuch a buſineſs, did expreſly forbid it, telling them, that he would never have the King his Father know he was living, until he might be informed of it without Sorrow: Moreover, he told them that courſe would be abſolutely in vain, and the readieſt way to let *Ciaxares* know he was *Cyrus*. Upon an Evening then, when *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* were both together, walking by the Port of *Sinope*, *Artucas* came unto them, and deſired them to go along with him unto a place where he would freely entertain them: They knew very well the Affection which *Artucas* bore unto *Artamenes*, and remembred how he left *Aribeus* to become faithful unto his Prince, and were contented to go with him: His Houſe was far off the Port, and therefore leſs conſumed by fire, but was ſtill habitable. As ſoon as they came there, *Artucas* carried them into a Chamber, and through that into another, where they did find one who at firſt they knew not, for it was dark, and Candles were not yet lighted; they ſaw well ſhe was a Woman of a good Faſhion, and ſeemed to be fair, but yet they could not perceive her Face ſo plainly as to know her: This uncertainty laſted not long, for this Woman no ſooner ſaw them, but leaving the Daughter of *Artucas* who was with her, and coming towards them, ſhe began to ſpeak, and call them by their Names, to ſignify her Joy ſhe had to ſee them; ſo that the Tone of her Voice no ſooner ſounded in the Ears of *Feraulas*, but running haſtily to her, Ah *Marteſia* (cried he out) is it you that ſpeaks? Can I believe that what I think is true? Yes, anſwered ſhe, I am *Marteſia*, and the very ſame you left me at *Themiſcira* with the Princeſs *Mandana*: At theſe words *Feraulas* tranſported with exceſs of Joy, did again ſalute the Lady which had ſo great a ſhare in his Heart, and had ſo great a confidence in him. *Chriſantes* for his part, ſo much eſteemed the Vertue of this Woman, that he behaved himſelf towards her with all poſſible Civility But as his Soul was not ſo tender over her, as the Soul of *Feraulas* was, ſo he was the firſt which asked *Marteſia* whether or no the Princeſs were at liberty? Alas, wiſe *Chriſantes*, ſaid ſhe, and ſighed, I would to the Gods ſhe were, or at the leaſt, that your illuſtrious Maſter were not a Priſoner, as I underſtand he is, but that he were in a condition to relieve her. What Joy ſoever *Feraulas* had to ſee *Marteſia*, this Tale did leſſen it. But ſince all he thought was not to be ſpoken of before *Artucas*, or his Daughter, who knew nothing of *Artamenes* Love unto the Princeſs, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* did burn with deſire to ask a hundred Queſtions, which they then could not enquire of; and ſhe for her part did anſwer unto many things as ſhe would not have anſwered if they had been by themſelves; However (ſaid *Chriſantes*) you can aſſure us that the Princeſs is alive? for although *Ortalques* told us ſo, yet we ſhall be far better ſatisfied to hear you confirm it. *Feraulas* asked her how they eſcaped the ſhipwrack? *Chriſantes* would needs tell her how they grieved for the ſuppoſed Death of the Princeſs, and both of them together did make the Diſcourſe ſo interrupted and full of confuſion, that it did but augment their Curioſity: *Marteſia* deſired *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* to ſalute a very compleat Man who came with her, and was called *Orſanes*, telling them how he had been both her Guide and Protector. This firſt Diſcourſe was not long, becauſe the Night was late. But *Marteſia* deſired them to come again to morrow Morning, for ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſpeak with them before ſhe ſaw the King, who yet knew nothing of her return, thinking it fit to inform her ſelf of ſome things before ſhe appeared at Court, or ſhewed her ſelf unto him; and this was the reaſon ſhe came late into *Sinope*, and deſired to lodg in her Kinſman's Houſe, where ſhe might be welcome, and he having a Daughter which was very fair and vertuous; therefore ſhe conjured them not to ſpeak a word of her return unto any. *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* then left her, and failed not to come the next Morning as *Marteſia* had appointed them; and would not acquaint *Artamenes* with her arrival until they knew more Certainties of *Mandana*, whereby to ſatisfy his Curioſity, his Impatience, and his Love. *Marteſia* was a Woman of moſt excellent Qualities, and one whoſe Aunt *Artucas* had married, and therefore ſhe made choice of his Houſe in *Sinope*. As ſhe had ever been about *Mandana*, and that Princeſs did always very tenderly love her, ſo ſhe did love her again moſt paſſionately, and could not at all reliſh her liberty, unleſs her Princeſs enjoyed hers alſo; and though perhaps there were ſome in *Sinope* to whom ſhe had no Averſion, yet ſhe had rather have been captive with her Miſtreſs, than free without her: She ſeemed alſo very melancholy unto *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, when they came to her in the Morning; and as ſhe knew how to carry things handſomly, ſhe let *Artucas* underſtand, that ſhe had ſome Buſineſs to impart unto *Chriſantes* which concerned the Liberty of the Princeſs, and which ſhe had Orders not to reveal unto any but him and *Feraulas*: So that without ſuſpicion of any thing, ſhe received them privately into her Chamber, without any other Witneſſes but one Woman which waited upon her, who was ſo far off the place where ſhe cauſed *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* to ſit down, that ſhe could not underſtand any thing of their diſcourſe: When then they were come unto her, and the firſt Complements were paſſed, and they ſeated in their places: Alas (ſaid ſhe to them) what ſtrange Alterations do we find ſince the day you parted from *Themiſcira* to go unto the *Maſſagettes?* and how ignorant am I of all you have done ſince? only I know that the famous *Artamenes* has gained ſome Battels, and ſubverted Kingdoms. But O Heavens, when I came hither, and was told that he was in Priſon, how was I ſurprized and ſorrowful? and how ſad the Princeſs would be if ſhe ſhould know of this terrible Alteration? Truely, ſaid ſhe, when I call to memory all that has hapned unto us, and that after all theſe Hurryings away; ſo many Perſecutions; ſo many Wars; ſo many Shipwracks, and ſo many Misfortunes, that *Mandana* ſhould be a Priſoner in *Armenia*, and *Artamenes* a Priſoner in *Sinope*, I do confeſs unto you, that my Spirits are confounded.

I have learned to deſpair of nothing, ſince after all this I am living, and at *Sinope*, and with ſome whom I am not ſorry to ſee: You are very good, *Marteſia* (ſaid *Feraulas*, interrupting her) to ſay ſo. And you would continue that Goodneſs (ſaid *Chriſantes*) if you would relate all your Adventures ſince our departure from *Themiſcira*, and by what ways *Philidaſpes* brought about his Deſign; why he, being Prince of *Aſſyria*, appeared only as *Philidaſpes*; how he treated the Princeſs after he took her away: How *Mazares* fell in love; how that Prince deceived the other and took her away; how you did during the Shipwrack; how you eſcaped it; and how it comes to paſs the Princeſs is not free; for I do confeſs, this laſt Event is incomprehenſible, and puts all the Court into Amazement. None can imagine who it ſhould be, who has thus ſaved the Princeſs to deſtroy her; nor can any conceive who is that King whereof ſhe ſpeaks, and why ſhe named him not in that Note which we received from her: Therefore, ſweet *Marteſia*, I do conjure you by the illuſtrious Name of the Princeſs *Mandana*, and alſo by the name of *Artamenes*, to tell us exactly all that you know concerning the King of *Aſſyria*, concerning the Prince of *Saces*, and concerning the King whom we cannot gueſs. You require ſo many things, ſaid ſhe, in requiring this, that I know not whether I can in a whole day give you that ſatisfaction: I will therefore abbreviate my diſcourſe as much as I can. We do not deſire you ſhould do ſo (replied *Feraulas*) but on the contrary, we do beſeech you, not to deprive us of one of the Princeſs's Thoughts, for truly *Artamenes* has need of all the Comforts we can afford him; and we cannot bring him a greater, than to let him know what is become of that Princeſs whom he adores: Therefore I do conjure you, to give us this ſatisfaction, for we are gladly diſpoſed to give you hearing as long as you ſhall pleaſe. But, ſaid *Marteſia*, do you not think it fit that I ſhould know alſo what has chanced unto you? I will engage my ſelf to tell you all (anſwered he) before we part from hhence, ſo you will firſt ſatisfy our extreamly longing Deſires, to underſtand your Adventures; for as *Artamenes* has no intereſt which is not mine, ſo I am certain *Mandana* has none which is not yours. *Marteſia* ſeeing her ſelf ſo urged, did recollect her Memory, to order the Diſcourſe ſhe intended, into the better Method; and after a little ſilence, ſhe began thus.

The

The Hiſtory of Mandana.

TO make all our Adventures more clear unto you; alſo the Reaſons why the King of *Aſſyria* did appear in the *Cappadocian* Court under the Name of *Philidaſpes*, although his right Name is *Labinet* ; It is requiſite that I do begin my Story far off, and that I relate the Hiſtory of the Queen *Nitocris*, and of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, Daughter of *Gadates*, as well as that of *Mandana*. I doubt not but you wonder to hear me ſpeak ſo preciſely of the *Aſſyrian* Affairs, and of the particular Relations of two Princes who have the greateſt ſhare in this Hiſtory: But at the end of my Story I ſhall acquaint you by what ways I came to know what I am now going to tell you. Doubtleſs you know that it was the Queen *Nitocris*, unto whom the Kingdom of *Aſſyria* did belong; and it was upon this Reaſon, that the Prince her Son had not the Quality of a King, although the King his Father was dead. This great Princeſs was lineally deſcended from the firſt Kings of *Aſſyria* ; and there never was a Princeſs, ever ſince the great King *Ninus* and the famous *Semiramis*, more illuſtrious than ſhe. The King her Father died when ſhe was very young ; and ſhe wore the Crown at an Age, when any other but ſhe had not ſtrength enough to ſupport it ; yet all the *Aſſyrians* did confeſs that they never knew more Wiſdom and Prudence in any, than ſhe did manifeſt in all her Actions. Yet notwithſtanding, although her own Reaſon was very ripe, ſhe had a Council which was compoſed of the moſt excellent Men of the whole Monarchy, who ſteered Affairs. But ſince, by the Fundamental Law of the State ſhe could not marry any Stranger Prince, ſo all the *Aſſyrian* Princes were then at *Babylon* ; and I have heard reported, that this Court was at that time the moſt magnificent of all the World.

As this Princeſs was very Fair, and was Owner of the prime Crown in all *Aſia*, ſo ſhe moved Paſſions in the Souls of all the Princes which ever ſaw her ; and I have been aſſured, that of all this great number of her Servants, there was not one of them which were not more Amorous than Ambitious. I will not ſtay to tell you with what Wiſdom and Vertue ſhe behaved her ſelf amongſt them; only this I muſt relate, that amongſt the reſt, there were two which ſeemed to be in greateſt hopes to effect their Deſign, more likely than any of the reſt. The firſt was a Prince called *Labinet*, as he who is now King of *Aſſyria* is called. The other named *Gadates*, who at that very time was a Miracle in Beauty, in Handſomneſs, in Valour, in Spirit, in Gallantry, and in Vertue; his Quality was alſo very high, and allied unto the Royal Family. But as for *Labinet*, although he was nothing ſo accompliſhed, and his good Qualities were more dim, yet he had this Advantage, that he ſtiled himſelf to be deſcended from one of the Children of *Sardanapalus*, (if it may be called an Advantage to deſcend from ſo bad a Prince) and by Conſequence he pretended to have ſome Right unto the Crown, although he did not at that time openly declare his Pretentions. As the Queen was then very young, ſo ſhe did not conſider this Reaſon of State, and her Soul preferring him which was more accompliſhed, before him that was leſs; therefore her Inclination leaned towards *Gadates*, who doubtleſs was moſt worthy, both for his rare Qualities, and in reſpect of his Paſſion, ſince they ſay he adored the Queen *Nitocris*, with as much Purity as Men adore the Gods.

This innocent Paſſion having took root in the Heart of this young Princeſs, who thought ſhe could do nothing more advantagious for her People, than to give them a King whom ſhe knew moſt vertuous; ſhe began to receive the Services of *Gadates* in ſuch a manner, as this Precedency, above all the reſt of them which were Intereſted, was made known unto them. There needed no more to trouble all the Court, principally by *Labinet*, who, by reaſon of his Pretentions unto the Crown, was moſt dangerous. Queſtionleſs this Prince had no great Faults in him, although he was not owner of thoſe Heroick Vertues which prefer Men above their own Qualities;

ties; yet notwithſtanding, Ambition, and Love together, enflaming his Heart, he talked of nothing but Civil Wars, of Revolt, and Sedition: And truly the Matter was ſo forward, that every one began to bandy Parties. All the diſcontented Lovers made one Faction; *Labinet* made another by himſelf, followed by ſome ſtirring Spirits; and *Gadates* had only the Queen on his Side. The young Princeſs ſeeing the Condition of Affairs ſtand ſo, ſhe was extreamly troubled; and after ſhe had well conſulted with her ſelf, that perhaps it might coſt her a great Kingdom, ſhe took a Reſolution which made the greatneſs of her Soul and Vertue to appear: For calling *Gadates* unto her, who doubtleſs ſhe loved very well, and more than ſhe had ſignified unto him; calling him, I ſay, unto her, to give him a Teſtimony of her Affection, after a new and ſurpriſing manner; *Gadates*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) I have a deſire to tell you, that which doubtleſs you are ignorant of; at the leaſt I am certain, that I have had ſome care to conceal it from you: Know then (purſued ſhe) that I have thought you worthy to wear the Crown of *Aſſyria*. Madam, (ſaid he) it becomes the Queen *Nitocris* too well to take it from her; and he whom ſhe ſhall chuſe for that Honour were unworthy of it, if he ſhould not content himſelf with being only the firſt of her Subjects. Reſerve your Thanks, *Gadates*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) until the end of my Diſcourſe; for after I have given you this great Teſtimony of my Eſteem, I muſt require another Teſtimony from you of your Affection. If it be to die at your Feet, Madam, (replied he) I am moſt ready to obey you; and I do not know any thing in the World which I would not conſent unto. Obſerve me, I conjure you, to the end; I ask nothing impoſſible. *Gadates*, who never durſt ſpeak of his Love unto the Queen, was a little ſurprized; yet after this which ſhe ſpoke unto him, he quickly recollected himſelf, and looking upon her with as much Reſpect as Love, Provided, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that your Majeſty do not forbid me to adore you, I ſhall never diſobey you. No, (ſaid ſhe, ſighing) I do not intend that my Authority ſhall extend it ſelf over the Thoughts of the

Heart; and though, may be, my Dominion would reach ſo far, yet would I not deſtroy thoſe Thoughts which your Soul has of me: But that which I would tell you is this, That the neceſſity of State-Affairs, and the Good of my People, will not permit me to make my own choice of a Husband; I would have you know, I am reſolved to aſſemble the States-General of my Kingdom, and to receive a Husband by the univerſal Allowance of my Subjects: If they be reaſonable, you may perhaps obtain their Voices, as I would have given you mine, if they would have given me the liberty. But if you cannot procure your ſelf to be choſen by them, then reſolve with your ſelf, *Gadates*, never to ſee me again as long as you live, but to retire unto that Province which belongs unto you, and never come at this Court.

I will not ſtand, wiſe *Chriſantes*, to tell you all the Diſcourſe between *Gadates*, and the Queen *Nitocris*, nor many other Paſſages which depend upon this Diſcourſe, though they be well worth obſervation, and of much concern; I ſhall only tell you, (to the end I may come unto the more eſſential part of my Diſcourſe) that do what *Gadates* could, he could obtain no more from her, but liberty to ſollicite the Judges of the Matter.

Then the Queen aſſembled the States-General of her Kingdom, declaring unto them, that ſhe thought upon the Good and Satisfaction of her People, and therefore left them the liberty to chuſe themſelves a King. When all the incenſed Lovers heard of this, they were ſurpriſed at the Declaration; they were raviſhed with the Wiſdom and Vertue of the Queen, and came unto *Babylon* to ſollicite their Intereſts.

But in concluſion, this powerful Reaſon of State, which would have all Cauſes and Pretences of Civil Wars removed, induced the States-General to beſeech the Queen that ſhe would be pleaſed to marry *Labinet*; which ſhe accordingly did, without the leaſt ſhew of Repugnancy; and was all her Life extreamly well-pleaſed with her Marriage, and lived very well with her Husband; yet it was her pleaſure that *Gadates* ſhould obey her, ſhould retire unto his Province, and never return to the Court.

The King, who knew the Buſineſs, and alſo was acquainted with the Vertue of this Princeſs, did much ſollicite her that *Gadates* might return to *Babylon*; but ſhe would never conſent unto it.

A while after her Marriage, ſhe ſent Commands unto *Gadates*, that he mould marry a Princeſs deſcended from the Ancient Kings of *Bithynia*, who was extreamly Rich, and infinitely Vertuous; which he did, although certainly he did ever preſerve his violent Paſſion to the Queen: He lived as well with the Princeſs his Wiſe, as the Queen did with her Husband.

Mean while *Nitocris* had a Son, which was he whom you knew ſometimes by the Name of *Philidaſpes*, ſometimes by the Title of the King of *Aſſyria*. *Gadates* had alſo a Son and a Daughter: and as ſoon as they were crept out of their firſt Infancy, the Queen, who was then a Widow, and ſtill forbad *Gadates* from coming to Court, commanded him to ſend his Children unto her, that his Son who was called *Intaphernes*, might be brought up with the Prince of *Aſſyria*; and the young Princeſs his Daughter, called *Iſtrina*, lived in that Place where there might Love grow between her and her Son, unto whom ſhe had a deſign to marry him, as well to ſatisfy the Law in marrying a Princeſs who was not a Stranger, as to teſtify the Eſteem ſhe had unto *Gadates*, thinking ſhe could not better, nor more innocently acknowledg thoſe Services which he had done her, than by preferring his Daughter unto the Throne of *Aſſyria*. It ſeems alſo, that ſhe took not this Reſolution out of Choice only, but out of a Neceſſity alſo; for all of the Princes which had been Pretenders unto the Queen *Nitocris*, the greateſt part of them were reſolved not to match with him, and the reſt had no Daughters: So that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was the only Lady whom the King of *Aſſyria* could marry.

But here you may well admire how humane Prudence is limited, and how this great Queen, who by ſuch Publick Works is rendred Famous throughout all the World, and ever ſhall be to all Poſterity, was deceived in her Reaſons; and how that which ſhe thought would have cauſed Love, did aſpire the Heart of the young King of *Aſſyria* with Averſion. The Princeſs *Iſtrina* was ten Years of Age when ſhe came to *Babylon*; *Intaphernes* her Brother fifteen, and the Prince of *Aſſyria* fourteen: But from that very time the imperious Humour which we ſaw in *Philidaſpes* began to take beginning and growth. He lived with *Intaphernes* after ſuch a manner, as made all believe, he would not look upon him hereafter as a Brother-in-Law: He regarded the Princeſs *Iſtrina* with ſo much indifferency, that every one believed, were it not for fear to diſpleaſe the Queen, the Averſion he had towards her would have appeared more apparently. As for *Intaphernes*, as he was a Prince very well born, ſo he behaved himſelf with the Prince of *Aſſyria*, in all ſuch Reſpects as was due, although he had much ado to endure his lofty Humour: yet Ambition, and the Advice of ſuch as had a care over him, cauſed him to be very complacential towards him. The young Princeſs *Iſtrina*, for her part, ſhe carried it with all the ſweetneſs and civility towards *Labinet* that can be expreſſed; for though ſhe was very young, yet the Crown of *Aſſyria*, unto which ſhe hoped ſhe was deſtined, did ſhine ſo bright in her Eyes, that ſhe neglected nothing which might win upon the Heart of that Prince whom ſhe hoped to marry. The Queen for her part contributed all her Endeavours to plant a liking in theſe two young Hearts which ſhe deſired to unite; and to that end ſhe cauſed them to ſee one another very oft; and at all Feaſts and publick Rejoicings, they expoſed themſelves to the People both together; who by their Acclamations and Applauſes, did approve of the Queen's Choice; for I have heard ſay, it was impoſſible for any Eye to behold any fairer Object than the Princeſs *Iſtrina*. As for the Prince of *Aſſyria*, we know that he is as well made as a Man can be; *Intaphernes* alſo, was handſom, and of a good Garb. But do what the Queen could, the Averſion of the Prince her Son did grow with his Age. Some ill-minded Spirits, perſwaded him that *Iſtrina* was ambitious, and was only complacential towards him, becauſe ſhe would be a Queen, and therefore he accepted of all her Civilities in a rejecting manner: He hated *Intaphernes* for no other Reaſon, but becauſe he was her Brother; in whom notwithſtanding no fault could be found, for certaiuly ſhe was of a fine Spirit, and her Complexion as lovely a Brown as was in the World.

Mean while, the Prince of *Aſſyria* having attained unto his eighteenth Year, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina* Fourteen, the Queen did motion her Son to marry her; but he beſeeched her not to preſs him yet to marry, and told her, that a Prince who never yet was in any War, ought not to think of Marriage. The Queen knowing the violent Humour of the Prince, thought beſt to give a little longer time, and the rather, becauſe in all appearance there was like to be War with the King of *Phrygia*, who had made ſome Eruptions upon the Frontiers of *Aſſyria.*

Since this Propoſition, the Prince, who before ſeemed only indifferent, did now change his courſe of Life, and as much as he could poſſible, ſhunned meeting with the Princeſs *Iſtrina*; and therefore, he uſed to go every day almoſt to hunt, to the end he might not go ſo often unto the Queen: But by ſhunning the company of the Siſter, he could not ſhake off the Brother, for *Indaphernes* followed him always, which did a little diſpleaſe him: It often chanced, that *Intaphernes* thinking to get his Eſteem, he encreaſed his Hatred: for as he did not love to be ſurmounted in any thing, ſo the extraordinary expertneſs which *Intaphernes* had in darting the Javelin, ſhooting in the Bow, and ſuch Activities, did always anger him: One time above the reſt, the Prince ſhot at a Bear, and miſſed, preſently after *Intaphernes* ſhot, and killed him dead: and the ſame day alſo, the Prince ſhot at a Lion, and miſſed; but *Intaphernes* killed him immediately: The Prince was ſo much angred at this Adventure, that he could not commend him for it, but gave out ſome bitter Expreſſions againſt the Action: for as ſome could not forbear commending him, Stay, (ſaid he to the Man) and keep your exceſs of Commendations until we have been both together in the Wars of *Phrygia:* for in my Opinion there is more honour in killing of a Man who can defend himſelf, than in killing a Beaſt which runs away. *Intaphernes* did not hear what the Prince ſaid, although he was very near; but ſome or other having told him afterwards, his Spirit was a little exaſperated; and upon this Paſſage did riſe a Report, which ſpread among ſtrange Nations, that the Prince of *Aſſyria* killed him at that hunting. The ſame Report, with as little truth in it, took the Son of *Gadates* for the Son of *Gobrias*; though the Truth was only as I tell you.

Mean while, the Queen, ſeeing the *Phrygian* Affairs were protracted, did again preſs the Prince to marry *Iſtrina*, and imployed *Mazares*, Prince of *Saces*, who was then in Court, to perſwade him unto it, for the Prince of *Aſſyria* loved him very dearly. *Mazares*, according to his Inſtructions and Commiſſion, asked him from whence this Averſion unto that Marriage which was propounded unto him did proceed? for, truly, ſaid he to him, the Princeſs *Iſtrina* is very fair. 'Tis true, (anſwered he) but ſhe is not ſuch a one as can reach my Heart. Why, ſaid *Mazares*, ſhe is of a ſweet and complacential Diſpoſition as you can deſire. If ſhe were a little more fierce, (replied the Prince of *Aſſyria*) ſhe would pleaſe me more. But do you not confeſs, (replied *Mazares*) that ſhe is one of an excellent Spirit, and much Virtue? I believe the latter, (anſwered he) but for the other, ſince ſhe knows not how to move my Heart, I think I may be permitted to leave it diſputable. But after all this, added *Mazares*, you are not at liberty to chuſe, for the Princeſs *Iſtrina* is the only Lady whom by the Laws of this State you can marry throughout your whole Kingdom: for my part I know not why you ſhould not like her, and why you ſhould not eſteem your ſelf happy in ſuch a Wife, ſince ſhe is Fair, Sweet, Sprightly, and Vertuous. Ah, *Mazares*, ſaid the Prince of *Aſſyria*, this fatal Neceſſity is the cauſe why I cannot endure the Princeſs *Iſtrina*. Yes, *Mazares*, I do confeſs, ſince you will know it, that this Princeſs has much Beauty, Sweetneſs, Spirit, and Vertue; But for all that, although I confeſs ſhe is very Amiable, yet I cannot love her, nor ever ſhall. No, *Mazares*, Kings which are above the Liberty of other Men, ought not to be deprived of the Liberty to chuſe a Wife: It is a Law which my predeceſſors have eſtabliſhed, but which I cannot obſerve, eſpecially in ſuch a juncture of Time, where there is none to chuſe, or where there is ſuch a Neceſſity, that if I will marry an *Aſſyrian* Princeſs, I muſt marry *Iſtrina*. For although that *Gobrias* have a Daughter, yet the *Aſſyrians* make a difference between his Countrey and Ours; and moreover he is rather my Vaſſal than my Subject: and I am moſt certain, (added this violent Prince) that if the Law of the State, and the Queen's Commands would not force me to love the Princeſs *Iſtrina* againſt my Will, I ſhould never love her. And I do confeſs unto you, that ſince I muſt not chuſe, I cannot love her, and the Prince of *Aſſyria* ſhall never be captivated with any thing in the World, ſince he ought to be free. But (ſaid *Mazares* unto him) Kings do not uſe to marry as other Men do, and it does not much import whether they love or not love thoſe they marry. The *Aſſyrians* demand a Queen from you; ſatisfy them in their Demands, and beſtow your Heart upon none but whom you pleaſe. My Heart (replied the Prince, ſmiling) is a thing which I eſteem more precious than to beſtow it upon any but a Queen: ſo that *Mazares*, if I ſhould chance to love one who is not a Queen, I will reſerve unto my ſelf, the liberty to give her a Crown, therefore let us ſpeak no more of it; and if you love me, act ſo in my behalf, that the Queen may not be offended at my Diſobedience. The Prince *Mazares* indeed, did uſe his beſt endeavours to perſwade *Nitocris*, but there was no way to make her think well of her Son's Diſobedience; She whom all the World did look upon with high eſteem, and who would leave unto her Son the moſt flouriſhing State in all *Aſia*. Then ſhe thought good to take from her Son this pretence of War with the King of *Phrygia*. When the Prince knew that, and not being able to hinder it, he did think that Peace would be no ſooner publiſhed, but they would preſs Marriage upon him; So that not knowing what Pretence to find out, did bethink himſelf, to do what he could, in cauſing ſome other young Prince to be in love with the Princeſs *Iſtrina*; amongſt the reſt he pitched upon *Mazares*, and extreamly preſſed him unto it: My dear *Mazares*, (ſaid I to him) let me intreat you to love *Iſtrina* for the love of me; doubtleſs you have much diſpoſition unto it already; for you have told me ſhe is Fair, of an excellent Spirit, and great Vertue: Why then do you not love her? Becauſe (anſwered *Mazares*) that fatal Minute wherein my Deſtinies will have me begin to love is not yet come; and becauſe the Queen will not ſuffer it; and becauſe the Princeſs *Iſtrina* will not favourably look upon me. After he had, and all in vain, tormented *Mazares*, he went unto another, whom they ſaid was really in love with her, and durſt not tell it, and who durſt not ſo much as acknowledg it unto the Prince, nor accept of thoſe Aſſiſtances which he offered him, out of his reſpect unto the Queen *Nitocris*, and Princeſs whom he loved; for indeed the Prince of *Aſſyria*, offered then no leſs than to take her away from them, and reſiſt them in the moſt violent and unjuſt Courſes.

Seeing then that this Invention would not take, he took a perverſe reſolution to cauſe the Princeſs *Iſtrina* to hate him; and ſince he knew ſhe loved her Brother very dearly, he carried himſelf very coldly towards him: One evening then, when they had nothing to do but ſtay for him who went to ſign the Articles of Peace with the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Aſſyria* being gone out to walk upon the Banks of the River *Euphrates*, *Intaphernes* followed, with many others, and as they were of that Age which is moſt pleaſant for the Converſation of Ladies, *Mazares* ſaid, that thoſe Beauties which were inclined to flaxen Hair, did moſt move his Heart; and *Intaphernes* aſſured him, that the Brown had greateſt influence in his Phancy. For my part, ſaid the Prince of *Aſſyria*, I yet neither loved Flaxen nor Brown, but if ever I love any, I do not think it will be that which *Intaphernes* loves. Love, Sir, (replied this Prince) will not give us leave to chuſe, and perhaps you may find his Tyranny in concluſion. Love (replied this Imperious Prince) may perhaps, as you ſay, become my Conqueror; but I am very much deceived, if I be overcome by *Aſſyrian* Beauties: And I can tell you there are very Glorious ones in *Babylon* (replied *Intaphernes* when he was alone with him, ſome twelve paces from the Company.) Yes, (anſwered he with a malicious Smile) but ſince the Princeſs *Iſtrina* cannot vanquiſh me, I fear none elſe, and I am well aſſured of my Liberty in *Babylon*. My Siſter (anſwered *Intaphernes*, with much reſpect) has not ſo good an Opinion of her Beauty, as to pretend unto ſuch an Illuſtrious Conqueſt. But, Sir, that which her Charms cannot do, it is not impoſſible but others may, who have more attractive Power than ſhe, and who beſide their Merit, may perhaps have better Fortune. It is very true (replied the Prince of *Aſſyria*, very fiercely) ſhe is not very fortunate in her Deſigns, and ſhe has reaſon to complain of her Fate, that ſhe has not gotten a Crown, which, as ſhe thinks, ſhe deſerves. I know not, Sir, (anſwered *Intaphernes*, a little ſharply) why you ſhould ſpeak thus unto me; but I know very well that the Houſe from whence I am deſcended, has more times than once given Queens unto the *Aſſyrian* Kings: and therefore when my Siſter, by the Queen's Command, hoped for the like Honour, ſhe did no more than what was reaſonable. Fortune, *Intaphernes*, (replied this violent Prince) is not always blind in her Gifts; ſometimes ſhe gives them with choice; and I am certain, that ſhe ſhall never by my hand humorouſly beſtow any Crown, nor ſhall ever by me, ſet ſuch upon the Throne, who ought not to look upon it but with a trembling eye. In other Kingdoms (anſwered *Intaphernes*) they ſay, the Prince is above the Laws; but in *Aſſyria*, the Laws are uſed to be above the Prince, whoſe Glory it is to be ſubject unto them: and upon this Reaſon, Subjects as my Siſter, need not to tremble in looking upon that Throne whereon they may ſit. When Subjects, as your Siſter, ſhall live under the Reign of ſuch a Prince as I, (replied he) they will better learn what they ought to do than yet ſhe knows; and they will then ſee that Reaſon is ſtronger than the Laws, and that without Injuſtice they may be broken, when the Law is found unjuſt. Learn *Intaphernes* (purſued he) not to truſt too much unto the Law, and renounce all thoſe Priviledges which you think it gives you, and content your ſelf with that Alliance which you have had heretofore with the Kings of *Aſſyria*, and believe that if ever I reign, you ſhall never have any new Alliance. May be (replied *Interphernes*) that before the Queen *Nitocris* has left you the Crown, you may change your Mind. I underſtand you very well (anſwered the Prince of *Aſſyria*) you think becauſe I reign not yet, that you are almoſt my equal. But *Intaphernes*, undeceive your ſelf, and I'll begin to let you know there is ſome difference betwixt you and me, I command you to retire, and to ſee me no more; if you will not, you will expoſe your ſelf to find but courſe Entertainment. O Sir, replied *Intaphernes*, Perſons of my Quality ought not to be thus uſed. I know not whether they ought to be (anſwered the Prince of *Aſſyria*) but I know very well, that if *Intaphernes* do not obey me, and that without murmuring, I ſhall give an Example unto Princes which ſucceed me. Yes, Sir (replied *Intaphernes* in retiring himſelf) I will obey you, but it ſhall be more out of the Reſpect I bear unto the Son of the Queen *Nitocris*, then out of fear to be ill entertained, ſince Princes that have the Heart of *Intaphernes*, are confident that none ſhall do them Wrong unpuniſhed. The Prince of *Aſſyria* by good fortune did not hear theſe laſt words, and there was none but *Mazares* which heard them.

At his depatnre from thence, *Intaphernes* went to take his leave of the Queen, who would not give it. The Princeſs *Iſtrina*, for her part, being infinitely offended for the ill Treatment of her Brother, ſince it was in her behalf, did beſeech *Nitocris* to ſend him to her Father, but the Queen denied her, as well as *Intaphernes*; always telling them, that her Son would change his Mind with his Years, and that ſhe would order him ſo to do: mean while ſhe was extream angry at him, and could not chuſe but ſhew it; ſo that the Prince coming to know of it, and he which went into *Phrygia*, reporting the Articles of Peace to be ſigned, he took a Reſolution to leave the Court of *Aſſyria*, and that way deliver himſelf from the Perſecution which he ſuffered, and to travel unknown, until the Queen his Mother had altered her Mind, or that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was married. He departed then the next Morning, which was a publick day of rejoycing for the Peace of *Phrygia*, and carried with him only three of his Servants, amongſt which, there was one of them a Man of Quality, and of the ſame Houſe from which, they ſay, *Aribeus* is deſcended, at that time when *Cappadocia* was under the Power of the *Aſſyrians*. I will hold you no longer to tell you the Voyages of that Prince, who, upon his going from *Babylon*, took upon him the Name of *Philidaſpes*; only this I muſt tell you, that after he had been in many Courts of *Aſia*, he came at the laſt unknown unto *Sinope*, upon that day wherein a Sacrifice was offered in the Temple of *Mars*, for the Death of young *Cyrus*, a little before the *Pontean* and *Bithynian* War.

But (ſaid *Chriſantes*, then interrupting her) was the day of that Sacrifice, the firſt day that the Prince of *Aſſyria*, under the Name of *Philidaſpes*, did ſee the Princeſs *Mandana*?

It was ſo, replied *Marteſia*, and it was that day alſo on which he fell in love, as well as the illuſtrious *Artamenes*. You may ſuppoſe, that after this unto his firſt deſign of taking away the Princeſs *Mandana*, the execution whereof *Artamenes* endeavoured to hinder, I have little to tell you concerning him, ſince you have been Witneſſes of the ſecret Jealouſy which moved them to hate one another; therefore I will not inſiſt upon the violent Paſſion of *Philidaſpes*, nor his Jealouſy, nor any thing which his Love produced in his Heart; yet I muſt tell you of ſome things which you could not know. How that this Man who accompanied *Philidaſpes*, and was deſcended from the ſame Houſe of *Aribeus*, made himſelf known unto him, and alſo preſented *Philidaſpes* unto him as a Man of Quality, who deſired to travel unknown, deſiring him to be favourable unto him; and preſent him unto the King of *Cappadocia.* This was the chief reaſon which moved *Aribeus* to protect *Philidaſpes*, and to preſent him unto *Ciaxares* and *Mandana* a few days before the King went from *Sinope* to the Wars: Mean while, Love being chief Commander in the Heart of the Prince of *Aſſyria*, and he finding an opportunity of a War in *Cappadocia*, he reſolved to ſtay in that Court, and live in ſuch a manner as you know very well.

But I would gladly know (amiable *Marteſia*, ſaid *Feraulas*) why the Prince of *Aſſyria* did not make his Love known unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, ſince he had not the ſame Reaſons to conceal it which *Cyrus* had?

He had partly the ſame Reaſons (replied ſhe); for indeed the auſtere Vertue of the Princeſs reſtrained him alſo, as well as it did *Artamenes*; alſo he was not ignorant that *Ciaxares* would never conſent that his Daughter, who was to be Queen of *Media*, ſhould marry him: for doubtleſs you are not ignorant, how ſince the illuſtrious *Deioces* did ſet his Country at liberty, and delivered it from the Tyranny of the Aſſyrian Kings, there has been an irreconcileable Hatred betwixt thoſe two People; and that all the People would revolt from *Aſtyages* if he ſhould ever give his Conſent unto this Alliance. The Prince of *Aſſyria* then durſt not ſpeak of his Love, unleſs he made himſelf known; and he durſt not make himſelf known, for fear he ſhould be hated and denied, as well for the Reaſons aforeſaid, as becauſe the Laws, both of *Aſſyria* and *Cappadocia*, did forbid the Banes. He thought then that his only courſe was, to get ſo good an Opinion in the Mind of the Princeſs, as might obtain his Pardon when he ſhould take her away, as he deſigned; but to execute this, he imagined that his abſolute beſt way was to make *Aribeus* for him and his Deſign: and ſince he had obſerved in ſeveral private Diſcourſes, that *Aribeus* was very paſſionately affected unto the Aſſyrian Nation, and that he could almoſt wiſh the Cappadocians were under their ancient Lords; he diſcovered himſelf unto him, and made him apprehend, that he could never find out a more innocent way to bring the Cappadocians under the Aſſyrian Power, than by favouring his Enterprize: You may well imagine, by conſidering the Actions of *Aribæus* ſince this time, that he hearkened unto the Propoſition, and conſented unto it, and alſo promiſed *Philidaſpes* to ſerve him in all things. This Prince diſcovered himſelf unto him a little after the taking of *Ceſarea*; and they reſolved that *Philidaſpes* ſhould make ſure of ſome ſtrong Place in *Aſſyria* for his Retreat, when he ſhould carry away the Princeſs *Mandana*; and not daring to think of carrying her unto the Court of Queen *Nitocris*, conſidering the manner how he parted from her: But ſince the buſineſs required ſome time, he reſolved upon Patience, and for a while to defer the execution of his Deſign; yet he was in hopes of happy ſucceſs, for he did believe, that when he had took the Princeſs *Mandana* away, then the Queen *Nitocris* would authoriſe his Enterprize, ſince it would add three Kingdoms unto *Aſſyria*; and as for the Law, he thought that it might well admit of a favourable Conſtruction, by ſaying the Princeſs of *Cappadocia* was no Stranger, ſince the Kingdom where ſhe was born, did legally belong to him. He ſent then unto the Governour of a Town which is ſome eight days Journey from *Babylon*, called *Is*, and which is ſcituated upon a River of the ſame Name, to the end he might ſuborn him, and oblige him to be faithful unto him. But whilſt theſe things were in contriving, you were a witneſs of all the Paſſages both in Court and Army, between theſe two Illuſtrious Rivals; and I have nothing to tell you, until after the two Battels which *Artamenes* gained in one day; by one of which, you know, he took the King of *Pontus* Priſoner, and afterwards all the World believed him dead: But now in this place I muſt tell you, that *Feraulas* (before whom I ſpeak) did perhaps haſten the execution of this firſt Plot to take away the Princeſs *Mandana*, some Months ſooner than otherwiſe it would.

Yea, amiable *Marteſia*, ſaid he, and interrupted her!

Yes, you did, anſwered ſhe; for when you thought your Maſter was dead, in the violence of your Sorrows you could not forbear crying out in the preſence of

Philidaſpes, Alas, poor Prince! muſt ſo glorious a Life laſt no longer? he told me afterwards at *Babylon*, that then he ſtopp'd you, and asked you whether your Maſter was in that Condition? that you feigned the exceſs of your Sorrows made you ſpeak one word for another, but yet that did not hinder him from ſuſpecting that the matter was as you had ſaid.

It is very true (replied *Feraulas*) I remember that I committed this Error, and that in my extream Sorrow wherein then I was, in the extream Joy I was in afterwards for the Reſurrection of my dear Maſter, I had abſolutely loſt my Memory. *Feraulas*, having done ſpeaking, and *Chriſantes* deſiring him to interrupt *Marteſia* no more; ſhe purſued her Diſcourſe.

At the return of *Artamenes* and *Philidaſpes* unto *Sinope*, the Jealouſy of the laſt did increaſe, and he being aſſured from the Governour of the Town of *Is*, that he ſhould be received when he pleaſed, he thought upon nothing but ripening and acting his Deſign: he ſaw alſo that he could never have a more favourable opportunity; for there being now a likelihood of Peace, he conceived that he ſhould need no more Troops than he already had, ſince he had four thouſand Men about the Town, which were under his Command, and a Caſtle to retire unto, to give a colour for his not being at *Sinope*, whilſt *Aribeus* was tranſacting his Plot. I believe you have not forgot how a Letter which this Prince writ, fell into the hands of *Artamenes*, and both diſcovered and prevented this Conſpiracy; but you do not know how he which loſt this Letter, coming unto *Aribeus*, and not finding it about him, was extreamly ſurpriſed, and confeſſed that he feared the Man with whom he had fought had found it; neither do you know how *Aribeus*, knowing that *Artamenes* had been with the Princeſs and the King, went afterwards and changed the Guards, and ſent to advertiſe *Philidaſpes*, who after he had in the night-time diſperſed his four thouſand Men, which he had under the Caſtle, in lieu of flying, as all the World believed he did, went unto *Pteria*, where *Aribeus* was Governour, and there did lie concealed, reſolving to wait there for a more favourable opportunity. It was for the love of him that *Aribeus* was ſo deſirous to remove *Artamenes* from the Court, ſince he was ſo great an Obſtacle unto his Deſign, and therefore he propounded unto *Ciaxares*, to ſend him unto the Queen of the *Maſſagettes*, to the end he might more eaſily execute his Deſign during his abſence. There happened one Chance which much croſſed him, and which made him almoſt deſpair, and made him loſe much time: it was this, As ſoon as *Artamenes* was gone his Voyage, *Philidaſpes* underſtood that the Governour of that Town of *Is*, unto which he was to retreat, was dead, ſo that he muſt ſeek out another Sanctuary before he could attempt any thing, which took up ſo much time, that he could not act his Deſign until *Artamenes* was expected back again, of whom they heard no News ſince his Departure. The Governour of the Town of *Opis*, which ſtands upon the River *Tygris*, being then ſuborned, and *Aribeus* alſo having corrupted one of my Companions named *Arianta*, and made for him almoſt all the Guards of the Princeſs, he did execute his Deſign at *Themiſcira*, where *Philidaſpes* was come without any danger, for he ſtirred not but in the Night, and was ſo much diſguiſed for this purpoſe, that he was not knowable. Now *Chriſantes*, I am come unto that part of my Relation which is altogether unknown unto you; but I beſeech you imagine how the Princeſs was ſurprized when ſhe ſaw *Philidaſpes* take her away, you have heard, I ſuppoſe, how I followed my dear Miſtreſs, in ſpite of thoſe which took her away. I will not ſtay you ſo long, as to relate how we left the Boat into which they put us, nor how we found Horſes ready on the other ſide of the River, nor which Road we took, nor who was the Guide; I will only tell you that juſt at break of Day, we encamped within a Wood, under a Tent which was ſet up, and neither the Princeſs nor I had ſpoke one ſyllable, nor were capable of underſtanding one ſyllable of all that *Philidaſpes* ſaid unto us, ſo much was her Soul and Mind ſunk with Sorrow; and I think that ſince the Princeſs in the firſt rapture of her Sorrow, cried out unto *Philidaſpes*, that, *If* Artamenes *were* *at* Themiſcira, *he durſt not have attempted this Enterprize*, ſhe ſpoke not one word at all: But after we were in the Tent, and the Princeſs, half dead, did ſit down on a Cuſhion, which was laid upon a Foot-cloth that covered all the ground of the Tent; and as I ſtood by her as well as *Arianta*, who did counterfeit her Sorrow admirably well. *Philidaſpes*, after he had placed his Guards and Sentinels for moſt Security, came and caſt himſelf at her Feet, and looking upon her with as much Submiſſion as he had Audacity in taking her away; I know very well, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that *Philidaſpes* is not only raſh, but the Prince of *Aſſyria* alſo is moſt bold, and deſerves to be puniſhed for thus offering you one of the moſt illuſtrious Crowns in the World; Yes, Divine Princeſs, I do ſo much prize your Vertue above you Quality, that I do confeſs the greateſt King in the World cannot pretend unto the Honour of your Love, without too great a Preſumption. But, Madam, ſince the Gods have ſet you above all the Kings upon the Earth; and that none can preſume to enjoy you without an Injury; I thought that I might as well as any other, aſpire unto this happy Boldneſs which the Gods have deſtined you unto; I am perhaps leſs worthy of it than ſome others in conſideration of my ſelf; but I am, it may be, as much deſerving as others in reſpect of that Crown I am to wear, and more than any other in reſpect of my Paſſion to you; ſo that, Madam, how unjuſt ſoever I am, I may perhaps merit ſome Compaſſion, eſpecially if you will but be pleaſed to know, that I have done nothing, but what I could not hinder my ſelf from. For truly, if there had been any other way to advance my hopes unto the Honour which I pretend to, I ſhould never have taken this: but you know, Madam, that tho I ſhould have been ſo happy as not to be deſpiſed in your Eſteem, yet *Ciaxares* nor *Aſtyages* would ever have conſented unto that Propoſition which I ſhould have made; what then would you have a Prince do who lov'd and adored you? and who muſt either have *Mandana* or Death? Death (replied the Princeſs in much Anger) had been a choice more juſt and fit for you; for if you love *Mandana*, ſhe will render your Life more cruel unto you than your Death would be. Perhaps, Madam, (replied he) that when you ſee me continually at your Feet, with unequalled ſubmiſſion, my Tears and my Sighs may move you to compaſſion. No, no, (ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him) never expect any thing, either from Time, or Tears, or Sighs, or Submiſſions, or any thing elſe, the Heart of *Mandana* ſhall never be won that way; your Crime is ſo far from being waſhed away by your Tears, that your Blood can never do it: Therefore, *Philidaſpes*, (for ſo bad an Action, deſerves no better Title) expect from henceforward, that my hate of you which began at *Sinope*, ſhall encreaſe every minute: This ſhall be the progreſs of my Soul, and believe it, I will not ſtop it as long as I am a Captive: Therefore, if there be yet any Spark remaining in your Mind, which your unjuſt Paſſion has not extinguiſhed; know, that it will be much more advantagious for you to repent of your Crime, and ſet me at Liberty, than thus to continue me your Priſoner: We are not yet ſo far off *Themiſcira*, but you may eaſily do it, and I will engage my Word to move the King my Father not to reſent this Affront: I will promiſe you, that the Hatred which began to grow in my Heart, ſince the firſt time you deſigned to take me away, ſhall vaniſh, and I ſhall think my ſelf obliged unto you; if for the love of me you will ſurmount your ſelf, I ſhall then believe you love me really; whereas, if you will not be perſwaded by my Reaſons, I ſhall believe that your own Intereſt, not mine, does prompt you to this Action; and that ſince you have no Subject of your own who is owner of any Crowns, you refuſe them, and marry rather out of Ambition than Love. Moreover, do not ground any Hopes, becauſe I do not rail againſt you for the Injury, my Mouth, *Philidaſpes*, is not accuſtomed unto it: Neither do I know in what Terms to ſpeak unto thoſe which injure me, ſince till now I never was wronged: But I am moſt certain, that I apprehend the Injury you do me, as a Princeſs of a great Soul ought to do; and without ſuffering my ſelf to be tranſported by any unprofitable

Violence, I can extreamly hate you; alſo I can unalterably reſolve never to be moved, neither with your Reſpects, your Services, your Tears, your Sighs, your Menaces, nor by Death it ſelf, if you put me to it.

Once more, *Philidaſpes*, bethink your ſelf, if you can repair your Fault, and conſider, that nothing can be more unreaſonable, than to commit an unprofitable Crime: Think into what a Condition you are putting all *Cappadocia*, all *Media*, and all *Aſſyria*; or indeed to ſay truly, all *Aſia*, into what an affrighting diſorder it will be brought; for aſſuredly *Aſtyages* and *Ciaxares*, will not endure this Wrong without Revenge, and all the Kings their Allies will be engaged in the Quarrel: Fear, *Philidaſpes*, tremble, leſt you ſhould be drowned in that River of Blood which you ſhall cauſe to be ſpilt: For there are Gods, and Gods that are juſt, and will revenge: Gods, I ſay, that will defend oppreſſed Innocents, and are declared Enemies unto unjuſt Princes: But is it poſſible *Philidaſpes*, that the Queen *Nitocris*, who is a moſt illuſtrious Princeſs, does know of this unjuſt Deſign? Can it be poſſible to find one in the World that would adviſe you to it? No, Madam, (replied *Philidaſpes*) none gave me any Counſel in it, I did not ſo much as conſult with my own Reaſon; it was Love only which was my Adviſer in the Enterpriſe: But, Madam, it is now too late to adviſe *Philidaſpes* unto Repentance: your glorious Eyes, incenſed though they be, does command me not to hearken unto your Words, but confirms me in my Deſigns. Ah, alas, if it be ſo, ſaid the Princeſs, I forbid you to look upon me, and I for my part will never look upon you again. Go, *Philidaſpes*, go, go out of the Tent, and enter no more, unleſs you will augment your Crime. Go out and walk in the Woods, I ſay, and conſult with your Reaſon, if you have any: Call unto your Aſſiſtance your Generoſity, and dim not that Honour and Glory whereof you ſeem ſo amorous and jealous. The Glory, Madam, which I did and ever ſhall aim at, is to ſet you upon the Throne of *Aſſyria*, and to ſee you command in the moſt ſtately Town in the World: Therefore, Madam, I think it but juſt to put all *Aſia* in

Arms, ſince *Mandana* is of higher Merit than to be obtained without leſs trouble. Perhaps, when you ſee me in the Head of two hundred thouſand Men, you will change your Mind, and be upon better Terms with me than you are with *Philidaſpes*, whom you thought to be no more than a common Cavalier, and who paſſed in your Conceit for a Man much inferior to your Quality: But, Madam, upon all Occaſions wherein Fortune ſhall ſmile upon me, and when I have conquered all thoſe Kings who you ſay will engage themſelves in your Quarrel; I ſhall then deſcend out of my Chair of Triumph, to proſtrate at your Feet, my Self, and all thoſe Palms wherewith they ſhall crown me. Ah, *Philidaſpes*, (ſaid the Princeſs) I had rather ſee you in your Grave, than in your Chair of Triumph, after you have vanquiſhed my Father. Madam, (replied he) you may if you will prevent the War; and thoſe Eyes, thoſe fair Eyes which you ſo conceal from me, or elſe inſenſibly glance them, make my Arms fall out of my Hands, if they but look ſmilingly upon me.

I ſhall never end, if I ſhould tell you that which *Philidaſpes* ſpoke (wiſe *Chriſantes*); But in concluſion, the Princeſs being out of all patience, and ſeeing all ſhe had ſaid was in vain, did then command him to go out of the Tent, by ſuch an abſolute Authority, that he obeyed her. I muſt needs ſay thus much for *Philidaſpes*, that although he was very haſty, and did many things very violently, yet he never failed in his reſpects unto the Princeſs: After he was gone out, we remained by our ſelves. *Philidaſpes* cauſed ſomething to be preſented unto *Mandana* for her to eat, but ſhe would not touch a Bit: Yet we were not all this while he was out of the Tent, at handſom freedom; for though we did not yet know that *Arianta* had betrayed her, yet the Princeſs had never any confidence in her, and for my part ſhe was never any of my Friends; yet the Princeſs, in this deplorable ſtate, did make me know, ſhe remembred *Artamenes*. She ſpent all that Day, which was Night unto us, in lamenting her Misfortune, and praying unto the Gods to avert it. When Night was come, they told us we muſt be gone; and it was with much ado that I moved the Princeſs to eat ſomething. Madam, (ſaid I to her, in a low Voice) *Artamenes* can perhaps fetch you out of the Hands of a Prince, who is accuſtomed to vanquiſh, but he cannot fetch you out of your Grave if you be once there. 'Tis true, *Marteſia*, (ſaid ſhe to me) but how can I live in ſuch a miſerable condition? It becomes the greateſt Souls (ſaid I unto her) to endure the greateſt Misfortunes with moſt conſtancy. Ah, *Marteſia*, (cried ſhe) that Conſtancy ſhould be ſuch a difficult Vertue? It is a deceitful Vertue alſo, which commonly never calms my Eyes and Face, but it leaves my Heart full of cruel Agitations. Indeed, Sir, I ſpoke ſo earneſtly unto her, that I conſtrain'd her to eat, and preſently after they conſtrained us to depart: We marched in this manner three Nights, before *Mandana* would permit *Philidaſpes* to ſpeak a word unto her; but in the end of the third Night, as we were in the Tent, and I, according to the direction of *Mandana*, looking whether *Philidaſpes* was out of the reach of hearing what ſhe ſaid, we heard a great Noiſe, and preſently a Servant of *Philidaſpes* came unto us, and cauſed us immediately to depart, not giving us any time at all. Since we heard a great Noiſe, ſome thirty or forty Paces off us, and did not ſee *Philidaſpes*, the Princeſs did imagine, that perhaps it was ſome Relief was coming to them; and by reaſon of that Imagination, we uſed all means poſſible, both by Prayers and Promiſes, and alſo ſtriving not to go ſo faſt away as they cauſed us to go; but all would not do, for a part of them which guarded us, were ſuch as never could hope for Pardon, if thoſe Orders which they received were not exactly obeyed. So they carried us to a place where we found a Coach which ſtaid for us, and with a Convoy of fifty Horſes; we ſtaid there for *Philidaſpes*, who came preſently after unto us.

Here *Chriſantes* could not forbear telling *Marteſia*, what Obſtacle *Philidaſpes* did then meet with; and how *Artamenes* ſaw her at the entry of the Tent, but knew her not; how he relieved *Philidaſpes*; how he killed thoſe which ſet upon him; and how he contributed to the carrying away of *Mandana*. At this Diſcourſe, *Marteſia* cried mainly out with wonder; and after ſhe had ſufficiently teſtified her aſtoniſhment at ſuch an extraordinary Paſſage, ſhe continued her Relation.

I will not ſtay, (ſaid ſhe) ſince I have related unto you this ſtrange Combat; and which doubtleſs the King of *Aſſyria* would not have kept from *Mandana*, but becauſe he would not thereby occaſion the memory of *Artamenes* in *Mandana*'s Mind: I will not ſtay, I ſay, to repeat all our Complaints during our ſad Voyage; nor with what obſtinateneſs *Mandana* denied ſpeaking with *Philidaſpes*; only this, that at laſt we came to the Town of *Opis*, where we were lodged in a very magnificent Chamber; and where *Philidaſpes* neglected nothing which might render our Impriſonment leaſt offenſive: But to tell you truly, all his care was in vain, and the Princeſs's Sorrow was ſo violent,that nothing could moderate it.

Mean while *Philidaſpes* thought, that if he could move the Queen his Mother to favour the Matter, and that ſhe would receive the Princeſs *Mandana* unto her, then things would go according to his Hearts deſire; for he made no queſtion but if the Queen *Nitocris* would take her in hand, ſhe would gain him the Heart of the Princeſs. He alſo believed, that if ſhe did but once ſee *Mandana*, ſhe would preſently alter her Deſign of his Marriage with *Iſtrina*, for the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*; and indeed, he ſent one of his Men ſecretly to *Babylon* unto the Prince of *Saces* who was yet in that Court; the Queen *Nitocris* having ſtaid him there ever ſince the abſence of her Son. For beſides the good eſteem which ſhe had of him, he was Nephew unto her, the Queen *Iarinas* his Mother (an Excellent and Vertuous Princeſs) being Siſter unto the late King of *Aſſyria* her Huſband. He writ then unto *Mazares*, to the end he might preſent what he writ uno his Mother the Queen, and forward his Deſires. This Prince, by his Letter which he writ unto this Princeſs, did ask her pardon for departing from the Court without her leave; he deſired her to forget it, and that ſhe would be pleaſed to think well of his bringing the Princeſs of *Cappadocia* unto her, and that by her good Conſent he might marry her.

Then he laid open unto her all the Reaſons which might induce her to approve of it, and forgot nothing that might win her Approbation. But the return of the Meſſenger did not bring him all the ſatisfaction he expected; for he underſtood, that the ſame day he arrived at *Babylon*, there alſo arrived an Embaſſador from *Ciaxares*, to demand of the Queen *Nitocris* the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*; and that the Queen did diſallow of the Act, and that ſhe her ſelf would be the firſt which would take up Arms to reſtore him the Princeſs his Daughter; that when ſhe read the Letter which the Prince of *Aſſyria* had writ unto her, ſhe could not forbear expreſſing her ſelf, that ſhe was willing he ſhould bring *Mandana* unto *Babylon*, but it ſhould only be to reſtore her unto *Ciaxares*. Yet *Mazares* uſed his beſt endeavours to procure the Queen's Conſent unto it, but all were in vain: and he ſent unto the Prince of *Aſſyria*, to adviſe him, not to bring the Princeſs, whom he had taken away, unto *Babylon*, becauſe he underſtood the Queen had promiſed *Ciaxares*, by the Ambaſſador who was returned, never to conſent unto the Marriage, but to uſe all poſſible means to ſend her unto the King of *Media* her Father. And indeed, if *Mazares* had not put her into ſome hopes, that it were more eaſy to get her out of the Hands of her Son by Policy than Power, ſhe had armed all *Aſſyria* againſt him.

Mean while we were in the City of *Opis*, treated with all poſſible Civility; although *Mandana* uſed all imaginable Averſion and Severity againſt the Prince of *Aſſyria*; for ſhe did not only forbear ſpeaking any thing which might pleaſe him, but ſhe would not ſpeak at all unto him, and ſometimes ſhe would not ſo much as ſuffer the ſight of him; yet *Philidaſpes* did as much as poſſibly he could deviſe to qualify her Averſion; and ſince he ſaw ſhe did me the honour to love me, what did he not do and ſay to move me unto his Aſſiſtance? But ſay or do what he could, I could not promiſe any thing, and told him that all the Grandure upon Earth ſhould not move me to fail in my Duty unto the Princeſs. Yet ſince I feared the extream Rigour of *Mandana* might exaſperate the Mind of this Prince, and put him upon ſome unjuſt Deſign, I did permit him ſometimes to ſpeak unto me of his Love, and of his Deſpair. Indeed, I do think it was not amiſs, to prevent any deſperate Reſolutions in him, conſidering the violence of his Love and Humour. Sometimes he would ſpeak unto me concerning his Love of *Mandana*, with as much Reverence as is conceivable: and ſometimes again, he would be ſo violent, and ſpeak ſo, as made me fear he was capable of ſome deſperate Deſtiny. But when I diſcovered his Mind ſo inclin'd, Sir, ſaid I unto him, take heed what you ſay, for the Princeſs yet does only hate you; but if ſhe once ſee you have any thoughts of neglecting that Reſpect which is her due, ſhe will then exchange her Hatred for Scorn. Ah, *Marteſia*, (ſaid he) miſtake not my Crimes and my Raptures: Sorrow indeed is able to make me do the moſt unjuſt Thing, but the Reverence I have of *Mandana* prevents me; therefore, *Marteſia*, pity I beſeech you my Weakneſs; and though you will not advantage, yet do me no prejudice I conjure you. Sir, (ſaid I unto him) I neither can help nor hurt you, for I dare never ſo much as ſpeak of you unto *Mandana*. But, wiſe *Chriſantes*, whatſoever I ſaid unto the Prince of *Aſſyria* upon that Subject, I think he did not believe me, but imagined, that I related all he ſaid unto the Princeſs, though he was much deceived; for as long as *Arianta* was with us, we diſcourſed of nothing but our Sorrows in general; and when we were alone, *Artamenes* was the only Subject of our Diſcourſe. Alas, (ſaid *Mandana* ſometimes, when for a little liberty, we asked leave to walk by the River *Tigris*) in what deſpair will *Artamenes* be, when he returns unto *Themiſcira* and finds not us there? and when he ſhall know that *Philidaſpes*, that ſame *Philidaſpes* whom he ſo much hated, has carried me away? But, O Heavens! will he not ſuſpect my Vertue? Can he think that *Philidaſpes* durſt execute ſuch a Deſign without my Conſent? But on the other ſide, can he think that *Mandana* is capable of any ſuch thing? Ah, no, no, he will believe me to be innocent though unfortunate. *Artamenes*, the illuſtrious *Artamenes*, will never conceive that one who has been ſo ſevere unto him, can be ſo pliable unto his Enemy: Thus did we ſpend our tedious time when we had any liberty, but that was ſeldom; for beſides *Arianta*, who always kept cloſe about the Princeſs, there was a great ſort of other Women which *Philidaſpes* appointed to wait upon the Princeſs, who almoſt never left her.

But it is admirable to conſider how Vertue will ſhine in thoſe who are in Adverſity, although it be extream, for the Princeſs had not been among them above fifteen days, but every one of them who were about her did adore her; but we could not for all that ſee an end of our Miſery, nor *Philidaſpes* of his. Still he continued writing unto *Mazares*, that he ſhould ſtill ſolicite the Queen: he writ alſo ſecretly unto *Aribeus* for relief, if he ſhould ſtand in any need of it: He ſent alſo unto the King of *Lydia*, to deſire Aſiſtance, knowing him to be no Friend neither unto *Aſtyages* or *Ciaxares*, though there was an Alliance between them: Truly, he neglected nothing that might advance his Deſign; either in inviting Princes unto his Party, or in putting the Town of *Opis* into a condition to abide a Siege, in caſe it ſhould be beleagured: For our parts, we neither knew what we ſhould do, or what to hope for; for we knew not that *Artamenes* was returned unto *Themiſcira*. Therefore the Princeſs, who could not endure to be ſo in the power of a violent and amorous Prince, did one day reſolve to ſpeak with him, intending to ask a favour at his hand, which preſently I ſhall relate unto you. You may imagine how joyful *Philidaſpas* was, when *Arianta* told him the Princeſs would ſpeak with him, and doubtleſs, you believe he diligently obeyed the Command. When he was entred into the Princeſs Chamber, Is it poſſible, Madam, (ſaid he to her) that the Princeſs *Mandana* will ſpeak with the unfortunate *Philidaſpes*, unleſs it be to pronounce the Sentence of his Death? But though you ſhould do ſo, (Divine Princeſs) I would upon my Knee receive the Doom with Joy, ſo much does this Honour, in commanding me to come unto you, dilightfully diſturb my reaſon. Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, (for through my advice, ſhe reſolved to treat him as ſhe did) ſince I have ſo often in vain deſired you to ſend me either to *Themiſcira*, or *Sinope*, or *Ancyra*, or *Amaſia*, I intend to ask you a thing which you ought not to deny me; for ſince it is ſo far from asking you to go out of your Dominions, as I only conjure you to conduct me unto *Babylon*, to the Queen *Nitocris*, where I ſhall be in a handſomer Condition than I can be here in this place: If you conſent unto this favour, I ſhall promiſe you to diminiſh a little of that juſt Hatred which is growing in my Soul; for I cannot endure that all *Aſia* ſhould know I am in your Power, and that I ſhould have no other Witneſſes of my Vertue, but my greateſt Enemy. Madam (replied *Philidaſpes*, being a little ſurprized) if you will do me the honour to go unto *Babylon*, with intention to be one day the Queen of it, and to take from the hands of *Nitocris*, that Scepter which ſhe has moſt glorioully ſwayed, doubtleſs I ſhall conſent unto your Propoſition: But if in going to *Babylon*, your deſign be to go thereby the ſooner unto *Themiſcira*, pardon me,Madam,if I be conſtrained to diſobey you: And to tell you the truth, ſquares go not ſo handſomly there, becauſe for ſome certain Reaſons I am in ſome diſguſt with the Queen, yet more for the love of you, than for any other cauſe; therefore in deſiring that, Madam, you would have me carry you unto a place that will be rather my Puniſhment, than my Sanctuary: It is not out of any fear that I refuſe you, but Love only forceth it. You told me once, Madam, that nothing was more unreaſonable then to commit a great Crime, to no end: Think not ill then, if I endeavour to prevent falling into the like fault. The Crime is already committed, Madam: I was ſo preſumptuous as to take you away; and it behoves me to endeavour for ſo much happineſs as to obtain my Pardon, and your Love. The way you take (replied the Princeſs very ſharply) makes it a hard matter to obtain either your Pardon or my Love. Do you know, Madam, what may be hereafter, (replied this Prince?) I know very well (replied ſhe) that the time will never come in which *Mandana* will love you. Yet, Madam (anſwered he) I hope there is no abſolute impoſſibility in it. Whoſoever ſhould have told me, the firſt day I came unto the Temple of *Mars* in *Sinope*, that I ſhould fall deſperately in love with you, I ſhould not have believed it; and whoſoever ſhould have told me the firſt time that I ſaw *Artamenes* in that ſame place, and on that ſame day, that I ſhould mortally hate him, I could not have believed it; for truly I ſaw no Women in that Temple which could enamour me: And I found *Artamenes*, very handſome, well proportioned, of a good deportment, and very civil; yet I am in extream Love with you, and in extream Hate of him. The Princeſs bluſh'd at the name of *Artamenes*, and the Prince who always looked upon her, obſerved it; yet notwithſtanding, he durſt not then ſpeak of it; and it was at *Babylon* where he told me of it. The Princeſs, ſeeing her Diſcourſe was to no purpoſe, broke it off, and went away whether he would or no. A few days after, we heard of the Death of *Aſtyages*, though *Philidaſpes* kept it from the Princeſs as much as he could; but when he underſtood ſhe knew of it, he put himſelf in Mourning and came to viſit her. And not long after that, we heard how the Queen *Nitocris* died, after ſhe had finiſhed her magnificent Tomb, which is in the prime Port of *Babylon*, and that the diſobedience and bad Action of her Son, was the cauſe of her Death. Theſe two Accidents did both of them extreamly trouble the Princeſs: The firſt, becauſe he was ſo near in Kinred: The ſecond, becauſe ſhe relied much upon the Vertue of the Queen *Nitocris*. We underſtood by one of thoſe Women which they had placed about the Princeſs, that *Mazares* did the Prince of *Aſſyria* very good ſervice at this time, and that but for him the Queen had diſpoſed of her Crown from him: We underſtood alſo by her, that the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, according unto the laſt Will of the Queen, went from *Babylon* the next day after her Death into *Bithynia* where her Brother *Intaphernes* then was, who went thither to aſſiſt *Arſamones* in recovering his Eſtate from the King of *Pontus*, who (as was reported) was likely to loſe both his Kingdoms.

Mean while we were not perſecuted with any Viſits from the new King of *Aſſyria* for ſome certain days, becauſe as indeed he had ſome Generoſity in him, he was very ſad at the Death of the Queen *Nitocris*: Yet, as Love was the predominate Paſſion in his Soul, and the firſt days of mourning being over, he hoped that the magnificence of *Babylon* might perhaps work upon the Heart of the Princeſs, which cauſed him a little ſooner to cheer himſelf up from his Sorrows for the Queen his Mother, who put Mourning into the Hearts of all her Subjects.

Mean while, *Mazares* writ unto the King, that it was very requiſite he came preſently as ſoon as he could to ſhew himſelf unto the People, and that a Throne was ſuch a place as ought not to be long empty, leſt ſome ſhould be tempted to fill it up: Yet for all that, there was no reaſon of State ſo ſtrong as could move him to leave *Mandana* to go unto *Babylon*: But he writ unto *Mazares*, that he ſhould prepare all things in the moſt pompous manner againſt his entrance; and that he ſhould ſend thither unto him all things neceſſary to conduct the Princeſs of *Media* thither, for ſince the Death of *Aſtyages*, we will no more call her the Princeſs of *Cappadocia*. I forgot to tell you (wiſe *Chriſantes*) how after the Death of the Queen *Nitocris*, the Princeſs by my advice ſent unto the new King, to tell him ſhe was very ſorry for the Death of the Queen his Mother, and how afterwards, he came to thank her for that Complement which with much ado I obtained from her. But to return unto my Story; The King of *Aſſyria* came one day unto *Mandana*'s Chamber, after he had civilly ſent to ask leave; and after he had with much Reverence ſaluted her; Madam (ſaid he unto her) the River *Euphrates* is jealous of that Honour, which the River *Tygris* hath received from you, and it is but juſt that the prime Town in the World ſhould be honoured with the preſence of the moſt fair, and illuſtrious *Mandana*. When I asked you, to go unto *Babylon* (replied *Mandana*) the Queen *Nitocris* was living: And when I would wait upon you thither (replied this Prince) the Throne of *Aſſyria* is ready to receive you, and all the People willing to ſalute you by the Title of Queen. No, Sir, (ſaid ſhe to him) never hope that change of place can change my Soul, nor that the ſight of ſtately *Babylon* can move my Heart. I had rather ſpin away my Life in a Shepherds Cottage, than ſit on the Throne of a King that is offenſive unto me: No, Sir, once for all, I will neither command nor obey you: I will never ſit in the Seat of that Queen whoſe Vertues I cannot parallel; and I had much rather be in your Priſon, than on the Throne of *Aſſyria.* If I were able to reſiſt, I would not I warrant you be hurried whither you would have me, nor would I willingly draw the War unto that Town which paſſeth for one of the Wonders of the World: I would if I could, ſave the Blood of ſo many innocent Perſons wherewith it is filled: But ſince I cannot reſiſt your Deſign, let me tell you, that I ſhall be the ſame at *Babylon,* I am at *Opis*; and that the King of *Aſſyria* with all his great Magnificence, ſhall move no Heart of mine, more than he could when he ſeemed only *Philidaſpes.* Time, Madam, replied he, (becauſe for all her Severity, he was in ſome hopes) will ſhew whether your rigorous Reſolution be more ſtrong than my Perſeverance: At leaſt, if you do reſolve upon my Death, I ſhall have a more illuſtrious Tomb at *Babylon,* than I can have here; and you will have more Witneſſes of that Cruelty wherein you glory. So it was *Chriſantes,* that three days after, we muſt reſolve upon departure; and to report what our Equipage was, is ſo unneceſſary it would but abuſe your patience; unleſs you be of their humour who ſay, that Liberality is the tried meaſure of Love; for if ſo, then I cannot make you underſtand the greatneſs of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Paſſion, better than by relating the prodigious Expences at the entrance of the Princeſs into *Babylon.* That Morning when we went from *Opis,* we ſaw in a great Court under the Window of the Princeſs, twelve magnificent Chariots, for the Ladies which were to accompany her, and another, moſt incomparably above the reſt for her ſelf. We ſaw alſo two hundred Camels for the Baggage, with Sumpter-Clothes of Tyrian Purple embroidered with Gold; and when we were at the Gates of the Town, we ſaw in a great Plain fifteen thouſand Men in Arms, all having gilt Morrions, and Croſlets of the ſame, with Bows of Ebony, and Arrows piled with Gold, who dividing themſelves into two Bodies, one part marched before, the other behind, and the Chariots in the middle: As for the Camels they went ſome two hundred Paces before the Souldiers: And as for the King, he went on Horſe-back next after the Chariot in which was the Princeſs, which went laſt of all the Chariots, he and a thouſand Horſe did follow him: thus went we to *Babylon*, until we were within one days Journey, and the King of *Aſſyria* deſired the Princeſs ſhould reſt her ſelf a day in a Caſtle where we lodged: Mean while, all neceſſary Preparations were making for our Entrance; queſtionleſs you will think it ſtrange to hear talk of all this magnificence ſo preſently after the Death of the Queen *Nitocris*; but it is the *Aſſyrian* faſhion as well as of *Cappadocia*, who was once in ſubjection unto them, that the People never are in Mourning above three days after the Death of their Kings; becauſe, ſay they, there is more cauſe to rejoyce than mourn, that they have ſo gloriouſly finiſhed their Raign.

So that the *Babylonians* had no ſooner ended their pomp of mourning for their Queen, but they were in another pomp of rejoycing for the Arrival of *Mandana*; yet you may be aſſured that ſhe her ſelf was no participant at the Feaſt: Mean time, although ſhe was reſolved to be ſeen that day as careleſly dreſt as poſſibly ſhe could, yet ſhe could not bring it to paſs: For ſince all the Women which waited upon her, and waited upon *Arianta* and me, were of the King of *Aſſyria*'s placing, and ſince *Arianta* herſelf was of conſpiracy with him; there was no Cloaths that Morning to be found, but ſuch as were moſt rich, and full of Pearls and Diamonds: For my part, I do confeſs, that this device did not anger me ſo much as it did the Princeſs, who was ready to chide me for it; Madam (ſaid I unto her to excuſe my ſelf, and becauſe indeed, it did concur with my opinion) the King of *Aſſyria* does think queſtionleſs to juſtify his Action unto the People by your admirable Beauty, and therefore deſires you ſhould appear in moſt Glory; but, never thinks, that unleſs he look very well about him, you will make all his Subjects Rebels; and if you will follow my counſel, you ſhall appear in all your Charms; for then, if this Prince ſhould ever attempt any thing againſt you; the People in favour of you would revolt from him. You are very ingenious (ſaid ſhe to me) to excuſe your own fault, or to ſay better, your Simplicity: But *Marteſia*, as flattering as you are, you wrong me much to be moved no more than you are at my diſlike of this, and to counſel me unto it, as you have done; for I beſeech you tell me, what will the unhappy *Artamenes* think, if he ſhould chance to know, by the report of thoſe Spies which the King my Father has in *Babylon*, that I ſhew my ſelf in ſuch a Dreſs, as ſpeaks joyful, and well pleaſed? All the reſt of the Magnificence cannot be imputed unto me; but it may be thought I conſented unto this. Madam, (ſaid I unto her) if you might do as you pleaſed, and had your choice, I ſhould not then adviſe you as I do; but ſince it is not, it is a good Expedient, to draw a Good out of an Evill; and to endeavour if it be poſſible that the ſame Beauty which cauſed you to be taken away, may alſo procure you Protectors if you ſhall need them: And as for what you ſay concerning *Artamenes*, believe it, Madam, that if the King your Father have any Spies in *Babylon*, who will report faithfully what they have ſeen, they will ſpeak more of your Melancholy than your Dreſs, you need not fear it. So indeed, *Chriſantes*, when the Princeſs could do no other, ſhe ſuffered her ſelf to be ſo dreſſed, yet without any Art or Care at all: But as you know very well, her Hair is ſo admirable fair, that her neglective Comlineſs, was extreamly becoming. All the Cloaths they brought us were made after the *Median* and

Cappadocian Faſhion, to wit, of freſh, lively, and glorious Colours: As for the Women of Quality in *Babylon*, they never wear any Colour, but White; yet notwithſtanding very magnificently and gallantly dreſſed, having no Colours about them but Diamonds, Emralds, and Rubies, which gave a glorious Luſtre: And after that day, we came to know as much, for though the Princeſs had much unwillingneſs to be ſeen, yet more than two hundred Women of Quality came to do their Reverence unto her: She received them very civilly, but in ſo deep a Melancholy, that ſhe begot as much pitty as admiration.

In concluſion, we muſt depart, and in lieu of twelve Chariots full of Ladies, which we had the day before, there was now a hundred times as many: As for the Princeſs, ſhe was compelled to go into a ſtately magnificent Chair of Triumph, all the Ornaments whereof were pure Gold: It was drawn by four Tigers, harneſſed the moſt ornamentally that could be adviſed: Four Men of prime Quality carried a ſtately Canopy over the Chair, imbroidered with Gold, Pearls, and Diamonds, and ſuch as the *Sidonians* only know how to do: I will not inſiſt upon a particular Deſcription of this Pomp; only tell you that all that great Plain as we came to *Babylon*, and which you know very well is ſet with Palm-Trees of a prodigious height, was full of Troops, but ſuch Troops as were all armed in a moſt ſtrange magnificence. At every hundred Paces diſtance, we ſaw Arches of Triumph erected, upon which were very glorious Inſcriptions: They were all very ſtately; and we ſaw nothing which ſpoke not Joy and Grandure: About two Furlongs from the Town, the Prince of *Saces*, who was a Man very faſhionable and handſom, alſo rich in Clothes, and upon a Horſe of *Iſabella* colour with a black Mane, came in the Head of two thouſand Horſe, to preſent unto the Princeſs from the King, great Keys of Gold in a Box of the ſame mettal, *Topazes* and *Amethiſts*: Madam, (ſaid he in preſenting them unto her) the King has commanded me to obey you, and from him to offer, that which he only can give you.

Sir, anſwered the Princeſs, (for they had informed her of the Quality of *Mazares*) If in preſenting unto me the Keys of *Babylon*, you will aſſure me, that I may be permitted in the Morning to open the Gates, to return unto *Themiſcira*, or go unto *Ecbatan*, I ſhould accept of them, and be eternally obliged unto you for the offer; but if that liberty will not be allowed me, (purſued ſhe with a charming Melancholy which eclipſed nothing of her Beauty) it ſeems unto me to be a piece of Injuſtice, and ſomething Inhumane, that I my ſelf ſhould keep the Keys of my Priſon. So, Sir, untill the King of *Aſſyria* be reſolved to grant me that, I pray you keep what you offer me, ſince I think they cannot be in better Hands than yours. *Mazares*, charmed with the Beauty, Spirit, and Civility of the Princeſs, told her, that he would not keep what ſhe was pleaſed to do him ſo much honour as to truſt him with, but that ſhe might uſe them at her own diſpoſition when ſhe came unto the Town; and ſtaying no longer, he joined his Troop, which was very magnificent, with the Kings. This Prince marched by himſelf, next immediately after the Princeſs her triumphant Chair, but ſo glorious, ſo handſom, and ſo glittering with Gold and Jewels, that except *Artamenes*, I never ſaw a Man of a better Garb than he. At the entry into the Town, the Princeſs was preſented with a Speech, or to ſay better, an Elogy: All the Houſes were hung with rich Tapeſtry, every Street ſtrewed with Flowers: All the Windows were full of Women, handſomly dreſſed: Trumpets and Flutes made the Air eccho: All the People were raviſhed at the Beauty of the Princeſs; and expreſſed their Wonder with ſuch loud Acclamations as joyed the King of *Aſſyria* beyond all Expreſſions; at the laſt, *Chriſantes*, we were brought unto the Palace of the Queen *Nitocris*: The King of *Aſſyria* preſented his Hand unto the Princeſs as ſhe deſcended from her Chair, to conduct her unto her Chamber: She had a good diſpoſition to refuſe it, but ſhe thought that it would appear phantaſtical, and to no purpoſe. And therefore without any incivility ſhe gave him her Hand; but it was after ſuch a manner, as ſhe let him ſee, it was not the Quality of the King of *Aſſyria* did move her unto that Complacency, inſomuch as he was nothing ſatisfied with it; we paſſed through ſome Chambers all upon a Floor one within another, all were magnificently furniſhed; in the laſt of theſe, he made her a very low Congee, and told her, that from hence-forward it was in her power to command all *Aſſyria*; and that he was but the firſt of her Subjects: At the laſt, after an hour was ſpent, in accepting the Complements of all the *Babylonian* Grandees, they left us at a little liberty; and we had ſo much conſolation, as to know, that all thoſe Women which waited upon the Queen *Nitocris*, were appointed to wait upon the Princeſs *Mandana*, ſo that none came about her, but ſuch as were Perſons of very vertuous Minds: A little while after we were left alone, and *Arianta* being gone into another Chamber; the Princeſs looked upon me with extream Melancholy: Ah *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe) where are we now? and how ſhall we ever get out? did you not obſerve, ſaid ſhe to me, the monſtrous Walls of *Babylon* which are ſo thick and ſtrong, that ſeveral Chariots may paſs one by another upon them? did you not obſerve the high Towers all about them; and did you not mark how the River *Euphrates* ſo incloſes it, as makes the acceſs unto it very difficult if any ſhould attempt to beſiege it? Were you not aſtoniſhed at the innumerable Company of People wherewith it is filled? and the Gates of Braſs, which ſhuts them in? Is it not to be feared, that if all *Aſia* ſhould arm themſelves in my behalf, they could never get me out of it? and as valiant as *Artamenes* is, he can never vanquiſh the King of *Aſſyria*, as long as he is within the Walls of this Town: Theſe are the Thoughts, my dear *Marteſia*, which took up my Mind, all the time of this diſguſtive Ceremony; and thus much did all their Magnificence at my entry work upon me. Madam (ſaid I unto her) the Gods can do what they pleaſe, and that which to all humane Prudence is impoſſible, to them is eaſy. You ſay well, ſaid ſhe, and I have no other hopes but what are grounded upon their Aſſiſtance. And indeed, the next Morning, the Princeſs would go unto the Temple, and they conducted her unto that of *Jupiter Belus*, which is one of the faireſt in the World. Mean while the King of *Aſſyria* endeavoured to win her by Sweetneſs, and feared to diſpleaſe her.

He viſited her but one hour in a day, and that was before many people, ſo that the Princeſs was leſs troubled at it: The Prince *Mazares*, by order from the King, did often viſit her; the King deſired him to ſpeak unto her in his behalf, knowing that there was not any Man in the World had more charming Eloquence in his Converſation than he. Indeed this Prince did negotiate ſo admirably well to get unto himſelf the Princeſs Eſteem, and gain her Love, that it was not a little conſolation unto himſelf: He was full of Sweetneſs, Civility, and Reſpect; and although he did ſpeak to the King of *Aſſyria*'s Advantage, when any Occaſion was offered, yet notwithſtanding, we diſcovered in his Eyes an obliging Melancholy; and becauſe we thought that it was only an effect of his Compaſſion towards us and our Misfortunes, the Princeſs could not forbear ſometimes commending him. But, *Chriſantes*, that you may the better underſtand the reſt of my Diſcourſe, I muſt in this part of it, diſcover a thing unto you which we knew not a long time after, nor which we did ſo much as ſuſpect at all. It is very true, that the unfortunate *Mazares* did admirably well diſguiſe his thoughts. But I muſt tell you, *Chriſantes*, how this Prince in preſenting the Keys of *Babylon* unto the Princeſs, the firſt day we came thither, did then abſolutely loſe his Liberty, and was captivated with the Beauty of *Mandana*, as well as the King of *Aſſyria*. Since he was never in love before, he was not at firſt acquainted with the Paſſion. He imagined (as I ſince knew by the generous *Orſantes*, who is now come with me, and who diſcovered unto me all the Secrets of his Maſter's Thoughts) that admiration, only joined with pity, to ſee ſo fair a Lady in miſery, was it which troubled his Mind: Yet within eight days after, he perceived that it was more than ſo; He accepted therefore of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Commiſſion, to ſee her often, and to ſpeak unto her in his behalf: for what Reaſon had he to refuſe it? Yet notwithſtanding, he ſeemed at the firſt to ſcruple it; but afterwards, whether he wanted a lawful Excuſe, or whether his ſecret Paſſion would not ſuffer him to refuſe the ſight of her whom he loved in ſpite of his Teeth, he promiſed the King, that he would viſit her, and do him the beſt Service he could. And indeed, he did viſit her, and endeavoured to do him Service; for it muſt be acknowledged, that *Mazares* was naturally Generous, and that Love only cauſed him to do things contrary to Generoſity. *Orſanes* did aſſure me, that he had diſcovered his Heart unto him; and that there was no courſe which he did not uſe to regulate his Paſſion, and to keep it within the limits of Eſteem and Friendſhip. What unhappy Deſtiny is mine? (would he ſay unto *Orſanes*) I lived all my life in a Court, amidſt an infinite number of Beauties, and never was in love with any, but I no ſooner look'd upon *Mandana*, but I am deſperately captivated. Ah, *Orſana*, ſaid he, how thoſe who ſay, that Hope begins with Love, are deceived? For, what is it I can hope for? I find a Paſſion in my ſelf, which I ought, and which I will reſiſt; and though I cannot perhaps abſolutely vanquiſh it, yet I will eternally conceal it at the leaſt; for truly I have promiſed a friendly Office unto the King of *Aſſyria*; I am his Vaſſal; I have the honour to be his Kinſman; and he has made choice of me for a Confident of his Paſſion: How can I ever overcome all theſe Objections? But ſuppoſe my Generoſity ſhould ſubmit unto my Love? and that I ſhould reſolve to betray a Prince unto whom I owe much reſpect? I ſhould not be the better, ſince it is to be believed, that a Princeſs who treats the King of *Aſſyria* ſo courſely, will never receive the Prince of *Saces* into Favour; Therefore, *Orſanes*, (ſaid he to him) there is no hopes for me, though I do love, and that ſo deſperately, as I have loſt my Reaſon; But, ſaid he, ſince there is Hope in my Paſſion, I will hope it will continue long; or rather think, that ſince my

Deſpair will not cauſe my Paſſion to die, it will continue for ever: Love then, ſaid he, love on, ſince it is my Deſtiny; Love, and make no ſcruple at it; for indeed we cannot be Maſters of our Affections, it is well if we can hide them, and if I can content my ſelf with the Eſteem and Friendſhip of *Mandana*.

In ſhort, *Chriſantes*, when *Mazares* could not root his Love of *Mandana* out of his Heart, he reſolved to keep it ſecret, and not to give over doing a good Office for the King of *Aſſyria*; but yet *Chriſantes* he ſpoke not one word in his behalf, which did not yield him a thouſand ſecret Vexations; nor did the Princeſs give him a word unto his Diſadvantage, which joyed him not ſo much, as he had much adoe to hide it; ſo that he was both faithful and unfaithful at once; his Mouth ſpoke for the King of *Aſſyria*, but his Heart betrayed him, and whatſoever he either ſaid or did, one might always ſee his Soul was infinitely afraid to diſpleaſe the Princeſs *Mandana*: nor did I ever ſee in any more reſpect than in him to her. Mean while, we ſuſpected nothing of his Paſſion; he ſeemed ſometimes very melancholy indeed, but his Addreſſes, without any Words, did tell us the Misfortunes of the Princeſs did trouble him; and that he could wiſh the King of *Aſſyria* would give over his Deſign.

Thus was the ſtate of things, when a piece of croſs Misfortune happened unto us, which did exceedingly trouble us: for when the King of *Aſſyria*, found no alteration in the Mind of *Mandana*, notwithſtanding all his Reſpects and Submiſſions, and all the Endeavours of *Mazares*, he began to think that the Heart of the Princeſs was already diſpoſed of; and when he called to mind all the Jealouſies he entertained that *Artamenes* was in love with *Mandana*, and when he remembred what he heard from the Mouth of *Feraulas* concerning the Quality of *Artamenes*, all thought of the Princeſs bluſhing at *Opis*, when *Artamenes* was named: Then he ſaid unto *Mazares* (after he had related unto him all the Paſſages in the *Cappadocian* Court) it is no more to be queſtioned, but that *Artamenes* is not only a Prince, nor a

Prince only that loves *Mandana*, but *Mandana* alſo loves *Artamenes*. You may very well imagine, how this conceit tormented the Mind of this young Prince; and how it diſquieted the Thoughts of *Mazares*; he was ſo Planet-ſtruck at it, that the King of *Aſſyria*, ſuppoſing it was in conſideration of his Intereſt, did heartily thank him for it.

Mean while, to clear all his Doubts, he found an opportunity to ſpeak in piivate with *Arianta*, who unknown to us unluckily underſtood our Diſcourſe the Night before, and where the Princeſs and I had repeated almoſt all the Paſſage of his Life, excepting the Name of *Cyrus*, which happily we pronounced not. But though ſhe underſtood not all we ſaid, yet ſhe heard enough to clear all Doubts, that there was a correſpondency between *Artamenes* and *Mandana*: So that when the King of *Aſſyria* had ſpoken with this malicious Wench, he underſtood more from her than he deſired to know: Yet notwithſtanding, ſince ſhe did make but a confuſed relation of things, he reſolved to clear his Doubts a little more fully, and ſpeak unto the Princeſs her ſelf: And as Jealouſy is a much more turbulent Paſſion than Love; ſo the King of *Aſſyria*, when he entered into *Mandana*'s Chamber, ſeemed unto me much altered: There was then none with her but *Arianta* and my ſelf: he ſaluted her with all due reverence, and began to diſcourſe of things indifferent; yet notwithſtanding all this, there appeared ſo much diſtemper in his Mind, as we could eaſily perceive it: Madam (ſaid he to her, after much interrupted diſcourſe) I would gladly know one thing from you, which is of infinite importance, both to me and you alſo. If I may conveniently tell it (replied the Princeſs) and if I know it, perhaps I may ſatisfy your curioſity. Yes, Madam, (anſwered he) you do know it, and to conceal it no longer, I wiſh you would do me the honour to tell me who is that great Enemy who ſurmounts me, and keeps ſuch ſtrong poſſeſſion in your Heart; for ſuch a one there is, elſe I know not why all my Cares, my Reſpects, and my Submiſſions ſhould beget ſuch an Averſion in you to me. Sir, (ſaid the Princeſs unto him, not thinking he knew any thing relating unto *Artamenes*) trouble not your ſelf to find out the ſecret Reaſons of my proceedings with you; and know that though I loved you, and that extream dearly, if you would take me thus away without my conſent, I ſhould never love you after it; for I have a ſtrong averſion againſt all thoſe who once only in their lives do fail in that Duty which they owe unto me. How, Madam, (replied this violent Prince, almoſt againſt his intention) if *Artamenes* had done what *Philidaſpes* did, would you have uſed him as you uſe me? *Artamenes*, (anſwered the Princeſs bluſhing) is too wiſe for me to think he would ever commit ſuch a Crime: But, Sir, why do you ſpeak of *Artamenes* upon this Occaſion? I ſpeak of him, Madam, replied he, as of a Man who has overcome me more than once, but much more cruelly in your Heart, than with Arms in his Hands; Yes, Madam, this *Artamenes* whom I ever hated, and whom you have heretofore commanded me to love, is queſtionleſs the Man who oppoſes my Glory, and my good Fortunes. As I have no unjuſt Thoughts, (replied the Princeſs, calmly) ſo I will not deny, but I have had, and ſtill have a great eſteem of *Artamenes*: and you your ſelf know, I am obliged not to hate him. Thoſe Obligations, (replied this turbulent Prince) would never have moved the Princeſs *Mandana*, to entertain a ſecret Affection unto a ſimple common Cavalier, if her Heart had not been prompted unto it by ſome more potent Inclination. This ſimple Cavalier whom you ſpeak of (replied the Princeſs very angerly) appeared to be as much as *Philidaſpes* did at that time, and may perhaps be one day more than he, although he be King of *Aſſyria*. He ſhall not need to ſtay long for that, anſwered he; for ſince *Artamenes* is poſſeſſor of your Affection, I value him above all Princes upon Earth; though he be no more than he ſeems to be. You expreſs much Pride, and much Humility together, (replied the Princeſs): but, Sir, after all this, I would wiſh you to unaccuſtom your ſelf to ſpeak ſo imperiouſly unto me, for I cannot bear it.

The King of *Aſſyria*, ſeeing he had extreamly incenſed the Princeſs, and paſſing out of his Extream Violence into extream Submiſſion; Alas, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) would you have me retain my Reaſon, when I underſtand that the ſame Heart, which I did think all the Earth could not move, is not ſo inſenſible of *Artamenes*? Was it not enough to know you hate me, but that I muſt know you love another, and that other whom I moſt hate? As long as I believed you to be inſenſible, the Gods do know that I did juſtify you with my whole Heart, as much as ever I could; and ſhould have confeſſed, that you had good cauſe to ſcorn all the the Kings upon Earth, becauſe there was none worthy of you: I ſhould have acknowledged that my proceedings thus with you, did deſerve to make me wait a long time for a pardon of my Fault: But, Madam, ſince I certainly perceive, that the only Man upon the face of the Earth whom I hate (though I once eſteemed him) is the only Man you love; Ah, Madam, I cannot keep within thoſe limits I preſcribed; I have complained, I have accuſed you, I have loſt my Reſpect in loſing my Reaſon; if I could have pull'd my Soul out of this violent Paſſion, I ſhould have done it with abundance of joy; I have done all I can to hate you, but the Gods do know all my endeavours are in vain; for I love you more than I did: My Hate of *Artamenes* augments, and my Love to *Mandana* multiplies; I find freſh ſparks of Love in me: and, Madam, I muſt, indeed I muſt chaſe *Artamenes* out of your Heart; my Reſpects, my Solicitations, my Tears and Sighs muſt deſtroy him: The truth is, I muſt either die, or he muſt live no longer in your memory.

The Princeſs hearing the King of *Aſſyria* ſpeak ſo, did no longer doubt but that he knew ſome paſſage of her affection unto *Artamenes*, and therefore ſhe did not think it convenient to make a ſubtilty of her innocent Friendſhip; and conſidering in what diſorder this diſcourſe had driven her Soul, ſhe thought that perhaps when he ſaw that there was no hopes of ever being beloved, he would then let her alone in quiet; therefore, being to ſpeak, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) the Gods do know whether I uſe any criminous diſſimulation; the ingenuity I uſe unto you may make you know it. Ah, Madam, (ſaid the King of *Aſſyria* then) be not ſo ſincere, as to tell me all your advantagious thoughts of *Artamenes*; hide, rather from me, ſome part of his Glory, and put not my patience unto ſuch a rigorous Teſt. I cannot tell you any thing more then your ſelf knows, (anſwered the Princeſs) for indeed, all the Court of *Cappadocia* knows how I muſt eſteemed *Artamenes*; and I told you as much at that time when you were *Philidaſpes*; But all the Court of *Cappadocia* is ignorant of what I ſee you know, and what I will confeſs unto you; which is, that *Artamenes* is of a quality equal unto yours; and that if the King my Father would conſent unto it, then the Affection which *Artamenes* bears unto me, ſhould find from me all the recompence he deſerves. Thus, Sir, you ſee upon what Terms the Buſineſs is, and perhaps you know more now than yet *Artamenes* himſelf knows; and thus I have told you that important Truth which you ſo earneſtly deſired to know: And now it is your part to regulate your Deſigns and your Affection to me; you have a high Soul, which is full of Generoſity; therefore I need ſay no more upon this ſubject: You may yet take ſuch a courſe as may oblige me to eſteem you, and which may yet retain the friendſhip of *Artamenes*. Ah, Madam, (ſaid this Prince) although your Eſteem be very glorious, yet I will have none of it without your Affection: nor care I for the friendſhip of that Man who enjoys your Affection, and who is the only Obſtacle which hinders me from it: No, no, Madam, *Artamenes* and I muſt take more rough courſes to decide our Differences; his Death muſt either give you ſatisfaction for your Cruelty, or mine ſhall aſſure his good Fortune and yours together. In ſaying ſo, he went out, and left the Princeſs extreamly troubled. He went to *Mazares*, and related unto him all that *Mandana* ſaid: This unfortunate Prince did lend a moſt unquiet ear unto him; ſometimes he would be ſorry for the King of *Aſſyria*; and ſometimes he would be glad, there was ſuch an Obſtacle in the Heart of the Princeſs, as would prevent the King from being loved; and ſometimes he would hope, that between a Lover hated, and a Lover abſent, he might perhaps thrive the better in his Deſign; ſo that he reſolved to endeavour all ways whereby he might gain the Eſteem and Favour of the Princeſs. Yet he did not intend to act againſt the Rules of generoſity; for, ſaid he, it ſhall not be I who will hinder the King of *Aſſyria*, it ſhall be *Artamenes* who ſhall be the obſtacle. But, O Heavens, (ſaid he preſently to himſelf!) This *Artamenes*, who oppoſes the Deſigns of the King of *Aſſyria*, will alſo oppoſe *Mazares*; yet (added he) *Mazares* ſhall not vanquiſh him by open Force, nor declared War; Policy ſhall held out where Force is unavailable; and ſince there is no other way to be happy, I muſt have recourſe unto Subtilty.

Mean while, ſince he perceived the King of *Aſſyria* was much incenſed, and in ſuch a condition as might perhaps move him to undertake ſome deſperate Reſolution, he reſtrained him with all imaginable Art, and cauſed him to rely much upon his Solicitations. Indeed, he went to viſit the Princeſs, and as ſhe had much confidence in him, and was not ignorant how the King of *Aſſyria* told him every thing, ſhe ſpoke unto him with ſo much Spirit, ſo much Vertue, ſo much Sweetneſs, and in ſuch an obliging manner, that *Mazares* did almoſt reſolve, to entertain no more than a friendſhip with her; but, O Heavens, how weak a Foundation had thoſe thoughts in him? when he hearkened to the Princeſs his Heart melted, compaſſion on her cauſed him almoſt to ſhed Tears; but when he lifted up his Eyes, and ſaw *Mandana*, freſh Flames dried up his Tears, and choaked his firſt Deſign, by enflaming his Soul. The Princeſs notwithſtanding was very well ſatisfied with him; for as ſhe ſeemed to take ſome notice of the King of *Aſſyria*'s violent humour: No, Madam, (ſaid he to her, after ſuch a manner as might perſwade her that he expreſſed his real thoughts) fear not the violence of the King of *Aſſyria*; I will engage my Word unto you, to imploy all my diligence in preventing all vitious thoughts in him: But, if I cannot diſſwade him from any ſuch Deſigns, I do proteſt unto you, that from a Vaſſal I ſhall become an Enemy unto him; and that as long as *Mazares* lives, the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhall find no other violence from the King of *Aſſyria*, than his Prayers, Tears, and Sighs.

You may imagine, *Chriſantes*, how many Thanks and Commendations the Princeſs gave him: Truth is, *Mazares* got ſo much into her eſteem, that ſhe loved him like a Brother, and this Prince for a while, was ſo happy, that he neither thought of *Artamenes*, nor any thing which might vex him. But preſently after, when the King of *Aſſyria* was informed of the return of *Artamenes* unto *Themiſcira*; and of his arrival at *Ecbatan* with *Ciaxares*; alſo of all the Military Preparations againſt him, he then haſted the execution of thoſe Orders which he had formerly given: for ſince that Morning we came unto *Babylon*, he had ſent into *Lydia*, into *Phrygia*, *Hircania*, *Arabia*, *Paphlagonia*, and alſo unto one of the Indian Princes: The Prince of *Saces* alſo ſent to entreat his Father that he would haſten all thoſe Levies which he was to ſend out of his Country. Yet we had but a confuſed notion of all theſe Warlike Preparations; For *Mazares* who would not ſpeak a word of *Artamenes* unto *Mandana*, told her always, that he knew no more but that he was returned from the *Maſſagettes*, and that there were Warlike Preparations in hand.

The King of *Aſſyria*, in the mean while, did often viſit the Princeſs, and was ſometimes all Violence, ſometimes all Submiſſion; ſometimes looking upon her with a deep ſilent Melancholy, and ſometimes ſpeaking with extream Anger, not daring to fix his eyes upon hers: But truly, I wondered an hundred times at the goodneſs of the Gods, that a Prince ſo imperious as this, and of ſo proud a Diſpoſition, ſhould ever obſerve and keep within limits of reſpect: At firſt when we came to *Babylon*, all Ladies were permitted to ſee the Princeſs, and ſhe was ſo infinitely loved amongſt them, that they were willing to do any thing to deliver her, were it not for their Deſires they had that ſhe ſhould be their

Queen; and therefore every Lady of Quality, in relation to her own ſatisfaction, was ready to do a good Office for the King of *Aſſyria*; yet ſince this Prince was informed by his Spies, that they came very often unto her, they were debarred of that liberty, and the Princeſs was ſo ſtrictly guarded, that none, unleſs *Mazares*, muſt ſee her; and the principal Reaſon of it was, becauſe the common People began to grumble, that all *Aſſyria* ſhould be engaged in an unjuſt War: Thus did we live in extream Melancholy, and without any Comfort, but the company of *Mazares*.

The Women which waited upon the Princeſs, told us, that there came every day a great number of Strangers unto *Babylon*, and none knew what they were, for theſe Women had more liberty than we, but not much: 'Tis very true, that we were in a very fine Priſon (if any can be ſo); for certainly the King of *Aſſyria*'s Palace is the moſt ſtately thing in the World: The Princeſs's Chamber was on that ſide which looks towards the great Plain, along the River *Euphrates*, and has a proſpect of above fifty Furlongs from *Babylon*; and you know very well how this Proſpect is full of variety and delightful, either in reſpect of the River which there winds and turns it ſelf very pleaſantly, or in reſpect of many ſtately Houſes which are obvious to the Eye, and which are inviron'd round with Palm-trees; in that quarter was the Princeſs's Lodging, out of which a Balcony jetted out, in which ſhe uſed to ſit when the Weather was fair. I remember that one night ſhe was ſitting there very late, and as the King her Father, and *Artamenes* took up much of her Thoughts; Imagine, *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe to me) how glad and ſorry both I ſhould be, if in the Morning when I open this Window, I ſhould ſpy a *Median* and *Capadocian* Army; really, ſaid ſhe, I think that I ſhould not be able to contain my ſelf; delight to ſee Relief, and fear leſt it ſhould prove in vain for me, and fatal to them who bring it, would ſo diſturb my Soul, that I ſhould never have Strength, or Conſtancy enough to live out the Event: But alas, *Marteſia*, I am not likely to be either glad or ſad, upon ſuch an occaſion; Solitude and Silence, that raigns in all this vaſt Plain, which we dimly diſcover through the Obſcurity of the Night, does tell me that my Defenders are not there; and we ſee nothing by the gloomy Light of Stars and Moon, but only Trees, and this great River. It was then two days ſince we ſaw the Prince *Mazares*, and he being the greateſt part of our Converſation, the Princeſs was very ſorry that ſhe did not ſee her Protector, for ſo ſhe often called him. But after the Princeſs had ſufficiently entertained her Contemplations, ſhe retired into a Chamber which joyned unto that where we were, and where commonly ſhe paſſed away the day. The next Morning, as ſoon as ſhe was dreſt, one came to tell her that the King of *Aſſyria* deſired admittance; and as ſoon as he was entered, Madam (ſaid he her, after he had ſaluted her with all due Reverence) will you be pleaſed to do me the ſavour, as to go into that Chamber, where commonly you uſe to be? Sir (ſaid ſhe to him, making ſigns unto *Arianta* and me to follow her) Captives muſt not chuſe the places of their Priſons, and in ſaying ſo ſhe followed him, who preſented her his Hand, and we all followed them. When we were come into that Chamber, the King of *Aſſyria* went unto the Balcony, and drawing a great Curtain which ran upon Hoops of Gold, to open and ſhut as one pleaſed, we diſcovered all that great Plain, which the night before we ſaw ſo ſolitary, full of Souldiers in Arms, and as they were drawn up into multitudes of Squadrons, Battalia's, and Enſigns, they ſeemed to be four hundred thouſand Men: You may imagine, wiſe *Chriſantes*, what Effect ſuch a terrible Object did work in the Heart of *Mandana*, and at the firſt ſhe did imagine it to be the Army of *Ciaxares*, but ſhe continued not in that delighting Error; for the King of *Aſſyria* turning towards her; You ſee, Madam (ſaid he to her) that my deſign to conquer and deſerve you, is not judged by the Gods ſo criminal as you think, ſince they thus proſper it; and ſince ſo many Kings and Princes as there is in this Army do take my part, and ſince two hundred thouſand Men are ready to expoſe their Lives for the love of me. The Princeſs, ſeeing her hopes deceived, did caſt her Eyes upon the Army; and tho, by reaſon of the remoteneſs, ſhe could not diſcern the Enſigns, yet it ſeemed they were not *Medians:* Then haſtily turning aſide, as not enduring ſo terrible an Object; Oh, Sir (cried ſhe out) what do you let me ſee? What kind of Puniſhment have you invented wherewith to torment me? Would you have me all at once reſent the Wounds, your Souldiers ſhall give unto thoſe of my Party? Would you have me apprehend my Misfortunes before they fall upon me? What would you have unhappy *Mandana* do? I would have you know (anſwered he) that upon your Will depends the Deſtiny of all *Aſia:* Thus many Men, thus many Provinces, and thus many Kingdoms, have you brought hither in my behalf. I know, Madam (added he) that the King your Father, aſſiſted by the King of *Perſia*, has brought his Troops into the Field, and that he is upon the Banks of the River *Gnides*, to come to you; and therefore, Madam, I put my ſelf into a poſture of Defence, and try if this laſt Remedy will mollify your Heart: Conſider if you pleaſe, Madam, that the Kings of *Lydia*, *Phrygia*, *Arabia*, *Hircania*, and an hundred other moſt valiant Princes who are in my Army, do not acknowledg the King your Father, nor are they in love with you as I am, and therefore will not ſpare you, as doubtleſs I ſhall do: Conſider ſeriouſly, I conjure you, that amongſt two hundred thouſand Men, one of them may eaſily deprive you of that Perſon who is ſo dear unto you: O cruel Man (cried ſhe) unto what a fearful Puniſhment do you expoſe me? Ah pitileſs Princeſs (anſwered he) whoſe hard Heart, had rather all *Aſiia* ſhould be in Arms, that it ſhould ſwim in Blood, and be ruined, and that the King your Father ſhould be engaged in a dangerous War, rather than accept the Affection of a Prince who adores you, who lives not but for you, and who is ready to imploy this ſame Army to conquer more Crowns for you, if thoſe he has does not ſatisfy your Ambition: you ſee, Madam, two hundred thouſand Men, ready to march, and ready to fight when occaſion requires; yet altho ſo many valiant

Captains and Souldiers be all impatient to look their Enemies in the Face, and fight them, yet one favourable Look from you is able to make all their Arms fall out of their Hands: Yes, Divine Princeſs, the Fate of People depends upon your Eyes; caſt but one pleaſant Look upon me, pronouuce but one advantagious Word unto me; be but leſs cruel, and afford me but one ſpark of Hope, and then all *Aſia* ſhall reſt in Peace, and the King your Father in Safety: Speak then, I conjure you, or if you will not ſpeak, let your Eyes ſpeak for you, ſay that you will herafter love the King of *Aſſyria*, or promiſe once only, that you will love *Artamenes* no longer. Pronounce the doom, Madam, Muſt I fight? or muſt I diſarm? But conſider well before you give fatal Sentence. Sir (anſwered the Princeſs) the Gods are abſolute Maſters of all Men, and *Mandana* ought not to uſurp that Supream Authority over them: It is my part patiently to endure the Misfortunes they ſhall ſend me, and not oppoſe their Wills. If they were not reſolved upon a War they would change my Heart, and alſo the Heart of my Father to pardon you. So I am not in a condition to diſpoſe of my own Will. It is enough I know from your Mouth, that the King of *Media* is in Arms againſt you; I may know thereby that it is not permitted me, to afford you either a favourable Look, or an advantagious Syllable, or to give you the leaſt glimpſe of Hope. Since he holds you for his Enemy, I have a new cauſe to uſe you ill, nor muſt I pardon you, tho I ſhould be ſo weak as to wiſh it: and tho *Artamenes* were not living, yet I ſhould be the ſame I am unto you. Moreover, altho your Army be very great, yet will I hope, the Gods will be favourable unto the Juſtneſs of my Cauſe, making all my Father's Enemies to fall before him, and giving him the Victory; yet the Gods do kuow, if I could with the loſs of my Life, prevent the danger of my Father's, I ſhould ſacrifice it with incredible Joy: Yes, Sir, if you can ſuffer me to be that *Victim*, which will bring Peace unto all *Aſia*, I freely conſent unto it with all my Heart: And if nothing will give you ſatisfaction, but the taking *Mandana* away from unfortunate *Artamenes*, I alſo conſent unto it, ſo you will put her into her Grave; and that it may be permitted her to paſs out of the Hands of the King of *Aſſyria*, into the Hands of Death, which ſhe would ſooner chuſe. But in the Name of the Gods, Sir, be generous; do an Heroick Act, ſurmount that Paſſion which is in your Heart: The Conqueſt of *Mandana* is not worth half the Blood which will be ſpilt. Love does deceive you, Sir, and that Beauty which thus charms you, is but a pleaſing Deluſion; and altho ſhe were as fair as you fancy her, yet at the beſt it would be but a Treaſure which time would certainly ſteal from any that enjoys it; recollect your ſelf therefore, Sir, and if there be any ſpark of Reaſon in you, affect Honour, and Glory, and prefer it above *Mandana*, that is much more fair than ſhe, and will treat you better; then will you eſteem *Mandana* more, and alſo ſhe will you, nor will ſhe then blame you for the Injuries you have done her: Conſider that ſuch a Princeſs as ſhe is not worthy of ſo conſtant a Love as yours; think how ſhe hates you, treats you courſly, and will never love you. In ſhort, either by Reaſon, or Revenge, or out of Generoſity, reſtore Peace unto all *Aſia*, and hate *Mandana*, who hates you. I would do ſo, Madam (ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*) if I could, but alas, I cannot if I would; and I think it is as impoſſible for me not to love *Mandana*, as it is impoſſible for *Mandana* not to love *Artamenes*. But, Madam (added this Prince, in extream anger) if you love the Life of your Father, the King of *Media*, be moved with my Prayers; for know aſſuredly, that there is not a valiant Man in all my Army, which has not a reſolute deſign to encounter with him: Imagine that all the Arrows in the hands of all theſe Souldiers which you ſee, are aimed at *Artamenes*, that all their Spears are ſet againſt his Heart, and that all Engines, all Stratagems, all offenſive Arms, are employed particularly againſt him, and that it reſts only in your power to divert ſo many Enemies from him: Therefore, cruel Woman, if you love *Artamenes*, hate not me, but give me ſome ſlight ſign of Good-will and Repentance. No, Sir (anſwered the

Princeſs) you do not yet know me; for if I would have changed my Mind, it would have been when I heard the name of my Father pronounced; and that which I will not do for him, I will never do for *Artamenes*; not but that (ſince you force me to tell it) I am infinitely tender of that Prince, and ſhall preſerve an immovable Fidelity for him; and between a Father and a Lover, I will do what befits me, without any wavering what Reſolution to take. Then, Madam (ſaid he in a more ſharp Tone) we muſt go fight, and you have appointed it ſo. The Princeſs, ſeeing that he was in earneſt, and was going away much moved, that Boldneſs which ſhe retained in ſpeaking unto him did forſake her, and Tears came in her Eyes; ſhe then threw her ſelf at his Feet, and faſt holding him (O, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him) what are you intending to do? To fight and vanquiſh if I can, ſaid he unto her, and haſtily lifted her up. But tho you ſhould vanquiſh the King my Father, yet you ſhould never vanquiſh the Heart of *Mandana*, replied ſhe: but on the contrary, I here declare unto you in the preſence of the Gods, who hear me, that if in this War, either the King my Father, or the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* do die in it, you ſhall expect nothing from *Mandana* but her Death: Fight, Sir, as long as you will, you ſhall not enjoy the Fruits of your Victory: And ſince the Prize for which you fight is in my diſpoſe, you ſhall never obtain it; you may perhaps overcome the King my Father, and you may perhaps cauſe *Artamenes* to be killed, after he once gave you your Life; but you cannot hinder *Mandana* from dying: So that, Sir, if you bring her into deſpair, ſhe ſhall alſo do the like for you. Think with your ſelf once more, and conſider it well; for indeed if you be vanquiſhed, then you will be vanquiſhed with abundance of ſhame, conſidering the Injuſtice of the Action; and if you be Conqueror, you will find no other Recompence for all your Pains, but the Coffin of *Mandana*. The Gods, Madam, anſwered he, did not ſend you unto the Earth to take you away ſo ſoon; and I will hope that if I return Conqueror, you will then change your thoughts of me. If ever I ſee you victorious (replied the Princeſs) and the noiſe of your Victory precede your Return, my Death ſhall precede the day of your Triumph. But, Madam (replied this Prince) what would you have me do? Since things are at that paſs I cannot live without you; and ſince I cannot ſuffer *Artamenes* to live, and you to love him, but not the King of *Aſſyria*; yet, Madam, I ſee you had rather all *Aſia* ſhould periſh, and you hope I ſhall periſh in it: Yes, yes Madam, I read this ſecret Joy in your Heart, which mingles it ſelf with your Sorrows; but yet for all that I ſtill reſpect you, love you, and adore you: Judg, Madam, whether there be any compariſon between the Love of *Artamenes* and mine; for he ſees he is beloved of the faireſt Princeſs upon Earth, What wonder is it that he ſhould be faithful unto ſuch a Princeſs who ſcorns all the Grandure of the World for him? To know the difference betwixt his Love and mine, ſeem (Madam) to ſcorn him as you do me, and treat but him as you treat me; then, if after that, he ſhall love you as I do, I ſhall confeſs he has more right unto your Affection than I have. You know, Madam, that I am Maſter in *Babylon*, and ſo can cauſe my ſelf to be obeyed; yet you have commanded abſolutely here, and I let you have the liberty to ſcorn me, and all this becauſe I am poſſeſſed with ſuch a Paſſion as has no parallel, which combats all thoſe violent Deſires which are in my Heart, and which will not permit me to do any thing but adore you. Indeed, Madam, I muſt be gone, and carry Sword and Fire to the Camp of my Enemies; I muſt go and ſeek out *Artamenes*; you will have it ſo, and I will obey you: In the mean time, I know you will pray unto the Gods for his Victory and my Ruin; but I conjure you to change your Heart. I have only thus much to ſay unto you, Madam, That if when I am gone, the Image of all thoſe Misfortunes which you cauſe, ſhall happily move you to repent of ſo unjuſt a Reſolution, and would have the Wars to ceaſe; it is but ſending the meaneſt of your Servants unto me, and write only this word, HOPE, and at that very inſtant when I ſhall receive that happy Ticket, tho I were in the midſt of Battel, and my hand lifted up to kil

Artamenes, and altho the Victory were almoſt ſure unto me, yet I will promiſe you (inexorable Princeſs) to ſound a Retreat; to flee from before my Enemies, to come and throw my ſelf at your Feet, and look in your Eyes for a Confirmation of that bleſſed Syllable. Whilſt this Prince was ſpeaking thus, *Mandana* was ſo ſunk in Sorrows, that ſhe hardly underſtood him what he ſaid, and found her ſelf ſo weak that ſhe was glad to ſit down upon the Seat which was in the Balcony; ſo that the King of *Aſſyria* ſeeing ſhe was inflexible, and would ſpeak no more unto him, he left her after he unperceivedly had kiſſed her Robe. When he was in another Chamber he cauſed me to be called unto him, but I confeſs that I never in all my Life ſaw a more deſperate Man; he ſpoke unto me an hundred things which I ſhould repeat unto the Princeſs, and I anſwered him as well as I could, to reduce him unto Reaſon. And ſince the Princeſs menacing her own Death, did much trouble his Mind; *Marteſia*, ſaid he unto me, you ſhall anſwer for the Life of *Mandana*; ſpeak no more in my behalf if you pleaſe, but be ſure you look unto her Preſervation; afterwards he ſaid the ſame unto *Arianta*, and all the reſt of the Women about her; alſo he ſpoke much more unto *Mazares*, whom he was to leave Governour in *Babylon*, and who had been buſied in thoſe Troops which his Father had ſent up to the Rendezvouz, and that was the reaſon we ſaw him not two days together. But, *Chriſantes*, if I ſhould relate all the Princeſs ſaid after the King of *Aſſyria* was departed, it would engage me unto a long Diſcourſe: ſhe roſe up, and would once again view this multitudinous Army: But alas, what ſad thoughts did it produce? Alas, *Marteſia*, (ſaid ſhe, after ſhe had been a long while ſilent) can I ever conſent that all theſe Troops ſhould march againſt my Father, and againſt *Artamenes?* Muſt I expoſe the Lives of two, who are ſo infinitely dear unto me, to a long and dangerous War? Can I who ever had an Antipathy to War, conſent, that ſo many thouſands of Men, ſo many Princes, ſo many Kings, ſhould be killed for the love of me? Muſt ſo many innocent Souls ſuffer for my ſake? Ah, no, no, *Marteſia*, I am infinitely wronged; and there was ſome Paſſages in the King of *Aſſyria*'s Diſcourſe, at which I doubt whether I had my Reaſon about me or no; yet I do confeſs, that neither my Hearr nor my Tongue had ſo much power as to afford him one advantagious Word; I know not whether it be an effect of Hatred unto him, as the Raviſher of *Mandana*, or an effect of Love unto *Artamenes*. But perhaps, I have not ſaid enough to qualify him; yet, what ſhould I do? ſaid ſhe upon a ſudden, doubtleſs I have loſt my Reaſon; my Heart and my Tongue have been more juſt than my Conceit; for the Truth is, neither Peace nor War are in my diſpoſe: tho I expel that hatred which I have of that Prince who has ſo injuriouſly taken me away, tho I ſhould think no more upon *Artamenes*, and tho I ſhould reſolve to be ſo wicked as to ſubmit unto the King of *Aſſyria*; yet all theſe baſe Courſes would not advantage me, ſince the King my Father would not give over the War; and ſince the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* would become more bloody and furious for Culpable *Mandana*, than he would be for Innocent *Mandana*.

Moreover, do I not know very well, that ever ſince the famous *Dejoca* who ſet *Media* at liberty, and delivered them from the tyranny of the *Aſſyrians*, there has been an irreconcilable hatred between thoſe two People? And were it juſt that a Princeſs deſcended from the Illuſtrious Blood of the Reſtorer of her Country, ſhould bring it again into ſervitude? No, *Marteſia*: for whether I do conſider the King of *Aſſyria* as the Raviſher of *Mandana*, or as an Enemy unto the King of the *Medes*, or as the Enemy of *Artamenes*, or as a Tyrant of my Country; I have behaved my ſelf towards him as I ought to do. But *Artamenes* is in the ſame Army that my Father is; he hath already ſaved his Life, and may do ſo again; and conſidering the juſtneſs of their Cauſe, it may be hoped, the Gods will protect and preſerve them both. But, *Chriſantes*, all her Contemplations of the juſtneſs of her Cauſe, did not procure her ſo much reſt, as the ſight of this vaſt Army did diſquiet her. Madam, ſaid I, look no longer upon thoſe Troops which ſo much trouble you; or, if you will needs view them, then look upon them as a Subject of Glory for the King your Father, and for *Artamenes*. Ah, alas, my dear *Martesia*, (cried ſhe) who can tell whether, amongſt all theſe I look upon, I do not ſee the Murderer of my Father, or of *Artamenes?* Truly, *Chriſantes*, I was forced to pull her away violently into another Chamber.

Mean while we were informed, that the Army would depart the next Morning, and that the King of *Aſſyria* had intelligence how the *Median* Army had paſſed the River *Gindes*, by a prodigious Invention, which you are not ignorant of, ſince you were there; and how they had repulſed ſome *Aſſyrian* Troops which were on this ſide the River; the King therefore departed in all haſte, and cauſed the Army to march. The Prince *Mazares*, moved with thoughts of Honour, did much deſire to accompany him: But the King of *Aſſyria* would truſt the Guard of *Babylon*, and the keeping of the Princeſs, unto none but him; ſo that he conjured him to ſtay behind: and I know not whether thoughts of Love (notwithſtanding the great Heart of this Prince) made him glad of it. It was the King of *Aſſyria*'s Mind, that the Troops which belonged unto *Mazares* ſhould ſtay in *Babylon*; to the end, that if the People did murmur at the injuſtice of this War in his abſence, thoſe Foreign Forces might keep them in Obedience: But that which was moſt admirable was this, that the King of *Aſſyria*, a little before he left *Mazares*, he drew him aſide; and with an unquiet and much diſordered Mind, ſpoke to him in theſe Terms; You ſee, my dear *Mazares*, that *Artamenes* is always very Fortunate and Invincible; he hath got over that River in eight days, which might have been well a Year's Work; he hath done that which was only the Work of a God; and if I be not miſtaken, Fortune has not thus befriended him, to forſake him afterwards, not but that I know my Army is thrice as ſtrong as the King of *Medes*; but for all that I may be overcome, and alſo killed in the fight: Know, that by reaſon of my unexpreſſible Paſſion for the Princeſs *Mandana*, I am terribly tormented with this cruel thought, that if I die, then will *Artamenes* quietly enjoy the Affection of *Mandana:* Promiſe me therefore, I conjure you, that if I die, you will fight with *Artamenes*, and never deliver up the Princeſs unto the King her Father, until that too happy Rival be dead alſo: promiſe me this I entreat you, and ſeal it with an Oath, for after that I ſhall be at ſome reſt, and be leſs tormented with that envious Jealouſy which perſecutes me; and I confeſs unto you, that if I thought any one ſhould enjoy *Mandana*, I ſhould die deſperate; but conſidering the extream Affection ſhe has unto *Artamenes*, I ſhall hope that if you kill him, ſhe will never love any other, nor ever marry. This, *Mazares*, is the Service I expect from you, and which doubtleſs you will not refuſe me, though it be ſomething difficult, it muſt be acknowledged that you cannot kill *Artamenes*, but it will be a great Glory unto you, and you will that way find a Recompence in doing this Office for me.

I leave you to judg whether *Mazares* was not much ſurpriſed at ſuch a Diſcourſe, and you may eaſily think, that without any denial he promiſed the King his Deſire, it being moſt certain, that ſince Reports went in *Babylon*, *Artamenes* was drawing towards it, his Paſſion grew more violent. So, *Chriſantes*, the King of *Aſſyria*, went away much ſatisfied with what *Mazares* promiſed, which was, to fight with *Artamenes* in caſe he died. Now were we under the diſpoſe of *Mazares*, who doubled his Civilities and Goodneſs to us; and in the tormenting Fears in which we continually were, to hear ſome ill News, it might be ſaid our Captivity was not rigorous, yet it was very much notwithſtanding. The Prince *Mazares* never came into the Princeſs's Chamber, but ſhe trembled, and looked for ſome ill tidings from the Army. As for him, he was more and more amorous, and I think he had need of all his Generoſity, to wiſh the King of *Aſſyria* Victory. I remember, one day, that when he ſaw the Princeſs much troubled, and that according to his cuſtom he was very melancholy, *Mandana* thinking compaſſion of her Misfortunes was only the cauſe of it, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) I am not a little beholden unto you, ſince being what you are unto the King of *Aſſyria*, you are ſo good as to intereſt your ſelf in any thing which concerns me.

Indeed, Madam, anſwered he, you have wrought a ſtrange alteration in my Heart: I confeſs, notwithſtanding that I cannot wiſh the King of *Aſſyria* were vanquiſhed, yet I have much ado to wiſh him Victory; and all this, Madam, out of my love to you, and I hope you will not condemn me for it. No, (ſaid ſhe) but on the contrary, I much commend you, and think you more innocent; for truly, not to be prejudicated in the Buſineſs of a Prince whom you love, and to favour the Intereſt of an unfortunate Princeſs whom you ſcarcely know, is truly generous. Ah, Madam, replied *Mazares*, do not ſay, I beſeech you, that I do not know *Mandana*; for I know her ſo perfectly well, that none upon Earth knows her better, and therefore I do in ſome ſort betray the King of *Aſſyria:* Alſo I do know (added he) her Misfortunes better than ſhe her ſelf does. I doubt it not, (replied the Princeſs) for ſince you know him who is the Cauſe of them better than I do, you may alſo better ſee thoſe dangerous Conſequences which that Cauſe may produce. Thus, *Chriſantes*, did *Mazares* ſometimes ſpeak ſuch things as might move ſome ſuſpicion of his ſecret Thoughts; and thus did the Ingenuity of the Princeſs cauſe her to expound them without any ſubtilty.

In the mean time, we were always upon extream Uncertainties; the leaſt Noiſe troubled us. I never came into *Mandana*'s Chamber, but ſhe looked in my Face to ſee if ſhe found any ill News in it; and ſhe often thought, that ſhe found Signs of Victory to the King of *Aſſyria* in it, and the Death of her Father and *Artamenes*. But preſently after, as we ſtood in that Balcony which I named before, we diſcovered a great thick Duſt ariſe from the Earth, in that great Plain, a great way off; and preſently after a great Body of Horſe appeared: this ſight, and the Princeſs's fears, made her look pale. But after we had well conſidered them, me-thought they came too faſt, and in too great diſorder towards *Babylon*, to bring Victory with them. Madam, (ſaid I unto the Princeſs) certainly we have had the better on it; it is eaſy to be ſeen, for beſides that they are in no great

Number, they come in ſuch haſty confuſion as Conquerors would never do. But, *Marteſia*, (ſaid the Princeſs to me, alwayes fearing the worſt) how know you whether or no theſe be Priſoners of War, which they ſend away; and whether the King my Father, or *Artamenes*, be not amongſt theſe I ſee? But, *Chriſantes*, preſently after, our doubts were all cleared; for a little after theſe Troops were come into the Town, we heard a great Noiſe upon the Stairs; and after that, we ſaw the Door of our Chamber opened, and the King of *Aſſyria* enter, with his Arms all broken, and ſtain'd with Blood in divers places; his Scarf all torn and bloody; his Plume all ruffled, broken and bloody likewiſe, for he had a ſlight Wound in his Shoulder: There were ſuch ſigns of Sorrow in his Eyes, and ſo many marks of Fury in his Face, that the Princeſs was out of all fears of her Father or *Artamenes*.

As ſoon as this deſperate Prince was come into the Chamber; Your Prayers, Madam, are heard, *Artamenes* has got the better of us; and I hoped once in my Life not to diſpleaſe you, in ſeeing at your Feet him whom Fortune has conquered. It is none of my Fault, Sir, (replied the Princeſs) that this Misfortune is fallen unto you; and if you would have ſuffered my Prayers to have overcome you, *Artamenes* never ſhould have vanquiſhed you; and the Victory which you would have obtained over your ſelf, had been more Glory to you, than that which *Artamenes* has, is honourable unto him. Madam, (replied the King of *Aſſyria*) can *Mandana*, whom I have often ſeen ſo ſweet and compaſſionate over the meaneſt Subjects of the King her Father, hear with dry Eyes, and calm Soul, that for the love of her, there is a Field full of dead and dying Men; Chariots overthrown; Arms broken; Kings loſt their Lives; Princes wounded or Priſoners; an infinite number of Souldiers wallowing in their own Blood, and that near four hundred thouſand Men have fought for you; can I ſay, this obdurate Princeſs, ſee me wounded, and vanquiſhed at her Feet, without one thought of compaſſion? Me, I ſay, who have quite loſt all my Fury as ſoon as I ſaw her:

who as ſoon as I look upon her, has no Sorrows for my Defeat; and who ſhould eſteem my ſelf very happy to ſuffer all theſe Diſgraces, if it were permitted me to hope that ſhe would once pity my Misfortunes. Yes, cruel Princeſs, though I be Vanquiſhed, Wounded, and Misfortunate, yet you can, if you pleaſe, make me the happieſt of Men; but, I beſeech you, do not inſult over a miſerable Man; and conſider, that *Artamenes* is not yet got into *Babylon:* And, Madam, to tempt your Joy a little, give me leave to tell you, that it is not ſo eaſy a thing to enter it, as it is to vanquiſh in the Field: Battels do more particularly depend upon Fortune than Sieges; and therefore I can anſwer more abſolutely for the Event of the one than of the other; and *Babylon* ſhall all be butchered, and alſo I will bury my ſelf in its Ruins, rather than ſuffer *Artamenes* to enjoy you. Sir, (ſaid the Princeſs, interrupting him, without any paſſionate diſorder) fear of Death does not trouble my Soul; and you have ſo accuſtomed me to deſire it, that it is not a Threatning which affrights me, if you ſhould tell me of periſhing in Flames. Ah, Madam, (ſaid this Prince, kneeling unto her) I beſeech you pardon an unfortnnate Man, in whom you have not left the uſe of Reaſon; I thought not of what I ſaid when I ſaid ſo unto you: but yet, what would you have me do? I have often told you, and do ſo again, that *Artamenes* ſhall never enjoy you as long as I live, nor ſhall *Artamenes* overcome me, without ſome danger to himſelf, as brave and fortunate as he is. But, Sir, (ſaid the Princeſs unto him) is it poſſible you ſhould be ſo blind, as not to ſee the Gods are againſt you? But, inhumane Princeſs, (replied he) is it poſſible you ſhould not conſider that you are the Cauſe of this War, and are the moſt cruel Woman in the World? Which way can your Heart be moved? When I laſt ſpoke unto you, I ſaid in my ſelf to excuſe you, that great Souls are never flexible with Arms in their Hands; and you ſpeaking almoſt in the Head of two hundred thouſand Men, ſaid, that there would be found ſome way to reſiſt me: But now I come unto you Vanquiſh'd, Wounded, and Miſerable; confeſs the

Truth, Is it not ſomething inhumane, barbarous, and Cruel, not to look upon me with ſome Compaſſion at the leaſt? The Gods do know, Sir, (replied the Princeſs) that I am no lover of War, and that I am a wiſher of Peace unto all *Aſia:* But for all that I can contribute nothing towards it but my Prayers, my Will depends upon my Fathers, and my Affection is a thing I cannot take away again after I have given it. O, Madam, (ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*, interrupting her) ſpeak no more, in the Name of the Gods, drive me not into abſolute deſpair, for I confeſs I am afraid my Reaſon has forſaken me; and that thoſe Reſpects which I would have for you until Death, will, whether I will or no, forſake me alſo: Speak not at all, when you can ſpeak nothing but what is inſufferable: Yet (ſaid he in going away) ſince my Blood mingled with my Tears will not move you; and ſince the vanquiſhed King of *Aſſyria* is no pleaſing Object unto you, I will leave you to rejoice at the Victory of *Artamenes.* In ſaying ſo, he went out of the Princeſs Chamber; and after he had taken all neceſſary order for thoſe Troops which eſcaped the Rout, and for the preſervation of the Town, he went to Bed; for though the Wound he received was not very conſiderable, yet he having loſt much Blood, it had a little weakned him: though he was dreſſed at a little Town about twelve Furlongs from *Babylon.*

You may imagine, Sir, what variety of thoughts the Princeſs had, and how impatient ſhe was to know all Paſſages; but it was not poſſible for us to be better ſatisfied: We underſtood that the King of *Aſſyria*, after he was vanquiſhed, apprehending there might ariſe ſome Sedition within *Babylon*, came in all haſte that he might be in the Town before the Report of his Defeat: Yet, what Queſtions ſoever we asked, we could receive but confuſedly the Particulars of the Battel; yet they kept us up more cloſe than before, and changed Chambers, with intention doubtleſs to deprive us of that Conſolation, in ſeeing the victorious Army of the King her Father. I will relate unto you no more of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Deſpair, and how irreſolute he was in coming to *Babylon*, whether he ſhould ſee the Princeſs or no: The ſhame of his Defeat denied it, but his extream deſire to ſee her, conſtrained it; alſo he thought that happily he might move her to pity his Misfortune. Since he was not much wounded, he left his Bed the next day, and began to prepare for a Siege, and to take all requiſite Orders to hold it out. He imagined that ſince the time of lying in the field was almoſt at an end, the King of *Medes* could not take *Babylon* in one Winter, but would be compelled to raiſe his Siege, and defer it until the Spring; during which time he would uſe all the ways he could to move the Mind of *Mandana* either by fair means or foul, and alſo would in the mean time prepare himſelf for a new Battel. For our parts, *Chriſantes*, we did not fully reliſh our Joys; for we ſaw *Mazares* ſo ſad, as cauſed us to apprehend he had diſcovered ſome ill Intentions in the Mind of the King; alſo it was eaſy for us to conceive that the Siege of *Babylon* could not be without much danger; yet this happy beginning gave us good heart; and ſo much joy as drave a great part of our Fears out of our Souls. The Gods (ſaid the Princeſs) are too juſt and good to forſake us; and I have greater confidence in their Juſtice, than in the Arms of the King my Father, or the Valour of *Artamenes*.

Mean while, we treated *Mazares* with much more civility than ordinary; for ſince we feared nothing ſo much as the violent humour of the King of *Aſſyria*, *Mazares* was the only hopes we had, to preſerve us from him; but we did not know all the intereſt he hoped for in the Princeſs.

In concluſion, as you know better than I, the Siege of *Babylon* began, and both ſides did as much as Men of great Hearts could do, both in aſſaulting and defending. It was now, wiſe *Chriſantes*, that our Fears were without intermiſſion; for we know there was not a day in which the Beſiegers did not make an aſſault, and in which the Beſieged did not make a Sally; ſo that our whole Life was but a continued fear: Our Fears were not only for the King, and for *Artamenes*, and *Mazares* whom we underſtood commanded the Parties which ſallied very often; but I remember the Princeſs one day, could not chuſe but complain her ſelf unto him; Generous Prince (ſaid ſhe, when ſhe was informed he had been fighting) I look upon you as the only Protector which I have in *Babylon*; as one who is infinitely dear unto me, and as one who is infinitely ſerviceable unto the King of *Aſſyria*, and as one whoſe Vertue is a great conſolation unto me; yet I do know that as ſoon as you are out of the Walls of *Babylon*, you do become one of my moſt dangerous Enemies; ſince you are one of the moſt valiant amongſt them; and that the illuſtrious *Mazares*, whom *Mandana* calls her dear Protector, does endeavour to kill not only that Man whom ſhe reſpects as her Deliverer, but alſo the King her Father: Indeed (ſaid ſhe unto him) you are very cruel to take away from me the liberty of praying for you, for indeed all that I can do upon this occaſion, is, to wiſh that you be neither Conqueror nor Conquered by thoſe whom you aſſault, and who are aſſaulted by you. You are all Goodneſs (replied *Mazares*, ſighing) to ſay ſo unto me, Madam; but yet Honour, Madam, will not permit me to be continually mewed up within Walls, whilſt ſo many brave Men are fighting; when I leave you in *Babylon*, I do confeſs it is with much regret: And it is extreamly againſt my Mind, that I ſhould quit the glorious Title of your Protector, to aſſume that of your Enemy; but yet reaſon will have it ſo, and there is no way to help it; for beſides that Honour which I told you of, and beſides other Reaſons which I have, what would the King of *Aſſyria* think if I ſhould do otherwiſe? I ſhould become ſuſpected, and perhaps be deprived of the Honour and Liberty to ſee you: Therefore, Madam, if I be culpable in any thing, it is not in this; yet notwithſtanding, I do confeſs, that I am infinitely to be blamed, and the condition I am in is extreamly unfortunate. Alas, ſaid the Princeſs, I am very ſory to be any cauſe of your diſquiets, and if I could find out any way to let *Artamenes* know how much I am obliged unto you; I am certain he would not fight againſt you, if he did but know you; But rather he would fight againſt thoſe of his own Side, if they ſhould aſſault you in his preſence. I queſtion not, Madam, (replied *Mazares*, bluſhing) but if *Artamenes* did know me by your report, he would eſteem me, but if he did know me by my own Addreſſes, he would not perhaps uſe me ſo. You are very modeſt (ſaid the Princeſs to him, who did not ſuſpect any hidden Sence in his words) and you make me wonder; but however, ſaid ſhe, I beſeech you remember two things when you go to fight: The one is, that there are in the Army which beſiegeth *Babylon*, two Princes whoſe Lives are infinitely dear unto me; and the other is, that in you only is all the conſolation and ſupport that I have in *Babylon* againſt the King of *Aſſyria*. As *Mazares* was making anſwer, one came to tell him that the King enquired for him, and certainly it was advantagious for him to be ſo interrupted, for doubtleſs he was much nonpluſt to give a direct anſwer unto the Princeſs without contradicting his own Thoughts, which were not very quiet, ſince I verily believe, that never was Soul more paſſionate than the Soul of *Mazares*, nor any more vertuous, although the violence of Love induced this Prince unto ſome things that were not over juſt.

Mean while, Winter, contrary to the common cuſtom of that Country, did draw faſt on us, and the Weather was very ſharp, which did as much rejoyce the King of *Aſſyria*, as it grieved us, out of our Fears that the King of *Medes* and *Artamenes* would be compelled to raiſe their Siege. We had then no other recourſe, but unto our Prayers; and the Princeſs, by the mediation of the Prince *Mazares*, obtained permiſſion to go unto the Temple of *Jupiter Belus* every day; which Temple is the moſt ſtately and famous Church in all *Babylon*; as well becauſe that this God is the Protector of the *Aſſyrians*, and him whom they pray unto at the beginning of Battels; as alſo becauſe of the Oracles which are there given by the Mouth of a Woman, whom *Jupiter Belus* made choice of to declare his Will unto them who would know it: And ſince, I think, if my Memory deceive me not, that you have heretofore told me;

how you never was at the place of thoſe Oracles all the while you ſtayed at *Babylon*; and ſince there is no likelihood, that you ſhould ſee it ſince, conſidering the Tumult and Confuſion in which you put the Town at the taking of it; it is therefore requiſite, that I repreſent it unto you in a few words; After one is entred into the ſtately Court of the Temple, and paſſed through thoſe moſt magnificent Gates of Braſs which opens into it; one ſhall find the Door of that prodigious Tower, which ſupports ſeven others above it, unto the top of which one aſcends by winding Stairs, ſupported by Pillars of Copper: In the midſt of every pair of Stairs, there are Seats to reſt upon, and when one is come unto the higheſt Turret of all, one ſhall find a little, but moſt magnificent Temple, wherein is to be ſeen a great Statue of *Jupiter Belus*, made of maſſy Gold, a Table of Gold alſo, and a Throne of the ſame Mettal, and many both great and rich Veſſels; there is alſo a moſt ſtately Altar, upon which the Chaldeans who firſt conſtituted the Ceremonies of Religion in *Babylon*, did every year at the grand Sacrifice, burn above a hundred Talents of Incenſe. As one goes out of that, they enter into another, but leſs, in which was a Couch all covered over with Gold, and a Table of the ſame Mettal, with a great Lamp of Gold alſo upon it, which was always burning. This place was not open on any ſide but the Door, which being ſhut, there was no light at all: It was in this place, where that Woman whereof I ſpoke, did reſide in the day time, and on that Couch ſleeps in the Nights, after the example of one who is reported to be in *Egypt* at *Thebes*, and another at *Patares* a Town in *Licia*: Here I ſay does the Propheteſs live, ſeparated from all the reſt of the World, and delivers Oracles unto thoſe who come and conſult with her.

After this, *Chriſantes*, I ſhall tell you, how being moved unto it either out of Devotion, or by a kind of Curioſity, when we were one day in the Temple of *Jupiter Belus*, to wit, in the great Temple below, where every one does ordinarily walk, the Princeſs had a great mind to go into the top of the higheſt Tower, and to viſit this famous Woman of *Babylon*, and to deſire her aſſiſtance unto the Gods, without any deſign of conſulting with the Oracle at all: How, *Chriſantes*, may the chance of things be admired; *Mazares*, who was then in the Temple, preſented his Hand unto the Princeſs, to lead her up thoſe Stairs which were very ſteep; but both he and we were much amazed, when we came to the top of this high Tower, and found the King of *Aſſyria* without any with him, but the Captain of his Guard, who was come thither to conſult with this Woman; certainly, if the Princeſs had known of his being there, ſhe would not have come thither that day. Since he was but only entred into the little Temple, and had not yet ſpoke with the Propheteſs, he thought this Accident fell out happily for him, and intended to inform himſelf what he was to expect, as the event of his Paſſion; but before he ſpoke unto the Propheteſs, he addreſſed himſelf unto the Princeſs, and told her very civilly; Madam, ſaid he, doubtleſs you are come hither to ſolicite the Gods againſt the King of *Aſſyria*: But before the Prayers of one ſo vertuous as your ſelf have incenſed the God of this place who is here adored, I beſeech you permit him to conſult, and in your preſence to enquire the intention of the Deity. The Princeſs, who though ſhe could expect nothing from Heaven which was not advantagious for her, conſidering the Innocency of her Life, and Purity of her Thoughts, told him that ſhe was glad to ſee ſuch ſigns of Piety in him, and conſented unto what he deſired; we entred then into that little place deſtined for Oracles, where the Woman who was very fair, and in very magnificent Habit, asked him, as ſhe would have done the meaneſt of his Subjects, and with no more Reſpect, what he would know? I would have you (ſaid he to her, very ſubmiſſively) ſupplicate that God who reveals the Secrets of Men unto you, that he would be pleaſed to tell me by your Mouth, whether the Princeſs *Mandana* will be eternally inhumane, and whether ever thoſe Torments which I endure will have an end? At theſe words this Woman opened a great Gate of Gold, which was cloſe by her Couch, and kneeling down upon a Cuſhion, ſhe was a long time holding up her Head unto the Mouth of a little obſcure Vault, which that Golden Grate did ſhut up, and which was hewed out of the thickneſs of the Wall; afterwards, being wrapt, and poſſeſſed with a divine Spirit which tranſported her, ſhe unfolded the Treſſes of her Hair, which ſpread about her Shoulders; then riſing up and turning towards the King of *Aſſyria*, with a Face quite altered, her Eyes ſparkling more than before, her Complexion ruddy, and her Voice more clear, ſhe diſtinctly pronounced theſe Words.

The ORACLE.

Well mayeſt thou hope, to make her mourn
For all her Cruelty and Scorn,
Becauſe hereafter in her Arms,
Thou there ſhalt find ſuch pleaſing Charms,
As quite ſhall terminate thy Pain,
And turn thy Sorrows into Gain.

I leave you to imagine *Chriſantes*, how much was the Joy of the King of *Aſſyria*, and how great was the Grief of *Mandana*; how deep was the deſpair of *Mazares*, though he durſt not ſhew it, and what a wonder it was unto me; the truth is, I cannot expreſs it: for we did almoſt certainly know there could be no cheat in this Oracle, ſince the King could not know that the Princeſs would come thither; and certainly the Woman was of a very great Reputation, and extraordinary Sanctity, ſo that we could not ſuſpect the leaſt trick in it; alſo it was by reaſon of this good Repute that the Princeſs deſired to ſee her: But O Heavens, how many Tears did this Curioſity coſt her! ſhe went preſently out of the Temple, and ſpoke not a word unto this Woman as ſhe did intend, and went unto the Palace extreamly melancholy: The King of *Aſſyria* went thither with her; and he was no ſooner in her Chamber, but looking upon her with many ſigns of ſatisfaction in his Countenance; Well, Madam, ſaid he to her, will you contend with the Gods? The Gods, anſwered ſhe, are not unjuſt, and that's all my hope. They are not unjuſt I confeſs (replied he) but withal you muſt acknowledg with me, that they can be no Lyers. I know it well (replied ſhe) but I know alſo that they are incomprehenſible; and it is preſumptuous raſhneſs in Men, to think they can perfectly underſtand their Language. They do explain themſelves ſo clearly (replied he) that I can doubt no longer of my good Fortune. They explain themſelves ſo unjuſtly in appearance (anſwered ſhe) that I cannot believe they are well underſtood: But, Sir, (added the Princeſs, who deſired to be alone and at liberty to bewail this new Misfortune) if it be the pleaſure of the Gods to make an alteration in my Soul, leave all the care of it unto them, and meddle you no more with it; they have power enough to do it themſelves, if they pleaſe to have it ſo; and I pray you leave me a little quietneſs. Cruel Woman (ſaid he, in leaving her) do you reſiſt both Heaven and Earth? but however it is my part to obey you. As he went out, *Mazares*, who left us in the Temple came in, but ſo ſad, that I wonder we did not ſuſpect the true cauſe of it, yet we had not the leaſt thought of it; but he diſguiſed his Melancholy, under pretence of that which he diſcovered in the Princeſs, which was not a little; You are very generous *Mazares*, ſaid ſhe to him, not to participate of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Joy, or at leaſt to hide it from me at this time. I proteſt, Madam, anſwered he, you have no cauſe to thank me, for being more ſenſible of your Sorrow than the King of *Aſſyria*'s Joy, ſince, to tell you truly, my Heart does it without any conſultation with my Reaſon, and ſince I do nothing but what I cannot chuſe. Indeed *Orſanes* told me afterwards, that he was no leſs troubled at the Oracle than the Princeſs was; and this Converſation at this time was not very regular, for ſometimes *Mandana* would be reſerved, and ſometimes *Mazares* would ſilently entertain his Thoughts;

and *Orſanes* has told me, that when he did ſecretly call to mind the preſent condition of his Fortune, he could not deplore it enough: Alas, ſaid he to himſelf, what can I hope for? If *Mandana* ſpeak, it is after ſuch a manner as makes me believe that *Artamenes* is the only happy Man ſhe loves; and if I hearken unto the Oracle, then the King of *Aſſyria* muſt have his hopes ſatisfied, and *Artamenes* muſt be as unfortunate as *Mazares*: But whilſt this Prince was thus ruminating, the Princeſs coming ſuddenly out of her muſing; How can I think, ſaid ſhe, that my Heart ſhould change its Reſentments? and how can *Mandana* ever reſolve to make up the Felicity of that Prince, who is the cauſe of all her Misfortunes? which way can I ever apprehend it? If ever this Prodigy come to paſs, the King my Father muſt firſt die; *Artamenes* muſt not be upon Earth, and I muſt loſe my Reaſon; for without theſe I cannot comprehend how *Mandana* can ever be Queen of *Aſſyria*, as ſhe muſt be, if the Oracle be interpreted after the King of *Aſſyria*'s Expoſition. I ſhall never make an end, *Chriſantes*, if I ſhould repeat all the Diſcourſe between the Princeſs, *Mazares*, and my ſelf.

The next Morning, the King cauſed a magnificent Sacrifice to be offered, to thank the Gods for the Oracle he had received. But here, I beſeech you, admire the Deſtiny of things; That ſame thing, for which the King did thank the Gods, the ſame did incenſe the People, who began to grumble, and ſay it was fitter to offer a Sacrifice to appeaſe the Gods, than to thank them: That the War was unjuſt, that the Princeſs *Mandana* was wronged; that the *Babylonians* ought to reſtore her unto the King her Father: Thus when they began to diſcant upon the Actions of their Prince, they fell to Murmur, and from Murmur it grew to Inſolence, and to Sedition, and at laſt an abſolute Revolt. Mean while Winter came faſt on, and all was covered with Snow; but all this did not make the Beſiegers give over their Deſign, and continued it ſo cloſe, that notwithſtanding the vaſt greatneſs of the Town, there entred no Victuals into it: Yet, notwithſtanding, the Oracle kept up the

Heart of the King of *Aſſyria:* but for all that, he was neceſſitated a few days after, for the Famine beginning to encreaſe, and pinch the People, they began to caſt off their Obedience unto their King; and in one Night, this great Town had more Enemies in Arms within the Walls, than without; altho the King of the *Medes* Army, as you know, was become vaſtly great, ſince the defeat of the King of *Aſſyria*, becauſe many Princes did then quit him, and joyn'd themſelves with *Ciaxares*. Never was greater Confuſion than this of *Babylon*. Some took up Arms to force the King of *Aſſyria* to reſtore the Princeſs unto the King of *Medes*; others were in Arms to keep her, and by her to make an advantagious Peace: Some there were, who being not only deprived of all Reaſon, but Humanity, did ſpeak of ſacrificing her; others on the contrary, maintained that ſhe deſerved to have Altars erected unto her Vertue and Conſtancy: ſome would now get to maintain themſelves from thoſe who had too much; and others, without any other pretence, maintained they were in Arms to ſhake off the Yoak of Royalty, and make themſelves free, ſince Fortune afforded them ſuch a favourable Opportunity: And indeed, they all talked ſo inſolently, and high, as I am verily perſwaded, that they did contribute as much to the taking of the Town by their Revolt, as all the ſtrength of *Ciaxares* his Army; or to ſay better, I think the Gods intending to protect the Innocency of the Princeſs, and to puniſh their Rebellion, did make uſe of themſelves for that purpoſe, and blinded them to their own Deſtruction: And although it ſeemed, that the Fury of the People was advantagious unto the Princeſs, conſidering the ſtate of things; yet in lieu of rejoycing her, it did much grieve her; it being moſt certain, that nothing is more horrible, nor entrencheth ſo much upon the Soveraign Authority of the Gods, as this rebellious Crime, which entrencheth upon the Soveraign Authority of Kings, who are the Images of the Gods. Yet, as the King of *Aſſyria* is a Prince of a great Heart, and *Mazares* of no leſs to ſecond him, ſo he hoped to appeaſe this Diſorder, and reſolved to take the only courſe by which popular Inſolency is reduced unto Reaſon, which is by Example, and Puniſhment of Mutineers: But ſince the thing could not be done without ſome danger, becauſe if the Beſiegers ſhould make an Aſſault upon the Town, at the time that the People were ſo much incenſed, it was to be feared, they would yeild up the Town; and the King of *Aſſyria* apprehended that then he could not ſave the Princeſs, eſpecially in the Night, when the Beſiegers were moſt buſy in giving Alarms, and when the People are apteſt to attempt any thing, becauſe they who are moſt forward in ſuch tumultuous Occaſions, cannot be known in the dark. He conſulted then with *Mazares* upon it, who told him, that it was Prudence in thoſe who do not reſolve to flee, yet to know how they may do it, if any neceſſity ſhould preſs them unto it. It is good Reaſon (ſaid the King of *Aſſyria* unto him) for all *Babylon*, and my Crown to boot, are nothing to me in compariſon of *Mandana:* And at this time, if I ſhould loſe *Mandana*, I ſhould be in danger to loſe my Scepter as well as her, it being to be imagined, that the People will not then endure me, nor ſuffer me to carry away *Mandana* with my Life: The main difficulty will be, to find out a way to eſcape, and get out of *Babylon* if I ſhould be put to it; for, as for a placeof Retreat, it is eaſy to find one; for ſince *Aribeus* is in *Pteria*, and keeps half of *Cappadocia*, I cannot wiſh a ſafer Sanctuary. This Traitor was ſo cunning, as to make the People believe, that the Princeſs was not averſe unto ſuch an advantagious Marriage; and that it was only the King her Father whom ſhe feared, and cauſed her to do as ſhe did. But before he could go unto *Pteria*, he muſt get out of *Babylon*, and that was the great difficulty, there being dangers in it both without and within the Town. All this while, the Soul of *Mazares*, was in Torment, and his Mind much divided.

As he was good and generous, he could not without great difficulty contribute any thing unto the Misfortune of the Princeſs; but as he was paſſionately in love with her, it was much more difficult for him to conſent that ever ſhe ſhould come into the Power of *Artamenes*; and for his own particular Intereſt, he had rather ſhe were in the Hands of a hated Lover, than a beloved Lover: Not but that he was terrified at the Oracle, yet the averſion which the Princeſs had unto him, did make him leſs eſteem it; and he found much more danger in *Artamenes* than in him. Jealouſy therefore being predominate in his Heart, he applied himſelf mainly to the King of *Aſſyria*'s Deſires, and that with ſucceſs, tho it was not eaſy to get out of *Babylon* unſeen: But, *Chriſantes*, I am perſwaded, that there is nothing ſo difficult, which Love and Jealouſy together cannot bring to paſs. This Prince then told the King of *Aſſyria*, that he would find out an Expedient for it, and bad him, ſince he deſired him to do his endeavours in it, to command the Women which waited upon the Princeſs to let her have no Clothes but ſuch as were White, according to the *Aſſyrian* Faſhion, which yet ſhe had not worn, and alſo the like unto *Arianta* and my ſelf: The King of *Aſſyria* urging him to explain himſelf and his Reaſons for it; *Mazares* told him, that this courſe would prove infallible, and indeed made the King confeſs thet it was ingenious, and preſently gave orders for it; ſo that the next Morning, *Arianta* and myſelf much wondred when we found all our Clothes taken from us, and white ones left in their room, ſuch as Women of Quality uſed to wear in *Aſſyria*. I asked the reaſon of it, and they told me, the King would have it ſo, becauſe if it ſhould chance the Sedition increaſed, he might more eaſily put the Princeſs into the Temple, and for her better Security, to have them paſs for *Aſſyrians*. Since *Mandana* was not yet awake, *Arianta* and I did dreſs our ſelves in them, thinking indeed, that this way might conduce to her Safety: But when ſhe called her Women and went to dreſs her ſelf, and when ſhe ſaw they gave her white Garments, after the *Aſſyrian* Mode, altho they were very rich, yet ſhe had ſuch an extream Averſion to them, that I am verily perſwaded the Gods did foretel unto her her Miſfortune; ſhe would not by any means wear them, but when thoſe which waited upon her, told her, with Tears in their Eyes, that it was not in their power to give her any other, ſhe did much againſt

gainſt her Mind put them on, and ſighing, ſaid, That the change of her Habit ſhould never change her Heart: I would make her underſtand the reaſons which they gave for it, but ſhe was not ſatisfied with them, nor any thing pleaſed with this new kind of compulſion.

Mean while, the King of *Aſſyria* and *Mazares* being reſolved to puniſh the People, were very diligent in giving out orders to that purpoſe: The King in Perſon with all the Grandees of the Court, was ready to teach the People the Duty which they owed unto their Legitimate King; when a Spy which had been in the Army of *Ciaxares*, came unto him in a great amaze, and told him, that within three or four hours within Night, he ſhould ſee the River *Emphrates* dry, and forty thouſand Men enter at both ends of the Town. At the firſt the King of *Aſſyria* would not believe it, but the Spy did ſo directly name the place, where *Artamenes* cauſed two great Trenches to be digged, to turn the River into them, that he gave credit unto his words; and the Example of the River *Gidde*, rendred this more probable: The Spy further told him, that if the Snow had not hindred the Pioneers, the Deſign had been executed before now. But tho he was very circumſtantial in his Relation, yet notwithſtanding the King of *Aſſyria*, with *Mazares*, went unto the top of the Tower of *Jupiter Belus*, the better to diſcover the Works of his Enemies, and when they were come there, then the Spy ſhewed him, tho it were far off, the Earth which the Enemy had thrown up, as well to ſhelter themſelves from being ſeen, as to empty the Trenches which were to receive the River *Euphrates*. You might imagine, wiſe *Chriſantus*, in what a condition this Prince was: He ſaw from that high Place a whole great Town in Arms againſt him; and he ſaw that he was ready to be aſſaulted in ſuch a manner, that tho the People had ſeconded him, yet he ſhould have much ado to repel his Enemies: for ſince the River *Euphrates* was very broad, he conceived the Enemy would enter at both ends of the Town in compleat Battalia, and that he had not time to raiſe up ſuch Works as would prevent them. But this was not the worſt he feared, for he thought, that as ſoon as the Enemy appeared, the People would endavour to take away the Princeſs, and make their own Conditions with *Ciaxares*, by rendring her unto him: And ſeeing himſelf driven to ſuch a neceſſity, as that he muſt defend the Palace where ſhe was, both againſt the People and the King of *Medes*, he concluded it to be a thing impoſſible.

At the laſt, being out of any hopes to keep *Babylon*, and the Princeſs, and Love prompting him to ſome other courſe, he endeavoured to execute that Deſign which he and *Mazares* had contrived. He went down from the Tower in all haſte, and ſeemed as if he would appeaſe the People by Lenity, hoping thereby to gain time, whilſt *Mazares* put all things in a readineſs for the execution of their Enterprize at the beginning of the Night, if there were any need of it. The King of *Aſſyria* reſolved not to depart until the Deſign of his Enemies was in execution; for he imagined that *Artamenes* would enter the Town at both ends of it, and that other places would therefore be leſs guarded; becauſe thoſe two places would take up moſt of their Men. But upon a ſudden we heard a terrible noiſe, for the River being drained in a moment, and the Beſiegers entred, they cauſed a moſt horrible Diſorder and Confuſion. I ſhall not need to relate any further of it unto you, ſince I do imagine you were there; but for my part, I never in all my Life heard ſuch an Aſtoniſhment as this cauſed in all the Streets of *Babylon*.

In the mean time we were in great Fears; for altho the Princeſs did imagine that perhaps it was *Artamenes* who would come and deliver her, yet the danger wherein ſhe apprehendeded him, cauſed her Fears. As for the King her Father, ſhe imagined that he would not venture himſelf in this Attempt. As we were thus betwixt Hopes and Fears, the King of *Aſſyria* came in to us: *Mazares* ſtayed in the Garden of the Palace with them who were appointed for our Guard: But the King entring furiouſly, Madam (ſaid he to the Princeſs, to the end ſhe ſhould make no reſſiſtance) the People of *Babylon* are in great diſorder, and ſince they believe you to be the cauſe of the War, they would have you in their Power, therefore I muſt put you into ſome place of better ſecurity than this. Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) ſince I have put my ſelf into the Cuſtody of the Gods, it is my Duty to wait upon their Pleaſures, and ſubmit unto what they ſhall ordain me; and you would do me a great favour, if you would leave me unto their Protection; but when ſhe ſaw four or five Men in Arms enter, knowing ſhe was not in a condition to reſiſt, and not knowing that what the King of *Aſſyria* ſaid was untrue, ſhe went with them, and *Arianta* and I followed her; ſhe asked then where *Mazares* was? and he anſwering her, that ſhe ſhould ſee him preſently, ſhe went whither they conducted her. Then were we led into the Garden of the Palace, where *Mazares* did indeed ſtay for us: *Mandana* no ſooner ſaw him, but letting the King of *Aſſyria*'s Hand go, ſhe gave hers unto him, ſuppoſing now ſhe had no cauſe to fear, ſince he was with her. Then they led us unto a back Door, which almoſt joyns unto the Gates of the Town, which the Troops of *Mazares* guarded, and who were acquainted with what was deſigned. When we were ready to go out of the Garden, which was of a huge bigneſs, we ſaw, by the help of a Candle which was brought, that the King of *Aſſyria*, the Prince *Mazares*, and ten Men who were to be of the Party, took every one of them a white Caſſack, which covered them all over, and that they covered their Heads alſo with white. This cauſed us to think, that the white Garments which they gave us, were deſigned for the ſame uſe; as thoſe which theſe Princes, and thoſe Mens were, altho we could not imagine unto what end. Afterwards they brought twelve white Horſes, Saddles and Bridles were of the ſame colour: The King of *Aſſyria* got upon one of them, and would have the Princeſs to ride behind him, but ſhe refuſed, and did chuſe *Mazares*, tho with much Reluctancy; yet the noiſe in the Town did ſo encreaſe, tho we were far enough from the place where it was aſſaulted, that her fear of falling into the Hands of rude and inſolent People, cauſed her at the laſt to let *Mazares* have the care of her Safety. Two Men of Quality of thoſe ten took up *Arianta* and me behind them; the Candle being put out, and the Door open, we went ſtraight unto that Gate of the Town, which as I have already told you was near it. Then the King of *Aſſyria* and *Mazares* commanded a Captain, in a low Voice, I mean, a Captain which guarded the Gate, to go and advertiſe all the Princes and Souldiers, that they ſhould fight it out no longer ſince the Town was already loſt; and that as many as would, might take the advantage of the dark Night to ſave themſelves, and take the benefit of this Gate. We were not above twelve paces from the Walls, but the King of *Aſſyria*, who went a little before, did ride very ſoftly, leſt his Horſes Feet ſhould make too great a Noiſe, more fearing the Ears than the Eyes of thoſe we ſhould meet: for, *Chriſantes*, the Ingenuity of this Deviſe was, in that the Prince *Mazares* conſidering that all the Fields were covered with Snow, and becauſe there was a great Miſt when we went out, it was impoſſible that *Artamenes* ſhould make good his Round; and therefore he thought it would be no hard matter to paſs between two Courts of Guard, and never be perceived, ſince White is not eaſily diſcovered in the Snow, and in the Night, eſpecially ſince the Moon did not ſhine.

This Invention of white-Horſes, and white-Habits, made us inviſible to thoſe who met us; and they who we did meet not being in White as we were, were diſcovered a good diſtance off, ſo that we could ſhun them before they could ſee us: There was nothing therefore that the King of *Aſſyria* feared, but the Neighing of the Horſes, and the Horſes Feet: As for the firſt of theſe he put it unto Fortune, but as for the noiſe of the Horſes feet, the Snow was ſo ſoft that they could not be heard. The King of *Aſſyria* finding this, went a little faſter, and preſently after we diſcovered the Guard of *Ciaxares* his Army. To tell you, *Chriſantes*, what the Princeſs thought, to ſee her ſelf in this Equipage, and out of *Babylon* at that time of Night, and on Horſe-back, amongſt a company of Men all in

White, going in ſuch great ſilence, I ſhould lengthen my Story. At the firſt ſhe was glad that ſhe had eſcaped the Fury of the rude Multitude, ſo inſolent as to mutiny againſt their Prince; and ſhe thought, that whitherſoever they carried her, it would be incomparably more eaſy for *Artamenes* to get her out of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, than in *Babylon*, which ſhe thought impregnable. Therefore conceiving it to be moſt advantagious for *Artamenes*, and for her own Liberty, ſhe went with them without any reſiſtance; and thinking of nothing but a ready way how to advertiſe *Artamenes* that ſhe was out of *Babylon:* But ſhe no ſooner diſcovered afar off the Guard which before I told you of, but ſhe changed her Mind; for when ſhe ſaw her ſelf ſo near Relief, ſhe was in a mind to cry out; but thinking that if ſhe did ſo, ſhe ſhould cauſe *Mazares* to periſh as well as the King of *Aſſyria*, therefore ſhe was ſilent: But whilſt ſhe was conſulting in her Mind about it, the King of *Aſſyria* turned more upon his left Hand, and fortunately eſcaped his firſt Danger. Yet notwithſtanding, ſince ſhe imagined that we ſhould meet ſome other Troops, ſhe began to ſpeak unto *Mazares*; who preſently deſired her to hold her peace. Generous Prince, (ſaid ſhe unto him, notwithſtanding his deſire, and ſpeaking very low leſt the King of *Aſſyria* ſhould underſtand) if you have any real compaſſion upon me and my Misfortunes, permit me, as ſoon as we ſhall meet any of the King my Father's Troops, to call them unto my Relief; and I beſeech you promiſe me that you will not oppoſe their Endeavours to deliver me; and by that Conſequence, you will not hazard your own Life, which is very dear unto me. You may conceive I could have done it without ſpeaking unto you; but being ſo much obliged unto you as I am, I ſhould think the Gods would puuniſh me if I ſhould cauſe your Death. Madam, (ſaid he unto her, lower than ſhe ſpoke) the Gods do know how much I wiſh you ſatiſfaction: But, Madam, I only promiſed you to prevent the King, from attempting any thing againſt that Reverence which is your due: And I promiſed that, without any ſcruple, becauſe I did him ſervice alſo by it, in preventing

venting him from committing a Crime; and I do again promiſe you, Madam, that as long as I live you ſhall not ſuffer the leaſt violence from him: But, Madam, can I in honour betray him thus, to let him be killed, and commit you into the Hands of his Enemies? Yet notwithſtanding, Madam, if you will do it you may, but I proteſt to you, before the Gods who hear me, that though I do eſcape from the Fury of your Souldiers, yet will I run my Sword through my Heart, to the end I may not be blamed and ſhamed by ſuch an Act, which doubtleſs you have not conſidered before you did ſolicite me. Moreover, Madam, ſince it is Night, in ſtriking at me they may chance hit you; and ſo your deſires to recover your Liberty may become your Death: In the Name of the Gods therefore, Madam, do not expoſe your ſelf unto a Danger, whereof perhaps I cannot heal you. The Princeſs was ſo troubled, and *Mazares* ſpake ſo movingly, that ſhe knew not what to reſolve on; ſometimes ſhe reſolved to cry out; ſometimes pity of *Mazares* reſtrained her.

Afterwards taking up the Reſolution to call the firſt ſhe ſaw, ſhe found that ſhe had not the power to do it, and that ſhe determined upon a thing which was impoſſible for her. For my part, I know that it was not in my power to pronounce a word; and when I would have ſpoke, I trembled out of aſtoniſhment and fear, for we ſaw in the Field many Tents, Sentinels, and Courts of Guard, Men which marched, and others that ſtood ſtill. But the King of *Aſſyria*, who was our Guide, did ſometimes turn to the right Hand, and ſometimes to the Left, and handſomly avoided all thoſe whom the whiteneſs of the Snow diſcovered unto him. But, *Chriſantes*, to leave that place, which troubled us ſo much, give me leave to tell you, that after we had avoided the Troops of *Ciaxares* above an hundred times, and were not above two Furlongs from a Wood, in which the King of *Aſſyria* feared no danger, becauſe it was very thick and dark, and he was acquainted with all the turnings in it, having been often hunting in it. But the Horſe on which *Mazares* and the Princeſs did ride, began violently to Neigh, when we were within forty paces from a place, where a Company

pany of Archers who were horſed did then quarter; who having received Orders to come nearer *Babylon*, did leave that place and go thither in all haſte: Some of theſe Archers being already horſed, and having heard this neighing from that ſide where they were, took the Alarm, and went towards the place where they heard the Noiſe; but ſeeing nothing, they would have returned, had not one of their Horſes neighed, in anſwer as it were, unto the firſt, and cauſed them to advance further on. Mean while the King of *Aſſyria* who conducted us, mended his pace, and we went faſter than before; ſo that ſometimes we ſaw theſe Men come ſtreight towards us, and ſometimes again go from us: For their parts I believe they much vexed, to hear Horſes and could find none. But at the laſt, being out of hopes to find us, becauſe we changed our way, ſometimes on the one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, they ſhot their Arrows at random, and levelled ſo unluckily, that one of their Arrows did give *Mazares* a ſlight Wound in his Shoulder; and another came ſo near *Mandana*'s Head, that the extremity of her Fears made her to recover her Voice, and to cry out, though ſhe did not intend it: This cry being heard by thoſe who ſhot, they gallopped directly to the place where they thought they heard it. But in the mean while the King of *Aſſyria* ſhifted places, and in lieu of going forward, he went backward, and bad us ride faſter. But ſince we were not above thirty Paces from the Wood, he cauſed thoſe eight which carried no Women to ſtand ſtill, until ſuch time as he imagined us to be in the Wood; and then he and his Men gallopped away as faſt as they could, and vaniſhed out of the ſight of them whom he had fought with awhile, who doubtleſs did think there was ſome Enchantment in the place. At his return, we underſtood how they ſaw two of thoſe who aſſaulted them to fall dead, and one of his Troop received a ſlight hurt. As the Wood was dark and black, the very ſame whiteneſs which made us inviſible in the Plains, did help the King of *Aſſyria* to diſcover us again, and to join Companies.

In conclusion, *Chriſantes*, being come into this Wood, as I told you, the King of *Aſſyria* did lead us unto a little kind of Habitation, where a ſort of poor Men lived, whoſe Profeſſion was to find out a kind of Earth, whereof the wonderful Cement wherewith the Walls of *Babylon* were built, is made: and when day begun to break, we lighted off our Horſes, and paſſed away all the day in that Cabin, where our wearineſs afforded us more reſt, than the Accommodations of that place could. But, *Chriſantes*, not to ſpend more time in relating things of little Conſequence, we went with much wearineſs the next Night, unto a little Town which our Army had not taken, nor as yet been on that Side, neither was of ſtrength to defend themſelves if you had come unto it. The King of *Aſſyria* there got a Coach for the Princeſs, where *Arianta* and I found room alſo; and both Princes went on Horſeback as our Convoy.

But without any further particularizing the Way we went, we came at the laſt into *Cappadocia*, and a little after unto *Pteria*: At our firſt arrival, the Princeſs was very much joyed to ſee it; yet a while after ſhe found her ſelf much more unhappy than ſhe thought; for the thought of being then a Captive in that place where ſhe had been ſo long free and abſolute, did extreamly double her Sorrow. Moreover, the imagination ſhe ſhould ſo domineer over the King her Father's Subjects, was a great vexation to her: But the great torment of all was, that ſhe was ſtill in the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, and knew no way to let *Artamenes* know where ſhe was. Mean while *Mazares* continued always very Civil, Obliging, & Amorous, and the King of *Aſſyria* was ſtill very courſly treated.

A few days after, when the taking of *Babylon* was more certainly known, he conſulted with *Aribeus* what was beſt to be done; but when he heard that *Ciaxares* his Army was marching towards *Cappadocia*, they brought us hither by reaſon of the conveniency of the Sea, which the King of *Aſſyria* thought would be a way to prevent the Princeſs from ever coming into the hands of *Artamenes*. *Aribeus* and he endeavoured all they could to get up freſh Troops, making their Rendezvous at *Pteria*, to the end it might not be diſcovered we were at *Sinope*. But preſently after, they had intelligence that your Army came up ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible for them to get any ſuch conſiderable Force together as could give a ſecond Battel; which did drive the King of *Aſſyria* into extream Deſpair, and ſpoke with much more violence than heretofore he uſed: Yet whether he was ſubmiſſive, or whether he was furious, all was one, for he could no way move *Mandana*, to give him one favourable word. Yet one day he called *Mazares* unto him, and laid before him all his Misfortunes: Truly (ſaid he unto him) I am brought to ſuch a paſs, that I have no other conſolation to hope for in my Life, but to make *Artamenes* as unfortunate as my ſelf, although it be in a different manner: The Oracle indeed does make me hope well, but *Mandana* drives me into utter deſpair, and Fortune has ſo defeated all my Deſigns, and I am reduced unto ſuch Extremities as are above both my Patience and my Reaſon: That which I intend, (purſued this deſperate Prince) is to make ſure of the Gallies and Ships within this Port, ſo that as ſoon as I ſee the Army of *Ciaxares* appear, and find that I am not able to oppoſe it, I can then embark with *Aribeus*, and be ſure to carry her out of the reach of *Artamenes*. But, Sir, (anſwered *Mazares*, much grieved) what courſe will you then take? I know not well, (replied the King of *Aſſyria*) but if all the Princes, my Allies, do deny me Sanctuary within their Dominions, I will rather turn Pirat, than yield up the Princeſs unto *Artamenes*; yes, *Mazares*, I will rather periſh a thouſand times; and if I am purſued at Sea by *Artamenes*, (which as yet he cannot do, having no Ships for it) I will rather ſplit my Ship againſt a Rock, than be taken and loſe the Princeſs: Moreover, I muſt not be far of *Mandana*, but keep cloſe with her, and wait upon the event of the Oracle. As for you, ſaid he, my dear *Mazares*, it is not juſt that I ſhould engage you any deeper in my Misfortunes, though you would, I would not ſuffer it; therefore I wiſh you to go back unto the King your Father, and endeavour to be more happy than I am. *Mazares* was now put to a ſhrewd Dilemma, for he could not conſent to leave the Princeſs alone with the King of *Aſſyria*; and yet he perceived, by the King's manner of ſpeakin ſpeaking unto him, that he would not ſuffer him to accompany him any longer; yet he preſſed him to ſtay; but the more urgent he was in it, the more obſtinate was the King: Furthermore he perceived, that if he departed, the Princeſs would be the moſt unfortunate Woman in the World; ſo that both in reſpect of his Pity, and in reſpect of his Paſſion, he was infinitely to be lamented. At laſt being tranſported with ſuch Paſſions as were unknown unto himſelf, he came unto the Princeſs, and ingenuouſly diſcovered the King of *Aſſyria*'s Deſign: You may well imagine what Sorrow and Deſpair this News brought unto her, eſpecially when he told that he would by no means permit him to ſtay any longer with him. Ah, *Mazares*, ſaid ſhe unto him, I ſhall abſolutely die if you forſake me; and there is no Reſolution ſo violent which I ſhall not take, if I be left alone under the King of *Aſſyria*'s protection. In the Name of the Gods, ſaid ſhe unto him, perſwade him, and tell him, that he ſhall never obtain the leaſt part of my Affection: And by conſequence you will do him no ill Office, if you can move him to hearken unto my Prayers and Tears, and if you can procure my Liberty. In the Name of the Gods, once more conſider what a moſt lamentable Deſtiny will it be for *Mandana* to wander upon the Seas, with a Prince whom ſhe hates, and ſhall more and more hate him; and who ſhall reſolve to throw her ſelf into the bottom of the Sea, the firſt time that he ſhall ſpeak of his unjuſt Paſſion unto her. Conſider well, *Mazares*, what you have to do, and know, that the Gods will require at your Hands an Account of my Life, if you be the Cauſe of my Death. Would you not have me live, and acknowledg my great Obligations unto you? Would you have me die the moſt miſerable Woman upon Earth? O, Madam, (anſwered *Mazares*, with extream melancholy) I wiſh the Thoughts of my Heart, and how much I would do for you, were well known unto you. I do know (anſwered ſhe) that you are the moſt obliging Prince upon the Earth; and that nothing hinders you from ſatisfying my Deſires, but an ill-grounded Scruple of Generoſity; for indeed, *Mazares*, I am fully perſwaded, that you do compaſſionate my Miſfortunes, and that you intend Friendſhip unto me: But yet ſince you cannot ſave me, you will ſuffer me to periſh, and all becauſe you are afraid to do an unjuſt Act. But know, generous Prince, that it is no injuſtice to prevent another from committing a moſt horrible piece of Injuſtice.

In ſhort, *Chriſantes*, the Princeſs ſpoke ſo prevalently unto *Mazares*, that he deſired two days time to reſolve with himſelf what to do: But, O Heavens! *Orſanes* told me, that he verily believed, that the turbulency of his Thoughts during this time would have coſt him his Life. Sometimes he reſolved to be faithful unto the King of *Aſſyria* in ſpight of his Paſſion; ſometimes he would not quench his Love, but in favour of *Mandana*; afterwards not being able to reſolve either upon the one or the other, he thought how he might benefit himſelf by the Miſfortune of another. At the laſt, (ſaid he unto himſelf) I ſee *Mandana* does eſteem, and is very friendly unto me; yet it is but a bare Eſteem, and a Friendſhip only, though ſhe muſt know that I love her: Moreover, there is a great difference between the Terms on which the King of *Aſſyria* ſtands, and thoſe on which I am with her, for there is a natural Antipathy between her and him; but ſhe is very friendly unto me, and I am perſwaded it is not far off a diſpoſition to receive ſome impreſſions of Love, as well as much Tenderneſs and Eſteem; yet I know very well, that there is more likelihood that I ſhall be unhappy, than he has hopes of *Mandana*'s Love: But, alas, from what other courſe can I find any more ſweetneſs and ſatisfaction from her? If I continue faithful unto the King of *Aſſyria*, then he will put to Sea with the Princeſs; and if I leave her, I am certain ſhe will hate me for being ſo inhumane, as to expoſe her unto ſo great a Torment: I am certain I ſhall never ſee her again, and I am ſure to endure an intolerable Torment, in thinking ſhe is with the King of *Aſſyria*, who ſtill has great hopes of her. On the other ſide, if I betray a Prince from whom I have the honour to be a Kinſman, to whom I am a Vaſſal, who has made choice of me to be his Confident; and if I ſhould put the

Princeſs into the Hands of *Artamenes*, ſhould I not then be the moſt unhappy Man alive? I ſhould commit a Crime, and ſuch a one as would make me moſt unfortunate, there being nothing more inſufferable, than to ſee the Party loved, in the power of a Rival who is loved. O no, *Mazares* cannot make choice of either, ſince he ſees a Crime, and a Misfortune on both ſides. If he hearken unto Reaſon, it will tell him, that we ought not to betray thoſe who truſt us: If he give ear unto his Paſſion, it will tell him qu[illegible] contrary, that we muſt never forſake the Party loved, and that all one can do to poſſeſs her, is juſt. Which way ſoever I carry the matter, I muſt either betray the King of *Aſſyria*, or the Princeſs, and betray my ſelf alſo, ſince I wound my Reputation in it; Therefore if I muſt needs commit a Crime, let me commit that which is moſt advantagious to me, and which will keep me from dying deſperate.

In concluſion, *Chriſantes*, this amorous Prince, in ſpight of all his Vertue, was ſo tranſported with the violence of his Love, that he reſolved not only to betray the King of *Aſſyria*, but to delude *Mandana* alſo: yet truly, I think, never any did more ſeverely puniſh himſelf than *Mazares* did, by his perpetual remorſe of Soul; for I never in all my melancholy did equal his; yet ſince he was fully reſolved what to do, he ſought out means to aſſure himſelf of a Galley, and eaſily found one; becauſe the King of *Aſſyria* intending to make uſe of all the Galleys and Ships in *Sinope*, he did put out thoſe who formerly commanded them, and put in others which did more abſolutely depend upon him: There was one of theſe Captains, who knowing certainly he ſhould be put out as the reſt were, who grumbled exceedingly at it; and unto him *Mazares* addreſſed himſelf, in whoſe Soul he diſcovered ſuch a Diſpoſition as was fit for his deſign. *Mazares* then having made ſure of this Galley, was certain he could carry away the Princeſs when he pleaſed; for his Commands paſſed within the Caſtle, as well as the King of *Aſſyria*'s; and ſince the Caſtle was ſo near the Haven, he had not above twenty Paces to go before he was at the Galley, which this Captain who was of the Conſpiracy commanded, for by fortune the Galley was on that ſide: But ſince he was an expert Man, and uſed to War, he told *Mazares*, that the better to ſecure his Deſign, and alſo to ſatisfy his Revenge upon his Companions, he would ſet Fire on all the Galleys and Ships which remained in the Port, leſt they ſhould follow after, and that all theſe new Captains might not long enjoy their new conferred Offices, or at leaſt put them into ſuch a condition as they ſhould not be able to do any Execution. Although *Mazares* did ſee it was well thought upon, and almoſt neceſſary for his Deſign, yet it went againſt the hair of his Diſpoſition, not for fear of the Ships, in which few People would be loſt, but leſt it ſhould fire the Town; notwithſtanding the Captain ſaid thus unto him; Sir, although *Sinope* ſhould be ſet on fire, yet it is a Rebellious Town, and deſerves it: And as for the King of *Aſſyria*, who troubles you ſo much, the Fire will be quenched before it can reach the Caſtle: Truth is, this Captain ſpoke ſo rationally, that *Mazares* conſented unto him, and the Captain took upon him the Execution of the Enterprize.

This Prince intending to gain the Heart of *Mandana*, deſigned to carry her into *Bithynia*, where he was in hopes to find ſome place of Security, and indeed he could not make a better choice; for he was Kinſman unto *Arſamones*, and *Arſamones* was Enemy unto the King of *Aſſyria*, by reaſon of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, with whom he was in good favour all the while ſhe was in *Babylon*: Moreover, he made War againſt another Lover of *Mandana*, who was the King of *Pontus*, and *Artamenes* having moved *Ciaxares* to lend ſome Forces unto his Enemy, therefore he thought that he could not make choice of a ſafer Sanctuary. At that time there came into *Sinope* a famous Pirate, who was reported to be a Man of Quality and great Courage, who being much Weather-beaten, put in there to repair his Ships: The King of *Aſſyria* received him very kindly, and told *Mazares* that he was even raviſhed with the happy meeting with him, becauſe that by that time the Ships of this Pirate were ready to make ſail, he would put to Sea with him, and be under his Conduct, for he was a Man whom none ever knew conquered; and knew all the Seas better than any other Man. *Mazares*, underſtanding the King of *Aſſyria*'s Deſign ſo well, did make more haſte to execute his own; and went unto the Princeſs, Madam (ſaid he to her, in a moſt melancholy manner) there is a predominate Power, which I cannot reſiſt, and which makes me reſolve to betray the King of *Aſſyria*, and carry you out of his reach: He has a deſign to carry you away very ſhortly; therefore he muſt be preſently prevented: I asked you ſometime to reſolve with my ſelf, and my Reſolution is ſetled; therefore, if you pleaſe, there is a Galley ready to receive you the next Night. Ah, *Mazares*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) is it poſſible it can be ſo ſoon? To tell you, *Chriſantes*, all that *Mandana* ſaid, by way of thanks for the Compaſſion which he had on her Misfortunes, would be a very difficult task, ſo much did ſhe aggravate her Acknowledgments unto him.

Mazares received her Thanks with ſo much Confuſion and Turbulency of Mind, that ſhe thought her ſelf the more obliged, ſuppoſing that the betraying of the King of *Aſſyria* was the only cauſe of it: But *Mazares* (ſaid ſhe to him) which way ſhall we go, to go ſafely unto ſome place where the King my Father is? Madam (anſwered he) when we are out of the power of your Enemy? we ſhall then think better upon that: It's true, (ſaid ſhe) and ſo preſently left him: But Night being come, and well on, the Prince *Mazares*, who had not only gained the good Will of thoſe who kept the Caſtle Gate which was towards the Port, but alſo all the Souldiers in the Caſtle, went to fetch the Princeſs, who was much troubled what to do with *Arianta*, in whom ſhe did not confide; ſhe thought therefore to carry her with her, becauſe if ſhe were left behind, ſhe would make a great noiſe of the Matter: We told her therefore that the King of *Aſſyria*, had ſent *Mazares* unto the Princeſs to tell her, that ſhe muſt take Shipping, and becauſe ſhe ſhould not ſuſpect any thing, we ſeeming to be very ſorry in yielding obedience to him; for we began to think that ſhe kept intelligence with the King.

I forgot to tell you, that *Mandana*, who would as well as ſhe could make it known unto *Mazares*, that ſhe had a care of his Protection, had writ a Letter unto the King of *Aſſyria*: but whilſt we were ſtaying in the outer Chamber, at that hour when *Mazares* told us we were to depart, the Princeſs bethought her ſelf, how ſhe had forgotten to leave the Letter upon the Table, and entreated him that he would take ſo much pains as to carry it thither, telling him, that if he would open it, he might there find what ſhe had written unto the King concerning him, ſo that the Prince took it, and carried it into the Princeſs's Chamber, where, as I adviſed him, he did read the Letter; I will not relate the Contents of it, for you will preſently after imagine it. So, *Chriſantes*, we got out of the Caſtle, and we took Ship, and were preſently out of *Sinope*; immediately after, we ſaw the Port all on fire, and in a moment after that, all the Town alſo, which did extreamly ſurprize and grieve the Princeſs; for her Soul was ſo tender and full of pitty, that ſhe would never have conſented unto it if ſhe had known of the Project; but yet her Joy to be out of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, did comfort her in thoſe Sorrows which proceeded only from Compaſſion; and ſhe termed *Mazares* her Deliverer a hundred times over.

Mean while, the Sea began to be high, and the Mariners told us there was like to be a Storm, as preſently after it began, and the Wind which was ſo favourable for us, turned quite contrary, and whether we would or no, did blow us above twenty times towards the Port of *Sinope*: To tell you how the Princeſs was troubled at this Accident, would make you ſad, as we were; It will be ſufficient to tell you, how ſhe moved *Mazares* to promiſe her, that in caſe the Tempeſt was above the Pilots art, or the force of Oars, he would rather ſplit the Galley againſt the Caſtle Tower, than to land again in the Port of *Sinope*: At the laſt, day beginning to dawn, our Fears were leſs, as well becauſe the Terrors of Darkneſs vaniſhed, as becauſe at the Sun-riſing, the Winds were calmer.

The Princeſs being then upon the Deck, diſcovered that there were Souldiers in *Sinope* fighting in the midſt of the Flames, at the Foot of the Tower: She no ſooner ſaw it, but looking upon *Mazares* with extream joy; Ah generous Prince (ſaid ſhe unto him) perhaps the Tempeſt has been our Friend, ſince if it had not been, I ſhould not have ſeen what I do. See (ſaid ſhe unto him) look upon the Troops which are fighting in *Sinope*; without all doubt it is the King my Father his Army, and perhaps *Artamenes*, is there alſo; if ſo, it is eaſy for him to become Maſter of a burning Town, and to take the King of *Aſſyria* alſo: Therefore, my dear Deliverer, give command unto the Rowers that they make no ſuch haſte away; Let them ſend one in a little Boat to ſee whether it be as I ſay, or no: For if it be, there is no need of going any further, ſince we have relief ſo near. *Mazares* hearing the Princeſs ſay ſo, began to change colour; and looked a long while upon the Troops which ſhe ſhewed him, and he knew much better than ſhe, that they wete the Troops of *Ciaxares*; therefore without giving any anſwer unto the Princeſs, he gave command to row away with all poſſible haſte. *Mandana* being extreamly ſurprized at this Command, and believing that ſhe did not well underſtand him, or that the Prince had miſtook himſelf: My dear Deliverer (ſaid ſhe unto him) do you know what you ſay, and did you hear me? O Madam, (ſaid he unto her, and kneeled) beſtow no more that name upon me, whereof I am unworthy; and ſuſpend your Judgment of me, I beſeech you, until you know what I have done againſt my ſelf, before I will attempt any thing againſt you: Do not call me either your Deliverer or your Raviſher, nor pronounce an unjuſt Sentence againſt him who is the moſt paſſionate of all your Adorers: How (ſaid the Princeſs, in a mighty maze) can *Mazares* not be generous! is it poſſible he ſhould deceive me? Is not then *Mandana* at liberty? *Mazares*, (replied the Prince, with unequalled Sorrow) was born generous, and has lived ſo, until the Love of *Mandana* did force his Heart to degenerate: But, Madam, (purſued he) you ſhall be free; and I do proteſt unto you in the preſence of the Gods, whom I have incenſed, that you ſhall never have any cauſe to complain of my Violence; I will only carry you unto a place, Madam, where I may perfectly make known unto you, the moſt reſpective Paſſion that ever was; you have teſtified ſome ſigns of Friendſhip towards me, and I beſeech you do not preſently paſs from Friendſhip unto Hatred; give me a few days time to acquaint you with my Thoughts of *Mandana.* No, *Mazares* (ſaid ſhe unto him) I cannot conſent unto your deſire; you are now either the abſolute Maſter of my Hatred or of my Friendſhip; and if you do not immediately repent of your Crime, I ſhall hate you a thouſand times more than ever I hated the King of *Aſſyria*, and ſhall eſteem you incomparably more culpable, but alſo (interrupted the Prince) more amorous; No, no, (ſaid ſhe unto him) deceive not your ſelf in that; I ſhall never term an unjuſt Paſſion, Love, but will phraſe it Phrenſy, Fury, or that which is worſe. Why *Mazares* (ſaid ſhe all in Tears) will you loſe my Eſteem and Friendſhip? you whom I reſpected as my Protector in *Babylon*, as my Deliverer in *Sinope*: I perceive you had rather be my Raviſher and my Enemy, and ſee me die in Sorrow, than live a happy Life? Do you not ſee, (ſaid ſhe, in obſerving how the Seas began to be a little more boiſtrous) how you do incenſe the Gods, and that if you do not appeaſe them by a ſpeedy Repentance, they will with ſhipwrack puniſh your Crime? Ah, Madam, (cried out this unfortunate Prince) ſo they will be pleaſed to ſave you from the Shipwrack, how happy ſhould I be, if I periſhed in it? and how happy ſhould I have been, if I had died in *Babylon* whilſt I was innocent? But, Madam, what would you have me do? how could I every day look upon *Mandana*, and find her ſo ſweet, ſo civil, ſo pleaſing, and ſo fair, and yet not love her? ſome who never ſaw you but angry at them, yet could not chuſe but love you; and ſince I found you ſo infinitely obliging, was it poſſible but I ſhould be poſſeſſed with moſt violent Paſſion? No, no, it was abſolutely impoſſible. When the Princeſs ſaw that *Mazares* continued in his Reſolution, ſhe began to be ſo deſperately incenſed, as I never ſaw her in my Life: Alas (ſaid ſhe) into what a pittiful condition am I brought? and what unhappy Conſequences does this little Beauty which the Gods have beſtowed upon me produce, ſince it infuſeth into thoſe who have any Affection unto me, only unjuſt Thoughts? But let me take courage (ſaid ſhe when ſhe ſaw the Sea more boiſtrous than ever) I ſhall preſently find an end of all my Misfortunes in ending my Life; and ſhall have ſo much comfort as to periſh with one of my Enemies. When *Mazares* ſaw the Princeſs ſo very angry, and in ſo great a Danger, and alſo that he had committed an unprofitable Sin; he became ſo extreamly deſperate, that he offered to throw himſelf into the Sea; and I think if his thoughts of the Princeſs and her Intereſt had not reſtrained him, he had done it. Madam (ſaid he unto her) I am infinitely ſorry, that I have expoſed your Life unto ſo much danger. No, no, (ſaid ſhe unto him) it is only Repentance which I deſire from you; and I wiſh you to ſteer your Courſe another way, that if I do ſuffer Shipwrack, the Waves may waft me unto the *Cappadocian* Coaſt. But, *Chriſantes*, I cannot repeat all that the Princeſs ſaid to *Mazares*, nor all his replies, but certainly although he was culpable, yet he expreſſed ſuch moving Language, as made appear he was full of pity: The Princeſs alſo expreſſed her ſelf in ſuch juſt and lamentable Terms, that ſhe was able to move Cruelty it ſelf.

Mean while, it was not poſſible to chuſe our courſe, we muſt now obey the Wind and Storm: It did often blow us towards the foot of the Tower, and then upon a ſudden turning quite contrary, it drove us far off *Sinope*: We continued all that day, and the Night following in continual Toſſings upon the Surges of the Sea; ſometimes to the right Hand, ſometimes to the left, and which way ſoever we went, we found danger: Oars were of no uſe, Sails would not abide the Wind, which whiſled from all ſides; and all this while there was no hopes of any thing but preſent Death. As ſoon as day appeared and the Tempeſt ſtill continuing as boiſterous as ever, the Princeſs deſired *Mazares* to repent of his Act; for as long as it was night, ſhe kept in her Cabin, where out of reſpect, *Mazares* would not enter, although he knew *Mandana* could not ſleep: But it beginning to be light, the Princeſs, as I told you, renewed her Complaints and Prayers, with ſo many Tears, and in ſuch a violent manner, that *Mazares* without giving the Princeſs any anſwer, went unto the Pilot; and whether it was by vertue of his Order (as *Orſanes* believes) or elſe by the force of the Winds, we ſaw the Pilote turn the Galley towards *Sinope*. But O Heavens! a huge blaſt of Wind, meeting with a great Billow, made the Galley lean on one ſide; the Rudder broke, and the Galley grated upon the point of a Rock, ſo that it turned, and broke in turning; I catched hold of the Princeſs, *Arianta* hold of me, and I heard a terrible Outcry, amongſt which I knew the Voice of *Mazares*, who cried out; *O ye juſt Gods, preſerve the Princeſs*; after this I knew not what became of us, only this I remember, that in lieu of ſeeing Water, me-thought I ſaw a great Fire, which overwhelmed me, and made me loſe all my underſtanding: Yet, *Chriſantes*, the Prayers of unfortunate *Mazares* were heard, and we eſcaped this great Danger: But let me tell you, it was moſt ſtrangely, and will aſtoniſh you, perhaps, almoſt as much as it did us. Be pleaſed to underſtand then, that the firſt thing I ſaw after our Shipwrack, was, as I did a little open my Eyes, I ſaw Men who endeavoured as well as they could to make me let go my hold of the Princeſs (for you know *Chriſantes*, it is the quality of thoſe who are in Water to hold whatſoever they catch at:) This ſight, and the hurt theſe Men did me, did more revive me than all the Remedies they gave me afterwards; ſo that ſtriving with them, What would you have (ſaid I to them) and who are you? We are ſuch (anſwered they unto me) as would ſave the Princeſs *Mandana*, and help you: At theſe words I let go my hold, and looſed the Princeſs, alſo I told them, that the Gods would recompence them for ſo charitable an Office. After this, coming a little better unto my ſelf, I firſt ſaw *Arianta*, and then the Princeſs, who revived alſo as well as I, and who after ſhe opened her Eyes did call upon me, almoſt not knowing what ſhe ſaid. I was yet ſo dizzy, that I had much ado to riſe from the Bed whereon they had laid me, but her Voice did infuſe ſuch freſh ſtrength into me, that I came unto her as ſhe was very attentively looking upon a Man, who was kneeling by her Bed-ſide, and who holding her by the Arm, did try by her Pulſe, whether ſhe had ſtrength to revive ; when I was come unto her, and ſhe knew me ; *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe unto me, and pulling her Arm out of the Hands of that Man who held it, with as much haſte as her Weakneſs would permit her) where are we ? Madam (replied the Man) you are in a place where you have abſolute Power and Authority ; the Voice ſurprizing both her and me, ſhe raiſed her ſelf to look upon him who anſwered ; and then we both together found that he who thus had ſaved us, was the King of *Pontus*.

The King of *Pontus* (ſaid *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas* interrupting him) is he in love with the Princeſs whom *Artamenes* took Priſoner ? O Heavens ? can ſuch a moſt prodigious Accident prove true ?

Yes, wiſe *Chriſantes* (ſaid *Marteſia*) and ſee how it fell out : You very well know, I believe, the ill ſucceſs which he has had in his Wars againſt *Artamenes* ; and how in both his Kingdoms he has but one Maritine Town left, in which he was beſieged. But I believe you know not, how when he ſaw this Town was ready to be loſt, he reſolved to convey himſelf out of the Victory of his Enemies, and flee away in a Ship, as he did. That which is the greateſt wonder is, that this Prince not knowing where to find any Safety for himſelf, and perhaps being preſſed unto it by the violence of his Paſſion, which in the midſt of his Misfortunes did not forſake him ; did intend to come and offer himſelf unto *Ciaxares*, to help him in regaining his Daughter from the King of *Aſſyria* ; for he had intelligence of her being taken away before he was beſieged: So that embarking himſelf with that Reſolution, he came upon the Coaſt of *Cappadocia* to inform himſelf in the ſtate of things; and he came thither juſt in the nick to ſave our Lives: his Ship which the Tempeſt had toſſed as well as our Galley, was not far off of us when we began to ſuffer Shipwrack, altho his Pilot endeavoured to gain the place where we were. This Prince being ever very generous and noble, and ſeeing us ready to periſh ſo near him, commanded that all thoſe who appeared above Water ſhould be ſaved if it were poſſible; for as Ships do better endure a Storm than Galleys can, ſo he might do it without any great danger unto himſelf: Preſently, as if the angry Waves were appeaſed by our Shipwrack, there happened a ſudden Calm at Sea, the Winds were huſh'd immediately; and all the mountainous Waves levelled in a moment; ſo that the King of *Pontus* putting a ſmall Boat into the Sea, his Men ſaved many others, amongſt which *Orſanes*, who came now with me, was one: As they were all buſied in this charitable Office, and this Prince being upon the Deck of the Ship, and perhaps thinking himſelf more unfortunate in the loſs of his two Kingdoms, than thoſe Men whom he ſaw floating, were in the loſs of their Lives, he diſcovered amongſt the Waves ſome Women, whoſe Clothes kept them above the Water: This Object moving him unto much Compaſſion, he commanded in all haſte that his Men ſhould ſave them, tho no other Intereſt in the World did move him unto it but his own natural Pity: But imagin you, *Chriſantes*, how this Prince was ſurprized, when after they had took us out of the Water, and brought us into his Cabin, he knew the Princeſs *Mandana*. He preſently forgot all his Loſſes, and thought upon nothing but ſaving that Life, which had long ſince made him loſe his Liberty.

Theſe were this Prince's Cogitations, when, as I told you before, he aſſured the Princeſs, that ſhe was in a place where ſhe had abſolute Power and Authority. *Mandana*, knowing his Voice as well as I, Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) you ſee that you are not misfortunate alone:

But to acknowledg the good Office you have done me, I wiſh that you would make ſuch uſe of this Opportunity, which the Gods have given you to aſſiſt an unfortunate Princeſs, as that you may oblige her to aſſiſt you again. Madam (ſaid he unto her) I will complain of my Deſtinies no longer, but I think my ſelf obliged to thank the Heavens for the loſs of my Kingdoms, ſince if I had not loſt them, I ſhould not have had the good fortune to ſave your Life, and ſhould not have hindered the Univerſe from loſing her faireſt Ornament: But, Madam, you are not now in a condition to be ſpoken unto without troubling you; and ſince *Marteſia* is with you, alſo able to help you, the Reſpects which I owe you, bids me withdraw; all my Men have Orders to obey your Women, ſaid he to *Arianta*, and my ſelf; they need but ask what is wanting, and follow the Advice of a Phyſician, who is here with me, and who has already begun to aſſiſt you; and indeed by good fortune there was a *Grecian* Phyſician, who followed this Prince in his flight, who was very helpful unto us; for certainly he was a Man very knowing in his Art, being a Practiſer under that famous *Hippocrates*, who is ſo cried up throughout the whole World. This Prince being gone out, and his Men ſupplying us with all Neceſſaries, we undreſſed the Princeſs, and got her into Bed: and afterwards *Arianta* and I having dried our Clothes, and taken an admirable Water, which the Phyſician gave us, whoſe Virtue was to comfort the Heart, and temper the Agitation of the Blood, we paſſed away all that Day and the next Night in very good reſt; for to tell you truly, our fears of Death, and the wearineſs of our Bodies, did, whether we would or no, cauſe Sleep to ſuſpend our unquiet Thoughts. The Princeſs ſhe ſighed very often, and could not chuſe but admire at the prodigiouſneſs of our Chance; ſo that after ſhe waked, and ſaw I was there, and that *Arianta* ſlept on, ſhe called me; as our Bed by her order was in her Cabin. I no ſooner heard her but I roſe, and dreſſed my ſelf haſtily, then went unto her; I found her indeed not ill, conſidering the illneſs of the Accident, yet I found not her Mind very ſerene. Well, *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe unto me) what do you think of our Fortune? where is our hopes? Madam, ſaid I unto her, there are ſuch miraculous Accidents which do befal us, that I do think it much raſhneſs to judg what our future Events will be; for truly, Madam, ſince *Mazares* has deceived me, I can truſt no more in any one, but muſt needs miſtruſt all; yet I am moſt certain we have eſcaped a miraculous danger, which ſeemed inevitable, and I hope that the ſame Gods who ſaved you will protect you: For my part, I believe the Tempeſt did only riſe to puniſh the unfortunate *Mazares.* Perhaps (replied the Princeſs) he is eſcaped as well as we; for when our Galley was ſplit, and after we were in the Water, I either ſaw him, or imagined that he held me up by a Scarf, which I then had about me; but when I reſiſted him, and did ſtrive to be looſe from him, the Scarf did looſe of it ſelf, and after that I loſt both my Reaſon and my underſtanding-Faculties. Madam, ſaid I unto her, that which you tell me is more than Imagination, for your Scarf is not to be found, and therefore it is to be thought, that the unfortunate *Mazares* is periſhed, and therefore the Tempeſt, as I ſaid, did riſe only to puniſh him: And perhaps alſo (added the Princeſs) that the Gods have preſerved me, to make me more miſerable; for truly, *Marteſia*, it is very ſtrange that the ſetwo, the King of *Aſſyria*, and the King of *Pontus*, whom of all Men living in the World I moſt feared to fall into their Power, that one of theſe Princes, whom I thought ingaged in a troubleſom War, and who perhaps never was at Sea but this one time; that this Prince, I ſay, ſhould loſe both his Kingdoms, and fleeing from a Town (which, as his Phyſician told me) he could not keep, he ſhould take the direct way to meet me; and that his Ship, which in all reaſon ſhould have ſhunn'd the Land, ſhould get no further from it; and that he ſhould come juſt at the minute of our Shipwrack; that he ſhould ſave me, and keep me in his Power; I tell you, *Marteſia*, theſe prodigious Caſualties make me all Fear. But, Madam (ſaid I unto her) the Misfortune of this Prince will be your Security; for what can a King without a Kingdom do? and what Sanctuary could he find if he ſhould offer any Violence unto you, or detain you againſt your Mind? I know not, my *Marteſia* (anſwered the Princeſs) but I am ſure my Fears are above my Hopes; not but that I have prevalent Reaſons to induce the King of *Pontus* to do as I would deſire; but, *Marteſia*, my Fate is to make all Men I deal with to loſe their Reaſon: I baniſh Vertue out of the Souls of them who love me, I alter all their good Inclinations: And I think it a Miracle, that *Artamenes* in loving me, ſhould retain his Generoſity. Then, *Chriſantes*, whilſt the Princeſs was thus diſcourſing with me, the King of *Pontus*, who had changed his courſe, and made towards the main Sea, was no leſs unquiet in his Mind than the Princeſs was; and going into another Room with one of his Servants called *Pharnabaſes*, in whom he had great confidence, he began to relate the preſent ſtate of his Soul unto him. *Orſanes*, who is here, and who endured the Shipwrack better than we, becauſe he could ſwim, was in another little Room near them, where he could hear all they ſaid, and all which he related unto me the next Morning; for altho he had been the Servant of *Mazares*, yet he was ſo ſerviceable unto us whilſt we were in *Babylon*, that we did not uſe him ill. *Orſanes* then being in that place I told you of, heard the King ſay unto the Man, It muſt be acknowledged *Pharnabaſes*, that my Deſtiny is odd, and that the Gods do treat me in a rigorous manner: For beſides the conſideration of the ancient Misfortunes of my Houſe, if I call to mind all which hath happened unto me by reaſon of my paſſionate Love of *Mandana*, may I not well believe I am reſerved for croſs Adventures? I was left as a Hoſtage with *Ciaxares*, and I became enamoured with *Mandana* his Daughter; I durſt not then declare it openly, becauſe then there was no hopes of my being King; yet I was no ſooner out of that Priſon, but I was preſently in the Throne, and then I demanded the Princeſs *Mandana* of *Ciaxares* her Father, by way of Marriage, and he denied me: I began a War, and was unfortunate in it; I was taken Priſoner, and did paſſionately love my Vanquiſher; I came out of Priſon by the aſſiſtance of his Generoſity: Then did I enter into a Civil War, not being able to break thoſe Chains which tied me unto *Mandana:* What ſhall I ſay *Pharnabaſes?* I have been beaten, purſued, beſieged, and perſecuted by them who my Father left Subjects unto me, and who are now become my mortal Enemies: I had once two Crowns upon my Head, but now I am forced to flee in one ſingle Ship, as my only Safety and Retreat: I am reduced unto this Extremity; I find *Mandana*, whom I ever adored in my Heart, at the very point of Death; it was my hap to ſave her, and now I have her in my power: Ah, *Pharnabaſes!* how much would this laſt Adventure advantage me, if I could make good uſe of it? I ſhould value the loſs of theſe my two Kingdoms at a low rate, if I could but conquer the Heart of *Mandana*. But alas, what likelihood is there, that the Gods will ever permit me to ſo glorious a Conqueſt? If ever they had intended me ſuch a Happineſs, they would never have taken my two Kingdoms from me: But alſo what likelihood was there to find this Princeſs in ſuch a ſad condition? or that they ſhould ever afford me ſo much Joy, as to have her in my power. Surely they intend me ſome Conſolation for the loſs of my two Crowns, when they made me ſtill hope that ſince they have given me poſſeſſion of ſuch an uneſtimable Jewel, which does not belong unto me, and which I am unworthy of, they will render me that which does belong unto me. But, O Heavens, I am not rightly amorous, to remember any Crowns at the feet of *Mandana!* No, proud Paſſion, which vaunts and domineers in the Hearts of all Men, thou ſhalt not do ſo in mine, and Love ſhall ſurmount thee: Yes, in ſpite of all my Loſſes, all my Diſgraces, and all my Ambition, this very one Thought that *Mandana* is in my power, ſhall rejoyce me, and make me willingly forſake them all: But yet, thou unfortunate Prince, what canſt thou do? Is it poſſible that a King who is turned out of his Dominions, whoſe Imaginations can think of nothing but ſubjecting Thrones, kroken Scepters, and cruſhed Crowns, can be ſenſible of any Delights? But on the other ſide, it is impoſſible to ſee *Mandana*, and *Mandana* riſen from the dead, and riſen by thee, and not be ſenſible of ſo much Joy as may comfort thee in all thy Sorrows! No, no, this is a priviledg of Love, which Ambition cannot diſpute for. The Joys of Ambition are not always ſerene, and the remembrance of my Loſſes do ſometimes trouble me; but the Image of *Mandana* no ſooner comes into my Memory, but all thoſe melancholy Thoughts forſake me, thoſe Miſts vaniſh, and I ſee nothing but *Mandana*; yes, *Pharnabaſes*, I no ſooner apply my ſelf unto this pleaſing thought, but I know not whether I am ſtill upon a Throne, or whether I be thrown out of it; whether I be upon the Sea, or whether I am upon Earth; I know only that I never think upon regaining my Kingdoms, nor of revenging my ſelf upon my Enemies: All my thoughts are how to vanquiſh the Civility of my Princeſs. But, *Pharnabaſes*, the Enterpriſe is extreamly difficult, and I ſhall have much ado to find out ſuch Reaſons as can give me any hopes of ſoftning the Severity of *Mandana*. The Obligation, Sir, which ſhe owes you (replied *Pharnabaſes*) is an Argument ſufficient to move her Mind; and I think that ſuch an one as owes unto you a Life were extreamly unjuſt if ſhe did deny you her Affection. Alas, *Pharnabaſes* (ſaid the King unto him) it ſeems you are not acquainted with *Mandana*; yet know thus much, that alto I ſhould expoſe my own Life a thouſand and a thouſand times to preſerve hers, yet would ſhe owe me nothing; for it is no more than Duty of all ſuch as have the honour to know her, to do as much out of their Love unto her, and I ſhould do as much altho I were certain to be extreamly hated eternally. But, *Pharnabaſes*, my Joy to have ſuch a Treaſure in my poſſeſſion, which I value at a far higher rate than the Empire of all *Aſia*, is both a moſt ſweet and a moſt bitter Grief unto me, ſince I ſhall not now be troubled by the Misfortune of any Rival; for I underſtand by one of them who eſcaped the Shipwrack, that the Princeſs was ever very averſe unto the King of *Aſſyria*; and that tho he had her in the prime Town in the World, yet could he not move her at all: what can I then hope to do, who cannot preſent her with any Crowns or Scepters, and has nothing left in my Power to give her but the ſame Heart which ſhe has ſo often refuſed? Ah, *Pharnabaſes!* Ambition is a great Incitement to Love, Crowns and Scepters moves Hearts which are moſt inſenſible; I cannot think a Prince who is driven out of his Dominions, and can preſent nothing but a ſhare in his Misfortunes, is in a condition to ſtrike deep into the Mind of *Mandana:* For my part (ſaid *Pharnabaſes*.) I think you complain of this Accident, which you rather ought to rejoyce at, becauſe if you reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana* unto her Father, I am certain that the ſame Army wherewith he intended to take *Babylon*, and ſince is Maſter of it, and which, as theſe Men who have eſcaped from the Shipwrack, do ſay will be preſently returned into *Cappadocia*, ſhall be imployed to re conquer your Eſtate again; and I am certain that *Artamenes*, who you ſo much ſpeak of, will not deny you his aſſiſtance. I do confeſs, *Pharnabaſes*, and am fully perſwaded that it would be more prudent and judicious to take the courſe you ſpeak of, rather than to humour my extream Paſſion: But yet in doing ſo, I ſhould be more ambitious than amorous, and love a Crown better than I do *Mandana*, and not prefer her as I do, above all the Crowns and Scepters upon Earth: for altho he do give me his Army, yet will he not give me his Daughter; ſo that if I part with her, I ſhall be almoſt certain to regain my Crown, but then I ſhall be certain to loſe *Mandana:* Ah, *Pharnabaſes*, there is no Compariſon in the choice of theſe two; and I had much rather never get my Crown, than to loſe *Mandana* again. But Sir, anſwered *Pharnabaſes*, all your thoughts of Scepters and Crowns will be but Thorns in your Heart, and you would be ſtill unhappy unleſs you could keep her your loved; and I do make it a great Queſtion whether you ever will be ſo: as for you to live without a Crown, without a Scepter, without a Habitation, but as thus a diſconſolate, and an unfortunate Man: Conſider, Sir, I beſeech you, that by reſtoring *Mandana*, you will gain a potent Protector, and find a ſafe Sanctuary: and that if you do not reſtore her, then you know not where to find a place of retreat in all the Earth; and you will ruin your ſelf under the Arms of an Enemy, who in the turning of an Eye can command two hundred thouſand Men. I do confeſs, *Pharnabaſes*, (anſwered the King) that all you ſay is true; but I know alſo, that I have a more formidable Enemy in my own Heart, which I know not how to overcome, and who I ſhould be ſorry if he did ſo: Yes, *Pharnabaſes*, the ſight of *Mandana* has ſo much inflamed my Paſſion, that I can hearken unto nothing but what will ſatisfy it. I know, that in lieu of a gallant Act, I ſhall commit a Crime; but what ſhould I do? It is the violence of Love enforceth me to it; and I conceive it a thing abſolutely impoſſible to have one who is beloved, as I love *Mandana*, in ones power, and voluntarily to part with her. Moreover, there are not the ſame Reaſons why ſhe ſhould hate me, as there are why ſhe ſhould hate the King of *Aſſyria*; for I did not take her away as he did, but on the contrary I ſaved her Life, and reſcued her out of the Arms of Death; ſhe cannot therefore, without great Injuſtice, call me her Raviſher, ſince I did only preſerve that Treaſure which the Gods did ſend me as a Cordial after all my Loſſes: But alas, how can I keep this unvaluable Treaſure in a poor ſingle Ship without any Refuge or Retreat? and can I find in my Heart to make her, unto whom of all the Earth I wiſh moſt happineſs, ſo infinitely unhappy? Truth is, *Chriſantes*, this Prince after ſuch an extream agitation of his Mind, could not reſolve upon any thing; but when he underſtood by the Phyſician that the Princeſs was in ſo good a condition that ſhe might be ſeen, he ſent to deſire permiſſion that he might viſit her.

At his firſt approach unto her, he expreſſed much joy to ſee ſo many ſigns of Health in her Countenance, conſidering the Accident, not but there was much melancholy in the Eyes of the Princeſs; but ſince ſhe was ever ſo fair that ſhe could not look ill, he thought better of her than indeed ſhe was: Moreover, the King ſeeing her the day before in a worſe condition, did think ſhe looked well then. The Princeſs, as owing her Life unto him, received him with a Civility; and after ſhe had cauſed him to ſit down, ſhe ſaid unto him, with as much Spirit as Sweetneſs, You ſee here, Sir, a wonderful effect of Fortune's Inconſtancy; for when you left me laſt at *Sinope*, I was in a condition then to do you a Favour, but now I am in a condition to receive one from you: War brought you into my Father's Priſon, but Fortune has brought me into yours; and I rejoice in my Captivity, ſince I have an Opinion that he who ſaved my Life, will ſuffer me to enjoy it; and perhaps will remember that he went out of *Cappadocia* without any Ranſom: But, Sir, I do not ſpeak this with any intention to quit my own, but on the contrary, I am certain that the King my Father will both pay it, and alſo if you pleaſe, aſſiſt you in the Re-conqueſt of the Kingdoms of *Pontus* and *Bythinia*. I am at this preſent, Madam, (replied the King) ſo rich, ſince I have the honour to ſee you in a Place where I have Power, that I cannot think of any Conqueſts: and if you had not remembred me of my Misfortunes, in ſpeaking to me of my Priſon, I think I ſhould have abſolutely forgot all my Loſſes and Diſgraces. But they are ſo conſiderable, (replied ſhe) that they cannot chuſe but be remembred at all times, and in all places; yet, generous Prince, there wants a Remedy againſt them. Doubtleſs, Madam, you may, (ſaid the King, ſighing) if you pleaſe. Yes, (anſwered the Princeſs) but it muſt be by the Valour of another; therefore, Sir, I beſeech you make towards *Sinope*, that we may ſend one of your Men on Shore, to get information where the King my Father is. My Deſign was, (replied the King) to go and offer my ſelf unto him, that he would be pleaſed to accept of my Aſſiſtance, in recovering you out of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power; but now the Courſe and End of my Voyage is altered. You may better proceed in your Voyage, (ſaid the Princeſs) ſince in reſcuing me from Death, you have done that alone, which you could not have done with two hundred thouſand Men, if you had been to deliver me out of the Power of the King of

Aſſyria: So that, Sir, you ſhall come into the Camp of *Ciaxares*, as a Prince who has done more than a puiſſant Army could do. Yes, Madam, (anſwered he, kneeling, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the Princeſs); but, Madam, do you know my Thoughts? And if you do know them, can you think that the loſs of my two Kingdoms can alter them? I think, Sir, (replied the Princeſs) that if you did eſteem me, you will do ſo ſtill; and you may in all reaſon think, that ſince you have not changed your Thoughts, no more have I mine, but that I continue ſtill the very ſame I was. O, Madam, (replied he) will you continue ſo inſenſible, and ſo inexorable for ever? Did the Gods ſend me to raiſe you from the Dead, that you ſhould ſo cruelly give me my Death? I do confeſs, Sir, (anſwered the Princeſs, raiſing up her ſelf a little) that I owe my Life unto you; but if you gave it me, with any intention it ſhould be a Torment unto me, I do freely permit you to take it again when you pleaſe. No, Madam, (replied he) you ſhall never loſe it that way, for it is a Jewel which I will ever defend with the hazard of my own. Sir, (anſwered ſhe) do you think that there is neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Poiſon, can ſend me to my Grave. No, no, you deceive your ſelf if you think it, and there are other kinds of Death more cruel than they, though they do not look ſo horridly. Yes, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) I do prefer the moſt violent Death above a Servitude; and I ſhall think you more innocent in killing me, than keeping me by Force, or in making me die by deſpair: but, generous Prince, I cannot believe you have any ſuch Deſign; and when I remember how bravely you treated a Man, who did every day endeavour to catch you into his Power; when I remember, I ſay, how you advertiſed *Artamenes* of the Conſpiracy againſt his Life, and how you did command he ſhould not be ſhot at; I cannot think that ſince Ambition left you your Reaſon free, Love ſhould ſo deprive you of it, as not to conſider in what ſtate your Buſineſs is in; and though you were not generous, but prudent only and intereſted, yet would it be very advantagious for you to reſtore me unto the King my Father

ther, and abſolutely prejudicial unto you to retain me long. I ſee very well, Madam, (anſwered he) that all you ſay is moſt reaſonable, yet I muſt be Maſter of more Reaſon than I am, before I can execute it: That which moſt comforts me in this Adventure, Divine Princeſs, is, that I ſee you never were in Love; ſo that I have no other Impediment to remove, but that of Inſenſibility: For, indeed Madam, if you did but know what it was to love, you would never ſpeak thus unto me, and you would know that all other Paſſions in compariſon of it are nothing. But, Sir, (replied ſhe, and bluſh'd) I think that they who love, deſire to be beloved again; and that it is a general Rule, all Lovers ſhould not incur the hatred of them they love: if ſo, then conſider, if you pleaſe, that by reſtoring me to my Father, you will at the leaſt obtain ſome of my Eſteem, and perhaps my Friendſhip; and that if you do not reſtore me, I ſhall then hate you above all Compariſons, more than I think you love me. Your Eſteem, Madam, and Friendſhip, (anſwered the King) are two things which are infinitely precious, and ought fully to ſatisfy ſuch as do only eſteem and honour you: But Love, Madam, is a Paſſion much more tyrannical, and will be ſatisfied with nothing but the ſame; think it not ſtrange then, I beſeech you, if the hopes which you give me to enjoy your Eſteem and Friendſhip, do not move me to forſake the Intereſt of my Love. But, Sir, (replied ſhe) then in lieu of obtaining my Love, you will find my extream Hate. Who knows, Madam, (anſwered he) whether a little time may not move an alteration in your Heart? and whether Pity may not procure that from you which nothing elſe can? Conſider, I beſeech you, Madam, that he whom you ſee here before you, has a Soul ſo poſſeſſed with violent Paſſion, as never Man had the like; and if you will know it, be pleaſed to conſider but two Things: Firſt, That one only favourable look from you, does comfort me more than the regaining of my two Kingdoms would. Secondly, That though perhaps, I might obtain ſufficient Forces from the King your Father, to reconquer them, if I ſhould reſtore you unto him; yet I had rather chuſe to loſe them both, than to be deprived of you. Take heed, Sir, what you ſay, replied the Princeſs; for in reſtoring me my Liberty, you will only want the ſight of me; but if you do not reſtore me, you will not only loſe my Eſteem, but alſo in a few days my Life; whereas, on the contrary, if you pleaſe, you may ſit in your Throne again in Glory, and have this ſatisfaction to boot, that I ſhall be moſt extreamly obliged unto you. A Throne, Madam, (anſwered he) is not neceſſary for that Prince who cannot live without you: And if during my late Wars I had not retained ſome hopes to find out ways whereby I might move your Heart by my Perſeverance, I ſhould not have ſo obſtinately diſputed the Victory with thoſe who have vanquiſhed me: Not, Madam, but that I know you have great reaſon to deſpiſe and ſcorn that Prince whom Fortune has forſaken: But yet, Madam, it is worth conſideration, to think how inconſtant this Fortune is; who one day perhaps courts him, whom the next day ſhe cruelly perſecutes; and this very Accident in meeting with you, perſwades me, that all my Misfortunes are blown over, and that a ſerene Calm will follow my boiſterous Storm: Yes, Madam, the ſight of you ſpeaks Serenity unto me, and infuſeth lively Hopes into the Souls of them who before were ſunk in Sorrows; I hope therefore, Madam, that good Fortune will follow, as long as I am with you, and that there is no Country I ſhall not find a Sanctuary in as long as I carry you thither: Yet notwithſtanding, Madam, I do promiſe you, never to uſe any thing but my Tears, and Sighs, and Prayers, and Perſeverance wherewith to overcome you: Fear not therefore, Madam, to be engaged in my Fortunes; and believe it, that when I ſee I cannot obtain your Love by theſe innocent ways, you ſhall then receive your Liberty by the end of my Life. How, Sir, (replied the Princeſs, with Eyes full of Tears) muſt I not have my Liberty till you die? I beſeech you do not force me to deſire it, it is a thing I never yet wiſhed unto my mortal Enemies; and I ſhould be very ſorry to be compelled to wiſh it to a Prince who has ſo many excellent Qualities, to one who has ſaved my Life, and one who doubtleſs will never forſake the Ways of Vertue to perſecute me: Moreover, Sir, into what part of the World ſoever you ſhall carry me, the King my Father will follow you; and *Artamenes*, whoſe Valour is not unknown to you, will perhaps compel you to do that which now will be a Favour, if you will be pleaſed to do it. If I could, Madam, (replied the King, in a moſt paſſionate Geſture) doubtleſs I would do it, and prevent all your Prayers and Menaces: But, alas, Divine Princeſs, I cannot; all that is in my Power, is to tell you, that if it be your pleaſure, I will caſt my ſelf into the Sea, or run my Sword through that Heart, which I have dedicated unto you; I ſhall do it willingly at the very ſame minute you command it, and ſo by my Death ſet you at Liberty. It is not the Will of the Gods (replied the Princeſs) that we ſhould expiate one Sin by committing another, and therefore I ſhall never bid you die in that manner: But, Sir, I do entreat you, with all the Affection which I am capable of, that you would not make me unhappy, by making your ſelf culpable, or by making me bear the burden of your Misfortunes. When the King ſaw that all he ſaid, did but more incenſe the Princeſs, he roſe up, and in all reverence congeeing, ſaid unto her, We ſhall ſee, Madam, whether the Gods will change my Heart, or pity move yours.

After this, without giving any time to anſwer, he went out of her Cabin; and preſently after *Orſanes* entred, who not knowing what the King had ſaid unto the Princeſs, came to tell us what he heard. *Mandana* thanked him, and told him, that his Maſter's Crime ſhould not be imputed unto the Servant; but that if ever ſhe came into a condition to be able, ſhe would requite him. My Maſter, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) was ſo infinitely reſpective of you, that if he were alive, certainly he would repair his Fault; and I verily believe we had not ſuffered Shipwrack if he had obeyed you, and changed our Courſe when you deſired. However, *Orſanes*, (replied the Princeſs) if I have any need of your help, I believe you will not deny it. You may command me, Madam, the moſt difficult Services, (anſwered he) and ſhall certainly be obeyed. And truly I think there was not a more officious Man in the World than this, nor of more Underſtanding; it was by his Reports I came unto much of what I have related unto you.

Orſanes being gone out, the Princeſs began to lament her Misfortunes; and *Arianta* alſo began to repent that ſhe had been a cauſe of them, and that with ſuch extream ſorrow, as ſhe almoſt loſt her Reaſon; for this Woman, though none did think of accuſing her, did begin to accuſe her ſelf, and beg the Princeſs's Pardon, with a promiſe hereafter of inviolable Fidelity: She told her further, how ſhe conceived it would have been a good piece of Service unto her, to contribute all ſhe could to make her Queen of *Aſſyria*: And truly, ſhe ſpoke ſo ingenuouſly, and with ſo repentant a Sorrow for her Fault, as the Princeſs pardoned her.

Mean while the King of *Pontus* had his ſhare in Sorrow; he neither durſt viſit the Princeſs, nor could forbear it; fain would he deliver her up to her Father, and fainer would he keep her; and not knowing whither to go, or what to do; we wandered many days together upon the Seas, and the Pilot received no other Orders, but to keep far from any Land, and avoid meeting with any Ships. You may judg unto what patience we were put; I ſpoke often unto the King of *Pontus*, but all in vain; and the three laſt days which we were upon the Sea, he came not into the Princeſs's Cabin: But at the laſt, when the King bethought himſelf how the King of *Armenia* would pay no more Tribute unto the King of the *Medes*, ſince the Death of *Aſtyages*, he believed that he might find a Safety there, for there was Alliance between them: So that one Morning as our Ship lay at Anchor, cloſe by the Mouth of the River *Halis*, the King ſent a little Cock-boat to procure a greater Boat, to row up, by ſtrength of Oar, the ſaid River; and one was preſently gotten, ſo that then he came into the Princeſs's Cabin: Madam, (ſaid he, with a diſordered Countenance) it is not juſt to let you any longer endure the inconveniency of the Sea, you will find leſs diſcommodity in a River. I ſhall ſuffer equal inconveniency in both (anſwered ſhe) as long as you continue thus unreaſonable. Madam, ſaid he unto her, my deſign is to carry you unto the King of *Armenia*. The Princeſs was glad when ſhe ſaw that we were indeed to leave the Sea; and ſhe hoped for more help on Land, or in a River, than in a Ship on the midſt of toſſing Waves: And although ſhe knew that the King of *Armenia* had an ambitious and ſtirring Spirit, alſo would be glad of any pretence for a War, yet the Prince *Tigranes* his Son, who was very vertuouſly diſpoſed, and who ſhe had heretofore ſeen at *Sinope*, did comfort her a little: She went therefore whither they carried her without any contradiction: It was the Princeſs's deſire that *Orſanes* and two others might go with us, which was all we could obtain, of fifteen or twenty which were ſaved from Shipwrack,and the King of *Pontus* took only thirty of his own Men; but we knew not what he did with his Ship: Then began we to Boat up the River by force of Oars; but becauſe the River did run there with a very ſwift Current, it was a long time before we could get into it, and we were almoſt always upon the Land, becauſe the middle of the River did run more rapidly: As we looked about us, the Princeſs eſpied *Ortalques* upon the River Banks, and knew him at the firſt; but I ſuppoſe that I need not particularize any further concerning this Paſſage, ſince I do imagine that you already know them by him, for *Artucas* told me, that he came hither: ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but pulling out a little Inkhorn, which ſhe ever carried about her, and hiding her ſelf behind *Arianta*, and my ſelf, ſhe writ what doubtleſs you have ſeen, or at leaſt heard of it by *Ortalques*: but as ill luck would have it, the King of *Pontus*, who was buſy in ſeeing them Row, turned his Head towards us, as ſhe was writing, ſo that ſhe had not time to end her Note, but gave it unto me; I lapped it up in my Hood, and as the Boat almoſt touched the Land neer *Ortalques*, I threw it unto him, as if the Wind had carried it from me, and ſeemed as if I did not care whether or no I had it again; ſo that they ſtaid not the Boat, for if they had, the Current of the Water would have driven the Boat back again into the Sea. Without doubt, *Chriſantes*, you know that this River has its Original among the Mountains in *Armenia*; that it runs along by the ſide of *Lydia*; and that it ſpreads it ſelf upon the right hand towards *Mantiana*, and on the left hand towards *Phrygia*; that afterwards on the right hand it moiſtens a great part of *Cappadocia*, and on the left hand *Paphlagonia*; ſo that there were ſome places by which we were to go, that the King of *Pontus* feared very much, and which the Princeſs alſo feared, becauſe it was on that ſide of *Cappadocia*, where the People, by the perſwaſions of *Aribæus*, were revolted, and took part with the King of *Aſſyria*: But as ſoon as we were paſt *Cappadocia*, he ſuffered us ſometimes to ſtay in the Night-time, that the Princeſs might more quietly take reſt and ſleep: and to that end, they made her a Cabin in the Boat, which ſeparated us from the reſt of the Company, and where none but her own Servants entered, excepting the King of *Pontus*. At laſt, *Chriſantes*, as neceſſity is always ingenious, the Princeſs did not apprehend it an abſolute impoſſibility for us to make an eſcape, ſo that I conſulted with *Orſanes*, and we reſolved to endeavour it: The Princeſs would have a Candle burning always in the Night-time in our Cabin; but the better to execute our Deſign, we put it out; and proſecuting our Reſolution, one Night when we were neer a great Wood, *Orſanes*, who lay on the outſide of our Cabin, came under the Hangings on our ſide, and went quietly into the Water, which was not very deep in that place, intending to take us, one after another, and carry us aſhore, and then to hide our ſelves in the thick of the great Wood, which we obſerved very neer us: And ſince the Night was very dark, and we but two to be carried, the Princeſs would not be carried firſt, becauſe ſhe ſhould then be alone upon the Banks, ſo that ſhe ſhould have *Orſanes* carry me firſt. But, O Heavens, what ill Fortune was it that I obeyed her! and how much injury did the Princeſs do her ſelf in commanding it? For *Orſanes* and I were no ſooner at Land, but the King of *Pontus* walking, and ſeeing no Light in our Cabin, cried out to him that ſtood Sentinel (who had not perceived us becauſe it was very dark) and bade him look well to the Princeſs; ſo that at this Cry, the Waterman who always kept a dark Lanthorn, did bring it, and there they found the Princeſs all alone in a great amazement. *Orſanes* and I, ſeeing this, would have returned what danger ſoever would hap unto us; but the Watermen Rowing away with all their ſtrength, by order from the King of *Pontus*, cry and call as long, and as loud as we could, they would not ſtay to take us in: The King queſtionleſs imagining, that we had got ſome conſiderable ſtrength upon Land to execute our Deſign. We heard the Princeſs call ſometimes *Marteſia*, and ſometimes *Orſanes*: but preſently after, we neither heard nor ſaw any thing, although the Moon preſently after began to break out, and the River in that place did ſo turn and wind, that it was impoſſible for us to ſee the Boat. You may well imagine, *Chriſantes*, how great my Sorrows and my Fears were: Firſt, to ſee I was ſeparated from the Princeſs: Secondly, to find my ſelf alone with a Man upon the Banks of a great River, neer a great Wood, in the midſt of the Night; The reſt of the Night we paſſed away, and followed the River ſide, hoping always, that the Moon would ſhine ſo clear, that we might once more diſcover the Boat: At the laſt, we being very weary, and having found a little habitation of Fiſhermen by the Water-ſide, we ſtaid there, and found there more helps than we could hope for from Men of ſuch Quality. We told them our Adventure, diſguiſing our Names, and the Qualities of the Perſons, becauſe we were in *Paphlagonia*, and deſired them to inform us, whether it were poſſible to overtake the Boat we told them of. They told us, that it was abſolutely impoſſible to overtake them with another Boat, conſidering the number of their Oars, and the time we had loſt to follow them: nor was it more eaſy to follow with Horſes, becauſe the River doth turn and wind very much: and their Boat taking always the middle of the River, has by conſequence leſs way to go than they who go by the ſide: Moreover, not far from thence the River divides into two, and who can tell which way they would take?

In concluſion, *Chriſantes*, we had no other courſe, but to find out ſome way how to come hither; where I did ſuppoſe I ſhould find the King. I had, by good fortune, the Picture of the Princeſs about me, in a very rich Box, which upon this occaſion did us very good ſervice; for when I had taken out the Picture, I ſent *Orſanes* unto the next Town to ſell it, and to buy a Coach and Horſes, whilſt he left me amongſt the Fiſher-men: At his return we did recompence thoſe honeſt Men for their Courteſies, and came in all haſte hither, where we thought verily to find *Artamenes* alſo, but little did we think to find him a Priſoner. Now, wiſe *Chriſantes*, you know thus far of the Princeſs's Fortune: and I did very much deſire to relate it unto you, before I ſpoke with the King, to the end that when you were informed of our Adventures, and my ſelf alſo better inſtructed in the ſtate of things, I might more judicially know what to ſay, or not to ſay.

Marteſia having ended her ſtory, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* thanked her for the pains ſhe had taken, and began to conſider the wonderful paſſages ſhe had told them. They could not ſufficiently admire the conſtancy of the Princeſs, and her immoveable Vertue wherewith ſhe acted throughout all her Adventures. They conſidered her as carried away by the greateſt King of all *Aſia*, whom ſhe hated: they then looked upon her as in the power of a Prince, whom ſhe very much eſteemed; and yet they think upon her, as ſhe is in the power of a King, without a Kingdom: They obſerved the greatneſs of the firſt, did not terrify her from treating him leſs rigorouſly; That the eſteem which ſhe had of the ſecond, did not alter her Heart; and that the Misfortunes of the third, did not move her to treat him leſs civilly than if he were upon his Throne: The truth is, they ſaw *Mandana* was ſo worthy of *Artamenes*, and *Artamenes* of *Mandana*, that when they conſidered how they were ſeparated, and how both of them unfortunate, their converſation could not chuſe but end in Sighs and Tears, and all other ſigns of Compaſſion: Firſt, for ſo many

Misfortunes as the Princeſs had been expoſed unto. Secondly, by reaſon of that ſtrange Oracle which threatned a greater Misfortune unto *Artamenes*, than his Impriſonment. *Feraulas* was over-joyed to ſee *Marteſia* again; and *Chriſantes*, who did very highly eſteem her Vertues, did bid her very welcome back: yet before they parted, they made a ſhort Relation, according to their promiſe, of all the Adventures of *Artamenes:* As well his Voyage unto the *Maſſagettes*, as his return to *Cappadocia*; and alſo all the *Aſſyrian* War: They related alſo the lamentable Encounter that *Artamenes* had with *Mazares*, when he was dying, who had from him the Scarf whereof ſhe ſpoke in her Relation, and which *Artamenes* knew to be the ſame which *Mandana* had refuſed him a little before he went to fight: But (added *Feraulas*) I am certain he was much more ſad, when he received it, than he was when it was denied him: Truly (ſaid *Marteſia*) the Deſtiny of the Scarf is very ſtrange; for I beſeech you conſider by what an odd way Fate has brought it into *Artamenes* hands: Firſt, you know, that it was of moſt rare Golden Tiſſue, and admirably wrought by the Princeſs her ſelf, for her own diverſion, and that was the reaſon why ſhe valued it ſo much, though ſhe had other Reaſons to deny it *Artamenes*, when he deſired it from her at *Aniſa:* But as if ſhe valued it at a higher eſteem, becauſe *Artamenes* had deſired it, ſhe commanded me to have an extraodinary care of it, and would wear it no more. Afterwards when we returned to *Sinope*, I carried it thither, and when we departed from thence, and went unto *Amaſia*, and from thence to *Themiſcira*, I left it there amongſt an hundred other things which belonged unto the Princeſs; ſo alſo, when we returned thither again with the King of *Aſſyria*, there I found it; for *Aribeus* did not ſuffer any diſorder in the Caſtle: and that ſame Night we went away, this Scarf, I know not how, fell out of my hands; and immediately, being moved unto it, by I know not what conceit, Madam, (ſaid I unto the Princeſs, who came in as I took it up) ſhall this Scarf which you value ſo much, and which you denied *Artamenes*, remain in the hands of the King of

Aſſyria? No, *Marteſia*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) it ſhall not; for if *Artamenes* ſhould hereafter ſee him wear it in any Combat, he would imagine perhaps, that I gave it him. In concluſion, *Feraulas*, ſhe took it, and wore it, and ſee by what Fate *Mazares* came by it; and how *Artamenes* received that from one of his Rivals, which the Princeſs had refuſed him.

Laſt of all, *Feraulas* and *Chriſantes*, reſolved that *Marteſia* ſhould ſtay a day or two before ſhe ſhewed her ſelf, to the end they might have leaſure, firſt to relate what ſhe had told them unto their dear Maſter, and whilſt they had conſulted with his Friends, when would be the fitteſt time the King ſhould ſee her. *Marteſia* deſired *Feraulas* to aſſure *Artamenes* that ſhe would moſt ſeriouſly intereſt her ſelf in his Fortunes; and that ſhe did moſt paſſionately wiſh, that this little ſhadow of Liberty which was permitted him of late, might be ſpeedily ſeconded by an abſolute Freedom, ſo as he might be in a condition to go and relieve the Princeſs. After this, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* left her, and went to give *Artamenes* ſo much ſatisfaction, as to hear of *Mandana*'s Fidelity and Conſtancy.

The End of the Second Book.

ARTAMENES, OR, THE GRAND CYRUS.

Part II. Book III.

THeſe two faithful Servants of a famous Maſter, could not ſatisfy their deſires until the next Morning; becauſe it was not poſſible to find *Artamenes* alone by himſelf, ſince *Ciaxares* had given this liberty to viſit him, unleſs it were in a Morning before he did riſe out of his Bed: for every one did earneſtly deſire the benefit of that Priviledg; and every one to make this Priviledg to continue longer, told *Ciaxares*, that *Artamenes* did bend at laſt, and would diſcover what he deſired: This generous Priſoner was extreamly impatient to be at liberty, that he might free *Mandana*; but although Love took up all his Soul, he did not forget that *Araſpes* was in Priſon as well as himſelf and he ſent very often to ſee how he did; and did apparently teſtify that his Impriſonment did augment the rigour of his own: He was extreamly raviſhed with Admiration, when *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* came unto him as he was in Bed, and told him *Marteſia* was come to *Sinope*; the name of *Martiſia* cauſed him to leap up for joy, imagining that *Mandana* was not far off; and the Relation which afterwards they made unto him of *Mandana*'s Adventures, and of her Fidelity to him, made ſo great a rapture in his Soul, as he was not able to receive ſuch good News in its full Delight; for indeed *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* told him alſo of that Oracle which the King of *Aſſyria* had received at *Babylon:* And alſo, to hear that the Princeſs was in the power of the King of *Pontus*, whoſe excellent Merit he very well knew, was another means to moderate his exceſſive Joy. Do you admire *Chriſantes*, (ſaid he unto him) the humorous diſpoſition of Fate, which procures me the moſt accompliſhed and moſt reaſonable Men in their Loves, to be my Rivals? For truly if *Mandana* had been courted only by Princes of brutiſh Paſſions, ſuch as would ſpeak of nothing but Violences, of Sword, or Fire, or Blood; who would make themſelves to be loved, by ſuch Courſes as commonly procures Hatred; ſuch as pretend only unto vicious Favours, and ask them with Daggers in their Hands, and Fury in their Eyes, then I would not fear that the Divine *Mandana* would prefer them before *Artamenes*. But, *Chriſantes*, I have much reaſon to fear what now you come to tell me; and as you relate the Story unto me; the Raviſhers of *Mandana* are a hundred times more to be feared, than if they were leſs reaſonable, and not ſo ſubmiſſive. But, Sir, (ſaid *Feraulas*) I beſeech you conſider, that the King of *Aſſyria* is now not with *Mandana:* Alſo you are certain, that *Mazares* is not alive, and ſhe is only in the power of a King who has not a Kingdom. It is true, replied he, but this King without a Crown, deſerves a hundred, and that is it, which makes him terrible unto me; Yet notwithſtanding, he was ſometimes very glad to know that the Princeſs was in *Armenia*, and ſometimes again he would be ſorry for it; for though the virtue of *Tygranes* was a comfort unto him, yet the violent and ambitious diſpoſition of the King his Father, cauſed ſome Sorrow in him. *Feraulas* then preſented *Marteſia*'s Complement unto him, which he received very kindly, and ſent back *Feraulas* preſently unto her, to teſtify his Thanks, and Sorrow that he was not in ſuch a condition, to come himſelf and tell her what he thought; and alſo to let her know, how much he thought himſelf obliged unto her, for acquainting him with the Princeſs's Thoughts; he alſo ſent *Chriſantes* unto the Princes which had intereſted themſelves concerning his liberty, to conſult with them upon the return of *Marteſia*; and all of them conceived that the ſooner ſhe ſhewed her ſelf unto the King, it would be the better; for they thought that the certainty of the Princeſs's Fortune, and the infallible appearance of a new War, would much conduce unto his freedom. *Chriſantes* then, advertiſing *Marteſia* of the Reſolution, ſhe appeared the ſame night, and ſaid ſhe came but then to town. The King received her with extream Joy, and ſhed many Tears of tenderneſs, for he knew how the Princeſs his Daughter loved her? ſhe acquainted him with all the removes and rapes of *Mandana*, and with every paſſage excepting what releated unto *Artamenes*, which ſhe handſomly concealed with much care, naming him but once in all her Relation; nor did ſhe mention the Oracle received at *Babylon*, leſt it ſhould trouble him, and diſpleaſe *Artamenes*, and as ſhe was very witty, ſo ſhe did deliver every thing, or paſs it over, as it might be either advantagious or prejudicial. *Ciaxares* was glad that the Princeſs was in the King of *Pontus*'s Power, ſuppoſing that a Prince who was deprived of his own Kingdoms, would hardly find Protection in another. He believed that the King of *Armenia* would be glad to have a new pretence for a War, and upon that Thought he ſighed, and could not chuſe but ſecretly wiſh that *Artamenes* would put himſelf into a condition to relieve her, by confeſſing what he deſired to know from him.

After the King had welcomed *Marteſia*, he would have had her lie in the Caſtle, but ſhe beſeeched him to let her return back unto her Kinſman; whither ſhe went accordingly, and was viſited by all the Ladies of the Town, and alſo by all the Princes and Men of Quality in *Sinope*.

Mean while, all the Friends of *Artamenes* were continually ſoliciting the King in his behalf; and indeed the King did ſeem much to deſire it, yet was very obſtinately reſolved to know either his Innocency, or his Crime; yet he had ſuch confuſed Thoughts, that he himſelf knew not well what to reſolve upon, until the return of *Megabiſes* whom he had ſent into *Armenia*, for if by it, he found that his Daughter would be reſtored, then would he be leſs indulgent towards *Artamenes*: But if on the contrary, ſhe were refuſed, and that he muſt be forced unto a freſh War, then he knew how neceſſary the Liberty of *Artamenes* would be unto *Mandana*. Thus being in himſelf irreſolute, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, and all the reſt of the Princes who were Advocates for *Artamenes*, could not get one peremptory word from him. As they were upon a day all together about him, intelligence came, that there appeared many Strangers and forraign Troops upon the Plain coming towards *Sinope*; and preſently after, *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* came in and told the King, that the Prince *Philoxypes*, a Favorite unto the King of *Cyprus* their Maſter, and an ancient Friend unto *Artamenes*, having married the Princeſs *Agariſta* his Siſter unto the Prince of *Sicily*, had obliged him upon the Marriage to ſend ten thouſand Men unto *Artamenes*, to the end he might preſent them unto his Majeſty; and that he would be ſo pleaſed as to permit them to have ſome part of that honour which theſe Troops would get, under the command of ſo great a King, and by the Valour of ſo gallant a Man as *Artamenes*. *Ciaxares* bluſh'd at the diſcourſe, and ſomewhat wondred, that he who was to preſent the *Sicilian* Troops, was himſelf in ſuch a condition as to need the help of another, alſo he very civilly accepted all that *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* ſaid unto him; and permitted him who commanded theſe Souldiers, who was Brother unto the King of *Sicily*, to enter. *Ciaxares* himſelf, to do him the more honour, would go upon the Walls of the Town to ſee theſe Troops come in, which he found to be very gallant, compoſed of handſom Men, well armed, and accoutred; and the Prince who commanded them, young and handſom.

After the King had viewed theſe *Sicilian* Troops under the Walls, and had ordered them to encamp cloſe by the Troops of *Cyprus*, they two being in Amity one with another, the young Prince who was their General, called *Artibies*, was brought by *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* unto *Ciaxares*, who told him that *Artamenes* was not in a condition to be preſent. *Artibies* enquiring the cauſe, was much ſurprized at it, and made ſome doubt whether he ſhould continue his offer unto *Ciaxares*, conſidering *Philoxypes* would never have moved his Brother to ſend theſe Troops, but only in favour of *Artamenes*. But *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* conceiving that in caſe of neceſſity they might be uſeful unto *Artamenes*, told him, that he ought not to decline from his offer unto the King, but that he ſhould when he ſpoke unto the King acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion, and tell him, that it was the intereſt of *Artamenes* which moved *Philoxypes* unto it. This young Prince was no ſooner come before *Ciaxares*, but after he had ſaluted him, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) I was in hope to have been preſented unto you, by one who ought to be very dear unto you, and one who has made himſelf moſt Illuſtrious throughout all the World; but I ſee that *Thimocrates*, and *Philocles* have great need to comfort me in my Sorrows to be deprived of that Advantage: For indeed, although the Prince of *Sicily* my Brother and Soveraign, and the Prince *Philoxypes*, have ſent me for the ſervice of your Majeſty, and accordingly I have obeyed them, yet for my own particular, I muſt confeſs unto you, I ſhould have been extreamly joyful, if I could hope to learn under the illuſtrious *Artamenes* that Myſtery in which he is ſo exactly knowing. You may find ſo many other expert Commanders in this Army (ſaid the King, and ſhewed him all thoſe about him) that though my Affairs will not permit me to ſet *Artamenes* at liberty, yet you will find no cauſe to repent you came amongſt us. Sir, replied the King of *Phrygia*, we are all but Schollars unto *Artamenes*, and this Prince has great reaſon to grieve, as he does, for the Privation of ſo great an Advantage. Since this Diſcourſe was not pleaſant unto *Ciaxares*, he turned it to ſomething elſe, and asked very inquiſitively concerning the Health of the King of *Cyprus*, and of *Philoxypes*, and alſo of the Prince of *Sicily*; but ſay what he would, yet *Artibies* would always bring in *Artamenes.* If the King ſpoke concerning the King of *Cyprus*, he would then anſwer that this Prince had ever a good opinion of his Prudence, ſince he underſtood how he had committed the conduct of his Army unto *Artamenes :* If *Ciaxares* asked him any thing concerning *Philoxypes*, then he would anſwer him, that *Philoxypes* had a great deſire to come himſelf, and command in the room of *Thimocrates*, only that he might learn of *Artamenes.* If *Ciaxares* ſpoke any thing concerning the Prince of *Sicily*, then would *Artibies* tell him, that if he were not ſo infinitely uxorious, and loving unto the Princeſs his Wife, whom he had newly married, he would have come hither himſelf purpoſely to be acquainted with *Artamenes*, of whom Fame ſpoke ſo loud : At the laſt, when *Ciaxares* ſaw that no Diſcourſe, though never ſo far off the Matter, but ſtill the name of *Artamenes* was in the Mouth of *Artibies*, he told him, that it was not juſt he ſhould be kept any longer from his reſt, and commanded him to be lodged in the beſt Lodgings, and treated with all poſſible Civility : But before, *Artibies* left him, he deſired permiſſion to go and ſee *Artamenes* in Priſon, whom he hoped to have ſeen in the Head of an Army ; unto which deſire *Ciaxares* conſented ; then he went immediately unto the Priſon of *Artamenes*, conducted by *Aglatidas*, *Andramias*, *Thimocrates*, and *Philocles.* *Artamenes*, at the name of *Philoxypes*, and the Princeſs *Agariſta* his Siſter, did expreſs much Friendſhip unto *Artibies.* This Prince preſented unto him one of his Captains named *Leontidas*, who *Artamenes* knew to be an eſpecial Friend unto *Philoxypes*, who at his coming from him did charge him to preſent unto *Artamenes* the continuance of his Friendſhip, and to deliver a Letter unto him. *Artamenes* receiving it with much Joy (for he did infinitely eſteem *Philoxypes*, although he had not been long in the Iſle of *Cyprus*) deſired *Artibies* that he might read it : The Contents were theſe,

Philoxypes *unto* Artamenes.

I Am very glad that Fortune was of my opinion, and has given you that which I ever thought you moſt worthy of, ſince the firſt time I had the honour to ſee you: I wiſh, that ſince ſhe was not blind in ſerving you, ſo ſhe may not be inconſtant in continuing it; but that you all your Life enjoy that Happineſs, which none who knows you, can without injuſtice Envy. Moreover, I had not married the Princeſs Agharista *my Siſter, but upon condition that the Prince of* Sicily *her Husband, ſhould ſend ſome Troops unto you; and I hope, that for my ſake, the Prince* Artibies *will be welcome unto you; and that after he has purchaſed your Eſteem by thoſe rare Qualities whereof he is Owner, you will admit him ſome part in your Friendſhip; But to tell you ſomething which is more delightful, that I may thereby the more oblige you, be pleaſed to know, that the ſame famous Man, whom you came into our Iſle to ſeek, out of your deſire to be acquainted with his Vertues, is in love with yours: And if the good of his Country had not called him back unto* Athens, *he had done that for* Artamenes, *which* Artamenes *did for* Solon. *If you deſire to be further acquainted with my Fortunes, I have entreated* Leontidas *to inform you; and to aſſure you that I am not more in love with the Beauty of* Policrite, *than I am with the Glory of* Artamenes.

Philoxypes.

After *Artamenes* had done reading the Letter, he redoubled his Civilities towards *Artibies*, ſhewing unto him the Letter of *Philoxypes*; you ſee, (ſaid he unto him) how the Wiſhes of that Prince, are not effectual, and how Fortune, whereof he ſpeaks, has forſaken me: But (ſaid he in turning towards *Leontidas*) it is from you, Sir, that I muſt receive much conſolation in my Miſery, in relating unto me what concerns the Prince *Philoxypes*; for truly, if I be not miſtaken, there muſt needs be a great Alteration in him, if it be ſo as he ſays in his Letter, that he hath been in Love, ſince when I was acquainted with him, he was in love with nothing but Books, Pictures, Muſick, and ſuch excellent Arts, and if he had any Miſtreſs then, certainly it was the Vertue of *Solon*, whom I heard him often ſpeak of. O Sir, (replied *Leontidas*) there is indeed great Alterations in the Life of the Prince *Philoxypes*, ſuch as doubtleſs will much ſurprize you, as they did not only the Court, but all the Kingdom of *Cyprus* ; ſince I believe there was not one in all the Towns of *Pathos*, *Amathuſes*, *Salmes*, and *Citherea*, who has not without admiration heard of his Adventure : *Artamenes* then ſeeming to be deſirous of knowing the Fortune of ſo famous a Prince : *Leontidas* promiſed him to come unto him the next Morning, and ſatisfy his deſire. The reſt of this day was ſpent in Civilities to *Artibies* ; and the next Morning *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* being deſirous to know what Accidents had happened in the Court of *Cyprus* ſince they left it, waited upon *Leontidas* unto *Artamenes*, who as ſoon as they came in, becauſe they would loſe no time, did ſit down, *Leontidas* being in the miſt of them, began his Diſcourſe thus.

The Hiſtory of Philoxypes *and* Policrite.

SIR, ſince your Abode in this our Iſland hath not been long ; that you may the better underſtand this Story, it is requiſite that you know part of the Cuſtomes of this Iſland, the which I will in a few words acquaint you with, that my enſuing Diſcourſe may appear leſs tedious to you. You muſt then know, Sir, that this good Iſland, which for its Precinct, Situation, Fertility, for the Beauty and Greatneſs of its Towns, and its Magnificent Temples, paſſeth for the moſt famous and moſt conſiderable of as many as lie on the *Egean* Sea, hath always been conſecrated to *Venus* ; and that Love, which every-where elſe is a Paſſion, which hath no particular Priviledges, is in this place accounted a religious Act. All that are born here, ſeem as if they were bound to love from their very Birth; All the Temples are dedicated to *Venus*, under ſeveral Names; all the Pictures and Statues here, repreſent only this Goddeſs, and depend only upon her. You ſhall find here *Cupid* ſet out every where, and thoſe who inſtruct us elſewhere vertuouſly in our Youth, by teaching us how to overcome our Ambition, Anger, Hatred, Envy, and all other Paſſions; deal otherwiſe with us here, perſwading us only how to love innocently. But as there is nothing ſo pure or refined, which meets not with Alteration and Corruption at the laſt; a ſtrange diſorder crept in long ſince amongſt us; for you muſt know the firſt Temple which was conſecrated unto *Venus*, was that of *Venus Vrania*, who we ſay, is the Daughter of Heaven. This *Venus*, as we believe, inſpires only rational Reſentments, and vertuous Paſſions; whereas on the contrary, there are ſome Temples on the utmoſt Borders of the Iſle towards the South, built long ſince the former, which are dedicated unto *Venus Anodema*, as much as to ſay, to *Venus* coming forth from the foam of the Sea. Now, Sir, theſe Temples do differ very much, as do their Reſentments, who offer Sacrifices at them; yet as thoſe Religions wherein Libertiniſm paſſeth for a Vertue, are grounded with moſt eaſe, the Religion of *Venus Anadiomena*, hath for a long time prevailed over that of *Venus Vrania*; and our Iſland hath ſeen things which makes thoſe even bluſh with Confuſion, who remember they have heard them ſpoken of by their fore-Fathers: But thanks to Heaven, a vertuous Queen, who lived ſome ſixty years ſince, did re-eſtabliſh all the Temples of *Venus Vrania*; made almoſt all thoſe of *Venus Anadiomena* be beaten down; aboliſh'd all the ſhameful Cuſtomes which were introduced in *Cyprus*, and left only pure Reſentments amongſt us of that Paſſion, which is the Soul of the Univerſe, and which is the ſole Entertainer of civil Society. We are now taught to love our Goddeſs, our Princes, our Laws, our Countrey, our fellow-Citizens, our Parents, Brethren, Wives and Children; and laſtly, to our Selves, to the end that we may do no ſhameful Act. We are taught alſo to love Glory, Sciences and Arts; to love innocent Paſtimes, and to love Beauty and Vertue above all that hath been ſpoken of: In fine, we are taught that he who loves not, is not rational; and that not to have a ſenſe of all theſe aforementioned things, is to be very much to blame. You may eaſily imagine then, that this being a belief generally held amongſt us, the Court of *Cyprus* muſt needs be a pleaſing Abode, ſince every one there loves handſome Actions, and handſome Perſonages. True it is, that according to the rules of *Venus Urania*, the Love by her permitted, is ſo pure, ſo innocent, ſo free from having any thing to do with the Senſes, and ſo free from Fault, as ſhe ſeems to ſuffer us to love others only, that we may make our ſelves become the more lovely, through our care of meriting true Glory, of becoming accompliſh'd, and of getting that courtly Air, and pleaſing Converſation, which is only inſpired by Love. This, Sir, is the preſent condition of our Iſland; all Delights are here, but all innocent. Love is the predominant, and univerſal Paſſion in it, but ſuch a Paſſion as is not incompatible with Vertue and Modeſty, and which hinders not many Lovers from complaining of their Miſtreſſes Rigour. Publick Feaſtivals are here frequent, Converſation free enough, but wholly Spiritual; Games for Prizes very uſual, pleaſing Balls, excellent Muſick, and Women in general infinitely handſom, full of Gallantry, and perfectly Vertuous. But of all the reſt, the Princeſs of *Salmis*, Siſter to *Philoxypes*, was the Court-Star, till ſuch time as ſhe withdrew her ſelf from thence. The Princeſs of *Agbariſta*, now Princeſs of *Sicily*, is alſo very taking, and the famous *Artaphil* doubtleſs bears a great renown. To boot with theſe, there is one called *Timoclea*, and an hundred others, of ſomewhat a meaner condition, which are wonderfully handſom. But, Sir, leſt I may prove too tedious, I will briefly tell you that the King who now reigns in *Cyprus*, is but two years elder than Prince *Philoxypes*, who is deſcended from the Race of *Demophon*, Son to *Theſeus*, who is held in great eſteem amongſt us. *Philoxypes* in his younger Years, you may eaſily judge was one of the lovelieſt Perſonages which could be ſeen; for though he be now twenty eight years old, he continues to be ſo extraordinarily handſom, and ſo well behaved, as it may eaſily be gueſs'd what he was when a Child; and though he were wiſe even from his Cradle, and knowing even from the time he began to ſpeak, yet ceaſed he not to be of a pleaſing Humour and Comportment, ſuch as is only infuſed by Youth, and the Air of the Court, and which is the Charm of converſation amongſt Ladies. In fine, ſet one Article aſide, *Philoxypes* may be truly ſaid, to have fully ſatisfied and made good all the Precepts of *Venus Urania*.

He reverenced the Goddeſs, he loved his Prince, kept the Laws, he loved his Country, his fellow-Citizens, was ambitious of Glory, which he went in queſt of at fifteen years of Age in the *Mileſian* War, wherein he gave ſingular Teſtimony of his Carriage. He loved the Sciences, and all the liberal Arts; delighted in innocent Paſtimes, and loved Vertue above all things; but as for Beauty, he had only a general Admiration for it, and never felt in himſelf any particular Addition or Adheration to any whatſoever handſom Lady. You may imagine, Sir, how ſtrange this Senſibility appeared in a Court where it met not with any example, and in a Man ſo fit to occaſion Love. Yet was he ſo lovely, as he was not for this the leſs beloved; he was ſo liberal, ſo magnifical, ſo full of complacency, and ſo civilly behaved, as he was the Wonder of the World.

When *Solon*, after having eſtabliſh'd thoſe famous Laws at *Athens*, went from thence, reſolving to forgo his Country for ten years, to the end that he might make no Alteration there, he came to our Court; *Philoxypes*, who was then but eighteen years old, had a great affection for him, as he had likewiſe for *Philoxypes*; inſomuch, that as long as *Solon* abode in our Iſle, *Philoxypes* gave over all his other Delights, and the frequenting of the Ladies Companies, to faſten himſelf totally to him; whom that he might enjoy with the more freedom, he carried him to a Town of his which is called *Apia*; built by *Demo-*

phon in a very ſtrong, but rocky Situation, and of hard Acceſs, all the Country about it being craggy, dry, and exceeding barren. *Solon* being come thither, ſhewed him how that they that laid the Foundations of that Town, might have made it much more pleaſanter, if they had built it upon the Banks of the River *Claria*, in a ſpatious and fertil Plain, which lies at the foot of the Mountain, where the other Town was ſituated; hardly had *Solon* ſpoke his Thought, when *Philoxypes* reſolved to put it in execution, and began already to give all neceſſary Orders for it. And indeed *Solon* was the Architect who guided this great Enterprize, *Philoxypes* giving him the Glory thereof, for he called this new Town *Soly*, to perpetuate the memory of the name of *Solon*. This place being not far from *Paphos*, one of our King's moſt uſual Abodes, they went oft to the Court; where our Ladies complained ſometimes of *Solon*, who by bereaving them of *Philoxypes*, bereft them of their faireſt Ornament; and to ſhew you how great this Princes inflexibility was, *Solon*, whoſe Vertue is not auſtere, to juſtify himſelf to thoſe that blamed *Philoxypes* for this, telling him that Love was a Paſſion which ſweetned all other Paſſions, and which did ſometimes exceed them all. That for his part, he confeſt he would never ſet his whole Heart againſt it, and that he thought it no ſhame to be once in his Life overcome thereby. *Philoxypes* ſaid in his defence, that he loved all that was lovely; that he had a Paſſion for all beautiful Objects, and that no Man ever loved ſo much as he. But notwithſtanding all his univerſal Affections, there was no one ſo fair in all the Court, who could boaſt in her particular to have inthralled his Heart; and who peradventure had not more than once conſulted with her Glaſs, to know by what innocent Art this ſo famous Heart might be taken: But at laſt, after having ſtaid a good while, *Solon* went his way much taken with *Philoxypes* his Vertue, and made ſome Verſes in his praiſe before he imbarked for *Egypt*. He who was commended by all *Greece*, did highly commend this young Prince, ſaying, that Nature had taught *Philoxypes* in eighteen years, what

Art could not teach in an Age, and that a Man might ſee in him by way of Prodigy, all the Ages of Man put together; that is to ſay, the innocence of Infancy, the charms of Youth, the fortitude of a more advanced Age, and the wiſdom of old Age. After his departure, *Philoxypes* was ſomewhat melancholy, but this Humour being over, he ſpent ſome time in travel, and did not only ſee whole *Greece*, but likewiſe the famous City of *Carthage*, which did then wage War with the *Maſſilians*, who inhabit a place which they have of late made famous, by a cry'd up Academy, wherein Eloquence, and all the *Greecian* Sciences are raely well taught.

I will not relate unto you all the gallant Actions he did in *Africa*, nor what befel him during that Journey, which continued till ſome Months before you came to *Cyprus*; where *Solon* ſtayed awhile again, not ſuffering himſelf to be ſeen almoſt by any one. But I will tell you that *Philoxypes* at his return to Court, charm'd all the World; and that the King himſelf grew ſo far in love with him, as never was known ſo great a favour as his, nor yet ſo little envied; neither did he make uſe thereof, but for his Maſter's Glory, and to do good to as many as he could; he received no Rewards, but to enrich ſuch as ſtood in need thereof; all the Advices he gave, were good; he did none but good Offices: and thus he ſtood fair in the opinion of the great Ones, and of the People, as well as in that of the King; and there were none but our Ladies who continued to accuſe him of Inflexibility. Thus did he live amidſt Delights, in the ſtatelieſt and moſt gallant Court of all the World, without Envy, without Love, and without Melancholy. But the King was not this mean while ſo happy as he; for after having had ſome flitting Paſſions, which had notwithſtanding much diſquieted him, he fell mightily in love with the Princeſs *Artemphile*, who certainly is very beautiful, and hath an hundred good Qualities; but who with all this was extreamly ambitious. The King was no ſooner aware of the violence of this his Paſſion, but that he diſcovered it to *Philoxypes*, and entreated him to intercede for him with *Aretephile*, who at that time did often viſit the Princeſs *Agharista*, Siſter to *Philoxypes*. You may imagine this Prince did not refuſe to aſſiſt him, ſince his Affection was innocent; yet did he ſometimes crave pardon of the King, if he did not much bewail him in his diſquiets: For, Sir, ſaid he, Love being a malady which I am not acquainted with, and which I have much to imagine is ſo great, as Man would have it thought, I confeſs I do not ſo much compaſſionate your Majeſty, as peradventure I ought; and conſequently, I may perchance not ſo fully exaggerate your Sufferings as I ſhould do, when I ſpeak with the Princeſs *Aretephile*. Fear not *Philoxypes*, ſaid the King, that I complain of your Inflexibility: on the contrary, if you had a more tender Heart, I would not have choſen you for the Confident of my Paſſion: and did I think that you could become my Rival, I would not give you Commiſſion to ſpeak ſo often with my beloved Princeſs. But my intention not being to ſpeak of the King's Love, otherwiſe than as it relates neceſſarily to *Philoxypes* Adventures; I will only tell you, that though *Aretephile* were raviſh'd to ſee her ſelf beloved by the King, yet aiming at the Crown of *Cyprus*, ſhe thought ſhe was a little to diſguiſe her ſenſe thereof, and to make it a harder matter for the King to win her, than ſhe had found it to win the King: So as this Princeſs behaved her ſelf with much diſcretion and reſervedneſs, and mingling continually Severity with Mildneſs, the King ſtood long in need of *Philoxypes*'s Aſſiſtance, whom *Aretephile*, who knew what power he had with the King, uſed with all poſſible civility. *Philoxypes* was notwithſtanding ſometimes much troubled at the continuance of this Paſſion, which made him for his Recreation, go to a very ſtately Houſe, which the famous *Solon* had cauſed to be built for him near *Soly*, and wherein he had made a Collection of whatſoever *Greece* had of moſt rare and curious, were it either for Pictures, or Statues. In this place it was, which is called *Claria*, where wondering ſometimes at the King's Paſſion, he did me the honour to bemoan himſelf to me of his Employment, and he himſelf gave me a thouſand pleaſant Marks of his Inflexibleneſs, by thoſe things which he uttered againſt Love.

This mean while, though the King were much in love with *Aretephile*, yet he had ſomewhat to do to perſwade himſelf to marry her, becauſe indeed, in reaſon he ſhould much rather have married the Princeſs *Thimoclea*, by reaſon of ſome claim ſhe pretended to have to the Principality of *Amathuſa*; inſomuch as the King being yet unreſolved what to do, had not as yet acquainted *Aretephile*, nor let her be acquainted that his Love tended meerly to ſet her upon the Throne; but only following the cuſtom of *Cyprus*, he had ſufficiently witneſſed his Service, and to purchaſe her Eſteem, had done whatſoever a handſom and ingenuous Prince ſeconded by *Philoxypes*, could do, who though he were himſelf inſenſible of Love, was notwithſtanding a very great Gallant; ſo as *Aretephile* who was abſolutely reſolved never to part with her Heart for leſs than a Crown, treated the King ſometimes ſeverely enough, inſomuch as the whole Court was troubled thereat, and *Philoxypes*'s delight lay only in Hunting, and in his ſtately Country-Houſe. Some other times *Aretephile* fearing leſt ſhe her ſelf might extinguiſh the fire which ſhe had kindled in the King's Heart, was ſomewhat more kind unto him, and by the Prince his Joy, rejoyced the whole Court. 'Twas then in one of theſe pleaſant conjunctures of times, that *Philoxypes* to oblige the King, made the Princeſs of *Salamis* his Siſter, and the Princeſs *Agharista*, do him the honour to entertain the King, upon a day that he invited the King and all the Court, to go from *Paphos* to *Claria*, and to paſs one whole day in his Retiredneſs, which indeed deſerved to receive ſo princely a Company. Never was there ſo gallant an Aſſembly as this: It was wholly compoſed of young and handſom Perſonages, of great Birth and Underſtanding; and one would have ſaid, that Fortune had favoured *Philoxypes* in ordering it ſo as that all Perſons of Quality who were peeviſh, or of ill humour in the Court, were either ſick that day, or buſied about ſome important Affairs, ſo as this well-compacted Company was not troubled with the importunity of any of their Companies: On what ſide ſoever they did caſt their Eyes, they met with nothing but goodly Objects; there was no fear of being wearied or annoyed, *Philoxypes* had taken ſuch excellent order for all things; were it either for the ſtately Furniture of the Houſe, for the magnificency of the Feaſt, or the excellency of the Muſick, as the King to give him the higheſt praiſe he could, ſaid aloud, That if *Philoxypes* had been in Love, and that his Miſtreſs had been in that Company, he could have done no more than he did. On the contrary, Sir, ſaid *Philoxypes*, I think that if I had been in Love, all things would have been much more in diſorder than they are; it ſeeming impoſſible to me that a Man ſhould loſe his Reaſon, and yet have leiſure enough to think of ſuch trivial Affairs. The King began then to oppoſe *Philoxypes*, and to tell him, that he did little know the Effects of this Paſſion; and this he did more than once, as well for that he could hardly find a more pleaſing Entertainment by diſcourſe, as alſo that by reproaching *Philoxypes* with his ignorance of Love, he thereby found an opportune means to make the Princeſs *Aretephile*, who liſtened unto him, know that the Paſſion he had for her, had made him very expert therein. *Philoxypes* did defend himſelf the beſt he could; Sometimes he ſaid the fear of not being beloved kept him from loving; ſometimes that he had ſo nice a Soul, as did avoid ſuch Pleaſures as could not be purchaſed without Pain; and conſequently that Love not being a voluntary thing, he was not to blame for that he did not love: and for his laſt Reaſon, he ſaid that the difficulty of the choice, made him that he neither did, nor could reſolve on any; for, Sir, ſaid he to the King, how is it poſſible to have the Confidence to prefer any one of ſo many handſom Perſonages as I ſee before all the reſt? Ah, *Philoxypes*, ſaid the King, the more you ſpeak of Love, the more pity do you move in me, and (ſpeaking low in his Ear) the more ſaid he, do you make me ſee that my Confident will never be my Rival. After this, all the Ladies, and all the Men of Quality, began to argue the matter with him; he did ſometime almoſt hate them all for their reproaching him with his Inflexibility. When they had dined, *Philoxypes* led all this fair Aſſembly into a ſtately Gallery, painted all over by the Hand of an excellent Maſter, named *Mandrocles*, who is of the Iſle of *Samos*, and who having finiſh'd this rare Work, ſome few days before this great Feaſt, was returned to his own Country.

The Story of *Venus Urania*, was the ſubject of all thoſe Pictures, in whom nothing but modeſty was to be diſcerned. The Painter had not drawn the Graces all naked, as they uſually are drawn, but had clothed them in tranſparent Tiffeny, which rendred all thoſe Figures very delightful: In one of the Draughts, you might ſee *Venus* deſcend from Heaven in a Chariot, all of burniſh'd Gold, drawn by Swans; a thouſand little *Cupids* ſeemed to hover about her, and to be the firſt that lighted in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, which is repreſented in the ſame piece, to prepare all things to receive her. In another Piece, all thoſe little *Cupidons*, erected unto her an Altar of Turfs, and made dreſſings of Flowers to adorn her. In another Piece, this Goddeſs teacheth *Cupid* how to chuſe his Golden Shafts which he meant to uſe; and in another, ſhe put a Torch into his Hand, and ſhewing him the Sun, which is painted at the top of that piece, ſeems as if ſhe would tell him, that ſhe would have the Flames wherewith he ſets Hearts on fire, to be more pure than the Beams of this glorious Light. In fine, Sir, this Goddeſs is repreſented in above twenty Parts of this Gallery; but though in different Poſtures, you may ſtill diſcern the ſame Countenance. Though all in this Gallery be beautiful, this Figure is incomparably beyond all the reſt: All the reſt are Pictures, but this ſeems to be effectually a divine Perſonage; for certainly there was never any thing ſeen of ſo much handſomneſs; all the fair Ladies who *Philoxypes* had brought thither, were amazed to ſee it, and maugre themſelves, confeſs that their Glaſs ſhewed them nothing like it. All their Eyes were fixt upon a Face ſo full of Beauty, and they all agreed in one, that the Painter's Imagination had far out-done what ever Nature had done in the moſt accompliſh'd. After they had well eyed this *Venus*; For my part, ſaid the Princeſs *Aretephile*, I would fain know whether *Philoxypes*'s Heart could reſiſt a Perſonage who ſhould perfectly reſemble this Picture? Since I have been able (replied he) to behold all theſe Ladies that are here, without daring to profeſs my Service, it is to be believed, I ſhould be as inſenſible for her, or rather as full of reſpect for her, as I have been for all the reſt that I ſee, who are no leſs fair than this *Venus*. 'Tis not notwithſtanding (ſaid he ſmilingly, and without any other deſign, than to ſay ſomewhat of Gallantry to entertain Converſation) that I am not glad that this Picture is only the effect of the famous *Mandrocles*'s Imagination. For I confeſs unto you, there is a certain charming, modeſt, and paſſionate Air in the Eyes of this Goddeſs, which would peradventure pleaſe me too much, were it a living Beauty. *Philoxypes* had no ſooner ſaid this, but all the Company began to ſmile at this firſt mark of his tenderneſs, which they had never before obſerved in him. There was not any one of them who would not willingly, if it had been poſſible, have inſpired Life into this Picture, that they might ſee whether *Philoxypes* might be bent by her or no; and whether his rebel Heart to Love, would prove proof againſt her extraordinary Charms. If this could be, ſaid the Princeſs *Thimoclea*, I wiſh at leaſt that this fair Perſonage, ſhould have as much ſweetneſs in her Soul as in her Eyes, to the end that nothing might be wanting to *Philoxypes*'s Happineſs. On the contrary, ſaid the Princeſs of *Salamis*, Me-thinks it were to be wiſh'd, that (to puniſh my Brother for his Inflexibility) ſhe were as cruel, as fair; And I doubt me, added *Aretephile*, whether for his greater Puniſhment, ſhe were not to be wiſh'd to be proud and ſtupid; Or rather, ſaid Princeſs *Aghariſta*, inconſtant, fickle, altering her humour every day; And for his yet further Puniſhment, added the King ſmilingly, that ſhe were all that you all have ſaid. At theſe words *Philoxypes* deſired ſo much favour of them, as that they would ſuffer him to enjoy that Quiet which liberty beſtows on them who poſſeſs her: But the Sun being already low, he mentioned a Walk to this fair Company,

pany, who without reſiſtance gladly accepted thereof. He led them into a large Plot of Ground, which makes an Iſland; for he had drawn a Branch of the River of *Claria* round about it.

Paſſing from thence over a little Bridg, with Baniſters of Braſs, he led them into an Ally of Orange Trees, 1200 Paces long, which the Sun could never get into, ſo large are thoſe Trees, and ſo thick covered with Leaves and Flowers. Amidſt this Ally, there croſſes a Channel of running Water: At laſt you come to a place where eleven Allies croſs one another, at the end of which the River is every-where ſeen, as if it were ſo delighted with that place, as it were loth to leave it. All theſe Allies are either of Orange-Trees, or Citron-Trees, or Myrrh, or Lawrel, or Pomgranats, or Palm-Trees: But after, being come to the end of one of theſe Allies, into which *Philoxypes* ſent them, they found themſelves in a large Meadow, which is cut thorow in the middle by the River, which gathered together in that place, ſeems to be a great Channel, which hath on its Banks neither Canes, nor Ruſhes, nor Reeds, nor little Shrubs, but is only bordered by thick Turff, and all beſprinkled over with Flags of different colours, with Narciſſus's, with Lillies, and all other Flowers which love moiſture and freſhneſs. There are likewiſe on this River great ſtore of Swans, which ſwim ſo demurely, as you would think they were afraid to trouble the Water which bears them up. And that there might nothing be wanting to this Entertainment, *Philoxypes* had ſo ordered it, as this River was all covered over with Boats made like Gallies, painted with lively colours, and guided by young Boys in Maritine Apparel, but very handſom; who rowing gently with Oars painted Red and Green, came to the Bank to receive this gallant Company, who were played unto on Ruſtick Muſick by young Shepherds very quaintly clothed, who drove Herds along that Meadow on the other ſide of the River. Their Shepheards Crooks were all trimmed with Braſs, gilt over, and ſtrewed over with Cypers; their Flutes and little Bagpipes were as well deck'd as were their Sheep, all whoſe Horns were loaded with Flowers. In divers parts of this Meadow, were an hundred lovely Shepherds clothed in White, with Hats of Roſes, who to make the place the more pleaſing, mixt the Melody of their Voices to the Ruſtick Muſick aforeſaid. So ſweet a Place being doubtleſly proper to infuſe Joy and Pleaſure, being no diſpoſition to cruelty; the King found *Aretephile* a little more gentle; and all the worſt-treated Lovers of this Company, found at leaſt ſome truce to their Sufferings, and were, mauger themſelves, delighted with ſo lovely a Place, which was bounded about by a very high Palliſado, wherein Niches placed at equal diſtances, with Statues of white Marble, the rareſt that were ever ſeen in *Geeece*.

But I may ſeem to be my ſelf enchanted in a Place ſo full of Charms, ſince I ſtay ſo long thereon: I muſt then haſte to make this fair Company depart, whom *Philoxypes* waited on back to *Paphos*, after having offered them a famous Banquet. Some few days after, being returned home, with intention to entertain himſelf alone there for two days, he ſpent all that time very contentedly. But *Philoxypes* his Humour lying rather to like general Beauties, wherein Art hath nothing to do, than thoſe where Art undertakes to perfect Nature, went out of his Park, and unaccompanied by any ſave one Servant, he went to the River ſide, intending to walk along it till he ſhould come to the Head thereof, which is not far from thence, and which certainly is one of the goodlieſt things in the World: For this miraculous Spring-head, which of it ſelf makes a River, is incloſed by Rocks of an inacceſſible height; at the foot of the greateſt and higheſt whereof is a large Cave, which extends it ſelf even to the loſs of ſight, both on the right hand and on the left, under inacceſſible Rocks. At the bottom of this Cave, is a ſilent Spring, which ſometimes riſeth up to the top of the Den, and ſometimes falls ſo low, as it is not above ſix foot high. This inequality is the cauſe why the River of *Claria*, as well as all the others of *Cyprus*, paſs rather for a fair Torrent than for a River; though this be not poſitively ſo, for it is never altogether dried up as are all the reſt. As he went towards this Cave, he got off Horſe-back, leaving his Horſe with his Servant, commanding him to wait his return, and not to follow him.

Thus did he walk all alone along theſe Torrents, with the ſight and noiſe whereof he was much delighted, when raiſing up his Eyes he might ſee, ſome twenty paces off, a very handſom Woman, though in mean Habit, who was ſat upon a Rock, all covered with Moſs; and who ſeemed to take pleaſure in eying attentively the fall of Waters which came ruſhing at her Feet, as if to do her Homage. At firſt *Philoxypes* thought not to trouble the Contentment of one whoſe Humour was ſo conformable to his, to ſit muſing on the River ſide, and to turn a little aſide that he might not interrupt her. But being come a little nearer, and ſeeing that her Apparel, though clean and handſom, gave her not out to be a Perſonage of Quality, he went directly towards her, becauſe that was the eaſieſt way. But being come very near her, and the noiſe his walking made having made this Woman look about, he was ſtrangely taken; not only to ſee the handſomeſt Creature in the World, but to diſcern perfectly that that miraculous *Venus* which he had in his Gallery, and which he had always taken only for the Effect of an handſom Imagination, was really the Picture of this Perſonage. *Philoxypes*, raviſh'd at this ſo ſtrange Apparition, changed his Colour; and ſaluting this Maid with more civility than her Condition ſeemed to require, he advanced yet nearer her; but ſhe riſing up in haſte, and having, not without a bluſh, paid him his Salute, as if ſhe had been troubled to be ſeen alone in that place, ſhe haſted to go unto an old Man and a Woman well advanced in Years, who were not above twenty paces off; yet fearing be-like to be followed, ſhe turned her Head twice towards *Philoxypes*, who was ſtill the more dazled with her Beauty, and more confirmed in his Opinion.

This Prince ſurpriſed at this Encounter, had a great deſire to know who this young and ſo wonderfully handſom Made might be; and to know alſo how *Mandro-*

cles could come to draw her Picture; and why *Mandrocles* had always told him, that the Picture which he had drawn, was only an effect of his Fancy: He followed her with his Eyes as far as he could; but having ſtood ſtill a pretty while, not knowing why he did ſo, he loſt ſight of her amongſt thoſe Rocks, after ſhe was come up to thoſe ſhe went unto, ſo as he could no more diſcover her.

Philoxypes did not overmuch endeavour it, though his Mind led him very much thereunto; but coming near the River ſide, inſtead of continuing to walk towards the Spring-Head, he went down the Stream; and were it by Hazard, or out of Deſign, he happened to reſt himſelf upon the ſame Rock coverd with Moſs, on which he had ſeen the fair Maid ſit. *Philoxypes* being there, could think on nothing but on this Fair unknown One, and upon the pleaſing Adventure which had befaln him. He then remembred the Diſcourſe which had paſs'd in the Gallery, and what he had ſaid of that Picture which every one ſo much commended; and delighted to entertain himſelf upon this Subject, how glad ſaid he unto himſelf, would Princeſs *Aretephile* be, if ſhe knew what had befallen me, and how would the King mock me if he heard it? They would certainly ſay, that the Goddeſs had wrought a Miracle to puniſh me, by making me meet with a Country Wench, of whom to make the Object of my Choice. But, ſaid he, preſently after, this Country Maid is fairer than whatſoever there is of Beauty in the Court; and I ſhall ſufficiently revenge my ſelf of all our Ladies, if I can once more meet with her, and let them ſee her.

He then reſolved to return the next day to the ſame place, and in the mean time not to ſpeak of her till he had found her again. He then returned home, but full of amazement; at his firſt arrival, he went ſtrait to his Gallery, and grew ſo confident in his belief, that his *Venus Urania* was the very Picture of this Fair unknown One, as he doubted no more thereof. He compared all the Features of this Picture, with the Image which he bare about in his Mind, not finding any difference between them, ſave that the Original was far above whatever *Mandrocles*, with all his Art, could repreſent. He ſeemed to have obſerved in her Face, a much more pleaſing youthly Air, a much more majeſtical Modeſty, and a Sweetneſs infinitely more alluring.

In fine, the Prince *Philoxypes*, who had wont to be more in his Cloſet than in his Gallery, perceiving that the ſight of this Picture detained him there whether he would or no, went forth much perplex'd to ſee, that once in his Life-time he could not maſter his Affections. He paſt the reſt of that Day, and all the next Night, not being able to put this pleaſing Phantaſm out of his Mind. The next Day he returned to the ſame place where he had ſeen that fair One, ſtill thinking how he ſhould be pleaſed to cauſe her to be ſeen by the King and the whole Court. But though he went up the River, even up to the Head thereof, he could not find her; he ſought her long in vain, and being angred thereat, he ſought whether he could not find ſome little track about that place where he had ſeen the Fair unknown One; but it being all Rocky, no impreſſion of Footſteps could be ſeen there, nor could there be any Track found amongſt the Rocks. Deſperat then, as he was, not to find any knowledg of what he ſo much deſired, he returned back, abſolutely reſolving not to return any more to that place: Yet was he no ſooner at home, but that he wiſh'd to be at the River ſide; he enquired of all his Servants, if they had never met any Body thereabouts, which reſembled that *Venus*; and ask'd them very particularly, in what Places, and into what Houſes *Mandrocles* went when he painted his Gallery? They anſwered, that they had never ſeen her whom he ſpoke off, and that *Mandrocles* was a ſolitary Man, who ſaw no Body, who ſpent all his time in deſigning amongſt thoſe Rocks; and that he took almoſt always the way towards the head of *Claria*. *Philoxypes* not able to learn any more, did what he could to think no more thereon; but though he had reſolved to return next day to *Paphos*, he ſtaid at *Claria*, (for his Houſe bears the Name of the River which paſſeth by it) and whatever Deſign he had, never to return to ſeek out the Fair unknown One, his Feet, maugre himſelf, bare him always towards the place where he had met her. He returned often from thence, not knowing why he would not willingly go thither, nor why he went thither, not having any thought of ſo doing. But at laſt yielding to his Curioſity, he returned towards thoſe Rocks, reſolving to ſuffer himſelf to be guided by Fortune; leaving always his Servant and his Horſe where he left them the firſt time.

He wandring then along amongſt thoſe Mountains, when being weary, he ſate himſelf down, which he had hardly done, upon a neighbouring Rock, when he might diſcover afar off a little Cottage, in a place which appeared very ſavage unto him: ſo as riſing up, it may be, ſaid he unto himſelf, 'tis here where the Gods have hidden the Treaſure which I ſeek for. And indeed he had not walked far, when he ſaw the Fair unknown One, accompanied by the ſame old Man, and the ſame Woman which he had formerly ſeen, and by three or four others all meanly clothed, which ſeemed to take a by-way which led to a little Temple which lies towards the Sea ſide, and which was built for the accommodation of Strangers who traffique in that Iſland, and land on that ſide. The Temple not being above ſix furlongs from this little rural Habitation, 'twas but a walk to go thither on foot.

Philoxypes raviſh'd at this Encounter, went towards them; and addreſſing his ſpeech to the old Man, after having ſaluted, and looked on the Fair unknown one with more admiration than at firſt; Father, ſaid he, know you who they be that live in that little Houſe which I ſee yonder amongſt the Rocks? Sir, ſaid he, they are People who merit not the honour you do them in ſpeaking to them; nor do I know how my Cabbin ſhould cauſe curioſity in a Man of your condition.

Whilſt the old Man ſpoke, *Philoxypes* had his Eyes fix'd upon the Fair unknown One ſo intentively, as he made her bluſh, and forced her to turn her Head aſide; he willingly would have ſpoken to her, but that (as he told me afterward) he was affraid to run himſelf into ſo pleaſing

ſing an Inchantment; and that he would find as much rudeneſs in her Converſation, as ſhe had ſweetneſs in her Eyes; as alſo, that he ſaw her to be ſo modeſt, as he eaſily imagined ſhe would not ſpeak long unto him in her Parents preſence, (for he perceived ſhe behaved her ſelf as if ſhe were the old Man's Daughter) he enquired alſo of the good old Man, if he went oft to that Temple? whether his Abode there had been long? whether he were of *Cyprus*, or no? whether that were his whole Family? and an hundred other things to continue the Converſation. To all which, though the other anſwered exactly, *Philoxypes* did hardly hear any thing he ſaid; and thus they parted, after he had taken his leave of them all, hardly knowing what he ſaid.

Not having learn'd any thing, but that he had once more ſeen the Fair unknown One, that ſhe was much more lovely than he had thought her to be, that he knew her Abode, and the Temple whither ſhe ſometimes went. He purſued her with his Eyes as far as he could; but at laſt being aſhamed of what he did, and ſeeking a reaſon for it, he returned back the ſame way, and went into his Gallery, it being the only place in all his Houſe wherein he pleaſed himſelf. When he was come thereinto, he began to walk with more diſquiet than he had wont to be acquainted withal. And far from his former deſign of bringing the Fair unknown One to the Court, he did as far as in him lay, put on a reſolution of never ſeeing her more himſelf; ſo much was he affected with this ſecond ſight.

To this purpoſe, he went forthwith out of his Gallery, got on Horſe-back, and returned to *Paphos*; the King who loved him dearly, and who had as much of Friendſhip for him, as of Love for the Princeſs *Aretephile*, complained of his ſo long abode in the Country, and made as much of him as could be. He immediately entreated him to viſit the Princeſs *Aretephile*, becauſe there had been ſome little quarrel between them, which he acquainted him withal, making the moſt he could of it.

Philoxypes obyes him, viſits the Princeſs, and makes them Friends: but let him do what he pleaſeth, or go whither he will, his Thoughts are ſtill buſied about the Fair unknown One; he compares her with all the Beauties that he ſees, and whether he behold *Aretephile*, *Thimoclea*, *Agbariſta*, or whoſoever elſe, he can ſee none but his Siſter, the fair Princeſs of *Salamis*, who comes any way neer her for Beauty; but he preferred the other a thouſand times before her, as being a thouſand times more Beautiful than whatſoever the World hath of Beauty. Two dayes after he returned to *Claria*, and the next day he went to the aforeſaid little Temple, whither thoſe that were of the Iſland went ſeldom or never, it being only built for Strangers.

And this was the reaſon wherefore the Beauty of the Fair unknown One, had not been noiſed abroad, neither in *Apia*, which is not far from thence, nor in *Soly*, which is very neer it, nor in *Claria* which joins upon it. *Philoxypes*, then maugre himſelf, went thither, whither he was no ſooner come, but he ſaw the fair Maid ſtill accompanied with the ſame Company, who devoutly prayed to the Goddeſs that is there adored. In fine, Sir, to keep that no longer from you, which *Philoxypes* had much ado to acknowledg to himſelf, this laſt ſight fully conquered him; for the Sacrifice being ſomewhat long, Love had time enough to faſten him with his Chains not to be untied. You may believe it had been eaſy for *Philoxypes* to have ſpoken to this Maid, as ſhe came out of the Temple, and to have followed her home, if he had pleaſed; but though Love had already gotten the upper hand on his Heart, yet had it not driven out ſhame from thence. And *Philoxypes* did me the honour to tell me afterwards, that he was ſo aſhamed of his own weakneſs, and of the meanneſs of this Maid's condition, as he ſometimes wiſh'd to be dead.

This little Aſſembly being gone, and he being returned home, ſtrangely perplex'd, What, ſaid he to himſelf, is it poſſible that *Philoxypes*, who could never be wrought upon by all the fair Ladies of *Cyprus*, ſhould be in love with one born in a Cottage, bred up amongſt Rocks, and ſavage People? Ah, no, no, it cannot be, I would rather rip out my Heart than ſuffer it any longer to remain ſo mean and ſo unworthy an Affection. But (ſaid he preſently afterwards) there is ſomewhat of Divinity in ſupream Beauty, which is not to be reſiſted. And if this unknown One be more fair than all the Princeſſes of the World, ſhe better deſerves the love of the inflexible *Philoxypes* than all they do. Yet I am ſure, ſaid he, when the wiſe *Solon* told me, That a Man might, without ſhame, be once in his life-time overcome by Love; he underſtood it not to be by the Love of a Shepherdeſs, as doubtleſly ſhe——At theſe words not having power to end his Speech and ſay, Whom I love; ſhame ſtop'd his Mouth, and for awhile he ſaid nothing.

Then ſuddenly re-aſſuming his Speech, No, no, ſaid he, *Solon* would not approve the Folly which poſſeſſeth me: For, in fine, to love a Perſon ſo beneath ones ſelf, a Perſon, whoſe Name one is afraid to ask; one to whom one hath never ſpoken, and to whom I dare not ſpeak, for fear of finding her Mind unworthy of her Beauty; one who peradventure will not underſtand my Language, who peradventure hath neither Vertue nor Goodneſs, and whom the Gods have endowed with extraordinary Beauty, only for my confuſion, and to make me deſpair; once more it cannot, it muſt not be; ſo dreadful an Evil muſt be early withſtood; and as there are ſome Venemous Creatures whoſe Miſchief is only cured by themſelves, the fair unknown One muſt cure me of the Malady ſhe hath cauſed in me.

I muſt once more ſee her, and ſpeak to her, to the end that the Blemiſhes of her Mind, and her rude Converſation, may drive that Beauty from my Heart, which her charming Beauty and pleaſing Eyes hath placed there. But, good Gods, replied he unto himſelf, is it poſſible ſo fair a Perſonage ſhould have any Defaults? Think *Philoxypes* what thou wilt do; and fear, leſt whilſt you think to find a Cure for your Evil, you render it incurable.

Thus *Philoxypes* reaſoned with himſelf, who in effect reſolved to go the next day to the Cottage, where the fair unknown one dwelt, with intention to ſpeak unto her, and ſo to cure himſelf, imagining that his ſhame to ſee himſelf in that Cottage, and the Maids groſs Converſation, would infallibly ſalve his Paſſion. But he knew not that 'tis an uſual effect of Love to make thoſe who are in love, make uſe of all Pretences, whereby they may come near thoſe whom they love, not knowing themſelves why they go thither.

Philoxypes failed not then to go the next day towards the Rocks, at foot whereof, according to his cuſtom, he left his Servants: But as he went, he was much diſquieted; ſometimes he wiſh'd this young Maid might neither have Wit nor Attraction; and by and by, deſired again he might meet with nothing in her which might detract from her Beauty.

In fine, not knowing whether he deſired to be ſick or cured, whether he would be free or a captive; and not knowing alſo under what pretence to make this odd viſit, he march'd on till he came to a little Valley, ſeated between Rocks, ſtoln as it were from the World, and very fit, to ſay the truth, to hide ſo infinite a precious Treaſure. At the foot of this little Valley, there lies a pleaſant Meadow; and upon the ſide of theſe Rocks, a little Wood of Myrtle, and wild Pomegranats, intermingled with ſome Orange Trees. At the bottom of this Wood, there ſtands a little Houſe very low built, but in indifferent good repair: As *Philoxypes* drew near it, his troubles redoubled, and he was almoſt tempted to turn back, ſo aſhamed was he of his weakneſs. But at laſt being forced on by Love, he entered into the fore-Court of this Houſe, cloſed in with Lawrels no higher than ones Elbow, which are very common in this Iſland. At laſt ſeeing a Door open, he came into a little Chamber, decently, though but meanly furniſhed; in which he found a fair unknown one, and two other Women who made Garlands of Flowers, intending to carry them the next day to the Temple, and give them to the Prieſt who lived there, to adorn the Victime, which was to be offered there in ſacrifice. You may imagine, how much aſtoniſhed this young Maid might be to ſee ſuch a one as *Philoxypes* enter her Cabin, who is always richly clothed, and who, as you know, is of a very ſtately Behaviour; ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but riſing up in haſte, ſhe let all her Flowers fall, thereby affording *Philoxypes* occaſion of commencing Converſation, who ſtooped down to gather up the faln Flowers: Sir, ſaid ſhe, endeavouring to hinder him, pray trouble not your ſelf, for our Woods and Meadows abound in the like, ſo as I may eaſily repair this loſs, if theſe were ſpoiled. Thoſe which your Woods and Fields produce, ſaid he, are not of ſuch worth as theſe, which I reſtore you, becauſe they have not been gathered by ſo fair a Maid as you. Sir, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, the Goddeſs to whom I intend to offer them, will look more upon the intention of my Heart, than upon my Face, which certainly hath nothing in it, which may occaſion you to ſpeak as you do. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, (not giving him leave to interrupt her, to the end ſhe might change the diſcourſe) you have perhaps ſomewhat to command my Father, who will be very much troubled that he is not here, that he might have the honour to obey you; but he is gone forth with my Mother, and will not return till night.

Philoxypes hearing her ſpeak with ſo much Judgment, and ſuch Civility, he having at moſt expected nothing but innocency and ſimplicity in her Converſation, had hardly the power to anſwer her. He beheld her with Admiration, and liſtened to her with Aſtoniſhment; he obſerved a decent negligence in her Apparel, and her tone of Speech ſo exceſſively charming, as he was raviſh'd: She ſpoke not only Greek, but with all the attique Purity, and courtly Smoothneſs; her Action was moreover infinitely becoming, having nothing in it, neither of affected, nor yet Clowniſh. He found ſuch modeſty in her Looks, and ſo lovely a freſhneſs in her Complexion, as he had hardly liberty to reply; yet after ſome Strivings within himſelf, 'Tis true, fair Maid, ſaid he, I had ſomewhat to ſay unto your Father, but till ſuch time as I ſhall ſee him, give me leave to ask you why he makes choice of ſo ſolitary an Abode? Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſuch is my reſpect unto him, as I never informed my ſelf of what you deſire to know; but I have ſometimes thought that this place is not of his choice, and that he lives here, only to fit his Mind unto his Fortune, which not having deſtin'd him a Palace, hinders him not from thinking himſelf happy in his Cottage.

But is it poſſible, ſaid he, that this auſtere ſolitarineſs ſhould not ſeem tedious to you? Sir! (replied ſhe, with a modeſt ſmile) you will doubtleſly think me very ruſtick and ſavage, when I ſhall dare to ſay, that the only trouble I have met withal amidſt theſe Rocks, ſince I have lived here, is that wherewith I am now poſſeſt, to ſee you in a place, where I uſe not to ſee any one; and where certainly I would not ſee you, were I in a condition to do otherwiſe; it not appearing ſeemly to me, that one of your condition ſhould buſy himſelf in talking ſo long with ſuch a one as I am. I ſhould be very unhappy, ſaid *Philoxypes*, if I ſhould have offended you, or have appeared too importunate: but lovely Perſonage, tell me I beſeech you, your Name, and your Parents Name, and tell me what God or Goddeſs 'tis that comes to inſtruct you in theſe Woods? Sir, ſaid ſhe, my name is *Policrite*, my Father is called *Cleanthes*, and my Mother *Megiſto*; but as for thoſe Gods which you ſay do teach me, they have as yet taught me ſo little, as I am ignorant even of Civility; to witneſs which, I ſhall take the boldneſs to ſay, that ſince thoſe on whom I depend are not here, I ſhall deſire you not to take it ill, if I intreat you not to tarry any longer in a place, wherein you will find more of Incommodity than Content. I ſhall not alter my Mind, replied *Philoxypes* for what you ſay, but muſt once more affirm, that doubtleſs the Gods have in a moment inſpired you, with what others have much ado to learn in all their whole Lives. For that you ſhould be the faireſt Maid in all the World, and fairer in a Cottage, than Queens are in their Palaces; though this be very much, yet it is not impoſſible, but that living amongſt Woods and Rocks, you ſhould behave your ſelf, and ſpeak as you do, 'tis this fair *Policrite*, that I cannot comprehend; nor can I imagine that you were born here amongſt theſe ſavage Rocks; 'tis true, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I am not of this Iſland by Birth; but was ſo young when I parted from *Creta*, as I hardly remember any thing thereof. 'Tis true, the converſation which I have here, cannot have given me the Accent of the Countrey, for I ſpeak with none but thoſe of this Family, who are no more of *Cyprus* than I.

What, *Policrite*, ſaid *Philoxypes*, do you ſpend your whole time without ſpeaking, and yet ſpeak as you do? Once more, this Cottage is unworthy of you; and ſome means muſt be found out to draw you hence. I am ſo well contented here, Sir, ſaid ſhe, as I ſhould thereby receive an Injury, and I imagine you have no ſuch deſign; therefore I conjure you to leave me in that ſolitarineſs that you found me; for neither will I ſay much more unto you, not being able to ſpeak any thing of mine own experience.

Philoxypes, who obſerved that this young Maid was indeed troubled to ſee him tarry ſo long with her, though it were in no diſobliging manner, was loth to anger her; ſo as with much violence uſed upon himſelf, after having ſaluted her with ſuch Reverence as if ſhe had been upon a Throne, he offered to be gone. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with much candour, you know my name is *Policrite*, and I cannot tell my Father what his name is, that hath done him the honour to inquire after him. Replied this Prince, tranſported with Love, my name is *Philoxypes*. Alas, Sir, anſwered *Policrite*, I beg your pardon, if I have not uſed you with ſuch reſpect as I ought.

Is not then, ſaid he, my name unknown unto you? No, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and I have heard my Father, though he knows you not himſelf, ſay ſuch things of you by the report of others, as I am ſure will make him rejoyce exceedingly when he ſhall know that you will do him the favour to command him any ſervice. *Philoxypes*, inchanted to hear *Policrite* ſpeaking in ſuch ſort, ſaid unto her a thouſand paſſionate and obliging things, if ſhe would have underſtood them; to which ſhe ſtill replied with ſuch readineſs and modeſty, as he ſtill became in love with her more and more.

He then took his leave of her, and departed from this Cottage, with an unconceivable Sorrow. Being come to the ſame place where he firſt ſaw her, he ſtayed; and beholding on the one ſide his goodly and magnificent Palace of *Claria*, and on the other ſide this little Country Cottage: Ah, *Philoxypes*, cried he, who would believe, that in the condition thy Soul is in, thou canſt prefer this unlucky Cottage before that ſtately Palace? and that thy Heart ſo inſenſible of Love, and ſo ambitious of true Glory, can abaſe it ſelf before *Policrite*'s Feet? But then, ſaid he again, is it poſſible that *Philoxypes* ſhould love any thing which is not the handſomeſt thing in the World? And if it be ſo, *Policrite* ought to be the Object of his Deſires and Love; I ſay, *Policrite*, in whoſe Looks is no Art, whoſe Words are ſincere, all whoſe Thoughts are innocent, who knows not what a Sin is, whoſe Heart is not prepoſſeſt with any Paſſion, who as yet loves nothing but the Woods, Fields, Flowers, and Fountains; who is hardly conſcious of her own Beauty, and whoſe Inclinations are doubtleſly all vertuous. But when all is done, ſaid he, after a little pauſe, Love is a weakneſs, from whence I have till now defended my ſelf, only becauſe I did verily believe, that it was a Vertue not to be capable thereof; but to love a Perſonage of ſo unequal Birth, is a folly, which I ought by all means to withſtand. For in fine, with what face ſhall I dare to appear at Court? How fair ſoever *Policrite* be, I dare not ſhew the Irons ſhe makes me wear; they muſt either be broken by force, or ſo cunningly conceal'd, as no Man may ever diſcern them.

With this reſolution did *Philoxypes* return home, and from thence to *Paphos*; but he was ſo poſſeſt with Melancholy, as he was forced to fain himſelf ſick. The King, who ſaw him that very Night, both with himſelf and with the Princeſs *Aretephile*, perceived his Perplexity, and preſſed him to know the cauſe: But *Philoxypes* anſwered him as he had done the reſt. The Court was very great that day, and all that was gallant was there; which occaſioned *Philoxypes* in his Ravings, to enquire of himſelf an hundred and an hundred times, why, ſince he was to love, it was not ſome of thoſe illuſtrious Perſonages? Yet though he would uſe violence upon himſelf, and endeavour not to love, by reaſon he could never compaſs it. And *Policrite*'s Image was ſo deeply imprinted in his Heart, as nothing could deface it. He paſſed over three days thus with very much diſquiet, and on the fourth maugre himſelf, he returned to *Claria*, and from thence to *Cleanthes*, whom at his firſt approach, he found leaning upon a little Palliſado of Lawrels, which incompaſſed his Cottage. As ſoon as this wiſe old Man ſaw him, he ſtept unto him, and received him with ſuch civility as had nothing of Ruſtick in it. Sir, ſaid he, I thought my Daughter had been deceived when ſhe told me your Name, which kept me from coming to *Claria* to receive your Commands; and alſo that 'tis hard to imagine, that a Man of my Fortune and Age may be any ways ſerviceable to ſuch a Prince as you. Vertue and Worth, ſaid *Philoxypes*, makes Friends unto it ſelf of all Ages, and of all Conditions. But *Cleanthes*, the only thing I deſire to know of you, is, whether it be out of neceſſity, or out of choice, that you inhabit this little Houſe? for, if it be the former, you ſhall not tarry long here; and if the latter, I will come and live with you ſometimes. At which *Cleanthes* ſmiled, and ſaid, Poor Cottages, Sir, are no proper Abodes for great Princes. 'Tis very true, ſaid *Philoxypes*, neither ought great Worth to be confin'd to little Cottages, but doth much better become great Palaces: I therefore proffer you my Houſe *Claria*, where you and your Family may live more commodiouſly than here. Sir, replied *Cleanthes*, 'tis handſom for a Perſonage of your condition and worth to be willing to relieve the diſtreſſed, but it were not juſt to abuſe that Goodneſs which may be better employed on ſome better occaſion. For, in fine, Sir, I ſuffer no want in this Cottage, my Mind being no greater than it; I here live in quiet; and finding in this little Corner of the Earth ſufficient to keep me from being troubleſom to any Body, I live here much more happily than thoſe who live in Palaces, and whoſe deſires are not therein bounded. But wiſe *Cleanthes*, ſaid *Philoxypes*, will you not tell me what Fortune 'tis that hath brought you hither, and acquaint me preciſely with your condition? Sir, ſaid the good old Man, I am deſcended of honeſt Parents, of an indifferent Fortune; for mine, you ſee it is mean enough, and I aſſure you my worth is not extraordinary. I was forc'd to forgo my Country, for many Reaſons, too long now to tell, and to ſeek out a place of Retirement in this Iſland, where I have lived a good while. But ſaid *Philoxypes*, are you not afraid leſt *Policrite*, who may juſtly be termed a Treaſure, may not be ſafe in ſuch a place as this? If I ſhould grant, anſwered *Cleanthes*, that *Policrite* ſhould be what you ſay, ſince this Treaſure is only known by Prince *Philoxypes*, I ſhould think it ſafe enough. You have reaſon, Father, ſaid he, for what you ſay, for I engage my ſelf to protect you, againſt what, or whoſoever ſhall go about to injure you. After this *Cleanthes* led him into his Houſe, where he found *Megiſto*, *Cleanthes*'s Wife, who received him ſo civilly, as he eaſily diſcern'd that there was nothing of ruſtick nor ſavage in this Family.

She had by her young *Policrite*, another Maid handſom enough, whom *Policrite* called Siſter, and whoſe name is *Dorida*: But, good Gods, how fair did *Policrite* appear to *Philoxypes* that day? Her Hair which hung careleſs over her Neck, and which were the one half covered by a thin Tiffany, were tied back behind her Head, with a Garland of Orange and Pomegranate Flowers, over which hung a thin Veil, with which ſhe covered her Face when ſhe went in the Sun, and which very well became her Dreſſing: The reſt of her Apparel was white, of a handſom ſhape; her Sleeves, which were very large, were thruſt back with Ribbonds of ſeveral colours; and though there was nothing of ſtate in this Habit; and that inſtead of Pearls and Diamonds, ſhe was only deck'd with Flowers, yet was there ſomewhat ſo handſom and ſo comely in her Dreſſing, as ſhe never appear'd ſo fair to *Philoxypes*; the more he ſaw her, the more he was in love with her; and were it that he entertained *Cleanthes*, that he ſpoke to *Megiſto*, that he addreſſed himſelf to *Policrite*, or that he ſaid ſomewhat of civility to *Dorida*, he was ſtill more and more taken. What did he not do to make them tell him ſomewhat more than *Cleanthes* had told him, and to perſwade them that he might fit them with a better Lodging? He offered *Cleanthes* Jewels to diſpoſe of at his Pleaſure; but let him do what he could, he could learn nothing, nor obtain nothing, ſave only leave to come and viſit them ſometimes, which they granted him, meerly becauſe they knew not how to deny it him. I will not ſtay to tell you how frequently *Philoxypes* returned thither during twelve days ſpace which he ſtaid at *Claria*, without returning to *Paphos*; but I will tell you, that *Cleanthes*, who had underſtanding enough, and *Megiſto* who wanted not any, eaſily perceived that it was *Policrite*'s Beauty which occaſioned this Prince his ſo frequent Viſits, he read her a long Leſſon, and wiſh'd her to have a care of her ſelf, and that ſhe ſhould conſider that *Philoxypes* his Affection could not but redound to her prejudice; and that therefore ſhe ſhould live with him, as with one whom ſhe ſhould never look upon but meerly with reſpect, not ſuffering him to engage her in any particular Affection.

This mean while *Philoxypes*, who perceived he ſhould never have the freedom to ſpeak to *Policrite* in particular, unleſs it were by chance, came ſo often thither, as he met her once unaccompanied by any ſave the young *Dorida*. This being too fair an occaſion to let ſlip, he drew near unto her, and expreſſing much Love in his Looks, Think not, *Policrite*, ſaid he, that I have any thing miſ-becoming to ſay unto you, though I have diligently watched to entertain you alone; 'Tis only that not knowing how you will receive my Affection, I was not deſirous to have any Witneſſes of my Misfortune or Happineſs. Sir, ſaid ſhe, with a Maidenly-bluſh, before you ſpeak, conſider I beſeech you where you are; mark well the Cottage wherein I live, and ſee what Cloathes I wear. No, *Policrite*, replied he, I ſee nothing but your Eyes, and had you a Crown of Diamonds on your Head, I ſhould no more mind it than what you ſpeak of; ſo firmly are my Looks fixt upon your Beauty. Permit me then, Sir, ſaid the diſcreet and fair Maid, to teach you another thing, which it may be you are ignorant of, and which ought to keep you from ſaying any thing unfitting to me; 'Tis, Sir, that this very *Policrite*, whom you ſee in this Country Cottage, who is thus ſimply attir'd, who is only known to theſe Woods and Rocks, hath, notwithſtanding her meanneſs and ſimplicity, ſo tender a ſenſe of Honour, that ſhould you offend her never ſo little therein, ſhe were able to die for ſorrow and diſlike: Be careful then, Sir, to ſay nothing which may make *Policrite* believe, that you know her not; for, in fine, ſhe hath ſuch a paſſion for Vertue, as ſhe ſhould have much ado not to hate thoſe who ſhould ſay any thing unto her in oppoſition thereunto. Fear not, ſaid he, faireſt *Policrite*, that I ſhall ſay any thing to you, which ſhall offend you, at leaſt, which ſhould offend; for I proteſt unto you in the Preſence of the Gods, who hear me, that the Paſſion which you have for Flowers, Fountains, and for theſe inamel'd Fields, is not more pure, nor more innocent, than that which I have for *Policrite*: and if there be any difference between them, 'tis that the Affection which I bear to her, is ſo violent and ſtrong, as there is nothing which I ſhall not willingly undertake to witneſs it unto her. You cannot better do it, Sir, ſaid ſhe, than in doing me the favour to ſay no more of ſuch things unto me, which will only ſerve to trouble the quiet of my Life, ſince if I ſhould not believe you, I ſhould certainly be ſomewhat troubled to think you would laugh at my Simplicity; and if I ſhould believe you, I ſhould almoſt deſpair, for being the cauſe why a great Prince ſhould contract a Paſſion ſo unworthy of him, and from whence he can never reap any Advantage.

For in fine, *Policrite* knowing her ſelf, and knowing you alſo, would not her ſelf commit a Fault, nor yet cauſe you commit one for love of her; do not therefore ingage your ſelf, Sir, in ſo troubleſom an Adventure. Let me alone, ſaid ſhe, looking upon him with an Eye, which did rather detain him than drive him away, though it were done without Art; let me alone I ſay, amongſt our Woods and Rocks, and get you to your Palaces, where you will be much better than here. *Philoxypes* was aſtoniſhed to hear *Policrite* ſpeak thus, when throwing himſelf at her Feet, No, no, divine *Policrite*, ſaid he, you are not what you appear to be; and though you were ſo, yet would your Vertue place you in a degree above all the Queens in the World. Sir, ſaid ſhe, raiſing him up, think not that I am to be won by Flatteries; for though I know not the World by mine own experience, I know it by my Parents Relation; I therefore know that Love is a dangerous Paſſion, and not knowing preciſely what it is, I know it ought to be avoided; and that I ought rather to apprehend that Love which you ſay you bear me, than any other. And wherefore, *Policrite*, ſaid he, do you thus treat that innocent Paſſion, which you raiſed in my Heart? Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, it cannot be but injurious to *Philoxypes*, or to *Policrite*. But ſay, for God's Sake, ſaid he, ſuppoſe that *Policrite* were a Princeſs, or that *Philoxypes*, were of the ſame condition that *Policrite* is; what would you then think of him? I cannot tell, ſaid ſhe, but this I know, Sir, that though I ſhould eſteem him never ſo much; nay, though I ſhould love him very much, *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* ſhould always abſolutely diſpoſe of me. Say then, ſaid he, if they ſhould be favourable, would you without any Repugnancy obey them? Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling a little, I have been ſo told that I muſt not lightly truſt any one, as I think it not convenient to reveal ſo great a Secret to you. Hereupon *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* returned, and broke off their Diſcourſe: *Philoxypes* preſently obſerved that theſe two Perſons were troubled at his Viſits; and therefore reſolved not to be ſo frequent in them, leſt he might for ever loſe a Happineſs, which now he might ſometimes enjoy. Thus, Sir, *Philoxypes* after ſome ſhort Diſcourſe departed, and returned not only to *Claria*, but to *Paphos*, whither the King had alſo ſent for him; not being able to let him be ſo long alone and ſolitary, all the Ladies, and the whole Court complained of him, and could not comprehend the reaſon of his ſo long retirement : The King continued to give him new Teſtimonies of his Affection, by beſtowing on him the Government of *Cithera*, which was faln void by the Death of the former Governour. He acquainted him with what had befaln him during his abſence, with Princeſs *Aretephile*, and conjur'd him to ſpeak always to her in his behalf. For, ſaid he, *Aretephile* hath taken a phancy to be ſure of the Crown of *Cyprus*, before ſhe give me her Heart, and I will have her give me her Heart, before I give her the Crown. *Philoxypes* promiſed the King to ſpeak to *Aretephile*, but it was with ſuch ſadneſs as all the Court took notice of it. He did almoſt always little better than rave, he would miſtake, and ſay one thing for another, he ſhunn'd Company, and as ſoon as he could, he returned to *Claria*. He found more reſiſtance in *Policrite*, than he thought to have met withal ; for ſhe, fearing all things, durſt hardly look upon this Prince ; the difference of his condition, though it made her more obliged unto him in her Soul, yet was it the reaſon why ſhe treated him ſo coldly. *Philoxypes* would have preſented the whole Family, but they all refuſed to receive any Preſents.

This mean while, he was ſtill more unhappy ; for though he loved *Policrite* paſſionately, and that he valued her more than all the World beſides, yet could he never put on a reſolution of making any one acquainted with this his ſo meanly placed Paſſion : He would certainly have been able to live with *Policrite* in any deſert Iſland ; but he knew not how he could avow the marrying a Maid of her condition, to the World ; yet did he ſtill love her with a reſpectful Affection, not giving way to any ſinful Deſire : That pure and unartificial Vertue which he ſaw in *Policrite*, infuſed into him a greater reſpect for her, than if ſhe had been ſeated on a Throne ; he then perceived he loved, without hope of ever finding a Remedy for his Evil, upon leſſer terms, than reſolving to abandon the Court and Kingdom, and to ask *Philicrite* of *Cleanthes* upon ſo vexatious Terms ; but that which moſt of all afflicted him, was, that he knew not how he ſtood in *Policrite*'s

Affection; he found her mild and civil, he obſerves no Marks of hatred in her Countenance; but there was therein alſo ſo great a Reſervedneſs, and ſo exact a Modeſty, as he could not penetrate her Thoughts: He thought alſo, that *Policrite* was grown ſomewhat more melancholy than ſhe had formerly been; and indeed he was not miſtaken, for *Philoxypes* his Handſomneſs, his good Behaviour, his Wit and Civility, being things not to be ſeen without liking: Young *Policrite* could not ſee her ſelf belov'd of ſuch a Prince as he, without having her Heart a little touch'd with Acknowledgment; yet ſeeing her ſelf in a Condition ſo far beneath his, and out of a ſenſe of Vertue ſhe muſt reſiſt this budding Affection, ſhe could not but be afflicted at this Conqueſt which ſhe had made; and to bemoan her ſelf thereof to her dear *Dorida* who had Wit enough.

Siſter, ſaid ſhe unto her, how happy are you in compariſon of me, who can take pleaſure in walking abroad, in gathering of Flowers, in hearing Birds ſing, and the fall of Waters, and in not being reduced to a condition of complaining of too much good Fortune? For in fine, *Dorida*, *Philoxypes*'s Heart, is a Conqueſt which I am ſure the greateſt of Queens would be proud to have made; yet, whilſt they might innocently rejoice thereat, I muſt be therewithal afflicted; I could wiſh I had never ſeen him, or at leaſt I think I could: For when all is done, though me-thinks I could heartily deſire that he would love me no more, yet am I glad to ſee him. But if Love, replied *Dorida*, be ſo powerful a thing as it is ſaid to be, how know you but that *Philoxypes* may love you well enough to marry you? Ah, Siſter, anſwered ſhe, as I would do nothing misbeſeeming me, ſo neither would I that *Philoxypes* ſhould do any thing that might misbeſeem him to do. But, ſaid *Dorida*, belike then you love *Philoxypes*, ſince you intereſt your ſelf in his Honour againſt your ſelf.

Policrite bluſh'd at this Diſcourſe, and looking confuſedly upon *Dorida*, If you were better acquainted with this Paſſion than I, ſaid ſhe, I would tell you whatſoever my Soul is ſenſible of, to the end I might know what to think of it: But I cannot yet believe that this dangerous Diſeaſe be yet got into my Heart; for if you remember well, we have heard *Cleanthes* ſay, and we have read it more than once, that Love makes one loſe their Reaſon; that it cauſeth a thouſand Pains and Vexations, that it ſometimes makes People do amiſs; and I thank Heaven, I do not yet feel any of all this; Me-thinks my Reaſon is free enough, and I am well enough pleaſed with the Melancholy which poſſeſſeth me: For, 'tis true, I oft-times talk I know not what, but I delight in doing ſo; and tho I would not love *Philoxypes*, yet there are certain Moments wherein I am well enough pleaſed that he ſhould love me: But as for any thing of Fault, ſo far am I from being willing to commit any, as I proteſt unto you, that were it for no other Reaſon, than not to loſe *Philoxypes* his Eſteem and good Opinion, I would die a thouſand Deaths rather than do any thing that ſhould be unjuſt. You may then believe, that whilſt I love Vertue, and would become worthy the Affection of ſo great a Prince, I will never do any thing contrary to Reputation. I believe you, anſwered *Dorida*; but for all this, Siſter of mine, you deceive your ſelf, if you believe you love not *Philoxypes*; for, in a word, you do not love what you lov'd before you knew him; you are ſomewhat more comely, you conſult oftener with the Chriſtal Fountains, and you are quite another thing than you were. Ah, Siſter, replied *Policrite*, if that were true which you ſay, I would quickly take order for it, I would never ſee *Philoxypes*, but to uſe him harſhly, to the end that he hating me, I might no longer love him. Theſe two young People having entertained themſelves thus upon the Bank of a little Rivolet, *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto*, who had altered their Minds, came thither; and bidding *Dorida* withdraw a little, *Megiſto* began to ſay, *Policrite*, it is not many days ſince I told you, that in reſpect of your Condition, you ſhould never look upon *Philoxypes*, but with a great deal of reſpect; but fearing leſt through that inequality which you may believe to be between you and him, you may not appear to be ſo much obliged to him for his Affection, as indeed to put ſomewhat too great an eſtimation thereupon. *Cleanthes* and my ſelf have reſolved to tell you, that your true Condition conſidered, you are not bound to behold *Philoxypes* at any time, but with a great deal of indifferency: For, in a word, ſaid *Cleanthes*, not to diſguiſe the Truth from you any longer, you are what you think not your ſelf to be, and we are likewiſe that which you know not, and what you ſhall not as yet know, becauſe the Gods have not permitted us as yet to let you know it: But to ſhew you how much you are more obliged than you think for, to be vertuous; know *Policrite*, that you are of as Noble Blood as any is in all *Greece*. How, anſwered *Policrite*, interrupting him, am I not what I always thought to be? No, Daughter, ſaid he, to number Kings amongſt your Anceſtors, is not the greateſt Mark of Honour that you may boaſt of. There is ſomewhat of more Auguſt in your Race than what I ſpeak of: Therefore that I might raiſe up your Heart, I thought good to intruſt you with this Important Secret, (which I charge you not to reveal to any one) as alſo to let you know the better how much bound you are not to do any thing unworthy of your Father's Houſe, nor of the Condition you are born in. *Policrite* was exceedingly joy'd to hear *Cleanthes* ſpeak after this manner, though her Joy was not over quiet; for ſhe was in trouble to know more preciſely what was told her. Father, ſaid ſhe, leave me not in ſuch perplexity: tell me a little more plainly, I beſeech you, ſo pleaſing a Truth, and let me know who I am.

The Gods have forbidden us it, my Daughter, anſwered he, by the Mouth of an Oracle. You muſt be content with what you have heard; but make uſe thereof to defend your ſelf agaiſt *Philoxypes*'s Love; and far from looking on him, as on a Prince who hath done you too much Honour; look rather on him, as on one whom you ſhall favour by your permittance.

This is not, ſaid *Cleanthes*, to deny but that *Philoxypes* is endow'd with all the Vertues and Qualities requiſite for a great Prince; but 'tis, my Child, to let you know that there is a certain Pride which doth not miſ-become a young Maid to defend her ſelf thereby againſt Love:

when we have an eſteem for thoſe that are above us, 'tis hard to gain-ſay if they intreat. And on the contrary, when we believe them to be beneath us, or at leaſt but our Equals, we ſtand not much upon denying them unjuſt things. *Policrite* aſſured then *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto*, That though ſhe had known nothing of what they now had told her, ſhe ſhould never have done any thing contrary to that decency which ſhe had learn'd of them. But how much were they miſtaken, if their Deſign were to hinder *Policrite* from loving *Philoxypes*.

Sometimes ſhe was filled with Joy to know that ſhe was of Noble Deſcent; and afterwards being willing to make uſe thereof, to drive thereby the beginning of Affection which *Philoxypes*'s Worth had already raiſed in her, out of her Heart, ſhe found it the more fortified by this Knowledg: For, ſaid ſhe, the knowledg of what I am, doth not take from the Obligation which I owe him; ſince he knows not that I am any thing more than what I ſeem to be.

But for me, who now know what I am, why ſhould I not hope that the Gods permitting *Philoxypes* to know my true Condition, may not ſo order it, as that I may love him and be blameleſs, and be beloved by him innocently? No, no, *Policrite*, added ſhe, let us no longer defend our Heart with ſuch Opiniatrecy; let us content our ſelves with concealing our Reſentments, and do nothing that ſhall be faulty; and let us not reject, as a Miſchief, the Love of a Prince, to whom the wiſeſt King of the World would not refuſe to give his Daughter. But it may be, ſaid ſhe, that *Philoxypes* doth but counterfeit, that he hath ſinful Thoughts towards thee, and that thy Simplicity abuſeth thee.

Stay then (ſaid ſhe) to be reſolved herein, and make trial of his Conſtancy and Fidelity, by an appearing indifferency, which may leave him without hope.

Thus was *Policrite* minded to do, when *Philoxypes* came to her: As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe began to go towards her Cottage; but he, advancing haſtily, ſtaid her; yet not being above twenty paces from it, and there being two of her Women-Servants at work in a Cloſe hard by them, ſhe ſtaid. What, *Policrite*, (ſaid he) you ſhun a Prince, who ſhuns all the World for love of you? Sir, ſaid ſhe, (after ſomewhat more an imperious manner than before, though ſhe intended not ſo to do) I do what peradventure you ought to do: For, in fine, what Advantage can you hope for by your Viſits and Solicitations? The Contentment (ſaid he) to hear from your fair Mouth that you do not hate me. If that be all you deſire to be ſatisfied in, (replied ſhe) you may eaſily compaſs your Deſires; but ask no more, upon pain of refuſal. What, lovely *Policrite*, (ſaid he) will you never love me? and ſhall all I can do to win your Affection prove uſeleſs? No, 'tis impoſſible, were you as inſenſible as thoſe Pictures which I have of you. My Pictures? replied P*olicrite*. Yes, (added P*hiloxypes*, I am not ſo unfortunate as you think for; in deſpite of you, and without your conſent, I have the contentment of ſeeing you daily.

Ah, (ſaid P*olicrite*) I perceive *Mandrocles* hath betrayed me, and hath falſified his words. P*hiloxypes* ask'd her then, how ſhe came to know *Mandrocles*? She told him how that famous Painter walking daily, when his leiſure would permit him, amongſt thoſe Rocks, to draw ſome Landskips, had one day by chance light upon their Houſe; where, having ſeen her, he had begg'd leave of *Cleanthes* to draw her Picture; which *Cleanthes* would have refuſed him, but that ſeeing his Importunity, he was afraid leſt he might ſpeak of her to him at *Claria*, and that therefore he gave way unto his deſire, upon condition that he ſhould not make uſe of this Picture in any of his Pieces, but as of a Head made by Fancy and Imagination; and making him take a ſolemn Oath, never to ſpeak with any Body whoſoever, of any Acquaintance he had with them. That ſince that time, as long as *Mandrocles* tarried at *Claria*, he came to teach her to deſign, and had drawn her Picture in twenty ſeveral poſtures. She then enquired of P*hiloxypes*, whether *Mandrocles* had ſpoken to him of her, or no? And he told her the whole Truth: but you may perceive, ſaid

Philoxypes, that the Goddeſs whom you repreſent, intends not that you ſhould always be inhumane, ſince ſhe would her ſelf appear in your Vizage.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, not being of your Iſle, my Devotion leads me rather to be a Votreſs to *Diana*, than to worſhip *Venus Urania*; therefore it is not this your Reaſon that will prevail with me; and alſo, that his Goddeſs approving only of ſuch Paſſions as are Innocent, will certainly never counſel me to admit of yours. Vertue it ſelf, replied *Philoxypes*, would adviſe you to it; and did you know my Heart, you would need no other Counſellor than your ſelf. It would take up ſo much time, replied ſhe, to make me know it, as I ſhall adviſe you not to undertake the Work. But, ſaid he, if I do undertake it, and if I make it evident to you, that never Man loved any thing as I love you, what will you then think? I would think, ſaid ſhe, that you were very unfortunate in having ſo paſſionately loved one, who is unworthy of ſo much honour. But, ſaid he, would you think your ſelf any ways obliged unto me? I ſhould be ſorry for you, ſaid ſhe, and would wiſh your Cure, either by Abſence, or by Forgetfulneſs.

Ah, cruel Maid, ſaid he, wiſh it rather by your Compaſſion and Charity, and promiſe me only that you will afford me leiſure to perſwade you, that I am the moſt in Love of all Men. To do as you ſay, ſaid ſhe, would be to be ſomewhat perſwaded thereunto already; therefore (and with this ſhe walked towards her Cottage) I will liſten no longer to you. After this manner did *Philoxypes* paſs away his time, having but very few moments of Delight amongſt many hours of Anguiſh.

This mean while, he could not endure to tarry at *Paphos*; and when he went thither, all he could do, was only to viſit the Princeſs *Aretephile*, which the King compelled him to do; but he appeared ſo melancholly, and ſo changed, as he was hardly to be known. The King, who loved him dearly, was much afflicted to ſee it; he, together with the whole Court, ſought what might be the occaſion of this Alteration, but they could not find it. The King ask'd it of *Philoxypes*'s ſelf, but could learn nothing. *Philoxypes* anſwering always, that it was ſome Melancholy, which proceeded certainly from his Temper, and from ſome little Indiſpoſition of Health.

But, ſaid the King, Solitarineſs is no uſual Cure for ſuch Incommodities; wherefore you ought not to go any more to *Claria.* Yet Affairs went ſtill on thus, yea even when Winter was come, which did the more aſtoniſh the whole Court; they knew he built no more at *Claria*, that the Painters and Engravers, who had been ſo long there, were all gone; that the Seaſon was foul, that when he went thither 'twas but with a ſmall Train, and that he walked always alone; they ſaw a ſtrange Sadneſs in his Face, and a wonderful Alteration, and all this without any appearing cauſe. The King heaped Favours and Honours upon him, he ask'd him an hundred times what he would deſire of him, he had not any one Enemy, the whole Court loved him, he was exceeding rich, he appeared not to have any Sickneſs as the Phyſicians could perceive: In fine, his Melancholy and Retiredneſs, were things which could not be gueſt at. The whole Court talk'd of nothing elſe, and the King was ſtrangely troubled at it; who not knowing how to inform himſelf of what *Philoxypes* ailed, he bethought himſelf of me, whom he knew this Prince did love particularly, and in whom he did more confide than in any other.

Thus upon a day when *Philoxypes* was gone to *Claria*, the King ſent for me; and after having aſſured his Majeſty (as it was true) that I knew nothing of particular concerning this Prince his Melancholy, he did me the Honour to command me to go to him, and to uſe all my Cunning to diſcover what it was that was in his Mind: For, ſaid he, *Leontidas*, I do ſo love *Philoxypes*, as I cannot live content unleſs I ſee he do ſo likewiſe, and were it to give him half my Kingdom, I would doubtleſs do it, rather than not to give him ſatisfaction.

I then departed, really intending to endeavonr to ſatisfy the King's Curioſity, who certainly ſtood in need of *Philoxypes* Preſence, to counſel and comfort him concerning *Aretephiles* Behaviour: for I think there was never

ver known a ſtiffer Combat between Ambition and Love.

I went then to *Claria*, where I found *Philoxypes* in his uſual Melancholy; the which I made the greater, becauſe I hindred him from going that day to *Cleanthes*. At firſt ſight of me, he endeavoured notwithſtanding, to inforce himſelf to honour me ſo much, as to ſeem glad to ſee me; but it was after a faſhion, which made me eaſily ſee that his Heart gainſaid his words, and that notwithſtanding any Friendſhip he had for me, he wiſh'd I had tarried ſtill at *Paphos*.

Leontidas, ſaid he, I am much beholden to you for coming to viſit me in a ſeaſon, when the Country has loſt all its Ornaments; and when the Court is fulleſt of Diverſions.

Sir, ſaid I, you commend me with leſs reaſon than the Court complains of you; for to forgo *Paphos* for *Claria*, when you are there, 'tis to forgo the Court, for the Court; nay, for the moſt pleaſing part of the Court: but to forgo *Paphos*, only to ſeek out Solititarineſs at *Claria*, as you do. O Sir, ſaid I (not ſuſpecting him notwithſtanding of any Paſſion) 'tis all that a Prince in Love, who is upon bad terms with his Miſtreſs, can do. *Philoxypes* bluſh'd at theſe words, and looking upon me with a kind of Smile, which did not notwithſtanding drive the Melancholy from his Countenance; I perceive, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, I am not ſo much beholden to you as I had thought, ſince doubtleſs you are come hither rather to chide me, than to viſit me.

I am come, Sir, ſaid I, to try whether I may not be able to ſerve you in a time when all the World believes that ſomewhat of great importance, which they cannot gueſs at, doth afflict you. *Leontidas*, ſaid he, I am much bound to you, but I ſhould be ſo more, if you could hinder the Court from looking ſo far into my Heart. For I confeſs ſaid he, I find it ſomewhat hard that a Man may not look inwards ſometimes, tho whilſt he does ſo, he is hardly maſter of his own Mind.

Sir, ſaid I, were you leſs beloved, you would not ſuffer under this Perſecution which you complain of: This kind of Love, replied he, cauſeth in me no ſmall Suffering: For what can I more rationally do, than to conceal my Melancholy in a Retiredneſs, to the end that I may not trouble the Joy of others. But, Sir, ſaid I, 'tis the cauſe of this Melancholy which every body ſeeks after, and none can find; as for my particular, I muſt crave your pardon if I do. For, Sir, 'tis not Ambition that torments you: No, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, if I were ſick of that Diſeaſe, the King would quickly cure me: Neither is it Revenge, ſaid I, for not being hated by any, it is not to be believed that you are poſſeſt with Hatred. You have reaſon for what you ſay, ſaid he, and ſighing added, I think I am my own greateſt Enemy. It is not, ſaid I again, the Paſſion which you have for Books, for that Paſſion may cauſe Solitarineſs, but not ſuch Melancholy as you are poſſeſt withal. And moreover, you have had that Paſſion along time, without the product of ſo bad an Effect. It is not Books certainly, ſaid he, which cauſe my Trouble, which, were I capable of Reaſon, would rather be my comfort. It is not Love, ſaid I, that torments you, for you ſee none that can cauſe it in you. Conclude then, ſaid he, taking me in his Arms, that there is no more to be ſaid, but that I hate my ſelf, that I have loſt my Reaſon, and if my Friends be wiſe, they will let me alone, and will leave the knowledg or cure of my Malady, to proceſs of time.

Sir, ſaid I, ſhall *Leontidas*, who hath ſo particular an Affection for you, be dealt withal as others are? Shall he have known nothing more of your Concernments, than do your Enemies, if any ſuch you have? Ah, Sir, ſaid I, you muſt if you pleaſe do otherwiſe, and to prove to you that *Leontidas* doth in ſome ſort deſerve you ſhould do ſo, know Sir, that hitherto I have ſpoken unto you as a Spy ſent by the King, who will know at whatſoever price, what 'tis that afflicts your Mind. But after having needleſly acquitted my ſelf of my Commiſſion, I ſpeak no longer, Sir, as one ſent by the King, but as one who is reſolved to ſerve you with his Life, if it ſhall be needful, and never abſolutely to give you over till he know the cauſe of your Melancholy: for, Sir, if there be no cauſe of this Melancholy, and that it be but a Diſtemper of Humours, I muſt ſtay here, that I may endeavour, maugre your ſelf, to divert you; and if there be any cauſe for it, *Leontidas* muſt likewiſe ſerve you therein, if there ſhould redound no other benefit thereby than to help you to keep it concealed from the King, and from the whole Court, if you deſire it ſhould be concealed from them.

I do not know any way, ſaid he, to keep it undiſcovered better, than to tell it to no body.

But, Sir, ſaid I, if you treat me with this indifferency, when I ſhall return to *Paphos*, and the King ſhould ask me what I think of your Melancholy, I muſt needs ſay ſomething to him.

And what will you ſay to him, replied *Philoxypes?* I think, Sir, ſaid I, that to revenge my ſelf for the little Confidence you have in me, I will ſay what I do no ways believe, to wit, that you are in Love; and that the ſhame of your former Inflexibleneſs, or of your new Weakneſs, hinders you from avowing it; nay, I will peradventure tell him, ſaid I in mockery, that that *Venus Urania*, which People have ſo much quarrell'd with you about, ſince the great Feaſt which you made here, and which did precede but a few days your Melancholy Humour, hath ſtruck you effectually in Love. In fine, Sir, there is nothing ſo odd, which I ſhall not ſay to revenge my ſelf for the Wrong you do the Paſſion which I have to your Service.

During this Diſcourſe, *Philoxypes* changed colour twenty times; and were it out of Friendſhip, or out of Importunity, or that indeed thoſe that are in Love, love naturally to ſpeak thereof, he took me by the hand, led me into his Cabinet: and after having made me take ſundry ſolemn Oaths never to diſcover what he ſhould ſay unto me; and all this with as much Ceremony and Preſſure, as if he had ſome Conſpiracy to diſcover unto me againſt the State, or ſome Attempt upon the King's Perſon, he told me that he was in Love.

What, Sir, ſaid I, theſe Retirements, theſe Melancholics, and this impenetrable Secret, which all the World in vain ſeeks to find out; Is it only that you are in Love? Ah, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, mock not at my Miſery; for it is greater than you can imagine. But, Sir, ſaid I, I have much ado to imagine that you can be ſo unfortunate as you ſay, ſince I cannot conceive that there is e're a Princeſs in the Kingdom (except ambitious *Aretephile*, who will be Queen) who will not favourably entertain your Affection, when you ſhall make it known unto her. Alas! ſaid he, with a ſigh, Love hath dealt much more cruelly with me than you are aware of; and ſince I muſt diſcover unto you the Secret of my Heart, know that I have met with an invincible Reſiſtance in one who lies amongſt theſe Rocks, and dwells but in a Cottage.

Yes, *Leontidas*, I have found a Maid, or to ſay better, I have found Vertue it ſelf, wholly pure, and under the Viſage of *Venus Urania*, which hath, and doth yet reſiſt me. A Maid who is not touch'd with Ambition, in whom Beauty cauſeth no Affectation nor Pride; who hath Simplicity and Wit, Gallantry and Sincerity, and who in a ſandy and deſart place, which the Gods alone have pointed out unto me, ſpeaks better than all the witticſt Ladies in the Court.

But when all this is done, ſhe lives in a Cottage, her Condition appears to be very mean, if I conſider all that is about her, and when I conſider only her ſelf, or do but hear her ſpeak, ſhe appears to be upon a Throne; her Governours are vertuous and diſcreet, but ſtill *Leontidas*, they live in a Cottage and will not abandon it. At laſt, ſaid he, with Tears almoſt ſtanding in his Eyes, I am the moſt unfortunate of all Men: I have a Paſſion which I cannot overcome, and which I will not have known; I too much reſpect *Policrite*'s Worth (for ſo is ſhe called of whom I ſpeak) to have any ſinful Deſire towards her, which tho I ſhould have, it would be to no purpoſe: I likewiſe am too great a lover of Glory, to reſolve to marry a Maid of this condition without much Repugnancy; yet can I not live without her, my Sufferings are ſuch that I cannot expreſs them; and ſeeing no Remedy for my Malady, I bear it patiently without complaining of it, and void of all hope but Death.

Philoxypes told me this in ſo feeling a manner, as I much pitied him: He then told me all that had befallen him; how 'twas he met *Policrite*, how he was ſurprized, that it was ſhe by whom *Mandrocles* had drawn the Picture of *Venus Urania*, and all the reſt which I have told you. I was ſomewhat ſurprized at this fantaſtick Paſſion, chiefly when I called to mind *Philoxypes* former Inflexibleneſs, yet did I endeavour to comfort him. Sir, ſaid I, ſuch a Beauty as that is which you repreſent unto me, and ſuch an one I have ſeen in the *Venus* in your Gallery, bears ſome excuſe with it, of what condition ſoever the Poſſeſſors are, eſpecially when it occaſions only ſome paſſing Paſſions, and which are of no long durance, as I hope yours will prove. No, no, ſaid he, *Leontidas*, do not deceive your ſelf, I will love *Policrite* till death. But, Sir, not to abuſe your Patience, perceiving *Philoxypes* Grievance too great to be cured, I ſmothered it, and ſweetned it as much as poſſible I could. He then led me into his Gallery to ſhew me his Excuſe, tho I had ſeen his Pictures many times before: we afterwards walked abroad, but he being able only to walk one way, we were ſoon amongſt the Rocks, in a place from whence we might diſcover *Policrite*'s Habitation, which we no ſooner ſaw, but, bluſhing with Confuſion, he ſaid, 'tis there, my dear *Leontidas*, where ſhe that I adore doth live; 'tis underneath that Roof, which I prefer before the proudeſt Palaces, that *Philoxypes* finds ſomemoments of Contents; and 'tis there in fine that all my Joy and Happineſs is circumſcribed. Sir, ſaid I, there needs no greater proofs of *Policrites* Beauty, than the ſmalneſs of her Cottage; and whoſoever ſhall imagine that *Philoxypes* Affection is placed therein, cannot doubt but that he hath argued the matter with himſelf as much as he was able.

In fine, Sir, after that he had enlarged himſelf in expreſſing *Policrites* charming Beauty, not ſuffering me to ſee her for fear of offending her: I muſt think of returning to *Paphos*, for I had promiſed the King to return that very night. I asked *Philoxypes* what I ſhould ſay unto him? Any thing ſaid he, my dear *Leontidas*, rather

ther than the truth of my Adventure; for in the mind that I am of, I think that I ſhould run mad if the King ſhould know it.

I then left him after he had made me ſwear an hundred times, not to diſcover the leaſt part of his Misfortune. I went to find out the King, who expected me with much Impatience, and who had purpoſely withdrawn himſelf early, to the end that I might ſpeak with more freedom to him when I ſhould return.

And how, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, What doth our ſolitary Companion do?

Sir, ſaid I; terming him as you do, your Majeſty may eaſily gueſs at what de does. He muſes, he walks, he reads, looks upon his Pictures and Statues, goes from one place to another, and ſeeking Eaſe every where, he finds it no where.

But, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, you ſpeak to me as *Philoxypes* doth, and 'tis not that which I expect from you.

Sir, ſaid I, I have done all I am able to ſatisfy your Majeſty; but I confeſs my Journey hath not been ſo ſucceſsful as I hoped for; for all that *Philoxypes* ſays, is only that he finds himſelf ſomewhat ill diſpoſed, and that he is poſſeſs'd with a Melancholy which he cannot maſter.

Did you ask him, ſaid the King, whether it were not that he did wiſh for ſomewhat which I have not bethought my ſelf to give him, becauſe I knew not that he did deſire it?

Oh, Sir, ſaid I (thinking I had done well) it is not Ambition that torments *Philoxypes*, who is ſo ſatisfied with your Majeſties Goodneſs, as he deſires nothing more than what he hath.

Have you then diſcovered, ſaid he, that he hath any thing of private Diſcontent againſt any one of this Court? For if it be ſo, I will make his Intereſt mine, and will as ſeverely revenge any Injury done unto him, as if it had been done unto my ſelf.

Sir, ſaid I, *Philoxypes* appears to be ſo well beloved of all the World, as 'tis hard to think any one ſhould injure him. I know not then what to imagine, ſaid the King, but if *Philoxypes* Ambition be ſatisfied, and that it is not Hatred nor Revenge that doth troubled him, he muſt needs be in Love.

Your Majeſty, Sir, ſaid I, doth too well know *Philoxypes*'s Inflexibleneſs, to ſuſpect any ſuch thing in him. No, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, *Philoxypes*'s paſt Obdurity, is not a Reaſon ſtrong enough to perſwade me that he is obdurate ſtill. I am almoſt confident that 'tis this Paſſion which robs me of *Philoxypes*'s Company: For in fine, he hath all the marks of one in Love: His Countenance is altered, he not having been ſick; he is melancholy without any appearing cauſe; he doth little elſe but rave, he cannot ſtay long in a place, he conceals his Melancholy from us, he cannot endure that one ſhould take notice of it, he gives over thinking of his Affairs, he viſits none but by conſtraint, and unleſs it be the Princeſs *Aretephile*, whom he hath ſeen by my command, he hath not viſited any one Lady ſince we were at *Claria*.

Sir, ſaid I, part of what you alledg to prove that *Philoxypes* is in Love, methinks makes for the contrary; for if he were in Love, he would certainly ſeek out the Party beloved, we ſhould never ſee him from her; inſtead of being melancholy, he would ſtudy to play the Gallant more, and would be the more ſociable; and inſtead of ſeeking our Solitarineſs, as he doth, methinks he ſhould rather add to the Court-Diverſions; and that his chiefeſt Employments ſhould be Muſick, Balls, Converſation, and going abroad.

You ſay well, anſwered the King, for what concerns ordinary Paſſions, or ſuch Lovers as have been fortunate in their Affections; but there are certain giddy-headed Paſſions out of the common road, which ariſing from a melancholy Anguiſh, feed themſelves there-withal, and ſhun whatſoever affords Delight. But that which doth a little trouble me is, that I cannot imagine who 'tis that *Philoxypes* can love and be hardly dealt withal by; for certainly there is never a Lady in all my Court, who would not glory in having won his Heart; and moreover, I have not obſerved that he hath applied himſelf to converſe with any one in particular, yet doubtleſs *Philoxypes* is in Love.

Sir, ſaid I, be not ſo reſolute in your Aſſertion, till you have ſtronger proofs thereof, and till you may at leaſt conjecture who it is he is in love withal. The King began then to number over all the Ladies of the Court one by one, and found not any one of them that he was likely to be in love withal.

He then began to walk not ſaying one word; ſoon after I ſaw ſome colour come in his Face, and preſently methought he was much diſquieted.

Leontidas, ſaid he, you know more than you will tell me.

Sir, ſaid I, I have ſaid nothing but truth unto your Majeſty. For in fine, *Philoxypes* his Ambition is ſatisfied; he hath no Enemies that I know of, and if I be not deceived, the faireſt Ladies of the Court have no great power over him.

Ah! *Leontidas*, ſaid he, you conceal the truth from me; but I know it without your telling. Yes, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, *Philoxypes* doth love, and ſo love, as doubtleſs he is much afflicted thereat, and which he will withſtand and overcome. Were not my thought true, he would not make his Paſſion ſo great a Secret. But good Gods, ſaid he, how unfortunate am I? and to what ſtrange Extremity am I reduced; for in fine, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, confeſs the truth, *Philoxypes*, maugre himſelf, is become my Rival, and his Grief for it is the cauſe of his Melancholy.

Ah! Sir, ſaid I (not having leiſure to think of what I ſaid) I know not the cauſe of *Philoxypes* his Melancholy; but I very well know he is not in love with the Princeſs *Aretephile*, and that he too much reſpects your Majeſty to ſuffer ſuch a thought enter his Breaſt.

Think well *Leontidas*, ſaid he, on what you ſay; you aſſure me you know not the cauſe of *Philoxypes* his Melancholy, and yet you know he is my Rival: once more, *Leontidas*, if you know the buſineſs, let me know it; or if you know it not, confeſs my Suſpicions are well grounded, and fear not for all this, that I wiſh any harm to *Philoxypes*; on the contray, I ſhall be beholden to him for it.

I was extreamly troubled to hear the King talk thus; for without violating what we hold moſt ſacred, I could not reveal *Philoxypes* his Secret, which he had made me ſwear above an hundred times not to do.

To conſent likewiſe that the King ſhould ſuſpect him to be his Rival, me-thought it was a buſineſs of too great importance to leave him in that Opinion; but the more I perſwaded him to the contrary, the more firmly did he believe it. No, ſaid he, I am cauſe of mine own Misfortune, and of *Philoxypes* his Misfortune too; 'tis I who made him viſit *Aretephile* more than any other, 'tis mine own hand that has enthral'd him, and 'tis I who am the cauſe of all his Sufferings: For, ſaid he, I eaſily comprehend he ſeeks out all this Solitarineſs only to rid him out of this Paſſion; nay, I have obſerved that of late he hath been troubled as oft as I have ſpoken to him to ſpeak to *Aretephile*, that he hath ſhunn'd ſuch Commiſſions as much as he could, and I am too much perſwaded that he hath argued the buſineſs ſtifly with himſelf, and I am the only cauſe of what he ſuffers.

Good Gods! ſaid he, how great is my Misfortune? there is not any one Man in all my Kingdom, whom I ſhould not hate if he were my Rival, unleſs it be he; and there is not any Lady in the Court, in whoſe Love he would not have been happy except *Aretephile*.

But, Sir, ſaid I again, I proteſt unto you he is not in love with her; and I proteſt to you, replied he, expreſſing an extream Grief, that *Philoxypes* is my Rival; for were it not ſo, he would not conceal his Paſſion from me.

The Reſpect he bears to you, ſaid I, ought to hinder him from ſo doing, if he were in love.

No, no, replied he, you ſhall no longer abuſe me; and I am equally perſwaded of *Philoxypes* his Love, of his Innocency, and of my Misfortune. For in fine, that the Man in the World that I love beſt, ſhould fall in love with the onlieſt Lady that I can love; and that I ſhould ſee my ſelf cruelly neceſſitated, either to forſake *Aretephile*, or to ſee *Philoxypes* die, it is an unſufferable Adventure.

Sir, I beſeech you, ſaid I, expect till ſhe hath once more ſeen *Philoxypes*, and have abſolutely commanded him to diſcover his Heart unto her, before you reſolve on any thing; and if you pleaſe I will bring him hither to morrow Morning.

No, no, replied the King, you ſhall not ſtir out of the Palace this day; nor ſhall you ſee *Philoxypes* before me. In effect this Prince gave one of his Servants charge over me; and commanded me to withdraw into a Chamber, which was appointed for me in the Palace.

'Twould be too difficult a thing to repreſent unto you my Vexation, and the King's Diſquiet: ſince to tell you true, he had as much Friendſhip for *Philoxypes*, as Love for *Aretephile*.

Who ever ſaw, ſaid he, (for he himſelf told it afterwards) an Adventure like to mine? I have a Rival whom I muſt love in deſpight of me, and who gives me more occaſion to love him, for the Affection he bears to my Miſtreſs, than for all the Service he ever did me; and then for all the good Offices he hath done me to her, it being certain that I need only look upon him, to ſee what he ſuffers in my conſideration; and that I need only conſider what Life he leads, to ſee how much I am beholden to him. I obſerve in his Eyes a Melancholy, which makes me apprehend his Death; and I ſee in all his Actions, viſible ſigns of his love to *Aretephile*, and of his reſpect to me. What ſhall I do, ſaid he? ſhall I ſeem not to know this Paſſion, and let *Philoxypes* die? But 'tis no longer time to conceal what I think, ſince *Leontidas* knows it. *Leontidas* who is ſo much his Confident, and ſhares ſo deeply in his Friendſhip; ſhall I alſo tell *Philoxypes* that I know his Love, and not complain of him? and if I ſhould complain, how weak a Succour would this be? I ſhould peradventure haſten his Hour of Death, by making him deſpair. But ſhall I quit *Aretephile*, and let my Friendſhip exceed my Love? *Philoxypes* his Paſſion is unjuſt; but Paſſions are not voluntary, and he hath done what ever he could or ought to have done, ſince not being able to keep from loving, he hath yet kept from making his Love known; and hath rather choſen to hazard his Life by his reſpectful Silence, than to preſerve it by making his Paſſion known, which he knows will diſpleaſe me.

The King paſt the Night in this manner very unquietly; ſometimes he was agitated with Anger and Hatred, not knowing whom he hated, or on whom he deſired to be revenged; ſometimes he did a little blame *Philoxypes*, for not having at the very firſt acquainted him with his Paſſion; ſometimes he betook himſelf to *Aretephile*'s Beauty; but at laſt he blamed himſelf.

Then ſuddenly conſidering the pittiful condition into which *Philoxypes* was brought, and what an unhappy Life he led, his Heart was ſo touched with Compaſſion, as he did almoſt love his pretended Rival, better than his Miſtreſs. He then called to mind, how that all the favours he had received from her, had been husbanded, and obtained by *Philoxypes* his means. He paſt the next Morning in like perplexity, and ſtrange Irreſolutions; at laſt having dined ſomewhat early, he went well accompanied to lie that Night at *Claria*, not affording me any opportunity to give any notice thereof to *Philoxypes*; for he into whoſe Cuſtody I was given, thinking it had been for ſome Buſineſs of another nature, treated me as a Priſoner of the State, and would not give me the leaſt liberty.

The King commanded me to follow him, ſo as I came with him to *Claria*, he not having ſpoken one word all the way long, but muſing ſtill on his Adventure: But when we were come thither, *Philoxypes*'s People told the King, that their Maſter was not at home; and that according to his cuſtom, he was walked out all alone. The King informed himſelf carefully of one of his Servants, who had a long time waited on him, whether he knew not the cauſe of his Maſter's Melancholy? This Servant who loved his Maſter dearly, that he might make uſe of the honour the King did him in ſpeaking to him, ſaid;

Sir, *I know not what my Maſter ailes, but this I know, that if your Majeſty out of your goodneſs find not ſome means to* *cure him of the Melancholy which poſſeſſeth him, he will certainly not live long: For he eats little, hardly ſleeps at all, does nothing but ſigh, cannot endure that one ſhould ſpeak to him about buſineſs, wanders whole days in the Fields; and I once heard him cry out, when he little thought I did ſo, good Gods, what would the King ſay, if he ſaw how great my ſadneſs is! and how hardly would he gueſs at the cauſe of my Death?*

In fine, Sir, ſaid this Man, with Tears almoſt in his Eyes, *I know not what to ſay, but I am very certain your Majeſty will loſe the faithfulleſt of all your Servants, if you loſe the Prince my Maſter.*

Whilſt this Man ſpake thus, I was ſtrangely in pain; for I ſaw all that he ſaid tended to confirm the King in his Opinion: I was never the better for beckning unto him, he never looked on me, ſo intent was he to what he ſaid.

The King on his part ſighed, and having left the other, Well, *Leontidas*, you will not have it that *Philoxypes* is in Love, nor that it is *Aretephile* whom he loves? Sir, ſaid I, I confeſs I am ſtill of that belief, and I would your Majeſty could reſolve to be ſo too.

O unfortunate *Philoxypes*, cried the King! (not anſwering me) how ſad is this Diſtemper? and how unfortunate am I my ſelf, that I cannot abſolutely cure thee of the malady that poſſeſſeth thee? I would then have gone to find out *Philoxypes*, that I might acquaint him with the King's Senſe before he ſaw him, but the King would not ſuffer me: but making the way be ſhewn unto him, which *Philoxypes* moſt uſually went, we went directly towards the Head of *Claria*.

Philoxypes was this mean while gone to *Cleanthes* his Houſe, where the face of Affairs was a little altered; for *Policrite* knowing that her condition was not what ſhe believed it to be, *Philoxypes* his deſert had made a further Advancement in her Heart than formerly; neither could ſhe ſo well hide her Affection, but that *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* were much to their grief aware thereof.

Yet was *Philoxypes* ne're awhit the more happy; for *Policrite* having taken a Fancy to make trial of his

Affection by an appearing indifferency, did very carefully conceal from him the Affection ſhe had for him.

And in truth that very day that the King came to *Claria*, where we miſt of *Philoxypes*, ſhe had cauſed as much trouble in him, as admiration. For being gone to her, and having found her at the Root of a Tree, where ſhe was deſigning out a Corner of the Countrey which pleaſed her, he began to entertain her with his Paſſion, and to tell her how it grew ſtill more violent upon her.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, if I may be permitted to do ſo, I ſhould tell you, that if you deſire to win my good Eſteem, you ſhould do better to tell me, that your Paſſion grows every day more moderate: for to tell you the truth, I do ſomewhat apprehend theſe extravagant Paſſions which I have heard ſpoken of, and which they ſay, does diſorder Reaſon, makes Men loſe the reſpect they owe to Vertue, though it inhabit in a Cottage, and which occaſion a hundred ſtrange things, the very hearing whereof cauſeth Horror: Therefore, Sir, if you would oblige me, you will ſatisfy your ſelf with telling me, you have Affection enough for me, to wiſh if it were poſſible that Fortune had been more propitious to me, that I had been born of a higher condition than I am, or at leaſt this not being ſo, I might reſt content with my own condition, without envying others.

To love you with indifferency, ſaid *Philoxypes*, (who acquainted me afterwards with this their Converſation) your Beauty ſhould be indifferent, your Vertue and Diſcretion ſhould be ſo alſo: In fine, that inexpreſſible Charm, which I find in every of your Words, Looks, and Actions, ought not to inchant me as it doth: But divine *Policrite*, apprehend nothing from the violence of my Paſſion; for the ſtronger it is, the fuller of reſpect ſhall I be, and the more obedient to your Will.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, if what you ſay be true, ſpeak no more thereof I beſeech you; for not comprehending that I may lawfully give you any part of my Affection, methinks I ought intreat you to entertain me no longer with yours.

But Divine *Policrite*, ſaid he, for whom do you reſerve that glorious Affection, which you cruelly affirm I ſhall never enjoy?

At theſe words ſhe bluſh'd, and modeſtly bowing down her Eyes, I reſerve it ſaid ſhe, for our Woods, Fields, Rocks, and Fountains, whereof, Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, I think you will not be jealous.

I ſhall not be jealous of them, ſaid he, but I ſhall envy them, and I ſhall not eaſily endure that you ſhould love things to my prejudice, which cannot love you again. But cruel Maid, will you ſay nothing to me more obliging? and forgoing the Court as I do for love of you, and renouncing what ever is in the World, except it be *Policrite?* is it poſſible you ſhould not deal with me a little leſs ſeverely? I do not deſire you to love me, ſay only that you are not ſorry that I love you; and add, if you pleaſe, that if I be not beloved, 'tis becauſe you neither do nor will love any thing.

For what's to come, ſaid *Policrite*, 'tis a thing to which I ought not to anſwer with ſuch aſſurance; and as you knew not the day before I had the honour to be known unto you, that you ſhould ſo oft forgo your Palaces to come to this Cottage wherein I live; how do I know whether the Reſolution which I now take of ſuffering no Affection to enter my Heart, will ſtill continue? No, Sir, we muſt not truſt ſo abſolutely in our ſelves; nor can I anſwer otherwiſe than for my preſent Opinions.

Shew me then, replied he, what they really are; to the end I may know what to do.

Sir, ſaid *Policrite*, having much eſteem, and much of reſpect for you, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be ſorry that you ſhould love one long, whoſe condition were not anſwerable to yours, and that I could not receive a much greater diſpleaſure.

Philoxypes, who knew not the hidden ſenſe of theſe words, anſwered, That ſupream Beauty had in it ſomewhat of Cœleſtial, which did ennoble all thoſe that were therewithal indued.

In my opinion, ſaid ſhe, a certain proportion is requiſite in all things to occaſion Love, therefore do not deceive your ſelf; and if I were at any time to love any Body, it ſhould certainly be one of my own condition; nor ſhould I ever reſolve to marry any one that were not ſo.

What P*olicrite!* ſaid P*hiloxypes*, much afflicted, do you ſpeak the truth?

Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and time will make you find it ſo.

But P*olicrite*, replied he, you remember not that you are a Miracle, and that there are no Men of your condition amidſt theſe Rocks, who deſerve ſo much as to look upon you.

I will then love nothing, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and ſo ſhe roſe up, for ſhe ſaw *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* coming, who much troubled at this Prince his ſo frequent Viſits, eſpecially, having obſerved what they thought they had done in P*olicrite's* Behaviour, deſired him not to give himſelf the trouble to come ſo often thither.

P*hiloxypes*, who was ſomewhat moved at thoſe cruel words (as he underſtood them) which P*olicrite* had uttered, which made notwithſtanding ſo much for him, could not with his accuſtomed moderation receive the diſcourſe of *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto*, but Anger might eaſily be ſeen in his Face, and Grief in his Eyes.

Cleanthes, ſaid he, ſince I come not hither to rob you of the Treaſure which the Gods have given you, withſtand not the ſatisfaction which I find in admiring that virtue in *Policrite* which you have infuſed into her.

Sir, ſaid *Cleanthes*, though I very well know your Worth, I cannot but fear leſt *Policrite*, who hath not yet lived long enough to know preciſely what bounds to put to the Reſpects ſhe ows you, may be failing in ſomething either to you, or to her ſelf.

No, no, ſaid *Philoxypes*, ſomewhat roundly, you need not fear what you ſay, you may rather fear leſt her Severity and yours make me loſe my Reaſon. In fine, this converſation, though full of reſpect to *Policrite*, was ſo paſſionate, as *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* were much troubled at it, and *Policrite* her ſelf was ſufficiently diſquieted thereat, and was ſorry that ſhe had ſpoken ſo deſpitefully to *Philoxypes*. But at laſt this Prince departed much diſcontented, and much in Love; and as he returned back with intention to get on Horſe-back where he had wont to leave his Followers, he met the King who was lighted on Foot, and on whom I had the honour to wait.

You may imagine how much he was ſurprized at this ſight. As ſoon as he ſaw the King, ſtriving as much as he could to hide his Melancholy, he mended his pace. And having done his obeyſance, Sir, ſaid he, your Majeſty quits *Paphos* in a ſeaſon wherein you are not much accuſtomed to ſeek out ſolitary Walks.

You have reaſon for what you ſay, ſaid the King, but it ſeems leſs ſtrange to me that I ſhould come to ſeek for *Philoxypes* at *Claria*, than that I ſhould find him amongſt the Rocks. The day being fair enough, though in Winter, the King who could no longer ſtay from acquainting *Philoxypes* with what he had in his Heart, made a ſign to the few that waited not on him to ſtand off, and commanded me to ſtay.

There remained none then with him but *Philoxypes* and my ſelf; we all ſtood ſilent for a good while, and certainly had all of us much differing Thoughts. The King ſeeing *Philoxypes* ſo altered, ſo melancholy, and ſo perplex'd, endeavoured to make his Friendſhip out-go his Love: *Philoxypes* would have found by the King's Eyes and Mind, what the King had to ſay to him, and why he had taken this Journey, fearing by the ſigns which I made, leſt he had diſcovered his Paſſion.

For my particular, I was ready to go wild, to think I could not advertiſe *Philoxypes*, nor durſt not tell the King what I knew of his Love, whom he took to be his Rival; but at laſt this long ſilence wherein every one of us ſaid ſeveral things unto our ſelves, was firſt broke by the King, who looking in much obliging manner upon this Prince, imbraced him, and ſaid, Be not offended that I know the Secret of your Soul, and that I am not ignorant of the Paſſion which torments you.

Philoxypes ſurprized to hear the King ſpeak thus, looked with a Bluſh upon me; and the King imagining (as it was true) that he thought I had betrayed him, looked upon me too; and to puniſh me (as he told me afterwards) for not having told him the truth, not giving me leave to ſpeak, and not diſabuſing *Philoxypes*, in what he had conceived of me; once more, ſaid he, My dear *Philoxypes*, be not afflicted that I have diſcovered your Love, and believe I eſteem you never a whit the leſs.

Sir, replied *Philoxypes*, me-thinks if your Majeſty did know the true cauſe of my Affliction, you ſhould be ſo good as to bewail me, and not to ſpeak of it.

No, *Philoxypes*, replied the King, my goodneſs ſhall extend it ſelf much further than ſo, for you: I am come hither expreſly to accompany you in your ſolitarineſs; for ſince I cannot make you happy, I muſt at leaſt make my ſelf unhappy with you.

Sir, ſaid *Philoxypes*, you altogether confound me; take no ſuch reſolution I beſeech you, leave me to bear the puniſhment of my weakneſs alone, believe me I ſhall infinitely praiſe your Goodneſs, if you will ſuffer me to die in peace amidſt theſe Woods and Rocks.

The King touched with extream Compaſſion, once more ſtraightly imbraced *Philoxypes*, and looking upon him with a very ſad Look, I crave your pardon, ſaid he, *Philoxypes*, if I cannot as yet abſolutely yield *Aretephile* to you: but I am come hither to endeavour to gainſay for your ſake the Paſſion I have for her, as you have ſtroven a long time for my ſake to ſuppreſs the Paſſion which ſhe hath occaſioned in you.

Philoxypes ſurprized at the King's Diſcourſe, felt two contrary Agitations at the ſame time; he was grieved to find his odd Opinion, and joyed that he knew not the true cauſe of his Love, as he thought he had done. And believing that he might eaſily diſabuſe him in a thing ſo falſe as the former was, he reſolved to continue the Concealment of his true Paſſion.

The King then had no ſooner ſaid what I have told you, but *Philoxypes* ſtepping back a little, ſaid, What, Sir? does your Majeſty ſuſpect me of ſo much boldneſs as to be your Rival? Confeſs, ſaid the King, for I know your Misfortune hath been ſuch, as not to be able to reſiſt *Aretephile*'s Charms. But *Philoxypes*, I blame you not for it; 'twas I that firſt made trial thereof; I know how inevitable they are; you have done more than I my ſelf ſhould have done; it may be had I your Part to play, I ſhould have betrayed my Maſter, inſtead of reſolving to die of Grief and Sorrow, as you have done for my ſake. Thus *Philoxypes*, I am not diſpleaſed with you for loving *Aretephile*.

Sir, ſaid *Philoxypes*, to witneſs unto you that I am not in love with her, I promiſe you never to ſee her more, nor yet ever to come within *Paphos*, or at leaſt never to ſpeak to that Princeſs.

I very well know, ſaid the King, your Generoſity rather leads you to reſolve on Death, rather than to be failing in your Duty. But *Philoxypes*, to the end you may not object unto me, That I have done nothing to vanquiſh my ſelf, I am come to ſtay at *Claria*, as well as you, that I may endeavour to cure my ſelf of this Paſſion, and to yield up *Aretephile* to you. You on your ſide ſhall do the like, and he that is firſt cured, ſhall ſurrender his part in her to the other.

But my dear *Philoxypes*, ſaid he, you are yet more unhappy than you think for, for when I ſhould ceaſe to love *Aretephile*, you would not have won her Heart; you know how ambitious ſhe is, that her Soul is only ſenſible of greatneſs; and when I ſhould have yielded up my Miſtreſs to you, unleſs I ſhould alſo yield my Crown unto you, you would not win much upon her Inclination.

But in fine, ſaid he (not affording *Philoxypes* leaſure to anſwer him) if I yield up *Aretephile*, to you, it will not be hard for me to yield you up my Crown. And in a word, I will not be upbraided with your Death.

I will do what I can to cure my ſelf, to the end that you may cure your ſelf; and if we can neither of us cure our ſelves, we will at leaſt die together.

Sir, ſaid *Philoxypes*, I vow, by whatſoever I hold moſt Sacred, and moſt Holy, that I have not the leaſt pretence to the Princeſs *Aretephile.*

What then (ſaid the King, who did not believe him) is the cauſe of your Retreat and Melancholy? I confeſs, Sir, I was an hundred and an hundred times ready to break my Word which I had paſs'd to *Philoxypes*; but ſeeing the trouble he was in, and that, in fine, he could not reſolve to tell the King the Truth, I withheld, whilſt *Philoxypes* anſwered, That what his Majeſty did command, did not deſerve his Curioſity, and that he could not tell it him.

Being by this time late, we returned to *Claria*, where the King ſpoke ſtill after the ſame manner to *Philoxypes*, as *Philoxypes* did alſo to him. Having found a moment of time to entertain *Philoxypes* alone, I would have perſwaded him to have acquainted the King with the Truth; but he could never reſolve to do ſo, ſaying, it would be ſufficient to let him ſee he was not in love with *Aretephile*, if he ſhould never ſee her more.

This mean while, the more Obſtinacy and Grief the King found in *Philoxypes*, the more did he compaſſionate him, and the more he laboured to overcome his own Paſſion.

And to this purpoſe he ſtaid eight days at *Claria*, all which time *Philoxypes* was ready to go mad, as well in conſideration of the King's Opinion, and more for that he could not get to ſee *Policrite.*

I do not think the King would ſo ſoon have left this retiredneſs, had he not been advertiſed that an Ambaſſador from *Amaſis* King of *Egypt* was come to *Paphos*, which forc'd him to return. But *Philoxypes*, do he what he could, muſt needs go along with him: Not, ſaid the King, I will not ſee *Aretephile*, without ſeeing you at the ſame time. The Melancholy which I ſhall ſee in your Eyes, muſt be to me an Antidote againſt the Charms which I ſhall ſee in hers.

We went then to *Paphos*, but, good Gods, how little delightful was the Court then, and how much troubled did the Ambaſſador find the King, who was three days without ſeeing *Aretephile*, and *Philoxypes* being in unimaginable pain for the above-ſaid Reaſons, ſeemed to grow ſtill more Melancholy; whereat the King was ſtill more and more afflicted.

Ambitious *Aretephile* was in the mean while not without her perplexity, as well by reaſon of the King's Journey to *Claria*, as that he came not to viſit her; and for that ſhe heard he was returned wonderfully ſad.

But at laſt the King deſirous ſtill to confirm himſelf in his belief, brought *Philoxypes* with him to Princeſs *Aretephile*, hoping to diſcover his Paſſion better there than in any other place.

Philoxypes, who thought there was no better Means to undeceive the King, than in letting him ſee that he took no pleaſure in looking upon this Princeſs, was ſtill careful to look another way; but that which he did to diſdeceive the King, did the more deceive him; for, ſaid he to himſelf, unfortunate *Philoxypes* cannot endure the ſight of her whom he loves, and whom he will not love.

He accuſed himſelf then of too much inhumanity, in expoſing him to ſo great a Puniſhment; and ſeeing how ſtrangely perplex'd he was, his Viſit was not long.

Mean while, he having, during this Viſit, eyed his pretended Rival, as much as his Miſtreſs; and having been much diſquieted, the Princeſs was not much ſatisfied with his Converſation, and knew not whereunto to attribute the Cauſe of the Change which ſhe ſaw in him.

At his coming forth he ſaid a thouſand obliging things to *Philoxypes*, and *Philoxypes* made as many Proteſtations to him of his being unconcerned in *Aretephile*. But at laſt, that I may ſhorten my Diſcourſe as much as I may, *Philoxypes* being perſecuted by the King's Conceit, anger'd at *Cleanthes* Diſcourſe, much afflicted at what *Policrite* had ſaid, and much more that he could ſee her no more, and that he durſt not return to *Claria*, fell dangerouſly ſick; all the Phyſicians gave up their Opinions, that unleſs ſome Cure were found for his Melancholy, he would infallibly die. The Feaver continued ſeven days upon him very violently, at which the King was greatly diſconſolate; and during which time, I had taken a little

Journey to *Amathuſe*, about ſome Buſineſs that I had there; for I think if I had been at *Paphos*, I ſhould have had much ado to have kept *Philoxypes* his Secret from the King.

As oft as the King came into his Chamber, and ſaw him in that pitiful Condition, he reſolved to think no longer on *Aretephile*; but as ſoon as he came from him, or that *Philoxypes* grew any thing better, this Reſolution ſlackned a little.

Nor was he yet reſolved what to do; but the Fever having at laſt left *Philoxypes*, and the Phyſicians continuing ſtill to affirm that he would infallibly die, if the Cauſe of his Melancholy, whence his Malady proceeded, were not taken away. The King ſeemed to have put on a very ſtrong Reſolution, to pluck from out his Soul the Paſſion which poſſeſs'd him.

He then reſolved to viſit *Aretephile* no more; who not knowing what to think of this Change in the King, thought it might be, he was offended that ſhe had not all this while been to ſee *Philoxypes*, whom he ſo dearly loved, eſpecially ſince almoſt all the Ladies of the Court had been to viſit him. For during his Sickneſs, the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and Princeſs *Agbariſta* had never left him, ſo as the Ladies might with decency enough go thither.

Yet ſo it happened, that the day that *Aretephile* came thither, *Philoxypes* being much better than he was, they were gone forth; ſo as *Aretephile* going, accompanied with four or five of her Women, found him all alone. 'Tis true, ſhe was not there long without Company, for the King came thither preſently after. *Philoxypes* bluſh'd when he ſaw him come in, and ſeemed ſo amazed at this Encounter, as if he had been really in love with *Aretephile*. The King, who obſerved this his change of Countenance, being much concerned to ſee that he ſhould be the Cauſe of *Philoxypes*'s Danger, after a great ſtrife within himſelf, drew near to Princeſs *Aretephile*; who out of her reſpect, would have given him her Place, which he would not accept of: and after having looked upon her a while without ſpeaking, he ſighed, and ſaid, Madam, will you not cure *Philoxypes?*

Sir, ſaid ſhe, if his Health depended on me, your Majeſty ſhould ſoon be eaſed of the Grief his Sickneſs cauſeth in you.

Philoxypes, who found a great alteration in the King's Countenance, was afraid leſt he might ſay ſomewhat which might have made *Aretephile* know his Opinion of him; wherefore not affording the King leaſure to reply, Sir, ſaid he, though I believe Princeſs *Aretephile* be able to do great Things, and to charm great Pains, yet I think I may ſay, without offending her, that thoſe Evils which I lie under, depend not on her Will; and that none but the Gods themſelves can withdraw me from the Grave.

The King hearing theſe words pronounced in ſo ſad a manner, and endeavouring to overcome whatſoever oppoſed his Deſign of ſaving *Philoxypes*; drawing yet a little nearer to the Princeſs *Aretephile*, for fear leſt they that were in the Chamber might over-hear him; Madam, (ſaid he, making a ſign to *Philoxypes*, that he would not be interrupted) I ſhall tell you a thing which will much ſurprize you: I conjure you notwithſtanding, to give it a favourable interpretation, and to oblige me ſo far as to believe, that upon better terms than the ſaving of *Philoxypes*'s Life, I would not tell it you, no not though my own Life were concerned therein.

O, Sir, cried out this ſick Prince, if your Majeſty end what you have begun to ſay, you will haſten my Death inſtead of retarding it.

Princeſs *Aretephile* amazed to hear what ſhe heard, and not able to gueſs what the Matter ſhould be, looked ſometimes upon the King, ſometimes upon *Philoxypes*: but at laſt the King compleating his Determination, 'Tis you, Madam, ſaid he to the Princeſs *Aretephile*, who ſend *Philoxypes* to his Grave; your Charms have been more powerful than his Reaſon, though his Nobleneſs hath been yet greater than his Love. He loves you, divine *Aretephile*, not daring to tell you ſo; he will not ſo much as acknowledg it, yet I know for certain, that unleſs you take compaſſion on him, he will infallibly die.

I therefore ſpeak no more to you in my own behalf, ſaid he, in a ſtrange melancholy manner, but deal leſs rigorouſly with him, than you have done with me, ſince he deſerves it better: And if your Ambition be not to be ſatisfied without a Soveraign Power, I promiſe you, Divine Princeſs, that if I cannot place *Philoxypes* upon the Throne, he ſhall always be ſo near, as his Place ſhall hardly be diſcernable from mine.

In fine, (ſaid he) if *Philoxypes* die, I ſhall die, and ſo I ſhall for ever loſe you: But if you ſave *Philoxypes*, I may at leaſt hope to languiſh on a while, and to ſhare part of your Eſteem, not being able to pretend any longer to any part of your Affection. Nor think not (ſaid he) that this which I do, is any mark of weakneſs in my Affection, ſince on the contrary it denotes the violence thereof.

For, in fine, if I could reſolve to abandon you, and to follow *Philoxypes* to the Grave, I would not yield up to him the part I pretend to have in your Affection, tho he be more worthy thereof than I; but not being able to ſee him die for my ſake, without expiring with Grief; I muſt live, that he may live, and conſequently muſt endeavour for a while to prolong the ſatisfaction I take in ſeeing you.

Aretephile was ſo aſtoniſh'd to hear the King after this manner, and *Philoxypes* ſo afflicted, as Aſtoniſhment and Sorrow producing the ſame Effect in theſe two Perſonages, they ſtaid a good while without ſpeaking.

Aretephile had opinion good enough of her Beauty, to ſuffer her ſelf eaſily to be perſwaded that *Philoxypes* was in Love with her; and ſhe had likewiſe Opinion good enough of his Generoſity, to believe he durſt dot diſcover his Paſſion.

But as nothing that was not King could touch her Heart, ſhe was ſtrangely perplex'd to hear what ſhe heard; and ſometimes ſhe thought 'twas peradventure but a Pretext ſought by the King to break with her.

Philoxypes on his ſide thinking that at the laſt he muſt be forced to tell the King the truth, that he might diſabuſe him, was ſo ſtrangely confuſed as he could not open his Mouth; ſo as the King ſeeing them both ſo ſurprized, and finding that peradventure his Love might quickly make him unſay all that his Friendſhip had made him affirm, roſe up, and without expecting what *Aretephile* would anſwer, Madam, ſaid he, the pitiful condition which you ſee *Philoxypes* is in, perſwades you better than I can do, and he doubtleſly will pardon me if I ſpeak not ſo long to you for him, as I have formerly done to you for my ſelf; which ſaid, he went his way, tho *Philoxypes* deſired him to tarry, aſſuring him that he would wholly diſabuſe him.

This mean while, tho *Aretephile* had a great mind to be gone too, yet being imbitter'd in mind, and deſirous to know a little more preciſely what the buſineſs of this ſo ſtrange adventure would prove, ſhe ſtay'd a little after the King, and looking upon *Philoxypes*, who appeared to her to be ſo ſtruck mute, as if he had been in love with her: Is it you, *Philoxypes*, ſaid ſhe, that have loſt your Reaſon, or is it the King? for I confeſs unto you, I know not whether of the two it is, and that I cannot comprehend either of you.

I confeſs, Madam, ſaid *Philoxypes*, that I am not maſter of my Reaſon; but, Madam, 'tis a Malady which you are no way the cauſe of, and whereof I accuſe you not. Had you any deſign then, ſaid ſhe, to make me loſe the King's good Opinion? or is it that the King ſeeks ſome bad pretext to bereave me of it? But if it be ſo, *Philoxypes*, there needs not ſo far a fetch about the buſh; you need but give me reaſon of the leaſt ſuſpicion, and I aſſure you I ſhall not long lament the loſs of ſo divided a Heart as his is. For till now, the King did always love his Crown better than Princeſs *Aretephile*, and by his this days diſcourſe, he will make me believe that he loves you better than me.

Madam, ſaid *Philoxypes*, I beg it as a favour from you, not to blame the King upon ſo ſmall reaſon, and not to blame in him the Compaſſion he is pleaſed to have of an evil, which he believes you to be the cauſe of.

I engage my ſelf, Madam, to free him from the Error of his Opinion; for tho your Charms be without compare, the Reſpect which I have always born to you, and that which I ſhall always bear to the King, have aſſuredly warranted me from almoſt an inevitable danger, from thoſe who have not had ſo powerful Reaſons to withſtand your Beauty; therefore, Madam, do not diſquiet your ſelf, and do me the honour as to promiſe me to pardon the King's Injuſtice, in deſiring that I ſhould ſhare with you in a Heart where you ought only to reign.

But, Madam, the King had given me the place which I now enjoy before he loved you, you ought not therefore to be troubled thereat.

No, no, replied ambitious *Aretephile*, you will not eaſily be able to juſtify the King; he is generous I confeſs, but he is but a bad Lover, and whoſoever can yield up his Intereſt in the Party beloved, his Love is certainly very indifferent.

This being ſaid, ſhe bid him farewel, and left *Philoxypes* ſo much grieved as his Malady encreaſed. Fearing then leſt he might die and leave the King in the Opinion he was in, he ſent to deſire him that he might ſpeak with him, and this was juſt as I returned from *Amethuſa.* I hapened to be by the King when he received this Meſſage, who inſtantly went to *Philoxypes*, but with ſo much Diſcontent as I pitied him; he had repented himſelf more than once of what he had ſaid to *Aretephile*, and not knowing whether ſhe might not have ſaid ſomewhat obliging to *Philoxypes* after he had left them together, he returned unto him much diſquieted.

When we came thither, he enquired whether the Princeſs *Aretephile* had tarried there long after him or not? and being told not, he entered into *Philoxypes* Chamber, who was glad to ſee me with the King.

Sir, ſaid he, I ſee it is time that I confeſs my weakneſs to you, and that I diſabuſe you.

The King, who could not reconcile theſe two things, anſwered him only with a ſigh, and being ſet down by his Bed-ſide, *Philoxypes* ask'd him pardon for the trouble he had put his Majeſty to, and deſired me to acquaint the King with what I knew of his adventure, deſiring him not to be offended that I had not told his Majeſty the truth, ſince unleſs I ſhould have drawn down the Anger of Heaven upon me for Perjury, I could not have revealed his Secret, after the Oath that he had made me to take to the contrary. I then began to acquaint the King with all that I knew touching *Philoxypes* Love; but all I could ſay to him appear'd to be ſo incredible, as it was a long time before he could believe it. At laſt he told *Philoxypes*, that unleſs he ſhould let him ſee *Policrite*, he would not believe what he had heard.

Philoxypes perceiving the King's Obſtinacy, told him, That tho he was very ill he would be carried to *Claria*, in caſe he were any thing better the next Morning, imagining he ſhould ſooner recover his Health being near *Policrite*, than if he ſhould ſtay at *Paphos*.

All this while the the King did not believe what I had told him. Sometimes a Man might ſee ſome ſign of rejoycing in him: Ah, my dear *Philoxypes*, would he ſay, is it poſſible you were not my Rival, and that I was deceived? if it be ſo, I think I ſhall adore that *Policrite* you ſpeak of, inſtead of blaming the Love you bear her, ſince thereby I ſhall not be inforced to yield up what I hold dearer than my Life, and that my Confident will not prove my Rival,

But obſerve, Sir, the extraordinary Effects of Love: *Philoxypes* was very ſick when he ſent to deſire the King to come unto him; but when once he had any thought of returning to *Claria*, he grew better; he ſlept all the night quietly enough, and the next day was carried in a Litter to *Claria*, whither the King went to lie that night.

The next day *Philoxypes* left his Bed, and the following day, notwithſtanding all his Weakneſs, he got on Horſeback together with the King, waited on but by very few; and came to the foot of the Mountains where they were to light. Being there, the King followed by none but *Philoxypes* and my ſelf, went towards *Cleanthea*'s Cottage; which as ſoon as we diſcovered, *Philoxypes*, who had need enough howſoever to reſt, ſtaid a while, and ſhewing it to the King, Sir, ſaid he, ſtrangely confuſed, ſee the place which made me forgo *Paphos*; ſee the inch of all the Earth that likes me beſt, and where you go to ſee one, who peradventure will rather make you *Philoxypes* his Rival, than *Philoxypes* ſhall prove yours.

He ſpoke this with a Smile, by which it viſibly appear'd, that the hope of re-ſeeing *Policrite* had brought Joy into his Heart; yet did he fear diſpleaſing her, and to anger *Cleanthes*, by bringing the King thither; but there being no Remedy, he reſolved to do it, nor did this Fear juſtle out his Joy.

When the King had ſufficiently conſidered the greatneſs of *Philoxypes* his Affection, in reſpect of the meanneſs of *Policrite*'s Cottage; and that he had notwithſtanding acknowledged that there was ſomewhat of wild in that Deſert, which was not diſpleaſing, we went on, and came at laſt to that little Paliſado of Lawrels, wherewith *Cleanthes* his Court was incloſed. We entred thereinto, and *Philoxypes* ſtepping before the King, went to the Houſe, where he found the Door ſhut; he knock'd, but no body anſwered, which made him at firſt believe that *Cleanthes* his whole Family was gone to the Temple where he once ſaw *Policrite*.

Yet ſince there might be ſome body there who might not hear, he knock'd again, and knock'd ſo hard, that a young Slave who ſerved *Cleanthes*, came and opened the Door, who very well knowing *Philoxypes*, told him, after that *Philoxypes* had ask'd him where his Maſter was? that he could not tell him what he deſired to know, and that all that he knew was, that *Cleanthes*, *Megiſto*, *Policrite* and *Dorida*, were gone from thence, and were not to return thither any more; that they had carried along with them the Women, which they had brought from their own Country; and that his Maſter had commanded him to wait his further Directions there, not knowing wherefore he was gone, nor why he left him there.

Philoxypes, ſurpriz'd and afflicted at this Diſcourſe, was a good while without ſpeaking; the King thought at firſt that there was ſome trick in it, and that *Philoxypes* had made me ſay what I had ſaid only to abuſe him; but at laſt this young Slave being ſtept into the Houſe, and returning preſently, Sir, ſaid he to *Philoxypes*, when *Policrite* was ready to depart from hence ſhe drew me aſide, unſeen by any one, and gave me this which I give to you, ordaining me ſo to do if you ſhould come hither. *Philoxypes* taking immediately what the Slave preſented him with, opened the Letter whilſt the King did me the honour to ſpeak with me, and read theſe enſuing words.

Policrite *to* Philoxypes.

I Know not, Sir, whither it is that Policrite *is convey'd, but I very well know that* Philoxypes *is the cauſe of her Exile, not being peradventure, likely ever to have the Honour to ſee him. I thought I might without blame, let him know my Mind by this Letter, which I refuſed to acquaint him withal, the laſt time I ſpoke with him. He may then be pleaſed to know, that at firſt not eſteeming my ſelf worthy of his Affection, by reaſon of my Birth, I with-held mine from him as much as I was able; but that having learn'd ſince that I am not of the condition I appeared to be, and that there have been Kings of my Race: I confeſs I was gladded that I could not reproach* Philoxypes *for having an Inclination too diſproportionable for his degree; and that I thought it became me to let him know what I am, to the end he may not think he doth any thing unworthy of himſelf, if he ſometimes think upon* Policrite, *who will always with much Contentment think upon his Worth, whether his fortune be to lead his Life in a Cottage, or in a Palace.*

Policrite.

Philoxypes, as ſoon as he had read this Letter, came to the King and preſented it unto him; Sir, ſaid he, your Majeſty may read in this Letter my Innocency, and my

Misfortune. The King began then to read aloud what *Policrite* had written; but good God! in what pain was the unfortunate *Philoxypes* that he could not interrupt him: but as ſoon as he had read it out, looking upon him with a fix'd and grieved Eye; how ſay you now, Sir, ſaid he, am I yet in love with Princeſs *Aretephile*, or am I not the moſt unfortunate Man in the World? the King imbracing him, ask'd him pardon for his Suſpicions, and of the trouble he had given him; but my dear *Philoxypes*, ſaid he, I ſhall be ſufficiently puniſhed for it, as well in reſpect of your Sorrow, which ſhall always be mine; as for *Aretephile*, who will not eaſily forgive me; yet, ſaid he, you have wherein to rejoyce, ſince you learn two things at once of great importance, and of great Conſolation. For now you know that *Policrite* loves you, and that ſhe is of Princely Deſcent: Could you have ask'd more of the Gods if you had been to have had your Wiſhes granted you?

Ah! Sir, ſaid *Philoxypes*, that which you alledg to comfort me is the greateſt part of my Misfortune: For 'tis true, I find that *Policrite* does not hate me, and that ſhe is of Birth equal with my ſelf, but at the ſame time this lovely and cruel Perſonage tells me, ſhe ſhall never ſee me more, and that ſhe knows not whither ſhe is carried.

Oh! Sir, I ſhould be more to blame, were I in love with Princeſs *Aretephile*, but I ſhould be leſs miſerable; I ſhould have Reaſons to gainſy my Paſſion, but here I ſee nothing which doth not fortify and augment it.

In fine, after *Philoxypes* had ſufficiently bemoaned himſelf, he left the King, and went to ask an hundred things of the young Slave, without being able to learn any thing, either of *Policrites* Birth, nor whither *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* were gone; all he could learn, was only, that 'twas above a fortnight ſince they were gone; nothing elſe could be gotten out of this young Slave neither by Prayers, Promiſes nor Threats, whoſe Fidelity *Philoxypes* for all his Rage could not chuſe but approve of; but not being able to learn any more, he waited back upon the King to *Claria*.

Fo

For my part I was never more at my Wits end; for the King was ſo ſad, as well for his own occaſion, as for thoſe of *Philoxypes*, as he could not reſolve to ſay any thing, neither by way of bemoaning himſelf, nor yet of comforting *Philoxypes*, whom he ſo dearly loved.

Philoxypes on his part was more perplex'd, he was ſorry to forgo that Cottage, tho his Beloved was no longer there; he ſometimes looked back upon it, ſometimes he looked upon *Policrites* Letter, which the King had given him back.

He would ſometimes lift up his Eyes to Heaven, then again fix them on the Earth, and walking ſometimes without ſpeaking, ſometimes fetching deep ſighs, he ſeemed not to know whether the King were there or no, or whether he were alone, ſo deep was his Melancholy. At laſt we came to *Claria*, but good Gods, how ſad was the Converſation the reſt of that day!

At laſt ſaid the King to *Philoxypes*, You have this advantage, to know that *Policrite* is much obliged to you, that ſhe hath nothing to reproach you withal, that you have not offended her, and that whereſoever ſhe is, if ſhe think of you 'tis only to bewail your abſence; where, on the contrary, I have incenſed *Aretephile*, whoſe aſpiring Soul does doubtleſs accuſe me of want of Affection, and who will take it very ill that I preferr'd your Life before my Love to her.

But, Sir, ſaid the afflicted *Philoxypes*, you know where the Princeſs *Aretephile* is, you may make your Reaſons known to her, you may ask her pardon for that Fault, which an exceſs of Generoſity made you commit; you may ſit and ſigh by her, and may appeaſe her Anger. But for my part, Sir, ſhould I complain, ſhould I ſigh, ſhould I pour forth Torrents of Tears amidſt theſe Rocks, would all this reſtore to me my *Policrite?* ſhould I thereby learn where ſhe lives? It may be *Cleanthes* is put to Sea, and it may be I ſhall never know neither who *Policrite* is, nor where ſhe is.

Ah! Sir, ſaid this diſconſolate Prince, if you knew the cruelty of my Adventure, you would eaſily know that I am the moſt unfortunate Man in the World; for if I loved one that did hate me, Deſpight might cure me; if I loved one that was inconſtant, the Scorn I ſhould have of her Weakneſs might conſolate me; if I were jealous, a part of my Melancholy would paſs away in ſeeking how I might prejudice my Rivals; were *Policrites* Abſence bounded, the hope of her Return, how long ſo e're it were, would allay my Diſcontents. Nay, were any Perſon whom I ſhould love, dead, I think my Sufferings would not be ſo great as they are: For in fine, my Malady is ſuch as doth ſtupify Reaſon, and makes my Soul almoſt inſenſible.

In this manner did the King and *Philoxypes* entertain themſelves. I endeavoured to comfort them both, but to tell you truth, my Reaſons were not liſtned unto; as for *Philoxypes*, he knew not what Remedy to ſeek for; for having learned by the Slave, who gave him *Policrite*'s Letter, that 'twas a good while ſince ſhe went away, he could not dream of following her, nor knew he where to ſeek after her.

All he could do, was to give order to his People to watch night and day about the Cottage, with directions to ſtay any who ſhould come thither, that they might learn by them what this too faithful Slave would not diſcover; and to follow him wherefoever he ſhould go, believing probably that *Cleanthes* had not left him alone in that Houſe, without ſome ſecret reaſon, and without having deſign to return, or at leaſt to ſend ſome body thither on his behalf, or that the Slave himſelf ſhould return to him.

As for the King it fared not thus with him; he knew that it was at *Aretephile*'s Feet he was to ſeek for pardon; he would not, notwithſtanding, make his dear *Philoxypes* return ſo ſoon to *Paphos*, but ſtay'd the next day at *Claria*.

But tho there was no hope of finding *Policrite*, *Philoxypes* deſired the King that he would be pleaſed to ſend to all the Ports of the Iſland, to know whether *Cleanthes* had taken ſhipping in any of them or no, it being eaſy to be known, by reaſon of the many Women that were in his company, which would make him remarkable.

The King promiſed him to do what he deſired, but conjured him alſo not to refuſe to go with him to *Paphos*, to aſſiſt him in getting *Artephiles*'s Pardon. *Philoxypes* appeared viſibly diſpleaſed to be forced to return to the Court, but being ſo much obliged to the King, and the King being upon ill terms with his Miſtreſs, only out of his Love to him, he thought it became him to go, as he did. When we were come to *Paphos*, the King went that very Night to Princeſs *Aretephile*'s Lodgings, and found her only accompanied with her Women. She received him with all the Civility that was due to his condition, but alſo with as much coolneſs as could be expected from an incenſed Party.

Seeing *Philoxypes* with the King, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with a malicious Smile, Did not I tell you *Philoxypes* would recover without my medling with him? Madam, ſaid he, *Philoxypes* is much worſe than I believed him to be; but thanks to Heaven, I will not lay his Death to your charge, ſince you are not the cauſe of his diſquiet: May it pleaſe the Gods that you put not *Philoxypes* in a condition of reproaching you with my Death!

No, no, Sir, ſaid ſhe, your Life is in no danger; as long as *Philoxypes* lives, your Majeſty needs fear nothing. Alas, Madam, cry'd the King, deal not ſo hardly with me! Alas, Sir, ſaid ſhe, go not about I beſeech you to perſwade me to things ſo directly oppoſite one to another, in ſo ſhort a time; it is not above four or five days ſince you did me the honour to tell me at *Philoxipes* his Lodging, that you would no more ſue to me for your ſelf; that my Affection was a thing wherein you did no longer deſire a part; and if I remember well, you did alſo intreat me not to deal ſo rigorouſly with *Philoxypes*, as I had done with you. And it may be, ſaid ſhe, (expreſſing an extremity of Malice) that yielding much to your Intreaties upon that occaſion, I ſhould have granted what you have demanded for *Philoxypes*, had my Friendſhip been neceſſary to ſave his Life; but ſince, God be thanked, he needs it not, he may be pleaſed to content himſelf with my eſteem; and your Majeſty may likewiſe be ſatisfied with my Reſpect, which is all I can or ought to give you. For in fine, to make me believe that you love me, after being able to permit that another ſhould love me, and you your ſelf wiſh me to love him, is a thing not eaſy to be underſtood, nor yet eaſily digeſted. Believe me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to love ones Rival, better than ones Miſtreſs, is a thing whereof there are not many Examples, and which may allow me to let thoſe know, who ſhall be acquainted with the buſineſs, that 'tis an excellent way to make a faithful Servant, but a very bad Invention to make a Princeſs love him, who treats her after that manner. Shall the compoſſion I had of *Philoxypes*, Madam, replied the King, deſtroy me for ever in your good opinion? Me, I ſay, who underwent an unexpreſſible torment, before I could reſolve to pitty him? Me, who did not yield you up, ſave only becauſe I could not abandon you, and who found that *Philoxypes*'s Death did haſten mine? If you could have loved *Aretephile*, anſwered the Princeſs, more than *Philoxypes*, you would have lamented his Misfortune alone; you would have endeavoured to have cured him by abſence, or by a thouſand other ways; you would have bewailed his Death when it ſhould have happened, and would yet have been comforted, by the ſole ſight of *Aretephile*; but becauſe you love *Philoxypes* better than you love *Aretephile*, you reſolve without much difficulty to loſe her. Yet, Sir, you could yield up to *Philoxypes* no more than that part which you held in her, which was not peradventure ſo great as you believe.

Ah! inhumane Princeſs, ſaid the King, make me not deſpair, and know that when I made a ſurrender of you to *Philoxypes*, I was reſolved to die. It may be, Sir, ſaid ſhe, if I had ſo much weakneſs as to lend a favourable Ear to what you now ſay, that upon the firſt occaſion that ſhould preſent it ſelf; and upon the firſt ſuſpicion you ſhould have that any one ſhould bear me never ſo little good will, you would again conjure me to be his cure. No, no, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with a yet more ſerious Face, you never loved me, nor do you know what it is to love: Love is ſomewhat above Reaſon, or Generoſity, which hath reaſons of its own: A Man may give his own Life for his Friend, but as for the Miſtreſs whom he loveth, it would be more juſt, and more uſual, to quit all his Friends for her intereſt, than to yield her up to any one Friend.

In fine, ſaid ſhe, you may perchance have thought you could have lived without me; for had you dream't you muſt have died, me-thinks you might as well have died without yielding up *Artephile* to *Philoxypes*, as after having ſurrendred her to him. But, Sir, ſince you have rather choſen to ſpecify an extraordinary mark of Generoſity, than to give the commoneſt proof of Love, I have no more to ſay; neither have I more to do, but to preſerve my Heart as free as it hath always been. The King ſeeing he could not appeaſe this haughty Spirit, call'd *Philoxypes* in to his Aid; Come, ſaid he, come make amends for the fault which you have innocently committed; and if you will preſerve my Life, as I would have done yours, be a mean of replacing me in the condition wherein I was before I had compaſſion of you. Madam, ſaid *Philoxypes*, addreſſing his Speech to the Princeſs, if you judge of the King's Love to you, by his Friendſhip to me, what may you not expect from thence; ſince to ſave my Life, he could for ſome few Moments only renounce the Poſſeſſion of ſo ineſtimable a Jewel. And will you not then believe, That upon the leaſt occaſion which ſhould preſent it ſelf, he would for your ſervice ſacrifice, not only *Philoxypes*, but even all his Subjects, nay, even his own Life? No, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you are not ſo much bound to the King, as you imagine, and inſtead of your deſiring me to judg of his Love to me, by the Friendſhip he bears to you, I ſhall adviſe you to judg of his Friendſhip to you, only by his Love to me; and to believe, that ſince he was able to yield me up, he never had ſo reſolute a Paſſion for *Artephile*, as to deſerve that *Philoxypes* ſhould be much beholden to him for what he hath done for him, ſince he would have done the like for any other. But, cruel Princeſs, ſaid the King, what will you have me to do? Me-thinks, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould demand no unjuſt thing of you, if I ſhould humbly intreat you to think no longer on *Artephile*, and quietly to enjoy the Life of *Philoxypes*, which hath coſt you ſo little.

Ah! ſaid he, if I ſhould have purchaſed the Life of *Philoxypes*, at the loſs of your Affection, I ſhould have bought it more dear, than if I ſhould have given my Crown for it. Confeſs the truth, ſaid this malicious Princeſs, if *Philoxypes* had been as ſick of Ambition, as you did think him Love-ſick, he would not for certain be yet cured, and you would not ſo ſoon have forgon your Scepter, as you did *Aretephile.* *Philoxypes*, who eaſily conceived the hidden Senſe of theſe words, whereunto the King replied not, ſo was he overborn with Grief, ſaid, Madam, if the King ſhall confeſs unto you that he had done amiſs, and ſhall ask your pardon for it, will you be more inexorable, than are the Gods, and will you ſhew no Mercy? When the King, ſaid ſhe, ſhall have done, to cure me of any Malady of mind, if any ſuch ſhall befal me, ſo extraordinary a thing, as that which he hath done for you, I ſhall then ſee of what mind I ſhall be. In fine, Sir, all that the King and *Philoxypes* could do or ſay, did no ways avail with this imperious Princeſs.

When they were come from her, and were returned to the Palace; *Philoxypes* who was well acquainted with *Aretephiles*'s Humour, told the King, he knew a way how to work his Reconcilement with her. Alas, ſaid the King, there are few things I would not do to purchaſe that Content: Speak therefore, my dear *Philoxypes*; muſt I be long in pain? muſt I ſigh abundantly, and pour forth abundance of Tears? and muſt I be everlaſtingly proſtrate at her Feet? No, Sir, ſaid he, you ſhall only put the Crown upon her Head. But, replied the King, I would gladly not have owned *Aretephile*'s Love to her Ambition; on the contrary, I would have had the Crown of *Cyprus* to have been a reward of her Affection to me.

Five or ſix days being thus paſt over, and *Philoxypes* not being able to tarry any longer at the Court, he deſired leave of the King to return to *Clavia*. Thoſe who the King had ſent to the Port-Towns which were neareſt to P*aphos*, returned at the ſame time, but brought no news of P*olicrite*; ſo as the unfortunate P*hiloxypes* returned to his ſolitarineſs in great deſpair.

He had yet engaged the King not to diſcover the cauſe of his Melancholy; nor were there any that knew it, but he, the Princeſs *Aretephile*, and my ſelf; nor did the Princeſs know any more, then that P*hiloxypes* was faln in love with one that he knew not.

It would be very hard to relate unto you what Life he led; when it was fair Weather, he went to viſit P*olicrite*'s Cottage, and all the places where he had ſeen her, or ſpoken with her; he went to ask more Queſtions of the Slave who was there, and whom they had ever had an eye unto, not finding any one that ſpoke with him, nor that he ſpoke with any one. But all the Addreſſes this Prince could make, could not prevail againſt the Fidelity of this Slave, who deſerved a better condition.

When *Philoxypes* could not walk abroad, he walked in his Gallery, gazing on the Picture of his dear P*olicrite*. When he called to mind how contented a Life he led before he fell in Love, he almoſt wiſhed he had never ſeen P*olicrite*; but when he remembred her charming Beauty, her bewitching Mind, and the happy Hours which he had enjoyed in her Company, though ſhe had always concealed the Eſteem ſhe had for him; he preferred all the Sorrows he had ſuffered ſince he was in Love, before all his former Pleaſures.

Oh! would he ſometimes ſay to himſelf, when he ſhould read P*olicrite*'s Letter; how ſweet, how pleaſing, and how cruel things have I learn't in one day? P*olicrite* is of illuſtrious Birth, *Policrite* will always remember me, and P*olicrite* will never more ſee me. Alas, if it be ſo, ſaid he, why have I not recourſe to Death, and what ſhall I do with ſo unfortunate a Life? Then ſuddenly remembring that P*olicrite* was alive, and that ſhe did not hate him, he conceived a beam of hope, that peradventure ſhe might make enquiry after him, and knowing how miſerable a Life he led, ſhe might at laſt reſolve to let him know in what part ſhe lived.

This Thought afforded him only ſo much hope as to keep him from dying; not ſo much as to comfort him in his Misfortunes. Living then in this manner all the reſt of the Winter, he went ſometimes to ſee the King, when the King could not come to him; and deſpairing of all Remedy, he only expected Death, or news of *Policrite*: the one or the other whereof were the Object of all his Thoughts, and the Bounds of all his Deſires. The Spring it ſelf, which ſeems to inſpire Joy into whole Nature, wrought no alteration in him. He beheld the Roſes in his Gardens bluſh, with the ſame Melancholy as he had ſeen his Knots white with Snow in Winter. Thoſe who watched over *Cleanthes* his Slave, brought him word one Morning, that he was ſuddenly dead. This angerſom News did redouble his Grief, in as much as for that he ſeemed concerned in any thing which belonged to *Policrite*; and that this Slave appeared to him worthy of ſuch good Fortune, as that in loſing him, he loſt almoſt all hopes of ever diſcovering where *Policrite* was. He forbore not notwithſtanding, to have watch kept for a while, to ſee whether any body ſhould come to that rural Cottage, or no: but at laſt, weary of wearying out his People, he diſpenced with their further trouble therein; and abandoned his Fortune abſolutely to the Guidance of the Gods.

As he was one day in this ſad mood, *Solon* came to *Claria*; he was at firſt much joyed to hear a name he ſo dearly loved; but conſidering what an alteration there was in him, ſince he had ſeen him, and how confounded he ſhould be to acknowledge his weakneſs to him, though he knew that lawful Love was not a Paſſion to which *Solon* had declared himſelf an Enemy, this Joy ſuffered a little allay. He went notwithſtanding with much eagerneſs to meet him; but ſadneſs having ſo deeply ſeized upon his Heart and Eyes, the ſatisfaction which he received to ſee the famous *Solon*, was ſo inward, as there hardly appeared any ſign thereof in his Countenance. *Solon* no ſooner ſaw him, but he obſerved his Melancholy; and *Philoxypes* on his part, looking on *Solon*, inſtead of the peaceful Phyſiognomy, and that chearful and pleaſing Aſpect which he had wont to have in his Eyes, he ſeemed to ſee a great deal of Sorrow.

The firſt Complements being over, and *Philoxypes* having brought *Solon* to his Chamber; Sir, ſaid he, the ſight of you would ſurely much rejoyce me, did I not ſee ſome ſigns of Sorrow in you, of which I muſt needs requeſt to know the cauſe. Noble Prince, replied *Solon*, I ſhould have prevented you, and have deſired to know the cauſe of your Melancholy, before having afforded you leaſure to inform your ſelf of mine. But I confeſs unto you, the Law-giver of *Athens*, is not at preſent in a condition of preſcribing Laws unto himſelf; and that the Sorrow I feel, is ſtronger than my Reaſon. *Philoxypes*, embracing him then ſtraitly, conjured him to tell him the reaſon thereof, and deſired him to believe he would do all that lay in his power to comfort him.

But, Sir, ſaid he, I thought that Philoſophy had been a ſalve to you againſt all the Misfortunes of Life; and that Sorrow was a thing unknown to *Solon*, to whom whole *Greece* gives the name of Wiſe.

Philoſophy ſaid this famous *Athenian*, is a vain-glorious Art, which boaſts of governing in Places, wherein ſhe hath no great power; ſhe may doubtleſly, ſaid he, teach Men to be vertuous, make them know whole Nature, teach them how to diſcourſe, and give them Laws and Precepts for the Government of Kingdoms and Common-wealths; nay, ſhe may oft-times make us overcome our Paſſions; but when an equitable feeling, which Nature gives us, is to be overcome, believe me *Philoxypes*, the ſame Philoſophy which hath ſometimes made us loſe Crowns without change of Countenance, or which hath made us not ſtick to refuſe them, is weak in leſs eminent Occaſions. And in my particular, I may ſay, I have been thrice in my Life-time abandoned by her; though peradventure I have been aſſiſted by her upon an hundred difficult Occaſions. But yet, ſaid *Philoxypes*, ſhall I not know what 'tis that afflicts you? It very well behoves that I tell it you, ſaid *Solon*, ſince 'tis from you alone that I can expect any help. I will not repeat unto you, ſaid he, the ſo many particulars of my Fortune which formerly I have acquainted you withal, for I believe you have not forgot them; but that you may perfectly know the cauſe of my Grief, I muſt however take the riſe of my Diſcourſe afar off, and tell you ſome Circumſtances of my Life which you have not yet known. You know I never believed that Marriage was incompatible with Philoſophy and true Wiſdom, as *Thales* that famous *Mileſian* did imagine; you know likewiſe that I married a Perſonage of great Worth and Underſtanding, by whom I had Children, who died ſoon after they were born; one only Son excepted, whom I have bred up carefully, intending to make him worthy of that noble Blood whence he is deſcended. He was about 14 or 15 years old, when I was at *Milet*, about ſome Affairs of mine; where I viſited wiſe *Thales*, who was one of my very good Friends. He civilly reproach'd me with my weakneſs, and ſaid, I did ſufficiently witneſs my indulgence to Love, by a little Image of *Cupid*, which I one day conſecrated to that Deity, and placed in the Park belonging to the Academy, there where they who run with the ſacred Torch, are wont to aſſemble themſelves. Paſſing from one thing to another, we ſpake of the Happineſs, and of the Misfortunes of Marriage; and thus our Diſcourſe varying, as it oft falls out, from our firſt ſubject, we ſpoke of News and other ſuch like Matters.

Preſently after, *Thales* feigning to have ſome order to give to one of his Folk about his own Affairs, roſe to ſpeak to him in his Ear, and came and took his place again. Not long after, I might ſee a Stranger come, whom I knew not, who told him he was come from *Athens*, not above ten days ago. Preſt by the natural deſire of Curioſity, to know whether there was nothing of new befaln in my Country, ſince my departure thence, I ask'd him whether he knew any thing conſiderable there or no? No, ſaid he, ſave only that the day I came away on, I ſaw the Funeral Obſequies of a young Youth of the beſt Rank, whereat all the People of Note in the Town, were preſent, and were very ſenſible of the Sorrow this Child's Death would cauſe in his Father, who was not then at *Athens*. I confeſs, when I heard him ſpeak thus, my Colour changed, fearing my Son might be concerned; which made me ask him whether he knew not the Name of that unfortunate Father? I have forgot it, ſaid he, but I know he is a Man of great Integrity, and who is much eſteemed of in that place.

I confeſs, Sir, that ſince Philoſophy teacheth Sincerity, as well as Modeſty, I thought I might be the Man ſpoken of; was willing to know the truth, without offence to good Manners; his Name doubtleſly, ſaid I, was not *Solon*: Pardon me, ſaid he, his Name came juſt to my Memory as you pronounced it. To what end ſerves it to deny it? I could not hear ſo ſad News without Sorrow, and that ſo great as *Thales* pitied me, and jeſting at my weakneſs, asked me whether it were advantageous for a wiſe Man to marry, or no? Putting himſelf thereby in a condition to have ſtudied Philoſophy for others, not being able to make uſe thereof himſelf. After this, he told me there was not one word true of all that this Man had ſaid; that he had not ſo much as been at *Athens* of a long time; and that he had ſaid all this by his Directions, which he had cauſed to be given him, when he roſe from me to ſpeak in the Ear with one of his Servants.

At my return to *Athens*, I found my Son alive indeed, but I found the whole Town in confuſion, by reaſon of ſome diſorder that had happened between thoſe that were deſcended from *Megacles*, and thoſe that were come of them that had been of the *Citonean* Conſpiracy. The *Megarians* ſurprized the Port of *Niſa*, and re-took the Iſle of *Salamina*, which had cauſed me ſo much trouble. And to add to the Misfortune, all the People were ſeized on with a ſuperſtitious Snare, which perſwaded them that Spirits returned; that Fantaſmes and Apparitions appeared; and this Imagination prevailed ſo much with moſt of them, as there was an univerſal Humiliation.

Thoſe who had the charge of the ſacred Things, ſaid, that they found infallible ſigns by the Victims, that the Town needed Purification, and that the Gods were incenſed by reaſon of ſome ſecret Offence committed.

To this effect, by the advice of the wiſeſt ſort, they ſent an Expreſs to *Crete*, to *Epimenides* the Phaeſtien, who was, and doubtleſly is ſtill an incomparable Man, a Man whoſe Life is altogether pure, innocent and holy; who eats no more than what is ſufficient to maintain Life, and whoſe Soul leans as little to the Senſes as in this Life it can; who is very learned in the knowledg of Heavenly Things, and who paſſes in his Country, not only for one who has ſometimes Divine Revelation, but is by the People of *Crete* believed to be the Son of a Nymph, called *Balta:* However it be, Sir, he is a Man of extraordinary Knowledg and Vertue.

Epimenides, not refuſing the Entreaties that were made unto him, came to *Athens*, and of ſo many famous Men as were in that noted City, did me the favour to chuſe me for his moſt intimate Friend, having through his Wiſdom, and through the Peoples belief in him, diſſipated all their falſe Imaginations, and that by Prayers, Sacrifices, and Ceremonies, he had rid them of all their Fears, he would yet ſtay a while at *Athens* for my ſake, where certainly he told prodigious Predictions to an hundred ſeveral People. As we were ſpeaking one day of humane Weakneſs, and how little a Man ought to rely upon his own Strength, nor yet upon Philoſophy; I acquainted him with what had befallen me with *Thales* the *Mileſian*, and how much aſhamed I was, not to be Maſter of my firſt Opinions. *Solon* (ſaid he to me) is eaſy to be overcome on that ſide, and as often as Fortune will make uſe of the Affections of Nature againſt him, ſhe will certainly overcome him: For he hath a Soul as tender upon ſuch Encounters, as ſtrong againſt Ambition: But *Solon*, ſaid he, you are to be bewailed if you do not reſolve to believe me; and believe that what you underwent whilſt you were with your Friend *Thales*, is little in compariſon of what you ſhall one day ſuffer in the

Perſon of a Daughter, of whom your Wife is at this preſent with Child.

I have, ſaid he, obſerved your Birth, and your Life, and I find that this Child, which will be ſoon born, will be a prodigy for Beauty and Vertue, and will alſo be one of the happieſt Women in the World, if you believe my Counſel; but alſo if you will not believe and follow it, ſhe will be the moſt unfortunate. In fine, ſaid he, if you do not what I ſhall ſay unto you, you ſhall have the diſcontent to ſee that your Daughter's Beauty will make your Country deſolate; and that after having refuſed the Soveraign Power (as you will one day refuſe it) ſhe will make one of your Citizens fall in love with her, who will become the Tyrant of the Common-wealth, which will make her reſolve to die rather than to marry him.

I confeſs I was much troubled to hear *Epimenides* ſpeak after this manner; for I had heard him foretel divers things which I had ſeen punctually fall out according to his Predictions. I then deſired him to tell me what he would have me to do, to preſerve a Man who did ſacrifice his whole Life to the Glory of *Athens*, from having a Daughter who ſhould cauſe Love in him that would be the Tyrant thereof. He told me then, that ſince it was not yet known in *Athens* that my Wife was with child, I ſhould conceal her great Belly, ſend her into the Country, and when ſhe ſhould be brought to Bed, that I ſhould cauſe this Daughter to be ſecretly brought up, not ſuffering her to know whoſe Child ſhe was, nor yet any other body whoſoever, except thoſe who were to have the care of her Education, that if it ſhould ſo fall out, as I ſhould be forced to forſake my Country, I muſt, during my Exile, leave her in ſome Iſland upon the *Egean* Sea; and that things being thus carried, ſhe ſhould be infallibly happy, and I ſhould not need to fear that ſhe ſhould be beloved by the Tyrant of *Athens*. In fine, Sir, to ſhorten my Diſcourſe, I obeyed *Epimenides* his Advice, I ſent my Wife into the Country, where when her time was come, ſhe was brought to Bed of a Daughter; wondering at the Accompliſhment of the beginning of this Prediction, I continued to follow *Epimenides*

menides his directions, who at his departure (after having refuſed all the Preſents that were made him, and taking for his Reward only a Branch of the ſacred Olive) told me that my Daughter would one day cauſe as much Joy in me by her Vertue and good Fortune, as ſhe would cauſe Sorrow in me by reaſon of her Loſs. Theſe obſcure words continued fix'd in my Memory, ſo as I put my Daughter into the hands of a Siſter of mine whom I loved very well, who was married in *Corinth*, and was come to ſee me; truſting only her and her Husband with the Secret which *Epimenides* had acquainted me withal.

I will not ſtay to tell you, that ſoon after I loſt my Wife, for which I was very much grieved; neither will I entertain you with the Diſorders of *Athens*, which are too well known to all Men; nor yet with the Relation how I was ſolicited to accept of the Soveraign Power, being put in mind that there had been Kings of my Race, and that one that was deſcended from the illuſtrious *Chodrus*, need make no ſcruple to accept the Scepter; nor with what ſtedfaſtneſs I rejected thoſe who made ſo unjuſt a Propoſition to me, following *Epimenides* his Predictions: neither will I tell you what Laws I there eſtabliſhed, you know them, and know how they were obſerved; nor yet the Reſolution which I took to quit my Country for the ſpace of ten Years, to the end that I might make no further alterations, and leave the People leiſure to accuſtom themſelves to their new Laws.

But I will tell you, that being ready to take my voluntary Baniſhment from *Greece*, and not forgetting what *Epimenides* had told me, I came to *Corinth* unknown, and having told my Siſter that I was obliged to leave my Daughter in an Iſland during the time of my Exile: This vertuous Perſonage, who loved her no leſs than a Daughter which ſhe had of her own, had married a Gentleman of extraordinary worth, and who had long lived a retired Life, ſo as ſhe eaſily prevailed with him, not to abandon my Daughter, who really appeared to me, to be the ſweeteſt Child I ever ſaw. I conſulted the Gods touching my Deſign, who confirmed me therein. Thus I took this little Family along with me in my Ship; and being deſirous that the place of Exile for theſe whom I ſo dearly loved, might be a pleaſant place, I choſe this Iſle to leave them in.

Whilſt *Solon* diſcovered thus at large; *Philoxypes*, who longed to interrupt him, could no longer forbear; Did you, Sir, ſaid he, leave a Daughter in this Iſland? Yes, ſaid *Solon*, with a ſigh, and I ſaw her here about four Years ago, when I would be ſeen by none but by you: and, Sir, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, I ſaw her ſuch a one as *Epimenides* had decyphered her, to wit, handſom, full of Wit and Vertue.

When I firſt left thoſe, to whoſe Guidance I commited her, I willed them to ſay they were of the Iſland of *Crete*. At this word *Philoxypes* changed colour, remembring that it was of thence that *Cleanthes* ſaid himſelf to be. But Sir, ſaid he, how was this Daughter called that the Gods gave you? *Policrite*, replied *Solon*. *Policrite*, ſaid *Philoxypes*, is *Policrite*, Sir, then your Daughter? *Solon* ſurprized at *Philoxypes* queſtion, changed colour alſo, and feared leſt this Prince might have known ſomewhat of *Policrite*, which might diſpleaſe him more than the uncertainty he was in of her Life or place of Abode.

How, Sir, ſaid he, come you to know my Daughter, whom to ſay truth, I left near enough to you, but whom I had alſo left in a place where I thought not you ſhould have met with her; and that when you ſhould have met with her, you ſhould not have known her to be what ſhe is? It was the Gods, replied *Philoxypes*, who brought me to the knowledg of her; and 'tis the Gods likewiſe, ſaid he, who have taken her from her Cottage, doubtleſly to puniſh me for not preciſely knowing the Daughter of that famous *Solon*. At laſt he deſired this Law-giver to go into his Gallery, which was painted ſince his laſt being at *Claria*; and ſhewing him the ſeveral Pictures of *Policrite*, under the figure of *Venus Urania*; Behold, Sir, ſaid he, the Goddeſs which made me know *Policrite!* *Solon* ſurprized with the ſight, looked on *Philoxypes*, and not comprehending how he could come by thoſe Pictures without *Policrite*'s Conſent; Sir, ſaid he, *Epimenides* aſſured me that *Policrite* ſhould be vertuous; but theſe Pictures make me believe, that being bred up amongſt the Rocks, ſhe may have become too indulgent. Ah, Sir, ſaid *Philoxypes!* how far is *Policrite* from what you ſpeak of? but ſhall I dare to acquaint you with my Boldneſs? and ſhall I dare to enquire of you, before I acquaint you with my Misfortune and yours, wherefore you left her in that place? *Solon*, who knew *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto*'s Integrity, who knew likewiſe how vertuous *Policrite* was, condemned his firſt Suſpitions, and haſted to tell him how when he firſt arrived in our Iſland, he made *Cleanthes* and his Family come on ſhore as Paſſengers which he knew not, that afterwards he placed them near the Sea-ſide, but that being afterwards at *Claria*, and whilſt he aſſiſted him in the building of that Town to which he would give his Name, being walk'd abroad alone, he had obſerved that little deſert place, where he placed *Policrite*, having given *Cleanthes* wherewithal to build that little Cottage, and wherewithal to ſubſiſt commodiouſly during the time of his Exile. That paſſing from *Africa* into *Aſia*, to go to *Cræſus* his Court, he would firſt come once again to *Cyprus* that he might ſee his dear *Policrite*. That he had been a whole Month in that Cottage, *Policrite* not having all that while either known his Name, nor that he was her Father; and that afterwards he came to viſit him at *Claria*, that he confeſt he had in that Journy diſcovered ſtrange light in the young Maid's Underſtanding, which obliged him to be very ſenſible of her loſs: For, ſaid he, I can find no body now in that Cottage, and cannot learn, neither why thoſe that did inhabit there have left it, nor how long it is ſince they went from thence, nor what way they are gone.

But you, Sir, ſaid he, be pleaſed I beſeech you to let me hear all whatſoever you know of my Daughter, and conceal nothing from me; for I confeſs I ſtand upon Thorns. *Philoxypes* having obſerved that *Solon* was really very impatient to know how he came to know *Policrite*, and how he had got ſo many Pictures of hers, told him the whole truth, he made him call to mind his former Inflexibility, and how he had told him long ſince that a Man might once in his Life be overcome by Love without any Shame. Then he told him what glorious and gallant Company he had had at his Houſe; how miraculouſly this *Venus* was eſteemed by them all; the Conteſtation which he had with them thereupon; how afterwards he met with *Policrite* at the head of the River *Claria*; how ſurprized he was to ſee that the Pourtrait of his *Venus*, ſhould be the Picture of this unknown Maid; how much he was troubled that he could not find her again; how happily he met *Cleanthes* as he was going with his Family to the Temple; how he ſaw her the third time when he found her in the Temple; how at laſt he diſcovered her Cottage, and his ſundry Thoughts thereupon; he acquainted him with the firſt viſit he made to *Policrite*, when he found her making Garlands of Flowers, what ſpeech he had with *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto*; and in fine, how violently he was taken with her. He told him alſo how he had endeavoured to ſuppreſs his Paſſion, by reaſon of the ſuppoſed meanneſs of her Birth; what an alteration this Paſſion had wrought in his Mind; how the Court was ſtartled at his Melancholy; the King's odd conceit thereupon, his diſcourſe with the King, and with the Princeſs *Aretephile*; how angry this Princeſs was, and how much he himſelf was perplex'd; how it came to paſs that *Mandrocles* had drawn *Policrite*'s Pictures; and in fine, he told him all that had befallen him; and when he had ended his recital, not affording *Solon* leiſure to ſpeak, thus you ſee, Sir, ſaid he, I am no longer that inflexible *Philoxypes* which you formerly knew me to be, but I may ſafely proteſt unto you, that I loved *Policrite* in a Cottage with the ſame reſpect as if ſhe had been ſeated on a Throne, and I may alſo aſſure you, that my Paſſion for her was as pure as if I had known ſhe had been your Daughter.

Do not blame me then, I conjure you, ſince I have only adored *Solon*'s Vertue and Worth in *Policrite*'s Perſon; for 'tis her vertuous Mind which I am more enamour'd of than of her perſonal Beauty; yet do I deſerve to be puniſh'd, for doubtleſs my frequent Viſits have cauſed *Cleanthes* to change his Abode. He knew not *Philoxypes*, and imagined he might have abuſed him in *Policrite:* But to prove, ſaid he, that I lived reſpectfully with her, and that I never received a favourable word from her, ſee (ſaid he, Sir, ſhewing him the Letter which he had received) the innocent and cruel ſign of acknowledgment, that this Divine Perſonage hath given me, ſince that at the ſame time when ſhe ſays ſhe will remember me, ſhe ſays alſo ſhe ſhall never ſee me more: yet, Sir, ſaid he, if my Paſſion do diſpleaſe you, you ſhall ſee how ready I will be to die, as ſoon as you ſhall have given me the leaſt occaſion ſo to do; ſince that is the only way whereby I can pluck her out of my Heart; but on the contrary, if you do truly love me, you will rather bewail me than accuſe me, you will promiſe me not to oppoſe me, if the Gods reſtore *Policrite* to you, and you will ſuffer her to be Miſtreſs of that ſtately Town which was built by your Directions.

I wiſh, Sir, I were able to offer her ſundry Scepters, but I think not that he who refuſeth them, will ſtick much to beſtow his Daughter on a Prince, who thinks himſelf happy in being but near a Throne, and to aſſiſt his King to ſuſtain the weight of his Scepter.

When *Philoxypes* had made an end of ſpeaking, and *Solon* had read *Policrite*'s Letter; My Daughter, ſaid he, is yet wiſer than I thought her to have been; and ſince ſhe hath been able to reſiſt the Charms of *Philoxype's* Greatneſs and Worth, I find *Epimenides* had reaſon to ſpeak of her as of a Miracle.

Be you then aſſured, ſaid he, Sir, thas if the Gods reſtore my Daughter to me, I ſhall bring no other Obſtacle to your Deſigns, than my humble deſire that you will ſeriouſly conſider, whether ſhe be worthy or no of the Honour you would do her; for if you continue in your Reſolution, and that I ſhall know that ſhe doth indeed deſerve a part of the Favours which you vouchſafe her, I ſhall be ready to command her to look on you, as on him whom the Gods have choſen to make her happy and glorious.

I do not tell you *Philoxypes*, that the famous *Exceſtides*, my Father, who left me poor only out of his own Magnificency, was deſcended from the illuſtrious Blood of King *Chodrus*; for theſe are not things which I think Men ought much to boaſt of: But I will aſſure you, that all thoſe of my Houſe, ſince they have left the Crown, have been as good Citizens as their Fore-Fathers were good Kings; and that for my particular, I had always rather oppoſe my ſelf to Tyranny, than be a Tyrant.

In fine, ſaid he, as it is not to your Greatneſs that I give *Policrite*, I pretend alſo, that *Policrite*'s Virtue ſhall ſupply the place of a Crown.

But alas, ſaid *Philoxypes!* how will you give me this, Divine *Policrite*, if we know not where ſhe is? She muſt be begg'd of the Gods, replied *Solon*, ſince 'tis from them alone that we are to expect all the good that can befall us.

In fine, Sir, *Philoxypes* conceived an unexpreſſible Joy, to find *Solon* ſo favourably diſpoſed towards him: But alſo his Grief was no leſs extream, to think that *Solon*'s good Intentions would prove of no uſe, if *Policrite* were not found. Yet was he ſomewhat comforted with the ſight of ſo famous a Man, and the converſation of one ſo perfectly wiſe, made his Sorrow appear at leaſt more moderate, though really it was always very great. Nay, I remember he told me, that notwithſtanding all his ſadneſs, he forgot not you, Sir, but entertained *Solon* with the Diſcourſe of you, as of a very extraordinary Perſonage.

This mean while the King having heard of *Solon*'s Arrival, and how that *Policrite* was his Daughter, was exceeding glad, and would have him and *Philoxypes* to come to Court; ſo as this Prince his Love was no longer ſo great a Secret.

Imagining that *Cleanthes* was not gone out of the Iſland, Command was ſent again to all the Towns and Villages, to give an account of what Strangers lived in them: but do what they could, they could learn no acceptable News.

This mean while the Court grew very Melancholy; for Princeſs *Aretephile*, not able to put on a reſolution of pardoning the King, the King by an odd phanſy of Love, reſolved alſo to win this Princeſs's Heart, before he would aſſure her to make her his Queen.

Philoxypes on his part was mad to think he could not find out *Policrite*, and that he had been the cauſe why *Solon* had loſt her: and *Solon* was alſo very ſad that he could hear no news of his Daughter; eſpecially at a time when he was of neceſſity to return to *Athens*, where he had learned that there were great diſorders, and that all things tended towards Sedition.

He knew that there were three ſeveral Factions there; that one *Lycurgus* was chief of thoſe that inhabited the Plains; that *Megacles*, Son to *Alemeon*, commanded over thoſe of the Sea-coaſt; and that *Piſiſtrates*, whom certainly you knew when you went to *Athens*, was chief of the Mountaineers. So, as though all that numerous People had punctually obſerved his Laws ſince his departure, yet the face of Affairs was likely ſoon to alter.

Solon being then neceſſitated to be gone within a few days, told *Piloxypes*, That the intereſt of a Man's Country, was to be preferr'd before all things elſe; and that he who choſe rather to conceal his Daughter, than to expoſe her to the love of a Tyrant, would not abandon his Country, to expect in vain to hear of one whom certainly the Gods would preſerve if ſhe were worthy of their care; ſo as he had no more to do, than give him full leave to marry her if he ſhould find her. *Philoxypes* being at that ſame time both much afflicted, and much joyed, thank't *Solon* for the honour he did him; but the Wind not ſerving for his departure, and his Ship not being ready, he muſt have patience for a while. During this interval of time, *Solon* underſtood that there was a famous Temple about ſome forty Miles from *Paphos*, dedicated, as were almoſt all the reſt in the Iſland, to *Venus Urania*, where 'twas ſaid this Goddeſs delighted more to be honoured, than in any other Temple; becauſe the cuſtom there was, that all the Ceremonies were performed by Maids of good deſcent, who dedicated themſelves to the ſervice of that Goddeſs, and who were to ſerve her three years in her Temple before they were to marry.

Solon who believed he could not imploy the time better, which much againſt his Will, he was to ſtay in *Cyprus*, than in praying to the Gods, moved *Philoxypes* to go thither, who eaſily gave way thereunto; ſo as getting on Horſeback the next Morning, and attended but by a few Servants, they came to this Temple, which is very delightfully ſeated.

I know, Sir, I ſhould not ſtay to acquaint you with all the Ceremonies of the Sacrifice, which upon this occaſion was offered for *Solon* and *Philoxypes*; yet it being famous amongſt us for what enſued thereupon, I will crave leave to do it; as alſo, becauſe peradventure you have not ſeen the like: For 'tis a Sacrifice which doth not coſt the victims Lives, but on the contrary, makes them recover their Liberty.

This Temple is fairly enough built; the Altar is ſtately, at the foot whereof, and juſt in the midſt, is placed a great Candleſtick of Gold with twelve Branches, whereon Chriſtal Lamps hung which were all lighted inſtantly after. Fifty Maids, clothed in ſilver Tiffany, mingled with Blew, to denote the original of that heavenly *Venus* whom they ſerved, having each of them a Coronet of Flowers on their Head, and Sprigs of Mirrh in their Hands, rank'd themſelves on the two ſides of the Temple, ſhe only excepted who was to perform the Ceremony, who ſtaid in the middle.

At the foot of this golden Candleſtick there was a great Cheſt or Coffer of the ſame Mettal, wherein there was Fire which they termed Sacred, becauſe it is only lighted by the Agitation of certain Stones conſecrated to the Goddeſs; ſhe who offered the Sacrifice in the name of *Solon*, and *Philoxypes*, put Amber, Frankincenſe, Benjamin, and divers other Perfumes, into this Pile of Wood: This being done, and having made a little Pile of the dry Boughs of Myrrh upon the Altar, ſhe took a Torch made of perfumed Wax, wherewith ſhe ſet it on fire, and with the ſame Torch ſhe lighted fifty others which were placed in ſundry parts of the Temple: after this, one of theſe Maids brought two Turtles tied together with Threads of gold and blew Silk; and before her who carried the Birds, went four other Maids ſinging a Hymn after the *Lydian* manner: after theſe came four others, bringing with them two Swans tied together with a ſtring of blew and gold, and followed by four more who ſung as did the former.

Theſe Maids who carried the Victims, kneeled down before the Altar, which being done, ſhe who did the Ceremony, (to the end that ſhe might not irritate *Venus Anadiomena*, who had been formerly worſhipped in that Temple, by the honour that was done to *Venus Urania*) took Roſes and Cockles, which ſhe ſtrew'd upon the Altar, and taking a great ſhell of the Mother of Pearl full of Sea-Water, taken up towards the Eaſt, ſhe ſprinkled the Victims therewith.

The holy Knife, adorn'd with Oriental Aggat, was likewiſe prepared, as it were to ſacrifice them; but the Maids who ſung continually, forbad them in the behalf of *Venus Urania*, ſo as ſhe who carried the Turtles, and the other who carried the Swans, drawing near her who performed the Ceremony, ſhe untied them, and opening one of the Windows of the Temple, at the ſame time when they threw new Perfums into the Pile of Wood, they were loſt in that cloud of Perfume which aroſe, and flying towards Heaven, ſeemed as if they went to carry up the Vows of *Solon* and *Philoxypes*, to the Goddeſs to whom they were offered up.

After this, all the Maids which were in the Temple, began a Canticle of Joy, and one of them taking a little Fagot of Myrrh, which was bound about with Threads of Gold, ſwept together the Aſhes of the little Pile, to ſee whether all were quite conſumed or no; for this is one of the Tokens that the Sacrifice hath been well received.

In purſuit after this, they went to viſit the ſacred Garden, wherein the Turtles and Swans, deſtined to the ſervice of the Goddeſs, are bred up, to ſee whether thoſe that were offered up unto her, were returned thither or no; ſor when this falls not out, 'tis an infallible Obſervation that the Sacrifice hath not been well accepted of, and that the Goddeſs thinks not thoſe Birds pure enough to be preſented unto her another time. But as for *Solon*'s Sacrifice, it had all the Marks of a happy Sacrifice; the Pile was totally conſumed, the Perfumes mounted ſtraight upright toward the Temple's Roof, the Birds flew Eaſt-ward, and were found in the ſacred Garden. In fine, theſe Maids aſſured *Philoxypes* and *Solon*, that their Vows were well accepted of by the Goddeſs; and that they had not of a long time offered any Sacrifice, which had been ſo well accepted of.

Having then returned Acknowledgments to the Divine *Urania*, theſe two returned to *Paphos: Solon* did ſo pleaſantly entertain *Philoxypes*, and ſaid ſuch fine things to him, as not taking heed, he miſt the way by which they came. Thoſe who followed them, thought that *Philoxypes*, who very well knew that way, intended to go ſomewhither that they knew not of, ſo as they let him go on. Continuing to ride on thus by this by-way, they ſtrayed not only from the way they were to go, but came at laſt to a place where there was no beaten track at all: finding themſelves at the Sea-ſide, amongſt wilde, and almoſt inacceſſible Rocks, the ſight hereof recall'd into *Philoxypes*'s Memory the deſart wherein he had found *Policrites*'s Abode.

But at the ſame time he found that he had loſt his way, and that he knew not where he was; yet it appearing delightful enough unto him, though ſandy enough, he ſaid to *Solon*, that continuing to go along the Sea-ſide, they ſhould meet with ſome Path which would lead them back into the right way; wherefore they did not return back, but continued on their way; and *Philoxypes* rode formoſt, that he might be a guide to thoſe that he had led out of the way.

Being advanced a good way, he might ſee five or ſix Fiſhers Cottages, built upon the Sea-ſide, and heard the Voice of certain Women, who ſeemed to bewail ſome Misfortune.

He then mended his pace, not knowing why the Voice of thoſe Women had had ſuch an operation in him; and being come near them, he knew *Megiſto* and *Dorida*, and found them ſorely weeping, and accompanied with many other Women, who wept as well as they, and who not minding him, looked all towards the Sea.

He then looked the ſame way they did, where, alas! he might ſee *Policrite*, all alone in a little Boat floating, without either Oars or Rudder; who not knowing what to do, was upon her Knees praying to Heaven; for though the Sea went not very high, yet was it ſomewhat moved; and moreover, the Rocks bearing back the Waves on that ſide, and a breath of Air blowing from Land, the Boat went ſtill further off.

Philoxypes ſeeing *Policrite* in ſo great a Danger, and not ſeeing any Boat that he might make uſe of, lighted ſuddenly off Horſeback, and threw himſelf into the Water, ſwimming ſtraight towards *Policrite*.

So as when *Solon*, who was a little behind, was come to the Sea-ſhoar, you may eaſily imagine how much he was ſurprized to ſee *Megiſto* covered with Tears, *Policrite* all alone in a Boat, which the Waves bore towards the full Sea, and *Philoxypes* ſwimming towards *Policrite*; but he was ſo far from her, as it was to be believed that (the Boat floating ſtill forward) his Strength might fail him before he could get up to her; and that *Solon* might ſee his dear Daughter periſh in his ſight, as alſo a Prince whom he loved no leſs than her.

To tell you alſo how ſtrangely aſtoniſh'd *Megiſto* was to ſee *Philoxypes* throw himſelf into the Sea, and preſently after to ſee *Solon* come, is not a thing eaſily done. Nor yet to ſet forth *Policrite*'s Thoughts, when ſhe knew *Philoxypes*, and ſaw him in ſo great danger for her ſake.

This gallant Perſonage told us notwithſtanding afterwards, that ſhe no ſooner knew him, but the Object of her Vows altered; and that ceaſing to think on her own danger, all her Prayers were poured forth for *Philoxypes*. This mean while, *Solon* was upon the ſhore with *Megiſto*, whoſe Mind was not then at liberty enough to tell him how this Miſfortune hapned; telling him only that *Policrite* was loſt.

And to ſay truth, I think that upon this encounter, *Solon*'s Wiſdom was put to a greater trial than ever it had been; and that it was much more eaſy for him to refuſe a Crown, than to ſee *Policrite* and *Philoxypes* in the danger they were in, without giving apparent tokens of Deſpair.

Yet this famous Man kept himſelf within the lawful bounds of Sorrow; and not doing any thing unworthy of himſelf, did notwithſtanding, feel what ever pains a tender and generous Soul could ſuffer under.

This mean while, though *Philoxypes* was but lightly clad, for the ſpring was already very hot in our Iſland, he could not ſwim with that Facility as he might have done, had he been naked; ſo as *Policrite*'s Boat driving ſtill away, he could not get up unto it.

One might ſee this young Maid uſe ſome bootleſs Endeavours to ſtay this little Boat, but 'twas impoſſible for her to do it; nay, ſhe did things which ſhe her ſelf knew were of no avail, yet could not keep from doing them.

One might likewiſe obſerve *Philoxypes* to ſtrive to his utmoſt, and then he ſeemed to be ready to periſh through Wearineſs. But at laſt being got near the Boat, ſometimes one might ſee the Boat driven near unto him by one Wave, and ſometimes born from him by another; for it went to and fro with the Wind.

It was ſo near him as he might hear *Policrite*'s Voice, not being able to anſwer her, ſo much was he out of breath with ſwimming.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, Let me periſh; do you return to the ſhoar; and ſtrive not bootleſly to ſave me.

You may imagine whether ſo obliging a Command did not oblige *Philoxypes* to redouble his Strength. At laſt, Sir, after that *Solon* had ſeen the Waves riſe up more than once, ready to over-turn the Boat, and ſwallow up *Philoxypes*, who was now able to do no more, a great Wave having driven the Boat towards him, he luckily laid hold of the Rope whereby it was faſtened formerly to the Sea-bank.

You may imagine, Sir, what *Philoxypes*'s Joy was then, as likewiſe what that of *Policrite*, *Solon*, *Megiſto*, *Doxida*, and the other Women that were upon the ſhore; they all ſhouted for joy.

Yet was it not yet time to rejoyce; For though it be not hard to guide a floating Boat, yet *Philoxypes* was ſo weary, as there was reaſon to deſpair of his ever accompliſhing what he had ſo happily begun; he was ſeen to ſink twice under Water, yet never quit the Rope which he had in his Hand. Think, Sir, how great *Policrites*'s Grief was then, and with how many Tears ſhe repaied the pains he took to ſave her. One might obſerve this amorous Prince do two contrary things; for he would look back upon the Shore, that he might the ſooner bring back his dear *Policrite* thither; and ſometimes believing he ſhould periſh without ſaving her, he would at leaſt have the Contentment of ſeeing her at his laſt Gaſp.

He looked thus, ſometimes towards the ſhore, ſometimes on *Policrite*: and things were in this condition, when *Philoxypes* and *Solon*'s Servants, who tarried a good way behind, by reaſon of ſome Accident which had befallen one of their Horſes, were come up, amongſt which was one of *Philoxypes* his Gentlemen, who being skilful in ſwimming, threw himſelf inſtantly into the Water, and helped his dear Maſter to guide *Policrite* back unto the ſhore, where this Prince was no ſooner arrived, but that his force failing him he ſwounded.

'Tis needleſs to tell you what *Solon*, *Megiſto*, and all the reſt that were on the ſhore, did to aid him. As for *Policrite*, ſhe was ſo ſurprized, and ſo afflicted, to ſee what condition *Philoxypes* was in, as ſhe was not ſenſible of the Joy of having eſcaped ſo great a danger: but at laſt, after having carried *Philoxypes* into one of thoſe little Huts, and having by the means they uſed, brought him to Life again, and dried his Apparel, he asked where *Policrite* was? whom *Solon* brought to him out of a little Chamber whither ſhe had retired her ſelf, though ſhe had not yet perfectly ſhook off the fear ſhe had been in of her ſelf, and of *Philoxypes*.

But at laſt all being retired that were in thât little Hut, ſave *Megiſto*, Policrite, *Dorida*, Philoxypes, and *Solon*. *Solon* deſired *Megiſto* to tell him, why ſhe had quitted the little Abode which he had cauſed to be built for her? wherefore ſhe was come to this place, and where *Cleanthes* was? wherefore they had left no order to acquaint him with their removal? and how this laſt Misfortune had befallen P*olicrite?* But, ſaid he, Siſter, ſpeak freely without any-wiſe diſguiſing the truth. For Prince P*hiloxypes* knows I am your Brother, that P*olicrite* is my Daughter; and I know alſo that he does her the honour to love her; therefore conceal nothing for his Reſpect, for he hath now a deeper ſhare in P*olicrite* than I have, ſince I have given her to him; and that he may now lay a new claim unto her, by having ſaved her Life.

I leave you to imagine, Sir, how P*olicrite* was ſurprized to know that ſhe was *Solons* Daughter, whom ſhe knew to be a great and excellent Man, but whom ſhe know not to be her Father; and to know at the ſame time that ſhe was beſtowed on P*hiloxypes*; ſhe bluſh'd, but with a great deal of Modeſty; and looking upon *Megiſto*, as if ſhe would ask her whether it were true or no, that ſhe was *Solons* Daughter? ſhe confirmed her in that belief; and afforded her leiſure ſo to confound the Joy ſhe had to ſee P*hiloxypes* again, with that of her knowing her ſelf to be Daughter to ſo famous a Man, as nothing appeared in her Countenance, but what ſo great an Honour might cauſe in her.

P*hiloxypes* beginning then to ſpeak, ſaid as obliging things to *Solon* in P*olicrites* behalf, as in his own; and *Megiſto* was ſome-while before ſhe could ſatisfy her Brother's Curioſity. But at laſt ſhe told him; That knowing the Love Prince P*hiloxypes* bore to P*olicrite*, ſhe had thought it fitting to acquaint P*olicrite* only, that ſhe was more than what ſhe took her ſelf to be, to the end ſhe might know how to treat P*hiloxypes* with more indifferency; and that ſhe might think her ſelf the leſs obliged to him for his Affection: That *Cleanthes* and ſhe, having obſerved that this had produced a contrary effect in P*olicrite*, and Prince P*hiloxypes* having ſhewed much Paſſion in the laſt viſit which he made them, ſhe confeſt the ones Worth, and the others Youth, had cauſed ſome Apprehenſion in her, that in purſuit hereof, knowing that the King was at *Claria*, and fearing leſt *Philoxypes* might ſpeak to him of *Policrite*'s Beauty, ſhe had adviſed *Cleanthes* to quit his Abode, which in effect they had done, and were come to this little Maritine Hamlet, where *Cleanthes* was acquainted with an old Fiſherman, who had left them his Hut, being himſelf gone to live with a Son of his: That they had left a young Slave at their former place of Abode, with direction, that if *Solon* ſhould come thither, he ſhould wiſh him to come the firſt day of the next enſuing Moon, to a Temple which they named unto him, where *Cleanthes* would not fail to be on the ſame day to meet him when he ſhould come thither.

That ſince that time, *Cleanthes* had learn't by the Prieſt of the little Temple which was near their former Abode, that this Slave was dead; ſo as knowing that the time of *Solon*'s return drew near, *Cleanthes* reſolved to go live himſelf alone at *Paphos*, knowing that when he ſhould return to *Cyprus*, he would not fail to wait upon the King, and ſo he could not miſs of him; to which purpoſe he was gone thither that very Morning; that *Policrite*, who had no better paſtime, eſpecially ſince they had left their former Abode, than to draw every day ſomething or other upon her Table-book: ſeeing all the Fiſher-men were gone from their little Hamlet, leaving no Boat behind them, ſave that wherein they had ſeen her, and wherein there was neither Rudder nor Oar, ſat down in it, and not minding whether it were well faſtened to the ſhore or no, was deſigning forth that little rural float of Boats, which went ſtill further from her; that ſhe was ſo attentive to her work in hand, that as ſhe her ſelf had told them, ſhe did not perceive the Boat wherein ſhe was, was looſened from the Land, and went floating as the Winds blew it; ſo as ſaid, *Megiſto* coming forth to look after *Policrite*, I ſaw her in the poſture I have told you, and ſkreek'd out ſo loud, as I made her perceive the danger ſhe was in, not being able to help her, there not being one Man left in the whole Hamlet; and all the Fiſher-boats, having already doubled a Cape of Land, whereby we loſt ſight of them.

Megiſto having ended her Relation, *Solon* began t'admire the Providence of the Gods in the guidance of worldly things; and conſidering that unleſs *Philoxypes* and he had loſt their way, *Policrite* in all appearnce had been loſt, he could not ſufficiently praiſe the Goddeſs, who had ſo well received his Sacrifice; in effect, this Temple of *Venus Urania*, hath got much renown by this Adventure. But, Sir, to abuſe your patience no longer, I will only tell you, that inſtead of going to *Paphos*, *Philoxypes* and *Solon* went the next day to *Claria*, whither they brought *Megiſto*, *Policrite*, *Dorida*, and all the Women that attended them, after that *Philoxypes* had largely rewarded all the Fiſher-mens Wives for their Hoſpitality and Courteſy ſhewed to *Policrite*. To tell you how great *Philoxypes* and *Policrites* Joy was, would be no eaſy matter, and to relate unto you in what terms this happy Lover expreſt his ſatisfaction to *Policrite*, and with what an obliging modeſty ſhe received the Teſtimony of his Affection, and gave him ſome marks of hers, would be to undertake too difficult a task. For to learn in one and the ſame day, that ſhe was Daughter to the ſo illuſtrious *Solon*, and that ſhe was to be Wife to *Philoxypes*, were two things wherewith her Soul was divided. *Philoxypes* failed not to ſhew *Policrite* her Pictures in his Gallery, which, though rarely handſom, came much ſhort of her. The next day *Solon* ſent to enquire out *Cleanthes* at *Paphos*, where he was found and brought to *Claria*. Neceſſary order being taken for it, *Cleanthes*, *Megiſto*, *Policrite*, and *Dorida*, had Clothes made anſwerable to their condition.

The next Morning the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and the Princeſs *Agbariſta*, being advertiſed by their Brother *Philoxypes* of the truth of his Adventures: Theſe two fair Princeſſes, I ſay, who loved him dearly, who had learned *Policrite*'s illuſtrious Birth by this Advertiſement, and who did reverence *Solon* as a God, went to *Claria*, to conduct this beautiful Creature to *Paphos*.

But, good Gods! how they were ſurprized with her extream Beauty, comparing which with her Pictures, they found her to exceed them far; but if ſhe appeared fair unto them, ſhe ſeemed yet more ſpiritual.

She had ſomewhat in her of admirable Modeſty, which having nothing in it of Ruſtick, rendred her yet more pleaſing: She had a Soul doubtleſly fraught with all that Innocency which ſhe had preſerved amidſt thoſe Rocks; but withal a Mind and Humour, wherein were all the Charms which the Court could afford.

For *Megiſto* being rightly *Solon*'s Siſter, knew as well as any one what was requiſit in, and did neceſſarily become thoſe of her Sex, and had perfectly inſtructed *Policrite* therein.

Young *Dorida* appeared alſo to be very fair and lovely at the Court; where the King received *Solon*, *Cleanthes*, *Megiſto*, *Philoxypes*, and *Policrite*, with unexpreſſible Joy and Honour. And this ſo much the more, as that being at laſt, reſolved to content Princeſs *Aretephile*'s Ambition, that ſo he might ſatisfy his own Love, had made her be told the day before, that it ſhould be her fault if ſhe were not Queen.

But if *Aretephile* were Queen of *Cyprus*, *Policrite* was the Queen of Beauty; none but the Princeſs of *Salamis* could any way diſpute that glorious Empire with her. In fine, Sir, there was nothing heard of now, but Feaſts and Rejoycing. *Solon* being of neceſſity to be gone, they haſted the Conſummation of thoſe famous Marriages: The King would have one Ceremony ſerve for them both; nor did *Cyprus* ever ſee any thing more glorious, though it were done with ſome Precipitation. *Solon* called then to mind *Epimenides* his Predictions, and confeſt that there was ſomewhat of Divine in that holy Man. But his Countreys intereſt prevailing more with him than whatſoever other intereſts, he departed for *Athens*, ſo as ſome Tears of Sorrow did for a while a little allay *Policrite*'s Joy; but to comfort her, young *Dorida* was left with her, when *Cleanthes* and *Megiſto* imbarked themſelves

ſelves with *Solon*. This was the condition, Sir, wherein this great Man left the Court of *Cyprus*; to wit, the King highly content: Queen *Aretephile* as highly ſatisfied; and *Philoxypes* and *Policrite* ſo happy, as wiſhes could not add thereunto.

Within a few days after, the Prince of *Sicily* ſent to ask the Princeſs *Agbariſta*, Siſter unto *Philoxypes*, in Marriage; and it was conſented unto. Alſo it was included in the Conditions of the Marriage that he ſhould ſend ſome certain Troops unto you, as the King of *Cyprus* already had. And ſince it was I who had the honour to conduct the Princeſs *Agbariſta* into *Sicily*, I accepted of the Employment which was offered me, to come hither: And returning unto *Cyprus* to accommodate my ſelf with neceſſary Equipage, the Prince *Philoxypes* charged me to relate his Adventure unto you; and to entreat you from him, that you would not leſſen his good Fortune by depriving him of your Friendſhip, which is infinitely dear and precious unto him.

As ſoon as *Leontidas* had made an end, *Artamenes* aſſured him, that if the Felicity of *Philoxypes* were never leſſened but by the want of his Affection, he might be certain to be happy for ever. *Thimocrates* and *Philocles* ſeemed to be exceeding joyed at the ſatisfaction of a Prince whom they infinitely loved; *Artamenes* alſo was doubtleſs as pleaſant as any one in his preſent condition could be: But his ſtate ſtood upon ſuch terms as he could not hear of either any good or bad Adventures without ſome Sorrow; for when the Felicity of any one was diſcourſed upon, and comparing it with his own Misfortunes, he always ſighed; and alſo when he heard of any diſaſterous Accident, he ſighed ſtill: So that it was very true, that experience in Misfortunes makes a Soul ſenſible of Compaſſion. He rejoyced then at the good Fortunes of *Philoxypes*, but it was with a ſigh; and he teſtified unto *Leontidas*, how ſorry he was not to be in a Condition, wherein he might make the Prince *Artibies* and himſelf ſee, how infinitely dear the Recommendations of *Philoxypes* was unto him. But *Leontidas* (ſaid he unto him) you are come to ſerve a great and moſt juſt King, who will never ſuffer your Vertues to be unrecompenſed, as well as if I were at liberty. Sir, (anſwered *Leontidas*) it would be a difficult matter to perſwade all *Aſia*, that the King of *Medes* is juſt in all things, as long as you are a Priſoner. Kings (replied *Artamenes*, with much wiſdom) do ſometimes commit Injuſtice innocently; becauſe they are perſwaded they have reaſon for what they do; and ſuch as ſuffer ſuch Injuſtice as I ſpeak of, are themſelves unjuſt, if they do not endure it without murmur or complaint, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, and *Leontidas* were raviſhed with the prudence of *Artamenes*; and to ſee he knew how to make uſe of bad fortune as well as good; and ſo they left him, making a thouſand new Proteſtations of inviolable Fidelity. But all the while he endured his ſtrict impriſonment with invincible Patience; all his illuſtrious Friends had no other thoughts but how to get him out. *Ariobantes*, whom *Ciaxares* had left Regent in the Kingdom, came from *Themiſcira* unto *Sinope*, as well to render an account of his Office, as to advertiſe the King, how all the Inhabitants of *Themiſcira*, *Amaſia*, and that part of *Cappadocia*, which was not revolted, began to ſpeak high, that they would ſend Deputies unto the King, to deſire him that *Artamenes* might be ſet at liberty. Sir, (ſaid *Ariobantes* unto *Ciaxares*) all *Galatia* ſays the ſame; and all your three Kingdoms cannot brook, that a Man whom they reverence as a God, ſhould be in Priſon: Alſo that which I tell you of *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, I underſtand that all *Media* intend the ſame. *Ciaxares* hearkened unto *Ariobantes*, but returned no anſwer, becauſe he ſtayed for the reſult of the King of *Armenia*'s Anſwer, before he would reſolve upon any thing.

Mean while, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* were continually negotiating, both by their own Endeavours, and the Solicitations of all the Kings, Princes and Friends which *Artamenes* had: *Ciaxares* was never without ſome about him who were ſpeaking for this illuſtrious Priſoner: The King of *Phrygia* was no ſooner gone out, but the King of *Hircania* came in, and after him ſucceeded *Perſodes* or *Hidaſpes*: In ſhort, either by *Aglatidas*, or *Thimocrates*, or *Philocles*, or *Gobrias*, or *Thraſibulus*, or *Madates*, or *Artucas*, the name of *Artamenes* was perpetually pronounced. If *Ciaxares* went to the Temple, the Sacrificers ſpoke of him: If he went into the Streets of *Sinope*, the Inhabitants kneeled and begged his Liberty: If he went out to walk in the Fields or Camp, all the Souldiers petitioned for their General; and except that old Friend to *Aribeus*, who always held intelligence with *Artaxes*, there was not one but was ready to ſerve *Artamenes*: ſo that this Man whoſe name was *Metrobates*, was doubtleſs the only Man that had a deſign to deſtroy him: *Marteſia* for her part, who was informed by *Feraulas* of all that paſſed, was extreamly glad to ſee the merit of *Artamenes* ſo applauded; and to ſee that it was not with him, as with other Favourites, who when Fortune forſakes them, then all the World does the like; but that on the contrary, the Love of every one augmented with his Misfortunes: She alſo received every day by *Feraulas*, a Complement from *Artamenes*; who told her that his Priſon had wrought no Alteration in him, but that he ſtill retained his Paſſion, as well as his Civility. As all things ſtood in this condition, *Megabiſes* returned, and came unto the King, when very many were with him, and more ſtill preſſed after him when he entered, to hear news: *Ciaxares* no ſooner ſaw him, without making any ſecret of his Anſwer, well, *Megabiſes* (ſaid he unto him) let us know how they have received my Daughter into *Armenia*; will that King reſtore her unto me, as he is obliged to do? Sir, anſwered *Megabiſes*, my Journey has not had happy Succeſs; I cannot know who the King is which the Princeſs ſpoke of in her Paper; the King of *Armenia* will not acknowledge that ſhe is in his Dominions, although there is great appearance ſhe is; nor did I find the Prince *Tigranes* in his Father's Court. But yet (ſaid *Cixares* unto him) how did that King receive you? Sir, (anſwered *Megabiſes*) when I came at *Artaxates*, and had ſent unto the King to demand Audience, he made me wait three days; and during that time I was always carefully obſerved

ſerved by ſeveral People: Afterwards, according to thoſe Commands which I had received from your Majeſty, I told him, that ſince you underſtood the Princeſs your Daughter was within his Dominions, you had ſent me unto him to demand her: I thought (ſaid he unto me very fiercely) you were come to ſolicite me about the payment of that Tribute, which I paid unto *Aſtyages*, but will not pay unto *Ciaxares*, ſince I never promiſed it: But as for the Princeſs *Mandana*, ſhe is not in my power, and though ſhe were, queſtionleſs I would not reſtore her, but would keep her for a Hoſtage, until by an authentick Treaty, your Maſter would acknowledg, that the Kings of *Armenia*, are not tributary Kings. Sir, (ſaid I unto him) conſider well what you ſay, before you diſmiſs me: for the King my Maſter knows moſt certainly that the Princeſs is in your Dominions. I will cauſe her to be ſearched for, ſaid he unto me, and ſhe ſhall be treated according to her Quality; but if ſhe be here, I tell you once again, that I will not ſend her unto the King of *Medes*, until he has quitted his Pretenſions unto any Tribute out of *Armenia:* Let him be contented, (ſaid he unto me) that Fortune has given him ſuch a Man as has made him ſo full of Conqueſts; and let that comfort him for the loſs of a poor Tribute. Sir, (ſaid I unto him) if you give me no other anſwer but that, I have orders to tell you, that the King my Maſter will come himſelf with an Army of an hundred thouſand Men, and fetch the Princeſs his Daughter. Go then ſpeedily (ſaid he unto me) and bid him prepare himſelf; and tell him, there are no ſuch valiant Souldiers in the World as thoſe who fight for their Liberties; and that ſince *Artamenes* is in priſon (as I underſtand he is) the Prince *Tigranes* my Son will not make any great difficulty of it to fight him; and perhaps Victories will not come ſo cheap unto him as they have done. *Megabiſes* did know very well that there was no great prudence in ſpeaking thus unto *Ciaxares*, before ſo many People; nor to tell ſo preciſely what the King of *Armenia* ſaid concerning *Artamenes:* But thinking that perhaps it would be advantagious unto him, he reſolved to do ſo. Then he ended his Relation, by telling, that after he went out from the King of *Armenia*, they brought him Commands to be gone out of *Artaxates* the next Morning, and that they guarded him unto the utmoſt Frontiers of *Armenia*. *Ciaxares* hearing the anſwer of this Prince, was in a high and cholerick Paſſion; and preſently reſolved upon War: No, no, ſaid he, I make no queſtion but *Mandana* is in *Armenia*; ſhe her ſelf has writ it, and *Marteſia* confirms it; alſo the anſwer of this audacious Prince does tell it plainly: But yet, ſaid the King of *Phrygia* unto *Megabiſes*, were you not enformed by any whether there were any forraign Princeſs arrived at that Court? Yes, Sir, ſaid he, for I heard, that there came once ſome Women, whoſe Quality every one was ignorant of; and that they were ſent unto a Caſtle, towards the Country of the *Chaldeans*, but ſtayed not at *Artaxates*. No, no, (ſaid *Ciaxares* once again) there needs no more information; *Mandana* is in *Armenia*, and I muſt carry the War thither. And by conſequence (ſaid the King of *Phrygia*, with as much Generoſity as Boldneſs) we muſt have *Artamenes* out of Priſon; for, Sir, if your Souldiers do not ſee him in the Head of them, but that he ſhould be left at *Sinope*, they will march but very ſlowly into *Armenia*, and perhaps not fight as they uſed to do, when they come there: alſo (added the King of *Hircania*) I cannot believe there is any better way to move the Gods to become propitious, than to protect that Man whom they have ſo much favoured. Theſe two Princes were not the only Perſons who ſpoke thus, for every one in the Chamber ſaid the ſame. It ſeemed that the preſent neceſſity did work upon his former Reſolutions; and he did not ſo obſtinately deſign to preſs out what the intelligence was which *Artamenes* held with the King of *Aſſyria*; inſomuch as there ſeemed to be great hopes of his ſpeedy Freedom.

The King of *Medes* did ſuffer them to commend him in his preſence without any Anger, he did not reject their Prayers in his behalf, and without any direct conſenting, he made as if there were ſome Reſolutions in him of altering his opinion, but carried it as if himſelf would have the advantage of doing it, and not as forced unto it by any other.

Theſe Reſentments being perceived by all the illuſtrious Company, they ſpoke no more unto him concerning *Artamenes*, fearing to prejudice him, whom all the World would advantage. Yet they went from the King in great hopes of his Liberty, ſo that preſently a general Voice went about all the Town and Camp, that *Artamenes* was to be at liberty; *Artamenes* himſelf was told as much for certain: His Guards all wept for joy, *Andramias* could not hold from hoping to ſee him preſently in the ſame condition he was formerly; *Marteſia* was ſo tranſported, that ſhe could not expreſs her raptures of Joy: *Criſantes* and *Feraulas* were ſo glad of it, that *Artamenes* himſelf could be no more; for in conſideration of the Princeſs, and the ſtate ſhe was in, he prized his Liberty as the greateſt good which could befal him. Well (ſaid he in himſelf) I may once again hope to do Divine *Mandana* ſome ſervice: O Heavens! could I ever believe to be in ſuch a ſtate as either to deliver my Princeſs, or to die in her ſervice? Can I flatter my ſelf with ſuch a pleaſing Thought, as both to ſee and be ſeen by her? Is it poſſible I ſhould ever have the liberty to diſcourſe with her of my moſt adoring Paſſion? If this be ſo, why ſhould I complain of thoſe hardſhips I have endured, ſince I ſhall receive ſo ample a Recompence? Thus did *Artamenes* entertain himſelf, whilſt all the Town and Camp was rejoycing, by reaſon of their hopes of his Liberty; and to give him an addition of Joy, *Feraulas* came into his Chamber, and confirmed the News, telling him that it was not without ground; and falling into diſcourſe concerning *Mandana*, he repeated almoſt all that *Marteſia* told unto *Chriſantes* and himſelf: At the laſt, remembring himſelf how they had told him that when *Marteſia* was on the Banks of the River *Halis*, amongſt the Fiſhermen, ſhe made uſe of a Box which had a Picture in it, to bring her unto *Sinope*, and that the Picture was *Mandana*'s. Ah *Feraulas*, ſaid he unto him, are there no means, by vertue of that Credit which you know you have with *Marteſia*, to move her unto ſo much Favour as to ſend me that Picture, with a promiſe to reſtore it unto her, if ſhe pleaſe, the ſame day I come out of Priſon? Sir, ſaid he to him, I do not think *Marteſia* will deny it upon that condition; but as for giving it abſolutely unto you, I think that her fears to diſpleaſe the Princeſs, (who, as you know, is of ſuch a nice Vertue, as that ſhe will ſcruple at the ſmalleſt things) will not permit it; alſo ſhe her ſelf is ſo much enamoured with it, that it would be a piece of great difficulty to obtain it from her for ever; but yet for a certain time ſhe would not refuſe it. *Artamenes* then engaged *Feraulas* to uſe his beſt endeavours; and *Feraulas* charged with this Commiſſion, left him, and left him with more joy than he had a long time found in his Heart.

Ciaxares for his part, was ſecretly pleaſed in himſelf to be overcome, and as it were, conſtrained to free *Artamenes*; yet ſometimes he would be very angry that he could not exactly know what this Intelligence was which he could not diſcover: But after all, the high Merits of *Artamenes*, the great Acts he had done, the many Obligations unto him, the preſent neceſſity of his Valour: All theſe were ſo prevalent in his Mind, that he reſolved to ſet *Artamenes* at liberty, the ſame day he was to march with his Army towards *Armenia*. But whilſt he was in ſo advantagious a Reſolution for himſelf, and ſo beneficial for his Daughter; ſo pleaſing unto the famous Priſoner, and ſo general a Joy unto all *Aſia*, eſpecially ſuch as had intereſted themſelves in his Fortune, *Metrobates* only, that cloſe Enemy of *Artamenes*, and that old Friend unto *Aribeus*, was in extream ſorrow. This Man had a Soul ſo ambitious, that he valued not by what Stairs he aſcended unto Greatneſs, ſo he could but get up. There happened many Paſſages in his Tranſactions, which moved *Artamenes*, whilſt he was in the height of his Fortune, not to eſteem him, and by conſequence not to do ſuch good Offices as he did unto all others; for *Artamenes* thought it a piece of great Injuſtice unto unfortunate Men of Honour, to load with Benefits

nefits thoſe who deſerved them not, whilſt others more meritorious were in miſery. Moreover, *Metrobates* being linked unto the Fortunes of *Aribeus*, had ever followed his Principles; and *Artamenes* deſtroying him, juſt at that time when *Metrobates* was in higheſt hopes to receive Recompence for all the Services he had done him. This Man therefore was ſo much incenſed againſt *Artamenes*, that he would enterprize any thing which might conduce unto his Ruin.

Chriſantes and *Feraulas* were informed of his bad Intentions; but ſince he did not openly tranſact againſt their Maſter, and ſince they could not deviſe what ill Office he was able to do him, they had not recourſe unto any violent ways to defeat him; as well becauſe they were both Wiſe and Vertuous, as becauſe it might be prejudicial unto *Artamenes:* Neither could they handſomly diſcover his Deſigns; for the Party who informed them of the ill Will of *Metrobates*, died a little after with Sorrow that he had been the cauſe of *Artamenes* his Impriſonment. Moreover, as the ſtate of things then ſtood, they had no ground to believe any thing could obſtruct his Liberty, ſince it was demanded by a great Army, and by three whole Kingdoms. But on the contrary, it was almoſt an infallible Certainty, that a Man who was equally beloved, both of Venquiſhed and Vanquiſhers, would be ſet at Liberty; and that none durſt ſhew their Hatred, no not *Metrobates* himſelf. As he was burning in his ſecret Envy, at the Univerſal Joy which all the World expreſſed for the freedom of *Artamenes*, he received intelligence from *Artaxes*, who was Commander in chief at *Pteria*, and who underſtood that *Ortalques* had been to tell the King of *Aſſyria* ſomething, though he could not exactly tell what; but it was in all probability *Artamenes* who ſent him, for he knew him to be his Servant, and that he had brought Orders from the King, when he was in *Bithynia*; he whom *Artaxes* ſent unto *Metrobates*, was commanded not to go into *Sinope*, leſt he ſhould be ſtopped, but to ſend ſome unſuſpected Meſſenger to bid meet at the Temple of *Mars*. *Metrobates* having received this notice, failed not to go thither: And he no ſooner underſtood, from the Confident of *Artaxes*, of *Ortalques* his Voyage unto *Pteria*; but he began to conceive ſome hopes of diſturbing the Publick Joy. But ſince he had many things to talk of with this Man, and fearing to be ſeen in his Company, at a Place ſo much frequented as a Temple, they went to walk by the Sea-ſide, and juſt in the ſame place where *Artamenes* had heretofore been, when he found the ſigns of the Princeſs her Shipwrack; and being come cloſe unto the Cabin where the Prince *Mazares* had been carried, and where they told *Artamenes* he died. When he was there, he deſired to find out ſome pretence to reſt himſelf, to the end he might write unto *Artaxes*, having Ink and Paper in his Pocket for that purpoſe. But as Chance ſometimes works Wonders, the Fiſhers who dwelt in that Cabin, and who were very affectionate unto *Artamenes*, though he had been but a little while amongſt them, ſeeing ſuch a Man as *Metrobates* amongſt them, took the liberty to ask, whether *Artamenes* was going to be ſet at Liberty, as the Reports of the Town went, and as they wiſhed it?

Metrobates was ſurpriſed to hear *Artamenes* named, in a place weere he thought there was none who had any Intereſt in his Fortune. He asked them, whether they knew him whom they ſeemed to love ſo well? And they anſwered, That they had the honour to ſee him in this Cabin; and told him, how he ſound *Mazaree* there when he was dying. And the better to circumſtance their Tale, they told him in their manner, how that Prince ſpoke unto him concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, and gave him a Scarf; alſo ſaid thus unto him: "Is it you, "whom the Affection of a great Princeſs has made "the moſt happy Man, and whom I have made the moſt "unfortunate, by depriving you of one who loved you "ſo well? Though they did not directly relate the ſame words which *Mazares* uſed, yet they uſed others which made the Matter worſe, thinking it more advantagious for *Artamenes*, by relating how the Princeſs loved him well, ſince the Prince *Mazares*, as he was dying, ſaid it. But ſaid they further, Certainly *Artamenes* does love her alſo, for he put an hundred Queſtions unto the dying Prince; and when he was told that in all likelyhood ſhe was dead, he went out of this Cabin ſo furiouſly and deſperate, as never was Man; and taking a Scarf with him, which the other had given him, he went unto the Sea-ſide, as if he would have thrown himſelf into it: *Metrobates* who had his Comment upon every word theſe poor honeſt Men related, began to ſuſpect that *Artamenes* was in love with *Mandana*; and that this Secret which was between the King of *Aſſyria* and him, was a Secret of Love and Jealouſy together. So ſeeming to like of the Peoples Affection unto *Artamenes*, and telling theſe Fiſhermen, that he would e're long be at Liberty, he went out of the Cabin, and taking leave of *Artaxes* his Friend, returned to *Sinope*, well ſatisfied with his Voyage. As he paſſed by the Houſe of *Artucas*, he accidently ſaw *Feraulas* and *Chriſantes* come out, who had been to viſit *Marteſia*, and to afford him more matter to prejudice *Artamenes*, one of *Metrobates* his Domeſticks was Brother unto a Boy which ſerved *Artucas*: So that when he ſaw *Feraulas* and *Chriſantes* come out of this Houſe, he deſired to know whether they frequented it very often; and to that end he employed the ingenuity of his Servant, to diſcover, by means of his Brother, to find out whether it was to *Artucas* or to *Marteſia* that they went. This Boy was very young, and his Brother uſed both Cunning, and Gifts, and Threatnings unto him, to make him diſcover the Truth: And though his Maſter had forbidden him to tell that *Marteſia* was two or three days in *Sinope* before it was publickly known, yet he told unto his Brother, and promiſed to tell him all he knew concerning the Viſits of *Feraulas* and *Chriſantes*: So that he underſtood by this Boy his Brother, that whilſt *Marteſia* was concealed in the Houſe of *Artucas*, they did both of them viſit her; and that ever ſince ſhe came thither, *Feraulas* did viſit her every day, alſo *Chriſantes* very often. There did need no more to ſatisfy ſuch a miſtruſting mind as that of *Metrobates*; and when he called to memory an hundred Paſſages which he regarded not before, he did no longer doubt but that *Artamenes* was in love with the Princeſs, and that the Princeſs knew it, or at leaſt ſuſpected it.

He being thus furniſhed with ſuch ſtrong Arguments to ruin *Artamenes*, he went unto the King's Bed-ſide, who treated him very kindly; for this Prince knowing how *Aribeus* loved him, thought, that ſince *Metrobates* was not engaged on his ſide, it was an infallible ſign of his Fidelity, not imagining how this Man remained here as a Spy for *Aribeus*. *Metrobates* then being in the Night with the King, when none could diſturb the freedom of ſpeaking, he thought to effect his Deſign. Yet notwithſtanding, he would not begin to ſpeak concerning *Artamenes*, but ſtaid a while, in hopes the King, whoſe Mind was taken up with nothing but the *Armenian* War, with the Princeſs her Captivity, and with the Liberty of *Artamenes*, would ſpeak ſomething which might give him an occaſion to execute his Deſign, without making any affectation appear in his Diſcourſe. At laſt *Ciaxares* gave him ſuch an opportunity as he deſired; *Metrobates*, (ſaid he unto him) are you of the Opinion with the reſt, that *Artamenes* will ſerve me with as much Zeal and Fidelity as he hath heretofore? Is it not to be feared that his great Soul will not ſuffer him to forget his Priſon?

I believe, Sir, (replied *Metrobates*) that *Artamenes* will forget all, and remember all to deliver the Princeſs *Mandana*. But yet (ſaid the King unto him) is it poſſible to gueſs what this Secret is, which I muſt ask no more, ſince I am reſolved to ſet him at liberty who will not reveal it unto me?

Sir, (replied *Metrobates*) if I durſt tell your Majeſty my thoughts, perhaps I ſhould abſolutely undeceive you in your Opinion, that *Artamenes* will not ſerve you for the future as well as heretofore: For ſince it was my ſelf who was the cauſe of his Impriſonment, becauſe from my hand you received that Letter which the King of *Aſſyria* writ; ſo I think my ſelf in ſome ſort obliged to tell you ſomething which I know will conduce unto his Advantage, as well as I told you that which conduced unto his Prejudice.

When the King heard him ſpeak in that manner, he preſſed him extreamly to explain himſelf.

And *Metrobates* making himſelf very ingenuous and ſincere, told how an Accident drove him into the Fiſher's Cabin, to write a Letter in behalf of one of his Friends which by chance he met withal, and related unto him how thoſe Fiſhers told him that *Artamenes* was paſſionately in love with the Princeſs; he did ſo aggravate the deſpair which *Artamenes* was in when he heard the Princeſs was dead, that he did fully poſſeſs the King's Mind with the knowledg of what he deſired to know.

It ſeems, *Matrobates,* (ſaid the King unto him) by your Diſcourſe, that *Artamenes* is in love with my Daughter.

Sir, (ſaid he) I do confeſs it is in that, which I would do *Artamenes* Service; and I dare aſſure your Majeſty, that ſince he has ſuch a noble Paſſion in his Soul, he will forget his Priſon, and be more valiant and faithful than ever he was; for, Sir, (ſaid he, in ſuch a manner as if he had no ill Intentions towards him) the Love of *Artamenes* will do the Vertue of *Mandana* no wrong: Beauty upon a Throne, is like the Sun in Heaven, every one has liberty to behold it; and as a glorious Light does not impair its Rays, although it ſhine not always upon Flowers: So the Beauty of the Princeſs, although it captivate others beſides Kings, is not to be blamed.

In the mean time, this ſubtile Poiſon which *Metrobates* had infuſed into the King's Mind, did afterwards operate in his Heart, and cauſed him to remember ſome light Suſpicions which he had of *Artamenes* his Love, when he firſt put him in Priſon: He would have *Metrobates* repeat over what the Fiſhers had told him. But *Metrobates* feigning as if he had not well enough remembred, nor ſufficiently hearkened unto them, to aſſure himſelf that all he had ſaid was poſitively true, therefore he offered to go again the next Morning, and more exactly inform himſelf.

The King, whoſe Mind was much troubled, commanded him not to fail, but endeavour to diſcover all that ever he could concerning ſuch an important Buſineſs as that. *Metrobates* ſeemed to be very ſorry for thoſe Vexations he had put into the King's Mind, and told him, he would uſe his beſt endeavours to learn out any thing that might make his Soul to enjoy its reſt.

In the mean while *Ciaxares* was extreamly troubled; for when he remembred himſelf that *Artamenes* never asked for his Liberty ſince he was impriſoned, until ſuch time as he knew the Princeſs was living; therefore he made that a ground of his Suſpicion, and thought he was in Love with her. Moreover, he remembred his extream violent Sorrows when he returned unto *Themiſcira*, and related how he had relived the King of *Aſſyria*, and facilitated the carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana*. He called to mind that exceſſive Sorrow he ſaw in his Eyes, when he was returned unto *Sinope*, and acquainted him with the Shipwrack of the Princeſs.

He paſſed over that Night with ſuch reſtleſs Imaginations, and expected *Metrobates* moſt impatiently, who ſeeming as if he had been to inform himſelf better in ſuch things as the King deſired to know, returned and went unto the King's Cloſet, where the King, as ſoon as he was dreſs'd, did uſe to be.

As ſoon as the King ſaw him, he turned towards him, and ſaid, Well, *Metrobates*, what more can you inform me of? muſt *Artamenes* be ſet at Liberty, or muſt I keep him cloſe?

Metrobates then ſeemed very ſad, and made as if he knew much more than he durſt ſpeak: Sir, ſaid he unto him, I beg your Pardon, ſince it is my Deſtiny to bring none but ill News always unto your Majeſty.

Such Crimes as theſe (replied *Ciaxares*) rather deſerve Recompence, than either Pardon or Puniſhment; for commonly, Kings never hear of ſuch things as are unpleaſant unto them, but from thoſe who are their moſt faithful Servants.

Metrobates grew more bold upon the King's Anſwer, and told him, how it appeared by that Diſcourſe which *Mazares* made of *Artamenes*, that he not only loved her, but alſo the Princeſs loved him again: Then he repeated, word for word, all that the Fiſhers told him.

How (cried out *Ciaxares*) could my Daughter know of the fond Paſſion of *Artamenes*, and endure it? If ſhe can, *Metrobates*, my beſt courſe were to let her remain ſtill in the hands of the King of *Armenia*; for if ſhe be of ſo ſlaviſh a Soul, ſhe cannot be better than in the Priſon of my Enemy.

Sir, (ſaid he unto him) I beſeech your Majeſty, be not ſo much tranſported; the Affection of the Princeſs is not perhaps ſo much to be blamed, for *Artamenes* is furniſhed with ſuch high Qualities, that although his Condition ſeems to be but mean, ſince he will not tell us what it is, yet the Princeſs is excuſable, though ſhe ſhould be ſomething indulgent towards him.

No, no, *Metrobates*, (ſaid the King) you do not ſpeak as you think; ſuch as my Daughter, ought to receive only Teſtimonies of Reſpect from ſuch as *Artamenes*, and ought to reject the leaſt ſuſpition of any Love, and baniſh it from her for ever.

That which does moſt puzzle me, (ſaid the King) is, that I have impriſoned both *Artamenes* and *Araſpes*; becauſe finding a correſpondency between the King of *Aſſyria* and *Artamenes*, I ſuppoſed that *Araſpes* helped the King to eſcape: But if *Artamenes* be in Love, is it credible he ſhould ſet his Rival at Liberty? And ſince it is ſo that he did not ſet him at Liberty, what can this ſecret Intelligence be which moved him to write as he hath unto him.

Indeed, *Metrobates*, I know not how to expound this Riddle: If I look upon the King of *Aſſyria*'s Letter, I find that *Artamenes* is ambitious, and has treated with my Enemy: If I hearken unto the Diſcourſe of *Mazares*, I find *Artamenes* is a raſh Man, and my Daughter has loſt her Wits; What ſhould I think of theſe things? and how ſhall I tranſact? *Mandana* is a Captive in *Armenia*, and *Ar*-

tamenes is a Priſoner in *Sinope*. I am talking of giving him that is here his Liberty, and intend to ſend an Army to deliver the other in *Armenia*: Yet if it be ſo that *Artamenes* is in Love, and that *Mandana* knows it, and ſuffers it, I muſt then ruin *Artamenes*, and forſake *Mandana*; but in doing ſo, I muſt diſhonour my Daughter in the Eyes of all *Aſia*, and alſo diſhonour my ſelf.

Sir, (replied then the wicked *Metrobates*) I hope your Majeſty will never come to that; for if it ſhould appear (as I think it will not) that *Artamenes* is ſo much in fault, as ſhall move you to ruin him, you will not want other ſpecious Pretences to cloak it, and never bring the Princeſs upon the Stage.

But, Sir, (added he) I think it not expedient your Majeſty ſhould ſo ſoon releaſe *Artamenes*, but endeavour firſt to make Matters more clear than yet they are; for me-thinks theſe *Sicilian* Troops which are come hither, and which *Philoxypes* ſent unto *Artamenes* to be preſented unto you, are to be a little ſuſpected; there being already ſome of *Cyprus* his Troops in your Army, which had never been in it but by his Means. And truly, if you remember it, the Prince *Artibies* ſpoke unto your Majeſty after an odd manner: And *Megabiſes* alſo at his return from *Armenia*, told ſuch things unto you, as makes me conjecture that there is ſome cloſe Deſign, which muſt not be ripe until *Artamenes* be at Liberty.

Who can tell, Sir, whether all that is reported in *Armenia* concerning the Princeſs be true? The Friends of *Artamenes* do perhaps retain her by force in ſome place: and there is ſomething in it which deſerves to be made more clear before *Artamenes* be ſet free: And if your Majeſty will appoint me, I ſhall uſe my beſt endeavours to make a more exact diſcovery.

The King, whoſe Soul was highly incenſed, did command to do it accordingly; and becauſe he would not ſeem to be moved with the Counſels of *Metrobates*, who feared leſt his Deſign ſhould be prevented, he would ſee no Body that day, but cauſed it to be given out he was not not well.

Mean while, *Metrobates* reſolved to return at night, and tell the King all he knew concerning the Journey of *Ortalques* unto *Pteria*; and how *Marteſia* was three days concealed in the Houſe of *Artucas*, before ſhe would appear at Court: Alſo how *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* did frequently viſit her all the while. But *Metrobates* was more happy in his Project than he thought to be: For the young Boy who was with *Artucas*, told his Brother, who ſerved *Metrobates*, that it was not above two hours ſince *Feraulas* was with *Marteſia*, who was in private with him in her Cloſet. Their Diſcourſe together was long, and the name of *Artamenes* and *Mandana* was much uſed between them; that ſhe opened a Box, and gave him ſomething, which he believed to be a Letter.

That *Feraulas* after this went out, and as he departed from her, ſaid, he would immediately carry that which ſhe had given him, unto that Party who expected him with much impatience.

This Boy ſaid further, that he went out after *Feraulas*, and followed him to the Caſtle, and afterwards unto the Chamber where *Artamenes* was kept Priſoner. *Metrobates* having met with this intelligence, went unto the King with as much Melancholy in his Face, as he had Joy in his Heart: As ſoon as he was entred into his Chamber, and ſaw none with him, Sir, ſaid he unto him, I am forced to acquaint you, that without all queſtion there is ſome conſiderable Matter in it which muſt be diſcovered: for indeed (ſaid he) I am certainly informed by a Friend which I have in *Pteria*, that ſince *Artamenes* was a Priſoner, *Ortalques* who brought the news of the Princeſs being living, hath been from *Artamenes* with the King of *Aſſyria*, who ſince is gone from thence, and none knows where he is: Alſo I underſtood further, by one of *Artucas* his Domeſticks, that *Marteſia* was three days in his Houſe before ſhe ſaw your Majeſty: She, I ſay, who had no more to tell you, but that the Princeſs *Mandana* was not dead. I know ſhe ſent a Letter unto *Artamenes*, and that there paſſed not a day, but *Feraulas* doth viſit her.

Moreover, I obſerve, that *Chriſantes* and he are continually going from one place to another: ſometimes to the King of *Phrygia*; ſometimes unto the King of *Hircania*; ſometimes to *Hidaſpes*, *Thimocrates*, *Gadates*, *Gobrias*, and others.

Then, Sir, all theſe Princes, are great Admirers of *Artamenes* and his Valour, and are apt to undertake any thing in his behalf. But (ſaid *Ciaxares* then unto him) what courſe ſhould I undertake to be more fully ſatisfied of theſe things, which I hardly need to make any doubt of? Sir, (ſaid *Metrobates* unto him) I believe your Majeſty would diſcover all, if *Ortalques* were arreſted and brought to render an account of his Voyage unto the King of *Aſſyria*; and if the Cabinet of *Artamenes* were ſearched, who ſince he is in hopes of Liberty, will doubtleſs keep the Letter which *Marteſia* ſent unto him.

It would not be amiſs if *Artucas*, *Marteſia*, *Feraulas*, and *Chriſantes* were ſecured: Moreover (added he) ſince certainly the Quality and Birth of *Artamenes* is very mean, I would have theſe Men compelled to declare it; for the knowledg of it would produce three Conſequences: It would aggravate his Crime againſt the Princeſs; his ingratitude to you more odious: and would perhaps baniſh him out of the Mind of *Mandana*; if it be true, as in all likelihood it is, that her Heart is full of Affection unto *Artamenes*.

The Mind of *Ciaxares* was ſo ſharp upon this Advice, as he never conſidered how dangerous the Deſign was: but on the contrary, he believed that if he ſhould let all theſe Kings and Princes underſtand that *Artamenes* was a Traitor; a Man of a mean and deſpicable Birth, and had abſolutely failed in thoſe Reſpects which he ought unto the Princeſs his Daughter, they would all deny him any Protection, and would with the firſt give counſel to deſtroy him; not but that he was much put to it, whom he ſhould chuſe for Executioners of his Orders: But as *Metrobates* was as bold as wicked, he offered himſelf, ſo his Majeſty would give him power to act what he had adviſed unto. *Ciaxares* was a long while before he could reſolve with himſelf; but at laſt, he thought the firſt buſineſs would be to ſearch the Cabinet of *Artamenes*, and to that effect, he ſent Orders unto *Andramias*, by *Metrobates*, to be aſſiſtant. *Metrobates* went then to *Andramias*, whom he did not find with *Artamenes*: But ſince great liberty was now allowed to viſit this famous Priſoner, *Arbaces* Lieutenant of the Guards under *Andramias* ſuffered him to enter with twelve of the King's Guard which followed him, for the King commanded him to make uſe of Force, if a bare Command would not do it.

As he entred into the Chamber, he ſaw *Artamenes* locking his Cabinet very haſtily, becauſe of the noiſe he heard. Sir, ſaid he, going unto him, The King has commanded me to bring this Cabinet unto him, and I beſeech you be pleaſed to permit me to yield obedience unto him.

Metrobates (ſaid *Artamenes* unto him, and ſtanding between the Table and him) cannot eaſily perſwade me that the King has given him any ſuch Commiſſion, and therefore ſince I think he acts without his Orders, I will endeavour to hinder him from ſatisfying his particular Curioſity.

Sir, (ſaid *Metrobates* unto him, and calling in the Guards, who were in the outer Chamber) I am able to yield obedience unto the King, therefore do not force me to uſe any violence upon you.

Artamenes was ſo deſperate at this Accident, that he knew not what was beſt for him to do: It was in vain to reſiſt; and to let him carry away the Cabinet, in which was a Buſineſs of that import, he could not reſolve, therefore turning towards the Table to open it. Then, ſuffer me (ſaid he) to take that out, which is none of my own, before I give it you.

But *Metrobates* having ſeized upon the Cabinet, commanding the Guards to keep off *Artamenes*; they were in a mind not to obey him: Yet when *Metrobates* threatned them, that the King would puniſh them, they hindred *Artamenes* from taking the Cabinet out of his Hands; and *Metrobates* carried it away, the Guards following him.

He came then with all ſpeed unto the King's Chamber, commanding *Arbaces* to let none enter unto *Artamenes* until new Orders; but as he went he was not without his Conceits; for indeed he did not directly know what it was which *Marteſia* had ſent unto *Artamenes*, and he was fearful it would not prove a buſineſs ſo criminal as he wiſhed it: Yet ſince he could not imagine what innocent Intelligence there could be between them, he went to *Ciaxares* with much boldneſs, and alſo much hopes; the reſiſtance of *Artamenes* ſeeming unto him to be an infallible Mark, that there was ſomething in that Cabinet which would make againſt him: He did therefore very much aggravate the deſpair of this illuſtrious Priſoner; and breaking open the Cabinet which was not full, becauſe *Mandana*'s Scarf remained upon the Table, when *Artamenes* did ſhut it, upon the entrance of *Metrobates*; then they began to look what was within it; and there was found ſome Jewels and Perfumes, one of *Homers* Illiads richly bound up; likewiſe the Laws of *Lycurgus* and *Solon*; the Comedy of *Theſpis*, ſome Verſes of *Sappho*, and *Erina*'s compoſing; certain Enigmaes of the Princeſs *Cleobuline*; ſome ſmall Geographical Papers; the Model of *Babylon*; the Deſcription and Encampment of *Ciaxares* his Army before that Town; ſome Songs of the famous *Arion*, and many other ſuch things: All this while *Metrobates* deſpaired of finding any thing againſt *Artamenes*, and *Ciaxares* was very glad of it: but at the laſt, finding a little Golden enamel'd Box, *Ciaxares* ſaw that the Picture of *Mandana* was within it, about which this Device was written in the *Cappadocian* Language.

I am better in your Heart.

This Picture was made for a Princeſs of *Cappadocia*, whom *Mandana* loved very well, and who loved her moſt tenderly again: So that this Princeſs dying before ſhe had this Picture, *Mandana* gave it to *Marteſia*, who deſired it of her. But alas, how extreamly was *Ciaxares* ſurprized to find it there! and how jocund *Metrobates*, to ſee himſelf happier than ever he hoped for.

The King's Mind was ſo much troubled, that he neither knew what he did, nor what he ſaw, he read this harmleſs Motto which he thought to be ſo criminal; and afterwards cried out, Who could have thought that ever *Mandana* would have ſpoke ſuch a word unto *Artamenes*? How could that ſevere Vertue which ſhe ſeemed to own, ſuffer her to imagine ſuch a piece of Gallantry as this, in favour of a ſimple Cavalier, who wanders about the World, and none knows what he is? Ah, ſince it is ſo, as it is but too too true, *Mandana* has ſome further Deſigns; Perhaps ſhe is hid in the Houſe of *Artucas*, where ſhe ſtays only until *Artamenes* be at liberty; and then when he has got himſelf in the head of all thoſe Forces which are of his intelligence, he will take my Crown from me, and ſubvert my Throne. No, no, (ſaid he unto *Metrobates*, and throwing the Picture into the Cabinet again) we muſt loſe no time; the Guards of *Artamenes* muſt be changed: *Chriſantes*, *Feraulas*, *Artucas*, *Ortalques*, *Marteſia*, and *Andramias* alſo muſt be ſecured, for I ſuſpect him alſo.

Sir, (ſaid *Metrobates*) I know very well that this Deſign is ſomething dangerous to execute, yet I humbly offer my ſelf, and will adventure it, ſo I may have your Majeſties Guards to aſſiſt me; then I believe the reſpect which all People owes unto you, will keep them from oppoſing your Will: So that except *Andramias* and *Artucas* who are Men of Rank, and *Marteſia* who is a Woman of Quality, all the reſt are inconſiderable; as for *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* they are Strangers, and doubtleſs are no more to be feared than their Maſter; and I am ſure there is no danger in ſecuring *Ortalques*.

The King then recalling into his Mind the Diſcourſes of *Mazares* unto *Artamenes*; and the Journey of *Ortalques* unto the King of *Aſſyria*: the ſecret Carriage of *Marteſia* with *Artucas*; the frequent Viſits of *Feraulas* and *Chriſantes*; the Picture of *Mandana* in the Hands of *Artamenes*; and ſuch a paſſionate Motto, too gallant for a Lady which made profeſſion of ſo much Vertue, he thought queſtionleſs to diſcover ſome great Crime; and queſtioned no further but *Artamenes* was in Love, and that *Mandana* allowed of it.

In concluſion, being tranſported with Anger, he cauſed *Metrobates* to take fifty of his Guard, to execute his Pleaſure before the Paſſages in *Artamenes*'s Chamber was noiſed abroad.

Andramias coming into the Caſtle as *Metrobates* was going out, he was eaſily arreſted, as well as *Ortalques* who was with him: From thence going to take *Artucas*, he found *Chriſantes* and *Marteſia* there, and took them three; conducting *Marteſia* and a Woman to wait upon her in a Coach unto the Caſtle, but carrying *Chriſantes* and *Artucas* on foot; afterwards, he went to look for *Feraulas*, but could not find him; for hearing by good Fortune, that *Metrobates* had been in his Maſter's Chamber with a Guard, he was gone unto *Hidaſpes* to acquaint him, where he found the King of *Phrygia*: Preſently after he was come thither, they heard of *Andramias* his Arreſt; and alſo how *Ortalques*, *Marteſia*, *Chriſantes*, and *Artucas*, were impriſoned in the Caſtle; and that *Artamenes* was kept more cloſe than ever.

So that hearing of all theſe Paſſages at one time, and knowing that *Metrobates* had been to ſeek for *Feraulas*; the King of *Phrygia* would not have him ſtir out of the Houſe of *Hidaſpes*, becauſe he might be much more ſerviceable unto his Maſter than if he were in Priſon. This Prince having ſent in all haſte to acquaint all the famous Friends of *Artamenes* with it; they all went unto the King as faſt as ever they could to know the cauſe of this ſudden change.

The King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, *Perſodes*, *Thraſibulus*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, the Prince of *Licaonia*, *Ariobantes*, *Gadates*, *Artibies*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, *Aglatidas*, *Gobrias*, *Madates*, *Artabaſes*, *Leontidas*, *Megabiſes*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, and many others, came thither; but it was told them, they could not ſee the King: Yet, notwithſtanding, ſince they feared leſt he ſhould fall upon ſome violent Reſolution, they preſſed ſo much, that at the laſt he commmanded the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania* only ſhould enter, where they found him extreamly ſad. Sir, (ſaid the King of *Phrygia* unto him) we are come hither to know whether your Majeſty has any need of us: Yes, (anſwered the King in great rage) I do not think you will any longer protect and defend ſuch an ungrateful, raſh, and ambitious Man as *Artamenes*; who came into my Court, with no intent but to diſhonour me; and aſſumes ſo much boldneſs, as to fix his Eyes upon my Daughter: All her Raviſhers are leſs worthy of my hate than he, ſince in taking her away, they have done nothing which is unworthy of her: But this inſolent Fellow, in raviſhing away her Heart, has done her an irreparable wrong, and mortally offended me. The King of *Aſſyria*, although he was a Stranger unto her, and an Enemy to the *Medes*, is yet a great King: The King of *Pontus*, although he hath loſt both his Kingdoms, yet he retains the Quality of a King: The Prince *Mazares* was royally born, and lived in expectation of a Crown: But as for *Artamenes*, doubtleſs he was born in a Priſon; his Parents were ſome Slaves, elſe he would not hide his condition from us as he doth. Sir, replied the King of *Phrygia*, *Artamenes* has performed ſuch Martial Actions in War, as me-thinks ſufficiently denotes the contrary to what you ſay. *Artamenes* (replied *Ciaxares*) has committed ſuch a Crime in ſtealing away my Daughter's Heart, that I will never pardon him; for he ſaw I denied her unto the King of *Pontus*, who had then two Crowns: He ſaw, that I armed above a hundred thouſand Men, to fetch her out of the power of one of the greateſt Kings in all *Aſia*; and yet he preſumes to bear ſuch an Affection unto her, as cannot be innocent; for if he do not deſign to marry her, then his Aims are to defame her: and if his preſumptuous Thoughts do aim at marrying her, then his deſign is to ſet a Slave upon the Throne of *Media*, and doubtleſs to depoſe me hereafter, ſince it is not poſſible he can ever hope that I ſhould conſent unto his deſign: The truth is, he has ſuch unjuſt, ſo ſtrange, and guilty Thoughts, that Death is too ſmall a Puniſhment for them, and him that owns them. Yet, Sir, (replied the King of *Hircania*) what new matter have you againſt him, ſince you were once in a Mind to acquit him? A hundred things (anſwered *Ciaxares*) which makes me think of nothing but his ruin. Sir, (replied the King of *Phrygia*) ſuch a Reſolution as that ought not to be tumultuouſly undertaken; and though *Artamenes* were culpable (as I believe him innocent) yet he hath ſo gained the Hearts of the Souldiers, that it is much to be feared, that if you ſhould ruine him, it would make a great diſorder in your Camp. Not at all (replied the King) for when I ſhall fully know the baſeneſs of his Birth, as doubtleſs I will know it, ſince I have *Chriſantes* in my power; and when I have publiſhed unto the World by a Declaration, that a common Souldier of Fortune, and perhaps ſomething worſe, is ſo audacious as to think upon the Daughter of a King, and to take away his Crown; I believe there will be none ſo unjuſt as to oppoſe me in puniſhing ſuch a one: For truly, it is moſt ſtrange that ſuch a Man as *Artamenes* ſhould be ſo inſolent as to dare ſo much as to look upon my Daughter: My Daughter, I ſay, who hitherto has appeared as wiſe and prudent, as any in the World: But *Marteſia* ſhall tell me, by what Charms ſhe loſt her Reaſon, and by what Enchantments *Artamenes* made her forget her Duty both unto her ſelf and me. But, Sir, (replied the King of *Phrygia*) you did accuſe *Artamenes* for holding intelligence with the King of *Aſſyria* as a Lover of your Daughter, and now you accuſe him for loving her himſelf; how can you reconcile theſe two things which ſeem ſo directly contrary? I know not (replied *Ciaxares*) but the rigour of Puniſhment, and fear of Death, will doubtleſs make *Chriſantes*, *Ortalques*, and *Artamenes* himſelf, confeſs what I yet know not. But, Sir, (ſaid the King of *Hircania*) what convincing Reaſons have you for it? I have a hundred, I tell you (replied *Ciaxares*) all which do plainly let me ſee that *Artamenes* does hold intelligence with my Enemy and with my Daughter, and that my Daughter hates not him; there needs no more to move me to pronounce Sentence of Death againſt a Man whom I ſo much loved, although he was of ſo baſe an extract. But, Sir, replied the King of *Phrygia*, what if he ſhould prove the Son of a great King? He would have told it long ſince, replied *Ciaxares*, if he had been ſuch a one: but certainly he is only a forward ambitious Man whom Fortune favours, and whom the Simplicity of my Daughter has made both happy and culpable; and when I am fully informed in all the Circumſtances of his Crime, out of his own Mouth, and by the confeſſion of *Marteſia*, *Chriſantes*, and *Andramias*, whom I ſuſpect to be too much his Friends; when I ſhall know, I ſay, by *Artucas*, *Ortalques*, *Araſpes*, and by *Feraulas*, if I can catch him, all that Love and Ambition did prompt this ſecret Enemy unto, then I will call you all to be Witneſſes of his Condemnation. Sir, (ſaid the King of *Phrygia* unto him) I do moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſty, not to condemn him upon Surmiſes, and Appearances; he is perhaps one whom you do not know how great he is; and that Affection which he has unto the Princeſs, alſo the Intelligence he hath held with the King of *Aſſyria*, are not ſo criminal as you ſuppoſe them. Afterwards, the King of *Hircania* added; I dare tell your Majeſty thus much, that thoſe Services which *Artamenes* has done you, deſerves a Pardon for greater Crimes than theſe. It is true, (replied *Ciaxares*) and truly I was reſolved to pardon him for holding intelligence with my Enemy; but that ſuch a Man as he ſhould have any Attempts upon my Daughter, I ſhall never pardon that.

Theſe Princes ſeeing *Ciaxares* ſo incenſed, would not urge him any further at that time; they only intreated him to examine the buſineſs very well, and not to condemn him but upon convincing Proofs; as, that he was abſolutely of a guilty Correſpondency with the King of *Aſſyria*; that he had plotted ſome unjuſt Deſign with the Princeſs *Mandana*; and that he ſhould prove no more than a vile Slave (as he ſuppoſed him) or a common Cavalier: After this they left him, intending to adviſe all together what was moſt expedient to be done. As they went out of the King's Cloſet, all they who were in the Chamber gathered about them, to know how Squares went; ſeeming by their Diſcourſe and Actions, that they were ready to undertake any thing in behalf of *Artamenes*; but thoſe Kings, being unwilling to enform them of any thing in that place, went unto *Hidaſpes*, whither they were waited on by all this Multitude of brave Men, which this great Alteration brought unto the King.

They were no ſooner there, but *Feraulas* who there expected them, deſiring to ſpeak a Word in private unto the King of *Phrygia*, told him, That ſince he went out, he underſtood that *Metrobates* had taken the Cabinet of *Artamenes* from him, and carried it unto the King; he told him further, how certainly he would find *Mandana*'s Picture in it, which was never made for him; and that *Mandana* did not give it unto him, as it would be eaſily proved; and that *Marteſia* did lend it to him that ſame day: But though it was an eaſy matter to juſtify the Princeſs concerning this Picture, yet there was no pretence to colour the Love which *Artamenes* bore unto *Mandana*, which ſeemed to be the cauſe why he deſired to have this Picture in his Priſon.

In concluſion, ſince all thoſe who were with *Hidaſpes*, were all of them Friends unto *Artamenes*, this Prince ſaid unto thoſe who were not acquainted with his Story, that he would engage his Word unto them, *Artamenes* was the moſt faithful Servant *Ciaxares* ever had; and that it would be a piece of good Service unto the King of *Medes*, to hinder him for acting ſuch a piece of great Injuſtice: That moreover, it was eaſy to be ſeen how *Metrobates*, the old Friend of *Aribeus*, was imployed in this Buſineſs; and that it was to be feared, this revengeful Man, did much incenſe the King. That in the mean time, it is expedient to keep the Souldiers ſtill in their good Opinion of *Artamenes* and his Innocency; and to that end it were requiſite for every one to go immediately and give out all neceſſary Orders in the Camp accordingly. And moſt of that illuſtrious Company went in all haſte to divulge the report of a new piece of Injuſtice which had been due unto the famous innocent Priſoner; and none remained there but ſuch as knew the Story and Life of *Artamenes*; to wit, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, *Perſodes*, *Thraſibulus*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, and *Feraulas*; and then they conſulted what was moſt expedient to be done in ſuch a diſaſterous Buſineſs: They all imagined that *Chriſantes* would never ſpeak a word, neither concerning his Maſter's Love, nor his Birth, what Torments ſoever they put upon him: But they imagined alſo, that the more he denied to tell who *Artamenes* was, the more apt would the King be to believe, that his Condition was Baſe; and alſo thought him more criminal. They had ſome fears of *Ortalques*, leſt he ſhould confeſs ſomething which might prejudice; for *Feraulas* underſtood from *Artamenes*, what his Buſineſs was at *Pteria*. They apprehended alſo that *Marteſia*, out of her fears of Death, would diſcover nothing but the innocent Affection of *Artamenes* unto the Princeſs; and being deſirous to juſtify *Mandana*, ſhe would never tell who *Artamenes* really was.

In concluſion of all, they apprehended nothing but apparent cauſes of fear; and ſo no greater hopes in any thing than Force; and they conceived that it was no certain way to ſave his Life neither, ſince *Ciaxares* kept him in the Caſtle, and might chop off his Head before they could be in any condition to relieve him; they reſolved then to ſee how things would go in the Morning, and in the mean time to keep themſelves in a readineſs to reſiſt all manner of Violence, if there ſhould be any need.

Feraulas ſpent that Night in continual ſtirring; he went out of Town unto the Camp, and there, from Tent to Tent, from Hut to Hut, to infuſe freſh Deſires into all the Captains and Souldiers to ſave the Life of *Artamenes*; and returning unto the Town at break of Day, he paſſed through four or five ſeveral Places before he could come at the Houſe of *Hidaſpes*.

Never was ſuch a Diſorder ſeen; all the Inhabitants of *Sinope* ſaid, that they never could nor would ſuffer ſuch a Man as he to periſh. The Souldiers, both of the Town and Camp, ſpoke high, and ſaid, they would not endure it. The King's private Guards did but willingly obey; and if *Metrobates* had not been very cautious, he would have found himſelf in a very ſad Condition. But he had no ſooner arreſted all theſe, whom by the King's Orders he was to impriſon, but he ſent in all haſte unto *Artaxis*, to ſend him a thouſand Men, ready at the Gates of *Sinope*, in the beginning of the Night; and at the ſame time he told the King, that he brought them from a Town whereof he was Governor. And *Metrobates* carried it ſo, that he cauſed theſe Rebel Troops to enter into the Town and Caſtle that Night; ſo that the next Morning the Friends of *Artamenes* were amazed to ſee all ſtrange Faces, and Souldiers they knew not.

Mean while *Chriſantes*, *Ortalques*, *Artucas*, *Andramias*, *Araſpes*, and *Marteſia*, were to anſwer *Metrobates* unto theſe three Queſtions: The one, who *Artamenes* was? The other, what was the Intelligence which he held with the King of *Aſſyria?* And the laſt, when he began to be in love with *Mandana?*

Chriſantes fearing to prejudice his Maſter in ſaying he was *Cyrus*, and conceiving that he ſhould as much prejudice him, if he left him in the conceit of his mean Original, took therefore the Medium betwixt thoſe two Extreams, and ſaid, That he was deſcended from the moſt noble Family——but that it was not permitted him to tell any further; And as for the matter of Intelligence with the King of *Aſſyria*, he ſaid, that it was advantagious rather than any thing prejudicial unto *Ciaxares*, but he would ſpeak no further concerning that particular. As for his demeanour towards *Mandana*, and hers to him, he ſaid, that ſince ſhe was ſo much obliged unto him, and was a Debtor for the Life of her Father, and for ſo many Victories which he had obtained for him, it was not at all ſtrange if ſhe did much eſteem of him; but for any thing further, he knew not.

Ortalques for his part, ſaid, that he knew nothing of any particulars between the King of *Aſſyria* and him, which could be any way obnoxious unto the King's Service; for he knew they were Enemies one to another.

Andramias could make no anſwer, but all in the Negative, unto all the Queſtions; for indeed, he knew nothing at all concerning them. As for *Marteſia*, ſhe told *Metrobates*, with as much prudence as boldneſs, that though her Miſtreſs had truſted her with any Secret, yet would ſhe never diſcover it; and that ſince ſhe was placed with the Princeſs by the King himſelf, ſo ſhe would render an account unto none but him.

All this while, *Artamenes* was unconceivably perplexed. What, ſaid he in himſelf, ſhall ever I be the cauſe that the King does accuſe my Princeſs? cannot her Vertue, her Severity, and Rigor, keep her from their Suſpitions, but that they will blame her, and perhaps unjuſtly condemn her? O moſt imprudent Man that I am, to truſt in thoſe hopes they gave me! Ought I not rather to heave feared the capricious humour of my Fortune; which did not promote me, but only to throw me down with more precipitation? Alas, *Mandana*, will the King think that you gave me that Picture which he ſaw? and from thence will conceive an hundred falſe Imginations, and all as falſe as it. Sometimes *Artamenes* fearing the fury of *Ciaxares* towards the Princeſs, did rather wiſh her in the Power of a reſpective Rival, as the King of *Pontus* was, than in the Power of a violent and incenſed Father, as *Ciaxares* was.

Theſe apprehenſions laſted not long, but he repented himſelf of his former wiſh; and when he conſidered that all hopes of his Liberty was loſt, and that he had cauſed the Misfortunes of ſo many innocent Perſons; and how little appearance there was to avoid them otherwiſe than by Death, he fell into extream deſpair: his great Soul notwithſtanding did always endeavour to reſiſt his Sorrows: And if it had been only in conſideration of himſelf, he would not have ſtood in need of all his conſtancy. All his Guards were changed, and thoſe Souldiers which *Artaxes* had ſent, were placed about him; ſo that he received no conſolation at all.

Since the King was well acquainted with his reſoluteneſs, although he once intended to examine him himſelf, concerning his Birth, concerning the Correſpondency with the King of *Aſſyria*, and concerning his Love, yet he did alter his Opinion, and reſolved to uſe others in the Buſineſs whom he had in his power; and to that end, he promiſed them Recompences, he terrified them with moſt cruel Puniſhments, and began to uſe them courſly: But do what *Metrobates* could, he could not make them alter their Anſwers, neither *Chriſantes*, nor *Marteſia*, nor *Ortalques*; as for the three others, they had nothing at all to ſay: *Artucas* did confeſs his Coſen was three days in his Houſe, before ſhe went abroad; but he ſaid, the reaſon was, becauſe ſhe was not in a condition to be ſeen, or at the leaſt, ſhe gave him no other reaſon for it; and tho indeed *Marteſia* did deſire to ſee *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, he could not tell what the Buſineſs was. *Metrobates* did not relate their Anſwers unto the King rightly, but on the contrary, did aſſure him they trembled when they ſpoke, and often contradicted themſelves, and that e're long they would tell all.

Mean while, the King would needs ſee *Marteſia*, although *Metrobates* oppoſed it as much as he could; ſo that this couragious Woman was guarded unto him: After ſhe had done all due reverence unto the King, and behaving her ſelf boldly like one that was innocent tent in the Buſineſs. *Marteſia*, (ſaid he unto her) you are the Confident both of *Mandana* and *Artamenes*; and I muſt have the Truth from your Mouth, though I have met with it other ways.

Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) ſince I know not any thing which can prejudice thoſe two Illuſtrious Perſons you name, I ſhall eaſily anſwer you. How, *Marteſia*, (replied the King very angry) do you not think it prejudicial unto *Mandana* to love *Artamenes*, as moſt certainly ſhe does? I think, Sir, (replied ſhe) that the Princeſs were one of the moſt unreaſonable Women in the World if ſhe did not highly eſteem him, and one of the moſt ungrateful alſo, if beleeving him ſo Innocent as he is, ſhe did not acknowledg thoſe Services which he has done your Majeſty: But, Sir, all the thoughts of the Princeſs are confined unto theſe two; ſhe eſteems him, and thought her ſelf obliged unto it. But, *Marteſia*, replied the King, vertuous Princeſſes, who only eſteem a bare Cavalier, ſuch as *Artamenes*, do not uſe to beſtow their Pictures upon him. O, Sir, cryed out *Marteſia*, the Princeſs never gave that Picture unto *Artamenes*; if it be found in his hands, it muſt needs be *Feraulas* who is a good Friend of mine, and unto whom I lent it, that ſhewed it unto him, as a fine Piece; for that Picture, Sir, was never made for me, much leſs for *Artamenes*; and if we we were at *Themiſcira*, I could eaſy prove it was made for the Princeſs of *Pteria*, who died before ſhe received it. Indeed *Marteſia*, replied the King, this Picture is found in the Cabinet of *Artamenes*, and doubtleſs, *Mandana* did ſend it by you to comfort him in her abſence. No, Sir, ſaid *Marteſia*, I cannot endure that the Calumny of wicked Men ſhould make you believe ſo; I do invoke all thoſe Gods whom I adore, to witneſs, that the Princeſs does not know that *Artamenes* hath it; and you would be the moſt unjuſt Prince upon Earth, if you ſhould accuſe the moſt innocent and the moſt vertuous Princeſs in the World of any ſuch thing. But what were you doing, (replied he) thoſe three days which you were with *Artucas*, before you ſaw me? *Marteſia* being not well able to anſwer this laſt Queſtion, changed colour; yet preſently aſſuming her confidence, Sir, (ſaid ſhe to him) ſince I was not then in ſo handſom a condition to appear at Court, I had no diſpoſition that another ſhould acquaint you with what I had to ſay; therefore I thought that thoſe three days might well be ſpared, ſince I knew you were not ignorant how the Princeſs was living. But all that while (replied the King) you ſaw *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*. It is very true (ſaid ſhe) I did ſo, and I endeavoured to comfort them in their Sorrows, and to give them ſome hopes, that 'ere long your Majeſty would know how innocent their Maſter was. You might have contented your ſelf (ſaid this violent Prince) with concealing the Weakneſs of your Miſtreſs, without juſtifying ſuch a bold and unthankful Perſon, as never remembring the baſeneſs of his Birth, durſt caſt his Eyes upon my Daughter. Sir, replied *Marteſia*, when the King of *Aſſyria* was in your Court, under the name of *Philidaſpes*, you then thought his condition no greater than that of *Artamenes*. It is very true, replied the King, but that is no argument to perſwade me *Artamenes* is any other than what I think him to be. Yes, Sir, replied *Marteſia*, I ſhould rather think *Artamenes* to be the Son of a great King, than the Son of a Slave. What King (ſaid *Ciaxares* very angerly) can he be Son unto? the King of *Phrygia* hath none? Was the King of *Hircania* ever married? hath the King of *Armenia* more then two, whom all the world knows? Had the King of *Arabia* ever any? is not the Son of the King of *Saces* drown'd? Or can he be Son unto the King of *Perſia*, who as they ſay was never heard of, and whoſe Father yet mourns for? Sir, ſaid *Marteſia*, (whom the Name of *Cyrus* cauſed to bluſh) I cannot tell you whoſe Son *Artamenes* is; but let me tell you, that I am fully perſwaded that your Majeſty does not know what he is. The King then being tranſported with Choler, ſeeing *Marteſia* could not chuſe but take part with this famous

Priſoner, and to ſpeak ſo ſharply unto him, in the behalf of the Princeſs, of *Artucas*, and her ſelf: No, no, (ſaid he unto her) *Artamenes* is not like *Philidaſpes*, I know how to put a difference between a great King and a common Souldier, but I can make none at all between *Mandana*, and the Daughter of a Slave, nor between *Marteſia* and *Mandana*. The Gods change your Heart, (replied *Marteſia*) you will one day repent of what you ſay now.

At the laſt, the King not being able to ſcrue any thing out of *Marteſia*, ſent her back, and was extreamly troubled: He might know by her anſwers, although ſhe denied all, that there was a Secret in the Buſineſs which ſhe would not reveal: The words of *Mazares*, and *Mazares* dying, were conſiderable: *Mandana*'s Picture was a convincing Argument; the concealment of *Marteſia* with *Artucas*; the frequent viſits of *Feraulas*, and *Chriſantes*; *Ortalques* his voyage unto *Pteria*, and an hundred Circumſtances which came into his memory, did moſt ſtrongly perſwade him, that *Artamenes* was moſt culpable; and the impoſſibility to find out his true condition, did confirm him in his belief that he was of a baſe Deſcent, but when he conſidered ſometimes, whether he would or no, how this extraordinary Man had ſaved his Life, had got him ſo many Battles, had ſubmitted ſo many Kings, he could not chuſe but wonder at the obſcurity of his Birth: yet ſince he could not underſtand what it was, he concluded, that it was ſuch as he was aſhamed to confeſs: ſo that paſſing from this thought unto another; Is *Mandana* (ſaid he) deſcended from ſo many Illuſtrious Kings, and who her ſelf muſt one day raign over ſo many People, and ſuch great Kingdoms, ſo weak, as to endure the unjuſt Paſſion of an unknown Man? Ah, no, no, I muſt puniſh *Artamenes* for his Boldneſs, and *Mandana* for her Weakneſs. Furthermore, when he ſaw that *Feraulas* would not ſuffer himſelf to be apprehended, he did imagin that to be an infallible ſign of his knowledg of many things; for he knew that *Feraulas* was of ſuch a couragious Spirit, as the fear of his Life would never make him flee away.

In concluſion, the King did ſuck ſo much Venom out of every Imagination, and his Mind became ſo much incenſed againſt *Artamenes*, as he would not ſuffer the King of *Phrygia* to ſpeak any more in the behalf of him. The King of *Hircania* was no leſs rudely rejected then he. And ſeeing ſo many Princes and Men of high Quality about him: How is it poſſible (ſaid he he unto them all) that you ſhould thus importunately preſs me, in the behalf of ſuch a Man, as you know not who he is? If he would himſelf ſay, he were a Subject unto any one of you, I ſhould then with more patience hear you intereſt your ſelves in his Fortunes. But, queſtionleſs, he is of ſome ſuch inconſiderable Country, that he is aſhamed to own his very Nation; and yet all of you ſpeak for him, as if he were the Son of ſome great King, or as if I ſhould incenſe all the Kings upon Earth by puniſhing him: But (ſaid he unto them, in a mighty Fury) either ſpeak no more in his behalf, or let me know your Reaſons why you ſhould ſo eagerly intereſt your ſelves; For let me tell you this, once for all, and it ſhall be my ultimate Reſolution, that if within two days ſpace, *Artamenes* do not confeſs his Faults, his Life ſhall pay for it, and ſatisfy Revenge; and afterwards at more leiſure all his Complices ſhall follow him.

After *Ciaxarss* had thus expreſſed himſelf, he went into his Cloſet, and left all the Kings and Princes extreamly dejected. They all went then unto the Houſe of *Hidaſpes*, becauſe he was moſt intereſted in him, and becauſe they were more free and at liberty there than any where elſe: When they were all there, the King of *Phrygia* having conſulted with the King of *Hircania*, with *Hidaſpes*, *Aducius*, *Artabaſes*, *Thraſibulus*, *Madates*, and *Feraulas*, they concluded, That ſince *Ciaxares* did object againſt *Artamenes*, the baſeneſs of his Quality, and thought That his greateſt Crime, therefore it was requiſite to tell him who he was, and try if that way would prevent him from his violent Reſolutions. They conceived, that ſince *Aſtyages* was dead, *Ciaxares* perhaps would not ſo much ſtartle at the Stars, and Predictions of the *Magi*, as the King his Father did: but that when he ſhould know *Artamenes* was the Son of a King, his Coſin, and had thirty thouſand *Perſians* in his Army, he would perhaps look better about him, before he deſtroyed him; and that if it ſhould once come to open Force, the Souldiers would fight with more ſury for the Son of a King, than they would have done for an unknown Stranger.

This Reſolution was not fixed upon without great Conteſts; but after the grounds of it were well examined, it was ſo determined, and they reſolved, that after they had given all requiſite Orders unto their Regiments, they would tranſact the next Morning accordingly, and that in the mean time, they ſhould get as many Men as they could to be about *Ciaxares* that Morning, to the end that the noiſe of the Buſineſs might ſooner ſpread, and be divulged thorow all the Town and Camp.

After this ſhort Conference, the King of *Phrygia* went unto all them that yet were ignorant of *Artamenes* his Quality, and were only honourers of his Vertues, deſiring them to be at Court to morroſh Morning before *Ciaxares* was up, and to bring as many of their Friends as they could, to contrive the ſafety of *Artamenes.* There needed no further Invitations to move their beſt Endeavours; and indeed, it may very well be ſaid, the Court of *Ciaxares* was never ſo full as it was that day. The King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince of the *Caducians*, the Prince of *Lycaonia*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Thraſibulus*, *Artibies*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, *Leontidas*, *Megabiſes*, *Ariobantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, *Madates*, *Artabaſes*, *Aglatidas*, and an hundred others were there. But their haſte was, notwithſtanding, not ſo needful, for do what they could, it was impoſſible for them to ſee the King that Morning; he would by all means Dine that day in private, becauſe he would avoid the Solicitations of ſo many as were oppoſite unto his Deſign. But at laſt, knowing that they were all of them extreamly importunate to ſpeak with him, and were come into his Chamber, he came out of his Cloſet in a high fury, abſolutely reſolved upon the Death of *Artamenes.* Preſently after, according unto the laſt days Reſolutions, *Feraulas* came alſo into the Chamber, and thruſting thorow the preſs, to get near the King, he preſented himſelf before him with as much Boldneſs as Reverence. *Ciaxares* being infinitely ſurprized to ſee him, What, *Feraulas*, (ſaid he unto him) do you fear Death ſo little, that you dare put your ſelf into the Power of a Prince, who has cauſed you to be ſought for as a Delinquent? It is not death, Sir, (anſwered he) that I ſtand in fear of; but my greateſt fear is, leſt your Majeſty ſhould precipitately act a piece of high Injuſtice upon the Perſon of my Maſter: Therefore I come to tell you, that *Artamenes* is ſo far from being of any obſcure Extract, as he is the Son of a great and good King. Of what unknown Country, I pray you, is the Father of *Artamenes* King? (replied *Ciaxares*); Ah, my Friend, this Excuſe is too groſs, and I cannot believe it, unleſs all theſe Princes confirm what you ſay. If that be all, Sir, replied *Feraulas*, you may very well believe, that *Artamenes* is the Son of a great King, ſince there are thirty thouſand of his Father's Subjects in your Army: and all theſe Kings and Princes who hear me, are able to atteſt the truth of it: Truth is, Sir, *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*, Son to the King of *Perſia*; and *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, and ſo many famous *Perſians* as you ſee about you, are all to be one day his Subjects. Is *Artamenes*, *Cyrus* (replied the King of *Medes*) away, away, it is impoſſible? Sir, (ſaid *Hidaſpes*) the thing is ſo true, that nothing upon Earth can be more. Yes, Sir, (purſed *Aduſius*) and we are able to make it moſt apparent unto you; the Report of his ſhipwrack was moſt falſe; and *Cyrus* was never in any danger of Death, but in your Majeſty's Service. You know (ſaid the King of *Phrygia*) that this is not likely to be an invented Buſineſs; for if it were not true, *Hidaſpes* would not ſay it. I know (replied *Ciaxares*, infinitely unquiet, and troubled in his mind) that the thing which you diſcover unto me, is the way to haſt his ruine; for *Artamenes*, as he is only a raſh, ingrateful, and a deluding Man, and a particular Enemy unto *Ciaxares*, who according to his Clemency, or Juſtice,

ſtice, may pardon or puniſh him: But if it be true, that he is *Cyrus*, then it is as true that he is the general Enemy of all *Aſia*, and ought to be deſtroyed: You are all of you as well as I, concerned in this publick Intereſt (ſaid he unto all about him, except *Perſians*) It is your Tyrant who is in priſon; one, whom all the *Magi* ſay, will ſubvert all *Aſia*, and become our Maſter: And if any thing can perſwade me, that *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*, it is his moſt prodigious Exploits. But, Sir, ſaid the King of *Hircania*, all his prodigious Exploits conduce unto your Majeſtie's Advantage: All his Combats, Victories, and Conqueſts, are yours; and he findeth no other ſhare in them but his Fetters. No, (replied *Ciaxares*) becauſe by the favour of the Gods I have prevented him; But, (ſaid he in looking upon *Feraulas*) does *Mandana* know he is *Cyrus?* Sir, replied he, I know nothing concerning the Princeſs, further than that I am certain, there is no criminous intelligence between her and my Maſter, and that his Affection towards her, did never cauſe him to neglect his Reſpects neither to her nor you. The Affection which your Maſter has (replied *Ciaxares*, very ſharply) is only an unlimited Ambition, and a Thought of horrible Revenge; he intends to puniſh *Ciaxares*, for that which *Aſtyages* in the behalf of all *Aſia*, did intend to do in his Cradle; but I ſhall without any ſcruple at all, do that which he attempted not without much fear; for I have more convincing Arguments inducing me unto it; and alſo more convincing Reaſons (replied the King of *Phrygia*) to avert you from it.

Cyrus (replied *Ciaxares*) was then but an Infant, and was not able to hurt: But *Cyrus* is now a culpable fortunate Man, one that is able to attempt any thing, and to execute what he attempts. It is very true (replied the King of *Hircania*) but he is alſo a Man who attempts and executes all for your Glory. Yes, ſaid *Ciaxares*, and would attempt and execute all to my Shame and Deſtruction, if I did not prevent him.

Moreover (added he) that *Cyrus* whom *Aſtyages* would have deſtroyed, had never done him any harm. It is very true, (replied *Hidaſpes*) But this *Cyrus* in whoſe behalf we ſpeak unto you, has done you Service, and ſuch Service as is highly advantagious unto you. Rather ſay (replied the King in extream fury) that he has moſt baſely betrayed me. He comes hither into my Court, and ſtays here in a diſguiſe, and all was to ſeduce the Mind of my Daughter; Doubtleſs he has diſcovered himſelf unto her; he has infuſed Ambition into her Soul: She looks upon him as the Conqueror of all *Aſia:* And without conſidering, that he cannot make himſelf Maſter of it, unleſs he throw her Father out of his Throne; ſhe hearkens unto him, ſhe ſuffers him, ſhe loves him. But thanks be unto the Heavens! I am able to puniſh them both at once, ſince if ſhe love *Artamenes*, as I make no queſtion but ſhe does, then ſhe will ſuffer a Death in the Perſon of this raſh Man, until I can get her unto ſuch a place, as I ſhall make her ſuffer in her own. O Sir, (cried out all the Men which were in the Chamber) we beſeech you, either grant us the Life of *Cyrus*, or elſe we beſeech you give us our Deaths. How (replied *Ciaxares*, extreamly aſtoniſhed) my Subjects, my Vaſſals, and my Allies, all ask Life for their Tyrant! or at leaſt will be ſo one day. We beg the Life (ſaid they all with one Voice) of a Man, whom the Gods did ſend to be the Legitimate Maſter of all Men, and have adorned him with Vertues accordingly; and one who, although he was able to have got out of Priſon (added *Hidaſpes*) yet would not attempt it. A Man (purſued *Gobrias*) who would not live but to do you ſervice. You may ſay (added *Gadates*) very many, who would never have vanquiſhed but for your Glory: A Prince (purſued *Thraſibulus*) who has made all the wiſe Men of *Greece* adore him: And one (added the King of *Hircania*) who has converted all them whom he has vanquiſhed, to be his Friends. Say rather (purſued *Feraulas*) one who has made his moſt mortal Enemies admire him. Add unto theſe (ſaid *Aglatidas*) that the Deſtiny of *Artamenes* is ſo extraordinary and glorious, that his moſt mortal Enemies do owe their Lives unto him. You may further ſay (added *Artibies*) that thoſe who hardly know him, are ſo much charmed by his Vertues, that they are ready to die for him. For my part, (added *Thimocrates*) I ſhould think my Life could never be better employed, than in ſaving ſuch an illuſtrious Prince as he. Indeed (replied *Philocles*) your Lot would deſerve Envy if you could obtain that favour; for what Appauſe did not that Man deſerve who ſhould have the honour to reprieve ſo vertuous a Prince? A Prince, replied *Megabiſes*, who is valiant in the higheſt degree. Who is as liberal as valiant (purſued *Artabaſes*) who is as prudent as couragious (added the Prince of *Lycaonia*). Who is as mild and ſweet after a Victory, as he is furious in fighting (replied *Madates*) Whoſe Reputation is fam'd thorowout the World (ſaid *Leontidas*.) Who is owner of all the Vertues (added the Prince of *Paphlagonia*.) And to ſum up all in few words (purſued *Ariobantes*) he is a Man who never did any ill, but always good. How, ſaid *Ciaxares* in a great fury! did *Cyrus* never do any ill? has he not rendred himſelf ſo prevalent and powerful in the Minds of my Friends, my Enemies, my Allies, my Neighbours, and my Subjects, that it ſeems as if I durſt not puniſh him? Is not this Crime great enough to ruin him; to the end that I may teach others to be more reſpective unto me? But is it poſſible (added he) that there ſhould not be one amongſt you all who loves his Liberty, and is a Hater of that Man, whom ſo many Predictions might move you to look apon as a Traitor?

In the mean while, ſince you neither reſpect my Intereſt, nor your own, nor the Intereſt of all *Aſia*, I will look only to my ſelf, and will puniſh this pretended *Cyrus*, as a Man who is come into my Court to betray me; as one that has conſpired with my Daughter againſt my Life; as one that has voluntarily let the King of *Aſſyria* eſcape; as one that holds a criminous Correſpondency with him, and as a Man who indeed would ruin me. Take heed, Sir, (ſaid *Hidaſpes*) what you do; for after all this, *Cyrus* is not your Subject, and the King my Maſter knows well enough how to be revenged upon you for ſuch a piece of high Injuſtice. In the name of the Gods, Sir, (ſaid the King of *Phrygia*) do not reſolve upon any thing in the heat of your Choler. In the name of the Gods (replied *Claxares*) ſpeak not a word more unto me either concerning *Artamenes* or *Cyrus*: But be ye all aſſured, that I take him for my ſecret Enemy, for a ſeducer of my Daughter, and for the Tyrant of all *Aſia*, and nothing ſhall ſave him; and therefore, ſince his Deſtruction is inevitable, prepare your ſelves to hear preſently of his Death: In ſaying ſo, he cauſed *Feraulas* to be guarded away, and leſt them. Immediately after, the King of *Phrygia* was advertiſed, that *Metrobates* had given Orders, that the Guards ſhould ſuffer none to come into the Town from the Camp, nor none to go out of the Town unto it: So that when he made it known unto the King of *Hircania*, and all the Princes and Officers about him, they made a doubt whether they ſhould have liberty to go out of the Caſtle, and whether *Artamenes* were not already dead: For *Metrobates* ſpoke unto the King in a low Voice ſince he came into his Chamber, and told him that he had underſtood *Artamenes* was *Cyrus*.

The End of the Second Part.

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ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS;

That Excellent

ROMANCE.

PART. III.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY,
Governor of *Noſtre-Dame.*

Engliſhed by *F. G.* Eſq;

LONDON,
Printed by *John Darby*, and are to be ſold
by the Bookſellers of *London*, 1650.

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·12·1912
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To the Right Honourable,
And moſt perfectly Noble,
THE LADY
ANNE LUCAS.

MADAM,

T*HE Great* CYRUS *now makes his ſecond Addreſs to Your* Honour: *His Former ſo proſper'd under Your* Ladiſhip's *Name, that he vows to think of no other* Dedication. *For at his firſt entrance into our Language, He reſolv'd to caſt himſelf at the Feet of ſome Excellent Perſonage, whoſe Extraction ſhould be Illuſtrious as your own Name of* NEVILL, *(which confeſſedly is as great as our Chronicles can boaſt of) and a Perſon accompliſh'd with all the Titles of* Honour, Knowledg, *and* Vertue, *as well as thoſe powerful Ornaments of* Nature. *And at all theſe Capacities He found himſelf bound to make choice of Your* Ladiſhip: *For He knew (if His Story met any Exception) You were beſt able to give him all the Protection your whole Sex could afford: And if there could be any poſſible Addition, He might ſafely expect it from your own Noble* Lord, *whoſe Learned Soul is ſo* Heroically *ballanc'd,* *ballanc'd, as at once might challenge both* Ariſtotle *and* Hercules; *and yet (which is ſtronger) conceals theſe* Tranſcendencies *from the Eye of the World, becauſe He knows the World is now at worſt, and incapable of* Correption. *Therefore* (MADAM) *I were ſtrangly bold to preſent Your* Ladiſhip *with a common* Romance: *But all the judicious Wits I have met with, do aſſure me the* GRAND CYRUS *is a noble uſeful Work; the Plots are deeper, the Turns and Changes much more frequent, the Diſputes and Arguments far ſtronger, than in other Compoſitions: For, the famous Author is not only a* Scholar, *a* Traveller, *and a* Souldier, *but one of the moſt eminent* Wits *of* France, *and in every page hath left ſome marks and Impreſſions of his Spirit. The former Volume left* CYRUS *at the Block: This ſhews what means were us'd to preſerve him, a Felicity which all good Princes have not enjoy'd. And amidſt all, the Scenes of* Honour *and* Love *are ſo twiſted, that every Noble Lover may here meet his own Flame, and learn both how to manage and advance it till he reach his Deſires. But I treſpaſs too much on your* Ladiſhip'*s precious Minutes, which are ſtill taken up by the nobleſt Conſiderations. My only hope is, that you that can ſo exactly* judg, *can alſo* pardon,

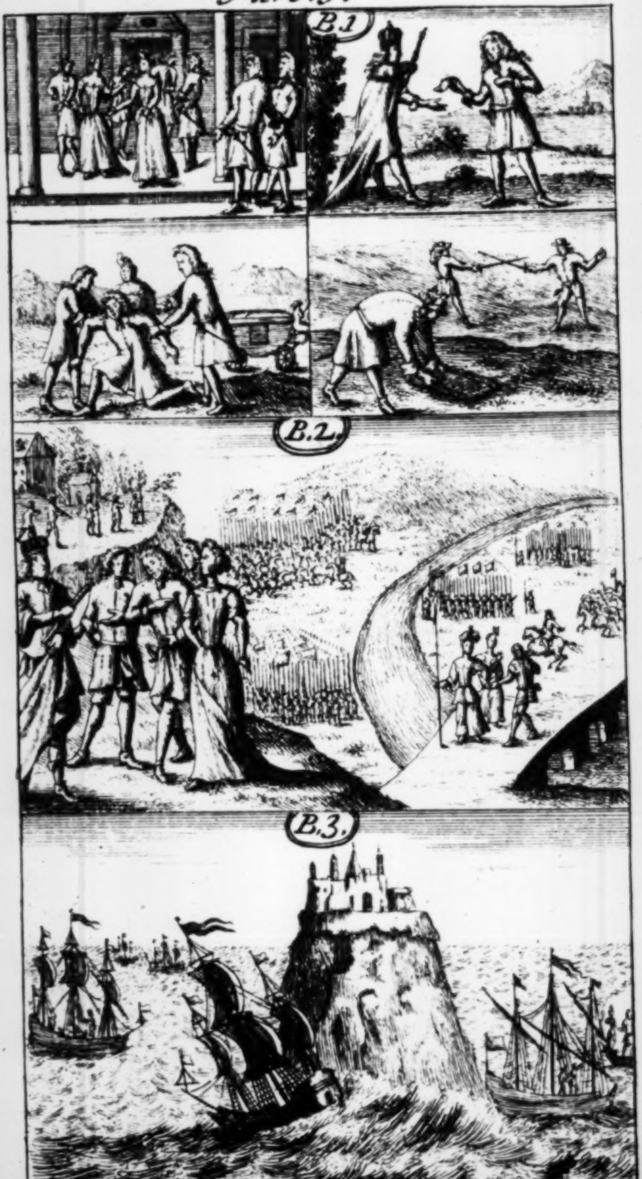
Your Honours moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

H. M.

BIBLIOT CA·BODLEIANA·

Part. 3.



ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS.

Part III. Book I.

EXtream Fears turning the Souls of all the Kings, Princes, and Heroique Perſons into Fury, they once determined to caſt off all the Reſpects which they owed unto *Ciaxares*. But afterwards, conſidering, that the Guards of the Caſtle did depend abſolutely upon *Metrobates*, they altered their Determinations, and took a more rational Courſe. They went with all haſte unto the Houſe of *Hidaſpes*, there to adviſe upon the beſt Remedy againſt a Diſaſter of ſo great Importance: great indeed, ſince it ſo nearly concerned the Life of the moſt Illuſtrious Prince upon Earth. Their Fears of not getting out of the Caſtle proved groundleſs: for *Metrobates* contented himſelf with the Execution of the King's Orders unto the Gates of the Town, which was, That none ſhould be permitted to go out of *Sinope* to the Camp, nor none from the Camp to enter the Town. Theſe Heroes were no ſooner with *Hidaſpes*, but he, that famous *Perſian*, ſpoke haſtily thus unto them: Sirs, Whether

ther you look upon *Cyrus* as *Artamenes*, or upon *Artamenes* as *Cyrus*, you are all of you obliged to ſave him, if it be poſſible; There is not one amongſt you all, whom he hath not obliged, and by Conſequence not one amongſt you, who owes not your beſt Aſſiſtance unto him. As for us *Perſians*, ſaid he (ſpeaking to *Aduſius*, *Artabaſes*, *Madates*, and concerning himſelf) we were the baſeſt Varlets upon Earth, if we would not die to ſave his Life, or revenge his Death. And you, Sirs (if it be permitted me to ſay ſo in the Heat of my Zeal) would be very unjuſt, if not ungrateful, in not doing the ſame with us. As for you (ſaid he unto *Ariobantes*, *Megabiſes*, and *Aglatidas*,) who are natural Subjects unto *Ciaxares*, although the Intereſt of *Cyrus* does not concern you, yet the Honour of the King, your Maſter, ought to move you, and make you to undertake any Expedients, which may prevent the ſpilling of that Blood, which as pure as it is, will ſtain his Life with an infamous Brand, never to be waſhed out: Whether therefore ye be *Phrygians*, *Hircanians*, *Grecians*, *Aſſyrians*, *Medes*, *Caduſians*, *Paphlagonians*, or *Perſians*, let us all ſpeedily reſolve upon ſome Expedient; or to expreſs my ſelf better, Let us ſpeedily put it into act, and loſe not a Minute of time, leſt *Metrobates* prevent us.

No ſooner had *Hidaſpes* ended his Speech, but all the Kings, Princes, and Heroes, teſtified their Reſolutions to imploy the moſt deſperate Remedies, againſt ſo deſperate a Diſeaſe; and to hazard their Lives a thouſand times to preſerve the Life of *Cyrus*. They contrived all imaginable ways to effect their Deſign; and the Heat of their Zeal did ſo tranſport them, that they propounded an hundred different Propoſitions; and ſome of them ſuch, as the Execution of them was impoſſible: for the Accident did ſo diſturb their Reaſon, and animate their Courage, that all of them did ſtrive how to ſignal themſelves, by the Dangers they would undertake in the Enterprize. Some would have them go by open Force unto the Caſtle, and demand *Artamenes*; others adviſed to joyn the Subtilty of the Fox to the Fury of the Lion: and others would have them go kill *Metrobates* immediately.

Some adviſed to go and raiſe the People; ſome others would have them cauſe the Army to advance: And all of them concluded to tranſact, and beſtir themſelves, to ſave the Life of *Cyrus*. Since they looked upon *Ciaxares*, as a prejudicated Prince, yet ſince they were all of them really generous, they had not one thought of attempting any thing upon his Perſon; but only ſo far as might get that Hero out of his Hands, unto whom he owed the Glory of his Reign, and the Conqueſt of many Kingdoms.

In Concluſion, it was reſolved upon, to let ſome one down the Walls of the Town by Cords, that he might go unto the Camp, and make it known unto the *Perſians*, that the only Son of their Soveraign was in Danger of Death, if they did not ſpeedily relieve him; hoping that afterwards, all the whole Army would come unto the Gates of *Sinope*, and move *Ciaxares* not to execute his Deſign with ſo much Precipitation. In the mean time it was reſolved that *Ariobantes*, and *Megabiſes*, ſhould return into the Caſtle, and advertiſe them concerning all Paſſages, and alſo to try if they could any ways qualify the King: For their parts, they aſſembled all their Friends which they had within the Town, to wait until the Army came up, and to be in Readineſs for any Attempt, if there were a neceſſity of it, and to ſtir up the People, if there were no other Remedy; but there was no need of taking any thought for that, becauſe they perceived the People to come out of the Caſtle in Tumults, and as they walked the Streets, nothing could be heard but the Name of *Artamenes*, pronouncing it with troubled Spirits: Immediately after, the People of *Sinope* ſeeing all their Hopes turned into Fears, and their Joys into Sorrows, grew into ſo great a Commotion, that there was not any who followed his accuſtomed Courſe; Shops were ſhut; the Women ſpoke loud in the Streets; Merchants conſulted together upon what was beſt to be done; the Gentry flocked about the King and Princes, to hear what was done in the Caſtle; and the Confuſion was ſo tumultuouſly apparent, that it was eaſy to perceive, they wanted but little of a declared Revolt. That which did moſt of all augment the Tumult, was the Orders which *Metrobates* had given to ſuffer none to enter, or go out of the Town: for they who were come out of the Camp into the Town, being deſirous to return thither again; and they who were gone out of the Town into the Camp, being alſo deſirous to come back, and both reſtrained; The one endeavouring to come in, the other to go out, made ſuch an hideous Garboil at the Gates, that the Noiſe of them ſounded throughout all the Town: and one Benefit accrued by it; for ſince all the Souldiers which *Metrobates* had brought from *Pteria*, were all buſied either at the Gates of the Town, or at the Caſtle; it was leſs difficult for *Madates* during the Obſcurity of the Night to get over the Wall and Ditch. He went then in all haſte unto the Camp, and acquainted all the *Perſians* that *Artamenes* was *Cyrus*, and that their Prince would preſently be put to Death, if they did not interpoſe their Lives to ſave his. When he came there, he found the Camp already in diſorder, by the Return of ſeveral Captains and Souldiers, who were denied Entrance into the Town, who reported that certainly they would put *Artamenes* to Death, and perhaps all their Commanders, and Princes alſo. *Madates* then found the Army in a fit Poſture for his Deſign; if he met any Captains, It muſt be you (would he ſay unto them) which muſt ſave the invincible *Artamenes*, you who have been Sharers with him in the Honour, and you who he has ſo favourably looked upon: If he ſpoke unto the Common Souldiers, It muſt be you (would he ſay to them) who muſt preſerve your valiant General, who would ever be in the deepeſt Dangers, but would never have any Share in the Magnificent Plunder wherewith you are enriched. If he ſaw any *Phrygians*, he told them, that it was their King's Command to come unto *Sinope*, and demand *Artamenes*: If he ſaw any *Hircanians*, he would tell them the ſame from their King, and ſo the like unto all the ſeveral Nations which were in the Army: ſo that the Diſcourſe of *Madates*, meeting with that violent Paſſion which had taken Root in the Hearts of all the Captains and Souldiers towards *Cyrus*, (for we will not hereafter call him *Artamenes*,) it is not at all ſtrange if

Madates did ſo ſuddenly kindle ſo great a Fire, out of Matter which was ſo combuſtible. The Name of *Cyrus* was quickly divulged throughout all the Army: for the thirty thouſand *Perſians*, who had it from their Commander in chief, unto whom *Madates* had imparted it, did preſently diſperſe it abroad. And as this great Body was moved by one Soul, every one ranged himſelf under his Colours, and deſired to be conducted unto *Sinope.*

The Name of *Artamenes*, and of *Cyrus*, ecchoed from Company to Company, from Regiment to Regiment, and above an Hundred Thouſand Men did in an inſtant talk, and beſtir themſelves, to relieve him whom they regarded as a God, both in times of Peace, and War. Mean while, the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania*'s Troops, grew great in the Town, compoſed of all the Men of Quality in *Sinope*, and of thoſe who were not permitted to return into the Camp. The People alſo, who at the firſt did only grumble, do now take Arms, and rendezvouz into Companies in divers Quarters of the Town. *Ariobantes*, and *Megabiſes*, were within the Caſtle, where the Diſorder was greater than either in the Camp, or Town. *Metrobates* moved *Ciaxares* with all his Arguments to pronounce the laſt Sentence of Death againſt *Cyrus:* and *Ciaxares* himſelf was at the ultimate Reſolution; both of them did foreſee the dangerous Conſequences of ſo diſmal a Deſign; but Choler did ſo prepoſſeſs the Spirit of *Ciaxares*, that he diſguiſed his Thoughts: And the wicked *Metrobates*, that he might expel out of the Soul of *Ciaxares* all juſt Fears of an univerſal Subverſion of his Empire by the Death of *Cyrus*, did blow the Coals of his Fury, and quenched all ſuch Apprehenſions in him. Sir, (ſaid he unto him) the Reaſon why all theſe Kings, and Princes, are ſo hot and zealous in the behalf of *Cyrus*, is only, becauſe they hope that if they can get him out of Priſon, they ſhall receive a Recompence for it: but if he were once in his Grave, you ſhould ſee them in another Mind: The Fidelity of Courtiers never follows Favourites further than their Funerals; If therefore you would allay the Tumult of the People, diſſipate the Faction of Grandees, and huſh the Force of the Army, you muſt ſpeedily put both *Cyrus* and *Artamenes* to Death; and cauſe that neither of thoſe Names be any longer pronounced: It is but a requiſite *Victim* to appeaſe that Storm which he hath raiſed; ſince certainly *Cyrus* ſhall no ſooner be in a Condition, to move no further Hopes nor Fears, but the Diſorder will ceaſe, and you ſhall be King again of many Kingdoms, and enjoy your Crowns in Quietneſs. This ſo violent and unjuſt Diſcourſe wanted not a favourable Ear from *Ciaxares*; not but that whether he would or no, he did remember all thoſe great Services which *Cyrus* had done him under the Name of *Artamenes*, and that tender Affection which once he bore that Prince; but he was oppoſite unto all that either Juſtice or Piety could inſpire into him, and hearkened not unto any thing but Fury and Revenge. All the reſt of the Priſoners which were in ſeveral Places of the Caſtle were aſtoniſhed, when they ſaw their Guards changed, and themſelves treated worſe than ordinary: They alſo heard a very great Noiſe, which begot both Fears and Hopes in them: *Marteſia* never heard the Door of her Chamber open, but ſhe had Thoughts both of Death and Liberty. *Chriſantes*, whoſe Soul ſtood immoveable, looked upon every thing with an indifferent Eye. *Fearaules* never thought upon any thing but his dear Maſter. *Andramias* being accuſtomed to command others, did impatiently endure to be commanded: *Araſpes* took his Fetters patiently: *Artucas* without ever repenting of the Services he had done unto *Cyrus*, endured his Priſon without Murmur. *Ortalgues*, that moſt faithful Servant, found this Conſolation in his Miſery, that it was for his Illuſtrious Maſter which he ſuffered. Mean while *Cyrus*, ſeeing all his Hopes of Liberty like to be ſeconded by a violent Death, beſtowed all his Thoughts upon his Princeſs: and without accuſing *Ciaxares*, or murmuring at his Injuſtice, his only Wiſh was, That *Mandana* might be happy when he was dead. This Wiſh was no ſooner made, but he did almoſt recal it; for, ſaid he in himſelf, thoſe Services which I have done her, and all the Princes which I have taken, and my moſt reſpected Paſſion towards her, does merit ſome light Remembrance, and ſome Sighs from my Princeſs for me: Yes, Divine *Mandana*, I may without

out Offence pretend unto ſo much Honour as to be lamented by you, ſince heretofore your Goodneſs afforded me ſome Tears at the News of my Death: But I ſhould be infinitely unjuſt, if I ſhould deſire that my Ruin ſhould diſturb the Tranquillity of your Life; Live then, Divine Princeſs, though I die; but do not quite blot out the Memory of too happy *Artamenes*, and moſt unhappy *Cyrus*; live in all abundant Happineſs, and let no Sadneſs ſit upon your Soul.

This paſſionate Apprehenſion dwelt not long in his Heart, without the interruption of another: Sometimes the Image of *Mandana*, all in Tears, did preſent it ſelf unto his Fancy, and made him find a ſad Conſolation, and ſome Sweetneſs in the horrours of his Tomb. Whilſt this illuſtrious Priſoner beſtowed all his Thoughts upon *Mandana*, all things were in a fearful Confuſion: *Metrobates* received News after News all the Night long, That all the Town was up in Arms; That the Army was upon its March towards *Sinope*; That the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Hircania* had muſtered a conſiderable Body of Men together; And, that there was ſmall likelihood the King ſhould find any Obedience, either from People, or Souldiers, or Officers. In this deſperate Extremity he made his laſt Endeavour to move *Ciaxares*, to put *Cyrus* to Death; and indeed, the King did fully intend it. *Metrobates* had ſent Orders unto *Artaxes*, to ſend him two Thouſand Men more, the next Night following, and to come a back-way by the Sea-ſide, where the Troops of the Army could not ſtop them; and this was the Reaſon, why the Matter was not more haſtily executed. Notwithſtanding, when he heard the great hurly-burly more and more increaſe, and receiving continual Intelligence of freſh Diſorders: And ſeeing at the break of Day the State of things, he wrought ſo upon *Ciaxares*, that he was upon the Point, to bid them put *Cyrus* to Death, when the grave *Thiamis*, one of the Sacrificers belonging to the Temple of *Mars*, who was accidentally ſhut up in the Town, came with all the *Magi* of *Sinope*, and deſired to ſpeak with *Ciaxares*. *Metrobates* would needs avert the King from hearing him; but a ſecret Apprehenſion moved *Ciaxares* not to follow the Counſel of this wicked Man, but would needs hearken unto *Thiamis*. Permiſſion then being given for him to enter, this venerable old Man, followed by abundance of the *Magi*, all dreſſed in ſuch Mourning-Veſtments as they were wont to wear at publick Mournings, appeared before the King both with much Reverence and Boldneſs, and looking upon him with Eyes full of Melancholy, but yet full of ſuch ſevere Majeſty as begot both Fear and Reverence, he ſpoke thus to him.

The Diſcourſe of Thiamis *unto* Ciaxares.

SIR, as it is our Duties to be moſt faithful Subjects unto Kings as our Maſters; ſo it is our Duty alſo, to be bold in declaring thoſe important Truths unto them, which concern the Good of their State and Perſons, when Occaſions preſent themſelves. Therefore being inſpired by the Gods, and without any fears of diſpleaſing you, I come to beſeech your Majeſty to hear me, but to hear me without Prejudication: It concerns, Sir, not only your own Glory, but the Glory of your Empire, the Safety of many Kingdoms, and indeed of all *Aſia*, and particularly your own ſelf; therefore I conjure you, once more to hear me favourably without interruption. I know, Sir, by the publick Voice, that *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*; that he is the ſame Prince who was uſher'd into the World by ſo many Prodigies; for whom both Heaven and Earth have interrupted the Order of all the Univerſe; the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſtately Temples have tottered; the Lights of many Candles did of themſelves extinguiſh, and miraculouſly incorporate themſelves into one Flame; the Sun it ſelf was eclipſed, and its Splendor and Heat was afterwards redoubled. All the Victims have pronounced his Grandure, and all the Stars have written it in Characters of Gold. Indeed Sir, we have obſerved ſo much of him, that we are moſt certain, the Perſon of *Cyrus* is extraordinary; and one whoſe Life is not to be under the Juriſdiction of any Kings upon Earth. I know very well, you will think it ſtrange that thoſe Men, who according to your Orders have offered Sacrifices of Thanks unto the Gods for his Death, ſhould now intercede for his Life. But Sir, give me leave to tell you, that all humane Prudence is erroneous, and oftentimes in lieu of directing does delude us: nor ought Man to be ſo preſumptious as to penetrate the Secrets of Heaven. It is true, Sir, that the *Magi* of *Ecbatan*, perceiving that the Gods intended a great Alteration in all *Aſia*, did think that ſome great Evil was menaced; ſo that when Intelligence was brought of the ſuppoſed Death of him, who ſhould be the Cauſe of it, they rendred Thanks unto the Gods for the Death of that Prince, who they thought would make uſe of unjuſt Courſes, to ſubvert the Throne, and would become the grand Tyrant of the World. But now at this Day, ſince we know that *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*, we do clearly perceive that we have been deceived; and that all the Signs and Prodigies did rather ſpeak infinite Good, than menace any bad Misfortunes. Give me leave to ask you, Sir, What has the moſt illuſtrious *Artamenes* done, ever ſince the firſt Day of his Arrival at *Sinope*, when I had the happineſs to ſee him in our Temple? For my part, I am certain, that this Valour has brought us more Cauſes of Sacrifices of Thanks unto the Gods for the Victories which he hath brought you, than any four Ages ever produced either in *Cappadocia*, *Galatia* or *Media*. The Gods, Sir, did not permit him to preſerve your Life, that ſhould become Maſter of his; nor is he born your Subject, but you ought to treat him as your Equal. If the famous *Artamenes* were not the Son of a King, but born in your own Dominions, then might you abſolutely diſpoſe of his Life and Fortune, without rendring an account unto any but the Gods for it. But he is a born Subject unto another Prince, unto whom he is Son, as well as Subject, and you ought not to uſurp that Authority, which does not belong unto you. Moreover, Sir, thoſe, ſuch eminent Perſons as he, whom the Gods have ſent to advance your Glory, ought to be ſacred in your Eſteem. When we rejoiced at the falſe News of the Death of *Cyrus*, we did then ſuppoſe he would prove a wicked Man, and imagined that he ſuffered Shipwrack by the permiſſion of the Gods: But now, ſince we do know him to be the moſt vertuous of Men, and the greateſt Prince upon Earth, we ought rather to worſhip him than to put him to Death. Indeed, Sir, when I conſider what he has done for you; how he hath preſerved all *Cappadocia* by preſerving your Life; how many Battels he hath won for you; how many Kings he hath ſubjected; what Towns he hath taken; and that the proud City of *Babylon*, which aſpired unto univerſal Monarchy, hath been ſubdued by his Valour; I do confeſs, I cannot underſtand by what Principles you tranſact; You, I ſay Sir, whoſe Prudence and Goodneſs we have all admired. Why was the Sun eclipſed, and afterwards appeared in far greater Splendor than before, but only to manifeſt, that when he ſhould have extinguiſhed all other Powers, his own ſhould be infinitely more great, than ever the others were? Do not tell me, that all theſe Signs did mark him out for a terrible Prince, whoſe Death was to be deſired: No, Sir, deceive not your ſelf: The Gods do uſe to give us Hopes as well as Fears, and Promiſes as well as Menaces: And if it be their intentions that *Cyrus* ſhould reign, they intend that it ſhall be by juſt ways. They have foretold him to be one of the greateſt Conquerors in the World, whoſe victorious Hand has planted Lawrels upon all the Rivers of *Aſia*: A Prince he is, who is the Love of all Nations, who ſurmounts all, either by Force or Favour; yet in the midſt of all his Victories and Conqueſts he is abſolute Maſter of his Ambition, and proſtrates all his Triumphs, and all his Glory at your Feet. So that, Sir, to accompliſh the Will of the Gods, *Cyrus* muſt reign by your means: Nor know I any other Interpretations of all thoſe Prodigies, but this, That you your ſelf cauſe *Cyrus* to Reign hereafter, by giving unto him the Princeſs *Mandana*, who is your ſole Heir. I do ſee that this my Diſcourſe does incenſe you, in lieu of appeaſing you; yet for all that, I am obliged to tell you from thoſe Gods whom I ſerve, and with whom I have conſulted by extraordinary Sacrifices, ſince the Impriſonment of this Prince, That if you put him to Death, you will deſtroy your Empire; you will make all your Subjects, Slaves unto your Enemies, and perhaps alſo———

As *Thiamis* was going on with his Diſcourſe, and as *Ciaxares* was incenſed with the boldneſs of his Language, they heard a great noiſe from the Court before the Caſtle.

Ariobantes, and *Megabiſes*, were in a Balcony over againſt it, and ſaw, that it was a great Multitude of People, and Souldiers together; who without any Diſcipline or Commanders, did demand *Artamenes*. This bold Attempt did move *Thiamis* to proceed in his diſcourſe to the King but he in his great choler rejected him, and ſeemed to be more incenſed. *Ariobantes* ſent *Megabiſes* to advertiſe the King of *Phrygia* that nothing could moliſie *Ciaxares*. Though *Thiamis* had been denied, yet would he not go out of the Caſtle, but ſtaid in another Chamber, hoping to meet with ſome more favourable Opportunity to be better hearkened unto. During this while *Metrobates* was advertiſed that the whole Army was at the Gates of the Town, and would have entrance; fain would he conceal this bad news from the King; but yet it muſt be known, and therefore he told him; who was troubled at it beyond all Imagination. He was in a Caſtle with a very few People with him; and in a revolted Town, whoſe Gates, although they were guarded by Men which were for him, yet the Town was aſſaulted by an Army of a hundred Thouſand Men without, and by a great part of the Inhabitants within: All this while he accuſed *Cyrus*, as the cauſe of all theſe Diſaſters, not conſidering that he was only the innocent Cauſe. But never was the like ſeen, both without, and within the Town: The Army made the Air Eccho, with the glorious Name of *Artamenes*, and *Cyrus*: the Souldiers of *Metrobates* had work enough: A hundred Ladders in a Place might be ſeen reared againſt the Walls, and Soldiers, covered with their Bucklers, running up them; others uſing that warlike Engine which the Ancients called Battering Rams, all ſtriving to mount the top of the Wall; ſome fell down; others more ſtrong and happy got up and beat off their Enemies, maintaining fight upon the Walls whilſt the reſt of their Companions entred the Town in that Place: As the Valour of them who ſcaled the Walls was great, ſo the Valour of them who ordered the Battering Rams was no leſs; Theſe huge Engines, which were moved by Arms that were infinitely zealous for the ſafety of *Cyrus*, did thump ſuch great blows againſt the Gates and Walls, that they made them ſtagger; The

ſound

found of theſe Rams, whoſe Heads were of fine Copper, which is called the Gold of *Corinth*, was ſo terrible, that Thunder was never louder.

There were an hundred other Engines, which by Antiquity were termed *Baliſtæ*, and *Catapultæ*, and *Ontgri*, which ſhot whole Clouds of Arrows and Stones againſt the Walls, and into the Town: They were no calmer within the Town, than without; for all the People were ſo animated, that nothing could be more terrible. The Kings of *Phrygia*, and *Hircania*, did wiſh that things would have looked with another Face; and they were extreamly vexed to be conſtrained to make uſe of ſuch a dangerous Remedy, ſince there is nothing in the World more to be avoided, than the Rebellion of the People: But that which cannot be helped, muſt be endured; and they endeavoured to qualifie this Popularity as much as they could; thinking that this ſtriking ſome Apprehenſions of fear into *Ciaxares*, would be enough to ſave *Cyrus*. Mean while the Gates of the Town were broke open, and thoſe who defended the Walls forſook them, who not knowing whither to retreat, were all killed, both by them without, and within the Town. This great Army being entered in ſeveral Places of the Town, did not ſtay to plunder, but preſently inviron'd the Caſtle. *Metrobates* would fain have fled if he knew how; but Guards were ſet on all Sides both by Sea and Land; That *Ciaxares* himſelf had no other thoughts but to die in defending himſelf, after he had firſt put *Cyrus* to Death. Whatſoever *Thiamis* and *Aribbantes* could ſay was vain, for the King was all fury and deſpair: Mean while, *Metrobates*, the vileſt Wretch upon Earth, not knowing what to do, went to the Chamber of *Cyrus*, and counterfeiting both Pity and Generoſity, told him, That if he would promiſe him two Things, he would ſet him at Liberty. This Prince having no mind to promiſe him any Thing, he was forc'd to expreſs himſelf, that if he would beſtow the Government of *Pteria* upon him for his Security, he would then kill *Ciaxares*, and ſhewed him ways how he could bring it to paſs. For Sir, (ſaid this villanous Man) this is the only way to prevent your Death, and to make you Lord of all

Aſia. This vicious Propoſition was ſo horrid in the Apprehenſion of *Cyrus*, that he thruſt *Metrobates* out of his Chamber; and, as good luck was, a Souldier which guarded this gallant Priſoner, heard all their Diſcourſe. This Traitor then, ſeeing no way but Ruin, thought how to make all in the Caſtle periſh with him; yet ſince he imagined that ſome accident might fall out, wherein the Perſon of *Cyrus* might ſtand him in ſome ſtead, therefore he was not ſo haſty to kill him. Mean while, the Noiſe and Tumult increaſed; and all that the Kings and Princes could do to reſtrain the Souldiers, was in vain: for ſince the greateſt Part of them were not Subjects unto *Ciaxares*, they were extreamly animated by the thirty thouſand *Perſians*, who would deliver their Prince: They caſt off that Reverend reſpect unto Kings, which ought to be imprinted in the Souls of Subjects, inſomuch as they were ready to act any Violence. They had already brought the Ladders unto the Caſtle; and I am verily perſwaded, they would have ſet it on fire, if they had not feared the burning of *Cyrus* among the reſt. The Battering Rams were brought unto the Gates, and two thouſand Men ready to make an Aſſault when the breach was made; and alſo an hundred thouſand Men more to ſecond them, when preſently a great noiſe upon the left Hand was heard, which ought to be underſtood, notwithſtanding the tumultuous confuſion of Voices, to be a noiſe of Joy. Preſently after, the Kings of *Phrygia*, and *Hircania*, accompanied with *Perſodes*, *Artibies*, *Aduſias*, *Artabaſes*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, and many others, did ſo ſee *Hidaſpes*, *Thraſibulas*, *Aglatidas*, and the faithful *Orſanes*, conducting *Cyrus*, whom they had happily delivered out of a Window, by breaking the Bars, as ſoon as ever *Metrobates* had left him: This Sight did produce a prodigious effect; and every one that had a Tongue, pronounced the Name of *Cyrus*, or *Artamenes*, for as yet they gave him both Names indifferently. In the mean while this generous Prince, as ſoon as he perceived the Ladders, and Rams, and all ready to aſſault the Caſtle, ſpeaking not a word of his Intentions unto his illuſtrious Friends, did upon a ſudden with his Sword in his Hand (for he had one given as ſoon as he was delivered) ſeparate himſelf from them who were about him, and went ſtraight unto the Gate of the Caſtle: ſo that *Ciaxares* who was then in a Balcony, to ſee what the cry of Joy ſhould be, did ſee *Cyrus* ſeparated from his Deliverers, and at the Gate of the Caſtle in a poſture to defend it againſt them who for his Liberty did aſſault it. This Act being ſeen unto an hundred Thouſand ſeveral Perſons, did cauſe as many Admirations in their Souls, and moved them to ſuſpend their Action. *Ciaxares*, who a minute before thought *Cyrus* to be a Priſoner, did not well know, whether what he ſaw, was true: In the mean while this generous Prince, being before the Gate, holding his Sword in one Hand, aud making Signs unto the People with the other, that he deſired to ſpeak, he did in an Inſtant cauſe as huſh'd a Silence, as before there was tumultuous Noiſe.

Do not think, my Deliverers, (ſaid he unto *Thraſibulus*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aglatidas*, and *Orſades*,) that I will accept of any Liberty which ſhall be imployed againſt the King; No, no, I do not value Glory at ſo poor a rate, as to prefer my Life before it: If I did come out of Priſon, it was only, my Companions (ſaid he, looking upon the Souldiers) to come and teach you that reverend Reſpect which you owe unto your Maſter: Force me not to turn this Sword againſt you, which heretofore has rendred you victorious: Obey, obey the King's Commands, without the leaſt Contradiction: and if he demand my Head of you, you ought to give it him without Reſiſtance: Did I ever teach you (ſaid he, and doubled the Fervency of his Speech) to rebel againſt your King? Did you ever perceive by any of my Actions, that I would allow of what you have done? No, no, deceive not your ſelves, I can never be won unto an Act ſo criminal, which makes me culpable as well as you. For after all this which you have done, I am not a whit more innocent than I was before, but I rather find, that the King without any Injuſtice, may chop off that Man's Head, who hath raiſed all his Subjects againſt him: Lay down your Arms then; and if you deſire to ſerve me, cauſe all the Souldiers to return unto the

Camp, and all the Inhabitants to their Houſes, whilſt I, after I have begged your Pardon from the King, will return unto my Fetters. *Cyrus* having ended his Speech, a great humming Noiſe was heard all over; thoſe who underſtood not what he ſaid, asked of others; and thoſe who did underſtand him, did with Admiration, cry out, and every one did abſolutely ſay, That they would die a thouſand Deaths, rather than he ſhould periſh. When he perceived that they would not obey him,he then turned towards the Caſtle,looking up to the Balcony,where *Ciaxares* ſtood,and ſpeaking as loud as ever he could: Command Sir, (ſaid he unto him) that they ſuffer me to come unto you, to the end I may die in defending you againſt your rebellious Subjects. *Thraſibulus*, *Hidaſpes*, and *Aglatidas*, who indeed feared that they would not let him enter, did range themſelves on his Side; but he looking upon them with great Turbulency of Spirit, ſaid unto them; No, my too generous Friends, come no nearer, unleſs, ſince I cannot turn the Point of my Sword againſt you, you will provoke me to turn it againſt my ſelf.

Whilſt theſe Paſſages happened in that Place, the King was in extream Agitation of Soul; for at the ſame Inſtant in which he ſaw *Cyrus* in that generous Poſture, a Souldier preſenting himſelf at his Feet; Sir, (ſaid he unto the King) that Illuſtrious Priſoner, whom my Companions, and my ſelf did guard, is eſcaped; But, if it be permitted me to ſay it, your Majeſty need not to be troubled at it: for he is too generous to do any harm, but it is the wicked *Metrobates* who you had more need to be troubled at. The King was ſo much ſurprized and troubled both at what he ſaw, and what he heard, that his Spirits were not at ſo much Liberty as to inform himſelf further, by what the Souldier deſired to ſpeak; if *Thiamis*, and *Ariobantes*, had not moved him unto a further Curioſity: But at laſt the Souldier being commanded to ſpeak on, he told the King in few Words, How he over-heard the Propoſition which *Metrobates* had made unto *Cyrus*, how he offered to kill *Ciaxares* upon Condition *Cyrus* would give him the Government of *Pteria*. *Thiamis*, and *Ariobantes*, took hold upon this favourable Opportunity, and aggravated the Hainouſneſs of this wicked Act: The King did yet make ſome Doubt of the Truth, but the Souldier continuing his Tale; Sir, (ſaid he) to juſtify the Truth of what I tell you, give me leave to acquaint you further, That *Metrobates* no ſooner knew of the Eſcape of *Cyrus*, but in lieu of advertiſing you, he provided for his own Safety, and as the Ladders by which *Cyrus* was delivered, did remain ſtill at the Window, he made uſe of them, that way to go out of the Caſtle, having carried along with him a Party of my Fellow-Souldiers: for my part, I ſhould have come to advertiſe you of this horrid Motion, as ſoon as I heard it if I had then the Power to have done it; but being ingaged upon my Duty, in the outer Chamber of *Cyrus*, when *Metrobates* came thither, I could not get out, until after his Eſcape. The King was extreamly troubled at this Relation, yet not altogether believing it, he ſent into all Places of the Caſtle to ſeek for *Metrobates*, and to ſee whether they who delivered *Cyrus* had not killed him: But he knew that *Cyrus* had been delivered without any Reſiſtance; he knew alſo that *Metrobates* went the ſecond time to the Chamber of *Cyrus*, and perhaps with an Intention to kill him, though he had no orders for it, and when he found him eſcaped, it ſeems he eſcaped himſelf, in the ſame way as the Souldier related. Now Sir, (replied *Thiamis*) I hope you will no longer reſiſt both Heaven and Earth: Do you not now ſufficiently ſee the Innocency of *Cyrus*, through the Crime of *Metrobates*? I know very well (anſwered *Ciaxares*) that *Cyrus* is generous, but I cannot yet ſo clearly diſcover his Innocency. As ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, *Marteſia*, *Chriſantes*, *Feralus*, *Araſpes*, *Artucas*, and *Ortalgues*, did all of them enter: for ſuch a Fear had ſeized upon the Souldiers, ſince *Metrobates*, who placed them there, was eſcaped, that they looked after their Priſoners no longer. *Ciaxares* being much ſurprized at the Sight, and not knowing whether his Perſon was ſafe amongſt ſo many People whom he had hardly uſed, did yet manifeſt his Confidence; and asked all about him very angerly, Whether or no he was King, ſince they were ſo bold as to fail in their due reſpects unto him? Sir, (replied *Chriſantes*) when we ſaw that our Guards

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d leave us, we ſuppoſed your Majeſty had no further
ſe of us: And I thought (added *Marteſia*) that it would
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d treat him kindly, as he deſerves. But he holds In-
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e, Sir, (replied *Ariobantes*) by the manner of his acting,
at he holds no culpable Correſpondence with him: But
e is culpable at the leaſt in relation to my Daughter, and
herefore cannot be innocent. You may ſee that Sir, (re-
lied *Marteſia*) by a Letter which I will preſent unto you,
d which by good Fortune I found in that Chamber
here I was Priſoner, which formerly was mine: This
etter was never ſeen by any but *Cyrus*, nor did he ever
part the Contents of it unto *Chriſantes*, or *Feraulas*;
d the Princeſs, although ſhe was moſt innocent, yet
ould ſhe not ſuffer it to remain in his Hands, and there-
re it remained in mine: I did think I had loſt it, but
y good Fortune I found it in a little Trunk which was
nt from *Themiſſira* unto *Sinope*, and I have brought it un-
o your Majeſty, to let you ſee how criminal *Mandana* is.
iaxares then taking the Letter, which he knew perfectly
o be his Daughter's Hand, he read it with much Circum-
ection and Trouble.

The Princeſs MANDANA, *unto* CYRUS.

*Since it is your Deſire I ſhould write my ultimate Reſolution
unto you: I ſhall repeat that which I have already ſpoken
to you; which in Sum is this, That all the Obligations where-
I am bound unto you, and all the Services which you have
ndred unto the King my Father, ſhall never move me to recede
from*

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yet make ſome Doubt of the Truth, but the Souldier co
tinuing his Tale; Sir, (ſaid he) to juſtify the Truth
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did leave us, we ſuppoſed your Majeſty had no further Uſe of us: And I thought (added *Marteſia*) that it would conduce much unto your Glory, and Preſervation, to tell you once again Sir, that *Cyrus* is innocent. See Sir, (ſaid *Thiamis*, forcing him to take notice of this laſt Act of *Cyrus*, in hindering his Friends from coming nearer him) whether you have any Reaſon to reprehend the Servants of ſuch a Maſter, whoſe generous Soul does oppoſe againſt his own Deliverance, and becomes an Enemy unto his Reſcuers. Oh Heavens, cried out *Ciaxares*, what ſhall I do? What can I, or what ought I to do? Command me (anſwered *Thiamis*) to go and fetch *Cyrus* unto you, and treat him kindly, as he deſerves. But he holds Intelligence with my Enemy, (replied the King.) You may ſee, Sir, (replied *Ariobantes*) by the manner of his acting, that he holds no culpable Correſpondence with him: But he is culpable at the leaſt in relation to my Daughter, and therefore cannot be innocent. You may ſee that Sir, (replied *Marteſia*) by a Letter which I will preſent unto you, and which by good Fortune I found in that Chamber where I was Priſoner, which formerly was mine: This Letter was never ſeen by any but *Cyrus*, nor did he ever impart the Contents of it unto *Chriſantes*, or *Feraulas*; and the Princeſs, although ſhe was moſt innocent, yet would ſhe not ſuffer it to remain in his Hands, and therefore it remained in mine: I did think I had loſt it, but by good Fortune I found it in a little Trunk which was ſent from *Themiſſira* unto *Sinope*, and I have brought it unto your Majeſty, to let you ſee how criminal *Mandana* is. *Ciaxares* then taking the Letter, which he knew perfectly to be his Daughter's Hand, he read it with much Circumſpection and Trouble.

The Princeſs MANDANA, *unto* CYRUS.

Since it is your Deſire I ſhould write my ultimate Reſolution unto you: I ſhall repeat that which I have already ſpoken unto you; which in Sum is this, That all the Obligations whereby I am bound unto you, and all the Services which you have rendred unto the King my Father, ſhall never move me to recede *from the exact and rigorous Rules of Vertue: I do know very well, that you did never deſire any thing from me to the contrary: Therefore you ought not to be ſurprized, if I again tell you, That if you do not find out ſome Expedients, and Ways to make the King my Father acquainted, who you are, and procure his Conſent within the time prefixed, you muſt return into* Perſia, *and never ſee me more: This is the total Sum of all I can, or ought to do.*

MANDANA.

The King having read the Letter, and ſeeing *Cyrus* oppoſe his own Friends, and command the Souldiers to lay down their Arms: Let him live (ſaid he,) let the happy *Cyrus* live, whoſe own Vertues has more induced my Soul to ſave him, then an Hundred Thouſand Men could do. It is your Office, Grave *Thiamis*, (ſaid he) to pronounce the ſame unto the Souldiers; and it is yours *Ariobantes*, to give out all neceſſary Orders for the Safety of the Caſtle. Oh Sir (cried out *Chriſantes*, *Feraulas*, and all the reſt who were in the Chamber,) as long as *Cyrus* lives, your Majeſty need not to fear any thing. Mean while, *Thiamis* deſiring to execute the King's Order with all Speed, and not to give him any time to repent of ſo gracious a Sentence, went down unto the Gate of the Caſtle, followed by all the *Magi* which waited upon him. As ſoon as the Gates were opened, *Cyrus* came up, and endeavoured to enter, and forbid Entrance unto any elſe; All his Deliverers and Partakers did advance, all the Captains and Souldiers cried out, that he ſhould not enter, and made a terrible Noiſe: But when the Gates of the Caſtle were wide open, and none but the *Magi* and Sacrificers appeared, the Tumult ceaſed; every one kept his Station, and Silence to hear what *Thiamis* would ſay unto them. *Cyrus* then ſaluted the *Magi* with much Reverence, holding down his Sword, and looking upon him with as little Diſmayedneſs as if his Life were not at all in Danger; Is it from you, Grave *Thiamis*, (ſaid he unto him) that I ought to re-aſſume my Fetters? No Sir (anſwered he) the Miniſters of the Gods do not uſe to abaſe themſelves ſo low, as to execute the Injuſtice of Men. But generous Prince, I come to proclaim that Liberty which the King hath granted unto you*:* The Flight of *Metrobates* hath cleared his Soul from all Doubts, and the Gods, unto whom you are moſt precious, have by your own Victories freed you from that Danger which ſeemed to be inevitable. Come then, Sir, and triumph, come and receive that Tenderneſs of Soul which the King keeps for you. *Cyrus* then making moſt low Reverence unto *Thiamis*, Doubtleſs it is your pious Prayers (ſaid he unto him) rather then any Vertue in me, which hath wrought this happy Change in the King. But grave *Thiamis*, Does the King eſteem me as a juſtified Man, or as a Criminal, whom he pardons? You ſhall know that from his own Mouth, replied *Thiamis*. This grave *Magi* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Cyrus* turning himſelf towards his illuſtrious Friends, did intreat them to let him enter alone; but he could not hear their Anſwer; for this good News having in a Moment paſſed from Mouth to Mouth, nothing could be heard but Shouts of Joy. Yet certain Miſtruſts did remain in many Minds, and they could not be ſatisfied with any thing*:* Some would have Hoſtages before he entred; others asked whether *Thiamis*, whoſe Wiſdom and Integrity was known unto all the World, would anſwer for him? Inſomuch, as hearing himſelf named by ſo many Voices, and different Men; No, no, (ſaid this ſage Sacrificer unto them, as loud as he could ſpeak) fear nothing, but truſt me with the Perſon of *Cyrus:* It is my Office to conduct *Victims* unto the Feet of Altars, not into the Hands of Executioners. I uſe to appeaſe the Gods by Sacrifices, not but I do not uſe to execute Vengeance upon Men*:* Let your Obedience (ſaid he unto them) teſtify that your Zeal is grounded upon good Principles; and in lieu of ſerving, do not prejudice your moſt Illuſtrious General. Mean while, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, *Perſodes*, *Thraſibulus*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, *Hidaſpes*, *Artabaſes*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, *Leontidas*, *Megabiſes*, *Aglatidas*, *Orſanes*, and many others came near, and deſired that they might follow *Cyrus* into the Caſtle; but *Thiamis* told them, it would better accommodate the Buſineſs, if ſome part of them only, did enter in with him, and the other part remain without, to keep the Souldiers and People within the Limits of their Duties: leſt ſome Panique Fears, ſhould freſhly incenſe them, and leſt they ſhould imagine *Cyrus* is ill uſed; and moreover it would be much more requiſite they ſhould endeavour to take *Metrobates*, who was yet out of the Caſtle. After this Conteſt, *Cyrus* entred; the King of *Phrygia*, *Hidaſpes*, *Artabaſes*, *Aduſius*, *Thraſibulus*, and *Aglatidas*, only following him, the King of *Hircania*, and all the reſt remain without, to take all requiſite Courſes to prevent any new Commotion. In the mean while, *Thiamis* was no ſooner gone towards the King, but this Prince was entred into his Cloſet, whither he ſent for *Chriſantes* and *Marteſia* only.

Theſe two Perſons had both of them ſo much Spirit and Diſcretion, and had told *Ciaxares* ſo much, that they made his Soul deſirous to hear the Juſtification of *Cyrus* with Delight; for ſince neither his Truth nor his Paſſion was not any longer to be concealed as a Secret, it was much more eaſy for them than before, to make his Innocence appear: *Chriſantes* did then with all Ingenuity confeſs, of what Nature that Intelligence was which *Cyrus* held with the King of *Aſſyria*, and cauſed him ſo well to underſtand, that it was no criminous Correſpondence, as that the King would ſigh for Sorrow, conſidering into what a bad Condition this ſuppoſed Crime had brought him. *Marteſia*, for her part, did juſtify her Miſtreſs ſo handſomly, and did ſo ſincerely and briefly relate all the Paſſages, that *Ciaxares* himſelf found no Cauſe of Complaint: There was nothing but that Picture which was found in the Cabinet of *Cyrus*, which moved him to conceive it to be too much for a Princeſs of ſo great a Vertue, as *Mandana* profeſſed: for although *Marteſia* had told him it was made for the Princeſs of *Pteria*, yet there was no Proof of it; but as good Fortune was, *Marteſia* did bethink her ſelf of a paſſage which would clear the Buſineſs. Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) *Ariobantes*, who as you know was Brother unto the Princeſs of *Pteria*, for whom that Picture was made, is able to witneſs that I tell you no Lie; he may perhaps know it, if your Majeſty ſhew it unto him; for I do remember he was with the Princeſs the ſame day it was finiſhed, and that the Princeſs his Siſter falling ſick the next day after, ſent *Ariobantes* unto the Princeſs for it: But the Picture-drawer being deſirous to take it with him, that he might do ſomething unto the Dreſs, ſhe could not receive that Satisfaction ſhe deſired: So that the ſame Princeſs died, and, as I told your Majeſty, never received it. As ſoon as *Marteſia* had told this, *Ariobantes* entred, who gave the King an Account of thoſe Orders he had given for the Guard of the Caſtle. *Ciaxares* then fetching out the Cabinet of *Cyrus*, which he always kept in his Cloſet, ever ſince the wicked *Metrobates* brought it unto him; he took out the Picture of *Mandana*, and ſhewing it unto *Ariobantes*, asked him, Whether ever he had ſeen it before? Yes, Sir, (anſwered he, after he had a while looked upon it) doubtleſs I have ſeen it, and that more than once, for I ſaw it when the Princeſs out of her Goodneſs was pleaſed to let it be taken for my Siſter; and I ſaw it afterwards, when it was carried unto *Marteſia*, a few days before the Princeſs was carried away by the King of *Aſſyria:* I remember alſo, how I perſwaded her to keep that which was intended for my Siſter. O, Sir, (cried out *Marteſia*) this is ſufficient to juſtify the Princeſs, ſince your Majeſty knows ſhe never ſaw *Cyrus* ſince that time; and therefore could not give him this Picture. Thus was the State of Things, when *Thiamis* came and told the King, he had brought *Cyrus* unto him; who, to appear with more ſubmiſſion before *Ciaxares*, had left his Sword with *Feraulas* in the outer Chamber, where he did imbrace him, and *Andrameas*, *Artucas*, and *Araſpes*, deſiring their Pardons for thoſe Inconveniences which they had ſuffered for the love of him. *Ciaxares* then, at that time calling to mind how much he was indebted unto *Cyrus*, under the Notion of *Artamenes*, and what *Artamenes* had done in his preſence under the Name of *Cyrus*, he calmed his Mind, and commanded him to enter. *Marteſia* would have gone out of the King's Cloſet; but *Ciaxares* ſtaying her, No *Marteſia*, ſaid he unto her, you muſt have your ſhare in the Pacification, as you have had in the War. Preſently after, the King of *Phrygia* entered, who would have ſpoke ſomething by way of excuſe unto the King.

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But *Ciaxares* taking him by the Hand, Speak not of any Excuſes, ſaid he unto him, ſince it is my part rather to make Excuſes for not believing you, than yours for not obeying me.

The Grave *Thiamis* followed the King of *Phrygia*, and preſented *Cyrus* unto *Ciaxares.* This Prince did ſo much reverence the Father of *Mandana*, that he would have thrown himſelf at his Feet, as if he had been Criminal; yet the King would not ſuffer him, but lifted him up, and imbraced him moſt tenderly; asking him, Whether *Cyrus* could forget all the Injuries which had been done unto *Artamenes? Artamenes*, replied he, ſhall never forget your Benefits, nor ever will he ſuffer *Cyrus* to be ungrateful. But, Sir, I moſt humbly beſeech your Majeſty, give me leave to anſwer directly, without diſguiſing the leaſt part of Truth, unto every Queſtion that ſhall be asked me: and that you will be pleaſed to honour me ſo far as to tell me, Whether there do yet remain any Grounds of Suſpicion, or Fears of my Fidelity in you? and if it appear that I ever failed in that Duty which I owe you, if I cannot give ſatisfaction by my Reaſons, I ſhall be more ready to ſubmit unto ſuch Puniſhments as you ſhall ordain. For, Sir, what Thoughts ſoever they have infuſed into you concerning *Cyrus*, I can moſt certainly aſſure you, that he ſhall ever be moſt ſubmiſſive unto your Will, inſomuch as there is not the meaneſt of your Subjects whom you may of right command, but my own natural Inclination, gives you the ſame Supremacy over me: Now, Sir, you ſee what are all the moſt real Thoughts of him whom they ſay is the Ruiner of all *Aſia*; of that grand Uſurper, who muſt ſubvert Kingdoms, uſurp Crowns, and reign by unjuſt Courſes. You may very well imagine, Sir, that the ſame Prince who conceals himſelf from 30000 of his Father's Subjects which were in your Army, had no very ambitious Deſigns; eſpecially, ſince for fear to offend you, he reſolved to loſe his Life, before ever he would diſcloſe his Quality. Enough, enough, (ſaid *Ciaxares*, with Tears in his Eyes, and embracing him again) juſtify your ſelf no further, for the more you endeavour it, the more you prejudice me, and the greater culpable ſhall I appear: It were more for my Glory if you appeared leſs Innocent. I am in Fault enough, replied *Cyrus* moſt modeſtly, ſince I was ſo unfortunate as to diſpleaſe you, and to be the innocent Cauſe of Rebellion in your Subjects: I beſeech you, Sir, (added *Cyrus* in a moſt reſpectful manner) to charg me only with their Crime, and puniſh my Perſon for it. No, no, replied the King very ſweetly, the very ſight of *Cyrus* has renewed ſo much tender Affection in my Soul, that I cannot think of any puniſhing, but rather I will recompence them all in your Perſon for preventing me from committing ſuch an horrid piece of Injuſtice, whereby I ſhould have deprived all *Aſia* of her greateſt Glory, and principal Ornament: Therefore to reduce the Souldiers and People unto their Duty, reaſſume your Charge, command them to return unto the Camp, and prepare them and your ſelf alſo to go very ſhortly into *Armenia*, to deliver *Mandana* from her Captivity. O, Sir, replied *Cyrus*, I deſire not ſo much, it is enough that you give me leave to obey, and not command: Permit me only ſo much liberty, as to fight in the firſt Rank in the firſt Battel, and I ask no more. I do not know any (anſwered the King of *Phrygia*) that dare preſume to be your General, and there is none who thinks it not an Honour that you ſhould be his. The Gods (ſaid *Thiamis*, interrupting them) being ſole Authors of all the Happineſs which befals us, it is requiſite to render thanks unto them to morrow by a ſolemn Sacrifice. Moſt true, grave Father, ſaid the King unto him, therefore it is expedient that *Cyrus* do cauſe the Troops to go out of *Sinope*, to the end we may offer the Sacrifice with more tranquillity.

Cyrus then obeying *Ciaxares*, after he had made an hundred Proteſtations of inviolable Fidelity, went out to give all requiſite Orders concerning the Buſineſs. The King of *Phrygia*, and *Ariobantes* ſtaid ſtill with *Ciaxares* to keep his Mind in the ſame Reſentments. *Marteſia* asked leave from the King to go back unto the Houſe of *Artucas*, as ſoon as the Troops were retired, which he conſented unto, thinking that place fitter for her, than the Court, where now there were no Women. Mean while *Thiamis* waited upon *Cyrus* to the Caſtle-Gate, where after many imbracings he left

him,

him, and went to take order for the Sacrificers. The Souldiers no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but they began their Acclamations and Shouts of Joy, not doubting now but that his Peace was perfectly made; yet notwithſtanding, he behaved himſelf with ſo much moderation, as was admirable; telling all thoſe who came about him, that the King was ſo gracious as to Pardon them; therefore ſaid he unto them, it is your Duties to extol his Goodneſs: and reſolve with your ſelves to become Worthy of it, by your Gallant Deportments in the *Armenian* War, whither very ſhortly he will ſend you. Mean while, the King of *Hircania*, and all the Princes which ſtaid without the Town, ſaluted him, and great Joy was expreſſed on all ſides; afterwards, having aſſembled all the chief Commanders, he gave Command to carry the Army out of the Town immediately, and to leave none in the Town but only ſo many as uſually were in it. Preſently after, the King ſent Orders to change the Guards of the Caſtle: as for thoſe at the Port of *Sinope*, they all periſhed when the Town was entred; ſo that reſtoring *Andramias* unto his Charge, they drew off the Souldiers which *Metrobates* had placed in the Caſtle, the Number whereof was not great, becauſe many had eſcaped with him. *Cyrus* commanded him to be ſearched for very narrowly, but all in vain. This Prince went in Perſon to the principal Port of the Town, to ſee the Army paſs; ſo that ſeeing all the Regiments one after another, he might more conveniently command them unto their Duties: And becauſe he was beloved, and feared, and reverenced by all the Souldiers, they obeyed him without the leaſt murmur, and returned as joyful as if they had won a Battel, and as well content as if they had been loaded with Plunder. Within three hours, the Town was quiet, and the whole Army without the Walls, excepting thoſe Companies neceſſary for the Guard of the Ports and Caſtle, whither he returned to render an Account unto *Ciaxares* of what was done. The King of *Hircania*, and all they who had not ſeen the King ſince all theſe Adventures, were preſented unto him by *Abiobantes*; and the Night cauſing every one to take leave; *Cyrus*, by Orders from *Ciaxares* was lodged in his old Chamber, where he was no ſooner entred, but every one came to teſtify their Joy for his Liberty: But after all Complements had paſſed, and none but *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas* with him, he imbraced them with extream Affection: Well, my dear Friends, ſaid he unto them, Do you think we have now made our Peace with Fate? or is this ſerene Calm which we now begin to enjoy, only a breathing to give us more leiſure in preparing our ſelves for new Misfortunes? The Gods (replied *Chriſantes*) have made trial of your Vertue by ſo many ſeveral Ways, that it is a Piece of great Difficulty to foreſee what ought to enſue hereafter.

But now, Sir, (ſaid *Feraulas*) you are at Liberty, you are alſo known to be *Cyrus*; *Ciaxares* knows it; nor is he ignorant of your Love to the Princeſs; and the Princeſs her ſelf eſteems you. It is true, (replied *Cyrus* ſighing) but yet the Princeſs is in *Armenia*, and in the Power of the Rival. Yes, Sir, replied *Feraulas*, but it is ſuch a Rival, whoſe Ambition Fortune has ſo croſt, that it cannot poſſibly be thought ſhe will favour him with any part of her Affection. With ſuch Diſcourſe as this, *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas*, entertained their dear Maſter, until he was in Bed: yet he was no ſooner laid, but all the prodigious Revolutions of his Fate came into his Memory. The Image of *Mandana* appeared in his Fancy, and entertained him until after Midnight; Sleep was no ſooner cloſing up his Eyes, but his Imaginations being filled with his Princeſs, awaked him. The next day, in the morning *Ciaxares* ſent him his Cabinet, within which he had put the Magnificent Scarf of *Mandana* very carefully, but he found not the Picture of the Princeſs in it; becauſe the King had ſent it back unto *Marteſia*, who was returned to *Artucas*, as before I told you: his murmur at it was only in ſecret; and he went unto the King, who prepared himſelf for the Temple of *Mars*, where the grave *Thiamis* attended him. But that he might make it evident unto the People, that he was really reconciled unto *Cyrus*, he walked through the Town talking unto him: The whole Town did ring joyful Acclamations, to ſee the moſt Illuſtrious of Men at Liberty: All the Kings and Princes which were at that Court, did wait upon this Ceremony; and the preſs was ſo great between the Town, and the Temple of *Mars*, that there remained none in *Sinope*, but only thoſe who guarded the Ports. As the King lighted from Horſe, (for they did ride thither) within ten or twelve Paces of the Temple-Gate, *Cyrus*, who was next him, obſerved four or five Men, whoſe Faces ſeemed odd, and were unknown unto him, who endeavoured to come nearer. Although he had not any Reaſon at all to ſuſpect, or fear any thing; yet notwithſtanding, as if he were inſpired by Heaven unto it, he fixed his looks upon one of theſe Men, who had a very bad promiſing Phiſiognomy; preſently after he perceived two of theſe Men, pull out Daggers; the one deſigning to ſtab *Ciaxares*, and the other advanced towards him, with the ſame Intentions. The moſt generous *Cyrus* did immediately interpoſe between the King and the Aſſaſſinate, and received that Blow upon his left Hand which was aimed at *Ciaxares*: whilſt with his right Hand, he forced the Dagger out of that Hand which ſtrook with it, and laid him dead at his Feet: there were eight or ten others who abetted theſe two who undertook to kill the King and *Cyrus*, and who ſeeing the Deſign fail, did make their eſcape, during the Amazement which every one was in at the Adventure: but *Cyrus* drawing his Sword, did ſo purſue theſe Conſpirators, through the midſt of this great croud of Men, and aſſaulted them ſo furiouſly, that moſt of them periſhed by his own Hand: for after he had in a minute put the King into the Temple, and committed him to the Cuſtody of the King of *Phrygia*, and many others; he purſued the Aſſaſſinates cloſe unto the Sea-ſide, whither they fled, and where a Fiſher's Boat did wait upon them, that thereby they might eſcape away. Although there was a World of People about *Ciaxares*, yet the thing was ſo ſudden, and ſo few ſaw the firſt Paſſage, that it was a long while before it was known what the matter was: and certainly had not *Cyrus* interpoſed, *Ciaxares* had been killed, and perhaps the Aſſaſſinates eſcaped.

But *Cyrus*, being aided principally by *Feraulas* and *Araſpes*, purſued them, and killed them, and took one of them after they had well wounded him; who, rather than he would be taken, would have thrown himſelf into the Sea, when *Cyrus* catched him by the Hair; No, no, Traytor, ſaid he unto him, I muſt firſt know who you are, and upon what ſcore you have made this Attempt. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but for all the diſguiſe of his Habit, and Face, and though he was all over ſmeered with Blood, yet he knew him to be *Metrobates*, who endeavoured all he poſſibly could, either to eſcape, or kill himſelf, or elſe throw himſelf into the Sea: But ſeveral of the King's Guard being come in, *Cyrus* did put him into their Cuſtody, and commanding them to follow with him, he went unto *Ciaxares*, who was at the Houſe of *Thiamis* which joins unto the Temple: As ſoon as *Cyrus* appeared, the King did cloſely embrace him; and this being the ſecond time he did owe his Life unto him, he did acknowledg it a hundred times over, and expreſſed as many teſtimonies of Repentance for what he had done againſt him. Sir, (ſaid he unto him, and cauſing that Traitor whom he had taken to be brought nearer) I give the Gods moſt hearty Thanks, that they have ſhewed you the difference betwixt *Metrobates*, and my ſelf: No ſooner had the King heard that Name, and looked upon him, but he knew him: Oh thou Villain, (ſaid he unto him,) is it thou that makes ſuch Attempts upon my Life, as well as upon the Life of *Cyrus*? for the King did perceive the Intentions of thoſe two Men who would have killed them: Yes, it was I, (anſwered the Traitor moſt furiouſly) who not enduring to commit unprofitable Crimes, intended to commit two, which would ſomething advantage me. From whom, wicked Wretch, (replied the King) didſt thou expect a Recompence for ſuch an Act? From ſo many Kings and Princes (replied he) as *Artamenes* by his good Fortune has ſubjected unto you, who by this my Act would have been no longer Tributaries. The King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania* did then begin to ſpeak, and ſay, That he ought to ſpeak more particularly concerning this wicked Action: But he, without further preſſing, and conceiving no hopes of Life, although he ſhould eſcape of his Wounds, told them, That they need look for no other Author of the Conſpiracy than himſelf; and as for his Complices, they were all of them Dead. He confeſſed further, that ſeeing himſelf ruined, when *Cyrus* went out of Priſon, he himſelf went out alſo; That ſince his Principles was only Ambition, he conceived all his Fortunes utterly undone, ſince *Cyrus* was at Liberty: and that he thought he ſhould receive a large Recompence from the King of *Aſſyria*, if he had at once took away the Life of him who poſſeſſed his Dominions, and the Life of him who had conquered him, and contended with him for the Princeſs *Mandana*. *Metrobates* confeſſed this, with ſo much inſolent ingenuity, that the Truth of it was not at all ſuſpected. As for thoſe who aſſiſted him, they were all of them known to be the ſame Souldiers which went out of the Caſtle with him, and which he had brought from *Pteria*. The King, being not able to endure the ſight of ſuch a Villain any longer, who had attempted both againſt his own Life, as well as againſt the Life of *Cyrus*, commanded him to Priſon, until ſome ſevere Puniſhment for ſuch Crimes were better reſolved upon; but that needed not, for he died in the Hands of the Chyrurgions, and ſaved himſelf thereby, from a more tormenting Death. Mean while the Sacrifice became a Sacrifice of real Thanks unto the Gods; and *Ciaxares* renewed the tenderneſs of his Affection towards *Cyrus*; and to augment it, if it were poſſible, ſo that his Mind enjoyed abundance of Tranquillity.

The Grave *Thiamis*, who from the firſt day that he ſaw *Cyrus*, under the Notion of *Artamenes*, and had ever moſt dearly loved him, did make an excellent Oration, full of ſtrong Arguments, to confirm *Ciaxares* in his good Opinion of him: I ſhould abſolutely have loſt my Reaſon (ſaid the King unto him) if I ſhould be ungrateful unto that Man, who hath hazarded his own Life to ſave mine, after my Intentions of putting him to Death: For grave *Thiamis* (ſaid he unto him) this moſt generous Prince was contented to receive that Blow upon his left Hand, which was intended at my Heart, and to interpoſe his own Body between the Aſſaſſinate and mine. No, no, added he, never fear, but that I ſhall as long as I live, look upon *Cyrus* as my Protector and Preſerver, and as a Prince whom indeed the Gods have ſent unto me, for my Glory and Felicity. Theſe were the apprehenſions of *Ciaxares*, when he retired himſelf, ever deſiring to have *Cyrus* near him. This Action being divulged, not only unto all the People of *Sinope*, but the Camp alſo; Applauds and Acclamations of Joy were redoubled, and *Artamenes* was never ſo precious to the Soul of *Ciaxares* as now *Cyrus* is; ſo that within the compaſs of three days the King's Soul, and all the Hearts both in Court, Camp, and Town, were full of Joy. *Ciaxares* would needs ſend unto *Perſia* to the King his Brother, and Queen his Siſter, to let them know that *Cyrus* was alive. He then remembred, how at the Birth of *Mandana*, the Queen did ſend to rejoyce with him for it, and he out of a piece of Gallantry, ſent back this Complement, That *he wiſhed his Daughter might hereafter become worthy to be the Miſtreſs of Cyrus:* and he gave *Madates*, whom he ſent thither to preſent the ſame Complement this ſecond time, unto his Siſter. *Cyrus* alſo deſired the King to give him leave to ſend one of his own Servants, and he pitched upon *Arabaces* for it, whom *Chriſantes* did ſend a Letter by, or rather a Hiſtory of the wonderful Life of his dear Maſter, alſo excuſing his long Silence: and telling that there was an unreſiſtible Fatality in it, which prevented him from doing any otherwiſe. After this there was nothing that diſturbed the Mind of *Ciaxares*, but the Abſence of the Princeſs; yet ſince he relied ſo much upon the Valour of *Cyrus*, his Care of her was moderated by his Hopes, and his Soul did reſt in great Security: In the mean time, ſince it would be a long time before the Army could march into *Armenia*, and ſince *Cyrus* had ſo great a deſire to know preciſely where the Princeſs was, he moved *Ciaxares* to ſend *Araſpes* diſguiſed into *Armenia*, to diſcover where thoſe Women, of whom *Megabiſes* ſpoke when he returned out of that Country, were placed: for ſince *Araſpes* was very well verſed in the *Armenian* Language, he was the fitteſt for that Imployment. *Ciaxares* then approving of the Motion, diſpatched *Araſpes* thither with

Orders to find out the King, who doubtleſs would ere long be upon the Frontiers: *Cyrus*, the better to move him with all his Ingenuity, to diſcover where *Mandane* was, did not only give him all neceſſary Inſtructions, but an hundred good Admonitions beſides; inſomuch, as tho *Araſpes* had been of the dulleſt Capacity, as indeed he was nimble, yet *Cyrus* did preſcribe ſuch exact Orders unto him, that he doubted not of a happy Expedition: and as *Araſpes* uſed to be very familiar with *Cyrus*, ſo he could not chuſe but tell him, that if *Megabiſes* had been as well inſtructed by *Ciaxares* as he was by him, doubtleſs he would have rendered a better account of his Embaſſy, and brought back more Certainty of the place where the Princeſs was, than he did. I do underſtand you very well (replied *Cyrus*, both embracing him and ſighing) I do confeſs, *Araſpes*, I have ſpoken too much, when I conſider your Ingenuity; but methinks I have ſpoke too little unto you, when I apprehend how much this Voyage concerns me. If you ever were in Love (purſued he) you will doubtleſs excuſe me for being ſo importunate with you to uſe your beſt Endeavours; but I ſee you are an inſenſible Man, who may perhaps be one day captivated by ſome Beauty or other, who will puniſh you for the Railery you are pleaſed to uſe to your Friends. After this *Cyrus* embraced him again, and could not forbear Repetitions of what he had already told him. And as ſoon as this faithful Spy was gone, *Cyrus* knowing that the King was buſie with the King of *Phrygia*, went unto *Marteſia*, with whom he deſired to diſcourſe privately, concerning his deareſt Princeſs: As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him come into her Chamber, ſhe would have thanked him for the Honour he did her, but he would not permit her: No, no, (ſaid he unto her) my ſweet *Marteſia*, you have now no reaſon to complement with me, the Viſit concerns my own Intereſt, and therefore regains no Thanks; and I take ſo much Delight in your Company, that you are not at all obliged unto me for it. Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him in a low Voice, altho there was none but the Daughter of *Artucas* in the Chamber who addreſſed her ſelf to *Feraulas* as ſoon as

Cyrus entred) I do very well underſtand your moſt obliging Diſcourſe, and to teſtify that I do rightly underſtand it, I will no longer deprive you of that Delight which you take in talking of the Princeſs; and I will ask you, Whether you believe ſhe would grieve for your Impriſonment, and rejoyce at your Liberty if ſhe were here? I dare not believe it *Marteſia* (replied this Prince with an amorous ſigh and bluſhing) indeed I dare not, leſt I ſhould deceive my ſelf; and unleſs your Goodneſs can diſſipate my Fears, and teſtify the weakneſs of my Hopes, I do not know, either what to think or believe.

Marteſia then preſenting a Chair unto him, and taking another for her ſelf; and the Daughter of *Artucas*, called *Ermice*, being gone unto the Window, diſcourſing with *Feraulas:* Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I cannot think, but knowing as you do, the Greatneſs of the Princeſs's Spirit, and alſo your own Merit, and many Obligations whereby you have obliged her unto you, that you can poſſibly doubt, but ſhe will be very ſorry for your Impriſonment, and very glad for your Enlargement. Why may I not doubt it (replied *Cyrus*) ſince you are pleaſed to be ſo inhuman, as that you will not ſo much as lend me the Picture of *Mandana?* Have I not reaſon to think, cruel Woman as you are, that you do but deal with me according to the Reſentments of our moſt incomparable Miſtreſs? for if you had not known that ſhe conceives only a poor common bare eſteem of me, could you have endured to ſee me a Priſoner, a moſt unfortunate Man; abſent from her I moſt adored, and deprived of all Conſolations, and denied me that Picture which would have been a Cordial in all my Sorrows, and an Antidote againſt any Miſeries? Confeſs the Truth, *Marteſia*, Was not your Cruelty in that Buſineſs only an Effect of thoſe ſecret Thoughts, which you knew to be in the Heart of our Divine Princeſs? You are ſo very ingenuous to perſecute your ſelf, replied *Marteſia*, that I do not well know whether I ought or can undeceive you. Yet notwithſtanding, Sir, ſince I muſt needs be ſincere with you, I ſhall ingenuouſly tell you, that all the Cruelty wherewith you charge me, proceeds from my ſelf, and the Princeſs has no part in it: Not but that (and queſtionleſs you would conceive it ſo) ſhe would not take it well, that I ſhould give you that Picture which ſhe gave unto me: yet for all that her Thoughts are diſadvantagious unto you, although ſhe be a little ſevere, ſhe was a lover of Vertue and Glory before ſhe was acquainted with you; and you muſt not think it ſtrange if ſhe continue ſo ſtill. Yet *Marteſia* (replied *Cyprus*) would ſhe have been leſs vertuous if you had given me that Picture? No, Sir, replied ſhe, but I had been leſs reaſonable: Well, *Marteſia* (ſaid he) be more inhuman unto me, than Fortune is unto a King from whom ſhe hath taken away his Crown: for ſhe, notwithſtanding, does allow him the ſight of that Princeſs whom he loves, and has her in his Power: Cruel Woman! muſt the King of *Pontus* every minute look upon the real Subſtance of Divine *Mandana*, and do you deny *Cyrus* the ſight of her Picture? You have again, *Marteſia*, diſcovered thoſe ſecret Reſentments which are in the Heart of our Princeſs, and are diſadvantagious unto me. Sir (anſwered ſhe, ſmiling) you had ſome reaſon to tell me, that I ought you no Thanks for this Honour you have done me in coming to ſee me, ſince I ſee you came with a deſign to quarrel with me: You may make Conditions of Peace when you pleaſe, ſaid he unto her, and indeed it is but doing what formerly you have done: Lend me that Picture of *Mandana* unto that day I ſhall deliver her, for I know the King hath reſtored it unto you. Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) you are very urgent; but, do you not conſider what Misfortune this Picture was like to have cauſed? Do you not conſider (ſaid he unto her) how much Joy it will be unto my Soul? I know it very well (ſaid ſhe unto him) by that Joy which this Picture does uſually afford my ſelf: Ah *Marteſia*, ſaith he, you comprehend it but imperfectly, if you judg of my Thoughts by yours. Why, Sir, replied ſhe, Do you think I do not love the Princeſs, as much as my Capacity of loving is able? Yes, *Marteſia*, replied he, I do believe you love her with all imaginable Affection; and I do think *Feraulas* loves me with the like Affection; but certainly he knows how to love one who you know, more perfectly than he ought to love *Cyrus*. You are very good (ſaid ſhe unto him, bluſhing) in permitting *Feraulas* to love any one more than your ſelf. But indeed I am not ſo indulgent; and what reſpect ſoever I bare unto you, I cannot yield that you ſhould love the Princeſs better than I do: But for all that, I do conceive it fit to make my Peace with you; and therefore to compoſe all Differences, I will lend you her Picture unto the day you depart for *Armenia*; and putting her Hand into her Pocket, ſhe produced it, and gave it unto him. *Cyrus* was raviſhed with Joy, and received it with as much Reverence as if *Mandana* were preſent, he kiſſed it, and pleaſed *Marteſia* ſo well, that ſhe repented not of her Complacency in lending it.

After this, *Cyrus* having had no Conference with her ever ſince his departure from *Themiſcira*, asked her an hundred ſeveral Queſtions; he deſired her to relate every thing concerning the taking away of the Princeſs by *Philidaſpes*; after what manner ſhe was carried unto the City of *Opis*; how ſhe was entertained at *Babylon*; in what ſort ſhe lived there; how the King of *Aſſyria* treated her; how ſhe behaved her ſelf towards *Mazares*; how they came out of *Babylon* to come unto *Sinope*; which way *Mazares* got her away, under colour of ſetting her at Liberty; and laſtly, how ſhe fell into the Hands of the King of *Pontus* after he had loſt his Kingdoms. *Marteſia* did fully ſatisfy his Curioſity, but yet ſhe would not mention that favourable Oracle which the King of *Aſſyria* received at *Babylon*, leſt ſuch an averſe Story ſhould too much vex him: ſo that he thought himſelf ſometimes moſt perfectly happy: For when *Marteſia* did mention with what conſtant Reſolution *Mandana* had repulſed the Paſſions of three great Princes, and all of them moſt compleat Men, he was wrap'd in unexpreſſible Joy; and endeavouring to make her ſpeak of more Paſſages which were in his Advantage. But yet (ſaid he unto *Marteſia*, and looking as earneſtly upon her as if he would penetrate into the bottom of her Heart, and know every Truth in it) this noble Fury with which the Divine

Mandana reſiſted all my Rivals, was doubtleſs only an Effect of her Vertue; and the miſerable *Artamenes*, and unfortunate *Cyrus*, was not any cauſe of it at all. Would you have me be ſo complacential (replied *Marteſia* angerly) as not to contradict you? I deſire to know (ſaid he) the pure and perfect Truth, upon condition it drive me not into deſpair. No, Sir, replied ſhe, I ſhall not drive you into deſpair, when I ſhall tell you (tho I had it not from the Mouth of the Princeſs) that I ſee no reaſon ſhe had ſo obſtinately to reject the King of *Aſſyria*'s Affection, unleſs the illuſtrious *Artamenes* had his entrance into her Heart. But, ſaid he unto her, being full of Joy, certainly the Princeſs did not ſpeak as much, theſe are but your own Conjectures upon which you ground theſe Thoughts, and intend to flatter me: But however *Marteſia*, I do not murmur againſt *Mandana*, I have received more Honours from her than I can deſerve: and altho ſhe ſhould treat me courſly, and puniſh me for my raſh Boldneſs, doubtleſs I ſhould not complain. After this manner did *Cyrus* and *Marteſia* diſcourſe, as oft as he could; having now only three things to do. The one was to go into the Camp, and give out all requiſite Orders for the *Armenian* War. The other to preſent all imaginable Humilty unto *Ciaxares*. And the laſt, to go and viſit *Marteſia*: ſuppoſing it to be a kind of ſeeing his Princeſs, to ſee her whom ſhe loved and eſteemed ſo much. Indeed, *Marteſia* was a Lady who was excellent in all things; ſhe was Owner of all good Qualities; her Beauty was none of thoſe who do Planet-ſtrike at the firſt ſight; but it was ſuch as the more one conſidered it, the more freſh Charms they found in it; for ſhe had an excellent Spirit, and a ſolid Mind; exceedingly complacential and diſcreet, and the more one knew her, the better one liked her: *Feraulas* was not the only Man who courted her; for during the time ſhe was conſtrained to remain at *Sinope*, all the Court did viſit her; all the Ladies of the Town were obſervant of her; and all the Princes, obſerving with what Civility *Cyrus* did treat her, came daily unto her, and were much delighted in her Company, for indeed it was ever very pleaſant:

her Ingenuity was not only natural, but much adorn'd with Art, underſtanding moſt of the Languages in all *Europe* and *Aſia.* Amongſt the reſt of her Viſitants, *Thraſibulus*, and all thoſe illuſtrious *Grecians* of the Army, to wit, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles* and *Leontidas*, were often with her: The Prince *Artibies* was he who was moſt frequent with her, inſomuch as the Company was full of ſweet Diverſions, being compoſed of Perſons exceedingly pleaſant. One day among the reſt, as *Marteſia* and *Ervnice* her Couſin were alone together, the Prince *Artibies*, accompanied with *Thimocrates*, *Philocles* and *Leontidas* coming to ſee her, the Company queſtionleſs was very delightful, ſince certainly the *Grecians* of that time were of a much more delicate and refined Spirit than other Nations. *Artibies*, tho he was a *Sicilian*, yet he was a moſt compleat Prince, and altho he ſeemed to be very melancholick, yet was very ſociable. *Thimocrates* had Nature for his Friend, who adorned him with all the advantages of Body, that ſhe could contrive in one of his Sex; he had alſo a quick and nimble Wit, which rendred him moſt pleaſant unto Company. *Philocles* was not leſs exact and compleat in all things, and the Complacency of his Humour was extreamly charming. *Leontidas* was exceeding tall and handſom; the Compoſure of his Face was noble, his Phiſiognomy had I know not what kind of furious, ſweet and melancholy Compoſition, ſuch as did not at all diſpleaſe; and altho there was ſome kind of Diſcord in his Humours, and a Phantaſticalneſs in his Mind, yet was he exceedingly pleaſant.

Theſe four being altogether with *Marteſia*, and the Love of *Cyrus* being now no ſecret, that was the ſubject of their Diſcourſe; and after they had diſcanted upon the moſt conſiderable Paſſages thereof, or at leaſt, which were in their knowledg, every one began to complain of his Misfortunes according to his own Apprehenſions: For my part, ſaid *Thimocrates*, that which I think to be moſt lamented in him, is, that he has been almoſt always abſent from her he loves; for as long as ſhe was in *Cappadocia*, the *Bithynian* War did abſent him; and after his return unto *Themiſcira*, he never ſaw the Princeſs whom he loved. This queſtionleſs is a great Misfortune (replied *Philocles*) but yet ſince he lives in ſome hopes to be beloved, his abſence is not without ſome Conſolation; and he has yet had no Experience of that which in Love is more rigorous. Altho he has had no Experience of it, neither by Abſence, nor the hate of the Princeſs whom he loves, yet doubtleſs he was apprehenſive of it, when he believed her to be dead, as once he did: when I do imagine in what horrid frights he was, when he feared to find his Princeſs reduced into Aſhes by the Conflagration of *Sinope*; and when I fancy him, hearing from the Mouth of *Mazares* in the Fiſhers Cabin, how his Divine Princeſs periſhed.

I do confeſs my Compaſſion of him is extream; and I do conceive, that all the Delights which he can hereafter enjoy, cannot equal thoſe Torments which he then endured. It is moſt certain (ſaid *Leontidas*, who had not yet ſpoken) that Abſence is a very great Affliction: not to be beloved is an angry Fate; and the Death of the Party beloved is doubtleſs a very ſad piece of Mourning: But yet for all this, if the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was never jealous (as I could never hear he was) then does he owe Sacrifices of Thanks unto the Gods of Love, for preventing him from that Torment, which exceeds all others a thouſand degrees. But, *Leontidas*, replied *Martesia*, do you conceive Jealouſie to be a greater Ill than the Death of the Party loved? Ah *Leontidas*, ſaid ſhe, think well what you ſay: I have ſufficiently thought upon it, replied he, and I do feelingly ſpeak concerning a Paſſion which I have been too well acquainted with. For my part (ſaid *Erenice*) I do conceive Jealouſie to be a very great Evil; and do not think it ſtrange that *Leontidas* ſhould rank it among the greateſt Puniſhments of Love: but that *Thimocrates* ſhould ſpeak Abſence to be the moſt rigid thing in the World, I do conceive that his Soul is a little too nice and delicate. That Man muſt be moſt inſenſible (replied he) which does not find Abſence to comprehend in it ſelf all other Horrors. That only is his ſhare, who was never beloved, replied *Philocles*; for, if I may ſo phraſe it, he heaps up all the

Evils of Love into one; and he who has had no Experience of this, is ignorant of the ſupream Misfortune. That is a Misfortune, added *Thimocrates*, wherewith a generous Man will not be long tormented, ſince there is nothing in the World more juſt, natural, and reaſonable than to ceaſe from them that love us not. He who laments for the Death of his Miſtreſs, replied *Philocles*, if he be wiſe, has moſt reaſon to comfort up himſelf, ſince there is no poſſibility to find a Remedy for his Misfortune: he who is abſent, may find out ſome Comfort from his hopes of return; and he who is jealous, may cure himſelf, either by his knowledg of the Vertue of her he loves, or elſe by his own Merit, or elſe by deſpiſing her. You are not well acquainted with Jealouſie, anſwered *Leontidas* very fiercely, ſince you imagine it can be cured by ſapient Reaſons; for it perverts all the Reaſons under the Sun, and puts the whole order of Nature out of tune: Other Misfortunes whereof we diſcourſe, have this advantage, that they ſeem no greater than they are; but Jealouſie is of ſuch a capricious, phantaſtical, malignant Nature, that it magnifies all Objects, like unto thoſe falſe magnifying Glaſſes invented by ſome Mathematicans. It does not only make one ſenſible of real Evils, but only of thoſe which are meerly imaginary; it cauſes one to ſuffer in that for which there is no ground at all. I do confeſs, ſaid *Martiſia* then, that *Leontidas* has deſcribed Jealouſie unto us, in ſuch an ingenious manner, that I doubt not but if ever he was in love, this Paſſion has not much tormented him. To ſpeak the truth unto you, replied he, I tell my Tale out of my own ſad Experience; and therefore I may the better be believed, when I do maintain that Jealouſie is the moſt horrid Torment that can be endured. If that Authority, replied *Thimocratis*, be ſufficient to juſtify, that Abſence comprehends all the Evils which Love can afflict, I ought to be believed as well as you; ſince the better part of my Life has been droopingly conſumed in Abſence from her I love. Upon the ſame reaſon, replied *Artibius*, I muſt not yield unto either, ſince I do but too ſadly know, that the Death of her one loves is the end of all Joys, and an Epitome of all Sorrows. Altho it be but a piece of Folly, ſaid *Philocles*, to publiſh unto the World, that one could never be loved; yet I am conſtrained to acknowledg that out of my own Experience I have found this *Theſis* true; as it is the greateſt Felicity in Love to be beloved, ſo by the Rules of Contraries, it is the greateſt Miſery not to be beloved by her one loves. For my part, ſaid *Marteſia*, I wonder at nothing more, than that each of you ſhould ſo opinionatively maintain his Thoughts; for indeed it is a difficult thing not to think worſe of ones own Misfortune than of anothers; and every one is apt to be partial in his own Cauſe, and therefore I do not think any of you to be competent Judges upon ſo nice a Queſtion; altho I know you all to be Men of much Wiſdom and Ingenuity. Then muſt you be Judge, replied *Thimocrates*, for I am certain you are accompliſhed with all neceſſary Qualities for the Office, ſince you are of a clear Apprehenſion, and not intereſted at all in any of theſe things. It is true, replied ſhe, but yet I never had any Experience; yet notwithſtanding, I do confeſs, ſaid ſhe, (and looked upon them all) that you have raiſed ſo great a Curioſity in me to know all your Adventures, that if I durſt, I would accept of that Offer which *Thimocrates* hath made unto me; and therefore I beſeech you all to relate them. For my part, ſaid *Artibies*, I have nothing to do but to lament and be lamented, and therefore I ſhall be ready to give you ſatisfaction in few words, and afterwards my Reaſons to ſtrengthen my Cauſe. An abſent Lover, replied *Thimocrates* ſighing, who uſes to engrave his Misfortunes upon the Bark of Trees, and to ſpeak unto the Rocks, rather than not ſpeak at all, refuſeth not to tell you his Diſcontents. For my part, ſaid *Philocles*, I was never ſo happy as to procure a favourable Ear from any that I loved, but I ſhall hope to find ſome ſweetneſs from another whom I do infinitely eſteem. There is none then but the jealous *Leontidas* (ſaid *Marteſia*, turning towards him) who will not ſatisfie my Curioſity. No, Madam, ſaid he, I will not be any Obſtacle unto your Satisfaction; for I am not ſo ſparing of my Words and Secrets, as I am jealous of my Miſtreſs. But ſweet *Marteſia*, after you have heard the recital of our Adventures, and our Reaſons upon them, you muſt pronounce a ſoveraign Sentence, which is the moſt unfortunate; he who is almoſt always abſent from her he loves; or he who is not loved at all; or he whoſe Miſtreſs is dead; or he who is plunged deeply in Jealouſie; to the end, that he who is moſt miſerable, may have ſo much Conſolation as to be lamented more than the reſt, and that your Pity and Compaſſion be his Prize for the Pains he hath taken in relating his Misfortunes and Reaſons. At the hazard of doing Juſtice through Ignorance, anſwered *Marteſia*, I do accept of the Honour to be your Judg, upon condition that *Ernice*, my dear Couſin, will aſſiſt me in giving Sentence. No, anſwered that pleaſant Lady, I will not ſhare with you in your Title, but will reſerve unto my ſelf the Liberty to lament him the moſt, who perhaps you will pity the leaſt. As they were thus in diſcourſe, *Cyrus*, accompanied only with *Aglatidas*, entred; and ſince he heard them in the outer Chamber ſpeak with much heat: If there be any Conteſt amongſt you, ſaid he (addreſſing himſelf unto *Marteſia*) you know that your ſide ſhall ever be mine. You honour me too much (anſwered ſhe); but, Sir, you muſt know that I am ſo far from quarrelling with theſe gallant Men, that they have conſtituted me their Judg; and ſince I ſhall but diſhonour my Office, I beſeech you to undertake it, and to decide a famous Difference, which is riſen between the Prince *Artibies*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles* and *Leontidas*. Heavens preſerve me, replied *Cyrus*, from entertaining any Thoughts ſo unjuſt, as to diſpoſſeſs you from an Imployment ſo honourable; and I ſhould rather take you for my own Judg, if I had any Difference, than take the Office from you. After this Complement, as he was the moſt civil Prince upon Earth, and ſtood in need of the Valour of all theſe Commanders, to deliver *Mandana*, ſo at this time, to gain their Hearts the more, he doubled his Complacency towards them, conceiving that the more he commended them, the more couragiouſly they would fight for his Princeſs. He demanded them in moſt ſweet and pleaſant terms, what might be the cauſe of their Conteſt, and having in a few words told it unto him; be Judg, Sir, ſaid ſhe, whether I was in the right in thinking you a better Judg in ſuch a caſe than my ſelf. I ſhould be over partial, replied he, and ſighed; and queſtionleſs, your unintereſted Reaſon would judg with more Equity than I ſhould with all my Experience. Afterwards ſince this buſineſs did indeed ſympathize with his own Inclination, he was pleaſed to beſtow an Afternoon in ſuch a Diverſion as was very ſutable unto his own Fortune, having no other buſineſs of conſequence to do that day; for he had been at the Camp in the Morning, and he had already been with the King, and diſpatched all buſineſs to *Ecbatan*. After then he had placed *Marteſia* conveniently to hear every one that ſpoke, and ſitting himſelf by her, alſo all the reſt ſeating themſelves in order: It was his pleaſure, that *Thimocrates* ſhould begin, and addreſs his Speech unto *Marteſia* as his Judg, altho ſhe did oppoſe it, after a while of ſilence, during which time *Cyrus* asked *Marteſia* in a low voice, Whether ſhe did not pity that Man, who ſuffered all the Miſeries which theſe four Lovers did complain againſt? *Thimocrates* began his Story thus:

The Hiſtories of unfortunate Lovers.

BEfore I begin to relate my particular Misfortune, I do conceive it requiſite to conjure you, that you become not partially biaſſed by the elegant Diſcourſes of thoſe who deny the Condition which I aſſume, in being the moſt unfortunate Lover in the World; for I very well perceive, that they being leſs unfortunate than my ſelf, have more freedom of Spirit than I have, and therefore can better relate their Stories. He who is not loved, will doubtleſs dreſs himſelf in the moſt amiable Language, and will not omit any thing which may perſwade you to Compaſſion; he who laments for the Death of his Miſtreſs, deſiring to move Pity, uſeth all his Eloquence to perſwade unto it. The jealous *Leontidas* will be ſure to magnify all his imaginary Sufferings with his Rhetorick, ſince he is poſſeſſed with a Paſſion that is accuſtomed to make the leaſt things that can be imagined, ſeem great ones.

Marteſia ſeeing *Thimocrates* expect her Anſwer, did aſſure him, that ſhe would not be ſo much convinced by words as ſhe would be by Realities and Reaſons; therefore, ſaid ſhe unto him, Do not you rely too much upon your own Eloquence, in ſeeming to fear it in others; and ſo ſhe commanding him to begin his Story: he obeyed, and began thus.

The abſent Lover. The firſt Hiſtory.

THat Abſence whereof I complain, and which I do maintain, does comprehend all the Miſeries which Love can cauſe, is ſo great Puniſhment unto one who exactly knows the newneſs of the Paſſion, as I am not afraid to ſay, that he who can be abſent from her he loves without extream Sorrow, did never receive any great Joy in the Perſon he loved, and does not deſerve to wear the noble Title of a Lover; I ſay again, the noble Title of a Lover, ſince it is moſt certain that he is not capable of that Heroick Imbecility, which hath moved many illuſtrious Perſons,who are ſometimes ſurprized with it, to act ſuch great Attempts as it hath done. Amongſt all thoſe who did ever reſent this kind of Miſery, whereof I now ſpeak, certainly I am the Man, who hath had moſt rigid Experience of it, ſince Love did only ſhew me that amiable Perſon whom I adore, to make me more ſenſibly apprehend her abſence, with all the cruel Conſequences that are imaginable: Therefore I do not doubt, but at the end of my ſtory I ſhall obtain the prize of Compaſſion, and my impartial Judg will ſentence me to be the moſt unhappy of all theſe who contend for this mournful Title.

Since I came into *Aſia*, commanding the Regiments of the King of *Cyprus*, and ſent hither by the Prince *Philoxipus*; perhaps you are yet ignorant how I was not born within that Kingdom. Give me leave therefore to acquaint you that *Delphos*, ſo famous throughout the World for the magnificent Temple of *Apollo*, and for the Sanctity of the *Oracles*, is the place of my Birth; and I muſt needs tell you, that I am deſcended from an illuſtrious Race, ſince I am branched from him whom the Gods thought worthy ſo many Ages ſince, to conduct unto the foot of Mount *Parnaſſus*, near the *Caſtalian* Fountain, there to receive the firſt Oracle which was diſpenſed; whoſe Daughter afterwards was choſen to be the prime *Pithian*, who pronounced ſo many important Verities unto ſo many private Perſons, Towns, Provinces, Republiques, and Kings. Since that time thoſe of my Familiy have ever held the prime Rank in their Country; and moſt commonly the famous Council of *Greece*, which we termed the Aſſembly of *Amphictions*, was never held but ſome of my Race were elected in it: I being therefore of a conſiderable Extraction, and the Son of one whoſe Vertue was above his Quality; I was educated with all indulgent Care. And tho it may be ſaid, that the Town of *Delphos* is an Epitome of the World, by reaſon of that huge multitude of all Nations, which reſort thither, and therefore it was not neceſſary for the Inhabitants to travel, for their further Inſtruction in foreign Cuſtoms, yet my indulgent Father would needs ſend me as a Student unto *Athens*, and afterwards to remain at *Corinth* until I was twenty Years of Age; and I did practiſe in both thoſe famous places, all the Arts which one of my Quality could require, as well in all the Exerciſes of the Body, as in the Ornaments of the Mind, and Knowledg of the liberal Arts; ſo that when I received Orders to return unto *Delphos*, it might be ſaid, that I was a Stranger in my own Country, ſince certainly I knew no body, yet did I know the Names of all the prime Houſes of Quality in the Town, and I remembred alſo ſome old Men and Women; but as for the young Men of my own Rank, or any of the ſpringing Beauties, I had no acquaintance at all amongſt them. Thus came I then unto *Delphos*, eſteeming *Athens* and *Corinth* as my Country, where notwithwithſtanding I lived without any private Engagement, although I had ſeen many rare Beauties in both Places. As I came into *Delphos*, I underſtood, that my Father having ſome important Buſineſs, was gone unto *Anticires*, and at his Departure had left Order that I ſhould follow him as ſoon as I arrived. The firſt Night, I was viſited by very many, but amongſt others, one of my Couſins named *Meleſander*, ſuited beſt with my Diſpoſition: and truly he was a Youth full of Spirit, and Goodneſs, whoſe agreeable Humour, was great delight unto me in my Melancholy; as he did infinitely pleaſe me, ſo *I* had the good Fortune not to diſpleaſe him; and we did preſently contract ſuch an Amity, as Death only could diſſolve. After our firſt Civilities, *I* acquainted him with the Orders which *I* received not to ſtay any longer at *Delphos*, but to go unto *Anticires*: but he told me that *I* muſt needs defer my Departure for one Day longer, for there was a very ſtately Ceremony to be performed the next Day, and *I* muſt needs ſee it. *I* enquired what it was; he told me that there were Embaſſadors in *Delphos* from *Cræſus*, King of *Lidia*, who came to conſult with the Oracle, and who had brought with them ſuch magnificent Offerings, as were the richeſt in all *Aſia*. Since theſe Offerings muſt remain in the Temple (ſaid *I* unto him) *I* ſhall ſee them at my return. It is true, replied he, but you cannot ſee in one Day all the Beauties in the Town aſſembled, as they will be to morrow at the Temple, nor can you ever ſee a Ceremony ſo great as this; For they do not uſe to receive private Offerings in ſuch ſtate as they will do the Offerings of Kings. As for the Ceremonies, ſaid *I* unto him, ſmiling, *I* can eaſily diſpenſe with them. But ſince you aſſure me, *I* ſhall ſee all the Beauty of *Delphos* at once, *I* will take your Counſel, and not depart until the next Day.

Meleſander and I, parted upon theſe Terms: the next Morning he came betimes, and ſince I was a Stranger, undertook to ſhew me all the Ceremony, and get ſuch a Place where we might ſee all. How indifferent ſoever I ſeemed to be concerning theſe Feaſts, yet I obſerved them with much delight: I went as others did, to ſee the Treaſures of the Temple, which were ſhewed unto the Ambaſſadors of *Cræſus*, before they brought their Offerings: I admired, as well as they, at a moſt magnificent Chain of Pearl, which once they ſay, the famous *Helen* was owner of: and at another alſo which called *Eriphile* Miſtreſs: I ſaw there that ſtately Throne of Gold, which the Grandfather of the King of *Phrygia* did beſtow, and the ſix great Diſhes which *Giges* ſent thither, which weighed thirty Talents; alſo ſeveral Statues given by ſeveral Princes: The Sheaves of Gold which they of *Smirna* and *Apollonia* offered; two Tuns of Maſſie Gold which were of curious Workmanſhip, and would contain an hundred Gallons of Water, being made uſe of at a Feaſt, which we call *Theophanies*: I ſaw afterwards (amongſt ſuch a mighty Maſs of Wealth, which I cannot exactly deſcribe, and which were given by all the Repubiques of *Greece*) *Obeliſques* of a miraculous Manufacture, given by *Rhodophes* that famous Lady, with whom the Brother of prudent *Sapho* was in love; who to make it appear, ſhe was in *Egypt*, where ſhe lived a great part of her Life, ſhe gave thoſe wonderful Piramids, which are talked of throughout the World. After I had well obſerved all theſe Rarities, and a thouſand others, which I ſhall forbear to ſpeak of; every one went to take his Place, and the Ceremony of the Sacrifice did begin: Thoſe who were to conſult with the Oracle, did come unto the foot of *Parnaſſus*, which is juſt over againſt the Temple, where they did purifie themſelves at that famous *Caſtalian* Fountain; from thence they went into the Temple of the *Muſes*, which is built upon that River, which runs into that of *Apollo*, and where the *Pithian*, being under a glorious Canopy, and upon a ſtately Throne; ſhe receives the demands of them who came to conſult with the Gods: after which, ſhe retires behind the ſacred Curtain, where being inſpired by the Gods, ſhe delivers the Oracles unto them who enquire of her. Give me leave, alſo to tell you, beſides the rich offerings of *Cræſus*, I ſaw the Statue of a Woman of a great ſtature, all of moſt pure Gold, and moſt admirable Workmanſhip: a Lamp alſo of engraved Gold, as rich as is imaginable. But notwithſtanding all theſe Wonders, after the Company began to ſettle themſelves, I left off regarding them, but turned my Head towards the Gate of the Temple, to obſerve all the Ladies which entred, and ask *Meleſander* their Names : yet becauſe the croud was very great, I could not diſcern them all, and many paſſed by which I could not diſcover ; but I ſaw many Beauties enter, which I looked upon with a very indifferent Eye, and ſerene Mind, without any Penetration of heart : yet when the Ceremony was ended, the better to view all the Ladies, *Meleſander* and I went cloſe to the Gate, to ſpeak with Two or Three of his Friends ; and I ſaw one come from behind the Pillars of Marble, which ſuſtains the Arch of the Temple, whom doubtleſs thoſe Pillars had obſcured from my Sight as long as the Ceremony laſted ; ſhe was a Beauty ſo admirably fair, that I was dazled at the ſparkle of her Eyes, and magick of her Complection : I no ſooner ſpied her, but without further hearkning unto what they talked, I pulled *Meleſander* by the Arm, and without taking my Eyes off that wonderful Object which had enchanted them, *Meleſander*, ſaid I unto him, ſhewing her, Tell me the Name of yonder Miracle : Her name is *Teleſile*, replied he, whoſe Name is as famous for the Charms of her Wit, and pleaſantneſs of her Humour, as it is for the excellency of her Beauty. At the Name of *Teleſile*, thoſe who were with us interrupted our Diſcourſe, and looking upon her as ſhe paſſed by us, we congyed unto her, and followed her, that we might the longer ſee her : ſince ſhe was well acquainted with *Meleſander*, and much eſteemed him, ſhe gave him a Salute with ſuch a pleaſing Smile, and ſo obliging an Air, that as her Beauty did ſeem greater in my Fancy, ſo alſo did my Admiration ; and I perceived ſuch an unquiet Joy in my Heart, and ſuch an interior Tumult in my Soul, that I knew not what I did ; and to excuſe my imbecility at that time, I was forced to tell them, that very few Hearts were ever aſſaulted with ſuch beautiful and powerful Arms as theſe which wounded mine. *Teleſile* was about ſeventeen years of Age ; her Stature was tall and ſtately ; her Garb was delightful ; her

Action was free, and natural; her Hair was the pureſt black that ever Eye beheld: her Complexion was ſo lively Fair, that it was not to be look'd on but with Imagination of Snow and Vermilion, Lillies and Roſes mixed together; for Nature had adorned her Face with her pureſt Colours, adding unto theſe her ſprightly and ſparkling Eyes, mixt with ingenious Sweetneſs, an admirable Mouth, fair Teeth, and white Neck, ſuch as did infinitely captivate my Heart.

But alas, I had no ſooner viewed the faireſt *Teleſile*, but *I* could not view her any more; for ſhe went preſently out of the Temple; and the next Day, I went out of *Delphos* ſo that I was no ſooner in Love but I was Abſent. As we went out of the Temple, and had loſt the Sight of her, becauſe her Houſe was very near it, *Meleſander* and I going to Dine together, and his Friends having left us alone; *Meleſander*, (ſaid I unto him) if you be not in love with *Teleſile*, I muſt needs conclude you are either in Love with ſome other, or elſe you are not capable of loving any thing, for I think it impoſſible, that any Heart which is not either prepoſſeſſed or inſenſible, can reſiſt ſuch an admirable Beauty as hers. If *Thimocrates* (anſwered he, and ſmiled) did not fall in love at *Athens* or *Corinth*, I believe he preſently will at *Delphos*, and I do heartily thank the Gods, that I ſhall not be his Rival, if he chance to fix upon *Teleſile*, as I do find ſome likelihood that he will: I do not yet know, ſaid I unto him, whether or no I ſhall love her: but I am ſure I do already infinitely admire her. That is a good degree unto Love, replied he unto me; But yet *Thimocrates* (added this officious Friend, aſſuming a more ſerious countenance) do not render your ſelf a Captive without ſome reſiſtance, ſince there are many difficulties in the Conqueſt of *Teleſile*. I will reſiſt, ſaid I unto him, by flying away, for you know I intend to be gone to Morrow; but yet I beſeech you what may thoſe difficulties be in the Conqueſt of her? Is it poſſible that a Lady whoſe Eyes ſparkle ſo much ſweetneſs, ſhould be more ſecure than other Ladies? *Teleſile* (ſaid he unto me) has hitherto been very indifferent unto all the Courtſhips which any have rendered her; but that is not the

Reaſon why I ſpeak of ſuch Difficulties in her Conqueſt, for the merit of *Thimocrates* might win more upon that ſcore than any other could; but there is ſomething more capricious on her Fortune than ſo: be pleaſed to know then, (ſaid he, ſeeing me to expect his farther Relation) that *Teleſile* is of a very good Houſe, ſince ſhe is Daughter unto *Diophantes*, which name you know, and who perhaps is very Poor, and perhaps alſo very Rich. Unleſs you interpret this Riddle, ſaid I unto him, I cannot underſtand it. You will eaſily underſtand it, replied he, when I ſhall tell you that *Diophantes*, the Father of *Teleſile*, is very Poor, becauſe he ruined himſelf in the *Boetian* Wars, and therefore *Thimocrates*, *Teleſile* will be alſo very Poor, although ſhe be the only Daughter of her Father, it being moſt certain that although that Houſe do yet ſubſiſt, yet it is abſolutely ruined. I perceive, ſaid I unto him, that *Teleſile* is very Poor, but I do not ſee how ſhe can be Rich. You will underſtand both, replied he, when I ſhall inform you, how ſhe hath an Uncle,called *Crantor*, who is very old, and never Married: he is the richeſt Man, not only in *Delphos*, but throughout all *Phocides*, unto whom ſhe ſhall be Heir, if he do not dote and marry, or diſpoſe of his Eſtate unto ſome other, as by the Law he may: ſo that ſince *Crantor* is an old humorous and covetous Man, and will ſettle his Eſtate upon his Niece or any elſe, but doth profeſs much Affection unto her by his Diſcourſe, *Teleſile* remains between both Hopes and Fears to be either the richeſt or the pooreſt Lady of her Quality. This incertainty is the Reaſon why her Father does not think upon her Marriage, not yet knowing what the deſtiny of his Daughter will be. That which beſt pleaſeth thoſe who are in love (ſaid I unto him) is, that *Crantor* cannot diſinherit her of her Beauty. 'Tis true, (ſaid he unto me) for ſhe has many Lovers who do look upon the Treaſure of the Uncle, as well as the ſtar-like Eyes of the Neice, ſo that never any had a larger Catalogue of Servants than ſhe: for ſhe is courted, not only by ſuch as her Beauty has captivated, but alſo by all the rich and covetous, and all the ambitious poor ones that are in *Delphos*; ſome of them not over engaging themſelves, but ſtaying to ſee what *Cranter* will do; and others do ſtrive to marry her, poor as ſhe is, and will put all their Hopes of the future to hazard; yet either by reaſon of *Teleſiles* indifferency, or *Diophantus* his prudence, all her Lovers are-kept at a diſtance, and hope well. See *Thimocrates* the fate of this fair One, with whom I do adviſe you, not to engage your ſelf inconſiderately. I gave *Meleſander* thanks for his Counſel, and entring into other Diſcourſe, we dined, and pleaſantly paſſed away the reſt of the Day together: yet do what I could, it was impoſſible to drive the Beauty which I had ſeen out of my Imagination; nor could I forbear diſcourſe concerning her, although I did reſolve it: When we did meet any one of quality in the Streets; there goes a greedy Lover of *Teleſile* (ſaid I unto *Meleſander*,) and when I looked upon any Lady, I could not chuſe but ſay, ſhe was not half ſo fair as *Teleſile*, and named her above a Thouſand times in a Day, before I ever though upon it. Mean while the Morning came, and I muſt go unto *Anticira*: and although this Place had a Reputatio to recover Reaſon in them that had loſt it; yet it deprived me of mine, I was then ſome ten or twelve Day with my Father, for Love had not yet imprinted the beauty of *Teleſile* ſo deeply in my Heart, but that I coul endure this abſence; yet would it not ſuffer me to be lon from her: Notwithſtanding, although I can ſay that Sorrow did not much ſeiſe upon me during this Journey, ye I am certain that I found little Joy in returning to *Delph* where I had yet no acquaintance but with *Meleſander*: bu to tell you truly, my Heart held greater intelligence wit *Teleſile* than I was aware of. And certainly there was ſom Sympathetical Power in it, which in a minute did forc me to love her, whom I loved all my Life. I perceive it at my entrance into *Delphos*; for meeting a Coach fu of Ladies as they were going into the Country, as ſeeme by their Equipage, I looked preciſely into it. But Heavens, what pleaſing trouble did I find in my So when I ſaw *Teleſile* in it, a thouſand Times more fair than ſhe ſeemed before when I ſaw her in the Temple the Coach went ſoftly by reaſon of ſome ſtop in the wa

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which of it ſelf was very narrow. ſo that I had leiſure to obſerve her with more Attention than *I* did at the firſt time, for ſhe had not pulled down her Hood; but alas, *I* my ſelf did draw a Curtain between me and her Beauty. After *I* did ſalute her with a very low Congy, *I* looked upon her ſo earneſtly, and perhaps ſo impudently, that ſhe bluſhed, and pulled down her Hood, as if the Sun had troubled her.

As ſoon as I was in the Town, I went unto *Meleſander*, and told him that Fortune had as great a Care of my Preſervation as he had; for to guard me from the inchanting Charms of *Teleſile*, ſhe was gone out of *Delphos* as I came in. You have better Intelligence of her Actions, (ſaid he unto me, ſmiling) than ſome of her Lovers, that are of more ancient Acquaintance than you are; for ſhe did undertake a little Journey unto one of my Couſins, and I thought that none could yet have known it: but ſo it is, (ſaid I unto him) that I do know of it, for I did ſee her depart; though I do not think that I am yet in love with her, (ſaid I laughing, though I ſpoke it ſeriouſly) yet am I very glad to underſtand her Journey is but ſhort, and will not be long before ſhe return. It will not be above four Days, ſaid he, during which time I muſt ſhew you all the Rarities in *Delphos*, in hopes if it be poſſible to find an Antidote in the Eyes of ſome other Beauty, againſt the Charms of *Teleſile*. I did laugh at the pleaſant Invention of *Meleſander*, and conſented to do as he would have me; and during thoſe four Days, he carried me unto all the Beauties. But the Truth is, his Deſign took no effect; nor ſerved to other Purpoſe, but to let me ſee that there was none in *Delphos* who came within a Thouſand Degrees of *Teleſile*. Mean while, this fair One returned from the Country; and her Return did give freſh Invitations of viſit unto all her Friends: *Meleſander* went to her, and whether he would or no I went with him; though he told me a hundred times that he was unwilling to contribute unto the Loſs of my Liberty: but in Concluſion, my Prayers prevailed with him, and he preſented me unto the Mother of *Teleſile*, who treated me very civilly; and afterwards, I was preſented unto *Teleſile* her ſelf, in whom I found ten Thouſand alluring Charms more than I could have imagined, although I fancied her *Idea* in my Mind, as fair as Fancy could imagine; I ſaw that ſhe was moſt ſweet and civil, moſt modeſt and gallant, and of a moſt pleaſing Spirit indeed; amongſt a thouſand Perfections I found not one Fault: But that which pleaſed above all, was, that amongſt ſo many Servants as courted her, I could not obſerve ſhe favoured any, and by Conſequence engaged me the more; and notwithſtanding her ſweet Diſpoſition, ſhe had ſuch a kind of noble Pride in her Soul, as made her to triumph over all Hearts without Vanity; and ſhe made abſolute Conqueſts of all that ſaw her, without contributing any of her Endeavours to do it. As Love was reſolved upon my Deſtruction, ſo it moved her, that Day to give me ſome Hopes to thrive in my new-begun Paſſion; for, as I told her, that my Intentions were to wait upon her the firſt Day I came to *Delphos*. You have been a long while (ſaid ſhe) in executing thoſe Intentions, which were a great Honour unto me ſince; If I miſtake not, you were here that Day the King of *Lidea* offered his Preſents in the Temple; and, if my Memory betray me not, I ſaw you there with *Melander*; and I did then look upon you as a Stranger, whoſe Name I much deſired to know; and indeed (ſaid ſhe moſt obligingly) I did enquire it of one of my Friends, but could not be ſatisfied. This Diſcourſe, which was only civil, and might have paſſed for Diſcourſe-ſake between two Strangers, had ſuch an Influence upon me, that I conceived it to be a happy *Omen*. Afterwards I told her for my Juſtification, that I had ſince been at *Anticira*, and returned not until that Day ſhe went out of *Delphos*; and that then I did my ſelf the Honour to ſalute her near the Gates of the Town: ſhe then ſeemed as if ſhe did not mind it, becauſe we could not acknowledg it, without taking notice how earneſtly I looked upon her; but afterwards, ſhe was ſo good as to confeſs that it was ſo. This innocent Paſſage cauſed her to bluſh, and from thence I grounded freſh Hopes unto my ſelf. I parted from her as ſtrongly fettered in the Chains of Love as ever Man was, and fully reſolved to dedicate my ſelf unto her Service.

I never endeavoured, as others uſe, to reſiſt my Paſſion; but on the contrary, I cheared up my Soul in the Humour as much as I could. I did imagin, that happily I might chance to be the fortunate Man, for whom her Soul was moſt ſenſible: For, ſaid I, ſince all the Men in *Delphos* do find their Courtſhips fruitleſs, I may more certainly conclude, that ſhe has not yet met with ſuch a Man as ſhe can fancy. If I do conſider her as rich, it will the ſooner advance my Deſign, becauſe my Father will not then oppoſe it: if I do conſider her as poor, I ſhall be the more eaſily happy, for then her Father will not refuſe the Motion; indeed *I* did fancy a Facility out of every thing, and ſo much feared leſt my Reaſon ſhould contradict my Paſſion, as that *I* did never conſult with it at all. *I* deſired to keep it as a Secret, from *Meleſander*, but it could not be; the Flame which the fair Eyes of *Teleſile* had kindled in my Heart, was too great and ardent not to appear in mine, and *I* expreſſed too many Signs of my Affection, to conceal it, or keep it from being diſcovered; he could not motion any Divertiſement wherein *I* could take any Pleaſure. Walks were but muſing unto me; Muſick made me only ſigh my ſelf into a dampiſh Study; the Sight of all the Ladies in the Town, moved me no more than a Stone. The Sight of *Teleſile* only was my Delectable Object, and did with *I*ntereſt recompence me for the Loſs of all other Delights; *I* was ſo tranſported with Joy, when *I* ſaw her but one ſingle Minute, that *Meleſander* ſaw plainly *I* was in Love, as well as by my Muſings and Melancholy. *I*t was very requiſite therefore to acknowledg it unto him; and to deſire him that he would not oppoſe me in ſuch a thing as could not be remedied, but that he would aſſiſt me in my Deſign: *I* told him this, after ſuch a manner, as he might well know, his Counſels took no Effect, and therefore, he did moſt willingly promiſe me his Help. Then *I* went ſeveral times unto *Teleſile*, and the ofter *I* went, more Charms and greater Civilities *I* found. This new Conqueſt which ſhe had made upon my Heart, was quickly divulged throughout the Town, eſpecially unto both our Fathers, who were neither of them diſpleaſed at it; for the Belief which my Father had, that ſhe would be very Rich, was glad in Hopes of ſuch a Fortune, as might repair the Profuſions of his Youth; for truly, his Magnificence, and Liberality had much engaged it. And *Diophantes* for his part, fearing leſt his Daughter ſhould become poor, was not ſorry that ſuch a Man as I was in love with her: But he carried the Matter ſo cunningly, that he ſeemed not to take any notice of it; and he was ſo well acquainted with the Vertue of his Daughter, that he did not fear ſhe would too far engage her ſelf, though ſhe was courted by a Multitude of Men. But amongſt the Number of her Servants, there was one who was exceeding rich, and indeed much above me; though he was not of any conſiderable Family, yet was he very aſſiduous and violent in his Paſſion: This Man was called *Androclides*, and had a Siſter who did often viſit *Teleſile*; and lodging near *Crantor*, was ſometimes viſited again, ſo that *Androclides* had a very great Advantage of me; for his Siſter did not only ſolicite *Teleſile*, but her Uncle alſo: This was a very conſiderable Circumſtance for him, who had as amorous an Eye upon the Riches of *Crantor*, as upon the Beauty of *Teleſile*. For my part, it was the Riches of her own Self which I ſought after; and preferred one Sight of Her before all the Treaſures upon Earth. My endeavours to move her Heart, were only by letting her ſee how much mine ſuffered; for indeed a few Days after, I endured as much Torment as a Man in Love could poſſibly do; ſo that I ſaw her no more; and was ſo far from any Hopes, as I abſolutely deſpaired. If I conſidered her as Rich, then I thought *Androclides* would obtain the Approbation of *Diophantes* and *Crantor*, to my abſolute Prejudice. If I thought upon her as poor, then my Father would thwart my Deſign: but the thing which moſt grieved me, was that which at the beginning did moſt pleaſe me, I mean, that cloſe Indifference which ſhe uſed unto all: for finding her the ſame unto me as unto others, the ſame Equality ſeemed ſevere unto my ſelf, which ſeemed a Delight when it was uſed unto others: Yet notwithſtanding, I no ſooner ſaw her, but my Sorrows vaniſhed; and indeed the very ſight of the Perſon beloved, is an infallible Remedy againſt all Miſeries:

ries: There is ſuch a ſecret kind of Charm in it, as ſuſpends the moſt ſenſible Sorrows. I were not able to ſupport my Miſery, unleſs I did ſometimes enjoy her Preſence: My Paſſion is grown to that Extremity, that I am not only unhappy when I am from her; but I am far from Happineſs when I am not alone with her; neither is that ſufficient to diſſipate my Diſcontents, and compleat my Joy, unleſs I be reſpected; nor yet that, unleſs ſometimes my Eyes do incorporate with hers, which moves a Joy ſo pure in my Soul, as uſually the Exceſs thereof produces a moſt pleaſing Diſorder in the Hearts of all them which know truly how to love.

Thus for a long time did I live with her, finding no fit Opportunities to diſcover my Love, otherwiſe than by my Reſpects and Submiſſions: for beſides the Abundance of Servants which were continually courting her, I obſerved, that though ſhe was ever very civil, yet ſhe prevented all Occaſions of my talking in private with her, and the Siſter of *Androclides* was alſo ſo circumſpect about her, that I could never diſcourſe of any things but ſuch as were indifferent. I intreated *Meleſander* to diſſemble a Love unto this Siſter, whoſe Name was *Atalia*; to the end, he diſcourſing often with her, he might take her off, and afford me Opportuuity to talk with *Teleſile*; but in lieu of doing that Office for me, he returned me an angry Anſwer without any Aſſiſtance. But to make ſome Proofs of the Miſeries of Abſence, as it was the moſt pleaſant time of the Year; and *Diophantes* having a Houſe under the Mountain of *Himelta*, which was the moſt pleaſant Seat of all *Phocides*, he often went thither, and five or ſix of thoſe Journeys, with his whole Family, made me as reſtleſs as any Heart could be capable of; every Minute ſeemed a Day, every Hour a whole Year, and every Day an Age, but ſuch an Age, wherein Melancholy was the ſole Commander of my Soul. When I underſtood that *Diophantes* carried Company with him, *I* was ſorry for it, becauſe *I* feared leſt ſome ſhould plead for my Rival: when none went with him, then *I* pitied the Solitude of *Tileſile*; and her Diſcontents which *I* did imagine ſhe found, did move the like in me. When *Atalia* went with her, *I* was deſperate; when ſhe was in *Delphos*, the frequent Converſation which ſhe had with *Crantor*, did extreamly trouble me; and I enjoyed not one Minute of Reſt, as long as *Teleſile* was abſent. *Delphos* was as a Deſart unto me, the whole Town did put on another Face when ſhe departed, and put on a freſh Luſtre when ſhe returned: If I walked at any time to ſhun Company, my Walk was always towards her Lodging; and I walked ſo far one Day in a muſing Study, that it might rather be termed a Journey, than a Walk. The Sun by its Abſence did not work a greater change upon the Univerſe, than the glorious Eyes of *Teleſile* did upon my Heart, when they were abſent: Sometimes would I ſay unto my ſelf, Did ſhe but know *I* loved her, I ſhould have ſo much Satisfaction at the leaſt, as to think, that perhaps ſhe ſometimes thinks upon me, and that though *I* am abſent from her Eyes, yet *I* am not ſo from her Soul. But alas, purſued *I*, *I* am certainly further abſent from her Thoughts, than from her Perſon, and the unhappy *Thimocrates* has not Place either in her Heart or Memory: But ah me! would *I* ſometimes ſay in my ſelf, Do *I* not ſee *Teleſile* in every Place? *I*s ſhe not continually in my Mind, in my Soul, in my *I*magination, and in my Memory? Yes, yes, *Teleſile* is inſeparable from *Thimocrates*: but for a Conſolation in ſo cruel an Abſence, *Thimocrates* ought to be as inſeparable from *Teleſile*, and for a Comfort in my Sorrows, ſhe ought to endure a part of that which *I* endure, ſo that ſhe might the better judg of my Sufferings, by what ſhe ſuffers her ſelf; yet were there any Equity in wiſhing the moſt amiable and excellent Lady in the *World* to ſuffer that for me, which *I* ſuffer for her? No, no, *I* am unjuſt in my Deſires, and do wiſh things moſt unreaſonable; All that *I* deſire therefore ſhall be, that where ſhe is, ſhe will not think upon any of my Rivals; that *Androclides* eſpecially have no Place in her Memory, and that the unhappy *Thimocrates* have a little Room there. Perhaps it may be ſaid unto me, that in my Complaint againſt the Miſeries of Abſence, *I* do confound things, and mingle ſome Paſſages of Jealouſy amongſt my Stories; yet it is moſt certain, that none of thoſe jealous Thoughts had ever come unto my Heart, but during abſence; and the truth is, *I* cannot think it poſſible for any to be abſent from the Party loved, but he muſt be a little jealous; yes, and after a more cruel manner than they are, who are jealous through Fantaſticalneſs, or Weakneſs, in the ſight of the Party whom they love: But *I* never had the leaſt thought of any ſuch thing in the preſence of *Teleſile*; my jealouſy did always vaniſh at her appearance, as a miſty Vapour does when the Sun breaks out; and her abſence made my Soul ſenſible of all the Miſeries which Love can cauſe. Mean while, the report of all the Town was, that *Crantor* did often viſit *Atalia*, and that ſhe did ſolicite extreamly for her Brother; and it was believed, that within few days *Androclides* would marry *Teleſile*. This Report had not yet reached my Ear. *Meleſander* during this time was gone into the Country; and Abſence was ever ſo fatal unto me, that the Abſence of my Friend, as well as my Miſtreſs, was very vexatious unto me. My Father, who knew of the Buſineſs, and would not have me ſo much diſhonoured as to have *Androclides* preferred before me; and who alſo knew, that as long as *I* continued at *Delphos*, it would be a difficult matter for me to ceaſe my Love unto *Teleſile*, but that *I* ſhould never endure that *Androclides* ſhould marry her, and would oppoſe it by all ways that an amorous Heart could imagine; he therefore determined upon a courſe, which cauſed my moſt ſenſible ſorrow, although in all appearance it ſhould have rejoiced me, becauſe it was honourable.

At that time, when the famous Council of *Greece*, whereof before I ſpoke, was aſſembled: My Father, to the end he might ſend me away from that Place, where he apprehended ſome Misfortune might befal me, procured me to be choſen by the *Amphictions*, to be ſent unto *Milete*, (From whence the Prince *Thraſibulus* was come, for ſome Reaſons which would be too long to relate) to the end I might bring back a true Relation of all the Paſſages in that famous Town, which then was divided into two oppoſite Factions: for although the *Mileſians* had ſent a Deputy unto the Aſſembly, which did ſit in the Temple of *Apollo*, as Judges of their Differences, although the *Aſiatiqu* *ſiatique Greeks* did not uſe to acknowledg them to be ſo; yet notwithſtanding, ſince it was the Party oppoſite unto the ſage *Thales* the *Mileſian*, the *Amphictions* would be informed by ſome other way, and I were named for the Buſineſs. Queſtionleſs, there was never any of my Age had ſuch an Honour conferred upon him, and at any other time I ſhould have infinitely rejoiced at it: For indeed, to be choſen by the Grandees of *Greece*, for an Agent unto the *Mileſians*, in a Buſineſs of that Concernment, was an Honour, which any Man who was not in Love, might be highly ambitious of. This abſence procured me Miſery inſupportable. It was true, that the Buſineſs was honourable, and very likely not to laſt long. My Rivals were all vexed at it, and it might well procure more eſteem in the Mind of *Teleſile*, yet did I receive this Honour with extream Sorrow; and ſince it would abſent me from her I loved, all ambitious Thoughts were far from my Heart; and my Miſery ſeemed ſo great, that I could think upon nothing but it: yet there was no Remedy, I could not, without diſhonour, refuſe it, or deny it, unleſs I ſhould loſe my ſelf in the Opinion of *Teleſile*, and the World. Both my Honour and my Love therefore requiring it, I did obey, and within three days after departed; I endeavoured, as I could, to defer it for a while, but it could not be obtain'd. I had therefore no more to do, but to employ that ſhort time I was to ſtay in *Delphos*, as well as I could. I committed the Preparations for my Journey altogether unto my Servants, and buſied my ſelf in nothing but watching opportunity to ſpeak with *Teleſile* in private; being fully reſolved, after a long Conteſt with my ſelf, to acquaint her with my Love, if I could: but I was ſo unfortunate the two firſt days, that I could neither ſpeak with her, nor ſee her, becauſe ſhe was not well. The laſt Day of my being at *Delphos* being come, I was extreamly ſad: Alas, ſaid I unto my ſelf, muſt I depart, and not ſo much as ſee *Teleſile?* or acquainting her how that I love her the beſt of any Man in the World? No, no, I cannot do it; Death would then be more ſweet unto me than my Departure. I did riſe that day extream early, although I knew it would be Noon before I could ſee *Teleſile*, if I ſaw her at all; but indeed the reaſon was, becauſe I was not Maſter of my Reaſon, or my own Thoughts. I went to bid adieu to ſeveral of my Acquaintance; but in what Quarter of the Town ſoever they dwelt, I was ſure to paſs by the Houſe of *Teleſile*, either in going, or coming, or both, thinking it ſome kind of Conſolation to be near her, though I could not ſee her. I received all Complements concerning my Voyage ſo coldly, as ſurprized every one that obſerved it; and I carried my ſelf ſo indifferently, as I wonder none told the *Amphictions*, they had made a bad choice of ſuch an Agent, for ſuch an important Buſineſs.

In the Afternoon I went to *Diophantes* to bid him adieu; he imbraced me very civilly; but ſince I found him within two paces of his own Gates, our Diſcourſe was not long; and I asked his permiſſion to bid adieu unto the reſt of his Family: He told me, that *Taxile* his Wife was not within; but although *Teleſile* was alone, and not well, yet he deſired I ſhould ſee her, and commanded one of her Women to conduct me unto her Chamber. *Diophantes* would have been ſo ceremonious, as to conduct me himſelf, but I would by no means ſuffer him. At laſt he left me, and I went, by his permiſſion, to bid adieu unto *Teleſile*. I was ſo happy as to find her alone without any Company, but two Women who waited upon her. As her Sickneſs was not great, ſo ſhe kept her Chamber, and not her Bed; a little heavineſs in her Eyes, methought, made her more Amiable; and I thought her ſo fair that day, as my ſorrows to leave her increaſed; though ſhe had been told I was coming into her Chamber, yet was ſhe much ſurprized at it. *Thimocrates*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) what's the reaſon you viſit me at ſuch a Time, when none ſees me? It is, *Madam*, (ſaid I, ſaluting her, and coming to her with all reverence) becauſe *Diophantes* thought it juſt to permit me ſo much honour as to ſee you, and bid you adieu, before I went unto *Milete*. As I had not ſeen her ſince I was choſen for that Negotiation, ſhe ſeemed to be very much joyed at the Honour which was done me, and commanded a Chair to be given me; ſhe expreſſed much Civility unto me concerning that Buſineſs. If my adored *Teleſile* had expreſſed ſo much Joy in her Eyes, for any good Fortune which had arrived unto me, without ſuch a diſmal ſeparation from her, I ſhould have received it with extream delight, and eſteemed my ſelf moſt happy; but ſince my Paſſion thought her ſomething cruel, in rejoicing at that which deprived me of her Preſence, I anſwered her Complements only with Sighs: Madam, ſaid I unto her, you are extreamly good to rejoice at any thing which is advantageous unto me; but I do not know whether you would be as ſenſible of my bad Fortune, as you ſeem to be of my Good. You ſuſpect my Generoſity (replied ſhe, ſmiling) ſince you think that I will intereſt my ſelf only in the good fortune of my Friends. Truly *Thimocrates*, (added ſhe, and ſweetly chiding me) you take my rejoicing at your good Fortune in ſo bad a ſenſe, that if any averſe Accident happen unto you, I think I may, without injuſtice, not be ſorry for it; and I am a little angry that it will be a long time before I can be revenged upon you after that manner; for you are going to a Place where you will have much Applauſe; you will return back hither, after you have acquitted your ſelf as worthy of that Emploiment which is conferred upon you with abundance of Honour. But ſince I cannot revenge my ſelf, by not taking any part in your Misfortunes, perhaps I ſhall do it, in not taking any part of your Joy. Since Revenge is ſecret, (replied I unto her) and ſince I ſee you would puniſh me, I will afford you a moſt fit Subject, and tell you, that I am at this preſent the moſt miſerable of all Men living. The moſt miſerable! (replied ſhe craftily) for ſhe perceived that I intended to ſpeak concerning my Paſſion, (which ſhe had formerly obſerved). If you be ſo, then do not acquaint me with your Misfortune; for I do not hate you enough to rejoice at it, nor can I at this time grieve at it without the hazard of my Health; which ſince you are very generous, I hope you will conſider it. I then ſaid, Truly, Madam, (replied I) when I told you that you would ſhare only in my good Fortunes, but not in my bad: But ſince I have not ſo much Vanity as to think that my moſt violent Sorrows, will move any other than ſlight Ones in you, I will diſcover ſome part of my Miſfortunes unto you. Then you are fuller of Revenge than I am, (replied ſhe) for I do preſently repent of my intentions to be revenged, and you do perſiſt to puniſh me for a thing which I did but one minute think upon. I do intend no Revenge or Puniſhment, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) but on the contrary, I endeavour to give you an account of it. No, *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe unto me, I would not have you acquaint me with any thing, which may be diſadvantagious unto you. Doubtleſs (ſaid I unto her) you do already know that which cauſeth my Miſfortune, and I have told it unto you ſince I came hither. If you did tell it unto me (ſaid ſhe, in great amazement) then I did not underſtand you. Pardon me, Madam, (replied I) for you gave me an anſwer unto it. Then ſurely I do not remember it, (ſaid ſhe) and certainly it is no great Misfortune, ſince it made no deeper impreſſion in my Memory. Hence it is, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that my departure is ſo indifferent unto you. You know, ſaid ſhe, that I uſed ſome expreſſions of joy at it. You would have done me a greater favour (ſaid I unto her, and bluſhed) if you had been troubled at it; and it were more equitable to lament the Ill you have cauſed, than to rejoice at the Good which you did not cauſe. O, *Thimocrates*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) I will not ſhare either in your Joys or Sorrows, for I perceive you ſpeak not ſeriouſly. Madam, (ſaid I unto her) you cannot, without doing me manifeſt wrong, think, but that I ſpeak with all poſſible ſincerity, when I do aſſure you, that I ſhall depart from you with ſuch exceſſive ſorrow, as cannot be compared unto any thing, but the ſame Paſſion which cauſed it.

Teleſile ſtood amazed at my Diſcourſe, but deſiring to turn it into a piece of Railery; *Thimocrates*, (ſaid ſhe unto me, laughing) I ſee you are in the faſhion, and as other young Gallants of your Age and Quality in *Delphos*, do uſe, you muſt make a ſhew as if you did not hate me. But know, I beſeech you, that I did never contribute any thing unto your Humour: and that I do know my ſelf too well to believe any ſuch things; and for your particular, I do eſteem you ſo much, that I will not believe you: for *Thimocrates*, if I ſhould once believe you were in earneſt, I ſhould then accord your Company, which yet is delightful unto me: therefore, if the ſight of me do give you any ſatisfaction, deſiſt from that which will be prejudicial unto you, and counterfeit Affection no longer. I do not counterfeit (ſaid I unto her) but tell you a moſt certain Truth, when I tell you, that my Soul loves you more than all the reſt of your Lovers, put them all together. Since my Father (replied *Teleſile*) did not give you any permiſſion to talk of any ſuch things, I think I may, without any incivility, deſire you, either to change your Diſcourſe, or elſe to make haſte, and take your leave. That is a moſt cruel Word (ſaid I unto her) and I will defer it as long as I can; if it be poſſible I can do it at all, and not die. As ſhe was about to anſwer me, and aſſumed a more ſerious Countenance, which made me tremble, *Atalia*, the Siſter of *Androclides*, came in: Siſter (ſaid *Atalia* unto her, for ſo they called one another) I did think that I only ſhould have enjoyed that priviledg which you were pleaſed to grant me, of ſeeing you whilſt you continued ill: and yet though I perceive that *Thimocrates* enjoys that happineſs as well as I, I will not be jealous. There is this difference betwixt you two, (anſwered *Teleſile*) that you are here by my own Conſent, and *Thimocrates* is here by the Conſent of my Father. Since it is ſo (replied *Atalia*) I am very well ſatisfied; So am not I, (replied I) but on the contrary, ſhall lament my departure from *Delphos*: You have no reaſon to do ſo, replied *Atalia*, ſince this Voyage will prefer you unto Honour. I do not value that at all, replied I. You have no reaſon to do ſo (anſwered *Teleſile*, who durſt hardly look upon me) ſince there is nothing which ought to be ſo dear unto you. After this, two of her Couſins entred, and I was obliged to go away. But when *Teleſile*, who would not be uncivil before thoſe Ladies, brought me to her Chamber-door, Madam, ſaid I unto her, in a low Voice, if I do not die with Sorrow, during my Journey, my Heart ſhall return full of the ſame Paſſion which at this departure it is poſſeſſed with. I wiſh your Voyage may be proſperous, (ſaid ſhe unto me, bluſhing); and I wiſh (ſaid ſhe, in a low Voice) you may return wiſer than you ſeem to be at parting, to the end *Teleſile* may for ever eſteem you, as according to your Merit ſhe ever did. She ſpoke with ſuch a modeſt Air, ſeeming to be neither ſerious nor in jeſt, that I knew not well how to reſent it: So that from the time of parting, I found my Heart ſo extreamly troubled, as that for many hours after I could not think upon any thing. But the next Morning I departed in ſuch deſpair, as is not expreſſible; for every ſtep being farther from *Teleſile*, I was ſenſible of ſo much ſorrow as none can imagine, who never had trial of the like Miſery; Queſtionleſs it was much advantagious unto me, that my Inſtructions were in writing, ſince certainly I ſhould have very ill acquitted my ſelf of my Commiſſion, if they had truſted unto my Memory. *Teleſile* was all my Thoughts. I conſidered how I left the Siſter of *Androclides* in her Chamber; how I had left an infinite number of her Lovers at *Delphos*: My Imagination did preſent every one of them unto me, both the Rich and the Poor Ones, the Handſom and Ill-favoured; not one of them, but ſometimes I did fear them; in ſuch a cruel manner does abſence make every thing appear. When I was in *Delphos*, my Soul found ſometimes ſome Tranquillity; for when I was with my amiable *Teleſile*, I was not unhappy; and when I was not with her, yet I knew where ſhe was, what ſhe ſaid, how ſhe did: So that, if *Androclides* ſhould not ſee her more than I did, I ſhould not have cared for any others; for he was the richeſt, and more welcome than all the reſt. But when I began to conſider, that it was abſolutely impoſſible for me to know how ſhe did, I was then moſt extreamly melancholy: I conceited her in the Mornings to be in the Temple, waited upon by Troops of Rivals; in the Afternoon I did imagine her to be diſcourſing with them, and they with her: at Night, methought I ſaw her talk of all the Paſſages in the Day: but of all the four and twenty Hours, I could not find one Minute wherein I could reaſonably hope ſhe ever thought upon me. Thus did I live, without any Conſolation, until I began to think that *Meleſander* was returned unto *Delphos*; for this, I confeſs, I began ſometimes to chear up my ſelf in the thought, that this officious Friend would ſometimes ſpeak unto her concerning me, ſince at my departure I left a Letter for him which deſired as much. But although this thought produced ſome ſweet Minutes, yet it was ſeconded by others of a more bitter Temper; for I had ſuch an extream deſire to know, how ſhe would ſpeak concerning me unto *Meleſander*, after I had diſcovered my Paſſion unto her, that it did make me moſt melancholy and reſtleſs: I could meet with nothing that was pleaſing or ſutable unto me; my Inclination was ſo diſpoſed unto choler, that the leaſt Fault of my Servant did at this time anger me more than the Greateſt would at another: and if Love had not ſomething tempered me, and told me that I muſt acquit my ſelf of my Imployment with ſome Honour, certainly I ſhould have rendred but a ſtrange Account of my Negotiation: but when I conſidered, that the Honour which might accrue unto me by it, might render me more in favour with *Teleſile*, I began to rouze up my Spirits, and no ſooner arrived at *Melete*, but began to tranſact with as much alacrity and diligence as was poſſible. I will not inſiſt upon the Paſſages of this great Buſineſs, ſince it would be too long to relate, and is not at all pertinent unto the Story of my Love, which is the only thing I aim at. Give me leave to tell you only thus much, that notwithſtanding all my Cares, I was two whole Months in *Milete*, and heard not any News from *Delphos*, becauſe the Winds were continually contrary for any Navigation; I thought at firſt that my Sorrows would diminiſh, but yet my Soul would not ſuffer them; for I found that time did more augment my Melancholy: and certainly thoſe Paſſions which leſſen by long abſence, are of a mean quality, and never knew extreams. Whenſoever the wiſe *Thales*, with whom I tranſacted againſt the oppoſite Faction, told me of any obſtacle in our Affairs, I appeared to be ſo extreamly troubled at it, that this wiſe Man, who could not dive into my Heart, did think me the moſt ambitious Man of Honour in the World, and the beſt Agent that ever could be choſen. When it pleaſed the Fates that I had happily finiſhed all my Buſineſs, I departed from *Milete*, and returned to *Delphos*: And if it become me to ſay it, I got Honour enough, by the Tranſaction of that important Affair; the wiſe *Thales* did me the Favour to write unto the *Amphictions* in my behalf, and in ſuch a manner as was very advantagious for me, ſo that I had very good cauſe of rejoycing; but my Soul was accuſtomed unto Melancholy, that it could not reliſh any manner of Joy; for amidſt my hopes of ſeeing *Teleſile* again, my fears to find ſome alteration in her Fortune, which might prove diſadvantageous unto me, did infinitely trouble me; notwithſtanding, when I did imagine I ſhould ſee her, and that mine Eyes ſhould again incorporate with hers, I was infinitely pleaſed. In ſhort, to abreviate my Diſcourſe, I arrived at *Delphos*, but it was ſo late, that my Father was in Bed; ſo that I went to lie with *Meleſander*, in hopes to hear ſome news of *Teleſile*: and ſince he kept no very good Hours, I went into his Chamber; this pleaſing ſurpriſe cauſed him to imbrace me with extream joy, and I him with no leſs: But yet not knowing what I ſhould hear concerning *Teleſile*, I durſt not much rejoice: I looked in his Eyes for that which was in mine own, and after I deſired him to bid his Servants retire; Well, *Meleſander*, (ſaid I unto him) is *Teleſile* the ſame ſhe was? Is ſhe as fair as ever? Has not my abſence been favourable unto ſome of my Rivals? I have ſo many Things to tell you (anſwered he) that I know not where to begin: And there has been ſuch Alterations in your Affairs, that you will much wonder at them.

Ah *Meleſander* (ſaid I unto him) tell me quickly in groſs what they are? But if *Teleſile* be either dead or married, tell me only that I muſt die, to the end my Deſpair may laſt no longer. *Teleſile*, replied he, is living, and as fair as ever, neither is ſhe yet married unto any of your Rivals. This Anſwer having calmed my Soul, and being now only inquiſitive to know what this alteration might be, I underſtood, that as ſoon as I departed all my Rivals rejoyced at my Abſence, tho the cauſe of it did trouble them, becauſe indeed I was the Rival they moſt feared: amongſt the reſt *Androclides* was well pleaſed at it; yet, ſaid *Meleſander* unto me, ſince his Mind is divided between the hoped-for Riches of *Teleſile*, and her Beauty, he deſired his Siſter to ſolicite as much as ſhe could againſt all his Rivals, and to prepare the Mind of *Teleſile* for him as well as ſhe could, and without telling her the true ground of his Affection, he did deſire her to protract the buſineſs as long as ſhe could. But the truth is, altho he was in love with *Teleſile*, yet he deſired not to marry her until *Crantor* had ſetled his Eſtate upon her; as he had hoped he would by the Solicitations of his Siſter, who was very frequently with him. But to make you better underſtand (O my equitable Judg!) all that *Meleſander* told me, be pleaſed to know that *Atalia*, who loved the Riches of *Crantor*, as well as her Brother, did make as if ſhe believed that *Androclides* deſired her to ſolicite for him only out of his Affection unto *Teleſile*, and that being ſo paſſionate as he was, he would marry her either poor or rich; ſo that ſhe having obſerved that *Crantor* was moſt ſenſibly moved at her Beauty (for indeed ſhe was very fair) ſhe omitted nothing that might win upon the Heart of a covetous Man; ſhe diſcourſed with him concerning nothing but Houſhold-Matters; ſhe would chide him for his ſuperfluous Expences, and ſeemed to affect all the Delectations which Men of his Age and Diſpoſition uſe; inſomuch as *Crantor* eſteemed her as ſhe deſired, and propounded Marriage unto her. *Atalia*, who was not very rich, being Siſter unto *Androclides* by the Mother's ſide, did hearken unto the Propoſition, and asked Counſel of none, but aſſuring *Crantor* of her Conſent; ſhe ſent unto *Androclides* in the Morning to come and ſpeak with her: Brother, ſaid ſhe unto him, as ſoon as he came into her Chamber, if it be really true that you love *Teleſile*, I have great News to tell you, for the truth is I know of an infallible way how you may marry her, if you pleaſe: Dear Siſter (ſaid he unto her) how infinitely ſhould I be obliged unto you, if by your frequent Converſation with *Crantor*, you could move him to do that which in all reaſon he ſhould. I ask your Pardon (ſaid he unto her) for cauſing you to keep company ſo much with a Man of his Years, whoſe Humours cannot be any thing agreeable or pleaſant unto you. Brother (ſaid ſhe) I perceive you do not underſtand the way how you may marry *Teleſile*, nor do you know what I would do to compaſs it; and therefore I will tell you, that it cannot be brought about, unleſs I ſacrifice my ſelf for you, and deprive my ſelf of all manner of Pleaſures in this World. I ſhould be moſt unhappy, replied *Androclides*, if my Felicity ſhould make you unfortunate; but yet what odd way is this, which I cannot imagine? It is (ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, and half laughing) that *Crantor* being perſwaded I am rich, would marry me. *Androclides* was ſo amazed at this, that he thought he had miſtaken her. Would *Crantor* (ſaid he) marry you? What does he intend by that? He intends, ſaid ſhe unto him, to marry *Teleſile* unto you, as ſoon as he hath married me; ſo that Brother, your good Fortune does at preſent abſolutely depend upon my Will; for if I do ſatisfy his Paſſion, he aſſures me he will ſatisfy yours; and he will move *Diophantes* to give *Teleſile* unto you: Brother (purſued ſhe) to marry a Man of his Age and Humour, is a thing which I can never do without great Repugnancy; yet my Love to you is ſo prevalent, that I will maſter my Averſion towards him, and I do aſſure you, that the Delight which you will receive by enjoying *Teleſile*, will comfort me much more than all the Treaſures of *Crantor*. Whilſt *Atalia* ſpoke thus unto him, he was ſo aſtoniſhed, that he knew not what to anſwer; and ſince he was much troubled to make his Siſter underſtand, that Avarice had as great poſſeſſion of his Soul as Love, he went very ſubtilly to work. Dear Siſter, ſaid he unto her, I ſhall never give my Conſent that you ſhould make your ſelf unhappy, all the days of your Life, for the Love of me; and altho I do paſſionately love *Teleſile*, yet I will never marry her upon ſuch Conditions as that you ſhall marry

Crantor. Brother, ſaid ſhe unto him, if there were any other Remedy for your Diſeaſe, I ſhould never have recourſe unto this; but ſince there is none, I am reſolved to be generous, and oblige you whether you will or no; I know very well, ſaid ſhe further, that you wiſh in your Heart, that I were already the Wife of *Crantor*, ſo you might marry *Teleſile*, and that it is out of a Complement you are oppoſite to that which you think will not pleaſe me; for I cannot think you believe me ſo baſe, as to imagine more Satisfaction in the Riches of *Crantor*, than I expect Melancholy in his Diſpoſition; ſo that being perſwaded you cannot be happy but by my means, therefore I am reſolved to contribute unto your Happineſs without your Conſent. O dear Siſter, anſwered he, I will never ſuffer it; do you not conſider the extream old Age of *Crantor*, his Humours, and his covetous Diſpoſitions?

Brother, ſaid ſhe, I will never think upon any thing but the admirable Beauty of *Teleſile*, the enjoyment of whom, will make you eternally happy. *Androclides* even deſperate to hear *Atalia* talk ſo, told her, that ſince it was her own Intereſt which moved her unto this, he deſired her to conſider, how in marrying *Crantor* ſhe would infinitely diſpleaſe *Teleſile*, ſince ſhe prevented her from being the richeſt Match in all *Phocides*. For my part, Siſter, ſaid he unto her, I ſhould find Happineſs enough in the Beauty of *Teleſile*, but I knew not whether ſhe would find it without the Treaſures of *Crantor*, and whether ſhe will not be revenged upon me for the Prejudice you ſhould do her? No, no (replied *Atalia*) for ſince *Teleſile* has not a covetous Soul, ſhe will not care ſo much as you think for that loſs, but rather be glad to find ſuch a Fortune as yours. So that all the Evil in it will only reflect upon me; all the hope is, it will not continue long. *Androclides* uſed many Arguments to diſſwade, and *Atalia* to perſwade, whilſt neither of them expreſſed their real Thoughts, but both endeavouring to deceive each other; and thus they parted, *Androclides* conjuring his Siſter not to conſent unto the Marriage, and ſhe ſaying that ſhe was reſolved upon it. Afterwards, ſince ſhe was abſolute Miſtreſs of *Crantor*'s Mind, ſhe ſent to deſire him that he would come unto her, and ſhe carried the matter ſo cunningly, that ſhe perſwaded him to marry her without any Ceremony, by reaſon of *Diophantes*; and ſince *Androclides*, her Brother, intended to marry his Neece, ſhe did not need to ask his Conſent: So that without any longer delay, he married her the next Morning in the preſence of five or ſix Perſons who had dependance upon himſelf, and the next day following carried her into the Country, to avoid all ſuch Talk as uſes to be of ſuch Marriages. Mean while *Androclides* was extreamly troubled at it, and the Star-like Eyes of *Teleſile* could not comfort him; but when he underſtood the buſineſs was paſt, he fell into an inconceivable Diſpair. Yet ſince he did not abſolutely believe it, he went unto a Friend of his, who often viſited *Teleſile*, to enquire the certainty of it; and found there more than he expected, for *Teleſile* was there alſo, being come to enquire of *Crantor*'s Marriage: That which was moſt obſervable, was, that *Androclides* ſeemed more troubled at it than *Teleſile*, whoſe generous Soul ſtood unſhaken at the Accident; and whoſe Mind was ſo free as to obſerve, that the Sorrows of *Androclides* were grounded upon an Intereſt: he addreſſed himſelf unto her amazedly, and deſired her not to think that he was acceſſory unto his Siſter's deſign, but would have prevented it if he could. I believe it (anſwered *Teleſile* coldly) and I know you well enough to make any doubt of it. But *Androclides*, ſaid ſhe, ſince the fair *Atalia* your Siſter, is perhaps more joyed to have gotten the Wealth of *Crantor*, than I am ſorry for the loſs of it, I do conceive it more juſt for you to go and rejoyce with her, than to ſtay here and trouble your ſelf with me, who I aſſure you has Patience and Reaſon enough about me, to endure as great a Misfortune as this is. It ſeems, ſaid *Androclides*, that I am more ſenſible of your Misfortunes than you your ſelf is. It ſeems alſo, replied ſhe, that your Diſpoſition and mine is different, and therefore do not look upon things after the ſame manner. *Teleſile* did not intend any long Viſit, and therefore ſhe returned home, where ſhe found *Diophantes* and *Taxale* extreamly troubled at the News which they had heard of. This wiſe young Lady did comfort them as well as ſhe could; and tho ſhe was ſenſible enough of the loſs, yet ſhe deſired them not to reſent it ſo deeply, aſſuring them for her part, that ſhe had no ſuch kind of Ambition, ſhe would not be troubled at all for it, ſo they would chear up themſelves. In the mean time, all the Lovers of *Teleſile* were much ſurprized; thoſe who were not rich, durſt not think any more of marrying one who was not, leſt they ſhould make both her and themſelves miſerable; they imagined alſo that ſhe would not conſent unto it, there being greater Reaſon why a Woman which is rich ſhould marry a compleat Man who hath little, than that two Perſons of Quality who are both poor, ſhould marry together. But as for *Androclides*, tho he was very rich, yet ſince he found a great alteration in the Fortunes of *Teleſile*, he found an alteration in her alſo; yet he was aſhamed to make his appear unto the World at firſt, and truly he did affect her with as much Love as he was capable of, and therefore he did viſit her according to his uſual Cuſtom, and found all his Rivals there alſo; for never was any ſo much pitied as ſhe was upon this occaſion, and they could not have ſhared deeper in her Sorrows, if ſhe had loſt all that was dear unto her: But yet within a few days after, Viſits were not ſo frequent, and amongſt the reſt, *Androclides* did often balk the Houſe, and when he did ſtep in to ſee her, he ſpoke only concerning things indifferent; and one day, pumping for a handſom pretence to eſtrange himſelf the more, he told her, that he obſerved *Diophantes* her Father did of late ſalute him very coldly, and as he heard, he uſed to ſpeak very ill concerning *Atalia*, who was his Siſter, and it therefore reflected upon him.

Androclides (ſaid *Teleſile* unto him, who knew the real reaſon of this Exception) you need not trouble your ſelf ſo much as to ſeek for any pretence to cloak your Deſires of ſeeing me no more; it is free for every one to follow his own Inclination; and ſince I know you cannot love the faireſt Woman upon Earth unleſs ſhe be rich; ſo my Humour is ſomething contrary to yours, for I cannot love the richeſt Man in all *Greece*, if he be not owner of a Soul which ſoars higher than his Riches: So that I think it will be advantagious to us both, if you deſiſt from offering, out of a falſe kind of Generoſity, your Complements unto one who has loſt all that can make her amiable in your Eye. *Androclides* was ſo ſurprized at the freedom of *Teleſile*'s Diſcourſe, that he began to proteſt, his Thoughts were all contrary to what ſhe ſaid, but it was with ſuch a forced Air, and in ſo many ambiguous words, as if he feared to ſpeak too much, or engage himſelf further than he had a Mind. *Teleſile* then looking upon him with a ſcornful kind of Smile; No, no, *Androclides* (ſaid ſhe unto him) diſſemble it no longer, and leave me at liberty to enjoy a Treaſure which I prefer before ſuch things as moſt moves your Diſpoſition, I mean a Liberty to enjoy my Thoughts alone. *Androclides* taking opportunity by the topping, made uſe of this occaſion, and quite left off his Viſits, as many others beſides did; ſo that within a ſhort time the Houſe of *Diophantes* was as ſolitary as before it was tumultuous, and full of People. *Teleſile* wondered at the weakneſs of Men; and when ſhe beheld her ſelf in a Glaſs, ſhe asked her ſelf whether or no her Beauty changed; but finding the ſame Eyes, the ſame Complexion, and the ſame in every thing ſhe was before, ſhe began to receive ſo great an Averſion againſt all Men, that ſhe was very glad to be rid of their Company. But ſince the noiſe of this Alteration was high in every quarter of the Town, *Diophantes*, to leſſen it, went into the Country. So that when I was returned unto *Delphos*, I found her not in it; and I was informed by *Meleſander* of all this I have related nnto you. This Abſence ſat ſadly upon my Soul, for I fancied ſuch hopes of my ſeeing *Teleſile* again, that the privation of ſuch a Happineſs made me not ſenſible of that Joy I might well apprehend, in underſtanding I was rid of all my Rivals, and in hopes that hereafter *Teleſile* would look upon me more than before; for certainly I did as much rejoyce at her Poverty, as *Androclides* did grieve at it, becauſe I thought it a fit occaſion, to let her know the greatneſs of my Love: But when I conſidered that ſhe was not in *Delphos*, Hopes extinguiſhed, and Fears revived in my Soul; I apprehended, that the buſineſs of ſome Men might make her hate all, and I could not find any ſatisfaction in any thing. The next Morning I rendred an account of my Imployment, and received all the Applauds from the *Amphictions* which could poſſibly be hoped for: My Father was ſo well pleaſed with me, that he expreſſed many marks of Affection: All my Friends did upon this occaſion viſit me. And had I not been in love, doubtleſs I had found Subjects of Joy enough; but Abſence from *Teleſile* did imbitter all my Joys, and the deſire I had to teſtify unto her, that I was not of the Humour of thoſe Men who had forſaken her, did trouble me much, as if ſome grand Misfortune had happened unto me. During all this time, I could not endure the Company of any but *Meleſander*, becauſe I could not freely diſcourſe of my Love with any elſe, and becauſe he was ſo complacential as to hear me favourably, which queſtionleſs is one of the moſt ſenſible Conſolations, one who is abſent from her he loves, can enjoy; but after I had ſighed away many a day, *Diophantes* returned, and brought *Teleſile* with him, who was fully reſolved to avoid the Converſation of Men, as much as Civility would permit her. I no ſooner heard ſhe was returned to *Delphos*, but I went unto *Diophantes*, who entertained me with much Generoſity; *Taxile* did the like, and ſo did her adored Daughter, yet with this alteration, her Civility was more ſerious and cold than formerly. Yet notwithſtanding I was ſo over-joyed to ſee her, and to find her without any of my old Rivals, that I made no Reflection upon it until after I was gone. This firſt Viſit laſted not long, for ſince they came in late, it was neither Diſcretion nor Manners to ſtay any longer with them. So that I told *Teleſile* only with my Eyes that I loved her, who would neither underſtand nor anſwer me in that Language which ſhe her ſelf firſt taught me. But when I was returned unto my Chamber, the faint

Coldneſs of *Teleſile* troubled me, and I imagined that perhaps ſhe was offended at my Diſcourſe with her at my departure; yet I hoped that my conſtant perſeverance might win upon her. The next Morning I did as I was accuſtomed, before I went unto *Milett*, which was, to go unto the Temple, where I knew ſhe would be. There I found *Androclides*, and the greateſt part of thoſe who loved her, before my departure; but they had all of them changed their places, for whereas they were wont to ſit cloſe unto certain Pillars of Marble, cloſe unto *Teleſile*, where I firſt ſaw her, they now diſperſed themſelves into ſeveral other Seats; yet I, who not like them, was no Changling, did ſeat my ſelf as I uſed, in a place where I might ſee her, and ſhe me: at the firſt ſhe took no notice of me, becauſe ſhe was intent upon her Devotions unto the Gods, but afterwards ſhe turned her Eyes towards me, and I ſaluted her with ſuch Reverence, as might make it appear I was in love with her. *Teleſile* returned my Complement with a bluſh; and me thought ſhe looked *Androclides* in the Eyes, as if ſhe would thereby tell that all the World had not rejected her; and indeed her Looks had ſuch an Influence, that tho her Action was without any deſign, yet *Androclides* changed both Colour and Place, and immediately went out of the Temple, as one that was aſhamed of his Baſeneſs, and would have been very glad if I had been as unworthy as himſelf. I underſtood afterwards that the conſtancy of my Affection, had almoſt made him renew his, and conquered his covetous Inclination.

But yet in Concluſion, he was contented to ſhun *Teleſile*, and me both. For my part I let ſlip no opportunity of ſeeing her I loved; and it had been very difficult for her not to do me ſo much favour, as to make a difference betwixt me and thoſe who had caſt her off; yet notwitſtanding, ſhe was ſo abſolutely reſolved to love none at all, that ſhe did treat me with much Indifferency. Thus did I live a long while, and could not find a fit opportunity to talk in private with her, becauſe ſhe her ſelf took away all occaſions of it: But at the laſt

I met her on the Banks of the River *Cephiſts*, which runs by *Delphos*, where all the Ladies of the Town uſed to walk, and left their Coaches at the end of a large Meadow, ſet round with Mirtles, moſt delectable; there ſhe was with two others of her Friends, who after they had taken a turn or two, did meet with ſome Men of their Acquaintance, who led them by the Hand, whilſt I did the like unto *Teleſile*, and could diſcourſe with her without being underſtood by any but her ſelf: for the Freedom is greater at *Delphos* than at *Athens*, or *Corinth*, by reaſon of the multitude of Strangers which reſort thither, and do inſenſibly introduce the Cuſtoms of their Country. But O Heavens, how was I gravelled when I offered to begin Diſcourſe! I no ſooner reſolved to ſpeak one thing, than I contradicted it, ſo that we walked a long while without a word between us both: but in Concluſion, my Paſſion ſpurring me up, I began with a Sigh, and ſaid; I wiſh the Gods were pleaſed, adored *Teleſile*, you underſtood the Thoughts of my Heart without my Tongue, and that you gueſs'd how much I adore you. I can eaſily ſatisfy your Wiſh, ſaid ſhe unto me, for I am ſo very well acquainted with the Hearts of all Men, that I muſt needs know yours.

O Madam, ſaid I, make no cruel Compariſons, nor, I beſeech you, confound *Androclides* and *Thimocrates* together. *Androclides*, ſaid ſhe, is thought to be very prudent; and *Thimocrates*, ſaid I, is very amorous. *Thimocrates*, replied ſhe, can perhaps diſſemble better than others, but for all that his Soul is ſubject to the ſame Imperfections that other Men are, who begin to love, and never think upon it; continue it through Cuſtom, and end it out of an Humour, doing every thing without any Reaſon. O Madam (ſaid I unto her) how ill do you interpret *Thimocrates*, if you ſhould think ſo of him? For indeed, I muſt confeſs, that I began to love you whether I would or no, but I continue it both out of mine own free Diſpoſition and Reaſon: I departed from you as full of Paſſion as ever Man did, I endured that cruel Abſence with unimaginable Sorrow, and I return with Affection infinitely augmented; altho I thought it a thing moſt impoſſible, that my Love of you could admit of any increaeſe ſince the firſt minute I began to fix it upon you. *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe unto me, *Androclides* within theſe three Months would have ſaid the ſame unto all the Men of *Delphos*, when he ſpoke unto them concerning me: Moreover the ſuppoſed Beauty of *Teleſile* has now loſt all its Charms, ſince *Crantor* has put her out of any hopes of his Riches. The reaſon why *Androclides* loved *Teleſile* (ſaid I unto her) was the Riches of another, but I adore her for her own Riches: No, no, Divine Lady, ſaid I, it is thoſe Eyes, it is that Mind which I regard, and indeed it is only your own Merit which I love, which I ſerve, and which I will adore as long as I live. Beauty, *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe unto me, tho I were Owner of it, yet it is a thing which is as ſoon loſt as any thing elſe; ſo that tho your Soul is not ſenſible of any ſuch ſordid Paſſion, as to prefer Riches before Honour and Vertue; yet I have no good aſſurance of your Affection, and I am perſwaded that you will do that hereafter out of Weakneſs and Inconſtancy, which *Androclides* has done out of Covetouſneſs. No, Divine *Teleſile*, anſwered I, you do not know me; yet to be ſincere unto you, I do confeſs that the loſs of your Beauty would be an inconceivable Grief unto me, but it would be in relation to your ſelf, not that it is abſolutely neceſſary to keep in the Fire of Affection which is throughly kindled in my Heart; but I look further, and *I* find ſo rich a Beauty in your Mind, moſt charming Lady, that altho thoſe glorious Flames in your Eyes were extinguiſhed, yet your Soul has Beauty enough to raviſh mine, altho you were not fair at all; but *Teleſile* has yet ſeen ſo little of the Springtime of her Beauty, that it is a long time till the Autumn. It is for want of Experience (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) that *I* ought to diſtruſt my ſelf: And therefore *Thimocrates*, not to deceive you, *I* pray you know this, that how courſly ſoever Fortune has treated me, yet will *I* carry it as highly as ever, and will be much more hard to be perſwaded than before: *I* ſuſpect all Men, and my ſelf alſo; therefore give over your Deſign, if you will be ruled by me: and I conceive you may do it without any Diſhonour; for when one runs away with a croud, (ſaid ſhe laughing) he hides his flight amongſt the reſt: but if you ſhall perſiſt in your Courtſhip of me, and afterwards make a retreat, you will then be taxed with abſolute inconſtancy: Give over then, *Thimocrates*, go, and leave *Teleſile* at reſt: for ſhe will neither love, nor be loved; ſhe thinks her ſelf ſo Rich in her own Vertue, that ſhe deſires no more. You ſhall poſſeſs my Heart (ſaid I unto her) whether you will or no. I ſhall know that (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) whether you will or no. And ſo mixing with the reſt of the Company, we walked on, and I had not any opportunity to ſpeak any more in private with her; and my mind was ſo buſy with thinking whether I had cauſe of Hopes or Fears, that I knew not what any ſaid. But to ſhorten my diſcourſe, I ſhall in few Words tell you, that the hundred thouſand Services and Sollicitations which *I* rendred unto *Teleſile*, moved ſome acceptance of them; ſhe knew that her Father would not diſlike of my Affection; and ſhe her ſelf did ſo like of my Proceedings and Addreſſes to her, that ſhe entertained them with as much Acknowledgment, as ſhe ſcorned them that had forſaken her. In a word, *I* arrived unto ſuch a happy Condition with her, that ſhe believed *I* loved her, and gave me leave to tell her as much.

In the mean while, *Androclides*, ſince he could not endure the Sight, either of *Teleſile* or Me, went into the Country, and ſo in time many others of her former Lovers, ſo that I thought my ſelf in a very happy Condition: for I ſaw *Teleſile* every Day, and ſhe was ſo kind as to ſeem as if I were welcome: ſhe had not directly told me that ſhe loved me; but as I one Day took an occaſion to ſpeak with her, ſhe told me that there was News abroad which would make *Androclides* hate her more than he did; which was, that *Atalia* was like to bring forth a Succeſſor unto *Crantor*, and it was true, but ſhe looked ſo attentively upon me when ſhe told it, as if ſhe would find the bottom of my Heart by the colour in my Face. No, no, ſaid I unto her, ſubtile *Teleſile*, you cannot find any thing in my Face which does not ſpeak the real Thoughts of my Heart; and you ſhall never find any thing in my Heart, which ſhall make me unworthy of yours. I wiſh I may not, ſaid ſhe haſtily: She had no ſooner pronounced this laſt Word, but ſhe bluſhed as if ſhe had committed a Crime, and endeavoured to mitigate that obliging Interpretation which I might have made upon it, but it was with ſuch a pleaſing Confuſion, that I placed that minute in the Number of the moſt happy ones that ever I had in my Life. But Heaven knows it was ſeconded with as great a Misfortune, as I thought that a Happineſs: for I was no ſooner at my Lodging, but my Father ſent for me, and told me that he ſtood in great need of my company in a Journey which he intended in the Morning, and that I muſt prepare my ſelf for it. I endeavoured to excuſe it, but could not: but preſently after, I underſtood by *Meleſander*, that my Father did complain unto a Friend of his, of my love unto *Teleſile*, telling him, That he ſuffered it, as long as there was any Hopes of her being Rich; but that he would not ſuffer it now that Hope was taken away: ſo that when I had vanquiſhed the rigour of *Teleſile*, and was almoſt ſure of *Diophantes* his Conſent, unto whom I had made addreſſes by *Meleſander*, a new Obſtacle ſtarted up, and I muſt be ſenſible of all the horrid Rigors of a long Abſence: for, to depart from her one loves, is doubtleſs a great Miſery; but to depart from her one loves, who loves him again, is incomparably the moſt diſmal diſaſter that can poſſibly come unto a Man: yet notwithſtanding, I muſt prepare my ſelf for it, and go with my Father unto the furtheſt part of all *Phocides*, towards *Megares*. I knew not whether it were expedient to tell him that I took my leave of *Teleſile*: but depart we did, and during this Voyage, this misfortune happened, that the Commonwealth had given my Father ſuch an Imployment, as was exceedingly Beneficial, and augmented his Eſtate: ſo that I met with nothing but Obſtacle upon Obſtacle: and I was as much grieved at his good Fortune, as I could not be more, if the worſt had happened. During this time, my Father uſed all his

Arguments to avert my Love; and ſometimes alſo, I endeavoured as much as I could to perſwade him to prefer the Vertue of *Teleſile* before any thing elſe; but when I found that the more I teſtified my conſtancy, the more it retarded my return to *Delphos*; I diſſembled my Thoughts, and made him believe that abſence had wrought the cure upon my love-ſick Mind: But alas, how extreamly was he deceived in his belief, for I was never in my Life ſo deeply plunged in the gulf of Love, as when I knew that *Teleſile* loved me, and *I* underſtood by *Meleſander*, that my abſence much troubled her, and *I* fancied ſuch a Heaven of delight in ſeeing her again, that *I* thought upon nothing elſe. Yet *I* knew that my Father would not return to *Delphos* of a long time, if *I* did not very much think that *I* was abſolutely averted from *Teleſile*; Therefore *I* did vizard my Affection, and began to make frequent viſits, (for we were in a great and populous Town,) and I fixed upon one above the reſt who was indifferently fair: but yet I entertained not one thought of her which did leſſen my love of *Teleſile*: This Lady was of a moſt ſweet, but melancholy Compoſition, and by conſequence I could better think upon *Teleſile* when I was with her, than if ſhe had been ſprightly, and airy. Theſe Viſits produced thoſe Effects in the mind of my Father, which I expected; for now he thought I had quite forgotten *Teleſile*, ſince I was in love with *Pheretime*, for ſo was her Name. But ſince he did not approve of this ſecond Choice, no better than of the firſt, becauſe though *Pheretime* was of a noble Family, yet not ſo illuſtrious as he expected, therefore he reſolved to return unto *Delphos*: But although this harmleſs Diſſimulation wrought good Effects upon my Father, yet they produced bad ones upon *Teleſile*, (who as I came afterwards to know) was informed by the means of *Androclides* (ſhe not knowing it came from him) that I was deeply engaged with *Pheretime*: ſo that when I returned unto *Delphos*, I found an alteration in her Mind; and I underſtood by *Meleſander*, that for this fifteen Days ſhe could not endure to hear him talk of me as ſhe was accuſtomed: *Diophantes* alſo ſeemed to be changed as well as ſhe; for knowing that my Father was averſe to any Alliance with him, his mind was much troubled, ſo that for ſome certain Days, *I* was as miſerable as any Lover could be in the preſence of the Party loved: but at the laſt finding a fit opportunity to ſpeak unto her; What have *I* done Madam, (ſaid I unto her?) Has abſence removed me out of your Heart? are you culpable of the weakneſs which *I* have heard you condemn? *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe unto me, charge not me with your own Crimes, be contented that *Teleſile* does not complain of you, not but that ſhe hath ſufficient cauſe for it, but ſhe will not, becauſe ſhe is generous: Therefore, (ſaid ſhe with a forced ſigh) fear not, that my upbraidings of you ſhall moleſt that delight which you take in thinking upon *Pheretime*. *Pheretime?* (ſaid *I* in much amazement, and underſtanding then the cauſe of her Alteration.) Ah Madam! you do not know me, you do not know her, nor do you know your ſelf, if you can believe that *I* can think upon her when *I* ſee you: *I* ever thought upon you, Madam, when *I* ſaw *Pheretime*, nor did *I* ever think upon her ſince *I* came to *Delphos*: Oh Heavens, and moſt unjuſt Lady, ſaid *I* unto her, If he has wronged me, who muſt *I* require ſatisfaction from? for *I* never ſaw *Pheretime*, but only to that end *I* might the ſooner return unto *Delphos*, and ſee *Teleſile*! Then did *I* moſt ſincerely relate all the paſſage unto her; afterwards *I* beſeeched her to tell me who was her Informer of this falſe News: And after much praying, preſſing, conjuring, and importuning *Teleſile*, ſhe named the Perſon who informed her, and it appeared to be an eſpecial Friend unto *Androclides*. In the mean time, as my Heart was Innocent and Faithful, and all my Speeches unto her moſt true, *I* made my peace with *Teleſile*, inſomuch as ſhe did not at all ſuſpect my Conſtancy: but yet ſhe was very angry with her ſelf for ſeeming ſo jealous of me, which was the Reaſon that *I* did not find her Soul ſo free and quiet as it was wont to be, however *I* thought my ſelf extreamly happy, and *I* told *Diophantes* that *I* did not deſerve to be puniſhed for that Obſtacle which my Father did intend unto my Deſign. Now was there nothing which vexed me, but that againſt my Heart *I* muſt not viſit *Teleſile* ſo often, leſt my Father ſhould again ſend me away, as formerly he did; but although *I* did not go any more unto her Houſe, yet *I* did meet her in other Places, and ſaw her almoſt every Day. *I* did ſeveral times move her unto Marriage without the conſent of my Father; but ſhe was ſo Noble and Diſcreet, that ſhe would not permit it, and told that *Diophantes* her Father would be againſt it as well as ſhe, therefore ſhe thought it the beſt Courſe to wait patiently and quietly until the Heart of my Father altered. But I enjoyed not this Calm very long, for by ſome fantaſtical humour of Fate or other, we were almoſt continually ſeparated: one while a Friend of mine had a quarrel; and I in point of Honour muſt be his Second, which cauſed me to fly from *Delphos*: another while *Diophantus* was ſick in the Country, and *Teleſile* was with him: ſometimes Abſences did ariſe without any Reaſon or Ground in the World, as if Fortune had no other Deſign but to perſecute; ſome were long Abſences, ſome ſhort ones, ſome premeditated, ſome upon a ſudden: *I* no ſooner came unto *Delphos*, but went out of it; and ſhe no ſooner returned, but I went out: And it may be truly ſaid, that *I* never parted from her, but ſome Misfortune or other fell out: There was continually ſome little Quarrel or other between us, which Abſence was the cauſe of: and *I* remember one Day, *I* was ſo fantaſtical as to complain that I found her always too fair at my returns: for ſaid I unto her, My adored *Teleſile*, if my Abſence ſhould trouble you, as yours does me, I ſhould find the freſhneſs of your fair Complexion look more pale upon it, and ſhould ſee ſome Signs of Melancholy in your ſprightly Eyes, which would make me extreamly glad; whereas on the contrary I ſee a Joy which diſquiets me, fearing that my return is not the only cauſe of it. In a word, I had as much trial of Abſence in all its kinds, as ever Man had, and ſuffered as deeply as any Lover could do. But whether I was Abſent out of any advantageous Reaſon, or by reaſon of any angry accident, my Soul was never ſenſible either of Joy or Sorrow, which thoſe ſeveral

Cauſes might have moved: nor did I apprehend any other Motions in my Soul than ſuch as Love only was cauſe of: After more than a Months abſence, and a hundred thouſand Sorrows, I returned to *Delphos*, where I underſtood that *Atalia* the Siſter of *Androclides*, and Wife of *Crantor*, was Dead, in Child-bed of a Son, and that the Son alſo died a few Days after the Mother: ſo that *Teleſile* was in greater Hopes than ever, to be the richeſt Fortune in all *Greece*: for it ſeems that *Crantor* repented of his Marriage, and was not at all pleaſed with *Atalia*: ſo that now my Father could not upbraid me with the ſmall Portion of *Teleſile* any longer, but thought me moſt happy in my Choice: For my part I could never ſuſpect that ſhe would ſuffer the change of her Fortune to change her Mind, but I feared that *Diophantes* would to my prejudice take Exceptions againſt my Father; ſo that to make the more haſte, I went with poſt-ſpeed unto a houſe which my Father had, about two days Journey from *Delphos*, where then he was, with Intentions to acquaint him with my affection unto *Teleſile*; but as ill luck was, I could not find him there, but muſt wait eight Days before his return: for the Men he left at home, knew only when he would return, but not whither he was gone: At his return, I did acquaint him with my Buſineſs, and received an Anſwer according unto my Hopes, ſo that I returned unto *Delphos* the moſt ſatisfied Man in the World. I underſtood alſo when I came there, that *Crantor* was ſuddenly Dead; ſo that after I had firſt been at mine own Lodging, to put my ſelf in a Condition firſt to appear before *Teleſile*, I went unto her; but I was infinitely amazed to find almoſt all the Town there, and moſt eſpecially all my old Rivals, in the firſt rank of whom was *Androclides*: yet notwithſtanding ſince the Condition of *Diophantes* deſerved ſo much Civility, upon ſuch an occaſion of Mourning, I perſwaded my ſelf that it was their Buſineſs unto him, and not to her, who I thought they durſt never be ſo impudent as to ſpeak unto after ſo much ſlighting: but I was much deceived in my Conjectures, for as ſoon as the firſt Days of ceremonious Mourning were paſt, *Teleſile* was importuned by all thoſe who had before un-

unworthily rejected her, and by ſome alſo who never thought upon her before.

Then did *I* engage *Meleſander* to ſpeak unto *Diophantes*, and tell him, That he might very well make a Difference between me and the reſt of *Teleſile*'s Pretenders: But whether becauſe now the Choice being in him, he would not be too haſty, or becauſe he intended a Revenge upon my Father, he returned him a very cold anſwer, and would not give any conſent, but rather put me into deſpair: Yet had *I* ſo much Conſolation, as to find no alteration at all in *Teleſile*, but ſaw her ſcorn all thoſe whom her Fortunes, rather than her Beauty, had invited thither: Yet, as if Fortune would have it, there came at that Time to *Delphos*, a Man of great Quality, called *Menecrates*, who had been long in Travel, and at his return fell in Love with *Teleſile*; who having ſhare in the Crimes of the reſt, troubled me very much, for he was handſom, of an illuſtrious Family, and his Fortunes very Noble: Yet, notwithſtanding, *Teleſile* did behave her ſelf ſo wiſely, that the very ſight of her did diſſipate all my Fears, and gave me ſo much freedom of Spirit, as to laugh at the diſſembled Actions of all theſe unworthy Lovers, who were ſo much aſhamed, and whoſe Spirits were ſo dejected, that they durſt hardly ſpeak; but yet they waited upon her, and viſited her whether ſhe would or no. As for *Androclides*, he went more prudently to work, for he laboured more to gain *Diophantes* the Father, than to appeaſe the Diſpleaſure of the Daughter. *I* know not what Means he uſed, but *I* was told that he had ſo inſinuated himſelf into the favour of the Father, that there was great likelihood he ſhould ſhortly be the Husband of the Daughter. *I* went immediately unto her, in hopes to qualify my Fears, and to receive ſome freſh teſtimony of Affection from her, which might confirm me: but *I* found *Androclides* there; who being more confident, by reaſon of his hopes in *Diophantes*, did ſpeak unto her concerning his Paſſion, more openly than he did before the Death of *Crantor*. When *I* underſtood below, that he was alone with her, *I* went up in all haſte; and as ſoon as *I* came to the Chamber-door, ſtaid there, not well knowing whether *I* ſhould enter, or hearken; but the Door being open, and the

Hangings hiding me, *I* ſtaid to hear their Diſcourſe, and heard *Teleſile* ſay, in a ſharp Tone, No, *Androclides*, deceive not your ſelf, it is not *I* who ought to recompence you for all your Cares and Services; for it is not *Teleſile* whom you loved, nor who loves you, and therefore ſhe is not at all obliged unto you. When *I* heard this well-pleaſing Diſcourſe, *I* confeſs *I* reſolved not to enter ſo ſoon; and indeed *I* could never prefer any thing above the ſight of her *I* loved before this time. Then *I* heard *Androclides* tell her, that he valued not the Treaſures of *Crantor*, but only for the love of her. Rather ſay, for the love of your ſelf, replied *Teleſile*, and know, that though you ſhould imploy all your Life in perſwading me that you love me, *I* ſhould not believe it; No, no, *Androclides*, *I* value not my ſelf ſo low, as to accept of half a Heart; a Heart which has doted upon that which is unworthy to be put in the Ballance with *Teleſile*, and is the Object only of baſe Souls: Indeed, *I* ſhould ſooner pardon one that is unconſtant, who ſhould reject me for one that is fairer than my ſelf,than I would a covetous Wretch, who rejects me, becauſe I am not rich enough for his Deſire: For, confeſs the Truth, (ſaid ſhe unto him) if *I* ſhould be ſo fooliſh as to marry you, and ſhould afterwards, by any croſs Accidents, loſe all thoſe things which are the Baſis of your Affection; that I ſhould have neither any Lands, or Jewels, or Houſes, or Houſhold-ſtuff, but that *Teleſile* ſhould be without any of theſe Charms which you value moſt; confeſs the truth, I ſay, *Androclides*, would you love her ſtill? Doubtleſs I ſhould, anſwered he, in much amazement. *I* cannot believe it, (anſwered ſhe); but, *Androclides*, *I* will let you ſee that *I* am not guilty of that Crime with which you tax me, and that it is not the preſent condition of my Fortune, which moves me to ſpeak ſo violently; know therefore———

When *Teleſile* ſaid ſo, *I* confeſs my Heart began to beat, and *I* made ſuch a noiſe behind the Hangings, as *I* might well have been heard, if *Teleſile* had not been in paſſionate Choler, and *Androclides* amazed. But after *I* was quietly ſetled, *I* heard her purſue her Diſcourſe; Know therefore (ſaid ſhe) that it is not the alteration in my

Fortunes which moves me to treat you as *I* do; and though *I* were in the ſame Condition *I* was within this Month, yet ſhould *I* not pardon you for what you have done, for truly *I* can never marry any Man but ſuch an one as *I* eſteem; and *I* cannot eſteem that Man who loves me only for what *I* have, and for ſuch things as are below my ſelf. *Teleſile* had no ſooner ſaid this, but *I* fearing leſt *Androclides* ſhould by his Submiſſions molifie her, did haſtily enter into her Chamber; and ſo amazed my Rival, that he could not hanſomly recollect himſelf. Since what *I* had heard did fill my Heart with Joy, my Company, if I dare ſay it, was more pleaſant unto her than *Androclides*; for ſince he never loved her, but for by-Ends, his Reſentments of her Scorn were more groſs, and his Sorrows more apparent: his baſe behaviour before, alſo ſtruck him dumb, and did captivate his Spirits: for my part, *I* did imagin that *I* led him all that day in Triumph. Preſently after, there came in many Ladies, and in the general Diſcourſe, *I* ſpoke many ſtinging words concerning *Androclides*, and he anſwered me in ſuch a Language, in which he deſigned the like unto me, but knew not how, for he could not upbraid me with any thing, although *I* rubbed up a hundred ſeveral Truths which were very unpleaſant unto him. *Teleſile* took great delight to ſee me quip him in that manner; yet as ſhe was very prudent, ſo ſhe did divers times divert the Diſcourſe, fearing it might come to a ſharper Buſineſs: Not that ſhe thought *I* would be ſo uncivil as to quarrel with *Androclides* in that place; but becauſe ſhe imagined he would be eaſily nettled, ſince he was ſo culpable, and that the wittieſt and fineſt kind of Raillery, would incenſe him to become furious: and truly it was a difficult matter for me, in ſpite of all generoſity, not to inſult upon any unfortunate Rival that day. In going from *Teleſile*, he went to *Diophantes*, who was walking towards the *Caſtalian* Fountain: ſo that when *I* returned Home, *I* underſtood by *Meleſander*, that my Rivial was with the Father of my Miſtreſs, and *I* underſtood, the next Morning, that *Diophantes*, more valuing the great Eſtate of *Androclides*, than his rejecting of *Teleſile*, and perhaps excuſing his Inclination by his own, did abſolutely ly command his Daughter to look better upon *Androclides*; for indeed he was fully reſolved, ſhe ſhould either marry him or *Menecrates*. I came to know thus much, by one of her Women, which *Meleſander* helped me unto, who heard all the Diſcourſe between *Diophantes* and *Teleſile*: So that all the Hopes and Conſolation which *I* had, was only in *Teleſile*, who *I* knew very well did ſcorn *Androclides*, and did not love *Menecrates*, nor did ſhe hate me: All I feared was her great Vertue, which perhaps would not contradict the Commands of her Father; for that Woman which told me what *Diophantes* had ſaid unto his Daughter, did not tell me what Anſwer *Teleſile* returned, ſaying, that they ſpoke ſo low, ſhe could not underſtand it. I being then in this Condition, went one Evening unto *Meleſander* to conſult with him, What was the beſt Remedy againſt ſuch a Diſaſter. His Servants told me, that he was gone out to walk in a great Meadow behind the Temple of the Muſes: There *I* went alſo, but in lieu of finding my Friend, *I* found *Androclides* walking all alone: The Servants of *Meleſander* told me, ſo confidently, that their Maſter would be there: and it being ſomething dark, I alſo being prejudicated, miſtook him, and thought him to be *Meleſander*, ſo that coming cloſe to him, Muſt *Teleſile*, ſaid I unto him, be continually troubled with the covetous *Androclides*? *Androclides* (anſwered he, and knowing me by my Voice) will continually perſecute *Teleſile*, though it were to no other end but to perſecute *Thimocrates*: and *Thimocrates* (anſwered I, being extreamly ſurprized at my Miſtake) will quickly rid her, both of her Perſecutors and mine, when I ſhall pleaſe. In ſaying ſo, I laid my Hand on my Sword; and *Androclides*, without loſs of time, drawing his, and I mine after him, he fell fiercely upon me, pronouncing ſome words undiſtinctly which I could not underſtand. I ſhall not ſtand to particularize a Combate which was without Witneſſes, but leave you to judg by the Event, at what I did. *Androclides* was doubtleſs both gallant and well-skilled, ſo that if I had not been more fortunate then he, at this Bout doubtleſs I had been vanquiſhed: yet the Fight was not long, for being run through the Body, he fell, reeling as far as a little Gate of the Temple, which was never uſed, but upon certain Days of Sacrifice: I went unto him, thinking he was only wounded, and moving him to acknowledg the Advantage, I found he was without Motion, or any appearance of Life: yet in point of Generoſity, I would try whether there were any way of help unto him, whilſt *Menecrates* paſſed by, being waited upon by ſome Servants; and ſince the Moon ſhined very clear, he perceived the glittering of my Sword at the Gate of the Temple; and knowing it was no place for any ſuch Buſineſs, he came ſtraight unto me; but when I perceived ſeveral Men, I retired in all haſte, not being known by them, though *Menecrates* cauſed ſome of his Servants to follow me; but he remained with *Androclides*, whom he knew; and though he was his Rival, yet took care of him. Some Sacrificers hearing a noiſe, ran thither, and were much amazed at the Prophanation, for the Place where we fought was Sacred Ground; and the Gate of the Temple was all Blood. They carried his Corps unto the next Houſe, where he ſhewed ſome Signs of Life; inſomuch as, by virtue of ſome Spirits, he recovered Speech, and told all the Truth unto *Menecrates*; and ſo by conſequence my Act was made known unto all my Rivals by two malevolent Witneſſes.

Androclides knowing that now *Thimocrates* had ſpoiled his Hopes of *Teleſile*, would not beſmear him with a Lie. *Menecrates* thinking himſelf obliged unto me, for ridding him of a terrible Rival, whom *Diophantes* preferred before all the reſt, would make me a Recompence by his Sincerity. Yet however, the Combat cauſed a great Noiſe about the Town. The Place where he was wounded, did aggravate the Crime. The *Bithian* made loud Complaints; the People of *Delphos* ſaid it was an ill Paſſage: and ſince *Androclides* was dead, which was the next day, I knew there was no ſafety for me in the Town. Preſently after the Combate, I retired unto *Meleſander*, who the ſame Night conveyed me unto the Houſe of a Friend, where in all likelihood they would not ſearch for me. It is not an eaſy matter to relate unto you my Sorrows upon this Occaſion; for when I conſidered how I muſt leave *Teleſile*, in a time when *Diophantes* would infallibly marry her, and in a time when ſhe had a thouſand Servants: I wiſhed, with all my Heart, that *Androclides* were alive again; and if I had killed the deareſt Friend upon Earth, I could not have grieved more than I did for the killing of my Rival. *Teleſile* was extreamly ſad at it; and both by her natural Goodneſs, and many other Signs, ſhe teſtified as much.

In the mean while I am proſecuted and ſought after; and all the endeavours of my Father, to qualify the Matter, were in vain; all he could do, was to protract the Matter, and keep them from pronouncing ſpeedy Condemnation; ſince the Council of the *Amphictions* did not ſit, I had leſs protection than if they had. At the laſt, the Sentence was, That I ſhould be baniſhed for three Years, and not to return into any part of *Phocides* upon pain of Death. This Sentence of Grace, was indeed to me a Sentence of Death; for when I conſidered what Joy my Rivals would apprehend; how much my Baniſhment made for them, and how I had ruined my ſelf, my Reaſon was ſo confounded, that I was not maſter of my own thoughts; I told *Meleſander*, I would not go out of *Delphos*, but remain ſtill concealed: and indeed I ſtaid there above a Month after my Condemnation; during which time I underſtood that my Rivals were every day with *Teleſile*; nor could I blame her, ſince ſhe could not avoid them; and though I underſtood, by *Meleſander*, that ſhe was exceeding ſenſible of my Misfortune, which ſhe out of her Goodneſs was pleaſed to call hers, yet I could not endure to be deprived of her ſight. In the mean time, I was in danger to be taken three or four times, and I was forced to change the place of my retreat above ſix times, becauſe *Meleſander* and I were informed that it was diſcovered where I was: Nor was it either ſtrange or difficult, for all my Rivals were Spies unto them which proſecuted againſt me. So that *Teleſile* not liking that I ſhould expoſe my ſelf unto ſo much danger for her, did write a Letter unto me, by which ſhe abſolutely commanded me to depart, not only out of *Delphos* and *Phocides*, but alſo out of *Greece*. Since I did lie concealed, I had written very often unto her, but did receive no Anſwer: After I had read her Letter, I anſwered her, That ſince it was her pleaſure I ſhould depart, I beſeeched to permit me the ſight of her, and bid her Adieu. *Meleſander* did all he could to hinder me from asking ſuch a Favour as might ſo much endanger me, and which perhaps *Teleſile* would not conſent unto; but I did peremptorily tell him, That I would never go out of *Delphos* until I had ſpoken with her. This faithful Friend then went unto her, and told her my full Reſolution. She was extreamly angry; ſhe told *Meleſander*, That my Affection unto her was inconſiderate; that her Honour was not dear unto me; that I was not reaſonable; and that I asked ſuch a thing which ſhe ought not to conſent unto; and therefore ſhe proteſted that ſhe was reſolute, and would not, upon any terms, allow it. But, ſaid *Meleſander* unto her, Were it not better to ſuffer it, than to ſuffer them to find out *Thimocrates*, and put him to death? Ah, *Meleſander*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) you are no leſs unreaſonable than your Friend, to preſs me unto that which I cannot do, and to urge me unto it againſt my Mind. At the laſt, after a long Conteſt, ſhe told him, That ſo he would contrive a way, which would not any way expoſe me unto danger, and which would be convenient for her, ſhe would ſee me, though (ſaid ſhe) it be to ground me in my Obſtinacy. *Meleſander* then bethinking himſelf, propoſed unto her, to make a viſit unto one of his Couſins, as formerly ſhe uſed to do, who was one of great Merit and Vertue, unto whom he would bring me the Night before ſhe came thither. But (ſaid ſhe unto him) What will your Couſin think? What will your ſelf think? and what will *Thimocrates* think? No, no, *Meleſander*, I will not, I cannot conſent unto ſuch a Meeting; and indeed he could not that Day perſwade her. But the next Day I was in ſuch danger to be taken, that I was glad to take a new Sanctuary; and ſhe fearing to be the cauſe of my Death, it moved her to conſent to ſee me at *Meleſander*'s Couſins, provided that ſhe and he would be preſent at our Diſcourſe. I cannot expreſs the Joy I then apprehended, when I heard I was to ſee *Teleſile*, though it was only to bid her Adieu. But, in ſhort, I was that Night carried unto *Meleſander*'s Couſin, where my adored *Teleſile* ſhould meet me the next morning, waited upon only by that Woman who was my Confident. It is not eaſy for me to deſcribe, how this Viſit did go againſt the Hair of her Diſpoſition, and againſt that preciſe Vertue whereof ſhe made profeſſion. She came unto the Chamber, where I was alone with *Meleſander*, and her Couſin, as if ſhe had committed a great Crime in coming; and addreſſing her ſelf unto her, What will you think of me, (ſaid ſhe unto her) for coming to you, with reſolution to quarrel with your Friends? I ſhould think, (anſwered ſhe, for we had told her all the Buſineſs) that you would have been moſt inhumane, if you had expoſed ſo precious a Life as that of *Thimocrates* unto Danger. Madam, (ſaid *I* then, not giving her time to anſwer) *I* moſt humbly beſeech you pardon the trouble *I* have put you unto, and believe, that if *I* could poſſibly have done otherwiſe, *I* ſhould not have forced your Inclination ſo far. After this we all ſat down, and diſcourſed a long time of the Misfortune which had fallen upon me, and of the reſolute Obſtinacy of my Enemies in proſecuting againſt me, ſince *Teleſile* would not permit me any privacy with her. But ſome or other deſiring to ſpeak with *Meleſander*'s Couſin about ſome important Buſineſs, ſhe deſired *Teleſile* to excuſe her a little while, and when ſhe had ſpoken with this Party in another Chamber, ſhe would return unto her again: So that, without neglecting this opportunity, whilſt *Meleſander* went unto the Window with a Woman which accompanied his Couſin: Madam, ſaid *I*, are you then reſolved upon my departure, and that *I* muſt abſent my ſelf from you, without any knowledg whether you will honour *Thimocrates* with any remembrance of him? But, Madam, he is not able to depart upon ſuch Conditions: The Affection he bears unto you, is too violent to endure it; and if you be not pleaſed, of your Goodneſs, to give him ſome obliging hopes, to comfort him in his abſence, he will not depart at all. *I* ſhall tell you, for your ſatisfaction, replied *Teleſile*, That *I* much lament your Misfortune, and am ſo ſorry that *I* ſhou'd be the Cauſe of it, as that your Abſence will much grieve me, and *I* ſhall heartily wiſh and long for your Return.

This is much, Madam, (ſaid I unto her in a moſt reſpectful Manner) but it is not enough to preſerve the Life of a Man who muſt be an Age from you. I know not (ſaid ſhe) whether this which I ſay unto you be enough for you, but I am perſwaded, *Thimocrates*, that it is a little too much for me; yet *I* do not repent of what I ſaid, (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) but if you pleaſe *I* will repeat it again. Not to trouble you with any Repetitions of what you ſaid already, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) I beſeech you ſpeak ſomething more than yet you have. What would you have me ſay (ſaid ſhe)? *I* deſire (replied *I*) that my adored *Teleſile* will aſſure me, that my Abſence ſhall not root me out of her Heart, and that neither *Menecrates*, or any other of my Rivals, ſhall ſupplant me, and take Poſſeſſion of it. I promiſe you, replied ſhe, to ſatisfy you in your firſt Scruple, and permit you to hope that none of the reſt ſhall prejudice you, without any Fears of being deceived: For indeed, *Thimocrates*, *I* have ſo bad an Opinion of all Men, that I wonder how you come to be ſo much in my Thoughts. You loaded me with Honours and Delight (ſaid *I* unto her); but Madam, notwithſtanding all theſe ſweet and gracious Favours you are pleaſed to conſent unto, I am afraid of your Vertue, *I* fear that when *Diophantes* moves you to marry *Menecrates*, I fear, I ſay, that abſent *Thimocrates* has no ſuch Prevalency in your Heart, as to hinder your Obedience. *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe then unto me, me-thinks you may be very well contented with what *I* have already ſaid, without forcing me as you do, to give a more rigid Anſwer. Ah Madam, (ſaid I unto her, being extreamly tranſported with Sorrow) I underſtand you too well, I ſee you will not chuſe *Menecrates*, but you will accept of him if it be the Pleaſure of *Diophantes*. If he will abſolutely have it ſo, replied ſhe, doubtleſs I ſhall obey him. Since it is ſo, ſaid I unto her, I need not think any more of my Departure from *Delphos*, but *I* will ſtay. Madam, *I* am reſolved upon it, and ſay what you will unto me, *I* will never leave you in ſuch a cruel Uncertainty: But *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe, you have loſt your Reaſon, in ſpeaking as you do. But, inhumane *Teleſile*, replied *I*, you have loſt your Goodneſs

neſs in anſwering me as you do; for what would you have that Man who infinitely adores you do? who when he is gone, leaves you in a Mind to marry him, whom of all the reſt of my Rivals, *Diophantes* intends to propoſe unto you? from whence can *I* have any Conſolation, cruel Lady, during ſo long and rigid an Abſence? Can I ever contemplate your Beauty, without thinking, that perhaps it is the Felicity of *Menecrates*, not mine, to enjoy it? Can I with any Delight remember that Sweetneſs which has ſeveral times proceeded from you, ſince I am in Fears that you will be eternally ſevere unto me? Can I with any Satisfaction think upon theſe favourable Words which I hear, when I do imagine, that perhaps I ſhall never hear any more? Indeed Madam, is it poſſible I ſhould live at a Diſtance from you, in ſuch Incertainties? No, no, indeed I cannot; and I had much rather die before your Eyes, and by the Hands of mine Enemies, than to go upon any ſuch Terms. But, *Thimocrates*, ſaid ſhe unto me, what is it which you deſire? I do not deſire, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that you ſhould promiſe the unfortunate *Thimocrates* to marry him: I only deſire, that you would aſſure him not to marry either *Menecrates*, nor any elſe during my Abſence. You inſiſt upon good Security (ſaid ſhe unto me ſmiling, notwithſtanding the Melancholy of her Eyes;) But yet, *Thimocrates*, all that I can ſay unto you, is, That I will endeavour as far as my Duty will permit me, to break off my Father's Deſigns in marrying me to any other; but to promiſe you that I will ſo far diſhonour my ſelf as openly to diſobey my Father, is a thing which I cannot do: and perhaps (ſaid ſhe almoſt againſt her Intentions) if you ſhall render your ſelf worthy of it by your Obedience, I ſhall do more than I will promiſe you; but indeed *Thimocrates*, (ſaid this vertuous Lady) we muſt not merit our Misfortunes through our own Imbecilities, nor truſt too much unto humane Prudence, but leave ſomething unto the Conduct of the Gods, who in ſpite of all our Endeavours will bring us unto that paſs they would have us. I do confeſs that, conſidering the manner wherein *Teleſile* expreſſed her ſelf, I had good Reaſon to be contented, although I was not; but I did ſo violently preſs her farther, that ſhe was ready to leave me in an Anger, ſeeing I would not depart, unleſs ſhe promiſed me all that I deſired. She then called *Meleſander* to her Relief, and his Couſin alſo, who juſt then returned unto us; and do what I could, it was not poſſible for me to obtain any further from her: Then ſhe did command me ſo peremptorily to depart as ſoon as I could, that at laſt I reſolved upon it. *Meleſander* put me into ſome hope, that as ſoon as I was gone they would endeavour to procure a Revocation of the Sentence; but for all that, I was ſo diſmally deſperate at my Departure, that I was not capable of any Conſolation. Mean time *Teleſile* left me, before I could ſpeak one Word more unto her; for when I perceived by her Actions that ſhe intended to be gone, my Reaſon left me, and I neither knew what ſhe ſaid unto me, nor what I my ſelf did; I knew only that ſhe held out her Hand unto me, which I in all Humility and Reſpect did kiſs, and then ſhe immediately vaniſhed out of Sight; ſo that being in no hopes to ſee *Teleſile* any more, I thought upon nothing but my Departure. I had a good Mind firſt to fight with *Menecrates*, but *Meleſander* diſſwaded me, ſaying, that ſince *Teleſile* had ſo many Lovers, it would be an everlaſting fatal Piece of Work to kill them all. In concluſion, within two Days after this Interview I departed with *Leontides*, who is here at this preſent, whom the King of *Cyprus* had then ſent unto *Delphos*, and who returned at that time: Since all Countries where *Teleſile* was not, were indifferent unto me, I followed *Leontides*, and reſolved to wander through all the Iſlands of the *Ægean* Sea, as I did, until the King of *Cyprus* and the Prince *Philoxipes*, did me the Honour to give me the Command of their Troops with *Philocles*: You may very well imagine then, that this laſt Abſence was infinitely horrid unto me, becauſe it was to be a long one. *Menecrates*, as I underſtood, and an hundred other freſh Servants ſince I came from *Delphos*, are continually courting *Teleſile*; *Diophantes* perpetually moves her to make choice of an Husband; *Menecrates* is a moſt compleat Man; my Enemies are continually more and more hot againſt me, and all my Rivals ſolicit ſecretly, to prevent any Revocation of my Sentence; for Reports went that I only was the cauſe which moved *Teleſile* to deny them in their Suits; ſo that I have no Foundation to ground any Certainties upon; although *Teleſile* be not yet married, yet I know not what ſhe may do, ſince ſhe only afforded me ſome Hopes: and therefore I have great Reaſon to fear, that either her Weakneſs or her Vertue will render me moſt miſerable, either by her Obedience unto her Father, or by ſuffering her ſelf to be woo'd by *Menecrates*. See here, O my moſt equitable Judg, what Experience I have had of all thoſe horrid Rigours in being abſent from the Party loved: and it will be no Difficulty to make it appear unto you, by Reaſon as well as by Example, that Abſence is ſuch an Evil as comprehends all the reſt. Indeed, as Love has its beginning by Sight, and is continually kept alive by the ſame, ſo it muſt neceſſarily follow, that Abſence is that which is moſt oppoſite unto it. And as nothing is more delightful than the Sight of her own loves, ſo nothing is more cruel than not to ſee her; ſhort Abſences augment Love, but long ones turn it into Fury and Deſpair: When a determinate Time is limitted, then *Impatiency* until that time is expired will admit of no Reſt; and when there is no Certainty how long the Abſence ſhall continue, Melancholy does damp all the Sweets of any Hope: and indeed, whether it be long or ſhort, terminate or without Limits, *I* am moſt confident that whoſoever knows how to love, they are moſt inſupportable unto him, and will maintain, that Abſence comprehends all other Evils, and is moſt ſenſible of all Manner of Sorrows. He who does maintain, that not to be loved, is the greateſt Torment of Love, is much in the wrong, and cannot compare his Sufferings unto mine: ſince to ſpeak of things in general he who finds a Scorn upon all his Services, ought to uſe the like Scorn as a Remedy for it, and by a generous Reſentment may cure himſelf of his unaccepted Paſſion: But a Lover who is loved, and abſent from her he loves, he can do nothing elſe but ſuffer; for to think that Remembrance of paſt Favours is ſweet, is an Error in Love when one is abſent, ſince Sorrow is all the Felicity he can enjoy as long as he is abſent. He who mourns for the

Death of his Miſtreſs, is doubtleſs worthy of Compaſſion: but yet there is a notable Difference betwixt him and a Lover that is abſent. The greateſt evil in Death, is only the Abſence of the beloved Object; and I dare boldly ſay, that after the firſt great Blow has wrought its firſt Effect, the Soul finding it ſelf in a Condition of neither any Hopes or Fears, does by little and little return unto it ſelf again, and will be in ſuch a Calm as ſhall inſenſibly appeaſe all the Tumults of his Paſſion, and ſweeten thoſe bitter Sorrows which at firſt he endured: But Abſence, when Hopes and Fears, and all other Paſſions, are tumultuouſly active, is a Puniſhment which every Day augments it ſelf, and can find no Remedy, but its own end, or the end of him that endures it. Yet perhaps it will be objected, That Jealouſie has an Horror above Abſence. But I anſwer by way of Queſtion unto thoſe that ſay ſo, Who is he that ever was long abſent, but he was jealous alſo? and what Effects can Jealouſy produce, which Abſence does not the like? Yet notwithſtanding, this Difference may be put between them, that a jealous Man who ſees his Miſtreſs, enjoys ſome happy Minutes which he who ſees her not cannot obtain: and alſo there is a great Diſtinction to be made, between a Sorrow which is bottomed only upon a Phantacy, and a Sorrow which Reaſon does uphold and authorize. A jealous Man who is with his Miſtreſs, although he be unfortunate, yet doubtleſs has ſome pleaſing Minutes, either in croſſing the Deſigns of his Rival, or contemplating upon Revenge, or in Diſcovery of ſome intricate Buſineſs which he deſires to know: and although theſe Delights are not full of Tranquillity, yet they are Delights; but an abſent Lover is ſo extreamly miſerable, that he cannot find a Delectation in any thing; and therefore, O my equitable Judg, ſince I have had ſuch Experimental Trials of all the Miſeries in Abſence, and am the moſt unfortunate of all Lovers, I deſerve the greateſt ſhare in your Compaſſion.

Thimocrates had no ſooner ended, but *Marteſia* turned towards *Cyrus*, and asking him what he thought of his Story and Reaſons; and *Cyrus* anſwering as he thought; In truth, (ſaid he ſighing) you were unjuſt if you ſhould deny *Thimocrates* that Compaſſion which he demands; for his Diſcourſe has ſo ſenſibly moved me, that I know not how to expreſs my ſelf. Sir, anſwered ſhe unto him, *Thimocrates* obtains from me what he deſires, for I could never know a gallant Man miſerable, but I did ſenſibly intereſt my ſelf in his Sorrows. Beſtow not all your Compaſſion upon him, I beſeech you, ſaid *Philocles*, but reſerve a ſhare for me. For my part, ſaid the Prince *Artibies*, I muſt only deſire to be lamented, ſince my Misfortune is ſo great, that whoſoever knows it muſt needs do ſo much for me. I know not, ſaid *Leontidas*, whether I ſhall lament or no; but I am ſure there is no Compariſons betwixt the Miſeries which I endure, and thoſe which *Thimocrates* complains of. You muſt give me leave to make a doubt of that, replied the abſent Lover. Before any Judgment can be given (ſaid *Erenice*) we muſt underſtand all your Misfortunes. And to underſtand them, ſaid *Aglatidas*, we muſt give over Diſcourſe, and hearken unto them. 'Tis true, replied *Marteſia*, but ſince *Thimocrates* ſpoke the firſt concerning *Philocles*, who maintains, that not to be loved is the greateſt Miſery in Love, and afterwards he anſwered unto what the Prince *Artibies* ſaid, who thinks the moſt ſevere Puniſhment of his Paſſion to be the Death of her he loves; and ſince he named *Leontidas* the laſt, who thinks Jealouſy the greateſt Torture of all. I think, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and looked upon *Cyrus*, that it is not amiſs to follow that order, and that *Philocles* ſpeak the firſt of theſe three which remain. *Cyrus* approving of her Opinion, and *Philocles* ſitting over againſt *Marteſia*, who was to be Judg, he began thus.

The ſecond Hiſtory of the Lover not loved.

SInce you do know the Concluſion of my Adventure, before *I* acquaint you with the beginning, or the Sequel; and ſince by Conſequence, that pleaſing Suſpenſion which makes a diſaſterous Story hearkened unto with Delight, is not to be found in my Story, *I* therefore conceive it fit not to abuſe your Patience with any long Relation: *I* will only acquaint you, that although *I* was born a Subject unto the King of *Cyprus*, yet my Family was originally from *Corinth*, and that *I* had the honour to be allied unto the wiſe *Periander*, who at this day is their Soveraign. *I* had no ſooner attained my ſixteenth Year, but my Father ſent me unto that Court, unto an Uncle *I* had there, and under the Tuition of a Governour, with intention *I* ſhould remain there; for ſince he had many Children, he was very deſirous to keep up his Name in his ancient Country, which was then ready to extinguiſh, there being none of that Name left but only my Uncle, who was very old. *I* will not go about to deſcribe famous *Corinth* unto you; for *I* ſpeak before ſo many underſtanding Auditors, who are ſo well informed of every thing which is worthy of Knowledg, that it would be in vain for me to diſcourſe of the Beauty, Magnificence and Splendor of it: There are none here *I* am ſure which hath not heard of that famous *Iſthmos*, which is ſo well known unto all the World; and of that ſtately Caſtle which commands that goodly Town, and defends it: alſo of that great and convenient Port, which does infinitely adorn it, and of the huge Commerce which continually does fill it, making it ſuperfluouſly rich in all abundance of Delights; and whatſoever can be imagined to render a place delectable, is to be found there. The Prince who governs it is a Man of a moſt high Soul; the Queen his Wife, called *Meliſſa*, is alſo admirable fair, and has a Daughter, who without all contradiction is the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed Lady in the World. This was the State of the Houſe Royal when I came to *Corinth*. *Periander* alſo had a Son, but he was at *Epidaurus* with his Grandfather by the Mother's ſide, who was Prince there: ſo that all Court-Divertiſments did flow from *Meliſſa*, and the Princeſs *Cleobuline* her Daughter; and I muſt needs ſay, that if there were any Diſpoſition in me to Goodneſs, I was in ſuch a place as I muſt needs advantage my ſelf: For the Court of *Periander* was always full of the greateſt Men in all *Greece*, and it was his Generoſity to honour Strangers ſo much, that his Palace was continually full of Men of ſeveral Countries. But ſince I was not yet arrived unto ſuch an Age, as required the Converſation of the wiſeſt and moſt knowing Men; I betook my ſelf rather unto ſuch things as might divert me, than unto ſuch as might inſtruct me. The famous *Arion*, whoſe melodious Voice tuned to the raviſhing Airs of his Warbling Harp, which made him ſo famous throughout the World, was both my Maſter and my Friend: my Inclination was ſo intent upon Muſick, that in lieu of making it my Diverſion, it was almoſt my Profeſſion; and indeed my Governour would ſometimes chide me for being too ſerious upon it only, tho in it ſelf it was a commendable Quality. I then began to participate of other Divertiſments, and the famous *Theſpis* being come unto *Corinth*, I was charmed with his Poeſies, and witty Comedies. So that as I had learned to ſing a little with *Arion*, I became a Poet with *Theſpis*, there being a *Genius* in me which prompt me unto it: Pictures alſo moved my Diſpoſition, that I practiſed to limn, and without being excellent in any thing, I did almoſt know every thing. Thus did I recreate my ſelf until it pleaſed Love to diſturb my Delights, by the very ſame thing in which I ſo long time delighted; and ſee how the Misfortune came to paſs. *Cleobulus*, one of the wiſe Men of *Greece*, and Prince of *Lindus*, ſent unto *Periander* concerning ſome important Affair: but his Agent dying at *Corinth*, I was made choice of to go unto *Cleobulus*, (for I had now attained unto twenty Years of Age) and ſince this Prince had one Daughter called *Eumetes*, whom the People called *Cleobuline*, after her Father, tho her Name was not ſo, and ſince it was the ſame with the illuſtrious Daughter of *Periander*, I confeſs that I was much pleaſed with the Voyage, and becauſe I had a great deſire to be known unto the Princeſs of *Lindus*, of whom I had heard ſpoken ſo much, both of Vertue and Spirit, and ſince I had no buſineſs at *Corinth*, I was very glad to depart: and ſince the Princeſs *Cleobuline* did eſteem me much above my Deſerts, and held a great Correſpondency with that excellent Lady unto whom I went, by reaſon of their ſutableneſs in their Spirits and Humour, ſhe did me the Honour to ſend a Letter unto her by me, to the end I might be the more acceptable unto her; and ſince this flattering and obliging Letter was the cauſe of my Love; and I have ſo perfectly remembred it, that I believe I ſhall not alter a word in relating it unto you; tho I muſt needs bluſh in telling it, to make you the better underſtand the beginning of my Paſſion. And thus it was.

The Princeſs *Cleobuline* unto the Princeſs *Eumetis.*

WHat ſhare ſoever I ſhall participate in that Joy which Philocles *goes to receive in ſeeing you, and in that Happineſs which his Acquaintance will bring unto you; I know very well that I am neither Friend nor Couſin to prefer the Intereſt of another before my own, ſince I cannot (me thinks) ſufficiently rejoyce at the Delight you will take in the Perſon of* Philocles, *to know all that is admirable in* Corinth, *and that he will find in you all that is illuſtrious in* Greece. *This petty Jealouſie moves me to tell you that which his Modeſty will queſtionleſs conceal; how that beſides thoſe eſſential Qualities, which of themſelves are enough to make a moſt compleat Man, he is one of* Apollo's *beſt Diſciples, and greateſt Favourite of the Muſes, eſpecially of thoſe Muſes which are your Friends: Move him therefore to impart thoſe Qualities, which he uſes to hide from all but ſuch as are like you: Make him ſhew you his Verſes, his Pictures, and his Aires, all of his own compoſing. I have charged him to bring me back a Character both of your Mind and Face; and if you pleaſe, let him not ſteal it againſt your Will, but afford him ſuch convenient time, as he may worthily acquit himſelf of the Commiſſion which he has received from me: Make an exchange with him, ſome of his Verſes for ſome of your ingenious Riddles which you have compoſed, and which troubles all them that would unfold them. But after all this, remember that I do but lend, not give, this Treaſure unto you: Send him therefore generouſly back, and do not ruin* Corinth *by retaining* Philocles *with you, ſince I have diſcourſed that, which perhaps he would have concealed. Tell me at his return what Progreſs he hath made in your Opinion of him; what ingenious Pieces he hath written of you, and how many Conqueſts he hath made amongſt your Ladies; for I know*

know him too modeſt to tell any thing advantagious concerning himſelf; and too judicious to talk of any thing but you, at his Return. I could tell you much more concerning him; I will leave it unto you to diſcover ſome Vertues of his Soul, which are more excellent than his Wit. After all this, be pleaſed to conſider him as my Kinſman, and that you have promiſed to eſteem every thing that is dear unto me. And laſtly, know that I am your

CLEOBULINE.

This Letter ſo full of Flattery being written, the Princeſs, as I came to take my Leave of her, told me with as much Gallantry as Civility, that ſhe had engaged me deeply in many things by her Letter unto the illuſtrious *Eumetis*, but that ſhe was not ſorry for it, ſince ſhe knew I would not paſs for one of a prejudicated Opinion. Madam, ſaid I unto her, what you tell me, makes me afraid, leſt intending to favour me, you ruin me. See, ſaid ſhe unto me (ſhewing me her Letter which was yet unſealed) whether you will not gallantly perform what I have promiſed on your behalf. I would then have excuſed my ſelf, and not have ſeen it; yet ſince ſhe abſolutely commanded me, I obeyed her: But as ſoon as I had read ſeven or eight Lines I bluſhed for very Shame, and not daring to read any further, O Madam, ſaid I unto her, what have you done? and what have I done, that you ſhould in ſuch an ingenious manner do me ſo bad an Office? No, no, Madam (ſaid I, and would have given it back unto her) I muſt not carry that which would diſhonour me. Yet you may ſee it at the leaſt (ſaid ſhe, laughing) tho it be only to teach you what you ought to do, if you do not agree to do as I ſay; and ſince I refuſed, ſhe took the Letter and read it aloud. I confeſs I was ſo confounded at it, that I could not chuſe but interrupt her; and altho Praiſes be ſweet, eſpecially unto young Men; yet I was extreamly fearful, I could not be able by my Preſence to make good what the Princeſs *Cleobuline* had ſaid of me: But ſince I did abſolutely refuſe it, ſhe made uſe of her abſolute Authority to make me take it, and after her Commands to ſeal it, I muſt take it and promiſe her to deliver it, altho I knew it might much prejudice me, ſince certainly all exceſſive Commendations in new Acquaintances are very dangerous, eſpecially unto Perſons the moſt accompliſhed, altho it be not an eaſy matter to reſiſt Flattery: So, not well knowing what I ſhould do with this Letter, I took it and departed with a Man of good Quality, called *Antigenes*, of the ſame Age with my ſelf, who intended the ſame Voyage, and certainly he was as pleaſant Company as any in *Corinth*: we were at that time two intimate Friends; we were of the ſame Height, of the ſame Air, the ſame Garb, and loved the very ſame things, and he had a *Genius* as well as I unto Poetry, Limning, and Muſick. If the Princeſs *Cleobuline* had known of his Journey, doubtleſs ſhe would have mentioned him in her Letter, for ſhe highly eſteemed him; but he concealed his Intentions from all the World, not deſiring that his Father ſhould know whither he went, fearing ſome Conſiderations of his Family ſhould obſtruct his Curioſity: But *Antigenes* and I embarqued together, and arrived at *Jaliſſa*, a Town where the Prince *Cleobulas* did commonly reſide. I preſented the Pacquet which I brought from *Periander*; I rendred him an account of the buſineſs between them, and I preſented *Antigenes* unto him, who received him very nobly, and whoſe Name he knew; but ſo it happened that the Princeſs his Daughter was in the Country, two days Journey from thence, recreating her ſelf in the Company of ſeveral Ladies, and intending to continue her Divertiſements for ſome certain days yet longer. I deſired then to take hold of that opportunity, and making it therefore known unto *Cleobulas*, that I had a Letter unto the Princeſs *Eumetis*, and that I was very glad I durſt not offer to depart from him, and carry it unto her: He returned me an Anſwer according to my Deſires, That it were not juſt he ſhould deprive his Daughter of ſo much Happineſs as to receive News from a Princeſs whom ſhe honoured ſo much; and that he would not deprive himſelf (as he ſaid moſt civilly) of the Delight he took in my Company by permitting me to go unto her; and therefore he ordered one to take the Letter from my hand, and to give it unto her; and alſo by the ſame Meſſenger he appointed the Princeſs his Daughter to return, being deſirous that I ſhould ſee his Court in all its Glory, for he had been a Widower many Years. Thus was the buſineſs ordered; one came and took the Letter which I had for the Princeſs, and ſo ſhe received it by another hand, and not mine; commanding him who carried it, to let her know that I preſented it in that manner unto her, by the Command of the Prince her Father. Mean while be pleaſed to know, that there was a *Corinthian* Family of Men in high Repute which dwelt there, the prime Man of which Houſe was called *Alaſis*, who had one Daughter, whoſe Name was *Philiſta*, whom the Princeſs of *Lindus* had carried with her. This Lady was indeed a moſt admirable Beauty; not that the Figure of her Face was ſo regularly compoſed, but ſhe was yonng, flaxen-haired, fair, of an handſom Height, and a good Garb; ſhe was, as I ſaid before, a moſt admirable and ſurprizing Beauty; ſhe had a tranſcendent Mind, and her Wit was very agreeable unto all Company; ſhe then being with *Eumtis*, when this Letter was preſented, after ſhe had read it, ſhe turned towards *Philiſta*, and ſhewing it unto her, See, ſaid ſhe unto her, what the Princeſs *Cleobuline* ſays concerning one of her Couſins.

Philiſta having read the Letter, In truth, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, if *Philocles* be as the Princeſs *Cleobuline* has deſcribed him, ſhe has good reaſon to call him a Treaſure, and to deſire his return quickly. True, ſaid ſhe, but the ſooner to reſtore him unto her, the fair *Philiſta* muſt cloud ſome part of her Charms, as it is likely ſhe will, if it be true that Reſemblance is a Cauſe of Love. Your Diſcourſe, Madam (anſwered *Philiſta*) is very obliging and full of Flattery; but it is not altogether ill grounded; for if *Philocles* have as great a deſire to ſee me, as I have to know it, it would be a great ſtep unto Love, and I do aſſure you, that if you do not return ſpeedily unto *Aliſſa*, my Curioſity to ſee him will much diſquiet me: and indeed (ſaid ſhe laughing, for ſhe was of a gay and jocund Humour) if he reſemble his Picture according to the Deſcription of him, he is ſuch a Man as I could wiſh either in the way of a ſutable Friend, or an accompliſhed Gallant, or an agreeable Husband; and queſtionleſs, replied the Princeſs, *Philiſta* has all the Accompliſhments requiſite to conquer the Heart of as gallant a Man as *Philocles* ſeems to be, by the Relation of the *Corinthian* Princeſs: Yet, replied ſhe unto her, it would not be an Act of Juſtice, ſince he came hither free, to make him return a Captive; and therefore I have a kind of deſire not to obey the Prince my Father, who has commanded me to return to morrow. O Madam, ſaid *Philiſta* then, I beſeech you, not drive me into Deſpair; for I am certain that I ſhall not ſtay with you, if you do not return, ſo high is my Impatience to be acquainted with ſuch a Man as this. Thus did theſe two Ladies divert themſelves in diſcourſing of me, as the Princeſs of *Lindus* did tell me afterwards. But to keep my ſelf within the Limits which I preſcribed at the beginning of my Diſcourſe, I ſhall only tell you, how that ſame day, and the next day following, I was the Subject of *Philiſta*'s Mirth, who talked of nothing but of me, and my Name was up continually amongſt them, as long as their Journy laſted. The Women which waited upon the Princeſs waged War with *Philiſta* about me, and all of them had ſo great longing to ſee me, that I verily believe, if I had known of the Paſſages, I ſhould have returned unto *Corinth* before I ſaw the Princeſs of *Lindus*: at the laſt ſhe came to *Aliſſa*, but it was ſo very late, by reaſon of ſome Accident which befel the Coach, that coming firſt unto *Philiſta*'s Lodging, ſhe would not be ſet down at it do what the Princeſs could, but continued the Conteſt concerning me. *Philiſta*, ſaid ſhe unto her at parting, remember that I have entreated you, to hide half your attracting Charms to morrow when you come unto the Palace. Then, without giving *Philiſta* any time to reply, the Coach went on, and *Eumetis* went unto the Prince her Father in his Cloſet, whither he was retired, ſo that I was not then with him, but it was the next day before *Antigenes* and I had the honour to ſalute her; But the greateſt Wonder was, that when the Prince *Cleobulus* did us the Grace to preſent us to her the next Morning as ſhe was going unto the Temple, and as ſhe paſſed through a Garden where we were, with the Prince her Father, ſhe found ſuch a Similitude, and ſo much Conformity between *Antigenes* and me, that not yet knowing our Names very perfectly, ſhe doubted which of us two was he, of whom the Princeſs *Cleobuline* had ſpoke in her Letter: So that addreſſing her ſelf unto us with a Complement which obliged us both, ſhe asked me, Whether I was him of whom the Princeſs *Cleobuline* had ſpoke unto her in her Letter? Yes, Madam (ſaid I unto her) I believe it is, for ſhe knew not that *Antigenes* was to come thither: then did ſhe redouble her Civilities. And *Antigenes* making it known by his Garb, that he was not one of a mean Quality, we both waited upon her unto the Temple; and in the Afternoon we went unto her, and ſhe talked a long time of the Princeſs *Cleobuline*, with all Teſtimonies of Eſteem and Amity poſſible; ſhe asked me, Whether ſhe was not the moſt perfect Beauty in the World? She inquired of her Recreations, and of her Imployments; and ſhe was pleaſed to be ſo civil, as to tell me, whilſt *Antigenes* was in diſcourſe with other Ladies, that now ſhe began to know me, and that ſhe was much puzzled before, to diſtinguiſh which of us two, *Antigenes* or I, was *Philocles*. But, ſaid ſhe unto me, to puniſh my ſelf for this Fault, I would have him go and viſit a fair *Corinthian* we have here amongſt us, and try whether ſhe can diſtinguiſh you, before ſhe be informed; if ſhe can, I ſhall then confeſs I deſerve Puniſhment for my Error; if not, I ſhall at leaſt be comforted. I anſwered unto this, according unto my Duty, but ſhe not hearing me, ſent to know how *Philiſta* did, and why ſhe came not thither that day? He who had this Order, having done his Meſſage, returned, and told her in a low Voice, yet not ſo low but any might well underſtand him, that *Philiſta* did moſt humbly thank her for that Favour, and that if ſhe had not found her ſelf ſomething ill, ſhe would have honoured her ſelf and waited upon her; but ſince her Glaſs had that Morning perſwaded her ſhe was not in a Condition to make any Conqueſt, ſhe would therefore try if ſhe could ſtrengthen her ſelf by Sleep. The Princeſs laughing at the Anſwer; Certainly, ſaid ſhe (ſpeaking unto a Lady named *Steſilea* who was next her) *Philiſta* is of a moſt admirable Wit; and (in a low Voice) ſhe told me what her Anſwer was, and what was the cauſe of it. It is requiſite, Madam, ſaid *Steſilea* unto her, that you honour her ſo far as to go and viſit her, and to ſurprize her the more, to carry with you theſe two Strangers. The Princeſs who thought upon nothing but how to divert her, and knew not that there was any Envy between *Steſilea* and *Philiſta* (which made her deſire ſhe might be ſeen in her careleſs Dreſs) conſented unto the Motion, and they carried *Antigenes* and my ſelf unto this fair *Corinthian.* But firſt ſhe ſpoke much good unto us of her, and we were no leſs deſirous to ſee her than ſhe was to ſee us. As for *Antigenes* ſhe had never ſo much as heard him named ſince he came unto *Iliſſa*, nor had ever ſeen him; for, as I ſaid before, ſhe was not born at *Corinth*, tho her Father was, but ſhe was born at *Iliſſa:* We followed then the Coach in which the Princeſs was, in another, and when we came to the Gate, ſhe gave her Hand unto *Antigenes*, the more to deceive her, and obliging me to lead *Steſilea*, and follow her; we found *Philiſta* in a Dreſs as if ſhe had been ill indeed, tho her Complexion and Eyes ſpoke her to be in perfect Health. This fair Lady was alone in her Chamber, in ſetting forth her Jewels, as if ſhe intended that Night or the next Day to go unto ſome Ball. What, *Philiſta*, ſaid the Princeſs unto her, I thought to have found you in Bed, and I find you ready to go unto ſome publick Feaſt? Pardon me, Madam (ſaid ſhe unto her, ſmiling) you rather find me preparing my ſelf for a War; for you know very well (ſaid ſhe unto her in a low Voice, and ſhewing her all her Diamonds and Pearls which were upon the Table) that theſe are the Arms which thoſe who have no Beauty, muſt truſt unto upon any important occaſion: And behold a good one (ſaid the Princeſs, anſwering her alone) for I have brought you two in lieu of one *Philocles*; in ſaying ſo, ſhe cauſed *Antigenes* and me to advance together. But *Philiſta* wondring, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that is not poſſible, ſince I have much ado to believe one ſuch can be found in all the World: No, no, ſaid the Princeſs (who had forbidden us to let *Philiſta* know which was the true *Philocles*) I muſt not be ſo ſatisfied; I will ſee whether you who were ſo much taken with the Deſcription, can know which is the Subſtance; and therefore I will give you two hours time to find out which of theſe two illuſtrious Strangers do moſt reſemble the Character which the Princeſs *Cleobuline* gave in her Letter to me; you are as well acquainted with the Deſcription as I am, and therefore you cannot fail in your Judgment. But, Madam, anſwered *Philiſta*, you which would have me find him out, did you do it your ſelf? You ſhall know that afterwards, replied ſhe; and then ſitting between *Philiſta*'s Bed and the Fire, ſhe would needs have this Beauty placed between *Antigenes* and my ſelf: I do confeſs, that this Lady did at the firſt inchant me both with the Splendor of her Beauty, and by her Diſcourſe: I already knew, that ſhe deſired to ſee me, and the Meſſage which ſhe had ſent did flatter me, and diſpoſe my Heart to deſire very earneſtly that ſhe would not take *Antigenes* for me; and it ſeems alſo that *Antigenes* deſired to be miſtaken, for whom he was not, and we were both of us ſo mute upon the matter, that to ſpeak truly we did neither of us reſemble that *Philocles* in *Cleobuline*'s Letter: But yet (ſaid the Princeſs then) what think you *Philiſta*? which of theſe two take you to be the Man ſo accompliſhed, and univerſally knowing in all delectable things, and for whoſe Acquaintance your Curioſity did ſo trouble you? Do you think, Madam, replied ſhe, that I dare name him after you? and why would you have me procure an Enemy of him, I name not? You do not well conſider what you ſay, (replied the Princeſs); for if you name neither, you will offend them both, and the other way you will offend but one. For my part (ſaid *Antigenes* with a troubled Spirit) I am certain, that tho you ſhould not name me, yet I ſhould not be your Enemy: for though I be *Philocles*, yet I am ſure I am not ſuch a one as is characterized in the Princeſs of *Corinth*'s Letter; and if I be not *Philocles*, I ſhould be very injurious to complain, not to be taken for another. No, no, ſaid the Princeſs, I will not ſuffer you to ſpeak any more, you ſhall not help *Philiſta* to know you, for ſhe has ſuch a diſcerning Wit as vaunts to diſcover the moſt cloſe Thoughts of a Heart: ſhe has ſeen you, ſhe has heard you ſpeak, and there needs no more: Anſwer me, ſaid ſhe unto her, by pointing with your Hand, which is *Philocles*. I do not know Madam (ſaid *Philiſta* unto her with a moſt pleaſing Melancholy) which is the true *Philocles*, but I know well, ſaid ſhe, (and turned from me towards *Antigenes*) whom I wiſh were he. You do well to wiſh, replied the Princeſs, (raviſhed that ſhe could not gueſs right) ſince you cannot really make him ſo; and all that he can be for your ſatisfaction is, that indeed he is worthy to be ſo: I wiſh the Gods, Madam, replied *Antigenes* with extream Joy, that what you ſay were true: and I wiſh the Gods, replied *Philocles* very ſadly, that I were not *Philocles*, but in the room of *Antigenes*: never was ſeen ſuch a medly of Opinions as was in every one in the Company. The Princeſs of *Lindus* was glad that *Philiſta*, had not gueſſed right, and by conſequence was ſorry to perceive ſome Melancholy in my Eyes. *Philiſta*, ſhe was vexed that the Name of *Antigenes* was not *Philocles*, and that ſhe might be twitted for being miſtaken. *Steſilea* was very well ſatisfied that *Philiſta* was in the wrong. *Antigenes* was raviſhed with Joy, though in reſpect of me, he would not expreſs it; but for my part I was all Confuſion and Anger: in the mean while theſe two laſt named Paſſions, which do not uſe to contribute any thing to the cauſes of Love, did yet quicken that Paſſion in me: I did not at the firſt intend to let *Philiſta* know, that I was not altogether unworthy to be *Philocles*, but only in point of Honour: yet the truth is, that was too tender a Reaſon to reſtrain me. Fair *Philiſta* (ſaid I unto her with a ſerious look) you are only miſtaken in the Name, ſince moſt certainly, *Antigenes* is owner of all thoſe qualities

ties mentioned to be in that *Philocles*, in the Princeſs of *Corinth*'s Letter.

Antigenes, replied my Friend, who was now become my Rival, is not ſo much obliged unto this fair Lady, as you imagine: Why ſo, replied the Princeſs? The reaſon is, Madam, replied he, becauſe ſhe does not poſitively ſay, that ſhe thinks me to be *Philocles*, ſhe is only pleaſed to wiſh I were ſo. That ſeems unto me the more obliging (ſaid *Steſilea*;) for if ſhe had only ſaid, ſhe thought you to be him, it had been barely a mark of her eſteem; but ſince ſhe beſtows an advantagious wiſh upon you, it is an evident ſign of her inclination towards him. You need not take ſo much pains (ſaid *Philiſta*, ſmiling) as to interpret my thoughts in my preſence; for if any do make any doubt of them, I ſhall my ſelf expound them. No Madam, ſaid I unto her, I beſeech you interpret them no further, leſt *Antigenes* die for Joy, and I for Sorrow, if you ſhould expreſs more Marks of your inclination to him, and if I ſhould perceive any further averſion in you towards the true *Philocles*. *Philiſta*, hearing me ſay ſo, would have expreſſed her ſelf unto me in ſome civil Language, thereby to make her peace with me: but the more ſhe deſired to ſpeak, the more ſhe was gravelled. For ſeeing how much ſhe had already obliged *Antigenes*, ſhe had no mind to diſingage him, ſo that ſince ſhe could not handſomly deliver her ſelf, nor keep within that juſt Mediocrity ſhe endeavoured, the Princeſs and *Steſilea* laughed, and were exceedingly delighted in obſerving her diſorder: and ſhe perceiving it; I ſee Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, that you jeer me, becauſe I would engage Two in lieu of One. But yet be pleaſed to know (ſaid ſhe very angerly) that though *Antigenes* is not *Philocles* unto all the reſt of the World, yet he ſhall be ſo unto *Philiſta*. And I am very much deceived, if (though he ſhould not have all thoſe qualities which the Princeſs of *Corinth*'s Letter does attribute unto the right *Philocles*) my Converſation with him, do not in a little time infuſe them all into him. I ſtand in great need of it then Madam, (ſaid *Antigenes* unto her,) and that it is the greateſt Honour I can pretend unto. You are already ſo cloſe, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I ſhall hardly know you aſſunder. But not to abuſe your Patience any longer, thus did that Day paſs away, and after we had waited upon the Princeſs unto her Chamber, *Antigenes* and I went into ours, for they joined cloſe together, but both of us retired, and not a word paſſed betwixt us at parting: and afterwards he coming into my Chamber, and ſilently ſitting down; Doubtleſs, *Antigenes*, ſaid I unto him, you are muſing upon your own Honour. I am thinking, ſaid he, what I ſhall do to ſupport that great Name which the fair *Philiſta* has beſtowed upon me. And do not you, (ſaid he unto me laughing) pity me, to ſee me thus charged, and will not you infuſe ſome of your excellent Qualities into me, that I may thereby ſave the Honour of *Philiſta*? *Philiſta*! ſaid I unto him, does know your Merits ſo well, and perhaps has made a Conqueſt upon your Heart, that I know not why I ſhould pity you: and *Philocles* ſtands more in need of the help of *Antigenes*, than *Antigenes* of his. I would by this Diſcourſe have moved my Friend to have diſcovered his Thoughts unto me, but he would not: ſo that I making him my Example, I ſpoke no more unto him concerning *Philiſta*. In the mean time, I beſeech you take notice, and admire at the phantaſtical Humour of my Fate.

As *Philiſta* was a Lady of Honour, and a little Humouriſh, ſhe was ſo vexed to be ſo miſtaken, that ſhe did really entertain an averſion to me, and reſolved to ſet ſuch a value upon the qualities of *Antigenes*, that if he had been one of her ancienteſt Friends, ſhe could not more deeply intereſt her ſelf in his Honour than ſhe did: and I believe alſo that her own natural inclination did biaſs that way. That which was the greateſt cauſe of her ſpight, was, that when ſhe turned towards *Antigenes*, and named him, ſhe was verily perſwaded out of her ſubtilty that it was *Philocles*, and therefore ſhe did confidently fix upon him: for ſince ſhe underſtood I did ſing well; ſhe ſet her ſelf to obſerve both our Voices as we ſpake, and finding that the tone of *Antigenes* was more ſweet than mine, ſhe thought he had been *Philocles*, though what both of us ſpoke were the very ſame Words: yet for all this, I did oftentimes applaud this Beauty. And ſince all the Court was acquainted with this accident, every one did contend againſt her, which did ſo much exaſperate her phantaſtical Reſolution, that ſhe could not endure to hear any ſpeak well of me; not but that ſhe made a ſhew, as if what ſhe did was only out of her Gallantry; but the truth is, I am fully perſwaded that from the very firſt time of ſeeing us, her *Genius* was averſe towards me, and inclinable towards *Antigenes.* Obſerve now how we imployed our ſelves; he endeavouring to anſwer the Princeſs of *Corinth*'s Character of *Philocles*, better than my ſelf; and I alſo to ſhew that I was not abſolutely unworthy of her Applauds. Then, it is moſt certain, that the Princeſs of *Lindus*, either in reſpect of the Princeſs *Cleobuline*, or my good Fortune, did me the Honour to take my part: and all the Court after her Example, did put ſome difference between *Philocles* and *Antigenes*, and the fair *Philiſta* did put as great a difference between *Antigenes* and *Philocles*; for in any Company, or in walking, or at Balls, I found that Lady who of all the World did beſt pleaſe me, and my Fancy, every day doing a thouſand Things with intention to diſpleaſe me, and yet whether I would or no, I was pleaſed: Whether I would or no, I ſay; for certainly, I did all I could not to love her, but all in vain, and impoſſible; for there was ſuch of I know not what kind of gallant and pleaſant Air in her, which I could not reſiſt: ſo that from the firſt minute of my Paſſion I was moſt unfortunate, and much more than they who are made ſo by an hundred thouſand Accidents which may chance in Love: ſince certainly, a natural Antipathy and Averſion cannot poſſibly be overcome by any Wiſdom. Whatſoever Cruelty is qualified by Tears, Fury is allayed by ſubmiſſion; an Imperious Mind is mitigated by Obedience; an inconſtant Perſon recollects himſelf ſometimes by the Example of an unparalled conſtancy; in all theſe Cares there are ſome Remedies to be found: but all the humane Wiſdom upon Earth knows not how to vanquiſh a natural Antipathy, ſince it is the thing will change all Objects, as well as Jealouſy. In the mean while *I* could not find ſo much Conſolation as to complain againſt *Philiſta*: for, argued *I* with my ſelf, what would *I* have her do? for her Opinion is rooted in her Heart with her conſent unto it, nor did her Reaſon contribute any thing unto her Averſion: and ſince there are ſome Men who do hate Roſes, which almoſt all Men love; Why ſhould *I* blame *Philiſta* for her ſecret hatred of me? By this Argument would *I* have diſſwaded my ſelf from loving *Philiſta*: but the Buſineſs came unto that height, that though *Philiſta* would not be uncivil, yet ſhe could not diſſemble, but her inclination to *Antigenes*, and averſion unto me, was apparent. When he ſpake any thing, ſhe applauded it to the Skies; if *I* ſpoke never ſo well, *I* was puſt at: If at any Meeting, ſhe danced with *Antigenes*, it was with ſuch an Air, as made it apparent that ſhe was taken out by a Hand that pleaſed her: ſhe carried her ſelf with a finer Grace, her Eyes were more ſprightly and gay, ſhe danced more lightly, and with a more complaſant Behaviour; ſhe would then attract the looks of all the Company, and delight all the Company as much as ſhe dulled me: But on the contrary, when *I* did take her out ſometimes againſt her Mind, ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe were not the ſame Perſon: and *I* believe were it not that *Antigenes* would have ſeen her dance ill, ſhe would not have ſo much as minded the Tune, ſo negligent and careleſs was her Action; and that ſo apparent, that the Princeſs did tell her of it. *Philiſta* (ſaid ſhe unto her) *I* once intreated you to hide half of your charms from *Philocles*, but *I* intended not that you ſhould ſhew him all your Incivilities; and methinks you would not do ill, if you did a little more equally impart your Favours. But Madam, (anſwered ſhe, and laughed) did not you tell me, that it would be unjuſt that *Philocles* ſhould return a Captive unto *Corinth*? Yes, replied the Princeſs, but I would not have him go from *Aliſſa* diſcontented, therefore if you love *Philiſta*, be not ſo partial in your Civilities. *Philiſta* bluſhed at this Diſcourſe, for ſhe underſtood her well enough that the Princeſs did accuſe her of too much complacency with *Antigenes*; yet ſeeming to take no notice of it, ſhe told her that ſhe would correct her ſelf for it; and indeed I found her for a while much more Civil: and ſince I was ignorant of the Princeſs's Diſcourſe unto her, *I* was infinitely joyed at the Alteration; and *Antigenes* who was no leſs in love with *Philiſta*, than *I* was, ſeemed to be ſenſibly diſpleaſed at it. As he had ſeveral Opportunities of ſpeaking with her, ſo had he ſeveral private diſcourſes alſo, wherein, as *I* believe, he acquainted her with part of his Thoughts. But as for me, it was a thing impoſſible to do ſo.

Whilſt this happy Interval, wherein ſhe was grown more complacential, continued: I met with a fit opportunity to ſpeak with her, as ſhe was walking, and I reſolved to cloſe with that bleſſed Time; ſo that upon the firſt occaſion which ſhe gave me, to alter our general diſcourſe into more particular. Is it poſſible (ſaid *I* unto her) fair *Philiſta*, that you ſhould not oppoſe this good Fortune which I now enjoy? Can you at the laſt reſolve to know *Philocles* to be the ſame he is; that he is (ſaid I, without giving her time to anſwer) the moſt faithful and paſſionate of all your Servants. Ha, *Philocles*! ſaid ſhe, I know you better by the Princeſs of *Corinth*'s Letter, than I do by your Diſcourſe. That Character of me whereof you ſpeak, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) was full of flattery, and I do not think it ſtrange, you ſhould not believe it was made for me: but my diſcourſe, Madam, is moſt ſincere, and true. I ſhould be very angry it ſhould, (ſaid ſhe interrupting me) both in reſpect of your intereſt, and my own. Why then you muſt, (ſaid I unto her) for it is not more true, that you are the faireſt Lady upon Earth, than it is certain, that I am the moſt— Stop there, *Philocles* (ſaid ſhe) leſt you force me to anſwer you more ſharply; and know, if I could not know you when I would, *I* will not know you when I could. You might have known me Madam, (ſaid I unto her) in knowing your ſelf, ſince it is not poſſible you can be ignorant of the force which is in thoſe inevitable Charms of your Beauty, your Mind, your Wit, and how they have charmed me every way unto your Service.

No, *Philocles*, ſaid ſhe unto me, deceive not your ſelf, I never knew any thing, but what I had a deſire to know: my Eyes do never ſhew me any thing but what pleaſes me, and my Reaſon does ſometimes comply with my Deſires, becauſe they are not unjuſt, and alſo yield ſomething unto my Will. It would be more advantagious for me, (ſaid I unto her coldly,) if your Will did yield ſomething unto your Reaſon. What would you have me do? (ſaid ſhe, and laughed) and why do you not take the ſame Counſel which you give me, ſince you have need of it? If my Reaſon (ſaid I unto her) ſhould tell me that it were a Crime to love you, I believe I ſhould endeavour not to commit it. And though mine would perſwade me, replied ſhe, that *Philocles* were the moſt amiable Man alive, yet *Philiſta* would not love him. By what way then is it poſſible to come unto your Heart, ſaid I unto her? *I* know not that my ſelf, anſwered ſhe; and if there be any blind parts, which may conduct any one unto it hereafter, it muſt be chance that makes him find it out. Since it is ſo, anſwered I, I am reſolved to ſeek it all my Life. But not find it for all that, (ſaid ſhe); therefore *Philocles* trouble your ſelf no further in it.

I did intend to ſpeak further unto her, but divers others came and joyned with us, ſo that our diſcourſe altered, and ever ſince ſhe carefully avoided all manner of private conference with me. In the mean while *Antigenes* and I did live together, as it were by conſtraint, for we never diſcourſed but of things indifferent. The Name of *Philiſta*, which was ſo dear unto us Both, was never ſo much as pronounced amongſt us when we were alone together. *Antigenes* obſerving that the Civilities of *Philiſta* unto me, did not continue, his diſpleaſure at it did vaniſh: ſo that ſeeing there was nothing to be feared from me, in lieu of hating me as his Rival, he pitied me as his Friend, and reſolved ſome time or other to ſpeak ſincerely unto me concerning it: and coming one Morning unto my Chamber, he ſaid unto me, That he thought himſelf the moſt unfortunate Man in the World, becauſe he imagined that I was in love with *Philiſta*, as well as he; and proteſted unto me, that if he had obſerved any inclination in her to love me, he would rather die than be any Obſtacle to my Felicity: but ſince he ſaw her Mind was ſo far from any advantagious Thoughts of me, he thought he was not injurious unto me, in falling in love with one whom I could not love before him, ſince we ſaw her both together the firſt time, and ſince the firſt minute of her ſight was the firſt beginning of his Paſſion: Indeed he ſpoke unto me with as much Generoſity as I (a Lover who would not quit his Miſtreſs) could do: and I anſwered him with as much Diſcretion, as a deſperate Man, and one who had ſome Vertue, was capable of, ſpeaking unto a Rival that was more happy than himſelf, and one who he eſteemed as his Friend. I confeſſed ſo ingenuouſly unto him, that I had no lawful cauſe to complain againſt him; but I told him further, that for all that, it was impoſſible for me but to be infinitely angry at his good Fortune; That it was but a piece of raillery to think that two Rivals could ever be true Friends, and that all which Generoſity and Prudence could do in ſuch Caſes, was, to prevent them from being mortal Enemies. Moreover, ſince I was too juſt to deſire him to give over his Deſign, ſo I deſired him not to take it ill I continued mine, and told him, he might well enough agree unto ſo much Liberty, ſince there was very ſmall appearance it would any thing advantage me.

In Concluſion, after a long Conference, we agreed to diſcourſe no more together concerning *Philiſta*, but both of us to endeavour all we could to obtain her Love: and that he who of us two could arrive at that Honour, ſhould move that fair Lady to pronounce a Sentence of Death againſt him ſhe loved not. After this, *Antigenes* and I lived better together, and was as civil one to another as any Men could be, who endeavoured all they could to ruine one another. Since the Prince *Cleobulus* would retain me a long time with him, and ſince I had received new Orders from *Periander*, which would imploy me longer there, I had the leiſure to put in practice ſuch Expedients, as are uſually advantagious in Matters of

Love. I followed *Philiſta* whitherſoever ſhe went: I was perpetually in Conference with her, I ſpoke of her eternally unto all my Acquaintance, and I applauded no other Beauty but hers, but was continually, whenſoever I had any occaſion, extolling her to the Heavens: I compoſed Verſes in her Honour, which were better reliſhed by all the Court than thoſe of *Antigenes*, though perhaps his were more ingenious: I added Muſick unto my Poetry; I compoſed Airs as well as Words, and ſung them my ſelf with all the Art I had, ſo joining the Charms of Harmony unto my Expreſſions; I ſighed as I ſang, and endeavoured to enchant her Heart by her Ears; I was at vaſt Expences in Clothes, in Balls, in Collations, and Banquets, and in all manner of Liberalities; I got the Friendſhip both of all her Friends, and all her Lovers: *Alaſis* her Father loved me very well; a Brother ſhe had did not hate me; her Women, and all her Domeſticks, were all won by my Gifts; I ſpoke unto her with as much Reverence as he who approaches unto the Gods; I expreſſed my Paſſion both in Verſe and Proſe; my Tears alſo did often plead in my behalf: The violence of my Love did ſometimes, whether I would or no, blow fury in my Eyes, and deſpair into my Diſcourſe: I ſaw I was vexed, jealous, my Face changed; and to ſay all in few Words, the moſt miſerable Man in the World; yet I could not alter her Heart from that ſtubborn averſion which ſhe had towards me. I remember that one of her intimate Friends, who afterwards became mine alſo, asked her one day, Whether it was poſſible ſhe ſhould not eſteem me, ſince I had the good Fortune to get ſome ſhare in the eſteem of all the World beſides? She did then acknowledg unto him, that ſhe knew very well I did not deſerve thoſe rigid treatments I received from her: yet for all that, ſhe could not help it: and that ſince ſome Men do fall in Love, when they know no reaſon for it; ſo it was no wonder if there were ſome which hated, when they had no cauſe. But (ſaid that Friend unto her) thoſe who love, as you ſay, do ordinarily reſiſt againſt their Paſſion. It is true, replied ſhe, but it is only becauſe that Paſſion might move them unto ſome diſhonourable Actions. And do not you (replied her Friend) act ſome unjuſt ones? No, anſwered *Philiſta*, for I am not bound to love all the gallant Men which are in the World; but eſteem my ſelf very happy, that I have ſo good a Remedy againſt ſo terrible an Enemy. But (ſaid this charitable Confident further unto her) why do you not defend your ſelf with the ſame Arms againſt *Antigenes*, which you uſe againſt *Philocles*, ſince you do only fight for your own Liberty? Cruel Friend (ſaid ſhe unto him) urge me not ſo far, I conjure you, and force me not to tell you that which I dare not think upon without a Bluſh: Content your ſelf with this Conſideration only, that Love and Hatred are two tyrannical Paſſions, which oftentimes do mock both at Reaſon and Prudence: all that I can ſay unto you, is, that I have not reſiſted that ſtrong Averſion which I have unto *Philocles*, becauſe it can never do me any harm, and that I have much reſiſted againſt that Sympathy and Inclination I have towards *Antigenes*, becauſe it may be prejudicial unto me.

Thus did this Conference paſs, whilſt we were every Day with the Princeſs, unto whom all the Ladies reſorted, but amongſt the reſt, *Steſilea*, who indeed was a very paſſable Beauty, was moſt frequent: This Lady had a good Wit, but ſuch a jealous and envious Mind, that ſhe wiſhed her ſelf the only fair one in all the World; yet was my Heart ſo altogether taken up with *Philiſta*, that I perceived not things moſt viſible. So that I, not knowing ſhe abhorred her Rival in Beauty, did ſometimes diſcourſe with her: ſhe was ſo crafty, and full of Spirit, or at leaſt made many believe ſo, that indeed ſhe ſuited her ſelf with my Humour: ſhe began to diſſwade me from my Paſſion; afterwards to pity me, and complain of the Incivilities of *Philiſta* towards me, and of her Indulgence towards *Antigines*, and carried the matter with ſo much Art, that her Company was more agreeable unto me, and requiſite to comfort me. Then did I diſcover the Bottom of my Heart unto her, I laid open all my Imbecility before her, and conjured her to become my Friend; I asked her Advice; I moved her to ſuffer me that I might relate

late all my Misfortunes unto her, beſeeching her to have Thoughts of Pity towards me, ſince *Philiſta* had none. She hearkned to all this, as if ſhe had been all Goodneſs; ſhe was much moved at my Miſery, and made me value her at ſo high a Rate, that I eſteemed her as a moſt ſincere Friend: I had not one jealous Thought, but I imparted it unto her: As ſoon as *Philiſta* had looked upon me with any Diſreſpect, or any Roughneſs, I made my Complaint unto *Steſilea*. So that ſince *Philiſta* did avoid all Occaſions of ſpeaking with me, and ſince *Steſilea* on the contrary, gave me all poſſible Freedom, all the Court in a ſhort time did obſerve my ſecret Conference with this Lady; and ſince they knew, there was a ſecret Hatred between thoſe two Ladies, they could not imagine *I* would chuſe the Enemy of *Philiſta* for my Confident, but believed that *I* had altered my Mind, and that the Continuation of my Addreſſes unto *Philiſta* were only to hide my new Paſſion unto *Steſilea* the better. *Antigenes* was extreamly joyed at it, and all the Court was glad I had cured one Paſſion by another. *Steſilea*, when I was not with her, was joyed to ſee her Deſign had ſo proſperous Event: *Philiſta* only in Point of Honour, which reflected not upon me, but *Steſilea* was moved with much Spite; this fiery and inflexible Spirit was not at all mollified towards me, but her Deſign only was to make me hate *Steſilea*, if ſhe could, by any kind of crabbed Courſe ſhe could invent.

But to compleat up the Sum of my Misfortunes, ſince *I* could not be in any Favour with her of whom *I* would be loved, *I* was loved by another unto whom *I* could grant no further than Friendſhip: I muſt therefore tell you, that *Steſilea* did find ſomething ſo noble, ſo pure, ſo great, and ſo vertuous in my Paſſion unto *Philiſta*, and ſhe deſired that from me which *I* could give unto any but the other; ſo that tranſacting for her own Intereſt, ſhe gave me an hundred crafty Counſels which *I* followed, becauſe they ſeemed to be good, although they did much diſadvantage me concerning *Philiſta*. This being the State of things, *Antigenes* came one Morning unto my Chamber; and coming unto me with open Arms; My dear *Philocles*, ſaid he unto me, what Pleaſure do you take in in concealing your good Fortune, and my own from me? *Antigenes*, ſaid *I* unto him, not anſwering coldly unto ſuch Signs of Tenderneſs as he expreſſed; If it be true that *I* am happy, *I* am afraid you would not be ſo glad. *I* proteſt unto you (ſaid he unto me) that your Contentment is as dear unto me, as my own; and I could not be more joyed if the fair *Philiſta* ſhould love me, than I am that you do not love her any longer. I love the fair *Philiſta* no longer, ſaid I unto him all amazed! Ah *Antigenes*, do not deceive your ſelf, for that is ſo rooted a Paſſion in me, that it and I muſt die together. But (replied he, more amazed than I) all the Court, and *Philiſta* her ſelf, think you are in love with *Steſilea*. Does *Philiſta* (ſaid I all ſurprized) think I am in love with *Steſilea*? Yes, anſwered he, and I, like all the World, believe it alſo. This Diſcourſe did ſo much aſtoniſh me, that I was never more troubled in all my Life than at that time, fearing this might make worſe for me in the Opinion of *Philiſta*, and grieved that I muſt now be deprived of the Conſolation which I found in the Society of *Steſilea*; ſo that without any longer Conference with *Antigenes*, I parted from him, proteſting, that I was never more in love with *Steſilea* than at that time, and that I would take ſuch Order as ſhould undeceive the World in their Opinion, that I was in love with *Steſilea*; yet ſince I was upon Terms of Friendſhip with that Lady, and thought my ſelf obliged unto her, and had received Conſolation from her, therefore I conceived it not fit to change my Courſe of Familiarity with her, before I acquainted her with the Reaſon. Going then unto her by a blind way, taking all heed that I ſhould not be perceived, I found her alone in her Chamber only with two of her Women: As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe eaſily perceived, that there was ſome new Croſs accident in the Wind. What's the matter *Philocles*? (ſaid ſhe unto me) Has *Philiſta* given you ſome freſh Affront? *Philiſta* (ſaid *I* unto her) has not much contributed unto the Diſaſter whereof I now complain; but *Steſilea* againſt her Will is a greater Cauſe than ſhe. She bluſhed at this Diſconrſe, I cannot eaſily gueſs (ſaid ſhe) what harm I can poſſibly have done uuto you, nor know I any but one Remedy which I could wiſh, which is, to remove that Paſſion out of your Heart which torments you, though I know you will not think that which would cure you, to be a Remedy. But *Philocles*, ſaid ſhe, leave me no longer in Suſpenſe, but tell me I beſeech you, how I have contributed unto that Sorrow which I ſee in your Eyes. Your Beauty ſaid I unto her, is the true cauſe of it. *Philocles*, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, think well what you ſay unto *Steſilea*. I do ſo, ſaid I unto her, for if ſhe were not ſo fair as ſhe is, all the Court would not report it that I am in love with her: *Philiſta* would not have thought it, and *Antigenes* would not have believed it: but becauſe the Truth is, her Beauty is extream, and becauſe ſhe cannot imagine why I ſhould ſo frequently viſit her, unleſs I give her my whole Heart, therefore they do believe it; all the Court does eſteem me happy in changing my Chains: *Antigenes* rejoiceth, and *Philiſta* is angry, and this I have gotten by coming ſo often unto *Steſilea*. The Truth is, things are brought into ſuch a Condition, that I am forced to deprive my ſelf of the greateſt Comfort I have, which was, to be often with you. Why *Philocles*, (replied ſhe in a great Amaze) becauſe fond Rumours run that you love me, will you therefore hate me? Heavens guard me, ſaid I unto her, from a Thought ſo unjuſt; for I ſhall eſteem you as long as I live, and my Friendſhip unto you ſhall be as conſtant as my Love is unto *Philiſta*. But ſweet *Steſilea*, ſince you are pleaſed to admit of my Confidence only in Relation to my own Intereſt, I hope you will permit me to withdraw my ſelf from ſeeing you upon the ſame Reaſon, to the end I may undeceive *Philiſta*. The Gods do know, ſaid I further, how difficult it is, to reſolve upon ſuch a Deſign. And the Gods do know, (anſwered ſhe with a Sigh) you have no Reaſon to take ſuch a Reſolution. What then would you have me do? (ſaid I unto her) for if *Philiſta* continue in a Belief that I love you, ſhe will never love me; and your Beauty is ſo admirable, that as long as I continue my Viſits unto you, ſhe cannot be convinced of the contrary, and therefore I beſeech you, permit me (amiable *Steſilea*,) to deprive my ſelf of the Happineſs in ſeeing you, eſpecially ſince your Intereſt is not concerned in it: for ſince it is not the Pleaſure of the Deſtinies that my Heart can be yours, *I* would not contribute any thing unto the Belief which the World aſſumes, whilſt in the mean *I* am the moſt miſerable Man upon Earth, who out of Fear to diſpleaſe her who loves me not, am forced to quit another, which hath given me ſo many Teſtimonies of her Goodneſs, and who doubtleſs pities me for this laſt Misfortune: Indeed *I* do (replied ſhe, bluſhing) and perhaps more than *I* ought. But *I* am to be lamented as well as you: for if it be ſo that the Court believes you be in love with me, what ſtrange Tales will be told unto my Diſadvantage if you leave off your ſeeing me upon a ſudden? will they not ſuppoſe that you have either fooled *Steſilea*, or that it is carried ſo out of Subtilty? No, no, *Philocles*, the Alteration muſt not be ſo ſuddenly; or, if you will needs have it ſo, you muſt in regard of my Honour, make it ſeem as if *I* treated you ill: but, if ſo, ſaid *I*, I ſhall not juſtify my ſelf in the Opinion of *Philiſta*, ſince ſhe will have ſome cauſe to think, that *I* quitted you, only becauſe you chaſed me away. And indeed, it was the Plot of *Steſilea*, to make *Philiſta* think ſo. But *Philocles*, replied ſhe, do you think that Jealouſy is a bad Procurer of Love: for my part, I think it an excellent good one; and am fully perſuaded that if you were really in love with any other Lady, than *Philiſta*, ſhe would love you the better for it; Yes, ſaid I unto her, but you muſt imagine that her Affection would be then very indifferent unto me, if I ſhould love her no longer. It's true, replied ſhe, but if this way were leſs unjuſt than *Philiſta* her ſelf is, you would be for ever happy.

Steſilea pronounced theſe Words in ſuch a manner, that the Tenderneſs of her Friendſhip was of another Nature than mine: and it troubled me ſo much, that the reſt of our Conference was in very ambiguous Phraſes from both Parties, which I believe perſuaded us, that both of us underſtood one another: But ſince I could not alter my Heart, and would not deceive a Lady unto whom I had profeſſed ſo much Amity, I parted from her, complaining againſt my ſelf, and as I believe, giving her ſome Reaſon to complain againſt her ſelf, for the cruel Reſolution I had taken to diſcourſe no more in private, nor to ſpeak with her but very ſeldom. Mean time, ſince this Viſit laſted very long, and was known unto *Antigenes*, this change in my courſe of living with *Steſilea*, did not work thoſe Effects I hoped, and the Rumour went, that this Separation was a Compact only 'twixt her and me: inſomuch as *Philiſta* was not at all undeceived: and *Steſilea* made high Complaints whenſoever ſhe found Opportunity for it: Saying, it was ſtrange I ſhould have ſo little care of her Reputation, as to ſacrifice it for one who loved me not. During all this while, *Philiſta*, though ſhe would love me her ſelf, did what ſhe could to make me hate *Steſilea*; yet, do what ſhe could, I ſtill retained a friendly Opinion of her: It is very true, that it did conduce to my greater Perſecution; for I was even deſperate, to ſee that I was the cauſe of her Diſquiets. Thus ſtood the State of things, when I received an expreſs Order to return unto *Corinth*: you may imagine into what a damp this drove my Soul. I was to leave a Lady whom I loved, but who loved not me: I forſook another Lady, who did a little love me, and whom I doubted not but ſhould ruin me, as much as ſhe could in the Opinion of *Philiſta*, during my Abſence: But for one Piece of good Fortune to me, the Father of *Antigenes* hearing where he was, did peremptorily command him to return, ſo that this was no ſmall Conſolation unto me, nor was the News I heard of *Alaſis* his returning unto his own Country very ſhortly, leſs joyful to me; but I kept it very cloſe from *Antigenes*; becauſe I had the Intelligence by an indirect way. The Prince *Cleobulus* did embrace me at parting, and the Princeſs his Daughter, who indeed was a moſt admirable Lady, gave me a Letter to the Princeſs of *Corinth*, which was writ no leſs in my Advantage than that I brought. But when I was to bid adieu unto the Princeſs, and afterwards unto *Philiſta*, that was a doleful Story to me: *Antigenes* and I met both there together, and I had ſo much Satisfaction by it, that I hindred him from ſpeaking in private unto *Philiſta*; but yet I found ſo much Diſſatisfaction alſo, as to ſee a notable Difference in the Adieus of this Beauty. Every time ſhe looked upon *Antigenes* in this laſt Conference, I ſaw in her Eyes a melancholy Cloud, which without any dim unto her Beauty, did augment her Sweetneſs; and when by chance ſhe looked upon me, I could find nothing but Indifferency, or Diſdain; ſhe bid me adieu, and hardly looked upon me; but her Eyes followed the happy *Antigenes*, as far as they could poſſibly ſee. To tell you how *Antigenes* and I lived together, during our Navigation, would be ſuperfluous, it being eaſy to be imagined we muſed continually upon the matter; and hardly ſpoke a Word, but thought the more. I was ſomething comforted, in that I brought my Rival away with me. As for *Steſilea*, I took no leave of her, though I endeavoured it: Deſpight and Sorrow, and Honour, would not let her diſcover her Weakneſs. At the laſt we arrived at *Corinth*, where *Periander*, and the Princeſs *Cleobuline* received me with Joy: but yet there were no Delights to be found in it for me: I ſhunned all ſuch Company, as formerly I was wont to court: *Arion* only was he who did a little comfort me, for he was of a great Spirit, and paſſionate Soul: I found in his Diſcourſe and Songs, I knew not what kind of charming Power, which did allay my Sorrows, and keep me alive. Mean time, I was even deſperate to ſee *Antigenes* would not engage himſelf unto any freſh Beauty: and thus did I live for almoſt a whole Year. But in the end, it was known that *Alaſis* Father of *Philiſta* would come with his Daughter (for he had not a Wife) to inhabit in his ancient Country. Oh Heavens! how this News rejoyced me! But this Joy was qualified when I underſtood, that the elder Brother of *Philiſta* had married *Steſilea*, a little before their Departure from *Jaliſſa*, and that ſhe came alſo with them: Indeed this Marriage did much augment my Sorrows, yet did I hope, that ſince *Steſilea* was vertuous, the Change in her Condition would work upon her Soul, and that it would be more advantagious unto me to have a Friend ſo neer allied unto *Philiſta*. *Antigenes* was ſo glad of this News, that his Joy appeared in all his Actions, which did not a little trouble me. But in Concluſion, this long'd-for Company arrived: You may very well imagine, that I prepared the Mind of *Periander*, of *Meliſſa*, and of the Princeſs *Cleobuline*, to receive that Lady who was ſo infinitely dear unto me, very favourably: and I was ſo happy as to underſtand that *Philiſta* knew how I had done her that good Office: But though ſhe did acknowledg her ſelf obliged unto me for it, yet did ſhe love me not a whit the better, but came unto *Corinth* the very ſame I left her at *Jaliſſa*, which was, very bitter againſt me, and very ſweet unto *Antigenes*: As for *Steſilea*, I found a notable Alteration in her; for her Beauty was a little impaired, and ſhe had a Mask of ſo ſad a Melancholy on her Face, that I durſt never ask her the Cauſe; and ſince I did not ſeek for any Occaſions to ſpeak in private with her, ſhe alſo did avoid them as well as I. In the mean while, there was nothing which I did not, that might divert *Philiſta*, for ſhe durſt not openly refuſe my Civilities, becauſe her Father, having ſome Obligations upon him towards me, would have took it ill from her. I ſhewed her then all that was delightful in *Corinth*: Poor *Arion* did ſing ſo often to her for love of me, as I was aſtoniſhed, that a Voice and a Harp, which charmed the *Dolphins*, could not ſweeten the Fierceneſs of her obdurate Soul. But ſhe was all this while immoveable. *Steſilea* for her part, was not only reſolute never to expreſs any Teſtimonies of her Affection to me, but intended to cheriſh that Averſion which *Philiſta* had unto me: and indeed this unjuſt Lady, ſince their new Alliance, had perſuaded *Philiſta*, that I was in love with her. So that *Philiſta* did treat me worſe at *Corinth*, than at *Jaliſſa*. I could never go unto *Philiſta*, but I found *Steſilea* in her Chamber, or elſe *Philiſta* was in hers, which angred me to the Heart; for I think there is nothing more irkſome, than every day to ſee together one whom I love, which loves not me, and another who loves me, and I love not her; though her whom I do love, thinks that I do love her whom I do not love. Yet did I endure this Torment a long time, without finding any Conſolation in any thing, and not obtaining one favourable Word from *Philiſta*. I remember one day, when I came unto this hard-hearted Lady, one deſired to ſpeak with *Steſilea*: I took hold of that Opportunity, and beſeeched her to tell me, if ſhe could poſſibly remember all the Sorrows which I ſuffered at *Jaliſſa*, and not have ſome Thoughts of Repentance? Then did I repeat the Original of my Love, and a hundred Thouſand petty things, which had taken ſo deep a Root in my Heart, that I reſented them as if they were yet to come: But *Philiſta* hardly hearing me, did anſwer me far from the purpoſe, and in ſuch a ſlighting manner, as would have cauſed any other than my ſelf, to have out-run his Patience. Since I did complain in moſt reſpective manner; Truly *Philocles* (ſaid ſhe unto me, ſmiling) you muſt pardon me, for I do not remember what you ſaid unto me; I know very well, that I had the Honour to ſee you at *Jaliſſa*; but to imagine, that I ſhould here remember either what you ſaid, or what you did there, would be to abuſe your ſelf; for I uſe to charge my Memory with very few things; Time paſt, and time to come, are two things I never think on. What, moſt unjuſt Lady (ſaid I unto her) do you not remember how oft I have told you how paſſionately I loved you! Although I ſhould remember ſuch a thing (replied ſhe) yet ſhould you be never the better for it. Then repeating the Places where I expreſſed my Paſſion, ſometime in the Garden, other times at the Princeſs of *Lindus*'s Lodgings, and ſeveral times at her own, I perceived that ſhe did not remember one quarter of thoſe things I told her; which vexed me more than if ſhe had given me the worſt Language, there being nothing ſo offenſive, nor a greater Sign of Scorn or Indifference, than Oblivion. Is it poſſible (ſaid I unto her, being much moved and grieved at it) that I ſhould remember all the Actions of *Philiſta*, all her Words, and even all her Looks, and that ſhe would not remember one of the hundred thouſand Torments which I endured, and which ſhe cauſed? Oh moſt obdurate and cruel Woman! muſt I be more unhappy than ever? What do you think, ſaid ſhe (laughing at my Anger and Complaints)? I thought to be only hated (ſaid I unto her) but by this cruel Oblivion, I ſee I am in a more deplorable Condition than I thought: ſince I am moſt certainly ſcorned: I ſee now you have a Soul which is not only inſenſible of me, but (if it may be permitted me to ſay it) it is a moſt dead Soul; you look upon me, and will not ſee me; you hear me, and will not underſtand me, nor am I certain whether or no you hear me now. Yes, anſwered ſhe, and I underſtand very well that you tell me of one of the moſt fantaſtical things in the World, but I will not promiſe you to remember it when you are out of my ſight. In the Name of the Gods (ſaid I unto her) treat me not thus: hate me, if you cannot love me; but do not forget all that I do and ſay. Why, *Philocles*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) had you rather be hated than forgotten? Without all queſtion I had, anſwered I. But in the mean time, (replied ſhe) there is nothing more contrary to Love, than Hatred. Pardon me (ſaid I unto her) for there is at the leaſt ſome thought in a Soul which hates; nor is it abſolutely impoſſible, but Love may kindle amongſt the Sparks of Anger; but a cold and inſenſible Soul, which retains no memory of all one does to move it, what hopes is there of any Tenderneſs or Acknowledgment? How can it ever love thoſe it never thinks on? But yet (replied ſhe) I cannot conceive it better to be hated than forgotten. Alas, fair *Philiſta*, ſaid I unto her, you were never either hated, or forgotten: But I, whom you have cauſed to know both too experimentally, do really profeſs I had rather you would remember me, and hate me, than not remember me at all. Yet hatred, in my Opinion, is a very great obſtacle unto Love, ſaid ſhe. Yes, ſaid I, but Oblivion is a greater, ſince it is an abſolute impoſſibility any Love ſhould ariſe out of it, as it poſſibly may out of Anger or Hatred.

In one word, Madam, I think it ſo inhumane an Act to baniſh an unfortunate Lover out of remembrance, that I think it leſs cruelty to put him unto Death: Baniſh me out of your Heart therefore, Madam, if you cannot endure me, but leave me I beſeech you a little room in your Memory: forget if you pleaſe to ſpeak ill of me, and to complain of me for loving you ſo obſtinately againſt your will, but I beſeech you forget not how my Love has importuned you: Is this *Philiſta* (ſaid I unto her) of which I now beg too much? Yes, replied ſhe, for Hatred is a turbulent Paſſion, which diſturbs the reſt of all thoſe who have it; whereas Oblivion, on the contrary, is a dull ſleepy Spirit, which has nothing of Choler in it, and which makes one paſs away their time with pleaſure. Then (ſaid I unto her, not being Maſter of my own Reſentments, ſo much was I incenſed) I beſeech you forget the Delights, which the Converſation of *Antigenes* affords you, as well as the perplexity which the Company of *Philocles* does cauſe: No, (replied ſhe in a ſcoffing raillery) I have a better way than ſo, for I always remember what pleaſes me, and forget what perplexeth me. As I was beginning to anſwer, the Princeſs *Cleobuline* entred, and I immediately went out, it being impoſſible for me to ſtay any longer with her who denied me every thing but her Hatred. It ſeemed after this, that Fortune began to ſmile a little upon me, but it was only to make me more ſenſible of her Frowns, as afterwards you ſhall know It fell out ſo, that *Antigenes* was forced to go unto *Thebes* upon ſome urgent Occaſions; ſo that I enjoyed ſo much happineſs as to be quit of my beloved Rival, and in his abſence to ſpeak with more liberty unto *Philiſta*: but the more I entertained her, the more did it augment her Averſion, and to that extremity, as ſhe could not endure me: Yet did I ſollicite, as if I were not out of all hopes: I courted the Friendſhip of her Brother, and of *Alaſis*, very diligently, and I ſo obtained it, that both of them did openly teſtify they ſhould be very glad to have *Philiſta* marry me. My Uncle, who liked of this Alliance, and knew I was in love with this Lady, did ſpeak to them concerning me, after he had firſt written unto my Father about it, but ſpoke not a word to me, until after they had given him favourable Anſwers. So that I ſaw no Obſtacles at all, but only *Philiſta* her ſelf; but that was ſo great a one, as it was invincible. Her Father had no ſooner commanded her to look upon me as one who was to be her Husband, and expreſſed himſelf ſo peremptorily that he expected an abſolute Obedience, without any reſiſtance, but ſhe fell into extream deſpair: ſhe imployed *Steſilea* to her Brother, but in vain, and indeed ſhe found all her Tears, her Complaints, and her Prayers to no purpoſe. In the mean time, the Rumour of this Marriage ran all about, and all the Court rejoiced for the love of me; and every one came unto her to tender their complemental Service: but, to avoid ſuch Perſecutions, ſhe feigned to be ill, and by this cunning Device ſhe deprived me, as well as the reſt, of her ſight. *Steſilea* was with her all this while, doing me as ill Offices as ſhe could; and aſſiſting *Antigenes* to my prejudice. The Melancholy of *Philiſta* was ſo extream, that ſhe became ſick in earneſt in feigning to be ſo, and ſo ſick too, that Phyſicians thought ſhe would die; but afterwards, ſhe recovered, and was able to endure Company, but yet ſhe continued in a languiſhing manner, and ſo very melancholy, that her Humour could not be known. I, among the reſt, came to ſee her, and ſhe durſt not deny me: yet did I ſee her almoſt without any ſatisfaction, out of any Opinion I was the cauſe of all her Ill.

During this time, many did ſpeak unto her in my behalf; and the Princeſs *Cleobuline* would needs know of her why ſhe carried the Matter ſo violently againſt me? but ſhe could not poſſibly get any other anſwer from her, but that ſhe did not know the Cauſe her ſelf; ſhe agreed with the Princeſs, that I was of ſuch a Family, as that Alliance with me would be an Houour unto hers; that I had a better Eſtate than ever ſhe could hope for; that I had a fair Eſteem in the World; and doubtleſs I loved infinitely, ſince I continued it notwithſtanding her extream Diſdain: but yet for all this, ſhe would always ſay that ſhe could never love me: and that there was ſomething in her Heart which ſhe could not maſter, and which was oppoſite unto any thing that would be advantagious unto me. But, ſaid the Princeſs unto her, Is it not your Secret choice of *Antigenes*, which denies *Philocles* any entrance into your Heart? No, (ſaid ſhe unto her) for though I had no liking at all unto *Antigenes*, and though my Heart were abſolutely free, yet ſhould I ever have an averſion to *Philocles*: for indeed, ſince I do not hate him out of any Reaſon, but out of a Secret Cauſe, which I underſtand not, I need ſeek no further.

The Princeſs who did me the honour to favour me, ſeeing the Fancy of *Philiſta*, endeavoured to withdraw my Affection; but ſince there was ſo great a ſympathy in me to love her, as there was antipathy in her to hate me; ſhe could not prevail. I did acknowledg, againſt my mind, that there was in *Corinth* as excellent Beauties as *Philiſta* every whit, as ſprightly and noble; but yet for all that I could not chuſe but love her above them all: ſo that finding as great an impoſſibility to make me forget her, as there was to move her to love me, ſo we continued both moſt miſerable. *Steſilea* only found in her Heart ſome malignant ſatisfaction at our Misfortunes, taking much pleaſure, doubtleſs, to ſee that Man whom ſhe had loved, to be hated by her he loved: and alſo to ſee her whom ſhe imagined to be the Cauſe why ſhe was not loved again, to be miſerable, both by my paſſion, and her own. In the mean while *Alcaſis* was much incenſed again *Philiſta*, ſo much as he ſent her word, he was reſolved to ſee her no more until ſhe reſolved to marry me, and live complacentially towards me: her Brother was in the ſame Humour: ſo that ſhe having no hopes in her, but all deſpair, ſhe lived ſo melancholy a Life, that all the Court diſcourſed of it. Yet ſhe ſuffered not alone, for I did participate of her Miſeries in a moſt cruel manner: ſometime I would needs reſolve to love her no longer, and almoſt imagigined my ſelf able to do it: But alas, I had no ſooner took up that Reſolution, but my walk carried me unto her, whether I would or no. *Antigenes* was all this while abſent, and there was none to cauſe all my Miſeries, but *Philiſta*. One day when I was with her, when it fortuned, *Steſilea*, contrary to her Cuſtom, was abſent; after ſome Ladies which were with her were gone away; we both of us did ſit mute, and ſpoke not a word to one another. *Philiſta* deeply muſing, and never looking at me, and I continually gazing upon her, and durſt not begin Diſcourſe: I found ſo great an alteration in her Face, that I wondred at it. But when ſhe looked up, and I perceived her Eyes ſo full of Tears, which ſhe could not reſtrain, tho ſhe did endeavour it as much as poſſible; I was ſo ſenſibly moved at it, that it was impoſſible any ſhould be more.

Madam, ſaid I unto her, May I take ſo much liberty, as to ask, Whether thoſe Tears which I ſee, proceed from any Cauſe which is known unto me? Yes, ſaid ſhe, in a languiſhing manner; and more than that, you may cauſe them to ceaſe. I, Madam, (ſaid I unto her). Yes, replied ſhe; for if you were as generous as you ſhould be, I ſhould be at more quiet, and you alſo: and indeed, Why cannot you hate me? The ſame Queſtion may be asked, Madam, (replied I) Why cannot you love me? The Reaſon is, ſaid ſhe, Becauſe I cannot. The ſame Reaſon is for me, Madam, ſaid I unto her, for I can no more ceaſe from loving you, than you ceaſe from hating me. Know then, however, ſaid ſhe, that by reaſon of this Impoſſibility, I am not in any Fault. Be pleaſed to know alſo, by the ſame Reaſon, (anſwered I) that I am moſt unfortunate, ſince I cannot live without you, nor you live with me: But I better underſtand upon what Reaſon I love you, than I do what Reaſon you have not to endure my Love. Look for neither any Reaſons, nor Excuſes, for what I do, ſaid ſhe, for I look not for any my ſelf. Perhaps, ſaid I unto her, that Time, and my Services, may at length alter your Mind. No, *Philocles*, replied ſhe, deceive not your ſelf: I have hitherto carried the matter as well as I could; I have invented Pretences and Excuſes to defer the Marriage, which my Father will needs make up with you: I have counterfeited my ſelf Sick, and that ſo long until I was really ſo; but for all this, if my Father, or you, or both, do not alter your Reſolutions, I am fully reſolved to diſobey him openly, and by Conſequence be blamed by all the World; yet I cannot do otherwiſe. Alas, Madam, ſaid I unto her, Are you abſolutely determined to oppoſe my good Fortune? Call not that Marriage good Fortune, ſaid ſhe, which would be ſo diſadvantagious both for you and me; for what pleaſure can you find in ſeeing me perpetually Melancholy, and receiving an hundred Signs of indifferency from me? No, *Philocles*, you would not find any Happineſs in it, and therefore

fore if you be wiſe, think upon ſome other Courſe: and I am ſo generous, ſaid ſhe, as that I would not puniſh a Man who loves me (as you do) ſo cruelly; nor is your own Intereſt in this Buſineſs, leſs concerned than mine: And I am moſt certain, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould never marry you, although the whole Earth would be given to purchaſe my Conſent. I do conſider alſo, that affecting Honour, as I do, I ſhould think my ſelf infinitely obliged unto you, if you would not force me to an urgent neceſſity to reſiſt my Father, but of your ſelf reſolve to forſake me. To forſake you, Madam! (ſaid I unto her, with extream ſorrow) O Heavens! how can I obey you? Had you rather (ſaid ſhe) that I ſhould look upon you as my Perſecutor, and that I ſhould turn my Indifference into Fury againſt you, and Deſpair againſt my ſelf? And have you a mind to make me as miſerable, as you are unfortunate? You may very well think, that if I could love you, I would obey my Father: But ſince I am not able to do it, what grand Injuſtice is it to wiſh me unto things above my Power? No Dominion was ever ſo Tyrannical, as that which one pretends unto over the Soul. Think well with your ſelf, *Philocles*, conſider it, and if there be any Reaſon remaining in you, make uſe of it in qualifying your own Misfortunes, and making mine to ceaſe. Madam, ſaid I unto her, do you intend that I ſhould leave you the liberty to marry *Antigenes?* O no, no, I love you too well ever to conſent to it. If I were perſwaded that your diſdain of me, proceeded from a natural antipathy, which you could not overcome, I ſhould then be ſo reſpective of you, as that I would reſolve to die, in reſolving never to expreſs any more ſymptoms of my Love, or perſecuting you any longer: But, unjuſt Lady that you are, ſince your averſion to me is cauſed only by your Inclination unto *Antigenes*, and that you would not caſt off *Philocles*, but only to give him room in your Affection; be pleaſed to know, that I cannot brook it, nor will ever ſuffer it. *Antigenes*, ſaid *I*, has been my Friend, 'tis true; but ſince he is become my Rival, he muſt prepare himſelf to unlooſe the Bands of Friendſhip. I have hitherto reſtrained my Reſentments, I have ſeen him favoured and loved; but I can never ſee him the Husband of *Philiſta*: And therefore, to make all Parties Happy, alter your Deſign, *Philiſta*. It muſt be the Gods muſt alter it, anſwered ſhe; and ſince I cannot think they ever will, all that I can ſay unto you is, That although *Antigenes* were not in the World, though I had never known him, yet ſhould I be the ſame unto you I am. But however, Madam, ſaid I unto her, confeſs the Truth, *Antigenes* ſhould have the Honour to be the fair *Philiſta*'s Choice, if *Alaſis* would conſent unto it. I am too ſincere, replied ſhe, to deny what you ſay. O moſt cruel Lady, ſaid I unto her, will you make me abſolutely deſpair? But, *Philocles*, ſaid ſhe, would you have me loſe my Reaſon? What right have you to any part of my Will? Did I ever give you any hopes, ſince the firſt time I ſaw you? No, ſaid I unto her, but you have procured in me abundance of Love. Am I to blame, replied ſhe? Have I not an hundred times deſired you to ceaſe from loving me? 'Tis true, all that ever you ſaid unto me was in vain, for *Philocles* ſhall never enjoy me. And I ſwear by the Heavens, ſaid I, *Antigenes* ſhall never enjoy *Philiſta*, as long as *Philocles* lives. I had rather chuſe that Misfortune than the other, (replied ſhe). Would you ſo? (ſaid I, with a Mind full of Anger, Jealouſy, and Love). I have already told you ſo, anſwered ſhe. Since it is ſo, (purſued I) be pleaſed to know, that if you will, you may be rid of the unfortunate *Philocles*; he ſhall not perſecute you any more; nor unleſs you pleaſe, ſhall ever ſee you again. Which way (ſaid ſhe) can I obtain ſo great a happineſs? By breaking off with *Antigenes*, ſaid I unto her, and ſolemnly promiſing never to ſee him no ofter than me: for to imagine, that you ſhould caſt me off, and I ſuffer you to enjoy a thouſand happy days with my Rival, is a thing impoſſible. I know very well, Madam, that I do in ſome ſort tranſgreſs againſt the reſpect which I owe you; but whoſoever has no more reaſon than I have, is not ſubject to any Law of Complacency. Speak then, Madam, I beſeech you, Is it your pleaſure, *Philocles* ſhall ſee you no more? It is in your Power, and you may do it preſently. If I were your Wife, replied ſhe, what would you then do? If I ſhould enjoy that Honour, ſaid I unto her, I ſhould then truſt my ſelf with your Vertue; but ſince I am only the object of your Averſion and Diſdain, I muſt truſt unto my ſelf: Therefore, Madam, if you would not have me move *Alaſis* to compel you unto what he has promiſed me, write a Letter unto *Antigenes*, which ſhall abſolutely forbid him to ſee you at his return; and I ſhall immediately leave you in Peace, upon condition that the Promiſe which you ſhall make, be ſincere; which is, that you will never marry *Antigenes*. You tell me of ſuch horrid things, (anſwered ſhe) that I cannot poſſibly endure them. You alſo have given me ſuch diſmal Anſwers, replied I, that I wonder I can hear them and live; but however *Antigenes* ſhall never thrive by my diſgrace. Yet ſince I can never be yours, replied ſhe, Why ſhould you care whoſe I be? Why, Madam? (ſaid I unto her) alas, you do not know the Fury of that Paſſion which rules in me, to think there is no difference between a Rival that is loved, and another which is not. I know, that to loſe the poſſeſſion of her one loves, is a cruel Fate; but to ſee her enjoy the Rival which ſhe loves, is infinitely more terrible; therefore never imagine that I can ever change my Thoughts: Allow me then ſome time to conſider upon ſuch a fatal Propoſition. I am contented, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, ſighing); and afterwards aſſuming more calmneſs of Mind, I would to the Gods, Madam, ſaid I, that during this time of conſideration, you would change your Thoughts of me. And thus in a moſt unquiet Mind did I leave *Philiſta*; for ſhe ſaw I had given her an occaſion to be delivered of all my Importunities; yet it was upon condition, to quit her ſelf from *Antigenes* whom ſhe loved. On the other ſide, ſhe fear'd that if ſhe perſiſted any longer in her Obſtinacy, her Father would either force her to marry me, as there was great likelihood he would, or elſe I would kill *Antigenes*: for my part I was in no leſs perplexity than ſhe, for I had ſeen *Philiſta* ſo ſick, or altered, and ſo melancholy, that I feared it might prove the cauſe of her Death. Moreover, I thought ſuch an angry piece of Buſineſs, to force her Inclination in marrying me againſt her Will, by the

Authority of her Father, that I could hardly reſolve upon it: Sometimes a generous Diſdain made me aſhamed of my unworthy Perſeverance; but preſently after Love became predominant, and took up its firſt place, chaſing all other Thoughts from my Heart: Sometimes Anger would ſo tranſport me, that I would not marry her, but only to take her from *Antigenes*, and treat her ill afterwards, this ſeeming the ſweet way of all: Sometimes again, when my Mind was more ſerene, I would win her no way but by my Submiſſions: But the reſult of all my thoughts was, That *Antigenes* ſhould never marry her. Mean while *Alaſis* was angry at the proceeding of his Daughter, and began to haſten on the Marriage, ſending her word by her Brother, That it was his peremptory Pleaſure ſhe ſhould conſent unto it. Seeing her ſelf then in ſuch a narrow and deſperate Condition, ſhe ſent for me; and with Tears in her Eyes, *Philocles*, (ſaid ſhe to me) you have overcome me. Ah, Madam, ſaid I unto her, is it poſſible? Yes, ſaid ſhe, and upon condition you will break off with my Father, I promiſe you to break off with *Antigenes*. O Heavens, Madam, ſaid I unto her, how diſmal is this Victory? and how dear do I buy thoſe Tears? But, Madam, ſaid I, can you caſt off *Antigenes*, purpoſely to caſt off *Philocles*? Keep, ſaid ſhe, within the limits of your Propoſition, unleſs you intend to drive me into ſome deſperate Reſolution. *Philiſta* pronounced theſe words in ſuch a manner, that notwithſtanding my choler, I did pity her. Madam, ſaid I unto her, what aſſurance can I have that you will caſt off *Antigenes*? This Letter, ſaid ſhe, which you ſhall give, or ſend unto him. I beſeech you, added ſhe, ſince I do for you all that I can, do for me what you ought, and ſee me no more I conjure you. In ſaying ſo, ſhe left me, and went into her Cloſet; but ſo pale, ſo changed, and ſo much ſorrow in her Eyes, that I ſaw *Antigenes* was more in her favour than I had thought. It is not eaſy for me to tell you the ſtate of my Soul at that time: I quitted her, and her Chamber, and went unto my own, where opening *Philiſta*'s Letter, I read theſe words.

PHILI-

PHILISTA *unto* ANTIGENES.

SInce Philocles *hath promiſed me to ſee me no more, I do conjure you, by that Power which you have given me over you, to do the ſame. This is the only way which can keep me from becoming his; and it is by his Will only, that mine is not tyrannized over by my Father. To prevent my marrying of him, whom I love not, I muſt deprive my ſelf of him, whom doubtleſs I would have loved, if it had been permitted me. But what ſhould I do? the Fates will have it ſo, and there's an end: Mean time remember, that I expect Obedience from you, and that I never ſee you; alſo that you neither quarrel with* Philocles, *nor he with you, concerning me: for ſince he deprives himſelf of all he loves, (which is my ſelf) for the love of me: It is but juſt that you do as much for him, ſince it conduceth to the Tranquillity of*

PHILISTA.

O Heavens, what variety of Thoughts did this Letter beget in me! One while I was pleaſed in thinking *Antigenes* ſhould ſee *Philiſta* no more; immediately after I was all Sorrow to ſee how ill I ſtood in her Fancy. I thought an hundred times, and an hundred, to alter my Reſolution; and as oft again to follow thoſe Reſolutions I had taken. I deſired a Friend of mine to go unto *Alaſis*, and to beſeech him moſt humbly that he would not uſe any forcings upon the Inclination of *Philiſta*, but at the leaſt to give her ſome time to conſider upon it. It ſo fell out, that I was to take a Journy upon ſome important buſineſs, and was within a few days to leave *Corinth*; *Alaſis* began preſently to ſuſpect the truth, and would needs have it ſo, that notwithſtanding the averſion of his Daughter I muſt marry her; but I departed, without bidding adieu unto any, and went unto *Antigenes*; you may eaſily imagine that I undertook this Journy with extream Sorrow. As ſoon as I came to *Thebes*, I enquired where *Antigenes* lodged, and found the place, but they told me, that he was gone into the Gardens, which are beyond the Caſtle of *Cadmus*; being

ing ſhewed the way, I went thither, and found him there, with many Beauties, walking in the Walks which were very large: As I eſpied him at the end of one Walk, I paſſed into another, not deſiring to ſpeak unto him before ſo many; and coming unto the end of a Walk juſt oppoſite to that where he was, I ſaw the Converſation of thoſe Ladies and him was very high, gallant, and pleaſant; and me thought, for a Man that was in love at *Corinth*, he was a little too jocund and merry at *Thebes*; but ſince I was not in the ſame Humour wherein I ſaw him, I would not mingle into the Company of ſuch who were all unknown unto me but my Rival, but returned and waited for him at his Lodging; ſince it was late before he returned that Night, my Patience would hardly hold out, yet I had ſo great a deſire to give him this cooling News, that I ſtaid ſtill: He was no ſooner come in, but going into the Chamber, where his Men had placed me, I went towards him in a cold kind of manner, but I was much ſurprized to ſee him come unto me with a freer Countenance than ever he did ſince we were Rivals. Is *Philocles* (ſaid he unto me) at *Thebes?* O Heavens, is it poſſible! Yes, anſwered I unto him, and he came hither purpoſely to *Antigenes*, by order from *Philiſta.* Are you upon ſuch good terms with her (ſaid he unto me) that ſhe ſhould give you any ſuch Commiſſion? You ſhall ſee by her Letter, ſaid I unto him, and gave it him. *Antigenes* bluſhed in taking of it, and going unto the Table whereon there was a Candle: I confeſs, ſaid he, I cannot gueſs at the buſineſs, but after he had read the Letter, without any ſuch great Reſentment as I expected: No, no, *Philocles* (ſaid he unto me, repeating ſome words of *Philiſta*'s Letter) *Antigenes* ſhall not quarrel with you; and though you would quarrel with him, yet he will not ſuffer it to be ſo. I confeſs this Diſcourſe of *Antigenes* did much ſurprize me; but after he had imbraced me, he told me how the Gods had cured him of his Paſſion: And tho I cannot confeſs it (ſaid he) without ſhame, yet for your Tranquillity, I will acknowledg my Mutability, and tell you that I am now in Love at *Thebes*, as I was at *Corinth*. How, ſaid I unto him, is *Antigenes*, whom *Philiſta* loves, inconſtant? and is *Philocles*, whom ſhe hates and ſcorns, faithful? So it is, replied he, and I can give no other reaſon for it, unleſs this, That the Gods would not have me any longer continue a Rival unto one of my deareſt Friends. I did not at the firſt give any Credit unto the Words of *Antigenes*, but the next Morning he ſhewed me the Lady whom he then loved, who indeed was a Miracle of Beauty. I enquired farther in the Town, and found that ever ſince he came to *Thebes*, he ſeemed to be in love with her. Then did we renew our ancient Friendſhip; and I returned unto *Corinth*, with permiſſion from him to make *Philiſta* acquainted with his Inconſtancy, hoping that perhaps it would conduce unto my advantage: But alas, this Hope was ill bottom'd; for ſhe, not being able to revenge her ſelf upon *Antigenes* for his Infidelity, would needs caſt all her Revenge upon me, and treated me more cruelly than ever.

At that time her Father died; ſo that now fearing none, but having the Staff in her own hand, ſhe did beat me with it, and not ſee me any more; and, to compleat my Misfortune, this cruel Lady, being well recovered in her Health, and fairer than ever, returned unto *Jaliſſa*, unto an Aunt of hers there, and a little while after was alſo married there; never ſhewing any thing but ſigns of extream Averſion unto me, or at the beſt, Indifferency: ſo that by Conſequence I may well ſay, that I have not only been deprived of all the Sweets of Love, but have alſo had Experience of all its Bitters, there never being any, without doubt, could equal this. I could not endure the place where I had been ſo long tormented; and notwithſtanding any thing that any could ſay unto me, I left *Corinth*, and returned unto *Cyprus*, where I continued adoring that obdurate Lady; ſo that without hopes of being loved I perſiſted ſtill, and ever ſhall do in Love; and by Conſequence muſt be the moſt unfortunate Man that ever loved or lived. Abſence is doubtleſs a moſt ſenſible Evil, but to be abſolutely caſheered out of the Heart of her one loves, is much more cruel than to be only out of her Eyes: this Evil has a thouſand Remedies, which may cure, at the leaſt, comfort it. The remembrance of pleaſing Paſſages joyned unto the hopes of Return, does ſweeten many an hour, whatſoever *Thimocrates* is pleaſed to ſay; nor do I know whether the Joy and Pleaſure which one takes to ſee his Miſtreſs again after a long abſence from her, be not greater than all the Miſeries that Abſence can cauſe. But to imagine that one is not loved, nor ever ſhall be, this is an incomprehenſible Miſery, at the leaſt to one that hath had Experience of it: for this grand Abſence comprehends all other ſorts of Abſences, ſince in the very preſence of Her one loves, he is abſent from her Heart and Mind, unto which no other Abſence can be comparable. I do confeſs, that doubtleſs the Death of a Miſtriſs is more rigorous than Abſence; but I cannot endure any ſhould ſay, that he who is not loved ſhould be leſs miſerable, than he who loſeth that which he loves. This laſt Evil is certainly a moſt violent one; yet notwithſtanding, according to the intention of Nature, it loſeth ſomething of its Force as ſoon as it is come unto its Limit; but this which I endure, contrary to the order of all the Univerſe, is more violent and durable; the longer it laſts the more it augments, whereas the other on the contrary, does at length diminiſh. That impoſſibility which there is to raiſe one from the dead, makes a Soul reſt it ſelf whether it will or no, in its own Sorrow; it ſhuts it ſelf, as one may ſay, within the Tomb of her he loves, and lulling it ſelf aſleep in the Coffin with her, its Sorrows by degrees does there languiſh, and he has ſome Conſolation there, that he can bedew with Tears the Aſhes of his Miſtreſs. But a ſcorned Lover, who ſees himſelf dead in the Heart of his Miſtreſs, enjoys no Reſt; for being perſwaded that it is not abſolutely impoſſible, but ſome alteration or other may happen in his buſineſs, he plots a hundred ſeveral Devices, which none of them hitting the Mark he aimed at, does continually drive him into Deſpair: all his hope is to be unquiet and not to be comforted; and doing every thing which others uſe to do which may make themſelves loved, he does them all in vain, the more he loves, the more he is ſcorned; or without any power to cure himſelf, or ever deſiring it, he endures an incredible Torment. Jealouſie indeed is a very dangerous Poyſon, but it ſpits not all its Malignity on the Heart of that Lover, who thinks himſelf ſometimes loved; and if Jealouſie can ever be ranked amongſt the greateſt Miſeries, doubtleſs it muſt be, when he who is jealous is perſwaded that the Lady whom he loves, had never one good thought of him. Yet it comes not near that Torment which I endure; for I am perſwaded, that if I had only one ſingle Thought, I ſhould hereafter be loved by *Philiſta* but one poor Day, the very thoughts of that one Day would ſweeten all my Miſeries, and fortify my hopes as long as I lived. A jealous Man may himſelf imagine that perhaps, what he thinks is not ſo; for that Paſſion does commonly inſpire only incertain Thoughts, and ill-grounded Fancies. But when one finds by a long and a ſad Experience, that there is an abſolute unalterable Averſion in the Heart of Her he loves; what more pleaſant Thought can he have than the deſire of Death? For truly, all the Cares, the Services, the Sighs, the Tears, and every thing elſe which the moſt faithful Lovers do, are all done, that by them they may obtain the Happineſs to be loved; that is all the Recompence of Love, the Prize which is only aimed at, and without it all other things are nothing; and to obtain it, they will willingly ſuffer whole Years of Miſery: He then that is deprived of that which is the End, the Aim, and Wiſh of all Lovers, who ever did love, do love, or ever ſhall love, muſt needs be the moſt lamentable; and I dare affirm, that I ſuffer more than any one in the Word can, and by conſequence, it would be extream Injuſtice not to lament me the more, than any unfortunate Man who ſuffer leſs.

Thus did *Philocles* relate and end his Story, with his Reaſons, which ſeemed ſo ſtrong unto *Marteſia*, that ſhe could not forbear her bitter Invectives againſt *Philiſta*, in ſo much as *Philocles* was forced to take her part and excuſe her: For my part, ſaid *Cyrus*, as I muſt needs blame her, ſo I muſt needs pity *Philocles:* for the Gods it ſeems are much incenſed againſt her, for making her to look upon that as a Misfortune, which would have made her infinitely happy: But ſince ſhe her ſelf, replied *Erenice*, is the cauſe of her Misfortune, me thinks, Sir, that ſhe deſerves it. *Philocles*, ſaid *Aglatidas*, is queſtionleſs, much to be lamented: for if Fortune had only croſſed his Deſigns, he would more eaſily have endured it, than to ſee *Philiſta* do it. This Miſery is great indeed, replied *Thimocrates*, but when I think upon what I ſuffer, I think it little. But I conceive it more inſupportable than yours, replied the Prince *Artibies*, though a thouſand Degrees ſhort of mine: O I wiſh to the Gods, that the adored Lady whoſe loſs I mourn for, were in ſuch a Condition, that I might ſuffer the ſame for her. This is a very ſtrange Wiſh, added *Leontidas*, yet I do not know whether thoſe which I have often made in my jealous fits, would not ſeem more ſtrange unto you. It is not your time to ſpeak yet, ſaid *Marteſia*, but if you be pleaſed to think well of it, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and looked upon *Cyrus*, the Prince *Artibies*, according unto the Order which you approved of, ſhall tell his ſtory before *Leontidas*. You are their Judg, replied *Cyrus*, and it is only you, unto whom they all muſt be obedient, and I believe the Prince *Artibies* is well pleaſed with it. Then after he had called to mind, all the diſmal *Ideas*, of his dead Miſtreſs, his Countenance altered, his Eyes were more Melancholy than before, and after he had ſighed two or three times, he began his Story thus.

The Lover in Mourning. The third Hiſtory.

THe remembrance of Misfortunes is doubtleſs very pleaſing unto thoſe who do not endure them any longer, and who like Men eſcaped from Ship-wrack, and out of all Fears, do tell the Dangers they have avoided: But the Miſery which I endure, being eternal, or at the ſooneſt, muſt not end but with Life, it is hard for me to have a Soul ſo free, as to tell you exactly, the original and progreſs of my Paſſion; And though it were poſſible to find ſome ſweetneſs in complaining againſt ſuch Evils, yet would there be none in the remembrance of ſuch paſt Pleaſures, which can never be enjoyed. Pardon me therefore, I conjure you, if I deſcant upon nothing but what is fatally diſmal; and think not ill of me, if my Soul, which is uſed unto no thoughts but Death, does entertain you with dull and melancholy Relations, and fill your Imaginations with nothing but Urns, Coffins, and Tombs. I ſhall not inſiſt to tell you the Reaſons, why the Prince of *Sicily* my Brother, ſent me unto *Thebes*, ſince it is not pertinent unto your knowledg, that it was my Paſſion brought me thither: it will be ſufficient to inform you that I was two whole Years there; But perhaps it is not altogether impertinent to let you know that the Princeſs my Mother, was deſcended from the race of *Cadmus* Son of *Agenor*, who was ſo illuſtrious amongſt the *Thebeans*. I went then to *Thebes* in an equipage befitting my Birth; I was received there with much Honour; and within a few Days I was acquainted with all that were great and noble there. He who then was *Poetarch*, that is, Captain-General of *Poetia*, had a Son called *Polimnis*, near of my Age, with whom I contracted a moſt intimate Friendſhip, and who ſhewed me all the Ladies of Quality in *Thebes*, amongſt which I found abundance of rare Beauties. But in all the Companies wherein I was, I heard no diſcourſe but of the Sickneſs of one in the Town, whom all Reports made to be the faireſt in the World; and I asked *Polimnis* whether it was true, that this Perſon whom they ſaid was in danger to die, was fairer than any I had ſeen in *Thebes*? He aſſured, that ſhe had more Beauty than all the reſt, put them all together; afterwards I underſtood ſhe was his Couſin, and deſcended from *Etocles* Nephew of *Creon*, and Son of *Jocaſtus*, who wore the Crown with ſo many Misfortunes, and that this Lady had all the rare Qualities which could render one moſt perfectly accompliſhed. I began then upon theſe Reports, to intereſt my ſelf in her Condition; and every Day asked *Polimnis* how this fair ſick

Lady did? not yet being more ſenſible of any Sorrow, as you may well ſuppoſe, than the love of any beautiful things in general might cauſe, and ſuch as natural compaſſion might infuſe into a Man, who had a tender Soul and quick Imagination. However, it was an eaſy Matter to diſcover her Lovers, for they were all of them ſo Melancholy, that the moſt diſcreet amongſt them did ſhew their Paſſions by their Tears, or at leaſt by their Sighs. Upon a day when *Polimnis* and I paſſed by the Door of *Leontina* (ſo was this fair Lady called) and the ſame who had cured *Antigenes* of his love to *Philiſta*, we ſaw many Men go haſtily in, and ſaw others come out, with Eyes and Faces all Tears. *Polimnis* ſtayed one of *Leontina's* Women, whom he ſaw grieving very much, and ſhe told him, that her Miſtreſs was dying, and that ſhe was going to fetch one of her Friends whom ſhe deſired to ſpeak with, before ſhe loſt her Speech. *Polimnis*, who was of Kin to this ſick Lady, and loved her very well, deſired for me permiſſion to go unto her. I was ſo far from denying him, that I ſaid I would go with him. We entred into the Houſe, where the Condition of *Leontina* had cauſed ſuch diſorder, that much Ceremony was not to be obſerved: all the Doors were open; all the Domeſtiques in Tears; ſeveral Chambers through which we paſſed were full of People, and when we came near her Chamber, *Polimnis* having not yet met with any who could exactly tell him the ſtate of his Couſin, left me at the Door, and entred himſelf into her Chamber, which he found full of Men, who had no more Reaſon to enter than he had; and coming near the Canopy of Cloth of Gold, I ſaw upon a Bed which was under it, the incomparable *Leontina* in a Sound. But O Heavens! how this ſight did ſurprize and trouble me? The ſight of ſo great a Beauty, in ſo pitiful a Caſe, did deeply penetrate my Soul! She lay negligently, on one ſide, with her Head a little turned; her Hair half looſe, her right Arm out of Bed; her Neck a little open, her Eyes ſhut, her Mouth half open, without any ſign of Life; only a weak kind of breathing, which was hardly diſcernible; yet although the paleneſs of Death was upon her Face, I who entred after *Polimnis*, could ſay, that I never in all my life ſaw any ſo fair. You may well imagine how ſad I was to ſee her in that Condition: and to obſerve, that all Remedies and Phyſick would do her no good, which in an Hour after, I thought, I ſaw her ready to expire. *Polimnis*, who ſaw me near him, would divers times move me to go out, and avert our Eyes from ſo ſad an Object: but ſeeing none took any notice of us, but that without any offence we might remain there, I held him, and would not let him go out; for I was ſo much moved to ſee *Leontina* in that Condition, though I had never ſeen it in any othet, that indeed I was turned a very ſtock, and could not ſtir. But at laſt, when I was almoſt paſt all Hopes, I preſently perceived, I ſaw a freſh Colour appear upon the paleneſs of her Cheek, and as it were drive away that Mortal paleneſs which had ſpread it ſelf over all her Face; Preſently after, ſhe opened her Eyes, but though ſhe did immediately ſhut them again, I ſaw ſomething ſo ſplendid in them, that I was dazled: A little after that, ſhe ſighed, and turned her ſelf with ſo much ſtrength, that ſhe gave evident Signs and Hopes of her Amendment; ſo that the Phyſicians being put in ſome Hopes, they cauſed all to go out of the Chamber, but ſuch as might be uſeful, that ſhe might have no more Air, and they better help her. It is impoſſible for me to tell you, how half-dead *Leontina* did raiſe an immortal Paſſion in my Heart; Let it ſuffice, O my equitable Judg! that you know I loved her, though dying as ſhe was, and compaſſion did ſo moliſy my Heart, that Love wounded it without Reſiſtance.

After this, I was more careful than *Polimnis* was, to enquire every Day how ſhe did; and alſo more diligent than all the reſt of her ancient Lovers. Mean while it was the pleaſure of the Gods to reſtore her unto the Earth: ſhe recovered, and ſhe lived in perfect Health, and that ſo fair, ſo charming, and ſo admirable in all Things, that I eſteemed my ſelf infinitely happy in being her Slave. *Polimnis* carried me unto her, as ſoon as ſhe was in a Condition to be ſeen, and I was received with much Civility; I found alſo ſo many Graces in her Mind, that there was no need of any Beauty to captivate mine, if it had not been ſo already. I ſhall tell you, (but follow that rule which I propoſed) how I did all ſuch things, as a ſpringing Love does uſually produce; how I endeavoured to pleaſe her, to divert her, and to get my ſelf into her eſteem: But I ſhall only tell you, that though I was not very unproſperous in theſe three things, yet was it very long before I could receive any Signs of Complacency in her towards my Paſſion. *Leontina* was very civil, it is true, but ſo ſhe was unto all the World, yet my Love was not at all ſatisfied, but though I thought ſhe did not love me at all, yet did I continue to love her infinitely, as after her recovery it appeared: for ſhe being gone into the Country with ſome of her Friends, there ran a rumour about all *Thebes*, that ſhe was drowned in going over the River *Iſmenes*, the Coach being overturned in the midſt of the Water. This ſad Accident was related with all manner of Circumſtances; how *Leontina* was found Dead, ſome five or ſix paces from the Place where the Coach was broke, and there was no queſtion made of the truth in this tragick News. It is hard for me to tell you how I received it, I loſt my Speech, and almoſt my Life, I cannot tell you what I then ſaid or did, my Reaſon was ſo confounded, and my Sorrows told all the World, that I had much ado to hide my Paſſion, becauſe the humour of *Leontina* was not to affect thoſe publick Adorers, who make a vanity of their Paſſion: ſince it was two days Journy from *Thebes* unto the place where they ſaid this diſmal Misfortune happened, it was long before we could be informed of the certainty. But O Heavens! every Hour was an Age, and I paſſed them all without any hopes; and if *Polimnis* who was acquainted with my Love, had not prevented me, I had gone my ſelf unto the place, where they ſaid *Leontina* was drowned: But my impatience was ſo high, that I took Horſe, and went out of Town, though it were but to go into the way through which the Corps of *Leontina* was to come: *Polimnis* knowing of it, followed me, and deſiring to comfort me, he told me that I was happy his Couſin had been no more favourable unto me, ſince if ſhe had loved me, I ſhould have been much more unfortunate than I was: Ah unjuſt Friend, ſaid I unto him, you know not how to love; do you think it poſſible I ſhould be more grieved than I am? No, no, ſaid I unto him once again, you do not know what are the effects of Love. Alas, (ſaid I, never thinking *Polimnis* ſtood by) *Leontina* is dead: *Leontina* the Beauty of the World is moſt miſerably loſt; ſhe did not love me, it is true, but perhaps ſhe might have loved me hereafter, and becauſe ſhe did not at the preſent love me, muſt I therefore leave lamenting her? And was not my love of her ſufficient to make me eternally bewail her loſs? Yes, yes, (ſaid I, and turning towards *Polimnis*) there needs no more to prove unto you, that I muſt be for ever joyleſs, I loved *Leontina*, and I have loſt her, what needs more to make me deſperate? We do never uſe to mourn for them who love us when we do not love them; and we do always mourn for them we love, though they love not us. Lament, lament eternally, and weep for the incomparable *Leontina*. As I was thus condoling, *Polimnis* not hearkening unto me, but looking towards a great Plain, (for *Boetia* is a very flat and open Country) I ſtopped and looked as he did, and caſting my Eyes the ſame way, I ſaw a Coach appear, guarded and coveyed by ſome Horſe: After *Polimnis* and I had looked a while, whilſt the Coach drew near us, we knew it to belong unto that ſame fair one, whoſe loſs I ſo lamented: Ah *Polimnis*, (ſaid I diſtractedly) look where they bring the Corps of *Leontina*: in ſaying ſo, this ſad Object did ſo work upon my Spirits, that my Soul was too weak to ſupport ſo great a Grief: I would have put my Horſe on towards the Coach, which was coming towards us, but not knowing what I did, but having abſolutely loſt my Reaſon, I went backward in lieu of forward; *Polimnis* coming towards me, ſeeing my Countenance change, my Eyes twinkle, and I holding him by the Hand, ſaid in an undiſtinguiſhable tone, [I ſhall ſee her dead, *Polimnis*] and after this, he ſaw I let the Bridle of my Horſe fall, and if he had not held me up, I had fallen my ſelf; he then took me by the Arm, and one of my Men helping him, they took me off my Horſe very gently, and ſet me upon the ground ſome two paces from the way, where I lay in a ſound: *Polimnis* was then in a pityful Caſe, to ſee his Friend dying, and his Couſin dead: but as he was very buſy about me, and the Coach came nearer, he was extreamly ſurpriſed to hear Ladies in it Laughing and Singing; then did he riſe up to look who they were, and he ſaw *Leontina* in the Boot of the Coach, who knowing him, cauſed it to ſtay, that ſhe might ask him what he was doing there: but caſting her Eyes at the ſame time upon me, Oh Heavens! ſaid ſhe, is not that the Prince *Artibius* which I ſee? Yes, replied he, it is the ſame, and he is in great need of your help; but ſaid he unto her, How did you riſe from the Dead? for all in *Thebes* think you ſo. It is not now a time to tell you, (replied ſhe,) but rather to help your Friend: In ſaying ſo, ſhe came out of the Coach, as all the reſt of her Friends did, and commanding one of her Men to go in all haſte unto the next Houſe for ſome Water to fetch me out of my Sound; *Leontina* did moſt charitably come to me, and laid her Hand upon my Arm, to try how my Pulſe did beat. Mean while he who went for Water, returning, they threw ſome in my Face, and by little and little I revived. But O Heavens! how was I ſurprized to find my ſelf in that Condition, and to ſee my admired *Leontina* living, though my imagination during this long Sound, was filled with her Death. When *Polimnis* ſaw that I would revive, he came towards *Leontina*, who turned towards him, asked what was the cauſe of this Accident: Your ſelf, inhumane Couſin, ſaid he unto her: and then in few Words he told her, the news of her falſe Death was the cauſe of his true and real Sorrow: but though ſhe ſeemed not to believe it, yet ſhe afterwards told me, that ſhe was fully perſwaded of it, eſpecially by my manner of looking upon her, when I returned unto my ſelf, by the Confuſion I was in, to find my ſelf in that Condition, and by an hundred other things which I did and ſaid upon that occaſion.

But in Concluſion, after I was fully aſſured that *Leontina* was living, and had thanked her for her charitable help, ſhe would not ſuffer me to take horſe, but deſiring her Friends to make room for me, ſhe took me into her Coach, which I was conſtrained to accept of, for I had not yet recovered out of my Weakneſs and Sorrows. In our return to *Thebes*, I underſtood, how that which raiſed the Reports of her Death, was that indeed ſhe found the River of *Iſmenes* very high, and being likely to be put to ſwim, ſhe thought of no way but periſhing, yet by good Fortune they turned the Coach back again to the ſide, and it did not overturn until they were near the Banks, ſo that ſhe and all her Friends were eaſily relieved, and rid out of their Fears to be drowned; but they ſtayed a day to refreſh themſelves after this Fright, and reſolved not to continue on their Journey, until the River was lower: ſo it is to be imagined, that ſome or other ſeeing only the Coach overturned, had raiſed this Report. However, this Accident was very favourable unto me; and the mute eloquence of my Sounding had more Rhetorick in it to perſwade *Leontina*, than all my Words: I found her, me-thought, nothing ſo rigid unto me as ſhe uſed; and if it were pertinent at this time to remember delightful Paſſages, I ſhould tell you that for two Months together, I fully taſted of all the Sweets, which hopes of being loved could feaſt me withal; but ſince it is not at all pertinent, I ſhall only tell you, that after ſo many happy days *Antigenes* (as you heard from *Philocles*) arrived at *Thebes*, and there, as many others did, fell in love with *Leontina*. As he was a Man of a very pleaſant Converſation, of an agreeable Diſpoſition, quick-witted, and gallant, he moved ſo much jealouſy in me, as maugre all my endeavours, I could not hide it, and I think once I made it too apparent unto *Leontina*, in ſo much as ſhe was more offended with me for my jealouſy, than ſhe was for my Love, when I had made it known unto her; ſo that both to correct and puniſh me, ſhe treated *Antigenes* more civilly than ordinary. In concluſion, the matter was ſo carried, that though *Leontina* knew well enough, ſhe did not love *Antigenes*, yet to be revenged on me, ſhe reſolved to treat him more favourably than any. And ſince her Heart was not placed in her Forehead, every one believed that ſhe preferred *Antigenes* before all the reſt of her Servants: and all my Friends at *Thebes* came to comfort me; in ſo much as my Sorrows and my Spite, made me reſolve to overcome my Paſſion: I contended with it, and I vanquiſhed, at leaſt thought ſo, for I could never look upon *Leontina* without Anger; I ſhunned her with care, and I thought that I paſſed from one extremity unto another, and hated her. Then did I deſire *Polimnis*, that we might go and hunt for a certain time at a ſtately Houſe his Father had, about an hundred Leagues from *Thebes*, beyond Mount *Helicon*; thither then we went, and my Soul, as I thought, was in much Tranquillity, and ſufficiently diſingaged from *Leontina*.

Upon a day, a Friend of *Polimnis*'s invited us to a Feaſt, where we were all in our altitudes of Merriment and Joy, with divers other Perſons of Quality in that Neighbourhood. That ſame Day, unjuſt Man that I was, in my height of raillery I mocked two or three Times, at the complacency of *Leontina* towards *Antigenes*, my Heart being, as I thought, never better pleaſed, than when I had handſomly twitted the Perſon whom I hated, or thought I had hated: Then it happened that a Man came in, and addreſſed himſelf unto me, who had heard all the Paſſages of our Diſcourſe concerning her; Sir, ſaid he, *Artibies* will be ſufficiently revenged, for *Antigenes* ſhall never enjoy *Leontina*: How, (ſaid I unto the Man) has ſhe quitted him for another, as ſhe did me for him? No, ſaid he, but Death has done it for you both. Is *Leontina* dead? (ſaid I unto him.) Yes, replied he, ſhe died at *Chalcos*, whither her Father had carried her: Indeed I underſtood that ſhe had been in the Iſle of *Eubeus*, for ſince it is ſeparated from *Boetia* only by a little Arm of the Sea, the Families of Quality do make Alliances one with another, and *Leontina* had an Aunt at *Chalcos*. This Man then told me that there came certain news unto *Thebes*, that *Leontina* was dead, and that one of his Friends aſſured him in the *Iſmenian* Temple of *Apollo*, that he ſaw her Funeral at *Chalcos*: I looked upon him then, and ſpoke not a word, and afterwards I left the Company very abruptly with an extreamly troubled Mind, and knew not what to think on't. I loſt my ſelf in a Wood, not far from the Houſe, purpoſely becauſe *Polimnis* ſhould not find me; my Soul was ſadly troubled, my Heart was ſobbing out my Sorrows, and my Reaſon was not againſt the troubles of my Spirit: I would have perſwaded my ſelf, that to loſe her who had treated me ill, and one whom I hated, was rather a good than a bad Fortune. But alas, my imagination no ſooner fancied this adored Lady in her Tomb, but my Hatred vaniſhed, and my Love revived: I did not any longer conſider her as inconſtant, or unjuſt, but did look upon her as the faireſt in the World, and as Her whom above all upon Earth I loved: I made ſome ſlight Attempts to quell my Sorrow, but it was impoſſible for me to do it: and Love, ſince I became paſt all Hopes, returned into my Soul with all its vigour: as ſoon as I apprehended *Leontina* gone, all other Cogitations vaniſhed out of my Mind; and deſpair was ſo predominant, that I was not a Maſter of my own Actions; I walked ſometimes faſt, ſometimes ſlow; ſometimes I ſtopt, and ſpoke aloud, though I was alone; and ſometimes ſhed Tears in abundance of bitterneſs; and ſometimes again my Heart was ſo full, that I could neither cry, nor ſigh, nor ſpeak: but *Polimnis* afterwards knowing this news of *Leontina's* Death from the ſame Man, he ſought me out, and having found me in a moſt deplorable Condition, and, as he told me afterwards, more altered in my Face than ever he ſaw Man in his life; What, ſaid he unto me, can the Prince *Artibies* lament the Death of her he hated? and is he more troubled at it than I am, who have more Reaſon to grieve than he? My Hatred (ſaid I unto him, ſighing) is dead with *Leontina*, and my Love is revived to puniſh me for hating her. Indeed, my Grief did cauſe ſuch a prodigious reſentment in my Soul, that I never was more deeply plunged in the gulf of Love than now, and by conſequence never more unfortunate. Two Days together was I in this condition, at the end of which a violent feaver ſeized upon me, but for my cure and comfort, I afterwards underſtood that this news of *Leontina's* Death was falſe: and that it was true there was an admirable Beauty whoſe Name was alſo *Leontina*, was dead at *Chalcos*, but that ſhe was only a Kinſwoman to that *Leontina* at *Thebes*; I underſtood alſo, that their conformity in Name and Beauty, had deceived thoſe who had ſpread abroad the rumour of my dear *Leontina's* Death. *Polimnis* no ſooner knew this, but coming unto me with open Arms; courage *Artibies*, (ſaid he unto me, embracing me, and ſmiling) you muſt now begin to hate *Leontina* again, ſince ſhe is not dead; and then he told me the original of the Errour, which cauſed ſo great a Confuſion in me, that paſſing from extream ſorrow, into the contrary extremity of Joy, my feaver increaſed, and it was thought I would have died that Night following, but the Gods reſerved me for a further Miſery, and reſtored my health; bringing me alſo unto *Thebes*, where I found *Leontina* alive; I had a deſire to hate her ſtill, but it was impoſſible. Why (ſaid I ſometimes unto my ſelf) has this falſe Report, which has wrought no alteration in the Heart of *Leontina*, ſo much changed mine? yet muſt I ſubmit, whether I will or no, unto this new revived Paſſion, which has got the dominion of my Mind: ſometimes I was aſhamed, and ſometimes again I rejoyced at it; ſuppoſing, that to be in the World, and not to love *Leontina*, was the moſt high injuſtice upon Earth. Yet when ſhe was informed by *Polimnis*, that my love of her was the cauſe of my Feaver (as indeed ſhe did not hate me) ſhe changed her way of living both with *Antigenes* and my ſelf: and conferred thoſe Favours upon me, which ſhe withdrew from him, and if he had not gone out of *Thebes* preſently after, he had found by experience how ſad a thing it was to ſee another better loved than himſelf.

I did then mollify the Heart of *Leontina*; ſhe permitted me to expreſs my Love unto her, and indeed acknowledged unto me, that if her Parents would conſent unto it, ſhe would like better to live in *Sicily*, than in *Greece*, though there was a great Difference, in the

Goodneſs of the Countries: yet was I not without great Croſſes; for the Father of *Leontina*, would not conſent to marry his Daughter out of his own Country: This Obſtacle was extreamly tormentive, and ſeemed invincible, for ſince the Father of *Leontina* would not marry his Daughter unto a Stranger; the Prince of *Sicily* my Brother, would not permit me to dwell there as a bare Citizen of *Thebes*. I was then grieved to ſee *Leontina* perſecuted by her Parents for the love of me, for I underſtood that the Reſiſtance which they made unto my Deſign, did moſt ſenſibly grieve her: But yet after ten thouſand Croſſes and Thwartings *Polimnis* did ſo earneſtly ſolicite the matter, as he removed this Remora, and won the Parents of *Leontina*, to give her unto me, provided the Prince of *Sicily* conſented unto my Marriage: I immediately ſent unto him, and by the Mediation of the Princeſs my Mother, who was a *Theban*, I obtained his Conſent. Now you may imagine me the happieſt Man alive. *Leontina* was never ſo fair as then; and ſince ſhe now lived with me more freely than uſual, and expreſſed ſuch Thoughts of her Soul as were advantagious unto me, I thought that never was Felicity comparable unto mine. Nothing was thought upon but Feaſts and Pleaſures: All Preparations for our Marriage were in Readineſs; as a magnificent Feaſt, as all rich Marriage Cloths; a Mask alſo was prepared, and a general Ball was to be kept three Days together. In Concluſion, that day, which I thought the happieſt that ever dawned, did come, and in the Morning I ſaw *Leontina* in a moſt glorious Dreſs, who notwithſtanding her Modeſty was pleaſed to make it appear in her Eyes, that ſhe did participate in my Joy: She was conducted unto the Temple by her Father, and waited upon by all the Ladies in the Town: I alſo waited upon her, according unto the Cuſtom, and was accompanied by all my Friends: But as ſoon as ſhe came to the Altar, ſhe was ſuddenly taken, as ſhe ſaid, with an extream Pain, and terrible beating at her Heart, ſhe was forced to ſit down, not being able to kneel any longer: and finding her ſelf very ill, ſhe was forced to complain unto ſome of her Couſins which were next her: As my Eye was always upon her, I ſaw ſhe grew high coloured, and was very ſick. But alas, why ſhould I inſiſt ſo long upon vain Circumſtances? *Leontina* could not accompliſh the Ceremony: ſhe was ſo good as to excuſe it unto me, and they carried her home in a Chair, where a Feaver ſeized ſuddenly upon her: and notwithſtanding her Youth, and all the Art of Phyſicians, and notwithſtanding all my Prayers, the ſeventh Day her Diſeaſe was at the Height. You may ſuppoſe that as Terms ſtood then betwixt us, I had the Liberty to ſee her, during her Sickneſs, at all Hours, which Civility would permit: I ſaw her then endure it with admirable Patience, and ſhe ſeemed to be ſorry for nothing, but that ſhe was to leave me: She did hide a great part of her Pain from me, leſt it ſhould too much grieve me: and though ſhe thought to die, ever ſince the firſt Minute of her falling ſick, yet would ſhe not ſpeak a Word of her Death unto me, until the laſt Day of her Life: Oh moſt diſmal and unhappy Day! I ſaw her then endure, and hardly complain, and I received from her own dear Mouth, a thouſand Aſſurances of a moſt innocent, and pure Affection: She deſired me to continue mine unto her Memory, after her Death; and after ſhe had invoked the Gods, ſhe commanded me to ſubmit, as ſhe her ſelf did unto their Will: Her Speech failed, yet She ſtill looked upon me; and after her Sight was alſo gone, yet She held her Hand out, and, weak as She was, She gave it unto me; then breathing out a deep Sigh, She expired, not loſing one Jot of her Beauty, nor ſtrugling into any unſeemly Poſture. Ask me not, O my juſt Judg, what I did or what I thought, ſince you may well imagine, that a Man who grieved for her when he was not loved, and wept for her when he thought he hated her, would be abſolutely deſperate, when he ſaw her dying before his Eyes, at ſuch a time when he was beloved, and ready to enjoy her. I apprehended it ſo ſadly, that if *Polimnis* had not been, I had killed my ſelf at the firſt Minute of my Sorrow; but his Care of me was ſo great, that I may almoſt call him the cauſe of all my Sorrows I have ſuffered ſince that time, and of all thoſe

I ſhall ſuffer hereafter: I thought the Face of the whole Univerſe was altered: I looked not upon any thing as I was wont, or to ſay better, I ſaw nothing but *Leontina* either dead or dying: when they took me away by force from that fair Corps, her Image did follow me in all Places: and, drooping as I was, it appeared to my Phancy in a hundred different manners: her Tomb was more ſacred unto me, than the Temple: her Name as Holy as Angels; and my Sorrows were ſo ſweet unto me, that I hated all them that would comfort me: Although the Places where I had been with her, did augment my Grief, yet did I frequently viſit them: Thoſe whom ſhe did tenderly love were they only whom I could endure, and although I had been alone in the World, I could not have been more ſadly ſolitary, and whoſoever has not tried what it is to ſee her whom he loves, die, doubtleſs do not know the moſt ſupream Misfortune. I do confeſs Abſence to be a great Miſery, but what kind of Abſence can be comparable unto that eternal and terrible Abſence, which is never to return, which carries the Party beloved into ſuch obſure and dark Cells as humane Spirits cannot enter: and into ſuch ſad and doleful Places, from whence no News of her is ever to be hoped for: Truly my Apprehenſions are ſo ſtrange, as oft as I imagine, that the moſt fair and perfect *Leontina* ſhould be no more than an Heap of Aſhes; that I am aſtoniſhed, any ſhould offer to contend with me for the firſt Place amongſt unfortunate Men. I know very well, that not to be loved is a grand Misfortnne, but to loſe her whom one loves, and to loſe her for ever, is a far greater: for he who is not loved, does wiſh and deſire a Happineſs which he never had any Trial of, nor does he know the Sweets belonging unto Love; whereas to ſee her (who honoured a Man with her Affection) to die, is to loſe a Treaſure which he poſſeſſed, and whoſe Riches he knew how to value: Moreover, the worſt treated Lover in the World may yet comfort up his Heart with ſome Hopes, which he, whoſe Miſtreſs is in her Tomb, can never have: his Soul is abandoned of all Comforts, and remains in ſuch a horrid Deſpair, as certainly is inconceiveable by any but ſuch as had had Experience of it: nor am I ignorant that Jealouſie is a terrible Torment; yet whoſoever ſhall well conſider the cauſe of Jealouſie, ſhall find, that fear to loſe Her he loves, is it which cauſeth his Diſquiet: for if he were aſſured he ſhould never loſe his Miſtreſs, his Soul would be ſerene, nor would he care a pin for having an hundred Rivals. Moreover, a jealous Lover may find out an hundred ways to buſy himſelf in, out of which he may find out ſome Comfort; but to ſee Her one loves in her Coffin, is ſuch a miſerable Object as leaves the Soul in ſo ſad an Unquietneſs, as is a thouſand times worſe than all the Pains in the World: he knows not whither to go, nor what to do; all the Univerſe is indifferent unto him: The more pleaſant the time paſt was unto him, the more inſupportable it makes the preſent; and all the time of his Life which is to come, has nothing ſweet, but his Hopes of Death. Moreover, Jealouſie being a Paſſion, which of its own Nature is mutable, various, changing, and uncertain; it produces Fear and Hope an hundred times in a Day, and by Conſequence admits of ſome Relaxation of Mind; but the Death of the Party loved is a Torment continually rigorous, which no time can ever remove: for indeed, though I ſhould live out an hundred Ages, yet would *Leontina* be the ſame unto me, as now ſhe is, dead. Slight petty Sorrows may be leſſened by Habit, Cuſtom, and Time; but grand and violent Afflictions, the longer they laſt, the more inſupportable they are, and more augment: Let me further tell you, that the Impoſſibility to find a Remedy for ſuch a Sorrow, is only a cauſe of Conſolation in the Mouths of Philoſophers; but in the Soul of a Lover, it is the greateſt Torment of all others: Yes, yes, that horrid Thought, that all the Kings upon Earth, that all the Valour of Heroes, that all humane Prudence, cannot revive a dead beloved Miſtreſs, is that which properly can be called an Abridgment of all the Sorrows which Love can cauſe: Pronounce the Sentence then, O my moſt juſt Judg, that I am the moſt worthy of your Pity, by reaſon of great Misfortune; and I ſhall confeſs that the Miſeries of *Thimocrates*, of *Philocles*, and of *Leontidas*, do more deſerve your Pity, than mine does, in reſpect of their own perſonal Merits, ſo that rendring Juſtice both unto the Misfortune, and the Miſfortunate, I ſhall have leſs cauſe to complain of your Equity, than I have to complain of my Deſtiny.

The Prince *Artibies* ended his Diſcourſe with ſo much Sadneſs of Heart, that he had much ado to pronounce the laſt Words diſtinctly, ſo extreamly did the Remembrance of *Leontina*'s Death perplex his Mind; his Melancholy did participate it ſelf unto all the Souls of that Illuſtrious Company; and he forced Compaſſion, even from them that contended with him, for the firſt Rank amongſt the Unfortunate. Notice was taken of his ingenuous and paſſionate Silence, by which he concealed the reſt of his Adventures, ſince the Death of the fair one whom he loved; as if he would tacitely intimate unto them, that ſince her Death he did not value his own Life. After that melancholy Humour, which this fatal Story had cauſed in their Minds, was a little diſſipated, every one maintained his own Opinion, and that with obſtinate Heat. But *Cyrus*, ſeeing it was late, told *Marteſia*, that it was time *Leontidas* related his Adventure and Reaſons, if ſhe intended to pronounce Judgment that day, ſo that as a Judg impoſing Silence, ſhe appointed *Leontidas* to begin: which accordingly he did in this Manner.

The jealous Lover. The fourth Story.

SInce Sorrow has its different Operations, according to the ſeveral Tempers of thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it; ſince it is ſometimes mute, and ſometimes eloquent, you muſt not wonder, if it work not in me, as it does in the Prince *Artibies*, who by reaſon of his Exceſs of Sorrow, has ſhortned his Relation: But I, who am none of thoſe whom Sorrow makes dumb, and who on the contrary never ſpeaks but when I have great cauſe of Complaint, cannot do ſo; nor can I, as I conceive, in few Words expreſs the Greatneſs of my Sufferings. I ſhall be as little impertinent as I can, and therefore in ſhort, give me leave to tell you, that the Iſle of *Cyprus* is my Country, and that I have the Honour to be of a Family ſufficiently illuſtrious; I ſhall hereafter tell you, that I went out of this famous Iſle which is conſecrated unto the Mother of Love, ſo young, that I had not time to fall in love with any; for the War which was then between the People of *Samos*, of *Priennes*, and of *Miletes*, moving me to learn there that Myſtery, which the drowſy Peace of my Country could not teach me, I left it; and in my choice of theſe three Countries, the Fame of the valiant *Policrates*, who was made Soveraign in the Iſle of *Samos*, did invite me into his, though perhaps his Cauſe was not the moſt juſt, unleſs you will allow the Right of Conquerours to be the moſt ancient of all others. So then, it was in this famous Iſle, and in the Court of this illuſtrious Prince, where my Love took firſt beginning, and where my Jealouſie has treated me cruelly. The Reputation of the happy *Policrates* is ſo great, that I need not characterize him unto you; yet notwithſtanding, ſhall in few Words tell you, that Juſtice would have much ado to find a Man in all *Greece* more accompliſhed than he, nor more fit to diſtribute his Favours with more Equity, rendring himſelf moſt perfectly happy, without giving cauſe of Murmur unto any. He is, as never Man before was; for he was born only a Citizen of *Samos*, and yet is become Soveraign of the ſame without hate; he has all the Authority of a moſt abſolute Tyrant, yet he enjoys the Love of his People as much as if he were their Father: All Deſigns of War are proſperous under his Hands; he is become terrible, not only in the *Jonean*, but through all the *Ægean* Sea; The greateſt Kings think it an Honour to be his Allies, and all his Neighbours both love and fear him: he is very handſom, of a good Preſence, and great Spirit, of a Diſpoſition, as ſweet in time of Peace, as it is furious in time of War. You may well ſuppoſe then, that the Court of *Policrates* muſt be very delightful and gallant; ſince it is commonly, like as the Prince, ſo is his Court. When I arrived at *Samos*, he was ready to imbarque, and to go and fight with the Prince of the *Mileſians*; ſo that after I was preſented unto him, by a Man of Quality, named *Theanor*, whom I knew at *Paphos*, I imbarked the next day with him, before I had ſeen any in *Samos*, but only Officers of Gallies, with one of which, called *Timeſias*, I had a Quarrel at my imbarking, and two other ſmall Squabbles during the Voyage. This Expedition was not long, but very proſperous; and we returned Conquerors over thoſe we fought againſt. *Policrates* at his return unto *Samos*, was entertained with high Magnificence; and ſince I had ſo much happy Honour to get ſome part of his Love during our Navigation, ſo had I alſo ſome ſhare in thoſe Delights which he was pleaſed to take at his Return. The ſame Night I came to *Samos*, after all the Magnificence which was prepared for the Entry of *Policrates* was paſt, *Theanor*, whom I affected as much as I was averſe unto *Timaſias*, would needs ſhew me, as a Stranger, all the Rarieties of the Town. He carried me into the Temple of *Juno*, unto whom that Iſland was conſecrated, which doubtleſs is one of the greateſt and faireſt in the World, and which they more eſteemed at *Samos*, becauſe the Architect who built it was a *Samion*: from thence we walked towards a famous Water-courſe, which ſurpaſſeth the greateſt Wonder that ever I ſaw in the World; for it runs through a Mountain which is an hundred Fathom high, upon the top of which is a Way made, which is above ſeven Furlongs in length, and eight Foot wide: at the End of this Way is digged a Pond about twenty Cubits deep, and from this moſt clear and abundant Fountain they conduct Water into the Town. After I had well admired at this prodigious Work of *Pupalina*, (for the Undertaker of this Water-courſe who was of *Magares*, was ſo called) we came into the Town, and went to walk upon a Hill, ſome twenty Fathom high, and two Furlongs in length and above, which extends towards the Sea, and railed on both Sides with Balaſters of *Corinthian* Copper, which makes the goodlieſt Object in the World when one comes to *Samos*. As it was then the beginning of Autumn, and the ſeaſon of the Year moſt pleaſant, a great Number of Ladies reſorted thither to walk towards the Evening, as it was the Cuſtom of the Country; at this time they came in greater Numbers than ordinary, for ſince we had taken four Gallies from the Enemy, it was a kind of Honour unto *Policrates* to be deſirous of ſeeing thoſe Marks of his Victory.

Victory: All the Ladies therefore of *Samos* came thither where we were; all the Men of Quality, as well thoſe that had been the Voyage, as thoſe which ſtayed behind, came thither alſo. The Prince *Policrates* himſelf did take a turn or two, and indeed I never ſaw ſo glorious a Sight, as this walk, and thoſe in it: The Sea was all ſerenity, and though the Sun was ſet, yet was there Day and Light enough to diſcern the Beauty of all the Ladies: ſince I knew none of them as yet, I looked upon them all with indifferency; I was much pleaſed to ſee ſome leaning over theſe ſtately Balliſters, and beholding the Galleys gained from the Enemy; and others leſs curious, but more ſolitary, looking only upon the open Sea. Some complement which ſuch Captains as they had not ſeen ſince their return; Others in more ſerious and private Conference; Others again without any Deſign but to ſee, and be ſeen, walked by Troops, and the general Deſign of all was to walk, and talk, and take the pleaſure of the Evening. *Theanor* was not a little troubled in telling me the Names of all the Beauties; for as for all the reſt, I ſpared him the labour of Information: ſince this divertiſement was new unto me, and that it was long ſince I ſaw any Ladies, I made it late before I could reſolve upon Departure, yet the Night drawing on by little and little, we could hardly diſtinguiſh one another; but yet many Men came ſtill in, becauſe the Moon began to riſe.

Theanor having left me to ſpeak unto ſome Lady; I walked a while alone, and after ſeveral turns, walking behind two Men, whom I did not think I had known, I ſaw ſomething white fall from the Pocket of one of them; my firſt Thought was to tell him, but not knowing any Reaſon why, my ſecond was to take up that which I ſaw fall, and afterwards to give it him, after I had ſeen what it was; ſtooping then preſently, and finding what I ſought for, I looked, and ſaw as well as the obſcurity of the Night would permit, that it was a Caſe of a Picture; The time while I took it up, and looking what it was, alſo conſidering whether I ſhould look in it, or reſtore it before I looked, was ſo long, that he who had loſt it, did mingle among other Company; ſo that in lieu of ſeeing two Men before me, I ſaw a Troop of Ladies, and found it impoſſible to reſtore that which I had found unto the right Owner: After this I looked for *Theanor*, to tell him my adventure, but the darkneſs of the Night had ſo ſeparated us, that we could not meet; but ſtaying no longer, I went unto the Houſe where I lodged at my firſt coming to *Samos*, my Servants according to my Orders ſtaying there for me; I went in all haſte with a longing Curioſity to ſee what I had found: I was no ſooner come into my Chamber, but going unto the Table, and the Candle, I began to look upon this Picture which I had pulled out of my Pocket, as I came up the Stairs, that I might ſooner ſee it; and I found that it was Gold with a Circle of Rubies and Diamonds round about it; and I did not ſtand any longer looking upon it, though it was very Curious and Rich, but opening the Lid haſtily, I was more dazled at the ſplendent Beauty of what I found within it, than I was at the luſtre of thoſe Jewels which adorned this Caſe; I found there the Picture of a Young and a fair Woman, but ſo freſh and lively, that I did not conceive it a flattering Piece; and one might eaſily ſee by the excellency of the Art, that the Limner took delight in drawing after ſo fair a Model. It muſt be confeſſed, that nothing upon Earth could be more beautiful than this Picture; I looked upon it therefore with Admiration; and calling to mind the *Ideas* of all which I had ſeen fair in the Walk, I could not remember I had ſeen that Lady whom this Picture reſembled, and indeed ſhe was not there. I opened, and ſhut this Caſe ſeveral times, being not able to forbear looking, and admiring at ſo fair a thing; afterwards I began to pity him who loſt it, and ſometimes alſo I envied him; for I imagined that it was given unto him, and I eſteemed him ſo infinitely happy in being loved by ſo fair a Lady, that I was troubled at it; yet at the laſt I went to bed and ſlept, but it was not without a dream of this Picture which I found. I roſe the next Morning very early, but with ſo hot a Curioſity to know the Lady whoſe ſhadow this was, and him who had this ſo conſiderable loſs, that my Curioſity might almoſt be termed Jealouſy: I dreſſed my ſelf in all haſte, and I went unto *Theanor*, who was ready to go out of his Lodging; he excuſed himſelf for loſing me laſt Night in the Croud, but giving him no time to continue his Complement, and not taking any notice of his Melancholy, I told him that our ſeparation was ſo happy unto me, as I had rather cauſe to thank, than complain againſt him; for, ſaid I (ſhewing him the Caſe and Picture) ſee what I found laſt Night, and help me, I conjure you, to diſcover who that happy Lover is, who has been ſo unhappy, as to loſe ſo precious a Jewel, and tell me afterwards the Name of this Beauty, if you know it. *Theanor* bluſh'd at the ſight of the Picture, and after he had taken it in his Hand, he was a long time looking upon it, as if he had not known the Party it reſembled, but urging him to ſpeak; As for the Name of this fair Lady, ſaid he unto me, if you were not a Stranger in *Samos*, you would not be ignorant of it; for the fair *Alcidamia* has rendered it too Famous, to be unknown unto all that have any reaſonable Souls in our Iſland: but as for that happy Lover, as you call him, who loſt it, I know him not, but perhaps, ſaid he, this Picture was beſtowed upon ſome of her Friends. But ſaid I unto him, it was a Man who let it fall, and not a Lady. That may be alſo, replied he, for ſhe has ſeveral Couſins, whom ſhe might beſtow a Picture upon, without any ſcandal unto her Honour: But if you will follow my Advice, ſaid he, you ſhall not ſhew this Picture unto any, leſt you ſhould make ſo fair a Lady your Enemy. It is not my intention (ſaid *I* unto him) to provoke her, but I have a very great deſire to know this Lady whom this Picture repreſents. I ſhall better inform my ſelf, ſaid he unto me, and then I ſhall render you an Account, but in the mean while, ſpeak not a word of this Picture, but if you pleaſe leave it in my Hands, for I believe it will be as ſafe in mine as yours: for, ſaid he, I have a kind of fear you cannot forbear ſhewing it unto ſome or other. I promiſe you, ſaid I unto him, neither to ſpeak of it, or ſhew it unto any; but pardon me if I do not render it unto any but him who loſt it; and that too but unwillingly, for it does infinitely pleaſe me. *Theanor* uſed all his Arguments, that he might keep it, but I did ſo obſtinately deny it, that he was forced to be contented. After which we went unto *Policrates* at Court, and with him unto the Temple. After dinner, this Prince did me the Honour to preſent me unto the Princeſs *Herſilea* his Siſter, who was a Lady moſt admirably accompliſhed, with whom there was then many Ladies, and amongſt the reſt, one named *Meneclida*, with whom it was ſaid *Policrates* was in Love. There alſo did I ſee the wonder of the World *Alcidamia*, ſo admirably fair, that I never ſaw any ſo amiable. The Princeſs *Herſilea* willing to grace a new Favorite of the Kings, did place me next this glorious Beauty, whoſe Soul did ſo powerfully ſecond the Charms of her Face, that I could no longer preſerve my freedom. *Theanor* coming into the Company, and ſeeing me next *Alcidamia*, ſeemed unto me, as if he were troubled at it, yet did not then take any notice of it; and my Mind was alſo ſo much diſordered, that *Alcidamia* had not any Reaſon to think my Converſation very agreeable. Which of all theſe (ſaid I in my ſelf, in looking upon all the Men which followed *Policrates* to his Siſter) is that both happy and unfortunate Lover who has loſt this Picture which I have found?

Afterwards I began to think how much this Lady would be aſtoniſhed, if I ſhould ſhew her this Picture which I had about me: afterwards I bethought my ſelf, how unfortunate that Man would be, who ſhould fall in Love with ſo fair a Lady as this, whoſe Heart might perhaps be already engaged; and indeed I had a thouſand ſeveral Thoughts in a ſhort time, and it may be almoſt ſaid, that Jealouſy, which uſes to follow Love in others, did precede it in me, ſince it is certain that I found all the ſymptomes of Jealouſy in me, before ever I gave her any Teſtimony of my Love any manner of way: I enquired very diligently of all the Lovers of *Alcidamia*, hoping to find out him unto whom this Picture belonged; but thoſe of whom I enquired told me; That there was not a Man of Quality in all *Samos* which loved her not, ſo that all my Conjectures finding no Foundation: but (ſaid I unto them) has ſhe not made choice of any? That is a thing (ſaid they) not eaſily to be diſcovered, for *Alcidamia* is wiſe, and able to diſguiſe her Thoughts if ſhe pleaſe; all we can ſay is, That if ſhe have any Favorite, her Diſcretion conceals him, ſince it is certain there goes no rumour of any about the Court. Thus did two or three Days paſs away, during which time I often ſaw *Alcidamia* either with the Princeſs, or in the Temple, or walking, or at her own Houſe, for I urged *Theanor* to carry me thither; I ſay, I urged him, for he excuſed it as much as he could: Mean while, I was continually conjuring him to tell me if he could, to whom the Picture of *Alcidamia* belonged? and he always anſwered me, that this unprofitable Curioſity ought at the leaſt to be well intended; and that though he did know whoſe it was, yet would he never tell me, unleſs I would promiſe him before-hand to make good uſe of that knowledg, and not incenſe *Alcidamia* by it. Since I did not yet think I ſhould be fettered in the Chains of Love, I promiſed him what he deſired; ſo that a few Days after, he came one Morning unto my Chamber, and ſeeming to be very joyful, *Leontidas*, ſaid he unto me, I have at laſt diſcovered him, unto whom the Picture which you found belongs, and he is a Perſon of ſo high a Quality as you have Reaſon to rejoyce that it is in your Power to do him ſo great a favour as to reſtore it. I bluſhed at this diſcourſe of *Theanor*, who ſeeing me change my Colour, changed himſelf alſo, and asked me why I did not thank him, and ſatisfy his Curioſity and Deſire? It is *Theanor*, anſwered I, becauſe I have altered my Mind, and now do fear as much to know who is the owner, as I deſired it before; and my Reaſon is, becauſe I cannot yet reſolve to reſtore it; But I am engaged that you ſhall, (anſwered *Theanor*, much ſurprized) for I did not think you deſired to know the Owner, with any Intention to do him ſo much injuſtice. But yet *Theanor*, (ſaid I unto him) I beſeech you who is the Owner? I muſt not tell you, replied he, ſince you will not reſtore it; The Party who permitted me to truſt you with this ſecret, did not allow me to acquaint you, but upon Condition you will reſtore it, for otherwiſe it is not juſt to acquaint you with ſuch a ſecret as this. But ſaid I unto him, is he who owes this Picture in love with *Alcidamia?* Deſperately, replied he. And was this Picture given him by that fair Lady? When you have reſtored it me, replied he, you ſhall know that, but until then, I have no commiſſion to tell you any thing. Cruel Friend, replied I unto him, I had rather have this Picture than your Secret, and if I reſtore it unto any, it ſhall be rather to the Party who gave it, than to him who loſt it. O *Leontidas*, ſaid *Theanor*, I beſeech you do not as you ſay, unleſs you intend moſt abſolutely to diſoblige me. As we were thus talking, one came and told me, that *Policrates* asked for me, ſo that I was conſtrained to leave *Theanor:* but, O Heavens, how Melancholy was I all that Day! for indeed after this which *Theanor* told me, I doubted not but my Conjectures were well grounded, and that this Picture was not given by *Alcidamia* unto him that loſt it. I began to perceive alſo that I was not right Maſter of my Reaſon; and I reſolved to love *Alcidamia* notwithſtanding all Wit, or Reaſon, or any thing elſe. Am I not very inconſiderate (ſaid I unto my ſelf) to ſuffer ſuch a growing Paſſion without any oppoſite, which moſt apparently will coſt me abundance of Sorrow? I know that *Alcidamia* had fixed her Love, and what would I obtain of her? Shall *Leontidas* ſuffer a Rival to reſt in the Heart of this Beauty? or ſhall he drive him out? But who is the Rival, ſaid I? alas, alas! I know him not at all; perhaps it is ſome Man, who is unworthy of ſuch an Honour; perhaps it is *Theanor* himſelf, and whoſoever it be, ſaid I, he is not over paſſionate a Lover, ſince he does not make himſelf known by his Death, after ſuch a loſs: All this while *Theanor* was no more at reſt than I, for, to diſcover the truth unto you, he was in love with *Alcidamia*, and it was himſelf who loſt this Picture, though he durſt not confeſs it unto me: for ſince I was very Young, he durſt not truſt too much unto my Diſcretion, but thought to ſcrue this Picture out of my Hands by craft, and under the Name of another; and obſerving indeed that I was become his Rival, he knew not what Courſe to take, ſo that both of us were much perplexed, for *Theanor* knew that *Alcidamia* would extreamly hate him, if ſhe ſhould know he had loſt this Picture, and I alſo feared as extreamly that it was his. Then did I enquire of ſeveral Perſons, whether *Theanor* was in love with *Alcidamia*, and to my ſorrow I found he was: you may then imagine how much I was troubled at it, for I was obliged to love him, both by my own Inclination, by Reaſon, and indeed by Duty; ſince indeed he had done me many great Favours towards *Policrates*, and had taken my part with much zeal againſt *Timaſias*, of whom I ſpoke before, ſo that I found it againſt the Law of Generoſity, not to reſiſt my Paſſion; and I ſtrived with all my Power to give a check unto my ſelf, but all in vain, for Love did ſo much, and ſo abſolutely command my Soul, and ſo much withdrew my Affection from *Theanor*, that I was often in a wonderful Confuſion. *Alcidamia* was then ever predominate in my Heart, and it was more eaſy for me to quit my Friend, than her whom without any compariſon I loved more than he: All my Buſineſs was then to colour this Infidelity, and to that end I thought it beſt to acquaint him firſt with my Paſſion, feigning to be ignorant of his. I went unto him, and found him in his Chamber more unquiet than my ſelf, for he began to ſuſpect me for his Rival. *Theanor*, for ought I ſee (ſaid I unto him) is as Melancholy as *Leontidas*, though doubtleſs he be not ſo amorous. Since we have been almoſt always in the Wars together, ever ſince we were acquainted (anſwered he very coldly) we never diſcourſed but of gallant Matters, and I do not know, why you ſhould now ſuppoſe that you are more amorous than I, or that I cannot be ſo much as you. My meaning is (ſaid I unto him, a little dampt, for I knew that what I did was not very generous) that if it be as true you love any Lady violently, as it is certain I do moſt deſperately love the incomparable *Alcidamia*, I ſhall extreamly

treamly pity you, as I deſire you to pity me. I thought (replied *Theanor* with ſuch a Coldneſs as much ſurprized me) that your Heart could not avoid the Charms of that Beauty: But *Leontidas*, ſaid he (after a little Study) you are not he alone who loves that inchanting Lady, and that Picture which you found, ought (me-thinks) to have nipt your growing Paſſion in the bud. But quite contrary, (ſaid I unto him) it is that which makes it grow the faſter; for when I do not ſee *Alcidamia*, then *I* do look upon it, and it preſerves the Memory of her Beauty ſo freſh in my Soul, that *I* can never forget it. After this, *Theanor* was a while ſilent; afterwards aſſuming a more ſerious Countenance, he told me, that loving me as he did, he was very ſorry to ſee me engaged in a Love which would coſt me much Sorrow, and that if it were permitted him to name the Rival unto whom that Picture belonged, he ſhould make me acknowledg, that *I* ought not any longer to continue loving *Alcidamia*: Though you ſhould make me acknowledg it, ſaid *I* unto him, yet all would be in vain, becauſe my Paſſion does not depend upon my Will: though it ſhould be your ſelf which is that happy Rival you ſpeak of, or though it ſhould be *Policrates* himſelf, yet muſt *I* continue loving *Alcidamia*. Love then *Alcidamia*, ſaid he unto me bluſhing, but never hope to be ſo ſoon loved again, and do not perſuade your ſelf that ſhe will ever give you her Picture; for *I* can aſſure you, that he who is Owner of that which you have, did not obtain it without Abundance of Sorrow and Trouble, although ſhe do not hate him unto whom ſhe gave it.

Cruel Friend, ſaid I unto him, why do you infuſe as much Jealouſie as Love in me? Becauſe, replied he, I would cure your Love by your Jealouſie. No, no, ſaid I unto him, that's not the way to deſtroy it, and the more you make me know that *Alcidamia* does favour that happy Rival, the greater Envy and Deſire ſhall *I* have no diſturb his Felicity, and the more reſolutely ſhall I continue loving *Alcidamia*. Let me tell you once again, ſaid he unto me, you mav continue loving *Alcidamia*, but let me alſo tell you once again, that you ſhall not be ſo ſoon loved.

ved. I confeſs that this Coldneſs of *Theanor* made me almoſt deſpair; for after I had conſulted with my Reaſon, I concluded that this Coldneſs of his proceeded from his confident Aſſurance of the Affection of *Alcidamia*, ſo that not looking upon *Theanor* any longer as an officious Friend, with whom I ſhould keep any good Correſpondence, but I looked upon him as a Rival in Favour, and by Conſequence as a mortal Enemy: ſo that changing my Deſign, my Countenance, and my Voice, In the Name of the Gods, *Theanor*, ſaid I unto him, tell me the Name of him who is Owner of this Picture, that I may exactly know whom to hate. I cannot, replied he, until you have reſtored the Picture of *Alcidamia*: The Picture of *Alcidamia*, ſaid I, (not knowing almoſt what I ſaid, ſince Jealouſie had ſo troubled all my Senſes,) No, no, I cannot do it at the Price of that Secret, which I deſire to know; for not deſiring to know the Name of my Rival, but with Intentions to remove him out of the Heart of *Alcidamia*, I ſhall not reſtore him this Picture. However (ſaid *Theanor*) I beſeech you promiſe one juſt Deſire, which is, not to ſhew this Picture unto any; ſince thereby you do more wrong unto *Alcidamia*, than to your Rival, who I believe will not become your Enemy, until he ſee, that you find more Favour than himſelf. I confeſs then, that I thought to have laid aſide all Patience; but ſeveral People coming in, we parted at that time, and I went from *Theanor*, the moſt ſad and melancholy Man alive. Certainly ſaid I, this cruel Friend thinks himſelf ſo ſure of *Alcidamia*'s Heart, that he is in no Fear to loſe it; or elſe he ſcorns *Leontidas* ſo much, that he cares not for his being a Rival. But it may be, ſaid I, that my Conjectures may deceive me, and thoſe who told me that *Theanor* loved *Alcidamia*, may be deceived themſelves. At the laſt I concluded, that either *Theanor* did not love *Alcidamia*, or elſe that he was loved. I wiſhed the Gods, that it might prove the firſt of theſe. I being in theſe Uncertainties, I reſolved to ſatisfie my ſelf a little better, and to talk unto this fair Lady, and to diſcourſe of ſeveral things concerning *Theanor*, thereby, if poſſible, to diſcover the Truth, ſo that not thinking to make my own

Paſſion known unto her, I endeavoured only to diſcourſe concerning my Rival: *I* went then unto the Princeſs *Hirſilea*, where I knew ſhe would be; and after that ſeveral People were come in, and gone out again, at the laſt I addreſſed my ſelf unto *Alcidamia*, who according to her uſual Cuſtom, entertained me with much Civility; preſently after, *Policrates* came in, and almoſt all the Men of Quality in *Samos* followed him, except *Theanor*, whom melancholy had retained at home: After a little time of general Diſcourſe, *Policrates* having ſome private Buſineſs with the Princeſs his Siſter, took her to the Window which opened unto the main Sea, and left me an Opportunity to execute my Deſign; me-thought alſo that *Alcidamia* did contribute her Willingneſs unto it, though truly, it was in ſuch a manner as did add unto my Unquietneſs. As it was but a little while that I had been at *Samos*, ſhe had no reaſon to ſpeak unto me concerning any thing, but general things; and as ſhe had obſerved that *Theanor* was more friendly unto me than any other, ſo ſhe was readier to entertain Diſcourſe with me, than thoſe with whom I had yet no particular Acquaintance. After then we two had been a while together, and ſaid nothing one to another; What have you done with your Friend, ſaid ſhe unto me, and how comes it to paſs *Theanor* is not here, now all the Court is preſent? This unexpected Queſtion ſurprized me; and I could not hear the Name of my Rival from the Mouth of *Alcidamia* without a Bluſh: for truly, though I intended to ſpeak concerning *Theanor*, yet did I not think ſhe would begin the firſt. Madam, ſaid I unto her, I have left him in his Chamber ſo melancholy, that at the preſent *I* did not think his Humour fit for Company. You are then a very ill Friend, (ſaid ſhe unto me, ſmiling) to leave your Friend in ſuch a caſe. It was becauſe his Humour was ſo ſullen (ſaid *I* unto her) that my Preſence was troubleſome unto him, and perhaps alſo more than anothers would be. *In* truth, *Leontidas*, replied ſhe, you vex me, for *Theanor* is a very compleat gallant Man, and if any great Misfortune ſhould befal him, *I* ſhould be extreamly ſorry. Madam (ſaid *I*, more unquiet, more curions, and more jealous than ever,)

ever,) Since *I* have been but a while at *Samos*, *I* cannot be well acquainted with the News of the Place; but you, who knows all, I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant, that *Theanor*'s Diſeaſe, as I think, proceeds from a violent Paſſion. *Alcidamia* thinking then, that I would ſpeak in behalf of *Theanor*, changed her Colour, and looking upon me more ſeriouſly than before; I knew not, ſaid ſhe, that your Friend was in Love, neither do I think he is; but indeed *Leontidas*, if there be no other cauſe of his Melancholy, but that, I ſhould not pity him ſo much as I do: It is becauſe perhaps, (ſaid I, and looked more attentively upon her) you know he is not to be pitied, but that he is loved by the Party whom he loves. I know not, anſwered ſhe, whether he be loved or hated, for I am neither his Miſtreſs, nor his Confident. I wiſh the Gods that half you ſay were true, (ſaid I, interrupting her very ſharply) for *Leontidas* would then be much more happy than he is. *Leontidas* (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) was born in that Iſle which was conſecrated unto the Mother of Love, where Gallantry is Law; where they never ſpeak of any thing but Love; and where the Ladies are never entertained with any Diſcourſe but ſuch as is obliging, ſweet, and flattering: but we who reverence another Deity, are leſs gallant than they, and alſo, if you pleaſe to have it ſo, ſomething more ſevere: I muſt tell you as a Stranger, that you muſt not mention any ſuch thing unto our Ladies, who would perhaps be more offended at you than I am, becauſe they do not know how to excuſe the Cuſtom of your Country as I do. All your Ladies! (replied I haſtily) Ah Divine *Alcidamia*, you do not know *Leontidas*, if you think he will ever ſay unto any other but you, that he is deſperately in Love. Seriouſly *Leontidas*, ſaid ſhe, either correct this ill Habit which you have brought over with you, or I ſhall complain unto your Friend, and deſire him to break you off it, if it be poſſible. He cannot, anſwered I, though he ſhould attempt it. Then muſt I fly your Company, replied ſhe, until ſuch time as you have better learned our Cuſtoms. It is the Cuſtom, Madam, for all that, replied I, to adore ſuch Beauties as you. And it is alſo the general Cuſtom of all Places, replied ſhe, except *Cyprus*, that thoſe Beauties of whom you ſpeak are glorious, noble, and ſevere, and will not ſuffer any Diſcourſe of ſuch things. But is it poſſible, replied I, that all the Beauties in *Samos* ſhould be inexorable? Was there never any that would ſuffer themſelves to be loved, and have permitted hopes that they themſelves would hereafter love? and have beſtowed their Pictures upon their Servants, and have been complacential many other ways unto ſuch as they have accepted on? I know not, (ſaid ſhe, wondering why I ſhould uſe this odd Diſcourſe;) or if I did, their Example ſhall never be followed by *Alcidamia.* But however, *Leontidas*, let me once more intreat you to leave off this ill Cuſtom, if you have a Mind to enjoy any of my Company. *Alcidamia* ſpoke this in ſuch a manner, as I was afraid ſhe would baniſh me her Converſation: and ſince my Jealouſie perſwaded me that ſhe was ſo ſevere unto me, only becauſe ſhe would be more faithful unto my Rival, even very ſpite made me entertain Love ſtill in my Heart, ſo that beginning to ſpeak again; If it be only an ill habit, ſaid I unto her, you would be unjuſt to think it poſſible I can lay it off upon a ſudden; therefore Madam, I conjure you to allow me ſome certain Days to unaccuſtom my ſelf. *Alcidamia*, who was very glad to turn the Diſcourſe into Raillery, ſaid, that ſhe would allow me the reſt of the Day; but I uſed ſo many Arguments, and urged her ſo much, that I obtained eight Days, after which I was not to ſpeak a Word of my Paſſion, or Love, ſhe telling and laughing, that ſhe would complain unto *Theanor*, if I broke my Word. Thus in lieu of ſpeaking of my Rival, *Alcidamia* ſpoke firſt unto me; and in lieu of diſcovering her Thoughts of him, I declared my Love unto her. In my going out from the Princeſs, I thought my ſelf for a while to be very happy, in that I had let her know I loved her; but when I called to mind all that *Alcidamia* ſaid unto me, I obſerved that ſhe changed Colour as oft as ſhe heard, *Theanor* named, and that I had no cauſe to doubt but that ſhe loved him: then did I become extreamly reſtleſs in my Mind, and if I had not had ſome Obligations upon me towards *Theanor*, I believe I ſhould have found out more violent ways to ſatisfie my ſelf, than thoſe I took; yet not well knowing what courſe to take, I was moſt reſtleſly miſerable. What will it advantage me, ſaid I, to have the Picture of *Alcidamia*, if *Theanor* have her Heart? Give over then that Deſign, which may bring into an hundred Inconveniencies. But perhaps, ſaid I afterwards, this Picture was ſtoln from her: yet if it was ſo, certainly it was ſtoln by ſome that were in Love with her; and though it were happy for me if it were ſo, yet it is a great Miſfortune to be Rival unto a Man who hath obliged me: All this while the Soul of *Theanor* was no more quiet than mine; for, as I told you before, he was paſſionately in love with *Alcidamia:* from whom, as I underſtood afterwards, he had not obtained any thing; not but that the Picture which I found was his, but it was not given him by *Alcidamia*, who knew not that he had it: for be pleaſed to know that ſhe cauſed it to be made, and gave it unto a Friend of hers named *Acaſta*; and indeed, it was ſhe who was the Owner of it. But within a little while after, *Policrates* being ready to imbarque for a freſh War, every one went to take leave of their Acquaintance, and a great Number of Quality went unto *Acaſta*, to bid her adieu; and amongſt others, *Theanor* came, as ſhe was newly gone out to make a Viſit; and when he found none below, he went into her Chamber, and found upon the Table the Picture of *Alcidamia*, which ſhe had forgot to take with her; ſo that loving her, as he did, and being ready to depart out of *Samos*, he did, as I think my ſelf ſhould have done, if I had been in his room; that is, he took this Picture, and not the Caſe, which indeed was too much to be taken, and went out ſo happily, that he was not ſeen by any. Preſently after, *Timaſias*, who was a Couſin to *Acaſta*, came unto the Houſe, and found none in it alſo; he went into his Couſin's, and found it as *Theanor* left it, that was, all open, and the Caſe of the Picture upon the Table, which he had forgot to ſhut: ſo that *Timaſias*, who was alſo in Love with *Alcidamia*, and had ſeen it often in the Hands of his Couſin, wondred why the Picture was not in it: ſo that knocking, to cauſe ſome to come unto him, he asked how it came to paſs that the Caſe ſhould lie upon the Table without the Picture? The Women, much ſurprized at it, told him that they knew not, but ſaid, They ſaw it there ſince their Miſtreſs went out: afterwards they accuſed *Timaſias*, (being a Lover of *Alcidamia*,) for taking it, and began to deſire him that he would put it in again: he denied very hotly, and in the mean while *Acaſta* returned, and heard of the Buſineſs. At the firſt, ſhe believed as her Women did, and imagined that her Couſin, whom ſhe knew to be much in Love with *Alcidamia*, had taken it, and ſay what he could, ſhe would believe no other; inſomuch as ſhe was extreamly angry with him: yet ſince he ſwore ſo deeply, that he took it not, that ſhe enquired who elſe came into the Houſe. But her Women, to excuſe themſelves of their Negligence, did ſwear, and proteſt, as alſo all the reſt of the Domeſticks, that there came none thither but *Timaſias*. Yet *Theanor*, to take away all ſuſpicion of him, returned unto *Acaſta* to bid her adieu; and not mentioning his being there before, ſhe complained unto him of her loſs, but he gave a crafty, in lieu of a comforting Anſwer, That if he had loſt it, he ſhould die for ſorrow: In concluſion, he departed with his concealed Treaſure, and making another Caſe which he had to ſerve for that Picture, (for all thoſe Pictures are made almoſt of one ſize,) he imbarked as well pleaſed, as *Timaſias* was angry; for he imagined that it was ſome of his Rivals who had ſtoln this Picture.

In the mean while *Alcidamia* hearing of it, did at the firſt ſuſpect that *Acaſta* had given it unto her Couſin: But *Acaſta* made it appear that it was otherwiſe, for being perſwaded that it was he who took it, ſhe quite fell out with him at his return. *Alcidamia*, for her part, took it extreamly ill he ſhould be ſo bold as to commit ſuch a theft, and treated him very ill every time he ſpoke unto her after his return. As ſhe was upon very Civil terms with *Theanor*, though ſhe did not much favour him, ſo ſhe complained unto him, as ſhe did unto others, and ſeemed to be ſo extreamly offended at the Preſumption of *Timaſias*, that he durſt never tell her that was himſelf the Thief,fearing to incur that hatred which ſhe bore unto his Rival, who was the ſame Man that became my Enemy the firſt day I arrived at *Samos*. You ſee then, how *Theanor*, not being any extraordinary Favourite, came unto the Picture of *Alcidamia*, for I came to know of all theſe Paſſages moſt exactly afterwards: and you ſee alſo the Reaſon why he would not tell me the Picture was his, which was, becauſe he certainly knew *Alcidamia* would hate him as ſoon as ſhe knew it. At the firſt, my young Years only did reſtrain him, but afterwards, when he found that I was in love with *Alcidamia*, then he thought good to poſſeſs me with an imagination that ſhe was in love, and that ſhe had given this Picture unto ſome one, hoping thereby to avert me from my Paſſion: he perceived, that though he had confeſſed unto me he loved her, yet that I would not give over loving her ſince I told him of it; ſo that, having no mind to fight with me, nor to ruine himſelf in the Opinion of *Alcidamia*, by confeſſing it was he who ſtole the Picture, or by telling me a lie that ſhe did give it unto him, he was as far from knowing what Reſolution to pitch upon as I was: and for ſome days we ſhunned one another with as much care as we ſought for one another before. During which time, I ſaw *Alcidamia*, as oft as I could poſſible; and preſuming upon that priviledg which ſhe had given me, I diſcourſed of my paſſionate Love unto her, and ſhe ſeemed always to think, that it was only a habit of ſpeaking which moved me to expreſs my ſelf ſo unto her, bidding me to remember that I reckoned the Days aright, which ſhe had alloted me. Yet being a whole day, and not ſeeing her, I went to walk by my ſelf in the publick Gardens of the Town, which are as full of Beauty as thoſe of *Policrates*: and to contemplate with more freedom, I took a cloſe Walk, where having a deſire to look upon the Picture of *Alcidamia*, I took it out of my Pocket, and finding a convenient Seat, I began to conſider it with much Delight; but preſently after I looked upon it with much melancholy, conſidering the cruel Doom ſhe had pronounced againſt him who loſt it; and I think my Jealouſy moved me to pronounce ſome words, which moved *Timaſias*, who unknown to me was walking in another Walk cloſe by mine, to look who it was which ſpoke; for ſince I ſpoke but with a half Voice, and had uttered but three or four words, he did not know me by my Voice: he came then cloſe up to the Walk where I was, and looking through the thick Leaves, he ſaw the Picture, and knew it to be of *Alcidamia*, and the ſame which ſhe had heretofore given unto *Acaſta*, and the very ſame that he took away; for he knew that *Alcidamia* had never ſuffered her Picture to be taken but that once. Since it was but a little time that I had been in *Samos*, and ſince I had never any familiarity with *Timaſias* ſince our laſt difference, he never perceived that I was in Love with *Alcidamia*, ſo that he was extreamly ſurprized to ſee the Picture of her he loved in the Hands of his Enemy, and a Picture alſo which had cauſed *Alcidamia* to hate him, and the ſame which every one thought he ſtole: That which did moſt amaze him, was, becauſe he thought I was not acquainted with either *Alcidamia*, or *Acaſta*, and ſince it was loſt before I came unto *Samos*, ſo that he could not tell what to think of this Adventure: yet being reſolved to be further ſatisfied, he went haſtily unto the end of that Walk where I was, and found me ſo attentive in looking upon that Picture which I held in my hand, as all I could do was to ſhut the Caſe before he was cloſe at me: ſince we were upon terms of Civility, though there was no great love betwixt us, I roſe up when he came near me, and after a cold ſalute, I offered to continue on my walk without ſtaying with him, when he accoſting me with a troubled aſpect, *Leontidas*, (ſaid he unto me) although you are none of my intimate Friends, yet ſince you are a Man of Honour, I hope you will tell me one Truth, which much imports me, and which I much deſire to know from you. I know not, replied I, whether I ſhall tel you that Truth which you deſire to know, but I am certain, I ſhall not tell you a Lie. Tell me then, ſaid he who gave you the Picture of *Alcidamia*, which by chance I ſaw in your hands, as I was walking in the Walk joyning unto this. Tho ſo much curioſity, ſaid I unto him, as you have to obſerve my Actions, does not perhaps deſerve ſo much ſincerity, yet I ſhall tell you, that Fortune only gave it unto me, and that I am not beholden unto any for it. *Timaſias* hearing this Anſwer, did think I would not tell him what I knew; ſo that being angry, I knew very well (anſwered he) that you have more cauſe to thank Fortune for it, than the incomparable *Alcidamia*, who queſtionleſs would not give it you; but I ask, by what Accident did blind Fortune put it into your Hands? Since I am not obliged (anſwered I with a much incenſed Spirit, becauſe I had ſome ſuſpicion *Timaſias* was my Rival) to tell you all the Truths I know, and that in the quality of a Man of Honour, I am only engaged to tell you no Lie; I will not tell you any more, think what you pleaſe. But you ſhall tell me (replied he roughly) of whom you had that Picture. *Leontidas* (anſwered I, and looked fiercely upon him) was never uſed to tell that which he has not any mind to have known, eſpecially unto Men who are not in the Catalogue of my Friends. Then, as your Enemy (replied he, and laid his Hand upon his Sword) I will make you acknowledg who gave you that Picture, and alſo compel you to reſtore it. No ſooner had he ſaid ſo, but without any return, I drew my Sword, and we began to fight: As he was very nimble, and I very lucky, we fought a good while without any hurt, but I coming cloſe unto him, after I had given him a ſlight touch in the left Arm, we diſputed the Victory very ſtiffly; when we were in the heat of Fight, and I had got ſo much advantage, as to preſent my Sword unto his Breaſt, to make him acknowledg my Victory, *Policrates* coming to walk there, entred; and followed by abundance of others, amongſt the reſt *Theanor*, who was the firſt who came in to part us. The Fury wherein then I was to ſee that my old Enemy, and new Rival, ſhould be pulled out of my Hands, made me begin to quarrel with *Theanor*; But *Policrates* coming in, I was forced to change my courſe, and to ask him pardon, for, contrary to his Orders, quarrelling with *Timaſias*. Since then he loved me more than my Enemy, and ſince I was a Stranger, and the other his Subject, all the blame did light upon *Timaſias*: but he, deſiring to juſtify himſelf, Sir, ſaid he, if you did know the cauſe of our Quarrel, doubtleſs you would excuſe me, and ſay that I have done no more than I ought. I cannot believe, replied *Policrates*, that you had any reaſon to Quarrel with *Leontidas*, and therefore, I would underſtand all the particulars of the Buſineſs. Sir, (ſaid I, even deſperate that it muſt be known, I had this Picture in my Hands, and fearing that *Policrates* ſhould move me to reſtore it) you will ſpend a great deal of time, which would be better imployed in many other things than this, and it will ſuffice, if you be only perſwaded, that both of us have done nothing but what Men of Courage and Honour ought to do: but ſay what I could, *Policrates* was ſo ſollicited by *Timaſias*, who deſired to be juſtified concerning the Theft of this Picture, and to be ſatisfied concerning it, began to relate the Buſineſs. Then *Timaſias* putting them in mind of the loſs of *Alcidamia*'s Picture (for all the Court knew it was taken away) and alſo puting them in mind how he, as a Lover of *Alcidamia*, was accuſed for it, and how ill ſhe had treated him concerning it; he afterwards told them that he ſaw the ſame Picture in my Hands, and that he only deſired to know of whom I had it, that he might thereby juſtify himſelf; knowing well that it was not I who took it, ſince I was not then at *Samos* when it was ſtoln from *Acaſta*.

During this Diſcourſe with *Timaſias*, I had variety of Apprehenſions in my Mind, for I was extreamly joyed to know certainly, by what he ſaid, that this Picture was not given unto him who loſt it; and ſometimes my Jealouſy diminiſhed, as much as my Love encreaſed; but ſeeing afterwards with what fervency my Enemy ſpoke, and that I did contribute unto his juſtification, and perhaps unto his admiſſion into *Alcidamia*'s Favour, I was than even abſolutely deſperate. Yet as ſoon as *Timaſias* had done ſpeaking, *Policratas*, who had a piercing

ing Wit, not yet imagining the Truth of the Buſineſs, and thinking only that I had a deſire to conceal the Name of him who gave me this Picture, told me, That he would not move me to tell before all the World who it was, but deſired me to tell him in private; which if I would do, it ſhould ſuffice for the juſtification of *Timaſias*, that I did publiquely acknowledg, ſome one who likely did take it from *Acaſta*, had given it unto me. I leave you to imagine how much I was joyed that I was not able to juſtify my Enemy and my Rival: ſo that I began to relate, with all ingenuity which Truth could have, how I found it as I was walking: concealing to my ſelf the ſuſpicions which I had that it was *Theanor* who loſt it; for ſince they were only bare Suſpicions, I could not reſolve in my Mind, which of theſe two Rivals I had better ruin. At the firſt, my Diſcourſe did a little ſurprize *Policrates*, ſo that to confirm him better, I told him that *Theanor*, who was there by him, knew well I did not lie, ſince I went unto him, and told him the Adventure which I had the firſt night I came unto *Samos*, and ſhewed him this Picture, and out of my curioſity deſired him to inform me who he might be who had loſt it, and to tell me the Name of her whom it repreſented. So *Theanor* was conſtrained to be my Witneſs, and *Policrates* doubted not of the Truth of what I ſaid. So that it appearing I told no lie unto *Timaſias*, and that he had no reaſon to think I ſpoke not ſincerely unto him, he commanded us to embrace one another: bnt firſt *Timaſias* beſeeched *Policrates* that I ſhould reſtore unto *Alcidamia* the Picture which I found. You make me believe, (ſaid I then unto *Timaſias*) that perhaps it was your ſelf which loſt this Picture, and that repenting your ſelf of that Theft which wounded your Reputation, you would have it reſtored. *Timaſias* grew red in the Face with anger at this Diſcourſe, and returned no Anſwer; and that which did moſt vex him, was, that every one believed it ſo, and publickly talked of it, and I believe *Theanor* did contribute all he could to make it paſs ſo: For my part, I was even raviſhed to ſee *Policrates* laugh at what I ſaid, and addreſſing my Speech unto him, ſaid, That it would be an odd thing, that ſince *I* took nothing from any one, they ſhould oblige me to reſtore that which Fortune gave me; or that I ſhould be puniſhed, before I committed a Crime, or looked upon, like him who was the real Robber, if he were known. *Timaſias* would have anſwered, but *Policrates* beginning to ſpeak, and deſiring to take up this Quarrel, told me, That as my puniſhment, I ſhould ſhew him this Picture. Sir, ſaid I unto him, it conduceth ſo much unto the Honour of *Alcidamia* to be ſeen, that I do it without any Difficulty at all, upon Condition you will promiſe me to do me ſo much Honour as to reſtore it. Then, after that promiſe, I did ſhew it unto him. He no ſooner ſaw it, but looking upon the Caſe, *Leontidas*, ſaid he unto me, you need not wonder at the anger of *Timaſias*, for by the richneſs of theſe precious Stones wherewith it is ſet, it was to be imagined that perhaps you were his Rival, ſince it is not uſual to be at much charges for an indifferent Perſon. Sir (replied I) it was my Fortune to find that Picture in that Caſe: yet to ſhew I am not covetous, I am ready to reſtore it without the Picture, unto *Timaſias*, if it was he who loſt it. *Pollcrates*, fearing that this Diſcourſe might breed worſe Blood, commanded us peremptorily to embrace one another; which without any incivility we did, though very coldly. After which, reſtoring me the Picture, when he had contemplated it with ſuch a ſeriouſneſs as if he had never ſeen the Perſon it repreſented, he told me, ſmiling, That a Lover of *Alcidamia* would be very happy in having that Honour which I had in it, and in obtaining that by Fortune which would not have been ſo eaſily obtained from her ſelf. After this, he went unto the Princeſs his Siſter, and would have me wait upon him. But as for *Timaſias*, he retired himſelf, being much grieved that his Combate had no better ſucceſs, but yet very glad in his Imagination that what he had done might perhaps undeceive *Alcidamia*: but for all that, he himſelf was deceived, for ſhe ſtill did think that it was he who took it, and afterwards loſt it in walking, and to recover it again, he fought with me. You may imagine what a noiſe this Accident did make in the Court: and had publiſhed it, before we came unto the Princeſs, whither *Theanor* came not. *Alcidamia*, who by chance was there, no ſooner ſaw me but ſhe bluſh'd, and was aſhamed to know I ſhould have her Picture. As ſoon as *Policrates* entred, he cauſed me to come near the Princeſs *Herſilea*, by whom *Alcidamia* ſtood: and relating unto them what they knew already; There needs no more, ſaid he, to compleat this Adventure, if *Leontidas* were really in love with *Alcidamia*, as well as *Theanor* and *Timaſias* are, the one of which is his Friend, and the other his Enemy; then might we ſee how one that is born in the Iſle of *Cyprus* would carry himſelf amidſt all theſe Circumſtances. Sir, ſaid I unto him, bluſhing and ſmiling, if there need no more than that to make an adventure handſome, you need wiſh no more. Hearken not, Sir, unto *Leontidas* (ſaid *Alcidamia*) as if he ſpoke ſeriouſly: for Sir, you know it is the cuſtom of his Country to treat all Ladies thus: There are ſix days yet, ſaid ſhe, which I have to correct him in, and he hath promiſed me that afterwards he will ſpeak no more in that manner unto me. How, ſaid *Policrates* (ſpeaking unto *Alcidamia*) have you given him leave to ſpeak in that manner unto you for ſix Days? Yes, Sir, replied ſhe, and bluſh'd, but it is upon Condition to ſpeak no more ſo unto me afterwards. And we will believe him (ſaid the Princeſs *Herſilea*, ſmiling.) Indeed I cannot (replied *Policrates*, looking upon *Alcidamia*) for I am perſwaded that ſince *Leontidas* has once told you that he loves, he will always tell you ſo. But it ſhall be in vain (replied *Alcidamia*) ſince I ſhall not hearken unto him: Yet Sir, ſaid ſhe, if it were fit, I could complain of a piece of injuſtice which you have done me, in not appointing *Leontidas* to reſtore my Picture unto me.

Policrates, having a pleaſing Phancy (as I underſtood afterwards) to ſee me vexed, anſwered, That his Reaſon was, becauſe he would not conſent unto a thing of that Nature at the requeſt of *Timaſias*, but at hers. If that be all, ſaid ſhe, I humbly beſeech you, command him to reſtore it unto me preſently. I can only intreat him (*ſaid Policrates*) for I am not his Maſter. You may command me, Sir, in all things, ſaid I unto him; but as for this, I conceive it would be ſo unjuſt to do it, that I cannot believe you will. And what injuſtice is there in it, replied *Alcidamia*, ſince it is but to render me my own? In truth, ſaid the Princeſs, you have leſs right unto it than *Leontidas*; for did you not give it unto *Acaſta?* Yes, replied ſhe, but though I did, yet *Leontidas* has no right unto it. For my part, ſaid *Policrates*, I find that *Alcidamia* is not to blame. And I find, ſaid the Princeſs *Herſilea*, that ſhe has no reaſon to have it from him: for ſince *Acaſta* was ſo careleſs in loſing it, and *Leontidas* ſo careful in keeping it, it is better in his Hands than hers. Oh Madam, ſaid I unto her, how infinitely am I obliged unto you, and what ſufficient thanks can I poſſibly render you? Whilſt I was thanking her, and ſhewing ſuch Reaſons as might more convince them in my Favour, I ſaw *Policrates* ſpeak low unto *Alcidamia*, and ſhe laugh as well as he: and methought afterwards, I ſaw them ſmile once or twice privately at one another; and indeed *Policrates* was diſpleaſed at *Alcidamia*, ſince ſhe confeſſed ſhe ſuffered me to ſpeak unto her concerning my Love, and the more to oblige me, told her that he believed I was really in love with her: but for further ſatiſfaction, he ſaid unto her, Will you continue obſtinate all this day in deſiring him to reſtore your Picture? How, Sir, ſaid ſhe, all this Day? ſpeaking in a low Voice to him: Yes, and all my Life long, or at the leaſt until he do reſtore it. Yet ſince I did not hear what he ſaid, and ſince I ſaw *Policrates* ſmile very often whilſt *Alcidamia* preſſed me to reſtore the Picture, I was much unquiet in my Mind. But as the Princeſs took my part, and was glad that the Affection of *Policrates* heretofore towards *Timaſias* whom ſhe loved not, did leſſen towards him, and increaſe towards me; ſhe ſaid, that abſolutely ſhe would never ſuffer me to reſtore this Picture; for (ſaid ſhe to *Alcidamia*, in my behalf) you have no more right unto it ſince you gave it unto *Acaſta*, and ſhe has no more right unto it than you, ſince ſhe loſt it ſo negligently; but *Leontidas* has more right than either of

You, ſince he found it ſo fortunately: ſince he has won it by his Valour; ſince he has prevented him who ſtole it from enjoying it; and ſince indeed he deſerves it. Then *Policrates*, to divert himſelf a little longer, ſaid unto *Herſilea*, that it were more juſt that the Picture remained in his Hands. But without giving him ſo much time as to tell his Reaſons, the Sentence of the Princeſs was followed; *Alcidamia* always declaring that ſhe would never conſent unto it. In Concluſion the Prince retired, and I alſo. Then after I had examined my Memory concerning all the Accidents of that Day, I found more bad than good Fortune in them: indeed I was extreamly joyed that this Picture which I had, was not given, and that I might almoſt ſay it was my own; and might look upon it without any circumſtance of Secreſy: But I was extreamly troubled when I found my Friend and my Enemy were both my Rivals: for I might very well imagine, that *Theanor* would never have perſwaded me that this Picture was given unto him who loſt it, but in Hopes thereby to make me alter my Deſign; nor could I be ignorant, conſidering the manner of *Timaſias* his Action, that he was deeply in love with *Alcidamia:* and afterwards calling to Memory the ſeriouſneſs of *Policrates* in looking upon the Picture, how he whiſpered with her, and divers times ſmiled at her: remembring, I ſay, all theſe trivial Circumſtances, I imagined that this Prince was in love with her alſo; ſo that, to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, I was no leſs jealous of him, than I was of my Friend, and my Enemy. I might have had ſo much Conſolation (if I had known how to have taken it rightly) as to have thought that *Alcidamia* did neither love him, nor *Theanor*, nor *Timaſias*. But I apprehended it with ſo many tormenting Fears, as if I had known that certainly ſhe was in love with them all; for if I had apprehended it ſo, then all my Jealouſy would have had but one Object, whereas now I ſuffered as many torments as if *Alcidamia* had loved them all one after another. On which ſide ſoever her ſenſible Soul inclines, (ſaid I) I have great cauſe to fear that every one of theſe three terrible Rivals may move her Heart. *Theanor* is a very compleat Man, wiſe, complacential, diſcreet, and witty, able to act all that a paſſionate Love can inſpire, and ruin me before I know where I am: ſo that if *Alcidamia* do affect the Courtſhip of ſuch a Man, I have great reaſon to fear him.

Again, If ſhe be affected unto Fame, Valour, and Liberality, *Timaſias* is a brave and gallant Man, who may eaſily attract her Inclination. But O Heavens, ſaid I, If ſhe be ambitious, what ſatisfaction may ſhe not find in *Policrates?* if ſhe affect Glory, there it is to be had; if ſhe loves Riches, ſince he is Maſter of the Seas, he can fetch her more; if his own will not content her: and thus repeating in my Mind, all the good qualities of *Policrates*, I endured unimaginable Torments, eſpecially when I conſidered the good Fortune of this Prince, which always was waited upon with ſucceſs in all his Enterprizes. No, no, ſaid I, all I have to do, is to inform my ſelf whether *Policrates* loves *Alcidamia*; for if he do, certainly ſhe will love him. Afterwards, when I conſidered that of all my three Rivals, there was only *Timaſias*, againſt whom I could vent all my Reſentments, for the other two, one of them was my Friend, and the other my Maſter; then did I almoſt loſe all my Reaſon, ſo that I paſſed away that Night moſt unquietly: yet was I not fully reſolved in my Mind, that *Policrates* was in love with *Alcidamia*, I did but only ſuſpect it, not believe it; for commonly, I began with fear; afterwards, I ſuſpected; and after that to believe what I feared, and ſuſpected to be really true. After then a tedious and vexatious Night, *Theanor* came unto my Chamber in the Morning, who being ſtill reſolved to conceal the truth, and to take my Love off from *Alcidamia*, if he could, came now to tell me how glad he was of the advantage which I got the day before over my Enemy; but yet he was very ſorry to obſerve me every day more and more inclined to love *Alcidamia*; yet if I would permit him to deliver his diſſwading Reaſons, he believed that I would think no more of it. The moſt prevalent Reaſon that can be, ſaid I unto him, I heard yeſterday from *Policrates*, which was, that you and *Timaſias* both are in love as well as I with her: But *Theanor*, I cannot help it, I muſt, whether I will or no, be your Rival; and ſince it is permitted *Timaſias* to love *Alcidamia*, me-thinks, you may allow *Leontidas* the ſame Liberty. When I began firſt to love her, I knew not that you did ſo alſo, but now at this Day, ſince Love has got the Maſtery, and abſolute dominion of my Heart, it is in vain for me to ſtrive againſt it. *Theanor* perceiving that I knew he was in Love, did not abſolutely deny it; but he told me then, that it was true, he loved *Alcidamia*, as all the reſt of the Court did; yet it was as true, that for ſome Reaſons which he wiſhed I knew, he endeavoured with all his Power to overcome his Paſſion.

In Concluſion, he uſed ſuch obſcure and ambiguous Expreſſions, as made me plainly perceive that the only Reaſon why he would withdraw his Affection from *Alcidamia*, was, becauſe *Policrates* had a ſecret mind unto her. Ah, my dear *Theanor*, (ſaid I unto him, though he was my Rival) though *Policrates* be more to be feared than he is, I do already know as much as you tell me. *Theanor*, who only had invented what he told me, purpoſely to diſſwade me from the Service of *Alcidamia*, was much ſurpriſed to hear me ſay ſo; and fearing that he had ſpoken a Truth, when he thought he had told me a Lie, he preſſed me to tell him what I knew concerning the Love of *Policrates*, which (as he ſaid) was ſuch a Secret as he thought none had known it but himſelf. But I, who was no leſs inquiſitive than he, did ſwear unto him he ſhould never know what I knew, unleſs he did firſt expound unto me all that he had formerly told me concerning *Alcidamia*'s Picture, which he aſſured me was given unto him that loſt it. *Theanor* ſeeing himſelf ſo preſſed, and being extreamly deſirous to be ſatisfied of what I had ſaid unto him concerning *Policrates* his love unto *Alcidamia*, and being aſhamed of telling me a Lie, reſolved to tell me another which ſhould make good the firſt, and perhaps his own Deſign: he told me then, (after he had pauſed a while, as if he were half doubtful whether he ſhould impart the ſecret unto me, and after he had made me ſolemnly ſwear that I would never ſpeak of it how) *Policrates* was in love with *Alcidamia*, and had been long: for that the Buſineſs was managed by a Lady in the Court, called *Meneclida*, whom every one thought *Policrates* loved, though ſhe was only a Confident unto *Alcidamia*. How *Alcidamia*, though ſhe was very vertuous, yet anſwered his Affection with reciprocal complacency; and how this Picture about which ſo much ſtir hath been, was given, though it ſeemed to be ſtolen. Is it poſſible, ſaid I unto him, that this can be? Yes, ſaid he unto me, for *Policrates* a little before his Voyage, deſired *Alcidamia* to give him her Picture, and ſhe conſented; yet ſince ſhe would not ſuffer it to be taken in ſecret, for fear of diſcovery; ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe would give her Picture unto *Acaſta*, intending to have two drawn at a time, but the Painter falling ſick, as ſoon as he had finiſhed one for *Acaſta*, *Alcidamia* durſt do no other but give it unto her, becauſe ſhe had promiſed. But the Prince, going unto *Acaſta* to bid her adieu, and ſeeing ſhe had left this Picture upon her Table, whilſt ſhe went upon a viſit unto the Princeſs *Herſilea*, he commanded me to go and ſteal it for him, which I did accordingly; for at that time *Alcidamia* and I were not kind at all, and I cared not though *Policrates* loved her. How *Theanor*, ſaid I unto him, did you ſteal *Alcidamia*'s Picture, and do you aſſure me, that ſhe promiſed it unto the Prince? Yes, replied he; But, ſaid I unto him, it was not *Policrates* who loſt it that Night I found it: for when that Accident happened, the Prince was gone into his Chamber long before. *Theanor* was non-pluſt at this anſwer; but upon ſecond thoughts; No, no, ſaid he, deceive not your ſelf; for the Prince *Policrates* does uſe to walk in the Night, and come privately without any Company with him into that Walk, ſo that doubtleſs it was he, though you did not know him, who let that Picture fall that Night you found it. But I remember, that I found you very Melancholy the next Morning: what was then in your Mind? Nothing but Sorrow, replied he, to find that abſence had not altered the Heart of *Policrates*; for as ſoon as ever he landed, he ſent to ſee how *Alcidamia* did. What did that concern you, ſaid

I, ſince you were not then in love with her? and why did you trouble your ſelf with any Sorrow, ſince ſhe was ſo indifferent unto you? I told you, anſwered he, that indeed ſhe was ſo when I firſt imbarqued, but I did not tell you, ſhe was ſo at my ſecond return. It was no wonder then, ſaid I unto him, that *Policrates* was ſo deſirous to have me reſtore it unto *Alcidamia.* Then, to ſatisfy his Curioſity, I told him how this Prince continued ſtill his earneſt deſires unto me, to reſtore it unto her; how he was continually whiſpering with her, and winking at her, whilſt ſhe was importuning me for it; and indeed I told him ſo exactly all my Obſervations of every petty Circumſtance, which then did ſeem ſuch ſtrong Arguments unto me of *Policrates* his Love, that I made no doubt at all of the truth. As for *Theanor*, he was even raviſhed with Joy to underſtand that I knew nothing which could diſquiet him, for he was not of ſo jealous an Apprehenſion as I was. But *Theanor*, ſaid I unto him; What do you your ſelf reſolve upon? To overcome my Paſſion, (ſaid he unto me, hoping that I would follow his Example) for, to be a Rival unto a Soveraign, is an odd preſumption. I am very glad you are ſo wiſe, ſaid I unto him, and that my Friend ceaſes from being my Rival. Being a Stranger as you are, replied he, you do expoſe your ſelf unto an angry adventure in loving her that *Policrates* loves, unto whom you are obliged. Being his Rival (ſaid I unto him, half angry) as you are, me-thinks, you take a great deal of pains for him; but yet if you will admit of any Lover of *Alcidamia*, it ſhould be my ſelf before any other, unleſs Ambition have a greater influence upon your Soul than Friendſhip. *Theanor* ſuffered this diſcourſe without any ſharp reply, as well becauſe he had no mind to fall out with me, as becauſe he was guilty of doing me wrong in deceiving me: but we parted in this Manner; he left me leſs jealous of him, but much more of *Policrates*, who being ſo amiable and handſom as he was, became intolerable unto me. As ſoon as *Theanor* was gone out, I went unto *Alcidamia*, where I found *Timaſias*, whom *Acaſta* had brought thither, to tell her how ſhe had wronged him in accuſing him for ſtealing her Picture: and though *Alcidamia* could not be driven from that belief, yet at the importunity of *Acaſta*, ſhe permitted him to ſee her, and that he might hereafter take the Honour to viſit her: ſo that when I came in, *Timaſias* was ready to go out, and thanked her for this great Honour which ſhe had done him. When I had heard theſe laſt Words of his Complement, I imagined the Matter, and was ſo very angry at it, that all the Company perceived it. As ſoon as he was gone, *Alcidamia* turning towards me, It is to you, ſaid ſhe, that *Timaſias* is beholden, for the permiſſion to ſee me ſometimes, which now I conſented unto, ſince if you had not quarrelled, I ſhould have ſtill believed, that it was he who took my Picture. If it be the intention (ſaid I unto him) which ſets a Price upon all good Offices, *Timaſias* has no reaſon to thank me for it, ſince I did never intend him any Service in it. Preſently after, *Policrates* came in, *Theanor*, and ſeveral others followed him; *Timaſias*, alſo proud of his new-obtained Favour, came in with *Policrates* almoſt as ſoon as he was gone out. Imagine me now in the midſt of three Rivals, the leaſt of which I was in great jealouſy of; which ſide ſoever I turned, mine Eye did meet with angry Objects: for ſince it was very hard for *Alcidamia*, but ſhe muſt often look upon either *Policrates*, or *Theanor*, or *Timaſias*, though ſhe had no deſign at all in her looks; I ſuffered more than I am able to expreſs: I would gladly ſhe had fixed her Eyes upon me, and none elſe; but alas, I was not ſo happy as to have my Wiſh: for you muſt know, that *Alcidamia*, whoſe equal and impartial Humour would drive all her Servants into deſpair, ſhe uſed ſuch a certain kind of indifferent Civility, without any Choice at all, as if ſhe knew no diſtinction of the Men which viſited her, though one were of the moſt delicate Spirit in the World: and ſhe had a phantaſy to gain and win upon every one by this innocent way, ſo that by conſequence ſhe was very civil and ſweet, and complacential unto all that came near her, and uſed an univerſal kindneſs unto all; ſhe never ſeemed to be troubled at them who did moſt importune her: ſhe was ſo abſolute Miſtreſs of her ſelf, that ſhe could change and vary when ſhe pleaſed, and was ſo witty, that ſhe knew how to turn diſcourſe as ſeemed good unto her: you may imagine therefore how I was tormented that day. When *Policrates* talked with her, I could not endure it, and I thought that her Joy, which ſhe appprehended in it, made her ſeem fairer. If ſhe looked upon *Timaſias*, I imagined it was only to engage him deeper than before; and if ſhe turned towards *Theanor*, I feared that her looks would not cure him of his Paſſion, as he told me he deſigned. When *Policrates* ſpoke unto *Meneclida*, who was then with *Alcidamia*, I ſuppoſed it to be out of Subtilty, and as unto his Confident of his Paſſion; and if *Alcidamia* did me any Civility, or held me in any general Diſcourſe, I looked upon her as one who would deceive me, and returned her a peeviſh Anſwer. I confeſs unto you, that I could have wiſhed *Alcidamia* fair only in my Eye, or elſe that ſhe were unto all the World inviſible: I wiſhed they would eſteem her, and her Honour was not indifferent unto me; but for all that, I would not have them love her, and I think, I ſhould have rather wiſhed them to hate her. The Diſcourſe of all this Day was very agreeable unto all the Company, except me. The Prince *Policrates*, chiding me for my Melancholy, told me, that *I* was ſurely a very diſcreet Lover, and that he could not gueſs at any cauſe of Melancholy I ſhould have, ſince I had the Picture of the faireſt Perſon upon Earth. Sir, ſaid I unto him haſtily, it is not ſo great a happineſs to have the Picture of the fair *Alcidamia* only from the Hands of Fortune: but if I ſhould have ſo much happy Honour as to receive it from her fair Hand, I ſhould then eſteem it much more precious than I do, although I do eſteem it at a high rate already. Before you receive it from her Hands, ſaid *Policrates*, ſmiling, ſhe muſt get it out of yours; and therefore your beſt way will be to reſtore it unto her, as I deſired you yeſterday; And as I deſire to day, ſaid *Alcidamia*. If I were ſure you would give it me again to Morrow, replied I, I ſhould doubtleſs reſtore it to Day;

but I ſhould be very unhappy to deprive my ſelf of that Honour which I do already enjoy, in hopes of a greater Good, which perhaps you will never honour me with. Afterwards *Meneclida* ſeemed as if ſhe were very jealous that I ſhould have *Alcidamia*'s Picture, and not ſhe, and becauſe the excellent and only Picture-drawer which drew it at *Samos* was gone unto *Epheſus*. This pleaſing conteſt between theſe two Beauties was ſo hot, that *Alcidamia* to appeaſe *Meneclida*, gave her a Seal of a very rare Emerauld, her name Engraven upon it, which ſhe wore about her Arm in a flame coloured Ribbon; the Gift was ſo magnificent, both for the Luſtre of the Stone, and for the Art of the Engraver, who was the famous *Theodorus*, that *Meneclida* would not accept it, but upon Condition that ſhe would take another Bracelet which ſhe wore, the Claſp whereof was Rubies, and in the midſt thereof a very fair Diamond. This exchange paſſing in my preſence, I was ſo bold as to ſay, that I preferred *Alcidamia*'s Picture before them both, as Magnificent as they were. Then did *Theanor* make Signs at me, as who would ſay I muſt not declare my ſelf ſo openly before *Policrates*. But I, who was not Maſter of my Paſſion, would needs chear up my Jealouſy, by thoſe Signs of my Love which I expreſſed, before my two Rivals. In the mean while I muſt tell you that the eighth Day being come, after which *Alcidamia* would not hear me ſpeak any more concerning my Love, I diſcourſed ſo long, and ſo ſeriouſly unto her, that ſhe perceived ſhe muſt prepare her ſelf for a long Perſecution: all that I had ſaid unto her until then, might have been interpreted, as Gallantry only, but ſo it could not be at this time; for it was impoſſible for me to hide my Jealouſy from her, when I was expreſſing my ſelf in Love: and I think verily, that I thought more of conjuring her not to love my Rivals, than I did of intreating her to permit me leave to love her. After this, I lived in perpetual vexation and anguiſh of Mind, though I did, if I durſt ſay it, ſometimes find ſome glimps of Goodneſs towards me in the Heart of *Alcidamia*, but yet I durſt not put any truſt in her: and I think that unleſs I lived alone with her in an uninhabited Iſland, where never any Ship came, I could not have fancied ſufficient Security from my Rivals. Therefore was I extreamly miſerable, for I muſt whether I would or no, find *Policrates* every day with her, and endure the frequent Viſits of *Theanor*, who could not hide his Thoughts ſo cloſe but I could eaſily diſcover he was in Love with *Alcidamia*: and I was forced alſo, unleſs I would quit *Samos*, to ſuffer *Timaſias*, who was my mortal Enemy.

And to ſpeak truth, whoſoever hath not had Trial of all theſe three kinds of Jealouſies, does not know what it is to be rightly jealous; but mine reſted not here: for be pleaſed to know that there was a Man in the Court, of a very baſe Condition, who had been a Slave unto *Xanthus* the Philoſopher, the ſame time that famous *Eſope* was with him, and who was infranchized by their Maſter the ſame day that excellent Author of thoſe witty Fables which are ſo famous every where, was ſet at Liberty. The pleaſant and merry-making Humour of this Man brought him into the Court, and procured him the Liberty to feaſt without any Exception, upon all the World. Since *Alcidamia*, as I told you before, was ſo complacential as to ſuffer thoſe who were even troubleſome unto her, you may eaſily imagine that ſhe would not baniſh thoſe from her, who diverted her: ſo that this old Friend of *Eſope* was continually with her; then ſince he knew all the News of the Court, and could tell it handſomely, he had always ſomething or other to tell her in ſecret, and ſhe had always ſomething to ask him in private, ſo that there paſſed not a Day but I ſaw them whiſper long together, and ſometimes laugh, although I knew not at what: And I ſaw this, I tell you, ſo frequent, that maugre my Jealouſie of *Timaſias*, of *Theanor*, and of *Policrates*, I was alſo jealous of *Hiparchus*, (for that was his Name) who was as much below me, as *Policrates* was above me. This poor Piece of Jealouſie troubled me more than all the others, becauſe it brought me ſometimes even to ſcorn *Alcidamia*. After this *Hiparchus* could never move me unto any Laughter, how pleaſant and witty ſoever his Raillery was, for it is not poſſible for one to be both a good Buffoon and a Rival unto any. This was the manner of my Life, when *Policrates* (who indeed was in love with *Meneclida*, though for ſome State-Reaſons, he did not then make it appear openly) intended a Recreation upon the Sea, or rather a great Fiſhing, at which all the Court-Ladies were to be. The Princeſs *Herſilia* invited them all unto this Sea-Feaſt; and though doubtleſs it was intended only for *Meneclida*, yet I ſuppoſed it to be for *Alcidamia*, with whom ſhe held a great Privacy and Familiarity at that time: for ſince the Accident of the Picture, *Acaſta*, who before that was her prime Confident, was now no longer ſo, but *Meneclida* had the higheſt Place in her Heart. All things being prepared for this grand Fiſhing, and the Day being ſet down; they were conſtrained to defer it, becauſe there arrived an Embaſſador from *Amaſis* King of *Egypt*, who loved *Policrates* very well, and who ſent to tell him, that his good Fortune would procure him ſome Unquietneſs of Mind, for it was the ſaying of a very wiſe Man, It was abſolutely impoſſible to be always happy: he did therefore adviſe him to prepare himſelf for ſome Misfortune, by ſome voluntary Loſs, to the end, that if any angry and croſs Accident fell out, his Soul ſhould not be ſurprized with it. *Policrates* received this Counſel by many Teſtimonies of Gratitude for the Care which ſo great a King did take of him, and he went into a Galley with this *Egyptian* Embaſſador, and as it was reported, he threw into the Sea, upon a premeditated Deſign, a Jewel of an ineſtimable Value, to the end it might cauſe him ſufficient Grief: Yet it was not ſo; but ſee what was the ground of this Report, which was rumoured not only throughout all *Aſia*, but all the World. The Morning that this Embaſſador came, and had been treated with all poſſible Magnificency, *Policrates* deſired to recreate himſelf at this great Fiſhing. This being in the end of Autumn, which commonly is the moſt pleaſant time of the Year at *Samos*, the Sea was ſo calm, that it was moſt delectable being upon it, yet not ſo good for Fiſhing, for the great Calm is not the moſt proper for it.

Twelve gilded Gallies were provided for this glorious Company; all of them had moſt magnificent Tents upon the Deck; and a thouſand waving Flags of divers Colours, in ſeveral Places of the Galleys; but above the reſt, that which was appointed to carry the Prince *Policrates*, the Princeſs *Herſilea*, the *Egyptian* Embaſſador, the fair *Meneclida*, the incomparable *Alcidamia*, and other Principal Ladies of the Court, was the moſt glorious and gallant Galley in the World. Yet I who thought all this Magnificency was only an effect of *Policrates* his Love of *Alcidamia*, did obſerve it more than any other, though without any Delight: I got into this Galley where ſhe was, and that day was ſhe fairer than ever *Galathia*, *Thetis*, or *Venus*, could by the Art of any Hand be drawn: All the Nets which were uſed were of Silk; all the Fiſhers were dreſſed in *Triton*'s Habit, and all the Ladies like the *Nereides*. As we were in ſuch a Place of the Sea, as was full of Fiſh, *Policrates* preſented unto all the Ladies, Lines, and Angle-Rods of Ebonie, and blue Silk Lines with Hooks of Gold. This Prince, who naturally was civil unto all, did as much as he could hide his Affection unto *Meneclida*, and taking one of thoſe Angle-Rods, gave it unto *Alcidamia*, before he gave one unto *Meneclida*, which Paſſage you may well imagine did extreamly trouble me; ſo that whileſt every one was taken up with Delights, I was toſſed in a turbulent Sea of Jealouſie.

Theanor and *Timaſias*, who were in another Galley, did ſo fix their looks upon that wherein *Alcidamia* was, that I believe they did not think their Fiſhing good Sport in theirs: for my part, all my Imployment was to obſerve what *Policrates* did; and to my great Miſery, I was no leſs unquiet, when he ſpoke unto *Meneclida*, than when he diſcourſed with *Alcidamia*, becauſe I conceived her to be only a Confident of his Love. I obſerved that whileſt the *Egyptian* Embaſſador was entertaining the Princeſs *Herſilea*, and whileſt many Ladies were buſie in their Sport, ſome Fiſhing, and others looking on, *Policrates* preſenting a Rod and Line unto *Alcidamia* before *Meneclida*, ſaid unto her out of his Gallantry, That if ſhe were as happy in taking of Fiſh, as ſhe was of Hearts, ſhe would catch Fiſh enough. Then I know not how *Meneclida*, taking her Angle-Rod in her Hand, did ſo entangle it in that Ribon which ſhe wore about her Arm, and which *Alcidamia* had given her; but I am ſure ſhe let it fall, and gave a great Cry upon it, and that if *Policrates* had not ſtooped haſtily, and catched it, it had certainly fallen into the Sea: Then holding it in his Hands, he expreſſed many Signs of Joy, as well as *Meneclida*, who infinitely eſteemed it, as well for its own Value, as for the hand which gave it: But as for *Policrates*, who only valued it as coming from the Arm of *Meneclida*, he told her, that in lieu of reſtoring it unto her, he would keep it unto the end of the Fiſhing, for fear ſhe ſhould loſe it again: Then calling me unto him, have not I more Right unto this Seal, *Leontidas*, ſaid he, than you have unto the Picture of *Alcidamia*? And may I not keep it if I will from the fair *Meneclida*, as well as you the Picture from *Alcidamia*, ſince you found yours in a Place where it would not have been for ever loſt, as this which I happily preſerved would have been? Sir, ſaid I unto him very angrily, becauſe I ſuppoſed he only loved the Seal becauſe it was *Alcidamia*'s, you were ſo oppoſite unto me concerning this Picture whereof you ſpeak, that for all the Reſpect I owe you, I have much ado to judg favourably in your Behalf. Then muſt the fair *Alcidamia* aſſiſt me, ſaid he, in perſwading the fair *Meneclida* that I may enjoy that which ſhe loſt? Sir, replied ſhe, (moſt cruelly as I thought) I ſhall never be oppoſite unto any thing which may be advantagious unto you; and I find that *Meneclida* has made this Seal which I gave her ſo precious by her wearing it, that you have great reaſon to deſire the Preſervation of it. If the Prince, replied *Meneclida*, be of my Mind, he will value it upon the ſame Score as I did; that is, becauſe it was yours.

In Concluſion, after this Conteſt, *Meneclida* did conſent that *Policrates* ſhould wear her Seal the reſt of the Day, ſo that he putting it on his Arm, ſeemed to be as pleaſant and glorious as if he had got ſome great Conqueſt: Indeed, he was as glad as I was ſad, for as the Paſſage ſeemed unto my Apprehenſion, it was never given unto *Meneclida*,

clida, but under a private Deſign to be given unto *Policrates.* I imagined that *Meneclida* did purpoſely put it off, and let it fall, and indeed I imagined all that could torment my Mind. After they had taken all the Delight that Fiſhing could afford, and had divers times ſeen them draw their Nets, ſo loaded with Fiſh that they broke, and gave Liberty unto all thoſe pretty Priſoners, which they only took for the Pleaſure of taking them, and to look upon their ſilver Armour: and after the Ladies had tired themſelves with taking many Dares, and other Fiſhes, there was in every Galley a magnificent Collation prepared, and moſt harmonious Muſick; afterwards, the Sun not being towards Evening any thing offenſive unto the Ladies, the Tents were all taken away, and this illuſtrious Company enjoyed as pleaſant a ſeaſon as ever was. All the Ladies took off their Hoods. The Beauty appeared in full Luſtre, every one was entertaining themſelves with thoſe that were moſt agreeable unto their Fancy, and I was the only Man who was ſolitary, and held Converſation with none but my ſelf: I ſaw *Policrates* ſit between *Alcidamia* and *Meneclida*, ſpeaking ſometimes to one, and ſometimes to another. *Meneclida*, becauſe the Day grew old, and Night came on, asked for her Seal: and as he ſeemed unwilling to reſtore, ſhe preſſed the more to have it, but ſtill this Prince denied it, as ſeeming extream unwilling to part with it. Sir, (ſaid ſhe ſmiling, as afterwards I knew, for then I ſaw only by their Action, and did not underſtand their Words) If any but the Prince *Policrates* ſhould ask this Seal as a Favour, he would be ſuſpected a Paſſion, little leſs gallant than Love. To ſhew you, ſaid he, that I am not very covetous, I will reſtore the Seal upon condition you will only give me the Ribbon which is tied unto it; in ſaying ſo he began to unty it notwithſtanding her Reſiſtance; and as ſhe ſtill denied it, ſaying, to excuſe her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould loſe it if ſhe had not the Ribbon alſo, the Seal fell out of the Hands of *Policrates* into the Sea, and he not able to catch it, for they leaned over a gilded Rail, which was by the ſides of the Galley; *Policrates* was even deſperate at the Accident: *Meneclida* very angry, and when the Loſs was divulged, every one ſhared in the Prince's Sorrows, for being the cauſe of ſuch a Loſs unto *Menelida*: I only rejoiced, and was raviſhed that he could not enjoy ſuch a Favour as came from *Alcidamia*; for I did not underſtand that he intended to reſtore it when he let it fall: See, ſaid he, the great Misfortune of *Policrates*, ſince the firſt that befals him is without a Remedy. But the more he appeared troubled, the more did I alſo, becauſe my Jealouſy was augmented by it. The *Egyptian* Embaſſador, to comfort him, wiſhed that never greater Misfortune might befal him: and as long as the Day laſted, either at Sea, or in the Palace, after our return to Court, nothing but this Accident was talked on.

The next Morning, *Theanor*, the more to afflict me, did craftily tell me, that *Policrates*, to repair the Loſs of *Meneclida*, had in the Evening ſent two other Seals unto her and *Alcidamia*, the faireſt and richeſt in the World, beſeeching her to keep the one, and give the other unto *Meneclida*. This piece of Gallantry drove me into abſolute Deſpair; and though I underſtood at the ſame time by another beſides *Theanor*, that *Alcidamia* did make very nice in accepting what the Prince had ſent her, and that *Policrates* was glad to uſe the Authority of the Princeſs his Siſter to beg Acceptance, yet was I not leſs jealous, for I conſidered that *Alcidamia* had a Seal which came from *Policrates*, and I imagined that the other which was given unto *Meneclida*, was but a Colour for giving the other, and as a kind of Recompence for the good Offices ſhe had done him: Moreover this Ribbon which remained in the Hands of *Policrates*, and which he kept ſo carefully, did infinitely augment my Pangs of Jealouſy, ſo that I enjoyed not a Minute's Reſt. There happened the next Morning another Accident, which did extraordinarily trouble me, and which every one looked upon as one of the moſt miraculous Chances, and as the greateſt ſign of good Fortune that ever happened unto any one; for *Policrates*, ſome two Days after this grand Entertainment, having riſen betimes in the Morning, with Intentions to go and hunt, and being in a Marble Walk in the midſt of the Caſtle, ready to take Horſe, he ſaw two old Fiſher-men approaching him with humble Reſpect, and preſented a Fiſh unto him which they had taken, of a monſtrous Bigneſs, which two other Fiſhers carried upon a Bundle of Sea-Reeds. This Fiſh being an extraordinary fine one, and wonderful large, *Policrates* looked upon it with much Delight; and cauſing him who brought it to be well rewarded, he took Horſe, and went to hunt as he intended: but at his return, one of his Officers coming unto him as he was entring into the Caſtle, preſented unto him the ſame Seal, which *Meneclida* and he let fall into the Sea the laſt great fiſhing Day, which they found in this miraculous Fiſh which was preſented unto him, who doubtleſs had ſwallowed it at the very ſame Inſtant that it fell into the Water. I was then cloſe by *Policrates*, ſo that I could eaſily obſerve how pleaſingly he was ſurprized at this prodigious Accident, and to get that again which he thought to be for ever abſolutely loſt: And indeed, this Piece of good Fortune was ſo extraordinary, that though *Policrates* had not been at all in Love, yet muſt it needs rejoyce him: and ſince *Meneclida* was ſo much raviſhed to regain that into her Poſſeſſion which was ſo very dear unto her, *Policrates* alſo did teſtify his in ſuch Exceſs, that it made me more jealous than ever, imagining that whatſoever I ſaw him do, was always for *Alcidamia*: he gave unto that Officer which preſented it unto him as much as enriched him for his Life: he redoubled his Liberality to the Fiſher-men who preſented the Fiſh; and making choice of me unluckily amongſt the reſt, he appointed me to carry this welcome News unto *Alcidamia*, and *Meneclida*, until he could come himſelf to ſee them. Mean while, all the Court admired at this ſtrange Accident, and could not chuſe but talk of it. After this, ſaid the *Egyptian* Embaſſador unto *Policrates*, You may truſt Fortune, or defy her, ſince the faireſt of Fiſhes did ſwallow it; aud afterwards ſuffered himſelf to be taken by ſuch a Fiſher as was ſo honeſt as to preſent you with it; and after all this, to find an Officer ſo truſty and faithful, as to reſtore a Jewel of that Value; is a piece of as great good Fortune as is imaginable, and ought to perſwade you, that you ſhall be ever happy. If ſo (anſwered *Policrates* very civilly) you your ſelf muſt rejoyce alſo, as at a thing which ſpeaks the proſperity of the King your Maſter, ſince I my ſelf can never be happy, unleſs he be ſo alſo. Mean while I went againſt my Mind, to diſcharge my ſelf of my Commiſſion, but it was after ſuch a faint Manner, as let *Alcidamia* and *Meneclida* ſee very well that my Mind was much perplexed: I found unto my greater Grief, that *Hiparchus*, who had not been hunting, was with them, and that *Timaſthes* and *Theanor* both, whom we left at the Gates of the Town, were there alſo: I related my Buſineſs then in ſuch a manner, as was a fit ſubject for the raillery of *Hiparchus*: for ſeeing in what a melancholy Tone I told this news of Joy and Delight, he vented a hundred of his Flaſhes, which were bitter unto me, and pleaſant unto them, in ſo much as if *Meneclida* had not handſomly turned the diſcourſe, my Melancholy would perhaps have appeared more than I would have it. After this, I muſt go and render an account unto *Policrates* of what the Ladies ſaid unto me; but though they did both of them load me with a hundred Civilities towards him, yet I paſſed them over in a ſlight Manner, and told a ſhort Story, that *Meneclida* was very glad there was any Hopes to have her Seal ſoon again.

Policrates was then in his Cloſet, and no Body with him, but my ſelf; and he asked with extream Curioſity, what *Meneclida* and *Alcidamia* had ſaid unto me? and ſince I returned him no manner of pertinent Anſwer, he came upon me with Queſtion upon Queſtion, and put my Soul into ſuch an horrid torment, that I was divers times ready to caſt off all reſpect unto him; but the Prince obſerving the diſcompoſure of my Mind, did ask what it was which troubled me, ſince I anſwered with a bow, he begun to muze, and afterwards looking earneſtly upon me; *Leontidas*, ſaid he unto me, you are either in love, or elſe I am the moſt miſtaken Man in the World: But if it be ſo, ſaid he, I wiſh for your own quiet ſake it be not with *Alcidamia*, for ſhe is one of ſuch an indifferent humour as will much trouble the tranquillity of your Mind in obtaining your deſired End. When I heard

Policrates ſpeak in this manner, and perceived his deſire to know my Thoughts, I was at ſuch a Non-plus, that I could not anſwer him. The Prince obſerving my diſorder, ſmiled, and embracing me with abundance of Sweetneſs, *Leontidas*, ſaid he unto me, fear not to diſcover your Imperfections unto me, for I am reſolved to diſcover mine unto you, and the more to oblige you, I pray you know, that the ſame *Policrates* who every one conceives ſo happy, is oftentimes tormented with a ſecret which troubles the goodneſs of his Fortunes. Sir, (ſaid I then unto him, being extreamly tranſported) it ſeems to me, that *Alcidamia* is not very averſe unto you. *Alcidamia* indeed, ſaid he unto me, does ſometimes qualify the ſeverity of *Meneclida*, but yet for all that, all that ſhe does in my behalf is to prevent her Friend from treating me ill, but truly ſhe is very favourable unto me. I confeſs, when I heard *Policrates* expreſs himſelf thus, I thought at the firſt it was only to deceive me. Yet this Prince perceiving my miſtruſt of him, and gueſſing at a great part of my Thoughts, he was ſo kind as to deſire me, that I would utter them unto him, and I was ſo bold as to obey him. And after I had in ſome ſort acknowledged, that *I* had been deceived, *Policrates* then underſtanding my Error, did diſſipate it in ſuch a manner, that there remained not any more ſuſpition in my Soul, and I perfectly knew, how all that *Theanor* had ſaid unto me was falſe, which put me into ſuch a cholerick fume againſt him, that I was not maſter of my own Reſentments. I told not then *Policrates* all I knew, and I conceived it more noble to be revenged upon him my ſelf, than to make uſe of the Authority of the Prince for it. Now did *Policrates* really love me, and to cure me of my Jealouſy, he made me that confident of his Paſſion unto *Meneclida*, and to oblige me the more, he offered me all his aſſiſtance to *Alcidamia*; and indeed he ſpoke ſo much to my Advantage, when he went the next Morning to carry *Meneclida* her Seal, that the fair *Alcidamia* did look much more favourably upon me. In the mean time, going to look out *Theanor*, that I might acquaint him with my Reſentments, I underſtood how he was gone into the Country for ſome Days. I heard alſo that *Timaſias* was faln ſick, and ſtirred not out of his Chamber; So that I found my jealouſy of *Policrates* vaniſhed, and rid of two Rivals for a while, and finding alſo the favour of this Prince, I entred into a very great league of Friendſhip with *Alcidamia*, and was for almoſt a Week a moſt happy Man. But alas, the beginning of my good Fortune was the beginning of my greater Torment. For as long as I thought my ſelf not at all loved by *Alcidamia*, my Jealouſy, though great then, yet was not comparable to what afterwards, ſince ſhe favoured me ſo far as to tolerate my Affection, and permit me ſome Hopes of hers hereafter; for regarding her then as one in whom I had ſome right, I was therefore much more tormented in thoughts of the loſs. I muſt now augment my Train, thereby to have more Spies to obſerve what ſhe and all my Rivals did: when *Toeanor* returns we muſt Fight. I had alſo many ruffles with *Timaſias*, and many Suſpicions of *Hiparchios*, and indeed I was at that paſs as I wiſhed *Alcidamia* might ſee no Body. I followed her every where,or cauſed her to be followed; I was always Melancholy, and Muſing, for though *Alcidamia* did out of her goodneſs unto me create much hope in me, yet ſhe did not leave off her complacential Humour unto all People, but was ſo generally civil unto all, as made me abſolutely deſpair, and perſecuted me beyond Imagination; and truly it was abſolutely impoſſible for me, not to be perpetually giving her ſome Marks of my Suſpicion, though I did never intend as much: if ſhe had hereupon been ſo indulgent as to cure me, perhaps ſhe might have done it: but on the contrary,my Jealouſy incenſed her, and made her uſe all the means ſhe could to add Fire unto my Jealouſy,for ſhe took every opportunity of converſing with one of my Rivals: ſhe let ſlip no occaſion of walking abroad, and recreating her ſelf, and lived as beſt pleaſed her ſelf, as if I were not jealous of her; not that I could ever find ſhe did any thing which was not fit, or what other Ladies of her Quality did; but me-thought ſhe was bound to pity my weakneſs, to yield a little unto my capricious Phantaſy, and to reſtrain her ſelf ſomething more than ſhe did; yet for all that, this inhumane Lady looked upon me as her Perſecutor, and treated me ſo cruelly, that I underſtood ſhe railed againſt my Suſpicions and Fears unto *Policrates*, and unto *Hiparchus* alſo; inſomuch as all my Jealouſies revived even of the very Prince: So that with an angry Mind, I went one Day to viſit her, when ſhe was all alone; yet when I was with her, the one half of my Fury vaniſhed, and I ſpoke unto her with much Reſpect. This Diſcourſe began at the firſt with things indifferent, though it was not my Cuſtom to do ſo when *I* was alone with her: But not knowing how to begin handſomely, for fear *I* ſhould too much incenſe her, *I* ſtammered, and was wandered ſo impertinently from the purpoſe, that *Alcidamia* could not chuſe but laugh; when *I* ſaw that, *I* grew red with Choler, and no longer able to hide my Thoughts; You are obliged unto me, ſaid *I* unto her, for giving you ſo often a ſubject to divert the Prince *Policrates*, and to laugh with *Hiparchus*. They two are of ſuch different Diſpoſitions (ſaid ſhe) that *I* cannot think one thing is able to divert them equally. It is much harder for me to comprehend (ſaid *I* unto her) how they can both be poſſibly in one Heart. They eaſily may (anſwered ſhe very ſharply) and many others beſides, for certainly *Leontidas*, there is often in one Heart, both Love and Hatred, Scorn and Friendſhip, Indifferency and Averſion. *I* know it well (ſaid *I* unto her) and I know very well alſo which of all theſe *I* ought moſt to pretend unto. Since doubtleſs you are not ignorant (replied ſhe in a more malicious Tone) of the price of thoſe Services which you render, it is eaſy for you to gueſs it. I gueſs it better, replied I, by the capricious Humour of another, than by my ſelf. But you may gueſs at it more exactly, replied ſhe, by your own capricious Humour, than by any thing elſe, if it were poſſible for you to know it. Call you that capricious, Madam (ſaid I unto her) to adore you only of all the People in the World, to look upon you only, and to wiſh nothing upon Earth but to be loved? I know very well, ſaid ſhe, that you look upon none but me, and perhaps if you looked upon me leſs, you would be looked upon more favourably. Why Madam, replied I, do you think it poſſible to love perfectly, and not endeavour, as much as may be, to ſee the Perſon loved? I think, ſaid ſhe, that the way to make ones ſelf to be loved, is to pleaſe, and not to be always buſy in depriving the Party who is loved of all things ſhe delights in. But if the Perſon who one loves, (anſwered I) do love again, ſhe will take no delight in perſecuting him whom ſhe thinks worthy of her Affection; but would find much more pleaſure in pitying his Weakneſs, and deſiring to cure him. For my part (ſaid ſhe) indeed I am not ſo full of Goodneſs; for I know not how to pity thoſe Evils in any one, which they voluntarily cauſe in themſelves. Ah Madam, ſaid I unto her, how little do you know him of whom you ſpeak, if you think that he does voluntarily cauſe his Evils? No, no, deceive not your ſelf I beſeech you, Jealouſy is a tyrannical Paſſion, as well as Love, which begins in our Hearts whether we will or no; which augments alſo in ſpite of all reſiſtance, and in the end, do what we can, will ruin us. Since it is ſuch an incurable Diſeaſe, ſaid ſhe, it is in vain to go about the Cure: and the beſt Diſcretion is to hide it ſo that others ſhall not perceive it. I would I could, ſaid I unto her; but how is it poſſible, Madam, to ſee you continually invironed with Perſons who are agreeable unto you, and not to expreſs ſome glimpſe of perplexity? What, ſaid ſhe, would you never have me look upon any but ugly Perſons? that I ſhould be always in ſolitary and melancholy Places? that I ſhould hate Muſick and Mirth? that I ſhould never walk Abroad? that Converſation ſhould diſpleaſe me? and that I ſhould drone away all my life in ſolitude? I wiſh not ſo much, Madam, ſaid I unto her, but I confeſs I deſire with all my Heart, if it were poſſible, that the Prince *Policrates*, *Theanor*, *Timaſius*, and *Hiparchus*, were none of them ſo much in your favour as *Leontidas*. *Alcidamia* bluſhed at this Diſcourſe, and after a while of pawſing, ſhe began to tell me, what rank all theſe Perſons held in her Heart: and firſt for *Policrates*, ſhe told me that ſhe eſteemed him as a great Prince, who was paſſionately in love with *Menteclida* her Friend. That as for *Thtanor*, ſhe neither had any Hatred nor Friendſhip towards him. As for *Timaſias*, ſhe had a greater Diſpoſition to hate him, than to love him: and as for *Hiparchus*, ſhe ever loved his Company, but never his Perſon. When I heard *Alcidamia* ſay ſo, I was even raviſhed with Joy, and would have returned her thanks, but ſhe prevented me; and ſaid, No, no, *Leontidas*, make no ſuch haſte, I tell you not all this for your Satisfaction, but my own. It is for my own particular Honour, that I aſſure you all theſe Perſons whom I have named have no ſecret Place in my Heart; But it is for your tranquillity, that I tell you ingenuouſly, becauſe you ſhall not be deceived, that you have no more place in my Heart than they have. Why, Madam, ſaid I unto her, will you never love *Leontidas?* No, not the leaſt thought, replied ſhe, as long as he continues jealous, and ſince I cannot think but he will be always ſo, I cannot think, that I ſhall ever entertain any Affection to him. But conſider, cruel Lady, ſaid I unto her, that this Jealouſy is only an effect of Love. If you loved me then a little leſs, replied ſhe, I ſhould love you a little more; for indeed, *Leontidas*, I had rather marry a Man that hates me, than one that loves me with any ingredient of Jealouſy in his Love: therefore deſiſt from courting me any more, ſince all will be in vain. But, ſaid I unto her, were I once aſſured, that I were the happy Man you mean to make choice of, my Jealouſy would ceaſe. No, ſaid ſhe, I will not expoſe my ſelf unto ſuch a Danger: for there are many Lovers who are not jealous at all whilſt they are Servants, yet are ſo when they come to be Husbands. But I can never think that he who is jealous, when he has yet no right unto the Perſon whom he loves, will ever ceaſe to be ſo when he has married her. Therefore *Leontidas*, you have put an unremoveable obſtacle between your Pretenſions unto me, and your ſelf. And how much ſoever I may eſteem you, I ſhall tell you once again, that I ſhall never marry you. When I heard *Alcidamia* thus expreſs her ſelf, I would have proteſted unto her, that I would never be jealous any more; but in very ſpeaking unto her, I do confeſs, that I found ſuch certains ſymptoms in my ſelf, as told me, that I was not yet in a Condition to be abſolutely cured of that Malady which tormented me. In the mean time, I could not move *Alcidamia*, to alter her Reſolution, nor get any other anſwer from her. I made ſeveral Attempts upon my ſelf ſeveral Days, not to appear jealous, but ſeemed to be pleaſant, and agreeable to all Societies? I ſpoke unto *Theanor*, I ſaluted *Timaſias* with more civility than formerly: I would ſometimes jeſt and quibble with *Hiparchus*; but to tell you truly, I did all theſe ſo ill-favouredly, and in ſuch a forced Manner, that I made *Alcidamia* laugh more heartily, than if I had ſpoke the moſt pleaſant things in the World. This put me into ſuch an inward chafe, that I did ſilently blame her. What would you have me do, ſaid ſhe, you counterfeit it ſo ſcurvily, that I cannot for my life but laugh. This her carriage towards me, did extreamly offend me, but yet ſhe continued her conſtant courſe of Sweetneſs, Civility, and Complacency unto every one, whilſt I continued my accuſtomed vexation of Mind, and was always reſtleſs and miſerable. Not knowing then what courſe to take, but knowing well that *Alcidamia* was fully reſolved upon what ſhe told me, I went to conſult with the Philoſopher *Lanthas*, whom I was well acquainted with, and conjured him to preſcribe me his beſt Phyſick, to cure my Jealouſy; for knowing him to be a Man of profound knowledg in every thing, and one that all his Life had ſtudied the Nature of Paſſions; I had great Hopes in his Documents, and ſapient Advices to find a Remedy. The Evil whereof you complain (anſwered he) is not ſo eaſily cured as you imagine, nor know I any Remedy but one; yet it is moſt infallible to thoſe that will obſerve it. Let me hear it quickly, I beſeech you, ſaid I unto him, for let it be as difficult as it will, I am fully reſolved to apply it. There is no way, replied he, but to leave of loving; and without this, thoſe whoſe Souls are tainted with that dangerous Paſſion, can never be abſolutely delivered from it. But, replied I, all in Anger, you muſt teach me at the ſame time how to leave loving: By leaving the ſight of her you love, anſwered he. Your Remedies are very harſh, ſaid I unto him. Your Diſeaſe is great, replied he; and the Maladies of the Mind, as well as thoſe of the Body, when they are grown to Extremities, they muſt have extream Remedies. Is there no poſſibility, ſaid I unto him, to cure Jealouſy ſome other way? No, not when it is violent, replied he, and ſtronger than the Love which firſt gave Life unto it; for truly this Paſſion is ſo bereft of Reaſon, that it can never judg of any thing rightly. A Man that is jealous in the exceſs, is like a Remedy unto which Nature lends no help, and unto whom all Remedies are uſeleſs. In other Paſſions, Reaſon cauſes the Owner ſometimes to receive the Remedies preſcribed; but a jealous Man will find no help from any Advice: for being accuſtomed to be often deceived, he can never diſcern the truth. So that after a long Diſcourſe, the reſult of all my Philoſophical advice was; That if I would ceaſe being jealous, I muſt ceaſe loving; and if I would ceaſe loving, I muſt ceaſe ſeeing the Party whom I loved. Then did I quit her, and went to walk alone, and very buſy I was with my ſelf, to reſolve what Courſe to undertake: but I could not that day fix upon any thing, and I believe, if the merciless *Alcidamia* had not ſo infinitely augmented my Jealouſy by her manner of proceeding with me, it would have been long before I had determined with my ſelf. But the great Feaſt of *Juno* being now come, and all the Iſle of *Samos* in publick Jolity; ſhe gave me ſuch freſh Cauſes of complaint, in all the Aſſemblies where ever I ſaw her; and ſhe had ſo fully perſwaded me, that ſo long as I was jealous, ſo long ſhould I be hated; that in Concluſion, I reſolved, ſince I could not ceaſe from being ſo, I would ceaſe from loving if I could, and to depart from *Samos*. I was inventing an handſom Pretence for my Departure, yet not telling the truth unto any but *Policrates*, of whom I was then leſs jealous, I quit his Iſle, notwithſtanding all his Perſwaſions to the contrary, and I did quit it without bidding adieu unto any: But that I might go out compleatly unhappy, as I paſſed by *Alcidamia*'s Lodging, I ſaw *Timaſias* and *Hiparchus* enter, and I knew by *Theanor*'s Servants who were at the Door, that he was there before.

Then I had ſo ſtrong a phancy of that Joy, which my Rivals would reſent in my Abſence, that I was in a mind not to depart, yet wreſtling with my Mind with all my Power, I at the laſt imbarqued, and returned to *Cyprus*, a little before the Prince *Philoxipes* fell in Love with the fair *Policrita*; ſince that, I have lived a moſt unquiet and unhappy Life: for indeed, abſence has done no good at all upon me, but I ſtill continue more amorous and more jealous, and by conſequence more unfortunate than any Lover. Since my ſeparation from *Alcidamia*, I am not only jealous of my Prince, my Friend, my Enemy, and another of an inferiour quality unto me, but I am jealous alſo of every one whom I do imagine ſees her; and when you ſee me ſometimes ſtand in dull dumpiſh ſtudy, and melancholy muſing Poſture, then am I calling them all into my Memory one after another, and imagining that *Alcidamia* is treating them better than ſhe did me. Let not *Thimocrates* then pretend, that Abſence comes near the rigour of Jealouſy, ſince there is no compariſon between them.

The remembrance of what is paſt, the hopes of what is to come, (as the Prince *Artibies* hath very well obſerved) does bring a thouſand Conſolations unto an abſent Lover, that is beloved: But a jealous Lover cannot find any thing either in his remembrance of the time paſt, or in his hopes of the time to come, which can afford him any quietneſs of Mind. An abſent Lover never looks for any things but ſuch as are agreeable, and delightful, the Hopes of which are ſweet unto him, as the ſight of his Miſtreſs, her Company, and many ſuch Advantages; whereas Jealouſy is ſo irregular from all rules of Reaſon, that he does often wiſh not to ſee his Miſtreſs. I know very well, that not to be loved, is a grand Miſery: yet not ſo great by far as his who imagins himſelf not only not loved, but imagins that the Perſon whom he loves, does love an hundred thouſand others better than himſelf. Neither is the Death of the Party loved with all its Terrors, ſo tormentive as Jealouſy. A Lover who laments the Death of his Miſtreſs, has this Conſolation at the leaſt, that he is pitied by every one,

let

it moves Compaſſion in his moſt mortal Enemies: whereas on the contrary, a jealous Lover moves not the leaſt jot of pity from his deareſt Friends: thoſe that are the moſt diſcreet amongſt them, can do no more, than not to ſpeak againſt him: but the ordinary ſort do moſt commonly openly jeer, and mock at him for it: and yet though he ſee it in them all, he knows no Remedy: Moreover, that kind of Sorrow which is cauſed by Death, hath ſome limits; there can come nothing new nor worſe unto him who reſents it: But a jealous Lover does every day endure an hundred thouſand freſh and worſe Puniſhments than ever he could forſee; and does ſo invent them himſelf, that he is his own Puniſher. When Death hath raviſhed that which is deareſt unto him away, there is yet this advantage remaining, that all the Paſſions of his Soul, except that of Love, do reſt in Peace, and ſuffers one to weep in a kind of tranquillity. But there is perpetual Trouble and Confuſion in that Heart which is poſſeſſed with Jealouſy: Hatred diſputes with love for the Empire; Fear drives out all hopes; Fear takes place of Tenderneſs; Deſpair often follows; one repents an hundred times in a day of his own Wiſhes: and deſires Death not only upon himſelf, but his Miſtreſs alſo: He cannot ſee things as they are; for whereas according to the order of Nature, the Senſes do commonly delude the Imagination; Here on the contrary, the imagination deludes the Senſes, and afterwards does force the Ears, and the Eyes, to think, (if it may be properly ſaid ſo) that they hear and ſee that which they do not: and yet for all this, the knowledg of theſe Errours cannot cure the Mind of thoſe who know them; and Jealouſy indeed may more fitly be phraſed Witchcraft, Inchantment, or Magick, rather than a bare Paſſion. Pronounce Judgment then in my Favour, O my moſt ingenuous and juſt Judg; and deny not your pity unto the moſt unfortunate Lover in the World.

Leontidas having finiſhed his Diſcourſe, *Marteſia* deſired *Cyrus* to pronounce Sentence upon theſe four famous Lovers: But he denying it with moſt ſweet and obliging Civility, ty, and alſo refuſing to give her any Counſel: ſhe was forced to uſe her own ingenious Apprehenſions. After that ſhe had pauſed, and ſtudied a while to recal into her Memory, what ſhe intended to utter, ſhe pronounced her Sentence with a very handſome Grace, though not without a bluſh, in theſe Terms.

The Judgment of Marteſia.

I Know very well, it was my own Curioſity to know the Adventures of theſe four illuſtrious Perſons, which moved me unto ſo much injuſtice, as to accept of the quality of being their Judg: But I know alſo that all of you have ſo excellently expreſſed your ſelves, and your Reaſons, and ſo perfectly deſcribed your Sufferings, that it is almoſt impoſſible I ſhould be erronious in my Opinion; I declare then with audacity, that *Thimocrates*, though abſent, yet ſince he is loved, is the leaſt unfortunate of the four: That *Philocles*, though not loved, yet is he not the moſt unfortunate of all, ſince that which cauſeth his Miſery, may perhaps, hereafter, cauſe his Cure. And as for *Leontidas*, I affirm that he is the leaſt to be pitied, though I am perſwaded he has endured more Miſery than all the reſt. And to conclude, I declare, that the Prince *Artibies*, in lamenting his dead Miſtreſs, is moſt worthy of Compaſſion, and him whom I moſt pity; though I am ſenſible of the Miſeries of all the reſt, except the jealous *Liontidas*, for whom, I reſerve much eſteem, but little pity.

Marteſia had no ſooner pronounced Sentence, but *Leontidas* began to ſpeak: Did I not tell you, replied he, that it is one of my Misfortunes not to be pitied by any? However, replied *Cyrus*, I conceive that *Marteſia* is moſt juſt in her Judgment. The reſpects which I owe her, ſaid *Thimocrates*, prevent my Complaints. I am not ſo reaſonable as you are, ſaid *Philocles*, for I confeſs that I do complain a little. For my part, ſaid *Artibies*, I do much commend her, ſince truly the pity of this illuſtrious Lady, is the greateſt Conſolation that I have received ſince my loſs.

Since now it was very late, *Cyrus* did riſe up after many applauds of *Marteſia*. *Aglatidas* and *Eremot* did the ſame: and after *Cyrus* had diſcourſed a while in private with *Marteſia*, concerning his dear Princeſs, he went out, accompanied with all thoſe illuſtrious, but unfortunate Lovers, and went unto *Ciaxares*, with a mind wholly poſſeſſed with his own Paſſion, and with the *Idea* of *Mandana* in it, which no ſerene thought could remove out of his Heart.

The End of the firſt Book.

ARTA-

ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS.

Part III. Book II.

THE thoughts of *Cyrus* were wholly imployed concerning the Delivery of his Princeſs; and therefore he diſcourſed with *Ciaxares*, whom he found in his Cloſet, thinking upon nothing but preparations for the *Armenian* War. That which did moſt impede the Expedition in both their Fancies, was the Town of *Pteria*, which yet being in the Hands of *Artaxes*, there was no likelihood of the *Armenian* Progreſs before it was taken. Yet to engage themſelves in a Siege, amidſt their great impatience to deliver *Mandana*, was ſo harſh a Thought, that they could hardly reſolve upon it. But yet notwithſtanding, ſince they had good intelligence, that very ſmall Forces were within it, being moſt of them diſperſed ſince the King of *Aſſyria*'s departure: and underſtanding alſo, that the two thouſand Men which *Metrobates* ſent for the laſt time, were alſo diſperſed by the way, and never returned back. When they heard that the Army of *Ciaxares* had entred *Sinope*, by *Scalado*, it was reſolved upon, that *Cyrus*, with ſome Regiments ſhould attempt to take it: But the next morning, intelligence was brought, that the Inhabitants of *Pteria*, hearing that *Artamenes* was delivered, and that he was *Cyrus*, conſulted ſecretly amongſt themſelves, and reſolved to return as ſoon as they could under the Obedience of their lawful Prince; and to prevent the Puniſhment which they deſerved by a generous repentance. So that having plotted the Deſign, they killed *Artaxes*, and all the Souldiers in the Gariſon; that they had taken the Caſtle, and were abſolute Maſters of the Town, and ſent the Keys thereof unto *Cyrus*, by ſix of the Chief Inhabitants of the Town, beſeeching him to preſent them unto the King. This News did extreamly rejoice theſe two Princes, who did very graciouſly receive theſe repentant Rebels; as generouſly pardoning them, as they did generouſly execute their Deſign. Nothing was now thought upon, but an haſty March with the Army into *Armenia*: and indeed, after a general Muſter of all their Regiments, it was reſolved that the Vanguard ſhould be drawn forth within ſix days, and ſhould advance as far as the Frontiers, whither all the reſt ſhould preſently follow. The Mind of *Cyrus* was then high with Hope; for ſeeing ſo great and gallant an Army, and ſo many Kings, Princes, and illuſtrious Men engaged in his Quarrel, he had a good Foundation for ſo much confidence, as to think the Victory almoſt certain. It was alſo to be thought that if the King of *Armenia* would not reſtore the Princeſs, nor acknowledg that ſhe was within his Dominions, it was becauſe he deſired that they ſhould offer to Diſcharge him of that Tribute which he owed unto the Kings of *Media*. Yet *Cyrus*, for all this, was much troubled to imagine what was become of the King of *Pontus*, of whom *Megabiſes* did not ſpeak, and of whom he heard no Speech at *Artaxates*. But hoping to be ere long cleared of all his Doubts and Fears, by delivering *Mandana*, he was as gay, and pleaſant as any abſent Lover could be, who was in hopes 'ere long to ſee his Miſtreſs, and vanquiſh his Enemies. Never was he more ſweet and civil to all the Officers and Soldiers than now: he was perpetually imployed in obtaining ſomething from *Ciaxares* for them, who having renewed in his Heart all the old Affection which he had heretofore towards him, when he thought him to be only *Artamenes*, was pleaſed to conſent unto whatſoever he required from him, now he was known to be *Cyrus*. *Aglatidas*, who was none of thoſe whom *Cyrus* leaſt eſteemed, came unto him one Morning, and importuned him to obtain for *Otamus* the Government of the *Ariſantines* Province, which was now vacant by the Death of him who formerly enjoyed it. For *Otamus!* (ſaid *Cyrus* unto him, with much wonder:) Yes, Sir, (ſaid he) it is for *Otamus* that I beg this Favor; or indeed, to ſay better, it is for the Fair *Ameſtris*; for be pleaſed to know, that I am informed, by a Letter from *Artaban*, that there is a Man, who is a mortal Enemy unto *Artambares*, her Father, labours to obtain it from *Ciaxares*; therefore, Sir, I moſt humbly beſeech you be pleaſed to prevent him, ſo that the incomparable *Ameſtris*, whom they ſay is extreamly melancholy and ſolitary, may not receive this addition unto her Sorrows: for ſince all her Eſtate is in that Province, it would be a great diſcomfort unto her, to ſee the grand Enemy of her Family a Governour over her.

It is very right, anſwered *Cyrus*; but were it not more juſt if I ſhould obtain it for your ſelf, rather than for *Otamus?* ſince thereby the King would be better ſerved, and the Eſtate of *Ameſtris* no leſs protected. Your Goodneſs is abundant, Sir, replied *Aglatidas*, to offer ſuch an Honour unto me. Yes, Sir, if you will be pleaſed to oblige me, do not think of doing any thing for a Man whoſe Love ſurmounts his Ambition, who courts nothing but Death to finiſh all the Sorrows he endures; therefore ſince I cannot accept of this Government, I conjure you, Sir, once more, to obtain it for *Otamus*. I ſhall do it, ſaid *Cyrus* unto him, but it ſhall be upon condition that you let *Ameſtris* know, it is your ſelf who has done her this good Office. *Aglatidas* would not conſent unto that; and *Cyrus* was forced to conſent unto his Deſire without any Conditions: Since *Ciaxares* was not able to deny any thing unto him to whom he was a Debtor for all, *Cyrus* no ſooner asked but obtained this Government, and the very ſame hour, ſent unto *Ecbatan* with Orders accordingly for it: Yet did *Ciaxares* wonder what Reaſon *Cyrus* had for this Requeſt, knowing that *Otanus* was a ſtranger unto him, and though he did know, yet could he never love him. This made ſuch a noiſe in the Court, that every one was inquiſitive, by what Motives *Cyrus* did it: and *Megabiſes*, who knew how the Intereſt of *Ameſtris* was concerned in it, was he who firſt hit upon the Buſineſs, and who imagined that *Cyrus* was moved unto it at the requeſt of *Aglatidas*: ſo that every one did preſently after know it, and admired his generoſity. The ſame day, there arrived an Envoy or Meſſenger from the King of *Aſſyria*, who hearing by the publick Voice at the place where he was retired ſince his departure from *Pteria*, that the principal Reaſon why they retained *Cyrus* a Priſoner, was, becauſe he was accuſed for ſuffering him to eſcape, and for holding intelligence with him, he reſolved to pay that Debt which was due to Generoſity, and to acquit and juſtify him, from that unjuſt Accuſation. *Cyrus* no ſooner knew that this Meſſenger was arrived at *Sinope*, but he went immediately unto *Ciaxares*, ſaying he would not ſee him, but in his preſence. *Ciaxares* told him very obligingly, That to remember his paſt Errors was ſomething injurious unto him: but yet for all that, *Cyrus* prevailed, and the King of *Aſſyria*'s Meſſenger was brought before *Ciaxares*. After he had preſented his Letters of Credence, *Ciaxares* was willing to hear him; Sir, (ſaid he unto him) I have Orders from the King my Maſter to tell you, for the juſtification of *Artamenes*, who in my coming hither I underſtand to be *Cyrus*, that it was not he who helped the King my Maſter to eſcape out of Priſon, and that *Cyrus* never held any intelligence with him which was repugnant unto that Service which he owes you; But ſince I find him at liberty, I conceive it impertinent to inſiſt any longer, as my Orders enjoined me, to clear his Innocency therein. I had it in charge alſo to tell you, that if you would ſet him at liberty, as my Commiſſion was moſt humbly to deſire you, then to declare unto you afterwards, that he intended to make no War any longer againſt you, nor againſt any elſe, but thoſe only that were Protectors unto the Raviſher of the Princeſs *Mandana*: That therefore he offers unto you all thoſe Forces which he is now levying within that little part of his Dominions, which your powerful Army has yet left him: He offers alſo his own Perſon, if you will be pleaſed to promiſe him ſecurity from Danger: and in concluſion aſſures you, he will never attempt any thing againſt you. He commanded me alſo to make it known, if it were poſſible, unto the illuſtrious *Artamenes*, that he thought it to be *Artaxes*, who ſent the Letter unto *Metrobates*, becauſe it was from the Hand of *Artaxes* he had received a Copy, which he would have made paſs for an Original; and to find it out, he had brought with him the Writing which the King his Maſter had given him, as if it were the Hand of *Artamenes*, which indeed was found to be the Hand of *Artaxes*, who durſt not reveal unto the King of *Aſſyria* that Plot which he had laid to ruin *Cyrus*. *Ciaxares*, comparing the relation of Paſſages which *Chriſantes* had made unto him, the ſame day he was ſet at liberty, unto the relation of this Envoy, was much joyed at it: So that treating him very civilly, he told him, he ſhould receive his Anſwer in the Morning; for he had no mind to give him his Diſpatch then, becauſe he would honour *Cyrus* by taking his Advice in the Buſineſs. After then this Meſſenger was retired, and that they might talk with Freedom, *Cyrus* did exactly relate unto *Ciaxares* what he had promiſed the King of *Aſſyria*, in the top of the Tower in *Sinope*, when the Prince *Mazares* was carrying away *Mandana*. And being now in no ſuch Conditions as needed any diſguizement, he ingenuouſly told him, that he had paſſed his Word unto the King of *Aſſyria*, as that whenſoever Fortune ſhould be ſo favourable unto him, as that he had delivered the Princeſs *Mandana*, and removed all thoſe Obſtacles which did oppoſe his good Fortune, he would never marry her, until he had fought with him. But why (ſaid *Ciaxares*) did you make him that unjuſt promiſe? Becauſe, Sir, (replied he) when the King of *Aſſyria* did unjuſtly deſire me to ſet him at liberty, and I being faithful unto you, would not conſent unto it, I then thought that this Prince might ſuſpect, that I retained him for my own particular Intereſt, as if I were glad to be eaſed of ſuch a terrible Enemy: So to let him ſee I had no thought in me ſo unworthy, I made that promiſe: And to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, Sir, if I had not promiſed the ſame unto him then, I ſhould do it now; nor can I ever live happy, unleſs I make the King of *Aſſyria* confeſs, that if Fortune favour me in any thing, ſhe ſhall not do as one that is blind, who diſpenſeth all her Favours without Choice: and therefore I conjure you, Sir, by all the prevalency of my earneſt Prayers, to let me keep within the limits of our Conditions, ſince for my part I ſhall never break them. *Ciaxares* at the firſt would not conſent, but after he had conſidered the Buſineſs every manner of way, he reſolved to follow himſelf the Conditions of *Cyrus*, conceiving it would confirm thoſe Conqueſts which he had already made, to have the Conquered King of *Aſſyria* in his Army; for he knew very well, that thoſe Forces which the King of *Aſſyria* could bring with him, would not be conſiderable, nor able to make any attempt againſt him. Then in the morning he told the Meſſenger of that Prince, How ſince at the preſent the Intereſts of *Cyrus* were his own, he ſhould obſerve and perform all his Promiſes; and that he might aſſure the King his Maſter, his Perſon and his Forces ſhould be ſafe in his Army whenſoever he would come into it, though the firſt taking away of *Mandana* might move him to treat him ill, and that *Cyrus* ſhould punctually keep his Word with him. That which principally induced *Ciaxares* to do thus, was, becauſe he thought he ſhould be better able to prevent the Combat of *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria*, when that Prince was in his Army, than when he was in his own, and his declared Enemy. Alſo by this way he was put out of all Fears, that the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhould fall the ſecond time into the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, nor ſhould he need to divide his Forces, one part to make Head againſt him, and the other to go into *Armenia*. He conſidered further alſo, that though ill Fortune ſhould needs contrive it ſo, that *Cyrus* muſt fight with this Prince, and be overcome, yet he ſhould not be thereby engaged to give the Princeſs his Daughter unto him, ſince *Cyrus* was engaged no further than his own Intereſt, and not to cauſe her to marry him.

In the mean while, all things being in a readineſs for a march, *Cyrus* deſired permiſſion to command the Van-guard, and deſired that half of the *Perſian* Regiments might follow him. As *Ciaxares* could not deny him any thing, he obtained his Deſire, and reſolved to depart only with twenty thouſand Men; that all the Voluntiers ſhould follow; that the King ſhould alſo march preſently after with the Body of the Army; and that the Rear-guard ſhould be commanded by the King of *Hircania*, and the King of *Phrygia* to be with *Ciaxares*. Never was ſeen ſo much Jollity as was amongſt thoſe Regiments which were choſen for this Van-guard; nor was ever more ſenſible Sorrow, than was amongſt thoſe Officers and Souldiers which were not firſt commanded out, as who ſhould ſay they apprehended that *Cyrus* would conquer all without them, and that they ſhould have nothing to do, nor any ſhare in the Victory when they came up. Whilſt every one was preparing for departure of this illuſtrious Heroe, remembring his Promiſe to the Inhabitants of *Sinope*, he beſeeched *Ciaxares* to make good his Word, and to imploy ſome of his good Deeds in the repairing of that Town. *Ciaxares* was pleaſed it ſhould be rebuilt out of the publick Stock, and appointed *Ariobantes*, who ſtayed in *Cappadocia*, to keep all in order there, to get Architectors out of *Greece*, to repair the Ruins of fire-conſumed *Sinope*; commanding further, that as there was the Statue of that famous *Milesian*, called *Autolicus*, who was the firſt Founder of the Town; ſo there ſhould be another made for *Cyrus*, as the ſecond Founder, which was done accordingly. Mean while this renowned Prince went to bid adieu unto *Martesia*, who grieved for his departure; ſhe deſired him to reſtore the Picture which ſhe lent him, upon condition to reſtore it, when he firſt went unto the *Ar-*

menian War. But he looking earneſtly upon her, Cruel Woman, ſaid he unto her, How would you have me conquer, if you take that from me, which muſt render me invincible? You have brought home ſo many Victories without this help, replied ſhe, that I believe you have no need of it. *Cyrus* hearing her ſay ſo, thought that ſhe would needs have him reſtore it, and therefore he grew extreamly ſad, his Countenance changed, his Eyes became melancholy, and all ſo diſordered, that *Marteſia* having pity upon him, ſaid, Sir, I am contented to prolong the time, ſo you will promiſe to reſtore this Picture of my Princeſs unto me, when you have delivered her. *Cyrus* returned thanks with all poſſible Joy, and asking her, whether he could ſerve her in any thing? ſhe told him, ſhe had a deſign to be a little nearer *Mandana*, that ſhe might the ſooner ſee her, when he had ſet her at Liberty, and that ſhe deſigned to go with one of her Couſins, who within this three days would return unto the Frontiers of *Armenia*, where ſhe dwelt, and therefore ſhe deſired him to give her a Convoy thither. *Feraulas*, who was quick to hear this, did what he could to obtain that Commiſſion; but *Cyrus* obligingly excuſed it, becauſe he could not be ſo long without his only confident, unto whom he could freely diſcourſe of his Love, and told him, that it was unjuſt in him to deſire his being ſo near *Martiſia*, whilſt he himſelf was ſo far from *Mandana*; and therefore he gave *Ortalgues* orders to wait upon her, as a Convoy in her Voyage, with two hundred Horſe. *Martiſia* beſeeched him further, to give *Orſamus* leave to return unto the King and Queen of *Saces*, conceiving it juſt, that ſince they did him the Honour to truſt their Son the Prince *Mazares* with him, that he ſhould go and give them a particular Account of his Loſs. *Cyrus* remembring how much his dear Princeſs was obliged unto him, and how careful he had been of *Martiſia*, and becauſe he had been one of thoſe who had helped to deliver her, would let him ſee, and told him himſelf, that he ſhould find him very thankful. After that, rewarding him, whether he would or no, with a very rich Recompence, he diſmiſſed him, and then he bid adieu unto *Marteſia.* He aſked alſo the Prince *Thraſibulus*, Whether he deſired the reſtoration of ſome Ships in lieu of thoſe he had loſt? But that generous Prince anſwered him, He ſhould be aſhamed to accept of them at this Time; but he would firſt go unto the *Armenian* War, and there render himſelf worthy of that glorious Protection which he had promiſed him. *Cyrus* having now nothing to do at *Sinope*, went to take his leave of *Ciaxares*, who did imbrace him with unparallel'd kindneſs. Thoſe Commanders which went not with him, came to bid him adieu, and teſtified freſh Sorrows, that it was not their good hap to follow him. *Cyrus* had in his Eyes that day ſuch a kind of noble and ſprightly Fury, as preſaged a happy Victory; and to ſpeak truth, his Phiſiognomy did ſpeak him ſo great and Happy, that whoſoever ſaw him, could not imagin it poſſible he ſhould be overcome. This Prince was of a very aſpiring and advantageous Talneſs, and alſo moſt exactly made; his Head was moſt admirable handſom; all the Art which the *Medians* uſed to their Hair, was not comparable unto that becomingneſs which Nature only uſed unto his; the Colour, which was as lovely brown as ever Eye beheld, it was wreathed with a hundred thouſand pleaſing and delightful Curls, negligently hanging down, and lying upon his Shoulders; his Complexion was moſt pure and clear; his ſprightly Eyes were black, full of Sweetneſs and Majeſty; his Mouth was delicious and ſmiling; his Noſe ſomething like an Eagle's; the Symetry of his whole Face was of a moſt admirable compoſure, his Countenance moſt noble, and all his Features ſo high and gallant, that certainly it may be truly ſaid, never Man upon Earth was in every particular by themſelves, and all Parts together, better compoſed than *Cyrus*; ſo that whoſoever ſaw him upon the Day of his departure from *Sinope*, mounted upon as fine a Horſe as ever Eye beheld, in his moſt magnificent and rich ſuit of Arms, and that day wearing the glorious Scarf of *Mandana* over it, it was no wonder if all the People in *Sinope* did follow him out of the Town, with a million of Benedictions and

Wiſhes of Victory, and alſo with Tears at his departure; he was followed by all the Officers and Voluntiers, ſo that this great number of Men of Quality, all in rich Habits, and admirably mounted, did make a moſt glorious ſhew; the Prince *Thraſibulus*, the Prince *Artibies*, *Hidaſpes*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatidas*, *Megabiſes*, *Aduſius*, *Themocrates*, *Leontidas*, *Philocles*, *Feraulas*, and a thouſand others, were in this illuſtrious Number; yet in the midſt of all this glorious Army, and in ſpite of all the Cares which *Cyrus* had upon himſelf, *Mandana* was continually in his Heart and Mind; and during all the long March, without neglecting any thing that did become the General of an Army, he failed not in the leaſt Circumſtance, to do what did become a moſt faithful Lover; but every Hour that he could ſteal from his neceſſary Cares, he dedicated to the memory of *Mandana*; yet did it not at all prejudice his admirable and providential Forecaſt, but he gave out ſuch Orders for the Marches and Quarters of his Army, that the Places of his Paſſages had no cauſe to complain againſt his Souldiers. After they had marched ſeveral Days, and at laſt came within 100 Furlongs of the River *Licus*, which parts the leſſer *Armenia* from *Cappadocia*, ſome Scouts of the Army brought unto *Cyrus* (who was refreſhing his Men and Horſes in a Forreſt) a Man, whom they imagined to be a Spy, yet one who asked to ſpeak with their General; but *Cyrus* was pleaſingly ſurprized, to ſee it was *Araſpes*, diſguiſed in the Habit of an Armenian Merchant, who was unknown unto the *Sicilians*, who took him; he imbraced him then with Joy, and drawing him aſide; Well my dear *Araſpes*, (ſaid he unto him) have you been more happy in your Expedition than *Megabiſes* was? and can you tell us more News of the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the King of *Pontus* than he did? I know, Sir, anſwered he, as much almoſt as could be known, unleſs I had ſeen the Princeſs *Mandana*, or heard her named. But to relate what I have learned, I muſt tell you, how in the habit wherein you ſee me, and knowing the Armenian Language very well, I have been taken for an Armenian, even in *Artaxates* it ſelf, where the Court does now reſide; there did I converſe with divers Perſons, and underſtand that the King of *Armenia* does ſtill give out, that the Princeſs *Mandana* is not in his Dominions; and that he hath publiſhed, the King of *Media* does demand her, only as a pretence to make a new War upon him, becauſe of the Tribute which he would not pay him: The People alſo, as I underſtand, did a long time believe it ſo, but of late the People have altered their Opinions, and every one does think, that the Princeſs *Mandana* is at this preſent in a Caſtle, not above fifty Furlongs from *Artaxates* towards the *Caldeans*, and which is built upon the Bank of a little River, which empties it ſelf into *Atraxes* at that place: That which begets this Conceit, is, becauſe they hear there were two Ladies brought thither, about the ſame time that it was reported the Princeſs *Mandana* came thither; theſe two Ladies are kept in the Caſtle, guarded very carefully, and uſed with great reſpect: One who ſaw them, reports, that one of thoſe Ladies is admirably fair, and very melancholy. I enquired as exactly as I could, without danger of Diſcovery, of every particular concerning that Lady, and I find, by all Circumſtances, it muſt be the Princeſs, for they aſſured me ſhe was very Fair, yellow-hair'd, of a good Stature, and of a modeſt Aſpect: Beſides all this, I my ſelf obſerved, that the young Prince *Phraartes*, Brother unto the Prince *Tigranes*, who now is Sick in the high *Armenia*, and he comes thither often very privately, ſo that it is eaſily to be imagined, there is ſome Perſon of great importance in that place. Moreover I muſt tell you, that going one day into this Caſtle with a Merchant of *Artaxates*, whoſe friendſhip I had purchaſed by ſome trivial Preſents, in hopes by his means to get entrance, under a colour of Curioſity; I did at laſt get in as far as the firſt Court, and had certainly ſeen all the Caſtle, and all the Gardens, and by conſequence the Princeſs, if by ill luck the Prince *Phraartes* had not at that time come in. They no ſooner knew of his coming, but they endeavoured to conceal us, becauſe they had received an expreſs Command to let none enter: As he came in, they cauſed us to go out in all haſte, yet as I went through a Paſſage in the Baſe-Court, I ſaw that Prince in a Balcony courting a Lady, which ſeemed unto me to be the Princeſs *Mandana*, as I could gueſs ſo far off, and in a Moments paſſing, and ſeeing only but one ſide of her Head, not being able to ſee any thing perfectly, but her Stature, and the Colour of her Hair.

This, Sir, is all I can tell you concerning the Princeſs, and all I could poſſibly gather; for ſince that time they would not upon any terms permit me to come again into the Caſtle, nor can I hear any thing concerning the King of *Pontus*: It is not to be doubted (ſaid *Cyrus*) but that it was the Princeſs *Mandana* which you ſaw, the Viſits of the Prince *Phraartes* are infallible Teſtimonies of it: But *Araſpes*, (added *Cyrus*,) is this Prince as handſom as his Brother *Tigranes?* I know not Sir, (replied he, ſmiling, for he was uſed always to be very free with *Cyrus*) for I never had the Honour to ſee the Prince *Tigranes*, yet I know that *Phraartes* is not ſo handſom as the illuſtrious *Artamenes*. *Cyrus* laughed at the Diſcourſe of *Araſpes*, and imbracing him again, I have done ill, I confeſs (ſaid he unto him) to ask you ſuch a Queſtion, and I deſerve your Raillery for not asking firſt, whether the Caſtle be well fortified, whether the Paſſage over that River be guarded, and whether you think, according to all Appearance, the reducing it unto our Power will coſt us dear? But, *Araſpes*, Love is ſuch an imperious Paſſion, that its Intereſt will be firſt conſidered, and therefore you muſt excuſe me. After this, *Araſpes* told him, that the Caſtle ſtood in a great Town, yet 'twas but weak, and its Fortifications very irregular, in reſpect of its exceſſive length, that unleſs it had ſix thouſand reſolute Men to guard it, it is not impoſſible to be taken: The Difficulty of the Buſineſs was, becauſe it was within fifty Furlongs of the Town of *Artaxates*, which is the greateſt Town of both *Armenia's*, and all the Forces which the King of *Armenia* had, were quartered in the Suburbs of it. Moreover, ſince there are not many great Towns in this Kingdom, becauſe of the Abundance of Paſturage, which makes all the Country infinitely populous, and that ſo prodigiouſly full, as when the Inhabitants only do muſter into *Battalia*, they make a terrible ſhew; therefore he beſeeched him not to take it ill, if he ſhould adviſe according to his Opinion, not to attempt any thing, until all his Army was come up, and to content himſelf till then, with ſeizing upon a Paſſage over the River, which was ſlenderly guarded, becauſe that what Intelligence ſoever the King of *Armenia* received, concerning the March of *Ciaxares* his Army, he could not believe that he would make War upon him in good earneſt, but imagined always, that it was only to fright him unto the Payment of that Tribute which was demanded. *Cyrus* then gave *Araſpes* Thanks for the Pains he had taken, and the Danger he adventured in his behalf; and cauſing him to put off his Merchant's Habit, and to take a Horſe of his; he purſued his March, after he had held a Council of War concerning the aſſaulting of the Paſſage over the River, only to honour the Officers which were with him; for in all Councils, his own Opinion was the Reſolution of them all. He diſpatched a Meſſenger immediately to *Ciaxares*, to acquaint him with the Intelligence of *Araſpes*, and deſire of vanquiſhing reviving in his Heart, he haſted forward the March, and prepared to force the Paſſage over the River preſently, omitting nothing that a moſt prudent and couragious Captain could do, upon ſuch an occaſion: his Deſign was preſently executed, and eaſily effected. Thoſe Trenches which the *Armenians* kept, being forced with in one quarter of an Hour, he became Maſter of the River, and in his Enemies Country; and with the Loſs of not above fifteen or twenty Men, he cut in pieces all that made Reſiſtance, and entirely defeated them. When he came from *Sinope*, his Intention was to ſtay at that Place with the Army; but ſince his Power was abſolute, he altered his firſt Reſolution, and reſolved to deliver *Mandana*, if it were poſſible, before the King came up; conceiving that the fewer Men he had to participate in the Danger, the more would the Princeſs be obliged unto him, and alſo the more glorious would the Action be: That which did moſt prompt him unto this Deſign, was News late come, that *Ciaxares* finding himſelf not very well, would defer his advance three Days longer; and in Reſpect of that Accident, his March would be the ſlower: but that which did moſt of all incite him unto this quick Expedition, and dangerous Attempt, was his Conſideration of the King of *Aſſyria*'s coming, and it was odious unto him to think that his Rival ſhould ſhare with him in the Glory of delivering his Princeſs; reſolving then to ſtay no longer, he left two thouſand Men to keep that paſs over the River, and went ſtraight unto the great Town of *Artaxates*, which is ſcituated in a moſt fertile Plain upon the River *Araxes*, and near that Place, where, by the Counſels of *Hannibal*, another King of *Armenia*, did a long time after cauſe the new *Artaxates* to be built. This Town had but few Avenues, yet were the Walls ſo weak, and in many Places ſo ruined, that all its Strength did conſiſt in the Multitude of the Inhabitants, and truly it was ſo prodigiouſly vaſt, that no other Heart, but that of *Cyrus*, durſt ever have attempted it. Since he was come ſo near this huge Town, (where the King of *Armenia* was ſtaying until his Army, which already conſiſted of ten thouſand Men, was ſtrong enough to come into the Field) he would himſelf needs go, and diſcover the Scituation of the Town and Caſtle, which he deſired to take; and after he had circumſpectly viewed and obſerved all Places round, the Enemy never daring to appear but afar off, ſay what *Chriſantes* and his moſt faithful Servants could unto him, he would hazard all to deliver his Princeſs. Then he cauſed 12000 Men to march in the Night unto that Place, and he left ſix thouſand at ſeveral Places to ſecure his Retreat, if need ſhould be, and to guard the Paſſage over *Araxes*; beſides two thouſand which he left to make good the Paſs over the River, which runs between *Armenia* and *Cappadocia*. Then after he had drawn up his Forces near a little Wood, and drawn out thoſe who were to make an Aſſault upon the Town and Caſtle, although he had Intelligence that all *Artaxates* was up in Arms, and all the Townſmen ready to come out againſt him, yet did not his great Heart faint, but on the contrary, the Greatneſs of the Danger infuſing a new Spirit into him, he made choice of a litttle riſing Ground, which was between the Town and the Caſtle; and after he had drawn ſix thouſand Men into *Battalia* upon this Hill, (and had placed ſix terrible Engines, which ſhot great huge Stones) to oppoſe any Relief which the King of *Armenia* expected; he went with four thouſand others to aſſault the Town, in which they had placed three thouſand Souldiers, entrenched ſome few days before *Cyrus* came within Sight of *Artaxates*.

This Aſſault was given in four ſeveral Places at once, after that four Rams had battered the Barricadoes, and Walls: and that with ſo much Fury, that the Enemies were at the firſt afrighted: Any who had ſeen *Cyrus* beſtir himſelf, would have ſaid he was invulnerable, conſidering how he expoſed himſelf unto the Clouds of his Enemies Arrows. The firſt Aſſault was commanded by the Prince *Thraſibulus*: The ſecond by *Hidaſpes*: The third by *Aglatidas*: as for *Cyrus*, he would reſerve himſelf to fight within the Town, againſt any that durſt relieve the Caſtle. The firſt Breach was on that ſide where *Cyrus* ſtood, and thoſe which defended it, flying with all haſte unto another Barricado, were there killed, and helped to enforce others by their own Defeat: Mean while, both *Thraſibulus* and *Aglatidas*, were happy in their Attempts, and the Souldiers alſo, animated by the Example of their valiant Commanders, planted Ladders againſt the Walls, ſo that when the Inhabitants ſaw themſelves aſſaulted on all ſides, they fled to ſave their Lives; ſome threw down their Arms and ſubmitted, others in a tumultuous Diſorder ran away; ſome to avoid the Sword of their Enemy, finding the Bridg too narrow for ſuch a Throng, fell into the River, and were miſerably drowned: ſome would have defended the Bridg, but the Valour of *Cyrus*, who never ſits down after a Victory, did enforce them away, and purſued them: he killed all that reſiſted, and pardoned all that ſubmitted. He who commanded the Men at that paſs, was a Man of great Heart, and was there killed becauſe he would never ask Quarter: and of thoſe three thouſand which were placed in that Quarter, there were very few which were not either wounded, or taken Priſoners. The Prince *Artibies*, who would needs fight that Day as a Voluntier, received two mortal Wounds, which did moſt extreamly trouble *Cyrus*. Mean while, thoſe within the Caſtle ſeeing themſelves not able to hold out againſt ſuch valiant Enemies, and the Princeſs which was in it, promiſing them great Recompences, if they would render themſelves unto this invincible Conqueror, they began to beat a Parley, which did ſo infinitely rejoyce *Cyrus*, in hopes to ſee his dear *Mandana* preſently, that he was never in his Life more ſenſible of any Paſſion than at that time: yet did he much wonder, that the King of *Pontus*, whom he knew to be ſo gallant and brave, did not appear: How comes it to paſs, ſaid he to himſelf, that I do not ſee him upon ſuch an occaſion as this, with Arms in his Hands? If he do well remember himſelf of ſome good Offices which I have done him, why does he not reſtore unto me my Princeſs? If he will not reſtore her, why does he not come out and fight with me? Certainly, ſaid he, he muſt be either dead, or elſe ſome odd Policy which I cannot underſtand, cauſes the King of *Armenia* to keep him Priſoner in this Caſtle; but all theſe Reflections did quickly vaniſh out of his Mind: his almoſt certain hopes that he ſhould immediately deliver *Mandana*, turned all into Joy: He parlied then with the Captain of the Caſtle; he promiſed him all his Deſires, provided he would preſently render him the Princeſs whom he there guarded: and the Captain obeying him, and truſting unto his Word, (which *Cyrus* did always keep even with his moſt mortal Enemies) he ſet open the Gates, let all enter that would, and cauſed thoſe few Arms which were in it to be laid down. As ſoon as *Cyrus* was in the firſt Court, Where is the Princeſs? (ſaid he unto the Captain,) She is yonder Sir, (replied he, ſhewing him a Walk) where indeed he ſaw two Ladies coming towards him: his Imagination being wholly upon *Mandana*, he went in all haſte unto theſe Ladies; but coming near, the firſt Lady lifted up her Cyprus, and preſently ſtopping, as if ſhe were ſurprized at the Sight of *Cyrus*, he ſaw one of the faireſt Objects, doubtleſs in the World, yet at this time moſt unſutable unto his

Phancy; ſince he ſaw ſhe was not his Princeſs: he then turned towards the Captain, to accuſe him for ſo deceiving him: but the Lady addreſſing her ſelf with a ſomething diſordered Countenance; Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, the King of *Pontus* my Brother, was ſo gallantly treated by you, when he was your Priſoner, that I muſt needs hope for the like Favour from you, ſince you are too generous to deny Protection unto one of the moſt unfortunate Princeſſes upon Earth. *Cyrus* was ſo troubled, that he had not delivered *Mandana*, and ſo ſurprized to hear that this Lady was Siſter unto the King of *Pontus*, that for a while he was not able to anſwer; yet clearing up his Mind, You are not deceived Madam, (ſaid he moſt civilly unto her) when you believe I ſhall treat you with all the reſpect due unto one of your Quality: for though the King your Brother, be him I aim at, and came to ſeek in *Arminia*, yet ſhall I render unto you all the Services that are in my Power. As this fair Princeſs was about to anſwer, Intelligence came unto *Cyrus*, that there was ſuch a prodigious Multitude of People coming out of *Artaxates*, that his Preſence was requiſite in the Army: Permit me then Madam (ſaid he unto her, and taking her by the Hand) that I wait upon you unto your Chamber, and there leave you Miſtreſs of the Caſtle, till I have finiſhed the Victory. In ſaying ſo, he conducted her unto her Lodging, where after a ſhort Complement, and leaving *Chriſantes* within, to ſee ſhe wanted nothing; he went down into the Court, where he met ſome Souldiers and Captains bringing in the Prince *Artibies* wounded, that he might be there dreſſed with more Conveniency. When *Cyrus* ſaw him in that condition, and obſerving how thoſe which bore him were very weary and weak, and troubled in the Carriage of him; yet notwithſtanding all the Croud, and all the Sorrows of his Soul, this Prince did with his own Hands help to carry him unto his Chamber, and laid him upon a Bed, commanding all poſſible Care to be taken of him: After this, *Cyrus* took Horſe, and ſeeing he could not ſatisfy his Love by the Delivery of his Princeſs, he would however ſatisfy his Glory, by doing the boldeſt Act in the World; every ſtep he made, he received Intelligence upon Intelligence concerning the Troops that were coming out of *Artaxates*: but how great ſoever they made the Danger, yet he went to draw up his Forces, and reſolved to fight them, though they were an hundred thouſand Men, if they did begin the Aſſault; and indeed they were no leſs, for from the little Valley under the Hill, where *Cyrus* ſtood, unto *Artaxates*, all the Country was covered with Multitudes of Enemies, who ſeemed as if they intended to fight: for the King of *Armenia* held a Council of War about it without the Walls of the Town, and advanced unto a little Village, which was cloſe by the Valley that ſeparated the two Armies, and there he made a halt; yet the Great *Cyrus* kept his Station ſtill, continually facing this innumerable Multitude of Enemies, who ſtood and durſt not fall on: This great Buſineſs was carried with ſo much good Fortune and Prudence together, that it was ſix Hours after the Caſtle was taken, before it was known to them of *Artaxates*.

In Concluſion, after much Conſultation, the King of *Armenia* concluded that it was not expedient to fall upon ſuch a Prince, as uſed to fight like a Lion, and overcome all that came near him. The Prince *Phraartes* who was pretty gallant, would have put it to the Hazard, what ere came on it: but his advice being not followed, becauſe an old experienced Captain maintained, That it was not Wiſdom with freſh new Troops of Townſmen, untrained in War, to aſſault Souldiers died in Blood, and a General the greateſt in the World, eſpecially he having the Advantage of Ground. *Cyrus* was well ſatisfied with the ſight of his Enemies; he faced them from Morning until Night, and would have preſented them Battel if they durſt have accepted it, though they were above twenty to one. The Night came on apace, and covered the ſhame of the Inhabitants of *Artaxates*, in re-entring their Town, after they had only ſeen that Caſtle taken, which was ſo very conſiderable unto them, in Reſpect of the River *Araxes*, which runs by it. Yet was the Soul of *Cyrus* far from Satisfaction, and this great and bold Act produced nothing but Sorrow unto him; for his Hopes were ſo high to deliver the Princeſs *Mandana*, that nothing elſe could anſwer them. As ſoon as he ſaw all the *Armenian* Troops were entred into their Town, and after he had placed good Guards, he went to take his Reſt that Night in the Caſtle which he took: After he had enquired concerning the State of the Prince *Artibies*, whom they ſaid was very ill, and after he underſtood the Princeſs of *Pontus* was retired; he went into his Chamber only with *Feraulas*: Well *Feraulas*, (ſaid he unto him extreamly melancholy) what do you now think of my Fortune? Do you not confeſs me to be the moſt unhappy Prince upon Earth? I think, Sir, replied *Feraulas*, that it is the part of the conquered to complain, and of the Conquerors to rejoyce. No, no, *Feraulas*, ſaid he: It is not Glory and Honour, which is the predominant Aim of my Heart: and though I had defeated this huge Multitude of Enemies, which I only looked upon, I ſhould have been ſtill as melancholy as I am: neither Conqueſts, nor Reputation, nor Honour is the Mark I now aim at: It is only *Mandana*, I look after, and ſince I find her not, I think my ſelf as unfortunate as if I had been vanquiſhed. *Araſpes* lied not (ſaid he) when he told me he had ſeen a Lady of Quality in the Caſtle; that ſhe was fair, yellow-hair'd, and of a good Stature; but alas, this Princeſs, as fair as ſhe is, yields me no Satisfaction by her Sight. I conceive, Sir, ſaid *Feraulas*, that it is conſiderable, to have got the Siſter of the King of *Pontus* into your Hands, a Lady of whom I have heard a good Report when I was in the *Bythinian* War: ſo that in all Probability, it will keep that Prince in ſome Fears. Ah *Feraulas*, anſwered he, and ſighed, how dear ſoever the Princeſs of *Pontus* is to him, *Mandana* is much more: he will eaſily diſpenſe with a Siſter for a Miſtreſs: If he ſhould have my Brother, (if I had one) or my Father in his Power, it would make me to do any thing to releaſe them, but never upon ſuch Conditions as to quit *Mandana*: Alſo knowing me ſo well as he does, he will not fear mine ill Entertainment of his Siſter, although he do not reſtore *Mandana*, he knows me too well that 'tis not my *Genius* to do ſo baſe, ſo unjuſt, and cruel Act; and ſo ſince he conceives no Danger, he will keep *Mandana* ſtill.

But, Sir, ſaid *Feraulas*, are you fully aſſured that this Lady is the Princeſs of *Pontus?* Yes, replied he, for now I call to Memory a Picture which the Wife of *Arſamones* cauſed the Princeſs her Daughter to ſhew me, to the end ſhe might diſcover whether or no I was *Spitridates*; I do very well ſee that it is ſhe, for that Picture reſembles her extreamly. But, replied *Feraulas*, if it be ſhe, I wonder ſhe does not take you for *Spitridates*, as the *Bythinian* Princeſs did? becauſe, doubtleſs, replied *Cyrus*, the King her Brother has formerly acquainted her with our extream Reſemblance. But however, *Feraulas*, ſuch things as theſe we muſt not diſcourſe of: Let *Mandana*, only *Mandana* be the only Object of my Thoughts, and the Subject of our Diſcourſe: Did I but know where ſhe was, my Soul would be at ſome Reſt: for though ſhe were in *Artaxates*, I would without ſtaying for *Ciaxares*, attempt her Delivery. Doubtleſs you might, replied *Feraulas*, for after this which we have ſeen, if you do not enforce it, it may well be ſaid, The Reaſon is becauſe you would not; and the Inhabitants owe you Thanks, for all thoſe Miſeries which you will not do them, when it is in your Power. After they had thus diſcourſed a good while, *Cyrus* did lie down upon the Bed, more to reſt himſelf than to ſleep: but he had not leiſure to do that, for one came to tell him, that the Prince *Artibies* was at the laſt Gaſp, and deſired to ſee him: He did riſe immediately, and went unto him: alſo he found him at the very point of Death, but in ſo free a Mind, and quiet Soul, that *Cyrus* was ſurprized at him: I am deſperately ſorry, (ſaid he unto him, coming near him) that I ſhould be partly a cauſe of your deplorable Condition. No, (moſt generouſly did this dying Prince anſwer) Rather rejoyce with me, who ſince the Death of *Leontina*, looked for nothing from the Wars but Death: I could never in any Place have died with more Honour, than near you; nor ſhall I deſire Life, but ſhall die with more Joy than I can expreſs, if you will promiſe me to cauſe my Aſhes to be incloſed within the Tomb of *Leontina:* In pronouncing this Name, which was ſo dear unto him, he expired without the leaſt Motion, by reaſon of his great Loſs of Blood; yet had he this Satisfaction before he died, to hear *Cyrus* promiſe what he deſired, for he weakly held out his Hands, and caſt his Eyes towards him, by way of Thanks: That which was moſt admirable in this ſad Accident was, that Death did not afright out of his Countenance thoſe pleaſing Signs of Deſire to die, which he ever wore ſince the Death of his Miſtreſs. The Heart of *Cyrus* was exceedingly tendered at the Loſs of this young Prince, who doubtleſs did own all the accompliſhed Qualities that might merit his Eſteem and Friendſhip: he teſtified his Sorrow by moſt apparent Signs: and though his Tomb was covered with the Spoils of vanquiſhed Enemies, and hung about with Trophies of broken Arms, yet was it further honoured, in that his Aſhes were watred with the Tears of the greateſt Prince in the World. In the mean while, Day did begin to break, and Intelligence was brought that there was ſo great a Tumult within *Artaxatus*, and ſuch an univerſal Amazement, that the King of *Armenia* was gone out of it with his whole Court, and a great part of his Forces, retreating unto certain inacceſſable Mountains, where he had ſome Caſtles very well fortified: he underſtood alſo that the King had carried the Queen his Wife, and the Princeſſes his Daughters with him: and he imagined that perhaps *Mandana* might be there alſo. His deſire was to go after them immediately: but he was confidently told that before he could be in Readineſs to ſet forward, the King of *Armenia* would be got within his Sanctuary, where he had nothing to fear but Famine. Yet ſince *Cyrus* would not truſt unto what was told him, he took Horſe, after he had commanded an *Egyptian* Chirurgion which was in the *Cyprian Brigado*, to imbalm the Corps of the Prince *Artibies*, after ſuch an excellent manner as was uſed in his Country, and which would keep the Corps a long while incorruptable: he gave Orders alſo to preſent a complimentive Excuſe unto the Princeſs of *Pontus*, that he could not ſee her until his Return, and theſe Orders being given, he went with two hundred Horſe only, to be ſhewed theſe Mountains, and indeed he perceived it impoſſible to arrive thither in any time: he then reſolved to go and poſſeſs himſelf of ſome advantagious Place betwixt thoſe Mountains and the Town, to prevent any Communication between them: But no ſooner did thoſe which were appointed for that Deſign under *Hidaſpes* begin to march, but the Inhabitants of *Artaxates* multiplying their Fears, had held a tumultuous Council, and conceived it more ſafe for themſelves, to ſubmit unto ſuch a Conqueror as *Cyrus*, than any longer to reſiſt ſuch an invincible Prince: They ſent then Deputies unto him, to beg his Favour, and that in ſuch ſubmiſſive Terms, as if his whole Army had been at their Gates. As he was the ſweeteſt Prince upon Earth unto all ſuch as reſiſted him not, ſo he deſired no more from them, but a bare Oath of Fidelity: he did not conceive it expedient, with ſo few Forces as he had, to engage himſelf within that Town, but was contented to poſſeſs himſelf of both the Ends of *Artaxates*, and ſome Caſtles which were indifferent ſtrong, in divers Entrances into the City, to the end he might thereby take all Relief away from the King of *Armenia*, and all manner of Communication between the Town, and the Mountains where he was: He ſtill continued his Deſign of ſending *Hidaſpes* with twelve hundred Men only to the Foot of the Mountains, thereby to prevent the Country from carrying in of Proviſions; after all which, he reſolved to wait until *Ciaxares* came up, before he would make any other Attempts; and after he had given out all expedient and neceſſary Orders, he returned unto the Caſtle from whence he came, with much Impatience to diſcourſe with the Princeſs of *Pontus*, imagining, that perhaps ſhe could tell where the King her Brother was, and by Conſequence where the Princeſs *Mandana* was.

Having then reſted himſelf awhile, and put himſelf into a fit and handſom Garb to appear before her, he ſent to ask whether he might be permitted the Honour to ſee her? As ſhe did no leſs deſire it than he, though for different Reaſons, ſo ſhe ſent word back, that ſhe ſhould be very glad to entertain his viſit; ſo that going immediately unto her, he was received with all poſſible Civility, and he rendred her all the Submiſſion and Reverence, as if ſhe were in *Heraclea*. After the firſt complemental Ceremonies were performed; Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, if Fortune had been as favourable unto the King my Brother, as you were unto him in procuring his Releaſe, he would not have loſt thoſe Kingdoms which he once poſſeſſed. I know not Madam (replied *Cyrus*) whether the King of *Pontus* has not been a greater Gainer by the loſs of his Kingdoms, than he would have been in keeping them. But I am moſt certain, that I prefer that favour which Fortune has beſtowed upon him ſince he loſt them, before all he had before ſhe deprived him of them; and I wiſh unto the Gods with all my Heart, that he were reinveſted, and ſet upon thoſe Thrones again which he has right unto, upon Condition he would reſtore that,unto which he has no right at all. This Diſcourſe is ſo obſcure unto me, (ſaid the Princeſs of *Pontus*) that I am not able to return a pertinent Anſwer: for indeed I know very well, that the King my Brother has loſt the Kingdom of *Pontus*, and *Bithynia* alſo; that he was forced to depart from the laſt Town that was left him, and to fly away in a Ship to ſeek ſecurity for his Perſon from you; but I do not know how Fortune, which deprived him of his Throne, has made him a Gainer ſince. But I underſtood ſince, that he was not with you, and I was told, lately (without any certainty) that he was here in *Armenia*, whither I came to ſeek him, yet cannot find him. How, Madam, ſaid *Cyrus*, is not the King of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs *Mandana* in *Armenia*? I do not believe, anſwered ſhe, that the King my Brother is here; and though he were, indeed I cannot imagine how the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhould come hither. *Cyrus* ſeeing with what free ingenuity this Princeſs ſpoke unto him, told her all, how the King of *Pontus* had ſaved the Princeſs *Mandana* from Shipwrack; how he left his Ship,and took Boat up the River *Halis* to come into *Armenia*; ſo that Madam, ſaid he, I do not ſee it poſſible but he muſt be here, and I wonder you ſhould not know it. I have had ſo little liberty, ſaid ſhe, ſince I came into *Armenia*,

nia, that it is not impoſſible but he may be here, and yet I not know it. But, Sir, how can it be, that he, of whom you ſpeak, who has divers times ſpoken unto me concerning you, as the Man, whom of all the World he moſt eſteems, though he knows not your Quality, ſhould any way diſoblige you? He, I ſay, whom you have ſo much obliged; he unto whom you gave both Life and Liberty; and he who had an intention to preſerve you, at a time when you were in Danger. He never had any intention to deſtroy me, replied *Cyrus*, but he has moſt cruelly wronged me. Ah Sir, ſaid ſhe, he did not deſcribe *Artamenes* unto me, to be ſo unjuſt, as that he ſhould think it to be a wrong, which was done without deſign; nor can I think him changed, ſince he was *Cyrus*. He is not changed at all, replied he, for he loves the Princeſs *Mandana* now, as he loved her then, although the King of *Pontus* did not know it then; ſo that Madam, you may eaſily judg, he does not at all oblige me in carrying away the Princeſs, and retaining her againſt her Will. I ſhould not ſpeak thus unto you Madam, ſaid he, if the Affection I bear unto her were not now known over all *Aſia*, and if I were not forced to juſtify my ſelf in the opinion of ſo excellent a Lady as you. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I can ſay nothing to it; yet for your Conſolation let me tell you, that the King my Brother owes ſuch a profound Reverence unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, that you need not fear any ill treatment of her; and if I knew where he were, I would beg of you permiſſion to go and try whether I could move him to reſtore her unto her Father. *Cyrus* returned thanks unto this Princeſs with much Affection, and the Diſcourſe on both ſides was ſo very obliging, that *Cyrus* did wonder to find a Diſpoſition ſo ready to do him any good Office in the Siſter of his Rival. It is very true, ſhe was ſo handſom, and ſo amiable, that it was impoſſible but one muſt needs eſteem her infinitely, and be in terms of Friendſhip, though not in Love with her. Moreover, ſince ſhe found in *Cyrus* the reſemblance of a Perſon, who was moſt dear unto her, ſhe expreſſed more obliging Civility towards him, than ſhe perceived in her ſelf, ſo that for three or four days *Cyrus* did viſit her every ſpare Hour, wherein he did not viſit ſome Guard or other, and a great Friendſhip grew betwixt them; for after *Cyrus* had ſatisfied the Curioſity of this Princeſs, by making a ſhort relation of his Fortunes unto her, and ſince he aſſured her, that if the King her Brother would reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana*, he would help him to recover his loſt Kingdoms; ſhe thought the Conditions good, and ſhe her ſelf alſo believed, that as ſoon as the King of *Pontus* ſhould know, that *Artamenes* is *Cyrus*, and that *Cyrus* did love, and was loved by *Mandana*, he would change his Deſign: So that conceiving ſhe ought not to look upon this Prince, as the King her Brother's Enemy, ſhe regarded him, as both her, and his Protector, and as a Prince, who perhaps would become a Mediator between the King of *Pontus*, and the new King of *Bithynia*; ſo that ſhe enjoyed Pleaſure and Satisfaction in the Sight and Converſation of *Cyrus*. This Prince was for ſome certain days a little troubled to obſerve, that this Princeſs never ſaw him, but ſhe changed Colour, and ſighed often when ſhe looked upon him: But remembring the Picture which was ſhewed him in *Bithynia*, he concluded, that *Spitridates*, whom he reſembled, was not only in Love, but it muſt needs be, that he was loved alſo: and ſince he had great hopes in the Negotiation of this Princeſs, with the King her Brother, when it was known where he was, and ſince he knew that there was nothing ſo engaging, as to be a Confident unto one who is in Love, and he knew how to carry the Matter ſo handſomly without too much preſſing, ſo that he moved her ingenuouſly to acquaint him with the Misfortunes of her Life, to the end ſome expedient Remedies againſt them might be applied, and that he might find out means to prevent her Misfortunes, as ſhe would his, if it were poſſible. One Morning when *Cyrus* heard that *Ciaxares* would come up within three Days, and that the King of *Armenia* had not any Victuals to hold out long, his Mind being in more tranquillity, by reaſon of his Hopes to be ſatisfied from the King of *Armenia* himſelf, where her he ſought for was, he went unto the Princeſs of *Pontus*, to put her in mind of her Promiſe: but though ſhe was very willing to give him Satisfaction, yet had ſhe no mind that her Adventures ſhould come out of her own Mouth, but that one which was with her, who was well acquainted with every Circumſtance, even to the leaſt of her Thoughts, might make a Relation of them. *Cyrus* conſented unto the Motion, and for the preſent retired, but preſently after Dinner he returned unto her Chamber, where he found her who was to relate the Misfortunes of the Princeſs of *Pontus*, who was her ſelf gone into her Cloſet with ſome *Armenian* Women which waited upon her. This Lady who was to make the Relation, was called *Heſionida*, one of very good Quality, originally from *Bithynia*, whoſe Mother was Governeſs unto the Princeſs, and who indeed was a kind of Governeſs her ſelf unto her; for ſince ſhe was ſix or ſeven Years elder than *Araminta*, her Mother (who was very Old and Sickly) committed the charge unto her, ſo that ſhe was exactly knowing in all the Paſſages of that Court; and ſince ſhe had a moſt charming Wit, and was very ſweet and complacential in all juſt things, ſhe made the Princeſs of *Pontus* even adore her. *Cyrus*, who knew the quality of *Heſionida*, by the information of one of the Princeſſes Men, did treat her very civilly, and ſull as reſpective Complements returned as given: Then did they ſit down, and thus did *Heſionida* begin.

The Hiſtory of the Princeſs Ariminta, *and* Spitridates.

THe Order which I have received from the Princeſs, to make an exact Relation unto you of her Misfortunes, requires, Sir, that you arm your ſelf with abundance of Patience; for they are ſo numerous, that they cannot be comprehended in a ſhort Story; and neceſſity compels me to let you underſtand, not only thoſe which relate only to the Princeſs her ſelf, but thoſe alſo which concern her Father: the Uſurpation of the Kingdom of *Bithynia* is the real cauſe of all thoſe Miſeries ſhe endures. You Sir, who has won ſo many

Battels thereabouts, do know, that a River only divides the Kingdom of *Pontus*, and the Kingdom of *Bithynia*, ſo that it is not at all ſtrange, that an ambitious King of *Pontus* ſhould ſtretch his limits over it: But I believe the courſe he took will appear ſo unjuſt unto you, that you will hardly endure ſo much as the Relation of it. Be pleaſed to know, Sir, that the Grand-father of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, was a very violent Prince, one that was moſt jealous of his Authority, and as adventurous as any Man in the World; all his Life was wholly taken up in Wars with his Neighbours; ſometimes againſt the King of *Phrygia*, other whiles againſt the King of *Cappadocia* and *Galatia*, and ſometimes againſt the King of *Paphlagonia*; but in all theſe Wars he was continually aſſiſted by the King of *Bithynia*, which then reigned, who was Father unto *Arſamones*, who now is upon the Reconqueſt, yet notwithſtanding he bore a ſpleen in his Heart againſt him, becauſe he once oppoſed a new War, which he would needs undertake againſt *Cappadocia*, without any Ground or Reaſon for it; for ſince *Bithynia* was between the Kingdom of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, he could not make any Attempts upon it, unleſs that Prince gave him a paſſage through his Dominions, which he refuſed to do. After this, he always looked upon *Bithynia*, as a great Obſtacle unto his ambitious Deſigns. But, Sir, it beſits me, to paſs this over very ſlightly; for ſince I am originally a *Bithynian*, the love of my Country may perhaps make me ſpeak more than is fit, conſidering the reſpect which I am obliged to render unto thoſe Kings, from whom the Princeſs whom I ſerve is deſcended; yet muſt I not make that Crime a Secret, which is publickly known unto ſo many Kingdoms, ſince it is the very Foundation of all I ſhall tell you. Be pleaſed to underſtand then in few Words, that the King of *Pontus*, deſiring to confer with the King of *Bithynia*, about ſome important Affairs, which he ſaid concerned them both, both theſe Kings drew towards their Frontiers, and ſince the River *Sangar* is the limits unto both thoſe Kingdoms, they made choice of a moſt pleaſant Iſland, wherein there was a very fair Houſe, fit for this Interview, which was made ready with all poſſible Magnificence: But yet ſince this Iſle belonged unto the King of *Pontus*, he therefore was at all the Expences of theſe Feaſts, which laſted three Days in all imaginable Prodigality and Splendor: The laſt of theſe three days the King of *Bithynia* was ſeized upon with ſo ſudden and violent a Sickneſs, that the Phyſicians did give him over, and it was impoſſible that he ſhould be tranſported out of this Iſle, where the King of *Pontus* ſtayed with him, expreſſing ſo many Teſtimonies of real Sorrow, that all the World were deceived in him, and eſpecially the King of *Bithynia* more than any elſe. This Prince then, having only one Son, about ſix years of Age, and having buried the Queen his Wife, ſeeing himſelf in this extremity, and thinking to prevent the King of *Pontus*, whom he knew to be of an ambitious Humour, from uſurping *Bithynia*, he would declare him Governour over the Prince his Son; ſo that being in this deplorable Condition, unto which all the Kingdom believed he was brought, by a Poyſon which the King of *Pontus* had given him, he aſſembled all the Grandees of *Bithynia*, which waited upon him, to this Interview, and declared unto them, how he intended the King of *Pontus*, during the minority of his Son, ſhould have the Government of his Dominions, and diſpoſure of all things, with this Proviſo, yet to confer the Offices of Government only unto the *Bithynians*. The King of *Pontus* made a ſhew, as if he were unwilling to accept of this Offer; but at the laſt, this unfortunate Prince preſſing him more urgently unto it, he promiſed him to preſerve the Crown of *Bithynia*, as his own; and he ſpoke with ſo much ſeeming Generoſity, that he cauſed him to die a ſatisfied, though a violent Death. Though all the Grandees of *Bithynia* did ſeem to approve of this Reſolution, not daring to deny their dying King, yet after he was dead, Reports of Poyſon making great Noiſe, they oppoſed againſt it, and made uſe of the Guards unto the late King to ſecure the Perſon of their young Prince, who was within fifty furlongs of that Place, in a Caſtle where the Kings of *Bithynia* uſed to bring up their Children, until ſuch times as they were fit to be taken out of the Hands of Women: But the King of *Pontus* foreſeeing ſuch a Deſign, cauſed all the Gariſons of all the Towns along the River, ſecretly to redouble their Guards, ſo that in drawing them out, he quickly made up a little Army, with which he ſeized upon the Perſon of the young Prince, and made himſelf Maſter of *Bithynia*, procuring the favour of ſome Grandees in the Kingdom by Golden Arguments. After this, he returned into *Heraclea*, where he educated the young Prince *Arſamones*: At the firſt, he cauſed all Honours due unto a King of *Bithynia* to be rendred unto him, to the end he might the handſomer deceive the *Bithynians*, and allure them to receive his Orders: But afterwards, when he had well eſtabliſhed himſelf, he publiſhed a Declaration, by which he would make it appear, that the late King of *Bithynia* did acknowledg his Kingdom had been formerly uſurped from the Kings of *Pontus*; and by which he ſaid, that the late King deſired his Son ſhould be only a Subject unto him, who now raigned: In ſhort Sir, *Force*, not *Juſtice*, was his Law, and *Arſamones* was now treated only as a Prince, not a King, and was indeed no more than a Slave which is loaded with heavy Chains of Gold; he wore them with an unexampled Patience and Diſſimulation. Thoſe who uſe to dive deep into the reaſon of Things, could not comprehend why the King of *Pontus* ſhould put the Father to Death, yet ſpare the Son: but whether it was out of Fear, to force the *Bithynians* unto a War againſt him, or that he was reſtrained from it by a predominate Power of the Gods, which would not ſuffer him, yet he did it not. *Arſamones* then lived as a Subject, and married a *Bithynian* Princeſs, which was permitted, becauſe ſhe was not Rich; but in recompence thereof, ſhe was at that time admirable fair, and at this time as vertuous as fair; then you know, Sir, her Vertues and Condition as well I do, ſince you were with her, when you were taken for the Prince *Spitridates*. He permitted alſo a Siſter unto the King, whom he had impriſoned, to marry the Prince *Gadates*, yet it was becauſe *Nitocris* Queen of *Aſſyria*, did procure it. Mean while the King of *Pontus*, who had only one Son, died, and *Arſa-*

Arſemones changed Maſters, though not Condition: for indeed Sir, this new King of *Pontus* and *Bithynia*, Father of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, although he was not ſo criminal as the King his Father; yet finding himſelf in Poſſeſſion of two Crowns, he kept them, and never would hearken unto any Reſtitution, ſo that *Arſemones* was forced to diſſemble ſtill, and ſeem to be contented with his Fortune, becauſe he had no Power to make it better: for the King of *Pontus* was then in amity with all his Neighbours, and *Arſemones* had neither any Troops, nor Money to raiſe them. Mean while, Sir, the King of *Pontus* had two Sons, and one Daughter; and the Prince *Arſamones* had one Daughter, and two Sons; the elder of which is *Spritridates*, who ſo much reſembles you. As the Queen of *Pontus* died very young, ſo the Princeſs *Ariminta* was but five years Old when ſhe loſt her Mother: and as my Mother had the Honour of that great Queen's Love, ſhe moved the King her Husband, to confer the Government of the Princeſs *Ariminta* upon her. But to ſhew you the piety and vertue of this Princeſs, I need only tell you, that ſhe appointed my Mother to cheriſh as much as ſhe could, a Love and Friendſhip between her Children, and the Children of the Prince *Arſamones*, wiſhing heartily, that he might hereafter become ſo generous, as to reſtore the Kingdom of *Bithynia* unto the right Heir. You may be pleaſed to conceive, Sir, that ſhe did moſt willingly obey ſo juſt a Command; and truly there was no great difficulty to beget a Love amongſt them, ſince they were all ſo amiable; and it muſt needs be acknowledged, that never was a more joyful Sight, than this little Court of young Princes and Princeſſes: But amongſt the reſt, the Amity between *Spitridates* eldeſt Son of *Arſamones*, and the Princeſs *Atiminta*, was extraordinary; for the firſt of theſe two, Sir, you need only to remember your own Infancy, to imagin him, ſince truly there is a moſt wonderful reſemblance betwixt you and him; and as for the Princeſs of *Pontus*, you need only to look upon her, and judg, that ſhe was fair from her Cradle. The Siſter of *Spitridates*, named *Ariſtea*, is alſo, as you know, very fair; and the Prince *Sinneſis*, elder Brother

ther unto *Ariandus*, who is now King of *Pontus*, was of a good ſtature, and handſom, as well as his Brother, whom you do know; and the youngeſt Son of *Arſamones*, called *Euriclides*, is alſo a very handſom Prince: of theſe, Sir, did the Court of *Pontus* conſiſt. So that ſince Peace on all ſides ſeemed now to be ſolidly eſtabliſhed, there was no thoughts but upon the Education of theſe young Princeſſes and Princes, and to contrive all the pleaſant Recreations their Ages were capable of. The King of *Pontus* himſelf, out of Policy, did command my Mother to do the ſame, which the Queen his Wife had appointed her to do out of Vertue; for he conceived, that if his eldeſt Son ſhould marry a Daughter of Prince *Arſamones*, that would more confirm the Poſſeſſion of the Kingdom of *Bithynia* in his Houſe. The ſtate of things ſtanding thus, all the Recreations of theſe young Children were together; their Walks, their Huntings, their Balls, their Muſicks, cauſed them continually to be together; and I dare affirm, that their Education was ſuch, as made them ceaſe being Children, much ſooner than their Age permitted them; and though they lived together with all equal Civility, yet their Inclinations began to make ſome difference, and I perceived that *Spitridates* did much more reſpect the Princeſs *Ariminta*, than the Prince *Euriclides* his Brother. I obſerved alſo at the ſame time, that the Prince *Sinneſis* was more indulgent towards the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, than he who is now the King of *Pontus*: And ſince my Mother had acquainted me with the King's Intentions, and alſo with the Queen's, to the end I might be ſerviceable that way, I was even raviſhed to ſee ſo happy a beginning in the Deſign, and I believe alſo, that the Prince *Arſamones*, and the Princeſs *Arbiana* his Wife did like it well. I perceived then that Love did kindle in theſe two young Hearts, and I ſaw them love one another, and knew it not themſelves; for *Sinneſis* and *Spitridates* did render a thouſand petty Services unto thoſe Princeſſes which they adored, not knowing they were in Love, more than the Princeſſes whom they loved. But the Princeſs *Ariminta* being in her fourteenth Year, and the Prince *Spitridates* his ſixteenth, they began to be ſenſible of their Paſſions: The joy which he was wont to have when he ſaw the Princeſs became more moderate, and though ſhe uſed her accuſtomed civility towards him, yet was he not ſo well ſatisfied, as before; his Heart moulded ſuch deſires, as that he did not know what he himſelf deſired, but not knowing very well what he wanted to compleat his good Fortune, he became very Melancholy: As the Princeſs *Ariminta* did very much eſteem him, and as he pleaſed her Eye better than any ſhe ſaw in the Court; ſo ſhe was the firſt which perceived it, and asked me whether or no I knew from whence this Alteration in the humour of the Prince *Spitridates* did ariſe? and when I anſwered her, that I knew not, ſhe told me, that it much troubled her, and that ſhe would ask him the reaſon her ſelf. Madam, ſaid I unto her, and ſmiled, it is not always fit to be ſo inquiſitive; how do you know whether the Prince *Spitridates* would have the cauſe of his Melancholy known? And why ſhould he hide it (anſwered ſhe unto me) from one that would pity him, if I could not help him? He would hide it perhaps (ſaid I unto her, and laughed) becauſe he does not know the cauſe himſelf. Ah *Heſionida*, ſaid ſhe unto me, *Spitridates* is too full of reaſon to be troubled without a cauſe, and if I thought that were all, I would quickly cure him. As I was ready to anſwer, the Princeſs *Ariſtea* came in, and a little after her the valiant *Pharnaces*, who had the Honour to be the laſt Man that fought with you in the Combat of two Hundred; and alſo at the ſame time, the Coward *Artanus* came in, who accompanied *Spitridates* thither. After their Converſation had continued a prety while, the Prince *Sinneſis* made a Motion unto his Siſter the Princeſs to go and walk, ſhe was ſo complacential as to conſent. This Prince was then ſixteen years Old, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea* fifteen; and I believe he had already expreſſed ſome ſlight Marks of his Paſſion unto her, which ſhe knew of, but neither much accepted, nor rejected them. When they were in the Garden, the Prince *Sinneſis*, after he had talked awhile with the Princeſs his Siſter, preſented his Hand unto the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and *Spitridates* took the Princeſs *Ariminta* by the

Hand, and ſo they walked; ſo that *Pharnaces* and *Artanus* ſeeing that their aims were prevented already by *Spitridates*, went away in a jealous fit. Mean while, the ſmall experience of this young Lady cauſing me to fear that ſhe would too urgently ask *Spitridates* the Thoughts of his Heart, I followed preſently after, and handſomly turned the Diſcourſe another way; for ſince my Mother, as I told you before, was both ſickly and aged, and ſince I was ſix or ſeven Years elder than the Princeſs, I was a kind of an Under-governeſs, the King appointing it ſo, and the Princeſs was glad of it, becauſe ſhe did me the honour to love me. But Sir, to return unto my Diſcourſe, the Princeſs *Arbiana* being come into the Garden, intending to ſpeak with me concerning ſome important Buſineſs, I was conſtrained to leave the Prince and Princeſs, and by conſequence to leave them at liberty to diſcourſe together, for the Prince *Sinneſis* did not at all moleſt them, being buſied enough in his Courtſhip with the Princeſs *Ariſtea*: Since we walked ten or twelve Paces behind them, I could not hear their Words, but only gueſs by their manner of Actions. But in the end, I ſaw the Princeſs *Ariminta* come ſuddainly towards us, ſaying ſhe was weary with walking, and would reſt her ſelf; ſo that leaving *Spitridates*, ſhe ſat down upon Seats of Graſs. I obſerved all the Paſſage very exactly, and ſaw *Spitridates* bluſh in quitting the Princeſs, and ſhe alſo bluſhed, though ſhe did hide it with her Hood: All the reſt of the day ſhe ſeemed much diſquieted, though ſhe did ſtrive to hide it with all her care: Upon her return unto her Chamber, ſhe went into her Cloſet, and called none of her Women with her, as ſhe was accuſtomed; I went in unto her, and found her leaning againſt the Window in a ſerious deep ſtudy. Madam, ſaid I unto her, and laughed, ſince you did not think it unhandſom to ask the Prince *Spitridates*, what was the cauſe of his Melancholy, I hope you will not think it impertinent in me, if I ask you, what's the cauſe of your muſing at this time? At the firſt ſhe would have perſwaded me, that ſhe muſed no more than ordinary, yet ſeeing ſhe could not; But *Heſionida*, ſaid ſhe unto me, did you not tell me it was not good to be too inquiſitive? Yes, Madam, replied I unto her, but I am not the Princeſs *Ariminta*, nor are you the Prince *Spitridates*, ſo that without any Fear of offending, I have reaſon to ask what it is which troubles you, ſince my only end is to help it, if it be in my Power. Truly *Heſionida*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) there is nothing in my Mind which vexes me. Truly, Madam, replied I, there is ſomething which does trouble you, and if you will not do me the Honour to tell it unto me, I ſhall think that the Prince *Spitridates* has diſcovered unto you the cauſe of his Melancholy, and that it has infected you. The Gods preſerve me, ſaid ſhe unto me haſtily: You know then Madam what it is, ſaid I unto her.

The Princeſs bluſh'd, ſeeing ſhe could not deny it, and coming near me, with the greateſt Ingenuity and Sweetneſs in the World; It is true, ſaid ſhe unto me, I do know it; and if you did but know how angry and aſhamed I was, doubtleſs you would extreamly pity me. But *Heſionida*, ſaid ſhe, why did you not deſire me more earneſtly than you did, not to ask *Spitridates*, the Cauſe of his Melancholy? for I do imagine that you knew it, or at leaſt ſuſpected ſomething. I confeſs unto you, that the *Non-plus* of this young Princeſs, and the Anger which I ſaw in her Eyes, moved me almoſt to laugh at her; yet I did reſtrain it, leſt I ſhould have too much incenſed her: And after I had intreated her to tell me, what their Conference was, and ſhe many times excuſing, but at the laſt conſenting unto my Deſire, told me: You were no ſooner entred into Diſcourſe with the Princeſs *Arbiana*, ſaid ſhe unto me, but being extreamly impatient to know what it was which troubled *Spitridates*, I entred into diſcourſe with him. You are ſo changed, ſaid ſhe, of late, that all your Friends do wonder it, nor can they imagine the Cauſe of your Melancholy. I do not think they do, anſwered he unto her, nor is there any in the World unto whom I will impart it. How, replied ſhe unto him, Is it ſuch a Diſpleaſure as you would not have any know it? then it ſeems you would not have any pity you, or comfort you. I wiſh the firſt, replied he unto her, but I dare not wiſh the ſecond. How can they do either, replied ſhe, when they are ignorant of your Sufferings? Did you not tell me, anſwered he, that all my Friends do wonder, and are ſorry for my Melancholy? and if ſo, can they not pity me, unleſs they know the Cauſe of my Sorrows? No, not I, anſwered ſhe, for perhaps you eſteem your ſelf unfortunate in ſome things, for which I would not pity yon at all. What may thoſe Things be, replied he, and ſighed, for which the Princeſs *Araminta* has no Compaſſion? If you ſhould envy at the Honour of another,ſaid ſhe,& that trouble you, I would not at all pity you for it. But ſuppoſe I were in Love, anſwered he, would you pity me then? No, anſwered ſhe, but on the contrary, I would eſteem you much more for it, ſince every one ought to be in Love with Honour and Glory. But indeed, *Spitridates*, ſaid ſhe, ſince it is not your Mind I ſhould know what it is which torments you, I ſhall not pity you, but ſhall believe you think me not diſcreet enough to keep a Secret. Ah, Madam, replied he, I do not fear that you would publiſh that which I ſhould tell you. What do you fear then? (anſwered ſhe, with ſuch a pritty ſimplicity, as made him almoſt deſperate.) I fear, anſwered he, that you would hate me. And why ſhould I hate you, anſwered ſhe, for truſting me with a Secret? Perhaps you would hate me, anſwers he, if you ſhould know that *Spitridates* is not unfortunate in any thing, but in that he loves the fair Princeſs of *Pontus* more than he ought. He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, but immediately I ſaw (ſaid ſhe) my dear *Heſionida*, a thouſand things which I did not ſee before, and I was ſo confounded at my Simplicity and Innocency, that I durſt not look upon him; yet after I had reaſſumed my Confidence, You have reaſon, (ſaid ſhe, being both angry, and aſhamed) to think that the Princeſs of *Pontus* will hate *Spitridates*, if he ſhould love her too much, and as your Friend I adviſe you to keep your Secret ſo cloſe, that none may ever know it. I will obey you, Madam, ſaid he, you your ſelf ſhall be the only one in the World who ſhall ever know it, or to whom I ſhall ever reveal it. I no ſooner heard him ſay ſo, but I was ſo much aſhamed that I came unto you, ſaid ſhe, and returned no Anſwer. After that the Princeſs had ended her Relation, with many ſigns of Shame, and Anger in her Eyes, ſhe asked me, what ſhe ſhould do? And I adviſed her, to avoid any private Conference with *Spitridates*, as handſomly as ſhe could, without any Incivility to him; and to behave her ſelf towards him, as to a Prince whom perhaps ſhe might one day marry, and perhaps not; and to carry the Matter ſo with him, that he may eſteem you much: and to obtain this Eſteem, you muſt be neither too indulgent, nor too ſcornful unto him: and that ſince ſhe was very young, I deſired her, nor to keep any thing which *Spitridates* ſhould ſay unto her, or ſhe anſwer him, as a Secret from me, becauſe it was very dangerous to truſt ones ſelf with a Buſineſs ſo nice as this was, eſpecially in an Age ſo young as hers. This young and wiſe Princeſs did promiſe what I deſired, and indeed, did moſt exactly keep her word, and do whatſoever I deſired her.

As *Spitridates* was one of the moſt wiſe and diſcreet young Princes in the World, he did, for a while, content himſelf, that he had diſcovered his Paſſion unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, without any further perſecution, fearing ſhe ſhould treat him ill: Inſomuch as ſeeing him him live in ſuch a moderate and diſcreet reſervedneſs, I did imagine that this young Princeſs perhaps knew not yet the difference between a bare piece of Gallantry and Courtſhip, and a real declaration of Love, ſince there is uſed, for ought I can hear, the ſame Language, both for the one and the other; and that there is nothing which makes the Difference between them, but the Tone of the Voice, and the manner of pronouncing words: ſo that I did believe this was all his meaning in it, and I would have made the Princeſs believe as much, who out of modeſty did give Credit unto what I told her, though that belief had no ground in the Bottom of her Heart. Mean while the Prince *Sinneſis*, who was of a more froward Spirit then *Spitridates*, and who, as things then ſtood, had not ſo great a reſpect unto the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, as *Spitridates* had unto *Ariminta*, did openly diſcourſe of his Paſſion; yet do what he could, he could never obtain one favourable look from the Lady: ſhe carried her ſelf indeed very civilly unto him, yet it was, as being the Son of the King of *Pontus*, and as Brother unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, with whom ſhe held a great intimacy, not at all as being her Lover. All the Court were puzzled to find out the Cauſe of this her cold averſion to him, for they all knew, that if *Ariſtea* did not marry the Prince *Sinneſis*, ſhe ſhould never be Queen: For my part, I ever thought that her Reaſon why ſhe treated him in that manner, was, becauſe of the incertainty in his Deſign; and that as ſoon as the King ſhould ſpeak unto *Arſamones* concerning it, ſhe would then alter her courſe with him. Mean while, Sir, the Princeſs *Ariminta*, did darken all the Beauties in the Court, and in all *Heraclea*, with the ſplendor of her Beauty: and ſince there was none but only *Ariſtea*, which did not ſeem ugly in her preſence, ſhe conquered a thouſand Hearts, and without any Deſign of hers, did captivate a thouſand Slaves. Amongſt the reſt, the valiant *Pharnaces*, and the Coward *Artanas* were ſo captivated, that they could not conceal their Paſſions from all the Court, though fain they would have kept them ſecret; Not but that they were both of them of the prime quality in all the Kingdom; yet durſt they not look ſo high: but Love is of its own Nature a myſterious ſecrecy: and moreover, the gallant Air of this young Princeſs made them afraid to diſcover themſelves: They were moſt aſſiduous in waiting upon her, yet ſo full of reſpect, that ſhe could find no fault with their proceedings, ſince at this time, *Artanus* was very young, his Cowardize was not yet diſcovered, and ſince he had a good wit, and not unhandſom, he was well enough eſteemed on, and received into Company as a Man of his Quality ſhould be. As for *Pharnaces*, Sir, I need not ſpeak of his Gallantry, ſince the laſt Act of his Life ſpeaks be tter for him than I can. But let me tell you, that he was one of thoſe real Heroes, which uſe to look with Fury in the Face of their Enemies, and with pleaſing Favour in his Ordinary Converſation: he was both Wiſe and Modeſt; and though he ſpoke but little, yet had he a pleaſant Wit, becauſe whatſoever he ſaid was ſo juſt, and premeditated, that it was agreeable to all Hearers: he was alſo much eſteemed by Princes and Princeſſes; and amongſt the reſt, he who now is King of *Pontus*, (but then only Prince *Ariandes*) loved him extreamly. Thus Sir, you ſee the ſtate of things, the Princeſs *Ariminta* was courted by *Spitridates*, *Pharnaces*, and *Artanus:* the Prince *Sinnenſis* loved the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and alſo loved *Spitridates* very well*:* and the Prince *Argandes*, not being in love with any, no more then the Prince *Burielides*, contracted a moſt intimate Friendſhip with *Pharnaces*. In all publick Feaſts, at Horſe-races, Balls, Walkings, all theſe Lovers appeared according to their particular Deſigns; and the Court of *Pontus* for a while, was one of the moſt gallant and pleaſant Courts in all *Aſia:* Since *Phrygia*, and *Lidia* were near, Muſicians out of both thoſe Kingdoms were procured, which much augmented their Delights; and ſince *Heraclia* is certainly one of the goolieſt Towns that ever the *Grecians* built, and the Country about it moſt pleaſant, not only becauſe of the Sea, which lies on one ſide, but alſo becauſe of a great and delightful River, which runs under the Walls: and it may well be ſaid, that all innocent Diverſions and Pleaſures in the World, did reign in the *Pontean* Court: For the King, as I already told you, did, out of Policy, deſire that *Sinneſis* ſhould marry the Daughter of *Arſamones*, and that *Spitridates* ſhould marry the Princeſs *Ariminta*; and was much pleaſed with the Gallantry, and Courtſhip of theſe young Lovers, who all this while let no opportunity ſlip, to pleaſe their Princeſſes. But above all the reſt. *Spitridates* was moſt officious; all his Actions were plauſible, every word he ſpoke had a charming Spel in it; and his very ſilence was ſometimes ſo eloquent and a greeable, that I confeſs, I looked upon this young Prince, as one moſt worthy to marry the Princeſs *Ariminta:* ſo that without any thing oppoſing his Paſſion, all my care was, that the Princeſs did not receive him too favourably: But that did little trouble me, for although ſhe did very much eſteem him, and had alſo a good inclination towards him, yet was ſhe ſo naturally modeſt, and preferred her Honour before all things elſe, that ſhe perplexed him as much as if ſhe had a ſtrong averſion to him; ſo that when he would diſcourſe of his Love unto her, ſhe would moſt ſharply forbid him, and plunge him into a deeper Melancholy: when I perceived the alteration in *Spitridates*; Madam, (ſaid I unto her one morning when ſhe was alone) do you remember the Day when you asked me whether I knew the Cauſe of the Prince *Spitridates* his Melancholy? and will you not now take it ill, that if in my turn I ask you what it is which thus diſquiets you at this time? *Heſionida* (ſaid ſhe unto me,) If you will abſolutely know it, you ſhall; but you would do me a greater Pleaſure, if you would ſave me the labour of relating the Follies of that Prince. Truly Madam, ſaid I unto her, I do ſo much eſteem *Spitridates*, that I am much troubled at his Sorrows; and this is the Reaſon that I deſire to know the cauſe of them. Then did I urge ſo much, that I moved her to acknowledg how *Spitridates* had ſpoken unto her concerning his Paſſion, and how ſhe had ſharply forbid him to do any more, and that ſhe believed he would not be ſo bold as to diſobey her. But (ſaid I unto her, to pump her Mind, after I had commended her for what ſhe had done, ſo ſhe had done it without any Scorn of that Prince) If *Spitridates*, ſhould be exactly obedient, and never any Teſtimonies of Eſteem come from him, would you then thank him for it? Do you think, ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd, that I command things which I would have done? But, Madam, ſaid I unto her, before you make any freſh Queſtions, I beſeech you anſwer a little more directly unto mine, and tell me truly, Whether if the Prince *Spitridates* ſhould ſpeak unto you no more, wait upon you no more, neither unto the Temple, nor into the Walks;

if he ſhould never care for pleaſing you, or rendring you a thouſand Services every day: if he ſhonld look upon you with a cold indifferent Eye, or perhaps ſlight you, what would you then think? would not all theſe diſpleaſe you? But replied ſhe, and laughed, I did not forbid him ſpeaking, nor command him from thoſe things which Civility requires. Then I underſtand you, Madam, ſaid I unto her, and ſmiled, you would have *Spitridates* love you, and not tell you of it. No, replied ſhe, you do not rightly interpret my Words. I do expound them as I ought to do, ſaid I unto her; nor is it forbidden you to ſuffer a Prince, who in all Appearances muſt be your Husband, to love you: But, Madam, I beſeech you remember, that you carry your ſelf ſo unto him, that if ever that Happineſs befal him, you may never repent your ſelf of any Word, either too bitter, or too ſweet unto him; and it is after this Rule which I conjure you to direct your ſelf in your Carriage towards *Spitridates:* for I am certain, that if you punctually obſerve what I ſay, you ſhall never ſpeak any thing unto him, which may cauſe Repentance. Thus much ſhe did promiſe me, and ſo our Conference ended.

All this while, *Spitridatts* was not the only ſingular Lover of the Princeſs: for ſince *Artanus* was as bold with his Tonge, as he was timerous in Combate, after he had carried himſelf a while in a reſpective manner, he did at laſt unbend himſelf unto his natural Inclination, which was always inſolent, if his Hare-like Courage had not a little reſtrained him: but ſince in this War, there was no great Danger of his Life, he was as bold as a Lion: for upon a Day when *Spitridates* was with the Princeſs, and when *Artanas* came in, and the Prince received a Meſſage from *Sinneſis* to come unto him, that they might go and hunt together: ſo that *Artanus* remaining alone with the Princeſs *Ariminta*, after ſome common Diſcourſe, ſhe asked him why be went not unto the Chaſe with the Prince her Brother? and he anſwered her, that this Recreation was not predominate over his Paſſion. Though you do not go out with any Love to the Sport, replied ſhe, yet you may go out of Love to the Company. So I ſhould, replied he, if you would go alſo. I am much obliged unto you, anſwered the Princeſs, but there is no Reaſon you ſhould have no more Complacency towards my Brother the Prince; not that I can much blame you, for not affecting a Pleaſure which ought to be uſed only as a Diverſion, and not as a Profeſſion of Life; for I think it moſt proper to preſerve the Health of the Body by the Exerciſe, and not to poliſh the Minds of them that follow it in Exceſs, and do nothing elſe. It is very true, replied *Artanus*, and I am of your Mind: and I conceive it fitter for great Kings to hunt after their Enemies, and to take Kingdoms: and for fair Princeſſes (ſaid he with extream Boldneſs) to take Hearts: but I would not have them do, as they uſe in Hunting, where they take all they meet with: I wiſh they would take by choice, and not by chance. If ſo, replied the Princeſs, there would perhaps be many taken which are free. You, may, Madam, if you pleaſe, (replied he moſt inſolently) ſatisfy me in many things at once, concerning this Subject: for you may tell me what would the Deſtiny be, of the Prince *Spitridates*, of *Pharnaces*, and of *Artanus*, if this kind of hunting were in uſe: he pronounced the laſt of theſe Names ſo low, that the Princeſs did not well underſtand it; yet half hearing, and ſeeing by the Diſorders in his Face, that ſhe was not miſtaken, ſhe anſwered him very ſharply after this manner: If the Deſtiny of thoſe three Perſons whom you name depended upon me, two of them ſhould moſt aſſuredly be happy. And what of the third? (ſaid he.) As for the third, ſaid ſhe, he ſhould doubtleſs have what he deſerves; and that is, a good ſhare of the Averſion, and Diſeſteem of the Princeſs *Ariminta*. I am very glad then, anſwered he, that this kind of Hunting is not in Faſhion. And I am very ſorry, ſaid ſhe, that you have ſo ill invented it. But however, Madam, ſaid he, (and roughly interrupted her) you know not how to make your ſelf eternally adored by him, who the beſt of any Man in the World knows your Worth: He whom you ſpeak of, replied the Princeſs, would do better to acknowledg the reſpect he ows me: and to teach him, I forbid you to ſpeak any more unto me:

Then did I enter into the Chamber, and *Artanus* went out; and I ſaw ſo many Signs of Anger in the Princeſs, that I wondred; but ſhe did preſently ſatisfy me, and related the Impudence of *Artanus* unto me, with as much Anger as a Perſon of Honour could have, againſt one that had affronted her: I cheared her up as much as I could poſſible, and confirmed her doubtleſs in her Deſign to let *Artanus* know, that he knew not his Duty. But that ſhe might not be ignorant in any of her Conqueſts, the unfortunate *Pharnaces* brought in the Princeſs *Ariſtea* unto her, where the Converſation was as it uſed to be, very indifferent and pleaſant; and ere they were aware, they fell into Diſcourſe concerning Lovers, Paſſion, Gallantry, and Declaration of Love: and as the Princeſs *Ariminta* was yet angry in her Mind, at the Paſſage of *Artanus:* For my part, ſaid ſhe, I cannot conceive any thing more inconſiderate, than for any Man to tell her that loves him not, how he is deeply in love with her: and if any one ſhould this way fail in their reſpect unto me, it ſhould not be an eaſy matter for him that committed it, to repair his Fault. Then Madam, (replied *Pharnaces*, and ſighed whether he would or no) it ſeems it would pleaſe you beſt that he ſhould love you long before he tell you. He muſt not tell me at all, replied the Princeſs, at the leaſt, if he will be certain I ſhall not hate him. How ſhould any know your Humour, replied he? An hundred ways, ſaid the Princeſs *Ariſtea:* But *Pharnaces*, added ſhe, Is there any of your Friends that deſires to know it? Yes, Madam, ſaid he, and if the Princeſs *Ariminta* (then he bluſh'd, and looked upon her) had not told me what ſhe has done, the faireſt Princeſs upon Earth had been importuned: And the moſt faithful Lover in the World had been ill entertained. Perhaps, ſaid the Princeſs, that fair One whom you ſpeak of, is not of my Humour. Pardon me, Madam, replied he, for if I ſhould name her, you would ſay ſhe were. The Princeſs perceiving by ſeveral Paſſages what *Pharnaces* deſired ſhe ſhould know, ſince he carried the Buſineſs more diſcreetly then *Artanus*, ſhe was not angry at him; but yet continued all that Day in a very fretting Humour.

In the Evening, at the Return from Hunting, the Prince *Sinneſis*, who by the Rigour of the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, was almoſt deſperate, came to ſee *Ariminta*, and conferring in private with her; Siſter, ſaid he, Will you have no Pity upon me? Are you not ſo compaſſionate as to do me a good Office unto the inexorable *Ariſtea?* Did I entertain any Thought of her which was not innocent, I ſhould never deſire your Aſſiſtance; But loving her with ſuch pure Affection as I do, and knowing that the King will conſent I ſhould marry her, I think I may without any Offence unto you, conjure you to imploy all your Ingenuity, to make me acceptable unto her. I conceive your choice, and deſires ſo juſt and reaſonable, (replied the Princeſs) that I cannot condemn them, and if to ſpeak in your Favour unto the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, will give you Satisfaction, I ſhall with all Joy and Willingneſs pleaſe you, though in my Opinion, that which you call Rigour in her, is only an Effect of her Modeſty: and becauſe perhaps ſhe does not think, that you do really intend to marry her; but looks only upon your Paſſion as a Piece of Courtſhip and Gallantry. Pardon me, dear Siſter, ſaid he unto her, for this Princeſs does rightly underſtand my Intentions, and her Coldneſs does proceed from ſome other hidden cauſe which I cannot underſtand. I ſhall uſe all my beſt Endeavours, replied the Princeſs, to diſcover it: and will to Morrow go unto her, before ſhe be ready, that I may with more Freedom talk with her. There is another way, anſwered he, to proſper my Deſign, more eaſy, and more prevalent than that. Then let me hear it, replied the Princeſs. Since you cannot gueſs it, replied he, or at leaſt will not, I fear you will not undertake it. Do you think, Sir, anſwered ſhe, and laughed, that one can gueſs at Thoughts? And can you ſuſpect my willingneſs to ſerve you? Since you do aſſure me that my Fears were cauſleſs, ſaid he, then dear Siſter, let not your Coldneſs unto the Prince *Spitridates* cauſe the Princeſs *Ariſtea* to be revenged upon me: but be pliant unto him, if you would have her be ſo unto me. The Princeſs bluſh'd at the Diſcourſe of *Sinneſis*, and not knowing whether he ſpoke ſincerely, or only to diſcover her

Thoughts: In truth, ſaid ſhe, you have ſo ſurprized me, that I almoſt know not how to anſwer you; for I am ſo ✓ little perſwaded of *Spitridates* his Suffering, that if your Miſery be not greater then his, I cannot conceive there needs any ſuch extraordinary Remedy as that you propoſe. No, no, Siſter, ſaid he unto her, you do not think as you ſay, nor ought you to think ſo; for *Spitridates* loves you even to the very height of Adoration: and I made him confeſs it unto me whether he would or no, when we were hunting together. *Spitridates* (replied ſhe, and was much aſhamed) would not have choſen a better Confident. I do acknowledg it (replied the Prince *Sinneſis*, and could not be interrupted) for if you will really oblige me, you muſt treat him better than hitherto you have done. But Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſince there is ſo great an Intimacy between you and *Spitridates*, there is no need that I ſhould meddle in the Buſineſs, you may do it well enough without me. Cruel Woman, ſaid he unto her, why do you ſay ſo? Do you not know that there is more powerful Eloquence in one of your looks to perſwade *Spitridates*, than in all my beſt Rhetorick? In ſhort, unleſs you have a Mind abſolutely to loſe me, you muſt entertain the Love of that Prince, who deſerves you better than any other, and who doubtleſs is adorned with all thoſe admirable Qualities, which may invite your, and the King my Father's choice of him. But, ſaid he, and ſmiled, If I be not much miſtaken in the Rules of Phyſiognomy, I ſee that *Spitridates*, maugre all your Severity and Wiſdom, is not much hated. And then not giving her any time to anſwer, he called that Princeſs unto him who was talking with me at the other end of the Chamber. The Princeſs was ſo much aſtoniſhed that ſhe knew not what to do, or ſay: Certainly Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you have loſt your Reaſon in Hunting, and I do believe you will not approve to Morrow of what you do to Day: Mean while the Prince *Spitridates* obeying his Call, came unto him. I have been as good as my Word ſaid *Sinneſis* unto him; and I have done that Service for you which I deſire you will do for me. Sir, replied *Spitridates*, what you deſired from me was ſo ſmall in Compariſon of the glorious Office which you offered me, that I bluſh for Shame. It is my part to bluſh for Shame, ſaid the Princeſs, to ſee unto what a ſtrange Adventure the Prince my Brother hath expoſed me. Whatſoever it be, ſaid *Sinneſis* unto her, and taking her by the Hand, It concerns the Life both of *Spitridates*, and *Sinneſis* : and I do here declare unto you, in the Preſence of the Gods who hear me, that if you uſe *Spitridates* ill, I ſhall become your utter Enemy. After this without giving her any time to reply, ſpeaking aloud that all they which waited upon him might hear; I will leave you *Spitridates*, ſaid he unto him, to ſpeak the reſt your ſelf, and went out immediately: Leaving the Princeſs ſo non-pluſt, that ſhe knew not what to reſolve upon, for ſhe knew well enough the violent Paſſion of *Sinneſis* unto *Ariſtea*, and his imperious humour. But though ſhe did very much eſteem of *Spitridates*, yet was ſhe angry to ſee that ſhe could not avoid his diſcourſing of his Paſſion to her: So in this perplexity of Mind, ſhe was a long while ſilent, and before *Spitridates* durſt open his Mouth : Yet ſince he feared ſhe would accuſe him of ſome indiſcretion, in acquainting the Prince her Brother with his love to her, I did at laſt begin the Diſcourſe.

I do not know Madam, ſaid he unto her, whether I ſhall be ſo unhappy, as to be ſuſpected of raſhneſs and imprudence ; but when you ſhall underſtand how the Prince, after he was pleaſed to acquaint me with the honour he intended unto my Siſter, was alſo pleaſed to tell me, that he knew of my Paſſion unto you, and that he would be ready to do me any good Office : When you underſtand I ſay, that at the firſt I deſired him not to meddle, and did not confeſs unto him my Affection unto you, till he had urged me above a hundred times, then I hope you will conceive it very difficult for a Man, who adores you as I do, to refuſe ſuch a prevalent Aſſiſtance, having ſuch need of it as I had : For Heavens know, Madam, I could never find by any of your Actions, any reaſonable ground to build the leaſt hope upon. After that *Spitridates* had done ſpeaking in his own Juſtification, the Princeſs lifting up her Eyes, which ſhe continually held down as long as he ſpoke; I am glad ſaid ſhe unto him, that the Buſineſs is as you tell me; and that I ſee this Accident is grounded only upon the imagination of the Prince *Sinneſis*, who to induce you to do him a good Office, would perſwade you to love, to love me better than you do. But *Spitridates*, let not this at all ingage you, and I do proteſt unto you, that I think nothing but what I thought before my Brother ſpoke unto me; therefore I pray, let you and I reſt upon the ſame terms we did, and endeavour only to perſwade the fair *Ariſtea*, whom I ſhould be infinitely joyed to ſee matched according to her Merit. Ah Madam (cried out the Prince *Spitridates*) do not ſo cruelly torture me, nor render all the Promiſes which the Prince *Sinneſis* hath made me, ſo ineffectual. What hath he promiſed, replied ſhe? He hath put me in Hopes, anſwered he, that you will give a favourable ear unto me. If he continue until to morrow in the ſame Mind, replied ſhe, then I ſhall conſider what I have to do; in the mean while, I adviſe you to retire your ſelf, with a Reſolution to do my Brother all the good Offices you can unto the fair *Ariſtea*, without any other intereſt or deſign concerning me. In ſaying ſo, ſhe roſe up, and went away, ſo that *Spitridates* was conſtrained to leave her, without returning any anſwer. As ſoon as this Prince was gone, ſhe called me; but though ſhe ſeemed to muſe upon the matter, yet ſeemed ſhe not very Melancholy; and to tell you truly, I believe, that ſince ſhe did eſteem *Spitridates* very much, ſhe was not at all angry with her ſelf, after ſhe had well conſidered upon it, that ſhe had expreſſed ſome Marks of Affection unto him, as without any wrong unto her modeſty ſhe might well do, ſince her Brother had ſpoken ſo unto her. I confeſs alſo, that when the Princeſs had acquainted me with the paſſage, I was raviſhed with Joy, to ſee ſo happy a beginning of that Deſign, which my Mother was to tranſact by the laſt Will of the Queen of *Pontus*; for as ſhe was even dying, ſhe commanded her to ſow as many ſeeds of Friendſhip and Love between theſe young Princeſſes, as poſſibly ſhe could. Mean while, the Prince *Spitridates*, as ſoon as he was gone from her, went unto *Ariſteas*

Chamber, with intent to do the like good office unto the Prince *Sinneſis*, which he had received from him, and thinking he had brought the beſt News in the World unto a young and fair Princeſs; Siſter, ſaid he unto her, (and ſpeaking low, leſt any of her Women ſhould hear) you ought to entertain me with more then ordinary Ceremony, for I bring you ſuch a Crown, as is not unworthy of you. If ſuch a thing as that were in your Diſpoſition, (anſwered ſhe, and laughed as well as he) I believe you would be ſo ambitious as to keep it for your ſelf, and not offer it unto me. Do you not know, ſaid he unto her, and ſighed, that one violent Paſſion drives out another; and that ſince I am ſo deeply in love with the Princeſs *Ariminta*, I have no other Ambition but to pleaſe her? In ſhort, Siſter, ſaid he, the Prince *Sinneſis* would marry you; and I have Commiſſion to tell you as much, and to move you to entertain him, as he deſerves. I am very ſorry Brother, replied ſhe, that you have undertaken any ſuch Commiſſion; for indeed the Prince *Arſamones* hath abſolutely forbidden me to give any hopes of it unto the Prince *Sinneſis*, and therefore I dare not entertain the leaſt thought of it. But certainly, ſaid *Spitridates*, he does not believe his deſign is real, as it is. Pardon me, anſwered ſhe, for I did ingenuouſly tell him that it was. And did he not acquaint you with his Reaſons, replied *Spitridates*? No, replied *Ariſtea*, though the Princeſs my Mother did preſs him unto it very importunately, as I underſtand by one of her Women who heard her. Then came one in, and ſaid, that the Prince *Arſamones* was coming into the Chamber, and indeed ſo he did preſently after. As ſoon as he entred, he cauſed all to withdraw, except the Prince his Son, and the Princeſs his Daughter, who were both of them a little ſurprized. After he had a while ſilently looked upon them; I know *Spitridates*, ſaid he unto him, that you are yet ſo young, that your green experience has need of ſome Advice; and though you were born with high and noble Inclinations, yet may you be capable of ſome Imbecilities which may be diſhonourable, and perhaps deſtructive unto ſuch as do not arm themſelves againſt them : I would have you know, both you and your Siſter, unto whom I have already ſpoken, that it is not my mind ever to have any Alliance with the Uſurpers of my Fathers Kingdom ; I was born unto that Throne which they unjuſtly enjoy ; and doubtleſs I am able to reſent many things, which your young innocent years are not capable of, eſpecially being born infortunate : But ſince I believe you both to be generous, and worthy to be deſcended from the ancient Kings of *Bithynia*, your Predeceſſors and mine, I conjure you *Spitridates*, ſtoutly to guard your Heart againſt the Charms of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, which have already a little ingaged you ; and I command you *Ariſtea* to keep you from the Prince *Sinneſis* ; for it would be as diſhonourable in you to ſit upon the Throne by ſuch an unworthy way, as it would be in *Spitridates* to renounce it, as he would, if he ſhould too deeply ingage himſelf in the Affection of the Princeſs *Ariminta*. Thoſe who have loſt Crowns, ought to be poſſeſſed with no Paſſions, but only deſire to get them again, and to ruin thoſe that uſurp them ; thereſore ſince I cannot unworthily degenerate, I would contract no Alliance with thoſe, whom I oug[illegible] and will ruin upon the firſt occaſion which ſhall preſent it ſelf. Diſſimulation is excuſeable in weak oppreſſed People, but yet not ſo far as any ſuch Alliance ; and if hereafter I ſhall arrive to ſuch a Condition, as to pull my Enemies out of that Throne which they uſurp, I would not deſtroy my own Children with them ; live then with them in all appearing Civility, but ingage no further, unleſs you will be unworthy of your ſelves, and my Affection. I know very well, that to ſpeak thus unto Perſons of your Age, ſeems to be imprudent : but I know alſo, that ſince you are deſcended from ſo many Kings, you muſt needs be generous, and have Souls ſenſible of Ambition ; and therefore I do not doubt, but you will honour what I ſay unto you, and willingly obey me. As ſoon as *Arſamenes* had ended his Speech unto them, he went away, not receiving any other anſwer from either *Spitridates* or *Ariſtea*, but this humble Reverence : For this Prince had cauſed all his Children to reſpect him ſo much, that they durſt hardly look upon him when he was gone. *Spitridates* did ſo deeply grieve at it, that the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, who was no leſs ſad then he, was moved to cheer him up: Brother, ſaid ſhe unto him, ſince you have both more Wit, and more Generoſity than I have, I hope you will not ſo deſperately reſent this Accident: and the exceſſive Sorrow which I ſee in your Eyes makes me take ſo much liberty, as to beſeech you not to be too much overcome by it. Ah, my dear Siſter, ſaid he unto her, what an advantagious thing is your inſenſibility to the Prince *Sinneſis* unto you? It is much more eaſy for you to endure that *Arſamones* ſhall hinder you of a Crown, then it is for me to be hindred of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, not but that I have Ambition enough in me, but it is becauſe Love is predominate in my Soul; and becauſe it is much more eaſy for me to let the Uſurpers of the Kingdom of *Bithynia* live in Peace, than for me to live without the Princeſs whom I love. There are other Crowns in the Univerſe, which Fortune and my Sword may give me, yet there is but one, only one Princeſs *Ariminta* in all the World: Yea, my dear Siſter, ſhe is the only One in all the World I can adore; without her, all things elſe are nothing to me; without her, I make no difference between Slavery and a Kingdom; yet for ought I can judge by the Orders of the Prince *Arſamones*, he intends I ſhould nouriſh in my Heart a deſign to poynard the King of *Pontus*, the Father of *Ariminta*, to kill the Princes her Brothers, and whenſoever occaſion preſents it ſelf, to bury her in the Ruines of her Houſe: Ah, no, no, I will never ſit upon a Throne by ſuch bloody Conditions; I do know very well that the Grand-father of *Ariminta* was an Uſurper; I know alſo, that the King her Father poſſeſſeth the Kingdom which belongs to me; but withal I know, that ſince *Ariminta* has uſurped the Empire of my Heart, ſhe hath rendred the Poſſeſſion of the Kingdom of *Bithynia* legitimate unto thoſe of her Houſe. I pretend nothing unto it, dear Siſter, ſince I cannot come unto it but by the loſs of my Princeſs, who doubtleſs would never look upon me but with horror, if I ſhould waſh my Hands in the Blood of her Father and Brothers: The Gods do know it is not out of any feeble Fear, that my Ambition ſubmits unto my Love; and I am ſo well ſatisfied with an inward Teſtimony of my Courage, that I do not care what Men think of me. But you, my dear Siſter, whoſe Soul is ſo ſenſible of this tender Paſſion, certainly you are more ambitious than I am; Can you be contented to loſe two Crowns? Do not, I conjure you, hearken unto the Prince *Sinneſis*, and not unto the Prince *Arſamones*, for which way is it poſſible he can bring his deſign about? he has been five and twenty Years about it, and yet can find no Hopes; he has educated me as a Subject, and he would now hinder you from being a Queen, though he have no Power to make me a King; For where are his Allies? where are his Armies? or where is any retreat for his Security? he can have no deſign in it, but by way of conſpiracy againſt the Perſons of the Princes: but by his Favour, he ſhall execute it without me; or to ſay better, he ſhall periſh without me, ſince what he would attempt is an Impoſſibility. Reſolve then, my dear Siſter, to entertain the Affection of the Prince *Sinneſis*, for indeed, if once you be Queen of *Pontus* and *Bithynia*, the Prince *Arſamones* would not, what ere he ſays, ſubvert that Throne upon which you ſit: He has permitted you to diſſemble, and me alſo; Let us diſſemble then, ſaid he, but let it be with him. The Gods do know, I would never do any thing contrary to that Duty which I owe unto him, wherein my Love is not intereſted; but when it concerns *Ariminta*, I cannot obey him. Yet Brother (ſaid *Ariſtea* unto him) you run a great hazard in diſobeying him. I ſhall run a greater in not diſobeying, replied he. And what, Siſter, do you intend to yield a blind Obedience? I am of that Sex, anſwered ſhe, which permits me not to do otherwiſe. Can you treat the Prince *Sinneſis* unkindly, (ſaid he unto her) who offers you two Crowns? he who hath ſpoken in my behalf unto the Princeſs *Ariminta?* he who may perhaps give her unto me? he who has given you all his Affections, and does infinitely adore you? I will not treat him unkindly, ſaid ſhe, but I will not marry him, unleſs my Father conſent unto it. Would you then have me die? anſwered he. Would you then have me diſhonour my ſelf? (replied ſhe.) I would have you ſit upon a Throne, and ſave my Life, and make me happy, anſwered this grieved Prince. The Gods do know, ſaid the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, that I would undertake the greateſt Difficulties for you; but to marry without the conſent of *Arſamones*, is a thing which I neither ought, nor can do; for I believe, that neither the King of *Pontus*, nor the Prince *Sinneſis* would offer it, if they knew that *Arſamones* would not conſent: So that, ſaid ſhe, ſince prudence tells us we muſt not bring things to that paſs, as that the Princes ſhould know my Father is againſt our Alliance with them, ſince they would then eaſily ſuſpect his reaſon; therefore all the whole Buſineſs had better reflect upon me, and that I paſs for a phantaſtical Girl, that has a ſimple ſecret Acceſſion to the Prince *Sinneſis*. You are very prudent, Siſter, replied *Spitridates*, and it ſeems your Reaſon is at liberty: But ſince it is ſo, conſider well I beſeech you, into what a deſperate Condition you bring me, if you deny me this favour, at the leaſt to teſtify unto the Prince *Sinneſis*, that I have ſolicited you with all my Power, and alſo that I have not ſpoken all in vain: permit me to hope awhile, and in the mean time the Prince *Arſamones* may chance to change his Deſign. In Concluſion, Sir, *Spitridates* was ſo importunate with the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, that ſhe conſented unto this laſt Favour, and then he retired inconceiveably diſquieted. As he had a great Soul himſelf, ſo he imagined ſome great Deſign that his Father ſhould have in denying a Crown unto the Princeſs his Daughter, in hopes hereafter to reconquer one for him. But for all that, Love rooted all ſuch Thoughts out of his Soul, and he reſolved rather to be always a Subject, than to loſe his hope of raigning hereafter in the Heart of the Princeſs *Arimi*[illegible] In the mean time, the Prince *Aryandes*, who was no Lover of *Spitridates*; though he ſhewed fair, ever ſince a Horſe-race, where *Spitridates* won the Match, and where he conceived *Spitridates* did not carry himſelf as he ought unto him; perceiving that the Prince *Sinneſis* did patronize him in his love to *Ariminta*, he took upon him to patronize *Pharnaces*, and indeed ſpoke very advantagiouſly for him; but he went another way to work then *Sinneſis* did, and told her, that he had no other intereſt in his Conſideration, but her own; that for his part, he could not find it fit ſhe ſhould ever marry *Spitridates*, who was of a Family, which in all ſound Policy the Kings of *Pontus* ſhould keep under the Hatches as much as they could; and ſince ſo, he conceived that *Pharnaces* was the fitteſt Man ſhe could caſt her Eyes upon. The Princeſs thanked him moſt civilly for his Advice, and anſwered him, that ſhe was reſolved to poize her ſelf with all equality unto all, and without medling in the Buſineſs of her Marriage, with one or other, ſhe would ſubmit that buſineſs of her Life unto the conduct of the King her Father. In the mean time the Princeſs *Ariminta*, to make good her word unto *Sinneſis*, went unto the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, who carried the matter according as ſhe promiſed *Spitridates*; ſo that *Sinneſis* finding a little more ſweetneſs from her than ordinary, gave moſt hearty thanks unto the Prince, and was ſo officious in his behalf unto the Princeſs his Siſter, that indeed he moved her to uſe *Spitridates* with much more Freedom and Sweetneſs. The Prince *Sinneſis* alſo did me the honour to ſpeak unto me, and deſired me to prompt the Princeſs his Siſter unto more kindneſs unto that Prince. Now was *Spitridates* in all appearance the happieſt Man in the World; for he was highly aſſiſted by the Brother of his Princeſs, he had the freedom to expreſs his Paſſion without offence unto her, and had ſo much delight, as to obſerve by divers Circumſtances, that he ſtood upon no ill terms in her Heart: Yet I oftentimes wondred to find ſome ſigns of Melancholy in his Eyes, and to hear him ſigh ofte[illegible] But ſince I heard ſay, that Love was an odd kind of phantaſtical Paſſion, I regarded it, as one of thoſe ordinary Effects which proceeds from ſuch Folly, as is in the Souls of the wiſeſt Perſons, and made no other account of it: But the Princeſs was not a little buſied, for *Sinneſis* had always ſomething or other to ſay unto her, either concerning *Ariſtea* or *Spitridates*. *Aryandes* alſo conferred with her very often againſt *Spitridates*, and for *Pharnaces*: *Spitridates* was always ſpeaking as much as he could for himſelf; and *Pharnaces*, though he durſt not ſpeak for himſelf unto her, yet was entertaining her with diſcourſe upon indifferent Things, as much as poſſible he could, to the end he might prevent others from ſpeaking: only *Artanus* abſented himſelf for certain days, because he durſt not look upon her; but afterwards, coming in the Company of the Princeſs two or three times, and being infinitely reſpective unto her, ſhe thought he had repented of his boldneſs, and reſolved to forget his Crime, which for all that was not the moſt pardonable which might be committed amongſt fair and young Perſons; ſhe ſuffered him then to viſit her, but yet treated him very coldly. Thus being the ſtate of Things, there fell out to be ſome ſtirrings upon the Borders of *Phrygia*, ſo that an Army muſt be raiſed, which the Prince *Sinneſis* muſt command, and *Spitridates* muſt be his Lieutenant General, which did extreamly anger the Prince *Aryandes*, who was to ſtay with the King, becauſe he would have had *Pharnaces* to be Lieutenant-General. I will not inſiſt upon Relations of all the Adieus which all thoſe illuſtrious Perſons did take; I ſhall only tell you, that this Separation contracted a ſtrong Bond of Amity between *Spitridates*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta*; and that *Sinneſis* alſo departed with much Satisfaction, becauſe *Ariſtea*, out of her complacency unto her Brother, did not treat him ill when he took his leave. I ſhall not inſiſt neither upon any relation of this War, which laſted but ſix Months, and then concluded by a happy Peace. But give me leave to tell you, that *Spitridates* did ſo gallantly behave himſelf, as the Fame of his Valour did deaf all others, though both *Sinneſis* and *Pharnaces* did alſo very many Miracles in that War; but indeed they cried up none but him, both in Court and Army: You may eaſily imagine then, that when he returned thus loaden with Honour, he was well entertained by the Princeſs. I forgot to tell you, that *Artanus* was not in this War, not but that he ſpoke of it as high as the braveſt; and provided the moſt ſumptuous Equipage that could be procured: I remember nothing was ſo much talked on, as the magnificence of his Tents, and the richneſs of his Arms, and the bravery of every Thing; yet when he was to depart, juſt at that very hour he fell Sick, and went not, though all his Equipage was gone before; yet none did at that time ſuſpect any thing of the cowardly cauſe, for he was ſo diſcontented at it, in ſpeaking unto thoſe who came to bid him adieu, that he moved them to pity, not accuſe him: Yet he recovered within a few days after, and carried it ſo hanſomly, that never ſpeaking of his Paſſion to the Princeſs, nor doing any thing which might give her juſt cauſe of complaint; he gave ſome cauſe to think, that it was his Love only unto her which kept him from the Army; and indeed his Deſign did ſo well take, that every one did believe it ſo: Yet when theſe Princes returned, he ſeemed for certain Days ſo much aſhamed, that he had much ado to ſhew himſelf: All the Court made it their raillary, and talked of his magnificent Equipage, which was never uſed; but brought back unto *Heraclea*, which would have drawn any other but himſelf into more Quarrels then one or two: but he carried it ſo for a while, that his Humour was not abſolutely diſcovered, until he had five or ſix Quarrels came upon him, but he fought none of them. Since this Peace was very advantageous unto this State, the Court continued a long time very joyful. Never was the Princeſs *Ariminta* ſo fair, nor the Princeſs *Ariſtea* ſo amiable, and by conſequence, never was the Prince *Sinneſis*, *Spitridates*, *Pharnaces*, and *Artanus*, more amorous. The King of *Pontus*, who did not alter his Deſign, took a Reſolution to execute it, and to make up the Marriage between the Prince *Sinneſis*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea*; and between the Prince *Spitridates*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta*: Notwithſtanding, he did believe, that conſidering the ſtate of Things, *Arſamones* might accept of theſe Intentions with Joy; yet ſince he was prudent, and knew the humour of that Prince to be ſomething imperious, he would therefore try his Reſentments of it before any further Proceedings: And he was pleaſed to caſt his Eyes upon me for that Imployment, knowing that the Princeſs *Arbiana* did me the honour to love me: He commanded me then, whilſt he took a Journey for ſeven or eight Days, to impart the Deſign unto her, to the end ſhe might prepare the Mind of her Husband to accept of this Honour, as he ought to do: You may imagine, Sir, that I accepted of this Commiſſion with much Joy; and indeed the Pleaſure of it was ſo great, that my Heart could not contain it: But I made it known unto the Prince *Sinneſis*, unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and to *Spitridates* alſo. Yet was I much ſurprized, not to find ſo much Joy in that Prince as I expected; and without any Interpretation of his Reſentment, he ſeemed as if he would have hindred me from ſpeaking unto his Mother: yet ſince the Order which I had received was urgent, I left him in *Ariminta*'s Chamber, and having a Coach ready, I went unto the Princeſs *Arbiana*, whom I had the good Fortune to find alone in her Chamber. But though I was ſurprized at the melancholy of *Spitridates*, I confeſs I was amazed to obſerve it in the Mind of *Arbiana*; ſince I loved her very well, and ſhe me alſo: I beſeeched her to explain her ſelf a little more clearly than ſhe had done; Though ſhe knew that being originally a *Bithynian* as I was, the Intereſts of her Houſe were dear unto me; yet for all that ſhe would not open her ſelf unto me further then coldly telling me, that ſhe would ſpeak unto the Prince her Husband, and that ſhe would give me an account of his Anſwer before the King's Return, who was gone unto a Town in *Pontus*, called *Cabira*, leaving the Princes, and the Princeſs his Daughter behind him. I afterwards came to know, that I was no ſooner gone from *Arbiana*, but ſhe went unto *Arſamones*, to tell him, that ſhe deſired this double Alliance with him, and that he muſt prepare himſelf to return an anſwer before the King's Return. So I ſhall, (ſaid he, without any further explaining himſelf;) in the mean time ſpeak to me no more about it, for I know very well what I have to do. *Arbiana* would have conjured him to tell her a little more plainly what ſhe was to expect; but he intreated her to preſs him no further, and to believe that he had very advantagious Thoughts in his Heart for his Children. As *Arſamones* was of a very violent Humour, ſhe was forced to ſubmit, and to retire into her Chamber without any deeper penetration into his Thoughts: As ſhe went out of the Chamber, ſhe met *Spitridates*, who afrer ſhe had carried him into her own, did conjure her with ſo much tenderneſs to be favourable unto him, that this wiſe Princeſs was much moved unto Compaſſion, and promiſed to uſe her beſt Endeavours for his Satisfaction; and alſo ſince ſhe ſaw no appearance of any poſſibility for *Arſamones* to get into the Throne of his Fathers, ſhe wiſhed with all her Heart that theſe two Marriages were conſummated. In the mean time, I was four or five days without any Vexation, but at the incertainty of *Arſamones* his Anſwer; not that I feared it would be abſolutely ill, but the melancholy of *Spitridates*, and the penſiveneſs of *Arbiana*, joyned unto ſome ſadneſs which I ſaw in the Eyes of *Ariſtea*, made me fear there was ſomething in the Wind which I could not underſtand. As for *Spitridates*, he was unconceivably troubled, and notwithſtanding all his Endeavours to hide it, the Princeſs did perceive it, yet he was ſo ingenious as to make her think, that the Hopes of any great good Carries with it always ſome kind of unquiet Melancholy. The Prince *Sinneſis* on the contrary, was in high content; for although he ſaw very well that the Princeſs *Ariſtea* was not very pleaſant, yet he took a real ſadneſs for a piece of Modeſty, and ſuted his Diſcourſe accordingly. As for the Prince *Argandes*, *Pharnaces*, and *Artanus*, ſince they knew not the ſecrets of things, each of them ſtudied how to promote their particular Deſignes, and never thought upon any ones elſe. The fifth Day after the King's departure, being come, three or four only remaining before his return; I remember that the Princeſs *Ariſtea* had a long conference with the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and not knowing well any Reaſon why they redoubled their Amity and Affection one to another; the Princeſs *Ariminta* gave a little Picture which ſhe had unto *Ariſtea*, the ſame which ſhe ſhewed you in *Bithynia*, to diſcover whether you were *Spitridates* or no, as afterwards ſhe ſent word unto the Princeſs : And in exchange *Ariſtea* gave a Jewel unto *Ariminta*, which ſhe wears at this day, and is the pretrieſt thing in the World.

After that *Ariſtea* had left the Princeſs, *Spitridates* came to ſee her; and ſince he found her full of thoſe pleaſing Conceits, which thoſe two fair ones had infuſed one into another; ſhe treated him better than ever ſhe did in all her Life before : for ſhe was then ſo full of obliging ſincerity, as that he plainly diſcovered in her Heart, that real eſteem which ſhe had of his Vertue; and ſince this Prince had certainly as much ſprightly Wit, as ever any had; and never any knew better how to love than he; ſo he expreſſed himſelf unto her ſo feelingly, ſo reſpectively, and paſſionately, that he did ſufficiently win upon the Soul of the Princeſs *Ariminta*. This Conference was long, though it ſeemed ſhort, by reaſon it was pleaſing, and it was very late when *Spitridates* went from the Princeſs : He went afterwards to ſup with the Prince *Sinneſis*, and he came not into his own Chamber until almoſt Midnight. He was no ſooner in his Chamber, but one came to tell him that the Prince *Arſamones* ſent for him. In obedience unto his Commands, he went unto his Chamber, and in the way he obſerved the Officers of the Houſe extraordinary buſy : yet his imagination was ſo taken up with the Princeſs *Ariminta*, that he leſs regarded it. When he was entred into the Chamber of *Arſamones*, he found there the Princeſs *Arbiana*, the young Prince *Euriclides* his Brother, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea*; but the ſight did much augment his Fears, when he found melancholy in the Faces of thoſe two Princeſſes. When he was come unto his Father, *Spitridates*, ſaid *Arſamones* unto him, we ſhould be weary of our Fetters, and the time is now come, when we will ſhake them off; therefore take the Princeſs your Mother by the Hand, and follow me without any Contradiction or Murmur: for it concerns the Grandure of my Houſe, my own Glory, and Yours, and more than that, my Life. Since I do owe mine unto you, replied *Spitridates* moſt ſadly, I have no will to diſobey you; But, Sir, dare I ask what your deſign is? You ſhall know it preſently, replied *Arſamones* roughly: Mean while do as I bid you without Reſiſtance, ſince I am in power to make my ſelf obeyed. *Spitridates* hearing his Father ſpeak in this manner, and ſeeing that indeed he might be compelled unto it, he gave his Hand unto the wiſe *Arbiana*, who in a low Voice conjured him to make no ſtir, and proteſted unto him that ſhe was ignorant of the Deſign. Then after Orders was given for all Things, this Prince, followed by his Children, and ſuch as he had made choice of to follow him, went down a pair of back Stairs into the Garden, and out of the Garden, to one of the Gates of the Town, which looked towards the Sea, and whoſe Porter was bribed: there he found a Shallop, into which he cauſed all of them to enter, and himſelf the laſt; after he had thruſt in *Spitridates* with his own Hands, who at that inſtant ſtaid at the ſide, as if he would conſider whether he ſhould enter or no; although he held the Princeſs his Mother by the Hand; all was no ſooner in, but *Arſamones* commanded to row away in all haſte, until they came unto the Cape of an Iſland called *Acheruſiades*: Since he had paid the Water-men very liberally, they made away ſo faſt, that in leſs then an Hour he arrived at the Creek, where they ſay *Herculus* landed, when he fought with that terrible Monſter; the defeat of which got him ſo great a Reputation in that Country. You may very well judg Sir, in what a pitiful Condition *Spitridates* was then in, who though he did not know his Fathers deſign, yet was he ſure it was contrary to his Love. After arrival at the Place before named, out of the Shallop they went, and entred into a *Bithynian* Ship, which waited there, and was guarded by three others, which the *Calcedonians* had ſent unto *Arſamones*. None of the Water-men of the

Shallop daring to return unto *Heraclea*, left it upon the River unto the Wind and Waves, and followed this Prince who promiſed to take care of their Fortunes. No ſooner was the ambitious *Arſamones* in the Ship, after he had given order to make towards *Bithynia*, he and *Euriclides* entred into the Cabin, where the Princeſs *Arbiana* was with *Ariſtea*, and *Spitridates*. When he was entred, Well (ſaid he unto them, with an aſpect which ſpoke both Fury and Joy) though I am not yet a King, yet am I no longer a Slave; and he that would conquer a Crown, muſt firſt break off thoſe Chains which hinders him. Come *Spitridates* (ſaid he unto him) let us go unto a Throne; and to make the way more pleaſant and eaſy unto you, I will tell you, that I will not oppoſe your Marriage with the Princeſs *Araminta*; but on the contrary, I intend to put you preſently in the Head of an Army, to the end you may go and conquer her, and not take her from the Hands of my moſt deadly Enemies; when you are the Son of a King, and in expectance to be King your ſelf, you will be more worthy of her Vertue and Beauty then you are, and doubtleſs you would extreamly injure her to have her marry the Son of a Slave, and a Slave himſelf. I have been twenty Years in contriving this Deſign, which I now begin to execute; the City of *Calcedonia* is for me, as well as that of *Chriſopolis*, and I hope within a few days the King of *Pontus* will be brought unto ſuch Terms, as to ſend his Ambaſſadors unto my Court to demand *Ariſtea*, for the Prince his Son: But whatſoever falls, I render thanks unto the Gods, that I ſhall die free, though I cannot live a King. *Spitridates*, as much taken up as he was with his Paſſion, could not chuſe but ſee ſomething that was great and heroick in his Father's Deſign: But how ambitious ſoever his Soul was, Love was ever the Maſter of it, and he could not conceive that any Hopes of being a King could comfort him for the loſs of his Princeſs; alſo he anſwered *Arſamones* after ſuch a manner as was not pleaſing unto him; ſo that he was conſtrained to be ſilent, and as much as he could ſhut up all his melancholy in his Soul: You may well imagine

Sir, what his Thoughts were, during this Voyage, they were ſuch and ſo ſad, that when he related them afterwards unto me, he almoſt wept. The thought not only to quit his Princeſs, but to ruin her, to declare War againſt her, and to appear her Enemy after he was upon the point of marrying her, was a thing ſo horrid, as that he thought divers times to throw himſelf into the Sea; and if the Princeſs *Ariſtea* had not been, he had deſperately done it: Ambition was too feeble to overcome the Love that was rooted in his Soul. No, no, (ſaid he in himſelf) thou glittering and imperious Paſſion, thou ſhalt never chaſe my Princeſs out of my Heart; ſhe ſhall be Soveraign, and raign there, in ſpite of thee, and thy plotting Power: my deſires of a Throne come infinitely ſhort of my deſires to enjoy her.

But alas, what will this divine Princeſs think of me? can ſhe ever believe that I knew of the Deſign of *Arſamones?* No, no, flatter not my ſelf, for notwithſtanding all the Teſtimonies of my Love that ever I gave her, ſhe will believe that I prefer the Crown of *Bithynia* before her. The Prince *Sinneſis*, in lieu of being my aſſiſtant towards her, will become my mortal Enemy; he will accuſe me for carrying away *Ariſtea*, and will ſpeak as much againſt me now, as he ſpoke for me before; I fear *Ariminta*, the generous *Ariminta*, will hate me now, as much as ſhe loved me before; and indeed ſhe has reaſon: For why, will ſhe ſay to her ſelf, did he diſcover his Love unto me, when he was tranſacting as my declared Enemy? But yet for all this, my deareſt Princeſs, I am only infortunate, not criminal. Ambition was ſtirring in my Heart, I muſt confeſs, but Love only did abſolutely enjoy it: So not knowing what he either ought, would, or could do, the miſerable *Spitridates* abandoned himſelf wholly unto Sorrow, and every Minute of his ſad Life ſighed out a remembrance of his dear Princeſs. In the mean time, Sir, give me leave to tell you, how great was our wonder in the Morning, when the departure of *Arſamones* was known; indeed it was ſo great, that I cannot remember, but tremble.

The Princeſs was yet aſleep, when the Prince *Sinneſis* came to her Chamber, where contrary to his cuſtom, he waked her; which no ſooner done, Siſter, (ſaid he unto her) *Arſamones* has carried away *Ariſtea* from me, and *Spitridates* from you; he is gone in the Night with all his Houſhold, and imbarqued ſecretly, not being diſcovered by any, but by this Inſcription, which is poſted up at every Corner in the Town, as this which I have here brought you; in ſaying ſo, he gave her the Note, which contained theſe Words:

The Prince Arſamones *tells the King of* Pontus, *that to marry the Prince his Son, and the Princeſs his Daughter, unto the Children of a Slave, would be to make an Alliance unworthy of himſelf; therefore to tranſact both juſtly and generouſly, he muſt reſtore the Kingdom of* Bithynia *unto him, before he treat of any Alliance, otherwiſe he declares War againſt him, as an Uſurper of his Dominion, and as his mortal Enemy.*

You may well imagine Sir, how this ſurprized the Princeſs; yet being wiſe, ſhe vented her Reſentments of it before the Prince her Brother; but enquired of him, with much reſervedneſs, all that he knew concerning the Buſineſs; yet he, who was of a violent temper, uttered all that either Love, Choler, Fury, and Deſpair could prompt him unto; ſometimes his rage roved at *Arſamones*; then preſently after, he ſuſpected *Spitridates*, as acceſſory to the Deſign, and confounding the innocent and culpable together; or to ſay better, not being able to diſcern them, he railed againſt *Arſamones*, againſt *Spitridates*, againſt *Arbiana*, againſt *Euriclides*, and againſt *Ariſtea* alſo. During all this turbulent Paſſage, the Princeſs ſpoke not a Word; ſhe had a deſire to ask him, whether he had ſent unto the King, to advertiſe him of the Accident? whether he had cauſed *Arſamones* to be purſued? and what Order he had taken in the Buſineſs? but not knowing what ſhe her ſelf ſhould adviſe them unto, ſhe ſuffered her Sorrows ſilently, without complaint; yet was her Curioſity ſatisfied preſently after, without any further enquiry; for the Prince himſelf told her, that he had ſent unto the King, and commanded two Ships to follow *Arſamones*, in which *Pharnaces* was imbarqued. This News made the Princeſs bluſh, becauſe ſhe knew, that if they were overtaken, there would be a Combate, ſince *Pharnaces* was there; yet diſſembling the matter as well as ſhe could, ſhe told the Prince *Sinneſis*, that according to her Apprehenſion, it was *Arſamones* only who had any hand in the Deſign. Afterwards this Prince being ſo paſſionately diſordered, that he neither knew, why he ſhould leave the Princeſs, nor whither he ſhould go, but he went out of her Chamber, and left her at liberty to lament. Well *Heſionida* (ſaid ſhe unto me, when I came to her Bedſide) what do you think of *Spitridates?* or what ought I to think of him? Madam, ſaid I unto her, I have ſo ſtrong an Inclination to interpret all things unto the advantage of that Prince, that I am apt to believe he did all he could to prevent this Deſign. If ſo, ſaid the Princeſs, ſighing, he is very unfortunate; but if not, I am ſure he is very culpable; for if he had any ſecret deſign to tranſact with his Father in his juſt Pretenſions unto *Bithynia*, why did he teſtify any particular Affection unto me? or why ſhould he engage my Heart to eſteem him above all the World? If he had any ſuch privy Deſign, ſaid I unto her, he pretended unto you, the more to delude the Court, and hide his Deſign the better. But Madam, I cannot believe it; and although the Melancholy which of late I obſerved in his Mind, did much amaze me, yet I am fully perſwaded, that he really loves you. If ſo, replied ſhe, then why does he go away? How can he ever hope I ſhould continue my Affection to him, if he intend to make War againſt my Father? Believe me, *Heſionida* (added ſhe, tears falling from her fair Eyes whether ſhe would or no) though I would gladly find out ſome good ground to juſtify *Spitridates*, yet I cannot: Perhaps he thought it no unworthy act, to delude the Daughter of that Prince, who kept a Kingdom from him, and to get into a Throne again, it was excuſable, if he uſed a hundred thouſand falſe Oaths, and as many lying Proteſtations. But no, *Spitridates*, ſaid ſhe, you deceive your ſelf; Heroick Vertue is more difficult to practiſe than you imagine; nor is it permitted to commit Crimes, though it be to gain Crowns by it. Be not ſo haſty, Madam (ſaid I unto her) to condemn too raſhly, who ever ſeemed to be vertuous. Ah, *Heſionida* (ſaid ſhe unto me) did you but know all he ſaid unto me the laſt Night, you would tremble, that he thus abandons me to Day, and that he ſhould declare War againſt my Father: for he muſt needs know, that the Kingdom of *Bithynia* will never be reſtored him without a War; and he muſt needs imagine, that if he fight againſt the King of *Pontus*, unto whom I owe my Life, I ſhall my ſelf fight, and drive him out of my Heart. But yet ſince ſhe had not ſufficient ground either to condemn him, or juſtify him, ſhe knew not how to regulate her own deſires: She could well have wiſhed that *Pharnaces* might meet with him, and bring him back unto *Heraclea*; yet not knowing how he ſhould then be treated, ſhe did ſometimes make Prayers for his flight, and deſired that he might either not be taken, or elſe that he might vanquiſh *Pharnaces*; for truly, would ſhe ſay unto me, whether *Spitridates* be innocent or culpable, I wiſh with all my Heart, he may not fall again into the Hands of the King my Father. Then did ſhe entreat me to enquire whether *Spitridates* had carried all his Train with him, and I found, that every one of his Servants ſtayed behind, and not one of them went with him, and that the Prince *Sinneſis*, and the Prince *Aryandes*, had cauſed them all to be arreſted, who all of them did ſay, that they were altogether ignorant in the Deſign of *Arſamones*; and alſo did affirm, that my Maſter was ignorant of it as well as they, becauſe he ſent for ſome of them to get him to bed, when *Arſamones* ſent for him: Though this was a ſtrong conjecture to juſtify him in the opinion of the Princeſs, yet the two Princes *Sinneſis* and *Aryandes* were ſo prejudicated in their Imaginations, that they abſolutely aſſured her, that *Spitridates* did know of the Deſign; ſo that though ſhe did not believe them, yet her Soul ſtood upon Incertainties, betwixt what they told her, and what ſhe wiſhed to be true. In the mean while, the King returned unto *Heraclea*, but ſo incenſed againſt *Arſamones*, as never Man was more: And when he conſidered, that this Prince tranſacted thus, at ſuch a time when he would have ſet his Daughters upon the Throne, and have given his own Daughter unto his Son; he could not then find out any excuſe for him, and never conſidered that he detained his Kingdom from him, but was as much incenſed againſt him, as if he were a rebellious Subject. Then did *Pharnaces* return without meeting with him, bringing this intelligence with him, from ſome Merchants Ships which he met withal: That he was gone unto *Bithynia*, where he was in danger of a Shipwrack, as he was entring into the Port; but having eſcaped this Danger, he was received as King by the Inhabitants of *Chalcedonia*, and alſo by them of *Chriſopolis*, who had ſeized upon all the Gariſons the King of *Pontus* had there. I confeſs, Sir, that upon this Accident, the love of my Country did much work upon my Heart, and my Hopes once again to ſee a King of *Bithynia*, did much joy me; for ſince this was towards the end of Autumn, I thought that during Winter, things might perhaps be well compoſed, and that the Princeſs *Ariminta* might marry *Spitridates*, and be one day Queen of that Country from whence I had my original: So that joining the intereſt of my Native Country, unto the intereſt of my Miſtreſs, I did endeavour all I could, to perſwade her unto ſome Hopes of it; but ſhe always told me, that certainly the King her Father would never conſent to part with a Kingdom, unleſs force did compel him unto it: And indeed, though the ſeaſon of year was not fit to begin a War, yet Commiſſions was granted to raiſe new Regiments, to be added unto thoſe which remained of the *Phrygian* War. During this time, *Pharnaces* and *Artanus* were ſo joyed at the abſence of *Spitridates*, and were ſo aſſiduous about the Princeſs, that ſhe was extreamly importuned, principally by *Artanus*, who divers times began again to be inſolent: As for *Pharnaces*, he was ſo diſcreet and wiſe, that he gave her no cauſe of offence; or if he did, it was at ſuch a time, when the Princeſs thought ſolitude the greateſt Conſolation: Whenſoever ſhe walked, it was as privately as poſſible; and the better to hide the malady of her Mind, ſhe oftentimes faigned to be Sick, and would ſee no Body. Upon a day, when none did ſee her, there came ſuch news from *Bithynia*, as did much ſurprize all the Court, which was, that *Arſamones* had impriſoned *Spitridates*, and kept him very cloſe in a *Chalcedonian* Caſtle: Such news as this, upon any other adventure, would have extreamly grieved the Princeſs, but now it did moſt ſenſibly joy her, becauſe ſhe looked upon the Priſon of *Spitridates*, as a convincing Teſtimony of his innocency, which did compleatly juſtify him in her Opinion. Moreover, ſince ſhe did not fear, that *Arſamones* would ever attempt any thing againſt his Life, becauſe he was his Son, ſhe fancied great Conſolation in thinking, that as long as the War laſted, he could not fight, either againſt the King her Father, or againſt her Brothers; ſo that if Peace ſhould hereafter be concluded, ſhe could not blame him for any thing: Sometimes ſhe would grieve for the Sorrows which he endured: But for all that, as things ſtood, ſhe did not deſire he ſhould be at liberty. Did I not ever ſay, Madam (ſaid I unto her) that *Spitridates* was never culpable? Yes, *Heſionida*, replied ſhe, and I am very ſorry I ſhould ſuſpect him of any ſuch Injuſtice. Mean while, the Princeſs would go in the Morning unto the Temple that was ſo famous in *Heraclea*, (and which was dedicated unto the Goddeſs *Adraſtea*, or otherwiſe called, Fatal Deſtiny) with Intentions to invoke the Goddeſs to be propitious unto *Spitridates*, and to compoſe all Differences between the King her Father, and *Arſamones*. But here, Sir, you may admire at the Power of Fortune, for we met (in this Temple of Fatality) with a Stranger newly arrived at *Heraclea*, who ſeeing the Princeſs go into the Temple, went in alſo: I heard him ask, which of all theſe Ladies that waited upon the Princeſs, was called *Heſionida*? and I told him, I was ſhe; If ſo, replied he, do me the Honour that I may ſpeak a word in private with you. I conjure you (ſaid he, and ſpoke low) by the name of *Spitridates*. When I heard a Name ſo dear unto me, though very dangerous to be named, as things ſtood in *Heraclea*, I bid him retire, and go out of the Temple, and ſtay at the Gate, until I ſent for him by a Slave, which I ſhewed unto him, that he might know him: Then going out of the Temple, I called this Slave unto me, whom I knew to be Witty and Faithful, and ſhewed him that Stranger, appointing him to bring him through the Pallace Garden, by a back-door, and to conduct him into my Chamber by a back-ſtair, which was over againſt it. I would not acquaint the Princeſs with any thing, until I knew exactly what the Man had to ſay unto me; ſo that after I had waited upon her unto her Chamber, I went in all haſte unto my own, where I preſently ſaw him, whom I expected, coming in. I commanded the Slave to ſtay in the outer Chamber, that he might carry him back, whom he brought, after I had conferred with him; and carrying him into my Cloſet, I beſeech you, ſaid I unto him, what have you to ſay unto me concerning *Spitridates?* Madam, ſaid he unto me, I have orders to conjure you to help me unto the Speech of the Princeſs *Ariminta*; and to aſſure you for your particular, that you are the Lady whom of all the World he moſt Honours, and whom he ſtands in moſt need of. After I had received this complement from *Spitridates*, and obſerved by the faſhion of this Stranger, that he was one of a good Wit, and ſome Quality, I deſired him to have a little Patience, whilſt I acquainted the Princeſs, and obtained audience for him: She was ſo ſurprized, that it was long before ſhe could reſolve what to do: But ſince none was with her, I importuned her much, that notwithſtanding her repugnancy to ſee him, ſhe conſented. She ſent me firſt to know, whether he had any Letters; and when he anſwered, that he had, ſhe deſired they might be given unto me, but he would not by any means, ſo that ſhe was forced to go unto him, ſaying, as ſhe paſſed through the Chamber where her Women were, that ſhe muſt go to ſpeak with a Man, who deſired her favour to the King, about ſome important Buſineſs: But afterwards ſhe commanded to bring the Man into her Cloſet, where I remained with her: Madam (ſaid he unto her, after a low Reverence) I beſeech your Pardon, that I did not deliver the Letter unto *Heſionida*, when ſhe did from you deſire it: For ſince the Prince *Spitridates* did not know, whether you would do him ſo much Honour, as to return an Anſwer, he expreſly commanded me to be preſent when you read it, if it were poſſible, hoping thereby Madam, to underſtand, at the leaſt, ſome part of your Thoughts. The Princeſs was ſo ſurprized, that ſhe knew not well how to anſwer him; but taking the Letter, Since my Thoughts are always ſuch as they ought to be, replied ſhe, I care not much if my Countenance diſcover them, and therefore without any difficulty I ſhall ſatisfy *Spitridates* ſo far, as to read his Letter before you: In ſaying ſo, ſhe broke open the Seal, and read theſe Words:

Spitridates *unto the Princeſs* Ariminta.

I Am ſo Infortunate, that how innocent ſoever I am, I cannot chuſe but fear you ſuſpect me to be fuller of Ambition than Love: and farther, that you have condemned me, before you underſtand me. He who ſhall preſent my Letter unto you, hath Orders to relate the pure Truth; to the end, that knowing it, you may do me no Injuſtice: The Priſon wherein I am ſhall be moſt ſweet, if it will but juſtify me in your Opinion; but moſt intolerable, if you accuſe me, ſince it will not let me tell you my ſelf, that I would quit all the Crowns in the Univerſe for the Glory of one favourable look from you. Do not ſuſpect, I beſeech you, that I have any deſire to conquer them, upon Conditions of loſing you; but on the contrary, believe that I ſhall ever prefer the glorious quality of your Slave, before the being King of all Aſia.

Spitridates.

After the Princeſs had read this Letter, and ſighed whether ſhe would or no, ſhe deſired him who brought it to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion: ſo that he related all that I have told you; that is to ſay, in what manner *Arſamones* had ſent for *Spitridates*; how he ſpoke unto him in his Chamber; how he imbarked, and what he ſaid, when he was in the Ship which waited for him: then he told her, that their Sea-Voyage was very proſperous until they came to *Chalcedonia:* but in arriving there, the Pilot miſtaking his aim, the Ship was daſhed by the violence of the Waves againſt the point of a Rock, cloſe by the Mouth of the Port: that the Ship ſplit, and *Spitridates* being at the Poop, fell into the Sea, juſt at the ſame time when another of the Ships of *Arſamones* was ſpilt a little lower: Moreover he told her, how all the Water-ſide being full of People, there was ſome Merchants of *Perſipolis*, who were extream compaſſionate at this Accident, and deſired to ſave *Spitridates:* That there was two, who threw themſelves into the Sea in hopes to aſſiſt him, but both of them were drowned; and that the violence of the Waves had waſted him far off: ſo that none could diſcover where he was: He further related, that when *Spitridates* firſt fell, he recollected his Spirits, and becauſe he could ſwim very well, he made many Attempts to land, but the Waves daſhed ſo much againſt the Rocks in that Place, as it was impoſſible for him to land, ſo that he was carried by thoſe Billows a long way off, which were ſo high, that thoſe Merchants which did intereſt themſelves in his loſs, did loſe the ſight of him, and thought him Shipwrackt. Yet the Waves being not ſo rough where *Spitridates* was, with much ado he landed in a Place where an old Fiſher-man was drying his Nets upon the Banks, about four or five Furlongs from *Chalcedonia:* That ſince he was exceeding weary, he did lie himſelf down upon the Banks to reſt himſelf: That this old Fiſher-man, pitying to ſee a Man ſo lovely and handſom, and well habited, in ſo lamentable a Condition, offered to carry him unto a little Houſe cloſe by. That *Spitridates* accepted of his offer, and that not knowing any reaſon why, he intreated that charitable Fiſher-man to tell it unto none that he was with him: But Sir, when this Meſſenger from *Spitridates* related unto the Princeſs the unquiet and reſtleſs Mind of *Spitridates* in that place, I do confeſs that he made me extreamly pity him: and indeed, it may be eaſily imagined, that ſeeing himſelf now maſter of himſelf, and that he could either return unto *Heraclea*, or elſe go unto *Chalcedonia*, that his Soul was in a pittiful and wavering Condition. If I return unto *Heraclea* (ſaid he) then doubtleſs I ſhall ſatisfy my Love, and my Princeſs, but then I ſhall Diſhonour my ſelf in the Eyes of all *Aſia*; for then I ſhall fight againſt my own Father, and for him who retains that Kingdom from him which I muſt enjoy; yet if I go unto *Chalcedonia*, can I ever have a Heart to take up Arms againſt the Father, and Brothers of my Princeſs *Ariminta?* and ſhall I leave that moſt illuſtrious Lady in an Opinion that I have deceived her? that I have betrayed her? and that I expreſſed Affection unto her only as a Cloak to cover my Deſign of getting into the Throne of *Bythinia?* Ha, no, no, I can never conſent unto it. But then, ſaid he, what ſhall I do? I know not, anſwered he to himſelf: But I think, Death is the only courſe I can take, to put me into ſuch a Condition as that I ſhall do nothing, either againſt my Honour, or againſt my Love, or againſt mine own Inclination: yet I muſt reſolve upon one way, I muſt either go unto *Heraclea*, or *Chalcedonia*: If to the firſt, then I loſe my Honour, but ſatisfy my Love: if to the laſt, then I ſhall ſatisfy my Ambition, but ruin my Self in the Opinion of my Princeſs, which I prefer before all things, even my very Life.

In concluſion, this Meſſenger told us, That after a moſt violent agitation of Mind, Love was the moſt predominate in his Heart; yet deſiring to take a middle way between theſe two Extreams, and conſidering, that as the Seaſon of the Year was, the War could not begin this three Months; he therefore deſigned to diſguize himſelf, and return ſecretly unto *Heraclea*, without ſeeing either the King, or Princes, but to endeavour by my means to ſee the Princeſs, and to juſtify himſelf unto her: to promiſe her never to fight in Perſon againſt the King, her Father, and to beg leave from her to go and defend his own: That not doubting but the Princeſs would conſent unto his Deſires, and knowing her to be juſt and generous, he reſolved to return afterwards unto *Chalcedonia*, to the end he might endeavour a Pacification, and ſo to ſatisfy, if it were poſſible, both his Honour, and his Love. That to execute this his Deſign, he got this old Fiſherman to go unto the Town, and with ſome Money which he had about him, to buy ſuch Neceſſaries as might make an handſom Diſguiſe for his intended Voyage; and to enquire whether any Accident happened unto the King: That this Man having bought ſuch things as he had need of, he told him, that the King and Queen of *Bithynia*, the Prince *Euriclides*, and the Princeſs there had eſcaped from Shipwrack, but were extreamly grieved, out of Fear, that their eldeſt Son was periſhed: and that all the Sea-ſide was full of Men, whom the King had ſent to ſeek the Prince, living or dead: that they were enquiring News of him, within an hundred paces of that Place; and that he anſwered, He knew of none: afterwards *Spitridates* fearing to be found out, preſently diſguiſed himſelf, giving unto the Fiſher-man a very rich Jewel which he had about him: and as ſoon as it was Night, he got upon a Horſe, which the Fiſherman furniſhed him withal: ſo after he had commanded that his Clothes ſhould be hid, and ſhewed unto none, at the leaſt not until a long while after his departure, he took his Journey. I had forget to tell you, that he left a little Note with the Fiſherman, with Orders to go within eight days after unto ſome Officer of *Arſamones* Houſe, and give him that Note; ſaying, that he found it by chance: the words of the Note were theſe:

ASſure the King my Father, that Spitridates *is not dead; and ſince he is not capable of doing any thing againſt his Honour, he will return unto him, before he ſhall have any need of his Courage.*

After *Spitridates* was gone, the poor Fiſher-man, conſulting with his Wife concerning their happy Encounter, and ſearching out for a fit place to hide thoſe rich Clothes which *Spitridates* left; by ill Fortune, twelve or Fifteen of thoſe Men which *Arſamones* had ſent out to ſearch about the Sea-ſide, being hungry and cold, came into this Houſe, and entred ſo ſuddenly, that thoſe good People were forced to throw the Princes Clothes haſtily under their Nets: one of theſe Men ſaw ſomething ſhine, and moved him to ſo much curioſity as to look what it was: but he no ſooner ſaw thoſe Clothes, by the help of a Candle, but he knew them, for he was a Servant unto *Arſamones*. Then ſuppoſing that this Fiſher-man had perhaps found him half dead upon the Sea-ſhore, and had kill'd him out-right for his Clothes, they began to threaten him, to confeſs the Truth, and to tell them what he had done with the Corps of *Spitridates*. This poor honeſt Fiſher-man ſeeing himſelf unjuſtly accuſed, and fear forcing it out, told them the whole Paſſage, ſhewing them the Note which *Spitridates* had left with him. So that now making no queſtion but that he was alive, and eaſily imagining that he was gone towards *Heraclea*; they ſent one in all haſte to inform *Arſamones* of their Adventure, and to carry the Note which *Spitridates* had left: ſince they conceived that they ſhould do a great piece of Service in bringing his Son back unto him; they made all the haſte they could unto a Bridg, where of neceſſity he muſt paſs: and that which did the more facilitate their Deſign in finding, was, that they forced this Fiſherman to deſcribe the Clothes and Horſe which *Spitridates* had. When they overtook him, they firſt addreſſed themſelves very reſpectively, but yet ſo, as they reſolved not to let him eſcape; for they compaſſed him about. This Prince, who was but ill mounted, ſaw it was impoſſible for him to avoid being taken, uſed no reſiſtance, but Prayers and Promiſes. Afterwards, ſeeing that way would not work with them, becauſe they expected high Rewards from *Arſamones*; he began threaten them, and began indeed to force them: yet finding all his Attempts in vain againſt ſo many, he yeilded, and was carried unto *Chalcedonia*, where *Arſamones* looked upon him with as many ſignes of an incenſed Father, as a violent Prince could poſſibly expreſs: he told him, That there was no Reaſon he ſhould pretend unto the Crown of *Bythinia*, becauſe he was unworthy of it. But to ſhew him, that he would keep it without him, he would put him into ſuch a place, as ſhould cool him, ſince he could not extinguiſh that diſhonourable Paſſion which was ſo hot in his Soul, and ſo oppoſite unto his Honour. *Spitridates* would have excuſed the Matter, but ſince he could not force his Tongue to tell ſo loud a lie unto the King, as that he would not love *Ariminta* any longer, he impriſoned him in one of the Towers in the Caſtle, not permitting any to viſit him, but the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and that was not obtained without much Difficulty, and only twice in a Week; Afterwards this Meſſenger from *Spitridates* told the Princeſs, that he having the Honour to wait upon the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, in three or four of her Viſits, and they having a good confidence in him, made choice of him to come hither, and render an acccount unto her of that Princes Life, ſince his departure from *Heraclea*: aſſuring her, that the Princeſs *Ariſtea* continued ſo firm in her affection towards her, that nothing can change it. The Princeſs *Ariminta* did very attentively hearken unto this Relation; and ſince ſhe was fully ſatisfied and reconciled unto the Prince *Spitridates*, ſhe ſeemed to be moſt ſenſibly moved at thoſe Miſeries which he endured in conſideration of her. I believe ſhe would not have writ back unto him, unleſs I had extreamly preſſed her unto it: and in concluſion, conſented unto my Deſires: writing this Letter in the preſence of him who was to carry it.

The Princeſs ARAMINTA, *unto* SPITRIDATES.

I Wiſh you could be innocent, and happy both: yet ſince the malignity of my Fate will have it ſo, that you muſt not be juſtified, in my Opinion, without your ſufferings; I do confeſs, with a Bluſh, that I had rather you were unfortunate, and not culpable, than culpable, and not unfortunate: But yet I reſent *ſit your Priſon as I ought to do; and I do not know whether my Sorrows can keep within thoſe juſt Limits which Reaſon ſhould preſcribe them. Since I require nothing from you which ſhall be againſt your Honour, do not expect any thing from me contrary to mine. If the Deſtinies have ordained that we muſt be always Unfortunate, yet let us make all the World confeſs that we deſerve to be more happy.*

ARIMINTA.

After the Princeſs had ſhewed me that Letter, ſhe ſealed it, and gave it unto him that was to carry it: ſhe writ another alſo unto the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and after much Civility unto this faithful Agent of *Spitridates*, ſhe diſmiſſed him: and the Slave which brought him, conducted him out of the Town where he ſhould lodg: you may imagine what conference the Princeſs and I had upon this Adventure, and how often we read this Letter of *Spitridates*: His Priſon did not ſtrike only on the Heart of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, but in the Heart of the Prince *Sinneſis* alſo: who now did not any longer think him acceſſary to the Deſign of *Arſamones*, neither did he ſuſpect that the Princeſs *Ariſtea* had deceived him: ſo that Love re-aſſuming the ſame Seat in his Soul as formerly, he changed his manner of negotiating. He often came to his Siſter, the Princeſs; and ſince it was important unto her, that the Prince *Sinneſis*, ſhould always love *Spitridates*, ſhe therefore confirmed him in that Opinion: So that his Paſſion more ſtrongly reviving, he left off exaſperating the Mind of the King his Father, as before he did, but would divers times appeaſe it; yet the King of *Pontus* eaſily ſuſpecting the Cauſe, was extraordinarily more angry at him. Some certain days after, the King of *Pontus* had intelligence, that *Ciaxares* (who as you know, was then only King of *Cappadocia*, and *Galatia*) would aſſiſt *Arſamones* under-hand; ſo that ſeeing the Buſineſs more dangerous than he at firſt foreſaw; he deſired to compoſe the Buſineſs betimes. He then ſent unto *Ciaxares* to demand Aid, ſeeming as if he were ignorant of his ſiding with *Arſamones* ſecretly. He who was ſent unto him, negotiated the Matter ſo handſomely, that he took *Ciaxares* off from declaring openly for *Arſamones*, but yet not being willing, neither to declare for the King of *Pontus*, he propoſed to be a Mediator between the two Princes; which did extreamly grieve *Arſamones*, who was hereby diſabled from ſuſtaining a War: for ſince the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, and the Prince of the *Caduſians*, had not treated with him upon ſuch Conditions as the King of *Cappadocia* ſhould declare, they alſo drew back from the Enterprize. Moreover, the Inhabitants of *Chalcedonia*, and them of *Chriſopolis*, had been ſo much impoveriſhed under the Dominion of the Kings of *Pontus*, that they were not able to ſuſtain the Charges of the War: ſo that *Arſamones* ſeeing upon what a weak Foundation his Deſign did ſtand, reſolved to entertain ſome Propoſitions of Peace: But ſince he would not truſt unto the Word of an Enemy, becauſe the King his Father before him, had been thereby deceived; he declared to him whom *Ciaxares* ſent, unleſs the King of *Pontus* would give Hoſtages, as he himſelf offered, he would not treat. *Ciaxares* knowing that the King of *Pontus* had no greater mind to truſt *Arſamones*, then *Arſamones* had to truſt him, propoſed, that both Parties ſhould give Hoſtages, which ſhould remain with him, and it was accepted on by both parties: ſo that the King of *Pontus* ſent the Prince *Ariandes* unto the Court of *Ciaxares*, and *Arſamones* ſent the Prince *Euriclides*. This Treaty continued ſix entire months: at the end of which a Peace was concluded: and the Sentence was, That *Arſamones* ſhould not aſſume the Title of King; that he ſhould render up *Chalcedonia* unto the King of *Pontus*: That he ſhould enjoy the Town of *Chriſopolis*, and all the Country about it, holding it as a Vaſſal unto that Prince: and that he ſhould not be obliged either to dwell, or go unto *Heraclea*, nor ſend the Princes his Children thither. Before this Treaty, the Prince *Sinneſis* endeavoured all Poſſible ways to move his Father to conclude the Marriage which he deſigned; but he would never hearken unto it, which did ſo extreamly trouble the Prince *Sinneſis*, and grieved him ſo much, that he was hardly knowable. All this while was *Spitridates* in Priſon, and that much more cloſe than before; for ſince the return of him, who brought the Princeſs *Ariminta's* Letter, whom *Arſamones* ſuſpected, the Princeſs *Ariſtea* was not allowed to ſee him. *Pharnaces*, whoſe Patron was not now at *Heraclea*, did not ſo often ſpeak unto the Princeſs; nor could *Artanus* with all his Inſolence and Wit, find many Occaſions of conference with her. *Pharnaces*, though ſeeing that *Artanus* had more addreſs unto her than he had, was very angry at his Misfortune; though *Artanus* was no very terrible Rival unto him, yet he did divers times put Affronts upon him: At the firſt this Coward carried it ſo cunningly, as if he wanted no Courage; yet theſe laſt Injuries of *Pharnaces*, did much againſt his Mind (the Gods do know) conſtrain him to draw his Sword; but he did as much diſhonour himſelf in fighting, as if he had not fought at all; and the Averſion which the Princeſs had towards him, was ſo juſtly grounded, that none wondered ſhe ſhould treat him with ſo much coldneſs. Mean while, the news of the Concluſion of Peace being come into *Heraclea*, and the Prince *Sinneſis* knowing that he muſt not marry the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, was ſo extreamly grieved at it, that he fell into a Fever, which upon the Fourth day was at the height. The King his Father hearing how very ill he was, and not being ignorant of the Cauſe, ſuch an exceſſive Sorrow, mixed with Anger, ſeized upon him, that he died ſuddainly: Seven days after, the Prince *Sinneſis* quitted his Crown, and his Life, deſiring the Princeſs his Siſter, always to love *Spitridates*, and protect *Ariſtea*. You may eaſily imagine in what a deplorable condition *Ariminta* was, who without all doubt did infinitely honour her Father, and loved her Brother, the Prince *Sinneſis*, who though he was by Nature ſomewhat Violent, yet was he very amiable: Beſides, he loved her very well, and had a great Affection unto *Spitridates*; ſo that in loſing him, ſhe loſt a Brother, a Friend, and a Protector of her Lover: She ſtrangely reſented this loſs, and was ſo full of Sorrow, that for three days together ſhe could not eat. *Pharnaces* did not grieve ſo much, for the Prince *Aryandes* ever loving him ſo well, and being now King, he hoped that he would more eaſily move *Ariminta* to be favourable unto him: As for *Artanus*, ſince he loſt nothing but what *Pharnaces* found, this ſad Accident made no great alteration in his Mind. I was not in ſuch a Condition as to comfort the Princeſs, for my Mother died at the ſame time, who out of her love to her own Country, and her earneſt Deſire, that the Intentions of the Queen her Miſtreſs ſhould be accompliſhed, commanded me to be abſolutely ſerviceable, as much as I could, unto all the Houſe of *Arſamones*, and eſpecially unto *Spitridates*, as that I was more engaged unto it than before; and I could the more eaſily obey her in it, becauſe they appointed no other Governour unto the Princeſs. Mean while, the new King of *Pontus*, who now raigns, or to ſay better, who muſt never reign, was upon his way in returning unto *Heraclea*, (where they had rendred all due Honors unto the two dead Princes) and it was in his Journey, that he heard of the death of the King his Father, and of the Prince *Sinneſis* his Brother: Then did we underſtand, that the Treaty of Peace was performed, that *Arſamones* was gone out of *Chalcedonia*, and going to *Chriſopolis*, and by conſequence *Spitridates* changed his Priſon. Fifteen or twenty days did thus paſs over, whilſt the Inhabitants of *Heraclea* prepared all poſſible magnificence to receive their new King: But Orders came from him, which did forbid all Ceremony, having no deſire to mix ſo much Sorrow with the Joy. The Princeſs being extreamly Melancholy, and doing nothing but pray unto the Gods, did lament and mourn in Secret as oft as ſhe could. I moved her one Evening, againſt her Mind, to walk in the Garden of the Pallace, and to take the Air, for I perceived ſo great an alteration in her Complexion, as I feared ſhe would fall Sick: When we were in the Garden, ſhe made Choice of a dark and narrow Walk, which being railed in on both ſides, amongſt many great Trees which covered it, and made it the moſt Melancholy, and therefore the moſt agreeable

ble Walk in the World; for there was two Fountains at the two ends, and one in the midſt, which murmured ſo much, as did incite a Soul unto muſing: The Princeſs making choice of this gloomy Place to walk in, would have no company with her but me, of whom ſhe had no ſuch fears as young Perſons commonly uſe to have of thoſe which overſee their Actions, for my Yeers were not ſo many above hers, as to cauſe any averſion in her towards me; and I gave advice always, rather with reſpect and ſubmiſſion, than with any domineering pride, ſo that we lived together in much Sincerity, and much obliging Confidence. After we had repeated many Misfortunes, and beſtowed many a Tear upon the memory of *Sinneſis*, ſhe aſſumed ſome thought upon the unfortunate *Spitridates*. Is not that Prince unfortunate, ſaid ſhe unto me, to loſe a Kingdom in loſing that Perſon, for whoſe ſake he was reſolved to have loſt it? Certainly the King my Brother, though that *Arſamones* ſhould permit him, yet would never conſent unto his good Fortune, as well becauſe he loves him not, as becauſe he loves *Pharnaces*; ſo that I ſee my ſelf expoſed unto a very great Perſecution: Yet, ſaid ſhe, did but *Spitridates* know the Juſtice that I render unto his Merit, and how exactly I obey the Prince *Sinneſis* my Brother, I ſhould have ſome Conſolation, in that it would be a Conſolation unto him: But, alas, it is not the pleaſure of my Fate I ſhould have ſo much Happineſs, and I have nothing to do, but to prepare my ſelf for all imaginable Miſery. Madam, ſaid I unto her, never exceſſively grieve at Misfortunes which are to come, becauſe perhaps they may never come; and can you be obliged to follow the will of the King your Brother, rather then the Will of the late King your Father? If I were only his Siſter, replied ſhe, I believe I ſhould not; but ſince I am his Subject, as well as Siſter, I think I am obliged to obey him, as I was the late King my Father. After much ſuch like Diſcourſe as this, obſerving that Night drew on, (for it being the Spring time, the Days were not very long) I perſwaded her to retire; yet ſince the Moon ſhined, ſhe followed not my Counſel, but would ſit down at one end of the Walk, near the Fountain: within a Quarter of an hour after, I ſaw a Man coming towards us, whom I ſuppoſed to be ſome of the Princeſſes Servants coming to tell her ſomething, but I was much ſurprized, when this Man, whom I could not know in that dark Place, came nearer us. Madam (ſaid he unto the Princeſs, bowing unto her, with much reverence) will you be pleaſed to ſuffer the unfortunate *Spitridates* to come and mingle his Tears with yours, and help to lament your Misfortunes, by grieving for his own? You may imagine, Sir, how much the Princeſs and I were ſurprized, when we heard a Voice which we could not but know, it was ſo great, that the Princeſs cried out ſo loud, that ſome of her Women came into the Walk, thinking ſhe had called; but I ſtepping readily towards them, ſaid, that ſhe did not call them, and that this was a Man who had a ſuit unto the new King, and came to beg the Favour of the Princeſs unto him. After this, coming near the Princeſs, I heard *Spitridates*, (ſince ſhe anſwered him with nothing but Tears) continue ſpeaking unto her. I am even deſperate, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I ſhould renew your Sorrows, and to find that my preſence, in lieu of pleaſing you, ſhould grieve you. I deſire your Pardon, ſaid ſhe unto him, for receiving you ſo very ill: But *Spitridates*, my weakneſs has ſo juſt cauſe for it, that you may excuſe me: The Prince *Sinneſis* my Brother did ſo tendetly love you, that I cannot look upon you without a revival of my Sorrows, and ſo many ſeveral things come into my mind at once, that it is not ſtrange if my Reaſon be a little diſordered; for truly, the remembrance of what is paſt, the Fear of what's to come, and ſurpriz'd to ſee one ſo near me, whom I thought in Priſon, are lawful Cauſes of this Diſorder in my Soul. I was in hope, Madam (ſaid *Spitridates*) that this laſt mentioned Cauſe would rather have rejoiced than grieved you. So it does, anſwered ſhe, but not ſo much as it would, if the Prince my Brother were yet living: Yet tell me, I conjure you, how the choler of *Arſamones* is appeaſed? It is not appeaſed at all Madam, replied he, and doubtleſs I have more increaſed it by this my flight from him, which now I have made. Was it not by his conſent, ſaid ſhe unto him, that you are come out of Priſon? No, replied he, the Princeſs *Ariſtea* is ſhe unto whom I am obliged for my Liberty; for after I was brought from *Chalcedonia* into *Chriſopolis*, ſhe obſerved that the Place they put me in was not inacceſſable, as that was before; ſo that as ſoon as I was brought thither, and before my Father diſcovered the weakneſs of the Place, ſhe corrupted three of my Guards, who out of a Window, which was not barred with Iron, they helped me to eſcape, and carried me diſguiſed into a Houſe of the Town, where I remained three Days: Afterwards, when we heard the News of the King your Father's Death, which as you know preceeded the Death of the Prince *Sinneſis*, my Siſter adviſed me to come unto that Prince, whom ſhe then ſuppoſed to be King, and out of her Goodneſs to me, ſhe gave me a great part of her Jewels for the Accommodation of my Journey: In my way hither, I heard of yours, and my ſecond loſs; but though I did conceive it was not ſafe for me to come hither, ſince the Prince *Aryandes* was to be King; yet I could not deprive my ſelf of ſo much happineſs, as to come and throw my ſelf at your feet, Madam, and to ask you what ſhould be the Fate of my Life. Would to the Gods (replied the Princeſs, and ſighed) that it were in my Power to make you happy; but yet *Spitridates*, Fortune is more powerful than I am, and I am afraid ſhe will not conſent unto it. So that you will conſent, replied he, I cannot think ſhe is able to hinder my Happineſs. I wiſh that all you ſay were true, replied ſhe, but my Reaſon does not ſhew me how it can be: However, *Spitridates*, though I cannot deny but that I receive my Conſolation to lament it with you, yet I cannot chuſe but tremble to ſee you at *Heraclea*, for the King my Brother is to arrive here within theſe few days, and if he come to know that you are here diſguiſed, what will he think of it?

Alas Madam, ſaid he, do you think to drive me from you, by telling me the King will come ſo ſoon, and that perhaps he may know I am here? Ah Madam, torment me not ſo cruelly, I have a very ſecure Lodging; and ſince I have nothing to do at *Heraclea*, but to ſee you, I ſhall not eaſily be diſcovered: Yet however, anſwered ſhe, I may hazard both my Reputation, and your Life, by permitting Interviews, which how innocent ſoever they be, may be interpreted Criminal. It is not late, replied ſhe, and therefore it will not be thought ſtrange, that a ſad melancholy Mourner ſhould walk ſo long; therefore *Spitridates* (ſaid ſhe, in riſing up) we muſt leave you: However, Madam, anſwered this Prince, I beſeech you do me the Honour to promiſe me another opportunity of ſpeaking with you. I cannot conſent unto your deſire, replied ſhe, but *Heſionida* ſhall ſee you in any place. That indeed Madam, is a great favour, anſwered he; yet truly it cannot ſatisfy the Paſſion which my Soul has to you; and to diſcourſe with you in freedom, does ſo much import the welfare of my Life, that I do declare, Madam, I will never go out of *Heraclea*, if you do not grant my reſpective Paſſion that favour which I ask: I do not beg it Madam for any Merits of my own, but in the name of the Prince *Sinneſis*, who has ſo often pleaded in my Favour. This Conjuration is very prevalent, replied ſhe, yet all that I can promiſe you is, to uſe my beſt endeavour that I may ſee you once again. I ſhall be every Day about this Hour in this Walk, replied he, where I may ſafely receive your Orders, for the Gardner is moſt abſolutely my faithful Friend, having a long time ſerved the Prince my Father, and it was he who came to advertiſe me of your being here. I cannot conſent that you expoſe your ſelf every Day to the view, anſwered ſhe, but tell *Heſionida* where you lodge, and ſhe ſhall advertiſe you of my Will. After this, the Princeſs left him, and *Spitridates* having told me where he lodged, it happened to be with one of my acquaintance, and whom I durſt truſt with any thing: Since the time that the Princeſs returned to her lodging, ſhe appeared more ſtudious and melancholy, than before ſhe had ſeen *Spitridates*; and indeed ſhe grieved extreamly, when ſhe conſidered that this Prince would extreamly incenſe the King of *Pontus*, as he had already *Arſamones* by his eſcape; ſo that to avoid this Misfortune, ſhe ſaw a neceſſity of moving *Spitridates* to depart preſently, though ſhe knew not in what Quarter of the World he could find a Sanctuary, yet the Miſery had no other Remedy; for ſhe knew well enough the King of *Pontus* did not love *Spitridates*, but affecting *Pharnaces*, as he did, he would ſolicite her to marry him: She knew alſo, that this Prince did never approve of the late King his Fathers Policy, in deſiring this double alliance with *Arſamones*; but on the contrary, he would often ſay, that the beſt way to eſtabliſh the Kingdom of *Bithynia*, was to ruin all the Pretenders unto it, and not to exalt and magnify them; ſo that on every ſide, ſhe could find nothing but Misfortune unto *Spitridates*. It was in vain to tell her, that the Gods when they pleaſed could change the Hearts of Kings; for what confidence ſoever ſhe had in them, ſhe could not hope for that in which ſhe ſaw ſo little appearance. The next Morning news came, that the King would not have the Day on which he intended to come to the Town preciſely known, but that at the longeſt, it would not be above four or five Days: The Princeſs ſeeing then ſo ſhort a time to reſolve, and that to defer the ſeeing of *Spitridates* until he was come to Town would be extreamly dangerous, ſhe appointed me to ſpeak unto him, and if I could, to perſwade him unto a departure without her ſeeing him, but that was not poſſile to be done: But to tell you the truth, I did not very obſtinately oppoſe his Deſign, becauſe I did believe it would be in vain, and becauſe I conceived this Prince had reaſon for his deſire; perhaps alſo the love I bore my Country did induce me; but whatſoever it was, I told the Princeſs what *Spitridates* told me, which was, that abſolutely he would either ſee her again, or die. The Princeſs perceiving his obſtinacy, and ſeeing that the longer ſhe ſtayed, the more danger there was, both unto *Spitridates*, and her ſelf, reſolved to permit a Conference: We were long in conſulting, whether it ſhould be in the Garden or in her Chamber; at laſt, the reſult was, it ſhould be in the Garden, becauſe ſince the Kings Death, ſo much reſpect was rendred unto the Princeſs, as that none took ſo much liberty in that Place, as before they uſed: Alſo becauſe, if by any Misfortune the Buſineſs ſhould come to be diſcovered, it might there be taken rather for a ſurprize upon the Princeſs, then for an enterview: which ſhe premeditately conſented to, as it might, if he ſhould come into her Chamber. I advertiſed this unfortunate Prince then, to be in the Garden that Evening, and in the ſame Walk, in which before he met the Princeſs, who was in twenty Minds to go back with her word; one who ſaw her, would have ſaid, ſhe was going to commit ſome Crime which ſhe abhorred; and if I had not even violently forced her, I think ſhe had not gone: But thither ſhe went, without any with her but her Women, who according to their cuſtom, followed her no further than that ſolitary Walk, unleſs ſhe called them, ſo that I was there alone with her: Since we went thither betimes, becauſe the walk ſhould not ſeem extraordinary, *Spitridates* was not yet come, for he was to ſtay until it was Night, not but that he was well enough diſguiſed, and his Lodging ſo near the Garden Door, that he might come thither without Danger: yet I did ſo ſtrictly charge him to make it late before he came, that he did obey me, and made it dark; and ſince the Moon did ſhine, it was not ſtrange that the Princeſs ſhould walk ſo late, eſpecially ſince ſhe uſed to do ſo before. I cannot relate the thankful Acknowledgments which *Spitridates* rendred unto her for this favour; all his Words were ſo full of Paſſion and Reſpect, that all my Expreſſions are too weak to manifeſt unto you the joy this Prince reſented. The Princeſs for a quarter of an Hour together did lend him a willing Ear without returning any anſwer; but afterwards ſhe fetched a profound ſigh, and ſaid unto him, *Spitridates* indeed has ſome reaſon to invite me to this Conference, but he has much more reaſon to lament and complain againſt Fortune for engaging his Affection unto one, who can make him nothing but unfortunate. Fortune, Madam, replied he, has no ſhare in that Affection which I bear unto you: It is only your own Beauty, your Vertue, my own Inclination and Reaſon which prompts me unto it; and I am fully perſwaded, that if it be but your pleaſure to doom it ſo, all the malignity of fooliſh Fortune, who often perſecutes the innocent, and protects the vicious, cannot render me unhappy. Yes, yes, Divine Princeſs, if the unhappy *Spitridates* can but find any place in your Heart, and that your Goodneſs will always reſerve it for him, he defies any Misfortune that can come; all the Diſgraces of his Family ſhall vaniſh out of his Memory; his own particular diſhonours ſhall not trouble him; the pleaſing Thoughts only of being in the fair *Ariminta*'s Heart, ſhall charm all his Sorrows, and root them out of his Mind. I underſtand, Madam, ſince I came hither, that the Prince *Sinneſis* upon his Death-bed, and before many People, did mediate in my behalf, and deſire you to look favourably upon me. This is it, Madam, which makes me thus bold, and moves me to deſire you, not to deny this Favour unto that Prince, who never denied you any thing: Therefore, I beſeech you, Madam, let not the King who now is, and who loves not me, hinder me from loving you, or you me. But yet I am his Siſter, and Subject, replied the Princeſs, interrupting him. You are alſo both Siſter and Subject unto the Prince *Sinneſis*, though he be dead, replied he, and the King who now raigns, having his Crown immediately from him, ought not in juſtice to obſtruct the performance of his laſt Will; ſince indeed he was his King, as he is now yours. Ah, *Spitridates*, cried ſhe, the Will and Commands of a dead King, are never ſo well obeyed as the Commandments of a living King; a Raign of ſeven Days, and in all that time Death raigning over him, will by the Succeſſor be eſteemed as nothing. Yet if it be eſteemed by you, anſwered *Spitridates*, it is enough. Yes, replied ſhe, and ſighed, you may be confident, that the laſt Words of the Prince *Sinneſis*, confirming in my Heart thoſe Thoughts which your Vertue had inſpired me withal, I ſhall as long as I live be the ſame I am at preſent: But alas, *Spitridates*, it will not make you any thing more happy, but my ſelf much more infortunate; for indeed, I do foreſee, that perhaps this will be the laſt time that ever I ſhall ſpeak unto you. The laſt time, Madam? ſaid he, and interrupted her; then muſt this be the laſt of my Life; and I beſeech you, Madam, unleſs you deſire I ſhould immediately die, do not deprive me of ſome better Hopes. I pray you, hope then if you can, ſaid ſhe unto him, and enjoy that comfort which I cannot find for my ſelf. Doubtleſs the reaſon is, ſaid this ſad Prince, becauſe you will not try all ways to make we happy. Perhaps, replied ſhe, I ſhall not try all ways, but I will promiſe you to do all I ought, though perhaps not all I can, to procure your Satisfaction; but as the caſe ſtands, which way ſhould I contribute unto it? I dare not tell you, Madam, anſwered *Spitridates*, that ſince you do not apprehend it your ſelf, it is a great ſign you have not any mind to do any thing for me. I would do any thing, replied ſhe, which is not againſt the rules of Vertue and Prudence. Can you not then aſſure me, ſaid he, that all the Power of the King ſhall not move you to marry *Pharnaces?* And if it be not too much to ask, Cannot you permit me ſome Hopes that if any advantagious alteration in my Fortune chance to fall out, it ſhall inſeparably reflect upon you? I am very ſenſible, Madam, that ſince I am without either Crown, or Kingdom, it is too much raſhneſs to ſpeak thus. Yet, ſince the reaſon of my unhappy Condition, is only becauſe I am not upon the *Bithynian* Throne, which the King your Brother unjuſtly detains from me, I conceive that the Princeſs *Ariminta* ought not to deſpiſe me. It is very true, ſaid ſhe unto him, and I ſhall much more eſteem you becauſe you merit Crowns, than I ſhall do them that wear them without deſert. But for all that, *Spitridates*, although I ſhould promiſe you not to marry *Pharnaces*, as perhaps without any Crime I may, yet I fear that you would not be nearer any happineſs; for you may very well imagine that I ſhall never marry you, againſt the King's Mind; ſince it is a decency which all of my Quality ought to obſerve. But ſuppoſe I ſhould marry you, what ſhould we do afterwards ? you are out of all favour with the Prince *Arſamones* for the love of me : Here is no ſafety for you by ſtaying in this Court : Neighbour-Princes will not entertain you who are Son to an unfortunate and weak Prince, leſt it ſhould incenſe a young King to declare War againſt them ; therefore, *Spitridates*, though you ſhould not hearken to all rules of Reaſon and Prudence, yet, me-thinks, your Affection unto me, ſhould diſſwade you from any ſuch Deſign, ſince queſtionleſs you will never carry a Princeſs diſguiſed and wandering throughout all *Aſia* : No *Spitridates*, no, I know you would not, I am ſure you love *Ariminta* in a more noble and uninterreſted way ; yet do not think, that my unwillingneſs to follow your Fortunes, how harſh ſoever, is any obſtacle at all : I do proteſt, that it does not at all affright me, but it is my ſhame, that I ſhould have any ſuch Reſolution, which moſt deters me ; Love, *Spitridates*, is a moſt innocent Paſſion, I confeſs, provided that all the Effects be innocent alſo ; and never deviate from the rules of Reaſon ; and therefore to juſtify my indulgence towards you, I muſt not do any thing which is unreaſonable. Tell me then, Madam, I beſeech you, what you would have me do, profeſſing, that ſince you do not forbid me to love you, nor to diſpair of Love from you, I ſhall moſt exactly obey you. Alas, I am not able to adviſe you, replied ſhe ; yet the beſt courſe which I can think upon, is to travel as a Stranger in ſome unknown Country, until ſuch time as the Princeſs *Arbiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, have made your Peace with *Arſamones*. This Advice you give me, Madam, anſwered *Spitridates*, is a good expedient to bring me into the Subjection of the King your Brother, as the Prince my Father is already ; but I cannot conceive it a good courſe to procure me the enjoyment of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, ſince *Arſamones* poſſeſſing only an unfortunate ſhare of the whole Kingdom of *Bithynia*, which is his due, the King of *Pontus* will never conſent unto any Alliance with poor *Arſamones*, more than *Arſamones* would with him : And therefore Madam, ſince the

Affection which you are pleaſed to honour me withal, will not go a little higher than the limits of ordinary Prudence, I muſt reſolve upon my Death. I ſee the Prayers of the dying King your Brother are not prevalent, ſince they cannot obtain that favour from that Princeſs, who is the ſweeteſt in the World to them that do not adore her, but the moſt rigorous unto him, who of all Men upon Earth does moſt reverence her. But *Spitridates* (ſaid ſhe) whom do you complain of? Of you, Madam, replied he, who would perſwade me that you love me, and yet deny me any Remedy for a Love-ſick Soul; but if you did indeed love me, you would make me an abſolute Promiſe never to marry *Pharnaces*; and that if the Gods would permit——As *Spitridates* was going on with his Diſcourſe, *Artanus* came to tell the Princeſs, that the King was coming to her Chamber: By good luck I heard his Voice beyond the Rail of the Walk, ſo that we cauſed *Spitridates* to retreat in all haſte; yet for all that *Artanus* did ſee one with us when he came firſt into the Walk; but as ſoon as he had told the Princeſs, ſhe gave her Hand unto him, to the end ſhe might draw him out of the Garden. We were no ſooner come unto her Chamber, but the King came alſo, and *Artanus* having a handſom pretence to leave her, went in all haſte unto the Garden again, to ſee what that Man who he ſaw before was. As ill luck was, *Spitridates* was not yet gone out, for he found the Door next his lodging ſhut. *Artanus* ſpying him, did then follow him, and finding him one that ſhunned him, did conclude him to be the ſame who was with the Princeſs: he then imagined that perhaps it might be *Pharnaces*; but *Spitridates* being forced to leave the cloſe Walk, though he was diſguiſed, yet by the light of the Moon he knew him by his geſture and walk, or at the leaſt ſuſpected him to be *Spitridates*, and ſo much the rather, becauſe he heard that day by ſome *Bithynians* which were come unto *Heraclea*, that this Prince was eſcaped out of that Priſon where *Arſamones* kept him; ſo that his Suſpition filled his Heart fuller of Curioſity: He followed him out of the Garden into the Streets, and to the Houſe where he lodged: This confirmed him in his Opinion, for he knew thoſe who dwelt there were Friends unto *Spitridates.* I leave you to imagine how this paſſage grieved *Artanus*, yet upon ſecond Thoughts he reſented it not ſo ſadly, but reſolved by it to oblige the King, and ruin his Rival, by affirming, That aſſuredly *Spitridates* had ſome Conſpiracy againſt the State in Agitation, but he would not reflect upon the Princeſs, becauſe he imagined it would too much incenſe her, nor would the State reliſh it: He was much vexed that *Pharnaces* did not ſhare in his Sorrows, to ſee *Spitridates* in ſuch favour with the Princeſs, as that for the love of her ſhe permitted him to be diſguiſed in *Heraclea*; but he reſolved to reflect the Buſineſs wholly upon him, and went unto the King immediately, beſeeching the Honour of ſome privacy with him, concerning ſome very important Buſineſs. The King then went out of the Princeſs's Chamber into his own, where *Artanus* told all the Story: The King no ſooner heard that *Spitridates* was in *Heraclea* diſguiſed, but he apprehended ſome Conſpiracy plotting againſt him; ſo that without loſs of any longer time, he ſecretly commanded the Captain of his Guard, to go unto the Houſe which *Artanus* ſaw *Spitridates* enter, and to ſecure his Perſon; the King was obeyed; *Spitridates* not able to defend himſelf, is taken by the Guards, and impriſoned in a Tower, where Delinquents of high Quality uſed to be ſecured. You may imagine how exteamly was the Princeſs ſurprized, to hear within an Hour after that *Spitridates* was arreſted; at the firſt ſhe apprehended, that the King would think he was diſguiſed for her; yet hearing nothing but Conſpiracies againſt the State talked on, though ſhe thought her ſelf ſafe enough in Relation to her Reputation, yet ſhe feared the life of *Spitridates* was not ſo ſafe; you may imagine then how ſadly ſhe ſighed away that Night. But to diſguiſe the matter, I told all her Women that the Princeſs was not well, and therefore would go to Bed, and I would ſtay with her to comfort her; but yet it was more than I could do, for ſhe did look upon the Matter ſo full of danger unto *Spitridates*, that it troubld her extreamly, and him no leſs than her: Since they ſaid nothing when they took him, he knew not whether this Enterview was diſcovered, or whether he was taken only, as being found diſguiſed in *Heraclea*; but yet the next Morning his doubts were all cleared, for the King ſent to examine him, what he came thither for? what his Buſineſs was? and who were his Confederates in his Conſpiracy? *Spitridates* not hearing them ſpeak one Word concerning the Princeſs, was exceedingly joyed, and anſwered, That after he eſcaped out of the Prince his Father's Priſon, and hearing in *Chriſopolis*, that the Prince *Sinneſis* was King, he came unto *Heraclea*, in hopes to find a Sanctury under the ſhelter of his Favour; that when he came thither, and heard his Raign laſted but ſeven Days, he was much ſurprized, and ſo grieved at it, that he had not ſo much freedom of Spirit, as at the firſt to reſolve what courſe he ſhould take; that in Concluſion, he reſolved to addreſs himſelf unto the King which now raigned, and to deſire of him the ſame Protection which he hoped for from the late King his Brother, but that he had not time to execute his Deſign, becauſe he was taken within an Hour after his firſt arrival. Thoſe who examined him, ſaid, That there was no neceſſity of diſguiſing himſelf, in coming to demand Protection from the Prince *Sinneſis*, who loved him. Unto which he anſwered, That he diſguiſed himſelf only to get into *Heraclea*, out of *Bithynia*, and to make his Voyage more ſecure, than if he had travelled with a Train, Equipage and Habit ſuitable to his Quality. Although theſe his Anſwers were very reaſonable, yet did they not ſatisfy the King, but he ſtill believed, that there was ſome hid Deſign in it: And though he was not ignorant of *Spitridates* his Affection unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, yet he knew her Vertue ſo well, that ſhe would never have any conſent in this Diſguiſement, but he believed, that Ambition was the only end of this adventure. *Pharnaces* and *Artanus* did much confirm him in that belief: The firſt of theſe believing Ambition to be his Deſign, becauſe he wiſhed it; and the other ſeeming to believe it, that he might the ſooner ruin *Spitridates*: Yet ſince he deſired that jealouſy might torment *Pharnaces* as well as himſelf, he acquainted him, that Love was the greateſt cauſe of this Prince's diſguiſement: He imagined alſo, that he might perhaps by this way ruin *Pharnaces* in the opinion of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, conceiving that *Pharnaces* to ruin his Rival, would infuſe this new Suſpition into the King, which when the Princeſs ſhould know, ſhe would be extreamly incenſed againſt him; and indeed at the firſt, the Deſign did take as *Artanus* did deſire it; for *Pharnaces* was much more troubled, to hear that *Spitridates* had ſeen the Princeſs, than he was to think he had Deſigns againſt the State: Jealouſy, as generous as he was, did rouz up his Heart to inſult over an unfortunate Man, and moved him to tell it unto the King in all aggravating Circumſtances: When the Princeſs heard of it, ſhe was infinitely angry with him; ſo that *Artanus* found out a way thereby to ruin both his Rivals at once, and make them as unfortunate as himſelf; for his own ſhare, he deſerved it, ſo did not the reſt, eſpecially *Spitridates*, who was far from deſerving ſuch diſaſterous Deſtinies: But yet there is all ſpying Inquiſitions uſed, to find out whether this Prince had held intelligence with any; thoſe with whom he lodged, are all arreſted, and examined, but do what they could, nothing was to be gotten out of them, or any elſe, which did either juſtify or condemn him; that which much contributed unto his Misfortune was, That the King of *Pontus* was ſo melancholy and ſad, as none could hardly know him, ſo much had it altered him; at firſt, every one did think the Death of his Father and Brother was the cauſe; but preſently after it was known, that his love unto the Princeſs *Mandana* was the real cauſe of his Diſtemper; for whilſt he was as a hoſtage with *Ciaxares*, (as you already know) he became more deſperately in love with her, than ever any, ſo that his Soul being deeply perplexed with the abſence of her he loved, it was more apt to be incenſed againſt, and leſs able to know the innocency of *Spitridates*; yet being without all doubt a very gallant Man, he behaved himſelf very well towards the Princeſs his Siſter; and though *Pharnaces* had told him of the Meeting betwixt *Spitridates* and her, yet did he not ſpeak any thing ſharply unto her; but on the contrary, coming one Day to viſit her, after he had firſt, without any Choller, ſaid as much unto her as any wiſe and diſcreet Prince could do upon the like occaſion, to diſcover her Thoughts; he afterwards told her, that he had perhaps incurred her diſpleaſure in cauſing *Spitridates* to be arreſted, ſince he underſtood ſhe had a great eſteem of him, both by the Command of the late King his Father, and alſo the late King his Brother: yet he was neceſſarily forced unto it by Reaſons of State for the good of his People. Moreover, he told her that he did not at all ſuſpect her as any Confederate with *Spitridates* in his Conſpiracy, who queſtionleſs would deceive her, and make her believe that his Love to her was only the cauſe of his diſguiſe, though indeed it was his Ambition. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, if the Affection which *Spitridates* expreſſeth unto me, had not the Authority of the late King my Father, and of the Prince *Sinneſis* my Brother, I ſhould not ſpeak unto you as I do intend. But ſince it has them both for his patronage; I beſeech you Sir, to believe that this Prince had never any Deſign to get a Crown by depriving you of it; for had he been that way diſpoſed, he had not been ſo long a Priſoner unto his Father. And without any ſcruple, I do ingenuouſly confeſs that I have ſeen him, and that it was by my invitation he came to *Heraclea.* Moreover, I am moſt certain, that he came hither without any Intentions of conſpiring either againſt your Perſon, or State. If I ſhould have the leaſt Suſpicion of any ſuch thing, in lieu of defending, I ſhould accuſe him, and move you to puniſh him. Siſter, ſaid the King, I do not ſo much endeavour the Juſtification of *Spitridates*, as I do the Preſervation of your Honour. And ſince I know you generous and full of Reaſon, I cannot believe you will love *Spitridates* more then the Honour of that Family from which you are deſcended; therefore you muſt not think it ſtrange, if this Prince being criminal, be not treated with ſo much indulgence as perhaps another Prince might be; for indeed, he is of that Family which muſt be kept under ; therefore Siſter, the leaſt I can do is to keep *Spitridates* in Priſon perpetually : Did I conceive him innocent, all the Policy in the World ſhould never induce me to this Rigour : but ſince he ſeems to be culpable, I muſt ſecure him : yet to make you Satisfaction for the loſs of this Prince, who doubtleſs was Owner of excellent Parts, I conjure you to marry *Pharnaces.* O Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I beſeech you ſpeak not unto me of any Marriage, ſo ſoon after the Funerals of the King my Father ; nor force me to diſobey thoſe Commands which the late King my Brother, when he was dying, did impoſe upon me. What Commands did he impoſe ? (replied he.) He commanded me, (ſaid ſhe, and bluſht) to be conſtant unto that Opinion, which he by his Will when he dyed appointed me to have of *Spitridates.* When he ſaid ſo, replied the King, he did not foreſee that *Spitridates* would be a Delinquent to the State. Oh Sir, ſaid ſhe, *Spitridates* is moſt innocent, and by your ſlighting of the laſt Will of the Prince *Sinneſis*, do not conſtrain me to diſobey you alſo in your commands of marrying *Pharnaces ?* though he be a Man of much worth, yet one whom I never loved, but eſteemed very much ; and therefore ſhall never behave my ſelf but with indifferency towards him. The Princeſs thought that the King would have returned a ſharp reply, unto ſuch an ingenuous Declaration : But the Paſſion which was in his own Soul, doubtleſs teaching him how to excuſe in another that weakneſs which he found in himſelf, he left her without one angry Word ; yet deſiring her ſtill to marry *Pharnaces*, and telling her, that ſhe ſhould change her opinion with the Times. The Love of *Mandana* taking up the whole Soul of this Prince, made him never think upon *Spitridates* ; his Thoughts for ſome certain Days were wholly imployed in ſending unto *Ciaxares*, to demand the Princeſs *Mandana* in Marriage, and giving all neceſſary Orders for the magnificence of the Embaſſador. In the mean while, the Princeſs foreſeeing that *Spitridates* would never get out of Priſon, unleſs either by Force or Policy, ſhe reſolved to ſet him free ; and ſhe was the ſooner induced to it, becauſe he who commanded that Tower where *Spitridates* was impriſoned, was one who was much obliged unto me; for during the late King's Raign, I ſaved the Life of one of his Children, who was ſentenced to die for ſome grand Crime, and I obtained his Pardon: Then was I imployed to negotiate in this important Buſineſs, which in fifteen Days I tranſacted ſo happily, that I moved this Man, by the Memory of my paſt Benefit, preſent Gratuity, and future Hopes, to contrive a way how *Spitridates* might eſcape, and he not ſuſpected. This Tower did ſtand in the very Sea, in the top of which there was a Walk; this Man in the Name of the Priſoner asked leave for him to walk there one Hour or two every Day; ſo that bribing two of the Guards which accompanied him, he tied unto the top of this Tarraſs, a Ladder of Ropes, as if *Spitridates* had eſcaped that way, and none perceiving him: this Captain of the Tower did ſhut this Prince and the two ſuborned Guards in a very private place of the Caſtle; counterfeiting after this,to be much troubled: he asked where *Spitridates* was? and was anſwered, that he was in the Tarraſs: Thither he went with many Souldiers, and not finding him, he found the Ladder which he himſelf had placed there; he ſhewed it unto them which followed him, he chafed, and ſaid, that certainly their Companions had betrayed him, and that doubtleſs he was gone in a little Boat, ſince a great Ship could not approach; he began to fume and fret, and threaten all them that were preſent, and to accuſe them as well as thoſe who were eſcaped; and being in all appearance tranſported with Fury, he went to acquaint the King, he told them, that *Spitridates* might certainly be overtaken, if he were immediately ſent after, and that he conceived he could not yet get into *Heraclea*, and therefore if they ſent out many Shallops they would infallibly meet with this Priſoner, and all his Complices; to be ſhort, he carried it ſo handſomly, that the King himſelf was deluded; and appointed not only many Barks to be ſent out to Sea, but alſo that there ſhould be ſtrict Guards kept at the Gates of the Town, leſt *Spitridates* ſhould get in diſguized, not conceiving that he durſt put to open Sea in a ſmall Boat; and upon ſearch there was not any conſiderable Ship wanting in the Port. Moreover, *Pharnaces* and *Artanus* knowing that his Paſſion to the Princeſs was the cauſe of all this, perſwaded the King, that certainly he would get into *Heraclea* in the Habit of a Fiſherman, or ſome ſuch diſguiſe, and therefore what pains did not they take to apprehend him? they doubled the Guards at the Gates; they ſet Sentinels in the Streets; they ſearched all ſuſpected Houſes; and omitted nothing that might make their wiſht-for Diſcovery. The King had ſome light Suſpicions, that the Princeſs had ſome hand in this eſcape, and told her as much. But ſince he had no proofs, and was ignorant of any Obligations between me, and the Captain of that Tower, for it was by the Prince *Sinneſis*, that I had obtained Pardon for his Son, all theſe Surmiſes and Suſpicions did quickly vaniſh. All this while, *Spitridates* was in the Priſon where they never ſearched, and where he muſt remain a while before he durſt attempt a coming out. When *Spitridates* was informed by this Captain, that it was by my Negotiation he was in Priſon, but not a Priſoner; he ſuppoſed that the Princeſs did alſo know of it; ſo that he deſired ſo much favour as to ſee me before he departed, which, without acquainting the Princeſs, I conſented unto it, conceiving my ſelf obliged to do ſo much for the Son of the right King of *Bithynia:* but after I had given him ſome hopes of his Deſire, the difficulty was how to execute it; yet ſince the Captain of the Towers Wife was of the intelligence, I reſolved to go thither with one Woman only, and to enter by a little back Door, which was towards the Walls of the Town. It is impoſſible, Sir, for me to relate all the Teſtimonies of grateful Acknowledgments, which *Spitridates* did give unto *Araminta*, and me. But *Heſionida*, ſaid he unto me, have you not ſet me at liberty, with Intentions to exile me for ever? Is it not only an exchange of this puniſhment for one more cruel? Sir, replied I unto him, it is Fortune, not the Princeſs, which baniſheth you; but ſince Fortune is a very unconſtant Lady, there is ſome Hopes that ſince ſhe has changed ſo often unto your Diſadvantage,

vantage, ſhe will at length change in your Favour. I wiſh ſhe may, replied he, although I cannot hope it: However, *Heſionida*, it would be the height of Cruelty for me to depart, and not bid adieu unto my Princeſs, or know her laſt Will and Pleaſure. I can eaſily acquaint you with her Intentions, ſaid I unto him, ſince ſhe has done me the Honour to truſt me with her moſt ſecret Thoughts; but as for ſeeing her, it is not permitted ſo much as to think upon it. Leave it unto the Gods, Sir, who perhaps will be more propitious unto you during your Exile, than you imagine: But *Heſionida*, ſaid he unto me, and ſighed, may a miſerable and abſent Prince ever hope that the Divine *Ariminta* will ever preſerve her Affection entirely to him? Yes, Sir, replied I, you may, and without any fear of being deceived: For ſince your Unhappineſs is but an Effect of your Love to her, ſhe would be very unjuſt, if ſhe ſhould not always reſent your Misfortunes: Go therefore, Sir, and ſeek out ſome Sanctuary, until ſome change be found in the Hearts of the two Kings of *Pontus*, and of *Bithynia*. The Princeſs does very well know, that if you had any Thoughts of remounting the Throne, you might have done it: and ſhe conceives her ſelf moſt ſenſibly obliged unto you for preferring her before a Crown; ſo that it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever forget it.

In Concluſion, Sir, I made him reſolve upon his departure: and ſince he had many Jewels which the Princeſs *Ariſtea* gave him at his departure from *Chriſopolis*, he would not receive any of thoſe which I offered him from the Princeſs; for I knew her Intentions was to furniſh him; he therefore deſired me to deliver a Letter unto her; which he Writ in my preſence, and which, if my Memory fail not, was in theſe Terms.

Spitridates *unto the Princeſs* Ariminta.

I Go Madam, ſince it is your pleaſure, but I go the moſt miſerable Man alive; I neither know whither I ſhall go, nor when I ſhall return, no, nor whether you wiſh I ſhould ever return, and yet I am bid to live and hope; but I can neither do the one nor the other, unleſs you command it by two lines under your Hand: Therefore, my divine Princeſs, I do beg it in the Name of that Illuſtrious Prince, who now is Dead, but who yet ſhall live eternally in the Memory of

Spitridates.

After this Prince had given me his Letter, and a hundred things in charge to tell the Princeſs, I went unto her, and related all the Paſſages of our Meeting. At the firſt ſhe lamented his Fate, but upon ſecond thoughts was ſorry for it; and I was ſo importunate with her, that I moved her to return this Anſwer unto that diſtreſſed Prince.

Ariminta *unto* Spitridates.

MAY you live as long as it ſhall be the Pleaſure of the Gods to permit; and hope, that as long as Ariminta *lives, ſhe will pray for you; and ſince you deſire it, ſhe bids yot live, and hope.*

Ariminta.

The Captain of that Tower coming to take this Letter, he aſſured me that *Spitridates* would depart that Night following; with thoſe two of the Guard, who helped him to eſcape, and whom he took to ſerve him. Moreover he told me, that *Spitridates* deſired he might ſometimes write unto him, to the end he might acquaint me with his Fortune, and return my Anſwers back unto him: So when Night came, we were certain this Prince would depart, and the Princeſs was ſo troubled at it, that I wonder ſomething extraordinary was not diſcovered in her Mind; but the next Morning we were informed, that *Spitridates* was very ſafely gone out of *Heraclea*, by the ſame way, which it was conceived, he eſcaped before, the Captain provided a Ship for him in the Night. Though the Princeſs had reaſon rather to be glad that he was gone, then that he ſhould continue mued up in a Priſon, yet her Soul was extreamly ſad, when ſhe imagined that perhaps ſhe ſhould never ſee him again; but this long and tedious Abſence muſt be endured: And in the Interim there fell out many remarkable Accidents; for as it is well known unto you, Sir, *Ciaxares* refuſed to give *Mandana* unto the King of *Pontus*, which made him the ſooner forget *Spitridates*, and his Anger was ſo high, that a War againſt *Ciaxares* muſt be declared, under a ſpecious Pretence of Right unto the Towns of *Aniſa*, and *Ceraſta*. You, Sir, are better acquainted with all the Paſſages of that Buſineſs then I can relate, and obtained more Honour then my Memory can contain; I ſhall only relate what is requiſite to inſtruct you in the Story of this Princeſs: As ſoon then as the King of *Pontus* heard, that *Ciaxares* had rejected him, he prepared for War, thinking that perhaps it might move him to give the Princeſs *Mandana* unto him; he ſent for Aid from the King of *Phrygia*, who promiſed to imbrace his Intereſt, according to the laſt Treaty between the late King of *Pontus* and him, and that he would come himſelf in Perſon to command his Forces. Since the King of *Pontus* ſtood in need of all Aid, he invited the Prince *Arſamones* and *Euriclides* his ſecond Son to ſerve in his Army, and *Arſamones* durſt not deny him. We underſtood alſo at the ſame time, that this Prince hearing how *Spitridates* came diſguiſed unto *Heraclea*, was ſo incenſed at it, that he did proteſt, if ever he got him within his Power, he would not treat him as a Son, but as a rebellious Subject, and a Delinquent unto the State, who had broke out of Priſon, ſo that *Spitridates*, who was gone into *Paphlagonia*, and writ unto me as well as the Princeſs, to know whether he might come ſafely unto the King her Brother when he was in the Head of his Army, ſhe did forbid him, becauſe *Arſamones* was to be there, and becauſe the Princeſs *Ariſtea* had acquainted her with the real Reſentments of *Arſamones.* But whilſt all preparations of War were in Hand, *Pharnaces* and *Artanus* neglected no Addreſſes unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and ſpruſed up themſelves every way to invite her Love; but all their Cares and Courtſhip was in vain: for as there is nothing which faſtens the Knot of Amity more then Misfortune does, amongſt Perſons truly Generous, ſo *Spitridates* being Unfortunate, by reaſon of his love unto the Princeſs, was deeper rooted in her Heart than before; and ſhe knowing that *Artanus* was the Occaſion of his laſt Impriſonment, and that *Pharnaces* did acquaint the King with their Meeting, ſhe was therefore ſo incenſed againſt them, that ſhe could not endure the ſight of them; yet after that the *Phrygian* Regiments were drawn up to the general Rendezvouz, and joined with the *Pontean* Forces, the King made ready to depart; and though *Artanus* had no great fancy unto any Matters of War, yet he durſt not do as he did before, but made himſelf ready as others did to go; and ſince the King did not at all favour his Deſign upon the Princeſs, he took his Leave of her only in publick, but *Pharnaces* did not ſo: for the King of *Pontus* going to bid her Adieu, he carried *Pharnaces* with him, and left him there in private with her. I chanced to be then in the Princeſs Chamber, and I do confeſs, I ſaw ſo deep a melancholy in the Face of *Pharnaces*, that conſidering his Merit, I did much pity him, and wiſhed for his ſake, that he were able to deſiſt his Love from the Princeſs, ſince it was not in her Power to render him happy; ſince the King was gone, and this like to be his laſt viſit, ſhe was not to ſevere towards him as formerly, but ſuffered him to ſpeak unto her. Madam, ſaid he unto her, I come to receive my Doom from you, before I go unto the Wars, and ask you whether I muſt Fight, as one that would vanquiſh, or as one that muſt die? Whether I muſt preſerve my Life, or abſolutely loſe it, for upon your Will only, abſolutely depends my Deſtiny: Yes, Madam, if you permit me any hopes, perhaps I ſhall live, vanquiſh, and return; but if you intend to tell me, that I muſt not have any ſhare in any hope, then I beſeech you bid me this laſt Adieu without any Bitterneſs, ſince the Gods certainly will not preſerve what you deſire to deſtroy, nor draw me out of thoſe Dangers unto which I expoſe my ſelf, pronounce my Sentence then, Madam, and let it be with Sincerity, though you will not with Satisfaction: Remember, I beſeech you, that he whom you deſire to make Happy, cannot be ſo, and therefore you have leſs Reaſon to treat me ill: If the Prince *Spitridates* could ever enjoy your Affection, I do proteſt, before the Gods which hear me, I would rather die without Complaint, than interrupt your Felicity; but ſince that Fortune has put an irremoveable Obſtacle unto his Happineſs, why may not you make me Happy? and why, Divine Princeſs, will you oppoſe againſt my Glory? I do not ask ſo much, as that you ſhould love me, I only beg you would not hate me, and to be more pliant unto the King's Deſires. I wiſh to the Gods, *Pharnaces*, replied the Princeſs, that your Happinsſs did depend upon me, as you believe it does: But to manifeſt unto you that the Cauſe of Complaint againſt you, has not extinguiſhed out of my Soul that high eſteem which all the World ought to have of your Merit; I will contribute as much as is in my Power unto your Freedom, and move you, by my own Sincerity, to Vanquiſh your own Soul, and to reſt ſatisfied. Know then, *Pharnaces*, that ſince I am obliged to entertain the Affection of *Spitridates* by the Commands of the late King my Father, and the Prince *Sinneſis* my Brother, I muſt Eternally pay Obedience unto them; and the moſt peremptory Commands of one living King, ſhall never make me Diſobedient unto the Will of two dead Kings: 'Tis true, I do reſolve never to marry *Spitridates* without the conſent of the King my Brother, neither am I as fully reſolved ever to Marry any elſe but him; therefore *Pharnaces* regulate your Deſigns accordingly, and make uſe of that great Courage which the Gods have inſpired you withal, to vanquiſh and ſuppreſs a Misfortune, which as I think requires not the all vigor of your Mind to ſurmount it;

live then, *Pharnaces*, live I ſay, but let it be in Liberty, that you may live happily; and ſince the want which the King would have of you, would be irreparable, I earneſtly deſire you to preſerve your Life, which would conduce infinitely unto my Satisfaction, if you could ſo far prevail with your ſelf, as only to eſteem me. But ſuppoſe, Madam, replied he, that I cannot ſo prevail with my ſelf, would you not conceive it more reaſonable that Death ſhould rather deliver you and me from that Servitude which diſpleaſeth you, than to ſee me perpetually languiſhing at your Feet, and vexing you? Death, ſaid ſhe unto him, is a thing ſo horrid, that I do not wiſh it unto my very Enemies; and therefore I muſt needs adviſe you, not to take ſo violent a Remedy as that. But, Madam, (ſaid he unto her with extream Sorrow) is it ſo, that you can never love the Miſerable *Pharnaces*, nor forſake the too happy *Spitridates*? I muſt needs confeſs it, with much Ingenuity, (ſaid ſhe unto him) becauſe I may do it with much Innocency. It is enough, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, with a drooping ſadneſs) and I beſeech you do me the Favour to believe, that this ſhall be the laſt time of all my Life I ever ſhall importune you; and I pray unto the Gods, that the News of my Death may make you know I am able to diſpute with *Spitridates* for the Glory of perfectly loving you. After this, he left the Princeſs with ſuch a Melancholy Motion, and his Countenance did ſo alter as he did bid her Adieu, that it might well be ſaid, all the Horrors of Death were in his Eyes, and the Princeſs could not chuſe but pity him. After this, Sir, we remained at *Heraclea*, ſoliciting the Gods againſt you, Sir, for we knew you would be in that War: but it ſeemed Heaven was not propitious unto us; for you ſaved the Life of *Ciaxares*, you conquered, and triumphed, aud did ſuch Wonders, that though they were unto our Diſadvantage, yet could we not chuſe but admire when we heard them related. I ſhall ſlightly paſs over the beginning of this War, and in a few words tell you, that when the Combate of two hundred againſt two hundred was reſolved upon, and when all the Queſtion was concerning the Choice, there was a great conteſt amongſt the Gallantry of our Army, who ſhould be the Combatants: and though *Artanus* was none of them, yet ſeemed he to deſire the liſting himſelf in the Catalogue of thoſe who were to be choſen: The election was to be by Lot, and the Names of thoſe who aſpired unto this Honour, ſhould be put in Writing, and drawn by the Captain of the King's Guard. *Pharnaces* who was in the firſt degree of Valour, and who looked for nothing but Death ſince he could not be loved, had no fancy to truſt the Buſineſs unto Lot: ſo that knowing who was to draw theſe Lots, he went unto him; and after a thouſand proteſtations of Friendſhip, and as many prayers to grant his deſire, he gave unto him the Roll wherein his Name was writ, and beſeeched him to keep it between his Fingers, and give it unto him as if he had drawn it: The Captain ſmiling at his Propoſition, could not chuſe but tell him, that every one who brought their Names were not ſo urgent as he was to be in this Combate. *Pharnaces* had a ſuſpition that the Captain did mean *Artanus:* he told him, that he could not believe there was any which did extreamly deſire to Honour themſelves by ſuch an extraordinary Occaſion as this; no not *Artanus* himſelf, ſaid he unto him, hoping thereby to move him into a farther Explanation. When the Captain heard the Name of *Artanus* mentioned, he laughed; ſo that *Pharnaces* thinking his Thoughts true, did preſs ſo urgently, that he told him how *Artanus* had been with him, and told him that this Combate being to be performed on Foot, he ſhould not be able to be an Actor in it; becauſe his Horſe not long ſince falling upon him, had cauſed a great weakneſs in his Thigh: yet he was not willingly to make uſe of this excuſe in publick, leſt his Enemies ſhould make an ill conſtruction upon it, and therefore he deſired and conjured him, by all poſſible Entreaties, to take out the Roll wherein his Name was written, from amongſt the reſt: and to gratify the Favour, he offered him any Courteſy if he would be faithful and Secret unto him.

Pharnaces finding the baſeneſs of his Rival, deſired to puniſh him for it, and beſeeched the Captain to draw himſelf and *Artanus* together in the Number of the Combatants, which the Captain, as well to puniſh the Cowardiſe of the one, as to ſatisfy the generous Valour of the other, promiſed him to do: The hour of this Ceremony being come, all the Rolls were brought unto this Captain, and he put them all into a Bag, whilſt all the Pretenders unto this Honour ſtood about him: Since *Artanus* thought his Roll not amongſt the reſt, who was more forward and Deſirous to be one of that Number than himſelf? but how lamentably was he damped when he heard his own Name to be in the third Scrole which was Drawn? he ſeemed ſo qualmed at the Heart as every one perceived it: *Fharnaces* who was next him, did taunt him with ſome ambiguous Language by way of Raillery, which *Artanus* did well enough underſtand: but afterwards the Name of *Pharnaces* was drawn, and all the reſt in their Courſe, ſo that nothing more was to be done but to prepare for Combate: As for *Artanus*, he had never been choſen, had he not been in love with *Ariminta:* but he durſt never publiſh as much, nor complain of the Captain who had deceived him: yet however he reſolved to go as far as to the place of Combate, though he did nothing elſe. As for *Pharnaces*, he went thither with other kind of thoughts; for he went in hopes to periſh there, and alſo to ſee his Rival die, but before he departed, he writ theſe words unto the Princeſs *Ariminta.*

If Fortune ſecond my Deſign, I am going thither whereby dying I ſhall vanquiſh; and where I ſhall make it known by my generous Diſpair, that though I could not merit your Affections by my Services, and by my Life, yet I ſhall not render my ſelf unworthy of your Compaſſion by my Death.

Pharnaces.

The truth is, Sir, you know, he fought like a Fury, and died a *Hero:* As for *Artanus*, I believe you are not ignorant, Sir, of the Reaſon why he kept himſelf hid whilſt *Pharnaces* only was reſiſted by you, which was, his hopes that you would diſpatch his only Rival, for he made no account of *Spitridates* : and ſo Love having its ſeveral Operations, it moved *Pharnaces* to be more valiant than ever, and *Artanus* to be more Cowardly than he could imagine himſelf. When we had intelligence of *Pharnaces* his Death, and preſently after heard of *Artanus* his Baſeneſs, we lamented the Loſs of the firſt, and abhorred the Villany of the other: ſo that ſince the Combate you had with him to make him confeſs his Lie, he durſt never ſhew himſelf, neither to the Army, nor to the Princeſs, nor in *Heraclea*, but hid himſelf for a time in the Country, where he haboured an inveterated hatred againſt you, not only becauſe you had loaded him with an intolerable Burden of Diſhonour and Shame, but alſo, becauſe he ſaw you reſembled *Spitridates*. That Letter from the unfortunate *Pharnaces*, did deeply imprint it ſelf in the Heart of the Princeſs when ſhe read it, which, as her Soul was ever extreamly tender and Compaſſionate, ſo ſhe could not look upon it without Tears in her Eyes; and was for a quarter of an hour together ſo drowned in a Flood of Sorrows, as I believe if that illuſtrious Lover could have revived, and *Spitridates* had been a Spectator, he would have died of a cauſleſs Jealouſy. In the mean while we had no Intelligence from this exiled Prince; and all the Conſolation which the Princeſs had, was a ſecret Correſpondency with the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and in doing her all the good Offices ſhe was able. The King was ſo deeply perplexed at the Death of *Pharnaces*, as poſſible could be: but ſince the Love of *Mandana* was more prodominate in his Heart than any thing elſe, he cheared up himſelf with the thoughts of her; and that ſeeming Peace after your Victory, being again broken; Wars, as you know, began to break out more violently than before: then I muſt needs tell you, Sir, that none could ever entertain a greater admiration of any, than we of you; and when we heard the Wonders of all your Actions related, we had good Ground for our belief, that the Gods were infinitely favourable unto *Ciaxares* in ſending him ſuch a Defendor. To be ſhort, it was impoſſible for any to eſteem an Enemy more than we did the Illuſtrious *Artamenes*. Alſo when the Princeſs heard how *Artanus* had conſpired againſt your Life, and ſuborned forty Conſpirators to deſtroy you, ſhe had ſuch a freſh and ſtrong Averſion to him, that his very Name was horrid unto her Ear: for ſince ſhe underſtood you had ſaved the King her Brother's Life, ſhe became extreamly tender of yours: and when you pardoned *Artanus*, aud ſent him back, ſhe murmured a little (though ſhe did admire you) againſt that exceſſive Generoſity which moved you to deſire the King of *Pontus* not to puniſh him: yet notwithſtanding, ſhe negotiated ſo with the King her Brother, that ſhe procured his Baniſhment out of the Kingdom, with a ſtrict Command never to be ſeen in it again. Since this, Sir, until that famous Adventure when you took the King of *Pontus* Priſoner, and when we thought you Dead, I have nothing to relate, unleſs I ſhould entertain you with thoſe Sorrows which the Princeſs apprehended, for the Diſgrace of the King her Brother, and with her Lamentations for the long abſence of *Spitridates*. But ſince I ſhould thereby only abuſe your Patience, becauſe you may eaſily imagine it without my Relation, I ſhall only tell you, that the very next morning after you came wounded unto that Caſtle, where the Princeſs *Arbiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea* were, there came a Meſſenger from the King of *Pontus*, who was going unto the Princeſs *Ariminta* his Siſter with this Meſſage, that he was as much grieved for the Death of his Vanquiſher, as he was for the loſs of his own Liberty: ſince this Envoy did but only paſs by, and was not to ſtay in this Caſtle, where *Arbiana* and *Ariſtea* were, the Princeſs *Ariſtea* taking you for *Spitridates*, did write theſe few words only in a Letter.

Th

The Princeſs Ariſtea, *unto the Princeſs* Ariminta.

I *Hardly dare tell you that* Spitridates *is here, becauſe is here Wounded: yet ſince I cannot make a Secret of a thing which will add unto your Joy, I cannot conceal it.*

Ariſte

You may imagine with what variety of Appreheſions the Princeſs's Mind was poſſeſt upon the receipt o this Letter: and underſtanding by this Meſſenger that the King her Brother had loſt two Battels in one day; That he was taken Priſoner; that you were Dead: You, Sir, I ſay in whom the King her Brother had ſo great a hope, her Sorrows were ſo great, that ſhe could not perfectly reliſh any Joy at the pretended return of *Spitridates*, eſpecially hearing by the ſame Relation that he returned wounded: yet ſince Love, as they ſay, is a moſt Imperious Paſſion, and will be Soveraign in that Heart which is poſſeſſed with it; therefore ſhe would ſometimes rejoice and chear up her ſelf in hopes of ſeeing *Spitridates* again: but within two days after this, ſhe was deprived of that Hope; for the Princeſs *Ariſtea* did write again unto her how ſhe had been deceived by a moſt prodigious reſemblance, ſhe intimated by her Letter, that the Picture of the Princeſs *Ariminta* did undeceive her, when ſhe ſhewed it unto him whom ſhe took for her Brother; and the concluſion of the Letter was, that *Spitridates* was not returned; ſo that ſhe reſented the Misfortunes of her Brother the King of *Pontus*, without any Ingredient of Conſolation; but yet notwithſtanding preſently after, when ſhe heard of your being revived, as I may ſay, it was a great mitigation of her Sorrows, eſpecially when ſhe heard that it was you who was taken for *Spitridates*, at the Houſe of *Arbiana*; her hopes was, that you, Sir, being the moſt generous of Men, would treat her Brother the King of *Pontus* very well; and her hopes alſo was the more pleaſant unto her, that *Spitridates*, according to the Princeſs *Ariſtea's* Letter, would exactly reſemble him. In the mean time, ſince this Princeſs had a Soul which was capable of all things, ſhe began to caſt her Cares upon the buſineſs of State, but ſhe found them to be in extream Diſorder. The King of *Phrygia* was retreated, after the loſs of two Battels in a day, unto the furtheſt part of all *Bithynia*: and who when he was over the River *Sangar*, received intelligence, that *Cræſus* King of *Lydia* was entred into his Dominions with a puiſſant Army, ſo that he was conſtrained to look after his own Defence, and taken off from the Aſſiſtance of others: All his Regiments alſo were exceedingly ſhattered and weakned; but yet when the Princeſs did conceive that *Ciaxares* having the King of *Pontus* Priſoner, he would not make any new Attempts, ſince he was able to make his own Conditions, without any further hazard of his Forces, ſhe was then a little more at reſt.

But within a few days after, ſhe was extreamly aſtoniſhed to hear, that all the Souldiers, after the King was taken, did declare themſelves for *Arſamones*, and that all *Bithynia* was up in Arms in his behalf, and were reſolved to return under the Obedience of their Antient Lord. Moreover, that *Artanus*, who was one of high Quality, was returned into the Kingdom, and had alſo raiſed a great part of *Pontus*, and was himſelf retired unto a very conſiderable Town called *Cabira*, having beforehand ſuborned the Governor thereof with a good ſum of Money. Imagine, Sir, I beſeech you, in what an intangled Condition this young Princeſs was in, to ſee the King of *Pontus*, her Brother, a Priſoner, and that *Arſamones*, the Father of *Spitridates*, was not only Maſter of all *Bithynia*, but was alſo in the Head of an Army, ready to fall upon the Kingdom of *Pontus*; ſo that ſhe was conſtrained, with all the Power ſhe had, to oppoſe and make War againſt the Father of a Prince, who infinitely adored her, and whom ſhe her ſelf did not hate. She furthermore ſaw, that he who of all Men living ſhe moſt ſcorned, and had the greateſt averſion unto, had bandied a conſiderable Party againſt her, notwithſtanding

withſtanding his great affection unto her: She, poor Princeſs, had neither any Forces, nor Money to raiſe them; and that State was ſo imbroiled, that ſhe knew not whom to truſt; and in this pittiful diſtracted Condition, ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould be ſad or glad at the Abſence of *Spitridates*, for ſhe conceived it not fit for him to fight for her againſt his own Father, neither did ſhe deſire he ſhould fight for his Father againſt her; ſo that not knowing either what to wiſh, or what to do, ſhe prayed unto Gods to deliver her out of this Gulph of Misfortunes. But in concluſion, Sir, your Generoſity not deceiving her Hopes, but ſetting the King of *Pontus* at liberty, unto whom you gave conſiderable Auxiliaries under the Conduct of *Artaxes*, we received this Intelligence with all Acclamations of Joy; and indeed the people of *Heraclea* took freſh Heart, when they heard their Prince was ſet at liberty after ſo generous a manner, publick Rejoicings were appointed, and the glorious Name of *Artamenes* was as highly celebrated in *Heraclea*, as it was in *Sinope* or *Themiſcira*. The Princeſs then hearing the King was upon his return, would go to meet him, and ſince we knew there was none of *Arſamones* his Troops that way which he was to come, we went two days Journy before to meet him; but to our great Misfortune we fell into an Ambuſcado which waited for us in a Forreſt, and carried us a blind Way which was unknown unto us; we knew not whether they would carry us unto *Arſamones* or *Artanus*, and in the choice of theſe two, the Princeſs knew not which to wiſh; for if it ſhould be unto *Arſamones*, though ſhe was in hopes of much mildneſs from him, by the meditation of the Princeſs *Arbiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, yet ſhe imagined that the King her Brother might perhaps ſuſpect ſhe did voluntarily fall into his Hands, ſince he was not ignorant of her Affection unto *Spitridates*, though he could not be ignorant that *Arſamones* did hate his Son for loving her; yet notwithſtanding the very Name of *Artanus* was ſo averſe unto her Fancy, that at the hazard of being ill uſed by *Arſamones*, or ſuſpected by the King her Brother, ſhe wiſhed rather to be carried into *Bithynia*, than unto *Cabira*, under the Power of ſuch a Man: But yet the choice was not in her, for towards Night we were brought unto *Artanus*, who, as amorous as he was, durſt not venture himſelf in this Enterprize, but committed the carriage of the Buſineſs unto a reſolute Souldier, who heretofore was one of thoſe who conſpired againſt your Life. When the Princeſs ſaw *Artanus* in the Head of two hundred Horſe ready to receive her, ſhe was ſurprized; for though he was known to be a very Coward, yet ſince to be a Mutineer and a Rebel is ſufficient to raiſe a Party, his was not ſmall, and we were much grieved to ſee ſo many gallant Men obeying ſuch a Captain; but we were forced to ſubmit unto Fortune, and be carried into *Cabira*, where he was Maſter, and in which there was a Caſtle of great ſtrength, wherein he lodged us: I will not ſtay to relate unto you, Sir, all the Inſolencies of *Artanus*, for it is enough that you know him a Coward, to imagine how he would lay aſide all due reſpects when he is once the ſtronger; and ſince it is moſt ordinary to ſee them who want courage, never to be ſubmiſſive but when they are weak, yet he met with a Soul ſo great in the Princeſs, and ſo reſolute a Spirit, that maugre all his inſolence, ſhe ſo charmed him, that he durſt hardly come into her Chamber, or to ſee her. Mean while the King of *Pontus*, as afterwards we heard, came to *Heraclea*, and was extreamly angry at the carrying away of the Princeſs his Siſter; but as the ſtate of things ſtood, he durſt not by any means divide his Army, and he knew that *Arſamones* was ſo ſtrong, that it would not permit him to continue a Siege; and therefore ſince his Buſineſs was either to relieve a Siſter, or to ſave two Crowns, I believe common Policy might eaſily incline him unto the latter, rather than the firſt.

The Condition of things ſtanding thus, *Artanus* was ſo impudent as to ſend unto the King of *Pontus*, and offer unto him his Forces, upon Condition of his conſent unto the Marriage betwixt himſelf and the Princeſs *Arimінta*: but the King would not hearken unto any ſuch Propoſitions, anſwering him, That if he had a deſire to vanquiſh his Enemies without any trouble, he would wiſh them ſuch aid as he offered; and alſo bidding him have a care how he uſed the Princeſs his Siſter, becauſe as ſoon as he had finiſhed the *Bithynian* War, he would then call him to a ſtrict account for all his demeanour. You may imagine then, Sir, in what a Condition the Princeſs was in, who knew of all theſe Paſſages by one of her Guards, who was ſuborned unto it: For when ſhe imagined that *Arſamones* would kill the King her Brother, or that the King her Brother would kill the Father of *Spitridates*, ſhe did abſolutely loſe her Reaſon. In the mean while the King of *Pontus*, after he had rallied all the Forces he was able, went into the Field to oppoſe *Arſamones*, who was already Maſter of a great part of the Kingdom of *Pontus*, and in the firſt encounter the Prince *Euriclides* was ſlain, which much grieved *Arſamones*. But, Sir, why ſhould I buſy my ſelf in relating the particulars of a War which is known all over *Aſia?* It is enough that I acquaint you how this Prince, as gallant as he was, yet was he almoſt quite beaten; that which contributed much unto his ruin, was *Aribeus*, who calling away his Brother with all his Forces, did much weaken him; and though the King of *Pontus* would not conſent unto it, becauſe it was done without any order, either from *Ciaxares* or you, yet *Artaxes* obeyed the abſolute Authority of *Aribeus*, who was then Governour of *Sinope*; ſo that this Prince being much weakned thereby, was forced to make a retreat into *Heraclea*, and to ſtay there until he had raiſed freſh Forces, and be able to come again into the Field: But, Sir, he had not time for it, for *Arſamones*, after that the Prince *Intaphernes* the Son of *Gadates* was come unto him, not omitting ſuch a favourable opportunity, advanced with his Army, and beſieged him within the capital City of all his Kingdom, which indeed was the only place that remained under his Obedience, for that part which was not ſubjected unto *Arſamones*, yet took part with *Artanus*. We underſtood by ſeveral Relations whilſt we were in *Cabira*, how the King of *Pontus* during this Siege, did do ſuch Miracles, as that it may well be ſaid he deſerved a hundred Crowns in loſing his own: But however, ſeeing his Enemies were not only Maſters of all without the Town, but alſo of one of the Gates, and that they had now nothing to do but to enforce the laſt Entrenchment; ſince he had no mind to fall alive into the Hands of *Arſamones*, he reſolved to fly away in a Ship, and to go and offer his Sword unto *Ciaxares* towards the delivery of the Princeſs *Mandana*, of whoſe carrying away he had heard with unconceiveable Sorrow, and hoping that after this you would aid him to recover his Dominions. And indeed he did execute the firſt part of his Deſign, for he went out of *Heraclea*, not any thing of two flouriſhing Kingdoms remaining unto him, but the Title of King, which Fortune could not deprive him of. When the Princeſs received this ſad News, ſhe reſented it with inſupportable Sorrow: for, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that the inſolent *Artanus* aſſuming new boldneſs upon this new Misfortune, came unto her with more incivility than ever before we ſaw him. Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince I ever thought that the ſtrongeſt Reaſon which moved you to treat me ſo imperiouſly as you have done, was, becauſe I was a Subject unto the King your Brother, I think it therefore expedient to let you know, that now he muſt never be my Maſter again, ſince Fortune has taken from him his Crown, and two Kingdoms which he enjoyed, and has nothing left him but one ſingle Ship, in which he has conveyed himſelf away from his Enemies; therefore, Madam, ſince you are not now the Siſter of a King, you may well look upon my Condition as not Inferiour unto yours, and for the future carry your ſelf otherwiſe than heretofore you have done. 'Since you have only the Heart of a Slave, replied the Princeſs, I ſhould do you too much Honour to regard you as a ſimple Subject of the King my Brother's; and though Fortune ſhould take away his Crown, yet ſince ſhe cannot take away his Birth, which is infinitely above yours, ſhe therefore cannot change my Opinion of you; and though you had more Crowns than the King my Brother has loſt, yet ſhould I deſpiſe and ſcorn you upon your Throne, as much as I do now; and though there ſhould be an Alteration in your Soul, (as I think it mpoſſible,) yet ſhould you never ſee me change; therefore *Artanus* conſider a little better what you ſay, and remember that my Fathers were ever Maſters over yours; that I have the Honour to be Daughter and Siſter unto three Princes, unto whom I have ſeen you ſubject, and indeed there is an undiſpenſable Obligation lies upon you, to reſpect and honour me all the days of your Life. The Princeſs pronounced theſe Words with ſo much majeſtick Choler, that ſhe made him bluſh, and forced him to make a ſcurvy excuſe for his Inſolency, and at laſt to leave her at liberty to lament the diſgrace of the King her Brother, which we had a more particular Relation of from that Guard which was very faithful unto us. Alas, *Heſionida*, ſaid ſhe, how deplorable is my Deſtiny? and unto what a cruel Fate am I expoſed? I was born upon a Throne, and am now a Slave, and a Slave unto him that is the moſt unworthy amongſt Men: If I conſider the Misfortunes of my Brother, I have not Tears enough to lament them; If I contemplate my own Misfortunes, I ſhall find them ſo diſmal that I ſee no way but Death to terminate them: hitherto I have loved *Spitridates* moſt innocently, the late King my Father deſired it, the Prince and King *Sinneſis* my Brother appointed it. But now, *Heſionida*, ſince he is Son to an Uſurper of my Brother's Kingdom, and a Ruiner of my Family, how is it poſſible I ſhould love him without Sin? But, Madam, ſaid I unto her, *Spitridates* was not in this War. 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, but yet he is Son unto the Uſurper of the Kingdom of *Pontus*; ſo that though my Reaſon does not induce me to accuſe him, yet it is not handſom or fit I ſhould love him any longer; therefore, *Heſionida*, whether he be innocent or culpable, I ought not to ſee him any more, though he were in a place where I might do it. Moreover, in what part of the Earth could he poſſibly be, where he could not hear the *Pontean* and *Bithynian* War diſcourſed on? and is it credible, that ſince he muſt needs know the ſtate of things, I ſhould never hear any news from him? If he was fuller of Ambition than Love, why did he not appear in the Head of his Father's Army? and if he was fuller of Love than Ambition, why does he not endeavour to deliver me out of the Hands of *Artanus*? and why did he not let me know that his Heart did not approve of what *Arſamones* his Father had done? I confeſs, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that I cannot underſtand why *Spitridates* ſhould be ſo long ſilent: No more can I, replied the Princeſs, and therefore in all reaſon I muſt imagine him dead; but I wiſh the Gods he may not juſtify himſelf in my opinion by ſo ſad a way. If I ſhould, Sir, repeat unto you all the Lamentations and Reflections which the Princeſs had upon the King her Brother's Misfortunes, upon the Mutability of terrene things, and upon the innocent Paſſions of her Soul, I ſhould abuſe your Patience; therefore I ſhall ſlightly paſs by them, and tell you, that *Artanus* conſidering himſelf under the verge of a victorious Army, commanded by a Prince who had conquered two Kingdoms, he was not without ſome unquiet Thoughts; for although he had very gallant Men in his Party, yet was he not at all grown more valiant himſelf; and notwithſtanding all his Love unto the Princeſs, I believe he repented more than once of his Undertakings: He alſo ſent unto *Arſamones* to capitulate and propound ſome Conditions betwixt them. But ſince he deſired that *Cabira* ſhould remain in his Hands for his Security, and that he might always keep the Princeſs *Arſminta* under his Power, *Arſamones* abſolutely deſiring it himſelf, would not hearken unto him, nor handſomly entertain thoſe which came from him; ſo that after this refuſal, *Artanus* was more perplexed than before: 'Tis true, he enjoyed ſome Days of reſt, becauſe *Arſamones* falling ſick, it retarded the March of his Army which was coming againſt him. As things ſtood in this Condition, there came a Cavalier into *Heraclea*, where then the Queen *Arbiana* was (for it is but juſt to give her that Title which is her due) there came I ſay a Cavalier, who on his Buckler bore the Emblem of a Slave, which ſeemed to have his choice either of Fetters or Crowns, and he broke the laſt, and aſſumed the firſt, with this Motto, *More heavy, but more glorious*: As it was late when he came, ſo he was unknown at his entrance into the Town, and his Deviſe was not obſerved that Night; but as ſoon as he alighted from his Horſe, at the Houſe of an old Acquaintance, he went unto the Palace where the Queen and Princeſs were; as for *Arſamones* he was yet ſick in the Country, whither theſe Princeſſes (with the Princeſs *Iſtrina* Siſter unto *Intaphernis*, who was then in that Court) were the next Morning to go. This Cavalier went ſtraight unto the Chamber of the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and deſired a Servant to tell her there was a Stranger which deſired to ſpeak with her in private, concerning ſome important Buſineſs; the Servant told him, that ſhe was with the Queen in her Cloſet, into which he durſt not enter; but he was ſo urgent with him to tell it unto them both, that thinking the Buſineſs was of ſome great conſequence, that he went in, and returned preſently back to bring him in: But Sir, he was no ſooner ſtepped into the Cloſet, but the Queen, riſing up, was extreamly ſurprized: I am very glad (ſaid ſhe unto him) to ſee you in a better Condition than you were the laſt time I ſaw you in *Bithynia*, and when I miſtook the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* for the unfortunate *Spitridates*. Madam, you give me a very glorious name (replied the right *Spitridates*, for indeed it was he whom the Queen *Arbiana* took for you,) but yet I wonder that you ſhould not know me. The Princeſs *Ariſtea* taking a Candle, and looking him in the Face, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto the Queen, without all doubt he whom now you ſee is my Brother, and not *Artamenes*. *Spitridates* who had ſeveral times been taken for another in his Travels, was not leſs ſurprized, than if he had not been formerly miſtaken; therefore telling them many Paſſages which none but they could know, they then knew him, and expreſſed all the ſigns of Joy and Tenderneſs that poſſible could be at the meeting of one ſo dear unto them, whom they never thought to ſee again. Since the Queen his Mother did always love him, ſhe had uſed all poſſible Endeavours to molify the incenſed Spirit of *Arſamones*, but ſhe could never move him unto it; yet becauſe ſhe would not perplex this Prince at the firſt meeting, ſhe ſpoke not any thing concerning it unto him, but only told him after ſome two hours conference, that he muſt not let it be known he was in *Heraclea*, until ſhe had ſpoken with him. After this he went a back-way unto his Chamber, where ſome Tears were beſtowed upon the Memory of *Euriclides*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea* ſtaid with him, who had not ſeen him ſince the Death of *Sinneſis*, in the Memory of whom both ſighed; but before he entred into diſcourſe of any thing elſe, he asked concerning the Princeſs *Ariminta*. I cannot, Sir, expreſs the Sorrows which *Spitridates* reſented to ſee himſelf in that place where firſt he began to love the Princeſs, and ſhe him; nor can I deſcribe his grief of Heart when he conſidered that it was his own Father who was the cauſe ſhe was not here now. Moreover, when he fancied her to be in the clutches of *Artanus*, he was almoſt out of his Senſes, and it was long before he could give Satisfaction unto the Princeſs his Siſter, who deſired to know what Adventures he met with ſince ſhe ſaw him: But after many ſad Condolements, he told her (as we knew afterwards from himſelf) that when he was diſguiſed in *Paphlagonia*, he writ a Letter unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, to ask her whether it were her Pleaſure he ſhould come and offer himſelf unto the King her Brother, who was then beginning the *Cappadocian* War, and that in lieu of receiving ſuch an Anſwer as he expected, he had received from the Princeſs the moſt cruel Letter in the World, and ſuch a one as made him amazed to ſee it: And as the Princeſs *Ariſtea* told him, that without all manner of queſtion there had been ſome cheat put upon him, he pulled out thoſe two Letters which he always kept about him ever ſince he received them, and ſhewing them unto her, ſhe found them to this Effect.

Ariminta *unto* Spitridates.

Come not hither to offer your ſelf unto the King my Brother, but rather ſeek out for your ſelf a Sanctuary, in ſome Place of the World ſo far from me, that you may forget, even the very name of

Ariminta.

Oh Brother (cried out the Princeſs *Ariſtea*) my Eyes tell me, that the Princeſs *Ariminta* writ this Letter, but my reaſon aſſures me, that ſhe never thought it: Afterwards, without ſtaying for *Spitridates* his Anſwer, ſhe opened the other, and found theſe Words.

Heſionida *unto the Prince* Spitridates.

IT grieves me to tell you, that Glory is above all things predominate in the Heart of the Princeſs: and ſhe is ſo peremptorily reſolved to obey the King, to quench her Affection unto you, and to forget it, that no Arguments under Heaven can alter her. Conform therefore your Mind unto your Fortune if you can; and ſince you are generous, ſtrive to forget her who is abſolutely reſolved never to remember you.

Heſionida.

I leave it unto your Imagination (ſaid the Prince *Spitridates*, as ſoon as the Princeſs his Siſter had done reading theſe two Letters) what I apprehended, after I received what now you have read. I do eaſily imagine, ſaid ſhe, but ſince I am certain that ſome or other has put a trick upon you, I am not ſurprized at it: for truly, ſaid ſhe, as long as the *Cappadocian* War laſted, I continually received intelligence from the Princeſs *Ariminta*, as I was wont to do: ſhe always enquired concerning you with extream Care; ſhe has ſecretly done us an hundred good Offices: and until the time ſhe was taken away by *Artanus*, we ever held a good correſpondency together; eſpecially ſince the War began between my Father, and the King of *Pontus*. Moreover, when the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* came into *Bithynia*; and when we thought it had been you, who returned thither, ſhe expreſſed abundance of Joy, when I did intimate it unto her by a Letter, and I am certain that ſhe was as ſad when we acquainted her with our Miſtake: But, ſaid ſhe, I muſt compare this pretended Letter from the Princeſs *Ariminta* with ſome which I have; and ſaying ſo, ſhe opened a Cabinet which was upon the Table in her Cloſet, and taking ſeveral Letters out, ſhe ſet her ſelf to obſerve them very exactly; and ſhe found much difference in many Characters: At the firſt Sight all the World might have been deceived; but none could be ſo deluded that ſaw the falſe Letter compared with the true one. *Spitridates* was ſo overjoyed at his Hopes of being deceived, that for a quarter of an Hour he could hardly perſwade himſelf that it was a Cheat, but ſeemed to doubt of it, to the end he might move *Ariſtea* to give him mine Aſſurance of it, and to have a pretence to look longer upon the great difference between the Hands. But how may it be imagined, ſaid *Spitridates*, this Cheat ſhould come about? *Pharnaces* was not a Man likely to do it: No, ſaid the Princeſs, but *Artanus* may probably be ſuch a Knave; and indeed Sir, (as we afterwards came to know) it was he, who having diſcovered that *Spitridates* had ſent unto *Heraclea* by that Captain of the Tower, wherein he was a Priſoner, cauſed this Man who had the true anſwer from the Princeſs, and me, to be followed, his Letters were taken from him, and carried unto a Man, who was excellent at imitating of Hands, to be counterfeited: It happened, for the favour of his Cheat, that this Man who had the Letters, was brought up in the Houſe of *Artanus* his Father, unknown unto *Spitridates*, ſo that knowing him to be the Son of his old Maſter, he was eaſily ſuborned to carry the counterfeited Letters of *Artanus*, which cauſed leſs knavery to be ſuſpected. That which moved *Artanus* unto this, was becauſe he hoped the great courage of *Pharnaces* would cauſe him to be killed in this War, and then if he could but ſend *Spitridates* far enough, he himſelf ſhould then be the only Man of Quality in all the Kingdom, which could pretend unto the Princeſs. After that *Spitridates* was well confirmed in his belief of being deceived, he related with a far more calm Mind than before, the diſpair which he was in, and how he reſolved to ſeek out a Death ſomewhere ſo far off the Princeſs, that ſhe ſhould never hear any more news of him: How in this ſad Deſign, he went unto that Port which was neareſt, and to imbark in the firſt Ship which put to Sail, without ſo much as asking whither it went: How by chance it was a Merchants Ship of *Tenedos* which took him in: How from thence he went to *Epheſus*, becauſe Reports went that *Crœſus* would aſſault it: How he was in all that War, and yet could not meet with Death, although he did ſufficiently expoſe himſelf unto all Dangers: How remembring himſelf, that if he would follow the Ambition of *Arſamones*, rather than the Love of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, he might be a King; and that he preferred the Fetters of *Ariminta*, before the Crown of *Bithynia*, he cauſed to be painted upon his Buckler, a Slave, who refuſed Crowns, and made choice of Chains, as I already told you: How after the Concluſion of that War, he imbarqued again for *Cyprus*, hoping that Iſland which was conſecrated unto the Mother of Love, would be more propitious unto him, than any other; but conceiving that Journey too pleaſant for an unfortunate Man, he paſſed into *Sicilie*: afterwards, not being able to ſtay in any Place, he would needs put to Sea again, had he not met with a *Perſian Magi*, who being new come aſhore, did render him all imaginable Honour; ſpeaking an hundred things in a Language which he underſtood not. An Interpretor which he carried with him for the conveniency of his Travel, told *Spitridates* how this Man was a *Perſian*, who took him to be the Son of his King, whom Merchants had reported to be drowned at *Chalcedonia*: *Spitridates* hearing this, anſwered him by the Interpretor, that he was not a *Perſian*: that it was very true it was ſuppoſed he was drowned at *Chalcedonia*, but he was not: But whatſoever this Interpretor ſaid, this *Perſian* would not be perſwaded but all that *Spitridates* ſaid was but Excuſes. In concluſion, Sir, he was ſo importunate with *Spitridates*, to confeſs that which he was ignorant of, as he was forced to leave him: But this Man going unto the Magiſtrate of the Town, told him, that the King his Maſter, had loſt his only Son, and Succeſſour unto his Dominions, who for ſome concealed Reaſons, would not return into his Country; and how that by chance he had met with him, that he was in this Town, and ready to imbarque away. He conjured the Magiſtrate to arreſt him, and to ſend him back unto the King his Father: ſo that this Magiſtrate finding the *Perſian* of a grave Phiſiognomy, and had acquaintance with the greateſt and wiſeſt Men in the Town, ſent Orders to ſtop *Spitridates*, as being Son to the King of *Perſia*, and to treat him with all reſpect as befitting his Quality. You may eaſily imagine that this Prince was extreamly amazed at it; he uſed all his Arguments to undeceive theſe Men, but the more he denied, the more this *Perſian* maintained that he was *Cyrus*.

In Concluſion, the Magiſtrate ſent both *Spitridates* and this *Perſian* unto the Prince of the Place, who after he had heard them both, and fearing to commit an Error, did ſend them both unto the King of *Perſia*, and made choice of a Man of a good Ingenuity and Quality for this Imployment, and ſay what *Spitridates* could, he was ſent away with a great Number of Souldiers. I ſhall omit the Relation of his Melancholy during ſo long a Voyage, during all which time he was guarded very vigilantly: I ſhall only acquaint you, that the *Perſian Magi* died during this Voyage: and being come into *Perſia*, where the Embaſſador which went with them, heard that all the People believed *Cyrus* to be dead; and that the Merchants ſaw him drowned, he began to believe *Spitridates*, conceiving he had no reaſon to conceal his being the Son of a King, as really he was ſo: But ſo it happened that this Embaſſador fell ſick as well as the *Magi*, and died for Company: ſo that *Spitridates* was now at more Liberty, and ſtole away from this Embaſſadors Men, when they were in the height of their Mourning: but yet notwithſtanding, he was often in Danger to be ſtopped by ſeveral others who took him to be you, Sir: And ſince he was reſolved to draw nearer the Place where we were, that he might hear in what part of the World his Princeſs was, he paſſed out of *Perſia*, into *Media*, where he was alſo followed divers times, not knowing the reaſon why: Afterwards being come as far as the Frontiers of *Galatia*, there he heard of the *Bythinian* Rebellion, and of the War which the King his Father had declared againſt the King of *Pontus*; alſo he did afterwards tell the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, that this News did ſo cruelly perplex him, and he fell ſo extreamly ſick upon it, that never Man was more violently tormented: for hearing every Day a Relation of his Father's Victories, and alſo of Prince *Euriclides* his Death, he conceived this to be the worſt way to regain the Opinion of the Princeſs *Ariminta*: not that he wiſhed the King his Father were vanquiſhed, but that he himſelf knew not what to wiſh. In Concluſion (ſaid he unto the Princeſs *Ariſtea*) You ſee me here, dear Siſter, well recovered of my Sickneſs, againſt my Will, and deſiring your Advice, what Courſe I ſhall take: for though my Princeſs ſhould be perfidious unto me, yet would I deliver her out of the Hands of *Artanus*, where I underſtand ſhe is. That is not an eaſy matter for you to do, ſaid ſhe unto him, unleſs it be with the King's Forces: and the ſooner to induce him to ſee you, it is requiſite you ſeem as if you did not love that Princeſs: Ah, my dear Siſter, ſaid he, I cannot counterfeit, nor know I how to owe my good Fortune unto a Lie. But alas, ſaid he, what might my Princeſs think of my Silence during all theſe great Alterations? Perhaps ſhe imagines that I lurk quietly till the Wars be ended, that I afterwards would peaceably enjoy the Fruits of the Victory: but my Divine Princeſs, how unjuſt would you be in ſuch a thought? Well, Sir, after many ſuch like Complaints and Lamentations as theſe, *Spitridates* retired himſelf unto the place where he was to lodg; and *Ariſtea* told him before he left her, that the Prince *Intaphernes*, the Son of *Gadates*, who is now in the Army of *Ciaxares*, had done great Services unto the King his Father; and that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* his Siſter, came unto the Queen *Arbiana*, preſently after the Queen *Nitocris* died, who deſired it ſhould be ſo: After this, *Spitridates* went away, and the next Morning the Queen and Princeſs ſent unto him, with Advice to keep himſelf cloſe, until he heard from them, and that they were going unto the Camp where *Arſamones* was ſick: and ſince the Army was not above one Days Journy from *Heraclea*, they ſhould be there that ſame Night: But ſince they found *Arſamones* very ill, it was the next Day in the Morning, before they could acquaint him how they had received ſome News of *Spitridates*, but they did not tell him he was come, becauſe they would not expoſe him unto any Danger. *Arſamones* was much ſurprized at the News and Diſcourſe of *Arbiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea* obſerved both Aſtoniſhment and Anger in his Face: yet notwithſtanding his angry and tumultuous Thoughts, ſhe perceived ſome Signs of Joy mixed with them: And indeed ſince *Arſamones* had no other Son, though he had ſome Reſentments of Diſpleaſure againſt him, in reſpect of the King of *Pontus*, yet was he very glad and deſirous to ſee him that was to be his Succeſſor: Therefore after he had pauſed a while, If *Spitridates* (ſaid he unto the Queen his Wife) return with the Mind of a Slave, as he had when he broke out of Priſon, it is but fit he ſhould be fettered again; but if he return with ſuch a Mind as becomes a King, it is fit he ſhould be treated like ſuch a Prince as hereafter he may be. Therefore, Madam, ſaid he unto the Queen, let him know, if you pleaſe, that he himſelf is the Arbitrator of his own Deſtiny: and if he have a Mind to finiſh this War, which I have ſo proſperouſly begun, and bring the Princeſs *Ariminta* into my Hands as my Priſoner, I ſhall entertain him, and give him the Command of my Army: But if he think to return, and continue his Affection unto her, whom he ought to look upon as the Daughter and Siſter of our *Tyrants*, I ſhall let him ſee that I am Maſter of two Crowns which I have conquered, and can beſtow them upon whom I pleaſe: He has been long enough abſent, ſaid ſhe, to forget his Paſſion: therefore, (ſaid he, and looked upon the Princeſs *Ariſtea*) I give you a Commiſſion to dive into the Secrets of his Heart, and diſcover his real Thoughts: for I perceive you know more than yet you tell me, and perhaps he is already in *Heraclea.* *Arbiana* would have denied it; but it was after ſuch a manner, that ſhe more encreaſed the King's Belief, ſo that he ſaid unto them, No, no, if *Spitridates* be wiſe, let him not fear any thing: therefore if he be returned, as I believe he is, return you into *Heraclea,* (ſaid he unto the Princeſs his Daughter) and if you find him ſuch a one as I ſay, then bring him hither; but if he be not, I permit him to return unto his Exile again; yet I ſay, if he be come with Intentions of good Fortune unto me, and himſelf, let him come hither in all haſte, becauſe I would then imploy him, ſince I am not well my ſelf, againſt *Cabira,* and give *Artanus* no longer time to fortify it, and himſelf in it. The Queen hearing him ſay ſo, confeſſed the Truth: and the next Morning the Princeſs returned unto *Heraclea,* with private Inſtructions from the Queen, to deſire *Spitridates* that he would diſſemble his Love; and to tell him, that when *Ariminta* is under the Power of *Arſamones,* ſhe would intercede, and keep him from any rigorous treating of her: and that perhaps the rare Merits of that Princeſs would in Concluſion win *Arſamones* to favour her: and that to conclude all in one Word, he muſt neceſſarily force himſelf, and diſguiſe his Thoughts for a time. The Princeſs did negotiate with him very handſomly: for as ſoon as ſhe came to *Heraclea,* ſhe ſent to *Spitridates,* and uſed all poſſible Arguments expedient for the Buſineſs: But when ſhe found that he could not reſolve upon a Diſſimulation, What do you intend to do then, ſaid ſhe unto him? the Princeſs *Ariminta* is under the Hands of *Artanus,* where I believe ſhe is in a worſe Condition then ſhe would be under the Diſpoſe of my Father, and in *Heraclea,* where I might be ſerviceable unto her. Ah, dear Siſter, ſaid he, my Soul is ballanced betwixt two great Extreams: I do know very well that it is my Duty to get *Ariminta* out of the Power of *Artanus,* but I know alſo, that it does not become me to releaſe her, that ſhe may be again a Priſoner. Of two Evils the leaſt is to be choſen, replied the Princeſs, and, as I conceive, there is no Compariſon betwixt theſe two. *Spitridates* was then a long while ſilent, contemplating whether there was not a middle way between theſe two to be taken: but the more he thought upon it, the further was he from finding it: gladly would he have preſerved his Reſpects unto the King his Father; he wiſhed he were out of this vexing Neceſſity of diſguiſing his real Thoughts; he did moſt earneſtly deſire that the Kingdom of *Pontus* were reſtored unto him who loſt it, and keeping only the Kingdom of *Bithynia*, he might marry the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and ſo place her upon the Throne hereafter: But yet he knew well enough that *Arſamones* would never conſent unto ſuch Propoſitions; ſo that not knowing what Courſe to take, he was extreamly perplexed. Yet when he bethought himſelf that *Artanus* had the Power to perſecute the Princeſs; Well, my dear Siſter, ſaid he unuo her, I am too long in deliberating: and ſince I know that *Ariminta* is in the Power of my Rival, it is too much to conſider upon one Minute longer: Come then, let us go unto the King, and tell him, ſince he will needs have it ſo, that I am not at all in Love: let us tranſact like an Enemy, that I may hereafter appear a moſt real Lover: and let us not think it a Diſhonour to tell an innocent Lie, and to aſſume that Diſguiſe which I would never undertake, but to ſet the moſt glorious Princeſs in the World at Liberty. After much ſuch Diſcourſe as this, *Spitridates* promiſed the Ptinceſs *Ariſtea*, to carry the matter towards the King, as ſhe deſired: ſo that without any loſs of time both of them went to Court the next Morning, and would not admit of any Viſits in *Heraclea* until he had ſeen the King: when they were come unto the Camp, they underſtood that this News had ſo much troubled *Arſamones*, as he was worſe than he was before; and ſince the Departure of the Princeſs he expreſſed much Impatiency of ſeeing *Spitvidates*. He was no ſooner arrived, but it was told the King, who commanded him to enter preſently, and notwithſtanding his Sickneſs, he received him with many Teſtimonies of Tenderneſs: But after the firſt Paſſion, whereof he was not Maſter, he aſſumed a more ſerious and ſevere Countenance: *Spitridates*, ſaid he unto him, I muſt tell you, that if it be the Pleaſure of the Gods to diſpoſe of me, I would not have you to hold any Treaty, or contract any Alliance with thoſe unto whom we have been Slaves: And if you do, I do diſpenſe with all my Subjects, from acknowledging you as their Prince. Sir (ſaid *Spitridates* unto him, and bowed) Doubtleſs the Gods will permit you to enjoy your Conqueſts long, and I ſhall have leiſure enough hereafter to underſtand your Intentions more preciſely: Therefore it will ſuffice, if you will be pleaſed, to grace me ſo far as to tell me what Service I ſhall do you for the preſent, as I am your Subject, without any further Diſcourſe of what I ought to do when I am King, as yet I am not. It is my Intentions, anſwered the King, that if my Sickneſs continue, you ſhall command my Army: That you march againſt *Artanus*, and reduce *Arminta* into my Power. *Spitridates* did then bethink himſelf of ſome Words which would admit of an ambiguous ſenſe, which might both ſatisfy the Nicety of his Love, and might make the King believe that he would punctually obey him; and indeed, he did hit of it ſo handſomly, that the King was ſatisfied with his Anſwer, and imbraced him: after which being retired unto a very magnificent Tent which was prepared for him, he was viſited by *Intaphernes*, and all the Officers of the Army; for we were informed of all theſe Paſſages afterwards from *Spitridates* himſelf. Within three days after, the Phyſicians told *Arſamones*, that there was no danger in his Diſeaſe, but yet it would continue long; ſo that not to loſe time, he gave Orders unto *Spitridates* to go, and beſiege *Artanus*: yet appointing one of his Lieutenant-Generals to have an obſervant Eye upon all the Actions of this Prince. Then went *Arſamones* with the Queen, and the Princeſs his Daughter unto *Heraclea*; as for the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, ſhe was there before: So *Spitridates* departed for *Cabira*, the Prince *Intaphernes* being his principal Lieutenant-General, with whom he contracted a great League of Friendſhip. You may imagine, Sir, how much we were ſurprized, when we were informed, by our faithful Guard, that there arrived a Cavalier at *Heraclea*, having a Buckler, (as I told you before,) and afterwards that this Cavalier was *Spitridates*, and that this Prince was ſo gracious with the King his Father, that he made him General of his Army: Our wonder for a long time was ſo great, that our Words could not expreſs it; Joy to hear that *Spitridates* was alive, and the incertainty of his Deſign in coming againſt *Artanus*, did ſo divide the Mind of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, that ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould grieve or rejoice: However, Madam (ſaid I unto her, when ſhe began to grieve) I cannot chuſe but be extreamly glad to know that *Spitridates* is living. I have the ſame Reſentments, replied ſhe, but however, my Soul muſt needs be in much unquietneſs, for *Arſamones* has not altered his Opinion; and it ſeems to be almoſt without all Queſtion, that ſince *Spitridates* is in ſuch Favour with him, they are both of one Mind. Oh, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) cenſure not before you hear: But yet it is very likely, anſwered ſhe, that I am not miſtaken; a long abſence may eaſily bury all his Affection unto me in the Grave of Oblivion; and he may as eaſily prefer the enjoyment of two Kingdoms, above a Princeſs whom he has not a long time ſeen, and who has nothing but Misfortunes to her Portion. The truth is, *Heſionida*, if *Spitridates* do continue faithful, it is a Miracle: and if he do not, then doubtleſs it is the greateſt Misfortune that ever could happen unto me: ſo that not knowing whether I ſhould pray for or againſt him, whether he will ſet me at Liberty, or take me Priſoner, my Soul is in a moſt reſtleſs condition. I did all I could to leſſen her Fears, and fortify her hopes: But, to tell you truly, I do believe they both raigned ſucceſſively in her Heart for many days, and ſhe was not well reſolved in her ſelf. In the mean while *Artanus* was ſomething ſick upon the Buſineſs; the very Name of *Spitridates*, and of his return, did caſt him into a Qualm, nor could all the power of his Love cure him: ſince he had many brave and gallant Men with him, they moved him, much againſt his Mind, God knows, to go and meet their Enemy, and to hazard a Battel: at firſt, he did oppoſe the Motion, but afterwards fearing, that if he ſhould diſcover his Cowardiſe, then doubtleſs they would all forſake him, therefore he conſented unto them, and reſolved to be there himſelf: ſo that all the Regiments being drawn up under the Walls of the Town, where we were, he viewed them, and without bidding any Adieu unto the Princeſs, he departed, leaving her under the Guardſhip of a Captain, who was abſolutely his Creature. I ſhall not relate unto you, Sir, all the particulars of this War; only thus much in ſhort, that *Spitridates* was Victor, and the Coward *Artanus* being much againſt his will engaged in Fight, was mortally wounded by the Hand of *Spitridates*, who took him Priſoner; this perfidious Wretch living only ſo long as to confeſs the counterfeiting of the Princeſs's Letter and mine: The ſhattered part of this defeated Army fell into the Town, and all the Commanders conſulted what to do, and reſolved to receive their Orders from the Princeſs, hoping thereby to obtain more advantageous Conditions, by a treaty with *Spitridates*.

All the Captains then came unto her Chamber, whilſt we were altogether ignorant of any Paſſages, becauſe *Artanus* had taken that Guard, who was our Intelligencer, with him, and he was killed in the Battel. At the firſt ſight of them ſhe knew not how to interpret the Viſit; but one of them being Speaker for the reſt, ſaid thus unto her; Madam, we are come to beg pardon for our paſt Rebellion; we come to tell you that *Artanus* has loſt the Battel, and his Life, and we come to receive Orders from you, as the Daughter and Siſter of our Kings; therefore, Madam, we beſeech you let us know what is your pleaſure we ſhall do? whether you will render your ſelf, or whether it is your pleaſure we ſhould defend you againſt the Prince *Spitridates*? which of theſe two ways ſoever you are pleaſed to command, we are ready to obey you. You tell me of ſo many Wonders at once, ſaid ſhe, that I cannot upon a ſuddain preciſely reſolve you; but it is moſt certain that I muſt take no other part but the King my Brothers, and that his Enemies,

mies are and muſt be mine; and if they will not do us juſtice, it will be much more noble to die in defending our Selves, then cowardly to ſubmit: Yet ſince you are from Rebellious Subjects become my Protectors, I do conjure you to take ſuch Orders as are neceſſary for the preſervation of the Town, and not to attempt any thing without my knowledg; and for the preſent I conceive you have nothing elſe to do, but to defend your ſelves if they aſſault you. Here, Sir, was a great Alteration in our Fortune, our Guards became almoſt our Slaves, and the Priſoners command their Keepers. But all this while *Spitridates* was not without his Vexations amidſt all the Joys of his Victory, ſince he was not ſo abſolute Maſter of his Army that he could do what he would; ſo that in appearance he muſt carry himſelf as a mortal Enemy againſt the Princeſs, but really as a Man who preferred his Love unto her above all things elſe. He ſent then to ſummon the Town, *To render it ſelf unto his Diſcretion*, after he had ſurrounded it on all ſides, for he could do no otherwiſe, becauſe that Lieutenant-General, whom *Arſamones* did ſet as an Adjutant with him, was very ſevere and obſtinate. When the Princeſs heard that *Spitridaies* had ſent a Meſſenger, ſhe commanded him to be brought into her Preſence, and with an incenſed Spirit ſaid unto him; *Tell your Maſter, that the Princes of* Pontus *are not uſed to pay Obedience unto the Princes of* Bithynia, *but rather have been for a long time Obeyed; and that I could never have believed that the Siſter unto the Prince* Sinneſis *ſhould have been thus treated withal by* Spitridates: *and laſtly, ſince he goes ſo unjuſtly to work, he may aſſure himſelf he ſhall find it a greater Difficulty to overcome the Princeſs* Ariminta, *then he did in defeating Artamus.* After this Anſwer, the Herald departed, and the Princeſs being a liberty to condole with me, Well, *Heſimida* (ſaid ſhe unto me) what do you now think of *Spitridates?* I think that he is come to releaſe you, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) and I cannot ſuſpect that he deſires to have you in the Power of *Arſamones*, but in his own Power. Servitude is not the way to Liberty, replied ſhe, and very few Lovers uſe to releaſe thoſe they love by ſuch extraordinary ways. But, Madam, replied I, as the caſe is, what would you have *Spitridates* do? I know not, anſwered ſhe, and ſighed, but I am ſure I would not be brought under the Power of him who is the ruiner of my Family; yet *Heſionida*, I have no reaſon to complain againſt Fortune, but rather give her thanks, ſince ſhe has done all ſhe can to give me cauſe of excluding that tenderneſs which I kept in my Heart for *Spitridates*, becauſe he is Son unto the declared Enemy of the King my Brother. I ſhould never end, Sir, if I ſhould relate all what the Princeſs ſaid, and all that *Spitridates* thought upon the return of the Herald; for ſince he durſt not ſend any obliging Meſſage, leſt he ſhould render himſelf ſuſpected, he perceived by her Anſwer that ſhe did not think he diſſembled when he tranſacted with her as an Enemy; yet had he ſome conſolation, that the Commanders of *Artanus* his Army did obey her, and that it was her ſelf only with whom he was to treat; ſo that changing his Opinion, he call'd a Council of War the next day, where he declared, That there was no great Honour to be got by forcing a Town which was kept and defended only by a Princeſs, but that it were expedient, firſt to uſe all endeavours to reduce it otherwiſe, before it came to open Force; ſo that to ſave Blood, and the King his Father's Forces, and alſo carry the Matter handſomely with a Woman, he did reſolve to ſend and deſire to ſpeak with her: The major part of Officers, who began to love *Spitridates*, principally *Intaphernes*, did approve of his Deſign, and there was none who did oppoſe it but that Lieutenant-General, of whom I ſpake, and he did moſt violently oppoſe it, as afterwards we came to know: but do what he could, ſince the plurality of Voices carried it, he was forced to ſubmit, and *Spitridates* had his deſire.

He ſent then the ſecond time unto the Princeſs by one who was very faithful and truſty, with Orders moſt humbly to beſeech her, that he might have the honour to ſpeak with her, before he was forced to make any Attempts againſt her; he commanded him to tell her, that he conjured her by the glorious Name and Memory of the Prince *Sinneſis*, not to deny this Favour; and that ſhe would be pleaſed to believe that he is, and ever will be, the ſame *Spitridates* which once ſhe knew him. This Meſſenger received this Order in private, but he ſpoke in publick before all the Captains, with leſs tenderneſs, and more ſharply: Might he have followed the Humour of his Paſſion, he would never have thought upon the Security of his Perſon, but would have entred into the Town, and not ſo much as deſired her to engage her Word; but ſince he was not abſolutely his own Maſter, and not to render himſelf ſuſpected by his own Party, he beſeeched her ſhe would be pleaſed to come unto one ſide of the Wall, which was not very high, where he might with conveniency ſpeak unto her. Theſe, Sir, were the Orders which the Envoy of *Spitridates* received, whoſe coming was great Joy unto me, as well as to the Princeſs, who then began to hope ſhe had been deceived in her Opinion of that Prince; yet ſhe was ſo ſurprized at his Meſſage, that ſhe took two hours time before ſhe would return an Anſwer: and to colour the Matter, ſhe aſſembled all the Officers into a Council, though it was with me reſolved upon what courſe to follow; I ſaw ſome Joy in her Eyes, which ſpoke her hopes that this Prince was not ſo culpable as ſhe believed him; and I perceived alſo that ſhe was reſtleſs, and knew not whether ſhe ſhould ſee him, or not ſee him. Seeing her in this anxiety, I told her ſhe was too blame in making any doubt of the Matter. Ah, *Heſionida*, replied ſhe, It is not ſo eaſy a Matter to determine: for if *Spitridates* come as an ambitious Prince, who prefers the poſſeſſion of two Crowns before Me, I ought not to ſee him, ſince it would be to no Purpoſe: But if, on the contrary, he be the ſame he was, yet ought I not to ſee him, ſince it is impoſſible I ſhould be the ſame to him I have been heretofore; and the ſtate of Things being changed, I ought to change my Thoughts alſo; therefore, *Heſionida*, I muſt in reaſon conclude, that it is not expedient for me to ſee him; yet notwithſtanding, if they counſel me to ſee him, then I will; and if I find him Innocent, I ſhall not hate him. If he be Innocent, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) you would be very unjuſt to withdraw your Affection from him, and which way ſoever I look upon the Buſineſs, I find it expedient for you to ſee him; for though he be your Enemy, yet, as the caſe is with you now, you muſt have recourſe unto his Clemency; and if he be your Lover and Adorer, then ought you to accept his Services, and rely upon his Generoſity and Love. The truth is, Sir, I found it no great Difficulty to perſwade the Princeſs unto a Parley with him; but ſince my expectations from this Enterview were very great, ſo it might be in ſuch a Place where they might ſpeak together with Freedom, I told the Princeſs, that it would be much better if ſhe met *Spitridates* upon the middle of the Bridg, which ſtands over that River that runs under the Walls of the Town. After the Princeſs had well conſulted, and ſince all the Officers could not foreſee any happy iſſue of this Siege but by ſome advantageous Capitulation, and alſo ſince they ſaw no hopes of any Relief, they adviſed her to ſee *Spitridates*, and ſhe cauſed him whom the Prince had ſent to come unto her, to tell him that ſhe conſented unto the Deſire of his Maſter, commanding one of her Captains to ſhew him the place where ſhe deſired this Meeting might be next Morning, and alſo to inſtruct him in ſuch Orders as ſhould be obſerved, and during which time there ſhould be a Ceſſation of all Hoſtility. After this Meſſenger had viewed the Bridg, and returned to his Maſter, who approved of the alteration of the Place, the reſt of the Day and Night following was imployed in Preparations for this Enterview, and making the Place fit, which indeed was a moſt Glorious Sight: As the River was great, the Bridg over it was alſo very large and ſtately, ſo that it contributed much unto the magnificence of this Buſineſs; for juſt over the middle Arch were Liſts made ready, and covered with rich *Sidonian* Tapiſtry; over the Head was a rich and ſtately *Pavilion*, truſſed up on two ſides with Golden Strings, or to let down if the

Sun did offend; ſo that the next Morning *Spitridates*, who was all Joy, in hopes to ſee the Princeſs, did not fail of his Time, after he had drawn up all his Forces into *Battalia*, in ſight of the Town, and cauſed five hundred Foot, and two hundred Horſe only to advance with him to the end of the Bridg. The Princeſs on the other ſide commanded, that all the Walls ſhould be well lined with Souldiers, and with the like number of Horſe and Foot came to the other end of the Bridg: She no ſooner knew that *Spitridates* was come, but ſhe prepared to meet him, and that ſo Fair, as I was aſtoniſhed at the mixture of ſo much Melancholy, and ſo much Beauty together: Since the Sun was not likely to annoy, I moved her Women to dreſs her as ſhe was uſed when ſhe went to hunt at *Heraclea*, which was with a waving Plume over her Head, to caſt a ſhadow upon her Face. The Princeſs being thus dreſſed, went unto the end of the Bridg,and was waited upon by all her Women, and Commanders in her Army: as ſoon as ſhe appeared, *Spitridates* advanced, being waited upon by the like Number. The Princeſs came to the Bars, and went under the Pavilion, under which we were alſo, but at a diſtance behind her: *Spitridates* did wear the lovelieſt Sute of Arms upon Earth, and in ſpite of his Melancholy, his Garb was ſo high, and his Air ſo ſprightly and delighting, that I never ſaw him more glorious than that Day; as ſoon as he eſpied the Princeſs afar off, he ſaluted her with much reverence, and both of them meeting at the Bars at the ſame time, all the Men of both ſides remaining under their Colours and Arms,*Spitridates* did bow down to the very ground, and ſhe returned him her Complement very civilly. Afterwards began his diſcourſe: When I ſent unto you, Madam, (ſaid he) to beg the honour of treating with you, I never had any intentions of coming to capitulate with you,but in all humility I come to receive your Commands, and to render you an Account of a tedious Exile, of my return, and of what I do at this preſent: Indeed, Divine Princeſs, if the Actions of the King my Father, have not rendred me unworthy of your Ear, I am come to give you an account of my Life paſt, and to hear from your own Mouth what it muſt be for the future. Since I hear you ſay ſo, (anſwered the Princeſs) I begin to think you are the very ſame *Spitridates* whom the late King my Father made choice of, for his Alliance; who was ſo well beloved by the Prince *Sinneſis*, and ſo really eſteemed by the unfortunate *Ariminta*; I begin to think, I ſay, that you are the ſame *Spitridates*, who for the Love of me endured two Impriſonments with high Generoſity; and who expreſſed an hundred ſigns of a moſt conſtant Affection: But yet, when I look upon this Bar, and all theſe Souldiers about you, then I do confeſs, me-thinks, you do not look like the ſame *Spitridates* I ſpeak of; but I look upon you as the Son of *Arſamones*, that is a mortal Enemy to the King my Brother.

Oh Madam, cryed he out, if it be your pleaſure to know what I am, I beſeech you hear; and look not upon that which may ſeduce your Reaſon, and may make me paſs in your Opinion for what I am not: I do confeſs, Madam, that if I did not infinitely, and beyond all Expreſſions, love you, I ſhould think my Father had ſome reaſon to take poſſeſſion of that Crown which was ſurreptitiouſly taken from off his Head: yet ſince he cannot do it but by the ruin of your Houſe, I ſhall look upon him (in ſpite of all Conſiderations of Ambition or Nature) as an Uſurper of his own Kingdom; and all this, becauſe my Love to you has taken the whole poſſeſſion of my Heart. You know, ſaid the Princeſs unto him, that *Arſamones* is not content with his own, but the Kingdom of *Pontus* is now in his Hands as well as the Kingdom of *Bithynia*; ſo that though his War were juſt in the getting of the one, yet it was moſt unjuſt in the getting of the other. I do confeſs it, Madam, ſaid he unto her, but if it may be permitted a Lover, to ſpeak ſomething in excuſe of his Father, I ſhould then ſay, that ſince Ambition and Revenge never uſe to keep within thoſe Limits which Reaſon and Juſtice preſcribe unto them; it is no wonder if an injured and an ambitious Prince do not act altogether according to the Rules of natural Equity: But, Madam,

dam, loving you as I do, I will never approve of the Aꝺ: I confeſs alſo that the King my Father is injurious; that he deſerves the Name of a cruel Enemy, and that I am the Son of an Uſurper: But, Madam, you may remember, if you pleaſe, that when I began firſt to adore you, you were then (if I may ſay it) in the ſame Condition which I am now, and I then as you are now; for as the King my Father has taken the Kingdom of *Pontus* from your Houſe, ſo likewiſe your Father held the Kingdom of *Bithynia* from mine; yet for all that, Madam, I ſhall love and adore you; and though you be the Daughter of an Uſurper, (be it ſpoken without any diſreſpeꝺ unto that honour I owe you) yet I do for ever devote my ſelf unto your Service. I do wiſh unto the Gods, with all the deſires of my Soul, that the ſtate of things did ſtand upon the ſame Terms they did; that I were ſtill a Subjeꝺ unto your Brother; and that it were then permitted me to hope for the ſame which now I do. Your very long abſence, replied the Princeſs, did doubtleſs work ſome change in your Mind, otherwiſe your Baniſhment, notwithſtanding my enjoyning it, would not have been ſo long. When *Spitridates* heard her make that Objeꝺion, he then told, in ſhort, the cauſe of his departure from *Paphlagonia*; the cheat of *Artanus*; his diſpair when he believed her perfidious; his Voyages, his Return, and his extream Sorrows to hear of all the Viꝺories which his Father had obtained, and that ſhe was in the power of his Rival. And now, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, at the concluſion of his Relation) you know not what the Life of unfortunate *Spitridates* hath been; he loved ever, even when the King your Father detained that Kingdom unto which he might pretend for a ſhare, and he adored you even then when he believed you to be perfidious; he lamented all his Father's Viꝺories; he grieved at the Conqueſt of two Kingdoms; he has preferred the Condition of your Slave, before the glorious Title of a King; and he ſtill does, and ever will adore you, be you unjuſt, or as incenſed as you will againſt him; he is ſo fully devoted unto you, that there is nothing which he will not attempt for you. Yea, Madam, if you ſhould command me any thing but to turn my Arms againſt the King my Father, I ſhould do it; and truly if you ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to command that, I know not whether my Virtue were able to ſtand out againſt it. Now, after all this Madam, can you believe me culpable? I took up Arms, 'tis true, but it was only to kill *Artanus*, and force you out of his Hands: I carry them ſtill, I confeſs; but how could I have come to have known your Pleaſure, unleſs I had ſeemed your Enemy? Therefore, Madam, ſince I am only unfortunate, and not at all culpable, you would be moſt unjuſt if you ſhould change your opinion of me. Though you have fully perſwaded me of your innocency, replied the Princeſs, yet are you not nearer any happineſs; for truly, *Spitridates*, true Generoſity will never allow me to preſerve ſo pure an Affection as that which I retain for you, ſince you are Son unto a declared Enemy of the King my Brother: for, conſider, I pray you, in what a deplorable Condition is that Prince, who of two flouriſhing Kingdoms which once he had, has nothing but one poor Ship in his Power, and that too more in the power of unconſtant Winds and Waves, than in his own; and would you wiſh me, *Spitridates*, to ſurrender my ſelf without any Conditions? and can you think I ever will (if *Arſamones* would conſent) ſit upon that Throne which belongs not to me, whilſt the King my Brother who has moſt right unto it, is toſſed upon the Waves, and languiſhing in a miſerable Exile? No, no, I never will; and if you think it, you eſteem me but a little, and know me not at all: I have eſteemed you, I do confeſs, and do ſtill very much; and if this phraſe be too weak to expreſs, think upon one more obliging for your Satisfaction, and I will conſent unto it; but yet for all that, though my Heart be the ſame unto you, that it was at *Heraclea*, yet I cannot comply with you, but as with the Son of mine Enemy: therefore, *Spitridates*, one of theſe two things muſt neceſſarily be done; either move the King your Father to content himſelf with the Kingdom of *Bithynia*, and reſtore the Kingdom of *Pontus*, or elſe you reſolve never to have this Place but by Violence and Force, or at the leaſt upon ſuch Capitulations, as ſhall permit me to go whither I ſhall hear the King my Brother is: for I do peremptorily declare my ſelf, that you ſhall never put me into the Hands of *Arſamones*, and there is nothing which I will leave unattempted, rather then I will ſubmit unto that. I know very well that the Queen *Arbiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariſtea* would protect me; but I know withal, that all *Aſia* would ſuſpect me for either Treachery, or Weakneſs, which I am not capable of; therefore, *Spitridates*, never endeavour to make me change my Thoughts, for it will be abſolutely in vain; and if there be any memory of the Prince *Sinneſis* yet remaining in you, promiſe me that you will never bring me under the Power of *Arſamones*, if Fortune ſhould reduce me into yours. I will promiſe you any thing, Madam, replied he, upon condition you will promiſe me not to hate *Spitridates*, if he be not able to compaſs all your deſires. The Gods do know, that if I were abſolute Maſter of two Kingdoms, you, and only you, ſhould be the ſole Diſpoſer of them; and I ſhould without the leaſt murmur conſent unto the loſs of the *Bithynian* Crown once again, rather than I would in the leaſt diſpleaſe you. But alas, Madam, they are not in my Power, the King my Father is in Poſſeſſion, and all I can do is to imploy the Queen my Mother, and the Princeſs my Siſter to perſwade him; for my part, if I ſhould quit the Army, I ſhould then fear he would not permit me to return, and ſo I ſhould diſable my ſelf from being inſeparably devoted unto your Fortunes, as my Intentions are: But Madam, may I be ſo bold as to tell you, that if *Spitridates* were as deeply rooted in your Heart as he might be, you would not tranſact thus with him? You would then leave the conduct of things unto the Gods, and wait their happy time for the Re-eſtabliſhment of the King your Brother; nor would you then reject a Prince who for you has ſuffered Priſons, Baniſhments, and all imaginable Miſeries; and who may hereafter make you change a Priſon for a Throne, and bring you into a condition to give a Crown unto the King of *Pontus:* Not, Madam, but that I am reſolved to obey you moſt exactly, but becauſe I foreſee into what a miſerable extremity I ſhall be reduced. I do not intend to impoſe any Impoſſibilities upon you, replied the Princeſs, ſomething more mildly, and therefore, if you cannot obtain theſe my deſires, I ſhall ſurrender up the Town, upon condition that I may be conducted unto what place I ſhall chuſe to go unto; and if that cannot be obtained, then aſſure your ſelf I will bury my ſelf under the Ruins of the Ramparts, whilſt you enjoy the pleaſant Fruits of your Father's Conqueſts, and making Love ſubmit unto Ambition, by forgetting the Princeſs *Ariminta*, you become as happy as I am miſerable. Ah cruel Lady, ſaid he unto her, I ſhall make it appear that I am not capable of any ſuch Thoughts: No, no, Madam, you ſhall never ſee *Spitridates* happy as long as you are miſerable; nor will he ever be a King, until you be in a condition to be a Queen, and this I ſolemnly proteſt before the Gods who hear me: But I beſeech you, Madam, promiſe me this at the leaſt, that when I have abandoned all the World for you, you will be pleaſed to let me follow and participate of your Deſtinies, and that I may never leave you. The Princeſs was ſo moved at the Expreſſions of *Spitridates*, that ſhe repented her ſelf that ſhe had ſo perplexed him; I will believe, ſaid ſhe unto him, that all your Thoughts are generous, and I will promiſe you, not to ſuſpect your Fidelity; and be perſwaded of this, that though I act as your Enemy in many things, yet you ſhall be ſtill the ſame in my Heart that ever you were; yet for all this, I muſt tell you, that in all likelihood we ſhall not agree. Oh Madam, ſaid he, that Language is ſo cruel, as it moves me to part with my Life, and ſo neither take your part, nor turn Arms againſt them I command: I am not of ſo violent a temper as you, replied ſhe; and as I do not intend to do any thing unworthy of my ſelf, ſo I do not expect or deſire any thing from you, which ſhall be diſhonourable for you: Therefore without any more unprofitable Complaints, ſaid ſhe, and ſighed, I adviſe you to go back, *Spitridates*, and endeavour to induce *Arſamones* unto ſome Reaſon; let thoſe whom you imploy, tell him, that the beſt Expedient to preſerve the Kingdom of *Bithynia* (which is his right) in Peace, is, to reſtore the Kingdom of *Pontus*, which is not his right: Go, *Spitridates*, and tranſact with all your Ingenuity, both for your Satisfaction, and mine; And if you cannot induce *Arſamones* unto it, yet however, remember that you preſerve my Liberty, if you deſire to preſerve my Life.

Spitridates was ſo troubled at theſe Words, as he hardly knew how to anſwer; Why Madam, ſaid he, would you have me leave you? Becauſe it is not convenient, anſwered ſhe: And let me tell you once more, *Spitridates*, becauſe I deſire to die in Liberty. And let me tell you once again, Madam, ſaid he, and interrupted her, That I deſire to die your Slave. It is not for thoſe who are happy, replied ſhe, to deſire Death. Nor is it for thoſe who are unfortunate, ſaid he, to deſire Life; and therefore, Madam, if I cannot alter either the Mind of the King my Father, or yours, though I ſhould ſet you at Liberty, yet ſhould I expect nothing but my Grave. Since your Life is, and ever ſhall be, moſt dear unto me, anſwered ſhe, I deſire you ſhould preſerve it: But, *Spitridates*, once more I adviſe you to retire, and tell your Captains that which I ſhall tell mine, which is, that you cannot give an anſwer unto my Propoſitions, before you have ſent unto the King your Father. Your Wits are at ſo much liberty, Madam, replied he, that I perceive your Heart is not over-deeply engaged. Since you have ſo great a Soul, replied ſhe, this Anſwer is not becoming you; but *Spitridates*, I will pardon you, and wiſh you would not think as you ſeem to do of me. In ſaying ſo, ſhe bowed unto him, and went away, agreeing firſt, that there ſhould be a ceſſation of Arms, until the Anſwer of *Arſamones* was received. For my part I never ſaw a more lamentable parting: *Spitridates* was as pale as if Death were in his Face; the Princeſs, for all her high Soul, ſeemed ſo dejected at that inſtant, as it might well have been a Cordial unto the Prince, had he been able to have diſcerned the ſadneſs of her Eyes. He looked after her as long as he could, but ſo Planet-ſtruck, that he knew not what he ſaw: When the Princeſs was gone ten or twelve Paces from the Bar, I ſtepped to him; Sir, ſaid I, Fortune offers you a good occaſion to uſe your Generoſity. Fortune, anſwered he, may be more propitious unto me in the favour of *Hiſionida*, who may do me many good offices to the Princeſs *Arimint a*. I ſhall do all I can, Sir, ſaid I, and retired, but in the mean time do you all you can. This was ſpoke ſo low and quickly, that none could hear or take any notice of it: And preſently after we went back to the Town, in which we no ſooner were, but *Spitridates*, ſince he could not ſee the Princeſs any longer, took Horſe, and retired to his Company. He told what ſhe appointed him unto his Officers, and not to loſe any time, he made choice of one *Democlides* to ſend unto *Arſamones*. This Man was one of an excellent Wit, and who loved the Prince extreamly, ſo that he could not make a better choice; and that he might the Letter underſtand all his Thoughts, he related all the Paſſages of his Life unto him: He gave him a Letter unto the Princeſs his Mother, and another unto the Princeſs his Siſter: He writ alſo unto the King his Father with all imaginable Submiſſion; he forgot nothing, which might probably induce him to be contented with the Reconqueſt of his own Kingdom, with the Uſurpation upon the Kingdom of another: He inſtructed *Democlides* with all the ſubtil and politick Maximes expedient for his Negotiation, and to perſwade *Arſamones*, that it were better to poſſeſs one Kingdom in Peace, than to have two upon terms of War. Whilſt *Spitridates* was diſpatching this Captain, the Princeſs was exceedingly grieved, and almoſt wiſhed that ſhe had not ſpoken unto him in ſo obliging a manner: Sometimes again, ſhe was very glad ſhe was not deceived in her choice, and that ſhe had no cauſe to repent her ſelf for loving *Spitridates*; but yet theſe Moments of Conſolation were very rare, for when ſhe conſidered the preſent condition of her Fortune, and looked upon the future, ſhe found ſo many ſad Objects of Sorrow, that all Hopes were as far from her Soul, as from the Prince's, who ſince the departure of *Democlides* was full of unquiet Thoughts and Fears, not to obtain any thing from *Arſamones*; and indeed his Apprehenſions were not without cauſe, for all the perſwaſive Arguments which the Queen and Princeſs could uſe, would not move the new King of *Bithynia.* This excellent Princeſs imployed all thoſe who had moſt prevalency with him, but all in vain. *Democlides* uſed all his politick Arguments wherewith he was inſtructed, but could not perſwade more than the reſt; the Tears of the Princeſs *Ariſtea* would not move him; but he anſwered them that moved him generouſly to reſtore the Kingdom of *Pontus* unto them it belonged, that when he and his had enjoyed the Crown of *Pontus* as long as the Father and the Grandfather of this King had enjoyed the Kingdom of *Bithynia*, then perhaps there would be ſome Juſtice in the Reſtitution demanded: I have (ſaid he) gotten it by more legitimate and honourable ways, than they uſurped ours; and it is but juſt, that they who have thus long fettered others, ſhould take their turn, and bear thoſe Fetters themſelves, that they may experimentally know the Miſeries of Servitude; and therefore it is my poſitive Pleaſure, that *Spitridates* aſſiſt me in taking this Town wherein the Princeſs *Ariminta* is, otherwiſe I ſhall let him know, that he who has not the Heart and Courage of a King, ſhall never be my Succeſſor; but treating him as a Slave, I will caſt him into Priſon with the Princeſs *Ariminta*, whom he loves above his own Honour. *Democlides*, according to the Inſtructions of *Spitridates*, did put him in memory of what he ſaid unto the Prince his Son, in the Ship as they departed from *Heraclea*, how he then ſaid he would not oppoſe his Marriage with this Princeſs. I remember it very well, ſaid he; but when I ſaid ſo, it was with this Condition, that he ſhould go in the Head of an Army to conquer two Kingdoms, and ſave me that labour; but ſince he has not performed the Condition, tell him, that as it was then diſhonourable for the Princeſs *Ariminta* to marry the Son of a Slave, ſo now at this time it is a ſhame for him to marry a Siſter of a conquered Uſurper, and the Slave of *Arſamones*, as e're long ſhe ſhall be; therefore tell him from me, that within theſe few days I will come unto the Camp my ſelf; and becauſe it will grieve him too much to captivate her whom he values above two Crowns, let him attempt nothing againſt *Cabira* until I come my ſelf; bid him endeavour to overcome himſelf, or otherwiſe he ſhall know the difference between a Scepter and a Priſon. You may imagine, Sir, how ſadly *Democlides* carried this Anſwer. The Queen did write unto the Prince her Son to comfort him; the Princeſs *Ariſtea* did the like; But O Heavens, how in vain were all Conſolations? *Democlides* underſtood at his coming away from *Heraclea*, that *Arſamones* ſent Orders unto the Lieutenant-General his Confident, that he ſhould keep a vigilant Eye upon *Spitridates*; and I underſtood afterwards by this *Democlides*, that the diſpair of *Spitridates* was ſo great when he received this rigid Anſwer from the King his Father, as it was likely to have coſt him his Life; yet was he very deſirous of the whole truth; and though *Democlides* had a deſire to have ſweetned the anſwer in the Relation, yet he durſt not, becauſe the King did ſpeak it ſo publikely before all the World, that *Spitridates* would certainly have known it by others, and then he had juſt cauſe of complaint againſt *Democlides* for concealing the truth, ſince it was that Anſwer upon which he intended to ground all his Reſolutions. What (ſaid he, after he had underſtood it) does the King my Father intend that the Princeſs *Ariminta* ſhall be his Slave? and that ſhe who deſerves a hundred Crowns, ſhall were Fetters? No, no, *Spitridates* cannot ſuffer it, or at the leaſt will attempt all ways poſſible to releaſe this incomparable and unfortunate Princeſs. Do you not admire, *Democlides*, ſaid he, at the ſtrange blindneſs of Men? The King my Father has all his Life complained againſt Uſurpers, and now he is become one himſelf purpoſely to make me unhappy; he, who if he pleaſe, may get unto himſelf immortal Glory, and make me the happieſt Man alive, whereas now he makes me the moſt miſerable: For, *Democlides*, to have got two Kingdoms, and to keep that only which he hath a right unto; and generouſly to reſtore the other, and then to beſtow the Princeſs *Ariminta* upon me, theſe would be things which all after-Ages would ſpeak on with Admiration; yet ſince he will not, indeed he will force me to forſake his Intereſts, though he be my Father, and my King; I muſt abſolutely diſobey him, and be all the reſt of my Life the moſt miſerable Prince upon Earth. But the greateſt wonder is, Sir, that though Ambition could never prevail againſt his Love, yet his Love did never exceſſively tranſport him againſt the King his Father; But maugre the violence of all his Sorrows, he began to contrive ways of releaſing the Princeſs, eſpecially ſince he newly received intelligence from the Princeſs *Ariſtea* his Siſter, that the King would be in the Army within theſe few days. He alſo perceived, that the Orders unto the Lieutenant-General were very vigilantly obſerved; but do what he could, *Spitridates* was ſo reſpected by the Commanders, and Souldiers, that he could not bring about this Deſign. To be ſhort, *Spitridates* did publickly ſend unto the Princeſs, to tell her, that the King his Father had not yet returned an Anſwer unto her Propoſitions, and that within a few days he would come himſelf, and bring the Anſwer. Mean while, after he had conſulted with *Democlides* how to releaſe the Princeſs, he commanded him to get into the Town diſguiſed like a Peaſant, which during the Ceſſation was no great difficulty; and that he ſhould go unto the Caſtle, and enquire for me, which accordingly he did: He delivered a Note unto me from *Spitridates*; the contents whereof was, That I ſhould give credit unto what *Democlides* ſhould tell me: ſo then, after he had delivered it unto me in private, he acquainted me with the ill ſucceſs of his Voyage, with the deſpair of *Spitridates*, and his Reſolution to releaſe the Princeſs, with the Orders that he had taken about it: he told me further, that the Troops which were under his particular Command, were quartered all along the River-ſide; That our beſt courſe would be to come out of the Town in the Night by Boat, and unto that Place where his Troops would wait for us, and be our convoy unto Sea, which was not above fifty Furlongs further, and that he had taken order for a Ship at the next Port: he told me further, that to move the Princeſs the more to truſt her ſelf with him, *Spitridates* would firſt let her ſee, he truſted her ; therefore, ſaid he, if the Princeſs pleaſe to give Orders for one of the Gates which ſhe ſhall name unto me, to let him enter, he will be there at Midnight with one Page only, and no more. You may be ſure, Sir, that I went in all poſſible haſte unto the Princeſs, and carried *Democlides* with me. Though the news was but a ſubject of Aſtoniſhment and Sorrow, yet to what purpoſe is Complaints where there is no Remedy ? and therefore it was reſolved upon to depart the very next Night. Since all her Women were placed about her by *Artanus*, we cared not for carrying them with us : and ſince all her Captains had once been her Enemies, ſhe hardly knew whether ſhe ſhould truſt any of them ; but ſince they had teſtified much Affection unto her, ſince the Death of *Artanus*, ſhe was unwilling to abandon them, and leave them in the lurch unto the Victory of her Enemies ; yet upon more conſideration ſhe conceived it beſt not to carry any of them with her, and that the Officers being Maſters of the Town, they might make honourable Conditions for themſelves when they pleaſed : Therefore the Reſolution was to confide in none of them, but ſuch as were neceſſary for the Buſineſs ; to wit, that *Spitridates* might enter, and we go out. But, Sir, I have already ſo treſpaſſed upon your Patience by the length of my Relation, as I muſt tell you in ſhort, that I took ſuch order with two Captains, as they were wholly devoted to ſerve the Princeſs in any thing whatſoever. About Midnight, *Spitridates* ſtole undiſcerned out of the Army, after he had left one Letter for *Arſamones*, and another for the Princeſs *Ariſtea*, and entered into the Town ; *Democlides* conducted him unto the Princeſs Chamber : and kneeling down, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) are you ſo generous as to ſuffer the Son of your Enemy to throw himſelf at your Feet ? and will you be pleaſed to receive your Liberty from that Prince whoſe Father would make you a Slave ? Liberty (ſaid ſhe unto him, and firſt deſired him to riſe) is ſo ſweet, that one would take it from their moſt mortal Enemy ; but *Spitridates*, it is not juſt I ſhould purchaſe mine with the loſs of yours: It is enough for me to eſcape out of the Tyranny of your Father, without engaging you to ſhare in my Misfortunes: Therefore, do not charge your ſelf with my Eſcape; ſeem to be ſorry for it; return unto your Camp, and live happily whilſt I ſeek out ſome blind Corner of the World to hide my Tears, and my Misfortunes in. Can you, Madam, give ſuch Counſel unto a Man whom you have promiſed to honour with your Eſteem? And indeed, how eſteem him if he ſhould be ſo unworthy as to take it? No, no, Divine Princeſs, either you care not what you ſay, or elſe you ſay this only to make trial of my Conſtancy: But ſince we have no time to ſpend, I beſeech you, Madam, let us depart, and when we have once taken Ship, then may you command what courſe we ſhall ſteer: as for my part, I am reſolved to wait upon you over all the World. The Princeſs did a while refuſe it, though it was but in appearance; at laſt, I interceded, and ſaid unto her, I beſeech you determine ſome way or other, the time is almoſt paſt, and *Spitridates* perhaps would be more in danger with his Father, than with you; and *Democlides* tells me, that all things are ready for our departure.

In concluſion, Sir, *Spitridates* preſented his Hand unto the Princeſs; we got happily out of the Caſtle, and Town, accompanied only with the Prince, the Page he brought, *Democlides*, and the two Captains, which were of the Plot, and ſo took Boat. Never was flight more proſperous than this, for we met with no obſtacle: The Troops which *Democlides* commanded, guarded us to the Sea; and *Spitridates* having cauſed a Bridg to be broke in the Night, by which other Quarters had Communication with *Democlides*, ſo that we were very ſafe all the way. *Democlides* did not expoſe his Souldiers unto any danger, for they acted according to his Orders, and it is not for Souldiers to examine the Commands of their Superiour Officers, but are bound to obey without any Diſpute, and therefore they ran no hazard. In concluſion, we came to the Ship, which waited for us, and we imbarqued, not yet knowing whither to go; nor thinking upon any thing but how to avoid the danger of falling into the power of *Arſamones*. When we were once in the open Sea, *Spitridates* came unto the Princeſs's Cabin; Madam, ſaid he unto her, you are now at liberty, and there is none here who are not moſt willing to obey you: Whither is it your Pleaſure we ſhould ſteer our Courſe? This Queſtion brought Tears from the Eyes of the Princeſs; for when ſhe could not find any Place in the World wherein ſhe had any Power, ſhe could not chuſe but fall into Apprehenſions of Sorrow; yet recollecting her Memory, ſhe told him, how ſhe heard that the King her Brother when he went from *Heraclea*, did deſign for *Cappadocia*, and to offer himſelf unto *Ciaxares* to deliver his Daughter, with Intentions to demand ſome aid from you: and ſhe ſaid, that ſhe could not think upon any other place of Safety but that. Then *Spitridates* told her, how he heard the Day before from a Souldier which came from that Army, that the Princeſs *Mandana* had ſuffered Shipwrack, and was drowned, and that certainly the King of *Pontus* was not with *Ciaxares*. The Princeſs then not knowing either what to ſay or do, in Concluſion reſolved, to get far enough off from *Pontus*, and *Bithynia*, and to make towards *Cappadocia*, to try whether what the Souldier ſaid was true. All that Night, and the next Day, we ſteered that way, and towards Evening a violent Storm did ariſe, which laſted all the Night following; at laſt we were almoſt gravelled in a Bank of Sand, but by good Fortune we eſcaped the danger without any hurt to the Ship: There we ſaw the Sea even almoſt covered with abundance of Shipwrack, and near a Rock cloſe by us, ſome Men that were dead, and ſome in whom there was ſome Life. It was a long while before we could put out a little Boat to help any of theſe miſerable Men, becauſe the Tempeſt was yet very high, but after a little Calm we took two of them up, who did yet breath, and one of them I knew to be a Servant unto the King of *Pontus*: I no ſooner ſaw him, but I cried out, and calling him by his Name, he turned his Eyes towards me, and would have anſwered, but could not; It was apparent enough that he knew me, for he lifted up his Hands towards Heaven, as if he did deplore the Misfortune of the King his Maſter, and ſeemed aſtoniſhed to ſee me. whilſt I was buſy in applying ſuch things unto him as common Humanity required, ſome or other did very inconſiderately advertiſe the Princeſs of this Accident, who would needs come to ſee this unfortunate Man; ſince it was ſhe who preferred him unto the King her Brother, he knew her Voice as ſoon as he heard it, and when ſhe ſpoke unto him, he began to ſtrive with himſelf, and pronounced theſe Words deſtinctly; Ah Madam, is it you? Yes, replied ſhe, but where is the King? In *Armenia*, ſaid he unto her, and ſent me to bring you——. In ſpeaking theſe Words he fell into a ſwound, and expired before he could end what he begun to ſpeak. The other Man alſo who we brought into the Ship died ſpeechleſs alſo, and we could know no more. Then did we ſearch his Clothes for Letters, and indeed did find one, but as ill luck was, the Water had defaced all the Characters, except two or three by which the Princeſs knew it to be the Hand of the King her Brother. This Encounter renewed all our Sorrows, and whilſt they were endeavouring to get this Ship from off this Bank of Sand, the Princeſs grieved exceedingly, not becauſe this Man had been her Slave, but becauſe he had ſomething to ſay unto her, and died before it could be known. In the mean while we got unto the open Sea, and the Princeſs deſired *Spitridates* to go into an Arm of the Sea not far off, where the Lower *Armenia* towards *Pontus* does border upon a little Province, which formerly was the King's. It is a hard task, Sir, to relate unto you, all the diſcourſe between *Spitridates*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta*, during our Navigation: But in ſhort, they expreſſed themſelves unto each other in all the terms that Love and Vertue could invent. After we were come into this Arm of the Sea, we quitted our Ship; and *Democlides*, whom *Spitridates* had ordered to take Money enough for a long Voyage, when he came firſt from his Quarters, went unto the next Town to buy Horſes, to carry us unto the River *Euphrates*; for, as you know, this River divides the two *Armenia's*.

menia's. Then was it put to the queſtion, what courſe *Spitridates* ſhould take when they came into *Armenia*? and it was a moſt pitiful Story unto him, when the Princeſs ſaid, that he muſt leave her; for I muſt confeſs unto you, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I dare not truſt too much unto the Generoſity of the King my Brother, and though I do know him to be very generous, yet I will not adventure you in the Power of a Prince who never loved you, eſpecially now, ſince you are Son unto his Enemy, and an Enemy who hath taken two Kingdoms from him: Therefore *Spitridates*, ſince your Vertue has preſerved me from falling into the Hands of the King your Father; it befits me to preſerve you from the Fury of the King my Brother. Alas, Madam, ſaid he, let not any Conſiderations of my Intereſt trouble you, nor hinder me from waiting upon you; for though the King your Brother ſhould treat me hardly, yet would I moſt willingly endure it for the Love of you. I doubt it not at all, ſaid ſhe unto him, but however I deſire you ſhould only endure the Miſeries of abſence for the love of me; for I cannot look upon you but with an Eye of great eſteem, and I know that the King my Brother will not reliſh it, becauſe perhaps he will imagine that my complacency towards you proceeds from my hopes of two Kingdoms from *Spitridates*. But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, whither would you have me go? Any whither, ſaid ſhe, where you may with ſafety to your Perſon wait for a turn of Fortune; and until the Heart of the King your Father be molified. But Madam, replied he, ſince I moſt willingly forſake all for you, may you not diſpenſe a little with that rigid *Decorum* which you obſerve in every thing? If you really love me, and think upon my Paſſion and Reſpects unto you, what Sorrows I have ſuffered, what Impriſonments I have endured, and what Exile I now undertake for you, I conceive you will permit me to live diſguiſed with you, or elſe to let us go and live together in ſome unknown Place far from any acquaintance, where we may wait upon the pleaſure of the Gods, until ſuch times as I am in a capacity to reſtore one Crown unto the King your Brother, and preſent another unto you.

what you now tell me, replied the Princeſs, is neither juſt nor honourable; for I ſhould thereby incenſe the Mind of the King my Brother, and you the King your Father, and we ſhould expoſe our ſelves to a thouſand unprofitable Miſeries. Then, ſuffer me, ſaid he, to go with you unto the King of *Pontus*, without any Diſguiſement or Baniſhment. Though he ſhould be in a Diſpoſition to receive you favourably, anſwered ſhe, yet certainly it would be upon a condition that you ſhould bear Arms againſt the King your Father, which queſtionleſs you never will, nor will I adviſe you unto it; and therefore, *Spitridates*, of neceſſity you muſt leave me. Muſt I needs leave you, Madam, replied he in a ſad Tone? Yes, ſaid ſhe, and if Reaſon will not prevail with you, I will joyn my Prayers and Commands unto it. And however, you may be ſure of this advantage, that as my Fortunes are, you need fear no Rivals. Ah Madam, cried *Spitridates*, in taking away of Crowns, they have not taken away your unparalled Beauty, nor your incomparable Mind, which has not a ſecond in Vertue: Therefore, Madam, I muſt always doubt it, eſpecially knowing that the King your Brother will be continually exaſperating you againſt me. Look not upon *Spitridates*, I beſeech you, Madam, as the Son of an Uſurper, but as a Prince who will never be King, till he can reſtore one Crown unto the King your Brother, and another preſent unto you: I have already ſaid it, and I repeat it again; you Madam, ſhall either Raign, and your Brother too, or elſe I will not; and therefore, you may if you pleaſe, be ſo juſt at the leaſt, as to give him ſome aſſurance of your Affection, who has conſecrated every Minute of his Life unto you: Do not, I beſeech you, baniſh me from you, before you aſſure me that I ſhall be entertained always in your Heart, and that nothing can even baniſh me from thence, for without this Madam, I cannot obey you. I will promiſe you, ſaid ſhe unto him, to poſſeſs the King my Brother with your Generoſity as much as I can; and will eternally remember the Commands of the dying Prince *Sinneſis*, and by conſequence keep my Affection entirely for you, as long as I live. May I build upon this?

ſaid this ſorrowful Prince? You may, replied ſhe, and I ſhould think my ſelf moſt unjuſt and ungrateful if I failed, ſince you are ſo generous, and ſince my Affection is ſo pure and innocent, that it were a greater Crime to reſiſt it, than preſerve it for you. I know not, Madam, whether I ſhould dare to tell you, that this is not enough. I know not, *Spitridates*, (ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him) whether I ſhould tell you, that I think it a little too much, and that you do me wrong to ſuſpect me, and complain. But, Madam, replied he, what is it I beſeech you that you do for me? and what can I do more for you? You do every thing, anſwered ſhe, that I can deſire, I cannot deny it; but though I do nothing for you, yet I do all I can, or may be more than I ought, and let that ſatisfy you. Oh Heavens! replied he, what do you do, my Divine Princeſs, which I can interpret unto my advantage? I ſhew you, anſwered ſhe, thoſe Sorrows which I cannot hide; you may ſee the Thoughts of my Soul in my Eyes; and I permit you to think that my Heart prefers you before all the World; and after this, *Spitridates*, what can you deſire more? and whether is it not more than the Princeſs *Ariminta* ought to do for the Son of *Arſamones*? However, *Spitridates*, take heed leſt Ambition be too prevalent with you during your abſence, ſince it is uſual to alter the Souls of all Men. To be ſure of that, replied he, do not baniſh me from you. I would I could not, anſwered ſhe, but it muſt be, and you muſt be gone. I ſhould be too tedious, Sir, if I ſhould repeat all this ſad Conference, which truly on both ſides was ſo tender, ſo generous, and ſo full of ſorrow, that I who heard it, wept; for, the Princeſs deſiring it, I was all the while preſent: It was in vain for *Spitridates* to uſe any Arguments of Diſſwaſion, for ſince we were got a good way into *Armenia*, and out of any Fears of *Arſamones*, ſhe would needs have him leave her; and ſhe reſolved to go either into *Sicily*, or *Paphlagonia*, and wait there for ſome Alterations in Fortune. He had a great deſire not to part until they certainly knew where the King her Brother was; but ſhe would not hearken unto him, being much afraid leſt *Spitridates* ſhould fall into the Hands of her Brother;

ther: So he obeyed her, but never was ſo ſad a Separation; he would needs have *Democlides*, and the two Captains, remain with her, and he keep none with him but his Page. I ſhall not relate every Circumſtance of this ſaid Adieu, ſince the truth is, I cannot without Tears, and ſo many Teſtimonies of my weakneſs, as perhaps you will condemn me for it: But ſo it was, Sir, that *Spitridates* departed the ſadeſt Man alive, and the Princeſs as melancholy as ever any in the World. Then we left the River *Euphrates*, and went towards *Artaxates*. Since the Princeſs did not know the Intentions of the King her Brother, ſhe deſired not to be divulged for what ſhe was until ſhe had ſpoken with him, ſo that all the time of our travel we did not ſo ceremoniouſly render thoſe Honours which were her due. When we came to *Artaxates*, where we might eaſily conceal our ſelves by Reaſon of its greatneſs, we were informed, that the King of *Pontus* had been there, but every one told us he was not there at that time: The Princeſs could not believe it, but imagined that the thing was known only amongſt the Grandees, and that for ſome Reaſons, which ſhe underſtood not, the King her Brother deſired to be received privately, and without any Ceremony.

In concluſion, ſhe commanded *Democlides*, and the other two Captains, to be ſo inquiſitive to get true Intelligence, that thoſe unto whom they addreſſed themſelves ſuſpected them for ſome cloſe Deſign: Moreover, the Prince *Phaartes*, Brother unto the Illuſtious *Tigranes*, and ſecond Son unto the King of *Armenia*, chancing accidentally to ſee the Princeſs *Ariminta* enter into a little dark Church whither we went early in a Morning, her Beauty invited his Curioſity to know who that Stranger was; for though our Habits were after the *Armenian* faſhion, he ſuppoſed ſhe was not an *Artaxetian*, becauſe he never heard her Beauty ſpoke of; ſo that being extreamly deſircus to know what ſhe was, and where ſhe dwelt, he cauſed one of his Servants to follow her: He who was employed in the Buſineſs, having enquired concerning us, told him, that we were People of ſome hidden Deſign, and that certainly the Princeſs was one of great Quality, though we had never ſpoke as much; and by his Reports, this Prince was much more earneſt to know who ſhe was. At the ſame time one of the King of *Armenia's* Grand-Officers, who lodged near us, being informed by this Prince, that there was ſome diſguiſed People in *Artaxates*, who had ſome bad Deſign in Agitation, and ſince all *Aſia* almoſt was in Arms, and knowing how he had incenſed the King of *Medes*, by refuſing Tribute, he ſent unto us to know who we were? At the firſt, we diſſembled the Truth, but ſince no credit was given unto us, and the Princeſs was in fear to expoſe her ſelf unto ſome dangerous Adventure, ſhe confeſſed all, and told them who ſhe was, and deſired to ſpeak with the King. But the King not being very well, he appointed the Prince *Phaartes* to go unto her, and to ſee what the matter was: Then went this Prince unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, whoſe Beauty made a deep impreſſion upon his Soul: She told him her Quality, her Condition, and her Buſineſs: he without any difficulty believed her, and did aſſure her that the King her Brother came not unto that Court. He was exceedingly civil unto the Princeſs, and went in all haſte unto the King his Father, with Intentions of moving him to treat her according to her Quality: But the King who ever was of a ſuſpicious and covetous Diſpoſition, had Thoughts far different from the Prince his Son; for he would not take any notice of her, leſt ſhe ſhould put him to ſome Expences, and leſt he ſhould thereby incenſe a proſperous Prince, as *Arſamones* was, by protecting the Siſter of his Enemy; ſo that notwithſtanding all the Alliances between the Kings of *Pontus*, and the Kings of *Armenia*, he ſeemed as if he ſuſpected her, and commanded that ſhe, and all about her ſhould be ſecured; as afterwards I underſtood by one who was a Confident unto *Phaartes*. This young Prince did with all his Power oppoſe the King his Father's Deſign: but the King being deſirous not to have it publiſhed, charged the Prince his Son not to ſpeak of any thing which the Princeſs had ſaid unto him; intending doubtleſs to ſerve his own Ends by it upon any Occaſion, either by reſtoring her unto the King of *Pontus*, or unto *Arſamones*. The Prince *Phaartes* even deſperate in this injurious Reſolution, did yet procure that we ſhould be brought into this Caſtle, with the two Captains who are here alſo. As for *Democlides*, the Princeſs had employed him to go and enquire after News of the King her Brother, ſo that he was not taken as we were. You may eaſily imagine, Sir, the Sorrows of the Princeſs, when ſhe ſaw her Sanctuary was turned into a Priſon, and when ſhe ſaw no poſſible means to get out without ſome extraordinary aſſiſtance from the Gods: Since then, Sir, we have been kept here, without any Conſolation, but from the Prince *Phaartes*, who often did viſit the Princeſs; and indeed when you did take this Caſtle, his frequent viſits began to diſpleaſe; for, contrary to the King his Father's Orders, we were treated with ſo great a Reſpect, that it was apparent he diſobeyed his Father, and that Love had took too deep an Impreſſion in his Soul. In the mean while we heard no news either of the King of *Pontus*, or *Spitridates*, or *Democlides*, nor heard we the King of *Bithynia* ſo much as talked on. This, Sir, is the Fortune of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, unto whom, if you pleaſe, we will go, ſince I have no more to ſay, but to conjure you to protect her.

You need not move me unto that (wiſe and diſcreet *Heſionida*, replied *Cyrus*) which ſo many Reaſons does invite me unto. The Beauty, Vertue, Quality, and Miſfortune of this Princeſs, are Arguments able to move the moſt inſenſible Man alive to ſerve her, and therefore ſince you think it fit, let us go and tell her as much; for I can aſſure her, that her Miſfortunes are not greater than my deſires to be ſerviceable unto her; for though ſhe be a Siſter unto a Prince who is my Rival, and who detains from me that which is incomparably moſt dear unto me, yet ſhall I be as juſt unto her, as ſhe is unto *Spitridates*, who does not accuſe *Spitridates* for the Ambition of his Father, but knows how to put a juſt difference, without any prejudicated Opinion. After this *Cyrus* gave *Heſionida* thanks for her great pains, in relating unto him the Story of the Princeſs *Ariminta*; and going unto the Chamber where ſhe was, he ſaluted her with extraordinary Civility. Madam, ſaid he unto her, when

I did viſit you before, I knew only your Quality, your Beauty, and ſome part of your Mind; but now, ſince I underſtand the whole Story, and am acquainted with the height of your Soul, your Vertue, and your great Misfortunes, I regard you with much more Reverence and Admiration than before. The laſt of theſe whereof you ſpeak, Sir, anſwered ſhe, and which is the only thing that I have any pretence unto you, does not uſually beget reſpect in the Minds of Men; but ſince you, Sir, are none of the ordinary ſort, I muſt and ought to expect Miracles from you. You may expect Submiſſion and Service, anſwered he, from all that are capable of Reaſon. Then to let her know, that he hearkened unto her Story with an attentive Ear; he repeated the moſt conſiderable Paſſages of her Misfortunes, and condoled them: Then did he exceedingly commend *Spitridates*, knowing that nothing is more obliging and pleaſing, then to hear the Party loved, well ſpoken of; and indeed he omitted nothing which was requiſite to comfort this great Princeſs, from whom alſo he hoped for ſome good Office, whenſoever ſhe ſhould ſpeak with the King her Brother. After a thouſand Expreſſions of reciprocal Love from both ſides, he left her, and went to give neceſſary Orders for matters of War. He was informed that *Artaxates* was very quiet, that all the Guards were very Circumſpect, and that *Hidaſpes*, who was gone out towards the Foot of the Mountains, unto which the King of *Armenia* was retreated, had intercepted many Carriages of Victual and Ammunition, which the Country would have carried unto the King; and afterwards retiring to his Chamber, he ſpent the reſt of the day in Memory of his dear Princeſs; he wondred that *Ciaxares* came not up; he was vexed that he could not hear any thing of the *Aſſyrian* King; he was grieved that he could not know where *Mandana* was; and comparing the Misfortune of the Princeſs *Ariminta* with his own, though hers were great, yet he thought his more inſupportable. Then did he remember how *Heſionida* ſpoke of certain *Perſian* Merchants, which had ſeen *Spitridates* near Shipwrack at *Chalcedonia:* Then did he conclude, that from thence did the Reports of his Death ariſe, ſince every one ſaid, there was ſuch a great reſemblance between the Prince and himſelf; and that ſince *Spitridates* had been in *Perſia*, and afterwards in *Media*, from thence did ariſe all the Reports of his Reſurrection; and ſo his Fancy paſſing from one thing to another, yet never forgetting to retain a pleaſing Apprehenſion of his dear Princeſs, he paſſed away almoſt all the Night without any ſleep at all, and he did think it not permittable, that he ſhould beſtow one Minute of his Life upon any thing whatſoever, that might exclude the Paſſion which raigned in his Heart.

The End of the ſecond Book.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

ARTA-

ARTAMENES, OR THE GRAND CYRUS.

Part III. Book III.

THE Sun no ſooner ſent out his firſt Rayes, but *Cyrus* had intelligence of ſome Troops which appeared upon the further ſide of the Plain, in the way towards *Artaxates:* Since it was not that way which *Ciaxares* was to come, nor had he received intelligence of his Advance, he imagined that perhaps it might be ſome relief going unto the King of *Armenia*; ſo that he took Horſe, and went himſelf out to ſee who they were: he preſently diſpatched Orders unto all the Quarters of his Army to take heed of a ſurprize, and commanded them all to randezvous. Then drawing out that Troop which was next him, he went out to obſerve the March of theſe unknown Forces which appeared: he had no ſooner got upon a little hill, from whence one might diſcover all the Plain of *Artaxates*, from the bottom of the *Chaldean* Mountains as far as thoſe where the King of *Armenia* was, but he eſpied a far off ſome Troops, which ſeemed to make a halt, whilſt a party of about fifty Horſe only were drawn out, and came directly towards the place where *Cyrus* was; he no ſooner obſerved that, but drawing out the like Number

ber of his own Men under the Command of *Aglatidas*, he ſent them to know who they were; himſelf ſtaying in much impatience to obſerve what paſſed: ſince *Aglatidas* deſired nothing more then any occaſions to die honourably, he obeyed *Cyrus* with much joy; and after he had given ſome animating exhortations unto his Men to fight gallantly, if there ſhould be any occaſion, he advanced towards them, who made towards him: when they were both of them within a flight ſhot one of another, and *Aglatidas* believing them for Enemies, and prepared for Fight, he ſaw that he who commanded this fifty Horſe, did let fall the Point of his Javelin, in ſign of Peace, and cauſed all thoſe who followed him to do the like. *Aglatidas* being much amazed at this, kept his Javelin with his Reſt, and advanced to ſee who it was: Then the Commander in chief, of this ſuppoſed Enemy, advanced himſelf alone in the poſture of one that would parley, and not fight: *Aglatidas* ſeeing this, ſent back thoſe which followed him, and letting the Point of his Javelin fall, he went unto him, and ſaw him to be a Man of a moſt admirable Garb, wearing the moſt glorious Arms that ever eye beheld, and mounted upon a moſt goodly Horſe; they ſaluted one another very civilly, and afterwards this unknown Gallant, ſaid unto *Aglatidas*, Since I do not now come to fight with you, I pray do me the favour to conduct me unto your General; and if you think theſe fifty Horſe be too many for my Guard, I will go ſingle with you upon your Word. Your Generoſity to truſt a Man you know not, replied *Aglatidas*, doth let me ſee that I need not fear any thing, and takes away all diſtruſt of you; now therefore if you pleaſe, you may command your Men to follow mine. In the mean while *Cyrus* was much aſtoniſhed to obſerve the paſſage, and could not poſſibly imagine the meaning of it: he was ſo unquiet at it, that he could not reſt any longer in that place, but advanced ſome forty or fifty paces, with a party of Officers and Voluntiers with extream curioſity. He ſaw afar off, that this Stranger was very handſom; but being come nearer him, he was much more ſurprized to ſee it was the King of *Aſſyria:* This unexpected ſight did make him change colour, and brought a freſh luſtre into his Face: and as for the King of *Aſſyria*, he no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but he was much moved: yet ſince they were both of them infinitely generous, after *Aglatidas* advanced to tell *Cyrus*, that this ſtranger whom he knew not, (for he had but only one glimpſe of him before upon the Tower of *Sinope*) deſired to be conducted to him; they ſaluted one another with much Civility; and both of them lighting from their Horſes, *Cyrus*, ſince he was yet only the Son of a King, and the moſt civil of all Men living, did render unto this King all the Honours which could poſſibly be expected, as if he were yet the Maſter of *Babylon*, and a quiet Poſſeſſor of all *Aſſyria*. The King of *Aſſyria* did alſo pay all due Civility unto *Cyrus*, as one that merited the Empire of all the World, and as one that was both his Deliverer, and Vanquiſher. And indeed, the Complements from both were ſo high, that it was evident they ſtrived which ſhould excel in Civility, and it was evident, eſpecially to ſuch as were acquainted with their Intereſts, that their Minds had not much tranquillity in them: There appeared ſuch a kind of fierceneſs in their Eyes, as did diſcover the agitation of their Souls; and ſuch a conſtrainedneſs in all their Civilities, as plainly ſpoke them to be Rivals, and Enemies: After they were both alighted from their Horſes, every one, out of civility, withdrew, and kept at a diſtance. Then (ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*), As I have not changed my Mind, in changing my Name of *Philidaſpes*, ſo I cannot think that you have changed your Reſolution in ceaſing to be *Artamenes:* but that I ſhall find *Cyrus* to be the ſame Prince with whom I made Conditions on the top of the Tower in *Sinope*; I hope, I ſay, that we ſhall both of us go together in Queſt of our Princeſs; that we ſhall fight for her; that we ſhall releaſe her; and until then, we ſhall live together as if no difference were between us; and then, in concluſion of all, I do expect that Satisfaction from you, which you promiſed; and that though your illuſtrious Arm has already vanquiſhed me, yet you will not refuſe to diſpute this laſt Victory with me. You have reaſon to believe, replied *Cyrus*, that I ſhall punctually perform all my Promiſes, and therefore you may think your ſelf as ſafe in the King of *Medes* Army, as if you were in the Head of your own; for I am moſt certain, that Prince will never fail no more than I, in whatſoever he has promiſed. I am very ſenſible, replied the King of *Aſſyria*, that the Conquerour of *Babylon* may well think it ſtrange, that the ſame Prince whom he hath vanquiſhed, both in private and publick Fight, who ows his Life unto him, and who has no ſhare in the Princeſs *Mandana*'s Heart, ſhould, yet after all this, contend for that Prize which his Conqueror does deſerve, which he hath already conquered, and which ſhe hath beſtowed upon him. But yet, Sir, Love is all my Argument; I love her, and you love her, there needs no more. And ſince Love, not Ambition, was the ground of our Wars, to conquer Provinces, and Kingdoms only, is not an abſolute Conqueſt; but it muſt be my Death only which will compleat your Victory, and permit you to enjoy the Fruits of it without any moleſtation. Queſtionleſs, replied *Cyrus*, it was not Ambition which ſpurned me up unto this War; and I wiſh with all my Heart that you were Maſter of *Babylon* again, ſo the Princeſs *Mandana* had not been carried away; I wiſh that giddy Fortune had never put me to the neceſſity of making my ſelf happy, by the Ruins of ſo great a Prince as you: but ſince the Caſe is upon theſe Terms, let us think no more upon it; nor of any thing elſe, but releaſing our Princeſs, and putting her into a condition to take the Vanquiſher, and lament the Vanquiſhed: Let us, I ſay, perform ſuch glorious Acts for her Deliverance, that we may both of us render our ſelves worthy of her Eſteem and Compaſſion: for knowing your Valour, as I do, (ſaid *Cyrus* with much modeſty) I ought rather to expect her Compaſſion, then her Affection, after your Defeat; but, ſaid he, I would it were come to that, ſince we cannot know where the Princeſs *Mandana* is. The King of *Aſſyria* did condole with *Cyrus* at the bad News, and rendring an account of all his Actions, he told him, that in his Departure from *Pteria*, he went unto a Province in his Dominions, which lies along the River *Euphrates*, and confines upon *Armenia*, that there he had raiſed ſome Forces, which with ſome freſh Levies in other Places, amounted to the Number of twelve thouſand Men. *Cyrus* alſo out of his high Generoſity, rendred an Account unto him in a conciſe manner, of the State of all things: and after that the King of *Aſſyria* told him that all his Forces were to be ordered according to his Commands. *Cyrus* for a while refuſed it, yet in the end he took all neceſſary Care for their Encampment, and appointed them their Quarters. After this, theſe two Illuſtrious Rivals took Horſe, and went towards the Caſtle where the Princeſs *Ariminta* lodged, as if they were the beſt Friends upon Earth, without any Difference at all betwixt them: In the way, *Cyrus* ſhewed his Army as they ſtood in Battalia unto the King of *Aſſyria*; ſhewed him alſo their ſeveral Quarters, and the Mountains unto which the King of *Armenia* was retreated. Both of them did ſigh very oft: for Love and Jealouſy, Hatred and Grief, did ſo diſcompoſe their Minds, that they ſtood in need of all their Magnanimity to keep themſelves within thoſe Limits of Civility which they had preſcribed. The King of *Aſſyria* told *Cyrus*, how he heard the King of *Lydia* was arming himſelf without any cauſe, knowing that it was neither in behalf of *Ciaxares* nor himſelf.

Thus, diſcourſing upon ſeveral Subjects, eſpecially upon their hopes to hear more of the Princeſs *Mandana* upon the King of *Armenia*'s taking, they came at the laſt to the Caſtle, where *Cyrus* having given Orders to make the beſt Chamber in it ready for the King of *Aſſyria*, he left him in it, and went out to take care of all things expedient unto their Deſign. The Sight of this Rival did ſo freſhly revive all the Differences which had paſſed between them when he was only *Philidaſpes*, that he longed to be alone in his Chamber, and therefore with none but *Feraulas* he went thither: It is not enough, (ſaid he unto this dear Confident of his Paſſion) that I ſhould be ſeparated from her I love above my Life, but that I muſt be tormented with his Preſence, whom I hate even unto

Death; and yet Generoſity commands me to ſuſpend all my Reſentments, and civilly to comply with my moſt mortal Enemy: Yet were I aſſured the Divine *Mandana* would one day recompence me for this Violence I do unto my ſelf, I ſhould have ſome Conſolation. For my part, ſaid *Feraulas*, I conceive you may rather expect a chiding than any Thanks from the Princeſs, for promiſing the King of *Aſſyria* to fight with him, after you have releaſed her. O I wiſh to the Heavens, replied *Cyrus*, it came to that! No, no, Fortune, I deſire no other Favour at thy Hands, but to aſſiſt me in releaſing my Princeſs, and ſo let me meet my inveterate Enemy with a Sword in my Hand; commit all the reſt unto my Valour and my Love; for as gallant as he is, I hope for Victory. But alas, in the mean time I am all Fury; the Sight of my old Enemy *Philidaſpes* revives all my Jealouſy and Hate. The King of *Pontus* alſo, who loved me before he knew I was his Rival, triumphs over all my Hopes; perhaps, I ſay, he has not only the Happineſs of ſeeing her, but hath gained her Heart, and obtained his Pardon; ſo that ſince he did not, like *Philidaſpes*, raviſh her away, but ſave her from Shipwrack, ſhe cannot look upon him as an injurious Raviſher: however he is no leſs culpable in my Eyes; ſo that which way ſoever I look, I ſee none but the Raviſhers of *Mandana* to puniſh; yet alas, I ſee them but afar off, ſince I muſt not fall upon the King of *Aſſyria*, and ſince I know not where the King of *Pontus* is. Amidſt theſe Thoughts *Aglatidas* entered, and brought *Artaban* unto him, who came from *Sinope*, and aſſured *Cyrus*, that within theſe two Days the whole Army would be come up before *Artaxates*: *Cyrus* did gladly receive him, both becauſe his News did pleaſe him, and becauſe he was a Friend unto *Aglatidas*. He enquired very affectionately concerning the Health of *Ciaxares*, the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Hercania*, and of all the reſt in the Army. After this, conceiving it fit to acquaint the King of *Aſſyria* and the Princeſs *Ariminta* with this News, he prepared to go unto them, bidding *Aglatidas* very ſweetly to make his Friends welcome, but (ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf unto *Artaban*) grieve him not with any Stories of *Ame-*

ſtris, for his own Paſſion, without the Addition of new Misfortunes, torments him enough. I ſhould be very ſorry, Sir, (replied *Artaban*) not to obey you in all things; but I told him, as we were coming hither, how that fair Lady was not in a very happy Condition; and I told him alſo how *Ottanus* would not accept of the Government in the Province of the *Ariſantines*, which you would have conferred upon him. Would not *Ottanus* (replied *Cyrus* in great Amazement) accept of a thing ſo advantagious for him? what may be his Reaſon for it? I know not that, Sir, anſwered he; but I am certain he hath left *Ecbatan*; and when I came from thence, Reports were, that he came into *Artaxates*, ſo that if this be true, he is certainly upon the Mountains where the King of *Armenia* is. If it be ſo, ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Aglatidas*, perhaps we ſhall releaſe *Ameſtris* before *Mandana*; for it is to be ſuppoſed, that *Ottanus* having committed ſo baſe an Act, as to ſide with the Enemies of his Prince, and a Prince too who had honoured him with a Government ſo much above his Deſert, he will periſh and die there; which if he do (added he, and ſmiled) *Aglatidas* muſt go and comfort *Ameſtris*. I do not know (replied that ſad Lover) whether or no I ſhall be able to comfort others, but I am moſt certain that I have had a long time need of Conſolation my ſelf. After this, he thanked *Cyrus* for his Tenderneſs over him, and waiting upon him as far as the Princeſs *Ariminta*'s Chamber, he went to entertain his dear Friend *Artaban* with more Freedom than before, and to enquire more particularly of him concerning *Ameſtris*. Mean while, after *Cyrus* had acquainted the Princeſs *Ariminta* with the King of *Aſſyria*'s Arrival, and with the News of *Ciaxares* his advance, he went unto the Chamber of his Rival, whoſe Mind was altogether as turbulent as the Mind of *Cyrus*, who in all likelihood could never hope for the Happineſs of being beloved, although he ſhould deliver *Mandana*, and vanquiſh *Cyrus*: nor though he did flatter up himſelf with Hopes in the Oracles, yet could he never pretend to have any other Satisfaction than Revenge upon him. However, ſince Love and Hope are inſeparable Companions, he ſometimes fancied that this his illuſtrious

luſtrious Rival ſhould be no ſooner out of the World, but he ſhould poſſeſs his Place: yet theſe Fancies did quickly vaniſh, and he did more often imagine, maugre all his oraculous Aſſurance from Heaven, that as ſoon as he had killed *Cyrus*, he ſhould then be more hated than before. Theſe were the Imaginations of that Prince when *Cyrus* came into his Chamber, to acquaint him with the News which *Artaban* brought. After he had ſtaid a Quarter of an Hour with him, conſulting what Quarters thoſe Troops which he brought ſhould have in the Morning, he left him, and went to give Orders for it, and many other things.

Mean while the King of *Aſſyria*, after he had ſent to ask the Permiſſion of *Cyrus*, went to viſit the Princeſs *Ariminta:* In the mean while alſo *Cyrus* ſent unto ſeveral Guards which he had placed, that they ſhould not be ſurprized or amazed when they ſaw the Troops of *Ciaxares* advance. He ſent alſo into *Artaxates*, appointing them to prepare the King of *Armenia*'s Palace for *Ciaxares*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta:* for ſince the whole Army was to be joyned, he thought it expedient to make ſure as well within the Town as without. He was alſo informed by *Araſpes*, that *Hidaſpes* and *Chriſantes* had defeated ſome Troops which the Prince *Phaartes* had ſent out into the Plain to forrage for Victuals. After all this he retired unto his Chamber, and, as uſually he did, paſſed over the Night without a wink of Sleep. In the Morning he went to viſit the Quarters of *Hidaſpes* and others; and the Day following that, he would go meet *Ciaxares*, and carry the King of *Aſſyria* with him: Theſe two Princes then took Horſe; *Thraſibulus*, ſome Voluntiers, and two hundred Horſe only waited upon them, and after he had cauſed the Aſſyrian Troops to advance, and ranked them in Battalia with the reſt, to receive *Ciaxares* with the more Ceremony, he ſent *Araſpes* before, that he might prepare the King to meet with the King of *Aſſyria*; not but that he knew *Ciaxares* would keep Promiſe ſince he had paſſed it, but becauſe he always uſed to obſerve Order and Decorum in all things. After ſome three Hours March, they diſcovered Clouds of Duſt to ariſe from the Ground, cauſed by the

March of the Army; preſently after, they met; and he came up to that Regiment where *Ciaxares* was, with the King of *Phrygia*. As ſoon as the Souldiers ſaw *Cyrus*, they began to ſhout with ſuch great Acclamations of Joy, that it may well be ſaid they forgot *Ciaxares* was there. *Cyrus* beckened unto them with his Hand, and with great Modeſty made Signs unto them to be ſilent, to march, and keep their Ranks; he refuſed theſe Honours with ſuch a kind of obliging Smile, as ſpoke him neither pleaſed or angry at it. The King of *Aſſyria* heard all theſe Acclamations with much Perplexity, though he would not ſhew it; and at laſt they met *Ciaxares* in a Place where he was lighted from his Horſe to refreſh himſelf, and to ſee thoſe Troops drawn out, which he intended ſhould march firſt unto *Artaxates*. As ſoon as *Cyrus* diſcovered him under the Trees, he advertiſed the King of *Aſſyria*, ſo that lighting from their Horſes ſome twenty Paces off, they went up unto him. Our invincible Hero went ſome three Paces before the King of *Aſſyria*, with Intentions to preſent him unto *Ciaxares*; but do what he could the King embraced him firſt, and afterwards ſaluted the King of *Aſſyria* very civilly, telling him, that though he had been the cauſe of all his Troubles, yet it was juſt he ſhould in ſome ſort repair thoſe Incivilities done unto *Philidaſpes*, with the Reſpects which they would render unto the King of *Aſſyria*. Sir, replied this Prince, if I have treſpaſſed againſt you, Fortune hath ſufficiently puniſhed me for it; not that I think the Loſs of my Crown comparable to the Loſs of the Princeſs *Mandana*: My Intentions are to bring the laſt unto you, without asking you the other; and I come into your Army with Reſolution to hazard my Life for your Service: If the propitious Fate of your Arms had left me a greater Number of Subjects, I ſhould have brought you a greater Aid; but ſince all are become yours, I hope you will accept of theſe twelve thouſand Men which now I bring, as well as if they were an hundred Thouſand, ſince they are all I have. *Ciaxares* returned a very civil Anſwer unto him. After this, *Thraſibulus*, and others of Quality who came from the Camp, ſaluted *Ciaxares*, and gave *Cyrus* time to beſtow a

Complement upon the King of *Phrygia*, upon whom the King of *Aſſyria* did caſt a malicious Eye, remembring him as one that changed ſides, and forſook him. After this, *Ciaxares* taking *Cyrus* aſide, whilſt the King of *Aſſyria* was in Diſcourſe with *Thraſibulus*, he commended him for all he had done, and grieved with him, that they could not yet hear of *Mandana*. *Cyrus* rendred a ſhort and pithy Account of all the *Armenian* Affairs ſince he came into it, and of the preſent State of every thing: After which taking Horſe, and giving the right Hand unto the *Aſſyrian* King as unto the greateſt Prince of the World, they went unto the great Town of *Artaxates*; near which *Cyrus*, by Orders from *Ciaxares*, did draw up all his huge Army into Battalia, that the People ſeeing it, might ſtill continue in better Obedience; and that the King of *Armenia* diſcovering it from the Mountains, might ſooner think upon rendring himſelf. Mean while *Cyrus* ſent all thoſe Troops which he brought firſt to guard the Place where the King was to quarter; he ſent others alſo to keep Courts of Guard in other publick Places, and Ports of the Town. And when all was thus ordered, *Ciaxares* entred into *Artaxates* with thoſe who were ordered to quarter in it; leaving the main Body of his Army to quarter all along the River *Araxes*, which runs through the midſt of that great Plain. The next Morning *Cyrus* moved *Ciaxares* that he would be pleaſed to permit the Princeſs *Ariminta* to come from the Caſtle where ſhe was, unto *Artaxates*, that ſhe might be well uſed, although ſhe was Siſter unto the Raviſher of *Mandana*: *Ciaxares* conſented; ſo that he went, and conducted her into the Town, where *Ciaxares* did viſit her, and at the Requeſt of *Cyrus* rendered her all the Honour that was due unto her Quality: She was lodged in a Palace by her ſelf, which formerly belonged unto the Prince *Tigranes*, for *Cyrus* did alter his former Intentions, and ordered it ſo; becauſe he thought that to be more convenient for her, by reaſon ſhe would be there at more Freedom. This Prince likewiſe treated thoſe two Captains which came with her very civilly; aud omitted nothing that either Reaſon, Civility or Generoſity required: The King of *Phrygia* alſo did viſit this Princeſs, remembering ſtill the Friendſhip that was between him and the King her Brother, though now they were on oppoſite ſides, and confirming her in that high Eſteem which ſhe had already entertained of *Cyrus*. The Day after, the Rear-guard came up, under the Conduct of the *Hircanian* King, which was quartered alſo in the ſame Plain of *Artaxates*: This Prince not deſiring to lodg in the Town, more then *Cyrus*, who ſince the Army came up, lay always in the Field; and ſo did the King of *Aſſyria*, who, according to his old Cuſtom, could not endure his Rival ſhould outdo him in any thing. Mean while a Council of War was called to conſult whether they ſhould content themſelves with ſtopping all Victuals from the Enemy? or whether they ſhould enforce the King of *Armenia* out of thoſe Mountains, which ſeemed abſolutely inacceſſable? The King of *Aſſyria*, though he had been vanquiſhed and an Enemy, yet had his Voice in Council: But though *Cyrus* and he had both of them jealous Thoughts one of another, and ever had a ſecret Hatred and Spirit of Contradiction in every thing, yet in this they were both of one Opinion, and were the only two which voted to force the King of *Armenia* out of thoſe inacceſſable Mountains: Not that they ſaw any great Reaſon for their Opinions; but ſince it concerned *Mandana*, and ſince they gave their Votes in Preſence of one another, they both of them aimed at the higheſt Difficulties, and the moſt hazardous for themſelves. All that *Hidaſpes* reported from the *Armenian* Souldiers whom they took Priſoners, and related their Prince had not Victnals to ſubſiſt many Days, was in vain; and they anſwered unto that, how it was not Wiſdom to give Credit unto Reports, ſince it is common for Priſoners to flatter their Conquerors with ſome advantagious Tales in hopes to be better uſed. When it was objected, that theſe Mountains were inacceſſable, and that by rouling down gteat Stones only, ſix thouſand Men might eaſily defend themſelves againſt ſix hundred thouſand: when they could not contradict this Objection, nor belie their own Eyes, then they ſaid, that it muſt indeed be confeſſed ſome Men would be loſt, yet the Diſhonour and Shame to have ſo great an Army at the Foot of theſe

Mountains, and attempt nothing, would be ballanced with it. That there was a great Neceſſity of knowing where the Princeſs *Mandana* was, and to be ſatisfied, there was as great a Neceſſity of taking the King of *Armenia* preſently, and not to linger out the time till Famine force him out of his Sanctuary. That, whilſt they were buſy in guarding only the Paſſages and Advenues unto theſe Mountains, perhaps the People of both *Armenia*'s were uniting themſelves, and gathering into a vaſt Body, which might find them more Difficulties to overcome than this: and therefore for theſe Reaſons their Opinions were to enforce theſe Mountains. But although the Opinion of *Cyrus* did always uſe to lead the reſt at other times, yet it did not ſo now; for all with one Conſent knowing certainly the King of *Armenia* had Scarcity of Victuals, and ſeeing that at feweſt thirty thouſand Men muſt needs periſh in the Attempt, did reſolve only to ſtop all Paſſages; to repulſe all thoſe that made any Sallies out of the Mountains; and to invite them unto it, to ſeem ſometimes as if they would make Aſſaults in ſeveral Quarters: They conceived it not juſt to let ſuch a vaſt Number of People to periſh for want of a little Patience, eſpecially ſince they had no Certainty that the Princeſs *Mandana* was in the Place. This Advice being generally to be purſued, no more was to be done, but to keep moſt ſtrict Guards round about the Mountains, and to find out all the blind Paths and by-ways.

The next Morning, *Ciaxares* would take a View of the *Aſſyrian* Troops, in Battalia by themſelves, which now they had mingled with the reſt, as being all of one ſide. Mean while, this Siege without a Town, was not ſo idle a Buſineſs as *Cyrus* did imagine it, for ſince the Prince *Phraartes* was very gallant, and ſince Love was a Spur unto his Valour, he began to beſtir himſelf, though during the firſt days, he was ſick with Grief at his Father's Loſſes, and that the Princeſs *Ariminna* was in the Hands of his Enemies. As he was well verſed in all the by-ways of theſe Mountains, he would ſometimes come and ſend us a Shower of Arrows, and ſo vaniſh in a Moment, that none could know what was become of him: Sometimes he would come in the Night unto the Foot of the Mountains, by ſuch blind-ways through the Rocks, where none but *Armenians* could come, and give an Alarum unto all the Camp; and ſince he had very good Spies in the Army of *Ciaxares*, he always made his Sallies on that ſide where *Cyrus* was not, for the Valour of this Prince was moſt terrible unto all the *Armenians*. But ſince *Cyrus* was not uſed to be ſurprized, but ſurprize others, he reſolved every Night to go into ſeveral Quarters, in hopes to meet with this almoſt inviſible Enemy, who would never fall upon his ſide, and who he knew to be the Prince *Phaartes* by ſome Priſoners which he had taken. Upon ſuch a Deſign as this which *Cyrus* had, the King of *Aſſyria* would be ſure to make one, as well as other particular Friends of *Cyrus*. *Thraſibulus*, *Aglatidas*, *Araſpes*, *Perſodes*, *Gedates*, *Gobrias*, *Megabiſes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Thimocrates*, *Leontidas*, *Philocles*, *Aduſias*, *Chriſantes*, *Feraulas*, and many others were then with him. After they had waited ſeveral Nights in vain, at the laſt it happened one Night that *Phaartes* having no Intelligence in what Quarter *Cyrus* was, and having a Deſign to ſend out a Captain diſguized in the Habit of a Peaſant, unto *Tigranes* his Brother, he happened to deſcend from the Mountains on that ſide, where *Cyrus* lay in Ambuſh with ſix hundred Men, which he had culled out for that Purpoſe; yet he had placed himſelf ſo, that *Phaartes* taking a little Path upon his left Hand, could not come unto the Foot of the Mountains, but that which at the firſt ſeeing did anger him, was afterwards his Advantage; for when *Phaartes* with half his Men was paſt the Foot of the Mountains, *Cyrus* did immediately ſtep between him, and his Retreat, and perceiving that there was Abundance of Men amongſt the Rocks as well as in the Plain, he could not tell in which of thoſe two the Prince *Phaartes* was; ſo that to be ſure of meeting with him, he divided his Men, the one half to aſſault thoſe who were in the Rocks, and the other half to purſue thoſe in the Plain, who ſeeing their Retreat cut off, endeavoured to find out another; but *Cyrus* purſued them very cloſe, whilſt the King of *Aſſyria* did ſcuffle with them amongſt the Rock: The Heavens were very ſerene and clear, and the Stars did give a ſpendent luſter, ſo that this Nights Combate proved very ſharp and bloody: *Thraſibulus* and *Aglatidas* did Wonders in ſeconding the Valour of *Cyrus*, who found no ſmall Reſiſtance from thoſe he fought with; for the Prince *Phaartes* being there, did deſperately defend himſelf, and did things worthy of eternal Memory, yet being wounded in the right Arm, and left Hand, ſo that he could not hold his Sword, he endeavoured to ſave himſelf; then he fell off, being followed by fifteen or twenty of his Men, whilſt the reſt kept their Ground, and unperceived by *Cyrus*, or any of his Men, he got into a little Valley, wherein did fall a very rapid Torrent from the Height of the Mountains; there *Phaartes* hid himſelf, hoping that when the Combate was ended, and the Troops of *Cyrus* drawn off, he might then perhaps get into his rocky way again. In the mean time, all the reſt of his Men were cut all in Pieces, and *Cyrus* finding no Reſiſtance, went to ſee what the King of *Aſſyria* had done; he found him very buſy with his Enemies, who did not fly according to their old Cuſtom, becauſe they knew that the Prince *Phaartes* was engaged; yet at the laſt, hoping he might gain ſome other Paſs whereby to retreat, they retired unto a Paſs, beyond which it was not poſſible to follow them; for it was ſo narrow that two Men might make head againſt an hundred thouſand. After they had done all that was poſſible, and were thinking upon a Retreat, *Cyrus* enquired concerning all his Friends, whom in the Obſcurity of Night he could not diſcern: *Aglatidas* being next, told him that he heard the Name of *Ottanus* uſed in the Combate. I heard more then you, ſaid *Cyrus*, for I heard one cry, *Ottanus* is dead. As *Aglatidas* was about to anſwer, Intelligence came to *Cyrus*, that ſome of the Enemy had rallied together in a little Valley, ſo that he went immediately thither; but *Phaartes*, (for it was he they meant) being advertiſed of their coming, by a Souldier whom he had ſet Sentinel at the Advenue of the Valley, and finding himſelf diſabled from fighting with any; and alſo conſidering the ſmall Number of his Men, and they all wounded as well as himſelf, commanded them, to throw down their Arms, and follow him, chuſing rather to truſt unto the Generoſity of his Enemy, than to a feeble Reſiſtance, which could do him no good: and ſince he was diſabled from fighting, he thought it leſs Shame to render himſelf unto a gallant Enemy, then to fly, or let himſelf be killed without Reſiſtance: All his Men obeying him, he went unto a Paſſage where he expected his Enemy to come; and ſince the Moon ſhined very bright, and Objects might well be diſcerned; *Cyrus* was no ſooner in Sight, but one of his Men knowing him, (becauſe he had been with *Tigranes* at *Sinope*) did ſhew *Phaartes* which was he: This Prince then cried out, with a moſt generous Boldneſs, ſo loud as he thought he might be underſtood; Whither art thou going *Cyrus*? doſt thou not know, that it is not glorious to overcome at all times? Suffer thy ſelf ſometimes to be vanquiſhed, and be aſſured that being overcome after that manner, thy Victory will be more noble than if thou wert a Conquerour; and at this time there will be more Honour in the Triumph of thy Clemency, than of thy Courage and Valour. *Cyrus* upon this ſtood ſtill, and turning towards *Chriſantes*, who ſtood next him, ſaid ſmilingly unto him, I ſee there is nothing more ingenious than ill Fortune, nor any thing more witty then Neceſſity: and how much more wiſely and eloquent we ſpeak when we are conquered, than when we are Conquerors: after this, holding out his Hand unto this diſarmed Enemy, whom yet he knew not; Aſſure thy ſelf (ſaid he unto him) thou ſhalt receive no harm from me; and whoſoever thou art, I will render thee any Service in my Power, even ſo far as to give thee thy Liberty; for it is my Cuſtom to take them only for Enemies, who are in a Condition to defend themſelves. *Phaartes* being charmed with the high Generoſity of *Cyrus*, ſaid unto him, I do not wonder at all that the Gods ſhould ſo continually give Victory unto a Prince who knows ſo well how to uſe it; and I wonder leſs at the extream Affection which the Prince *Tigranes* my Brother had unto the moſt Illuſtrious *Artamenes*. *Cyrus* knowing by theſe Words, that it was the Prince *Phaartes*, he imbraced him moſt civilly, and perceiving him wounded, he commanded a Horſe to be fetched in all haſte to carry this wounded Prince ſpeedily unto ſome place where he might be dreſſed: For, generous Prince, ſaid he unto him, the Mountains may perhaps be Dangerous for you, conſidering the State you are in. The Horſe being brought, *Cyrus* commanded them to aid the Prince *Phaartes*, and two Souldiers to lead his Horſe, becauſe he was not able to hold the Bridle by reaſon of his Wounds.

When he was gone, *Cyrus* miſſing *Thraſibulus*, enquired concerning him, and they told him, that he ſtaid with a wounded Enemy, who rendred himſelf unto him: *Feraulas* ſaid further, that after the Fight was ended, he cauſed this Priſoner to be carried by Souldiers to the Camp, and he himſelf followed. Since the Place where now they were was not far off from the Place where the Prince did quarter, they went into his Tents, and placed the Prince *Phaartes* in one of the moſt magnificent Pavilions; cauſing the Chirurgions which were in the Tent of *Thraſibulus* to be called, for *Cyrus* himſelf would ſee him dreſſed: Mean while he ſent *Feraulus* unto *Ciaxares* to inform him of all Paſſages. The wounds of the Prince *Phaartes* being found to be more Painful then Dangerous, the Chirurgions ſaid, that there was no Danger, if he eſcaped a Feaver; to prevent which, it was requiſite for him to reſt all that Night, and a good part of the next Morning. *Cyrus* then retired as well as the King of *Aſſyria*, though it went much againſt his Mind to depart before he had asked him concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, which conſidering the Condition *Phaartes* was in, he durſt not mention, but Reaſon at this time ruled above his Love, and *Cyrus* reſolved to wait ſome certain hours for a Satisfaction of his Deſires: Mean time, ſince *Thraſibulus* yet appeared not, and ſince he underſtood the Chirurgions had been in his Tent, he asked them, whom they dreſſed there? They anſwered him, that they had dreſſed a very Handſom Man, who was in great danger of Death, and who told *Thraſibulus* an hundred obliging Stories: That *Thraſibulus* was very much perplexed for him, and that without all doubt he was a Man of Quality. *Cyrus* ſent to aſk who it was? but *Thraſibulus* leaving his Wounded Priſoner at reſt, according to the Orders of the Chirurgions, came himſelf to relate the Adventure. *Cyrus* no ſooner ſaw him, but he ſaw Melancholy in his Face, and asked him very obligingly, how he did? What, generous Prince, ſaid he unto him, are you ſo Unfortunate as to Wound a Friend in lieu of an Enemy? Sir, ſaid he unto him again, to make you underſtand the whole Adventure, it is requiſite I relate the whole Story of my Life, being impoſſible otherwiſe to comprehend the Averſneſs of my Deſtiny: for, Sir, when I ſhall tell you that he who is now your Priſoner, and Wounded in my Tent, is Son unto the wiſe *Pittacus*, Prince of *Mytelene*, whoſe Name is *Tiſſander*, then you will doubtleſs know that he is Son unto one of the prime Men of all *Greece*. I have long deſired, ſaid *Cyrus*, to know the Life of that Prince, who hath taught me to overcome my Self, and I am much indebted unto your Valour; but illuſtrious *Thraſibulus*, I have been ſo buſied with my own Misfortunes, ſince you came to *Sinope*, that now I have no Mind to deſire the Relation of yours; yet prepare your ſelf ere long for the Relation of it, and in the mean time go and reſt your Self, and take Care of your Wounded Priſoner, who out of my Affection to you I know not whether I ſhould love or hate; and if ſome Conference which I am to have with the Prince *Phaartes* concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, do not drive me into abſolute Deſpair, and deprive me of my Reaſon by depriving me of all Hopes, I ſhall then hold an hour or two in Diſcourſe with you in Private. *Thraſibulus* then thanked him for this Goodneſs, and retired; leaving this Prince at Liberty to lie down upon his Bed for two or three hours, to recover his Wearineſs; his ſleep was not over quiet, for his Impatience to ſpeak with *Phaartes* did ſo torment him, that he could take no Reſt: He ſent above twenty times, to know whether he was awake, and how he did of his Wounds? but ſtill the Anſwer was, he was aſleep. But deſiring to ſee him before the King of *Aſſyria* came unto him, he went himſelf to viſit him, and came juſt as he waked, ſo that he and the Phyſicians and Chirurgeons entred together; they found him very well, ſo that after he was dreſſed, they permitted him to perform his Complement unto *Cyrus* for his great Care of him, not forbidding him to talk, as they did the night before. Sir, ſaid *Phaartes* unto him, if you treat your Enemies thus, how would you treat your Friends? You may know that by your ſelf, anſwered *Cyrus*, if you will; for if you ſincerely tell me where the Princeſs *Mandana* is, you will oblige me to be your Friend. I ſhould be extreamly glad to ſatisfy your Curioſity, if I could, replied *Phaartes*, but I do profeſs before all the Gods whom we adore, that I know not where ſhe is; and to make it evident that I am ſincere, I will not ſay with the ſame Confidence, that the King my Father knows not, becauſe ſince he is a Prince who doth not uſe to impart Matters of State unto any, he may know more of it then I do: But, Sir, if you dare take the Word of an Enemy, permit me to go as ſoon as I am able unto the King my Father, and after I have employed all my Ingenuity to Diſcover the Truth, I will return and give you a Sincere Relation of it. Generous Prince, replied *Cyrus*, you need not paſs your Word, for you are abſolutely Free, and may do what you pleaſe; for I ſerve a King who uſes to make good all the Promiſes which I make: ſo that when it is your pleaſure to return unto the King your Father, you may; but if the Prayers of an Enemy have any prevalency with you, I do conjure you to move the King of *Armenia* to impart all he knows concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, and not to force *Ciaxares* to ruin him: Perchance you have ſeen how potent his Army is from the tops of your Mountains, ſo that I hope both Reaſon, Senſe, and Generoſity will induce you to ſatisfy my Demands. *Phaartes* then obliged himſelf by an hundred Proteſtations of Sincerity and Freedom, and told him, that if the Chirurgeons thought Expedient, he would be carried the next Morning, though he would not accept of that Favour which *Cyrus* offered, to releaſe him abſolutely. But, ſaid he further unto him, that you may give more Credit unto my Words, I will truſt you with a Secret which much concerns my Life, which is, Sir, that you have in your keeping a Princeſs who hath the ſame influence upon the Heart of *Phaartes*, that *Mandana* has upon the generous *Cyrus*: ſo that having a Pawn ſo dear and Precious unto me, you may well expect that Fidelity from me, which very few Enemies would pay unto thoſe they fight with.

As they were thus in Conference, intelligence was brought unto *Cyrus*, that *Ciaxares* and the King of *Phrygia*, who alſo lodged in the Town, were coming to the Camp; ſo that he went from *Phaartes* to meet them: Juſt as the King of *Aſſyria* was entring, having ſome Curioſity to enquire of the Princeſs *Mandana*, *Cyrus* bluſhed, and in ſhort related the Anſwer of *Phaartes* unto him, ſo that they went both together to meet *Ciaxares*, who gave them both very high Commendations, but ſo, that it was eaſy to ſee he put a great Difference between them. *Cyrus* gave him an Account of all his Conference with *Phaartes*, and beſeeched him that he might be treated as he had promiſed: which *Ciaxares* eaſily condeſcended unto, conceiving indeed that it was eaſier to come unto the knowledg of the Truth by the Mediation of that Prince, than any other way: So that *Ciaxares* gave *Cyrus* full Power to tranſact that Buſineſs, and every thing elſe, as he himſelf thought beſt expedient, without making any Addreſſes unto him for Advice; and after he had beſtowed a viſit upon *Phaartes* and *Tiſſander*, he returned unto *Artaxates*. In the mean while *Aglatidas*, who thought he heard the Name of *Ottanus* mentioned in the Fight, and who underſtood from *Cyrus*, that *Ottanus* was ſaid to be Dead, went to ſee the Prince *Phaartes*, and beſeeched him to reſolve him, whether it was true that *Ottanus* was engaged in his Quarrel, and out in the laſt Combat? *Phaartes* told him both were true, and that he believed he periſhed the laſt Night, becauſe he heard one Cry in the heat of Combat, that *Ottanus* was Dead. *Aglatidas* underſtanding this, deſired *Artaban* who knew him, to enquire more certainly of it, during the two hours of Truce which was agreed upon, for the fetching off their Dead, and which indeed the Enemy did deſire, principally to ſee whether *Phaartes* could be found amongſt them.

Artaban then went along with thoſe whom *Cyrus* ſent to bring off the Bodies of ſome ten or twelve of his Souldiers which fell in the Fight, ſeeming to look for an Officer and Friend of his who was miſſing: He ſearched very narrowly amongſt all the Dead; but though he did not find the Body of *Ottanus* amongſt them, yet was he able to carry back moſt certain News of his Death: for amongſt thoſe who carried off their Dead, there came alſo a Servant of *Ottanus* who *Artaban* knew, and who ſearching for his Maſter cloſe by that Torrent which falls from the Mountains into the little Valley where *Phaartes* was retreated, he began ſuddenly to cry out: *Artaban* came to him, and there ſaw, amongſt ſome Rocks which ſtood in the Water, a dead Man, yet could not diſcover his Face; but by the reſt of his Body, Clothes, and very remarkable Arms, the Servant knew it to be his Maſter *Ottanus*: he ſaw alſo, that his Shoulder, which lay out of the Water, was all Bloody, and therefore concluded him to be Wounded: yet ſince this Torrent was ſo rapid and deep, it was very difficult to come unto the place where the Corps was, which ſtuck upon the point of a Rock: They ſent for long poles wherewith to draw him out, but none could be found long enough to reach him; and no other Invention could be deviſed; for it was too deep to wade, and too rapid to Swim: yet whilſt they were inventing ſome new way to draw off this Corps, a great Guſh of Water fell from the Rocks upon that point which ſtopped him, and then the impetuous Torrent did gulf him into the Bottom of the Water, and there was he buried. After this, *Artaban* returned to the Camp with certain news of *Ottanus* his Death, ſince his Eyes were Witneſſes of it, it being imaginable, that as he fled with the reſt into this little Valley, he fell into this Torrent, and there periſhed; at the leaſt it was the imagination of *Artaban*, for all the other Men were of a hundred Opinions contrary to one another. All thoſe who knew the Intereſt that *Aglatidas* had in the Death of this Man, did rejoice at it; but as for himſelf, he was too Wiſe, and too well accuſtomed unto Sorrows, to paſs ſo ſuddenly from Melancholy to Joy: all he ſaid was, that he was not very Sorry for the Death of him who was a Tyrant unto *Ameſtris*, and by Conſequence that ſhe was rid of him: Yet *Megabiſes*, who upon the ſame Reaſon ſhould have been glad alſo, was very ſad at it, becauſe he thought it would become the Happineſs of *Aglatidas:* ſo that though he thought never to have loved *Ameſtris* again, yet he found that he loved her ſtill, by the renewing of his Secret hate unto *Aglatidas*; yet he durſt not manifeſt it, for *Cyrus* did ſo tenderly affect him, that it was a capital Crime to be his declared Enemy. All this while *Thraſibulus* was with *Tiſſander*, whom the Chirurgeons found to be in a better State. The Prince *Phraartes* alſo did much mend upon it, ſo that he deſired *Cyrus* he might go the next morning unto the King his Father, and acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion: Yet *Cyrus* would needs have him carried in a Litter; and ſo, that very morning on which the King of *Armenia* ſent to ſee the Prince his Son, he was conducted by a Guard of two hundred Souldiers unto the firſt Guards of the *Armenian* King, with whom *Cyrus* renewed the Truce, until the Prince *Phaartes* returned with his Anſwer. During this ſhort interval, in which *Cyrus* hoped for a clear Satisfaction of his Deſires, he payed all due Civilities unto every one: He went unto *Artaxates* to wait upon *Ciaxares*, and there he viſited the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and related unto her all that *Phaartes* had ſaid concerning her, and what had paſſed between them, which ſhe hearkened unto not without ſome bluſhes: She gave *Cyrus* thanks for the liberty he had given *Phraartes*, but it was after ſuch a manner, that he might know ſhe rather thanked him for delivering her from all new Expreſſions of his Affection which he would have rendered her whilſt he had continued a Priſoner, then for any love ſhe bore him, though ſhe did eſteem him very much. After this, *Cyrus* returned unto the Camp again, contemplating always upon his dear Princeſs, or diſcourſing either with *Aglatidas*, or *Feraulas*, or *Chriſantes*, in whom he put much confidence. He loved *Araſpes* very well, yet ſince he had been in Love, he never ſpoke unto him concerning his Paſſion. When he was come into the Camp, he went immediately unto the Tent of *Thraſibulus*, where ſince he was at leaſure, he intended to paſs that Day, and part of the Night in hearing a Relation of what he deſired ſo much to know. As ſoon as he went thither, he expreſſed his Deſires of being alone with *Thraſibulus*, ſo that every one did leave him the liberty of Conference; and as ſoon as *Cyrus* ſaw this Opportunity, he ſaid very obligingly unto him; Well, my old Conqueror, ſaid he, will you ſuffer your ſelf to be overcome, and acquaint me with all the Circumſtances of that Life, which as far as I know of it, is moſt Glorious? You will not ſay as much of the reſt when you know it, replied *Thraſibulus* and ſighed; for Sir, you will only find two things in it, that is, much Weakneſs, and much Misfortune: Yet ſince it is your pleaſure to have it ſo, and ſince indeed it concerns the preſent Conditions of my Affairs that you know it, therefore I ſhall very exactly obey you: But can you endure, Sir, the relation of ſo many trivial Paſſages, which muſt needs be very impertinent unto you, and indeed very Inconſiderable unto any who knows not what belongs to Love? Call them not trivial and inconſiderable, replied *Cyrus*, when they concern my Friends: and, my dear *Thraſibulus*, (ſaid he, and ſighed alſo) I am not ignorant of that Miſery whereof I think you complain; tell it therefore, I conjure you, and know that I have leiſure enough to hear it, though it take up all Day, and night alſo: for ſince there is a Truce with the King of *Armenia*, I have little other imployment; and ſince Nights are but tedious, and reſtleſs unto me. *Thraſibulus* then ſeeing his Opportunity, and knowing that it was requiſite *Cyrus* ſhould be acquainted with his paſt Adventures, conſidering the preſent Condition of his Fortune, was moſt willing to obey him; and taking their Seats, he began thus.

The Hiſtory of Thraſibulus *and* Alcionida.

HAd I a Soul as ſenſible of Ambition as Love, I do not think it had been poſſible to endure all thoſe Miſfortunes which have fallen upon me : But ſince I ever thought it a greater Glory to merit Crowns, than poſſeſs them ; I ſtood in need of all my conſtancy, ſince I was not tormented with that proud Paſſion, which has razed and ruined all the Monarchies, and Republicks in the World. And though I am ſenſible of the loſs of that Soveraignty which belonged unto me, yet did I not give my ſelf over unto Deſpair and Sorrow for it, but only as this Loſs was an Obſtacle unto my Love ; ſo that it may almoſt be ſaid, I never was ſenſible of Ambition until I began to be in Love. But to acquaint you, Sir, with thoſe Miſeries I have ſuffered both in my Fortune, and in my Love, give me leave to tell you, that I am the Son of *Thraſibulus*, Prince of *Miletes*, whoſe Name I bear, who as long as he lived was an intimate Friend of *Periander* King of *Corinth*, and whoſe Name was very notable as long as he lived, for the Wars which he waged for eleven Years together againſt *Sadiattes*, the little Son of *Giges*, and againſt *Alliates*, Father of *Cræſus*, which he finiſhed with too much good Fortune, Wiſdom, and Honour, to be related in a few Words, and ſince that which followed after was the Foundation of all my Miſeries. This War, Sir, was the more conſiderable, ſince it was begun during the Raign of *Giges*, when he uſurped the Crown from *Heraclidus* ; for ſince that *Ardis* who ſucceeded him, did keep it from him, as likewiſe *Sadiattes* his Son after him, and as now *Alliates* does the ſame. The Prince my Father, then being very buſy in the beginning of his Raign to eſtabliſh in his Houſe that Soveraign Authority which belonged unto him ; he could not during the firſt Year of his War againſt *Sadiattes*, with all the Forces he had reſiſt him, becauſe he had many Enemies within the Town ; and not daring to go out of it, leſt in his abſence a Seditious Party ſhould gather to a Head in it. *Sadiattes* was abſolute Maſter of the Field, and continued his Wars for ſix Years together, in a very ſtrange manner; for without making any Attempts againſt the Town, he brought every Year in the Harveſt-time a very vaſt Army of Foot into the *Mileſians* Country, and without any burning of Houſes, or deſtroying Towns, he only carried away all their Corn and Fruits, and ſtayed no longer in the Country. Since my Father was ſtronger at Sea, he ſaw it was in vain to attempt any thing againſt *Miletes*, ſeeing it could not be famiſhed; but his Hopes were, that the *Mileſians* being forced to buy their Corn of Strangers, and Money growing ſcarce amongſt them, then they would revolt from their Prince: But for all this, my Father would not draw out of the Town, until ſuch time as he ſaw himſelf abſolute Maſter of his People; ſaying, That the Sea would bring him Corn, when as nothing would bring him *Miletes* if it were once loſt. Afterwards when by Fears he had made the People abſolutely to ſubmit unto him, he drew into the Field preſently after the Death of *Sadiattes*, and the new King of *Lydia* made War after another manner. The Prince my Father, without the aſſiſtance of any, unleſs them of the Iſle of *Chios*, (who remembred the Aids which he lent them when the *Erithreans* made War upon them) was in a Condition to fight that famous Battel of *Limenia*, and afterwards that upon the Banks of the River *Meander*, where with his own Hand he killed the Prince of *Phocians* Son. And ſince theſe two Battels were bloody unto both ſides, and the Victory dubious, they gave a ſtop unto the progreſs of *Alliates*, who deſpairing of abſolute Victory, according to his Hopes, did upon his return ſet fire unto a great Field of Corn, whoſe flames did not only conſume the Corn, but by the greatneſs of the Wind did ſet the Temple of *Minerva* on fire, and entirely conſumed it. This ſad Accident did trouble the People of *Miletes*, more than it did the King of *Lydia*. But within a while after, that Prince falling ſick, and ſending to conſult with the Oracle of *Delphos*, the *Pythian* told the *Lydians*, that ſhe would return them no anſwer, until they had rebuilt the Temple of *Minerva* which they had burned. *Periander*, who knew of this Anſwer, ſent to advertiſe the King my Father, that he might make the beſt uſe he could of it, ſo that a while after when the *Lydian* Embaſſadours came to ask leave, that they might rebuild the Temple, my Father commanded all the Inhabitants of *Miletus* to bring all the Proviſions of Corn that were in the Town, and to ſet them down in the publick Place of ſale, where the Embaſſadours of *Lydia* were to paſs; which being done according to his Command, and the Embaſſadours making a report of what they had ſeen unto their Maſter, they cauſed him abſolutely to deſpair of ever overcoming my Father; and ſince they ſaw the *Mileſians* themſelves were able to make War with four Kings at once, they offered them very advantagious and glorious Conditions of Peace: *Alliates* then cauſed two Temples in lieu of one to be rebuilt; and afterwards recovering his Health, he became a very intimate Friend of my Father's, who ſince that Pacification, was a very quiet Poſſeſſor of his Dominions, notwithſtanding the ſeveral ſecret Factions which he knew was amongſt his Subjects; for he was very conſtant, bold, and politick, one that made every one to fear him, and one who defeated all manner of Conſpiracies againſt him. This being the ſtate of things, he lived a long time in great Tranquillity, and *Miletus* was queſtionleſs one of the moſt magnificent Towns of all *Cairo*. I was then about the Age of thirteen, or fourteen; and a natural Son unto the Prince my Father, called *Alexideſmus*, was ſome ſeventeen, or eighteen Years of Age: ſince he was the Son of a Concubine, whom my Father did highly affect, he loved him exceeding well, and educated him with the ſame care he did me. Since the Princeſs my Mother died, when I was very Young, and the Prince my Father did enfranchiſe and marry that Mother of *Alexideſmus*, that illegitimate Prince had a powerful Upholder which I was deprived of; for that Woman was of a witty and ſubtile Spirit, and one that was capable of any thing. About the ſame time it was, that the wiſe *Thales*, ſo famous every where, returned from his long Voyage out of *Egypt*, where *Solon* was then Reſident ; and he took ſo great Affection unto me, as I can well boaſt without any Vanity, that I am beholden unto his wiſe Precepts for that little Vertue which I have; had I made as good uſe of them as I ought, doubtleſs I ſhould not have been ſo unfortunate as I am : for he always read ſo many Leſſons againſt Love, and againſt Marriage unto me, that had I followed his Advice, I ſhould at leaſt have prevented one part of my Miſery. The principal Rule which he taught for the order of Life, was, never to do that thing which we would condemn in another: But though he taught me the Leſſon over and over an hundred times, yet did I not keep cloſe unto his Document; for though I have often condemned others for ſuffering themſelves to be ſo far captivated by Beauty, as to loſe their Tranquillity, I my ſelf am ſo deeply plunged in the ſnares of Love, that I even loſt my Reaſon. But ſince the Miſeries of my Fortune did precede thoſe of my Love, it is therefore fit, I firſt tell you, Sir, that *Melaſia* (ſo was the Mother of *Alexideſmus* called, whom my Father had married ſince the Death of my Mother) did project a marriage for her Son with a *Mileſian* Lady, who was extream Rich, and of high Quality. This at the firſt ſeemed very ſtrange unto the World, for every one thought that I ought to be firſt thought upon : But yet ſince the Prince my Father did favour the Deſign, none durſt make the leaſt Murmur, and *Alexideſmus*, continued his Addreſs without any Obſtacle ; for though this Lady, whoſe name was *Leonia*, whoſe Father was Dead, and ſhe at the Diſpoſition of her Mother, had no fancy unto *Altxideſmus*, ye ſhe concealed it by the command of her Mother : and indeed (if it be lawful to ſpeak ſincerely of a Man who was the Cauſer of all my Miſery) *Alexideſmus* was far from being Amiable,for he had the violent Humours of my Father, but he wanted his Wit, his Reſolution, and an hundred other good Qualities which he was Owner of: on the contrary, he was extreamly cholerick, cruel, ambitious, weak and bold both together; as for his Perſon, it was reaſonable handſom, and there was a great difference between his Body and his Mind: yet ſince *Melaſia* had the Heart of the Prince her Husband at command, he would not ſee the faults of her Son, or at leaſt ſeemed as if he knew them not; for he was continually cheriſhing and flattering him up, and made no Diſtinction between me and him, though I dare boldly affirm, I was free from many Vices which they winked at in him. The Mother of *Leonia* was Siſter unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, whoſe Son, (as I told you before) my Father killed, at the laſt Battel againſt the King of *Lydia*, ſo that in her Heart ſhe hated our Houſe: yet notwithſtanding the Prince of *Phoceus* being all Ambition, he ſent her Word, that if ſhe could ſo contrive it, that *Alexideſmus* ſhould raign, and I be diſinherited, that then ſhe ſhould conſent unto this Match, but otherwiſe not ſo much as to think upon it. This Lady being ambitious as well as her Brother, and holding a great correſpondency with *Melaſia*, did ſo cunningly break the Buſineſs unto her, that there was no queſtion but to find a ſuitable compliance between two Women of one and the ſame Diſpoſition, both of them did quickly underſtand the deſires of each other, ſince the ſame Ambition did enflame them; ſo that no longer hiding the matter, they plotted together how they might make *Alexideſmus* Raign, and concluded to bring it about, though at the rate of many Crimes committed.

Whilſt things were thus tranſacting, the Prince my Father finiſhed that good ſtrong Cittadel in *Miletus*; and I was continually buſied either in my Exerciſes, or in the Converſation of *Thalis*, or elſe diverting my ſelf in ſuch delights as were fit for a Prince of my Age: I carried my ſelf with all Civility towards *Melaſia* and *Alexideſmus*, but I do ingenuouſly confeſs that my Averſion to them both was ſo great, that I had much ado to diſſemble it: All this while the marriage of *Leonea* went ſlowly on; for ſince the Prince of *Phoceus* would ſee ſome appearance of his hopes before he would conſent unto it, his Siſter, whoſe name was *Philodicea*, did cunningly protract it; neither could he bring it about ſooner; becauſe they of *Prienna* being forced to declare War againſt *Policrates* Prince of *Samos*, who would needs be King of the Sea, and fight with all he met, my Father thought, that in common Policy he was bound to oppoſe this new Soveraignty, ſince he had a good Pretence unto it, and ſet forth a great Navy of Ships, of which he was conſtrained to make me Admiral, becauſe he could not conveniently do otherwiſe, ſince he would not go himſelf in Perſon unto this War: Not but that I was very young for ſuch an Employment, being than but fifteen Years of Age; but ſince my Lieutenant-General was a Man of great experience, he was to manage the Buſineſs, and I only to have the Honour of the Title; neither do I know whether I ſhould have had that if *Alexideſmus* had not faln ſick, ſo that he could not go this Voyage. The Prince *Philoxipes*, who was then about my Age, and the Prince *Tiſander*, being both of them moved with a deſire of Glory, came and took our parts, and carried themſelves moſt heroickly in this War, which proved not very proſperous unto us; for the Fortune of *Policrates* was ſo great, that nothing could reſiſt him; yet may I truly ſay without a boaſt, that though we were ſometimes worſted, yet was it not without Glory; and though we were not ſo fortunate as to conquer, yet we ſhewed our Enemies that we deſerv'd it. At the laſt a Peace was concluded by the Mediation of ſage *Bias*, who to that end went from *Prienna* unto *Samos*, though it laſted not long, ſince it was impoſſible to tie up *Policrates* from roving at Sea, and aſſaulting almoſt all he met. At my return to *Milete*, I found the marriage of *Alexideſmus* and *Leonea* almoſt concluded; for during my abſence, *Melaſia* and *Philodicea* had cajolled with the chief of that Faction in the Town who were oppoſite unto the wiſe *Thales*, who though he was a great Lover of his Countries Liberty, yet would he not buy it at the rate of any violent Courſes, oftentimes ſaying, That a Tyrant who governed his Subjects in Peace, was better than that Liberty which was bought at the Price of a War. But there were ſome of another Faction, who tranſacted upon other Principles, and after another manner; for conceiving that the Prince my Father had uſurped an Authority which did not belong unto him, and deſiring to reduce the Government into a Popularity, and to prevent his Succeſſors from raigning after him, ſee how they argued the matter amongſt themſelves, without acquainting *Melaſia* and *Philddicea* with it, though they were all of the Conſpiracy. They thought, that as long as the Prince my Father lived, there was no Thoughts of recovering their Liberty, but all their Deſign was how to carry things after he was dead: Theſe Men took notice how the People of *Milete* did extreamly affect me, and ſeeing by my Inclinations that my Raign would be milde and ſweet, they conceived it would be very difficult to make the People ſhake off their Obedience; but on the contrary, foreſeeing plainly that if *Alexideſmus* ſhould Raign, he would prove the moſt cruel, violent and tyrannick Prince in the World, they thought it would be a moſt eaſy Buſineſs to induce the People to revolt, and to ſhake off a weak and wicked Maſter; ſo that in hopes this way to ruin Soveraign Power, they promiſed *Melaſia* and *Philodicea*, that when it was fit time, they would ſet *Alexideſmus* on the Throne: ſo that theſe two Women were ignorant of their Principles; but however they were even raviſhed with Joy, to ſee their Deſign like to proſper according to their Wiſh; and therefore the Marriage between *Alexideſmus* and *Leonea* muſt be ſolemnized without any longer delay, and a Feaſt is prepared in *Milete* for it; at which the Prince of *Phocius*, ſeeming to forget the Death of his Son, was preſent; and for a Months time, nothing but publick Rejoycings and Sports were to be found amongſt all thoſe who were not of this cloſe Deſign: Every one did think it ſtrange the Prince my Father ſhould marry *Alexideſmus* before me, ſince by uſual courſe he who was to be his Succeſſor, ſhould firſt be thought upon: But ſince it was not the cuſtom to murmur at whatſoever he did, all the Town ſeemed to be very jocund. I ſeeing which way things were like to be carried, conſulted with wiſe *Thales*, who always told me, that what the Gods had ordained, muſt needs come to paſs, and therefore the beſt courſe would be to ſubmit unto their Providence. The ſtate of things ſtanding upon theſe Terms, and the Prince my Father thinking himſelf the happieſt Man upon Earth, *Periander*, King of *Corinth*, who at that time found no very exact Obedience from his Subjects, did ſend unto him to ask, What would make a King that was but ill obeyed, to live quietly in his Dominions? The Prince my Father, who naturally was of a jealous Diſpoſition, and one of whoſe principal Maxim was, To truſt a ſecret unto as few as poſſible, and to put nothing to hazard; in lieu of writing unto *Periander*, or giving any Anſwer unto the Meſſenger, he carried him to walk in a great Meadow, and through a great Field of Corn ready to reap (for it was that time of the Year,) and ſaid unto him, Tell the King your Maſter what you ſee me do in this Corn-Field, and tell him that's my Anſwer. The Meſſenger, who knew not the Contents of that Letter which he brought, began to obſerve very exactly what the Prince did, who as he walked along the Field of Corn, as if he were in a deep Study, did break off thoſe Ears of Corn which grew higher than the reſt, and medled not with thoſe whoſe weight did bend them down to the Ground. Whatſoever this Meſſenger might think upon this Action, yet he could not comprehend the meaning, but reſolved to tell his Maſter what he had ſeen. Yet ſince it ſeemed ſomething odd, and of ſmall conſequence, after the Prince my Father was entered into the Town, and this Envoy gone to his Lodging, he could not chuſe but tell the matter unto a Man of *Milete*, whom he thought to be his very good Friend, and one who promiſed him not to ſpeak of it: But as ſoon as he was gone, this Man told another, and that other told his Friend, and that Friend told another Friend, and he unto the chief of the Conſpirators againſt me. As this Man was of a ſubtile Wit, and knew very well the ſtate of the *Corinthian* Affairs, and who, moreover, underſtood from *Melaſia* that *Periander* had ſent to aſk Counſel of my Father concerning ſome important Buſineſs, did well enough interpret the Riddle, and eaſily underſtood, that the breaking thoſe higheſt Ears of Corn, was as much as to ſay, that he muſt pull down the Grandees of his Dominions, who he thought did aſpire above their Quality. So that fearing leſt this Leſſon which was taught unto *Periander*, ſhould be executed upon himſelf, if ever the Prince of *Milete* ſhould come to diſcover his Plot, he told thoſe of the Combination, that it was requiſite they put their Plot in Execution ſooner than once they intended: But it was a long while before they could act their Intentions, ſo that I had leaſure to go into that War, wherein *Leontidas* ſerved *Policrates*, of which he told you in his Relation at *Sinope*. But during my abſence *Anthemius* (ſo was the chief of the Conſpirators called) did ſo cunningly manage his Buſineſs, that he induced *Melaſia* to think that the Prince my Father lived too long; for ſince the Vices of *Alexideſmus* did every day grow higher, the Prince began to make ſome difference between him and me: And *Philodicea*, who ſaw that her Daughter would be moſt unhappy in the Perſon of her Husband, yet her Ambition was her comfort, and ſhe continually preſſed *Melaſia* to move the Prince unto a Declaration in behalf of *Alexideſmus*, telling her that it was eaſily done, and that there did need no more but to publiſh unto the World, that ſhe was his firſt legitimate Wife, and that the Princeſs my Mother was never ſo, and ſo by conſequence *Alexideſmus* being the Elder, it was his Right to Reign; and alſo to tell the Prince my Father, that it was expedient to ſee it ſetled ſo whilſt he lived. *Melaſia* promiſed ſhe would, and indeed did move my Father unto it; but he would never give her a direct Anſwer; ſo that her Spirit being exaſperated, ſhe conſulted with *Anthemius*. The Prince of *Phocius* alſo came again to *Milete*, to conſult afreſh with the ſaid *Anthemius* and *Melaſia*; and the reſult of the Councels was, to poyſon my Father during my Abſence, and cauſe *Alexideſmus* to be proclaimed Soveraign. The Prince of *Phocius* ſaid further, that he made no queſtion but I had many Friends, yet ſince I was not in Town, they would not be over-violent in my behalf; and to prevent the worſt, he ſaid, he would cauſe a ſtrong party to enter into *Milete* ſecretly. *Anthemius* wiſhed it otherwiſe, becauſe he deſired to introduce Liberty upon the Death of the Prince, yet he durſt not openly oppoſe it, leſt he ſhould render himſelf ſuſpected, and diſcover the Plot which he hatched in his Heart.

The wiſe *Thales*, though very buſy at his Study, yet had Intelligence that ſome Plot or other was in Agitation, ſo that hearing of a Ship which the Prince my Father ſent with Ammunition, he writ a ſhort Letter unto me, wherein he intimated that my Preſence was very neceſſary at *Milete*; but ſince he could not imagine at what end the pernitious Plots of *Melaſia*, *Philodicea*, the Prince of *Phocius*, and *Anthemius*, did aim, he writ no more unto me, hoping that I would come time enough to diſperſe all Factions. In the mean while, the four Perſons did almoſt all of them tranſact by ſeveral Principles; for the Prince of *Phocius* did principally aim at Revenge; *Melaſia* and *Philodicea* ſought to ſatisfy their Ambition; and *Anthemius* aimed at the Liberty of his Country. But, Sir, why ſhould I trouble you thus long with the Miſeries of my Houſe? To be ſhort therefore, let me tell you, that *Melaſia* poyſoned my Father, and publiſhed a Declaration, by which *Alexideſmus* was acknowledged for his Succeſſor: The Prince of *Phocius* was in *Milete* with a commanding Power; *Anthemius* acknowledged *Alexideſmus* for his Prince, and after his Example others alſo. Thoſe Friends I had in Town would have taken up Arms; the People in general murmured; but the Party of *Anthemius* and *Phocius* had the Sword in their Hands, and were the ſtronger: When I arrived at *Milete*, they would not permit me Entrance, and ſince my Navy had been much weather-beaten, I was in the moſt pitiful Condition that ever was Prince: But ſending about two Hours after to know the Reaſon, *Alexideſmus* ſent me a counterfeit Declaration, which he had forged in my Father's Name, and as ſoon as it was dark, the wiſe *Thales* did let me underſtand the Truth of all things by a Fiſher-man, who came by Water;

ter; ſo that in one Day I heard of my Father's Death, the Loſs of my Dominion, the Treaſon of my Brother, and Revolt of my Subjects, and all this without any Power to help it. My Ships were much torn; I was not in a Condition to attempt any thing, having not Men enow to attempt any thing againſt *Milete* either by Sea or Land; nor knew I well how to get away from the Town, conſidering the Diſorder which this Affront had infuſed into my Fleet. The wiſe *Thales* did further ſend me his Advice, and conjured me not to ruin my Country for my own private Intereſt; but to ſtay until Time, my Friends, the Debauchedneſs of *Alexideſmus*, and the Gods, did revenge my Quarrel, and re-eſtabliſh me in my Dominions: for without all doubt the Gods were ſo juſt, as they would in fit time puniſh my Enemies, and recompence my Vertue, if I were ſo patient as to make good uſe of my Misfortune. When I firſt received this Advice, I did much wonder at it, and I confeſs it was ſomething difficult to follow it; ſo that it was Neceſſity rather than Choice which made me follow his Counſel. However, the Sea being very ſerene, although my Ships were in a very bad Condition, yet I endeavoured to put in at one of the next Iſlands, and there to accommodate my ſelf; yet did ſecretly ſend a Declaration into *Milete*, by which I let all my Subjects know, that the pretended Declaration of the Prince my Father was forged, and that *Alexideſmus* was not only a Rebel and an Uſurper, but that *Melaſia* his Mother poiſoned her Husband purpoſely to make her Son to reign. Since this Crime was horrid in the higheſt Degree, every one would not believe it, but imagined that it was only my Politick Scandal, to render them the more odious. But ſince Misfortunes ſeldom come alone, I was no ſooner in the open Sea, but a tempeſtuous Storm began to riſe, and within two Hours all my Fleet was diſperſed: The angry Billows waſted ſome of my Ships into the very Port of *Milete*; daſhed others againſt the Rocks, and ſplit them; ſome ſunk into the bottomleſs Abyſs; and I only with three Ships remained ſtruggling with the Wind and Waves: I thought a hundred times that it was impoſſible but I muſt needs periſh, and I did as often render Thanks unto the Gods that I was not to ſurvive my Misfortunes; but againſt my Wiſh, it was my Fate to live, and after a whole Day and Nights moſt diſmal Tempeſt, I was caſt upon the Iſle of *Chios*, where I landed, and was permitted only to re-accommodate my Ships; for ſince thoſe Iſlanders did know of the Alteration in *Milete*, they were afraid that if they ſhould harbour me long in their Ports, then the *Miletians* might have a Pretence of War againſt them. And thus, Sir, I found the Proverb true, That thoſe find the feweſt Places of Retreat, who ſtand moſt in need of them; and unfortunate Men ſeldom find Sanctuaries from thoſe who are not ſo themſelves. It was in vain to ſtay in hopes that any of my Ships would return; for whether they all periſhed, or were driven by the Tempeſt far off, or forſook me, and returned to *Milete*, I know not; but I am ſure I never heard any News of them: Two only of thoſe three which remained were fit to ſail, and the third was no ſooner ready, but I reſolved for *Leſtos*, to try whether that Friendſhip which I had contracted with *Tiſander* Son unto ſage *Pittacus* Prince of *Myteline*, would entertain me in ſpite of my Misfortunes. This generous Friend received me with Abundance of Kindneſs, and induced the Prince his Father alſo to reſpect me with as high Honour as if I were in full Poſſeſſion of my Dominions. In this Court I ſtayed a long time, and ſent unto *Periander* King of *Corinth* for ſome Aid; but his Hands were ſo full at home, by Reaſon of ſome oppoſite Faction amongſt his Grandees, that he was in no Condition to aſſiſt me. The Prince *Policrates* was at Peace with *Alexideſmus*; ſo likewiſe were they of *Prienne*: The Prince of *Phoceus* alſo was for him, and engaged all thoſe of his Alliance to the like; ſo that I ſaw no Poſſibility of effecting any thing with thoſe Succors which the Prince of *Myteline* only could afford me. I underſtood likewiſe by that Intelligence which I ever held with *Thales*, how he had diſcovered that *Anthemius*, who ſeemed ſo jealous in behalf of *Alexideſmus*, did privately animate the People againſt this Uſurper; ſo that there was much Reaſon to believe, there would ere long be ſome freſh Alteration in *Milete*. My beſt Courſe then was, not to incenſe the People

ple by bringing a War upon them, but to prepare my ſelf in a Readineſs to enter the Town whenſoever any favourable Occaſion ſhould be offered. Thus was I forced to ſit ſtill, and wait for the future Succeſs of my Fortunes; but I muſt confeſs it was with ſo melancholy a Mind, that nothing was able to divert me. And there was one thing which did double my Miſery, which was, that the Prince *Tiſander* was as unfortunate as my ſelf: for be pleaſed to know, Sir, that he had above two Years loved, in a moſt violent and deſperate manner, that famous Lady which you ſaw at *Lesbos*, when we met there together, but he could never obtain ſo much as a favourable look from her, though he courted her with all poſſible inviting Allurements which uſually move Affection. Since the admired *Sapho*, of whom I ſpeak, was a Miracle of Wit, Beauty, and Affability, I could not blame him for eſteeming her above all the World; yet ſince I never had been in Love my ſelf, I did extreamly condemn him for being as melancholy as my ſelf. But, Sir, it is not the Hiſtory of this Prince which I intend to relate: I ſhall only thus far tell you, that he being paſt all hopes of ever moving the Heart of this *Lesbian* Beauty, he deſired me to be the Companion of his Exile, and to travel with him over all thoſe Seas which were not far remote from *Milette*, in hope that Abſence would be his Cure. Since, in this Diſgrace wherein I lived, all Places were indifferent unto me, I eaſily conſented unto his Deſire; ſo that colouring our Departure as well as we could, we left *Lesbos*, and committed our ſelves unto Fortune. All our Diſcourſe was commonly Diſputes of Ambition and Love, and each of us maintained his Opinion according to the Suggeſtions of his Heart. We had two Ships beſides that in which we were; but preſently after we had only that, for meeting the Prince *Policrates*, who was much ſtronger than we, he took the other two from us, and all we were able to do was to eſcape out of his Hands. This Accident did extreamly incenſe me, and (if I may uſe the Phraſe) firſt moved me to turn a Pirate; for it begot in me ſo hot a Deſire to regain what I had loſt, that we reſolved to fall upon all we met, that would not render themſelves, conceiving it as lawful for us, as for *Policrates*, to make Prize of what we could. In leſs than a Months time we made above twenty Combates, and I preſently got the Name of a Pirate: as for the Prince *Tiſander*, he would not be known in any Place where e're we came. It may, I confeſs, be ſaid I was a Pirate, but now am none; for ſince my Deſign was only to get a ſmall Fleet by my Courage, I only retained the Ships and ſuch of the Men as would willingly ſerve me, and only as much as would ſuſtain us. We took three Ships from the Prince of *Phocæus* my Enemy, which did beyond all Expreſſions joy me; and at the firſt Iſle we came at, I ſet the Men on Land, and took others in their room: This did revive my hopes, ſince I began to conquer my Enemies. I underſtood from theſe *Phocean* Mariners, that their Prince would ere long imbarque, and go by the *Euxine* Bridg unto the Town of *Appolonia*, ſo that reſolving to intercept his Paſſage, I returned from whence I came, and it was then, Sir, when I met with you as you were ſailing from *Corinth* to *Epheſus:* Since my Deſign was to fight the Prince of *Phocæus*, whom they ſaid would come with ſix Sail, I reſolved to ſet upon yours, and gain it if I could. Yet to ſpeak the truth, you diſputed that Victory with ſo much Courage, as it may truly be ſaid that Number did overcome you, and that your Valour notwithſtanding was victorious. But, Sir, will you give me leave to tell you, how that valiant Man who fought with you in the Sea after you were both faln in, and whom I took up with you in a little Boat, was this ſame *Tiſander* who is now in my Tent, and who would not permit me to diſcover him unto you all the while you was in my Ship?

How, generous *Thraſibulus*, (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted his Story) is he whom I fought withal, and who certainly had overcome me if you had not been, is he here? Then let me entreat you at my Requeſt to redouble your Cares of him, for I do not think there is a more valiant Man in the whole World than he: But I beſeech you go on with the Relation of his Life, which is as tender to me as my own. When *Thraſibulus* had admired the high Generoſity of *Cyrus*, in intereſting himſelf as he did in the Preſervation of that Man who had ſo furiouſly diſputed with him for the Victory, he continued his Diſcourſe in this manner.

I will not bring into your Memory, Sir, any more Paſſages of that Adventure, becauſe I know your Modeſty will not permit it; but give me leave to tell you, that when I landed at *Lesbos*, it was to ſet *Tiſander* on Shoar, who had received two Wounds from you, leſs in Appearance than thoſe two you received from him, but much longer, and more difficult to be healed. Then, Sir, according to my intended Deſign, I carried you to the *Euxine* Bridg, where I had the good Fortune to encounter him I was in queſt of, to wit, the Prince of *Phocens*; for indeed, it was he, Sir, againſt whom you fought, and whom you vanquiſhed, for certainly without you I had been vanquiſhed; but as Fortune was, he was not in any of thoſe three Ships which we took, but by a Miracle of Fate eſcaped: Then, Sir, after you refuſed thoſe two Ships which I did preſent unto you, becauſe indeed they belonged unto you more than unto me, and after that you were pleaſed to accept but of one of them; that ſame Tempeſt which did riſe within ſix Hours after we parted, and which, as I underſtood afterwards, did drive you ſome two Days after upon the Port of *Sinope*; that ſame Wind, I ſay, which drove you that way, did alſo by a prodigious blaſt, drive me the contrary, and carried me into the *Helliſpont*, and afterwards cauſed me to paſs between *Lemnos* and *Lesbos*; then forced me more upon the left hand, until I touched upon the Iſle of *Chio*, and after upon the Coaſts of *Gnides*, ſo well known by that *Iſthmus* which ſhoots it ſelf ſo far into the Sea, as if that Neck of Land did joyn it unto the Continent.

Hitherto, Sir, you may be pleaſed to look upon the moſt happy time of my Life, for amongſt my Misfortunes, I always enjoyed ſome Happineſs, either in the Friendſhip of the wiſe *Thales*, or in the ſweet Society of *Tiſander*, or Yours: But ſince the Day that I arrived at *Gnides*, nothing but miſerable Misfortunes were my Lot; for be pleaſed to know that juſt upon the point of this *Iſthmus*, whither the Tempeſt had driven me alone, (all my other Ships being diſperſed by the Storm) there ſtands a very ſtrong Caſtle, which is the greateſt Defence of this Iſle. A Man of good Quality, whoſe Name was *Euphranor*, and who was one of the Councel of ſixty which governs that Republique, did command in that Caſtle when I came thither. This Man, to my good Fortune as then I thought, was upon the top of a Tarraſs, and from that Height did ſee how the impetuous Winds did daſh me againſt the bottoms of the Walls; ſo that out of his civil Humanity, he ſent preſently unto all the Mariners in the Port to aſſiſt me, and he took eſpecial care to know in what Condition my Ship was, which indeed was the very ſame in which he had formerly commanded; for he ſaw it to be a Man of War, and one of the goodlieſt and biggeſt that ever was ſeen in thoſe Seas, and indeed it was the ſame I fought in againſt *Policrates*, and in which I had the Happineſs of your Company. Some Mariners which knew my Ship, told him I was that famous Pirate, who had a long time kept thoſe Seas, and who never uſed to take any Money or Merchandize, but only Men and Ships; aſſuring him alſo that they knew me very well, and once ſaw me aſſault a Ship whilſt they eſcaped. But being informed by others at the ſame time, who came to ſee me, that I had not the Garb of a Pirate: that my Ship was much Weather-beaten, and that it would be a long time before I could be in a Condition to depart from *Gnides*; he ſent order, either out of Curioſity to know who I was, or elſe for the Security of his Fort, to bring me unto him. Since I knew it was the Cuſtom of all Gariſons to do the like, and ſince I reſolved not to make my ſelf known, I willingly obeyed, and only one Man of Quality in *Milete*, called *Leoſthenes*, (who would never forſake me) and three more of my own Men followed me: I was brought unto *Euphranor* in a great Gallery, where ſeveral People were walking with him: he ſpoke unto me very ingenuouſly and civilly; he asked me from whence I came, and whither my Intentions was to go? he did alſo put many Queſtions unto me to diſcover the Truth of my Anſwers: unto which I replied ſo readily, as I did not fully give him Satisfaction; for I anſwered, that though I ſhould tell him my Name, yet would it be unknown unto him; that I came from the *Euxine* Bridg upon ſome important Occaſions, but knew not whither I went when the Tempeſt did drive me upon that Coaſt, however I acknowledged my ſelf bound unto his Generoſity in ſending his Men to relieve me, and my Ship, which if he had not done, I had certainly periſhed. Whilſt I was thus ſpeaking unto *Euphranor*, I obſerved how all the Men in the Gallery with him flocked about me with a prejudicated Opinion that I was a Pirate: Since there are only four Languages ſpoken amongſt all the *Ionians*, and they much reſembling one another, ſo that whoſoever underſtood one, might underſtand all the reſt: we underſtood one another very well; there being but little Difference between the Language of *Milete*, and that of *Gnides*, only in the Accent, for both were *Greeks*. But, Sir, amongſt thoſe which came about me, I ſaw four or five Ladies of handſom Garb; amongſt the reſt, the Daughter of *Euphranor* was the faireſt that ever Eye beheld; and ſince ſhe was more curious than the reſt, to ſee a Pirate, which I heard her ſay, ſhe had never ſeen before, ſhe came nearer to me than the reſt, and I did ſalute her with more ſubmiſſive Reverence than I did the reſt, unto whom I only bowed my ſelf in general without any particular Application: But unto *Alcionida*, (for that was the Name of that Beauty) I addreſſed my ſelf with as much humble Reverence as if a Divinity had been preſent. Whilſt I was in Conference with *Euphranor*, methought I heard her ſay unto her Companions, that I had not the Garb and Air of a Pirate, as they had formerly deſcribed Pirates unto her; ſo that to comfirm her in that good opinion of me, I endeavoured to anſwer *Euphranor* with all the Ingenuity that poſſible I could, and indeed he was ſo well pleaſed with me, that in lieu of the Quality of a Pirate, which is never admitted into their Ports, he very favourably offered me his Aſſiſtance, and told me, that I might ſtay in *Gnides* as long as I pleaſed to trim up my Ship: after this, I retired, holding Diſcourſe as long as handſomly I could; to the end I might the longer look upon the Wonder of Beauty, *Alcionida*. But at the laſt I went out of the Gallery, and returned unto my Ship: But ſince it leaked in very many Places, I was forced to lodg in the Town; at the end of which this Caſtle was built, ſtill retaining in my Fancy the perfect *Idea* of this Divine Beauty which I had ſeen. The next Morning, I went unto that famous Temple of *Gnidenian Venus*, where I found the Divine *Alcionida*, and ſo charming and amiable, that I changed Colour when I ſaw her. Since I wore that Day a very rich Sute of Clothes, ſhe hardly knew me, yet recalling my Face into her Memory preſently after, ſhe anſwered my Salute very civilly; ſince ſhe was then with her Mother, and ſince I paſſed but under the Notion of a Pirate, I durſt not accoſt her, but conceived it fit to ask leave before I addreſſed my ſelf unto her: I conceived it fit to go and thank *Euphranor*, and give him a ceremonious Viſit; I went unto him the very next Morning, and my Diſcourſe was ſo ſutable unto his Diſpoſition, that he acknowledged himſelf to be very glad of mine Acquaintance: After I parted from him, I bethought my ſelf, that commonly, Preſents with Men, have the ſame Operation that Sacrifices have with the Gods, and therefore I preſented him with an admirable Sword, the Hilt of which was Gold, and ſet with precious Stones, full of moſt rare Workmanſhip; for it was done by the Hand of that famous Philoſopher, and Arts-maſter, whoſe Skill in Gold-Works none could imitate. *Euphranor* was much taken with this magnificent Preſent, and received it with much Delight. In the mean while, I was ſo charmed with the Sight of *Alcionida*, that I forgot all neceſſary Orders for the trimming up of my Ship, and left the care of it wholly unto *Leoſthenes*: I ſhould ſtay alone in my Chamber, and contemplate upon nothing but the Divinity of her Beauty; I ſhould ſtand a whole Hour in a pleaſing Study, and think upon the Sweetneſs of her Looks, the Pureneſs of her Complexion, the excellent Compoſure in every part of her Face, and of the Modeſty which appeared in all her Actions, and the Sweetneſs of her Mind which appeared in her Phiſiognomie: But after I had long ſtood in ſuch contemplative Muſings, I ſhould upon a ſudden wonder to find my ſelf ſo imployed; I (I ſay) who ever ſince the Death of my Father had a Mind continually full of revenging Thoughts and Hatred, thinking upon nothing but how to regain what I had loſt; I confeſs, this Alteration aſtoniſhed me, and I was much aſhamed of ſo much Weakneſs in my ſelf: I reſolved to take another Courſe, and to ſend for Permiſſion to viſit the Wife of *Euphranor*, whoſe Name was *Phedima*: for, ſaid I unto my ſelf, I muſt not expoſe my ſelf unto ſo great a Danger as to look upon ſo charming a Beauty as *Alcionida*; for I ſcarce ſaw her above one Minute, but I forgot all my Enemies, what then would become of me if I ſhould diſcourſe with her, and give her time to captivate my Heart? Yet in a Moment after I laughed at my own Fears, and believed, that to quench my kindling Flames, there did need no more, but to deſire I ſhould not love *Alcionida*, and that would ſmother it up. Others, ſaid I, who are entangled with this kind of Paſſion, are themſelves in the Fault, becauſe they do not check and ſtifle it at the firſt, but I for my part ſhall take another Courſe, and I will go and ſee *Alcionida*, with a firm ſetled Reſolution only to admire, but never to love her. Thus, Sir, thinking my ſelf ſufficiently armed againſt the Charms of this admirable Beauty, I ſent after Dinner to ask leave that I might viſit her, and it was granted unto me. I went then, and took *Leoſthenes* only with me, but ſpoke not a word unto him all the way. Sir, ſaid he unto me, and laugh'd, you are too much reſerv'd for the Viſit of Ladies. I laugh'd at the Obſervation of *Leoſthenes*, and knowing no Reaſon why I ſhould acquaint him with the Cauſe, I gave him no Anſwer, but ſeemed as if I underſtood him not. I went then into the Caſtle which was very near, and *Phedima* received me very civilly. The admirable *Alcionida* alſo was ſo charmingly ſweet unto me, that I had all the Motives poſſible to commend her: Since there was many Ladies there when I came in; after the firſt Complements were paſt, *Phedima* addreſſed her ſelf unto thoſe ſhe was in Diſcourſe with before I entred; and ſince I had the Honour to be next *Alcionida*, I had Occaſions given me to obſerve that her Soul was as full of Beauty, as her Face: and I believe never any had a more charming Diſcourſe

courſe than ſhe, for ſhe did ſpeak as much as poſſible could be to divert her Hearers: ſhe equally ſpoke well of every thing, and kept her ſelf within the Limits of the Ladies Knowledg; and would not diſcourſe of things too high, and above the Sphear of their Underſtanding: her Eloquence was excellent, but natural, and came freely, and unpumpt for, from her: and though ſhe was of the talkative Sex, yet ſhe could be diſcreetly ſilent, and lend a willing Ear unto any that ſpoke, though never ſo far from the Purpoſe; ſo complacential ſhe was, and wiſe, and judicious; ſo that according to this Deſcription of her, you may eaſily imagine, that ſhe would permit me to ſpeak to her; and was ſo kind as to return her Anſwers. After much common and indifferent Diſcourſe, in which all the Company did intermix, ſhe very obligingly told me, that I was ſomething beholden unto her for the Opinion which ſhe had of me before ſhe knew me: For (ſaid ſhe unto me) it was oft-times my Diverſion, when the Sea was highly incenſed, to look out, and ſee the mountanous Waves daſh againſt our Rocks; and it happened, that as I was looking out of my Cloſet, I ſaw how the Wind did beat your Ship againſt the Foot of the Caſtle; and when I ſaw that all within were ready to periſh, I confeſs my Heart did beat, and I prayed unto the Gods for your Preſervation: Since therefore my firſt Thoughts of you were well-Wiſhes and Pity, therefore I ſay you are a little beholden unto me. Is it then, Madam, unto your Prayers that I owe my Safety, (ſaid I unto her?) then it is to you that I muſt addreſs my Thanks. It is unto the Gods, and not to me, replied ſhe, that you are to render Thanks; and I can claim no more but a ſlight Commendation for pitying you before I knew who you were: and I know that when I met you this Morning in the Temple, doubtleſs you thanked the Goddeſs of that Place for your Preſervation. It is moſt true, ſaid I unto her, that I went thither to that Purpoſe, for then I did not know that it was unto your Prayers that the Goddeſs was propitious; and at this time I do not at all wonder that the Goddeſs of Beauty ſhould grant the Deſires of the faireſt Lady in the World. But, Madam, perhaps now you know me, you repent of that Favour you did me when you did not know me. I know not why, replied ſhe, unleſs appearances be very Fallacious, I ſhould repent of my pity, ſince Miſeries are apt to move all unto it, eſpecially my Sex, and ſince you ſeem to be of another Quality then I thought you to be. Oh, Madam (ſaid I unto her) I do conjure you not to change your Opinion of me. It ſeems then by your Diſcourſe, replied ſhe, that you rank your ſelf in the number of Miſerable and unfortunate Men. Yes, Madam, replied I, the moſt of any Man living, not only in Relation to thoſe Misfortunes which have already faln upon me, but alſo in reſpect of thoſe which in probability will hereafter happen. You are too Ingenuous to perſecute your ſelf, ſaid ſhe, in grieving for that which perhaps may happen; and for my part I do confeſs unto you, that I do equally condemn thoſe that build their happineſs upon Hopes only of being ſo, and thoſe who are miſerable only out of future Fears. There are a ſort of Men in the World (ſaid I unto her, and ſmiled) whoſe Joys and Sorrows do conſiſt only in Hopes and Fears. I have heard as much, replied ſhe, and ſmiled as well as I, but for your part, you cannot be acquainted with any misfortunes of theſe kinds, ſince living continually at Sea, you have nothing to hope for but a gentle Gale, nor any thing to fear but a ſurging Tempeſt. Pirates (replied I, in ſuch a tone, and after ſuch a manner as might make her think I was not one) are not originally out of the Sea, as your Goddeſs is, but they are born upon Land as others are; and indeed, Madam, ſaid I and bluſhed, my Shipwrack may tell you, that Pirates are not always amongſt the waves. You give your ſelf a Name, ſaid ſhe, which ſuits ſo ill with your Diſcourſe, that I do not think it belongs unto you. I do confeſs, ſaid I unto her, that I have not always had that Title, nor did I take it up my Self, but ſince People beſtow it upon me, I ſhall keep it until it pleaſe Fortune to take it away again.

Thus did I hold the fair *Alcionida* in diſcourſe until all thoſe Ladies which were with her were making ready to depart, and I thought it long enough for my firſt Viſit: So that giving *Phedima* a Complement of Gratitude, and deſiring the Honour to viſit her as long as I ſtayed at *Gnides*, I returned to my Lodging: *Leoſthenes*, who all that while had only the Company of a ſtupid Blockhead, complained againſt the tediousneſs of my Viſit: but my Mind was ſo taken up with my new Paſſion, that I knew not well what he ſaid, nor anſwered him much to the purpoſe; he judging therefore, by my Actions, that I deſired to be alone, left me, and went unto the Port, to ſee whether the trimming up of our Ship went forward. I then was no ſooner at liberty, but remembring my firm Reſolution which I had taken in going unto *Alcionida*, not to love her, I began to queſtion my ſelf, whether I was Free, or whether I was a Captive? I examined my Reaſon and my Heart upon it; but, O Heavens! I found the firſt of theſe ſo engaged, and the other ſo prejudicated, that I was not a little amazed at it. I called for the Aid of Ambition, ſince I heard ſay, that Paſſion of all others was able to reſiſt the Power of Love; but all was in vain, and Ambition did ſubmit unto Love: yet for all that ſhe did not quite deſert my Heart; but, on the Contrary, notwithſtanding the predominancy of Love, ſhe redoubled all her Strength; and I eſteemed my Self a hundred times more unfortunate in loſing my Dominions ſince I knew *Alcionida*, than before; becauſe now I looked upon my Misfortunes as an invincible Obſtacle unto the happy Succeſs of my new Paſſion. If I were abſolute Soveraign in *Milete*, ſaid I, I might almoſt be certain to obtain the Favour of this fair One: but ſince I am an Exile, and paſſing for a Pirate, I can never have any hopes in pretending to any ſhare in her Affection; and I muſt prepare my ſelf to ſuffer all the Torments that both Love and Ambition can inflict upon me. Moreover, what will the wiſe *Thales* ſay unto me? what will the King of *Corinth* think? what imaginations will the Prince of *Mytilene* have? and what Cenſures ſhall I incur from all the Princes and People of *Ionia* in particular, and from all *Greece* in General, when they ſhall underſtand that a

Prince unjuſtly driven out of his Dominions, abuſed by his Enemies, betrayed by his own Subjects, and depoſed by a Baſtard; a Prince, I ſay, who ſhould think upon nothing but Revenge and Honour, and not ſuffer himſelf to be weakly overcome by the fair Eyes of *Alcionida* without any Reſiſtance? Reſiſt then, for ſhame, ſaid I unto my Self, and do not yield thy ſelf a Captive without a Combate. But, O Heavens! (ſaid I preſently after,) what Arms ſhould I uſe againſt her? what can I think or do, not to love her? Can I diſcover any blemiſh in her Beauty? or can I find any fault in her Mind? and can I ſuſpect that her Soul is not ſo generous as his Face is fair, and her Wit as charming? Let me try if any thing can cure me: Let me viſit her daily, and keep a cloſe obſervant Eye upon her, and enquire whether this fair One, who doubtleſs is beloved of all that know her, do not alſo love ſome one or other; and let me neglect nothing which may free me from that Miſery which torments me. Thus did I reaſon with my Self, and could not contrive any other way to deliver my Self, but by diſcovering ſome Defects in this Incomparable Beauty, or elſe to find out that her Heart was already engaged. The next day then I enquired with all poſſible Diligence of what I deſired to know, which I could with more eaſe do, becauſe at the ſame Lodging where I did lie, there quartered alſo a Man of good Faſhion, a ſtranger as well as my Self, who had been at *Gnides* a long time to hearken after News, with him I did comply, to effect my Deſires the ſooner: I underſtood then from him, that *Alcionida* was loved by all reaſonable Men which ever ſaw her, but none could ever move her Heart; and he told me ſo many things in her Commendations, that I made no queſtion but her Soul was as excellently fair as her Face, and as great as her Wit: Sometimes I deſpaired of finding any of thoſe Defects which I ſought for; and ſometimes again, my Heart, whether I would or no, would extreamly rejoice at the knowledg of her excellent Perfections. I could not chuſe then but ſubmit, Sir, and love the fair *Alcionida*. But for all that, my harted of the Prince of

Phocæus, *Alexideſmus*, *Melaſia*, *Philodicea*, and *Anthemius*, was not extinguiſhed: on the contrary, I wiſhed them worſe then I did before, becauſe the miſerable Condition into which they had brought me, was the Obſtacle in my Love: So then, not neglecting my *Mileſian* Affairs, I reſolved to pleaſe *Alcionida*, if I could; ſo that I was not a little buſily employed about it. Since *Euphranor* had ſome ſuſpicion that I was not of that Quality which I ſpoke my Self, he always treated me very civilly, and took it kindly when I came to viſit him; and the ofter I ſaw *Alcionida*, the more charming I found her, and me thought ſhe did not look upon me as a Pirate; yet was I not at all the happier, for I knew ſhe would not look upon me as a Lover: I oftentimes had a deſire to hint ſomething unto her which might make her gueſs my thoughts, but preſently after I check'd my Deſign; and my Fears to be ill uſed, moved me to be content with her Civilities to me, rather than to expoſe my ſelf unto her Anger: for ſaid I unto my Self, If I ſhould acquaint her with my Paſſion, and not my Quality, ſhe will treat me as a Pirate: Alſo, if I ſhould tell her the Condition I am in, what hopes is there, that ſhe ſhould give any entertainment unto an Exile, and an unfortunate Prince. In concluſion, I reſolved to make her know I was in Love with her, and that ſhe ſhould ſtill think that I was not of that Quality I appeared in; but not to let her know directly that I was a Prince, which was thruſt out of his Dominions: but it was ſo Difficult a Task to keep an even way, as not to ſpeak either too much, or too little, to infuſe this knowledg into her, that I looked upon it as a buſineſs almoſt impoſſible, and I lived a moſt vexatious Life. Mean while *Leoſthenes*, who had a bold and an attempting Wit, fell into league with a Couſin of *Alcionida*'s, who dwelt with her; and that ſo deep, as I wondred at it; for this Woman was full of friendly Expreſſions to him. 'Tis true, he had prepared her with many little Preſents which he bought privately in *Gnides*, and ſaid he brought them out of a far Country, ſuch as Eſſences, Powders, Perfumes, and ſuch knacks; and ſince this Woman was of a free Diſpoſition,ſhe imparted all that ever ſhe knew unto *Leoſthenes.*

Upon a Day then, as ſhe was in diſcourſe with him, ſhe preſſed and conjured him to tell her truly who I was; and ſince he imagined, that happily this Curioſity did not proceed from her ſelf, he preſſed her as earneſtly to tell him why ſhe deſired ſo much to know it: ſo that according to her uſual freeneſs and Ingenuity ſhe told him,after ſhe had made a mighty Secret on it,that her Reaſon was, becauſe *Alcionida* had a great Deſire to know my Quality, for ſhe could not believe that I was really a Pirate. As good Fortune was, *Leoſthenes* anſwered her, as I would have appointed him if I had known of it; for he fretted and fumed, and anſwered ſo ambiguouſly, that he made her believe *Alcionida* was not miſtaken. As *Leoſthenes* had plainly perceived that I was deeply in Love with *Alcionida,* ſo he thought it would pleaſe me in telling how inquiſitively ſhe had enquired who I was; and indeed the Relation of it did ſo much joy me, that having no Power to hide my Paſſion, I diſcovered all my thoughts unto him, and made him my Confident: not that I thought him very fit for it, for his Spirit was a little too Inſolent; but becauſe, the truth was, I had no other to chuſe, and becauſe I could not incloſe the Violence of my Paſſion in ſo cloſe a place as my own Heart. Oh Heavens! how many pleaſing minutes did this Curioſity of *Alcionida* afford me? and how many Fears did I apprehend, when I did imagine the Knowledg of my Misfortunes would bar me admittance into her Heart? However,I did viſit her every day, and every day I loved her more and more violently. The moſt powerful of her Charms was, that all thoſe Vanities which uſually young People are moſt taken up in, were much below her: this alluring Lady did never do any thing as a Diverſion only: her Dreſs was moſt Ornamental, but ſo, as it did not require half a Life to the putting it on, as moſt Women uſe; her Diſcourſe was never upon any trivial Vanities; moreover, all the Gold and Diamonds of the Eaſt could never adulterate her Mind; but ſhe could at the firſt Viſit diſcern a compleat Man though in meaneſt Habit, from a ſtupid Aſs in the moſt magnificent Clothes upon Earth; and notwithſtanding his outward luſtre, ſhe would be ſo juſt unto real Merit, that ſhe would be more reſpective unto a Pirate who was owner of good Qualities, than unto a Prince who could boaſt of nothing but his Vices. I finding then ſo much Wiſdom and Vertue in this admirable Lady, how could I chuſe but love her? I remember, being one day with her, and leaning againſt the Window in the end of a Gallery towards the Sea, whilſt other Ladies were walking behind us; See (ſaid ſhe, and ſhewed me the place where my Ship was bulged) yonder is the very place where you were like to ſuffer Shipwrack. Pardon me, Madam (ſaid I haſtily unto her,) that is not the place where I was moſt like to Periſh; for indeed it is not ſo far off you. Truly (ſaid ſhe, and did not underſtand the Myſterious meaning of my Anſwer) you do not know ſo well as I do the place where your Ship was in moſt Danger, for theſe Eyes did ſee it at that Time, but I believe you were ſo buſy in giving Order what to do in that Extremity, that you did not obſerve the Place. I know very well, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that my Shipwrack was like to have been in your preſence, but yet for all that, thoſe who are ready to periſh, know the place better then any lookers on. For my part, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, did I not conceive your Soul to be very reſolute, I ſhould think that Fear might at that inſtant have a little diſturbed your Reaſon, for I can aſſure you, it was at the Foot of that great Rock where you were in greateſt Danger. And I am moſt certain, replied I, and notwithſtanding the Reſpects which I owe you, I muſt maintain, that it was againſt this Rock againſt which I am moſt in Danger, and not that which you ſpeak of. *Alcionida*, being not accuſtomed to find me ſo full of Contradiction, did then ſuſpect there was ſome hidden ſence in my Words, and bluſhing at it, I am to blame, ſaid ſhe, to argue with you concerning a buſineſs of no Importance; for ſince you eſcaped the Danger, it is ſufficient, and I may well be ſatisfied, without more diſcourſe upon it: But truly, ſaid ſhe, and laughed ſtill, thoſe who ſay, a wiſe Pilot will never ſpilt twice upon one and the ſame Rock, do not know how difficult it is to prevent it, ſince you who ſeem ſo wiſe, do not know the Place where you were in moſt Danger: however, let us ſpeak no more upon this Subject, but fall upon ſomething elſe which will better pleaſe you; and tell me I beſeech you when your Ship will be ready to put to Sail, for I imagine you wiſh for your departure as much as all they who know you do wiſh your ſtay. I was much non-pluſt at this Queſtion; for though it gave me a fit opportunity to diſcover my thoughts unto her, yet there appeared in her Eyes ſo much Severity mixed with her Sweetneſs, that I durſt not reveal it: I only told her, that I thought it not poſſible to be very earneſt in haſting away from the place where ſhe was; and ſince common Civility might well exact as much as I did ſay, ſhe returned me as civil an Anſwer; and all the reſt of our Conference was ſuch as this. I had been divers other times with her, and never durſt expoſe my Self unto her Anger in declaring my Love to her; and I underſtood from *Leoſthenes*, that ſince the firſt Day, *Alcionida* never ſpoke a word to her Couſin concerning me. In the mean time, I deferred the mending of my Ship as long as conveniently I could; and I could have found in my Heart a diſpoſition to break ſome things which were whole, purpoſely to gain time: ſo that in lieu of three weeks, I made it ſix, that I ſtayed in the Port of *Gnides*. But at the laſt, the wiſe *Thales*, whom I had ſecretly advertiſed of the Place where I was, did ſend me Word, that there was a very ſeditious Face upon things in *Milete*, and adviſed me to come thither; and then was I forced to depart, notwithſtanding the intereſt of my Love: Moreover, ſince the repairing of my Ship was ſo long in Hand, there was a report in *Gnides*, that I had ſome ſecret Deſign in it, and *Euphranor* himſelf ſuſpected ſomething, as I underſtood by *Leoſthenes*, and he from his Confident, giving it out, that as ſoon as he returned from his Voyage of eight days, he would force me to explain my Self. All theſe Conſiderations therefore requiring my Departure, and my Ship being ready, when *Euphranor* was to go his Journey, I took my leave of him, telling him that I ſhould depart before his return; and beſeeching him to believe, that if I did not die in a buſineſs about which I went, I would return, and make my ſelf a little better known unto him. After his departure, I ſtaid four days ſtill at *Gnides*: during which time, *Alcionida* who never had been in a Ship of War, no more than three or four of her Friends, ſeemed very deſirous to ſee Mine; and I beſeeched her to ſatisfy her curioſity in honouring me ſo far as to come into my Ship, the laſt afternoon I was to ſtay in that Port: and having obtained a Promiſe of it, with the Permiſſion of *Phedima*, I prepared to receive her with all poſſible Magnificence, but yet with all the Melancholy that a Heart could be capable of. And when I ſeriouſly conſidered, I ſhould within thoſe four days ſee *Alcionida* no more; I was ſo grieved at the thought of it, that I was not able to order this intended Feaſt as I deſired: but relied wholly upon the contrivance of *Leoſthenes*, who did order it admirably well: for though the time of preparation was very ſhort, yet was my Ship adorned with an hundred waving Flags of ſeveral Colours, on which the name of *Alcionida* was written in Gold and Silver, with variety of Mottoes. There was placed upon the Deck all manner of Sea-Muſick, ſuch as might reſemble the *Tritons*, and the *Nereides*; and beſides theſe, there were very admirable Voices in imitation of the *Syrens*. All the Souldiers were tricked up in the beſt Arms in the Ship.

The Day and Hour being come, in which I was to be honoured with ſeeing *Alcionida* in a place where I had any Power, I went to meet her, and her Aunt which accompanied her, with ten or twelve more of her Friends; as for *Phedima* ſhe was not very well, and therefore could not come: I was in the moſt magnificent Arms that ever I wore, with a Plum of ſeveral Colours, and waited upon by *Leoſthenes*, and all the principal Officers of my Ship: conducting her then into the Ship, thus ordered, as I told you, the Muſick begun to play as ſoon as we came near, and going into a Cabin, ſhe was amazed at the greatneſs of it; at the rareneſs of the Pictures, and the Magnificence of every thing; and ſhe could not be perſwaded ſhe was in a Ship: After ſhe had well viewed theſe things, the Mariners, to divert her, did in her preſence, do all they uſe to do, either in a Calm, or in a Tempeſt, which was to pull up, and let down the Sails; to turn upon a ſudden, or by degrees, to remove all that abundance of Cordage in an inſtant; and in ſhort we ſhewed her all manner of Maritime works, which uſually are Wonders unto thoſe who never ſaw them. Whilſt *Alcionida* was viewing theſe Sights, the Banquet was brought into the Cabin wherein we were at the firſt: ſo that when ſhe entred again into it, ſhe was afreſh ſurprized with pleaſing Delights: for the truth was, *Leoſthenes* had ordered things very ſo well; ſhe began then to commend and thank me, but ſtill chiding me for my Magnificence, and telling me with a moſt obliging ſmile, that if all Pirates were like me, they would ſhame all that *Greece* had moſt excellent and magnificent. I returned her a Complement with much Joy, and was extreamly pleaſed to obſerve *Alcionida* ſo delighted: But when I began to think, that I muſt depart that very Night, (for the Wind was good) I was not able to look upon *Alcionida* without extream Sorrow: Alas, (ſaid I unto my ſelf, whilſt ſhe was at the Banquet with her Friends, and looking moſt attentively upon her) perhaps I ſhall never ſee *Alcionida* again; every minute drives me further from her: And canſt thou live *Thraſibulus*, and endure this? haſt thou an Heart to bid her adieu? Ah, no, no, rather die a thouſand Deaths, than admit of ſo rigorous, ſo incertain, and ſo long an Abſence; ſo certain for its Cruelty, and ſo inſufferable in its Torments. Theſe Cogitations did make ſo deep an Impreſſion into my Soul, that I changed colour twenty times in an hour; ſo that *Leoſthenes* drawing me aſide, when he perceived me extream Melancholy, and whileſt the Ladies were eating, and according to his free and bold Humour, How do you, Sir, ſaid he unto me? are you the only

Man in all the World, whom the ſight of the Party loved does ſatisfy? Alas, *Leoſthenes*, ſaid I unto him, what Satisfaction can it be to ſee this admirable Beauty whom I adore, ſince I muſt ſee her no more? If that be the Cauſe of your Sadneſs, ſaid he to me, why will you not ſee her all the days of your Life? Alas, how can I do that, ſaid I to him? You may do it (replied he very haſtily) by permitting me to cut the Cable which faſtens the Ship unto the Anchor, and ſo let me hoiſe up Sails, and put to open Sea, as if it were with intention to divert them, and ſo you may carry them whither you pleaſe; retaining only the fair *Alcionida*, and her lovely Couſin, and ſet at the reſt on ſhore, at ſome convenient diſtance from this Place. *Euphranor*, ſaid he, is not now at *Gnides*, and we ſhall be far enough off before our Flight will be diſcovered: and however, ſaid he, whether you do it as a Pirat, or as a Lover, it will be a Prize worthy of you. At the firſt, I thought that *Leoſthenes* had ſpoken this out of Raillery: but preſently after, ſeeing he ſpoke Seriouſly, and as one that was Intereſted in it, my firſt Apprehenſion was to refuſe the Motion; but Love in an Inſtant, ſeducing both my Generoſity, and my Reaſon, forced me to ſay to *Leoſthenes*, almoſt not knowing what I ſaid, Canſt thou tell me of no Way, cruel Friend, to make me happy, but by making me Culpable? and doſt thou make ſuch a pleaſing Propoſition, as Honour forbids me to accept? The fault is eaſily repaired, ſaid he unto me; and thoſe who are Happy, do never paſs for Culpable: and therefore without Loſs of time in needleſs Diſcourſe, go, and entertain the Ladies, and amuſe them, whilſt I take all neceſſary Courſes to execute ſo happy a Deſign. Ah, *Leoſthenes*, ſaid I unto him, I dare not conſent unto ſuch an unjuſt Propoſition, how pleaſing ſoever it be. Conſider (ſaid he again) that if you will needs be ſo exactly juſt, you may perhaps never ſee the fair *Alcionida* again; but may for ever enjoy her, if you follow my Counſel. But then ſhe will hate me, replied I unto him. But on the other ſide, you will for ever loſe her, (anſwered he.) Look upon the Treaſure, (ſaid this unjuſt

Friend, and pointing unto her with his Finger) which you intend to loſe. Indeed, Sir, what ſhall I ſay in my Excuſe? Love diſturbed my Reaſon: *Leoſthenes* ſeduced my Will: and hardly knowing what I ſaid, I half conſented unto his Deſires, which doubtleſs were more for his own intereſt, than mine, in relation to the Couſin of *Alcionida*, whom he loved; and I went as he adviſed me to entertain, and amuſe the Ladies, whilſt he cut the Cable, hoiſted Sails, and took the open Sea. Since the Banquet was ended when I entred, *Alcionida* came towards me with ſuch obliging Civility, and ſo many ſigns of Satisfaction in her countenance; I was ſo aſhamed for conſenting unto what *Leoſthenes* had propounded; as I did not only grow Pale, and bluſh, both in an inſtant, but checking my thoughts, No, Madam, (cried I upon a ſudden) I can never conſent unto it, I had rather die an hundred times: come, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, and preſented her my Hand) and go out of this place which is unworthy of you, and never truſt your ſelf again in the Hands of Pirats: But, Madam, make haſte, I conjure you, leſt that Repentance which now is in me, be not ſeconded by a worſe. *Alcionida* was ſo amazed at this, that ſhe knew not what to think; but ſhe ſaw ſo much Diſorder in my Face, that ſhe was in a great Diſorder her ſelf, and knew not what ſhe ſhould Anſwer. Then ſeeing that every one began to obey *Leoſthenes*; and that he had his Sword in his Hand, and his Arm up to cut the Cable, I did abſolutely forbid him: Then turning towards *Alcionida*, do as I deſire you, Madam, ſaid I unto her, though what I deſire do coſt me my Life. But (ſaid ſhe, in giving me her Hand, and making ready to go out) will you not tell me, what the matter is? When you are upon the Land, replied I, and I rid of my Fears, then perhaps you will gueſs what the Matter is. I cannot poſſibly expreſs, Sir, the diſorder of my Soul at that time, the aſtoniſhment of *Alcionida*, and likewiſe of her Aunt, and her Friends; nor can I expreſs the Vexation of *Leoſthenes*, or my Deſpair: for being prompted unto it by my Love, my Reſpects, and my Repentance, I ſet *Alcionida* on Land, and in her Coach, not remembring what I ſaid, or whether I ſaid any thing or no: I know only that I left her, that I embarqued, and though our Intention was not to depart until the next Night, yet I cauſed the Anchors to be taken up, the Sails to be hoiſted, and left *Gnides* immediately, where alſo I left the Soul of my Affection. *Leoſthenes* would have ſaid ſomething to me, but I could not endure his Sight, nor would admit of his Excuſes: for I muſt needs grieve firſt for my Loſs, before I could pardon his evil Counſel. Within an hour after our Departure, I commanded the Sails to be let down, and the Anchor caſt: And though this Command ſeemed to be very odd, yet was it Obeyed: And in the mean time not knowing what I would have, I grieved moſt exceſſively, ſometimes for the abſence of *Alcionida*, and ſometimes for conſenting unto ſo unjuſt a Deſign, and ſometimes I repenting of my Repentance, thinking that I was in no Fault, and that it was rather an effect of my violent Paſſion, than any diſorder of my Soul: and in the mean while, not being able to reſolve whether I ſhould come nearer the Shore, or put farther off; although I know both Honour, and Neceſſity doth require the latter, yet I could not do it, until I was aſſured *Alcionida* did know I loved her: ſo that I deſigned to write unto her, and ſend my Letter by one of my Men in a little Cock-boat: I writ then, though Heaven knows with much ado, and if I be not very much miſtaken, the words were theſe.

Thraſibulus *to the fair* Alcionida.

I *Have ſo many things to ſay, that I am much puzzled where to begin. But, Divine* Alcionida, *I wiſh you knew, that my Affection unto you is in the higheſt Extream: that my Quality is not as it ſeemed: that my Sorrows to leave you are unexpreſſible: that my conſenting for a minute to diſpleaſe you, will beget a miſerable Repentance in me, as long as I live: and though I durſt not tell you as much, yet did I love you more than any tongue, indeed, can tell. You might perceive as much, methinks, by the diſorders of my Soul: you,* *I ſay, whoſe Judgment is ſo ingenious, and piercing, I beſeech you, remember a Prince, who durſt not tell you his Quality, unleſs he had acquainted you with his Misfortunes alſo : Remember, that he departed from you with Intentions to return, and to return the moſt paſſionate and faithful Lover in the World : But remember not, I beſeech you, that I was a while your Raviſher, unleſs you remember at the ſame time I was your Deliverer : However, Madam, though perhaps you will not retain any Thoughts of Tenderneſs towards me, yet I beſeech you do not think upon me with Scorn, ſince it would be too much Injuſtice to uſe him ſo, who adored you without telling it, departed from you without hope, and who ſhall love you as long as he lives, although you hate him.*

After I had read this Letter over and over, unto which I did not ſubcribe my Name, I was conſtrained to make uſe of *Leoſthenes* to carry it ; as well becauſe he did extreamly preſs me to Pardon him for his evil Counſel, as becauſe he was very fit for ſuch an Expedition ; and ſo as ſoon as Night was come, he went to *Gnides*. Since there was a very good correſpondence between him, and her whom he loved, ſhe let him ſee *Alcionida* whether ſhe would or no, and unknown unto *Phedima* ; and alſo carried him into her Chamber without any asking. When *Leoſthenes* gave her my Letter, ſhe made a queſtion whether ſhe ſhould read it ; but after ſhe had read it, ſhe made a greater difficulty to anſwer it, being very angry againſt her Couſin for bringing him into her Chamber : Yet *Leoſthenes* being very bold, told her, he would never go out of her Chamber as long as he lived without an Anſwer ; ſo that to be rid of his Importunity, ſhe writ me theſe Words.

Alcionida *unto the Illuſtrious Pirate.*

THough I did believe all that you writ in your Letter to me, yet ought I not to anſwer it ; or if I did anſwer, yet not ſo as would pleaſe you : Therefore I do declare unto you, that of all which you writ, I believe only one thing, which is, that you are not of that Quality which People think you, and therefore

fore I aſk your Pardon for all the Incivilities which I offered unto you whilſt you were here: I ſuppoſe you to be ſo juſt, as not to deny it: And I hope you will not take it ill, that one who is a profeſſed Lover of Truth, do not make any anſwer unto ſo many Incredibilities as your Letter is filled with: In the mean while be perſwaded, that it is advantagious for you, that I do not believe it; and had it not been for the wilfulneſs of Leoſthenes, *you ſhould not have ſeen under my Hand the Name of*

Alcionida.

To be ſhort, Sir, *Leoſthenes* returned, and brought me this Letter, which though it contained nothing but matter of indifferency; yet did it ſo much joy me, that I ſhould hardly have gone from the Coaſt of *Gnides* before I had writ another Letter unto her, if a Tempeſt had not riſen, and forced me to take up Anchor, and put to open Sea. I went then to *Milete*, according to the advice of the wiſe *Thales*, and in my Voyage I had the good Fortune to meet two of the Ships which I had loſt; but in exchange thereof, I had the bad Fortune to hear the Prince of *Phoceus* was returned to *Milete*, as ſoon as *Thimocrates* was gone to render an Account unto the *Amphictions* of all Paſſages; and that this Prince had croſſed all that *Thimocrates* had done in my Favour; that he had eſtabliſhed the Authority of *Alexideſmus*, and puniſhed all thoſe who deſired to Rebel, or expreſſed any zeal to my Party: So that my croſs Deſtinies driving me into deſpair, I was conſtrained to retire, and wander over all our Seas, not knowing well what courſe to take. I ſent once again unto *Gnides* privately, to enquire what *Eupharnor* would ſay at his return concerning my odd departure: for ſince there were many Ladies with *Alcionida* at that time when I left her in ſuch haſte, that I imagined the buſineſs would be made known unto all the Town. In the concluſion, I underſtood that *Euphranor* was much amazed at the Matter, and could not gueſs at my reaſon; and that things were in ſuch a ſtate, as that I could not return unto *Gnides*. So that being out of all Hopes ever to ſee the Face of my miſerable Fate to ſmile upon me, I conceived it impoſſible to gain the good opinion either of *Alcionida*, or her Father. I gave my ſelf over ſo deſperately unto Sorrow, that paſſing by *Lesbos*, I would not land there, but ſent only to enquire of *Tiſanders* Health, and writ a Letter to him, which was left with the firſt Mariners I met in the Port; wherein I told him in general, without naming *Alcionida*, that I was to ask his Pardon, for condemning that Paſſion in him, which at that preſent was moſt predominate in my ſelf. After this I fell into the *Helleſpont*, and then into *Delphos*, intending to conſult with the Oracle; but when I came there, I was ſo full of Fears to find what I ſought for, that I could not reſolve whether I ſhould enquire of it or no. In the mean while I fell ſick, and that ſo violently, that I was not able to ſtir from thence in four Months: But at the laſt, when it was the Pleaſure of the Gods that I did recover, without ever praying unto them for it, but found ſo little pleaſure in Life, that I did not look upon Death as an Evil; then, I ſay, I imbarqued, and coming by *Gnides*, but landed not, I took this way; yet the Winds were ſo contrary, that I was forced to leave *Chios* upon the right Hand, whereas my Intention was to paſs between that Iſle and the *Iſthmus* of *Gnides*: and being carried by the Winds, I met with four Ships in that Rode: Now ſince all the World were become my Enemies, and ſince I was accuſtomed to make all thoſe I met to vail their Bonnets, I would needs do ſo by theſe, but they would not: I looked upon their Flags, but knew them not, and I imagined that perhaps it might be the Prince of *Phoceus* diſguized: After they refuſed to ſtrike Sail, I aſſaulted them, and turning towards the greateſt of the four, I gave her chaſe above an hour; ſince he had no Diſpoſition to fight, he betook himſelf wholly to his Sails: but ſince my Ships were lighter than his, though greater, I came up to him, and fought him ſo ſharply, that in leſs than half an hour I became Maſter of him: I was moſt encouraged to fight, by ſeeing my other Ships had burned one of their Enemies, ſunk another, and taken the laſt: So that notwithſtanding all the reſiſtance of thoſe I fought with, I ſaw my Victory was certain. All that were in the Ship having ſubmitted themſelves, I entered into her with my Sword in my Hand, having no other Arms left, for I had not only darted many Javelins, but that alſo which had the name of *Alcionida* upon it, which I had kept ſince the day ſhe was in my Ship. I entered then, and charged my Souldiers to commit no diſorder: But going into a Cabin where I heard the Voice of Women, I ſaw the fair *Alcionida* lying upon a Bed, having a mortal paleneſs in her Face, and her left Arm naked and bloody, becauſe a Javelin had run quit through it, and I ſaw alſo ten or twelve Women crying about her, and durſt not venture to draw this fatal Javelin out of her Wound. You may imagine, Sir, what operation this Object had upon my Soul: I came nearer her, and cryed as loud as ever I could, that he who threw this Javelin ſhould die for it, if I could know who it was: I kneeled down at the ſide of her Bed; I called for my Chirurgions to come unto her: I took her fair and bloody Arm in my Hand, whilſt all the Women about her, not knowing me, were amazed. But O Heavens, I no ſooner took her by the Arm, but I knew that fatal Javelin to be the very ſame which had her moſt illuſtrious Name upon it; and that it was my own ſelf which darted it, at the firſt aſſaulting the Ship. Imagine, Sir, in what a deſperate Condition my Soul was in, when I ſaw it was my Hand which wounded *Alcionida*; my Amazement was ſo great, that not knowing what I did, I let her Arm fall ſo rudely, that its own weight did almoſt bring the Javelin out: The pain of it did cauſe her to come out of her ſwoond, and to open her Eyes juſt as the Chirurgions entered. I, not being able to ſpeak, made ſigns unto them, to help her; and looking for my Sword with Intention to run it through my own Heart, I remembred *Leoſthenes* had taken it up when I let it fall upon my firſt ſeeing *Alcionida* in that Condition: I would have pulled it from him, but he would not part with it, telling me, that it were a thouſand times better for me to help

Alcionida, than deſperately to ruin my ſelf. I approached then nearer unto her Bed; and ſeeing that ſince the Chirurgions had pulled out the Dart, ſhe was very well come to her ſelf, I kneeled down before her, my Sorrows being ſo great that I could not cry, (for thoſe are but ſlight Sorrows which can be expreſſed by Tears:) Oh Madam, ſaid I unto her, inflict what puniſhment you pleaſe upon that ſacrilegious Hand which wounded you; and do not think, that though I defer the Execution for a little while, it is not with Intention of living long: No, Madam, I would only ſee you in a way of recovery, to the end you may ſee me die, and that way expiate this horrid Crime which I have committed. *Alcionida* was ſo ſurprized to ſee me, and hear me thus expreſs my ſelf, that though ſhe had not been in ſo weak a Condition as ſhe was, ſhe would not have been able to hold any long Diſcourſe; therefore not anſwering at all unto what I ſaid, If I die, ſaid ſhe unto me, I ſhall pardon you with all my Heart; and alſo I entreat the Prince *Tiſander*, if he be living, to pardon you, as well as I. The Prince *Tiſander*, Madam? (ſaid I with much wonder,) is he here? As ſhe was about to anſwer, the Chirurgions prevented her, and told me it would kill her if ſhe ſpoke any more; ſo that haſty retiring, and leaving her with her Women, I took her Couſin by the Hand, and carrying her to the Cabin door, asked her what it was which *Alcionida* ſaid unto me? But at the ſame time, ſome Souldiers which had taken *Tiſander* in another Ship, brought him into mine, and he knowing that it was I which he had fought againſt, deſired to ſpeak with me; and when in entrance into the Ship he underſtood that *Alcionida* was wounded, he was in as deſperate a caſe as I: Cruel Friend (ſaid he, in coming firſt to me) what a fatal Adventure is befaln us? Give me leave rather to ſay (anſwered I) what a fatal Adventure is mine? Ah, ſaid he, you are not to be pitied ſo much as I, for the Thoughts of Friendſhip are nothing ſo tender as thoſe of Love: Doubtleſs you love me, and will be ſorry for fighting with me, and for being perhaps the cauſe of her Death whom I moſt adore, and intend to marry. But (ſaid I, and interrupted him) do you intend to marry this fair and moſt incomparable Lady? Yes, cruel Friend, anſwered he, and therefore imagine the Sorrows of my Soul: But I beſeech you, let me ſee this fair and unfortunate Lady. In ſaying ſo, he went into the Cabin where ſhe was, and I with him, and he no ſooner ſaw her, but taking her Hand, kiſſing it, and alſo waſhing it with his Tears, he expreſſed a hundred ſigns of Sorrow and Affection, which I durſt not render unto her. She caſt her Eyes upon me, and doubtleſs did ſo plainly perceive the Sorrows I endured, that ſhe turned away her Eyes and bluſhed. *Tiſander* obſerving this, and fearing to be troubleſom to her, went from her, imagining the alteration of her Face to proceed from no other cauſe but the extremity of her Pain. We asked the Chirurgions what they thought of her? but they could not tell what Judgment to give, until the ſecond dreſſing, not yet knowing whether any of the Nerves were moleſted, or Veins cut. In the mean time I underſtood that *Tiſander*, being cured of his paſſionate Affection unto the fair and wiſe *Sapho*, did conſent unto the Marriage which the Prince his Father had made up between him, and the fair *Alcionida*, before he knew her; and that as ſoon as ever he ſaw her, he was more in love with her, than ever he was with his firſt Miſtreſs. I underſtood afterwards, that he did not know my Ship, becauſe it had been newly trimmed up at *Gnides*; and ſince all the Banners and Flags which *Leoſthenes* had ſet up for the entertainment of *Alcionida* did ſtand ſtill, it was not poſſible *Tiſander* could know it: Neither could I know his Ship, for ſince his intended Marriage, his Flags alſo were full of gallant Devices, and other Motto's than he was accuſtomed to have. Since this Prince was really generous, and ſeeing me ſilent, he did ask me Pardon, if in the extremity of his Sorrows, he had ſpoke any thing which was offenſive to me. But I my ſelf was ſo much diſturbed in my Mind, that I knew not what I ſhould anſwer him: But I gave orders, that all his Men ſhould be ſet at liberty, and treated as my own; however, the ſight of this Prince was inſufferable to me, ſince I underſtood he was to be the Husband of *Alcionida*, and I could not reſolve to go out of his Ship, becauſe I could not depart from her : yet not being in freedom to grieve in her preſence, I went into my own, under a pretence of giving out ſome Orders, and went into my own Cabin, with a mind ſo full of Sorrow, that I was a hundred times ready to throw my ſelf into the Sea, and there bury my ſelf and all my Misfortunes together ; but there was a kind of ſecret Chain which linked me to *Alcionida*, that reſtrained me, and kept me alive : And being alone with *Leoſthenes*, I began to deſcant upon the ſtrangeneſs of my Misfortunes ; and my Mind being a little more quiet than before, Confeſs with me, *Leoſthenes*, ſaid I unto him, that I was born under a moſt malignant Conſtellation ; for if you look upon the preſent Condition of my Fortune, you may therein find Miſeries enough to make a hundred Men unfortunate : Were it only the conſideration of my Sorrows for fighting with my Friend, and hurting her whom I infinitely loved, I deſerved Compaſſion ; though for nothing but to find my Friend my Rival, I had cauſe enough to grieve for it extreamly ; were it for nothing elſe but to find my Miſtreſs enjoyed by another, I were moſt worthy of pity ; and were it for nothing but wounding with my own Hand that Lady for whom only I deſire to live, all my Tears are too few to lament the ſadneſs of the Accident : But having in one day fought with my Friend, wounded her I loved, found him to be my Rival, heard my Miſtreſs is to be married, and my own Hand putting her in danger of Death ; Ah, *Leoſthenes* ! theſe are too many Miſeries to be endured ; and it would be as baſe as impoſſible for me to live under the weight of them : For indeed, what can I do ? I muſt not hate my Rival, ſince he is both my Friend and my Benefactor : I never dare ſpeak any more of my Paſſion unto her who firſt did cauſe it ; My Soul is out of all Hopes ; my Love cannot now be innocent ; I dare not hereafter find any fault with her : I have no reaſon to accuſe *Tiſander* ; I have not power to acknowledg my Paſſion unto him, and it were in vain if I ſhould, ſince he is the Husband of *Alcionida*: In one word, I am in as deplorable a Condition as ever any Lover poſſible can be: But alas, what do I ſay? and what would I do? I ſpeak as if *Alcionida* were not wounded, and wounded by my own Hand, and that perhaps mortally. Oh moſt cruel Thought (ſaid I,) canſt thou ever ſuffer that prophane Hand which did it, to be employed in any thing but reaching a Dagger to my Heart? But Sir (ſaid *Leoſthenes* unto me,) you are not in any fault; it was a meer chance which gave *Alcionida* that fatal Wound. After this I ſtood a long while ſilent, and my Mind was ſo filled with variety of different Thoughts, that I was not Maſter of my ſelf. If ſhe die (ſaid I) I muſt follow her into the Grave; if ſhe recover, ſtill I muſt die, for ſhe recovers only for *Tiſander*; who is already her Husband, and ever muſt be; he who perhaps will one day leave loving her, as he did the fair *Sapho*: *Tiſander*, I ſay, whom I am ſo much obliged unto, that I dare not hate him, nor cannot love him: This *Tiſander*, who has ruined all my Hopes, and made me the moſt miſerable Prince upon Earth. It is an extream Grief to ſee one that one loves a dying; but to be the cauſe of that Death, is a Grief which exceeds all others, and which can never be remedied but by Death it ſelf. After this, I was ſilent a little while, and then, imagining that perhaps it would be prejudicial unto *Alcionida*, I was ſo very impatient, that I could not endure to ſtay in my Ship; though the ſight of *Tiſander* did extreamly trouble me, it being impoſſible to look upon him, as my Friend, as the Husband of *Alcionida*, and as the Ruiner of my hopes: But for all that, though I could not ſee *Alcionida*, but I muſt alſo ſee *Tiſander*, I brooked the diſpleaſure of the one, to enjoy the neceſſary Conſolation of the other.

I went then into the other Ship; and *Alcionida* being aſleep, I was conſtrained to ſee *Tiſander*, and not her. The ſadneſs which he ſaw in my Eyes did trouble him, becauſe he thought that the love of him was the cauſe of it; he was ſo generous as to tell me, that he could not lay any fault at all in me, but that he himſelf only was cupable, ſince it was much more eaſy for him to imagine that it was I he met with, then for me to think of meeting him : That he looked upon this Misfortune as the act of the Gods, wherein I had no ſhare : yet ſaid he, I can never conform my ſelf unto their Wills, for if *Alcionida* die, moſt certainly I ſhall die alſo : Did you know, ſaid he, the ſweetneſs of her Spirit, her Goodneſs, and her Vertue, you would excuſe my weakneſs ; for truly, when I married her, ſhe hardly knew me ; and I am certain that a common light eſteem was all ſhe could have of me : I underſtood ſhe was againſt our Marriage, for ſhe ſaid a little before that ſhe would never marry : and yet within ſix Weeks after I had been at *Gnides*, ſhe was as complacential as if ſhe had married me by her own choice, and not forced unto it by her obedience unto her Parents. For my part, as ſoon as ever I ſaw her, I fell deſperately in Love, even to the loſs of my Reaſon ; and therefore, my dear *Thraſibulus*, excuſe my exceſſive Sorrows, and I beſeech you take no notice of what I ſaid, or any thing my Grief may perhaps force me to ſay. I know it is not ordinary for a Lover, in the Fruition of her he loves, to love with ſo much violence : But I may almoſt ſay, that I have not yet enjoyed *Alcionida*, ſince I have not yet had time to win her Heart by ten thouſand Expreſſions of my Love : True it is, I enjoy her Beauty, but not her Soul, in ſuch a meaſure as I deſire, and therefore though I am the Husband of the incomparable *Alcionida*, yet my Love has but unquiet and unſatisfied deſires, and by conſequence is violent and diſorderly : and thus you ſee, my dear *Thraſibulus*, I diſcover the very bottom of my Heart unto you, as unto a Man whom I love moſt of any Man living ; and from whom I can conceal nothing. I confeſs, that all the while *Tiſander* was ſpeaking, I did hearken with extream impatience ; and I found ſomething in his Diſcourſe which moved me unto ſome Joy, and in a moment after unto extream Sorrow : For I did imagine, that perhaps I had ſome ſhare in that repugnancy which *Alcionida* had unto her Marriage : But alas, (ſaid I to my ſelf whilſt *Tiſander* was ſpeaking) how miſerable am I, and how many Tears will this Diſcourſe coſt me? Since this Prince was extreamly grieved, he did not much care whether I returned any Anſwer or no; ſo that after I had replied four or five impertinent Words, we went to know whether *Alcionida* was awake; and we were told ſhe was, but withal, that ſhe had been ſo ill all that Night, as it was feared ſhe would not live: Imagine then, in what a condition *Tiſander* and I were, eſpecially I, who was an hundred times more tormented than *Tiſander* could be, and was alſo forced to conceal my Reſentments: But the Morning, when the Chirurgions did dreſs the Wound, they told us, that her extremity of pain was cauſed by a little Splinter of the Javelin which was left in her Arm; but after they had ſearched the Wound to the bottom, and found it, they told us, if a Feaver by reaſon of her pain did not endanger her, they would warrant her Life. You may very well judg what Conſolation this news brought unto me, and how much Joy it afforded *Tiſander*; but yet they told us we could not ſpeak with her that day, but muſt needs let her reſt until ſhe was paſt the danger of a Feaver; yet *Tiſander* would needs ſee her then, and whether I would or no, did go in, but would not ſuffer me to enter with him; yet he ſtayed not, but returned preſently with ſo many ſignes of Joy in his Eyes, that he made me a Partaker with him: Thanks be to the Gods, ſaid he, I found her in a good Condition, and ſhe is ſo well amended, and her Countenance ſo revived ſince Yeſterday, as you cannot imagine. I could not chuſe but rejoyce to hear *Alcionida* upon her recovery; yet I could not chuſe but mourn when I conſidered that ſhe revived for *Tiſander*, but was for ever dead to *Thraſibulus*. You are ſo accuſtomed unto Melancholy, (ſaid *Tiſander* unto me) that, me-thinks, good news makes no impreſſion upon your Heart. 'Tis very true, ſaid I unto him, not but that the recovery of *Alcionida* does joy me more than you can imagine, but the long Habit which I have contracted with Sorrow, will not ſuffer me upon a ſudden to alter Humours, and paſs from exceſſive Sorrow to exceſſive Joy. But my dear Conqueror, (ſaid he unto me) what courſe ſhall we ſteer? I know not, ſaid I unto him, the Victory which I have gotten, has coſt me ſo dear, that you would do me a Favour never to remember it. The Truth is, Sir, that *Tiſander*, and I, both were in ſuch a deſperate Humour, that neither of us had given any Orders which way to go, but left it unto *Leoſthenes*, to do as he pleaſed, who turning our Misfortunes into his own Advantage, would entertain the Couſin of *Alcionida*; ſo that according to our Cuſtom, and to keep her he loved the longer, he commanded the Pilot to wander only up and down the Sea, not aiming unto any Place whatſoever, ſo that we rather went further off from *Lesbos*, than drew near it. I confeſs, I was puzzled for an Anſwer unto what *Tiſander* ſaid unto me, yet overruling my own Mind, I told him, that we would go unto *Mitilene*; and indeed we ſteered that way, but ſo gently, becauſe I did ſecretly appoint it ſo, that I might the longer enjoy the Sight of the admirable *Alcionida*, that I had time enough to try all the moſt rigorous Torments that were in Love: I was joyed to hear her Feaver did leſſen, and I was ſo diſpleaſed to obſerve the Satisfaction which *Tiſander* enjoyed, that I could not endure it: I knew well enough my Thoughts of it were very unjuſt, but I could not help them; and then when I was no wellwiſher of his good Fortune, I was not a Maſter of my own Mind: Since he did eaſily ſee theſe Diſorders in me; he was ſo generous as to ask me, whether any new Misfortune had befallen me? and I returned ſuch confuſed Anſwers, that I rather did augment his Curioſity than diminiſh it. Preſently after, the good News was brought us, that the Feaver had quite left *Alcionida*, but yet for all that we muſt not viſit her until the next Morning. Now were the Joys of *Tiſander* moſt compleat; for my part I was joyed too, but yet I did not guſt it very perfectly; ſo that my Friend being aſtoniſhed to ſee me thus diſquieted, whom he formerly knew to be of a more calm Spirit: he began to ask me an hundred ſeveral Queſtions; and before I was aware, I anſwered unto one of the Queſtions, and told him, that what he deſired to know of me, did happen preſently after my Departure from *Gnides*. From *Gnides*, replied he then, did you ever land there? Yes, (ſaid I, in a great Diſorder, and could not deny it) A Tempeſt once did drive me thither, and there I mended my Ship. *Tiſander* bluſh'd at this Diſcourſe, and looking very attentively upon me, Did you there ſee *Alcionida?* ſaid he unto me: I did, replied I, and that is one of the Reaſons why I am ſo grieved, to ſee her here wounded. But why did you not tell me thus much at the firſt, replied he? I know not, anſwered I unto him, unleſs it be becauſe the Accident did ſo trouble me, that I knew not what I did; but ſince I was there known only under the Notion of a Pirate, I did not paſs for what I am, ſince I did force my ſelf to diſſemble the Matter. *Tiſander* could not draw any ſtrong Conjectures out of my Anſwer; ſo that ſaying no more unto me, the reſt of the Evening paſſed on in this manner. I could not go into my own Ship that Night, becauſe the Winds being very lofty, our Ships durſt not come near one another, for Fear of Counter-Shocks; nor could a little Boat endure the violent Waves, ſo that *Tiſander* and I did lie both in one Cabin: and ſince the Recovery of *Alcionida* had ſatisfied his Deſires, he ſlept ſoundly; yet whether I would or no, my Sighs and unquiet Toſſings did awake him, and would not let him ſleep all the reſt of the Night, without telling him the true Cauſe of it though he often asked me. The next Morning, *Alcionida* being very well recovered, we went into her Cabin, and in our going thither, we met the Chirurgions, who, to be ſatisfied whether they had taken all the Splinters of the Javelin out of *Alcionida*'s Wounds, did look upon it very circumſpectly on every ſide; ſo that *Tiſander* looking upon it as the reſt did, he found the Name of *Alcionida* painted upon it. I would have taken it out of his Hands, ſeeming to be as curious as he was; but he had already diſcovered that which I deſired he ſhould not ſee; ſo that bluſhing extreamly at it, This Javelin, ſaid he, is ſo remarkable, that I doubt not but you know whoſe it was. Since it was painted at *Gnidus*, replied I, out of a piece of Gallantry only, I do know indeed whoſe fatal Hand it was which uſed it upon this unfortunate Occaſion; but ſince the Hurt which it hath done, ſhall be ere long repaired, it may be forgotten. After this, we entered into *Alcionida*'s Cabin, who had underſtood by her Couſin, and ſhe from *Leoſthenes*, that I was the Prince of *Milete*, and a Friend of *Tiſanders:* But ſince ſhe knew not whether I would tell her Husband that I had been at *Gnides*, or no; ſhe was a little perplexed, as afterwards *Leoſthenes* told her Couſin; yet conceiving it better, not to make a Secret of it, we were no ſooner come unto her, but ſhe intreated *Tiſander* to obtain a Pardon for all the Incivilities which ſhe had done unto me at *Gnides*, when I landed there only as a Pirate: In her Expreſſion of this Complement, ſhe bluſhed ſo much, and I was ſo amazed at it, that though *Tiſander* had not been in love with her as he was, yet might he well perceive I was, by the Diſorder of my Soul which appeared in my Eyes: ſo that he could not poſſibly be ignorant of it; and he ſtood between us in ſuch a ſilent *Dilemma*, that none durſt interrupt him. *Alcionida* averted her Looks from me, and I did court hers, whilſt *Tiſander* obſerving us both, did diſcover that Secret which I would have locked up in my Heart. After we had been an Hour with *Alcionida*, *Tiſander* impatiently deſiring to clear his Suſpicions, told me in moſt civil Language, that it was convenient to leave her at reſt that Day; and moved me to go out with him into his Cabin. I was no ſooner there, but ſeeing none in Preſence; I beſeech you, my dear *Thraſibulus*, ſaid he unto me, Tell me one thing truly, which I much deſire to know? Since it was long before I anſwered, and he ſuſpected that I would diſguize the Truth; Nay, do not go about to colour the matter, ſaid he, for perhaps, I do not ſtand in need of your help in the Knowledg of it. If ſo, ſaid I unto him, why do you deſire to know that from me, which you know already? Becauſe, replied he, I deſire to be infallibly certain, whether or no, I am ſo unfortunate as to be the cauſe of this deep Melancholy, which I perceive in your Mind; Tell me, my dear *Thraſibulus*, Has not the Sympathy of your Humour with mine cauſed us both to love one Lady? and am not

I ſo unfortunate as to deprive you of *Alcionida?* I do confeſs, that what Reſolutions ſoever I had taken, not to reveal unto *Tiſander* the Reaſon of my Paſſion, yet now it was impoſſible for me to diſguize it: I was ſo *non-pluſt* at theſe Queſtions, and my Eyes were ſo troubled, that my Face did ſo betray the Thoughts of my Heart, as this Prince not doubting any longer, did cry out with extream Generoſity, and moſt ſenſible Sorrow; Alas, my dear *Thraſibulus*, how ſad is my Soul that my Felicity ſhould be your Misfortune! for ſince we both of us do love one and the ſame Lady, we ſhall both of us be miſerable all the Days of our Lives. That would not be juſt, (ſaid I unto him, and ſighed, my Heart melting at his obliging Diſcourſe) and therefore, ask me no more: Believe, if you can, that it is Ambition only which is the Burden of my Soul; Imagine your ſelf happy, and that I am ſtill the ſame inſenſible *Thraſibulus*, who condemned you for loving the fair *Sapho*; and quietly enjoy your Felicity in the Divine *Alcionida*. I confeſs, that being tranſported with the Exceſs of Sorrows, that notwithſtanding the Friendſhip between us, I did not rejoyce at your Satisfaction; all that Reaſon, and remembrance of that Friendſhip could do, was, to oblige me not to diſturb it. I ask your Pardon, generous *Thraſibulus*; but withal, I beſeech you remember in my Excuſe, that I loved *Alcionida* before you did, and muſt love her as long as I live, perhaps more then you: for ſince ſhe was the firſt, ſo doubtleſs ſhe ſhall be the laſt that ſhall ever move my Paſſion. But leaſt this Confeſſion ſhould too much incenſe you, let me tell you, that as my Love of her, is ſo purely innocent, that it cannot be offenſive either unto her Vertue, or our Friendſhip, or the Gods themſelves; ſo alſo is it ſo extreamly violent, that I cannot endure her Sight, or yours: for ſo miſerable do I eſteem my ſelf, that now I am paſt all hopes of *Alcionida*'s Love. Since your Paſſion is ſo purely innocent, as you tell me, and ſince alſo I do believe it (anſwered he) I will promiſe you ſo great a Share in the Friendſhip of *Alcionida*, that though it cannot make you abſolutely happy, yet at the leaſt it may afford you ſome Conſolation; for ſince ſhe knew you, it is impoſſible, but ſhe muſt needs eſteem you, and therefore I ſhall hope ſhe will love you for my ſake. Therefore, my dear *Thraſibulus*, though you cannot be compleatly happy, yet do not you render your ſelf abſolutely miſerable; nor by your Miſfortunes interrupt my Happineſs. I do once more declare, ſaid I unto him, that the glorious Luſtre of *Alcionida*'s fair Eyes, which has enflamed my Soul, is as pure and ſplendent as the Rays of the Sun: But yet, moſt generous *Tiſander*, you muſt needs know, if you know how to love, that though a Lover do not always enjoy the Beauty of a beloved and adored Miſtreſs, yet would he have the ſole and abſolute Poſſeſſion of her whole Heart and Mind to himſelf: ſo that ſince I cannot deſire ſo great a Happineſs without a wrong to you, nor indeed, never hope for it; I have no way but to die, and let you live happily. But that I can never do, replied he, if you do not live happily as well as I. Then are we both moſt unfortunate, ſaid I unto him. Time, ſaid *Tiſander*, may perhaps produce ſome Remedy which you cannot think of. Since thoſe Remedies, ſaid I unto him, are commonly long in curing, I do not think I can ſtay the Iſſue, and I believe Death would ſooner work the Cure than Time. However, I beſeech you think, that if you had not forced me to diſcover my Miſfortune unto you, you ſhould never have known it: But ſince you ſcrewed out that Secret which I deſired to hide, it is but juſt in you to rid your ſelf of a vexatious Rival, who ſhall be always a Diſturber of your Happineſs. When I doted upon *Sapho*, replied he, I did not think it poſſible ever to be cured of that tormenting Paſſion which poſſeſſed me, yet her Rigour to me, her Compliance with another, and the all-commanding Charms of *Alcionida*, has made her moſt indifferent unto me. It is not ſo with me, ſaid I unto him, for though I believe *Alcionida* loves you, and moſt certainly know ſhe will never love me, yet can I not baniſh her from my Heart. But for your part (ſaid I with a moſt incenſed Mind) perhaps you can quit *Alcionida* for another, as you quitted *Sapho* for her; and I ſhall perhaps hereafter hear, that the ſame which would be my Haven of Felicity, is not ſo to you. But moſt inconſtant and unjuſt Friend, ſaid I, if ever you leave adoring this Divine Lady, you will be the moſt undeſerving Man that lives. I had no ſooner ſpoken this, but I repented; and found by his mild Anſwer, that he would love *Alcionida* as long as he had Life; however, he gave me ſuch ſweet and generous Language, that he allayed my Anger againſt him, and I began to long until Night did ſeparate us, that I might enjoy my own private Thoughts, and at laſt we parted. *Tiſander* was informed by ſome or other of the time when I was at *Gnidus*; he underſtood from one of *Alcionida*'s Women, how I cauſed her to get haſtily out of my Ship: However, we were both of us the next Day much perplexed; I durſt not ask him how *Alcionida* did; and yet I could not forbear; nor durſt I go to ſee her: And *Tiſander*, I think, as generous as he was, had Variety of Reſentments of it, in one and the ſame Day: yet ſince he enjoyed the Happineſs, and was well ſatisfied concerning the Vertue of *Alcionida*, it was an eaſier matter for him, than for me, to tranſact with Reaſon: He was ſo generous as not to take any Notice of a hundred Follies which I expreſſed unto him, and to ſpeak unto me always with much Affection. But that there might want nothing to make up the full Meaſure of my Misfortunes, it chanced that I being in a Cabbin of his Ship which joyned unto *Alcionida*'s, I ſaw her there, ſhe not knowing I was in that Place, or thinking that all the Partitions of a Ship being made of Planks only, one might eaſily hear all that was ſpoken out of the one into the other.

Since *Alcionida* was now much better than ſhe was before, *Tiſander* thought it convenient to acquaint her with my deſperate Condition, to the end ſhe might not hereafter be ſurprized at it, or elſe perhaps to diſcover her real Thoughts of me: I heard him ask her, how I carried my ſelf at *Gnides?* what ſhe thought of me? whether ſhe really thought I was a Pirate? and as I verily think, fearing leſt ſhe ſhould take a Diſpleaſure at all theſe Queſtions, he told all he knew concerning my Paſſion, which did ſo much ſurprize her, that ſhe could not make any Anſwer: Yet ſince ſhe perceived *Tiſander* knew more than her ſelf, ſhe told him ſincerely what ſhe believed concerning my Quality, and partly what ſhe knew concerning my Love. Then he deſired her to tell him whether ſhe had any good Eſteem of me or no? and ſhe anſwered ſo obligingly in my behalf, that I thought my ſelf then much more miſerable than I was before. In Concluſion, he conjured her to comply with me, as a Man whom of all the World he loved moſt. Your Deſire, ſaid ſhe unto him, is too dangerous for me to conſent unto; not but that I dare truſt my ſelf well enough with him, but becauſe I dare not truſt you. *Tiſander* did then proteſt a thouſand times unto her, that he would never be jealous. Yet notwithſtanding all his Importunities, ſhe would not conſent unto it: For indeed, ſaid ſhe, if the Prince *Thraſibulus* do not love me, he may eaſily forbear my Sight; and if he do love me, he were moſt inhumane to continue his Paſſion: Therefore, Sir, I conjure you to ſolicit me no more. When he was gone out, I heard *Alcionida* call one of her Women which ſhe loved very dearly, and commanded her to reach a Cabinet, which ſhe opened, and took out many Letters, for I found out a little hole in the Partition of this Cabin, through which I could ſee all ſhe did: amongſt many other Letters, ſhe found that which I had writ unto her, which I knew very well; and ſhe commanded this Woman to take this Letter, and to tear it all in Pieces, and when it was dark to throw it into the Sea. Why Madam (ſaid this Woman unto her, who uſed to be very free with her) is it a greater Fault to keep it to Morrow, then it was Yeſterday? The Reaſon is, replied ſhe, becauſe I muſt baniſh out of my Heart the Remembrance of that Princes Affection, which without a Crime I might have preſerved, when I thought I ſhould never ſee him again; but now, ſince he is here, I muſt not do ſo: I muſt not look upon him as a Lover of *Alcionida*, but only as a Friend of *Tiſanders*. What odd Adventures do the Fates produce (ſaid ſhe?) why did they ſend *Thraſibulus* unto *Gnides*, only to be miſerable, and to make me reſtleſs? Not becauſe I do not eſteem my ſelf happy in the Marriage of *Tiſander*, but becauſe I wiſh with all my Heart that the Prince

Thraſibulus were not ſo unfortunate. Yet did they both of them ſee the Secrets of my Heart, *Tiſander* would be leſs pleaſed, and *Thraſibulus* would be more miſerable: For the Truth is, the Reaſon why I did oppoſe my Marriage with *Tiſander*, was, becauſe I had ſome hopes that *Thraſibulus* would return unto *Gnides* in ſuch a Quality as he told me; and that I might innocently follow my Inclination not to hate him: Yet as the caſe is now, I muſt ſuppreſs thoſe Thoughts (ſaid ſhe, and ſighed) and therefore do as I bid you; to the end I may if I can preſerve my Heart ſolely for *Tiſander*, and remember *Thraſibulus* no more. I leave it unto you, Sir, to judg what Joy and what Sorrow this Expreſſion of *Alcionida* did infuſe into me: The Sorrow did ſo much triumph over the Joy, and that cruel Reſolution to forget me did ſo pierce my Heart, that againſt my Will I made a great Noiſe; and ſince I was ſo near, that I almoſt touched the ſide of her Bed, certainly ſhe heard me, for ſhe was ſilent preſently upon it, and queſtionleſs was ſorry ſhe had been ſo loud in her Diſcourſe; and I believe, I ſhould have ſpoke to her through the Partition, had I not heard ſome enter into her Cabin: So the Knowledg that I was not hated, yet that I muſt for ever be miſerable, did drive me into ſuch horrid Deſpair, that I ſuffered inexpreſſible Torments of Mind. In the mean time, *Tiſander*, who did really love me, came to ſee me, and carried me into the Cabin of *Alcionida*, entreating me, and earneſtly conjuring me, to content my ſelf with her Friendſhip and Eſteem. I went with him, and at my Entrance I heard her charge the Woman whom ſhe ſpoke unto, to do as ſhe appointed her: This made me change Colour, and look ſo ſeriouſly upon her, that ſhe dejected her Eyes. I ſhall tell you, Sir, what our Conference was, for I think there was never three Perſons did love one another ſo well, and were all three ſo diſcontented as we were. *Tiſander* did moſt paſſionately love *Alcionida*, and he loved me alſo very well: but yet becauſe I loved her, I perceived, that either out of his Compaſſion unto me, or out of ſome other Conſiderations mingled with it, he did not delight in my Company. *Alcionida* did queſtionleſs love *Tiſander*,

ſander, and did not hate me; but becauſe my Paſſion could not any longer appear innocent, and ſince *Tiſander* was not ignorant of it, her Mind was extreamly unquiet. For my part, I had as high an eſteem of Friendſhip for *Tiſander* as poſſible I was capable of, and I loved *Alcionida* more then my Tongue can tell; but ſince my Friend was Owner of this ineſtimable Treaſure, and ſince he knew I loved her, and ſince I knew that *Alcionida* was fully reſolved abſolutely to forget me, I was not able either to begin Diſcourſe, or anſwer unto any: But indeed I went out of the Cabin with ſome kind of Conſolation, though it be not ordinary to leave her one loves without much Sorrow. But, Sir, not to abuſe your Patience too much, give me leave to tell you, that we arrived at *Lesbos* and *Mitilene*, where the Joy was a little clouded by the news of that ſad Accident which happened unto the fair *Alcionida*. Yet ſince ſhe was quite out of all danger, the magnificent Solemnities of her entrance were deferred but for a few Days. The wiſe Prince of *Mitilene* received his fair Daughter with much Joy; but for my part, when I ſaw her go out of the Ship, it is moſt impoſſible to expreſs my Thoughts. I forgot one thing which chanced, that was a great Addition of Sorrow unto me, which was, That *Tiſander*, the better to take order that *Alcionida* might be received into the Port with Ceremony, went out of his own Ship into one of mine, which was an admirable good Sailer, that he might be at *Lesbos* an hour or two before us, telling and embracing me, that he would commit the Guardianſhip of his only Treaſure unto me. As ſoon as he was gone, I had ſo great a deſire to entertain *Alcionida* once more in private, that without ſending to ask any leave, I entered into her Cabin; thinking ſince I underſtood from her own Mouth that ſhe did not hate me, though ſhe reſolved to forget me, that I might preſume upon ſo much boldneſs. I found her ſitting upon her Bed, moſt magnificently dreſſed, though ſhe had her Arm in a Scarf: I beſeech you, Madam, pardon me, ſaid I unto her, for aſſuming ſo much boldneſs; but indeed, Madam, I am ſo unfortunate in every thing elſe, that I hope you will not deny me ſo much Conſolation

ſolation in my Miſery, as to ſpeak once more in my Life unto you. The Prince *Tiſander* loves you ſo dearly well, replied ſhe, and bluſhed, that I ſhould incur his diſpleaſure, if I ſhould refuſe you that which Civility only bids me conſent unto. I conjure you, Madam, in the Name of the Gods (ſaid I unto her, ſeeing none with her but that Woman which I knew to be her Confident) to grant me this Honour for my own ſake, and let me not be beholden unto that Prince for this Favour, unto whom I am already ſo much engaged and loaded with his Generoſity : Never fear, Madam, that I ſhall ſpeak any thing that ſhall either offend you or the Prince *Tiſander* ; No, no, Madam, as violent as my Affection is to you, I am not guilty of any criminal Thoughts ; but ſince I muſt ſhortly for ever loſe you, it is not juſt you ſhould refuſe me that innocent Favour, ſince it is the laſt I ſhall ever ask you. As a Friend unto the Prince my Husband, replied ſhe, you may hope for any thing from me ; but as a Lover of *Alcionida*, never expect any thing. It is in this laſt named Qualification, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that I hope to obtain my deſire of you : Why, ask me nothing then, ſaid ſhe, for certainly you ſhall be denied, and that with abundance of anger ; Though the Prince were not your Friend, as he is, yet the reſpect which you ought to have unto me, ſhould reſtrain you from any ſuch Expreſſions as theſe. Why, Madam, ſaid I unto her, do you chide me, before you know what I will ask? What you have already ſaid, replied ſhe, is ſufficient cauſe of complaint againſt you. I know not whether I am ill interpreted (ſaid I unto her,) but I am moſt certain that my Thoughts are purely innocent : For indeed, divine *Alcionida* ; I deſire nothing now, but that you would in my preſence be pleaſed to revoke that unjuſt and cruel Sentence which you pronounced againſt me in the very ſame place you now are in, when in giving unto this Woman here that Letter which I took the boldneſs to write unto you, with Orders to tear it and throw it into the Sea : Moreover, you then moſt cruelly ſaid, you were reſolved to forget me abſolutely for ever : Madam, I heard this unjuſt and dire Doom, and now I hope for a

Revocation. *Alcionida* was ſo amazed to hear this, and to remember that ſhe heard a noiſe, which made her know I heard her, that ſhe durſt hardly ſo much as look upon me. Did you then hear what I ſaid? (ſaid ſhe.) Yes, Madam, replied I, I did hear; and being more juſt then you, it ſhall never out of my Memory. I ask you not (ſaid ſhe, and was much aſhamed) how you durſt be ſo bold; but methinks, if you well conſider the Senſe of my Words, you may conclude that your procedure ought to diſoblige me. My Reaſon, ſaid I unto her, is not ſo free as to act with ſo much prudence; but I am ſure my Love prompts me to deſire a little room in your remembrance: This Madam, methinks, is no ſuch unreaſonable Requeſt, and you may well grant ſo much unto him who has conſecrated unto you every minute of his Life. After *Alcionida* was a little more recollected; Sir (ſaid ſhe unto me with abundance of Sorrow in her Eyes) this your Curioſity to diſcover my Thoughts will coſt you very dear, if you love me; for I do profeſs I cannot endure the ſight of you, ſince you know ſo much of me: Perhaps, if you had ſtill continued ignorant of thoſe Thoughts which my Heart had of you, I ſhould have let the Prince *Tiſander* enjoy your Company, as he deſired me: But ſince you underſtand my Heart ſo well, and have told me of it, it is abſolutely impoſſible for me to conſent unto it: I cannot look upon you without a bluſh; and perhaps I ſhall hate you, out of fear only of loving you too well, and becauſe I cannot be indifferent enough towards you. Alas, Madam (cryed I out unto her) what Injuſtice is this which you do me? Unjuſt Prince, replied ſhe, what reaſon have you to tell me of any ſuch things, as I cannot hear without a Crime, and which I will never hear after this day? That is long enough, ſaid I unto her, for I believe I ſhall not live much longer: Be therefore ſo good as to tell me, that you ſhould not have hated me, if Fortune had done as much for me, as ſhe has done for *Tiſander*. *Alcionida*, Sir, was ſo full of modeſty, that ſhe could not conſent unto this deſire: But in concluſion, being moved thereunto by my

Sighs and Tears, I confeſs, ſaid ſhe, that of all the Perſons I know, you are he whom I had the greateſt Inclination to eſteem; and if it had been the Pleaſure of the Gods, I ſhould have thought my ſelf very happy in contributing to your Felicity; yet ſince it is not, but that I am Wife unto a Prince who doubtleſs deſerves all my Affections, I will uſe all the means I can to root out of my Heart that tenderneſs and opinion which I had of you, and which yet, whether I will or no, remains in it. Oh Madam, I conjure you by all that's ſacred, ſaid I, not to do ſo; and I will promiſe you never to importune you any more as long as I live, ſo you will promiſe me ſome little room in your Memory: Let *Tiſander* ſolely enjoy you; let your Beauty and your Heart be only his; and reſerve only for me one of thoſe ſecret and ſolitary Thoughts which uſeth to beget a pleaſing Melancholy in thoſe who admit of it: Think ſometimes, moſt Divine Lady, that all the while *Tiſander* enjoys his happineſs, the miſerable *Thraſibulus* endures as many Torments, as that fortunate Husband taſtes Felicities: Alas, Madam, it is no unreaſonable demand, to ask three or four Minutes in a day in remembrance of a Man who (as I told you before) has devoted every minute of his Life to think on you. Thoſe three or four Minutes which you deſire, is too much for my Honour to grant; and you may aſſure your ſelf, that if I could, I would baniſh you out of my Memory as well as out of my Heart, but one cannot command ones Memory as one will; and perhaps, ſaid ſhe (and bluſhed) you will forget me, and I ſhall remember you whether I would or no. *Alcionida* pronounced theſe laſt Words with ſo much charming Confuſion in her Face, that I kneeled to render Thanks; but ſhe repenting of what ſhe had ſaid, and did ſo ſeriouſly forbid me ever to ſpeak any more of my Paſſion unto her, and never deſire to have any private conference with her, that I ſaw very plainly it was her real and reſolute Mind to have it ſo: and I obtained yet one quarter of an hours Audience longer, during which time I could hardly move her to return any Anſwer unto me, and during which I did nothing

thing but ſigh, and look upon her, and conjure her not to forget me. I had the comfort to ſee ſome ſigns of Sorrow and Tenderneſs in her Eyes, and had ſome Hopes of remaining in her Memory whether ſhe would or no. In the mean while we were come ſo near the Port, that all I could do was to reclaim my Mind, and fit it for ſuch Company as would diſcourſe of nothing but Joy. I ſhall not relate, Sir, all the Paſſages of this Ceremony; for I had no ſhare in this publique Joy, but was rather a very trouble unto *Tiſander*, who was moſt really ſenſible of my Sorrows, and was a Partaker of my Miſery, eſpecially when he ſaw I was reſolved to depart from *Lesbos*, and ſtay there no longer. He ſet the Prince his Father upon me, to uſe all Perſwaſions and Motives to cauſe my ſtay in *Mitelene*, until ſuch time as it pleaſed the Gods to afford me ſome ways to recover my Dominions: but all was in vain; and I departed, not well knowing whither to go, as ſoon as my Ships were furniſhed with all manner of Neceſſaries, and as ſoon as the two Ships of his which he would needs give me were fit to put to Sea. Since my own Miſeries did teach me how to Compaſſionate them in others, I would not ſuffer *Leoſthenes* to follow my Fortunes; but I left him with *Alcionida*'s Couſin, with whom he was in love, and recommended him unto the Prince *Tiſander*, as a Man of good Quality, and much merit.

I ſhall not trouble you, Sir, with any Relation of how I parted from this generous Rival, who ſhed Tears; that his good Fortune ſhould be my Miſery: for it would be impoſſible, but I ſhould bluſh for Shame in relating unto you the obduracy of my Heart towards him, though he had obliged me by a thouſand ſweet Expreſſions of Love unto me. Nor ſhall I relate what Adieu I bad unto the fair *Alcionida*, ſince I had not ſo much as the conſolation to ſee her charming Eyes in taking my leave of her, becauſe ſhe kept her Bed that Day; and ſince there were many in her Chamber, I did ſee her but one Minute, and in much Diſorder: ſo I departed without this ſad Satisfaction, and imbarqued with unequalled deſpair. My moſt tormenting thought was, that *Alcionida* was enjoyed by one whom I was obliged to love: for had he been my mortal Enemy, I ſhould not have been ſo extreamly Miſerable, ſince then I might have had ſome comfort in Revenge. But the merit of the Prince *Tiſander* did moſt extreamly grieve me alſo; for I thought it impoſſible, but *Alcionida* muſt love him, and I wiſhed with all my Heart, that ſhe had married a Man whom ſhe hated. Indeed, there was not one phantaſtical, melancholy, violent, or extraordinary Thought, which Love did not infuſe into my Heart. After this, Ambition became no torment unto me; for ſince I cared not for my Life, I never valued a Scepter: ſo that without any thoughts, but of my Misfortunes, and of the fair *Alcionida*, I wandred up and down the Seas, until driven by a Tempeſt, I came to *Sinope*, when the King of *Aſſyria* was there with the Princeſs *Mandana*; and there remained until you came and found me on your Enemies ſide, without any Deſign of mine to be ſo. After this, Sir, you know my Life, and that nothing obſervable has befallen it but your own Goodneſs in a thouſand teſtimonies of Affection to me, whereof I am moſt unworthy.

But, Sir, in the Fight the other Night, at the Bottom of the Mountains, I came unto a place where I ſaw a Man couragiouſly defending himſelf againſt ten or twelve Souldiers, who preſſed upon him; I made all the haſte I could up to them, to prevent his being killed; who knowing me, cried out, That *Tiſander* will yield himſelf unto none, but the Prince *Thraſibulus*. You may imagine, Sir, that this Name did much ſurprize me, and that I no ſooner heard it, but forbidding the Souldiers to fight any longer, I went unto him, but found him ſo wounded, that preſently after he fell, and I was forced to hold him up. I knew another Priſoner alſo whom the Souldiers had taken to be *Leoſthenes*, whom I left at *Lesbos*, and who was not wounded: ſo that promiſing to pay thoſe Souldiers their Ranſom, for thoſe two Priſoners whom they had taken, I cauſed the Prince *Tiſander* to be brought hither, who expreſſed ſo much Affection unto me, that I were not worthy to live, if I were, not moved with it. Mean while, I underſtood by *Leoſthenes*, how report is going, that *Crœſus* King of *Lydia* would fall upon the Iſlands. The Prince of *Mitelene* went unto him, intending to diſſwade him from that deſign, as indeed he did: ſo that *Pittacus* taking his ſide, left the Prince his Son, and *Leoſthenes* at *Sardis*, where they made as great preparations of War, as if *Crœſus* would conquer all *Aſia*, though none knew what his Deſign was. I underſtood alſo that this Prince had a Deſire to engage the *Mileſians* to his Party, but the wiſe *Thales* did oppoſe it: I underſtood alſo from *Leoſthenes*, that the Prince *Tiſander* knowing that *Crœſus* would ſend unto the King of *Armenia*, deſired that Imployment, and obtained it, chuſing rather to travel, ſince he muſt needs be from *Alcionida*, then to ſtay in a Court ſo gallant as it was. So that coming to *Artaxates* juſt as you came thither, ſhe was ſhut up in it; and was forced to follow the King of *Armenia* into the Mountains, conceiving he might more eaſily eſcape from thence, then out of *Artaxates*, if he ſtayed in it. And indeed, his Deſign was to eſcape at this time, when he was ſo dangerouſly wounded, and to go and render an Account of his Negotiation unto the King of *Lydia*. *Leoſthenes* told me further, that the Affairs at *Milete* had much changed Faces: for *Anthemius*, who never ſet up *Alexideſmus*, but only to ruin him, had brought his Deſign to paſs, having ſtirred all the People againſt him: ſo that he was forced to retire to *Phocæus* with his Mother, his Wife, and *Philodicea*: So that now *Milete*, was as a free Town, where popular Government was begun to be eſtabliſhed: Notwithſtanding *Thales*, and all my Friends did reſiſt this new Alteration, yet *Leoſthenes* told me, the fear was, that if the People were once accuſtomed unto Liberty, they would never receive any Maſter again; and he told me alſo, that in the mean time, the Prince of *Phoceus* was combining with all his Neighbour-Princes to promote the Intereſt of *Alexideſmus*. But, Sir, dare I after all this tell you, that *Leoſthenes*, who had married her he loved, told me, that *Alcionida* was never ſo fair as now? and will you excuſe my Weakneſs, if I neglect negle&#99;t all my State Affairs, to diſcourſe of ſuch things as only concern my Love?

Cyrus ſeeing *Thraſibulus* had no more to tell him, did expreſs much grief for his Misfortunes; and reſolved to apply all expedient Remedies for the Satisfaction of his Ambition; For as concerning Matters of Love, my dear *Thraſibulus*, (ſaid he unto him) it muſt be the ſame Hand which wounded, muſt cure you: And though *Tiſander* be your Rival, yet I find him ſo worthy of Aſſiſtance, that I extreamly commend you for your care of him. As *Cyrus* was adviſing *Thraſibulus* of ſuch Expedients, as he thought beſt for the recovery of his Dominions, *Leoſthenes* entered into the Tent very haſtily: Sir, ſaid he to *Cyrus*, who underſtood all Languages, I ask your pardon for my bold Interruption; but the Prince *Tiſander* being at the laſt gaſp, I thought it fit to advertiſe the Prince *Thraſibulus* of it. At the laſt gaſp, replied *Cyrus*! Yes, Sir, replied *Leoſthenes*, for having a great deſire to write, notwithſtanding all my endeavours to diſſwade him, as he ended his Letter, all his Wounds opened, and he loſt ſo much Blood, that he fell into abundance of weakneſs, and ſwounding, is not yet come unto himſelf. *Thraſibulus* did then ask leave of *Cyrus*, to go and aſſiſt his moſt faithful Friend, and Rival, whom he could not love in one Reſpect, nor could not hate in another. But *Cyrus* calling to Mind the high Valour of this Prince, would alſo go himſelf. As they entered into the Tent, the Chirurgions had revived him out of his ſwound, yet with ſuch ſmall hopes of Life, that they told *Cyrus*, who asked what they thought, he could not out-live that day: yet ſince he had a free Mind, and a great Soul, he was not at all terrified at the looks of Death; and he carried it as one that was worthy to be Son unto ſuch a Prince, who was reputed the wiſeſt in all *Greece*: He patiently ſubmitted unto the Will of the Gods, and neither asking Death, nor Life, he prepared himſelf for the firſt of theſe with moſt admirable tranquillity of Mind, and was contented to leave the other with unparalleld contentedneſs: he knew *Cyrus*, as ſoon as he came in; ſo that addreſſing himſelf unto him, Sir, ſaid he, you ſee the

Gods have puniſhed me for lifting up my Hand againſt ſo illuſtrious a Life as yours, ſince it had been much more glorious for me to have died by the invincible Hand of *Artamenes*, than by the Souldiers of great *Cyrus*. It is alſo more advantagious to the Prince *Thraſibulus*, ſaid he, that I die, ſince then he would not be ſo miſerable as he is. *Cyrus* anſwered him with all poſſible Civility, and would have infuſed ſome Hopes of recovery, notwithſtanding all the Chirurgions ſaid: But *Tiſander* interrupting him, No, no, Sir, ſaid he, I cannot live, and therefore, I beſeech you, let me imploy the laſt Minutes of my Life in remembrance of one, who in cauſing my higheſt Happineſs, has made my deareſt Friend moſt miſerable: In ſaying ſo, he turned his Head towards *Thraſibulus*, and giving him the Letter which he had let fall after he had writ it, and which was given unto him again upon his coming to himſelf. Here, my dear *Thraſibulus*, ſaid he unto him, take this, and I make you my Executor of my laſt Will; give it, if you pleaſe, unto our deareſt *Alcionida*: and ſince I did not murmur, when I heard her beſtow ſome Sighs for your Misfortunes, ſo I beſeech you do not murmur when ſhe beſtows ſome Tears in memory of my Death: ſince I ſhall no longer be an Obſtacle unto your Happineſs, let me have the integrity of your Friendſhip; and look not upon me any more as your Rival. I do acknowledg you merit *Alcionida* more than I, and I will do that which Fortune would not, I give up all my Intereſt in her unto you. In pronouncing theſe laſt Words *Tiſander* bluſht, and Tears trickled from his Eyes; ſo that *Thraſibubus* being extreamly moved with the Generoſity of his Friend, and not being able to contain his Sorrows, he came nearer him, and taking him by the Hand, Live moſt generous Prince, ſaid he, and be aſſured that I will never more envy your Enjoyment of the incomparable *Alcionida*: Indeed, I ſhall ever love her, but it ſhall be as ſhe is yours without any other pretence unto her. No, no, replied the weak *Tiſander*, that muſt never be: Live you, and let me die; all the favour I ask, is, that you will ſometimes ſpeak of me unto my dear *Alcionida*:

Let me have this laſt Satisfaction, my dear *Thraſibulus*, and I will leave you an unvaluable Treaſure in the Perſon of *Alcionida*; for her Soul has an hundred thouſand more ſhining Beauties, than her Face: But in recompence of ſo rich a Preſent, promiſe me here in the preſence of the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, that you will tell her, I value not the loſs of Life, or Grandure, or Kindred, or any thing in the World, but only Her; and that I find no bitterneſs in Death, but only my Sorrows to leave her; and when you have done this, enjoy her quietly all the reſt of your Life; and live happy longer then I have done. *Thraſibulus* was ſo grieved to ſee his Friend in this Condition, that his Love, which was wont to triumph over any other thought, was now forced to ſubmit unto his Sorrow; and to lie hid in the bottom of his Heart without any diſcovery upon this ſad Occaſion. He promiſed *Tiſander* then to perform all his Commands in moſt grieving Expreſſions, and teſtified ſuch real Marks of Tenderneſs, that none would ever have thought *Tiſander* had been Rival to *Thraſibulus*. In the mean while, this weak Prince, growing more feeble upon a ſudden, died, and deſiring to ſay ſomething more concerning *Alcionida*, he pronounced her Name, and left all thoſe who ſaw him die in ſuch Admiration of his Conſtancy, and ſo molified with his Diſcourſe, that had he been a prime Friend unto every one in particular, he could not have moved more Sorrows. As ſoon as the Prince *Tiſander* had fetched his laſt breath, and no ſigns of Life appeared, *Cyrus* carried *Thraſibulus* out of the Tent whether he would or no, and left *Leoſthenes* to take all requiſite orders for *Tiſanders* Funeral, which *Cyrus* would have moſt magnificently performed: Having then carried *Thraſibulus* into his own Pavilion, he took the Letter which was directed unto *Alcionida*, and which was open; then, with the conſent of *Thraſibulus*, he found written theſe Words:

Dying Tiſander *to his deareſt* Alcionida.

I Am ſo near my Death, that I cannot poſſibly ſay much unto you: Let me in a few Words conjure you to believe, that I did love You beyond all Expreſſions, and that I die full of the ſame Affection, and fuller than ever any, except the Prince Thraſibulus*: You know he is my ſecond-ſelf, and ſo receive him; I give him all my ſhare in your Heart, for he deſerves it; Love him then for the love of me, and force him to love my Memory for the love of you; and as far as it is poſſible, let both of you love that Prince in his Grave, who whilſt he lived loved none but you; and when he died, you were the only thoughts of*

Tiſander.

As *Cyrus* was of a moſt apprehenſive and compaſſionate Soul, ſo his Heart was extreamly tendered at the reading of this Letter; And *Thraſibulus* himſelf, notwithſtanding all the Hopes he might conceive by the Death of his Friend, was moſt really grieved. All poſſible care was taken, to render the laſt Honours of Burial with all Ceremony befitting a Man of his Quality: *Cyrus* himſelf, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, and every Prince in the Army, were Mourners, and expreſſed all Teſtimonies of eſteem unto the Honour of Prince *Tiſander*. After this, *Cyrus* told *Thraſibulus*, that both the Affairs of his Dominions, and thoſe concerning his Love, did require his ſudden return unto *Milete*, and unto *Lesbos*. Then he went to give out Orders concerning the preſent Affair. In the mean time, the Prince *Phaartes* returning to the King his Father, found all things in a lamentable Condition, becauſe their Victuals would not laſt above two days, though the King of *Armenia* to keep up the Hearts of his Souldiers did make a ſhew as if they had enough for a Month, hoping always that *Ciaxares* would be weary, and draw off from *Artaxates*. *Phaartes* then, ſeeing things in that Condition, told the King his Father, that there was a neceſſity of having recourſe unto the clemency of the

Conqueror, ſince Force was in vain; and the more to merit his Favour, he thought it moſt expedient to tell *Ciaxares* with all ingenuity, whether the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the King of *Pontus* were in his Dominions or no? That as for the Tribute demanded, though it were juſt to pay what's promiſed, yet he knew that the principal cauſe of the War was the Princeſs *Mandana*; ſo that if he had her in his Hands, he might eaſily free himſelf from the Tribute, by reſtoring her unto the King her Father; and that if he had her not, then he ought to make it ſo apparent, as neither *Ciaxares* or *Cyrus* might doubt of it. The King then proteſted unto *Phaartes*, that he never knew the King of *Pontus* or the Princeſs *Mandana* were ever in *Armenia*; And that the Princeſs *Ariminta* being in his Dominions, had certainly raiſed that Opinion of the Princeſs *Mandana*'s being here. *Phaartes* told the King his Father, that as he had promiſed, ſo he muſt needs acquaint *Cyrus* with the truth of all this: But the Souldiers being in a great Mutiny, would needs ſee all the Magazines of Victual before the Prince *Phaartes* departed; there was ſuch a great diſorder amongſt them, that they all forſook their Guards: So that if the moſt generous *Cyrus* would have violated his Faith, and taken that advantage, he might eaſily have entred the Mountains, and killed all thoſe that fled thither for Sanctuary; for it was eaſy to be diſcerned from the Plains, how they diſperſed themſelves in the Mountains without any Order, or any Arms: But he did moſt inviolably obſerve whatſoever he promiſed; and looked upon this diſorder without taking that Advantage, or knowing the true cauſe of it. But in concluſion, the King of *Armenia* reſolved to truſt unto the Generoſity of *Cyrus*, and put himſelf into his Hands. He ſent therefore the Prince *Phaartes* before, appeaſing the Souldiers, by aſſuring them that he went to make Peace. This Prince returning then unto the Camp, and being conducted unto the Tent of *Cyrus*, where was the King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince of the *Caduſians*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, *Thraſibulus*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aglatidas*, and many others; he told him, how extreamly ſorry he was that he was not able to tell him any News concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, of whom the King his Father had no knowledg: For Sir, ſaid he to *Cyrus*, to ſhew you that he is moſt ſincere, I need tell you no more, but that truſting abſolutely in the goodneſs of the *Medean* King and your Generoſity, I have perſwaded him to deſcend from theſe Mountains, with the Queen my Mother, the Princeſſes my Siſters, the Princeſs *Oneſila*, Wife of *Tigranes* my Brother, whom heretofore you have honoured with your Friendſhip: You may very well judg by this, Sir, ſaid he unto him, that if he had the Princeſs *Mandana* in his Power, he would not have done thus. When *Cyrus* had well conſidered upon it, he was moſt extreamly grieved, that there was no Hopes of finding *Mandana*. The King of *Aſſyria* was as deeply wounded as he; yet imagining that perhaps ſhe might ſtill be in *Armenia*, though this Prince was ignorant of it, a moſt ſtrict Search was reſolved upon in lieu of a bloody War.

In the mean while *Cyrus* ſent in all haſte unto *Ciaxares*, to acquaint him with the Reports of *Phaartes*, and to ask him whether he ſhould bring the King of *Armenia* unto him: But *Ciaxares* being not well that day, ſent him word that he abſolutely referred all unto him, and that he might do as he himſelf thought moſt expedient. *Cyrus* having this Anſwer, received the King of *Armenia*, and all his Royal Family, into his Tent; and obſerving a diſcreet Mediocrity in his Civilities, there appeared in his Diſcourſe and Actions all the Sweetneſs of a clement Prince, and all the Majeſty of a Conqueror: The King of *Armenia* ſeemed a greater Prince in his Miſery, then he did in his better Fortunes; for indeed he ſpoke with much Boldneſs and Generoſity upon this Occaſion: for ſince *Cyrus* was much perplexed at the bad news which he received, he could not forbear ſome Expreſſions of Anger, for being engaged in this War, and loſing ſo much time as might have been more advantagiouſly employed in the Search of *Mandana* ſome other way. This being the Condition of things, the Prince *Tigranes*, who was recovered of his Sickneſs, and underſtanding the bad Condition of the King his Father's Affairs, reſolved abſolutely to truſt unto the Generoſity of *Cyrus*, and came unto his Tent; where with Sorrow he ſaw the King his Father, the Queen his Mother, the

Prince his Brother, the Princeſſes his Siſters, and the Admired *Onuſila* his Wife, whoſe Beauty did dazle all thoſe Eyes that looked upon her. As ſoon as he appeared, *Cyrus* received him with many Expreſſions of Civility towards him; yet ſince he was upon a Buſineſs of great importance, he held no long Diſcourſes, but following his Intention, Why, Sir, (ſaid he to the King of *Armenia*) did you not return a more clear Anſwer unto the King whom I ſerve, when he ſent unto you to demand the Princeſs his Daughter? and why did you make him think ſhe was in your Power? My Reaſon was, replied he, becauſe I thought he did not believe ſhe was in my Power; and that he did but ſeek for a pretence to colour his War, and thereby move me to pay that Tribute which I formerly payed unto *Aſtiages*. But, replied *Cyrus*, do you not think that Tribute due, and that you ought to pay it? Yes, anſwered he; but deſire of Liberty, and alſo to leave my Children abſolute and free, moved me unto that Injuſtice, which would have been glorious if it had ſucceeded well. If you were in the King of *Medes* caſe, ſaid *Cyrus*, and a Prince your Vaſſal ſhould have done as you did, what would you have done? If I ſhould act according to the Rules of Policy (replied this Prince without any amazement) I ſhould ſo diſable him from having any Power to hurt me, that I would leave him no more but a deſire to do it: But if I would merit that Reputation which at this day *Cyrus* enjoys, and keep it when I had gotten it, I would pardon that Prince; and of a rebellious Vaſſal, I would make him my grateful Friend. Be it then ſo unto the King of *Medes*, replied *Cyrus*; but be ſure you be moſt really ſo, leſt you ſhould find the Fury of a puiſſant and juſtly incenſed Prince. The King of *Armenia* was ſo much ſurprized to hear him ſpeak in that manner, as he was afraid he had miſunderſtood him: Therefore *Cyrus* had the leaſure to turn towards the Prince *Tigranes*, and ſmiling, asked him moſt obligingly in ſpite of his Melancholy, what Ranſom he would give to free the Princeſs *Onuſila* his Wife? My Life, Sir, anſwered *Tigranes* haſtily; for ſince there is nothing in the World ſo dear unto me as ſhe, I ought to offer no leſs. Mean while, the King of *Armenia* perceiving by the Acclamations of the People, that he was rightly underſtood, began to expreſs his Gratitude and Acknowledgments unto *Cyrus*; who to let him ſee that he was at liberty, began to treat all theſe Princeſſes with wonderful Civility, and appointed Coaches to come and carry them unto *Artaxates*. Sir, ſaid the King of *Armenia* unto him, ſince you deal thus generouſly with us, I will not only become a Vaſſal, and a Subject; but I will be ſo faithful and free to you, that you ſhall not only diſpoſe of all my Treaſures which are upon yonder Mountains, but alſo of my Life and Liberty. *Cyrus* returned a moſt generous Anſwer unto the Diſcourſe of this Prince, and aſſured him, that *Ciaxares* deſired no more but that he ſhould obſerve the ſame Conditions which his Fathers heretofore had done, and that he ſhould joyn his Forces unto his: We will bring them up, Sir, replied the Prince *Tigranes* and the Prince *Phaartes*, and we ſhall with joy be ready to die in your Service, whenſoever any Occaſion requires it. *Cyrus* then did part from thoſe two Princes moſt civilly: And the Coaches being come, the Queen of *Armenia* and the Princeſſes her Daughters were carried unto *Artaxates*, and into the ſame Palace where the Princeſs *Ariminta* was, becauſe it was more convenient than that where *Ciaxares* lodged. Thus ſhe who was a Priſoner in *Armenia* received the Queen of *Armenia*, as if ſhe had been in the Dominions of the King her Brother. The Prince *Tigranes* and *Phaartes*, by the permiſſion of *Cyrus*, waited upon the Queen their Mother unto the Palace. All the way as they went, they ſpoke of nothing but the Vertues of *Cyrus*: *Phaartes* extolled his Valor; the Queen of *Armenia*, his Generoſity; the Princeſſes his Daughters, his Sweetneſs and Clemency; and *Tigranes*, who was better acquainted with his heroick Qualities than they, told them a hundred Pieces of Gallantry which he had performed: But obſerving that the Princeſs *Onesila* his Wife did not ſpeak at all, and conceiving that *Cyrus* had not yet been ſufficiently commended: Is there any Man in the World, ſaid he unto her, whoſe Behaviour and Perſon is more noble, high and handſom, than that of *Cyrus*? Truly, replied ſhe, I cannot ſpeak of his Magnanimity, nor at all of his handſomneſs, for I did not obſerve it.

Who then, ſaid he unto her, did attract the Obſervations of my *Ontſila*, whilſt this generous Converſation laſted? He, anſwered ſhe, who offered his Life for my Ranſom, and whom ſhe prefers before all the Univerſe. This ſo ſweet and moſt obliging Anſwer moved *Tigranes* to give her Thanks; and then he went on with his Elogy of *Cyrus*, whom ſince ſhe did not obſerve, he deſcribed him unto her.

About an Hour after, *Cyrus* carried the King of *Armenia* unto *Ciaxares*, who ſince Morning found himſelf a little better: As they entered into *Artaxates*, never was ſuch loud Acclamations in Commendations of *Cyrus*, as upon this Occaſion: All the Conquerors that ever were, who led their conquered Kings in Triumph, never had ſo much Glory in the Captivity of their Slaves, as *Cyrus* had, and deſervedly, in ſetting the King of *Armenia* again upon his Throne; and after he had vanquiſhed him, let him enter into *Artaxates*, as if this Tributary King had never been a Rebel, or himſelf a Conqueror of him. *Ciaxares*, at the Requeſt of *Cyrus*, received him very well; ſo that in leſs than a Days ſpace, there was no more Wars in *Armenia*; the Vanquiſhed and Vanquiſhers were all of one ſide; and if the Princeſs *Mandana* were but found, there was then no more to be wiſhed: but ſince ſhe could not be heard of, the Joy was only on the *Armenian* ſide. *Ciaxares*, *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſyria*, and all thoſe who had any Intereſt in this admired Princeſs, were never the nearer any Satisfaction. A general Search through both *Armenia*'s was then reſolved upon: for ſince the King of *Pontus* his Slave told the Princeſs *Ariminta* when he was dying, that the King his Maſter was gone into *Armenia*; and beſides that, ſince *Mandana* had written as much with her own hand, it could not be believed but ſhe was in ſome unknown Place or other. In the mean while *Harpagus* came from *Ecbatan* to advertiſe *Ciaxares*, that there was a great Diſpoſition amongſt the People to revolt, by Reaſon of his long Abſence; and that it was neceſſary to ſend ſome Perſon qualified with high Authority, to remain there until he came himſelf. *Cyrus* received *Harpagus* with much Goodneſs; remembring that he was in ſome ſort a Cauſe both of his Love, and all the Glory he had ob-

obtained: ſince if he had not come unto *Perſia*, and had given him that Counſel which he did, perhaps he ſhould never have left the *Perſian* Court. But the buſineſs which he came about, being put into Conſultation, *Cyrus* deſiring to oblige *Aglatidas*, did propoſe to ſend him unto *Ecbatan*, and to confer upon him the Government of the Province of the *Araſantines*, which *Ottanus* would not accept of; imagining that ſince he might well hope to enioy *Ameſtris* after the Death of her Husband, he would not refuſe it. It was then reſolved upon, that *Aglatidas* ſhould depart the next Morning, and go for *Ecbatan*; that he ſhould carry *Arbatan* with him; and that he ſhould aſſure the *Medean* People, that *Ciaxares* would make a ſpeedy return. Upon the breaking up of the Council, *Cyrus* ſent for *Aglatidas*, to acquaint him with this good News, which doubtleſs he received with as much Joy, as *Megabiſes* did with Sorrow: He thanked *Cyrus* in ſuch fit language to expreſs his Gratitude, that it was apparent his Paſſion was high. He made ſhew of ſome Sorrows to leave him, and without doubt, he was as loth to part from him, as any Lover who was going to ſee his Miſtreſs could be: He aſſured him, he ſhould have his Diſpatches that Night, and embracing him, Wiſh (ſaid he, my dear *Aglatidas*) that I were as near my Happineſs and Satisfaction, as you are when you go to ſee your dear *Ameſtris*; I wiſh with all my Heart, you may find her as faithful, as you have deſcribed her Amiable and Admirable. *Artaban* alſo took his leave of *Cyrus*, and the next Morning theſe two Friends went together to *Ecbatan*. To chear up *Megabiſes*, *Cyrus* gave him one of the prime Offices in the King's Houſe, which then was vacant; yet this Conſolation was but weak to divert his Mind, ſince *Aglatidas* would ere long ſee *Ameſtris*, but ſince there was no other, Patience muſt be his Remedy.

There came news that Day to Court, that *Craſus* was raiſing a very puiſſant Army, and did ſolicit all the People of *Ionia* to take his part: ſo that *Cyrus* ſeeing ſo fit an Opportunity to help the Prince *Thraſibulus*, would not let it ſlip: and the next Day following, he moved *Ciaxares*, that in caſe *Craſus* had any Deſigns upon his Dominions, as in all likelihood he had, then it were the beſt expedient to make a Diverſion, and to draw the *Lydian* Forces unto more Places than one: So that it was reſolved, the Prince *Thraſibulus*, accompanied by *Harpagus*, who had much experience, having followed the late King of *Medes* in all his Wars, ſhould go with ten thouſand Men into *Cappadocia*, where *Artobantes* would make new Levies to join unto thoſe Troops which *Ciaxares* left at his departure from *Sinope*, to keep that Kingdom in Peace: That *Thraſibulus* ſhould be General of this Army on Foot; *Harpagus* commanding under him; and without needing any new Orders, he might in the Name of the King, and *Cyrus*, puniſh, or pardon, as he thought fit. In the mean while, *Cyrus* had a conceit in his Mind, which did much vex him, that *Mandana* might be any where, ſince they could hear no news of her: Love, hereupon which is always very ingenious, made him invent Poſts, which he ſet up throughout all Parts where he had made any Conqueſts; to the end he might in leſs time, and with more Expedition, hear news of *Mandana*. After *Thraſibulus* had taken his leave of *Ciaxares*, the Separation between that Prince and *Cyrus* was very full of tender Expreſſions; for ſince the firſt Day they fought with one another, they had a moſt high eſteem of each others Vertue, and it was impoſſible but this eſteem ſhould tie a firm knot of Friendſhip between them: The Names of *Mandana*, and *Alcionida*, were often pronounced at parting, which was in private. *Thraſibulus* deſired *Cyrus* to pardon him, for leaving him before he heard any News of the Princeſs; and he aſſuring him, that if he ſaw any more Enemies to fight with, he ſhould never be able to do it. *Cyrus* did thank him with all Expreſſions of Civility, and deſired he would excuſe him for not going himſelf in Perſon, to put him in Poſſeſſion of his Dominions, and to perſwade *Alcionida* to obey the Commands of the Prince *Tiſander*. However, ſince he thought the *Grecians* would be very willing to aſſiſt a *Grecian*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles*, and *Leontidas*, were choſen for it, and intreated by *Cyrus* to ſerve him in the Perſon of *Thraſibulus*: They were too gallant to refuſe any Occaſion of War, yet could they not find Hearts to part from *Cyrus* without abundance of Sorrow. *Thimocrates* told *Cyrus* at parting, that he ſaw his Deſtinies did not change, but that Abſence ſtill muſt be the greateſt torment of his Life, ſince certainly he could not part from him but with Extream Regret. *Philocles* did moſt obligingly complain, that he was no more beloved of *Cyrus*, then his Miſtreſs, ſince if he had, he would have kept him with him. And *Leontidas*, ſuting his Complement to his humour, as his Friends did to their Fortunes, told him, That he did not look upon all thoſe who were to enjoy the Happineſs of the Princeſs, with leſs jealouſy, then he did upon the Lovers of *Alcidamia*. After theſe firſt Complements of Gallantry, they expreſſed effectual Teſtimonies of their Zeal to ſerve *Cyrus* in the Perſon of *Thraſibulus*, who had gotten ſo much Love amongſt all the Kings and Princes in the Army, that there was not one, who did not with much Sorrow bid him Adieu. He went alſo to take his leave of the King and Queen of *Armenia*, of the Princeſſes his Daughters, of the Princeſs *Oneſila*, of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and of the Princes *Tigranes* and *Phaartes*.

After all which he departed with his Forces, which *Harpagus* commanded under him: which were joined unto the *Cicilian* Troops, which *Leontidas* commanded after the death of Prince *Artibies*; with an Addition of the *Cyprian* Forces alſo, whoſe Body was ſent unto the Prince his Brother, with all Honours fit to be rendred unto one of his Quality, with a deſire that *Cyrus* might be as good as his Word, and that his Body might be carried to *Thebes*, and laid in the Tomb with his dear *Leontina*. *Cyrus* ſent a Letter by his Men who were to conduct the Corps, unto the Prince of *Cicily*, and another unto the Prince *Philoxipes*, with Orders to paſs into *Cyprus*, and to aſſure him of the continuance of his Friendſhip, in conducting to *Thebes* the Corps of the Prince *Artibies*. Mean while, all Searches for the Princeſs *Mandana* were in vain: Information was given from ſome Fiſhers in the River *Halis*, that once upon a time, they obſerved a Boat full of Souldiers, and ſome Ladies amongſt them, but that was all they could ſay: ſo that both *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria*, did endure all the torments that deſperate Lovers could ſuffer; all the Victories of *Cyrus* could not countervail this horrid Abſence from *Mandana:* all the Defeats and Loſſes which the King of *Aſſyria* had, did not diſturb his Mind, which was ſenſible of nothing but the loſs of *Mandana:* All their thoughts were imployed about this fruitleſs Search; during which time the *Chaldeans*, which were Neighbours unto the *Armenians*, which deſcended from their Mountains, were much moleſted by *Cyrus*, who in four days did quell them, and indeed made them very happy in reconciling them unto the *Armenians*, of whoſe Friendſhip they ſtood as much in need, as the *Armenians* did of theirs; ſo that in all places Fortune ſmiled upon *Cyrus:* every People did yield Obedience unto him without any Contradiction; and either by his Valour, or by his Clemency, he was Conqueror of all the World: yet for all that he could not conquer his own Sorrows, which never gave him any Reſt: ſometimes he went to lament, and he lamented by the Princeſs *Ariminta*; and for her part, ſhe did not only complain againſt her old Miſeries, but againſt the new Paſſion of *Phaartes*, which did every Day grow more violent; beſeeching *Cyrus* not to leave her in *Armenia* when he went away: *Ciaxares* alſo did extreamly grieve for the loſs of his Daughter; ſo that it may very well be ſaid, Never Conquerors had leſs joy in their victorious Conqueſts than theſe. *Cyrus* did often wonder that *Ortalques* who went with *Marteſia*, and her Couſin, was not heard of: and he feared ſome Misfortune had happened to that amiable Lady: and though *Mandana* did take up all his thoughts, yet he was always pleaſingly civil and obliging; but always grave, reſerved, and melancholy. The King of *Aſſyria*, who was of a more violent Temper, he was not only ſad, and melancholy, but alſo he fretted, and was full of Anguiſh: and if theſe two Princes had not yet had ſome Hopes to find *Mandana*, doubtleſs they had ended all Differences between them, and ſtaid no longer: for ſometimes when *Cyrus* conſidered that the King of *Aſſyria* was the Cauſe of all his Miſery, he had much ado to contain himſelf: alſo when the King of *Aſſyria* conſidered that perhaps *Mandana* would not hate him, if *Cyrus* were not loved: his Heart renewed all imaginable Hatred, as he uſed to have unto him when he thought him only *Artamenes*, and himſelf ſeemed only *Philidaſpes.* However, all Intelligence which both of them received from divers parts, did not afford them any Knowledg of what they deſired: and the ſmall hopes which they had, was almoſt quite extinct, when the King of *Aſſyria* was advertiſed by a ſecret Agent, which he had in *Suſa*, that *Abradates* King of the *Suſanians* was gone with ſome Troops, and none knew whither: That he carried the Queen his wife with him, and alſo a ſtrange Princeſs, and a Prince which no Body knew: and that they went towards *Matenes*, which joyns upon *Armenia*, and *Cicilia.* As ſoon as this Prince had this News, he rejoiced; but ſince every one is apt to believe what they deſire, he made no doubt but this Princeſs which was unknown, was the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the unknown Prince, the King of *Pontus:* ſo that going in all haſte to acquaint *Ciaxares*, he met *Cyrus*, who perceiving ſo many ſigns of Joy in his Eyes, could not chuſe but ask him the Cauſe. Though it went againſt the Hair to acquaint his Rival with ſuch good News, yet he told him what he knew concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, which at the firſt Apprehenſion did ſo joy the heart of *Cyrus*, that he thought to imbrace his mortal Enemy, and give him thanks; but preſently after, ſome ingredients of Grief did allay his Jollity, when he conſidered that *Ciaxares* ſhould hear any thing of *Mandana* from his Rival, and not from himſelf; for he made no Queſtion but it was ſhe, as well becauſe the King of *Pontus* might think to find Protection from *Abradates*, who always hated the *Medeans*, as becauſe the River *Halis*, on which it was known *Mandana* was, did run that way. Moreover, it was known that the *Matenes* were the Allies of *Adrabates:* So that his thoughts concurring with the King of *Aſſyria*'s, he told him, that it was fit to acquaint *Ciaxares* with it in all haſte: and to take Horſe the very ſame hour, to the end they might go towards the Frontiers of *Armenia*, to inform themſelves of *Abradates* his March, to follow him, and alſo to fight with him. Together then they went unto *Ciaxares*, who being as Impatient as themſelves, after he underſtood the News, told them, that they ſhould go ſpeedily to Deliver the Princeſs his Daughter: ſo that without loſs of any time, they drew out two thouſand Horſe out of the *Medean* Cavalry which was the beſt: A thouſand of the *Aſſyrian* Kings, and a thouſand *Homotimes*, which were the beſt of all the *Perſian* Troops. Since they received other Intelligence, that *Abradates* had with him but two thouſand Horſe in all, they took but four thouſand, that they might ſooner overtake him, and knowing that the March of great Bodies is always Slow: nor would they have taken ſo many, but that they feared they ſhould be conſtrained to divide themſelves, the ſoooner to meet with them they ſought for: All the Princes and Voluntiers in the Army were in this Party, except the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania*, who ſtaid with *Ciaxares*. *Tigranes* and *Phaartes* failed not: and never were Men ſeen more eager to vanquiſh then they.

Cyrus and the King of *Aſſyria* had Eyes which ſparkled with extraordinary Fury; and they thought themſelves ſo ſure to deliver *Mandana*, that they began already to look upon each other as Enemies. Yet did both ſides carry it moſt courteouſly, and with all Sincerity, but their very looks did diſcover whether they would or no the reſentments of their Souls. In concluſion they took their leaves of *Ciaxares*, and having the Acclamations and Prayers of all the People for a happy ſucceſs of their Enterprize, they marced with incredible haſte to the Frontiers of *Armenia*, and as far as the *Matenes* Country, who were in League with all their Neighbours, and notwithſtanding all the *Aſian* Wars, lived in a ſecure Peace. When they were arrived there, they underſtood that *Abradates* was already paſt, and was gone towards a corner of *Cicilia*: they underſtood alſo there were many Coaches full of Ladies which thoſe Troops conducted: So that this News renewing their Zeal, they conſulted upon the beſt Expedient: for all the way *Abradates* went, there was a River, along which he muſt neceſſarily go; but ſince they could not exactly tell on which ſide he went, and on which ſide *Mandana* was, becauſe they were informed that *Abradates* had divided his Troops, one party going over a Bridg, and the other ſtaid on that ſide on the left Hand; therefore they reſolved to divide themſelves alſo. So that *Cyrus*, generouſly giving half of his Men unto his Rival, drawing lots which Party he ſhould have, and which ſide of the River he ſhould take, *Cyrus* had that ſide which was furtheſt from *Armenia*, and the King of *Aſſyria* the other: But before they parted, they both of them renewed their Promiſes to each other, not to take any Advantage by Delivering the Princeſs until they had fought: So after this new promiſe of mutual Fidelity they parted, each of them wiſhing in his Heart to be happier than his Rival. *Cyrus* in all impatience to find his dear *Mandana*, went in the Head of his Men, and would very often be a long way before them, to enquire of all he met whether any Cavalry and Coaches paſſed that way: ſome told him, Yes, ſome again, No; and according to their ſeveral Anſwers, the Soul of *Cyrus* was either glad or ſad: he ſent upon the left Hand of the River, for he himſelf was upon the right, ſometimes *Araſpes*, and ſometimes *Feraulas* with ſome Horſe, to enquire in the Villages what they could hear, and by all reports, he was aſcertained that ſome Cavalry paſſed that way. As for the Coaches full of Ladies, ſome ſaid there was ſuch, and ſome ſaid there was none at all. He was told at a place where he paſſed, that the Cavalry which he followed had left the River, and took upon the left Hand: ſo that he went in all haſte the ſame way, and he came unto a place where the ways were Sandy, and where he could trace the Horſes feet freſhly printed. Then did he march on with much Joy for ten Hours, until he came to a Bridg where he ſtaid, not knowing which ſide thoſe he followed had taken, for now the ways were not Sandy, and no Prints were to be ſeen: He being now at a terrible *Dilemma*, he paſſed over the Bridg to the other ſide; he ſent out divers Men to ſeveral Places, but all in Vain, for they found many Houſes, but none in them, ſo that he knew not what to reſolve upon: yet at laſt he thought it beſt not to be on the ſame ſide of the River which the King of *Aſſyria* was; ſo that going back again to the Bridg, he marched along the other ſide. After ſome thirty furlongs march, ***Feraulus***, who was a long way before, did meet a Man, who told him, he ſaw a great Fight on the other ſide of the Water within this Hour, and within twenty Furlongs from the place he was. *Cyrus* knowing this, with a Mind extreamly inflamed that his Rival ſhould be more Happy than he, returned ſpeedily to the Bridg, and paſſed over, going ſtraight towards the place where the Paiſant ſaid he ſaw the Fight. He had not gone above fifteen Furlongs, but he found ſome Horſes and Men dead; and going a little further he ſaw a field covered with Dead and dying Men, and a Coach which was overturned and broken. This object did infinitely move him: he ſearched and looked all about; and in the end found a *Perſian* amongſt thoſe that were wounded whom he knew; and being able to ſpeak, he no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but he called him, Sir, ſaid he unto him, the King of *Aſſyria* has delivered the Princeſs, and put all thoſe Enemies to Flight which are not killed. Has the King of *Aſſyria* delivered the Princeſs? (ſaid *Cyrus* in a great amazement:) Ah my Friend, doſt thou know what thou ſayſt? Yes, Sir, replied he, and has carried her away in her Coach; for this which you ſee here broken is another, and thoſe Women which were in it are all in the ſame Coach with the Princeſs: Since I was wounded after the fight by one of my Companions, who would needs have a Horſe from me which I had gotten, I ſaw very well how the King of *Aſſyria* did addreſs himſelf unto her in her Coach with all Humility, and Honoured her; which was the Reaſon why the Commander in Chief of the Enemies was not taken, for the King of *Aſſyria* no ſooner ſaw that Coach in his Power, but he neglected all elſe, and took care of her. *Cyrus* hearing this News, was both as joyful as poſſible could be, and alſo as ſad as any true Lover could think himſelf: He rejoiced that his dear *Mandana* was delivered, but ſince it was by his Rival, he grieved exceſſively. Moreover, he underſtood the King of *Pontus* was eſcaped, and therefore had a good Mind to follow and fight him, yet he could not think that *Mandana* was in the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, but he muſt needs haſte after him: ſo that leaving his Deſign of following an unfortunate Rival, he went after him that was the fortunate one. He went immediately unto the Rendezvous which was appointed of at parting, but went with a Mind ſo infinitely enraged, that he was not Maſter of his own Thoughts: The night coming faſt on, did augment his Melancholy, becauſe he could not make haſte enough; but was forced to ſtay; for having left the River ſide, intending to go a nearer way, his Guides loſt their Aim in the midſt of a great Foreſt full of Cypreſs Trees, and in the Obſcurity of the Night: ſo that in lieu of coming nearer *Mandana*, fearing to wander further off her, he reſolved to ſtay there till break of Day. Moreover, his Horſes were almoſt tired, having had no reſt a long time: he therefore made a halt, and lighted from his Horſe, ſitting down at the foot of a Tree, as if he would reſt himſelf, but indeed it was to perſecute himſelf with the violent agitations of his Mind: Sometimes his reſentmets of Joy would get the predominacy; for ſaid he in his Heart, *Mandana* is delivered, ſhe is in a place where I ſhall ſhortly ſee her, and her Deliverer ſhall not long enjoy that glorious Title, unleſs my Courage betray me in this laſt and principal Occaſion. But O ye Gods, ſaid he, why muſt my Rival deliver my Princeſs? and why do you put me to the Neceſſity of hating her Deliverer, and grieve for the liberty of *Mandana*, which I did ſo ardently deſire? I cannot purely reliſh her Deliverance, for doubtleſs my Rival has already ſpoke of his Love unto her, and ſhe has thanked him for what he hath done: and perhaps this laſt piece of Service which he hath done her, (which did not coſt him one drop of Blood) will work more upon her Heart, than all the Combats I have fought for her, than all the Battels I have won, and all the Wounds I have received. O, my Divine Princeſs (cried he out) be a little more juſt, and look upon the Service which the King of *Aſſyria* hath done you, rather as an effect of his good Fortune, than any extraordinary teſtimony of his Affection. But after all this, he hath delivered her, ſaid he; and methinks

thinks I ſee the Princeſs beſtow upon him a thouſand Expreſſions of Acknowledgment: Yes, were I aſſured that this divine Princeſs did wiſh in her Heart that it were I who had done her this good Office, I ſhould be ſatisfied; but Liberty is ſo ſweet, that it is moſt difficult not to love the Hand that gives it. O ye rigorous Deſtinies! ſaid he, why would you not let me have the Honour of breaking her Chains aſunder? Had ye been ſo propitious unto me, I ſhould have thought my Self the moſt happy Prince upon Earth: But now, though I have won ſo many Battels, conquered ſo many Kingdoms; nothing reſiſted me, all obeyed me; the King of *Aſſyria* himſelf thrown out of his Throne, and compelled to yield unto the Fury of my Fate; yet this unfortunate Prince is now a thouſand thouſand times more happy than *Cyrus*, who has been reputed the greateſt Favourite of the Gods of all Men living. How dare I appear before my Princeſs? and how can I contain my Impatience to ſee her in his Hands? When he was in *Babylon*, he was leſs dreadful to me than now; for then *Mandana* looked upon him as her Raviſher; but now the Caſe is altered, and he is her Deliverer, and all that ever I did for her was not ſo advantagious to her, as this Act of his at this time: Yet I am much to blame to grieve, now my Princeſs rejoiceth, and yet were I mad to rejoice at the Glory of my Rival. Perhaps I am deceived, and my adored *Mandana* is moſt juſt, and will remember, that though I did not deliver her when I returned from the *Meſſagettes*, when I ſaved the life of her Raviſher, yet it was becauſe I knew him not; and that though I did not deliver her in the taking of *Babylon*, it was becauſe the King of *Aſſyria* did take her away the ſecond time; and though I did her no Service at *Sinope*, it was becauſe the Prince *Mazarus*, to his own Miſery and mine, did carry her away: Therefore when ſhe conſiders that the King of *Aſſyria* has been her Raviſher and Detainer whole Years together, it may be this laſt Adventure of his will have no great operation upon her Heart. But no, no, ſaid he preſently after, let me not flatter my Self; paſt Services are ſmall in Compariſon of thoſe which are at preſent; and a thouſand good Intentions are nothing equal to one real good Office effectually done, though it coſt him who did it but little; and therefore unhappy Man that I am, I may in all Reaſon fear that the King of *Aſſyria* hath this very Day gained more upon the Heart of *Mandana*, than I have done in all my Life. Afterwards when he began to conſider, that in drawing Lots which ſide of the River either ſhould take, all his Wiſdom and Piety could not keep him from murmuring againſt Heaven: What have I done, O ye juſt Gods, ſaid he, to merit this Misfortune? Have I not, during all the Wars that ever I made, preſerved your Temples and your Altars? Have I not offered Sacrifices and Oblations unto you? Was I ever unjuſt, cruel or bloody? I loved *Mandana* it is true, but I loved her with unparallel'd Purity: I loved her moſt paſſionately I confeſs; but ſince you made her ſo highly Accompliſhed, and made me know it, it had been a ſin to do otherwiſe, and I could not poſſibly love her leſs, and yet you inflict upon me as ſevere Torments, as thoſe who are moſt Culpable could be puniſhed with. I would gladly ceaſe my murmur, but I cannot: Fury doth command my Mind; Jealouſy diſturbs my Reaſon, and I cannot endure that my dreadful Rival and my mortal Enemy ſhould be *Mandana*'s Deliverer. After this, being out of all Patience that it was not yet Day, he roſe up; and taking Horſe, maugre all perſwaſions to the contrary, he would have them march; and becauſe he would be exemplary to the reſt, he was the firſt that groped through the thick Darkneſs, having in his Mind a more gloomy Melancholy than the obſcurity of the Night, which was ſo dark, that no Objects could be diſcerned in that great Foreſt.

The End of the third Part.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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EIANA

ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS;
That Excellent
ROMANCE.

PART. IV.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCRUDERY,
Governor of *Noſtre-Dame*.

Engliſhed by F. G. Eſq;

LONDON,
Printed by *John Darby*, and are to be ſold
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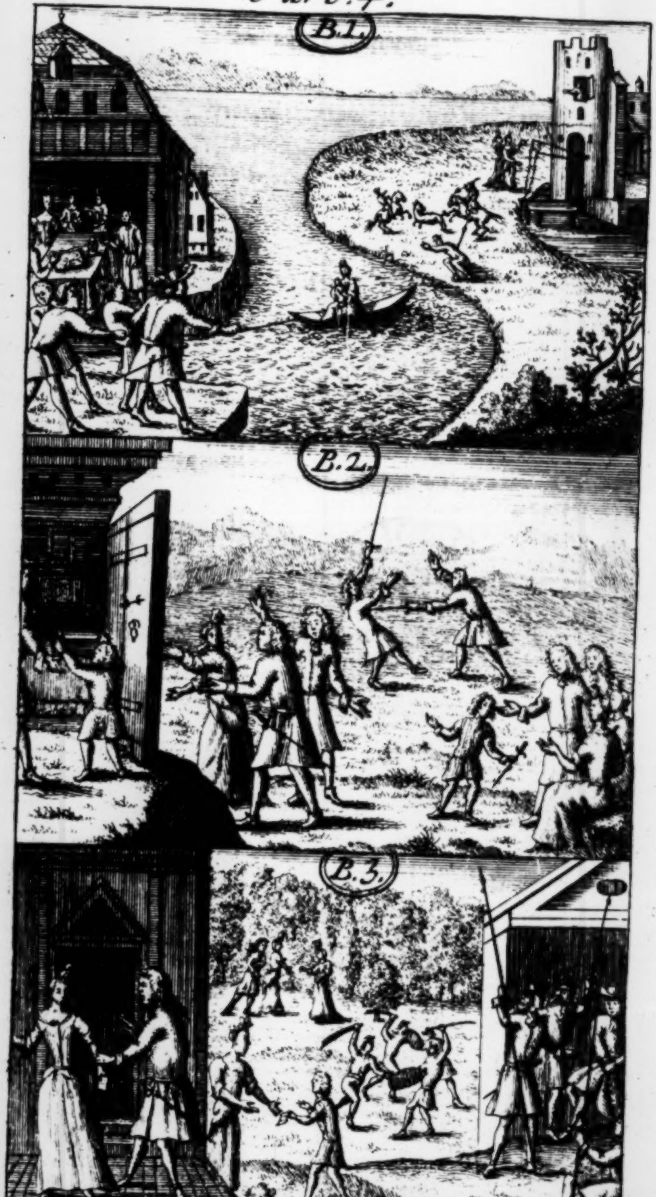
Antiq I E. 36

Part. 4.



ARTAMENES, OR THE GRAND CYRUS.

Part IV. Book I.

AFter a long and blind March, Day did by little and little appear. And *Cyrus* came to the River ſide, where the Guides being within their aim again, conducted the Prince to the Place where he deſired to be ; at the laſt he came to a Place where he diſcovered Coaches, and Souldiers going before him : This ſight ſeemed ſomething ſtrange, and made ſuch a mixture of Joys and Sorrows, Love and Jealouſy, Hopes and Fears in his Heart, that he knew not what to think on it : He looked upon *Feraulus*, and pronouncing the name of *Mandana*, ſhewing him the Coaches, and doubling his Pace ; Come, *Feraulus*, ſaid he unto him, let us go and enjoy the Happineſs to ſee our Miſtreſs, or at the leaſt diſturb the Joys of my Rival : putting on then very faſt, he overtook ſome Horſemen, which were two hundred Paces behind the Coaches and Troops, and knowing them at the firſt to be *Medes* ; Is the King of *Aſſyria*, ſaid he unto them, with the Princeſs *Mandana* ? We know not that, Sir, replied they ; for preſently after the Combate yeſterday againſt *Abradates*, when he perceived that in lieu of delivering the Princeſs, he had only taken the Queen of *Suſiana*, he turned all Fury, and took another way with part of his Men. How, ſaid *Cyrus*, is not *Mandana* in this Coach which I ſee before me? No, Sir, replied they, the King of *Aſſyria* had intelligence that ſhe was on your ſide of the River; ſo that deſiring to come unto you, and ſhare in the deliverance of her, he took a nearer way which his Guides did ſhew unto him, and thereby to ſtop the King of *Pontus*'s way, after he had paſſed the River at a Place, the Name whereof we have forgotten; hoping alſo to overtake *Abradates*, and meet with you. But ſince we ſee you here, we know neither where he, nor the Princeſs *Mandana* is, eſpecially ſince it appears you hear nothing of him, but return without meeting with him. *Cyrus* was ſo aſtoniſhed, and ſad, that the Princeſs *Mandana* was not delivered, and to know that if he had followed the way he firſt took, he might have done it: and that his Rival might perhaps be fighting for her at that very time whilſt he was ſpeaking on it, that not ſtaying any longer there, nor going to the Coach where *Panthea* was, he faced about in all haſte, ſending *Araſpes* to have a care of that Queen; he returned then unto the firſt place where he might have paſſage over the River;and marching almoſt as faſt as if he had been alone, he was ſo much tranſported with anger againſt himſelf, that he had much ado to contain himſelf within the limits of Reaſon: He wiſhed that the King of *Aſſyria* had met with *Mandana*, and he deſired alſo quite contrary; and ſince he could not compoſe his diſcordant Deſires, he ſuffered intollerable torment of Mind; eſpecially when it came into his Thoughts that in all pobability the King of *Aſſyria* had already delivered *Mandana*, or which was worſe, that neither of them could deliver her. After a long March without any intelligence, he met with ſome Horſmen, which the King of *Aſſyria*, hearing that he had paſſed over the River, did ſend unto him, to tell him, that he would ſtill purſue the King of *Pontus*; and alſo to advertiſe him how he underſtood, that he had left the River upon his left Hand, and went as faſt as he could unto another, which he muſt needs croſs over, before he could be in *Cilicia*.

Cyrus upon this advice, doubling his diligence, though his Horſes were very weary, at laſt he overtook the King of *Aſſyria*, and out of a phantaſtical humour of Love and Jealouſy mixed together, he was both ſad, and glad, that he had not delivered *Mandana*. Theſe two illuſtrious Rivals rendred an account unto each other of their Actions; and being forced unto it by Neceſſity, they gave half an Hours time unto their Men to take a ſlight repaſt, and bait their Horſes at the next Village they came unto; after which, they went together with more haſte than before, in purſuance of the King of *Pontus*, who could not make any great ſpeed becauſe of the Coach which carried the Princeſs *Mandana:* At laſt after a March until the Sun was ſet, they diſcovered this other River, which I ſpoke of before: But that which did moſt extreamly perplex them, was to ſee a wooden Bridg, over which they were to paſs, quite broken down; and caſting their Eyes upon the other ſide of the Water, they diſcovered in a great Meadow, about four or five hundred Paces off, about fifty Horſes only, and a Coach, which they concluded to be that of the Princeſs *Mandana*, whom they were in queſt of; for this broken Bridg was a ſtrong Argument of it: Then were they at a *Dilemma*, to comprehend why they had only fifty Horſes, and what was become of all the reſt; however they made no doubt but that it was the Princeſs *Mandana*. Since this River was very deep and impetuous, and alſo very broad, there was no poſſibility of paſſing over: *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria*, yet would make a Trial, but all was in vain, and both of them were in danger to be drowned: And it was a long days March unto any Bridg; then to return as far back again; for there was no other between that place they were on, and the Sea, into which this River did empty it ſelf; nor could they paſs over in Boats, becauſe indeed there was none upon the River which was not navigable by Reaſon of the ſwiftneſs of its current; neither was it full of Fiſh, which cauſed few Fiſhers Boats to be upon it. Thus not knowing what courſe to take, the Sight of this Coach which ſtill went further and further from them, did drive the Souls of theſe two Princes into a great and horrid Purgatory. The breach in the Bridg was ſo broad, that only long Planks would be ſerviceable, if they had them. Thus being at their Wits end, and not knowing what to do, they looked upon the Coach, which ſtill was more remote, until the Sun being ſet, and it entred into a Wood of Cedars, upon a Hill beyond the Meadow, they loſt the ſight of it, and almoſt their Lives; ſince all Hopes of relieving *Mandana* was loſt. For when they conſidered how near they were their Princeſs, and were not able to get any nearer, but were ſtill at a more dire diſtance, their Sorrows were inſupportable, though they teſtified not any viſible Signs of it: But though both of them were in one and the ſame miſerable Condition, yet had they not the Conſolation to condole together, but contrarily, the ſympathy of their Sorrows did more ſeparate them, and make their Miſeries more violent; and had they not both been as highly generous, as they were highly perplexed, it had been abſolutely impoſſible for them to tranſact together as they did; yet notwithſtanding, *Cyrus* was much more ſad than the King of *Aſſyria*, who having ſome confidence in the Oracle which he received at *Babylon*, did never deſpair of his Happineſs: But *Cyrus*, who had no ſuch Cordial in his Miſeries, was all Fears, and no Hopes. The Prince *Tigranes*, and the Prince *Phaartes*, with all the reſt of Quality in the Army, did uſe their beſt Endeavours to chear them up, eſpecially *Cyrus*, who had the affectionate Hearts of all the World; but yet alas, all was to no purpoſe: Since theſe Princes conceived, that thoſe Troops which had left the King of *Pontus* on that ſide of the River, might chance not to be far off, therefore they ſtill ſtood upon their Guard, and marched in good Order, unto this Bridg over which only they could paſs the River. In the mean time, Love which prompts all Lovers unto heroick Actions, moved *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria*, (who could not endure ſo ſlow a March as the Body of their Troops was to keep) to take an hundred Horſe only, and went before; commanding the reſt to keep the

Bridg, leſt *Abradates*, hearing they were following after *Mandana*, ſhould ſeize upon it. All the reſt of the Princes did follow in this Adventure, and made as much haſte, as poſſibly they could unto the Paſs over the River: They were forced to reſt their Horſes for an hour or two; and then continued their March until the Morning, at the break of Day, they paſſed over this River; and then hoped nothing could ſtop them from overtaking *Mandana*. *Cyrus* thought it convenient to ſend *Feraulas* unto *Tarſis*, to the Prince of *Cilicia*, and to acquaint him with the Buſineſs, beſeeching him to ſend unto all the Ports in his Countrey, that no Strangers might be ſuffered to imbarque; after which he continued his purſuit, and took that Rode which he imagined the King of *Pontus* to have taken. But ſince Night approached, they took up their Quarters at the firſt Village, and there reſted themſelves till break of Day: Then they ſounded to Horſe, and marched not only till Night, but until the next Day at Noon, without any intelligence of what they were in queſt after. Since *Cilicia* in that part was not large, they were near the Sea, when they ſaw two Horſemen coming towards them, who being far off were unknown; but drawing nearer, *Cyrus* knew the Horſe of *Feraulas*, ſo that not ſpeaking a word unto the King of *Aſſyria*, who followed immediately after, and prompted by his Paſſion, he ſpurred on towards him, and upon a ſudden ſtood amazed to ſee that the other who came with him, was *Ortalques*, the ſame Man who had Orders to convoy *Marteſia*, and had been ſo long before he returned; ſince he imagined that *Ortalques* could tell him no News but only of *Marteſia*, but thought *Feraulas* might happily hear ſomething concerning *Mandana*; though he had an high eſteem of wiſe *Marteſia*, yet at the firſt he did not enquire of her, but looking upon *Feraulus*, as if he could divine his News; Well, *Feraulas*, ſaid he, do you know yet where the Princeſs *Mandana* is? and will the Prince of *Cilicia* do as I deſire him? Sir, replied he, I am even deſperate in being forced to tell you, that for all my haſte I could poſſibly make, I came four Hours too late with Orders from the Prince of *Cilicia* to the Port where the King of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs *Mandana* are imbarqued. How, *Feraulas*, replied *Cyrus*, is not *Mandana* in *Cicily?* No, Sir, anſwered he, ſhe took Ship yeſterday about Noon: The Reaſon of this Misfortune was, ſaid he, becauſe the Prince of *Cilicia* was in hunting when I came to *Tarſis*, ſo that I was forced to go after him, which took me up much time, for he was far off: As ſoon as I met with him, and told him the Place where you ſaw the Coach, in which the Princeſs was, he did infallibly conclude that the King of *Pontus* would imbarque at a Port unto which he immediately ſent me, with the Captain of his Guard, and with Orders to the Magiſtrates of the Town, to ſtop all Strangers which would put to Sea, diſpatching alſo many others into divers other Places with the ſame Commands: What ſhould I ſay more, Sir, I came unfortunately four Hours too late, but by good Fortune I met with *Ortalques*, who had Orders to come unto you from the Princeſs *Mandana*. From the Princeſs *Mandana*, replied *Cyrus*, how is it poſſible he ſhould know any thing? Sir, replied *Ortalques*, doubtleſs you will wonder when I ſhall tell you, that having had the Honour of your Commands, to convoy thoſe Ladies which went with *Marteſia* from *Sinope*, I ſafely conducted them to the ſide of the River *Halis*, where having a Deſire to reſt themſelves, and to take the Pleaſure of the Water, they took Boat, ſending their Coach another way unto a Place where it ſhould meet them; and commanding me to come alſo into the Boat; my 200 Horſe was conducted by my Lieutenant along the River ſide. After we had been upon the Water half a Day, the Lady who was Couſin unto *Marteſia* fell ſick, and ſo extreamly, that we were conſtrained to ſtay at a Caſtle which was built upon the Banks of that River; being come unto that Place, where there was no Town within twenty Furlongs, I deſired to ſpeak with the Commander in chief, but ſince he ſaw Souldiers, he was very unwilling to conſent unto what I deſired of him: He asked from whence I came? whither I went? what I was? and who thoſe Ladies were? But ſince we were in *Paphlagonia*, where I knew there were Diviſions among the People, I diſſembled the

the Names of the Ladies, and my own alſo, telling him only, that I was a Kinſman of theirs, and had no other Deſign but to conduct them. He was yet very hard to be perſwaded unto my Deſires; but at laſt, telling me that he never uſed to entertain any in his Caſtle but Ladies; and becauſe it was too much Inhumanity, not to aſſiſt a ſick Lady, if without any Danger he could do it, he conſented to receive her in, and at the Requeſt of his Wife, who ſeemed to be a Woman of good Parts, to aſſiſt her. Then I went back to *Marteſia*, and cauſing her Couſin to be brought in a Chair which the Captain ſent us, I conducted theſe Ladies to the Gates, and afterwards I went to give Orders for the quartering of my Men at the next Town: yet the next Day the Captain of the Caſtle invited me to lodg with him, but I refuſed; contenting my ſelf with Admiſſion into the Caſtle, to viſit *Marteſia*, and her Couſin, who found very good Helps from a Chirurgion, and Phyſician, which were there, and who would not go away from thence a long time, as I was told at my Lodging. Since *Marteſia* was moſt admirable Amiable, ſhe had already got the Love of the Captain's Wife; ſo that diſcourſing one Day together, ſhe told her, that they were very happy whenſoever they found any Occaſion to aſſiſt ſick Ladies: and ſince *Marteſia* knew that her dear Miſtreſs paſſed up this River; ſhe asked her if ſhe had never any Occaſions to aſſiſt Ladies, till now? She anſwered her, that about three Months ſince, there was one of the faireſt Ladies that ever breathed upon Earth, fell ſick, and was in that Caſtle: but preſently recovering, ſhe ſtayed not in it. *Marteſia* being now more inquiſitive then before, asked her Name, her Quality, and where ſhe was? but ſhe anſwered, that ſhe neither knew her Name, nor Quality: but yet to tell her truly, ſhe was yet in the Caſtle; yet if her Husband knew that ſhe had diſcovered it unto her, he would be extreamly angry: ſhe told her farther, that the Reaſon why they were ſo nice to let them enter, was becauſe this Lady was here: yet ſhe was lodged in a Chamber of the Caſtle far off this ſhe was in, and where none entered but the Men which waited upon her, and a Woman which ſhe brought with her, who never left her: That there was alſo a very handſom Man, who was even at Deaths Door with Grief, whilſt this fair one was ſick: Then did *Marteſia* deſire her to deſcribe the Beauty of this Lady, and the Stature of the Man ſhe ſpake of, and by the Anſwer of this Woman, ſhe certainly concluded, that the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the King of *Pontus* were in the Caſtle. As ſhe was leaning againſt a Window which looked towards the River, ſhe ſpied a great Boat, ſo like that in which ſhe had been with the Princeſs *Mandana*, as ſhe asked the Captain's Wife, whether that was not the Boat in which the ſick Lady came? and ſhe anſwered, Yes. Then was *Marteſia* fully ſatisfied concerning the Truth of *Mandana*'s being here. She diſſembled her Joy until ſhe ſpoke with me, which the ſame Day ſhe did: It was reſolved then betwixt us, ſo to gain the Favour of this Captain's Wife by Preſents and good Language, that ſhe might let us ſee this ſick Lady: and ſince ſhe was but very young, ſhe was eaſily perſwaded by ſuch Allurements. To be ſhort, Sir, *Marteſia* tampered with her ſo handſomly, that the next Morning this Woman, unknown to her Husband, carried her by a back Stair into a Chamber juſt oppoſite to the Chamber of this unknown Beauty, and the Windows being open, ſhe ſaw the Princeſs *Mandana*, and *Arianita*, leaning againſt the Window, and talking together very melancholy. Ah *Ortalques!* cryed *Cyrus* out, and interrupted him; why did you not releaſe the Princeſs? Have but a little Patience, Sir, replied he, and you ſhall know the Reaſon. *Marteſia* then knowing the Princeſs, and being extreamly ſurprized without any further reaſoning upon the matter, ſhe thruſt her ſelf half out of the Window, and made ſo great a Noiſe, that the Princeſs turning her Head, and looking that way, did preſently know her, and was no leſs ſurprized at the Sight, then *Marteſia* was at hers. This Encounter was ſo full of Aſtoniſhment, that it was impoſſible but it ſhould attract Obſervance; but as good luck was, the King of *Pontus* was not then in the Chamber with the Princeſs, and the Captain of the Caſtles Wife was the only Witneſs of this pleaſant Surprize in both theſe Ladies: But yet ſhe was ſo aſtoniſhed at it, that ſhe would not ſuffer *Marteſia* to enjoy the Pleaſure any longer: then *Arianita* hearing the Door of the Princeſs Chamber to open, made a Sign unto *Marteſia* to retire her ſelf: At laſt, Sir, when we ſaw *Mandana* was in the Caſtle, I deſired Permittance from *Marteſia* to deliver her by Force: yet ſhe would try firſt whether or no ſhe could ſpeak with the Princeſs, but all was in vain; for the Captain's Wiſe had no Credit at all with them who were *Mandana*'s Guard. Then we being reſolved to hazard all for the Princeſs's Delivery, I found means to get Ladders, I cauſed our Boat to be ready; and by a place of the Wall which was poſſible to be ſcaled, I deſigned to attempt it the Night following. But as ill luck was, the King of *Pontus*, while the Princeſs ſtayed in that Place ſick, had ſent unto *Abradates* to deſire a Retreat in his Court, and alſo a Convoy unto *Matenes*, which the River *Halis* ſeparates from him; as ill luck was, I ſay, there came four hundred Horſe from *Suſiana*, to guard the Princeſs: ſo that the King of *Pontus* no ſooner ſaw them, but he reſolved to depart the very next Day, which being known unto *Marteſia*, ſhe acquainted me with it: And notwithſtanding the Inequality of the Number, I reſolved to fall upon the King of *Pontus* in his March, there being no Poſſibility of forcing the Caſtle, ſince ſo many were in it. However, *Marteſia*, who was reſolved to follow her dear Miſtreſs, though ſhe could not deliver her, went confidently by the ſame back Stairs unto the Chamber of the Princeſs, and called *Arianita* as loud as ſhe could, and told her that if her Miſtreſs would not obtain Permiſſion that ſhe might ſpeak with her, ſhe ſhall be abſolutely deſperate. *Arianita* made Signs unto her to be patient, and afterwards we came to know, that juſt at the ſame time when *Marteſia* was ſpeaking unto her, the Princeſs was telling the King of *Pontus* that ſhe was here, and that abſolutely ſhe would have her with her, which the King conſented unto, not knowing that I came from you, but ſuppoſing rather that ſome odd Diſaſter or other had ſtayed her about this River, as Sickneſs did the Princeſs. At length, Sir, *Marteſia* and her Couſin, who was much minded, and all the reſt of the

Women went unto the Princeſs, who received them with Abundance of Joy. In the mean time, it was reſolved, Sir, we muſt depart from thence, and to take Boat until they came to *Mantiana*, where Coaches would meet them. But to be ſhort, Sir, upon the next Morning I fell upon the King of *Pontus* his Convoy, and ſince the Number was ſo much unequal, all my Company almoſt periſhed, and I my ſelf wounded in four Places, not being able to hinder the King of *Pontus* from carrying away the Princeſs, who however had this Conſolation added, that ſhe had *Marteſia* with her: But as for *Marteſia*'s Couſin, ſince ſhe was married, ſhe obtained ſo much Favour from the King of *Pontus*, as to ſend her back unto the Place where her Coach waited for her, and he deſired the Captain of the Caſtle to be her Convoy. For my part, though I was much wounded, yet I followed after ſome Horſemen with my Sword drawn, but there came two with Orders from the Princeſs, that they ſhould not kill me, but to carry me unto the Caſtle, with Deſire unto the Captain to uſe me well, and have a Care of me, which indeed moſt civilly he did: Whilſt I was with him, I underſtood that he was born a Subject of the King of *Pontus*, and as Fortune would have it, was married in that Country, and at laſt was made Governour of that Caſtle, which was ſcituated in *Paphlagonia*, where the King of *Pontus* was forced to ſtay that very Morning, when *Marteſia* and *Orſanus* were left upon the River-banks; and the Princeſs was ſo exceedingly grieved at it, that thereupon ſhe fell extreamly ſick: However, Sir, as ſoon as I was well recovered, I went unto *Suſa*; where the Captain, whoſe intimate Friendſhip I had obtained whilſt I ſtayed with him, told me I ſhould certainly find the Princeſs; therefore I went, and indeed found her there accordingly: And ſince the Princeſs had ſo abſolute a Command over the King of *Pontus*, as, excepting her Liberty, he could deny her nothing, I was ſuffered to be with her, becauſe he thought I was her Servant before, and knew not that I belonged to you. In a few Days after, I underſtood that *Creſus* King of *Lydia*, had ſent unto *Abradates*, and that ſome great Deſign was in hand. Mean while, the King of *Pontus* fearing, that if you, whom he heard was in *Armenia*, ſhould underſtand that he was at *Suſa*, you would draw that way; and ſince *Abradates* was not able to reſiſt you, therefore he deſigned to depart; and *Abradates* would not let him go alone. The Queen *Panthea* alſo, was ſo great a Lover of *Mandana*, and having a Deſign to viſit the famous Temple of *Diana*, which is in the *Matenes* Country, would conduct her as far as the Frontiers of *Cilicia*, intending to perform her Devotions at her Return. But when they came unto the River, near which ſhe was taken, as well for the Conveniency of their March, as for the more Security of the King of *Pontus*; They ſeparated themſelves, the King of *Pontus* conducting *Mandana*, on that ſide the River furtheſt from *Armenia*, and *Abradates* on the other, with the Queen of *Suſania*, who contimued their March until ſhe was taken by your Troops, for it was the ſtraight way unto that Place where ſhe intended to go. As for us, we marched in ſuch great haſte, that you hardly would have had a Sight of us, as it ſeems you had, from the other ſide of the Water, if *Abradates* after his Fight and Defeat, had not overtaken us, only with fifteen or twenty of his Men: This Fight did exceedingly perplex the King of *Pontus*, for he knew that *Abradates* had been ſet upon, and was beaten, but when he underſtood *Panthea* was taken Priſoner, his Sorrows then were in the higheſt Extream. I then was behind thoſe Princes, ſo that ſince both of them were in the Depth of Sorrows, they took no notice of me; I heard the King of *Suſa* ſay unto the King of *Pontus*, that if he would let him have his Troops, he would go after the Raviſhers of *Panthea*. Since the King of *Pontus* had only a thouſand Horſes, and *Abradates*, of his thouſand, only fifteen or twenty left; he told *Abradates*, that if he ſhould do ſo, he ſhould expoſe *Mandana*, and himſelf in vain, to aſſault all your Cavalry with ſo few Men: Moreover, ſaid he unto him, never fear the Queen your Wife, for *Cyrus* is the moſt generous Prince in the World, and ſince we have the Princeſs *Mandana*, he will never treat *Panthea* ill. Therefore, ſaid he unto him, let me go unto the Bridg, which as ſoon as I am over, I will break down, and return unto you to perform your Promiſe unto *Cræſus*, and wait for the Liberty of *Panthea*, by the ſame way which ſhall give it unto all *Aſia*. At the laſt, Sir, after much other Diſcourſe, whereby one might perceive much Incertainty in their Spirits, we came unto the Bridg, where *Abradates* left this Prince, and bad adieu unto *Mandana*, who when ſhe knew of *Panthea*'s being taken, did aſſure him, that if ſhe were in your Hands, ſhe were ſafe, conjuring him to move the King of *Pontus* to reſtore her unto *Ciaxares*, upon Condition that he ſhould reſtore *Panthea* unto him. *Abradates* was ſo full of Sorrow, that he did not well underſtand this Propoſition: ſo that the King of *Pontus* fearing ſhe ſhould repeat it again, and that *Abradates* would make ſome Reflection upon it, commanded the Coach to drive on, he taking his fifty Horſes only. When we were over the Bridg, the Men of *Abradates* on his Side, and we on ours, broke down the Bridg, and went our ways, that is to ſay, *Abradates* towards *Suſa* over the Mountains, and the King of *Pontus* towards the *Cilician* Sea. But when the Princeſs *Mandana*, near whoſe Coach I was, diſcovered all your Cavalry, on the other ſide of the River, whilſt we were in the great Meadow, I never ſaw any in my Life ſeem more ſad then ſhe: ſhe looked after you, Sir, as long as ever ſhe could ſee you; for ſhe imagined that you were there in Perſon, and when we were far entered into the Wood, yet ſhe looked ſtill, in hopes of a Glimpſe; at length, Sir, we came to the Port, where the King of *Pontus* would needs imbarque in all haſte: he found a Ship ready to put out for *Epheſus*, wherein he was received, he imbarqued the next Day about Noon, which was yeſterday. About two Hours before their Departure, *Marteſia* called me aſide, and did bid me make an Eſcape away, and give you this Letter, which I was coming to bring you when I met with *Feraulas*, who was coming out of the Town when I came: In ſaying ſo, he preſented a Letter from the Princeſs *Mandana* unto *Cyrus*, who received it with as much Joy, as the King of *Aſſyria* ſaw it with Sorrow: But not being able to defer any longer the Reading of it, and it pleaſing him to open it before his Rival, he broke open the Seal, and read theſe Words.

The Princeſs Mandana *unto* Cyrus.

Since I cannot tell whether or no, the King my Father be in your Army, and do not doubt but you are; therefore I addreſs my Letter unto you, deſiring you to let the Queen of Suſiana *be well uſed; for it was by her I knew that it was permitted the Illuſtrious* Artamenes *to be* Cyrus: *and her Cares have been ſo great to ſweeten my Captivity, that I am obliged to render hers leſs rigorous, as poſſibly I can. I need not tell you, that I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon in the World; for you cannot be ignorant of it. But to acknowledg, in my beſt Expreſſions, your high Generoſity, in expoſing all the Days of your Life for my Liberty: Let me ſincerely tell you, that I am as zealous a Wiſher of the Continuance of your Glory and good Fortune, as I am of a Period unto the Misfortunes of*

Mandana.

The Princeſs added this Poſtſcript.

Since I ſent you falſe Intelligence that we were going into Armenia, *therefore I dare hardly tell you now, that I think they will carry me to* Epheſus.

When *Cyrus* had read this Letter, he could not chuſe but look upon the King of *Aſſyria*, whoſe Eyes alſo were fixed upon him, but with ſuch Melancholy, and ſo many Signs of Sorrow, that the Joys of *Cyrus* were much augmented by it: yet to keep within the Limits of their Conditions, not to make a Secret of any thing which related unto the Intereſt of *Mandana*, *Cyrus* did read aloud this Letter from the Princeſs, which was no ſmall Additament of Sorrow unto the King of *Aſſyria*: for though this Letter was no more than a Letter of Civility, yet it contained in it ſuch civil Expreſſions, eſpecially towards the latter end, that he had much ado to forbear extravagant and violent Teſtimonies of Jealouſie and Deſpair, he changed Colour twenty times; the Actions of his Head and Hands did ſpeak his diſtempered Mind: then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, and afterwards fixing them on the Eyes of *Cyrus*: Come, too happy Rival, (ſaid he, and ſighed) let us go unto *Artaxates*, that we may the ſooner go for *Lydia*, and there ſee what the Gods have ordained our Deſtinies to be. After this, the King of *Aſſyria* went firſt, and not ſtaying till *Cyrus* anſwered, he fell into ſuch a profound penſive Study, that it was eaſie to perceive, his Mind was in extream Torment. In the mean time, *Cyrus*, who would not loſe a Minute of time, nor go unto *Tarſus* himſelf, ſent one of his Servants to thank the Prince of *Cilicia*, who was then preparing to receive him; and going the ſame way he came, they joyned with thoſe Men whom he left to guard the Bridg, and went to overtake *Panthea*, at a Caſtle which was upon the Frontiers of *Armenia*, where *Araſpes* was Governour. Since ſhe was recommended unto *Cyrus* by very good Hands, he no ſooner ſaw *Araſpes*, but he appointed him to wait upon her with all due Reſpects, fitting her Quality: And tho he reſolved not to ſee her ſince *Mandana* was not delivered, and ſince it was ſhe only, and not *Panthea*, was a Priſoner, yet he changed his Reſolution, and would give her a Viſit: 'Tis very true, he carried it ſomething cloſely, becauſe he deſired the King of *Aſſyria* might not be there, and that he might with more Freedom ſpeak concerning his dear Princeſs: ſo that as ſoon as he was within the Caſtle, he went unto the Chamber of *Araſpes*, and pretending ſome Buſineſs with him, they two were alone together: Since it was near the Queen of *Suſiana*'s Chamber, he went thither unſeen, *Araſpes* and *Feraulas* only following him. This was it which made all the People ſay, that *Cyrus* was ſo faithful unto *Mandana*, that he would not look upon this Queen, becauſe ſhe was the moſt charming Beauty upon Earth. Yet it is moſt certain he ſaw her, but he ſaw her only for the Love of *Mandana*: he ſent for Permiſſion to wait upon her, and this fair and wiſe Princeſs received him with all Civility, and without any Symptoms of any Puſilanimity. Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) The Princeſs *Mandana* had good reaſon to tell me, that you of all the Princes in the World knew how to uſe a Victory, ſince though I am a Captive, yet you are pleaſed to honour me with a Viſit, and to aſſure me of the Life and Health of the King my Lord and Husband. I would not have you think your ſelf, Madam, ſaid he unto her, at all Obliged for ſo Poor and Inconſiderable a Service: but I beſeech you, take the Pains to read this Letter, (ſhewing her *Mandana*'s Letter to him) and by it you may ſee, there are no Services which I do not intend to do you: for ſince the Princeſs *Mandana* hath written unto me, I am not Maſter of my own Will, but Subject wholly unto hers. I wiſh, Sir, replied *Panthea*, that I could handſomly divide my Gratitude between you both; for you both have highly obliged me.

After this, *Cyrus* enquired concerning the Health and Welfare of his dear Princeſs: And after he had deſired her Pardon, for taking ſo much liberty to himſelf, he conjured her to tell him how the King of *Pontus* uſed her. Sir, replied *Panthea*, for the ſatisfaction of your Mind, let me tell you, That the King of *Pontus* is ſo abſolute a Slave unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, that it is a great wonder he can retain her as he doth; for, excepting her Liberty, there is nothing which ſhe may not abſolutely command: ſo that I can aſſure you, he gives her no cauſe of any complaint, but ononly that with her he will not part: For my part, I have uſed my beſt Arguments to move him to it; but his Anſwers always were, that he could not; and though he never received other ſatisfaction, than to prevent all Rivals from enjoying her, he would wander about the World, until he found a ſafe place of Retreat, and ſome potent Protector who was able to defend him. O Madam, (cryed *Cyrus* out) certainly the Gods will never protect the Raviſher of ſo Divine and Innocent a Princeſs. The Truth is, replied *Panthea*, we are but deſervedly puniſhed for affording him any Protection. *Cyrus* then ſeemed more civil unto her than before, and told her, that if he did not depend upon the Power of *Ciaxares*, he would immediately let her have her Liberty. But ſince the Princeſs *Mandana* is concerned, and ſince the King her Husband had entred into League with her Raviſher, he muſt needs acquaint *Ciaxares* with it before he releaſed her: yet in the mean time he aſſured her, ſhe ſhould find all due Obſervances rendred unto her. *Panthea* returned moſt kind Thanks, and both parted well ſatisfied one with another. And indeed, it is no Wonder, that two ſo highly Accompliſhed, ſhould have ſo much eſteem for one another: for as *Cyrus* was in all things tranſcendent, ſo *Panthea* was a moſt admirable Princeſs, her Beauty was infinitely taking; it did much ſurprize the Eyes, and inſpire Love; ſhe was of ſo ſweet a Majeſty, and ſo charming a Modeſty, that whoſoever ſaw her, muſt needs intereſt themſelves in her Misfortunes. In the mean while *Cyrus* commanded *Araſpes* to conduct her unto *Artaxates*, leaving him five hundred Horſe for that purpoſe. After which, taking Horſe with the King of *Aſſyria*, they made ſuch haſte, that in three days they came to *Ciaxares*; unto whom *Cyrus* did render an account of his Voyage. From thence he went to wait upon the Princeſs *Ariminta*, where *Phaartes* already was. *Cyrus* did ask the Princes pardon for departing from her without bidding her adieu; aſſuring her, that for her ſake, he deſigned nothing but to deliver the Princeſs, and not to Ruin the King her Brother: and ſhe told him her Fears of receiving ſome ſad Conſequents of his Enterpriſe. As *Cyrus* was with this Princeſs,news was brought him, that a Poſt came from *Ecbatan* which moved *Ciaxares* to go thither. There came alſo another the ſame Day from *Ariobantes*, who ſent him word, how he received Intelligence, that *Craeſus* ſent to Conſult with ſeveral Oracles: and imployed in one and the ſame day Men of much Ingenuity and Honeſty, to go unto *Delphos*, to *Dodona*, to the Temple of *Amphiaurus*, to *Antredes Triphonius*, to *Brachides*, which is upon the Frontiers of the *Mileſians*; and into *Africa*, to the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*; to the end he might either be confirmed, or diſſwaded from his Intended deſign: Mean while he raiſed a puiſſant Army, and ſolicited his Allies to arm with him. This being the ſtate of things, it was reſolved, that in Conſideration *Ciaxares* had not his health very well, he ſhould return unto *Ecbatan*, and pacify all troubles there: and that *Cyrus* with all his Army ſhould march towards *Lydia*; as well to procure the Liberty of *Mandana*, who was carried unto *Epheſus*, which *Cræſus* had conquered, as alſo to oppoſe the deſigns of that Prince: Thus both Ambition and Love, being the legs of *Cyrus*, he went with as much zeal as thoſe two violent Paſſions could inſpire into a moſt Heroick and amorous Soul. It was alſo reſolved upon, that to keep *Abradates* within the Compaſs of Reaſon, *Panthea* muſt be retained, and conducted into *Cappadocia*, towards the Frontiers of *Lydia:* for certain Intelligence was received, that this Prince had entred into League with *Cræſus*, which did very ſtrongly confirm what *Ortalques* had related. Since the Princeſs *Ariminta* had no Deſires to remain in *Armenia*, becauſe of the Prince *Phaartes*; and ſince moreover, *Cyrus* had ſome Hopes in her Solicitations with the King her Brother, he was very glad ſhe reſolved to go with the Queen of *Panthea*; who arrived at *Artaxates* as theſe Reſolutions were fixed upon, and who was, according to the Deſire of *Mandana*, treated with all poſſible Honours. And to that end *Araſpes* received new Orders from *Cyrus*, to have an extraordinary Care of her: This Prince telling him with a ſmile, which in ſpight of his Melancholy did appear in his Eyes, that he could not more ſafely truſt the faireſt Queen in the World with any, better then with the moſt inſenſible Man upon Earth. The great Separation was within two or three days after; for from that Day *Ciaxares* prepared to return unto *Ecbatan*, with two thouſand Men, amongſt which was *Megabiſes: Cyrus* alſo, accompanied with the King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, and all the reſt of the Princes which were in the Army, began to diſencamp, and march towards *Lydia*, after he had ſubjected a Kingdom unto *Ciaxares*. The Prince *Tigranes* out of his Affection to *Cyrus*, and in gratitude for his ſo generous leaving the Crown unto the King his Father, would needs follow him in this War. *Phaartes* alſo prompted both by his Generoſity, and alſo his Love to *Ariminta*, would by no means ſtay behind: ſo that the Providence of that Princeſs was ineffectual. However, to convey the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the Princeſs of *Pontus*, more conveniently; *Araſpes* with five hundred Horſe did begin his journey the Day before the Army: which was the Reaſon why the Meſſenger whom *Abradates* ſent, found not the Queen his wife at *Artaxates*, who was come thither to demand her:

but he was anſwered, That a Prince who was allied unto the King of *Medes*, and who protected the Raviſher of the Princeſs *Mandana*, could not obtain any thing from thence. Before departure, *Cyrus* went to bid adieu to the Queen of *Armenia*, and to condole with the Princeſs *Oneſila*, in parting from her dear *Tigranes*. After this, having a thouſand Benedictions from the King of *Armenia*, and ten thouſand Applauds from the People *Artaxates*, he went to wait upon *Ciaxares* ſome thirty Furlongs on his Way. This Separation, was on every ſide moſt tender: *Ciaxares* ſpoke unto him concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, in ſuch Terms, as might let him know, that *Cyrus* had as great a Share in her as himſelf: and he conferred ſuch an Abſolute Power upon him, throughout all his Empire, that it could not be greater after his Death. The King of *Armenia* did willingly pay the Tribute which was due, and offered four times more to defray the Charges of this War: but *Cyrus* refuſed it, contenting himſelf with that only which was due. Mean while, the Remembrance of *Mandana* was his, and the King of *Aſſyria*'s only thoughts, during the March, and when they were forced to be together, they were always Melancholy, wiſhing they were in Private, and had the Liberty to think of their divine Princeſs without Interruption. They underſtood at their Arrival in *Cappadocia*, that the Prince *Thraſibulus*, and *Harpagus*, ſtaid not there: but *Ariobantes* adding only thoſe Forces which he then had, unto thoſe which formerly were given him, he departed in all haſte towards the lower *Aſia*; Love and Ambition not permitting him to ſtay for any new Levies.

Since *Cyrus* had nothing but *Mandana* in his Mind, and ſince ſhe had written unto him ſhe was going to *Epheſus*; to clear himſelf of all Doubts, he reſolved to ſend *Feraulus* thither Diſguiſed, knowing he could not make choice of a Man more Ingenious, more Diſcreet, or fuller of Affection to that Imployment than he; and eſpecially ſince his Dear *Marteſia* was with *Mandana*, it was a double Obligation upon him to endeavour the Liberty of that Princeſs. He accepted of that Commiſſion with much Joy; and whilſt *Cyrus* ſtaid in *Cappadocia* a while, to refreſh his Troops, and to be better informed of the Deſigns of *Crœſus*, he went towards *Epheſus* with one Servant only. The King of *Aſſyria* alſo ſent thither a very faithful and knowing Man for the ſame purpoſe. Mean while *Cyrus* received intelligence from all parts, of great Warlike Preparations which were made at *Sardis*: But notwithſtanding all their Intelligence, and all their ſending, not a word was ſpoken concerning *Mandana*, neither any certainty what *Crœſus* intended. Whilſt he was in this dubious ſuſpence, ſome told him, that the King of *Phrygia* was earneſtly enquiring for him, becauſe there arrived that morning three Strangers unto his Tent, who brought him ſome News of great Conſequence, at leaſt as they imagined, by his Geſture, and manner of Speech: Preſently after that Prince came in, and as one whoſe Mind was full of great Concernments, Sir, ſaid he unto *Cyrus*, It is fit and juſt I ſpeak concerning your Intereſts, before my own, and that I tell you, I have brought hither a Man who ſaw the Princeſs *Mandana* land at *Epheſus*, and who can aſſure you, ſhe is ſafely paſſed over all Dangers at Sea. *Cyrus* tranſported with Joy to hear the Name of *Mandana*, and to hear certainly where ſhe was, asked the King of *Aſſyria*, where he was who brought the News? And that Prince cauſing him to come near, (for he brought him with him) he preſented him unto *Cyrus*, who received him with ſuch a Sweetneſs, as did not only ſignify his Love to *Mandana*, but his own natural Civility to the Man. This Man who was a *Grecian*, and named *Soſicles*, being a Man of good Quality, and Wit, anſwered *Cyrus* very reſpectfully, and made an exact Relation of all he knew: he told him that as he was at *Epheſus*, he ſaw a *Cilician* Ship come in: That the King of *Pontus* was in it; that he ſaw him land, and lead the Princeſs *Mandana* aſhore alſo; whom the Governour of *Epheſus* did lodg very Magnificently: he told him further, that this Princeſs going unto the Temple of *Diana*, to perform her Devotions there, had placed her ſelf amongſt the profeſſed Nuns which dwelt there: that the King of *Pontus* knowing of it, uſed all Endeavours to get her out from thence; but the People were ſo much incenſed at it, that they would not ſuffer him: ſo that he was forced to be contented with the Favour of the Governour in placing very ſtrong and ſtrict Guards at all the Ports of the Town, and round about the Temple, until ſuch time as Orders was received from *Cræſus*, unto whom he had already ſent: and that this was the Condition of things when he came from *Epheſus*. *Cyrus* asked *Soſicles* a hundred more Queſtions: after which, thanking him for the Pains he took, he fell into Private Diſcourſe with the King of *Phrygia*; rejoicing that *Feraulas* would perhaps ſend him ſome happy News, ſince he was certain to find the Princeſs there. Since ſhe was in a Maritine place, *Cyrus* durſt not look with his Army that way, remembring the Accident at *Sinope*, but thought it much better to ſtay until ſhe was at *Sardis*, there being great probability they would carry her thithrr; yet notwithſtanding, his extream impatience to be nearer her, did almoſt make him alter his Reſolution, and to march that very hour. But the King of *Aſſyria* told him ſomething which induced him to have three or four days patience: and indeed they two ſpeaking low together, it appeared by the Countenance of *Cyrus*, that this Prince told him ſomething which did extreamly Surprize him, and did infuſe at the ſame time both Joy and Hope. The King of *Aſſyria* coming in, *Cyrus* out of his natural Generoſity to keep all his Promiſes, told him all he knew concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, and moſt faithfully acquainted him with the State of things: The King of *Aſſyria* was wrapt into as high an extaſy of Joy as he. But to do the King of *Phrygia* right, and to wait upon that Intelligence which he was to receive from him, before any thing was attempted, *Cyrus* told that Prince, he deſired to know more of that Accident which befel him, and which he would not tell of before; and that it was not juſt he ſhould hearken only unto things which related unto himſelf in particular, but alſo thoſe with reference unto him. The King of *Phrygia* told him, that *Soſicles* ſhould ſatisfy him therein when he pleaſed, and make him underſtand the cauſe of that Enterprize, the Effects whereof he muſt wait upon. After this *Araſpes* came

e to *Cyrus*, to acquaint him, that the Queen of *Su-*
, and the Princeſs *Ariminta*, were the laſt Night ar-
d at a little Village not above forty Furlongs from
Camp. *Cyrus* no ſooner knew this, but he ſent his
plements unto them; and the next Day he went
ſelf, only with *Hidaſpes*, and ſome few others, not
ying the Prince *Phaartes* with him, becauſe his Paſ-
did but trouble *Ariminta*. But ſince *Panthea* did
receive good Reſt that laſt Night, he only viſited
Princeſs *Ariminta*, unto whom he rendred an Ac-
nt of the ſtate of all things; knowing it would
moſt joyful News unto her, if poſſible a happy
cluſion could be put unto the War without fight-
with the King her Brother. But ſince ſhe did
well underſtand the Intereſts of all thoſe who
ald contrive the Buſineſs; and deſired to know the
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ch immediately he did: He was no ſooner come,
Cyrus preſenting him unto *Ariminta*, Here Madam,
d he unto her) is he who muſt ſatisfy both your
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l tell you, and omit no Circumſtance in the Life
a Princeſs, whoſe Name is as famous for her Beau-
and Vertue, as her Lover is for his Courage and
al. After the Princeſs *Ariminta* had added her
queſts unto thoſe of *Cyrus*, *Soſicles* knowing very
ll that it much imported thoſe Perſons of whom he
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otect them, did joyfully obey, and began his Diſ-
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The Hiſtory of the Princeſs Palmis, *and* Cleander.

PErhaps you will wonder, Madam, that a *Grecian* ſhould preciſely know all the Intereſts of the *Lydian* Court: But when I ſhall have told you, that I was brought thither at ten years of Age, and had the Honour to be educated in the Houſe of *Cræſus*, amongſt the Princes his Children, your wonder will vaniſh, and I become more credible. But for the better underſtanding of what I ſhall relate, I muſt acquaint you, that my Father by Nation, was of the Iſle of *Delphos*, ſo famous for the renowned Temple of *Apollo*, though his Predeceſſors were originally of *Sardis*, and one of the chiefeſt Families in the Town: But the Mutability of Fate beſtowing upon them a conſiderable ſubſiſtence at *Delphos*, they have reſided there ever ſince; and my Father lived there in a flouriſhing Quality, when a deſire to ſee the Country of his Anceſtors, moved him to go unto *Sardis*. Doubtleſs you will think it ſtrange, I ſhould uſher in my Relation of the Adventures of a great Princeſs, which things yet ſeem impertinent: But yet I muſt tell you, that if my Father had not gone to *Sardis*, nothing of what I ſhall tell, had ever come to paſs; therefore there is an abſolute neceſſity of knowing what I ſhal relate: One Morning then when he was at *Delphos*, walking by the Sea ſide, upon a Tarraſs in his Garden behind his Houſe; and delighting to look upon all thoſe Iſlands which inviron that of *Delphos*, and which by reaſon of their Scituation, are called the Iſles of *Cyclades*: he diſcovered a Barque, which floated gently upon the Waves, wherein appeared none but a Women, who endeavoured to guide it, but could not; for my Father perceived that this Barque went one way, and ſhe did ſtrive with all her Power to make it go the other: Both Curioſity and Compaſſion moving him to ſee a Woman ſo extreamly puzzled, he got ſome Mariners who were near that place in a Boat, to go and ſee who it was; which they did, and indeed found none in it but that Woman which my Father ſaw; and at her Feet, in a Cloth of

Gold Mantle, a moſt admirable fair Child about three years of Age, who without any cares for its lamentable Condition of Fortune, ſmiled upon the Mariners, as ſoon as they came near it. The extraordinary Beauty of this Child, and its moſt pleaſing Features, moved thoſe dull Sots to conduct that Bark whither ſhe who was in it did deſire ; and looking upon the Woman who held the Rudder, they asked her from whence ſhe came, and whither ſhe would go ? but they were much amazed to find that ſhe was dumb, and could do nothing but ſhew them *Delphos* with her Hand ; as who ſhould ſay, there it is, I deſire to be carried. Since it was my Father who ſent them out, in lieu of going to the Port, they came to the Foot of the Tarraſs, where he was walking, and where there were Stairs, by which one might go into the Sea : This Woman who was very old, was at the firſt much troubled to ſee they did not carry her unto the place where ſhe deſired, but coming nearer, and ſeeing by my Father's Garb, how he was not like one that would wrong the Child, ſhe was well ſatisfied, and made an hundred Signs of God knows what, ſeeming as if ſhe had much to ſay ; ſometimes ſhe ſhewed the Child ; ſometimes did lift up her Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and neither being underſtood, nor underſtanding what was ſaid unto her, ſhe moved extream Compaſſion ; ſhe ſhewed unto my Father a Paper, in which was written in Greek, in a very bad Character, and no better Orthography,

This Child is recommended unto that God, which is adored at Delphos.

My Father ſeeing the Child ſo fair, ſo amiable, and young ; and ſeeing alſo the Woman ſo ſad, and ſeeming without any other Deſign, but to leave it unto the Providence of the Gods ; and ſeeing ſhe had no ſubſiſtence for this Child, and her ſelf, he reſolved to pity and take care of both. This Mute alſo ſhewed him a Picture of one moſt admirably fair ; dreſſed, as *Venus* is uſed to be, ſometimes lying upon a Bed of Roſes, with this difference yet, that ſhe was covered with a glorious Mantle, and ſhewed no lower than her Breſts naked; cloſe by her was *Cupid* preſented with his Quiver and Arrows; under all were theſe two Verſes written,

The Mothers Eyes does deeper wound all Hearts,
Then Cupid *can with all his Bows and Darts.*

This dumb Woman, ſhewing this Picture to my Father, made Signs for him to keep it carefully; yet he no ſooner viewed it, but he obſerved that the *Cupid* the repreſented, was the Picture of the Child which was in the Boat; ſo that when he had read the Inſcription, he concluded the *Venus* there pictured was the Mother of it; and that the Picture was not a meer Phantaſm; ſo that conceiving ſomething extraordinary in the Adventure, and Compaſſion alſo tender in his Heart, he made Signs unto the Woman, that if ſhe would dwell in the Houſe with this Child, he would take care for it, and her; and ſeeing ſhe knew no better courſe, ſhe conſented unto it. Since my Father was a Widower, and had no Children but my ſelf, he took this Child as a Companion for me, for at that time I was but five Years of Age. He then took this Woman, and this Child into his Houſe, and diſmiſſed the Mariners, who had the Bark for their pains. Mean while, my Father endeavoured to diſcover the truth of this Adventure, but could be no better ſatisfied; for the more Signs this Woman made, the leſs he underſtood her; he carefully locked up the Picture and Letter which this Woman gave him, and put the Cloth-of-Gold-Mantle in a Place where it might be ſafely kept, giving her others in lieu of them, and hoping that hereafter theſe things might come to knowledg; he carefully obſerved the prattle of this Child, who already began to pronounce ſome Words, yet he could not collect any thing which might lead him to the knowledg of his Countrey. A while after this mute Woman died, recommending this Child unto my Father by ſo many ſad Signs, and Tears, that he reſolved to have as much care of him, as of me; ſince he imagined that the Bark in which the Child was found, conſidering the ſhape of it, did belong unto ſome of the *Cycladean* Iſles, he ſent it oft thither in hopes to diſcover unto whom it belonged; but ſince there was ſo many of them, it was no eaſy matter to make an exact ſearch; he divulged it among the Merchants which traded at *Delphos*, and enquired of every one, but all in vain. Mean while, not knowing the Name of this Child, he called it by a Name which he loved very well, which was *Cleander*, having a Son died a little before, who was of the ſame. I will not trouble you with Relation of my Fathers tender care over this *Cleander*, whom indeed he loved as well as me; but give me leave to tell you, that ſince this uncouth Child was recommended unto the God which was adored at *Delphos*, who is the God of all Sciences, my Father cauſed him to be educated in all Arts that *Apollo* himſelf could teach: So that certainly this Child became an abſolute Prodigy; and ſince his fifth Year, there was not a Stranger which came to *Delphos*, who was not moſt inquiſitive after this young *Cleander*. For beſides his admirable Beauty, he was Owner of ſuch a vaſt Memory, and ſharp Wit, that he paſſed for a Miracle. All this while we lived together like Brothers; my Father, as I told you, making no difference between him and me, telling every one he diſcourſed with him, that both of us were given unto him by the Gods, and therefore he ought not to make a Diſtinction between us: *Cleander* might then be about eight years old, and I ten, when there was found in the earth an old Plate of Copper, on which was engraved an ancient Prophecy, which ſpeaking to *Jupiter*, ſaid,

I ſhall make Delphos *ſhake, as immoveable as it is.*

Then Madam, queſtionleſs you know, that every one conceived this Iſland was a long time overflown with Waters; and that they believed it never to be firm Land, but ſince *Latona* did lie in there of *Apollo*, and *Diana*; ſo that this Prophecy made all the People believe, this Iſle ſhould be overflowed again as at firſt; and many Inhabitants thought to diſſert the Countrey. My Father uſed his beſt Endeavours to perſwade the Minds of Men to the contrary, but could not; and it was above a whole Year, before this Terrour could be diſſipated.

Since at that time, there arrived at *Delphos* an Embaſſador from *Crœſus*, who came to bring Offerings unto the Temple of *Apollo*; and ſince my Father, whoſe Name was *Timocreon*, received Letters by ſome of his Train, from ſome of his Couſins, who dwelt at *Sardis*, as inviting him thither, he reſolved to go thither with this Embaſſador, as well to ſatisfy his earneſt deſires of ſeeing the ancient Country of his Predeceſſors, as to diſſipate thoſe Fears out of the Inhabitants of *Delphos*, which had ſpread almoſt throughout all the Iſles of *Cyclades*: and deſiring the favour of paſſage from this Embaſſador of *Crœſus*, whoſe Name was *Menaceus*, we embarqued in his Ship: During this Navigation, a great League of Friendſhip grew between my Father, and this Embaſſador; for certainly, (if it be lawful for me to ſay as much of him who gave me Life) *Timocreon* was no common Man. But the wonder was, that *Menaceus* found ſuch Charms in the Beauty of young *Cleander*, that he would never ſuffer him to be out of his ſight; and he only was all the diverſion of the Voyage. At the firſt, *Menaceus* took us both for Brothers, but my Father undeceiving him, and relating how he came to him, his Admiration was the higher, and he could not ſufficiently wonder at the Divine Providence in many Accidents: And ſince naturally the Minds of Men do moſt affect ſtrange and new things, *Menaceus* loved *Cleander* more than he did before he knew the manner of his coming to *Delphos*. When we landed at a Town in *Ionia*, where this Embaſſador had Occaſions, we went afterwards by Land to *Sardis*, where my Father was received by his Allies with all poſſible Civility, and Teſtimonies of Joy: The next Morning, after our firſt arrival, *Menaceus* ſent my Father word, that the King would have him come to Court, and to bring *Cleander*, and me with him. But Madam, before I further wade into my recital, it is expedient I acquaint you in what Condition the Court of *Lydia* was at that time: Be pleaſed therefore to know, that *Crœſus* had two Brothers, the one called *Antaleon*, and the other *Mexaris*, who both were yet but young: Moreover, this Prince had two Sons, and one Daughter, the eldeſt called *Atis*, ſome eleven or twelve years of Age; the ſecond was dumb, and called *Myrſiles*, about nine or ten years Old; and the Princeſs *Palmis* his Daughter about five or ſix years of Age; but yet already a very Miracle of Beauty. Since the Court had but newly left off their Mourning for the Queen of *Lydia*, it was long ſince any publick Diverſions were uſed, only a Horſe-race that ſame day *Menaceus* preſented my Father unto the King, and brought me alſo with *Cleander* unto him. Since queſtionleſs, you Madam, are not ignorant of the immenſe Riches of *Crœſus*, nor of all his vaſt Magnificence; I ſhall not relate unto you the Sumptuoſity of his Palace; let me only tell you, that *Cleander* and I being of that Age when all that gliſters in the Eye pleaſeth the Mind, we were extreamly charmed with the ſight of ſo much Gold, and ſo vaſt Riches, as we ſaw in all the Chambers through which we paſſed. *Crœſus* at the very firſt was raviſhed with the Beauty of *Cleander*, his Grace, and his Boldneſs, but much more of thoſe pleaſing Anſwers he returned unto all Queſtions. For when *Crœſus* asked him, what he thought of his Palace? This bold and ingenious Child anſwered, that he thought it beautiful enough for a Temple, but much too beautiful for a Houſe, ſince he conceived it not juſt, that *Apollo* whom they worſhipped at *Delphos* as a God, ſhould not have ſo much Gold as he had who was but a Man; unleſs it were ſo, that you had more Vertues and more Power than *Apollo* had. This Anſwer ſo amazed *Crœſus*, that he bad him come nearer him, and he carried him into a Gallery, out of which he might ſee the Horſe-race in a great Plain under it, in which was all the Glory of the Court, the young Princes, and alſo the little Princeſs *Palmis*, whom *Cleander* eyed very attentively. Mean while, *Crœſus* being much delighted with the anſwers of

Cleander, asked him an hundred Queſtions, and amongſt the reſt, Whether he took delight in ſeeing this Horſe-race? To which he anſwered, That he ſhould take more pleaſure in riding himſelf, than looking on. But, ſaid *Crœſus* unto him, What would you do with the prize, if you won it? and what on the contrary would you do, if you did not win it? If I loſt it (ſaid he without pauſing) I would even die for anger; and if I won it, I would preſent it unto the Princeſs, your fair Daughter, who ſtands by you. To be ſhort, Madam, what ſhould I ſay? *Cleander* ſo pleaſed the King, that it was his Pleaſure both he and I ſhould continue with the Princes his Children; and alſo knowing the Abilities of my Father, he would needs engage him in his Service. So that he was induced to give order for Tranſportation of all his portable Eſtate from *Delphos* to *Sardis*, and to ſet up his reſt in *Lydia*.

To relate unto you, Madam, the childiſh Years of *Cleanders* Life, would but abuſe your Patience, and would loſe time, which would be better imployed in relating his heroick Acts; yet let me ſay thus much for his Infancy, that never any did imploy it better then he, nor more improved himſelf in all Exerciſe of Body, or Arts of Mind, Wit, and Judgment. The Prince *Atis*, unto whoſe Service he was particularly devoted, and who certainly was one of the ſweeteſt Princes in the World, did love him with moſt extraordinary Tenderneſs: And the Prince *Myrſiles*, though dumb, yet expreſſed all Signs of poſſible Affection that could be wiſhed: for, Madam, this Imperfection did not proceed from any defect in the Ear, but Tongue, and he did underſtand every thing which was ſpoken, elſe it was impoſſible he ſhould expreſs an Affection unto *Cleander*. But though *Atis* and *Myrſiles* were both moſt admirably handſom, yet it muſt needs be confeſſed that *Cleander* had a kind of Air in his Countenance above them; and though he ſeemed to be below them both in his Quality, yet his Phiſiognomy ſpoke him much above them both. In a very ſhort time he got the Love of the People; the Admiration of all compleat Men, the

Inclinations of all the Ladies; the favour of the Princes, of the Princeſs, and of the King: But that which was obſerved moſt admirable in *Cleander*, was, that he ſeemed to be infinitely above all his greateſt Favours, not in ſcorning, but in uſing them well, and not ſeeking for them by any baſe and unworthy ways, he enjoyed them without all Pride or Vanity, and alſo did impart them unto ſuch as were meritorious, with as much generous Liberality, as if he had been a King. In the Infancy of his illuſtrious Servitude, as oft as *Cleander* went from the Princes upon any Complement unto the young Princeſs their Siſter, This little fair one asked him an hundred Queſtions; ſometimes, Whether he was not weary of *Sardis*? ſometimes, Whether the Temple of *Delphos* was more magnificent than thoſe he ſaw in *Lydia*? and by many other pretty Queſtions, ſo as it was eaſily obſerved that *Cleander* pleaſed this young Princeſs: for when theſe Princes ſent any others which were educated with them, ſhe only returned anſwer unto the Meſſage brought her, without holding any long Converſe; though it is true, that ſeldom any but he was imployed upon ſuch Buſineſs; for when he ſaw any ſuch deſigned, he would deſire the Honour of the Service, inſomuch as he ſaw her almoſt every Day: The great Diſproportion of Years between *Cleander* and the Princeſs *Palmis*, was the reaſon that her Governeſs permitted her to ſpeak longer with him, than any other; ſo that as long as Infancy laſted, he was the moſt happy in the World, ſince nothing did oppoſe his Delights. Thus did we live until his ſixteenth Year, when ſome Subjects of *Cræſus* began to rebel, ſo that now we went to War, wherein *Cleander* did things beyond belief of all but the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, who knows it not impoſſible to be both Young and Gallant: So that *Cleander* appeared ſo high in the Eyes of all the Army, that every one no leſs extolled his Courage, than before they did his Beauty, Wit and Handſomneſs: He received a ſlight Wound upon the left Arm, in aſſaulting an Enemy as he was ſtriking at the King, which Accident did double the favour of *Cræſus* towards him; ſo that when we had ſubdued the Rebels, and returned unto *Sardis*, *Cleander* was no longer looked upon as a pretty Child, but as a compleat and gallant Man; for though he was very young, yet ſince as much Wiſdom, Judgment and Diſcretion appeared in him, as in all reaſon could poſſibly be expected from his Age, he was not dealt with as others who firſt go into the World, but on the contrary at our return from the Field, the young *Cleander* was treated as a Man of high and exact Reaſon; the Princeſs her ſelf, who then was thirteen years of Age, began to hold diſcourſe with him in a more reſerved way, and leſs Familiarity, though always with the ſame Sweetneſs. At the ſame time the Prince *Atis*, who then was about nineteen years Old, fell in love with a Lady in Court called *Anaxilea*, and ſince *Cleander* was his deareſt Favorite, he made him the only Confident of his Paſſion, diſcovering the very bottom of his Heart unto him. This Lady was without diſpute moſt fair, but her Condition was ſo much inferior to the Quality of a *Lydian* Prince, that he imagined *Cræſus* would not approve of his open Profeſſion to love her. Therefore he endeavoured to diſguiſe his Thoughts, and to appear both more civil and more courtly to all Ladies in general, that thereby he might conceal his true Affection from his Father. *Cleander* then was for a while much troubled about it, but yet that Buſineſs was not his greateſt Torment; for Madam, be pleaſed to know, that at the King's return unto *Sardis*, the Princeſs of *Lydia* appeared ſo admirably fair in the Eyes of *Cleander*, that ſhe charmed him anew; for certainly had he never ſeen her before, he could not have been more ſurprized: and indeed there was reaſon for it, ſince during the ten Months which the War laſted, her Beauty was ſo prodigiouſly improved, that all the People were forced to acknowledg, never Eyes did ſee ſo perfect a Beauty; ſince therefore ſhe had no leſs Spirit than Beauty, it is no wonder if the Soul of *Cleander* was not able to reſiſt a Paſſion which had ſo moving a Cauſe; and indeed it was ſo high, that he began to love without Hope, and Love did ſo abſolutely command his Heart, that it was impoſſible for him to reſiſt. At the ſame time there was a Prince at *Sardis*, named *Arteſilas*, who was in Love alſo with the Princeſs *Palmis*, but his Paſſion was ſtuffed with ambitious Thoughts. Thus it may be ſaid that Love did take his original from the War; for at our return from it, the Court did put on another Face, and nothing but Feaſts and Gallantry were ſeen in it, which for a certain time did render it moſt delightful; but towards the end of Winter, a freſh War was talked on againſt the *Miſſeans*; and the Spring no ſooner budded forth, but *Crœſus* took the Field: An entire Summer was ſpent in two Sieges, and two Battels; wherein *Cleander* did ſo eminently carry himſelf, that as he went from *Sardis* only a Voluntier, ſo he returned Lieutenant-General under the Prince *Atis*, who commanded the Army, towards the end of the Year, in the abſence of *Crœſus*, whom ſome indiſpoſition of Body moved to leave the Field: I underſtood ſince by one who belonged unto the Princeſs, and who was my Couſin, that ſhe was much joyed at the good Fortune of *Cleander*; telling every one that ſhe always foreſaw he was no ordinary Man: After then the *Miſſeans*, the *Chalibes*, and the *Mariandines* were vanquiſhed, we returned again to *Sardis*, where *Cleander* began again to be looked upon with other Eyes: For though he was the very ſame he was before, yet according to the common weakneſs of almoſt all Men who put a difference between Virtue Unfortunate, and Vertue in Proſperity, not only the herd of People, but alſo Men of Parts lived with him after another manner; and he himſelf alſo did lead another Courſe of Life, for ſince he was every day faſter in the Fetters of Love, becauſe the Princeſs every day became more Fair and Amiable, therefore he was much more melancholy. Since I did plainly perceive this melancholy Alteration, and ſaw no reaſonable cauſe for it, I deſired him to acquaint me with it: I took this freedom upon me, becauſe the Alteration in his Fortune having no influence upon his Heart, he loved me as well as he did before; yet notwithſtanding he would not open himſelf unto me as I deſired him, Sorrow muſt extreamly ſad his Soul, before he can confeſs he loved, and loved the Princeſs *Palmis*; and then all came out. I did extreamly chide him for entertaining a Paſſion, which in all reaſon would never permit him any Hopes, conſidering he was ignorant of his original: I uſed all my endeavours to cure him of that Diſeaſe, which pleaſed him, though it did extreamly torment him: I told him a hundred times, that ſince if he pleaſed he might be happy, it were meer madneſs, voluntarily to render himſelf miſerable. But though he acknowledged I had good reaſon for what I ſaid, yet he could do no otherwiſe, and in lieu of reſiſting his Love with violence, he cheriſhed it with care; For he ſaw the Princeſs as oft as he could poſſible; and diſcourſed with her upon all Occaſions; he rendered her all the Services he could deviſe; and fettering himſelf, he groaned under the weight of his Chains, not daring openly to complain; and though he was very happy in appearance, yet he was in reality moſt miſerable: For when he conſidered, that he knew not what himſelf was, and for ought he ſaw never ſhould, his melancholy became ſo inſupportable, that he was not Maſter of his own Reaſon, and related ſuch a miſerable Story of himſelf, that I was no leſs grieved than himſelf. In the mean while the Prince *Atis*, whoſe Quality was not leſs conſiderable with the fair *Anaxilea*, than his Merit and Affection, was ſo kindly treated, that a moſt great League of Amity grew betwixt them; and his greateſt care was to hide this ſecret Correſpondency, not only from the Eyes of *Crœſus*, but alſo from all the Court. This Prince conceiving he had an abſolute Power over the Mind of *Cleander*, did think the beſt way to deceive all the World, was to move him to counterfeit being in love with *Anaxilea*: So that ſending one Morning for him, and entertaining him in private; My dear *Cleander*, ſaid he unto him, I can never be happy without you; and unleſs you help to hide my real Paſſion, by your ſeeming to love *Anaxilea*, I ſhall never be able to hide my Happineſs, which you know will be ruined as ſoon as diſcovered: Therefore I conjure you, to court her as if you were deſperately in love; and ſo that all the Court may believe it; which if you do (ſaid he, and embraced him) I ſhall be the moſt happy Man alive: for not only all the Court will eaſily believe, that my Thoughts are not upon her; but the King, and the Princeſs my Siſter, will believe you to be in love with her: So that in deſiring this Office from you, which will be honourable, I hope you will not deny it: If you were in love with any, then I ſhould not deſire you to undertake it; but ſince I could never obſerve you engaged unto any in the Court, I ſhall not doubt of this favour. Sir (replied *Cleander* in a wonder at the Prince's Words) I am ſo bad a Diſſembler of my own Thoughts, that I am afraid I ſhall diſcover, in lieu of concealing yours; and how do you think (ſaid he, hoping to turn it into a Raillary) that a Man whom your ſelf ſays never was in love, ſhould eaſily perſwade others that he is ſo: believe me Sir, to beget ſuch an Opinion, it were requiſite to teſtify the being ſo upon other Occaſions, and I do not think there is a Man in the World ſo very unfit for this Employment as my ſelf. You have ſo much Ingenuity and Eloquence, replied the Prince of *Lydia*, that you would act it moſt admirably well; for the truth is, there is nothing requiſite, but to diſcourſe often with *Anaxilea*, principally before much Company, and when the Princeſs my Siſter is preſent: ſince her Society is very pleaſant, and ſince you will diſcourſe of my Love who loves you, I hope you will not be weary of her Converſation. But my dear *Cleander*, to the end it may the ſooner be divulged, and come quickly unto the King's Ear, I beſeech you let my Siſter perceive as ſoon as poſſible you can, your Addreſſes unto *Anaxilea*. *Cleander* bluſhed at the Prince's Words, and ſpeaking more ſeriouſly than he did before, I know Sir, you are not ignorant (ſaid he unto him) that I would with Joy die to do you any Service, whenſoever any occaſion preſents it ſelf; but if I may without any Crime or Offence ſay it, I do not think I am able to perform what you deſire of me. Why, *Cleander*, replied the Prince in a little Amazement, can you not for my ſake diſcourſe often with the faireſt Lady in the World? Is it becauſe you are afraid to be fettered with the Chains of Love? No, Sir, anſwered he, my Reſpects which I owe you, would prevent that danger: But I have ſo ſtrong an Averſion againſt any Diſſimulation, that if I ſhould undertake it, I am perſwaded I ſhould do it very ill. However, try, replied the Prince, unleſs you will loſe me, or at leaſt tell me ingenuouſly your true Reaſon why you will not: for ſince I am fully perſwaded you love me; and knowing you to be of no phantaſtical Humour, there muſt neceſſarily be ſome ſecret Cauſe which moves you to deny me this Favour. Truly, Sir, replied *Cleander*, I have no other Excuſe than what I have already told you. Was I not much miſtaken, ſaid the Prince, when I thought you loved no Body? and is there not ſome Beauty or other whom you love, and fear to make jealous? If it be ſo, ſaid he, tell me ſincerely, for if you be upon ſuch Terms with her as to truſt her with a ſecret, I will conſent you ſhall acquaint her with mine, and ſo by that courſe you may colour your own Paſſion as well as mine: for I make no queſtion, but if you love any, it is ſuch a one as hath a reaſonable Soul, and will be perſwaded unto that Toleration: But if you be not upon ſuch Terms with her unto whom you are devoted, then tell me as much ſincerely, and I have done. *Cleander* then was extreamly non-pluſt; and if ſome had not come in which broke off this crabbed Converſation, I know not how he would have anſwered ſuch preſſing Queſtions, without Vexation to the Soul of the *Lydian* Prince. But *Arteſilas* coming in upon a Viſit, *Cleander* had ſome time to think upon an Anſwer, eſpecially ſince the Prince *Atis* had not any leaſure all that Day to revive the Diſcourſe; ſo that *Cleander* looking me out, and carrying me to walk in the Palace Gardens, he acquainted me with all the paſſage; and deſcribed his Vexation of Soul, whilſt he was diſcourſing with the Prince of *Lydia*, in ſuch ſad Expreſſions, that my Soul alſo was much ſadded in his behalf: For conſider, ſaid he, the croſſneſs of this Adventure, that I ſhould paſſionately be in Love with one to whom I dare not ſhew the leaſt ſign of my Affection, and alſo that I ſhould be required to expreſs a thouſand Teſtimonies of Affection unto one whom I love not: And that which is the moſt odd of all is, that I muſt do this, to the end that ſhe whom I adore, ſhould think I am in love with her with whom I love not; and one whom he who puts me upon it would never have me love: Ah Fortune, cryed he out, is it not Miſery enough to love a Princeſs, whom I dare not acquaint with my Affection, but that I my ſelf muſt perſwade her that I love another? Since it is ſo, replied I, that you dare not acquaint her with your Paſſion, and in all likelihood never will, I conceive it need not much trouble you what ever ſhe thinks of you. Ah *Soſicles*, ſaid he, certainly you know not what Love is; for you muſt know, that though a captivated and amorous Slave do love a Queen, he loves her yet with this incontinent Wiſh, that ſhe ſhould gueſs at his Paſſion; and ſince I muſt diſcover the very bottom of my Heart unto you, this, my dear *Soſicles*, is the very period of all my Deſires. I know very well (continued *Cleander*) that unleſs I abſolutely loſe my Reaſon, I never ought to acquaint *Palmis* with my Love; yet I know alſo that unleſs ſhe loſe the ſight of me, ſhe muſt needs in time gueſs at my Thoughts; which if once ſhe did, my dear *Soſicles*, I ſhould think my ſelf moſt happy; and yet it is deſired by this, that I my ſelf ſhould be the only Obſtacle unto my chief Felicity: for how ſhould ever the Princeſs gueſs at my Love of her, if ſhe think me in love with *Anaxilea*? Ah, no, no; I cannot obey the Prince; and though I ſhould promiſe him, yet I am not able to keep my Word. But, ſaid I unto him, do you not conſider that if you ſhould incenſe him, he is Brother unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, and not acquainting her with the true Cauſe of his Complaint againſt you, perhaps he will ſpeak unto her in your diſadvantage? What would you have me do? anſwered he. I would confeſs unto the Prince (ſaid I unto him) that I am in Love, and never name with whom. But, replied he, do you not apprehend ſome Fears that *Atis* would diſcover that Paſſion, which I deſire the Princeſs *Palmis* ſhould gueſs at? As long as you conceal the Name of her you love, ſaid I, you hazard nothing. I ſhall hazard all, replied he, for conſidering the manner how I adore this Beauty, I ſhall no ſooner confeſs that I am in love, but ſhame will bluſh the ſecret in my Face; and will, in ſpite of my Reſolution, let him ſee the Image of my adored *Palmis* imprinted on my Heart. For the Prince knows by his own experience, that one may love one below himſelf; and may as eaſily think it poſſible for one to love above ones Quality as below it. Moreover, would it not highly offend him, that I ſhould conceal my Love from him, who ſo very confidently diſcovered his to me? In a word, whatſoever I know, me-thinks, he ought to know it alſo, and to truſt him but by halves, ſeems dangerous unto me. Then, ſaid I unto him, I would play a little falſe with him, and name ſome other Lady in the Court. Then *Soſicles*, anſwered he, how can the Prince think I love that Lady, when he ſees I never talk with her? and if I ſhould often talk with her, how ſhould the Princeſs ever imagine that I love her? After much debating upon this odd Adventure, we parted without reſolving upon any thing; and the next Morning *Cleander* was as far to ſeek for an Anſwer unto the Prince, as if he had not any time of Preparation for it: So that ſince *Atis* could not penetrate into the depth of *Cleanders* Heart, he grew angry that he could not move him to act as he deſired; not but that *Cleander* uſed the moſt tender Expreſſions to excuſe himſelf; yet ſince he ſaw he was in Love, and would not impart it to him, he took this refuſal very unkindly, and valued not his verbal Excuſes. *Atis* then would preſs him no further, but kept at a diſtance, and treated him much more coldly than ordinary; ſo that it became the Court diſcourſe. Since the Princeſs *Palmis* did very much eſteem *Cleander*, ſhe asked the Prince her Brother the reaſon of this change? but he gave her ſuch ambiguous Anſwers, that ſhe could not comprehend the cauſe: So that *Cleander* coming to her about an Hour after, ſhe did ſo preſs him to tell her what was the buſineſs between the Prince and him, and that ſo urgently, as he was no leſs puzled for an Anſwer to *Palmis*, then he was to the Prince of *Lydia*. He told her that he knew not the Cauſe of his Diſgrace; but contented himſelf with being certain he never failed in any due Reſpects unto that Prince: yet was ſhe far unſatisfied with this Anſwer. The Buſineſs went ſo far, that *Crœſus* heard of it, and asked the Prince his Son, why there was a greater Diſtance between him and *Cleander* than formerly?

The Prince making no Anſwer unto this Queſtion, becauſe he durſt not acquaint him with the Cauſe, *Crœſus* did read him a long Lecture againſt the Inconſtancy of them, who alter their Opinions upon cauſleſs Grounds, commanding him not to continue any longer at a Diſtance with him. However it chanced ſo, that the Prince *Atis* and *Anaxilea* fell at odds; and this Prince being of a violent Diſpoſition, did abruptly caſt her off, and reſolved to leave her for ever: and the Prince had no ſooner broke off with her, but he had a great Deſire to relate this Adventure unto his Siſter the Princeſs *Palmis*, and the rather, becauſe indeed he knew not whom elſe to open his Heart unto, as he never had done unto any but *Cleander*, unto whom he did not yet ſo freely ſpeak, as uſually before. So that he being one Day alone with the Princeſs *Palmis*, and falling inſenſibly into talk of his Change, he related unto her his Fondneſs of *Anaxilea*, and the Cauſe of his Coldneſs towards *Cleander*: and wondring in himſelf at ſo great a Change in ſo little a time, I did not think, Siſter, ſaid he unto her, that I ſhould ever have diſcloſed my Follies ſo freely unto you, when *Cleander* denied to feign a Love of *Anaxilea*, and returned ſuch ſlender Excuſes for it unto me: but ſince it is ſo now, that I dare open all unto you, I confeſs my Anger of Mind againſt *Cleander* begins to die, and in lieu thereof, I love him dearly: yet ſince I do not well underſtand what Reaſon he had to reſiſt me ſo obſtinately, I confeſs, that I can hardly ſpeak unto him concerning that Buſineſs which puts us at ſuch a Diſtance. I do conceive (anſwered the Princeſs, not ſuſpecting *Cleander* was in love with her) that you ought not to think the worſe of *Cleander*, becauſe he refuſed that Office: nor do I think him ſo culpable as you imagine him; and he would never have denied it, but becauſe he is in Love himſelf; for I am certain he is as much devoted unto your Service as poſſibly can be; ſo that I muſt conſequently conclude, he never would have oppoſed the Will of his Maſter, but out of Fear he ſhould be put to nominate his Miſtreſs. But ſince I named mine unto him, replied the Prince, why ſhould he hide his Affection from me? Becauſe, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, perhaps he is a more diſcreet Lover than you are: and to ſpeak Truth, becauſe it is more ordinary and ſafe for a Prince to truſt his Secret unto his Favourite, than it is for the Favourite to truſt his Prince. But, Siſter, anſwered he, If *Cleander* be in Love, how is it poſſible that none ſhould perceive it? Since, I am certain, added the Princeſs, he is infinitely impatient to be re-inveſted into your Favour, it is expedient I propound unto him to become his Peace-maker, upon Condition he will ſincerely tell us who it is he loves; or at the leaſt, acknowledg unto us he is in Love with ſome or other. After the Princeſs had ſaid ſo, and being indeed very deſirous to know whether *Cleander* was in Love, and with whom, ſhe went into her Chamber: So that being willing to divert her ſelf there, to ſatisfie her Curioſity, and reſtore *Cleander* unto the Prince's Favour, ſhe called for him; *Cleander*, ſaid ſhe unto him, I found the Prince my Brother ſo diſpoſed to remit you into his former Favour, that I deſired ſpeedily to acquaint you with ſuch News as I ſuppoſed would be very welcome unto you: But in this Reconcilement, there is a Condition to be added, which I conceive you may without any Difficulty obſerve. I ſhall never revoke, Madam, replied he, that Doom which you have pronounced; and I do eſteem my ſelf ſo unhappy in diſpleaſing that Prince, for whom I would willingly have died, that to expiate my Crime, there is no Puniſhment which I would not ſuffer. That which at this time I deſire of you (ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd againſt her Will) is, That you confeſs before my Brother, and me, whether the Cauſe which moved you to deny him that Favour of counterfeiting Love unto *Anaxilea*, was not, becauſe you feared to make ſome Beauty or other jealous? How Madam, (anſwered *Cleander* with Wonder) are you acquainted

quainted now with that Secret which the Prince would have kept concealed from you with ſo much Care, at that time when I was unfortunately conſtrained to refuſe his deſired Imployment? Yes, ſaid *Atis*, and interrupted her, ſhe does know it; and by this you may be aſſured, that I ſhall never reveal your Secret unto any; for ſince I have imparted it unto her, it is a Sign I do no longer love *Anaxilea*; and ſince it is ſo, you may be aſſured that there is none upon Earth but the Princeſs my Siſter, unto whom I would impart a Buſineſs of this Nature. Sir, replied *Cleander*, (after he had well recollected himſelf) I am moſt glad that this Diſcourſe which I hear from the Mouth of the Princeſs, does enable me to anſwer ſincerely, and aſſure you, that I never feared making any one jealous by feigning love unto *Anaxilea*. Your Anſwer, replied the Princeſs, I do believe is more modeſt, than ſincere; and therefore tell us more preciſely, whether you are in Love with any or no, if you will not tell us who it is you adore.

Madam, replied *Cleander*, Is it not ſufficient to juſtify my ſelf in the Opinion of the Prince, that I proteſt before you, I ſhould never have diſobeyed him, but becauſe it was an abſolute Impoſſibility to do otherwiſe? No, anſwered ſhe, it is not ſufficient: for if it were, he muſt then do you the Favour to pardon you, and to treat you as one that is culpable: whereas on the contrary, if you do as I deſire you, you will juſtify your ſelf as innocent, and needs no Pardon. But Madam, replied he, ſuppoſe I ſhould be in Love with none; yet how durſt I confeſs my ſelf to be ſo inſenſible here at *Sardis*, where all that can be called Beauty in the World, is to be found? And ſuppoſe it true, that I were in Love with any one, how do you think I could tell that unto two at one time, which perhaps I never told unto Her who is the cauſe of my Paſſion; and which perhaps I never ſhall tell her? If it be only the Number of Confidents, which hinders you from declaring it, replied the Prince, and ſmiled, I am contented you tell your Secret only unto my Siſter. No, no, ſaid the Princeſs, I am not ſo indulgent as you, and I expect that *Cleander* ſhould acknowledg as well unto you as my ſelf, that he is in Love, otherwiſe I pronounce him guilty and culpable both to you and me. I would it were the Pleaſure of the Gods, Madam, (anſwered *Cleander*, with much Confuſion in his Face, and looking upon her in a moſt paſſionate, but reſpectful manner) that you could look into my Heart, and there ſee my moſt ſecret Thoughts, ſince if you could do ſo, you would there find, that I ſpeak but what I ought to do. Truly, Siſter, ſaid the Prince of *Lydia*, *Cleander* moves my Pity, and I beſeech you preſs him no further; for when I call to mind my own Vexation, when any did but ſuſpect what I deſired to conceal, I cannot chuſe but be ſenſible of his. You are all Goodneſs, replied *Cleander*, and more indulgent than the Princeſs. I do confeſs it, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled; and that which does moſt exaſperate my Severity, is, to ſee you do not think me diſcreet enough to truſt me with a common Secret; for to tell me that you are in Love, is not to tell me all your Adventure and Story. Well, Madam, (ſaid *Cleander*, even tranſported out of himſelf) if there need nothing but that to ſatisfy you, I do confeſs it; but I moſt humbly and heartily beſeech you, ask me no further; for I had rather die a thouſand Deaths than tell any more. When you are fallen out with your Miſtreſs, replied the Princeſs, and ſmiled, as the Prince my Brother is with *Anaxilea*, we then ſhall know all your Gallantry, as now we do his. I do not think, Madam, anſwered *Cleander* coldly, that I ſhall ever be ſo far in Favour with my Miſtreſs, as to fall out of it. Time will tell us all, ſaid ſhe; in the Interim, I pronounce you innocent, and beſeech my Brother to receive you ſo. I know not, Siſter, replied *Atis* very pleaſantly, whether after you have reconciled *Cleander* and me, it muſt not be his Office to reconcile us; for you have railed ſo bitterly againſt my Weakneſs, that I know not how I ſhould take it. Your Reaſon is now at too much Liberty, anſwered the Princeſs, to take Exceptions without a cauſe: but as for *Cleander*, ſince he is in Love, we had need be circumſpect how we ſpeak unto him; for I have heard ſay, that melancholy Lovers are ſooneſt angered. By that Mark, ſaid *Atis*, you came to know the Prince

Artiſilas

Arteſilas is in love with you. You are very apt to revenge, replied the Princeſs, to retort ſuch an angry Piece of Raillery unto ſo mild an Anſwer. *Atis* could not reply unto this, becauſe *Arteſilas* would have heard it, if he had; but ſince the *Genius* and Converſation of that Prince did not pleaſe him, and ſince his Viſit had already been very long, he went away, and carried *Cleander* with him, who was ſufficiently vexed to leave his Rival in that manner with his Miſtreſs: he was all the reſt of that Day with the Prince of *Lydia*, who treated him according to his wonted Affability and Freedom; but at Night, when he was at Liberty to confer and open himſelf unto me, I perceived by his Diſcourſe, that he was ſick of ſuch a Diſeaſe which nothing could cure but Death. Am I not moſt miſerable, ſaid he? for I did not deny to feign Affection unto *Anaxilea*, but only out of Fear, that the Princeſs whom I adored ſhould not think that I was really in Love with her: and by Conſequence could never imagine that I loved her ſelf; yet now I ſee that my Denial of the Prince *Atis* to do ſo, hath perſwaded the incomparable *Palmis* that I am really in Love with her, or elſe ſome other in the Court, as I was forced to confeſs; were ſhe not thus perſwaded, ſhe would not have been ſo pleaſant as ſhe was, but certainly if ſhe had any Suſpicion of the Truth, I ſhould have ſeen more Signs of Anger in her Eyes. It ſeems, ſaid I unto him, by your Diſcourſe you would have thought your ſelf happy in her Anger. *Cleander* made a Pauſe at this, and after a while conſulting with himſelf; I think, ſaid he unto me, that rather than I ſhould die, and leave her ignorant of my Love, I ſhould be contented to ſee her angry. That is a Favour, (replied I, and ſmiled) which you may eaſily obtain. Ah cruel Friend, ſaid he unto me, I ſtill find you more ignorant in Matters of Love. But ſince I muſt open all my Secrets unto you, know, that at one and the ſame time, I wiſh things which are quite contrary to one another; and that I no ſooner ſay I ſhould be contented to ſee her Angry, upon Condition ſhe were acquainted with my Love, but I repent of it, and had rather die than diſpleaſe her. But how were you able, replied I, to tell her that you were in Love? I know not that, replied he, but I know that I had no ſooner acknowledged it, but I wiſhed that I had not; for had ſhe apprehended my real Thoughts, I ſhould have ſeen her Eyes full of Indignation: yet to my Sorrow I ſaw ſhe thought me in Love, but never ſuſpected it was with her ſelf: ſo that I endured moſt miſerable Torment. Ask me not, *Soſicles*, what I would have her think, when I confeſs I am in Love with her, for I know not my ſelf; but I am ſure of this, that to be leſs than a King, and love the incomparable *Palmis*, is the greateſt Folly in the World: However, that I do not know ſo much as whether I am the Son of a Free-man, or no, yet I love her, and ſhall do eternally: and I cannot brook the Affection of the Prince *Arteſilas*.

This being the State of things, abundance of glorious and pleaſant Company came to *Sardis*; for the Prince *Abradates*, ſecond Son to the King of *Suſiana*, who then raigned, and Son unto a Siſter of *Cræſus*, whom that King had married, came thither; and at the ſame time alſo, the fair *Panthea*, Daughter unto the Prince of *Claſomenes*, a Tributary unto *Cræſus*, came to dwell in the Court of *Lydia*, with the Prince her Father: ſo that their Arrival revived all manner of Diverſions. There came unto *Sardis* alſo at that time a Brother of the King of *Phrygia*, named *Adraſtus*, who, as it was ſaid, had killed another of his Brothers againſt his Will, and deſired to be purged from that Crime by the Laws of that Country, which between the *Lydians* and *Grecians* is ſmall Difference. Since this Prince was admirably handſom, and of much Spirit; and ſince his Baniſhment was rather for a Misfortune than a Crime, *Cræſus* received him very well, and according to the Cuſtom of *Lydia*, he was purified in the Temple of *Jupiter*, and then appeared in the Court as a ſtrange Prince, whom every one did honour. *Cræſus* allowing him a Subſiſtance befitting his Quality, and promiſing to endeavour a Reconciliation between him and his Brother, the King of *Phrygia*. It may be ſaid of *Cræſus*, that he heaped up a greater Maſs of Treaſure together, than ever any did, and was more magnificent than any Prince upon Earth; being therein much different from the young Prince *Mexaris* his Brother, who was not leſs rich than he, but was more covetous than another of his Brothers, named *Antaleon*, was ambitious, or *Crœſus* liberal. The Court being then ſo glorious, as I have deſcribed, *Eſope* ſo famous for his ingenious Fables, which contained ſolid Morals in pleaſant Fictions, came thither alſo; and notwithſtanding the Uglineſs of his Face, and Deformity of his Compoſure, yet the Beauty of his Wit, and Greatneſs of his Soul, ſhined ſo at *Sardis*, that he was wonderous welcome: And that this renowned Town might have Men of all Qualities, *Solon*, ſo famous for his Laws, came thither alſo, who was entertained by *Crœſus* with all imaginable Honours: So that it may be ſaid, and rightly, that *Sardis* was never ſo full of illuſtrious Perſons as then; for every one that had any Excellence in Arts throughout all *Greece*, either came themſelves, or ſent their Works thither: ſo that which way ſoever one turned his Eye, he might ſee ſomething for his Inſtruction, and Diverſion. But though this Court was the moſt glorious in the World, yet *Cleander* was there the moſt unhappy Lover upon Earth: for though he was adored by all the Court, yet ſince the Princeſs *Palmis* was ignorant of his Love, and he durſt never acquaint her with it, he lived a Life extreamly melancholy: and whilſt the Prince *Atis*, *Antaleon*, *Mexaris*, *Abradates*, *Arteſilas*, and all the reſt of that illuſtrious Crew, were high in all Delights, ſolitary *Cleander* ſighed in Secret, and wore only Melancholy in his Eyes: The Prince *Merſiles*, by reaſon of his Imperfection, was alſo very reſerved and ſolitary: However, this Converſation did much delight the Princeſs, who not ſuſpecting *Cleander*'s Love to her, was only curious to learn with whom he was in Love: but with ſuch an odd kind of Curioſity (as I underſtood by my Couſin, who ſince did tell me) that not knowing any Reaſon for it, ſhe was really as fearful to know whom *Cleander* loved, as in Appearance ſhe deſired it: for this Couſin told me, that the Princeſs diſcourſing one Day with her concerning his Paſſion, and bidding her to enquire concerning it, ſhe began to reckon up all ſhe could think upon, who might in Likelihood be the Cauſe, and though ſhe named all the Beauties in the Court, yet ſhe could not find one who her Mind did think fit for it; ſo that this Couſin of mine, whoſe Name was *Cyleniſa*, and who was much in Favour with the Princeſs, began to laugh; Madam, ſaid ſhe, you would either have *Cleander* not in Love at all, or elſe you would have him fix his Affection much above or much below himſelf; for I named all the Ladies who in Reaſon are fit for him, conſidering the preſent Condition of his Fortune, to fix any thoughts upon. 'Tis very true, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, and bluſh'd, but I do not look out a Miſtreſs for *Cleander*, proportionable to his Quality, ſince he knows not what it is himſelf; nor ſutable to his Fortune, which is no more than very mean, but according to his Virtue and Merit, which is moſt extraordinary; and this is the Reaſon why I cannot gueſs who it is he loves, becauſe I cannot find any one amongſt all thoſe which you have named that is worthy of his Affection, and therefore I muſt needs conclude that he loves one that is below himſelf.

Thus, Madam, you ſee what Thoughts the Princeſs of *Lydia* had of *Cleander*, who yet was oftentimes much puzzled to find Anſwers unto her Queſtions: for when ſhe remembered that ſhe told him, he would diſcover who it was he loved, when his Miſtreſs and he fell out with one another, ſhe would always, when any Opportunities were offered, ask him, Whether he did not yet begin to be out of Favour with his Miſtreſs? and whether ere long he would be in an Humour to reveal his Secret? If I ſhould reveal it unto you, Madam, replied he one Day, doubtleſs I ſhould be out of Favour with her; but as long as I conceal it, I need not fear her Anger. How *Cleander*, replied the Princeſs, cannot I know your Paſſion, but you muſt be out of Favour with her? and cannot you tell it unto me, but ſhe muſt know it? No, Madam, anſwered he, I ſhould no ſooner confeſs what you deſire to know, but ſhe whom I love would know my Crime, by the Shame which ſhe would diſcover in my Eyes, and would moſt cruelly puniſh me for it. If it be ſo, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, then ſtay till you jar, and till you be out of any Fears to incenſe her.

Thus did the Princeſs before ſhe was aware give a handſom Opportunity unto *Cleander* to diſcover his Paſſion, had he been ſo bold as to have cloſed with it; yet he was extreamly afraid of the Disfavour of *Crœſus* upon an odd Reaſon. I think I have already told you, that *Solon* at his firſt coming unto *Sardis*, was bid very welcome by that Prince: But ſince it is the Cuſtom of all great Princes, to love that one ſhould commend their Magnificence, *Crœſus* having ſhewed *Solon* all his vaſt Treaſures, and the moſt prodigious Riches which his Houſe was adorned with, he asked him, Whether he had ſeen any in all his Voyages more happy than he was? Since *Solon* did not think true Felicity did conſiſt in ſuch things, like a Man of high Wiſdom, but a bad Flatterer, he anſwered, That he knew many more happy than he; and amongſt the reſt he named one *Tellus*, who winning a Battel, and dying for his Country, ſaid, *That none were happy before their Death.* *Crœſus* thought by this ſaying of *Solon*'s, that he preferred the Virtue of *Cleander* (who was become his great Favourite) before all the King of *Lydia*'s Riches; and that this Prince did enjoy in him a Treaſure which he was ignorant of, and which was to be valued much above all the Riches which he ſhewed him with ſo much delight. Since nothing does more incenſe the Spirits of Men, principally Kings, then to ſcorn what they eſteem, *Crœſus* could not endure this plain-dealing Sincerity of *Solon*, but the pleaſant and frolick Humour of *Eſope* did much better pleaſe him: ſo that this wiſe *Solon* went diſcontentedly from him. As *Cleander* had a moſt generous Soul, ſo he did endeavour to hide this Injury as much as he could, and by the Orders of the Princeſs her ſelf had an eſpecial Care of this *Athenian* Law-maker: He conducted him ſome thirty Furlongs out of *Sardis*, which Act of Civility did ſo much incenſe *Crœſus*, that he could not endure *Cleander* ſhould be ſo bold as to render any good Office unto the Man he frowned upon; and this trivial Buſineſs was like to have brought a great Change upon the Fortunes of *Cleander*; but yet the Prince *Atis*, and the Princeſs of *Lydia*, did ſo intercede, that they did procure his Reconciliation. In the mean while *A* *draſtus* became ſo deſperately in love with the Princeſs *Palmis*, that *Arteſilas* and *Cleander* themſelves could be no deeper wounded than he. *Atis* alſo renewed his old Love unto *Anaxilea*, in ſpite of his Reſolutions to the contrary: but it was after ſuch a manner, as that he made no Secret of it; and althoug *Crœſus* did not approve of his choice, yet he expreſſed a hundred publick Teſtimonies of his Paſſion to her. I think it was about this time that *Abradates* and *Mexaris* fell in love with *Panthea*, yet ſince that Buſineſs is not pertinent to the Story of the Princeſs *Palmis*, I ſhall omit the Relation of it, and only tell you that at the ſame time *Cleander* was moſt unhappy: Yet had he ſo much Conſolation in his Miſery, as to obſerve that the Princeſs of *Lydia* was very averſe againſt this new Rival: but yet he knew that the Prince *Atis* did encourage *Adraſtus* in his Thoughts of the Princeſs his Siſter: For ſince the King of *Phrygia* had no Children, and reſolved never to marry again, *Adraſtus* was in all Appearance to be King: So that conceiving this Marriage would be advantagious unto the Princeſs, he became his Advocate to perſwade her and *Crœſus* unto it: He preſſed the Buſineſs ſo very violently in Favour of the Prince *Adraſtus*, that ſince ſhe ſaw that all her Reaſons in excuſe of her Coldneſs to him, would not rid her of his Importunities, ſhe reſolved to employ that Power which *Cleander* had over the Mind of the Prince her Brother, being ſtill ignorant of the Intereſt which he had himſelf, and not knowing that he had already uſed his beſt Endeavours that way: She ſent then for *Cleander*, and cauſing him to come into her Cloſet, after ſhe had uſed a Complement or two unto him, to prepare his Conſent unto what ſhe ſhould deſire of him, and after he aſſured her ſhe might abſolutely diſpoſe of his very Life; What I ſhall deſire of you, ſaid ſhe unto him, is not perhaps ſo eaſy a Buſineſs as you imagine, ſince to ſatisfy my Deſires it is to reſiſt with all your Power the Will of a Prince whom you love very well, and who alſo loves you infinitely: Indeed you muſt perſwade the Prince my Brother from ſoliciting me ſo earneſtly in Behalf of the Prince *Adraſtus*, and that it is enough he protects him in this Court, without any further Importunities upon her: though I know well enough I have no Reaſon for my Averſion to him, ſince I know he is of an illuſtrious Extract; and ſhall in all Likelihood be a King: that he is handſom, and of a great Soul; that he teſtifies much Affection to me; that the King does not diſlike his Deſign; that the Prince *Atis* does aſſiſt him, and that my Soul is not engaged any other way: But yet for all this, I have ſo ſtrong an Averſion towards him, that being out of hopes to overcome it, nor ever intending to try, I conjure you by all that's dear unto you, to employ that perſwaſive Power which I know you have over my Brother, to prevent him from perſecuting me any further: ſince I never oppoſed his Affection unto *Anaxilea*, which was not very juſtly grounded; ſo, do you keep him from oppoſing my ſtrong Averſion to *Adraſtus*, which I do confeſs alſo, it is not well grounded neither. I leave you, Madam, to judg what Joy *Cleander* had, to underſtand from the Mouth of *Palmis* her ſelf, that ſhe hated one of his Rivals: But ſince he was deſirous to hear her expreſs as much againſt another, Madam, (ſaid he unto her with much Reverence) I find the Prince *Adraſtus* ſo unhappy in your Hate, that it were a kind of Cruelty not to pity him; yet I do intereſt my ſelf ſo much in any thing which concerns you, that I muſt needs tell you, there is nothing (without all Exceptions) which I will not do, to deliver you from his Importunities. But, Madam, if after your Goodneſs to command me any thing in your Service, it be permitted me to ſpeak ſincerely, I ſhall tell you, that one thing which moſt moves the Prince to protect *Adraſtus*, is his Hatred of *Arteſilas*; and he thinks he cannot do him a more ſenſible Diſpleaſure, than to be a cauſe that you ſhould prefer a *Phrygian* Prince before him. Therefore, Madam, (if I be not too preſumptuous in ſpeaking thus) it is your part, whilſt I tranſact with the Prince, to tranſact ſo with *Arteſilas*, that he be no Obſtacle to my obtaining what you deſire. I have already told you, replied the Princeſs, that my Affection is not engaged unto any: So that though there be not ſuch an Antipathy between me and *Arteſilas*, as there is between me and *Adraſtus*, yet ſince I am very indifferent towards him, it will be an eaſy matter for me to ſatisfy the Prince my Brother in that; provided he let me have the Freedom to be rigid towards *Adraſtus*, *Arteſilas* ſhall have no great Cauſe to commend me for Compliance with him. When *Cleander* heard the Princeſs expreſs her ſelf thus, he was ſo exceedingly tranſported with Joy, that I wonder he did not make her perceive his Love to her by the Delight which ſparkled in his Eyes. It is very true, this Joy did not continue long: for when he began to conſider that the Princeſs did not ſuſpect any thing of his Paſſion to her; and that by all Appearances he ſhould never be able to obtain from the Prince of *Lydia* what he deſired, his Melancholy did ſucceed his Joy: But yet his Certainty to know his Rivals were not loved, was ſuch an eſſential Cauſe of Satisfaction, that his Joys did overcome his Sorrows again; and he appeared before the Princeſs very well contented that he had dived ſo deep into her Soul. Yet ſometimes when he conſidered that the Foundation of his Joy was only becauſe the Princeſs was not in love with any, Oh Heavens, ſaid he, am I not out of my Wits to rejoyce at that I ought to lament? for is it poſſible ever to be happy, and not be loved? and is there any hopes of being loved, when ſhe that is loved does not ſo much as know it? It is true, I am aſſured that the Heart which I would be poſſeſſed of, is not enjoyed by any; yet I may be certain that it muſt never be enjoyed by me; ſo that which way ſoever I look, there is no hopes of any Contentation to be found: The greateſt Felicity that I can expect, is only to ſee my Rivals as miſerable as my ſelf. However, he began to be obedient unto the Princeſs; and ſince the Prince *Atis* was a Debtor unto him for his Life ever ſince the *Miſſean* Wars; and moreover, ſince he knew that the Prince was much pleaſed with his Diſcourſe, he uſed all his Ingenuity and Favour to diſſwade him from protecting *Adraſtus*, but yet all his perſwaſive Arguments could not bring it about: For beſides the Averſion which this Prince had unto *Arteſilas*, he had another predominate Motive to affect *Adraſtus*, which *Cleander* in the end diſcovered, which was, becauſe *Adraſtus* was he who had reconciled *Anaxilea* and him together. So that this Lady being deſirous to Gratify ſo good an Office, kept him ſtill in Favour with the Prince, ſo that all the Wit, Cunning and Credit which *Cleander* had with him, could not alter his ſetled Reſolution: he attempted to win *Anaxilea* unto his Deſign, but it was impoſſible, for ſhe had a ſecret Grudg to him in her Heart, becauſe he refuſed to Counterfeit a Love unto her, and ſo expoſed her Fortunes unto Danger; beſides, ſhe did conceive it to be a kind of Scorn of her, when he refuſed that Office. *Cleander* then being out of all Hopes to obtain any thing for either of them, was in a hundred Minds to quarrel with *Adraſtus*, and ſo rid the Princeſs of him by a way move Violent then ſhe deſired: but knowing ſhe would not approve of that Action, and that then he ſhould loſe her for ever, he reſtrained his Jealouſy and his Choller, and ſuffered an incredible Anguiſh of Mind.

Whilſt he was negotiating this Buſineſs, the Princeſs, according as it was reſolved betwixt them, did treat *Arteſilas* ſo roughly, that *Cleander* would have been infinitely well pleaſed at it, if the bad Succeſs of his Buſineſs had not cooled his Joys. However, it was fit he ſhould give her an Account of what he had done; and he went one morning with ſo many Signs of Sorrow in his Eyes, that ſhe knew what his Anſwers would be as ſoon as he came into her Chamber: I ſee *Cleander* (ſaid ſhe, and came near him, leſt her Women ſhould underſtand what was ſpoken) that the Prince my Brother prefers *Adraſtus* before my Quiet, or your Prayers, and will not alter his Opinion. I am even deſperate, Madam, replied he, that I am forced to tell you, I have Negotiated all in Vain; and then he made an exact Relation of what he had both done and ſaid to bring his Deſign about: But, Madam, ſaid he, *Adraſtus* perhaps has ſome Secret Enemy in Court, who would quickly Diſpatch him, if he were aſſured it would not diſpleaſe you. Oh! no, *Cleander*, ſaid the Princeſs, I would not have anothers Revenge include Mine; and they will extreamly Diſoblige me, if they attempt any Violent Act againſt that

Prince: Perhaps I ſhall find out a Way to Puniſh him for his Obſtinate Importunities without the need of any others help; and if what you tell me be true, that the Reaſon why the Prince protects *Adraſtus* is, becauſe he hates *Arteſilas*, I ſhall treat the Rival of the one, and the Enemy of the other, ſo well and kindly, that perhaps I ſhall divide the Troubles which they procure me amongſt themſelves. Oh, Madam (ſaid *Cleander*, and was amazed at this Anſwer) is it poſſible that the wiſeſt Princeſs in the World ſhould be revenged upon her Self, by wiſhing it upon another? For, Madam (ſaid he with a double Addition of extream Melancholy) did you not once do me the Honour to tell me, that *Arteſilas* was very Indifferent unto you? Yes, ſaid ſhe unto him, but it is better to chooſe where one is Indifferent, than where one Hates. In the name of the Gods, Madam, ſaid *Cleander* unto her, take up no ſuch Reſolution, which if I dare ſay it, will cauſe you to be cenſured for one that is Phantaſtical: for ſince all the Court has been a Witneſs of your Severity to *Arteſilas*, what will they Cenſure when they ſee you Change ſo ſuddenly? Certainly there is ſome Reaſon for what you ſay, replied ſhe, but I had rather be thought Light and Phantaſtical, then be continually perſecuted both by the Prince my Brother, and by *Adraſtus*: I do confeſs, *Cleander*, that this kind of Revenge is Phantaſtical, and that I do croſs my Self as much as others by it; but yet I know not what Courſe elſe to take. Madam (ſaid he, and interrupted her Speech, not being able to Conſent unto her Reſolution, of uſing *Arteſilas* kindly) allow me firſt ſome few Days to conſult whether I can contrive ſome better Expedients to do you Service. No, no, ſaid ſhe unto him, deceive not your Self and me; I have long ſince diſcovered, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, that you love *Arteſilas* no more than you do *Adraſtus*, therefore perhaps for your own particular Revenge you would not have me Revenge my Self this Way: But, *Cleander*, ſince you are very Generous, you muſt not do thus, but on the contrary you ought to prefer my Intereſt at this time before your own. Your Intereſt, Madam, replied he, ſhall ever be ten thouſand times dearer unto me then my own; but upon this Occaſion I dare tell you, that if you knew all the Evil which you do in Favouring *Arteſilas*, perhaps, I ſay, you would not do it. *Cleander* pronounced theſe words with ſo much confuſion in his Face, that the Princeſs was extreamly ſurprized; and ſince ſhe underſtood not the Sence of them, I cannot unriddle your Words, ſaid ſhe unto him, nor will I trouble my Self about it, therefore ſpeak more plainly, if you would have me underſtand you, or elſe ſpeak not at all, if you think it fit I ſhould not underſtand you. I think that it is the latter of theſe two which beſt becomes me, replied he, and without any Expoſition of thoſe words which ſlipped from me unawares, I ought to thank the Gods that you did not underſtand them. The Princeſs bluſhed at this Diſcourſe, and by the Diſorder which appeared in her Eyes, ſhe let him know, that ſhe began to underſtand his meaning. But ſince he feared ſhe would treat him Ill, if he gave her any time to deſcant upon his Words; Madam, ſaid he unto her, what is your Pleaſure I ſhould do to give you Satisfaction? That you tell me no more of any ſuch things as I neither do, nor ought to underſtand, replied ſhe; and that you keep within the Limits which I have preſcribed, in doing me that Office unto my Brother whenſoever Occaſion ſhall preſent it ſelf. I ſhall be moſt Obedient, Madam (anſwered he with a profound Reverence,) and then ſo many infallible Signs of his Paſſion appeared in his Face, that unleſs ſhe had no Eyes, it was impoſſible but ſhe muſt needs perceive it: and indeed ſhe did ſo clearly perceive it at that time, as ſhe could not ſufficiently wonder ſhe perceived it no ſooner: for when ſhe called to Mind all *Cleander*'s Actions, ſhe accuſed her Self of Stupidity, that ſhe could not ſee the only Reaſon why he denied the Prince *Atis* to counterfeit Love unto *Anaxilea*, was, becauſe he loved her. Afterwards when ſhe called to Mind, with what Joy he undertook to prejudice *Adraſtus*, and with what Sorrow he heard her ſay, ſhe would uſe *Arteſilas* kindly, ſhe was ſo fully perſwaded of the Truth, that *Cleander* could not wiſh ſhe ſhould know it better. Afterwards when ſhe remembred, how urgently ſhe preſſed him to tell her whether he was in Love, and with whom, ſhe accuſed her ſelf of Simplicity that ſhe did not underſtand the ſecret cauſe of his Paſſion: yet the great Inequality betwixt her Self, and him, made her ſometimes to doubt of it: For (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, as ſhe told my Couſin *Cyleniſa*, who afterwards told me) if I believe him in Love with me, then I muſt be offended at him; then muſt I deprive my Self of his Converſation and Sight, which I confeſs does infinitely pleaſe me, therefore I will not believe it, ſaid ſhe: but in an Inſtant, after a thouſand Paſſages coming into her Fancy, ſhe could not chuſe but believe it, and ſhe reſolved to receive thoſe Reſpects, which the Duty of *Cleander* obliged him to perform in ſuch a manner, that he ſhould never forget it: Yet conſidering after all this, that *Cleander* had ſpoken nothing which might juſtly incenſe her, ſhe thought that in Reſpect of her Honour, it were better not to let him know ſhe ſuſpected any thing of his Paſſion; ſo that ſhe reſolved to carry her Self towards him as formerly ſhe uſed.

Thus did the Buſineſs depend for ſome certain Days, during which time ſhe was affable enough unto *Arteſilas*, according to her Reſolution. But that ſhe might no longer doubt of *Cleander*'s Love, *Cyleniſa* came to her in her Cloſet, where ſhe was retired the better to hide that Melancholy which hung upon her Soul; and ſince ſhe ſaw as much blithneſs in the Eyes of this Woman, as ſhe her ſelf had diſpoſition unto Melancholy; What is it, *Cyleniſa*, ſaid ſhe unto her, which makes you ſo pleaſant? Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, ſuch an odd Accident has happened unto me this Day, that if I did not fear it would Anger you, I would relate it. Is it poſſible, ſaid the Princeſs unto her, that this odd Accident which would Anger me, can divert you? You ſhall judg, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, when you know it. The Princeſs, who uſed ſometimes to ſuffer *Cyleniſa* to relate what News ſhe heard, was pleaſed to hearken unto her, rather out of Cuſtom and Indulgence, then any Curioſity. Speak than, ſaid ſhe unto her, for I ſee you have ſo great a Deſire unto it, that it were pity to hinder you. Since you are pleaſed to give me leave, Madam, replied ſhe, be pleaſed to know, that one of my Companions being Sick, and kept her Chamber, I went one afternoon unto her, where I found divers with her, and amongſt the reſt *Eſop:* as ſoon as I came in, You became the Subject of our Diſcourſe; for you are not Ignorant, Madam, that the Love of *Adraſtus*, and *Arteſilas*, makes a great noiſe in the Court: and ſince theſe two Princes have both of them many Partakers, a hundred thouſand Arguments aud Conteſts do ariſe thereupon, eſpecially ſince they perceive you treat *Arteſilas* with more Affability than before you uſed: ſo that this Diſcourſe went on, ſome ſaid the Protection of the Prince *Atis* would have a Croſſing Influence upon *Arteſilas:* others were of a contrary Opinion, and ſaid, your own Choice would be the Deſtiny of thoſe two Lovers: ſome added, that the Quality of a Stranger would be an Obſtacle to *Adraſtus*; others, that the being a Subject unto *Crœſus* would choak the Deſign of *Arteſilas*. Indeed every one had his Vie, and vented his Opinion, divining the Succeſs of theſe two Princes, and their Deſigns. During all this long Diſpute; *Eſop* leaned upon the Table cloſe by me, and ſaid nothing, but had an Ear unto what every one ſpoke, and a certain kind of ſubtile Smile in his Face, which moved a Belief that he ſpoke not ſo much as he thought; ſo that I turning towards him, How comes it to paſs, ſaid I unto him ſmiling, that *Eſop* who can make the moſt ſalvage Beaſts ſpeak ſo well, will not himſelf ſpeak upon this Occaſion? He, I ſay, who is the moſt ſociable and pleaſant Companion of all Men living? This flattery, *Cyleniſa*, ſaid he unto me in a low Voice, deſerves that I tell you, after my manner, a Truth concerning the Subject now in Diſcourſe: for if I be not very much Miſtaken, all your Opinions are beſides the Mark. In ſaying ſo, he took a piece of Paper, and after a little Study, where he leaned upon the Table, he writ ſomething, and gave it unto me, which I have brought you to reade. The

Princeſs then taking the Paper which *Cyleniſa* preſented unto her, read theſe words.

The Fable of Eſop.

T*WO Hunters were told, there was a white Hind in a Wood: they both went out to Catch her with all their Nets, Dogs, Swords, and Darts, but making over-great a Noiſe, they frighted her away, and forced her to flie: and in her Flight ſhe ſtumbled upon a young Shepherd who was aſleep, whom ſhe wounded before ſhe was aware. The Shepherd awaked, and purſued her with his Staff, but much better than the Reſt, for he followed her by-paths more cloſe and covert: We ſhall one Day know whether he has taken her. But for my part* Cyleniſa *I wiſh he may, and hope he will.*

As ſoon as the Princeſs had read the Letter, ſhe bluſhed, and looked upon *Cyleniſa:* Well *Cyleniſa,* ſaid ſhe unto her, what do you underſtand by this Fable? and what did he mean by it who compoſed it? Madam, replied ſhe, I had no ſooner read it, but all the Company was deſirous to know what it was, with ſuch earneſtneſs as every one uſed to have for any thing that came from *Eſop:* but he told them it was for me alone he writ it; ſo that ſeeing he was abſolutely reſolved not to ſhew it, they were quiet: and I began to read what now I ſhew you: After I had read it, I confeſs, ſaid I unto him, that the beginning of this Fable is very pleaſant, and eaſy to be underſtood; for I conceive the white Hind does repreſent the Princeſs, and the two Hunters, *Adraſtus* and *Arteſilas*; that the Nets and Dogs, and the Swords and Darts, and alſo the great noiſe, does ſignify the Actions of thoſe two Princes, who with all their Ingenuity, Policy, Force, and Magnificence, endeavour to obtain their Deſires; yet doubtleſs they are very ſtupid: I underſtand alſo, by the Hind which flies away, you mean the Princeſs will not be taken by thoſe two Hunters who court her. But as for this young Shepherd who was aſleep, whom the Hind wounded before ſhe was aware, and who followed her with the reſt, but, as you ſay, much better then they, I do confeſs, I know not whom you mean. But you do know him very well, ſaid he, and ſmiled. Upon this the Prince *Myrſiles* came in. *Eſop* no ſooner ſaw him, but he would needs take the Paper from me: but I was ſo reſolved to ſhew it unto you, that I would by no means part with it. The Prince *Myrſiles*, who obſerved the Action of *Eſop*, and who imagined it to be ſome freſh Production of his Wit, came towards me, and making me to underſtand by his Ordinary Signs, he ſeemed very deſirous to ſee it; and notwithſtanding all the diſſwaſions of *Eſop*, I gave it unto this Prince, who ſmilingly did read it to the end, and teſtified by the Action of his Head, that he thought it very pleaſant. Well, Sir, ſaid I unto him, it ſeems you do underſtand all this Fable, whereas I underſtand only the beginning of it, I beſeech you help out my Dulneſs to interpret it: I had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the Prince *Myrſiles*, who you know uſed always to carry an Inkhorn about him, the better to expreſs himſelf unto thoſe who were not accuſtomed unto the Language of his Eyes and Hands, did take the Paper; and juſt in the place where he found theſe words, *But in flying ſhe ſtumbled upon a young Shepherd*; he writ under theſe words, *named Cleander:* and as ſoon as he had ſhewed it unto me, he blotted it out again, as you may yet obſerve, if you will be pleaſed to look upon it. I do confeſs, Madam, that I was amazed, to ſee that *Eſop* who was a meer Stranger, and a Prince who could not ſpeak, ſhould tell me Court-news. For indeed, Madam, ſaid *Cyleniſa* and ſmiled, if I be not much miſtaken, this Fable does comprehend that Truth. I ſee you are eaſy to be perſwaded, ſaid the Princeſs unto her, ſince a Man whoſe profeſſion is to tell Lies, and another who cannot be very well inſtructed with News, can in ſo ſhort a time perſwade you of a thing which is never like to be. The Princeſs *Palmis* ſpoke this ſo faintly, that *Cyleniſa* knew ſome Angry thoughts did trouble her; and ſince the Princeſs did always love her: Madam, ſaid ſhe, I am afraid I have committed a Fault in troubling you with

Trifles and Follies, at a time when perhaps you had more Serious Matters of Importance in your Mind: but the Honour which you have often done me, in truſting me with your moſt Secret Thoughts, made me believe you were not very Serious, ſince I knew it not. The Princeſs, who was ſo full of Diſquiet Thoughts, that her Heart could not contain them, reſolved to make *Cyleniſa*, her Cabinet confident: ſo that ſhe acquainted her with all her thoughts concerning *Cleander*'s Paſſion. However, ſaid ſhe, ſince I do eſteem him very much, and ſince I believe in reſpect of my Honour, he would not have me know his Folly, I am reſolved to live with him as I uſed to do, and as I have already begun: But yet for all this which I have told you, *Cyleniſa*, there is ſomething more to be conſidered; for ſince Strangers and Dumb Men can perceive it, many others will ſhortly do the like, therefore it is good to begin in time to carry my Self ſo, as there ſhall be no Suſpicion that I contribute any thing unto the Extravagancies of *Cleander*, if it come to be known. Madam (ſaid *Cyleniſa*, after a little time of conſideration) I do leſs wonder then I did before, that the Prince *Myrſiles* and *Eſop* ſhould ſooner diſcover things than other Men; for beſides that both of them are more Ingenious than others are, they have alſo more Leiſure to obſerve the Actions of others; one as a Stranger, who has nothing elſe to do in the place where he is, and the other nothing elſe but to hearken and obſerve. However, *Cyleniſa*, ſaid the Princeſs, they do know it, and they can make others know it alſo; beſides, how can I know but that *Eſop* compoſed this Fable by the Appointment of *Cleander*, who I know has ſent him many Preſents. This cannot be, replied *Cyleniſa*, for he could not gueſs when he came into the Company, what things would be diſcourſed upon, which would give him ſuch a Subject to work upon as this. Moreover, Madam, you ſee this Fable is not Hiſtorical, ſince he ſpeaks towards the end of it, as if he knew perfectly that *Cleander* ſhould one Day win your Heart from *Adraſtus* and *Arteſilas*. That's it which affrights me, *Cyleniſa*, and offends me both, replied ſhe, for truly I find *Eſop* very bold in daring to think this of a Man whoſe Quality he knows not; And I alſo find him very Incomprehenſible, ſaid ſhe, and bluſhed, to ſee he ſhould penetrate ſo into the Bottom of my Heart, as to know that if *Cleander*'s Condition were the ſame that *Adraſtus* and *Arteſilas* is, he ſhould perhaps make his Fable as true at the end of it, as the beginning is: but ſince it is not, I muſt deceive *Eſop*; make the Prince *Myrſiles* change his Opinion, and Cure *Cleander*, if it be poſſible. The laſt of theſe will be the moſt Difficult, replied *Cyleniſa*. I do not think it, ſaid the Princeſs, ſince *Cleander* has a reaſonable Soul. He ſhould not be in Love, if he had ſo, replied *Cyleniſa*. But from whence comes it, ſaid the Princeſs to her, that you are ſo much perſwaded of the greatneſs of *Cleander*'s Paſſion: you, I ſay, who within this Day did not ſo much as ſuſpect it. The reaſon is, Madam, anſwered ſhe, becauſe I could never apply my Obſervations until now; but now, when I call to mind a hundred things which he hath ſpoke unto me, and as many other things which I have ſeen him do, I think that I was then blind in not ſeeing the Cauſe. I remember one Night, when my Companions and I moved *Eſop* to relate unto us his Love of that Beauty which was called *Rhodopha*, who was with the Philoſopher *Zanthus*, at the time when he dwelt there alſo, *Cleander* who was preſent at that Relation after it was ended, and every one commended him. For my part, ſaid ſhe unto him, I think you ſo Happy to have worn the Fetters of the fair *Rodopha*, that I could Envy you: for certainly it is a great Miſery unto thoſe in Love, when they muſt lift up their Eyes too high, when they look upon her they adore; and doubtleſs it is an infinite Happineſs to meet the Party loved upon equal Terms, and where his Services may be valued when they are rendred unto the Party adored: I do confeſs, that then I hearkened unto this Diſcourſe, and took no notice of it: but now I know the hidden Myſtery of it, and can apply it. I remember again, one Day when the Princeſs *Claſomina* came to *Sardis*, one Day I ſay, when you were ſo admirably dreſſed, and when all the Eyes in the Court were dazled at your luſter, *Cleander* was very pleaſant with my Companions and my Self, who were ſpeaking of your Beauty, and we told him that it was a great Happineſs for all Men of his Rank, and for all Beauties who ſe aims were to conquer Hearts, that your Quality was ſo much above them, as you would not hinder them in Captivating Lovers, and cauſing them to break their Chains to aſſume yours: and why *Cyleniſa*, ſaid he unto me, do you think there is none but Kings and Princes have Eyes to admire what is fair, and that have Hearts to love them? I ſay not ſo, replied I unto him; but I ſay, that ſince the Daughters of Kings muſt not look upon other Hearts than thoſe of Kings; none will preſume to offer theirs that are not ſo. Beauty, ſaid he, makes Subjects of all Conditions; and as the fair *Anaxilea* has made the Son of her Sovereign a Slave; ſo Queens may make their Subjects their Adorers. I do confeſs, that I heard *Cleander* then ſpeak, as one that only helped on with Diſcourſe; but now I call to mind the Air in which he expreſſed himſelf; and now I ſee his Paſſion, not only in his Eyes, but in his Heart. I am very Angry, ſaid the Princeſs; and ſhe ſpoke this after ſuch a manner, as to let *Cyleniſa* know, that if there were none but ſhe who could perceive it, and that *Cleander* would not ſuſpect ſhe had any knowledg of it, perhaps ſhe would not have been incenſed againſt him: But ſince the Prince *Myrſiles*, *Eſop*, and *Cyleniſa* knew it, ſhe could not endure it, but reſolved to treat *Cleander* very ſeverely, though ſhe eſteemed him very much, and though doubtleſs ſhe did already love him more than ſhe thought ſhe did. In the mean while, *Cleander*, who yet knew not what the Princeſs *Palmis* had determined againſt him, though it grieved him to ſee *Arteſilas* more kindly treated than Ordinary, yet he had ſome minutes of Conſolation, to ſee that after he was ſo bold as to tell her what he did, yet ſhe did not treat him worſe than uſual: for though ſhe feigned not to underſtand the Ambiguity of his Words, yet ſhe was not deceived; and he thought many times he diſcovered in the Eyes of the Princeſs, that ſhe did perfectly underſtand him:

but he enjoyed this Conſolation not long; becauſe ſince ſhe knew the Thoughts of the Prince *Myrſiles*, and *Eſope*, ſhe changed her way of Behaviour towards him, and lived with him, in much more coldneſs, and reſerved than before; but yet ſhe could never bring her ſelf to that rigid ſeverity which ſhe reſolved upon: however, as mild as ſhe was, *Cleander* did ſo reſent it, that he thought he ſhould have died with Sorrow: Mean while, *Adraſtus* having ſtill the Prince of *Lydia*'s Protection, and alſo gained the conſent of *Craeſus*; the Marriage between the Princeſs and him, was talked on, as a thing almoſt abſolutely done; it was not openly reported, but every one whiſpered it in the Ear. Indeed it might be ſaid, that it was one of thoſe publick Secrets which are often in Court, whereof every one makes a myſtery, yet none are ignorant of it; ſo that *Cleander* and *Arteſilas* were not a little puzled as well as the Princeſs, who could not by any means reſolve upon this Marriage. During which time *Cyleniſa* did often ask *Eſope* in raillery, whether he thought ſtill the Shepherd would take the Hind? I know not well yet whether he will catch her or no, anſwered he, but I know very well the Hunters never will. Things ſtanding upon theſe Terms, and *Craeſus* loving the Prince *Atis* ſo very well, that he did not ſo much oppoſe his Marriage with *Anaxilea*, many prodigious Signs did appear, which ſignified that this young Prince ſhould die by a Dart. *Craeſus* alſo had a dream, which paſſed for an Apparition amongſt thoſe who profeſſed knowledg in ſuch things, which ſhewed him the Body of his Son dead, and run through with the point of a Javelin, with ſo many other ſuch ſad and frighting Objects, that this great and wiſe Prince was aſtoniſhed at them; ſo that all the Court looked ſad upon the matter, yet the Soul of the Prince was not at all diſmayed, neither did it interrupt his Gallantry: Every one was buſy in divining which way this Diſaſter ſhould happen; for Peace flouriſhed throughout all the Kingdom, and the Prince was hated by none. Thoſe who knew the ambitious humour of *Antaleon*, Brother of *Craeſus*, did apprehend ſome cloſe Conſpiracy, and for many Days nothing elſe was ſpoken of but theſe diſaſterous Predictions : *Cræſus* cauſed all the Arms, Darts, Spears, Javelins, to be taken out of his Palace; and he was as vigilant as many Men are, who by their own Prudence think to prevent the predeſtinate Will of the Gods; he forgot nothing with which he thought fit to preſerve the Prince his Son, whom he looked upon as his only Succeſſor, making no account of the Prince *Myrſiles*, becauſe of his Imperfection. A long time paſſed on, and no Misfortune befel the Prince *Atis*, ſo that all Cogitations of Danger were huſht, except the Mind of *Cræſus*, who was ſo extreamly poſſeſſed with Apprehenſions of fear, that he began to think of marrying his Son immediately. But the grand difficulty was to chuſe a Wife, for none but *Anaxilea* would pleaſe him, and *Cræſus* would have choſe another. Yet notwithſtanding the Prince *Adraſtus* began to ſtagger a little in his Mind: My Father did him very great Service at the requeſt of *Cleander*, who thought it would be advantageous unto him, to give an Example of unequal Alliance; to leſſen the value that was ſet upon *Adraſtus*, and to ſatisfy the Prince *Atis*.

In concluſion, Sir, this Marriage was ſolemnized with much magnificence, but not with much Joy unto any, except the two Lovers, and *Adraſtus* : *Cræſus* did but give half a conſent; The Princeſs *Palmis* was much unſatisfied to ſee the Daughter of an Inferior to ſit above her: *Artaleon* and *Mexaris* who ſhould not have been very glad that this Prince had married a Queen, could not be glad to ſee him marry his Subject: *Arteſilas* and *Cleander*, who conceived this Marriage would authorize *Adraſtus*, were angry at it, for *Cleander* did but ſerve him out of cunning, and becauſe he could not help it : The Prince *Myrſiles* was ever melancholy for his own Misfortune, ſo that a far more illuſtrious Alliance than this could not rejoice him. *Abradates* only and the Princeſs of *Claſomenes* were abſolutely unconcerned, and took no part, only as Lovers of the Princeſs *Palmis*. But *Cleander* was he who had greateſt cauſe of Sorrow, for it was talked aloud, that the Marriage of *Adraſtus* would preſently be ſolemnized

zed. About four or five Days after the Marriage of *Anaxilea*, the *Miſſians* ſent to advertiſe *Cræſus*, that they had in their Country about the Mountain *Olimpus*, a Boar of an extraordinary and prodigious Greatneſs, which waſted all their Corn, and made their Fields even deſolate, beſeeching the King to ſend ſome couragious Men, with all fit Accoutrements for the Chaſe, to deliver them from this terrible Animal, which might paſs rather for a fearful Monſter, than a Boar: *Cræſus* conſented to their deſires, but as he was ſpeaking unto his Officers about it, the Prince *Atis* who heard of the Buſineſs, came in; *Adraſtus*, *Arteſilas*, *Abradates*, *Cleander*, and many others followed him; *Atis* told the King his Father, that he intended to be at the Chaſe: *Cræſus*, who ſtill was poſſeſſed with his old Fears, did oppoſe againſt his Deſign with much obſtinacy; but ſince the Prince could not endure to paſs in the Opinion of his People, for one that never would hazard himſelf in any Dangers, was reſolute, and would needs go. Yet he had hardly prevailed with *Cræſus*, had he not bethought of one way which convinced him. You ſay Sir, ſaid he, my Death is threatned with an Arrow, but I go not unto a place where any will be thrown at me: Had the prediction been, I ſhould have been pulled in Pieces by a wild Beaſt, then you had reaſon to prevent my going unto the Chaſe: but ſince it is not, what cauſe of Fears have you? The Prince *Adraſtus*, ſaid he, and ſmiled, will not kill me, no more *Artiſilas*, *Abradates*, or *Cleander*; ſo that ſince there is none to fight againſt but a wild Beaſt which throws no Darts, nor has any Arms, but what nature gave him; Me thinks, Sir, you ſhould not command me that thing, which would be obeyed, but againſt my Will: What will your Subjects ſay, Sir, when they ſee, I dare not go unto a poor hunting? Can they ever think I dare fight and win Battels, when I dare not ſo much as fight with a poor *Animal?* At the laſt, Madam, *Cræſus* did conſent; and every one prepared for this Chaſe: But when the Prince was ready to depart, the King took *Adraſtus* aſide, and told him, that ſince the Prince his Son was his Protector, ſo he deſired him to be his upon this Occaſion. Sir, (ſaid *Adraſtus* to him, extreamly rejoicing at this confidence which *Crœſus* put in him) if I do not ſafely bring back the Prince, and victorious, deny me all the Favours that ever I ſhall ask, or can hope for from you. After this, Madam, they went unto this Hunting, in the moſt magnificent Manner that ever was ſeen in *Lydia:* *Cleander* went to take his leave of the Princeſs *Palmis*, but there was ſo much Company preſent, that the adieu was not private, nor any thing paſſed which was obſervable; The Prince *Myrſiles*, and *Meaxaris* alſo, went unto this Hunting: and as *Eſope* ſaw them depart, *Cyleniſa* asked him again, whether the Shepherd was amongſt the Hunters? Yes, ſaid he unto her, but they go not to hunt the Hind, though it were much better for them they did. When this gallant Troop of Princes and Grandees, which deſerted the Court, came to the Mountain *Olimpus*, they began to be in queſt of this Boar, and when they had diſcovered his Den, they compaſſed him about on all ſides, and every one ſtrove to get the firſt blow at this terrible Beaſt, which by his monſtrous greatneſs did affright all Beholders; they came near him, and threw all their Darts: That which the Prince did throw did miſs the Beaſt, ſo likewiſe did the Darts of *Adraſtus*, *Meaxaris*, *Abradates*, and others, but *Cleander*'s Dart did hit him, and mortally wounded him; whilſt he was drawing his Sword againſt this wild Beaſt, *Adraſtus* being envious of *Cleander*'s Honour, and miſſing his aim at that time, did throw a ſecond Dart, which as all *Aſia* knows, pierced through the Heart of the Prince *Atis*, who had changed his place, ſince *Adraſtus* looked upon him: The fall of this Prince cauſed all thoſe who ſaw him to cry out; ſo that *Cleander* (who was buſy with the Boar, and by giving him a great blow in the Body, which made him fall, turned his Head, thinking the cry had been for joy of his Victory, but diſcerning better the doleful Tone of thoſe ſorrowful Voices, he left his fierce Enemy rowling in his own Blood, to go where the reſt of the Company were: But he was extreamly diſmayed to ſee the Prince *Atis* dead, and *Adraſtus* ſo furious and deſperate, that never Sorrow was ſeen comparable unto his; *Cleander* hearing it was *Adraſtus* which killed him, and being tranſported with Grief, went towards him with his Sword drawn; but ſeeing that all the reſt of the Princes, who were more intereſted in the loſs than he was, did pity him, he did pity him alſo; and indeed to ſpeak the truth, *Adraſtus* was in a Condition fitter to move Compaſſion than Choler; for I never in my Life ſaw one in a more ſad and lamentable Condition: he had ſuch a furious Sorrow in his Countenance, and ſo many ſigns of Deſpair in all his Words, that his pitiful Eſtate is neither expreſſible, nor imaginable: The truth is, Madam, he offered ſeveral times to kill himſelf, and they were compelled to take away his Sword, and watch him. They ſent to advertiſe *Crœſus* of the Accident, and we all followed the Coach which carried the Prince of *Lydia*'s Corps; never return from hunting was more ſad than this; nor never Accident more mournful and amazing. *Crœſus* was ſo grieved, no Man could be more; he called upon *Jupiter* the Expiator for help; He invoked the Gods of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality, whom *Adraſtus* had violated: he complained that ever he ſhould receive into his Court the Murtherer of his Son, thinking he had entertained a grateful gueſs: he invoked the God of Friendſhip, becauſe he met with his moſt mortal Enemy in him, to whom he truſted his Son, and to whom he would have married his Daughter: The Princeſs *Anaxilea*, and the Princeſs *Palmis*, were exeeeding grieved. In the mean time we brought the Corps of the *Lydian* Prince to *Sardis*: Then did *Crœſus* ſee it come into the Court of his Palace, the Man who killed him following, for he would never be out of ſight of it: At this ſight *Crœſus* reſented more ſorrow than can be told or thought: The Conditions of *Cleander* and *Adraſtus* were quite different, *Cleander* had killed the Boar which was the cauſe of the Hunting, and would have deſtroyed the Province: *Adraſtus* killed the Succeſſor of a great King, the Son of his Protector, and his Protector himſelf; and which was moſt diſmal of all, the Brother of that Princeſs whom he loved, and hoped ere long to have married : he had ſo much Sorrow, ſo much Rage, and ſo many ſeveral Confuſions in his Eyes, as I never ſaw the like : They would gladly have kept him from the ſight of *Cræſus*, but he eſcaped from them that would have reſtrained him, and ran to preſent himſelf unto the Prince, but in ſuch moving Language, that he melted the Hearts of his very Rivals ; he asked what Puniſhment he would appoint him ? he deſired him to pronounce that which was moſt rigorous, and conjured him to make haſte, and he ſpoke indeed as if he did really deſire Death ; he called upon the Name of the Princeſs amidſt his Complaints againſt himſelf, and without any Deſign at all to live, he ſaid as much as poſſible could be to move *Cræſus* not to pardon his Crime, which indeed was not a Crime, but a moſt ſad Misfortune, and worthy of pity ; *Cræſus* himſelf was moved unto Compaſſion, and like a great and generous Prince did pardon him, deſiring him only to leave him at liberty to lament his Misfortune.

Adraſtus then did leave him, and was conducted unto his Lodging, where they guarded him ; but the next Morning, he underſtanding that they would carry the Corps of the Prince *Atis* unto a ſtately Tomb, which *Aliate* had cauſed to be built upon the Banks of a Lake, called the Lake of *Giges*, he ſtole from his Guards the Night following, and run like a mad-Man to this magnificent Tomb, where he was no ſooner come, than he got up unto the top of a Pinacle which was amongſt the Statues, and fell from thence with open Arms upon the point of his Sword which he had taken with him, in the ſight of thoſe which followed him, who there overtook him juſt at break of Day. Thus puniſhing himſelf, he deſerved the Laments of all them who had greateſt cauſe to accuſe him for their Misfortunes. *Cræſus* conſidering his Royal Birth, his Repentance teſtified by his Blood, and his extraordinary Misfortune, cauſed his Corps to be laid in the ſtately Tomb with Prince *Atis*, with an inſcription ſuitable to ſo ſtrange an Adventure. After this fatal Accident, *Cleander* began to grow in favour with *Cræſus*, who looked upon him as the only Man who was fit to eſtabliſh the Scepter after his Death, in the Hands of the Prince *Myrſiles*. *Artaleon* oppoſed theſe Thoughts; for this ambitious Prince, in prejudice of his Nephew, pretended to the Crown. However, ſince there are no Sorrows ſo ſad but Time does cure them, or at the leaſt mitigate them, every one began to chear up himſelf for the Death of *Atis*; and *Cleander* having now no more Rivals, was ſomething leſs unhappy than before. Moreover, the Princeſs *Palmis*, having no Thoughts of revenge for her Brother the Prince *Atis*, or ſcorn for *Adraſtus*, began to treat *Arteſilas* as at firſt, that is to ſay, with much more rigor: but ſince ſhe had uſed much coldneſs towards *Cleander*, ſhe knew not what to think, or could ſhe contrive it handſomly how to bring her ſelf unto the ſame Terms with him; ſhe ſaw him ſo infinitely reſpective unto her, that ſhe could not in juſtice accuſe him; nor had any deſires of uſing him rigorouſly. In the mean while, the ſeveral Intereſts of *Crœſus* did beget him ſeveral Cauſes of War againſt the *Epheſians*, and he raiſed a puiſſant Army, whereof *Cleander* was Lieutenant-General: For ſince *Abradates* could not engage himſelf, not knowing when the King his Father would call him back, and ſince the Prince *Myrſiles*, by reaſon of his Imperfection, was not fit for that Employment, the illuſtrious *Cleander* had the Honour; the King for divers ſecret Reaſons of State, having no mind to employ either *Antaleon*, or *Mexaris*, or *Arteſilas*, who did extreamly murmur at it. But how great ſoever this Honour was, *Cleander* did but imperfectly enjoy it, when he conſidered that the Princeſs did not yet certainly know that he was in Love with her: or if ſhe did ſuſpect ſome ſuch thing, ſhe neither would nor could approve of it; he knew not well whether he ſhould dare to take ſo much boldneſs upon him, as to diſcover his Mind a little more plainly unto her; and he was very much unreſolved upon it, when *Eſope*, who loved him extreamly well, came to ſee him, and to ſhew him in private before he departed all the Story of the Court, which he had compoſed in Fables with Morals upon them; for though this Work was his Maſter-piece, yet he had ſhewed it unto very few, becauſe ſince it contained all the Privacies and Gallantries of the Court, he did not think it fit to expoſe it unto publick view : *Eſope* then being come to ſhew *Cleander* this pleaſant Work as eſteeming his Approbation above all the Court beſides ; after he had read over many ingenious Fables relating unto ſeveral paſſages, *Cleander* found that which *Eſope* had made for him ; and given in a Paper to *Cyleniſa* ; and ſince he underſtood it not, he asked the meaning of it : Sir, ſaid *Eſope* unto him, I do not think it difficult ; for ſome who come ſhort of your Wit, and who have not ſo much knowledg of the things it repreſents, have perfectly found out the Myſtery of it. *Cleander* became much more inquiſitive than before, and did ſo urge him to the Interpretation of it, that at the laſt he moved him to tell the true meaning of it, and all the paſſages ; yet he no ſooner knew it, but having no power to diſſemble his Thoughts, O *Eſope*, ſaid *Cleander*, what have you done ? I have done that, replied he, which perhaps you never durſt do. I do confeſs it (replied *Cleander*, who after he had recollected himſelf would have diſguiſed his Thoughts,) for I do not know ſo well as you, how to diſſemble a Truth, and I have no mind to tell a Lie : However *Eſope*, ſaid he, if *Cyleniſa* did believe you,and acquainted the Princeſs with your Error, into what a Condition have you brought me ? But, Sir, replied *Eſope*, if perhaps it be ſo, that you really are in love with the Princeſs *Palmis*, and did never acquaint her with it, nor ever would, what Condition were you then in ? was it not a happy turn for you, that *Eſope* was ſo bold as to diſcover that which you your ſelf never durſt ? No, replied *Cleander*, for ſuch a Man as I, who knows not what himſelf is, and who has nothing but what is in the Hands of Fortune, may very well ſuppoſe, that the Princeſs *Palmis* will think he cannot love her without a moſt manifeſt wrong unto her. Believe it, Sir, ſaid *Eſope* unto him, that one never wrongs a fair Lady in loving her, of what Quality ſoever ſhe be, and of what Quality ſoever he be that adores her, provided he goes no further than love her. But, anſwered *Clea-*

der, *Eſope* by his own Confeſſion did love one that was only a Slave. But, replied he, *Cleander* in loving a Princeſs, loves a fair Princeſs, and whoſoever is fair, Sir, is certainly one whoſe greateſt delight is to be thought and reſpected ſo: Yes, Sir, I will maintain, that a fair Queen does always prefer a Slave of her Beauty, before all her Subjects which birth only gave her; and a Conqueſt gotten by her Eyes, will be a hundred thouſand times more dear unto her than all the Victories ſhe can get with a hundred thouſand Men: therefore, Sir, though I have made *Cyleniſa* believe you were in love with the Princeſs of *Lydia*, and though ſhe hath perſwaded her of as much, yet I warrant you, you will never be worſe in her eſteem. Yet I perceived, ſaid *Cleander*, that about the ſame time you ſay you compoſed this Fable, the Princeſs did treat me with more coldneſs than ever ſhe did before. That is a ſign, anſwered *Eſope*, you are more in her Heart than ever you thought of; for if ſhe did not fear you, and if ſhe did not indeed fear her ſelf, ſhe would never fly from a Man whom ſhe eſteems very much. I pray think, Sir, ſaid he and ſmiled, that ſince I have taken ſo much pains to find out the Natures of Foxes, Tygers, Bears, and Lions, I am not altogether ignorant in the Phyſiognomies of fair Women, which are a million of times more delightful Objects than any wild Animals can be; and therefore be aſſured from me, that ſhe hates you not, and that my Fable will one day prove as true in the end as in the beginning of it. Though *Cleander* knew very well that *Eſope* was both wiſe and ſubtile, yet he never had power to confeſs unto him that he loved the Princeſs: He only deſired him not to ſhew this Fable unto any, nor to ſpeak any more of his Errors, leſt he ſhould perſwade others to believe them. As they were thus in diſcourſe, I came in; and as ſoon as *Eſope* was gone, *Cleander* acquainted me with all their Conference; and told me, that certainly he was the cauſe of the Princeſs being ſo reſerved and cold towards him; he was extreamly deſirous to know the truth; for though her coldneſs to him was an intolerable Torment, yet if he were once certain ſhe knew his

Paſſion, it would be ſome eaſe unto him; for yet he ſerved ſhe uſed neither any Incivility nor any Scorn him: So after he had well conſulted with himſelf; reſolved to go and take his leave of the Princeſs, at ſu a time as when few were with her, and to be cleared his doubts: He was ſo circumſpect to enquire the fitt opportunity, that indeed he found her alone: After th firſt Complements, which related only to his Voyage and after the Princeſs had recommended the Perſon the King, and the Perſon of *Myrſiles* unto his care Madam, ſaid he unto her, doubtleſs you will think moſt preſumptuouſly bold, in beſeeching you to hono me ſo far as to tell me, whether ever I committed a Fault againſt thoſe due Reſpects which I owe you, a which moved you to leſſen your obliging Goodneſ wherewith heretofore you were pleaſed to honour m withal. It plainly appears, replied ſhe, that I put abu dance of confidence in you, ſince I have recommende unto your care two Perſons whom I eſteem moſt dear all the World. Without all doubt, Madam, I am inf nitly obliged unto you for it, replied he; but Madam ſince I am perſwaded, that he who loſeth an ineſtimab Jewel, and never miſſeth or complaineth of his lo ſeems that he did very little eſteem it; and I thi you cannot in reaſon be offended, if I lament the Chang which I obſerved in my happineſs; yet in all my Co plaints and Lamentations, I do not accuſe you of a Injuſtice, but do moſt humbly beſeech you to tell m what Crime I have committed, which might merit th Misfortune? *Cleander* has ſo much Wit (replied ſhe, a both ſmiled and bluſht) that if he have committed Crime, doubtleſs it was with his own conſent, and b conſequence not eaſy for him to repent of it, or neceſſ ry to accuſe himſelf: But, ſaid ſhe, with a more ſer ous Countenance, I do not know that ever you did m any ill offices; and if you did obſerve any Alteration i my Humour, it was only ſince the Death of my Brothe when I could not have the ſame Diſpoſitions to a Joys, as before I might have. Madam, anſwered *Cl ander*, my Miſfortune did precede that of that unhapp

Prince. Then perhaps, replied ſhe, I had one Fault more than I knew of; and this may be added unto the Number of my others, that I am of an ill Humour. The Gods preſerve me, ſaid he, from accuſing the moſt accompliſhed Princeſs upon Earth, of the leaſt Imperfection. No, no, Madam, you do not, or will not underſtand me: for I do not accuſe you of any thing; but if you find me culpable, I conjure you to accuſe me, that I may repent and correct my ſelf, and that I may ask you Pardon for it. Truly *Cleander*, replied ſhe, I do not think there was ever any ſo earneſt and deſirous to be thought criminal, as you: but for your Satisfaction and mine both, take notice of one thing I pray you, which is, that if I do not tell a thing the firſt time that any one ask me, they ask me ever after in vain, for I will never tell it. Then Madam, anſwered he, ſhall I never know my Fault? Search in your own Heart for your Satisfaction, ſaid ſhe, and not in my Words: If you be innocent, reſt quiet, for I never do any Injuſtice; if you be not, repent and correct your ſelf, but however let us talk no more of it; and be aſſured, that whether you be innocent or culpable, I heartily wiſh you may bring back the King my Father victorious over his Enemies, and that your Honour may every Day grow greater. Since there never ſhall be any thing more dear unto me than to obey you, replied he, command me ſomething, I beſeech you, wherein I may do you Service. It is enough, anſwered ſhe, that I deſire you to have a care of the King my Father, and the Prince my Brother: if it be not, I conjure you further to have a Care of your own Perſon, and not to expoſe it unto too many Dangers, ſince it is ſo dear unto them. The Princeſs upon theſe Words roſe up, and *Cleander* was forced to leave her, not having any Power to ſpeak more plainly of his Love unto her: yet had he ſo much Conſolation from this Viſit, to know ſhe underſtood his Paſſion, and to find her much more affable than ordinary. He departed then with as violent Deſires to merit the Eſteem of this Princeſs by his high Actions, and to render his Life as glorious, as his Birth was obſcure, that it is no Wonder he performed ſuch gallant

thing

things in the *Epheſian* War. I ſhall not make a Relati
unto you, Madam, of all the Paſſages there; for all A
knows, that many Battels were fought, wherein *Clean*
had all the Glory: That afterwards he went to beſieg
Epheſus; and though the Inhabitants thought themſelv
moſt ſafe by a ſuperſtitious Ceremony of drawing a Li
from the old Town to the Temple of *Diana*, as putti
themſelves under her Protection, yet they were com
pelled to render themſelves, maugre the ſtout Reſiſtan
of a couragious Stranger who was in the Town. B
certainly, to relate things as really they were, the taki
of *Epheſus* was ſo particularly the Act of *Cleander*, th
Cræſus had no ſhare in the Honour of that Conqueſt; fo
he being faln ſick, it was *Cleander* who did all at th
Siege, which was one of the moſt memorable Acts th
has been heard of: *Arteſilas* neither had the good Fortu
to be there, becauſe he was much wounded at the fir
Battel which was given unto the Enemies: *Cleander* on
had the Glory of it all, whereof *Cræſus* himſelf ſent t
advertiſe his Daughter in a very advantagious manner fo
him: But as the time of keeping the Field was almoſt
an end, and as he was in hopes to return unto *Sardis*, t
reap the ſweet Fruits of his Victories in the favourab
Looks of the Princeſs, the *Miſſeans*, the *Dorians*, and th
Pamphilians did all confederate together againſt *Cræſ*
who reſolved to prevent them: He ſent then to the Ki
of *Phrygia* for Aid; but ſince he was engaged at that tim
with the King of *Pontus*, he denied him, ſo that he wa
forced to go upon his own Legs. But Madam, the Valou
of *Cleander* was become ſo terrible unto all theſe Peopl
that he ended this War as happily as the other, thoug
it was in the Winter time. Since *Cræſus* ſaw that Fo
tune ſmiled upon him, he would not ſtay there: bu
whilſt the King of *Phrygia* was buſy with the King of *Po*
tus, he entered at the Beginning of the Spring into th
Dominions of that Prince, preſently after thoſe two King
had loſt two Battels in one Day. So that the King o
Phrygia with his broken Troops was conſtrained to retur
for Defence of his own Kingdom, and leave that of hi
Allies. As this Prince was very gallant, *Cræſus* foun

great

greater Reſiſtance from him than he did before, and the Valour of *Cleander* did find a glorious Subject to work upon. Since *Phrygia* is not very full of Towns, almoſt all this War was performed in Skirmiſhes and Battels; but they were ſo frequent and ſo glorious for *Cleander*, that *Crœſus* could not chuſe but admire how extreamly he was obliged unto *Mineceus* and my Father, for giving him a Man of ſo heroick a Courage: The King of *Phrygia* did fight in Perſon with *Cleander*, who thought once to have killed him, but as he lifted up his Arm a Thought came into his Mind, which made him change his Blow, and turned it upon another next the King of *Phrygia*, whom he killed at that Blow, ſaying in himſelf, Perhaps I am born a Subject unto that King. In ſhort, Madam, after the King of *Phrygia* was forced to retreat into *Apamea*, and the Seaſon of the Year growing very bad, *Cleander*, after he had put his Troops into their Winter-Quarters, returned unto *Sardis*, after a compleat Year ſince he had been there: 'Tis true, Renown did ſpeak ſo high in his Behalf to the Princeſs *Palmis*, that ſhe could not forget him; yet ſhe would not admit of his Paſſion, and I know not whether or no ſhe had ſome kind of Fears that Abſence had changed his Heart. *Crœſus* was received with high Magnificence, and *Cleander* was looked upon as the Conqueror of many Nations, and in that Poſture wherein he came to *Sardis*, there was none could come in Competition with him, but every one eſteemed himſelf happy in his favourable Looks. But Madam, in the midſt of all theſe Triumphs, Love did triumph over the Heart of *Cleander*: And he was more terrified that Day he was to ſee the Princeſs, than he was in all the Days of Battel: for he went to fight in hopes to overcome, but he expoſed himſelf unto the Looks of his Princeſs in Certainty to be overcome, and in Uncertainty of being kindly treated. The firſt Addreſs unto her was in the Preſence of the King, who in Favour of *Cleander* told the Princeſs his Daughter, that ſhe ſhould regard him as the only Conqueror, and as the greateſt Stay of his Empire. *Cleander* anſwered unto this with much Modeſty, and the Princeſs did ſecond the King her Father with many obliging Civilities. But the next Morning *Cleander* went himſelf alone to wait upon her, and ſhe entertained him, neither with her former Freedom, nor her latter Coldneſs: As ſhe was grown more fair, ſo he more amorous; and as Victories does elevate Souls, and infuſe a kind of handſom Boldneſs, which is very much becoming if it be mixed with Modeſty, ſo *Cleander* was grown incomparably more amiable than ever he was; and on the contrary, *Arteſilas*, much leſs, for his Envy at *Cleander*'s Glory, did make him of ſo bad an Humour, that every one ſhunned him: ſo that he coming unto the Princeſs as *Cleander* was with her, ſhe did ſo palpably perceive the Difference between them, that ſhe could not chuſe at Night, in ſpeaking unto *Cyleniſa*, but wiſh, that *Cleander* had the Birth of *Arteſilas*, or that *Arteſilas* had all the good Qualities of *Cleander*. However, though ſhe ſaw he was infinitely honoured by all, and *Cræſus* eſteemed him exceedingly, the Prince *Myrſiles* loved him moſt tenderly, and thought he was adored by all the World, yet for all this he eſteemed himſelf very unhappy: for when he began to conſider, that he knew not who himſelf was; and that in all likelihood this Incertainty of his Birth would be an invincible Obſtacle unto an happy Succeſs in his Paſſion, he grew paſt all Conſolation, and all Additaments of Honour did rather increaſe than diminiſh his Sorrows. But, Madam, theſe great Favours upon *Cleander* eclipſing *Antaleon*, that ambitious Prince, who thirſted after the Crown, did ſecretly treat with *Arteſilas*, unto whom he promiſed the Princeſs *Palmis* his Neece in Marriage, if he would help him to kill *Cræſus* and the Prince *Myrſiles*. This Conſpiracy was ſo horrid, that I will not trouble you with a particular Relation of it: for when I conſider that a Brother would murther a Brother and a Nephew, and that a Lover ſhould embrew his Hands in the Blood of a Father unto his Miſtreſs, I apprehend ſuch Horrors, that I muſt needs paſs them over very ſlightly, and tell you, that *Eſope*, who was yet at *Sardis*, having ſmelt out this Conſpiracy, did acquaint *Cleander* with it, who went ſo prudently to work, that he did not only diſcover the whole Plot, but alſo quaſh it: *Antaleon* was forced to fly for Refuge to the *Phrygian* King, but he never reached ſo far, for in his going thither he fell down a *Precipice*, and ſo hurt himſelf, that within a few days after Death became his Sanctuary; for it ſeems the Gods would defer no longer the Puniſhment of ſo black a Crime. As for *Arteſilas*, nothing could be proved directly againſt him; and though afterwards it came to light that he was of the Conſpiracy, yet he ſtayed in the Court as if he had been innocent: 'Tis true he durſt not any louger ſhew himſelf openly as a Lover of the Princeſs, for if ſhe would have harkened unto any Profeſſions of Love, *Cleander* would have been near his Happineſs: For *Cræſus* thought himſelf ſo infinitely obliged unto him for this laſt Piece of Service, that he eſteemed all his Treaſures too mean a Recompence for it: The Prince *Myrſiles* for his part, being a Debtor unto him for his Life, thought him worthy of all things; ſo that though he knew *Cleander* was in love with the Princeſs his Siſter, yet he would never take any notice of it. In the mean while *Cleander*, not being able to live and not have Liberty to publiſh his Love to her who cauſed it, did lead a moſt melancholy Life; and the Princeſs alſo, not being able to forbear an Expreſſion of too high an Eſteem of *Cleander*, was extreamly troubled: For ſaid ſhe one Day to *Cyleniſa*, Though this Eſteem do me no other Hurt, but to hinder me from loving him whom my Father would have me marry, is not that too much? and ought I not to wiſh that I had never ſeen him? As I think, ſaid *Cyleniſa*, that would be an unjuſt Wiſh, and *Cleander* perhaps has more Reaſon than you, to wiſh he had never ſeen your Beauty. You know, Madam, that the King is his Debtor for many Victories, and you your ſelf do owe him for the Lives of two Princes who are moſt dear unto you; but as for him, I do not ſee that he is obliged unto you at all, for truly you uſe him very coldly, becauſe you are obliged to him; and you wiſh you had never ſeen him, becauſe he is very handſom and amiable; there is not much Reaſon or Juſtice in theſe Wiſhes. I believe, ſaid the Princeſs, and ſmiled, that *Eſope* has ſuborned you to help to make his Fable true. As *Cyleniſa* was about to anſwer, the Captain of the Guard unto *Cræſus*, who always loved *Antaleon* very well, though none perceived it, and who by that Conſequence had not over-much Love for *Cleander*, came to the Princeſs to tell her a Piece of News which he thought deſerved a Recompence, though perhaps it would not be pleaſing. Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beg your Pardon for coming to tell you a thing which doubtleſs will much trouble you, but ſince by knowing it in time you may perhaps find a Remedy, I therefore no ſooner knew it, but I came to acquaint you. The Princeſs thinking it to be ſome new Conſpiracy, thanked him for his Zeal unto her Service, and deſired him to ſpeak the Buſineſs. Madam, replied he, the Buſineſs is ſo ſtrange, that I dare hardly tell you, for truly I was told by an Officer of the King's Houſe as a very great Secret, that the King has a Deſign to marry you unto *Cleander*, to the end he may aſſiſt the Prince *Myrſiles*, to ſupport the Scepter after his Death: He ſeemed to be fearful you would not conſent unto it, becauſe the Original of *Cleander* was not known; this Refuſal of yours he ſaid would anger him very much, but he would never force you unto it. Therefore, Madam, conceiving you might prevent ſo great a Miſery by a couragious Reſiſtance, I came in all haſte to tell you what I knew concerning this ſtrange Deſign; for knowing your great Soul, as I do, I believed you would never conſent unto ſuch a thing as would be ſo diſhonourable unto you as this. The Princeſs *Palmis*, being extreamly ſurprized at this Man's Diſcourſe, and not knowing what to think of it, thanked him for his Zeal, and told him ſhe would ſee him recompenced: but ſhe conjured him to obſerve two things; the one, not to ſpeak unto any one whatſoever of this Buſineſs which he told her; the other, not to accuſtom thoſe who are under his charge, to dive into the Secrets of Kings, or at leaſt not to diſcover them; that in the mean time he might believe, ſhe would carry her ſelf in the Buſineſs, as Reaſon and Vertue required. Here Madam, may be admired the capricious Humour of Love, eſpecially in the Spirits of the wiſeſt Perſons. The Princeſs *Palmis* did infinitely eſteem *Cleander*, and perhaps did love him with Tenderneſs enough: Yet as ſoon as ſhe underſtood that *Crœſus* would have her marry him, the Obſcurity of his Original did ſo much trouble her Mind, that ſhe knew not what Reſolution to take: She would not have *Cleander* leave loving her, and yet ſhe would not have him tell her that he did love her; and ſhe could by no means conſent to marry one that was not known what he was; yet his Vertue is ſo tranſcendent and apparent, (would this Princeſs ſay) but his Birth is ſo obſcure, that he himſelf knows not what it is: For all that, Madam, (would *Cylenisa* ſay) you know he is worthy of all things; he is Owner of as many Virtues as the greateſt Prince upon Earth can wiſh to have; his Valour has ſet him above all the King your Father's Subjects; if all his Conqueſts were really his own, as all the Glory of them is, he would be one of the moſt puiſſant Princes in all *Aſia:* The firſt Kings, Madam, ſaid *Cyleniſa*, perhaps were not extracted from ſo good a Houſe as *Cleander*; for truly, I have heard ſay, he was found in a moſt rich Mantle, made of the pureſt Cloth of Gold; the Picture of his Mother and himſelf was ſet in a moſt magnificent Border, which are ſtrong Arguments his Original cannot be baſe. He may perhaps be born of Parents rich enough, replied the Princeſs, yet that is not enough to ſatisfy me: I know *Cyleniſa*, that Birth and Death is alike to all, both Kings and Subjects; and that the Vanity to boaſt of Predeceſſors, has but a bad Foundation; but yet for all that, this illuſtrious *Chimera*, which flatters up the Hearts of all Men, is ſo univerſally eſtabliſhed throughout all the Earth, that it is not contemptible. But yet, Madam, ſaid *Cyleniſa*, it muſt be confeſſed that Birth only is not very conſiderable; for if the Son of the greateſt King in the World were in love with you, and ſuppoſe he had all imaginable Faults, and not one good Quality, certainly you would never love him: All the Grandeur of his illuſtrious Grand-fathers, and all their Vertues, would not invite you to eſteem him. 'Tis very true, ſaid the Princeſs, I ſhould ſcorn him and hate him more than another who had not the ſame Vices, yet upon ſome Reaſon of State I could marry him; yet *Cleander* being ſo accompliſhed as he is, does doubtleſs merit my Eſteem, but yet being no

Prince

Prince, nor knowing ſo much as whether he be of a noble Race, I could not chuſe, according to the common Maxims of the World, but allow ſome Place in my Friendſhip, yet never ſhould have any Thoughts of marrying him. I know, Madam, ſaid *Cyleniſa*, that all the World thinks as you ſay; but you, Madam, who have a Soul above the vulgar Reach, and who can ſee things as really they are in themſelves, not as the Multitude look upon them, what do you think? may you not well imagine that *Cleander*'s Vertue and the King's Command will prevent all Blame, when you obey him without Reſiſtance? Ah *Cyleniſa*, ſaid ſhe unto her, what Queſtions do you ask me? and how do you think I ſhall anſwer you? My Heart and my Reaſon are at ſuch odds, that I need ſome time to conſider which of theſe two I ſhould ſatisfy; therefore for the preſent I cannot tell you which I ſhall chuſe, or what I ſhall do: for truly, *Cyleniſa*, I do not know my ſelf. This was the Conference between them; for though *Cyleniſa* did not make me her Confident concerning the Intereſts of her Miſtreſs, yet, being my Couſin, we were very friendly one to another; and ſhe bore a particular Affection unto *Cleander* for my ſake, becauſe ſhe knew that my Fortune and *Timocreon*'s did inſeparably depend upon his, and therefore he rendred in common between us both his Liberality, and his good Offices. *Cleander* alſo, though he knew it not, had a good Solicitor of her to the Princeſs *Palmis*, and her Advice was always in Advantage of *Cleander*, in ſo much as her Coldneſs towards him, which was his greateſt Torment, did inſenſibly leſſen, ſo that flattering up himſelf, by this happy change, the Cauſe whereof he was ignorant, his Hopes began to revive and comfort him; and preſently after, growing more bold in the Buſineſs, he rendred his Complements unto the Princeſs with leſs Circumſpection, tho ever with equal Reſpect: he viſited her very often, and talked to her with leſs Fear: yet I do not think that he would ever have been ſo bold, as openly to declare himſelf unto her, if the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, who at that time was only *Artamenes*, had not given him an Occaſion, and thus it was. *Cræſus*, knowing all the Paſſages of the *Pontean* *tion* and *Bithynian* War, and all the glorious Acts which the famous *Artamenes* did there, he had alſo a greater deſire to enquire of what Nation a Man of ſuch extraordinary Valour was. Thoſe who had this Commiſſion, told him, that it was not known; and further told him, how he cauſed the King of *Pontus* to be releaſed; and how the Princeſs *Mandana* was carried away by a Stranger called *Philadaſpes*, who was unknown as well as *Artamenes*, and who alſo was very gallant; adding further, that it was ſaid this *Philadaſpes* was Son unto the Queen of *Aſſyria*, and diſcovered by a Letter which he had written unto one of his Intelligencers; which Letter was intercepted. *Crœſus* told all this unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, as News which was ſomething pleaſant, ſpeaking unto her with much admiration of all the great Things done by the Illuſtrious *Artamenes*.

As ſoon as he was gone from the Princeſs, *Cleander* came in; and ſince her Mind was full with what the King had told her, ſhe began diſcourſe with him, and asked him many Particulars which ſhe had not asked the King, conceiving that he was preſent when all this News was told unto the King: For my part, ſaid ſhe, I wiſh this *Philadaſpes*, though he be ſaid to be the Son of a King, were puniſhed for the Violence he hath done; and I would have *Artamenes* (though it be not known what he is) recompenced for his Vertue. Methinks, Madam, ſaid *Cleander*, I ought to thank you for him, being unknown as he is, and I conceive this Conformity ought to intereſt me in what concerns him. His Condition (ſaid the Princeſs) is not equal with yours; for as I underſtand by the relation made unto the King, he knows where he was born, and you neither know where you were born, nor what you are. *Cleander* ſighed at this Diſcourſe of the Princeſs, who fearing ſhe had incenſed him, made haſte to ſpeak again. No, no, *Cleander*, ſaid ſhe, grieve not ſo much at your Misfortune; for though you do not know your Quality, yet all the World knows you deſerve the higheſt: And I wiſh to the Gods, for the Honour of our Houſe, that you were my Brother; and I am ſure the Prince *Myrſiles* will not be offended at my Wiſh; it would be moſt glorious and obliging for me. Madam, replied he, but for all that, Heavens forbid it ſhould be ſo, for I had rather be as I am, than be Brother unto the adorable *Palmis*. Do you know what you ſay? replied ſhe; and do you not fear to offend me? Yes, Madam, I do fear, and fear it much more than you have reaſon to do: But, [illegible], ſince I am reſolved to be ingenuous, I muſt needs confeſs unto you, that I had incomparably rather be all my Life a Slave unto the Divine *Palmis*, than to be her Brother, or to be the greateſt King upon Earth: Yes, Madam, I think thoſe Fetters, which enchain me, ſo ſweet and glorious, though heavy, that I would not change them for all the glittering Diadems of the Univerſe. *Cleander*, ſaid the Princeſs to him, it ſeems you know me no better than you do your ſelf; for if you knew who I am, you would not uſe ſuch Language. Pardon me, Madam, I beſeech you, replied he, I know you are the Daughter of a great King; that you are the faireſt Princeſs in the World, and the moſt vertuous; but I know alſo that I am the moſt miſerable Man upon Earth, becauſe I am the moſt amorous. If I did not think you were beſides your ſenſes, ſaid ſhe unto him, I ſhould treat you after another manner. No, Madam, ſaid he, do not deceive your ſelf, the Love which I have to you, permits me the uſe of my Reaſon, and my Senſes clearly, and I know moſt certainly that I ought to hope for nothing, nor do I ask any thing but a little compaſſion; for I dare not be ſo bold as to ask that which would be a Remedy unto my Miſery, but that only I ask which would comfort, not cure me. The King, my Father, ſaid the Princeſs unto him, is ſo much your Debtor, and I alſo, that I am reſolved not to argue againſt you, though in Reaſon I ought to do it: but let me tell you, in leſs Anger than I could, that if what you ſay be not true, though your Boldneſs deſerves, I ſhould forbid my ſelf ever ſpeaking with you again, yet I will forget your Crime, and pardon you; but if to your Misfortune there be any Truth in your Words, I ſhall not treat you ſo favourably. How, Madam, replied he, will you puniſh me more ſeverely for telling an inſolent Lie, than for telling you a moſt reſpective Truth? I ſhall do no more than that, anſwered ſhe, for I ſhall puniſh my ſelf for your Crime, though I am not acceſſary to it. Alas, Madam, replied he, if I am culpable, you have made me ſo; but in the Name of the Gods, Madam, do not condemn me upon ſo ſlight a ground: You have heretofore had ſo earneſt a deſire to know whether I was in Love, and whom I loved, when the Prince *Atis* told you, that I would not feign Affection unto *Anaxilea*; that I did not think it ſo great a Wrong to tell you the Truth once in my Life: Conſider, Madam, I cannot in juſtice be accuſed of what I now diſcover unto you; for can it be a Crime to be overcome by one who is able to overcome the whole Earth? You ought at the leaſt to hide your Defeat, replied the Princeſs. I hid it from all the World, replied he, knowing well that my Misfortune is ſo great, that it is a ſhame unto my Illuſtrious Conqueror: But for you, Madam, I do confeſs I had a very great deſire to diſcover it to you. But, Madam, if I can obtain ſo much from your Goodneſs, as to pardon me this firſt Crime, I will promiſe you to regulate my Life ſo for the future, as it ſhall pleaſe you, and to ſhut up the violence of my Love in my own Breaſt. Do ſo then, ſaid ſhe unto him, and be ſure, that not one of your Actions, Words, or Looks, may ever call into my Memory the Fault which you have committed this day: And I am reſolved to forget and forgive it, if you will do as I would have you, and as I ſhall appoint you. I ſhall do the utmoſt of my Endeavours to obey you, Madam, replied he; but in the Name of Heavens do not treat me as one that is Innocent, but as one that was Criminal, and you have pardoned him.

The Princeſs not being able to tolerate this Conference any longer, took her leave of *Cleander*, being not leſs incenſed againſt her ſelf than againſt him, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe had not ſpoken ſharp enough unto him: Since he does not know, ſaid ſhe, that the King has a Deſign in his Advantage, what will he think of me, for hearkning unto him with ſo few ſigns of Anger? And have I not ſome reaſon to fear that my over-indulgence has blotted out that Eſteem which he had of me? Yet, ſaid ſhe, and reprehended her ſelf, I being his Debtor for the King my Father's Life, and for my Brother's, it were not juſt to be ſo ſevere unto him as his Boldneſs deſerves: But indeed, ſaid ſhe further, whoſoever is *Cleander*'s Father, perhaps he may be of ſuch a quality, as would make me bluſh for ſhame, if I knew him, that he ſhould be ſo bold as to tell me he loved me, and I not baniſh him for ever: Ah, my Heart, cried ſhe, thou haſt betrayed me, for the truth is, I do love *Cleander* more than I thought, or ought to have done; but ſince it is ſo, I ought to learn, by my own Experience, that *Cleander* is not ſo much to blame; for ſince I cannot hate him when I would, he is excuſable, if he cannot leave loving me when I deſire him. Let him love me then, ſaid ſhe, ſo he love me in ſecret, and tell me no more of it: But yet, though ſhe was not well reconciled with her ſelf upon this Point, yet ſhe was ſo ingenuous as to confeſs ſo much unto *Cyleniſa*, unto whom ſhe related all her Thoughts when they were together. The truth is, Madam, the Illuſtrious *Cleander* did carry it ſo judiciouſly, and with ſo much reſpect and diſcretion to the Princeſs all that Winter, as indeed ſhe was conſtrained to let her Heart yield unto that innocent Paſſion which would needs command it; yet ſhe did not let it appear unto *Cleander*, but under notion of ſolid and ſincere Friendſhip; alway telling him, that it muſt be always carried ſo, becauſe there was an invincible Obſtacle unto his Happineſs: For (ſaid ſhe to him one day, after he had obtained a revocation of that cruel Sentence, to ſpeak no more of his Love) if you did meet with no other hinderances of your good Fortune, but becauſe I do not eſteem you; or, but becauſe I eſteem another more than you; or, becauſe I am inſenſible; time very well might alter all theſe: for I do ingenuouſly confeſs, that I find in your Perſon, and in your Mind, all that is requiſite to obtain my eſteem: You have rendred me an hundred thouſand Services in the Perſon of the King, and in my own; and ſeeing I am perſwaded you love me, my own Inclination is not to hate you; and every thing, except one only, contributes to faſten our Friendſhip: But, *Cleander*, after all theſe, all *Aſia* knows, that you know not who you are, and it were a Miracle if you ever ſhould; therefore we muſt engage no farther, but keep within the limits of Friendſhip; not that I eſteem you leſs, or think that your Original deſerves not to be high, but I do acknowledg unto you my Weakneſs: Since all the World is not of my mind, I can baniſh out of my Spirit ſome fears of being blamed, if it ſhould come to be known that I reſerve a private Room in my Heart, for one that is not known who he is: Therefore, *Cleander*, in regard unto my Honour, content your ſelf with my Friendſhip and Eſteem: Love me in the Secret of your Heart as much as you will, (ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd) but never expect any more from *Palmis* than Offices of Friendſhip. I find ſo much Reaſon in your Expreſſions, Madam, replied he, and ſo little Satisfaction to my ſelf, that I know not how to anſwer For as concerning my Original, Madam, I have no *Index*: to find it out, but only a moſt ſtrong perſwaſion that it is not baſe, becauſe I am ſo bold as to love you, and to love you without any manner of Scruple: Yes, Divine Princeſs, I find in my Soul ſuch a kind of noble Pride, as perſwades me that I may adore you, and do you no wrong: Yet ſince this Proof is only convincing unto my ſelf, I ask no more than what you are pleaſed to conſent unto; and as long as you do not forbid me loving you, I ſhall never complain: for, Madam, the eſteem which I have of your Merit is ſo great, that though I were the Son of a great King, I ſhould not think my ſelf worthy to ask your Affection but upon my Knee.

Things ſtanding upon theſe Terms, although the Princeſs did carry her ſelf towards *Cleander* with extream Reſervedneſs, yet talking with him ofner than uſual in private, and Love being of ſuch a nature as cannot be long hid, eſpecially where there is inequality between the Parties, *Arteſilas* began to perceive, that there was ſome alteration between them, and within a few days after he did not queſtion, but *Cleander* at the leaſt was in love with the Princeſs *Palmis*, ſince he himſelf was but courſly treated: Jealouſy did rouze up his Heart in a very violent manner: he kept the Buſineſs cloſe, becauſe he would firſt clear his Suſpitions: But after an obſerving Eye upon *Cleander*'s Actions, and aſſuring himſelf that he was his Rival, conceiving alſo that he was the only Cauſe of the

Princeſs her ſcorn upon him; he began to have a moſt ſtrong averſion to *Cleander*, and intended to put Affronts upon him, and to quarrel with him upon the firſt Occaſion: That which was a quicker ſpur unto his Deſign, was, becauſe he knew *Cleander* would e're long go to command the Army, and finiſh the *Phrygian* War: But how hot ſoever he was to quarrel, yet for ſome days he could not bring it about, becauſe *Cleander* was ſeldom with any but the King, or the Princeſs, unleſs ſometimes with the Princeſs of *Claſomena*. As he was one day coming from her, *Arteſilas* met him, and ſpeaking very coldly unto him, I have ſought you ſeveral days, ſaid he, but I could never meet you, unleſs with the King or Princeſs, in whoſe Preſence you are continually. Had I known your Intentions, (replied *Cleander* with the ſame boldneſs, though very civily) I ſhould have come to you to know your Pleaſure. Perhaps if you had known it, anſwered *Arteſilas*, you would have been ſo far from coming to me, that you would not have come to the Princeſs of *Claſomena*. Since I do not uſe to ſhun, either my Friends or my Enemies, anſwered *Cleander*, I know no reaſon you ſhould ſpeak in that manner unto me. I know leſs reaſon you have, replied *Arteſilas*, to carry your ſelf as you have done of late. Since I have ever followed the Rules of Reaſon, anſwered *Cleander*, I do not know how I have misbehaved my ſelf. When you came firſt unto *Sardis*, replied *Arteſilas*, it was not eaſy to foreſee that your frequent Viſits of the Princeſs would afterwards prejudice me, or that a Man of your Quality ſhould be ſo bold as to oppoſe ſuch a one as my ſelf. My Quality (replied *Cleander*, much incenſed) is indeed unknown to me; but I had rather be received by the Princeſs for my own Vertue, than for my Quality only, though it were higher than yours. You may do well to think of your own, replied *Arteſilas*, and let mine alone; if you do not, I ſhall find out ways to remember you; therefore let me find you no more with the Princeſs, if I do——How, Sir, ſaid *Cleander*, and interrupted him, force me not to lay aſide thoſe Reſpects which perhaps I ſhould have paid unto your Quality, and remember that Men of Courage cannot

not brook to be threatned by any but the Gods only. But you ſhall ſuffer the Threatnings of a Man, replied *Arteſilas*, and perhaps find ſuch Effects thereof as ſhall not pleaſe you, unleſs you correct your ſelf. Provided that our Swords be equal, replied *Cleander* fiercely, the inequality of our Conditions ſhall not hinder me from preventing you; but, Sir, do not prophane the Name of the Princeſs in ſuch an Occaſion, as ſhe ought not to be introduced: If you have any ſecret hatred to me, revenge your ſelf generouſly, and do me the honour to tell me, with your Sword in your Hand, whether it be Nature or Fortune which puts a difference between us. You ſhall know that preſently, replied *Arteſilas*, and drawing his Sword, (as well as a Servant that was with him); ſo that *Cleander* having his Servant with him alſo, the Fight was upon equal Numbers, though with unequal Succeſs; for *Cleander* being animated by his Love, by his Jealouſy, and by the angry Language of *Arteſilas*, did fight with ſuch Fury, that this Prince, as gallant as he was, had a hard task to reſiſt him; ſince *Cleander* feared, leſt ſome ſhould come in to part them, he dallied not; but driving Blow after Blow upon his Enemy, without any defending himſelf, he preſſed ſo hard upon him, that he loſt his Judgment, and could neither defend himſelf, nor aſſault his Foe: Not that *Arteſilas* wanted any Courage, but becauſe the miraculous Valour of *Cleander* ſurprized him, and put him into diſorder: He was wounded at the firſt in two places, without any touch upon *Cleander*; who after he had given him two other Wounds, he cloſed with him, threw him upon the Ground, and took away his Sword. Then after he had diſarmed him, Do you acknowledg, ſaid he, that you have ſome cauſe to think my Birth is not inferior unto yours? or do you not at the leaſt confeſs, that if there be any difference between us, it is Fortune only which made it? *Arteſilas* was ſo wounded, and aſhamed at his Defeat, that he had not power to anſwer. At the ſame time ſome Women which belonged to the Princeſs of *Claſomena*, ſpied them out of a Window at the beginning of the Combat, and ſent ſome Men to part them, but they came not in till all was done; *Cleander's* *der*'s Servant wounded the Servant of *Arteſilas*, whoſe Sword was broken. *Abradates* came in alſo, who cauſed the Prince *Arteſilas* to be carried unto his Houſe, and who went with *Cleander* unto his Lodging; not letting him go unto his own until he knew the Cauſe of the Combat, and how the King would receive the News; ſince *Craſus* loved *Cleander* very well, and never loved *Arteſilas* at all, it was no hard matter to perſwade him that *Arteſilas* was the Challenger; ſo that he ſeemed to be much incenſed againſt him for affronting one who was ſo dear and high in his eſteem. The Friends of *Arteſilas* did ſweeten the Matter, and told the King, that the Anſwers of *Cleander* did exaſperate him; and ſince neither of theſe two Rivals did name the Princeſs, ſome ſcornful words which *Arteſilas* ſpoke concerning the Birth of *Cleander*, paſſed for the Ground of the Quarrel.

In the mean while all the Court came to viſit him, excepting the Kindred of his Enemy, and ſome of them alſo forſook him, and offered themſelves unto *Cleander*, whom the Princeſs ſent privately to viſit and rejoice that he was not wounded, not knowing yet what was the Cauſe of the Combat, every one thinking that it was becauſe *Arteſilas* did treat him as an unknown Man from whence he had his Original: Nothing elſe was talked of; thoſe who had heard a hundred times how he was found, ſtill enquired and related it. The Princeſs her ſelf deſired my Father to make an exact Relation of it; How he ſaw him floating in a Boat with one Woman, ſhe could not ſteer it; how he ſent Sailors to ſuccour him; how he ſaw the Child in a Mantle made of Cloth of Gold; how ſhe who was with him was dumb; how ſhe held in her Hands a Picture, where this Child was repreſented, as *Cupid* is uſed to be drawn, and with him a fair Lady, which ſeemed to be his Mother by thoſe Verſes which were written underneath; and how this dumb Woman died. The Princes, who never durſt ask to ſee this Picture, did prevail with the Oppoſites to her Curioſity, and deſired *Timocreon* to ſend it unto her; which he did, and it was I who carried it, unknown to *Cleander*, for he ſtaid with *Abradates*, until ſuch time as it was known whether *Arteſilas* would recover of his Wounds, one of them being very dangerous. The Princeſs bluſh'd when ſhe took the Picture, not being able doubtleſs to receive the Picture of him ſhe loved without confuſion, though it was only the Picture of a Child, yet a Child pictur'd like a God: As ſhe was always uſed to admire all beautiful Things, ſo ſhe admired at this Picture, (which indeed was very admirable) and obſerved how *Cleander* ſtill retained a great reſemblance of what he was then; but ſhe was charmed with the Beauty of the Mother, whom ſhe Commended with leſs Scruple than ſhe could the Son; though ſhe could not commend the one without the other, becauſe there was a moſt perfect reſemblance: ſhe thought the Invention of the Picture and the Verſes very Pleaſant; and I obſerved, that ſhe looked upon the Magnificent Border of that Picture with much Delight, becauſe it was an infallible Teſtimony that the Birth of *Cleander* was not Mean: and always extreamly commending the Limner who drew this Picture, ſhe asked me, Whether *Timocreon* would truſt her with it for a few days, that ſhe might ſhew it unto ſome of her Friends? You may imagine, Madam, that I denied her not, and that it was not long before I acquainted *Cleander*, that the Princeſs deſired to keep his Picture: But he anſwered me, that he ſhould think himſelf much more happy if ſhe would give him hers, ſince the one was only a bare effect of her Curioſity, and the other would be an Argument of her Affection.

Whilſt things ſtood upon theſe Terms, News was brought that the King of *Phrygia* was drawing into the Field: So that *Cræſus* commanded *Cleander* to prepare himſelf for a March; which he did the very ſame Hour, ſending his Train before him; the King, by virtue of his Supream Authority, did reconcile *Arteſilas* and him the next Morning. At the ſame time, a *Phrygian* Man of good Quality, who was an Exile, came unto *Sardis* to treat concerning the Ranſom of a Priſoner of War; and ſince his Name was known, and that he was a Man of Spirit, *Cræſus* received him very well, and aſſured him, that if ever there was a Peace made between him and the

King of *Phrygia*, he would make his in particular w that Prince.

Thimettes (that was the *Phrygian*'s Name) had not be long at *Sardis*, but he went to preſent his Service unto t Princeſs: And coming to her one day when ſhe was in h Cloſet, whilſt they went to acquaint her he deſired to ſe her, he ſaw, upon the Table in her Chamber, this Picture o *Venus* and *Cupid* which I told you of before; yet he no ſooner ſaw it, but taking it up, he ſeemed to be extreamly ſurprized: He read the Verſes, he obſerved the Border, an looked upon it moſt preciſely; and having no power t leave it, he asked *Cyleniſa* who gave this Picture to the Princeſs? She, knowing it was not a thing to be made a Secret on, told him the whole Truth in few words; where he ſeemed much moved. But *Cyleniſa* imagining that hi Surprize was only at the Novelty of the Adventure, ſh made no Reflection upon it: *Thimettes* contenting himſel alſo with telling her, that this Picture deſerved to be carefully kept. When he was told the Princeſs was at leiſure, he went to ſee the Princeſs, but his Viſit was no long. As ſoon as he came out from her, he went unt *Cleander*, who was returned to his own Lodging ſince *Arteſilas* grew better, and ſince they were reconciled: Ye he could not go ſo ſoon as he intended, becauſe he me with a Man in the way, who acquainted him with grea News, as afterwards we came to know. But after his Buſineſs was done with this Man, he went to *Cleander*, who imagined that *Thimettes* came to viſit him only as the King's Favourite; and when he deſired to ſpeak with him in private, he ſuppoſed it was to ſpeak with him concerning his Intereſts with the King of *Phrygia*, knowing that he was the next day to go unto the Army. As ſoon as they were together in private, Sir, ſaid *Thimettes* unto him, I have ſuch ſtrange News to tell you, that I know not whether I ſhall be believed at the firſt, though I do aſſure you, that the Illuſtrious *Cleander*, as unknown as he is unto all the World, and to himſelf, is yet the Son of a great King. *Thimettes*, ſaid *Cleander*, (much amazed, and not daring to believe him) If I ſhould credit my own Heart, I ought to give credit unto your Words; but if I look upon all appearances, I muſt needs doubt of what you ſay. It is moſt certain though, replied *Thimettes*, that you are Son to the King of *Phrygia*, and as certain as I am his Subject. How, ſaid *Cleander*, am I Son to the King of *Phrygia* whom I fought with, and whom I am going to fight with again? Yes, Sir, anſwered he, you are ſo; and ſo certainly, that you ſhall not doubt of it, if you will but take the pains to hear me. Speak then, *Thimettes*, (ſaid *Cleander* haſtily) for you tell me ſuch welcome and ſuch ſtrange News all at once, that I cannot too ſoon know the Truth, and that I may know whether Joy or Sorrow be my Fate. Sir, replied, *Thimettes*, I cannot utter ſuch great things as I have to tell in few words; and the Crown which I bring you may well allow me a quarter of an Hours patience. Be pleaſed to know then, Sir, that the King, your Father, who reigns at this day, who whilſt the late King lived, was called the Prince *Artamus*, being deſperately in love with a Lady whoſe Name was *Elſimena*, who was of a Noble Blood, but not a Princeſs; and he uſed all his Endeavours to make his Affection acceptable: But ſince this Lady was as Vertuous as Fair, and yet as Fair and fairer than any in either High or Low *Phrygia*, ſhe refuſed the paſſionate Addreſſes of this Prince with much conſtancy, ever telling him, that as his Love was Vicious, ſo he ſhould find her Rigorous. I ſhall not relate unto you, Sir, all the particulars of this Love, only tell you, that the Prince *Tydeus*, Brother unto the King your Father, and unto the Prince *Adraſtus* who died in this Court, though then at that time a Child, was his Rival, and were obnoxious one unto another; and this Lady behaved her ſelf with ſo much prudence between them both, that her Wiſdom was admired by all the World: I had then the honour to be in favour with the Prince *Artamus*, and to be the Confident of his Paſſion. I happened one day to be with *Elſimena*, who was then at *Apamea*, when theſe two Rivals were both there, and when, without any diſſimulation of her Thoughts ſhe told them, that he whom ſhe would prefer, ſhould doubtleſs be him who gave her the beſt teſtimonies of a vertuous Paſſion; which they might have time enough to do, ſince both of them told her, that they could not marry her during the Life of the King their Father. However, ſince ſhe loved the Prince *Artamus*, better than ſhe did the Prince *Tydeus*, ſhe made a Vow to ſend Offerings unto *Delphos*, if it would pleaſe the Gods (whom they adore) to inſpire him with a Deſign to marry her: So that whether it was the Vertue of this Vow, or that the Prince *Artamus* grew more in love, he reſolved to marry her ſecretly: And I was a Witneſs of the Marriage, with four others of Quality who lived there: It was ſolemnized in the ſame Temple where the Gordeon Knot is kept, this Amorous Prince reſolving that this Union ſhould be more indiſſolvable than it. The Buſineſs was very ſecretly done, and the Sacrificer was abſolutely gained, that no Rumors of it ſhould be divulged: And *Elſimena* treated the Prince her Husband before the World, as if he were not ſo much as her Lover. But to free her ſelf from the Perſecution of the Prince *Tydeus*, and to enjoy in more freedom the Converſation of the Prince *Artamus*, who was much more amorous after Marriage than before, ſhe went to dwell with her Mother at a Caſtle on the Sea-ſide, whither the Prince came often unto her, unknown unto any, feigning divers ſmall Journies, or Huntings, to colour his Abſence; and I often went with him. Never was Paſſion more violent than his, nor better grounded, for certainly *Elſimena* was a Miracle of Beauty, Wit, and Vertue. But, Sir, e're long this Princeſs was with Child, and preſently after gave you Life. The Prince *Artamas* was overjoyed to have a Son. Some Reports went about the World of his Marriage. The Prince *Tydeus* had two or three fallings-out with his Brother about it. The King had heard of it, and abſolutely forbad *Artamus* from ſeeing *Elſimena*, ſo that he could not viſit her without much difficulty; for he had ſo many watching Eyes upon him, that he was not maſter of his own Actions. However, Sir, you live, and have ſuch a perfect reſemblance of the Princeſs your Mother, that I never in my Life ſaw two Faces more like, that were of a different Sex and Age. Since the Prince *Artamas* could ſee *Elſimena* but very ſeldom, he appointed me to procure her Picture; ſo that carrying an excellent Painter unto the place where ſhe was, ſhe would ſend him the Picture of her Son as well as of her ſelf; the Device of the Drawer was to paint a *Venus* and a *Cupid*, the one to reſemble her, the other you: The Conceit did ſo pleaſe the Princeſs, that ſhe cauſed two to be made, intending to ſend one unto the Prince, and to keep another her ſelf; but ſince the Prince was ſtill a Lover as well as a Husband, he cauſed thoſe Verſes which you have ſeen to be written at the bottom of both Pictures; the Verſes were writ in Greek, becauſe the Princeſs then learned that Language, which was much in uſe among the Ladies of Quality in *Apamea*, who had any Reputation of Wit.

Mean while the King of *Phrygia* died, and the Prince *Artamas*, being elder than either the Prince *Tydeus*, or the Prince *Adraſtus*, ſucceeded in the Throne, and was in a condition to crown *Elſimena* his Queen: As ſoon as the Funerals of the King his Father were ſolemnized, he publiſhed his Marriage, and and magnificent Preparations were made to receive the Princeſs at *Apamea*; to acknowledg her Queen before all the People, and by Conſequence to declare you his legitimate Heir and only Succeſſor. This great Feaſt was ſo near, that the ſtately Coach which was prepared for the Princeſs at her Entry was gone unto her, and I ſent every thing requiſite, and neglected not ſo much as a Mantle made of Cloth of Gold, in which you were to be wrapped that day of his Ceremonies; but alas, Sir, the day was pitifully diſturbed: for two days before her departure, ſince all things were in readineſs for her ſtately Entry, and the King your Father joyed beyond all Expreſſions, being gone towards the Princeſs, to teſtify his Satisfaction unto her, I met upon the way Men who came to advertiſe the King, that ſome had ſurprized the Caſtle the Night before; had carried away the Queen your Mother, and you, and alſo all which was of value in that place, where there were things of great conſideration, for all the Jewels of the Crown were there, *Artamas* having ſent them unto his dear *Elſimena*, ſince he was King: I leave you to judg, Sir, how I was amazed: Since I was not far from the Caſtle, I went unto it; and I underſtood by the Mother of *Elſimena*, who died for Grief within a few days after, that Men in Arms who were unknown had ſurprized it, and had carried the Princeſs and you, with all the rich Booty, into a Ship, but none knew which way theſe Raviſhers went, becauſe it was Night, having plundered the Caſtle ſo clean, that they left almoſt nothing in it: However, this ſad News muſt be carried unto the King, who received it ſo ſadly, that I thought he would have loſt both his Life and Reaſon; he cauſed a moſt ſtrict ſearch to be made every where, to ſee if it could be diſcovered who were the Actors, but all in vain: He ſent ſeveral Ships at random to ſeek about. He much ſuſpected the Prince *Tydeus*, both as his Rival and as an ambitious Man, who had in one day taken from him his Succeſſor, and the Perſon whom he loved as well as he did; but having no Proofs againſt this Prince, who never had ſtirred from Court, nor ſo much as any pregnant Conjectures; he could not accuſe him: *Tydeus* ſeemed to be much troubled at the loſs, and the King your Father was forced to endure a Miſery, without having ſo much Conſolation as to know whom he ſhould be revenged upon, nor of whom to complain. After this he ſtill made a diligent Enquiry, and continually grieved for his dear *Elſimena*, never giving Ear unto any that mentioned him to a ſecond Wife, and having no other Comfort but in the Picture of his deareſt *Elſimena*. However, he could never have any Confidence in the Prince *Tydeus* ſince that time, who often left the Court, made many Journies, and at the laſt went to dwell in the lower *Phrygia*. I ſhall not tell you, Sir, how the Prince *Adraſtus* going to viſit him, had the Misfortune as he was ſhooting in his Park, to kill him with an Arrow, without any deſign of it, for I know you are not ignorant of it; and thus the Juſtice of Heaven, which ſees that Crime no Man could ſee, did puniſh him in ſuch an extraordinary way. But give me leave to tell you, that ſome of my Enemies, with much Injuſtice falling upon me in the King's Preſence, and procuring his Diſpleaſure, I was forced to abſent my ſelf for ſome time, and I had not come into this Court, but only to endeavour the liberty of a Nephew whom you took Priſoner in the laſt Battel, and not with Intentions to bear Arms againſt the King my Maſter. Mean while, Sir, I no ſooner ſaw you with the King of *Lydia*, but I found ſome Features in your Face which did ſo freſhly revive the Image of your Mother in my Mind, that me-thought I knew you; yet the longneſs of the time ſince, and the little appearance of any Truth in my Thoughts, cauſed me to make no further Reflection upon it; for I had heard you were one whom Fortune had raiſed, but I never did particularly know you, nor who you were. But, Sir, as I was with the Princeſs, I chanced to ſee that Picture which I cauſed to be made, and which that dumb Woman gave unto *Timocreon*; this did ſo extreamly amaze me, that I knew not well what the Princeſs thought of my odd Converſation, my Mind being at ſuch diſtraction at it: At my coming out from her, as if this day were a day of Prodigies, I met an old Man who knew me, and who at the firſt I knew not, he deſired to ſpeak with me in private concerning ſome matters of conſequence; after a ſerious look upon him, I remembred that I had ſeen him about the Prince *Tydeus*, ſo that wondering to ſee him at *Sardis*, I gave him hearing. Then, Sir, he told me, that ſince he had already one foot in the Grave, and ready to render an account unto the Gods of all his Crimes, he would endeavour to merit a Pardon by an ingenuous Confeſſion, which he would make unto me. After this he diſcovered, that the late Prince *Tydeus* his Maſter, was the Man who cauſed the Princeſs *Elſimena* and you to be carried away, out of ſome Humours of Jealouſy, Rage, Ambition, and Revenge, finding ſome Sweetneſs in depriving his Rival of the only Perſon he loved; and much more in taking away from him a Succeſſor, by that means to aſſure himſelf of a Crown, or at leaſt render himſelf more conſiderable in the Kingdom, ſince he ſhould be looked upon as one who hereafter ſhould be King; for he believed the King his Brother could never forget *Elſimena*, nor would every marry again. This Man told me then that he was the chief in the Enterprize: That the Prince *Tydeus* appointed him to go and dwell in one of the Iſles of *Cyclades* which was leaſt peopled, and to keep *Elſimena* from ſpeaking unto any whoſoever, intending to put neither her, nor you to Death, becauſe he thought that if his Crime ſhould be diſcovered, he had a moſt certain way to ſave his Life, being Maſter of yours, and of the Queen your Mothers.

This Man, whoſe Name is *Acrates*, told me then, that obeying his Maſter, he carried away the Princeſs *Elſimena* and you, and that he took with him all the Riches in the Caſtle, but leſt he ſhould be diſcovered, he took but one Woman of the Queen's to wait upon her, and placed none about her but a dumb Slave which he had, who was not able to reveal his Secrets. He confeſſed that when he was come unto one of theſe *Cycladean* Iſlands with this deplorable Princeſs, he ſold the Ship in which he brought her: and he remained Poſſeſſour of all the Riches which ſhe had, with three of his Complices. He did proteſt unto me, that he did not treat her rigorouſly, but that Sorrow did ſo change her Countenance that ſhe was hardly knowable; he further told me, that the Prince *Tydeus*, ſeeing he was not accuſed of his Crime, and that in all Likelihood the King his Brother ſhould never know it, he changed his Mind, and reſolved to put the Princeſs *Elſimena* and you to Death, fearing leſt in Tract of Time, that which once he thought would ſave him, ſhould now ruin him: ſo that he ſent Orders unto *Acrates* to put you both to Death: giving all the Treaſures to him in Recompence, and to his three Complices. As for the Souldiers and Mariners which helped to carry her and you away, they were all Strangers, and knew not about what they were imployed. The Souldiers being a kind of Moſstroopers, and the Mariners Pirats; Men eaſily invited to any bad Imployments without ſo much as asking what it is. So theſe wicked Villains, after they had ſeized upon all which reſiſted them in the Caſtle, and brought you to this Iſle, they diſperſed themſelves, having received their Wages before they committed the Crime, and left none with *Elſimena*, but a dumb Slave, and theſe four

Men. *Acrates* then having received theſe Orders, did aſſure me that he reſiſted his Companions as much as he could, yet being but one againſt three, he could not prevail with them, and could do no more but acquaint *Elſimena* ſecretly, that they had received Commands to put her, and her Son to Death; and that theſe Men maugre his Reſiſtance, would ere long execute it: he added further, that this unfortunate Queen being ſick, did not take care for her ſelf, but all her Thoughts was to preſerve your Life: That ſhe took you in her Arms, and after ſhe had kiſſed you with Eyes ſwimming in Tears, ſhe put you into the Hands of the dumb Slave, making Signs unto her, that ſhe ſhould go and carry you to *Delphos*, for *Elſimena* being lodged by the Sea-ſide, they could ſee that Iſle out of their Window: Moreover, that ſhe took the Picture, which they had left her, and writing ſome Lines upon it in haſte, ſhe gave it unto this Slave: He ſaid, that this mute Woman, finding a Mantle of Cloth Gold (in which you ſhould have been carried that Day on which your Mother ſhould have been crowned) and wrapt you in it: that going haſtily out in the Beginning of the Night, *Acrates* following her at a Diſtance, ſhe came unto an old Fiſherman, conjuring him with all her Signs to carry her unto *Delphos*, giving him for his Wages a Jewel which ſhe had. In the mean time, the unfortunate *Elſimena* did ſo grieve at her Misfortune, that her Jaylors did not need either Sword or Poyſon to make her die; and ſhe fell into ſuch a mortal Paſſion, that ſhe never revived: The Funeral of this deplorable Princeſs was the next Day performed without any Ceremony. *Acrates* further ſaid, that the Abſence of this Child did much perplex them: and upon Enquiry they could hear no more, but that the mute Woman had taken Boat, wherein was only an old Fiſherman to guide it: who being put off a good way from the Shore (where the Wife of this Fiſherman ſtood) he reached to the Rudder ſo far that he fell into the Sea, and was drowned, becauſe he was too old, and too weak to ſwim: ſo that the Boat was left to the Wind and the Waves. *Acrates* related further, that when his Companions returned to the Houſe, and could not find neither the Child, nor the Slave, they ſuſpected him as acceſſory to her Flight; but he ſaid, he diſſembled it ſo well that they altered their Minds; alſo flattering themſelves in their Crimes, they believed this Infant would periſh in the Boat which had no Pilot to guide it: ſo that after they had divided the Treaſures, and ſent unto the Prince *Tydeus*, that the Mother and the Child were dead, they parted one from another, and every one took his ſeveral Courſe. As for *Acrates*, he came to *Sardis*, where he has lived a moſt diſcontented and melancholy Life, notwithſtanding his Riches: he added further, that ſince the Combate between *Arteſilas*, and you, hearing of the Obſcurity of your Birth, and likewiſe underſtanding in what manner *Timocreon* found you, he made no doubt but that you were Son to the King of *Phrygia*; but he ſaid, he could not reſolve to confeſs his Crime unto you; yet ſeeing me, he could not hold, but muſt needs diſcover it, to the end he might find the King of *Phrygia* a Succeſſour, ſince there was no more of his Family left. So Sir, ſaid *Thimettes*, I have no more to ſay, but to deſire you that I may have the Favour to ſee the Paper which this Princeſs writ, for I underſtand that *Timocreon* hath it. *Cleander* was ſo amazed at this Relation, that he could hardly anſwer him: yet at laſt ſending for my Father, and that he ſhould bring the Paper which the mute Slave gave him, he inſtantly came, and gave it unto *Cleander*, who gave it unto *Thimettes*. But he no ſooner ſaw it, then crying out, and holding up his Hands; Ah Sir, ſaid he, I need not open it, to know whether it be the Hand of the Princeſs *Elſimena*; for I know this Seal which I ſee upon it. In ſaying ſo, he opened it, and reading theſe Words, *This Infant is recommended unto the God which is adored at* Delphos: he read it over again; Doubt it not Sir, ſaid he, make no Queſtion but you are Son to the King of *Phrygia*: Theſe Characters are ſo exactly the Hand of the Princeſs *Elſimena*, that nothing in the World can be more certain, ſince I know her Hand, and her Orthography: for I think I have carried an hundred Letters from this Princeſs to your Father, who was often-times pleaſed to ſhew them unto me, delighting to ſee me admire at the Wit of *Elſi-*

mena, who writ admirably well in any ſtrange Language. Moreover, Sir, I may perhaps ſhew you one thing which is very ſtrange; be pleaſed to know, Sir, that a while before he married her, ſince he was pleaſed to give her ſome Aſſurances of his Affection in Writing, he writ upon a kind of Paper, the Invention whereof was mine, which is not common: For, Sir, after that one hath written what one pleaſeth, one may cover the Characters with a certain Compoſition put upon the Paper, which will make it ſeem as if nothing were writ upon it, yet when one pleaſeth, one may eaſily take that off which covers them, and cover it again at ones Pleaſure; ſo that if my Memory fail me not, it was this Paper which I carried unto the unfortunate *Elſimena*, which contained the firſt Aſſurance which the Prince *Artamas* gave her, that he would marry her: ſince it was her Cuſtom to cover again all the Letters which the Prince did write unto her, after ſhe had read them, that ſhe might thereby keep them more ſafely: It is requiſite that I ſhew it unto you, then going to the Fire, he took away that which hid the Characters of the King of *Phrygia*'s Letter unto this amiable Lady, and he read aloud theſe Words:

The Prince Artamas *unto the incomparable* Elſimena.

AT the laſt, Love hath overcome all cruel Reaſons of State, which did oppoſe my Happineſs: And though I were aſſured, that by marrying you, I ſhould loſe that Crown which I am to wear, yet would I reſolve upon it, and bid the other adieu; for I make no Compariſon betwixt you, and all the Crowns in the World: yet I hope the Gods will preſerve it for me, that I may make you a Queen. In the mean time Thimettes *hath Orders to ask that Lady who gave you Liſe, and is to diſpoſe of you, when it is her Pleaſure I ſhall be happy: The Sacrificer of* Apollo*'s Temple has promiſed me to be ſecret and faithful: and I do aſſure you, my dear* Elſimena, *that the never to be untied Knot which is kept there, will ſooner be looſed, than that which ties my Heart unto your Service.*

Artamas.

After that *Thimettes* had read this Letter, See, Sir, ſaid he to *Cleander*, whether you can wiſh any more to inform your Knowledg; look upon the Writing of the King your Father, and of the Queen your Mother, which will remove all Scruples of Doubt. Moreover (ſaid he in looking upon the Paper a little nearer) I perceive ſome dim Line of the Queen's own Hand, which is diſcovered in coming near the Fire, which doubtleſs was covered by the ſame ſubtle Compoſition, without any Intention, which by ſome chance was poured upon it, and warmed by the Heat of the Sun, when the Slave had it in the Boat: And indeed, looking upon that Place, where it was written; *This Infant is recommended unto the God which is adored at Delphos:* there was to be ſeen following; *Who without doubt will reſtore him to the King of* Phrygia *his Father.* *Cleander* was ſo aſtoniſhed, *Timocreon* was ſo glad, and *Thimettes* eſteemed himſelf ſo happy, at the Diſcovery of ſuch an important Buſineſs, that all three knew not how to expreſs themſelves. My Father cauſed the Cloth-of-Gold Mantle to be brought, in which the Child was found in the Boat, and which he carefully preſerved; but *Thimettes* before he ſaw it, deſcribed it ſo preciſely, and all things found ſo exactly as he had ſaid, that there was no Scruple nor Objection to be made; and as oft as *Thimettes* minded the Reſemblance between *Cleander* and *Elſmena*, he wondered that he did not at the firſt know him to be Son unto the King of *Phrygia.* But, Sir, ſaid he unto him, after I have told you your Quality, it is requiſite I let you know your firſt Name; and that I tell you it was your Father's Pleaſure, to give you the ſame with himſelf: ſo that you muſt change the famous Name of *Cleander*, for that af *Artamas*, which is your own.

After this, *Cleander* would needs ſee *Acrates*, and heard from his own Mouth the Relation of his Crime; aſſuring *Thimettes*, and him alſo, that he would pardon him: However, ſince there was War between the King of *Phrygia* and *Crœſus*, it was not thought expedient to divulge the Buſineſs: And *Cleander*, who had ſecret Deſigns, which *Timocreon* was ignorant of, after he had embraced him, and told him, that he was no leſs a Debtor unto him for his Life than he was unto the King his Father; after, I ſay, a thouſand thankful Expreſſions unto *Thimettes* and him, he deſired them to leave him at Liberty unto his private Thoughts, not intending yet to treat *Thimettes* as a Subject unto the King his Father, nor look upon *Timocreon* but with his accuſtomed Reſpects. Since I knew not what had paſſed, I came into the Chamber, when theſe Perſons went out, and ſince he had truſted me with all his Secrets, and diſcovered unto me all his ill Fortunes, it was his Pleaſure I ſhould participate both of his good and bad Fortune: So that ſtaying me with him, and after he had in ſhort related all unto me, as I began to rejoice that he was the Son of a great King; Ah *Soſicles*, ſaid he unto me, how heavy do I think this Crown, though yet it be not upon my Head? for truly I ſee many croſs and many agreeable Conſequences of it. I conceive, replied I, that ſince the Princeſs *Palmis* can deſire no more in you than an illuſtrious Birth, you have Reaſon to be ſatisfied, and hope to be happy. You do not conſider, *Soſicles*, ſaid he unto me, that as ſoon as I tell I am the Son of a King, ſo ſoon do I tell her that I am the Son of her Father's Enemy: Moreover, do you not conceive that *Cræſus* thinks I ought to depart within theſe two Days at moſt to go and fight the King of *Phrygia*? and *Soſicles*, how do you think I can go and tell him, that I neither can nor ought to go? May I not expect after this, that he will look upon me as Nephew to the Murtherer of the Prince his Son? and indeed, *Soſicles*, is there not more cauſe to fear that this ſeeming good Fortune will cauſe me real Miſery, than there is to hope for any end of my Miſeries? If I go unto the King my Father whom I have fought againſt, whom I have overcome, and whom I thought to kill with my own Hands, is there not ſome Reaſon to think, that he will expect the ſame Valour which has been ſo fatal unto him, ſhould reſtore him that which it hath gotten from him? and yet can I ſo much as think of fighting againſt my Benefactor, and which is more than that, the Father of the Princeſs *Palmis*? Alſo, knowing as I do, that I am the King of *Phrygia*'s Son, ſhall I ſtay any longer in the

Country of *Crœſus?* May not the King my Father diſclaim me, and not acknowledg me his Son, if I ſhould continue fighting, not only for my Enemies, but alſo againſt him? Yet, *Soſicles*, I am put to this croſs Neceſſity: Oh, I wiſh to the Gods that my Princeſs, who does not hate me as unknown, would not hate me when I am known unto her: But, *Soſicles*, if my Princeſs cannot find a way to reconcile all theſe Contraries, but ſhall think, that to be her Lover, and the Son of her Enemy, are two Qualities incomparable, I am reſolved to renounce the Throne, and without ever aſſuming the Name of *Artamas*, continue *Cleander* eternally. But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, as long as you are *Cleander*, you muſt fight againſt the King your Father. Ah, *Soſicles*, ſaid he, the Combates already with him, have cauſed ſuch Horror in me, that though I would fight again againſt him, yet I think my Hand would not obey me: Did I not tell you, that I was not ſo happy as you thought me? Oh moſt cruel Fortune, canſt thou not preſent me with any Benefits, but thou muſt poyſon them? Do but admire my Fortune, *Soſicles:* The King of *Phrygia* and the King of *Lydia* never had any Wars between them until within this Year: ſo that if my Birth had been diſcovered at any time before this, I had been abſolutely happy. Moreover, do you not conſider, my Deſtinies would needs have me to be the Son of that King only, againſt whom *Crœſus* had declared War? Therefore muſt it not needs be confeſſed, that my Fortune is very odd and ill, and that it is not eaſy to foreſee it any better? But whatſoever fall out, I ſhall for ever love my Princeſs, and ſhall think, that good Fortune conſiſts only in the Enjoyment of her Heart.

As *Cleander* was thus thinking, a Meſſenger came to tell him that *Crœſus* asked for him, and had received News that the King of *Phrygia* was entered into his Dominions. I leave you to judg, Madam, how this went againſt his Mind; yet muſt he go unto this Prince, and did ſo; but he was ſo puzzled to anſwer him, that *Crœſus* perceived ſomething did trouble his Mind, and asked what it was? but *Cleander* did not tell him; for ſince yet he had not ſeen his Princeſs, he knew not whether it would be her

Pleaſure he ſhould: he anſwered him then in obſcure Words; yet ſince the *Phrygian* War did wholly take up the Mind of *Crœſus*, he took no Notice of them; he told him that he muſt needs depart within this Day or two to vanquiſh his Enemy, who ſeemed to have a Deſign to conquer his Conqueror: But *Cleander*, ſaid he unto him, I would have you remember, it is the laſt Victory which gives the Prize to all the reſt; and for your part, I know you have ſo much Glory and Honour to preſerve, that you are no leſs intereſted than my ſelf in the good or bad Succeſs of this War. After this he took his leave of him, and told him, that he would go and bid adieu unto all his Friends. *Cleander* being glad to be rid of a Converſation which was ſo troubleſom, went unto the Princeſs, who believing that he came to bid her adieu, no ſooner ſaw him enter into her Cloſet, where ſhe was alone with *Cylenisa*, but addreſſing her ſelf unto him, Though I do not doubt, ſaid ſhe, but you go to overcome your Enemies, ſince you go to fight them; yet ſince you cannot do that without Hazard of your Life, and without leaving me, I cannot ſee you depart without much Sorrow. Madam, anſwered he and ſighed, Victory is ſuch a thing as I ought not to think upon, and when you ſhall know what I have heard, ſince I had the Honour to ſee you, I am ſure you will be of my Opinion. How, *Cleander*, ſaid ſhe unto him, have you offered any Sacrifices unto the Gods which have not been accepted? or, has the Gods forewarned you by any ſiniſter Preſages of ſome bad Accident? The Gods, Madam, replied he, have let me know the beſt and moſt agreeable News in the World in Appearance, ſince they have let me underſtand by a marvellous Accident of what Quality I am: But in the Name of the Gods, Madam, I do beſeech you, do not hate me when you ſhall know it. The Princeſs was much amazed at this Diſcourſe, and knew not how to anſwer him: yet imagining that his only Reaſon was becauſe he had found himſelf of ſome mean Quality, ſhe anſwered him in theſe Terms, though in much Impatience: Since your Virtues are the ſame ſtill, of what Quality ſoever you are, I do aſſure you I ſhall always eſteem you the ſame; and though the Knowledg of what you are, may make me change my manner of living with you, yet it ſhall never change my Heart. Since it is ſo, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I ſhall not fear to tell you, that I am Son to the King of—— How, *Cleander*, ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him, what Pleaſure can you have in making me ſad? Why would you have me buy ſuch welcome News with ſo much Sorrow? You ſhall ſee, Madam, replied he, that the Buſineſs is not ſo well as you imagine, when you ſhall underſtand that the Prince who gave me Life, is the ſame King of *Phrygia* whom you commanded me to vanquiſh, and that it is not lawful for me to fight againſt him. And then he told her in as ſhort a method as he could, how *Thimettes* had ſeen the Picture of *Venus* upon her Table; how *Cylenisſa* had told him in what manner it was found; and made Relation of all he knew from *Thimettes* and *Acrates*, and neglected not any Circumſtance which might juſtify his Quality unto the Princeſs, who did hearken unto him with much Attention and Joy, though mingled with ſome unquiet Thoughts.

After he had ended his Relation; As terrible an Enemy as you are, ſaid ſhe unto him, I eſteem you ſo much, as that I would not have you unknown *Cleander* again, but much rather you were the Prince *Artamas*; Not but that I do foreſee the angry Conſequences which this glorious Quality may bring upon you; but yet the King of *Phrygia* and the King my Father may happily conclude a Peace, and then you could not poſſibly be the Son of a King unleſs you had been born ſo: But, ſaid ſhe, what do you deſign? for I conceive that the Thoughts of the Prince *Artamas* will not concur with the Thoughts of the unknown *Cleander*. The Thoughts of *Cleander*, ſaid he unto her, are not changed, ſince he knew he was the Prince *Artamas*: But I do not know whether the Princeſs of *Lydia*'s Mind be changed or no. Doubtleſs it is, replied ſhe, for I ſhall be more civil towards the Prince *Artamas*, than I was to *Cleander*. That is not the Queſtion I ask (ſaid he unto her) I only deſire you would be pleaſed to continue the ſame goodneſs unto me, as you did before, and that you adviſe me what to do;

for truly I ſtand in great need of it. They ought to be more prudent, and leſs intereſted than I am, anſwered ſhe, who can give you any good Counſel. Then abſolutely command me what is your Pleaſure I ſhould do, ſaid he unto her, for I make no queſtion but that you will have a care of my Honour in your Commands; and therefore, my Divine Princeſs, I will preſcribe no limits unto you, but abſolutely refer my ſelf to your Commands: Speak then, Madam, I conjure you, and tell me, what is your Pleaſure ſhall become of me? How can I diſobey *Cræſus*, who would have me go and fight, and vanquiſh the King of *Phrygia?* how can I do all this, ſince I have the Honour to be Son unto that Prince? The Gods preſerve me, ſaid ſhe, from giving you any ſuch Counſel. I expected no leſs from your Virtue, ſaid he unto her, and give you Thanks for not putting me unto ſo dangerous a Teſt, nor force me to diſobey you, nor becoming the moſt criminal amongſt Men: And ſince Madam, you are pleaſed to conſent that I ſhould not fight againſt the King my Father, I am fully reſolved never to fight againſt yours. I do conjure you to do ſo, ſaid ſhe unto him, by the Affection which you have promiſed me. There needs not ſo ſtrong a Conjuration, anſwered he, for certainly I ſhould never have done it, though I had never promiſed you: But Madam, I ſee very well what I ought not to do, but I do not yet ſee what I ought to do, and yet I muſt do ſomething, and reſolve upon it preſently, for the King will needs have me depart within this day or two; all my Men are already on their March: and the Troops which I muſt command are perhaps already near the King of *Phrygia*; and the leaſt delay may prove fatal unto me. Tell me then Madam, would you have me diſcover my ſelf unto the King your Father? or would you have me go and make my ſelf known unto the King of *Phrygia?* and that I endeavour to move him unto a Peace, whilſt you tranſact the ſame with *Cræſus?* Pronounce my Doom, I beſeech you, but whatſoever it be, do not baniſh me from your Heart, nor exile me a long time from your Preſence. Then ſaid ſhe, and ſighed, I muſt know how to do Miracles, ſince without them there is no Poſſibility of contenting you: for ſince the Condition you are in permits me with more freeneſs to open my Heart unto you, I ſhall tell you one thing which will make you wonder, and which will grieve you both, which is, that if you had ſtill continued in uncertainty of your Birth, at your return from this Battel, it was the King my Father's Pleaſure, that he who ſhould marry me, ſhould help the Prince *Myrſiles* to govern after his Death, and ſupport the Scepter after his Death, and was reſolved, if I can tell it you without a bluſh, to make choice of you, and engage you unto it by his Alliance. Oh Madam, ſaid *Cleander*, ſince it is ſo, let me not be a Son unto the King, ſince I do not wiſh to be ſo, but only to obtain that Honour. No, ſaid the Princeſs, and though ways could be deviſed to prevent your fighting againſt the King your Father, none could be deviſed to hide your illuſtrious Birth, *Thimocreon*, *Thimettes*, *Soſicles*, and *Acrates* would never keep that Secret which would deprive you of a Crown, neither do I my ſelf deſire it: But that which moves me to tell you this, is to let you ſee it would be in vain to diſcover your ſelf unto the King my Father; for I underſtand this Morning from the ſame Perſon who gave me the firſt intelligence of it, that ſeveral ſtranger Princes have made offers of Marriage unto him; and his Anſwers to them all was, that he was reſolved, as I told you before, to marry me unto one, who ſhould hereafter aſſiſt my Brother to govern. How, Madam, cryed out *Cleander*, is the Quality of a King's Son, which I ſo much wiſhed, becauſe I thought it abſolutely neceſſary to obtain that happineſs which without it I could never hope for, is it then an invincible Obſtacle unto my Felicity? Ah Madam, if it be, then I reject a Crown, and had much rather be *Cleander* then Prince *Artamas*. I do not directly tell you, replied ſhe, that this Obſtacle is invincible; but I ſay it is a great one: Moreover, ſince it is permitted me to diſcover my Weakneſs unto you, I muſt confeſs, I could hardly reſolve to marry a Man whom all *Aſia* thought to be of a mean Original: Therefore let us tranſact as we ought, and leave the reſt unto the Providence of the Gods. This abſolute Reſignation, replied *Cleander* and ſighed, denotes thus much unto me, Madam, that all my Affection, all my Cares, and all my Services, have obtained nothing from you but this, that you permit me to love you, without your hating me: But, Madam, if you will with a little more Tenderneſs towards me, conſider it, you will find, that it is not ſo eaſy a matter to do what one ought, or to know what ones Duty is. Yet I think, replied ſhe, that as long as you neither fight againſt the King your Father, nor mine, you cannot be much blamed. But, Madam, anſwered he, I do not ſee how I can do that, unleſs I diſcover my ſelf unto the King, and by his conſent ſend unto the King of *Phrygia*. It would be difficult, replied ſhe, for the King your Father to know you are his Son unleſs he ſee you, eſpecially not knowing you to be in his Enemies Countrey: Moreover, do you think that the King my Father will be contented to loſe both the Conqueror and the Conqueſt in one Day? Do you not apprehend more Probability that he will incline more unto Policy than Generoſity in this Buſineſs? No, no, ſaid ſhe, I will not counſel you to that. What will you then adviſe me unto, Madam? replied he: Since *Timocreon*, replied ſhe, knows the ſtate of your Fortune, diſcover unto him the ſtate of your Affection unto me alſo: I know him to be wiſe and generous; and he will not adviſe you unto any thing which ſhall be diſſerviceable either to the King his Maſter, or your ſelf.

At the laſt, after much ſuch diſcourſe as this, *Cleander* ſent to ſeek my Father; and alſo let the Princeſs ſee *Thimettes* and *Acrates* ſecretly; and he ſhewed unto her the Letters of the King of *Phrygia*, and the Queen his Wiſe. After much Conſultation upon the beſt Courſe, it was reſolved that *Cleander* ſhould depart without diſcovering any thing unto *Cræſus*; that my Father and I ſhould accompany him; that *Thimettes* and *Acrates* ſhould go this Vogage alſo; That after one days Journey from *Sardis*, *Cleander* ſhould ſend one of his Servants unto *Meneceus*, with a Letter for him, and another for the King, which he ſhould preſent unto him, by which he ſhould diſcover his Birth, and aſſure him that he will never act any thing againſt his Service, nor forget his Benefits: That he ſhould write alſo unto the Prince *Myrſiles*, unto *Mexaris* and *Abradates*, that they ſhould addreſs themſelves to the King in his behalf: That in the mean time they ſhould ſtay upon the Frontiers of *Phrygia*, and ſend *Timocreon* towards the King his Father, to acquaint him with the Story, and to beſeech his favour unto *Thimettes* and *Acrates*, who was as generous in his Repentance, as he was weak in committing his Crime, by the Commands of his Maſter: That *Cleander* when he was made known ſhould endeavour to move the King his Father unto Peace; and that the Princeſs, as well as *Meneceus*, ſhould on their ſide endeavour the ſame with the King of *Lydia*. After theſe Reſolves, ſhe reſtored the Letters back unto *Timocreon*, who loving *Cleander* no leſs than if he had been his Son, was ready to engage his utmoſt in his Service. Since all theſe Conſults and Meetings could not be, but ſome Spies which the Prince *Arteſilas* always kept about the Princeſs would perceive it, he was preſently acquainted with it. Moreover, ſince *Cleander* had not bid his laſt adieu unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, he endeavoured to obtain leave to ſpeak in private with her: And in order to that, the next Morning at her return from the Temple, *Cleander* went unto her, and talked near two Hours with her, where ſuch paſſionate diſcourſe paſſed, and ſhe returned ſuch generous and obliging Anſwers, not derogating from that exact Virtue whereof ſhe made Profeſſion, that *Cleander*, as amorous as he was, could not complain, though all he could obtain from her, was, That ſhe engaged her ſelf to eſteem him as long as ſhe lived. This Separation was ſo tender on both ſides, that it was impoſſible for *Cleander* to purge his Eyes from that profound melancholy which had ſeized upon him; ſo that thoſe who obſerved it by orders from *Arteſilas*, acquainted him with what they had ſeen. Then he knowing of all theſe ſecret Meetings of *Timocreon, Thimettes, Acrates, Cleander*, the Princeſs, and my ſelf, he conjectured that there was ſome cloſe Deſign in hand: he employed all Inventions that he could poſſibly deviſe, to diſcover what it might be: He ſuborned one of my Father's domeſtick Servants with Money, and by him he underſtood that my Father was preparing for a Voyage, and carried with him all his beſt Things: Alſo he found out that *Cleander* had ſent in all haſte to command his Men back which were gone into the Army: He learned further, that he had layed Poſt-horſes in five or ſix places which was not the way unto the Army: Indeed, he had gathered ſo much, as he perſwaded the King by one of his Friends, that *Cleander* had ſome Deſigns to betray him; that my Father and I did the ſame; and that this Conſpiracy was plotted by *Thimettes*, who ſeemed (as this Friend of *Arteſilas* ſaid) to be out of favour with the *Phrygian* King, that he might be leſs ſuſpected in this Court, and that he gave out he came only about the Ranſom of his Nephew: That it was apparent *Acrates*, that *Phrygian*, had ſome great Deſign in hand, ſince *Thimettes* and he were gone from *Sardis* before he had releaſed his Nephew, which he ſaid was all his Buſineſs: That *Timocreon* did not think his Goods ſafe here during his Abſence; yet *Arteſilas* ſpoke not a word againſt the Princeſs, but acquainted the King with all he could againſt my Father: but, Madam, the Buſineſs was managed with ſo much ſubtilty, that he built a moſt apparent Conſpiracy upon theſe Grounds. The next Morning *Cleander* being ready to take his leave of the King, having already bid adieu unto the Prince *Myrſiles*, *Mexaris*, *Abradates*, and alſo *Arteſilas*, and as he was embracing *Eſope*, who came to receive his Commands, *Timocreon*, *Acrates*, and my ſelf being in his Chamber, that ſame Captain of the Guard, who had heretofore advertiſed the Princeſs of the King of *Lydia*'s Deſign, came and arreſted *Cleander*, *Thimettes*, *Timocreon*, *Acrates*, and my ſelf. I leave you to judg, Madam, how we were all amazed: *Cleander* deſired to be carried unto the King, but it was not permitted; but they carried him with us into the Cittadel of *Sardis*, lodging us in ſeveral Chambers. In this great diſorder, my Father was ſo prudent and happy, that he appointed one of his Servants, unperceived by any, who carried thoſe things which might be uſeful for the Manifeſtation

of

is *Cleander*, and ſecretly put them into the Hands of the Prnceſs : However, the Impriſonment of *Cleander* was an excellent ſalve to cure *Arteſilas*, who began to ſtir abroad within few Days after. I will not inſiſt upon Relation of the great Amazement of the Princeſs, or of *Cleander*: Nor will I tell you the wonder of *Cræſus*, that he ſhould believe a Man ſo generous as *Cleander* was, and one unto whom he was ſo much obliged, ſhould betray him. But I ſhall tell you, that *Cleander*, enquiring of thoſe about him, what Crime would be laid unto his charge, underſtood how the Reports in *Sardis* were, that he intended to bettay the King ; to forſake his Countrey, and revolt unto the King of *Phrygia*. Knowing then what the Crime which would be charged againſt him was ; and knowing alſo that his innocency could not be known, but by acknowledging the truth ; and ſince he could not deny a great part of thoſe things which would be charged againſt him, he reſolved upon it, and ſent word unto the King by him who commanded the *Cittadel*, that he beſeeched him to ſend ſome Perſon unto him whom he might truſt with a Buſineſs of importance : *Cræſus* conceiving it advantagious for him that *Cleander* ſhould repent and confeſs his Crime, ſent *Meneceus* unto him, ſuppoſing he would diſcover all the particulars of his Deſign unto him more freely than unto the other.

Since *Meneceus* did ever love *Cleander*, and in ſpite of all the Gloſſes which *Arteſilas* and his Friends did put upon their Accuſation, did never think him culpable, but was fully perſwaded of his innocency ; *Cleander* did juſtify himſelf, and related all the truth ; he diſcovered unto him his Birth, and acquainted him with all Circumſtances, not mentioning any thing of the Princeſs. And when *Meneceus* asked him where the Picture and Letters were, and all other things which might juſtify what he ſaid ? he acquainted him that *Timocreon* had them, and he deſired him to ask him for them. After this *Meneceus* returned to *Cræſus*, and related unto him all that *Cleander* had ſaid : but ſince this Prince had a prejudicated Opinion, he gave no great credit unto *Cleander*'s Words ; yet at the Solicitation of *Meneceus*, he appointed him to go unto *Timocreon*,

mocreon, for the Letters eſpecially which he ſpoke of: becauſe *Cræſus* had heretofore ſeen two Letters under the King of *Phrygia*'s own Hand, and by comparing them together he might judg better of the Truth. *Meneceus* went out to find out *Timocreon*, who was then forced to truſt him, and confeſs that the Princeſs knew ſomething of *Cleander*'s Deſign; for thinking that he unto whom he had given all thoſe things to carry unto the Princeſs, had doubtleſs not failed, he was forced for the Juſtification of *Cleander*'s Birth unto *Cræſus*, to intreat *Meneceus* that he would go unto the Princeſs *Palmis* for them, and to tell *Cræſus* that it was a domeſtick Servant belonging to *Timocreon*, had given them unto her. *Meneceus*, who loved my Father very well, promiſed him he would, and kept his word: but he was extreamly ſurprized when he came to the Princeſs, that ſhe never ſaw nor heard of this domeſtick Servant, and conſequently never received any of thoſe things, which ſhould have been delivered unto her. *Meneceus* ſought out for this Man with all care, but all in vain, for none could tell what was become of him; ſo that not being able to produce any thing of what he had promiſed to ſhew unto *Cræſus*, he would not permit him to ſpeak concerning *Cleander*, as Son to the King of *Phrygia*, but looked upon it as an Impoſture, and a Lie, expreſly charging *Meneceus* not to ſpeak of it unto any, ſo that no Reports of it went about the Court. You may imagine in what a ſad Condition my Father was when he had loſt that which would not only have juſtified *Cleander* unto *Cræſus*, but which ſhould have made him known unto the King of *Phrygia*. When *Cleander* heard of it, he was extreamly grieved at it; and the Princeſs was ſo full of ſadneſs, that ſhe could not poſſibly hide her Melancholy. However, *Arteſilas* being recovered of his Wounds, triumphed over the Miſeries of his Rival. The Prince *Myrſiles*, and *Abradates*, did verily believe that *Cleander* was not culpable, but there was ſo much obſcurity in his Juſtification, that they could not perſwade *Cræſus* he was innocent. As for the Prince *Mexaris*, though he did not think him criminal more than others did, yet it was thought he was not ſorry for his Diſgrace, by reaſon of ſome ambitious Thoughts; for he imagined that if *Cleander* were in Diſfavour when *Crœſus* died, he might more eaſily exclude *Myrſiles* from the Throne, and get the Crown himſelf. There was none then which openly tranſacted in the behalf of *Cleander*, and us, but *Menecius*: The Princeſs not daring to be ſeen in it, only doing her beſt in ſecret, and by clandeſtine ways. *Eſope* yet muſt be excepted, who always ſpoke with boldneſs worthy of much Commendations. Thus you ſee, the unfortunate *Cleander* (guilty in appearance, but really innocent) the moſt miſerable Man alive. But what Sorrows ſoever he had to ſee he had loſt all Hopes of making himſelf known unto his Father, or of ever coming out of Priſon, the abſence of his dear Princeſs tormented him above all; and when he thought ſometimes how near he was unto her, and yet to have no Poſſibility of ſeeing her, he was not able to ſupport his Miſery with Patience: Hovever, *Arteſilas* who deſired that Puniſhment might follow Impriſonment, and who was of their Mind that ſtood in fear of chained Lions; did every Day invent Impoſture upon Impoſture to ruin *Cleander*, and ſuch ſcandalous and unworthy Reports were ſpread up and down the Town, that the Princeſs was ſtrangely alarm'd at them. She conceived that if ſhe had ſo good a Heart as to tell the King ſhe had ſeen theſe things, which would juſtify the Birth of *Cleander*, it might do ſome good in the Buſineſs; but ſince ſhe could not do ſo, unleſs ſhe diſcovered that innocent League which was between them, ſhe could not reſolve upon it: but for all that, ſeeing his Enemies were not ſatisfied with his Impriſonment, but aimed at his Life; ſhe overcame her ſelf, and reſolved to do it. But then the difficulty was how to advertiſe *Cleander* of her Intentions to ſpeak unto the King, in caſe he ſhould put it to the laſt Extremity; for ſhe feared, that if he were not acquainted with it, he might contradict what ſhe ſhould ſay, and ſo be himſelf an Obſtacle to his Juſtification: ſo that conſulting with *Cyleniſa* upon this Subject, that Lady ſeeing her Miſtreſs in ſuch a well-grounded unquietneſs; after ſhe had a while thought upon it, told her ingenuouſly, that the Son of him who commanded the *Cittadel* in *Sardis*, had a long time ſhewed himſelf one that was far from hating her; and therefore ſhe verily believed that if ſhe deſired him to do her any good Office, ſhe ſhould find him very well deſpoſed unto it, what Danger ſoever there might be in the Attempt. The Princeſs at the firſt did make ſome difficulty on it, to truſt a young Man, and a Lover; but at laſt ſince ſhe knew no better Expedient, ſhe conſented to employ him. Since *Cyleniſa* was my Couſin, I muſt be the Pretence of that Service which ſhe required from her Lover; and ſince I could not be juſtified unleſs *Cleander* was, and every one knew that his Intereſts were mine, ſhe imagined that *Tegeus* (for that was the Name of *Cyleniſa*'s Lover) would not think it ſtrange ſhe ſhould deſire to ſpeak with him. The truth is, Madam, *Cyleniſa* knew ſo well how to order the Mind of *Tegeus*, that what Difficulties ſoever there were to ſpeak with *Cleander*, he would endeavour it, and indeed kept his Word: And he came to tell her the next Morning, that if ſhe pleaſed, ſhe might ſpeak with him the Night after. At the firſt *Cyleniſa* could not reſolve upon it, but afterwards *Tegeus* told her the Buſineſs was not ſo difficult as ſhe imagined, becauſe the Gardens of the Palace join cloſe almoſt to the Counterſcarpe of the *Cittadel*, there being a back-Door on that ſide, and juſt there ſhe might go and ſpeak with *Cleander* out of a barred Window, and very low, which looked that way, only letting down a Draw-bridg which was over the Moat, and under the Window, where ſhe might talk with him very conveniently, without being perceived by any, becauſe he himſelf had the guard of that ſide. *Tegeus* having made the matter both poſſible and eaſy, *Cyleniſa* agreed with him, that ſhe would walk very late in the Garden with one of her Companions; and when it was the juſt Hour which they ſhould agree upon, they would come unto the end of this little Bridg; and to give a ſign that it was they, ſhe would bring a dark Lanthorn, which will hide the light when they pleaſed: The way being thus reſolved upon, *Cyleniſa* returned unto the Princeſs, to tell her what ſhe had done: but ſeeing the Deſign ſo near, ſhe repented;

pented; yet conſidering the Danger wherein *Cleander* was, and that if ſhe ſhould neglect this Opportunity, ſhe might perchance not have another, becauſe *Tegeus* might change his Guard, ſhe reſolved to ſend *Cyleniſa* to acquaint *Cleander* with her intentions to ſpeak for him, and that they might not contradict one another in their tales. But when ſhe began to conſider that *Cyleniſa* might not go alone unto that place, ſhe almoſt changed her Mind, becauſe ſhe durſt not confide in any other of her Women: Madam, ſaid *Cyleniſa*, fear and recompence will make any faithful, therefore I beſeech you, let me tamper with one of my Companions; and ſuborn the Porter of the Garden towards the *Cittadel*, that after ſhe and I have walked together late there, we may go with a dark Lanthorn through the great Cypreſs walk cloſe by the Gate which is oppoſite to that Bridg, over which I muſt paſs to ſpeak with *Cleander*.

Ah, *Cyleniſa*, ſaid the Princeſs, your Expedient is dangerous: There is no other, Madam, replied ſhe, unleſs you will write, and truſt your Letter with *Tegeus*: Yet ſince I am a Couſin unto *Soſicles*, there is leſs danger in my ſpeaking with *Cleander*, then there is in writing unto him. The Princeſs did grieve extreamly, and not being able to conſent unto what *Cyleniſa* did propound, ſhe reſolved upon nothing. But, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, it concerns the Life of *Cleander*. But *Cyleniſa*, ſaid the Princeſs, it concerns my own Honour. I do not conceive it concerns your Honour, or your Vertue either, anſwered *Cyleniſa*; and I know not why Generoſity ſhould hinder you from doing a good Act, out of Fear to be ſuſpected for doing a bad One: And the Act, Madam, though it ſhould come to be known, would rather paſs for an Act of Charity, than a Piece of Amorous Gallantry. And after all this, Madam, ſince you are reſolved to ſpeak unto the King, and you know that he would marry you unto *Cleander*; and that you may well make it known you would ſave him, I cannot ſee there is any ſuch hazard in the Buſineſs. The Princeſs then thought to write her Mind, and truſt the Letter with *Tegeus*, to give it unto *Cleander*: But when ſhe conſidered of the many Matters ſhe had to ſay, and that if by any Misfortune this Letter ſhould be loſt, ſhe might prejudice both her ſelf and *Cleander*, ſhe gave over that Deſign, and would neither write, nor let *Cyleniſa* go, but remained extreamly perplexed: But *Eſope* coming to ſee her, and telling her, that ſo much Ill was ſpoken of *Cleander*, as he took upon him ſo much boldneſs as to beſeech her, ſhe would protect ſuch an Illuſtrious Man as he was. And after this he went away, but ill ſatisfied with her Anſwer, ſhe began to reſolve with her ſelf, and told *Cyleniſa*, ſhe was contented ſhe ſhould go unto *Cleander*, and that ſhe left it unto her diſcretion to chuſe which of her Women ſhe would have with her. But to abridg my Diſcourſe, ſince it hath been already too long; *Cyleniſa* made choice of her Companion, and *Tegeus* ſent a dark Lanthorn: And after ſhe had received full Inſtructions what to ſay, they went into the Garden with a dark Lanthorn, which gave no Light but when they pleaſed; and went unto the Cypreſs Walk, cloſe by the back Door, towards the Bridg which *Tegeus* mentioned unto *Cyleniſa*: But as ſhe told me afterwards, they trembled at every ſtep, and thought twenty times to return back: Yet they went on, and being come unto the end of the Bridg, after the Gardner (whom they had ſuborned) had opened the Door, *Cyleniſa* opened and ſhut the dark Lanthorn two or three times, as was appointed between *Tegeus* and her, (for they paſſed through the Garden only by the Light of the Stars); immediately after the Bridg was let down, the Window opened, and *Cleander* appeared, or (to ſay better) was heard.

Since this Window was very low, *Cleander* ſpeaking in a low Voice; Is it poſſible, ſaid he unto her, that I ſhould have the happineſs to ſpeak with you, or is it a Dream? Speak *Cyleniſa*, that I may know you, and tell me who is that which is with you? Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you may well imagine, ſince ſhe is here, that ſhe is faithful; therefore not to loſe a minute of precious Time, let me haſte to tell you, that the Princeſs is reſolved to ſave your Life, and to tell the King your Father, that ſhe knows of your Birth; ſhe deſired to advertiſe you of it, Sir, leſt you ſhould differ, and contradict one another i your Relations of it; then *Cyleniſa* acquainted him with all that the Princeſs gave her in charge, both what ſhe would ſay unto the King her Father, and what *Cleandr* ſhould anſwer. How *Cyleniſa* (ſaid he, after very ſeri-attention) does that adored and admired Lady take an care for my Life, and trouble her Self with ſuch Difficulties as theſe? Ah *Cyleniſa*, I could never imagine it: But if ſhe cannot preſerve it, by any ways but by prejudice to her Self, tell her I conjure you, that I had much rather Die then be any Cauſe of Harm unto her. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, do you think that your Death would be pleaſing to her? No, replied he, I think her too good to have any ſuch thoughts; but my Life is ſo uſeleſs, and will cauſe her ſo many Sorrows, that I think it in ſome ſort juſt not to preſerve it by any way which may expoſe her unto the Anger of the King her Father: aſſure her therefore that I can die without murmur; tell her *Cyleniſa*, that I ſhould not be ſenſible of my Miſery but for the Love of her; and that I do not think my Priſon tedious, but becauſe I cannot ſee her; and provided I do not loſe her Love, I can contentedly loſe my Crown and my Life alſo. As they were thus talking, a Soldier chanced to hear the Voice of a Woman, and went to acquaint the Governor, who preſently took out a Party, ſome went to *Cleander*'s Chamber, others to the Window. *Tegeus* would have oppoſed them, but was not able, and his Father cauſed him to be taken: Mean while *Cyleniſa* and her Companion hearing a Noiſe, would have fled, and got into the Garden, but they could not poſſible: Then *Cleander*, ſeeing the Princeſs's Women taken, and could not help it, he both ſpoke and did ſuch things, as might have diſcovered that which he had ſo long concealed. When *Cyleniſa* ſaw the Souldiers come unto her, and that there was no poſſibility to eſcape, ſhe turned the Light of her Lanthorn, and made her Self known unto them: They then were much Surpriſed, and turned their Violence into Civility; not one of the Souldiers but had ſeen her a hundred times with the Princeſs, when ſhe came to walk in the Cittadel. *Cyleniſa*, who certainly had an excellent Spirit and Wit, told them, That the Danger wherein I was for the Love of *Cleander*, was the cauſe of her coming thither; that they need not think it ſtrange ſhe ſhould endeavour to ſave her Couſin, by adviſing with him who was the Cauſe of his Miſery, which way they might make his Innocency appear. The Souldiers did hearken unto her patiently, and did not contradict what ſhe ſaid: yet they carried her and her Companion before the Governour, whom ſhe would have perſwaded to let her go unto the Princeſs, and not to acquaint the King with her being there, but ſhe could not prevail: but on the contrary, ſince he was evry exact, after he had placed theſe two Women with much Civility in one Chamber, and given Orders to guard the Priſoners very carefully, and his Son alſo, he ſent to acquaint the King with the Paſſage; and ſent alſo to the Princeſs, to ask her Pardon for detaining her Women, ſuppoſing that ſhe would not acknowledg them after ſuch an Act as this. Since it may eaſily be imagined what apprehenſions all theſe Parties had upon this Accident, I will not ſtay to relate them: but you may be ſure the Princeſs was extreamly ſurprized and ſad; *Cleander* was deſperate; poor *Tegeus* who loved *Cyleniſa*, feared ſhe would think he betrayed her; *Cyleniſa* was at her wits end as well as her Companion; *Cræſus* was aſtoniſhed to hear of it; and ſent Orders unto the Governor, whoſe Name was *Pactias*, to ſend her and her Companion preſently to him; and he did ſo: When *Cyleniſa* came before him, Is it poſſible, ſaid he unto her, that my Daughter ſhould keep one about her, that would do ſuch an Act ſo far unbefitting the modeſty of her Sex? Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, Appearances are often fallacious; and this boldneſs of mine which ſeems ſo criminal, will perhaps appear commendable, when you ſhall hear thoſe Truths which I ſhall tell you: for Sir, I am a Couſin unto *Soſicles*. 'Tis true (ſaid the King and interrupted her,) but it was unto *Cleander* with whom you ſpoke. I do confeſs it, replied ſhe, for ſince it is by him that *Soſicles* may be juſtified, I might well ſpeak unto him who might make his Innocency known. However it be, ſaid he, do you think my Daughter would allow you to go from her at midnight? and do you think I can be perſwaded that you ſpoke unto *Cleander* only concerning the intereſt of *Soſicles?* Speak *Cylenisa*, ſpeak, I ſay, and tell me ingenuouſly who ſet you awork? Then *Paetius* whiſpered the King in his Ear, and told him, that the Souldiers who heard them ſpeak, and diſcovered it unto him, did often hear the Name of the Princeſs both in the mouth of *Cleander* and hers. The King ſeemed to be much moved at what *Paetias* told him; for preſently remembring the Sorrows which the Princeſs teſtified at the impriſonment of *Cleander*, and her Endeavours to juſtify him, he made no doubt but that there was ſome ſecret Buſineſs which *Cyleniſa* would not confeſs, ſo that he ſpoke more ſharply to her than before; yet ſay and do what he could, he could not make her ſpeak a word againſt the Princeſs: But her Companion who was with her, being neither ſo Witty, nor ſo Bold, nor ſo Affectionate as ſhe (the King being adviſed to ſeparate them) he got her by Promiſes and by Threatnings to tell all ſhe knew: ſhe confeſſed then ingenuouſly, that the Princeſs did know of their coming; but thinking to juſtify her, ſhe proteſted that it was only out of Compaſſion to the Priſoners, that ſhe ſent *Cyleniſa* to ſpeak with them. The King would have made her confeſs what ſhe heard of *Cyleniſa*'s and *Cleander*'s diſcourſe, but ſhe would not anſwer a word to that, for ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſo affrighted to be at that time in that place, that ſhe heard their Diſcourſe but very confuſedly, yet confeſſed that the Name of the Princeſs was often uſed. There needed no more to diſturb the Soul of the King, who now made no Queſtion but that there was a Secret Correſpondency between *Cleander* and the Princeſs his Daughter: He went unto *Cyleniſa* again, but with ſuch Fury in his Words, and ſo much Anger in his Eyes, that ſhe ſtood in need of all her Conſtancy to be undaunted. However, ſhe was carried back to the Cittadel, and the King ſent unto the Princeſs (for by this time it was day) to come unto him, which immediately ſhe did: He no ſooner ſaw her, but he commanded all to withdraw; then looking fiercely upon her, I never thought, ſaid he unto her, that you had a Heart ſo baſe, as to beſtow any private Affection upon a Man that is unknown; upon a Man, I ſay, who certainly is of a baſe Original, ſince he hath no ſhift but an Impoſture to fly unto to ſave his Life, as if he could make the World believe he was a King's Son; a Man who after abundance of Benefits which I conferred upon him, would in recompence betray me, and ruine Me and my Dominions. When the Princeſs heard her Father ſpeak in ſuch manner, ſhe thought that *Cyleniſa* had confeſſed all: ſo that having no diſpoſition to deny a moſt innocent Truth, nor injure it by telling Lies, reſolved to diſguize the matter no longer; Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, it ſeems you think me to be very much in Fault, but thanks be unto the Gods I have this Satisfaction of Conſcience, that I am certain I am not ſo. How, ſaid he, are you not infinitely in Fault to hold a Secret Compliance with a grand Delinquent to the State? Should any of my Subjects do as much, he ſhould infallibly die for it: and judg whether your Crime be not greater than any Subject's can be; you who are my Daughter, and intereſted in the Glory of my Kingdom, and good of my People, and ought to have no other Intereſt but what is mine. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, if I had any other than ſuch, indeed I ſhould think my Self moſt Culpable; but ſince I have not, I moſt humbly beſeech you, to give me one quarter of an hours Audience to juſtify my Self. The King with much ado kept ſilence, and ſuffered her to ſpeak. This wiſe Princeſs began her Diſcourſe with the Affection the King had to *Cleander* in his Infancy; likewiſe with the Affection of her Brothers; and the Eſteem which ſhe her Self had of him, repeating in few words, and much art, all the Services which he had done for the King; his Victories, his Conqueſts, and all his Heroick Acts; yet relating all this after ſuch a manner as no Suſpicion might be ſhe affected him, but only as if ſhe aimed at his Juſtification and Truth; Yet, Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him, after ſhe had called into his Memory whether he would or no all his

Obligations unto *Cleander*) this Man, ſo Illuſtrious in every thing, to whom the Prince *Atis* owed his Life, unto whom I am a Debtor for yours; he, I ſay, ſhould never have moved my Heart ſo much at this time, but by two moſt powerful Conſiderations: the one is, becauſe I know you had a Deſign to marry me unto him at your Return from this War; the other is, becauſe I underſtand his Original is equal unto mine: beſides all this, I am moſt certain, than he never had any intentions to betray you; nor ever had a more violent deſire to acknowledg all your Benefits.

The King wondering and raging that his Daughter ſhould know of his Deſign concerning her Marriage, ſaid unto her, and interrupted her, You ought however to have ſtaid until I had commanded you to marry *Cleander*, before you gave him any Teſtimonies of your Affection: But ſince you are ſo Obedient unto my Will, that you would have Married him if it had been my pleaſure, pray alſo hate him when I would have you; and know, that I will puniſh him for his Crime, and adhere unto no other Intereſt but mine own. Were he guilty, Sir, I ſhould with all my Heart do ſo, replied ſhe; but ſince he is Innocent, and the Son of a great King, I think, Sir, that I ſhould do you good Service in reſtraining you from incenſing the Anger of the Gods againſt you, by deſtroying a Prince who did never juſtly offend you: For truly, *Timocreon*, *Thimettes* and *Atrias* told no Lies, when they aſſured me that *Cleander* was Son unto the King of *Phrygia*; I my ſelf have ſeen all thoſe things, which ſhould have juſtified his Birth: and moreover, I do moſt certainly know, that he would never have took part with your Enemies to fight againſt you. It ſeems you know very much indeed, ſaid *Crœſus*, and interrupted her, but though you had committed no other Crime then this, to know ſo exactly the ſecret thoughts of ſuch a Man as *Cleander* is, a Stranger, and a Delinquent, it were enough to deſerve no Pardon. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, ſince I cannot juſtify my Self in your Opinion, unleſs I juſtify *Cleander* alſo, and letting you ſee his real Right and true Quality, why will you not be pleaſed to allow me ſo much Patience as to hear me out? Why, ſaid he unto her, would you have me believe your words, becauſe you have lightly given Credit unto the deceiving words of *Cleander?* Do I not plainly ſee you are his Confederate in this groſs Impoſture, by which he would make himſelf the Son of a King, juſt now when he is accuſed of a Crime which brings his Life into danger? Where are all the convincing Proofs of it? You tell me you have ſeen them, but you ſhew not one: As for this Picture which all the Court has ſeen, and I my ſelf alſo have ſeen, that argues as much as nothing, nor any thing elſe except the King of *Phrygia*'s Letter: as for that, I confeſs, I have ſeen, and know his Character, and it may be of ſome conſideration; but they will ſhew it, it ſeems, only to you who does not know it, and will not produce it unto me, becauſe I ſhould diſcover its Forgery.

In a word, *Cleander* is unknown, and you ought to look upon him no otherwiſe; neither ought you to believe that I would have married you unto him, unleſs I had told you ſo my ſelf; and if by reaſon of ſome Reaſon in State, I ſhould have married you to him, I know not whether or no you would have willingly obeyed me: Moreover, admit *Cleander* were the Son of a King, yet you ought not to hold any ſecret Intelligence with him; but ſince he ſaid himſelf he is the Son of my Enemy, was it juſt in you to conceal it from me one minute? Might you not well ſuppoſe, that this very Circumſtance of Enemy was enough to prevent all Alliance with him? Which way ſoever then I conſider your Actions, I find you ſo culpable, and in ſo deep a manner, that I cannot endure the ſight of you; therefore retire unto your Chamber, and obey my Orders without medling any more in his Juſtification. Since my own Juſtification is inſeparably linked unto his, replied ſhe, methinks, Sir, your Command is not juſt. Go (ſaid he unto her) be gone, and anſwer no more; but without inſiſting upon your pretended Innocency, go and pray unto the Gods, that they will pardon you; for my part I cannot. The Princeſs *Palmis* would have replied ſomething,

thing, but he would not ſuffer her; and commanded the Lieutenant of his Guard to carry her unto her Chamber, and be reſponſible for her Perſon. The Princeſs then ſeeing ſhe could not prevail with the King her Father, obeyed with Tears in her Eyes, and returned to her Lodging, without having the Comfort of her dear *Cyleniſa*, with whom ſhe might condole her Miſfortunes. Her Chamber becoming now a Priſon, none were admitted, nor permitted to ſee her, no not ſo much as the Prince *Myrſiles*, becauſe he ſeemed always very affectionate unto *Cleander:* The Princeſs of *Claſomena* deſired it, but was denied: *Abradates* endeavoured very much to do her Service, yet all in vain; the Prince *Mexaris*, though glad perhaps of theſe Diſaſters, yet ſeemed very angry at it; the Princeſs *Anaxilea*, Widow of the Prince *Atis*, remembring what an Obſtacle the Princeſs had heretofore been unto her Marriage, ſhewed not much Generoſity: But as for *Eſope*, he was conſtant, and ſpoke boldly unto the King, in behalf both of the Princeſs and *Cleander: Meneceus* alſo was very generous, and ſpoke high, ſo that the King grew angry with him, and employed him no more in his Counſels, expreſly forbidding him to publiſh that *Cleander* was the Son of a King. As for *Arteſilas*, though he was a Lover of the Princeſs *Palmis*, yet her Priſon was no great Grief unto him, becauſe he hoped that this diſaſterous Courſe would make her repent of her Affection unto *Cleander*, and was in hopes to tranſact in her behalf ſo cunningly, as that ſhe might think her ſelf in ſome ſort a Debtor unto him for her Liberty.

In the mean while *Cleander* hearing the next day by ſome of the Guards, that the Princeſs *Palmis* was a Priſoner; all the Sorrows that ever he ſuffered in all his Life, were not comparable to his Sufferings then; he ſaw his Fortune was in a pitiful condition; for he knew certainly that he was the Son of a King, and had no power to juſtify himſelf; he appeared ungrateful and guilty towards *Crœſus*, and was not able to produce any convincing Proofs to the contrary; he was in love with the Princeſs, and knew ſhe loved him again, but acording to all appearances, he ſhould never be in a condition to enjoy her, or himſelf; he heard ſhe was a Priſoner for the love of him; and this laſt Conſideration made ſo deep an Impreſſion upon his Spirits, that he valued not all the reſt; until then he ſuffered his Fetters without any deſires of breaking them; but when he heard ſhe was a Priſoner, he thought upon nothing but his Liberty, to the end he might releaſe her: He deſired the Guards to go unto the King, and beſeech him that he might immediately die, upon condition ſhe might be ſet free, and expreſs'd ſo many ſigns of real Love, and in ſo moving a manner, that one of the Guards did offer him all his Endeavours for his Comfort at the leaſt, if he could do nothing for his Liberty. *Cleander* did accept his Offer, and conjured him to go unto the Palace, there enquire very exactly, what Orders and Guards were upon the Princeſs, that afterwards he might judg whether there was any poſſibility of ſending her a Letter. This officious Souldier did as *Cleander* deſired him, and went unto the Palace; but being not ſo wiſe as well-affected, ſome Men that were ready to do any ill Offices, eſpied him, and knowing him to be one of *Cleander*'s Guard, did acquaint the King he was there, who did command him to be ſeized upon: and ſince he gave no good Reaſons for his coming to the Palace; and ſince Information was given that he enquired what Guard was kept over the Princeſs, they clapt him up in Priſon, and the King imagined there was ſome deſign to releaſe her: ſo that to put her in a place which he conceived inviolable, and to ſend her further from *Cleander*, whom he would not yet put to death, as much incenſed as he was againſt him, therefore he ſent the Princeſs the next Morning unto *Epheſus*, unto the Temple of *Diana*, appointing her who commanded the vowed Veſtals there, not to let her ſpeak unto any whoſoever, cauſing the Companion of *Cyleniſa* to be realeaſed; and likewiſe the Son of *Pactias*, becauſe of his Father's Fidelity, to have his Liberty. This wiſe Princeſs deſired to take her leave of the King, but the favour was denied her: then ſhe deſired to have *Cyle-*

niſa with her, that alſo was not granted; ſo that the day following, none having the liberty to ſee her, ſhe departed from *Sardis*, guarded by five hundred Horſe unto *Epheſus*, which was three days Journy from thence. But, Madam, the way thither was of neceſſity behind the Garden of the Palace, and by the Citadel, under the Window where *Cleander* did ſpeak with *Cyleniſa*. It happened that this unfortunate Prince, walking in his Chamber, and contemplating his Misfortunes, chanced to ſpy the Princeſs as ſhe paſſed, and knew her; ſhe alſo, looking up, ſaw him: To tell you, Madam, the Thoughts of theſe two illuſtrious Perſons at that inſtant, and how ſad this ſight was unto both, is not an eaſy matter. *Cleander* would have broke the Grates: the Princeſs wiſhed the Coach might go more ſoftly, yet ſhe made ſigns with her Head and her Hand, to let him underſtand ſhe lamented his Misfortunes; and he did let her ſee, by his violent and diſordered Actions, though full of reſpect, how great the trouble of his Soul was. Mean while the Coach went on, and they loſt the ſight of one another: But the Princeſs, as I was told afterwards, looked a long while after upon the place where *Cleander* was a Priſoner. After this, Madam, the Court of *Lydia* was as dull, as it was delightful before. In the mean time *Arteſilas* did not bring his Deſigns to paſs, for he could not move *Cræſus* either to put *Cleander* to death, or call back the Princeſs *Palmis*: *Cræſus* alſo knowing that the King of *Phrygia* was entered into his Dominions, was forced to go himſelf in Perſon unto the Army; and that was one of his Reaſons why he ſent the Princeſs his Daughter unto *Epheſus*; having no mind to leave her in that place where *Cleander* was a Priſoner. The general ſtate of things did change faces; for you know, that the King of *Aſſyria*, who had carried away the Princeſs *Mandana*, ſent to ſolicit theſe two Kings who were his Allies, to enter into his Country; and in order unto that, they made a Truce between themſelves, and did ſo: going both of them to aid the King of *Aſſyria*, and to oppoſe the King of the *Medes* whom they feared, or rather indeed the valour of the illuſtrious *Cyrus* under the Notion of *Artamenes*, who was ſo terrible to all *Aſia*. The King of *Phrygia* notwithſtanding the Truce, deſired that his Troopes might not mingle with the Troops of *Lydia*. The truth is, Madam, you know ſo well what paſſed in all *Aſia* ſince that time, as I need not ſpeak of them, nor of *Cleander*, who being ſtill a Priſoner, had nothing to do amongſt them; for after the King of *Aſſyria*'s firſt Defeat, *Cræſus* out of ſome Diſcontent retired and returned unto *Sardis*, ſtill keeping us and the Princeſs Priſoners. However *Arteſilas* was not a whit more happy, ſince neither being able to ruin his Rival, nor ſee his Miſtreſs, it may be ſaid, that he himſelf was puniſhed for their own Crimes. As for *Cleander* he being of a very obliging Diſpoſition, he got the Love of all the Guards; and ſo far that they let him have liberty to write and receive Letters, in ſpite of *Pactias* forbidding them to do ſo; ſo that he writ unto *Eſop*, to the end he might acquaint him with all News concerning the Princeſs, which *Eſop* accordingly did, though I know not which way he went to work: However, *Cleander*, *Thimettes*, *Timocreon*, *Acrates*, and my ſelf, did live moſt melancholy Lives; and ſo we lived until *Cræſus*, who was reſtleſs to hear of all the prodigious Victories of the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, ſent unto all the famous Oracles in the World, though I know not what he intended to enquire of, becauſe there was no return of them when I came from *Sardis*. But during the Voyages of all theſe Embaſſadors who were ſent to conſult with the Gods, he ceaſed not from making great Levies; he imployed divers Envoys to ſeveral Princes, and was ſo buſied in ſome very great Deſign which he had in his Mind, that he thought the leſs of *Cleander*. Then, Madam, to ſhorten my relation, I will make haſte to tell you, that *Cræſus* being gone to muſter his Troops, *Tegeus* the Son of *Pactias*, and a Lover of *Cyleniſa*, plotted with *Meneceus*: and found out ways to releaſe us, Love being predominate over all other Conſiderations; perhaps his Aims and Deſires were only to releaſe *Cyleniſa*: But *Meneceus*, of whom he ſtood in need, denying him any aſſiſtance, unleſs *Cleander*, *Timetes*, *Timocreon*, *Acrates*, and my ſelf, were releaſed alſo, he conſented unto it. So that one night, when I little dream'd of Liberty, *Tegeus*, who had ſuborned the greateſt part of *Cleander*'s Guard, and Gariſon of *Pactias*, entered into the Cittadel, and going unto *Cleander*'s Chamber, he told him that he was at liberty; and afterwards coming where we were, he told us the ſame. That which did make the buſineſs more eaſy, was, becauſe *Pactias* was gone two days Journy from *Sardis*: and *Arteſilas* was with the King. Moreover, *Meneceus* who had the Conduct of the Buſineſs, had provided fifty Horſe ready to guard us: ſo that without Fight or Tumult we went out of the Cittadel, at the ſame Door by which the poor *Cyleniſa* entered. I forgot to tell you that *Tegeus* went not unto the Chamber of *Cleander* to releaſe him, till after he had been with *Cyleniſa*, for whom he had provided a Coach ready at her coming out of the Cittadel. However, ſince *Meneceus* had many Friends in *Epheſus*; and ſince beſides, that it was a place where they might more eaſily hide themſelves than any other, by reaſon of many Strangers which reſorted unto the famous Temple of *Diana*; and more then that, it was eaſy to fly away when one pleaſed, by reaſon of the Seas nearneſs, it was reſolved to retire thither; and indeed *Cleander* would not go any where elſe, becauſe of the Princeſs *Palmis*, and there was none that would leave him. The Governour of *Epheſus* was alſo an intimate Friend of *Meneceus*, who though he ſhould know him to be there, yet he did not fear that he would do either him or his Friends any hurt: Then, Madam, when he had gone a days Journy from *Sardis*, we diſguiſed our ſelves as well as we could, *Cyleniſa* alſo, with a Woman which waited upon her, and would not leave her, did the ſame; ſo that we came unto *Epheſus* as Strangers which come to viſit the Temple of *Diana*: *Meneceus* alſo, cauſed thoſe Horſes which guarded us, to enter at ſeveral Gates, and reſolved to have them always with him in caſe of any need of them. The firſt thing *Cleander* did, was to go about the Temple of

Diana, deſiring to ſee the place at leaſt where the Princeſs was, though he could not ſee her. In the mean while, Madam, one Chance moſt extraordinarily happened to the great Comfort of theſe illuſtrious Lovers, which was, That ſhe who commanded the Veſtals, whoſe Name was *Ageſiſtrata*, proved to be Siſter unto a Lady in *Epheſus*, with whom *Meneceus* in his younger days had been in love, and whom he ſhould have married, if her Friends had not oppoſed it; ſo that there being this Obligation then between them, there continued ſtill a great Friendſhip between them, though they had not ſeen one another of a long time: *Meneceus* haviug done many conſiderable Services towards *Crœſus*, in behalf of her Husband, whom afterwards ſhe married, and ſince was dead: *Meneceus* then confiding in her, and ſetting forth the Injuſtice of *Crœſus*, in that he would not ſuffer *Cleander* to clear himſelf, and that the Princeſs his Daughter was ſenſible of his Innocency, he negotiated ſo well with her, as ſhe obtained of her Siſter, that *Cyleniſa* ſhould be entertained in the Temple, and placed with the Princeſs, not daring to ask leave for *Cleander* to ſpeak with her, for fear of being refuſed, and leſt it ſhould prejudice her, in lieu of ſerving her. You may eaſily imagine what Joy this was unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, to ſee her dear *Cyleniſa* again, and to hear *Cleander* was out of Priſon, and come unto *Epheſus*; though ſhe was ſtill very fearful he ſhould be diſcovered, and taken again: But when *Cyleniſa* told her he ſeldom ſtirred out, except Mornings and Evenings unto the Temple, and that he was well diſguiſed, ſhe was more at quiet. 'Tis true, the liberty of *Cleander* did make the Priſon of the Princeſs more cloſe (if I may call that ſacred place a Priſon.) For as ſoon as *Crœſus* heard that *Cleander* was releaſed, he ſent new Orders unto *Ageſiſtrata*, to take more care of the Princeſs *Palmis*, and that ſhe be better guarded: But ſince the Friend of *Meneceus* was for us, the doubling of Guards was to no purpoſe. One ſtrange and happy Accident more happened, which was, that *Cleander* found in the Houſe where he lodged, all thoſe things which ſhould teſtify what he was; and thus it came about: Be pleaſed to know that the domeſtick Servant whom my Father had truſted with all thoſe things, and many others, ſeeing that his Maſter was a Priſoner, reſolved to ſteal all that he had of his, and embarqued for *Epheſus*: That he being acquainted with a Servant in this Houſe, he left with him many of thoſe things to keep, and amongſt the reſt, all thoſe things which would ſerve to clear *Cleander*; declaring unto him, that if he died, he gave him all thoſe things which he left in his Hands, and telling him, that he durſt not return until his Maſter were out of Priſon: But the Truth is, he thought that *Crœſus* would put my Father to Death, and then he might return to *Epheſus*, and enjoy the Fruits of his Theft: yet ſince he was gone no further than the Iſle of *Chio*, his Friend heard often from him; but indeed at laſt he underſtood that he was dead, when *Cleander* came to lodg with his Maſter, who was a very good Friend unto *Meneceus*: So that deſiring to ſee what was given him, he looked upon all thoſe things which my Fathers Servant had left unto him, and there found all thoſe things which I told you of; and not being able to conceal his Wealth out of Joy that he had to poſſeſs it, he ſhewed the Picture unto his Maſter's Wife, who finding ſome Reſemblance between it and *Cleander*, let him ſee it, as ſome extraordinary Piece; ſo that to recover all that he had loſt, he recompenced him who had them, and received them again.

I leave you to judg, Madam, what Joy this was to *Cleander* in finding a Crown, when he had no hopes to enjoy it; he made the Princeſs *Palmis* acquainted with this prodigious Accident: But do what could be, *Meneceus* could not obtain Permiſſion for *Cleander* to ſee the Princeſs: All that could be done was by the Contrivance of *Cyleniſa*, to convey Letters unto her, which ſhe out of her Goodneſs was pleaſed to anſwer. In the mean time we knew not what courſe to take, becauſe *Cleander* would not go and make himſelf known unto the King his Father, and leave the Princeſs *Palmis* at *Epheſus*; he durſt not think of taking her away, though ſhe ſhould conſent unto it, not knowing where to find any Place of Security for her, or whether he ſhould be known for what he was; neither durſt he make it known unto *Cræſus* that he had found things which would maniſeſt what he was, underſtanding by a Letter from the Princeſs, that the Quality of the King of *Phrygia*'s Son would not at all advantage him in the Opinion of the King her Father. *Cleander* being thus unreſolved what courſe to take, he was advertiſed of two things in one Day, which moved him unto that Reſolution, which I ſhall tell you of; The firſt was, that I informed him of a *Cilician* Ship come into the Port, in which was the King of *Pontus* and the Princeſs *Mandana*: The other was, that abſolute Orders came from *Cræſus*, that the Princeſs his Daughter ſhould enter into Orders, and take upon her the Habit of a Veſtal. You may imagine how much this Severity of *Cræſus* concerned *Cleander*, and how much it grieved the Princeſs *Palmis*, for ſhe had no Inclination unto that Courſe. *Ageſiſtrata* proteſted unto the Princeſs, that ſhe would not receive her into Orders, though ſhe would have her, becauſe her Will was forced, which was poſitively againſt their Cuſtoms. This being the State of things, the Princeſs *Mandana* ſtole away from thoſe who watched her, and put her ſelf into the Temple of *Diana* as a Sanctuary; and the King of *Pontus* could not get her out again, becauſe the People would have riſen againſt him, if he had attempted it. But, Madam, ſhe was no ſooner there, but *Cleander* thought he had found an undoubted means to obtain an inviolable Sanctuary for his Princeſs, if in getting away the Princeſs *Palmis*, he could get away the Princeſs *Mandana* alſo, and carry her unto *Ciaxares* from the King of *Pontus*, or elſe, in the Abſence of *Ciaxares*, unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: For ſaid he, If this Deſign proſper, although the King my Father who is with him, ſhould not acknowledg me, yet the Service of reſtoring the Princeſs *Mandana* would be acceptable to the King, that I ſhall obtain from *Cyrus* a Protection for the Princeſs *Palmis*; and it may well be hoped, that the Heavens will favour ſo juſt a Deſign, ſince I do only reſcue an innocent Princeſs out of the Hands of her Raviſher, to reſtore her unto the King her Father. This Project ſeemed ſo full of Reaſon, were it but once executed, that neither *Thimettes*, *Meneceus*, *Tegeus*, my Father, nor I, did at all conteſt concerning it. We ſpeedily then ſought out ways to execute what *Cleander* had imagined: We had already ſome Men with us, but not ſufficient to do it by open Force; therefore Policy muſt be the Way: *Meneceus* did ſo well employ the Power which he had with his ancient Miſtreſs, that he moved her to ſpeak unto her Siſter, who is one of a great Virtue, much Spirit, and greater Soul: he ſet forth the Injuſtice of *Cræſus*, and alſo the King of *Pontus*, in ſuch a moving manner, as he forced her to acknowledg that whoſoever could ſet the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis* in any Places of Security, would do an Act which would be acceptable unto the Gods. She had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but, uſing her own Words, he told her, that it was ſhe who was beſt able to do an Act ſo generous: Yet for all this he could not move her to truſt thoſe two Princeſſes in his Hands; But ſhe told him, that they had a Cuſtom amongſt them, that thoſe who were to be received into Orders, it was permitted them to go once out, to the end it might appear they came in without Conſtraint: ſo that if the Princeſs *Palmis* pleaſe, ſhe may ask that Favour, and carry the Princeſs *Mandana* with her at the ſame time; and that ſhe would give Ordrrs, it ſhould be upon ſuch a Day, when the King of *Pontus* did not know of it: and that it ſhould be at a back-Door, where no ſtrict Guard was kept, becauſe it was never almoſt open; and then if they would conſent unto it, they might truſt themſelves with *Cleander*. After this, having obtained leave to ſpeak unto *Cyleniſa*, and *Cyleniſa* having prepared the Mind of the Princeſs *Palmis*, and ſhe the Princeſs *Mandana*, which two had contracted a great League of Friendſhip in a few Days, it was reſolved, that the Princeſs *Palmis* ſhould feign Obedience unto the Will of the King her Father; and that according to the Cuſtom, ſhe ſhould ask to go out, accompanied with *Mandana*, and her Women; that within three Paces of the Temple there ſhould be a Coach ready for the Princeſſes; That *Cleander*, *Meneceus*, *Timocreon*, *Tegeus*, and their Men, ſhould guard them to the next Port, where a Barque ſhould be ready to waft them unto

Phrygia, and from thence they ſhould come by Land hither: So that when I came away, the Barque was ready, and all things fitted for Execution of the Deſign, which in all likelihood took Effect. That which would more facilitate the Enterprize was, the King of *Pontus* was hurt with the fall of a Horſe in his Thigh, in going from the old Town unto the new, where the Temple of *Diana* ſtands: So that though their Flight ſhould be noiſed about, yet he was not able to follow, for he was in great Pain, and kept his Bed. The Princeſs *Palmis* deſired *Cleander* to promiſe her by Letter, that he would let her continue always with the Princeſs *Mandana*, until he had made his Peace with *Cræſus*, and until he had made himſelf known unto the King of *Phrygia*. However, to go more ſurely to work, *Meneceus* moved *Cleander* to ſend *Thimettes*, *Acrates*, and my ſelf, to the King his Father, with all things requiſite, to manifeſt he was his Son, and to prepare him for his better Reception; alſo to acquaint the illuſtrious *Cyrus* with that Service which the generous *Cleander* would render him, thereby to merit his Protection. I had forgot to tell you, that whilſt we were at *Epheſus*, *Thimettes* heard accidently that his Friends had made his Peace with the King his Maſter, ſo that preſenting himſelf unto him without Fear, that Prince no ſooner ſaw him, but he received him with many Expreſſions of Tenderneſs. But when after this he had told him all the Story which I have told you, and ſhewed him the Picture, the Letters, and all other things concerning that Buſineſs; and when that Prince had read his own Letter, and the Note from his dear *Elſimena*, whoſe Hand he knew at firſt Sight, he apprehended ſo much Joy and ſo much Sorrow both together, that his Soul could not determine which of thoſe two Paſſions to chuſe. Since it was I who had the Honour to relate the Story, which he hearkened unto with extream Attention, I was the Witneſs of this pleaſing Irreſolution: but after that, his Joy of having a Son, and a Son ſo illuſtrious, had a little mitigated his Sorrows for the Loſs of his dear *Elſimena*, he deſired to ſee *Acrates*, who by his generous Repentance did eaſily obtain his Pardon. The King had a Mind to compare this Picture with that which he always kept, and which was made at the ſame time; and looking upon that Note which *Elſimena* writ, he knew the Hand ſo perfectly, that he doubted not at all who was the Writer; but expreſſed a hundred Signs of Gratitude and Acknowledgment unto *Thimettes* and me: and being full of Impatience to acquaint the illuſtrious *Cyrus* with this welcome News, he went immediately unto him, and commanded me to follow, leaving *Thimettes* and *Acrates* at Liberty to reſt themſelves. So Madam, I hope that within this two or three Days they will receive certain News, that this great Enterprize has a happy Proceeding.

Soſicles having ended his Relation, the Princeſs *Arimint*a thanked him for the Pains he took in ſpeaking ſo long together, and compoſing the Method of this extraordinary Hiſtory in ſo neat and elegant a manner. *Cyrus* for his part gave him moſt obliging Language: after which *Soſicles* withdrew; and then, Sir, ſaid the Princeſs *Arimint*a unto *Cyrus*, can it be expected you ſhould be ſo highly generous, as to promiſe me, that when the Gods have reſtored the Princeſs *Mandana* unto you, you will not look upon the King my Brother as your Rival? Yes, replied he, and I will promiſe you more than that, ſince I will promiſe you to ſerve him, whether he will or no, as his Friend, which I am reſolved to be, and to reſtore him to the Crown of *Pontus*: As for the Crown of *Bithynia*, ſaid he, and ſmiled, I muſt let it alone in the Hands of *Arſamones*, to the end that the Prince *Spitridates* may hereafter give it unto you. As they were thus in Diſcourſe, the King of *Phrygia* entered, unto whom the Princeſs *Arimint*a expreſſed her Joys, that he had found a Son ſo illuſtrious; and then calling to mind the moſt conſiderable Paſſages of his Life, they could not enough admire at the wonderful Providence of the Gods in all things. For my part, ſaid the King of *Phrygia*, as oft as I remember my adverſe Inclination to this War againſt *Cræſus*, I cannot doubt but that the Gods did ſecretly advertiſe me, that I ought not to do it: however, if I can but be ſo happy as to ſee my Son reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana* unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, I ask no more at the Hands of Heaven. That Happineſs is too great for me, ſaid *Cyrus*, and ſighed, and I never can hope for it. But yet you may very well hope it (replied the Princeſs *Ariminta*) for according to the Relation of *Soſicles*, the thing ſeems to be out of Doubt. When I was at *Sinope*, replied *Cyrus*, he who ſhould then have told me, that I ſhould not have releaſed the Princeſs *Mandana*, I ſhould not have believed him: and when I took *Babylon*, I could not imagine ſhe ſhould poſſibly get out. Then after a while of ſuch Diſcourſe as this, ſince it was late, *Cyrus* took his leave of the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and returned to the Camp with the King of *Phrygia*, and with a Mind divided between Hopes and Fears, and abſolutely taken up with Thoughts of his dear Princeſs; having alſo appointed *Araſpes* before to let the Queen of *Suſiana* know, that he was ſorry ſhe found her ſelf not well, and commanding him again to have all imaginable Care of her.

The End of the Firſt Book.

ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

Part IV. Book II.

NEver did Hopes flatter miſerable Men with more pleaſing Minutes; nor ever did Fears infuſe more cruel Torments, than theſe two contrary Paſſions did procure unto *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria*: *Mandana* releaſed, or *Mandana* a Captive, was the whole Buſineſs of their Minds; and according as theſe did preſent themſelves unto their Imaginations, ſo were they either ſad or glad; though both of them had always a Mixture of Diſpleaſure amongſt their higheſt Satisfaction, to think that though ſhe be at Liberty, yet it was not by their Aſſiſtance: yet ſince ſhe was to receive this good Office from a Prince who was not yet their Rival, the Thought of it did not leſſen their Joys; and ſometimes, not doubting but ere long they ſhould bleſs their Eyes with a Sight of their Princeſs, they both of them began to think of vanquiſhing one another by Combate, according to Agreement. Three Days, thus paſſed on; during which time, *Cyrus* diſcourſed often with *Soſicles*, becauſe he had ſeen his Princeſs at *Epheſus*; and during which time alſo, the King of *Phrygia* entertained *Thimettes* and *Acrates* with much Satisfaction, by Reaſon of the hope which they had given him to ſee in the Face of *Cleander* ſo perfect a Reſemblance of his dear *Elſimena*, that he could not poſſibly doubt, but that he was his Son. The Princeſs *Ariminta* alſo was full of Joys and Hopes, believing that ſince the King her Brother had *Mandana* no longer in his Power, he would become a Friend unto that Prince who offered to ſet upon his Throne; and ſo ſhe might one Day be in a happier Condition than ever. The Queen of *Suſiana*, though a Captive, and not very well in Health, had yet the Comfort to be ſerved with the ſame Reſpect, as if ſhe were at *Suſa*: for *Araſpes* was punctual in the Obſervation of *Cyrus* his Commands, and was very aſſiduous and obſervant of that fair and wiſe Queen, whom *Cyrus* much honoured, and grieved he could not after ſee her. When thoſe three Days were thus paſſed, *Timocreon* arrived, and ſought for his Son *Soſicles*, to underſtand from him, how the King of *Phrygia* had received thoſe things which *Thimettes* and he had related unto him: after he underſtood the Truth of all, he went unto the King of *Phrygia*'s Tent, into which *Cyrus* entered, preſently after *Thimettes* who met him, had preſented him unto the King of *Phrygia*: ſo that this Prince no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but addreſſing himſelf, Sir, ſaid he unto him, This is that *Timocreon* who preſerved my Son; and who brings us News of what we ſo much deſire to know; but I know not whether it be good or bad, becauſe he is but newly come. Queſtionleſs, the News is but bad for me, replied *Cyrus*, for I do not look to be ſo happy as to hear the Princeſs *Mandana* is at Liberty. 'Tis true, Sir, ſhe is not at Liberty, replied *Timocreon*: but it is not long of the illuſtrious *Cleander* that ſhe is not: ſince he has done things moſt difficult to bring it to paſs: and had it not been for one Misfortune which we could not foreſee, doubtleſs the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Palmis*, both had been at Liberty.

Tell us, however, replied perplexed *Cyrus*, how Fortune did hinder our Happineſs. Sir, anſwered *Timocreon*, ſince I underſtand by *Thimettes*, you know all Paſſages ſince his Departure from *Epheſus*, I ſhall relate nothing what has already been told, but I do aſſure you, never was Buſineſs better managed than it; for when *Ageſiſtrata* had

had advertiſed *Meneceus* of the Day on which the Princeſs *Palmis* was to come out; and the Princeſs *Mandana* was to follow her, with two Women who waited upon her, and one upon the Princeſs of *Lydia: Meneceus* made the Barque ready, whereof he was aſſured: the fifty Men which we had in the Town, lying in Ambuſcado, at all the Advenues by which one could come unto that Gate, out of which the Princeſſes were to come; beſides theſe, above thirty Friends of *Meneceus* joyned with *Cleander*, who kept himſelf in the Head of twelve or fifteen only; for all were divided into little Troops, leſt thoſe which paſſed ſhould ſuſpect any thing: he placed himſelf as near as he could unto the Door of the Temple, having a Coach there to carry the Princeſſes unto the Sea, which was not far off, and where the Barque waited. Since there was none but Sentinels ſtood in that Place, becauſe it was a Door out of which ſeldom any did come, that could be no hinderance in the Enterprize; and without killing them, it was an eaſy matter to ſecure them without being perceived by the neareſt Court of Guard: Thus Sir, all things being rightly ordered to execute our Deſign; the Barque ready, the Coach come, all our Men placed at all the Advenues unto the Temple: *Cleander* waited for the opening of the Doot: and the Buſineſs came ſo far that the Door did open; and I ſaw the Princeſs *Palmis*, who cauſed another Lady of an admirable Beauty to paſs before her, whom I ſuppoſed to be the Princeſs *Mandana*: and I did but ſee her; for as theſe Princeſſes were coming out, and we advancing to receive her, there came out of a Houſe cloſe by, two hundred Men in Arms, in the Head of whom was the Prince *Arteſilas*: yon may imagine how *Cleander* was ſurprized (who looked for no other Reſiſtance but from the King of *Pontus*) when he ſaw *Arteſilas* in the Head of them, whom he thought had been with *Cræſus*. But though the Wonder of *Cleander* was great, yet that of *Arteſilas* was no leſs, to ſee *Cleander* with a Sword in his Hand, ſtanding between him and the Door of the Temple: However, as ſoon as the Princeſs *Palmis* ſpied *Arteſilas*, ſhe went back, and carried the Princeſs *Mandana* with her: The Door of the Temple was ſhut in an Inſtant: ſo that *Cleander* not being able to releaſe his Princeſs, nor *Arteſilas* to carry her away, as he deſigned; theſe two Rivals went one to the other with as much Fury as their Paſſions were violent; they ſpoke one to another, but I think were not underſtood. In the mean time, all our Men, who were diſperſed into ſeveral Parties, gathering together about *Cleander*, who thought our ſelves in a Condition not only to reſiſt *Arteſilas*, but alſo to overcome him; and *Cleander* fought with ſo much Courage, that he killed his Rival with his own Hand, and many more: ſo that after the Death of this Prince, the reſt of his Men diſperſed themſelves, and vaniſhed in a Moment: ſo that if they had opened the Gate of the Temple again the very ſame Hour, we had releaſed the Princeſſes: we knocked at the Door, but I think the Noiſe was ſo great, that the Women durſt not open it: Preſently, all the King of *Pontus*'s Men, and all thoſe belonging to the Governour of *Epheſus*, came up to us; and we were ſo ſurrounded with a Multitude, that it is an abſolute Miracle to ſee we are eſcaped; for *Cleander* could not reſolve to ſave himſelf by the Barque which waited for us, but would ſtill be near the Gate of the Temple; yet in the end, ſeeing an abſolute Impoſſibility to reſiſt ſuch a Multitude, and thinking he had received a Wound in his right Hand, reſolved to retreat fighting until we came to the Barque, unto which we entered in ſpite of all thoſe who purſued us, and made all haſte away: for they threw many Darts at us, and we kept them off us with our Shields: But when we were out of their Reach, we looked whether the Wound of *Cleander* was conſiderable, and found it to be more troubleſom, than dangerous: Afterwards we muſtered to ſee whether we had all our Men, and except ten or twelve Souldiers whom we had out of *Epheſus*, and thoſe would not imbarque with us, we loſt not a Man: but making a ſtrict Search, I found amongſt us a Servant belonging unto *Arteſilas*, who in this Tumult choſe rather to enter into our Bark, then to fall into the Hands of the *Egyptian* Governour: I no ſooner ſaw him, but I knew him, and when I ſhewed him unto *Cleander*, Sir, ſaid he unto him, I beg your Pardon for ſeeking Sanctuary under you. Friend, ſaid *Cleander* to him, my hatred to thy Maſter is dead with him, and ſhall not revive to hurt thee; but however tell us, by what ſtrange Accident we met to Day. Sir, replied the Man, none can tell you better than my ſelf what the deſign of that Prince whom I ſerved, was; ſo I have had but too much knowledg of his Secrets, ſince the flight of the Prince *Antaleon*.

And then, ſince he thought to merit much from *Cleander*, by defaming his Maſter, in lieu of anſwering to what was asked, he told us that which we asked not; and related unto us, how the Prince *Arteſilas* was of that odious Conſpiracy with the Prince *Antaleon*; not but that we knew it already, in going between *Sardis* and *Epheſus*; but he related it unto us more exactly: Afterwards, he told us, that this Prince knowing of the Orders which *Crœſus* had ſent unto *Ageſiſtrata*, by which he appointed the Princeſs his Daughter to take upon her the Habit of a Veſtal, he became ſo deſperate, that ſince he had committed ſo many Crimes in vain, he was reſolved to venture upon one more, which would be profitable unto him; ſo that his Plot was to carry away the Princeſs; and in order to that, he left the King upon ſome pretence or other, and diſguized himſelf and his Men in Habit of Paiſants, and kept them in that Houſe out of which you ſaw us ſally, the Maſter of which had heretofore been his Servant: He told us further, that *Arteſilas* reſolved to wait there until that Door of the Temple was open, and then to ſeize upon the Princeſs *Palmis*, and carry her unto a Ship which he had provided ready, with Intention that if the Door of the Temple did not open within ſix Days, then to force it in the Night, and execute his Deſign, as he would now have done, if he had not been prevented. So that we collected thus much from the diſcourſe of this Man, that *Cleander*, at leaſt, preſerved the Princeſs from being carried away by *Arteſilas*, whom the Gods by his own Hands did puniſh for being in ſuch a horrid Conſpiracy, as that of the Prince *Antaleon* was. In the mean time, night drawing on, we went to lodg in a little Village, where we cauſed *Cleander*'s Wound to be dreſſed, and alſo three or four Souldiers more, who had been wounded alſo, and whom we left there with Men to have a care of them. Afterwards, quitting the Sea, and taking Horſes, which we expected to wait for us in that Town, and which we ſent thither, in caſe our enterprize ſhould fail, we are come hither; we ſtayed two Days by the way, by reaſon we ſent to know ſome News of the Princeſs; and we underſtood by a Man whom *Meneceus* ſent unto his Friend, that the Guards were now extreamly much more ſtrict about the Temple, and that there was no Poſſibility of attempting any thing in the like manner again. And *Ageſiſtrata* her ſelf was reſolved to favour the going out of the Princeſſes no more; ſhe conceiving that this ſad Accident did manifeſt the Gods were not pleaſed at her connivance at it before; yet we underſtood at the ſame time, that the Princeſs *Palmis* was fully reſolved not to do what the King her Father appointed; and *Ageſiſtrata* ſent word unto the King, that ſhe could not receive her: We alſo underſtand, that the Princeſs *Mandana* and ſhe are reſolved, and have promiſed not to part from each other, until better Fortunes did ſmile upon them. In concluſion, Sir, *Meneceus* and I, after we knew this, waited upon *Cleander* hither. After *Timocreon* had done ſpeaking, *Cyrus*, as ſad as he was, did teſtify unto the King of *Phrygia*, that he was much obliged unto his Son, for what he had done concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*; deſiring a Pardon, for not being ſo ſenſible of Joy at the receiving of his Son, as he ſhould have expreſſed any other time: Not but that I conceive my ſelf intereſted (ſaid he) in what relates to you; but the truth is, as long as *Mandana* is Captive, I am not capable of any Joy whatſoever. As he would have gone out, the King of *Aſſyria* came in; who came to enquire what news *Timocreon* had brought, for he had heard he was come: But as ſoon as *Cyrus* ſaw him, and being impatient to have him grieved as well as himſelf: Your hopes are broken, ſaid he, as well as mine, and our Princeſs is more captive than ever, as you may underſtand by *Timocreon*. The King of *Aſſyria* drawing nearer him, cauſed him to repeat all that he had told unto

Cyrus, who was gone unto his Tent to lament his Miſfortunes with more liberty. He ſent one notwithſtanding to *Cleander*, to aſſure him from him, that he ſhould find a moſt inviolable Sanctuary with him, and deſired that he himſelf might have the Honour to preſent him unto the King his Father: And after he had ſpent two Hours in conſidering the obſtinacy of his Fate, and had ſent to acquaint the Princeſs *Ariminta* with this ill Succeſs, one came to tell him, that *Cleander*, *Meneceus* and *Tegeus* were arrived: Making then a Truce with his Sorrows for a while, or to ſay better, ſhutting them up in his Heart, to welcome a Prince, whoſe Reputation was ſo high, he commanded they ſhould enter, and he himſelf went to meet him. This firſt Congratulation paſſed very well on both ſides: And as doubtleſs *Cleander* was as handſom a Man as was in the World, and of as good a carriage, *Cyrus* was charmed with him at the firſt ſight, and one mignt ſee them look upon one another with ſo many ſigns of Admiration in their Eyes, that it was eaſy to foreſee they would love one another moſt tenderly. I am very unfortunate, Sir, (ſaid *Cleander* unto him, holding his Arm in a Scarf by reaſon of the Wound he received at *Epheſus*) that I am forced to appear before you, having failed in that Service which I deſigned to do you. It is rather my part to complain, replied *Cyrus*, ſince I fear my Misfortune is contagious, and is a cauſe of yours. I have more cauſe of Fears and Sorrows than you, anſwered *Cleander*, when I apprehend my Misfortunes may chance follow me in your Army. I know not, replied *Cyrus*, whether your bad Fortunes will follow, but I am ſure high Fame goes before you; and the name of illuſtrious *Cleander* has been long known unto me, ſo that I am in Love with his Glory and Honour; in Love, I ſay, moſt pure, without any Envy or Jealouſy. Happy Lovers, replied *Cleander* ſmiling, are never jealous; and they who poſſeſs Honour, and deſerve it, as the moſt illuſtrious *Cyrus* does, will eaſily permit others love it alſo; yet, Sir, at this time, I ſhall deſire nothing but the Honour to ſerve you. You are ſo loaded with Honours and Glory, replied *Cyrus*, that you have no reaſon to wiſh more than you have; yet give me leave to oppoſe your deſire of it at this time, ſince I am already ſo much obliged unto you, that I muſt needs endeavour to pay unto the Prince *Artamas*, that Debt which I owe unto the illuſtrious *Cleander*. I have ſo little merited the firſt of thoſe Names, replied he, that I dare hardly take it upon me, though the King my Father ſhould appoint it. Then I muſt go and move him to command you by his abſolute Authority, replied *Cyrus*: and ſo he carried *Cleander* unto the Tent of the King his Father; and preſenting him, Receive here with Joy, Sir, ſaid he unto him, a Prince who is worthy to be your Son, and deſerves more Crowns, than Fortune (as prodigal as ſometimes ſhe is) knows how to give. The King of *Phrygia* would have obſerved the ſame ceremonious Reſpects which he was uſed to render unto *Cyrus*; but that Prince being deſirous he ſhould embrace *Cleander*, and natural Affection being ſtronger than all Rules of Civility, he embraced him with unimaginable delight; for as ſoon as he perceived *Cleander*, he ſaw ſo perfect a reſemblance of his dear *Elſimena*, that he changed colour, ſo that his Heart, as well as Eyes and Reaſon, telling him that he was really his Son, he received him with all the Teſtimonies of a dear Affection which a generous Father could expreſs unto an illuſtrious Son. Sir, ſaid *Cleander* unto him, can you acknowledg me for your Son, after that which I have had the Misfortune to do againſt you? Yes, replied the King of *Phrygia*, and ſmiled; and it is moſt advantagious for me to do ſo, otherwiſe I muſt acknowledg you to be my Conqueror. If your Goodneſs can pardon me this Crime, anſwered he, I beſeech you let it be no more remembred. It is a Crime ſo glorious, ſaid *Cyrus*, that I make a queſtion whether or no the King your Father does wiſh it had never been committed; for as you are a Debtor unto him for your Life, ſo, as he hath told me, you preſerved his in this laſt War: However, *Cleander*, if you will diſclaim from what you have already done againſt the King of *Phrygia*, I ſhall oblige him to remember nothing but what the Prince *Artamas* ſhall do in the future. I conjure you, Sir, replied he, I command you, ſaid the King of *Phrygia* (if I may command in the preſence of one whom I will ever obey) that you prefer the Intereſts of the illuſtrious *Cyrus* before your own. This is a Command ſo unjuſt (replied the invincible Prince of *Perſia*) that I will not give Prince *Artamas* time to anſwer it: Aud I declare unto him before you, that I deſire no more from him, but what I will render unto him firſt, that is, a firm Friendſhip; ſo that amidſt my Misfortunes I may have the happineſs of finding an illuſtrious Friend the ſame Day the King of *Phrygia* finds an illuſtrious Son.

The King of *Phrygia*, and the Prince *Artamas* (whom we will no longer call *Cleander*) anſwered *Cyrus* with all poſſible Civility; and ſince this Conference had continued ſomething long, the King of *Phrygia* grew impatient to talk with his Son in private; and therefore they retired: Yet in their paſſing, the King of *Phrygia* carried him unto the King of *Aſſyria*, and unto the King of *Hircania*, who received him very civilly; the firſt of theſe not daring to teſtify that Secret diſcontent which he always had againſt the King of *Phrygia*. In the mean while all the Princes and Men of Quality in the Army came to viſit the Prince *Artamas*, who doubtleſs would have thought himſelf extreamly happy, if his love of the Princeſs *Palmis* had not tormented him. *Cyrus* then ſeeing no Hopes of releaſing *Mandana* but by Force, called a Council of War the Day following; where the Prince *Artamas* took his place with much Honour, ſpeaking unto every thing which was propoſed with as much Spirit and Judgment, as if a long experience had fortified his Reaſon; and it plainly appeared, that he who learns to conquer betimes, is exact in the knowledg of things, when others who have not that experience are ignorant in them; and that it is not impoſſible, but that a young Conqueror may be more able than an old Captain, who hath not ſeen ſo much as he, though lived longer. The Reſult of this Council was, that ſince the Seaſon of the Year was far ſpent, and *Cræſus* had attempted nothing, to ſend unto him, and demand the Princeſs *Mandana*, before

fore any open War was declared. The Prince *Artamas* inſiſted moſt upon this Reſolution, becauſe he could not forget his Obligations unto *Cræſus*, notwithſtanding the ill uſage he had from him; and he uſed all his Rhetorick to perſwade *Cyrus* unto a Trial of all fair means before recourſe was had unto the laſt Remedy of War. *Cyrus* had much repugnancy to that Reſolution, alledging for reaſon his ill Succeſs of ſending into *Armenia*, and his Repentance in ſending. But he was anſwered, that the Caſes were not alike, ſince the King of *Lydia* could not deny, that the Princeſs *Mandana* was in his Dominions, and therefore he muſt needs anſwer directly. Moreover, 'twas further objected, that it was impoſſible to beſiege *Epheſus* conſidering the Seaſon of the Year, and alſo conſidering he had no ſtrength at Sea, therefore the Attempt ſeemed to be unreaſonable; eſpecially ſince if *Cræſus* would protect the Raviſher of *Mandana*, he muſt have a more plauſible Pretence for the War in the Eyes of the People. However *Cyrus* deſired that *Feraulas* might return before he ſent unto *Cræſus*, yet fearing he might ſtay too long, he reſolved that *Hidaſpes* ſhould go thither within two or three Days; and in the mean time that the Army ſhould advance, and march through part of *Phrygia*, and enter into *Lydia* that way, if the Anſwer of *Cræſus* was not Satisfactory.

In the interem, he had intelligence that *Abradates* was gone unto *Sardis*; and he acquainted the Queen his Wife with this News, who ſeemed to be very angry at it; yet he went to viſit her, and told her very obligingly, that he was very ſorry the King of *Suſiana* would not rather releaſe her by becoming his Friend, than vainly endeavouring to do it by declaring himſelf his Enemy, though he aſſured her ſhe ſhould ſtill be treated with the ſame Reſpect. This great Queen thanked him with Civility anſwerable to his Generoſity: And ſhe commended *Araſpes* ſo exceedingly, that *Cyrus* at the going out of her Chamber told him, that he could not pleaſe him better, than in pleaſing *Panthea*. From thence he went unto the Princeſs *Ariminta*, who deſired him to contrive it ſo, that ſhe might go and ſpeak with her Brother: So that it was reſolved ſhe ſhould advance towards the Frontiers of *Lydia*; and that the Queen of *Suſiana* ſhould go this Voyage with her, theſe two Princeſſes having contracted a great Amity one with the other: So that it was to be hoped this Queen might perhaps be ſerviceable unto her, ſince the King her Husband was in the Enemies Country. This Reſolution being pitched upon, and approved of by the King of *Aſſyria*, *Cyrus* returned to the Camp; and as ſoon as he came there, *Feraulas* was returned, and alſo the Man whom the King of *Aſſyria* had ſent: but both of them related, that it was a thing impoſſible for them to convey a Letter unto the Princeſs *Mandana*: They would have made a full Relation of the whole ſtate of things, but underſtanding that all had been related before they came, they forbore; yet they did relate how the Town and Temple were at this preſent ſtrictly guarded; how not only all the Souldiery were in Arms, but a great part of the Townſmen alſo; how they had ſent again unto *Cræſus* for new Orders; how the King of *Pontus* recovered; how a Prophecy of the *Helleſpontick Sibyl*, which none could interpret, made a great noiſe about the Town, ſince it would admit of a double Interpretation; how this Woman was admirable in Prophecies, and ſeldom was miſtaken in the Event; how all the Town of *Epheſus* knew not whether to Rejoice or Mourn, becauſe this Prophecy promiſed either great good Fortune, or menaced very great Miſery unto it. *Feraulas* and the other Man ſaid, they endeavoured both of them to procure this Prophecy, but could not poſſibly obtain it; for being Strangers and Importunate, it could not be gotten: So that their Voyages thriving no better, nor effecting any thing but Vexation to their Maſters, they durſt hardly look upon them: *Cyrus* did treat *Feraulas* never the worſe; but the King of *Aſſyria* being of a more violent Compoſition, could not believe but that the fault was in him he ſent. *Cyrus* then ſeeing the return of *Feraulas* was ineffectual, he was ready to diſpatch *Hidaſpes*, when he received intelligence that *Cræſus* at the return of his Embaſſadors from the Oracles, had declared himſelf, and done the firſt act of Hoſtility againſt *Ciaxarus*:

res: This News ſaved *Hidaſpes* a Journey, and haſted the march of the Army, which the next Morning began to move.

The Princeſs *Ariminta* fearing leſt thoſe firſt Occaſions of War ſhould prove fatal to her Brother, moved the Queen of *Suſiana* to begin their Journey, and haſte unto the Frontiers, that ſhe might ſpeak with the King her Brother, before he fell into the Hands of *Cyrus:* So that *Araſpes* by Orders from that Prince, guarded them unto a Town of *Phrygia*, towards *Lydia*, where the Army of *Cyrus* was to quarter, and where by Conſequence they might be in Safety.

Cyrus diſpatched a Meſſenger unto *Ciaxares* to acquaint him with all things; and received News from *Thraſibulus*, which aſſured him in general, that he was in great hopes to be happy both in his War and Love. Afterwards marching as faſt as it was poſſible, an Army of above an hundred thouſand Men ſhould march towards the Enemy, the Weather and Ways were ſo very bad, and Marches ſo long, that it was not expedient either to beſiege Places, nor give Battels; ſo that *Cræſus* who deſired no more then to have the Glory of the firſt onſet, did block up himſelf ſo advantagiouſly, that it was not poſſible for *Cyrus* to give the firſt Aſſault, nor hinder him from putting his Troops in their Winter-quarters: So that all which was to be done, was only to make ſome Incurſions into the Enemies Country, and Skirmiſh, which did ſo exceedingly vex *Cyrus*, that he ſtood in need of all his Conſtancy to ſupport his exceſſive Sorrow. He could not wonder enough at the Proceedings of *Cræſus*, who had begun a War at ſuch a time; and could not chuſe but think, that he was prompted to follow ſuch military Policies, ſo contrary to all Reaſon, by ſuch evil Deſtinies as would ruin him. Sometimes he reſolved to diſguiſe himſelf, and go into *Epheſus*, to ſee if all Attempts to releaſe the Princeſs were as difficult, as they were reported: Sometimes again he would go and force the *Lydians* in their entrenched Quarters, notwithſtanding the ill Weather; but when he conſidered, that though he ſhould do ſo, yet if he did not releaſe *Mandana*, but ſtill the King of *Pontus* might carry her away from *Epheſus*; then he hearkened unto Reaſon, and reſolved to wait, until there was ſome more Probability of good Succeſs in the War. However being much diſcontented with the incertainty of his Fortune, though he never had any deſire to enquire what Succeſs the future would produce; yet hearing the *Helleſpontick* Sibyl cried up with ſo many Elogies, he reſolved to ſend unto her; and indeed, ſent *Ortalgues* with Orders to enquire when he might hope for any reſt; and to bring back her Anſwer in writting under her Hand. At this time *Ariminta* put him in mind of his Word, and his Deſires concurring with hers, he diſpatched *Aduſius* to the King of *Pontus*, to deſire him he would obtain liberty from *Cræſus* to ſpeak with the Princeſs *Ariminta*, who much deſired to confer with him upon ſome important Buſineſs. That Prince received *Aduſius* very civilly; and ſent unto *Sardis* to obtain that favour from *Cræſus*, which was granted unto him. The King of *Pontus* then, and *Aduſius* agreed, that their meeting ſhould be in the Temple, which was a days Journey from *Epheſus*, having only five hundred Horſe apiece for their Guards. *Aduſius* had Orders to enquire of *Mandana*'s Health; and, by the Information of *Meneceus*, he underſtood ſhe was very well, but he could not poſſibly ſpeak unto her: He being returned to the Camp, and the day when this meeting ſhould be being ſet down, *Aduſius* who had negotiated before, did guard her; *Araſpes* was excuſed, and *Ariminta* deſired that the Prince *Phraartes* might not accompany her, as he deſired. Before her departure, *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſyria* did viſit her, and furniſhed her with ſuch Inſtructions, as ſuch an importent Buſineſs could inſpire them withal. As *Cyrus* was there the firſt, he had the Opportunity to tell her, that ſhe might aſſure the King of *Pontus*, that he would engage his Honour to remember all his Obligations, and that he would promiſe to reſtore him his Crown, if he would reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana*: Moreover, *Cyrus* let this Princeſs underſtand, that he would moſt firmly engage himſelf to be a Protector unto *Spitridates*, if ſhe ſhould negotiate well for him in this Buſineſs; but ſhe interrupting *Cyrus*, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I beſeech you, do not mingle my Intereſts with yours, and let me have the Honour to negotiate that which concerns the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and the King of *Pontus*, my Brother. *Cyrus* was about to anſwer her, when the King of *Aſſyria* came into the Princeſs *Ariminta*'s Chamber; and adding his Prayers with the Prayers of his Rival, they conjured her to tranſact her beſt in that Negotiation. Both theſe Princes conducted her ſome two hundred Paces from the Army, after ſhe had bid adieu unto the Queen of *Suſiana*, who was exceedingly grieved to part from her, though it was but for a ſhort time. The King of *Pontus* alſo prepared himſelf for this Parley, and came unto the Temple according to the Appointment between him and *Aduſius*; he arrived there ſome two Hours before the Princeſs his Siſter. Since they had not ſeen one another ſince the loſs of their Dominions, this meeting did revive the Memory of their Misfortunes in both their Minds. As ſoon as the Princeſs came, ſhe was carried into a great Arched Hall, where commonly they uſed to keep their Feaſts at extraordinary Sacrifices, which for the magnificence of the Structure, and Beauty of the Furniture, did well become the meeting of two ſuch illuſtrious Perſons: After the King of *Pontus* had ſaluted her with many Expreſſions of tender Affection, they did ſit down, and all the Company withdrew.

Is it poſſible, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, that after all theſe unfortunate Diſaſters I ſhould have the Happineſs to ſee you again? The Condition wherein you ſee me, anſwered he, is ſo miſerable, that I make a queſtion whether this meeting will grieve or comfort you; and whether that which you take for a Happineſs be only ſome device of Fortune to make us more miſerable. Indeed, dear Siſter, to what purpoſe is this Enterview, unleſs to make you grieve at my Miſeries, as I do at yours? You may eaſily conceive by what I ſay, that I am not now the ſame Prince who condemned in you that innocent Affection which you had, and I believe ſtill have unto the Prince *Spitridates*: His Virtue and my own Paſſion have taught me not to cenſure Love ſo ſeverely: The truth is, I was much to blame to condemn that in another, which is ſo predominate in my ſelf: for ſince I ſaw you, I have loſt Battels, I have loſt my Liberty, I have loſt Crowns and Kingdoms; yet for all theſe, before I complain againſt Fortune, I muſt complain againſt Love. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you are in this much to be blamed and pitied, ſince if you can but overcome this Paſſion, you may yet be happy. Ah Siſter, ſaid he, I ſhould not know how to love, if I ſhould imagine there can be any other Happineſs in the World but in being loved by the Princeſs *Mandana*. But however, I beſeech you tell me what Conſiderations did move ſuch earneſt Deſires in you to ſee me? was it only out of your Tenderneſs, and natural Affection? or, was it to pity me, and your ſelf? or elſe, does it relate unto ſome Intereſt of *Spitridates*, or *Cyrus*, or your own, or mine? I beſeech you acquaint me with your real Deſign, that I may the better know in what manner to ſpeak unto you. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, though all theſe Conſiderations which you have named, may claim ſome ſhare in my deſign to ſee you; yet, to ſpeak ſincerely, it is your own intereſt which moſt induced me unto it: for, Sir, I muſt tell you, it is only your own fault if you be not happy, and if you do not one of the moſt heroick Acts that ever was done. Certainly, ſaid he, I am a very great Lover of Honour; and provided that I muſt not quit the Princeſs *Mandana* in acquiring it, I ſhall do any thing in the World you will propoſe unto me. Sir, ſaid the Princeſs *Ariminta*, *Mandana* does not love you, nor ever will. 'Tis true, ſaid he, but as long as ſhe is in my Power, her Affection ſhall never make any of my Rivals happy. Do you not conſider, Sir, anſwered ſhe, that by making your Rivals miſerable, you make her you love ſo alſo; and that you augment your own Misfortunes ſo much the more? For I have Authority to tell you, that if you could reſolve upon ſo much Equity, as to render up a Princeſs who loves you not, unto *Cyrus* who only hath her Heart, and unto whom you are a Debtor for your Life, he would in exchange reſtore you a Crown, which in all Probability you never will get without him; ſince it is not ordinary to find Protectors who will conquer Kingdoms, and render them unto thoſe they protect. Siſter, ſaid that Prince and ſighed, I do verily believe that *Cyrus* would do as much as he ſays, for I know his Generoſity better than you, and before you knew him: But though I do eſteem this illuſtrious Rival as much and more than ever I did; and though notwithſtanding my Love, I am very ſenſible of my Obligations to him for uſing you ſo well ſince he had you in his Power; and alſo though I do confeſs I owe my Life unto him; yet for all this *Cyrus* is not the ſame to the King of *Pontus* that *Artamenes* was. But, Sir, this *Artamenes*, ſaid the Princeſs, whom you loved ſo tenderly, was then not only on your Enemies ſide, but alſo got Victories from you, and alſo oppoſed your Love; and yet though he did diſpute with you for the Glory, and won ſo many Battels from you, ſtill you loved him, and acquainted him with thoſe Conſpiracies which were plotted againſt his Life; and commanded that none ſhould fight againſt him: Since that, Sir, he reſtored you your Liberty, he rendred back what he had conquered in your Dominions, and gave you Forces to ſuppreſs thoſe who rebelled againſt you; and now he offers you a Kingdom, upon Condition you will reſtore *Mandana*, whoſe Love is impoſſible to be obtained by you. All this you ſay, Siſter, replied he, I confeſs is full of Reaſon; and if I had more Ambition than Love; or, to expreſs my ſelf better, if my Love were not ſtronger than my Reaſon, certainly I ought, in point of Generoſity, of Policy, and Ambition, to hearken unto this Propoſition you make: But in that Condition which my Soul is, it is impoſſible for me ſo much as to think of it; and I wonder how the Princeſs *Ariminta* can imagine, that any one can ſo eaſily part with what one loves; ſhe, I ſay, who is ſo juſt as to love a Prince whoſe Father was a declared Enemy of my Houſe. Sir, replied ſhe, and bluſhed, *Spitridates* loved *Ariminta*, but *Mandana* never loved, nor never will love the King of *Pontus*. If I ſhould love that Princeſs, replied he, becauſe ſhe loves me, then my Love would ceaſe when ſhe ceaſed loving; but ſince the Foundation of my Love, is, becauſe ſhe is the moſt amiable in the World, I ſhall eternally love her, though ſhe never love me: Had I then known, when I had the good Fortune to ſave her Life at Sea, that *Artamenes* was *Cyrus*, and that *Cyrus* was my Rival, perhaps, as the temper of my Mind was then, I ſhould have reſtored her unto him: I was then ſo newly caſt out of a Throne, that I thought no Prince could live without it: But now ſince the Charms of the Princeſs *Mandana* have enchanted my Heart, and I am unaccuſtomed unto Soveraignty, Love has quite aboliſhed Ambition out of my Soul; and if I could paſs away all the Days of my Life with this incomparable Princeſs, though it were in ſome deſert Iſle, where neither Soveraign nor Subject did inhabit, I ſhould eſteem my ſelf moſt happy. Come not then to increaſe my Miſeries by awakening a Paſſion, which one more ſtrong than it hath caſt into a Sleep; and which, if diſturbed by ſuch Propoſitions as theſe, would but augment my Miſery. But, Sir, replied the Princeſs of *Pontus*, what can you ever hope for by detaining her? Could I but hope for any thing, anſwered he, I ſhould not be ſo miſerable as I am; but I do profeſs unto you, that I can hope for nothing by it, and do expect every Day one Misfortune after another: Yet you may aſſure *Cyrus*, in anſwer unto his Generoſity, as far as I am able, that when I firſt did underſtand I was his Rival, I grieved as much at it, as I did at the loſs of two Crowns: But ſince it is injuſtice to deſire things impoſſible, oblige him, I entreat you, not to accuſe me of Ingratitude, in not rendring up the Princeſs *Mandana* unto him, for I loved her before he knew her, and ſhall love her till Death. Had I any thing in my Power, ſaid he and ſighed, which I could offer him by way of Ranſom, I ſhould with Joy preſent that any thing unto him: But, dear Siſter, ſince Fortune hath deprived me of all, and left me nothing but *Mandana* in my Power, I beſeech you pardon me if I do not redeem your Liberty by my own Ruin. You are in the Hands of a generous Conqueror, and I do not fear he will revenge the Injuſtice I do unto him, upon you; and to excuſe me in what I do, conſider I beſeech you what Love hath moved *Spitridates* unto: he, for your particular intereſt, hath left his Father, refuſed Crowns, and wanders unknown throughout the World; he hath done more for you, than I have done for *Mandana:* Therefore, my dear Siſter, pity me, and do not perſwade me unto any Impoſſibilities, which I cannot do.

But, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I did not hate *Spitridates,* as *Mandana* hates you: Moreover, if there were any apparent probability, that you keep this Princeſs for any Advantage, I ſhould not ſo much oppoſe your Deſign, but pity you for the Misfortunes which ſhe is the Cauſe of; yet conſidering the State of things, I am fully perſwaded, that all the Power of *Cræſus* will ſink, and that you with her will ſink under it: for do but call to mind all the prodigious Acts which *Artamenes* and which *Cyrus* hath done, and you will find the Number of his Victories ſo many, and his Conqueſts ſo great, that they cannot be remembred without wonder. And can you think the Gods did raiſe him unto that Height, only to caſt him down? Has Fortune, contrary to her Cuſtom, followed him ſo conſtantly, purpoſely to forſake him afterwards? to forſake him whoſe Power doth every day increaſe, and ſeems to hold the Deſtiny of all *Aſia* in his Hands. So that plainly foreſeeing you will love *Mandana,* were it not much better then to reſtore her, and gain a Kingdom by it, then to ruine your ſelf by keeping her, and at length loſe her too?

Doubtleſs it had, replied he, if I were able to do it; but ſince it is not in my Power, I muſt not ſo much as think of it any more. Therefore Siſter, I beſeech you, diſcourſe no more upon this Subject: for if any upon Earth could perſwade me to reſtore *Mandana,* it ſhould be *Mandana* her ſelf: and ſince I have denied her Tears and Prayers, pardon me, Siſter, if I deny your Propoſition with Adundance of Eaſe: and it is not ſo difficult to deny a Crown, as it is to deny Liberty unto one who is adored. This divine Princeſs hath offered me a thing more precious then a Crown, ſince ſhe hath offered me her Friendſhip, if I would give her Liberty: Judg therefore, if after this I can hearken unto your Propoſitions from *Cyrus*. But Siſter, I beſeech you, do me the Favour as not to let my Rival know how conſtant the Princeſs *Mandana* is unto him: but doubtleſs he is already ſufficiently perſwaded of it, and there is no need that I my ſelf ſhould confirm him in a Truth ſo advantagious unto him. Uſe not my own words to make that Prince, whom I ought to hate more then I do, to hate me; for really I do eſteem him ſo much, that ſometimes I curſe my Fortune for forcing me to be his Enemy, ſince I owe him my Life: you may aſſure him from me, that if the Diſpute were about nothing but a Crown, I would lay it at his Feet, yea and my Honour alſo, which is a thing more dear unto me: but as for *Mandana*, abſolutely I cannot do it. Moreover, Siſter, the Power of *Cræſus* is not ſo inconſiderable as you imagine it. The King of *Aſſyria*, ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him, was much more puiſſant then he, and he ſubdued him. *Cræſus*, ſaid he, is ſtronger than the King of *Aſſyria* was, becauſe more united; and ſince his Endeavours are to prevent *Cyrus* from lording it over all *Aſia*, our Souldiers fighting for their Country and Liberty, are no leſs exaſperated than my Self, who fights for *Mandana*.

The Princeſs *Ariminta*, ſeeing ſhe could not prevail with the King her Brother, could not reſtrain her Tears, and began to add her Prayers unto her Reaſons, but both to no purpoſe, for ſhe was compelled to part from him without obtaining her deſired end: ſhe perceived that he was ſomething aſhamed to be ſo unjuſt and ungrateful towards *Cyrus*, whom he eſteemed ſo much, and unto whom he was ſo great a Debtor: yet Love was more predominant than his Reaſon, and rul'd his Soul which was ſenſible of nothing but that Paſſion. The Sacrificers of that Temple prepared a very Magnificent Collation for the Princeſs *Ariminta*: But ſhe only looked upon it, and thanked them, for her Soul was ſo ſad that ſhe could not eat: ſhe departed from thence, and went to lie in a Caſtle, ſome fifty Furlongs from thence. The parting was very ſad, for this Princeſs imagining, that perhaps ſhe ſhould never ſee the King her Brother again, or if ſhe did, it would be as a Priſoner, and vanquiſhed, ſhe could not reſtrain her Tears. *Heſionida*, who ſaw into her thoughts, wept as well as ſhe: and the King of *Pontus* himſelf ſeemed much dejected as ſoon as he had put her into the Coach; and turning himſelf towards *Aduſias*, Tell your Illuſtrious Maſter, ſaid he unto him, it is not the Princeſs *Ariminta*'s fault that I do not ſatisfy him; nor is it long of my own Reaſon, which tells me, I ought to do it: But tell him, generous *Aduſius*, it is only the Princeſs *Mandana*, whom he muſt accuſe for my Crime: yet aſſure him, that I ſhall diſpute with him for her, with ſo much Courage, that though I be overcome, it will be without ſhame, ſince my Death and my Defeat will not be unworthy of my Princeſs, and my Conqueror. *Aduſius* promiſing to obey him, the Coach went on; and the King of *Pontus* taking horſe, the Princeſs returned towards the Camp, and the King her Brother towards *Epheſus*, with both their Minds filled with various thoughts, but all melancholy.

Cyrus, and the King of *Aſſyria*, during the abſence of *Ariminta*, had many a reſtleſs thought; for their Hopes were not ſtrong enough to make them think that this meeting would procure the Liberty of *Mandana*; ſince though the King of *Pontus* would have conſented, yet *Cræſus* perhaps would not: But ſince Fears and Hopes are the Life of Lovers, they feared and they hoped, ſucceſſively one after another. The day in which the Princeſs *Ariminta* was expected back, being come, they went to meet her; many Perſons of Quality, amongſt the reſt, the Prince *Phaartes* did follow then. Theſe two Illuſtrious Rivals, riding alone ſome diſtance before the reſt, after a while of ſilence, and tranſported with their Paſſions, began to diſcourſe. Can you believe, ſaid the King of *Aſſyria* unto *Cyrus*, that our Rival will ſo much as hearken unto the Princeſs *Ariminta?* Since I know him to be affable and civil, ſaid *Cyrus*, I am confident he will lend her a hearing. But ſince I know him to be in Love, ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*, I am confident he will refuſe the Propoſition which you make: at the leaſt, I am certain,

tain, that though you ſhould offer to reſtore unto me *Babylon*, and all my Dominions, which are more conſiderable than the Kingdom of *Pontus*; and though I were certain to be vanquiſhed in the Combate which we are to fight, I had rather die in keeping *Mandana*, than mount the Throne, by parting with her unto you. This thought, replied *Cyrus*, is worthy of your ſelf, and of the Princeſs whom we adore, and ſpeaks ſo much violent Affection, as it muſt needs be concluded after this, that they who maintain Love is the Cauſe of Love again, are much deceived; ſince if it were ſo, the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhould have divided Hearts, being ſo infinitely loved and adored as ſhe is, both by the King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Pontus*, and the unhappy *Cyrus*: for, Sir, ſaid he, and looked upon his Rival, ſince you are able to refuſe one Crown, rather than part with *Mandana*, I would loſe an hundred, if I had them, and aſſume as many Fetters as I quitted Scepters, rather than alter my thoughts of her. As they were thus in diſcourſe, they eſpied the Horſes, and immediately after, the Coach of the Princeſs *Ariminta:* and riding before the reſt, they went to meet her: The Coach ſtaying, they lighted from their Horſes, and came towards her with beating Hearts; yet they no ſooner ſaw her put up her Hood, but they perceived by her Eyes that her negotiation had not taken effect; and knew by the firſt word ſhe ſpoke, that they had more reaſon to fear than hope: yet both of them did moſt civilly thank her, eſpecially *Cyrus*, who having no Mind to ſtay her any longer in that place, told her, that they ſhould have better conveniency to acknowledg their obligations unto her at her own Lodging. She had a great mind to have them with her in the Coach, but there were ſo many Women, that it could not be, therefore theſe Princes took horſe, and went with her unto her Lodging, whither the Queen of *Suſiana* came, being conducted by *Araſpes*, who almoſt never left her. When they were come thither, this wiſe Princeſs told them what ſhe could not conceal, that the King her Brother would not reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana :* but ſhe expreſſed her ſelf with ſo much prudence,

dence, and ſuch good Language, that ſhe did rather leſſen, then augment their reſentments againſt the King of *Pontus* her Brother. *Aduſius* acquainted *Cyrus* as he lighted from his Horſe, with what the Prince did charge him withall: who out of his reſects unto the Princeſs *Arimanta*, ſeemed not tranſported with it, but ſaid, I am extreamly Sorry, that I am thus conſtrained to be an Enemy unto ſo great a Prince; yet notwithſtanding, Madam, I promiſe you, that though the fortune of Arms does favour me, yet I will not imploy the Power of a Conqueror againſt him any further, than ſhall only concern the intereſt of the Princeſs *Mandana*: and do here declare unto you, that he ſhall never be further captive, than as the Princeſs *Mandana* makes him: that Hand which hath offered him a Crown, ſhall never fetter him. But the King of *Aſſyria*, who was naturally of a more violent temper, had much ado to contain himſelf; and could not chuſe, for all his Reſpects unto *Ariminta*, but caſt out ſuch ſharp language as contained many Menaces, and much Anger. After this, *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria* withdrew, and *Phaartes* only, when all the Company was gone, continued his viſit.

Since the return of this Princeſs, *Cyrus* did ſo beſtir himſelf, that though Winter was not yet paſt, he began to annoy his Enemies: Not a day did paſs wherein he did not ſend out ſome ſhirmiſhing parties, and ſometimes went out himſelf. He received intelligence upon intelligence from all parts; and imployed his time in informing himſelf how *Mandana* did: what forces *Cræſus* had, which way his Deſigns aimed; how he might croſs them, and by what means he might releaſe his Princeſs: he gave Orders for all neceſſaries fitting for a great Siege, not knowing whether he ſhould be put unto it: he diſpatched away towards *Thraſibulus*, for proviſion of a Fleet, in caſe he was to beſiege *Epheſus*. But as the Spring-time of the Year was near, he received ſuch news as much joyed him, which was, That *Cræſus* hearing Fame ſpeak loud in behalf of *Artamenes*, whom he knew by the name of *Cleander*, That he was really the King of *Phrygia*'s Son, and ſo acknowledged, he reſolved to recal the Princeſs his daughter unto *Sardis*, and to bring the Princeſs *Mandana* with her, as thinking that a place of greater ſecurity then *Epheſus*. This news was wondrous welcome unto *Cyrus*, as well becauſe *Mandana* would be far from Sea, as becauſe he had Hopes to releaſe her in the Way as ſhe came. As *Artamus* was very well acquainted with that Country, ſo he told him, that he knew an infallible way to place an ambuſh in a Wood, cloſe by the way, where they muſt of neceſſity paſs in going from *Epheſus* to *Sardis*, which their Enemies could not poſſibly avoid, and where in all likelihood he might intercept and releaſe the Princeſſes. So that their only buſineſs was to be informed of the certain time when they would ſet out of *Epheſus*, and what number their Convoy conſiſted of. *Feraulas* was diſpatched thither with Letters from *Meneceus* unto Friends there. *Timocreon* ſent alſo to *Sardis*, ſo did *Tegeus*, to the end they might every way receive Intelligence, and not be miſtaken. This freſh Hope put ſuch an impreſſion of Joy into the Heart and Eyes of *Cyrus*, that he ſeemed more freſh and lovely than ever; his Converſation being now not ſo melancholy as before, it did exceedingly delight the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta*: as for the laſt of which, the condition of the King of *Pontus*, the abſence of *Spitridates*, and the Courtſhip of the Prince *Phaartes*, all theſe Conſiderations did procure her many angry Hours. *Panthea* alſo was not without her ſhare of Sorrows, yet the Civilities of *Cyrus*, his pleaſant Addreſſes, and his Spirit, did often-times ſuſpend them; for he endeavoured as much poſſible he could to make their Captivities leſs tedious unto them.

Whilſt this was the State of Affairs, and whilſt all *Aſia* was in Arms, waiting for nothing but until the Sun had dried up the field of Battel, and produced freſh Palms to Crown the Conqueror: *Cyrus*, being full of pleaſant impatience, ſince he hoped e're long to releaſe *Mandana*, and acquire new Glory, ſaw *Artaban* arrive, whom *Ciaxares* had ſent unto him; and who informed him, that all *Media* was in Peace, that *Ciaxares* was in health, and that he would ſend *Aglatidas* back unto him with freſh Supplies. At the name of *Aglatidas*, *Cyrus* imbraced *Artaban*, and enquired very earneſtly how he did. Sir, ſaid *Artaban* unto him, I have Orders from him to relate unto you the Sequel of his Hiſtory, which is no leſs full of Admiration, than that part you know already was Extraordinary. It is *Megabiſes* then, replied *Cyrus*, who diſturbs his Happineſs. It is in vain, Sir, replied he, for you to gueſs at his Adventures, for they are ſo ſtrange that it is impoſſible they ſhould be imagined. However, ſince *Artaban* ſeemed very weary, *Cyrus* would then keep him no longer from his reſt, but deferred the Relation of it until the next day. And in the mean time he managed his time ſo well, and took ſuch Orders for all things that were neceſſary, as the next day he came unto *Artaban*, with intention to hear this Story. Since *Cyrus* and he were alone, *Artaban* put that Prince in memory of *Arbates* and his Cheat; of *Aglatidas* and his Jealouſy in ſeeing *Megabiſes* and *Ameſtris* together in the Garden; of his Deſpair and Exile; of his feigned Paſſion unto *Anatiſa* at his return, of the Sorrows which this feigned Paſſion cauſed in *Ameſtris*, becauſe ſhe thought it real: how ſhe knew *Aglatidas* was jealous, but knew not of whom; of the odd Reſolution ſhe took to juſtify her ſelf in his Opinion, by marrying *Ottanus*, of whom ſhe was certain he was not jealous, nor could be; of her Marriage; of her, and his own Deſpair, when they knew their reciprocal Innocency; and alſo their laſt parting. After a ſhort Rivival of all theſe paſſages, *Cyrus* turning himſelf towards *Artaban*, I do very well remember them all, ſaid he unto him, the Misfortunes of my Friends do not ſo eaſily ſlip out of my Memory; and therefore I pray ſatisfy my Curioſity, and relate all that concerns *Aglatidas*. Then *Artaban* obeying his Commands, began thus.

The Sequel of the Hiſtory of Aglatidas *and* Ameſtris.

FOR your better underſtanding the Story of *Aglatidas*, and the Accidents happened unto him ſince his return into *Media*, I muſt acquaint you, Sir, with the Adventures of *Ameſtris* ſince her Marriage with *Ottanus*, and ſince that ſad Separation of *Aglatidas* and her, wherein both Love and Vertue did eminently appear, and reſide both at a time in the Heart of *Ameſtris*. But that you may judg of her Sufferings, it is requiſite I ſhould make a particular Deſcription of the Perſon, Humour and Spirit of *Ottanus*: for ſince it was *Aglatidas* who ſpoke of him unto you at *Sinope*, and ſince I know him to be as wiſe and reſerved a Man as lives, doubtleſs he would not aggravate his Faults. Imagine then *Ottanus* to be very tall, but far from handſom; of a ſullen, fierce and ſubtile Aſpect, and an unpleaſing and forced Action, of a rude and boariſh Converſation; with theſe Qualities imagine him to be of as much Spirit and Courage as ever any had: So that if an Art could have been found out to have ſeparated the good Qualities of *Ottanus* from his bad, there was enough to be found in him to have ſufficiently furniſhed a compleat Man, and alſo a very Monſter: However, ſince that Spirit which he had was of a turbulent and reſtleſs Temper, it had been better both for himſelf and for *Ameſtris*, if he had been a dull Blockhead, as I ſhall hereafter let you know; for if he had been ſo, he had not ſo much tormented himſelf, nor perſecuted her. You may remember, Sir, how ſuddenly he became happy, by reaſon of the odd Humour in that fair Lady; his Happineſs was ſo great, that at the firſt he thought upon nothing elſe, but of enjoying her he loved; and ſo ſolely devoted his Heart unto Joy, as I believe he did not obſerve the Melancholy of *Ameſtris* on the Marriage-day; and I think it was a long time after, before he began to take any notice whether ſhe was pleaſant or diſcontented. The truth is, his good Fortune ſeemed to be as great as poſſible, for he had married with her own Conſent, the faireſt, the moſt vertuous, and the richeſt Lady in all *Ecbatan*, who in her own choice preferred him before all the compleat Gallants of the Court: Moreover, the two Rivals who were moſt to be feared, were out of Town, to wit, *Aglatidas* and *Megabiſes*; ſo that conſider his Felicity in that reſpect, it could not but be imagined very great: Alſo, he was ſo exceſſively ſenſible of it for a while, that he ſpoke of nothing elſe: and whilſt *Ameſtris* was weeping in ſecret with her dear *Menaſta*, *Ottanus* was publiſhing his Joy unto the World. This prudent Lady was ſo wiſe as to hide her Diſcontents from her Husband: But ſince it was an intolerable Torment, to be always in a conſtrained Mode, ſhe ſhunned the Company of all others as much as ſhe could, and forced her ſelf only in the preſence of *Ottanus*. She always delighted in Solitude more than Company; and *Ottanus* did ſeem far from any Jealouſie: But after the firſt Edg of his Joy was taken off, and he returned unto his accuſtomed dull Humour,he began to conſider, among the reſt of his ſullen Muſings, what reaſon *Ameſtris* had, after ſhe had ſo long a time treated him rigorouſly, to change upon a ſudden, and make him happy; he reſolved to ask her the reaſon of her ſudden Alteration; he preſſed her very earneſtly to tell him her Reaſons, why ſhe hated him, and why ſhe loved him; for, ſaid he unto her, I am certain the change was not in me, but your ſelf.

The unexpected Queſtion did ſo ſurprize *Ameſtris* that ſhe bluſh'd,and gave him no ſatisfactory Anſwer; yet told him, that as long as her Father lived, the Diſpoſition of her ſelf was in him: and after his death ſhe was reſolved to marry according to her own Affection; but ſhe ſpoke this with ſo much diſorder in her Countenance, that *Ottanus* changed Colour as well as ſhe: Then urging her no further, he went to walk by himſelf, as one of my intimate Friends, who was alſo a Friend of his, did tell me, and revealed all his Secrets unto me: But O Heavens! what odd phantaſtical Thoughts did come into his Mind during this Walk? and how ſeverely did he puniſh himſelf with his own capricious Fancy? Then he called to Mind all the Severity which *Ameſtris* expreſſed towards him; he remembred all her Scorning of him, and the great difference which ſhe made between him and *Aglatidas* or *Megabiſes*, and did not forget any Act which this fair and vertuous Lady did either in contempt of him, or in advantage unto any of his Rivals. Hower (ſaid he, after a Memory of all these things) I am the Enjoyer of *Ameſtris*, and all my Rivals, which in appearance were then more happy, were yet really more unfortunate: What then would I have, ſaid he, and what do I want to compleat my Happineſs? Then would he walk a while in a more calm Temper; and thinking he had ſetled himſelf in more Tranquillity of Mind, he gave over the thoughts of theſe things, and began to delight himſelf in the variety of Flowers which grew in the Garden where he walked; he quitted that ſhady melancholy Walk which he made choice of at firſt, and took one of a more open Air; but notwithſtanding the enamelled Beauty and variety of Flowers, as ſoon as he had changed places, he began to make Compariſons betwixt himſelf and his Rivals, and he could find no reaſon in the World why *Ameſtris* ſhould make choice of him before them: and though it be the cuſtom of all the World to flatter themſelves, and ſeldom to do Juſtice when they are their own Judges; yet *Ottanus* in this buſineſs did cenſure himſelf with all Severity poſſible; he concluded then, that *Ameſtris* ought not to have made choice of him, ſince ſhe had no prepoſſeſſed Opinion of him, or Affection to him, as he knew ſhe had not: For (ſaid he) the very day before my Happineſs, ſhe was intolerably incenſed againſt me, I never found her more cruel or uncivil towards me in her Life than that day; and the next Morning the Fa took her to marry me, and did ſo, though I could never conceive any Reaſon why ſhe ſhould think of ſo much Happineſs for me: But what matter is it which way our good Fortune comes, ſo we enjoy it? *Ameſtris* i mine, and all my Rivals go without her; nor is there any likelihood they ever had any ſhares in her Heart, ſince ſhe made not choice of any amongſt them, as if ſhe had pleaſed ſhe might have done, but preferred one whom they loved not before them all: Yet for all this, ſaid he, *Ameſtris* did not love me two days before ſhe married me; and I am moſt certain I uſed neither any Charms nor Enchantments to change her Heart; nor did I ſo much as ask that Favour from the Hands of Heaven, becauſe I ſaw ſo little probability of obtaining it, yet upon a ſudden I became happy and ———. Then he ſtayed a while, and went no further: Afterwards repenting himſelf of what he had ſaid, and what he thought to have ſaid; but I am very well aſſured that I am happy! and is it not ſo that I have only changed Misfortunes? And indeed *Ottanus* (as my Friend, whoſe Name was *Artemon*, of whom I already ſpoke, ſince told me) after he had well examined the matter, and ſufficiently tormented himſelf, could never reſolve with himſelf whether he was happy or unhappy; but he went home very reſerved and melancholy: He reſolved to get the Maſtery of his Mind, and wreſtle with thoſe Thoughts which diſturbed his good Fortune; and indeed for ſome certain days did endeavour to be contented. As for *Ameſtris*, her Thoughts were as far from any calm Serenity, as the Spirit of *Ottanus* was; and ſhe thought her ſelf the moſt miſerable Woman upon Earth, eſpecially ſince ſhe knew the Innocency of *Aglatidas*; for before that, though ſhe had an extream Averſion towards *Ottanus*, yet ſhe had ſome Conſolation in her hopes to undeceive *Aglatidas* in the Opinion he had of her, and if he were once undeceived, then had ſhe cruelly revenged her ſelf upon him: But as the ſtate of things were, knowing that if ſhe had not married *Ottanus*, ſhe might have been happy, and *Aglatidas* contented, ſhe ſuffered unconceivable Torment of Mind; ſhe could find no Conſolation in condemning him who was the cauſe of her Sufferings, nor in any thing elſe but condemning her ſelf. However, *Aglatidas* at parting having ſent a Letter unto *Menaſta* to give unto *Ameſtris*, ſhe quitted her ſelf very faithfully, and gave it unto her, though with much ado, to move her unto a reception of it: For ſince *Ameſtris* was as vertuous as fair, ſhe conceived it ſomething againſt the Rules of Vertue to receive any Expreſſions of Love from *Aglatidas*; yet after *Menaſta* promiſed her it ſhould be the laſt ſhe ſhould be troubled with, ſhe read it; and this was the Contents.

The miſerable *Aglatidas* unto the unfortunate *Ameſtris.*

I Can never conſent to go far from you before I have asked Pardon for being a Cauſe of your Sorrows: I would I were able, for your Tranquillities ſake, to wiſh you would abſolutely forget me; but I do confeſs my Weakneſs, and acknowledg that I cannot be ſo generous; but on the contrary, I deſire that the remembrance of my conſtant Paſſion may be the greateſt Torment of your Life. As for mine, I do promiſe you it ſhall be ſo miſerable, that unleſs you be the moſt inhuman Woman in the World, you will have ſo much Goodneſs as to let me know you pity me, leſt I ſhould die with Deſpair.

Aglatidas.

After *Ameſtris* had read this Letter with Tears in her Eyes, though ſhe refuſed to receive it at the firſt, yet ſhe kept it at the laſt, and would not give it again unto *Menaſta*; and talking together concerning the Croſſes of theſe Accidents, *Menaſta* told her, that ſince things paſt and done cannot be recalled and undone, the beſt way was to make the beſt of things one could, and to comfort ones ſelf. Ah, *Menaſta*, ſaid *Ameſtris*, how difficult is this Counſel to be practiſed? and how hard a matter is it to find any Comfort, when one is forced to ſee him continually whom one hates, and never to ſee him one loves? and I aſſure you, that ſince the time *Aglatidas* did juſtify himſelf in my Opinion, the Averſion which I ever had towards *Ottanus* is ſo much augmented, as I cannot tell which is the greater Torment, never to ſee *Aglatidas*, or continually to ſee *Ottanus*: for when I do not ſee *Ottanus*, I have but the Moiety of my Miſery, becauſe then I think very often upon *Aglatidas* without any remembrance of *Ottanus*: But as for *Ottanus*, I do confeſs, my dear *Menaſta*, with Shame, that I never look upon him but I think upon *Aglatidas*, and at the ſame time look upon *Ottanus* as the only Obſtacle of my Felicity, and likewiſe the Felicity of *Aglatidas*; I uſe my beſt Endeavours to choak ſuch Thoughts, but cannot hinder them: *Ottanus* never does any Act, or ſpeak any Word, that pleaſeth me, and which does not make me remember how *Aglatidas* was wont to tell me of an hundred thouſand pleaſant things: However, tho I cannot be Miſtreſs over the ſecret Motions of my Heart, yet I ſtrive to ſet the beſt Face I can upon them in his Preſence, and knowing that ſince he is my Huſband, both the Gods, and Vertue, and Decency, do all require my Obedience unto him, and that I be complacential towards him, this Duty and Complacency I do pay; but it is with ſuch a horrible Repugnancy, and by doing ſuch extraordinary Violence to my ſelf, that I wonder it doth not coſt me both my Reaſon and my Life.

But, ſaid *Menaſta* unto her, the only way to find Reſt and Remedy, is to divert your ſelf ſometimes, and ſee the World as heretofore you have done; for when you are in Company, and walking abroad in the Converſation of Wits, and pleaſant Men, you would leſs think upon either *Aglatidas* or *Ottanus*, ſince the Noiſe and Tumult of the World does at the leaſt take up the Mind, if not divert it, the variety of Men which one ſhall ſee; News, Walks, Wit, Muſique and Diſcourſe will inſenſibly expel melancholy, and make one delight in Company. Thoſe who uſe theſe Remedies, replied *Ameſtris*, do certainly complain but of common Sorrows; but they who uſe ſuch as I do, do know *Menaſta*, that all theſe things which you propound unto me as Remedies, are ſo far from that, as they are Multiplications of Miſeries; and indeed, how do you think I can care for dreſſing my ſelf as I was accuſtomed, when I deſire to pleaſe none, and when all the World diſpleaſeth me? How can I endure to be perpetually in the Converſation of Men, who would but importune me, and greive me more in lieu of comforting me? You know that all I can ſee, are either Friends or Enemies unto *Aglatidas*: So that the ſame which you think would make me forget him, will revive the remembrance of him: Should I go unto any Balls, conſidering the Humour I am in, they would be ſo far from diverting me, that I do not think I ſhould know ſo much as the difference of Tunes: Muſick would but make my Heart more heavy in lieu of eaſing it: As for News, which you preſcribe as a Remedy, ſince it pleaſeth none but a certain ſort of Men, who love to buſy themſelves in things which concern them not, it cannot by conſequence delight me, ſince I never think upon any thing but what concerns my ſelf, and never care for the reſt: Let it therefore be concluded *Menaſta*, that ſolitary Walks is the only Recreation I can take, and not upon the Banks of *Orontes*, where none walk but ſuch as would only ſee and be ſeen: Certainly I ſhould ſee nothing there that would pleaſe me; and if I ſhould do ſo, perhaps *Ottanus* (to augment my Miſery if it were poſſible) would become jealous of me. But then, ſaid *Menaſta*, how do you intend to live? I intend to live, replied ſhe, as one that would quickly die. This Reſolution, replied *Menaſta*, is moſt lamentable, however I beſeech you do not baniſh me from your Company. Ah, my dear *Menaſta*, ſaid *Ameſtris*, I cannot have ſuch a Thought; but ſince you cannot be much in my Company, unleſs you baniſh your ſelf from the reſt of the World, I ought not to deprive my ſelf of my only Conſolation, which is your Company.

Menaſta then made new Proteſtations of Friendſhip unto her, and ſo they parted; but yet *Ameſtris* was as good as her Word, and lived a moſt retired Life. And though it be the Cuſtom of new married People to be moſt gay, and more expenſive at that time, than any other of their Lives, yet ſhe on the contrary was more negligent of her ſelf than ever; ſhe feigned her ſelf not well, to the end ſhe might avoid all Places of Pleaſure; ſhe never made any Viſits, but ſuch as were of abſolute and obliging Neceſſity; nor would permit any to viſit her; ſo that ſhe who of all the Court was moſt viſited and courted, became the moſt ſolitary, and leaſt frequented: ſhe was ſo early every Morning at the Temple, that not only all the Ladies, but all the Gallants of *Ecbatan* were aſleep when ſhe was there: So that never Husband had more Reaſon to be at reſt than *Ottanus*; and the way of living which *Ameſtris* uſed, was certainly enough to have ſatisfied the moſt jealous Lover in the World: Yet Sir, all theſe Antidotes againſt that Poyſon, was ſo far from ſatisfying him, that they augmented his Malady, as the like was never heard: Yet notwithſtanding, at the firſt he was glad of that which did ſo much torment him afterwards; and thought, that to have a fair Wife whom none ſaw but himſelf, was no mean Happineſs: But yet this Reſervedneſs of *Ameſtris* did make ſo great a noiſe in the World, that nothing elſe was talked on; and ſince it was obſerved, that neither ſhe nor *Aglatidas* were to be ſeen, none could underſtand the real cauſe of it; but they thought that *Ameſtris* lived in that manner, becauſe *Ottanus* was jealous, and had commanded her ſo to do: ſo that he had a hundred Curſes every Day, for cauſing ſo fair a Lady to live ſo miſerable a Life. And ſince no Subject is ſo fit an Anvile to forge a hundred thouſand extravagant Tales upon, as a jealous Husband; *Ottanus* was the Mark that every Wit and Tongue did ſhoot at; and in leſs than eight Days, long Hiſtories were made of his Jealouſy: In ſo much as *Artemon*, of whom I ſpoke before, who was his Friend and Couſin, reſolved to acquaint him with the Voice of the People, thinking to do a good Office both unto him and *Ameſtris*: and though he knew the Spirit of *Ottanus* to be very odd, and that the Buſineſs it ſelf was ſomething difficult to tell, yet he reſolved upon it, and one Day went unto him: After a while of talk upon things indifferent, he asked how *Ameſtris* did; and as he anſwered ſhe was very well, *Artemon* told him, all her Friends complain that they can never ſee her; or to ſpeak more ſincerely, ſaid he unto him, They complain againſt you, for they ſuppoſe ſhe would not forſake them but by Orders from you: Then did he acquaint him with ſome Reports of him, yet concealing the bitter part of them. *Ottanus* was amazed at the Diſcourſe of *Artemon*, and ſeriouſly proteſted unto him, that he never deſired *Ameſtris* ſhould ſo retire from Company, but that her Reſervedneſs was voluntary, and proceeded from her ſelf only. No, no, ſaid *Artemon*, you cannot perſwade me to believe it; but ſince you know I am your Friend, you may very well make an ingenuous Confeſſion of your Weakneſs unto me: after you have done ſo, I ſhall ſay you have a Mind to ſatisfy the World: But to make me believe, that *Ameſtris*, who all her Life lived in the Company of compleat Men, and delighted her ſelf with Variety of Recreations, ſhould change her Courſe the very next Day after her Marriage, unleſs you had commanded her, or at the leaſt unleſs ſhe knew that living ſo would pleaſe you; this, I ſay, is a thing which I cannot believe. I do proteſt unto you, ſaid *Ottanus* to him, that I am no cauſe at all of her Alteration: And I do proteſt unto you, ſaid *Artemon*, that I do not believe you; yet to ſpeak ſincerely and plainly unto you, think *Ottanus*, that *Ameſtris* is yet too young to begin ſo ſevere a Courſe of living; and I have heard many ſay, that a Husband who is jealous without Cauſe, may afterwards have Cauſe to be ſo, and thank himſelf for it: I know the Vertue of *Ameſtris* is ſo great, that you are not in any Danger of ſuch a Miſery: but for all that, there is no great Pleaſure to be taken in being the common talk of the World; and the more vertuous a Wife is, the more fooliſh the Husband is, and more Tales are told, if he be Jealous: Therefore, if you will take my Advice, be not ſo; or if you needs muſt be, at the leaſt hide it handſomly. A Lover, I do confeſs, may be jealous without Diſhonour; and ſeldom is Love long without ſome ſparks of it: yet a Husband cannot ſeem to be ſo, but he expoſeth himſelf to be the Mock of all the World. I know it is ſome Injuſtice to excuſe the one, and condemn the other; but ſince it is grown to be the univerſal Opinion of the World, you cannot alter it; therefore alter your ſelf, if you can.

Ottanus ſeeing he could not perſwade *Artemon* to believe him, and being vexed to the Soul that ſuch Tales ſhould be commonly told of him, he carried *Artemon* whether he would or no unto the Chamber of *Ameſtris*, to ask her before him, whether ever he did ſo much as ſeem to deſire, ſhe ſhould retire her ſelf from the World. *Artemon* thinking *Ameſtris* would perhaps be pleaſed, if he could contribute any thing that might cauſe an Alteration in her Life, went with him. As ſoon as they entred, ſeeing ſhe was alone in her Cloſet: I pray, Madam, ſpeak, ſaid *Ottanus* to her, whether ever I deſired you to forbear any Viſits, or to go any more unto Walks, or Balls? Did I ever forbid you any handſom Dreſs, or refuſe any Company that ever came unto you? or did I ever bid you go unto the Temple by break of day, as it is reported over all *Ecbatan*? Sir, anſwered *Ameſtris*, and bluſhed, I cannot think there are any who have ſuch an ill Opinion either of you or me, as to ſay any ſuch thing: Ask *Artemon*, replied he, who will tell you, that becauſe you are more ſolitary than heretofore you uſed to be, it is ſaid that I am jealous. I had rather, anſwered *Ameſtris*, they ſhould ſay, you are jealous, and that I obey you, then ſay I go to Balls and Walks againſt your Commands. But ſince it befits me to juſtify you, Know *Artemon*, (ſaid ſhe, and turned towards him) that this change which is obſerved in me, is not properly a change, ſince it was always my Natural inclination, which I was forced to hide as long as *Artambares* and *Hermaniſta* lived, becauſe they were not ſo indulgent towards me as *Ottanus* is, who ſuffering me to be Miſtreſs of my own will, I can now live without any forcing my Self, as before I did. It muſt needs be confeſſed, replied *Artemon*, and ſmiled, that if you did force your Inclination, you did diſſemble it admirably well: but however, (ſaid he further, thinking to pleaſe *Ameſtris* whom he much eſteemed) ſince you did heretofore force your diſpoſition to obey a Father in expoſing your ſelf unto the view of the World: doubtleſs you can do no leſs now to preſerve the Honour of a Husband, who is accuſed of much injuſtice. I do not think (ſaid *Ameſtris* much puzzled) that ever *Ottanus* will be perſwaded by ſuch ill-grounded reports: for I have ſeen none ſince he was married of whom he can be jealous, and therefore I hope, that in ſpite of all malicious Rumours, he will permit me that Freedom to prefer the Tranquillity of my Cloſet, before the Tumult of the Court, of which I am weary. Then I beſeech you, tell me (ſaid *Artemon*, who imagined that *Ameſtris* ſpoke ſo only to pleaſe *Ottanus*) what you would have me Anſwer unto thoſe who ask me how you live, and what you do? You may tell them, replied ſhe, that ſometimes I imploy my ſelf in works of Gold and Silver, ſometimes I limb, and draw Pictures; and ſometimes I enjoy my Solitude in remembring all the Follies of many Men, who think themſelves very Wiſe, and are not ſo. Whilſt *Ameſtris* was thus talking, *Ottanus* walked up and down, and ſaid nothing; and obſerving that ſhe was angry at what *Artemon* had ſaid unto her, Madam, ſaid he, I hope you will not refuſe to juſtify me, and my Honour in the Opinion of the World; therefore I do conjure you to look upon it, and vindicate me: for I cannot endure to be any longer accuſed for keeping you up as a Priſoner.

Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, if you let your Felicity depend upon the Opinion of others, I think my Self in an ill Condition; and if I ſhould expoſe my Self unto the World again, I know not whether the ſame Men that unjuſtly report you to be jealous, will not report me to be too Gallant and Free, therefore it is much better not to run the Hazard of that Danger. Then ſome came into the Cloſet, who had buſineſs with *Ottanus*, ſo that he could not make a reply unto *Ameſtris*: but he went out, and *Artemon* with him, leaving her alone in much wonder at the Paſſage. *Menaſta* came to her preſently after; and obſerving ſome diſorders in her looks, What's the matter, ſaid ſhe unto her, ſince yeſterday when I left you? I am ſo angry, replied *Ameſtris*, that I can hardly tell you the Cauſe of it; for truly, *Menaſta*, excepting your ſelf, I had but one comfort in the World, which was my Solitude, and which I thought I ſhould have enjoyed quietly until my Death, yet they will deprive me of that: then ſhe related unto her the whole Paſſage: But *Menaſta*, ſaid ſhe, is it true, that all the World reports *Ottanus* to be jealous? It is certain, anſwered ſhe, that ſuch a rumour runs about the Town, and more certain, that I never went about to undeceive them who report it, becauſe as long as they believe that to be the Cauſe of your Retiredneſs, they would never look after the true Cauſe; and conſequently, never find it out. And why, ſaid *Ameſtris*, did you not acquaint me with theſe things? Becauſe I ſaw you ſo ſad, anſwered *Menaſta*, that I ſcrupled whether I ſhould tell ſuch unpleaſant news: yet ſince you do know it, I wiſh it may be a means to reſtore you again unto your friends. No, no, anſwered *Ameſtris*, deceive not your ſelf, for I ſhall never do ſo; and were it for no other Reaſon, but the having ſuch a Husband as *Ottanus* is, I will never ſee them again: but *Menaſta*, I ſhall have further cauſe not to love him; for he will by all means expoſe me to the view of the World. For my part, ſaid *Menaſta*, I do not think that *Ottanus* did preſs you unto it ſo much as you think; and he would never have ſpoke as he did; but becauſe *Artemon* was preſent: however, for your diverſion a little, let me tell you, that *Anatiſa* hearing of your marriage with *Ottanus* in the Country where ſhe is, is rapt into a little Heaven of joy: and makes no Queſtion but her own marriage would be next with *Aglatidas*, as ſoon as ſhe came to *Ecbatan*: but afterwards hearing that he was vaniſhed, and had ſettled all his Affairs, as one that would not return again, her Sorrows were as great as her joys were before: and ſince Tatlers do ſeldom get love either from ſuch as themſelves, or others, every one had a Vie in Diſadvantage of *Anatiſa*, who did ſo boaſt of her Affection unto *Aglatidas* before, and of her Anger againſt him now, that I believe ſhe will never be able to make any great Conqueſts, though perhaps ſhe will endeavour to repair her loſſes by hopes of ſome other Victory. *Ameſtris* did hearken unto *Menaſta* with ſome Delight, becauſe the Anger of *Anatiſa*, did evidently prove the fidelity of *Aglatidas*: for though ſhe fully reſolved never to ſee him again, yet ſhe had a ſecret Deſign in the root of her Heart, to love him as long as ſhe lived.

Mean while, after *Artemon* was parted from *Ottanas*, and

Ottanus had diſpatched his buſineſs with thoſe who came to ſpeak with him, he was alone with his own thoughts, and calling all theſe Paſſages into memory, which before tormented him, he found his Soul in a worſe condition then before: and that which at the firſt, afforded him ſome minutes of tranquillity, was now a perpetual turbulency unto him. For (ſaid he to himſelf, as he related afterwards) from whence ſhould this ſudden alteration in the humour of *Ameſtris* proceed? What may be her reaſon to leave hating me? why ſhould ſhe begin to hate all the World? which way ſhould I find out the true cauſe of all this? After he had reſtleſly reaſoned upon it, and that which *Artemon* told him ſticking in his Stomack, he ſpoke unto *Ameſtris* at night, and conjured her, not to neglect her ſelf ſo much, but to make ſome Viſits: yet as ſhe refuſed it, though with much reſpect, ſo his mind became much exaſperated; and he very roughly moved her to dreſs her ſelf, and to walk abroad, and frequent Balls, and all other places, whither a jealous and angry Husband would have forbid his Wife; Inſomuch as ſhe told him, that ſhe would do all ſhe could to obey him; and in order to that, ſhe dreſſed her ſelf the next morning more handſomly than ordinary, and went unto the Temple at the ſame time which other Ladies uſed, but yet it was with ſo much melancholy in her Eyes, that ſhe infuſed no joy into any of thoſe Friends which ſaw her: and as ill luck was, two or three Perſons having ſeen her ſo ſad, and afterward meeting with *Ottanus*, told him, that they would ask no more why *Ameſtris* was ſo long unſeen, ſince it appeared by her Face ſhe had been ſick. But *Ottanus*, knowing that ſhe had not been ſo, did conclude, that there was ſome ſecret matter in her Mind which was the cauſe of it, and which he could not diſcover. *Ameſtris* yet was leſs ſolitary for three or four days, but with ſo much forcing of her ſelf, that ſhe was not able to endure any longer: for if ſhe ſaw any friends of *Aglatidas*, her ſoul was in a very hell: if they were indifferent Men ſhe met with, they gave her ſome ſuch touch concerning the pretended jealouſy of *Otta-*

nus, as did not pleaſe her; or if they were any of the diſcreeter ſort of People, they entertained her with diſcourſes ſo oppoſite to her preſent humour, that they were extreamly troubleſom to her: if any compleat Man was commended, then the image of *Aglatidas* appeared in her Fancy: if any was blamed, then the thoughts of *Ottanus* would direct her Eyes: She thought all thoſe that looked upon her, did blame her for marrying *Ottanus:* So having lived three or four days thus, and not being able to endure it longer, ſhe feigned to be ſick, that ſo ſhe might not go abroad, nor receive any more viſits. But ſince ſhe could not deceive *Ottanus* ſo eaſily, as ſhe could the World, who ſaw her not, his Torments did double upon him; and not knowing what he would have, he endured all the Pangs of a Jealous Man, and much more than common Jealouſy could infuſe: for they who are jealous have at the leaſt ſome ground for it, though he could not ſo much as imagine what the Cauſe of his Torment was: And not being able to contain all his trubulent Cogitations within the compaſs of his own Heart, he diſcovered all his Secrets unto *Artemon*; who after he had obſerved the Raptures, the Reaſons and Complaints of his Couſin, could not determine what his Malady was: for ſaid he unto him, It cannot be ſaid you are jealous, ſince there is no imaginable Reaſon for it; for *Ameſtris* neither ſees, nor will be ſeen by any; *Ameſtris*, when ſhe was free, made choice of you, and married you, what would you have more? I would gladly know, ſaid he, why upon a ſudden ſhe reſolved to marry me; and why upon a ſudden ſhe will not look upon the World.

I do confeſs, ſaid *Artemon*, that the laſt of theſe is very ſtrange unto me, ſince you aſſure me it is not long of you: yet however, it concerns us who have loſt her, to complain of that, and not you, ſince you ſee her oftner, and diſcourſe more freely with her. Not at all, replied *Ottanus*, for ſhe perſwades me to live as I was accuſtomed to do; and that I ſhould allow of her Alteration: I know very well that heretofore ſhe did not hate *Aglatidas*, but there has been ſuch jars between them ſince that, as I cannot conclude any thing upon it. But why ſhould you torment your ſelf, ſaid *Artemon*, ſince your Wife deſires not to ſee *Aglatidas* more then any other, and indeed cannot ſee him, ſince he is abſent? The reaſon why ſhe lives thus (replied he, after a little ſtudy upon it) is perhaps becauſe he is Abſent. And why did ſhe marry you, replied *Artemon*, if ſhe loved *Aglatidas?* That is it which I know not, ſaid he, but gladly would know her Reaſon for it. *Aglatidas*, replied *Artemon*, is indeed a very gallant Man, but he is ſo inconſtant, that I cannot think he ever had any ſhare in the Heart of *Ameſtris*. The pittiful Complaints which *Anatiſa* makes againſt him, does ſufficiently argue his inconſtancy. How, ſaid *Ottanus*, do *Aglatidas* and *Antiſa* jar? Yes, anſwered *Artemon*, and that extreamly. Ah *Artemon*, ſaid *Ottanus*, this which you have told me, does much more perplex me. I do not ſee any cauſe you have, replied *Artemon*; *Aglatidas* when you married *Ameſtris*, did love *Anatiſa*, as every one thought; ſince then he has caſt her off, and gone away, and what does all this concern you? I cannot untangle my thoughts, anſwered he, but I wiſh *Aglatidas* had continued yet in love with *Anatiſa*. So would ſhe too, anſwered *Artemon* and laughed, but ſince he is glad with a pretence to break with her, why ſhould it offend *Ottanus?* Then having a Mind to chide him after ſuch a manner as ſhould not make him angry; Well *Ottanus*, ſaid he unto him, I pray reſolve me, are you Jealous, or are you only Phantaſtical? I know not well what I am, replied he; but I am moſt certain my Mind is moſt unquiet; and I find all Symptomes of Jealouſy in my Self. Then this is the firſt time, anſwered *Artemon*, that ever a Wife made her Husband jealous, by neglecting her Self, by never going abroad, nor ſeeing any Body, and by hiding her Beauty with as much care as others take to ſhew it. Therefore I am the more to be pittied, replied *Ottanus*, for I ſee no remedy for my Miſery; If *Ameſtris* had a gadding Mind of going unto Balls, and I diſliked it, then I could hinder her from going any more; but as the Diſeaſe is, I know not where to find a Remedy.

If you will follow my Advice, ſaid *Artemon* unto him, you ſhall never ſeek for any, ſince certainly ſmall Diſeaſes do commonly grow greater by Remedies. My Diſeaſe, replied he, is none of thoſe which can be called ſmall. Truly, ſaid *Artemon*, I know not how you ſhould term it a great one. Can a greater be imagined, replied *Ottanus*, than to ſee the ſame which ſhould have been my chief Felicity, become my greateſt Miſery? But why are you not Happy, replied *Artemon*? is not *Ameſtris* moſt fair? is ſhe not richer than any of her quality? has ſhe not as much Wit as Riches and Beauty? and has ſhe not much more Virtue than either Wit, Beauty, or Riches, altogether? is ſhe not Affable and Complacential unto you? what then would you have more? I would ſee, replied he, into the very Bottom of her Heart; and ſee if there be no Secret there, which ſhe has not already told. What, replied *Artemon*, what would you have her tell? I would have her tell me (replied *Ottanus*, half Angry) a likely Lie, rather then tell me nothing.

Artemon ſeeing *Ottanus* begin to be Angry, would incenſe him no further, leſt he ſhould deprive himſelf of means to be ſerviceable unto *Ameſtris* for the future: for though he was his Couſin, yet it was his Generoſity which made him his Friend,and which ſide to take,either hers or his was no Queſtion, ſince Reaſon would not allow him to take the part of *Ottanus*. However, conceiving it requiſite to hold ſome Hand of complacency with him, he as'd him whether he would have him ſpeak unto *Ameſtris*? but the Commendations which *Ottanus* gave of her, would not permit *Ottanus* to give that Commiſſion: for he was of ſuch a Humour, as he could not, without Anger, hear his Wife extolled, nor I think could he endure to hear any ſpeak in her diſpraiſe. *Artemon*, not being able to regulate his Mind, went away, and left him to champ upon his own Sullen, and Melancholly Humour; yet he was no ſooner gone, but the Mind of *Ottanus* altered; and as it is uſual with unquiet and jealous Spirits, he writ an intreating Letter unto him, deſiring him to ſee *Ameſtris* the next day, and endeavour to diſcover the Bottom of her Soul. The Letter did contradict it ſelf in two or three ſeveral places, and it was eaſily perceived, that the mind of him who writ it was not at reſt. *Artemon* failed not to do as *Ottanus* deſired him, who in the mean time had given Orders, that they ſhould let him enter, though *Ameſtris* ſaid ſhe was not well, and would ſee no Body. When he came to her, he asked her Pardon for interrupting her Solitude; and really deſiring to do her Service, he did not keep the conference which he had with *Ottanus*, as a Secret: but on the contrary, he truly told her the State of her Husband's mind, to the end ſhe might contrive ſome ways how to cure him, leſt his reſtleſs diſpoſition ſhould reflect upon her ſelf. Since *Ottanus* had rather you ſhould tell a handſom Lie, than tell nothing at all, I beſeech you invent one, and ſuch a one as may cauſe quietneſs, both to him, and your ſelf, if it be ſo that there be any Secret Truth in your Heart which you would not have him know. I am much obliged unto you, replied *Ameſtris*, for your Expreſſions of Sincerity towards me: yet, generous *Artemon*, I have nothing to tell him, which I have not already told him: my Humour, it is true, is changed, but I cannot tell the reaſon of it; yet ſince, in changing, it is for the advantage of *Ottanus*, what does he complain of? Look for no Reaſon of his Complaints, repli'd *Artemon*, for he has none: though, Madam, I am forced to confeſs your Retiredneſs is very ſtrange: and it is not ſtrange that *Ottanus* ſhould wonder at that which does aſtoniſh all the Court and Town: Yet ſince I am not ſo full of Curioſities as he is, but being very full of real Reſpects unto you, I will believe that all you do is well; nor do I deſire to penetrate into the Secrets of your Heart. But in the name of the Gods, Madam, if you can, tell *Ottanus* ſomething which may ſatisfy him; and if it be poſſible be not ſo devoted unto ſolitude. I am able to do but the one half of what you deſire me, ſaid ſhe unto him, which is, to ſhew my Self unto the World a little more than I do: But as for inventing any Lies, and telling them unto *Ottanus*, is a thing I cannot do: for I ſhould tell them ſo ſcurvilly, that he would never believe me; yet *Artemon*, let me tell you, that in following your Counſel, I ſhall expoſe my ſelf unto much Miſery, it being more likely, that ſince *Ottanus* is jealous, and knows not of whom, and at a time when my Cloſet is my Priſon, and when I ſee no Body, he will be much more when I haunt Company. Yet however, ſince it is the Pleaſure of the Gods he ſhould become my Husband, it is my Duty to follow his Will, and to force my own: You may aſſure him that I will be obſervant unto him in all things, and ſhall pleaſe him in this, ſo he will promiſe, that as ſoon as ever he repents of his deſire I ſhould frequent the World, he will do me the favour to tell me of it; for I make no queſtion but it will be very ſhortly. Afterwards *Artemon* aſſured *Ameſtris* that he would be ready to ſerve her in all things; and he went to carry this News unto *Ottanus*, who was ſomething better ſatisfied than before: but yet he was not fully contented, becauſe ſhe would not tell him her reaſon why ſhe married him ſo ſuddenly, nor why ſhe began to affect ſolitude as ſoon as married; yet finding ſo much Obedience in the Heart of *Ameſtris*, all his fantaſtical Humours could not find out a reaſonable Pretence of complaint againſt her.

Thus did *Ameſtris*, though with extream Repugnance, ſuffer her ſelf to be ſeen again; and within four days, the Noiſe being divulged about the Town, that ſhe was viſible, all the Court and Town came to viſit her; and though ſhe was much more melancholy than heretofore, yet ſince ſhe could not chuſe but be very fair and ſprightly, and ſweet and civil, there was an univerſal Joy throughout all *Ecbatan*, for finding an ineſtimable Jewel which was thought to be loſt: There was not a Wit about the whole Court and Town, which had not invented ſome Diverſion for her, and who were not very forward to teſtify ſome Marks of that eſteem they held of her: It might well be ſaid, that ſome Magnetick Beauty was newly come to Town, who by her ſecret Charms attracted all about her: all other Houſes were deſart and ſolitary places in compariſon of hers. Thoſe who had any deſign to pleaſe her, did not arrive at their deſired ends; for ſhe thought her ſelf ſo miſerable, in living continually a forced Life, that ſhe could not chuſe but complain of it unto her dear *Menaſta*. *Anatiſa*, amongſt the reſt, came to viſit her with other Ladies, and as there is always in the World a ſort of indiſcreet Men, who take as much delight in talking of angry Subjects, as others do in pleaſing; there was a Man amongſt them, who having a Mind to perplex theſe two Ladies, began to talk before them concerning *Aglatidas*, and his Abſence, asking aloud, whether any knew the cauſe? *Ameſtris* and *Anatiſa* both began to bluſh; one out of Anger, the other out of Modeſty; and ſince the Queſtion was addreſſed rather unto *Ameſtris*, than any elſe, ſhe anſwered, that it was ſo long ſince *Aglatidas* left *Ecbatan*, that ſhe knew nothing of his Deſigns, but perhaps (ſaid ſhe, and turned towards *Anatiſa*) this fair one can better inform you; I cannot tell whether it was her Cruelty to him which we muſt accuſe for the loſs of ſo gallant a Man, ſince it is to be thought her Rigour baniſh'd him, and drive him unto Deſpair. *Anatiſa* was ſo nettled at this crafty Raillery of *Ameſtris*, that ſhe anſwered in ſuch a faint Tone, as did apparently manifeſt, ſhe knew her Cruelty was not the cauſe of *Aglatidas* his Abſence. And ſince ſhe was not ignorant, that all the World knew it was *Aglatidas* who quitted her; ſhe made no Secret of it, but looking upon *Ameſtris*, however, ſaid ſhe, you are obliged unto me for taking the Heart of *Aglatidas* from you, ſince he was ſo unconſtant as to break off your Chains, and enter into mine. But, replied *Ameſtris*, ſince it is always the good Intention which ſets the Value upon any good Office, I beſeech you pardon me if I do not thank you for it, ſince I know you had not any ſuch complacential Humour towards me in doing it. I do confeſs, ſaid *Anatiſa*, I did not intend to oblige you by it; confeſs alſo, replied *Ameſtris*, that you have no cauſe to vaunt of a Conqueſt which you kept ſo ſhort a time; however, ſince *Aglatidas*, perhaps cares neither for you nor me, I think we have done him a great deal of Favour to ſpeak ſo long concerning him: *Ameſtris* ſpoke this after ſuch a manner as did much ſurprize *Anatiſa*, who thought that ſhe was a little too tart againſt *Aglatidas*, conſidering how ſhe had lived with him heretofore; and ſhe could not think that *Ottanus* could recompence ſuch a loſs, and ſo ſhe went home with an unquiet Mind.

This was the courſe of Life which *Ameſtris* led for a while: But ſhortly after *Ottanus* ſeeing ſuch a great concourſe of Viſitants, and obſerving there was many who addreſſed themſelves unto him much more complacentially than uſual, he conceived their extraordinary Care, and Complements to pleaſe and divert him, was done unto him rather as the Husband of *Ameſtris*, than out of any Affection to himſelf, ſo that his Perplexities of Mind were higher than ever: he did not intend to ſignify as much openly, yet do what he could, it was preſently perceived; he received the Civilities done unto him after a conſtrain'd manner; and made but hollow Returns, and contrary to his Cuſtom, he kept home ſo conſtantly, that in a few days his Jealouſie was known unto all the World, and more notice taken of it, than when *Ameſtris* would not be ſeen; for then they did but ſuſpect him to be jealous, but now they made no queſtion of it; his Looks, his Words, his Actions, and all his reſtleſs Agitations were apparent and convincing Proofs of the ſecret Turbulency of his Heart: and ſince commonly Domeſtick Servants are the Spies which reveal the Secrets of their Maſters unto all the World; it was known by the Servants of *Ottanus*, that never any came unto his Houſe, but he asked his Porter, Who came to enquire for his Wife? Whether they were there then? Whether he came alone? How long he ſtayed? and an hundred ſuch Queſtions, which cauſed more Rumors of his Jealouſy than ever: he began to ſhew ſome ſigns of his Anguiſh to *Ameſtris*, who made her Complaints of it unto *Artemon*, who always did very much eſteem her, deſiring him to know of *Ottanus* what it was which troubled his Mind, aſſuring him, that if his Mind did alter, and that he did not think it good ſhe ſhould frequent the World any longer, ſhe would obey him, and retire again with abundance of Joy. *Artemon* did promiſe her, to know what the matter was; but ſince he could not give his Conſent or Advice *Ameſtris* ſhould be mued up again, he would take another way; and remembring that *Ottanus*, to prevent all Reports of his Jealouſy, reſolved to permit his Wiſe to entertain all the Gallants of *Ecbatan*; he thought that by telling him again how his way of Behaviour had expoſed him to the ſame Misfortune, he would correct himſelf the ſecond time. But yet it did not; for as ſoon as *Artemon* told him that his daily keeping home with his Wiſe; his extraordinary Curioſity to know what every one ſaid of him, and who came to ſee her when he was abroad; ſuch things as theſe had got him the ſame Reputation he had before, when *Ameſtris* did not expoſe her ſelf unto the World. Since it is ſo (ſaid he unto him, in a very angry Tone) that whether *Ameſtris* frequent Company or not, I muſt be looked upon as a jealous Man, my beſt courſe is to rid my Houſe of all Company, ſince it is continually ſtuff'd with a number of idle and flattering Fellows, who ſpend their time in telling Tales, and talking of nothing but Vanity. *Artemon* was ſo ſurprized to hear *Ottanus* ſay ſo, that two contrary Thoughts came into his Fancy almoſt at one time; for he could hardly forbear laughing at the Phantaſtical Humour of *Ottanus*, and yet he could not chuſe but be extreamly ſorry, to ſee what Perſecution was towards *Ameſtris*: he uſed all his Rhetorick to bring the Heart of *Ottanus* unto Reaſon, but could not. For deferring it no longer than the very ſame Night, Madam, ſaid *Ottanus* unto *Ameſtris*, I am well pleaſed with your complacency in quitting your Solitude at my requeſt: but ſince I find you have paſſed from one extream unto another, and ſince you did but force your ſelf to frequent Company, I ſhall take it kindly if you follow your own Inclination, and retire your ſelf from all Company again. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him with much Joy in her Face, you do a very notable Favour in releaſing me from that trouble which I put my ſelf unto, by obeying you before: But, Sir, that it may be carried more handſomly, I conceive it would do very well, to make a Journey into the Countrey, to the end that at my return, I may aſſume my Solitude under a pretence of not being accuſtomed unto the Countrey. *Ottanus* wondred that *Ameſtris* ſhould ſo willingly deprive her ſelf of all the good Company, and Gallantry which ſhe ſaw; and in lieu of being well ſatisfied with it, he grew more reſerved, and unquiet, inſomuch as he thought of changing his Mind again: yet notwithſtanding he took her at her Word, and within two Days after they went into the Countrey, *Ameſtris* carrying her dear *Menaſta* with her, to comfort her in all her Sorrows. *Artemon* hearing of *Ottanus* his Deſign, came to him with Intentions to divert him, but he could not poſſibly; and about two Days after *Ameſtris*, not bidding adieu unto any, went into the Countrey, with Intention, if ſhe could, not to return of a long time, as well, that ſhe might more conveniently enjoy her ſolitude, as alſo the better to hide, if ſhe could, the phantaſtical Humours of her Husband. She went with ſome kind of Joy; but as for *Ottanus*, change of Air did not change his Humour; for although he ſaw *Ameſtris* was not only as complacential as any vertuous Wife ought to be unto her Husband, but alſo was as obedient unto him as any Slave could be, (though ſhe could not be ſo tender of him as if ſhe had eſteemed and loved him) yet he was not ſatisfied with her, and all her Reſpects of him did rather incenſe than pleaſe him. It was therefore but a melancholy Voyage which they made; yet when they were come unto the end of their Journey, and ſetled, *Ameſtris* was at a little more reſt, for *Ottanus* did paſs away many of his melancholly Hours by walking in a great Wood behind the Houſe, ſo that ſhe had more freedom to talk with her dear *Menaſta*, and diſcourſe often concerning *Aglatidas*: She did at the firſt make ſome ſcruple of it, and reſolved never to ſpeak more of him as long as ſhe lived; but conſidering that her Affection to him was innocent, and ever ſhould be, ſince ſhe reſolved never to ſee him again, ſhe thought to preſerve the Teſtimonies of his Affection in her Memory, which indeed ſhe could not poſſibly forget: but notwithſtanding all her tenderneſs towards *Aglatidas*,

latidas, ſhe determined to burn all thoſe Letters of his which ſhe had in keeping. *Menaſta* and ſhe diſcourſing one day upon this ſubject, and being willing to give them their laſt ſurvey before ſhe committed them unto the flame, ſhe opened her Cloſet to take them out, but could not find a little Cabinet in which they were: ſhe was ſo much ſurpriſed at it, that ſhe was not able to ſpeak unto *Menaſta*; in the mean while ſhe ſearched all about her Cloſet, and all in vain: then ſhe asked one of her Servants, who was ever very faithful, whether *Ottanus* did at any time come there? and was anſwered No; afterwards ſhe asked her if ſhe knew what became of the Cabinet, which ſhe thought ſhe had put up when ſhe came from *Ecbatan*? and ſhe anſwered, that ſhe ſaw it upon the Table of her Cloſet at *Ecbatan*, but knew no further what ſhe had done with it. *Ameſtris* then recalling into her Memory all that ſhe did before her coming away, remembred how ſhe intended to put it up, and *Ottanus* coming in, ſhe covered it with her Hood upon the Table, reſolving to pack it up when he was gone, and ſo ſhe concluded, that ſhe left it there upon the Table. But after *Ameſtris* had conſidered that *Ottanus* was with her, and her Women had the Keys of her Cloſet, ſhe was in leſs fear; yet at night *Ottanus* told her that he muſt return unto *Ecbatan* upon ſome important Buſineſs; at which ſhe bluſhed and looked upon *Menaſta*. I ſee (ſaid this jealous Husband in mocking kind of Raillery) that you envy my well-being. Pardon me, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, but indeed I had much rather you remained here than go unto *Ecbatan*: however it be, anſwered he, I perceive that my Journey is not indifferent unto you; but your bluſhes imply either Sorrow or Joy at it. Certainly the reaſon of it is (ſaid *Menaſta* and laughed, to the end ſhe might break off this diſcourſe) becauſe ſhe imagines that you will have her return with you, and becauſe ſhe is ſorry to leave a Place ſo ſoon which pleaſeth her. *Ottanus* did not reply unto this, farther than ſome muttering Words which were not underſtood, but did go away to *Ecbatan* very ſad; for though he left his Wife in a very ſolitary Place, yet was he very unquiet in his Mind, and could not for his Heart interpret the bluſh of *Ameſtris*, nor why ſhe ſhould look ſo upon *Menaſta*, who, from that time he ſuſpected, though he knew not for what.

In the mean time, *Ameſtris* was not a little troubled that *Ottanus* ſhould go unto that place where thoſe things where, which ſhe feared he might come unto the ſight of: She knew not what to reſolve upon; for ſince all the domeſtick Servants were as ſo many Spies upon her Actions, ſhe durſt not attempt to ſuborn one of them, and truſt him with the Keys of her Cloſet, to take out that little Cabinet which ſo much troubled her; nor could ſhe imagine whether *Ottanus* would break it open, therefore ſhe reſolved to put it to the hazard. *Menaſta* was perſwading her to move her Husband, that he would be pleaſed to carry her with him; but *Ottanus* prevented her, and ſaid that his Buſineſs was ſo urgent and haſty, that he could not go in Coach; ſo that he went himſelf, and left *Ameſtris* exceedingly troubled, and certainly not without cauſe; for as ſoon as *Ottanus* came home, he had a phanſy to make a ſtrict ſearch in the Chamber of *Ameſtris*: The Houſe-keeper opened all the Doors but only of that Cloſet, of which he ſaid he had not the Key. Then *Ottanus*, pretending to take ſomething out which he would keep for *Ameſtris*, he broke open the Door, and went in only with a Servant of his, called *Dinocrates*, whom he truſted with all his Secrets; he ſearched in all the Drawers and Boxes in the Cloſet; he lifted up all the Hangings, and looked in every Corner; he was ready to go out again very well ſatisfied that he found not what he ſought for: but *Dinocrates* lifting up the Hood upon the Table, he found this little Cabinet, in which were the Letters of *Aglatidas*. *Denocrates* cryed out as if he had found ſome great Treaſure, and *Ottanus* coming towards him with a panting Heart, took it, and opened it with all haſte and violence: But O Heavens! when he ſaw the Letters and the Names of *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas* upon them, he was in ſuch a Fury at it, that it was a whole Hour before he read them: yet at laſt he began, but was ſo much tranſported, that he knew not what he read; he ſent immediately unto

Artemon, who coming preſently unto him, See, ſaid he, whether I have not reaſon to be troubled! Then he told him how he broke open the Cloſet, and how he found the Letters, and gave him one of the Letters which he had found. *Artemon* perceiving it was writ whilſt *Artambares* the Father of *Ameſtris* lived, and when it was thought *Aglatidas* ſhould have married her, told him, that he could not find any fault at all in *Ameſtris* for this. How (replied *Ottanus*) do you think her innocent in keeping Letters of Gallantry and Courtſhip, after ſhe was marryed? No, no, *Artemon*, ſaid he, ſhe cannot excuſe it, for ſhe that would keep the Letters of *Aglatidas*, would doubleſs keep the Affection of her Heart for him alſo. Then he ſhewed him that Letter which *Aglatidas* writ at his departure: Here, ſaid he, is that which ſpeaks me the moſt unhappy Man in the World: I do but too well ſee the cauſe of *Ameſtris* her being ſo reſerved. *Artemon* perceiving that the Letter was writ ſince the Marriage of *Ottanus*, and that conſequently there muſt needs be a correſpondency between them, was ſilent a long while, and could not ſpeak a word: Mean while, *Ottanus* talked faſter than a Man that was not jealous could think in a whole Day. But at laſt, *Artemon* ſtopping the fury of his frivolous Language; Is this all the Crime of *Ameſtris* (ſaid he unto him?) if it be, you are not ſo unhappy as you talk of; for I cannot find by any Circumſtance in the Letter, but that ſince *Aglatidas* prepares himſelf to be miſerable, it is *Ameſtris* which hath baniſhed him: Moreover, do you not ſee that none knows the cauſe of his departure? therefore I muſt needs think the Vertue of *Ameſtris* to merit much Commendation. I can conceive no ſuch thing, replied he: or it was the Duty of *Ameſtris* to refuſe all manner of Love-Letters, ſince ſhe was my Wife, much leſs ought ſhe to keep them. *Artemon* uſed all his Arguments to excuſe *Ameſtris*, but all would not appeaſe *Ottanus*, who without any Thoughts of his Buſineſs, which brought him to the Town, returned into the Countrey the very next Morning; however, *Artemon* would not leave him, but whether he would or no went with him. In the mean while *Ameſtris*, was full of

Fears, and when ſhe ſaw him, returned ſo unexpectedly before it was poſſible he could diſpatch the Buſineſs he went about, her Heart drooped, and wanted but a little of falling into a Sound. As ſoon as *Ottanus* lighted from his Horſe, though *Artemon* would have hindred him, yet he went ſtrait unto the Chamber of *Ameſtris*, and coming to her in a moſt furious Manner, Madam, ſaid he unto her, You are beholden to me for bringing you ſo quickly that which doubtleſs you forget, and left at *Ecbatan*; and in ſaying ſo, he threw upon the Table all the Letters of *Aglatidas*. I leave you to imgine what Operation the ſight of theſe had upon the Heart of *Ameſtris*; yet ſince ſhe knew her ſelf not ſo culpable as *Ottanus* thought her, ſhe recollected her Conſtancy, and without any great Dauntedneſs; Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, ſince you know it was my Father's Command upon me, to look upon *Aglatidas*, as one who ſhould afterwards be my Husband, methinks you ſhould not think it ſtrange that I ſhould receive Letters from him. But the laſt of theſe Letters, replied he, admits not of that excuſe; ſo that though you were not faulty in receiving the firſt, yet it was an unanſwerable Crime to keep them any longer, or to receive the laſt. I do confeſs, ſaid ſhe, that I was not ſo prudent as I might have been, in not burning them, when I reſolved to marry you; but truly the Crime is not ſo great as you apprehend it: and as for this laſt Letter received, ſince, indeed it was impoſſible for me not to receive it, yet I can aſſure you that I did never return any Anſwer unto it, and that it was not in my power to ſend it back unto *Aglatidas*. However, replied he, it ſeems he is much in your Favour. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, give me leave to tell you only two things for the Satisfaction of your Mind: The one is, that I ſhall never ſee *Aglatidas* again: And the other, that I will never receive any more Letters from him, nor ſhall he from me. It ſeems to me (ſaid *Artemon*, who was preſent at this angry Conference) that *Ameſtris* does offer more than is Reaſon; for knowing her Vertue as you may do, although ſhe ſhould ſee a Man who was in love with her; yet there is no neceſſity you ſhould be troubled at it. But how can I be aſſured (ſaid *Ottanus* to *Ameſtris,* not hearkening unto *Artemon*) of this which you tell me? Sir, anſwered ſhe, you may leave me here, and not let me go to *Ecbatan*, where *Aglatidas*, perhaps, may hereafter be. Solitude (replied he, and ſhoke his Head) is very fit for ſecret Meetings. Then carry me to the Town (anſwered ſhe) that all the World may eie my Actions, and all the World may know (replied he all in Fury) your Crime, and my Misfortune. But who was it which brought you this laſt Letter? one who was unknown to me, anſwered ſhe, having no mind to bring the name of *Menaſta* in queſtion. Where is *Aglatidas* at this preſent, asked *Ottanus?* I know not, replied ſhe, for I hold no intelligence with him, nor enquire of his being. And why, ſaid he unto her, did you marry me, ſince you loved *Aglatidas?* I thought (anſwered *Ameſtris*) that my preferring you before all others, would have obliged you not to uſe me as you do. I thought, ſaid he, that though you did not love me, yet you would have loved your own Honour, and done nothing unworthy of your ſelf. Truly, ſaid *Artemon*, me-thinks all theſe Promiſes, which *Ameſtris* hath made, ſhould ſatisfy you: She ſaith ſhe will never ſee *Aglatidas* again; ſhe will never receive any Letters from him, nor ſhall he from her, and what would you more? I would have had her not to have received this laſt Letter, replied he, nor have kept any of the reſt, for they are certain Teſtimonies, ſhe is no Hater of *Aglatidas*, nor ever will be a Lover of me, and by conſequence I muſt be always in fear. Sir, replied *Ameſtris*, I beſeech you know this, that though I were an inveterate Hater of you, and did love *Aglatidas* as well as I do my ſelf, yet would I never ſpeak to him again, and the more tender I were of him, the more circumſpect would I be to avoid meeting with him; therefore if it be poſſible, let your Mind be at reſt concerning that matter, and leave me here. It is not an eaſy matter, replied he, for that Man whom you have made for ever miſerable, to leave you here. What then would you have her do? ſaid *Artemon*. I know not, replied he ſharply, but until I be better reſolved, I do intend that *Menaſta*, who is Couſin to *Aglatidas*, and doubtleſs his Confident, ſhall preſently return to *Ecbatan*, and that *Ameſtris* ſee her no more. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I beſeech you do not wrong a Lady of her Quality and Nature ſo much; augment, if it be poſſible your force againſt me, but be not uncivil towards her; yet if it be your Pleaſure that I muſt ſee her no more, let her return to *Ecbatan*, ſome few Days hence upon another pretence. I do underſtand you very well, ſaid he unto her, you have a Mind before you part with her, to conſult and agree which way you may receive ſome Intelligence from *Aglatidas*. Sir, replied ſhe, if *Aglatidas* and I were upon any Terms of Intelligence betwixt each other, why ſhould he be at ſuch a remote diſtance from hence? I can ſay nothing to you, replied he angerly, but that you will drive me out of my Reaſon, and my Life. *Artemon* ſeeing that all *Ameſtris* could ſay, did rather exaſperate than appeaſe him, did get him out of her Chamber almoſt by force; yet being prompt unto it by his jealous Thoughts, he would not leave the Letters of *Aglatidas* with her; neither would he burn them, thinking that whilſt he kept them in his Hands, he ſhould keep her better within compaſs of her Duty: he took them up then, and kept them as carefully as the deareſt thing in the World, and looking upon *Ameſtris* with inſufferable inſolency; I hope you will permit me, Madam, ſaid he unto her, to keep them now as well as you have done. I permit it with all patience, ſaid ſhe, for there is no Miſery which my Mind is not prepared for. After he was gone out from *Ameſtris*, he would by all means go unto *Menaſta*, who was not well that Day, and kept her Chamber: but *Artemon* diſſwaded him, and uſed ſuch Arguments, as moved him that *Menaſta* ſhould not return ſo ſuddainly, but could not perſwade him to let her ſtay long with *Ameſtris*; yet do what *Artemon* could, he would needs change all her Women, and every Servant which waited on her. It was as much as *Artemon* could do, to keep *Ottanus* from uſing *Ameſtris* ill, or from taking up ſome odd deſperate Reſolution. Yet was he much puzled in making the choice of a Place to dwell in; for though he thought the Country a more convenient place than the other to obſerve the Actions of *Ameſtris*; yet ſince his Occaſions would often call him from thence, he thought that *Aglatidas* might ſee her in his abſence more eaſily, and perhaps carry her away; for his foreſight was always very ingenious to torment himſelf. Moreover he was perſwaded, and that with good Reaſon, that *Ameſtris* ſeemed fair in the Eyes of all that looked upon her, ſo that he was not only in fear of *Aglatidas*, but his neareſt kindred, and his very beſt Friends were not priviledged from his Jealouſy; *Artemon* himſelf ſcaped not: and if he put any difference between him and others, it was in his Expreſſions of leſs Bitterneſs, and *Artemons* ſuffering with more Patience, and leſs Malice than others who delighted in perſecuting him. But the time came, that *Mnaſta* muſt return to *Ecbatan*, and that *Artemon* accompanied her; the parting of theſe two Friends, was the ſadder, becauſe they could not confer in private together not one ſhort quarter of an Hour, though *Artemon* did all he could to procure them that Conſolation: This generous Friend at his departure from *Ottanus*, made him promiſe not to ſpeak any more unto *Ameſtris* concerning *Aglatidas*, and that he would live better with her, otherwiſe himſelf in particular would complain of him. Moreover, ſince he conceived that *Ameſtris* would fare better at *Ecbatan*, though ſhe ſaw no Body, than in the Country, where ſhe ſhould ſee her angry Husband continually, he addreſſed his diſcourſe ſo handſomly unto him, that by his juſtifying *Ameſtris* ſo much, he gave him ſome ſubject of fear that *Aglatidas* would not ſo ſoon make any Attempts of ſeeing her in the Town, as in the Country; Not that I ſuſpect, ſaid he unto him, that *Ameſtris* would ever contribute any thing unto it, but yet you know that *Aglatidas* did moſt paſſionately love her, and does not yet hate her; ſo that ſeeing you more happy than himſelf, queſtionleſs he will ſeek out ways to make his Sufferings known unto *Ameſtris*, therefore if you will hearken unto me, carry her back to *Ecbatan*. *Ottanas* at the firſt, did think this Propoſition reaſonable, but immediately after he diſapproved of it, and *Artemon* departed with *Menaſta*, not knowing whether *Ottanus* would live in the Country always, or return to the Town, and indeed *Ottanus* himſelf was unreſolved what to do. Mean time, the unexpected ſudden return of *Menaſta* made a great noiſe, and the houſhold Servants divulging the cauſe of it, the Jealouſy of *Ottanus* made a freſh rumour in the World. Moreover, *Anatiſa*, having a Servant who was Siſter unto *Denocrates*, the Page and Confident of *Ottanus*, ſhe came to know by her means, that the Letters of *Aglatidas* were found in the Cloſet of *Ameſtris*; ſo that *Anatiſa* entring into a new fury againſt her, vented a hundred malicious Tales, which in concluſion turned againſt her ſelf; for ſhe ſpoke with ſuch Animoſity, that though ſhe ſpoke ſome Truths, yet whenſoever ſhe ſpoke againſt *Ameſtris*, ſhe was no more believed than if they had been all Lies. Mean while *Ottanus* was very buſy in guarding all the Advenues of his Houſe: If he chanced to ſpy a Peaſant in the Woods, he preſently imagined him to be *Aglatidas* diſguiſed: If he ſaw any of the Servants of *Ameſtris* talk with any that he knew not, he would know their Buſineſs, and what they ſaid, and ſuſpected they brought ſome Letters from *Aglatidas* to their Miſtreſs; to the end ſhe ſhould not corrupt any of her Women by any Gifts, he took an exact Catalogue of all her Jewels, and kept it himſelf, often viewing them to ſee whether they were all there. He ſearched every Cranny, where he could imagine ſhe could hide any Letters; and it might very well be ſaid, that notwithſtanding all her Perſecutions, yet he made himſelf more miſerable than her; he looked upon her with Eyes ſo full of tormenting Jealouſy, that ſhe might clearly ſee the Reſtleſſneſs of his Soul: In the mean time, he was forced to return to *Ecbatan*, upon ſome urgent Occaſions, and carried her with him, not daring to leave her alone in that Place. For though he did not know where *Aglatidas* was, yet he ſuſpected him to be lurking in ſome Place near hand, watching for an Opportunity to viſit her, when he did at any time go from her. At her return to the Town, he limited her unto ſuch Perſons, as he allowed her to ſee there: and principally charged her not to admit of any ſuch as made Gallantry their Profeſſion, who coached away their time from Street to Street, from Company to Company, only to talk the ſame things over and over again. *Ameſtris* with unequalled Patience did, without murmur, as he deſired, and did not ſee ſo much as *Menaſta*, but in private, by the means of *Artemon*. But ſince it was the delight and deſire of all reaſonable Men to ſee her, do what ſhe could, they ſought her out in the Temples; they followed her in the Streets, and found her ſometimes in the Houſes of three or four whom ſhe was permitted to viſit. Now as there was ever a ſort of Men who loved to delight themſelves, without any regard of prejudicing others; ſo there was one Man among the reſt called *Tharpis*, who to puniſh *Ottanus* for his Jealouſy, did augment it as much as he could: So that *Ameſtris* never went out, but he had Spies to watch whither ſhe went, that he might follow. As often as *Ottanus* went out or came in, he always obſerved ſome of *Tharpis* his Officers, keeping watch at the Corner of a Street next his Houſe, ſo that he became as jealous of *Tharpis*, as of *Aglatidas*, and to ſay truly, he was jealous of all the World as well as of him. When *Ameſtris* was not well, it was always ſaid at the Door of her Lodging, ſhe was ſo extreamly ill, that none could be admitted to ſee her: and when *Ottanus* was ill, he alſo was ſaid to be ſo ill, that *Ameſtris* could not leave him; ſo that when either of them was in the leaſt out of temper, it was carried ſo, as if they were at the laſt gaſp. If any one ſpoke unto *Ameſtris* in a low Voice, he would afterwards ask them both ſeverally what they ſaid, and that in ſuch an odd manner, as it was impoſſible to forbear laughing. This was the Life of *Ameſtris*, until the Death of *Aſtiages*, who as you know, died partly of Sorrow for the taking away of the Princeſs *Mandana*. Which in a few Days after *Ciaxares* was come to *Ecbatan*, to take Poſſeſſion of the *Median* Crown, and the Court would be very full: *Ottanus* imagining that *Aglatidas* might perhaps return to ſee the new King, he carried *Ameſtris* into the Countrey, though it had been more fit for him to return to the Town if he had been there: But as his Reſolutions were commonly contrary to all Reaſon or Handſomneſs, ſo he went out of *Ecbatan* when all the World came in; therefore when you, Sir, came thither with *Ciaxares*, ſhe was not there, but as ſoon as you were gone to the *Armenian* War, he then returned with her, though with no Intentions to uſe her any better, but lived after the ſame manner I have told you, until ſuch time as it was known that *Aglatidas* was in the Army, and gracious both with you and *Ciaxares*: This News begot two contrary Apprehenſions in him; for he was glad to hear *Aglatidas* was ſo far from *Ecbatan*, but very ill pleaſed with the Honours which the King and you were pleaſed to confer upon him; in ſo much as though every Letter which came from the Army, ſpoke in high Commendations of his Valour, yet *Ameſtris* durſt not ſo much as enquire of any News in general, nor of the War, becauſe he would be apt to imagine her end was to hear *Aglatidas* ſpoke of. But after the Governour of the Province of *Areſantines* was dead, he was very deſirous to imploy all his Friends, to obtain of *Ciaxares* the Government thereof for himſelf, becauſe all the Eſtate of *Ameſtris*, which was very great, did lie in that Province; yet ſince he knew nothing could be obtained from *Ciaxares*, but by your Mediation, he would not make any addreſs unto any who were loved, or Lovers of *Aglatidas*. Alſo, ſince he had neglected that Duty which a Man of his Quality ought unto *Ciaxares*, at his entrance to the Crown, and ſince his Jealouſy kept him from following the War, as his Birth obliged him, ſo he had not confidence enough to ask this Favour, and much leſs Hopes to obtain it, though he ſhould ask it: But a while after he received a Pacquet, which was no ſmall Amazement to him, for he found in it that you had ſent him the Government of that Province from *Ciaxares*. At the firſt he was extreamly joyed, and though he knew not from whence this good ſhould proceed, nor could gueſs at the Truth, yet he imagined it to come from the King's Diſpoſition only; ſo that he publiſhed it with Joy, declaring that this Honour was conferred upon him, though he employed none, nor made any Interceſſion for it. All the Town, upon this, did make their complemental Addreſſes to him; and he permitted *Ameſtris* to entertain all thoſe who would viſit her. But within three Days after this firſt News of Joy, he received others which were as vexatious as the other was pleaſing; for an old Officer in the houſhold of *Ciaxares*, who was of his acquaintance, ſent unto him and told him, he conceived it expedient he ſhould return ſome thanks unto *Aglatidas* for the Honour which he had received from him, ſince it was only by his Mediation he obtained it, intimating afterwards, your Zeal, Sir, in his behalf, at the requeſt of *Aglatidas*. When *Ottanus* received this Letter, he was in the Chamber of *Ameſtris*, in which was much Company; and becauſe it was known that it came from the Army, every one did draw near at the reading of it, to hear ſome News, and he was contented to ſatisfy them: But in his reading what I have told you, he changed colour about twenty times, and every one thought that either *Ciaxares* was dead, or elſe the Government newly conferred on him, was taken away again. Every one asked him what ill News? for they imagined by his Looks it could not be any good: but his Anſwer was, That he had received an account of ſome private Buſineſs which did not pleaſe him well; and indeed it was eaſily perceived, for ſo much diſcontent appeared in his Eyes, that *Ameſtris*, who knew him very well, did imagine ſomething beſides his Jealouſy, was a cauſe of his diſorder, yet ſhe could not gueſs what it was, but thought that perhaps ſome had ſent him intelligence *Aglatidas* would ere long return to *Ecbatan*: However, he made ſuch a viſible Teſtimony of his diſcontent to all the Company, that *Ameſtris* withdrew: ſome came unto him, who had not yet made their complemental Addreſſes unto him, as Governour; but he received them ſo ſillily, that they conceived themſelves injured; and had he not been known to be a jealous Man, and by conſequence phantaſtical, thoſe Men conſidering his extravagant Behaviour towards them, had quarrelled with him; but they made a ſhort Viſit, and left him to the liberty of his half-mad Humours: As good luck was, *Artemon* came in before he ſpoke with *Ameſtris*, after the Company was gone out: if he had not, perhaps he would have uſed extream Violence towards her.

As ſoon as *Ottanus* ſaw *Artemon*, here (ſaid he unto him, and gave him the Letter which he had received) ſee whether I had not Reaſon to believe that *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris* have been always very kind one to another. *Artemon* took the Letter and read it, but finding not a Word in it conduced to what *Ottanus* talked of, nor any thing elſe but that *Aglatidas* had obtained for him the Government of the *Ariſontine* Province, which he ſo much deſired: How is it poſſible, ſaid he unto him, that your Reaſon and Mine ſhould be ſo oppoſite? Why, anſwered *Ottanus*, is it not as clear as day that *Ameſtris* hath written ſecretly unto *Aglatidas*, that I deſired this Government, and that it would be an excellent Expedient to reconcile me unto him, and would be a means to let me permit him the ſight of her if he obtained it? No ſuch thing, anſwered *Artemon*, but I am confident of the contrary, that a Crown were not able to induce *Ameſtris* to permit *Aglatidas* the ſight of her, or a viſit unto you, and conſequently I muſt conclude that *Ameſtris* had no Hand in it, and that *Aglatidas* did it out of pure Generoſity, becauſe he hates you not, as you do him. You are ſo much devoted to excuſe *Ameſtris*, ſaid he very angrilie, that I believe there are few Crimes which you would not abſolve her of if ſhe ſhould commit them. It is very true replied *Artemon*, that I am ſtrongly perſwaded of her Virtue; and moſt true alſo, that to puniſh one for thoughts which he had in the bottom of a Heart, were to entrench too much upon the Priviledg of the Gods, for they only can truly know them. However it be, ſaid *Ottanus*, I will never accept of any thing as a Gift from a Man whom I would Piſtol. How, ſaid *Artemon*, being much amazed, will you refuſe the Government which you accepted of, and after you have received the Complements and Congratulations of all the Town who came to rejoice with you? Yes, ſaid he, I will refuſe it, and render

der thanks unto the Gods, that I need not write any Letters of thanks unto *Clarans* for his fine Honour conferred upon me. But what can you ſay unto thoſe who came to ſee you, replied *Artemon*? If any do meet me, ſaid he, and urge me for any Reaſons of my Actions, I will tell them I cannot endure *Ameſtris* ſhould love *Aglatidas*, and that I am more Generous than to receive a Beneſit from my Enemy, or that he ſhould triumph over the Heart of *Ameſtris*, which ſhould be only mine. Yet are you not afraid to offend *Ciaxares* and *Cyrus* by it (ſaid *Artemon*?) No, anſwered he, I fear nothing ſo much as to be obliged by *Aglatidas*. But why do I term it obliged? I may rather ſay wronged, for what greater injury could he do me than this? Had he written unto *Ameſtris* and ſent her any Jewels, or had ſhe anſwered him and returned her Picture, few then would have known it: But by this it is divulged throughout a whole Kingdom, that *Aglatidas* in lieu of asking a Government for himſelf, did ask it for a Man who hates him, and hath married her he loved and ſtill loves: he might as well tell all the World, that by this he doth recompence the Husband for the Favours which he hath received from the Wife; but I ſhall take ſuch Order as they ſhall not accuſe me of preferring any Ambitious thoughts before my Honour. Believe me, ſaid *Artemon*, you run a greater Hazard of your Honour by refuſing, than by accepting of this Government. However it be, ſaid he in extrem Fury, I had rather loſe my Honour, than receive any Benefit from *Aglatidas*. When the Benefits of an Enemy, anſwered *Artemon*, may prejudice us, it is prudence to refuſe them, and it is more generous to oblige an Enemy, than to be obliged; but ſince this Benefit which *Aglatidas* confers upon you is not of that Nature, and ſince you cannot refuſe it from the Hand of a King, without ruin to your ſelf, and moving all the World to mock you, I conceive you ought not to yield unto your Paſſion, but to overcome it. Pardon me, *Ottanus*, for uſing ſuch freedom of Speech, the Extravagancy of your Reaſon makes me think I am obliged unto it. Were it not that I ſee you are not

Jealous of *Aglatidas* (replied *Ottanus* with a forced ſmile) I ſhould think you in love with *Ameſtris*. Tho you ſhould think ſo, replied *Artemon*, I ſhould not ſo much wonder at it, as I do at your Actions; And I do confeſs, that I cannot underſtand your Deſign in it. I would let all *Media* know, ſaid *Ottanus*, that I will not contribute any thing unto the folly of *Ameſtris*. Ah, *Ottanus*, ſaid *Artemon*, let it be leaſt of your Fears that any ſhould ſuſpect any ſuch thing; you have taken ſuch ſtrict order for that, as it can never be imputed to you. I will take a ſtricter order than yet I have done, replied he. Which you can hardly do, anſwered *Artemon*. You ſhall ſee that e're long, replied *Ottanus*; and ſhall confeſs, that my Honour is more dear unto me than any thing elſe. *Artemon*, fearing he had ſome ſecret ill Deſign againſt *Ameſtris*, urged him no further, but left him, becauſe it was very late.

He was no ſooner gone, but *Ottanus* went unto *Ameſtris* and vented as many expreſſions as Fury, Jealouſy, and Anger could invent, ſhe returning not one ſharp reply, or knowing the Cauſe of his Choller: for ſince he was fully perſwaded ſhe knew *Aglatidas* had obtained the Government for him, he expreſſed himſelf in ſuch obſcure Enigma's that ſhe could not underſtand either his Injuries or his Reproaches. After he had fretted and fumed away almoſt all the night in perſecuting *Ameſtris*, he went out of her Chamber unto his own, and would permit none to follow him but *Dinocrates*, whoſe unworthy flattery did beſt ſuit with his Inclination. He was no ſooner in his Chamber, but he ſent Orders to have his Horſes ready by break of Day; and after he had paſſed over the remainder of the Night in moſt unconceiveable turbulency of Mind, as ſoon as it was Day he took Horſe, without taking any leave of *Ameſtris*, and went into the Country, to avoid the concourſe of Company, not knowing what to ſay: But he was fully reſolved, rather to chooſe any Death, then to accept of any thing *Aglatidas* ſhould obtain for him.

However, the abſence of *Ottanus* gave a little more liberty unto *Ameſtris*; for her Spies were not ſo ſtrict in their Office, but ſhe had the comfort to ſee *Menaſta*, and ſhe ſaw *Artemon* alſo, who acquainted her with the Cauſe of her Husband's Fury. But when ſhe was alone with her deer *Menaſta*, ſhe did confeſs unto her, That though the jealouſy and chollerique Humour of *Ottanus* did trouble her very much; and though ſhe was vexed to the heart at the fantaſtical Reſolution of her Husband, in refuſing that Government, which all the World knows he ſo much deſired; Yet ſhe had ſome delight to think that *Aglatidas* ſhould ſtill love her ſo well, as in conſideration of her, to confer that good Office upon *Ottanus*, whom he always hated. For my part, ſaid *Menaſta*, I cannot chooſe but admire the various Events which are cauſed by one and the ſame Paſſion; for the Love of *Aglatidas* to you, moves *Ottanus* not to love you; and the Love of *Ottanus* to you, makes him not indure *Aglatidas* ſhould do any thing for him. Ah, *Menaſta*, ſaid *Ameſtris*, thoſe thoughts which *Ottanus* hath of me, cannot be phraſed Love: and I do conceive that they who ſay Love and Jealouſy are inſeparable, are much deceived; I do believe them to follow one another, but I cannot think them to reign both together at one time in one Heart. However, *Menaſta*, ſaid ſhe, do you not admire at my Misfortune? for doubtleſs *Aglatidas* thinks he hath much obliged me by it; and I believe he imagines that *Ottanus*, being well ſatisfied by it, will be leſs rigorous to me: but, quite contrary, he doubles his Perſecution upon me. Can any be more innocent then I am? You know, *Menaſta*, that ſince the Letter I received by you, and to which I returned no Anſwer, I have refuſed many others: And if at any time *Aglatidas* came into my Memory, it was againſt my Will, in my diſcourſe with you; and yet they ſay the Gods will puniſh me for ſome great Crime. You are not ſo innocent as you think your ſelf, replied *Menaſta*; for why did you ever marry *Ottanus?* was it juſt in you to imploy that great Wit which the Gods had indued you withall, in deviſing ſuch an odd way to puniſh *Aglatidas*, and juſtify your ſelf in his Opinion? O do not ſpeak of what is paſt, anſwered ſhe, and ſighed, let us think only upon the preſent and the future. I do foreſee ſo many diſaſters towards you, replied *Menaſta*, that you muſt pardon me, if I rather ſpeak of what is paſt, than of what is preſent, or what will be hereafter; for I do profeſs unto you, that I cannot at all conceive, either what *Ottanus* will do, or what you will do. For my particular, ſaid *Ameſtris*, I know no other Reſolution, but to refer my Self wholly unto the guidance of the Gods, to ſubmit, without the leaſt murmur, unto their Will, and to prepare my ſelf for a perpetual Perſecution: For, to attempt the driving of Jealouſy out of *Ottanus* his Heart, is meer folly ſo to think of it, ſince what I have done will not do it.

Theſe were the words and thoughts of *Ameſtris*, whilſt all the Town was troubled at the ſuddain departure of *Ottanus*, and ſought out for the Reaſon, but could not find it. But a few days after the thing was but too much divulged; for as the news of his being Governour of the *Araſantines* Province did fly into the Country as ſoon as it came to Town; many Deputies of great Towns came unto him; who, underſtanding that he was gone into the Country, went after him, but he would not receive them, telling them, he did not accept of that Office which was put upon him. Several perſons of Quality in the ſame Province writ alſo unto him, but he would return no Anſwer: So that theſe Deputies, wondring at it, went back to *Ecbatan*, and complained of their uſage, asking the Cauſe, but none could tell them; yet notwithſtanding, preſently after it was divulged: For *Dinocrates* acquainting *Anatiſa* with it, ſhe told it all over the Town, adding many things more than truth to make it thought *Ameſtris* was not ſo innocent as reported; yet ſay or do what ſhe could, ſhe was not believed. However, *Ottanus*, who hitherto paſſed only for a fantaſtical jealous Man, began now to be looked upon as a Man abſolutely out of his Wits, and deprived of Reaſon; and if they had been permitted to have ſeen *Ameſtris*, every one would have grieved for her, and adviſed her to forſake *Ottanus*: but thoſe unto whom he had committed the keeping of his Houſe, would not ſuffer any whoſoever to enter into it; not only becauſe he ſo commanded them, but alſo becauſe *Ameſtris* deſired it, contenting her ſelf with the Liberty of enjoying *Menaſta*, and ſeeing ſometimes *Artemon*, the firſt of which, entring in at a back Garden-door, was not diſcovered by any. As for *Ottanus*, he was in a moſt unimaginable perplexity; for notwithſtanding his Jealouſy and Fury, he did imagine that what he did, would ſeem very ſtrange in the Opinion of the World, and that he could no way juſtify himſelf, but by belching out lies againſt *Ameſtris*; he was not able to indure his Solitude, nor was he able to reſolve upon a return to *Ecbatan*; ſince he knew not what to ſay unto thoſe who came to rejoice with him, and whoſe Complements he had received: He was perplexed on all ſides; but amongſt his variety of different thoughts, the Image of *Aglatidas* went never out of his Mind; and when he imagined that *Ameſtris* thought her ſelf obliged unto him for what he had done, he was abſolutely mad, or at the leaſt ſeemed ſo unto *Artemon* who came to ſee him, in hopes to perſwade him unto Reaſon.

In the mean while *Tharpis*, who thought it a piece of Juſtice to torment that Man, who did unjuſtly torment the faireſt Woman upon Earth, did ſeem as if he had received a Letter from the Army, which did intimate that *Ciaxares* and you were ſo incenſed againſt *Ottanus*, for refuſing the Government which they had conferr'd upon him, that it would be a piece of great Difficulty for him, ever to reconcile himſelf. Then, as it is the quality of ill news always to ſpread ſooner abroad, all the Town in twenty four hours was filled with it, and reports went, That it was confirmed by four or five other Letters, though none at all came: So that *Ottanus* was preſently advertiſed of it by his Spies which he had in the Town. Theſe reports did ſo much augment his miſery, that he was not Maſter of himſelf. For ſince then your condition, Sir, was known unto all *Ecbatan*, the Favour which *Aglatidas* had with you, was moſt terrible unto him, and doubled all his Sorrows. At the ſame time it was certainly known, that the Affairs ſairs in *Armenia* were diſcompoſed, and that *Ciaxares* would draw the War into that Country: So that *Ottanus*, being moved unto it by apprehenſions of Rage, Diſpair, Revenge, and Jealouſy altogether, he reſolved to caſt himſelf into the King of *Armenian's* Party, though he apparently ſaw it would be the ruin of himſelf, and loſs of his Eſtate; Flattering himſelf with Hopes of ſome Occaſion to meet with *Aglatidas*, knowing he would be in that War, and he would ſeek him out, though in places fulleſt of Danger.

This Deſign being reſolved upon, without communicating it unto any, he ſent for *Ameſtris*, who, contrary to the advice of *Menaſta*, obeyed him. *Artemon*, who was returned to *Ecbatan*, hearing of it, would not let her go alone, but accompanied her whether ſhe would or no: When they drew near the place unto which they were to go, they eſpied *Dinocrates* on horſe-back under a Tree, who as ſoon as he ſaw them coming, galloped with all ſpeed towards the Caſtle where his Maſter was. This paſſage did much ſurprize *Ameſtris* and *Artemon*, who could not deviſe the meaning of it: But they were much more aſtoniſhed, when being come into the Caſtle, they underſtood, that as ſoon as *Dinocrates* advertiſed *Ottanus* of their coming, he took horſe with three or four of his Servants, and went out at a back-door, leaving a Letter with the Captain of the Caſtle to give unto *Ameſtris*: He had no ſooner declared it, but ſhe opened it, and found theſe words:

Ottanus *to the unworthy* Ameſtris.

I *Go from hence to hide that Shame which you have brought upon me, and in order to that I go amongſt Men, who know neither you nor me: But the principal Reaſon of my Voyage, is to kill* Aglatidas, *if I can meet with him, as I hope I ſhall: If I hear you receive the News of his Death without any Tears, I ſhall return, and perhaps pardon you for loving that Man whilſt he lived, whoſe Death ſhould be indifferent unto you; in the mean time keep within this Caſtle; obey him who commands it in my abſence, unleſs you have a mind I* *ſhould return to puniſh you for all thoſe Evils you have brought upon me.*

Ottanus.

Imagine, Sir, how this Letter grieved *Ameſtris*; who ſhewing it unto *Artemon*, conjured him to follow after him; and notwithſtanding all the diſſwaſion of the Captain, he did ſo. But whether *Ottanus* made too much haſte to be overtaken; or whether *Artemon* took a wrong Road, ſo it was he could not meet with him, but returned to *Ameſtris*, whom he found in a delulge of Tears: She was not well perſwaded whether or no *Ottanus* was gone; or if he were, whether he was gone to kill *Aglatidas*, as his Letter expreſſed; or elſe whether he was only hid, to ſee how ſhe would behave her ſelf during his pretended abſence: But however, ſhe collected by the beginning of his Letter, that he was not gone into the Army of *Ciaxares*, ſince there he would be known. After much debate upon the matter, they hit upon the Truth, and *Artemon* believed he was gone into *Armenia*, and was amongſt the King's Enemies. However, *Ameſtris* told him, that obedience unto her Husband was her Duty, and therefore ſhe deſired him to return back. *Artemon* uſed all his Arguments to perſwade her, that he might carry her back again to *Ecbatan*: But as ſhe had no Mind unto it, ſo indeed ſhe could not if ſhe would: for he whom *Ottanus* had left Commander in the Caſtle was an obſtinate and reſolute Man, and would not have permitted her: Yet the ſweet diſpoſition of *Ameſtris* did obtain this ſingular Favour from him, that *Menaſta* might come and ſee her. Thus was *Ameſtris*, after *Artemon's* departure, in a moſt terrible ſolitude, eſpecially becauſe ſhe knew no limits of time when it would end. Her Friends and Kindred did divers times offer to take her away in ſpight of him that kept the Caſtle, if ſhe would conſent to it: but ſhe never would; not ſo much, I think, out of her obedience unto *Ottanus*, which truly was without a parallel, as out of her own diſpoſition, to avoid company, which ſhe would not indure without conſtraint.

ſtraint. A while after ſhe had the comfort to hear that *Ottanus* was certainly in *Armenia*, and conſequently ſhe was in leſs fear of *Aglatidas* his Life, conceiving it a hard matter to meet with him amongſt an Army of a hundred thouſand Men.

Thus, Sir, did *Ameſtris* live during all the *Armenian* War, until the news was ſpread throughout all *Media*, that *Ottanus* was dead: It was told unto her with ſo many circumſtances, that none were afraid to rejoice openly with her, and all the World did make a publique thankſgiving for it, in behalf, and out of Affection to *Ameſtris*. But the wonder of all was, that ſhe who of all living had moſt reaſon to rejoice at the Death of *Ottanus*, did receive the News with the moſt moderation; for there was not the leaſt viſible ſign of any inward joy in the face of *Ameſtris*: as it was a thing impoſſible ſhe ſhould be ſad, ſo nothing of that Paſſion appeared likewiſe; but without either any Joy or Sorrow, ſhe made the Wiſdom of her Mind, and generoſity of her Soul moſt apparently appear in her diſcreet Moderation; and when *Menaſta* asked her why ſhe was not more ſenſible of that Freedom which ſhe was to enjoy? anſwered that there were ſome Scruples of Mind yet unſatisfied, and ſhe feared that the ill treatments of *Ottanus* would be a means by which the Gods would ſhorten her Life. Within a few days after, the Servants of *Ottanus*, returned all, except *Dinocrates*, who they ſaid was ſick and ſtaid in *Armenia*, which confirmed the reports of his Death. In the mean while the Captain of the Caſtle where *Ameſtris* was, in lieu of commanding her as before, he began to obey her as ſoon as he heard of *Ottanus* his death; and ſince he was never very ſevere in his Office, ſhe treated him with much Civility. Within a few days after the Kindred and Friends unto *Ameſtris* came to carry her back unto *Ecbatan*, where ſhe lived in all poſſible diſcretion, as if *Ottanus* had not at all been Jealous and Fantaſtical. Yet ſince it is not the Cuſtom of mourning in *Media*, to continue long; and ſince *Ameſtris* was never in her Life more fair than at that time, the paſſionate Affection of very many began to diſcloſe and diſcover themſelves by the tender of their Services: And amongſt the reſt *Tharpis* (who whilſt *Ottanus* was jealous, had no other deſign in ſeeing *Ameſtris*, and following her unto all places, but to add fewel to his fooliſh fires) was now really in love with her. *Artemon* for his part, he thought that meer compaſſion upon the Miſeries of *Ameſtris* was the only Cauſe prompted him ſo ſee and ſerve her, but now he perceived that he loved her with more tender Affection than he thought on: So that *Ameſtris* in loſing a Husband found many Lovers: And that which was moſt ſtrange, was, that *Anatiſa* only mourned for the Death of *Ottanus*, and ſo ſad ſhe was, that all the World perceived it. *Ameſtris* hearing as much, and diſcourſing on it with her dear *Menaſta*, after ſecond thoughts *Menaſta* imagined the true Cauſe, which was her Fears that the death of *Ottanus* would revive the Love betwixt *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas*, if ever he returned to *Ecbatan*. *Ameſtris* bluſhed at this diſcourſe: Ambition and abſence, ſaid ſhe, will doubtleſs cure *Aglatidas* of his paſſionate Affection to me, ſo that the fears of *Anatiſa* are ill grounded: And though it ſhould not, yet I find Liberty ſo ſweet, that I ſhall hardly be induced to loſe it again. If you had ſpoke this unto any Friend of *Anatiſa*, replied *Menaſta*, and ſmiled, I ſhould have thought it much Prudence in you; but in ſpeaking unto me, and to tell me that Ambition and Abſence can cure *Aglatidas*, is very ſtrange: *Aglatidas*, who might have obtained the Government for himſelf, but preferred him whom you married, No, no, *Ameſtris*, it is impoſſible, and I cannot indure to hear of it: Speak *Ameſtris*, tell me truly, whether or no, you ſpeak as you think? tell me ingenuouſly if it would not vex you to ſee *Aglatidas* return hither, and court *Anatiſa* before your Face? As for *Anatiſa*, replied *Ameſtris*, I muſt confeſs it would much vex me, and I could not indure it. Who then could you allow him to court, ſaid *Menaſta*, and ſmiled? Wicked Woman, replied *Ameſtris*, why do you ſo cruelly perſecute me? and why do you force me to tell you with a bluſh, that I cannot indure *Aglatidas* ſhould love any thing but Honour above me? Yet, ſaid *Menaſta*, you ſpeak as coldly as if *Aglatidas* were *Ottanus*. I beſeech you, ſaid *Ameſtris*, ſpeak not of *Ottanus*, but let him enjoy that reſt in his Death which he could not have in his Life, and think (ſaid ſhe with a half-ſmile) that the Jealouſy of *Ottanus* had not been my only puniſhment, but the Jealouſy of *Aglatidas* hath alſo extreamly troubled me; and therefore I had need be wiſe in expoſing my Self the ſecond time to the ſame Miſery. You may eaſily prevent that (replied *Menaſta* wittily) by holding no diſcourſe with *Megabiſus*, if he return hither; and baniſh out of your Heart all Cauſes of Complaint againſt him: and let me tell you, that a ſecret Spleen in Love, how little ſoever it be in the beginning, may end in a great Quarrel: therefore hearken to my Counſel, and without any more apprehenſions of *Aglatidas* his Jealouſy, receive his Affection with Gratitude; for I am confident that his Fidelity deſerves it. This, Sir, was the ſtate of things: *Tharpis* and *Artemon* were in love with *Ameſtris*, and *Anatiſa* was jealous; for ſince the Death of *Ottanus* ſhe had many Spies about the Actions of *Ameſtris*, to the end ſhe might diſcover what intelligence paſſed between *Aglatidas* and her: But there being at that time ſome Commotions in *Media*, it was your goodneſs, Sir, to make choice of *Aglatidas* to be ſent thither, with Commiſſion from the King for it. I cannot well deſcribe unto you, Sir, the impatience of *Aglatidas* during this Voyage; yet give me leave to tell you, that though he was going to ſee *Ameſtris*, and *Ameſtris* at liberty, yet he did a hundred and a hundred times expreſs his Sorrows to be ſo far from you, Sir: The glorious Name of *Cyrus*, and the pleaſing Name of *Ameſtris*, were perpetually pronounced, and nothing elſe during all the Voyage. As good fortune was, things were a little calmed at *Ecbatan* before we came thither. Moreover, ſince he came with abſolute Authority, his Arrival was no ſooner known, but all addreſſed themſelves unto him with Reſolutions of Obedience; So that his entrance into *Ecbatan* was as if it were in Triumph. In the mean time *Artemon*, *Tharpis*, and *Anatiſa* were quite down in their conceits: But as for *Ameſtris*, ſhe was ſo quickned at his return, that ſhe hardly knew the motion of her own Heart.

As ſoon as *Aglatidas* arrived, he was ſo thronged and taken up with publique Buſineſſes that he could not diſingage himſelf from them, but deſired me to go unto *Menaſta*, and deſire her to know the Commands of *Ameſtris*, and to underſtand from her how ſhe was pleaſed he ſhould behave himſelf as ſoon as this throng of Affairs would permit him any leiſure to diſpoſe of. But *Menaſta* knowing the modeſt mind of *Ameſtris*, told me, *Aglatidas* ſhould make his firſt addreſs by way of viſit only, as was fitting unto one of her Quality, and that if he would be pleaſed to acquaint her with the day he intended to come unto *Ameſtris*, ſhe would contrive it ſo cunningly, that, provided he came in fitting time for it, there ſhould be little company when he came. Time did ſeem ſo tedious unto *Aglatidas*, that notwithſtanding his multitude of Affairs, he could not chooſe but write two Letters unto *Menaſta* that ſame day, and go unto her at night; for ſince ſhe was his Couſin, he was more free with her than another; and he took ſuch delight in diſcourſe of his deer *Ameſtris*, that he never thought of parting from her. But at laſt after he had ſpent two whole days in the King's ſervice, being in extreme impatience to ſee his fair *Ameſtris*, he went unto the Temple, where he underſtood, by *Menaſta*, ſhe uſed to be; yet *Ameſtris* not being there that day, not daring to truſt her ſelf before ſo much Company at the firſt meeting with *Aglatidas*, his hopes were diſappointed, and in lieu of ſeeing *Ameſtris*, he met with *Anatiſa*, who came thither purpoſely to ſee whether *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris* were there. This encounter put him out of Countenance, being conſcious of his Crime to that Lady, and conſidering what a ſad conſequence the laſt ſight of her produced, it being the Cauſe why *Ameſtris* was jealous, and whereupon ſhe grounded her ſtrange Reſolution; he went out of the

Temple as if he knew her not; and the time of his going unto *Ameſtris* being come, he went thither with a trembling Heart. As the mourning of Widows doth not laſt above four days at *Ecbatan*, ſo *Ameſtris* was out of it when we came thither; and though ſhe had no deſire to appear in her negligent dreſs, at the firſt ſight of *Aglatidas*, yet ſhe did not dreſs her ſelf in any glorious manner at that time, but was in a meen between both, ſo that not diminiſhing any of her Beauty, there appeared as much modeſty in her Dreſs as in her Mind. *Menaſta*, who was with her when *Aglatidas* and I came thither, and ſince *Ameſtris* knew that I was not ignorant of all paſſages, my Preſence did not interrupt the meeting; yet, Sir, it ſeemed unto me ſomething ſtrange, for in lieu of thoſe teſtimonies of Joy which uſually appear in the Faces of thoſe who love, and who after great Misfortunes and long Abſence delight to ſee one another, *Ameſtris* was reſerved, and concealing her Satisfaction from *Aglatidas*, ſhe ſeemed ſo ſerious at the firſt, that all joyes vaniſhed out of his Eyes, and his Heart was ſo damp'd that he had much ado to expreſs himſelf in terms of common Civility: That which did moſt of all *non-plus* him was, that at his coming in he found a Lady with her upon a viſit, as we were: ſo that *Aglatidas* knew not in all the World how to addreſs himſelf, nor did *Ameſtris* know how to anſwer him. For to tell her he was ſorry for her Loſs, had been ridiculous and Abſurd; to ſay he rejoiced at it, would offend her: and to ſay nothing, had not been handſom; ſo that *Aglatidas* was not a little puzled, and I know not how he came off with his Complement, for whilſt he was performing it, I addreſſed my ſelf to *Menaſta*, to tell her ſhe was not ſo good as her promiſe, ſince that Lady was there to interrupt us; and indeed as ſhe was preſent, diſcourſe was but conſtrained: yet *Aglatidas* hoped that when ſhe was gone, then *Ameſtris* would not appear ſo cold, but after her viſit was ended, and we were in freedom together, ſeeing ſhe kept ſtill in the ſame poſture and would not aſſume that obliging Air and free behaviour as he hoped for.

Madam (ſaid he unto her) Is it poſſible that you ſhould expreſs ſuch ſenſible Sorrow at my Departure, and that now you ſhould deny me ſo much Happineſs as to ſee ſome Symtoms of Joy at my Return? That Sorrow which I ſhewed againſt my Will (replied *Ameſtris*, and ſmiled) did ſeem ſo criminal unto me, when I could think upon it with Tranquillity, that I deſire to repent of that Fault now. Say rather (Madam) replied hee, that you have a premeditated Deſign to commit another againſt the Laws of Amity, which you owe me: For ſince you honoured me with your Commands, to love none but you, when I parted from you, I think it is lawful for me to ſay as much, ſince I have moſt exactly obeyed you. Yes, Madam, I have loved you, and loved none but you, and alſo in ſo high a meaſure that my Honour is not dearer than it, nor my Life; yet after I have ſuffered a Multitude of Miſeries; after a Senſibility of all your Sorrows, and my own; after I have preſerved a moſt violent Love, without any hope; and endured a Million of Misfortunes, and all only becauſe I loved you; then, after all theſe, to find ſuch an Indifference in your Looks, as perſwades me your Heart is indifferent alſo, is a very Hell unto my Soul. Do not believe my Looks, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe unto him, if they tell you that my Heart is indifferent to you, ſince certainly I have ever eſteemed you as much as I ought to do. If you ſaid, loved me, in lieu of eſteeming me, replied *Aglatidas*, you had compleated my Happineſs. But cruel Lady, I believe you make no account of all my Services and Sufferings, but expect I ſhould make a new Purchaſe of your Heart: If it be ſo, I beſeech you tell me; for I muſt needs confeſs I am not prepared at this time to tell you that I love you, nor did I think you expected it; but Madam, if I was deceived, I beſeech you acquaint me with your Will, and you ſhall be moſt exactly obeyed. Whilſt *Aglatidas* was thus expreſſing himſelf, and *Ameſtris* moſt attentively hearing, that ſeeming Coldneſs which ſhe out of her Modeſty at the firſt affected, did vaniſh before ſhe was aware, ſo that the real Thoughts of Heart, ſtealing through her Eyes, did ſpeak her Joys ſo apparently, that *Aglatidas* had his deſired Satisfaction. *Ameſtris* alſo plainly perceiving that *Aglatidas* was no Changeling, was full of obliging Sweetneſs towards him. Then did they begin to relate all their Sorrows, and all their Misfortunes which intervened ſince they ſaw one another, and this Conference which began with a little kind of a Quarrel, did end in a renewing of a moſt ſincere Amity. Since Company began to come in, the Conference was interrupted, but the moſt obſervable Paſſage was, That *Tharpis* coming to *Ameſtris* whilſt we were there, within a quarter of an Hour, *Aglatidas* perceived he was in Love with her, and telling *Mnaſta* as much, ſhe told him again in Raillery, that he had beſt take heed of being jealous, as he was of *Megabiſes*. Wicked Couſin, anſwered he, why do you make a Jeſt of that which hath been the greateſt Torment of my Life? I do it, anſwered ſhe, to prevent your Relapſe into the like. By this time our Viſit had laſted but too long, and therefore I beckned unto *Aglatidas* to break off, which accordingly we did: But ſince he owed another Viſit unto one of his Aunts, he left me, and went to pay it: As ill luck was he found *Anatiſa* there, which vexed him ſo much, that he was in a Mind to go out of the Chamber: yet ſince he was diſcovered, and owed much reſpect unto the Lady he went to viſit, and who was already riſen up to ſalute him, he went forward and performed his Complements, which ſmelt a little of the Diſorder in his Soul: He ſaluted *Anatiſa* yet very civily, but with ſo much Confuſion in his Face, as he durſt hardly look upon her; for beſides his own *nonplus*, he ſaw a Lady who had good Reaſon to blame him, he was afraid that *Ameſtris*, if ſhe ſhould hap to know it, ſhould think he ſought the occaſion to ſee *Anatiſa*: So that reſolving to cut his Viſit very ſhort, he told the Lady whom he came unto, that this ſhould not be counted for one, but that ere long he would tender his Devoirs in a more ample manner. Juſt as he had ended his Complement, one came and deſired to ſpeak with his Aunt upon ſome very important Buſineſs. Nephew (ſaid ſhe unto him) I know you are in no ſuch haſte, but you may do me the Favour to keep this fair Lady Company, whil I go into my Cloſet and diſpatch a piece of Buſineſs which

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cannot be done another time. *Anatiſa* was ſo raviſhed with this fit Opportunity, that ſhe never offered to go away, but quite contrary, deſired the Lady not to make ſo much haſte, but to diſpatch her Buſineſs at leiſure. *Aglatidas* was ſo vexed with this angry Adventure, that though he would not openly offer any Incivility, yet he would have given ſome ill favour'd Reaſons to move *Anatiſa* to go away, or elſe that he muſt himſelf be gone: But the Lady of the Houſe left them together without any Anſwer, or any other Company except a Woman which waited upon *Anatiſa*, who ſtood at the other end of the Chamber: You may imagine, Sir, how *Aglatidas* was put to it, who was a long while dumb as well as *Anatiſa*, who ſtayed to ſee what he would ſay before ſhe began: Yet *Aglatidas* conceiving it beſt not to incenſe the Spirit of that Lady too much, by too great an Incivility, reſolved to make ſome Excuſes unto her, and to prepare her that ſhe ſhould not take it ill, he had caſt her off as he had done: but ſince he was ſomething long in conſulting with himſelf about it, *Anatiſa* broke ſilence firſt. Tell me truly, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe unto him, did you know that I was here when you came in? Certainly, anſwered he, if I had known you had been here, I ſhould out of my Reſpect unto you, not have forced you to ſee a Man whom you have reaſon to hate; though, to ſay truly, I never had any Intentions to wrong you. That I may the better judg of your Crime, replied ſhe, you muſt ſincerely, without any Diſſimulation, tell me what it is, for truly my Mind is not yet reſolved what Thoughts to entertain of you. Speak then I conjure you, ſaid ſhe, and tell me ſincerely, whether when you applied your ſelf unto me more than unto any other, and by your aſſiduous Courtſhip perſwaded me that you loved me; whether I ſay, did you really love me, or only did diſſemble it, that you might better hide your Love of *Ameſtris?* for it may be you quitted her at that time for me, or it may be you now quit me for her: or elſe perhaps you were ever devoted unto *Ameſtris*, though I cannot underſtand what Reaſon you had to let her marry *Ottanus:* However, tell me the real Truth, that I may accordingly regulate my

Thoughts of you. *Aglatidas* being much gravelled for an Anſwer, ſtood ſilent a while. No, no, ſaid ſhe unto him, pump not for any Excuſe, nor any Diſguiſement of the matter; let me only know whether you be only an unconſtant Man, or an Impoſtor, leſt I ſhould be unjuſt in hating you either too much or too little; for I put a great deal of Difference between theſe two Crimes, which one of them you have committed. *Aglatidas* being deeper gravelled than ever, thought it beſt to confeſs the very Truth of the matter: Madam, (ſaid he then unto her) ſince you command me to ſpeak the Truth in all Sincerity; I do confeſs that I was never inconſtant, but that I ever loved *Ameſtris* better than my ſelf: I beſeech you (ſaid he, ſeeing her bluſh for Anger) let not this Truth incenſe you more againſt me; for I am certain there is no cauſe of Offence; and am certain alſo, that you will confeſs as much, if you will be pleaſed to underſtand me. I do not think you can perſwade me to it, replied ſhe, ſince I have more reaſon to complain againſt you, than if you were inconſtant. You ſhall ſee, Madam, the greateſt Eſteem which I had of you; for ſince I loved *Ameſtris* with a moſt violent and unruly Paſſion, and eſteeming her above all the World, but finding great cauſe of Complaint againſt her Severity towards me, and deſiring to cure my ſelf, if it were poſſible, of ſuch an unaccepted Paſſion, I conceived you able to deface the Image of *Ameſtris* out of my Heart, and would perſwade my ſelf and all the World that I was in love with you: Judg, Madam, whether any Man that was in love, and who thought the Lady he loved the moſt incomparably accompliſhed of any upon Earth, could render a greater Teſtimony of Eſteem than I unto you upon this occaſion: I make a queſtion whether I had been able to have rendred it in ſo high a Degree, if I had been really in love with you, as in ſeeming to be ſo, and as I endeavoured to become ſo really. Now if by the help of all my Endeavours, I cannot paſs above the degree of Eſteem, nor reach ſo high as Love, the Fault is not in your Beauty or Wit, or any Virtue wanting in you; but the only Fault is, that I cannot root out of my Heart those firſt Thoughts which took ſuch deep hold of it. Therefore, Madam, to ſpeak reaſonably, it was a wrong rather unto *Ameſtris* than you, when I applied my ſelf unto your Service, ſince I endeavoured to diſpoſe of a Heart which was not in my Power, but only and abſolutely in hers. Confeſs the Truth, replied *Anatiſa*, Was not your only aim to make *Ameſtris* jealous, and never to intend any Love towards me? Ah *Aglatidas*, you are deceived if you ever thought I believed you: Inconſtancy is ſometimes pardonable: but an Impoſtor, a Cheat, a Man which cozens us, there is no imaginable Revenge which is not ſweet to puniſh him withall. Had I proteſted a thouſand times (ſaid *Aglatidas*) that I was infinitely in love with you, or if you had done me any conſiderable Favours, you had then ſome reaſon for what you ſay; but alas, Madam, I was no more than a frequent Viſitor, and diſcourſed with you more than with any other; and I do not doubt, but if I had been ſo bold as to profeſs any matters of Love to you, then you would have treated me more hardly than you did: but ſince it is no Shame for all Beauties to be loved, I cannot conceive I have done you any great Injury in moving you to believe, by ſome deep Sighs, that I loved you. No, replied *Anatiſa*, you have rather done me a Kindneſs, by giving me cauſe to think that you never loved me: However *Aglatidas*, I ſhall be revenged of you, and I will revenge my ſelf upon *Ameſtris*, that I may be the better revenged upon your ſelf: And ſince you ſay you have tried and indeavoured to love me, I thank you for it, and in Requital, I ſhall try and indeavour to hate you, and if I be not much miſtaken, I ſhall bring to paſs my Deſign better than you have yours; for I perceive I have a ſtronger Inclination unto it: Expect therefore a Puniſhment for your Crime, even by *Ameſtris* her ſelf, who perhaps ſhall not make you leſs jealous than *Ottanus* was; for indeed *Aglatidas* ſome have Eyes as well as you; others think her fair as well as your ſelf; and after the choice which ſhe made of *Ottanus*, I believe few Lovers are ſure of their own Hearts, be they as compleat Men as can be. Ye ſince you are ingenuous and ſpeak ſincerely unto me, I ſhall be the like and tell you with the ſame Sincerity, that I do already hate you more than you can love *Ameſtris*, and ſhall never be ſatisfied until you be both miſerable; I ſhall not make any great blunder in the World, but ſhall revenge my ſelf in a more fine and ſubtile way. You may uſe your Pleaſure (anſwered *Aglatidas* coldly) for ſince I reſpect all Ladies in general, and much eſteem you in particular, I ſhall be ſo effectually reſpective, that I ſhall not interpret your Hatred and choller to my Diſadvantage, and if I return any Anſwer unto the Injuries you ſpeak of, it ſhall be in Complements.

As *Anatiſa* was ready to reply, the Aunt of *Aglatidas* came in, and he took his leave of her, and left *Anatiſa* as much incenſed againſt him as poſſibly could be. But the angry part of this Viſit was, that *Tharpis* came into the Chamber as the Aunt of *Aglatidas* came out of her Cloſet, ſo that he ſaw the private Conference which had been between him and *Anatiſa*, and obſerved the Diſorder which appeared in the Face of that Lady: So that *Aglatidas* fearing this Encounter ſhould prejudice him in the opinion of *Ameſtris*, he ſent *Menaſta* unto her, to acquaint her with the Accident, and indeed his Policy was advantagious to him; for *Tharpis* found out ſome means or other to acquaint *Ameſtris* the next Morning, that *Aglatidas* and *Anatiſa* had a long private Conference together at the Houſe of *Aglatidas* his Aunt, which made it ſeem as if it were a thing appointed: but ſince *Ameſtris* knew it before, this Device took no Effect, nor made any jars between *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas*.

In the mean time *Artemon* and *Tharpis* were not a little vexed to obſerve that they did concur ſo well: But ſince *Artemon* was not declared a Lover, though it was apparent enough he thought he had found out an excellent device to ruin *Aglatidas*; So that reſolving not to ſpeak yet as a Lover, he deſigned the Deſtruction of his moſt feared Rival, by acting in Appearance as the Friend of *Ameſtris*; and the Truth is, if ſhe had not perceived by a hundred Circumſtances that he was in love with her, his Plot had took Effect: for he did manage it moſt cunningly, as I ſhall tell you. Preſently after *Aglatidas* arrived, and had made many Viſits unto *Ameſtris*, where it was eaſily perceived he always loved her, and was never hated: *Artemon*, one Morning deſired to ſpeak with her, and it was granted him; for ſhe was much obliged unto him for taking her part againſt *Ottanus* when he was with her, and had Liberty to talk in private.

Madam (ſaid he unto her) I know not whether my Zeal will be well taken, but I am certain that if you could ſee my Heart, you would confeſs I am obliged to what I did. *Artemon* (anſwered ſhe) I have received ſo many Teſtimonies of Friendſhip from you, and you have done me ſo many good Offices, that I cannot imagine what you can tell me, which will not be well taken; therefore ſpeak on, I conjure you. Madam, replied he and bluſh'd (for he related the Conference unto me very fully, as I ſhall tell you at the end of my Diſcourſe) I know very well that the Jealouſy of *Ottanus* had ever a cauſleſs Foundation, and that your Virtue is ſo great that no Calumny can blemiſh it: But having always obſerved your paſſionate Love of Honour, and that you would not only be vertuous, but alſo would appear ſo in the Eyes of your very Enemies, I thought it requiſite for you to take into your ſerious Conſideration all thoſe things which *Ottanus* hath publiſhed to the World, concerning the Correſpondency betwixt *Aglatidas* and your ſelf. Not, Madam, but that I know his Injuſtice was well perceived, yet for all that, I conceive that *Aglatidas* conferring the Government upon *Ottanus*, and he making that the Pretence of his Fury againſt you, you would perhaps take away a great cauſe of Cenſure from all thoſe who envy your Beauty and Merit, if you ſhould a little leſs admit of Viſits from *Aglatidas*. Not that I have any Exceptions againſt him, for you your ſelf have often heard me ſpeak much good of him, upon ſeveral occaſions: Therefore I do moſt humbly entreat you to believe that what I ſpeak is merely out of Zeal to your Service. I am much obliged unto you (anſwered *Ameſtris*, knowing well enough what Motive induced him to this Advice) and I do aſſure you, *Artemon*, that I will take your Advice, as I ought to do: yet let me tell you, with the like Freedom that you take, I am unwilling to revive the Jealouſies of *Ottanus* after his Death: for he would have barred me from the Converſation of all the World; you your ſelf was not excepted. It is very true, replied *Artemon*, but all the Town talks more of *Aglatidas* than any other, not that I adviſe you to baniſh him from your Sight abſolutely, but only for a little time; and thereby ſtop the Tongues of Calumnies which *Anatiſa* perhaps will raiſe againſt you. This ſeems to be but ill Policy, ſaid *Ameſtris*, therefore I had rather not conceal my Thoughts, and it will be advantagious to me, that all the World did know them, ſince, Thanks be to the Gods, they are not criminal. However, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you take it not ill, that I ſhould be ſo free with you. I do promiſe you, I will not, anſwered ſhe; but *Artemon*, (ſaid ſhe further, and ſmiled) you give me this Counſel ſo ſeriouſly that I am fearful you will take it ill from me, if I do not follow it. Truly Madam, replied he, I ſhould be very glad you did follow it for ſeveral Reaſons, but I ſee you have no Inclination to it. I do ingenuouſly confeſs it, ſaid ſhe, for I have lived ſo long in a conſtrained Condition, that I deſire to enjoy Freedom as far as Civility and Decency will permit me. But, Madam, ſaid *Artemon* to her, you may remember the time when you told me that expoſing your ſelf to the Converſation of the World, was conſtrained, and contrary to your Inclination: Did you then ſpeak as you thought, Madam? or, is your Mind changed ſince? But *Artemon*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you may remember the time when you told *Ottanus* that it was fit one of my Age and Quality ſhould expoſe themſelves unto the Converſation of the World; Did you then ſpeak as you thought, *Artemon*? or, do you not ſpeak as you think now? you, I ſay, who would have me baniſh from my Converſe the prime Perſon that I have in *Ecbatan*. Madam, (ſaid he, being tranſported by his Paſſion) to ſpeak ſincerely and really unto you, I would never have moved you to forbear the Company of *Aglatidas*, but only to diſcover your Thoughts of him, and likewiſe to diſcover what are mine of you. I do not ſee (ſaid *Ameſtris*, and aſſumed a more ſerious look) what ſhould be the Riddle of theſe things. You may eaſily perceive it, anſwered he, if you will be but pleaſed to conſider that none can converſe with you except they infinitely love you, and deſire unto themſelves a Happineſs which they fear you will beſtow upon another. I muſt confeſs, ſaid *Ameſtris* to him, that your Diſcourſe amazeth me, and I could never have believed you would have given me any cauſe to complain againſt you, or begun your Expreſſions of Affection with any Thoughts of Jealouſy: But *Artemon*, that you may ſee I forget not my Obligations to you, I will take the ſame Freedom as you have done, and give you ſome Counſel, and ſincerely tell you, that you will be the moſt miſerable Man upon Earth, if you ever think of loving me: Content your ſelf I pray you, that I do believe you are my Friend, and be confident that as long as you keep within the Limits of that, I ſhall very much eſteem you; but on the other ſide I do ingenuouſly profeſs, that if you love me any otherwiſe than ſo, you will loſe your Labour, you will exceedingly vex me, and I ſhall endeavour my utmoſt to perſecute you as much as ever I can. But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you then acknowledge that *Aglatidas* is the cauſe of the abſolute Impoſſibility to move your Heart. When you are no more than only my Friend (ſaid ſhe unto him, and ſmiled) I ſhall diſcover the Secrets of my Heart unto you.

Alas, Madam, ſaid he, that's an Honour I ſhall never arrive at; for it is abſolutely impoſſible for me to love you more or leſs than I do. But when *Ottanus* lived, ſaid ſhe unto him, you were neither unquiet nor jealous, and yet I was the ſame I am now, and you ſaw me alſo as you do now, therefore did you love me at that time? Doubtleſs I did, Madam, ſaid he unto her, yet I did not know it by that Name; but I called that Eſteem, Friendſhip and Compaſſion, which really was moſt violent Love. For my part, ſaid *Ameſtris*, I cannot ſee any reaſon why your Friendſhip ſhould not continue Friendſhip ſtill, or why your Eſteem ſhould be converted into Love. The Return of *Aglatidas*, replied he, is the cauſe of it. I do underſtand you very well *Artemon*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you had ſome ſparks of Jealouſy in your Mind before you knew you were in love; and believe me, nothing could render you more terrible to *Ameſtris* than that Humour. I know, Madam, replied he, that the reaſon why you ſay ſo is, becauſe I was allied to *Ottanus*, but I did intend by it to let you know my Sincerity and my Miſery. You would do much better, ſaid ſhe, to let me ſee your Wiſdom and Diſcretion, in continuing my Friend, as heretofore you have been: for by that way you will be ſure to have my Eſteem and Friendſhip; and the other way you will force me to hate you, and ſhun your Company.

Thus, Sir, you ſee poor *Artemon*, who came to ſee *Ameſtris* in hopes to get *Aglatidas* baniſhed, was almoſt baniſhed himſelf: therefore he began to expreſs himſelf in the moſt obliging Language he could poſſible, and ſolemnly proteſted he would never ſpeak any thing again that ſhould incenſe her; but deſired he might come ſee her, though never in private again.

All this while *Anatiſa* was plotting her Revenge upon *Aglatidas*, and in order to that, ſhe made a firm League of Friendſhip with *Tharpis*; the Confidence they had in each other was ſo high, that I think they imparted their moſt ſecret Thoughts: They held many Councels upon it, to adviſe upon the beſt courſe; and this cunning Lady made him promiſe her never to ſpeak openly of his Love to *Ameſtris*, for fear ſhe ſhould treat him ill, and baniſh him her Company: for ſince there was a Report that *Ciaxares* would, ere long, return to *Ecbatan*, and that *Megabiſes* would return with him, ſhe thought that all three Rivals would puzzle *Aglatidas* to ſome Purpoſe; and if they had all three the Freedom of courting *Ameſtris* at once, it was ten to one but ſome Jars or other would ariſe amongſt them, which would reflect upon *Aglatidas*. She adviſed *Tharpis* therefore only to get ſome faithful Spy which ſhould be continually about *Ameſtris*, and never to ſpeak any thing which might incenſe her, or move her to baniſh him her Company: And the better to delude *Tharpis*, ſhe told him that there was a Letter which came from the Army, intimating that as ſoon for *Ciaxares* came to *Ecbatan*, then you, Sir, would ſend for *Aglatidas* back; and therefore it was better to ſtay until he was abſent, before he declared himſelf: Telling him further, that his principal Buſineſs ſhould be, to hinder as much as ever he could, that *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas* held no long private Conferences together whilſt he ſtayed at *Ecbatan*. So that *Tharpis* was ſo perpetually with *Ameſtris*, as it was impoſſible to be there and not find him. *Aglatidas* did divers times offer to quarrel with him, but *Ameſtris* did ſtrictly forbid him: for though he did earneſtly importune her, and was a perpetual Trouble, yet ſhe would not permit a Quarrel, upon no other Reaſon but Frequency of Viſits: She would not neither have it denied that ſhe was within, but let every one enter beſides; ſo that ſhe could never enjoy the Sight of *Aglatidas*, but ſhe muſt admit of the Sight of *Tharpis* alſo: for though his Company was pleaſant enough, yet *Ameſtris*, *Menaſta*, *Aglatidas*, and my ſelf were ſo confined in our Freedom of Diſcourſe, that when he was preſent we knew not what to diſcourſe upon: Every one was ſilent, purpoſely to vex him, but all was one, for ſpeak or ſpeak not, he was always there, and was the laſt Man commonly that went away: So that *Aglalidas* could never have any Opportunity of private Diſcourſe with *Ameſtris*, but ſometimes at the Lodging of *Menaſta*, and that too was very rare to find none but our ſelves there. *Aglatidas* yet was ſo fully aſſured that *Ameſtris* loved him, though ſhe gave him but common Teſtimonies of it, as that he thought himſelf unhappy in nothing but that ſhe would not name him, conceiving it too ſhort a time ſince *Ottanus* died to do it with any Hanſomneſs.

Thus, Sir, was the State of things when *Ciaxares* came to *Ecbatan*, and when *Megabiſes* followed him, whom one would have thought, that Time, and Abſence, and Reaſon would have made him forget his Affection to *Ameſtris*; but as ſoon as he heard of the Death of *Ottanus*, and that *Aglatidas* might perhaps become happy, it revived, and he was deeply in Love with *Ameſtris*: when he came to *Ecbatan* he was not deceived in his Conjectures, for he found that *Aglatidas* was in favour with *Ameſtris*, and his Soul was ſo extreamly perplexed, that he could not tell whether the Hatred he bore unto his Rival did revive his

Affection unto *Ameſtris*, or his Affection to *Ameſtris* revive his Hatred unto his Rival: However, theſe two contrary Paſſions took up the whole dominion of his Heart, ſo that in one and the ſame day, he did both love and hate in the higheſt Exceſs, and was equally tormented by them both: for as he durſt not yet tell *Ameſtris* that he loved her, becauſe he had promiſed never to ſpeak any more of his Love unto her: ſo ſhe durſt not make his Hatred of *Aglatidas* appear more than ordinary, becauſe of *Ciaxares* and of you, Sir: ſo that he was extreamly tormented; but in the end, Love being the predominate Paſſion in his Heart, he conceived, upon ſerious Thoughts, that though he ſhould tell her he loved her ſtill, yet it was no unpardonable Sin: So that he went unto *Ameſtris* with a Reſolution to commit it. This Viſit did both ſurprize and perplex her; for ſhe imagined that ſince *Megabiſes* had broke his Promiſe of ſeeing her no more, he would break the other alſo before he had done; and though to ſpeak reaſonably, it may very well be ſaid, that he was only the innocent cauſe of *Aglatidas*'s Jealouſy: yet for all that, *Ameſtris* had never married *Ottanus*, if *Megabiſes* had not ſpoke with her in the Garden when *Aglatidas* became jealous, and therefore ſhe could not chuſe but have a Spleen againſt him: For this Reaſon therefore, and many others, ſhe gave him but cold Entertainment, yet would ſhe not openly chide him for his Breach of Promiſe, becauſe *Tharpis* was preſent, who was an eternal Obſtacle unto *Megabiſes* as well as unto *Aglatidas*.

The moſt obſervable Paſſage was, that *Ameſtris*, being extreamly joyed that ſhe had continually one with her who hindred *Megabiſes* from any private Diſcourſe, did one Day deſire *Aglatidas*, ſmiling, not to be jealous, if ſhe treated the poor *Tharpis* a little kindly; to the end he ſhould continue his Aſſiduity about her, as long as *Megabiſes* ſhould be at Court. *Anatiſa*, who was very ſubtile and crafty, did deſire that *Tharpis* ſhould be with *Ameſtris*, only when *Aglatidas* was with her, and be no hindrance unto either *Megabiſes* or *Artemon*, for ſhe cared not who got the Heart of *Ameſtris*, ſo *Aglatidas* loſt it. But Sir, *Aglatidas* was ſo exceedingly obſequious and full of Reſpects unto her, that though the Viſits of *Megabiſes* were as ſo many bitter Pills to his Stomach, and perplexed him to the Heart, yet he reſolved never to tell her ſo much, or ſpeak unto her: But do what he could, his Eyes betrayed the Secrets of his Soul, and diſcovered his reſtleſs Thoughts; yet ſince ſhe was reſolved to be very ſincere and free with him, ſhe expreſſed her ſelf ſo obligingly unto him at *Menaſta*'s Lodging, that ſhe ſweetned thoſe bitter Pills at the laſt, if ſhe did not abſolutely cure him of his Malady.

In the mean time *Megabiſes* watched all Opportunities to ſpeak in private with her, and at the laſt found out an odd Device, which was, to ſuborn the Porter by a conſiderable Sum of Money: Then when he intended to execute his Deſign, he made choice of ſuch a Day as he knew *Menaſta* would not be with *Ameſtris*; and acquainting the Porter with it, he obliged him to tell every one, except himſelf, that came to ask for his Lady, that ſhe was not at home. So that the Porter obeying him, and *Megabiſes* ſending away his Men when he came near the Houſe, fearing if any who came thither ſhould ſee them there, they would know by them he was there alſo, he went up into her Chamber, and found no Company with her but her Women: His firſt entrance did a little ſtartle her; yet imagining that Company would preſently come in, and at leaſt *Tharpis* would not fail to deliver her from the Perſecution of *Megabiſes*, ſhe reſolved to be ſpeaking continually unto him, and prevent him from any Expreſſions of Love: So that when they were ſet, and conceiving there was no Subject fitter for a long Diſcourſe than to ſpeak of you, Sir; Since we have a fit Opportunity, ſaid ſhe unto him, tell me, I beſeech you, whether *Cyrus* be really ſuch a one as Fame ſpeaks him to be: I do not expect you ſhould make a large Relation of all his Conqueſts, but I would have you tell me truly, whether it be true, that he is abſolute Owner of all the Virtues, and hath not ſo much as one Fault: for ſince I was not at *Ecbatan* when he was there, I miſſed the Sight of him, and would gladly know, whether all thoſe that ſpeak of him do not flatter.

That Prince, anſwered *Megabiſes*, is ſo exactly accompliſhed in all Reſpects, that none can flatter him more then they can your Beauty, Madam, though they commend him in the higheſt ſtrain. But, Madam, ſaid he, if *Aglatidas* hath not fully deſcribed him unto you, he is not grateful enough for thoſe Favours which *Cyrus* hath done him; and you have ſome Reaſon to fear he will be negligent alſo in his acknowledgments of thoſe Favours he hath received from you. *Aglatidas*, replied ſhe, has extolled him in ſuch a high ſtrain, as that is the Reaſon why I enquire of you concerning him, conceiving it not poſſible that one Prince ſhould have as many Virtues as all the Men in the World together can have; therefore if I were of a condition and humour to ſhew any Favours unto *Aglatidas*, I need not fear by this Reaſon that he will be ungrateful. But *Megabiſes*, added ſhe, there is ſuch a vaſt difference between the Fortunes of *Cyrus* and mine, that it is not fit they ſhould be brought in any Compariſon; ſo that without any more Speeches of me, I beſeech you let us ſpeak only of him. I ſhall ever ſpeak of him with delight (ſaid he unto her) but only this day, Madam, I beſeech you diſpenſe with it and me both, and give me leave to ſpend this Opportunity I have to be alone with you, in begging Pardon for not keeping within the limits you preſcribed me. I alſo believed, Madam, that ſince you are pleaſed to permit me the ſight of you, ſo alſo you will permit me to ſpeak unto you; and what coldneſs ſoever I obſerve in your Eyes, I cannot chooſe but aſſure you, that the flame which once they kindled in my Heart, is now hotter than ever it was.

Ameſtris, ſeeing ſhe could not avoid this diſcourſe which ſhe ſo much feared; and ſeeing alſo that it was in vain, ſhe turned her ſelf towards the door, to ſee if any came in to relieve her, ſhe reſolved to anſwer him directly and ſpeedily, leſt any ſhould enter before ſhe had ended; ſo that taking up *Megabiſes* very ſhort, I ſee ſaid ſhe unto him, that pr udence is moſt requiſite of all the Virtues, and it is fit ſometimes not to let all ones Goodneſs appear; for indeed *Megabiſes* my indulgence towards you in ſeeming to forget that I ever deſired you to ſee me any more, and that you promiſed me obedience, is the Cauſe that you ſpeak as you do: yet know the Reaſon why I did not forbid you to ſee me, or diſcourſe of a Paſſion which I cannot anſwer, was becauſe I thought that this Paſſion had been quite extinguiſhed, and conſequently you might perhaps become one of my Friends: But ſince you indeavour to perſwade me that it remains ſtill in your Soul; Let me once more conjure you to keep within the limits of your Promiſe. I do confeſs, Madam (replied he, and ſmiled) that I made this Promiſe unto the fair *Ameſtris* as daughter unto *Artambares*, who had diſpoſed of her Heart unto *Aglatidas*, but I never made any promiſe to the Wife or the Widow of *Ottanus*, who being abſolute Miſtreſs of her own will, ought now to make more equitable Laws than this, if ſhe deſire to be obeyed.

That *Ameſtris* of whom you ſpeak, ſaid ſhe unto him, in changing condition has not changed her thoughts of you. I wiſh to the Gods, replied he, that ſhe had changed her thoughts of *Aglatidas*, and that he ſhould not be the only happy one amongſt ſo many miſerable Men: Howſoever, replied ſhe, I do expect Obedience, and ſince you cannot ſee me but diſpleaſe me, you ſhall ſee me no more; or at the leaſt, if I cannot avoid it abſolutely, you ſhall never ſee me but in Melancholy and Anger. Yet, Madam, ſaid he unto her, is it poſſible you ſhould marry *Ottanus*, and caſt off *Aglatidas*, for whom you baniſhed me, and will you not now ſo much as hear the Complaints of a miſerable Man, on whom, out of your Goodneſs, it was your pleaſure to beſtow ſome ſweet Language when you baniſhed him? for then you told him he might pretend unto your Eſteem and Friendſhip, and that if you had not been engaged by the Command of a Father, and your own Inclination, to prefer *Aglatidas* before all the World, you would not have ſcorned him: Now, Madam, ſince *Aglatidas* hath broken your Chains, and aſſumed thoſe of *Anatiſa*, before all the World, in ſo much as you married *Ottanus*, tell me, I beſeech you, if after all this, I have not ſome pretence unto your Heart, which *Ottanus* unworthily poſſeſſed, and which *Aglatidas* hath rendred himſelf unworthy of by his inconſtancy? Moreover, Madam, grant that he never was really in love with *Anatiſa*, and that by Orders from you, he did diſſemble with her, yet I will maintain he never did love you rightly, that could do ſo much: At the leaſt, I am moſt certain, that if you had impoſed any ſuch Command upon me, I ſhould never have been able to obey it. Obey me only in this (replied ſhe) Never viſit me any more, nor ſpeak of your pretended Paſſion; and I ſhall impoſe no other difficulties upon you. Had I not ſeen you change your mind, replied he, doubtleſs I ſhould obey you, ſince heretofore I have done ſo; but ſince I have ſeen you make choice of *Ottanus* before all the moſt compleat Men in *Media*, it is not poſſible, Madam, I ſhould caſt off all Hope, how rigorous ſoever you are: for I think I may ſpeak it without any Vanity, that there is not ſo great a difference between me and *Aglatidas*, as there was between him and *Ottanus*.

Ameſtris hearing *Megabiſes* ſpeak thus, and his diſcourſe bringing into her Memory, all thoſe misfortunes which he had been the cauſe of; ſhe was extreamly troubled: ſhe wondred that none came in all that time; and turned her ſelf towards the door upon every leaſt noiſe that her Women made; however, *Megabiſes*, do or ſay what ſhe could, did paſs away the greateſt part of the afternoon with her: and in anſwer to the laſt thing which he had ſpoke unto her, ſhe told him in general terms, that her marriage with *Ottanus*, was cauſed by a Secret which none could dive into, and that ſhe was reſolved never to declare it; diſcovering no further unto him, but that he himſelf did much contribute towards it. I, Madam, (ſaid he in a great amazement!) Yes, you, replied ſhe; and therefore looking now upon you as the cauſe of all my miſery, judg your ſelf whether I can ever hearken unto what you tell me. I am ſo ignorant of the Crime whereof you accuſe me, ſaid he unto her, that I cannot tell how to juſtify my Self. However it be, anſwered *Ameſtris*, you ſhall never alter my Heart; therefore, if it be poſſible, alter yours, and aſſure your ſelf that this is the laſt time that you ſhall ſpeak with me in private as long as you live. *Megabiſes* would have replied, but that ſhe roſe up in a great chafe that none ſhould come in to relieve her, and commanded that her Coach ſhould be preſently made ready, ſaying ſhe would go and viſit *Menaſta*. You ſee (ſaid ſhe unto him, after ſhe had given that command) how dangerous it is to give an ill example; for if you had not failed in thoſe reſpects which you owed unto me, certainly I ſhould not have failed in that Civility which I owed unto you.

After this, without hearkning unto his anſwer, ſhe took up her Hood, and going unto her glaſs to put it on, ſhe conſtrained *Megabiſes* to go out; yet he did wait upon her unto her Coach: But when the Porter heard them coming down, he went and hid himſelf, that he might have ſome excuſe when ſhe returned, in caſe ſhe ſhould come to know that half of the Town came that day to ſee her; he intended to tell her at her return, if ſhe ſpoke unto him, that he thought ſhe was gone out on foot at the Garden back-door, and that moſt of thoſe who came to ask for her, came ſince ſhe went out to viſit *Menaſta*.

In the mean time *Aglatidas* paſſed away many a reſtleſs Minute; for be pleaſed to know, Sir, that we were that Afternoon very timely to *Ameſtris*, and the Porter told us ſhe was not within; and becauſe we ſaw not her Coach in the Court, we asked him whether any of her friends had borrowed it, or whether ſhe was gone out on Foot? and he anſwered us, that ſhe was gone out at the Garden back-door; Then did we ſeek out all the Neighbourhood for her, but could not hear a word where ſhe was: After we had made many a ſhort viſit, we came to the houſe again, and asked whether ſhe was come home? and the Porter anſwered, No. Then, ſince *Aglatidas* was to give her an account of a Buſineſs, which ſhe deſired him to do for one of her Friends, unto *Ciaxares*, he had an extream deſire to meet with her, to let her ſee how ready he was to obey her: So that we went out again, to ſeek for her in all likely places; we ſent alſo unto divers houſes, to enquire, in the name of *Menaſta*, for a plauſible Excuſe, whether ſhe was there? Whilſt we were going thus from Quarter to Quarter, from Street to Street, and from Door to Door, through all *Ecbatan*, we met *Tharpis* and *Artemon* ſeveral times, who were ſearching as well as we; and I think we met moſt of any Quality in all the Court; but amongſt them all we met with no *Megabiſes*; ſo that jeſting with *Aglatidas*, I told him, that Fortune in depriving us of the ſight of his Miſtris, was yet favourable in delivering us from his Rival. *Aglatidas* bluſhed at this, and laughing as well as I, told me, that it was no laughing matter, if *Megabiſes* ſhould be all this while with *Ameſtris*.

But, Sir, after we had the ſecond time viſited all the Quarters of *Ecbatan*, we reſolved to come unto her Houſe again, and if ſhe were not there, then go and lament with *Menaſta*: but preſently after we were anſwered, that ſhe was not yet returned; ſtaying ſome twenty or forty paces from the Houſe, we ſaw *Ameſtris* come out of her Houſe in her Coach, and *Megabiſes* on Foot, without any Servant following, who croſſing the Street, went into a Houſe oppoſite to the Houſe of *Ameſtris*. Judg, Sir, what operation this ſight had upon the Heart of *Aglatidas*: At the firſt he looked upon me, and afterwards turning haſtily to ſee which way *Megabiſes* went, and which way *Ameſtris*, he loſt the ſight of both; for the Coach turned into another Street cloſe by, and *Megabiſes* went into the Houſe I named before. And indeed it was happy that he was out of ſight, for I am perſwaded he had quarrelled with him without any more delay. Now, *Artaban*, ſaid he unto me, What do you think of this? It is very odd, Sir, ſaid I unto him; yet ſince the like hath happened unto you before, I would adviſe you not to judg upon Appearances. Why, ſaid he unto me, Can I make any doubt of my Misfortune, when I ſee they have denied *Ameſtris* to be within, both to me and every one elſe, whilſt all that while

Megabiſes hath been alone with her? How, *Artaban*, can you interpret this any waies advantagiouſly for me? When you ſaw *Megabiſes*, replied I, with *Ameſtris* in the Garden by the Fountain, and with your own Eyes ſaw him kiſs the Hand of that fair and virtuous Lady, did you not then think that you had as much reaſon to be jealous as now? yet the Event did apparently manifeſt that you wronged her, and that ſhe was moſt innocent and faithful.

I do confeſs it, ſaid he, yet what I now ſee is very conſiderable, and more ſtrange; and I pray you, *Artaban*, what do you think of it? I cannot tell anſwered I, yet I adviſe you to ſpeak with *Ameſtris*, and ſee what ſatisfaction ſhe will give, before you precipitately reſolve upon any thing. At the firſt *Aglatidas* could not reſolve upon that courſe, but all his thoughts were of revenge upon *Megabiſes*; but I conceiving, by the way they went, that ſhe was gone unto *Menaſta*, did urge him very importunately to go thither, and ſo we did; but I never in all my life ſaw ſuch an alteration as was in the Face of *Aglatidas*; and coming into *Menaſta's* Chamber, where we found much Company, he never looked who he was firſt to ſalute, but obſerving the Eyes of *Ameſtris*, he ſaw her ſo troubled and reſerved, that he took it for an argument of her Crime. Madam, ſaid he aloud, It is not my Fault that I did not wait upon you before this time of the day; for I have been at your houſe three times ſince dinner: nor was there any negligence in me, ſaid *Tharpis*, for I have been there as oft as *Aglatidas*: nor was I much ſhort in my duty ſaid *Artemon*, for I was there twice. Truly, ſaid *Menaſta*, I do not know how *Ameſtris* hath this day diſpoſed of her ſelf; for all that came this day unto me, told me they were at her houſe, and ſought her all over the Town, and could find her no where: Many that were preſent alſo ſaid the ſame. *Ameſtris* all the while was ſo amazed ſhe knew not what to anſwer, ſince ſhe was all that while at home when they ſought for her: *Menaſta*, wondring at her ſilence, and never ſuſpecting any hidden myſtery in the matter, preſſed her to anſwer.

Tell us, I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe unto her, what you have been imployed in? Or, if you will not, I ſhall think the Ghoſt of *Ottanus* hath appeared unto you and commanded you to be retired. Truly (anſwered *Ameſtris* aloud) I am ſo much amazed at what I hear, that I know not what to ſay, for indeed I was never out of my own Chamber untill I came hither, and *Megabiſes* (ſaid ſhe and bluſhed) hath been with me all the afternoon. *Aglatidas*, thinking ſhe ſaid this only becauſe perhaps we might ſee them come out together, could not withhold the expreſſions of ſome unquietneſs in his Looks: But *Ameſtris*, deſiring to juſtify her ſelf before all the Company; asked all thoſe who ſaid they had been at her Houſe, whom they ſpoke withal; and as ſhe particularly asked *Aglatidas*, who told her he enquired of the Porter: I confeſs, ſaid ſhe aloud, ſince it is ſo as you tell me, I may be ſuſpected of great Familiarity with *Megabiſes*: But I can aſſure you, without any Falacy, that whether it was I was in an ill Humour, or he was ſo, I know not, but we found no pleaſant agreeableneſs together. Yet Madam, ſaid *Aglatidas*, his Viſit continued very long. I thought it ſo, replied ſhe; yet notwithſtanding, ſaid *Artemon*, the Converſation of thoſe who newly come from travel, uſeth to be very pleaſant: Yes doubtleſs, replied *Tharpis*, but perhaps *Megabiſes* did not think it fit to entertain her with diſcourſe of the ſtately Walls of *Babylon*, or the River of *Euphrates*; with the Grandure of *Artaxates*, or ſuch like: However, ſaid ſhe (and interrupted him) I muſt know at my return how this Deſign comes to paſs. After this *Aglatidas* ſpoke not a word, and as *Ameſtris* could not chuſe but ask the Eyes of *Aglatidas* what he thought of this Paſſage, ſo ſhe looked upon him very oft, and the more ſhe did him that Favour, the more did he ſuſpect her of Infidelity. Since it was now very late, the Company was forced to break off, and *Tharpis* alſo retired, becauſe *Ameſtris* made it known ſhe would ſup with *Menaſta*.

Aglatidas would have gone away before he had rendred an account of his Buſineſs, but ſhe making that her Pretence to ſtay him longer than the reſt, *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe unto him, I believe you have ſome Buſineſs with me which concerns my ſelf, and therefore I would ſpeak with you. Madam, ſaid he unto her, I did not think you had been very earneſt to know it, ſince you cauſed ſome to tell me you were not within the ſame day I was to render you an account of it. Do you think (ſaid ſhe unto him, ſeeing none but *Menaſta* and my ſelf in the Chamber) that it was by any order from me you did not enter? Madam, ſaid he, I had good cauſe to think you ought to be obeyed in your own Houſe. And doubtleſs you believe, ſaid ſhe, that *Megabiſes* was permitted to enter when every one elſe was denied? ſpeak *Aglatidas* (ſaid ſhe, ſeeing him ſilent) what do you think of it? I reſpect you ſo much (ſaid he, and ſighed) that I dare not tell you what I think. You tell me enough ſaid ſhe, in telling me no more: but ſince I confeſs that there are Circumſtances and Appearances againſt me, I will be ſo favourable as not to condemn you of any Lightneſs, but will juſtify my ſelf in the preſence of *Menaſta* and *Artaban*; but after this *Aglatidas*, I do expect to be obeyed in all things, without any Exception. And as ſoon as he promiſed an abſolute Obedience, *Ameſtris* related all the diſcourſe which had paſſed between her and *Megabiſes*, her Vexations and Anger, to ſee that none came in to relieve her, and her Suſpition that there was ſome trick or other put upon her; ſo that to clear the matter, ſhe ſent for the Porter; when he was come, ſhe asked him, why he told every one that day ſhe was not within, ſince he knew very well ſhe was? Pardon me, Madam, I beſeech you, ſaid he unto her, for the fault which I committed againſt my Will, thinking you to be gone out of the Garden back-Door. But if you had thought ſo, replied ſhe, you would not have let *Megabiſes* enter. *Megabiſes!* Madam, (replied he, and ſeemed to wonder) I did not let him enter; if he did come in, it muſt needs be very timely, whilſt I ſtept into the Town about a little Buſineſs, immediately after Dinner, not thinking any would come ſo ſoon; at my return I asked a Boy whether you went out ſince I went, and he told me you were gone out at the back-Door; and certainly he took one of your Women for you; and I do aſſure you, I ſaw none of *Megabiſis*'s his Men at the Gate, for if I had, I ſhould have known he had been there; but ſince I ſaw none, I could not imagine he was entred, ſince he never comes alone. And how came it to paſs (ſaid *Amestris* to him) that you were from the Gates when I went out? Becauſe I went to the Garden-door, replied he, thinking ſome had knocked: and to tell you the truth, Madam, when I underſtood that you were not gone forth, but had given Orders to make ready your Coach, I was ſo much aſhamed of my Fault, that I durſt not look you in the Face; but I can tell you the Names of all thoſe who came to wait upon you: Then did he begin to number up all that came to ask for her that Day, beginning with *Aglatidas* and my ſelf, and went on with *Tharpis* and *Artemon*: But *Ameſtris* ſtopping him, was angry that the Anſwers of this Man did not handſomly juſtify her ſelf, and did let him know by her threatning Language, that he was to provide himſelf of another Miſtreſs. When he was gone out, *Ameſtris* looking upon *Aglatidas*, did know by his Eyes he was not ſatisfied: I perceive, ſaid ſhe unto him, that the Anſwers of my Porter have not juſtified me in your Opinion. Truly, Madam, replied he, it was not from him I expected the Satisfaction I have need of. Yet it was he who denied you the Gate, replied ſhe, and let *Megabiſes* enter. I confeſs it, replied *Aglatidas*; yet if *Megabiſes* was not preferred unto that Honour by your own Orders, it troubles me much leſs; and to know that, Madam, I muſt appeal unto your own Mouth.

If you will take my word, ſaid ſhe unto him, you ſhall be quickly ſatisfied; for I do proteſt unto you, *Aglatidas*, I gave no Order at all that Day, either to open the Gates or ſhut them, or denied my ſelf unto any whoſoever, and if I had excepted againſt any, certainly it ſhould not have been your ſelf. Madam, ſaid he unto her, you give me moſt obliging Satisfaction; but when I think of *Megabiſes* being a whole afternoon with you in private, and ſaw him come out alone preſently after you had taken Coach, I did conclude, Madam, whether I would or no, that you were either not ſincere (if I can ſpeak it without offence) or elſe that your Porter had betrayed you. Men of his Condition are ſuch Block-heads, ſaid *Menaſta*, that there is nothing to be concluded by their impertinent Words or Deeds: This fellow, replied I, ſeems not to have done this, without ſome Deſign in it: What, *Artaban*, ſaid *Ameſtris* to me, are you againſt me alſo? Pardon me Madam (ſaid I unto her) for I think the more I ſuſpect the Porter, the more I juſtify you; yet *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe, I beſeech you tell me what I ſhould do, not only to perſwade you that I never conſented unto the private Conference with *Megabiſes*, but alſo to make the Town believe it. I know one infallible way, replied *Aglatidas*, and ſighed; but, Madam, I am afraid you will not take it. It ſhall be a very difficult one then replied ſhe; for I aſſure you I am ſo extreamly vexed, that any ſhould think I conſented *Megabiſes* ſhould be four Hours together with me in private, as I would do any thing to undeceive them; therefore tell me *Aglatidas*, how I ſhould juſtify my ſelf, both in your opinion, and in the opinion of all the World. If you will appear perfectly innocent, Madam, ſaid he unto her, you muſt make me happy, and marry me; for I know no greater Teſtimony of your Innocency; therefore Madam, if you pleaſe, I beſeech you reſolve upon this way of Juſtification. But *Aglatidas*, ſaid ſhe, I very well ſee, that this way would juſtify me to your ſelf, but not to the World. I can aſſure you, Madam, replied he, that your Virtue is ſo generally known, as when they know you are fully reſolved to prefer me before all the reſt of your Lovers, they will never ſuſpect you of any Familiarity with *Megabiſes*; I muſt confeſs unto you, Madam, that the violent Paſſion of my Soul cannot endure the Torment, to ſee you, and not ſee you, (if it be permitted me to ſay ſo;) for I do not call that a ſeeing you, when I paſs away a whole Afternoon with you amongſt my Enemies; for ſo, Madam, all ſincere Lovers uſe to call their Rivals: Do not think, I beſeech you, I ſay this out of any fantaſtical Jealouſy; No, Madam, it proceeds from pure Affection: and though the Preſence of my Rivals do trouble me much more than any others; yet a Lover in his height of Sincerity

cerity cannot enjoy the Converſation of the Party loved, when any ſhares with him: Love, Madam, loves Secrecy; and Thoughts that paſs from one Heart into another, love no Witneſſes: permit me therefore, Madam, I beſeech you, the Happineſs to tell you, that I love you above all Expreſſions, and love not to tell you ſo alone, even *Menaſta* her ſelf ſhall be preſent.

Since *Ottanus* did uſe me very ill, ſaid *Ameſtris*, It becomes me to do more than others: yet ſince there are more Eyes upon me than upon others, I cannot be too circumſpect: therefore *Aglatidas*, in Conſideration of your good Fortune and Happineſs as well as of my own, it is good to be well aſſured we ſhall be happy together, before we engage our ſelves too far. Ah, Madam, cryed he out, you need not doubt of my good Fortune or your own. However, ſaid ſhe, I cannot give you a direct Anſwer now. Will you then not juſtify your ſelf, replied he? Yes, ſaid ſhe, but I would have you take my Word.

All this while *Menaſta* and I were talking together, but ſtill overheard what they ſaid: and fearing that *Aglatidas* and *Megabiſes* would quarrel, ſhe left me and went to them: Truly *Ameſtris*, ſaid ſhe, I wonder at you; for do you not reſolve in your Heart to marry *Aglatidas?* If you do, why do you defer it? would you have him fight with two or three for you? Would you have him kill one, and fly for it, and return in a Diſguiſe? Would you have him find you in the Garden again talking with ſome of your Lovers whom you would baniſh? Would you have him jealous again, and counterfeit a freſh Love to *Anatiſa?* would you marry another *Ottanus*, to juſtify your ſelf, and puniſh him? Believe me *Ameſtris*, if you would avoid all theſe, you muſt marry *Aglatidas* preſently, and lead a happy Life. *Menaſta* ſpoke all this with ſuch a pleaſant Importunity, that *Ameſtris* could not chooſe but laugh: and as for *Aglatidas*, he thanked her in ſuch a manner, as made it appear he thought himſelf much obliged. For my part, I added my Prayers unto *Menaſta*'s Reaſons, and preſſed *Ameſtris* ſo far, that ſhe could hardly chooſe but anſwer our Deſires: And when ſhe went about to oppoſe gainſt us, and demand time to conſider : *Menaſta* counſelled *Aglatidas* to think that ſhe conſented to the private diſcourſe with *Megabiſes.* But do what we could, ſhe would have two Days time to conſider, and then to give her poſitive Anſwer. After this *Menaſta* telling her in a low Voice, ſhe feared a Quarrel with *Megabiſes* ; *Ameſtris* did abſolutely command *Aglatidas* the contrary, and he was forced to promiſe her he would not, provided ſhe gave him a favourable Anſwer.

Thus, Sir, this private Conference which *Megabiſes* had ſo ſubtily contrived for his own Advantage, was a cauſe moving *Ameſtris* unto Reſolutions in favour of *Aglatidas.* After this we retired ; But notwithſtanding all that *Ameſtris* had ſaid, *Aglatidas* was very unquiet in his Soul, and what he had ſeen had ſuch an influence upon his Mind, that all the Night I could not move him to ſpeak of any thing elſe. In the mean while *Menaſta* made *Ameſtris* to declare openly unto all the World in favour of *Aglatidas*, knowing then that none durſt be ſo bold as to interrupt his Happineſs, conſidering what favour he was in with *Ciaxares.* But ſince ſhe had a great deſire to diſcover whether her Porter had told her true, or cozened her, when ſhe was returned home and in her Chamber, ſhe imployed one of her Women, who was very witty and ſubtile, to enquire very narrowly, whether the Porter held any Familiarity with any of *Megabiſes* Servants. Madam, anſwered ſhe, I know not whether he hold any intelligence with any of his Servants, but I am ſure, that as I returned from the Temple theſe two Mornings, I ſaw *Megabiſes* talking with him at a Corner of a blind Street; yet ſince I thought that *Megabiſes* only asked him whether you were at the Temple, or whether you would preſently go Abroad, or ſome ſuch Queſtions, I went on and took no further notice of them.

No ſooner had the Woman told this to *Ameſtris*, but ſhe immediately ſent for the Porter again, to ask him what *Megabiſes* ſaid unto him ſuch a Day, ſuch an Hour, and in ſuch a Place ? The Man was ſo ſtartled at this Queſtion, that he trembled, and gave but a very bad Anſwer : So that *Ameſtris* not giving him ſo much time as to invent a Lie, began to threaten him, and tell him that if he would confeſs the Truth, ſhe would pardon him: Then after many ill Anſwers, which would be too tedious to relate, he confeſſed that *Megabiſes* ſent one of his Men for him, that he gave him Mony; and indeed told the whole Truth. After this, *Ameſtris*, fearing ſome future Miſfortune might be occaſioned by *Megabiſes*, reſolved to marry *Aglatidas*.

In the mean time *Tharpis* and *Artemon*, had their ſhares in Vexations as well as others: The firſt of theſe two had not the Happineſs of complaining to *Anatiſa*, for ſhe was gone into the Country, yet ſince ſhe was not above fifty Furlongs from *Ecbatan*, he writ unto her; as for *Artemon*, as deep in Love with *Ameſtris* as he was, yet being more wiſe, and ſeeing how ſhe lived with *Aglatidas*, he deſiſted, and durſt attempt no further Manifeſtations of his Love; but yet, ſince Hope never leaves Lovers till the laſt Gaſp, before he quite excluded the Image of *Ameſtris* out of his Heart, he would know a little more certainly upon what Terms *Aglatidas* ſtood with her: So that ſince we two were a kind of Friends together, and knew that I was very much one unto *Aglatidas*, he came unto me and deſired me to tell him, in general, whether the Heart of *Ameſtris* was ſo deeply engaged that there was no Hopes at all left for thoſe that loved her? I know very well, ſaid he unto me, you ought not to reveal any ſecret wherewith you are truſted; but however, being your Friend, as I am, I know you will not refuſe to adviſe me, in a buſineſs upon which depends the Miſery or Happineſs of all my Life; give me leave therefore to tell you, that I am extreamly in love with *Ameſtris*; but for all that, if I were ſure her Heart were engaged unto another, I would endeavour to recal my own; therefore I beſeech you, tell me what is my beſt way to do. *Artemon* ſpoke this with ſo much Ingenuity, that I thought my ſelf obliged to counſel him ſincerely, and to do good Service unto three at once: To *Ameſtris*, in delivering her from *Artemon*'s Importunity: To *Aglatidas*, in taking a Rival off his Hand: And to *Artemon*, in curing him of a Paſſion which would never be accepted:

cepted. Yet ſince there is no truſting the Sincerity of a Lover, I acquainted him with nothing of what I knew concerning *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris*, but I adviſed him to try whether he could poſſibly quit his Affection, for I knew *Ameſtris* would never accept of it; I coloured my Counſel with other Reaſons; I told him, that ſince *Megabiſes* and *Aglatidas*, who were in great favour with *Ciaxares*, did pretend unto her, there was no Hopes for him againſt ſuch Rivals, for they had been both in Love with her before ſhe married *Ottanus*, and that in all likelihood, if ever ſhe married again, ſhe would chuſe one of them two: However, his beſt way would be to ſtay and ſee what time would produce. *Artemon* gave me thanks for my Advice, though it went againſt the Heart of a Lover. In the mean while *Ameſtris*, who had ſent for *Menaſta*, to diſcover unto her what ſhe knew concerning the trick which *Megabiſes* put upon her, reſolved now to defer it no longer, but to declare openly for *Aglatidas*, and to tell him as much; But *Ameſtris* conceived, that ſince *Megabiſes* had ever expreſſed much paſſionate Affection to her, it would not be amiſs if *Menaſta* ſpoke unto him, and endeavoured to prevent any quarrel; yet there was no ſuch need; for as ſoon as *Aglatidas* did ask the King's Permiſſion to marry *Ameſtris*, *Ciaxares* knowing the Pretentions of *Megabiſes* to her, did abſolutely command him, not to hinder the good Fortune of *Aglatidas*; ſo that he durſt not oppoſe it. Then ſince the buſineſs made a great noiſe, *Artemon* was glad he took my Counſel, and *Tharpis* ſeeing *Megabiſes* durſt not complain againſt the Happineſs of his Rival, out of Obedience to the King, he was forced to follow his Example, and hide his Sorrows.

Thus, Sir, you ſee *Aglatidas* as happy as he could deſire; for *Ameſtris* had made the Plot of *Megabiſes* ſo apparent unto him, that not the leaſt Suſpicion remained in his Mind. All the Kindred and Friends of *Ameſtris* approved of her choice, and all thoſe that loved *Aglatidas* were glad of it; not a Rival durſt appear: *Megabiſes* ſhunned his Rival and his Miſtreſs both: *Artemon* complained unto none but me, and ſweetned his Sorrows by relating unto me the Virtues of *Ameſtris* whilſt *Ottanus* lived: And *Tharpis* went into the Country to *Anatiſa*, who was vexed in ſo high a meaſure, that it may be termed Rage rather than Sorrow or Revenge. In the mean while nothing hindred *Aglatidas* from his Happineſs, and he had no other torment but Impatience, which never leaves Lovers until all be compleated: All the Court and Town rejoyced at this intended Marriage; for the Solemnity of which, a thouſand publick Diverſions were preparing. The Day was ſet down by the King himſelf, who would honour this Feaſt with his Preſence: The Invention of all the Ladies in Court and Town were upon the rack for new Dreſſes againſt that Day. *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas*, diſcourſing together with more freedom than before, did ſo infuſe their Souls into each other, that their Loves increaſed, and by conſequence their Happineſs, it being certain that the Felicity of Lovers do not leſs conſiſt in the reciprocal Opinion of each others Merits, than that of their Paſſion.

This being the ſtate of Things, and there being but three Days until the Marriage, a Chance happened which did extreamly trouble the Joys of *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris*. I think I already told you that *Anatiſa* was fifty Furlongs from *Ecbatan*, and that *Tharpis* went unto her. As they were one day walking together near the way which goes to *Ecbatan*, and conſulting which way they might trouble the felicity of *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris*, they ſpied a Man on Horſeback, who left the high-way and came towards them. *Anatiſa*, who was not in any Humour to receive Viſits, would have avoided him; yet imagining that perhaps it was one who came to ſee her Aunt, with whom ſhe dwelt, ſhe continued her walk as if ſhe took no notice of him who was coming towards them: But a Woman which waited upon her, knowing him to be her Brother that waited upon *Ottanus*, ſhe cried out, and went with open Arms to embrace him, for he was lighted from his Horſe, and gave him unto a Man which waited on him. *Anatiſa*, at the Cry of her Woman, who thought her Brother was dead, looked upon him and knew him to be *Dinocrates*, who had done her much ſervice in augmenting the Jealouſy of *Ottanus*, and perſecuting *Ameſtris*: So that in Conſideration of theſe offices, ſhe talked with him, and asked how he loſt his Maſter, and why it was ſo long before he returned? Then he made a Relation, how *Ottanus* periſhed under the Mountains of *Artaxates*, unto which the King of *Armenia* retreated; how he ſaw his Body in the Torrent ſink to the bottom of the Water, and how he himſelf fell ſick in a little Town; how afterwards he had got him another Maſter, but not liking his Service, he quitted it and returned; and ſince he was to paſs ſo near a place where he thought ſhe might be, he came thither. But *Dinocrates*, ſaid ſhe to him, tell me, I pray you, whether *Ottanus* when he died did hate *Aglatidas*. He hated him ſo much, anſwered he, that I believe it was the cauſe of his Death; for he would not have engaged himſelf ſo far amongſt the Enemies, but in Hopes to meet with him, and to kill him: for my part, ſaid he, ſince the Fight was in the Night, I cannot tell how the Misfortune happened, but I ſaw him dead with theſe Eyes, and ſo did many others.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking thus unto her, ſhe looked upon the Hilt of his Sword, which was much too rich and magnificent for a Man of his Quality to wear, and conſidering upon it, ſhe knew it to be the Sword of *Aglatidas*. Thoſe who do not know the power of Love, would wonder *Anatiſa* ſhould take any notice of this Sword; but for my part I think it not ſtrange at all; for I am perſwaded that every thing which belongs unto the Party loved will never be out of Memory. Moreover, this Hilt was ſo very rich and extraordinary, that it was the more remarkable, and ſhe had ſeen it a thouſand times before. *Anatiſa* no ſooner knew it, but ſhe asked who gave it unto him: And he told her, that a few Days after the Death of his Maſter, as he was in *Artaxates*, he bought it of a Perſian Souldier, who told him he pulled it out of the Body of a dead Armenian at the bottom of the Mountains where they fought. *Anatiſa*, after this knew that *Aglatidas* had left his Sword (as ſometimes it may happen) in the Body of him he killed. And ſaying no more, ſhe left *Dinocrates* with his

Siſter, and continued her walk with *Tharpis*; but ſo taken up with her own Thoughts, that he could not chooſe but ask her, why her Mind was more muſing than ordinary? I am ſtudying, ſaid ſhe unto him, how to make you happy if I can, or at the leaſt to diſturb the Felicity of your Rival. He ſtands upon too ſure Terms, replied *Tharpis*, for me ever to hope for it. Not ſo ſure, ſaid *Anatiſa*, but if *Dinocrates* will be as faithful unto me as heretofore he hath been, I ſhall bring it eaſily to paſs. *Tharpis* was ſo impatient to know her Deſign, that he aſſured her he would ſuborn him though with half his Eſtate rather than fail; ſo that ſhe told him her Plot, and he did ſo well approve of it, that he was ready to thank her upon his Knees, for finding out ſo rare an Invention: After this, without any delay, *Anatiſa* called *Dinocrates*, and told him ſhe would make him a Fortune if he would do as ſhe deſired; *Tharpis* alſo aſſured him of a very rich Preſent.

Dinocrates was naturally apt enough for ſuch Deſignes, and therefore promiſed to obey them, whatſoever it was they would command: Then did they tell him their Deſires, after they had well agreed upon the buſineſs, and given *Dinocrates* full Inſtructions what to do and ſay; they found it not expedient it ſhould be known he had ſeen them; ſo that after they had expreſly charged his Siſter to conceal his return from every one, they ſent him to lodge in the Town cloſe by, and the next Morning meeting in the ſame place, *Tharpis* was as good as his word, and charmed him with a very conſiderable Gift, after which ſhe gave him his laſt Inſtructions and ſent him away, charging him to be ſure that he did not go unto *Ameſtris* until there was much Company with her.

One afternoon then, juſt three Days before the intended Marriage, he went unto her whilſt *Aglatidas* was with the King, but he found *Menaſta* and four other Ladies with her, who were of kin to *Ottanus*, and becauſe they loved her, they came upon a Viſit; *Dinocrates* watching his Opportunity, went into the Chamber of *Ameſtris*: As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him enter, ſhe bluſhed, and the very ſight of him brought freſh into her Memory the Perſecutions of *Ottanus*, and all the ill Offices which he had done her; yet thinking it more generous and handſom to diſſemble her Reſentments againſt *Dinocrates*, and to look upon him as one whom her Husband loved, ſhe recollected her ſelf, and ſpeaking very mildly unto him; How comes it to paſs *Dinocrates*, ſaid ſhe, that it is ſo long after your Maſter's Death, before you return? Madam, replied he, and ſighed, I was ſo troubled at the Accident, that I fell ſick for Sorrow, but as ſoon as I recovered I returned, Madam, to give you an account of my Maſter's Miſfortune: I ſaw you, ſaid I unto him, when you ſought for his Corps, and found it in the midſt of the Torrent: It is very true, Sir, replied he, and you were a Witneſs of part of my Sorrows that I could not get it out of the Water: Were you in the fight when he was killed? ſaid *Ameſtris*: Yes, Madam, replied he, and I touched *Aglatidas*, whom I knew by his Voice when he ran his Sword through the Body of my Maſter and could not draw it out again: Your Maſter (replied I, extreamly aſtoniſhed, but leſs than *Ameſtris*) was he killed by *Aglatidas*? think well what you ſay *Dinocrates*, for how could you know him in the tumult of the Fight, when there was no light but Stars? I told you, Sir, before, anſwered *Dinocrates* undauntedly, that I knew him by his Voice; for when he fell upon my Maſter, who was then in the Head of a Party, he ſpoke ſomething unto the Men which followed him by way of Encouragement: So that my Maſter, knowing the Voice of *Aglatidas* better than I did, turned towards me and ſaid; Ha *Dinocrates*, yonder is *Aglatidas* whom I look for, do not forſake me: I cannot directly ſay that *Aglatidas* knew my Maſter's Voice; but I am ſure they charged one another very fiercely, and *Aglatidas*, more happy than *Ottanus*, ran his Sword to the Hilts through his Body, who immediately falling, *Aglatidas* could not draw out his Sword again; then I ſeeing my Maſter fall, knew not whether I ſhould fall upon his Murtherer, or endeavour to recover him from the Feet of thoſe who were fighting; but the Tumult of the Combat removing a little from that place, I took up the Body of my Maſter, to ſee if he had any Life; I pulled the Sword out of his Body by little and little, and finding no Breath nor Life, I began to defend my ſelf; Then *Aglatidas* having got another Sword, and I knowing him better than I did before, reſolved to revenge the Death of my Maſter; but our Party was grown ſo weak, that we were forced to fly, and I could not return to look for the Corps of my Maſter until ſuch time as a Truce was made, and then when I had the liberty to look for him, I could not find him in the place where I left him, but immediately after I ſaw him in the midſt of a violent Torrent, as *Artaban* ſaith, not knowing who it was that caſt him in. All the time of this diſcourſe *Ameſtris* was infinitely perplexed, and durſt not look up: The Ladies which were preſent, and underſtood the ſtate of things, were very ſorry to hear this Relation: for my part, my choller was ſo high, that I could hardly refrain interrupting *Dinocrates*, who ſeeming to be altogether ignorant of any intended Marriage between *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas*, did peremptorily juſtify that it was he who killed *Ottanes*, and that the Sword which he drew out of his Body, was the Sword of *Aglatidas*, for it was a Sword which was very Remarkable, and he had ſeen him wear it ſeveral times: Then *Dinocrates*, ſeeming as if he were ingenious, I will not ſay (ſaid he) that for this *Aglatidas* is in any fault at all; for in War none whoſoever of the Enemies Party are to be ſpared. But where is this Sword? replied I; Sir (anſwered he with Tears almoſt in his Eyes) I dare not ſhew it in the preſence of my Lady, for I cannot endure to look upon it my ſelf, nor know I upon what Conſiderations I have kept it.

As he was ſaying ſo, *Aglatidas*, who yet knew not that *Dinocrates* was returned, came into the Chamber of *Ameſtris* with Eyes as full of Joy, as if nothing could hinder his Happineſs; but perceiving an extream Sadneſs ſit upon the Soul of *Ameſtris*, ſeeing *Dinocrates* there, and obſerving much Aſtoniſhment in me and all the Ladies preſent, he ſtood ſtill, and bethought himſelf what Misfortune could poſſibly happen. *Aglatidas* (ſaid I unto him) come and juſtify your ſelf; for *Dinocrates* here, ſays you killed *Ottanus* that ſame Night when we fought at the bottom of the *Artaxaten* Mountains. Who I? (replied *Aglatidas* in a ſtrange Amazement) how can that be, ſince the illuſtrious *Cyrus* told me he heard a cry that *Ottanus* was dead, in a place where I was not? And I my ſelf heard *Ottanus* named far off the place where we fought. Sir (replied *Dinocrates* moſt impudently) I am very ſorry that I have uttered a truth which I ſee doth much trouble you; yet, as I ſaid before, when any one is killed in Wars, the Perſon who killed him is never to be blamed. But, Sir (ſaid one that was Couſin to *Ottanus*, and thought to juſtify *Aglatidas* by the queſtion which ſhe asked) Did you loſe your Sword in that fight? Yes, Madam, anſwered he; for I could not pull it out of the Body of an *Armenian*, but was conſtrained to leave it in him, and ſnatched another by good Fortune, out of the Hands of another *Armenian*. Ah *Aglatidas*, ſaid *Ameſtris*, what do you tell me? Since he could not imagine why *Ameſtris* ſhould ſpeak ſo, or why the other Lady ſhould ſpeak of his Sword, nor how they ſhould come to know he had loſt it; he turned towards me, and I told him that *Dinocrates* affirmed he had the Sword, and that he drew it out of his Maſter's Body. The Sword, ſaid *Aglatidas*, is ſo knowable, that none can miſtake it for another, and I believe that every one of my Friends and Acquaintance knows it: but where is it, added he? Sir, replied *Dinocrates*, if it be your Pleaſure I ſhould ſend for it, I will let you ſee it in the outer Chamber. Then *Aglatidas* preſſing him unto it, *Dinocrates* went out: During which time he looked upon *Ameſtris*, who had no diſpoſition to look upon him: Madam, ſaid he unto her, I ſee very well, that if *Dinocrates* ſhew me my Sword, and affirm he pulled the ſame out of his Maſter's Body, I cannot make it clear that I did not kill *Ottanus*, ſince I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that I left it in the Body of a Man who was in the ſame Party *Ottanus* was; yet for all that, Madam, I muſt needs believe the Relation of *Dinocrates* to be falſe, ſince he hath ever been your Enemy in all things; he is Brother unto a Woman who waits upon *Anatiſa*, and therefore what ever proceeds from the Teſtimony of his Tongue ought to be ſuſpected. But *Aglatidas*, ſaid *Ameſtris*, I find by your own Confeſſion, that you left your Sword in a dead Man; *Dinocrates* ſays that Man was *Ottanus*; and if once he ſhew you your own Sword, you can then no way contradict him, but by ſaying, that you did not know it was *Ottanus* whom you killed: and that's too little, abundance too little againſt ſo ſtrong and circumſtantial a Depoſition as this; therefore I conjure you to ſee me no more, until you can better clear your ſelf. Oh, Madam, cried he out, what fatal Requeſt is this!

As *Ameſtris* was ready to reply, one came in and told us, that *Dinocrates* was in the outer Room, and had brought the Sword: *Aglatidas* therefore went out, and ſo did all the Ladies except *Menaſta*, who ſtayed with *Ameſtris*. As ſoon as this Sword was ſhewed, which we knew well enough, *Aglatidas* looked ſternly upon *Dinocrates*, and not knowing what to ſay in his own Juſtification, he ſearched in his Eyes to ſee if he could know by them whether he was innocent or culpable: But *Dinocrates* did ſo ſubtily diſſemble the matter, that it was not poſſible to diſcern his Malice. *Aglatidas* was ſo full of Fury in his Looks, that ſometimes I thought he would have killed *Dinocrates*; and had he not imagined that he ſhould have appeared more criminal by the Act, I do believe he would have fallen upon him: But at the laſt, not knowing what to ſay, nor being able to aſcertain himſelf that he had not killed *Ottanus*, he went towards the Chamber of *Ameſtris*, with Intentions to caſt himſelf at her Feet, though he knew not well what to ſay: But *Menaſta* met him with abſolute Commands from *Ameſtris* that he ſhould not enter, and that he ſhould be ſo reſpective of her as never to ſee her until he could make his Innocence better appear. *Aglatidas* could hardly yield Obedience, but *Menaſta* uſed ſuch Arguments as perſwaded him. Then we went out both he and I, after we had examined *Dinocrates* by a hundred croſs Queſtions, in hopes he would contradict himſelf; but he was ſo ſubtile in all his Anſwers, and in the leaſt Circumſtances, that the moſt exact Judges would have been fully ſatisfied with them, and condemned *Aglatidas*. After we were gone out, the Ladies ſtayed a while with *Ameſtris*, and afterwards went out all except *Menaſta*, who ſtayed with her, as I did with *Aglatidas*. *Dinocrates* went down alſo, and told all the Story unto the Servants of the Houſe, to the end the noiſe of it might be the lowder; but he might have ſaved that labour, for within four Hours after he had ſpoken with *Ameſtris*, nothing elſe but the oddneſs of this Accident was diſcourſed of in all *Ecbatan*.

In the mean time, I knew from *Menaſta* that ſhe had no ſooner been in private with *Ameſtris*, but that fair and wiſe Lady, looking upon her with Eyes ſo full of Melancholy, as plainly ſpoke the trouble of her Soul; Truly ſaid ſhe unto *Menaſta*, it muſt needs be acknowledged that my Fate is lamentable, and that I was too blame in ever hoping for any Quietneſs, after ſo long and ſo cruel a Torment; but I am at this day arrived unto ſuch a height, that Hope can never again elevate my Heart, and therefore can never augment my Torment ſince I ſhall endure no more Miſeries than I looked for. I muſt needs confeſs (ſaid *Menaſta* to her) that the Accident is very ſtrange; but yet ſince *Aglatidas* doth verily believe that he did not kill *Ottanus*, and ſince there is only the relation of *Dinocrates* againſt him; why ſhould you make your ſelf miſerable all the Days of your Life by any ſuch tormenting Thoughts? Becauſe replied ſhe, I can never have any Contentment of Mind without Horror, and I will never be accuſed for doing any thing againſt Decency and Virtue. As ſoon as ſhe had thus expreſſed her ſelf, *Dinocrates* came into her Chamber, who apprehending as he ſeemed that he ſhould incur the hatred of *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas*; Madam, ſaid he unto her, I moſt humbly beg your Pardon for the Fault which I have ignorantly committed, for ſince I came directly to your Chamber, before I had ſpoken with any, I did not know of the Deſigns betwixt you and *Aglatidas*, for if I had, queſtionleſs I ſhould have concealed ſome part of that truth which I have uttered: But perhaps *Aglatidas* killed my Maſter, and knew it not; or if it be your Pleaſure, Madam, I ſhall contradict what I have already ſaid, and never ſhew the Sword unto any, to the end it may not be known. *Dinocrates* ſpoke this with ſo much counterfeit Ingenuity, that though *Ameſtris* had herefore ſeen a hundred Demonſtrations of his Malice, yet ſhe was deceived, and thought that now certainly he ſpoke ſincerely; yet ſhe would not accept of his offer, but told him that though none upon Earth knew of the buſineſs but her ſelf, yet ſhe would do what became her. After this ſhe diſmiſſed him, and aſſured him ſhe would deſire *Aglatidas* not to be revenged on him, for being the cauſe of his Miſfortune. Do you then intend never to ſee him again (ſaid *Menaſta* after *Dinocrates* was gone?) There is no queſtion to be made of it (anſwered ſhe;) for how can my reaſon permit me to ſee the Man that hath killed my Husband? But, Madam, ſaid *Menaſta*, he never intended it, nor can I believe he killed him. That is not ſufficient, anſwered *Ameſtris*; for though I were moſt certain, he did never intend it, yet all's one, I would do the ſame only becauſe the World believes it, and will ſuſpect I knew of it; Not that I can accuſe *Aglatidas* for killing him; but yet for all that, ſince it is known he died by his Hand, there needs no more to oblige me never to ſee him again, nor to render my ſelf the moſt miſerable Perſon in the World. Whilſt *Menaſta* was talking thus to *Ameſtris*, I was no leſs buſy in comforting *Aglatidas*, who could not chuſe but admire how the Fates did interrupt his Happineſs; for, ſaid he, how can I poſſibly juſtify my ſelf, ſince I am not certain whether *Denocrates* ſpeak true or falſe? I am moſt certain that I knew him not to be *Ottanus*, and that I heard him named far off me; but yet for all that, I know the Sword which they ſhew me is mine, and that I could not draw it out of the Body of an Enemy which fell dead at my Feet, and it might be *Ottanus*, ſince he was in the Fight. But, ſaid I unto him, why did you not diſclaim your Sword? for I am perſwaded that Love does admit of ſome handſome innocent Lies, which do no hurt unto any. I ſhould rather prejudice than juſtify my ſelf, ſaid *Aglatidas*, if I ſhould have diſowned the Sword, ſince all Men of any Quality in the Court do know it: And *Megabiſes* amongſt the reſt could have known it to be a lie, for he hath ſeen it a hundred times; ſo that *Ameſtris* might well have ſuſpected that I knew him to be *Ottanus* when I killed him: neither do I think it generous to become happy by lying. But I do ſo plainly ſee the Gods intend my ruin, that I verily believe I cannot better obſerve their Wills than by deſtroying my ſelf; yet firſt I am reſolved to ſee *Ameſtris*, and therefore I conjure you to go unto *Menaſta*, and procure her to obtain this favour for me; for truly I cannot conceive it juſt to condemn me before ſhe hear my Reaſons. Then did I go accordingly to do him this Service; but *Menaſta* told me ſhe thought it would be no eaſy matter to obtain, yet ſhe would do what ſhe could. In the mean time *Anatiſa*, to take the fuller Joy in her Plot, returned to *Ecbatan*, and divulged that *Aglatidas* knew well enough when he killed *Ottanus*, and that *Ameſtris*, as innocent as ſhe made her ſelf, knew it alſo. This laſt Report found credit but with very few; Yet ſince *Ameſtris* was very inquiſitive of what the Town talked, and hearing of all the Impoſtures, ſhe did ſo confirm her ſelf in her Reſolutions, never to marry *Aglatidas*, or ſee him again, that *Menaſta* could not obtain leave for him to come and plead his Reaſons; So that there was a Neceſſity in deceiving her, and to ſee her, whether ſhe did conſent unto it or no; not that ſhe did not all this while love him with abundance of Tenderneſs, but it was the Conſideration of her Honour that was predominate in her Soul. Whilſt *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris* were thus miſerable, *Anatiſa* and *Tharpis* rejoyced, *Artemon* and *Megabiſes* were glad; and to drive the Nail unto the bottom of the Plot, *Anatiſa* did cauſe Reports to be blown in the Ears of *Ameſtris*, that the World did infinitely commend her Reſolution of never marrying *Aglatidas*, or ſeeing him again, ſo that ſhe gave ſuch reſolute Anſwers unto *Menaſta*, that there was no hopes of obtaining any thing for poor *Aglatidas*.

Three or four Days paſſed on in this manner; but at the laſt *Mnaſta*, feigning her ſelf to be ſick, purpoſely that *Ameſtris* might come to viſit her; her Plot took effect, and *Aglatidas*, with my ſelf, knowing it, went thither: *Mnaſta* gave Orders that none ſhould enter except us: as for *Ameſtris*, though her Coach ſtood at the Door, yet every one, knowing the great Familiarity between them, were not at all offended that ſhe ſhould enter and none elſe. When we came into the Chamber, *Ameſtris* was ſitting upon *Mnaſta*'s Bed, ſo that *Aglatidas* was upon his Knees before her, ere ever ſhe knew he was entered. Madam, ſaid he unto her, and would not let her riſe, I beſeech you give me leave to preſent you with my Reaſons, before you ſhall procede to Judgment, leſt you ſhould be Guilty of ſome Injuſtice. *Ameſtris*, without anſwering *Aglatidas*, looked upon *Mnaſta*, as if ſhe accuſed her for deceiving her, and indeed had gone out, if *Mnaſta* had not held her by the Gown. Alas *Mnaſta*, ſaid ſhe, what will the World think of me, if it be known I permit *Aglatidas* to ſee me? Alas, Madam, replied I, what ſhall we ſay of you, if you will not ſo much as hear the Complaints of a Man you have made moſt miſerable? If he could ſay any thing which could juſtify himſelf, replied ſhe, I ſhould hear him with abundance of Delight, but ſince he cannot, why ſhould you deſire me to lay ſuch a ſtain upon my Reputation, as nothing can poſſibly efface? I know not, Madam, what Juſtice there is in crediting the Relation of a Man who heretofore has told a thouſand Lies againſt you. I do confeſs his Tale is told handſomly, and confirmed with ſtrong Conjectures; but for all that, Madam, I do aſſure you with all poſſible Sincerity, and do conjure you by all the Gods whom we adore to believe it, that I did never intend to kill *Ottanus*, nor did ſo much as know whether he was in the fight or no: And I do alſo moſt ſeriouſly proteſt, that though I did always hate him, yet if I had known him amongſt mine Enemies, I ſhould for the Love of you have ſhunned meeting with him; therefore, Madam, though it be true that I did kill *Ottanus*, as I cannot believe I did, yet was not the act to be imputed unto me as a Crime, ſince I knew him not; yet upon the bare Depoſition of one of your grand Perſecutors, who hath accuſed me for killing a moſt extream Tyrant in the Wars, you, Madam, will make me the moſt miſerable Man upon Earth, and you will be ſo highly ſevere againſt me as not to hear my Complaints. I conjure you, Madam, in the Name of the Gods not to condemn me ſo ſlightly, or at the leaſt not to condemn me ſo ſoon. I wiſh to the Gods whom you invoke, ſaid *Ameſtris*, that I could never condemn you, but that your Innocence might appear as clear as the Day; but *Aglatidas* it cannot, for truly to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, although I were moſt certain that all *Diaſcrates* ſays were falſe, yet were I not able to undeceive the World, and therefore I muſt never marry you. Your Amity, replied *Aglatidas*, were built upon a weak Baſis if it were not able to withſtand ſuch a Conſideration as this; for be pleaſed to know, Madam, that true Virtue is not built upon the Opinion of others; but when one hath that ſecret Teſtimony of a clear Conſcience on their ſide, it is Satisfaction ſufficient, and one never need to make ones ſelf miſerable for the Satisfaction of others. But, Madam, ſaid he and ſighed, I am afraid you are not ſenſible of my ruin.

Yes *Aglatidas*, replied *Ameſtris*, do not deceive your ſelf, for I have ſo high an eſteem of you, and if I durſt ſay it, ſo great an Affection, that I cannot think you Guilty of any Crime. I do believe all you ſay, and conſequently do think, that if you killed *Ottanus*, it was ignorantly; yet for all that, if I ſhould marry you, the cenſorious World would perhaps be apt to ſay, that you did it by my Appointment: So that this thought doth ſo deeply wound my Imagination and my Honour, that I muſt uſe all Expedients to make my very Enemies think me innocent; and in order to that, *Aglatidas*, I muſt not only refuſe to marry you, but alſo ever to ſee you again; and if you have any Power over your own Soul, you will find out ſome handſom Pretence to depart from *Ecbatan*; yet for your comfort I do aſſure you, becauſe I think I may do it without a Crime, that I think it an eaſier matter for me to die than part with you. I do moſt heartily beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Aglatidas* with moſt ſorrowful Eyes) either be all Severity, or all Sweetneſs; either content your ſelf with the innocency of my Heart, and let me enjoy yours, or elſe expreſs ſo many ſigns of Scorn and Inhumanity, that I may die with Sorrow at your Feet: for what delight can you take, Madam, in prolonging my Life by giving me ſuch obliging Language, and to augment my Miſery? How do you think it poſſible I can ſhake Hands with Death, as long as I think the divine *Ameſtris* loves me? And how do you think I can endure my Life, when I certainly ſee ſhe ſhall never be mine? and when as I am in ſome Fears (if I durſt ſay it) ſome other hereafter ſhall enjoy her? Never fear this laſt, replied *Ameſtris*, but on the contrary, be certainly perſwaded, that the Heart which I had given you ſhall never be in the power of any other.

Your Expreſſions are moſt obliging, replied *Aglatidas*; but, Madam, the Miſeries which I ſuffer are ſo great, that I cannot handſomly reſent that Joy which thoſe advantagious Words might give me; for I ſee it is your Pleaſure I ſhould never hope for any thing either from tedious time, or your divine Affection, or my moſt loyal Fidelity: whoſoever ſhould have told me, when *Ottanus* lived, that I ſhould have been more miſerable after his Death, I could not have believed him; and yet there is no compariſon between then and now: *Ottanus* in his Grave doth more cruelly torment me than he did alive: Yes, Madam, I do moſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that without ever any contrivance of his Death when I went from you, I had ſome Hopes that it was not impoſſible I might overlive him: But the Reaſon by which you now ruin me and all my Hopes, is a perpetual Reaſon, and will laſt for ever, unleſs the Gods will work Miracles, and make my Innocency viſible to the World; ſo that I ſee no other end of my Miſeries but Death: Do not then hinder me of my only Remedy by giving me any ſmooth and unprofitable Language, which perhaps are the bare Effects of your Pitty, and proceed not from any ſuch Affection as you promiſed me. Whilſt *Aglatidas* was thus in diſcourſe with *Ameſtris*, I perceived in both their Faces ſuch an extraordinary ſadneſs, that I never in my Life ſaw the like: *Ameſtris* could hardly ſpeak, becauſe ſhe thought all her obliging language a Crime; yet was her ſilence ſo eloquent and ſignificative, that *Aglatidas* could not make any doubt but his dear *Ameſtris* did moſt tenderly love him; yet making ſome ſcruple at the length of this ſad Conference, ſhe would needs go away: But *Aglatidas* holding her, I moſt earneſtly beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, to tell me preciſely what I muſt do. I would have you live, replied ſhe, but that you live far off from me. O Madam, ſaid he, I beſeech you do not command me things impoſſible; or at the leaſt ſo difficult, that Death is much more ſweet and eaſy than obedience to them. But I require more from you, replied ſhe, for I would never have you ſend me any Letters, nor expect any from me. This is much, Madam, replied *Aglatidas*, and much too much; nor know I how to yield obedience, unleſs I were able to forget you, and leave loving you. On the contrary, ſaid ſhe, I am ſo perfectly perſwaded of your Innocency, that I make no ſcruple to deſire that you will love me as long as you live. In the mean time, *Aglatidas*, let me be gone; for when I think how all the Town believes you killed *Ottanus*, and ſhould know I permit you to be thus at my Feet, I bluſh for ſhame, that I ſhould thus long ſuffer it. But, Madam, ſaid *Aglatidas*, do you not conſider, that by baniſhing me from you, I leave *Megabiſes*, *Artemon* and *Tharpis* with you? It is very true, replied ſhe, you do ſo: but ſince I am not able to baniſh you out of my Heart, you need not envy them at all. But, Madam, ſaid *Aglatidas*, will you ever endeavour to baniſh me out of your Heart? I ought to do ſo at the leaſt, replied ſhe; and if I do not attempt it, it is becauſe I know I ſhould loſe my labour. After theſe obliging words, *Ameſtris* roſe up, as being aſhamed for pronouncing them; and *Aglatidas* ſeeing ſhe was fully reſolved to go away if he did not, he riſe up alſo, and looking upon her Eyes ſo full of exceſſive Sorrow; Madam, ſaid he, and breathed a profound Sigh, I had rather I ſhould leave you than you ſhould leave me, for perhaps *Menaſta* will plead for me when I am gone. I do promiſe you, I will, (ſaid that faithful Kinſwoman.) And I do abſolutely forbid you, ſaid *Ameſtris*, unleſs you have a mind to double my Sorrows. But, Madam (ſaid *Aglatidas*) is it poſſible my ruin ſhould ſo much trouble you? muſt I periſh for ever? and muſt this be the laſt time that ever I muſt ſee you? No, no, Madam, I cannot imagine it; queſtionleſs you will permit me to return again, and to ſee you: for though I would yield obedience unto ſuch Commands, yet I ſenſibly ſee I am not able: Indeed, Madam, I muſt needs return, whether I will or no, or whether you will or no; and though I ſee nothing but the top of that Palace where you dwell, I ſhall come and wander over the tops of thoſe Mountains beyond *Orontes* to receive that delight. *Aglatidas* expreſſed himſelf ſo cordially, and with ſo many Raptures of real Love, that *Ameſtris* was extreamly moved: ſo that not being able to retain her Tears, ſhe pulled down her Hood, and making a ſilent ſign with her Hand that he ſhould go away, he took her Hand, and intended to kiſs it, but ſhe haſtily pulled it back, as if the Hand of *Aglatidas*, who was (though wrongfully) accuſed of murther, ought not to touch hers: My Heart is ſo purely innocent, Madam, ſaid he, that I did not think my Hand could prophane yours; yet ſince you think it ſo, permit me at the leaſt I beſeech you to kiſs your Garment; and then he ſtooped with Intention to do ſo, but *Ameſtris* putting forth her Hand to forbid him, and *Aglatidas* ſeeing her Hand ſo near his Mouth could not chuſe but kiſs it, ſhe not being able to prevent him, though by her Face ſhe ſeemed very angry at it. After they were riſen up, Is it then your poſitive Pleaſure, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I muſt depart? I wiſh you might never depart from *Ecbatana*, anſwered ſhe; but ſince the Fates will not handſomly permit it, I would ——— *Ameſtris* ſtopt at theſe Words; and not being able to ſpeak any more, ſhe made a ſecond ſign with her Hand, that he ſhould go away;

and ſo he did, but with ſo much Sorrow in his Face, as a ſadder ſight could not be ſeen. *Ameſtris* was no leſs grieved than he; and, as I after underſtood from *Menaſta*, he was no ſooner gone, but ſhe threw her ſelf upon her Bed, and watered it with a flood of Tears, which ſhe reſtrained as long as we were preſent.

After much diſcourſe in Commendations of *Aglatidas*, *Ameſtris* deſired *Menaſta* to go with her into the Country, ſince ſhe was not able to hide her Sorrows for the loſs of *Aglatidas*; and without any more delay, it was reſolved upon to go the next Morning: *Menaſta* went to *Aglatidas* from *Ameſtris*, and charged him not to follow; and *Ameſtris* was no ſooner gone, but *Menaſta* writ a Letter, which did ſo fully charge him to obey *Ameſtris*, that if *Aglatidas* had leſs Love or Reaſon than he had, he would have punctually obeyed her. In the mean time ſeeing he was not able to alter the Reſolutions of her, who only was able to make him happy, and ſince he was not able to endure the World, he reſolved upon a departure; and preſently addreſſed himſelf unto *Ciaxares*, and importuned him to ſend him unto you, Sir, and he obtained his deſire. Before his departure he was full of many ſtrange Deſigns: for ſometimes he thought of killing himſelf; other times again of fighting with *Megabiſes*, *Artemon*, *Tharpis*, or any Pretender to *Ameſtris*: but I was ſo oppoſite unto all theſe fatal Reſolutions, that I perſwaded him to depart, and let all theſe violent Reſolutions alone: ſometimes I employed your Name, Sir, telling him it was more honourable to die in your Service, than any other way. But, Sir, though *Aglatidas* went out of *Ecbatan* at a quite contrary Gate to that which goes unto the place where *Ameſtris* was, and intending fully to obey her, yet for his Heart he could not; and he was no ſooner got about fifty Furlongs from *Ecbatan*, but ſending all his Men ſome two days Journey from *Ecbatan*, he went with one Servant only to the place where *Ameſtris* was: In the mean while his departure was very welcome news to *Megabiſes*, to *Tharpis*, and to *Artemon*: It was very pleaſant alſo unto *Anatiſa*, but not ſo much as to the reſt; for her Deſign was only to break off the

Marriage, but not to exile *Aglatidas*; yet her Revenge upon a Rival was very ſweet, and ſhe was very well pleaſed with the fruits of her Project: *Dinocrates* alſo enjoyed the fruit of thoſe Preſents which *Tharpis* conferred upon him, and was wondrous well contented.

But, Sir, to return to *Aglatidas*, he went ſtraight unto *Ameſtris* to bid his laſt adieu: She was ſo amazed and infinitely angry at him, that *Menaſta* aſſured me, he was ready to take horſe again, before he had ſpoke four Words; yet by the Rhetorick of ſome pithy Perſwaſions, he obtained the liberty of an hours Conference, during all which time he could not alter one jot of her Reſolutions: This laſt parting went nearer the Heart than the other, and both of them were in a moſt lamentable Condition: When *Aglatidas* was gone, *Ameſtris* could talk of nothing but his Misfortune; and ſhe repeated all the paſſages of his Life, watering his Memory with abundance of Tears, which trickled down not only her Cheeks, but her very Neck and Breſts. Whilſt ſhe was thus ſitting and lamenting with *Menaſta* in her Couch, and whilſt *Menaſta* was perſwading her to moderate her exceſſive Sorrow, they heard a great noiſe below in the Court, and preſently after, hearing the ſame upon the Stairs, and then the Chamber Door open ſuddenly, *Ameſtris* ſaw *Ottanus* enter, with the ſame Fury he uſed heretofore, when he brought perſecuting Reſolutions with him.

Ottanus! ſaid *Cyrus* in a great Amazement, how could *Ameſtris* ſee *Ottanus* enter, when you ſay you ſaw him in the midſt of a Torrent, and ſink afterwards unto the bottom? Give me but a little patience, Sir, ſaid *Artaban*, and you ſhall know: But yet I beſeech you give me leave to go on with my diſcourſe.

Ottanus being entered then, as I told you, ſaid *Artaban*, the ſight of him made *Menaſta* cry out, ſuppoſing it had been an Apparition; and ſtruck *Ameſtris* into ſuch a wonder, that ſhe was not able either to ſpeak or riſe up; and it was a long time before they could certainly know whether it was really *Ottanus*, or his Shadow: at laſt, he looking upon *Ameſtris*, whoſe Eyes were ſwell'd with Tears, and yet ſparkled with Rage and Fury, and aſſuming a Tone that was able to ſtrike Terror into the Mind of the boldeſt and moſt innocent Woman in the World; You have reaſon, ſaid he unto her, to be troubled at the ſight of me, for I ſhould never have returned but to puniſh you for all your faults at once. *Ameſtris* then knowing him to be really *Ottanus*, and having a little recollected her ſelf, ſhe riſe up, and bowed unto him with much Reverence, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you have heretofore ſo well accuſtomed me to endure unjuſt Reproaches, that I have not yet loſt the habit of it. Infamous Woman, ſaid he unto her, doſt thou call the charge of all thy preſent Actions, unjuſt Reproaches? Canſt thou believe me dead upon any light Report, and not ſo much as cry? and muſt I find thy Face all ſwell'd with Tears now for the abſence of thy Lover? Know, that I have been hid ſix days in *Ecbatan*, in a place where I have heard of thy intended Marriage, and all thy unworthy and wicked Actions; and I came hither to kill *Aglatidas* before thy Face, hearing he was come hither to thee, but ſince I underſtand I came a little too late, I find none but thy ſelf to be revenged on. Sir, replied *Ameſtris*, ſince you ſay you know all my Actions, then you know alſo, that as ſoon as *Dinocrates* told me that *Aglatidas* killed you in the Wars, I broke off with him, and reſolved never to marry him. Yes, replied furious *Ottanus*, you ſeem ſo before the World, but not in private, for if thou hadſt, thou wouldſt never have come hither. I can aſſure you, Sir, ſaid *Menaſta*, that *Ameſtris* did ſtrictly charge *Aglatidas* never to ſee her again. And I can aſſure you, anſwered *Ottanus*, that I came hither with Intentions, that ſhe never ſhall ſee him or you again.

To relate, Sir, all the crabbed paſſages which *Ottanus* uſed, would be to abuſe your Patience: Let me only tell you, that he ſpoke as much as Jealouſy, Rage and Deſpair could invent, both againſt *Ameſtris*, againſt *Aglatidas*, and againſt *Menaſta*: Then cauſing a Coach to be made ready, he forced *Menaſta* to return to *Ecbatan*, and ſhut *Ameſtris* up in a Chamber with one Woman only to wait on her; threatning her with all imaginable Severity. That which did moſt fright *Ameſtris* was, that ſhe ſaw one of her Window *Ottanus* treat *Dinocrates* as formerly. But, Sir, ſince I know you deſire to hear of the Reſurrection of *Ottanus*, you, I ſay, who in the fight did hear it cryed, *Ottanus is dead*, I ſhall relate what I have heard from ſeveral Reports: Be pleaſed to know then, that *Ottanus* was in the fight that Night, and fighting next unto an *Armenian* who was his intimate Crony, he let fall a Bag of Jewels which he had, and ſtooping to take them up again, this *Armenian* thought that his reaſon of ſtooping was ſome wound with a Sword, or Javelin, and therefore cryed out, *Ottanus is dead*, though he was not: It is very true, that he had much ado to riſe again, becauſe the fight was very hot in that place, and he was ſeveral times tumbled over and over: After this, as you know very well, Sir, the *Armenians* were all vanquiſhed, and could not poſſible recover their Mountains: Moreover, you know, Sir, that *Phaartes* retreated into a little Valley, whither you followed him ſo that *Ottanus* ſaved himſelf as the reſt did: But ſince he feared nothing more than to fall into the Hands of *Ciaxares*, becauſe he was a Traytor to his Country, and principally becauſe *Aglatidas* was in his Army, therefore in lieu of going with *Phaartes*, he ſtole away, and by the favour of Night did hide himſelf amongſt ſome high Rocks which are cloſe by the ſide of a River: but becauſe the Arms he wore were very remarkable, he thought it would not be eaſy for him either to hide himſelf, or to croſs the Field in the Day-time without being ſtopped: When he ſaw that none remained in the Valley, whither *Phaartes* retreated, he found one dead, and changed his rich Arms for thoſe of a common Souldier, and changed all his Clothes alſo, ſo that he paſſed through all our Army without a ſtop, taken to be one of our Party by reaſon of his Habit; and going on foot to the firſt Town, there he fell ſick.

But, Sir, to ſatisfy you concerning the miſtake of *Dinocrates* and my ſelf, when we ſaw the Arms of *Ottanus* on the back of a dead Man in the midſt of a River: Be pleaſed to know, that after *Ottanus* had changed Arms, a *Cilician* Souldier going to plunder Clothes amongſt the dead, happily light upon theſe by the help of the Moon, and being raviſhed at his happy Encounter, he put off his own, and put on theſe: Preſently after two other *Ecbatan* Souldiers met him, who ſeeing theſe rich Arms upon his Back, would needs be ſharers with him; but he denied them, ſaying, as it may be conjectured, they belonged to him becauſe he found them; yet becauſe they underſtood not the Language of one another, they fell to fight for them; and ſo near the River, that being wounded he fell into it, and ſtuck upon the Point of a Rock in the River, where *Dinocrates* and I ſaw him the next Morning: One of theſe two Souldiers who fought with him that wore the Arms of *Ottanus*, being the next Morning by the River ſide, and heard *Dinocrates* ſay it was the Body of his dead Maſter, durſt not confeſs what he knew; but being weary of War, and returning to *Ecbatan*, I entertained him into my Service: ſo that when the return of *Ottanus* was divulged, and this Man hearing me wonder that his Arms ſhould be ſeen upon a Man in the midſt of a River, he confeſſed unto me the whole truth as I have related it unto you.

But, Sir, to return unto *Ottanus*, whom I told you lay ſick in a little Town; be pleaſed to know, that he was ſo extreamly ſick, and continued ſo long, that he thought twenty times of Death; yet the Gods intending to make a further trial of the Conſtancy of *Ameſtris*, they ſpared him: and when he was well recovered, he bought a Horſe, (for he had Jewels of ſufficient value to ſupply himſelf with all Accommodations) and departed, not knowing all this while, that the News of his Death was carried unto *Ecbatan*, with ſo many probable Circumſtances: And thinking to find *Ameſtris* in the ſame Caſtle where he left her, he went thither, not daring to return to *Ecbatan*, unleſs in a diſguiſe, becauſe he had been in Arms againſt *Ciaxares*: But he was much amazed to hear that every one ſhould think him dead, and that *Aglatidas* was not only in *Ecbatan*, but ready to marry *Ameſtris*: To make you the better apprehend what were the Thoughts of *Ottanus* upon theſe Reports, I need only tell you, that though he was an high Delinquent againſt the

King, and State, yet he reſolved to go diſguiſed unto *Ecbatan*, and hide himſelf in ſome ſecret place where he might know all the Actions of *Ameſtris* and *Aglatidas*, to the end he might diſturb their Felicity when he ſaw occaſion: he diſguiſed himſelf in the Habit of a Merchant, and coming in the Night, lodged with one who heretofore had been his Tutor; expreſly forbidding him to diſcover that he was alive; he enquired how the ſtate of all things ſtood, and underſtood that the happineſs of *Aglatidas* was prevented by the return of *Dinocrates*, who arrived two Days before him: This news was very agreeable to his Fancy, and ſurprized him, not being able to imagine why *Dinocrates* ſhould deviſe ſo many Lies. However, in this juncture of things he reſolved to keep cloſe, and hear how *Ameſtris* diſpoſed of her ſelf; and ſince he ever loved *Dinocrates*, he ſent for him to the Houſe where he lay concealed: *Dinocrates* came accordingly, and *Ottanus* received him with a thouſand Welcoms: And though he did not know only why he had vented theſe Lies, yet ſince they diſturbed the hopes of *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris*, in preventing their Marriage, he thought himſelf much obliged unto him. In the mean time, *Dinocrates* ſeeing his Maſter alive, and being of a quick and ſubtile Wit; Sir, ſaid he unto him, I thank the Gods for ſo happily inſpiring me, otherwiſe you had found *Ameſtris* in the Arms of *Aglatidas*: Then *Ottanus* asked him, why he had diſſembled the truth as he had done? Sir, replied he confidently; hearing at my firſt coming unto *Ecbatan*, that *Ameſtris* was within three Days to marry a Man whom I know you hated; I did ſo much abhor to ſee ſhe ſhould be ſo little ſenſible of her own Honour, as to marry *Aglatidas*, of whom you had ſo many cauſes of Jealouſy, that having in my poſſeſſion a Sword which I knew to be his, I told *Ameſtris*, that *Aglatidas* had killed you with it, thinking that if ſhe had any ſpark of Honour in her, ſhe would never marry him after this: or if ſhe did, I ſhould at leaſt have ſo much Satisfaction, as to ſee that all your Jealouſies were not without good ground. You may well conceive, Sir, how *Ottanus* was pleaſed with *Dinocrates*, and what Rewards he promiſed him, for that which he had been ſo well recompenced before by *Tharpis*.

In the mean time he underſtood by him that *Aglatidas* after this had been with *Ameſtris*, at *Menaſta*'s Houſe; and before he would ſhew himſelf unto any others, he would obſerve a while, whether *Ameſtris* was really broken off with *Aglatidas*, or whether it was only ſo in ſhew, expreſly forbidding *Dinocrates* to tell any he was alive. And he obeyed him, not ſpeaking of it ſo much as to *Anatiſa*, or *Tharpis*: But afterwards, *Dinocrates* telling his Maſter, that *Ameſtris* and *Menaſta* were to go into the Country, and that *Aglatidas* was to depart alſo, *Ottanus* thought this to be a buſineſs concluded upon between them, and that perhaps they would marry in ſecret; ſo that preparing for his departure as well as *Aglatidas*, he went unto a Wood, by which he imagined he would paſs, with Intentions not to fall upon him by the way, but to follow him at a diſtance, and not to ſhew himſelf until he was come unto the preſence of *Ameſtris*: But ſince *Aglatidas* went out of another Gate, and took another way, *Ottanus* miſſed of him; and waited ſo long as his Patience could laſt, ſo that he came an hour after *Aglatidas* was departed: Then coming unto the Court, he asked who was with *Ameſtris*? and they anſwered, no Body, but that about an hour before *Aglatidas* was with her, and now gone: ſo that coming furiouſly into her Chamber, as I told you before, he ſhut up *Ameſtris*, he ſent away *Menaſta*, and ordered *Dinocrates* to procure ſome Souldiers to defend him in caſe the King would arreſt him. I ſhall not lengthen my Story, by reaſon of the exceſſive Sorrows which *Ameſtris* and *Menaſta* expreſſed at parting; but give me leave to tell you, as ſince ſhe hath told us, that notwithſtanding all the hatred which *Ameſtris* had of *Ottanus*, and all thoſe cruel Perſecutions which ſhe was to expect, ſhe had a ſecret joy and comfort to ſee that *Aglatidas* was juſt; and that ſhe might without any ſcruple preſerve him in her Eſteem and Friendſhip.

In the mean time, *Menaſta* was no ſooner come to *Ecbatan*, but ſhe ſent for me, to tell me *Ottanus* was living, and returned, and *Ameſtris* was Priſoner, and perhaps in ſome danger of her Life. I could not believe all this at the firſt, but ſeeing ſo much real ſadneſs in her face, I ſuſpected

not

for the truth of her Words: I grieved as well as ſhe; and for *Ameſtris*'s ſake I wiſhed that *Aglatidas* had not been ſo well juſtified in her opinion. Then did we conſult which way poſſibly *Ameſtris* might be delivered from this tormenting Perſecution; and conſidering that *Ottanus* was an high Delinquent againſt the King and State, I reſolved to advertiſe *Ciaxares* that *Ottanus* was living, and of the place where he was. *Menaſta* approved of my Deſign, and haſted me to put it into Execution, becauſe ſhe feared *Ottanus* would either kill or poyſon *Ameſtris*, ſo that I went unto the King the very ſame Hour, and knowing his kindneſs towards *Aglatidas*, and acquainting him with the place where this Delinquent was, I told him he would perhaps ſave the Life of a Lady whom *Aglatidas* loved above all the World, if he would puniſh this Traitor to the State, and himſelf. *Ciaxares* no ſooner heard my Advice and Requeſt, but he preſently commanded the Lieutenant of his Guard to take ſome Forces with him, and ſecure the Perſon of *Ottanus*, and to releaſe *Ameſtris*, bringing them all to the Town.

In the mean time, *Menaſta* publiſhed about the Town that *Ottanus* was alive, and returned; and how he began to perſecute *Ameſtris*: every one wondred, and could hardly believe it: *Tharpis* was deſperate, *Megabiſes* and *Artemon* were quite down in their Fancies: As for *Artemon*, he no ſooner heard how courſly *Ottanus* uſed *Ameſtris*, but he reſolved to go and ſee her Perſecutor, in hopes to qualify his Severity, but he found he was miſtaken: for ſince *Ottanus* knew that not only *Aglatidas* intended to marry her, but that *Megabiſes*, *Tharpis*, and *Artemon* alſo were in love with her; he received him very ill, and was ready to quarrel with him; though he had hardly any leiſure for it, becauſe *Artemon* was no ſooner entred, but the Lieutenant of the Guard followed him with above an hundred Men; ſo that *Ottanus* found himſelf in a ſad Condition, knowing himſelf to be a Traitor to the State, and ſeeing he was not able to reſiſt them: *Dinocrates*, who went to procure ſome Souldiers, was not yet returned; ſo that having but a few Men with him, and they not very affectionate unto him, he knew not what to reſolve upon:

he had a deſire to fly for it, and firſt perhaps to have killed *Ameſtris*; but when he perceived that the Lieutenant of the Guard had ſeized upon all the Paſſages, he was in ſuch an extream Fury and Rage, that *Artemon* thought (as afterwards he told me) he would immediately have killed himſelf. In the mean time, the Captain of the Guard demanded entrance, and receiving no ſatisfactory Anſwer, cauſed the Doors to be broke open, and entred with all his Men: *Ottanus* hearing this noiſe, went towards the Captain of the Guard with his Sword drawn, and *Artemon* ſeeing he was not able to defend himſelf, interpoſed between them, but *Ottanus* ſtruck at *Artemon*, whilſt three of the Guard ſeized upon him, and his Sword: *Ottanus* finding himſelf diſarmed, and ſeized upon, vented a thouſand moſt horrible Imprecations: However they cauſed him to go into his Chamber again, until Orders was taken for the departure of *Ameſtris*. *Artemon* being a Friend unto the Captain of the Guard, went with him unto her Chamber where ſhe was locked up: Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince you were pleaſed to permit me the continuance of Friendſhip, I beſeech you permit me that I help to releaſe you. *Ameſtris* was ſo amazed at the great noiſe, and at the language of *Artemon*, that ſhe knew not what to anſwer: But the Lieutenant of the Guard coming to her, and telling her he had Orders from the King to carry her unto *Ecbatan*: She asked him from whence proceeded her Liberty? and when ſhe underſtood that it was by the Impriſonment of her Husband, ſhe expreſſed no Joy at the news: However ſhe was put into a Coach with her Women, and was waited upon by *Artemon*, and a dozen Gallants which accompanied him: As for *Ottanus* he was carried on Horſeback, and conveyed into a Chamber at *Ecbatan*, where Traitors to the State uſed to be put. Never did any thing make a greater noiſe than this return of *Ameſtris*, and the Impriſonment of her Husband; I diſpatched one of my Men immediately towards the Army unto *Aglatidas*, and went in all haſte unto *Menaſta*, to carry her unto *Ameſtris*.

In the mean while *Anatiſa*, who ſuck'd Poyſon for *Ameſtris* out of every thing, did publiſh about the Town a very baſe Report, that *Ameſtris* had cauſed her Husband to be impriſoned; and that *Aglatidas* did lie lurking in ſome concealed Corner of the Town, whilſt he employed all his Friends to the King againſt *Ottanus*, and an hundred ſuch Falſities as theſe: But this impoſture took no deep root, though *Ameſtris* never heard of it; for out of a magnanimous Generoſity ſhe told *Menaſta* and my ſelf, as ſoon as we came into her Chamber, that ſhe would ſolicit for the liberty of her Husband. When ſhe told us this, we wondred, and endeavoured to hinder her from it, but all in vain; for ſince ſhe ſaw there was Glory and Nobleneſs in the Act, no Arguments could diſſwade her from it: Then did ſhe aſſemble together ſome of her Husband's Kindred, who rather in reſpect of their Family, than of any Amity to him, did wiſh him out of Priſon: Then ſhe and they together did caſt down themſelves at the Feet of *Ciaxares*, and begged Pardon for *Ottanus*. This Generoſity ſeemed ſo high, that the King was charmed with it: at the firſt, to try her Virtue, he refuſed, and ſaid, *Ottanus* was unworthy to be her Husband; yet ſhe ſeconded her Petition with ſo much Spirit, and ſuch preſſing Importunity, that *Ciaxares* promiſed her the Life of *Ottanus*; but as for his Liberty he would never conſent unto it, until *Ottanus* did ſolemnly promiſe never to carry *Ameſtris* out of *Ecbatan* again, or to uſe her any ways unkindly. *Ameſtris* thanked the King for the care he had of her, but ſtill humbly deſired him to releaſe *Ottanus* without any Conditions at all, yet he would not by any means; ſince *Ottanus* was extreamly hated, though the goodneſs of *Ameſtris* did ſolicit for him, yet there were many which did ſolicit againſt him, and amongſt the reſt, one ancient Enemy unto his Family, did negotiate againſt him ſo openly before all the World, that *Ottanus* himſelf was acquainted with it.

The King within a few Days after, ſent for *Ottanus* into his Preſence; and after he had told him of his perfidiouſneſs towards him, and his injuſtice towards *Ameſtris*, yet that virtuous Lady notwithſtanding all his Cruelty to her, did with much importunity beg his Life and Liberty: He told him alſo, that at her Requeſt he had conſented unto the firſt of theſe; but denied her the ſecond, unleſs he would ſolemnly promiſe never to carry *Ameſtris* any more into the Country, or any manner of ways uſe her unkindly. *Ottanus* hearing the King ſay ſo, in lieu of thanking him, or accepting of his offer, was ſo inſolent as to ask whether theſe Conditions were mentioned by the conſent of *Ameſtris*? The King wondering at this ſtrange effect of Jealouſy, anſwered him very ſweetly, that *Ameſtris* on the contrary deſired it without any Conditions at all: Yet ſay what the King could, *Ottanus* could not directly promiſe it, but asked three Days time to conſider; during which time doubtleſs he endured intolerable Torment: for he apprehended, that unleſs he would ruin himſelf, he muſt punctually keep promiſe with *Ciaxares*, and he perceived by himſelf he was ſo abſolutely unable to do it, that he knew not what Reſolution to pitch upon: yet ſince preſent Miſeries are apt to lay hold upon preſent Remedies, he ſent word to the King, that he would promiſe what he deſired, ſo he might be ſet at Liberty; he was cauſed to ſolemnize this Promiſe with all poſſible Ceremonies that might make it inviolable, and afterwards he was releaſed, maugre all the ſecret Solicitations of all the Lovers and Friends of *Ameſtris*; and maugre all the Malice of that declared Enemy unto *Ottanus*, who oppoſed it as much as poſſibly he could. But here, Sir, may be admired the Contrivances of the Gods: for as ſoon as *Ottanus* was out of Priſon, and had rendred thanks unto *Ciaxares*, he met with this declared Enemy whom he knew had ſolicited againſt him; he began to ſpeak fiercely unto him, and to affront him ſo far, that he drew his Sword, which moved *Ottanus* to draw his alſo, and fighting, *Ottanus* was left dead upon the place, before any could come in to part them: his old Enemy was in little better ſtate than he, for within three Days after he died of his Wounds: and *Ameſtris* out of her conſtant Generoſity cauſed him to be apprehended, and reſolved a revenge upon him for the Death of her Husband. Since *Ottanus* was once thought to be dead when he was not, every one, to ſatisfy their Curioſity, would ſee him whether he were really ſo or no; and to ſpeak the very Truth, every one rejoiced at it, except *Anatiſa, Tharpis, Megabiſes*, and *Artemon*; for though it be the natural

Diſpoſition of all Lovers not to grieve for the Death of him that enjoyed their Miſtreſs; yet ſince theſe three Rivals were ſure that *Aglatidas* would now enjoy her before any of them, they had rather ſhe ſhould have ſtill continued the Wiſe of *Ottanus*, then become the Wiſe of *Aglatidas*. All this while *Ameſtris* carried her ſelf according to her accuſtomed Modeſty and Wiſdom: But that *Dinocrates* might be puniſhed for all his knavery at once, it chanced that coming one Night to *Ecbatan* to fetch away all that he had there, intending to change his Habitation (for he had heard of his Maſter's Impriſonment, when he was bringing Souldiers ſecretly unto his Houſe) he met, the Night after *Ottanus* was killed, a Servant belonging to *Aglatidas*, who knowing him by the help of a Candle which accidentally paſſed by, did aſſault him ſo vigorouſly, that *Dinocrates* flying away, and not knowing what he did, came to ſave himſelf in my Lodging, where he fell, being wounded in three Places, juſt as I entred: But though I knew him, yet ſince he fled into my Houſe for Sanctuary, I my ſelf ſtopped the Servant of *Aglatidas* which followed him, who out of reſpect to me retreated; yet his Life could not be ſaved, for he died within ſix Days after: yet before he died, he confeſſed many things, which I was very deſirous to know, amongſt the reſt, the Plot of *Anatiſa* and *Tharpis*. In the mean while I was vexed to the Heart that I could hear no news of *Aglatidas*, of whom I durſt never ſpeak unto *Ameſtris*, but continually unto *Menaſta*: But at the laſt, he whom I ſent unto him returned, and told me it was long before he could find him, and at laſt found him ſick of extream Sorrow three days Journey from *Ecbatan*. Then, Sir, to treſpaſs no longer on your Patience, let me in ſhort tell you, that the news of *Ottanus* his Death was ſuch a preſent Cure of *Aglatidas*, that within eight Days he was able to take Horſe. Before he would come into *Ecbatan*, he ſent me unto the King, to obtain permiſſion to return, with as much earneſtneſs as he asked to depart; commanding me to acquaint *Ciaxares* with the true cauſe of his departure, and deſire of return. Then went I preſently unto the King, who was moſt willing to do any thing in advantage of *Aglatidas*, and aſſured me that he would perſwade *Ameſtris* not to be over-ceremonious in her mourning for *Ottanus*. But it was not poſſible to obtain it of her: for notwithſtanding all the requeſts and deſires of *Ciaxares*, of *Menaſta*, of *Aglatidas*, and my ſelf, ſhe would by all means continue out the time of mourning according to the cuſtom of *Ecbatan*. In the mean time, to prevent all new Misfortunes, *Ciaxares* gave expreſs Command unto all the Rivals of *Aglatidas*, never to think any more of *Ameſtris*, and that ſo abſolutely, that they were forced to yield obedience. After this, I ſhall not need to tell you, Sir, how great were the Joys of *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris*, nor how blank all the Rivals were, nor how furious *Anatiſa* was; for if I ſhould, the day would be too ſhort to relate them all: But give me leave to tell you, that as ſoon as *Ameſtris* had left off her mourning, the day of Marriage was appointed; all the Gallants of the Town came to the Feaſt; all her rejected Lovers abſented themſelves as well as *Anatiſa*; our two happy Lovers ſwimmed in a Sea of Joys, and were married in the Preſence of the King and all the Court. After this, Sir, I have no more to tell you, but that though *Aglatidas* does love *Ameſtris* much more than ever he did, yet the love of Glory, and the honour to ſerve you, Sir, is ſo prevalent with his Soul, that he moſt willingly accepted of the Employment which *Ciaxares* conferred upon him, to bring ten thouſand Men unto you: though let me alſo tell you, Sir, that he did not leave *Ameſtris* without abundance of Sorrow; and I can aſſure you, that as we conducted this fair and admirable Lady a day's Journey from *Ecbatan*, (for ſhe reſolved to ſpend all her time of abſence from her Husband in the Province of the *Ariſantines*) I ſaw them both as ſad, as before they were full of joy. And ſo, Sir, you ſhall ſee *Aglatidas* again both a Husband and a Lover, as unquiet and reſerved as he uſed to be.

I thank the Gods (ſaid *Cyrus*, when *Artaban* had ended) that *Aglatidas* has no other Torments than ſuch as abſence cauſes; and I wiſh with all my Heart (ſaid he, and ſighed) that all thoſe who love him, may one day be in the ſame Condition that he is. After this *Cyrus* thanked *Artaban* for the pains he had taken in relating the Story of his illuſtrious Friend, the novelty and ſtrangeneſs of which he could not chuſe but admire : Then was he forced to break off further Converſation, becauſe he was told that the King of *Phrygia* and the King of *Hircania* had ſome Buſineſs of importance to communicate unto him : So that he embraced *Artaban*, and went out of that Room into another, where thoſe two Princes, accompanied with *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, *Artamas*, *Perſodes*, and many others, expected him ; and that with ſo much Majeſty as it can hardly be imagined that a Prince of ſo high a Soul ſhould be ſo ſweet as to hearken unto a long amorous Diſcourſe, in which he had no other intereſt, than as relating unto a Man whom he loved, unleſs it were by comparing the Torments which other Lovers ſuffer, with thoſe which he endured for *Mandana*.

The End of the Second Book.

ARTA-

ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

Part IV. Book III.

WHEN *Cyrus* came unto thoſe Princes which expected him, the King of *Phrygia* told him, that the *Lacedemonians* had contracted Alliance with *Crœſus*, and that he thought fit to acquaint him with it. The King of *Hircania* alſo informed him, that the *Thracians* and *Egyptians* did arm themſelves in the King of *Lydia*'s quarrel. As for the *Lacedemonians*, replied *Cyrus*, I do not wonder they ſhould do ſo, ſince it had been moſt unjuſt in them to deny aid to a Prince who did ſo liberally furniſh them with as much Gold as they ſtood in need of, to make that prodigious Statue of *Apollo*, which in my Travels I ſaw neer the Mount *Thornax* in *Laconia* : But as for the King of *Egypt*, I do not ſee any reaſon he hath to contract Alliance with *Cræſus*, or why he ſhould decline *Ciaxares*. But however, ſaid he, the more Enemies we have to fight againſt, the more Glory we ſhall have in overcoming them : This huge Body of ſtrange Troops will do them no other ſervice but ſow Diviſions amongſt them, and put their Army in diſorder ; for it is impoſſible that Men who fight after different Orders, ſhould in ſo ſhort a time be conformable unto one and the ſame Diſcipline. After this *Cyrus* acquainted them with the freſh Supplies which *Ciaxares* had ſent him by *Aglatidas*: So that rouſing up their Hearts by the ſprightfulneſs of his own Courage, the ſame Spirit which he infuſed into theſe Kings, they alſo infuſed into the Captains, and the Captains into the Souldiers; ſo that the great noiſe which all the Preparations of *Crœſus* did make, and was ſpread amongſt them, did not at all aſtoniſh them, and they never diſpaired of Victory, as long as the illuſtrious *Cyrus* commanded them. Their impatience to fight, though the Spring was neer, yet it made them think it long in coming: The *Perſians* prayed unto the Sun, which they adore, to be ſwifter in his courſe for their Sakes; the *Medians* were no leſs importunate with their Gods; and ſuch was the zeal of every Nation in particular, to ſee their illuſtrious General at an end of all his Travels by the defeat of *Crœſus*, and liberty of *Mandana*, that they preſented their Prayers unto their Gods to bring them unto a ſpeedy Fight. As for *Artamas*, he was extremly impatient to ſee the Princeſs *Palmis* out of Captivity. As gallant as he was, he did not deſire it ſhould be obtained by Battel; for though *Crœſus* had treated him very hardly, yet could he not wiſh his overthrow. In the mean time the Prince of *Phraartes* went very often to viſit the Princeſs *Araminta*, who was much diſpleaſed that he ſhould continue loving her, ſince ſhe had ſaid as much as any ſprightly and vertuous Lady could do to make him deſiſt. A few Days after *Aglatidas* arrived with his freſh Auxiliaries: *Cyrus* received him with ſo many Expreſſions of Love, that *Aglatidas* did moſt obligingly deſire him not to lay any greater load upon him, leſt his Heart ſhould not be able to contain his exceſſive Joys. But *Cyrus*, thinking a Man that was ſo far from her he loved, as he was, could never die with over-much Joy, did ſtill preſs upon him with a hundred moſt obliging Expreſſions, and aſſured him that *Ameſtris* was not more ſad in parting with him, then he was glad to embrace him. Afterwards being deſirous to view thoſe Forces which he had brought up, and which *Aglatidas* had left in Battalia ſome twelve Furlongs

longs from the Camp, *Cyrus* with many of great Quality went unto the place where they were, and ſtanding upon a little Hill he viewed them, and found them to be compleat and well armed Men: So that being very well pleaſed with them, he appointed them their Quarters, and returned unto his Tent to talk with *Aglatidas*, not only of *Ciaxares*, from whom he brought Letters, but alſo of all their Misfortunes both paſt and preſent. Within two Days after *Aglatidas* arrived, *Artabaſes*, whom *Cyrus* ſent into *Perſia* to the King his Father, and the Queen his Mother, returned back, *Madates* ſtill ſtaying with *Ciaxares*. He received him with as much joy as his Soul was capable of, conſidering the ſtate in which *Mandana* was, ſince he brought Letters from two ſuch as he did moſt highly reverence: He read theſe Letters with much delight; when he found they contain'd that Pardon which he deſired, expreſſed in ſuch tender and obliging Terms, as did let him plainly ſee that Fame had ſpoke unto them in his behalf. *Artabaſes* told him ſo many things from them, as did let him ſee they had great and heroick Souls: He was alſo loaded with moſt magnificent Preſents for *Cyrus* from them; and moreover aſſured him, that *Cambiſes* would preſently make new Levies to ſend unto him. So that when *Cyrus* did divulge this report unto his Army, the Souldiers rouſed up freſh Courage. *Artabaſes* alſo brought another Letter from the Queen of *Perſia* unto *Chriſantes*, which intimated, that in lieu of quarrelling with him for ſo long concealing her Son, ſhe gave him many thanks for bringing him ſo well up. A few Days after, *Timocreon* and *Tegeus* underſtood by thoſe whom they ſent unto *Sardis*, that the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis* would certainly be brought thither: That a Chamber was making ready in the Cittadel for the Princeſs *Palmis*, and another in the King's Palace for the Princeſs *Mandana*; and that as neer as they could gueſs, they would be conducted thither within 15 or 20 Days; and that *Cræſus* intended they ſhould come by a way which ſhould almoſt always have the River *Hermes* between them and the Army of *Cyrus*. This Intelligence was confirmed the ſame day by the return

turn of *Feraulas*, who reported how the Friends of *Menecus* aſſured him, that within fifteen or twenty days the King of *Pontus* would carry the two Princeſſes unto *Sardis*; though he cauſed it to be publiſhed in *Epheſus*, that they would not carry them, until all the Army of *Crœſus* was come together, the Rendezvous whereof was to be upon the Banks of *Pactolus*. *Feraulas*, having been happier in his Negotiations than heretofore, found out a way by the addreſſes of a Friend unto *Meneceus*, Siſter unto *Agiſiſtrata*, to ſend a Letter unto *Marteſia*, and to receive her Anſwer, which he ſhewed unto his deareſt Maſter: for ſince he had not writ unto her but for him, he therefore had as much ſhare in it as himſelf: So that after he had rendred him a full account of every thing, he ſhewed him this Letter which contained theſe Words.

Marteſia *unto* Feraulas.

THE Perſon of whom you ſpoke unto me being ſtill the ſame ſhe uſed to be, that is, the wiſeſt and juſteſt in the World, you may aſſure your illuſtrious Maſter that he need not fear any thing, but ſtill may hope for all that concerns her: O I wiſh unto the Gods, that Fortune would put no other Obſtacle unto his Happineſs! For as much as concerns you, ſince I am perſwaded that it depends upon him, it is ſufficient that I tell you I have contributed as much as is in my Power to make him happy, ſince I do every day pray unto the Gods that he may ſpeedily triumph over all his Enemies.

Marteſia.

This Letter cauſed more joy in *Cyrus* than he was able to expreſs, though he did ſecretly murmur a little, that the Princeſs did not ſo much as write one Word with her own Hand in this Letter; yet ſeriouſly conſidering all Circumſtances, he was not angry at all, and thought himſelf as happy to know her thoughts by *Marteſia*, as a common Lover would have been in the Enjoyment of his Miſtreſs: It is an infallible Teſtimony of a real and high Paſſion, to be moſt ſenſible of the leaſt Favours; and ſo, ſince that of *Cyrus* was the moſt violent and tender that ever any was, he apprehended the moſt inconſiderable Circumſtance which proceeded from *Mandana*, with an extaſy of Joy; for he imagined that *Marteſia* had not writ any thing in this Letter, without the Princeſs's knowledg and Approbation, and he was as tender and dear of it, as if ſhe had writ it her ſelf. However, to loſe no longer time in unprofitable imaginations, but the ſooner to procure the Liberty of his Princeſs, he aſſembled the King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince *Artamas*, *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, and ſeveral others of Quality together, intending to conſult with them upon the beſt Expedients for it.

Artamas, who till then had ever a great reſpect of *Crœſus*, conſidering now that he intended to continue the impriſonment of the Princeſs *Palmis*, ſince ſhe was to be lodged in a Cittadel, and not in the Palace of the King her Father, he was ſo violently deſirous to prevent her coming into that Priſon, out of which he himſelf came, that he deſired Pardon of *Cyrus*, if he delivered his Opinion the firſt; for being fully perſwaded that none could propoſe a way ſo expedient as himſelf, he thought himſelf excuſable for aſſuming that liberty. *Cyrus*, and the King of *Aſſyria*, hearing him ſpeak ſo zealouſly, did both of them aſſure him, that they would moſt willingly hearken unto him: So that *Artamas* told them, how ſince the King of *Pontus* was to conduct the Princeſſes on the other ſide of the River *Hermes*, he hoped that they ſhould be able to paſs over that River without any oppoſition, becauſe the Governour of that Caſtle which ſtands at the end of the Bridg over that River, and is of the ſame name, is ſo abſolutely for him, that he does not think he will deny him any thing: Moreover, he knew there was ſome Diſcontent between that Governour and the King of *Lydia*, who intended to put him out of his Government: So that, ſaid he to them, if that Bridg can be obtained, and ſince the Wood, which I already told you, of is not above thirty Furlongs from thence, it will be a ſhort cut for us to be there in convenient time, when we ſhall have intelligence that the Princeſſes are to paſs by.

Cyrus finding much Reaſon in the Advice of *Artamas*, it was reſolved, That without any further delay, to ſend and make ſure of this Governour; and after that, when they ſhould receive further intelligence from the Friends of *Meneceus* of the prefix'd Day when theſe Princeſſes and their Convoy ſhould ſet out, that then they would the ſame hour ſet out with equal, or rather a ſtronger Number than thoſe of the King of *Pontus*, to execute this glorious Enterpriſe; for they might the more eaſily effect it, becauſe they were nearer that place when they were to paſs over the River *Hermes*, by a days Journey than *Epheſus* was. The thing then being thus reſolved upon, it was thought the beſt Expedient, that *Artamas* ſhould ſend one of his own Servants to negotiate with this before-named Governour: But Love was ſo violent in the Soul of that Prince, that he would not truſt the tranſaction of a Buſineſs, upon which the Liberty of the Princeſs *Palmis* depended, unto any other than himſelf; So that not imparting his Deſign unto any but *Soſicles*, he diſguiſed himſelf the Night following, and went to act what himſelf had propos'd, leaving a Letter for the King his Father, by which he deſired Pardon for undertaking this Buſineſs, without firſt asking his leave; for fearing leſt he ſhould deny him, he would rather run the hazard of his Diſpleaſure, than ruin a Deſign upon which the Happineſs both of *Cyrus* and himſelf did ſo abſolutely depend. The King of *Phrygia* was at the firſt a little angry with the Prince his Son; but *Cyrus* did ſo highly commend the Act, that he durſt not openly ſhew his Anger. In the mean time, they which commanded in the Frontier Quarters towards *Lydia*, were making continual Incurſions upon the Enemy; and not a Day paſſed, but they had ſome Skirmiſhes, in which they got good Plunder, which did animate the Hearts of the Souldiers to fight: *Cyrus* never reſerved any thing of what they got, but the Glory, and the Priſoners, to the end he might releaſe them; yet did he ſo largely recompenſe thoſe which took them, that what Ranſom ſoever the Priſoners were to give, they had it all with

Advantage. *Chriſantes*, who commanded in the utmoſt Quarter, underſtanding by his Scouts, that two hundred of the Enemies Horſe were guarding a Coach full of Ladies, going towards the Caſtle of *Hermes*, intending to paſs the River there, he commanded out four hundred Horſe to intercept them, conceiving that the inequality of Number would effect it; and indeed ſo it ſucceeded: Though he who commanded thoſe two hundred Horſe did moſt gallantly behave himſelf, but his timerous Followers forſaking him, he was forced to render himſelf, deſiring *Chriſantes* that he would let the Prince *Artamas* know that he was a Priſoner unto *Cyrus*, and that he might obtain ſo much favour from him, as that theſe Ladies which he conducted might be carried unto the Queen of *Suſiana*. *Chriſantes* was too gallant a Man to treat ſo brave an Enemy (as he found him) ill; and told him, that according to the Laws of War, he muſt carry him to *Cyrus*, but promiſed to obtain of him what he deſired. In the mean time *Chriſantes* did provide the moſt convenient Lodgings that he could for thoſe Ladies, amongſt which one of them was a moſt raviſhing Beauty; and the next Morning himſelf did conduct theſe Priſoners unto *Cyrus*: But in going thither, they were to paſs through a little Town where the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta* was, and they went by the Temple there, juſt as thoſe Princeſſes were coming out of it: *Chriſantes*, out of his Reſpects unto them, made a Halt, and the Coach in which the Captive Ladies were, ſtaid, and one of them knowing *Panthea*, cried out ſo loud, as that Princeſs turning towards her, looked ſeriouſly upon, and knew her: And being well acquainted with *Chriſantes*, ſhe ſent unto him, deſiring the Favour that ſhe might ſpeak with thoſe Ladies which he conducted: And ſince he was not ignorant what Reſpects *Cyrus* would have rendered unto that Queen, he went himſelf unto her, and ſaid he would bring them unto her Houſe, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be there; and he was giving Orders accordingly for it, when News was brought him that *Cyrus* was coming to ſee *Panthea*, and the Princeſs

Ariminta. So that *Chriſantes* ſeeing the diſpoſition was no more in him, ſince his Maſter was preſent, he left the Queen, who was going into her Coach, and went to acquaint *Cyrus* with her deſire. This Prince then, paſſing by the Captive Ladies, ſaluted them with as much civility as if they had not been Priſoners at all; and going ſtraight to the Queen of *Suſiana*, with whom the Princeſs *Ariminta* was, Madam, ſaid he unto her, and bowed down to the very ground, you will find more conveniency at your own Houſe than here, to entertain theſe Ladies which are of your Acquaintance. *Panthea* then commanding they ſhould obey *Cyrus*, went to her own Lodging, and the Coach in which the Captive Ladies were, followed hers: In the mean while *Chriſantes* preſenting his Priſoner unto his Prince; Sir, ſaid he unto him, this Enemy which you ſee here, is queſtionleſs worthy of your protection, ſince he aſſures me that the Prince *Artamas* is his Friend. If ſo, ſaid *Cyrus*, and embraced him, I am ſure to be his alſo, ſince I think my ſelf obliged to love all that he loves. That Honour, Sir, replied the Priſoner, would be too great for me; and it would be enough if you will be pleaſed, in conſideration of him, to treat thoſe Ladies whom I conducted, with all civility. The conſideration of the Queen of *Suſiana*, replied *Cyrus*, without any addition of the Prince *Artamas*, is ſufficient to oblige me unto it; and your own Merit, without that Prince, is alſo enough to make me your Honourer; for finding by your Face, that you are a Man of Quality and Spirit, and underſtanding by *Chriſantes*, that you have as much Soul and Heart as a Man can have, there needs no more to induce me to it; and to let you ſee I am ſerious, before I certainly know what you are, pray go with me to your Ladies, who are with the Queen of *Suſiana*. In ſaying ſo, they alighted from their Horſes, and went unto *Panthea*'s Chamber, whom he found full of expreſſions of Friendſhip and Affection unto one of thoſe Priſoners. My dear *Cleonice*, ſaid ſhe unto her, am I ſo happy, as once to ſee you again? And can I grieve for your impriſonment, ſince it makes my own more ſweet? Madam, replied *Cleonice*, the loſs of my Liberty ſhall delight me, if it can any way add unto your Happineſs: however, it is not long of your illuſtrious Conqueror (ſaid ſhe, and looked upon *Cyrus*) that my Captivity is not ſweet unto me. *Cyrus*, anſwered *Panthea*, according to his ordinary Generoſity. After this, that Princeſs told him, how the Father of this fair Priſoner was born her Subject, ſince he was the Subject of *Claſomenes*, although he dwelt at *Epheſus*; and told him further, that ſhe had known *Cleonice* a long time, and loved her exceedingly, and that ſhe was of a moſt ſweet condition; conjuring him to let her be with her, and all the Ladies in her company alſo, though ſhe knew none of them. *Cyrus* conſented unto all her Deſires; telling her, they ſhould have their Liberty, if he did not think their preſence would be more pleaſing to her, and would divert her. Afterwards *Cyrus* asked that Lady, whoſe name was *Cleonice*, whether ſhe was any Friend unto the Prince *Artamas*? thinking it impoſſible but ſhe muſt needs know him by the famous Name of *Cleander*. Sir, anſwered ſhe, and bluſhed, I am a Debtor unto that Honour which I have, to be known unto the generous *Ligdamis* (and pointed with her Hand unto that Priſoner which *Chriſantes* took) and I make no queſtion, but when by his Mediation, *Artamas* ſhall know we are in your Fetters, he will obtain ſo much favour from you, that our Chains may be as light as the Laws of War will permit. The illuſtrious *Cyrus* (ſaid the Princeſs *Ariminta*, and interrupted her) does not uſe to impoſe heavy Ones upon his Priſoners; for he is much more obſervant unto the Laws of Generoſity, than the Laws of which you ſpeak. Whilſt *Ariminta* was ſpeaking thus, *Panthea* looked upon *Ligdamis*, and thought ſhe ſhould remember the Name; then addreſſing her ſelf to him, I pray, Sir, tell me, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, whether your Father be not Governour of the Caſtle of *Hermes*? and whether you are not that ſame *Ligdamis*, whom reports ſay, does make a publique profeſſion to be a declared Enemy of Love, and to all them that are in Love? Madam, replied,

plied he, doubtleſs I am the Man you mean, though I am not the ſame I was. *Leonice* bluſhed at the anſwer of *Ligdamis*, but to turn it as handſomly as ſhe could, ſhe ſaid, when none asked her, that one of her Couſins being ſick in the Country, ſhe durſt not venture to go from *Epheſus* unto her, if *Ligdamis* had not offered to guard her and one of his Siſters, which ſhe ſhewed unto *Panthea*, who indeed was very fair. *Cyrus* knowing by this Diſcourſe, the Name and Quality of his Priſoner, did uſe him more civilly than before, conceiving it might advantage the Deſign of *Artamas:* So that after a long viſit unto theſe fair Priſoners, he left them with *Panthea*; and charged *Araſpes* to treat them with all poſſible kindneſs and courteſy: As for *Ligdamis*, he carried him with him, aſſuring the Ladies that he would be as careful of him, as *Panthea* could be of them: and indeed in their return unto the Camp, they talked together, and *Cyrus*, to teſtify how dear the Friends of *Artamas* were unto him, he let him have his Liberty upon his Parole, and told him he ſhould have no other Guards upon him but his own Generoſity. *Ligdamis* returned thanks, with all imaginable Submiſſion and Reverence, and made the greatneſs of his Soul ſo fully appear by his judicious Anſwers, that *Cyrus* to his Honour ſaid, That he never eſteemed any in all his Life ſo much in ſo little a time. When he was come into his Tent, he bad *Feraulus* make much of *Ligdamis*, as of one whoſe Friendſhip he deſired to gain. In the mean time, as he had obſerved ſome words which *Ligdamis* uttered, and that *Cleonice* bluſhed twice when he was ſpoken of; ſo he imagined, or indeed knew that they were in love with one another: yet to clear the matter, he appointed *Chriſantes* to bid *Araſpes*, as he returned to his Quarter, to enquire, as well as he could, whether *Ligdamis* was not in love with *Cleonice*, and inform him, for it would be of concernment to know it: and to tell him further, that if he could not find it out any other way, then to go unto the Queen of *Suſiana* from him, and entreat her to let him underſtand what ſhe knew concerning it; alſo to aſſure her, that it might chance ſo to fall out, that by the knowledg of it, the War of *Lydia* might be compoſed without fighting, ſo that by the ſame conſequence her dear *Abradates* would not be in any danger.

Chriſantes was punctual in his Obedience, and acquainted *Araſpes* with their Princes deſire: *Araſpes*, though he was full of obedient Deſires, yet he thought his task very hard, ſince he had none but Priſoners to enquire of: and it was to be imagined, that tho he did put the queſtion unto any of them, yet they would never tell him: ſo that he thought the beſt way would be to make addreſs unto the Queen of *Suſiana* firſt: and accordingly he went unto her Chamber, where he found *Leonice* with her; but which way ſoever he turned his Diſcourſe, he could not diſcover any thing of his Deſires; ſo that he was forced to acquaint *Panthea* in a low Voice, with the Orders he received from *Cyrus*, telling her, that it did exceedingly concern him to know the Relations betwen *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice*. The Queen of *Suſiana* hearing this, told him, that ſhe knew nothing concerning *Ligdamis*, more than this, that when ſhe came from *Suſa*, he was ſuch a profeſſed Enemy unto Love, that it was to be ſuppoſed he never would become a Lover; yet, ſaid ſhe, ſince I know that this curioſity in *Cyrus* is not without good ground, although I cannot underſtand it, yet I will promiſe him to enquire further; which that I may the better do, it is requiſite that *Cleonice* and I be in private together: and in Order to that, do you retire your Self, and take ſuch a courſe, as none may come in to interrupt us. In obedience thereunto, *Araſpes* went out, as if *Panthea* had ſent him unto ſome place. Then after much other common diſcourſe, *Panthea* asked *Cleonice*, Whether *Ligdamis* did ſtill continue in his heretical Opinion concerning Love? Truly, replied *Cleonice*, he is very good Company. That is not an anſwer unto my Queſtion, anſwered *Panthea*; for I would know whether he be ſtill an Enemy to Love and all Lovers? *Cleonice* bluſhed extreamly at this Queſtion, and half-laughing, replied, Since I was not the Confident of *Ligdamis*, when I had the honour to ſee you laſt, I know no reaſon you have, Madam, to ask me any ſuch Queſtion. I ask it, anſwered the Queen of *Suſiana*, becauſe if *Ligdamis* do ever love any, it muſt needs be you. You have an ill Opinion of his judgment then, replied *Cleonice*. No, replied *Panthea*, but on the contrary, a very good one, and that's the reaſon why I ask the Queſtion. But the truth is, *Cleonice*, I have a great deſire to know the Hiſtory of your Life, ſince it is a long time ſince I had the happineſs to ſee you. Truly, Madam, replied ſhe, you have moſt abſolute Power over me; though I muſt tell you, it will trouble me to obey you in this. If you have any of your Friends with you, replied *Panthea*, who is acquainted with it, let her take that pains, and I am contented to ſave you the labour. You would much oblige me, Madam, anſwered ſhe, if you would be pleaſed to ſave us all that trouble. But the Queen of *Suſiana*, ſeeing ſhe was unwilling, was more importunate than before: So that *Cleonice* conceiving that the credit which this wiſe Queen had with *Cyrus* might be advantagious unto *Ligdamis*, if ſhe were acquainted with the Intereſt ſhe had in him, reſolved to obey her. But ſince her Modeſty would not give her leave to tell the Story of her ſelf: Madam, ſaid ſhe unto *Panthea*, I could well enough relate my own Thoughts unto you, but I cannot ſo well tell you the Thoughts of *Lagdamis*; therefore I beſeech you permit one that is both a Friend unto him and unto me, to relate what you ſo much deſire to know. *Panthea* conſented unto the Motion; and *Cleonice* calling for this Friend of *Ligdamis* and hers, who was called *Iſmenea*, ſhe conjur'd her to ſatisfy the curioſity of *Panthea*; after which, ſhe went unto the reſt of her Company, which came with her, whilſt *Iſmenea* began her Story thus.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

The Hiſtory of Ligdamis *and* Cleonice.

SInce I know that *Cleonice* has the honour to be known unto your Majeſty, I need not ſpeak any thing of her Quality: But, Madam, ſince I know that ſhe departed from *Claſemone* very young, to come and dwell at *Epheſus*; and ſince that time, ſhe never had the honour to ſee you, unleſs at ſome ſhort Voyages which ſhe made unto *Sardis*, whilſt you were there, I think it not impertinent to tell you, what Humour ſhe appeared to be of unto us, when ſhe came to dwell in our Town. Doubtleſs you remember, Madam, that at that time *Epheſus* was one of the moſt pleaſant Towns of all *Aſia*; for when you came thither to viſit the Temple of *Diana*, I remember you gave that Character of it, though you did not ſtay there above four or five days. And truly, he who is the Governour of it, is ſo gallant a Man; and *Polixenida* his Wife, is a Lady of ſuch an excellent Spirit, that they do much contribute unto the Delights of all the People: and this Court, though leſs tumultuous than that of *Sardis*, yet is it more delightſome. You know, Madam, that when the Father of *Cleonice* left *Claſamone* to come and inhabit at *Epheſus*, ſhe was not above fifteen Years old; and queſtionleſs you have not forgotten that *Stenobea* her Mother was a gallant and vertuous Lady, and one who hath been very fair, and yet was reaſonably ſtill: So that when ſhe came to *Epheſus*, ſhe courted the World, as much as the World courted *Cleonice*, who indeed did appear like a new and glorious Star, which eclipſed all the reſt. You may well imagine then, that ſhe being ſo admirably Fair, and beſides that, having the advantage of Novelty, ſhe did infinitely pleaſe: So that ſince *Stenobea* did forbid no Company coming to her, Reſort thither was greater than unto any Houſe in all *Epheſus* whatſoever: The luſtre of the Daughter's Beauty, did draw all the compleat Gallants of the Town thither. Every one was ambitious of the honour to be her firſt Servant, and pay her his firſt Services: That quality which did moſt take thoſe that ſaw her, was their obſervance that ſhe knew her Beauty, and was not proudly affected with it: and though ſhe was one of the moſt ſweet and civil Ladies upon Earth, yet ſhe was ſo out of a natural Inclination, and not out of any Deſign to pleaſe or take others who came unto her: She took her pleaſures as others did, but ſhe did not greedily ſeek after them; and though ſhe had one of the moſt charming Wits of the World, yet did ſhe rather endeavour to hide ſome part, than to ſhew all the Rules of it; nor did I ever in my Life meet with any, who knew better how to ſpeak well, or how to be ſilent with leſs pain, than ſhe did. Thus, Madam, you ſee a perfect deſcription of *Cleonice*, at her firſt coming unto *Epheſus*: The Mother ſought after all Pleaſures, and all Pleaſures ſought after the incomparable Daughter. Be pleaſed to know, Madam, that there was then at *Epheſus* a Beauty, who bore the name of *Artelinda*, and one who was of a good Quality; and to ſpeak the very truth as it is, there were ſo many charms in every part of her, and ſuch a ſweetneſs in all her Actions, as whoſoever looked upon her, could not chuſe but love her: for there was ſuch an obliging and captivating quality in her taking Eyes, as made all Hearts her own, before they knew where they were, or could conſult with their Reaſon; at the leaſt, a great number of her Lovers ſaid ſo, to juſtify their Paſſions.

And, Madam, to deſcribe *Artelinda* the better unto you, for ſhe has ſo great a ſhare in this Hiſtory, as I muſt needs let you perfectly know her. Be pleaſed to know further of her, that never was ſuch a proud inſulting Minx as ſhe was; for ſhe would not only gain the Hearts of her Lovers by her Beauty and her Wit; but alſo by all her endeavours, by her Complacency and Civility; and then when any of her private particular Friends did contend with her, ſhe would mock them; and jeeringly ſay, That as ambitious People think they can never get a Crown at too dear a rate; ſo one can never take too much pains to get a Heart: and as Conquerors do always talk of their Victories, but never ſpeak of the

pains

pains they took, ſo would ſhe brag of the Hearts ſhe had got, but never remember the Cares and Troubles which they coſt her; and truly, I believe *Artelinda* was never melancholy, but when a day paſſed over her Head, in which ſhe had not made ſome new Conqueſt: yet be pleaſed to know, Madam, that this Lady had a Mother called *Anaxippa* as wiſe and diſcreet a Mother as ever was, one whoſe Vertue was a little too ſevere, and condemned all innocent Recreations, and who had educated her Daughter in ſo great a conſtraint, that no ſuch things as Diverſions were ever named or heard of: And indeed, if *Stenobea* had been the Mother of *Artelinda*, and *Anaxippa* the Mother of *Cleonice*, there had been far greater ſuitableneſs amongſt thoſe four Perſons: For the frollick and gallant Humour of *Stenobea* made *Cleonice* often think time to be very tedious: And *Stenobea* would often complain againſt the too ſerious diſpoſition of her Daughter, and chide her for it ſecretly: *Anaxippa* could not endure the gadding humour of *Artelinda*; and *Artelinda* could not abide the ſtrict ſeverity of *Anaxippa*: The one would be continually in the Temple, at her Prayers; the other would be always abroad to ſee and be ſeen: however, *Cleonice* and *Artelinda* were near Neighbours, and viſited one another very often; and the contrarity of diſpoſition which was between them, and which in probability would have prevented frequency of Viſits, was a cauſe of their ofter being together than any others: For ſince *Artelinda* found always more Company at *Stenobea*'s Houſe than at her Mothers, ſhe went thither very often; and ſince *Cleonice* found leſs Company at *Anaxippa*'s Houſe than her Mothers, ſhe was there as oft as ſhe could; ſo that theſe two Beauties of contrary Humours were almoſt continually together: *Stenobea* was glad that *Cleonice* was often with *Artelinda*, hoping ſhe would drive her out of her ſerious and melancholy Mood; and *Anaxippa* alſo was well pleaſed that her Daughter ſhould be ever in the Company of *Cleonice*, hoping her modeſt and ſevere Example would correct the giddy Inclination of the other. Thus did *Cleonice* ſeek her ſolitude at *Anaxippa*'s Houſes, and *Artelinda* ſeek her Servants at *Stenobea*'s.

Cleonice endeavoured to reclaim *Artelinda* from her gadding Humours, and from letting her chief Felicity conſiſt in conquering of Hearts without number or choice; or having no other deſign in it but the vain-glory to make all that look on her in love with her. Yet *Ligdamis* was to be excepted, for ſhe could never ſubject him with all her Arts, do what ſhe could; for the truth was, *Ligdamis* never loved any, and in all likelihood never would; and though he was a moſt accompliſhed Gallant, yet was he ſo reſolutely oppoſite unto that Paſſion, that he not only would never be in Love, but alſo would never love thoſe that were; and upon that ſcore he broke off with an old Friend called *Phocylides*, becauſe he was of the ſame diſpoſition as *Artelinda*; and he had profeſſed Service to as many ſeveral Ladies, as ſhe had captivated Servants. Thus, Madam, you ſee the Humours of theſe four Perſons, which were moſt ſpoke of in *Epheſus*. *Ligdamis* a moſt accompliſhed Gallant, was eſteemed by all, though he would be a Friend but unto very few, nor would he love any at all: *Phocylides* he fell in love with all the Ladies in the Town, at leaſt ſeemed ſo: *Artelinda* had many Lovers, and would have had all: And *Cleonice* without any Intentions to captivate any at all, did captivate many; and the truth is, if ſhe would have given entertainment unto all that addreſſed themſelves unto her, the Empire of *Artelinda* had been ruined; but ſhe carried her ſelf with ſo much Wiſdom and Diſcretion, and was neither ſevere nor laviſh of her Favours; ſo that ſhe rid her ſelf of that multitude of Lovers which were of *Artelinda*'s Humour, and ſhe did ſo publiſh it, that her Heart ſhould be hard to conquer, as there was very few in all the Town, who durſt have ſo good an opinion of themſelves, as to attempt it. Many a Lover ſighed at it, but ſighed in ſecret; yet one, whoſe name was *Hermodorus*, was to be excepted, for he did abſolutely quit the ſervice of *Artelinda*, and devoted himſelf and all his Services wholly unto *Cleonice*: but ſhe had no fancy at all unto him: and the jocund Humour of her Mother was ſo averſe unto her Diſpoſition, that ſhe did not at all anſwer his Addreſſes, but lived in *Epheſus* with ſo great an indifferency, that ſhe could be compared unto none but *Ligdamis*, who did ſometimes ſee her. In the mean time, ſince it were ſtrange that Friendſhip between two of ſuch contrary Humours as hers and *Artelinda*'s, ſhould laſt long, *Cleonice*, as I told you before, would attempt to alter *Artelinda*, and would perſwade her, that ſhe did injure her own Beauty, by ſuffering ſo many to hope for the enjoyment of her Heart: For truly (ſaid *Cleonice* unto her, one day when they were alone together) you can never make me believe, that this multitude of Lovers which wait upon you in the Temples, in the Streets, in the Walks, and in every Houſe unto which you go, would ever wait, and ſo obſequiouſly follow you, without ſome hopes: and I can never believe they can have any hopes, unleſs you your ſelf did give them Life: For to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, I ſee ſome of your Adorers ſuch ill-favoured Men, that they can never flatter themſelves ſo much as to hope for any thing from you, unleſs you did flatter them, and beget thoſe Hopes in their Hearts. I do ingenuouſly confeſs, anſwered *Artelinda*, that I do ſo; for it is one of my beſt Recreations to deceive Men by fooling ſo with them, that they ſhould believe I love them. But, replied *Cleonice*, do you call that fooling, when you are in ſuch earneſt, as you make them believe they are in poſſeſſion of your Heart, and muſt hereafter, perhaps be of your Perſon alſo? O *Cleonice*, ſaid *Artelinda*, you go a little too far! the moſt favourable Action that I afforded my moſt eſteemed Lover, can never move ſuch a wicked thought in him. I believe I am not deceived ſo much as you are, replied *Cleonice*; for ſince it is commonly ſeen, that Lovers will hope even in the midſt of the moſt ſevere Behaviour towards them, how can you imagine that Men who are loaded with Favours, will not hope for any thing? No, no, replied *Artelinda*, miſtake me not, I am not ſo laviſh of my Favours, as to load any with them; and if I were not afraid you would diſcloſe my Secrets, I would diſcover the bottom of my Heart unto you, to the end I may juſtify my ſelf in your Opinion: But my dear *Cleonice*, I am very much afraid, that if I ſhould diſcover my Thoughts unto you, I ſhould my ſelf loſe my Empiredom over ſo many Hearts: for if you ſhould but joyn a little cunning unto thoſe charming Features in your Face, I were abſolutely undone, ſince I am certain all my Servants would then be wholly yours. You are ſo uſed to flatter, replied *Cleonice*, that you flatter even your very Friends; but *Artelinda*, that is not my deſire: however, to put you out of all Fears, I do faithfully promiſe you never to make any uſe of your Secret, and therefore be not afraid to diſcloſe your Reaſons unto me, if you have any that can perſwade there is any delight to be taken in being courted by a hundred Servants whom you neither love nor eſteem; for it is not credible you can at one and the ſame time love fair Men, black Men, great Men, little Men, Men that are ſerious, others that are frolick, ſome that are pleaſant and ſprightly, others that are Clowns, Blockheads and Fools: I ſay it is altogether impoſſible, that all theſe can ever have any place in your Heart. It is moſt true, replied *Artelinda*, and I aſſure you I do not deſire they ſhould. But why then, replied *Cleonice*, do you oblige them ſo much, ſince you do not love them? Becauſe I would have the pleaſure of being beloved, anſwered ſhe; for truly, *Cleonice*, what is Beauty good for, unleſs to captivate Hearts, and to erect an Empire, without a Scepter, or Throne, or Crown, and yet one gets abundance both of Subjects and Slaves? But they are Slaves, replied *Cleonice*, which are not ſerviceable, but in hopes to reign, and who puts you to a great deal of trouble to gild over their Fetters: for my part, ſaid ſhe, if ever I take any delight in captivating any, my Fetters ſhould be ſo harſh and heavy, that I ſhould never doubt of their Fidelity who ſubmitted to them. If I had any deſign to recompence them after their Patience, ſaid *Artelinda*, I ſhould do ſo alſo: but ſince my Ends are only to divert my ſelf, it would not be juſt to load them with ſuch Severities. However, *Artelinda*, replied *Cleonice*, you do expoſe your ſelf to a world of Cenſures and dangerous Conſequences. But wherein am I in any fault? replied ſhe: You are to blame in receiving Letters, anſwered *Cleonice*, and in anſwering ſome of them; you are continually abroad to ſee and be ſeen; you appoint ſecret Meetings, and fail not to obſerve them; and though I know all this be but to talk two or three Words in private, and to make a great ſecret of a buſineſs of nothing; yet for all that, it is an Appointment, it is a Secret; it is made a Myſtery, and by conſequence a Crime; becauſe to ſpeak the truth, Innocency ſeeks no ſuch Corners, but is open and free in all her Actions. Moreover, you uſe to receive and ſend many Tokens; you ſuffer them to ſteal your Picture, and ſometimes give it: and as for Ribands and ſuch fantaſtical Fooleries, there is not ſo many Colours as you have given Favours. I am not ſo much in fault as you conceive me, replied ſhe; for there is not a Man amongſt them all, which can brag of any Favour that ever I gave him, which in any reaſon deſerved the name of a fault; for truly, I cannot call any of thoſe which you have reckoned up by that name; nor can I ſee there is more ſin in them, than there is in dreſſing my ſelf, or curling my Hair; for thereby we uſe to procure Love; and by all thoſe ways for which you chide me thus, I do no more but catch ſome few Hearts, which would not be captivated by bare Beauty only. [Is not that enough? replied *Cleonice*: what would you do more? I would interrupt the courtſhip of all others, anſwered ſhe; make Wives and Miſtreſſes full of jealouſy, be loved of every one that looks upon me, move Hopes and Fears when I liſt, have a hundred Divertiſments to chuſe of; make Men compoſe Elogies and Verſes in my Commendation, that they talk of nothing but me, and follow me into all Places; and after all this, I will not engage my Heart any further than I pleaſe my ſelf in hearing others ſigh; and the truth is, I do love the Gallantry, but not the Gallant. There is too much danger in that, replied *Cleonice*; for in the end your Heart will be captivated before you are aware: Your cold reſervedneſs (replied *Artelinda*, and laughed) does much more expoſe you unto that Danger, than I am: I, I ſay, who am ſo accuſtomed unto Tears and Sighs, that my Heart is not moved at them: but you who are ſo ſevere, you will never admit of any ſuch things; if once a confident bold Lover chance to court you cloſe, and force you to hearken unto him, alas, two or three Tears will molify your Heart; or to ſpeak more properly, will kindle ſuch fire in it, as will make you love him, as well as you are beloved, and perhaps better: but pray *Cleonice*, tell me, what will you do with thoſe fair Eyes which the Gods have given you? I will obſerve, and wonder with them, replied ſhe, how artificially you uſe yours, and take all that comes near you; yet for all that *Artelinda*, there is not one amongſt all ſuch kind of Lovers as theſe, amongſt ten thouſand, that will make a good Husband. Sooner than amongſt thoſe of your ſerious Diſpoſition, replied ſhe; for to tell you truly, I am ſo afraid to meet with one of my Mother's Humour, that I am almoſt reſolved never to have any at all: Do not think *Artelinda* (replied *Cleonice*) that Youth will laſt ever. The Antipathy between old Age and young Gallantry is ſo great, that nothing can be more oppoſite: and what will you do when all your Gallants forſake you? Never look ſo far before (anſwered ſhe) for as for my part, I promiſe you I never will; nor will I be too prudent, leſt I be too miſerable: I will look in my Glaſs, and when the Roſes and Violets of my time begin to fade, I will ſit down, and ſet my Heart at reſt. If Souldiers ſhould continually contemplate upon all the Dangers that the fate of War may bring upon them, there would be but few Conquerors, or Conquered. But the Conqueſts of your Eyes, replied *Cleonice*, have ſo bad a title, that I can hardly call them Conqueſts: However, they are Conqueſts, anſwered ſhe; and admit I do loſe part of thoſe Hearts which I have ſubjected, yet the Honour is no leſs. Seriouſly, replied *Cleonice*, I am afraid you will never alter your Mind. No, no, ſincerely, anſwered *Artelinda*, I never ſhall. Why, do not you think my Life is more pleaſant than yours? and do you not repent of your too ſerious Gravity? No, no, replied ſhe, I do not, nor deſire I to be of your Temper: nor I of yours, replied *Artelinda*; therefore I pray you, let us both enjoy our own Opinions, and I believe we ſhall love each other the better for it: for truly if you were of mine, perhaps I ſhould extreamly hate you; and if I were of yours, doubtleſs we ſhould but jar and diſagree, ſay what we could. *Cleonice* ſeeing ſhe was not able to alter the Mind of *Artelinda*, did change diſcourſe, and preſently after left her: but as ſhe was ready to go out, ſhe called her back, and prayed her in a laughing manner, to ſend back unto her that fugitive Slave which ſhe had robb'd her of, meaning *Hermodorus*. It ſhall not be long of me, replied *Cleonice*, if he do not come and aſſume his firſt Fetters, But that's not enough, added ſhe, for I would not have you captivate the Heart of the inſenſible *Ligdamis*, whom I confeſs, I could never endure. There is ſo little Wiſdom in your Language, ſaid *Cleonice*, that I will not anſwer it; and you are ſo over-wiſe, replied *Artelinda*, that I think my folly to be much better than your wiſdom. Thus did theſe two Beauties part; *Cleonice* went unto her Cloſet to ſtudy, and *Artelinda* unto hers, to write unto ſome of her Gallants; for indeed, ſhe had nothing elſe to do. Moreover, Madam, this Lady had yet a moſt charming Modeſty in her Looks, notwithſtanding all her frolick Humours; and ſhe uſed ſuch art in all her Actions, that whoſoever ſaw her, and did not know her, would believe, that ſhe thought her ſelf much troubled with that multitude of Servants, which her ſelf had ſubjected, and did carefully preſerve them.

As for *Cleonice*, her buſineſs was quite contrary; for ſhe did love her Study and her Books, better than all her Mother's Gallants, or *Artelinda*'s Servants, or the Complaints of *Hermodorus*: And yet ſhe was a Lover of Company, but it was the Company of choice and rational Men; and ſince ſhe was not Miſtreſs of her ſelf, becauſe ſhe depended upon her Mother, whoſe Humours were ſo oppoſite unto hers, ſhe did exceedingly force her ſelf, and inſenſibly grew not only a horrible Hater of all Gallantry and Gallants; but alſo a Condemner of Love in general, as a Paſſion the moſt dangerous of all others: yet did ſhe ſee *Artelinda* every day, and continually ſaw her Mother's Chamber full of thoſe kind of Men, who make open profeſſion of never going unto any place often without ſome hid Deſign; who are always very earneſt, and yet have not any other buſineſs but to make it thought they are loved, and are in Love, and are ever more careful to perſwade the firſt of theſe, than the ſecond. *Cleonice* ſaw all this, but the Gods know, much againſt her Mind, and therefore with no delight at all. About this time, I my ſelf had the Happineſs to be in the Catalogue of her Friends, my Humour being not ſo contrary unto hers, as *Artelinda*'s; and as *Ligdamis* was my Kinſman, ſo I was very well acquainted with him; and would often ſay, that ſince there was ſuch a ſympathy of Inclinations between him and *Cleonice*, I wondred they did not ſee one another ſometimes; when I met *Ligdamis*, I would ſay as much to him; ſo that acquainting both of them with each others Humours, they knew one another better by my Relation, than they did before; for their Converſation was wont to be ſo general and confuſed, by reaſon of much Company which viſited *Stenobea*, that they very ſeldom ſpoke one unto another; yet after my Deſcriptions of *Cleonice* unto *Ligdamis*, he uſed to ſee her ofter than uſual; and ſince I was there almoſt every day, we met very often, and diverted our ſelves more conveniently than we were uſually accuſtomed: for whilſt *Stenobea* was entertaining one part of the Company; and *Artelinda* buſy in captivating new Lovers, or keeping the old ones; and whilſt *Phocylides* was languiſhing for many Ladies at once and in the ſame place, *Ligdamis*, *Cleonice* and my ſelf, did in the mean time make our ſelves very merry at them. And indeed there is no better ſport than to ſtand by and obſerve this kind of univerſal Courtſhip and Folly; for commonly all their Actions and Words are ſo contrary to all Reaſon and Wiſdom, that queſtionleſs, better ſport cannot be to an unintereſted Looker-on, than to obſerve them. At the firſt, *Cleonice* was very ſhie, and had not any ſuch confidence in *Ligdamis*, as before him to mock at the Paſſages we ſaw: And being one day alone with her in her Chamber, I told her, ſhe did wrong her ſelf, in paſſing away her Life without any particular Converſation with any. I do confeſs it *Iſmenea* (ſaid ſhe unto me) for certainly in the humour I am in, if I had the diſpoſe of my own ſelf, I ſhould let the Sweetneſs of my Life conſiſt in the Friendſhip and Converſation of a ſelect Number of choice and rational Men, who know what true Honour is, and love it; ſuch as are not capable of being deluded by gilded Follies, but look upon things as really they are in themſelves, and do not make their Felicity to conſiſt in ridiculous Fooleries. But alas *Iſmenea*, where are ſuch Perſons to be found? For firſt, all Women which I know, are of three or four ſeveral kinds; ſome are Weather-Cocks, others are wiſe, but dull; ſome have Wit and Vertue, but ſo crabbed and harſh, that they are not pleaſant; others again are crafty and wicked: The fair ones, commonly are envious and jealous; the witty and ſprightly ones proud; the Fools are inſufferable; and too much Gallantry is horrid unto me: Who then would you have me keep Company with? It is very true, replied I, for moſt of the *Epheſian* Women at this Day, are ſuch as you have deſcribed: Yet believe me, there are ſome compleat Men which are worthy of Friendſhip. Ah, *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me, it is as hard a matter to find them amongſt Men, as Women: But I do confeſs, that if it were poſſible to find out ſuch a rare Man as can be conſtant in all his Actions, not love a hundred at once, as *Phocylides*, but can, as I do, abſolutely condemn this fooliſh affected Paſſion of Love, his Company were worth keeping: For I muſt needs acknowledg, that a well accompliſhed and rational Man, knows more than the wiſeſt Woman; his Wit is of a higher Strain, his Diſcourſe is more agreeable; he can be more complacential unto a Lady, than Ladies can be to one another; and to tell you truly, there is ſuch a kind of Diſpoſition in me, which proceeds from ſome cauſe which I am ignorant of, that makes me think ſuch Friendſhip more tender and ſolid than any other: But yet my dear *Iſmenea*, this Man I ſpeak of, muſt be ſuch a one as I ſpeak of, and not at all amorouſly diſpoſed; for I do profeſs if he be, I ſhall never truſt my ſelf with him.

As we were in this Diſcourſe, *Ligdamis* comes into the Chamber, who ſeeing *Stenobea* was not within, deſired to ſee *Cleonice*. I no ſooner ſaw him enter, but I roſe up, and ſaid unto him; Come, *Ligdamis*, for if you be not ſuch a Man as *Cleonice* looks for, I ſhall never find him as long as I live. Really *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me, I ſhall take it very ill, if you tell *Ligdamis* what I ſaid unto you. You may take it ill if you pleaſe, ſaid I unto her, and laughed, yet I muſt needs tell him of that wonderfully Sympathie which is between you: And then I told him ſome part of what we had ſpoken. Muſt it not needs be confeſſed, there is a ſtrange Conformity between you and *Cleonice*, ſince you have caſt off *Phocylides*, becauſe he was too full of Courtſhip; and he hath almoſt caſt off *Artelinda*, becauſe ſhe hath too many Servants? How, ſaid *Cleonice*, hath *Ligdamis* caſt off *Phocylides*, becauſe he was amorouſly diſpoſed? Yes, Madam, replied ſhe, for I will never truſt any Man of that paſſionate Profeſſion; and more then that, I do not intend to truſt any, for thoſe which are not in Love, may hereafter be, and therefore I will keep my Secrets lock'd up in my own Heart. But, Madam, *Iſmenea* has forced me to ſpeak that which perhaps will ruin me in your good Opinion; ſince being fair as you are, and making many love you, as you have done, it is no Diſcretion to tell you, I am a Hater of that Paſſion which you have ſo often cauſed. Oh! *Ligdamis*, ſaid *Cleonice*, I am infinitely joyed to ſee ſo compleat a Man as you are, of my Opinion: for truly I did think that nothing in the World could be more prejudicial unto us than an amorous Friend: For my part, I am an Enemy to the Paſſion, and I beſeech you do me the favour to acquaint me with all the ill Conſequences that Love hath cauſed in you, to the end I may be more confirmed in my Hatred againſt that Paſſion. Thanks be to the Gods, Madam, it has not done me much Hurt, replied he, although it have my Friends: But, Madam, not to tire you with any long Relations, let me only tell you, that as I was going into *Greece*, I met with *Phocylides*, and contracted a great League of Friendſhip with him: So that travelling three Months together, I opened my very Heart unto him: Yet we were no ſooner returned to *Epheſus*, but he had communicated all my Secrets amongſt his Miſtreſſes; and ſome of them being none of the moſt diſcreet, had ſquandred thoſe things up and down all the Town, which I had ſo ſecretly kept in the Cloſet of my Heart: And therefore I have experimentally found the Danger of truſting an amorous Friend. But *Ligdamis*, ſaid I unto him, all Men are not ſo fooliſh and indiſcreet as *Phocylides*. I do aſſure you, replied *Cleonice*, all Lovers are alike, and no Difference is to be made between them: For, ſaid ſhe, Love works ſuch an abſolute change in all thoſe in whom it is predominate, that there is no Truſt to be repoſed in them. I remember, a little before I came from *Claſomenes*, there was a Man whoſe Name was *Cleanor*, who profeſſed abundance of Friendſhip unto me; he was perpetually at my Lodging, he could not live out of my Sight, he told me the whole Cabinet of his Heart; I never ſaw him either reſerved or unquiet, he was infinitely indulgent to pleaſe me, and all this without any Profeſſions of Love. But I wondered to ſee him altered upon a ſudden: He fell into a conſtant mode of muſing; and I do confeſs I feared that he loved me a little too well; I found preſently after that, that I was deceived, for I knew his Mind: His longeſt Viſits laſted not above half an Hour; he would never tell me any News, or any more of his Secrets; all ſuch things as were wont to divert him before, did now diſpleaſe him; and he was ſo abſolutely altered from the Humour he was in before he was in Love, that one would not have thought him the ſame Man. One day as I taxed him with it, he to excuſe himſelf, confeſſed the whole Truth, that he was in love with a Lady; and after this, he would never talk of any other thing, but of her he loved; inſomuch as he became ſo inſufferable, as I could not endure him.

Then, Madam, ſince I was extreamly glad, that *Cleonice* and *Ligdamis* were ſo well acquainted, I put my Vie amongſt them, to give them further Subject of Diſcourſe, and to that end I made a third amongſt them: Truly *Cleonice*, ſaid I unto her, you go a little too far; for there is a vaſt Difference between Giddineſs and Love: you may condemn the one, but muſt make ſome Exceptions of the other. Not at all, ſaid *Cleonice*; for I aſſure you, a reſolute Lover is as unfit to make a Friend of, as any of thoſe common Lovers, who love in ſo many Places, that they love no where: And truly, I believe, theſe laſt ſort are more pleaſant Company than the other. Truly, ſaid *Ligdamis*, the fair *Cleonice* ſpeaks abundance of Reaſon: for they whoſe Minds are not too much taken up with Thoughts, are always beſt Society; they talk of Muſick, and Balls, and Walks, and Feaſts, and all Delights, wherein others have a ſhare; but a ſerious and real Lover, the more amorous and faithful he is, the more reſerved and more cloſe he is to himſelf, and rather troubles than communicates any Joys unto others. But *Ligdamis*, ſaid *Cleonice*, do you ſpeak really as you think, without any Diſſimulation? But, Madam, ſaid he, I beſeech you tell me truly, is it poſſible a Woman that is admirably fair, and infinitely loved, can have a Soul ſo great, as to contemn thoſe Trifles in which the Felicity of fair ones do moſt commonly conſiſt? Ah, Madam, if you be ſuch a one, certainly Men ought not to love you, but infinitely to adore you: for there is nothing upon Earth more rare, than to ſee a fair Woman not deſire that her Eyes ſhould burn all thoſe they ſhine upon; for, Madam, all fair Eyes are moſt commonly malevolent Stars, the Influence of which, brings Miſery upon Men: For fair ones, to ſpeak in general, are not contented that Men ſhould only render Homage, and offer Incenſe; but they require more ſad Sacrifices: a thouſand Hearts reduced to Aſhes, can hardly appeaſe them; a quick and ſpeedy Death cannot ſatisfy their Cruelty, but they muſt inflict long and violent Torments: Their higheſt Felicity is to make Men miſerable. And ſince ſo, Madam, how can I believe that you, whoſe Beauty tranſcends all others that ever I ſaw, can ſo abſolutely renounce all the Sweets of this imaginary Empire, which Beauties do pretend to have over all Hearts? you eſpecially, who can more ſollidly eſtabliſh that Empiredom than any other. I cannot conſent, ſaid *Cleonice*, that I have Beauty enough, either to conquer or raign: But had I as much as were requiſite for it, yet the Examples of others ſhould preſerve me from any ſuch Imbecility; for really, I think nothing ſo cruel, as to make all that comes near us out of their Wits, and to hazard the being out of them our ſelves; for let them talk what they will, Love is a moſt peſtilent contagious Diſeaſe. You your ſelf, replied I, were never yet infected by any, though I have often ſeen ſome in your Company, who had that Diſeaſe upon them: When by chance ſuch a Miſery is upon me, replied ſhe, I have ſuch admirable Antidotes againſt it, that I do not fear my Loſs of that Health which I enjoy. Madam, replied *Ligdamis*, though you cannot love any, nor will permit any to love you, yet I hope you will admit me upon terms of Friendſhip without Offence; and will not forbid me to hope for the Happineſs of obtaining that Honour from you; otherwiſe I ſhould blame you. The choice of Friends, replied ſhe, is a Buſineſs of ſo great a Difficulty, that there is a Neceſſity of more Prudence, than Civility or Generoſity; but I do think that Friends and Confidents to be a high Happineſs; yet (as I ſaid unto *Iſmenea*, before you came in) I will never have any amorous Friend, nor one that is wholly engaged, nor any that is courted with a thouſand Gallants, neither will I admit of proud ones, or Fools, or Dotards, nor of one that wholly is taken up with the Æconomy of his Houſe. In a Word, were I to chooſe a Friend, he ſhould have a pure Mind, a good Wit, and a high Soul; one that I might love, as I might love a Brother, without the leaſt Thoughts of Gallantry and idle Courtſhip; one to whom I might impart all my Thoughts, and conſequently one that is rational; but above all, one that is not in Love, and gives me good Aſſurance that he never will be. *Ligdamis* and I began to laugh at *Cleonice*'s Diſcourſe: Madam, ſaid I unto her, why do you not make choice of *Ligdamis*, to be this intimate Friend you look for? I have not all thoſe good Qualities which ſhe deſires, replied he; and *Cleonice* is too fair to aſſure me of her Friendſhip, ſince it is not credible but ſome one of that thouſand of her Lovers, and the Diſeaſe which ſhe hath cauſed in them, will be too ſtrong for that Antidote which ſhe ſaith ſhe hath. I perceive, *Ligdamis*, ſaith *Cleonice*, that you are afraid to be too far engaged; but let it not trouble you, ſince in the Humour I am in, I ſhall not be over-haſty to diſpoſe of my Friendſhip. You have good Reaſon, ſaid he unto her, for Friendſhip is a thing too precious to be contracted in ſo ſhort a time: however, Madam, I beſeech you give me leave to eſteem you with all the Faculties of my Soul, and ſtay until you ſhall think me worthy of your Friendſhip. As they were thus in Diſcourſe, *Artelinda* came in, with two or three of her Servants at her Heels, and made her change the Subject of her Diſcourſe. *Ligdamis* ſtaid ſtill, and changed not his Place, but did ſit all that Afternoon between *Cleonice* and me. Preſently after her, five or ſix other Beauties entred, and after them *Phocylides* and *Hermodorus*, who ſince they could not get near *Cleonice*, were ſo melancholy and diſordered, as I could not chuſe but laugh. After general Diſcourſe had laſted a long time, wherein the Talk was of News, of Horſe-Races, and Faſhions, and ſuch like, *Artelinda* whiſpered one of her Servants in the Ear, and whilſt ſhe was holding him Talk a long while, it was good Sport unto us, that had nothing elſe to do but obſerve, to ſee how nettled the reſt were at it; and I never paſſed an Afternoon away with more Pleaſure: ſometimes *Cleonice* would purpoſely ask a Queſtion of one of them, and then he would anſwer two Words, and turn preſently away to obſerve *Artelinda*, in hopes to gueſs by her Countenance at what ſhe ſaid unto their Rival. When ſhe laughed, we might ſee three or four of them at a time, knit their Brows and frown, ſo that it was impoſſible but we muſt laugh for Company: Then *Artelinda*, to appeaſe one of them which ſhe had netled, would quit the other ſhe had whiſpered with, and talk unto him; then would ſhe look whether any of the reſt were jealous,, and to comfort them alſo, ſhe would talk with every one of them in their turn: on the other ſide, *Phocylides* was no leſs buſy than *Artelinda*; for being deſirous to make *Cleonice* and three or four others believe he loved them, his Looks, his Heart, his Mind, his Wit and Tongue were all ſo divided amongſt them, that he ſeemed to be a little diſtracted; for he had no ſooner done ſpeaking with one, but he immediately accoſted another; he looked upon one, and talked with another: he ſometimes talked, ed, and ſomẽtimes ſighed ſo much, and was ſo extreamly puzled, that we pittied him. All this while the poor *Hermodorus* ſpoke not a Word, and was ſo vexed, that he could not ſpeak in private with *Cleonice*, that it was good ſport alſo to obſerve him: when he was forced to ſpeak, he would contradict every thing in the World, unleſs when one commended the Beauty of *Cleonice*. But to augment the Averſion which *Cleonice* and *Ligdamis* had unto Love; by chance there was a very compleat Gallant of the Town, who had been long in love, came to ſee *Cleonice*, ſince his Affection was very well known, there was many Eyes upon him. When this Lover entered, it was good ſport to ſee with what care he endeavoured to ſeat himſelf next her he loved: and at his firſt Entrance, he was not ſo obſervant to ſalute *Cleonice*, as he was to ſee where his Miſtreſs was, that he might ſeat himſelf cloſe by her; yet he was diſappointed, for *Cleonice* craftily cauſed a Chair to be given him in another Place: but however, he made a ſhift, for ſeeming to have private Buſineſs with *Phocylides*, he roſe up and whiſperd him in the Ear, and afterwards went unto his Miſtreſs, and ſat by her. At the firſt, they ſpoke aloud, and the Lady made ſome Signs he ſhould not begin to talk privately ſo ſoon: but they began inſenſibly to ſpeak in a low Voice, and by little and little did ſo forget that they were in Company, that they ſpoke as high as if none had been in the Room with them, and did ſo publickly diſcover themſelves, that really I was aſhamed of them. Well *Iſmenea*, ſaid *Cleonice* in a low Voice unto me, is not all manner of Love a moſt ridiculous thing? and muſt not it and all kind of Gallantry be utterly condemned? *Ligdamis* being deſirous to intrude, and hear what they ſaid, *Cleonice* did civilly thruſt him back: No, no, ſaid ſhe unto him, we are not upon thoſe terms yet. Why, Madam, ſaid he unto her, you uſe me as if I were a devoted Servant, though I have diſclaimed that Quality for ever: you are ſo fit to be one when you will, replied ſhe, that I cannot yet truſt your Words.

By this time the Night came on, and the Company broke up; when all was gone, *Cleonice* was ſo pleaſant, and ſo full of Satyrical Expreſſions againſt all kind of Gallants and Gallantry, that in all my Life I never ſaw her in a more jocund Humour. *Ligdamis* came unto me the next Morning to talk of *Cleonice*, who had ſo charmed him, that he could not enough admire her, deſiring me to imploy my beſt Endeavours that he might become her Friend; and I without any Reſiſtance did make him a Promiſe that I would, yet not aſſuring him I could obtain it: There did he ſeek for all handſom Opportunities to ſee her, ofter than uſual; but ſince there was always much Company at the Houſe of *Stenobea*, he went ſometimes unto *Anaxippa*'s, where ſhe often uſed to be, eſpecially when *Artelinda* was not there, preferring the Company of the Mother before the Daughter's, though her Vertue was of over ſevere a ſtrain; yet whereſoever he met her, he ſtill expreſſed how great an Enemy he was unto Love, and being a Man of an excellent Wit, he expreſſed himſelf in ſuch ſignificant terms, as he highly advanced himſelf in *Cleonice*'s Eſteem. *Ligdamis* being with her one Day at her own Houſe, when *Stenobea* was gone into the Walks with half the Town following her, he began a freſh to court her for her Friendſhip, and the ſooner to obtain it, he proteſted unto her that he was not in Love. I do believe it *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe unto him; but what Aſſurance can you give me, that you will not hereafter be ſo? I can give you that Aſſurance my ſelf, Madam, anſwered he; for moſt infallibly, ſince I am not in Love with you, I ſhall never be with any: you are abſolutely the faireſt that ever I ſaw, your Wit tranſcends the higheſt Meaſure of any I know, either Man or Woman; your Vertue raviſhes me, your Converſation charms me; and notwithſtanding all theſe, my Heart apprehends only reſpective and reverent Thoughts of you: I muſt needs ingenuouſly acknowledg, that I extreamly love you in the Degree and Quality of Friendſhip, but it is without any exorbitant or unquiet Deſires: Therefore, Madam, ſince ſo much Beauty, Wit, Vertue; ſo much Eſteem, and ſo great a Diſpoſition to love you, has not had that Influence upon my Heart, you are ſafe, and need not refuſe my Friendſhip, nor deny me yours. Love me, Madam, as you love *Iſmenea*, and if you pleaſe a little more; for ſince I reſolve to love none upon Earth but you, methinks in reaſon you ſhould not refuſe to love me a little more than any other. You expreſs your Friendſhip in ſuch obliging terms, replied *Cleonice*, and bluſhed, that methinks I ought to ſuſpect you: But *Ligdamis*, do not deceive your ſelf, I deſire Sincerity; and though I am confident you are not in love with me, yet perhaps you think I am one of thoſe who only change the Name of the thing, but can well enough endure a Lover under the Notion of a Friend: Take heed therefore what you deſire of me, and know, that the Friendſhip which I ever can either give or take, is, and ſhall be a moſt conſtant real Friendſhip, without any Folly or fond Thoughts: I would only have you love me, as one brave Man may love another; and I ſhall love you, as I ſhould love a vertuous Woman, if I knew any worthy of my entire Affection. I ask no more, anſwered *Ligdamis*. But firſt, ſaid ſhe, I would have you bind your ſelf by an Oath, that if ever you ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to fall in love with any Beauty, to tell it unto me the ſame Hour; to the end I may aſſiſt you with my Counſels, and fortify your Reaſon; and in caſe you cannot become free, I may be abſolved from your Friendſhip; for I ſeriouſly declare, that if ever you be in Love, I ſhall be no longer your Friend. But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, and ſmiled, ſuppoſe I ſhould fall in love with your ſelf, what muſt I do then? muſt I acquaint you with it as ſoon as ever I perceive it? No, ſaid ſhe, I like not that: What then muſt I do? replied he: you muſt wreſtle with your Paſſion, anſwered ſhe, and overcome it, without ever telling me; and though you cannot overcome it, yet be ſure to hide it ſo from me, that I ſhall never know it. But, anſwered he, all the World ſays Love cannot be hid. Then you muſt hide your ſelf, replied ſhe, and never ſee me again; yet added ſhe and ſmiled, I hope that will never come to paſs; for the Spring can never bring forth more Roſes in my Cheeks than it hath: I have as much Beauty as ever I ſhall have; and ſince it has had no Operation to move you hitherto, you may be confident it never will, and by conſequence our Friendſhip will be eternal. I chanced to come in to them as they were upon theſe Terms, and they acquainted me with the Conditions of their Friendſhip: But, ſaid *Ligdamis*, ſince I promiſe you faithfully never to love any, and if, to my Misfortune I ſhould, to acquaint you with it; May not I ask ſome Aſſurance againſt *Hermodorus*, and all the reſt of your Lovers and Adorers? For my part, ſaid I, and interrupted them, I conceive it reaſonable, *Cleonice* ſhould make a reciprocal Promiſe. I refuſe it not, replied ſhe, for I am ſo certain never to love any, that I do engage my ſelf unto it.

Thus, Madam, after much ſuch Diſcourſe as this, the Friendſhip between *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice* was contracted; and for the more abſolute confirmation of it, they both of them vented a thouſand Invectives againſt all Love and Lovers. Since that day, *Ligdamis* eſteemed himſelf ſo happy, that he ſaid, he never began to live, till ſince he was acquainted with *Cleonice*; and ſhe alſo was ſo well pleaſed with him, that ſhe hath given me a million of Thanks for contributing unto their Friendſhip. Then did there ariſe a great Confidence between them: *Ligdamis* was never upon any Deſign, but he did communicate it unto *Cleonice*. Whenſoever he went unto the Court, it was with her Approbation and Order; and ſhe had ſuch an abſolute Power over his Life, that ſhe did regulate him in Matters of his Acquaintance: She made him caſt off ſome Friends, and take in others; yet all this without any imperious Tyranny. *Ligdamis* alſo was acquainted with ſome of her ſecret Thoughts; ſhe imparted to him a thouſand Domeſtick Grievances, which the Humour of *Stenobea* cauſed; ſhe ſincerely told him her Thoughts of all, and diſcovered the very bottom of her Soul unto him. And ſince ſhe had not only a great and piercing Wit of her own, but alſo did, with abundance of pains, daily add knowledg unto it, to ſhew the vaſt Treaſure of her Knowledg, ſhe would often inſtruct *Ligdamis* in many things which her Modeſty made Secrets of unto any elſe. When he was at the Army with the Prince *Artamas*, he would write unto her, and ſhe to him again, and that in ſuch a ſtrain, as her Letters made him almoſt as happy as her Preſence did. Afterwards *Stenobea* went unto *Sardis*, and carried her Daughter with her. And ſince *Ligdamis* thought he might be ſerviceable unto her, he went thither alſo. And indeed he rendred her a moſt conſiderable good Office during that Voyage: for being very eminent in the War, the Prince *Artamas*, who as you know was then called *Cleander*, loved him very dearly; ſo that he made uſe of him in her Buſineſs. Moreover, if *Ligdamis* met with any pleaſing News, he never was at reſt until he had communicated it unto *Cleonice*, who was as complacential unto him again; ſo that a very great Confidence was between them. One Paſſage fell out, which was like to have begun a little kind of Quarrel between them; for *Hermodorus* was ſo importunate with *Cleonice*, whether ſhe would or no, that ſhe was forced to anſwer him in ſuch, both plain and ſincere Language, as he was compelled to reſt quiet; and indeed ſhe was ſo bitter againſt him, that I wonder he did not retort: For as he was preſſing her to give him ſome Reaſons, why he ſhould for ever give over all hopes: Since you will needs know, ſaid ſhe unto him, it is for two Reaſons; the one, becauſe I am fully reſolved never to love any, nor ſuffer any ſhould love me; the other, becauſe though I did reſolve to love one, yet of all Men living it ſhould not be *Hermodorus*: Therefore if you be wiſe, regulate your ſelf according to this Anſwer, which without any diſſimulation proceeds from the full Reſolves of my Heart.

After *Cleonice* had pronounced this diſmal Sentence upon this unfortunate Lover, ſhe told it unto *Ligdamis* and my ſelf; and both of us returned her many Thanks, becauſe *Hermodorus* did often interrupt our Converſation. But afterwards we underſtood that *Artelinda*, whoſe Humour was to ſubject all Hearts that were Rebels to Love, had uſed a thouſand Stratagems unto him which he never acquainted us withal; which did ſo much incenſe *Cleonice* againſt him, that I had much ado to appeaſe her: yet acquainting him with her Reſentments, he went immediately unto her, and told her, That the Reaſon why he never acquainted her with it, was out of his Modeſty, to hide the groſs Follies of *Artelinda*. So that this Reconciliation did tie the Knot of Friendſhip faſter than ever; and I think it might be ſaid, that their Affections had all the tenderneſs of Love, without any Irregulation or Diſtemper; for they had as much delight in ſeeing and talking with one another, as if they had been the deepeſt Lovers, without all the impatient Conſequences of it; and they came to that height, that they were jealous without Love: for *Cleonice* was in continual fears that *Ligdamis* ſhould fall in love; and he again was infinitely afraid that ſome Lover or other would ſteal the Heart of *Cleonice* from him; for both of them were perſwaded (and perhaps not without reaſon) that a great Love and a great Friendſhip were impoſſible to be together in one and the ſame Heart. This kind of Jealouſy yet had no bitterneſs in it, nor produced any ſad Conſequences; but on the contrary, made their Converſation more obliging and delightful. Theſe two eſteemed themſelves exceedingly happy; and *Cleonice*, for her part, was ſo well-pleaſed, that ſhe trimmed up her ſelf; yet did ſhe ſhun *Artelinda* as much as ever ſhe could, whoſe falſe vain-glorious Humour was every day more and more horrid unto her. And truly, ſince we know all her Actions by means of *Phocylides*, who the more to oblige *Cleonice*, told her all, we were very ſorry that one who was brought up under ſo vertuous a Mother, ſhould be guilty of ſo much folly; for her Heart was ſtill thirſting after Conqueſt upon Conqueſt, without any diſtinction or choice at all. Then, as the Temple of *Diana* did draw abundance of Strangers unto *Epheſus*; there came not a Man of any Quality unto that place, whom ſhe did not endeavour to captivate; and certainly ſhe did effect her Endeavours, for every one became her Servants. As *Cleonice*, *Ligdamis*, and I were one day ſeeking out for a Reaſon why one and the ſame Beauty ſhould pleaſe and take ſo many different Humours, and Strangers ſo far diſtant; we concluded that Hope was the cauſe of it. For (to ſpeak in general) it is hard for a Man to ſee a fair and young Lady, (whoſe Affability makes Men think the Conqueſt of her is no Impoſſibility) and not to tie himſelf a-while unto her Service, though it be only out of

Curioſity. Alſo it might almoſt be ſaid, a Man had been diſhonoured, if he had not ſome Favour or other from *Artelinda*, and much more if he continued long in her Service. But though we were much aſtoniſhed that *Artelinda* ſhould captivate ſo many, yet we did much more wonder how *Phocylides* could delude ſo many; for we know of ſix or ſeven Ladies in *Epheſus*, who thought themſelves paſſionately loved; and we concluded that we were much obliged unto Heaven for inſpiring us with more reaſonable Thoughts.

In the mean while, the frequent Viſits that *Ligdamis* made unto *Cleonice*, began to make a great noiſe, and wound the Mind of *Artelinda*, who could not believe there could be any Society between a Man and a Woman without Courtſhip; and ſince ſhe was vexed to the Soul, that all her Stratagems could never have any Effect upon the Heart of *Ligdamis*, ſhe began to hate both of them extreamly. *Phocylides* alſo even deſperate that he could never move the Mind of *Cleonice*, and ſuſpecting the Favour of *Ligdamis* was the Cauſe, did alſo hate them: And both of them plotting how to be revenged of them, took different ways to bring it to paſs; for *Artelinda* attempted to make *Cleonice* jealous, and *Phocylides* *Ligdamis*.

Artelinda, though ſhe did viſit *Cleonice* ſeldomer than ordinary, yet ſometimes ſhe did ſee her: And one day being both together, *Artelinda* took occaſion to ſpeak of all the Reprehenſions which *Cleonice* twitted her withal concerning the freeneſs of her Behaviour; and being one of the cunningeſt Women upon Earth, and the moſt flattering, after an hundred obliging Complements, Was not the Reaſon (ſaid ſhe unto her) why you did ſo inſenſibly decline my Friendſhip, becauſe you believed all I ſaid unto you one day when we were alone together, was my real Thoughts? It is very true, I did ſo; and I found your Actions and Words to agree ſo well, that I cannot think I did you any wrong in that behalf. If that belief, anſwered ſhe, did not loſe me your Affection, I ſhould not much care: As for the World in general, I have long ſince ſet up my reſt ſo much above all it can either ſay or think, that I value it not : But I ſet a much higher rate upon you, my dear *Cleonice*, (ſaid ſhe, with extream diſſimulation) for it would grieve me to the Soul to be excluded your Heart; therefore I beſeech you be ſo ſincere as to tell me, whether you can afford me your Affection, as long as I continue this courſe? *Cleonice* thinking *Artelinda* had ſpoke ſincerely, conſidering her Expreſſions, did ingenuouſly confeſs that ſhe could not ſeparate her Friendſhip and her Eſteem from one another; and that ſhe could not poſſibly eſteem one who was ſo weak as to ſacrifice her real Honour for an imaginary Chimera of Vain-glory, as ſhe did, by having continually at leaſt a thouſand Adorers about her. But deceive not your ſelf, for all theſe Flatterers do not love you ſo well as you believe; and for proof of it, do but take their Hopes from them one Month, and you ſhall ſee how they will fall off: Not that there is any Imperfection in your Beauty, or that you want any excellent Qualities that would render you moſt accompliſhed, if you did not ſpoil them by your Behaviour: But the Truth is, I do know thoſe whom you deceive, and who deceive you, better than you do, and ſee with more unintereſted Eyes, and freer Judgment, the Precipice from which you are like to fall. Moreover, how do you imagine I ſhould truſt one who deceives all that come near her by diſſembling her Thoughts, and divides her Heart amongſt a thouſand Men whom I do not eſteem? And therefore blame me not if I do not love you. Were you only poſſeſſed with a violent Paſſion, though I ſhould not confide in your Friendſhip, yet I ſhould pity you, and hope ſo to cure you, that hereafter I might love you: But the Diſeaſe wherewith you are infected, I ſee is incurable, and I thought fit to decline you as much as Civility will permit. Ah my dear *Cleonice!* ſaid ſhe, how much do you miſtake me? But the ſooner to obtain your Pity, if not your Friendſhip, (ſaid this crafty Woman) I will confeſs, with a bluſh, what I have a long time concealed; and I will no longer conceal that Perſon whom, of all the Earth, I love the beſt next after——. *Artelinda* ſtopt at theſe words; and covering her Face with her

Fan to hide her Shame, ſhe ſtood a while ſilent. Then ſeeming to be a little better recollected, Pardon me, dear *Cleonice*, ſaid ſhe unto her, that my Diſcourſe and Mind ſhould be in ſuch diſorder; for being ready to confeſs that which I never did unto any, I found ſome contradiction in my ſelf; and though my Will prompted me to diſcover the bottom of my Heart unto you, yet my Mouth would not permit me to pronounce his Name, who is the cauſe why I live as I do. *Cleonice* not knowing what *Artelinda* meant, but being very deſirous of it; I do ſo little underſtand you, ſaid ſhe unto her, that I cannot return any Anſwer. But you ſhall underſtand me preſently, replied *Artelinda*, and ſighed: Know therefore, my dear *Cleonice*, that I am ſo far from affecting an univerſal Courtſhip, that I think my ſelf the moſt unhappy Woman upon Earth, for I am engaged in the moſt firm and conſtant Affection that ever was. How? replied *Cleonice*, Can *Artelinda* love firmly and conſtantly? If I could believe that, though I condemn Love in all others, yet I think I ſhould pardon it in her. Pardon me then, ſaid ſhe, for the truth is, what you do condemn me for, proceeds from one whom I love a thouſand times above my ſelf, and one who orders the whole Courſe of my Life. And will this happy Lover, ſaid *Cleonice*, permit you to favour a thouſand others? Certainly he does, replied ſhe, and purpoſely to hide that real Paſſion which is in both our Souls: for ſo it is, that if once our Affection ſhould come to be known, our Happineſs would be for ever ruined; and the carriage of it hitherto hath been ſo cloſe, that none in all *Epheſus* can ſuſpect any thing of that innocent Intelligence that is between us. Yet I think it ſomething ſtrange, ſaid *Cleonice*, that he ſhould let you paſs, in the Opinion of the World, for what you are not. When there is no other way to be happy, replied ſhe, that courſe muſt be taken. Will he not be jealous of thoſe he permits you to favour? ſaid *Cleonice*. Very oft, replied ſhe, and that's the reaſon why ſometimes I caſt off thoſe whom he thinks I love beſt. Thus, dear *Cleonice*, when you thought me ſo pleaſant and gay, having a thouſand Adorers about me, then,

then; even then, was I moſt to be pitied; for I always ſaw thoſe I loved not, but ſeldom him whom I did love: Judg therefore, dear *Cleonice*, whether you did not uſe me cruelly in denying me your Friendſhip, and in taxing me with ſo many Follies. I deſire to be pardoned for not naming him who hath my Heart; but I had rather you ſhould gueſs who it is, if it be poſſible. I am not to be too preſſing into the Secrets of another, replied *Cleonice*, and therefore I will try if I can hit upon him. But however, *Artelinda*, though I pity you more than I did, yet I blame you no leſs; for whoſoever your Lover is, I cannot allow of ſacrificing your Honour to his capricious Fancy. If I ſhould name him, replied ſhe, perhaps you would forbear your Cenſure, for there is not in the World a wiſer Man than he.

Thus, Madam, did this Conference paſs, which did exceedingly puzzle *Cleonice*, for ſhe ſuſpected ſome Trick in it: But yet not knowing very well what to think of it, ſhe kept it to her ſelf, and did not impart it either unto *Ligdamis* or me. Some few days paſſed on in theſe Thoughts, and then ſhe went to viſit *Artelinda*, who expected her with much impatience, and prepared to receive her in private, whenſoever ſhe came. She no ſooner heard ſhe was coming, but ſhe ſet a little Box open upon the Table, in which were divers things, and among others there was a Letter laid upon the top of them, which had this Superſcription:

Ligdamis *to the ſair* Artelinda.

Preſently this cunning Woman retired into her Cloſet, imagining in all likelihood that *Cleonice* would find this Letter, and know the Hand, and perhaps take it with her. And indeed ſhe was not deceived; for *Cleonice* was no ſooner come into the Room, but ſeeing this Box upon the Table, ſhe went towards it, thinking to find ſome pretty Knacks which might pleaſe her: as ſoon as ſhe caſt her Eyes upon it, ſhe knew it to be the hand-writing of *Ligdamis*; and no ſooner knew it, but took it up; and no ſooner took it up, but hearing *Artelinda* coming, hid it, and ſeemed to rumble up and down all that was in the Box; and ſhe ſaid ſhe looked not for Letters, but for ſome Verſes only. *Artelinda* even raviſhed at the diſſimulation of *Cleonice*, took the Box out of her Hands very haſtily: Truly, inſenſible *Cleonice*, ſaid ſhe unto her, you received my Confidence ſo ill the other day, that I am reſolved to tell you no more than I did, and will not diſcover the Party whom I love unto you. *Cleonice* being infinitely deſirous to know whether *Ligdamis* loved *Artelinda*, did much importune her to tell her who he was, but ſtill ſhe would not: So that ſeeing all her Entreaties would not prevail, and being very impatient to read this Letter which ſhe had taken, ſhe made her Viſit very ſhort, and went home; and was no ſooner in her Chamber, but ſhe opened the Letter, and read theſe words:

Ligdamis to the Fair *Artelinda*.

I Know you are the moſt amiable upon Earth: Continue, I beſeech you, thoſe amorous Fallacies, which make ſo many happy, and ſo many miſerable; and never fear it ſhall ever prejudice you in my Opinion, for you are there ſo thought upon, that nothing can alter it. The more Hearts you captivate, the more you pleaſe me, and the more ſhall I admire you. I ſhall not need to tell you how much of my Soul is yours, let it ſuffice that you call to memory my Expreſſions, the laſt time I had the happy Honour to talk in private with you; for I dare not commit them to a thin piece of Paper: It was happy I was ſo bold as to tell them once, and it is enough that I now proteſt my Thoughts ſhall never change, but that I ſhall be for ever the ſame I was within theſe three days.

Ligdamis.

After *Cleonice* had read this Letter, ſhe ſtood in a maze, and knew not what to think: For as ſhe knew of ſome other Paſſages between *Artelinda* and *Ligdamis*, ſo now ſhe made no queſtion but there was a great correſpondency between them; and ſhe was ſo exceedingly incenſed that *Ligdamis* ſhould be ſo weak, that ſhe thought ſhe could not look upon him but with angry Eyes: For, ſaid ſhe, if he be in love with *Artelinda*, I am extreamly miſtaken in him; and if he be not, yet however I muſt break off with him, ſince I can no more endure he ſhould be a Cheat, than I can he ſhould be a Lover. In the mean time he knows all the Secrets of my Heart: I have ſpoken a hundred times againſt *Artelinda*, I have told him what I thought of her; and in all likelihood he courts this very Lady. Yet notwithſtanding, ſaid ſhe, had he acquainted her with that Friendſhip which we have contracted, ſhe would never have ſpoke to me as ſhe did. But what can I juſtly infer from all this, ſince thoſe who are ſincere, cannot eaſily gueſs what thoſe who are not ſo do think? However. I muſt break off with *Ligdamis*, and expoſe my ſelf no more to be deceived: I will truſt none, nor love any whoſoever; but live with as much caution amongſt thoſe who profeſs Friendſhip, as with thoſe that declare themſelves my Enemies. Yet ſhe reſolved not to acquaint *Ligdamis* with what ſhe knew of him, nor knew ſhe well whether ſhe ſhould accuſe him of this Crime, and chide him. As ſhe was amidſt theſe Contemplations, *Ligdamis* came into her Chamber, and came from *Stenobea*, to bring her unto hers: As ſoon as ſhe ſpied him, ſhe haſtily took up the Letter, and hid it with much diligence, ſeeming to be as much troubled at it, as if *Ligdamis* were her Husband, and that Letter had been to one of his Miſtreſſes. Yet could not *Cleonice* ſo ſoon put up this Letter but it was ſeen; nor could ſhe ſo well diſſemble, but he knew there was ſomething in her Mind which angred her, and that his Preſence was but troubleſom. So that coming a little nearer her, Madam, ſaid he, I undertook this Commiſſion from *Stenobea*, to come for you, with much joy, becauſe I thought you would have willingly obeyed her: but I ſee that I am diſappointed, for I ſee you conceal a Letter which queſtionleſs you do not deſire I ſhould ſee; and your very Eyes do tell me that I am troubleſom unto you. You know, *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe, that the Secrets of others are not our own; and ſince I have no intereſt in the Contents of this Letter, I will not ſhew it unto you: In the mean time, I will obey thoſe Commands which you have brought. And in ſaying ſo, ſhe prepared her ſelf to go out of her Chamber into her Mother's. *Ligdamis* would have ſtaid her, and conjured her firſt to tell him what it was which troubled her Mind: Yet ſhe would not anſwer him a word, but went away into Company, where both of them were very reſerved, and looked upon one another ſo ſternly, that they obſerved and made others alſo take notice of their Diſtempers. As for *Ligdamis*, his Heart durſt not reſolve upon any thing againſt *Cleonice:* but ſhe had other Thoughts of him; for the more Diſcontent ſhe found in the Eyes of him, the more ſhe accuſed him, imagining that his Guilt made him aſhamed, and was the true cauſe of all the Diſorder which appeared in his Mind. In the interim, *Phocylides*, who much deſired to know certainly whether *Ligdamis* was in Love, ſeemed according to his cuſtom, to be ſo with one that was Siſter unto *Ligdamis*, who then was with us: And ſince he had Wit at will, he thought it would not be a piece of any Difficulty to ſcrue it out of her. But he was at a great *non-plus*, when he underſtood from her, that *Ligdamis* was never unquiet or troubled; that he made no Secrets of *Cleonice*'s Letters, but on the contrary, did frequently ſhew them; and that there appeared no Arguments of his being in Love, only his frequent Viſits, and continual Commendations of *Cleonice* when any Occaſions were offered. And he found that theſe were not abſolute Arguments whereby to conclude he was in Love; ſo that he knew not either what to ſay or think: ſince he was not one of an humour to love violently, he himſelf was never much unquiet; and the Jealouſy of ſuch Men may rather be termed Curioſity than Jealouſy. As for *Artelinda*, ſhe did ſecretly triumph in being a Cauſe of *Cleonice*'s trouble: yet was her Joy not over-full of Tranquillity, becauſe ſhe was ſtill in ſome doubt there was ſome ſecret Affection between *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice:* for if that were not, ſaid ſhe, ſhe would never have taken that Letter and concealed it; and if ſhe had not conceived her ſelf intereſted in *Ligdamis* when ſhe ſaw his Hand, ſhe would not have come off with ſo ſhort a Viſit, nor been ſo impatient to be gone. Thus did *Artelinda* argue; all whoſe Thoughts, ſince then, we came to know, for ſhe was not of any humour of keeping Secrets very well. In the mean while *Ligdamis* could not imagine what this Letter ſhould be, which *Cleonice* ſo carefully concealed; nor could he conceive what it was which ſo troubled her Mind: He could not think upon any thing but it; and when he returned home, he would not admit of any Company whoſoever. Yet did he wonder to find himſelf ſo unquiet, and was angry that he ſhould be no more a Maſter of his own Mind: conceiving, that Friendſhip only ought not to cauſe ſo many angry hours; nor knowing any Reaſon why the ſight of this Letter, which ſhe ſo cloſely concealed, ſhould cauſe any ſuch ſenſible Sorrow in himſelf, ſince he was not in love with her. Yet ſince Friendſhip may be as tender as Love, it may be alſo a Cauſe of as much unquietneſs; and one may fear the loſs of a Friend, as well as the loſs of a Miſtreſs. Finding therefore that he had ſome Reaſon to be troubled, he waited, with much impatience, till the next morning, before he could clear himſelf of his Doubts: yet he could not ſo ſoon; for though he went betimes to the Houſe of *Cleonice*, yet ſhe was gone forth before he came. But, Madam, that which cauſed her haſte, was her fancy to tell *Artelinda* all that had paſſed between *Ligdamis* and her, to the end ſhe might better be convinced of his being in love, though ſhe was abſolutely perſwaded that he was: for beſides this Letter, ſhe knew that the Father of *Ligdamis* would not ſuffer his Son to marry any but one Woman whom he had propoſed unto him. So that ſhe expounded all that *Artelinda* had told her, even as that cunning Woman wiſhed. But to clear all, *Cleonice* went to *Artelinda*'s Chamber, and conjured her to diſcover the Name of this fantaſtical Lover who permitted her a hundred Servants. *Cleonice*, ſaid *Artelinda* to her, I confeſs I ought to be fuller of pity than you your ſelf have been: but you ſhall never know it, not only becauſe you are too cruel, but alſo becauſe he whom you would have me name, hearing of our private Conferences, is ſo afraid I ſhould diſcover our Correſpondency unto you, that ſince yeſterday he had written no leſs than thrice unto me,. that he will abſolutely break off with me, if ever he hear I acquaint you with the League that is between us: Therefore, *Cleonice*, I beſeech you pardon me, and importune me no further to tell his Name: I confeſs his Proceeding does much aſtoniſh me, becauſe I cannot comprehend his Reaſon why he ſhould ſo much fear I ſhould diſcloſe our Secret unto you, eſpecially knowing that he eſteems you very highly. And truly, I muſt alſo confeſs (ſaid this ſubtile Woman) that if you were leſs ſevere than you are, I ſhould think this Man hath told you as well as me, that he loves you, and ſo deceives us both. Therefore, *Cleonice*, (ſaid ſhe ſtill moſt craftily) if there be any Man, who notwithſtanding your ſeverity, does tell you any delighting Lies, which do not diſpleaſe thoſe who do not believe them; I conjure you to confeſs it unto me, and name the Man who told them; promiſing you that if you name him whom I mean, I will immediately acknowledg him, for I have as great a deſire to tell his Name, as you have to know it: Speak therefore, *Cleonice*, and tell me the Man, to the end that joining our Intereſts and Reſentments together, we may both of us hate the Man that thus divides his Heart between us. For my part, ſaid *Cleonice*, (who found enough to confirm her in the Opinion ſhe had of *Ligdamis*) ſince none ever talks to me concerning matters of Love, I can neither ſatisfy your Curioſity, nor my own. Ha, *Cleonice*, ſaid *Artelinda*, you ſpeak in too general terms to be credited; for how is it poſſible Men ſhould ſee you, and not tell you at the leaſt that they think you fair, ſince I my ſelf, who am not in a capacity to love you, cannot chuſe but ſay as much? However, ſaid ſhe, you may very well ſpeak more ſincerely unto me, ſince I would truſt you with things of greateſt importance. I do not deſire, *Cleonice*, you ſhould tell me who it is that you love, but who it is that loves you: I perceive very plainly you will not ſatisfy me, becauſe you will not ſo much as name *Hermodorus*. I ſhall not name him indeed, replied *Cleonice*, as well becauſe he hath ceaſed his Courtſhip, as becauſe I know it is not he with whom you hold this ſecret Correſpondence. As they were thus in diſcourſe, *Ligdamis* hearing *Cleonice* was there, came into the Chamber. As ſoon as he appeared, *Cleonice* bluſh'd; and *Artelinda* counterfeiting ſadneſs, ſhe drew her Chair further from *Cleonice*, as if ſhe were afraid *Ligdamis* ſhould obſerve ſhe whiſpered with her.

This converſation was not pleaſing unto any but *Artelinda*, who had a ſecret malignant Joy, to obſerve the reſtleſs Mind of *Cleonice*, who not being able any longer to endure the company, either of *Artelinda*, or of ſuch a perfidious Friend as ſhe conceived *Ligdamis* to be, did riſe up, and would have gone away. He preſented his Hand unto her, to lead her out; though this Viſit was ſo ſhort, that it was a kind of incivility offered unto *Artelinda* to go ſo ſoon; but *Cleonice* imagining that his going with her was only to diſſemble the better, would not ſuffer him to go with her; and to hinder him, ſhe ſaid ſhe was not going to her own Houſe: adding further, with a forced Smile, that ſhe would not incur the hatred of two ſuch Friends at once, by ſeparating them ſo ſoon. *Artelinda* replied unto this, according to her uſual ſubtilty, and *Ligdamis* could not imagine why ſhe ſhould ſay ſo; for her looks were ſo ſerious, as he could not believe it to be a bare Complement, without any deſign, ſo that he would however conduct her to her Coach; and as ſhort as his Viſit had been, yet would he not go in again, but would ſee whether *Cleonice* ſaid true, in ſaying ſhe went not unto her own Houſe: So that he followed after her; and *Cleonice* looking back to ſee whether he ſtaid with *Artelinda*, ſaw him follow, and thought that it was only the better to cozen her: and though ſhe told him ſhe was not going Home, yet ſhe did, ſince the anguiſh of her Mind would not permit her to make any more Viſits. *Ligdamis*, as ſoon as he ſaw her go into her own Houſe, knew certainly ſhe was not Friends with him; and thought the reaſon of it to be, becauſe there was ſome other whom ſhe loved, of which the Letter he had ſeen, and Language *Cleonice* gave him, were convincing proofs. She dares not, ſaid he, acknowledg her weakneſs unto me; however, ſhe might have broke off with me a little more civilly. Thus Madam, did *Ligdamis* argue with himſelf, who being very deſirous to ſatisfy all doubts, went the ſame hour unto *Cleonice*: And coming into her Chamber, he did exceedingly ſurprize her. Madam, ſaid he unto her, I did not think that any little Lies (if I may ſo phraſe them) were allowable amongſt ſuch as profeſs ſincere Friendſhip; however, if I durſt, I would chide you for telling me you would not go preſently to your own Houſe. I did not intend it, replied ſhe, when I told you ſo, but I altered my Mind afterwards. O, Madam, replied *Ligdamis*, do not add Crime to Crime: if you do not think me worthy of your Friendſhip, or that you cannot keep any longer within our Conditions, I beſeech you let us break off. I do not ask who that happy Man is, from whom that Letter came, which you preſerve ſo ſecretly. That happy One, replied ſhe ſharply, is more of your Acquaintance than mine. I do not know a Man, replied he, that merits thoſe Favours which you do him. I do agree with you, replied ſhe, he does not deſerve them. Why then, replied he, do you make him your Friend or Lover, for I know not which of thoſe two attributes he muſt have? As for the laſt of theſe two, replied ſhe, let us refer it unto *Artelinda*; and as for the other, I hope he ſhall not long wear that Title. *Artelinda* has ſo many Lovers, replied *Ligdamis*, much perplexed, that I cannot imagine which you mean. It is very true, ſaid *Cleonice* very fiercely; but *Cleonice* has ſo few Friends, that you may quickly gueſs if you pleaſe; but *Ligdamis*, Shame ſhuts up your Mouth. Mine, Madam, replied he, much amazed; rather ſay, a real Reſpect impoſeth Silence, and keeps me from accuſing you. You carry it very confidently, replied ſhe, to be ſo culpable, and yet complain. I muſt do ſo, replied he, but with much reſpect: therefore without further Aggravations, I beſeech you, Madam, be ſo generous as to tell me ſincerely, whether it be fit I ſhould be any longer your Friend? for ſince Friendſhip as well as Love ſhould proceed from a free and voluntary Conſent, I ſhall trouble you no further, but free you from the trouble which my preſence cauſes; nor will I any longer diſturb the Joys of that happy Stranger, whoſe Letters are ſo dear unto you. I do aſſure you, ſaid ſhe unto him, that he who writ the Letter which ſticks ſo in your Stomach, is one whom I will never ſee again, as ſoon as I have loſt the ſight of you: *Ligdamis* amazed at this anſwer, importun'd her to ſpeak more plainly: Then, ſince ſhe was fully reſolved to break off with him that very day, ſhe pull'd out of her Pocket that Letter which ſhe took from *Artelinda*; and ſhewing it unto him, Look, perfidious and diſſembling Man, whether he that writ this Letter, be my Lover or my Friend; or whether he be not rather an Impoſtor? O Madam, (cried he out) how fallacious are all Appearances, if you think this Letter any Argument of Love to *Artelinda*? O *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe, how can you be ſo impudent as to deny your Crime, and juſtify your ſelf? No, no, I am not ſo eaſily gulled, nor ever will; for I will truſt no more, and then the moſt ſubtil ſhall never deceive me. However *Ligdamis* was leſs grieved that ſhe ſhould complain againſt him, than to have cauſe to complain againſt her, becauſe he knew he was not culpable. But when he proffered to deliver his Reaſons, ſhe prevented him, ſaying, ſhe would tell hers firſt. But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I believe you have no good Ones. Why, ſaid ſhe, do you not think I have juſt cauſe to think you the verieſt Impoſtor amongſt Men, to counterfeit as you have done; to condemn Love, to vent continual Satyrs againſt it, and in the ſhew of all the World to abhor it, whilſt, in the mean time, you loved *Artelinda*, and to hide your Courtſhip, wiſhed her to entertain a hundred Gallants about her? Believe me, *Ligdamis*, ſhe carries it very well; but let me tell you, that Heart which you think is ſo totally yours, is not ſo: However, let me tell you, I will have no more of your Friendſhip: and ſince the Conditions between us were not to be in Love, I have kept my Promiſe. How, Madam, replied *Ligdamis*, is it poſſible you ſhould think I am in love with *Artelinda?* Why, *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe, I need not doubt it, ſince I read this Letter, and know what *Artelinda* told me. *Artelinda*, replied he, is a crafty Woman, whoſe Words ought always to be held in ſuſpicion: and as for the Letter, Madam, if you do but underſtand the true ſenſe of it, you will find it to be far from any ſigns of Love. I do ingenuouſly confeſs my ſelf to blame in not acquainting you with the Extravagancies of *Artelinda*, yet I hope it is not a Fault unpardonable: on the contrary, I conceive you are obliged unto me for it; for the Reaſon why I conceal'd her Follies from you, was out of reſpect and love to you, and therefore you would be moſt unjuſt and cruel if you ſhould puniſh me for it. I do moſt ſeriouſly proteſt (ſaid he unto her) that I am not in love with *Artelinda*, that I never was, nor ever will be. If this be not fully Satisfaction, but that you will needs have me tell you the Adventure between this Lady and me, I muſt firſt, for my ſatisfaction, entreat you to ſeem as if you were ignorant of what I ſhall diſcover unto you; for truly *Artelinda* is ſo indiſcreet, that ſhe moves my pity: not that ſhe is guilty of any ſuch Crimes as will put one to the bluſh; for certainly never any of her moſt favoured Servants ever obtained any thing of her, which did directly wound her Vertue; and becauſe ſhe knows that thoſe which ſerve her, cannot accuſe her of any Crime, ſhe is therefore the more bold to ſpeak, to write, and do a hundred things which are not very handſom. A very handſom preamble (ſaid *Cleonice*, and interrupted him) to excuſe one whom one does not love. *Ligdamis* then ſeeing, by the manner of her Speech, that there was an abſolute neceſſity of a handſom interpretation of ſuch Contradictions, was forced to confeſs, that being one day with *Artelinda*, ſhe did with ſo much art and boldneſs together, engage him in a converſation of Gallantry, that he never in his Life was more perplexed. What could ſhe ſay unto you? (ſaid *Cleonice* to him, being extreamly deſirous to know the paſſage) for I cannot imagine it poſſible, that ſuch a one as *Artelinda* could begin firſt any ſuch Diſcourſe. *Ligdamis* ſeeing there was no way to juſtify himſelf, but by his obedience unto *Cleonice*, began to relate what ſhe ſo much deſired to know. As I was ſitting very ſeriouſly by *Artelinda*, ſaid he unto her, ſhe asked me the Reaſon of my reſervedneſs? unto which I did not anſwer, becauſe the only cauſe of my reſervedneſs was nothing elſe, but that I was engaged in Company of one whoſe Diſpoſition was ſo contrary unto mine: but I anſwered in an ambiguous ſenſe, ſo that ſhe much rejoiced at it, and told me, with a Smile, that ſhe had ſeen in her Life-time more Lovers than one, who carried it as I did, when they loved and durſt not tell. I do proteſt unto you, ſaid I unto her, and laughed alſo, that this is not the cauſe of my reſervedneſs; for truly if I were ſo unfortunate or fond as to be in love with you, I ſhould not make a Secret of it. You would ſay (anſwered ſhe) that I ſhould be more glad to hear of ſuch a thing, than you are fearful to diſcover it unto me, ſince all the World twits me with it. But for all that, if you chance to love me hereafter, you would not find it ſo eaſy a matter as you think to diſcover it unto me: for you are ſuch a declared Enemy unto that Paſſion, as you will be aſhamed to contradict your ſelf: however, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, perhaps you love me already a little; and that which makes me believe it, is, becauſe I obſerve you ſhun me, and becauſe I am terrible unto you. This is a very extraordinary ſign of Love (ſaid I unto her). As extraordinary as it is (ſaid ſhe, ſtill in Raillery) it is a ſign; for my Glaſs tells me, that my Face cannot fright you: my Company is not ſo dull as to make you ſhun it; and therefore I muſt needs conclude, that you fly me, becauſe you fear I ſhould overcome you, and captivate you. Captivity indeed is ſo great a miſery, ſaid I unto her, that though I avoid it for that reaſon, yet am I excuſable: But, Madam, ſaid I, ſince I am ſincerely plain, I muſt tell you, that's not the Reaſon why I decline your Converſation: but the real Reaſon is, becauſe I know not how to talk with you: to admire your Beauty, I cannot, becauſe I am not ſenſible of it; to diſcourſe of Wars, is not a fit ſubject for Ladies; to talk of Gallantry, that would ſeem as if I did diſpute with you; to ſpeak of Liberty unto one who every day captivates ſo many Slaves, were indiſcreet; to profeſs againſt Love, will be thought ruſtick and barbariſm: ſo that not knowing what to ſay, I fly your Company as much as I can handſomely.

Since you are in an humour to ſpeak ſo freely unto me, ſaid ſhe to me, I pray tell me really what are your Thoughts of me? Are you indifferent? or have you any averſion againſt me? Do you hate me? or ſcorn me? or eſteem me? or love me? I do proteſt unto you (ſaid I unto her, and laughed) except it be the laſt of theſe, I have a little of all the reſt: For I am very indifferent of you, by reaſon of the Conqueſts you uſe to make; I am very averſe to your humour of favouring ſo many Men as you do; I hate you and ſcorn you for ſome of your Servants ſakes; and I eſteem you for the greatneſs and vivacity of your Spirit. But to ſpeak in general, ſaid ſhe unto me, what is the reſult of all theſe thoughts together, and what do you think of me? I think you are one of the faireſt Women in the World, ſaid I unto her; but the leſs amiable, becauſe too much loved. It is well, ſaid ſhe unto me, that I can draw ſo much Commendations from one that is a profeſſed Enemy unto all Gallantry; and, *Ligdamis*, you muſt know, that Commendations is the firſt ſtep to Love. However (ſaid ſhe ſtill in raillery) if it chance ever to be my hap to wound you, I promiſe you to releaſe at leaſt ſix of my Captives for the love of you. They think themſelves ſo happy in it, ſaid I unto her, that it is much better to let them alone in their Chains, than to load me with them. I ſhall never ſee you in private, ſaid ſhe unto me, but I ſhall ask you what progreſs I have made in your Heart. This, Madam, ſaid *Ligdamis*, was the Diſcourſe between *Artelinda* and my ſelf.

About three days after, meeting me in a Place where ſhe ſhewed me ſome Verſes compoſed by the famous *Sapho*, which were ſent her from *Mitilene*, I deſired her to lend them unto me: but ſhe refuſed, ſaying, ſhe would ſend them to me; and ſo ſhe did indeed that very ſame Night with a Letter, the anſwer unto which you have already. That I may the better believe what you ſay, ſaid *Cleonice* unto him, I wiſh I could ſee this Letter. That will be no difficult matter, replied he; for, as I remember, I writ ſomething upon the back-ſide of it concerning the Fortification of *Epheſus*, which the illuſtrious *Cleander* entruſted me with. You will not tell me then, replied *Cleonice*, that you have kept it out of affection to the Sender. I will not indeed, anſwered he; for I ſhould think my ſelf a very Fool, if I had the leaſt tenderneſs of *Artelinda* in me, and therefore far from Love. However, *Ligdamis*, to loſe no time, ſent one of his Servants to look in his Cloſet for this Letter, and accordingly he brought it: but though it was torn in ſome places, yet *Cleonice* read theſe words, after ſhe had very circumſpectly looked upon the back-ſide, to ſee whether *Ligdamis* had ſpoken truth or no.

Artelinda unto *Ligdamis*.

TO teſtify how much I profited by your laſt Converſation, know, that my Deſires were ſo much to pleaſe you, as I have not captivated any theſe three days. Send me word, I pray you, what Conſequences this will effect upon your Heart, to the end that if I cannot make any further happy progreſs therein,

therein, I may ſtop, and engage my ſelf no further: but I pray you conſider ſeriouſly before your anſwer:

Artelinda.

After *Cleonice* had read this Letter, and ſeriouſly looked upon it, ſhe told *Ligdamis*, that it was not written by *Artelinda.* You muſt know, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that ſhe writes ſeveral Hands: ſhe does not write unto her Friends in the ſame Character that ſhe uſeth to write unto her Lovers; and if you will be pleaſed to ask *Phocylides*, he will ſhew you that I ſpeak Truth.

But, Madam, *Ligdamis* ſpoke ſo well in his own Cauſe, that he moved *Cleonice* to believe him; and cauſing her to compare his Anſwer with her Letter, ſhe found not the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion. Moreover, *Cleonice* remembring that *Artelinda* told her, it was her pretended Lover's deſire ſhe ſhould carry her ſelf as ſhe did; and that did either plainly appear to be a Lie, or elſe that it was not *Ligdamis*; becauſe ſhe writ, that to pleaſe him ſhe had not captivated any in three dayes. As *Cleonice* was thus very buſy in examination of the Matter, I came into her Chamber; and the Quarrel between them being related unto me, I juſtified *Ligdamis*, and compoſed all Difference between them; for I had not come to ſee *Cleonice* that day, but only to ſhew a Letter which *Artelinda* had writ unto one of her Adorers who was Kinſman unto me; and ſince ſhe found it to be the very ſame Character with that which *Ligdamis* ſhewed her, ſhe deſired pardon for accuſing him.

After this, they began new Proteſtations of Friendſhip, and lived as they did before, in much ſweetneſs and confidence in each other, all the Stratagems and Plots of *Artelinda* and *Phocylides* not being able to moleſt them. As for *Hermodorus*, as he loved none but *Cleonice*, ſo it was his only Buſineſs to obſerve her. And though the frequent Viſits of *Ligdamis* cauſed him many an hungry Hour, yet he ſmothered his Sorrows as well as he could: For as *Cleonice* had forbid him all Expreſſions of Love, ſo he durſt not ſhew his Jealouſy, but ſilently ſuffered all his

Sorrows in ſecret. For our parts, it may be ſaid we lived in a Paradiſe of Pleaſure: *Cleonice* was ſenſible of no Diſtaſts, but what the Humour of *Stenobea* procured her; which ſhe imparting unto *Ligdamis*, he leſſened the Burden, and doubled all her Joys. For my part, the eſteem of theſe two firm Friends was fulneſs of happineſs to me: I was the *Mercury* who brought the News of the Town always unto them, and principally concerning *Artelinda*. I remember one day, hearing one of her Lovers being gone a Journey into the Country, and leaving a Brother with her as his Agent in his abſence, he himſelf fell in love with her; and ſhe would not by any means ſuffer him to talk of his Love unto her. I related the whole Story unto them, which had an hundred odd Paſſages in it: and after I had finiſhed my Tale; For my part, ſaid *Cleonice*, I cannot comprehend how one ſhould fall in love with another after they have lived a long time together, without the leaſt ſenſibility of that Paſſion: For truly, as I imagine the manner of it, it is its quality to ſurprize one upon a ſudden, and take up the Mind all at once, and not ſteal on by little and little, as Friendſhip does. Truly, ſaid I on the contrary, I think it much leſs ſtrange that one ſhould begin to love another after they are perfectly acquainted, and know the Qualities of each other, than to ſee Men in the higheſt Extreams, and love exceſſively the firſt minute they ſee the Party. Since it is certain, ſaid *Ligdamis*, that Love is an effect of a predominate ſympathy, rather than of any perfect knowledg, there is leſs cauſe of wonder to ſee one love at the firſt minute, than after long acquaintance. However, I am fully perſwaded, ſaid *Cleonice*, that one never paſſes from terms of Friendſhip, unto terms of Love; and that one is more apt to fall in love with another, of whom he had but an indifferent Opinion, than with one with whom he was upon terms of moſt tender Friendſhip. For my part, ſaid I unto her, I am not of your Opinion; for certainly it is a greater invitation unto Love, to be eſteemed, to be loved, to be courted, and pleaſed with the Converſation of one, than not to be at all acquainted; or if acquainted, to have but thoughts of Indifferency: Nor do I believe I am much miſtaken when I affirm, that there is much more Heat in the Hearts of thoſe who are upon terms of violent Friendſhip, than in thoſe that are upon terms only of common and indifferent Love. O *Iſmenea*, cried out *Cleonice*, you put me into an extream Fright by ſaying ſo: For if you can perſwade me of that, you will make me hate *Ligdamis*. You would be very injuſt then, ſaid he, though *Iſmenea* had reaſon for one thing which ſhe affirmed; for I do verily believe with her, that a violent Friendſhip hath more heat than a mean and indifferent Love. But, Madam, there is as vaſt a difference between theſe two, as there is between the heat of the Sun, and that of the Fire: The firſt of theſe warms and comforts without burning, and the other burns as ſoon as touched: This is the reaſon that Love is never without Sorrows and Diſtempers; whereas on the contrary, violent Friendſhip may be without any impatience or trouble. This Simile, ſaid *Cleonice*, does ſomething perſwade me againſt the Opinion of *Iſmenea*. He ſpeaks only what will pleaſe you, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, purpoſely to cauſe diſpute) but for all that, he cannot make me believe that a little Star can yellow Corn, or parch the Ground ſo much as the Rays of the Sun. For my part, ſaid *Cleonice* unto me, and laughed, you make me ſuſpect there is ſome naughty Affection (unto which you do not give the Name) which belongs unto it. And you will perſwade me, ſaid I unto her, that you only eſteem *Ligdamis*, and have not thoughts of Friendſhip at all. I had rather he ſhould think ſo, ſaid ſhe, than that he ſhould think I had any thoughts of him which might become Love. I never had ſo good an Opinion of my ſelf, replied he, nor ſo bad of you, as to imagine any ſuch thing; though (added he and laughed) if ever the fair *Cleonice* ſhould be capable of a kind of Affection, I wiſh it may be unto my Advantage. Ah, *Ligdamis*, cried ſhe out, this Wiſh does extreamly offend me. If I had wiſhed that you ſhould love me after another manner than you do, replied he, then doubtleſs I had been to blame, in violating the Promiſes which I made unto you: But I cannot think it will offend you to ſay, that if of neceſſity you muſt love any, I wiſh rather it were me than another. But if you do not love me, replied ſhe, (as I do not deſire you ſhould) why do you wiſh ſo as you do? For is there any thing in the World more ridiculous and extravagant, than to ſee one of my Sex to love, and not to be loved again? Indeed, *Ligdamis*, I do not like you ſhould fancy ſuch fond Suppoſitions as theſe.

But, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, and was much delighted with her Anger) I pray tell us, ſuppoſe the Caſe your own, and that *Ligdamis* ſhould fall in Love; had you not rather it ſhould be with you than any other? Really, *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me, I think you have both loſt your Wits; *Ligdamis* in wiſhing me in ſuch an injurious Caſe, and you in asking me ſuch odd Queſtions. However, anſwer me, ſaid I unto her. Can you think, replied ſhe, and bluſh'd, that there is none in the World he can be in love withal but me? There is none in all the World, Madam, replied he, who can render my weakneſs more excuſable than you. But I pray you tell me, *Cleonice*, ſaid I unto her, Why do you ask that Queſtion? I ask it, anſwered ſhe, both in relation to his Intereſt and my own; for, certainly, with whomſoever I can be in Love, there is more poſſibility that he ſhall be loved again by any ſooner than by me, who am fully determined never to love any: Moreover, *Ligdamis*, in loving another, does only give me a Teſtimony of his Weakneſs; but in loving me, he does me an Injury, ſince we have concluded none can love without Hope, and he can never hope unleſs he wrong me. But you, ſaid ſhe to *Ligdamis*, who take upon you ſo much freedom as to ſay, you had rather be the Object of my Weakneſs than of anothers, What good Reaſon can you give me for your *rather?* Though I had none more ſtrong, anſwered he, than that, I ſhould never publiſh it, but could better conceal your Affection to me than any other, yet that were ſufficient. However it be, (ſaid ſhe, half angry) pray let us ſpeak no more of it; for I perceive we are more apt to diſcourſe of this Paſſion, than if we were not declared Enemies unto it.

The Chaſe in which *Leonice* was, made me laugh as well as *Ligdamis*: For, to perſecute her a little, we asked her an hundred odd Queſtions; unto which ſhe would anſwer, ſometimes in Raillery, and ſometimes in Anger: But at the end of our Converſation we were all in one Opinion, and parted good Friends. In the interim, *Artelinda* was almoſt out of her Wits, to ſee her Plots did thrive no better: But being of an Humour not to grieve long for any thing, ſhe cheared up her ſelf in the multitude of her Lovers. *Phocylides* alſo not knowing which way to trouble the Tranquillity of *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice*, did deſiſt from ever thinking of it, and lived according to his accuſtomed Rate as well as *Hermodorus*.

A little while after, the illuſtrious *Cleander* conferred the Government of the Caſtle of *Hermes* upon the Father of *Ligdamis*; ſo that there was a neceſſity of his going unto the Court to render his Thanks; and therefore he took his leave of *Cleonice*, who rejoiced much at the Honour which was conferred upon his Family. But in parting from her, though it was but for a few days, yet he ſeemed more ſad than he uſed to be when he parted from her upon leſs pleaſing Occaſions than this: For when he went to the Wars, his Journies were long, and the Caſe dangerous. However, he made no great Reflection upon it then, but came to *Sardis*, ſuppoſing himſelf only a Friend unto *Cleonice*, and not ſo much as ſuſpecting he ſhould ever become a Lover. Since he had the Honour to be deep in *Cleander*'s Love, he retained him longer than he thought: But though the Court at that time was the moſt glorious Court in the World, as you know (Madam) much better than I do, yet was he extreamly diſcontented; and ſo impatient was he to return to *Ephesus*, that he left the Court much ſooner than *Cleander* deſired: But he returned with ſo many ſymptoms of Joy in his Face, that *Cleonice*, when he came to viſit her, imagined that ſome great good Fortune had happened to him which ſhe was ignorant of; though the only cauſe of all his Joy was only to ſee her. However, *Ligdamis* was much amazed to perceive, that by little and little the Tranquillity of his Mind was troubled without any apparent Cauſe; for his Fortunes were in better ſtate than ever; his Health was not impaired; he could not poſſibly be upon better terms with *Cleonice* than he was; there wanted nothing which conduced to his Happineſs, but to be ſenſible of it as formerly he had been; his Reaſon ſometimes told him he could not be better. When he was out of *Cleonice*'s ſight, he could not endure her Abſence; and when he was with her, yet was he not contented: He looked upon her more, and ſpoke leſs: He was ſo extreamly unquiet, that he began to ſuſpect his Mind was changed, and that he was in Love. The very firſt thought of it did raiſe ſuch a turbulent ſtorm in his Soul, that all his Reaſon could not lay it: But in the end, examining the bottom of his Heart, and comparing his former Eſtate unto that wherein he was at preſent, he found he was not maſter of himſelf, but that Love was a triumphant Conqueror. To be better ſatisfied, he asked himſelf what it was he would have? what he deſired? As for matter of Fortune, ſaid he, I am fully contented, for my Ambition goes no higher. As relating to *Cleonice*, I have good reaſon alſo to be ſatisfied with her. But he had no ſooner ſaid ſo, than he perceived preſently that he was not; but was ſo full of ſuch unquiet Deſires as have no limited Objects, that he ſenſibly found he was in Love, and loved violently. Then did he remember, that for fifteen days together he had uſed no invective Expreſſions againſt Love; but always when he had ſome deſire unto it, they were mixed with ſome repugnance contrary to his cuſtom. So that after a ſtrict ſurvey of himſelf, he knew moſt certainly that he was abſolutely in Love. Yet could he not think that his Diſeaſe was incurable; but on the contrary thought, that to deſire againſt it, had been an Antidote ſufficient: yet when he conſulted with his Will, he found that he had no deſire at all to be cured. However, he reſolved to wreſtle with his Paſſion; and in order to a Conqueſt, he brought as many Reaſons as poſſibly he could invent, but all too weak and fruitleſs.

Seeing then he could not vanquiſh himſelf, he reſolved at the leaſt to hide his Paſſion, as well becauſe he was aſhamed of his weakneſs, as becauſe he knew that if *Cleonice* perceived it, ſhe would withdraw her Friendſhip, and treat him ill. Sometimes he would ask himſelf, whether it was true that he was in love? What, (would he ſay to himſelf) is this the inſenſible *Ligdamis*, who with ſo much zeal condemned Love, and yet ſuffers himſelf to be vanquiſhed? Fie, fie, I cannot think it: However, I find my Heart is not my own, my Soul is in diſorder; the friendſhip of *Cleonice* doth not ſatisfy me; that which was wont to pleaſe me, troubles me; I ſtudy and muſe without a cauſe: I can find no reſt either in the abſence or the preſence of *Cleonice*: when I am out of her ſight, I am infinitely impatient to ſee her, and think that then my Happineſs would be full; yet when I am come into her preſence, my Joys to ſee her are not pure, but mixt with deſire of ſomething elſe, though I know not what: Fain would I tell her my Mind; but how can I tell her that I love her, ſince I have been ſo invective againſt Love? and contracted Friendſhip with her, becauſe both ſhe and I were Enemies to that Paſſion? No, no, I can never be able to do it. But alas! ſaid he, and reprehended himſelf, is it poſſible I can live ſo reſtleſs without any complaint? Yet *Cleonice* engaged me, that if ever I ſhould be ſo unfortunate and fond as to be in love with her, I ſhould endeavour to vanquiſh my Paſſion, at the leaſt to hide it; and if I could not, to baniſh my ſelf, and forbear her company. I have already found that the firſt of theſe Injunctions is abſolutely impoſſible, and I do very much doubt the ſecond. My caſe is very hard, ſaid he; for all other Lovers, when they begin to love, may hope that their Complaints will be heard; they are not forbid to ſpeak of their Paſſions, till after they have expreſſed themſelves, ſo that they are ſure their Loves are known: But my deſtiny is very malignant, for they forbid me to ſpeak of Love, before ever I was in Love. Others, I ſay, in diſcovering their Affection, are not in any danger to loſe any thing, but may hope as well as fear: Yet I am almoſt certain, that *Cleonice* will withdraw her Friendſhip from me, as ſoon as I diſcover mine. However, ſaid he, ſince my Heart hath changed, why may not hers alſo? Hope then, ſaid he, hope *Ligdamis!* Then preſently his Soul was ſo full of Fears, that he loſt all Hope, and almoſt his Reaſon: yet ſince he could do nothing elſe, he reſolved to diſguiſe his Thoughts, having not a Heart to tell her that he loved her, or to deprive himſelf of her ſight. He viſited her therefore as he was wont, but almoſt without any delight, by reaſon of his conſtrained way. He deſired to look upon her without Diſtraction, as formerly he did, but alas it was impoſſible; his Eyes, whether he would or no, betrayed the Secrets of his Heart; he wiſhed ſhe could gueſs at the Motions of his Soul: but with much care did he hide that, which rather than his Life he would have her know, and which yet he durſt not tell her. Since *Cleonice* did not ſuſpect any thing of all this, ſhe took no notice of this alteration in *Ligdamis:* yet within a while after he was ſo diſtempered, and ſo reſerved, that ſhe perceived it, and asked him the cauſe with ſo much Sincerity, as let him know ſhe was ignorant of it: And he, being fearful to acquaint her with ſuch an unwelcom Truth, anſwered, that his reſervedneſs proceeded from a fooliſh indiſpoſition of Melancholy, without any cauſe; and *Cleonice* believing him, did ſtrive as much as ſhe could to divert him by a hundred obliging endeavours.

I well remember, how at that time *Artelinda* afforded us an ample Subject to ſpeak againſt Love: For, Madam, one of her Lovers being gone a Journey, and leaving a Brother with her as his Agent, to preſent his Letters unto *Artelinda*, and to receive her Anſwers, ſhe made a Captive of him, who was only a Solicitor for another, and ſhewed more Favours unto him, than to the Party for whom he did negotiate. *Phocylides* alſo gave us another Subject of talk, in perſwading two mortal Enemies which ſhe loved, and making them both believe ſeverally, that he did but mock the other whom he hated. Having met with theſe two freſh Adventures in one day, *Cleonice*, *Ligdamis* and I being together, *Cleonice*, according to her wonted manner, began to ſpeak againſt the fantaſtical effects of Love. *Ligdamis*, after he had been a long while and ſpoke not a word, told her that ſhe did miſtake things, ſince theſe kind of Extravagancies are rather cauſed by the folly of them that do them, than by Love, which really had never any room in their Hearts: For indeed *Artelinda* and *Phocylides* are not in Love. Yet if there were no ſuch thing as Love in the World, replied *Cleonice*, they would not do any ſuch things: But *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, how comes it to paſs that you make a difference between Love, and the Follies of *Artelinda* and *Phocylides*? Becauſe (anſwered he coldly) I have ſo many things beſides to accuſe them of, that I will not charge them unjuſtly. For my part, ſaid ſhe, I am not ſo indulgent unto them as you are; for I do accuſe Love of all the Evils in the World. Suppoſe it ſhould deprive me of my Reaſon, ſaid he, would you be glad of it? No, believe me, ſaid ſhe; for I love you more than I hate Love; and therefore I aſſure you I ſhould be extreamly ſorry: But I am ſo well perſwaded of your Wiſdom, that I never need fear any ſuch thing. Yet they ſay, replied he, Men muſt be in Love once in their Lives. I do not think that ſo general a Rule, but it will admit of ſome Exceptions, replied ſhe, and laughed; for *Ligdamis* has ſeen all the ſpringing Beauties in *Epheſus* and *Sardis*, and none of them could ever draw him into any danger; therefore I hope he will never be in Love, and by conſequence will for ever enjoy my Friendſhip. I promiſe you all the Beauties of *Epheſus* (ſaid he unto her) cannot keep me from loving you. But you ſay nothing of our *Sardinian* Stars (ſaid ſhe, and laughed ſtill.) Since you fear them not, replied he, and bluſh'd, I need not ſpeak of them. *Cleonice* obſerving an Alteration in the Face of *Ligdamis*, began to repeat all the Conditions of their Friendſhip. Do you not remember, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I promiſed you my Affection, as long as you were not in Love, and no longer; and how you for your part promiſed, if ever you were in Love, you would acquaint me with it that very ſame Hour? I do not know, Madam, (replied he with a far a far-fetched Sigh) what your Commands were, in caſe I ſhould be in Love with you. Though there be no neceſſity of a Repetition, replied ſhe, yet I will remember you, how I ſaid I would not have you acquaint me with it; that you ſhould endeavour to vanquiſh the Paſſion; that if you could not, yet to conceal it; and if you could not do that, then to hide your ſelf, and never ſee me again. But, Madam, replied he, did you never alter your Mind ſince that time? No, replied ſhe, not at all: But *Ligdamis*, I hope you will find no great Difficulty in obeying me; and ſince no other can captivate you, you will be ſtill free, and I ever your Friend: Though truly your reſervedneſs and melancholy of Love hath put me into many Fears; for I always imagined when you came unto me, that you came with Intentions to diſcover your Weakneſs, and to tell me you were either in Love with *Artelinda* or ſome other. *Ligdamis* did bluſh at this diſcourſe. I asked him the cauſe; and he told me it was uſual for them to bluſh who were ſuſpected of any Injuſtice.

Thus, Madam, was their diſcourſe, which did double all the Miſeries of *Ligdamis*, and grew ſo inſupportable, that he was not able to endure them: He offered a hundred and a hundred times to tell her that he loved her, and his reverent Reſpects of her ſtopped his Mouth. Then did he determine to diſcover his Love unto her by his Obedience; that was, in ceaſing to ſee her; conceiving no way better to let her know it, and not incenſe her. This way of declaring Love, was a hard chapter; but ſince he could not ſpeak, ſilence it ſeems muſt ſpeak for him; and he eſteemed it one degree of Happineſs in his Miſery, that he hoped ſhe would thereby underſtand his meaning: Then, after a long Viſit without a minute of private diſcourſe, becauſe much Company was there that Day, as he was going out with the reſt of the Company, which went out almoſt together; Shall I ſee you to morrow? ſaid ſhe unto him: No, Madam, replied he: And why will you deprive me of that Honour, replied ſhe: Becauſe I am reſolved to obey you, anſwered he, and went out, not daring to look at her. *Cleonice* calling to memory all that ſhe had ſaid unto him that Day, could not remember ſhe had enjoined any thing upon him to be done to morrow; and therefore ſhe thought his Memory had deceived him, but did not at all reſpect the truth.

The day following, ſhe asked me whether I ſaw *Ligdamis?* and alſo asked ſeveral others; who all anſwered, No; and indeed he never came out of his own Chamber, but waited with as much Fear as Impatience, till *Clonice* expreſſed ſome Signs ſhe underſtood him. He told me ſince, that never Man ſuffered more melancholy Miſery than he did upon that occaſion; for ſaid he, ſhe underſtands me not, and I deprive my ſelf of the Happineſs of ſeeing her to no purpoſe; and if ſhe do underſtand me, perhaps it is with anger in her Heart: I ſhall my ſelf deſtroy that eſteem which ſhe has of me, and perhaps ſhe will not do me ſo much favour, as to ſhew her Indignation unto me, but let me alone in my lamentable Exile: but *Cleonice* did not at all ſuſpect his Paſſion. The firſt day was thus ſpent, the ſecond aſtoniſhed her a little more, and the third day I coming unto her: What have you done with *Ligdamis?* ſaid ſhe to me, and what's become of him, that neither we nor any elſe can ſee him? I ſhould have ſaid he had been ſick, ſaid I unto her, if I had not met with his Siſter in the Temple, who told me he was not ſick, but very melancholy. I cannot imagine the cauſe of it, replied *Cleonice*, but muſt ſtay till he be in the humour to come and tell me. The next day being a day conſecrated unto *Diana*, *Cleonice* and I went unto the Temple, and as we came in, I ſaw *Ligdamis*, and ſhewed him unto *Cleonice*; yet he no ſooner ſaw us look upon him, but after he had bowed unto us, he went out of the Temple, which did exceedingly ſurprize us; for his cuſtom was, when he met with *Cleonice*, to regulate his Devotion according to hers, and wait upon her out. The next day following, we did accidentally meet with him, but ſince *Artelinda* and three or four more were in the Company, *Cleo-*

ſhe could hardly ſpeak unto him, yet as he paſſed on her ſide, ſhe leaned towards him; and moſt obligingly ſaid, I pray *Ligdamis*, tell me what you are doing? I am obeying you, Madam (replied he in a low Voice, and bluſh'd) and without any longer ſtay, he went away; and left *Cleonice* ſo aſtoniſhed, that ſhe knew not what to think: As ſoon as ſhe was returned home, ſhe reſolved to clear her doubts; and writ unto *Ligdamis* in theſe Terms:

Cleonice *unto* Ligdamis.

Since I cannot remember I ever deſired any thing of you, which might deprive me of the Happineſs in ſeeing you, do me the favour to write your Mind; to the end I may chide my ſelf, and my bad Memory, and that I may know your willingneſs to obey me.

Cleonice.

After ſhe had writ this Letter, ſhe ſent it unto *Ligdamis*, by a Page which ſhe loved very well, who did deliver it the very ſame hour. You may imagine how *Ligdamis* was perplexed; he began twenty times to anſwer this Letter, and as many times blotted out what he had writ: Sometimes he thought he ſaid too much, and preſently after he thought it too little: But in concluſion, there being a neceſſity of writing ſomething, he returned this Anſwer, if my memory fail me not.

Ligdamis *unto* Cleonice.

I Would it were the Will of the Gods, Madam, that my putting you in memory of that Command which you impoſed upon me, to ſee you no more, could make me hope my Obedience would procure a Pardon of that Crime which did precede it: I have not ſo much confident boldneſs as to tell you what it is, unleſs your Goodneſs will permit, or rather appoint me.

Ligdamis.

After he had writ this Letter, and read it over and over, he gave it unto the Page which brought the other, commanding him to deliver it with his own Hands into his Miſtreſs's, and let none ſee but ſhe. As chance was, I came unto *Cleonice*, preſently after ſhe had ſent unto *Ligdamis*, and was with her when ſhe received his Anſwer: As ſoon as the Page appeared, ſhe went towards him to take that Letter which he writ; and turning towards me, We ſhall ſee whether I have loſt my Memory, ſaid ſhe; or whether I ever commanded *Ligdamis* not to ſee me, and have forgotten it. After this ſhe began to read the Letter aloud: but I ſaw her bluſh at reading of the two firſt Lines; her Voice changed; and ſhe read the laſt ſo indiſtinctly, that I underſtood her not: Then I took the Letter and read it. Is your Curioſity ſatisfied? (ſaid I, after I had read it.) Not at all, replied ſhe, for I do not well underſtand whether that Command which he ſays I impoſed upon him, be grounded upon that Queſtion which he asked me the other day in your Preſence, which was, What he ſhould do in caſe he fell in love with me? I perceive indeed, he would make me believe he is ſo. You muſt needs confeſs, ſaid I unto her, that this Declaration of his Love is the moſt reſpective that poſſibly can be, and alſo the moſt private. Heavens preſerve me from thinking that *Ligdamis* is in Love with me! ſaid ſhe: No, no, *Iſmenea*, I do not at all believe it, and I do repent of that ſuſpicion which I had of him: Certainly he is in a humour to make himſelf ſome ſport, and would be revenged of me for the perplexity I put him into by accuſing him of being in Love with *Artelinda*. However, ſaid I unto her, it muſt needs be acknowledged, that if he be in Love, he could not carry it with more Reſpect, or with more Gallantry. If he were in Love, replied ſhe, doubtleſs he could not carry it ſo: for Lovers loſe their Reaſon, as ſoon as they begin to enter into that predicament. Yet I have heard ſay, replied I, that there are ſome Men which Love makes more witty. I do think indeed, ſaid ſhe, that perhaps it may infuſe ſome Wit into thoſe who had none before; but I believe on the other ſide, it takes away the Wits of them that had any: And therefore I am confirmed in my Opinion, that *Ligdamis* makes himſelf merry by this Deſign; it not being imaginable he ſhould preſerve his Judgment, and be in Love. Yet for all that, ſaid I unto her, he has found out an Invention to make you read the Declaration of his Love without any Anger. I do confeſs it, ſaid ſhe, but 'tis becauſe I do not think that he deſires I ſhould: I am ſo afraid (ſaid ſhe and laughed) he ſhould imagine I take this ſeriouſly, and that I ſhould give him a ſubject of laughing at me all his Life-long, that I will ſend for him hither immediately; that I may let him ſee by my Entertainment of him, that I am not eaſily deceived. But (ſaid I unto her) ſay you ſhould be deceived, what would you ſay then? I would ſay (replied ſhe) that I am the unhappieſt Woman upon Earth: But why do I ſay ſo? Tell me, *Iſmenea*, have I not the very ſame Eye I had when *Ligdamis* was only my Friend? Am I more charming than I was? have I any more wit? What's the matter that makes me more terrible to him than before? No, no, the mind of *Ligdamis* is ſtill the ſame, and ſo free, that I ſee he hath invented a more witty Declaration of his Love, than all the Lovers of *Artelinda* ever could.

But how came it to paſs, ſaid I unto her, that you bluſhed ſo at the reading of his Letter; and that your Voice was ſo feeble and weak, that I had much ado to underſtand you? The Reaſon was, replied ſhe, becauſe all that ſmels of Gallantry and Courtſhip, doth affright me at the firſt, but preſently after I recollected my ſelf. However, you make me loſe time, which is ſo precious to me: for methinks I ſee *Ligdamis* delighting himſelf with his own Imaginations that he has made me angry. Then without more ado ſhe called one of her Women, whom ſhe commanded to bring the Page unto her who carried her Letter to *Ligdamis*: when he was come, ſhe commanded him to go again unto him, and to tell him ſhe deſired he would immediately come unto her: If by chance he ask who is with me, (ſaid ſhe) tell him *Iſmenea*;

nea; and if he enquire whether I be merry or melancholy, tell him the Truth, that I am not ſad. *Cleonice* gave him theſe Inſtructions, becauſe ſhe knew *Ligdamis* was wont to ask this Page a hundred ſuch Queſtions; and her Reaſon why ſhe bad him ſo, was, becauſe ſhe would not have *Ligdamis* think ſhe received his Letter (as he did write it) ſeriouſly: ſo afraid was ſhe, that *Ligdamis* ſhould believe one minute that ſhe thought him to be in love with her. The Page being gone to *Ligdamis*, he no ſooner ſaw him, but he thought he brought the Sentence of his Death, ſigned with the Hand of *Cleonice*: And he was preparing himſelf to read it with a ſad Heart, when the Page came near him with a pleaſant Air, and preſented a very civil Complement from *Cleonice*, telling him ſhe deſired he would come unto her. *Ligdamis* amazed at this, asked the Page whether ſhe had read this Letter? and he anſwered, that he believed ſhe had more than once, for (ſaid he) ſhe had Leiſure enough, ſince there was none with her but *Iſmenea*. Afterwards *Ligdamis*, ſeeming to enquire of his Miſtreſſes Heath, asked him whether ſhe was pleaſant or melancholy? And the Page anſwering according to his Inſtructions. *Ligdamis* was ſo ſurpriſed that he knew not what to think: He told the Page, he would wait upon her preſently; but he was not ſo quick as his Word, for it was above an Hour that he was deſcanting upon the Meſſage which he had received, and another Hour upon the Pleaſantneſs of *Cleonice*. Before he could get out of his Chamber, What ſhould I think of this? ſays he: does *Cleonice* underſtand me, or does ſhe not? is it poſſible that Love in wounding my Heart has troubled hers? or does ſhe not underſtand my Meaning? Certainly *Cleonice* has Wit enough, and therefore muſt needs know my Deſires; and certainly alſo ſhe knows them without Choler, ſince ſhe ſends for me. Go then I will, and go in Hopes; yet I believe I have more Reaſon to go in Fear; for how can it be imagined that ſtrong Averſion ſhe had to Love ſhould ſo ſuddenly alter? Yet on the other ſide, ſince I am changed; why may not ſhe alſo as well as I? The ſame Reaſon is equal unto both: and ſince the Beauty, Wit, and Merit of *Cleonice* hath changed my Reſolution, why may it not as well change her Tenderneſs of Friendſhip into a paſſionate Affection? Moreover, ſince Love is a grand cauſe of Love, why may not mine move hers? for certainly I love her above all Expreſſions. Hope then, hope *Ligdamis!* Go and receive a Sentence of Favour from her who is only able to grant it.

After this, *Ligdamis* went unto *Cleonice*; who no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe broke out into an extream Laughter, purpoſely to let him ſee he had not deceived her, and that his Projects did not hit. But, Madam, *Cleonice*'s Joy did not infect *Ligdamis*: for on the contrary, ſeeing by her jocund Air and pleaſant Looks, that ſhe underſtood not what he intended and deſired, he was ſo ſerious and extreamly troubled, as never Man was more: Yet notwithſtanding *Cleonice* proſecuted her intended Deſign, to let him ſee he had not deceived her. But *Ligdamis* was ready to anſwer, and I to take *Cleonice*'s part, I was ſent for home, upon a Buſineſs of great Conſequence, ſo that I left them both together, and left them both extreamly non-pluſt. Yet did I afterwards know all the Paſſages, for they both of them ſeverally related them unto me that ſame Night. I was no ſooner gone, but *Cleonice* continuing her Jeers, Very well, *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, are you not aſhamed of your trim Declaration of Love, which you invented to make your ſelf Sport withal? Truly I take it very ill, you ſhould ever think I could believe it ſerious: but I believe you have ſome curious Diſpoſition to anger me. Yet *Ligdamis*, I am a little more ſubtile than you are, ſince I know very well it is only a Piece of your Raillery. I wiſh unto the Gods, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that what you ſay were true. Seriouſly, *Ligdamis*, I cannot endure to hear you ſpeak thus. Seriouſly, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I can ſpeak no otherwiſe, unleſs I ſhould lie. *Cleonice* then looking upon *Ligdamis*, and ſeeing ſuch a real Trouble in his Face as perſwaded her he was in earneſt, was ſo amazed and incenſed, that ſhe ſtood a while and could not ſpeak: ſo that *Ligdamis* began the Diſcourſe; Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you do not condemn before you underſtand me. You know very well, ſaid ſhe unto him, that this is not according to our Conditions, and that I ought not to hearken to any thing which you ſhall ſay, ſince you have rendred your ſelf unworthy of my Friendſhip by your poor Imbecility: which though I will not yet accuſe you of, however ſince I think you have loſt your Reaſon by ſome other Accident, go, *Ligdamis*, and ſtay at home until you recover it, and ſee me no more till then. In the Name of our Friendſhip, Madam, ſaid he unto her, do not thus cruelly baniſh me. That Conjuration, replied *Cleonice*, had Power to obtain any thing of me as long as our Friendſhip laſted; but ſince it is at an End, I muſt deny you all things. I do proteſt unto you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I have not one Thought in my Heart which can offend you: and if there be any Alteration in my Soul, it is diſadvantageous only unto my ſelf: I muſt needs confeſs I am more unquiet and troubled than I was, I do acknowledg it; but as in Relation unto you, Madam, the only Difference is, that I reſpect you much more than I did before: I fear you more, and love you with a greater Zeal, this is all, indeed, divine *Cleonice*; all the Alteration is, I loved you then, and I adore you now.

Whilſt *Ligdamis* was thus expreſſing himſelf, *Cleonice* looked upon him with Coldneſs able to drive a Man into abſolute Deſpair: And upon a ſudden ſhe beginning to ſpeak, Fie, fie, *Ligdamis!* ſaid ſhe unto him, give over, and do not add Crime to Crime; content your ſelf with Friendſhip, and do not force me to hate you. Would it be juſt, Madam, ſaid he unto her, to hate me for loving you too much? Moreover, do you not conſider that I did never reſiſt you, but always moſt punctually obey you? I have ſtriven with my Paſſion as much as I was able, and afterwards found I could not overcome it: I endeavoured to hide it; then ſeeing I was not able to do that neither, I would have baniſhed my ſelf. Why did you not ſeek a handſom pretence for it then, ſaid ſhe unto him, and never acquaint me with your Follies? Why, Madam, ſaid he unto her, would you wiſh me to loſe my Reaſon and my Liberty both? To drown my Soul in an ocean of turbulent Thoughts, altered all my Inclination, quitted the quiet of all my Life; and would you, I ſay, have been ignorant of the cauſe of all theſe Miſeries, and denied me ſo much Conſolation as to let you know how willing I was to obey you? Obey me then, ſaid ſhe unto him, in never ſeeing you again. *Ligdamis* would have ſaid ſomething to her, but ſhe would by no means hear him; and ſeeing he had no Will to go out of her Chamber, ſhe went out the firſt, and conſtrained him to go out alſo.

I leave you to imagine, Madam, how great his Sorrow was; and truly hers was no leſs, though it was in different Thoughts; for *Ligdamis* was grieved, becauſe he feared his Perſeverance would never alter the Heart of *Cleonice*; and ſhe was troubled to break off Friendſhip with *Ligdamis*, and deprive her ſelf of his Society who was ſo dear to her. She not being able then to contain her Sorrows in her own Soul, ſhe ſent for me, and I went to her the ſame Night; as ſoon as I came to her, My dear *Iſmenea* (ſaid ſhe unto me) am I not very unfortunate? and muſt it not needs be confeſſed, that I have Reaſon to be ſorry you ever made me acquainted with *Ligdamis?* Why, ſaid I unto her, did you quarrel when I left you together? Yes, anſwered *Cleonice*; and ſo much, that you can never agree us again. Then ſhe told me the whole Paſſage, but with ſuch diſturbed Thoughts, that it was eaſy to ſee, ſhe was extreamly perplexed: for I clearly ſaw ſhe had a moſt high Eſteem of the Friendſhip of *Ligdamis*; and I perceived alſo, that ſhe reſolved never to ſee him again. Methinks (ſaid I unto her, when I heard her ſay ſo) that you are a little too haſty in your Courſes, do you not conſider that if you break off ſo abruptly with him, all the World will be inquiſitive of the Cauſe? And do not you your ſelf conſider (ſaid ſhe to me) if I do not break off with *Ligdamis*, he may well imagine his pretended Paſſion does not diſpleaſe me? This laſt Inconveniency, ſaid I unto her, has not ſo many dangerous Conſequences as the other. Truly, ſaid ſhe, I think them much more dangerous.

Indeed, Madam, I could not with any Arguments alter her, but left her in a peremptory Reſolution never to ſee

Ligdamis again. As I returned to my Chamber, there I found this unfortunate Lover waiting for me, who came to ask my Advice and Aſſiſtance: I told him ingenuouſly that *Cleonice* was much incenſed againſt him, but would not tell him all I thought, becauſe I would not too much deject him. But *Ligdamis*, ſaid I unto him, do you intend to be ſtill in Love with *Cleonice* yet? With whom elſe, replied he ſharply? do you think I can love any but her, who is the moſt accompliſhed of her Sex? Knowing her Humour, as I do, replied I, and as you do alſo, methinks you ſhould never think more of her. Ah *Iſmenea*! ſaid he unto me, I am grown very knowing in Love of late, and you remain ignorant: within theſe few Days, doubtleſs I would have ſaid the ſame; but now I know by Experience, that Love is infinitely more ſtrong than all Reaſons, and nothing can overcome it; Therefore ſince it is not a voluntary Buſineſs, or a taken-up Humour, it is great Injuſtice to condemn thoſe that are captivated by it. You your ſelf then, replied I, and laughed, have been often very unjuſt. I do confeſs it, replied he, and am ſeverely puniſhed for it: However, it is but Equity to pity at the leaſt all unfortunate Lovers, who can hope for no other Conſolation: And this *Iſmenea* is all the Favour that I ask of *Cleonice*: She has heretofore done me the Honour to ſay, that if ever I fell in love, provided it was not with her ſelf, ſhe would take it well if I diſcovered it unto her; ſhe told me that ſhe would aſſiſt me with her Counſel, and do her beſt to cure that Diſeaſe which ſo tormented me: I beſeech you obtain only this Favour from her Goodneſs, that ſhe would be pleaſed to make no Exceptions; but that I once more tell her into what a Condition ſhe has brought my Soul, as if it were not her ſelf with whom I am in love; and I do moſt faithfully promiſe her, to follow her Advice whatever it be, and to try all Remedies which ſhe ſhall preſcribe in Order to my Cure: If I were in love with any other, ſhe were not ſo much obliged to help me: Negotiate therefore for me, dear *Iſmenea*, and perſwade this moſt admirable Lady to be the Confident of that Paſſion which ſhe her ſelf has cauſed.

I ſhould never end, Madam, if I ſhould relate all that *Ligdamis* ſaid unto me, for I think Love did never inſpire any Man with more delicate and pure Raptures than it did him: He moved me infinitely to pity him; inſomuch as I promiſed to uſe my beſt Endeavours that *Cleonice* ſhould not hate him. I found it a knotty piece of Difficulty to obtain of her that he might ſee her; for ſhe was many Days together peremptorily reſolved never to ſee him again; but maugre all her Choler, I perceived ſhe could not forget the Friendſhip which was between *Ligdamis* and her ſelf; and therefore I thought it expedient to preſs her no further than unto Terms of Friendſhip, to ſee how her Soul would reliſh that only. In the Interim, *Ligdamis* looked at no body, and feigning himſelf to be ſick for a Pretence of his not going out, he lived the moſt miſerable Life upon Earth; for when he remembred how happy once he was, when he was only the Friend of *Cleonice*, and conſidered how unfortunate he was now, only becauſe he loved her, he thought himſelf a moſt deſpicable Man. Four or five Days paſſed on in this manner, during all which time, I ſaw *Cleonice* was very melancholy, and I did not ſo much as name *Ligdamis* unto her. Sometimes I ſaw by her Eyes, ſhe expected I ſhould talk of him, and ſometimes again I ſaw ſhe did not deſire it; yet I kept conſtant unto my Reſolution, and ſpoke not one Syllable of him. Divers in my Preſence aſked her, whether ſhe knew the Cauſe of *Ligdamis*'s Retirement? *Artelinda*, was one that aſked her the ſame Queſtion, *Phocylides* another, and every one, even ſo much as *Hermodorus*, endeavoured to know of her, how it came to paſs he did not viſit her? Some ſaid he was ſick, others ſaid he was grieved; all concluded he would die preſently, if the Malady of his Body or Mind did not diminiſh.

After all the Company was gone who had ſpoken to her concerning *Ligdamis*, ſhe turned towards me: The Deſtiny of *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe, is very ſtrange; for all that love him not, do not ſpeak unto me of him, and you who do love him, ſays not a Word. It is true, ſaid I unto her; but the Reaſon is, becauſe I love you more than I do him, and my Fears to anger you, impoſes ſilence. I give you thanks for that Thought of me, replied ſhe, but I ſhould have thought my ſelf very much obliged to you, if you had infuſed any Reaſon into the Soul of *Ligdamis*, whom I eſteem ſo much, as I wiſh I could ſee him Reaſonable again. It is you, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that muſt work that Miracle: and then I acquainted her how *Ligdamis* did moſt humbly ſupplicate, that ſhe would be pleaſed to be unto him as ſhe had promiſed to be, if he had been in Love with another. At the firſt, ſhe rejected his deſire, and would by no means hearken unto it; but afterwards, after a long reſiſtance, thinking that perhaps ſhe might diſſwade him by Reaſon from being in Love with her, ſhe promiſed to ſee him once again, and to adviſe with him upon ſome courſe to cure him of his Diſeaſe. As ſoon as I was parted from *Cleonice*, I ſent for *Ligdamis*, who received this News with incredible joy: But, ſaid I unto him, all this is not to adviſe you to be ſtill in Love with her. It is no matter, ſaid he unto me, I care not upon what Conditions it be, ſo I may but ſee her; the very ſight of her will be an unexpreſſible comfort unto me: And indeed he ſtaid not long for that comfort, for the next Morning *Stenobea* went abroad to make many Viſits, leaving *Cleonice* behind her, and I advertiſed *Ligdamis* of it; yet I could not poſſibly be at this Meeting, but he gave me an account of it the next day.

As ſoon as he came to her, ſhe looked upon him with ſuch an auſtere Aſpect, as was enough to quaſh all hopes in a Lover's Heart: *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, do not think to draw any matter of advantage unto your ſelf out of this my indulgence towards you, nor flatter your ſelf ſo much as to think I am not ſo much incenſed againſt you as I ſeem to be: I reſolved upon this preſent courſe, becauſe I thought our paſt Friendſhip obliged me to uſe all my endeavours for your Cure; and to try once more, whether I could infuſe any Reaſon into your Soul. Which way ſoever I have the honour of ſeeing you, Madam, anſwered he, I am infinitely obliged unto you, and more obliged than for all the Favour you conferred upon me, during the time of our Friendſhip; ſince really I never wiſhed for this honour with ſo much Ardency and Zeal, as ſince I have been deprived of your ſight. Yet I am the very ſame I was, replied *Cleonice* coldly. It is true, Madam, replied he, but I am not the ſame I was. I am very ſorry for it, replied ſhe, and I would do any thing to reduce you unto that pleaſing and faithful Friendſhip which was once in you, that you were ſuch a ſolid Friend, I ſay, as could clearly ſee things as really they are; and whoſe Converſation and Friendſhip, was the very delight of my Life: but, alas, *Ligdamis*, you are not now ſuch a one as I ſpeak of. Yet why are you not? why will you force me to hate you? or at the leaſt to ſee you no more. Madam, ſaid he, I am far from being ſo unreaſonable: and if I durſt I would tell you, that I limit all my Deſires only unto the ſeeing of you, and to the being your Friend. Did you pretend only unto theſe two things, replied ſhe, you never would have changed Thoughts; for there could not be a more tender Friendſhip than there was betwixt you and me, nor could you ſee me ofter than you did. It is true, Madam, ſaid he to her, but that Affection which you had to me, and thoſe frequent Viſits which I made, wanted ſomething which indeed I cannot expreſs, which yet is abſolutely neceſſary to ſatisfy an amorous Man. Fie, fie, *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe, did I ever think to hear ſuch a terrible word from your Mouth? You, I ſay, who has made me a hundred pleaſing Satyrs againſt ridiculous Love! who has deſcribed it as the moſt dangerous Paſſion! who has told me it never laid hold on any but Fools and idle People! who has promiſed me a thouſand times, it ſhould never captivate you! who has related unto me a thouſand ſad Conſequences it has cauſed, and ten times as many Extravagancies! who has told me, that it makes all thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it to loſe their Reaſon, to forget Vertue, and at the leaſt makes them all miſerable! You added unto all this, that this dangerous Paſſion makes the moſt faithful Friends become Impoſtors and Cheats; that a Lover ought always to be looked upon as one that is not fit to anſwer for himſelf, and as one that is ready to commit all Crimes for the advancement of his fooliſh Love. After all this, *Ligdamis*, would you have me look upon you as a Man in Love; and as one who according to your own Maxims I ought to ſcorn and hate? Speak, *Ligdamis*, ſpeak, I conjure you; but ſpeak as I would have you. What would you have me ſay, Madam? replied he. I would have you ſay (replied ſhe) and aſſure me that you will be always my Friend, and that you will never be a Lover. Indeed I cannot, Madam, anſwered he; for tho I ſhould force my Tongue to tell a Lie, yet my Eyes would contradict my Words, and my Face would diſcover the Secrets of my Heart. Fie *Ligdamis!* ſaid ſhe, are you reſolved to loſe my Friendſhip? Why, Madam, anſwered he, I could eaſier conſent to love you leſs, than to ſay it.

But *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you do not anſwer unto what I ſay: I pray tell me whether all you have ſpoken againſt Love, be out of your Memory? No, replied he, but it is out of my Heart, ſince certainly I ſee things after another manner than I did before. For my part, ſaid ſhe, I know not why you ſhould. Yes, Madam, replied he, I do not ſee you as I did when I was only your Friend: I find you a hundred times more fair than I did; me-thinks you have incomparably a finer Spirit than you had before; you are infinitely more charming; your Humours are more agreeable and pleaſing unto me; the leaſt of your words now, has more eloquence than your fineſt Rhetorick had before; your very Look makes my Heart to beat; and you ſeem to be ſo infinitely above what you were before in every thing, that I am aſhamed I ſhould not diſcover thoſe admirable Perfections in you until I was in Love: Yes, Madam, the fire does not only warm, but enlighten me, and lets me ſee a hundred things which I could not ſee before. And can you ſee, ſaid ſhe unto him, that Love is not the ſame you ſaid it was before? I do moſt plainly ſee it, replied he, and in ſuch a moſt evident manner, that I wonder how I could poſſibly reaſon ſo againſt it. I do confeſs, Madam, there is a terreſtrial, groſs, and brutal kind of Paſſion that uſurps the name of Love, yet is not, which merits the averſion of all reaſonable People: Alſo I do confeſs there is a kind of univerſal Gallantry, unworthy of a lofty Soul: But a conſtant and pure Love, ſuch a Love as my Soul is ſenſible of, is the moſt glorious and commendable thing in the World. It is by this Paſſion that Souls are elevated above themſelves, and prompted unto all Heroick Actions. Be pleaſed, Madam, to command me any thing that is full of the greateſt Difficulties, and the moſt dangerous to be executed, and I ſhall immediately attempt it. If you had impoſed any thing of this nature upon that *Ligdamis* who was only your Friend, perhaps he would have conſidered the greatneſs of the Danger, and the difficulty of his Obedience, and in all likelihood would not undertake it: But this *Ligdamis*, who loves you now, will never deliberate a Minute upon any of your Commands, but is ready with his Obedience at a Minutes warning.

Then I command you not to love me as you do, replied ſhe, if it be ſo that your Obedience has no Limits. Impoſſibilities, Madam, replied he, are ever to be excepted; and therefore in this I cannot obey you, becauſe it is not in my power to love more or leſs than I do. Then I muſt never ſee you again, replied ſhe, unleſs you will endeavour to find out ways of curing your Folly. Tho my Diſeaſe is ſuch, replied he, that I had rather die than wiſh the cure; yet I will ask you, Madam, what you conceive moſt proper and expedient for it? I would have you think upon all you have formerly ſaid unto me againſt it, replied ſhe. I remember them very well, replied he; but I find them ſo unjuſt and remedileſs, that they will not do it. Conſult then with your own Reaſon, replied ſhe, and I am confident it will change your Opinion. Alas, Madam, replied he, my Reaſon is ſo troubled, and ſo far from affording me any Counſel, that it abſolutely ſubmits unto my Paſſion. Then ſee me no more, ſaid ſhe, and try whether Abſence will help you. Since theſe five or ſix daies in which I have not ſeen you, replied he, my Love is increaſed much more. Conſider then, replied ſhe, that if you love me, I ſhall hate you; and by not loving me, you will ſtill have my Eſteem and Friendſhip. O, Madam, cri'd he, how moſt unjuſt is this, to love me if I do not love you, and to hate me if I do! Whatever it be, *Ligdamis*, replied ſhe, ſince my Thoughts are not changed as yours are, but ſtill look upon Love with the ſame Eyes I did before, and find you ſo unreaſonable that I cannot endure you, I muſt tell you what I conceive: Your face is changed, and your Actions alſo; I find a continual reſtleſneſs in your Eyes; you ſpeak more haſtily than you did before; all you ſay is unjuſt; you are ſilent when you ſhould ſpeak, and anſwer alwaies impertinently, and indeed do every thing without Reaſon: For you thought your ſelf happy heretofore in my Converſation, my Eſteem, my Friendſhip, and my Confidence; I do yet offer the ſame unto you, and you are not contented. For my part, *Ligdamis*, you may ſay or think what you pleaſe; but I never found Love ſo fantaſtical in any as in you. The Reaſon is, replied he, becauſe the Paſſion was never ſo violent in any as in me: but alas, Madam, I muſt needs think my ſelf moſt unhappy, that my Love is unknown to you. Deceive not your ſelf, replied ſhe; for the more diſorder I ſee in your Soul, the leſs diſpoſition I ſhall have to love you. That muſt needs be impoſſible, Madam, replied he; for as the Fire burns thoſe that touch it, and the Sun enlightens thoſe that ſee it; ſo a pure and conſtant Paſſion muſt needs move the Heart of her one loves.

You hope then that I ſhall love you, (replied *Cleonice* with ſuch a coldneſs as made *Ligdamis* almoſt deſpair.) I do wiſh it, Madam, at the leaſt, replied he, but I dare not ſay I hope it. 'Tis very well, ſaid ſhe; indeed you could not do me a more manifeſt Injury, than perſwade me to love you, and to do that which I have ſo often condemned in others. Can you imagine, *Ligdamis*, that I ſhould laugh at all thoſe Follies in you, which we both together have condemned in others? Do you think I can take any pleaſure to ſee you miſerable for the Love of me? to hear you ſigh, and make all the crabbed Faces which Love uſes to force them unto that are ſubject unto it? Fie, fie, *Ligdamis*, I cannot endure it: And though I cannot regulate your Affection, yet let me limit your Hopes; for aſſure your ſelf, that a hundred Years Languiſhment, Sighs, Tears, Raptures, Expreſſions, and Services, ſhall never obtain any thing from me. Though, Madam, replied he, you cannot be ſenſible, yet I beſeech you be not unjuſt; but conſider that it is your Self who is the cauſe of my Miſery, and therefore you are obliged to have ſome compaſſion upon me. Then be only unto me, ſaid ſhe unto him, as I am unto *Iſmenea*, my Confident in point of Friendſhip: Love me as you were wont to do, and let me love you only as I do, and be not ſo unjuſt as to make me abſolutely miſerable without a Cauſe.

I know very well, Madam, ſaid he, that by our Conditions you are not to be a Friend to one that is in Love; but thoſe that make Laws, can alter them. I do remember that you ſaid one day, the reaſon why you would never have a Lover for your Friend, was becauſe you once had a Friend who fell in love, and was weary of you, and made but ſhort Viſits; that he talked unto you of nothing but the Party whom he loved; and that you durſt not truſt him with any Secret, becauſe he was ſure to reveal it unto his Miſtreſs. But, Madam, you need not fear any of theſe Inconveniences in me: For, firſt, Madam, I do proteſt I have no Joy but in your company; my Viſits ſhall laſt longer than ever; and if you pleaſe, I will never ſpeak unto any but your ſelf. Moreover, Madam, you need not fear my revealing of Secrets unto her I moſt adore, ſince if I do reveal them, it is only to your ſelf who truſted me with them; therefore why will you deny me the honour and happineſs of ſeeing you? And give me leave to love you, I beſeech you: perhaps your Inſenſibility will cure me ſooner than that Abſence which you condemn me unto: for, Madam, when I am from you, I ſhall ſtill imagine that if I were with you, I ſhould move your Heart; ſo that hoping ſtill to ſee you again, I ſhall hope alſo to be loved, and by conſequence to be continually in love: but if you permit me to continue with you, perhaps your Cruelty and Inhumanity will deſtroy my Hopes, and afterwards my Love. This Remedy, replied *Cleonice*, is as odd and fantaſtical as your Paſſion. It is the only one, replied he, which in reaſon you can appoint me. Yet let us try Abſence, ſaid ſhe, for I think leſs danger to be in it. I remember, Madam, replied he, I have heard you ſay, that the Malady which torments me was contagious: but I remember alſo that *Iſmenea* anſwered you, that it could never infect you: And certainly, Madam, it cannot; for as long as I have been with you, I could never perceive you the leaſt moved by it. Heavens preſerve me from ſuch a Misfortune, replied ſhe. However, *Ligdamis*, ſince I perceive it a thing impoſſible at preſent to bring your Soul unto Reaſon, all I can do for you is, to aſſure you that I am extreamly ſorry for the loſs of your Friendſhip; that you ſhall ever find it ready for you, as ſoon as you are out of Love; and in order to that I enjoin you to travel, and ſee whether that be more prevalent than my Reaſons.

If there were any Crime in my Paſſion, anſwered *Ligdamis*, or if my Pretenſions were unjuſt, then I could not blame you for baniſhing me: but, alas, I ask no more but that you would ſuffer me to love you: What harm does that which is in my Heart do you? has it put you unto any trouble this laſt Month I have been with you? No, replied *Cleonice*, nothing troubled me, but that I did not know the meaning of your Soul. You ſee then, replied he, that you have no ſolid Foundation for what you ſay; and that my Paſſion is not ſo troubleſom to you in it ſelf, but only by ſuch imaginations as you apprehend of it: For truly, Madam, the Paſſion which did not trouble you a Month ſince, was the very ſame it is now at this time: I profeſs that I am much more ſenſible of your Miſeries than I was, and if it were poſſible, I am more ſecret and faithful than ever. Though all this were true, replied *Cleonice*, yet I have one Exception againſt you, which you cannot anſwer ; which is, that ſince your Heart is capable of this Paſſion, you may love another as well as me; and if you ſhould, in what a caſe were my Confidence and truſt ? When I was in love with none, Madam, ſaid he, you had more cauſe to fear this inconveniency than now, for then it had not been impoſſible but I might have loved another, and not you: But now I do love you, it is abſolutely impoſſible I ſhould ever love any other, for out of all doubt, you are both my firſt and my laſt Love: One may perhaps forſake a mean Beauty, and fall upon another of more accompliſhed Parts; but to forſake the faireſt and moſt abſolute Perfection upon Earth for another, was never heard of ſince Love had dominion in the Hearts of Men. For my part, ſaid *Cleonice*, I am ſo affrighted to hear you talk thus, that I hardly know what I ſhould anſwer, unleſs that it is my beſt courſe to truſt none, but miſtruſt my own Reaſon: Therefore *Ligdamis*, I muſt needs deny your requeſt, and entreat you to ſee me no more, at leaſt of a long time. Would you have me die then? replied he. No, ſaid ſhe, but I would have you become wiſe. Then I conjure you, Madam, ſaid he, by that Friendſhip which you have promiſed, that I may have eight days allowed to ſee you. I grant it, ſaid ſhe, though you do not deſerve the Favour; yet it ſhall be with this condition, that you ſpeak not a word to me of your pretended Love.

Ligdamis then was as thankful unto *Cleonice* for it, as if ſhe had granted him her Heart; and at his parting from her, he came to me with ſo much Joy in his Countenance, that I knew very well his Heart was really in Love. He requeſted me to mediate for him, in ſuch obliging Language, as indeed he perſwaded me to do him that Office: Yet I aſſure you it was no eaſy Task, for I found *Cleonice* in ſuch a melancholy Mood, and ſo much perplexed, that ſhe would not hearken unto any but extreamly againſt her Will. The Friendſhip of *Ligdamis* was none of the leaſt Cauſes of her Grief, and her averſion to Love, was a great addition to her Torment. However, *Ligdamis* did ſee her during the eight days ſhe had granted him: But maugre all his violent Reſtraints, he could not hold from uttering ſome ſymptoms of his Paſſion, either by his Looks or Sighs, or his Studies, or elſe by ſome Words which ſtole from him unawares. Moreover, as *Cleonice* was diſpoſed to interpret all his Actions that way, ſo ſhe avoided the encounter of his Eyes as much as ſhe could: She bluſh'd as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him come near her; ſhe took all care not to ſit next him; ſhe did not addreſs any Speech unto him, and kept ſuch a ſtrange diſtance, that I wondred to ſee ſuch an alteration between them. When I asked *Cleonice* why ſhe would not behave her ſelf as if ſhe were ignorant of his Paſſion; She anſwered me, that ſhe could not for her Life do it, and that he muſt needs be gone from her: For (ſaid ſhe unto me the laſt day of his allowance) if he continue his Love ſtill, and do not go away, I ſhall hate him extreamly. But ſuppoſe he do obey you, and go away, ſaid I to her, and that abſence cannot cure him, what would you have him do then? do you think it juſt he ſhould be eternally baniſhed from his Country, only becauſe he loves you too well? Were he a Man you did not eſteem, or that he did not deſerve it, or that you had an averſion to his Perſon, what could you do more? I ſhould then do much leſs, ſaid ſhe unto me. I cannot underſtand your Reaſon for that, replied I, yet I muſt needs believe, becauſe I ſee you let *Hermodorus* live quietly at *Epheſus*, though he has loved you long. *Hermodorus*, replied ſhe, is not a Man whom I would honour ſo much, as to command him any thing. This Honour which you do *Ligdamis*, replied I, may well be called Injuſtice. Yet it is a Favour, replied ſhe, ſince I do all I can to preſerve his Friendſhip.

As ſhe was ſaying this, *Ligdamis* came in, with an intention to get his Term prolonged. I no ſooner ſaw him, but taking the word from *Cleonice*, Come, *Ligdamis*, ſaid

I unto him, come and hear the favourable Cauſe of your Baniſhment. Muſt I then be baniſhed? replied he. Yes, anſwered *Cleonice*, if I have any Power with you. You have it, Madam, moſt abſolutely, anſwered he, and ſighed; but it is the Office of thoſe that have the moſt ſoveraign Power, not to do all they can, but all they ought to do. And I ought to do all I can, replied ſhe, to infuſe Reaſon into your Soul, to the end I may keep you my Friend. Then you do not hate me, Madam? ſaid *Ligdamis*. I do acknowledg it,ſaid ſhe,but I ſhall moſt infallibly hate you,if you do not obey me. When you have made trial of Abſence, which I have heard is the only Remedy againſt Love; and that I ſee you uſe your beſt Endeavours to become wiſe, then perhaps I ſhall be ſo favourable as not to deny you my Friendſhip,but permit you to keep that Paſſion in your Soul which you cannot exclude. I proteſt, *Cleonice*,(ſaid I unto her,and laughed) this is an admirable good one, to make that which you endure, becauſe you cannot help it, to paſs for a great Favour, and to oblige Men unto Impoſſibilities. Though I ſee you would perſwade me I am to blame, replied ſhe, yet I do not repent it; for if it be impoſſible for *Ligdamis* to leave loving me, then let him give me ſome Teſtimony of his Love: Therefore I conjure you, ſaid ſhe unto him, to make trial of two Remedies; The one is Abſence, the other is Ambition: You know *Cleander* loves you dearly, go then unto the Court for ſix Months, and endeavour to drive out one Paſſion with another: but I beſeech you do not reſiſt me any longer, unleſs you will have me hate you. I know very well, Madam, replied he, that though I do obey you, yet all will do no good, ſince whereſoever I am, I am moſt certain you will be there preſent in my mind, and I am abſolutely incapable of any other Ambition,but of being in your Favour. After this, *Cleonice* began to ſpeak ſo earneſtly unto *Ligdamis*, that I knew ſhe would be obeyed; ſo that I adviſed him to be contented: For, ſaid I unto him, if Abſence do cure you, then you have good cauſe to think your ſelf happy; if it do not, yet you give *Cleonice* the greateſt teſtimony of your Obedience and Love that poſſibly can be. However, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you promiſe me, if I punctually obey you, that you will never any more command me to pull that Paſſion out of my Heart, which doubtleſs will ever be there as long as I live. I promiſe you I will not, ſaid ſhe unto him: But becauſe this is not enough to keep a languiſhing exiled Lover alive, replied he; therefore, Madam, I beg this Favour of your Goodneſs, that in caſe I do not die of Sorrow, but live to return unto you, then that you would be pleaſed to be the Confident of my Paſſion. No, *Ligdamis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, I do not promiſe you that; but I aſſure you, that I will not hate you, if you obey me. In concluſion, Madam, not to trouble you with any impertinent Relations, *Ligdamis* obeyed her. It was eaſy to find a handſom Pretence for his Voyage, ſince it was wondred why he went no ofter to *Sardis*. I did my endeavours that he might take his leave before he went, but it could not poſſibly be obtained. I ſaw that the cauſe of this denial was advantagious for *Ligdamis*; for ſhe had not refuſed that Favour, but only becauſe ſhe knew it was impoſſible for her to bid him adieu, without expreſſing too many viſible ſigns of Friendſhip to him.

He departed then, with intentions to go unto *Sardis*, but in the way thither, he heard how *Cræſus* had impriſoned *Cleander*; ſo that reſolving not to go thither, by reaſon of this Accident, which put all *Lydia* into an univerſal aſtoniſhment, he went unto the Government of his Father, there to ſpend the time of his Exile, and in ſolitude to lament the Misfortune of *Cleander*, and his own, and almoſt as much *Oleander*'s as his own; ſince after ſo many Victories, and ſo many good Services done unto all *Lydia*, he was a Priſoner without a Crime.

This News being reported at *Epheſus*, every one was extream ſad; for indeed it was one of the greateſt Misfortunes that could come to the whole Kingdom: But beſides the Publick Intereſt, which grieved *Cleonice* as it did the reſt, the particular Relations of *Ligdamis* was a great addition unto her Sorrows. She went to viſit the Siſter of *Ligdamis* upon this Occaſion; but ſhe would not write unto him, though I uſed all my Arguments to perſwade her; as for him, he writ often unto me unknown to *Cleonice*; for I had forgot to tell you how this cruel Lady made him promiſe her to ſend her no Letters, and that if he did write unto me, I ſhould conceal them from her; ſo that I durſt not acquaint her how Abſence had wrought no Effects upon the Cure of *Ligdamis*. In the mean time, *Cleonice* was exceedingly ſad and ſolitary, ſo that *Artelinda* and *Phocylides* left off their Viſits. *Stenobea*, after a hundred Chidings that ſhe was not jocund enough, was forced to let her alone in quiet. So that *Cleonice* keeping her Chamber very much, I was very often alone with her. At the firſt, when I began to ſpeak of *Ligdamis*, ſhe would be angry; yet by degrees ſhe did not only ſuffer me to talk of him, but alſo would her ſelf begin the firſt. One day then when we were alone, after diſcourſe of ſeveral other things; I am certain, ſaid ſhe, in what place ſoever *Ligdamis* is, he can find none unto whom he can ſpeak concerning me, and therefore I hope he will quickly forget his Folly. But, ſaid I unto her, and looked earneſtly upon her; Is it poſſible you ſhould wiſh as you ſay, that *Ligdamis* ſhould be indifferent towards you? Not, as I ſay, anſwered ſhe. What do you ſay? (replied I half angry). I ſay, (anſwered ſhe) I wiſh that *Ligdamis* would not love me; as for his Friendſhip, I ſhould be very glad of it, I do confeſs. But how do you think that is poſſible? ſaid I unto her: Do you not conſider, that if Abſence do cure a violent Paſſion, it muſt be by forgetting you, and unaccuſtoming himſelf from ſeeing you? Moreover, you do not conſider, that he is now no Friend unto you; that Affection has changed his Nature; and in all reaſon, if the Remedy which you have impoſed upon him do work that Effect which you expect, he will neither be your Lover nor your Friend.

Iſmenea, ſaid ſhe unto her, you are a moſt cruel Woman to examine me ſo ſtrictly upon a thing which does not pleaſe me: However, why is it not poſſible that the Friendſhip of *Ligdamis* which became Love, ſhould return to Friendſhip again? I know not well the reaſon, ſaid I unto her, but I am ſure the Example of it is very rare. I ſhould be very ſorry, replied ſhe, to loſe *Ligdamis* altogether. Yet you expoſe your ſelf unto it, ſaid I to her. But ſince I ſaw her in a leſs ſevere humour, I pray, *Cleonice*, ſaid I, whether had you rather that *Ligdamis* ſhould be abſolutely cured of his Paſſion, and be altogether indifferent towards you, or that he ſhould be in love with another? Since I was ever a Friend unto *Ligdamis*, (ſaid ſhe unto me, and bluſh'd) I cannot deſire he ſhould be cured of one Diſeaſe, by falling into another; and I had rather loſe his Affection, and love none, than to ſee him over-loaded with Fetters. But, ſaid I, ſuppoſe, there were an abſolute neceſſity that he muſt either love you or another, which would you chuſe? I long ſince told you what I thought upon that, replied ſhe. It is true, ſaid I unto her, but I ask you what you think now? I will not take ſo much pains, ſaid ſhe, as to think upon it: Yet if ever *Ligdamis* do cure himſelf of his Follies, I ſhall take a great delight in letting him ſee the little ſolidity there is in the Hearts of thoſe that are in love; for I proteſt, *Iſmenea*, I do think upon *Ligdamis*, as much as if he were here at *Epheſus*. Why then would you have him forget you? ſaid I to her, and laughed: Do you well know what you would have? Think upon it, *Cleonice*, and think upon it ſeriouſly: it would be very fine, if *Ligdamis* ſhould forget you, and you could not forget him. You ſpeak ſo fondly, replied ſhe, that I will not anſwer. You may do better to confeſs you cannot anſwer, replied I, unleſs you contradict your ſelf; for you no ſooner wiſh that *Ligdamis* ſhould think no more of you, but there is a ſecret deſire in your Heart which you cannot reſiſt, that forces you to wiſh he ſhould think upon you eternally.

You preſs me ſo far, ſaid ſhe unto me, that I have no mind to ſpeak any more of it. You have no mind to be ſincere, anſwered I, nor can you anſwer directly. I think, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, you have a mind to make me loſe a ſhe-friend as well as a he, and ſeek to quarrel with me. I know not, anſwered I, and laughed, whether you will quarrel with me or no; but I am ſure you either cannot, or will not anſwer me. Really, *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me, I have told you all I thought; and more than that, I aſſure you I will anſwer unto any thing you will ask, and anſwer truly. Confeſs then, ſaid I unto her, that you would not have *Ligdamis* forget you. I do confeſs it, ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd. And would it not anger you, if he ſhould love another? I do confeſs it alſo, replied ſhe, and looked down; though it be only in relation to himſelf, and not out of any Jealouſy. Whether had you rather he ſhould always love you, ſaid I unto her, or that he ſhould hate you? Ah *Iſmenea!* replied ſhe, you ask me ſuch odd Queſtions, that I know not how to anſwer: Yet I think that I ſhould be equally angry at the love and the hatred of *Ligdamis*. I do not think ſo, ſaid I unto her: But ſince you will not clearly explain your-ſelf, I will ask you no more Queſtions; only wiſh in revenge, that *Ligdamis* may forget you, that at his return he may love another, and that you cannot forget him. You are very revengeful, I ſee, ſaid ſhe unto me; but my comfort is, that what you wiſh will never come to paſs; for if *Ligdamis* do forget me, I ſhall forget him; ſo that it ſhall not diſquiet me at all. You have impoſed a Command upon him, ſaid I unto her, in which you do not deſire he ſhould obey you, ſince if he do, you will puniſh him. *Cleonice* after this would have told me, that ſhe appointed him only to baniſh Love from his Heart: but I would not ſtay to hear her, and left her without an Anſwer; conceiving the reſult of all ſhe had ſaid unto me was, that her friendly Diſpoſition unto *Ligdamis* was grown a little more tender towards him ſince he departed: Yet I durſt not tell her that I ſometimes received Letters from him.

But yet one day when ſhe and I were together, I let one of his Letters fall by chance; which ſhe preſently took up, not imagining it to be from *Ligdamis*; ſhe no ſooner had it in her Hands, but ſhe knew the writing; and ſhe no ſooner knew it, but ſhe bluſht extreamly. I perceived her firſt Thought was to read it; but her ſecond Conſideration check'd her, and ſhe offered it unto me without looking into it. You are not very inquiſitive, I ſee, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, and would not take it.) Indeed I am not, ſaid ſhe, eſpecially when I am afraid to hear any thing which will not pleaſe me. If you pleaſe, you may read it, ſaid I unto her. If I could make him ſuch a one as would pleaſe me, ſaid ſhe, I wiſh he were here; but ſince all my Deſires cannot change him, I had rather return it unto you unſeen. Then I taking it out of her Hands, and deſiring to anger her a little, to the end I might the better diſcover her real Thoughts; I told her that I would read it aloud unto her, if ſhe would not read it herſelf. Then, ſaid ſhe, I will not hear you: And after ſhe had ſaid ſo, ſhe was ſilent. Then, the better to hide the diſorder of her Thoughts, ſhe fell to work in a piece of Tiſſue of Gold, which lay upon the Table. After this I riſe up alſo, and ſeated my ſelf over againſt her, leſt ſhe ſhould ſee what was really in the Letter, which I read, and feigned theſe Words.

S*olitude,* Iſmenea! *has done that which Reaſon could not; for the fair* Cleonice *ſhall be no more troubled with my Love. It was not Abſence only which cured my Diſeaſe; I ſtood in need of a more powerful Remedy: And I met with a Lady leſs fair, I confeſs, but much more ſenſible, who makes me very well able to obey thoſe Commands which* Cleonice *impoſed upon me.*

Ha, *Iſmenea!* (ſaid *Cleonice,* in throwing her work upon the Table, and deſiring to read it her ſelf) ſure this is not the Letter of *Ligdamis.* Surely it is, ſaid I unto her, and hid it from her, though what is in it does not pleaſe you: But pray tell me what you deſire I ſhould read. I would not have you read any thing, ſaid ſhe; but I would read it my ſelf, whatſoever is in it. Seeing then the inquiſitive diſpoſition of *Cleonice,* after I had a while reſiſted her, at laſt I let her ſee it; and ſpoke ſo, as if what before I feigned to read were really in it. So that immediately opening it, ſhe read theſe Words.

Ligdamis *unto* Iſmenea.

If my adored Cleonice *did but know that the leſs I ſee her, the more I love her; doubtleſs ſhe would recal me, though it were only to hinder the Augmentation of my Paſſion. Therefore I beſeech you (if you think it fit) let her know, that I ſhall be at the end of my Baniſhment without all compariſon more in love with her, than the firſt day I began it: The remembrance of her Beauty, her Wit, her Mind, and my deſire of ſeeing her, is the only buſineſs of my ſolitude. This,* Iſmenea, *is my Life: which would be happy in the midſt of my Miſery, if I could hope to be neither hated nor forgotten.*

Ligdamis.

Whilſt *Cleonice* was reading, I did attentively obſerve her, and methought I ſaw more confuſion than anger in her Looks. I ſaw alſo, that in reading the end of the Letter, where *Ligdamis* ſaid he ſhould be happy to be neither hated nor forgotten, ſhe ſmiled a little: Afterwards returning the Letter unto me, and hardly daring to look upon me; You have taken ſuch good order, ſaid ſhe to me, that this laſt Misfortune ſhall not befal *Ligdamis*, that he needs not fear it: But cruel Woman that you are (ſaid ſhe, and aſſumed a more ſerious Countenance) what pleaſure can you take in tormenting me? I know *Ligdamis* is your Couſin; and therefore I had been to blame, if I had wiſhed him not to write unto you: But why muſt I be the ſubject of his Letters and yours? For my part, ſaid I unto her, ſince I did only anſwer *Ligdamis*, you muſt accuſe him only for ſpeaking of you. As for my particular, when he ſpoke to me concerning *Cleonice*, I did not think it civil to anſwer him concerning *Artelinda*, or any other, or to anſwer his Letters any otherwiſe than to the Queſtions he asked me. But what will you anſwer him? replied ſhe. I will anſwer what you pleaſe, ſaid I unto her, for I ſhall not write until to morrow. Whatſoever you write (ſaid ſhe) unto him, do not ſend him word I have ſeen his Letter. I do not ask you what I ſhall not write, ſaid I unto her, but what I ſhall: You may when I ſhall tell you, anſwered ſhe: In the mean time, if you will indeed oblige me, perſwade him very earneſtly to ſtifle that Paſſion which procures him nothing but trouble.

Thus you ſee, Madam, what were the Thoughts of *Cleonice*, during the Exile of *Ligdamis*, who returned to *Epheſus* as ſoon as the time of his Baniſhment was expired, without asking *Cleonice* any leave. As ſoon as ever he arrived, he came to ſee me, to aſſure me he was no Changling, and to ask counſel what he ſhould do. Since I knew the mind of *Cleonice* very well, I was of opinion that his beſt courſe was to ſend no Meſſages, before he went himſelf, and that he ſhould viſit *Stenobea* as he was uſed to do at his return from his Travels: So that hearkning unto my advice, he went thither the ſame day, and I went alſo, having a great deſire to ſee how this firſt Viſit paſſed; but as ill luck would have it, there was that day ſo much Company with *Stenobea*, that he had not one minutes Opportunity to ſpeak unto *Cleonice* in private. *Artelinda* and *Phocylides* came alſo thither; and becauſe it was a long time ſince they had ſeen *Ligdamis*, he was the only ſubject of the Converſation. Some accoſted him with Complements of Sorrow for the Impriſonment of *Cleander*; others aſſured him they thought his Travels long; and *Artelinda*, according to her Humour, told him, ſhe wondred how he could live in ſuch a ſolitude as he had done, applying her ſelf after this, to make a very pleaſant Satyr of the Country; Maintaining, that to be in it eight Days together, were enough to make one ſtupid, melancholy, and inſenſible for ever; and concluded, ſince *Ligdamis* had been there ſix Months, though his Spirit was never ſo great, yet he muſt needs be very melancholy, or for ever inſenſible. Whilſt *Artelinda* was thus talking, *Ligdamis* was ſo perplexed, that he knew not what to anſwer; and *Cleonice* was ſo troubled, that ſhe had little delight in that day's Converſation, though the next day ſhe had more: For *Ligdamis* came to my Houſe, whither ſhe alſo came with Intentions to deſire me, that I would deliver her from this obſtinate Lover, whom ſhe had no deſire to loſe. When ſhe ſaw him, ſhe thought I had ſent for him, though I did not; but yet, after ſhe had chid me a little for it, ſhe ſtaid with me: So that we three only being alone, *Ligdamis* addreſſing himſelf towards her, and looking upon her in ſuch a manner as might let her ſee his Soul was the ſame: You ſee me here, Madam, ſaid he unto her, at the end of my Baniſhment; but it is you only who can tell me whether I be at the end of my Miſery, and whether you will permit that Man, who cannot be your Friend, or leave off loving you, to relate the Sorrows which abſence hath procured him. I had rather you would tell me what courſes you have taken, ſaid ſhe unto him, to overcome your unjuſt Paſſion. Alas, Madam, replied he, how could I ever hope to overcome it, ſince I was never able to maſter my Will ſo far, as to fight againſt it? I had not baniſhed you, replied ſhe, but to the end you ſhould. I know it, Madam, anſwered he, but as ſoon as ever my Will went about it, my Heart, my Mind, my Reaſon, and all my Faculties rebelled againſt me, and I could not chuſe but continually repent my oppoſing ſo well-grounded a Paſſion; a Paſſion, I ſay, ſo noble, ſo pure and divine, that the moſt ſevere Vertue could not condemn it: So that, Madam, I muſt love you, and love you as long as I live; and ſo that if my Love be inſufferable to you, there is no other way to free your ſelf from it, but by commanding me to die: If it be your Pleaſure, Madam, ſo to doom it, I am reſolved upon Obedience; for as ſoon as I ſee the divine *Cleonice* can better endure my Death than my Love, deſpair will preſently do it: Speak then, Madam, is it your Pleaſure I ſhould live or die? you are abſolute Miſtreſs of my Deſtiny, and may make me what you pleaſe. If I could, anſwered *Cleonice*, I ſhould make you my Friend, and *Ligdamis* ſhould be no longer a Lover. Yet, Madam, ſaid he unto to her, is it not poſſible to accuſtom your ſelf to endur I ſhould love you a little more than I did before, and to acquaint you with my Sufferings? You promiſed as much, when I parted from you, and told me you would receive my Services, as Teſtimonies of my Feiendſhip. I have every day for ſix Months together ſuffered a thouſand Torments; and in lieu of accepting my Obedience according to your promiſe, will you prepare new Puniſhments for me? That would not be juſt (ſaid I, and interrupted them) and if *Cleonice* will follow my advice, ſhe ſhall not be ſo rigorous. Why do you ſay ſo *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me: Can you be ſo much byaſſed by your affection to *Ligdamis*, as to counſel me unto any Gallantry with him? That word, ſaid I unto her, is a little too much; but I do confeſs, I know no reaſon why you ſhould treat *Ligdamis*, as if he were not ſo much as your Friend; for we are obliged to love our Friends in Miſeries, as well as in Happineſs. I do confeſs, ſaid ſhe, that they who do not ſo, are only the falſe Friends of Proſperity, and deſerve not that glorious Title of Friend. Then if *Ligdamis* ſaid I unto her, hath loſt his Reaſon by any manner of Misfortune, and ſeeks all Remedies to cure himſelf of all his Miſeries and Follies, but can find none, would you not endeavour to eaſe him, and much pitty his Misfortune? Doubtleſs I ſhould, replied ſhe. Then why do you not, ſaid I unto her and laughed? for do you not ſee that he is not Maſter of his Reaſon? though you do not grant him ſo much Affection as perhaps his folly deſires, yet receive his Affection with ſome kind of ſweetneſs; for it is not the part of true Friendſhip, to forſake him in ſo great a Misfortune as his is, to love one that is inſenſible: And for my part, if you uſe him ſo, you muſt give me leave to think you make no other uſe of your Friends, but to ſerve your own Ends, and to divert you, ſince you cannot endure they ſhould trouble you once in their Lives. *Cleonice* hearing me ſay ſo, began to ſmile, and *Ligdamis* to thank me: And he afterwards joined his moſt perſwaſive Rethorick unto mine, and we ſo overcame her, that after two hours converſe, we obtained that *Ligdamis* ſhould ſtay in *Epheſus*, and that he ſhould ſee her, but ſtill upon Condition, never to ſpeak unto her of any Love-Matters.

Thus then were ſome days ſpent; but ſince it was not poſſible for *Ligdamis* to lock up his Love ſo cloſe in his Heart, but that it would break out in ſome of his Actions or Words, there was not a day but *Cleonice* and he had two or three Quarrels. But *Cleonice* did inſenſibly accuſtom her ſelf to anſwer him; and though it was always with a Spirit of Contradiction, yet it was a great comfort unto him to talk of that which took up his whole Soul: And indeed it came to that paſs at laſt, that *Cleonice* became the Confident of his Paſſion, and could not endure he ſhould ſpeak of any thing elſe. And though ſhe always adviſed him never to hope for any thing, and often commanded him to quench his Flames, yet in the end ſhe had no deſire to be obeyed: She would often be ſo melancholly, that every one would chide her. At the firſt this ſurpriſed me, becauſe I never ſaw her in ſuch an humour before; but after I had diſcovered the phantaſtical cauſe of her melancholly, which took her often, and left her often; and I found the Fit would always take her when contrary to her Intention ſhe had ſpoken a little more ſweetly concerning *Ligdamis* than ſhe intended; and when her Memory did chide herſelf for being not ſharp enough with him, ſhe would be ſure to be dogged all that day, both towards her ſelf and all that came near her; and on the contrary, when ſhe had the power to treat him ill, ſhe appeared more pleaſant, and nothing but Joy could be ſeen in her Eyes: Alſo, one could never ſee them both in a good Humour at one time; for when *Ligdamis* was raviſhed with Joy at ſome favourable word which *Cleonice* had ſpoke, then ſhe was always melancholly; and when he was ſad at any harſh paſſage from her, then would ſhe be exceedingly pleaſant, ſo great was her care to hinder him from ſeeing ſhe was not inſenſible: Yet it is moſt certain, ſhe did not hate him; and though ſhe would not call her Affection by the name of Love, yet her change was ſo much, that it deſerved no other name: For a hundred trivial Paſſages, which ſlipt from her unawares, did ſufficiently manifeſt as much. I remember that whilſt he paſſed under the notion of her Friend only, ſhe cared not in what dreſs he ſaw her; and I have ſeen him in her Chamber ſome days, when her Dreſs was ſo careleſs, that any other Beauty but hers would have loſt its luſtre; and I am confident ſhe did never once in all her Life conſult with her Glaſs how to pleaſe him: But ſince his return it is otherwiſe; for *Ligdamis* never could ſee her till ſhe was dreſt: She made a ſhew as if her deſign in it, was only to wean him by degrees, from that familiarity he had with her; but the true deſign was, that *Ligdamis* might think her more fair. I humbly ask your pardon, Madam, for making ſuch an exact Relation of every trivial paſſage; for ſince you commanded it, I hope my Obedience will plead for my excuſe.

Be pleaſed to know further, that as Love cannot ly long hid, ſo *Hermodorus*, *Artelinda* and *Phocylides* preſently came to know that *Ligdamis* was in Love, and in Love with *Cleonice:* So that the Paſſion of *Hermodorus* augmented, the Love of *Phocylides* revived, and the Hatred of *Artelinda* renewed and became more violent; for ſhe was ſo vexed to ſee the Heart of *Ligdamis* reſiſt her Charms, and be captivated by *Cleonice*'s, that ſhe uttered a hundred Symptoms of Envy. Moreover, as it is the cuſtom of many Ladies that are a little too gallantly inclined, to juſtify themſelves by accuſing others, ſhe divulged it in two or three days throughout the Town, that *Ligdamis* was in Love with *Cleonice*; adding further, that *Cleonice* was not ſo hard-hearted as ſhe was wont to be, ſaying in her Raillery, that Love had wounded two Hearts with one blow. The noiſe of it was ſo great in ſo little time, that it did not only come preſently unto my Ears, but it reached *Cleonice*'s alſo, who heard it with more Sorrow than I can expreſs: for I ſaw many ſigns of Anger break out at her Eyes; but I could not tell whether it was againſt *Ligdamis*, or againſt *Artelinda*, or againſt herſelf; and ſhe would not explain herſelf, but ſpoke many things which much puzled

led me: Yet I certainly knew that *Ligdamis* was upon better terms in her Heart than he believed himſelf. For whatſoever ſhe ſaid againſt *Ligdamis*, or *Artelinda*, or herſelf, ſhe never ſaid ſhe would quit *Ligdamis*; but on the contrary, whatſoever ſhe ſaid, ſhe added this unto it, That if ſhe ſhould change her manner of living with *Ligdamis*, it would be an occaſion to make the World believe all that *Artelinda* ſaid was true: Afterwards ſhe would ſay, that ſince this was only her own Thought, ſhe would uſe the matter ſo as none ſhould ever think *Ligdamis* in love with her. But in concluſion, when ſhe had uttered many Contrarieties, and ſaw that all her paſt Severity could not hinder the World from ſaying that *Ligdamis* loved her: Am I not very unhappy, ſaid ſhe, that after I have paſſed all my Life in Quietneſs and Honour, I ſhould now be expoſed to the Raillery of *Artelinda*?

But, Madam, ſaid I unto her, this is not ſo great a Crime as if you had loved him; for except *Artelinda*, none ſays that you love *Ligdamis*. If I had lived after the manner of others, anſwered ſhe, you had ſpoken well: But to hear ſuch Reports upon my ſelf after I have profeſſed ſuch a ſtrict Severity, believe me (*Iſmenea*) it is a moſt ſenſible Grief to me. *Cleonice* ſpoke this with ſo many Signs of real Diſpleaſure in her Face, that indeed I was ſorry for her; and deſiring to be a little more complacential towards her, Madam, (ſaid I) ſince it does ſo much trouble and torment you, though *Ligdamis* be my Friend, yet I adviſe you to forſake him, and baniſh him the ſecond time. Ah *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me and bluſh'd, if I could do ſo, I had done it ere this; but to my Misfortune, *Ligdamis* has more of my Heart than I have my ſelf: Not that I can call my Apprehenſions of him Love, (ſaid ſhe in reprehending herſelf, and not deſiring to tell the Truth) but that my Friendſhip to him is ſo tender and violent, that I cannot deprive my ſelf of his Sight and Converſation. We will call this Affection what you pleaſe, (ſaid I unto her) yet ſince it is ſo, the matter is eaſily decided; for of two Evils the leſſer being to be choſen,

ſen, it is better to make choice of that which will afford you ſome hours of Conſolation, than of that which will afford you none at all. But (ſaid I) my Advice is not to ſatisfy yourſelf by doing any act which is contrary to Civility; nor do I counſel you to regulate your Actions by the different Opinions of all the Men in a great Town: it will be ſufficient if you do nothing contrary to the univerſal received Cuſtoms of all good Perſons, nor any thing which may wound Vertue. This done, you may reſt your Mind in quiet, and never let the capricious Cenſures of others diſturb the pleaſure of your Life. But ſaid *Cleonice* unto me, I know not well whether this manner of living with *Ligdamis*, though it be moſt innocent, yet whether it be not contrary to that exact Civility which you ſpeak of; for the truth is, I know he is in Love, and I perceive I am ſo much his Friend that I cannot hate him. For my part, ſaid I unto her, it does not ſeem to me to be criminal; eſpecially if it be conſidered that your Quality and the Quality of *Ligdamis* is equal, and by conſequence you may marry; and ſince ſo, I do not ſee that Vertue would have any that are to marry to hate one another. All Paſſions (ſaid I) certainly are not Crimes, though heretofore you have thought ſo; there are ſome Loves which are innocent and allowable: Therefore do not uncalm your Mind, upon every light blaſt of common report.

You know, ſaid ſhe unto me, that the Father of *Ligdamis* is reſolved to marry him unto none but one. It is true, replied I: but you may well conceive, that ſince *Ligdamis* would not obey him when he loved none, he will not obey him now when he is in love with you: Therefore without taking notice of any Reports, I adviſe you to live with *Ligdamis* as you was accuſtomed: The noiſe which is vogued abroad, will quickly die; for ſince you know *Artelinda* will find ſo many ſeveral ſubjects of freſh diſcourſe, within three days the Love of *Ligdamis* will be no more talked on. However I conjure you, ſaid ſhe unto me, not to tell him that I confeſs I cannot baniſh him. But ſaid I unto her, and laughed, ſince the Affection you bear him is only Friendſhip, why will you hide the greatneſs of it? Believe me, *Cleonice*, it is not uſual to make any ſecret of Friendſhip; but on the contrary, it is ſo violent in ſome, that they cannot hide it. Well, well, *Iſmenea*, replied ſhe, I underſtand you very well; but though what you think were true,yet muſt I tell you every Thought of my Soul? Yes, ſaid I unto her, if you love Sincerity: But ſince you do not, I will be ſo complacential as to name every thing as you pleaſe; and call that Love which *Ligdamis* bears you, Hatred.

After this, Madam, the Mind of *Cleonice* was much more quiet, and *Ligdamis* more happy. All Reports (as I ſaid) died; for *Artelinda* gave ſo many new Cauſes of Talk concerning herſelf, that nothing elſe was ſpoke of; and ſhe did not only continue the Entertainment of that Multitude of Servants about her, but another notable Adventure fell out, which was this. As ſhe was one Morning writing ſeveral Letters unto three or four of her Lovers, unto which ſhe gave ſeveral Directions, and writing at the ſame time unto *Cleonice* to juſtify herſelf concerning what ſhe had ſaid againſt her; after ſhe had writ all the Letters, ſhe would write no Superſcriptions upon the top; and he to whom ſhe gave the Letters, though he was a witty Knave, and accuſtomed unto ſuch Offices, yet did he deceive her that day, in diſtributing them not according to her Directions. So that one of theſe Lovers, whom ſhe appointed to meet at the Temple of *Diana*, by one of her Letters, received another Letter which was not intended to him, and which appointed him that ſame Day to viſit a Lady which he never ſaw, who was his moſt mortal Enemy. That Letter which appointed the meeting at the Temple of *Diana*, was carried unto a Man of Quality who was a Stranger, and had not been long in *Epheſus*: He was one, who according to the Religion of his own Country, would not adore the Gods in any Temples which were built with the Hands of Men; ſo that this Letter did extremly ſurpriſe him. *Artelinda* had writ another unto one of her Lovers (who was to go out of Town that day) that he would meet her in the way as ſhe went to the Temple, to the end ſhe might there bid him adieu. But in lieu of that Letter, he received another which was not intended to him, but unto another, by which ſhe deſired him to meet her at Evening in the Walks by the Sea-ſide: And that which was intended for the other, was brought unto *Cleonice*; and that which was intended for *Cleonice*, was carrid unto another. So that this variety of Miſtakes made the beſt ſport in the World.

When the miſtaken Letter was brought unto *Cleonice*, we were altogether; and ſhe wondered that *Artelinda*, with whom ſhe was not Friends, ſhould write to her. She opened then this Letter very haſtily; but when ſhe looked upon the Character, ſhe preſently knew it to be the ſame in which ſhe uſed to write unto her Gallants, and not that in which ſhe uſed to write unto her Friends. Then *Cleonice* and I began to read theſe words, which did not at all concern her.

If you will be in the Street which leads unto the Temple of Diana, *about that hour I uſe to go thither, I ſhall underſtand from your own Mouth, what Thoughts you have of me at parting; and you may underſtand from mine, how much your Abſence will trouble me.*

After we had read this Letter, we knew that he who brought it was miſtaken; but I adviſed *Cleonice* to ſay nothing unto the Man, but that ſhe would do as his Miſtreſs deſired: And indeed we did not go with leſs deſire to be at the appointed Place, than perhaps that Lover would have done for whom it was intended. *Cleonice* gave orders, that they ſhould acquaint her when *Artelinda* went out of her Houſe, that we might follow after her; which was eaſily done, becauſe both were Neighbours. Therefore we no ſooner knew of her going out, but we alſo went out at a Back-door which was neareſt that Street where the Appointment was; knowing well we ſhould find her on Foot, becauſe it was not the Cuſtom of *Epheſus* to go unto the Temple of *Diana* in Coach. As ſoon as we ſpied her, we began to walk ſoftly, that we might obſerve what ſhe did; and we ſaw her look towards the place where ſhe expected her Lover, very ſeriouſly and often; then ſhe walk'd very ſoftly, in Hopes ſtill of his coming, having none with her but one Woman who was acquainted with all her Secrets. But at the laſt turning towards us, we came nearer her and met. She no ſooner ſaw *Cleonice*, (who ſhe thought had received her Letter, in which ſhe deſired her to ſtay within at her own Houſe after Dinner) but addreſſing her ſelf, Come, *Cleonice*, ſaid ſhe, it is not in this place where I muſt juſtify my ſelf; therefore I beſeech you let me have the honour, after dinner, to talk with you. And then ſhe would have left her. But *Cleonice* craftily ſtaying her, (and counterfeiting very handſomly) Then have you changed your Mind, ſaid ſhe unto her, for your Letter appointed this Place, and I thought you were going ſome Journey by the Expreſſions of your Letter. *Artelinda* bluſh'd at this Diſcourſe; and apprehending that he who carried the Letters was miſtaken, and had given one Letter for another, ſhe was in a great Fume; yet being both crafty and bold, ſhe turned it to Laughter, and asked to ſee the Letter, to the end ſhe might get it out of *Cleonice*'s hands: She ſaid, by way of excuſe, that ſhe had writ it unto one of her Couſins, who was not upon good terms with her Mother, and was going into the Country; but *Cleonice* having no diſpoſition to reſtore it, ſaid, ſhe had left it at Home. Yet ſince *Artelinda* knew ſhe had writ many others, and that the ſame miſtake might chance have hapned to them alſo, her Mind was very much diſordered: She durſt not return back, or would ſhe go unto the Temple, hoping ſtill that perhaps he who was appointed to meet, had received the right Letter, and would come: But yet not ſeeing him, ſhe did more and more doubt the univerſal diſorder of all her Letters; ſo that being in a reſtleſs Impatience, ſhe left us and returned Home, where ſhe found all the Anſwers of her Lovers, which did ſufficiently confirm her in the Miſtake: He who was to go out of Town in the

Morning, and had received an appointment to meet in Evening at the Sea-ſide, complained againſt her for her cruel kind of Raillery, and went out of *Epheſus* with a Mind much incenſed againſt her. He who never came into Temples, and had received an appointment to meet in the Temple of *Diana*, ſaid it was enough to make him change his Religion, and adore only her Eyes. He who had received that Letter which was intended for *Cleonice*, wherein ſhe deſired him to ſtay at Home, that ſhe might come and juſtify her ſelf, writ back to her, that he was not worthy of ſo much honour, as that ſhe ſhould come to his Houſe; nor knew he why ſhe ſhould juſtify her ſelf of any thing; yet adding notwithſtanding, that he would obey her. For be pleaſed to know, Madam, that the Letter was written ſo, that it would ſerve either to a Man or Woman. Moreover, he who had received that Letter which appointed him to go unto a Lady whom he never ſaw, and who was his mortal Enemy, thinking that *Artelinda* mocked him, did anſwer her in anger: Inſomuch, as *Artelinda* deſigning to favour four Lovers in a Morning, diſobliged them all, and gave a full ſubject of Revenge unto *Cleonice*. Yet would ſhe not publiſh this adventure at the firſt; but I, who was not ſo indulgent as ſhe, told it unto one of my Friends, who divulged it all over the Town: So that all theſe Lovers having heard what happened unto *Cleonice*, every one of them believed her, and themſelves, both injured by *Artelinda*.

Moreover, *Artelinda* was ſo very angry with him that had ſo groſly miſtaken her Letters, and uſed him ſo ill, that he told it unto very many: and in a few daies the thing was ſo generally known, that all theſe Lovers, except him who was abſent, ſhewed their Letters one unto another, and had ſo many Jeers for *Artelinda*, that *Cleonice* found her full Revenge: She found from thence another Benefit, which was, that they never after this ſpoke a word more concerning the Love of *Ligdamis*. So that both *Ligdamis* and ſhe did for ſome days enjoy all the happineſs that an innocent Love could afford: Yet did *Cleonice* cauſe ſome angry Hours unto *Ligdamis*, becauſe ſhe could not be perſwaded that Love could laſt long: So that though ſhe agreed ſo far with him as to believe his Love was very great, yet ſhe told him time would wear it out: So that it may be ſaid, ſhe diſquieted her ſelf when Fortune did not. She did divers times hinder *Ligdamis* from perſwading his Father to alter his Mind concerning his Marriage, and to permit him to addreſs himſelf unto *Stenobea*, to obtain her conſent of *Cleonice*, telling him,he muſt never be too haſty in buſineſs; and that perhaps his Love would leſſen, and that ſhe would have a long trial of his Paſſion. And though *Ligdamis* thought this Trial ſhe already had was enough, yet his reſpect of her was ſo great, that he durſt not importune her againſt any thing ſhe much deſired, eſpecially ſince he had no other Diſtempers of Love, but only Impatience. For though *Hermodorus* was ſtill in love with *Cleonice*, alſo *Phocylides* had a great Mind that way, and likewiſe many others, yet was he not jealous, but was as happy as any Lover could be, who had not the full enjoyment of his Miſtreſs.

Then, Madam, queſtionleſs you know that the Princeſs of *Lydia* was brought unto *Epheſus*, preſently after the impriſonment of *Cleander*. At that time *Ligdamis* being there,he ſought all occaſions to do *Cleander* the beſt Offices he could; and it was indeed by his means, that *Eſop*, who was then at *Sardis*, conveyed many Letters from this illuſtrious Priſoner unto that Princeſs, and by whom ſhe returned Anſwers. Though the Buſineſs was then very ſecretly carried, and none knew it, except *Eſop*; yet ſince it was known, *Cleander* loved *Ligdamis* very well. *Hermodorus* having ſome confuſed knowledg long ſince, that he received ſome Letters from the Princeſs, yet not knowing to whom they were directed, did ſecretly acquaint *Cræſus*, that *Ligdamis* did plot ſomething with the Princeſs his Daughter: Yet *Cræſus* not daring to arreſt him, becauſe he knew his Father was at his Government; he would therefore endeavour to remove him firſt; and in order to that, he ſent for the Father under ſome Pretence or other, to come unto him, and gave Orders to arreſt the Son at *Epheſus*, the ſame day the Father came to *Sardis:* But ſince he had many Friends at Court, he was acquainted with the Deſign of *Cræſus*; So that ſeeming to be ſick, he ſent his excuſe to the King, and ſent at the ſame time to *Ligdamis*, to acquaint him alſo, that he ſhould come away in all haſte.

I leave you to judg, Madam, how ſad this Story was unto two, who thought themſelves unhappy if they did not ſee one another every day: However, there was a neceſſity that *Ligdamis* muſt depart, and he did ſo, the ſaddeſt Man alive. He offered above twenty times to diſobey his Father; but when *Cleonice* conſidered that perhaps ſhe might be a cauſe of his Impriſonment, ſhe her ſelf did haſte his departure. Then did ſhe begin again to complain againſt Love, yet not being able to wiſh that *Ligdamis* ſhould leave loving her; ſhe ſaid this Paſſion made none any thing elſe but unfortunate. But as if it were not enough to be grieved for the Abſence and Misfortune of *Ligdamis*, ſhe muſt alſo ſuffer the Perſecution of *Hermodorus*; whoſe only end of proſecuting againſt his Rival, was to profit by his Diſgrace. He asked *Cleonice* of *Stenobea* in Marriage, who made him a promiſe of it, if he could obtain the Conſent of her Daughter. *Phocylides* alſo was more importunate than before; and ſince it was impoſſible for him to hide all his Melancholly, *Artelinda* did explain the Cauſe of it for him, unto all thoſe that could not gueſs it without her: So that *Cleonice* was beleagured by all ſorts of Sorrows at once. The Siſter of *Ligdamis* being married to a Man of good Quality, whoſe Eſtate was on this ſide the River *Hermes*, went thither with her Husband; and there ſtaid not in *Epheſus*, any with whom ſhe might talk of *Ligdamis*, except me. In the mean time *Cræſus* ſeeing his Deſign took no effect, and not conceiving it expedient to begin a Civil War in his own Dominions, when he expected a Foreign War upon himſelf, did diſſemble his Reſentments, ſeeming to be ſatisfied with the Excuſe which the Father of *Ligdamis* ſent him, and expreſſing no diſcontent at all; yet for all that, his Deſign was, as ſoon as *Ligdamis*, or his Father, came out of that Place, to ſecure their Perſons; and they having intelligence of theſe Intentions, by Friends which certainly knew it, it might be ſaid they were Priſoners,out of fear of being ſo; for they never came out of the Caſtle of *Hermes*: yet *Ligdamis* obtained once of his Father, to come diſguiſed unto *Epheſus* (under colour of diſcovering ſome important Buſineſs) to ſee *Cleonice*.

You may imagine, Madam, how I wondered to ſee him come one Night into my Chamber in a *Phrygian* Habit, which made me at firſt not know him; yet he no ſooner ſpoke unto me (and deſired me to conceal that I knew him, unleſs I durſt truſt my Women) but I knew him: So that I not conſidering his Voyage was cauſed by *Cleonice*, Ah me, *Ligdamis*, ſaid I unto him, good Gods, what brought you hither? Alas, *Iſmenea*, ſaid he, I am much more miſerable than I thought I was; for ſince you do not know me, it is an evident ſign that *Cleonice* does not think my Paſſion as violent as hers. She thinks hers more violent than yours, replied I, but I believe ſhe does not think you diſcreet enough, in hazarding that Life which is ſo dear unto her as yours is: For if you ſhould be taken in *Epheſus*, in a diſguiſed Habit, you give your Enemies a ſufficient ground to ruin you. It is no matter, ſaid he to me, ſo I may but have the happineſs to ſee *Cleonice*: Therefore to loſe no time, dear *Iſmenea*, procure me that Favour. When I heard *Ligdamis* ſpeak with ſo much zeal, and perceiving that he had rather ſee *Cleonice*, than return into ſafety; I ſent to deſire *Stenobea*, ſhe would be pleaſed to permit *Cleonice* to come unto me, to aſſiſt me in a Buſineſs wherein ſhe might do me a great Favour: I would not name any manner of Divertiſment, leſt *Stenobea* her ſelf, loving all Pleaſures, ſhould be there alſo: But my Device did not hit as I hoped; for ſhe thinking it to be ſome Muſick Matter, or ſuch Diverſion, ſent me word that ſhe would her ſelf bring her, as indeed within an hour after ſhe did.

You may well imagine how *Ligdamis* lamented this Accident, ſince he muſt not ſee his dear *Cleonice* all that Night; yet ſince there was no Remedy, I put him in my Cloſet, and ſat down upon my Bed, in expectation of *Stenobea*, who came preſently after, in hopes to find ſome very conſiderable Divertiſement. The merrieſt part of all the Adventure was, that ſhe acquainted all the Company that was with her with my Meſſage, who all alſo came unto my Lodging with her; ſo that in leſs than three quarters of an hour, half the Town was in my Chamber, which did exceedingly amaze me; and the more, becauſe I ſaw all that were there, expected ſomething more than they found. However, though I knew none in the Company would offer to go into my Cloſet, yet I was in a great perplexity, that I could not get them out of my Chamber: As for *Stenobea*, ſince ſhe was a lover of much Company, and found it there, ſhe never complained, nor would ſhe ſuffer others to complain that they were deceived in their expectation. But at the laſt I was ſo out of all patience at this paſſage, and complained ſo much, as I plainly told them all, I had no other deſign to ſee any that Night, but only *Cleonice*: who ſeeing ſo much Company, did trouble me in earneſt, entreated her Mother to depart, and to begin the Example unto others. So that *Stenobea* riſing up firſt, did lead the way out, and all the reſt followed, leaving only *Cleonice* with me.

After all this Multitude was gone, which ſo troubled me, and grieved *Ligdamis*, I roſe up and laughed at the Accident. Then *Cleonice* looking upon me, and ſeeing by my Countenance that I had no very ſerious Buſineſs with her; Is it true, *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe unto me, that you had ſome real Buſineſs with me; or did you ſend for me only to divert you? My principal Deſign, ſaid I unto her, has not been to pleaſe you; for you ſhall preſently ſee, that I regarded the Intereſt of another more than yours. Upon that, I opened my Cloſet-door; and putting her in firſt, I followed after her and ſhut the Door. When ſhe ſaw one there in a Phrygian Habit, ſhe ſtood in a maze; and much more, when he threw himſelf at her Feet, and took her by the Hand; Madam, (ſaying unto her) it was impoſſible for me to live, and not to ſee you. *Cleonice* knowing at firſt the Voice of him that was ſo dear in her Thoughts, could not chuſe but rejoice at it, and pardoned me for ſo deceiving her, and anſwered his Complaint in a moſt civil and obliging manner. But preſently after, conſidering, that if it were known *Ligdamis* was in *Epheſus* diſguiſed, they would arreſt him, and perhaps make that a Crime againſt the State, which was only an effect of Love, her Joy did leſſen; and her further fear was, that this Meeting, if it were known, would reflect upon her Reputation. So that repenting of her obliging Language, and her Expreſſions of Joy; Truly, *Ligdamis*, (ſaid ſhe, after we were ſet down) thoſe who ſay the firſt Thoughts of a Woman are always the beſt, do not always ſay true; ſince at the firſt I had an extream delight in ſeeing you, yet my ſecond Thoughts tell me that my firſt were unjuſt, and that I ought to chide you: For to ſpeak rationally, why do you put your Liberty and Life into hazard? and why do you expoſe me to be ſuſpected as a Confederate with you? My reaſon is, Madam, replied he, becauſe there is a fatal *muſt* upon me; that is, I muſt either ſee you, or die: And as for your Confederacy, or Honour, Madam, I cannot believe it to be in any danger, for your Vertue is above the reach of Calumny; Therefore, Madam, I beſeech you permit me to enjoy the Happineſs and Satiſfaction of Diſcourſe with you; and be ſo good as to tell me, whether my Diſgrace and Baniſhment hath not cauſed a change in your Soul? and whether *Ligdamis* muſt be hated, both by *Crœſus* and by you, becauſe he has the Honour to be in the illuſtrious *Cleander*'s Favour? You wrong me extreamly, replied ſhe, to ſuſpect me of any ſuch unworthineſs; and I ſhould reſent it ſo, if you would not perhaps think that I took an occaſion to quarrel with you: To prevent which, I will forget the Injury, and aſſure you, that your Misfortunes make my Friendſhip to you more tender than before. *Ligdamis* was tranſported with Joy at this obliging Anſwer; and replied in ſuch acknowledging Terms, as ſpoke his Soul to be full of violent Love.

Thus did we paſs away this Evening together, *Cleonice* forcing him to promiſe he would be gone the next Morning before break of Day; for ſhe extreamly feared that his ſtay any longer would hazard a Diſcovery. His Deſires were to ſee her once more, but he could not poſſibly obtain it from her; ſo that he contented himſelf with ſtaying as late with us as handſomly he could. *Cleonice* endeavoured to hide the exceſs of her Sorrow at this parting, with as much care as *Ligdamis* took to expreſs his: But do what ſhe could, it appeared in her Eyes; and both of them were ſo exceſſively ſad, that I profeſs I was exceeding ſorry for them. After *Cleonice* was gone, *Ligdamis* ſtaid ſtill a long while with me diſcourſing of her, and entreating me to continue his Friendly Solicitor. But, in concluſion, it being very late, he left me alſo, and went to the Houſe of a Friend, where he ſtaid till break of Day. This Friend, whom he thought to be the moſt faithful Servant in the World unto him, he truſted him with all the Buſineſs of his Voyage. But, Madam, be pleaſed to know that this Friend, how faithful ſoever in appearance, proved to be the Spy of *Hermodorus*, who under-hand did uſe all poſſible endeavours to ruin *Ligdamis*, and marry *Cleonice*. So that being advertiſed by this Agent, that *Ligdamis* was in *Epheſus* diſguiſed, that he was in his Houſe, and that he had been at my Houſe with *Cleonice*; after *Hermodorus* had well conſidered what courſe to take, he ſent ſix Men, whom he had hired with Money, to ſeize upon the Perſon of *Ligdamis*, to take away his Sword, and to guard him in the Chamber where they found him; appointing them to tell *Ligdamis*, that they arreſted him by Command from the Governour of *Epheſus*. This courſe being reſolved upon, it was preſently executed; for he in whoſe Houſe *Ligdamis* lodged, did himſelf open the Door unto thoſe who would arreſt a Delinquent unto the State. So that *Ligdamis* lying down to ſleep, found himſelf a

Priſoner when he waked, and diſabled to reſiſt their Violence.

In the mean while *Hermodorus*, being very glad he had his Rival in his Power, did moſt impatiently wait for an opportunity to ſee *Cleonice.* But ſince Mornings were not fit Hours to viſit Ladies, he ſtaid till the Afternoon; and then he came ſo ſoon after Dinner, that he found her alone in her Chamber. After he had rendred an officious Complement, which ſhe returned very coldly; Madam, ſaid he unto her, I am very ſorry that I muſt augment that melancholy which is in your Eyes; yet I thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that *Ligdamis* is a Priſoner. *Ligdamis* a Priſoner! (replied *Cleonice*, infinitely aſtoniſhed) then they have ſurprized the Caſtle of *Hermes.* No, Madam, replied he; it is in this Town that he is taken in a diſguiſe by a Man of my acquaintance; who hoping to have a great Recompence from *Cræſus* for ſeiſing upon a Delinquent againſt the State, he deſired me to lend him a Houſe of mine in the way to *Sardis*, to keep him in more ſafety. But, Madam, I knowing how dear the Life of *Ligdamis* is unto you, I have contrived a way to releaſe him, if you pleaſe. I perceive, Madam, by the trouble of your Countenance, that you ſuſpect the truth of my words: but the better to perſwade you, I need only tell you that he came diſguiſed unto *Epheſus*, in a Phrygian Habit, and that he has ſeen you at the Lodging of *Iſmenea.* *Cleonice* after this not doubting the Truth, changed Countenance and Diſcourſe; and looking upon *Hermodorus* as a Man who might releaſe *Ligdamis*; *Hermodorus*, ſaid ſhe unto him, I cannot deny but that the Misfortune of him you name does exceedingly trouble me: for beſides his being a Kinſman unto *Iſmenea*, whom I love very well, he is alſo ſuch a Friend, that I would do any thing to releaſe him; therefore I conjure you, for my ſake, if it be in your Power, to do it. Doubtleſs I can, replied he: but, Madam, I know not whether you will do one thing which is abſolutely neceſſary for the obtaining of his Liberty. It muſt be either a Crime, or an Impoſſibility, replied ſhe, if I will not: As for things only difficult, I will attempt them all to ſave the Life of any unfortunate Man that is a very ſtranger unto me, much ſooner for a Friend whom I infinitely eſteem. Be pleaſed then to reſolve, Madam, ſaid he unto her, not only to ſave the Life of *Ligdamis*, but of *Hermodorus* alſo: Yes, Madam, you may ſave them both with one word; and you ſhall no ſooner conſent that *Hermodorus* ſhall be happy, but *Ligdamis* ſhall be releaſed. *Cleonice* was ſo ſurpriſed at this Diſcourſe of *Hermodorus*, that ſhe looked upon him and could not anſwer, and began to ſuſpect the Truth: *Hermodorus*, ſaid ſhe unto him, are not you the Man that hath arreſted *Ligdamis?* I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) before I tell you the place where he is, or who arreſted him, anſwer to what I ſaid unto you: *Ligdamis* is a diſgraced Man, and will never be in a condition to expreſs his Love again at *Epheſus*. *Ligdamis*, replied ſhe in a great fury, is a Man moſt Illuſtrious; and diſgraced as he is, I prefer him before you or any other. But, *Hermodorus*, you have told me enough; for ſince I ſee it is in your Power to releaſe *Ligdamis*, you muſt either do it, or elſe reſolve upon my Hatred, and that unto ſuch a degree, as I ſhall never be at reſt until I take revenge: But on the contrary, if you can be ſo generous as to releaſe him without any Conditions, I ſhould be ſo much obliged to you, that certainly I ſhould treat you much better than heretofore; but to think you ſhould tyrannically engage me to marry you, that is a thing which you can never bring me to, though it were to ſave my own Life, as well as the Life of *Ligdamis*. But, Madam, I beſeech you, would you have me releaſe my Rival, to the end he may ſupplant me, and take away my Life, as I have preſerved his? Conſider this, Madam, I beſeech you, and do not ſo raſhly pronounce a Sentence of Death againſt *Ligdamis*. O thou moſt cruel Man! cried ſhe out, being tranſported by exceſs of Sorrow; Can you commit ſo horrid a Sin? Madam, replied he, you know if he fall into the hands of *Crœſus*, he is in danger; yet doubtleſs I ſhall not help him, unleſs you help me. Is there no Spark of Generoſity in you? ſaid ſhe unto him. Generoſity, replied he, bids me not make my ſelf miſerable by releaſing my Rival; it is ſufficient in thoſe that are moſt generous, not to hurt another though it be in their Power. But, ſaid ſhe, you no ſooner releaſe this Rival, but he flies away preſently, and will be gone far off from *Epheſus*. It may be ſo, replied he: but as far as he is off you, he will be ſtill in your Heart; and therefore, Madam, I muſt ask it, before I releaſe him who keeps me from it. My Heart, replied ſhe, is not ſo eaſily obtained as you ſuppoſe. You will then not releaſe *Ligdamis*, replied he. You will then not merit my Eſteem, anſwered ſhe, ſince at my Requeſt you will not do a thing, which your own Intereſt ſhould prompt you unto, if you loved your Honour.

Honour (replied *Hermodorus* very ſharply) is doubtleſs a glorious Attribute, but a Lover thinking it to conſiſt in the Enjoyment of her he loves, it is not ſtrange I ſhould ſet another price upon the Liberty of *Ligdamis* than *Cleonice* does. Yet, Madam, conſider upon it, and I will come to receive your ultimate Anſwer to Morrow Morning. *Cleonice* ſeeing *Hermodorus* ready to leave her, ſhe ſtayed him, and forcing her ſelf with much ado, ſhe began to ſpeak him fair; and entreated him to tell her where *Ligdamis* was, but he would not tell her: So that changing from fair Words to Threatnings again, ſhe ſpoke as much as Anger and Sorrow could invent, in behalf of him ſhe loved: But fearing leſt this courſe ſhould haſten the Deſtruction of *Ligdamis*, ſhe fell to her Supplications again: But ſince ſhe could not poſſibly tell *Hermodorus* ſhe would marry him, he left her, ſaying he would expect her Anſwer in the Morning; and that he gave her this time to conſider, leſt ſhe ſhould repent of any haſty Reſolutions: And ſo he went out, leaving *Cleonice* in a moſt miſerable Condition.

She ſent immediately unto me, and longed to impart the pittiful Story; and I went the very ſame Hour unto her Houſe, where I heard her relate all the Paſſages in ſuch Terms as would have moved Compaſſion out of the moſt hard and inſenſible Soul. After then I had participated of her Sorrows, and a long time deſcanted upon this ſad Adventure, we ſent unto that Friend's Houſe, with whom *Ligdamis* ſaid he would lodg, and where yet he was, to try if we could diſcover how he was taken. But the Wife of this perfidious Man being inſtructed by her Husband, ſaid that he was gone out by Break of Day, as ſoon as the Gates of the Town were open, and that ſhe knew no more of him. You may then very well imagine, Madam, how *Cleonice* grieved at the Misfortune of *Ligdamis*: In the mean time, we could not contrive how to prevent the ſad Conſequences of this fatal Accident; for to acquaint the Governor of *Epheſus* how theſe Men who arreſted *Ligdamis*, had no Authority to keep him, and that in all Likelihood it was *Hermodorus* who had done this wrong, were only to deliver *Ligdamis* from *Hermodorus*, into the Hands of *Craſus*, for every one knew how the Governor had Orders to arreſt him if ever he came to *Epheſus*: ſo that there was no more Safety for him in ſending him to the King of *Lydia*, than there was in the Tyranny of his Rival: Yet ſince *Cleonice* apprehended him to be in much Danger under his Rival, ſhe determined, that if *Hermodorus* when he came to her, would not be perſwaded to Reaſon, then to acquaint the Governor with the Buſineſs: For by this Courſe, ſaid ſhe, though I do not releaſe *Ligdamis*, yet I ſhall puniſh *Hermodorus*, and he ſhall not die by his Hand. 'Tis very true, ſaid I unto her, but will his Death be welcomer unto you one way than the other? and do you not conſider that this way will let all the World know, *Ligdamis* was with you at my Houſe, and perhaps make them believe you were the cauſe of his coming? But which way, replied ſhe, can I colour it? Shall I marry *Hermodorus*, to releaſe *Ligdamis*? Ah *Iſmenea*, he would think his Liberty then bought at too dear a rate, and yet I ſee no other way to get him out of the Hands of his Enemy, but by expoſing my ſelf. Then there is no more to be ſaid, but that I muſt reſolve to die; for though I had ſo much Power with my ſelf as to overcome my ſtrong Averſion to *Hermodorus*, and ſhould give him Satisfaction, yet perhaps he would not releaſe *Ligdamis*.

Afterwards conſidering what Reports would be of her, when it ſhould be known that *Ligdamis* had ſeen her in ſecret, ſhe knew not what to reſolve upon; and ſometimes fearing the Life of *Ligdamis*, ſometimes her own Reputation, ſhe was moſt extreamly troubled: But in Concluſion, after a hundred ſeveral Imaginations, I adviſed her to acquaint a Kinſman of *Ligdamis* who was at *Epheſus* with this Paſſage, to the end, that when *Hermodorus* came unto her in the Morning, he might by ſtrong Hand ſeize upon his Perſon, and tell him that he knew *Ligdamis* was in his Power; and ſo he might releaſe the one with the other. At the firſt, we found no Obſtacle in the Buſineſs, like thoſe who think the Execution of any thing which they earneſtly deſire, to be eaſy: But upon ſecond Conſideration, we found *Stenobea* to be a conſiderable Hindrance, becauſe ſhe was a Favourer of *Hermodorus*, and conſequently would not ſuffer any Violence to him in her Houſe; yet preſently after, *Cleonice* remembred that the next Day her Mother was to go into the Country fifty Furlongs off, and would not return till the Day after: This Obſtacle therefore being removed, we thought our Deſign to be the beſt and only Expedient we could take.

Then I left *Cleonice*, and went to my own Houſe, where I was no ſooner come, but I ſent for this Couſin of *Ligdamis*, who was a very ſtout couragious Man, and fit for ſuch an Attempt: As ſoon as he came, I told him his Buſineſs, and he undertook it according to my Wiſh; ſo that to loſe no time, he procured a convenient Number of Aſſiſtants, requiſite for the Execution. *Cleonice* and I expected the Morning with much Impatience. *Ligdamis* for his part, he knew not what to think upon the Adventure; for though he was arreſted in the Name of the Governor, yet he knew that they who arreſted him were not his Souldiers: Moreover, he ſaw they let him be in the Houſe of one whom he took to be his Friend, though the Traitor had not ſo much Boldneſs as to ſhew himſelf ſince he was arreſted. He could not gueſs at the Truth of the Buſineſs; but he told us afterwards, that the Sorrows which he thought *Cleonice* would apprehend in his Misfortunes, did trouble him more than his own Danger. As for *Hermodorus*, I believe his Thoughts were more turbulent than either *Ligdamis* or *Cleonice*'s, ſince I cannot think it poſſible to commit any vile Act with a quiet Conſcience.

Yet, Madam, this longed-for Morning being come, *Stenobea* being gone, and I with *Cleonice*, the Kinſman of *Ligdamis* alſo being in my Houſe, with his Aſſiſtants, waiting till I ſent him Word that *Hermodorus* was come. *Cleonice* and my ſelf thought our ſelves in a worſe Condition than before: and though we did moſt eaneſtly deſire the Liberty of *Ligdamis*, yet when we came to the very point of executing our Deſign, we diſliked it; and we were ſo little accuſtomed to Tumults and Noiſe, that out of our Weakneſs we diſapproved of that, which our Reaſon and Affection wiſhed were done. In the mean time, Minutes ſeemed Hours unto us, and Hours Days, and it was Noon, and not a word of *Hermodorus*; who whether he had ſeen me with the Kinſman of *Ligdamis*, or out of his Subtilty foreſaw the Accident, I know not, but he reſolved not to come, and only ſend a Letter. When we had loſt almoſt all our Patience in a long Expectation, we ſaw a Man who was not his own, come unto, and gave a Letter unto *Cleonice*, the Senſe whereof was this:

Hermodorus unto *Cleonice*.

SInce my Reſolution depends upon yours, Madam, I ſent to know what yours is; but I beſeech you conſider, that if it be not favourable unto him who loves you moſt of all the World, it ſhall be fatal unto him whom you love beſt: Conſider ſeriouſly, and anſwer favourably, leſt you repent when it is too late.

Hermodorus.

After that *Cleonice* had read this Letter, ſhe ſeemed ſo deſperate, that I thought ſhe would have died with Grief. I asked him who brought it, where *Hermodorus* was? And he anſwered, that he thought he was at his own Houſe; and ſaid that it was one of his Men who brought this Letter to him, commanding him from his Maſter to deliver it, and bring an Anſwer. In the mean time *Cleonice* knew not what to reſolve upon: but upon ſecond and ſerious Thoughts ſhe writ back theſe Words.

Cleonice unto *Hermodorus.*

THE Reſolution which I have pitched upon, is not of ſo ſmall Importance, as to be truſted unto that Stranger which brought me your Letter: Therefore if you would know it, come hither your ſelf, for I will not write it.

Cleonice.

I forgot to tell you, that whilſt *Cleonice* was writing, I ſent unto the Couſin of *Ligdamis*, adviſing him to follow the Man who carried *Cleonice*'s Anſwer, hoping that way to know where *Hermodorus* was: The Man whom he did imploy in the Buſineſs, was not ſo diligent as he might have been, but loſt the Sight of him in a preſs of People at the Gate of *Epheſus*; ſo that then we thought our ſelves more miſerable than before, becauſe we were out of all hopes, ſince we believed *Hermodorus* would not come upon the Letter which *Cleonice* writ.

The Kinſman of *Ligdamis* enquired very diligently where *Hermodorus* was, but could hear no Certainty: It was therefore reſolved, to ſet Spies about his Houſe the next Night to watch his coming out; and if it were poſſible to arreſt him. In the mean time *Cleonice*'s Letter did much puzzle her obſtinate Lover; who to compaſs his Ends, did not care to commit all manner of Violences. He could not interpret her Letter, as any way favourable unto himſelf, neither did he think ſhe would ever conſent unto the Ruin of *Ligdamis*; yet not daring to come at her in the Abſence of *Stenobea*, becauſe perhaps, as I ſaid before, he knew the Couſin of *Ligdamis* was at my Houſe, he reſolved to ſtay until her Return, and then to go and receive from *Cleonice* her ultimate Reſolution; and reſolving, that if her Anſwer was not according to his Deſire, then to put *Ligdamis* into the Hands of *Crœſus*: But in Expectation of this, he kept home, and cauſed himſelf to be denied, if any enquired for him: Yet notwithſtanding

withſtanding, ſince the Gods are more juſt than to permit Innocents to periſh, and the culpable to go free, it happened, that *Hermodorus* thinking himſelf not ſure enough of thoſe whom he had ſet to guard *Ligdamis*, would go himſelf that Night unto the Houſe where he was kept; ſo that coming out of his Houſe with two Men only, when all the World almoſt was in Bed, the Couſin of *Ligdamis*, and thoſe who watched, eſpied him. But not deſiring to aſſault him ſo near his own Houſe, leſt he ſhould be reſcued by his own Servants, they followed him at a Diſtance, till he was a good way off, before they would attempt it, and yet kept not ſo far from him, but they could fall on when they pleaſed. They were much amazed, when they ſaw him ſtay at the Door of him where *Ligdamis* lay; ſo that to loſe no longer time, they couragiouſly aſſaulted him, but ſtriving rather to take him than to kill him, they pulled him by the Arm further from that Door; yet he ruffled from amongſt them, and drew his Sword: The Couſin of *Ligdamis* and his Party being the ſtronger; they could eaſily have killed him, if their Deſires to ſave him alive had not reſtrained them; and alſo had eaſily taken him, if *Hermodorus* had not called out aloud to the perfidious Friend of *Ligdamis* for help; who hearing his Name, came out with four of the Guard belonging to *Ligdamis*, and the Combate then proved more bloody and diſputable. In the mean while, two of the Guard ſtayed ſtill with *Ligdamis*, who knowing their Action to be unjuſt, and thinking by this Noiſe, that they were in Danger to be queſtioned, they thought beſt to ſecure themſelves, by obliging *Ligdamis*, and releaſing him: After they had held a little Council between themſelves, they made the Offer of it unto *Ligdamis*, and confeſſed that it was *Hermodorus* who had unjuſtly obliged them to the Action: And not to loſe the Merit of their Kindneſs, they never told him that their Companions were gone to help *Hermodorus*; but on the contrary, they were gone out to part ſome Strangers which were quarrelling, and that they two for their parts would take hold of this Opportunity and releaſe him, and accordingly they carried him out of a back-Door: But ſince they could not poſſibly get out of *Epheſus* at that time of the Night, they thought my Houſe the ſafeſt Retreat: So that knocking at my Door, and deſiring ſome to tell me, that there was a *Phrygian* which deſired to ſpeak with me, my Servants did accordingly; you may eaſily imagine how I was amazed, when after the Door was open, I ſaw *Ligdamis* enter with two of his Guard: Since it was late before I returned from *Cleonice*, and alſo had many Letters to write, ſo it happened that I was not gone to Bed: which as it proved, was very happy; for if I had, perhaps *Ligdamis* had not been ſaved, becauſe then my Servants would not have opened the Doors. As ſoon as ever I ſaw him, I asked him a hundred Queſtions at once; for I could not for my Heart deviſe which way he ſhould be releaſed. Gladly would I have eaſed *Cleonice* of an ill Nights Reſt: but fearing it might chance diſcover what I ſo much deſired to conceal, I thought it better to ſtay until the next Morning before I acquainted her with this pleaſing News.

In the mean time, ſince it is never good truſting unto any ſuch Friends as had any Hands in an ill Act, I appointed a Chamber for the two Souldiers, and commanded my Men not to go to Bed, but to watch them: Yet firſt we made them tell us all that they knew concerning *Hermodorus*. For my part, I would not tell Ligdamis that his Couſin had followed *Hermodorus* all that Night, or that I believed it was he who aſſaulted him; leſt knowing his Courage, he ſhould offer to go out unto his Relief. I was the more induced to conceal it from him, becauſe I ſuppoſed the Combat was ended: But when I acquainted him with the Propoſition which *Hermodorus* had made unto *Cleonice*, with the Deſpair in which ſhe was, and the Anſwers which ſhe returned; he expreſſed as much Hatred to his Rival, and as much Love to his Miſtreſs, as was poſſible for two contrary violent Paſſions to invent. I had a good Mind he ſhould have gone away that ſame Night, but yet he would not: however let me tell you, it was abſolutely impoſſible to perſwade him unto any Sleep, or to ſhut his Eyes, though I forced him to go unto his Chamber which was made ready for him, whilſt I went into my own.

As ſoon as Day appeared, I went unto *Cleonice*, whom I found ready to hearken unto me: For beſides, as ſhe had not ſlept all that Night, ſo the Couſin of *Ligdamis* had been with her to give an Account of all Paſſages between *Hermodorus* and himſelf: yet ſince he was ignorant what was become of *Ligdamis*, he ſuppoſed that his Guards had only changed his Priſon, but never thought they had releaſed him. So that her Sorrows were ſtill the ſame, till I removed them, and told her that *Ligdamis* was ſafe. Her Joys were then ſo exceſſive, that her Thoughts were wholly upon him, and ſhe never told me what was become of *Hermodorus*: But after I had asked her ſeveral times, ſhe told me that the perfidious Friend of *Ligdamis*, with three of his Guards, were killed; that *Hermodorus* was much wounded; that the Kinſman of *Ligdamis* had loſt two of his Men; and that in Concluſion he being alone with his Men in the Streets, he went into this Houſe to know what was become of *Ligdamis*, and that he found none in it but one Woman, who told him that *Ligdamis* was gone from thence with two of his Guards. *Cleonice* further told me, that the Kinſman of *Ligdamis* was gone unto the Houſe of one who was an Enemy unto *Hermodorus*, there to hide himſelf until ſuch time as he knew what would become of his Wounds. In the mean time we began to apprehend that *Ligdamis* was not ſafe in my Houſe; ſo that we thought it expedient to advertiſe his Couſin, that he ſhould take Orders to go out of *Epheſus* that very Night; which accordingly he was reſolved upon, and executed. *Cleonice* would not afford her unhappy Lover ſo much Comfort as to ſee her once before he went, leſt it ſhould be diſcovered; and thought her Viſit would make it ſuſpected that he was in my Houſe: For be pleaſed to know, Madam, that as Rage and Deſpair made *Hermodorus* almoſt mad, ſo he ſpread it about all the Town, that *Ligdamis* was in *Epheſus*, that he had ſeen *Cleonice* at my Houſe, and that *Hermodorus* and he had fought; and a hundred more ſuch Reports. All which at the firſt did not much diſquiet *Cleonice*, becauſe all her Cares were to hear that *Ligdamis* was ſafe: But when ſhe underſtood that he and his Couſin were got out of the

Town, with Men to guard them, then theſe Reports began to trouble her; which indeed did make ſo great a Noiſe, that the Governour of *Epheſus* cauſed a moſt ſtrict Search to be made. Since he was a very worthy Man, and *Prolixenide* his Wife did me the Honour to eſteem me very much, ſhe did me the Favour to ſend for me, and asked me very inquiſitively what I knew? When I had received this Summons, I went unto *Cleonice*, to conſult together upon what I ſhould ſay, before I went: For as on the one ſide, by not confeſſing that Love was the Loadſtone which drew *Ligdamis* hither, it would give cauſe of Suſpicion that he was a Delinquent to the State, and that he had ſome Enterprize upon *Epheſus*; ſo on the other ſide, if it ſhould be confeſſed that a violent Love to *Cleonice* was the cauſe of his coming in a Diſguiſe, yet it was to be feared that it would not at all be credited: So that whether ſhe ſhould juſtify *Ligdamis*, or her ſelf, was the difficult Knot of the Queſtion, which ſhe could hardly untie. As for the firſt of theſe two, ſhe muſt needs ſpeak the Truth; and for the other, ſhe was forced to the Refuge of a Lie, ſince certainly all Appearances were againſt us, and that it was not probable *Ligdamis* ſhould come to *Epheſus* in a Diſguiſe, without the Conſent of *Cleonice*.

After a ſerious Examination of the Buſineſs, Love was moſt prevalent, and ſhe conſented rather to be ſuſpected, than to give any Grounds of Accuſation againſt *Ligdamis*. She then appointed me to ſpeak the Truth; and indeed, I told my Tale ſo well, that *Polixenide* believed me, and undeceived her Husband in the Opinion which he had, that *Ligdamis* contrived ſomething againſt the King's Service; inſomuch, as he promiſed *Polixenide* to write unto *Crœſus* in Favour of *Ligdamis*. However, all this could not prevent *Artelinda*, *Phocylides*, and all the Town, from a hundred various Cenſures upon the Accident: But as for *Hermodorus*, he had not any long Vie amongſt them, for he died of his Wounds the ſeventh Day: So that all his Accuſations died with him; and all his Kindred being Perſons of Honour, finding his Actions ſo unworthy, would not proſecute the Couſin of *Ligdamis* as an Aſſaſſinate, nor revenge his Death, becauſe he deſerved it.

However, the Reports of theſe things were ſo loud, that *Cleonice* could not endure to hear them: So that her Aunt having a very pleaſant Seat near the River *Hermes*, and being ready to depart the Town, ſhe deſired *Stenobea*, that ſhe might go with her; and made me promiſe to paſs away the *Autumn* with her, ſince I could abſolutely diſpoſe of my own Actions.

Cleonice, who would not have left *Epheſus*, but becauſe of various Reports, would not give any cauſe to augment them; and therefore ſhe beſeeched her Aunt, not to paſs over the River, at the Caſtle of *Hermes*, where *Ligdamis* and his Couſin were happily arrived; but to find out a Paſſage further of, leſt Reports ſhould riſe, that ſhe went to ſee *Ligdamis*: Yet ſhe was in a place where he ſaw her ſometimes; for though he never went out of the Caſtle, yet ſince *Cleonice* was in the Country, and ſo near his Siſter, he pretended ſometimes to ſee her, ſometimes in Diſguiſe, and ſometimes with a more conſiderable Guard.

In the mean time, to keep my Word with *Cleonice*, I went into the Country to her; but I did not as ſhe did, for I paſſed the River at the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and called upon *Ligdamis*, whom I found ſtill extreamly amorous, but yet extreamly melancholy, and he would not tell me the cauſe; entreating me only to ſolicite for him, and be his Friend. When I came to *Cleonice*, I gave her an Account of all the Alterations in *Epheſus*, ſince her Departure; how that *Phocylides* finding none in the Town to deceive, was gone to dwell at *Sardis*; and how *Anaxippa* not being able to endure the Courſes of her Daughter, forced her to marry a Man, who the next Day after the Wedding, carried her into the Country where ſhe ſees none, and is doing ſevere Penance for her paſt Gallantries. This News, which heretofore would have much recovered *Cleonice*, did now only move a Smile, and that in ſuch a conſtrained manner, that I knew her Mind was not quiet. So that after I had addreſſed my ſelf in all fitting Civilities to her Aunt, I began to talk in private upon the firſt Opportunity which offered it ſelf; and carrying her into a Walk near the Houſe, What's the matter *Cleonice?* ſaid I unto her; from whence proceeds this extraordinary Melancholy? At the firſt, ſhe told me, it was only an Effect of Solitude, and her being in the Country. But I knew her too well to be put off by ſuch an Excuſe, and did preſs her a little further: What can it be, ſaid I, that thus torments you? All thoſe falſe Reports which once troubled you, are quite dead; *Ligdamis* is a Lover as he was, and loves you as much as ever he did. Ah *Iſmenea*, ſaid ſhe, I am afraid that what you ſay laſt is not true. What Reaſons have you, ſaid I unto her, to think it is not? A hundred, replied ſhe; ſo that I am certain you were deceived, when you told me one Day, that Love could never become Friendſhip, ſince certainly the Thoughts of *Ligdamis* towards me are more. Really *Cleonice*, ſaid I unto her, you are a moſt ſtrange Woman to ſpeak thus; for is it poſſible, that you who heretofore apprehended the Friendſhip of *Ligdamis* could never become Love, ſhould now fear that his Love ſhould become Friendſhip? I do not fear it, replied ſhe, and I believe it. And what ground have you for your Belief? ſaid I unto her: A thouſand ſlight Paſſages which I have obſerved, ſaid ſhe; and alſo upon a ſtrange melancholy Coldneſs, which *Ligdamis* of late hath uſed: But yet (ſaid ſhe, and diſſembled) I do not murmur, or ſay any thing to him; but he muſt know, that though his Father would change his Reſolution, and permit him to marry me, yet I ſhould never conſent: Not but that (ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd) I ſhould be glad that *Ligdamis* ſhould love me; but to be engaged to live with a Man all my Life, who changes ſo often, is a thing which I can never do: For I have cauſe to fear, that ſince he has paſſed from Indifferency unto Friendſhip, and from Friendſhip unto Love, and from Love unto Friendſhip again, he will repaſs at laſt from Friendſhip unto Indifferency, where firſt I found him, and laſt of all, from Indifferency to Hatred and Scorn. *Cleonice* ſpoke all this ſo haſtily, as made me laugh; and ſo much the more, becauſe I knew ſhe wronged him. But, ſaid I unto her (and looked earneſtly upon her) will you be pleaſed to acquaint me with ſome of *Ligdamis*'s Crimes? His Luke-warmneſs, replied ſhe, is a Crime, which though none but my ſelf can be ſenſible of it, yet it is ſuch a one, and ſo great, that I cannot pardon it. I cannot think, ſaid I, that *Ligdamis* can be ſo to you. As we were thus in talk of him, news was brought us that he was coming, which ſhe no ſooner heard of, but ſhe began to entreat me, that I would not tell him what ſhe ſaid, or chide him: Yet ſince I thought ſhe ſpoke againſt her Mind, I told him all what ſhe had ſaid; at which he much wondred. He perceived that ſhe was a little more ſerious than ordinary; but ſince ſhe told him that it was cauſed by ſome news which ſhe received from *Epheſus*, that did not pleaſe her, he took no great notice of it, knowing he never had given her any cauſe to complain againſt him. I do not know (ſaid he unto me, after I had made a Relation of what ſhe had ſaid concerning his change) whether ſhe call my Melancholy Luke-warmneſs; but I am moſt certain, I never in my Life did love her with more Zeal and Violence than now.

As we were thus talking in that Walk where *Cleonice* and I uſed to walk, we ſaw her walking alone in another; and going towards her, when he came near, Unjuſt Lady, ſaid he unto her, can you accuſe me for loving you only in the degree of Friendſhip? On the contrary, ſaid ſhe, I do commend you for it, and therefore I ſpoke unto *Iſmenea* of it. But yet, Madam, I beſeech you what have I ſaid, what have I done or thought, which could poſſibly move you to think ſo? You are grown ſo ſtrangely melancholy, replied ſhe, that I cannot chuſe but imagine, that though once you loved me, yet now you do not. I perceive then, ſaid he, that my Melancholy is my Crime: But, Madam, ſince I muſt diſcover the cauſe of it, which hitherto I have concealed, becauſe I would not make you Sharer in my Sorrows; Be pleaſed to know, that perhaps we ſhall be ſeparated for a long time, for the ſtate of things conſidered, there is great appearance that all *Lydia* will be turned into Deſolation, and our Monarch ruined. I know very well, Madam, that your Soul is heroick, and ſo intereſted in the publick Good, that the love of your Country imprints it ſelf deep in your Heart; therefore I am not afraid to tell you, that we are in expectation to ſee all *Lydia* in Arms, and conquered by a ſtrange Prince: For, Madam, my Father and I both, have received certain intelligence from the Court, that *Crœſus* will declare War againſt that invincible Conqueror, unto whom half of *Aſia* is already ſubject, and againſt whom there is no Reſiſtance: And all this in a time when the illuſtrious *Cleander*, who only is able to manage ſuch a War, is a Priſoner: For my part, I know not what Policy there is in it; but I know well, that the way to vanquiſh, is to have a General that knows both how to fight and command; and yet *Crœſus* will not hear talk of the liberty of *Cleander*, but ſtill keeps under Hatches the only Man that can oppoſe ſo Puiſſant a Prince: And I pray unto the Gods, that the Injuſtice of *Crœſus* do not draw the Wrath of Heaven againſt all the Monarchy: I know he hath ſent to conſult with ſeveral Oracles concerning it, and he waits only for their Anſwer before they fight. There runs an odd rumour alſo, that he will give retreat unto the King of *Pontus*, who carried away the Princeſs of *Media*: So that *Cyrus* being animated both by his intereſt of Love, and by his deſires of new Glory, he will in all likelihood pull down the Grandure of *Crœſus*, eſpecially if he do not releaſe the illuſtrious *Cleander*.

Now, Madam, you know the true cauſe of my Melancholy, which you are pleaſed to call Lukewarmneſs, and want of Love: But to make trial of my Paſſion, and not to truſt unto my Words, I beſeech you command me the moſt difficult things, and if you do not find a moſt exact Obedience, then tax me with want of Love to you, and hatred to my ſelf. *Ligdamis* expreſſed himſelf in theſe Words in a manner ſo far from that lukewarmneſs wherewith *Cleonice* charged him, that I forced her to ask him pardon, before ſhe had time to ſpeak; and indeed, after a while of reſiſtance, he made ſo many Excuſes, and ſeemed ſo aſhamed of her injurious charge, that ſhe would let him ſpeak no more by way of excuſing himſelf.

After this, we ſhared in the Melancholy of *Ligdamis*, and found that he had great cauſe of Fears: And ſince this, Madam, theſe two Lovers never quarrelled, though they were not without their Sorrows; for *Ligdamis* fell ſick within a few days after, and ſo dangerouſly, that it was thought he could not eſcape Death. Yet at the laſt he recovered a little, though the Phyſicians did all conclude it would be long before he was perfectly recovered: And indeed he found it true, for he continued very ill until *Cleander* was releaſed. *Cleonice* alſo had ſuch a violent Feaver, that ſhe could not return to *Epheſus* when the Forces of *Cyrus* were entring into *Lydia*. For my part, I was reſolved not to leave her, until we found out ſome conveniency for us both to return to *Epheſus* together: But ſince the Houſe of *Ligdamis* his Siſter was the ſtrongeſt in all that part of the Country, we ſtayed there till the War was begun. Then the liberty of *Cleander* being known, and alſo that he was the Prince *Artamas*, Son unto the King of *Phrygia*; this news wrought ſuch a perfect cure upon *Ligdamis*, and his upon *Cleonice*, that it was reſolved amongſt us to get into *Epheſus* before the War grew hotter: And *Ligdamis* being to guard us with two hundred Horſe, we began our Journey, intending to paſs over the River at the Caſtle of *Hermes*. But it was the Pleaſure of the Fates, that we ſhould meet with the Troops of *Cyrus*, and become his Priſoners; yet happy in ſuch a powerful Protection as yours, Madam, and ſuch a generous Conqueror as *CYRUS*.

Iſmenea, after ſhe had ended her Relation, left *Panthea* in much Satisfaction of Mind: and that Queen moſt obligingly telling her, that ſhe was as worthy to be *Cleonice*'s Friend, as *Ligdamis* her Lover. After this, *Panthea* calling for *Araſpes*, whilſt *Iſmenea* went to ſeek *Cleonice*, ſhe gave him Orders to tell *Cyrus*, that *Ligdamis* was no leſs in love with *Cleonice*, than he was with *Mandana*: So that if it would conduce to end the War without fighting, *Cyrus* may make Peace through all *Aſia*: In the mean while, intreat him from me to look upon *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice* as two whoſe Intereſts are very dear unto me. *Araſpes*, after his uſual Reverence, told her he would not fail in his Obedience. Afterwards he took Horſe immediately, and went to give *Cyrus* an account

count of that buſineſs which *Chriſantes* had impoſed upon him: And coming to the Camp, he went ſtraight to the Tent of *Cyrus*; who no ſooner ſaw him, but imagining he had executed his Commands, he talked with him in private: Come, inſenſible *Araſpes*, (ſaid he to him, and ſmiled) what news do you bring me concerning *Ligdamis?* Sir, (ſaid he and bluſh'd) he whom you ſpeak of is moſt certainly in love with *Cleonice*, as the Queen of *Suſiana* aſſures me. *Cyrus* was very glad to hear it, hoping thereby the better to advance the Deſign of the Prince *Artamas*: So that ſending *Araſpes* back with Orders to thank *Panthea* moſt civilly, he ſent for *Ligdamis*, who was with *Feraulas* in *Timocreon*'s Tent. *Ligdamis* was no ſooner come, but *Cyrus* taking him aſide, conjured him to let him know one thing from his own Mouth, though he knew it perhaps another way. Sir, anſwered he, if it be within the compaſs of my knowledge, you ſhall moſt infallibly know it alſo. I do conjure you then (ſaid the moſt invincible Prince of *Perſia*) to tell me whether you be not more a Captive to the fair *Cleonice*, than you are unto *Cyrus?* Sir, replied *Ligdamis*, (a little ſurprized at this Queſtion) ſince my Captivity is moſt glorious unto me, I will never deny it unto you, but that the Fetters of the fair *Cleonice* do load me more than yours: But, Sir, I beſeech you (if I may be permitted to ask) why do you deſire to know it? Becauſe I would know, replied *Cyrus*, whether your Paſſion has not taught you to pitty others in the ſame caſe. Sir, anſwered *Ligdamis*, (ſtill more puzled to gueſs at the Intention of *Cyrus*) thoſe who are in my caſe may perhaps pitty, but their Compaſſion will be but very unſerviceable unto any in the like Condition. Not ſo, ſaid *Cyrus*, for you may do the Prince *Artamas* the moſt eminent ſervice that ever was done. How, Sir! replied he; I beſeech you tell me preſently what it is. You know, ſaid *Cyrus* unto him, that he is in Love with the Princeſs of *Lydia*: you are not ignorant of her Impriſonment; and doubtleſs you know alſo, that ſhe is to be brought from the Temple of *Diana* unto the Citadel in *Sardis*. I do know all theſe, replied *Ligdamis*;

but I confeſs I do not know which way I can be ſerviceable unto that Prince, who hath many ways obliged me to do all I can. And you may do it, anſwered *Cyrus*, by helping him to releaſe that Princeſs whom he loves. If I can do it, ſaid *Ligdamis*, without betraying the King my Maſter, or committing any unworthy Acts, certainly I will do it with abundance of Joy. Since I have told you that you can, replied *Cyrus*, you may aſſure your ſelf I will never move you to any unworthy Acts. After this, *Cyrus* told him that the Prince *Artamas* was gone to the Caſtle of *Hermus*, to perſwade his Father that they may paſs the River, to deliver the Princeſs of *Lydia*, as they conduct her unto *Sardis*.

Ligdamis at firſt ſeemed much ſurprized at this Diſcourſe: But *Cyrus* ſpeaking again, Do not think (ſaid he) generous *Ligdamis*, that we deſire a Paſs for all our Army, or with any Intentions to ſurprize *Crœſus*, or to vanquiſh him, or to ſubvert his Empire: No, *Ligdamis*, we would only releaſe our Priſoner-Princeſſes, and obtain permiſſion to paſs only with ſo many Men as will be able to deal with the Convoy which guards them: Thus you ſhall not contribute any thing to the ruin of your Country, but rather prevent it; ſince I do engage my Word, (if by your means we can recover the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs of *Lydia* out of their Power who perſecute them) to move *Ciaxares* to offer ſuch Conditions of Peace ſo advantagious to *Crœſus*, that he ſhall not refuſe them: But on the contrary, if you do not permit us this deſire, all *Lydia* ſhall be deſtroyed. Moreover, it is not to ſpare our Blood in forcing a paſſage over the River, that we have recourſe to your aſſiſtance; but becauſe if we be put to force, it will be with our whole Army, and then *Crœſus* cannot bring them unto *Sardis*, but they will remain at *Epheſus* where the Sea is open to carry them away, and ſo we ſhall not perhaps recover them but by many Battels and Sieges. Therefore generous *Ligdamis*, if it be true that the fair *Cleonice* hath ſenſibly moved your Heart, and made you capable to conſider the Caſes of other Lovers, be a Friend unto Prince

Artamas who ſuffers all the Miſeries of a Lover. I will not ſay the fair *Cleonice* is in my Power; for though you deny my requeſt, yet I here declare, for the Prince of *Phrygia*'s Sake, that ſhe ſhall not be any thing leſs favourably uſed.

O Sir, replied *Ligdamis*, it is enough, and my ſilence is a Crime. Yes, Sir, I am to blame to let you ſpeak ſo long; and queſtionleſs I ought to believe all your Propoſitions juſt, without any further Examination. I reſolve, Sir, to contribute all my Power unto the releaſement of the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Palmis*: And therefore give me leave to tell you, that I believe the Prince *Artamas* will not do any good upon my Father: So that if you dare truſt me upon my word, it were expedient I went preſently to acquaint him, that my Siſter which is here with *Cleonice* is your Priſoner as well as my ſelf; and I doubt not but this Conſideration will much further your Deſires. But, Sir, I beſeech you, I beſeech you remember your Promiſe to procure the Peace of my Country, if I render you the Princeſs *Mandana*. I do ſo ſolemnly promiſe it, replied *Cyrus*, that you need not apprehend the leaſt fear; ſince it is my cuſtom to keep my Word unto my moſt mortal Enemies, though it would coſt me a hundred Crowns. I think, Sir, ſaid *Ligdamis* unto him, that ſince I leave a Miſtreſs and a Siſter with you, you need not fear my return. If I durſt not truſt you, anſwered *Cyrus*, I ſhould not ſpeak unto you as I have done. After this, *Ligdamis* deſired that ſome Men might go with him, leſt he ſhould be ſurprized in his Quarters as he paſſed, and alſo to the end there might be ſome Witneſſes of his Tranſaction with his Father, in caſe the Prince *Artamas* had been denied, and ſhould be gone from the Caſtle of *Hermes* before he came. *Cyrus* having already a very high eſteem of *Ligdamis*, would not have let any to have gone this Journey with him, but only Men to wait upon him, had it not been for this laſt reaſon: but the firſt being more ſtrong, he appointed *Feraulas* to go with him. So that without any more delay they prepared themſelves for the Caſtle of *Hermes*: *Ligdamis* firſt writing a Letter to his dear *Cleonite*, leſt ſhe ſhould be troubled at his departure. *Cyrus* having a deſire (according to his Promiſe) to let the King of *Aſſyria* know what *Ligdamis* went about; and ſince he could not but approve of any thing that might conduce to the Princeſs *Mandana*'s releaſe, *Ligdamis* received a hundred kind Expreſſions from him as well as from *Cyrus*; and engaged his Word to free his Country, if *Ligdamis* freed *Mandana*.

However, though there was ſome Probability that this way might prevent a long War, yet *Cyrus* was as circumſpect and diligent as if it were to laſt a long time. He enquired of the Priſoners concerning the Paſſes over the River, the fit Places to encamp in, the moſt advantagious Forts, concerning the Fortification of all their Works, and a hundered other things: And as knowing as he was in the Art of War and Conquering, yet he never thought he knew enough; ſo that without any manner of Pride he would diſcourſe with the old Captains of his Army, and would not deſpiſe the advice of the meaneſt Souldier; though to ſpeak truth, he rather inſtructed them of whom he asked any Advice, than was inſtructed by them. His military Cares robb'd him not of one thought of thoſe Civilities which he intended to the Captive Princeſſes, and to ſo many Kings and Princes as were in his Army. Yet maugre all thoſe ſeveral Cares and Variety of Buſineſs, *Mandana* was the abſolute Miſtreſs of his Heart, and the object of all his Deſires: He did every hour flatter himſelf with hope of ſeeing her e're long at liberty, and alſo as oft fear the contrary: So that paſſing continually from Hopes to Fears, and Fears to Hopes, his Soul was in continual Agitation. The Picture of *Mandana*, and the Scarf which dying *Mazares* left, was all his Conſolation; he preſerved them with ſuch extraordinary care, as it might eaſily be ſeen, how dear ſhe was to him unto whom they related.

The ſight of the King of *Aſſyria*, procured him ſome vexatious Hours, and he had much ado to hide his real Reſentments, and to live in handſom civility with him, until *Mandana*'s Releaſment, when then he ſhould either vanquiſh, or be vanquiſhed by him: Yet had he the conſolation to think he had thrown him out of his Throne, and to know that *Mandana* loved him not, and that he himſelf was more happy in her Affection than he: but on the contrary, that the King of *Aſſyria* could not in reaſon have one ſingle Thought which could afford him any comfort, unleſs out of the Oracle which he received at *Babylon*; for he ſaw his Rival arrived to the higheſt top of Glory, and that he was as high in the eſteem of his Princeſs, and no way unfortunate, but in being ſeparated from her, and her being a Captive: But as for himſelf, he ſaw he was without a Crown, or any hopes either to reign in *Aſſyria*, or in the Heart of *Mandana*, at the leaſt in all probability. Yet he flattered himſelf ſtill in hopes of this Oracle; and ſweetned all his Sorrows, and diſſipated all his Fears, by believing that he ſhould one day by ſome way which he underſtood not, be as happy, as he was at preſent unfortunate. Alſo, he was never without this Oracle about him, and had it writ in a little Table-book of Cedar, though he had it alſo perfectly in his Memory.

Thus did theſe two great Princes and illuſtrious Lovers, reaſon with themſelves during the Voyage of *Artamas*, who found much more difficulty in perſwading the Governor of *Hermes* than he imagined, for he did not think *Ligdamis* would not be there; yet was he received very civilly, as he by whoſe favour the Governor had his Government: But ſince the Negotiation was for a paſſage of foreign Forces, the Governor could not hearken unto it; though the Prince *Artamas* told him, it was only to releaſe the Princeſs *Mandana*, who was the principal cauſe of the War, and to deliver the Daughter of his King, who was moſt unjuſtly perſecuted. It is very true, his Mind was much troubled to hear no news of his Son, who he ſaid was gone to convoy his Siſter and ſome other Ladies, and that he could not give him any direct Anſwer, until he knew what was become of him: But when he heard by the return of ſome Souldiers an Hour after, that *Ligdamis* was a Priſoner, and his Siſter a Captive, he exceedingly grieved at it. The Prince *Ar-*

tamas alſo knowing it, did give him ſome comfort; for he aſſured him that *Cyrus* would treat him very well, which did ſomething leſſen his Sorrow: He offered to ſend *Soſicles* for better intelligence; and did ſo, conceiving the Governor would conclude nothing with him, till he heard more certainly concerning his Son: But as good luck was, *Soſicles* meeting with *Ligdamis* and *Feraulas* in the way, that Journey was ſhortned, and they all returned to the Caſtle of *Hermes*, where they were received with much Joy; and it was hard to ſay, which had more ſatisfaction to ſee *Ligdamis*, his Father, or the Prince *Artamas*.

After this, the Tranſaction met with no great Difficulties; for aſſoon as *Ligdamis* related unto his Father how *Cyrus* treated him, and how his Siſter and all the Ladies were uſed, his Heart did change, eſpecially when *Ligdamis* told him that *Cyrus* deſired a Paſs for no more Men than were requiſite to releaſe the captive Princeſſes, and that he ſolemnly promiſed upon his Word to procure the Peace of *Lydia*, if by his means they were releaſed. After this, the Governor having no Power to oppoſe Prince *Artamas*, *Ligdamis*, and the welfare of his Country, he conſented unto their Deſires; ſo that the *Phrygian* Prince returned back fully ſatisfied: He moved *Ligdamis* to ſtay with his Father, purpoſely to keep him in the ſame Mind; but *Ligdamis* would not upon any Terms, ſaying that he were unworthy of thoſe Civilities which he had received, if he did not return. *Artamas* was ſtill urgent with him; but the Generoſity of *Ligdamis* being fortified with a prevalent conſideration of Love, was fully reſolved to return: And therefore they all returned to *Cyrus*, who welcomed them with abundance of Joy, eſpecially after he underſtood the happy Succeſs of their Negotiation. *Artamas* gave *Cyrus* many thanks for his favours unto *Ligdamis*, and *Ligdamis* beginning afreſh to applaud him, he forced the modeſty of *Cyrus* to impoſe ſilence; and to do it with a better Grace, he hindred them from ſpeaking of himſelf, by profeſſing his own Obligations unto them, for contriving things ſo as that he had hopes to releaſe *Mandana*.

Artamas, who had no leſs Intereſt in the Buſineſs than he had, could not endure he ſhould thank him for any thing he had done. And *Ligdamis*, who was exceedingly obliged unto both thoſe Princes, was much aſhamed of thoſe Thanks they gave him.

During this Conteſtation of Civility, the King of *Aſſyria* hearing of their return, came unto *Cyrus*, who was ſending for him, to acquaint him with the Reſult of their Negotiation: So that being a partaker of his Rival's Joy, and hoping to ſee *Mandana* releaſed, he rendred a thouſand Expreſſions of Gratitude unto the Tranſactors of the Enterprize; all of them being infinitely impatient to receive ſome Intelligence from the Friends of *Meneceus*, concerning the departure of the Princeſſes, and the Convoys which were to guard them. *Artamas*, who was not leſs amorous than any, was not leſs joyed in his Hopes to releaſe the Princeſs *Mandana*, without fighting againſt the King her Father. *Ligdamis*, for his part, hoping more in the enjoyment of his dear *Cleonice*, if the Wars were compoſed, than if they continued, was a moſt ſenſible partaker in the Joys of all theſe Princes.

In the mean time, the Prince *Artamas* deſiring permiſſion to go and acquaint the King his Father with his Tranſactions; and the King of *Aſſyria* deſiring to contemplate upon his Joys in private, both of them went away; and ſince *Ligdamis* and *Soſicles* did follow the Prince of *Phrygia*, *Feraulas* only remained with *Cyrus*. Indeed he was the moſt agreeable Companion he could have, ſince it was to him only that *Cyrus* had communicated the Secret of his Paſſion: For though *Chriſantes* in all other Matters was highly in his favour, yet it was to *Feraulas* he opened the Cloſet of his Soul, as one that was of a more ſuitable Age and Humour to excuſe all his Imperfections. *Aglatidas* alſo coming in, did not diſturb or alter the Converſation; for he had all the Qualities which *Cyrus* could wiſh for in a Confident of his Love: His Mind was clear, his Soul was tender, and he was acquainted with this Paſſion, out of his own experience. So that *Cyrus* imployed two

Hours with him and *Feraulas* very pleaſingly in talking concerning the ſtate of things. This Converſation had laſted longer, if the King of *Phrygia* had not interrupted it, by a Viſit which he paid unto *Cyrus* to teſtify his joy that his Son's Negotiation had took ſo good Effect.

The reſt of this Day was thus ſpent; and the next Morning *Cyrus* reſolved with the King of *Aſſyria*, and the Prince *Artamas*, upon thoſe Troops which they would make choice of for this ſecret Expedition, when time required. After which *Cyrus*, who was the moſt obliging Prince upon Earth, calling for *Ligdamis*, who had contented himſelf with writing unto *Cleonice*, and durſt not ſo ſoon ask leave to ſee her, he told him, in a low Voice, and ſmiled, that he was his Priſoner no longer; So that, ſaid he unto him, if you be the Captive of *Cleonice*'s, go and viſit her. *Ligdamis* anſwered, that ſince both his Captivities were glorious, he deſired to go out of his Fetters, no more than out of the fair *Cleonices*; yet ſince he gave him leave, he would go and viſit her, and did ſo.

The day following, *Cyrus* accompanied with the Prince *Phaartes* (who never failed upon ſuch an Occaſion) went to viſit the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta:* He found the firſt of theſe two ſomething leſs ſad, by reaſon of the hopes which *Araſpes* had infuſed into her, but he had found the Princeſs *Ariminta* full of Melancholy, and could not gueſs the cauſe, unleſs the continuation of her Misfortunes, which ſhe endured with abundance of conſtancy. *Cyrus* did all he could to comfort her; but ſince ſhe heard no news of *Spitridates*, ſhe was not capable of any Joy. The ſight of *Cyrus*, as pleaſing as it might have been unto her, by reaſon of that prodigious reſemblance which was between him and *Spitridates*, did rather augment than leſſen her languiſhing Humour: For when ſhe imagined that this Prince who was ſo admirably handſom, ſo compleat, and ſo gennerous, was either Dead or a Priſoner, or Perfidious, ſhe had much ado to exclude ſuch angry Thoughts, for fear ſhe ſhould diſcover her

Weakneſs: However, ſhe had rather the preſence of *Cyrus* ſhould revive thoſe ſad Thoughts, than ſee the Prince *Phaartes* with her, whoſe very ſight raiſed a thouſand Diſtempers on her Fancy, to think that her Eyes ſhould allure him, and chaſe *Spitridates* from her; ſo that the Love of this Prince was intolerable to her.

After *Cyrus* had continued his Viſit a long while with *Ariminta*, he took his leave of her; and to oblige *Ligdamis*, he went unto the Chamber of his *Epheſian* Priſoners, unto whom he ſhewed a hundred Civilities, eſpecially to the Siſter and Miſtreſs of *Ligdamis*. In his going from thence, he called for *Araſpes*, whom he had obſerved to be very ſad: And ſince he conceived the cauſe might proceed from a diſlike unto that Imployment; and ſince he loved him very well, he asked, whether he did not think himſelf a Priſoner, in keeping of Priſoners? if he were weary of it, he would put ſome other in his place. *Araſpes* was ſo ſurpriſed at this Queſtion, that in lieu of returning Thanks, he earneſtly asked him, whether the Queen of *Suſiana*, or the Princeſs *Ariminta*, had made any Complaints of him? or whether he had any way diſpleaſed them or him? And *Cyrus* anſwering, No; but rather on the contrary they commended him; he prayed he might continue in his Office, and thanked him for his Goodneſs towards him. Yet it was after ſuch a manner, as made *Cyrus* believe *Araſpes* was troubled at ſomething he had no diſpoſition to tell: So that without any further Reflection upon it, he took Horſe and returned to the Camp.

In going thither, he eſpied two Men on Horſe-back in the way coming towards him; and ſince they rode faſter than he did, they quickly met. But one of theſe Strangers no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon *Cyrus*, and obſerving the Honour which was done him, but he asked one of the Followers who it was? And being anſwered, it was *Cyrus*, he ſtop'd and alighted from his Horſe, and preſented himſelf unto *Cyrus*, making no queſtion but to be known unto him. Then addreſſing his Speech unto him, Sir, (ſaid he) I beſeech you give me leave to ask pardon for not rendring you that Honour which I ought, upon that occaſion wherein I did you all the Service I could. *Cyrus* looking upon this Stranger, whom he ſaw to be a handſom proper Man, did ſeriouſly examine his Memory whether ever he had ſeen his Face: but the Phyſiognomy of this young Cavalier was ſo new in his Eyes, that he concluded him to be certainly miſtaken; So that anſwering very civilly, he told him that he could not remember he ever ſaw him, and by conſequence he thought him to be miſtaken, ſince he did not uſe to forget ſuch Men as have any Characters of Nobleneſs in their Faces, as he had. Afterwards cauſing him to take Horſe again, and deſiring him to tell him when and where he ſaw him? This handſom Stranger told him in the ſame Language which he had newly learn'd, and which was in a kind of corrupted Greek, that he had the honour to meet him in a Wood in *Paphlagonia*, when he had but one Page with him, and when he was aſſaulted by ſix Men, from the violence of whom he endeavoured to defend him.

I do not know, ſaid *Cyrus* unto him, whether I ſhould let you go on in your Error, leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected not to acknowledg a Benefit: Yet notwithſtanding, to undeceive you, and to prevent my being accuſed of Ingratitude, know (Generous Stranger) that I engage my ſelf to recompence the Service which you did unto that Man for whom you take me: But know withall, that there is a Prince in the World who does ſo much reſemble me, that at divers times and places we have been taken one for another: Therefore ſince I do not doubt but that it was he whom you relieved, and ſince I am much intereſted in his Life and Fortune, I pray tell me what you know concerning him, and in what Place and Condition you left him.

Whilſt *Cyrus* was ſpeaking thus, the Stranger looking ſeriouſly upon him, did indeed find ſome little difference in the Air of his Countenance between him and the other, whoſe Life he had ſaved. So that not queſtioning the truth of what *Cyrus* ſaid, whoſe Honour was too well known to be ſuſpected of a Lie; Sir, ſaid he unto him, I beg your pardon for crediting my Eyes before my Reaſon, which ſecretly tells me, that he who hath conquered the greater part of all *Aſia*, cannot poſſibly fall into ſuch a Condition as to owe his Life to ſuch an unfortunate Stranger as I am. The Man whoſe Life you have preſerved, replied he, is ſo noble, that I conceive you more honoured by it, then if I owed you mine: For to ſpeak ſincerely to you, whatſoever I have above him, is rather the Gift of Fortune, than any effect of my Valour. However, I pray you, ſatisfy my curioſity, and tell me very punctually what you know concerning him. But, firſt, to make your Relation more pleaſing, I pray let me know the Name and Quality of his Preſerver, to the end I may render him his due reſpect. Sir, ſaid this Stranger, my Name is *Anaxaris*; but as for my Quality, I beſeech you move me not to tell it; it were eaſy, if I would diſſemble, by telling an advantagious Lie, to conceal it that way: But ſince I deſire no eſteem from you but what my Actions and Services ſhall ſpeak me worthy of, I will not either under or overvalue my ſelf, by ſaying my Quality is either too low or too high. Therefore without any more diſcourſe concerning it, give me leave to tell you, that the Reports of your illuſtrious Name drawing me out of my own Country to come and be my ſelf a Witneſs of ſo many Miracles which Fame does report of you: And paſſing one Evening through a Wood in *Paphlagonia*, I ſaw a Man ſitting under a Tree, who was ſpeaking unto another that was not above two paces from him, and who ſeemed to looking unto two Horſes which were tied unto the Trunk of a Pine-tree, leſt they ſhould break looſe. As the Air and Garb of him who ſeemed to be the Maſter of the other, ſeemed to have much Grandure in them; ſo I thought my ſelf obliged to help him, as afterwards I did. I looked upon him very ſeriouſly, and methought he was very ſad; giving me ſuch a civil ſalute as I paſſed by, that I looked back at him three or four times: And at laſt I perceived ſix Men come out of ſeveral quarters of the Wood, who falling upon him all at once, hardly gave him time to riſe, or put his Hand unto his Sword; which yet he did ſo readily and couragiouſly, that you need not wonder (Sir) if when they told told me that you were *Cyrus*, I thought that you were he whom I had the happineſs to ſerve; for I never in all my Life ſaw ſo much Courage in any Man, as in that illuſtrious Stranger. I no ſooner ſaw him aſſaulted upon ſuch diſadvantages, but I went to him, and cryed, I would die in his Defence; and did ſuch things as I believe I ſhould never have done, if his Example had not ſhewed me the way. So it was, Sir, that after a long combat we diſengaged our ſelves from theſe Aſſaſſinates; for four of them lay dead upon the place, and two ran away.

This valiant Stranger whom I did aſſiſt, was wounded in two places, whilſt he was getting upon his Horſe; So that ſeeing him to ſtand in need of help, I asked him into what place he would be conducted? He was as civil as valiant; and thanked me for my aſſiſtance, in ſuch Terms, as eaſily made me underſtand the excellency of his Soul. He would have diſpenſed with me from the Offer which I rendred, telling me, that the Life which I had ſo much care of, was not ſo happy, as to take ſo much pains in preſerving it. Yet for all that I would not leave him, but conducted him to the next Houſe, which was not above four or five Furlongs off: As good luck was, there was a Town not far from thence, where a Chyrurgion dwelt; and he knowing of him, ſent his Page for him. I ſtaid with him till his Wounds were dreſſed, and would have ſtaid longer, if he would have ſuffered me: ſo that ſeeing the People of the Houſe very careful of him, I the ſooner reſolved to obey him. He deſired to know my Name; and I told him, as I have done you, that it was *Anaxaris*. But ſince it was then very late, I was forced to ſtay there in that Place all that Night, and lodged in a Chamber next his. The Chyrurgion told me, his Wounds were not mortal; but he found ſo deep a Melancholy in his Face, that he feared a Feaver; which added to his Wounds, would make them more hard to heal. As I did lie in a Chamber which joined unto his, and the Partition was only of unjoined Planks, I heard him paſs away that Night without any ſleep: He ſpoke ſometimes very loud, and though I could not diſtinctly hear what he ſaid, yet I could often hear him pronounce the name of *Araminta:* I underſtood that he made many pitiful Complaints againſt ſome Beauty of that Name; for he would often cry ont, *Araminta*, perfidious *Araminta!* why cannot I forget thee? Theſe Complaints begetting in me a freſh curioſity to know whom I had ſerved, I asked his Page, before I parted: But he told me that he had ſuch ſtrict charge from his Maſter to conceal it, as I would preſs him no further. And ſo I left him, without any further knowledg what he was, than what I have told you: Yet I brought away with me ſo great eſteem of this valiant Man, that thinking I had found him when I met you, Sir, I was in an extaſy of Joy: But, Sir, I am well ſatisfied with my miſtake; for I had rather have the Honour to be known unto you, than have enjoyed my ſatisfaction in meeting with him I took you for.

The Prince *Spitridates*, replied *Cyrus*, is one of ſo high a Merit, that I am not diſpleaſed if you prefer him before me, ſince in ſo doing you do but what is reaſon. In the mean time, generous *Anaxaris*, I do profeſs my ſelf obliged unto you for preſerving the Life of *Spitridates*, as much as if you had preſerved mine; And therefore I do acknowledg, in the preſence of all that hear me, you may juſtly accuſe me of Ingratitude, if I do not render you all the good Offices which can be expected from a Prince who is obliged unto it. *Anaxaris* anſwered theſe civil Expreſſions in extream humility, yet far from any baſeneſs: But on the contrary, as humble as he was, yet it appeared, by his Anſwers, that he was more accuſtomed to confer Favours, than receive any. So that *Cyrus* conceiving a great Opinion of him, reſolved to have an eſpecial care of him; and in order to that, gave Orders to place him in one of his own Tents, and that he ſhould be treated as a Man of high Quality, as he ſeemed to be. But as *Cyrus* was well pleaſed with *Anaxaris*, ſo *Phraartes* was not: For ſince he was perſwaded, that if *Spitridates* had been dead, he ſhould have been more in favour with *Araminta*, ſo he had a ſecret malignancy

lignancy againſt *Anaxaris*, as ſoon as he knew he had ſaved the Life of his Rival.

Cyrus, as ſoon as he came to the Camp, deſired to acquaint the Princeſs *Araminta* with ſome part of what he heard concerning *Spitritades*, and to diſſemble the other part, making him leſs wounded than he was; but ſince the Relation was before ſo many, he thought it hard to be done.

Yet thinking it would be more Conſolation unto her to hear he was wounded, than to believe he was unfaithful or dead, as ſometimes ſhe did, he ſent *Feraulas* to acquaint her, that a Stranger came to the Camp, who about a month ſince met with *Spitridates*; for *Anaxaris* ſaid it was about that time he relieved that Prince: *Feraulas*, according to his Maſter's Commands, went preſently unto *Araminta*, who at the firſt was extreamly joyed to hear *Spitritades* was alive: But not contenting her ſelf with what *Feraulas* told her, and deſiring to ſee the Man who had ſeen him, becauſe ſhe perceived he did not poſitively conſent ſhe ſhould, therefore ſhe imagined much more concerning *Spitritades* than it was: ſo that *Feraulas* promiſed to entreat *Cyrus* from her, to let her ſee him who brought the News.

Then returning to the Camp, he performed his Promiſe, and *Cyrus* deſired *Anaxares* the next Morning, to viſit the Princes *Araminta*, of whom the Prince *Spitridates* did ſo unjuſtly complain; withal conjuring him to ſay his Wounds are not ſo dangerous as they were: But this Warning was in vain, for *Phraartes* had let her know, by an Armenian Woman, (whom he had got to wait upon her when ſhe was at *Artaxates*, and was all for him) that *Spitridates* was left for dead, and never like to recover; ſo that *Araminta* would not believe *Anaxaris*, when he told her the real Truth. *Cyrus* hearing of her Deſpair, went himſelf to comfort her, and aſſured her, that *Anaxaris* told him no more concerning *Spitridates*, than he had told her. But to teſtify how much he valued the ſatisfaction of her Mind; after good notice taken of the Place where *Anaxaris* left *Spitridates*, he ſent for the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, and deſired him that he would ſend one of his Men, to know exactly what was become of that Illuſtrious Prince. *Araminta* rendred Thanks unto *Cyrus*, with as much Civility as her Sorrows would give her leave. The Queen of *Suſiana* had alſo an extraordinary care of her. *Cleonice*, and all her Friends, never left her; and except *Phraartes*, all the World did participate of her Sorrows. Until this Accident unto *Spitridates*, ſhe was as civil unto him, as afterwards ſhe was unto *Anaxaris*, when ſhe knew he was his Preſerver: But ſhe began to treat him much worſe than uſual, imagining that it was by reaſon of him that *Spitritades* had named her Perfidious.

Thus the malignant Joy which *Phraartes* had at the Misfortune of his Rival, laſted not long; but he endured all the Torments that Love and Jealouſy could inflict upon him. In the mean while, *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſyria*, and Prince *Artamas* began to be exceedingly impatient that they received no intelligence from the Friends of *Meneceus*, nor from thoſe of *Timocreon* at *Epheſus* and *Sardis*: But afterwards their Expectations were anſwered; and thoſe they expected being returned, they underſtood that the ſetting forth of the Princeſſes was deferred for eight Days, preciſely nominating the Day and Hour they were to ſet out; naming alſo the Troops which were to guard them, and deſcribing every Circumſtance with ſuch Particularities, that if theſe Princes did but juſtly obſerve their true Meaſures, their Enterprize muſt needs take effect; yet there was ſome Diſpute did ariſe amongſt them concerning the Execution of the Buſineſs: For the Prince *Artamas*, who was very well acquainted with the Country, was of Opinion to divide their Troops, and place one part of them in a Wood, by which the Princeſſes were to paſs, and to hide the reſt behind a Hill, which was full of Trees, and which was upon the left hand of the Plain, which the High-way between *Epheſus* and *Sardis* doth croſs; to the end, that when the Coaches are juſt between the Wood and the Hill, and almoſt over againſt the Caſtle of *Hermes*, where alſo ſome Men ſhould be left, they might compaſs about the King of *Pontus*, by cutting off his Paſſages on all ſides, and might get the Princeſſes over the River, almoſt before their Enemies knew where they were. *Cyrus* underſtanding the ſcituation of the Place better than the King of *Aſſyria*, did concur with the Opinion of *Artamas*; but the King of *Aſſyria* was of a contrary Opinion, and thought that the dividing of their Troops was the way to be vanquiſhed one after the other, and therefore more expedient to keep in one Body, and give a ſudden and violent Aſſault, than to have any recourſe unto Stratagems. The Prince *Artamas* held conſtant to his Opinion, and *Cyrus* confirmed it with many Reaſons; but this violent Prince ſtill obſtinately oppoſing them, there was a very ſtrong conteſt among them. *Ligdamis* was called to the Council, as one that knew the Country beſt, and as one that was well known in Military Affairs; but as the Happineſs or Miſery of three great Princes did depend upon this Buſineſs, he was ſomewhat nice in giving his Opinion; ſo that not delivering himſelf abſolutely, though he inclined to the Opinion of *Cyrus* and *Artamas*, the King of *Aſſyria* grew more opinionative and hot than before; ſo that it was reſolved to ſend *Chriſantes* beyond the River, to take notice of the Advantages and Diſadvantages of the Places they were to poſſeſs; and when he had well obſerved them, to give his Advice upon the Matter.

But this Courſe was no ſooner reſolved upon, then the King of *Aſſyria* ſaid he would truſt no Eyes but his own, in a buſineſs whereupon the Liberty of *Mandana* depended; and therefore he would go himſelf with *Chriſantes* and *Ligdamis*, to ſee whether they were in the right or wrong. The King of *Aſſyria* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the great Soul of *Cyrus* not being able to endure that his Rival ſhould ever lay it in his Diſh, that he expoſed himſelf the moſt for the liberty of *Mandana*, did conteſt no more, tho he knew it was againſt the rules of Prudence, and to no purpoſe, yet he told the King of *Aſſyria* that he would go alſo; the Prince *Artamas* alſo would needs be one of the Party, and let them ſee how he thought of the Buſineſs. Their departure was reſolved upon to be that very ſame Night, in common Arms; and that they ſhould carry only two hundred Horſe with them, to leave them near the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and paſs over only with fifty to view the Place which *Artamas* maintained to be the moſt convenient for placing of Men.

This Courſe being reſolved upon, *Cyrus* ſent for the King of *Phrygia*, and committed the care of all things unto him, telling all the reſt of his Captains, that he was gone only to viſit ſeveral Quarters of the Army. Yet the Matter could not be ſo cloſely carried, but ſome ſuſpected ſome other Deſign, which they would not publiſh; ſo that *Tygranes* and *Phraartes* keeping continually about *Cyrus*, and not leaving him, he was conſtrained to impart the Buſineſs unto them, telling them, that if his Deſign had been to Fight, he would not have gone without them; but their Buſineſs being only to view a place to fight on, he would ſpare them the pains of a Journey, wherein no Honour was to be got: Yet notwithſtanding, they were ſo importunate with him, that he conſented. *Aglatidas*, *Chriſantes*, *Aduſius*, *Feraulas*, *Ligdamis*, *Soſicles*, *Tegeus* and *Artabaſes* went alſo; the Stranger, *Anaxaris*, hearing of an Expedition, asked leave to follow, and he could not refuſe him. As ſoon as Night was come, they ſet out; and made choice of that Time, to the end the Spies which *Cræſus* had in the Army, could not give any intelligence which way *Cyrus* went. *Ligdamis* and *Soſicles* only went firſt,to prepare his Father to give a paſſage over the River for fifty Men; and all the Princes did ſo order their March, that they arrived within four Furlongs of the Caſtle of *Hermes*, two hours before Day-break the next Morning; where they made an Halt, according to the agreement with *Ligdamis*, who came unto them within a quarter of an hour after, and told *Cyrus*, that all was in readineſs to receive him: But ſince there was a neceſſity of Day-light for that Buſineſs, they thought beſt to reſt in the Caſtle till Night was gone. *Cyrus*, and all the Princes which accompanied him, went then into the Caſtle of *Hermes*, where they were received without any Ceremony, leſt the Buſineſs ſhould be known unto the Souldiers, who were made believe that they were the Men of *Cræſus* diſguiſed, who came to view one of the Quarters of *Cyrus*, and would paſs over the River in that place; not but that the Souldiers were very affectionate unto that Governour, but becauſe they would not run any hazard: So that *Cyrus* ſtaid a long while in the Caſtle of *Hermes*, as one that was a Captain unto *Cræſus*.

As ſoon as the Sun was up, *Cyrus* took Horſe, followed by the King of *Aſſyria*, Prince *Artamas*, *Tygranes*, *Phaartes*, *Aglatidas*, *Anaxaris*, *Feraulas*, *Artabaſes*, *Ligdamis*, *Chriſantes*, *Aduſius*, *Soſicles*, *Tegeus*, and fifty Cavaliers for that Guard, who went to ſee the Place, where e're long they hoped to releaſe *Mandana*. The Prince *Artamis*, to let the King of *Aſſyria* ſee he was in the right, marched between *Cyrus* and him; and as ſoon as they were over the Bridg, ſhewed them, with his Hand, the Hill that was full of Trees on the one ſide of the Highway; the Wood which was on the right Hand, and the way from *Epheſus*, which went on the right Hand; ſhewing them ſo clearly, that what he had propoſed was moſt expedient, that if the King of *Aſſyria* did not approve of it, then it was more out of Obſtinacy than Reaſon.

Chriſantes, who was a Man expert in ſuch things, ſaid, to ſecond the Opinion of *Artamas*, That the Enterpriſe could not be executed any other way; becauſe if the firſt Troops which conveyed the Princeſſes ſhould ſpy ſuch a conſiderable Body of Men together, as theirs would be if they were all joined, then they would acquaint the King of *Pontus* with it in an inſtant, by paſſing the Word from Rank to Rank, until it reached him; and then, ſince his Deſign is not to gain a Victory, but only to preſerve the Princeſſes whom he loves, he will cauſe them to turn back, whilſt he himſelf is facing us with all his Troops. So that unleſs an Ambuſcado be placed in ſuch a manner as the Prince *Artamas* propoſed, there was little hopes of any good ſucceſs in the Enterpriſe. Yet notwithſtanding, the King of *Aſſyria* would not agree, but ſaid, that thoſe which came from *Epheſus* might eaſily diſcover the Souldiers which were behind the Hill: And though it was obſerved unto him, that the way from that ſide was all low Ground, and the Hill before them making a demiround, it was impoſſible to diſcover any Men behind it; yet needs would he go thither, and all the reſt followed him. After *Artamas* ſhewed him his Error, and had viewed the Hill, they went alſo into the Wood, and wandred far in it to know all the Paſſes and Advenues; *Chriſantes* telling them, that they muſt conſider, as well what to do in caſe they were vanquiſhed, as if they did vanquiſh; and they had not ſtaid ſo long in this Wood, had it not been for this Reaſon. But the Prince *Artamas* propounding it requiſite, that the Father of *Ligdamis* was to provide a Boat to ſtand in that place where the Wood reached to the River, to the end that in caſe the Enemies ſhould become Maſters of the Bridg, yet they might that way convey over the Princeſſes: This Propoſition ſeeming good, they went to ſeek out for a Boat which was a great diſtance from thence, becauſe the River in that place was ſerpentine, and turned and winded very much. Then ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*, There is a neceſſity of having Boats. To which *Ligdamis* replied, that ſince *Crœſus* reſolved upa War, there was none left upon the River, except one which the Governour kept.

But whilſt they were thus reaſoning upon an Enterpriſe, which would e're long be enterpriſed, and *Cyrus* was entertaining himſelf with the pleaſing thoughts of being e're long *Mandana*'s Deliverer; the Governour of the Caſtle of *Hermes*, who for the ſafety of ſo many illuſtrious Perſons, had ſet a Sentinel upon the top of the Tower, was advertiſed that there appeared a great Body of Cavalry coming from towards *Epheſus*; he no ſooner heard of this, but he diſpatched one of his Men immediately into the Wood to acquaint the Princes with it giving orders unto the Meſſenger to tell *Ligdamis* h might carry them into the Thick of the Wood toward the River, where they might be in ſafety till theſe Forces were paſſed by, which as he thought were going unt the Banks of *Pactolus*, where *Crœſus* had appointed hi general Rendezvouz. This Meſſenger obeying his Maſte and making all haſte, went into the Wood to ſeek fo

Cyrus: But whether it was out of ſome Fears that he apprehended, or that he was unacquainted with the Wayes where in all probability he might find him; he ſo bewildred himſelf in the Wood, that *Cyrus* had no intelligence from him. So that this Prince, and all his Company, took into the Plain, intending to march over it towards the Caſtle of *Hermes* again. But he was exceedingly ſurpriſed to ſee a great Body of Horſe marching: And following the motions of his Couragious Soul, in lieu of ſtopping, he advanced before the reſt; and was no ſooner entred into the Plain, but he eſpied a ſquadron of Horſe ſome fifty paces from him, and likewiſe he ſaw Souldiers between him and the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and all the Champaign full of Cavalry and Infantry. His undaunted Soul ſtill did never tremble, nor was the leaſt moved at this inevitable Danger; but in lieu of any haſty retreat into the Wood, his firſt Action was to ſtay, his ſecond was to turn his Head about and ſee whether he was followed; and I know not whether his third Action would not have been to have ſought out a deſperate Death amongſt them, if the Prince *Artamas*, *Tigranes*, and *Phaartes* had not forced him to take into the Wood by a way which *Ligdamis* had ſhewed them. Yet could he not get far into it; for ſince the *Lydian* Troops had ſpied them, he who commanded in chief, after he had cauſed the Body which he commanded to make a Halt, he came himſelf, with a hundred Horſe, to know what they were, not conceiving them to be Enemies, becauſe he could not imagine how *Cyrus* ſhould paſs over the River. However, not to neglect any thing, he went forward; and was no ſooner twenty paces within the Wood, which was thin in that place, but he perfectly perceived they were no *Lydians*, and moreover obſerved they were no great Number; So that going after them, and giving Orders for thoſe in the Plain to follow, he was preſently ſo neer as to fall on, whilſt *Cyrus* marching laſt, as he that had leaſt deſire to fly, would never ſo much as turn his Head, or offer to take his Sword in hand, hoping by this couragious Action to make their Retreat more eaſy: But at laſt, *Cyrus* turning ſuddenly towards the *Lydian* Captain who marched in the Head of his Men, did run his Horſe ſo furiouſly againſt him, and fell upon him in ſo couragious a manner, that he forced him to retreat a little : All his Men made a ſudden ſtop ; and *Cyrus* ſeconding his firſt Blow with another which made a River of Blood to follow it, then endeavouring the Retreat of his Friends, he found himſelf compaſſed about with Enemies on all ſides, without any hopes of eſcaping : He killed one immediately ; but the Multitude had certainly ſmothered him, if *Feraulas* by good Fortune turning his Head, and ſeeing *Cyrus* in that Danger, had not called *Chriſantes* to his Relief, who, with the Prince *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, *Anaxaris*, *Aglatidas*, *Ligdamis*, and many others went unto him ; as for the King of *Aſſyria*, who marched a long way before with the Prince *Artamas*, and the reſt, they were aſſaulted by another Body of Enemies, who were ſent to cut off their Paſſage.

Never was ſuch a thing heard of, as paſſed in this Wood ; for *Cyrus* knowing that the Liberty of *Mandana* did depend upon him and his Life, beſtirred himſelf like a Lion ; none who aſſaulted him eſcaped, and few who he fell upon could be ſo quick as to flye, or ſo ready as to guard themſelves, or ſo valiant as to reſiſt : So that there was very few of all them that were about him, which did not feel the Weight of his Arm : The Valour of *Tygranes* was very notable, as well as that of *Phaartes* ; the Stranger *Anaxaris* behaved himſelf ſo, that *Cyrus* ſaw he was the moſt valiant Man in the World ; *Aglatidas*, *Ligdamis*, *Chiſantes*, *Feraulas*, all of them did ſhew ſuch Teſtimonies of prodigious Courage to ſave the Life of their illuſtrious Maſter, that it is unexpreſſable. The more the Number of their Enemies encreaſed, the more did the Valour of *Cyrus* double ; he turned and winded amongſt the Trees, with ſuch admirable Dexterity, and his Horſe being ſo obedient unto his Hand, did ſo well ſecond his Intentions that he could divers times have ſaved himſelf, if he would have left his Friends engaged ; but his great Soul could not conſent unto ſuch a Thought, but he would ſtill fight it out, though there was no hopes of vanquiſhing.

It leſs than a quarter of an Hour, he made great heaps of dead Bodies, all the Bulks of Trees were bloody, the green Graſs was turned red, and the Ground was all Blood. All the Cavaliers which followed him, had periſhed at this Bout, and certainly he had done ſo himſelf, if the Gods had not by their ſupream Power preſerved him. After he had fought a long time, and ſeeing none about him but *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, *Aglatidas*, *Criſantes*, *Ligdamis*, *Anaxaris*, and *Feraulas*, his Valour encreaſed; but the Number of his Enemies ſtill encreaſed, and one amongſt them intending to kill his Horſe, did thruſt his Sword through his Flank; ſo that this illuſtrious Prince could not poſſibly hold him, for this furious Animal finding himſelf wounded, he ran away with his Rider whether he would or no through the Thick of Trees and Enemies, ſome twenty Paces off, where falling down dead, *Cyrus* had much ado to recover himſelf from under him: but having at laſt diſengaged himſelf, he perceived that he had nothing in his Hand but the Stump of a Sword, for it was broken againſt the Bulk of a Tree, when his Horſe ran furiouſly away with him; then being in an Inſtant compaſſed about with a Multitude of Enemies, the Conquerour of many Nations muſt need be once conquered; yet did he offer to defend himſelf, but all in vain, for they tumultuouſly fell upon him, and took him Priſoner, he having not received one Wound. *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatidas*, *Anaxaris* and *Feraulas*, ſeeing that *Cyrus* was taken, and that it was abſolutely impoſſible to think of releaſing him, they began to think of ſaving themſelves by Flight if they could, all but *Feraulas*, who ſuffered himſelf to be taken, that he might be a Partaker in his Maſter's Misfortune: But the reſt only defending themſelves, and retreating towards the Thick of the Wood, they fled away ſo happily, that they who followed them hearing a great Noiſe in the Place where the King of *Aſſyria* and the Prince *Artamas* were fighting, they made a Stop, fearing ſome Ambuſcado; during which, they got into the Thick of the Wood, and hid themſelves until Night, all but *Anaxaris*, who by the Stumbling of his Horſe was taken: However, the King of *Aſſyria*, the Prince *Artamas*, *Artabaſes*, *Aduſius*, *Soſicles*, *Tegeus*, and thoſe Cavaliers which were with him, and made ſuch a miraculous Reſiſtance, and had killed ſo very many *Lydians*, that their own Valour was their Ruin; for thoſe againſt whom they fought, ſeeing what kind of Men they had to deal withal, ſent for freſh Supplies: So that ſeeing on all ſides Enemies upon Enemies; and that the more they killed, the more they had to fight withal, they thought of ſelling their Lives at as dear a rate as they could, eſpecially *Artamas:* for beſides the general Intention which they all had not to be taken, he had a particular Reaſon not to fall into the Hands of *Crœſus: Soſicles* and *Tegeus* might have the ſame Apprehenſions, but yet they were not ſo deeply concerned as *Artamas*. However, that fatal Deſtiny could not be avoided; for after he had received a Wound in his right Arm, and in three other Places beſides, he was forced to yield himſelf. The King of *Aſſyria* alſo was ſurrounded with ſo many Men, that he was taken Priſoner; ſo likewiſe were *Soſicles* and *Tegeus*; *Artabaſes* and *Aduſius* only eſcaped this dangerous Adventure. Theſe two Combates then being thus ended, and all the *Lydians* which had fought met, and having put the Priſoners which they had taken together, *Cyrus*, *Anaxaris*, and *Feraulas*, were much ſurprized, when they ſaw the King of *Aſſyria*, *Soſicles*, *Tegeus*, and ſome other of their Cavaliers in the ſame Condition: As for the Prince *Artamas*, he was ſo wounded, that he could not be brought.

In the mean time, theſe two illuſtrious Rivals ſeeing the Equality of their Fortunes, were both of them both ſad and glad: Glad, becauſe a Rival was no happier than himſelf; ſad, becauſe *Mandana* was without a Protector, eſpecially ſince the Prince *Artamas* was both taken and wounded: They were alſo very much grieved to ſee that he was known by two *Lydian* Captains, who had a great Deſire to have ſaved him, but durſt not. Then they went to advertiſe him who commanded in chief, and to give him ſome Teſtimonies of their Victory, they carried with them the Priſoners which they had taken; that is to ſay, *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſyria*, *Anaxaris*, *Tegeus*, *Soſicles*,

Soſicles, *Feraulas*, and ſome Cavaliers. At their coming out of the Wood, *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſyria* viewed all their Forces which were drawn up in the Plain: and as they went, theſe two Rivals obſerving by their manner of uſing them, that they did not know them, did agree together not to diſcover each other, in caſe they could find ways to eſcape; and finding an Opportunity to hint the ſame unto *Feraulas*, as he was witty, ſo he made it known unto the reſt of the Priſoners, hoping that not being known, they would be more negligent in guarding them, and ſo they might perhaps recover their Liberty.

Yet *Cyrus* did extreamly fear to be carried unto the King of *Pontus*; and when he remembred how oft he had conquered him, and how that Prince had been his Priſoner, the preſent Condition of his Fortune was moſt inſupportable unto him; yet he marched on, though he knew not whither they would conduct him. The King of *Aſſyria* asked the Queſtion of a *Lydian* Souldier, who anſwered, that they were to be carried unto *Andramites*, who in Abſence of the King of *Pontus* commanded in chief; and as he was enquiring more preciſely into things, an Officer came and broke off their Diſcourſe, imagining that the King of *Aſſyria* was ſuborning the Souldier to further his Eſcape. After this, they marched, and were not permitted to ſpeak ſo much as to one another, each of them contemplating upon his own Misfortune.

Cyrus was ſo generous, as not to upbraid the King of *Aſſyria* for being the cauſe of their Misfortune, ſince but for him they had not come unto that Place where they were taken: Mean while they marched on, and at laſt came unto the Place where *Andramites* was, who knew *Tegeus* and *Soſicles* as ſoon as he ſaw them; ſo that not looking much upon any others; I think my ſelf very unhappy (ſaid he unto them, for he was one of their Friends) that you ſhould fall into my Hands: but ſince you know what belongs unto Honour, I hope you will not think it ſtrange that I ſhould ſpeak unto you as Priſoners of War, and not as unto my Friends; therefore I pray tell me what you were doing in the Wood, what Number of Men you had, and what was Prince *Artamas*'s Buſineſs, whom I know is wounded, and a Priſoner? We cannot tell you (anſwered *Soſicles* very prudently) what was the Deſign of Prince *Artamas*, for we only followed him, and never enquired further; but we can very well aſſure you his Deſign cannot be very dangerous, ſince he had only fifty Horſes with him: And I do verily believe his Deſigns were rather Intentions to promote Peace than War. But where paſſed you over the River? (asked *Andramites.*) Since I will not prejudice that Prince whom now I ſerve (anſwered *Soſicles,*) you muſt excuſe me, if I do not tell you where we paſſed over. But where is *Cyrus?* asked *Andramites.* I ſaw him in the Camp yeſterday, when we came away (anſwered *Tegeus*, ſeeing *Soſicles* not anſwer quickly.) After this, *Andramites* having beſtowed a civil Complement upon them, commanded an *Epheſian* Captain to guard them: Afterwards, looking upon the other Priſoners, he found ſomething ſo great in the Aſpect of *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſyria* and *Anaxaris*, though their Arms and Habit was very mean, that he called *Tegeus* again, to ask him of what Quality theſe Priſoners were? And as he anſwered, that they were only common Cavaliers: If all the reſt in your Army were ſuch, ſaid he unto him, *Cræſus* will moſt infallibly loſe the firſt Battel he ſhall fight; for I muſt needs confeſs, he hath none ſuch.

After this, he commanded that the Chyrurgion belonging to the Army ſhould go unto Prince *Artamas*, and conſider which was the beſt way to carry him: For ſince he knew that *Cræſus* held the Governor of the Caſtle of *Hermes* in Suſpicion, therefore he durſt not go thither, leſt he ſhould render himſelf ſuſpected; ſo that reſolving he ſhould be carried unto ſome Place nearer *Sardis*; and underſtanding that his Danger was not great, he commanded the Troops to march. All the Troops then beginning to advance, and all the Priſoners yet ſtaying for want of Horſes, becauſe their own were either killed or taken by ſuch Souldiers as could not be found; they ſaw appear many Coaches, in which were many Women: This Sight made the Hearts of *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſyria* to beat; and both of them advancing at once towards the way ſide, by which theſe Coaches were to paſs: But when they eſpied *Mandana* there, Oh Heavens! what were their Thoughts? their Souls were diſordered, their Hearts trembled, and were ſo tranſported, that they thought to diſcover themſelves; and if Shame to appear before *Mandana* in ſuch a Condition, had not reſtrained them, certainly they had ſtaid the Coach, and done ſome Act as bold, as their Loves were violent. But the thing which moſt of all diſordered their Reaſon was, that whilſt the Princeſs *Palmis*, next to whom *Mandana* did ſit, was ſpeaking unto *Andramites* on the one ſide of the Coach, *Mandana* did caſt her Eyes upon theſe Priſoners; ſo that knowing *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſyria*, ſhe could not poſſibly chuſe but cry out; which reaching the Ears of theſe two Rivals, produced different Effects, though ſad in both: However, the Princeſs *Palmis* turning her ſelf at the Cry which *Mandana* made, and asking her what ſhe had ſeen which cauſed her ſo to do? that prudent Princeſs imagining, notwithſtanding the Diſorder of her Soul, that *Cyrus* was not known, conſidering the Condition wherein he was, did ask the Princeſs *Palmis* Pardon for it: But, ſaid ſhe unto her, I could not chuſe but be very much moved, when I ſaw a Man amongſt the Priſoners, who had ſerved the King my Father in a time when I thought my ſelf very happy: In the mean time, *Mandana* ſeeing their Coach went on ſtill, deſired the Princeſs *Palmis*, to obtain of *Andramites* the Liberty of this Cavalier, not daring then to tell the Truth unto the Princeſs, leſt ſhe ſhould be over-heard. *Palmis* deſiring nothing more than to oblige *Mandana*, deſired *Andramites* to let the Coach ſtay, and this Lieutenant General obeyed her: Then did ſhe entreat him to do her the Favour to give unto her one Cavalier which *Mandana* ſaw among the Priſoners, which he had taken. Madam, ſaid he unto her, you know I ought not to do it. I know very well, ſaid ſhe, that according to the exact and ſtrict Rules of War, you are bound to deny me; but withal, I know, that being as I am, you ought to grant me all that is not prejudicial to the King; And you know *Andramites*, that one ſimple Cavalier can neither win nor loſe a Battel. But be it as it will be, ſaid ſhe, I ask him of you; and I promiſe you the Prince *Myrſiles* ſhall recompence it, ſince I cannot (as the preſent Condition with me is) do it my ſelf. Whilſt this Princeſs was ſpeaking unto *Andramites*, *Mandana* looked out on the other ſide, towards the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, who advancing ſtill forward, did both ſee, and was ſeen by her.

In the mean while, the Princeſs *Palmis* was ſo urgent with *Andramites* for the Liberty of this Cavalier, that he began to conſent, and asked which it was: Then *Mandana*, both by her Words, and pointing her Hand, ſhewing him, and ſpeaking ſo prudently, that in the end *Andramites* not being able to deny the Daughter of his King ſo ſmall a Favour, was ready to reſolve upon it; yet remembring what prodigious Valour his Men reported to be in this Cavalier, he pawſed a while, and told the Princeſs *Palmis*, to excuſe himſelf, that the Courage of this Man was ſo great, that even *Cyrus*, of whom Fame did trumpet ſo many Miracles, could not do more.

But in Concluſion, apprehending that this Princeſs (if *Crœſus* ſhould dye, might be revenged on him) he reſolved to ſatisfy her Deſire: So that cauſing *Cyrus* to come near, without telling him why he brought him to that ſide where *Mandana* was, Valiant Man, ſaid *Andramites* unto him, render Thanks unto this Princeſs for the Liberty which ſhe hath obtained for you. *Cyrus* was ſo ſurprized at this Language from *Andramites*, that he never thought of an Anſwer; for being ſo near *Mandana*, and not daring to ſpeak his real Thoughts, nor hardly to look upon her, his Spirits were not ſo free as to behave himſelf as at other times: yet ſtriving with himſelf, he ſaluted the Princeſs with a moſt humble Congy, and according to the Counſel of *Andramites*, by way of Thanks, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I do not know what terms to uſe, which can ſufficiently ſpeak my Thanks; and if you judg of my Reſentments, by my Words, you have cauſe to think me ungrateful. You have ſo faithfully ſerved the King my Father, replied *Mandana*, that I have more Reaſon to acknowledg your Benefits than you mine: However (added ſhe extreamly deſiring he ſhould be gone, leſt he ſhould be known, and yet unwilling to loſe the Sight of him ſo ſoon) fail not as ſoon as you are returned to the Camp, to let the King my Father know, by the firſt Poſt which goes to *Ecbatan*, that I will be ever what I ought to be; and that I will never do any thing which ſhall be unworthy of the Honour to be his Daughter. I ſhall not fail, Madam, replied he; But ſince I fear I ſhall not be able to obey you any way, but by the Poſt which *Cyrus* ſends, therefore unleſs I have ſome Meſſage unto him, he has ſome Reaſon not to believe me. Tell him from me, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I am very ſorry he ſhould ſo often expoſe himſelf unto Dangers, as he does for my ſake; and I think (ſaid ſhe, and bluſhed) that *Andramites* will permit me to entreat that illuſtrious Prince to do ſo no more. I ſhould be glad, ſaid *Andramites*, and ſmiled, that this Cavalier could perſwade him unto it; but I think he will have a hard task to do it. But, Madam, it is time to march, unleſs you will put your ſelf unto the Inconveniency of Night. In the mean time, this Cavalier may paſs the River when and where he pleaſes, for I will give him a Horſe and a Paſport. The Princeſs thanking *Andramites* for his Civility, turned towards *Cyrus*, whoſe Mind was ſo troubled, that he hardly knew whether or no what he ſaw was true. But whilſt *Andramites* was talking unto one of his Men: Will you be pleaſed to command me any other Service, Madam? (ſaid he unto *Mandana*) I deſire you, ſaid ſhe unto him, that you make good uſe of that Liberty which I have obtained for you. Afterwards, *Andramites* came to them, and deſired the Princeſſes they would be pleaſed to march; and ſo they did, *Mandana* looking upon *Cyrus* as long as ſhe could, with Eyes ſwimming in Tears; and *Cyrus* looking after the Coach, as long as ever he could ſee it. All this while, the King of *Aſſyria* was in intollerable Torment to ſee *Cyrus* called unto the Coach, and not himſelf: he was above twenty times ready to have told his Name, and if Reſentment of Honour and Love had not reſtrained him, he had infallibly done it: He would needs come up to the Coach alſo, but his Guards ſtopt him, and *Feraulas* alſo did wittily diſſwade him. But when *Cyrus* came to him with the Horſe and Paſport which *Andramites* gave him, and told him that he was at Liberty, his Sorrow was ſo exceſſive, that he was ſpeechleſs. Is it the Princeſs *Mandana* (ſaid he very low unto him, after he was returned out of his amazed Slence) that hath obtained your Liberty? It was the Princeſs *Palmis* (replied *Cyrus*) who at her Requeſt, did move *Andramites* to give it unto me. O ye Gods, (cryed out the King of *Aſſyria*, and lifted his Eyes up to Heaven) is it by the way of Slavery you intend to keep your Promiſes with me, and make me happy? *Cyrus*, who did not underſtand the ſenſe of theſe words, becauſe he was ignorant of the Oracle which this Prince received at *Babylon*, turned himſelf towards *Anaxaris*, and told him, he was very ſorry that this firſt Adventure they were in together, ſhould prove ſo unfortunate; but he deſired him to be confident, that he would endeavour all imaginable ways to procure his Liberty.

Afterwards he addreſſed ſome Civilities to *Soſicles* and *Tigeus*; then drawing *Feraulas* aſide, he conjured him, in his Captivity, to make himſelt known unto *Mandana*, and to let her ſee him as oft as poſſible, to the end ſhe might the ofter think upon him. *Feraulas* promiſing not to fail, and they who guarded the Priſoners, ſaying they muſt depart, *Cyrus* came near the King of *Aſſyria*, and moſt generouſly told him, that he would endeavour his Liberty with as much earneſtneſs, as if he were one of his deareſt Friends, and that at the laſt he would moſt punctually keep his Word with him. But withal, ſaid he, be ſure you keep yours. Alas, what can a Man in Chains do? replied he. You are to be near *Mandana*, ſaid *Cyrus* unto him; and I know not whether it be more advantagious to be a Captive upon that Condition, or to be at Liberty, and be at a diſtance from her. After theſe words, theſe two illuſtrious Rivals parted, *Cyrus* taking his way towards the Caſtle of *Hermes* with his Paſs-port, as if he had ſtood in need of it; and the Priſoners going towards *Sardis*, upon ſuch Horſes as were given them. The King of *Aſſyria*, at parting from *Cyrus*, did apprehend ſuch Joy, as for a while kept his Mind in much ſerenity: for when he looked before him, he ſaw the Coach wherein *Mandana* was; and when he looked behind him, he ſaw his Rival going further from her, and to paſs over that River which would ſeparate them for a long while: So that though he was a Priſoner, he would rather chuſe that Quality in following *Mandana*, than Liberty with *Cyrus* at a great diſtance: yet theſe pleaſing Thoughts did not laſt long, but on the contrary, paſſing from one Extremity unto another, he looked upon himſelf as the moſt miſerable Man alive, and upon *Cyrus* as the moſt happy. Who did meet with an Adventure, ſaid he to himſelf, ſo cruel as mine is? for I have not only the Miſery of being a Priſoner, but alſo to ſee my Rival releaſed, and releaſed by one who makes his Liberty inſupportable unto me.

Does it not ſeem as if Fortune did make him a Captive only to receive the greater teſtimony of *Mandana's* Affection? and to let me receive the moſt horrible Sign of her Averſion, that poſſibly could be expreſſed? for moſt certainly, ſhe ſaw me as well as ſhe ſaw *Cyrus*. Was ever ſuch a piece of Inhumanity as this ſeen? She ſees me a Priſoner, and a Priſoner for her Cauſe; and yet in lieu of asking Liberty for both, ſhe hath releaſed my Rival only, and loaded me with Chains: Though ſhe would not conſider me out of any love to me, yet ſhe might well have done it out of love to himſelf, ſince my Valour is not altogether uſeleſs unto *Cyrus* for her deliverance. But, inhumane Woman that ſhe is, ſhe has forced me to believe, by this Act, that nothing can overcome her. And yet the God's have promiſed me that I ſhall make her Sigh and Mourn for all her Cruelty, and that I ſhall be at reſt: But which way is it poſſible to come to paſs?

Whilſt this tumultuous-minded Prince was in theſe Contemplations, *Anaxaris* endured his Misfortune with much conſtancy; telling *Tegeus*, after he had ſeen *Mandana*, that he did not now wonder that her Beauty ſhould cauſe ſo great and long a War. *Feraulas*, though he was much vexed that he had not yet got the ſight of *Marteſia*, becauſe ſhe did ſit on the other ſide of the Coach, yet began already to project how there might be Intelligence between *Cyrus* and himſelf. *Tegeus*, who had got ſight of *Cyleniſa*, and was known unto her, did think more of that pleaſing Object, than of any Danger he was in: But as for *Soſicles*, his Thoughts ran all upon Prince *Artamas*, whoſe pittiful Adventure he did not yet know of. In the mean time *Mandana* was no ſooner out of ſight of her unfortunate *Cyrus*, but turning towards the Princeſs *Palmis*: Dare I tell you, ſaid ſhe, in a low Voice, unto her, that you have given liberty unto that illuſtrious Prince, who only can make me either miſerable or happy? How, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis* alſo, in a low Voice, was I ſo happy as to releaſe the invincible *Cyrus*? I wiſh to the God's that the Prince *Artamas* have no worſe Deſtiny than his. As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid theſe words, *Andramites* came unto the Princeſſes, who had been ſpeaking with a Man who came to tell him that the Prince *Artamas* could not be carried any ways but in a Coach; and he deſired theſe Princeſſes, that they would be pleaſed to let their Women preſs cloſe in one Coach, and permit a Priſoner of Quality, who was much wounded, to go in the other.

Andramities had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the Princeſs *Palmis* began to change Colour, and asked him the Name of this Priſoner: but as he did not give her a direct Anſwer, as if he were unwilling to tell her, ſhe knew it was the Prince *Artamas*. So that looking out of the Coach, as it was entring into the Wood, ſhe ſaw the Prince *Artamas* lying at the Root of a Tree, his Head upon a Buckler, and his Scarf, which held up his right Arm, bloody in divers places; his Complexion, by reaſon of the loſs of Blood, was wondrous pale; and his Eyes then being ſhut, ſhe thought him Dead. Ah, *Andramites*, (ſaid ſhe aloud, making a ſign with her Hand to ſtay the Coach) how dare you look upon me, ſince your Men have killed one of the moſt illuſtrious Princes in the World? The Princeſs *Palmis* ſpoke theſe words ſo high, that Prince *Artamas* heard her Voice, and knew it at the firſt: Then he did not only open his Eyes, but lifted up his Head alſo; and leaning upon his left Arm, he offered to get up, looking moſt earneſtly upon her whoſe Voice he heard. But the Coach ſtaying, and *Pal-*

mis going haſtily out, ſhe was with him almoſt as ſoon as he heard her Voice, or had opened his Eyes: But, alas, how ſad was this ſight? I as you Pardon, Madam, ſaid this wounded Prince (as ſoon as he ſaw her near him) that I am not able to render you thoſe Reſpects I owe; and for having ſo ill defended that Life, which might perhaps have been ſerviceable in procuring your Liberty. It is I who ought to ask Pardon, replied ſhe, for being the Cauſe of your Miſeries and Wounds, though I did moſt devoutly pray unto the Gods for your Preſervation; who though they would not make me miſerable in my own Perſon, yet do moſt ſeverely torture me in yours.

Your Expreſſions, Madam, replied he, make me moſt happy; and ſince you are pleaſed to be a ſharer in my Miſery, let all be converted into Joy, ſince moſt certainly I ſhall die without any Sorrow. I had rather you would think of living, replied ſhe, though it were only for my ſake who cannoe live without you. *Palmis* expreſſed theſe words with ſuch earneſtneſs of Affection, that they made her ſelf bluſh, and look about to ſee whether any heard her: So that ſeeing the Princeſs *Mandana*, and all the reſt of the Women behind her, did ask her Pardon for ſo rudely leaving her; and *Artamas* knowing by it that ſhe was the Princeſs *Mandana*, expreſſed ſuch a Complement unto that Princeſs, as it appeared he knew the Paſſion of *Cyrus* to be moſt violent: but ſince he was ignorant of that Princes Adventure, he began to ſpeak as if he were a Priſoner; until *Palmis* made a ſign he ſhould be ſilent, and interrupted him by asking, whether he could endure the jogging of a Coach?

In the mean while *Andramites* fretting, and fearing if his Indulgence ſhould come to the Ear of *Crœſus*, he would be angry, beſeeched the Princeſſes not to trouble *Artamas* any longer, but to lend him one of their Coaches, ſince it was fit he ſhould be in ſome place where he might reſt himſelf. Though the Princeſs knew he had ſome other reaſon for what he ſaid, than what he expreſſed, yet they were contented to ſatisfy him, and depart

part from *Artamas*. I beſeech the God's, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that either my Life or my Death, may conduce unto your Liberty. And I beſeech them (ſaid ſhe, and held her Hand out unto him) that I may rather ſpend all my Life in Tears for my own Misfortunes, than have any Cauſe to ſhed them for your Death: Live therefore, *Artamas*, if you would have me live; and neglect nothing that may conduce to your preſervation. *Artamas* then moſt reſpectively taking that fair and dear Hand which ſhe preſented unto him, and looking upon her in ſuch a manner as if he would ask leave to kiſs it, he ſaw ſhe bluſh'd, and gently pulling it back, ſhe ſilently told him, that he ſhould content himſelf with that Favour which ſhe had already done him. So that ſaluting her, with as much reverence as his Wounds would permit him, he ſaw her depart, with her Eyes full of Tears, which ſhe could no way hide but by pulling down her Hood. Yet would ſhe not have her Coach to move, until ſhe ſaw Prince *Artamas* in that which was to carry him unto the next Town, which was not above fifty Furlongs from thence; *Adramites* having no Mind to carry him unto the Caſtle of *Hermes*, becauſe of the Friendſhip that was between *Ligdamis* and that Prince.

After this, the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis* began to deplore their Misfortunes, and to impart their moſt ſecret thoughts. In the mean while *Ligdamis*, who had carried *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, and *Chriſantes* unto a corner of the Wood where they ſtaid with much impatience for Night, bethought himſelf of the beſt wayes to conduct them unto the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and there to adviſe upon the beſt courſe for *Cyrus*, whoſe impriſonment extreamly troubled them. Whilſt they were in this condition, heard a noiſe, and thought themſelves diſcovered: but as good Fortune was, it proved to be *Artabaſes* and *Aduſias*, who ſeeking to hide themſelves, did meet with them. Yet their joy to ſee one another was qualified, when both ſides made a Relation to each other of the Accidents which had happened: For *Ligdamis* telling *Artabaſes* that *Cyrus* was taken, he was almoſt deſperate: And *Aduſius* telling *Tigranes* that the King of *Aſſyria* was alſo taken; and *Ligdamis*, that the Prince *Artamas* was both taken and wounded, they did nothing but make a mixture of Sorrows among themſelves. But Night at laſt being come, and *Ligdamis*, who was well acquainted with all the turns of the Wood, being gone to ſee whether they might all come out in ſafety, found that all the Troops were gone, and the Coaſt very Clear; ſo that he preſently returned to his Friends, and brought them ſafe to the Caſtle of *Hermes*, where they had the comfort to find the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, who reſolved to ſtay there that Night; but they found him ſo ſad, as their Joys were much mitigated.

The ſight of *Mandana*, a Captive, did ſo diſorder his Heart, that he could take no delight in that liberty which was given him; but when he parted from his Rival, he envied him, becauſe he could not part from him but by going further from *Mandana*. And as ſoon as he came to the Caſtle of *Hermes*, conſidering his Adventure more exactly, the more he envied his Enemy: Yet ſometimes he could not well reconcile his own Reſentments; he no ſooner apprehended one thing, but he ſmothered another; yet he always concluded himſelf the moſt unfortunate Man alive, and much more unfortunate than his Rival, altho he was a Priſoner. What good has the gaining of ſo many Battels done me, ſaid he? ſo many Towns taken, ſo many Provinces reduced, ſo many Kings conquered? They have indeed got me a little noiſe in the World, but they have not all releaſed *Mandana*, for whom only I made the War. I do not find the Glory that I deſire; I do not meet with *Mandana*, but only for her to releaſe me, and not I her. Moſt miſerable *Cyrus!* (cryed he out) why doſt thou not die of ſhame to appear before thy Princeſs in ſuch a deſpicable condition as thou didſt? Haſt thou not good cauſe to fear that ſhe releaſed thee only, to remove out of her ſight an Object that was worthy of nothing but her Scorn? how canſt thou ſuffer her to releaſe thee, who aſpires unto the Glory of being her Deliverer? There is a neceſſity of Death upon thee; the exceſs of Love and Shame muſt make thee rather receive thy freedom from Death, than from *Mandana*.

But how can I die (ſaid he, and reprehended himſelf) when as I have ſeen her whom I ſo much deſired to ſee? and has ſeen her ſo admirably fair, and ſo infinitely generous? Hitherto I was a Debtor unto the illuſtrious *Mandana*, only for ſome good Intentions, and ſome favourable Words; but now, by this Adventure, ſhe has given me that which is the moſt precious thing in the World, my Liberty: She has ſo loaded me with Obligations, that a million of Services cannot repay my debt; no, though I ſhould die ten millions of Deaths: She has kept me from falling into the power of my Rival and my Enemy: She has put me into ſome hopes of breaking her Chains: what would I have more? ought I not to be fully ſatisfied with my Journey? It is true, many of my illuſtrious Friends are Priſoners; but to my comfort, ſo is my moſt terrible Rival alſo; and I ſhall be delivered from the ſight of a Prince, whom I ſhall be glad to ſee no more, until *Mandana* be out of Captivity, and then ſee him with a Sword in his Hands.

But why do I rejoice at that which ought to grieve me? ſince certainly it would be more advantagious to me to have the King of *Aſſyria* at liberty, and in my Army, than a Priſoner with *Mandana*; and it would be more tolerable unto me to ſee him continually, than to know that he is continually in the ſight of *Mandana*; for the King of *Aſſyria* will be known, as ſoon as he is at *Sardis*; and as ſoon as he is known, *Crœſus* will treat him as a Prince of his Quality ought to be, let the King of *Pontus* his Rival do what he can.

Thus will this happy Captive ſee the fair and illuſtrious *Mandana*; and whilſt I am turmoiling for the Liberty of them both, and loaded with Chains as he is, he will perhaps win the Heart of my Princeſs, and take from me the ſweet Fruits of all my Conqueſts: And if ſo, what good will all my Conqueſts do me? And though I ſhould overcome *Crœſus*, and take *Sardis*, and deliver only unconſtant *Mandana*, can I be at all happy? or if I ſhould fight with a loved Rival, can I ever have Force enough to overcome him? or ſo much as deſire a Victory, ſince I am certain to have no ſhare in *Mandana*'s Affection? Yes,

yes, I will yet deſire to conquer, though that cruel chance do happen; and I will not think my ſelf abſolutely miſerable, if I can but out-live my Enemy. But why (ſaid this grieved Prince) do I torment my ſelf with imaginary Miſeries, ſince I have ſo many real ones to complain of? Is it not enough that I have loſt my hopes of releaſing *Mandana* ſo ſoon as I thought, but I muſt further perſecute my ſelf? Yet would I gladly know whether *Mandana*, who could not chuſe but know the King of *Aſſyria*, did forbear asking his liberty for the love of me, or for the love of him; and gladly would I know, whether the reaſon why ſhe asked mine, was only to ſet me further from her. Yet methought her Words and her Looks were ſo obliging, as I need not doubt that ſhe is the ſame ſhe was at *Sinope* and *Themiſcira*. But yet her Beauty is the ſame, ſo that I have cauſe to fear her Heart is altered; for if it were true that ſhe did at all love me, ſhe could not poſſibly but be ſenſible of my Miſeries; and then it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould preſerve her Beauty ſo well, amidſt ſo many cauſes of Sorrow, if they were not ſweetned by ſome Conſolations which I underſtand not.

Then the Jealouſy of *Cyrus* changing Object, the rare Qualities of the King of *Pontus* began to trouble him, and preſently after the King of *Aſſyria* came into his Fancy: but however, his Mind did change Objects, his Sorrow ſtill continued conſtant, and he could not any ways comfort up himſelf, becauſe in lieu of his releaſing *Mandana*, ſhe had releaſed him. *Cyrus* paſt over all the reſt of the Night in ſuch turbulent Agitations of mind as theſe; and he could not underſtand how it ſhould come to paſs that the King of *Pontus* did not himſelf conduct theſe Princeſſes; or how the Friends of *Meniceus* and *Timocreon* had given them ſuch falſe intelligence concerning the ſetting out of the Princeſſes. But he underſtood from the Governor of the Caſtle, who had it from a Captain belonging to *Cræſus*, that their departure was publiſhed to be deferred on purpoſe to deceive any Spies which the Prince *Artamas* ſhould have about them. And that which kept the King of *Pontus* from being of the Convoy, was, becauſe he was gone with another Party of Souldiers to a Ferry and a Ford, and to guard that Place where in Probability their Enemies would paſs, and intended to meet them nearer *Sardis*; and ſince the place where they were to meet was above fifty Furlongs from the Caſtle of *Hermes*, he could not be there where the fight was.

Cyrus apprehending all theſe Circumſtances, was much more grieved than before: For he plainly perceived, that if he had received right intelligence, *Mandana* had moſt certainly been releaſed: Then did he renew his Complaints with more bitterneſs than before, which yet were interrupted by *Artabaſes*, who told him that one of the Cavaliers who had eſcaped from the Fight, had brought him a Table-book which as he ſaid he ſaw fall out of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Pocket whilſt he was fighting, and which after the Fight was paſt he took up. He told him further, that finding ſomething written in it in a Language which he underſtood not, and conſidering how the Intereſts of the King of *Aſſyria* and his were linked together, he uſed his beſt Endeavours to get it out of the Hands of this Cavalier, and bring it unto him, ſince he knew that he underſtood the Language. *Cyrus* took the Table-book, and being full of Curioſity to ſee it (for it was Cedar, and very magnificently adorned) after he opened it, he read theſe Lines in the Aſſyrian Language.

The Oracle rendred at the Temple of JUPITER BELUS.

Well mayſt thou hope to make her Mourn,
For all her Cruelty and Scorn:
Becauſe hereafter in her Arms
Thou there ſhalt find ſuch pleaſing Charms,
As quite ſhall terminate thy pain,
And turn they Sorrows into gain.

Whilſt *Cyrus* was reading this Oracle, *Chriſantes* entred, and knew it preſently to be the ſame which *Marteſia* told him was rendred unto the King of *Aſſyria* at *Babylon*. So that looking upon *Artabaſes* in ſuch a manner as let him know he was very deſirous to know who gave this Table-book unto *Cyrus*, and *Artabaſes* telling him it was himſelf; *Chriſantes* murmured in ſuch a manner, that *Cyrus* underſtood what he ſaid, and turning towards him, Did you know of this Oracle, ſaid he unto him, and when it was delivered? *Chriſantes* ſomething ſurpriſed at this Queſtion, ſought out for a handſom Excuſe, but could not meet with one; ſo that he confeſſed the Truth, and told him, that *Marteſia*, *Feraulus*, and he were reſolved to conceal it from him, leſt it ſhould be an addition unto his Sorrow. Whilſt *Chriſantes* was excuſing himſelf to *Cyrus*, he was reading this Oracle over again: Afterwards when he had ended it, Is it poſſible, O ye juſt Gods! (cryed he out) that a Prince whom you have ſo long loaded with Misfortunes, ſhould be now ſo much favoured by you as to make *Mandana* ſigh and mourn for him; and that he ſhall find ſuch Charms in the Arms of my Princeſs, as ſhall terminate all his Sorrows? Why (if I may ask it without crime) did you let her hate him, and love me, if you thought him worthy of you Protection? or why did you ſuffer him to be thrown out of his Throne? And if I was thought worthy of your Favour, why was not he my Conqueror, or why did he not kill me at the firſt Battel?

Sir, ſaid *Chriſantes*, (and interrupted him) As it is not fit for Men to preſcribe rules unto the Gods, ſo it is not fit to dive too far into the Expoſition of their Words. I know it very well, *Chriſantes*, replied he; but this Oracle is ſo clear, that there needs no other Interpretation, but an expectance of the Event. For my part, replied *Chriſantes*, I do conceive it to be more obſcure than you think it, ſince I never heard that the Gods did ſpeak in this manner of future Events. Did you never hear of any Prince, replied he, ſo unfortunate as *Cyrus*? Do you not plainly ſee that Forture is favourable unto me, only to be the more inhumane, ſince ſhe does advance me only to throw me down a greater Precipice? And on the contrary, do you not perceive that ſhe has afflicted my Rival to no other end but to make him more ſenſible of his Happineſs, and dejected him purpoſely to advance him? Do you not indeed obſerve that all his

Miſfortunes prove Advantages to him, and conduce unto his Happineſs ? and on the contrary, all my good Fortunes are moſt ſenſible Cauſes of my Miſery ? For does not his Impriſonment bring him nearer her he loves ? and does not my Liberty carry me further off her whom I adore ? It is ſo long ſince this Oracle was given, replied *Chriſantes*, and ſo little good Fortune hath happened unto this Prince ſince, that methinks he cannot build any great hopes upon ſuch a Foundation. Ah *Chriſantes*, ſaid *Cyrus*, you diſſemble your Thoughts to comfort me a little.

As he was ſaying ſo, *Artabaſes* was ſaid to be come from the King of *Phrygia*. Alas ſaid *Cyrus*, and ſighed, that Prince does not know that Miſery is contagious, nor that his illuſtrious Son is wounded and taken Priſoner. After this he commanded that *Artabaſes* ſhould enter ; and aſking him what Buſineſs he had, he told him that the King of *Phrygia* had ſent in all haſte to advertiſe him, that the Friends of *Tegeus* and *Timocreon* which were in *Epheſus* and *Sardis*, had ſent word how they were deceived, and that the departure of the Princeſſes would be ſooner than they had formerly writ ; ſo that the King of *Phrygia* deſires to know what courſe you intend to take. Why, I have no courſe to take but to die, replied *Cyrus*. He thought fit alſo, ſaid *Artabaſes*, to advertiſe you that they ſent him word from *Sardis*, how *Cræſus* depended much upon an Oracle which he had received from *Delphos*, ſo that he makes himſelf ſure of Victory. Have they ſent this Oracle unto *Timocreon* ? asked *Cyrus*. Yes, Sir, anſwered *Artabaſes*, and the King of *Phrygia* hath ſent it unto you. In ſaying ſo, he preſented it unto him, which he found to be in theſe Words.

The Oracle.

Cræſus, *if to this War he go,*
An Empire great ſhall overthrow.

Oh that it would pleaſe the Gods (ſaid *Cyrus*, after he heard the Oracle read) that I were only to loſe

Empires and Crowns! if that were all, I ſhould be glad. But alas, ſince the Gods do promiſe *Mandana* to the King of *Aſſyria*, and the Empire unto *Cræſus*, what can remain for me? I do not know whether they will leave me a Grave, or ſhew me ſo much favour as to let me die as glorioſly as I have lived: However, I am reſolved not to yield without reſiſtance; but if I muſt loſe *Mandana*, and be conquered by thoſe over whom I have been a Conqueror, it ſhall be after ſuch a manner as ſhall let all the Earth know I have not merited my Misfortune. But yet though it ſhould be ſo that the Heavens do hate me, yet what hath *Ciaxares* done, unto whom the Empire belongs? He, I ſay, who enjoys the Fruits of all my Victories? Was there ſuch Poyſon in my Conqueſts, that he muſt periſh, becauſe the Gods are pleaſed to ruin me? Or at the leaſt, would it be juſt to confound things ſo together, as in promiſing *Cræſus* that he ſhall overthrow a great Empire, that of *Ciaxares* muſt be ruined? Why then I muſt die (cryed he out,) but my Death ſhall coſt my Enemies and Rivals very dear. I have hitherto been ſomething weary of my Life in hopes of ſome Happineſs hereafter; but ſince there is nothing but Miſeries and Misfortunes to be expected, I will carry it after another manner, and in ruining my ſelf will ruin as many of my Enemies as I can for Company, to the end there may be fewer Rejoycers at my Death. But O my divine *Mandana!* what's become of all thoſe favourable Words you have beſtowed upon me, if the Words of the Gods be true? Can I think you did not ſpeak the truth, or muſt I think your Heart is changed?

In ſaying ſo, he caſt his Eyes caſually upon *Madates* and *Ortalgues*, who came with *Artalan*, and yet he did not ſee them; and they ſeeing the turbulency of his Spirit, durſt not preſent themſelves unto him. As ſoon as he ſaw them, I hope you bring me ſome Conſolation, ſaid he unto them, and can tell me that the King is well. He is in perfect health, replied *Madates:* But I left him ſomething troubled, becauſe he had received intelligence that *Thomiris* hath raiſed a puiſſant Army, and gives out ſhe intends to make as deep a progreſs into *Media*, as the *Scythians* did under the reign of the firſt *Ciaxares*; and to communicate this intelligence unto you, the King was pleaſed to ſend me hither. He had better have declared War againſt me (replied *Cyrus* moſt violently) than ſent to ask my Advice: For conſidering the ſtate of things, I do think that his only way to be happy, is to be my Perſecutor. But you *Ortalques* (ſaid he, and turned towards him) who hath been conſulting with that famous Woman who (as all that have ſeen her ſay) ſpeaks all Truth: Pray let me have her Anſwer; and tell me if you remember what I appointed you to ask her from me? Yes, Sir, replied he, and according to your Directions, I asked her when you might hope for any reſt? I alſo told her, you deſired her Anſwer under her Hand; ſo that ſhe giving me this Paper ſealed up (ſaid he, and preſented it unto him) I cannot tell you whether I have brought good or bad Fortune to you. However, you may tell me whether this Woman be as famous in her own Country (ſaid *Cyrus* whilſt he was opening the Paper) as ſhe is in others? Sir, ſaid *Ortalques*, this *Heleſpontique Sybil* is beyond all compariſon more famous than all that ever preceded her; and they ſay ſhe never yet told Lie unto any that ever came to conſult with her. Let us ſee then, ſaid *Cyrus*, what truth ſhe affords me; and then he began to read theſe Words;

The Anſwer of the HELLES-PONTIQUE-SYBIL.

Is is a loving Enemy,
Will rouſe her ſleeping hate, I ſee;
And plunge in Blood a Hero's Head,
No fate can keep from being Dead:
This is his Deſtiny at beſt,
In only this thou ſhalt have reſt.

As ſoon as *Cyrus* had done reading it, he was a while ſilent, and afterwards made a Sign with his Hand that every

very one ſhould withdraw, except *Chriſantes*. Then he read over again what he read before, and cauſed *Chriſantes* to read it alſo, who no ſooner returned the Paper, which contained this diſmal Anſwer, but *Cyrus* looking upon him: Come *Chriſantes*, ſaid he unto him, how can you any ways interpret this which you have ſeen unto my advantage? Sir, replied he, I ſee it is not eaſy to give it a favourable Senſe, yet I do not ſee which way it is poſſible this Misfortune which threatens you, can come to paſs; for this loving Enemy cannot poſſibly be *Mandana*, it muſt certainly be *Thomiris*; ſo that as the ſtate of things ſtand, I cannot ſee it is poſſible you ſhould die by her Hand. Yet ſhe is raiſing a puiſſant Army, replied *Cyrus*; and they ſay *Ciaxares* had not ſent *Madates* unto me, but to interpret the Anſwer of that Sybil which *Ortalques* brought unto me.

I do not underſtand, replied *Chriſantes*, that you ſhould quit the War in *Lydia*, where *Mandana* is, to go and carry the War unto *Maſſagetes* Country where *Thomiris* is; or if you ſhould, that after you have conquered ſo many valiant Kings, you can ever be vanquiſhed by a Woman. Nor do I my ſelf underſtand it, anſwered he, but I underſtand plainly that my ruin is inevitable: For indeed *Chriſantes*, both the Gods of *Greece*, and the Gods of the *Aſſyrians* do all preſage nothing but diſmal Deſtinies. The Oracle of *Babylon* gives *Mandana* to the King of *Aſſyria*, the *Delphique* Oracle promiſes the Empire unto *Cræſus*, if he purſue the War; and the *Helespontique Sybil* does promiſe my Head unto the Queen of *Maſſagetes*. Yet this laſt menace is not the moſt terrible to me, for my Soul is much more troubled for the loſs of *Mandana*, than for the loſs of my Life: I have hitherto lived in ſuch a manner as well may afford me ſome hopes I ſhall die with Honour, and therefore I fear not the revenge of *Thomiris*. Let her hate me as long as ſhe pleaſes, let her arm both the *Scythians* againſt me if ſhe can, my Soul will not tremble at it: But that *Mandana*, the moſt fair, illuſtrious, divine *Mandana* ſhould leave loving me, after ſhe hath given me ſome hopes of an inviolable Fidelity; this is moſt intollerable: All my Conſtancy, and all my Reaſon, cannot keep me from Expreſſions of my weakneſs. Were

I

I but aſſured of *Mandana*'s Heart, I would not care one Pin for all other Misfortunes that can be threatned againſt me : The loſs of ſo many Crowns, as in all Appearances are to fall upon my Head, ſhall not coſt me half a Tear ; though the implacable *Thomiris* were ready to take off my Head, yet I ſhould rejoyce in the hopes of one Tear from the fair Eyes of my adored Princeſs. But alas, how can I hope for one moment of reſt, conſidering all that hath hapned in one day unto me ? For it is ſo very apparent by the multitude of diſaſterous Adventures which have befallen me in this Journey, that the Gods will overwhelm me with Miſeries, and it were extream folly to retain the leaſt beam of any hope. I come (out of the fantaſtical humour of my Rival) to view the place where I hope to releaſe my illuſtrious *Mandana*, and in lieu of that I am taken Priſoner my ſelf ; alſo the Prince *Artamas*, who was my only Supporter in the War, he is alſo taken and wounded : Alſo it is my fortune to ſee the divine *Mandana* ; but though ſhe releaſed me, yet ſhe keeps my Rival. I had no ſooner got into a place of Safety, but the Oracle of *Babylon* was brought me, which tells me the Gods intend to make my Rival happy ; immediately after that, I received another from *Delphos*, which precipitates me from the higheſt top of Glory, into an abyſs of Miſery ; after this, I had hardly breathed, but *Madates* accoſts me with a freſh diſaſter ; and I had no ſooner heard his Tale, but *Ortalques* brings me a ſentence of Death pronounced by the famous *Heleſpontique Sybil* : Judge, *Chriſantes*, if after all theſe, it is poſſible I ſhould apprehend the leaſt glimpſe of Hope : However *Chriſantes*, I muſt not merit my Misfortunes, I muſt fight for the liberty of *Mandana* with as much Courage and Zeal, as if the Gods had not promiſed her unto my Rival. I muſt fight againſt *Cræſus* with as much Magnanimity, as if the Oracle had not promiſed him the Empire : I muſt alſo carry my ſelf with as much ſerenity of Soul, as if I were not to be the Victim of *Thomiris*. See *Chriſantes* (ſaid this grieved Prince) what I ought to do, and what I will do : but I do not know whether I can or no. My Soul is queſtionleſs above all Ambition, and alſo above any fear of Death ; but Love is ſo infinitely predomidominate over my Soul, that I know not whether I can endure the loſs of *Mandana*, if it ſhould happen unto me: But proud *Thomiris*, unto whom the Gods have promiſed my Head; though *Mandana* do prove perfidious; yet you ſhall never triumph over me: For I am ſo aſſured, that my Sorrows for *Mandana*'s inconſtancy will be my Death, that I never need fear the fury of your Hand. After this, *Cyrus* deſired to put in practiſe thoſe courageous Reſolutions which he had ſet unto himſelf: and therefore commanded *Chriſantes* not to tell the Anſwer which *Ortalques* brought unto any, leſt the Souldiers ſhould be diſmaid, and loſe that Confidence which does ſuch Wonders in War. After this, he went unto *Tigranes*, *Phaartes*, and the Governor of the Caſtle, with whom he conferred about many things which related unto the War, and to the Prince *Artamas*: Then taking Horſe the ſame hour with thoſe two Princes, *Chriſantes*, *Soſicles*, *Artabaſes*, *Aduſius*, *Madates*, *Ortalques* and *Ligdamis*, who would not leave him, he took thoſe hundred and fifty Horſe which he had left near the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and returned unto the Camp, with a Soul ſo ſunk with Sorrows, that he could not poſſibly all the way he went, rid himſelf one minute from the multitude of theſe diſaſterous Events: So that *Mandana a Captive*, *Mandana perfidious*, and *the King of* Aſſyria *happy*, were the only Thoughts that took up the Soul of *Cyrus*, all the way between the Caſtle of *Hermes* and his own Tent.

The End of the Fourth Part.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

FINIS.

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ARTAMENES;

OR, THE GRAND CYRUS,

That Excellent

ROMANCE.

PART V.

WRITTEN

By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY,
Governour of *Noſtre-Dame*.

Engliſhed by F. G. *Eſquire.*

LONDON,
Printed by R. Everingham, and are to be Sold by
the Bookſellers of *London*. 1690.

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

Reader,

I Am now in the midſt of a long Labyrinth of Ten Volumes, which this Book (according to the Model I have framed) is to contain.

This which I here preſent unto you, is the Fifth.

The favourable eye which hath been caſt upon the other four Parts of Grand Cyrus, *makes me hope for the ſame Aſpect upon theſe which are to follow. And ſince I have ſpared no pains to ſet them out in ſuch a Dreſs as may pleaſe you, therefore I have* *ſome reaſon to believe that they will anſwer all my labour.*

If any one be not ſo well verſed in Hiſtory, as to be acquainted with the Ring of Giges, *which I make uſe of in my Book, let him know, That it is* Zenophon, Diodorus Siculus, *and others, who mention it in their Writings; and that it is* Arioſto *who borrowed this precious Jewel from them.*

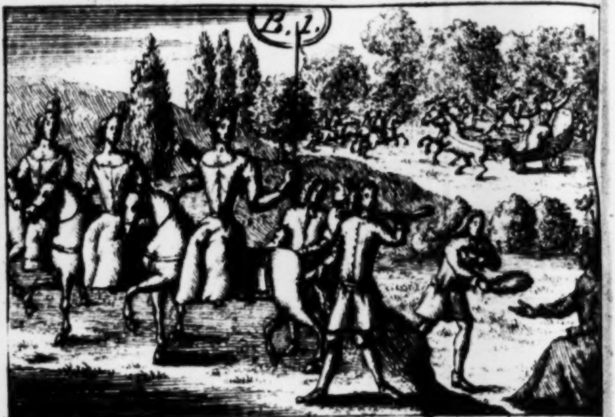
Let them alſo know, that it is too much obſerved in their Books to be omitted in mine; and alſo ſince Cicero *in his Offices hath attributed ſuch tranſcendent Excellencies unto it.*

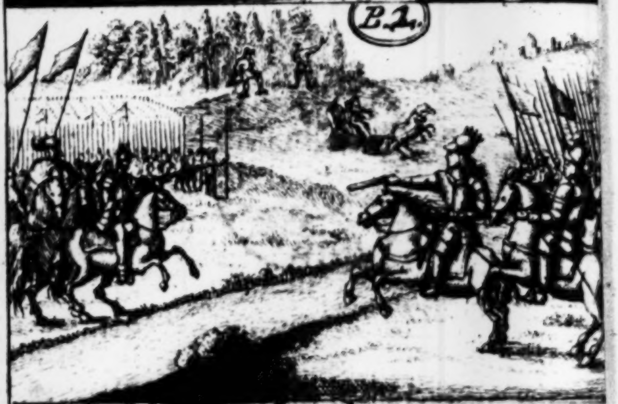
This is all, Reader, that I have to ſay, only this; that the reſt of the Parts will ſhortly follow.

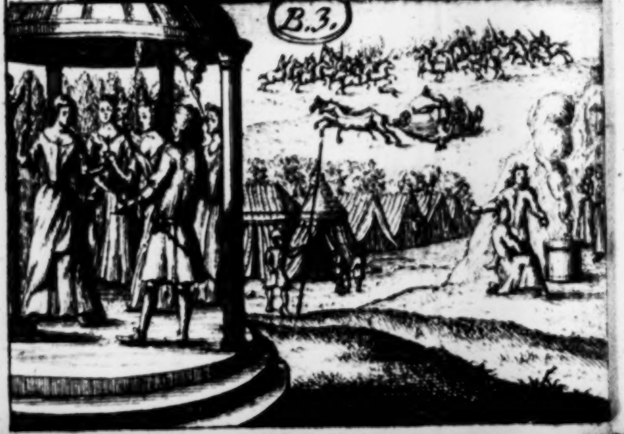
SCUDERY.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

Part. 5.







ARTAMENES;

OR,

Cyrus the Great.

PART V. BOOK I.

CYrus was no ſooner come to the Camp, but he bethought himſelf how to comfort up the King of *Phrygia*, with all imaginable conſolations, after the impriſonment of the Prince *Artamas*; and to that end, without any ſtay at his own Tent, he went immediately unto that of the ſad Father, to acquaint him with all the particulars of the bad ſucceſs in his Enterprize, and to aſſure him, that he would neglect no poſſible opportunities which might regain the liberty of his Son. Sir, (ſaid that generous Prince, and interrupted him in his talk) had he loſt his liberty in releaſing the Princeſs *Mandana*, the miſfortune had not ſo much moved me: But I do confeſs, that ſince I ſee his endeavours conduce not to your ſervice, I ſtand in need of ſome conſolation; it grieves me to ſee him in a condition ſo far from being able to pay that debt of ſervices which he owes you, that he is like to periſh, unleſs you become his Liberator: I cannot imagine (replied *Cyrus*) that our Armies are ſo inconſiderable in the King of *Lydia*'s eſteem, as that he dare offer any violence unto any Prince who is ingaged in our quarrel, to a Prince unto whom he is a debtor for many Victories; he cannot be ignorant, that Kings are obliged by the Laws of gratitude, as well as other men; and that by how much their degree is elevated above the Sphere of Subjects, by ſo much is the ſin of ingratitude more horrid in them; therefore let not any fears of any violence from *Crœſſus* unto the Prince *Artamas* diſturb the ſerenity of your Soul. Moreover, without all doubt, the King of *Suſiana*, and the King of *Pontus* will be his Mediators and Protectors; for they being men of Generoſity, will moſt certainly oblige *Crœſſus* to be no more rigorous unto the Priſoners which he hath taken, than I am unto the Queen *Panthea*, and the Princeſs *Araminta.* However, ſince there is no diſcretion in truſting too much unto the generoſity of Enemies, I will to morrow diſpatch an Envoy unto *Crœſſus*, to let him know what intereſt I have in the perſon of the Prince your Son: I will alſo move the two Princeſſes, which I named before, to write ſome Letters in his favour; and my earneſt endeavours ſhall tell you how much I eſteem his perſon, and how dear his intereſts are unto me. The King of *Phrygia* expreſſed abundance of thanks unto *Cyrus* for his indulgency towards him, and took the ſad diſaſter with a magnanimous conſtancy. *Cyrus* thought it no diſcretion to tell him that the Prince *Artamas* was much wounded: as well becauſe he would not oppreſs him with too great a load of ſorrows at one time, as becauſe he was in hopes to hear ſome happy news of his recovery. After this, he retired into his Tent, where common Civility obliged him to ſpend an hour or two with the Commanders of his Army who came to ſee him; and after that, he allowed another hour in diſpenſing requiſite Orders in his Martial matters: after which, retiring himſelf in private, with none but *Chriſantes*, he ſpent the reſt of the night in contemplation of his great misfortunes, and the multitude of his miſeries: And though the conſideration of them did moſt ſenſibly grieve him, yet did they not at all blunt his courage; but on the contrary, the more miſerable he perceived himſelf, the more did he rouze up his Soul to oppoſe the malignity of his

Fate; and although he had a heart which was moſt tender and ſenſible, yet was it ever firm and unſhaken. This advantage he had, that he was ſenſible of no miſeries, but ſuch only as Love brought upon him; as for any others, his Soul was ſeated ſo infinitely above them all, or any thing that could hap, that they never reached him, or if they did, it was but weakly. He had been a Priſoner, and fallen from the top of happineſs into an abyſs of miſery; but ſince he was not guilty of any crime, he ſtood not in need of all his Vertues to ſupport him: Death it ſelf, how terrible ſoever, could never ſtagger his Soul, though he had a hundred and hundred times been ſo near it, that he had reaſon to believe himſelf ſwallowed up by it: But as his Soul was as conſtant as any Rock againſt the rigorous ſurges of Fortune, ſo was it alſo moſt tender, and ſo ſenſible, that it could not endure without unconceivable ſorrow, all thoſe torments which Love brought upon him. This Prince, who queſtionleſs could loſe Crowns and Scepters without any alteration of countenance, could not think upon the loſs of *Mandana* without ſuch trembling of heart, as all his Reaſon could not maſter. He ſpent a great part of the night in talk with *Chriſantes*, but at laſt, being more deſirous to allow ſome reſt unto a man whom he loved, than to take any unto himſelf, he diſmiſſed him, and lamented his misfortunes unto himſelf, until very wearineſs did inſenſibly againſt his will caſt him aſleep, and gave ſome reſpite unto his reſtleſs thoughts. 'Tis true, this Truce laſted not long, for he awaked by break of day; he forgot not the leaſt circumſtance of his promiſe unto the King of *Phrygia*; ſo that caſting his thoughts upon *Aglatidas* for an Envoy to *Crœſſus*, he cauſed him to be ſent for unto him; and appointing him a Herald to conduct him unto *Sardis*, he commanded him to follow after him unto the place where the Queen of *Suſiana* and the Princeſs *Araminta* lodged, to the end, that when he had obtained his deſires from them, he might there give him his laſt Inſtructions. He took horſe then immediately, and a very ſmall Train followed him, becauſe he deſired it ſhould be ſo: He arrived at the Queen of *Suſiana*'s Lodging, whom *Araſpes* ſaid was ready, and might be ſeen: Indeed that Princeſs was then newly returned from the Temple, which every morning ſhe frequented, becauſe her reſtleſs thoughts would not give her leave to ſleep much. When ſhe knew what had happened unto *Cyrus*, ſhe was extremely ſorry for him, and for her ſelf alſo; For truly, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) If the Gods would have permitted you to have releaſed *Mandana*, moſt certainly you would have kept your promiſe, and all Wars being at an end, I ſhould have been in hopes to have ſeen my dear *Abradates*, and have ſeen him your friend, ſince being ſo generous as he is, I am very certain, that when he knew how you have treated me, it would have moſt ſenſibly wrought upon him. However, Madam, (replied *Cyrus*) It is in your power to do me a very good office, until it ſhall pleaſe Fate to be weary of perſecuting me. Alas, Sir, (replied *Panthea*) Is it poſſible, conſidering my condition, that I ſhould be able to do any thing which can teſtifie my reſentments of all your favours to me? Doubtleſs you are, anſwered he, if you will be pleaſed to take ſo much pains as to write a word unto the valiant *Abradates*, and deſire him to move *Crœſſus* not to treat the Prince *Artamas* too hardly, and to uſe all the other Priſoners, which he took in this ſad Adventure, very well; for I make no queſtion but he will conſent unto whatever you ſhall deſire: I do not tell you, Madam, that according as he ſhall do unto them, you ſhall be better or worſe treated; but on the contrary, to induce you unto a more obliging Letter, that though he ſhall deny what I deſire, yet I will never fail in thoſe Duties which I owe unto your Quality and Vertue, and that by my conſent you ſhall never receive the leaſt diſtaſte. Your expreſſions are ſo full of Generoſity (replied ſhe) that I were moſt unworthy of your Protection, if I did not uſe the utmoſt of my power for your ſatisfaction, eſpecially ſince your demands are only ſuch as equity it ſelf ought to inforce from me. After that *Cyrus* had returned ſome thankful Language, he told her, that he would leave her at liberty to write, and go to addreſs the ſame deſires unto the Princeſs *Araminta* to the King her Brother. He found her no leſs diſpoſed to grant him a Letter unto the King of *Pontus*, than *Panthea* unto the King of *Suſiana :* She thought her ſelf ſomething intereſted in it, for the perſon of *Anaxaris* was now very precious in her thoughts; ſince ſhe underſtood he had ſaved the life of *Spitridates*, inſomuch as ſhe told *Cyrus*, that he was not at all beholding unto her for writing in favour of thoſe Priſoners, ſince there was one amongſt them unto whom ſhe was ſo much obliged. When *Cyrus* had ſtayed as long with her as he thought *Panthea* might be in writing her Letters, he left *Araminta*, to give her the ſame liberty, and returned to the Queen of *Suſiana*'s Chamber, who would needs ſhew him the Letter which ſhe had writ unto her Husband. He did a long time refuſe to ſee it, teſtifying a compleat confidence in her : But ſince ſhe would needs have him underſtand it, ſhe began to read aloud what ſhe had writ : Theſe were the words.

Panthea *unto her dear* Abradates.

SIR,

WHen I ſhall relate unto you all the miſeries of my Captivity, I have nothing to ſay that troubles me, but the deprivation of your ſelf : Queſtionleſs, it troubles you to be an Enemy unto ſuch a Prince, as knows ſo well how to uſe a Victory, and who renders me as much reſpect in his own Camp, as I was wont to receive at Suſa *when I was there : Wonder not then, if I intreat you to become a Mediator and a Patron unto all the Priſoners which* Crœſſus *hath, or ſhall hereafter take, eſpecially unto the Prince* Artamas, *who is infinitely dear unto the illuſtrious* Cyrus. *I do not intimate, that you may do him moſt acceptable offices in the Perſon of the Princeſs* Mandana ; *for you may judge by thoſe which he doth unto me, how he will reſent thoſe which you do unto him : I ſay thoſe good offices which you do unto him, becauſe I queſtion not but you will*

repay

repay that debt which I owe unto this generous Conquerour. However, let me aſſure you, that notwithſtanding all his favours and goodneſs to me, I muſt needs think my ſelf the moſt unfortunate woman in the world, as long as I am ſeparated from my dear Abradates.

PANTHEA.

This Princeſs had no ſooner done reading this Letter, but *Cyrus* rendred her a million of thanks; and as he was ready to take his leave, the Princeſs *Araminta* comes in, and brings hers, which was no leſs obliging than the other; needs would ſhe have him ſee it before ſhe ſealed it; ſo that after he asked the Queen of *Suſiana*'s leave, he read theſe words.

The Princeſs Araminta *unto the King of* Pontus.

Since I know what thoughts you entertain of the invincible Cyrus, *I know you will be very glad to underſtand, that you may moſt ſenſibly oblige him in behalf of the Prince* Artamas, *whom I beſeech you to patronize and protect; for I doubt not, but that in all things which relates not unto your Love, you will be ready to do him all poſſible good offices. I thought it my duty to give you this advice, and to conjure you for my own ſake, to take eſpecial care of one Priſoner, whoſe name is* Anaxaris, *unto whom I am a debtor for the life of the Prince* Spitridates. *I thought it alſo convenient to tell you, that ſince our laſt meeting, when I could not obtain my deſires of you, the Illuſtrious* Cyrus *hath not altered his courſe of treating me moſt civilly, and that the bad ſucceſs of my negotiation has not made him more rigorous: Be therefore, I beſeech you, a prevalent Defender of all the Priſoners which the King of* Lydia *took, eſpecially thoſe whom I named, if my prayers have any prevalency with you, or if you value the friendſhip of unfortunate*

ARAMINTA.

I wiſh unto the Gods (ſaid *Cyrus* after the reading of the Letter) that it were permitted me to reſtore unto you your abſolute Liberty, thereby to teſtifie my acknowledgments unto you both, but I hope I ſhall not die without that ſatisfaction. In the mean time, ſince I muſt loſe no time, I beſeech you give me leave to go and diſpatch *Aglatidas*; and then, after that theſe Princeſſes had returned anſwers unto his Civilities, he went out, but without taking any leave, becauſe he intended to dine there: Then did he give full Inſtructions unto *Aglatidas*, as well what to do in behalf of the Priſoners, as to enquire concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*: He did alſo hint unto him to have a moſt tender care of *Feraulas*; then going unto the Chamber of *Araſpes*, who ſeemed always to be extremely melancholy; he writ unto *Crœſſus* in theſe words.

Cyrus *unto the King of* Lydia.

Though I doubt not of your Generoſity, in uſing thoſe Priſoners well, whom the Fate of War has brought into your hands; yet I muſt needs write unto you in behalf of thoſe Priſoners which one of your Lieutenant Generals did take near the River of Hermes, *eſpecially for the Prince* Artamas. *Conſider, I pray you, that he ought not to be treated as a Priſoner of State, but only as a Priſoner of War, with whom you ought to deal according to the Laws of Generoſity and Juſtice, both in treating him moſt kindly and civilly; his quality, his vertue, and the ſervices which he hath done you, oblige you unto it. If this be not ſufficient to induce you thereunto, let me add further, That I have not hitherto been ſo unfortunate, but that I have a good ground of hope before the War be ended, to retaliate civility for civility; tranſact then the matter more juſtly for my friends, than you have equitably for the Princeſs* Mandana; *you may put an end unto the War, whenſoever you ſhall pleaſe to reſtore her unto the King her Father, and be aſſured, that when you do ſo, I ſhall as zealouſly fight then for your Intereſt, as now I do for hers.*

CYRUS.

A

As ſoon as *Cyrus* had writ this Letter, he gave it unto *Aglatidas*: he enjoyned him alſo to inquire whether the King of *Aſſyria* had ſeen *Mandana*, and to negotiate in his behalf, as well as for the other Priſoners: Not but that it is a piece of difficulty, ſaid he, to be ſo officious for a Rival: yet ſince my word is ingaged, and generoſity exacts it, I muſt needs do it. He put him in mind alſo of the ſtranger *Anaxaris*, of *Soſicles*, and of *Tegeus*, and he was juſt ready to diſmiſs him, when *Ligdamis*, who followed *Cyrus*, to the end he might have a ſight of his dear *Cleonice*, came unto him, and told him, that ſince he underſtood *Aglatidas* was preparing for *Sardis*, he thought it his duty to acquaint him with ſome things there, which happily might be advantageous to him. *Cyrus* both thanked and embraced him, and told him, that it appertained unto ſuch a man only as was deep in Love, to have compaſſion of another Lover. Then conjuring him to be as good as his word, to the end *Aglatidas* might more eaſily meet with exact intelligence, concerning *Mandana*, *Ligdamis* in order thereunto, gave him a Letter to be delivered unto a friend of his in this *Lydian* Court, unto whom he might ſafely intruſt himſelf, eſpecially ſince the tranſaction was a good office to the intereſts of the *Lydian* King. Then after *Cyrus* had ſeen the Letter which *Aglatidas* was to carry, and had once again repeated the moſt important matters which he was to negotiate, bidding him endeavour to ſee the Prince *Artamas*, he diſmiſſed him, and ſtayed ſtill in the Chamber of *Araſpes*, without any other company than *Ligdamis*, whoſe converſation did infinitely pleaſe him, although there be a vaſt difference between a happy Lover, and an unfortunate: Yet *Ligdamis* had a Soul ſo tender and complaiſant, and did ſo ſcrew himſelf into the opinion of *Cyrus*, that his company was a great comfort unto him. This Prince did principally intend to ſpend part of that day in this Caſtle, becauſe it was full of ſuch perſons as were poſſeſſed with the ſame paſſions that took up his own heart. He knew *Panthea* loved *Abradates*, that *Araminta* loved *Spitridates*, and that *Ligdamis*

mis and *Cleonice* loved moſt extremely: So that finding ſome ſweetneſs in condoling with thoſe that ſympathized with him in the ſame miſeries, he reſolved not only to dine there, but to ſpend the reſt of the day there alſo. Mean while, becauſe he would not loſe any time, he ſent *Chriſantes* with divers Orders to the Army, to viſit the Works which he was there making in a Quarter, not above fifty furlongs from thence. As ſoon as *Cyrus* heard that the Princeſſes were ready, he went to ſee them: for his part, he had dined in private at the Chamber of *Araſpes*, without any other company but *Ligdamis*, whom he carried along with him in this Viſit: So that the Converſation conſiſted of the Queen of *Suſiana*, the Princeſs *Araminta*; of *Cleonice*, *Iſmenia*, of *Cyrus*, *Ligdamis* and *Araſpes*. As ſoon as each one had placed themſelves, *Cyrus* turning towards the Queen of *Suſiana*, beſeeched her to pardon him for coming thither, to ſeek for ſome comforts in his miſeries. Sir, anſwered that diſcreet Princeſs, if my miſeries can afford you any eaſe in yours, I ſhall endure them with much more patience than I have done. No, Madam, ſaid he, I came not to ſee you to that end, but becauſe I thought you all goodneſs, and full of pity: Moſt men I meet with do think, that becauſe I am not unfortunate in matters of War, I cannot be unfortunate in any thing elſe: Indeed they think Love to be but an imaginary Paſſion, a *Chimera*, which reigns only in the Fancy, and never diſturbs the rational parts: Whatſoever I ſay, they believe that the loſs of one Battel does trouble me more than the loſs of my divine *Mandana*; though moſt certainly, the loſs of a hundred Battels, and as many Crowns to boot, does not comparably trouble me ſo much as one hours ſeparation from that Angelique Princeſs: Imagine then, I beſeech you, Madam, what a vexatious life it is, to be perpetually amongſt a company of men who are ignorant of my ſenſibilities; and judge alſo how pleaſant it is to me to be amongſt ſuch as are compoſed all of tenderneſs and compaſſion: yet muſt I needs except *Araſpes* from the number of ſuch, becauſe his

Soul ſeem'd always moſt inſenſible; but ſince *Ligdamis* became a Convert, I will not deſpair of him, but on the contrary, knowing the tenderneſs of his affection towards my ſelf, I am perſwaded it is no impoſſibility, but hereafter he may fall in Love with ſome excellent Beauty or other. *Araſpes* bluſht at this diſcourſe: but *Cyrus* taking no great notice of the alteration in his face, the diſcourſe went on; and the Princeſs *Araminta*, addreſſing her ſelf to *Cyrus*, For my part, ſaid ſhe, I am of your opinion; but as for the Queen, if ſhe do not contradict you, certainly it is out of her complaiſance; for ſhe has ſeveral times told me, that ſhe never found any great comfort either in pitying or being pitied; and indeed, ſhe does ſo cloſely lock up her ſorrows in her own heart, that ſhe never ſpeaks the firſt: But, I who am nothing of her humour, have related all my misfortunes unto her; and not a day paſſeth but I am diſcourſing of them. It is very true, replied *Panthea*, I do not much care for talking of any thing which concerns my ſelf; I never think of things paſt; the future is it which engroſſeth all my Soul: methinks I have ſo little enjoyed my ſelf in any thing which hath happened unto me this three or four year, that it is much better for me to think only of what is to come. Things future are ſo full of obſcurity (replied the Princeſs *Araminta*) that I am ſo far from thinking of them, that I baniſh them my thoughts, leſt I ſhould forge ſuch miſeries unto my ſelf, as Fortune perhaps never thought on. Gladly would I do as you ſay, replied *Cyrus*, but I find it impoſſible. For my part, ſaid *Panthea*, ſince fear and hope are two paſſions which divide all my Soul between them, and that I find nothing either to hope for or fear in things already paſt, I cannot reſt my mind upon them. Yet is it much better, replied *Cyrus*, to have a heart divided between hopes and fears; for I do know ſome who ſtand in fear of every thing, and hope for nothing. Since the Vertue is ſo great, and the Gods ſo juſt, replied *Panthea*, it would be an injury unto them to deſpair of your good Fortune. Since you are no happy, replyed *Cyrus*, and ſince the Princeſs *Araminta* is unfortunate, it were preſumption to be over confident of that little virtue which I own: We ſee, Madam, there are ſome things which ſeem juſt in the eyes of Men, which are not ſo in the ſight of the Gods: for truly, it muſt needs be acknowledged, that the King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince *Mazares*, who died near *Sinope*, were three Princes who could be taxed with no Crime, but that of over-loving *Mandana*, yet we ſee how that Princeſs, who is virtue in the abſtract, hath cauſed all the miſeries of their lives and mine: *Mazares* loſt his Life, the King of *Pontus* his Throne and Liberty, the King of *Aſſyria* his Crown and Liberty alſo: After all this, Madam, what ſhould we think of the future? muſt it not needs be concluded, that whoſoever never thinks of it, is certainly moſt wiſe? But yet I muſt confeſs to my ſhame, that I cannot chuſe but foreſee the miſeries which ought to befall me. It is much better therefore, replyed the Princeſs *Araminta*, to apply ones ſelf to the memory of things paſt. If they be delighting, replyed *Panthea*, to think that they are not ſtill enjoyed, is vexatious. If they be diſaſterous and irkſome, replyed *Araminta*, the thoughts of them now are pleaſing, becauſe they are paſt: For my part, when I remember the condition I was in when I was at *Cabira*, and when the Coward *Artanus* kept me there, methinks, that ſince I am come out of his rude Captivity, I may well hope to come out of one more pleaſant: And for my part, ſaid *Panthea*, when I remember how happy I was at *Suſa*, after I had overcome all thoſe obſtacles which oppoſed my happineſs, I do not think it poſſible ever to be in the ſame condition; and therefore I ſtrive as much as I can to forget thoſe things, the memory of which does but the more trouble me: However, you have promiſed me, replyed *Araminta*, to acquaint me with all the Joyes and Miſeries of your Life, as I have acquainted you with mine. Indeed I did conſent (anſwered ſhe) that *Pherenice* ſhould acquaint you, and therefore your curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied without reviving ſuch things in my memory, as I wiſh I could quite eradicate: Why then (ſaid *Cyrus*, and addreſſed himſelf to the Princeſs *Araminta*) do you not urge the promiſe? Sir, replyed ſhe, till now, I have not had the opportunity, for it was but this Morning at our return from the Temple, that the Queen did make this promiſe: Then it is fit I ſhould abſent my ſelf, replyed *Cyrus*, leſt I ſhould hinder you from what you deſire, for indeed I dare not preſume to ask the favour, not but that I have a great deſire to hear the paſſion of the illuſtrious *Abradates* diſcourſed of, that I might compare his with my own; but I know the duty which I owe unto a great Princeſs, and therefore will not be too preſſing, to know her ſecrets. Truly, Sir, (replyed *Panthea* with a modeſt ſmile) I am not very free in imparting them, yet I am moſt willing you ſhould know the whole ſtory of my life; and it does in ſome ſort concern me, that you be acquainted with that innocent paſſion which yet poſſeſſeth the heart of *Abradates* and my own; therefore when you have any hours of leiſure, Sir, ſhe who was appointed to ſatisfie the curioſity of the Princeſs *Araminta*, ſhall ſatisfie yours alſo. Methinks, Madam, replyed that Princeſs, that without the expence of any more time in talk of things indifferent, it could not be better imployed than in ſatisfying the deſires of the illuſtrious *Cyrus* and my ſelf. Since it is my reſolution to do any thing which ſhall pleaſe you (anſwered *Panthea*) you may imploy the time as you pleaſe, provided I be not preſent. Then the Princeſs *Araminta* riſing up, ſaid, that ſhe would carry *Cyrus* into her Chamber, who without any further oppoſition, preſented his hand to conduct her thither. *Panthea* did bluſh as much at their ſalutes, as if ſome crime which ſhe had committed were going to be related: But conſidering ſeriouſly, it would be advantageous unto her, that *Cyrus* were better acquainted with the virtue of *Abradates*, ſhe ſent her Woman, who was to relate the ſtory of her Life, with the Princeſs *Araminta*; ſhe was one of good Quality and Wit, and who had always been a Confident of her ſecrets. In the mean while, *Cleonice* and *Iſmeni* ſtayed with *Panthea*, unto whom *Araſpes* and *Ligdamis*, after they had accompanied *Cyrus* to the chamber of *Araminta*, returned. *Araminta* being conducted by this Prince, and followed by *Pherenice* and *Heſionida*, ſhe was no ſooner in her chamber, but deſiring *Cyrus* to ſit down, and placing *Pherenice* over againſt her, ſhe deſired her to begin the ſtory, and not to conceal from them the leaſt thought of *Panthea* and *Abradates* : After *Pherenice* had in a complement deſired pardon unto her deficiency, to make ſuch a relation, ſhe began thus.

The Hiſtory of Abradates *and of* Panthea.

THe honour which I have had to be educated with the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the happineſs which I have had to be ever loved of her, enables me without any difficulty to let you know all the particulars of her life, the beginning of which was much freer from diſaſterous adventures than was the ſequel. I ſhall not need, Madam, to ſpeak of her high Birth, for you know, that the Prince of *Claſomena* her Father was of an Extraction ſo Illuſtrious, that the blood of *Crœſſus* was not more: The Princeſs her Mother was alſo deſcended from a great Houſe, but ſhe loſt her ſo young, that ſhe cannot remember ſhe ever ſaw her ; 'tis true, that this Princeſs was educated by one that was Siſter unto the Prince her Father, and lived with him, under whom ſhe was as well educated as ſhe could hope to be under the Princeſs her Mother. *Baſelina* (for ſo was the Siſter unto the Prince of *Claſomena* called) was a Lady of a high Spirit, and great virtue, who, ſince ſhe had loſt her Husband when ſhe was very young, would never marry again: She had been Fair and Courtly; and though ſhe was as compleat in all Virtue as any Lady of her quality was capable of, yet was ſhe not of the too too auſtere Sect: She would ſay, that one muſt be young once in their life, and it was much better to be of a young diſpoſition at fifteen than at fifty ; ſo that the Prince her Brother wholly referring the Education of his Daughter unto her, ſhe allowed her an honeſt freedom,

dom, without any rigid hand of ſeverity over her; which courſe did produce in her a more early and riper Wit than others of her Age were accuſtomed to have; ſo that at twelve years of Age the Princeſs of *Claſomena* did behave her ſelf with as much diſcretion and judgment, as if ſhe had been compleatly twenty: As for her Beauty, I need not enter into any Elogies of it, ſince you may very well conclude what it was by what it is; yet let me ſay thus much, that her Beauty did at the very firſt appear, and ſhe was moſt admirably fair from her very Cradle; her diſpoſition, though ſomething ſerious, yet was ever complaiſant and ſweet; ſo that joyning a perfect goodneſs unto one of the pureſt Wits upon Earth, and unto one of the greateſt Beauties of all *Lidia*; it may eaſily be imagined that the Princeſs of *Claſomena* did attract the admiration of all the World. Some glimpſe of her Beauty and Wit did ſparkle throughout all the Town; for in her paſſage from Infancy to the age of Reaſon, indulgent cares to pleaſe her made all the Women amiable and the Men compleat: Being both handſome and free, ſhe was adored by all that came near her, and all thoſe alſo who heard of thoſe rare qualities wherewith ſhe was adorned; ſo that the fame of this Princeſs did in a very ſhort time ſpread over all thoſe Provinces which bordered upon that over which her Father was Soveraign. *Cleonice*, whom you ſee here may eaſily induce you to imagine, that ſhe was not amiable only in *Claſomena*; for the truth is, all Strangers ſtayed there with abundance of delight, and did confeſs, there was not ſo much Wit and Politeneſs to be found in any Town of all *Aſia* as in that. Reſidence in *Claſomena* became more delightful a little while after *Cleonice* went to dwell at *Epheſus*, becauſe then many Strangers of great quality came thither, and ſtay'd a long while; amongſt which, ſome were moſt compleat Men, who made Society moſt dilectable, and took away from *Claſomena* that defect which was found in all the Provinces and petty Courts there, which was, that every day none but the ſame faces were to be ſeen. One thing did ſometimes much perplex the Princeſs *Baſelina*, which was, that there was not one Man in all the Principality of her Brother who was a fit match for her Niece; ſo that all thoſe who ſaw her, were ſuch as durſt only admire her, or at the leaſt durſt not expreſs any other thoughts. Amongſt all the compleat Gallants in *Claſomena*, there was one, whoſe name was *Perinthus*, being older than *Panthea* ſome five or ſix years, who devoted himſelf unto the Prince, and who did ſo much obtain his likeing, that he would never be without him; his Father ſpent all his days in the Princes houſe, and alſo died in the ſervice of his Maſter. It muſt needs be confeſſed, that *Perinthus* ſtood not in need of any commendums, for his Perſon was very handſom, and his Wit charming, ſo that it was impoſſible to deny him favour, to be a very compleat Man as he was; he had one odd quality, which was, that he never contracted any intimate friendſhip with any one in particular; he held fair with every one, but he opened not his heart unto any; he would ſometimes ſay, when he was chid for ſo doing, that he gloried in hiding his moſt ſecret thoughts, even from his beſt Friends: However, he was very well beloved; thoſe who were frequently with him, would truſt him with their buſineſs of greateſt importance, as well becauſe he had great abilities to give good advice, as becauſe he was a Man of exact Honeſty, and incorruptible Fidelity: Thus without diſcovering his own heart unto any, he ſaw into the hearts of many Men: *Per'inthus* was handſome, and of a good behaviour, of a pleaſant converſation, and without being either too ſerious or too free, did equally ſort with all manner of humours, and people of what quality ſoever; and indeed, as the Prince of *Claſomena* loved him moſt dearly, ſo the Princeſs *Baſelina* loved him no leſs. *Panthea* alſo eſteemed him as much as his deſires could wiſh, all my Companions did moſt tenderly affect him; all the Ladies of the Town did the dom, without any rigid hand of ſeverity over her, which courſe did produce in her a more early and riper Wit than others of her Age were accuſtomed to have; ſo that at twelve years of Age the Princeſs of *Claſomena* did behave her ſelf with as much diſcretion and judgment, as if ſhe had been compleatly twenty: As for her Beauty, I need not enter into any Elogies of it, ſince you may very well conclude what it was by what it is; yet let me ſay thus much, that her Beauty did at the very firſt appear, and ſhe was moſt admirably fair from her very Cradle; her diſpoſition, though ſomething ſerious, yet was ever complaiſant and ſweet; ſo that joyning a perfect goodneſs unto one of the pureſt Wits upon Earth, and unto one of the greateſt Beauties of all *Lidia*; it may eaſily be imagined that the Princeſs of *Claſomena* did attract the admiration of all the World. Some glimpſe of her Beauty and Wit did ſparkle throughout all the Town; for in her paſſage from Infancy to the age of Reaſon, indulgent cares to pleaſe her made all the Women amiable, and the Men compleat: Being both handſome and free, ſhe was adored by all that came near her, and all thoſe alſo who heard of thoſe rare qualities wherewith ſhe was adorned; ſo that the fame of this Princeſs did in a very ſhort time ſpread over all thoſe Provinces which bordered upon that over which her Father was Soveraign. *Cleonice*, whom you ſee here may eaſily induce you to imagine, that ſhe was not amiable only in *Claſomena*; for the truth is, all Strangers ſtayed there with abundance of delight, and did confeſs, there was not ſo much Wit and Politeneſs to be found in any Town of all *Aſia*, as in that. 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For, Madam, to the better underſtanding the ſequel of this Hiſtory, be pleas'd to know, that *Perinthus* did fix his love upon the Princeſs of *Claſomena*, above the capacity of his heart; but yet his love was ſo reſpective, ſo prudent, and ſo violent altogether, that he was never heard to utter one ſyllable of any ſuch paſſion: He has told me ſince (when by the conſequence of things which ſince fell out, he was forced to confeſs the truth) that as ſoon as he perceived this predominate paſſion, which he could not maſter, to be in his Soul, and from which he could never hope for the leaſt ſatisfaction, he reſolutely determined to contract no intimate friendſhip, neither with any Man, nor any Lady, leſt it ſhould ſo fall out, that through weakneſs, he ſhould diſcover unto all the World that which he deſired to keep a ſecret. He has alſo told me, that he was ſo perfectly acquainted with the folly of loving, ſo diſproportionable to his own quality, that he durſt never ſo much as think of letting her know he loved her: For ſince the virtue of *Panthea* began to appear in luſtre, and to dazle his eyes, he has ſworn a hundred times unto me, that after many years of Service and Love, he never enjoyed one minute of any hope; however, he ſtruggled with his paſſion, yet not knowing why, or to what end he ſhould either oppoſe or cheriſh it: Still he loved the Princeſs, but in ſuch a ſecret manner, and with ſo much reverence, that there was not one in all *Claſomena* as long as we were there, no not the Princeſs herſelf, which could have the leaſt ſuſpicion of it; and truly, to ſpeak the very truth, although *Perinthus* was deſcended of a very Noble Family, yet there was ſuch a vaſt difference between him and her, that it is no wonder that none ſhould ſuſpect any ſuch thing; all humble reſpects were but his luty by Birth, and it was an eaſie matter to umbrage his real thoughts under that, when he every lay did render her a thouſand agreeable ſervices: However, conſidering with himſelf, that he could never pretend unto any of her affection, no, nor ſo much as acquaint her with his; he limited his deſires to obtain her eſteem: And being deſirous to purchaſe ſome glory in the Wars, he went thither where the illuſtrious *Cleander*, now Prince *Artamas*, was in *Myſia*, where he performed ſuch admirable acts, that if there were not a ſecret Load-ſtone which drew his heart unto *Claſomena*, he might well have raiſed himſelf unto a great Fortune, under this generous Favourite. In the end, he returned loaded with Honours unto the Prince his Maſter, who made him extream welcome at his return. The Princeſs alſo received him very well, and queſtionleſs *Perinthus* had this conſolation amidſt his miſeries, that he was arriv'd unto ſuch a point as he deſir'd to e. This, Madam, is the deſcription of *Perinthus*, o wit, the moſt diſcreet, but the moſt unhappy over in the World; and this was the ſtate of his paſſion, when the Prince of *Claſomena* took his reſolution to go and dwell at *Sardis*, and to carry thither with him the Princeſs his Daughter, with intentions not to return until he had beſtowed her in Marriage. As he was a Tributary unto *Crœſſus*, and had been at a Treaty, by which the Princes of *Clamena* were obliged to live the half year at *Sardis*; fter a long abſence from thence, under ſeveral preences and excuſes, he reſolved to go thither, and iſcharge the duty; and the rather, becauſe he ſaw nto what a heighth the valour of *Cleander* had raiſd the Authority Royal; therefore he yielded obedince by fair means, rather than to draw a War upn his Country, and be compelled unto it by force. *ardis* being at that time in her higheſt luſtre, the hole Train of the Prince and Princeſs were very lad of the journey, except *Perinthus*, who fretted at t in ſecret, by reaſon of ſome reſentments proceeding from his love. Hitherto he had this advantage,

that he ſaw none make any attempts of ſervice u
on *Panthea*, becauſe, as I told you before, the
was not one Man in all the Principality of *Claſomen*
who could pretend Marriage: But when he con
dered, that now ſhe was going to *Sardis*, whe
many Men ſuitable to her own quality did inhabi
he made no queſtion, but ſhe would be loved a
adored by many; ſo that his fear of having ma
Rivals rendred him moſt miſerable. I remembe
when I obſerved, notwithſtanding all his diſgu
ment, that he never made any expreſſions of ſu
joyes for going unto *Sardis* as all the reſt did, w
were to go this voyage: I asked him the cau
but he anſwered with as much Civility as Subtilt
that it was becauſe he ſhould no longer enjoy neith
the ſight nor ſociety of all thoſe who were m
dear unto him. For (ſaid he further, the better
diſguiſe the matter) all the gallantry of the M
which the Prince carries with him will there
all in Love: Then he ſaid further (becauſe
diſcourſe ſhould reach at me) and I ſee that all
Gallants in that place unto which we are going w
fall in Love with all the Beauties which the Prin
carries with her. My Maſter himſelf will be ſo
ſie in making his addreſſes at Court, that I can
make mine unto him: And as for the Princeſs,
believe ſhe and her thoughts will be much taken
with variety of Courtſhips; ſo that foreſeeing t
I ſhall be without Maſter, without Miſtreſs, a
without Friends, it need not be wondered if I
not ſo gay and pleaſant as you are. For my pa
ſaid I unto him, and ſmiled, I am ſo far from u
derſtanding your laſt diſcourſe, that I know no r
ſon why we ſhould remain in the deſarts of *Ly*
rather than go unto *Sardis*. *Perinthus* ſmiled to h
me ſay ſo, and without any further continuance
this diſcourſe we parted, and every one prepar
for the voyage. The Princeſs *Baſelina* could not
this journey, for ſhe had ſome Controverſies, a
Suits of great importance with the kindred of h
late Husband, ſo that *Panthea* went to *Sardis* o

wi

with the Prince her Father. I ſhall not relate unto you, Madam, how ſhe was received by *Crœſſus*, by the Prince *Atis*, by the Prince *Myrſilles*, by the Princeſs *Palmis*, by *Antaleon*, by *Mexaris*, by *Arteſilas*, and by the illuſtrious *Cleander*: But I ſhall employ the time better in relating things more neceſſary to the Story. Let it ſuffice that I tell you only in general, that they rendred unto the Prince and Princeſs all the honours that was due unto their Quality and Merit: The Princeſs *Palmis*, and the Princeſs of *Claſomena* did at the firſt contract a great league of amity, and though they were both of them fair enough to beget envy in the hearts of each other, yet the leaſt ſpark of it did not appear: Their Souls were certainly of a far higher and more noble temper than to be capable of any thoughts ſo baſe: But love they did, and that with all ſincerity, though to ſpeak the very truth of things, they did never enter into any ſuch deep confidence of each other as to impart the ſecrets of their lives, not but that they had ſufficient eſteem of each other for it; but ſince *Celeniſa* had engroſſed all the confidence of the Princeſs *Palmis*, I alſo had the happineſs to enjoy that of the Princeſs *Panthea*. The truth is, her ſecrets at that time were of ſmall importance, however, I was much obliged to her for her imparting her real thoughts of things unto me, which ſhe never did before the reſt of my Companions. I make no queſtion, Madam, but you are acquainted with that contrariety of humours that is between the King of *Lydia* and his Brothers, and therefore I need but hint unto your memory that the Prince *Antaleon* was moſt violently ambitious, one that would ruine all ſo he could but Reign; and that *Mexaris* was as covetous as *Crœſſus* was liberal, though *Mexaris* in riches was not inferiour to him: And certainly this vice did never appear ſo ſtrange in any as in this Prince, as you will ſee by the ſequel of this Diſcourſe: However, he was capable of one paſſion, one of whoſe noble effects was to produce Liberality. I am verily perſwaded, *Mexaris* thought that in matter of Love, it was enough to give his heart,

and that's the reaſon he never offered to ſtifle th
paſſion which the Beauty of *Panthea* did inſpire in
his Soul: But his only thoughts were to obtain th
affection of the Princeſs, without any conditions
charge unto himſelf, and therefore he never offer
to hinder his growing paſſion, but loved her as mu
as his Soul was capable of loving. This fire for a whi
was cloſely ſmothered up in ſecreſie, and in the *interi*
the Princeſs was viſited and courted by all the gre
and illuſtrious Gallants of *Sardis*. Amongſt the nu
ber of thoſe who came to ſee her, there was one, who
name was *Doraliſa*, of good quality, who did infinit
ly pleaſe her; and the truth was, ſhe was no ordina
perſon, for beſides her charming Beauty, ſhe had
pleaſing and merry Wit, but ſo full of Reaſon, th
ſhe brought all the World unto her own ſenſe of thin
She had a ſubtil and witty way of jeſting, again
which there was no defending ones ſelf, when ſhe w
in the humour of it, and that which was moſt rare
be found in one of that humour, ſhe was full of goo
neſs and ſweetneſs alſo; ſhe did in many occaſio
more delight thoſe which heard her, than hurt tho
whom ſhe did play upon, but yet ſhe made many ſta
in awe of her when we came to *Sardis*: But yet f
my part, I muſt confeſs, I ever loved her without a
fear, and endeavoured to confirm the Princeſs in th
advantageous opinion which ſhe entertained of he
and truly I found no difficulty in doing ſo, for her ow
natural inclination did byaſs that way ſo ſtrongly, th
ſhe loved her moſt tenderly. *Doraliſa* alſo made ſuch re
ſpectful and obliging returns unto the goodneſs of th
Princeſs, that within a few days the Princeſs of *Claſi*
mena was as affable and familiar with her, as if the
had been acquainted from the Cradle. She underſtoo
from ſeveral reports, and afterwards from her ſelf, th
though ſhe had living neither Father nor Mother, bu
lived with an Aunt, who had no compulſive power o
ver her, and though ſhe was yet very young, yet ha
ſhe already refuſed above twenty offers of Marriage;
for when we came to *Sardis*, ſhe was not above eigh-
teen years of age, not that ſhe appeared of any rigid

or ſavage diſpoſition, for rather on the contrary, ſhe was of a free and jocund Spirit; ſhe was a Lover of company and divertiſements, and there was not any Gallantry in all the Court wherein ſhe had not her ſhare, inſomuch as there ſeemed no inclination in her to become one of the vailed *Nuns* of *Epheſus*, and therefore they would ſometimes deſire her reaſons why ſhe refuſed ſo many Gallants and compleat men which proffered themſelves in way of Marriage: But ſhe would alwayes anſwer with a ſmile, that it was, becauſe ſhe had not yet met with ſuch a man as ſhe ſought for, and whom ſhe phancied as a good fortune unto her ſelf. Thus turning the matter always into a kind of Rallary, and leaving every one to gueſs at her meaning, they imagined that ſhe had an averſion towards Marriage, and that ſhe had no other reaſon for carrying the matter as ſhe did. The Princeſs then knowing thus much, upon a time when ſhe was not very well, and had ſent for *Doraliſa* to divert her, ſhe told her, that ſhe had a great deſire to know who that man was, whom ſhe ſaid ſhe ſought for, and could not find. Since it is your deſire, Madam, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, be pleaſed to know that I have a phancy never to marry any man, but ſuch a one as I am ſure loves me, and ſuch a one as I do love. The firſt of theſe, replied the Princeſs, methinks is eaſily found: It is not ſo eaſie, replied ſhe, but in truth the ſecond is as difficult, or to expreſs my ſelf a little better, impoſſible. Methinks, ſaid the Princeſs, you offer a great affront unto the Town and Court of *Sardis*, to think that there is not one man in it ſufficiently accompliſhed to win you by his ſervices to accept of his affection. Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, there is a thouſand accompliſhed Gallants in *Sardis*, but amongſt them all, there is not one who has not already loved ſome or other, and that's my reaſon why I can affect none of them; For truly, if I could ſuffer my ſelf to be loved, and could reſolve to love, I would chuſe one whom Nature only has dreſſed up a compleat man, without the adulterate helps of Love, one who ſhould offer me a freſh new heart, which never had received any impreſſion but my own, nor burned in any flames, but ſuch only as kindled at my eyes. But Madam, where is it poſſible to find ſuch a modelled man as I ſeek after? at the leaſt I am ſure, that amongſt a hundred thouſand which I have ſeen, there is not ſuch a one to be met withal. Nature alone (added ſhe) does ſometimes make them handſom and fair, but they are never of a good behaviour, if they have never been once in love with any; and a man can never have a pleaſing ſpirit, unleſs once in his life he have made it his buſineſs to pleaſe ſome or other. The Princeſs began to laugh at the diſcourſe of *Doraliſa*, but afterwards ſaid unto her, Love does never infuſe ſpirit into thoſe who have none of their own. I do aſſure you, Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, that though it do not infuſe ſpirit into thoſe who have none, yet it does marvellouſly augment and poliſh it in thoſe who have any of their own. I do believe, ſaid ſhe, that ſuch a compleat man as is deſcribed by one of the wiſe men of *Greece*, who is ſo much ſpoke of in the world, may be found without any ſparks of Love in him; for thoſe men require no more, but that they know how to manage the buſineſs well which they have in hand, and that a man know honeſty, and courage, and vertue: But ſuch a compleat man as I would have, ought to have (beſides theſe things ſo abſolutely neceſſary) ſome things in him which are dilectable, and complacential, and theſe are abſolutely impoſſible to be found in a man that never was in Love. In ſum, Madam, call into your memory all the young men whom you have ſeen enter into the world, and tell me the reaſon why there is ſo many of them, whoſe converſation are Peſantique and groſs; you will find the only reaſon to be, becauſe they want that reſpective and convenient boldneſs, and that ſprightly and gallant civility which Love only can infuſe. Their diſcourſe and actions do not pleaſe; and for my part, I like the converſation of thoſe old men, who were ſprightly Gallants in their youth, much better than thoſe young Simpliciars, who think more upon the Ribbands which they wear, than the Ladies whom they talk with. 'Tis very true, ſaid the Princeſs and ſmiled, I muſt confeſs, that I have obſerved many ſuch as you ſpeak of, but I do not attribute it unto the ſame cauſe; for I do think that their want of experience in the world, is the true reaſon why their diſcourſe and demeanour is not more dilectable. To demonſtrate unto you, ſaid *Doraliſa*, that it is not ſo, I beſeech you do but obſerve thoſe who never were in Love, and yet have ſufficient experience in the world, you ſhall find them ſo rude, and of ſuch a ſavage ſpirit, that there is no complacency to be found in them; you ſhall find that ſuch Men are ſteel-hearted, and Men of Blood, whoſe lives are ſpent in Wars, or elſe ſuch hunting diſpoſitions as affect only Forreſts, or ſuch dumpiſh pieces of ſolitarineſs, as are always cloyſtered up in their Studies with a company of books, or ſuch as entertain themſelves in Grots and Caves in the Country; So that I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that it is Love only which compleats a Man to be ſuch a one as I am in queſt of. However, ſaid the Princeſs unto her, ſince Love is of ſuch an efficacy as you ſpeak of, do but ſuffer your ſelf to be loved, and thoſe Men who are not ſuch as you deſire, will in time become ſo. Ah, Madam, cryed ſhe out, if I do not eſteem him whom I am to marry the very firſt minute that I ſhall ſee him, I ſhall never love him; and therefore I muſt find him a moſt accompliſhed Man, and not make him one. Make choice then (ſaid ſhe unto her) of one of thoſe who have compleated themſelves by loving ſome other, and has made a retreat, and now loves none. I have already told you, Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, that I would have a freſh new Maiden heart, newly kindled with pure and lively flames, and not one of thoſe hardened ones, as have burned whole years together. The truth is, as Men uſe to offer unto a Divinity ſuch offerings only as were never upon the Altar of another; ſo would I have ſuch an affection as was never dedicated to any but my ſelf: So, ſince I cannot love any man who has loved another; and ſince it is not poſſible to find out a compleat man, unleſs he have been in Love, I am reſolved, and truly very willingly, to love none at all. This your rule is not ſo general, replied the Princeſs, but it will admit of ſome exceptions; for *Perinthus* you know is a moſt accompliſhed man, yet he never was in Love. Ah, Madam, cryed ſhe out, it is impoſſible, *Perinthus* either is infallibly in Love, or at the leaſt hath been; it is impoſſible to be as he is, unleſs he were. The Princeſs then called me, Is it not true, *Pherenice*, ſaid ſhe, that *Perinthus* was never in Love? It is moſt true, Madam, ſaid I unto her, that I never knew he was, nor ever knew him to be ſuſpected by any. Then certainly he is moſt ſubtil and wiſe, replied *Doraliſa*, for let me tell you once again, that *Perinthus* cannot be what he is, unleſs he had been in Love. As ſhe was ſaying ſo, he entred: So that the Princeſs beginning the diſcourſe, and being ignorant of that paſſion which was in his Soul, ſhe told him, that ſhe was very glad to ſee him, becauſe he would help her to convince *Doraliſa* of an errour, wherein ſhe perſiſted: But, ſaid the Princeſs, and addreſſed her ſelf unto *Doraliſa*, I would have you ask him the queſtion, to the end you ſhall not think he dare not tell me the truth. I do confeſs, Madam, anſwered *Doraliſa*, that I am ſo full of curioſity in the buſineſs, as tho' it be ſomething againſt the Rules of Handſomneſs, yet I will immediately obey you; therefore *Perinthus*, ſaid ſhe, and turned towards him, I pray tell me whether you did not leave one in *Claſſomena* whom you wiſh were at *Sardis*. *Perinthus* was ſo ſurprized with this queſtion, that he bluſht, and knew not how to anſwer; So that *Doraliſa* turning towards the Princeſs, Very well, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I am much deceived if you be not miſtaken, and if the bluſh of *Perinthus* doth not ſufficiently argue that I am in the right. But you do not give *Perinthus* time to anſwer, ſaid *Panthea*, and you will condemn me before you underſtand him: I pray *Perinthus* convince *Doraliſa*, that it is poſſible to find ſuch a compleat man as your ſelf, who neither is, nor ever was in Love; and therefore tell her whether you left any beauty in *Claſomena*, whom you think upon at *Sardis*. Since I am obliged to anſwer directly (replied *Perinthus*, after he had a little recollected himſelf) I do ſeriouſly proteſt unto you, without

out any lye, that ſince I came to *Sardis*, I never ſo much as thought of *Claſomena*, or any in it: Perhaps the reaſon is (ſaid *Doraliſa* to the Princeſs) becauſe *Perinthus* is in Love with ſome of your Women, and by conſequence left none there to love. *Perinthus* bluſht the ſecond time at the diſcourſe of *Doraliſa*, which the Princeſs obſerving, and imagining that the alteration in his countenance proceeded from no other cauſe, but becauſe he was aſhamed to confeſs he loved not any. Truly *Perinthus* (ſaid ſhe unto him) you are a ſtrange man, in being aſhamed to confeſs that thing whereof you ought to glory; for I do conceive it Honourable, never to be vanquiſhed. There are ſome Conquerours ſo illuſtrious (replied he very coldly) that a defeat by them may be confeſſed without any diſhonour. But whether are you in Love, or not in Love, ſaid *Doraliſa*, for that is it which we would know? If I be in Love, replied he, you may think it concerns me not to diſcover it, ſince none knows it: And if I be not in Love, it concerns me not to acknowledge it alſo, ſince it is to be thought (as I collect by the diſcourſe of the Princeſs) that one cannot be any ways a compleat man, unleſs amorous; and I muſt not poſſeſs you with an opinion which will be to my own diſadvantage. However it be (ſaid *Doraliſa*) though you will not explain your ſelf, yet within a while, I ſhall find out the truth; for if you be in *Claſomena*, there your diſquiet and melancholy will ſufficiently diſcover you; and if you be at *Sardis*, then I ſhall more infallibly find it out. But what if he be not in Love at all, ſaid the Princeſs, as I do verily believe he is not, then *Perinthus* wants none of thoſe qualities which you deſire to be in a man: Yes, he wants one thing, replied ſhe, and that's as neceſſary as all the reſt, which is, that he love me as well as he can love. But I conjure you, Madam, never move him unto that, ſince I am moſt certain he can never love me; and if I were as ſure that he is in Love with none elſe, I ſhould look upon him as an abſolute Miracle. As *Perinthus* was going to reply, a meſſenger from the Princeſs

ceſs *Palmis* interrupted the converſation, for he came upon a viſit, to ſee how the Princeſs did, and to know whether ſhe was in ſuch a condition of health as to meet her in the morning at a Hunting which they had appointed ſome few days ſince; or whether it was her pleaſure to defer that ſport until another time. The Princeſs, who was not very ill, but hoped to be perfectly well the day following, returned this anſwer, That ſhe was ſo far from any deſires of deferring any delights which ſhe ſhould receive, as that in the morning ſhe would aſſume the honour to wait upon her at the Chaſe. Immediately after the Prince *Mexaris* entred, ſo that the diſcourſe between *Perinthus* and *Doraliſa* was put off till the next day. In the mean while, the poor *Perinthus* was in a pitiful condition, to underſtand from the Princeſſes own mouth, that ſhe did not think him to be in Love, and his ſorrows were extreme to hear thoſe cruel words pronounced by her whom he only loved, or ever could love, and unto whom he never durſt diſcover his paſſion; and though he did, as he thought, limit his deſires to be only eſteemed by the Princeſs; yet many a minute in a day had he further wiſhes, which immediately he would ſtifle: However, ſince he was fit for any imployment, the Princeſs ſent him to ſee whether the ſervants of the Prince her Father had prepared all things neceſſary for this Hunting, and whether the Horſe which ſhe was to ride upon was ready, and well conditioned. *Perinthus*, who was raviſhed in rendring any ſervice unto the Princeſs, were it never ſo trivial, did ſo punctually obey her, that the next morning the Princeſs *Palmis* herſelf was not better accoutred than ſhe: And really I cannot think, that a more gallant and glorious ſight could be ſeen than this Hunting diverſion. All the Ladies were dreſt, as they uſe to picture *Diana*, unleſs in that they had a little more care of their Beauties than that Goddeſs, who deſpiſed her own: She had about her head a Chaplet of ſuch lively coloured Feathers, as vied with the Sun for Beauty, and preſerved her from its heat, under which ſhe wore a Veil waving at the pleaſure of the wind, wherewith ſhe could umbrage her fair face when ſhe pleaſed: Their Horſes were all trapped and trim'd with lovely coloured Ribbands in their Mains; each had a rich Scarff, in which hung a Bow and Quiver of Arrows; in one hand they held their Bridles, which were all ſtudded with boſſes of Gold, and in the other hand they held light Javelins of Ivory and Ebony, all enamelled with the richeſt work of the Goldſmith, their Saddle-cloaths were embroidered with Pearl and Jewels: So that a ſight more magnificent and fuller of delight could not be ſeen; for all their dreſſes being in ſeveral colours, and the trimmings of their Horſes ſo alſo, it made the moſt beautiful object in the World amongſt the Woods and Launs of the Park: Every Lady had a Huntſman to conduct her, who always rode before her, and two Footmen, on each ſide one: Each of the Princeſſes had two Women dreſt in the ſame garb following them; ſo that the Princeſs deſired *Doraliſa* to be one of hers, and did me the honour to make choice of me amongſt all the reſt for the other. It was ſo ordered by the Princeſs, that *Perinthus* ſhould be *Doraliſa*'s Huntſman, and the Prince *Mexaris* was hers: The Prince *Atis* was Huntſman unto a Lady, whoſe name was *Anaxila*, with whom he was in Love; and the Prince *Arteſilas* was Huntſman unto the Princeſs *Palmis*. But ſince to tell all the paſſages of this Hunting, is nothing pertinent unto my diſcourſe, I ſhall only ſay thus much, that all the men were no leſs glorious and magnificent than the Ladies: A world of people came in Chariots to the banks of the Lake of *Giges*, where all the equipage of Hunting, and all the Horſes did rendezvous and wait: *Doraliſa* and my ſelf were in the Princeſs's Chariot, becauſe we were appointed to wait upon her; and it was the office of the Prince *Mexaris*, who was Huntſman unto the Princeſs, to help her out of her Chariot; ſo he was very obſequious in it, but he no ſooner appeared, than *Doraliſa* obſerved, that in lieu of a habit made purpoſely for this jolly recreation, as the Prince *Atis*, the Prince *Myrſiles*, *Arteſilas*, *Cleander*, and all the reſt, even *Perinthus* had: It was a ſuit, as I was told, which he wore at a Horſe-race, ſome two years ſince; So that not being able to hold from laughing, Really (ſaid ſhe to me, ſo loud as the Princeſs might hear) I ſee that all which hath been told me concerning the Prince *Mexaris* is not true: What have they told you (ſaid I unto her) They have confidently told me (replied ſhe) that he was in Love with the Princeſs, but ſince he is yet ſo covetous, I cannot believe him to be in Love. *Mexaris* was then ſo near the Chariot, that neither the Princeſs nor I could ſay any thing to *Doraliſa*, and truly it was very well we could forbear laughing, not but that *Mexaris* was of a good port, and well made: But ſince his gold did look but dim in compariſon of that freſh luſtre which is upon any thing that is new, it was impoſſible to hold from laughing at the words of *Doraliſa*. Alſo ſome daies are ſo devoted to jollity, that the leaſt thing will incline the mind into a pleaſant rallary and mirth. *Cleander*, who was the only he that day, and who becauſe he could not be Huntſman unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, though he was then her Lover, as afterwards we knew, he would not be one unto any. Colouring the matter with this pretence, that he would give orders unto all the reſt; ſo that he would go ſometimes to one, and ſometimes to another. This Hunting was in a great Park, which well deſerved the name of a little Forreſt, for its large extent: A great common rode doth croſs through it, otherwiſe ſuch as would go unto *Sardis* would be forced to go much about; ſo that at either end of the Park there are two Gates to let paſſengers in and out. I will not ſtay you, Madam, with a long deſcription of this days Hunting, nor tell you how the Hounds hunted, or the Hart ſtood, nor how the winding of Horns made a very merry noiſe; or whether all the Hunters followed cloſe the chaſe, and a thouſand ſuch pleaſant paſſages: For, beſides my want of expreſſion in fit terms, it is not the mark I aim at. And to tell you truly, the Ladies which were aſſembled together in that place, I believe came thither as much to ſhew their Beauties, as to run Harts to death: Hunting is too violent an exerciſe for them, and therefore they pleaſed themſelves in croſſing gently into ſuch places as their Huntſmen imagined in probability the Hart might paſs, and that way was eaſie enough for Ladies. At the beginning the

Princeſſes and their Hunters kept cloſe together, but this glorious Troop did afterwards inſenſibly ſeparate into ſeveral companies, ſome taking one way, ſome another; ſo that without any intendment, the Princeſs was in the midſt of a thick Wood, without any company but the Prince *Mexaris*, *Doraliſa*, *Perinthus* his two ſervants, and my ſelf. But ſhe no ſooner perceived it, than we underſtood by the ſhrill noiſe of horns and voices, that the Chaſe drew near us; and indeed the Hart did paſs by ſo near us, as at that inſtant we enjoyed the moſt pleaſure: However, as there is nothing more againſt the mind of him who affects Hunting, than not to follow when he ſees the Game running before him, the Prince *Mexaris*, as much in Love as he was with the Princeſs, asked leave to follow, and told her he would preſently return; ſo he rid through the thick of the Wood, which tickled *Doraliſa* into a laughing ſpleen ſo loud, that ſhe eaſily imparted her mirth unto *Perinthus* and my ſelf, ſo ſhe rid to the Princeſs: I profeſs (ſaid this jocund Lady) it muſt needs be confeſſed, that though this Prince be not very liberal, yet he is very prudent in taking ſo handſome an opportunity, to hide his paſſion to the Princeſs, and his old Imbrodery alſo, by getting himſelf ſo far off us as he doth. *Perinthus*, who, being prompted by ſome jealous thoughts, was even raviſhed at the bitterneſs of *Doraliſa* againſt him, did handſomly ſecond her: The Princeſs ſeemed as if ſhe would not underſtand us, for being very diſcreet, ſhe would not be ſeen to jeer at the Prince *Mexaris*; but ſince we perceived ſhe could not chuſe but ſmile a little, we could not chuſe but laugh it on. In the mean time; ſince the Princeſs was reſolved not to ſtay for *Mexaris* in that place, ſhe asked *Perinthus* which way he thought ſhe might go to meet the Princeſs *Palmis*: But ſince he could not directly tell that, he intended, as he told me afterwards, to carry her as far from *Mexaris* as he could; and therefore he took a quite contrary way to that which the Chaſe had taken. As we rid on, and leſs and leſs hearing the Cry of the dogs, and the voices of the Huntſmen, the Princeſs turned towards *Perinthus*, and moſt ſweetly ſaid unto him, That ſhe was very ſorry to hinder him from the pleaſure of the Chaſe. *Perinthus* replyed unto this ſurprizing language in ſuch a manner, as let the Princeſs ſee, that he thought himſelf much more happy in being where he was, than at the death of the Hart. Then the Princeſs calling to *Doraliſa*, Crafty Wench (ſaid ſhe unto her) who knows that the Prince *Mexaris* is not in Love with me, becauſe he had rather follow the Chaſe than ſtay with us: May you not as well ſay upon the ſame reaſon, that ſince *Perinthus* does voluntarily ſtay with us, therefore he is in Love with you? Not at all, Madam (anſwered ſhe;) if he be, I will make him confeſs it preſently; and indeed ſhe had opened her mouth to ſpeak unto him: When, being come into the great road which croſſeth the Park, we diſcovered upon the left hand five or ſix Horſemen riding towards us, we thought them at the firſt to be ſome of our company which belonged to the Chaſe, but coming nearer them, we did not know them: He who rid firſt was a young man extremely handſom, and of an excellent garb, whoſe ſuit, though in the Country, was very rich, and ſeemed freſh and new. As ſoon as *Doraliſa* ſaw him, ſhe began her Rallary: This ſtranger (ſaid ſhe to the Princeſs) whoſoever he is, is doubtleſs more liberal than *Mexaris*; for ſince he is ſo rich and neat in his travel, what would he be at ſuch a meeting as this? His deportment does eaſily perſwade (replied the Princeſs) that he is one of Heroique virtue, and much takes my opinion of him. However, ſince the luſtre of the Princeſs's Beauty did ſhine no leſs in his eyes, than his behaviour was high in hers; and ſince the dreſs wherein ſhe was that day did contribute much unto her Beauty, ſo he ſeemed to be much ſurprized, and imagined, that perhaps ſhe might be the Princeſs of *Lydia*: Yet ſince he was not certain, he ſtood a while unreſolved what to do: but at laſt, fearing to run into an error, in making himſelf known unto one, whom he knew not who ſhe was; and on the other ſide, being loath to fail in thoſe reſpects which were due unto a Princeſs, whoſe beauty, ayre, and habit ſpoke to be of a moſt high Quality: He went out of the way, and ſtayed to let her paſs, and bowed with a moſt low reverence: As long as ſhe was within reach of his eyes, he ſtood ſtill and gazed after: The Princeſs alſo turned her ſelf to look upon him, but meeting with each others eyes, ſhe looked no longer. As ſoon as this ſtranger had loſt the ſight of her, he rid a few paces towards *Sardis*. Afterwards, his curioſity, to know who this Beauty was, encreaſing; and having obſerved that we left the great road, and took ſtreight forward, he took ſuch a way as poſſibly he might meet with us again, and to have the delight of ſeeing the Princeſs once more; his project did hit, and better than he looked for. Be pleaſed to know, Madam, that the Princeſs being come unto a place of the Wood where ſtood a Fountain, ſhe ſtayed there, becauſe ſhe found it much cooler than any where elſe, ſhe had a deſire to reſt her ſelf there for a while; So that both ſhe and we alighting from our horſes, ſhe ſat down upon the graſs which grew by the ſide of the Fountain: But ſhe was no ſooner ſet, than ſhe perceived ſhe had loſt a Picture which the Princeſs *Palmis* had given her, and which was in a Caſe of Diamonds moſt rich, yet that was not it which moſt troubled her; but it grieved her very much that the Princeſs *Palmis* might ſo juſtly chide her for loſing ſo negligently that thing which ſhe had given her as an eſpecial teſtimony of her affection; ſo that exceedingly vexing her ſelf for the loſs, ſhe commanded the two ſervants that waited to tye their horſes unto Trees, and go the ſame way they came, to try if happily they could find this Picture, not that ſhe had any great hopes of finding it, after ſo many turnings and windings in a great thick Wood: But ſince ſhe had a confuſed kind of memory that ſhe had it when ſhe met this handſom ſtranger; and ſince it is the quality of every one that loſe any thing to look for it as well in places where it cannot be, as where it is, therefore ſhe ſent theſe two ſervants unto the place where ſhe met this ſtranger: *Perinthus* did envy their imployment, and would have gone thither himſelf, imagining that he could find any thing which the

Princeſs loſt better than another, but it was her pleaſure to have him ſtay with her. Mean while, ſince theſe two ſervants had never been in the Park before, they miſtook the way, and took another, ſo that all their labour was in vain; yet they were diligent in ſearch, and that ſo long, that the Princeſs deſpaired of ever finding it, ſeeing they returned no ſooner: But preſently this handſom ſtranger appeared, who being more fortunate than they, had found this Picture; So that ſeeking for an occaſion to ſpeak unto the Princeſs, and making no queſtion but this Picture was hers, ſince he found it in that place where ſhe paſſed; and addreſſing himſelf unto her in a handſom garb, and with much reverence; Madam, ſaid he in the *Lydian* language, and preſenting the Picture which ſhe ſo much lamented, It is my happy fortune to find that which you have loſt, and my honor to reſtore unto your fair hands that thing, which queſtionleſs muſt needs be very valuable in your eſteem: The Princeſs riſing up as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the ſtranger addreſs himſelf towards her, ſhe knew the Caſe as ſoon as ſhe ſaw it, and taking it with much joy; Generous ſtranger (ſaid ſhe unto him) had not this which you reſtore been given me by the Princeſs of *Lydia*, I ſhould at leaſt have offered you the Caſe, and received only the Picture: But ſince I dare not be too liberal of ſo great a Princeſſes favours, eſpecially unto a man of that ayre which your countenance promiſeth, I beſeech you accept of my thankful acknowledgments, until I meet with an opportunity to ſerve you in ſome as important way as this which you reſtore unto me is acceptable. Madam, anſwered he, I do think the ſervice in reſtoring that which you do value, to be a moſt ample recompence. Whilſt the Princeſs and this ſtranger were in diſcourſe, *Perinthus* went unto one of his men, and inquired who he was. The man told him, that he was ſecond Son to the King of *Suſiana*, named *Abradates*, and Son alſo unto a Siſter of *Crœſſus*, who was going into *Sardis*: So that *Perinthus* telling the ſame unto me, I acquainted the Princeſs in a low voice, during which time, the ſervant of *Abradates* inquired who the Princeſs was, and acquainted his Maſter, whil'ſt I was informing the Princeſs concerning him: So that both knowing who each other was, there appeared much joy in both their eyes: *Abradates* doubled his reſpects, and the Princeſs her civilities. I do eſteem my ſelf moſt happy, ſaid he unto her, that one minute of my life hath been ſpent in the ſervice of ſo fair a Princeſs. And truly I think my ſelf very happy, replyed ſhe, in being thus obliged all the reſt of my Life unto ſo great a Prince, of whom Fame ſpeaks ſo loud in his commendations. As they were thus in diſcourſe, a great noiſe of Horſes was heard, and immediately after, the Princeſſes *Palmis*, *Anaxilea*, the Prince *Atis*, *Arteſilas*, *Mexaris*, *Myrſiles*, and *Cleander* appeared, who without any minding of *Abradates*, alighted from their Horſes, and began to chide the Princeſs, for preferring ſolitude before the Chaſe, and for not being at the death of the Hart. The Chaſe which I have had, replyed ſhe, and ſmiled, hath been more happy than yours; and I am confident you will confeſs it (ſaid ſhe, and preſented *Abradates* unto the Prince *Atis*, and the Princeſs *Palmis*) when you know that I have had the company of the Prince of *Suſiana*, of whom you have heard ſuch Noble Reports. At the ſame time, a ſervant unto the Prince *Atis*, who had been at *Suſa*, came to his Maſter, and confirmed the truth: Then did every one receive *Abradates* with extream joy, and afterwards with a thouſand welcomes and civilities. I do confeſs (ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis* to *Panthea*, that your Chaſe hath been more happy than ours, and that you merit all the honour. The greateſt advantage is mine, replyed *Abradates*, ſince I have been preſented unto you by ſo fair and illuſtrious a hand. You do not ſtand in need of any ſuch advantageous helps, replyed the Princeſs *Palmis*, to render you conſiderable. For my part, ſaid *Panthea*, I have ſtood in need of his help, for without it, I ſhould have ſuſtained a lamentable loſs; and then ſhe related the adventure of the Princeſs of *Palmis* her Picture. Since the place where they were was very pleaſant, they ſtayed there almoſt an hour; but afterwards *Cleander* told them it was time to go and refreſh themſelves at a Caſtle, on the furtheſt end of the Park, cloſe by the Lake of *Gyges*, over againſt the Tomb of *Alliattes*, and ſo the Princes and Princeſſes all together went to this Caſtle, where a magnificent Banquet and admirable Muſick waited for them: In going thither, *Mexaris* rid cloſe by *Panthea*, but he had not the freedom of diſcourſe with her, becauſe the Prince *Abradates* did alſo ride cloſe by her: In the mean time, the poor *Perinthus* followed after all, fretted to the heart, to ſee how the beauty of *Panthea* made every one Adorers that looked upon her: Yet, as he ſince told me, he had this poor comfort in his thoughts; that perſons of her Quality are ſeldom married unto ſuch Princes as love them, or as they love; and therefore his hope was, that if ever any enjoyed her, it would be ſome Prince, who married her perhaps more out of ſome reaſon of State, than any affection. But whil'ſt he was thus entertaining his own thoughts, *Doraliſa* and I obſerved how *Abradates* did continually eye *Panthea*, with extraordinary attention, not only in the way to the Caſtle, but during all the time of the Banquet and Muſick; one would have thought that ſhe only of all the company was fair; not that he was at all uncivil, or neglected any reſpects due unto the Princeſs of *Lydia*: But for all that, it was an eaſie matter to diſcover by his looks, that the Princeſs of *Claſomena*'s beauty did penetrate deeper into his heart, than any others. *Mexaris* perceived it as well as we, and *Perinthus* much more; and I am perſwaded that *Panthea* her ſelf from this very firſt day did begin to underſtand the prodigious effects that her Beauty did produce in the heart of *Abradates*. For be pleaſed to know, Madam, that (as he hath told me ſince) he was ſo deſperatly in Love this very firſt ſight, that his paſſion would not admit of any augmentation ever ſince. In the mean time, after all the Ladies had moſt pleaſantly paſſed away this day, they returned to *Sardis* in their Chariots; every Prince did ride next them who did moſt attract their inclinations, to wit, *Arteſilas* and *Cleander* cloſe by the Chariet of the Princeſs *Palmis*, the Prince *Atis* next that of *Anaxila*, *Mexaris*, *Abradates*, and *Perinthus*, next the Princeſs of *Claſomena*. When we were come unto *Sardis*, all the Princes did lead their Ladies unto the Chamber of the Princeſs *Palmis*; after which, the Prince *Atis* carried *Abradates* unto the Chamber of *Crœſſus*, and preſented him unto him, who received him with many teſtimonies of affection and joy: For ſince he alwayes loved the Queen of *Suſiana* his Siſter very well, from whom he had received a Letter which did intimate the voyage of this Prince, he was much raviſhed to ſee him in his Court, and to find him of ſo fine behaviour and ſpirit. The Princeſs his Mother was ſo careful in inſtructing him in the *Lydian* language, that he ſpoke it ſo exactly, and without any accent of a ſtranger, that every one admired him. We underſtood within a few days after, that *Abradates* was to ſtay a long time in this Court, becauſe he ſtood not upon good terms with the King his Father, for driving on the Intereſts of the Queen his Mother with too much zeal, againſt an Elder Brother of his, who, though he had not ſo much virtue as he, yet was to ſucceed in the Kingdom: So that the King of *Suſiana* having with much injuſtice threatned to impriſon him; the Queen his Mother deſired protection from the King of *Lydia* her Brother for this her Darling Son, who had not loſt his Fathers favour, but only for the love of her. The cauſe of *Abradates* his exile being well accepted of by *Crœſſus*, he bad him exceedingly welcome, aud after his example, ſo did all the Court; and truly it was but a juſt due unto his merit, for certainly a more accompliſhed Prince was never ſeen than the Prince *Abradates*. Alſo, when *Panthea* was returned home from the Hunting to her own lodging, ſhe continually ſpoke of him all that night, which was not at all pleaſant unto *Perinthus*, who was preſent when ſhe related all the pleaſant adventure unto the Prince her Father. The next morning *Abradates* performed a ceremonious viſit unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, where the Princeſs of *Claſomena*, and all the Court were preſent; and the ſame day towards night he went unto to *Panthea* as ſoon as he heard ſhe was returned from the Kings Palace. Some days paſſed, before any diſcovered the affection of *Abradates*, unleſs it were *Mexaris*, *Perinthus*, *Doraliſa*, and my ſelf: But afterwards it was as apparant as the Sun, for his diſcourſe was all upon her Beauty and Wit, and he never neglected the leaſt occaſion of ſeeing her. Since the Love of *Mexaris* was not yet divulged, *Abradates* gave no check unto his growing paſſion; and was ignorant how that Prince had any intereſt in the Princeſs *Panthea*; ſo that clearly ſubmitting himſelf unto the charms of this admirable beauty, he made no ſecret of his paſſion. In the mean while *Mexaris*, whoſe Love had took as deep root in his heart, as any thing that was not gold could in the heart of a covetous man, began to publiſh it, but truly it was after a manner much different from his Rivals, ſo that it might rightly be ſaid, that never were two Princes more unlike in all things than theſe two: For, Madam, as the ſtate of *Abradates* his fortunes then ſtood, it was very like that he would be compelled to live all his life an exile, without any other eſtate or fortune than his own virtue, nor any ſubſiſtence, but either what the Queen his Mother did ſecretly convey unto him, or what *Crœſſus* would pleaſe to give him. As for *Mexaris*, the caſe was otherwiſe with him, for he was not inferiour in riches unto the King his Brother: And as there was a great diſparity in their fortunes, ſo there was a greater in their diſpoſitions, for Avarice was the rule of all *Mexaris* his actions, and Liberality was the predominate virtue of *Abradates*: Indeed, I think this Prince was as liberal as valiant, and as valiant as man could be: *Mexaris*, on the contrary, was hide-bound in all things; if he built any thing, he would always have ſome ſparing trick or other, which waſted and ſpoiled all the reſt of the expences which he had been at: If at any time he gave any thing, it would be always too late and little, and commonly with a melancholy grudging complement: His attendance was big enough, but ſhabbed and ill accoutred: His Table was little, and naught for ſo great a Prince as he was; and diſguiſing his covetouſneſs under ſome weak pretence; he commonly wore very mean cloaths; ſaying, it was much folly to purchaſe any eſteem unto ones ſelf by ſuch expences: If at any time he played at any game, he played for avarice, not recreation; and conſidering how he would chafe when he loſt, it was palpable, that it was rather a Trade than a ſport unto him: The truth is, it appeared by all his actions, and ſometimes by his very words, that the limits of all the magnificence which was in his narrow heart, extended only to himſelf, and no further; this baſe diſpoſition was the reaſon that none loved him: But on the contrary, *Abradates*, though an exile, was ſo free and liberal, that all the World adored him, and wiſhed him all the treaſures of the other: The manner of his Preſents was ſuch, as how ſmall ſoever they were in themſelves, yet they were eſteemed as great: He conferred his gifts not only ſpeedily, but with alacrity and joy, and one could not any way more ſenſibly oblige him, than to accept his favours; his Retinue was magnificent and handſome, his Table was open and good, he always wore rich and good cloaths; if at any time he loſt at Play, it was without turbulency or anger; he ſought for occaſions to give, as *Mexaris* ſhunned them: He carried it ſo, that he not only had the glory of all the good deeds which he really did, but alſo of thoſe which he did not, but would have done if he had been rich: And certain there had not been any man of parts in a wanting condition in all the Court of *Lydia*, if *Abradates* had been as rich as *Mexaris*. After this, Madam, you may eaſily judge that Love produced very contrary effects in the ſouls of theſe two Princes, their deſigns alſo had contrary ſucceſs, yet did they act alike in all things: For *Mexaris* was in all things, which would put him to no expence, no leſs obſequious and complaiſant than *Abradates*: And knowing how *Panthea* affected *Doraliſa*, and eſteemed *Perinthus*, he would comply, and ſeem to love them alſo, inſomuch as this ſecret Lover of the Princeſs was extreamly vexed to receive a thouſand civilities from his Rivals, which he was obliged to return;

turn; yet was it ſome conſolation for him to ſee, that in all likelyhood *Panthea* would never love *Mexaris*, by reaſon of his baſe diſpoſition, and that ſhe would never marry *Abradates* by reaſon of his low fortunes; ſo that ſtraining himſelf, he rendred unto both theſe Princes all due reſpects, but ſpoke as little as poſſible he could: And ſince he was too wiſe to ſpeak openly all the ill he thought of *Mexaris*, and too amorous to commend *Abradates*, he accorded both as much as he could: So that carrying fair, both with the Princeſs and both his Rivals, his life was a mixture of ſweet and bitter hours. In the mean time, theſe two Princes, as amorous as they were, had neither of them ſo much confidence as to diſcover their paſſions, when *Adraſtus*, Brother unto the King of *Phrygia*, came into this Court, to be purged of that crime which he had innocently committed: The Ceremony of which being performed in the Temple of *Jupiter* the Expiator, it chanced that *Abradates* was not well that morning, and could not be there; and coming after Dinner unto the Princeſs, and finding her alone, ſhe asked him the reaſon why he was not at the Ceremony? Madam, the reaſon is, replied he, becauſe I do not much deſire to know how it is done, ſince to tell you truly, if I have committed any crime, it is not *Jupiter* that muſt pardon me: Yet he is the greateſt of the Gods, replied ſhe: Moſt true, ſaid he, but it is his pleaſure to leave it unto other Divinities, of whom he is Supreme, to remit thoſe crimes which are committed againſt them. For my part, ſaid *Panthea*, I do not think you have offended any, or that you came unto this Court upon the ſame reaſon that *Adraſtus* did: 'Tis very true, Madam, replied *Abradates*, his Deſtiny and mine are different, for he came in a criminal, and I ſhall go out one: If ſo, ſaid ſhe, you may be juſtified as he is: Then, Madam (ſaid he unto her) it is you who muſt pardon my boldneſs, in preſuming to love you above all the world. *Panthea* being extremely ſurprized at this diſcourſe, though ſhe was not ignorant of his paſſion, yet ſhe looked upon him and bluſh'd, and being to ſpeak, with more ſeverity in her eyes: I know very well, ſaid ſhe unto him, that it is the common cuſtom of the World to take ſuch language as this only as bare civility, and to let it paſs as a piece of Gallantry ſpoken without any further deſign: But I am perſwaded there are ſome, who perhaps could wiſh ſuch words twice ſpoken, becauſe they give no credit to the firſt: Yet ſince I have been obliged unto you from the very firſt minute of our acquaintance, and does infinitely eſteem you; therefore I muſt with all ſincerity tell you, that whether you ſpoke thoſe words in earneſt, or in jeſt, the boldneſs does much diſpleaſe me. And let me further tell you, ſince I would be loth to rank you in the Catalogue of Indifferency, that it will be more advantageous to you, to uſe ſuch language no more, and not to fail in that reſpect which is due unto one (I do not ſay of my Quality) but of that virtue which I profeſs. Can it be, Madam, replied he, that the leſs I ſpeak of my paſſion, the more violent you will believe it? I do not ſay ſo, anſwered ſhe, and ſmiled, whether ſhe would or no: But I tell you (ſaid ſhe, and aſſumed a more ſerious countenance) that if you ſpeak any more of it, I ſhall as long as I live think that you do not eſteem me, and by conſequence I ſhall be leſs beholding to you. How, Madam (cryed he out) is it a teſtimony of diſeſteem to tell you, that I adore you? If ſo, Madam, I ſhall ſay no more. But I beſeech you, Madam, interpret my ſilence always as it ought to be, and remember as often as you ſee me alone with you, and ſpeak not a word, that then my heart ſays you are the faireſt upon earth, and that I reverence you with an unparallel'd devotion, and ſhall love you as long as I ſhall live. As *Panthea* was ready to anſwer, *Mexaris* and *Doraliſa* came into the Chamber, but her looks gave ſuch a ſharp anſwer unto the poor *Abradates*, that if he could have ſuffered his Rival to have been alone with *Panthea*, he would have immediately quitted the Chamber; But having not ſo much power over himſelf he ſtayed, and was pleaſing enough in his converſation all the day, much company coming in within a quarter of an hour after. At firſt the diſcourſe was only of the Ceremony in the morning, unto which the Princeſs *Panthea* added not a word, becauſe it had given a ſubject unto *Abradates* to diſcover his Love; but deſiring to turn it into ſomething elſe, ſhe began to talk unto *Doraliſa* upon ſome affair of matters. But paſſing inſenſibly from one diſcourſe into another, every one began to chide *Doraliſa*, for wiſhing Nature to work a miracle in favour of her ſelf, and make up an accompliſhed man without the helps of Love, every one asked if ſhe had changed her mind: Since *Mexaris* had formerly loved another beſides the Princeſs, he began to argue againſt *Doraliſa*, and maintain his own caſe; and ſince *Abradates* had never been in Love, he ſeconded her reaſons, for ſaying, that ſhe would never accept of any heart that had been ſcorched in any other flames beſides her own. *Perinthus* gave a liſtning ear unto what his Rivals ſaid, and endeavoured to gueſs at the thoughts of the Princeſs: Tell me, *Doraliſa* (ſaid *Mexaris* to her) What reaſons can you give for ſcorning all compleat men, only becauſe they have been in Love with ſome other before your ſelf? The number of them is ſo large (replied ſhe) that I cannot tell which I ſhall give you firſt, and truly that is the greateſt difficulty of my anſwer. I cannot believe it ſo eaſie a matter (replied *Mexaris*) to maintain your errour with all the wit you have; for what does that which is paſt concern you, as long as you know it not? By what is paſt (replied ſhe) I can judge at the future; for whoſoever can quit another for me, gives me ſome cauſe of fear that he can quit me for another whom yet he knows not, but may perhaps hereafter know her: But have you any better ſecurity for the fidelity of that man who never loved any but your ſelf? (replied *Mexaris.*) Such a one, replied *Abradates*, did never give ſo bad an example, and there is greater grounds of hope that his firſt paſſion will be conſtant, than there is to believe that one who has loved many, will ever become conſtant: It cannot be doubted, replied *Doraliſa*: But the worſt of it is, I could never meet with a man of my Quality who is ſuch a one as I wiſh, one that will love me, and never was in Love before: As for ſuch as wear ſo many ſeveral fetters, as ſuits of cloaths, and offer two or three Sacrifices with one and the ſame Victime, in offering the ſelf-ſame heart unto two or three Ladies one immediately after another, I cannot endure them, but ſhould uſe them ſcurvily as long as I lived: I may perhaps meet with ſuch compleat men as will ſerve to make friends of, but I'le have none ſuch to be my Lovers, for I can never believe that any who can quit a black Beauty for a fair, or a fair for a brown, can never have any conſtancy of heart. Admit (ſaid *Mexaris* unto her) that one ſhould meet with a heart of flint, which nothing can mollifie; were it not wiſdom to cure the miſery by a diſcreet retreat; and if ſuch a one do afterwards love another, why ſhould he be taxed with inconſtancy, when as he would not have changed, if he had been more favourably entertained? Though I ſhould not tax ſuch a one with inconſtancy, replied *Doraliſa*, yet is he ſuch a one as I ſhould never favour, ſince he is but the refuſe of another. Admit her rigour proceeded from a phantaſtical and extravagant diſpoſition, replied *Mexaris*, Why would you treat ſuch an unfortunate Lover with rigour? Becauſe ſuch a man as would ever love ſuch a phantaſtical and extravagant Woman as you ſpeak of, replied *Doraliſa*, would never honour me by aſſuming my Chains. The truth is, whether he loved a mild or ſevere diſpoſition, whether he have been well or ill treated, whether he did reject, or was rejected, all's one to me, I ſhould never love him that ever loved any beſides my ſelf: If he have been ſeverely uſed, he knows by example how to be ſevere; if he have been favourably treated, I will think, that ſince the favours of another could not keep him, mine cannot neither; If he betrayed his Miſtreſs, there is no truſting of him; If it was ſhe who forſook him, it is to be conceived that he has made himſelf unworthy by ſome ſecret crime or other which we know not of, or at leaſt it is to be feared, he was either phantaſtical or jealous. Moreover, if ſhe whom he loved be fair, there is no ſecurity of his loving me, ſince he hath quitted her; if ſhe be not fair, it is to be thought that he reliſhed her ſo ill, that he will quit me for one that is fairer. Therefore if ever I permit any to love me, it muſt be an entire heart, and none of thoſe that has been pierced with a thouſand Arrows; it ſhall be a heart, I ſay, which is ſenſible of the leaſt touch, and not one that is hardned with the rigour of another; freſhneſs and newneſs in Love, as in other things, is a grace: And whoſoever will ever hope to be acceptable, in my eſteem, he muſt perſwade me that I am, and ever ſhall be, his firſt and laſt Love. I do profeſs, ſaid *Abradates*, that I think the opinion of *Doraliſa* to be very juſt; and ſo much the more, replied *Panthea*, becauſe by taking up that reſolution, doubtleſs one reſolves never to love any, becauſe it is to deſire an impoſſibility: I muſt needs concur with you in that opinion, replied *Abradates*: So do not I, replied *Doraliſa*; For I do not hold it a thing impoſſible, that one ſhould love but one only in all their life. The great difficulty of all is to find out a compleat man, who never loved any but me. The Princeſs would perſwade me, Sir (ſaid ſhe, and addreſſed her ſpeech unto *Abradates*) that *Perinthus* was never in Love; and truly, though I have much ado to believe it, yet I ſee that I cannot win much upon his heart, therefore I will give over all thoughts of any Conqueſts. The Conqueſt of me (replied *Perinthus*, a little ſurprized) would add ſo little honour unto you, Madam, that queſtionleſs you are not ſorry for it: Really, *Perinthus*, ſaid the Princeſs, you are too much in good earneſt, and *Doraliſa* will perſwade me that you are in Love indeed; for if you did not fear that ſhe whom perhaps you love, ſhould know what anſwer you give unto *Doraliſa*, doubtleſs you would have returned her a more civil anſwer. You may think what you pleaſe, Madam, replied he, but I do not think what I ſaid to be any incivility, but that rather it deſerves the name of Reſpect. There is a kind of reſpect ſo hollow and indifferent, replied *Doraliſa*, as does not at all oblige one: But however, *Perinthus*, I am more indulgent than you think I am, for I do not complain againſt you? yet notwithſtanding to find out the cauſe of that incivility which the Princeſs doth tax you with, I ſhall keep an obſervant eye over you, to the end I may more plainly diſcover, whether ſuch an accompliſhed man as you are can be, and not be in Love. And ſince my own eye cannot be always over you, I will entreat both all your friends and mine to obſerve you, as well as I will, and to give me an account of your viſits, of your addreſſes, of your words, of your ſtudies, of your melancholies, and if it be poſſible, of your very dreams. For my part, ſaid the Princeſs, I will be the firſt that promiſeth to tell you all I know concerning him. You ſhall when you pleaſe, Madam, replied he, know all that I my ſelf know: No, no, ſaid ſhe, It is not by any verbal relations, but by a hundred paſſages which you never think upon, that I will know how to aſſure *Doraliſa* you love none. *Perinthus* is very happy, ſaid *Mexaris*, in that you will honour him ſo far, as to obſerve his actions. For my part, I ſhould limit my ambition to aſpire no higher than ſuch a favour: What I do for *Perinthus*, replied the Princeſs, I would not do unto all the world; for truly I do deſire to dive into his heart, becauſe I think there are no ſecrets in it, or at leaſt, none ſuch as I can have any intereſt in. Are you more inquiſitive, Madam, replyed *Abradates*, after ſuch things as does not concern you, than after ſuch as do? Yes, in ſome things, replyed ſhe, but however, in order to the ſatisfaction of *Doraliſa*, (added the Princeſs, deſiring to turn the diſcourſe) I do entreat every one here to aid her in the diſcovery of that truth which ſhe deſires to know, and to obſerve *Perinthus* moſt vigilantly upon all occaſions: Truly, Madam, replyed *Perinthus*, if there be no paſſion in my Soul, then you put all theſe illuſtrious perſons unto an unprofitable trouble; and if there be any in my Soul, then you expoſe him who has eternally devoted himſelf unto your ſervice, to a moſt ſevere puniſhment: However it be, *Perinthus*, (replied ſhe) it muſt be ſo: Then did ſhe cauſe every one that was there to promiſe her in particular, to acquaint *Doraliſa* with all they knew concerning *Perinthus*: So that *Mexaris* and *Abradates*, as well as all the reſt, did promiſe her they would, and thus the poor *Perinthus* had the misfortune to ſee his Rivals made his Spies; yet could they not find what they ſought after, for their aims were never levelled at that mark which this unfortunate Lover looked at. Thus, Madam, was the firſt day ſpent, in which *Abradates* diſcovered his paſſion unto the Princeſs *Panthea*, who ſince that day did prevent all opportunities to talk with him in private, not but that ſhe did highly eſteem him, and perhaps alſo had a good inclination to him: But conſidering the ſtate of his Fortunes, ſhe thought him no convenient match, and therefore ſhe would add no fuel to thoſe flames which ſhe ſaw began to kindle in him, but lived with him after a more reſerved manner than ordinary; yet ſince it was always with much civility, this reſervedneſs was rather a pair of Bellows to blow that fire in his heart, than a means to extinguiſh it: So that the more reſerved *Panthea* was, the more earneſt was *Abradates* to ſee her, and follow her in all places; his addreſſes and Courtſhips were not only to her ſelf, but unto her Father alſo, and alſo to get the love of *Perinthus*, *Doraliſa*, my ſelf, and all the Servants, even of the meaneſt; and to ſpeak the truth, he obtained his deſires; for except *Perinthus*, (who could not love him, becauſe he loved the Princeſs) all the World was his: Some he gained by Preſents, others by obliging Language, all by a free, open, and lovely aſpect, which none could reſiſt. Moreover, ſince all his own Servants did ever adore him, they were continually preſenting Elogies in commendation of their Maſter, unto the Servants and Women of the Princeſs. On the other ſide, all the Servants of *Mexaris* were continually complaining of their Maſters nigerality, and of the little that was to be gotten in his ſervice, ſo that nothing was to be heard in *Panthea*'s Houſe but Commendums of *Abradates*, and Satyrs againſt his Rival. In the mean time, ſince *Mexaris* thought the Souls of others to be like his own, he conceived that as a means to move the heart of the Princeſs, and to induce her to receive the firſt proteſtations of his love more favourably, it were firſt expedient to ſhew her the magnificence of all his Treaſures, which, as I have already told you, were almoſt equal to the riches of *Crœſſus*. Then did he invent how he might get her unto his houſe, under ſome handſome colour, which might not put him unto over much expences: And after he had well thought upon it, he reſolved to invite her to hear the King's Muſick, which would coſt him nothing, in a great vaulted Room, which was very fit for the ſound of Inſtruments; ſo that the propoſition being made by the Princeſs *Palmis*, whom he deſired to do him that office, it took effect within a few days after. When *Doraliſa* and I heard that the Prince *Mexaris* did invite the Princeſs unto this Muſick at his own houſe, then did we believe his Love would break out in good earneſt; and that we ſhould ſee he was not grown unto ſuch an ill habit, but this paſſion might correct him. Then did we long for this day, with as much impatience as was in *Abradates* and *Perinthus*; for the firſt of theſe began now to perceive that his Unkle was his Rival, and the other perceived it from the very firſt. In the mean time, ſince the Love of *Abradates* could not be perſwaded by any reaſon, he prepared himſelf to ſuffer the worſt that could come: *Mexaris* for his part, made no queſtion but the very ſight of ſuch a vaſt Treaſure would work as much for him as againſt *Abradates*, when *Panthea* ſhould ſee it; ſo that he longed for the day and hour when that Aſſembly ſhould be at his Houſe; and he gave ſuch orders, that there ſhould not be one Room in all his Houſe wherein there ſhould not be ſome ſigns of the Riches and Magnificence belonging to the late King of *Lydia* his Father, who, ſince *Mexaris* was his Darling, gave him half of all his Treaſures: Nothing could be imagined more magnificent and ſumptuous than all this that was ſhewed unto the Princeſs in this Houſe;

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for not only all the ground Rooms, all the Chambers and Galleries were moſt richly furniſhed, but alſo there was one Gallery, and three Cloſets full of moſt rare, rich, and precious things, not only Statues and Pictures, but abundance of prodigious Cabinets, Veſſels of Gold and Silver, ſet with precious Stones of an ineſtimable value. There was alſo great Figures of Gold, and Diſhes of Agath, and Oriental Alabaſter, inriched with Diamonds: It may rightly be ſaid, that all the chief works of the Sun and Nature were to be ſeen in that place; Pearls, Emeralds, Diamonds, Rubies, and all manner of precious Stones. After a ſight of all theſe, *Mexaris* let the Princeſs *Panthea* ſee one thing more admirable than all theſe; and the principal reaſon why he ſhewed it unto her, I believe, was, becauſe it ſhould give him an occaſion to ſpeak of his Love. I make no queſtion, Madam, but you have heard tell of that famous Ring of *Gyges*, who, as you know very well, did uſurp the Crown from *Heraclides*, and who was the firſt King of *Lydia*, of the Race of *Crœſſus*: you are not ignorant, I ſay, how it was by means of this Ring that he got upon the Throne, and afterwards, by the miraculous virtue thereof he made himſelf inviſible unto the King *Candalus*, whoſe life he took away. *Alliatte* loving *Mexaris* better than he did *Crœſſus*, amongſt the reſt of his Treaſuries did leave him this. After this Prince had ſhewed all theſe unto the Princeſs *Panthea*, he called her unto a Table of pure Gold, ſet with Stones, upon which ſtood a little Cabinet of Agatte, he took out this rare Ring: Madam, ſaid he unto her, after an offer of all theſe things which I have ſhewed you, in offering you the heart of him that owns them, I dare not put this Ring into your hands, leſt, as a puniſhment for my boldneſs, you ſhould deprive me of her ſight who is the faireſt upon Earth; therefore it is requiſite you ſee the experiment of it by the means of ſome other. Though the Princeſs had often heard of the wonderful quality of this Jewel, yet ſhe was much taken with it; when *Mexaris* called one of his Servants who knew how to hold it, and cauſed him to ſhew its virtue: She obſerved, that when he turned the Stone towards himſelf, he abſolutely vaniſhed out of the ſight of all the Company; ſo that ſhe gave no other anſwer unto the Prince *Mexaris* but this, that it was impoſſible this could be without Inchantment. All the Company were no leſs amazed than her ſelf; and to ſay truly, the thing is ſo full of wonder, that though one had ſeen it before an hundred times, yet one ſhall be ſtill admiring at it; for as long as any one held this Stone, which is called the *Heliotropus*, and is found in *Ethiopia*, one ſhall be abſolutely inviſible.

Is it poſſible, ſaid the Princeſs *Araminta*, and interrupted her, that it ſhould have ſuch a quality as you ſpeak of? It is moſt certainly true, Madam, replied *Pherenice*: For my part, ſaid *Cyrus*, I have long ſince inquired of ſeveral perſons, whether there was any truth in thoſe reports of the virtue in the *Heliotropus*; and if I may ſpeak it without any incivility unto *Pherenice*, though a hundred ſeveral perſons have aſſured me that it is very true, yet I muſt confeſs, I had much ado to believe it; tho' when one conſiders the marvellous quality of the Adamant, which attracts Steel with ſo much violence, that it ſeems to aſſume life, and follows it, it muſt be confeſſed, nothing is more to be admired: So the ſight, being of all the ſenſes moſt eaſie to be deluded, it is not impoſſible, but that there may come out of this Stone a certain kind of brightneſs which may dazle the eyes of beholders, or which may beget a kind of Miſt that may cloud the perſon which carries it from the eyes of thoſe that are ſtanders-by. Moreover, there is another Stone called the *Amianthus*, which every one knows, upon which the fire makes no impreſſion, nor can conſume; this, if well conſidered, is no leſs admirable than the *Heliotropus*: The brightneſs of a Stone may as well take away the ſight, or at leaſt, ſuſpend the uſe of it, as the Baſilisk can kill with a look. *Araminta* being convinced by the diſcourſe of *Cyrus*, concurred with him in opinion, and *Pherenice* proceeded in her ſtory.

When every one had admired this miracle of Nature, the cauſe whereof was ſo ſecret a myſtery, the Princeſs *Panthea* would needs take this Ring, though *Mexaris* was exceedingly againſt it, telling her he could not indure ſhe ſhould be inviſible to him, who of all men in the world took greateſt delight in ſeeing her, yet he could not prevent it, but muſt be contented. After this Ring had wrought its effect in her hands, *Doralisa* took it, and when ſhe had it, ſhe went and told the Princeſs, ſhe deſired that *Mexaris* might alwayes wear it. For my part (anſwered *Panthea* in a low voice) I would not wiſh that for your ſake, for then he might often underſtand all the ill you uſe to ſay of him. In the mean time, *Mexaris* imagined it to be a ſhort minute of pleaſure to take away the ſight of his Rival from *Panthea*, and therefore told *Doraliſa*, that perhaps *Abradates* would be glad to make the experiment upon himſelf as well as ſhe: Then this Prince taking the Ring, and going to the Princeſs, he told her in ſo low a voice as none could hear, that if *Mexaris* did not make uſe of this very often in coming to tell her of his paſſion, he was as ſimple as covetous. As the Princeſs could not chuſe but laugh at what *Abradates* told her, *Mexaris* knew thereby, that this inviſible man made uſe of his Ring otherwiſe than he wiſhed: So that being vexed that his deſign took no better effect, he could not hold from venting ſome expreſſion of diſpleaſure. But *Abradates* was ſo pleaſed with vexing his Rival, and ſince *Panthea* began to laugh, he told her many other things very low, which made her laugh ſo heartily at the chafing of *Mexaris*, that ſhe could return him no anſwers; yet notwithſtanding ſhe excuſed the matter, and ſaid it was impoſſible not to laugh when ſhe heard one cloſe by her, and could not ſee him. But at length, fearing leſt this Rallary ſhould produce ſome ſad conſequence, ſhe deſired *Abradates* to reſtore her the Ring, which he did; after which, ſhe gave it to *Perinthus*, and *Perinthus* to another, ſo that there was not one in all the company which had not the experiment: But at laſt they reſtored it unto *Mexaris*, who locked it up very carefully: After which the Muſick began, which was ſeconded with a ſhort collation, ſuitable to the avarice of him that gave it, and very unworthy of the company to whom it was preſented, yet was it ſerved up in 24 Baſons which were the goodlieſt in the world, but his ſlovenly ſervants were ſo thrifty for their maſter, that the leaſt Baſon was worth a hundred of ſuch collations. I leave you to imagine, Madam, whether this was not ſport unto *Abradates*, *Perinthus*, and *Doraliſa.* Methinks (ſaid *Doraliſa* to me) *Mexaris* ſhould not have left off his Ring till after this Banquet, but by it have concealed his ſhame to ſee it ſo poor. His beſt courſe had been, ſaid *Perinthus*, to have made it and himſelf both inviſible: The Princeſs did eaſily gueſs what we talked on, when ſhe turned towards us, and much feared leſt *Mexaris* ſhould perceive it; ſo that to prevent exceptions, ſhe did fall to a very bad repaſt out of her complaiſance, and told him confidently, that it was an admirable good one: One might eaſily ſee, he hardly believed her, and yet he thought it good enough, becauſe it coſt him but a little; and thus the reſt of the day paſſed on. *Mexaris* making no queſtion, but that after a ſight of ſo much wealth and fine things, he ſhould find *Panthea* very gracious unto him, the firſt time he ſpoke of his paſſion unto her. In the mean while, *Abradates* did emulate his Rival, for having the ſtart of him in entertaining *Panthea*, and began to think which way he might obtain the like happineſs. For the furtherance of his intention, he found out that there was a great number of *Phrygian* Muſitians then in *Sardis*, and you know the *Lydian* and *Phrygian* Muſick is conceived to be the rareſt, not only of all *Aſia*, but all the world, yet thoſe who had heard them both were of various opinions, according unto the conformity of their ſeveral humours to thoſe various harmonies: Thoſe who were of melancholy inclinations, or had paſſionate ſouls, preferred the *Lydians*; and thoſe whoſe temper were more ſprightly, and pleaſant, gave the prize unto the *Phrygian*; But all ſides did agree, that both did merit much commendations. *Abradates* then makeing uſe of this controverſie to bring about his deſign,

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did ſo foment the conteſt, that the next day after the entertainment of *Mexaris*, nothing elſe was diſcourſed upon at the Princeſs of *Claſomena*'s lodging, who, without declaring her ſelf either for the one or the other, only ſaid, That before any exact judgment could be given, it were requiſite to hear them both on the ſame day, with a premeditated intention to obſerve them very well; and that thoſe who were competent Judges in ſuch matters ſhould have knowledg in the art of Muſique, and be impartial perſons. It were requiſite alſo, ſaid *Abradates*, that to put the Muſicians equally into a good humour, a prize ſhould be propounded unto that ſide which ſhould excel, to the end they might both of them ſtrive to do their beſt. After this, it was thought upon, in what place was the moſt convenient to hear them; and one of the King's houſes, which was about thirty furlongs from the Town, was nam'd moſt convenient. Now ſince all the company did think this only a Propoſition, which would never be put in execution, each one began to order the buſineſs, only to drive on diſcourſe. In the mean while *Abradates*, who had not ſo lamely contrived the buſineſs as to leave it imperfect, did ſay, that the greateſt defect would be the want of a fit perſon to be a Judg. I do conceive (ſaid *Mexaris*, who was then with the Princeſs) that there is no great difficulty in that, but where will you find one that will give the Prize unto thoſe who are judged beſt, and be at the charges of the Feaſt? when the perſon who is fit to be a Judge is named, (replyed *Abradates*, and ſmiled) it will be no great piece of difficulty to find the other; for I think it a much more eaſie matter to find Gold and Jewels, than to find one that is accompliſhed with all requiſite qualities to pronounce Judgment equally in ſuch a nice, and rare buſineſs as this. Yet, Madam, (ſaid he, and looked upon the Princeſs) if you will be pleaſed to take the pains, I am moſt certain it would then be done without injuſtice, for you both know Muſique, and love it, and moſt undoubtedly would be equitable. *Mexaris*, did approve of this Propoſition, and ſo likewiſe did every one, ſaying, that *Abradates* ſpoke all reaſon. The Princeſs did deny to take it upon her very reſolutely, and would have perſiſted in that denial, if the Princeſs *Palmis* had not come in, who hearing of her refuſal, did extreamly condemn her modeſty, and told her, that if ſhe her ſelf did underſtand Muſique as well as ſhe did, ſhe would not deny the deſire. In concluſion, Madam, ſhe conſented, and it was a thing reſolved upon, that three daies hence they ſhould go unto the Caſtle which I told you of before, and that he who made the Propoſition, ſhould provide the Muſique, not imagining there would be any other proviſion. In the mean time, Madam, this generous minded Lover, who was compoſed of Liberality, did not carry it like unto *Mexaris*; for never was Feaſt more magnificent and gallant. To have a little more time for preparation, *Abradates* procured the Muſitians to ask five daies more to be added to the other three, that they might better conſort their Muſique: So that as if it was no motion proceeding from *Abradates*, it was deferred untill then, at which time every one reſorted to the place appointed. I will not give you, Madam, a Catalogue of all that were there, only ſay that the whole Court was preſent; nor will I make any exact deſcription of the magnificence, for the truth is, it was ſuch that I cannot. Let me tell you the entertainment was moſt admirable, both for the neatneſs of the order, and the abundance of every thing rare and delicate that the place and ſeaſon did afford: He alſo prepared a great number of Golden Meddals for that Princeſs, on which her Picture was engraved with a facetious deviſe, that ſhe might give them unto thoſe Muſitians whom ſhe thought moſt worthy. Moreover, as Preſents for the Ladies, he had provided abundance of ſeveral ſorts of moſt curious and delightful Toys, as Perfumes, Sweet Waters, Eſſences, Powders, and ſuch like, which ſhe was to preſent unto thoſe who kept ſilence during the Muſique, or unto thoſe who moſt commended the Muſitians, or unto whom ſhe pleaſed; and ſo under ſeveral pretences of Gallantry and Wit, there was not a Lady, nor any of any Quality, which carried not away ſome ingenuous remembrance of the Feaſt. The Princeſs her ſelf, as well as the reſt, did participate of *Abradates* his Liberality: And the Muſick, in favour of whom *Panthea* did not declare her ſelf, alſo received very bountiful Preſents. The Princeſs knowing it, did ask him what difference there was between the Conquerors and the conquered: But his anſwer was, that the Gold which carried her Image, and paſſed through her fair hands, was of a far higher rate than that which paſſed only through his, and which had not the repreſentation of her Beauty: And truly, Madam, it is ſo great a misfortune to want your judicious approbation, that thoſe who had not the honours to obtain it, did ſtand in need of ſome Cordials to comfort them. All this while *Mexaris* was deſperate to ſee himſelf out-done by the magnificence of *Abradates*, and to hear all the Ladies commend him. *Perinthus* alſo at the root of his Heart, was no leſs troubled; for having bounded his deſires that *Panthea* would love no body, he was exceedingly grieved to ſee *Abradates* ſo amiable, courtly, and indulgent to move affection: So that for all his forceings of himſelf, he was ſo very melancholly all that day, as *Doraliſa* took notice of him, and cauſed the Princeſs to obſerve him alſo, who beginning to chide him, did put him to the neceſſity of an anſwer for himſelf: And to colour the matter, he told her, that Muſick ever uſed to have that operation in him, and he could give her no other reaſon. For my part, ſaid *Doraliſa*, this ſeems to me a certain ſign that you are not the ſame you ſeem to be, for Men of hard and flinty Souls are never ſenſible of Muſick; but without all queſtion, you either are in love, or have been, ſince Harmony has ſuch a power upon your Spirits, that it makes you melancholly. It may be the reaſon is, ſaid the Princeſs, becauſe *Perinthus* is ſo far from loving, that he hates the Muſick, and is weary of waiting upon it ſo long. Oh, Madam, (cried he out) I had rather *Doraliſa* ſhould think me ſuch a Man as ſhe looks for, and that they ſhould ſuſpect me to be in love, than to think I am ſo ſtupid, as not to love Muſick: And ſince, Madam, you do love it, and think I hate it, I am afraid you entertain an ill opinion of me. Not at all, replied ſhe, for do you not meet with many very rational Men, who neither love it, nor can endure to hear it. 'Tis true, replied *Perinthus*, but certainly, ſuch Men, in my apprehenſion, are Men of dull, ſordid Souls, and it ought to be blamed as a great fault. Do you think it a greater fault (ſaid the Prince *Atis*, who was preſent at this entertainment) to have ears, and not love Muſick, than to have eyes, and not love Beauty, as you have? *Perinthus* bluſhed at this queſtion, and had been extreamly puzled for an anſwer, if *Doraliſa*, as good luck was, had not ſaid, No, no, Sir, do not deceive your ſelf, I cannot believe *Perinthus* to be inſenſible, I did never in my life ſee ſuch a Man as he that was ſo; certainly he does love, let him ſay or do what he will. For my part, ſaid *Abradates*, (to ſhew his obedience unto the Princeſs, in obſerving *Perinthus*) I begin to be of *Doraliſa*'s opinion, for I have ſeen him all this day ſo reſerved and retired, that I do not think any paſſion except Love can ſo much alter his humour. *Mexaris* added, that he had ſeen him pronounce ſome words in a low voice to himſelf alone: Another ſaid, he would often fix his eyes, and muſe, without regard unto any paſſage. And indeed there was not one in all the company which had not ſomething or other, true or falſe, to bring in againſt him, which moved every one to think him in Love, and his Rivals employed all their wits to perſwade the Princeſs of it; yet was all this ſo far from being any addition of happineſs, that on the contrary, it procured him much miſery, inſomuch, as he hath told me ſince, that he was amazed he did not diſcover ſome evident ſymptoms of that paſſion which poſſeſſed his Soul: Yet notwithſtanding all this, he did cunningly diſguiſe it; and thus was the reſt of this day ſpent. But at our return to *Sardis*, theſe three Adorers of *Panthea* had thoughts much differing one from another: For *Abradates* was much joyed that the Princeſs

ceſs ſeemed to be pleaſed with his entertainment: *Mexaris* was vexed to the heart at the liberality of *Abradates*, and it grieved his ſoul that he had come off in his Courtſhips better than himſelf: But as for the poor *Perinthus* his ſorrows were unconceiveable, to ſee *Abradates* ſo compleat a Gallant: yet he would ſometimes comfort himſelf, in hopes that the ſtate of his Fortunes would keep the Prince of *Claſomena* from beſtowing his Daughter upon him. But alas, ſaid he unto himſelf, the Princeſs may for all that beſtow her heart upon him; yet (would he ſay) ſince her heart muſt never be mine, and ſince I ſhall never dare to ask it, what does it concern me, if *Abradates* have it? Is it not my duty to wiſh *Panthea* happy in every thing? And ought I not to deſire, that if ever ſhe marry, it may be unto ſuch a Prince as loves her, and ſhe can love? Yes doubtleſs I ought, if I do conſider my ſelf as a ſervant unto the Prince her Father, who infinitely honors me: But if I conſider my ſelf as *Perinthus*, who hath loved her from my Cradle, and ſhall do to my Coffin, I cannot chuſe but wiſh that ſhe would never love any; therefore what ſhould I do but oppoſe *Abradates* in all his deſigns, and favour all the projects of *Mexaris*, whom I know ſhe can never Love: I will imploy all the credit that I have with the Prince her Father to that end, and I will omit nothing that may ſupplant my Rival that is moſt dangerous out of the heart of *Panthea*. But do I know well what I ſay? (would he ſuggeſt to himſelf) No, no, I do not; There is ſuch variety of differing apprehenſions in my Soul, that I cannot diſtinguiſh between the ſuggeſtions of my paſſion, and the counſels of my reaſon: Alas (would he ſay, for he hath ſince told me every tittle of his thoughts) can I think that I have any reaſon at all? I, who cannot baniſh from my heart the moſt raſh and ſtubborn paſſion that ever was? but who hath been ſo far from oppoſing it, that I have cheriſhed it as much as poſſibly I could? and yet all this without the leaſt hope, or knowing at what mark I aimed. I ever knew, that I was not loved, and I confeſs my hopes were, that none elſe ever ſhould be; but I ſee *Abradates*, ſo lovely, that I am afraid he will be loved again, and that I muſt die with deſpair. Theſe Madam were the thoughts of *Panthea's* three Lovers, who for her part did think much upon *Abradates*; for beſides her own inclination, both *Doraliſa* and my ſelf did nothing elſe for three daies together, but harp upon the liberality of *Abradates*, and the avarice of *Mexaris*: For my part (ſaid *Doraliſa* unto the Princeſs, one afternoon when none was with her) I am confident that if this Prince were not in Love, he would not be ſo liberal: But for all that (ſaid I unto her) as much as you attribute unto Love, it muſt be confeſſed, that this paſſion does not produce ſuch good effects in the Prince *Mexaris*; and by conſequence it muſt be concluded, that Love does not create all vertues in men: 'Tis true, ſaid *Doraliſa*, yet I conceive that Love does in the hearts of men, as the Sun doth in all places where it ſhines, for the Sun does not plant Roſes, but it ripens and blows them; So Love, it does not give the firſt root and inclinations of virtues, but it makes them grow and flouriſh; and queſtionleſs if *Mexaris* were not in Love, he would yet be more covetous than he is, he is grown to that height, replyed the Princeſs, that if I ſhould judg of his Love by his liberality, I ſhould not think it very great; yet if the trouble in doing things do ſet a greater prize upon them, replyed *Doraliſa*, and laughed, you are much more obliged unto *Mexaris* than *Abradates*; for certainly that little which he hath done for you, hath ſtuck more upon his ſtomack, than all that his Rival hath done, did upon his: There is no doubt of it, replyed the Princeſs, but his trouble proceeds from the baſeneſs of his Soul: For all that, I conceive it eaſie to maintain (ſaid *Doraliſa*, who infinitely eſteemed *Abradates*) that he who gives a little trifle againſt the hair of his diſpoſition, doth more oblige, then he who gives much, and in that gift doth follow his own inclination: You are very witty *Doraliſa* (replyed the Princeſs) but yet it is no ſuch eaſie matter to defend the humours of a covetous man; and if there were any to judg the matter betwixt us, I dare undertake to maintain againſt you, that avarice is ſo far from ſeting any value upon any act whatſoever it be, that it entirely takes away all that ſuch a one hath done, who is poſſeſſed with that baſe paſſion. If you will be pleaſed to admit of *Perinthus* for a judg (ſaid *Doraliſa*, when ſhe ſaw him come into the Chamber) I dare undertake the controverſie, and once in my life diſpute againſt you: I am contented, replyed *Panthea*, upon condition *Perinthus* will without any impartial complacence ſpeak his thoughts. That will be ſomething difficult, (replied *Perinthus*, not yet knowing what they deſired, becauſe he underſtood only their laſt words) but after *Doraliſa* had acquainted him with the ſubject of their conteſt, he apprehended that the liberality of *Abradates*, and the avarice of *Mexaris*, had cauſed the diſpute; ſo that he did refuſe to be Judg in a difference wherein himſelf had a hidden intereſt, though he durſt not reveal it; yet notwithſtanding, the Princeſs did require and exact obedience from him, and he was forced to promiſe that he would judg the matter without any partiality or complacency; and certainly he was as good as his word, as hereafter you ſhall know. After theſe conditions, the Princeſs told *Doraliſa* that it was her part to declare her reaſon firſt; That I ſhall very eaſily, replyed ſhe, I ſhall only alledg ſome of the ſtrongeſt Arguments, unto which you may reply, and interrupt me when you pleaſe, for I think it a good help unto one that cannot ſpeak very readily, to be often interrupted. Although there is no need of ſuch helps, replyed *Perinthus*, yet you may chance to have interruption enough, for methinks I ſee the Prince *Mexaris* coming, and if I be not deceived, *Abradates* alſo, and indeed they entred one after another preſently after. Though the Princeſs made ſigns unto *Doraliſa* to turn the diſcourſe another way, yet this crafty Lady ſeeming to miſunderſtand her, continued on: So that *Mexaris* and *Abradates* were no ſooner entred, but *Doraliſa*, in her uſual jocundry began to complain, that they had hindred her of the glory in overcoming the Princeſs, and I wonder *Perinthus* does not murmur, becauſe you have deprived him of the greateſt honour he ever had in his life. I was ſo unworthy of it; replyed he, and ſhould have ſo ill diſcharged the office, that I am not ſorry it is taken from me. As great an inclination as I have to advance your glory (replied *Abradates*, unto whom *Doraliſa* addreſſed her ſpeech) I muſt confeſs I am not ſorry that I have hindred you from overcoming the Princeſs, who, in my opinion, deſerves always to conquer; yet I muſt withal acknowledge my ſelf very ſorry that I have taken any advantage from *Perinthus*, therefore I beſeech you, acquaint us with the buſineſs: For my particular, ſaid *Mexaris*, my deſires do ſecond *Abradates*, to the end, that knowing the injury I have done, I may endeavour a remedy. Since the Princeſs imagined that *Doraliſa* would out with all, ſhe thought it better to make no ſecret of it; ſo that telling them the matter in controverſie, but not the cauſe upon which it did firſt ariſe, both Princes did ſay, they ſhould have been extreamly ſorry, if they had interrupted ſuch pleaſing diſcourſe; though *Mexaris* expreſſed himſelf in a much more forced manner than *Abradates* did; and though he did not think himſelf to be a covetous man, yet I believe, he knew he was far from prodigal. In the mean while, *Perinthus*, who had ſo many ſecret reſentments in his mind, that he was very ſorry he was preſent, did uſe the beſt endeavours to prevent the giving his opinion upon ſo nice a matter: But *Doraliſa*, ſeeing the Princeſs permitted her to ſpeak, began thus to argue: Muſt it not be confeſſed, Madam, (ſaid ſhe unto her) that when our friends do no more for us, than what they do every day out of common courſe, we cannot count it the greateſt ſervice they can do us; and on the contrary, when we move them to do ſuch things for us as go againſt the grain of their diſpoſitions, we are more obliged unto them for doing things againſt their wills, than for doing things which is a Pleaſure to them in doing. This being thus, it muſt needs be confeſſed, that a covetous man who gives little, does more oblige one, than a liberal man who gives much, ſince the one hath much grief, the other much pleaſure in giving. Truly *Doraliſa*, ſaid the Princeſs, ſince you allowed me to interrupt you, I cannot forbear; for I cannot allow, that becauſe my friend is guilty of a moſt abominable vice, therefore I ſhould be at all obliged unto him for that little which he beſtows, more than unto him who is owner of an Heroick virtue: No, no, *Doraliſa*, do not deceive your ſelf, for there is no Juſtice or equity in it. Yet, Madam, (replied *Doraliſa*) is there no recompence due unto this poor covetous man, for all the pain he puts himſelf unto in beſtowing his little: I do not ſay, that he who gives againſt his mind deſerves more commendations than the other, I am not ſo far out of my wits, but I do affirm, that he who loves that which he gives, and grieves for the parting from it, and cannot give it, unleſs it grate his heart, ſuch a one, I ſay, does give greater teſtimony of his affection, than he who out of his generoſity only can beſtow great Preſents upon his very enemies: I do concur with you, ſaid the Princeſs, that what you alledge, may upon ſome certain occaſions hold true, and that it is not impoſſible to find ſome covetous man, who in giving little, may love better than another that gives much; but though I grant this, yet I muſt maintain, that he who gives with a grudge, does take away all the heart of his Preſent, and deſerves no thanks: I know very well, Madam, (ſaid crafty *Doraliſa*) that in caſes of Love, he who has not a heart to give all he poſſeſſeth, does Love but imperfectly; but in caſe of ordinary friends, it is but juſt to thank a covetous perſon, for the trouble he puts himſelf unto in being at any expences for us: No, no, replied the Princeſs, never ſeparate Love and friendſhip in this caſe, for he who is a miſerable Lover, will never make a liberal friend. Then *Mexaris* not being able to contain any longer, I pray tell me, ſaid he, if it be a fault in a Lover not to be liberal, is it commendable in a Lady to love gifts: By no means, replied the Princeſs, I equally condemn them both, yet of the two, the Lady more than the Lover: I am of the Princeſs's mind in that, replied *Doraliſa*: However (ſaid *Abradates*) He who is a Lover, muſt have a ſoul able to beſtow all: If ſo (replied *Mexaris*) what difference between it and prodigality? The difference is in this (replied *Abradates*) that the Prodigal does give without either choice or judgment, which he who gives all unto her whom he thinks worthy of his affection, doth not; for he who gives his heart, may eaſily give all the reſt which is not ſo precious. This is not our queſtion, ſaid *Doraliſa*, my Argument in favour of this poor covetous man is this, that his ſufferings when he gives any thing, ſupplies the ſmallneſs of his gift: Though I ſhould grant this, replied the Princeſs *Panthea*, and acknowledge, that ſome acknowledgments were due unto ſuch a one for all the pain which he endures, yet I could not chuſe but at the ſame time have an extream averſion towards him: How is it poſſible, Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, that gratitude and averſion ſhould be in the ſame heart at the ſame time? It is not at all impoſſible, anſwered *Panthea*, for one may acknowledge a benefit, and ſcorn the benefactor. Theſe two are ſo conjunct, replied ſhe, that I do not underſtand how they can be ſeparated: However it is not juſt, that he who loves his treaſures above his life, ſhould beſtow them upon an ungrateful perſon: It would be as unjuſt in me, to be friendly unto him that ſhall prefer in his heart ſuch things as are unworthy of paſſionate Love before me; and to ſpeak rationally, all thoſe ſufferings and troubles which you mention in a covetous man, are ſtrong inducements and reaſons not to value his gifts; but on the other ſide, to conſider them as ſome bargain or exchange which he expects I ſhould return in lieu thereof, and look upon him as a man that has ſecret ends, and would not give but to receive again: I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid *Doraliſa*, do not dive too deep into the heart of a covetous man, for there is nothing to be found that is good: But grant me only this, that his regret in giving, is a ſtronger argument of his Love and affection, than the freeneſs and facility of a liberal man can be in him. I can by no means grant ſo far, replied the Princeſs, for I am fully perſwaded that a covetous man loves nothing but his coyn and riches, and therefore, I can never be obliged unto him: Pronounce judgment then (ſaid *Doraliſa* to *Perinthus*) for I am ſo weary of maintaining a bad cauſe, that I had rather loſe it, than precious time in giving bad reaſons for it: Since by your own words it appears you are of the ſame opinion with the Princeſs (anſwered *Perinthus*) there needs no judgment to be given: However pronounce it, replied *Panthea*, for I had rather get the better of the cauſe by the equity of my Judge, than the weakneſs of my Adverſary: Since you command it (ſaid *Perinthus* in favour of *Mexaris*) I ſhall condemn you both: *Doraliſa*, for defending a good cauſe ſo ill, and you, Madam, becauſe you would have a man, who does all he can, loſe the merit of that little which he gives, and which coſt him more than that which the liberal beſtows: I pronounce then, that ſometimes one may put a favourable conſtruction upon the great affection that may be in a little gift; and ſometimes it is not requiſite to proportion gratitude according to the richneſs of the gift, ſince, if he from whom we receive it, did confer it only for his own glory, we are not ſo much obliged unto him, as unto one who does not give but only for the Love of us, and who contends and ſtrives with himſelf to pleaſure us. Indeed, *Perinthus* (ſaid the Princeſs, after he had done ſpeaking) I did not think you would have given ſentence againſt me. If I had not received your commands (replied he) to lay aſide all partiality and complacence, I had not then done ſo, but ſhould have pronounced as you pleaſed: Rather ſay (replied ſhe) that it argues more ability and wit to maintain a bad cauſe, and in taking an ill ſide than a good one. However, ſince I am perſwaded you do not think as you ſay, I will pardon you. Pray, Madam, ſaid *Mexaris*, are you as great a hater of Prodigality as Avarice? I know very well, anſwered ſhe, that the one is a Vice as well as the other; but I muſt ingenuouſly ly confeſs, that I am not ſo averſe to a prodigal man as to a covetous; and the ſame temper which prompts one to give, and to eſteem thoſe which give, does prompt one to hate to be a receiver. All this argues, ſaid *Doraliſa*, that it is moſt convenient for a covetous Lover to have a liberal Miſtreſs. I am confident, replied *Mexaris*, that though it be better being the Miſtreſs of a Prodigal than a miſerable man, yet it is better being the Wife of a miſerable than a prodigal man: and I am confident (replied *Abradates*) that a profuſe prodigal in the very concluſion of his Riot, is not ſo poor as a covetous rich wretch; for to what end does he hoard up all his Treaſures, when as he dares not ſo much as touch them? It is ample ſatisfaction, replied *Mexaris*, to know that he poſſeſſeth them; or rather (replied *Doraliſa*,) that they Poſſeſs him. I perceive (replied *Mexaris*, having a deſire to divert this diſcourſe) that if this compleat Gallant which *Doraliſa* looks for be not liberal, though he never was in Love, yet he ſhall never move her heart: There is no queſtion of it (replied ſhe) for certainly that virtue is rarely found in one of thoſe that never were in Love; but Love infuſeth more liberality in one quarter of an hour, than all the ſtudy of Philoſophy can in ten years. I do not wonder (ſaid *Abradates*) that you who have an opinion that Love inſpires all virtues, ſhould think the ſame which you ſpeak: But I would entreat you to tell me, why there are ſo many rare accompliſhed Ladies who never were in Love, and why it is more requiſite for men to be accompliſhed? The reaſon is, Sir, replied ſhe, becauſe their cares to pleaſe doth refine and poliſh the wits of men, and this care does not ſuit with the Sex of Ladies, whom Nature hath made amiable without other helps. If there want nothing to make up a compleat man (replied this Prince) but to endeavour to pleaſe, I know one that would be more exact than ever any was. *Abradates*, in ſaying ſo, look'd upon *Panthea*, who meeting her eyes with his, could not chuſe but bluſh, and did thereby let him know, that ſhe applied his words unto the ſame end that he deſired. The alteration in her countenance was not only obſerved by *Abradates*, but by *Mexaris*, and *Perinthus*: The firſt of theſe was red with anger, th other pale with ſorrow; and this trivial paſſage o almoſt no conſideration, did ſo take up the minds o theſe four perſons, that the converſation was qui ſpoiled. *Panthea* was vexed to the Soul that ſhe ſhou bluſh, becauſe ſhe ſaw *Abradates* obſerved it: Th Prince made a conſtruction of this bluſh in favo to himſelf. *Mexaris* on the other ſide did interpre it unto his advantage: *Perinthus*, without any queſtion how to expound the meaning of it, did ſo certainly conclude, that *Panthea* had an inclination towards *Abradates*, that he became more miſerab than he was before: For though redneſs be ſom times a ſign of anger as well as Love, yet the eyes o a Lover are too ſubtil to be deceived: Alſo *Perinthus* did ſo narrowly obſerve how the redneſs o *Panthea* did only adorn her, and not ruffle her coutenance as an effect of choler; for there is a gre difference between ſuch a redneſs, and that whi proceeds only from modeſty, or elſe from ſuch a kin of weakneſs as I dare not name, ſince thoſe who a capable of it, do not call it ſo. In the mean ti the company parted, every one carried that ev which tormented him in his own heart, only *Dorliſa* excepted, whoſe pleaſant humours would n ſuffer her to forge Mountain miſeries out of moleh matters; and therefore ſhe went as merry home, a *Mexaris* and *Perinthus* did melancholy; yet *Mexar* did verily believe, that if he would demand *Panth* in Marriage from the Prince of *Claſomena*, he ſhou eaſily obtain her; but he believed that *Crœſſus* out o ſome politick reaſons of State did not deſire th match, fearing leſt the Principality of *Claſomena* bei in the hands of the richeſt Prince in all *Lydia*, ſhou after his death raiſe Civil War; ſo that *Mexaris* apprehended this as ſome obſtacle, and therefor would not publiſh his deſign, until he had broug it ſo forwards, that he might execute it, whethe

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Crœſus would or no. And in order to this, there was a neceſſity of gaining the heart of *Panthea*, and the conſent of the Prince her Father, that he might have a place of retreat when need ſhould be, and therefore he courted all occaſions to obtain it. *Abradates*, who knew that *Crœſus* would never conſent *Mexaris* ſhould marry *Panthea*, drew from thence ſome hopes for himſelf, though he fear'd the Prince of *Claſomena* would not be againſt it; but his fears were higher, leſt *Panthea* ſhould be gracious to him: He knew by a hundred circumſtances, that ſhe eſteemed him more than ſhe did *Mexaris*; but he found ſo much reſervedneſs in her humour, and ſuch ſeverity in her carriage towards him, ſince that day he diſcovered his paſſion unto her, that he was a tormented Lover, though leſs than *Perinthus*, who which way ſoever he looked, ſaw nothing but misfortunes, and ſad thoughts had ſo dulled his Soul, that he became extremely melancholy, and ſo deeply, that *Doraliſa* by a hundred circumſtances, which would be too long to relate, knew that he was in Love; and being raviſhed with joy, that ſhe was now able to maintain there never was a compleat man known, and not amorous, that ſhe did not only tell the Princeſs, but all the World, and indeed ſo far, that it was grown to a general belief *Perinthus* was in Love, but the difficulty was to know with whom. The Princeſs thought it to be with ſome Beauty in *Claſomen*, and that the melancholy which hung ſo heavy upon his Soul, had no other cauſe but abſence. But *Doraliſa*, who for her ſport had obſerved him moſt narrowly, ſhe affirmed it was not at *Claſomena*, and that ſhe was certian of it: For the Prince of *Claſomena* deſired to employ him upon ſome buſineſs of conſequence thither; and we know that he was very earneſt to beg excuſe, and was importunate until he obtained it; ſo that this is an undeniable argument his Love leans towards *Sardis*. The greateſt matter of wonder to the Princeſs was, that he could never be diſcovered to make any applications of Courtſhip unto any one: 'Tis true, he ſaw *Doraliſa* very often; but though he did much reſpect her, yet ſhe never

ſaw any ſigns of paſſion. However *Perinthus* loſt th
opinion of inſenſibility, though there was not a
who could ſuſpect the true cauſe of his Love. Abo
this time, the Prince *Atis* married *Anaxilea*, wi
whom I think I told you he was in Love; ſo that th
Court was full of Feaſts, and all manner of Deligh
and Gallantry; yet notwithſtanding, though *Mexa*
received the knowledge from the mouth of the Pri
ceſs whom he loved, that ſhe had a ſtrong averſio
towards all covetous men, yet was he not one jot th
more magnificent; yet ſomething he had which w
a little more than ordinary, but it was ſo very littl
that it was hardly ſeen. The Prince *Atis*, *Arteſila*
Adraſtus, *Cleander*, and *Abradates*, did all of them i
gallant emulation vie who ſhould excel in bravery
But *Mexaris* was very willing to be excelled in poi
of magnificence, and always ſubmitted to the lowe
of his Rivals in matters of charge: For if he an
time did keep the Ball, the company expected dir
Rooms, cold Collations, and mean Muſick; for ſin
the liberality of him that was to pay them, did n
incite them, their Harmony was ſo negligent, th
time in Dances could hardly be kept at his houſe. O
the other ſide, when *Abradates* gave any entertai
ment to the Court, or rather to the Princeſs *Panthe*
the very ſame Muſick which marred Dancing at th
houſe of *Mexaris*, played with life, and admirable c
dency at the houſe of *Abradates*; a ſprightly Harmo
ny did inſpire the heart when he kept the Ball
The Ladies ſeemed more fair, as well becauſe the
were always more curious and gay in their dreſſe
as becauſe the room was more lightſom and nea
and indeed every thing was ordered incomparab
better at his houſe, than at the houſe of *Mexari*
or any where elſe; for *Abradates* had an Ayr a
a Genius ſo fit for all the Ceremonies and Honou
of an Aſſembly, that his very preſence only did i
ſpire with joy and delight. You may eaſily concei
Madam, that the Princeſs being of an excellent Sp
rit and ingenuity, could not poſſibly deny her e
ſteem unto *Abradates*; and in all places where h

ha

had the freedom of diſcourſe with her, though but a moment, though ſhe ſhunned it, yet was he prudent enough to hit upon convenient opportunities in expreſſing ſome marks of his affection, without any failing in thoſe reſpects which were due. Beſides the Hunting, whereof we ſpoke before, and beſides the Muſick entertainment, and beſides ſeveral Balls which he kept: He had one more, and it was Races with Chariots, which was one of the moſt magnificent Sports in the World, and the moſt delighting to behold. For be pleaſed to imagine, that you ſaw in a Front before you, a hundred little Chariots of Triumph, gliſtering like the Rays of the Sun; imagine theſe Chariots drawn by the fineſt Horſes eye e're beheld, and in every one of them a man moſt glorioully habited, who in one hand holds the Reins of the Horſes, which were made of tiſſue of gold, and in the other hand a long Javeline adorned with many precious Stones, who exaſperating the Horſes by the courage of his voice, they make the Ayr eccho as loud as a thouſand Inſtruments of War: At the end of the Race were Scaffolds erected unto ſtately Tents for the Ladies, and where the Garland of Victory is given unto thoſe that triumph by the hands of her who is choſen to beſtow it, by him who makes the entertainment. This, Madam, is the manner of Chariot Races at *Sardis*. One day there chanced an accident which was very pleaſant unto all the company, for on that day *Abradates* and *Cleander* did both of them equally win the Garland: And the Chariot of poor *Mexaris*, which doubtleſs was only an old one newly burniſhed up, chanced to break in the middle of the Race. This chance made miſerable *Perinthus* more melancholy, who ſince he was not one of them that did run, he did ſtand in the Scaffold of the Princeſs, and obſerved her joy at the diſgrace of *Mexaris*, and at the Victory of *Abradates*; ſo that now he made no queſtion but this Prince had ſome ſhare in her heart, and ſo that in the midſt of all this publick joy, *Perinthus* was moſt ſadly

melancholy: Not long after all theſe univerſal jo
were turned into ſorrows for the fatal death of t
Prince *Atis*, which grieved all the Court, eſpecial
Abradates, for he did not only lament the loſs of
Prince who had moſt excellent qualities, and fro
whom he expected his protection; but alſo by his dea
he looked upon *Mexaris* as one ſtep nearer the Thro
which by conſeqence might reflect upon t
heart of *Panthea*, and become a great obſtacle
his deſign, not but that the Prince *Antaleon* was y
alive; yet for all that, he eſteemed it a great a
vantage unto his Rival to be a ſtep nearer a Cro
than he was before; and I believe this conſidera
tion was a Cordial unto *Mexaris* to comfort him f
the loſs of his Nephew: A while after, a ne
misfortune chanced unto *Abradates*, which w
that *Crœſſus* reſolving to beſiege *Epheſus*, would n
nominate either *Antaleon*, or *Mexaris*, or *Arteſil*
his Lieutenants Generals, but made choice
Cleander for it, telling *Abradates*, he would have o
fered him this employment, if the Queen of *Suſ*
na had not ſent him word, that ſhe was in hopes
making his peace very ſhortly: So *Abradates* bei
without any pretence of diſcontent, as *Mexaris* ha
he was forced to go unto the Wars, at a ti
when his Rival was to ſtay behind with *Panthea*: *P*
rinthus alſo grieved to be ſo far off the only o
he loved; but though *Mexaris* was left with h
yet ſince *Abradates* was to be abſent as well as hi
ſelf, his heart was more at eaſe. In the me
while *Abradates* not being able to depart before
did more preciſely know upon what terms
ſtood in the heart of *Panthea*, he ſought all o
portunities to talk in private with her; yet ſince
did carefully avoid it, and *Perinthus* for his own in
reſt did as much prevent it as he could, he found it
ry difficult: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, t
this ſecret adorer of the Princeſs had found out an ad
rable device, that ſhe ſhould never be alone, when *Ab*
dates came to ſee her; and thus he contrived it. Firſt
told three or four Ladies of Quality whom the Princ

did really eſteem, and told them in great ſecret, that ſhe loved them with abundance of tenderneſs, and that they would infinitely pleaſe the Princeſs in viſiting her very often: Afterwards he promiſed them to be ſo officious as to acquaint them, when ſhe was moſt at leaſure to entertain them, and had leaſt company with her; and indeed he ſent ſo often to ſome one or other of them, that the Love-ſick *Abradates* could never meet with a fit opportunity to ſpeak with her in private, yet he did not ſo much accuſe his miſery as his misfortune, but knew not that it was cauſed by a Rival as miſerable as himſelf: But at laſt finding *Panthea* walking in the Gardens of the Kings Palace, ſhe could not avoid his company: As good luck for him was, *Mexaris* was not there, and as ill luck for *Perinthus* was, he met him here, and he led *Doraliſa* by the hand, who was walking with the Princeſs; yet notwithſtanding he could not in civility moleſt the converſation of two perſons of ſuch a Quality: *Doraliſa* told me ſince, that when *Abradates* preſented his hand unto the Princeſs, *Perinthus* did for a while let go his, yet preſently after recollecting himſelf, he took her hand again; but he was ſo much tranſported when they two talked together, that he knew not what he either ſaid or did: Sometimes when his imagination told him, that *Abradates* was ſpeaking of his Love to the Princeſs, he would gripe the hand of *Doraliſa* ſo hard for very ſpite and anger, that he would extreamly hurt her. Since *Doraliſa* was one of an excellent wit, and had ever found *Perinthus* a moſt wiſe and prudent man, and the moſt orderly civil in the world, ſhe was now much ſurprized at this paſſage: And he looking upon *Doraliſa*, did find that his paſſion was too ſtrong for him, and that he had diſcovered ſome ſignes of it; ſo that not knowing how to diſſemble the matter, he took the firſt pretence that came into his mind. It is very unfortunate (ſaid he unto her) that *Abradates* ſhould at this time come to diſturb that pleaſure which I took in theſe walks,

for I cannot look upon him, but I muſt needs remen
ber, that when we parted the laſt time, I then rece
ved ſome Orders from the Prince *Claſomena* concer
ing a buſineſs of great conſequence, which now force
me much againſt my will to leave you very uncivilly
I conceive, ſaid *Doraliſa*, that in lieu of complaini
againſt *Abradates*, you ſhould be glad of his comin
to put you in memory of what you had otherwiſe fo
gotten: But I conceive (ſaid he, and parted from he
at the end of the Walk) that I have cauſe to accu
him, ſince he is the cauſe that I muſt part from yo
about that which does not half pleaſe me: All th
Perinthus ſaid unto *Doraliſa*, was not at all ſatisfacto
to her, yet notwithſtanding, there was ſo little rea
ſon to think, that thoſe turbulencies which ſhe ſaw i
his mind, ſhould have their original from any paſſio
which the Princeſs ſhould cauſe, that ſhe would no
yet believe it, but reſolved to enquire whether *Pe*
rinthus, after he parted from her, had really bee
about any ſuch important buſineſs as he pretended
During this paſſage, *Abradates*, not to loſe a minute o
his precious time, was no ſooner with the Princeſs
but beginning to ſpeak; Madam, ſaid he unto her, I
have one favour to ask you, which I hope you wil
not deny. Since I make no queſtion but what you de-
ſire of me is juſt, replied the Princeſs, I think yo
need not fear denials: Indeed I cannot chuſe but fea
(ſaid he to her) though upon examination of my
thoughts I apprehend no leſs fears that you will gran
my requeſt, than that you will deny me: If you fea
to obtain that which you would ask, replied *Panthea*
your beſt courſe is not to ask it: That would not be
juſt, replied he; For truly, Madam, being upon the
point of departure, my deſires are ſo violent to know
upon what terms I ſtand in your opinion, that I
cannot take my leave of you, unleſs you do me the
favour to inform me: But withal being conſcious of
my own unworthineſs, I am afraid, and that with
much reaſon, that if you do not grant my deſires
you will force me into ſuch deſpair, as I dare not ſo
much as look upon you, leſt I ſhould find the though

of your heart in your fair eyes. However, Madam, (ſaid he, not giving her leiſure to interrupt him) give me leave to let you know before you ſpeak, that whatſoever you either will, or can ſpeak unto me, I ſhall for ever adore you, with a moſt unequall'd paſſion; and that as I have loved you from the very firſt inſtant I ſaw you, ſo I ſhall love you to the laſt minute of my life: Therefore, never think, I beſeech you, that by being rigorous, you can chaſe out of my heart that paſſion which the faireſt eyes upon Earth have created in it: No, no, Madam, it is impoſſible, all your power is not able to reach ſo far; doubtleſs you may make me the moſt happy or miſerable man alive, but you cannot hinder me from being eternally yours, and more yours than my own: Tell me then, I beſeech you, Madam, how I ſtand in your thoughts, and whether it be permitted me to hope I am in a better condition than *Mexaris*? *Mexaris*, replied ſhe, is a great Prince, whom I reverence with all reſpect due unto his Quality: But as for *Abradates*, he is not well adviſed to eradicate that himſelf which his own merit had planted in my heart, and which, if he had not, I ſhould have infinitely eſteemed him; but in the humour that now I am in, he hath put a great obſtacle unto that friendſhip which I reſerved for him, by ſpeaking to me as he hath done. Is it poſſible, Madam, (ſaid *Abradates*) that I ſhould have been higher in your eſteem, if I had not given you any teſtimonies of my Love? If ſo, certainly I am the moſt happy Man alive, and I have no more to ask: Deceive not your ſelf, *Abradates*, replied the Princeſs, for I am fully perſwaded, that ſince you have took ſo much boldneſs as to ſpeak what you have done, you do not eſteem me enough: I know not whether I have told you before, but I ſee that though I ſhould tell it a hundred times, yet all would be over little to perſwade you, that though I do infinitely eſteem thoſe excellent Qualities which are in you, yet ſince you do not eſteem me ſo much as I deſire to be, I cannot think my ſelf at all obliged unto you for that affection which you tell is in you. Alas, Madam, replied

Plyed *Abradates*, what higher teſtimony of a gre
eſteem can be given unto any, than to give on
entire heart, to make you abſolute Miſtreſs of my d
ſtiny, and who would neither live nor die, but accor
ing to your Dictates and Decrees: In theſe reſolutio
I appear proſtrate before you, Madam; and can you f
I do not enough eſteem you? You know very we
Madam, that your eyes did never afford me one f
vourable look; what would you have me do now I a
ready to depart, and leave ſuch a Prince as *Mexa*
is at *Sardis*. However, Madam, though you will n
be pleaſed to let me know how I am in your though
yet I beſeech you let me know at the leaſt what pla
my Rival holds there; for if he be but upon wo
conditions than my ſelf, I proteſt I ſhall depart wit
out any murmur, and without asking any further f
vour. If there want nothing but that ingenuous D
claration to ſatisfie you, replyed the Princeſs, a
ſmiled, I pray leave me at reſt, and keep your ſelf
alſo. In the mean time, know *Abradates*, (ſaid ſh
and aſſumed a more ſerious look) that perſons of
Quality and Virtue never uſe to diſpoſe of themſelv
but to ſuit themſelves and minds unto their Fo
tunes: therefore though I had a diſpoſition to
you love me, yet I would never permit it, until
were in a condition that I might do it innocently, a
without impudence. After this, I have no more
ſay, unleſs this, that you will much oblige me, if y
will not force me to fly your company. As *Abrad*
was ready to reply, the Princeſs *Palmis* came in, a
broke off the diſcourſe: And as we were then in a gr
walk of Cypreſs Trees, planted ſo cloſe to one a
ther, that they made a very thick hedge: It chan
as I caſt my eyes upon a place where I ſaw the Bou
to ſhake, I perceived *Perinthus* lurking and look
through: I no ſooner ſpied him, but I ſhewed h
Doraliſa, which did much amaze her, that he ſho
be ſo earneſt to leave her to that end: *Perin*
alſo was at an extream *nonplus*, and told her, t
as he was going out of the Garden, he met w
him whom he had intended to go unto about

buſin

buſineſs, which being done, he returned into the Garden again, and taking into another walk before he was aware, he had a mind to ſee whether any had come in to ſupply his place ſince he went out, before he entered again. I underſtood you very well *Perinthus* (ſaid ſhe unto him) you think to make me conceal your incivility by this excuſe, but truly you muſt invent a better before you prevail. *Perinthus* being in a terrible fear that *Doraliſa* ſhould go and acquaint the Princeſs and others with the diſorder which ſhe diſcovered in his Spirit, beſeeched her that ſhe would honour him with her hand again; then putting the Boughs of the Cypreſs cloſe again, he began to conjure *Doraliſa* in a low voice, not to ſpeak unto any of the diſorder which ſhe diſcovered in his ſoul: I promiſe you that I will not, replyed ſhe, upon condition that you will acquaint me with the true cauſe, or to ſay better, confeſs it unto me, for to tell you truly, I am confident you are in Love with the Princeſs. Ah *Doraliſa* (cryed he out) I muſt truſt my ſelf unto your diſcretion, but I do conjure you *Doraliſa*, in the name of the Gods, that you do not diſcover it: I promiſe you I will not, ſaid ſhe unto him, upon condition you will be ingenuous and ſincere: Know then purſued *Perinthus*, that the Prince of *Claſomena* underſtanding that *Mexaris* and *Abradates* were both in Love with *Panthea*, he apprehended much joy for the firſt of theſe, and much ſorrow for the ſecond; and therefore he abſolutely commanded me to diſcover if I could, the true apprehenſions of the Princeſs his Daughter, and if it were poſſible, to prevent *Abradates* from having any private diſcourſe with her; yet I can ſafely ſwear unto you, that yet I have not told the leaſt circumſtance of any thing unto the Prince her Father: For ſince I am one who admires, and infinitely honour her, I could not become her Spy; yet I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that ſince he is here, I cannot chuſe but be angry, and ſince I could not remedy it, I thought it my beſt to retreat, leſt if the Prince ſhould chance to come, he ſhould think me ſo far from being his informer, I was a concealer of

things from him, and that was my reaſon why I woul
not be in the ſame walk where they were. But Pe-
rinthus, ſaid *Doraliſa*, ſince you have no deſign to pre
judice the Princeſs, what was your reaſon for hidin
your ſelf ſo cloſely amongſt the Cypreſs Trees, an
to obſerve her actions ſo preciſely and cloſely? I di
endeavour to inform my ſelf of the truth (replye
he) to the end I might better know how to behav
my ſelf between *Mexaris* and *Abradates*. Their me
rits are ſo different (replyed *Doraliſa*) that you migh
very well gueſs her thoughts of them, without takin
ſuch pains as to obſerve her actions: It is very tru
replyed *Perinthus*, and ſo I do, yet ſince the preſe
condition of their two Fortunes is ſo different, I ca
not chuſe but be byaſſed in my wiſhes; and methin
the fair *Doraliſa*, for her own intereſt, ſhould deſi
that the Princeſs ſhould rather remain in the *Lydi*
Court, than go ſo far off as *Suſa*. In the mean time
I conjure you not to diſcover me, and to believe tha
I will never either ſay or do any thing, which ſha
be againſt thoſe reſpects which I owe unto the Pri
ceſs. *Doraliſa* lent an ear unto all this long diſcour
of *Perinthus*, but knew not whether ſhe ſhould belie
him or no; for when ſhe remembred the perplexi
which ſhe diſcovered in his mind when *Abradates* fir
came, ſhe could not doubt but that he was in Lov
with *Panthea*: But when ſhe conſidered the little pro
bability that ſuch a man as he ſhould dare to nouri
ſuch thoughts as thoſe in his heart, ſhe gave cred
unto his words, yet her faith in them was not
ſtrong, but ſhe was often apt to alter her opinio
However, ſhe reſolved not to ſpeak of any of the
paſſages: for ſaid ſhe, if *Perinthus* do love *Panth*
he is ſo unfortunate in it, that I need not loaden hi
with more miſery, by inconſiderately telling the Pri
ceſs of that which perhaps he will never tell h
himſelf: And if it be as he tells me, I will not ſpe
of it neither, ſince thereby I ſhall prejudice *Ab*
dates, whom I infinitely eſteem. *Perinthus* for his p
was well pleaſed with the handſom lye which he h

invente

invented, which truly upon ſuch a ſuddain was very ingenious; for if *Doraliſa* was faithful, and did not ſpeak of it, he was ſafe and at quiet, or if ſhe did tattle any thing to the Princeſs, his hope was, that ſince ſhe would believe the Prince her Father did diſapprove of the Love of *Abradates*, ſhe would happily and cunningly reject it. And thus the walk continued without much diſcontent, for to ſay the truth, the Princeſs was not ſorry at her hearr that *Abradates* was in Love with her: This Prince, for his part, thought the favour he obtained to be very high, in that he heard *Panthea* her ſelf pronounce him happier than his Rival *Mexaris* was: *Perinthus* alſo thought he had eſcaped a great danger, ſince he had put a handſom gloſs upon the imprudent diſcovery of his paſſion, ſo that there was none but *Doraliſa* who was not reaſonably well ſatisfied, and ſhe was a little perplexed, that ſhe could not tell well what to believe of *Perinthus*. After this, *Abradates* could not have any more private diſcourſe with *Panthea*, and he muſt content himſelf to bid her adieu before much company, ſo that he durſt not make half his ſorrows appear in his eyes when he parted. As for *Perinthus*, ſince he was one of the houſe, he enjoyed the ſight of his Princeſs with as much freedom as he could wiſh, but it was ſuch a freedom as did him no good, ſince he durſt not make uſe of it to expreſs the paſſion of his ſoul unto her, but was forced to hide it with all poſſible care; yet in ſpite of all his cares, his melancholly would appear moſt viſible, but ſince friendſhip might produce it as well as Love, the Princeſs would not interpret that to be the cauſe, which would have been extreamly offenſive to her, if ſhe had known the cauſe. *Doraliſa* was not preſent when he took his leave, and it was happy for him ſhe was not; for ſince ſhe had already ſome ſuſpition of the truth, doubtleſs ſhe would have palpably perceived, that his ſorrows proceeded from a more tender cauſe than matter of friendſhip: When he was gone out of the Princeſs's Chamber, ſhe called him back, and enjoyned him to write (as often as any opportunities would permit him) all the news from the Army; and in return, ſaid ſhe unto him, I will oblige *Doraliſa* to anſwer you, though I ſhall not, and to ſend you the news of *Sardis*. At the firſt, *Perinthus* was much raviſhed with theſe commands; but when he began to conſider that this favour had never been conferred upon him, but to take all ſuſpicions away that ſhe was ſo dear unto him as ſhe was, his joyes were leſs; yet on the other ſide, when he conſidered it to be a favour, which all his Rivals, as great Princes as they were, could never obtain, he cheared up himſelf, and was leſs grieved. Moreover, ſince that Rival which he moſt feared ſhould be abſent as well as himſelf, it troubled him the leſs: Alſo he went to bid adieu unto *Doraliſa*, with a mind that was free and jocund enough for a zealous Lover that was to depart: 'Tis true, he was as careful as poſſible he could to diſſemble his thoughts at this time, when indeed he ſtood in need of all his art: For *Doraliſa*, upon premeditated thoughts, told him a hundred paſſages, which would have extreamly troubled one to anſwer that was leſs ſubtil than himſelf: But he replyed unto every thing with ſuch Spirit, that ſhe found nothing but what did increaſe her doubts. In the mean while, as the Princeſs of *Claſſomenia* was a little melancholy for the departure of *Abradates*, ſo *Mexaris* was as joyſul as poſſible could be, yet he found no better entertainment from *Panthea*; but on the other ſide, ſhe did as far as civility would permit, expreſs more coldneſs to him in the abſence of *Abradates* than ſhe did before; and ſhe treated him with ſuch hollow indifferency, as almoſt ſhewed him the way to deſpair, and which moved him unto many things that troubled *Panthea*; for when he found that the more obſequious he was, the leſs gracious he found her, he reſolved to tranſact ſecretly with the Prince her Father; but yet notwithſtanding, he viſited and waited upon her with all aſſiduity, though *Doraliſa*, by order from the Princeſs, did bolt out a hundred crafty paſſages, which ſurely were nothing pleaſing unto him, continually ſaying, That *Sardis* now was no more than a Deſart, ſince the Camp had exhauſted it, and that it was better being in the Country by a hundred degrees, than there where there is none conſiderable in the Court: But let her ſay what ſhe could, he would not be baniſhed, but did continually torment us with his company, yet had he wit and Spirit enough; but yet this baſe diſpoſition which raigned ſo tyrannically in his heart, and which made him think all loſt that he gave or ſpent, made every one not eſteem him. Moreover, the affection which every one bore *Abradates* did augment their averſion to *Mexaris*, ſo that it is no wonder the Princeſs ſhould not love that Prince whom no body loved: And on the other ſide, it had been a miracle if ſhe had either hated or forgotten *Abradates*, whom all the world did ſpeak of with a high eſteem, and whom ſhe knew did love her with a moſt violent paſſion; and you may aſſure your ſelf he was neither hated nor forgotten during all the *Epheſian* War, no nor the *Myſian* and *Phrygian* War: Fame did Trumpet his valour ſo highly in his commendation during his abſence, that it may be ſaid he was no leſs obliged unto his own courage and valour, than unto the Princeſs for this favour toward him. As long as the War laſted, *Perinthus* failed not to write unto the Princeſs: But ſince he was a man of a moſt generous ſoul, you may imagine him a little troubled to pay that obedience; for how could he relate all the paſſages of the Army, and not mention all the glorious acts of *Abradates*, who as well as *Cleander*, did raiſe himſelf unto a high pitch of eminency? And how could he find a Genius to commend a Rival, and help him to conquer the heart of *Panthea*? His way was commonly to ſpeak of things in general, without particularizing the actions of any one, contenting himſelf to ſay only, that the Enemy was beaten, and to declare only the advantages of the Army, as preſuppoſing that the Princeſs deſired news to no other end, but as things related to the intereſt and good of the State:

that in all the relations which *Perinthus* made unto the Princeſs, the name of *Abradates* was never uſed but only once, and that too againſt his will, which chanced thus: Two or three days after the taking of *Epheſus*, *Perinthus* having almoſt finiſhed his Letter to the Princeſs, *Abradates* came into his Chamber, and preſently after him *Cleander* entred alſo, who knowing that it was he who ſent all the news of the Army unto the Princeſs, told him, that the meſſenger who was to carry the Packet unto *Sardis*, would depart within this two hours: *Perinthus* anſwered, that he had not above two words to write; and ſince it was known to all the world that he had a moſt admirable faculty in writing, *Abradates* who never had ſeen any of his Letters, and did not ſuſpect him to be his Rival, told him, that if there were nothing in his Letter but only a relation of the Siege, he ſhould be extreamly glad to ſee it, not doubting but he was as good at writing, as he was at acting his part in Military affairs. *Cleander* did ſecond the deſire: At firſt *Perinthus* did modeſtly refuſe, but ſeeing *Cleander* was importunate that he ſhould ſhew what he had writ, he was afraid that if he did not ſhew it, perhaps it might be conceived, that he had writ ſomething diſadvantageous of them, ſo that ſubmitting unto the deſires of *Cleander*, *Abradates* took his Letter which was not finiſhed, and read theſe words:

Perinthus *to the Princeſs of* Claſomena.

Though Victory were in your power, Madam, yet your deſires of it could not be more happily accompliſhed: It waits upon the Kings Armies in all places, and nothing can withſtand them: The taking of the Town of Epheſus *does well deſerve, that the moſt illuſtrious Princeſs of the World ſhould render thanks unto the Gods for one of the moſt glorious Conqueſts that ever was obtained:*

tained : I believe there ought as much to be attributed unto the prevalency of your prayers, Madam, as unto the valour of our Troops : The Enemy reſiſted ſo far, as conduced unto the glory of the Conquerours, but not ſo much as could keep themſelves from being conquered : It is the will of Fate, that the Laurel wherewith Victory crowns the heads of Conquerours is not ſprinkled with much blood, ſince there is not one of any eminent quality died in this laſt aſſault. I do not tell you

I intended to add (ſaid *Perinthus* after *Abradates* had read the Letter) the particular actions of *Cleander*; and many others, when I broke off : You do very well, replied *Abradates*, and they cannot be better commended than by your ſelf, who knows ſo well how to do it : But ſince your modeſty doubtleſs will not permit you to relate your own actions unto the Princeſs (ſaid he unto him in a ſubtil manner of obligation to ſpeak well of him) and ſince I dare not preſume to write a Letter from my ſelf unto her, having no Commiſſion for it as you have, I beſeech you let me add ſomething to your Letter; and then not ſtaying for the anſwer of *Perinthus*, who oppoſed him as much as in civility he could, he writ theſe words.

The excellent relation of *Perinthus* would be imperfect, if ſome part of thoſe praiſes which he deſerves were not included; therefore for your ſatisfaction, for his glory and my own, I beſeech you give me leave to be his Hiſtorian, and to tell you, that he hath made himſelf moſt highly eminent in all occaſions which preſented themſelves, and that, except the illuſtrious *Cleander*, he deſerves all that glory which he attributes unto others : This, Madam, I thought to be the duty of a man, who pretends unto no higher ambition than to be thought the moſt humble Adorer of the faireſt Princeſs upon earth.

After *Abradates* had poſtſcripted theſe words, and that *Cleander* had read it aloud, the heart of *Perinthus* was much divided ; for he thought it a very advantageous piece of Honour to be commended unto the Princeſs ſo highly by ſuch a Prince as he : But that he himſelf ſhould ſend the Letter of his moſt feared Rival unto his loved and adored Princeſs, was a thing not to be endured : So that to prevent it if poſſible he could, he ſaid, that he was aſhamed to be a ſender of his own praiſes, and that it would purchaſe him more ſhame than glory. Moreover, he feared, that the Princeſs ſhould think very ſtrange he ſhould take upon him the boldneſs to ſend her any Letters from ſuch a Prince as *Abradates*, For (ſaid he very ſubtilly) though ſhe be pleaſed to honour me with her Commands to write unto her my ſelf, yet that is no conſequence that another ſhould do ſo alſo: Nor is it my own intereſt only which I conſider ; But I am afraid (ſaid he, and turned towards *Abradates*) that you intend a good office in my behalf unto the Princeſs by it, yet it may make you worſe in her opinion. Since I am certain ſhe eſteems you very much (replied this Prince, who exceedingly deſired that his Letter ſhould come into the hands of his Princeſs) I do not fear ſhe will be offended at me for preſenting a truth unto her in your advantage. No, no, ſaid *Cleander*, I warrant you the Princeſs will never be offended at ſuch a piece of Gallantry as this; for though ſhe be ſomething ſevere, yet ſhe is rational, and knows how to take things as they ought to be : But it would be well, added he, that *Perinthus* make an end of his Letter, and preſent your Encomium alſo. *Abradates* out of modeſty did forbid him, and *Perinthus* had a deſire to ſay, that he was not able to commend two ſuch illuſtrious perſons ſufficiently in ſo ſhort a time: But *Cleander* told him, he would diſpenſe with him for half that trouble, and conjured him not to mention him, but forced him to end his Letter in commendation of *Abradates*, of whoſe paſſion he was not ignorant : So that *Perinthus* was forced to finiſh it in this manner, though it was not his firſt intention.

I will not tell you, Madam, how the Prince Abradates *hath got abundance of glory by a thouſand gallant actions; for after what he hath ſaid in my behalf, that would be ſuſpected of flattery. I can alſo aſſure you, I am very ſorry that his civilities have forced me to alter the end of my Letter, and to relate things after another manner than I intended. Nor will I tell you what Miracles the Illuſtrious* Cleander *hath wrought, for Fame will do that office for me: But give me leave to tell you without any affected modeſty, that I was never in all my life ſo loth unto any thing, as to this in ſending you my own commendation, although it was writ by the hand of a great Prince, and ſeems to be an infinite honour unto me, that it ſhould be read by the moſt excellent Princeſs of all the World.*

PERINTHUS.

When *Perinthus* had finiſhed, he hoped that happily they would go away, and that afterwards he might procure the meſſenger who was to carry this Letter, to ſay he had loſt it: Yet he had no ſooner ended and ſealed, but *Cleander*'s Envoy came in to receive his laſt Orders, ſo that poor *Perinthus* was forced to deliver it before them, and away went the meſſenger. *Perinthus* was almoſt mad at this accident: What a moſt miſerable Fate is this (ſaid he unto himſelf, as he has told me ſince) that I ſhould be the means *Abradates* ſhould write unto that Princeſs whom I adore? Perhaps ſhe will imagine I did voluntarily do him this office, and that I am the confident of his paſſion? In the names of all the Gods, Oh my adored *Panthea* (ſaid he, as if ſhe had underſtood him) be not ſo unjuſt as to think I did this Prince any ſervice to you: It is too much you muſt not know I love you, without thinking that I would have you love another. But *Perinthus*, (ſaid he preſently to himſelf) Art thou not reſolved to content thy ſelf with the eſteem of thy Princeſs? Haſt thou not determined with thy ſelf never to diſcover thy

Love unto her? And doſt thou not know, thou canſt never have any ſhare in her affection? Why then art thou not ſatisfied with that commendation which *Abradates* hath ſent in thy behalf, ſince it may augment the eſteem which ſhe hath of thee? If the praiſes of an Enemy be glorious, why ſhould not thoſe of a great Prince? But alas, alas, this great Prince is my Rival, and ſuch a Rival as in all likelyhood will obtain the Love of my Princeſs: It is no wonder then that thou ſhouldeſt be troubled, to be thus forced to commend him, and to receive any commendations from him. Afterwards, when he conſidered with himſelf that the Princeſs would anſwer in her Letter unto what *Abradates* had writ, and that he ſhould be conſtrained to let his Rival ſee the Civilities of *Panthea*, he reſolved, that if the Letter was over obliging unto *Abradates*, to ſmother it: Therefore he expected this anſwer with as much longing impatience, as if he had ſent a Declaration of his Love unto *Panthea*, though his curioſity was only to ſee what the Princeſs would ſay concerning *Abradates*, who on his ſide exepected this anſwer with the ſame impatience, though not with the ſame fears; ſince it was only three days journey between *Epheſus* and *Sardis*, the Letter of *Perinthus* came thither in two days, and becauſe he who carried intelligence of the taking of *Epheſus* went Poſt, and made great haſte. *Doraliſa*, who never was abſent from *Panthea*, was preſent as well as my ſelf, when the Princeſs received this Letter, which at the firſt ſhe began to read aloud, for knowing that *Perinthus* never uſed to intimate any thing but matter of news, ſhe expected no other. But when ſhe came to the place which *Abradates* had writ, and ſaw it in another hand different from that of *Perinthus*, ſhe read it in a low voice, and bluſhed, whileſt *Doraliſa* and my ſelf had ſeveral apprehenſions of it: For *Doraliſa* having ſome ſuſpitions of his paſſion, imagined that perhaps he had took heart, and writ unto the Princeſs concerning it: But I, who had no ſuch conceits, only thought it ſomething which ſhe would not have us know: Yet after the Princeſs had done reading, and that the diſorder which the name of *Abradates* cauſed in her ſoul, was appeaſed, ſhe gave the Letter unto *Doraliſa*, and my ſelf to read; and being deſirous to colour the tenderneſs of heart which ſhe expreſſed, ſhe told us, That when ſhe ſaw the alteration of hands, and the name of *Abradates*, ſhe was afraid leſt he had intimated ſomething, which would have given her cauſe of complaint, both againſt *Abradates* and *Perinthus*: However *Doraliſa* (ſaid ſhe after the Letter was read) you ſee that *Perinthus*, though not in Love, yet he can be valiant; and that to be brave and gallant, it is ſufficient that one be only in Love with glory; for though I ſeemed to believe as others did, that *Perinthus* was in Love, yet I aſſure you, I never did really believe it at all: And I aſſure you, Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, I am not of your opinion; doubtleſs one may be valiant and not amorous, but I do confidently maintain, that if a Gallant man was never in Love, he ſhall be brave and valiant, but bruitiſh withal: And ſince *Perinthus*, though valiant, is not bruitiſh, therefore I muſt conclude him to be in Love. However (ſaid the Princeſs) as friendly as I am to *Perinthus*, and as joyful as I am to ſee his praiſes writ by the hand of ſo illuſtrious a Prince, yet believe me, I am almoſt angry with him, becauſe I am forced to anſwer ſomething unto *Abradates*. Truly Madam (ſaid *Doraliſa* to her) I ſhould conceive the difficulty not great to anſwer any thing in that Letter: It is true (ſaid ſhe, and bluſhed,) the difficulty is not in anſwering any thing to that Letter, but to ſomething which he ſaid unto me at parting; and then the Princeſs was pleaſed to acquaint us with the conference ſhe had with him; yet notwithſtanding, after ſhe had well conſidered upon it, ſhe reſolved to write, as I ſhall preſently relate unto you. In the mean while, *Abradates* and *Perinthus*, who waited impatiently for an anſwer from the Princeſs, were ſo exact to inquire the day when the Meſſenger would return, that they knew to an hour when he would come to give an account unto *Cleander*: But as ill luck to *Perinthus* was, *Cleander*, who loved *Abradates*, and was not ignorant of his paſſion to the Princeſs of *Claſomena*; alſo longing to know what ſhe anſwered, went immediately unto *Abradates*, who was then in the Garden of the houſe where he lodged, and *Perinthus* with him, who in his preſence received the anſwer from the Princeſs: You may imagine what the thoughts of *Perinthus* were, in opening this Letter from *Panthea*, ſuſpecting it to be too gallant and obliging unto *Abradates*; and this Prince perceiving ſome diſorder in the face of *Perinthus*, he imagined only that it proceeded from his fears of the Princeſs anger, for ſending his Letter; ſo that he beſtowed a complement or two upon *Perinthus*, unto which he replied as well as he could, but thought it not advantagious for himſelf to open the Letter ſo ſoon, yet *Abradates* and *Cleander* ſo preſſed him unto it, that he was forced to open it, and read aloud theſe words,

Panthea *unto* Perinthus

It appears ſufficiently, both by what you have related concerning the Prince Abradates, *and the illuſtrous* Cleander, *and by Fame alſo, that victory is much rather the conſequent of their courage, than my prayers; yet I will never ceaſe them for the augmentation of their glory, which can never be ſo high as I deſire them. As for your* Perinthus, *I find it arrived at ſo high a pitch, that I think it impoſſible to wiſh it greater: For to be commended by ſuch a Prince as merits all praiſes himſelf, is an honour ſo great, that the heighth of your ambition ought to be compleatly ſatisfied; yet ſince your modeſty would have debarred you from telling it, I am obliged unto* Abradates *for it, though otherwiſe I am ſorry for putting himſelf to that trouble: Aſſure him that as he hath much augmented the eſteem which I had of* *you, ſo you have moſt ſtrongly confirmed me in my thoughts of him. After this, expect not that I ſhould return intelligence for intelligence, unleſs to acquaint you, that* Doraliſa *doth ſtill accuſe you, and is abſolutely perſwaded, that all thoſe glorious acts which you have done, are rather effects of that ſecret paſſion which lies cloſe in your heart, than of your courage; For my part I am ſtill juſt, and take your part as well as I can, adieu: Aſſure* Abradates *and* Cleander, *that Victory ſhall always follow them, if Fortune follow my deſires:*

PANTHEA.

Perinthus read the Letter ſo badly, eſpecially towards the latter end, that *Abradates* did civilly deſire to read it himſelf again, that he might underſtand it, telling him with a ſmile, He wondred that a man who could write ſo well, ſhould read ſo ill: But oh Heavens, in what a pitiful caſe was the poor *Perinthus*, when he perceived the joys of *Abradates* in reading this Letter, for all it contained nothing but common civility, yet he was extreamly pleaſed with it. The delight only to ſee his name written by the hand of *Panthea*, tranſported him into a rapture of joy: After he had read it aloud, he read it over again from one end to the other in a low voice, and when he hod done, he would not upon any terms render it back unto *Perinthus*, whoſe perplexities were more exceſſive than the joys of *Abradates* were great: he was not only vexed that the Princeſs ſhould return ſuch a civil anſwer unto *Abradates*, but he was afraid leſt *Doraliſa* ſhould fall into her old jealouſies, and in the end dicover ſomething; yet he was fully perſwaded ſhe had not yet opened any thing to *Panthea*, for if ſhe had, *Panthea* would not have written unto him. Thus having a Soul ſwelled with a thouſand ſeveral conceits, and not one agreeable to his deſires, he ſeemed very reſtleſs; all thoſe obliging words which the Princeſs had writ relating to himſelf, did not at all ſatisfie him, becauſe h thought the commendations ſhe gave *Abradates*, t be a bitter potion after all thoſe ſweet civilities ſhe beſtowed upon him. In the mean time, *Cleander* deſiring to oblige *Abradates*, and never ſuſpecting tha *Perinthus* was in Love with *Panthea*, he deſired *Perinthus* to let *Abradates* keep the Princeſs's Letter and indeed *Perinthus*, ſaid he unto him, the Lette does belong unto him as much as unto you. Dear *Perinthus* (ſaid this amorous Prince, and imbraced him) I heartily beſeech you grant me this favour which *Cleander* in my behalf hath asked, and which indeed I durſt not. Sir, replied *Perinthus*, much amazed and troubled, Since you ſay your ſelf durſt not ask what you deſire, it may be imagined you know I ought not to conſent unto it: And truly what would the Princeſs ſay, if I ſhould part with it: For, Sir, the more worthy you are to keep this Letter, the more do I fear to offend the Princeſs in ſuffering it: If it had been her pleaſure that you ſhould have a Letter from her, ſhe would have writ it particularly to you; but this being not ſo, I beſeech you take it not, if I deny it unto you, ſince I would not have her take it ill from me: But the Princeſs need never know it (ſaid *Cleander* to him) and by conſequence it cannot prejudice you. However, ſince I know it my ſelf, replied he, it will be a perpetual trouble to my mind that I ſhould do any thing againſt my duty: But *Perinthus* (ſaid *Abradates* unto him) you will do a thing againſt the Laws of friendſhip, if you refuſe me this Letter; and therefore I pray permit me to keep it for a few days, upon promiſe to reſtore it back. In good earneſt, ſaid *Cleander*, (and looked upon *Perinthus*) you are too preciſe, if not too rigid; for be your reſpects of the Princeſs never ſo great, I cannot ſee you would do her any great injury, in truſting a Letter into the hands of a Prince) who doubtleſs would preſerve it with more care than you can have. However it be (ſaid *Perinthus* with a troubled viſage) I have a great deſire to do what I ought: I am fully reſolved, ſaid *Abradates*,

Abradates, not to reſtore it, unleſs I have a copy of it at the leaſt. Really *Perinthus*, (ſaid *Cleander*, and would not give him time to anſwer) you muſt do this, if you have any diſpoſition to oblige at once, both the Princeſs, and *Abradates*, and my ſelf. I am moſt unfortunate (replied *Perinthus*) to meet with ſuch a croſs conjuncture. The truth is *Perinthus* (ſaid *Cleander*) you muſt obey your friends; and to ſet your mind at reſt, I will undertake to tell the Princeſs, if ſhe chance to know it, that you denied it with as much zeal, as if you had been in Love with her, and as if one of your Rivals had asked a Copy of a Letter from your Miſtreſs. After this, *Cleander* not ſtaying for any anſwer from *Perinthus*, commanded one of his ſervants to fetch him ink and paper: *Perinthus* was a long while obſtinate, but at laſt, fearing leſt his obſtinacy ſhould argue the true cauſe of it ſelf, and both *Abradates* and *Cleander* divine his paſſion by it, he conſented *Abradates* ſhould have a copy, ſo that *Abradates* going into an Arbor, amidſt which was a Table of Jaſper, he ſet himſelf to write: Mean while *Cleander* addreſſed himſelf unto *Perinthus*, and perſwaded him to do *Abradates* all the good offices he could unto the Prince of *Claſomena*, and the Princeſs his Daughter; but *Perinthus* was ſo netled and unquiet, that he had much ado to return any anſwer: He was tranſported with ſuch violent raptures at this diſcourſe, that he was a hundred and a hundred times ready to ſnatch the Letter out of the hands of *Abradates*, and to draw his Sword; yet the preſence of *Cleander*, and ſeveral others which were in the Garden prevented him, and the firſt apprehenſions being over, reaſon did reaſſume her ſeat in his ſoul, and he diſſembled the matter as well as he could; and to calm the diſorders of his mind, he began to think that this Letter was only a Letter of civility, and therefore he ought not to vex ſo exceſſively at it: So that in anſwer to the deſires of *Cleander*, in behalf of *Abradates*, he told him, That it was very true, he had the honour to be much in the Prince of *Claſomena*'s favour, and a little with the Princeſs; but yet it was his maxime,

which he ever obſerved, never to ſpeak unto hi
Maſters of any affairs which they do not firſt c
themſelves: And ſince *Abradates* himſelf is a man o
moſt high merit, it is not requiſite to imploy an
either unto the one or the other. As ſoon as *Abra*
dates had done writing, he came unto them, but be
fore he would reſtore *Panthea*'s Letter, he wooed *Pe*
rinthus to be contented with the Copy, and to let hi
keep the Original, but he could not poſſibly obtai
it, ſo that neither of them were contented; for *Abra*
dates was ſorry he had not the real Letter of *Panthea*
and *Perinthus* was ſorry he had parted with a Copy
yet within a few days after his ſorrows were muc
more bitter, for he underſtood that *Abradates* di
grow more confident upon the Princeſs her civiliti
to him, and did write a hundred paſſages unto *Dora*
liſa to tell unto the Princeſs; and afterwards, whe
he went from *Epheſus* unto the *Phrygian* War, which
began immediately after this ended, he writ unto th
Princeſs her ſelf, he knew very well they could no
be Letters of ſecrecy, yet ſince he was not igno
rant, that he who writ them was in Love, his ſor
rows were extreme, and wiſhed very often that *Me*
aris might thrive by the abſence of *Abradates*, an
that the Prince of *Claſomena* would beſtow his Daugh
ter upon him. But whilſt both *Abradates* and *Peri*
thus were in theſe Wars, *Mexaris* was a perpetual Pe
ſecutor of the Princeſs, for he was not only an etern
troubleſom Viſitant, but knowing that there was ente
change of Letters betwixt *Abradates* and her, he be
came ſo furiouſly cholerick, that one day he qui
forgot thoſe reſpects which he was accuſtomed to o
ſerve, and thus it chanced, *Doraliſa*, who knew v
ry well what averſion the Princeſs had unto th
Prince, took a great delight in twitting him with
hundred paſſages before all the company, which we
not at all pleaſing unto him, and upon every occaſi
ſhe would commend the vertue of liberality in g
neral, and often of *Abradates* in particular. O
day then, when he was with the Princeſs, and wh
ſhe ſaw that his diſcourſe was not pleaſing to the Pri

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ceſs, ſhe did ſo handſomly turn the talk, that *Mexaris* fell inſenſibly to ſpeak of prodigality, and by little and little ſhe ſcrewed him up to that point, as he maintained prodigality to be the greateſt of vices. For my part, ſaid ſhe unto him, I am not of your opinion, ſince I cannot poſſibly believe, that Vice which reſembles one of the moſt Heroick Vertues, ſhould be worſe than Avarice. How, ſaid *Mexaris*, do you prefer Liberality in the Soul of a Prince before Valour and Prudence? And had you rather have him liberal, than wiſe and couragious? I know not, ſaid ſhe, whether I had rather have him liberal, than valiant and prudent; but I am ſure I would not have a Prince to be covetous. There are ſome, ſaid *Mexaris* then, who love liberality in another, only becauſe they have mercenary Souls of their own: 'Tis true, ſaid the Princeſs, ſome ſuch there are, but not always, for I am certain *Doraliſa* is none of them, but of a generous diſpoſition: Liberality and Generoſity, replied he, are not the ſame: I grant it, ſaid *Doraliſa*, for I am not ignorant how there are ſome men liberal, who are not generous in all other actions of their life: But yet I will maintain, that he who is not liberal, is not generous, and that Prince who does not poſſeſs that vertue, cannot poſſeſs any: For can it be goodneſs to ſee an hundred men of excellent merit, who are out of favour with Fortune, and not to aſſiſt them? Is there any prudence in getting hatred in lieu of a thouſand honours by benefits? Is there any policy in procuring enemies in lieu of benefits? Is it glorious to dote unmeaſurably upon that which ſo many wiſe men have ſcorned? Is there any friendſhip to be expected from him that denies every thing that is asked him? Can he ever be a good Maſter who never doth recompenſe thoſe who ſerve him? Is there any Gallantry in having ſucha hide-bound Soul as is never ready to give? Or can he be a rare Prince that is covetous? And hath not ſuch vertues as raiſeth them above other men, for indeed I know no other vertue but liberality which ſets them above others: Valour is a vertue as Heroick in the ſoul of a ſimple

Souldier, as in the greateſt King: Goodneſs is common to all men, and commonly more to Subjects tha Soveraigns : Prudence is not peculiarly theirs, othe may be as wiſe, and put their wiſdom in practice a well as they ; but as for liberality, the glory of i is peculiar only unto great ones : It is in vain for tho who have nothing to give, to have that vertue, ſinc they cannot make it appear and ſhine in its glory : A ſo it is in vain, that great ones ſhould have the powe to give, if they have not the will to do it. Yet I ca hardly believe, replied *Mexaris*, That it is the inte tion of the Gods , that thoſe men whom they ho noured with riches above others, ſhould laviſhly thro them away as they pleaſe : And yet it appears a clearly, replied *Doraliſa*, to be the pleaſure of th Gods , that thoſe things which they give, ſhould b converted into publick good , and not hoarded u to ſatisfie the avaritious humour of a private ma We have a thouſand glorious examples of that, ſai the Princeſs, The Sun affords his rayes and light to a the World, the Sea gives of his waters unto the Rivers and Fountains : And Kings alſo, unto whom th Gods have given authority , are obliged to contribute it , and all their cares for the good of thei Dominions, and defence of their Subjects. Ha, a for matter of cares (ſaid *Doraliſa*, and ſmiled) I know ſome who are not very covetous of them, tho otherwiſe I am ſure they are not over liberal. I wonder, ſaid *Mexaris*, ſince liberality is ſo commendable we never heard of the liberality of *Doraliſa* : I have already told you, Sir, replied ſhe, That the practice o that vertue belongs only to Princes, yet I have give more perhaps than you imagine : As for the matter o cares and circumſpection (ſaid he, intending to ſpea of the good offices ſhe had done *Abradates*) I know you have not been very niggardly, for you are very diligent to ſerve your abſent friends. Why, Sir, (ſaid the Princeſs to him, deſiring to turn the diſcourſe) Do you chide *Doraliſa* for that, as if it were a crime? I conceive it to be an excellent quality, no to forget ones friends. I perceive, Madam, (replied he, tranſported with anger and Love together) That *Doraliſa* inſpires you with all theſe inclinations, and that ſhe has made you ſo liberal, that you will not only give your own heart, but will alſo refuſe the heart of all others, except——— *Mexaris* ſtopt at theſe words, perhaps as being angry that he had ſpoken more than he wiſhed he had; but the ayr wherewith he pronounced thoſe words, did ſo offend the Princeſs, that ſhe could not forbear ſome expreſſions of diſpleaſure. 'Tis true, replied *Panthea* unto the inſolent language of *Mexaris*, that there are very few hearts which I will accept of, though they ſhould be offered me; and yet more true, that if ever I give mine, it ſhall be unto a perſon ſo illuſtrious, that this my liberality ſhall not make me paſs for a Prodigal. How, Madam (replied *Mexaris*, deſiring to mend the matter) Can I hope that your heart is not yet given? This word Hope, ſaid ſhe unto him, is not in its due place, for whether my heart be given, or not given, thoſe who wrong me, ought never to pretend unto any part of it: I do not know any that wrongs you, replied he, unleſs it be ſuch as love you, who are unworthy: I grant it, ſaid ſhe unto him, for ſuch I mean: Yet we do not well underſtand one another, replied he, for you mean *Mexaris*, and I mean *Abradates*, who, though but an Exile, yet preſumes to look ſo high as your ſelf. *Abradates* has the honour to be ſo near allied unto your ſelf, replied ſhe, that you cannot be offended at him, unleſs you are ſo at your ſelf, therefore I do not defend him. However, Sir, I beſeech you do not take it ill if I tell you freely, that if I could diſpoſe of my ſelf as I would, I ſhould receive no more viſits from you: I am contented, ſaid he in riſing up, but in exchange I will addreſs my ſelf to the Prince your Father, which perhaps will be more advantageous to me: After this, *Mexaris* went out from the Princeſs, who was more moved with anger againſt him, than I am able to expreſs; and I believe he did a very good office unto *Abradates*, for methought ever ſince that day, there appeared more eſteem of him in the diſcourſe of *Panthea*. In the mean time, *Mex* went one day to the Prince of *Claſomena*, and af much common diſcourſe, he told him, that he co give him ſome advice which might be advantage to him: After which, he told him, that honour him as he did, he thought it expedient to tell hi how he thought it a piece of prudence to take ſ order, that the Prince *Abradates* at his return Court ſhould be deſired by the Princeſs his Daugh not to carry himſelf any longer as her Lover, that knew it was an Alliance which *Crœſſus* would not a prove on: That moreover, it would not be advan geous unto *Panthea* to marry an exiled Prince, w had nothing to ſubſiſt upon but the benevolence the King as long as his Mother lived. Afterwards told him, that if he would tranſact the matter a this manner, ſhe would not loſe the opinion of Prince, who might place her in a more conſidera rank than that of *Abradates*. The Prince of *Claſom* gave *Mexaris* thanks for the advice which he g him; and ſince he was not ignorant of the affect which he bore unto his Daughter, and ſince the de of the Prince *Atis*, he wiſhed rather ſhe would m ry him than *Abradates*, he promiſed him to take counſel, inſomuch as *Mexaris* driving the nail m home, did diſcover his Love unto his Daughter, and ved him to make up the match before the King turned: But for all the good language which he g unto the Father of his Princeſs, he could not m him unto his deſires, nor to give *Crœſſus* any ſ cauſe of complaint as perhaps might ſtart a Civil W So that contenting himſelf with a promiſe that would prevent the deſires of *Abradates* as much as could, and that he would favour his, he refuſed marry his Daughter unto him without the Kings c ſent, or at leaſt until he had refuſed. However *M ris* thought he had played his game very well, had obtained very much, in that he was promiſed Rival ſhould not thrive: And indeed that very ſ night, the Prince of *Claſomena* ſpoke unto his Da ter, and told her, that ſhe would highly diſpleaſe him, if at the return of *Abradates* ſhe did not reject all his offers of ſervice to her; and on the contrary, if ſhe did not with much civility receive the viſits of *Mexaris*. The Princeſs was much ſurprized, and vexed at this diſcourſe, yet anſwered with much wiſdom and generoſity both; for after ſhe had aſſured her Father, that ſhe would be moſt obedient unto him as long as life was hers, ſhe beſeeched him not to injoyn her any thing unworthy of her ſelf and him: As for *Abradates*, ſaid ſhe unto him, though I do very much honour him, yet I can moſt eaſily obey you; but as for *Mexaris*, who hath moſt manifeſtly wronged me, and againſt whom I have an unalterable averſion, I moſt humbly beſeech you, do not command me to behave my ſelf ſo unto him, as if I eſteemed him, or as if I were any thing obliged to him; for beſides the injuſtice in it, I am afraid I cannot obey you in my heart. Then the Prince of *Claſomena* would know the cauſe of her exceptions againſt him; but though ſhe did aggravate the matter in relating of it, yet he did not take it as ſhe deſired he ſhould, but on the contrary told her, that all his miſdemeanours were only effects of his extreme paſſion towards her, and therefore he did exact peremptory obedience from her: Until now, Madam, it is moſt certain that *Panthea* never thought of *Abradates*, but only in the degree of eſteem, and ſhe thought it no difficulty at all unto her to treat him more coldly than uſual at his return: But yet for all that, ſhe reſolved to look a little better upon *Mexaris*, by caſting ſome frowns upon *Abradates*: But her drift was, that if ſhe concurred with her Father in half of his deſires, ſhe thought ſhe might the better refuſe him the other half; ſo that to treat *Mexaris* the worſe, ſhe reſolved to uſe *Abradates* ſomething ſeverely: But, Madam, the illuſtrious *Cleander* returning in triumph unto *Sardis* after ſo many glorious Victories; the Princeſs began to perceive, that there was more difficulty in acting her reſolutions, than ever ſhe imagined: For ſince every one ſpoke of nothing but the valour of

Abradates, her heart was ſo moved unto exceſſ
joy, that ſhe ſaw ſhe was not an abſolute Miſtreſs
her own heart; yet ſince ſhe could not find a he
abſolutely to reſiſt her Fathers commands, ſhe pe
mitted *Mexaris* after a complementive ſubmiſſion, a
asking her pardon, to viſit her; and though ſhe h
but a cold and hollow-hearted correſpondency wi
him, yet he courted and followed her to all plac
The day of *Cleander*'s Triumph being come, all t
windows in thoſe ſtreets where he was to paſs, we
filled with Ladies; ſo that the Princeſs being the
amongſt the reſt, *Mexaris*, who had been a days jou
ney from *Sardis* to meet the King, and who for ſo
reaſons beſt known to himſelf, would not enter t
Town with him, came to the houſe where the Pri
ceſs was, and many other Ladies with her. Aſſo
as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe was ſo exceedingly vexed, th
ſhe could not chuſe but impart her thoughts un
Doraliſa: Good Madam, anſwered ſhe, by any mea
do not let the Prince *Abradates*, when he paſſeth b
crowned with his Laurels, have the ſorrow to ſee y
with his Rival; nor let him have any cauſe to fe
that this Rival has the leaſt corner of your hea
Really, *Doraliſa*, replied the Princeſs, I wiſh *Mexa*
further off me for my own ſake, without any conſide
ration of *Abradates*, but I know not which way
ſhould be rid of him: I muſt then begin ſome ſhi
ing diſputation, ſaid *Doraliſa*, and that perhaps w
keep him from looking out when *Abradates* paſſe
by: The Princeſs liked the project, but it did n
take, for *Mexaris* was premeditately reſolved to o
ſerve how the Princeſs looked upon *Abradates* whe
he paſſed before her, and likewiſe to make his Riv
ſad at the ſight of him ſo near the Princeſs, and there
fore he would not leave her an inch, though ſhe h
no kind of inconſtant action in her garb, as ma
have, yet ſhe changed her ſeat above twenty time
and he likewiſe changed as often; ſometimes
would ſit at the window, and cauſe *Doraliſa* to ſit clo
by her, but ſhe was no ſooner ſeated, than he wou
uncivilly intrude unto the ſame window, to the
Abra

Abradates might ſee him near *Panthea*, and do what ſhe could he would not be ſhaken off. I ſhall not relate unto you, Madam, the magnificence and glory of this Triumph, becauſe time would be but frivolouſly ſpent. But give me leave to tell you, the Priſoners, the Colours, and all the plunder of the Field, taken from the Enemies, were paſſed by, we ſaw at the laſt (after above ten thouſand Horſemen) the King appear, and after him *Abradates* and *Cleander*, as thoſe who had merited all the glory of the Triumph. For my part, I did moſt circumſpectly obſerve all paſſages: I obſerved, that as ſoon as *Abradates* appeared, he knew the Princeſs, and ſaw *Mexaris* next her, for his eyes pay'd their devotion only up to that window where ſhe was. This Prince was that day of ſo becoming a garb, and his accoutrements all ſo magnificent, that I never ſaw him ſo glorious and amiable in my life. *Mexaris* no ſooner ſpied him, but he looked whether the Princeſs ſaw him, and indeed he was ſo happy, or to ſay more truly, ſo unhappy, that he was an eye witneſs of the firſt thought which the ſight of *Abradates* did raiſe in her; for although ſhe had before this firſt ſight prepared her ſelf againſt it, yet as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe bluſhed, and bluſhed ſo, as *Mexaris* obſerved the joy in her eyes; what ſorrow ſoever his ſoul ſuffered, yet he ſtayed ſtill in his place: But whatſoever he ſpoke unto the Princeſs, with intention of moving her to ſpeak unto him, when *Abradates* paſſed under the Window, could not make her anſwer him one ſingle ſillable. *Doraliſa* obſerving it, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you need not wonder why the Princeſs is ſo ſilent, for it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould look, and hear, and ſpeak all at once: Nor would I have her, replyed he; for I wiſh ſhe would not look ſo long upon *Abradates*, but that ſhe would hearken unto me, and afterwards anſwer me. In the mean while, the King, and by conſequence, *Abradates* drawing nearer, *Mexaris* was more ſad to obſerve how this Prince ſaluted her with ſuch love and devotion, and in ſuch a becoming manner, that all the Ladies about *Panthea* did extremely commend him. But to compleat his miſery, the Princeſs who did intend only to ſalute him with a common cold civility, could not keep within that compaſs, but moſt obligingly leaned out of the Window, and ſuch a free, ſprightly and pleaſing ayr appeared in her face, as ſhe made it plainly appear ſhe was raviſhed with joy, ſo that her looks did cure *Abradates* of more then half his ſorrows to ſee his Rival ſo near her: In exchange, *Mexaris* was ſo extreamly vexed, that not being able to abide this any longer, he retired from the Window, and walked up and down the Chamber, whil'ſt the Princeſs was looking upon *Abradates*, who looked ſtill that way, until turning into a ſtreet upon the left hand, he could look no longer. The poor *Perinthus*, who being prompted by the paſſion of his Soul, was very deſirous to ſee this firſt enterview of *Panthea* and *Abradates*, followed this Prince very cloſe, and had obſerved how the Princeſs ſaluted him moſt obligingly, he ſtayed a little behind him, pretending to ſpeak with ſome body, in hopes the Princeſs would caſt her eyes upon him; but the mind of *Panthea* being very buſie, he ſaluted her three or four times, and ſhe perceived him not, though her eyes were turned that way, and I think he had made all his complements to no purpoſe, if *Mexaris* leaving his walk, had not come unto the Window, and perceived him, and cauſed the Princeſs to perceive him alſo: Madam, ſaid he unto her, I think it may be ſaid, and not improperly, that you ſee, and you ſee not, you do not ſee that which you look upon, otherwiſe I believe *Perinthus* to be ſo compleat a man, that he deſerves ſome return unto his long ſalute. The Princeſs was much ſurprized at the diſcourſe of *Mexaris*, unto which ſhe would return no anſwer, but ſpied *Perinthus* under her Window, unto whom ſhe made a hundred obliging ſigns, by way of excuſe, for not ſeeing him ſooner; ſhe called unto *Doraliſa*, and ſhewed him unto her. Thus did *Mexaris* much againſt his mind make his Rival receive a hundred obliging favours: Is true, *Perinthus* was not a jot more happy for all theſe, as well by reaſon of his cruel thought that the Princeſs was not friends with him, as becauſe ſhe was ignorant of the paſſion in his ſoul. In the mean while, ſince there was a neceſſity of *Mexaris* his going unto the King's houſe, and ſince the Princeſs told him ſhe would paſs the reſt of the day in the houſe wherein ſhe was, he was conſtrained to leave her: Within a quarter of an hour after he was gone, *Perinthus* came in, unto whom the Princeſs expreſſed a hundred teſtimonies of friendſhip towards him. *Doraliſa*, according to her old cuſtom, fell upon the ſecret paſſion whereof ſhe was wont to accuſe him, and did ſtrive with as much diligence to clear all her ſuſpitions, as if ſhe had ſome particular intereſt in him, and ſhe uſed all poſſible endeavours to diſcover whether his heart were already captivated, as ſhe had often ſuſpected; and therefore ſhe never ſaw him, but ſhe put a hundred odd queſtions unto him, which did exceedingly puzzle him. After much diſcourſe upon the happy ſucceſs of this War, the Princeſs asked *Perinthus* whether he had not contracted a great knot of friendſhip with *Abradates* during this War? For I conceive it very fit, ſaid ſhe, that you two were intimate friends: Friendſhip, Madam, replied he, is not like unto Love, which very commonly grows between two unequal perſons; but on the contrary, to compleat a friendſhip, there is a neceſſity that it be between two perſons of a ſuitable age, humour and quality: So that ſince I am very ſhort of *Abradates* in almoſt all things, it were raſh preſumption in me to pretend unto the humour of his friendſhip: For my part, ſaid the Princeſs, If I did not think that what you ſay were out of modeſty only, I ſhould wonder your opinion ſhould be ſo contrary unto mine, for I am fully perſwaded, that Love ought always to be between perſons of equal condition and quality, but in matters of friendſhip it is not abſolutely neceſſary; and I ſhould think the fate of Princes to be of all men moſt miſerable, if they ſhould never have any friends but of their own condition, who are not always the beſt accompliſhed men, and who however are but a very ſmall number. Since your reaſon, Madam, replied *Perinthus*, is much more clear than mine, perhaps I am miſtaken; but I have ever thought that Princes can have only creatures and ſervants, but few friends: Yet on the contrary, I have thought that the power of Love was never confined into ſuch narrow limits as you preſcribe: Ah, *Perinthus*, ſaid the Princeſs, I conceive there is an abſolute neceſſity in it, yet I do not hold it impoſſible, that one of high quality ſhould and may ſtoop ſo low as to love an inferiour: But I ſay that diſproportion in Love, is one of the moſt extravagant things in the World. But, Madam (ſaid *Doraliſa*, and ſmiled, and having a deſire to make *Perinthus* ſpeak) You do not conſider how this paſſion was in the hearts of men, before ever force put a difference between them, or had made ſome Soveraigns, and ſome Subjects: So that according to the firſt intention of the Gods, the neceſſary equality to make Love reaſonable, is equality of merit, and equality of perſon, and not of condition and quality, which are ſtrange things, and which ſerve oft-times to render thoſe that poſſeſs them in the higheſt degree, the more contemptible and ſcorned, when they are not found to be perſons of Merit. I conceive, Madam, replied *Perinthus*, that *Doraliſa* ſpeaks much reaſon. I conceive rather, replied the Princeſs, that ſhe ſpeaks much wit: But for all that I muſt maintain, that there is a certain kind of univerſal diſcretion, which cuſtom hath eſtabliſhed, and ought to be taken as Reaſon and Law, that the quality of perſons who are to Love, ſhould not be diſproportionable: If Love, replied *Perinthus*, were a thing voluntary, I ſhould then think ſome equity in what you ſay, but ſince it is not, I conceive it to be moſt unjuſt. By this diſcourſe of *Perinthus*, ſaid *Doraliſa*, one may conclude, that if he love, he loves above himſelf, or below himſelf: *Perinthus*, ſaid the Princeſs, ſpeaks this only in general, and makes no particular application; And to tell you truly, I do love *Perinthus* better than to ſuſpect him of any ſuch thing, for I think him ſo wiſe, as that he will aim at no impoſſibilities, and ſo full of honour, as that he will not love below his Quality. *Perinthus* was now exceedingly at a *non-plus*, for his Love would not permit him to confeſs the Princeſs was in the right; and to ſay ſhe was in the wrong, were either to diſcover his ſecret, or to be ſuſpected of a paſſion unworthy of himſelf: So that returning a witty enigmatical anſwer, neither the Princeſs nor *Doraliſa* could thereby make any certain concluſions. In the mean time, ſaid the Princeſs, we do the greateſt injury in the World unto ſo many illuſtrious Heroes, who have hazarded their lives for our ſafeties, and have not been ſparing of their bloods, to the end they ſhould be talked on; for in lieu of diſcourſing upon thoſe glorious acts which they have done in the Wars, we are talking upon matters of Love, which is full of extravagancies and folly. After this, ſince now it grew late, ſhe roſe up, and went home, where *Abradates* was already come to viſit the Prince her Father, who received him very coldly. But aſſoon as he ſpied the Princeſs out of a Balconey, he preſently left the Father, and as his devotion called him, went unto his Princeſs the Daughter. *Panthea* received him with much civility, but with ſomewhat leſs freedom than he ſaw in her eyes when he paſſed by her; but his joyes to be near her was ſo great, that at the firſt he made no great reflection upon it; and the leſs, becauſe he being alone with her, ſhe did it purpoſely to prevent his boldneſs in talking of his Love; yet he would not loſe ſuch a favourable opportunity, for aſſoon as the firſt complements of common civility were performed, and when he had expreſſed his ſorrows for being ſo long abſent from her, alſo his joyes now to ſee her, and to ſee her fairer than ever. If it had pleaſed the ſame Gods who give you that luſtre, Madam, ſaid he unto her, to have alſo rendred you a little more affable, I ſhould be the moſt happy man upon the earth, I ſhould forget all the ſorrows I have ſuffered, and ſhould think upon nothing but adoring you with delight and reverence. The Princeſs hearing *Abradates* ſay ſo, and knowing very well by the ayr wherewith he ſpoke, that the ſame paſſion was in his heart which he expreſſed in his words, her mind was much divided. On the other ſide, ſhe was not ſorry *Abradates* loved her; and on the other ſide, conſidering her Fathers charge, ſhe thought it not permittable to entertain his paſſion. In the mean time, not being able to fix her reſolutions, ſhe took the middle way, and without either too much affability, or incivility, ſhe ordered her converſation ſo, as *Abradates* did neither preſume, nor deſpair; yet queſtionleſs he obſerved, how her Spirits were not ſo free and genuine as they were accuſtomed, but he could not penetrate into the cauſe. At his departure from her, he went unto *Doraliſa*, whom he highly eſteemed, and looked upon her, as one whom the Princeſs loved, to the end he might throughly inform himſelf by his diſcourſe with her, whether *Mexaris* had reaped any benefit by his abſence. *Doraliſa* was ingenuouſly free to diſcover what he had deſired to know, and told him, that *Mexaris* was worſe in the opinion of *Panthea* then ever. Moreover (ſaid ſhe unto him) I believe that Prince is not more in Love than he was when you departed, for I am ſure he is not more liberal: Alſo I have uſed my beſt arguments to perſwade the Princeſs, that he ſtayed here behind you, rather to keep and preſerve his Treaſures, than either for any Love to her, or any reaſon of State, as he would make her believe he did. Ah *Doraliſa*, ſaid *Abradates*, you do ſo fully ſatisfie my wiſhes in telling me what I deſire to know, that I am afraid you only invent it to pleaſe me: You cannot chuſe but confeſs, replied *Doraliſa*, and laughed, that in probability the Prince *Abradates* is much more eſteemed than *Mexaris*: I know not whether it be probable or no, replied he, but I wiſh with all my ſoul it were true: If that be all which wants to make you happy, replyed ſhe, then be ſo, ſince I do not think, there is any one in all the Court who does not eſteem you above *Mexaris*, without any exception of himſelf, for indeed you are ſo terrible unto him, that he fears you. Since it is your goodneſs to anſwer me ſo favourably in all things, ſaid he unto her, I am almoſt imboldned to ask you other queſtions, which rather than my life I deſire to know. Since perhaps I do not know the ſtate of thoſe things which you would inquire of, replyed ſhe, ſo well as I did thoſe unto which I have already anſwered, my replies unto them will neither be ſo pleaſing, nor ſo certain. Ha, *Doraliſa*, ſaid he, you do moſt preciſely know upon what terms I ſtand in the opinion of that Princeſs whom I infinitely adore: Have I not already told you, replyed ſhe, that ſhe eſteems you more than ſhe doth *Mexaris*? Yes, replyed he: But after a more ſerious examination of that diſcourſe, which at firſt did much joy me, I find that to be eſteemed a little more than that Prince whom ſhe eſteems not at all, is no very great favour; Therefore *Doraliſa*, ſince you have already ingaged me ſo far, as to tell me thus much, and ſince the violence of my Love forces me to ſpeak of that which takes up all my thoughts, I moſt earneſtly beſeech you, be ſo generous as to tell me, whether I muſt die in deſpair, or live in any hope? Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you ask me more than I know, and by conſequence more than I can tell you: If I ſhould judge according to your merit, and by the mind of the Princeſs which is able to diſcern a compleat man, I ſhould believe that her choice would be of you; but if I judge according to the capritiouſneſs of Fortune, who makes them that moſt merit to be happy, moſt miſerable, there is cauſe to fear that many things will croſs your deſires. Fortune, replyed he, may doubtleſs ſo frown upon me, that I may never enjoy *Panthea*: But this Fortune ought not to make any alteration in her heart and thoughts, which is the thing I deſire to know. Since I did never preciſely ask her, what ſhe thought of you, (replyed *Doraliſa*) I can tell you nothing of certainty: All I can ſay, is, that knowing *Panthea* ſo judicious as ſhe is, I think, if you do not proſper in your deſires, it will be rather through the fantaſticalneſs of another, than through any averſion ſhe hath towards you.

Abradates perceived that *Doraliſa* would not any further explain her ſelf, but he conceived that ſhe knew he ſhould be croſſed in his love. *Doraliſa*, the next morning, went betimes unto the Princeſs, and told her all that the Prince had ſaid, and deſired to know from her what anſwers ſhe ſhould hereafter return him, for ſhe imagined that further diſcourſe might be upon the ſame Subject. You ſhall always tell him, replyed the Princeſs, that you are not acquainted with my thoughts, and that you will not undertake to bring any meſſage from him to me. But, Madam, replyed *Doraliſa*, I hope you will permit me to tell him (what you deſire I ſhould) in ſuch a manner of ayr, as I may a little better explain your meaning. As for the tone of your voice, replyed *Panthea*, and laughed, I will not regulate you, ſince I do not think there is any in the world who has a better art to tell things angrily without any harſh words than you, nor who can expreſs any thing more ſweetly without any groſs flattery. It is not your pleaſure, Madam, replyed *Doraliſa*, that in telling *Abradates* I do not know your thoughts, I ſhould tell it in ſuch a manner, as if I knew you had an averſion towards him; and it would be an irreparable injury in him to love you with a moſt reſpective paſſion. No, replyed the Princeſs, nor on the other ſide, would I have you to tell it in ſuch a manner as may let him think that if you do not tell him my thoughts, it is becauſe they are very advantageous for him: What then, would you preciſely have me make him think? (ſaid *Doraliſa*.) I would have him think (anſwered *Panthea*) that without any ſuſpition of ſubtilty in your words, you dare not ſpeak unto me of him, and that you do not at all know the ſecrets of my heart concerning him, and without any perſwaſions of him that I am any thing averſe, to make him think there is much difficulty in the enterpriſe; and in ſum, that without either making him hate me, or accuſe me of his misfortune, or ſuſpecting me of any weakneſs, I may ſtill have his eſteem, and live in quiet. Ha, Madam, (ſaid *Doraliſa*) if all theſe muſt be interpreted by the ſound of a voice only, I had need to ſend for all the *Phrygian* and *Lydian* Muſick about *Abradates*, to help me in the expreſſion of all theſe paſſions, without any words: For ſeriouſly, Madam, I cannot do all this, but I muſt either create hopes or fears in *Abradates*: Then infuſe fears (ſaid the Princeſs, and ſighed.) *Doraliſa*, who thitherto did but jeſt with the Princeſs, according to that uſual freedom the Princeſs gave her, perceiving that the Princeſs ſighed, aſſumed a more ſerious look; and *Panthea* acquainting her with all that the Prince her Father had ſaid unto her, then ſhe conſidered that great circumſpection which was to be uſed in ſpeaking unto *Abradates*, for ſhe conceived it not convenient to let him know that *Mexaris* was the Man who thwarted his deſign, leſt ſome bad conſequences might thereupon ariſe, and ſhe knew alſo, that the Princeſs would not have him think ſhe ſlighted him: So that *Doraliſa* undertaking the tranſaction of this negotiation, ſhe did manage it with much diſcretion, and for ſome days did ſo ſuſpend the ſpirit of *Abradates*, that he knew not what to think. In the mean while, *Perinthus*, who heard it from the mouth of the Princeſs, that nothing was more extravagant than Love between perſons of unequal Quality, was ſo exceſſively ſad, that many days could not diſſipate the melancholy which theſe words (ſpoken without any deſign) had infuſed into his ſoul; his ſorrows were ſo exceſſive, that all the World took notice of the alteration in his humour: The Princeſs her ſelf perceived it, and as he was one Morning with he and *Doraliſa* there alſo, *Panthea* asked her, if in th opinion which ſhe held, that Love only makes com pleat Men, ſhe thought, that when they ceaſe to love they ceaſe to have any amiable quality left in them For if ſo, ſaid the Princeſs, it muſt be concluded that *Perinthus* of late hath ceaſed to love, ſin his converſation is not as it was wont to be. No, m Madam, ſaid *Doraliſa*, it is not ſo; for he who w once made compleat by virtue of love, remains all his life. True it is yet, that this paſſion whic adds a hundred excellent qualities, may ſometim become too too violent, and cauſe him in whom reigns to be leſs pleaſant in his converſation, an even transform him from what he is. But, Madam I am ſo far from thinking *Perinthus* leſs ſociable, b cauſe he hath ceaſed to love, that on the contrary I am perſwaded he is more in love than ever, o perhaps, he is leſs loved than ever; for commonl where one is poſſeſſed with this paſſion, it is rathe from the thoughts of another than from his own that he becomes unhappy. But yet, *Doraliſa*, ſai the Princeſs, you have not yet made that diſcover which you vaunted to do ſo eaſily: It is true, Ma- dam, replied ſhe, that I am not yet ſatisfied whe- ther or no ſome ſuſpicions I have be well grounded I pray, ſaid the Princeſs, acquaint me with thoſ ſuſpicions. Ah, *Doraliſa*, (cryed *Perinthus*, who feare ſhe would tell *Panthea* the paſſages which were befor the Siege of *Epheſus*) th[illegible] are ſome things which ar not to be jeſted with, and I hope you are ſo good, a you will not ſo cruelly diſoblige me, as to impart tha for certainty which you take up on bare ſurmiſe, with- out any appearances. This extraordinary care whic you take to prevent my ſpeaking of it, ſaid *Doraliſa*, ma be an argument I am not deceived: But however, ſai ſhe, I will impoſe ſilence upon my ſelf. The Princeſ then began to preſs *Doraliſa* to tell her what ſhe ſuſ- pected, but notwithſtanding all her importunity, ſhe could not prevail: However, ſhe raiſed a thouſand ap- prehenſions of fear in *Perinthus*, but yet without cauſe, for the principal reaſon which kept *Doraliſa* from telling the Princeſs what ſhe thought, was, leſt the Princeſs ſhould take it ill ſhe ſhould ever imagine that ſuch a Man as *Perinthus* ſhould dare to look upon the Princeſs in that way of Love. Whilſt this converſation paſſed on in this manner, *Doraliſa* obſerved ſo much agitation in the eyes of *Perinthus*, that whilſt one came into the Room upon ſome buſineſs to the Princeſs, ſhe addreſſed her ſelf unto him, and told him, that he had much confirmed her in her ſuſpitions: Why *Doraliſa*, ſaid he, would you have me ſuffer you to tell ſuch a thing as this unto the moſt ſevere Princeſs upon earth? Really you made my heart tremble as much as if you were ready to put me out of the favour of her whom you ſay I Love: *Perinthus* very ſubtilly ſpoke this with as much freedom of Spirit in appearance, that he much amazed *Doraliſa*, and perſwaded her ſhe was miſtaken. Thus, Madam, did things ſtand at this preſent; *Abradates* was fuller of fears than hopes, *Mexaris* on the contrary hoped all, and feared nothing, *Perinthus* having neither hopes nor fears, concluded himſelf the moſt unfortunate man alive. As for the Princeſs, ſhe had a ſtrong averſion to *Mexaris*, as ſhe had an inclination to *Abradates*, and was as friendly to *Perinthus*, as ſhe was either to *Doraliſa* or my ſelf. But whil'ſt *Mexaris* was taking thought which way he might obtain the Kings leave to marry *Panthea*, and whil'ſt *Abradates* thought to ſtrengthen himſelf by the friendſhip of *Cleander*, the conſpiracy of *Antaleon* was diſcovered, which made ſo great a noiſe, that I believe you are not ignorant of it, for it was the whole diſcourſe of all the Court for a long time: But, Madam, to ſee the difference which was between the ſouls of *Mexaris* and *Abradates*. The firſt of theſe did ſecretly endeavour to make *Crœſſus* believe that this Prince had a hand in the conſpiracy, but do what miſchief he could, the King would never entertain the leaſt ſuſpition of it: But as for *Abradates*, his ſoul was of a more Noble temper; for there chanced to be two men who had been ſervants to *Mexaris*, and had received no wages from him; theſe men ſeeing the liberality of *Abradates*, and knowing him to be a Rival unto their Maſter, addreſſed themſelves unto him, and told him, that if he pleaſed, they could accuſe their Maſter of ſuch a crime as would ſet him far enough from Court: Theſe two men, whoſe ſouls were as vile as *Mexaris* was covetous, made this Propoſition unto him: *Abradates* heard them with horrour, and did contemptuouſly reject them, and their offer: And afterwards, ſince I believe (ſaid he unto them) that you were not induced to ſo vile an act, but becauſe the avarice of your Maſter hath made you poor, I will put you into a condition wherein you may chance find out a better than he was, and not be forced to commit crimes for a ſubſiſtence; and then he cauſed greater rewards to be given unto them than they ever could have hoped for, if though he had employed them in the buſineſs which they propoſed unto him: They were ſo ſurpriſed with this generoſity, and ſo aſhamed of their own perfidie, that they could hardly reſolve to accept of this offer, yet at laſt they did; but how magnanimous ſoever this action was, it had never been known, had not theſe two Fellows quarelled about dividing this Largeſs, and the one killed the other in going from the houſe of *Abradates*; ſo that the Murtherer being apprehended, and brought into the hands of Juſtice, where preſſed by the remorſe of his own Conſcience, he confeſſed the true cauſe of his crime; ſo that by this accident, the Heroick action of *Abradates* came to be divulged to all the World, and particularly, to *Mexaris*, who gave him but a cold complement for it. As for the Princeſs, her joy at it was ſo great, that ſhe could not chuſe, but tell *Abradates* of it, and commend his generoſity: Madam, ſaid he unto her, I know no reaſon you have to commend me ſo highly, for it is no ſuch exceſſive virtue to prevent the doing of a bad action; yet if the act be conſidered in another reſpect, which is matter of Rivalſhip, in that I ſhould not conſent to have him ſet out of my way, it may be thought a little virtue in me, if I had not a more noble way to rid my ſelf of my Enemies when they urge me unto it. Ah, *Abradates*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you will urge me to chide you, in lieu of giving you any commendations: I beſeech you then, Madam, replyed he, give me ſome aſſurance that the joyes which you expreſs is not becauſe I would not give way that the Prince *Mexaris* ſhould be ſent further from you: I will moſt certainly aſſure you, anſwered ſhe, upon condition you will promiſe me to avoid all manner of quarrels with that Prince, as much as poſſible you can: Before I make ſuch a promiſe, replyed he, the Princeſs of *Claſomena* muſt give me ſome aſſurance, that ſhe will look with a favourable eye upon me, otherwiſe I muſt confeſs, my deſpair may provoke me to take revenge upon my Rival, for all the rigours of my Miſtreſs: That would be a piece of high injuſtice, replyed ſhe, to puniſh him who is not in the fault; and therefore it were better, ſaid ſhe, and bluſh'd, to caſt off her that is ſo ſevere: Yes, Madam, ſaid *Abradates*, ſo I would, if I could, and not caſt off my life with her: But, Madam, I love you not ſo little, as that I can deſire to love you leſs; but on the contrary, though I love you as much as for my ſoul I can, yet methinks I love you not enough: Yet truly I ſhould think my ſelf much obliged unto you, replyed ſhe, if you would look upon me with more indifference than you do: Believe me, Madam, replyed he, you would never thank me for giving you that ſatisfaction: But inhumane Lady, is it poſſible that the pureſt and moſt adoring paſſion that ever was, can offend you? If it does not offend me, replyed ſhe, yet it muſt be plainly confeſſed, that at the leaſt, it diſquiets me and therefore, I ſhould be very glad you would only eſteem me: You may as well add, anſwered he, that you wiſh I had neither eyes nor reaſon, for otherwiſe you deſire impoſſibilities; for as long as I have my ſight, I ſhall find you the faireſt of your Sex, and as long as I have my reaſon free, I ſhall admire you as the wonder of Nature and the World, and were I without either eyes or reaſon, certainly I ſhould ſtill adore you: Yes, Madam, my heart is totally yours, and my Love of you, and none but you, is grown to ſuch an ingrafted Cuſtome, that though my tears ſhould blind me, and my ſorrows ſink me out of my wits, yet my very pace would conduct me to you: Judge then, Madam, I beſeech you, whether it be poſſible I ſhould only eſteem you: No, no, Madam, there is no poſſibility in it, I never had ſtrength enough to reſiſt the All-commanding power of your Charms, ſince I firſt had the honour to ſee you in the Wood, and by the Fountain: Take it not ill therefore I moſt humbly conjure you, that I perſevere in loving you as long as I have life: If your goodneſs and pity could reſolve to afford any Teſtimonies of a particular Affection, I will promiſe to lay open my heart and ſoul unto you, and never to think upon any deſigns but ſuch as you are pleaſed to infuſe, nor ever to meddle with the Prince *Mexaris* but according unto your Dictates; but if on the contrary, you perſevere in that ſeverity which of late you have uſed towards me, it ſhall go hard (notwithſtanding the reſpects I owe unto the Brother of *Crœſſus*, or the Queen of *Suſiana*) if I do not find out ways of revenge upon him whom I think to be the cauſe of my misfortune. It ſeems (ſaid the Princeſs then) that my aſſurance of you, that the Prince *Mexaris* is not in any favour with me will take away from you all cauſe of quarrel with him: It ſeems Madam (replyed he) that ſince in conſideration of him, the Prince your Father does treat me worſe than heretofore, there needs no other reaſon to induce me to ruine him: Yet if I have any power with you, ſaid *Panthea*, you ſhall attempt nothing againſt him. Since it is your command, Madam, that for the Love of you I muſt reſpect my Rival, I beſeech you for the Love of me, give me ſome obliging comfort. Provided you will punctually obey me (anſwered *Panthea*, and ſmiled) I will pardon all which you have ſaid this day: I ſhall obey you, Madam (anſwered he) upon this condition, that you will pleaſe to permit me often to take new commands from your own mouth, for otherwiſe I am afraid I ſhall ſail in my promiſe. As *Panthea* was ready to reply, *Cleander* entred, and cauſed the Princeſs to change the diſcourſe, who ſince that day did by little and little accuſtom her ſelf to hear *Abradates* complain unto her of thoſe miſeries which ſhe her ſelf had cauſed: It was her will alſo, that *Doraliſa* and my ſelf ſhould ſweeten thoſe bitter thoughts which he had of the Prince *Mexaris*; for though the Princeſs had confeſſed unto him, that ſhe eſteemed him more than any in the world, yet ſhe always conſtantly told him, that ſhe could not reſolve to diſobey her Father; and therefore all that ſhe could do for him, was to promiſe, that ſhe would deny him as far as decency would permit. Some hopes he had alſo that *Mexaris* would not proſper in his deſign, becauſe *Cleander* aſſured him, that *Cræſſus* would certainly oppoſe that Alliance out of ſome reaſons of State, and promiſed him that he would confirm him in that opinion ſo effectually, as *Mexaris* ſhould never bring his hopes to paſs. Theſe promiſes and aſſurances did much leſſen the fears of *Abradates*: Since he knew *Perinthus* to be a Favourite of the Prince of *Claſomena*, he Courted him very much with a hundred complements: The Princeſs alſo was very glad that *Perinthus* had the Love of *Abradates*. and often bad him ſpeak as much as he could in his favour: But the more teſtimonies of eſteem ſhe expreſſed unto this Prince, the more violent deſigns did he forge in his heart to ruine him: But for all this, as he was a man of a generous Spirit, he was ſometimes aſhamed of his own weakneſs, and of the injuſtice of his thoughts; yet Love being too ſtrong a Maſter, he could not chuſe but grieve more at the paſſion of *Abradates*, than at that of *Mexaris*. In the mean time, ſince there was a good correſpondency between *Panthea* and *Abradates*, it was her deſire he ſhould be more reſerved in his Viſits, to the end ſhe might better perſwade the Prince her Father that ſhe was obedient as concerning *Abradates*; and that ſhe might have more reaſon to reſiſt him, in caſe he would needs force her to marry *Mexaris*; yet did he ſee her every day, either at the Prince of *Lydia's* lodging, or at *Doraliſa's*.

Thus did things reſt, until the Prince *Abradates* loſt a great friend, and maintainer, of the illuſtrious *Cleander*, who as you are not ignorant was arreſted as a Priſoner. This accident raiſed a greater diſorder in the Court than I know how to expreſs, for there was not one (except *Mexaris*, who looking upon him as the Protector of *Abradates*, was glad of his diſgrace) who had not eyes full of tears, and who did not accuſe *Crœſſus* of much precipitation and injuſtice, for ſuſpecting him upon ſuch ſlight ſurmiſes, a man who had made him a Debtor for ſo many Victories: But the tears for *Cleander* were no ſooner dried, but all eyes were ſwelled again with new ones for the Princeſs *Palmis*, who was alſo arreſted, and carried to *Epheſus* amongſt the profeſſed Votaries. After all this, *Mexaris* began to huff, aud look big, with more authority than uſual; and *Crœſſus* knew very well that *Cleander*, whom he would not acknowledg for the Prince *Artamas*, was very ſerviceable unto him, to make all the Grandees of his Dominions reſpectively obedient unto him. But now *Mexaris* began to ſpeak of his Marriage, as a match almoſt made up; and ſince it was not to be imagined he would ſpeak ſo, unleſs he had ſome aſſurance of it from *Crœſſus*, thoſe who told *Abradates* of it ſpoke ſo confidently, as if it were out of any queſtion; So that he in an abſolute deſpair went unto *Doraliſa*, who being then not well, the Princeſs came to ſee her. It is impoſſible, Madam, I ſhould tell you all that *Abradates* ſpoke that day unto the Princeſs, for he ſpoke ſo much, that ſhe had much ado to anſwer. Sometimes he would find fault with her luke-warmneſs towards him, ſometimes he would conjure her to aſſiſt him; preſently after, he would beſeech her to caſt off *Mexaris*. Thus paſſing from one diſcourſe to another, without varying from the ſame ſubject, they paſſed away all the Afternoon, and nothing was reſolved upon, till *Doraliſa* began to ſpeak. Madam (ſaid ſhe unto *Panthea*) Why do you not imploy *Perinthus* unto the Prince your Father, you know he is very prevalent with him: 'Tis true, ſaid *Panthea*, But I will not diſcover my heart unto ſo many men, until the utmoſt extremity; Yet I promiſe you, ſaid ſhe, if the buſineſs be arrived at ſuch a height as *Abradates* ſpeaks of, I ſhall ſtrive with my ſelf to ſpeak unto *Perinthus*, that he would tranſact with the Prince my Father againſt *Mexaris*. Will you not be pleaſed to move him alſo in behalf of *Abradates*, ſaid this Prince unto her? That's more than I can do, replyed ſhe, and I ſhould but deceive you if I ſhould promiſe it. In the mean time, *Perinthus* hearing as others did, that *Mexaris* gave out, as if he were to marry *Panthea* out of hand; and knowing moreover from the Prince of *Claſomena*, that *Mexaris* aſſured he was not now upon ſuch terms as to fear *Crœſſus* would be an obſtacle, as he did whil'ſt Prince *Atis* was alive, or before the impriſonment of *Cleander*, therefore *Perinthus* thought himſelf in ſome danger from thence; as long as his buſineſs was to defeat the deſigns of a beloved Lover, he thought it advantageous, that *Mexaris* ſhould be preferred before *Abradates*; but as ſoon as he heard *Mexaris* talk of marrying *Panthea*, his deſires were to defeat the deſigns of him whoſe intereſt he advanced before. Afterwards conſidering with himſelf what a miſerable misfortune it would be unto the Princeſs, to marry a Prince, againſt whom he knew ſhe had a moſt unalterable averſion, he repented of all he had done; and when he underſtood that the match was made, and the Marriage ready to be performed, he fell into a moſt horrid deſpair, and offered above a hundred times to go and confeſs all his crimes unto the Princeſs, and then kill himſelf at her feet: For, would he ſay, What have I to do but die, ſince I can never be happy, and ſince I cannot live, unleſs I hinder the happineſs of the only perſon whom I love? But (ſometimes would he ſay (Why then cannot I give my conſent ſhe ſhould marry *Mexaris*? For ſince I am moſt certain that I my ſelf can never pretend unto her, there can no better way be found to take her quite from *Abradates*, than to beſtow her for ever unto *Mexaris*: But then, (would he ſay preſently after)

Is not *Mexaris* my Rival as much as the other? And is it ſufferable that any one ſhould marry the perſon one loves? Ha! no, no, my deſign was never that *Panthea* ſhould be the Wife of *Mexaris*: I would have *Abradates* defeated in his deſign of her, but I would never have her beſtowed upon his Rival and mine: Then, would he ſay after, upon better thoughts, Is it juſt, that to leſſen my own miſeries a little, I ſhould render that Princeſs whom I adore, the moſt unfortunate perſon upon earth? She, I ſay, who has given me a thouſand teſtimonies of her favour and eſteem, unto whom I never did, nor durſt diſcover my paſſion: She, I ſay, againſt whom I cannot complain, though ſhe ſhould for ever baniſh me, if I ſhould preſume to tell her that I loved her; and ſhe who might without injuſtice hate me, if ſhe knew what I did againſt her. In the mean time, I cannot allow her to be the Wife of *Abradates*; and ſince I cannot enjoy her whom I do love, there is ſome Juſtice that ſhe who infuſed that cruel paſſion into my heart, ſhould taſte of the ſame miſery, in never marrying *Abradates*. After he had thus diſcourſed upon the matter, and conſidered the preſent ſtate of things, he fancied a courſe, by which he thought he might prevent both *Mexaris* and *Abradates* from marrying *Panthea*; and this was his project. Since the commitment of *Cleander*, *Andramites*, who conducted the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Palmis* from *Epheſus* to *Sardis*, was in great favour with *Crœſſus*, and a particular friend unto *Perinthus*, who was with him every day, as well becauſe they often met together at Court, as becauſe *Andramites* being a Lover of *Doraliſa*, he courted her, and followed her in all places, and by conſequence was very oft at the Princeſs of *Claſomena*'s Lodging, where *Perinthus* was a daily gueſt. This ſecret Lover then did project to prejudice *Abradates* in the opinion of *Panthea*'s Father, and to prejudice *Mexaris* alſo by the interceſſion of *Andramites*, whom he deſigned to employ unto *Crœſſus*: And not to defer the execution of his reſolves, he went to find out his friend: He told him, that the Princeſs *Panthea* having an invincible averſion to the Prince *Mexaris*, ſhe had employed him to find out ſome courſe to defeat all the deſigns which he had upon her, and that he knew of no better way than addreſſes unto him, that he would be pleaſed to negotiate ſo with *Crœſſus*, that he ſhould not approve or conſent unto the match. *Andramites*, who loved *Perinthus*, and who hoped for ſome good offices from him towards *Doraliſa*; and who moreover knew that *Crœſſus* had reaſon to diſlike the Marriage between *Mexaris* and *Panthea*, did promiſe him to negotiate ſo effectually, that he would abſolutely hinder *Mexaris* from ever marrying the Princeſs by the conſent of *Crœſſus*, for he knew the diſlike of that Prince unto this Alliance. *Perinthus* returned thanks with abundance of joy, and ſtayed not long for accompliſhment of his hopes, for within two days after, *Crœſſus* did forbid *Mexaris* from thinking of any Marriage with *Panthea*, propoſing unto him another match. Since *Mexaris* was reſolved to look more high than formerly he uſed, he took this language very fiercely: But *Crœſſus* being tranſported with anger at an anſwer of ſo little reſpect, did talk unto him with ſuch Authority, that *Mexaris* was glad to ſubmit, to be ſilent, and to retire, and I believe he would have left *Sardis*, if his Love to *Panthea* had not ſtayed him. In the mean time, fearing the Prince of *Claſomena* ſhould cool upon the matter, he went unto him, aſſuring him that he ſhould e're long prevail with the King, and conjuring him not to alter his intentions: The truth is, the Prince of *Claſomena* ſaw *Mexaris* ſo near unto the Crown, that he promiſed him what he could deſire. You may imagine, Madam, how great was the joy of *Panthea*, when ſhe heard of all the paſſages between *Crœſſus* and *Mexaris*, and how *Abradates* was raviſht at the defeat of his Rival; Since they knew not from whence this good fortune ſhould proceed, they did attribute it only unto *Crœſſus*, who out of reaſons of State did diſlike and oppoſe the Marriage: So that the firſt private meeting which *Abradates* had with *Doraliſa* about it, we conſumed two whole hours in diſcourſe of nothing elſe, and rejoycing at it. In the mean while, whil'ſt *Andramites* was thus negotiating with *Crœſſus* againſt *Mexaris*, *Perinthus* tranſacted ſecretly againſt *Abradates* with the Prince of *Claſomena*; So that hoping to hinder both Princes from enjoying that perſon whom both they and he loved, he became more jocund and ſociable than he uſed to be. *Mexaris* for his part, conſidering what courſes were moſt expedient to take, ſeemed to comply unto the Kings commands, ſeeming to ſmother the paſſion which was in his ſoul, though his intentions always were to marry *Panthea*, and ſo he aſſured the Prince her Father in ſecret. Whil'ſt theſe things were thus carried on, *Andramites*, who was deeply in Love with *Doraliſa*, (and had been ſo before he married that fair one who died about a year ſince) deſired *Perinthus* to do him all the good offices he could unto *Doraliſa*, which *Perinthus* promiſed to do; and further telling him, that if his own endeavours would not prevail, he would beſeech the Princeſs to favour his deſires. Thus was *Perinthus* ingaged to return the favours of *Andramites*; ſo that he ſet himſelf not only to ſpeak in his advantage unto *Doraliſa*, but he deſired me alſo to ſpeak, which accordingly I did upon the firſt fit opportunity, though I told her it was at the inſtance of *Perinthus*. I think, Madam, that I told you already, *Doraliſa* did much eſteem *Perinthus*; and perhaps if ſhe had been able to infuſe ſuch thoughts into his heart as ſhe deſired, he ſhould have been tender enough towards her; and ſince it was ſo, it may eaſily be imagined, that though he was importunate in behalf of *Andramites*, yet he was ſo far from ſerving him, that he did rather but prejudice him, yet did ſhe return no uncivil anſwers, but in ſuch a manner as he might eaſily ſee he did no very great good office for his friend. Then, Madam, to perplex *Perinthus* the more, It chanced that the Princeſs, who breathed ſome hopes to marry the Prince *Abradates*, and did foreſee that ſhe ſhould then leave *Sardis*, ſhe reſolved by no meens to loſe *Dorailſa*, and therefore did project to marry her unto *Perinthus*, ſince ſhe knew that *Doraliſa* did much eſteem him, ſhe made no queſtion, but if he could or would expreſs any affection to her, ſhe would receive him very favourably. So that at his going out of *Doraliſa*'s houſe, where he had been to ſolicite in behalf of *Andramites*, he received command to come unto the Princeſs: He was no ſooner with her, but ſhe told him that ſhe would give him ſome teſtimonies of her friendſhip. I have received ſo many already, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I need not wonder to find you ſo full of goodneſs: But do what I can, Madam, I am afraid I ſhall dye in ingratitude. You may ſoon acquit your ſelf in point of gratitude (ſaid ſhe) if you pleaſe. I moſt humbly beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he in haſte, tell me which way? By applying your ſelf a little more unto *Doraliſa* (ſaid ſhe unto him) for *Perinthus*, you will much oblige me, if you look upon her as one whom I deſire you to marry, to the end I may not loſe her; and that engaging you both in my ſervice, we may be for ever inſeparable: I am ſure (ſaid ſhe, and would not give him time to ſpeak) that *Doraliſa* for all her talk does not think you in love, no more than I do; therefore knowing how much you eſteem her, and what the merit and fortune of this perſon is, I do not think this is an unjuſt Propoſition, nor that you ought to refuſe it.

Panthea having ended her ſpeech, and *Perinthus* returned out of that maze which the motion of the Princeſs had put him into, he anſwered her with no leſs ſubtilty than civility, though with moſt ſenſible ſorrow. I think my ſelf moſt unhappy, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that you ſhould deſire of me ſuch things as are both unjuſt and impoſſible; though you believe it to be ſo juſt and eaſie, yet it is neither the one nor the other. Why *Perinthus* (ſaid the Princeſs) is it any Injuſtice that one that is a moſt accompliſhed man, and one whoſe Soul is not already engaged, ſhould marry the moſt amiable and ſpritely woman upon Earth, and one who wiſhing for a heart that never was in love, finds ſuch a one in you? Yet, Madam, replied he, though I were ſuch a one as you ſpeak, I ſhould never pleaſe her; for *Doraliſa* expects to be loved, and truly I cannot love her otherwiſe than I ſhould do a Siſter. Yet I pray you ſeem as if you did more (replied the Princeſs) and I ſhall think my ſelf much obliged; and though at the firſt you can love her no otherwiſe than as a Siſter, yet time may make you love her as your Wife. Truly, Madam, replied he, I cannot do more; for not knowing you had any ſuch deſign as this, I have ſpoke unto her with extream zeal in the behalf of *Andramites*, who is ready to dye for love of her; and who is not only every way a more accompliſh'd man than my ſelf, but is a man of much better fortunes than I: Therefore, Madam, though I ſhould take upon me to diſſemble a love, it would be to little purpoſe after all this: Moreover, what might *Andramites* think of my falſe proceeding? and when you have well thought upon it, what would your ſelf think of me? Ha, *Perinthus* (ſaid the Princeſs) though you will not obey me, yet however let me entreat you not to ſolicit for *Andramites*; for if it be poſſible I would not have *Doraliſa* married in *Sardis*. If the Prince *Mexaris* marry you (ſaid *Perinthus* to her) you will not loſe her though ſhe marry *Andramites*. 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, but thanks be to the Gods I ſhall never marry him; but I have ſome Reaſons to think I ſhall e're long leave *Sardis*, and return into *Claſomena*. If the Prince *Abradates* (ſaid he to diſcover her mind) ſhould be ſo happy as to marry you, he would not carry you to *Suſa*, for his affairs are not ſo well compoſed for it; and I do not know whether or no *Crœſſus* would ſuffer him to dwell in *Claſomena*. However it be (ſaid the Princeſs, and bluſhed) I would not have *Andramites* marry *Doraliſa*, but wiſh with all my heart *Perinthus* would marry her. I cannot betray my truſt, Madam, ſaid he to her, and ſighed. I cannot conceive (replied the Princeſs) but ſince you eſteem *Doraliſa* ſo much as you do, and alſo loves her, as you ſay, as much as if ſhe were your Siſter, but you may more eaſily obey me: For, as for *Andramites*, added ſhe, I will undertake to give him ſatisfaction. As ſhe was ſaying ſo, *Doraliſa* entered, who finding

ing *Perinthus* alone with her, and imagined that he was deſiring her to ſpeak in favour of *Andramites*: For Heavens ſake, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto *Panthea*, do me the favour to tell me whether I was not the ſubject of your diſcourſe? Indeed you were, replyed the Princeſs, and that ſo much, that we ſpoke of nothing elſe. I do imagine, replied *Doraliſa*, that *Perinthus*, to teſtifie unto you as well as unto me, that I have no very great ſhare in his heart, hath deſired you to ſolicit me in behalf of *Andramites*: but Madam, if he have, I beſeech you deny him, for I do not know that man in the World which I would not marry before him: Yet he is a moſt compleat man, replied *Perinthus*. 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe; but ſince queſtionleſs he loved the Lady which he married, who indeed was very fair and amiable, he is not fit for my purpoſe, ſince I am reſolved to have none but ſuch a one as never loved any but my ſelf. As ſhe pronounced this laſt word, *Andramites* entered, who eaſily perceived that the endeavours of *Perinthus* had not been very propitious; for *Doraliſa*, whoſe ſpirits were incenſed, not knowing very well at what, did jeer that day extreamly, and ſo much the more, becauſe ſhe obſerved it pleaſed the Princeſs. Within a while after, much company coming in, and *Andramites* talking to her in a low voice, ſhe brought him unto ſuch a paſs, as he did proteſt unto her, that he never loved any but her, no not his wife which he married. Fie *Andramites* (cryed ſhe out) how is it poſſible then you ſhould ever love me, me I ſay, who am neither ſo fair nor lovely as ſhe was: Then would he have told her that he could not love his Wife, becauſe he loved her at that ſame time, and that he never would have married her, but in obedience to his father, yet all theſe were but cold arguments to help him; for ſhe being tickled with the paſſage that he ſhould tell her he never loved his Wife, and ſeeing all the company departed but *Perinthus* and *Andramites*, ſhe began to laugh and jeer; and tell him as much as ever the moſt improſperous Love could poſſibly deſerve: and ſince it was a moſt odd kind of Complement,

ment, that one who would perſwade another to marry him, ſhould tell her he never loved his Wife, the Princeſs could not chuſe but laugh alſo. But though *Andramites* would excuſe all by ſaying, the Reaſon was becauſe he could love none but her, yet all his arguments would not ſerve. *Perinthus* alſo, deſiring to teſtifie unto his friend that he was as zealous in his behalf as he could, did maintain that *Doraliſa* was much beholding to him for loving her better than his Wife, or for loving her ſo much, that he could not love his Wife at all. But all the arguments they both could deviſe, were not able to convince *Doraliſa*. *Perinthus* was much perplexed, for he durſt not ſpeak ſo zealouſly in behalf of his friend, as he ſhould if the Princeſs had not ſpoke unto him; for he was afraid to ſpeak much to his advantage, leſt he ſhould incenſe her ſo, that he thought himſelf in a ſtrait confinement. After this, the Princeſs was often perſwading *Perinthus* to alter his deſign, but ſhe found him ſtill in an unalterable obſtinacy: ſhe did not yet acquaint *Doraliſa* with her project, I only did know of it; for ſhe being ſtill in hopes to change his mind, ſhe would not tell *Doraliſa* what reſiſtance ſhe found in him. In the mean while *Perinthus* durſt hardly look either upon the Princeſs or *Doraliſa*, but fell into an extream melancholy: As for *Abradates*, ſince his liberality had won him all the ſervants belonging to the Prince of *Claſomena*, he was informed by them who heard *Perinthus* ſpeak unto his Maſter, that he did ſolicit for *Mexaris* with all his zeal: ſo that going the very ſame hour unto *Doraliſa*, to ask her advice, whether he ſhould acquaint the Princeſs with it, or ſpeak unto *Perinthus*, he there underſtood by *Andramites* that it was *Perinthus* alſo which moved him to induce *Crœſſus* unto the hinderance of the Marriage between *Mexaris* and *Panthea*: for tho' *Doraliſa* did treat him very harſhly, yet ſometimes ſhe would make him tell her any thing ſhe deſired to know: ſo that *Abradates* imparted unto her all that he knew, and ſhe afterwards all that *Andramites* told her unto him; and ſince theſe two things were contraries, yet ſeemed moſt certain, they did extreamly perplex him. Then they determined not to believe any thing, nor to reſolve upon any courſe, until they knew what the Princeſs conceived upon the matter. *Doraliſa* went preſently to her, and told all that both *Abradates* and her ſelf did know; and particularly how *Andramites*, (thinking doubtleſs to do a good office to *Perinthus* and himſelf alſo) told her, that it was by his negotiation that *Mexaris* was out of favour with *Crœſſus*. Truly, replied the Princeſs, if what *Andramites* reports be true, I am much obliged unto *Perinthus*; and if that which is told unto *Abradates*, be true, I have great cauſe of complaint againſt him, ſince he knows I cannot endure *Mexaris*. That which admires me moſt, ſaid the Princeſs, is, that he who informed *Abradates* that *Perinthus* did ſolicit for *Mexaris*, is not a Man likely to tell a lye; therefore I rather think it to be *Andramites* who tells the untruth. No, Madam, ſaid *Doraliſa*, certainly *Andramites* did not invent it. Then muſt I be ſatisfied of my doubts, replied the Princeſs, from *Perinthus* himſelf; for I know him to be a Man of Honour and Sincerity, who, I am fully perſwaded, will confeſs the truth of any thing whatſoever: So that deferring no longer, ſhe ſent for *Perinthus*; and *Doraliſa* coming into my Chamber, ſhe left *Panthea* at liberty to examin *Perinthus*. As ſoon as he was come, ſhe looked attentively upon him; I pray, *Perinthus*, ſaid ſhe unto him, tell me whether I muſt chide you or thank you? I think, Madam, replied he, you have not reaſon to do either; ſince I do not remember I ever did you any conſiderable ſervice to deſerve the one, and ſince I am ſure I never intended to diſpleaſe you ſo far as to deſerve the other: Nevertheleſs, ſaid ſhe, I am informed by one, that you have done me an extraordinary piece of ſervice; and by another, that you have been extreamly perfidious: Tell me therefore, *Perinthus*, have you obliged or diſobliged me? However, I promiſe you to pardon the crime, if you confeſs it: Tell me then, *Perinthus*, what I muſt think of you? Madam, ſaid he unto her, when I ſhall know whereof I am accuſed, I will ſe if I can juſtifie my ſelf. To ſhew you, ſaid ſhe unto him) that I had rather commend than accuſe you: Tell me firſt, whether it is to you that I am obliged for cauſing *Crœſſus* to be ſo ſharp with *Mexaris*? It is very true, Madam, replyed he, that ſince I could not think *Mexaris* worthy of you, and having obſerved a great averſion in you towards him, I induced *Andramites* to ſpeak unto *Crœſſus*, that he would break off that Marriage, which I knew would diſpleaſe you. Thus far, replyed *Panthea*, I am much obliged to you: But why then, in your ſpeaking unto the Prince my Father, did you not negotiate according to my mind? And why were you ſuch a defender of *Mexaris* to him?

Perinthus hearing the Princeſs, did change colour, and ſhe perceiving the alteration which appeared in his eyes, knew by it that there was ſome truth in the reports; yet notwithſtanding, ſince Love is never without an excuſe for any crime, *Perinthus* found one: I muſt confeſs, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that your intelligence is good, and that in certain occaſions, wherein the Prince your Father was pleaſed to intimate unto me how fully he was reſolved to marry you unto the Prince *Mexaris*, I did not directly oppoſe his intentions; and my reaſon was, becauſe I knew that it was not in his power to execute them: Then did I perſwade him, as well as I could, not to ſuffer this Prince to marry you, without the conſent of *Crœſſus*, which I knew he could not obtain: I did ſometimes agree with him, that *Mexaris* was a great Prince, who in all likelihood, one day, would be King of *Lydia*: So that, Madam, without any prejudice unto your intereſts, I preſerved my ſelf in his favour, but did not deprive my ſelf of any means to do you any ſerviceable office to him, when occaſion ſhould ſerve. Your anſwer (replyed the Princeſs) is full of Wit, and ſeems alſo to be true, ſince there is no likely reaſons why you ſhould negotiate two contraries at one time: But yet, ſince there is ſomething in your proceeding which is not ſuitable to your uſual manner of tranſacting, you ſhall repair the fault, by anſwering me ingenuouſly to what I ſhall ask you; therefore, if you will perſwade me that your intentions were clear, give me an exact and faithful account of all that the Prince my Father ſaid unto you concerning me; for ſince I ſhall never attempt any thing againſt his pleaſure; and ſince I never look but to be miſerable, I do not think my demand of you is unjuſt. I do promiſe you, Madam, ſaid he very craftily, to tell you every thing which he ſaid concerning the Prince *Mexaris*. Do not alter my words, replied the Princeſs, but ingage your ſelf to tell me all that he ſaid concerning me. *Perinthus*, who knew well the Princeſs would not have ſpoke ſo, but becauſe ſhe would know what the Prince her Father ſaid unto him concerning *Abradates*, he was ſo *non-plus'd*, that he knew not what to anſwer; but at the laſt, ſince ſhe preſſed him very much; I am ſo afraid, ſaid he unto her, to tell you any thing which ſhall not pleaſe, that I am ſorry to be ingaged unto what you deſire me: The Princeſs wiſhed ſhe had the hardineſs to let him know that ſhe ſhould be no leſs obliged unto him for ſpeaking in behalf of *Abradates*, as for ſpeaking againſt *Mexaris*, but ſhe could not do it; and I believe, if ſhe had made that prayer unto him, he would either have ſunk down with ſorrows, or elſe have expreſſed ſuch marks of his paſſion as ſhe would have perceived it. After this diſcourſe, *Panthea* did really believe that *Perinthus* had no other intentions, but to imploy his fortunes in ſerving her, and poſſeſſed *Abradates* with the ſame opinion: But as for *Doraliſa*, ſhe was not ſo eaſily perſwaded into that belief, but on the contrary, all her ſuſpicions of the paſſion of *Perinthus* began to revive in her mind; yet, ſince ſhe did really eſteem him, ſhe ſaid nothing to the Princeſs, leſt ſhe ſhould injure him; yet ſhe could not chuſe but impart her thoughts unto me, after ſhe had made me promiſe her ſecreſie: At the firſt, I could not believe her ſerious, but afterwards, my ſuſpicions were ſtronger than hers; I abſolutely concurred with the opinion of *Doraliſa*, and reſolved as well as ſhe not to prejudice ſo excellent a qualify'd man, as *Perinthus* was, upon bare ſuſpicions, which perhaps were ill-grounded, ſince they were built only upon conjectures, which often are fallacious, and therefore, I reſolved peremptorily not to ſpeak a word of any thing to the Princeſs; yet notwithſtanding, ſince this might grow unto ſome bad conſequences, we reſolved to obſerve him very circumſpectly, and to inform each other of our diſcoveries: I confeſs, Madam, that I committed one piece of lightneſs in this buſineſs, in telling *Doraliſa* of that propoſition which the Princeſs made unto him concerning her Marriage; but I thought it ſo manifeſt a teſtimony of that paſſion which we ſuſpected, as I could not keep it from her: I had no ſooner told it, but I wiſh'd it in again, yet not long; not that I told it unto her in ſuch a manner as might give her any cauſe of complaint; yet for all that, I perceived it touched her ſo to the quick, that it made her bluſh. I leave you to conſider, (ſaid I then unto her, to pleaſe her) whether *Perinthus*, eſteeming you as he doth, and proffering ſo much friendſhip, would not have received that motion which the Princeſs made with much joy, though he had no love at all towards you, if he had not been in love with ſome other; and therefore it muſt be concluded, that he is in love with another, and that other is certainly the Princeſs. If he be in love with *Panthea*, replyed *Doraliſa*, I do pardon him with all my heart, for the ſame paſſion which he is poſſeſſed with, will ſufficiently puniſh him for the folly of it: But if it be with any other, I will be revenged upon him, both for his refuſal, and the injury which the Princeſs hath done me, in makeing ſuch an offer without acquainting me. *Doraliſa*, maugre her anger, yet knew very well, that the intentions of the Princeſs were very obliging; but however, ſhe would not complain ſo much againſt *Perinthus*, as againſt her. Since this time, this cloſe Lover could hardly hide himſelf from us; in all his actions, and all his words, we thought we ſaw evident ſymptomes of his Love: Alſo we obſerved him ſo cloſely, that he perceived us, and asked the reaſon. Since he feared that the Princeſs ſhould acquaint *Doraliſa*

liſa with thoſe paſſages which were between them, and fearing alſo leſt ſhe ſhould take them ill, he doubled his civilities towards her, not daring to ſpeak unto her of *Andramites*, whom *Doraliſa*, at the deſire of the Princeſs, did treat leſs ſeverely, ſince it was by his means *Mexaris* was croſſed in his deſigns. In the mean while, *Mexaris* building his hopes upon the word of the Prince of *Claſomena*, did wait for ſome favourable opportunity, either to alter the mind of *Crœſſus*, or to marry *Panthea* whether he would or no, if there were no other remedy; ſo that he lived a life full of anxiety, and hopes of a happy ſucceſs in his deſign: *Abradates* was more happy than he, for being ſure of *Panthea*'s heart, that very thought ſweeten'd all his bitter hours, maugre all opoſitions and obſtacles which croſſed his compleat happineſs: But as for the miſerable *Perinthus*, his life was a conſtant ſeries of ſorrows, yet he had his poor intervals of eaſe, to think that *Panthea* neither marrying *Mexaris* nor *Abradates*, perhaps would never marry. He has told me ſince, that when he thought that ſuch a thing might perhaps be, he was almoſt as much joyed at the very thought of it, as any Lover could be in the enjoyment of his Miſtreſs. Thus did things reſt for a certain time, whil'ſt the love of *Andramites* unto *Doraliſa* made converſation very pleaſant, ſince certainly, never was any fuller of witty, odd, and gallant expreſſions than this Lady was unto him, for as he always affirmed, that he had never loved any but her, ſo ſhe told him always, that if he had loved the Wife he had loſt, he had not been for her humour, and if he had not loved her, then he was moſt unjuſt. ſince ſhe was very fair and lovely, and by conſequence, ſhe would never marry one that had been an ill Huſband. Upon a day then, when *Mexaris* and *Abradates* were both with the Princeſs, though the laſt of theſe came but ſeldome, by the orders of *Panthea*: *Doraliſa* asked them, ſince they ſpoke unto her concerning *Andramites*, whether ſhe had not good reaſon to reject the deſires of a Man, who never dropt a tear for the death of his Wife? If he had ſeen her die, ſaid

Abradates to her) and never grieved at it, only becauſe he looked upon her as an obſtacle unto his deſign to be loved by you, he is ſo far from being guilty of inſenſibility, that you ought to commend his conſtancy, and to recompence him for it. It is true, ſaid *Doraliſa*, in that reſpect I am obliged to him; But why would he marry her, if he loved me? And if he did not love me, why did he not grieve for her? But if he ſhould grieve for her, ſaid the Princeſs, he could not Love you? I confeſs it, replyed ſhe, and he would be more happy in it, if he did not Love me: His happineſs would be very mean, replyed *Mexaris*, who ſhould eternally lament the death of one he did love: And I aſſure you (anſwered *Doraliſa*, and ſmiled) that a living Miſtreſs, who is a little phantaſtical, is as troubleſome as any dead Wife, though ſhe were the worſt in the world: Your arguments, replyed *Mexaris*, are againſt your ſelf: There are a ſort of ſlight phancies (ſaid *Abradates*) which beauties wear only as prety vanities, which are very troubleſome to thoſe that love them: And there are ſome alſo (replyed *Mexaris* very coldly) unto whom they are advantages, and with out reaſon makes them to be preferred before others, who do not value them: It may chance ſo, replyed *Abradates*; but I for my part, who owe much reſpect unto Ladies, and have no leſs opinion of their judgment than of their wit, I am perſwaded the commonly happy Lovers deſerve to be ſo: You have reaſon doubtleſs (ſaid *Doraliſa*) and thoſe fault-finding Lovers who never ſpeak, but are accuſing them they love, either of fantaſticalneſs or want of judgment, are certainly both fantaſtical and indiſcreet themſelves: ſuch men as theſe are they who are offended at any trivial matter, and think much better of themſelves than they deſerve, conceiving high injuſtice to be done them, if they be not accepted of, and eſteemed as much as they eſteem themſelves.

It's very true (ſaid the Princeſs, not being able to forbear) and I know ſome who do as you ſay: And I do know ſome alſo (ſaid *Doraliſa*) and perhaps the ſame you mean: but however, ſince Love is blind as well as Juſtice, it muſt operate in the hearts of Ladies as it ought to do in the hearts of Judges, to wit, without Partiality, or Conſideration of Greatneſs, or Quality, or Menaces, or Complaints of Pretenders: It ought to judge equally with equity upon the merit and ſervices of thoſe who offer them. Why then do you not judge in favour of *Andramites*, replyed *Abradates*? Becauſe I do not find it within the compaſs of my power, replyed ſhe; all the favour that I can do him, is not to judge him at all. Yet ſince you do believe, ſaid *Mexaris*, that Love makes all the compleat men in the World, why do you not think *Andramites* very accompliſhed, ſince certainly he loves you infinitely? I never ſaid, replyed ſhe, that all thoſe who are in love are compleat men; but that none can be perfectly compleat unleſs he have been in love: ſo that it is not for that reaſon I refuſe *Andramites*, whoſe merit is very high: but only becauſe if he did love his Wife, I cannot admit of him, ſince I will have ſuch a heart as never loved any; and if he did not love her, I ſhall much diſlike him, becauſe I conceive it was his duty to love her. The general Rule then, replied *Abradates*, which ſaith that Love is a cauſe of Love, and that he which loveth cauſeth himſelf to be loved, holds not true, ſince *Andramites* cannot move your heart. The Rule you mention, replyed ſhe, is not general, and I ſhould be very ſorry it were. But that which hath cauſed this ſaying, which is known amongſt all Nations, and ſometimes found falſe, is certainly becauſe the true intention and meaning of thoſe who firſt made it a general Rule, was never underſtood: for indeed they did never intend that to love one ought infallibly to be loved: but their meaning as well as mine certainly was, that to move another to love it is requiſite to be loving: ſo that in ſaying unto a man, *If thou deſireſt I ſhould love thee, then love me*, I inſtruct him in the means to obtain his end, and to make that which is good in his heart to appear; and ſometimes that which is evil, added the Princeſs. Love though ought not to be blamed, Madam (replyed *Doraliſa*) which certainly never infuſeth any evil inclinations: And as one cannot complain againſt the Sun (which I always compare with Love) becauſe it nouriſheth a thouſand venomous vermin at the very ſame time that it blancheth the Lillies, and Rubies the Roſes: ſo Love ought not to be accuſed for the buſineſs of ſome leud Lovers that are in the World, ſince it inſpires only heroique actions, and cauſeth men to practiſe all the virtues, who without this paſſion were perhaps men of rude Souls: If men be bad, the fault is not in Love, but them: if the dunghill ſtink when the Sun ſhines upon it, the fault is not in the Sun, but in the dunghill. The Princeſs laughed heartily at the expreſſions of *Doraliſa*, and ſo did *Abradates*: But as for *Mexaris*, he was much netled: and the more, becauſe *Doraliſa* bolted out a hundred things which touched him to the quick: and once he obſerved, that when *Abradates* and *Doraliſa* looked upon one another, they ſmiled and winked in deriſion; and that *Abradates* by a nod of his head ſeemed to thank *Doraliſa* for all her bitter jeers which ſhe had vented. So that theſe things exaſperating his ſpirit, he ſpoke not a word that day, unleſs ſome ſhort and ſharp words to *Abradates*, who anſwered him with as much reſolution, as the Reſpect which he owed unto the Princeſs, and the Quality of his Rival, would permit him. Since ſhe obſerved the perplexities of *Mexaris* ſhe endeavoured to ſweeten the Converſation; and indeed the choller of this Prince ſeeming to cool a little, ſhe did not ſuſpect any ill conſequence of it.

They went both from the Princeſs at the ſame time, for when *Mexaris* ſaw that *Abradates* was going, he took leave of the Princeſs alſo, and would needs be gone, though ſhe deſired to ſtay him: When they were at the bottom of the ſtairs, *Mexaris* talked with one of his men in a low voice: and afterwards asked *Abradates*, if he would walk a turn in the Gardens of the Palace which were cloſe by; and *Abradates* anſwered, he would wait upon him; ſo they went out; *Mexaris* being waited upon by eight or ten of his men, and *Abradates* with the like number. As ſoon as they were in the Garden, *Mexaris* carryed *Abradates* into a great Walk, where none were preſent; and after he had beckoned unto his men that they ſhould not follow, he ſtood ſtill, and looked upon *Abradates* with an imperious aſpect: I have had intentions a long time (ſaid he unto him) to ſpeak nnto you; but my hopes, that of your ſelf, you would do that which a thouſand Reaſons require you ſhould, hath moved me to defer it till now, to advertiſe you, that you do not carry your ſelf, as the Son unto the Queen of *Suſiana*, my Siſter, ought to do: For though my age do not much differ from yours, yet I muſt exact from ycu ſome difference, both as you are my Nephew, and as you are an Exile, come unto this Court for Refuge, where I ought to be preferred before you. Sir (replied *Abradates* with a bold civility) I do not know that I have failed in any reſpects which I owe you, either as being ſon unto the Queen of *Suſiana*, or as I am come for Refuge unto a place where indeed you are very conſiderable, and therefore I think I may ſafely ſay, that your complaints againſt me are unjuſt, and your manner of complaint is a little too high. Your daily actions, replied *Mexaris*, are much more injurious to me, for you cannot be ignorant of my devoted affection unto the Princeſs of *Claſomena*. and yet you apply your ſelf too obſequiouſly in your Courtſhip of her. Though the manner of your language, replied *Abradates*, might perhaps make me excuſable, if I ſhould not render you an account of my actions and deſigns, yet the reſpect which I owe you as Brother unto the Queen my Mother, and unto the King, who gives me protection in his Court, obligeth me to tell you, that I loved the Princeſs of *Claſomena* from the very firſt inſtant that ever I ſaw her, and I did not know any thing of your paſſion to her, until ſuch time as I was not able to be Commander of my own: Alſo underſtanding that *Crœſſus* would never approve of your Marriage with her, I conceived it would be no great injury unto you, if I uſed my beſt endeavours to obtain a happineſs which you could never enjoy. But can you think, ſaid *Mexaris*, that the ſame Reaſon of State, which moves the King not to conſent I ſhould marry one who would render me too potent in his Kingdom, will ever permit you who are a ſtranger to marry her? No, no, *Abradates*, let not this imagination delude you, but be aſſured that it is not the will of *Crœſſus* you ſhould think of this Alliance: And conſider further, if you be wiſe, that the Prince of *Claſomena* will never beſtow his Daughter upon an exil'd Prince. Hitherto, replied *Abradates*, I have ſpoke unto you as I am Son unto the Queen of *Suſiana*, as a Prince protected in *Lidia*, and as Nephew unto the Prince *Mexaris*; but now I will ſpeak to you as a Lover of *Panthea*, as one who knows not how to yield unto any, and as one who will love and ſerve her as long as he lives: The truth is, ſaid he, if the caſe were ſo as that the Princeſs of *Claſomena* ſhould make choice of you, then I had nothing elſe to do but die; and I have ſo high a reſpect of her, though not of you, as to die without complaint: but ſince ſhe makes no ſuch choice, be pleaſed to know, that I will not alter my courſe. Though you were in *Suſa*, replied *Mexaris*, and I an Exile protected there as you are in *Lidia*, you could not ſpeak more haughtily and boldly than you do. I ſhould then ſpeak more mildly, replied *Abradates*, becauſe I know it unworthy to inſult over thoſe that are miſerable: And is it not as unworthy (anſwered *Mexaris*) to refuſe thoſe Reſpects which are due unto Protectors? I ſhall never neglect them I owe unto the King of *Lidia*, replied *Abradates*; and I am ſorry that Love ſhould force me unto that which I do againſt a Prince ſo near unto him. I muſt have better ſatisfaction (replied *Mexaris* very fiercely) for if you do not abſolutely renounce *Panthea*, I muſt call you to an account with a Sword in your hand. I will do all I can, replied *Abradates*, to do neither the one nor the other. But you muſt (anſwered *Mexaris*) and that quickly, therefore reſolve with your ſelf which of them you will chuſe. Since you force me to tell you, replied *Abradates*, I will preſerve *Panthea*, I will defend my ſelf, and not aſſault you, unleſs I muſt in my own defence: This is all, Sir, that either Love or Reſpect can exact from me: I wiſh that I were able to yield the Princeſs of my Soul unto you, but indeed I cannot: and though my reſolution is to do nothing againſt thoſe Reſpects I owe you, yet will I not do any thing againſt my Love. When *Abradates* had ſaid this, he ſaw *Mexaris* go towards a thick Buſh which grew cloſe by a Chriſtal Fountain in the middle of a Walk; and that he pull'd out two Swords, giving him one, and ſaying, that ſince he could not yield *Panthea*, he ſhould win her if he could, for he would diſpute it with him until death. *Abradates* at the firſt would not take it, but only to defend himſelf from the blows of *Mexaris*, in whoſe face he ſaw ſo much fury as might well exaſperate him: but when he ſaw that the better language he gave him, and the more he recoyled, the more did his choller augment, and more furiouſly did he aſſault him, Love and Jealouſie being at laſt ſtronger than his reſpects unto *Mexaris*, he then kept his ground, and fought like one that would vanquiſh. In the mean time, ſince I believe you deſire to know how *Mexaris* could find theſe two Swords in the Buſh; be pleaſed to remember, that I told you at their going from the Princeſs, that Prince whiſper'd with one of his ſervants; and let me tell you, that he then commanded him to carry theſe two Swords unto the place appointed, which was very remarkable, becauſe of the Fountain near it; and after this command executed, he charged him with another, purpoſely to ſend him away from that place, and appointed him to go and ſeek for a man that dwelt in the furtheſt part of all *Sardis*, expreſly charging him not to ſpeak a word of theſe two Swords.

But as he went out of the Garden to ſeek this man his Maſter ſent him unto, he met one of the Princeſs's ſervants at the door, who was his intimate friend, unto whom he imparted his buſineſs, and asked his advice, for the ſervant of *Mexaris* thought that his

Maſter intended to fight with him he ſent for: But the Princeſs's ſervant having more wit than he, and knowing that *Mexaris* and *Abradates* went out together, he ſuſpected ſome miſchief; and after he had adviſed him rather to return into the Garden, than go upon his meſſage, and to tell his Maſter how he underſtood the man he ſent him unto was not at home, he himſelf went haſtily unto the Princeſs, whom he found in diſcourſe with *Perinthus*, and acquainted her with what he knew: He had no ſooner ſpoke it, but the Princeſs cried out, and changed colour ſo much, that *Perinthus* could not chuſe but ſee what a particular intereſt ſhe took in the life of *Abradates*; for he knew her cares could not be for the other. I leave you to judge, Madam, in what a pitiful perplexity he was, when looking upon the Princeſs, he ſaw her eyes all tears, and fears for the death of *Abradates*; and ſince ſhe knew, that in ſuch occaſions as this, a very minute is precious, ſhe came to *Perinthus*, entreating him with extream earneſtneſs: My dear *Perinthus* (ſaid ſhe unto him) you will infinitely oblige me, if you will go and prevent all miſchief that may enſue upon this quarrel; and to oblige you to make more haſte, let me tell you, that it will be the moſt conſiderable ſervice that I ever injoyned you: You may eaſily judg how *Perinthus* was ſurprized and vexed at this imployment which the Princeſs did put him upon; he offered to ſpeak two or three times, but the Princeſs would not hear, but bad him make all haſte: So that poor *Perinthus*, much againſt his mind, went to part two men, whom he would rather have fought with if he durſt: True it is, he was not the firſt that came in, for the claſhing of Swords being heard by thoſe who were in other walks, they ran in with all haſte, yet came too late alſo, for the combate was firſt ended. I ſhall not relate unto you, Madam, all the paſſages of it, it will ſuffice to tell you, that *Abradates* was Conquerour, and *Mexaris* wounded and diſarm'd, and confeſſing that *Abradates* was of an invincible valour. But I beſeech you Madam, imagine a little, what might be the cogitations of *Pe-*

rinthus, when in the incertainty of the event of this combate, he went unto theſe two Princes: He hath ſince confeſſed unto me, that he could never compoſe or reconcile himſelf unto his own wiſhes; Sometimes he wiſhed them both killed, ſometimes that at leaſt *Abradates* were vanquiſhed, and ſometimes again, finding much injuſtice and baſeneſs in his wiſhes, he wiſhed his own death, eſpecially when he reflected upon the ſorrows and fears of *Panthea*, leaſt any misfortune ſhould befal *Abradates:* Moreover, to his further miſery, he met this illuſtrious Conquerour of *Mexaris*, with one of his friends which chance brought into the Garden, following of him; and to compleat the miſeries of *Perinthus*. *Abradates* no ſooner ſaw him, but he addreſſed himſelf to him: If I can without any incivility (ſaid he unto him) deſire you to tell the Princeſs of *Claſomena*, that it is ſhe only who hath preſerved me from being vanquiſhed by *Mexaris*, I will deſire ſo much favour from you; and to aſſure her that I attribute the happy ſucceſs of my combate, unto the paſſion which I have towards her. *Perinthus* was ſo confounded with this diſcourſe, that he ſilently hearkned unto it, without any other anſwer than profound reverence. But *Abradates* taking his ſilence for a conſent unto his deſires left him, and went to expect what *Cræſſus* would think of his action. In the mean while, many of the Court did tranſact in his behalf, and amongſt the reſt *Andramites*, who to ſerve *Perinthus*, had diſſwaded *Cræſſus* from conſenting unto the Marriage between *Mexaris* and *Panthea*, did now all he could to appeaſe this Prince, thinking it as ſerviceable to *Perinthus* as the other: So that *Cræſſus* was ſo qualified, that he reflected all the fault upon his Brother, and excuſed *Abradates*: It was alſo his pleaſure they ſhould imbrace each other as ſoon as *Mexaris* was recovered: But the moſt cruel part for *Abradates* was, that *Perinthus* moved *Andramites* to perſwade the King, that the only way to prevent all future quarrels between them, was to charge them both equally not to think of any Marriage with *Panthea*: And *Andramites* to colour the matter, told *Crœſſus*, that the Princeſs her ſelf was in ſuch fears leſt either of theſe two Princes ſhould come to untimely death, by reaſon of her, that ſhe her ſelf deſired it; ſo that *Crœſſus* charged them both to give over all thoughts of her: 'Tis true, he ſpoke unto theſe two Rivals in different manners; for he abſolutely commanded *Mexaris*, and entreated *Abradates*, treating the one as a Subject, and the other as a Stranger, yet notwithſtanding they could not reſolve to promiſe him obedience, ſaying always, that Love was ſuch a Soveraign paſſion, as they could not ſo readily ſurmount it; yet they ſpoke this with ſo much reverence unto *Crœſſus*, out of fear to incenſe him, leſt he ſhould ſend them both out of *Sardis*, that their reſiſtance did not offend, and *Crœſſus* believed they intended obedience, though they proteſted that they thought it impoſſible. Thus it happened, that the Conquerour was no happier than the Conquered, and *Perinthus* was only he who reaped the fruit of *Abradates* his Victory, out of his joyes, to hope that the Princeſs ſhould marry neither him nor *Mexaris*: But, Madam, the paſſage was rare, when *Perinthus* returned to render an account unto the Princeſs of the combat, for though ſhe heard of others, yet ſince every one is glad to have repetitions of any thing which pleaſeth, or which they have any intereſt in: *Perinthus* was no ſooner come unto her, *Doraliſa* and my ſelf being preſent, but ſhe ſpoke unto him: Well, *Perinthus* (ſaid ſhe unto him with much joy in her eyes) Thanks be to the Gods, the Prince *Abradates* and the Prince *Mexaris* are both alive: They are, Madam, replied he, but the laſt of theſe is wounded: 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, but ſince I underſtand his wounds are not dangerous, I cannot chuſe but rejoice that their combat proved not more fatal: I conceive, Madam, replied he, that whoſoever underſtands the true ſence of your words, will think *Abradates* more glorious in your language, than in his diſarming *Mexaris*. However it be (ſaid ſhe, and bluſhed) give me an exact relation of the combat. *Perinthus* now was extreamly put to it, and not being

ing able himſelf to ſet forth the glory of his Rival, whom he ſaw was too deep in the heart of his Princeſs already, he told her, that he could not truly do it, for the friends of *Mexaris* reported one way, and the friends of *Abradates* another, but the principal of all was what ſhe knew already, that *Abradates* received not a wound, and that *Mexaris* was wounded. It is very ſtrange, *Perinthus* (ſaid *Doraliſa*, and laughed, and who knew as well as I did the true cauſe why he would not ſatisfie the Princeſs) you ſhould be ſo ill informed of this combat: For my part, ſaid ſhe further to diſcover his thoughts, had I been at any Ball, and the Princeſs ſhould preciſely ask me what paſſed there, certainly I ſhould have related every thing with the leaſt circumſtance: ſhe ſhould know, whether the Hall were ill or well furniſhed, who danced moſt, which Ladies were beſt dreſſed, and moſt fair, which of the men was the greateſt Gallant, who talked long with ſuch a one, and who with ſuch a one, and who with ſome other; and ſhe ſhould know every trivial paſſage of the Aſſembly ſo perfectly, as if ſhe were there preſent. In the mean time, you who are a brave and gallant man, in lieu of relating every circumſtance, as I could have done, does only tell the Princeſs that *Mexaris* is wounded, and that *Abradates* is Conquerour. 'Tis very true (ſaid the Princeſs, and ſmiled) *Perinthus* is to blame: I ſhould have thought it, Madam, replied he, no great diſcretion to relate a combat unto Ladies, in the ſame manner as it ſhould be related unto men: It had not been handſom indeed, ſaid *Doraliſa*, to have related Wars and Battels, or your own peculiar Victories: But for a ſingle Duel, and a combat wherein you have no intereſt, and which is fought between two Princes of ſuch eminency, it ought to be exactly related. I ſhall better inform my ſelf another time, replied he, and remember your inſtructions hereafter: Hereafter, ſaid the Princeſs, Heavens forbid you e're be put unto it. *Panthea* ſpoke this with ſuch an Emphaſis, that *Perinthus* knowing thereby her thoughts, was dumb for a quarter of an hour together: during which time, *Doraliſa* talking

ing on as ſhe begun, did almoſt make him deſpair. But to return from whence I tranſgreſſed, give me leave to tell you, Madam, that *Abradates* was ſo ſad to ſee that in conquering *Mexaris* he was not the better, as it was impoſſible he ſhould be more, though it was ſome comfort to ſee himſelf in better ſtate than his Rival, yet he thought himſelf moſt unfortunate: When the Princeſs knew it, ſhe was alſo much troubled, though her care was not to ſhew it: So as the firſt time that *Abradates* met her at *Doraliſa*'s houſe, there paſſed ſuch diſcourſe between them, as did confirm their amity: The Princeſs kept ſtill in thoſe limits which ſhe had preſcribed unto her ſelf, never to marry *Abradates* without the conſent of the Prince her Father, but never to marry *Mexaris*, what violence ſoever ſhe was put unto. Thus that which in appearance ſhould quench their paſſions, did render them more ſtrong; and *Perinthus* in ſtriving to prejudice *Abradates*, did againſt his will do him better ſervice than if he had endeavoured it. This cloſe Lover yet did think himſelf more happy than he was before the Combat of theſe two Rivals: for though he knew very well, that the heart of *Panthea* was deeply engaged, yet he had ſome hopes that ſeeing ſhe could not marry *Abradates*, ſhe would ſtrive to exclude him out of her mind; inſomuch as we perceived him more pleaſant and free than he uſed to be. As for *Mexaris*, he was ſo melancholy, that none living could be more; not but that he had ſtill good words from the Prince of *Claſomena*, but ſince words are but wind, and *Perinthus* kept him from beſtowing his Daughter without the King's conſent, he was no leſs unquiet: In the mean while *Abradates* and he lived with a cold kind of civility to each other, ſuch as ſeemed to be an inclination to another Quarrel. Since the King did not forbid them ſeeing of *Panthea*, but only from thoughts of Marriage, they often met at her houſe; but more often in other places, leſt they ſhould too much incenſe *Crœſſus*. Thus did they live a kind of compulſive and unpleaſant lives; yet *Abradates* was much leſs miſerable than his Rival;

ſince he did not only know himſelf not hated, but ſo much in favour with the World, that the Princeſs never went unto any place, but he had intelligence of it the very ſame hour: For ſince he was liberal unto all, his Intelligencers were moſt exactly true and faithful to him: And I am confident there was not a man of any condition whatſoever, neither about the Prince of *Claſomena*, nor about the Princeſs his Daughter, which was not moſt really for him, except *Perinthus*.

On the contrary, the avarice of *Mexaris* was ſuch, that he had not any intelligence ſo much as from his own ſervants, ſo that he knew no more but what every one knew. After then he had lived thus ſome certain days, he fell upon a moſt unjuſt and violent Reſolution, which was, to carry away *Panthea*, if he could not by any means win the Prince of *Claſomena* to let him marry the Princeſs his Daughter ſecretly. As he entertained theſe thoughts, News was brought, that the Princeſs *Baſilina*, Aunt unto *Panthea*, was ſick of a mortal diſeaſe: Upon this the Princeſs, who did moſt tenderly love her, beſeeched her Father that ſhe might go and pay her laſt duties unto her who had been ſo dear unto her. Since her deſire was juſt, ſhe eaſily obtained it; and the Prince of *Claſomena* himſelf had gone this Voyage, if he had not been advertiſed that *Crœſſus* would not be pleaſed with it: his Reſolutions then were, that *Panthea* ſhould go alone, and that *Perinthus* ſhould be a Conductor; which employment you may imagine he moſt joyfully undertook; yet was he vexed to leave *Mexaris* with the Prince her Father and his Maſter, unleſs he had been with him alſo: yet notwithſtanding, the ſatisfaction he ſhould have to be with the Princeſs out of ſight of all his Rivals, did carry him above all other conſiderations. In the mean while, *Panthea* conſidering that ſhe ſhould ſtand in need of ſome comfort in this ſorrowful Voyage, deſired the Aunt of *Doraliſa*, with whom ſhe lived, to let her Niece go with her, which ſhe granted as willingly as *Doraliſa* wiſhed it: ſo that the next morning we departed, and went towards *Claſomena*. *Abradates* reſented this ſeparation extream ſadly; and the greateſt aggravation of his ſorrows was, that ſince this Journey was ſo haſtily undertaken, he could not bid adieu unto the Princeſs in private : ſo that but for me he had not known that ſhe wiſhed him to remember her during this abſence. I ſhall not tell you, Madam, how melancholy the Princeſs was all the Voyage, nor how great her ſorrows were, when arriving in *Claſomena* we found the Princeſs *Baſilina* ſo very ill, that there was no hopes of her Recovery : This, Madam, would be too tedious unto you : But give me leave to tell you, that four days after our firſt arrival this excellent Princeſs died ; whoſe death *Panthea* took ſo heavily, that ſhe fell ſick her ſelf ; ſo that ſhe could not return ſo ſoon to *Sardis* ; for though her diſeaſe was not very violent, yet it was ſo great as to hinder her from travel ; ſo that *Perinthus* enjoyed a longer happineſs than e're he looked for, in being free from the ſight of his Rivals, and continually ſeeing his Princeſs ; and indeed he became ſo blithe and pleaſant whilſt we ſtayed at *Claſomena*, that the Princeſs would not admit of any company but his, *Doraliſa*, and mine : ſo that it may not unfitly be ſaid, that as Roſes grow amongſt thorny prickles, ſo the delights of *Perinthus* did grow amongſt his ſorrows : 'Tis true, his ſweets did laſt no longer than the ſweets of a fading Roſe : For beſides that Love is an enemy to reſt and ſerenity, he and his delights were blaſted by a ſtinging Letter from *Andramites* ; for it brought him news, that *Mexaris* was perpetually as cloſe to the Prince of *Claſomena*, as if he were his ſhadow : yet for all this, ſince the Princeſs was not amongſt them, they could not put their Reſolutiens into execution ; he hoped therefore that aſſoon as he ſaw the Prince of *Claſomena*, he would make him alter his deſign if he had any which were contrary to his intentions : So that his trouble at it was not ſo great as his ſatisfaction to be ſo near his Princeſs, and ſo far off his Rivals, but there was another paſſage which was a much more bitter Pill unto him ; for be pleaſed to know, Madam, that the Prince *Abradates*, not being able to live ſo long without ſome news of *Panthea*, did write twice every week conſtantly as long as we ſtayed in *Claſomena* unto either *Doraliſa* or my ſelf ; or to ſay better, unto the Princeſs, ſince the Contents of them all related only unto her : at the firſt he intimated his ardent deſires of obtaining licence to write unto her ſelf ; but ſhe would not by any means permit it, leſt by any accident his Letters ſhould miſcarry : but as for thoſe which were written unto *Doraliſa* and me, they were written in ſuch an ambiguous manner, as they would admit of ſeveral interpretations : So that the Princeſs heard from *Abradates* almoſt without any danger, and *Abradates* underſtood from us as much as he deſired to know. But the better to make our matters myſterious, we intimated unto *Abradates*, that when we would mention any thing unto him which concerned the Princeſs, it ſhould be under the name of *Perinthus* : ſo that you may imagine that the Name of *Perinthus* was in all our Letters. It chanced once as ill luck was, when *Perinthus* came to *Doraliſa*'s Chamber as ſhe was writing unto *Abradates* ; and though it was always her cuſtom when ſhe writ, to appoint her Woman that waited upon her, to let none enter before ſhe was firſt acquainted, yet ſhe did not exactly obey her at that time, but on the contrary, ſhe wanting ſomething which was in another Room, ſhe went out, unperceived by her Miſtreſs, and left the door open, hoping to return e're any came : but whilſt ſhe ſtayed talking with ſome of the Princeſs's Women, *Perinthus* came in, who hearing no noiſe in the Chamber, thought that either none was there, or elſe that *Doraliſa* was ſick : but to ſatisfie himſelf he went in, and ſaw that ſhe was behind a Screen, writing upon a table oppoſite unto a great Glaſs, and her back towards him : Since *Doraliſa*'s mind was very intent upon her Writing, ſhe never minded any noiſe, and therefore it is no wonder if ſhe did not hear *Perinthus* enter, who being full of curioſity to ſee what ſhe writ, that he might have ſome ſubject to twit her with, as ſhe had often him, did go towards her, and did tread as ſoftly as if ſhe had been aſleep, and he afraid to wake her : at laſt he came cloſe to her, and leaning his head almoſt over her ſhoulder, he read what ſhe writ unto *Abradates*; yet could he not know unto whom this Letter was addreſſed: but he was much amazed when the firſt word he read was his own Name; his curioſity augmented, and he read all ſhe had writ, which, as I remember, was in theſe words:

> Perinthus *yeſterday ſpoke unto me concerning you in ſuch an obliging way, that I wiſh you knew what we ſaid in your Commendations: your laſt Letter ſeemed unto him the moſt pleaſant in the world, and ſo admirably politick, that I read it no leſs than thrice unto him: You may well know, that ſince he did ſo commend you for it, I dare not after him: I have many other things to ſay, which unto you are more—*

As *Doraliſa* had writ this laſt word, and *Perinthus* read it with extream impatience to ſee the ſequel, that thereby he might underſtand the beginning, which was like unto a Riddle to him, knowing that *Doraliſa* never ſhewed him any Letter; ſhe lifted up her eyes, and looking in the Glaſs which was oppoſite to her, ſhe ſaw *Perinthus* reading her Letter over her ſhoulder. She no ſooner ſpyed him but ſhe cryed out: Fie, fie, *Perinthus* (ſaid ſhe, and hid her Letter) have you forgot that reſpect which is due unto our Sex? Why, why, fair *Doraliſa* (ſaid he unto her, and ſmiled) are you making me ſpeak things I never thought upon? I pray let me ſee this Letter which you ſay I thought ſo pleaſant, and which was ſo polite, that I read it no leſs than three times. *Doraliſa* then perceiving that he had read all ſhe writ, thought it better to turn it into rallery, than make a ſerious matter of it, thinking that the more angry ſhe was, the more would he apprehend it myſterious: alſo ſince thoſe that uſe to play upon others: cannot well take ſo much liberty unto themſelves, unleſs they allow it unto others: ſo ſhe thought that ſhe had no reaſon to be angry with *Perinthus*, becauſe ſhe had played him a hundred ſuch tricks in her life; ſo that changing her countenance, and beginning to laugh and read the Letter, to gain more time for the explanation of it, *Perinthus* deſired to read it alſo, and ſhe not denying, he read it word for word. I pray *Doraliſa*, ſaid he unto her, why did your Pen drop ſuch a lye as this, and to whom do you tell it? for I am certain, that all the day yeſterday you did not ſpeak one word unto me; yet you tell the perſon unto whom you write, that I ſpoke a hundred times of her yeſterday in a moſt obliging manner: And you add further, that her laſt Letter was very pleaſant; and you told all theſe with ſuch a confidence, that you amazed me: However, ſaid *Doraliſa*, I am confident, I did you no ill office, for in ſaying all this, I ſaid nothing in your diſadvantage: but on the contrary, ſaid that you acknowledg'd it for a polite and pleaſant Letter, and that I durſt not give her any commendations after you.

I beſeech you *Doraliſa* (ſaid he unto her) tell me, and ſhew me this that I commended ſo, otherwiſe I ſhall be much incenſed: Truly, anſwered ſhe, if I were a bad friend I ſhould ſhew it; but to let you ſee that I am a good one, know that a Lady in *Sardis*, who for her honour I will not name, did write a Letter unto me, which, to ſhew her wit, ſhe hath ſtuffed full of Fuſtian and big words, which ſignifie nothing: So that knowing by her ſtile ſhe loves to be commended, doubtleſs I did her that office in the higheſt manner, ſince I told her ſhe had your commendations: I ſhould believe you *Doraliſa*, replyed he, if you would ſhew me this her Letter: Since perhaps you are acquainted with her hand (replyed *Doraliſa*) I will not ſhew it unto you. In the mean time, *Perinthus*, added ſhe, I pray leave me the liberty to finiſh out my Letter: Really, ſaid he, I do believe this is a buſineſs of ſome earneſt, for at the place where you left, it ſeems you had more matters to expreſs than complements: 'Tis true (replyed *Doraliſa*, and laughed) therefore I deſire you to leave me: I cannot, ſaid he; for to be plain with you, I do not believe a word of all this you have told me: What do you believe then (ſaid ſhe unto him?) I know not what to believe or think, yet I am the moſt miſtaken man alive, if this Letter do not contain ſome cloſe ſecrets: If you think ſo, ſaid *Doraliſa*, then you are unreaſonable to preſs unto a diſcovery of it, ſince you know ſecrets are ſuch things as our friends muſt tell us themſelves, and we ought not to ask them: If I had not ſeen my name in your Letter, replied he, doubtleſs I ſhould be more diſcreet: But ſince you are ſo bold as to tell three or four lies of me, I thought I might be as bold in asking you the truth of thoſe things which I deſire to know: What would you know? replied *Doraliſa.* I would know, ſaid he, unto whom you direct your Letter: I have already told you, replied ſhe, that I will not; all that I can do for your ſatisfaction is to proteſt moſt ſolemnly, that all I have or ſhall write unto her, does not at all relate unto your intereſt: For Heavens ſake, ſaid *Perinthus*, do not uſe me thus, for if you refuſe me this, I ſhall relate the ſtory of it, not only to every one here, but unto all the Court alſo when I return to *Sardis*: *Perinthus* is ſo diſcreet, replied *Doraliſa*, that I do not fear he will ſo far incenſe me: *Doraliſa* has been often ſo waggiſh with me, replied he, that *Perinthus* would not be much to blame, if he were once in his life revenged: When you have told all you can, replied ſhe, What then will the iſſue be? The iſſue doubtleſs will be, anſwered *Perinthus*, that they will know you keep a ſecret correſpondence with ſome or other: They know well enough already (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) that I have not yet found this compleat man I look for; therefore my reputation will not be wounded by any thing you can ſay againſt me. Perhaps (ſaid *Perinthus* then, and looked ſtedfaſtly upon her) you negotiate in behalf of ſome other, and perhaps alſo you have leſs intereſt than I have in the ſecret meaning of this Letter: I ſhould have thought, replied *Doraliſa*, that a man who will not open his own ſecrets unto any, would not be ſo preſſing to know the ſecrets of others: However it be, ſaid he, I have ſuch an extream deſire to be ſatisfied in what I ask of you, or that you will confeſs it unto me if I can gueſs at it, that there is nothing which I will not willingly do to oblige you unto it: Let me then know what you gueſs it to be, ſaid ſhe, and afterwards I ſhall know how far I can anſwer. As they were upon theſe terms I chanced to enter, not knowing of any conteſt betwixt them: And ſince the Princeſs feared that *Doraliſa* had not writ unto *Abradates* obligingly enough, I came to tell her ſhe ſhould not ſeal up her Letter before ſhe ſhewed it unto the Princeſs. To acquit my ſelf of this employment, I whiſpered my meſſage into her ear, but as low as I whiſpered it, *Perinthus* heard it as well as *Doraliſa:* So that comparing what I told *Doraliſa*, unto what he had read in her Letter, he believed that this Letter which the Princeſs deſired to ſee, was the ſame which included his name, and he made no further ſcruple of it, but that this myſterious Letter related unto the Princeſs and *Abradates*. *Doraliſa* then offered to tell me the paſſage which was between them, but *Perinthus* cared no more for this Rallery, and riſing up to go away: I need not ask you any more, ſaid he unto her, for I know it already without putting you to the trouble of telling it. *Doraliſa* ſeeing a great alteration in his countenance, feared leſt he ſhould ſpeak ſomething in prejudice of the Princeſs, and therefore ſhe ſtayed him: Then telling me in three words the ſubject of their quarrel, to let me underſtand what I ought to ſay, and to perſwade him alſo that there was no myſtery in the Letter, I did what I could to make him believe all this was but a piece of *Doraliſa*'s ſporting Wit, which was in a frolick humour; but I perceived he did not believe me, and ſo certainly he left us. He was no ſooner gone out of the Chamber, but *Doraliſa* and I called him back again. Upon a little conſultation together, we concluded it better that *Perinthus* alone ſhould ſuſpect ſomething, than that he ſhould tell this paſſage unto ſome ſuch men as would tell it unto a thouſand, which might produce ill conſequences. *Perinthus* then being returned into *Doraliſa*'s Chamber, we ſeriouſly entreated him not to reveal this paſſage between him and her; telling him, (to the end he ſhould not deny us, and alſo to deceive him) that e're long we would acquaint him with the truth of the matter. No, no, (replied *Perinthus* with a hollow kind of expreſſion) I will not reveal this ſecret which is ſo dear unto you, never fear it; I reſpect the perſon to whom it relates, more than to have any ſuch thought. *Doraliſa* and I would have ſaid more unto him, but he went away without giving us, or we giving him any other anſwer. In the mean time, we reſolved to hinder him from acquainting the Princeſs with this accident, leſt it ſhould too much trouble her, and thought it better to comply with him, and tell exactly what he could gueſs it to be, yet we could not meet with a ready opportunity for it, for none that belonged to the Princeſs could ſee him that day, not that he had ſhut up himſelf to conceal his melancholy, but that he was gone to ſee if he could diſcover whether any of *Abradates* his men were in *Claſomena*; and indeed his queſt was not in vain, for he found out by a ſtrange chance, that there was a man lodged in the Captain of the Caſtles houſe, who would not be ſeen; ſo that by inquiring who he was, he underſtood by a ſervant of the Captain's, who was my Couſin, that this ſtranger was to depart in the morning after, that he came but the day before, that he came from *Sardis*, and that I had ſpoke with him in the Garden. I leave you to judge, Madam, after this, whether a man ſo much in Love, and ſo full of wit and ſpirit as *Perinthus* was, would not conclude that there was a ſecret correſpondency between *Panthea* and *Abradates*, he apprehended then the very truth, and ſaw plainly that his name in *Doraliſa*'s Letter was only an umbrage unto *Panthea*'s name: It is a thing impoſſible to expreſs the deſpair of *Perinthus*: Is it not miſery enough, ſaid he, that I dare not ſo much as tell the perſon whom I adore, that I love her, but that I muſt be alſo perſecuted with a thouſand ſad circumſtances, which add bitter aggravations unto all my ſorrows? Muſt no name but mine colour the favours which the Princeſs whom I adore confers upon my Rival? Fy, fy, I cannot endure it: And the truth is, Madam, this trivial inconſiderable paſſage did ſo perplex him, that he was beyond all patience: Love does infuſe ſo much folly and weakneſs into the ſpirits of the moſt compleat men, that he had not been half ſo much ſtung, if the Princeſs had expreſſed her favours unto *Abradates* by any other name than his. This bitter thought did ſo corrode upon his heart, that he intended to deſire the Princeſs not to uſe his name any more in her Letters; and to that end, the next morning he came unto her lodging, but ſo melancholy and altered, that *Panthea* thinking he had been ill, did moſt obligingly ask him how he did, telling him ſhe ſhould be extreamly ſorry he ſhould fall ſick: Whil'ſt ſhe was recovering her health, and that ſhe intended as he brought her from *Sardis* to *Claſomena*, ſo he ſhould carry her back again from *Claſomena* to *Sardis*. *Perinthus* received theſe marks of friendſhip from the Princeſs very reſpectively, but with ſo much ſadneſs in his face, that it was evident there was as much in his ſoul. In the mean while, *Doraliſa* and I did ſearch for him all that day, and it chanced when he came, that the Princeſs was gone into her Cloſet with *Doraliſa*, and ſome *Claſomenian* Ladies, and *Perinthus* and my ſelf were alone together, in a Tarraſs cloſe by the Chamber: There we ſilently ſtood both of us, in expectation what either would ſay unto the other: At laſt, ſeeing *Perinthus* ſo buſie with his own thoughts, that he minded nothing; I ſpoke firſt unto him, and I asked him whether he was deſirous I ſhould keep my word, and tell him what he had ſo much deſire to know? No *Pherenice*, ſaid he, and ſighed, I know too much already; but I have one favour to ask, which I beſeech you do not deny me: If it be both juſt and poſſible, (ſaid I unto him) you ſhall certainly obtain it: Then I conjure you, (replied he) to let *Doraliſa* uſe my name no more in writing unto that perſon ſhe writ laſt; and it is much better for her to make uſe of any other to hide that which ſhe would have kept a ſecret, for this may prejudice me more than ſhe is aware of: I would have deſired the ſame of *Doraliſa* her ſelf, but her humour is ſuch, that ſhe never hears me but in way of jeſt; and therefore I addreſs my ſelf unto you, who being of a leſs frolick diſpoſition, has doubtleſs a more tender ſoul to be mov'd at the deſires of your Friends. *Perinthus* ſpoke after ſuch a mournful manner, as I perceived by his tone the ſadneſs of his heart, which moved mine to pity him: So that anſwering him as ſweetly as I could, to the end I might thereby oblige him to a confidence in me: *Perinthus*, ſaid I unto him, I ſhall eaſily obtain what you deſire of *Doraliſa*; and ſince you do forbid her to ſpeak all the good of you ſhe pleaſeth, when occaſion ſhall happen, I do aſſure you, ſhe ſhall uſe your name no more when ſhe writes unto her friend, for I know ſhe infinitely eſteems you, and would not upon any terms give you any offence: But pray tell me, why are you ſo incenſed againſt her for uſing your name, at a time when ſhe could not take any other that ſhe knew better? *Pherenice*, ſaid he unto me, if you will make me a firm promiſe of fidelity, I will impart part of my thoughts unto you: I will ſeriouſly make that promiſe, ſaid I unto him, provided you conceal nothing from me: Since you never imparted any thing at all to me, (replyed he) I dare not diſcover all I know unto you, unleſs you firſt vow ſecreſie. I thought, after this, *Perinthus* intended to tell me, he loved the Princeſs; and ſince I longed to hear him ſpeak of his paſſion, that I might endeavour to cure him of it, I promiſed and vowed all he deſired. After which, looking ſtedfaſtly upon me, Is it not true, *Pherenice*, (ſaid he unto me, with a ſadneſs in his eyes as would have moved the moſt inſenſible ſoul to pity him) that the Letter which *Doraliſa* writ, was unto *Abradates*? and that the name of miſerable *Perinthus* was uſed only to umbrage the name of the adorable *Panthea*? *Perinthus*, (ſaid I unto him, and interrupted him) you do not keep within the limits of our conditions, for I promiſed not to reveal any ſecret you ſhall impart unto me; for I perceive, by the very beginning of your diſcourſe, that you are ſo far from imparting and truſting me, that you deſire I ſhould impart and truſt you. Conſider well, *Perinthus*, what you ſay, and do not begin your diſcourſe with any queſtions, if you deſire I ſhould anſwer you: Neither, to tell you truly, do I very well underſtand, though what you ſuppoſe were true, what prejudice it would be to you, though your name were placed in lieu of *Panthea's*. If the Prince of *Claſomena*, (replied he very faintly) ſhould by any accident meet with one of thoſe Letters, might he not ſuſpect me of holding ſome intelligence, and that I did betray him? I, I ſay, unto whom he has ſaid a hundred times, he would not have the Princeſs marry *Abradates*: Ha, *Perinthus*, (ſaid I unto him) have you not profeſſed your ſelf ſo obliged unto the ſervice of the Princeſs, as that you ought to wiſh well unto *Abradates*, if you did believe ſhe looked favourably upon him? Yes, and ſo you would, if you had not ſome other ſecret reaſon, which I perceive well enough, and for your tranquilities ſake, wiſh were not true: Yes, yes, *Perinthus*, you do love *Panthea*, and ſome ſparks of jealouſie perſwades you that ſhe loves *Abradates*: This is it that makes you take it ſo ill your name ſhould be uſed in a Letter, which, you think, is unto that Prince: I have long ſince perceived the paſſion in you to her, yet I knew no reaſon you had to truſt none with it, but to ſmother that fire which conſumes you, a little ſpark, if covered, will grow to a great flame; but a great fire will not hurt, if not covered; therefore, let me perſwade you ingenuouſly to confeſs it unto me, otherwiſe you will induce me to tell the Princeſs all I know: If you will truſt me, added I, I ſhall promiſe you an inviolable fidelity; and if you will not, I do proteſt, that as ſoon as I am parted from you, I will tell the Princeſs, that I think you are in love with her, and ſhall give her ſuch evidences of the truth of it, that perhaps ſhe will forbid you ever ſeeing her again. *Perinthus* hearing me ſay ſo, looked attentively upon me, and ſpoke not a word: He conſidered which was the more advantageous for him, to confeſs, or not confeſs that he loved her: If I confeſs it, ſaid he, perhaps ſhe will tell, and if ſhe tell, I am undone: But if I do not confeſs, ſhe will the ſooner tell, and my ruine is the

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more inevitable, both ways ruin'd, what ſhall I do? Then afterwards, imagining I would never be ſo importunate to know a thing which I would condemn in him, he began to flatter himſelf with a bottomleſs hope of he knew not what, and anſwer me enigmatically. When I ſaw his ſoul begin to ſtagger, I preſſed him further, and that ſo home, that I ſaid the Princeſs ſhould preſently know he was in Love with her, if he would not acknowledge it to me. At laſt, after he had made me ſolemnly ſwear that I would never diſcover what he would tell me, neither unto *Doralisa* nor the Princeſs, nor any elſe whatſoever, he promiſed to lay open the whole truth unto me; yet firſt I declared unto him that I would engage my ſelf no further than to be faithful unto him, and to comfort him, but not to further him in his paſſion.

Perhaps, Madam, you will ask me why I would urge *Perinthus* to confeſs his Love; to which I anſwer, Becauſe I thought it would be a conſiderable ſervice unto the Princeſs, if I could ſcrue my ſelf into the credit of a man who had ſuch a prevalency with the Prince her Father; and I could be an inſtrument to prevent any hurt to *Abradates*, whom I knew he did not love: Alſo I hoped that my advice might perhaps happily cure him of that diſeaſe which did ſo much torment him, and would be his Ruine: So that my ends were rather at the Princeſs ſervice, and the tranquility of *Perinthus*, than out of any curioſity that I deſired to know the ſecrets of his heart: however *Perinthus* confeſſed his paſſion unto me; related all his raptures, and told me all his thoughts: So that after he had expreſſed the grandure of his paſſion, his purity and conſtancy, Judge, *Pherenice*, ſaid he unto me, whether I had not good reaſon to deſire that my Name ſhould not be employed to make *Abradates* happy. *Perinthus* (ſaid I unto him with much ſweetneſs, to the end I might inſinuate my ſelf into his opinion) I am very much obliged to you for letting me know that from your own mouth which I ſo much deſired, and I aſſure you that I will conceal this ſecret wherewith you have entruſted me, as cloſely as you can your ſelf. Ah *Pherenice* (ſaid he unto me) perhaps you will keep it too cloſely; and I do not know whether at the ſame time I deſire you to conceal it, I ſhould not alſo entreat you to tell it unto the——At this word *Perinthus* ſtopt, not being able to pronounce the word *Princeſs*; then preſently reprehending himſelf, No, no *Pherenice*, ſaid he to me, do not mind my raving, but my reaſon, which bids me rather dye for my adored *Panthea*, and never to let her know I dye for her; therefore be as faithful as your promiſe, and let me only have the comfort to ſpeak unto her whom ſhe loves of the torments which my paſſion puts upon me: in the mean time, as I will not entreat you to render me any good office unto the Princeſs, ſo do not you entreat me to be ſerviceable unto *Abradates*. The caſe is not the ſame, replied I, for if I undertake to do you any good office to the Princeſs *Panthea*, I ſhould abſolutely ruine you, ſo you ſhould ask me a thing impoſſible: but if I entreat you to do a good office for *Abradates* unto the Prince of *Claſomena*, I do entreat you to do a thing which may eaſily be done. Eaſily (replied *Perinthus* haſtily,) ah *Pherenice* you do not know how difficult it is to do a good office for a Rival, and eſpecially a favoured Rival. But *Perinthus*, replied I, would you have the Princeſs marry a man ſhe hates? I would ſhe were contented, replied he, but for a comfort unto my miſeries, I would ſhe would marry none. As we were thus in diſcourſe, the Princeſs came out of her Cloſet, and went into the Garden to take the ayr, whither I followed her, but not *Perinthus*, but he retired as full of ſhame, as if the Princeſs did divine what he had told me. *Doraliſa*, who had obſerved the diſcourſe which we had together, did ask me what it was: but though ſhe and I had promiſed each other to render an account of what we ſhould diſcover concerning *Perinthus*; yet I did not think my ſelf obliged to tell her what I had vowed unto him to conceal; and indeed I told her nothing but what I knew before he had diſcovered himſelf unto me. After this, *Perinthus* ſpoke oftner unto me than he uſed, though he was ever one of my good friends: but what arguments and addreſſes ſoever he uſed to know of me upon what terms *Abradates* ſtood in *Panthea*'s mind, I did not tell him one word; and as he was one day importuning me, Peace *Perinthus* (ſaid I unto him) and never ask me that which I would never tell you though I did know it: and be aſſured of this, that as I will never betray your truſt, ſo I will never betray the Princeſs, unto whom I owe a greater fidelity than unto you; and indeed from this time he durſt never ask me any more queſtions. Some few days after, he received a Letter from *Andramites*, which let him know that *Mexaris* had a little claſhed with the Prince of *Claſomena*, and that he was gone unto one of his houſes, ſome two daies journey from *Sardis*: ſo that *Perinthus* did not well know whether he ſhould be ſad or glad at it: for when he conſidered *Mexaris* as one that was in hopes to enjoy *Panthea*, he was very glad he was faln foul with the Prince of *Claſomena*; but when he conſidered him as an obſtacle unto the hopes of *Abradates*, he was ſorry that *Mexaris* was not in that Princes favour. Yet notwithſtanding all this, his hopes that *Crœſſus* would never conſent that *Panthea* ſhould marry either *Mexaris* or *Abradates*, did procure him ſome conſolation; yet it may well be ſaid that he never enjoyed any pleaſing hours: not only becauſe he had many real miſeries upon him, but becauſe he ſucked bitter poiſon out of every thing; and when the Princeſs was recovered, he grieved in lieu of rejoycing at it, foreſeeing that the return of her health would be her return to *Sardis*. *Pherenice* (ſaid he one day unto me, when the Princeſs had freſher Roſes in her cheeks than e're ſhe had ſince her ſickneſs paled them) am not I a moſt miſerable man to ſee that the Princeſs is a more poliſhed beauty by her ſickneſs? had it impaired her, *Abradates* perhaps would have leſſened his Love to her, and that if ſhe had perceived it ſhe would have had leſs good will to him: but alas, I am too unfortunate to ſee that, for ſhe will return to *Sardis* more gloriouſly fair than when ſhe came from it. You may eaſily imagine by this, Madam, how much that man was tormented, who grieved at the beauty and welfare of the

Perſon he loved. Within a few days after we departed, and *Perinthus* appeared ſo melancholy, that if I had not known the ſecret of his heart, I ſhould have thought he had left the object of all his affections behind him: *Doraliſa* alſo began to chide him extreamly the firſt day of our Journey, and truly that helped us to paſs on with much more pleaſure: for as oft as *Perinthus*, who was on horſeback, came near the Princeſs Coach, from which he was never far off, ſhe told him of a thouſand pleaſant paſſages, unto which he would anſwer with ſuch a fretting chafe as made the beſt ſport in the world. The firſt days Journey being thus paſt, we continued the next; but alas, it was not ſo pleaſant: For be pleaſed to know, Madam, that being come into a thick dark Forreſt, in a place where was a great Pond, which we left upon the right hand, and which being ſhadowed with the thick Wood, was both a moſt pleaſing and a moſt terrible object: Be pleaſed to know, I ſay, that being come unto this place, we ſaw upon our left hand come from divers places of the Forreſt forty or fifty men on horſeback with Swords in their hands; one of which I preſently knew to be the Prince *Mexaris*; who commanded the Coachman of the Princeſs's Coach to ſtay; which accordingly he did, becauſe he thought he could do no other: for, Madam, you muſt know the Princeſs in this voyage had but one Coach full of women, beſides her own; fifteen horſemen, and ſome footmen, but very few: 'Tis true, *Perinthus* might well be counted for more than one man, conſidering the prodigious acts he did that day: he no ſooner ſaw *Mexaris* come with a Sword in his hand, and in the head of all his men (who in coming out of the Wood rallied about him) but he put himſelf in a poſture of defence, and calling all the Princeſs's men together, he ſtood between the Coach and the Prince *Mexaris*, who had no ſooner commanded the Coach to ſtay, but *Perinthus* advanced towards him with his Sword lifted up; *Mexaris* retreated a pace or two; and endeavouring to carry away the Princeſs without bloodſhed, or perhaps without expoſing himſelf: *Perinthus* (ſaid he unto him) do not force me to ruine you, nor make any vain reſiſtance againſt a man who is in a condition to force you unto obedience. No, no, Sir, ſaid *Perinthus*, I have but a life to manage, and you ſhall not take away the Princeſs as long as *Perinthus* lives. Whilſt *Mexaris* was keeping *Perinthus* in talk, four of his men went to the Coach, which *Perinthus* ſeeing, without any more ado he fell upon *Mexaris*, crying out he ſhould not find it an eaſie matter to carry *Panthea* away as long as he lived: and indeed he aſſaulted him with ſuch fury, as *Mexaris* ſtood in need of all his men to relieve him, as afterward we underſtood by one of the Princeſs's men. As for us, Madam, we were in ſuch a fright, that we knew not what we ſaw: For my part, I only ſaw a great confuſion, and heard a hideous noiſe. The moſt advantagious thing for us was, that thoſe men who *Mexaris* commanded to ſeize upon the Princeſs whilſt the reſt fought, ſeeing their Maſter engaged in a Fight, of which they knew not the event, notwithſtanding the inequality of number, they let us alone, and reſolved to ſtay till they ſaw the Victory more certain, contenting themſelves with keeping the Coaches from ſtirring away: but the longer they ſtayed, the weaker and fewer their Party grew: for *Perinthus* fought with ſuch magnanimous courage, that I have heard certainly reported, he killed ſix of *Mexaris* his men with his own hands, being wounded himſelf in ſeveral places: Thoſe who ſeconded him did play their parts very well: ſince of fifteen men which he had, three were killed, and four more out of fight, he had no other hope left but to dye in defending the Princeſs: ſo that fighting in deſperation, he did ſuch things as I know not how to relate unto you. As the poor *Perinthus* was thus engaged, he ſaw ſome Cavaliers galloping to the place where he fought, and ſince he queſtioned not but that they belonged unto *Mexaris*, he gave himſelf for loſt: yet deſiring to ſell his life at as dear a rate as he could, and to kill *Mexaris* before he was killed himſelf, he advanced towards him with ſuch a fury in ſpight of all his men which ſurrounded him, and engaged himſelf ſo amongſt theſe

Raviſhers, that if *Abradates*, in the head of thoſe Cavaliers which *Perinthus* took to belong unto *Mexaris* had not come in to his relief, the poor *Perinthus* had died there. But this Prince was no ſooner come up with twenty horſe, than the ſtate of things did put on a new face; foreſeeing *Perinthus* in danger, he made ſtreight to him, and clearly diſingaged him.

To preſent unto you, Madam, the aſtoniſhment of *Mexaris*, of *Perinthus*, of us, and every one, to ſee *Abradates* in that place, is more than language can reach unto, *Mexaris* then thought the Gods reſolved his ruine, *Panthea* hoped they would preſerve her, and *Perinthus* told me ſince, that when he ſaw *Abradates* ſave his life, he was ſo extreamly full of ſorrow, that he had a mind to fight againſt him as well as againſt *Mexaris*, who ſince the arrival of the Prince of *Suſiana*, thought it diſcretion to retreat, ſince he was wounded, and neither in a condition to carry away his Princeſs, nor fight with his Rival, yet he was hotly purſued: But ſince the principal deſign of *Abradates* and *Perinthus* was only to preſerve the Princeſs, they durſt not venture to ſcatter themſelves in the thick of the Forreſt: So that returning again towards her, ſhe called them her Deliverers, and rendred them a million of thanks for the ſervice which they had done her: Then, as ſhe obſerved, that *Abradates* by his arrival had ſaved the life of *Perinthus*, ſhe rendred him no leſs thanks for that, than for keeping her out of the power of *Mexaris*: And ſince ſhe did apprehend with abundance of tenderneſs all that *Perinthus* had done for her, ſhe did accept it with great acknowledgments. On the other ſide, *Perinthus* looking upon *Abradates*, as upon him that had reaped the fruit of all his pains, he almoſt repented of what he had done, and perhaps rather wiſhed *Mexaris* had carried away the Princeſs, than that *Abradates* ſhould ſhare with him in the glory of defending her, or that for his particular he ſhould owe his life unto him. Since that place was not very pleaſant for us to ſtay in, where nothing was to be ſeen but dead and dying men: After all theſe complements were tumultuouſly addreſſed, after the Princeſs had asked *Abradates* what accident brought him ſo happily thither, and after he had told her that it was, becauſe he was informed of *Mexaris* his deſign, by one of his Domeſticks, therefore he immediately mounted horſe to oppoſe him, then the Coach went on. *Abradates* leaving ſome of his men to take care of thoſe that were not yet dead, as well enemies as friends; alſo to relieve the one, and ſecure the other: But as they were going on, the Princeſs perceived that *Perinthus* was wounded in his left hand, and that he loſt blood enough to weaken him, and therefore ſhe cauſed her Coach to ſtay, and cauſing him to come in, I gave him a Scarf to bind up his hand. Thus the firſt Liberator of *Panthea* was in the Coach, and the Liberator of *Perinthus* and *Panthea* both rid by them, and could not chuſe but render thanks unto this ſecret Lover for ſo well defending the Princeſs: But alas, what hollow-hearted anſwers did the poor *Perinthus* return unto all the civilities of *Abradates*; The only conſolation he had was ſometimes to look upon me, and to let me ſee the ſorrows of his heart in his eyes: At the firſt habitable place we came at, the Princeſs ſtayed to dreſs the hand of *Perinthus*, the blood being not yet quite ſtanched; after which we went on. I had forgot to tell you, Madam, how after the combat was ended, we found one of *Mexaris* his men diſmounted, of whom we ſeized, and whom *Abradates* cauſed to be brought unto *Sardis*, that *Crœſſus* might be better inform'd of all paſſages. I will not tell you, Madam, how extreamly that Prince was incenſed againſt *Mexaris*, when he heard of his intentions to take away *Panthea*, nor how the Prince of *Claſomena* was ſurprized, grieved, and angry: But give me leave to tell you that which indeed is admirable, for *Perinthus* who did what he could to kill *Mexaris*, did now uſe all endeavours poſſible by the means of *Andramites*, to appeaſe *Crœſſus*, upon no other motive, but only to make him an obſtacle unto *Abradates*. Thus the miſerable *Perinthus*, (as generous as he was) was forced by the violence of his paſſion to further him whoſe life he would have taken away, and to hinder him unto whom he was a debtor for his own, yet was he not able to effect the one nor the other; for beſides that *Crœſſus* was highly incenſed againſt *Mexaris*, for offering not only to marry *Panthea* contrary to his commands, but to ſteal her away: There happened another oppoſition, for the Princeſs fearing leſt *Mexaris* ſhould return to *Sardis*, and make his peace, ſhe deſired *Doraliſa* to treat *Andramites* a little better, and to deſire him that he would keep the King in his angry mind againſt *Mexaris*, which accordingly ſhe did; and *Andramites* the next morning went unto *Perinthus*, and told him that he could not ſatisfie his deſires, becauſe *Doraliſa* deſired of him the quite contrary; therefore he told him, that where the caſe of a Miſtreſs and a friend comes in competition, he ſhould not think himſelf unjuſt, in giving the precedency unto *Doraliſa* before him: You may imagine, Madam, how ſad *Perinthus* was at this news; for he knew very well *Doraliſa* would never have made this deſire, but at the inſtance of the Princeſs: Seeing then he could not oblige his friend unto his deſires, yet he ſolicited him to keep *Crœſſus* ſtill unto his deſign of not conſenting that *Abradates* ſhould marry *Panthea*; and indeed *Andramites* did promiſe him to ſatisfie that deſire, provided *Doraliſa* did not move him to oppoſe that alſo. This tranſaction of *Perinthus* did not proceed from any willingneſs to prejudice a Prince unto whom he was ſo much obliged, but the conſideratiou that he was his hindrance from poſſeſſing the Princeſs, was above all other conſiderations whatſoever: He never acquainted me with this negotiation, but only with the miſeries which he endured. In the mean while, that dangerous poyſon which was in his ſoul, did ſo invenom his wound that it would not heal, and his hand was as ſore as his heart; he grew weak, pale and languiſhing, being in a gentle Fever, which never intermitted one moment: But whil'ſt he endured all theſe ſecret maladies. *Abradates* was much happier than he uſed to be, for the Prince of *Claſomena* knowing what he had done for the

Princeſs his Daughter, did treat him incomparably better than ordinary, and could not in any civility forbid him the viſiting *Panthea*, with whom his hours were much more ſweet ſince *Mexaris* was not preſent. It ſeemed that Prince, (who was retired unto a Town, the Governour whereof was his creature) was dangerouſly wounded, ſo that there being no fears of his return, *Abradates* enjoyed as many pleaſures as *Perinthus* did ſorrows; yet had he this bitter ingredient amongſt his ſweets, that *Crœſſus* was no better diſpoſed than uſual to conſent unto his Marriage with *Panthea*, ſo that he had ſome Cloudy days as well as many Sun-ſhine. After he had lived thus ſome certain time, he underſtood that *Crœſſus*, having conferred with the Prince of *Claſomena*, at laſt gave him leave to return, and to carry the Princeſs his Daughter with him, to the end that abſence might extinguiſh the paſſion in *Abradates* his ſoul: *Perinthus* you may imagine did not oppoſe this deſign, but on the contrary, did ſo zealouſly prompt the Prince his Maſter unto it, and alſo ſet *Andramites* upon *Crœſſus* to haſten it, that the voyage was talked on as a thing certainly reſolved upon: So that when *Abradates* thought himſelf neareſt his happineſs, he feared to be furtheſt off it. The Princeſs was extreamly troubled at this reſolution, inſomuch as ſhe deſired *Doraliſa* to be extreamly urgent with *Andramites* to prevent this journey: For my particular, without either telling the Princeſs or *Doraliſa*, I ſpoke unto *Perinthus*, and told him, though I found no diſpoſition in him to ſatisfie my deſires: Then he told me at firſt, how knowing that both *Crœſſus* and the Prince of *Claſomena*, for ſome reaſons of State, would never ſuffer *Panthea* to marry *Abradates*; and therefore he thought it ſerviceable to the Princeſs to negotiate that ſhe might be further off him, leſt any longer converſation with this Prince ſhould too much ingage her heart. Moreover, the Prince his Maſter, deſired not to let ſlip this favourable opportunity to return into his own Dominions, and get out of that place where he had not liberty to retire himſelf without this reaſon: In ſhort, he told me ſo many things, and ſo handſomely, that any other beſides my ſelf would have believed that Love had no part in all his actions: But in the concluſion he ingenuouſly confeſſed, that to ſeparate *Abradates* and *Panthea* was his main deſign, which prompted him unto all he did; but he told me all this in ſuch violent raptures of Love, that as angry as I was againſt him, I could not quarrel with him, as I thought I ſhould. In the mean time, *Doraliſa* having ſolicited *Andramites*, and employed all the power ſhe had over him, to cauſe this voyage to be broken off, telling him it was meerly in conſideration of her own intereſt, becauſe ſhe was to loſe the Princeſs: *Andramites* told her, he could not do her the ſervice he deſired, for the voyage was ſo abſolutely reſolved upon, that it was impoſſible to prevent it. Now you may imagine *Abradates* all ſorrows, and *Panthea* was not without her ſhare, for ſhe perceived that the deſigns of thoſe that tranſacted her ſeparation from *Abradates* was, that they ſhould never Marry, and therefore not to ſee each other; yet ſince ſhe had a high and conſtant ſoul, ſhe did ſo hide her own ſorrows, that thereby ſhe augmented the ſorrows of *Abradates*; he conceived that his Love deſerved at leaſt a melancholy look from her, if perhaps not tears from her eyes: He ſighed and ſorrowed ſo exceſſively at her inſenſibility, that the Princeſs to pacifie him, was pleaſed to meet him at *Doraliſa's* houſe, leſt he ſhould run into ſome violent reſolution: for ſince the Princeſs had but two days to ſtay in *Sardis*, time was very precious with them, he came then to *Doraliſa's* houſe, and ſaw her ſo ſad all that day, as he had good reaſon to be ſatisfied at the tenderneſs of her affection, and more than himſelf had at the croſſneſs of his fortune: This Meeting was extreamly ſad, and the parting was inſupportable, not only becauſe they were to be abſent, but becauſe their abſence had no limits; and ſince the Princeſs would never be enduced to do any thing contrary to her duty, ſhe told *Abradates*, who did extreamly importune her, that ſhe would not ſuffer him to come and ſee her in a diſguiſe.

At laſt, Madam, after all was ſaid that could be, between two perſons who were reſolved to love for ever, and who feared never to meet again, they parted: For though *Abradates* was to make a ceremonious Viſit unto the Princeſs to bid her adieu, he valued that but as an empty ſuperſtition, ſince he knew he could not then talk in private with her; ſo that when ſhe left him at *Doraliſa*'s houſe, he looked upon her like a Statue, and as if he would have ſunk with ſorrow: As ſoon as ſhe was gone, ſome of the ſervants of *Abradates* came to tell him that *Crœſſus* ſent all about to enquire for him: but ſince the mind of *Abradates* was much incenſed againſt that Prince, he bade them tell thoſe that looked for him, that they could not find him; and ſo he ſtayed above two hours with *Doraliſa*, talking of the Princeſs, and the miſerable condition he was in: after which, he went to *Crœſſus*, who carrying him into his Cloſet with extraordinary civility, told him, that his fortunes now looked with another face, and that he ſhould receive a Letter from the Queen of *Suſiana*, which would tell him that the Prince his Brother, and the King his Father were both dead, and that he was to be King: This News did extreamly ſurprize *Abradates*, and moved him unto much ſorrow; for though theſe two dead Princes had in their lives been both extreamly unjuſt and rigorous in exiling him, yet natural affection did produce ſuch effects in him as uſeth to be in generous perſons; ſo that he received the news of his being King of *Suſiana* with a mixture of ſome ſorrows; but yet ſuch ſorrows as were not above his Reaſon. *Crœſſus* told him, that the man who brought this news had a Letter for him from the Queen his Mother; who ſent this meſſage in particular, that ſhe conceived it expedient for him to ſtay yet in *Sardis*, until four Grandees of his Kingdom, who would ſet forth within three days, were come to deſire him in the Name of all his People, That he would pleaſe to come and take upon him that Scepter which the King his Father had left him, who the laſt hour of his life did expreſs his Repentance for exiling him, and did declare him his legitimate Succeſſor;

ceſſor; ſince he lived three days after his eldeſt Son, who only cauſed that bad underſtanding between them. After *Abradates* knew all theſe things, he retired to his Lodging with a mind full of various apprehenſions, ſo that at firſt he could not himſelf well tell what he thought. Since it was now very late, very few did know this news that night: but the next morning there was not one which did not know that *Abradates* was King of *Suſiana*, and rejoyced at it: *Perinthus* himſelf was glad, becauſe he flattered himſelf with an imagination that *Abradates* would be forced to depart that very day, and that perhaps ambition and abſence might root out of his heart all thoughts of Love unto the Princeſs: ſo that I do verily think ſhe apprehended fewer joys at the good fortune of *Abradates*, than *Perinthus* did; becauſe ſhe feared leſt the change of that Prince's condition ſhould work any mutable effects upon his heart. In the mean while, though all the World rejoyced that he was King; yet was he forced to a ceremonious Mourning, and to go and grieve at the very ſame thing which they in his preſence rejoyced at: The Prince of *Claſomena* went to him, and ſo did *Perinthus* alſo, hoping always that as for *Abradates* in mounting his Throne, every ſtep unto it was a ſtep further from *Panthea*: The Princeſs for her part ſent to viſit him, and to teſtifie unto him the ſhare of joys ſhe took in the happineſs which had befallen him, and that ſhe her ſelf with the Princeſs of *Lydia* would come and congratulate with him. But ſince this Complement was only ſuch a one as Ceremony and Civility might exact from her, *Abradates* was not fully ſatisfied with it; but had rather ſhe had ſent unto him by ſome more truſty Meſſenger, who ſhould have told him ſomething in private from her. In the mean time, ſince the Princeſs was to depart within two days, his Soul ſeemed to be in a very Hell: for beſides, that it was not handſom for him to go ſo ſoon either to her Lodging or *Doraliſa*'s, he thought it leſs handſome to talk of any Marriage before the Deputies from *Suſiana* had addreſſed themſelves, and ſo ſoon after the death of two Princes who were ſo near him;

this he conceived to be out of all reaſon. In the mean time, his Love to *Panthea* was ſo predominate, that he conſulted not a minute with himſelf what to do, for he was fully reſolved, as ſoon as he was King, to make her Queen; and not to accept of the Crown but to put it upon her head: On the other ſide, *Perinthus* did preſs the Prince of *Claſomena* with all his arguments to be gone from *Sardis*; but as good fortune for this Prince was, he fell ſo ſick that the Journey was deferred: This was no ſmall joy unto *Abradates*, who now ſaw there was no ſuch great haſte required in his Tranſactions. But Madam, as it is the cuſtom of the World to judge too raſhly upon the thoughts of others, ſo, for two days after this news was brought unto *Abradates*, one would have ſaid that he never had any thoughts of *Panthea*; and the conceit of it did ſo pleaſingly flatter up *Perinthus*, that he reſented real joys. Whileſt theſe hopes were ſmoothing his fancy, the Deputies from *Suſa* arrived; who after they had preſented unto *Abradates* the fidelity of all his ſubjects, rendered thanks unto *Crœſſus* from their Queen for the protection which he had given him during his unjuſt Exile, and aſſured him that ſhe would always reſent it as a great obligation upon her. After this *Abradates*, who had no mind to ſend either unto the Princeſs, or *Doraliſa*, or me, until he had brought things to ſuch a paſs as he deſired, went to *Crœſſus* in the morning, to tell him, that thinking he would never have been ſo averſe to the Marriage of *Panthea* and himſelf, but becauſe he would have no ſtranger Prince eſtabliſhed within his Dominions, therefore he came to declare unto him, that he was ready to renounce all the Rights and Intereſts this Princeſs had or ever ſhould have unto the Principality of *Claſomena* (if ſhe would conſent unto it as well as himſelf,) provided he would conſent unto his Marriage with her. *Crœſſus* hearing a Propoſition ſo advantagious for himſelf, was much pleaſed with it, and promiſed to motion it unto the Prince of *Claſomena*: After which, *Abradates* returning moſt hearty thanks, and conjured him to keep his word, he went the ſame day unto the Prince of *Claſomena* to motion the Marriage between the Princeſs his daughter and the King of *Suſiana*: and although he had not yet the conſent of the Queen his Mother, yet he believed ſhe would approve of any motion which ſhould have the Authority of *Crœſſus* to countenance it, who would never make the motion further than the Queen his Mother ſhould give her conſent, of which *Abradates* did make no queſtion: The Deputies of *Suſa* alſo, unto whom *Abradates* had imparted his deſign, did ſo confidently aſſure him he would find no oppoſition from the Queen his Mother, that he did not fear he ſhould incenſe her by it, and ſo much the leſs, becauſe theſe Deputies told him, that all his Subjects (conſidering there was not a Princeſs in all his own Kingdom, nor in any of his neighbour Dominions, whom he could marry) would be wondrous well ſatisfied, if he brought them a Queen every way ſo illuſtrious as the Princeſs of *Claſomena*. *Crœſſus* then propounded this Match unto the Prince of *Claſomena*, and it ſeemed ſo advantagious unto him, that without any further conſultation he accepted of it: ſo that *Crœſſus*, to loſe no time, ſent for *Abradates*, to the end they might diſpatch away in all Poſt haſte unto the Queen of *Suſiana*. Since this could not be ſo cloſely carried but ſome Reports of it would fly about, a ſervant unto the Princeſs came to tell me with great earneſtneſs, that all was concluded upon, the Match was made up, and the Princeſs was immediately to be Queen of *Suſiana*. Though I indeed hoped ſuch a thing might be ſo, yet I confeſs I was much ſurprized at the ſuddenneſs of it, ſo that in the firſt rapture of my Joy, after I had made the ſervant tell me how he came to know it, I writ preſently a Letter unto *Doraliſa* (who was with *Perinthus* at her own Lodging) to acquaint her with it, and as I remember theſe were the words:

Pherenice *unto* Doraliſa.

IF it be true (as I have often heard you ſay) that he who gives much, loves much, it muſt neceſſarily be concluded, that the King of Suſiana *loves the Princeſs more than ever* *any loved; ſince in giving her a Crown which is deſcended to him, he has given her more than ever any did: If you have a reaſonable Soul, come and help the Prince to put it upon her head, and participate in the Joyes of*

PHERENICE.

Doraliſa had no ſooner read this Letter, but never thinking of the conceit ſhe had, that *Perinthus* was in Love with *Panthea*, ſhe gave it him to read: See, *Perinthus*, ſaid ſhe, what *Pherenice* has ſent me, and go along with me immediately, for I ſhould be vexed to the Soul, if any ſhould have the ſtart of me in rejoycing with the Princeſs. *Perinthus* then read the Letter; but he read with ſo great a perplexity of Soul, and turbulency in his looks, that *Doraliſa* remembring her former conceits, How do you, *Perinthus*? (ſaid ſhe unto him) What troubles you ſo much? Is it poſſible that joy ſhould work the ſame effects in you that ſorrow and anger uſe to produce? For truly, I ſee at one time in you both ſadneſs, anger, and deſpair, but I do not ſee the cauſe, unleſs my ſuſpicions prove true, and that there be as much Love in your heart, as there appears melancholy in your eyes. Ah, *Doraliſa* (cryed he out) why was I not ſo happy as to dye in fighting with *Mexaris*, rather than live to ſee my ſelf in ſuch a miſerable condition? I would I could conceal my follies as hitherto I have from you; but ſince I cannot chuſe but teſtifie my paſſion by my grieving at the good fortune of the Princeſs *Panthea*, I had rather confeſs my crime, and have recourſe unto your diſcretion, than to deny a truth unto you which you know but too well. I do confeſs therefore, *Doraliſa*, that I do love the Princeſs, and have loved her with as much zeal, as I do now, ever ſince I was capable of loving; but with ſuch a violent zeal, as I wonder I have not dyed a thouſand times: yet notwithſtanding there was ever ſo much purity in my Love, that I never had the leaſt hope, no nor ſo much as wiſhed for any thing, but that ſhe ſhould never marry *Abradates*. Yet this *Abradates* who is going to marry her, is he who makes her a Queen , and ſends me to my grave, and happy were I if I were in it before that fatal day of ſolemnization. *Perinthus* pronounced all theſe words with ſo much vehemency, and in ſuch a concerning manner, that the heart of *Doraliſa*, who did infinitely eſteem him, was much moved unto pity , and ſhe began to comfort him : I ever imagined, ſaid ſhe unto him, that you were in Love with the Princeſs, but I do confeſs I never thought your paſſion ſo violent. Oh Heavens, ſaid he, could you ever think that one can love the Princeſs with any mediocrity ? And how was it poſſible you ſhould know (for know it you did) the Reaſon why I denied obedience unto the Princeſs's Commands, in applying my ſelf unto your ſervice, and not believe my Love of her moſt violent ? Did you not know that it was *Panthea* only that could hinder *Perinthus* from loving *Doraliſa* ? And there is no queſtion, but ſince I did ſo highly eſteem you, I ſhould alſo have loved you, if my heart had not been already engaged, and therefore without any accuſing me of inſenſibility towards you, I beſeech you pity me, and help me to conceal, for a few days which I have to live, that which I have with ſo much care concealed all my life. But can you not poſſibly ſuit your mind unto your fortune ? (ſaid *Doraliſa* :) Did you not ever know, that you could never hope for any thing from the Princeſs ? No not ſo much as to endure your paſſion ? Yes (replied the ſad *Perinthus*, and ſighed) Why then are you deſperate ? replied ſhe : Becauſe the only man who I would not have had happy, anſwered he, is now upon the point of being ſo. This ſeems to be rather a ſymptom of hatred to *Abradates* , replied *Doraliſa* , than any teſtimony of Love to *Panthea*. Ha, *Doraliſa* , cryed he out, how ignorant you are in the effects of Love ! for if I did not love *Panthea*, certainly I ſhould love *Abradates* : yes, *Doraliſa*, as predominate as my paſſion is, I muſt needs acknowledge him to be a moſt excellent qualified man ; but the more excellencies he hath, the more I envy his good fortune , and the more he renders me miſerable Time, replied ſhe, will happily cure you. Yes, if I live ſo long as to wait for its Remedies,

medies, anſwered he; but I believe I ſhall not, nor is it my deſire. In the mean time, ſince I would not have my deſpair appear, and ſince it is impoſſible to hide my ſorrows, and ſince I cannot go to the Princeſs but I ſhall expreſs ſome ſigns of my Love, it is my beſt courſe to retire my ſelf. Since I have been a long time without my health, it will be an eaſie matter perhaps to make the world believe, that the indiſpoſition of my body is the cauſe of the indiſpoſition in my mind: this will hide the cauſe of my melancholy from thoſe few which I ſhall ſee.

Doraliſa hearing *Perinthus* ſpeak in this manner, did with all her arguments perſwade him to ſtrive with himſelf, and not to recluſe himſelf from the ſociety of the world: but ſhe found no poſſibility to divert him from the deſign he intended, and therefore ſhe left him: he deſired her at parting not to ſpeak a word of his paſſion unto the Princeſs, and I do not well know, whether he did not in his heart deſire ſhe would tell her ſomething; yet ſhe told her not a ſyllable, knowing very well that ſhe could not underſtand of the paſſion he had to her, and the condition unto which he was brought, without either anger or ſorrow, or perhaps both: But though ſhe would not diſturb her Joys in telling her of it, yet ſhe told it unto me in particular, and when I ſaw ſhe knew it as well as I, then I related unto her all that I did know; and truly both of us were ſo full of pity to him, and ſo ſorry ſuch a compleat man as he was ſhould be in ſuch a miſerable condition, that we apprehended the good fortune of the Princeſs with leſs ſatisfaction than otherwiſe we ſhould: Yet ſince we hoped that time would be a Comforter unto him, it did not keep us from being very pleaſant; and indeed *Doraliſa* had a hundred jolly conceits upon the avarice of *Mexaris* and generoſity of *Abradates*, which ſhe told unto the Princeſs; ſhe told her alſo that ſhe was much happier than ever ſhe hoped to be, in finding ſo ſoon that which ſhe had ſought for ſo long, and could never find, to wit, a compleat man which never loved any but her ſelf; then ſhe deſired the Princeſs that ſhe would not command her any more to be kind unto *Andramites*, ſince now ſhe had no more need of his ſolicitations unto *Crœſſus*: Since *Andramites*, (replyed the Princeſs) is a friend unto *Perinthus*, I ſhould be very unwilling to caſt him off. *Doraliſa* was about to anſwer her, but the Princeſs prevented her, by asking where *Perinthus* was? wondering he did not preſent himſelf, and his complements of joy: *Doraliſa* would not tell her ſhe came newly from him, but told her ſhe knew not where he was: Then preſently after, the Prince of *Claſomena* ſent for *Panthea*, to tell her what his reſolutions were, ſo that the reſt of the day paſſed on without any thoughts of *Perinthus*. But the next day when *Abradates* came to viſit the Princeſs, as one whom he was to marry, and when ſhe remembred that no news was heard all that while of *Perinthus*, ſhe began to wonder, and to ask me whether I knew what was become of him? and when I ſaid no, ſhe ſent one of her ſervants to him, and to tell him that ſhe took it ill, he ſhould not come to rejoyce with her, for the happy ſucceſs in her affairs; and that unleſs he were even at deaths door, ſhe ſhould have much ado to pardon this neglect. After he whom the Princeſs ſent unto *Perinthus* had delivered this meſſage; Tell the Princeſs, replyed he, that ſince I ſhall obtain a pardon at my death, I ſhall hope e're long to die in her favour, ſince certainly I ſhall not live long. *Perinthus* added unto this ſome complements of courſe, but with ſuch a weak trembling voice (as he who ſpoke unto him related unto the Princeſs) that ſhe did really believe him to be very ſick; and not doubting but the Phyſitian which belonged to the Prince her Father, had ſeen him, ſhe ſent unto him to know what *Perinthus* ailed, but ſhe wondered when the Phyſitian told her he had not ſeen him of late daies.

Doraliſa who was then preſent, would have excuſed the matter, and ſaid, that *Perinthus* happily had ſent for ſome other Phyſitian; but he who was there preſent aſſured the Princeſs that could not be: So that to be better ſatisfied in what condition *Perinthus* was, ſhe commanded that Phyſitian to go and ſee him from her, and to give her an account how he was. In the mean time, *Abradates* thought himſelf in a Heaven of happineſs, and hoped nothing could interrupt his joyes, yet did he not think his happineſs fully compleat, becauſe he had not yet met with *Perinthus*, and intended the next day to give him a viſit, and diſcourſe of his joyes unto him: But alas, this miſerable Lover cared as little for his viſit, as he did for the Phyſician whom the Princeſs ſent unto him, who in obedience unto her commands went the next morning to ſee him before the Sun was up, yet did he not find him aſleep, for his cares would not permit him to reſt one minute. Aſſoon as he came into his Chamber, he ſaw his face ſo altered, that he made no queſtion but he was more than ordinarily ſick; he told him then, that he wondred he would not ſend for him, and afterwards told him what commands he had received from the Princeſs, to render unto her an account of his health. At the name of the Princeſs, *Perinthus* ſtarted up, for he yet knew not he came from her; afterwards compoſing himſelf, he told the Phyſician, that he was infinitely obliged unto the Princeſs for her cares of him, and that he was much beholding unto any that would undertake his cure, but yet he deſired him to ſpare his labour, for he was perſwaded all remedies were in vain; and therefore he was reſolved to try what Nature alone would do, and let all Arts alone. Whilſt *Perinthus* was ſaying ſo, the Phyſician laid his hand upon his arm, do what he could, and found that his Pulſe was ſometimes weak and ſlow, and ſometimes quick and high; ſo that conceiving him to be in great need of helps, he did earneſtly perſwade him to uſe them ſo long that *Perinthus* was angry, and the Phyſician to ſubmit unto his will, intending notwithſtanding to acquaint the Princeſs with his condition. and of a great neceſſity he ſhould be looked unto: Then he left him, after *Perinthus* had deſired him to thank the Princeſs for the cares ſhe had of him, and conjured him to tell her, that he thought himſelf the moſt unfortunate man in the World, that he could not be a partaker of her joyes, but was forced to lament, when all the World rejoyced at her Marriage. This Phyſician coming to the Princeſs, aſſoon as ſhe was ready, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe asked how *Perinthus* did; For I muſt confeſs, ſaid ſhe, ſince he hath been ſick ever ſince he received a wound in my quarrel, I much deſire to know in what condition he is. Madam, replied he, *Perinthus* is very ill, and which is the worſt, he will neither tell what aileth him, nor take any remedies: What does he ſay unto you, replied the Princeſs? He ſays, that Nature only without all our Art ſhall be his Phyſician, replied he; but for my part, I conceive that both Nature and Art, and all are too little to cure him.

The Princeſs was much ſurprized when ſhe heard him ſay ſo, and cauſed him to make an exact relation of all he had obſerved concerning the diſeaſe of *Perinthus*, who indeed aſſoon as he went from *Doraliſa*'s houſe, was conſtrained to go into bed; ſo much had the agitation of his mind augmented his gentle Feaver, which his wound firſt cauſed, and which altered all his conſtitution. As the Princeſs was thus very buſily enquiring concerning *Perinthus*, *Abradates* ſent a Meſſenger to know how ſhe did; and in return of his Complement ſhe ſent him word that ſhe was very well, were it not for her ſorrows to hear *Perinthus* was very ſick, and would not take any remedies. After which, ſhe dreſſed her ſelf, and went unto the Temple according to her uſual manner, where ſhe met *Abradates*, who preſented his hand unto her as ſhe came out of her Coach. Since the Princeſs did love *Perinthus* very well, ſhe ſpoke of his ſickneſs unto *Abradates*, at her coming out of rhe Church; and as he anſwered that he intended to go and ſee him, ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould be much obliged unto him for it, and deſired him to uſe his beſt perſwaſions unto *Perinthus* to take ſome remedy, and to ask his Reaſons why he had refuſed; telling *Abradates*, that her reſpects of *Perinthus* moved her unto that which ſhe would not do for every one, and that his reſpects of her might perhaps move him to do that which he would not for another. *Abradates*, whoſe ayms were all to pleaſe the Princeſs, and who beſides did much reſpect *Perinthus* ever ſince he defended the Princeſs from being taken away by *Mexaris*, he no ſooner parted from us, but he went unto this languiſhing Lover, who paſſed only for a ſick man. You may eaſily imagine how the ſight of this Prince did diſorder his Soul, and what pains he took to diſguiſe his thoughts. As ſoon as *Abradates* was ſet by his bed-ſide, and that Complements of courſe were paſt; Is it poſſible (ſaid he unto him moſt obligingly) that even then when Fortune has ceaſed all her perſecutions againſt me, and when I am arrived at the height of my happineſs, that *Perinthus* ſhould mingle with my joys, ſo much ſorrow in refuſing to take ſuch Remedies as may make him able to be a partaker with me in my happineſs? Sir (replyed *Perinthus* ſadly) I perceive that the goodneſs of the Princeſs, who is pleaſed to intereſt her ſelf in the life of her moſt faithful ſervant, hath moved you to ſpeak thus: but if I be conſidered as really I am, I am moſt unworthy of this honour which I receive from you, ſo extreamly unworthy, that if I durſt I would entreat you to let me receive no more of it. You are much too modeſt *Perinthus*, replyed *Abradates*, for though you were not every way ſo compleat a man as you are in the eyes of all that look upon you, and were only the Defender of *Panthea*, yet your life deſerves to be moſt dear unto me; but then being both a man rarely accompliſhed, and the Defender of my Princeſs, and alſo much my friend, doubtleſs it is my duty to move you unto any thing that may make you live, to live happily. At theſe words *Perinthus* fetcht a profound ſigh, and lifting up his eyes towards Heaven, he turn'd his head the other way to hide the changing of his complexion. *Abradates* obſerving the action of *Perinthus*, began to ſuſpect, that his mind was more ſick than his body; yet not imagining the true cauſe, he conjectured, that perhaps it was only becauſe the Prince of *Claſomena* had yet done nothing for him, and that the Princeſs being to remove away, he ſhould thereby loſe his chief ſupport: So that deſiring to know whether theſe conjectures were rightly grounded, after ſome other diſcourſe unto which *Perinthus* anſwered very little, he told him, how ſtrange a thing it was to him, that he ſhould refuſe life now, when the Princeſs was more ſweet and gracious towards him than ever ſhe was. Ah Sir, cryed he out, you judge of others by your ſelf, but there is a great difference betwixt you and me, and ſo very great, that I am ſure the ſame which often makes you joyful, makes me ſad; ſo fatally oppoſite is your lot and mine. Whatever it be, *Perinthus*, replied *Abradates*, I am moſt certain that if you live (as with all my Soul I wiſh you may) you ſhall be more happy than ever you were: for whether your mind be to go with us unto *Suſa*, or to dwell in *Claſomena*, or to ſtay at *Sardis*, I do engage my promiſe to advance your fortunes unto ſuch a degree, as that your ambition ſhall deſire no higher. Were I a man of Reaſon, replied *Perinthus*, I ſhould render you a thouſand thanks, for giving ſuch generous language unto a man who owes his life unto you: but alas, Sir, there is ſuch a horrid black melancholy at this preſent upon me, which makes me ſo unlike my ſelf, that I cannot delight in any pleaſant things: every thing which is not fatally ſad incenſeth me, and makes me angry, therefore I beſeech you leave me to my ſelf, either to mend or die quietly: But, alas! how can you mend, replied *Abradates*, unleſs you will apply your mind unto it? If I do not mend (replied he ſharply) then I ſhall die, there's an end: But, dear *Perinthus*, replied *Abradates*, the Princeſs *Panthea*, and my ſelf ſhall grieve extreamly for you; therefore think it not ſtrange that I ſhould earneſtly perſwade you to live: It is from the commands of the Princeſs that I deſire you to have a care of your ſelf, and not thus obſtinately to refuſe all helps: The Princeſs (anſwered *Perinthus*, and qualified a little the agitation of his Spirits) does me a very great favour to remember me at ſuch a time, when ſhe hath better things to think upon: But alas, Sir, one hath not power always to live when one pleaſeth, no nor ſo much power as to wiſh it: I do confeſs, replyed *Abradates*, there are ſome who groan under ſuch heavy ſorrows as that ſometimes they are not Maſters of their own deſires: But for you *Perinthus*, Why ſhould you fall into ſuch deſpair? All the world honours your virtues, the Prince of *Claſomena* loves you, the Princeſs his Daughter eſteems you as much as is poſſible, and I promiſe you a moſt ſafe and welcome protection: If after all theſe your ſorrows do continue, I ſhall believe that *Doraliſa* had reaſon to think you were in Love: But ſuppoſe you were *Perinthus*, yet deſpair not, for truly could one be more unfortunate, or further from the enjoyment of his deſires, than I was of *Panthea*? and yet you ſee a happy turn has wheel'd about my Fate: I do ſee it (ſaid *Perinthus*, and ſighed) But I do not ſee which way it's poſſible I can be leſs miſerable than I am. However, Sir, may you enjoy your felicity in peace, but I beſeech you leave me to ſuffer thoſe miſeries for which I ſeek no remedy, and unto which if you offer any, your labour will be loſt. *Abradates* ſeeing, that the more he talked to him, the more he incenſed him, did riſe up to go away, telling him he was very ſorry that he was compelled to carry the Princeſs ſuch unwelcome news. *Perinthus* then conjecturing by the ſpeech of this Prince, that as ſoon as he was gone from him, he would go unto *Panthea*, he preſently changed his mind; for whereas before he did all he could to get him gone, now he endeavours to ſtay him longer, thinking it ſome ſatisfaction to keep *Abradates* from the pleaſure of ſeeing *Panthea*. It is moſt true, that all his language unto this Prince was ſo ill-compoſed and ſo little ſome times to the purpoſe, that he began to ſuſpect the true cauſe of *Perinthus* his deſpair; ſo that after he had anſwered three or four times unto thoſe queſtions which this languiſhing Lover uſed to keep him the longer with him, he left this Loveſick Lover, and went unto the Princeſs, but found her not at firſt, becauſe ſhe was buſie, yet he ſtayed with me until ſhe came unto him. Since his ſuſpitions of *Perinthus* his Love did much diſquiet him, he ſeemed unto me very reſerved, and taking upon me the liberty to ask him, why he was ſo melancholy at a time of ſo much happineſs towards him, he told me that the ſickneſs of *Perinthus* did much trouble him: Afterwards, repreſenting unto me the reſtleſſneſs which he obſerved in his mind, he perceived that I knew ſomething of the cauſe, not that I ſpoke a word which might make him think ſo; but becauſe it ſeems it was my misfortune to let my eyes often diſcover the ſecret of my heart: All this while *Abradates* would not ſpeak out his thoughts unto me, but we ſtood and ſpoke to each other very ſeldome, yet did perfectly underſtand the thoughts of one another. But after we had a while ſtood in this ſilent poſture, *Abradates* deſired me not to tell the Princeſs what he would tell me; and proteſting unto me that he would never reveal what I ſhould tell unto him; after which, he asked me whether I did not think *Perinthus* in Love with *Panthea*, and whether I did not believe as he did, that his Marriage with her was the cauſe of his ſickneſs? I know not, Sir, ſaid I unto him, whether, it be ſo or no, but I am ſure the Princeſs does not know of it: No, no, *Pherenice*, (ſaid he unto me) there is not the leaſt ſpark of jealouſie in me, but many of pity to him; the eſteem that I have grounded of *Panthea* is ſo fully rooted in me, that though ſhe had a whole thouſand of Lovers at her feet imploring favours, I ſhould never think her capable of the leaſt weakneſs; therefore I conjure you to tell me ingenuouſly, whether you think I have not reaſon for my conjecture? for if you ſhall confirm me in my belief, I ſhall endeavour to find out ſome ways to comfort poor *Perinthus*, at the leaſt, though I cannot cure him. But, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) there needs no thoughts of *Perinthus* his being in Love with *Panthea*, to prompt you unto any endeavours of his comfort or cure, ſince you eſteem him ſufficiently without that, to induce you unto that charitable office: I ſee *Pherenice*, ſaid he unto me, that you have no diſpoſition to be ſincere, yet I muſt tell you, *Perinthus* will die if he be not well looked unto: And I do confeſs, that ſince I am his debtor for the ſafety of *Panthea*, I ſhould be exceedingly troubled if he ſhould any way miſcarry. But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, ſuppoſe all you imagine were true, yet what remedy is there? Only this, replied *Abradates*, to perſwade the Princeſs, that ſhe will pleaſe to command him not to deſpair. As he ſaid ſo, *Panthea* came into the Chamber, and no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe asked how *Perinthus* did? and what he thought of his ſickneſs? Madam, ſaid he unto her, *Perinthus* hath told me many things, and to ſo little purpoſe, that I conceive his mind is more ſick than his body; and for my part, I think he ſtands more in need of ſome comforts than any Phyſick. Yet I do not know, ſaid ſhe, that any misfortune hath happened unto him. It is moſt true, ſaid he unto her, there appears none unto us; but perhaps there is ſome happineſs which is befaln another which much grieves him. *Perinthus*, replied ſhe, is not of any envious diſpoſition, no not of his very Enemies, unleſs *Mexaris*, whoſe happineſs indeed I think he would envy. However it be, Madam, ſaid he, I am afraid *Perinthus* will dye, if you do not take a care of his life. *Abradates* ſpoke this in ſuch a manner, as let the Princeſs ſee there was ſome ſecret meaning in his words: ſo that not knowing what to think, ſhe changed colour and diſcourſe. All the reſt of the day her thoughts ran upon what *Abradates* told her: yet notwithſtanding after he was gone, not daring to tell us what ſhe thought of *Perinthus*, nor being willing to give over her cares of him, unto whom ſhe was obliged, ſhe deſired *Doraliſa* to go and viſit him, and appointed me to accompany her, hoping to be better informed at our Return than ſhe had been by *Abradates*. *Doraliſa* and I were glad of this employment, and went with joy, thinking we had ſo much power over the ſpirits of *Perinthus*. as might move him to chear up his ſpirits, and uſe all remedies to live: but, alas, Madam, we found our ſelves extreamly deceived; for the viſit of *Abradates* had ſo incenſed his ſorrows, and augmented his diſeaſe, that we could not look upon him without extream compaſſion; yet was he ſomething ſatisfied that he might talk with us, and commanded all to go out of the Chamber, that he might with more freedom expreſs himſelf: But aſſoon as we began to chide him for refuſing all helps; No,no,ſaid he unto us, I ought not think upon life; and provided I might but dye before the King of *Suſiana* married the Princeſs *Panthea*, I ſhould not at all think my ſelf miſerable; but I fear I cannot avoid this misfortune.

It is ſo far between *Sardis* and *Suſa*, replied I, that I hope you will be perfectly cured, both of your miſeries of mind and body before they can get thither; or before they can be married. Sure you do not know, replied he, that there arrived within this hour a Meſſenger from the Queen of *Suſiana*, who hearing of the affection which the Prince her Son did bear unto the Princeſs *Panthea*, ſent unto him to continue his Love, and that ſhe conſented unto his Marriage: So that *Abradates* having now no rub in his way, will infallibly marry her and make me abſolutely deſpair, if death do not ſpeedily deliver me. *Doraliſa* and I did much wonder that *Perinthus*, conſidering his condition, ſhould know the news before us, yet we imagined it not impoſſible but *Andramites* might be his Intelligencer, and therefore we doubted not of the truth. And after this (ſaid he unto us) I hope you are not ſo inhumane as to wiſh me live any longer; but if the Princeſs did command you to perſwade me, I pray you do not obey her: yet if the Princeſs did know my paſſion, and after that had ſo much goodneſs or cruelty (for I know not which of theſe two Epithetes to uſe) as to bid me live, perhaps I ſhould ſtrive to obey her, and uſe ſome vain remedies to prevent death: but, alas, you know very well that ſhe is ignorant I love her, neither dare I deſire ſhe ſhould know: yet if you ſhall think it expedient to let her know it when I am dead, and that ſhe will not hate my memory for it, I conjure you to tell her, and beg my pardon for not rejoycing at her happineſs: But ſince I limited all my hopes to endeavour ſhe ſhould love none, and ſee all thoſe hopes ruined, do not think it ſtrange if I tell you, that I cannot endure to live: Nor is it leſs expedient for the tranquillity of *Panthea*, than my own, that I dye:

For how is it poſſible I ever ſhould be Maſter of my Raptures and of my Paſſion: 'Tis true, I have been hitherto, but it is becauſe I did not ſee *Abradates* in his happineſs, nor in poſſeſſion of the Princeſs; Far better then had I dye, than diſturb her happineſs which I prefer before my own. Did ever any ſee more lamentable deſtinies than mine (did he ſay unto us,) for I deſire no other favour of Fortune to compleat my contentment, but that one of my Rivals may not be in favour, and I cannot obtain ſo much as it: I did reſolve to hide my paſſion as long as I lived; I maſtered my ſelf ſo far as not to deſire ſhe ſhould love me, but ſatisfied my ſelf with the bare eſteem of *Panthea:* but though I confined my ſelf unto more narrow limits than ever any Lover was able to do, yet I perceive *Abradates* becomes as happy as I am miſerable. However (ſaid I unto him) be ſatisfied with this, that you have no cauſe to complain either againſt your Rival, or your Princeſs whom you loved. Ah *Pherenice* (cryed he out) that which you think ſhould ſatisfie me, is it which ſends me unto black deſpair, ſince certainly I ſhould have leſs cauſe to complain, if I could complain with Juſtice of any but my ſelf. But ſince you are ſo full of Reaſon, replyed *Doraliſa*, why do you not follow it? Becauſe I have eyes, replyed he, yet am ſuch a ſlave as that I cannot ſee: I ſee the way which I ought to take for the recovery of my Liberty; but alas, I am chained too faſt to follow it; and nothing but death is ſtrong enough to break thoſe chains: And therefore if you be as much my friends as I believe you are, you will not blame me, nor deſire me to live; yet have I one favour to beg of you (ſaid he unto us in ſuch a manner as would have moved a heart of ſtone) which I conjure you not to deny me, and that is, to find out ſome expedient, if it be poſſible, that my adored Princeſs may not marry *Abradates* until the day after my death: The term will be but ſhort, ſaid he, for if I be not much deceived, four days is my longeſt limits. I ſhould deſire, ſaid he, a ſight of my divine Princeſs before I dye, but that were to deſire to be more miſerable, and is too much for a deſpicable Lover.

I confeſs, Madam, when *Doraliſa* and I heard *Perinthus* ſpeak thus, we were ſo exceedingly moved unto pity, that we could not refrain from tears; and ſo we wept with him, ſince we could not work any more upon him, and ſo left him with a promiſe to ſee him again: yet we uſed all poſſible arguments to cheer up his ſpirits before we parted, yet all in vain. Then did we return unto the Princeſs extreamly melancholy, and in the way conſidered what we ſhould ſay unto her, but could not reſolve whether or no it were beſt to tell her that ſhe was the cauſe of *Perinthus* his death. But the truth is, we were eaſed of that trouble, for ſhe her ſelf apprehended as much by the diſcourſe of *Abradates*; ſo that when we came unto her, and related the lamentable condition of *Perinthus*, I perceived ſhe underſtood the matter as well as we did: for when I told her, it would be very well if ſhe her ſelf would be pleaſed to go and bid him live; I know very well (anſwered ſhe and bluſhed) that I am obliged to take care of his life; but I know alſo, that if *Perinthus* has a Soul ſo full of ſorrow, he will not obey me. He will obey none then, replyed *Doraliſa*; but however, Madam, if you go unto him, and uſe your beſt endeavors, then there is no fault in you if he dye. After this, *Panthea* excuſed her ſelf as much as poſſible ſhe could from ſeeing *Perinthus*, not telling her true Reaſon, becauſe her modeſty would not permit her to ſpeak her thoughts: But at laſt *Doraliſa*, uſing her accuſtomed freedom with the Princeſs, told her all we knew, and with ſo much art, and obligingly for *Perinthus*, that the Princeſs was no leſs ſorry than angry to hear of his paſſion to her. *Panthea* at firſt ſeemed to hide her reſentments from us; but afterwards ſhe confeſſed that the death of *Perinthus* would trouble her, and would ſeem ſo bad an *omen* unto all the reſt of her life, that ſhe durſt not hope to paſs it happily. Then did ſhe chide us a hundred times becauſe we did not cure *Perinthus* of his paſſion, thinking that Reaſon were ſufficient Phyſick to cure that diſeaſe. Afterwards, ſince we did importune her unto a viſit of this languiſhing Lover, ſhe was as far from conſenting unto it, as we were urgent: Madam, ſaid I unto her, he knows not that we have revealed his ſecret; and queſtionleſs you would have done him this charitable favour, if you had not ſuſpected his Love. It is ſufficient that I now know it, ſaid ſhe, to keep me from ſeeing him: not but that I ſhould be extreamly ſorry for the death of a man unto whom I am much obliged for defending me from the power of *Mexaris*; yet I cannot do as you deſire me: Moreover, if he do love me, my ſight will rather haſten than prevent his death, ſince he cannot ſee me but with abundance of ſorrow. Since he deſires it (ſaid I unto her) methinks it would be too inhumane to deny him that favour. You do not apprehend what *Abradates* might think (replied ſhe) if he ſhould know *Perinthus* loved me, and that I ſhould viſit him. You may ask him leave if you pleaſe, replied I, for I ſee him enter: And *Doraliſa*, in purſuance of what I ſaid, no ſooner ſaw *Abradates* with the Princeſs, but ſhe addreſſed her ſelf unto him; Is it not true, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that the Princeſs is obliged to viſit *Perinthus*? There is no queſtion of it, replied he; and if to induce her unto it there want only an addition of my petition unto yours, I ſhall moſt willingly make it unto her; and I am verily perſwaded, that if he will not mend upon the ſight of her, he will dye within a few days. Since the Princeſs would not tell *Abradates* the true Reaſon which reſtrained her, ſhe ſpoke ſo faintly, that he perceived ſhe might be perſwaded, ſo that he became very importunate with her: But at the laſt his urgency and ours together prevailed, though it put the Princeſs to the bluſh, to think how *Abradates* would take it, and certainly none could carry it with more Generoſity than he did upon this occaſion: For ſince he had a high confidence of *Panthea*'s heart, and her vertues, he was extreamly urgent with her to viſit *Perinthus*, and to uſe her beſt endeavours to ſave his life, yet he made this condition with her, which if *Perinthus* had known, certainly would have furthered his death, which was, that if he recovered, ſhe ſhould never ſee him again: After this, ſhe deſired *Abradates* would be preſent

ſent with her at this charitable viſit, but he would not upon any terms. To relate unto you, Madam, all the paſſages of this Viſit, is impoſſible; let it ſuffice to tell you, that *Perinthus* did ſtrive to dye twenty times whilſt the Princeſs was preſent; ſometimes one might ſee him in the depth of ſorrows; preſently after, ſome ſparks of joy would glance in his eyes, as near death as he was; then in an inſtant, deſpair would ſo ſtifle his Spirits, that one could not underſtand what he ſaid; but for all this, he ſtill kept a moſt profound reverence unto the Princeſs, he thanked her for the honour ſhe did him, telling her, that ſince he had this honour once more to ſee her, he had nothing elſe to do in the World but dye: And when ſhe commanded him to take ſome helps, he ſtayed a while ſilent, then upon a ſudden lifting up his eyes unto her: Madam, ſaid he, If you did but know what you wiſh me, when you deſire I ſhould live, you would unwiſh it again: For indeed, Madam (added he in a languiſhing tone) when *Doraliſa* thought me to be in Love, ſhe was not miſtaken: I am in Love, Madam, and I ſhould not die at this time, but becauſe I am in Love: And ſince you were ignorant of my miſeries, you are excuſable in wiſhing me to live, becauſe you thought I might perhaps be happy. This is all, Madam, that the reſpects I owe you will permit me to ſpeak of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Perinthus pronounced theſe laſt words ſo weakly, that one would have feared he would immediately expire, for his ſorrows did ſo overwhelm all his faculties, that for a quarter of an hour together he was ſpeechleſs; but yet ſince he did not loſe his ſight and underſtanding, he had the conſolation to ſee ſome tears drop from the eyes of the Princeſs, yet did ſhe hide them as well as ſhe could, and not being able to ſtay any longer in ſight of ſo ſad an object, ſhe went forth: After ſhe had appointed all the Phyſicians, both of *Crœſſus* and others to come unto him, they did unanimouſly conclude he could not eſcape, but indeed would dye within a ſhort time, and truly it proved ſo: It was conceived, that the ſight of the Princeſs, which we procured as a remedy, was his diſpatch, and he died that night following, and was as univerſally lamented, as ever was any in the world: The Princeſs was ſo grieved, that ſhe could not hide ſome part of her ſorrows, leſt *Abradates* ſhould imagine that ſhe knew ſomething of *Perinthus* his paſſion, before ſhe told him: But this Prince had a greater confidence in her, than to entertain the leaſt unjuſt thought: and therefore he did not think it ſtrange; ſhe ſhould grieve for a man unto whom ſhe was much obliged, and for whom he grieved himſelf. Thus the poor *Perinthus*, had the honour to be lamented by his Miſtreſs with her tears, to be grieved for by his Rival, and his Maſter, who did viſit him in his ſickneſs, and had all imaginable care of him; and his death did for a time defer the Marriage of *Abradates*, for it did ſo exceedingly perplex *Panthea*, that ſhe was not well eight daies after, during which time, news was brought, that the Prince *Mexaris* was dead of his wounds and ſorrows, ſo that the Court went into mourning, though his death did not much trouble us: However, ſo many ſad accidents in ſo ſhort a time did diſquiet the Princeſs, yet notwithſtanding her cauſes of joy were ſufficient to ſweeten all theſe ſorrows; and fifteen daies after her Marriage with *Abradates* was accompliſhed without any ceremony, becauſe of the death of *Mexaris*, and all magnificence was deferred until we came to *Suſa*, whither within a few daies after we went, in an equipage ſuitable to the quality and liberality of *Abradates*: The Princeſs had the comfort to carry *Doraliſa* with her, notwithſtanding all the endeavours of *Andramites*, and the Prince *Myrſiles*, though the reaſons of this Prince was unknown unto us: So this pleaſant Lady did never forſake her, but could not meet with this accompliſhed Gallant which ſhe had been ſo long in queſt of, in *Suſa* no more than in *Sardis*. I ſhall not need to relate unto you, Madam, how the Princeſs *Panthea* was received by her fair Mother in Law, nor how *Abradates* lived with her ſince ſhe was married, until the day that Fortune parted them, and the fate of Arms brought her under the power of the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: For if I ſhould relate the whole ſtory, perhaps I ſhould not find belief, at leaſt in ſetting forth the King of *Suſiana*'s paſſion, which certainly was more violent than any expreſſions can ſet forth, yet not more than hers to him; and therefore I will ſay no more, but moſt humbly beſeech your pardon for dreſſing the ſtory of two illuſtrious perſons of ſuch extraordinary virtues, with ſuch mean and common language.

The pardon you deſire (replied *Araminta* unto *Pherenice*) is eaſily obtained; and as juſt to deny it (ſaid *Cyrus*) ſince ſhe needs it not. *Pherenice* replied unto the complement of *Cyrus* with much civility; after which, *Araminta* and he began to diſcourſe of *Panthea*'s virtues, of *Abradates* his liberality, and of *Doraliſa*'s pleaſant humour: But ſince by this time it was late, *Cyrus* took his leave of this Princeſs, and went to *Panthea*'s Chamber, to take his leave of her alſo, and to thank her, for that ſhe was pleaſed to let him know her adventures; he aſſured her, that *Pherenice* had made an elegant relation of them, and asked her pardon, that the Laws of War, his fidelity to *Ciaxares*, and his intereſt in *Mandana*, would not yet permit him to reſtore her unto the King her Husband, beſeeching her to believe, that it was not without extream ſorrow he ſhould ſo long ſeparate two ſuch illuſtrious perſons: after which, paſſing towards *Doraliſa*, unto whom *Araſpes* was talking, he beſtowed a complement upon her, telling her he wiſhed for the honour of *Araſpes*, that ſhe might find him to be the compleat man ſhe ſought after: At leaſt, ſaid he, he never yet was in Love with any: I aſſure you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) If you do think as you ſay, you do not know him ſo well as I do, for I never ſaw ſo many ſigns of Love in *Perinthus*, ſince the firſt time I knew him, as I have obſerved in him, ſince this ſhort acquaintance. *Araſpes* bluſht at this reply of *Doraliſa*, and made but a poor defence for himſelf: But ſince other things came into the mind of *Cyrus*, he ſtayed no longer, but departed with *Ligdamis*, and all the reſt of his company. *Criſantes* at that time came unto him, and rendred an account of all thoſe Warlike Engines, which by his orders were preparing; and ſince he aſſured him, that all the works were cloſely followed, he was exceedingly pleaſed in his conceipts, that ere long he ſhould be in a condition, either to vanquiſh his Enemies, or die for his Princeſs *Mandana*.

PART V. BOOK II.

CYrus was no ſooner come unto the Camp, but he ſent to tell the King of *Phrygia*, that the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the Princeſs of *Pontus* had writ ſo effectually in behalf of the Prince *Artamas*, that he hoped for a happy ſucceſs of *Aglatidas* his voyage: The day following, he diſpatched an Envoy unto *Ciaxares*, to acquaint him with all paſſages, and to beſeech him to ſend him more Forces, to the end, that if *Thomiris* ſhould attempt any thing againſt him, he might keep himſelf ſtill in a poſture of defence, until he had finiſhed the War wherein he was ingaged, and releaſed the Princeſs *Mandana*: After which, he thought upon nothing but taking the Field, and by ſome memorable exploit to repair the misfortune which lately he received: And in order to that, his daily buſineſs was to ſee how the Warlike Inſtruments which he had given orders for went on, and in what forwardneſs they were; he went from Quarter to Quarter, taking private Muſters of every particular Troop, before he came to a General Rendezvous, ſtill waiting impatiently for that happy day on which he ſhould ſet forward into the Enemies Country: Since he had made a promiſe unto *Ligdamis*, never to ingage him unto any thing which might be againſt his honour and generoſity, he would never motion it unto him, to move his Father for a paſſage over the River by the Caſtle of *Hermes*; nor would he in conſideration of him, think of rendring himſelf Maſter of it by force of Arms, but reſolved to force a paſſage nearer *Sardis*, at a place where there was a Bridge, and a little Town very well fortified, which he muſt of neceſſity take, before he could paſs over the River. In the mean time, he had daily intelligence that the Army of *Crœſſus* did much increaſe: He underſtood alſo, that the *Ægiptians* which *Amaſis* had promiſed unto *Crœſſus*, were arrived by Sea; that the *Thracians* alſo joyned with him, and indeed that his Army was grown very numerous, that the moſt firtil Country of all *Aſia* would have much ado to ſupply it. He underſtood alſo by his Spies, that this vaſt Army which was now upon the Banks of *Pactolus* aſſembled, would within theſe few days advance unto a place called *Thybarras*, whither all the Subjects of *Crœſſus* had orders to bring their victual for the accommodation of the Camp, every City and Town being taxed and rated at a certain quantity, which they were required to furniſh out. *Cyrus* then underſtanding that his Enemies would preſently come unto him, if he went not unto them, did forecaſt how to prevent them: and in order to that, he commanded a General Muſter of all his Army, which he found to conſiſt of about a hundred and forty thouſand Men: he held a Council of War, to conſult how he might aſſault the Town of *Niſomolis*, where he was to paſs the River; The King of *Phrigia*, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince *Tigranes*, *Phraartes*, *Perſodes*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Hidaſpes*, *Aduſius*, *Chriſantes*, *Artabaſes*, and many others, were of this Council: Where it was Reſolved, That they ſhould not make a formal regular Siege of it, but that it were better to loſe ſome Souldiers in ſtorming of it, than to lie lingering before it until the Enemy came to relieve it with his whole Army. This was no ſooner reſolved upon, but *Cyrus* thought how to execute it: ſo that the day following his Troops began to draw forth: yet the firſt day he made a falſe March, purpoſely to deceive the Enemy; and indeed they were much deceived: for making no queſtion but *Cyrus* intended to paſs the River at the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and thither therefore they ſent away the greateſt part of their Forces, contenting themſelves with as many only as would keep the Garriſon of *Niſomolis*.

As *Cyrus* never uſed to neglect any thing that was his duty, he went to take his leave of the Queen of *Suſiana*, and the Princeſs *Araminta*; Moſt of the Princes in his Company did the ſame, and amongſt the reſt *Phraartes*, whoſe paſſion did daily encreaſe, though the coldneſs of the Princeſs ſhould rather have leſſened it. The Conferrence of *Cyrus* with theſe two Princeſſes was upon ſome things of concernment; he did yet comfort them as much as he could, always aſſuring them that he aymed at nothing but *Mandana*'s releaſement; and that if the Fate of Arms were ſo favourable to him, he would for their ſakes remember the perſons whom amongſt his Enemies were ſo dear unto them: After which he took horſe, and went on his Journey. In the mean time, maugre the remembrance of ſo many angry Oracles and fatal Predictions which might well have made the heart of *Cyrus* to tremble, yet he did gloſs his ſorrows ſo well, that all the Souldiers who were ignorant of them did march with as much alacrity, as they were wont to do when they went unto a certain Victory: And when they ſaw *Cyrus* put on his Arms, and take horſe, there appeared a moſt noble Fury in his eyes; and indeed this Prince was ſo unlike himſelf when he prepared to fight, or give out Military Orders, that there was not a greater alteration in the countenance of the *Pithian* when ſhe gave her Oracles, than in the face of *Cyrus* when the Sword was in his hand: One would have ſaid that a new ſpirit did animate him, and that he himſelf was become the God of War; his complexion grew high and lively, his eyes more ſparkling, his action more free, his voice more clear, and every way more majeſtical: ſo that at his leaſt beck, he ſtruck terror into the Souls of all about him: Yet did there always appear a calm ſerenity in his Soul, maugre this heroique agility, which made him perpetually change his place, and be in every place to give Orders throughout all; and certainly he did it with ſo much prudence, as never any could ever tax him with commanding any thing to an ill purpoſe: Alſo, he was always obeyed with moſt exact diligence, and blind obedience; as ſoon as ever he ſpoke the word, all were ready to execute; and his preſence had ſomething in it ſo divine and terrible both, that when he was in the head of his Army, only with his all-commanding Trunchion in his hand, one might very well ſay, he made both his Friends and his Enemies to tremble, and wrought different effects in the hearts of both: for his Enemies out of very fear did often fly; and his Friends out of fear to diſpleaſe him, became incomparably more valiant: and certainly that divine heat which warmed his heart, and ſparkled in his eyes, did communicate it ſelf throughout the Army, and begot ſuch an ardent deſire of fighting, as was often a great Cauſe of Victories.

Thus did *Cyrus* appear when he had a Sword in his hand, and in the head of his Army, when he went to ſtorm the Town of *Niſomolis*. Since it was very concerning to carry it in a ſhort time, do what the King of *Phrigia* and *Hircania* could, he himſelf would needs be the firſt that fell on; and many have aſſured me, that he carried the firſt Ladder, and was firſt upon the Enemies Rampart: This is without all diſpute, that had he not been there this little Town would have held out, maugre all our men, above eight days, yet by his incomparable valor it was reduced in leſs than twenty four hours, with the loſs of very few men; though half of the Garriſon was cut in pieces, and the reſt liſted themſelves under *Cyrus*. Thus did the King of *Lidia* in a little time loſe a moſt conſiderable Paſs over the River *Hermes*, and at leaſt three thouſand of his beſt old Souldiers. This good beginning put joy into the whole Army of *Cyrus*, and ſtruck ſuch a terror into all the Country along the River *Hermes*, as if all *Lidia* were conquered.

In the mean time after a Garriſon was put into the Town, *Cyrus* cauſed all his Forces to paſs over the Bridge at *Niſomolis*, ſo that in a day and half this great Army did over-ſpread all the Neighbouring fields, carrying with it ſuch a horrid fear, that from the banks of the River *Hermes*, unto the River *Pactolus*, there was not a *Lydian* heart which did not tremble, the Army of *Crœſſus* it ſelf was aſtoniſhed; yet ſince it was much more numerous than that of *Cyrus*, it preſently took heart again: But ſince ſome of their Forces were not yet come up, *Crœſſus* was not over-forward to take the field, but thought it moſt expedient, to let the fury of this ſtorm which made ſuch a noiſe to cool a little, conjecturing, that the Army of *Cyrus* would leſſen, whilſt his increaſed; yet he ſent 20000 men under the conduct ſo *Andramites* to check the over-forwardneſs of *Cyrus* his Army, until ſuch time as he was ready to march; and ſtill confiding in the Oracle which he received from *Delphos* ſo much, that though his Army had been weak, as it was ſtrong, yet ſhould he hope for Victory, and that he ſhould ruine the Empire which *Cyrus* was in expectation of. In the mean while, *Cyrus* poſſeſſed himſelf of all paſſages, became Maſter of the Field, and left not a Town on his back which could annoy him, but took all in his way, and terror was ſpread ſo far, that moſt did render themſelves as ſoon as his Forces approached: That which did moſt move them unto it, was becauſe *Cyrus* did treat all thoſe who did not reſiſt him with much ſweetneſs, not permitting a Souldier to offer the leaſt inſolency unto them; but on the contrary, thoſe who did reſiſt the progreſs he intended to releaſe his dear *Mandana*, they felt the weight of his Arm, and found too late, that it was no wiſdome to undertake more than they were able to make good, and by conſequence more than they ought to do: After then he had made ſure of all places which could any way annoy him, he intrenched himſelf, advantageouſly, within a daies march and a half of *Sardis*, as well to reſt his Troops, and refreſh his Army, as to enquire concerning the Enemy, alſo to expect the return of *Aglitidas*, yet did not a day paſs away without ſome skirmiſh or other; for ſince the 20000 men under the Command of *Andramites* were intrenched upon the Banks of a little River that was within 300 paces of us, there was skirmiſhes continually, the ſucceſs whereof was not always equal: Sometimes the Party of *Crœſſus* would have the better, yet commonly they were always beaten, ſo that priſoners were every day taken and brought unto *Cyrus*, who would always examine them himſelf, not only for better information of all advantages, but to ask them if they knew any thing concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*; for ſince ſometimes there was ſome Officers amongſt them, he pumped ſome things out of them which he deſired to know; he enquired not only of *Mandana*, but alſo of his Rivals. He underſtood alſo by them, that there was a ſtranger, a gallant Cavalier, and an admirable handſome man, who of late came into the Party of *Crœſſus*, who then was with *Andramites*, and had made himſelf very eminent in many ſmall skirmiſhes which had paſſed, yet could not any of theſe priſoners tell his quality, only he called himſelf *Telephanes*: And indeed every Party which went out, found that there was one man above all the reſt of the *Lydians* which was of an extraordinary valour, and made always a moſt gallant reſiſtance, ſo that the name of *Telephanes* was cried up, both amongſt his friends and enemies: Though *Cyrus* was not capable of any envious thoughts, yet the fame of this *Telephanes* made him often deſire to meet with him, ſo that he would often go out in theſe ſmall Parties, in hopes to incounter him, but he could not meet with him: But afterwards, checking himſelf for any ſuch thoughts, conceiving it a piece of weakneſs in him to deſire combat with any but his Rivals, he gave over all his thoughts of *Telephanes*, and his mind was imployed only how to haſten on his Victory or his Defeat, though he could not chuſe but after ſo many dire predictions put ſome doubts of a good ſucceſs. However, he underſtood the day following, that the King of *Pontus* was come into the Enemies Camp, and that it was he who was to command the Vanguard.

Cyrus no ſooner heard that this Raviſher of his Princeſs was

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was ſo near him, but he had a much more hot deſire of fighting, which prompted him to act ſomething, before it came to a main Battel: And though he knew that all theſe petty advantages which every day they got, were nothing to decide the matter, and that under a general defeat of this great Army, he ſhould never releaſe *Mandana*, yet he thought, that if he could either kill or take the King of *Pontus*, it would conduce much unto a Victory, and to the liberty of the Princeſs: So that to do both, he attempted the day following to force his Enemy, and make him quit that quarter wherein he was intrenched: But the Enemy, was ſo advantageouſly ſeated, that it would be a difficult task to drive them out under 10000. men, yet nothing was impoſſible to *Cyrus*, whoſe valour nothing could reſiſt, and if the night had not impeaded his Victory, he had carried it. His Enemy did loſe ſuch a number of men in this aſſault, that he might well be ſatisfied, though during the combat, he met neither with the King of *Pontus*, nor *Telephanes*, who was reported to carry one dead painted upon his Buckler, with this Motto, *I have deſerved it*; yet was *Cyrus* much perplexed that he could not meet with his Rival, and he was conſidering which way he might the next morning inforce the Enemy out of his Trenches, when he ſaw *Aglatidas* returned, and coming to him, he was no ſooner entred into his Tent, but with open arms he imbraced him: Well my dear *Aglatidas* (ſaid he unto him) How does my Princeſs? and how do they treat her at *Sardis*? Sir, replyed he, they guard her ſo ſtrictly, that it was impoſſible for me to give you an exact account how ſhe doth, yet I know ſhe is in health, and that they wait upon her with much reſpect: But ſince ſhe is in the Citadel, as well as the Princeſs *Palmis*, whom they guard as ſtrictly as the Princeſs *Mandana*, it is not in the power of *Feraulas*, as witty as he is, to find out any means of ſending any meſſage unto *Marteſia*, yet for all that I have ſeen the Princeſs: How, ſaid *Cyrus*, have you ſeen her, and not ſpoke unto her? I ſaw her, Sir, replied he, upon the top of a Tower in the

the Cittadel, where ſhe came every evening to walk with the Princeſs of *Lydea*; but the ditches were ſo very broad, and the Tower ſo high, that I could only ſee her, and perhaps unſeen my ſelf, yet methought one of her Women which waited, made a ſign unto me with her hand, but I durſt not anſwer it. However *Feraulas* ſees her every day in the ſame place, for the place where the priſoners of War is lodged, is over againſt that Tower: Then it ſeems the King of *Aſſyria* (replied *Cyrus* very haſtily) does ſee my Princeſs, as the reſt do? And more than any of the reſt, ſaid *Aglitidas*, for he is perpetually in the Window of his Chamber, which opens that way. Ah *Aglitidas* (cried *Cyrus* out) What ſad news is this you tell me? Sir, replied he, Let it not at all trouble you, ſince certainly that Prince is not any thing the happier for it, becauſe by ſpecial Orders from the King of *Pontus*, who is in high favour with *Crœſſus*, he is ſo ſtrictly guarded, that this Prince cannot poſſibly have ſo much liberty as to ſend any Letters or meſſage unto the Princeſs *Mandana*. *Cyrus* then, calming the agitation of his ſpirits, by hearing a thing ſo agreeable to his wiſh, commanded *Aglitidas* to make an exact relation of all his journey, firſt asking him of the health of the Prince *Artamas*, and of all the reſt of the Priſoners, eſpecially of *Feraulas* in particular. After that *Aglitidas* had told him, that the Prince *Artamas* was out of all danger, and that the ſtranger *Anaxaris*, *Feraulas*, *Soſicles*, and *Tegeus* were all well, he told him, how he found *Crœſſus* at *Sardis*, who treated him very civilly: that after he had read his Letter, he told him, that his recommendations were dear unto him, excepting what related unto the Prince *Artamas*, aſſuring him, that he ſhould have his anſwer in the morning; that afterwards, he deſired permiſſion to preſent a Letter unto the King of *Pontus* from the Princeſs his Siſter, and another from the Queen of *Suſiana* unto the King her husband, unto which he accorded, cauſing him to be conducted unto thoſe two Princes by ſome of his guard: But I pray tell me, (ſaid *Cyrus*,) Were not the King of *Pontus* and *Abradates* in the Camp? No, Sir, replied *Aglatidas*, for they were at a Council of War, which was held near the Town, and the King of *Pontus* was ready to ſet forward to command the Vanguard: But to tell you, Sir, how *Abradates* received me is impoſſible; but I am moſt certain, he loves the Queen *Panthea* with a moſt extraordinary affection, and he had no ſooner read her Letter, but he aſſured me, that he would be a Protector, not only unto all ſuch Priſoners as were taken during the War, as well as thoſe now at *Sardis*, but he would be ready to do any thing that generoſity would permit him, with a hundred obliging and ſweet expreſſions unto me: After which, being deſirous to execute the orders of *Panthea* that very hour, he went unto *Crœſſus*, as I ſhall tell you, after I have related unto you how the King of *Pontus* did treat me: I am confident (replied *Cyrus*) that he hath not forgot to be generous: Certainly, Sir, replied *Aglatidas*, I was much ſurprized at his manner of behaviour; for, Sir, you never did any favour which he does not exactly remember, he calls you his Protector and Liberator, he proteſted that he hated ingratitude, and ſwore unto me, that he would protect the Prince *Artamas*, and all the Priſoners, more for your ſake; than for the Princeſs his Siſter: Then he carried me unto *Crœſſus*, and I was a witneſs of all that the King of *Suſiana* and he did plead in behalf of *Artamas* and the reſt: *Crœſſus* did obſtinately affirm, that the Prince of *Phrigia* ought not to be treated as a Priſoner of War, but to be proceeded againſt as a Delinquent to the State: And theſe two Princes did moſt zealouſly maintain the contrary, telling him, that he had no Right at all unto that Prince, but what the Fortune of War did entitle him unto.

However, the matter could not be that day reſolved, no nor the next day, though *Crœſſus* promiſed to diſpatch me: During which time, by the Kings permiſſion, I viſited all the Priſoners: I underſtood from *Feraulas*, that the King of *Aſſyria* was known before he came into *Sardis*; and that ſince his Impriſonment he is extreamly melancholy, that he ſhould not have the glory of ayding you in the Princeſs *Mandana*'s Releaſment, and that he was forced to be obliged unto you for his Liberty; and he charged me to expreſs his ſorrows unto you, that he was not to be Partaker with you in the dangers of this War, and deſiring me to put you in memory of your Promiſes. As for the Prince *Artamas*, Sir, he charged me with a hundred obliging Meſſages unto you, as well as *Anaxaris*, *Soſicles*, and *Tegeus*. Whilſt I was with theſe illuſtrious Captives, *Abradates* and the King of *Pontus* finding *Cræſſus* very reſolute, told him, that there was two perſons who were infinitely dear unto them in your Power, and that they had great Reaſon to fear their uſage if *Artamas* was treated otherwiſe than as a Priſoner of War: Unto which he anſwered, that as long as *Mandana* was in his Power, there was no fear of either the Queen of *Suſiana* or the Princeſs *Araminta*. As *Abradates* was more earneſt in the buſineſs than the King of *Pontus*, he ſpoke ſomething home unto *Crœſſus*, telling him that he ſaw he was much deceived; for he believed that if he had deſired Prince *Artamas* to be exchanged for the Queen his Wife, he would not have denyed him that favour; but it ſeems he was ſo far from granting him that favour, as at his requeſt he would not let him be in the ordinary Conditions of War: Adding many other things, unto which *Crœſſus* anſwered ſo roughly, as I am very much miſtaken, if the heart of *Abradates* was not much exaſperated againſt him: For when I came to receive his Anſwer, I heard him relate the buſineſs unto one of his friends in a low voice, and in ſuch a manner as I conceive as much. However, at laſt the King of *Pontus* and he did bend *Crœſſus* unto their deſires; ſo that I received as good an Anſwer as I could wiſh. In taking my leave of *Abradates*, he charged me with a Letter unto the Queen his Wife; and appointed me to tell you, Sir, that if he were abſolute Diſpoſer of Affairs, he would not only protect the Prince *Artamas*, but releaſe him: Adding unto all this a Chain of Gold with a Medal, on which was the Picture of *Panthea*, which he deſired me to take, to put me in rememberance (as he ſaid) to tell you, Sir, That there was one man amongſt your Enemies, who infinitely deſires the honour to be your Friend. Sir, ſaid I then unto him, I beſeech you excuſe me from receiving ſuch a magnificent gift, as may render me ſuſpected unto the Prince I ſerve. Since your Maſters merit, replied he, is a ſtronger and more precious Chain to tye you unto his ſervice than any I am able to give, he will never ſuſpect ſuch a man as you of any ſubornation. At laſt, there was no remedy but I muſt ſubmit unto the liberality of *Abradates*, and accept it. Afterwards I went unto the King of *Pontus*, who gave me his Anſwer unto the Princeſs *Araminta* his Siſter, and who charged me to tell you, Sir, that you may ever expect any thing in the World from him which was not prejudicial unto his Love. After this, *Aglatidas* preſenting the King of *Lidia*'s Letter unto his hands, he there found theſe words:

Crœſſus *unto* Cyrus.

What cauſe ſoever I have to treat the Prince Artamas *as a Delinquent againſt my State, yet I aſſure you, that at your inſtance, and the deſires of thoſe two Princes who did ſecond you, I ſhall treat him only as a Priſoner of War; and that with much civility and ſweetneſs. I wiſh I may often be in a condition to do you the like offices; and that I may never be neceſſitated to receive the like from you.*

CRESSUS.

Fortune ſhall then forſake me (ſaid *Cyrus* in anſwer to his own thoughts, and the King of *Lidia*'s Letter:) After which embracing *Aglatidas*, he asked him whether he had heard of a ſtranger of high reputation in *Sardis*, whoſe name was *Telephanes*? Oh, Sir, ſaid *Aglatidas*, I had forgot to tell you, that the talk in *Sardis* is of nothing elſe but his valour and gallant importment; yet none knows who he is: However, added he, if the *Lidians* are to be believed, their Army is ſo vaſt and ſtrong, that Victory is made ſure of: However they will give us leave to diſpute for it with them, replied *Cyrus*. After which ſending *Aglatidas* unto the

King of *Phrigia*, to give him an account of the ſucceſs in his Voyage, he ſpent the reſt of the day which he had deſigned for his own reſt, upon contemplation of the preſent ſtate of his fortunes; and to contrive ways how to releaſe his Princeſs. Doubtleſs it was a great conſolation unto him to hear that the King of *Pontus* was in the Army, and that the King of *Aſſyria* could not ſend unto *Mandana*. Nor am I altogether unfortunate, ſaid he, ſince my Princeſs is in a place where ſhe may think upon me with freedom: But how do I know, ſaid he, whether or no ſhe thinks well of me? Have I not more reaſon to fear that ſhe thinks upon me as the cauſe of all her misfortunes? and remembers me with horror in lieu of tenderneſs? Perhaps the ſame Gods which promiſed the King of *Aſſyria* that he ſhould ſee an end of all his miſery, and that he ſhould have the glory to hear *Mandana* ſigh for him, did make him a Priſoner purpoſely to haſten his happineſs; and it may be ſhe pities him whilſt ſhe accuſeth me, and at this very hour as I am ſpeaking of her, he has a greater ſhare in her thoughts and affection than I have. But moſt unjuſt man that I am (ſaid he, and reprehended himſelf) why do I accuſe the moſt perfect perſon upon Earth of any inconſtancy? She, I ſay, who hath given me a hundred moſt obliging teſtimonies of her unalterable conſtancy? She hath ſeen the King of *Aſſyria*, who was Poſſeſſor of a great Empire, and could command an Army of two hundred thouſand Men, lie proſtrate at her feet, and never be moved at his tears: Why then ſhould I now ever think, that ſince he is deprived of his Kingdom, and in fetters, and never ſpeaks to her, he can alter her mind? yet notwithſtanding, pity hath much power in it; ſhe can mollifie the moſt obdurate hearts, and ſoften the moſt fierce Souls, eſpecially ſuch as ſuffer for her; alſo ſhe delivered me, and retained the King of *Aſſyria*. Then afterwards when he began to conſider how the Gods had promiſed Victory unto *Crœſſus*, and yet ſince he entered into *Lidia* he had nothing but good ſucceſs againſt this *Lidian* King, he knew not what to think: Sometimes he feared the Gods did raiſe him only to throw him down again; and in a moment after, he thought that perhaps they did never intend it: So that when one glimpſe of any hope did but ſhine upon his heart, then all his thoughts were of fighting, and vanquiſhing his Rivals. After he had reliſhed the ſweetneſs of this laſt thought, he fell aſleep, and ſlept on with more tranquility than uſually he was wont, but his ſleep was not long, ſince he awaked by break of day. He was no ſooner up, but the King of *Phrigia* came to thank him, and expreſs his joy, that the Prince his Son was not expoſed unto the fury of *Crœſſus* Afterwards this Prince underſtanding from *Aglatidas* how infinitely *Abradates* loved the Queen his Wife, did adviſe *Cyrus* to carry her unto the Army, telling him, that ſuch an occaſion might preſent it ſelf, that her preſence and the preſence of the Princeſs *Araminta* might happily much advantage him: At the firſt, *Cyrus* did not much hearken unto the counſel of the King of *Phrigia*, thinking that he was to employ nothing but his courage in the Releaſment of *Mandana*; and remembering what ſmall effects the laſt meeting of the Princeſs *Araminta* with the King of *Pontus* produced, he could not fancy any advantage by them. Yet ſince the King of *Phrigia*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatidas*, and *Ligdamis*, were not of his opinion, he yielded unto them. Then the very ſame hour he ſent *Aglatidas* unto the two Princeſſes, with the Letters which he brought for them, and to beſeech them they would be pleaſed to come unto one of thoſe Towns which he had taken, and which was cloſe by the place where he was encamped: But for more civilities ſake, he writ unto them both; and the more to oblige *Ligdamis*, he deſired him to go with *Aglatidas*, and conduct the Princeſſes, with whom was his dear *Cleonice*; giving orders unto *Aglatidas* for *Araſpes*, that he ſhould take his Troops unto *Niſomolis*. In the mean while *Cyrus*, whoſe conſtant cuſtom was to conquer all oppoſers, reſolved to enforce the Enemy, and to drive them from that quarter which they poſſeſſed, before all their Army came up; ſo that this being his full reſolution, he intended to aſſault them in ſo many places at once, that they being forced to divide their Forces, he might more eaſily vanquiſh them: yet this could not be executed in the morning, becauſe he thought it moſt expedient to fall on in the night, thereby to ſpare his Troops, and to avoid the arrows which they who guarded the Trenches might with more judgment aym if it were not in the dark. On the other ſide, the King of *Pontus* deſiring to put nothing to the hazard, would not fight until the whole Army of *Crœſſus* was arrived; and deſired that the Battel might be fought near *Sardis*, to the end that if *Crœſſus* was beaten, he might more readily retire into the Town to defend his Princeſs, ſo that he reſolved to diſencamp the night following; and in order to that, the day was no ſooner done, but cauſing many fires to be made as uſually was wont, he marched away with all his Troops towards the plain of *Sardis*. *Cyrus* was much ſurprized when going to aſſault his Enemy, he found none there: he made ready a great body of Horſe to follow them; and himſelf being in the head of them, he purſued a long while, yet the Enemy made ſuch haſte, that he could not overtake them: ſo that conceiving it not ſafe to engage himſelf too far, he returned back, and poſſeſſed himſelf of the ſame quarter which the *Lidians* quitted: Yet was he extreamly ſorry to underſtand by the ſick and wounded Enemies which the Enemy left behind in their Camp, that the King of *Pontus* was gone to quarter on the other ſide of the River *Halis*, which runs along the Plain of *Sardis*, over againſt *Pactolus*, which bounders the other ſide: And judging by this that the Enemy intended to protract the War, he fell into ſuch a ſad deſpair as is unconceiveable: ſo that, without imparting his deſign unto any but him he ſent, he diſpatched *Artabaſes* unto the King of *Pontus*, to tell him, that ſince it was not juſt the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhould continue ſo long a Captive, he conjured him to obtain permiſſion from *Crœſſus*, for a Duel between them two, and ſo to end all differences betwixt them concerning the Princeſs *Mandana*, offering that if he were Conqueror, to reſtore the Queen of *Suſiana* and the

Princeſs *Araminta*, upon condition he would reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana* unto *Ciaxares*, if the Fate of Arms went on his ſide; adding further, that if *Crœſſus* would prolong the War, he might the better ſatisfie his deſire. In the mean time, ſince *Crœſſus* and *Abradates* did advance, as the King of *Pontus* retired, both met at the River *Halis*: ſo that when *Artabaſes* came to the Enemies Camp, he was carried immediately unto *Crœſſus*, in whoſe preſence he muſt needs acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion. At the firſt, the King of *Pontus* was much amazed; not but that this Prince was as valiant as any ever breathed; but when he remembred how he owed his life and liberty unto *Cyrus*, and that he unjuſtly retained the Princeſs *Mandana* from him, he was extreamly aſhamed; and all his Love and Valour could not move him to accept this Combat without extream repugnance: But he was not put unto the trouble of it, for *Artabaſes* had no ſooner ended his ſpeech, but *Crœſſus* told him, that he would not ſuffer the King of *Pontus* to fight with *Cyrus* for the Liberty of *Mandana*; and bid him tell his Maſter, that before this Princeſs was releaſed, he ſhould conquer him in ranged Battel, he ſhould take *Sardis*, ſubvert his Throne, and ruine his Empire.

The King of *Pontus*, even raviſhed that he was not put to anſwer, and ſeeing with what reſolution *Crœſſus* ſpoke unto this Propoſition, beſeeched him that he would permit him to ſee *Cyrus*; for, Sir, ſaid he unto him, though he be my Rival, yet I would preſerve my ſelf in his eſteem, and I ſhould be extreamly ſorry if he ſhould think it want of heart, that I will not fight with him; Alſo I ſhould be very glad to ask him pardon for my ingratitude, and to tell him my ſelf ſome part of my thoughts. At the firſt *Crœſſus* was unwilling to conſent: but after *Abradates* told him that it could be no ways prejudicial, *Artabaſes* was ſent back with one of the King of *Lydia*'s Heralds to know whether *Cyrus* would conſent unto this meeting. Since this Prince did expect *Artabaſes* with much impatience, becauſe he hoped to obtain his demands, it may be eaſily conceived that his return did aggravate his ſorrows, ſince the Liberty of *Mandana* was yet deferred: yet he did conſent to ſee the King of *Pontus*, hoping ſtill to perſwade him either to reſtore *Mandana*, or to fight with him. The day of this Enterview being appointed, it was reſolved by both Parties that *Cyrus* ſhould come in the head of a thouſand Horſe unto a place where ran a little deep River about three paces broad; and that the King of *Pontus* ſhould meet him there with the like number; That theſe two Princes ſhould ſolemnly engage themſelves by Oath, not to aſſault each other, but to ſpeak unto each other only. The thing being then reſolved upon, the time and place appointed, and the hour come, each prepared to be at the place appointed: That which was moſt ſtrange, was the great deſire which every Commander of the Enemies Army had to know *Cyrus*; ſo that they were all importunate with *Crœſſus* for permiſſion to wait upon the King of *Pontus*: ſo that in lieu of common Troopers, all his Company, to prevent diſcontents, were Colonels and Captains.

You eaſily imagine, that *Cyrus* when he ſaw this ſuſpected a ſurprize, and that faith would not be kept, for he had all his men (except ſome 40 or 50 men of quality) out of common Troopers only: But with the King of *Pontus* it was otherwiſe, for *Abradates* himſelf was one, having asked leave of *Crœſſus* to give *Cyrus* thanks for his generoſity in treating the Queen his Wife ſo civilly: However *Cyrus* wiſhed, though he knew no reaſon for his curioſity, that *Telephanes* who was ſo cryed up, would be there alſo. Theſe two bodies of Cavalry, appeared then at an equal diſtance from this River, and advanced foot-pace to the ſide of it, where they, when they were within eight paces of each ſide, they both made a hault. In the mean while, both *Cyrus* and the King of *Pontus*, leaving their Troops at a time, came as near each other as the River would permit, and without alighting from their Horſes, they ſaluted each other with equal civility, yet their eyes did ſo ſparkle the agitation of their hearts, that they both ſtood ſilent a while, and could not ſpeak; and indeed *Cyrus* could not look upon the King of *Pontus*, but he muſt needs remember the care he formerly had of his preſervation, when he ſent to acquaint him with the conſpiracy againſt him, and how alſo he had ſaved the life of his Princeſs; yet he could not chuſe but remember at the ſame time, how he was the Raviſher of *Mandana*, and the ruiner of his felicity; nor could the King of *Pontus* look upon *Cyrus* without remembrance, how he owed both his life and liberty unto him, and how he had offered to reinveſt him in his Throne; ſo that both of them infinitely eſteeming each other, and ſo demeaned themſelves, as the greatneſs of their ſouls did ſufficiently appear. After all tumultuous cogitations of heart were allayed, and reaſon aſſumed Region in their minds: I am infinitely grieved (ſaid the King of *Pontus* unto *Cyrus*) that Fortune has ſo much obliged me unto you, and that Love ſhould make me ſo ungrateful: It is not for any ingratitude or obligations (replied *Cyrus*) that I accuſe you, but only becauſe you are extreamly unjuſt, in detaining a Princeſs unto whom neither Nature, nor Fortune, nor Love hath given you any right: As for that which relates unto my own particular, I was firſt obliged unto you, and all that which I have or would have done for you, ought to be conſidered only as effects of my acknowledgment: But that you ſhould deſire to obtain that by force, which ought to be acquired by ſubmiſſion, ſervices and prayers, this is a thing moſt horrid; yet if the captivity of the Princeſs *Mandana* had any limits ſet unto it, then hopes of liberty in the end might ſweeten her impriſonment: but to wiſh that ſhe ſhould not be releaſed, until I have defeated a puiſſant Army commanded by three great Kings, and by the conqueſt of a great Empire, this is ſuch a piece of high injuſtice, as I cannot believe you capable of; on the contrary, I think you ought rather to endeavour my defeat by your own peculiar valour, than by the bloud of two hundred thouſand men which are in the Army of *Cræſſus*; and therefore I hoped, that you would have accepted of that offer of combat which I ſent unto you: How infinitely does it concern the King of *Lydia*, that we ſhould terminate our differences our ſelves before a bloody War become the Arbytrator? Since if I have the good Fortune to vanqiſh you, I ſhall demand no more but the Princeſs *Mandana*, and if you vanquiſh me, the Queen of *Suſiana* and the Princeſs *Araminta* ſhall be reſtored. Oh ye Gods (added *Cyrus*) I beſeech you infuſe reaſon into the ſoul of this Prince, and let him help me to releaſe that Princeſs whom we adore. Would it were the pleaſure of thoſe Gods, whom you invoke, (replied the King of *Pontus*) that I were able to follow the Dictates of Reaſon; for if I could, I ſhould then reſiſt my paſſion, and overcome it, I ſhould then ſet the Princeſs *Mandana* at liberty, and then I ſhould make my Love ſubmit unto my ambition, and accept of all thoſe generous offers which you have made me, and by conſequence hope by your valour to regain my Kingdomes: Then though I could not conquer my paſſion, yet I ſhould at leaſt endeavour to overcome my unwillingneſs to fight with my Deliverer, and by fighting with you, I might find an end of my misfortunes, either by a glorious Victory, or an honourable death. But to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, I cannot do it, ſince I am neither Maſter of my own perſon, nor of *Mandana*'s: When I came firſt unto *Crœſſus*, after I had loſt my Kingdomes, I brought him no Forces: all that I had, whereby to oblige him unto my protection, was to put the Princeſs *Mandana* into his power, ſo that ſince ſhe is not mine, I have no right to demand her of him again: She is ſo precious an Hoſtage, that it may be ſaid, that ſhe almoſt keeps his Empire and perſon in ſecurity: Judge I beſeech you after this what I am able to do, you have been my Deliverer, I confeſs, and ſuch a one, as unto whom I owe all I have; nor can it be denied, but *Creſſus* is my Protector alſo, and by the ſame reaſon I am as much his debtor. Never conſider, (ſaid *Cyrus*) what your debt is unto the King of *Lydia*, or unto me, but conſider what your debt is unto the Princeſs *Mandana*: Is it juſt, that ſince the Gods have deſtined her to wear the prime Crowns of all *Aſia*, you ſhould make her die in Priſon? Can your Love conſent unto that? And do you think, that to love *Mandana* truly, is to make her the moſt miſerable Princeſs alive? Recollect your ſelf generous Rival, here what reaſon ſayes unto you, and ſtrive either to overcome your ſelf, or me, I give you the choice of theſe two; if you make choice of the firſt, and will move *Crœſſus* unto a peace, to ſhew you that I deſire it not to ſave my ſelf the labour of a War, I do ſolemnly ingage my word to eſtabliſh you in the Throne of your Fathers, and to do as much for *Crœſſus* if he have any need of my aſſiſtance; but if you make choice of the other, then perſwade him that it would be very much more advantageous unto him to vanquiſh or intrap me, than to hazard it in a Battel; for truly, I cannot endure *Mandana* ſhould be thus a Captive, and I wonder how you can ſuffer it: I do not know (replied the King of *Pontus*) but there is ſuch a diſcord in my own thoughts, that every day I do both love and hate you, and am my own greateſt Enemy; yet there is not one minute in my life, in which I do not moſt deſperately love the Princeſs *Mandana*; I cannot fix upon any reaſonable reſolution, but am always both unjuſt and miſerable: No, no, (cryed out *Cyrus*) it is not ſo; for ſince you ſee *Mandana* every day, either angry, or with tears in her eyes, your heart muſt needs melt, or deſpair, whereas I never ſee her; therefore in all likelyhood I am more unfortunate (and not you) than ever I imagined: However, I beſeech you, be ſo ſincere as to tell me, upon what terms you ſtand with *Mandana*? I beſeech you do not deny me every thing; and ſince you will neither releaſe your Miſtreſs, nor fight with your Rival, however ſpeak free and ſincerely unto a Prince who would be your friend, if you would permit him: Alas, Sir, (cried out the King of *Pontus*) your rigour is too ſharp, in deſiring me to tell you with my own mouth, that you are as much in the Princeſs *Mandana*'s eſteem as I am little, and content your ſelf with this, that though I cannot part with her, yet have I no hopes of ever being loved: What then do you hope for (ſaid *Cyrus* unto him?) To die, replied the King of *Pontus*, before you ſhall enjoy her. There is not a better way to hinder me from enjoying her, (replied *Cyrus*) than to fight with me: Sometimes I think upon nothing but that, replied the King of *Pontus*, when I look upon you as my Rival, and my Rival beloved; and ſometimes when I look upon my obligations, I cannot think of any ſuch thing: Forget them all for ever, replied *Cyrus*, ſince you will not render me the Princeſs whom I adore: However do thus much for me at the leaſt, ſaid he, that you will induce *Crœſſus* not to draw the War out at length, but that a deciding Battel may ſpeedily be reſolved upon, and let Victory fall where it pleaſe the Fates. This I will promiſe you (replied the King of *Pontus*) though I am angry with my ſelf, that I can grant no more, unto one that is not only my Deliverer, but alſo a Protector of the Princeſs *Araminta*: Do not make the reſpects which I pay unto that illuſtrious perſon any obligations unto you (replied *Cyrus*) ſince I pay them only in love of her and my ſelf, and not of you.

After this, theſe two Princes talked together of many things, with ſometimes generoſity, and ſometimes in anger, but Love did always appear in them both: When they were ready to part, *Abradates* advanced, and the King of *Pontus* naming him unto *Cyrus*, that Prince ſaluted him with much reſpect, as made appear how he treated *Panthea*. This firſt complement being over, and *Abradates* rendred him thanks for his ſo generous and civil treatments of the Queen his Wife, *Cyrus* began to ſpeak, and looking upon the King of *Pontus*, Have you no pity upon the King of *Suſiana?* (ſaid he unto him) and will you not put me into ſuch a condition as will make me reſtore him the only perſon which can make him happy? Oh I beſeech you, let me enjoy ſo much happineſs, as that I may break the Chains of theſe two great Princeſſes in pieces, by your breaking the Chains of the Princeſs *Mandana*. As much intereſted as I am, becauſe I know two well what it is to be deprived of her I moſt love (replied *Abradates*) yet I cannot joyn my prayers unto yours, Sir; and therefore without any inſulting upon the miſeries of a great Prince, I endure my own misfortunes, without any addition unto his; yet thinking my ſelf moſt happy, in meeting with ſo generous an Enemy as you, Sir, are. As *Abradates* was ſpeaking thus, and the name of *Telephanes* coming into the mind of *Cyrus*, he began to look amongſt the *Lydian* Cavalry, if he could ſpy the Buckler, which they ſaid he uſed to wear; for though there was no deſign of any fighting that day, yet every one had their Arms. *Cyrus* then looking very circumſpectly amongſt them, whilſt *Abradates* was ſpeaking unto him, he ſaw a man of an excellent garb, and well mounted, in the firſt rank, who turning his head then to ſpeak unto another which was in the ſecond Rank; would not at firſt permit him to ſee his face, yet his Buckler was plainly to be ſeen; ſo that he longing to have him look towards him, he hearkened unto *Abradates*, but ſtill kept his eye upon *Telephanes*, and though he knew no cauſe for it, yet his ſoul ſwelled with extraordinary agitations, and much more when this pretended *Telephanes* turning his head that way, he ſaw him to be either the Prince *Mazares*, or his Ghoſt; for ſince he had often ſeen this Prince at *Babylon*, before he ſaw him in a dying poſture near *Sinope*; and ſince the *Idea* of a Rival is always riveted in ones memory, he knew him at firſt ſight; yet ſince he certainly believed him dead, this ſight did ſo ſurprize him, that he could not chuſe but interrupt *Abradates*. I beſeech you (ſaid he, and pointed towards him) how long hath that Cavalier been amongſt you? and why doth he name himſelf *Telephanes*? The King of *Pontus* being very deſirous to know more of a man who had done ſo many gallant feats ſince he came into *Lydia*, anſwered, that he came to *Sardis* a little before the Princeſs *Mandana*; but as for his name, he knew no more of it than what himſelf told us: No, no, ſaid *Cyrus*, *Telephanes* (if my eyes be not much miſtaken) is not his name, but it is *Mazares*, one of the Raviſhers of my Princeſs, whom the Gods have raiſed from the dead to torment me the more: *Mazares* hearing him ſelf named by *Cyrus* (for it was really he) came nearer the river, and looking with a more melancholy than furious aſpect: Since you have diſcovered my right name, ſaid he unto him, I will not any longer conceal it, I do confeſs, that I am *Mazares*, the moſt culpable and miſerable man alive: But, Sir, ſince I am not revived, but only to die a ſecond death, do not repent that you left me alive: I left you alive (replied *Cyrus* in ſuch a tone, as manifeſtly ſpoke the turbulency in his heart) becauſe I could not then take it from you with honour: But now, ſince I ſee you in a condition able to anſwer him that ſhall call you to an account, I am reſolved not to do it as I did before: We ſhall meet perhaps (replied *Mazares* coldly) before this War be ended: Or elſe I would look for you all over the world (replied *Cyrus*;) and did I not know the rights of men to be inviolable, we would this very hour end all our differences. *Abradates* fearing that *Mazares* would reply ſomething that might make *Cyrus* not a Maſter of his own reſentment, broke off this diſcourſe, telling them both, that it was not permitted them to ſpeak unto each other at this time, ſince *Cyrus* obtained leave from *Crœſus*, only for the King of *Pontus* and himſelf to parly, yet did *Mazares* anſwer in ſuch a manner, as made both his courage and prudence to appear. In the mean time the King of *Pontus*, who loved him very well as *Telephanes*, yet now did not know how he ſhould look upon him; yet conſidering, that if *Mazares* had not carried away *Mandana*, ſhe had not now been in *Lydia*, then he had thoughts of him different from thoſe of *Cyrus*: And on the other ſide conſidering, that but for him, *Mandana* had been now either in the King of *Aſſyria*'s power, or in the power of *Cyrus*, he could not have any ſuch reſentments of hatred againſt him, as uſually is againſt a Rival; yet was he ſo buſied in himſelf, what to think of *Mazares*, and how to behave himſelf towards him, that he medled not with their diſcourſe, which by the prudence of *Abradates* ended, every one retiring to his own party with different apprehenſions. *Cyrus* yet was the laſt that retreated, ſo unwilling was he to part from two men, whom he had ſuch a deſire to be fighting with, even both at once, rather than not at all; he was very ſorry, that he did not a little better inform himſelf, how it ſhould poſſibly be that *Mazares* ſhould ſtill live, and why he ſhould take the King of *Pontus* his part, who was his Rival, and why he ſhould conceal his name: However, return to the Camp he muſt, but he returned with ſuch furious reſentments of Spirit, that he was never ſeen ſo little Maſter of himſelf as at that time. When he came to the Camp, and had given all neceſſary orders, he had a longing impatience to be alone with *Chriſantes*, that he might with freedom deſcant upon this odd accident. Well my dear witneſs of all my misfortunes (ſaid he unto him) what do you ſay unto what you have ſeen (for *Chriſantes* was with him at this enterview) I ſay, Sir, (replied he) that ſince Fortune has been ſo forward in forging ſo many Prodigies to torment you, ſhe will at laſt work as many Miracles to eaſe you: For my part, (replied *Cyrus*) I am not of your opinion, but on the contrary, methinks I have cauſe to fear, ſince this accident, that *Aſtiages* as well as *Mazares* may revive to torment me; and that ſo many millions of men as have loſt their lives in the Armies of my Enemies in ſo many Battels as I have won, will alſo revive to recruit the Army of *Crœſſus* unto an incredible multitude, and that all thoſe whom I have ſo often vanquiſhed, will at laſt become my Conquerours: For truly, why ſhould I not think all theſe as poſſible as this I ſee? Did I not ſee *Mazares* dying in the Fiſhers Cabin? Or to ſay better, Did I not with theſe eyes ſee him dead? Did not theſe ears hear him pronounce with a feeble and weak tone thoſe ſad words concerning my Princeſs, when he gave me her Scarf, which remained in his hands after the ſhipwrack with her? Then did he loſe his tongue, and could not ſpeak one word more, when I left him, and they aſſured me moſt confidently the next morning that he was dead; yet for all this, *Mazares* I ſee is living; *Mazares* is in the ſame place where *Mandana* is, and fights for one of his Rivals: Was ever ſuch a prodigious paſſage known? Did the King of *Aſſyria*, whom he betrayed, know he is in *Sardis*, perhaps he would find out ways to know how all this came about, and hereafter acquaint me; but alas, certainly the Gods are reſolved to overwhelm me with all manner of misfortunes; and have I not good reaſon to think ſo? The Oracle aſſures the King of *Aſſyria*, that he may hope for the enjoyment of *Mandana*: The Oracle does affirmatively promiſe *Crœſſus* the Ruine of that Empire, which in all likelyhood I ſhould hereafter poſſeſs; and the *Sibils* anſwer pronounceth my death; yet did they conceal one part of my misfortunes, ſince they told me not that *Mazares* was alive.

But, Sir, (ſaid *Chriſantes* unto him) it is not *Mazares* who now keeps *Mandana* Priſoner, nor is it the King of *Pontus*, but it is *Crœſſus*. 'Tis true *Chriſantes* (replyed *Cyrus*) but they were my Rivals who put her into his Power: the King of *Aſſyria* began my misfortunes in carrying her away from *Themiſſira*: *Mazares* increaſed them in carrying her away from *Sinope*, and firſt from *Babylon*, both which I was ready to take and become Maſter of: But the King of *Pontus* exceeded them both, in ſaving her from ſhipwrack only to caſt her into a Sea of miſeries: 'Tis very true, that without laying the fault upon others, I ought to accuſe my ſelf the firſt: for indeed if *Artamenes* had known *Philidaſpes* when he met him in the Wood and ſaved his life, *Mandana* had been at liberty, the King of *Pontus* had been upon his Throne, *Mazares* had been innocent, and I had been the moſt happy man upon Earth. However, ſince things paſt cannot be revoked, I muſt think upon the preſent and future; and endeavour my own ſatisfaction ſo far as to ſacrifice ſome of my Rivals unto my Fury and Revenge, before all theſe menaced miſeries do fall upon me: Yet this Prince could not execute his deſign ſo ſoon, becauſe his Enemies were on the other ſide of the River, and he could not eaſily come at them: Alſo, having cauſed ſome Chariots of War to be made which were not finiſhed, he was forced to ſtay a while before he could attempt any thing conſiderable: yet there happened every day ſuch Encounters between Parties, as did ſharpen the violent deſires of both ſides to vanquiſh: For ſince *Crœſſus* kept one Paſs over the River *Halis*, and *Cyrus* another, both ſides were continually ſending out Parties.

In the mean while *Aglitidas* and *Ligdamis* did punctually obſerve the Orders of *Cyrus*, and waited upon the Queen of *Suſiana* and the Princeſs *Araminta* unto the Town which that Prince deſired they ſhould ſtay in, until the Battel was fought, which as he hoped would be very ſhortly: They were no ſooner there, but *Panthea* ſent *Ligdamis* to entreat *Cyrus* that ſhe might have ſo much liberty as to come and ſpeak with him, about a buſineſs which did much concern him: *Cyrus* then asked *Ligdamis* if he knew what it was? and he anſwered, No, but ſaid, he found *Panthea* ſo ſad and altered, that he was perſwaded ſhe grieved exceedingly: *Cyrus*, who had a natural diſpoſition to compaſſionate all in any miſery, without any longer delay, or putting her unto the trouble of coming to him, he went unto the place where ſhe was, which was not above thirty furlongs from his Quarter. When he was come into the Caſtle where ſhe lodged, he asked *Araſpes* very privately, whom he perceived very melancholy, how the Queen of *Suſiana* did ſince he ſaw her, and whether he knew of any new misfortune or diſtate which had befaln her of late? *Araſpes* bluſht at the queſtion, and anſwered *Cyrus* in ſuch a manner as made him think that he had promiſed fidelity unto *Panthea*, and would not confeſs all he knew: ſo that commending his diſcretion in lieu of chiding him, he went into the Queen of *Suſiana*'s Chamber. *Araſpes* would have entered alſo as he uſed to do when *Cyrus* came, but he forbad him: When he was entered he ſaw *Panthea*, and none but *Cleonice* with her; but ſaw her ſo ſad, that he was ſurprized: Sir ſaid ſhe unto him, I ask your pardon, for putting you to ſo much trouble. 'Tis my part rather to beg a pardon, Madam (replied he) for making you ſo melancholy, though I do not know the cauſe of it: And truly, Madam, I think my ſelf reſponſable for all the miſeries which chance unto you, as long as I continue ſo unfortunate, as not to releaſe you. Sir, anſwered ſhe, I ſhould be very unjuſt if I ſhould charge you with the faults of another; and I have ſo much reſpect unto you, as not to aggravate the crime of one whom you honour with your affection: Therefore without telling you againſt whom I complain, I ſhall only entreat you — No, no, Madam (ſaid *Cyrus*, and haſtily interrupted her) you muſt not conceal either the Crime nor the Criminal, whoſoever he be; and I do proteſt unto you, that if there be any who hath offered you the leaſt cauſe of complaint, I will puniſh him ſo ſeverely, as you ſhall ſee I am as ſenſible of any injuries offered unto thoſe I honour, as if they were done unto my ſelf.

I ever did believe, Sir, replied *Panthea*, that your generoſity would prompt you to do as much, and therefore, though it be not the cuſtom for Captives to chuſe their Keepers, yet I moſt humbly beſeech you to forbid *Araſpes* from ſeeing me again, and to put ſome other of your Friends, whom you ſhall pleaſe, in his place.

You ſhall be moſt exactly obeyed, Madam, replied *Cyrus*; but if *Araſpes* hath been ſo bold as to offer you any diſpleaſure, he deſerves not only to be baniſhed out of your preſence, but out of the ſociety of men, as a moſt barbarous and wicked man; therefore I beſeech you, to tell me a little more preciſely what the crime is which he hath committed.

It is enough I tell you, Sir (ſaid ſhe and bluſhed) that *Araſpes* is fitter to be in the head of an Army, than to guard one of my quality and virtue: After this, Sir, ask me no more, for this is as much as my modeſty will permit me to tell you. It is enough, Madam (replied *Cyrus*,) and without putting you to the trouble of relating what his crime is (which cannot be little, ſince committed againſt you,) I ſhall make himſelf confeſs it, and proportion his puniſhment accordingly: In the mean time, Madam, to teſtifie that it is not my intention to expoſe you unto any diſlike of thoſe which are about you, be pleaſed to chuſe whom you will to ſerve you, but not to guard you; for I deſire no other ſecurity from you than your Princely word, and I give you abſolute authority to diſplace any which you diſlike to have about you. Ah, Sir, ſaid ſhe, your generoſity extends it ſelf very far. No, no, Madam, replied he, I will do any thing to ſerve you, and therefore I beſeech you accept of my humble offer; and ſince my impatience to puniſh him that hath offended you doth earneſtly invite me, I beſeech you give me leave to depart ſooner than I intended. *Panthea* raviſhed at the magnanimity of *Cyrus*, rendred him a thouſand thanks for his goodneſs to her, and asked him pardon for cauſing any new diſpleaſure in him: But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſince it is one of thoſe Crimes which Virtue will not permit me to relate, I hope you will excuſe me. *Cyrus* anſwered unto this with unequalled generoſity, and then retired; but meeting with *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* in the outer Chamber, he ſtayed a while with them, to know more exactly what was the Crime of *Araſpes*, knowing that ſhe was pleaſed to impart her ſecrets unto them; and taking them aſide, I beſeech you tell me (ſaid he to them) what *Araſpes* hath done, which hath given the Queen ſome cauſe of complaint, after ſo many commendations of him? for I would gladly know wherein he hath failed, before I puniſh him. Sir, anſwered *Doraliſa*, and ſmiled, you may remember how I told you one day that *Araſpes* was not ſo inſenſible as you thought him; and that *Perinthus* ſeemed once as obdurate as he. I remember it very well replied *Cyrus*, but is it poſſible that *Araſpes* ſhould preſume to look ſo high as the Princeſs *Panthea*, and ſo inſolent as to expreſs any ſigns of his paſſion? It is moſt certain, replyed *Pherenice*, that he hath been ſo bold as to love her, and ſo unfortunate as to let her perceive it. This, Sir, is the Crime of *Araſpes*, which queſtionleſs is great enough to move you unto ſo much ſatisfaction, as to remove him from the Queen: Yet it is certain that of late he hath loſt his Reaſon, but it was apparent he did not ſhew his paſſion with any deſign that ſhe ſhould know it: A Virtue leſs ſcrupulous than hers might have diſſembled it, but the Queen was ſo incenſed againſt him, that ſhe cannot endure his preſence. She ſhall never be troubled with it, replied *Cyrus*, and I ſhall ſo fully ſatisfie her, that ſhe ſhall have as much cauſe to commend me, as to complain againſt *Araſpes*. After this, *Cyrus* went out, and made a ſhort viſit to the Princeſs *Araminta*, whilſt *Araſpes* was ſought for, but could not be found in any place of the Caſtle: for when he heard that *Panthea* had ſent unto *Cyrus*, he thought ſhe would complain againſt him, knowing better the Crime he had committed, than either *Doraliſa* or *Pherentce*, becauſe *Panthea* out of her modeſty and greatneſs of Soul, did partly hide it from them. *Araſpes* then was in a terrible perplexity; but conſidering with himſelf that he could not long avoid the ſight of *Cyrus*, he reſolved to go and confeſs his fault, and ſubmit himſelf unto his goodneſs: Then did he preſent himſelf before him, but with ſuch a baſhful countenance, that he was ſcarce knowable: *Cyrus* was then in a Gallery at the end of *Araminta*'s Chamber, from whence he came: As ſoon as he ſaw *Araſpes*, he made a ſign as if he would be in private with him, ſo that every one who were then preſent did withdraw, and left him the liberty to ſpeak his mind.

Since *Cyrus* loved *Araſpes*, and was well inclined to excuſe all errours of Love, and ſince both *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* did not much aggravate his fault, he did not at firſt break into any anger; ſo that *Araſpes* not doubting but *Cyrus* did exactly know his Crime, grew ſomething more confident, and reſolved to confeſs ingenuouſly all that he ſhould ask him: Is it not enough, *Araſpes*, ſaid he unto him, that I ſhould be perſecuted by my Enemies, but my friends muſt alſo lay their loads upon me? And muſt you whom I ever loved, contribute your Faggot to the fire of my anger? Might you not well apprehend by thoſe reſpects which I rendred unto the Queen of *Suſiana*, what your duty was, which I would have you render her? I took you for a wiſe and ſtayed man, and yet you were ſo inconſiderate, as to expreſs ſigns of Love unto ſo great a Queen, who is more illuſtrious by her virtues, than her high quality: 'Tis true, Sir, replied *Araſpes*, I muſt confeſs my ſelf culpable, if it be a crime to do that which is not poſſible for me but to do: However (ſaid *Cyrus* unto him) tell me ingenuouſly how it is, and why you did not avoid her preſence as ſoon as you perceived your ſelf firſt in Love with her? You may remember, that once when I obſerved you very ſad, and thinking that employment was irkſome unto you, I offered you another: Why then did you not accept of it, if you perceived in your ſelf any inclination to ſuch an unſuitable and unreaſonable paſſion? 'Tis true, Sir, replied he, I ought to have done ſo; but it is as true alſo, that this imperious paſſion would never permit me ſo much power over my ſelf, as to be far from *Panthea*; and my hopes were, that I ſhould only love her, and ſhe never perceive it: Why would you carry it ſo? replied *Cyrus*, for as long as ſhe had been ignorant of it, I ſhould never have known it; or if I had perceived it, I ſhould have pitied in lieu of accuſing you: Ah, Sir, (cried *Araſpes*) it was chance that made my crime, for truly I did repent of my intention to diſcover my paſſion, and the Letter which ſhe ſaw was much againſt my will.

Cyrus then conjecturing that there was ſomething which the Queen of *Suſiana* had not told him, and which *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* did not know, or elſe ſeemed ignorant, he urged him to relate all the paſſage betwixt her and him: Then he told him, that he loved her ever ſince he firſt ſaw her; that he reſiſted his paſſion as much as he could, and not being able to overcome it, he concealed it with great diligence; but of late, he could not poſſibly chuſe, but much againſt his will diſcovered it, by a hundred unthought of paſſages which eſcaped him: that he had an intention either to ſpeak or write ſomething unto *Panthea*, but of the two, he rather fixed upon writing. How *Araſpes*, (ſaid *Cyrus*) Did you write a Letter of Love unto *Panthea*?

thea? Yes, Sir, (replied he) but afterwards I repented, and intended ſhe ſhould never ſee it, yet notwithſtanding I kept it, not knowing any reaſon why, and carried it in my pocket, reading it very often, and found ſome comfort in reading that unto my ſelf, which I durſt not ſpeak unto *Panthea*. A while after, this fair Queen having a great deſire to have a ſight of the Oracle which *Crœſſus* received from *Delphos*, and which ſhe knew I had, ſhe ſent a ſervant one evening when ſhe was retired unto me for it, I being all zeal to obey her, unhappily miſtook papers, and ſent that Letter, which I repented of, and reſolved ſhe ſhould never ſee: He unto whom I gave this Letter, was no ſooner gone but I found my error; it vexed me to the ſoul, I ſent my ſervants to call him back, but preſently a rapture of Love ſeduced my reaſon, and I recalled them; then commanding and countermanding them four or five times, my laſt order was to call him back in good earneſt, but it was too late, for he was entred into the Queens Chamber. It is impoſſible for me to relate unto you, Sir, how I paſſed away that night, but I aſſure you it was with the moſt reſtleſs agitations of mind that ever any had. Has ſhe the Letter yet? replied *Cyrus*: Although ſhe have, replied *Araſpes*, I can eaſily relate it, for I think I have read it a thouſaud times, and it was in theſe terms.

The unfortunate Araſpes *unto the faireſt* Queen *in the World.*

THis is not to beg a pardon for my preſumption in loving you, nor is it to ask you any recompence, that I let you underſtand how Love has made me more your captive, than the war hath made you; but it is, becauſe I think it juſt you ſhould not be ignorant, that in your captivity you have an abſolute Soveraignty over my heart: If I do not ask a pardon for my raſhneſs, it is rather becauſe I am ſincere, than becauſe I am preſumptuous, ſince certainly I cannot repent of loving you: and if I do not ask any recompence, it is becauſe I know very well, that I rather deſerve puniſhment: Thus, Madam, pretending unto

unto nothing but to die in your Fetters, be ſo good I beſeech you, as not to ruine me, in making them ſo intollerable, that I cannot wear them. This, Madam, I have had a longing deſire to tell you, and maugre the violence of my paſſion, I ſhould think my ſelf ſufficiently favoured, if you could without hatred only believe, that I love you more than ever any did.

ARASPES.

This Letter (replied *Cyrus* after he had repeated it) had been reaſonable, if it had been addreſſed unto *Doraliſa* or *Pherenice*: But to ſpeak thus unto a Queen, and a Queen in miſery, is a boldneſs ſo unexcuſable, that I cannot expreſs how infinitely you have diſobliged me: I was moſt cruelly puniſhed for it the next morning, replied *Araſpes*; for when I came unto her Chamber, according to my uſual cuſtome, to wait upon her unto the Temple, ſhe told me I ſhould not go that day: But the moſt cruel torment of all to me, was, when ſhe ſent for me in the evening, and cauſing me to come into her Cloſet: *Araſpes* (ſaid ſhe unto me, with ſuch a Majeſty as made my heart tremble) Since it concerns my honour not to publiſh how you have failed in that reſpect which you ought to have unto me, I will not let my reſentments againſt you appear, until I meet the illuſtrious *Cyrus* in ſuch a place where I may entreat him to remove you further from me. In the mean time, ſince I cannot endure the ſight of you, after your extream boldneſs, I pray come no more into my Chamber, unleſs you have a mind to exaſperate my reſolutions of hatred. Then I had a mind to proteſt unto her, that I was infinitely ſorry for what I had done, that I repented of ever writing the Letter, and that it came into her hands contrary to my intention, but ſhe would not hear me, and expreſſed ſo much anger in her aſpect, and ſuch an odious averſion to me, that I retired with an unconceiveable ſorrow in my ſoul; Since this, Sir, I never had my reaſon clear, and this, Sir, is my crime, do unto me as you pleaſe; and yet methinks, a Prince who is ſo well acquainted with the power of Love, ſhould be ſomething indulgent towards a man, whoſe crime is only being in Love; and ſo I am very much (replied *Cyrus*) for I pity you infinitely, and I would do any thing to revoke what's paſt if it were poſſible, and that you had not offended *Panthea*: But for all that, *Araſpes*, ſatisfaction muſt be given, it concerns my honour as well as hers, therefore, though I eſteem you never ſo much, I muſt baniſh you, not only from her, but my ſelf alſo. Alas, Sir, replied *Araſpes*, Is not the ſeparation from her I adore puniſhment enough, but I muſt be deprived of the honour to die for you in the head of your Army? Conſider, Sir, that *Panthea* will be better revenged in my death, than in my Exile: So ſhall not I, replied *Cyrus*, for I rather wiſh your Exile, than your death. But *Araſpes*, reſiſt me no more, retire your ſelf, and ſay nothing, but go either into *Medea* or *Cappadocia*, or any other place you like beſt, until the Queen of *Suſiana* be out of my hands: *Araſpes* would have replied, but *Cyrus* ſeemed angry at his refuſal, and ſpoke in ſuch a tone, as intimated he would be obeyed; and ſo *Araſpes* departed the ſame hour, though *Cyrus* was very loth to want a man whom he loved ſo well: He ſent then unto *Panthea*, to tell her that he had baniſhed *Araſpes*; and that if ſhe approved of it, *Artabaſes* ſhould wait upon her in his room. *Panthea* was raviſhed at the generoſity of *Cyrus*, and ſent him thanks; and not content with that, ſhe diſpatched one of her ſervants (which came from *Suſa* with her, and whom ſhe eſteemed very much) unto her dear *Abradates*, giving him a Letter to deliver unto him, which intimated her great obligations unto *Cyrus*: As for *Araſpes*, before his departure, he writ a Letter unto *Cyrus*, and ſent it by a Souldier, but this Prince did not then ſhew it, and it was a long while after before any knew he had writ unto him: The diſgrace of *Araſpes* made a great noiſe in the Army, the cauſe alſo was quickly known, and there was none which did not commend *Cyrus*, and pity *Araſpes*. In the mean time, this illuſtrious Conquerour, being perſwaded that thoſe who ſeek their Enemies, have the advantage of them who wait for them, though inferiour in number, he quitted the Quarter where he was, and took up another ſo near the Army of *Crœſſus*, that if the River *Halis* had not ſeparated them, doubtleſs he had forced that Prince to a Battel. There was not a day paſſed, but *Cyrus* knew by his Spies what his Enemies did; but that which perplexed him worſt was, that he did not perfectly underſtand what they intended to do; He knew, that by reaſon of the great number of *Ægyptians* which were in his Army, they muſt change the order which they were uſed to obſerve in drawing their Troops into Battalia: ſo that he had an extream deſire to know preceiſely what form they would uſe, but he conceived it a thing impoſſible, yet he ſent out every day freſh Spies, and took new Priſoners; he underſtood by them, that *Crœſſus* found himſelf not well, and returned to *Sardis*, which was not far off and that the King of *Pontus* went every day thither: Since *Cyrus* thought it a more glorious ſight to ſee *Mandana* than himſelf victorious, he reſolved rather to loſe many men in forcing a paſſage over the River *Halis*, than to linger away any longer time: Yet notwithſtanding the King of *Phrigia*, the King of *Hircania*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, the Prince *Tigranes*, and *Phraartes*, perſwading him that it was better to wait a few days for a Victory, than to hazard it, he reſolved upon a courſe of patience: yet he was every day on horſeback; ſometimes to ſtop victuals from going to the Enemies; ſometimes to face them, ſometimes to skirmiſh in Parties: But what ere he did, or where ere he was, *Mandana* or his Rivals were always in his thoughts, eſpecially *Mazares* whoſe Adventure ſeemed moſt prodigiouſly ſtrange unto him.

Some days being thus ſpent, he had intelligence that *Crœſſus* was well again, and was reſolved to give Battel: *Cyrus* then burning with impatient fury to ſhorten this War, and to be at handy blows with his Enemies, reſolved to ſend a Herald unto *Crœſſus* to tell him, That if he would, he would retreat from the River as far as was neceſſary to give him room and time enough to paſs over his Army, and to draw them up into Battalia, upon this condition, he would reſolve not to decline fighting, as hitherto he had done. This Project was no ſooner reſolved upon, but *Cyrus* did put it in execution: and *Crœſſus* no ſooner heard this Propoſition, but he accepted of it; and ſent back the Herald which *Cyrus* ſent, with a promiſe that within four days he would look the Prince his Maſter in the face, and exchange ſome blows with him according to his deſire: After this, *Cyrus* aſſumed freſh vigour, and hoped for Victory, in ſpite of all the angry Oracles: This hope alſo was infuſed into the hearts of all his Souldiers; who at this time did reſemble the Saylers which followed a famous Pilot, who never were aſtoniſhed at the fury of any ſurging Waves, but when they ſaw him aſtoniſhed: So likewiſe the Troops of *Cyrus* did never conſult with any thing but the face of their General to prognoſticate the Victory: ſo that they always finding there a ſerene tranquility amidſt the greateſt dangers; they fought like Souldiers who thought their General could commit no fault, or ever be vanquiſhed: but whileſt this Prince prepared himſelf for fight, many things fell out which did for a while keep back that glory which he expected, and which did extreamly puzzle *Crœſſus*. When this Prince returned anſwer by the Herald which *Cyrus* ſent unto him, he was at *Sardis*; and the King of *Pontus* and *Abradates* were at the Camp: ſo that theſe two Princes hearing of this Anſwer, thought ſtrange, that *Crœſſus* ſhould ſo peremptorily determine upon the day of Battel without ever acquainting them: Since it was they principally who were reſponſible for the good or bad ſucceſs of this great Enterprize. The Prince *Myrſiles* being by reaſon of his imperfection incapable of any ſervice but his perſon; and the Prince *Mazares*, though it was known who he was, yet he had no authority to do any thing but ſhew his valour. Theſe two Princes then being much incenſed, did highly complain againſt *Crœſſus*, eſpecially *Abradates*, who at the ſame time received a Letter from *Panthea*, which did ſo highly extol *Cyrus*, that it did diſpoſe him more to complain againſt the King of *Lydia:* Alſo conſidering with himſelf, that it would be a greater difficulty to get *Panthea* out of the power of *Crœſſus*, after the Battel, what e're the ſucceſs be, than before, he reſolved to entreat *Cyrus*, that the Prince *Artamas* might be exchanged for *Panthea:* But for the more expediency of his Deſign, he did communicate his deſires unto *Andramites*, whom he knew to be in Love with *Doraliſa*, who was with the Queen of *Suſiana:* So that *Andramites* intereſting himſelf in the Deſign, did promiſe *Abradates* to be preſent and urgent with *Crœſſus* when he ſhould motion it unto him. As for the King of *Pontus*, he never oppoſed his Project: for ſince *Abradates* did not demand the Princeſs *Mandana* in exchange for *Panthea*, but only Prince *Artamas*, he durſt not be ſeen he approved of it: *Abradates* then went unto *Crœſſus* in the morning; and after he had acquainted him with his diſcontent, that he ſhould fix upon the day of Battel without acquainting him, he deſired him, that he would ſuffer the Prince *Artamas* to be be exchanged for the Queen his Wife before the Battel was fought. If we get the Victory (replied *Crœſſus*) we ſhall releaſe her more glorioully, than by any negotiation of exchange. You may get the Victory, replied he, and yet I not get *Panthea*, ſince certainly the weaker a Party is, the more carefully they keep their Priſoners: The truth is, Sir, added he, ſince I do not fight to conquer Provinces, but chiefly to releaſe *Panthea*, and next to oppoſe the over-ſwelling Power of *Cyrus*. I know not why I ſhould hazard the loſs of that Lady for ever, who is ſo infinitely dear unto me, for want of a reaſonable Propoſition, therefore I beſeech you take it not ill if I be very urgent with you to make this Propoſition unto *Cyrus*. Negotiations of this nature, replied *Crœſſus*, are not to be made in ſo ſhort a time as we have remaining before the Battel. I have ſuch hopes in the generoſity of *Cyrus*, anſwered *Abradates*, that I believe he will not deny a Truce for ſome days, if you will be pleaſed to ask it. I am not uſed unto any ſuch compliance with my Enemies (anſwered *Crœſſus* very ſharply) and therefore I know not how to make any ſuch motions, neither do I conceive your deſires of an exchange juſt upon the very point of giving a Battel, to be very juſt, or much to any purpoſe, for you will bring a Princeſs into *Sardis*, and ſend one of the moſt valiant men upon earth into the Enemies Camp to fight againſt us: No, no, *Abradates*, I cannot conſent unto this: He who can fear one ſingle man (anſwered the King of *Suſiana*) and is in the head of 200000 men, can never truſt the valour of his Souldiers: However it be (ſaid *Crœſſus* very fiercely) ſince *Artamas* is a Delinquent againſt the State, as well as a Priſoner of War, he ſhall not be exchanged for the Queen your Wife: Then you ſhall fight without me, Sir, (replied *Abradates:*) Sir, (ſaid *Andramites*, and addreſſed himſelf unto *Crœſſus*) I beſeech you do not deny this requeſt which is made unto you: I will always deny any thing that is unjuſt, anſwered *Crœſſus*, and therefore preſs me no more. *Andramites* uſed many other perſwaſive arguments, but all were to no purpoſe: Then *Abradates* went from *Crœſſus* exceedingly unſatisfied, and fully reſolved not to fight, unleſs this Propoſition was firſt made unto *Cyrus*: *Andramites* after *Abradates* was gone, did ſpeak many things unto the King of *Lydia* which did much offend him. The King of *Pontus* fearing that this diſorder would make a mutiny amongſt the Soulders, did do all he could to perſwade *Crœſſus* to conſent unto the King of *Suſiana*'s deſires, and alſo uſed his beſt perſwaſions unto *Abradates*, that he would not impead the main buſineſs, though *Crœſſus* ſhould not ſatisfie him, but all his arguments and perſwaſions would not work upon either of them. At the ſame time, the Father of *Panthea* came from *Claſomena* unto *Sardis*, where he had been levying ſome Forces; ſo that finding things in this ſtate, he joyned with *Abradates* and *Andramites*, and was more importunate with *Crœſſus* than they; and ſince he had a great conſiderable Province under his power, his ſolicitations did more perplex *Crœſſus* than any of the reſt, out of his fears that his refuſal might cauſe a Civil War in his own Dominions, at a time when he had his hands full of a very conſiderable Enemy upon him. The Prince *Myrſiles* alſo, none knowing his true reaſon for it, did patronize *Abradates* as much as he was able, expreſſing his earneſt wiſhes that the Queen of *Suſiana* were releaſed by Treaty; and he made it known unto all his creatures, that they could not any way more ſenſibly oblige him, than by their endeavours of perſwading the King his Father unto it.

Things then were in ſuch a confuſion, both at *Sardis* and in the Camp, that when *Crœſſus* would have given Battel at the day appointed, it was not in his power. However he would not conſent to releaſe the Prince *Artamas*; but ſeeing himſelf extreamly importun'd, he purpoſed the exchange of the King of *Aſſyria* for the Queen of *Suſiana*: But *Abradates* replied, that he would never conſent unto that Propoſition, becauſe it would more incenſe *Cyrus*, than induce him to the ſatisfaction of his deſires to have any Propoſitions of releaſing his Rival and his Enemy made unto him. Moreover, the King of *Pontus* did much rather deſire the Prince *Artamas* ſhould be ſet at liberty, than the King of *Aſſyria*.

Thus this conteſt growing ſo high, and fearing a revolt in an Army which was compoſed of ſo many ſeveral Nations, *Crœſſus* reſolved to ask a Truce for ſome days, in order to a Treaty for the liberty of ſome Priſoners, not yet telling who they were, becauſe he was not yet reſolved upon them. Then he diſpatched a meſſenger unto *Cyrus*, importing as much, who was much ſurprized at the demand, and certainly had denied it, if upon ſerious deliberation he had not found, that he could not force his Enemy to fight, but with the loſs of many men. *Cyrus* therefore conſented unto a Truce for eight days, upon condition, that ſuch of his men as would go into *Sardis*, might go with as much ſecurity, as his Enemies might come into his Camp, and deſired that this condition might be ſpecified, for all the advantage which he hoped for by this Truce, was to hear how *Mandana*, his Rival, and his Friends did fare: And alſo knowing of the diviſion which was amongſt theſe Princes, he hoped to make the gap wider.

So that this Truce being reſolved upon, it was publiſhed the next morning, both in *Sardis* , and in the Camp: So that after this, there was a pleaſant mixture of friends and enemies in both Camps and Town, and ſo that one could not make any difference of ſides. All the ſtreets of *Sardis*, as well as the Camp of *Cræſſus*, was full of *Perſians*, *Medes*, *Armenians*, *Aſſyrians*, and *Hircanians*; and the Camp of *Cyrus* was as full of *Lydians*, *Myſſians* , *Grecians* , *Thracians* , and *Ægyptians*. In the mean time , *Cyrus* ſent *Ortalgues* into *Sardis* , to ſee if he could find out any poſſible means for him to have a ſight of his dear *Mandana*. *Ligdamis* diſguiſed himſelf to that intent alſo, having no deſire to ſhew himſelf publickly in that Town, becauſe he was very well known, but he was informed by them both, that it was a thing impoſſible, and that ſince the Truce, the Princeſs *Mandana* did not walk upon the top of the Tower as ſhe was wont ; ſo that if he were at *Sardis* ; he could ſee nothing but the Walls which ſhut her up : Yet had this Prince much ado to forbear, and I believe indeed he had gone, if ſome of his friends, who obſerved him not Maſter of his reaſon, had not diſſwaded him, not that they feared *Cræſſus* would violate the Publique Faith , but their fear was, leſt if he ſhould have met with *Mazares*, or the King of *Pontus*, there might have been ſome jars between them, which might have cauſed a general diſorder. In the mean time, *Abradates* ſent unto *Cyrus*, to deſire that he might ſee his *Panthea* , in the preſence of whom he pleaſed , leſt it ſhould be ſuſpected he ſpoke unto her concerning ſome affairs of War, or to know from her the affairs of the Camp. *Cyrus*, who experimentally knew how ſweet it was to ſee her one loved, and hoped that perhaps *Abradates* would retaliate the favour in letting him ſee *Mandana*, did very willingly conſent unto his deſire : So that giving all requiſite orders for this meeting , which was to be the ſame day, *Abradates* was conducted unto *Cyrus*, who received him with extraordinary civility; after which, he himſelf conducted him unto the Town where *Panthea* was, and into her Chamber, where ſhe was alone, only with *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice*: as ſoon as they entred, Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus* unto her) I hope you will pardon me for all the hardſhips which you have indured, during the abſence of *Abradates*, ſince now I bring him unto you: But leſt during your diſcourſe, the ſight of a Prince who was forced to keep you a Captive ſhould moleſt you, I will leave you in freedom to diſcourſe of all your misfortunes.

Panthea was ſo over-joyed at the ſight of her dear *Abradates*, that ſhe did not half underſtand what *Cyrus* ſaid; yet after ſhe had ſaluted her illuſtrious Husband with as much reverence as affection, ſhe entreated *Cyrus* to be a witneſs of their conference, yet notwithſtanding he left them together, and went to viſit the Princeſs *Araminta*, telling her how he left the King of *Suſiana* with *Panthea*. As ſoon as ever this Princeſs heard this, ſhe had an extream deſire to be acquainted with him, yet would ſhe not by any means interrupt ſo ſweet a conference ſo ſoon; ſo that ſhe kept *Cyrus* company, who to pleaſe her ſaid, that ſhe would one day be as much joyed to ſee *Spitridates*, as *Panthea* was to ſee the King of *Suſiana*. Whilſt they were thus entertaining each other, *Panthea* to publiſh the high generoſity of *Cyrus* (after *Abradates* and ſhe had expreſſed their affectionate ſouls to each other) called *Cleonice*, *Doraliſa*, and *Pherenice* to witneſs her aggravations and obligements unto *Cyrus*, and grieved that it was the King her Husbands ill fortune to be ingaged in ſo unjuſt a quarrel as that of *Crœſſus*, who was ſo ungrateful, as to deny him a Priſoner for her exchange. In concluſion, ſhe expreſſed her ſelf in ſuch eloquent terms, as ſhe moved *Abradates* earneſtly to deſire, that *Crœſſus* would diſoblige him, and give him a juſt occaſion of changing ſides. Then did ſhe again aggravate her obligations unto *Cyrus* in puniſhing *Araſpes*. At the name of *Araſpes Abradates* ſtarted, and told her, that he who ſhe named was with *Crœſſus*, and well entertained, and that he much complained againſt *Cyrus*:

If it be ſo, ſaid *Panthea*, I have taken a valiant man from *Cyrus*, and given him unto *Crœſſus*; But however, I do conjure you, if you have an opportunity for it, to perſwade the Prince my Father to incline *Crœſſus* unto a Peace, at leaſt, that he would not ingage himſelf in this War with him. *Abradates* loved *Panthea* ſo extream dearly, that he could deny her nothing, and told her, that if he could not procure the Prince *Artamas* to be exchanged for her, he would then quit *Crœſſus*, and whatſoever became of it, he would ingage his word to be preſently with her: As they were thus diſcourſing, *Cyrus* brought the Princeſs *Araminta* unto *Panthea*, that ſhe might ſee *Abradates*, who returned her ſuch civil thanks for the honour ſhe did him, as ſhe perceived he was a man of no leſs Generoſity than Courage. The Conference of theſe four illuſtrious Perſons did much augment the eſteem each one had of another, principally between *Cyrus* and *Abradates*; for though they were never together before this day, yet there was no ſuperſtitious Ceremonies or Complements of Vanity paſſed between them, but they ſpoke ſincerely to each other, and with a civility ſo full of freedom, as it was apparent Fame had before made them acquainted.

But whilſt the Princeſs *Araminta* was congratulating the Joys of *Panthea*, *Cyrus* asked *Abradates*, whether he could obtain ſo much favour for him from *Crœſſus*, as that he might ſee *Mandana* during this Truce? I ſhould not deſpair of doing you that ſervice, if the King of *Pontus* and perhaps *Mazares* would not oppoſe it: However, I will paſs you my word, that I will uſe all my arguments to perſwade them that you may ſee her. If they be afraid that I ſhall ſpeak any thing which may be prejudicial to them, ſaid *Cyrus*, I will promiſe to ſtand ſilent all the while I look upon her. However, I beſeech you, believe this of me, that if *Mandana* were not the cauſe of the War, you ſhould not return alone to *Sardis*, for then I would freely give Liberty unto the Queen of *Suſiana*: But ſince it is to do *Mandana* ſervice that I came into *Lydia*, I hope you will not take it ill, if I take all advantages to do her ſervice and by conſequence keep one that is ſo conſiderable as *Panthea* is: yet I do proteſt unto you, it is not without much ſorrow that I ſhould be any cauſe of your diſcontent. I ſhall not call to memory how you gave a Retreat unto the Raviſher of *Mandana*, and engaged your ſelf in the ſide of *Crœſſus*: for as it is not fitting I ſhould blame ſo gallant an Enemy for it, ſo it is rather fit I ſhould think it the Will of the Gods that I ſhould obtain the Victory at a dear rate: for certainly, if you were but engaged on our ſide, that of *Crœſſus* would not long hold out: But however, though it be the will of Fate to diſpoſe otherwiſe of you, yet I conjure you not to deny this favour which I ask of you, ſince it does not at all contradict your duty unto *Crœſſus*: I will promiſe it as far as in my power, and I am very ſorry that I cannot aſſure you of good ſucceſs in my endeavours. After this, theſe Princes and Princeſſes were above an hour in diſcourſe of their paſt and preſent misfortunes; and afterwards they parted: *Cyrus* waiting upon *Abradates* as far as the further quarter of his Camp, did ſhew him part of his Troops drawn up in Battalia: And it being a very gallant ſight, *Abradates* told him, It was no wonder to ſee ſuch good Souldiers under ſuch a Commander: for truly (ſaid he unto him) methinks your preſence has infuſed ſuch heroique ſparks into me, that I make no queſtion but I ſhall return more valiant unto *Sardis*, than when I firſt came to you. The caſe is not ſo with me, replied *Cyrus*, for as valiant as you are, you have infuſed an unwillingneſs in me to fight againſt you ever ſince I knew you. *Abradates* anſwered his obliging language with as much civility and ſpirit: And afterwards both theſe mighty Princes parted extreamly well ſatisfied with each other. *Abradates* in purſuance of his promiſe beſeeched the King of *Lydia* to let *Cyrus* ſee *Mandana*, as *Cyrus* had given him the liberty to ſee *Panthea*: *Crœſſus* at the firſt did make no difficulty of it, yet added ſuch a condition unto it, as did render it impoſſible; for he conſented unto the enterview, provided the King of *Pontus* would approve of it: *Abradates* then went unto the King of

Pontus to beg the favour; And what inconveniency (ſaid he unto him) can it be unto you? You know he is in *Mandana*'s favour as much already as he can deſire to be, and therefore though this Princeſs ſhould give him any obliging language, that makes him no more happy than he was before: but it may prove an advantage unto you; for if ſhe tell him, how obſequious and reſpective you are unto her, it may chance take off the edge of his Animoſity, and make him fight with leſs fury. If I did not think you ſpeak this (replied the King of *Pontus*) purpoſely to do that Prince a courteſie, who may do her you love another, I ſhould ſay you are the moſt unjuſt man in the world to deſire any ſuch thing from me: for I pray know (ſince I muſt diſcover the bottom of my heart unto you) that I am arrived at that paſs, as I will never endeavour again to enjoy *Mandana*: I have ſighed and wept a thouſand times at her feet, but all in vain: ſhe hath thus far confeſſed unto me, that ſhe believes I love her, and that if I were not her Lover ſhe would not deny me her eſteem: But for all that, ſhe hath ſo reſolutely and conſtantly told me, that ſhe will never love me, and hath without telling me, let me perfectly underſtand, how ſhe will love *Cyrus* for ever, that I am fully perſwaded *Mandana* is for ever inexorable to me, and for ever faithful unto my Rival: therefore I will ſtrive no more to win her heart, or to enjoy her; but I will, if it be poſſible, look upon her eternally, and keep her out of ſight of all my Rivals; and will ſee them all periſh in a long War, or elſe periſh my ſelf, before I will part from *Mandana*, the Princeſs of my Soul. I know very well, that I am unjuſt in it, and that the act is contrary to reaſon and generoſity, and that I deſerve the blame of all the World: But on the other ſide, I know that it is not in my power to overcome my ſelf: I muſt ſubmit unto the ſoveraignty of Love and my evil deſtiny, and never think any more of any reſiſtance: therefore I do conjure you, not to put me unto ſuch a cruel neceſſity, as to deny any thing unto that Prince who protects me in his Court: and conſider, that I enjoy no other pleaſure in my life, but only in that my Rivals are not bleſſed with the ſight of my Princeſs: As for the King of *Aſſyria* and the Prince *Mazares*, ſince they cannot ſee but incenſe her, I do not much value them: But as for *Cyrus*, whoſe eyes do always attract affection and tenderneſs from her heart, I cannot endure he ſhould have the leaſt glimpſe of her.

Abradates hearing theſe expreſſions from the King of *Pontus*, did think he ſhould never obtain his deſires: yet his obligations unto *Cyrus* moved him to be further importunate; I perceive (ſaid he unto the King of *Pontus*) that there is ſome difficulty in obtaining my demands: But if you ſeriouſly conſider, that I had not loſt the only Object of my affections but for the love of you; and that *Panthea* had not been now a Captive, but only becauſe I received you into my Court; and that if you refuſe me this requeſt, *Cyrus* will revenge upon her the ſeverity you uſe unto him, I conceive you may well think I have juſt cauſe to importune you unto a grant of my deſires. *Cyrus* is ſo generous (replied the King of *Pontus*) that you never need fear any rigour upon *Panthea*. Why then do not you ſtrive to be more generous than he (if it be poſſible) replied *Abradates?* It is ſufficient that I endeavour to ſurpaſs him in Love (replied the King of *Pontus*) and not in Generoſity, ſince I ſee it an abſolute impoſſibility to ſtrive againſt the ſtream of my Paſſion; I know very well, that ſince I am the cauſe of *Panthea*'s Captivity, I ought to ſatisfie you in your requeſt: But oh Heavens, how far I am from any capacity of doing what I ought? and therefore I beſeech you pity me, and do not tax me with ingratitude if I deny you any thing, ſince it is not I, but the vigour of my inſulting Paſſion. *Abradates*, ſeeing he could not perſwade the King of *Pontus*, did leave him with a very cold Complement, and took it very ill, that ſince himſelf had loſt *Panthea* only for the love of him, he ſhould deny him ſuch a favour as would not take *Mandana* out of his Power. He writ then unto *Cyrus*, and excuſed himſelf, that he could not obtain his deſires: but before he ſent his Letter, he put *Creſſus* in mind of his word, and beſeeched him to propound unto *Cyrus*, an exchange of Prince *Artamas* for the Queen of *Suſiana*. *Crœſſus* anſwered him, that he would ſend *Andramites* to negotiate the matter, yet he ſaid he would not releaſe that Prince, but upon condition he ſhould promiſe never to think any more upon the Princeſs his daughter: This Qualification ſeemed ſo ſtrange unto *Abradates*, that he concluded *Crœſſus* would never have made that Propoſition, but purpoſely to break off the exchange: for what probability was there that Prince *Artamas*, to recover his Liberty, ſhould engage himſelf to quit his affection unto a Princeſs whom he had long loved, and whom he was reſolved to love as long as he lived, and from whom he had received ſome expreſſions of Love? Therefore beginning to ſpeak very fiercely in the preſence of the Prince *Myrſiles* and *Andramites*, who were both intereſted in the buſineſs; Sir, (ſaid he unto him) when you promiſed me to propound this exchange, it was to be according to the common Laws of War, and not according to politique ſhifts, to render the Propoſition ineffectual: When you were to releaſe the Prince *Artamas*, it ſhould be as he was your Enemy, and not as a Lover of the Princeſs *Palmis*: Love had no ſhare in this Negotiation, and I will never conſent any ſuch Propoſition ſhall be made unto *Cyrus*. What doth it concern you who is releaſed, or how releaſed, ſo *Panthea*'s Liberty be procured? (replied *Crœſſus*.) Doubtleſs it does not concern me, replied *Abradates*; but that which I moſt inſiſt upon, is, that no ſuch Propoſition ſhall be made, as will only incenſe him unto whom it is made: Therefore knowing what a value *Cyrus* ſets upon Prince *Artamas*, I thought him ſooner than any other to be propounded in exchange. As for the King of *Aſſyria*, you may very well imagine, that *Cyrus*, as generous as he is, does not wiſh his Liberty ſo ſoon as the Prince *Artamas*: And as for any other of the Priſoners, they are not of fit Qualities to be exchanged againſt *Panthea*? *Anaxaris* is none knows who; *Soſicles* and *Tegeus* are your Subjects; and *Feraulas* is a ſervant unto *Cyrus*: And ſince ſo, Sir, who ſhould I propound in exchange for *Panthea* but the Prince of *Artamas?* The Truce was concluded upon to that end, and yet it ſeems you will not releaſe him, but ſtand upon conſultation about it. I do conſult upon it indeed, replied he, and that with good Reaſon; for except *Cyrus* himſelf, there is not a man in all his Army who would be ſo advantageous to have in my power as the Prince *Artamas*, and you would have me to releaſe him for your intereſt only: However (ſaid *Abradates*, with ſuch an aſpect as made it appear he was much diſpleaſed at *Crœſſus*) I pray tell me directly what you reſolve upon, and why you conſented unto the Truce, if it were not to ſatisfie my deſires? I conſented unto the Truce, replied he, to endeavour the releaſe of *Panthea*, by releaſing the King of *Aſſyria*, or all the other Priſoners, or elſe the Prince *Artamas* upon ſuch conditions as I told you.

After this *Abradates* retired, and ſo did the Prince *Myrſiles* and *Andramites*, and they went unto their Quarters, and the Prince of *Claſomena* went alſo with *Abradates*, inſomuch as *Crœſſus* fearing theſe three perſons ſhould make a mutiny in the Army, he reſolved in the end to make the Propoſition in exchange for the Prince *Artamas*, and ſent in all haſte to advertiſe *Abradates* of his intentions, who in the interim had diſpatched his Letter unto *Cyrus*, to excuſe himſelf in that he could not obtain his deſires, and his expreſſions were ſo effectual, as *Cyrus* did really believe he had ſincerely done his endeavour, and complained more againſt his own misfortune, than againſt any neglect in *Abradates*. In the mean time *Crœſſus* did ſend unto *Cyrus*; his deſire was, that *Andramites* ſhould be employed to go in that Negotiation. He ſent unto *Abradates* to move *Andramites* to go unto *Sardis*, but firſt he moved *Abradates* to go himſelf, yet he would not go, but ſtayed in the Camp, where he was much more terrible unto *Crœſſus*, than if he had been in *Sardis*, as well becauſe he had a body of four thouſand men, the beſt in all the Army, as becauſe he was more conſiderable, and beloved of the Souldiers in general, than any other. *Andramites* then negotiated as a Lover of

Doraliſa, and by conſequence as one much concerned in the liberty of *Panthea*, and therefore he omitted nothing that might render his tranſaction effectual; for he did not only addreſs himſelf with much eloquence and prudence unto *Cyrus*, but he did chuſe his time ſo diſcreetly, as that the King of *Phrygia* was preſent when he propounded from his Maſter, the exchange of Prince *Artamas* for *Panthea*: So that though *Cyrus* had a good pretence to retain that Queen until *Mandana* were releaſed, yet he would not inſiſt upon it, leſt he ſhould diſoblige ſo great a King as he of *Phrygia*, and leſt in ſtriving to be very prudent, he ſhould fail in point of Generoſity. Moreover, he thought that the exchange of *Panthea* for Prince *Artamas*, would be very advantageous to him in the ſequel of the War, ſince he was as wiſe and valiant a man as any was in the Univerſe, yet could he not reſolve upon this exchange, unleſs he drew ſome ſatisfaction unto his Love by it; ſo that he told *Andramites* in the King of *Phrygia*'s preſence, that though it was very advantageous for him to keep the Queen of *Suſiana* in his power unto the end of the War, yet he ſo much honoured the King of *Phrygia*, and loved the Prince *Artamas* ſo well, alſo reſpected *Abradates* and *Panthea* both ſo very much, that he would conſent unto the deſires of *Crœſſus*, upon this condition only, that during this Truce, it might be permitted him to ſee *Mandana*. *Andramites* hearing him ſay ſo, beſeeched him not to inſiſt upon that, becauſe the King of *Pontus* had ſo reſolutely denied that unto *Abradates* when he was moved in it, as it is thought impoſſible he ſhould ever conſent unto it: Since *Crœſſus* is Maſter in his own Dominions, replied *Cyrus*, he ought to be obeyed, and therefore I cannot conceive, that the conſent of the King of *Pontus* is ſo abſolutely neceſſary: Doubtleſs it is not, replied *Andramites*, but yet I have ſome reaſons which induce me to think, that he will not make uſe of his Soveraign Authority in this buſineſs, but will rather break off the Truce: I conſent unto it (ſaid the King of *Phrygia* moſt generouſly) and had rather the Treaty were broke, than a Prince unto whom I am ſo much obliged ſhould not receive this poor ſatisfaction: No, no, replied *Cyrus*, I cannot believe the King of *Lydia* is ſo weak a mannager of his Intereſts, but that he muſt think it more dangerous for him to diſoblige *Abradates* than the King of *Pontus*, ſince the one hath a Kingdom and Forces on Foot, and the other hath neither; therefore *Andramites*, I pray tell the King your Maſter what I ſay, and let me know his reſolution. In the mean time, *Andramites* (added *Cyrus*, being very glad to perceive ſome ſparks of his affection to kindle towards *Doraliſa*, which might make him more zealous with *Crœſſus*) it ſhall be your own fault, if you carry no commendations from the illuſtrious *Abradates* unto his Wife the Queen of *Suſiana*, for if you pleaſe, you ſhall be conducted unto her. *Andramites* hearing this acceptable offer, could not refuſe it; ſo that he was conducted thither by *Ligdamis*, being raviſhed with joy that he ſhould ſee *Doraliſa*, who was with this Princeſs, and for whoſe freedom he did equally ſolicite: *Andramites* was welcomed by this Queen with much civility and ſatisfaction; for ſince ſhe was ignorant how *Crœſſus* did only ſeek for a pretence to break off the Treaty, ſhe made no doubt but ere long to ſee her dear *Abradates*. *Doraliſa*, for her part was not uncivil towards *Andramites*, yet he found to be as much as formerly ſhe uſed to be, very fair, infinitely lovely, and a little too ſubtil; and indeed, in lieu of thanking him for the pains he took for the liberty of the Princeſs, which included hers, ſhe told him with a ſmile, that ſhe could not ſet any great value upon this Propoſition which he brought, ſince if it take effect, we ſhall but go out of one Priſon into another: For to tell you truly, (ſaid ſhe, whilſt *Panthea* was writing unto *Abradates*) I think we are more ſafe in the Camp of *Cyrus*, than if we were at *Sardis*, ſince in all probability *Cyrus* will ere long take it, for he having both Juſtice and Fortune on his ſide, he will infallibly be victorious over all his Enemies. But what then will become of the Oracle which *Crœſſus* received from *Delphos* (replied he) if what you ſay ſhould come to paſs? Truly *Andramites* (ſaid ſhe unto him) it is much raſhneſs to think that men ſhould ſo well underſtand the language of the Gods, ſince ſometimes men cannot ſo much as underſtand the language of men: I do confeſs it (ſaid he unto her) that ſometimes you would not underſtand the language of men, but to tell you truly, I think the reaſon was becauſe you had not a will to underſtand it; nor do I know very well whether you will underſtand me now, if I ſhould in plain language tell you, that I never did nor ſhall love any comparably as I do you. I underſtand you, *Andramites*, replied ſhe, much leſs than heretofore, for ſince I hear of late no language but *Perſian*, *Hircanian*, *Aſſyrian*, *Arminian*, and *Medean* Tongues, I have forgot the *Lydian* language; and therefore before you ſpeak unto me of any thing which concerns your ſelf, I muſt learn that Tongue, or at leaſt be a year or two in *Lydia*. As *Andramites* was ready to reply, and beſeech *Doraliſa* to ſpeak a little more ſeriouſly, *Panthea*, having writ her Letter, came to give it unto him, ſo that it being time to return, he could receive no other ſatisfaction from *Doraliſa*, but that ſhe was as fair as ever, yet did his flames of Love burn hotter than ever, and he returned unto *Sardis*, with reſolutions to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to move the King of *Lydia* that *Cyrus* might ſee *Mandana*: And in order to that, he went unto the Camp before he went unto *Sardis*, and adviſed the Prince of *Claſomena* and *Abradates* not to ſtir, though *Crœſſus* ſhould ſend for them, till the Treaty was accompliſhed, and to tranſact with the Prince *Myrſiles*, whom he knew was a well wiſher to this Treaty, yet did he not think this Prince had any other end in it, than the ſatisfaction of *Abradates*, and the releaſement of *Artamas*, whom I alwayes wiſhed might marry his Siſter the Princeſs. Theſe two Princes then taking his counſel, let him go unto *Sardis* alone, whither he was no ſooner come, but he gave *Crœſſus* an account of his voyage: But as ſoon as he had ended his relation, *Crœſſus* told him, that *Cyrus* demanded a thing which was not within the compaſs of his will to grant, for he had reſolved never

ver to contradict the King of *Pontus* in that buſineſs: Then it is impoſſible to conclude this Treaty (replied *Andramites*) for *Cyrus* is ſo fully reſolved to obtain his demand, that the King of *Phrygia* himſelf, to ſatisfie his deſires, would perſwade him to inſiſt upon it, though *Cyrus* ſhould otherwiſe be contented: Though the Treaty ſhould break off, replied *Crœſſus*, it ſhould not trouble me at all: Yet believe it, Sir, replied *Andramites*, it is ſomething dangerous to incenſe the King of *Suſiana*, and the Prince of *Claſomena*.

Crœſſus apprehending this reply of *Andramites* (whom he knew to be their friend) for a kind of threatning, was much offended at him; and without any direct anſwer, only told him, that he would e're long let *Cyrus* know his mind. *Andramites* alſo being angry at this, the King of *Pontus* came in, and did ſo importunately preſs not to conſent his Rival ſhould ever ſee *Mandana*, that he confirmed him in his reſolution, to make his colour for rendring the Negotiation of *Andramites* ineffectual; yet the King of *Pontus* was very angry, that he thus diſobliged *Abradates*, unto whom he was ſo much ingaged; but this tyrannical paſſion did ſo diſturb his Reaſon, and uſurped power over his Soul, that he could not do any otherwiſe, nor was he Maſter of his own mind. In the mean while, *Abradates* and the Prince of *Claſomena*, hearing of *Crœſſus* his denial, and the King of *Pontus* his oppoſition, ſpoke high, and like Princes that could not brook ſuch uſage. *Andramites* and the Prince *Myrſiles* did alſo cajole with the people in *Sardis*, and gave out, that *Crœſſus* refuſing this deſire of *Cyrus*, would infinitely incenſe him againſt them, if he ſhould become victorious; and therefore it were but juſt to ſeek for their own ſecurity: So that both in Town and Camp, things grew into great diſorder; for as it is the eaſieſt matter of a thouſand, to make the herd of people do any thing; ſo upon this ground, divers that were very intimate friends unto Prince *Artamas*, whoſe virtues had purchaſed him thouſands of ſecret ſervants who would venture life and all for him, began to ſpeak very high, that *Crœſſus* never cared for the ſafety of his people, but would let all run to ruine, ſo he could ſatisfie his own private ambition: The memory of all the Victories which *Artamas* brought made all the Inhabitants of *Sardis* murmur extreamly, and ſay one to another, that if he had never been a Priſoner, they ſhould never have cared for any foreign War: but to ſee an Army of above a hundred thouſand men at their doors, and to have never an *Artamas* to defend them; this was ſuch a miſery as they could not endure without much murmur; and their thoughts were ſo forward, that they did both ſay and think, it would be more advantageous for them if the Prince *Artamas* were on the Party of *Cyrus*, than thus to be perpetually mewed up in a Priſon; for they knew that he being in Love with the Princeſs would never deſtroy *Crœſſus*, and that he was ever of a ſweet mild diſpoſition in all things; and they ſaid openly, that the Injuſtice which was done him in his firſt Impriſonment, could be no way repaired, but by releaſing him from his ſecond fetters: thus were Camp and Town all in diviſion.

Cyrus knowing all this was exceedingly joyed at it; for ſaid he, If they do as I deſire them, I ſhall ſee my Princeſs, & her looks will infuſe freſh zeal into my Soul, and make me able to releaſe her, maugre all the fatal Predictions: If on the contrary they will not do as I would have them, then I ſhall have this ſatisfaction at the leaſt, that their Souldiers will be divided, and ſo I ſhall get the Victory more eaſily: yet was he much aſtoniſhed to hear that *Mazares* did not ſtir in the buſineſs; and every one who came from *Sardis* reported, that this Prince kept his Chamber by reaſon of ſome ſlight indiſpoſition in his body: But he heard every moment that the diſorder did increaſe both between Princes, and People, and Souldiers. In the mean time, ſince the Truce had a day prefixed, and *Cyrus* could not break his word, he was much vexed that he could not take any advantage by this diſorder, and did with much impatience expect a poſitive anſwer from *Crœſſus*: yet ſometimes he would go and viſit *Panthea*; and as it is the cuſtom even of the wiſeſt men, eſpecially thoſe that are in love to diſcourſe of all accidents which befall them, ſo *Cyrus* did ſpeak unto *Panthea* and the Princeſs *Araminta* of nothing elſe but of this buſineſs now in tranſaction: Sometimes he would ask *Panthea* whether ſhe thought her husband could brook this Injuſtice of *Crœſus*? Other time he would deſire the Princeſs *Araminta* to tell him, whether ſhe thought the King her Brother would for ever obſtinately perſiſt in his reſolutions of never ſuffering him to ſee *Mandana*? Yet he aſſured the Queen of *Suſiana*, that though *Crœſus* ſhould deny him his deſires, yet he would releaſe her, beſeeching her to pardon him if he deferred it until the laſt hour of the Treaty, in hopes thereby to obtain his deſires; and he expreſſed himſelf in ſuch obliging terms, that *Panthea* her ſelf deſired him to defer her Liberty as long as he could. As he was with theſe two Princeſſes, *Ortalques* came in to tell him, that *Orſanus* was arrived at the Camp, and ſaid he had ſome buſineſs of conſequence to impart unto him: The name of *Orſanus* made *Cyrus* bluſh, ſince when he heard it, he could not chuſe but think upon *Mazares*, and that he had ſent him unto him, though he could not well comprehend how *Orſanus*, who went from *Sinope* to return into his own Country, ſhould be now in *Lidia*. This alteration in the face of *Cyrus* begetting a great curioſity in both thoſe Princeſſes, they asked him the cauſe: yet he would not then tell them, not knowing what buſineſs *Orſanus* had with him: So that without giving them any direct Anſwer, he left them, and went unto him, wiſhing with all his heart that *Mazares* had ſent by him to meet him with his Sword in his hand. Since he was much beholding unto *Orſanus*, for the ſervices he had done *Mandana* and *Marteſia*, he did not confound innocence and guilt together, but notwithſtanding the agitation of his ſpirits, and his hatred of *Mazares*, he received *Orſanus* very kindly After which, addreſſing his ſpeech unto him; As I did at firſt receive you as a friend unto *Marteſia* (ſaid he unto him) I muſt hearken unto you as a Meſſenger from my moſt mortal Enemy. Sir, replied *Orſanus*, before you know well what appellation to give my Maſter, I muſt beſeech you to give me an hours patience, for if you did but underſtand the end of my Relation, perhaps it would ſtrike you into wonder; and therefore it is requiſite I prepare your ſpirits a little to hear of Miracles: *Cyrus* hearing *Orſanus* ſay ſo, began to deviſe with himſelf, what it ſhould be he had to tell him; but being not able to imagine, he reſolved to give him audience, and therefore carryed him into a convenient place for that purpoſe. But ſince the Queen of *Suſiana* and the Princeſs *Araminta* had heard that he who came to ſpeak with him was from the Prince *Mazares*, they feared leſt it ſhould be ſome Challenge, and the King of *Pontus* and *Abradates* engaged in it: So that they ſent unto him, beſeeching him that they might ſpeak a word with him. As impatient as this Prince was to hear *Orſanus*, yet he went unto the Princeſſes; who expreſſed ſo much tenderneſs over him, and were ſo troubled to hear that *Orſanus* came from *Mazares*, as they importunately forced him to offer them to be partakers of what *Orſanus* had to ſay, ſince he perceived by the manner of *Orſanus* his diſcourſe there was no fighting matter in it: So he ſent for *Orſanus*, and told him he might ſpeak with as much freedom before thoſe two Princeſſes, as if he were in private with him: After which, every one taking their places, *Orſanus* began his diſcourſe thus.

The Hiſtory of Mazares.

WEre I to ſpeak of my Maſter only unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, my Relation ſhould then be much ſhorter than now it muſt: And before I entertain two great Princeſſes unto whom he is unknown (though Perſons of their Quality do commonly know, though they have not ſeen one another) I conceive it is expedient to recite in few words the beginning of his Life, to the end they may better know the Sequel.

It is not at all requiſite (ſaid the Princeſs *Araminta*) that you ſhould trouble your ſelf in telling us any Adventures which have chanced unto the Prince *Mazares*

Mazares ſince the time he came from *Babylon*, until the time he was left for dead at *Sinope* in a Fiſhers Cabin: for we know how he could not force himſelf to love the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, though the King of *Aſſyria* uſed all arguments to perſwade him: and that he became in love with the Princeſs *Mandana*, whether he would or no, at the ſame time when ſhe triumphantly entered that great Town: Nor are we ignorant how he demeaned himſelf when he was there: We know alſo how, prompted more by the dictates of his Love than either his Reaſon or Generoſity, he invented to come out of that Town clothed in white when it was a Snow; and afterwards being in *Sinope*, how the ſame paſſion was predominate over his generoſity, did prompt him to deceive her, and carry her away both from the King of *Aſſyria* and the illuſtrious *Cyrus*; and how to puniſh him for that raſh act, the Gods permitted him to ſuffer ſhipwrack.

Madam, replyed *Orſanus*, when you ſhall know what I intend to relate, I know not then how you will interpret the intentions of the Gods, ſince at the ſame inſtant when they brought him to the very brink of Ruine, then they rather ſaved him: But before I explain this Riddle unto you, I muſt tell you that it was the greateſt and moſt admirable effect of the Princeſs *Mandana*'s Beauty ſo to diſturb and pervert the Reaſon of this Prince, as made him capable of doing any unjuſt act; ſince certainly there was never any of his Quality, whoſe birth, inclination, and education was better: Moreover, the diſpoſitions of Nature drawn from his Parents could not chuſe but be moſt excellently good: ſince it is moſt certain, that never Prince was more virtuous than the Prince of *Saces*, nor any Princeſs more heroique than the Queen *Tarina*, my Maſters mother: But ſince her virtue was famous throughout all *Aſia*, I will ſpeak no more of it; only ſay this, that if the Prince *Mazares* her ſon be not as victorious as any, it is ſtrange: But as an addition to all you know or poſſible can know of him, it is requiſite I tell you that the night preceding the Princeſs *Mandana*'s ſhipwrack, and whileſt the Prince *Mazares*, out of his reſpect, durſt not come into her Cabin, he was ſenſible of as much ſorrow as a generous heart could poſſibly comprehend: and let me tell the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, that I am moſt confident, if he underſtood the ſorrows which he apprehended after that ſad accident, he would ſooner pity than accuſe him; he repented of his crime, though he could not of his paſſion, above a hundred times, and reſolved as oft to expiate it; afterwards when he looked her in the face, and obſerved what alteration in her complexion ſo ſhort a time had produced, his heart was ſo ſtrucken with remorſe, as he went in all haſte to the Pilot, for fear he ſhould alter his mind, and commanded him to take the way of *Sinope*, with intentions to reſtore the Princeſs either into the hands of *Ciaxares* or the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: But oh Heavens, how fatal was this Order, as juſt as it was, unto him that commanded it, and unto her for whoſe ſake it was intended! For as ſoon as the Pilot received it, and in obedient order thereunto, intending to carry *Mandana* unto *Sinope*, he turned the Rudder, but overturned the Ship, and left us all in a periſhing condition: Never ſince did I think it permitable to cenſure the intentions of the Gods when they do either good or evil unto men: But that it is much ſafer to admire their Providence, than to dive too far into their Reaſons: And indeed, to ſpeak according unto meer natural Reaſon, who would not think that a Prince in love, who had her he loved in his power, and who had ſo much virtue as to repent the taking her away, and reſolved to ſet her at liberty again, that ſuch a one, I ſay, did rather deſerve a Recompence than Puniſhment: and yet the Prince *Mazares* ſuffered ſhipwrack: he thought himſelf the cauſe of that Princeſs death whom he adored; and ſuffered more torture of Soul than ever any did; and the violence of his deſpair was much more like to be his ruine than his ſhipwrack; and doubtleſs it had been his death had not the Gods moſt prodigiouſly ſent him relief.

Be pleaſed to know, Madam, that the owner of the Cabin (where the illuſtrious *Artamenes* ſaw *Mazares* dying, and where he received from his hand a rich Scarf, which was the Princeſs *Mandana*'s) being gone to fiſh a little before the ſtorm did riſe, and adventuring ſo far into the Sea that he could not recover the ſhore, he was conſtrained to let go his Boat unto the mercy of the Wind and Waves, was at laſt driven to the foot of a Rock which riſes up in the Sea, and where a Ship had been ſplit, but where his Boat being light did ſafely arrive, ſo that he got upon the Rock, and holding his Boat with a Rope, he reſolved to reſt there till the ſtorm was over, and ſo he did, until the Tempeſt beginning to calm, he diſcovered an old man upon a plank which kept him above water, and who endeavoured to gain that Rock, but he was ſo weak, and ſo far off, that needs muſt he periſh, unleſs the Fiſherman relieve him. Plain pity then moving the heart of this Fiſherman, he made unto his aſſiſtance in his Boat, and took up this man, whoſe name was *Tyburtus*, by Nation a Greek, who was always with *Mazares* as a Tutor to read all Sciences befitting his Quality unto him. He was no ſooner in the Boat, but ſo weak he was, that ready he was to fall into a ſwoon: Yet when he was recovered, he told how he had been ſhipwracked, but told him not how it was in carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana*, leſt it ſhould abate his zeal to ſerve him: So that this Fiſher-man cheering him up after his homely manner, he offered him his Cabin to retreat unto, which *Tyburtus* accepted of, in hopes to hear ſome tydings of ſome that were ſhipwracked with him, or whether his Maſter periſhed among the reſt: The Sea being then ſmoother then before, this Fiſher-man began to row about: but ſince he had loſt one of his oars in the Storm, he was a long time before he recovered his ſhore, and ſo long indeed, that he came not to his Cabin until *Artamenes* was gone away. You may imagine Madam, how *Tyburtus* was amazed to find the Prince *Mazares* there, and in that caſe, for he was not yet recovered out of his ſwoon wherein the illuſtrious *Artamenes* left him: as ſoon as he ſaw him, he was extreamly joyed; but when he ſaw him in that pitiful caſe, his extream joys were converted into extream ſorrows: yet ſince he was a man of an univerſal knowledge in all things, and reaſonably well verſed in Phyſick, he endeavoured to try whether any life yet remained in that Prince, and whether there were any poſſibility of helping him: and upon his careful obſervance, he diſcovered his heart did beat: ſo that uſing all the helps which the poverty of that place would afford him, he imployed them ſo well, that *Mazares* revived, but with a ſpirit ſo little of himſelf, that ſpying *Tyburtus* at his bed ſide, he asked him where *Mandana* was? Afterwards he pronounced the name of *Artamenes* four or five times: and being for an hour after in a confuſed diſtraction of Reaſon, he knew not whether or no *Artamenes* was his Rival, or whether *Mandana* was alive or dead, or indeed whether himſelf was living. But at laſt *Tyburtus* endeavouring by his diſcourſe to reduce his Reaſon into its right Region, he began by degrees to know things as really they were, and by conſequence to fall into his firſt deſpair; Yet had he the comfort to ſee *Tyburtus* near him, whom he ever loved; In ſeeing him, his hopes revived alſo, that happily *Mandana* might eſcape as well as he, but his hopes of ſo much happineſs were ſo weak, that they could not induce him to take any care of himſelf, or to receive any thing: In the mean while, *Tyburtus* conſidering how near he was unto *Sinope*, and in a place where the illuſtrious *Artamenes* had been, and might come or ſend again, he took the Maſter of the Cabin aſide, and conjured him, that as he had ſaved his life, ſo he would do him another good office, without which the firſt was all to no purpoſe: But leſt there ſhould not be prevalency enough in his prayers, he charmed him with a great Medal of gold hanging in a Chain of the ſame Mettal which the Queen *Nitocris* gave him when he was waiting upon his Maſter at *Babylon*.

The very ſight of ſo rich a Preſent, ſo dazled the eyes of the poor Fiſher, that he did abſolutely promiſe to do what ere he would have him, though it were with moſt deſperate hazard of his life: So that *Tyburtus* without any loſs of time cauſed him to take the Prince *Mazares* into his Boat, and to cloath him very well, leſt the ſharpneſs of the ayr might do him harm. The Prince *Mazares* at firſt was very unwilling unto what *Tiburtus* deſired, ſaying he was loth to part from that place near which his Princeſs periſhed, and that he had rather dye there than in any other place: But *Tiburtus* promiſing he ſhould not be carryed very far; and that it was to ſuch a place as where it was more probable to hear of his Princeſs, and where he was in leſs danger of falling into the hands of *Ciaxares*, he began to ſubmit unto his will: Yet not at the firſt; For *Tiburtus* (ſaid he unto him) ſince death is that I look for, why may not the King of *Medes* or *Artamenes* give it me as well as any other way? Although it be all one to you (ſaid *Tiburtus* to him) yet it concerns the King your Father, and the Queen your Mother, and all the people over whom you are deſtined to Reign; therefore I beſeech you, follow my advice, and hearken unto Reaſon. Alas *Tiburtus* (ſaid he) that man who cares not for life, cares not for a Kingdom: However, replied *Tiburtus*, though you do not care for either, yet grieve not them that are intereſted in you, and who would be much concerned if you ſhould fall into the power of a Prince who would treat you as a Delinquent: And truly I am ſuch a one, replied he, upon whom they would act no Injuſtice, though they proceeded never ſo rigorouſly againſt me: but *Tiburtus*, do what you will with me. After this *Mazares* was carryed into the Boat; and all the people in the Cabin had orders to ſay, If *Artamenes* ſent to enquire of him, that he died as ſoon as he left him. In the mean time, the lamentable condition in which the Prince *Mazares* was, would not permit *Tiburtus* to carry him far off, and all their proviſions in the Boat were ſo ſmall, as they would not laſt above two or three days. This wiſe old man being not of that Country, knew not what Courſe to ſteer; and ſince he was far off his own Country (for be pleaſed to know it is a great diſtance between *Simpe* and the Country of the *Saces* which borders upon the *Aſiatique Scythians*) he could not tell where he ſhould recruit himſelf any nearer: He had about him but ſmall matters to ſubſiſt upon, the ſhipwrack having left him only that Chain of Gold which he gave the Fiſher-man, and one other Jewel of a very conſiderable value; yet the Prince *Mazares* by chance had ſome rich things about him, ſo that by them he hoped to find ſubſiſtence for a while, but the difficulty was where to land in a ſafe place: Not knowing then what to reſolve upon, they put off from *Sinope*, unreſolved what courſe to ſteer: Yet the Fiſher-man ſeeing *Tiburtus* in ſuch a perplexity, told him, that if he would truſt him he would carry him into ſuch a place where none ſhould find them: Then acquainting him how he was not born at that place where he dwelt, but in a little Iſle which was inhabited by none but Fiſhers, amongſt whom he had many kindred, *Tiburtus* conſented he ſhould carry them thither: And this Fiſher-man promiſed my Maſter, to tell him in that place, whether any news was heard of the Princeſs *Mandana*, or whether they had found her body: So not being able to take any other Courſe, they came to this little Iſle, which indeed was no more than a huge Rock, not above a days journey from *Sinope*: He who was their Guide lodged them with a Siſter of his, whoſe husband was a Fiſher like himſelf, and who entertained them very humanely: In the mean while, ſince it is the pleaſure of the Gods to preſerve *Mazares* whether he would or no, he lived when as he hated life, ſince he believed *Mandana* dead, but it was a life ſo lamentable, that death was much more ſweet than it unto him: The little hopes he had of *Mandana*'s eſcape, did now begin to dye; for the Fiſher-man, according to his promiſe, went the day after to enquire, but could hear no news either of her or her Corps: yet this laſt circumſtance leaving ſome far-fetched hopes in him, which induced him not to depart from that barbarous place; *Tiburtus* deſired the Fiſher-man to tell him once more that the Corps of *Mandana* was found: For as *Tiburtus* did verily conjecture, that this Princeſs was really dead, and that though ſhe were living, yet it were good to wear her out of *Mazares* his memory; therefore he conceived it expedient not to leave any more ſuch uncertain hopes in him, which might aggravate his ſorrows, and much multiply his perplexities.

The Fiſher-man at his requeſt did tell this officious lye, and the Prince *Mazares* grieve ſo, as it was eaſie to ſee the difference between an undoubted misfortune, and one in which there was ſome incertainty: When the firſt raptures of his deſpair were paſt, he told *Tiburtus*, that he would go and dye over the Tomb of *Mandana*, and continued in this mind many days, but at laſt the perſwaſions of *Tiburtus* did alter his mind; but all his perſwaſions could not prevail when he moved him to return unto the King of *Saces* his Father: No, no, *Tiburtus* (would he ſay) you ſhall not have your mind in every thing, nor will I live as you would have me: It's well I ſatisfie you ſo far as not to kill my ſelf, without publiſhing my crime and my misfortune unto all *Aſia*: Live I will, *Tiburtus*, becauſe you would not have me dye, but I will live only to lament that Princeſs whoſe life I deſtroyed: Oh unfortunate Prince (would he cry out) if thou hadſt any deſign to betray any one, why didſt thou not betray the *Aſſyrian* King in favour of thy Princeſs? and why didſt thou not really releaſe her? Why didſt thou not convey her into the hands of the invincible *Artamenes*, who only is worthy of her? Then would ſhe at the leaſt have had an eſteem or friendſhip for thee: and though thou wert the moſt unfortunate man that ever breathed, yet it is better being ſo, than being her Raviſher. Oh moſt inſenſible Sot that I was, couldſt thou ever hope to be loved, by doing that which was moſt likely to procure hatred? Had I not an illuſtrious Example of this before my eyes on one of the greateſt Kings in all *Aſia*? who carried her away, and got nothing by his violence but her hatred: and yet I muſt carry her away alſo, but the Gods have moſt ſeverely puniſhed me for it: If my death would have ſatisfied that Juſtice, certainly I ſhould have periſhed in the ſame place with her: but ſince they knew that her death would puniſh me moſt ſeverely, they keep me alive to puniſh me with moſt horrid torments. Thus, Madam, did the Prince *Mazares* argue with himſelf: It was in vain for *Tiburtus* to tell him he muſt ſubmit unto the Will of the Gods; for his ſorrows were too great to ſuffer him: All endeavours to put him in memory of honour and glory were alſo in vain: Ambition was dead in his Soul, and he thought nothing in this World now more glorious than eternally to lament the death of *Mandana*: yet did *Tiburtus* ſtill importune him to return unto his Father, and did ſpeak of it ſo much, that this unfortunate Prince ſeeing he could not perſwade *Tiburtus* to let him live an unknown ſolitary life, reſolved to ſteal away from him, and to go into ſome Cell, and lament his miſeries alone: In order unto this, he hired a young Fiſherman to let him paſs in the night time over the Water, which was not above fifty furlongs from the Iſle; and left a Letter with him for *Tiburtus*, to this effect.

The unfortunate Mazares *unto the wiſe* Tiburtus.

SInce I ſee all your ſapient admonitions cannot infuſe Reaſon into my Soul, which is ſenſible of nothing but its own ſorrows, I thought it beſt to part from you, leſt my miſeries ſhould infect you: But to the end that you may juſtifie your ſelf, unto the King and Queen, let them ſee by this Letter, that ſince I do not think my ſelf worthy to be their Son, nor to write unto them, I will for ever renounce all civil ſociety: yet tell them, that it was Love only which made me a Criminal; and that if I had never loved the divine and unfortunate Mandana, *I had never done any thing unworthy either of them or you, who have given me a million of good advices, which this paſſion only did keep me from following.*

MAZARES.

This Prince then having given this Letter unto the young Fiſher-man, who carried him over the River, and bought him a Horſe, alſo cauſed a very poor ſuit of Cloaths to be made for him at a little Town whither he uſed to go and ſell his Fiſh, he took the next way that he found; for his ſorrows made him not care which way he went. In the mean while the young Fiſher-man returned to the Iſle, and gave *Tiburtus* the Letter which the Prince did ſend him, and which did drive him into ſuch exceſſive ſorrow, as never was greater: But all unprofitable Lamentations were but loſs of ſo much time, and therefore he immediately left the Iſle to ſeek his Maſter, and went unto the next Town to buy a Horſe, and to take that way which the young Fiſher-man told him he took: but it being a good while ſince the Prince did go away, he could not overtake him; yet had he the comfort as he rid on a day and a half together to hear two or three times that he travelled that way; but his grief was, that they who ſaw him paſs, reported that he kept no high ways. *Tiburtus* being very old, was not able to travel ſo long without reſt, unleſs he ſhould fall ſick, ſo that age and wearineſs compelled him to ſtay twelve or fifteen days. As good fortune was, he found a little Church, dedicated unto *Ceres*, ſtanding in the midſt of a field, without any other building about it but only the Prieſts houſe which joyned unto it, ſo that finding himſelf very ill, he ſtayed there, and deſired help: Indeed the Prieſt had a great compaſſion and care of him; for *Tiburtus* being a man of great ingenuity and parts, made himſelf ſoon known unto this charitable Hoſt to deſerve relief, yet could he not recover any health; all that could be done unto him, was only to prolong his miſerable life until a prodigy conducted me to the place where he was, as I ſhall relate unto you. You know, Sir (ſaid *Orſanus* unto *Cyrus*) that when you went from *Sinope* into *Armenia*, I asked leave of you to return unto the King my Maſter, though I was extreamly ſorry I could not carry the Prince *Mazares* with me; ſo that parting from you, loaded with your gifts, raviſhed with admiration, and charmed with your virtues, I took the beſt way to go unto the place at which I aimed. The third day of my journey, when I was wandring out of my way, I diſcovered a great Plain, in the midſt of which I ſaw a little Church, and a very pleaſant houſe: It being now very late, and I weary, I went thither, not only with intentions to enquire of the way, but to deſire the favour of a nights lodging, and I was received in with as much humanity as I could either expect or deſire:

The Prieſt made ſome excuſes; that his accommodation was not ſo good as other times it might have been, telling me, that thoſe few ſervants he had were ſo buſie about a ſtranger that was ſick in his houſe, and ſo ill, that they thought him a dead man, as his entertainment would not be ſo good as he wiſhed it were.

As he was thus ſpeaking unto him, one came to tell him, that the ſtranger was very ill, and deſired to ſpeak with him, that he might impart a ſecret of ſome concernment unto him: I hearing this, did deſire to ſee him, and not knowing well why, I went unto the Chamber of this ſick man: But, oh heavens, how was I amazed, when I ſaw him to be *Tiburtus*, whom I thought drown'd with the Prince our Maſter? My wonder was ſo great that I could not expreſs it by my words: But after a little recollection of my ſelf, I went unto his Beds-ſide, and the ſight of me ſurprized him no leſs than he did me: The Prieſt alſo perceiving by our actions that we knew each other very well, and that we much rejoyced at the ſight of each other, was amazed as well as me: *Tiburtus* holding out his hand unto me, gave thanks unto the Gods for affording him ſo much happineſs as to imbrace me before he died; then did I endeavour to perſwade him his diſeaſe was not ſo bad as he thought it, but he knew the greatneſs of his pain better than I did. No, no, *Orſamus*, ſaid he unto me, let me not flatter my ſelf, the Gods do not work miracles every day, and I have rendered my ſelf ſo unworthy of them, that I ought not to murmur at their wills; I know that all remedies are in vain, and I perceive the end of my doleful days is at hand, therefore I ſent unto this wiſe and charitable Clergy-man to receive a ſecret from me, which was not fit to be buried with me in my Tomb: But ſince the Gods have ſo fitly brought you hither, I ſhall not trouble him with it, ſince it does not at all concern him to know it, but ſhall in few words reveal it unto you. The Prieſt hearing *Tyburtus* ſay ſo, did withdraw, purpoſely to leave him liberty to ſpeak what he pleaſed: *Tiburtus* firſt aſſuring him, that he changed his mind not for want of any eſteem of him, but only becauſe the buſineſs concerned one which I did know, and which he did not. After that the Prieſt was gone, I began to condole with him the death of our dear Maſter; but *Tyburtus* ſtopping me very ſhort, told me all that I have told you: After this (ſaid he) you may well know, that the Gods, in bringing you hither, did intend I ſhould acquaint you, that the Prince *Mazares* is not dead, to the end you may go and ſeek him, as I intended, all the days of your life, until you have found him out. This, *Orſanus*, was my deſign, and this ought to be yours, if you love your Maſter; if you had not happily arrived, I had ingaged the Prieſt by oath to acquaint the King of *Saces*, that the Prince his Son was not dead: But ſince you are here, I thought it not expedient to let any Subject of the King of *Medes* know that he was living; for he hath procured unto himſelf ſuch terrible enemies in the perſons of *Ciaxares*, the King of *Aſſyria*, and the invincible *Artamenes*, by carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana*, that I think it good none know it but your ſelf. *Tyburtus* having done ſpeaking, and I promiſing him to ſeek our illuſtrious Maſter throughout all *Aſia*, he ſeemed to be a little more chearful, ſo that we talked at leaſt two hours concerning the Prince *Mazares*. And as he underſtood, ſince he came to that place, that the Princeſs *Mandana* was not dead, but that ſhe was in the power of the *Pontean* King, and that it was thought he carried her unto *Armenia*, he gave me advice, that after I had ſought a while in *Cappadocia*, to go thither alſo, it being to be ſuppoſed that *Mazares* would either be there, or elſe be neer the Princeſs whom he adored. But, Madam, why ſhould I trouble you any longer with relations of *Tyburtus*, who only languiſhed in life till he ſaw me? For as ſoon as he had imparted his troubled ſoul unto me, he grew worſe, and the next day died: I took his loſs with much grief, ſo that my joys at my Maſter's being alive were mixed with ſorrows. In the mean time, after I had payed my laſt duties unto dead *Tyburtus*, and rendred a thouſand thanks unto the Prieſt for his charitable cares of him, I went and wandred I knew not well whither, yet I conceived it my beſt courſe would be, to be near the place where *Mandana* was ſaid to be, ſince in all probability that Prince who was in Love with her, and believed her to be dead, would ſeek all opportunities to ſee her riſen from the dead as ſoon as he ſhould hear of it: I reſolved therefore upon two courſes, the one, to ſend a ſervant which waited upon me, who was both faithful and witty, unto the Queen of *Saces*, to comfort her with her Son's being alive, and to tell her, that I thought it expedient not to publiſh it until he was found. The other was, that after I had wandred a while about *Sinope*, where I feared he remained ſick, I would then wander towards *Armenia*, where it was reported the Princeſs *Mandana* was carried: and according to theſe reſolutions, I diſpatched my ſervant, then enquired with all poſſible diligence whether I could hear any thing of *Mazares*, but could not meet with the leaſt intelligence of him in all *Cappadocia*: After which, I went unto *Artaxates*, whil'ſt the Army of *Ciaxares* believed *Mandana* to be kept up cloſe in a Caſtle upon the River *Araxes*: And as I believed, as others did, that if the Prince *Mazares* were alive, he would be alſo at *Artaxates*, I went from place to place, and from Temple to Temple in queſt of him: Then when I heard of any general Muſter of Souldiers, I looked every Souldier in the face, in hopes to find him: Then it came into my phancy, ſeeing I could not hear any thing of him, that perhaps he was ſo ſubtil, as to find out means to get in to the Caſtle, where the Princeſs *Mandana* was ſuppoſed to be, and the Princeſs of *Pontus*, before whom I ſpeak, then was; ſo that I reſolved to ſtay in that place, and wait for the event of the War, having no manner of other hopes to find him I was in queſt of. And indeed, Sir, (ſaid *Orſanus* unto *Cyrus*) I ſtayed there, until you by your incomparable valour did take that Caſtle with a few Forces, in the ſight of an innumerable number of armed enemies. It is impoſſible for me to tell you how ſad my ſoul was, when I ſaw that the Princeſs *Mandana* was not in the Caſtle; and I may ſay it without any diſſimulation, that you, Sir, were not more grieved not to find *Mandana* there, than I was not to find my Maſter, nor knew where to ſearch either for her or him, for I ſought for her only in hopes to find him there: However, patience is my beſt remedy; and ſince I knew you took all imaginable care to diſcover where that Princeſs was, I reſolved to follow the ſame courſe you ſteered: But ſince I would not be known unto you, though you treated me very favourably at *Sinope*, becauſe I would not acquaint you with the true reaſon which brought me into *Armenia*, nor had any mind to diſſemble with you; therefore I ſhunned your ſight with all poſſible care, I remained therefore kept cloſe in *Artaxates*, till I underſtood you thought the Princeſs *Mandana* was at *Suſa*, and that ſhe would croſs the Country of *Matenes*, which joyns upon *Armenia* and *Cicilia*, and then I deſigned to take that way: And having found a guide, who was very well verſed in the ways, he conducted me ſo ſhort a cut, that I overtook *Abradates*, and the King of *Pontus*, as they conducted this Princeſs, before they ſeparated, and by conſequence before you fought with the King of *Suſiana*: 'Tis true, I did not think it convenient to ſhew my ſelf unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, but contenting my ſelf with looking upon her, and the Troops which paſſed by and guarded her: But ſince I could not find him I ſought for amongſt them, I thought that happily he might follow at a diſtance; and underſtanding that this Princeſs was to imbarque at a *Cicilian* Port to ſail unto *Epheſus*, I got thither before hand, enquiring in every houſe where ſtrangers uſed to lodge, whether ſuch a one was not there. I went alſo into every Ship which was to put forth, to ſee whether any Paſſengers were to imbarque; but do what I could, both before the Princeſs *Mandana* came thither, and when ſhe was there, and after ſhe was gone, I could not meet with the leaſt knowledg of him; ſo that I ſtayed ſtill by the water ſide, after I had ſeen the Princeſs *Mandana* imbarque, as ſad a ſoul as ever lived; and truly my fear was, that he had either took ſome deſperate courſe with himſelf, or at leaſt was dead of extream melancholy, in ſome obſcure place where none knew him; for ſince I underſtood by ſeveral perſons which I had ſeen in the *Armenian* Army, that the Prince *Mazares* was not returned unto the King his Father, and ſince I could not find him about the Princeſs *Mandana*, I could conclude no other but that he was dead; all hopes being then quite extinguiſhed of ever meeting with him, I reſolved to return into my own Country; for though I promiſed *Tiburtius* to wander all my life long until I found him, yet ſince no hope was left of finding him, I thought it was in vain to be over-ſtrict in keeping that promiſe: Thus then I reſolved to return, and in order to that I enquired the beſt and ſafeſt Ways: and I was informed that the ſhorteſt and beſt way was to go along the River *Cydne*, and to leave that great Mountain in *Cicilie*, which is called the black Mountain, on the left hand: That afterwards I muſt paſs into *Armenia*, and get into the River *Araxes*, where I ſhould need no Guide, ſince I knew the Way very well from thence into my own Country.

But as the Gods are ſometimes pleaſed to make a Tempeſt drive a Ship unto a Port, in lieu of daſhing it againſt the Rocks, ſo they cauſed me to wander out of my way moſt happily; and in lieu of taking that way which conducted unto the River *Cydne*, I took another Rode, which led me ſo far into that prodigious Mountain whereof I ſpoke, that I knew not which way to go back again: Yet ſince it was extream hot Weather, and all other parts of *Cicily* was an open Country, I was not at the firſt ſorry I had miſtaken my way for another where the tops of the Rocks which did hang one over another was a great ſhadow unto me in my travel: But at laſt, when I ſaw no living creature, but a ſort of little wild Beaſts, which the Inhabitants of that Country call *Squillaques*, which naturally are apt to ſtealing, and which follow all them that paſs this way to filch ſomething from them, I confeſs that I repented my going ſo far in this Way, principally out of fear leſt I ſhould wander ſo far in this hideous Mountain, that I could not get out again when night came on: ſo that conceiving eaſier for me to turn back by the paths I came, than to follow an unknown Rode where I could meet with none to enquire of, I faced about, returned the ſame way I came: but coming unto a place where there was ſeveral beaten paths, I miſtook the right, and went into one by which I did not come: I went ſtreight forward a long while, thinking I had been right, and yet methought I ſaw many things which I obſerved not before; and other times methought I knew where I was: but ſometimes hoping I was right, and ſometimes fearing I was wrong, I ſtill went forward, impatiently deſiring to be from amongſt thoſe Rocks: for often I had a huge high Mountain on my right hand, and a horrid Precipice on my left, and the beſt way I had rough and rocky. I ask you pardon, Sir, for inſiſting ſo long upon a deſcription of theſe things: But I muſt needs confeſs they made ſuch a deep impreſſion in my mind, that I could not chuſe but deſcribe them as they were. After I had travelled in this manner a long while, and came unto a place where there was no track, I was forced to ſtay, becauſe the night coming on apace, I was in ſome danger of falling into ſome Precipice, if I had continued on a little longer: I lighted then from my horſe, and putting the bridle upon my arm (for there was no tree in that place to tye him unto!) I ſat down under a Rock; and leaning upon another little one, I reſolved to take up my Inn there, and to keep my ſelf, if poſſible, from ſleeping, leſt my Horſe ſhould break looſe, or ſome wild beaſt come unto me; And indeed I paſſed away almoſt all the night without a wink of ſleep, or having any deſire unto it, as well becauſe the obſcurity of that deſart place, which carries a kind of terror with it, that moves not much unto ſleep, as becauſe I heard a great multitude of thoſe filching Cattel continually paſs by me: But at laſt, being a little us'd to the noiſe which they made, and being very weary with travelling amongſt thoſe rugged Rocks without one bit of meat, about an hour before day I fell aſleep againſt my will, and waked not before Sun riſe, and I believe I had ſlept longer, if one of theſe crafty beaſts, following their natural inclination, had not awaked me, by drawing out of my pocket the Table-book, in which I had writ down the Ways by which I was to go; ſo that though they ſay theſe *Squillaques* are commonly as cunning at thieving as are any *Lacedemonians*, yet he which ſtole my Table-book did awake me: I no ſooner opened my eyes, but ſeeing this Animal running away with my Table-book in his mouth, I got on horſeback and rid after him, crying as loud as I could to affright him and make him let it fall, and after I had chaſed him a long while he turned ſhort behind a great Rock, and I made all poſſible ſpeed leſt I ſhould loſe the ſight of him, and when I turned where he did, I ſaw he had let fall what he had ſtoln from me, and ran away as faſt as ever he could. But, Sir, I was ſtrangely amazed, when following this little Animal I found it had conducted me into a little Plain about 15 or 20 furlongs in length, and ten or twelve broad, boundered with the moſt pleaſant Wood that is in the whole World; beyond which was a huge and ſterile Mountain, which ſeemed to touch the Clouds, and made the moſt terrible and moſt pleaſing object both that ever was beheld; for Nature had ſo moulded it from top to bottom, that without a ſight of it, it is impoſſible to conceive how well the greenneſs of this pleaſant Wood, oppoſite to this ragged Mountain, did pleaſe all beholders: when I firſt eſpied it, I ſtopt, not knowing whether I ſhould venture into a Wood whoſe paths were unknown unto me: yet ſince I knew no ſafer way than that, I thought it better to wander in a pleaſant ſhade than amongſt a heap of rubbiſh Rocks: where not a pile of graſs did grow. I went over then this little Plain, in the midſt of which I ſpyed an Arbour, which the rays of the Sun could never penetrate though never ſo hot, and the Trees of it were perpetually green, being compoſed of Cedars, Pines, Mirtles, Ews, and ſuch like Trees, who keeps thoſe leaves all Winter green which the Spring time gives them; and the Wonder of the Object was, that theſe Trees did grow amongſt the Rocks, and all the Rocks were covered with ſuch variety of all ſorts of Moſs, and of as many ſeveral colours, as that the

Rainbow had not more nor more delighting: The variety of theſe Trees, and the perpetual freſhneſs of the Leaves, made this Wood incomparably pleaſant. I wandered then through this great and pleaſing Wood, where a thouſand ſeveral ſorts of pretty Birds did make a moſt harmonious eccho, teſtifying by the little fear they had of me, that the place was but ſeldom frequented: After I had gone five or ſix hundred paces, I eſpied on my right hand a very pleaſant Fountain, which boiling up amongſt a heap of Pebbles, covered over with a pretty Moſs of Emerald colour, did make a little Rivulet, and ran turning and winding it ſelf along the ſide of the Wood, oppoſite to that aſpiring Mountain of which I ſpoke before. As I ſtood by the ſide of this Cryſtal Fountain, I obſerved a little path which parted from the great Road, and did lead towards the thick of the Wood; and after I had reſted my ſelf a while by this Fountain, I followed that path, which always aſcended, ſometimes inclining towards the right hand; and ſometimes towards the left, becauſe the Hill was too ſteep to go ſtreight up: When I was in the midſt of this woody Rock, O Heavens, how was I amazed, when I diſcovered a great Cave which went into the Rock, and by it the Prince *Mazares* ſitting upon a ſtone! who at the noiſe I made turned his head towards me, and preſently knew me, and gave me demonſtrations to know him: I was ſo exceedingly ſtartled at the ſight of him, that I was a while and knew not what I did, nor alighted from my Horſe: my eyes were ſo full of tears, and my heart ſo full of ſorrows, that I ſtood like a ſtone, and knew not whether what I ſaw was real. But at laſt, my dear Maſter riſing up, and naming me with a great cry; I revived out of my aſtoniſhment: ſo that lighting from my Horſe, and tying him unto a Tree, I went and caſt my ſelf at his feet: But he immediately took me up, and embraced me with extraordinary tenderneſs; My dear *Orſanus*, ſaid he unto me, is it poſſible I ſhould ever have a ſight of you again? and will you force me whether I will or no to have ſome minutes of conſolation in my life? Sir (ſaid I unto him, with eyes ſwimming in tears, to ſee the melancholy in his looks, and to imagine how ſadly he had lived ſince I ſaw him) I do not intend to add minutes, but an age of conſolation unto you. The ſight of you indeed is moſt dear unto me (replied he) but *Orſanus*, ſince I have been the cauſe of my divine *Mandana*'s death, no conſolation can comfort me. But, Sir (replied I haſtily) if I ſhould tell you that the Princeſs *Mandana* lives, would not that be a comfort unto you? No, *Orſanus*, replied he, it would not, ſince I could not believe you: I ſhould think it only your plot to draw me out of this ſad ſolitude, wherein I live, and in which I am reſolved to dye. Yet let me tell you, replied I, that what I ſay is moſt certainly true, for this *Mandana*, who both you and I thought dead, I ſaw her alive with my own eyes. Ah, *Orſanus* (cryed he out) I would I could believe this, and dye immediately after; that I might not be deluded by ſo pleaſing a lye, and be for ever delivered from all the miſeries which I endure. But, Sir (replied I) is it poſſible this Deſart ſhould be ſo little frequented, and this Cell in which you inhabit ſo unknown unto all men, that not one of them ſhould come and tell you how all *Aſia* is in Arms for the Princeſs *Mandana*; that the illuſtrious *Artamenes* is no more *Artamenes*, but known to be *Cyrus*, Son to *Cambiſes* King of *Perſia*; That *Ciaxares* after he had impriſoned him, did releaſe him, and made him General of his Army; That the King of *Pontus*, after he had loſt all his Kingdoms, and flying away in a Ship, did ſave the Princeſs *Mandana*'s life, immediately after the fury of the boiſterous Waves had ſeparated her from you; That the invincible *Cyrus*, thinking that Prince had carried her into *Armenia*, drew the War thither, and became Maſter of it; That in lieu of releaſing the Princeſs *Mandana*, he releaſed only the Siſter of his Rival, that is, the Princeſs of *Pontus*; That afterwards the King her Brother being reported to be at *Suſa* with the Princeſs *Mandana*, and that ſhe was to imbarque for *Cicilie*, conducted by the King of *Suſiana*, and by the Queen *Panthea*, *Cyrus* followed *Abradates*, defeated him, and took the Queen his Wife a Priſoner, in lieu of releaſing the Princeſs *Mandana*, that the King of *Pontus*, according to his deſign, imbarqued with the Princeſs of *Medea*, and ſteered towards *Epheſus*.

Whilſt I was ſpeaking thus, the Prince *Mazares* hearkned unto me with extraordinary attention, and by his quick and piercing looks endeavoured to penetrate through my eyes into the bottom of my heart, to know whether what I ſpoke were ſincere and really true; ſo that I perceiving that fain he would, but could not believe me: No, no, Sir (ſaid I unto him) do not ſuſpect me of any falſhood, ſince the truths which now I tell you are ſo generally known, that there is not ſo much as a Shepherd in all *Aſia* who knows not that *Mandana* is living, and that there is two hundred thouſand men in Arms ready to releaſe her. This Princeſs (added I) hath alſo paſſed ſo near you, that certainly ſhe hath ſeen the Cedar-tops which grow in this your Deſart: I am confident that I am not miſtaken, for ſhe might diſcover them as ſhe went to imbarque: How, *Orſanus*, ſaid he, can I poſſibly believe *Mandana* not dead? Can I think thoſe eyes of yours, which now look upon mine, hath ſeen her alive, and that ſhe looked upon the tops of theſe Mountains? Ah, *Orſanus*, if this be true, I am not ſo miſerably unfortunate as I thought my ſelf.

As this Prince was thus talking, I ſpyed coming out of the Wood a man admirably handſom, of a pleaſant Phyſiognomy, but ſeemed ſomething melancholy, who being alſo as much ſurprized to find the Prince *Mazares* in conference with me, as I was to find my Maſter in ſuch a ſolitude, we gazed upon each other with equal amazement: But the Prince *Mazares* calling him, Come *Beleſis* (ſaid he unto him) help to know whether *Orſanus* (of whom I have ſpoke ſo much unto you, and whom I reckoned amongſt the loſſes which I thought I had ſuſtained) do really tell me the truth. Then he whom my Maſter called *Beleſis*, hearing my name, came forward, and ſaluting me with ſuch civility as let me know that all which *Mazares* loved was dear unto him, I returned him a ſalute with much reverence; after which, my Maſter commanded me to relate all that I had before told him, obliging me very often to aſſure him, that I would ſpeak in all ſincerity: Afterwards, asking me how I eſcaped the Shipwrack? how I came into *Sicily*? how I found out his Deſart? and whether I knew what was become of *Tyburtus*? I fully ſatisfied his curioſity in all things, and acquainted him with the death of that wiſe old man *Tyburtus*, conceiving that he would apprehend his death with leſs ſorrow at this time when he heard *Mandana* was alive, than if I ſhould have deferred it; yet was he much perplexed at it, and did exceedingly lament him: And ſince *Beleſis* and he did nothing elſe, ſince they were together, but make relations of their lives, and continually diſcourſe of their misfortunes, he lamented the poor *Tyburtus* as much, as if he had been perfectly acquainted with him, though he knew him not at all, but only by the report of the Prince *Mazares*. In the mean time, ſince I had a great deſire to know how my Maſter came unto that place, and to learn who that ſtranger was; alſo when they met, I took ſo much freedom upon me, as to ask him, beſeeching him to pardon me if I were too bold, and to believe it proceeded from my very great affection to him: It is but juſt, *Orſanus*, ſaid he unto me, That a Prince of whom you have had ſo much care, and ſought ſo long, ought to render you an account of himſelf: But that I may the more conveniently do it, follow *Beleſis* and me, and we will ſhew you our habitation: Alas, Sir, (ſaid I, and followed them) I believe your Palace is more beautiful without than within, and that there is a great difference between your Grot and the Wood beſides it. You ſhall be a Judge of that preſently, anſwered *Beleſis*, and entring in with them, I was exceedingly aſtoniſhed at the ſight: For, Sir, all Art and Nature together did never make a place ſo beautiful in any place of the World, as Nature alone did in this: I found this Grot to be very deep and large, and yet not obſcure, for the Mountain being very ſteep, there were ſeveral Windows pierced through it, and gave light enough to diſcern all the rarities both without and within it; a thouſand admirable congealations were the ornaments of this place, where one might behold Pillars, Arches, Trees, Flowers, Leaves, Moſſes, Urns, Tombs, and a thouſand other ſuch things, all of a ſubſtance as clear and tranſparent as ever was any Cryſtal in the world: At two ſides of this wonder I ſaw two Fountains, which neither ſwellings nor diminiſhing, kept conſtant at the ſame level, the water certainly having ſome undicernable courſe through ſome crannies of the Rock, according to the meaſure they received from others. When I ſeriouſly had viewed theſe rare and delightful wonders, I could not chuſe but admire at the providence of God, who had brought the Prince *Mazares* into ſo pleaſant a Wilderneſs. Well *Orſanus* (ſaid *Beleſis* unto me, and ſeeing my admiration) Do you think the Prince *Mazares* did err when he called this Grot a Palace? No, Sir (ſaid I unto him) But I muſt confeſs, I do not underſtand how you live for want of Victuals: You ſhall know that immediately, ſaid he unto me: Then going unto the entry of this Cave, he called a ſervant which he had there, who came out of another little and leſs beautiful Room which joyned to the other, and commanded him to give me ſomething to eat, to let me ſee their garden, and to have a care of my horſe, which was ſet in a little Cave further off, for all this Mountain was full of them; and accordingly, this ſervant unto *Beleſis*, whoſe name was *Arcas*, after he had given me a good Dinner, did carry me ſome fifty paces further unto the foot of the Rock, and ſhewed me a garden ſo full of all manner of Herbs, Roots, Peaſe, Beans, and ſuch like, and *Arcas* told me, that ſometimes he went to Hunt, that I wondred how men who ſought for death ſhould find ſubſiſtance in ſuch a place. *Arcas* alſo told me, that his Maſter by reaſon of ſeveral diſaſters, had renounced all civil ſociety, and having found out this admirable place in the black Mountain, he reſolved to dwell in it all the remainder of his life: So that he, whether his Maſter would or no, had provided ſuch things as were abſolutely neceſſary for the life of a man. Afterwards he told me, that after they had been ſetled a while here, the Prince *Mazares* came accidentally into this ſolitary place, and *Beleſis* and he became ſuch intimate friends, as they promiſed never to part, but die together in this Deſart: But (ſaid I unto him) How do they imploy themſelves every day? In condoling, walking ſometimes ſingle, ſometimes together (replied he.) Some books they have alſo, for I told you already, that at firſt when my Maſter made choice of this Cave for his habitation, I brought hither every thing which I thought might be ſerviceable unto him; and truly I think theſe two illuſtrious melancholy companions are now ſo accuſtomed to the life they lead, that they would hardly change it; yet truly, I do not think they can live long thus, or rather indeed I wonder they have lived ſo long, conſidering the extream melancholy which poſſeſſeth them.

Arcas having told me all theſe things, and ſhewed me his Garden, I went unto the place where I left my Maſter with *Beleſis*; and he went to take care of my horſe which was put with another, which my Maſter brought into that Wilderneſs. I was yet unſatisfied what they did when night came upon them, but was not long ſo; for when it began to be dark, I perceived in divers places about this vault there were ſeveral pieces of tranſparent Rock in divers places, all which were filled with a kind of Oyl which *Arcas* had extracted out of Fir Trees, which grew in great abundance within that Wood, and that faithful ſervant of *Beleſis*, with help of a kind of Cotton, made abundance of Lamps, that gave a moſt glorious light within the Cryſtal Grot; ſo that it ſeemed incomparably more luſtrious and ſplendant when all theſe ruſtique Lamps were lighted, than it did in the day. The Beds of theſe two retired melancholy men, were ſuitable to the reſt, and were made of Moſs, Reeds, and Ruſhes, for they did not ſeek for any Downy Beds of eaſe. The Prince *Mazares* was grown to ſuch a habit of melancholy, that he could not rejoice at any thing; and

Beleſis as ſad as he was, had a greater ſhare in that ſatisfaction which he ought to have in hearing *Mandana* was alive, than he himſelf had; ſuch a cuſtomary habit of ſorrows had ſeized upon his ſoul; yet finding ſome ſatisfaction in relating ſad ſtories, he told me what his thoughts where when he ſtole away from *Tyburtus*; how having a deſign to ſeek out ſome place where he might paſs unknown, he reſolved to imbarque for *Sicily*, and ſo to paſs into *Arabia* the Deſart, and there end his days: Yet having conſulted with an Oracle, the Gods did by their anſwer forbid him that courſe, and directed him to dwell in the black Mountain in *Sicily*, where he ſhould find ſome conſolation: Thither I went then (ſaid he unto me) and at firſt believed that the conſolation which the heavens had promiſed me was death: For paſſing a day and a half in theſe Mountains without ſeeing any body, I made no queſtion then but death would ſoon be my lot. But at laſt, the Gods being my guide as well as Commander, I met *Beleſis* walking in the Wood, and ſpoke unto him; preſently we grew acquainted, and the ſame day did begin ſo great a league of friendſhip, that we promiſed never to part from each other: Yet I am very ready to diſingage you from your word (ſaid *Beleſis*, and interrupted him) for ſince the Princeſs *Mandana* lives, it is not juſt you ſhould be tyed unto the fortunes of a miſerable man, who is out of all hopes to better himſelf; yet I ſhall have this advantage, that the end of your miſeries will ſhorten mine, ſince certainly I ſhall dye as ſoon as I am deprived of the ſweetneſs which I find in your company. Alas, alas, *Beleſis* (ſaid the Prince *Mazares*) you are not acquainted with the malignity of my fate, if you imagine I can ever be happy: I muſt confeſs it is an extraordinary comfort unto me to hear that *Mandana* is alive, and that though I was her Raviſher, yet I was not her Executioner: But for all that, ſince I cannot leave loving her, and knowing it to be impoſſible I ſhould ever get my ſelf ſo high in her eſteem as I was before, it may be ſaid that I do nothing but change miſery for miſery: and which way ſoever I look upon the matter, I find my ſelf the moſt unfortunate Prince upon Earth: for ſince I was the cauſe that this Princeſs fell into the power of the *Pontean* King, that ſhe hath been hurried from Kingdom to Kingdom, and that all *Aſia* is in War about it, I am moſt confident ſhe hates my memory every minute in the day, and thinks the Gods moſt juſt in drowning me, as a puniſhment of my crime: And I may aſſure my ſelf, that as ſoon as ſhe hears I am not dead, ſhe will be as ſorry for it as I am glad to hear ſhe is living: Moreover, I am ſo unfortunate as to have ſuch Rivals, as in any reaſon I cannot hate them, but ſuch as I ought rather to lament: The King of *Aſſyria* is cruelly betrayed by me, and I carried away from him, her whom he infinitely loved, for whoſe ſake he hath loſt the greateſt Kingdom in all *Aſia*: As for the King of *Pontus*, how can I complain againſt him? Since I ruined *Mandana*, and he ſaved her, muſt I not rather accuſe my ſelf than him? Can I in any juſtice quarrel with a Prince who reſcued my Princeſs from her grave which I layed open for her? What can I alledg againſt the illuſtrious *Cyrus*? What Crime can I tax him with? or to ſay better, How may he accuſe me? for I made uſe of his Name to deceive the adored *Mandana*; under that illuſtrious Title I ſeduced her, and have eternally loſt that eſteem and friendſhip which I might have for ever enjoyed: Do you remember *Orſanus* (ſaid he to me) the time when this illuſtrious Princeſs was at *Babylon*? how ſhe called me her Protector: alas, how undeſerving was I of that glorious Title? I have juſt cauſe to believe that of all her Lovers and Adorers, ſhe hates me the moſt: the King of *Aſſyria*, as violent as he is by Nature, has not ſo much affronted her as I have done: The King of *Pontus*, in keeping that only which fortune gave him is not ſo culpable as I am; for I, miſerable I, am not only an unjuſt, raſh and inſolent Lover of this Princeſs, but alſo a perfideous Friend and wicked Cheater, whoſe memory ſhe may juſtly hate: Why ſhould I trouble my ſelf about her Liberty? (ſaid he,) for if the illuſtrious *Cyrus* do not recover it for her, none elſe can.

The Prince *Mazares* was ſo vehement in ſuch expreſſions as theſe, that I thought it not convenient to contradict him, leſt I ſhould more confirm him in his reſentments, by too much oppoſition; But granting him ſome things, and diſputing others, our Converſation laſted till faithful *Arcas* brought in Supper, which was more neat than magnificent, as you may well imagine: After which, my dear Maſter asked me, how I came to ſee *Mandana*, whether *Marteſia* and *Araminta* were with her? And as in my anſwers I phraſed *Abradates* King of *Suſiana*, *Beleſis* interrupted me, asking how it was poſſible *Abradates* ſhould be King, ſince when he entered into his ſolitude, the King his Father and the Prince his elder Brother were alive, and he himſelf was an exile at *Sardis*? The Reaſon is (replyed I unto him) becauſe thoſe two Princes are both dead, and conſequently *Abradates* is King by ſucceſſion. The Gods are worthy to be praiſed for it (replyed *Beleſis*,) for *Abradates* is much more worthy to were a Crown than the Prince his Brother, who has been my greateſt Perſecutor.

Pray *Orſanus* (ſaid *Panthea* and interrupted him) is this *Beleſis* of whom you ſpeak the ſame I have ſo often heard ſpoken of at *Suſa* when I came there, and one who of all men living is one of the moſt accompliſhed Gallants, whom Love hath puniſhed with all his tortures? I know not whether he be the ſame you mean (replyed *Orſanus*,) but I know that *Beleſis* is of *Mantiana*, and hath dwelt at *Suſa* a long time; That Love hath been the misfortune of his life, and that the Prince of *Suſa* elder Brother of *Abradates* hath made him complain much of his violence towards him. There is no queſtion (ſaid *Panthea*) but he is the ſame I mean; ſo that I can aſſure you the Prince *Mazares* is in company of one of the beſt loved men in all *Aſia*, as thoſe who have known him tell me, even by her whom he moſt loved, though ſince ſhe moſt hates him: But Sir, ſaid ſhe to *Cyrus*, I pray pardon me for interrupting him in his Relation, and therefore I beſeech you let him continue it: *Cyrus* then returned a Complement unto *Panthea*, and commanded

Orſanus to proceed, and accordingly he went thus on with his Story.

You ſee, Sir, how the firſt day of my being in the Wilderneſs was ſpent; Truſty *Arcas* giving me his bed, and making another for himſelf as well as he could. It was ſo late before I went to bed, that the Birds at break of day did awake me within three hours after I began to ſleep; yet was I not ſo ſoon awake as my Maſter; for though he was unimaginably joyed that *Mandana* was alive, yet was it a kind of an interrupted joy and mingled with ſo many perplexed thoughts, as he could not ſleep that night: As ſoon as I came out of my little grot, I found him gone out of his, ſo that finding *Beleſis* alone, I beſeeched his help in perſwading the Prince *Mazares* to quit this kind of life which then he lived: But alas, Sir, ſaid I unto him, the better to move him unto it, It were requiſite you did quit it your ſelf, and to peſwade him rather by your Example than your reaſons. Ah *Orſanus*, cryed *Beleſis*, the deſtiny of the Prince *Mazares* and my ſelf are much different, and that which is good for him, is not for me. Sir, replyed I, ſince I am ignorant of your misfortunes, and dare not be ſo bold as to ask what nature they are of, I cannot ſo well convince you, as perhaps I ſhould if I knew them; but to ſpeak in general, there can be no misfortunes ſo bitter, but a man of your ſpirit and wiſdom may ſweeten them. 'Tis true, reply'd he, thoſe miſeries which Fortune doth cauſe, may be overcome, but ſuch as Love doth load a man withal, there are no comforts ſo cordial as to ſweeten them, eſpecially ſuch as mine are; however I will promiſe you to uſe my beſt arguments to move the Prince *Mazares* unto a removal from hence in the morning, I would ſay to day (ſaid he and ſighed) if my affection unto him did not need ſome time of preparation before I be ſeparated from ſo dear a friend. Whileſt I was thus talking with *Beleſis*, the Prince *Mazares* was rather wandering than walking in the Wood; and the diſorder of his mind was ſo great, that he talked as he walked, and in lieu of walking far off from the Grot, he was turned upon it again ere ever he was aware: he found *Beleſis* and me together, as we were going out to look him: No ſooner were we met, but *Beleſis* in purſuance of his promiſe, began to intreat him that he would ſtay this day with him, ſeeming as if he made no queſtion but that he had intentions to leave him: As ſoon as he ſaid ſo, my Maſter looking upon *Beleſis*, told him, that the alteration in his fortune ſhould not alter his manner of living; for ſaid he unto him, It is miſery enough unto me that I can never pretend unto *Mandana*'s eſteem, to make me forſake the ſociety of men, although ſhe be not dead; yet it was the deſpair which her death did cauſe in you, and that made you take up a reſolution of forſaking the ſight of men. 'Tis true, replyed *Mazares*, but why would you adviſe me unto a life which will bring more bitter ſorrows unto me than this I live? Conſider well, *Beleſis*, what you adviſe me unto, and tell me truly what you think to be my beſt courſe. Sir, replyed he, a man that is not in love would adviſe you to endeavor to forget the Princeſs *Mandana*, and to return unto the King your Father and the Queen your Mother, who would infinitely rejoyce at it: But ſince I too well know the power of that Paſſion over thoſe who are captivated with it, I muſt ingeniouſly tell you, that though I think it expedient for you to quit your Deſart, yet I know not what to ſay, therefore I adviſe you to be your own Counſellor, and to follow your own inclination. I have muſed away all this night replyed the Prince my Maſter) in contemplation of my preſent condition, but cannot reſolve what I ought or what I would undertake; yet I muſt confeſs I find in my Soul ſuch a violent deſire to ſee the Princeſs *Mandana*, that I cannot tell whether or no I am able to reſiſt it: And yet at the ſame time, I find my ſelf ſo extreamly aſhamed of my Crime, that I think I ſhall never be able to ſhew my ſelf: ſo that my fears and my deſires will not ſuffer me to reſolve what courſe to take: Moreover, though I ſhould reſolve to ſee her, yet how can I bring it to paſs? If I go into *Lidia* where ſhe is, and preſent my ſelf unto *Crœſſus*, who fights againſt *Cyrus*, then it may be ſaid that I fight for the King of *Pontus*, againſt a Prince who would releaſe the Princeſs: If I ſhould go into the Army of *Cyrus*, and think to have the honour of fighting for *Mandana*, then perhaps I ſhould only fight for *Cyrus* and the King *Aſſyria*, and dye before I have expiated my Crime by any conſiderable ſervice. What ſhall I do then? I cannot reſolve to fight neither for the King of *Pontus*, nor for the King of *Aſſyria*, nor for *Cyrus*; and yet my deſtiny is ſo odd, that I cannot engage my ſelf on either ſide, but I muſt ſerve ſome of my Rivals; and it is abſolutely impoſſible to imagine any way which can be advantagious to me. Moreover, ſince the Princeſs *Mandana* loved *Cyrus* when he was only *Artamenes*, and in her fidelity to him did ſcorn the greateſt King of all *Aſia*: what likelyhood is there, that now ſince *Artamenes* is become *Cyrus*, the King of *Perſea*'s Son, who hath ſince conquered many Kingdoms, that ſhe ſhould change her affection to him: No, no, ſaid he, ſhe will never change: and I muſt needs confeſs, ſhe has no reaſon to change; nor can I ever hope to obtain the Love of this Princeſs, the height of my ambition is, That ſhe would not hate me: Yes *Mandana*, ſaid he, could I but let you ſee my real repentance, and could do you any ſuch conſiderable ſervice as would force your generoſity to pardon me, and admit me unto your eſteem again, I ſhould deſire no more, but take all my miſeries with content: But, alas! how is it poſſible for me to obtain this my deſire?

Sir, (ſaid I unto him, in hopes to make him quit his Deſart) you may obtain what you deſire, if you will contrive ways how to releaſe the Princeſs of *Medea*, and reſtore her unto the King her Father: But to effect that, you muſt renounce your ſolitude, and go where *Mandana* is, and ſeek all occaſions of doing as I adviſe you: Oh *Orſanus* (ſaid he) you would not adviſe me thus, but only to make me leave this Grotto; for you know well enough, that what you adviſe me unto is not eaſie to compaſs: If you were once in the way, replied I, I ſhould then anſwer you more affirmatively; but this is moſt certain, that as long as you bury your ſelf alive in this

Wood, you can never do any ſervice unto the Princeſs whom you love, who yet hates the very thought of you, and who cannot know how you repent the carrying her away as long as you are here? Moreover, if things ſo fall out, that you cannot effect what I adviſe you unto, and that you abſolutely reſolve to renounce the world, and enter into your Tomb alive, you may when you pleaſe find this Cave always open to receive you, and always find *Beleſis* there (replied that other illuſtrious ſolitary man who over-heard us) if death have not put an end unto all his miſeries before your return: No, no, *Beleſis*, replied the Prince *Mazares*, We will never part, and if *Orſanus* do perſwade me to quit this Wilderneſs, it ſhall be upon condition that you ſhall quit it alſo, elſe I will never quit it. *Beleſis* hearing my Maſter ſay ſo, anſwered him as one that was extreamly unwilling to quit the place, and there grew a moſt generous conteſt between them; *Beleſis* deſiring him to depart and leave him in his ſolitude, and *Mazares* reſolved not to depart, unleſs he would with him, and ſo the matter reſted that day without any reſolutions upon it. The next morning I had induced my Maſter to leave this Salvage habitation if *Beleſis* would go with him, and with my prayers and tears I had prevailed with *Beleſis* to accompany my Maſter, until he was in a more happy condition. Both of them being thus reſolved, I importuned them to depart immediately, leſt their minds ſhould alter, yet we were forced to ſtay a while, becauſe neither of them would be ſeen in ſuch habits as then they did wear. Since I had enough left of what, Sir, you were pleaſed to give me for our equipage; and moreover *Beleſis* had good ſtore of Jewels, which his truſty ſervant kept carefully for him, we ſent him unto the next Town with my horſe to buy another horſe, and to provide cloaths for my Maſter and *Beleſis*. Within three daies after he returned with all things neceſſary for our voyage, which we undertook in an odd kind of manner, for I obſerved that the Prince *Mazares* and *Beleſis* did leave their Deſart, as men that had a deſign to return again, yet I ſeemed as if I did not obſerve any thing, hoping that time and company might happily make them change thoughts. In the mean time *Arcas* was to be our guide out of this Woody Mountain, and indeed did very happily conduct us: For my part, though the place was the moſt beautiful of any in the World, yet I was very glad to be out of it: Always when I looked upon *Beleſis*, I ſaw him look upon this Mountain with a ſigh: But ſince we wanted yet many accoutrements for our voyage, we ſtayed at the firſt Town we came at to furniſh our ſelves, where my Maſter cauſed a Buckler to be made, which he hath carried ever ſince, and and whereby you may ſee, Sir (if ever you obſerved it) how ſeverely he cenſured himſelf, ſince therein he expreſſeth himſelf worthy of death for carrying away *Mandana*. *Beleſis* alſo furniſhed himſelf with ſuch Arms as ſuited beſt to his liking: And during all the voyage, I uſed all my beſt arguments to perſwade the Prince *Mazares* rather to return unto the King his Father, than to go unto *Mandana*, for he could never hope for the leaſt favour: But his anſwer was, that he would never have left his Cave, but only in hopes to releaſe her, and with full intentions to return thither again, if he could not effect his deſign. When I ſaw then with what reſolution he ſpoke unto me, I thought it better to yield unto him, than to conteſt any longer. Then we enquired concerning the ſtate of things, and were informed that your Army, Sir, had quitted *Armenia*, and made towards *Cappadocia*, to go from thence unto the Frontiers of *Phrygia* which joyned upon *Lydia*. We underſtood alſo, that *Abradates* would ſhortly depart from *Suſa*, and engage himſelf in the behalf of *Crœſſus*. Then did we conſider whether we ſhould go unto *Epheſus* by Sea or by Land, but the Prince *Mazares* had no fancy to truſt himſelf unto the inconſtancy of the Winds and Waves, ſince it was further by Water than by Land; and the King of *Pontus* would not have carried *Mandana* that way, but becauſe he feared the illuſtrious *Cyrus* would then follow him, therefore it was reſolved we ſhould not go by Sea; adding further unto other reaſons, that we ſhould never hear any news of the Princeſs *Mandana* in a Ship until we came at *Epheſus*; whereas on the contrary, we ſhould hear all by Land, ſince there was not a place in all *Aſia* which could not inform us. I ſhall not trouble you, Sir, with a relation which ways we went, for that would be too tedious, only this, that we were compelled to make long journies, and not to ſtay in any part of *Paphlagonia* which joyns upon *Cappadocia*: But ſo it was, whether by change of Air or Diet, *Beleſis* fell ſick, and ſo very ſick, that the Prince *Mazares* thought he would have dyed there. *Beleſis* did intreat him a hundred times to let him dye there, and follow his journey, yet he would not by any means; but on the contrary, proteſted he would never forſake him as long as he lived. In the mean time, the ſickneſs of *Beleſis* was not only dangerous, but like to laſt long: The greateſt comfort to *Mazares* was, that he heard the Princeſs *Mandana* was in the Temple of *Diana* at *Epheſus*, and that as the ſeaſon of the year was, you, Sir, could not draw your Forces into the field; and alſo, though he were at *Epheſus* there was no poſſibility of ſeeing *Mandana*: nor any thinking of getting her out of ſuch a ſacred place as that was, yet did he endure the ſickneſs of *Beleſis* with much impatience; but at laſt he began to grow better and better, and made us to hope he would eſcape, and indeed ſo he did. When he was quite out of all danger, and had quitted his Bed, his Phyſician adviſed him to walk and take the freſh Air: *Beleſis* being very deſirous to be in ſuch a condition as he might not be any ſtay unto *Mazares*, took his Phyſician's advice; ſo that after he had walked ſome days on foot, he found himſelf ſo ſtrong as to ride; then for a tryal whether he was able to travel, my Maſter and he deſign a journey of fifty Furlongs to walk in a great Wood, and I waited upon them: But, Sir, we had no ſooner entred a hundred paces in the Wood, than my Maſter riding alone by himſelf, ſome twenty paces before *Beleſis* and me, who were talking together, and returned with much alteration in his aſpect, and addreſſing himſelf unto me, Come hither, *Orſanus*, ſaid he, and tell whether my eyes deceive me not, for ſince I never ſaw *Cyrus* but once, and then I was not in a very good condition to obſerve his face; therefore I dare not aſſure you, that it was he who ſaluted me, and asked me whether I met not ſuch a man as he deſcribed unto me; yet certainly, if my imagination do well retain the memory of his Idea, he who I ſaw was *Cyrus*: Sir, (ſaid I unto him) Do we not hear every where as we paſs, that *Cyrus* is in the head of his Army? Yet I am the moſt deceived that ever man was, if I do not ſee him yet at the root of yonder Tree, replied he. In ſaying ſo, he ſhewed me the Tree where you, Sir, was leaning.

Oh, *Orſanus*, replied *Cyrus*, I muſt needs interrupt you in your ſtory, that I may undeceive you, and tell you that I was not in *Paphlagonia* when you paſſed through it. I eſteem you ſo much (anſwered *Orſanus*) that I will rather believe your words than my own eyes: Your eyes (replied the Princeſs *Araminta*, and bluſhed) are not ſo as you think them, ſince in all likelihood it was the Prince *Spitridates* whom you ſaw, who reſembles the illuſtrious *Cyrus* ſo much, that it is no wonder if you were miſtaken. But I beſeech you tell me the direct time when you ſaw him you ſpeak of. *Orſanus* in obedience to the Princeſs *Araminta* did tell her the exact time; ſo that by the computation of *Cyrus* and her ſelf, it was concluded that *Orſanus* met the Prince *Spitridates* three weeks after the ſtranger *Anaxaris* left him wounded in *Paphlagonia*, and in ſuch a Wood as *Orſanus* preſcribed; ſo that by this, the Princeſs *Araminta* had ſo much conſolation as to know certainly that he was not dead of the wound which he received; but on the other ſide, ſhe wondred to hear no news from himſelf. After ſhe had received all the ſatisfaction which *Orſanus* could give her, he continued his diſcourſe in theſe terms.

The Prince *Mazares* had no ſooner ſhewed me him whom I thought to be the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, but I told him (out of prudence, leſt an angry accident ſhould happen) that it was not *Cyrus*, though he much reſembled him. *Mazares* yet had much ado to believe me, and I think he would have asked this ſuppoſed *Cyrus* whether it was he or no, had not *Beleſis* (whilſt we were in the conteſt) told *Mazares*, that certainly I muſt needs know him better than he could, and therefore by conſequence he ought to believe me: mean while, he who was the ſubject of our diſcourſe, ruſhed preſently into the thick of the Wood, and was quite out of our ſight: So the Prince *Mazares* was forced to continue on his Walk. It is impoſſible for me, Sir, to relate his thoughts unto you; for they were ſo tumultuouſly diſordered, that he could never tell them unto us: Sometimes he was glad it was not you, and ſometimes again ſorry, without any reaſon either for his joys or ſorrows: But ſince all his pretenſions were only to releaſe *Mandana*, and obtain her pardon, we never met with any, but he enquired both concerning her and you, Sir.

That which wondered me moſt in the buſineſs was, that all thoſe with whom we ſpoke, told us, that you, Sir, was towards the Frontiers of *Lydia*; and comparing my belief that it was you I ſaw, with theſe reports, the thought of it did ſo take up my mind, that I could not chuſe but expreſs it unto my Maſter two days after the ſight of him who reſembled you; I told him that I diſſembled my real thoughts before, and that I did believe it was you which we ſaw in the Wood: So that we travelled a whole day reaſoning why you ſhould be there; and not being able to reconcile our own ſights and theſe reports, which were ſo contrary to each other, we ſtill paſſed on unſatisfied: But ſince I could not give my own eyes the lye, I conceived, that you had ſome ſecret Voyage unto ſome Neighbour Prince, to negotiate ſome buſineſs or other; and that though reports went you were in your Army, yet it was not impoſſible but you might be ſome days abſent: Thus believing that we had ſeen you, and that you knew not my Maſter, we arrived at laſt at *Epheſus*. The Prince *Mazares* then changed his Name for that of *Telephanes*; but *Beleſis* never altered his, becauſe it was unknown in *Lydia*. I ſhall not relate unto you, Sir, what agitation of Soul was in the Prince *Mazares* (whom now I will call *Telephanes* for a while) when he ſaw the Temple wherein *Mandana* was; for I would (if poſſibly I could) conceal his paſſion from you, leſt I ſhould too much exaſperate your ſpirit againſt him: yet ſince the greatneſs of his Love does make his Virtue appear, I muſt needs have ſo good opnion of you, Sir, as to believe, that at the end of my Relation you will admire, and perhaps become a friend unto ſuch a Rival as he is, although I do ſet forth his paſſion unto *Mandana* to be infinitely high: And the truth is, Sir, it is impoſſible a paſſion ſhould be more violent: but the Wonder is, that ſince he came out of his Deſart, he never entertained one thought but how to make ſatisfaction for his fault, and obtain a pardon for it, and I am moſt confident, that never any poor Peccant was fuller of repentance than he, nor did I ever ſee more cruel remorſe of mind: As oft as he conſidered, that it was through his treachery that *Mandana* was now incloſed within that Temple, his Soul was ſo ſadded with ſorrows, that I wonder he dyed not; and I verily think, that had not the King of *Pontus* been ſo ill when we came to *Epheſus*, that he kept his bed by reaſon of a wound in his thigh, ſo that he was not able to oppoſe thoſe who would have taken away the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis*; I am confident, I ſay, that if he had been there, though he had ſaved the life of the Princeſs, yet in the firſt raptures of his ſorrows, my Maſter had then aſſaulted him: But afterwards conſidering that the King of *Pontus* his death would not have releaſed *Mandana*, ſince as the ſtate of things were, *Crœſſus* would not part with her, he conceived it more expedient to break her chains by Policy: And conſidering that it was impoſſible to make any attempts upon that place for her Releaſement, he thought it better to go unto *Sardis*, whither ſhe was to be conveyed aſſoon as *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* were agreed upon their conditions; which were not yet concluded upon, though the Negotiation had been tranſacting ever ſince the King of *Pontus* came to *Epheſus*: for aſſoon as he came thither, he ſent to demand protection from *Crœſſus*, upon condition that what Treaties ſoever there were between him and *Ciaxares* or you, *Mandana* ſhould never be reſtored. Since this Propoſition ſeemed very hard, becauſe by granting it, ſuch a War would enſue, as would never be ended till one ſide was ruined, ſince it was not probable that *Ciaxares* would ever ceaſe unleſs his daughter was declared, therefore the negotiation was very long before it could be concluded; and nothing was done in it, till *Crœſſus* having received a ſmiling anſwer from the Oracle, and then he conſented unto the King of *Pontus* his deſires: yet to find out a plauſible expediment wherewith to colour Juſtice, he engaged himſelf never to render the Princeſs *Mandana* in any Treaty without the King of *Pontus* his conſent; ſo that after ſeveral ſendings the one to the other, the buſineſs was concluded between them when we came to *Epheſus*.

Then did we reſolve for *Sardis*, and when we had put our ſelves into a handſome equipage, we went unto that ſtately Town, where the Prince my Maſter never feared being known: For though *Crœſſus* had heretofore been on the King of *Aſſyria*'s ſide as well as himſelf, yet they never ſaw each other, as well becauſe *Crœſſus* was not in *Babylon*, as becauſe they were alwayes parted in ſeveral bodies, ſo that he went boldly unto him, and offered him his ſervice, Love telling him, that it was not directly againſt the Rules of Generoſity, to conceal his deſign of releaſing *Mandana*, by ſuch aſſurances of fidelity, which he would never have failed in, but only for her: And ſince Towns are commonly taken by craft, he thought he might without any baſeneſs deliver *Mandana* by ſubtilty, ſince I could not by force. To get ſome reputation with *Crœſſus*, he made himſelf known unto him for what he was, to wit, a man of a great ſpirit and able parts in Martial matters; ſo that his deſign taking effect, *Crœſſus* received him very well, and treated both *Beleſis* and me with much civility; and the better to diſguiſe our ſelves, there ſeemed to be no difference of quality

lity between us all, but yet the inclination of *Crœſſus* did prefer the ſuppoſed *Telephanes* Firſt, though *Beleſis* was very handſom, of much ſpirit, and a gallant deportment: It is very true, that ſince he did only ſurmount his ſorrows out of his affectionate friendſhip unto the Prince *Mazares*, and ſince that Prince did ſurmount his own ſorrows only to releaſe his Miſtreſs, therefore they acted differently, the one ſeeming much more forced than the other: However it was, in a few days *Telephanes* was well known both in Court and Camp, *Crœſſus* offered him imployment, but he would take none upon him, leſt then perhaps he could not lay hold of any fit opportunity which might offer it ſelf; his only care was, not to be ſuſpected, and to inſinuate himſelf with divers perſons: When he underſtood that they would lodge the Princeſs *Mandana* within the Citadel when ſhe came to *Sardis*, his deſign was to make him that was Governour his friend, and he brought it ſo handſomly to paſs, that he got a great ſtroke with him. In the mean time, ſince the negotiation between *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* could not be compleated without any enterview, it was reſolved they ſhould meet near *Sardis*, and ſince all conditions were agreed upon, and they feared that in conveying the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Palmis*, ſomething might be attempted for their releaſement; therefore *Crœſſus* would have them depart from *Epheſus*, whilſt the King of *Pontus* was not there, purpoſely becauſe the Spies which Prince *Artamas* might have amongſt them, might the ſooner be deceived. The King of *Pontus* was extreamly againſt it, ſaying, That ſince the River *Hermes* was between your Camp, Sir, and the way which theſe Princeſſes was to go, there was no fear at all: But *Crœſſus* told him, that the Prince *Artamas* had ſo many creatures in his Dominions, that he ſtood in fear of his own Subjects as well as of his Enemies, and therefore the King of *Pontus* was forced to conſent, that orders ſhould be ſent unto *Andramites* to guard theſe Princeſſes, and conveigh them with thoſe Forces which he had unto a certain place where the King of *Pontus* would meet him with others, and accordingly it was put in execution. In the mean time, ſince it was the will of *Crœſus* that my Maſter ſhould wait upon him when he went to meet the King of *Pontus*, he was then put to an extream puzzle, ſince that Prince intended to preſent him unto his Rival, as a man from whom he expected great ſervices: And the King of *Pontus* perceiving by the proceedings of *Crœſus*, that he valued this *Telephanes* at a high rate, and his handſom preſence ſpeaking him to be a man of much merit, he received him with great civility, and my Maſter did anſwer it with ſo much turbulency in his countenance, that I have admired a hundred times, *Crœſus* and the King of *Pontus* did not perceive it: It is true, that preſently after he recollected himſelf, and carried the matter with as much cunning as a man in Love could, who had a plot to deceive his Rival, and releaſe his Miſtriſs.

The King of *Pontus* then was as well pleaſed with my Maſter as my Maſter would have been with him, if there had not been ſome ſecret reaſons which took the edge off all thoſe civilities which that Prince expreſſed unto him, and diſobliged him; yet ſometimes when he conſidered him as one that ſaved *Mandana*'s life, he could not chuſe but acknowledge himſelf obliged in his heart. In the mean time, as much as *Telephanes* deſired to ſee the Princeſs whom he adored, yet he durſt not go with the King of *Pontus*, who as I told you, Sir, was to meet *Andramites* that guarded her; For ſince it was not ſo eaſie for him to diſguiſe his face as his name, he made no queſtion but if ſhe ſaw him ſhe would know him; and if ſhe knew him, before ſhe was informed of his real repentance for carrying her away, her extream averſion to him would diſcover him, and ſo his deſign of reſtoring her that liberty which he had taken from her, would quite be defeated; therefore he made a handſom excuſe for not accompanying the King of *Pontus*, as he deſired him, but returned unto *Sardis* exceedingly diſquieted, becauſe he was not able to regulate his deſires; for when his repentance and his generoſity had the upper hand in his heart, then he wiſhed that the Prince *Artamas* might attempt ſomething for the liberty of theſe Princeſſes, and in lieu of conducting them to *Sardis*, they might be brought unto your Camp, Sir: But then, when Love was Queen-Regent in his ſoul, he could not chuſe but deſire a ſight of *Mandana*, and zealouſly wiſh that it might be himſelf who ſhould releaſe her, and reſtore her unto you, rather than any other ſhould have that honour from him: yet notwithſtanding he had no mind to be ignoraut of all paſſages between the King of *Pontus* and the Princeſs *Mandana* at their meeting; ſo that for better information of himſelf, he deſired *Beleſis* to accompany that Prince, not daring to ſend me, becauſe the Princeſs knew me. But ſince he could not accord, being ſeen by the Princeſs, becauſe ſhe was to paſs into the Town where he was, he deſigned to ſee her out of a Window as ſhe went through the Town unto the Citadel; ſo that he waited for the return of the King of *Pontus*, and the Princeſſes Arrival with much impatience. About two days after, the news was brought, that the Prince *Artamas* attempting the liberty of the Princeſſes was taken priſoner, and wounded in ſeveral places, and that all his Party were either killed, defeated, or taken priſoners. About two hours after this, another Poſt came from *Andramites*, who told *Crœſſus*, that the King of *Aſſyria* was amongſt the priſoners, being known by a Captain that was in the *Babylonian* War.

This news, which extreamly rejoyced *Crœſſus*, grieved my Maſter; for though the King of *Aſſyria* was his Rival, yet to ſee ſo great a King in ſuch a caſe, moved much ſorrow in him, eſpecially conſidering that this laſt accident had not been, if he had not carried away the Princeſs *Mandana*: Alſo fearing that this Prince might know him, as well as the Princeſs might, he was moved to conceal himſelf with much care, leſt all his deſigns ſhould be ſpoiled; and indeed I did much confirm him in his reſolution of keeping himſelf unknown, eſpecially as the Princeſs and the priſoners paſſed through the Town, and that day he kept in the place where I lodged, and as good luck was, the ſtreet where we were, proved to be that through which *Mandana* was to paſs, and ſo ſhe did. It is impoſſible I ſhould tell you, Sir, what operation this ſight had upon the heart of my Maſter; the truth, and the wonder is, that it did not ſo much augment his Love as his repentance; for when he ſaw her ſo fair and ſo ſad both, he imagined himſelf to be the cauſe of that ſadneſs; his ſorrows were ſuch, as I can deſcribe them no otherwiſe, than by telling you that I cannot deſcribe them. As ſoon as the Chariot wherein both the Princeſſes were was out of ſight, and as he was ready to go from the Window, he ſaw the King of *Aſſyria* appear, guarded with Souldiers, who conducted him and all the reſt of the priſoners, except the Prince *Artamas*, who was not brought unto *Sardis* until ſome daies after, by reaſon of his wounds: My Maſter then ſeeing at the ſame time both the Prince whom he had offended, and the Princeſs whom he carried away, fell into ſuch an extaſie of ſorrow, that it was long before he was able to anſwer unto what I ſaid unto him, and I believe he had not ſo ſoon given over his ſad thoughts, if *Beleſis* had not entred; his inquiſitive deſire to know the meeting between the King of *Pontus* and *Mandana* was quite cooled, and the ſight of this Princeſs had ſo troubled his ſpirits, that he heard *Beleſis*, but underſtood him not: I ſhould have thought, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) that ſince your belief of the Princeſs being dead did move you unto ſuch a deſperate ſorrow, the ſight of her alive ſhould move you to a ſenſible conſolation, and yet I perceive you are as much grieved as ever: Do you think *Orſanus* (ſaid he to me) that I can look upon *Mandana* as a Captive, and ſee her ſad, but I muſt be ſo alſo? Alas, alas, *Orſanus*, I am not capable of any joy until I have made ſome reparation for all the injuries I have done her; methinks when I looked upon her, I ſaw her ſigh, and ſaw in her heart that juſt meaſure of hatred towards me by her ſorrows: I perceived in her innocent ſoul ſuch a horrid memory of the Prince *Mazares*, that I am perſwaded ſhe thinks upon me perpetually, and her hatred of me reigns in her reſentments, according to the meaſure of all freſh diſgraces which befals her: Judge then, *Orſanus*, whether I can look upon this Divine Princeſs without diſturbed joyes, yet I would not but have ſeen her, and ſeen her ſad; for ſince I ſee her fair eyes ſo full of tears and melancholy, I am become an abſolute Maſter of my Love, and I would releaſe *Mandana* only for her ſelf, and not for me; whereas if I had not ſeen ſo ſad an object, my virtue is ſo weak, I ſhould perhaps have thought only upon my own intereſt: No, no, imperious Paſſion (ſaid he) thou that prompted me to commit the greateſt ſins of my life, yet thou ſhalt never move me to commit any more, my virtue is now too ſtrong for thee, and thou canſt not vanquiſh me: But what do I ſay? (added he;) Let me not aſcribe that unto Virtue, which appertains only unto Love; and to ſay the very truth, It is my being extreamly in love, that prompts me to act as I intend: Hitherto (ſaid he unto us) I loved *Mandana* only for my ſelf; but now I will begin to love her for her own ſake only: Indeed I know not whether I am able to love her without any deſires; but I am certain I will love her without any hopes, and by conſequence without offence. Let us then labour my dear *Beleſis* (ſaid this generous Prince) to releaſe my Princeſs, and for our greater encouragement let us never think of releaſing her for our ſelves, but for a Prince much more happy than we are; and though I know he deſerves all his good fortune, yet perhaps I ſhall have much ado not to murmur; but I am moſt abſolutely reſolved never to moleſt him.

Theſe, Sir, were the thoughts of the illuſtrious *Mazares*, who ſpent the reſt of that day and all the night following in the extremity of ſorrows: yet not to conſume himſelf in unprofitable ſighs, he began to obſerve very circumſpectly what Guards they kept about the Citadel, and to nouriſh that friendſhip which he had obtained with the Governour, and all with deſign to ſee what ways might be deviſed for the Releaſement of the Princeſs *Mandana*: The better to procure friends and creatures unto himſelf, he was always ready to do any good office for the meaneſt

Souldier, either unto the King of *Lydia*, or the King of *Pontus*, or unto *Abradates* who loved him very well: He courted *Andramites* alſo for his favour, whom he obliged preſently after the Princeſſes were brought from *Epheſus* to *Sardis*; For reports being ſpred about, either by the Priſoners, or ſome other unknown way, that he had taken you, Sir, as well as the King of *Aſſyria* and the Prince *Artamas*, and that at the requeſt of the Princeſs *Palmis* he had releaſed you, *Crœſſus* was ſo angry with him, that he was a while in ſome diſgrace: But ſince it appeared clearly that *Andramites* did it ignorantly, every one lamented him: And my Maſter, who in order to his deſign did endeavour to ingratiate himſelf with all men of Quality which were both powerful and male-contented, did do *Andramites* very good ſervice in this buſineſs, ſince *Crœſſus* did harken more unto his Reaſons, than unto any others that were alledged in his behalf, which ſervice did ſo ſenſibly oblige him, that he vowed eternal friendſhip. But though *Crœſſus* did reſtore *Andramites* into his former favour, yet there reſted in his heart a ſecret grudge againſt that Prince for ſuſpecting him who had given ſo many teſtimonies of his fidelity. As for the King of *Pontus*, he was the ſaddeſt man in the World that you, Sir, was not taken; conceiving that if you had been a Priſoner, then the conſequence would have been moſt happy for him; becauſe he could have payed the debt which he owed in reſtoring you, Sir, your liberty, and have ſatisfied himſelf and his paſſion in keeping the Princeſs *Mandana*.

As things were in this condition, we underſtood that *Tegeus* ſon unto the Governour of the Citadel was amongſt the Priſoners of War which were taken: And as we underſtood at the ſame time that he was in love with a Lady called *Cyleniſe*, who was in the Citadel with the Princeſs *Palmis*, the Prince my Maſter deſired *Beleſis*, who had a quick wit to find out an opportunity of ſeeing him, and to know of him whether or no he had any intelligence with any in the Citadel, and whether there was no poſſibilities of releaſing his Miſtreſs, and perhaps himſelf. *Beleſis* undertook this employment, for my Maſter could not employ me (becauſe *Feraulus* being a Priſoner with *Tegeus*, did know me) and he would not go himſelf, leſt the King of *Aſſyria* ſhould ſee him; ſo that *Beleſis* was the only fit Man for the ſervice, and certainly it was a difficult matter to make a better choice; for he tranſacted the matter admirably well, as you ſhall hear by the ſequel of my Diſcourſe. For my part, I endeavored to tamper and gain ſome Souldiers of the Citadel, not telling them wherein I intended to employ them. Thus every one of us being buſie, though we yet ſaw no great likelyhood of any happy ſucceſs in our enterpriſe, yet we lived in a little leſs anguiſh of mind. In the mean time, ſince the King of *Pontus* did infinitely eſteem the ſuppoſed *Telephanes*, he courted him and his friendſhip very much, although he found but cold returns: yet ſince *Telephanes* durſt not but keep within ſuch terms of civility as were fitting for a man of his Quality, the King of *Pontus* perceived it not, but loved him exceedingly, and ſo much, that meeting him one day in the King's Garden, as he came out from a Council of War held in the Cloſet of *Crœſſus*, he began to ſpeak unto him of his misfortunes, and of his Love: But amongſt all the reſt of his ſad diſaſters which ever had happened unto him, he did not grieve ſo much for any thing as that he had ſuch a Rival as he could not chuſe but love, and as he was infinitely obliged unto: For truly (ſaid ſhe unto him) is it not a moſt miſerable condition to be unjuſt and ungrateful unto the greateſt Prince in the World? unto whom I am a debtor both for my life and liberty; unto whom I am beholding for that Scepter which belongs unto me, if I would take it from him: but yet I cannot; my Love to *Mandana* is ſo violent, that I am not Maſter of my Reaſon. *Telephanes* hearing the King of *Pontus* ſpeak thus, did think it beſt to confirm him in his generoſity, ſo that perhaps he might induce him to releaſe *Mandana*: So that being prompted by the ſpurs of Love which would not let him loſe a minute of time, he repeated unto him all that he had ſo often hinted unto himſelf ſince he repented the carrying away of the Princeſs *Mandana*. Do you not conſider, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) that every moment you retain the Princeſs whom you love, ſhe hates you the more for it? I know it very well, replied the King of *Pontus*; but *Telephanes*, if ever you were in love, I pray you imagine how difficult a thing it is to part with a Princeſs, who as ſoon as ſhe is at liberty will be in the Arms of another? Alas, *Telephanes*, if you adviſe me to part from her, certainly you were never in love. I wiſh the Gods, Sir, (replyed he, and ſighed, having ſo much diſorder in his Spirit, as it was to ſee he ſpoke as he thought) that what you ſay were true. No, Sir, I know what love is; and I ſpeak as I do, becauſe I know the power of that Paſſion; for if you love, ſhould you not do any thing to procure the love of her you love? Yes doubtleſs (replyed the King of *Pontus*.) Why then do you take that courſe, replyed *Telephanes*) which will procure her greater hatred? Becauſe I can do no otherwiſe (replyed he,) for what courſe can I take to avoid her hate? By giving the Princeſs whom you love her liberty (anſwered he,) ſince it is not poſſible but ſhe muſt needs infinitely eſteem you, if your Virtue do ſurmount your paſſion: Then, Sir, would your glory ſpread over all *Aſia*; all your Subjects would rebel againſt him that uſurps your Kingdom; every Prince would arm in your behalf, and reconquer your Dominions for you: *Cyrus* himſelf would ſet you upon your Throne: And indeed, Sir, I find ſo much glory in the act I adviſe you unto, that I would do it, though I were ſure to dye the next day. Ah *Telephanes*, cryed the King of *Pontus*, alas, you do not know the ſoveraignty of that Paſſion which commands my Soul, although you have been in love; Love is either great or little, either according to the beauty which doth cauſe it, or elſe according to the ſenſibility of that heart which is touched with it, and therefore all the world does not love alike: But, *Telephanes*, I have a Soul the moſt ſenſible of all men living, and *Mandana* is the faireſt and moſt raviſhing Beauty upon Earth: Come, *Telephanes* (ſaid he, and would have carryed him by the arm towards the Cittadel) come and ſee the Juſtification of my Crime in the eyes of that Princeſs whom I adore: for though they are always incenſed when they look upon me, at leaſt very melancholy, yet you ſhall ſee it is impoſſible to be deprived of them and live. *Telephanes* was much ſurprized at the Propoſition, and ſo much diſordered, that if the King of *Pontus* had not been blinded with his over-zeal, he would have perceived it: And what deſire ſoever my Maſter had to ſee *Mandana*, yet he would never ſee her with the King of *Pontus*; ſo that to excuſe himſelf, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) If there need no more to juſtifie you but the ſight of her Beauty, you ſhall be ſo in my opinion; for I ſaw her when ſhe came firſt to *Sardis*; and the more ſad I ſaw her, the more I accuſed you: all this would not ſatisfie the King of *Pontus*, but he ſtill importuned my Maſter to go with him unto the Princeſs.

Pardon me, *Orſanus* (ſaid *Cyrus*) if I interrupt you in your Story, to ask you, Whether the King of *Pontus* did ſee the Princeſs *Mandana* every day? Ever ſince ſhe came to *Sardis* (replyed he) none had the liberty to ſee her but himſelf, but truly he is not at all the more happy; for I have heard one of his ſervants ſay, that he never viſits her, but both his Love and Deſpair is augmented, for he finds her always more fair, but more rigid every day than other. *Cyrus* then asking pardon of the two Princeſſes, *Orſanus* went on with his Story thus.

The King of *Pontus* being very importunate with my Maſter to go unto *Mandana*, did preſs him ſo far, that the poor *Telephanes* could find but bad Reaſons to excuſe himſelf; but he was forced to leave him, and go into the Cittadel without him, and went by a great Walk of Cypreſs, cloſe by the ditch of that place, and oppoſite to the Garden door. After *Mazares* ſaw him enter, he walked above two hours in that Walk, thinking upon the adventure which had happened: Ry chance *Beleſis* and I found him there, and he acquainted us with the paſſage: Afterwards making a ſtand, and looking earneſtly upon us; Muſt it not needs be confeſſed (ſaid he unto us) that Fortune is very ingenious to torment me, ſince I muſt be continually both culpable and miſerable? For I ſee, that to do one good act, as to releaſe the Princeſs whom I took away, is, I muſt commit a hundred bad ones; I muſt, I ſay, diſſemble and deceive them that truſt me; I muſt always ſpeak contrary to truth, I muſt be of one ſide, and ſeem to be of the other, and all this to put the perſon whom I moſt love and adore into the power of a beloved Rival: For my dear friends (ſaid he unto us) with tears in his eyes) to put *Mandana* into ſuch a condition as ſhe would be, is certain to deliver her unto *Cyrus*: This I have promiſed unto my ſelf, and this I will either do or die.

Sir, replyed *Beleſis*, I do not queſtion but to find out ways how to do the firſt of thoſe two, for by ſuborning ſome of *Tegeus* his Guard, I can ſpeak with him as oft as I pleaſe, and can diſpoſe him to endeavour the utmoſt of my power that the Citadel may be ſurprized: He hath given me a Letter unto an old Officer in it, who, he ſaith, is very covetous, and who indeed I have found very ready to receive gifts, and by conſequence, ready to do what I would have him, ſo I will feed him with gifts. Moreover he told me, that when I had found out ways to releaſe the Princeſſes, and his dear *Celenice*, he knew how to eſcape his priſon without trouble to any; for he who commands the Guard over the priſoners of War is ſo abſolutely his, that if he deſired it, he could get them all releaſed, except the Prince *Artamas*, who hath a particular Guard by himſelf: But why is *Tegeus* ſtill a priſoner (ſaid my Maſter) if it be in his power to have his liberty? Becauſe in the condition he is in (replied *Beleſis*) he is not ſuſpected, and he hath a deſign to find out ways how to releaſe the Princeſſes, and thereby ingage two great Princes, and alſo to releaſe *Celenice* for his own ſatisfaction; ſo that I perceive it ſticks but upon two things, to wit, ſome men for the execution of his deſign, which I have promiſed him, and one to acquaint the Princeſſes that their liberty is ready for them, and that they would prepare themſelves

ſelves to follow their Releaſers; and this is the effect of that Letter which I have unto the old Officer whereof I ſpoke, that he ſhall let the Princeſſes underſtand how there are preparations for their releaſment: But he told me, that this would be difficult for him to do, and that it would be much more eaſie for him to deliver us a Port, and we to carry them away, than for him to ſpeak unto them: But, *Beleſis*, replyed *Telephanes*, why did you not tell me any thing of your negotiation? Becauſe I would have the buſineſs more ripe, (replyed he) and had it not been to comfort you a little, I ſhould not have told you ſo much, becauſe the buſineſs cannot be executed ſo ſoon. Moreover, a Captain of greateſt power in the Citadel, next the Governour, who is an intimate friend unto *Tegeus*, is not in *Sardis*, nor will he return this fifteen days. *Telephanes* perceiving then that *Tegeus* was Maſter of the Guards, that he had very powerful intelligence in the Citadel, that I had gained many of the Souldiers, and that there wanted nothing but a Convoy, and one to acquaint the Princeſſes, did not think upon any thing, but how to remove theſe two obſtacles. A while after, news being brought to Town that *Nyſomolis* was taken, and that your Army, Sir, ſtruck a terror into all *Lydia*, it was requiſite that *Telephanes*, (to keep himſelf unſuſpected, and to preſerve that advantageous opinion which they conceived of him) ſhould go into the Wars, and ſhew that he deſerved it; he went out therefore with *Andramites*, and in ſeveral ſmall encounters did notably behave himſelf; yet his mind was, that *Beleſis* and I ſhould ſtay in *Sardis*, to keep *Tegeus*, and all thoſe of his correſpondency in a diſpoſition to execute the enterpriſe when it was ripe, with orders to advertiſe him ſpeedily of it when the time came, to the end, he might find out a pretence for his coming to *Sardis*. Thus, Sir, did things ſtand at *Sardis*, whilſt you were taking Towns, and forcing the *Lydian* Troops to quit their Quarters.

But to ſhorten my diſcourſe as much as I can, upon theſe tearms, Sir, did the enterpriſe concerning *Mandana*'s releaſment ſtand, when after you deſired combat with the King of *Pontus*, there was an enterview between you and that Prince, when you knew the Prince *Mazares* amongſt the reſt which came with him. I doubt not. Sir, but you deſire to know why my Maſter would come unto that meeting, for I wondred at it my ſelf, but he would give me no other reaſon, than that ſince you had met him, and ſpoke to him in *Paphlagonia*, yet then knew him not, he thought that certainly you would not know him in *Lydia*, and therefore he might boldly, without fear of diſcovery, accompany the King of *Pontus*, who was very importunate with him, and alſo might ſatisfie his deſires of being preſent at an enterview, wherein he had a ſecret intereſt, which none knew of but himſelf: For indeed he told me in going to that place, where you and the King of *Pontus* were to ſee each other, that ſometimes he wiſhed that your perſwaſions might not prevail with the King of *Pontus*, concerning *Mandana*'s releaſement, but that he himſelf might have the glory of it: And ſometimes again, when he ſuſpected the happy ſucceſs of his enterpriſe, he wiſhed the King of *Pontus* might be moved by your reaſons. However it was, Sir, the Prince *Mazares*, (who I will now call *Telephanes* no longer) did go with the King of *Pontus*, upon reaſons ſo different and oppoſite, that he could never reconcile them himſelf. In the mean while, Sir, I beſeech you do me the honour to confeſs, that there is never any true judgment to be given upon appearances; for indeed I know, Sir, that when you ſaw the Buckler whereon my Maſter repreſented a dead man, and his Motto, teſtifying, that he thought himſelf worthy of it, and knew him who bore it to be the Prince *Mazares*: Then, I ſay, you were angry, and hated him, and that you expreſſed as much by ſuch viſible marks, both in your words and actions, as any one might ſee the thoughts of your heart; Yet, Sir, this man whom you thus hated, was then thinking upon nothing elſe, but how to render the Princeſs *Mandana* unto you, and for ever to deprive himſelf of her, and indeed he anſwered you with as much moderation as a man of courage poſſibly could. I ſhall not need to tell you, Sir, what his thoughts were upon that occaſion, for you may eaſily imagine them; but give me leave to tell you, that after (by the prudence of *Abradates*) this dangerous conference was ended, and that every one took the way unto his own Quarter, the King of *Pontus* knew no more how to behave himſelf towards *Mazares*, than *Mazares* knew what to ſay unto him. After they had marched forty or fifty paces without a word paſſing amongſt them, *Abradates* came to my Maſter with much civility: Generous Prince (ſaid he unto him) I am ſorry that I muſt render you more reſpect than hitherto I have, for ſince it was your pleaſure to be unknown, I ſuppoſe you had rather have ſtill been *Telephanes*, than the Prince *Mazares*, ſince you have made that name ſo famous, that you cannot leave it off unleſs you wrong your ſelf: Sir, replyed he, I have been ever ſo unfortunate under the name of *Mazares*, that it is no wonder I ſhould deſire to leave it off for a time; but for ought I ſee, the name of *Telephanes* is not more proſperous unto me.

All this while the King of *Pontus* ſpoke not a word; but calling to memory how *Mazares* lived at *Sardis*, and how he refuſed to go with him unto *Mandana*, though he importuned him, and conſidered that he had inſinuated himſelf into the friendſhip of the Governour in the Citadel, and with all the men of Quality in Court, he thought that he would at laſt put all theſe into ſome deſign; but not being able to comprehend the myſtery, yet being very deſirous of further ſatisfaction, without any further delay he went to the King of *Suſiana*, and the Prince *Mazares*, and looking upon my Maſter; I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid he unto him, though you be my Rival, yet deny me not one favour which I ſhall ask you, as if you were *Telephanes* my Friend, and my extreamly loved Friend: Although I am your Rival, Sir, (replied the Prince *Saces*) and by conſequence *Telephanes* could never be very much your friend, no more than *Mazares* could; yet let me tell you, that there are very few things which you are not able to obtain of me: For truly, ſince you ſaved the life of the Princeſs *Mandana*, whom I moſt unfortunately cauſed to periſh, your Prayers muſt needs be very prevalent with me, and indeed, ſo they ſhall be for ever: If ſo, (replied the King of *Pontus*) tell me what opinion I ought to have of you, for I profeſs unto you I do not know; when I call to mind all I have ſeen you do, I know not where I am, and I yet doubt whether you be *Telephanes* or the Prince *Mazares*: Certainly I am the laſt of theſe, replyed he: If you be, ſaid the King of *Pontus*, why do you engage your ſelf on the ſide of *Crœſſus*? Why did you conceal your name? And what motives had you to act as you have done? Is it for your ſelf or for me that you have fought? It was neither for you nor my ſelf, (replyed my Maſter, with as much ſubtilty as wit, to diſguiſe the reality of his thoughts) but it was againſt *Cyrus*: Yet it does not ſeem to me, replyed the King of *Pontus*, that you ſpoke unto him with any ſuch ſymptoms of hatred as ſhould induce you to fight in favour of one Rival to ruine another. But tell me ingenuouſly, I beſeech you, what ought I to think of your Actions? And how muſt I conſider you? As a Man, (replyed *Mazares*, and ſighed) that does not pretend unto the leaſt hopes or aims of ever enjoying *Mandana*; and I would it were the pleaſure of the Gods, that I could inſpire you with the ſame bitter repentance which I have for carrying her away, and cauſing the greateſt parts of all the miſeries which have befallen her. How's this, *Mazares*, ſaid the King of *Pentus*, do not you pretend any thing to *Mandana*, and yet come diſguiſed unto the place where ſhe is? You fight againſt the Forces of the other ſide; you ingratiate your ſelf into friendſhip; you ſeem to be my Friend; and is all this without any pretenſion? No, no, it is impoſſible; you can never perſwade me to believe it. It is not an eaſie matter to imagine, (ſaid the King of *Suſiana*) what the intention of the Prince *Mazares* ſhould be: Yet he hath one, (replyed the King of *Pontus*) of what nature ſoever it be. That which doth moſt trouble me, (added he, in ſpeaking to *Abradates*) is, that he hath hath uſed all his endeavours and arguments to perſwade me to render the Princeſs *Mandana* unto *Cyrus*; and indeed how is it poſſible (added he, and ſpoke to my Maſter) if you yet love her, you ſhould adviſe me to put her into the power of a Prince that adores her, and for whom ſhe ſcorns all thoſe that love her?

To teſtifie unto you, ſaid *Mazares*, that I have no ſecret intereſt at all, I ſhall give you the ſame counſel now when you know what I am, and conjure you, with all the faculties of my heart and Soul, to give freedom unto the Princeſs *Mandana*: And I will engage my word, that in acknowledgment of your ſaving her life, and giving her liberty, I will divide the Kingdom which hereafter I ſhall poſſeſs, and give half of it to you, if you cannot reconquer your own. No, no, ſaid the King of *Pontus*, you wiſh not what you ſay; for if you did, I muſt not look upon you as my Rival, but as my friend. I know not well, replied *Mazares*, whether I am your Friend or your Rival, my reaſon is ſo rafled: but yet I know that I love *Mandana* more perfectly than you do, ſince I know how to limit my hopes, and ſeek no further then her ſatisfaction: Did you know how to love ſo well as I, you would be more ſenſible than you are of the ſufferings which the perſon beloved endures: But in the name of the Gods, Sir, let me perſwade you to repent as I do, and let not one of your Rivals have that advantage over you: Moreover, I beſeech you, do not think, that I only ſay I will not pretend any thing unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, out of any fear to make you my Enemy, as valiant as you are; for I care ſo little for my life, that if I conſidered none but my ſelf, I would ſeek ſuch an occaſion to dye the ſooner and more glorioully: but I do really ſpeak as I think; and it is not more true, that you do love the Princeſs *Mandana*, than it is true that I pretend nothing unto her; but I wiſh with all my heart and ſoul that you would ſet her at liberty, and put her into the hands of *Cyrus*, rather than let her continue miſerable ſtill. If what you ſay be true, replied the King of *Pontus*, of all men living you are the moſt virtuous, or elſe the leaſt amorous; and I ſhould much wonder if it ſhould be the laſt of theſe; and that a corner paſſion ſhould cauſe you to carry away the Princeſs *Mandana*, and forget your duties to the King of *Aſſyria*. As the greateſt Crimes, replied my Maſter, do cauſe the greateſt repentance; ſo it is no wonder, if ſince I have committed a double injuſtice, I ſhould be extreamly aſhamed. It is true, replied the King of *Pontus*, but yet it is very much that one ſhould love, and yet be able to render his Miſtreſs unto a Rival whom ſhe loved Yet truly (ſaid the King of *Suſiana*) the Prince *Mazares* does expreſs himſelf ſo emphatically, and with ſuch an ayr, as is apparent that his tongue ſpeaks the very thoughts of his heart; and therefore I conjure you both, whatever both your deſigns are, not to diſunite. For my part, ſaid the King of *Pontus*, if the Prince *Mazares* will engage his word, that he will never pretend any thing unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, and that he has no concealed deſign to carry her away both from *Cyrus* and my ſelf, I ſhall carry my ſelf towards him as if he were not my Rival. *Abradates* then asked *Mazares* whether he would engage himſelf unto ſuch Conditions as the King of *Pontus* deſired? ſince he himſelf profeſſed he had no pretenſions unto *Mandana*. Whilſt this Prince was ſpeaking thus unto him, *Mazares* did conſult with his mind upon the matter; and finding that if he ſhould promiſe what was required, yet he did not thereby engage himſelf unto any thing which was contrary to his deſign, ſince his intentions were not to carry away the Princeſs *Mandana* for himſelf, therefore he conſented unto thoſe Conditions, though with much repugnancy; and I verily believe, that if he had not certainly known the death of the King of *Pontus* would not have furthered the liberty of *Mandana*, in lieu of making this promiſe, he would have decided the controverſie by his Sword, and fought with this Prince.

Thus, Sir, did this conference paſs; after which, *Abradates* acquainting *Crœſſus* with my Maſter's condition when he came to *Sardis*, and relating all paſſages as much in my Maſter's advantage as I could, *Crœſſus* had not ſo many jealouſies in his Soul as the King of

Pontus had, who after did circumſpectly obſerve all my Maſter's actions, ſo that we had much ado to hold thoſe intelligences which formerly we did without diſcovery. In the mean while, the Prince *Mazares* had ſuch an extream abhorrence of all diſſimulations, that if *Beleſis* and I had not perſwaded him that the glory of an enterpriſe of this nature, did conſiſt only in the execution, and not in the means by which it was concealed; and that the Conſpirators, the more they diſſemble in a juſt cauſe, the more commendations they deſerve: I think, that rather than he would have done as he did to conceal his deſign, he would have undertaken a more violent reſolution. After this, Sir, you know how high diſcontents were grown amongſt all the Princes, concerning an exchange of Prince *Artamas*; and the Queen, before whom I ſpeak; and how *Andramites*, and the Prince *Myrſiles* took the King of *Suſiana*'s part: But you do not know, Sir, how my Maſter making uſe of theſe diviſions, did ſecretly and frequently viſit the generous *Abradates* and *Andramites*, and ſo wrought upon their Spirits, as they promiſed him, that if matters were further exaſperated, they would attempt nothing without him; but yet my Maſter ſtill kept his deſign cloſe unto himſelf. After this, Sir, the Truce being publiſhed, the Captain who was friend unto *Tegeus*, being returned unto the Cittadel, my Maſter did make a ſhew as if he were not well, to the end he might the more conveniently endeavour to ſpeak with *Mandana*, or at leaſt with *Marteſia*; and we did negotiate the buſineſs ſo happily, that by the aſſiſtance of this friend unto *Tegeus*, who had the Guard of the Chamber where the Princeſſes did lye, we had permittance to enter into the Cittadel in the night, and he promiſed to help me to the ſpeech of *Marteſia*. As I knew that *Marteſia* had a very friendly opinion of me ever ſince I was her guide in bringing her to *Sinope*, ſo I hoped to effect my buſineſs very well; but do what I could, I could not perſwade my Maſter to ſtay behind, for he thought that I could not ſo well ggravate his bitter repentance, as himſelf could do; ſo that I was forced to ſubmit unto his deſires, and I had ſo ordered the buſineſs, that juſt at nine of the Clock, the friend of *Tegeus* would let my Maſter and me enter, undiſcovered by any; and ſo bringing us by a back pair of ſtairs into his own Chamber, he went unto *Mandana*'s, where finding *Marteſia*, he deſired her that ſhe would be pleaſed to let him have an hours diſcourſe with her; ſo that *Marteſia*, being as complaiſant as any judicious perſon would be unto one that kept them priſoners, conſented; and paſſing from the Chamber of her Miſtreſs unto her own, which was very near, the Captain came to us, and according to the plot between my Maſter and my ſelf, I only went unto *Marteſia*, to the end I might the better deceive her, as afterwards I ſhall tell you; for we knew very well, that the Princeſs *Mandana* did not think my Maſter to be alive, or that he was at *Sardis*, becauſe *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* had given expreſs charge; that no news whatſoever ſhould be carried unto the Princeſſes, and therefore we feared not that *Mandana* could know of his being there.

Then did this Captain conduct me to *Marteſia*'s Chamber, and left me there; ſhe no ſooner ſaw me, but ſhe broke out into a hundred expreſſions of joy and tenderneſs. Ah *Orſanus* (ſaid ſhe unto me) Can you not carry me once again to *Sinope*, and bring the Princeſs with me? Yes ſweet *Marteſia* (ſaid I unto her) that I can, and I came hither purpoſely to make the Propoſition unto you. Alas, replied ſhe, I ſee ſo little poſſibility in it, that I fear they will ſooner keep you a priſoner with us, than you can ſet us at ſo much liberty; and therefore to conſume no time in telling me any pleaſing lies, I pray tell me, how the ſtate of things in general does ſtand? For we know nothing here but what pleaſeth the King of *Pontus*, who will tell us nothing but that he is in Love; therefore pray tell how the illuſtrious *Cyrus* does? And where is his Army? Tell me whether *Artamas* be recovered of his wounds? For the Princeſs of *Lydia* is much grieved for him, and if it were not too much to ask you at once, you would do me a pleaſure in telling me what is become of poor *Feraulas*? *Marteſia* having put all theſe queſtions unto me, I ſatisfied her curioſity in them all; after which, I aſſumed the diſcourſe wherewith I began, and aſſured her confidently, that I knew of an infallible way to releaſe the Princeſſes, and to put *Mandana* into the hands of *Cyrus*: ſo that ſhe believed there was ſome truth in my words: But ſhe told me, that as for the Princeſs *Palmis* ſhe would never go out of priſon, but by the hand of the King her Father, eſpecially ſince the Prince *Artamas* would remain a priſoner of War; and leſt this ſhould keep the Princeſs *Mandana* from going out, I pray tell me (ſaid ſhe unto me) What are the beſt courſes to be taken; Firſt it is requiſite, ſaid I unto her, that I have the honour to ſee the Princeſs; and ſecondly, the ſame honour is deſired for him, that is the chief actor in the enterpriſe, who is now in the Captains Chamber, who brought me hither, and who deſires to receive his orders from her own mouth: There is no difficulty in all this (replied *Marteſia*) provided you will have a little patience, for I believe the Princeſs of *Lydia* will leave her preſently: But in the interim (ſaid ſhe) I pray tell me who is this generous Liberator? How can he get us out from hence? And when ſhall it be? For I wiſh it were this very hour, if it were poſſible: You ſhall know the two firſt of your queſtions in good time (replied I) and as for getting you out from hence, it ſhall be within this three days, if the Princeſs pleaſe: If ſhe pleaſe (replied ſhe) Ah *Orſanus*, I warrant you it will pleaſe her, ſince though the King of *Pontus* be as reſpective to her as he is unjuſt, I am confident ſhe would do any thing to get out of his power. In the mean time, ſaid ſhe, that we may the ſooner ſee whether the Princeſs of *Lydia* be retired, and the ſooner ſee our Deliverer, I pray you follow me.

In ſaying ſo, ſhe carried me unto a little Cloſet over againſt the Princeſs Chamber, but ſo near it; and the partitions ſo full of crannies (for you muſt know the places of War are not built like Palaces) that any thing might be heard which was ſpoken. Being then in this place where we could hear all the diſcouſe which paſſed between the two Princeſſes, we began to hearken, in hopes they would end their diſcourſe quickly, and preſently I heard a voice which was unknown to me, and which *Marteſia* ſaid was the Princeſs *Palmis*, who complained extreamly againſt the malignity of her Fortune: For my part, replied the Princeſs *Mandana*, I hardly dare complain againſt mine; for ſince the conformity which is in our misfortunes did make you love me, and in ſome ſort cauſed the friendſhip which is between the Prince *Artamas*, and the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, methinks I ought to endure it patiently: Ah, Madam, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, I beſeech you do not give ſo bad a foundation unto the affection which I bear you, and ſeek not for that in the ſuitableneſs of our miſeries, which cannot be found any where but in your rare merits; and if you pleaſe to look a little nearer into things, you will find a notable difference between the misfortunes of *Cyrus*, and thoſe of *Artamas*, and alſo between yours and mine: Yet in many things they reſemble very much, replied *Mandana*, for as one hath been expoſed to many dangers, ſo hath the other; as one changed his own name for that of *Artamenes*, the other aſſumed the name of *Cleander* in lieu of his own, both of them are brave and gallant, both of them have been Conquerours, both of them in Love, and if there be any difference, it is in that the Prince *Artamas* loved by reaſon, and *Cyrus* only by inclination: Had you changed the name of *Artamas* for *Cyrus*, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, your diſcourſe had been juſt: I beſeech you let me end it (ſaid the Princeſs *Mandana*) and ſee whether I have not reaſon to attribute unto the likeneſs of our miſeries, the pity which you have of mine: Beſides all that I ſaid before, theſe two Princes have had the favour and affection of theſe two Kings whom they ſerved, they have both of them been impriſoned by them, for whom they have hazarded their lives a thouſand times; as *Crœſſus* was diſpleaſed with you, becauſe you favoured *Cleander*; ſo *Ciaxares* hated me, becauſe I eſteemed *Artamenes*: Indeed what ſhould I ſay? *Cyrus* and *Artamas* brought us hither;

ther; Have they not perſecuted you as well as me? And as *Adraſtus* and *Arteſilias* dyed for you, did not the unfortunate *Mazares* periſh for me? Are we not now both Priſoners together? And muſt it not needs be confeſſed, that ſince you cannot love me for any reſemblance of thoſe admirable qualities which are in you, and not in me, Heaven has a deſign to make you love me, becauſe I reſemble you in your misfortunes: To ſhew you (replied the Princeſs *Palmis*) that the Love I bear you proceeds from nothing but your merits, and not at all from any reſemblances of our adventures, I muſt needs let you ſee that they are infinitely different; ſo that in reaſon it cannot be ſaid they have any reſemblance, and by conſequence you ought not to believe, that the affection I bear you hath any ſuch cauſe: The adventures of *Cyrus* and *Artamas* are much different; for when *Cyrus* was only *Artamenes*, he knew that he was *Cyrus*, and was not ignorant of his own Quality: whereas on the contrary, the unfortunate *Cleander* did not ſo much as know who himſelf was, but thought himſelf ſo far below my Quality, that he did condemn his Love no leſs than I ſhould if I had then known it: *Artamenes* had nothing elſe to make his condition known to be equal unto yours, but only to ſay he was *Cyrus*: But *Cleander* for a long while durſt not ſo much as wiſh to know who he was, leſt his condition ſhould prove diſadvantageous unto him, if it were known: Theſe falſe Names under which both of them did paſs was given them variouſly, for *Cyrus* took the Name of *Artamenes* upon him to diſguiſe himſelf; and *Artamas* not knowing his true Name, received that of *Cleander* from *Thimettes*, who gave it him, not thinking he ſhould ever leave it: 'Tis very true, both of them are moſt gallant men, and both Conquerours, but with a notable difference, ſince Fortune hath almoſt confined the Victories of *Artamas* to the Kingdom of his Father, whilſt ſhe hath ſtretched the Conqueſts of *Cyrus* over all *Aſia*. The original of their Paſſions is alſo as different as the merit of thoſe two perſons who cauſed them:

The priſons alſo in which both of them were, are very unlike, and proceeded from ſeveral cauſes: The jealouſie and wickedneſs of *Arteſilas* cauſed the Impriſonment of *Cleander*; and the prejudicate opinion of *Ciaxares* was the cauſe of *Artamenes* his Impriſonment; though I muſt needs confeſs there was equal injuſtice in them both. Moreover, the hatred which *Ciaxares* bore unto *Cyrus*, proceeded only from a miſunderſtanding of the Menaces of the Gods; but the King my Father hated *Artamas* becauſe he thought I loved him, and by conſequence the cauſe of his hatred cannot ceaſe, as the cauſe of *Ciaxares* his hatred did. Moreover, you cannot in reaſon ſay, there was any equality in their laſt impriſonment, ſince that of *Cyrus* laſted not above an hour at moſt, whereas that of *Artamas* laſts yet, and he was dangerouſly wounded beſides: But I beſeech you, let us cloſe up all theſe reſemblances which we find in our fortunes in this one, which is, our Impriſonment: Is there not a vaſt difference between us? for you know there are two hundred thouſand men in Arms for your Liberty: That the moſt valiant Prince upon Earth, and the greateſt Captain commands this Army, and fights only for you: Moreover, it is juſt in you to wiſh him Victory, and to make prayers unto Heaven for it: But as for me, I am not only deprived of all hopes of relief, but of all other conſolations, except your friendſhip, Madam, which truly is a great one: For truly I muſt not deſire my Liberty, ſince it cannot be but by the Conqueſt of the King my Father, by the loſs of his Crown, and by his being a Slave: all which will be, if *Cyrus* be a Conqueror; and if he be not, then Prince *Artamas* will periſh in Priſon, and I dye where I am: ſo that ſince I cannot deſire any thing which would be advantagious to me, I muſt endure my miſeries, and never wiſh for an end. After this, I beſeech you, judge whether I am at all a debtor unto my misfortunes for your affection, but rather for your pity. However it be, replyed *Mandana*, I am confident, that the Gods have a deſign Prince *Artamas* ſhall love and do *Cyrus* good ſervice, and that *Cyrus* ſhall protect and comfort *Artamas.* After this, theſe two Priſoner Princeſſes ſpoke much more unto each other which I could not underſtand, becauſe *Marteſia* hindered me, and I had much ado to get her let me hear as much as I have related to you, for ſhe was continually asking me queſtions, unto which I returned ſhort anſwers, and ſometimes only with my head; becauſe, ſince ſhe named my Maſter once, I deſired to hear whether ſhe would name him any more: But if I did not certainly know that the Prince *Mazares* my Maſter would never pretend any more unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, I ſhould not have been ſo perfidious unto him, as to acquaint the illuſtrious *Cyrus* with all thoſe advantageous expreſſions which ſhe uſed towards him.

But to return unto my Diſcourſe, Be pleaſed to know, Madam, that at laſt the Princeſs of *Lydia* left *Mandana*, and went unto her Chamber, which was ſeparated from hers only by a withdrawing Room which was common to them both. She was no ſooner gone, than knowing there was none with her but *Arianita*, I went unto my Maſter to bring him unto *Mandana*'s Chamber; the Captain who let us enter into the Cittadel brought us to the door, and there left us, to the end he might take more care that none ſhould diſcover us. As *Marteſia* prepared the Princeſs to receive a man who would releaſe her, and told her that it was I who would conduct him, ſhe wondered who it ſhould be that would be ſo generous as to be her Deliverer: And I knew afterwards by *Marteſia*, ſhe did think it no other than the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: So that her extraordinary fears, in thinking what dangers he expoſed himſelf unto for her ſake, did cool all her joys when ſhe thought upon her hop'd-for Releaſement. Then, Madam, you may eaſily imagine how infinitely the Princeſs was amazed, when in lieu of ſeeing the illuſtrious *Cyrus* enter, ſhe ſaw the unfortunate Prince *Mazares* caſting himſelf at her feet, whom ſhe imagined to be dead: She turned haſtily towards *Marteſia*, to ask her, whether what ſhe ſaw was real?

and

and if it was, why ſhe did deceive her? *Marteſia*, who was no leſs amazed than the Princeſs, looked upon me with ſo much Wonder, that ſhe could not ask me why I diſſembled with her? In the mean while, my Maſter, who was upon his knees before the Princeſs, he began to ſpeak thus unto her: You ſee here at your feet, Madam, a man that is riſen from the dead; but riſen as innocent as he was culpable before your ſhipwrack; Therefore, I beſeech you, do not treat me as I deſerved when I was ſo unjuſt as to carry you away, ſince I am not the ſame man now as I was then. I do not beg of you, Madam, to let me love and adore you; for I am moſt fully reſolved in the very reality of my heart, never to have any ſuch thought as long as I live: All the whole ſum of my Petition is, that you would be pleaſed to pardon my Crime, and give me leave to leſſen it a little, by procuring you that Liberty which I took from you. Ah *Mazares*, ſaid the Princeſs, I will not be deluded at *Sardis* as I was at *Sinope*, and I have no ſuch thoughts of you at this preſent as I had at that time. Yet I am now leſs worthy of your friendſhip (replied he) than ever I was; for truly, Madam, when I was at *Babylon*, I did nothing but ſtrive againſt that Paſſion which you had created in me: and truly though I did reſiſt it with all my force, yet it was far too weak; for I was overcome by this imperious Paſſion; all the Virtue I had ſubmitted unto it: it expelled all Generoſity and Reaſon out of my Soul; and at *Sinope* forced me to commit the moſt unjuſt act that ever was: I carried you away, Madam; I deceived you, and carried you away; in telling you that I would deliver you into whoſe hands ſoever you pleaſed: But, my divine Princeſs, I was not long culpable, ſince my repentance was almoſt as ſoon as the Crime was committed; and the Command which I gave unto the Pilot to ſteer his courſe towards *Sinope*, was that which put us in a periſhing condition. No, no, *Mazares*, ſaid the Princeſs, you can never perſwade me to truſt you, ſince you ſo extreamly deceived me: For to let you ſee how horrid your Crime ſeems in my eye, I do profeſs, that, excepting *Cyrus*, I will not truſt any man upon Earth: I eſteemed you as much as I could eſteem any, and more than that, I loved you as well as I could do my Brother: Then I pray you judge, whether I have not reaſon to paſs from one extremity unto another, ſince you have ſo cunningly deceived me, and have cauſed ſo many miſeries to fall upon me. Truly, *Mazares*, I do admire at the pleaſure of the Gods in ſaving your life, ſince you have not only been the cauſe of my miſeries, but of all *Aſia*, which had not been up in Arms if you had not carried me away. Ceaſe, Madam, (replied this ſad Prince) ceaſe I beſeech you, from any further aggravations of my Crime, ſince I ſee how great it is; for without the conſideration of the miſeries of others, I need think upon none but what I have cauſed unto you: But, Madam, my repentance is ſo ſharp, that if you did but know the bitterneſs of it, I believe you would pity me; and though it be not proportionable to the greatneſs of my Crime, yet I cannot impoſe a ſharper pennance upon my ſelf, than that I ſhould my ſelf put you into the hands of *Cyrus*, that happy Rival, whom the Gods do favour in ſo high a manner, that his very Rivals themſelves are ready to releaſe unto him that Princeſs whom they love as well as he doth: For this, Madam, I have quitted my Deſart, unto which I had confined my ſelf: To this end I came into *Lydia*, under a diſguiſed Name; and ~~it is~~ my real reſolution to get you out of Priſon: And the Gods have ſo far ſmiled upon my Project, that if you will, Madam, you ſhall be releaſed from hence, and carried into the Camp of *Cyrus*.

As ſoon as *Mazares* had ſpoke theſe words, he ſighed ſo ſeriouſly, and in ſuch earneſt manner, as one might ſee his repentanee was real: but yet for all that, the Princeſs *Mandana* could not believe it; yet ſometimes the feeling expreſſions of this ſorrowful Prince would ſomething ſtagger her thoughts, but then immediately after, diffidence would wholly ſeize upon her heart, and ſhe could not poſſibly believe, that the deſign of Prince *Mazares* was really to ſet her at liberty: She perceived he had a great and powerful intelligence in the Cittadel, and ſhe was well enough perſwaded, that he who could ſo cunningly come in, could as well get out: But her belief told her at the ſame time, that his end was to carry her away the ſecond time, and not really to releaſe her, ſo that all his perſwaſive arguments could not move her, but ſhe reſolutely told him, ſhe had rather ſtay where ſhe was a priſoner ſtill, than to be fooled in following him: Alas, Madam (ſaid he unto her) Will you not believe me when I proteſt repentance, and to expiate my crime, would ſet you at liberty? I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that I have not power to ſay I do not love: And, Madam, I am reſolved not to make a mixture of any lyes and truths together, but I do moſt ſolemnly proteſt, in the preſence of thoſe Gods which muſt make all my projects proſperous, that this paſſion is without the leaſt ſpark of any hope, or any pretenſion unto you in the world: I deſire no more but a pardon of my crime, and to ſet you at liberty, if it be obtained, I ſhall not murmur at my death: It is but juſt that this tormenting paſſion be ſtill in my ſoul, as a more ſevere penance for my fault, and ſo be pleaſed to look upon it, and queſtionleſs you will allow it, eſpecially conſidering that I ſue for no other recompence: However, be not ſo prepoſterouſly reſolute, as to believe me when I told a prejudicial lye, and not to believe me when I tell you a moſt real truth, which ſhall ſet you at liberty: No, no, *Mazares*, ſaid the Princeſs, neither you nor any elſe ſhall deceive me twice: I truſted you before, becauſe I thought you incapable of deceiving me, but ſince you have deceived me once, I will never truſt you again: Do not think, Madam, replyed he, that it is now poſſible I ſhould have any ill deſign upon you: How, if I had any ſuch? How could I put it into act? 'Tis true, I can get you out of priſon, becauſe the Camp of *Cyrus* is near, and a ſafe place of retreat: But ſhould I have any deſign to carry you for any ends of my own, how is it poſſible I ſhould effect it? *Sardis* would be no ſafety to hide you in it, all the Country is full of Forces belonging unto *Cyrus*, what therefore could I do with you? I know not, ſaid ſhe, neither where *Cyrus* is, or what courſe you would take, but I know very well I cannot truſt you: Why, Madam, ſaid he unto her, Will you refuſe your liberty, becauſe it is offered by a Prince whom you do not love? The reaſon why I love him not (replyed ſhe) is becauſe I do not believe he has any intention to releaſe me, and deſigns no further than to make me change my Chains; and truly I had rather (ſince I think you only intend to remove me from priſon to priſon) be with the Princeſs of *Lydia* than with you!

To make make it apparent, Madam, ſaid he, That I have no ends of my own in it, be pleaſed to know, that my deſign is not only to releaſe you, but the Princeſs *Palmis* alſo, and that it is by a devoted ſervant unto a Woman of hers that I have this intelligence in this Citadel; and therefore, Madam, you need not doubt the ſincerity of my intentions; I doubt all, replyed ſhe; For I had rather ſuſpect your words, than that they ſhould deceive me again: But, *Orſanus*, (ſaid ſhe, and turned towards me) I did not think it poſſible that you ſhould ſecond your Maſter in ſuch a piece of ſervice as this, and I have always known ſo much virtue in your mind, that I rather will think he deludes you, than that you have any intentions to delude me, as he hath: Madam, replied I, give me leave to aſſure you, that the Prince *Mazares* hath no intentions to deceive you.

Alas, *Orſanus* (ſaid ſhe) it ſeems you are not ſo wiſe as as I am, if you think ſo: Truly Madam (ſaid *Marteſia*, ſpeaking to the Princeſs) Since *Orſanus* ſays it, methinks credit ought to be given to his words, becauſe he is not in Love, and by conſequence more to be believed than the Prince *Mazares*: To teſtifie unto you, Madam (ſaid my Maſter, ſpeaking to *Mandana*)

Mandana) I will remain in your Priſon after you are gone out, and an illuſtrious friend, who I met with in my ſolitude, ſhall conduct you to the moſt happy *Cyrus*, whilſt I ſtay here, and patiently endure the death which *Crœſſus* ſhall give me; and I promiſe you to accept it with much joy, ſo you will pleaſe to promiſe me a favourable memory: And I will do more than that alſo, if you pleaſe (ſaid he, being tranſported with the violence of his Love and deſpair, to ſee ſhe would not yet believe him) for I will kill my ſelf before you go out of that priſon which I will open unto you: If I could believe what you ſpeak, (replied the Princeſs) I ſhould tell you, that your death in that manner would extreamly trouble me, but in truth I cannot believe you: However, I beſeech you acknowledge thus much at the leaſt, that if hereafter you once believe me, you will then leſſen your hatred towards me: I ſhall do more than that, ſaid ſhe, For if ever I once believe you, I ſhall be able to forget what's paſt, and to pardon you, and I think liberty ſo ſweet, and your act ſo generous, that I ſhould afford you my eſteem and friendſhip: But the worſt is, I neither do nor can truſt you; and looking upon you as a Prince, who would deceive me once more, I look upon you with anger and hatred. Was ever miſery comparable to mine? (cried he out.) You tell that you would pardon me, and afford me your friendſhip, if what I ſpeak were true; and yet you are ſo unjuſt, as to look upon me with anger and hatred, though truth it ſelf is not truer, than that I would releaſe you: I beſeech you tell me what I ſhould do to perſwade you of this truth, and to lay open my heart unto you: I know not, replied ſhe, but I am ſure I cannot believe what you ſay; therefore go and move thoſe that let you in, to let you out preſently, and content your ſelf that I am ſo generous as not to ruine you, by advertiſing the Guards who I am ſure you have not corrupted, that you are here: Do not think that the reaſon why I do it not, is becauſe I make any doubts whether what you ſay be true or falſe; but my reaſon is, becauſe I am not cruel, and becauſe your firſt ſervices were ſo conſiderable, that I will not be the cauſe of your death: For Heavens ſake, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, with great trouble in his looks) do not drive me to deſpair, but believe me: For Heavens ſake, replied ſhe, trouble me no more, but leave me in quietneſs: I beſeech you, dear *Marteſia* (ſaid this Prince) perſwade your illuſtrious Miſtreſs to credit my words: Sir, (replyed the wiſe Lady) I profeſs unto you, that for my part, I do believe you, but truly I dare not adviſe the Princeſs to do ſo, becauſe it is not fitting for me to give her counſel in any thing: What ſhall I do then? (replyed he paſſionately) Or indeed what can I do but dye? For ſince I quitted my ſolitary life only to deliver you (ſaid he to *Mandana*) and ſo to obtain my pardon, and am not able to obtain either, I will never look for any thing further but death, and I will ſeek for it upon all occaſions, in all places, where there is any poſſibility of finding it: Indeed, Madam, ſince you cannot endure me, neither as your Lover, nor as your Friend, nor I am able to make you believe my repentance, I muſt and will find out ſuch dangers, as ſhall certainly rid you for ever from the ſight of that Prince whom you hate, and from whoſe hand you will not receive your liberty.

The Princeſs hearing my Maſter ſpeak ſo violently, did believe this peril and danger whereof he ſpoke, was, that he would fight with the illuſtrious *Cyrus*; ſo that ſhe expreſſed ſome fears that he would make ſome attempts againſt this Prince: He no ſooner underſtood her meaning, but not giving her time to expreſs her thoughts: I underſtand you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I underſtand you very well: You would have *Cyrus* have the advantage of me, becauſe you would not have me fight with him: But never fear, Madam, that I will ever entertain any ſuch thoughts againſt him, I owe more reſpect unto you than ſo, and I am ſo obliged unto that Prince, as I cannot do it with honour: Therefore, Madam, if it be my fortune to dye by the hand of the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, he muſt ſeek me out, and kill me without any defending of my ſelf, which I know is infinitely below him. Theſe, Madam, are the thoughts of him, whom you think would deceive you: And I beſeech you believe, that when I meet *Cyrus*, I ſhall beg my death from his hand, as a recompence for that ſervice which I would have done you, as being the only remedy againſt all thoſe evils which I indure: And when all this is done, Madam, will you hate *Mazares* both alive and dead? Whil'ſt this Prince was ſpeaking thus, the Princeſs looked ſeriouſly upon him; and ſometimes I was in hope his perſwaſions had wrought upon her, but yet they did not; yet notwithſtanding ſhe uſed ſuch ſweet expreſſions to him, after he had declared himſelf concerning *Cyrus*, that if the conference had laſted a little longer, I know not whether this virtuous Princeſs had not been overcome.

But the Captain who let us enter, coming to tell us that it was full time to go out of the Cittadel, a neceſſity compelled us to retire, without any further perſwaſions upon the Princeſs *Mandana*, and with deep ſorrows, that ſo great an enterprize ſo near execution ſhould be uneffected: And when my Maſter came to his own Lodging, and related the ſtory unto *Beleſis*, I could not chuſe but admire at the greatneſs of his Paſſion, by the horrour of his deſpair: Death and nothing elſe was his thoughts; he could not imagine why he ſhould or how he could live: ſo that *Beleſis* and I had much ado to moderate the fury which he conceived againſt himſelf.

My greateſt admiration was, that the ſight of *Mandana* ſhould more augment his repentance, and confirm him in his generous deſign: The Guards upon the Princeſs; her Lodgings, and a thouſand other circumſtances, which he obſerved at his entrance, and coming out of the Cittadel, though it was very dark, were ſo many additions to his ſorrows: 'Tis I, would he ſay, only I that am the fatal cauſe of her Impriſonment, that ſhe meets with all theſe horrid objects, and that ſhe enjoys not a minutes reſt; and ſhe hath rightly proportioned her hatred, according to thoſe miſeries which I have cauſed upon her; for I think it is impoſſible to be hated more than ſhe does me; if ſhe did not, ſhe would never chuſe an Impriſonment under a Prince who hath a potent Army to oppoſe *Cyrus*, rather than hazard her ſelf upon that danger which ſhe fears: Certainly ſhe hates me more than ſhe doth the King of *Pontus*; for if ſhe did not, though I ſhould carry her away the ſecond time, yet it were an eaſier matter for *Cyrus* to force her out of my hands, than from two Princes who have all *Aſia* engaged in their Intereſts: But queſtionleſs it is the Will of the Gods, that ſhe will not only not love me, but infinitely hate me: Yet for all this, I underſtand, or think I underſtand (for my reaſon is ſo ravelled, that I dare not credit my own intellectuals) that if *Mandana* could believe me really penitent, ſhe would then eſteem me, and be my real friend: For Heavens ſake (ſaid he) go to *Marteſia* once more, and ſolicit her to do more than I my ſelf can: Bid her perſwade her incomparable Miſtreſs, not to refuſe her Liberty, and let her contrive what ſecurity I ſhall give her, that my only end is her Releaſement: The matter requires haſte; for if our enterprize be not executed while the Treaty laſts, it will never be effected, ſince if it do break off, I muſt go into the Army, and conſequently cannot ſtay here unleſs ſuſpected: The counterfeiting my ſelf to be not well at this time, that I may have more liberty to negotiate the buſineſs, does already begin to perplex the King of *Pontus*; therefore, dear *Orſanus*, try once more what may be done, that our enterprize may not be fruſtrate.

You may imagine, that I was not able to deny ſuch a requeſt unto a Prince who had ſo much prevalency with me, and who required nothing that was unjuſt: But for a more colourable pretence of the buſineſs, I took the Letter which *Beleſis* was to deliver unto *Celeniſe*, and intended to deſire *Marteſia* to deliver it unto her: ſo that ſoliciting the Captain who was of our Intelligence, he permitted me the next night to enter into the Cittadel, and helped me to the ſpeech of *Marteſia*, unto whom I uſed my beſt arguments, that ſhe would let the Princeſs know how much ſhe did prejudice her ſelf in refuſing her Liberty: and indeed I was ſo importunate with her, that I am confident ſhe believed me: but as for the Princeſs, ſhe told me, that ſhe was very miſtruſtful ſtill. Afterwards, when I told her I had a Letter for *Celeniſe*, ſhe replied upon me, that it would be to no purpoſe, becauſe the Princeſs *Palmis* would certainly never go out of Priſon but by the hand of her Father; and that *Celeniſe* would never leave her Miſtreſs; yet I beſeeched her to ſend for her, to the end I might give her *Tegeus* his Letter, which *Marteſia* did. When ſhe came, ſhe told me with tears in her eyes, that ſhe was much beholding unto *Tegeus*, but ſhe could not perſwade her Miſtreſs to go out of the Cittadel, nor could ſhe poſſibly leave her. When I found that the aſſiſtance of theſe two Ladies, *Marteſia* and *Celeniſe*, were ineffectual: I was ſo urgent with *Marteſia* to let me ſpeak unto the Princeſs *Mandana* once more, that at laſt ſhe permitted me; and I followed her into her Camber, after ſhe had asked leave, and aſſured her *Mazares* was not there: But all my Rhetorical Reaſons were not able to raiſe one grain of credit unto what I deſired ſhe ſhould believe; all that I could poſſibly obtain from her, was, that I brought her to make a doubt upon the matter, which ſhe never did till this laſt time: yet ſince ſhe would not hazard her going out upon doubtful terms, it did not alter her reſolution.

Madam (ſaid I then unto her) ſuppoſe that what I ſay be true, were it not a piece of Injuſtice in you not to accept of his intentions to repair the fault which he hath committed? For my part, Madam, methinks it is not ſuitable to your uſual goodneſs; for what would you have my Maſter do? I know his very thoughts; and do aſſure you, his coming unto *Crœſſus* was only with a deſign of releaſing you; and that his only aims in fighing for him, was only to ſet you at Liberty: But you, Madam, will not accept of that Liberty which he offers you; he will not ſtay any longer on that ſide which is not yours, nor dare he go on to the ſide of *Cyrus*, unleſs he carry you with him: What then, Madam, ſhould he do? I beſeech you ſuffer not ſo great a Prince to periſh, as queſtionleſs he will, unleſs you afford him ſome hopes of being juſtified in your opinion, and believe that his Virtue tranſcends his Love, and his Repentance his Crime.

Truly, Madam, I am in more then half a mind to tell you, that I will never go from this place, until my humble prayers have obtained what I deſire in my Maſters behalf. *Orſanus*, ſaid ſhe unto me, your expreſſions do both trouble and affright me; for how can I think you ſpeak ſincerely? and yet how can I think you can deceive me? and how can I ever imagine that a Prince, who was ſo unjuſt as to carry me away, ſhould afterwards be ſo generous as to repair his faults? yet to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, I begin to think it not impoſſible: But my greateſt difficulty is, that I cannot credit the Prince *Mazares*: I perceive there is a way to get out of Priſon, but all perſwaſions cannot move me to follow it: and the truth is, the act of the Prince *Mazares*, and the act of the King of *Pontus*, makes me to ſuſpect every thing, and I dare not truſt any thing; therefore I pray you importune me no more unto a thing which I cannot do.

What then will become of my Maſter (ſaid I unto her) if you be not pleaſed to ſhew him a way how he may manifeſt it unto you, that his real intentions are to releaſe you? I beſeech you, Madam, think upon it, and do not procure unto your ſelf hereafter the name of a murtherer of the moſt virtuous Prince upon Earth. To ſhew you, *Orſanus*, ſaid ſhe unto me, that I will not deny you every thing, but that I ſhould be glad the Prince *Mazares* had ſome opportunities to expreſs ſome convincing teſtimonies of his real penitency, and an infallible way to recover my eſteem and friendſhip, tell him, that I would have him go and fight for my liberty, in fighting for *Cyrus*, which if he do, I ſhall then believe that his real intention was to releaſe me. But, Madam, ſaid I unto her, *Cyrus* perhaps will not give my Maſter any good entertainment. Queſtionleſs he will receive him as his Friend, replyed *Mandana*, if he be perſwaded that his deſign was to releaſe me. To make a better way for his acceptance, I will write a Letter unto *Cyrus*, which *Mazares* ſhall give him, which ſhall teſtifie how I eſteem him if he become as virtuous as formerly he was. Then did I accept of her offer; not only becauſe I had a great deſire my Maſter ſhould be out of *Sardis*, leſt our Plot ſhould be diſcovered by *Crœſſus*, or the King of *Pontus*; but alſo becauſe I conceived it would be an infinite advantage unto my Maſter, if he were once the Friend of the illuſtrious *Cyrus*. In concluſion, Madam, this great Princeſs did write her Letter unto *Cyrus*, and told me in good earneſt, that if *Mazares* took this courſe, ſhe would think his aims were honeſt, and ſhe would let him have her eſteem and friendſhip; ſo that in this aſſurance I left her: yet I did attempt a little further in my Maſter's behalf: but do what *Marteſia* and I could, this was all we could obtain. After this, I went unto my Maſter, who expected me with great impatience, though he had no hopes in the World of my effecting any thing; and truly it was happy his hope was ſo low, for it induced him to accept of this Propoſition which the Princeſs made with better reſentments: and when I aſſured him that if he took this courſe, the Princeſs would then freely pardon him, and admit him into her eſteem, he could not chuſe but rejoyce: yet was he ſorry to ſee he could not obtain any thing from the Princeſs, but by turning on the other ſide, without any colourable pretence: and he made a doubt, whether or no he ſhould deliver this Letter unto *Cyrus*, but after a ſtrong conteſt of two hours with his own heart, his Virtue did at laſt overcome his Paſſion : and after all this time of contemplation with himſelf, he returned unto *Beleſis* and me with much melancholy in his face, but yet with more tranquillity in his eyes, than we had ſeen of many days. Well, my friends (ſaid he unto us) my Paſſion hath ſubmitted ; I have got the Victory, and ſince I cannot releaſe my Princeſs, I am reſolved to do whatſoever ſhe commands me : But ſince I am a Delinquent to the King of *Aſſyria*, as well as unto the Princeſs, and deſire to expiate that crime as well as the other, I wiſh we could by the means of *Tegeus*, and the reſt of our friends, releaſe him.

As he was ſpeaking this, *Andramites* came unto him, and ſaid that things were all in a mighty confuſion, that *Crœſſus* and *Abradates* were quite out, and that *Abradates* and the King of *Pontus* were declared enemies, that all the Princes and people alſo began to ſide, that one whoſe name was *Araſpes*, and who had formerly quitted the Party of the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and came unto the King of *Lydia*, did moſt cunningly foment theſe diviſions ; that according to his promiſe he came to tell him, how the King of *Suſiana* (knowing *Crœſſus* ſought for nothing but a pretence to break off the Treaty, concerning the exchange of Prince *Artamas* for you, Madam) was reſolved to quit his ſide: And moreover (ſaid *Andramites*) I am ſure for my part that I ſhall be clapt up in priſon, ſo that I am abſolutely reſolved to follow your fortunes, which will be, (and the beſt courſe) to go unto the party of *Cyrus* : Nor am I to be blamed, if for the ſecurity of my perſon, and releaſement of my Miſtreſs, I go and take ſide with the Enemy. The Prince *Mazares* hearing *Andramites* ſpeak thus, was very glad of it, becauſe he ſaw a convenient way for his revolt, and that it would be much more eaſie for him to get out of the Camp of *Crœſſus* with others, than if he went to *Cyrus* by himſelf, for the King of *Pontus* did keep many vigilant eyes upon him, as long as he was at *Sardis*. After then he had lent an attentive ear unto all that *Andramites* told him, who did aggravate the injuſtice of *Crœſſus* with as much zeal as poſſibly could be in a man, who longed to be with his fair *Doraliſa*, he told him, that all his intereſts ſhould ever be his, and that he would do whatſoever pleaſed him: Yet (ſaid he unto him) If we could deviſe a way to releaſe the Priſoners, we ſhould be more acceptable unto *Cyrus*, and I have a moſt infallible way to effect it, if you will leave the whole matter unto me: In concluſion, Madam, *Andramites* conſented unto all my Maſters deſires; and *Beleſis* and my ſelf did ſo negotiate with *Tegeus*, that the buſineſs was ready for execution the next day following: But we could not poſſibly deviſe which way to releaſe the Prince *Artamas*, becauſe he had a particular Guard over him, with whom thoſe of *Tegeus* had no acquaintance; and the reaſon why he was more ſtrictly guarded than the reſt, was, becauſe he had a hundred thouſand friends in *Lydia*: So that the ſame which was his happineſs, turned at this time to his miſery.

And thus we were contented to endeavour only the liberty of the King of *Aſſyria*, of *Soſicles*, of *Tegeus*, of *Feraulas*, and of the ſtranger *Anaxaris*: Since he who commanded the Guard over them was an intimate friend unto *Tegeus* (though *Crœſſus* was ignorant of it) there was no great difficulty in the buſineſs; therefore about two hours before day, the Prince *Mazares*, *Beleſis*, with ſome other of their friends, and my ſelf, went together unto the Captain who ſtayed for us, and as it was agreed upon amongſt us, he carryed us unto the King of *Aſſyria*'s Chamber, who waking at the noiſe which we made at our entrance, was extreamly amazed to ſee, (by the help of a great Candle which hung in the middle of the Room) that it was the Prince *Mazares* (whom he thought dead) which approached towards him.

This Prince being naturally of a violent temper, knew not well whether he was awake, or dreamt, or whether it was a man or a Ghoſt: But he raiſed himſelf upon his Bed, and drawing the Curtain which was of *Tyrian* Purple; What do I ſee (ſaid he in a furious and loud tone) Did you come from the ſhadows of death to pronounce the end of my life? Or are you yet amongſt the living, that I may puniſh you for your Treaſon againſt me? Sir, (replied the Prince my Maſter, without any turbulency) you ſhall know from whence I came when you are out of your Priſon, from whence I came to releaſe you, that I may thereby make ſome ſatisfaction for the wrong which I have done you: How *Mazares* (replied he) Muſt I be beholding unto you for my liberty? You muſt, Sir, (replied my Maſter) But I beſeech you make haſte and follow us: No, no, (replied that violent Prince) I will never owe my liberty to that man, who took *Mandana* from me: When I have releaſed you (replied *Mazares*) I ſhall never think you beholding to me for it, ſince in giving you liberty, I have given you nothing but what I took away from you: Yet if you will help the illuſtrious *Cyrus* to releaſe *Mandana*, you muſt accept of that liberty which I offer you, and accept of it preſently, for time is precious. Ah *Mazares*, ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*, Have you found out a way to releaſe me? Yet if I do accept of it, I will not promiſe you to forget what's paſt, becauſe then I ſhould forget *Mandana* and my ſelf both: All that I will ſay is, That I will uſe all the faculties in my power that my Friends, my Rivals, and my Enemies ſhall not exceed me in generoſity; and therefore it may be ſuppoſed, that I am not leſs generous than you are, and that I ſhall be Maſter of my own thoughts: However, Sir, (replied the Prince *Mazares*) I beſeech you make all the haſte yon can: Then the King of *Aſſyria*'s Guards, who were all of our intelligence, helped to dreſs him: Then *Mazares* offering him a Sword, with the ſame reſpect he uſed to him when he was in *Babylon*: Here, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) take that, and puniſh *Mazares* with it when you have releaſed *Mandana*, if you think your ſelf not ſatisfied: Oh, I wiſh to the Gods (replied the King of *Aſſyria*, in accepting the Sword very civilly) that we could releaſe that Divine Princeſs whom we have made ſo miſerable, and againſt whom both you and I have been ſo culpable and unfortunate.

After this, ſtriving with himſelf, he cooled his fury and anger, and thanking *Andramites*, whom he knew to be the ſame which guarded the Princeſs, and brought him to *Sardis*, he followed *Mazares* and him, or to ſay better, we all followed *Tegeus* and the Captain, who guarded the Priſoners, who by a back pair of ſtairs did let us out ſo ſecretly, that thoſe Souldiers who were not of the Guard never perceived us. After this we met with no rub in the buſineſs, becauſe *Andramites*, who was Lieutenant-General of *Crœſſus* his Army, had cauſed a Captain, who was his Creature, to guard a Gate of the Town, towards *Abradates* his Quarter, whither we intended to go, and as we did, without any obſtacle at all. Aſſoon as we came unto the Tent of *Abradates*, we adviſed upon our beſt courſe; and it was reſolved, Sir (ſaid *Orſanus*, addreſſing his ſpeech to *Cyrus*) that to prevent all danger, theſe Princes ſhould not yet come into your Camp, becauſe the day began to break, and becauſe the Brother of *Andramites*, who kept the paſs over the River *Halis*, would not have been to order things ſo ſuddenly to let us paſs. Alſo ſince the Quarter of *Abradates* was in a very advantageous Trench, he did not fear that *Crœſſus* would fall upon him. Moreover it was imagined, that *Crœſſus* could not ſo ſoon recover his aſtoniſhment, into which the departure of the Prince of *Claſomena*, and the eſcape of the King of *Aſſyria* had put him: And in the mean time, leſt you, Sir, ſhould be too much allarm'd, and that you might give order that the Forces of *Abradates* might paſs with leſs difficulty, I obtained leave, Sir, to come and acquaint you, that your Army was to be ſtrengthened with three of the moſt valiant Princes upon earth, with many other men of Quality, and with four thouſand of the beſt Souldiers in all the

Army of *Crœſſus*. *Feraulas* did think to have the honour of this employment from me; but ſince he was not able to make ſo perfect a relation of all things unto you, Sir, as I could, therefore I oppoſed his deſign: He will not long be deprived of the honour of ſeeing you, Sir, for the King of *Suſiana* reſolves to diſingage this evening, aſſoon as it is dark, to paſs over the River *Halis* before day, and to be with you at Sun-riſe.

This, Sir, is the ſubſtance of what I have to tell you, moſt humbly beſeeching you to believe, that I have truly related the generous alteration that is in my Maſter's mind; and therefore I conjure you to look upon him as your friend, and not as your Rival: But ſince my prayers are too inconſiderable to obtain my deſires, I moſt humbly beſeech theſe two great Princeſſes to intercede for me, making no queſtion, but they are able to obtain them for me.

Orſanus having ended his Speech, *Panthea* and *Araminta* did ſecond his deſires, and intreated *Cyrus* to bury all paſt paſſages in the pit of Oblivion, and not to doubt of the Prince *Mazares* his repentance. *Cyrus* would not let them go on: I beſeech you, ſaid he unto them, Do not take from me the glory of vanquiſhing my ſelf, and let not *Mazares* be a debtor unto your Generoſity, for that which he expects from mine: Though I muſt confeſs it is no ſmall difficulty to admit a Rival for a friend, and ſuch a Rival eſpecially as carried away the Princeſs *Mandana*; and therefore my virtue may be beholding unto ſuch examples as your ſelves: But ſince the Prince *Mazares* is not now my Rival, and can become my friend, I ſhall eaſily admit him ſo, and by his example, ſhall perhaps become as generous in forgetting the wrongs he hath done *Mandana*, as he hath been in his repentance: But, Madam (ſaid *Cyrus*, and ſpoke unto *Panthea*) doubtleſs it is to you I am a debtor for theſe great Auxiliaries which the valiant *Abradates* brings, ſince he would never have ſo ſharply reſented the injuſtice of *Crœſſus*, but for the Love which he bears unto you: I would it were as you ſay, Sir (replied ſhe) for I ſhould be glad that I were able to pay any part of that debt which I owe you: I would it were the will of the Gods (replied the Princeſs *Araminta*) that I had the ſame advantage you have, and that the King my Brother would be moved unto repentance by the excellent example of the Prince *Mazares*: However it be, Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus* unto this Princeſs) I beſeech you do not let it trouble you to ſee the Forces of *Crœſſus* weakned, and mine ſtrengthened, ſince I will engage my word, that the ſooner I am Conquerour, the ſooner ſhall the misfortunes of your houſe end. In the mean time, ſince it is requiſite ſome orders ſhould be given for the reception of thoſe who are coming to help us to conquer, I beſeech you give me leave to depart from you.

After this, *Cyrus* retired, leaving the heart of *Panthea* full of joy, and carrying *Orſanus* with him, of whom he asked a thouſand queſtions, in returning to his Quarter.

As ſoon as he came there, he made choice of ſome Troops which he would ſend to receive *Abradates*, and the reſt, with whom *Orſanus* returned, to aſſure his Maſter that *Cyrus* would protect him. After this, *Cyrus* ordered all things himſelf, even to the very Lodgings of the King of *Suſiana*, of *Mazares*, of *Andramites*; of the reſt of any Quality who came with them, and of all the reſt of the Regiments which they brought, for he would not fail in the leaſt circumſtance of what was fitting: In returning to his Tent, he met *Aglatidas* and *Ligdamis*, and carried them with him to acquaint them (as men of tender and paſſionate Souls) with what had happened: Do you not admire (ſaid he unto them, after he had related the ſubſtance of what *Orſanus* told him) at the oddneſs of my phantaſtical Fate, which always differs from all other Deſtinies in the World? Do you not ſee how I have found a Rival whom I cannot look upon as an Enemy, nor hate, unleſs I go againſt the Laws of Generoſity, but I muſt admit him into the degree of a Friend, and protect him in my Army, who perhaps will help me to releaſe *Mandana*, that he may carry her away the ſecond time? Not but that I do believe all *Orſanus* told me, whoſe honeſty I cannot ſuſpect; yet for all that, I have much ado to underſtand how it is poſſible one ſhould love, and never pretend to be loved again. If you had offended as *Mazares* hath (replied *Aglatidas*) as amarous as you are, I believe you would think it enough if you were pardoned, and be contented with it: I think ſo too, ſaid *Cyrus*. But I think alſo, that aſſoon as I was pardoned, I ſhould deſire ſomething further, for the very Nature of Love is to deſire it; and it muſt neceſſarily be concluded, that if *Mazares* deſire no more, he is not in Love: However, I know it is impoſſible to leave loving *Mandana*, and therefore I am certain *Mazares* will be my Rival for ever: Yet it appears plainly (replied *Ligdamis*) that Generoſity hath at this preſent a great power upon the heart of this Prince, otherwiſe he would never have releaſed the King of *Aſſyria*, who is his Rival as well as you are: What would you have me to ſay, ſaid *Cyrus*, but that all accidents unto me are are ſo full of wonder, that they deprive me of my Reaſon. After this, *Cyrus* was very ſorry that *Mandana* would not let *Mazares* releaſe her: and immediately after he would be very glad of it that he had not, thinking it a ſhame any ſhould releaſe her but himſelf: yet however he was very unquiet in his thoughts, but his unquietneſs laſted not long, for the conſtancy which he found in *Mandana*'s mind, did diſſipate all manner of other fears, or doubts, or perplexities, 'Tis true, he had many cauſes of vexation otherwiſe; yet he found his Party ſo conſiderably ſtrengthened, that his hopes of Victory did ſweeten every thing elſe; ſo that he paſſed away the reſt of the night with *Aglatidas* and *Ligdamis* in much ſerenity of mind: Yet he ſlept very little that night, as well becauſe the ſight of *Mazares* would trouble him, as in expectation of his new addition of Forces. He was no ſooner advertiſed by his Spies which he had purpoſely ſet, that *Abradates* had paſſed over the River *Halis* with his Troops; but he took Horſe, after he had ſent to acquaint the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Hircania*, and other Princes of his Army: ſo that in a very ſhort time having abundance with him, he went to meet theſe Princes ſome thirty furlongs from his Camp. He was no ſooner come on to a little riſing ground, but he ſaw the Troops of *Abradates* appear, and theſe which he had ſent out meet with them; ſo that marching forward with about 500 Horſes only, he met *Abradates* and his Rival. When theſe two Bodies were ſo near, that the firſt Ranks might know each other, the King of *Aſſyria*, *Abradates* and *Mazares* (out of the reſpect which they owed unto *Cyrus* as their ancient Conquerour, and as now to be their Protector) did leave their main Body, and advanced towards him: *Cyrus* no ſooner ſaw their action, but he did the ſame, both ſides alighting from their Horſes at the ſame time ſome twenty paces from each other. *Abradates*, as it was agreed between the King of *Aſſyria*, *Mazares*, and himſelf, did advance the firſt, and preſented the reſt unto *Cyrus*. Sir, ſaid he unto him, If I had come alone unto you, I ſhould have feared my reception; but ſince I bring with me two ſuch valiant Princes, and ſo many gallant men which follow them, I dare hope you will not deny us protection, eſpecially when you conſider, that I have brought a Prince, who would have brought the Princeſs *Mandana* to you, if ſhe would have given credit to him, and who would have brought the Prince *Artamas* alſo, if it had been poſſible. Upon his ſaying ſo, the King of *Aſſyria* and *Mazares* ſaluted *Cyrus*: the firſt of theſe with a kind of angry civility, and the other with a moſt melancholy reſpect: *Cyrus* returned theſe ſalutes very civilly, though with more coldneſs than he reſolved; yet he ſpoke unto them with incomparable generoſity aſſoon as he had overcome his natural repugnancy to embrace his Rivals, and the Raviſhers of *Mandana*; and aſſoon as this averſe Ceremony was over, I make no doubt at all of Victory now (ſaid he unto them) nor can Fortune, as powerful as ſhe is, prevent the Releaſement of *Mandana*. You may ſee by this, Sir, (ſaid *Mazares* unto him, and gave him *Mandana*'s Letter) that the adored Princeſs you ſpeak of might have been out of Priſon had ſhe pleaſed, and that I did my beſt to obtain my pardon. *Cyrus* then taking *Mandana*'s Letter from the hand of his Rival, with as great an agitation of ſpirit as *Mazares* had in giving it; he opened it, and after a civil Complement unto the Princes, he read theſe words.

Mandana *to the Invincible* Cyrus.

IF the Prince Mazares *be ſo generous as to give you this Letter, and will ſight for you, then receive him as if he had releaſed me, ſince it was long only of my ſelf, that I was not releaſed by him; Render therefore unto his Virtue that which I have refuſed him; and be aſſured he will merit your friendſhip, if it be true that his repentance be real: Therefore without any remembrance of his carrying me away from* Sinope, *think how he protected me at* Babylon, *and would have releaſed me out of* Sardis; *Live therefore with him as if he were always your Friend, and as if he had never been your Rival; And be aſſured that you will ſenſibly oblige her who is the moſt juſt and moſt acknowledging perſon in the World. Adieu; Extract out of the laſt words in this Letter all the conſolation that ſhe can give you, whoſe Name is with a true Epithete, Unfortunate*

MANDANA.

Whilſt *Cyrus* was reading this Letter, the King of *Aſſyria*'s mind was full of unimaginable torment; and ſpeaking unto *Mazares* in a low voice, You are a happy man (ſaid he unto him) that can with ſuch a calm and moderate Paſſion give *Mandana*'s Letter unto your Rival. I do not think my ſelf to be in any condition of envy (replied *Mazares* ſadly) and I believe you would think ſo as well as I, if you did but know my heart. As they were thus talking together, *Cyrus* having read this Letter which infuſed much calmneſs into his ſpirit, he looked upon *Mazares* with much mildneſs; and aſſured him moſt obligingly and generouſly both, that he would eſteem him as the Releaſer of *Mandana*, and never remember his act at *Sinope*: So that *Mazares*, maugre the paſſion of his Soul, was raviſhed with admiration as well as the King of *Suſiana*. But ſince the King of *Aſſyria* did impatiently reſent this diſcourſe, *Cyrus* did end it very handſomly: And *Abradates* did preſent *Andramites* unto him; Alſo *Mazares* preſented *Beleſis*, telling him, that this his illuſtrious Friend could well teſtifie his repentance: Alſo *Anaxaris*, *Soſicles*, *Tegeus*, and *Feraulas* coming up towards him, *Cyrus* embraced them with much joy, eſpecially the laſt of theſe: After which, taking horſe, he rid towards the Camp; where *Cyrus* was no ſooner arrived, but according to the Orders which he had given, a Council of War was held in his Tent, to conſult whether the Truce ſhould ſtill be obſerved, or whether this accident ought to move them to break it off? *Mazares* gave there his voice as freely the firſt day, as if he had been an ancient Friend of *Cyrus*: The queſtion was a while in doubt: ſome gave their votes to break off the Treaty, and take advantage of the diſorder in the Army of *Crœſſus*; and others affirmed, that it did not ſuit with the glory of *Cyrus* to do ſo. Thoſe who were of this opinion, ſaid, that this which happened was an advantage which could not be attributed unto *Cyrus*, ſince he had yet done nothing but receive his Priſoners, and give retreat unto an ill treated Prince, and unto ſome other Malecontents of Quality; that therefore patience was to be uſed, ſince the Truce would not laſt above three days. In concluſion, the buſineſs being well debated, how great a deſire ſoever *Cyrus* had to fight, eſpecially having now got the Paſs over the River *Halis* free, by the means of *Andramites* his Brother, yet notwithſtanding he would never violate the Laws of War: So that this being the Reſult of the Council, all the Princes retired unto their Tents which were prepared for them, except *Abradates*, whom *Cyrus* did wait upon unto a little Town where his dear *Panthea* lodged, giving Orders unto *Artabaſes* to withdraw, to the end there might be no ſign of any Captivity. *Cyrus* would have *Andramites* alſo to follow *Abradates*, that he might have a ſight of *Doraliſa*, thinking the Gods would one day reward him for having commiſeration upon unfortunate Lovers like himſelf; and for his care in ſweetening the bitter Pills of their miſeries, though he ſaw no remedy for his own.

PART V. BOOK III.

AFter *Cyrus* had done every thing, that the dignity of his place, expediency of Affairs, Civility, Generoſity, and tenderneſs of Soul could exact from him in ſuch a Juncture of Accidents, he had a great deſire to talk in private with his beloved confident *Feraulas*, concerning *Mandana*, for he underſtood by the relation of *Orſanus*, that he ſaw her walk upon the top of the Tower where ſhe was kept Priſoner: ſo that commanding him to be called for, he welcomed him with as much tenderneſs as an Amorous Prince could poſſibly expreſs unto the only Confident of his paſſion, and unto ſuch a Confident as had done him many extraordinary ſervices, and given him much comfort in his miſeries. He talked with him above two hours, and could not get any thing out of him concerning his Princeſs; for *Feraulas* had ſeen *Mandana* at ſuch a diſtance, that he could not draw any ſatisfaction from any thing he could tell him. But Love hath ſuch a quality, that thoſe who are captivated by it, cannot diſcourſe of any thing but what concerns the Perſon loved. Therefore, though *Cyrus* had ſpoke as much as could be thought upon of the laſt accidents of his Life, yet he repeated all the firſt alſo with as much earneſtneſs, as if they were yet to fall upon him. 'Tis very true, that at that time, there was no need of far fetch'd things to help out diſcourſe: for the King of *Aſſyria*'s return, and the arrival of *Mazares*, was ſubject enough: Moreover *Mandana*'s Letter was enough to talk on for him; ſince he thought it was a piece of great difficulty to endure that the Princeſs ſhould write ſo obligingly in behalf of *Mazares*. But yet the laſt words of her Letter did make amends for all the reſt: and when he conſidered how ſhe allowed him to explain her words in the moſt favourable ſenſe for himſelf, the joys of his ſoul were eaſier to be imagined than expreſſed: Oh, my divine Princeſs, would he ſay, will you permit me to interpret your words unto my own advantage? Do you know, moſt excellent Princeſs, how far a Lover may flatter himſelf? And do you not fear that I will make your words ſpeak more than ever you intended? When you ſay that you are juſt, and full of acknowledgment, do you not think to ſhut juſtice and acknowledgment within ſuch narrow limits, that you cannot underſtand what I have done to releaſe you? No, no, divine *Mandana*, this is not the gloſs which I will put upon your words; never reckon, I beſeech you, upon the Combats which I have fought, nor the Towns which I have taken, nor the Battels which I have won, but, I beſeech you, reckon my violent and reſpected Paſſion for ſomething, if you pleaſe. It is for that only for which I deſire you ſhould be obliged unto me, and do me juſtice in: never make any account of the dangers which I have run into, nor of the wounds which I received, but I moſt humbly beſeech you, to ſet a value upon my ſighs, which I have oft ſent out of a ſad ſoul, and upon my tears which I have ſhed ſince firſt I began lo love you: and I beſeech you (ſaid he, as if ſhe were preſent to underſtand him) let the raptures of my love, make me put ſuch a favourable interpretation upon what you have writ, as may make me believe, that when you ſay you will be juſt, you mean by it, you will love me, as well as I love you; but alas, what do I ſay? were it not injuſtice to wiſh *Mandana* ſhould love me as well as I love her? yes doubtleſs, it were; and therefore let us call that grace and favour, which we have very improperly Called Juſtice, for it can be no other.

For my part, Sir, (ſaid *Feraulas*, and interrupted him) I do not think the Princeſs *Mandana* will do as you deſire ſhe ſhould; for your Victories are as great ſigns of your love, as your ſighs and tears are: and therefore if ſhe joyn all theſe together, as I make no queſtion but ſhe will, I am perſwaded ſhe will one day love you as well as you do her: Ah *Feraulas*, ſaid he, how far is that day off? and how many things have I to do before I can be ſo happy? A battel muſt be fought and won, afterwards a conſiderable Siege will continue: and after that, I muſt fight with the great King of *Aſſyria*.

Theſe, *Feraulas*, are but the leaſt of difficulties that I am to meet with, before I muſt come and caſt my ſelf at the feet of *Mandana*, and beg ſo much favour as to be loved. Judge then whether I have not more cauſe of fears than hopes, eſpecially after ſo many ominous Oracles.

Whilſt *Cyrus* was thus entertaining himſelf; the thoughts of his Rivals were no ſmoother than his: *Beleſis* and *Orſanus* did Cheer up the Prince *Mazares*, as much as they could, and commending the generoſity of his reſolution, did endeavour to confirm him in his repentance: They had alſo ſo much courtſhip as to flatter his paſſion, though they would not cure it; and therefore they told him that *Mandana* would infallibly give him her friendſhip and eſteem, if he continued his courſe as he had begun: were I ſo happy as to obtain that (ſaid he) I ſhould never deſire more: and certainly I ſhall endeavour my utmoſt for it: But if I cannot obtain that happineſs, then I know my courſe, which is to return unto my Deſart again, and there hide my ſufferings, and ſigh out my ſorrows till I die. No, no, Sir, replyed *Beleſis*, 'twill never come to that, for *Mandana* will reſtore you to her former eſteem, and your Virtue ſhall for ever be Miſtreſs of your Paſſion. It is therefore I that muſt return into my ſolitude, I, who can never hope for any thing. The hopes I have, replied *Mazares*, are of ſuch a ſhallow nature, that they can never afford me any ſweetneſs; becauſe they are ſuch only as my reaſon adviſeth my will unto, and not ſuch as my heart doth really wiſh for: and ſince (*Beleſis*) felicity doth chiefly conſiſt in the ſatisfaction of deſires, I am certain to be the moſt miſerable Man alive; ſince I muſt never enjoy mine: yet, I beſeech you, do not think I ſpeak this, as if I did repent of my repentance: no, *Beleſis*, I do not, but am abſolutely reſolved to fight for *Cyrus* till the Princeſs *Mandana* be releaſed, and never to ask any other favour from the Princeſs *Mandana*, but her eſteem and friendſhip; and I do not think it poſſible that all the force of my love and deſpair can make me alter my reſolution. Yet for all this, my heart will be full of tumultuous cogitations, and I muſt prepare for a continual War with my ſelf, and let me tell you further, that I am not like unto moſt Men, who out of Love's reſentments do think all their Rivals unworthy Men, how accompliſh'd ſoever they be: but on the contrary, methinks I ſee *Cyrus* ſo much above the rate of other Men, and ſo worthy of *Mandana*, that I think it a ſtrange injuſtice if he did not love her, and ſhe him: ſo that judging by the greatneſs of that Prince's merit, and the greatneſs of the affection which that Princeſs ought to bear him, I muſt conclude, that no other ought to pretend any thing unto her: and therefore I have nothing to do in the World, but to ſeek for a handſome death, as doubtleſs I ſhall if I cannot obtain my pardon. On the other ſide, the King of *Aſſyria* is not without his perplexities; yet was he glad to be releaſed, becauſe *Cyrus* ſhould not have all the glory of fighting for *Mandana*; but it vexed him that he ſhould be obliged unto *Mazares* for it. Yet ſince the ſight of a loved

Rival did ſet a ſharper edge upon his ſpirits, than a Rival hated could: all the King of *Aſſyria*'s malice was againſt *Cyrus*. Yet did he much eſteem him, maugre all his malice; and the virtue of this Prince did ſhine in ſo much luſtre, that this malignant Jealous Prince could not chuſe but look upon him as one of the greateſt Princes of the world, and the moſt worthy of *Mandana*. But whilſt theſe three illuſtrious Rivals were entertaining their melancholy thoughts, *Abradates* and *Panthea* did ſolace themſelves in the joys of each other. *Andramites* alſo was pleaſed with the ſight of his adored *Doraliſa*, whoſe jocund and indifferent humours, did yet not a little perplex him. *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice* thought their hours ſweet, ſince they were together: But the Prince *Phraartes* thought time more tedious, ſince he thought it impoſſible to ſee the Princeſs *Araminta* not incenſed. The Prince *Tigranes* bewailed the abſence of his dear *Oneſila*, as *Aglatidas* did of *Ameſtris*: *Tegeus* and *Feraulas* alſo grieved at the captivity of *Celeneſa*, and *Marteſia*. The truth is, one would have ſaid, love was the very ſoul of this Army, ſince there was not any conſiderable perſon in all the Camp of *Cyrus* who had not a ſence of this paſſion. But whilſt it took up the thoughts of ſo many illuſtrious perſons on the party of *Cyrus*, the King of *Lydia* and his ſide was all thoughts of anger and revenge, the eſcape of his priſoners of War much troubled him. The departure of the Prince of *Claſomena* did trouble him more; and the King of *Suſiana* and *Andramites* revolting ſides, did put him into a ſtrange fury; The Prince *Myrſiles* alſo ſeemed malecontent, and was much troubled that *Andramites* ſhould do as he did: though he did much aggravate all diſcontents, none knowing his reaſon why.

As for the King of *Pontus*, he had variety of apprehenſions upon the matter, for he was very angry that *Abradates*, the Prince of *Claſomena*, and *Andramites* ſhould adhere unto *Cyrus*; but he was not ſorry that the King of *Aſſyria* and *Mazares* were out of *Sardis*: for though the firſt of theſe two was a priſoner, yet he feared leſt he ſhould have ſome ſecret plots alſo ; a natural antipathy againſt a Rival,made him glad of his abſence,and he was not angry at both their departures: and not being ſo much perplexed as *Crœſſus* was, he did what he could to perſwade him that the loſs was not ſo great as he did apprehend it: The worſt was, that the truce was near an end, and ſince there was no negotiation in hand,becauſe the King of *Suſiana* had changed ſides, they not knowing upon what ground to deſire a prolonging of the treaty. In the mean time, this alteration had put all *Sardis* in ſuch a fright, and ſo much diſordered the Army of *Crœſſus*, that there was an abſolute neceſſity of more time to appeaſe both people and Souldiers. Moreover, ſince the paſſage over the River *Halis* was in the power of *Cyrus*, he might be forced to give battel if that Prince pleaſed: and he plainly ſaw, that if he did fight before things were better compoſed, the day would be loſt: Therefore, as extream maladies have always recourſe unto extream remedies, ſo *Crœſſus* reſolved to begin another negotiation, though he had no intention to end it; but only to gain time. He told then the King of *Pontus*, that he intended to propound unto *Cyrus* an exchange between the Princeſs *Araminta*, and the Prince *Artamas*; but it was upon ſuch odd conditions, as was apparent he aimed more at drift of time, than any real exchange, ſince one qualification was, that the Prince *Artamas* ſhould promiſe never to pretend unto the Princeſs *Palmis*: and demanded further a releaſment of all the priſoners which had been taken ſince *Cyrus* entred into his dominions. The King of *Pontus* approved of all that *Crœſſus* did propound unto him: for though in reality he was very willing to get his ſiſter the Princeſs out of the power of *Cyrus*; yet he durſt not tell the King of *Lydia*, that all his propoſitions could never take effect; becauſe being his protector, it was fit he ſhould comply with his opinion: *Crœſſus* therefore, becauſe he had no other way, ſent to deſire a prolonging of the Truce for eight days more, to the end there might be a treaty concerning the releaſment of the Prince *Artamas*, aud the Princeſs *Araminta*. As ſoon as ever this propoſition was made unto *Cyrus*, he knew very well the real deſign of the *Lydian* King: and if he had follow'd his own inclination,he would abſolutely have rejected it, and took advantage of the diſorder which was in the Army of *Crœſſus* : But ſince it was propounded in the preſence of the *Phrygian* King (who hoped to have his ſon at liberty by this negotiation) *Cyrus* perceiving the thoughts of this King, would by no means diſoblige him, nor make the Princeſs *Araminta*, whom he highly eſteemed, to think that he was more careleſs of her liberty than of *Panthea*'s. And ſince he thought it concerned *Crœſſus* more to keep the Prince *Artamas*, than it did himſelf to keep the Princeſs *Araminta*, he conſented unto the Truce deſired; and the ſooner, becauſe, being aſſured of the paſs over the river *Halis*, he could force *Crœſſus* to fight when he would: So that not inſiſting upon eight days, he reſolved to ſatisfie the King of *Phrygia*, and not to incenſe the Princeſs of *Pontus*. Moreover, theſe eight days were as expedient for him as for *Crœſſus*, for ſince the *Lydians* had made great waſte in all the Country along the river *Halis* towards *Sardis*, he could in that interim provide ammunition and proviſion enough for his Army in all the neighbour Towns. The Truce then being renewed, the Prince *Phraartes* began to plot how to render it ineffectual: not out of any diſaffection unto Prince *Artamas*, but becauſe he was deep in love with *Araminta*, and could not conſent ſhe ſhould go into the Country of his enemy, ſo he might loſe the ſight of her for ever. In the mean time, ſince the firſt days of this treaty were ſpent only in receiving Propoſitions from *Crœſſus*, which paſſed under the name of the King of *Pontus*, *Cyrus* was not ſo buſie but he went to viſit *Panthea*, and partake of her joys in *Abradates* : the King of *Aſſyria* alſo went thither ſometimes, and ſo did all the reſt of the Princes in the Army : ſo that during this Truce, the Court of *Panthea* might very well be called the moſt glorious Court in the World, ſince no place upon earth had ſo many gallant men together as it had. The ſtranger *Anaxaris*, (during this little peace, if I may tearm it ſo) did make it appear that he was a man of Civility as well as Courage. The Prince *Mazares*, though very melancholy, yet his ſolitude had not rendered him uncivil, but he alſo viſited the Queen of *Suſiana:* He ſaw the Princeſs *Araminta* alſo*:* but all his viſits, were viſits rather of Civility, than any pleaſant Company. In the mean time the King of *Suſiana* conſidereng the ſeveral intereſts of *Cyrus* and *Mazares*, and of *Mazares* and the King of *Aſſyria*, did ſo prudently compoſe their ſpirits, that they agreed together almoſt as well, as if all paſt paſſages were forgotten. Yet the King of *Aſſyria*, did often let ſlip ſuch language as ſpoke his memory of them, but the wiſdom of *Mazares* did ſo diſcreetly temper the impetuous humour of the *Aſſyrian* King, that there happened no diſorder amongſt them. All three would diſcourſe together of their paſſions, and not quarrel, but it was in the preſence of *Abradates*: for an extraordinary care was taken, never to let them be alone together, leſt ſome violent paſſion of ſoul ſhould produce ſome ſad event. In the mean while *Beleſis*, though in the midſt of an army of 150000. men, and in a Town wherein were two great Princeſſes, and many Ladies of quality beſides, yet melancholy did ſit ſo heavie upon his ſoul, that he never ſaw any but the Prince *Mazares* with whom he lodged. Things ſtanding upon theſe tearms, upon a day when *Cyrus* was with the Queen of *Suſiana*, with whom the Princeſs *Araminta* was preſent, *Beleſis* went to a little town with the Prince of *Saces*, to get ſomething mended about the caſe of a Picture which he prized infinitely dear, and would not truſt it with any one: as he was ſpeaking unto the workman, and took out the Picture which he would not forſake, the workman having ſome knowledge in that Art, and finding it to be a rare piece, could not chuſe but look upon it; whilſt he was thus looking upon it, both with admiration and delight, a ſtranger of a handſome garb lighted from his horſe cloſe by the houſe where *Beleſis* was, and accidentally caſting his eyes upon this Picture, he knew it: and did ſo wonder to find it in *Lydia*, that he could not chuſe but ask him who held it, how he came by that Picture, telling him, that it was his, for he could ſpeak the Lydian language: he had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Beleſis* underſtanding him, and knowing

ing the voice, he turned and haſtily took the Picture: and turning towards the ſtranger, he perceived that he was not miſtaken, but that it was really him whom he thought it to be, ſo that falling a pace back, Oh *Hermogenes* (cryed he out, being tranſported with grief and deſpair, and drawing his Sword) durſt you follow me as far as *Lydia* to take the picture from me, whoſe original you did ſo cruelly ſteal away? *Hermogenes* was ſo ſurprized to meet *Beleſis*, and ſo many ſeveral things coming into his thoughts at once, it was a long while before he could get himſelf into a poſture of defence; or conſider if what he ſaw was poſſible: But he had not leiſure to deliberate upon the matter: for *Orſanus* paſſing by chance by, as *Beleſis* ſtood upon his guard, and as *Hermogenes* knew not whether what he ſaw was true or falſe, called company to help him, and he ſeized both upon *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes* as two men that were quarrelling, ſending immediately to acquaint *Mazares* with it, who as ſoon as he heard of it, beſeeched *Cyrus* to take order in the buſineſs: The Queen of *Suſiana* hearing the name of *Beleſis* did add her prayers unto his, accuſing her ſelf of forgetfulneſs, ſince *Orſanus* ſpoke unto her of him: yet to repair her fault, ſhe acquainted the King of *Suſiana* with the merit of the man, and aſſuring *Cyrus* that he was a man of great quality and much ſpirit, all the Princes went into another chamber to ſee *Beleſis* and him who quarrelled with him, but the Queen of *Suſiana* having an earneſt deſire to ſee *Beleſis*, entreated *Cyrus* to let them be brought before him: ſo that he commanded them to be brought in. As ſoon as ever they entred into the chamber, *Panthea* did know *Hermogenes* to be of *Suſa*, and of good quality, and who intending to get into *Sardis*, did by good fortune hear that *Abradates* had changed ſides, ſo that he altered his courſe, and came to this little town, which was the ſame where the Queen of *Suſiana* quartered: *Abradates* and *Panthea* highly eſteeming *Hermogenes* did much welcome him and *Beleſis* both: after they had ſpoken unto theſe two quarrellers with all poſſible civility, they beſeeched *Cyrus* to favour them, and oblige them to tell what their difference was: It is of ſuch a nature, (ſaid *Beleſis*) that it is impoſſible it ſhould ever be rightly told, and therefore I think it better to leave us enemies ſtill, than to conſume ſo much time in troubling two great Princes with relation of ſuch things as are indifferent unto them. The intereſt of perſons of ſuch merit(anſwered *Cyrus*) ought never to be indifferent unto the greateſt Princes upon earth; Therefore if to render juſtice, nothing be wanting but a hearing the relation of your lives, we ſhall hear them with much delight: Alſo, I cannot think we can better employ our vacant time during this Truce, than in making *Hermogenes* and you friends: and I ſhall have ſome advantage by it (added *Cyrus* with a ſmile) ſince if I do reconcile you, I ſhall hope you will fight with more courage in the day of Battel, therefore I moſt humbly beſeech the Queen of *Suſiana*, that ſhe would be pleaſed to command *Hermogenes* to tell me his adventures, if *Beleſis* will not do it himſelf: *Hermogenes* (replied *Beleſis*) is too much intereſted in the buſineſs, to relate his ſtory and mine; for, Sir, he muſt needs make a partial relation, ſince he would perſwade me that I am in the wrong, and he in the right. To make it appear that I ſtand not in need of any diſguiſements of the truth, ſaid *Hermogenes*, I am contented that he himſelf relate all the paſſages betwixt us: I cannot do it, replied *Beleſis*, for it is impoſſible I ſhould make a relation of all my ſad adventures, and not return into my firſt deſpair. To compoſe the matter betwixt them, ſaid *Abradates* unto *Cyrus*, it muſt neither be *Beleſis* nor *Hermogenes* that muſt relate their adventures, but ſome one who is an equal friend unto them both, and who is acquainted with the perfect ſtory: Oh, Sir, replied *Beleſis*, there is none in the World can do it, but *Alcenor*: 'tis he whom I intend to ſpeak of, replied *Abradates*, and I wonder you ſaw him not, ſince he came to *Sardis* two days before I left it, and therefore did certainly follow me hither. It is rather to be wondred, if he did ſee him, replied the Prince *Mazares*; for *Beleſis* almoſt never ſtirred abroad ſince he left his Deſart, but when he thought to aſſiſt me in the delivery of the Princeſs *Mandana*: After this, *Cyrus* deſired theſe two enemies to refer the relation of their difference unto him whom *Abradates* named, ſince they could not agree to do it themſelves : and they conſented unto it ; yet deſiring to ſee *Alcenor* before he ſpoke ; ſo that without loſs of any longer time, the Queen of *Suſiana* ſending to look for him, he was immediately found, and was ſhewed unto both thoſe his friends, who joyntly willed him to ſpeak the truth, both of them ſuppoſing there needed nothing elſe to juſtifie themſelves : After which, retiring into another Chamber, *Alcenor* began the relation in theſe terms : *Panthea* appointing him to addreſs his Speech unto *Cyrus* as Judge of the Controverſie, for ſhe had already been informed of the adventure, though ſhe was deſirous to hear it over again.

The Hiſtory of *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes*, and of *Cleodora* and *Leoniſa*.

Doubtleſs, Sir, it will ſeem very ſtrange unto you, that I ſhould be ſo equal a friend unto two enemies, as I ſhould even to the leaſt circumſtance, know the events of both their lives, even to their moſt ſecret thoughts ; and that both of them ſhould have ſuch a good opinion of my ſincerity, that they are contented I ſhould relate the adventures of their lives in their own preſence, tho' they are of that nature, that the leaſt circumſtance omitted doth extreamly alter the caſe : yet notwithſtanding I hope to render my ſelf worthy of the favour which they do me, being fully reſolved to diſguiſe nothing, but will ingenuouſly relate all their imbecillities as I found in them. But, Sir, ſince I conceive it requiſite, you know who they are : give me leave to tell you, Sir, that *Beleſis* is a Mantianian, and of the Prime quality in his Country, and that *Hermogenes* is a Suſianian, and of a very high quality alſo, beſides the advantages of birth, they had that of excellent education, not only in ſuch Arts as are eſſentially requiſite to make compleat men ; but alſo in other inferour trifles, which yet do infinitely poliſh the ſpirits of them who know them, and are delightful to thoſe that know them not : It was the pleaſure of their Parents they ſhould travel together at one time ; and as if the Gods deſigned their meeting, and that they ſhould love each other, they met both at *Babylon*, not only at the ſame time, but alſo in the ſame Houſe, though one of them came from *Suſa*, and the other from *Mantiana*, ſo that though both of them were of ſuch a garb as might move equal curioſity of knowing who they were, yet they ſought for occaſions of being talked of, and they eaſily found them. For ſince they had got moſt of the *Aſiatick* Languages before they ſet out to travel, and ſince the *Suſian* and *Mantinian* Tongues reſembled one another, they diſcourſed familiarly together, the firſt time they met, and went together to view the wonders of this proud and ſtately Town: they were ſo well acquainted at this very firſt encounter, that they affected the ſame pleaſures, practiſed the ſame Arts, knew the ſame things: at firſt, their intentions were to aſſociate together as long as they ſtayed in *Babylon*, where they ſojourned about a Month; but ſince in that time they grew more intimate, and loved each other better, they could not part ſo ſoon, and in concluſion, agreed to travel together; thoſe two loving Friends kept cloſe together a whole year in travelling from Court to Court, and from Country to Country, in much delight, not the leaſt conteſt ever happening between them: after they had ſeen all that was worthy of ſight, *Hermogenes* moved *Beleſis* in lieu of returning home, to ſpend ſome time at *Suſa*: and certainly his curioſity to ſee ſo ſtately a Town was grounded upon good reaſon, for I do not think there is a Town in the whole Univerſe ſo full of all delights: *Beleſis* then being eaſily perſwaded to ſee the moſt goodly place in the World, and to go with a Friend, from whom he could not part without extream grief, arrived at *Suſa* a little while after the illuſtrious *Abradates* was baniſhed: But that he might not repent of his coming thither, *Hermogenes*, who was well acquainted with all the Avenues, did ſo guide him, that they entred in at the moſt pleaſant quarter, which indeed is one of the moſt delightful objects that eye can behold. For, Sir, in coming to *Suſa* this way, there is a little Hill from whence one views a great valley, containing above a hundred furlongs, in the midſt of which paſſeth in a ſerpentine manner, the River *Choaſpes*, the Water whereof is ſo clear and pure, that the moſt Cryſtal freſh Spring is not comparable to it; upon the banks of this River ſtands the Town of *Suſa*; and the great number of magnificent Fabricks makes it ſeem as fair without as it is within: that which makes the place moſt pleaſant, and dwelling there moſt healthful, is, that all this great Valley is diapered with a million of ſeveral colours in Flowers, which by their admirable enamel, does charm the eyes with variety, and perfume the Air with odour, infinitely ſurpaſſing the Rainbow, or any other proſpect whatſoever: alſo, from this abundance of fragrant Flowers the Town of *Suſa* takes its name; for in that language they ſignifie alike; and therefore this Valley or Meadow is called the Rainbow of *Suſa*, throughout all *Aſia*. Moreover, in coming that way which *Hermogenes* did bring *Beleſis*, there are along that pleaſant River four great Walks, ſo large, ſo ſtraight, ſo even, and ſo ſhady, by the height of the Trees which grow by the ſides (though Wood is very ſcant in all that Country) that a more pleaſant Walk cannot be imagined. Unto this place all the Ladies every evening reſort in their Coaches, and where the Men rendezvous on Horſeback: ſo that having liberty to go ſometimes into one Walk, and ſometimes into another, it is a place of the greateſt pleaſure in the World. *Hermogenes* intending to let the firſt time of *Beleſis* his coming unto *Suſa*, to be a time of Pleaſure; and the more to ſurpriſe him, he never told him that he would bring him this way: yet, becauſe he would not diſpleaſe his Friend, by bringing him into a place of ſo much reſort in a negligent habit; he deſired him that Morning to dreſs himſelf as one that was to lodge in a houſe where he ſhould ſee many Ladies, as indeed there was at the houſe of *Hermogenes*; his Mother and his Siſter being there: ſo that *Beleſis* not foreſeeing the harmleſs deceit of his Friend, did habit himſelf in a very rich handſome Suit, above the cuſtom of Travellers: but he eaſily perceived the cunning of *Hermogenes*, when he found all theſe great Walks full of gilded Coaches, in which were all the prime Beauties of *Suſa*:

and after them an infinite number of Men of Quality, admirably well mounted, and richly habited, who came and ſaluted them. Then did *Beleſis* thank him for his pleaſant fallacy, in letting him ſee ſo many Beauties together in one place, and in ſuch a gallant manner. After which, ſending all their Train another way, *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes* began to enter into the Walk, as if in lieu of travel, they were newly come out of *Suſa*. For my part, I being an intimate Friend unto *Hermogenes* before he was acquainted with *Beleſis*, I was extreamly ſurpriſed to ſee him arrive whilſt I was talking with ſome Ladies; for I did not yet expect him. I no ſooner ſpied him, but ſhewing him thoſe unto whom I talked, (to the end they ſhould not take it ill that I left them ſo abruptly) I went to meet him: and ſince it was not the cuſtom of that place to alight from Horſes, becauſe it would interrupt the walk of Ladies; we embraced each other on Horſeback: After the firſt raptures of joy to ſee one another, *Hermogenes* deſired me to love *Beleſis*, as he deſired *Beleſis* to love me: After this, *Beleſis* and I ſaluted each other with much civility, and ſo much freedom, as made it apparent we were both of us diſpoſed to obey *Hermogenes* in his deſires. All our Complements being performed, *Hermogenes* deſiring to divert *Beleſis*, and deſired his travel unto *Suſa* might pleaſe him, asked me whether all the Beauties of the Town were that evening in the Walks? Wiſhing that his Friend ſhould all at once ſee what *Suſa* had fair. And as he named all that were there, and all that were not there, it chanced that one Lady of Quality called *Cleodora*, who doubtleſs was one of the brighteſt Stars in all *Suſa*, was not there, whereat *Hermogenes* was very ſad; and as I asked why he ſhould be ſo ſad, ſince I knew he was not in love? The reaſon is, *Alcenor*, (ſaid he unto me) becauſe I would have all the Beauties in *Suſa* here, to the end, ſome of them might captivate *Beleſis*, and ſtay him here amongſt us: If ſo, replyed *Beleſis*, you would not be oblig'd at all unto me for my ſtay in *Suſa*; and therefore I had rather ſtay here upon terms of Friendſhip than Love. After this, we began to look upon the Ladies, and to ſalute them: Every one wondering to ſee *Hermogenes*, bidding him welcome home, and asking who *Beleſis* was. After many turns, well, *Beleſis*, (ſaid *Hermogenes* to him) do you find any of our Beauties worthy of the honour to captivate you? I find their beauties to be admirably rare, replyed he: but to tell you truly, I have not met with any yet who makes my heart and my ſpirits to tremble, as commonly beauty uſeth to do unto one that is deſtined to love, and which ever precedes that love he owes her: So that if this *Cleodora*, who you ſay is not here, have no other Charms than theſe have, you, and none elſe ſhall thank me for my ſtay in *Suſa*, ſince in all likelihood I ſhall uot fall in love. As *Beleſis* ſaid ſo, we ſaw a Coach appear at the end of the Walks towards *Suſa*, which ſeemed to be *Cleodora*'s Aunts, with whom ſhe lived: I no ſooner ſpied it, but I ſhewed it unto *Hermogenes*, who knowing it as well as my ſelf, told *Beleſis*, and ſmiled, that he would go meet his Captivator: I am not yet conquered, (replyed he, and ſmiled alſo) however, he followed, and *Hermogenes* carried him to that ſide on which *Cleodora* was uſed to ſit: But when they came near the Coach, *Beleſis*, found her the faireſt that he ſaw. Since it was late before ſhe came into the Walks, and the Sun low, her Face was unmasked, ſo that *Beleſis* ſaw her, as if Fate had a deſign to fetter him, as indeed really he was: *Cleodora* was that time in a white dreſs, trimmed with Diamonds and Rubies, having upon her head many feathers of White and Carnation dye, which hung down ſo low behind, that they reached to her Arms when ſhe turned her head: As part of *Cleodora*'s beauties was to have Eyes admirably fair, Complexion white and ruddie, and her ſtature tall, there did not need any ſearch to be made for the diſcovery of it; for ſhe always ſeemed fair at firſt ſight: and ſo that all beholders were perſwaded they ſhould find fairer features upon further conſideration: ſo that it was no wonder if *Cleodora* did that which many others could not: *Beleſis* no ſooner ſet his Eyes upon this evening Star, but he preferred it before all the reſt, and deſired *Hermogenes* to take the other turn: when we heard him ſay ſo, we ſmiled, and asked him whether he found trembling of heart

heart and ſpirit, which he ſaid always preceded Love? he anſwered us with a ſmile again, that he was not yet fettered, but feared he ſhould be: if you fear it, ſaid I unto him, why do you follow your enemy, and not rather fly from her? It is becauſe I had rather truſt to my reſiſtance (anſwered he) than to my flight: ſince he ſaid ſo. *Beleſis*, *Hermogenes*, and my ſelf met *Cleodora* the ſecond time, who then knew *Hermogenes*, for at the firſt time ſhe did not perceive him, becauſe ſhe fixt her eyes ſo faſt upon *Beleſis*, that ſhe minded not any thing elſe for a long time; As it is very ordinary in ſuch places to look upon ſtrangers, more than upon their old acquaintance, though happily not ſo handſome, and that's the reaſon ſhe did not ſee *Hermogenes*; but knowing him this ſecond time, ſhe called him unto her, ſeeming to be glad to ſee him, but gladder of the occaſion to aſk the name of that ſtranger whom ſhe ſaw was of his acquaintance. And therefore ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but calling him, as I told you before, How long *Hermogenes* (ſaid ſhe unto him) is it ſince you returned? It is ſo lately, Madam, (replied he) that I need not make any excuſe for not having the honour to ſee you before, although you be ſhe whom of all the world I owe moſt reſpect unto, ſince I have not yet been in *Suſa*. 'Tis very gallant, replied ſhe, to finiſh a years travels with ſuch a walk as this: and if you had been thought in Love when you departed, I ſhould have believed this to be the place where you had appointed to meet your Miſtreſs; To tell you truly, Madam, (replied he) the affection which I have unto this ſtranger whom you ſee here, is the cauſe that I have the honour of ſeeing you here this day, for ſince I had a great deſire he ſhould ſtay here amongſt us, I did what I could to fetter him,and therefore, fair *Cleodora*, I conjure you, to do me this favourable office. You are a wicked friend (anſwered ſhe) to deſire any ſuch thing; but indeed I cannot think you do deſire it: But *Hermogenes*, to ſpeak a little more ſeriouſly, tell me this Stranger's Name; his Quality; and his Countrey? I ſhall tell you more than all this (replied *Hermogenes*) for when I have told you that his Name is *Beleſis*, of a high Quality, and that he is *Mantianian*, I ſhall tell you further, that he thinks you the faireſt he ever ſaw; and if you will not believe me, I will move him to tell you as much himſelf. As ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, not giving *Cleodora* time to anſwer, he turned towards *Beleſis*, and calling him aloud; Come hither *Beleſis* (ſaid he unto him) come and confirm what I have told *Cleodora*; Provided you have told her that I think her the faireſt upon earth (ſaid *Beleſis*, coming near the Coach which went very ſoftly, and ſaluting her with a low Congie) I ſhall moſt Joyfully confirm your words, and that with an oath, if need be. Doubtleſs, Generous ſtranger (anſwered ſhe, and ſmiled) you think you do *Hermogenes* a curteſie in commending any thing he ſhews you; and indeed I receive your flatteries rather as a mark of your friendſhip to him, than of any good opinion you have of me If it were ſo, Madam, (replyed *Beleſis*) I ſhould have commended every beauty which I ſaw in this place before you came, purpoſely to oblige *Hermogenes*, But I can aſſure you, I commended none but your ſelf: and I muſt add, ſaid *Hermogenes*, that if *Beleſis* Love any in *Suſa*, it muſt be the Fair *Cleodora*: for he told *Alcenor* and me, that he perceived in himſelf ſuch a kind of heart-trembling as uſeth to precede Love alwaies; as ſoon as *Hermogenes* had ſaid ſo, ſo many Coaches met in that Place, as of neceſſity the diſcourſe muſt break off; *Beleſis* telling *Cleodora* with his eyes that all *Hermogenes* ſaid was true, and *Cleodora* made ſuch ſigns by the actions of her head and hand, as made her thoughts ſomething apparent. After which, all the Ladies retired to their homes, and ſo did we. In our way thither, *Beleſis* asked us of what diſpoſition *Cleodora* was: and whether ſhe had many Servants? Since I was better able to inform him than *Hermogenes*, who had been abſent a whole year, I took upon me to anſwer and ſatisfie his Curioſitie, which indeed was better grounded than he imagined: So that to content him, I told him in general, that there was not one of her Sex in *Suſa*, who had more or a finer ſpirit than ſhe had: I perceived that already (replied he) both by her Phyſiognomie, and the aire wherewith ſhe ſpoke: But that which I deſire to know, is, of what kind of ſpirit that is? Since that is your deſire (replied I) I muſt tell you that *Cleodora* hath in appearance more ſweet affabilitie, than ever any had; yet thoſe who know the bottom of her heart, do ſay ſhe is a little more ſevere: but however it be, it is moſt certain, that very many ſtrive to pleaſe her, though ſhe diſlikes all; yet notwithſtanding all this, there is much tenderneſs and goodneſs in her ſpirit: and that there is a mixture of complacence and ſeverity both in her ſoul, which makes her not always of an equal temper, though ſhe be always affably pleaſant. Moreover ſhe is extreamly nice and delicate in choice of her friends, which is commended by ſome, and much blamed by others: for if thoſe who viſit her, be not very compleat men, of admirable Parts, ſhe cares not for their company, nor whether they eſteem her or eſteem her not. You do very much perplex me, ſaid *Beleſis*; for you tell me ſuch a ſtory as makes *Cleodora* very dreadful to me; and yet I cannot chuſe but think it much pleaſure to engage the heart of ſuch a one as you deſcribe her. If you dare attempt it (replied I) you are more bold than many compleat Gallants of our Court, who queſtionleſs have a great inclination to love *Cleodora*, but dare not attempt it: Not but that, as you ſee, ſhe is civil and affable enough; yet it is ſo difficult a task to pleaſe her, that few men have ſo good an opinion of themſelves, as ever to go about it. Moreover this muſt be ſaid in her commendations, that ſhe is never deceived in her choice, and whoſoever ſhe eſteems, does certainly deſerve to be ſo: yet for all that, it were to be wiſhed ſhe would be more indulgent than ſhe is to the imperfections of others; not that ſhe doth ever ſpeak of them; but becauſe ſhe will never ſpeak unto them who have them; or if ſhe do, it is with ſuch a cold indifferency, as makes them deſpair who have ſo much wit as to diſcern it: yet for all this *Cleodora* is admirably complacent, eſpecially unto thoſe whom ſhe has a deſire to be acquainted with: and therefore ſince you merit to be in the Catalogue of thoſe whom ſhe eſteems, I adviſe you to ſee her, and ſee her often whilſt you are at *Suſa*. Though it be but out of meer curioſity (replied *Beleſis*) certainly I will ſee her: let me give you this advice, ſaid *Hermogenes*, for you muſt know that if *Cleodora* have not changed her humour, ſhe is yet very fantaſtical, and puts a great difference between the compleat Gallants of the Court, and others; therefore if you deſire to pleaſe her, you muſt not live as a ſtranger that would never be known: perhaps the reaſon is (replied *Beleſis*) becauſe ſhe is perſwaded it is impoſſible to be compleat unleſs one have ſuch a garb and aire, as is very rarely gotten any where but in Court; beſides that (added I) *Cleodora* knows not what to ſay unto ſuch as are ignorant of the news which is in the world, and which ſhe knows admirably well. To pleaſe *Cleodora* then (replied *Beleſis*) it ſeems I muſt furniſh my ſelf with a hundred thouſand things of diſcourſe: doubtleſs you muſt (replyed I, unleſs you have a priviledge above others) if you would have her talk long with you: Thus, Sir, did *Hermogenes* and I make *Cleodora* known unto *Beleſis*: who was entertained at his friends houſe with much magnificence. The next day following *Hermogenes* went to the King, and to the Prince of *Suſa* who then was, and carried *Beleſis* with him, whoſe name was not unknown unto theſe Princes, for his father had formerly been a long time together at *Suſa*. After this, two or three days were ſpent in receiving viſits which were rendred unto *Hermogenes*, and in letting *Beleſis* ſee the rarities of the town. After this he asked *Hermogenes* when he would carry him unto *Cleodora*? for (ſaid he) though I am not yet well furniſhed with ſuch diſcourſe as will divert her, yet I have a great deſire to viſit her. *Hermogenes* ſent immediately to know whether *Cleodora* was at home: and anſwer was brought, that about an hour ſince ſhe was gone into the country, and would not return this fifteen days.

Since I intend to ſtay three months in this place (replied *Beleſis*) to comfort my ſelf, I muſt imagine that it is a delight deferred, not loſt. During the abſence of *Cleodora*, *Hermogenes* ſhewed *Beleſis* all the beauties both in Court and Town, but his heart was not at all moved by them: and being of a pleaſant and quick wit, he made himſelf acquainted with all the friends of *Hermogenes* in a ſhort time, and knew the ſeveral intereſts and buſineſſes of all the Court, as well as if he had been bred in it all his life. After the expiration of fifteen days, the fair *Cleodora* returned: and hap would have it ſo, that *Beleſis*, *Hermogenes*, and I being in the Walks, we ſaw her return, and ſaluted her: and knowing of her return before-hand, we were there the firſt; and ſince it was yet very timely, we might without any incivility viſit her; but firſt we gave her time to conſult with her Glaſs, and make her ſelf fit to entertain Company. When we were come thither, *Hermogenes* preſented *Beleſis* to her Aunt and her alſo; and to compleat his civility unto his friend, he kept the Aunt in diſcourſe, and left *Cleodora* unto *Beleſis* and me. In the mean while, as flatteries are ſeldom forgotten when they are handſomly applied; ſo the language of *Beleſis* unto *Cleodora* in the Walks, the ſame day he came firſt to *Suſa*, did now move her unto more affability than ſhe ordinarily uſed, and ſhe ſpoke unto him much more than to any other: yet ſhe treated him as a ſtranger, unto whom ſhe thought it not fit to ſpeak of any thing but in general; therefore beginning her diſcourſe, I do not ask you (ſaid ſhe unto him) whether *Hermogenes* hath ſhewed you all the Beauties of *Suſa*, for I make no queſtion but he carried you to all places where you might meet with any delights; therefore I pray you do me the favour to tell me, what you think of our publick places, of our Temples, of our Walks, and of every thing in *Suſa?* all theſe, Madam (replied *Beleſis*) ſeem admirably beautiful unto me: but to tell you ſincerely (ſaid he, and laughed) I do not think theſe queſtions proper to divert you: therefore I beſeech you do not uſe me like a ſtranger, unto whom nothing is to be talked on, but the Cuſtoms of his own Country. If I had had the honour to have ſpoke with you the day after I firſt arrived, I ſhould have been patient at ſuch diſcourſe as this: But now, fair *Cleodora*, it is fifteen days ſince I came to *Suſa*; ſo that if you think I know nothing yet, but that your ſtreets be large and neat; your Temples beautiful; your Palaces magnificent, and ſuch things, you treat me too cruelly: but I beſeech you, if you love me, do not force your ſelf unto ſuch diſcourſe, but ask me what news, as if I were a *Suſianian*, and a Courtier. *Cleodora* hearing *Beleſis* ſay ſo, began to laugh, not thinking he could tell her any private news: and imagining he would not have ſpoke ſo, but becauſe he had known ſomething of her humour; ſo that beginning to talk again, I ſee you know (ſaid ſhe unto him) that I am afraid of any new acquaintance, nor care for the company of men who are ignorant in the affairs of the World: But *Beleſis*, I am not ſo unjuſt as they report me: for that which I wonder at, is at the men of *Suſa*, who are ignorant in all things: but as for you, who are not ſo, nor have dwelt amongſt us, I ſhould be very unreaſonable if I ſhould blame you for not knowing all the ſecrets of our Court, and uncivil alſo, to ſpeak unto you of ſuch things as you underſtand not. For my part (ſaid I, and ſpake unto *Beleſis*) I conceive you have reaſon to commend *Cleodora*: on the contrary, replied he, perhaps I have more cauſe to complain of her, than you think I have: but however (ſaid he, ſpeaking unto her) will you be pleaſed to promiſe me, that you will not let me paſs under the notion of a ſtranger, if I do tell you ſome news? I do not mean ſuch (ſaid he, and ſmiled) as is ſpoke aloud in the ſtreets, or ſuch as is whiſpered from ear to ear four days together before it bolt out. Ah *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe) you will make me the moſt aſhamed, and do me the greateſt favour in the World, if you can do as you ſay: yet I ſee no likelihood of it, for excepting yeſterday, I have every day received Letters from *Suſa*, which acquainted ed me with all news that was ſtirring, (however, ſaid he unto her) if I acquaint you with ſomething ſince, you ought not to tax me with ignorance: After this he began to tell her of a hundred paſſages; and to ſpeak unto her, as one that knew all the factions, and ſeveral intereſts of every perſon of Quality, whether it were his Ambition or his Love, or any thing elſe in all the Court and Town: ſo that *Cleodora* and he came to that paſs, before the Conference ended, that they often whiſpered unto each other, and induced me to change my place, and addreſs my ſelf unto the Aunt of *Cleodora*, and *Hermogenes*: And ſo that from this firſt day *Beleſis* was very intimate with *Cleodora*, who openly confeſſed that he had told her many things which were never written unto her: Truly (ſaid ſhe unto him, as they were ready to go away) I believe you have been a long time concealed in *Suſa*: for it is impoſſible you ſhould come to the knowledge of all theſe things (which you have told me) in fifteen days. I know ſomething more, replied he, which doubtleſs, you do not know: Oh I beſeech you (ſaid *Cleodora* unto him) go not away before you impart it to me: I will (ſaid *Beleſis* to her) then whiſpering in her ear, Certainly you do not know, ſweet *Cleodora* (ſaid he unto her, that I am extreamly in Love with you.) I do not indeed (ſaid ſhe aloud and bluſht) and more than that, I do not believe it, or think it poſſible. Time will tell us both more certainly, anſwered *Beleſis*, and retired: after which we went out, and went unto the houſe of *Hermogenes*. When we were with *Beleſis* in his Chamber, we asked him what he thought of *Cleodora?* I will not tell you, replied he, for perhaps you are not now the cauſe of my ſtaying here; I do not wonder (replied I) that you ſhould be well pleaſed with this beauty, ſince ſhe hath treated you otherwiſe than ſhe uſed to do any that were not her friends, yet her behaviour, ſaid he, would coſt me many an angry hour, if I in earneſt love her: for notwithſtanding her ſweet affability, I diſcover a kind of rigid pride in her, which would grieve me to the ſoul; and notwithſtanding all this, ſhe hath ſuch attracts in her eyes, as I know not how to defend my ſelf againſt them, though I have a great deſire unto it: For my part, ſaid *Hermogenes*, I ever defended my ſelf againſt her: for though ſhe have many alluring beauties, yet there are many things obſervable in her humour, which are ſo many antidotes againſt the poiſon of her charmes, ſo that I am in no danger of ever dying for love of her. It is not ſo with me, ſaid *Beleſis*, for I am afraid I ſhall one day complain againſt you for making me acquainted with her. Theſe were the effects, Sir, which the beauty of *Cleodora* wrought in the heart of *Beleſis*: and now I will tell you what effects *Beleſis* produced in the heart of *Cleodora*. But to let you ſee how even very trifles do often purchaſe great eſteem amongſt Ladies. Be pleaſed to know that *Beleſis* underſtanding there was a great league of friendſhip between the ſiſter of *Hermogenes* and *Cleodora*, he expreſſed much civility towards her, and ſhe to him, her name was *Praſſilla*: *Beleſis* being one day with her, he intreated her to ſhew him what rare Gardens there was in *Suſa*: I ſhould have asked this favour of *Hermogenes* (ſaid he) but I confeſs unto you I cannot think any Gardens, or walks pleaſant, unleſs in the company of Ladies; and therefore you will much oblige me, if you will do me this honour. *Beleſis* had no ſooner pronounced the laſt word, but *Cleodora* entered, who came to viſit *Praſſilla*: ſhe was no ſooner ſet down, but *Praſſilla* acquainted *Cleodora* with the deſire of *Beleſis*, who the ſooner to compaſs his deſire, ſeemed to hinder *Praſſilla* from ending that which ſhe had begun to tell: I beſeech you, (ſaid he unto her) do me not ſo bad an office, as to make me paſs yet for a ſtranger unto the fair *Cleodora*, with whom I am not yet thoroughly acquainted. The reſiſtance which *Beleſis* made, wrought his deſired effect, and infuſed a great deſire in that Lady, to know what *Praſſilla* would tell her: ſo that being very urgent, *Praſſilla* told her, and withal deſired her aſſiſtance in ſetting forth the glories of *Suſa.* *Cleodora* being glad of an occaſion to complement with *Beleſis,* told him, that ſhe was much pleaſed to ſee he was not like moſt travellers, who hardly uſe to know who it is that reigns in the Countrey which they paſs thorow: and who content themſelves onely with the memory of the temples which they have ſeen, of mountains, of rivers, and ſuch things; but never enquire of the manners, cuſtomes, and people, which dwell in thoſe Towns; whoſe ſtreets and publick places, they only uſe to obſerve: But I perceive you are better acquainted with all the Gallants of our Court, than you are with our Gardens: and therefore I am very willing to aſſiſt *Praſſilla* in letting you ſee them, and if ſhe pleaſe, to morrow ſhall be the day, when with ſome other Ladies that are our friends, we will go unto the moſt pleaſant place in the world, not far off our river. I am very well contented with it, ſaid *Praſſilla.* And then *Beleſis* could do no leſs concur with the deſires of two ſuch pleaſant Ladies; always ſeeming to be ſorry *Cleodora* ſhould treat him as a ſtranger. The matter being thus reſolved upon, and the morrow being come, *Hermogenes, Beleſis,* and I went to wait upon the Ladies, who were to be preſent at this walk: And *Cleodora* being in the pleaſant humour, as ſoon as we came unto the place, and came out of the Coach, ſhe held out her hand unto *Beleſis*, Come hither generous ſtranger (ſaid ſhe unto him) come and ſee the beauties of our Countrey, that you may talk of them when you come into your own. For heavens ſake, Madam, ſaid he unto her, Call me me not ſtranger: I muſt needs call you ſo this day, replied ſhe, and laughed, ſince I ſhall ſhew you a thouſand things you never ſaw before, and ſince you are in a place where you have no acquaintance. I am contented, ſaid he, to be a ſtranger until this day of walking be ended: and ſo am I ſaid ſhe. At the coming into the Garden ſhe willed him to obſerve all the beauties in it: the reſt of the company followed, and mixed diſcourſe. At the firſt *Cleodora* carried him into a great

Walk of Cypreſs Trees, at the end of which was a Fountain, the waters whereof, riſing up in great ſpouts one upon another, ſeemed as if it were a Rock of Cryſtal, unto which the rayes of the Sun gave colours like to the Bow of Heaven. Afterwards we went to ſit down in a great Arbour of Myrtle, wherein there were twenty four Statues; in the midſt of this Arbour there was a Fountain, whoſe waters were caſt out by twelve Sea Monſters, ſo that half of their bodies were only viſible; in the midſt of which was a *Neptune* with his Trident. Becauſe this Arbour was exceedingly pleaſant, and had ſeveral ſeats in the midſt, we ſtayed there a long while; *Cleodora* was always diſputing with *Beleſis*, and would needs perſwade him he had ſuch things as thoſe he ſaw in his Country: ſhe named all the Flowers and Herbs (that were generally known) unto him; and ſhe was ſo witty upon every ſubject, that ſhe infinitely delighted all the Company: *Beleſis* did contribute as much as poſſible to augment the mirth: but after we had been a long while there, *Beleſis* told *Cleodora* that to compleat all her favours, it would be a great addition, if ſhe would be pleas'd to let him ſee the Houſe unto which the Garden belonged. You will not find it ſo pleaſant as what you have ſeen already, ſaid ſhe; for excepting one Parlour, and a Vault, which are exceedingly cool in Summer, all the reſt are inconſiderable: yet, if you will, we'll go: In ſaying ſo, *Cleodora* roſe up, *Beleſis* continually leading her, and all the Company following until we came to the Parlour door: Then did *Cleodora* ſend unto the Porter to open the door: But, Sir, there was no need to ſtay long for him; becauſe as ſoon as *Cleodora* and *Beleſis* came to the door, it was opened: and *Cleodora* ſaw that there was a very magnificent Banquet prepared. She was ſo ſurprized at the ſight, and ſo little imagining it could be *Beleſis* who prepared it, that ſhe retired, and would her ſelf have ſhut the door, ſuppoſing there might be ſome ſecret piece of gallantry of other Men: But ſhe was not long in that errour, for *Beleſis* thruſting open the door, there was heard a conſort of rare Muſick: after which, turning towards *Cleodora*, he beſeeched her to excuſe him as a ſtranger, if he did not treat her ſo handſomely as he would do. How, *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe unto him) do I ſhew you the Garden, and is it you that gives us this coſtly Banquet? At leaſt, confeſs that *Hermogenes* and *Alcenor* have ordered the buſineſs. I will not ſhame them ſo much (replied he) by telling ſuch an untruth, to excuſe my ſelf withall for your no better entertainment: Then did *Hermogenes* and I declare that we knew nothing of it: So that after this, every one was raviſhed with admiration, acclamations and commendations of *Beleſis*: *Cleodora* asked pardon for treating him as a ſtranger, and promiſing never to do ſo again as long as ſhe liv'd. The truth is, we praiſed *Beleſis* ſo much, that every one forgot there was ſuch a thing as ſilence in Nature: And the company was ſo highly ſatisfied with this pleaſant ſurprize, that it wrought no ſmall effect in the heart of *Cleodora*: For there is nothing ſo prevalent with a growing affection, as to act ſome high piece of gallantry as may cauſe many perſons to commend one in the preſence of her he loves. Thus, Sir, did *Beleſis* ceaſe to be a ſtranger with *Cleodora*; who after this did viſit her very often, and with whom he fell ſo deep in love as he intended to ſtay as long as he could in *Suſa*. He carried it out ſo very well, his Parents ſending him wherewith to put himſelf in Equipage, that there was not one man of his condition in all the Court, who lived at a finer rate than he. In the mean time, he knew ſo admirably well how to take the height of *Cleodora*'s ſpirit, that he was in very favourable eſteem with her; yet durſt never ſpeak ſeriouſly of his paſſion to her: for he knew it was a dangerous buſineſs to ſpeak unto her of any love: At firſt ſhe declared, that ſhe ranked him in the Catalogue of her friends in general: A while after, ſhe did him the favour to acknowledge publickly, that he was in the number of three or four whom ſhe preferred before all the reſt: and a while after that, I believe *Beleſis* knew, without her telling him, that he was the prime of her friends. In the mean while he durſt not diſcover himſelf to be her Lover, but only her friend : for he being very intimate with her, ſhe confeſſed one day unto him, that ſhe ſhould be the moſt ſatisfied woman in the World, if ſhe could once ſee, how far the patience of an ill treated Lover could go : You may well think, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I am in no humour of any gallantry : but if ever I chance to run out of my wits ſo far as to take any pleaſure in the folly of another, and that the fantaſtical Fate of Love do ever ſend me a Lover, certainly I ſhall not take any greater pleaſure in the World, than in tormenting him. And truly I do not think any thing ſo ſweet, as to make ſuch a ſort of men to ſuffer, as make little mole-hills to be great mountains of miſery. But is it poſſible (ſaid *Beleſis* to her) that you ſhould be capable of any ſuch thoughts of cruelty ? If I ſhould (ſaid ſhe, and laughed) cut the throat of a man with my own hand; poiſon another; ſet a Town on fire; and a thouſand ſuch things, doubtleſs theſe would be horrour unto me, and I ſhould rather dye than think of any ſuch things; But *Beleſis*, ſince in making a man miſerable, I am only a little partial, a little angry, and a little inſenſible : I ſhall not much ſtart at it, though it purchaſe me the name inhumane, inexorable, and cruel : yes, a Tygreſs if you pleaſe, or any thing rather than to come puling with finger in eye, and tell me that I am fair, that I am amiable, and that I am charming. Therefore it is a great happineſs, that I was not born with beauty enough to make many Conqueſts: for certainly my Reign would have been tyrannical. Yet I can hardly believe it, replied *Beleſis* : for thoſe who live under your power, methinks have no mind to rebel : 'Tis then becauſe I do not know they are my Subjects, replied ſhe; for if I did, I ſhould quickly make them ſlaves, and ſlaves ſo loaded with Irons, that perhaps they would endeavour to break them. *Cleodora* ſpoke this with ſo much earneſtneſs of ſpirit, as *Beleſis* was amazed, and durſt not be ſo bold as to declare himſelf, as he once intended; becauſe he thought ſhe ſpoke it purpoſely that he ſhould not engage himſelf to ſerve her: and indeed this thought did ſo damp his ſpirit, as from that day he became very reſerved and melancholy; and ſo much, that he never enquired after any thing: ſo that in lieu of furniſhing *Cleodora* with news, and acquainting her with all paſſages before any knew it, he did enquire of her, for he did not know ſo much as the common news of the ſtreet. This lovely Lady, perceiving his change, began one day when he was alone with her, to chide him, and alſo to oblige him, for as good hap for him was, ſhe was not then in an humour ſo to hide her anger, as none could diſcover it. Is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe unto him) I ſhould ever ſee ſuch an alteration? for indeed, you do not leſs aſtoniſh me now you are ignorant of all that is done in *Suſa*, than you did when you came firſt, and yet knew every thing: Is it becauſe you are weary of your complacency towards me? Is the reaſon, becauſe you are weary of *Suſa*? or is it becauſe you think news not fit for diſcourſe, and intend to reform the World by your example? It is not any of theſe you have named, Madam, replied he; But the reaſon is, becauſe there is ſomething ſo choaks my mind, that I can think of nothing elſe for it. The only remedy for ſuch an humour, anſwered *Cleodora*, is to frequent no places but where one hath ſome buſineſs, which may drive it out of your thoughts: The reaſon why I am now ignorant of every thing (replied *Beleſis*) is, becauſe I cannot go unto the place where I have any buſineſs: and in that place, I do not hearken to what people ſay. But *Beleſis* (replied *Cleodora*, not gueſſing at what he would ſay) I ſee you continually here: 'Tis true, Madam (anſwered he) but the reaſon why I am continually here, is, becauſe no other place pleaſeth me: It ſeems then (ſaid ſhe craftily) that you have no deſire to pleaſe your ſelf: for of late you are always muſing, and never ſpeak. The reaſon is, Madam, replied he, becauſe I am afraid to ſpeak that which you have no deſire to know. Provided you do not ſpeak of any thing wherein I have any intereſt, anſwered ſhe, there is nothing which you can ſpeak that will offend me. Methinks, replied *Beleſis*, your curioſity would be more rational, if you deſired to know that which concerns you, than that which concerns you not: however it be, ſaid ſhe unto him, it is my humour, and all thoſe that deſire to pleaſe me, muſt conform themſelves unto it. But, Madam (replied he, with a very ſerious countenance) if I ſhould tell you there is a perſon who complains againſt you, a perſon whom I have heard you ſay you eſteemed, would you not deſire to know of what he accuſeth you, to the end you might juſtifie your ſelf? No, replied ſhe, for if I be accuſed wrongfully, it is not worth my juſtification: and if I be culpable, it is as I would be, and be both incapable of repentance or excuſe. I cannot believe you ſo unjuſt (replied *Beleſis*) but ſince you will neither juſtifie nor excuſe your ſelf, may I not think you would not have others juſtifie or excuſe themſelves? No, ſaid ſhe; for by the ſame reaſon that I would not give an account of my actions unto others, do I deſire that others ſhould do that which I will not do my ſelf. If this be ſo, Madam, replied *Beleſis*, then I hope you will not be offended when I tell you, that the reaſon why I am ignorant of all the paſſages of the World, is, becauſe all my endeavours are employed to know your heart; and the reaſon why I ſpeak ſo little, is, becauſe I am afraid to ſpeak too ſoon, eſpecially when I ſhall tell you that I love you in ſuch a fatal minute, as ſhall for ever purchaſe your hatred. I aſſure you, replied *Cleodora*, all times are alike for that, and there is not one minute in which I ſhould allow you to ſpeak of any ſuch thing, therefore I pray you never do it; you are ſo far engaged in an odd diſcourſe, but you may turn it into a Raillery. No, no, Madam, ſaid *Beleſis*, I ſpeak moſt ſeriouſly: and I had rather incenſe you by diſcovering the violent paſſion of my heart, than that you ſhould be for ever ignorant of it: I have heretofore heard you ſay, that you had rather be called cruel, inhumane, and inexorable, than be commended; therefore methinks you ought not to think it ſtrange, that I had rather you would call me raſh, preſumptuous, and inſolent, than that you ſhould commend me only as your beſt friend: Since you would have it ſo, replied *Cleodora*, I will do what I can to ſatisfie you, though till now I was never put to the neceſſity of it. I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid *Beleſis*, do not treat me with the extremity of your rigour and anger. I was ſo far from it (replied ſhe, and laughed) that if I had been now in an angry humour, I am confident you would not have ſpoken thus, but I ſhould have impoſed ſilence ſtill upon you, though I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that within this quarter of an hour, I endeavoured to be angry with you, but could not: and the reaſon was, becauſe I did not believe any ſuch thing as you ſpeak of: Ah, Madam, cryed *Beleſis*, I will have none of your ſweetneſs upon ſuch hard conditions; yet what probability is there, that the fair *Cleodora* ſhould know what is done in every place where ſhe is not, and be ignorant of what paſſeth in my heart, where continually ſhe is? Moreover, Madam, who is able to keep me at *Suſa*, unleſs your ſelf? The friendſhip of *Hermogenes*, replied ſhe, who brought you hither: 'Tis true, replied he, I came hither for the Love of him; but yet more true, that I ſtay here for the Love of you, Madam. If what you ſay be true, replied ſhe, I adviſe you to depart from *Suſa* aſſoon as you can; for *Beleſis*, to tell you truly, I am a better friend, than I ſhall be a Miſtreſs, though I ſhould ſuffer you to love me: but indeed I cannot do that; and you cannot do me a more ſenſible diſpleaſure, than to perſwade me that you love me: for what inclination ſoever I have to love news, yet I do not love to be the news of others: and when I conſider, that if you take a fancy of doing ſuch things for me, as men who would be thought to be in Love, uſe; every one will begin to whiſper, that *Beleſis* loves *Cleodora*, and perhaps they will add, that *Cleodora* allows of it without reſiſtance; I ſhall be ſo extreamly angry, that I ſhall go near to hate you. Madam, replied *Beleſis*, the only way to prevent all whiſperings that *I* am in Love with you, is to permit me the liberty of telling it unto you in ſecret, and that you do not force me to deſpair; for, Madam, *I* conceive it an eaſie matter for an happy Lover to be ſecret: But if you will not believe that *I* love you, and let me ſpeak of it ſometimes unto you, then *I* ſhall be forced to perſwade you of the truth, by doing a thouſand things which would diſcover my paſſion unto all the World.

Therefore, Fair *Cleodora*, conſider well before you pronounce the ſentence of my death, whether *I* do deſerve it; if it be your pleaſure, none ſhall ever know that *I* love you, and you your ſelf ſhall only know what power you have over my ſoul. But if you will not allow me to ſpeak of my Love in private, *I* profeſs unto you, *I* will make every man a Confident of my Paſſion, not only to the end *I* may have ſome comfort in complaining againſt your Rigour, but to the end alſo that all the World may ſpeak of you; you ſhall ſee (hard hearted Woman) whether it is better a 100000 men ſhould ſay *I* love you, than that *I* my ſelf only ſhould tell it you, and that with a moſt unparallel'd Reſpect. *I* pray, *Beleſis*, ſaid *Cleodora*, hold your peace, unleſs you have a mind to provoke me into very rude language, for if you continue any longer, the anger of my heart will ſo riſe, that *I* ſhall rail againſt you. As *Cleodora* was ſaying ſo, *I* came in, and broke off their diſcourſe: *I* eaſily perceived they had been in ſome private talk; for *I* ſaw ſuch a lively colour in the cheeks of *Cleodora*, and ſo much anger in the eyes of *Beleſis*, that *I* almoſt gueſſed at the paſſage between them: after this, *Cleodora* put in practice what ſhe had formerly told *Beleſis*: For there was no kind of ſeverity, which ſhe did not ſhew unto him, though ſhe eſteemed him infinitely, and perhaps loved him alſo. She did not only avoid all occaſions of talking with him alone, but if in any company he came amongſt them, ſhe would talk to ſome other in his preſence, yet truly ſhe was always civil towards him: for I believe ſhe did not ſtrive to quench thoſe flames which ſhe had kindled in his Soul, but did in her wiſhes rather blow the bellows and increaſe it: yet all her civilities towards him did much grieve rather than comfort *Beleſis*: and one day finding her alone, he complained of his miſerable condition unto her. I reſpect you ſo much, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that I will not complain of all your cruelties and ſcorns, for indeed I think my ſelf worthy of them; for, Madam, what good will all your civilities do me, if you have reſolved upon my ruine? is it becauſe you love long torments, and becauſe a violent death will not fully ſatisfie your cruelty? Civility, replied *Cleodora*, is a debt due even to our very enemies. I know very well, Madam, (replied he) that it is to be uſed in War, and Combats; but I know alſo, that you ought not to uſe it to a man who importunes you for Love, and whoſe preſence angers you. Ah, *Beleſis*, (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) I muſt needs make a difference between *Beleſis* and *Beleſis*, (if I may ſo ſpeak) for truly I did infinitely eſteem that pleaſing ſtranger who did ſo much invite my curioſity, the firſt time I ſaw him, and whoſe company was very delightful to me in many entertainments, and pleaſant Walks. But I muſt confeſs that this *Beleſis* now, is not ſo ſuitable to my humour as the other was. Provided you will love either of them (replied he, and ſmiled as well as ſhe) I will promiſe the other ſhall not offend you, or complain againſt you: Seriouſly, *Beleſis*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) can there be any truth in your words? Seriouſly, cruel Lady, replied he, can you doubt it? For indeed *Cleodora*, if you did not know that I loved you, then your behaviour to me was unreaſonable; and if you did know it, it was unjuſt and inhumane: Conſider therefore with your ſelf, I conjure you, or to ſay better, conſider me, and force me not into deſpair. To ſhew you (ſaid ſhe unto him) that I would not abſolutely diſoblige you, I will make an ingenuous declaration unto you, but I pray you do not put another gloſs upon my words than my meaning will bear. Never fear, Divine *Cleodora*, (ſaid he unto her) that I will flatter my ſelf with any thing that you can ſay unto me; for I look upon my miſeries through ſuch a glaſs as makes them ſeem greater than they are, and my happineſs leſs. Since ſo, (replyed ſhe) I will not fear to tell you, that I do infinitely eſteem you; and if I were capable of ſo much weakneſs as to love any, it ſhould be you ſooner than any other: But for all that, I muſt tell you, both for your good and my own, it is requiſite I loved you but a little: For if I ſhould proceed ſo far as to tell you that your Paſſion pleaſeth me, I ſhould be ſo much aſhamed that it would make me extreamly melancholy: and ſince melancholy begets vexation, and vexation anger, we ſhould always be quarrelling; therefore to compoſe things, and that you may not complain of my injuſtice, I will make a propoſition unto you; which is, that you ſhall love me much leſs than you do, and I will love you a little more than I do; to the end our affections may meet in the medium, and become a more ſolid and true friendſhip. When you begin to love me a little more, (replyed he) I ſhall try if I can love you much leſs: Oh, *Beleſis*, ſaid ſhe, it is you that muſt begin firſt, and not I. Alas, Madam, (replyed he, and ſighed) if you cannot love me when I love you as much as I can, I doubt you will not love me at all, if I love you leſs. But, cruel Woman, my affection to you is not in my choice, as it ſeems yours to me is in yours; for whether you would have me love you, or not love you, I ſhall always love you, not only whether you will or no, but alſo whether I will or or no: Yes, inhumane heart that you are, dou do often make me wiſh I could not love, but I cannot drive out of my heart that Paſſion which tyrannizeth in it. *Beleſis* had many more expreſſions of his ſoul, but could not obtain any more from her; yet he thought himſelf very happy that he was treated no worſe. In the mean time, the rare merits of *Beleſis* had a moſt powerful influence upon the heart of *Cleodora*; yet was it long before ſhe would give him any voluntary teſtimonies of it: But yet without any deſign at all, ſhe would often do ſuch things as let *Hermogenes* and me know that ſhe did not hate him: For though ordinarily ſhe ſeemed very cold in the buſineſs, when he did earneſtly ſeek for opportunities of ſeeing her; yet when it chanced that he was not in any place where ſhe imagined he would follow her, ſhe would always twit him with ſome piece of rallary or other: ſo that one may ſay, (if it be lawful to ſay ſo of ſuch an amiable perſon as *Cleodora* was) that her fantaſticalneſs was the firſt favour which *Beleſis* received from her: But at laſt, after a long conteſt between her lenity and her ſeverity, ſhe yielded a little, and confeſſed unto *Beleſis*, that ſhe was well pleaſed he could not love her leſs. It is a hard task to tell how joyful this half deſpairing Lover was when he obtained leave to talk of his Paſſion unto *Cleodora*: the memory of all her rigour was pleaſing unto him; and though ſhe granted no further favour than ſuffering her ſelf to be loved, yet did he eſteem himſelf the moſt happy Man alive; yet was his happineſs not long tranquil, becauſe the more *Cleodora* began to love *Beleſis*, the more hard ſhe was to be pleaſed. If he expreſſed much love, ſhe would ſay he was imprudent to expreſs ſo many viſible marks of his Paſſion; if he offered to hide it, ſhe would chide him for changing, and ſay he loved her leſs; if he were pleaſant, ſhe would think ſhe had given him too many teſtimonies of her affection, and would ſay ſhe repented; if he were ſad, ſhe would accuſe him for not being ſufficiently ſenſible of her favours, by his expreſſions of joy: ſo that whatſoever *Beleſis* could either ſay or do, there was ſome exceptions or other ſtill againſt him, and continual jars between them. However, they knew that they loved, and were confident of it, though they would often uſe ſuch expreſſions as would make others believe they loved not at all. Yet for ll this *Beleſis* had many pleaſant hours; for *Cleodora* would ſuffer him to write when he could not ſee her; and ſhe gave him her Picture, ſo that the unequality of her humours would move one to ſay that Roſes have always thorns in them, and thorns bear roſes. Thus, Sir, did *Beleſis* live a long time, whilſt *Hermogenes* and I without any intended deſigns, did recreate our ſelves in the viſiting of Ladies with all indifferency that could be: Yet *Hermogenes* went leſs to viſit *Cleodora* than any other, to the end (as he ſaid) that his friend might have more opportunities of courting his Miſtreſs alone. Things being upon theſe terms, it chanced that a Siſter of *Cleodora*'s Aunt died in the Country, where ſhe had lived a long time: and having left only one Daughter, called *Leoniſa*, about the age of fifteen years: This young Lady came unto *Suſa*, to dwell with her Mother's Siſter, and conſequently in the houſe with *Cleodora*. When ſhe came thither, *Beleſis*, *Hermogenes* and I were gone a journey of eight days before we returned; and then we went to *Cleodora*, who had already contracted a great friendſhip with her new-come Couſin: But, Sir, we were all wonder when we ſaw *Leoniſa*: for though we knew ſhe was to come to *Suſa*, and had heard ſay ſhe was very fair, yet we could not chuſe but be dazled at the luſtre of her eyes, and purity of her complexion: Nature never gave unto any one ſuch lovely hair, pure colours, ſprightly eyes, and handſom mouth: though her ſtature was not tall, yet it was not low; but ſo rightly proportioned in all parts, and ſo noble, that ſhe was a delightful Wonder; her affability was as admirable as her Beauty: the lovely Air of her Aſpect was ſuch, that her eyes never took any hearts without giving ſome hopes of moving hers, though yet as modeſt as poſſible could be. Thus, Sir, appeared *Leoniſa*, when *Beleſis* firſt ſaw her with *Cleodora*, who preſented us all unto her lovely Couſin, whoſe civility to us appeared as much as ſhe was ſprightly and fair. Since *Cleodora* and *Leoniſa* were of different Beauties, envy took no hold of their ſouls, and they had this advantage, that they did not injure each other; though it muſt be confeſſed that *Leoniſa* had more amiable ſparks of youth in her face than *Cleodora* had, though there was but three years difference in their Age. In the mean time, as it is civility to commend all Beauties, eſpecially at the firſt ſight, *Hermogenes* and I did extreamly commend the beauty of *Leoniſa*; *Beleſis* alſo commended her, but leſs than we, becauſe it was before his Miſtreſs; for my part, ſince I had no ſuch reaſon upon me, I did as much as I could extol *Leoniſa*: I asked her whether they had not already written of the death of many of her Lovers about that place from whence ſhe came, whom very grief for her abſence muſt needs kill? For, ſaid I unto her, if they were not dead they would have followed you, and we ſhould have ſeen them here. I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, if I had as much beauty as to make any Lover in the place from whence I came, and to make them follow me hither, I ſhould not have brought very good company with me, and therefore it is my happineſs that I have made no Conqueſts. But you will make ſome here, and that quickly, replyed *Hermogenes*; and queſtionleſs ſhe will not make many Inconſtants, added I: Fie, fie, ſaid *Cleodora*, I beſeech you, do not preſage ſo many misfortunes unto *Leoniſa* at one time. It ſeems, (ſaid *Leoniſa* very pleaſingly, and bluſhed) that I have not yet lived, but came from a ſavage place, where they know not what Love is: For I ſhould think it more glorious to take hearts from other Beauties who took them firſt, than to take ſuch as were never captivated by any. It is meerly malice, *Leoniſa*, replyed *Cleodora*, to ſay any ſuch thing, and much injuſtice and vanity alſo. Did I not tell you, replyed *Leoniſa*, that I knew not how to argue rightly upon ſuch a ſubject? Yet whatſoever you ſay, I muſt needs think that it would be very pleaſant. But would you be contented, replyed *Cleodora*, that they ſhould quit you for another? No, anſwered *Leoniſa*, and becauſe I do fancy how extreamly vexed I ſhould be, if ſuch a thing ſhould chance unto me, therefore I do perfectly fancy the pleaſure of cauſing it to others: If the miſeries of others do ſo delight you (ſaid *Beleſis* who had not yet ſpoken) I extreamly pity thoſe who are deſtined to love you; I believe they are ſo ſmall a number, replied ſhe, as I believe I ſhall not give you any great ſubject of compaſſion. For my part (ſaid *Cleodora* only for arguments ſake with her Couſin) I wiſh with all my ſoul that the firſt heart you captivate may be inconſtant, and caſt off your fetters to puniſh you for your unjuſt opinion: I cannot yet repent of it (ſaid *Leoniſa*) for when I conſider the pleaſures I ſhould take in rooting the image of another out of the heart of him whom I have captivated, and forced this Lover to let me ſee the Picture and Letters of his firſt Miſtreſs, and how I ſhould delight in looking upon the one, and reading the other, I aſſure you it is worth wiſhing I were ſo fair as to make ſome inconſtant Lover to be my Votary: In good earneſt, (ſaid *Cleodora*, and laughed) you will make me believe you know not what you ſay: I do confeſs, I do not, ſaid *Leoniſa*: but I know what will pleaſe me; and yet I do not ſay I will love this inconſtant Man, whom I would make; for my deſign is only to laugh and make ſport with him when I have made him ſo. Fy, fy, fair *Leoniſa*, ſaid *Hermogenes*, you are now worſe than your Couſin thinks you; for why ſhould you deſire to gain hearts, unleſs you were reſolved to part with your own? That reſolution (replyed *Leoniſa*) methinks is too much: and I muſt tell you, I have ſo good an opinion of my Sex, that I do not think there is one who is ſo liberal as to part ſo eaſily with their heart. Yet I muſt confeſs, (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) ſome Men will vaunt how they poſſeſs the hearts of many fair ones; but certainly they got them ſurreptitiouſly, by craft or violence. I aſſure you, (replyed *Hermogenes*) which way ſoever one enjoys yours, he will enjoy a moſt glorious and Heavenly happineſs. Though it were ſo, (anſwered ſhe) yet this Heavenly happineſs you ſpeak of ſhould coſt him ſome ſorrows before he enjoyed it; for I am reſolved not to give him the leaſt room in my heart, and therefore am farr from giving it all unto him; I pray you *Leoniſa*, ſaid *Cleodora*, do not ſpeak ſo reſolutely, ſince it is no prudence to triumph before the Victory; you never yet heard any Courtſhip, but only Country complements, and have all your life been brought up amongſt ruſtiques; and yet you are as confident of your ſelf, as if you had made all the Gallants of *Suſa* bow knees unto your beauty, and as if you ſcorned them all: Believe me, *Leoniſa*, it is no diſcretion to have ſo good an opinion of your own ſtrength, and I have known ſome as well conceited as your ſelf, who ſlighting their enemies, are ſometimes overcome, therefore do not brag that you are invincible: when you have been a year or two at Court, and when your beauty hath made an infinite number of ſlaves who have caſt off their firſt Miſtreſſes to enter into your fetters, and when you have defended your ſelf againſt them all, we will then freely allow you to ſpeak thus boldly, but till then, I muſt tell you I cannot endure it. 'Tis better for me to ſay nothing, replied *Leoniſa*, than to diſpute againſt you. Then, after a while of ſome other diſcourſe, *Beleſis*, *Hermogenes*, and I, took our leaves, being all very well pleaſed with the beauty and wit of *Leoniſa*, and concluding her to be the only ſtarr of the Court or Town. *Beleſis* yet did hardly conſent unto this ſo clearly as we did, and only ſaid that if *Leoniſa* had not a couſin in *Suſa*, ſhe had clearly tranſcended all that was amiable. In the mean time, ſince he could never ſee *Cleodora*, but he muſt ſee *Leoniſa* alſo, becauſe they dwelt both in one houſe, therefore he ſaw her every day: and as *Leoniſa* was one of thoſe beauties which the more one looks the more one likes, ſo *Beleſis* ſeeing her more than any other, did eſteem her more than any, though ſhe was generally eſteemed of all: *Leoniſa* alſo was more civil and complacential unto *Beleſis* than ſhe was to any other, not only becauſe his merits did excel others, but alſo becauſe ſhe obſerved that her Aunt and *Cleodora* eſteemed him very much; ſo that *Beleſis* finding her to be of a very ſweet and affable condition, uſed to ſeek for ſome comfort in her company, when *Cleodora* did at any time frown upon him, and ſo it chanced, that *Leoniſa* againſt her will cauſed a quarrel to riſe between them: For as her beauty was all the talk of the Town, ſhe attracted abundance of Gallants about her, and alſo ſome others that were not over well accompliſhed: ſo that *Cleodora* who was uſed only unto very choice company, grew weary of ſuch a miſcellany of many men, and her complacency to them was very cold: ſhe told *Leoniſa* divers times of it: but ſhe not being of her Couſins humour, and being ſomething younger than ſhe, ſhe could not find in her heart to baniſh any that came unto her, and ſeemed to eſteem her: ſo that ſhe told *Cleodora*, that ſhe could not be uncivil unto any, and more than that, ſhe ought not to take ſo much upon her in a houſe where ſhe is rather to obey than command: *Cleodora* durſt not ſpeak of it unto her Aunt, becauſe ſhe knew it would not pleaſe her, that ſhe ſhould be of any ſuch critical humour: and therefore not knowing what courſe to take, ſhe entreated *Beleſis* one day (ſince ſhe obſerved there was a great confidence between *Leoniſa* and him) that he would tell her, that her univerſal civility did much offend her: and, if ſhe anſwer you (ſaid ſhe unto him) that ſhe does not love to diſoblige any one, tell her that in all reaſon ſhe ought rather to oblige ſome one compleat Gallant to eſteem her, and not ſhew ſuch equal civility unto all that come to ſee her: As *Cleodora* ſaid ſo, and thinking none did hear her but *Beleſis*, *Leoniſa* was unknown in a Cloſet, and came unto them laughing, and addreſſed her ſelf extream ſweetly unto *Cleodora*: I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe, do not condemn me, before I may anſwer for my ſelf: *Cleodora* perceiving that *Leoniſa* had heard what ſhe ſaid, ſeemed as if ſhe knew that ſhe was in the Cloſet, and ſpoke purpoſely that ſhe might underſtand her: In the mean time I will ſeriouſly tell you *Leoniſa* before *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe) who knows the world very well: that there are two ſorts of people, who without any choice uſe to affect a multitude which thus daily flock about you: I pray tell me, ſaid *Leoniſa*, in which Catalogue you rank me, and who are thoſe two ſorts of people, which ſo affect that which I muſt confeſs I do not hate? They are, replied *Cleodora*, either Country people newly come to town, or elſe they are light headed huſwifes which love tatling. Surely, ſaid *Leoniſa*, I am not of this laſt number; I confeſs it, ſaid *Cleodora*, for if you be, you would make me much to wonder; yet I muſt ſay thus much for you, that you ſmell not at all of the Country, unleſs in this humour: But *Cleodora*, ſaid *Leoniſa*, is it not an undeniable Maxime, that civility ought to be ſhewed unto all in general? and is it not by eſteem only, that one ought to put a difference between thoſe men we ſee? No, ſaid *Cleodora*, for which way can one expreſs eſteem but by civility, when one would diſtinguiſh one of excellent qualities from others? you know it is not handſom to give men tender and obliging language.

The word friendſhip is ſomething too hard to pronounce; and it is dangerous to uſe it in ſpeaking unto young and Courtly Gallants; and the truth is, a man muſt give a thouſand teſtimonies of his wiſdom, or elſe do ſome very conſiderable piece of ſervice, before it will be handſom to be tender and affectionate to him: after this, conſider *Leoniſa*, whether you be not too prodigal of your civility, unleſs it be ſhewed only unto ſuch men as really eſteem you: I ſhall be very reſerved in my favours and my eſteem, replied *Leoniſa*, and be prodigal only of a thouſand trivial paſſages and behaviours, which indeed are nothing elſe but common civility; your praiſes, and commendations, and eſteem, replied *Cleodora*, are certainly of an ineſtimable value; But *Leoniſa*, It is men only that muſt handſomly give commendations ſo frequently, when they ſpeak unto Ladies, and ſurely you never told *Beleſis* ſince you ſaw him, that you think him very handſom, that his wit doth infinitely pleaſe you, and that his company charms you: Alas, Madam, ſaid *Beleſis*, I beſeech you do not Jeer me in your diſputes, for it is not I who cauſeth the fair eyes of *Leoniſa* to attract ſo much company that troubles you; I pray you, ſaid *Leoniſa* to *Beleſis*, let me anſwer *Cleodora* my ſelf; I pray anſwer then directly, replied ſhe; ſo I will replied *Leoniſa*, and therefore I will confeſs I never ſpoke any ſuch thing unto *Beleſis* as you mention; yet I aſſure you, that maugre this univerſal civility wherewith you upbraid me, *Beleſis* hath obſerved that I put a great difference between him and many others: ſpeak *Beleſis*, ſaid *Cleodora*, does *Leoniſa* ſay truth? have you perceived that eſteem which ſhe had of you from that which ſhe had unto any elſe? *Beleſis* was now much put to it; for he was unwilling to diſoblige *Leoniſa*, and fearful alſo to anger *Cleodora*; ſo that carrying a level hand between them both, I have ſo little right unto fair *Leoniſa*'s eſteem, replied he, that I cannot imagine how ſhe ſhould put any difference between me and the loweſt rank of qualified men: But as I am oft apt to flatter my ſelf, and to believe things which I deſire, I muſt confeſs I have obſerved ſome kind of civility uſed more obligingly unto me than unto ſome others to whom ſhe hath done more reverence; ſo admirably well doth ſhe know the art of obliging by little things. Believe not *Beleſis* (ſaid *Cleodora* unto *Leoniſa*) ſince I aſſure you, he is no lover of multitudes; and certainly he hath good reaſon for it; So have you *Leoniſa*; for what can you do with ſo many men? you cannot marry them all; You would not be thought a Tatler; you cannot eſteem them all, and therefore how can you endure them all? Nothing is more ſweet unto me, replied *Leoniſa*, than to think that none doth hate me, but that every one on the contrary ſhould eſteem and commend me. Alas *Leoniſa* (ſaid *Cleodora*) what extream folly is it to ſay ſo? for what good will the eſteem of a thouſand men do you, when you eſteem not them; and believe it, Dear *Leoniſa*, it is very well if one can live ſo as none ſhall hate them, without affecting that all the World ſhould love them; I do confeſs, that one ought to do all the good they can, and not to let a perſon drown for want of a hand lent to help him out. Yet for all this, one muſt love for themſelves and their friends, and not altogether for the publick; The fitteſt places for expreſſions of civility is in the Temples, in the walks, and in the ſtreets; but in my chamber, if my coldneſs to thoſe that trouble me would not drive them away, I ſhould be then uncivil, and perhaps go a little further ſometimes, to rid my ſelf of ſome ſuch men as I know; and certainly all this, not without good reaſon, for one dull fellow may hinder me from enjoying the converſation of the compleateſt man in the world. And truly I have ſo nice a ſpirit, that I cannot endure this kind of complacency, which will not purchaſe one real friend in a thouſand years: 'tis very true, ſaid *Leoniſa*, that perhaps I have fewer friends than you but perhaps I can brag of having fewer enemies: and do you not conſider it is a hard matter to find a man who will not think you of too myſterious and private a ſpirit? how many have you diſobliged by not ſpeaking to them, or by ſpeaking too much unto ſome whom you affect more than them. I know not what you ſay, replied *Cleodora*, but I pray take notice that the ſcorn or hatred of ſome men moves me not at all: nor do I value the blaſt of vulgar popularity more than an unconſtant puff of wind. I care not for the eſteem of the giddy multitude; when I began the world, and ſet laws unto my life, I reſolved never to do any thing which would draw odium upon my ſelf: But I never reſolved to trouble my ſelf ſo much as to get the love of all the world: but on the contrary I am very deſirous of the love of a very few, becauſe I think a very few are worthy of reciprocal Returns: moreover I conſider that one ſingle perſon cannot poſſibly love many men; And true happineſs is to live with one they love, and to ſhun the ſight of thoſe they love not. Theſe *Leoniſa* are my Maximes, which never will be yours, unleſs you change your humour. To teſtifie unto you, ſaid *Leoniſa*, how much I value your judgment, I do profeſs, that I would abſolutely live as you would have me; I beſeech you, Madam, after this (ſaid *Beleſis* unto *Cleodora*) do not chide *Leoniſa* any more;

For ought I ſee (ſaid *Cleodora* unto him) you are very much devoted unto her, and would not any think who hear you ſpeak, that I am in the greateſt wrong in the world, and that *Leoniſa* is in the right? you, I ſay, who have told me a thouſand times that a multitude was as odious to you, as the company of one qualified perſon was pleaſant: and that the converſation of above three or four at the moſt, was ever troubleſome to you; and yet you have not put in one word to ſtrengthen my ſide, but your ſilence hath ſo fortified *Leoniſa*'s, that ſhe thinks in her heart your ſilence was only out of diſcretion, and becauſe you had no mind to condemn me. Madam, (ſaid he unto her) ſeeing *Leoniſa* ſubmits unto you, I think you intend to pick a new quarrel with me, for I did not think it juſt to meddle in a buſineſs wherein I had no intereſt; when one comes into a place (Replied ſhe with a ſcornful ſmile) where the perſon who talks is not ſuitable to their likeing, it is an eaſie matter to make excuſes and pretend buſineſs to decline the company. And *Leoniſa*, be not deluded, for moſt of the men who come unto thoſe houſes which are as publick as the Temples, and frequent them, more do come only for their own ends; if it be winter, they ſeek out warm chambers; if ſummer, coole roomes; they are choice in their very ſeats; ſome talk of riding horſes, others of ſome buſineſs: ſome not knowing whither to go, are there out of neceſſity; and perhaps of a hundred men that frequent theſe houſes, there is not one has any honourable deſign; For my part, I who do not deſire men ſhould ſeek me, I hate that kind of life, and therefore (ſaid ſhe in riſing up) leſt my company and diſcourſe ſhould ſeem too long unto you both; I will go unto my chamber, where none but ſuch as pleaſe me enters; by that reaſon, ſaid *Leoniſa*, I hope *Beleſis* and I may follow you. I am infinitely obliged unto you (ſaid *Beleſis* unto *Leoniſa*) for ſpeaking ſo advantageouſly for me: but I am afraid *Cleodora* will hardly conſent unto part of your motion; I ſhall conſent unto leſs than you imagine (ſaid ſhe) for I will not conſent unto any part of it, ſince in the angry humour I am in, neither ſhall I pleaſe you, nor you me; in ſaying ſo, ſhe went away, and pulled the chamber door after her, ſeeming by that action, ſhe would not have *Leoniſa* nor *Beleſis* follow her; yet had they followed her notwithſtanding, if at the very ſame time they opened the door to go after her, abundance of company had not come in, which hindered *Leoniſa* from executing her intended deſign; However *Beleſis* left her, and went to *Cleodora*'s chamber, but in his way thither he met the Prince of *Suſa* coming to ſee *Leoniſa*, and would by all means have him back, telling him he had ſome buſineſs with him: the reſpect *Beleſis* owed unto this Prince, who was naturally of a very violent temper, moved him to obey; ſo that he went with him into *Leoniſa*'s chamber again, yet he ſtayed not above half an hour there, for as ſoon as he ſaw a fit opportunity, he ſtole away, and went to *Cleodora*; but he could not meet with her; for ſince ſhe ſaw *Beleſis* did not follow, not knowing the true reaſon, ſhe went out at a back way to viſit ſome of her friends which dwelt not far off, purpoſely that when *Beleſis* came to her chamber he ſhould not find her there. He was ſo well acquainted with her, that he made no queſtion but ſhe went out of ſpite to him; in the mean time, I know not what temper his ſoul was in that day, but he had not the ſame reſentments he was wont to have when *Cleodora* was in her fantaſtical humours, for commonly he was always very ſad and was never at quiet in his mind till he had made his peace with her: but now, in lieu of ſorrows, he was all anger, and reſolved to expreſs as much unto her the next time he ſaw her; And ſince ſo, it is no wonder if theſe two incenſed parties had a ſharp and twitting conferrence the next morning when they met. Yet for all this, *Beleſis* did not give *Cleodora* any diſreſpective language, but he was nothing ſo obſequious as at other times to appeaſe her: All his diſcourſe tended to his own juſtification, but never uſed any Prayers nor Conjurations, nor ſighs: ſince *Cleodora* was not uſed unto ſuch complements from him, ſhe was ſo far from accepting of his juſtifications, that ſhe accuſed him of cold hollow heartedneſs; ſo that this little ſquabble, grew to be an earneſt falling out: and they parted upon ſuch tearms, that for many days *Beleſis* durſt not ſee *Cleodora*, and perhaps had no great mind to it. However, chance at laſt brought him to ſee her, and to ſpeak to her: ſo that it ſeems love was reſolved to torment *Beleſis* more than ever any man which knew his power, and cauſed the ſweetneſs of this Lady, whoſe heart was already much moved, to be now abſolutely charmed, and much increaſed towards *Beleſis*. Yet notwithſtanding, thus much may be ſaid in excuſe of *Beleſis*, that his vexation, to ſee he could never find the affection of *Cleodora* to be ſolid and certain, was one of the main cauſes of his love to *Leoniſa*. However it was, moſt certain he loved her, and ſo exceſſively, that his love to her encreaſed, and to *Cleodora* leſſened. At firſt, he did not think he was in love with *Leoniſa*, but thought that he was only angry with *Cleodora*: But he began by degrees to fear that *Cleodora* would not be appeaſed, and that he was diſobliged from ſeeing her as her ſervant: yet was he in a great ſtraight what to reſolve upon, for if he did not reconcile himſelf to *Cleodora*, he could not ſee *Leoniſa*: And he conſidered further, that admit he did reconcile himſelf, then would be a piece of difficulty to make *Leoniſa* believe he loved her: Alſo he was extreamly aſhamed of his inconſtancy, and that he ſhould ſo delude one whom he had ſo much loved, and whom yet he eſteemed, maugre his new paſſion: yet *Cleodora* continued ſo violent againſt him, that though he knew his crime, yet he could not repent of it. But what troubles and ſorrows ſoever his ſoul had, he never acquainted *Hermogenes* or me with his new love, but only complained againſt the fantaſticalneſs of *Cleodora*: in the mean time, this Lady whoſe heart was really affectionate unto *Beleſis*, repented much of what ſhe had done, and ſeeing he fell off from his accuſtomed Courtſhip, as fierce as ſhe was, ſhe reſolved upon the firſt opportunity to reduce him. And going one day with her Aunt unto the Queen without *Leoniſa*, by chance ſhe met him: as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe had a great mind to ſpeak unto him, yet ſhe could not find in her heart to uſe her tongue, thinking it enough if ſhe looked upon him without anger, and to anſwer him mildly if he ſpoke unto her. On the other ſide, *Beleſis* was in ſuch a dump that he neither knew what to do or ſay: for the very ſight of *Cleodora* did make him ſo much aſhamed of his weakneſs, that one while he reſolved to carry himſelf as if he loved none but her: (this ſaid he to himſelf) is perhaps more than I can do, and perhaps more than I ought, ſince it is not Juſt to make her and my ſelf miſerable by telling *Cleodora* I love only her, when as I am ready to dye for the love of *Leoniſa*: but how can I break off her chains who has expreſſed a thouſand teſtimonies of her affection to me; and whoſe very fantaſtical humours are ſigns of it? how dare I ever let her know that I am inconſtant? how can I continually counterfeit? and what fruit can I hope for from my diſſimulation? yet however, whether I reſolve to devote my heart unto *Cleodora*, and chaſe *Leoniſa* out of it; or whether I will court *Leoniſa* and caſt off *Cleodora*, I muſt at this preſent apply my ſelf to the laſt of theſe; for if I would have her take her firſt poſſeſſion of my heart, I muſt approach her fair eyes, that they may kindle the flame which ſo long burned in my ſoul; and if on the contrary, I deſire to be inflamed by the glorious light of *Leoniſa*'s eyes, yet ſtill I muſt keep fair with *Cleodora*, ſince I cannot ſee the one without the other. Thus *Beleſis* not knowing whether he ſhould be inconſtant or no; whether he ſhould appeaſe *Cleodora* or deceive her, he accoſted her with ſuch ſtrange confuſion as had a great operation upon the heart of that Lady, who was ignorant of the cauſe, but attributed the alterations in his face unto his repentance. He asked her in a trembling poſture, whether her anger was yet over? It is ſo long ſince you ſpoke unto me, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, that it were but juſt in me if I told you it continued ſtill: But *Beleſis*, the manner of your asking makes me believe, that I ought not to tell you ſo, and therefore I do declare unto you, that I do with all my heart pardon all that is paſt. Oh Madam (ſaid *Beleſis* unto her and bluſhed) you are all goodneſs if you do not puniſh me. If you had ſpoke thus, replied ſhe, at the beginning of our quarrel, it had not laſted ſo long: but the worſt of it was (continued ſhe, and laughed) that we were both of us very humorous at once: therefore, I pray you, let us hereafter be ſo one after another; or if you pleaſe, let us not be ſo at all: and the ſooner to oblige you unto it, I promiſe you to do my beſt in correcting my ſelf: I leave you to judge, Sir, in what a perplexed condition *Beleſis* was: Then did he begin to renew his love unto *Cleodora*, but it laſted not long, for as he waited upon her home, and there ſaw *Leoniſa*, all was quaſht again: for *Leoniſa* ſeeing him come with her Couſin, came unto her to rejoyce that ſhe had brought *Beleſis* with her, and gave him ſuch obliging language, as quite damped all his intentions of continuing conſtant to *Cleodora*.

After this *Beleſis* became ſo unquiet and reſerved, that he was not knowable. All this while, he ſpoke not a word of his love to *Leoniſa*, but addreſſed himſelf wholly to *Cleodora*, as if he yet loved her, yet with ſo much regret, that he was forced every day to colour the matter with ſome handſom invented lies: Sometimes he would ſay, he had received news of his father's being ſick: ſometimes again he would ſay, he was ill himſelf; and ſometimes not knowing what to ſay, he would put poor *Cleodora* in a miſerable dump: for ſince ſhe did really love *Beleſis*, and conſidered ſhe was ready to loſe him in a fantaſtical humour, ſhe gave him now no cauſe of complaint, but was as complacential as could be: and yet ſhe ſaw he was as much out of tune as when ſhe was the contrary. This being the ſtate of things, *Hermogenes*, with whom *Beleſis* lodged, obſerved that now he was nothing ſo careful of *Cleodora*'s Letters as he was wont, for he found two or three of them upon the Table, lyng lying looſe and open; whereas before his inconſtancy, he would never part with them out of his hands when he ſhewed them unto him, but would always read them himſelf unto *Hermogenes*: Alſo, *Hermogenes* found the Picture of this Beauty, which he had loſt, but did not reſtore it until three or four days after, and all this while *Beleſis* never miſſed it, which was quite contrary to his cuſtome; for when he loved *Cleodora*, he uſed to look upon it every quarter of an hour: The greateſt wonder to *Hermogenes* was, that he ſaw *Cleodora* did never treat *Beleſis* ſo kindly as now, and yet *Beleſis* was more melancholy than when ſhe was moſt rigorous. *Hermogenes* having an extream deſire to know the cauſe of ſo great an alteration in his friend, he came unto him one morning to reſtore *Cleodora*'s Picture. But, as he would not ſpeak of it ſeriouſly at the firſt, the better to diſcover his real thoughts; ſo he began thus; If the vertue of *Cleodora* (ſaid he unto him, and reſtoring the Picture) were leſs known unto me than it is, I ſhould think you had ſecretly married her, without either the conſent of her friends or yours: for as it is the cuſtom of many Lovers, to ſlight all the trifling favours which their Miſtreſs gave them, when once they enjoy themſelves: ſo I ſhould think, that ſince you loſt *Cleodora*'s picture, and did not miſs it three days together, and ſince you are grown more careleſs of her Letters than uſual, that you enjoy ſo much happineſs in the ſubſtance, that you need no ſhadowes, or pictures, or letters, to comfort you: 'Tis true, I perceive you ſo melancholy, that it is evident you are not contented: And therefore ſince I cannot dive into the bottom of your heart, I conjure you to tell me, whether I muſt rejoice or grieve with you; and if you will not open your thoughts unto me, I will ask *Cleodora* of them, who, as I think, ſhould know them. Oh I beſeech you *Hermogenes*, ſaid *Beleſis*, do not tell *Cleodora* how I loſt her picture, and never miſſed it, nor how I left her Letters ſo careleſly that they might be ſeen: Then tell me, ſaid *Hermogenes*, from whence comes this alteration tation in your humour? Is it not enough you know the humour of *Cleodora*, replied he, without asking any further reaſons? The humour of *Cleodora*, replyed *Hermogenes*, is now ſo ſweet, and complacential towards you, that *Leoniſa*'s cannot be more affable to all the world, than *Cleodora*'s to you. Ah *Hermogenes*, (ſaid this inconſtant Lover, being tranſported by the exceſſe of his new paſſion) I would to the gods, *Cleodora*'s humour had always been like *Leoniſa*'s: Like *Leoniſa*'s, I ſay, upon whoſe face I never yet ſince I knew her, ſaw the leaſt wrinkle of anger, and whoſe fair eyes are like unclouded ſtars, which ſhine always alike, without one cloud of anger. I ſhould have thought (replied *Hermogenes*, looking earneſtly upon *Beleſis*) that a Lover had never thought any eyes fair, but only his Miſtreſſes, but for ought I perceive *Leoniſa's* eyes pleaſe you as well as *Cleodora's*. *Beleſis* bluſh'd at the language of his friend, and let him apparently ſee there was a great alteration in his ſoul; ſo that *Hermogenes* went on; Confeſs the truth to a friend (ſaid he unto him) and tell me freely, whether *Leoniſa* is not more in your heart than *Cleodora:* and whether if ſhe have not already driven her out; ſhe will e're long, 'tis true, replyed, *Beleſis*; But, cruel friend, what delight can you take in making me to lay open my imperfections? However, (replyed *Hermogenes*) then you do love *Leoniſa*, and not *Cleodora*? I know not (anſwered he) whether I do not love *Cleodora*, but I am ſure I am deſperately in love with *Leoniſa*: Then doubtleſs you do not love *Cleodora*, (anſwered he) for one cannot love two at once. However, I muſt needs chide you, for truely Inconſtancy is an unexcuſable crime, unleſs it be cauſed through the infidelity, or exceſſive ſeverity of a Miſtreſs. But the caſe is farre otherwiſe with you, for you cannot tax *Cleodora* with any infidelity, nor is ſhe more ſevere than vertue and decency require. I know very well that I am culpable, though I could find ſome excuſe for my crime, if I would: for indeed *Cleodora*, hath quarrelled with me without any cauſe in the earth, and hath ſo tired out my patience, that my paſſion is much weakned whether I would or no: Yet the gods are my witneſs, that I have endeavoured with all my poſſible power to reject *Leoniſa*, and keep my heart wholly for *Cleodora*; but, alas! all was impoſſible, all too too weak; for all my deſires, all my thoughts and faculties have changed objects: I do not ſee *Cleodora* with the ſame eyes I did, and by a fatal inchantment, that which I once thought would be my chief felicity, will not now afford me one quarter of an hours joy: what then would you have me do? Can I alter my deſtiny? Can I dictate rules unto my fate? and make love an act of my will? I know that *Cleodora* has a million of moſt excellent qualities, and that ſhe is moſt admirably fair; But I find *Leoniſa* has pulled my heart out of her hands, and made me change Miſtreſſes: I am moſt horribly aſhamed of my inconſtancy I confeſs, but I cannot keep my ſelf from changing; therefore I beſeech you *Hermogenes* pity me in lieu of condemning me, ſecond me in my affection to *Leoniſa*; you, I ſay, who firſt brought me to *Suſa*, and is the cauſe of my miſeries: and could ever Lover be more miſerable than I? For it was my fate to love a Lady of a difficult and fantaſtical humour; I endured as much as patience her ſelf could do, to the end I might obtain her love; and when in all likelihood I was arrived even at the very Port of my happineſs, my angry fate would needs prompt me to ceaſe my deſires of enjoying *Cleodora*: All the time and pains which I employed in getting the affection of this Lady, whom I thought would have compleated my felicity, is quite, abſolutely, entirely loſt: ſince her affection makes me only more culpable, and more miſerable; and ſince I muſt fatally begin my ſighs and prayers for another, againſt all which I know no remedy: therefore, my dear *Hermogenes*, once more let me entreat your aſſiſtance. I beſeech you firſt, ſaid *Hermogenes*, upon what termes are you with *Cleodora* and *Leoniſa*? *Cleodora*, replied *Beleſis*, thinks I love her ſtill; and as for *Leoniſa*, I have not yet ſpoke a word unto her, only in the language of her eyes, and yet I imagine by her looks ſhe underſtands me: How, replied *Hermogenes*, does *Leoniſa* underſtand that language, and anſwer it? I do not think ſhe underſtands me, replied *Beleſis*, becauſe ſhe anſwers, but becauſe ſhe is very careful not to anſwer. But *Beleſis*, replied *Hermogenes*, dare you ever ſpeak of any love unto *Leoniſa*? do you not fear ſhe will upbraid you with inconſtancy? and can you have the confidence to tell *Leoniſa* you love her, in the ſight of *Cleodora*? for my part, *Beleſis*, I wonder how you can have ſuch a thought: If *Cleodora* lived at the other end of the Town, the matter would not be ſo difficult: but to love one Lady really, and to diſſemble love unto another in the ſame houſe, and another who really loves you, is a thing ſo ſtrange, that I ſee no poſſibility of doing any good in it: For, *Beleſis*, you cannot poſſibly delude *Cleodora* long: indeed I do not think it impoſſible but one may perſwade a Lady that he loves her, though he do not, provided he does not really love any other: but to love another really, and to perſwade a Lady whom he formerly really loved, that he loves her ſtill, cannot ſink into my belief. I ſee all theſe difficulties which you propound, replied *Beleſis*, and conceive them to be as great and greater than they are: But ſince my tyrannical paſſion triumphs over all oppoſition, I muſt delude *Cleodora*, notwithſtanding my ſecret repugnancy, ſince otherwiſe I cannot ſee *Leoniſa*: I intend therefore (if I can ſpeak it without bluſhing for ſhame) to continue my viſits unto *Cleodora*, and to live with her as if I loved her ſtill; unleſs at ſuch times as when I can look upon *Leoniſa* and *Cleodora* not ſee, and talk to her when ſhe cannot hear. I have already told you, replied *Hermogenes*; that you cannot do this: and I am the moſt miſtaken man in the world if *Cleodora* be not undeceived once in eight days, and if you do not loſe both *Cleodora* and *Leoniſa* at once. After this, *Beleſis* began to walk about the chamber with the greateſt agitation of ſpirit in the world: and afterwards addreſſing himſelf to *Hermogenes*; My dear friend, ſaid he unto him, if you would do me one favour which I am thinking upon, I ſhould owe my life and all my felicity unto you. Tell me what it is, replied *Hermogenes*, that I may conſider whether I can and ought to do it: for your reaſon I perceive is ſo blinded, that I dare not truſt you: I would have you, replied he, feign a love unto *Cleodora*, and become my Rival, which you may eaſily do; and it is not impoſſible but you may perſwade her to believe you, and therefore I conjure you, dear *Hermogenes*, to perſwade *Cleodora* that you are her lover. But what advantage can you draw from this diſſimulation? replied *Hermogenes:* my plot is, replied *Beleſis*, that you ſhall make *Cleodora* inconſtant, as *Leeniſa* hath made me: or at leaſt that you may give a colour unto my inconſtancy, and by living in that manner with her, I may have ſome ground to accuſe her of inconſtancy, and that I may upbraid her with her change, as well as ſhe may me with mine. Believe me *Beleſis*, (replied *Hermogenes*) I ſhall never make *Cleodora* inconſtant; all that I ſhould be able to do, is to give you ſome colour of falling out. But if ſhe prove more faithful than ever unto you, and all my endeavours cannot ſhake her conſtancy, you will then be more in fault. I do confeſs it, replied *Beleſis*, but I cannot ceaſe being leſs miſerable: It will ſuffice, if your company with her will give me a colourable quarrel againſt her, and that I may hereafter ſay, that the beginning of my love to *Leoniſa*, was from my belief that ſhe was perfidious: whilſt you are ſpeaking to *Cleodora*, I ſhall ſometimes have opportunity of ſpeaking with *Leoniſa*, and therefore I muſt ſay, that upon you and your aſſiſtance depends all my hopes. I muſt needs confeſs, ſaid *Hermogenes*, that I owe you all ſervice; But I muſt needs confeſs alſo, that I am extreamly unwilling to do you this office which you deſire. But *Beleſis* was ſo exceedingly urgent with him, that he undertook it: and for the handſomer carriage of the buſineſs, he did not at firſt ſpeak of his diſſembled paſſion, but only went to ſee her after their ordinary way, and to court her much more than he did *Leoniſa*: But the rareſt paſſage was to ſee with what zeal *Beleſis* wiſhed *Cleodora* might uſe *Hermogenes* kindly, that he might have the better ground of a quarrel: In the mean time, be pleaſed to know, that though there was a very good correſpondency between *Cleodora* and *Leoniſa*, yet there was no ſuch ſtrict league of confidence between them, as to impart all matters unto each other: ſo that *Cleodora* never acquainted *Leoniſa* with any paſſages betwixt her and *Beleſis*, nor did ever any tell *Leoniſa* that *Cleodora* did not hate him: ſhe ſaw that they were kind unto each other, but ſhe thought it was onely matter of friendſhip, and never ſuſpected any matter of love between them: Being then in this opinion, upon a day when the Siſter of *Hermogenes* was with her, between whom there was an intimate affection, and *Leoniſa* infinitely eſteeming *Beleſis*, ſhe began to ſpeak unto *Praſſilla* concerning him, as unto her that was ſiſter to his beſt friend: At firſt, ſhe enquired of his houſe, of his kindred, of his eſtate, of his travels, of the friendſhip between *Hermogenes* and him, and of a hundred other things, which expreſſed her curioſity of every thing which related unto *Beleſis*. After *Praſſilla* had made an exact return unto all her Queſtions, and ſaw that *Leoniſa* prepared to enquire further, I beſeech you tell me (ſaid *Praſſilla* and laughed) why you have ſuch a mind to ſpeak of *Beleſis*, and what's the reaſon you would ſo exactly know every circumſtance which concerns him? is it love, or only curioſity? I cannot reſolve you, (replied *Leoniſa* in Rallary) whether it be Curioſity or Love, but I am ſure it is not out of any hate to him that I enquire: nor is it credible it ſhould be love, (replied *Praſſilla*) though I ask'd the queſtion, for you have more reaſon than to love one who cannot love you again, and you are wiſer alſo than to make any conqueſt in prejudice of *Cleodora*, who would never pardon you: is *Beleſis* then in love with *Cleodora* (replied *Leoniſa*, and bluſhed) I think he hath loved her ſo long, replied *Praſſilla*, that it will not be doubted, and you are the onely one in all *Suſa*, who is ignorant of it: But, *Leoniſa*, how comes it to paſs that you change Colour, when I tell you *Beleſis* is in love with *Cleodora?* The reaſon is, (replied *Leoniſa*, and bluſhed more, not having time to think of an anſwer) becauſe I thought he was in love with another: And with whom? (asked *Praſſilla*:) You have ſo twitted me with my Curioſity (replied ſhe) that I will not ſatisfie yours. Yet truly I would gladly know with whom you thought *Beleſis* in love: I am ſo vexed to be thus deceived in my judgment (replied *Leoniſa*) that I will die rather than tell you. Then will I never tell you any thing you deſire to know (anſwered *Praſſilla*;) Yet, replied *Leoniſa*, I do exceedingly deſire to know more Paſſages Concerning *Beleſis* and *Cleodora*: I know a thouſand (replied *Praſſilla*) but I will not tell you one, unleſs you will tell me firſt, with whom you imagined *Beleſis* in Love: Since you will needs know (ſaid *Leoniſa* to her) I thought him to be in Love with you: Fie, fie, *Leoniſa*) cryed *Praſſilla*) you are not ſincere; do you think me ſuch a fool, as to think you ſay truly: No, no, I am not ſo eaſily deluded, but to puniſh you for it, I ſhall tell you what you would not confeſs unto me: Be ſure you gueſs truly, ſaid *Leoniſa*, and laughed, elſe I ſhall never Pardon you, eſpecially ſince I am deceived my ſelf, and would be revenged upon *Beleſis*. Thus, Sir, theſe two amiable Ladies, did underſtand each other without any direct telling: and thus did *Leoniſa* firſt underſtand of any paſſages between *Beleſis*, and *Cleodora*. Howover, the eyes of *Beleſis* had told her ſuch things, as ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould give more credit to the words of *Praſſilla* or the looks of *Beleſis*, yet ſhe reſolved to carry her ſelf more coldly to him, as if ſhe were deſirous to puniſh him, becauſe he was the ſubject of her diſcourſe with *Praſſilla*, which was not at all agreeable to her mind: you may well imagine, Sir, after this which I ſhall tell you, that theſe four illuſtrious Perſons were not without ſomething to do: For *Cleodora* was very buſie to diſcover from whence the melancholly of *Beleſis* ſhould proceed: And *Beleſis* had enough to dô, in deluding *Cleodora*, and endeavouring to find out ways to diſcover his Love unto *Leoniſa.* *Hermogenes*, having undertaken to diſſemble Love, was not without his cares: and *Leoniſa* being deſirous to diſcover exactly the thoughts of *Beleſis*, had ſuch a kind of unquiet Curioſity, as it cannot be otherwiſe named: When *Hermogenes* did begin to frequent *Cleodora*, after their ordinary manner, She made him a hundred welcoms, thinking thereby more to oblige *Beleſis* than *Hermogenes*, and imagining that his coming was only to do ſome good office for his friend: and never dreamt of the matter as it was. Some days paſſed thus on, and none of theſe Parties found any great augmentation of ſorrows: *Beleſis* yet had his choice, for when he was alone with *Cleodora*, he could ſpeak unto none but her, and when he was with *Leoniſa* and her, he was ſo amazedly confounded, that he was not able to help out with Converſation, unleſs in things indifferent. In the mean time, *Hermogenes*, to content his friend, did ſo accuſtom himſelf to ſpeak to *Cleodora*, that he left much time unto *Beleſis* to talk with *Leoniſa*, yet this did exceedingly perplex *Cleodora*: for believing that *Hermogenes* was of *Beleſis* his intelligence, ſhe could not comprehend, why he ſhould not give place to *Beleſis* to talk unto her, and why he ſhould always talk to her himſelf, yet at laſt ſhe imagined, that perhaps *Hermogenes* was in love with *Leoniſa*, and had deſired *Beleſis* to ſpeak to his advantage, but ſtill ſhe thought ſtrange *Beleſis* ſhould never talk with her: But what conveniency ſoever *Beleſis* had to talk with *Leoniſa*, by reaſon of *Hermogenes* his holding *Cleodora* in hand, yet he had not confidence enough to diſcover his paſſion to her, in the preſence of one whom he had formerly loved ſo well, and one who loved him, and therefore he ſought for an opportunity of ſeeing her, when *Cleodora* was not preſent. He never could find her without *Hermogenes*, who at the laſt, was no leſs deſirous to talk with *Cleodora* in private as *Beleſis* was to talk with *Leoniſa*: For, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that ſince *Hermogenes* was more converſant with *Cleodora* than he uſed to be, he diſcovered ſo many charms and rich beauties in her mind, that never any appeared more amiable in the eye of his Fancy, and he hath told me a hundred times, that whoſoever does not ſee her in this free humour of familiarity which ſhe uſeth to her real friends, cannot ſee half her beauty, nor can imagine the power of her charms. *Hermogenes* diſcovering a thouſand freſh Graces, and as many rare Qualities in the ſpirit and heart of *Cleodora*, which he was ignorant of before, was wounded afreſh with the darts of her fair eyes, and fell inſenſibly to Love her; at firſt he could not think it to be Love: for he did nothing elſe but blame *Beleſis* for quitting *Cleodora*, and addreſſing himſelf unto *Leoniſa*. But by degrees he left off telling his friend of his inconſtancy, and fell ſo deſperately in Love with this Lady, as *Beleſis* never loved her or *Leoniſa* more. Yet he did not acquaint his friend with his growing Paſſion, though he knew not why he ſhould make a ſecret of it, unleſs becauſe Love in its own nature is a myſtery, and love is a ſecrecy, he never ſtrived againſt this Powerful affection which took root in his heart: For although he knew the heart of *Cleodora* was a little engaged to *Beleſis*, yet he hoped that when ſhe knew his inconſtancy, ſhe would eaſily diſengage her ſelf, and then he might perhaps poſſeſs that place in her ſoul which *Beleſis* had made himſelf unworthy of. *Hermogenes* then having theſe thoughts, did viſit *Cleodora* with ſuch aſſiduitie, that *Beleſis* not knowing the thoughts of his heart, did always, when they were together, ask him pardon for the trouble which he conſtrained himſelf unto, for his ſake.

But at laſt, hoping for ſome fruit of the plot which he had invented, *Beleſis* ſeemed to grow ſomething jealous of *Hermogenes*, and did ſo negotiate with *Cleodora*, that he perſwaded her ſhe was deceived, if ſhe thought he talked unto *Leoniſa* in behalf of *Hermogenes*:

for by ſome paſſages which he told her, ſhe thought he talked with her, only to ſpite her. At the firſt, ſince ſhe imagined this odd and jealous proceeding of *Beleſis*, was an argumeut of his love to her, ſhe was not offended with him, and ſo much leſs, becauſe not ſuſpecting any thing of the love of *Hermogenes*, ſhe imagined it would be an eaſie matter to cure *Beleſis* of his jealouſie when ſhe would, by deſiring his friend not to apply himſelf ſo much unto diſcourſe with her, ſo that taking a kind of delight to torment *Beleſis* for a few days, ſhe never troubled her ſelf to remove that belief out of him which ſhe thought he had, ſo that this did facilitate unto *Beleſis* the deſign which he had to diſcover his paſſion unto *Leoniſa*.

One day then when they were all four together in *Leoniſa*'s chamber, which ſhe kept, not being very well, *Cleodora*, to vex *Beleſis*, asked *Hermogenes*, if he would go with her upon a viſit which ſhe intended to make. *Leoniſa*, hearing her ſay ſo, began to complain for leaving her, and threatning to uſe her with the like indifferency, if ever ſhe were ſick: But *Cleodora* told her that ſhe left her ſuch good company as ſhe had no reaſon to grudge hers.

Beleſis raviſhed with this, though heretofore he would have deſired her preſence, told her, that ſhe might judge others by her ſelf, who in carrying away *Hermogenes* would not regret thoſe ſhe left with her.

After which *Cleodora* and *Hermogenes* going out, *Beleſis* remained alone with *Leoniſa*, who knew not what to think of this paſſage: for if ſhe remembred what *Praſſilla* told her, ſhe ſhould believe *Beleſis* loved *Cleodora*, and that this was only a trick to hide his paſſion: but when ſhe conſidered all his actions, ſhe believed he loved her and not *Cleodora*. Yet not knowing what to think, nor daring to wiſh any thing, ſhe turned towards *Beleſis*, and looking upon him with a crafty ſmile, I do extreamly pity you, *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe unto him) that *Cleodora*'s ſeverity ſhould engage you thus in a company, which cannot Countervail the loſs of hers: I beſeech

ſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) if you will pity me, let it be becauſe I have ſought for an opportunity of ſpeaking to you in private, and could never meet with it till now: we have been ſo continually Converſant, replied *Leoniſa*, that I cannot think you have any thing to ſpeak of, more than you have already told me; for have I not ſeen you every day, ſince you came to *Suſa*? 'Tis true, replied *Beleſis*, I have ſeen you every day, and the reaſon was, becauſe I would ſpeak with you in private: for Divine *Leoniſa*, had I ſeen you ſeldom, perhaps I ſhould not have obſerved all the Riches of your mind, but ſhould doubtleſs have been leſs in love with you than I am. Fie, *Beleſis*, (cried *Leoniſa*) I thought you would have ſpoken ſeriouſly, but I ſee you deceive me: No, no, Madam, replied he, you cannot imagine I will jeſt upon ſuch a ſubject as this, and it is ſo certainly true, that I am in love with the fair *Leoniſa*, that it is not poſſible ſhe ſhould doubt it. Since there is a kind of Raillary, ſaid *Leoniſa*, whoſe ſubtilty conſiſts in ſeeming to ſpeak in earneſt, I ſhall think that yours is now of that nature. But, *Beleſis*, that which Puzzles me moſt, is, that I cannot imagine what good it will do you, unleſs you would thereby blind me from knowing you are in Love with *Cleodora*: but that you may not uſe your Language in vain by offering to perſwade me you Love her not, know *Beleſis*, that I do know you have Loved her ever ſince the firſt day you came to *Suſa*. I muſt confeſs with ſome ſhame, replied *Beleſis*, that I did Love *Cleodora*: but that you may know the end of my paſſion as well as the beginning of it, I beſeech you know, that as I began to love *Cleodora* the firſt day I came to *Suſa*, ſo I ceaſed to love her the firſt day you came hither, and when I had the honour firſt to ſee you: Ah *Beleſis*, cried ſhe, doubtleſs you remember how I told you that day, I ſhould take great delight in making men inconſtant, and to pull their hearts out of the hands of thoſe who had ſubjected them; and certainly you do this to jeer me for this folly which I expreſſed unawares: No, (replied he, with a moſt ſerious Countenance) it is becauſe you have really made me inconſtant unto *Cleodora*, and more conſtant than any man alive unto the fair *Leoniſa*. Inconſtancy, anſwered ſhe, is of ſuch a nature, as thoſe that are once capable of it, will be ſo for ever: No, (replied *Beleſis*) not when it has reaſon, not humour, for its foundation, and when the perſon one forſakes, is leſs fair, and leſs accompliſhed than the perſon whom one chuſeth. However, replied *Leoniſa*, before I give any farther ear unto you, you muſt give me leave to inform my ſelf very throughly, whether I am fairer and more accompliſhed, than any in all *Suſa*; For *Beleſis*, if I find it not ſo, but that there are an infinite number in *Suſa* more amiable than I, I were a fool if I accepted of your affection this day, to loſe it to morrow: Cruel woman, (ſaid he unto her) I beſeech you do not treat me ſo rigorouſly, but conſider, that ſince I love you more than I love *Cleodora*, I ſhall never love any but *Leoniſa*: ſince in pulling my heart out of her hands, you muſt needs have ſuch a power, which none can ever ſurmount. However it be, replied ſhe, I muſt needs tell you, that if what you ſay be true, you will be a moſt miſerable man, ſince I will do all I can to puniſh you for your inconſtancy, in forſaking *Cleodora*: However, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you refuſe not to give credit unto my words: I will refuſe all that you can ask, replied ſhe: How, replied *Beleſis*, can I think you will not believe me? and can I imagine that though you did believe me, yet you would be always inexorable? Doubtleſs you may, anſwered ſhe, for I am moſt fully reſolved, never to give you the leaſt hopes, that I can take any delight in being loved. How *Leoniſa*, ſaid he, will you refuſe me every thing I ſhall deſire? will you not allow me the leaſt hope? as for hope, replied ſhe, perhaps I cannot take it from you: 'Tis true, anſwered *Beleſis*, but it is in your power to give it; Since you can find it in your ſelf, replied *Leoniſa*, you need not ſeek for it from another: I moſt humbly beſeech you, do not abſolutely deny me all things, but do only one thing for me;

and to the end you may grant it willingly, I do profeſs unto you, that the thing which I ſhall ask, cannot be called a favour: Upon that condition, replied ſhe, I give you leave to ſpeak what you will. After this, replied *Beleſis*, I ſhall not fear to beſeech you, that you will believe as often as I ſpeak unto *Cleodora*, I have a zealous deſire to ſpeak unto *Leoniſa*: and that all the teſtimonies of affection which I render unto her, out of fear ſhe ſhould baniſh me from you, are ſo many teſtimonies of that violent paſſion, which I bear to the fair *Leoniſa*. Do you not call this a favour? (replied ſhe, and laughed.) No, ſaid he, but only a means how to obtain it: I pray, replied ſhe, what greater favour can one do than to hear you? To hear, replied *Beleſis*, is certainly only a Civility; but to love is the real favour: It being ſo, replied *Leoniſa*, you will do very well and wiſely never to hope for any favour from me: for *Beleſis*, I do tell you truly, it were a fond vanity in me, if I ſhould offer to take any Lover from *Cleodora*: and indeed (if I may ſpeak ſo of a man, who hath ſpoken ſo placentially unto me) I think of inconſtancy, and inconſtant men, as I do of Treaſon and Traitors: it is your part (added ſhe, and ſmiled, to take off ſome part of the wormwood in her words) to make interpretation of what I ſay. I perceive, Madam, replied he, that you would have me think you love inconſtancy, and hate the inconſtant man: In the mean time, it is not very juſt methinks to treat me more cruelly than a Lover, who never yet loved any beſides you, and who never quitted any other for you. But, Madam, if you conſider what I loſe for the love of you, I am confident you will confeſs, that your Beauty did never produce greater effects of its power, than in captivating my heart: as *Leoniſa* was ready to anſwer, much company came in, ſo that the Conference ended; *Beleſis* not knowing whether or no *Leoniſa* believed what he ſaid unto her. Yet his hope was, that hereafter ſhe would be more obſervant of his actions, and by conſequence would better perceive his Love to her. All this while, *Hermogenes* who was gone with

Cleodora upon a viſit, having not found her whom they went unto, brought her back into her own chamber, having no will to go into *Leoniſa*'s: ſo that finding a free opportunity of ſpeaking to her, his paſſion did ſo ſpur him to acquaint *Cleodora* with his ſufferings for her, that he reſolved upon it, yet he could not find fit words wherewith to expreſs himſelf as he deſired: And I think, if *Cleodora*, not thinking of it, had not furniſhed him with an occaſion to diſcover his love unto her, he would hardly have ventured upon it, out of his fears to incenſe her: But after a quarter of an hours ſilence, not one word paſſing between them: for *Hermogenes* was conſidering what to ſay, and *Cleodora* muſed upon the proceedings of *Beleſis*: But ſhe rouſing her ſelf ſuddenly out of her fixed poſture, and turning towards *Hermogenes* with a ſmile: If *Beleſis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, do not entertain *Leoniſa* better than you do me: and if *Leoniſa* be not better company to *Beleſis*, than I am to *Hermogenes*, we did them no very good office in leaving them alone, nor unto our ſelves neither, ſince if we were all four together, perhaps we ſhould muſe leſs than we do. I know not, Madam, what you do, replied *Hermogenes*: But I am ſure, as muſing as I am, and as reſerved as you are, I had rather be alone in your company, than with all the company in the world: and yet there is no great pleaſure (ſaid ſhe) in the company of one whoſe ſpirits are ſo diſtracted, and thoughts ſo far off when ſhe ſpeaks, as if there were Countrys, and Seas between them: and I confeſs when I revived out of my muſing humour, and found you in yours, and as far off me in your thoughts, as I was off you; I thought my ſelf very uncivil, and was ready to correct my ſelf for it: Why, Madam, ſaid *Hermogenes*, can you think that my thoughts might not be of you, though I did not ſpeak? doubtleſs they were not, replied ſhe, and to be ſincere with you, though you were near me, yet you were far off my thoughts. We are then very different, ſaid *Hermogenes*, for you are always in my thoughts, though I be far from you: I ſee

I ſee you will repair that incivility whereof I taxed you, with another exceſſive civility; but know, *Hermogenes*, that you need not uſe unto me any improbable truth, much leſs any poſſible lies, to get belief: I had thought that what I ſpoke, ſaid *Hermogenes*, had been eaſie to believe; for, Madam, it is very imaginable one may remember you, when he ſees you not, and for my part I profeſs, that I can think of nothing elſe but you, in what place ſoever I am: had you told me, replied *Cleodora*, that you remember me very often, I ſhould have thought my ſelf obliged unto you, becauſe then I ſhould have thought you ſpoke ſincerely; but to ſay you remember me always, this is too much to believe: and yet I tell you not all, anſwered *Hermogenes*, ſince if I ſhould tell you all I think of you, I ſhould tell you more than ever *Beleſis* did: ſince certainly I Love you more than ever he did. Ah, *Hermogenes*, cryed *Cleodora*, I cannot endure this affront, for would you have me lend an ear unto a declaration of Love from you, and another from *Beleſis*? whoſoever conſiders what you ſay, will find that you wrong *Beleſis*, as well as me: for if you think *Beleſis* loves me not, he hath reaſon to complain againſt you, for thinking him capable of ſubjecting himſelf to ſo mean a beauty as my ſelf: and if he do Love me, then you are a very bad friend to him, and an ill husband of your own honour, to publiſh your crime ſo boldly: However it be, Madam, (replied *Hermogenes*) I do Love you: and certainly Loves you without a crime, though there were no other reaſon to excuſe my ſelf, but by ſaying I muſt needs Love you and cannot chuſe: No, no, *Hermogenes* (ſaid *Cleodora*) you cannot deceive me: I ſee this is only a compacted plot between *Beleſis* and you; and therefore without any anger againſt you, I will only be revenged upon *Beleſis*: for indeed I do not take it well, he ſhould oblige you to ſpeak unto me as you do: and there are ſome things wherewith there is no jeſting. I do proteſt unto you, Madam, replied *Hermogenes*, that *Beleſis* is ignorant of any thoughts of Love which I have to you; though I knew all his: you are then a very perfidious friend, anſwered *Cleodora*: I know not, Madam, whether or no I am a perfidious friend, but I am moſt certain, that I am a moſt faithful, and paſſionate Lover; in the mean time, I beſeech you, Madam, let *Beleſis* complain againſt my infidelity, when he ſhall know it, and let me only beg this one favour only from you, that you will be pleaſed to obſerve both the paſſion of *Beleſis* and mine; and to promiſe me that if *Beleſis* conſent unto my happineſs, you will not oppoſe it: you tell me ſuch ſtrange things, replied *Cleodora*, that I know not what anſwer to return: yet I know this, that I take it very ill you ſhould ſpeak unto me as you do: yet, Madam, replied he, I ſhall ſay the ſame as long as I live: then ſpeak unto me no more, replied ſhe, at leaſt in private; yet once more, *Hermogenes*, I charge you to proceed no further unleſs by order from *Beleſis*, and unleſs I may know his reaſon, for to ſpeak ſincerely unto you, if you be his rival, you are leſs his friend: But I obſerve you live and agree together as you uſed to do: therefore if you will really oblige me, tell me what benefit he hopes for by this plot: Since I am not ſo bad a friend to *Beleſis* as you upbraid me with, ſaid he, I will relate nothing unto you that concerns him. But ſhall only tell you that he is ignorant of my love to you, and by conſequence cannot know that I have aſſumed the boldneſs to tell you that I love you; But, Madam, I beſeech you do not charge me with any infidelity to my friend, or raſhneſs to my Miſtreſs; let time and your own reaſon find out the truth of things: I need no time, replied ſhe, to find out that I ought not to ſuffer you to ſpeak as you do, therefore be ſilent, unleſs in lieu of my anger, you will incur my hatred: After this *Hermogenes* was ſo bold as to uſe many expreſſions more paſſionate than the firſt, and ſpoke with ſuch an Air, as let *Cleodora* know, he loved her in earneſt: And in that belief, after ſhe had well conſulted with her ſelf upon the buſineſs, and after *Hermogenes* had left her, ſhe reſolved not to acquaint *Beleſis* with any paſſages

ges between them, for fear ſome quarrel or diſorder might grow between them, for though ſhe intended to be very faithful unto *Beleſis*, yet ſhe wiſhed that no misfortune might happen unto *Hermogenes* for the love of her: and therefore ſhe could not reſolve to break off abſolutely with him: but intending to avoid as much as ſhe could his being alone with her: After *Hermogenes* was gone, ſhe went into *Leoniſa*'s Chamber from whence *Beleſis* was not yet departed: But ſince both their ſpirits were very buſie in thinking upon what they had told them, and in endeavouring to know the truth, their converſation was ſomething Reſerved and Private. At firſt, when *Cleodora* entred, *Leoniſa* ſpoke firſt, Though you were ſo cruel as to leave me, ſaid ſhe unto her, yet I pray tell me what News you have heard in your viſits: Since I did not find any at home (replyed *Cleodora*) and ſince I never ſtirred from *Hermogenes* out of my Chamber, I know no more than I did when I left you, it is you rather than I that is likely to tell news; I aſſure you, replyed *Leoniſa*, if you know no more than I do, you have met with no very good intelligence, for I ſaw no body but *Beleſis*, who told me nothing at all: yet you have been a long time together, replyed *Cleodora*: I have had never the more news for that, replyed *Leoniſa*, as you might have with *Hermogenes*: But *Beleſis*, replyed *Cleodora*, is uſed to hear more news than he: yet he hath told me none (replyed ſhe:) yet I would gladly know, replyed *Cleodora*, what you have talked on all this while: ſometimes we talked of you (anſwered *Leoniſa*) and the reſt of the afternoon was ſpent in repetition of a hundred things which imprinted themſelves ſo ſlightly in my memory, that I have forgotten them: But ſince I know you have a better memory, I pray tell me what diſcourſe *Hermogenes* and you have had, ſince news was no part of your converſation? Truly ſaid *Cleodora* unto her, I ſhall be a little more ingenuous than you are, for I muſt confeſs that I remember very well all *Hermogenes* ſaid unto me: but I profeſs

I will not tell you, unleſs you will tell me what *Beleſis* ſaid unto you concerning me: cannot you Imagine replied *Leoniſa* what *Beleſis* and I might talk of? No, replied *Cleodora*, not in the humours he hath been in of late, and therefore I would gladly know, whether he complains of any thing which I have unawares ſpoken: it is not likely he ſhould complain of you to me (replied *Leoniſa*) What did he then ſpeak of? (ſaid *Cleodora*) Sincerely I cannot tell you, anſwered *Leoniſa*, I only know we ſpake of you, but know not upon what occaſion. I ſhould not ſo ſoon forget what's told me (replyed *Cleodora*, and bluſhed for anger ſhe ſhould be ſo inquiſitive to no purpoſe) after which every one of them began to muſe upon the matter, and paſſed away the reſt of the evening without any diſcourſe, unleſs ſome odd word by chance. Thus, Sir, was the ſtate of things, when one of high quality, and of greater wealth, fell in love with *Leoniſa*, as well as *Beleſis*: his name was *Tiſias*: But ſince he was a man of none of the rareſt parts, ſhe could not much brag of this conqueſt; Yet being then very young, and Rubies gliſtering in her eyes, ſhe was pleaſed that a man of his rank ſhould think upon her, though ſhe had no eſteem of him at all, but looked only upon him through his great birth, and through the magnificence of his troops, and becauſe he was in favour with the Prince of *Suſa*. Then did *Beleſis* think himſelf very miſerable, becauſe ſince *Tiſias* fell in love with *Leoniſa*, he was almoſt perpetually with her, and did not only hinder him from talking with *Leoniſa*, but forced him often to apply himſelf unto *Cleodora*, unto whom he could hardly ſpeak: *Hermogenes* had alſo ſome ſhare in this angry adventure, becauſe he ſpoke leſs unto *Cleodora* than before, and his paſſion was arrived to that height as he could enjoy no reſt: Yet all his expreſſions of affection were in vain: for this Lady was ſo conſtant in her affection to *Beleſis* that nothing could alter her: all the favour ſhe ſhewed him, was not to ſpeak unto *Beleſis*, becauſe ſhe thought if ſhe did, there might ariſe ſome quarrel between them; her greateſt motive to that was, becauſe ſhe thought *Beleſis*

leſis was jealous of *Hermogenes*, and becauſe he diſſembled a coldneſs to his friend, the better to delude *Cleodora*; and therefore ſhe offered him to ſee *Hermogenes* no more, and denied that he was in love with her. But ſay what ſhe could, *Beleſis* told her that he would endeavour to love *Leoniſa* to be revenged of *Cleodora*, ſince ſhe loved *Hermogenes* to mock *Beleſis* and his paſſion: ſo that *Cleodora*, believing *Beleſis* to be really jealous of *Hermogenes*, began to ſhun him with all care, and to treat him extream roughly: *Beleſis* on the other ſide was far from his happineſs: not but that he knew *Leoniſa* eſteemed him, and was not ſorry that he loved her, but it was becauſe he had ſo few opportunities of talking with *Leoniſa* in private, eſpecially ſince *Tiſias* became his Rival, that it was impoſſible he ſhould make any far progreſs into her heart: Yet he watched his opportunity ſo well, that one day he ſpoke with her, when neither *Cleodora* nor *Tiſias* were preſent, and in a place where none could hear what they ſaid, *Beleſis* laying hold on this precious minute, began to aggravate the grandure of his paſſion: But as *Leoniſa* for all her ſweetneſs had a kind of imperious ſpirit, ſo ſhe began to ſpeak, and looking upon him with an angry aſpect: Truly *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe unto him) I wonder you dare be ſo bold as to perſwade me you love me, when all the world knows you love *Cleodora*; If I could caſt off *Cleodora*, and not caſt off *Leoniſa* alſo, replyed *Beleſis*, the world ſhould quickly be undeceived, for I would behave my ſelf ſo towards her, as there ſhould be no queſtion, that I am not in love with her, though I would never fail in the payment of thoſe reſpects which are due unto a perſon of her merit and virtue; But ſince my croſs fate will have it ſo, as I cannot let you know that I love you, unleſs I ſeem to love her alſo, queſtionleſs it were injuſtice in the Fair *Leoniſa*, to tax me with a thing which I would not do but for the love of her. I can tax you with one fault, replied ſhe, unto which I think you cannot make any direct anſwer, and that's this: if you were nor in love with *Cleodora*, why are you continually looking upon her Picture? That you may know what I look upon (replyed *Beleſis*, in giving the caſe unto *Leoniſa*, and letting her open it her ſelf) I beſeech you ſee and judge whether my crime be ſo great in looking upon that Picture. Then *Leoniſa* taking the caſe, and opening it, ſhe was extreamly ſurpriſed, when in lieu of *Cleodora*'s picture, ſhe had found her own. Ah *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe, and bluſht) your crime is greater than I thought it: for I cannot think it good you ſhould have my picture: *Beleſis* then fearing ſhe would not reſtore it, did cunningly catch it out of her hands, before ſhe could hinder him I humbly ask your pardon, Madam, for my incivility (ſaid he unto her) but I am ſo miſerable, that I ought to fear the loſs of my only conſolation which your rigor hath left me: do not deceive your ſelf (ſaid *Leoniſa*) for it is not my intention to let you have it, nor to expoſe my ſelf unto the danger of the worlds belief that I gave you the picture. I am not ſo vain, Madam, replied *Beleſis*, to make my boaſt of receiving ſuch a favour from you: but you may well think, that man who would ſo cloſely conceal a real favour if he received it, will not falſely report that you gave him this Picture: you have not been yet ſo diſcreet, replyed *Leoniſa*, but I know that you had *Cleodora*'s Picture: 'Tis true anſwered *Beleſis*, but you know it only by the ſiſter of *Hermogenes*, who her ſelf had never known it, if I had not been in love with you, for that was the true reaſon that I became ſo careleſs, and left it once behind me: Ah *Beleſis* (ſaid *Leoniſa*, and interrupted him) I will never ſuffer my Picture to remain in the hands of a man, who is uſed to loſe it: hitherto I have not loſt it (replyed he:) Have you *Cleodora*'s yet (replyed *Leoniſa*?) 'Tis very true, I have, (ſaid he,) and under colour of that, I ſometimes pleaſe my ſelf in looking upon yours, even in her preſence: *Leoniſa* then importuned him to tell her how he got her Picture: And *Beleſis* told her, that underſtanding ſhe was to have her Picture taken to ſend unto ſome of her Couſins in the Province from whence ſhe came, he ſuborned the Painter and got it from him: afterwards he ſhewed her how the caſe was double, which ſhe did not perceive before, and there ſhe found *Cleodora*'s picture and her own both: So that by this fallacie *Beleſis* did often look upon the picture of his new Miſtreſs, at the ſame time when the poor *Cleodora* thought it had been her own, becauſe ſhe knew the caſe, and becauſe *Beleſis* did ſomtimes ſhew her her own picture purpoſely, that ſhe might think he looked upon it: For though *Beleſis* was moſt deſperately in love with *Leoniſa*, yet he ſtill feared and reſpected *Cleodora*. *Leoniſa*, knowing this trick, uſed all her rhetorique to get her picture out of his hands: but do or ſay what ſhe could he would not part with it: But being deſirous to be as ſafe as ſhe could, and being alſo deſirous to ſatisfie her ſelf in one thing which ſhe had much longed to know, and at leaſt to make trial of *Beleſis* his vertue. Truly *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe unto him, after much other talk) I cannot believe you love me, nor ſuffer my picture to be in your hands but upon one condition: which is, that you let me have in my keeping all *Cleordora*'s Letters unto you, and alſo her picture; for unleſs you do this, I do proteſt I ſhall not believe you love me: but ſhall think that you love *Cleodora* ſtill, and that you carry my picture but the better to hide hers. All this is ſo unjuſt, replied *Beleſis*, that I cannot imagine you ſhould deſire I ſhould believe you: and truly *Cleodora* never did me ſo much honour as to write unto me: as for her picture, 'tis true, I got it by a ſlight as I did yours, and by conſequence I were too ſimple if I let it paſs for a favour; if ſo, ſaid *Leoniſa* and laughed, methinks you ſhould not think it ſtrange that I do no more for you than *Cleodora* did, for I do intend to be no leſs ſevere than ſhe. But for all that I know you had *Cleodora*'s picture from her own hand, and I know alſo you received a hundred Letters from her: if I had, replied *Beleſis*, I beſeech you be as kind as *Cleodora* was: I ſhall be what I ought to be, replied ſhe, when you have performed the condition which I deſire: It is queſtionleſs my duty to do any thing which you deſire (replied *Beleſis*) except ſuch things as may make me loſe your eſteem: and unto ſuch things, Madam, the love I bear you will not permit me to conſent unto: and therefore I beſeech you, Madam, take it not ill if I deny your deſires; for how ſhould you ever truſt my diſcretion with the leaſt favour; if I ſhould laviſhly confeſs what *Cleodora* conferred upon me? it is ſufficient, Madam, that I forſake her for you, without baſely betraying her; alſo I do not think you have well conſidered what you demand; Really, ſaid he and ſmiled, if you ſhould deſire to ſee *Cleodora*'s Letters, and to know how far ſhe favoured me, to the end you might go as far as ſhe, I think I ſhould invent a thouſand lies, and counterfeit as many Letters which might be advantageous to me; but ſince I know that though I received a thouſand real favours from the greateſt beauties in the world, yet you would not be the more favourable to me, therefore I beſeech you move me not to invent falſe ones; if you would have me relate any paſſages between *Cleodora* and me, I beſeech you, Madam, let it be her Rigours and Cruelties, to the end that aggravating the miſeries which ſhe hath cauſed me to ſuffer, you may reſolve to be more mild and ſweet, and make me leſs miſerable. Examples (replied *Leoniſa* craftly) are things which much moves me, and powerfully works upon my ſpirit; and therefore if you tell me only of *Cleodora*'s Cruelties, perhaps I ſhall eaſily have the ſame thoughts ſhe had; I know, Madam, rereplyed *Beleſis*, that you are more reaſonable than to do as you ſpeak, or to ſpeak as you do, and ſpeak ſincerely; but though *Cleodora* had writ many obliging Letters unto me, and though I had them in my keeping, yet I ought not to give them you: A Lover doubtleſs ought blindly to obey the perſon whom he loves, but not, (as I ſaid before) when he expoſeth himſelf to the loſs of her eſteem; Yet there are ſome certain things (replyed *Leoniſa*) which if a Miſtreſs deſire, and the ſervant obey, he will merit her affection; and I know not whether what I now deſire of you be not in that number; for although I am forced to confeſs that it is handſomer to do as you do, than if you did otherwiſe, yet I muſt let you know it is not ſo obliging, ſince you cannot deny me but for two reaſons; the one becauſe you dare not truſt my diſcretion; the other, becauſe you would perhaps keep your ſelf upon terms to renew your love with *Cleodora*; and which of thoſe two ſoever it be, certainly it is not very advantageous for me. I muſt needs acknowledge, ſaid *Beleſis*, that whatſoever your diſcretion be, I do not think my ſelf obliged to truſt you with any thing which might be prejudicial unto the perſon whom I once loved, and who did not hate me: For truly if I did, I ſhould give you a very fine example of indiſcretion, ſuch a one as I ſhould think that you could not be more diſcreet than I am, unleſs you give me a juſt ſubject of complaint.

But, Madam, as to what you ſay, that perhaps I keep *Cleodora*'s Letters in my hands, purpoſely to cloſe with her again; In anſwer to this, Madam, I will tell you, that if you pleaſe, I will never ſpeak unto her again, nor ever look upon her: I will go ſo far as incivility, if you deſire it: but I beſeech you, let me not go ſo far as treaſon: yet do not think, I beſeech you, that I ſpeak thus, becauſe my love to you is not violent enough, for though I do deny what now you do deſire of me, yet I offer at the ſame time to undertake the moſt difficult enterprizes in the world for your ſervice. At theſe words *Leoniſa* interrupting him, It is enough, (ſaid ſhe unto him) it is a ſufficient trial of your vertue, *Beleſis*: But to the end you ſhould not have a leſs good opinion of my vertue, than I have of yours, know, that if you had conſented unto what I did ſo urgently deſire, I ſhould never have truſted you with the leaſt favour in the world: But ſince you have reſiſted me with ſo much prudent obſtinacie, and denied me the Picture of *Cleodora*, I conſent you ſhall keep mine, though you ſtole it from me.

At the pronouncing theſe words *Leoniſa* was ſilent, and bluſht, and I know not whether *Beleſis* was haſtier to render thanks than ſhe was to diminiſh the obliging ſence of her language. But he was ſo ready to apprehend the obligation, that the words no ſooner touched his ear, but they reached his heart, and his heart his tongue, to thank her. Though you do nothing (ſaid he unto her) but conſent unto a thing which you could not hinder me from, yet am I infinitely obliged unto you, for creating it a gift, and not a theft: and I am moſt certain, I ſhall find your Picture more reſembling your fair ſelf, ſince theſe three or four words which you have ſpoken in my favour, do ſo pleaſingly ſweeten my imagination, that I ſhall think my ſelf much more happy every time I look upon it: I pray *Beleſis*, ſaid *Leoniſa*, do not give me ſo many thanks, leſt I ſhould think I have granted you too much, and repent: then I muſt ſhut up my acknowledgments in my heart, ſaid *Beleſis*, and content my ſelf with ſhewing you only my Love. After this *Leoniſa* deſired to ſee her Picture, which he preſented unto her; he had as great joy to receive it from the fair hand of his dear *Leoniſa*, as if he had received it from her own gift. But firſt he obſerved unto her, by the diſtinguiſhment of the Claſps, which was on that ſide where *Cleodora*'s Picture was, to the end ſhe might know in opening of the Caſe, which ſide hers was on: for though it is not the cuſtom of thoſe that have the Pictures of the perſons whom they love, to look upon them in their preſence, yet it was not ſo with *Beleſis*, for whether it was *Cleodora*, or *Leoniſa* that he loved, he would look upon their Pictures with ſuch violent raptures of love, and ſuch private thoughts, as if they were the very ſubſtances. He was never better pleaſed, than when he ſaw *Leoniſa* in a great Cloſet at her Aunts, where there was, on four great Pillars, four great Mirrours of polliſhed ſteel: which way ſoever he turned he ſaw four *Leoniſa*'s, and ſometimes many more *Leoniſa*'s, at leaſt he ſaid ſo, when he would aggravate his paſſion: and there alſo he looked often upon the Picture, though it was in the ſame Chamber where ſhe was. Thus, Sir, you ſee upon what terms *Beleſis* was with *Leoniſa*. In the mean time, the poor *Cleodora*, thinking that the love of *Hermogenes* was the true cauſe of *Beleſis* his manner of behaviour, reſolutely determined to entreat him not to ſee her any more, ſeeing that all her roughneſs of behaviour would not repulſe him. Since ſhe knew he was very wiſe, and knew moſt of the paſſages between *Beleſis* and her: She thought it beſt to ſpeak unto him in all ingenuous ſincerity: ſo that finding him one day, in her Aunts chamber, as ſhe was buſie in talking with others: ſhe began to ſpeak unto him: In the mean time, ſince ſhe had a long while ſhunned him, *Hermogenes* was raviſhed at the alteration: but his joy was very ſhort; for ſhe no ſooner opened her mouth, but he knew that he ſhould have more cauſe to complain againſt *Cleodora*, than to thank her. I pray you, *Hermogenes* (ſaid ſhe unto him) do not murmur at the requeſt I ſhall make, and take that confidence which I have in you, for the greateſt teſtimony of my eſteem and affection, which you can ever receive from me: For Heavens ſake, Madam, (ſaid *Hermogenes*) do not ask me any thing that will force me unto a denial: If I thought I ſhould be denied (ſaid ſhe) I would not ask, but having great confidence in your wiſdom, I hope to obtain my requeſt. But, Madam, replied *Hermogenes*, what can you deſire more of me, than what I have already given? I would deſire you, for ſome urgent conſiderations which nearly concern me, to forbear either ſeeing me or ſpeaking unto me: Alas, Madam, replied he, you ask me that which is not in my power to grant? But I pray, Madam, is this the teſtimony of that eſteem, and affection you ſpoke of? Doubtleſs it is (replied ſhe) for if it were not, I ſhould have baniſhed you without ſpeaking to you, and therefore methinks you ought to conſent willingly to my deſire. If you will baniſh me, replied he, becauſe the Perſon that hath Power over you, thinks it not fit I ſhould have the honour to ſee you, or becauſe my paſſion makes too great a noiſe in the world: I could put a favourable ſence of your act, and obey you: But, fair *Cleodora*, I know very well, you only would pack me away, to admit of *Beleſis*: I crave your pardon, Madam, (ſaid he, ſeeing *Cleodora* bluſh at his anſwer) for taking the freedom to ſpeak with ſo much ſincerity, but yet the lamentable condition wherein I am, might ſerve, methinks, for an excuſe. However I muſt tell you, that though it be only to recall the happy *Beleſis* that you drive me away, yet you ought to let me love you, and that freely; for, Madam, if jealouſie do not bring him back, nothing will: Therefore, though you have no conſideration of me at all, and though you conſider only your ſelf, yet it is your beſt courſe to let me live with you as formerly. No, *Hermogenes*, replied ſhe, you muſt not deny me, and therefore content your ſelf that I am not angry at what you ſay: But I will ingenuouſly confeſs unto you (ſaid ſhe, holding her hand before her eyes, and turning away her head to hide her bluſhes) that the jealouſie of *Beleſis* begins to anger me, eſpecially ſince it diſcovers his folly unto ſome who elſe would never have known it. I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid *Hermogenes*) do not diſguiſe the truth, but conſider, that *Cleodora* being my Miſtreſs, and *Beleſis* being always my intimate friend, it is not poſſible but I ſhould a little know how things are: Certainly, replied ſhe, ſince *Beleſis* is your rival, you cannot be his ſpie; *Beleſis* carrying himſelf now, replied *Hermogenes*, as the Lover of *Leoniſa*, and not of *Cleodora*, I do not reſent him as my Rival: However it be *Hermogenes*, replied ſhe, do not deny me in my requeſt, and do not force me to baniſh you with a noiſe. But, Madam, I beſeech you, (replied he) ſince *Beleſis* is in love with *Leoniſa*, is it not unjuſt in you to treat *Hermogenes* thus? Doubtleſs it is not (anſwered ſhe) for I have ſuch a horror to all men, that your ſelf muſt needs be included: Revenge is very ſweet replied he: I confeſs it, replied *Cleodora*, yet there is no ſweetneſs to be revenged upon ones ſelf, by deſiring it upon another: and ſince *Hermogenes*, you have too many excellent parts, to owe that affection which one hath to you, unto the hatred which one hath againſt your rival; therefore it were more expedient you looked about for ſome better fortune: No, no, Madam, replied he, I am none of thoſe delicate and ſcrupulous men, who are ſo preciſe as to obſerve which hand it is that gives a preſent: for ſo you will love me, I care not whether it be by revenge, or by inclination. However *Hermogenes*, ſaid *Cleodora*, I will be obeyed. This is ſome favour yet, replied he, that you will abſolutely command me, after you began with intreaties. 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, but leaſt you repent, do as I bid you. *Hermogenes*, ſeeing with what reſolution *Cleodora* ſpake, thought it his beſt courſe not to reſiſt her: ſo that to gain a little more time, for the execution of a deſign which he had: he conjured her to allow him ſix days only to conſider; at the end of which time he would demand one hours audience. Since *Cleodora* did very much eſteem *Hermogenes*, ſhe conſented unto his deſire, and ſo they parted: *Cleodora* hoping ſhe had baniſhed *Hermogenes*, and that *Beleſis* would return unto her: and *Hermogenes* hoping, that as ſoon as he obtained one thing of *Beleſis*, which he intended to ask, he ſhould make *Cleodora* change her mind. And to that end, he went to look him the very ſame hour, and as hap was, found him in his chamber: As ſoon as he ſaw him, *Beleſis* came to meet him, and gave him many thanks for applying himſelf ſo cloſely unto *Cleodora* that day, for he had thereby given him good opportunity to talk with *Leoniſa*, to his exceeding delight. I am extreamly joyed, ſaid *Hermogenes* to him, that I was able to contribute any thing to your felicity: But my dear *Beleſis* (ſaid he unto him, and embraced him) you muſt do ſomething alſo, to keep me from being miſerable: You need not uſe any ſuch conjuration, replied *Beleſis*, for can you doubt, but that I will do any thing I can to ſerve you? In good earneſt, *Hermogenes*, your way of proceeding does offend me, ſince prayers are not to be made unto real friends: 'Tis doubtleſs enough to let them know we ſtand in need of them, and that will oblige them to our ſervice: Speak then, I conjure you, and tell me quickly what you would have me do for you.

You muſt, ſince you will not have me intreat you, (replyed *Hermogenes*) let *Cleodora* know that you love her not, and let her alſo know, that you love *Leoniſa*. Ah *Hermogenes*, (replied *Beleſis*) it is yet too ſoon to appear inconſtant in the eyes of *Cleodora*: and why would you have me ſo ſoon diſcover my crime? is it becauſe you are weary of talking ſo much with her? and does it vex you to be tied too long unto a buſineſs which concerns you not? if ſo, I had rather you would ceaſe ſeeing her, than to tell her what I would not have her know ſo ſoon, and which indeed ſhe will know but too ſoon. No, no, ſaid *Hermogenes*, you do not underſtand me: but to explain my words unto you, know cruel friend, that when you ſhaked off the fetters of the fair *Cleodora*, you enchained me with them: and the truth is, you never loved that fair Perſon, ſo well as I love her, nor would I quit her for a thouſand of your *Leoniſa*'s. How (ſaid *Beleſis* in a great aſtoniſhment) do you love *Cleodora*? Yes, replyed he, I do love her, and thank the gods you love her not, but are in ſuch a condition as to pitie me, and give me leave to do as I deſire of you. *Beleſis* ſeeing *Hermogenes* was ſerious, did not queſtion the truth of his words, but the ſtrangeneſs of the matter was, he was ſo ſurpriſed at them, that he walked up and down the chamber, and could not ſpeak a word: ſo that *Hermogenes* wondering to ſee him ſo amazed, importuned him ſtill to let his inconſtancy be known unto *Cleodora*. For truly, ſaid he unto him, if you will for my ſake permit it, you will be a gainer by it as well as my ſelf; ſince if *Cleodora* do not pretend any thing unto your affection, ſhe will not then torment you, as ſhe doth. Though her affection, replyed he, will not torment me, yet her hatred will; therefore I intreat you heartily, not to tell her poſitively that I do not love her: and it will alſo reflect ſomething upon *Leoniſa*, and conſequently it will augment your miſeries, and not leſſen mine. For I cannot ſee what advantage you can draw unto your ſelf by letting *Cleodora* know, that I am in Love with *Leoniſa*.

Since I muſt tell you, replied he, know that it is becauſe *Cleodora* (who thinks you jealous of me, and who thinks you counterfeit love to *Leoniſa*, to ſpite her) loves you a thouſand times better than ſhe ſhould: ſo that my affection to her cannot have any influence upon her heart, unleſs I can expel you out of it: Move her to hate me if you can, becauſe ſhe loves you (replied *Beleſis*) but I beſeech you do not endeavour to make her love you, becauſe ſhe hates me: methinks (ſaid *Hermogenes*, and ſmiled) this is too much fantaſtical niceneſs, for you do either love *Leoniſa*, or you love her not: if you do not love her, then you ought to tell me poſitively, that you love *Cleodora* ſtill, and that you are my enemy, becauſe you are my Rival. But if on the contrary you do love *Leoniſa*, I do not ſee any reaſon why you ſhould not permit me to tell *Cleodora*, that which will advance me, and free you from her affection; for I am fully perſwaded, that though it be only to revenge her ſelf, ſhe will treat me much better. However, not to diſſemble with you, let me tell you truly, that if you do not conſent unto this requeſt, know, it is her will, I ſhould neither love her, ſpeak to her, nor ſee her any more: and then he told *Beleſis* all the paſſages betwixt *Cleodora*, and himſelf; Whilſt he was telling him the ſtory, he obſerved a ſtrange agitation in his mind, though he could not well conceive the reaſon, unleſs it was his ſhame to be known ſo inconſtant. But ſo it is (ſaid he after he had related all unto him) that *Cleodora* will certainly e're long know you love her not, and that you love *Leoniſa*; and ſince ſo, is it not much better ſhe knew it now, when ſome advantage may be gotten by it, than to ſtay till none can be reaped by the knowledge of it? The more you hide your crime, the more Criminal you will appear: and therefore, I conjure you let me endeavour to obtain that which you would willingly part with: Conſider, that you have no reaſon to deny me, becauſe you are the cauſe that I love her, ſince it was for your ſake I undertook ſuch familiarity with her: I ſaw her long before you, and never loved her, and certainly ſo I ſhould have done all my life: but ſince only in your behalf, and for no intereſt of my own, I was ſo complacential as to ſee her, and am deſperately in love with her, methinks it is but juſt, you ſhould contribute all you can to cure that wound which you have cauſed. I wiſh I could, (replyed *Beleſis* much amazed) But I muſt confeſs unto you, I cannot ſo far prevail with my ſelf, as to ſuffer you ſhould diſcover my Crime unto *Cleodora*, moreover I beſeech you conſider, that ſince I am not upon abſolute good tearms with *Leoniſa*, *Cleodora* when ſhe knows the truth, will in all probability do me a thouſand ill offices unto *Leoniſa*: and therefore, though I ſhould give way unto your deſires, it ſhould not be till I had abſolutely gained the heart of *Leoniſa*. But whilſt you are obtaining that Victory, replied *Hermogenes*, what would you have become of me? for *Cleodora* within this ſix days will neither let me ſpeak unto her, nor ſee her again: Conſider, I beſeech you, what you would do if the caſe were your own: I know not, replyed *Beleſis*, but I am ſure I cannot conſent you ſhould diſcover my Crime unto *Cleodora*. But why, I pray you, did you fall in love with her? did you not lay to heart what I told you of her humours? why were not you wiſe by my woes, and let her alone: Believe me, it were Prudence in you in lieu of endeavouring to win her heart, to diſengage your own from ſuch a ſad ſervice: for the more in favour you are with *Cleodora*, the more unquiet ſhall your Soul be: and therefore though it were only in Conſideration of your ſelf, I ought to deny you what you deſire in this buſineſs: No, no, *Beleſis*, ſaid he, we ought not to ſerve our friends according to our own Palats, but according unto theirs: and when I firſt diſſembled to be in love with *Cleodora*, I did not reaſon with you, ſo wiſely as you with me, though perhaps, I had more cauſe than you have. However, ſince at your deſire in feigning love to *Cleodora*, I became really in love with her, I cannot ſee why you ſhould ſo obſtinately deny my requeſt. But *Hermogenes* with all his Rhetorick could not perſwade *Beleſis* to conſent. And *Beleſis* having no good reaſons wherewith to Colour his denial, imployed his Prayers, and in all Zeal intreated him not to tell *Cleodora* that he did not love her, but loved *Leoniſa*.

After this Conteſt had laſted a long while, theſe two friends parted, both complaining one againſt the other; 'Tis true, yet there was no bitterneſs in their complaints, but they ſpoke to each other as if they hoped ſtill to perſwade; but after they were parted, they did more ſharply reſent the bitter Conſequences of the buſineſs. *Hermogenes* was ſo ſunk with ſorrow, that *Beleſis* had refuſed to aſſiſt him in his ſervice of *Cleodora*, that he came in a lamentable dejection unto me, to relate the Paſſage, aggravating the injuſtice of *Beleſis* his denial, in ſuch Language, as made the vehemency of his paſſion appear plainly unto me: but that I ſhould not be ignorant in any circumſtance which was related unto either of them, the next morning *Beleſis*, knowing I was an indifferent friend unto them both, came and acquainted me with the paſſage alſo, and deſired me that I would keep *Hermogenes* from telling *Cleodora* how he deluded her. So that I being the confident of them both, I made uſe of that knowledge I had of their real thoughts, to keep them from falling out, and did ſo temper their ſpirits, that they complained againſt each other, in a much more civil manner. Yet the buſineſs could not ſtand long upon theſe terms, as you ſhall preſently know. In the mean while *Beleſis* was not a little perplexed, when he went unto the Aunts of *Cleodora*, and *Leoniſa*: for when he talked not unto the laſt of theſe, he was not pleaſed: and when *Hermogenes* talked with *Cleodora*, he was not able to endure it, imagining always that, notwithſtanding all his prayers, he was diſcovering his inconſtancy unto her: ſo that to defer that inconveniency, he would oftentimes leave *Leoniſa*, and come to interrupt *Hermogenes* and *Cleodora*, intruding himſelf into their diſcourſe, and excuſing himſelf afterwards to *Leoniſa*, as well as he could. *Cleodora* for her part ſeeing *Beleſis* was ſo troubled and unquiet, and that yet he ſpake more unto her than he uſed, did interpret all his inquietudes unto her own advantage, and thought him to be ſtill in love with her. On the other ſide, *Hermogenes* told *Cleodora* in a low voice, that if ever ſhe would reduce *Beleſis*, ſhe muſt not baniſh *Hermogenes*; but as for *Leoniſa*, ſhe knew not what to think, but upon the perplexities of *Beleſis*, yet ſhe endeavoured to keep that which ſhe had cauſed *Cleodora* to loſe.

The truth is, Sir, I ſaw that at this time, which I aſſure you I never in my life ſaw before, and perhaps ſhall never ſee again: I mean a man to be jealous and not in love, ſince certainly *Beleſis* did for ſome days behave himſelf both to *Cleodora* and *Hermogenes*, as if he did not love the one, but as if he were the Rival ot the other: to wit, with many Perplexities, many alterations of Countenance, and with the very ſame impatiencies, that jealouſie is uſed to infuſe into thoſe whom it moſt torments. In the mean time, he always ſaid that he did not Love *Cleodora*, and that he was deſperately in love with *Leoniſa*. I have heard ſay (ſaid I unto him one evening when I was ſpeaking unto him concerning his intimate thoughts) that it is not eaſy to be long in love without a litle jealouſie: but I never thought it poſſible to be jealous, unleſs one were in love; And yet I ſee you behave your ſelf as if you were; For truly you canot endure *Hermogenes* ſhould talk in private with *Cleodora*: you interrupt their diſcourſe as much as you can: and when you cannot, you look upon them as if you would look through their hearts, and gueſs their thoughts: and then you are ſo tranſported, that you never look upon *Leoniſa*, though you are deeply in love with her: What would you have me do? (ſaid he to me) I would have you hearken unto reaſon (anſwered I) and ſince you are not in love with *Cleodora*, not to hinder *Hermogenes*, but permit him to do whatſoever will be advantageous to him: No, no *Alcenor*, ſaid he, I cannot prevail ſo far with my ſelf: and there is ſuch a fatal fantaſticalneſs upon me that I cannot endure neither that *Hermogenes* ſhould tell *Cleodora* I betrayed her, nor that he ſhould love her, or be loved: I value not methinks if a hundred others love her, but I cannot endure *Hermogenes* ſhould: yet you are more obliged to endure him than any other, replied I, for he is more your friend than any other: 'Tis very true, replyed *Beleſis*, and if you did but know how much I am aſhamed of my folly, you would Pitie me: in the mean time it is ſo predominate, that I can never return abſolutely unto *Cleodora*, nor allow *Hermogenes* to love her, nor can I ever forſake *Leoniſa*. As we were diſcourſing thus together; *Hermogenes* came in, who in my preſence ſpake as obligingly unto *Beleſis* as poſſibly could be: He told him that his ſix days would expire that night, and that he came once more to ſolicit him for a conſent unto what he formerly deſired. Moreover I have one thing to tell you ſaid he, before you give me my laſt denial, which is, that if you will repent of your fault, and quit *Leoniſa*, and return unto *Cleodora*, and become as faithful as you have been inconſtant: I promiſe you, to ceaſe my ſute, and never to diſcover your Crime, proteſting unto you that I will not only leave *Cleodora*, but *Suſa* alſo: but then I expect, that if it be ſo, you will love *Leoniſa* ſtill, and by conſequence not pretend any thing unto *Cleodora*: I expect, I ſay; you ſhould aſſiſt me, and no longer oppoſe my deſire. All that you ſay, is full of reaſon, replyed *Beleſis*, ſo that I am infinitely aſhamed to return ſuch an extravagant anſwer: But, *Hermogenes*, if you love me, you will pitie the imperfections of your friend, and excuſe me if I deny you, and confeſs that I cannot receive a more ſenſible diſpleaſure than to ſee you love *Cleodora*, though I Love *Leoniſa*. I know very well that it is extream folly to ſpeak thus: But it muſt be you, *Hermogenes*, who are wiſer than I am, that muſt connive at my weakneſs: it was you that brought me to *Suſa*, and cauſed all my miſeries, and therefore it muſt be you that muſt comfort me. Tis true, replied *Hermogenes*, I did bring you to *Suſa*: but it was you firſt who brought me in love with *Cleodora*, and by Conſequence it is our parts to comfort one another. After this, I took upon me to talk unto them both, but all to no purpoſe, and thus we all parted without any concluſion at all. And certainly it was very happy *Beleſis* did not lodge near *Hermogenes*, as he did when he came firſt to *Suſa*; for if they had, matters might have been worſe between them. In the mean time, the poor *Hermogenes* was in a ſad condition, becauſe *Cleodora* obſerving the inquietudes of *Beleſis*, and thinking he ſuffered them for the love of her, ſhe reſolved to baniſh *Hermogenes*; So that the ſix days which ſhe gave him, being expired, ſhe prepared her ſelf for that hour of audience which he asked, and ſhe promiſed, and taking hold of the opportunity in her Aunts chamber, they went both to a window, far enough from the reſt of the company, to talk, and not be underſtood; Therefore *Cleodora* began to conjure him not to ſpeak unto her any more, but by degrees to withdraw himſelf from coming to her. However, Madam, ſaid he unto her, you will confeſs that it is for *Beleſis* his ſake that you baniſh me; and that if he were not in love with you, you would not baniſh me; *Cleodora* thinking that *Hermogenes* would be better ſatisfied if ſhe ſpoke ſincerely unto him, than if ſhe ſhould diſſemble a truth which he was not ignorant of, told him in very obliging language, that it was very true, ſhe deſired to take from *Beleſis* all cauſes of jealouſie, and all complaints againſt her: aſſuring him, that if ſhe had not ſome compaſſion upon *Beleſis*, ſhe would never deprive her ſelf of his company, but ſhould deſire him to regulate that affection which he ſaid he bore her.

Hermogenes hearing *Cleodora* ſpeak with more mildneſs than one that had any mind to baniſh onother, or abſolutely diſoblige him, did believe, that if ſhe knew of *Beleſis* his inconſtancy, perhaps he might poſſeſs that place which this inconſtant man injoyed in the heart of this Lady: ſo that being prompted unto it by the exceſs of his love, and perceiving that he muſt either quit *Cleodora*, or undeceive her in her belief that ſhe had of *Beleſis* his loving her, began to think of changing the ſentence of his death: ſince he did extreamly love *Beleſis*, he was extreamly unwilling to tell her what he knew: but ſince it concerned the chief felicity of his life: and love ſurmounting all laws of friendſhip, his ſpirits began to be exaſperated againſt *Beleſis*.

Whilſt *Hermogenes* was thinking what to do, *Cleodora* looked upon him, imagining that the many alterations in his countenance, were cauſed only becauſe of his ſorrows, that he was not to ſpeak unto her as he was uſed: but at laſt *Hermogenes* prevailing with himſelf: the gods are my witneſſes, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) what an extream unwillingneſs is in me, to eaſe my Soul of thoſe miſeries which oppreſs it, by telling one thing which doubtleſs will much trouble you, and which is far from pleaſing me. For the melancholy which I ſhall ſee in your fair eyes, when you ſhall underſtand, that *Beleſis* is unworthy of thoſe honours you do him, will infinitely grieve me. But, Madam, though I ſhould not attempt to revoke that fatal ſentence, which you have pronounced againſt me; yet in conſideration of your own intereſt, I think my ſelf obliged to diſcover unto you what I know: for I am fully perſwaded, that when a Miſtreſs, and a friend are in the ſcales, the weights are much uneven. Nor is it in my choice to deliberate, ſince as the ſtate of my caſe ſtands, I muſt tell you that *Beleſis* is an unconſtant man: that his jealouſie is counterfeit, and that he is in love with *Leoniſa*. At the firſt *Cleodora* did not believe *Hermogenes*, but thought that all he told her, was his own invention: But ſince there is nothing more eaſie, than to infuſe miſtruſt into an amorous mind, ſhe no ſooner had told *Hermogenes*, that ſhe gave no credit unto his words, but ſhe began inſenſibly to be jealous, and ask him upon what conjectures he grounded his belief? So, that by little and little, and hardly knowing what ſhe ſaid, ſhe asked *Hermogenes* of more things than he knew of: and alſo he told her more than ſhe deſired to know: yet ſince there ſtill remained ſome kind of doubts in her; *Hermogenes* told her, that to clear them all, ſhe ſhould get her Picture out of *Beleſis* his hands, and there ſhe might ſee *Leoniſa*'s alſo: Ah *Hermogenes*, ſaid *Cleodora*: Could I but ſee that, I ſhould extreamly hate *Beleſis*: And certainly you may ſee it, replied he, if you go handſomely about it: But alas, Madam, ſaid he, it will not be enough to hate *Beleſis*, unleſs you love *Hermogenes*: I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe unto him, if this you tell me be true, I ſhall not eaſily love any: and I ſhall ſo hate my ſelf, that I ſhall not be in any diſpoſition to love others; ſince, to ſpeak truly, none ever loves, but for love of themſelves: but however I aſſure you, that I ſhall think my ſelf eternally obliged unto you, for diſcovering the perfidiouſneſs of *Beleſis* to me. As ſhe ſpoke theſe laſt words, *Beleſis* entered, who ſeeing *Hermogenes* and *Cleodora* ſeparated from the company, went towards them, to interrupt their diſcourſe: though *Leoniſa* was in the ſame chamber. In going thither, his mind began to change, becauſe he feared *Hermogenes* had already diſcovered his crime: yet ſince he had already ſtept a pace forward, he went on, with a ſpirit ſo full of turbulency, as plainly told *Cleodora*, his mind was unquiet. On the other ſide, this Lady was not a little troubled, in diſſembling her thoughts: But ſince there was a neceſſity in it, to the end ſhe might clear all her doubts, ſhe forced her ſelf extreamly, to ſpeak unto *Beleſis* as ſhe uſed to do: yet ſhe received him with a conſtrained civility, ſo as *Beleſis* was much perplexed at it, not knowing whether it was an effect of her knowing his crime, or that it was only to ſpite him: *Hermogenes* alſo was ſo damped, that he durſt hardly look upon *Beleſis*, and therefore it was not ſtrange, that theſe three perſons could not endure to be together, but came unto the reſt of the company, as ſoon as they had done their firſt complements. In the mean while *Leoniſa* ſeeing *Beleſis* enter, turned her head continually, to obſerve whether he ſpake unto *Cleodora*: but ſince ſhe ſaw, he ſaid almoſt nothing, but that they all came towards her, the little ſpite ſhe had againſt him diminiſhed: yet for all that, ſhe thought to be revenged, and was ſo, immediately after: for, Sir, you muſt know, that *Beleſis* at his firſt coming into the chamber, did chuſe rather to addreſs himſelf unto *Cleodora*, than unto *Leoniſa*, becauſe ſhe was alone with *Hermogenes*, and he no ſooner ſaw that they were ſeparated, and joyned to the reſt of the company, but he addreſſed himſelf unto *Leoniſa*: who to be revenged as I ſaid before, did receive him with ſuch a cold look, as did little comfort him, in his ſecret ſorrows: for turning her ſelf preſently towards *Tiſias*, ſhe taught *Beleſis* by experience, what it was to prefer another before himſelf, and he could not get her to ſpeak one word unto him all that day: but whilſt *Leoniſa* was revenging her ſelf in this manner, *Cleodora* was full of impatient deſires, to be clearly reſolved of every thing which *Hermogenes* told her, and moved the company, to go and walk by the River which runs by *Suſa*: for ſhe had no mind to walk in the common walks, becauſe then ſhe could not ſo conveniently talk with *Beleſis*, as ſhe deſired: ſince *Tiſias* was with *Leoniſa* and being of the moſt conſiderable quality in all *Suſa*, none did diſpute with him for the place he would take, and therefore he led *Leoniſa* to the Coach, and afterwards by the rivers ſide, to which all the company being come, they walked on foot in a great meadow, where there were many willows growing by the River ſide: *Beleſis* ſeeing that he could not walk with *Leoniſa*, and being deſirous to hinder *Hermogenes* from preſenting his hand unto *Cleodora*, he addreſſed himſelf unto her, though not with the ſame amorous Aire, he was accuſtomed before he loved *Leoniſa*: *Cleodora* ſpoke to him with much civility and ſweetneſs, inſomuch as *Beleſis* aſſured himſelf, *Hermogenes* had not yet diſcovered his crime, and conſidering with himſelf, how *Cleodora* always loved him very dearly, his ſoul was ſtinged with extream remorſe, for betraying ſo fair, ſo ſweet a Lady: Not but that he did ſtill turn his head continually towards *Leoniſa*, to ſee how *Tiſias* courted her; and it was apparent, that his heart was pitifully torn in pieces. In the mean time *Cleodora*, who had a ſecret deſign in it, did ſo order her pace, whether *Beleſis* would or no, that they were ſeparated from the reſt of the company, taking a little path nearer the river ſide, to the end, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe might walk more under the ſhadow of the willows; after they had walked a while, *Cleodora* ſeeming to look upon the river that was very calm and ſmooth, and would needs look upon her ſelf in it: Ah *Beleſis*, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould think my glaſs to be a very bad one, or elſe I look very ill of late; yet I ſee it is not, for this river flatters no more than it: *Beleſis* not ſuſpecting her deſign, did contradict her, and ſaid ſhe never looked more fair; thinking that ſhe ſaid ſo only to move him not to conſent unto her. *Beleſis* therefore told her, he ſaw none more fair, ſince the firſt day he came to *Suſa*: yet I have been very ill, and much altered ſince then, replied ſhe, and I am confident that if you will look upon my picture, it will accuſe you of flattery, and make my alteration evidently appear. To ſhew you (ſaid he to the end ſhe might not ſee it, leſt ſhe ſhould ſee *Leoniſa*'s alſo) that I think you fairer than your picture, I will not look upon it now in your preſence, becauſe I had much rather look upon you, than it: ſetting flattery aſide, ſaid *Cleodora*, I pray you let me ſee it: I would gladly let you ſee what wrong you do your ſelf (ſaid he unto her) in ſpeaking ſo ill of your beauty, but I am ſo unfortunate, as I left it this morning, in my cabinet, and forgot it: in ſaying ſo *Beleſis* bluſht, and ſo did *Cleodora* alſo, for ſhe knew well he ſpoke not truly: but to excuſe the diſorder that appeared in her face: I would not have given you my picture (replied *Cleodora*) to lock it up in your Cabinet, and forget me; Oh, Madam, (ſaid *Beleſis* unto her, extreamly non-pluſt) I beſeech you condemn me not, for ſo ill expreſſing my ſelf: for it was not my intention, to ſay that I forgot it, but that without any intention, I left it in my Cabinet: However it be, (ſaid ſhe) I would not have given you it for that, yet I pray you let me ſee it as ſoon as you can, and look well whether or no you left it there; for ſince you tell me, you left it there, and never thought of it, perhaps without thinking of it, you have it about you: *Beleſis* refuſed a long time to look for it, ſaying that he knew that he had it not about him: but at laſt, leſt *Cleodora* ſhould ſuſpect him; he ſeemed to look whether or no he was deceived, and to that end he looked amongſt many papers, and other things which he carried about him, having a great care not to pull out that which he would not have her ſee. But as ill luck for him was, the claſps of his table book, catched hold of the claſp of the caſe of the picture, and drew it out: ſo that *Cleodora* no ſooner ſaw it, but ſhe took it, before *Beleſis* could hinder her; *Cleodora* had no ſooner this Picture, but fearing that *Beleſis* would take it from her, ſhe put it in her pocket; afterwards, turning towards him, hereafter (ſaid ſhe, and ſeeming as if ſhe did not think he told a lie) truſt not too much to your memory. In the mean time, *Beleſis* was extreamly perplexed; for although he did not think that *Cleodora* knew *Leoniſa*'s Picture was in that caſe, as well as her own: yet he knew, that if it remained long in her hands, ſhe would ſee it: And therefore it was made of ſuch a faſhion, that it was very hard for thoſe that knew it not, to perceive that it opened at both ſides, yet he thought, that *Cleodora* being ſuſpicious, and witty, would eaſily find it out, if ſhe had any long time to conſider it. And therefore he began to conjure her, to reſtore it preſently, but durſt not for his life have recourſe unto any force, againſt one to whom he owed ſo much reſpect: Madam, ſaid he unto her, you asked me your picture, to ſee whether you were fairer than it, and to do Juſtice in reſtoring it again the ſame hour? I will look upon it, ſaid ſhe, when I am with my glaſs: But, Madam, ſaid he, how do you think it poſſible, I ſhould be all the reſt of the day without it? Since you ſee the Perſon, whom it perſonates, (replied ſhe with a crafty ſmile) you need not regret the want of the Picture: Promiſe me then, I beſeech you, replied he, that you will reſtore it before we part; perhaps I ſhall reſtore it to morrow, ſaid ſhe; at leaſt I will intreat you to come unto my chamber, and ſee the difference betwixt my Picture, and my ſelf: After this *Beleſis* uſed a hundred conjurations, and began to be very angry in his language: alſo he was very nigh ſteeping his words in his tears: but at laſt he was forced to be ſilent, for *Cleodora* brought him into the company again, ſo that he could not talk any longer in private together: and to take all occaſion of it from him, ſhe went unto *Leoniſa*, and parted not from her all the reſt of the day: You may imagine, Sir, how *Beleſis* fretted, and how impatient *Cleodora* was to be in ſuch a place where ſhe might ſee whether all *Hermogenes* told her was truth: She did ſit ſo upon thorns, that ſhe complained it was grown late, to the end ſhe might the ſooner induce them homeward: On the contrary, *Beleſis* thinking to find ſome remedy for the diſcovery which he feared, or at leaſt finding ſome conſolation in deferring it, did all he could to ſpin out time, telling *Cleodora* ſhe was not very full of complacency, in deſiring ſo much good company ſhould be deprived of ſo much pleaſure for her ſake: but ſay what he could, they went home betimes: Yet his hope was, that when he came to her houſe, he might perhaps wait upon her to her Chamber, and there importune her to reſtore the Picture, but ſhe very cunningly ſtayed in her Aunts chamber until he was gone: and as ſoon as ever that was, ſhe went into her Cloſet, and ſhut her ſelf up, and very haſtily opened the caſe, where at firſt ſhe found only her own Picture: But ſince *Hermogenes* told her that the caſe was double, ſhe began to conſider it very attentively: and looked upon it a long while, turning it on every ſide, that at laſt ſhe found the way to open it, and preſently found the Picture of *Leoniſa*: As ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw it, ſhe let it fall from her hand. Then taking it up, ſhe looked upon it again: after which, throwing it upon the table with as much anger as ſorrow: Ah, *Hermogenes* cried ſhe out: all is but too true: but I wiſh it were not; well perfidious *Beleſis*, haſt thou betrayed me, and become inconſtant? well, well, *Leoniſa*, added ſhe, did you come unto *Suſa*, to make me the moſt miſerable woman in the world? And you *Hermogenes*, did you only love me to acquaint me with the cheat of your friend? But what good can *Beleſis*, *Leoniſa* and *Hermogenes* get, by the miſeries which I endure? ſince it is my ſelf whom I ought to accuſe for all my diſaſters. For indeed (added ſhe, and addreſſed her ſpeech as unto a third perſon) to what end is it, that ſhe is ſo curious in the choice of her friends, ſince ſhe is ſo ill a chuſer of her lover? ſhe could never endure above four or five in all the world, and out of that number ſhe hath preferred one before the reſt, and it is the very he that hath betrayed and forſaken her; ſhe, I ſay, who forſook all the world for *Beleſis*: ſhe changed her own humours for him, and was neither cholerick or imperious, yet he hath forſaken her, when ſhe was moſt favourable unto him: Doubtleſs, ſaid ſhe, I muſt now treat him, as they uſe to do ſlaves and ſpaniels that are better for beating and ill uſage; or to expreſs my ſelf a little better, I muſt neither be mild nor ſevere unto him, but for my own quiets ſake, I muſt not ſee him at all: But, alas! it is but too true, that I have ſeen him; I have eſteemed him, and I have loved him: Yet I am fully reſolved, never to ſee him again in private, but once, and that ſhall be, to chide him for his perfidy, and I am moſt certain *I* ſhall never eſteem him again. But for all my wiſe reſolutions, ſaid ſhe and ſighed, *I* cannot tell whether *I* can never love him again; methinks *I* am fuller of ſorrow and anger than *I* am of hatred: and methinks *I* cannot chuſe but wiſh he would repent; But *I* am reſolved though he ſhould repent, yet never to pardon him, but to be revenged both upon him for his crime, and upon my ſelf for my folly: After this, *Cleodora* told me, that ſhe ſpoke a hundred things more, which ſhe could not well remember: and that ſhe fixed upon a hundred ſeveral reſolutions contrary to one another, and that her mind was full of all that love, hatred, anger, and jealouſy could in the moſt violent manner inſpire into her: And was ſo long in diſcourſe with her ſelf, that her women were conſtrained to come and tell her it was very late, and that if ſhe would ſleep before it was day, ſhe muſt go to bed quickly. *Cleodora* deſiring to conceal her perplexities, took up the picture which ſhe threw upon the table with much violence, and went to bed: but aſſured me that ſhe never cloſed her eyes all that night; but after ſhe had well thought upon what courſe to take, ſhe reſolved to imploy all her wits to make *Beleſis* and *Leoniſa* fall out, and to make a way for *Tiſias* to marry her. Yet ſince ſhe could not bring this to paſs by her ſelf, but did ſtand in need of the help of *Hermogenes*, who could eaſily help on her deſign, ſhe reſolved to endure him, and make him the confident of her revenge. Since ſhe was one of an arrogant ſpirit, ſhe had an apprehenſion that none could obſerve by her eyes that ſhe had been crying, or that ſhe wanted ſleep: ſo that before the Sun appeared, ſhe wiped up all her tears, and ſhut up all her ſighs, and did ſtrive to ſet a gloſs of that tranquility upon her face which was far from her heart: ſhe would needs be dreſſed better than the day before, thinking her dreſs would add gayneſs unto her looks: After that ſhe had taken all poſſible care to hide her melancholy, ſhe went from her own chamber to *Leoniſa*'s, which was not far off, but ſince this Lady did not riſe ſo ſoon as *Cleodora*, ſhe was not yet ready; and not knowing why or what her buſineſs was, ſhe did chide her for being ſo early, and earneſtly asked the reaſon; for truly ſaid ſhe unto her, *I* did not think to ſee you ſo early, and ſo fine to day, (adding and laughing) that ſurely ſhe intended to make ſome new conqueſt at the Temple, and told her it was prophane to have any ſuch thoughts, and that therefore, ſhe was too early up, though her complexion was as freſh, and eyes as ſparkling, as if ſhe had ſlept ten hours; Yet it is ſo early, ſaid ſhe unto her, that before we go unto the Temple, half the curls of your hair would be out, and hang down negligently. I aſſure you, replied *Cleodora*, with a blitheneſs which was not very natural, if I can but pleaſe you to day, I ſhall think the time imployed in my dreſs to be well beſtowed. As for any conqueſt, my dear Couſin, I proteſt they are far from my thoughts, ſince if I ſhould make any, I ſhould endeavour to loſe them again; After this, theſe two fair ones talked of a hundred ſuch things as theſe, whilſt *Leoniſa* was dreſſing her ſelf; and when ſhe was ready, *Cleodora* aſſuming a more ſerious countenance, and having a mind to be revenged upon *Beleſis*, I am very ſorry, ſaid ſhe unto her, that I am forced to give you any ſuch teſtimony of my love, as will not be agreeable to your liking; and to reveal a ſecret unto you, which perhaps you will not give me any thanks for; but ſince I am perſwaded it is fit to be done, I am reſolved upon it, entreating you firſt to believe, that I have no intention to find that which I would adviſe you to loſe. There is ſo much obſcurity in your words, replied *Leoniſa*, that I cannot make any anſwer; all that I can ſay is, that I am moſt willing to put a favourable conſtruction upon any thing you ſhall ſay, and thankfully acknowledge any confidence you ſhall put in me: If ſo, replied *Cleodora*, I ſhall confeſs unto you, (though I cannot without a bluſh) that long before you came to *Suſa*, *Beleſis* did court me, and if I durſt ſay it, did love me; but loved me in ſuch a manner as made too great a noiſe in the world; ſo that to hinder him from doing many things which might be prejudicial unto me, I was forced to be a little leſs ſevere towards him than otherwiſe I ſhould: Then did I ſuffer him to tell me ſometimes that he loved me, leſt he ſhould otherwiſe blab it unto others; ſo that having ſome eſteem of *Beleſis*, and ſlightly acknowledging the affection he had to me, I behaved my ſelf with much confidence towards him. This was the ſtate of things, my dear *Leoniſa* when you came firſt hither. But ſince love is a paſſion which is hard to be hid, I confeſs I was afraid leſt you ſhould perceive the love which *Beleſis* profeſſed unto me: for ſince I never ſaw you ſince you were five years old, I had not experience enough in you to make you my confident: ſo that I hope in reaſon it will not offend you that I did at that time miſtruſt you, and to tell you truly, ſince you had never been at Court, I thought you would interpret things of this nature as crimes, and that perhaps you knew not how to diſtinguiſh between an innocent paſſion and an unlawful affection: So that extreamly fearing you ſhould diſcover the correſpondency between *Beleſis* and my ſelf, I told him that I would not expoſe my ſelf unto that hazard, and willed him never to talk in private with me before you, nor ſo much as to look upon me when you were preſent: For though I knew you not, yet I obſerved in you a notable ſpirit, which made me fear you: I being thus full of unquiet thoughts, and not affecting *Beleſis* ſo much as he did me: I abſolutely told him, that I would not live in ſuch continual apprehenſions of fear; and he ſeeing I was almoſt reſolved to break off with him, rather than you ſhould come to know the intelligence between us; he propoſed (for the ſetling of my mind in quiet, and to hinder you from diſcovering the truth) that I would permit him to diſſemble a love unto you: And I, not loving you then, as now I do, conſented unto his propoſition: Conceiving it would be matter of great joy unto a young freſh-come Lady, to think ſhe had captivated the heart of ſuch a gallant man as *Beleſis*. I aſſure you (ſaid *Leoniſa*, and bluſhed, denying only ſhe was deceived) *Beleſis* hath very ill acquitted himſelf of his negotiation, for he never told me that he loved me, but I very well perceived that he loved you: Fie, fie, *Leoniſa* (ſaid *Cleodora* very ſubtilly) never deny it unto me, for I know it as well as your ſelf: only pardon me I beſeech you for conſenting unto *Beleſis* in that cheat which *Beleſis* put upon you. But to ſhew you I had no intention it ſhould go ſo far: You muſt lend me a patient hearing: and I ſhall tell you, that in conſenting to his propoſition, I declared unto him, that I would only have him addreſs him in complements of Courtſhip and Gallantry: and not ſeem to engage himſelf in good earneſt, for that would not be only a ſimple cheat, but a horrible Treachery which I would never conſent unto: he promiſed me as much as I deſired, and ſince that, my mind hath been in ſome ſerenity, knowing that you would imagine his affection was to you, and by conſequence never ſuſpect he loved me: At firſt I was uſed to ask him what he ſaid unto you, and what you anſwered, but afterwards I gave over and enquired no more. Having ſince that obſerved, that he addreſſed himſelf with a ſtrange aſſiduity unto you, I muſt needs confeſs, my dear *Leoniſa*, that your fair eyes ſtruck a terror into me, and I feared his fiction was turned earneſt: Then I reſolved to tell *Beleſis* of it, who ſwore a thouſand oaths unto me, that he never loved you one minute, and the more forcibly to perſwade me, he offered never to ſpeak unto you again. And that he would put into my hands all that ever he had of yours, even your Picture: in ſaying ſo *Cleodora* did ſhew her Picture unto *Leoniſa*: I cannot repreſent unto you, Sir, the aſtoniſhment of this Lady: For I have heard her ſelf ſay, that her ſpirits were never in her life ſo troubled as then. Ah *Cleodora*, (cried *Leoniſa*) I never gave *Beleſis* my Picture, I will believe you, replied ſhe, but he told me you did, and that which makes me ſooner believe you, is, becauſe I never gave him mine: and yet he told me, replied *Leoniſa*, that your own hand did give it him, and he did not only tell me, but I think he told *Hermogenes* as much, for I have heard his Siſter ſay ſo: However it be, ſaid *Cleodora*, I thought my ſelf obliged to remedy the wrong I did, and undeceive you. But to let you ſee (ſaid ſhe unto her) that in diſcovering this truth unto you, I do it not out of any jealouſie, let me tell you that my mind does ſo diſguſt the proceedings of *Beleſis*, that I am abſolutely reſolved to break off with him, and the ſooner, becauſe I have credible information, that he holds a ſecret correſpondency with a Lady of the beſt quality in all *Suſa*. Therefore if you will believe me, and the advice of her who firſt conſented to delude you, you ſhall abſolutely reject him as I do, and let both reſolve never to ſee him again: I know that if I ſhould look upon the matter as I might, I had ſome reaſon to complain againſt you, ſince your own words did ſignifie you believed that I loved *Beleſis*, and yet for all that you did as much as was in your power to engage him unto a love of you: but it was I who committed the firſt fault, and therefore will pardon you the ſecond: offering my aſſiſtance to revenge your ſelf upon *Beleſis*, better than you your ſelf can without me. *Leoniſa* hearing *Cleodora*, ſay ſo, knew not what to think, nor could ſhe doubt her words, becauſe ſhe found ſo much probability in them: So that her anger againſt *Beleſis* for deceiving her did ſo exaſperate her ſpirits, that ſhe was not at all angry with *Cleodora*, but did very eaſily pardon her: After which, being very forward to incenſe her againſt *Beleſis*, and told her all his paſſionate and obliging expreſſions unto her: But ſince this was a better ſtory to tell *Cleodora* wherewith to incenſe her: She told her another which was much ſweeter: For as ſhe told her how ſhe believed that *Beleſis* loved her, yet I know (ſaid ſhe unto her) that I was much to blame in ſuſpecting it, for when I importuned him one day to let me have your picture and all your letters, the wicked man make his denial of them paſs in my conceit for an effect of his diſcretion and virtue, and I had that Day ſo good an opinion of him for it, that I ſhewed him more favour than ever I did ſince I knew him: Thus, Sir, the poor *Leoniſa*, did ſecond the deſign of *Cleodora* to be revenged upon *Beleſis*: yet *Cleodora* was not ſorry that *Beleſis* had ſo much reſpect of her as not to give her Letters unto *Leoniſa:* but he was ſo culpable ſo many other ways that this did not make her change her deſign, and ſhe ſtill looked upon him as a man who was naturally very diſcreet, but yet very inconſtant: Then ſhe began to flatter *Leoniſa*, and to confirm her in the reſolution of baniſhing *Beleſis*, ſeeking out for handſome pretences to move their Aunt not to take it ill. In the mean time, ſince *Leoniſa*'s ſoul was not ſtrong enough to diſſemble ſorrow that day, ſhe deſired *Cleodora* to ſay ſhe was not well, and that none could ſee her, and indeed ſhe went unto Bed, the better to hide thoſe tears, which perhaps ſhe could not hold: After which, *Cleodora* went unto the Temple, waiting for the afternoon with much impatience; for ſhe imagined, that *Beleſis* would not fail to viſit her in her chamber: yet he came not ſo ſoon as ſhe hoped, for he apprehended that ſhe could not find out *Leoniſa*'s Picture, and therefore it was late before he came to ſee *Cleodora*: and at laſt he went, but it was with ſuch thoughts as himſelf did not well know what they were: For as he earneſtly deſired that *Cleodora* would not love *Hermogenes*, yet he was ſtill as deep in love with *Leoniſa* as ever he was, though he bore much reſpect unto *Cleodora*. But for all thoſe reſpects he was extreamly afraid, that ſhe ſhould know his crime, not out of any reſentments of love, but of honour.

Thus being very unquiet in his thoughts, and fearing alſo that *Leoniſa* ſhould know he had talked ſo long with *Cleodora* the day before, and that he ſhould go into *Cleodora*'s chamber before hers, he appeared before *Cleodora* very reſerved and melancholy. As for her, ſince ſhe hoped, that *Leoniſa* did reſolve upon a revenge, her face was full of joy, which raiſed a great confidence in him, thinking that if *Cleodora* had ſeen the Picture of *Leoniſa*, ſhe would not have been ſo pleaſant: Well, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) have you not found your ſelf far fairer than your picture? hath not your glaſs convinced you of an errour? and are you not clearly of my opinion, that you are infinitely fairer than your Picture? I know not whether you were in the right, or the wrong, in telling me ſo (ſaid ſhe unto him) but I am ſure there is one in that Caſe which I took from you whom you think far fairer than mine, or my ſelf either. In ſaying ſo, *Cleodora* bluſht for anger, and *Beleſis* grew pale with fear and aſtoniſhment: he had not power to open his mouth: ſo that *Cleodora*, ſeeing he ſpoke not: You do very well, *Beleſis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you do very well not to go about to excuſe your ſelf; for you would do it ſo ſcurvily, that you would but augment my anger. I know, Madam, (ſaid he then unto her) that you have reaſon to think me culpable, ſince you have ſeen the Picture of *Leoniſa*: and I know, ſaid ſhe, that you can never perſwade me to the contrary: For to ſpare you the labour of giving any ſcurvy reaſons, or inventing any lies, I know all the paſſages betwixt *Leoniſa* and your ſelf: you cannot tell me a word which I do not know, either from her ſelf, or her confident which hath betrayed her: and I remember all that you have done againſt me alſo; and after all this, I pray, judge what thoughts I ought to have of you, and whether I have not reaſon to ſlight you ſo far as to hate you extreamly: but yet notwithſtanding, I cannot hate you without an Epithete, and therefore let me repeat it, and tell you, that I do moſt horridly hate you: I cannot endure the very ſight of you: not only as you are an inconſtant man, which is an imperfection far below a generous ſpirit; but becauſe you are a cloſe ſinner, and would have concealed your inconſtancy, in feigning to be jealous, and ſo would have ſmeared me with your own crime. Pray, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) why did you treat me ſo long, ſo cruelly? and why did you make me ſo miſerable, that I was forced to make you jealous, and feign to be ſo of you, thereby to obtain your love? Fie, fie, *Beleſis* (ſaid ſhe unto him) do not ſtill diſſemble the matter, you did really love *Leoniſa*, and never thought I loved *Hermogenes*. I know not, ſaid he, whether I thought it; but I am ſure I feared it extreamly, and would have done any thing to hinder him from being in your favour. Your language is ſo extravagant (ſaid ſhe unto him in great anger) that I cannot endure you ſhould be a minute longer with me: But ſince it is the laſt time of all my life that ever I will ſpeak unto you, I ſhall be glad to know what were your motives, and reaſons of your change: for before ever *Leoniſa* came to *Suſa*, you ſaw there a thouſand fairer than my ſelf, or her either: yet you did not quit me for any of them; nor can it be my ſeverity which tired your patience, ſince when I was rigorous you loved me, and when I was otherwiſe, then you changed your thoughts: Nor could it be any of my favours which could glut your love, for thanks be to the gods, I did never load you with them: what then may be the cauſe of your inconſtancy? Am I more ſtupid than I was? or of a more unpleaſing humour? Speak then, *Beleſis*, but ſpeak to me as if I were not *Cleodora*, and tell me exactly, how came *Leoniſa* to chaſe me out of your heart: for I ſhould be glad to know whether I was violently thruſt out, or came out with your good-will: whether it was through your own weakneſs, or my fault? *Beleſis* being ſo extreamly importuned by *Cleodora*, knew not well what to anſwer: for he was ſo horridly aſhamed of his inconſtancy, he could not for his heart confeſs it: on the other ſide, he ſaw that he could not deny it: and that though he ſhould ſeem to repent, and *Cleodora* inclinable to pardon him, yet it would be upon condition to forſake *Leoniſa*, which he could not do: ſo that not knowing what anſwer to return, he ſpake ſo ambiguouſly, that *Cleodora* was almoſt as angry at it, as at his inconſtancie: Sincerity (ſaid ſhe) is a thing which every one may have: I will believe then, that you cannot love me, and that you cannot but love *Leoniſa*; all this is honeſt: But could you not confeſs the truth unto me, and not add a crime unto your imbecility? What would you have me ſay, Madam (replyed *Beleſis*) ſince at this preſent I know not what to think? I confeſs that I have loved you more than I do, but you your ſelf is the cauſe I do not love you as well as I did: ſince in the very heat of my paſſion, you put my patience to ſuch rigid trials, as any other beſides my ſelf would have hated you. Then it ſeems, (ſaid *Cleodora* ſharply) according to your ſence, that I am obliged unto you for paſſing from love only into indifferency? But know, (weak and unconſtant man) that indifferency amongſt perſons that once loved dearly, is much more offenſive than hatred, and therefore I ought to hate you more, becauſe you did not hate me: But, alas, Madam, replied *Beleſis*, would you have me ſincere, when as my ſincerity does only incenſe you more? Yet I ſhould be glad you were, replyed ſhe, for I would know any thing that would not be advantagious unto you. All that I can do at this preſent (ſaid he unto her) is to aſſure you that I never fail'd in my due reſpects of you, nor ſpoke one word againſt you to *Leoniſa*, but I denied her your picture, therefore I conjure you, as you are generous, not to uſe hers ill. I underſtand you very well (ſaid ſhe unto him) you would have me reſtore it unto you: but ſince it will be more acceptable to receive it from her hand than from mine, I will reſtore it unto her, that ſhe may give it you the ſecond time. Oh I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, do not offer ſuch a ſenſible diſpleaſure unto a Lady who is not at all culpable: For ſuppoſe me to be an unconſtant man, one that hath forſaken you, and betrayed you; yet *Leoniſa* hath no other ſhare in my crimes but in ſuffering me to ſee her. However it be, ſaid *Cleodora*, it ſhall be as I ſay. I ſee then, Madam, replied he, that you only ſeek a pretence for doing me an ill office unto *Leoniſa*: But, Madam, though you think I do not love you, yet I muſt needs intereſt my ſelf in any thing which concerns you, when I ſee you are ſo raviſhed with joy that you can accuſe me of inconſtancy, leſt I ſhould tell you that *Hermogenes* hath made you an infidel. I would not adviſe you (ſaid ſhe unto him) to make uſe of any ſuch ill policie, for it will not avail you; In the mean time, ſince you will have me know your real thoughts, I muſt tell you mine:

Know then, that it is impoſſible any ſhould have more horrid hatred, than I have of your inconſtancy; nor leſs regret for loſing that which is ſo eaſily loſt. After this, pray go and ſeek for ſome crumbs of comfort from *Leoniſa*, after you have been a whole long night without her Picture: neither is ſhe well, and did bid me tell every one that they ſhould not viſit her this day: but ſince perhaps you have ſome peculiar priviledge, you may chance to ſee her: In the mean time, I pray prepare your ſelf to go any whither, ſo it be out of my ſight, for I have ſo much credit with my Aunt, as I can obtain from her, you ſhall not have the liberty to look into her houſe: without doubt the reaſon is (replied *Beleſis*, not well knowing what he ſaid) becauſe you would have a handſome opportunity of ſeeing *Hermogenes*: without doubt the reaſon is, replied ſhe, becauſe I would ſee *Beleſis* no more, neither inconſtant, nor ſo bold, as to tell me ſuch things as he never thought: moreover, I pray, do not meaſure my anger by the little bitterneſs which is in my words: for if I ſhould follow my own natural Genius, I ſhould tell you moſt ſtrange things. But ſince you may imagine, that the greatneſs of my anger is a mark of the greatneſs of my affection which I had towards you: I will let you ſee, that I have ſo much power over my ſelf, as to be an abſolute Miſtreſs of a paſſion which uſeth to be imperious, and hard to be kept within the limits of Reaſon. *Beleſis* would have ſaid ſomething concerning *Leoniſa*'s Picture, and concerning *Hermogenes*, but the patience of *Cleodora* would not permit him, and therefore away he went. As ſoon as he was gone out of *Cleodora*'s chamber, he went to ſeek ſome conſolation in *Leoniſa*'s, having a mind to prepare her, leſt *Cleodora* ſhould do her an ill office: But when he came within two paces of the door, her woman told him, that none could ſee her Miſtreſs: but he ſo tampered with her, that he perſwaded her to leave the door open, to the end it might be ſaid he entered without ſpeaking unto any: and accordingly this woman went in, and left the door half ſhut, as *Beleſis* deſired her. Then preſently after he entred, and went to *Leoniſa's* bed-ſide undiſcern'd by any of the Women which were in the other ſide of the Chamber, ſhe who left open the Door ran unto him, ſeeming to be very angry that he entred, and asking pardon of her Miſtreſs, who indeed was very angry. She would have deſired him to go out again, but ſtill he preſſed forward, and *Leoniſa* at laſt admitted of his viſit: he was no ſooner ſet, but he asked her why ſhe ſhould ſo cruelly drive him out of her chamber, at a time when he was moſt in need of conſolation: The reaſon is, replied *Leoniſa* very ſharply, becauſe reſolving to drive you out of my heart, I began this day to drive you out of my chamber. Madam, ſaid he unto her, I perceive *Cleodora* hath prejudicated your opinion of me. Ah, *Beleſis*, replied ſhe, you ſee how ſhe whom you named, repenting of her conſent unto your cheat, hath diſcovered it unto me: *Beleſis* hearing *Leoniſa* ſpeak ſo, was ſo aſtoniſhed, that he knew not what to think of her words: for he knew but too well, that it was *Cleodora* whom he deceived, and that he never deceived *Leoniſa*: Then he deſired her, ſhe would be pleaſed to let him know whereof ſhe accuſed him. *Leoniſa*, as plauſible as ſhe was, was ſo incenſed with this demand, that ſhe gave him a hundred bitter expreſſions, letting him underſtand the crime which ſhe thought he had committed: *Beleſis* then offered to juſtifie himſelf, but ſhe would not ſuffer him to ſpeak. No, no, ſaid ſhe unto him, you are culpable, and more than is imaginable: for why would you put my Picture into *Cleodora*'s hands, and refuſed to truſt me with hers? Was it not enough, that to ſatisfie her, you ſhould diſſemble love to me, and conceal the affection which you had, and yet have to her, but you muſt alſo triumph over my innocency, and my credulity, in giving her a Picture which I never gave you, and which I did only conſent that you ſhould keep, ſince I found you ſo diſcreet as not to part with *Cleodora*'s? Alas, Madam, ſaid he, do you think that I did voluntarily give your picture unto *Cleodora*? I muſt needs think it, ſaid ſhe, for ſhe could not take it from you by violence: *Beleſis* then conjured her to admit of his juſtification. But ſhe anſwered him, that ſhe would ſooner believe his eyes than his words, and ſay what he could, he could not obtain leave to ſpeak; for *Leoniſa* had ſuch an extream ſpite againſt him, becauſe ſhe thought he diſſembled a love to her, that ſhe could not ſuffer him to juſtifie himſelf: yet had his importunity wearied her out, and he had obtained liberty to plead for himſelf, had not *Leoniſa*'s Aunt come in, who hearing that ſhe kept her chamber, and would ſee none, came to ſee how ſhe did: But ſhe much wondered to ſee *Beleſis* with her: I thought, ſaid ſhe unto *Leoniſa*, to have found you ſick by your ſelf: and in lieu of that I find you well, in good, though not much company. I aſſure you, replied ſhe a little troubled, that I am not a whit better for my company, and you would do me the greateſt favour in the world, if you would move *Beleſis*, who came in without permiſſion, to go out without thanks, and leave me at reſt, and in ſolitude, which is the beſt remedy againſt what I am troubled with. This grave Lady hearing her ſay ſo, and ſeeing both her eyes ſwelled, and her colour high, did eaſily believe that ſhe was ill in her head: ſo that preſenting her hand unto *Beleſis*, ſhe moved him to follow her, telling him with a ſmile, that ſhe would acquaint him with a buſineſs which perhaps he knew not of; which was, that he ſhould never viſit Ladies at ſuch time when they had not a deſire to be ſeen: For truly, ſaid ſhe unto him, I am very much deceived, if *Leoniſa* pardon you this long time, for ſeeing her in her negligent dreſs: and I know by the colour which I obſerved in her face, that ſhe was very angry *Beleſis* then made a hundred excuſes unto this Lady, deſiring at leaſt to be in favour with her, who had power either to admit him into her houſe, or to drive him out. But his ſpirits being in a ſtrange diſorder, he did not continue long in returning handſome anſwers, but did ſo rove in his diſcourſe, that ſhe thinking he was weary of her, and that he could not endure the company of any but young perſons, ſhe grew very angry with him, and played upon him with a jearing kind of Rallary: ſo that poor *Beleſis* went out of the houſe very ill ſatisfied with all that dwelt in it, and with himſelf alſo ſo much, that he complained more againſt himſelf than any of the reſt. Sometimes he would upbraid himſelf with inconſtancy, and repent that ever he quitted *Cleodora*: but he was no ſooner in but out of that mind, and quarrelled with himſelf for being ſo reſpective of her: Sometimes he would lay the fault upon *Leoniſa*'s credulity, and afterward accuſe *Cleodora* of her old fantaſticalneſs: Nor did he ſpare *Hermogenes*, yet had he no convincing proofs againſt him, but thought that *Leoniſa*'s picture was it which diſcovered the truth unto *Cleodora*, who for her part was not without her ſhare of inquietudes; deſire of revenge did ſo tranſport her ſoul, that almoſt ſhe did not value the ruine of *Beleſis*, and hence it was that ſhe received *Hermogenes* with extraordinary civility, whilſt *Beleſis* was with *Leoniſa*. The firſt time ſhe ſaw him, thanks for diſcovering the deceit of his friend, was his firſt congratulation: She called him her deliverer, and gave him ſuch obliging Language, that if he had been leſs in love than he was, he had thought himſelf deeply obliged: but becauſe all *Cleodora*'s candid favours were but ſo many ſymptomes of her affection to *Beleſis*, though ſhe did ſeem ſore incenſed againſt him, yet he could not reliſh them as favours to be rejoyced at, yet ſhe told him ſo often, that ſhe would never forget the ſervice he had done her, that at laſt his hopes told him he might happily draw ſome advantage to himſelf by diſcovering his friends inconſtancy: but ſince he ſaw much turbulency in her ſpirit, he durſt not ſolicit for that place in her heart which *Beleſis* deſerved to loſe, and lent an ear unto all her bitter exclamations againſt the Perfidie of *Beleſis* without any expreſſions of his own paſſion, further then with the language of his eyes only. After ſhe had told him that ſhe had the Picture of *Leoniſa*, and her ſelf; and had related all *Beleſis* told her: *Hermogenes* (ſaid ſhe) I do not think it enough that

you

you have revealed his crime: but you muſt alſo help me to puniſh him: Provided that you will give me but a part of thoſe poſſeſſions wherewith you enriched him, replied he, I ſhall be ready to aſſiſt you in your revenge, and after that defend them againſt all the world. It appears that the poſſeſſions you ſpeak of were of no great value, ſince *Beleſis* did ſo willingly part from them: But *Hermogenes*, it is not now time to talk of ſuch things, ſince I need no additions unto my misfortunes, therefore I conjure you to tell me ſincerely whether you will aſſiſt me to be revenged upon *Beleſis*; for unleſs you will, I ſhall quite forget your ſervice in diſcovering his crime.

I beſeech you, Madam, replied he, firſt tell me what kind of revenge you intend before I promiſe you any thing? not that I think I can deny you any thing, nor that I do ſuſpect you are capable of obliging me unto any thing which becomes not a man of honour: But I muſt confeſs, I have already done *Beleſis* ſo great a miſchief, in taking from him your eſteem and affection, by acquainting you with his inconſtancy, that I have a great deſire to know what more you would have me to do: I would have you, ſaid ſhe unto him, imploy that credit which I know you have with the Prince of *Suſa*, and with the friends of *Tiſias*, that the laſt of theſe may marry *Leoniſa*, you know that he hath a great deſire unto it, and there are ſome reaſons why both families ſhould forward the motion, and likewiſe ſome, why they ſhould oppoſe it: and becauſe I know you are able to ſurmount all obſtacles, and bring it about, I conjure you to negotiate the buſineſs.

I can aſſure you, that in the humour ſhe now is, and wherein I will keep her as long as I can, ſhe will marry who one will. I wiſh, Madam, replied *Hermogenes*, that this deſire of revenge would infuſe into your ſoul, a favourable inclination to receive my ſervices. I ſhall moſt willingly receive this ſervice which I require, replied ſhe; But, Madam, anſwered he, I ſee you do admirably well contrive your own revenge, and you could not do it more fully than by taking *Leoniſa* from *Beleſis* : but I do not perceive you have any conſideration of the intereſt which I might have in this revenge : do not you conſider divine *Cleodora*, that by putting *Leoniſa* into ſuch a condition, as ſhe can never be married to *Beleſis*, you put *Beleſis* into a way of returning unto *Cleodora* ? though he ſhould, ſaid ſhe, he ſhould return in vain: moreover, Madam, purſued *Hermogenes*, I muſt tell you, that my love to you does ſo perfectly tell me what the ſorrows of a man would be, from whom all hopes of enjoying his Miſtreſs is taken away, that how great ſoever my deſires are to pleaſe you, yet I am extreamly unwilling to obey you, therefore I beſeech you think of ſome other way to puniſh *Beleſis* : As he is not my Rival, ſince now he does not love you, I muſt confeſs, I cannot leave loving him as my friend : not but that he hath denied me many things, which exceedingly incenſed me againſt him, but for all that, I cannot commit this treaſon againſt him : I know well that I have revealed his crime unto you, but it was becauſe in doing ſo, I did not take from him that perſon whom he deſired to enjoy. Therefore, Madam, I beſeech you once more move me not unto a thing for which you will hereafter upbraid me, when the heat of your anger is over and your reaſon free : revenge your ſelf upon *Beleſis*, in forgetting him : or if you cannot forget him, remember him only to hate him, and to deteſt his inconſtancy : and if you will puniſh him further yet, I beſeech you make me ſo happy, that my felicity may create a horrid envie in him : in letting him know that he hath quitted Diamonds for Glaſs in forſaking *Cleodora* for *Leoniſa*. No, no, *Hermogenes*, replied ſhe, I am not capable of this generoſity which you would perſwade me unto, and which perhaps proceeds not from your heart, but becauſe there is in you a little diſpoſition to oblige me. Alas, Madam, ſaid *Hermogenes*, you do not know me, it you think it want of affection which makes me ſpeak thus : you know me worſe than I know you, replied ſhe, if you think I can keep any meaſure in my revenge: and not ſee that you have no diſpoſition to do me ſervice: for the truth is, ſaid ſhe, if you will do me any, you muſt aſſiſt me with your tranſaction, that *Tiſias* may marry *Leoniſa*, or that *Hermogenes* never ſee *Cleodora* again. Oh, Madam, ſaid he unto her, for Heavens ſake have ſome care of my Honour: And force me not to a thing which will render me odious in the eyes of all the Court: I do not intend, replied ſhe, that you ſhould publikely ſpeak of a marriage between *Tiſias* and *Leoniſa*, but I would have you go cunningly to work, and negotiate it with all ſecrecy; truly, Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince you force me to tell you my thoughts, I muſt manifeſt unto you that I will not refuſe you out of generoſity only, but out of love alſo: For, Madam, what hatred ſoever you reſent againſt *Beleſis*, or what love ſoever he bears unto *Cleodora*, I ſhall never be at reſt as long as I ſee any poſſibility of your uniting together: after this, Madam, you may imagine, that it is not for want of affection, that I refuſe what you deſire of me: what ever it be, replied ſhe, it ſeems you refuſe me, and refuſe to do the thing which I moſt deſire of any thing in the world; But for all that, ſince I have no right to force your will, I will diſpence with you from your obedience: and the rather becauſe I do Fancy another way to bring my deſign to paſs without your help, and I am not ſorry that I ſhall not ingage my ſelf unto you by it. *Hermogenes*, thinking *Cleodora* was incenſed againſt him, began to give very obliging Language; proteſting unto her, that whatever he ſaid, yet if it were her Poſitive pleaſure, he would obey her, though his honour and life and all would be at the ſtake: ſo that *Cleodora* took him immediately at his word. But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I may have ſome Colourable excuſe wherewith to anſwer thoſe that know my Crime, I beſeech you what recompence may I hope for, if I do as you deſire me: even any thing, anſwered ſhe, for I muſt confeſs unto you, that if I could prevent *Beleſis* from obtaining *Leoniſa*, I would be fuller of joy than I am able to expreſs, and by conſequence ſo obliged unto you, that I will put no limits unto your hopes, provided they be juſt. Then, Madam, replied *Hermogenes*, ſince I ſee ſo much ſweetneſs in your expreſſions, I ſhall conjure you, that if I hinder *Beleſis* from *Leoniſa*, you ſhall give *Cleodora* unto *Hermogenes*. No, no, *Hermogenes*, ſaid ſhe unto him, I will not capitulate with thoſe I would have do me any good office; and I wonder how you dare be ſo bold as to ask me any ſuch thing: otherwiſe, Madam, anſwered he, how can you conceive, (ſince I am ſo deeply in love with you) that I can hinder *Beleſis* from marrying *Leoniſa*, ſince I ought ſo earneſtly to wiſh the marriage? and how can I chuſe but ſuſpect and fear that you have ſome ſecret deſign in it, if you will not engage your ſelf unto any thing, and therefore, Madam, ſince if I break off that marriage, it is not impoſſible but he may repent, and you may pardon him: I beſeech you take it not ill, if I be very unwilling to hinder that match which may cauſe yours with *Beleſis*. Then I ſee *Hermogenes*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) that you will not do this good office which I would have you; and the leſs to diſoblige me, you pretend a reſentment of love, though indeed it be only a reſentment of generoſity: I will not much blame you for it, for I have not yet abſolutely loſt my reaſon: neither have I any great reaſon to commend you, ſince you have denied that which I did moſt deſire. In the mean time ſince you cannot ſatisfie my deſires, unleſs upon ſuch a condition, as I will not engage my ſelf into: yet I pray you let the ſame generoſity, which will not permit you to betray your friend, keep you from betraying her that truſts you with her ſecrets, and her revenge. *Hermogenes* ſeeing *Cleodora* would not promiſe what he deſired, did believe that ſhe would only have *Tiſias* marry *Leoniſa*, to the end that *Beleſis* might thereby be out of all hopes of enjoying her, and ſo return unto her again: and therefore reſolving not to do a thing which he thought prejudicial both to his honour and his love, did excuſe his denial with a hundred expreſſions of ſorrow, and in ſuch a ſenſible manner, that ſhe plainly ſaw he was as full of vertue as love, ſo that they did not part upon very ill terms. *Hermogenes* had one imagination which proved very advantagious for him; For ſince he perceived the mind of *Cleodora* was ſilled only with thoughts of revenge upon *Beleſis*, he did cunningly hint unto her, that though his jealouſie was but counterfeit, yet he could not be more ſenſibly vexed than to hear that *Beleſis* did viſit her, and that ſhe did not ſlight him; Tis true, he uſed much art in his expreſſions, fearing *Cleodora* ſhould attribute his thoughts unto jealouſie, and he applied his words ſo ingeniouſly, that *Cleodora* called *Beleſis* a hundred times fantaſtical, as well as inconſtant. So as in that humour ſhe was then in, ſhe would not neglect the leaſt thing that might diſpleaſe *Beleſis*, and therefore ſhe reſolved to ſpeak ofter unto *Hermogenes* than ſhe uſed, and alſo to treat him incomparably better. In the mean time, ſince ſhe had one friend that was much in favour with the Prince of *Suſa*, and had a prevalent power both with him and *Tiſias*, ſhe plotted how to make uſe of him, though at firſt it went againſt her mind to truſt her ſelf unto any one who knew nothing of her ſecrets. But as ſweet revenge will ſurmount all obſtacles, ſhe tranſacted with this friend, who was able to accompliſh her deſires, and managed the matter with ſo much ſubtilty, that the Prince of *Suſa*, and *Tiſias* did earneſtly deſire this marriage. The firſt of theſe, for ſome reaſons of ſtate which required this alliance, and the other, becauſe ſo many impediments being now removed which obſtructed his love, he was hotter than ever to marry *Leoniſa*. As for her, ſince ſhe had been foiled with the deceits of *Beleſis*, her heart began to lean after ambition, and hearkened unto a marriage with *Tiſias*: 'Tis true, the counſels of *Cleodora* did much prompt her unto it, and ſo much the ſooner, becauſe ſhe ſaw *Cleodora* reſolved never to ſee *Beleſis* again, and becauſe ſhe ſaw her treat *Hermogenes* much better. Thus thinking her ſelf diſintereſted, ſhe thought ſhe might do as ſhe pleaſed: ſo that when the poor *Beleſis* came to viſit *Leoniſa*, he was in a perplexed condition, for ſince, it did extreamly concern *Cleodora* that he ſhould have no private conference with *Leoniſa*, alſo *Leoniſa* thinking *Beleſis* to be in love with her Couſin, ſhe was not ſorry he did not ſpeak unto her; They promiſed not to leave each other untill the marriage with *Tiſias* which was plotted in ſecret was ſolemnized: ſo that when *Beleſis* waited for an opportunity to Juſtifie himſelf unto *Leoniſa*, and appeaſe *Cleodora*, he found them continually together, and could not ſpeak with them aſunder. But that which did moſt ſtick upon his ſtomack, was, that *Tiſias* commonly was continually talking with *Leoniſa*, and *Hermogenes* with *Cleodora*; and indeed, Sir, the poor *Beleſis* did fret with no leſs impatience to ſee *Cleodora* ſpeak ſo civily unto *Hermogenes*, than to ſee that *Leoniſa* would not ſpeak unto him at all, or if ſhe did, it was but ſome interrupted word and that in anger: ſo that though he had equally loved *Cleodora*, and *Leoniſa*, yet he could not have done more than he did, and to ſpeak ſincerely, I verily believe that the love of *Hermogenes* to *Cleodora* did inkindle in his heart ſome embers of his firſt love: he grew to that height, as almoſt to hate his friend: they never ſaw one another unleſs at *Cleodora*'s Aunt, whither *Beleſis* could not chuſe but go, and whither he never went but he received a freſh diſcontent. For ſince *Leoniſa* thought her ſelf deluded, ſhe began to hate him: and ſince *Cleodora* ſaw that her favouring *Hermogenes* perplexed him: ſhe doubled her civilities to *Hermogenes*, the buſineſs was ſo carried, that *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes* were ready to quarrel two or three times: and if I had not been preſent one day by accident, certainly ſome hurt had enſued: but that which ruined *Beleſis*, raiſed the deſigns of *Hermogenes*: For *Cleodora* imagined how *Beleſis* would be incenſed if ſhe ſhould marry *Hermogenes*, ſhe permitted him ſecretly to ask the conſent of her Parents, to the end that *Leoniſa*'s Marriage and hers might be publiſhed both together, conceiving it would overwhelm him with ſorrows, to hear of ſuch a ſhower of perplexities all at once. And indeed the buſineſs was carried ſo ſecretly, and went on ſo proſperouſly in a few days, that all their kindred conſented, and all ſeemed to be made up: *Tiſias* and *Hermogenes* were the only favourits, inſomuch as *Hermogenes*, having one day found the picture which *Cleodora* gave *Beleſis*, and which ſhe took from him again, he deſired it of her, and ſhe gave it unto him: as for the Picture of *Leoniſa*, ſhe had taken it out of the caſe, and reſtored it unto her. Thus was *Hermogenes* enriched, with the ruines of his friend: Not that *Cleodora* did love *Hermogenes*, but becauſe revenge reliſhed ſo ſweet in her mind, that ſhe reflected upon nothing but what might haſten it: Whilſt things were thus carried, *Beleſis* led the moſt miſerable life of any man in the world: for his ſoul was ſo ſunk with ſorrows, that he never thought either of *Cleodora* or *Leoniſa*, and he hated both *Hermogenes* and *Tiſias*: At firſt his thoughts and deſires were very different concerning theſe two Ladies: for he deſired to enjoy *Leoniſa*, and only deſired that *Hermogenes* might not enjoy *Cleodora*: but afterwards, according to the meaſure that *Cleodora* favoured *Hermogenes*, ſo did the thoughts of *Beleſis* grow more tender towards her; His ſhame of his inconſtancy augmented: and his love to *Leoniſa* did not leſſen: So that he was the moſt miſerable of men: This being the ſtate of things, two paſſages above all the reſt, did ſwell his ſorrows; the one was, he heard *Hermogenes* had the Picture which once was in his poſſeſſion, and the other was, that the Prince of *Suſa* ſolicited for the marriage of *Tiſias* with *Leoniſa* and that the match was as good as made up, and the marriage would be ſolemnized within two days. I ſhall not need, Sir, to relate all the raptures of his ſoul upon this news; for my ſtory is too long already: and becauſe you may eaſily gueſs them, I ſhall only tell you, Sir, that ſince the marriage of *Tiſias* moſt pinched him and his love of *Leoniſa* was the Predominate paſſion o his heart, he reſolved to quarrel with *Tiſias* upon ſome other pretence, before the buſineſs went any further: ſo that meeting him at the Temple the next morning, he went out with him as without deſign: they fell upon a diſcourſe of news and war, and *Beleſis* did obſtinately contradict all that *Tiſias* ſaid; for his deſign was to move *Tiſias* to begin the quarrel, becauſe knowing the haſty humour of the *Suſianian* Prince, he apprehended he ſhould be baniſhed, if it appeared that it was he who aſſaulted the man whom he loved. But ſince *Tiſias* was a man of more heart than ſpirit, it was a long time before he would be provoked, yet *Beleſis* urged him ſo far, that *Tiſias* drew his ſword firſt: but it was ſo little before *Beleſis*, that notwithſtanding it, he received the firſt blow. Their fight was furious, and if by-ſtanders had not parted them, they had died both upon the place: yet do what all could, both were wounded: and yet *Beleſis* ſo ſlightly, that he never kept his bed for it, ſince it was only upon his left arm. But *Tiſias* was much worſe, For he received two dangerous hurts, and had much the worſe of the combate: For beſides his two wounds, *Beleſis* ſeeing company come in to part them, he cloſed with him and diſarmed him by force: In the mean while, though this quarrel was conceived to be only caſual in heat of blood, the Prince of *Suſa* was much incenſed againſt *Beleſis*: for though he loved *Beleſis* well enough at this firſt coming to *Suſa*; yet *Tiſias* being his great favourite, all matters were made worſe againſt *Beleſis*: ſo that there was none, but ſuch as were altogether uninterreſted Perſons, or ſuch as were very generous, who came to viſit him: But all the croud was upon *Tiſias*, as the man that was the Princes favourite. But as for *Hermogenes*, ſince he was very Generous, he went to viſit him, and offer himſelf unto his friend. Chance was, that I was there when he came, and I was a witneſs of their meeting: 'tis true, I much wondered to ſee with what hollowneſs *Beleſis*, received *Hermogenes*: ſo that fearing a long diſcourſe might draw on ſome quarrel, I told *Hermogenes*, that I deſired to talk with him upon ſome buſineſs; and carried him away with me, extreamly wondering at the proceedings of *Beleſis*. In the mean time, this combate did highly incenſe *Cleodora* againſt him, and confirmed her in her deſign of revenge, by hindring him of *Leoniſa*, and marring *Hermogenes*, eſpecially when ſhe underſtood with what coldneſs he received his viſit. On the other ſide, the Prince of *Suſa* did expreſs ſo much diſpleaſure againſt *Beleſis*, that his friend told him there was no ſafety for him to ſtay in court, and they adviſed him at leaſt to keep his lodging for ſome days. Yet all could not perſwade him not to go out, becauſe needs would he go and be ſatisfied, whether *Cleodora*'s Picture was in the hands of *Hermogenes*. And as he went one morning unto him, under pretence of giving him a viſit; he underſtood by the way, that his Marriage with *Cleodora* was reſolved upon, and that within few days, it would be ſolemnized: It is impoſſible to relate how the heart of *Beleſis* trembled, but when he had recollected, himſelf, in lieu of going to *Hermogenes* as he intended, he went to walk in a private place, behind the the houſe where he dwelt: after he had long muſed, and diſgeſted his anger, he reſolved to hinder the marriage, at what rate ſo ever: and his love formerly to *Cleodora* began to reſume ſuch force in his heart, that it amazed himſelf: Being then full of theſe fantaſtical and ſtrange thoughts, he went towards the houſe of *Hermogenes*, and in his way he met, *Cleodora* in her Coach: Her hood being up, he ſaw her ſo fair that time, that his eyes were never ſo full of wonder at her beauty: Since ſhe ſaw him, he prepared to ſalute her, but ſhe turned her head aſide in a ſcornful manner, and by that action did kindle the fire, which begun ſo violently to ſparkle. *Beleſis* then continued on his way to *Hermogenes*, where accidentally I met him; ſince he knew I was not ignorant of all paſſages between them, my preſence was no hinderance unto him from ſpeaking; He no ſooner entered, but addreſſing his ſpeech unto *Hermogenes*, Will you not reſtore me the treaſure which you have taken from me (ſaid he unto him) and which I would have truſted you withal; if it be of my friendſhip which you mean, replyed *Hermogenes*, I can aſſure you, that I never took it from you, and therefore you may eaſily find it where it was. No, *Hermogenes*, ſaid he unto him, I mean not that: for I doubt not but mauger all my misfortunes, you have preſerved that: But it is *Cleodora* which I demand: *Cleodora*, I ſay, unto whom I intreated you to diſſemble love, but never permitted you to love her really: therefore I conjure you to diſpute with me no longer about her: if love were a thing voluntary (replied *Hermogenes*) I ſhould think you had reaſon to ſpeak thus unto me: But *Beleſis*, you your ſelf know very well by your own experience, that one cannot leave to love when one will, and by the ſame reaſon one does not always love where one would: for if it were ſo, I am perſwaded you would never have quitted *Cleodora* for *Leoniſa*: but I underſtand very well, why you ſpeak thus unto me: ſince it is not likely but the man who fought with *Tiſias*, to prevent his marriage with *Leoniſa*, will at the ſame time think upon *Cleodora*, whom he hath incenſed by that combate: when I fought with *Tiſias* (replyed he) I knew not that *Hermogenes* was to marry *Cleodora*: then it ſeems (replyed *Hermogenes*) it is more out of hate to me, than love to her, that you oppoſe my good Fortune. No replyed *Beleſis*, but it is becauſe as to my misfortune I did in an inſtant leave my love of *Cleodora*, for the love of *Leoniſa*, ſo now I leave my love of *Leoniſa*, for the love of *Cleodora*. I know not whether loſing my hopes of enjoying *Leoniſa*, will contribute any thing to the extinguiſhing of that fire which flamed towards her, to enlighten another in my heart: but I am moſt certain that I no ſooner knew *Cleodora* was to be yours, but my old paſſion which was lurking in my heart, began to break forth into a flame again, and that with much violence; as I think I ſhall loſe my wits, unleſs you have pity of me. I muſt confeſs, Sir, that I was never in my life ſo amazed, as when I heard *Beleſis* ſpeak ſo. *Hermogenes*, as you may well imagine was in the ſame condition, and knew not well what to anſwer; for though he knew *Cleodora* had conſented to marry him, yet it was rather out of revenge upon *Beleſis* than out of any intention to make him happy: and therefore he had ſtrange apprehenſions, leſt *Cleodora* ſhould come to the knowledge of his repentance, and repent her life alſo.

Therefore, beginning to anſwer, I know very well, (ſaid he unto him) that what I ſhall ſay will much trouble you; but ſince it is neceſſary that you know it, both for your tranquillity and mine own; I muſt tell you, that though I ſhould conſent, yet it is a thing impoſſible for you, ever to be happy in the enjoyment of *Cleodora*, ſince ſhe is ſo incenſed againſt you, that it may truly be ſaid ſhe now hates you, as much as ſhe loved you before: it is becauſe ſhe hates me, replied *Beleſis*, that I hope ſhe will love me: for if her ſoul were only upon terms of indifference, or that ſhe ſcorned me, I ſhould for ever have deſpair of pardon: but ſince ſhe does not, I beſeech you let me have no other obſtacle but *Cleodora* her ſelf: moreover (ſaid he unto him) I know that ſhe gave you a picture, which indeed ſhe could not give, becauſe ſhe gave it unto me firſt, therefore I pray you reſtore it unto me. But is it poſſible (ſaid I unto him, and interrupted him) that this you ſay ſhould be really true? Can I believe that the man which within this eight hours ſaid he could love none but *Leoniſa*, ſhould now love none but *Cleodora*? I cannot well expreſs my thoughts (ſaid he unto us) for there is ſuch a multitude of things which at once do overpreſs my heart, that I cannot utter them; all I can ſay unto you is, that I know the gods are reſolved to puniſh me for my inconſtancy; and therefore I do moſt cordially repent of it: I am confident that within this eight hours, neither *Cleodora*, nor *Leoniſa* hated me; yet by a moſt fatal turne, I am like to loſe them both, and that in the moſt cruel manner. For *Leoniſa* is raviſhed from me by a man, whom of all living I moſt ſcorned; and *Cleodora* by him, whom I moſt dearly loved.

To ſpeak my mind really unto you (ſaid I and interrupted him) you can blame none but your ſelf, for your misfortune; I know very well, replied he, that I am culpable; I ſee my requeſt unto *Hermogenes* is not juſt; yet ſince the love of *Cleodora*, took firſt root in my heart, me thinks *Hermogenes* might pity me weakneſs I do very much pity you, replied *Hermogenes*, but me thinks I ought to pity my ſelf alſo: However my dear *Hermogenns* (ſaid he unto him) I beſeech you for Heavens ſake, oblige me, and tell me ſincerely whether you think *Cleodora* does really love you? or whether it be only ſpite againſt me that moves her to let you ſerve her. I know very well your merit is much above mine, and therefore, ſince I had the honour once not to be hated, it may not be impoſſible, but ſhe may now love you: However I beg this favour from you, to tell me what you think, proteſting unto you, that if you will ſwear as you are a man of honour, that you think ſhe loves you as well as ſhe loved me, I will never ſeek for any other remedy againſt my miſery but death: All that I can tell you, is (replyed *Hermogenes* who could not tell all his thoughts) that I am perſwaded *Cleodora* hates you, and I know ſhe conſents that I ſhall marry her, this is enough to let me know, replyed he, that you are not upon ſuch good terms with her, therefore I conjure you to permit me ſo much favour as to ſpeak once more in private with *Cleodora*: For if ſhe loves you ſo well as not to value my repentance you will be the more happy: And if I be ſo happy as to reduce her unto the ſame terms ſhe formerly was, you will be a gainer by that alſo, ſince it would have been but half a happineſs for you, to marry a woman whoſe affection was but weak towards you, therefore I beſeech you, deny me not this requeſt: I confeſs, that ſince I thought the requeſt of *Beleſis* to be ſomething reaſonable, I endeavoured to perſwade *Hermogenes* unto a conſent, but he would not by any means harken unto it. In the mean time, the more he denied, the more hopes *Beleſis* had that he was not quite rooted out of *Cleodora*'s heart, ſo that having no hopes at all from *Leoniſa*, but conceiving ſome glimps from *Cleodora*, his paſſion did much increaſe: Seeing then that *Hermogenes* would not by any means conſent he ſhould ſpeak unto her, he began to ask the Picture which he had: But *Hermogenes* replyed, that he ought not to take any notice whether it was his or no, it ſufficed that he received it from *Cleodora*, and therefore he would not reſtore it to him: As I had blamed *Hermogenes* a little before, becauſe he ſo obſtinately refuſed to let *Beleſis* ſpeak unto *Cleodora*: ſo afterwards I blamed *Beleſis* for preſſing his friend, to reſtore a Picture, which he had not from him. In the interim, ſince I did extreamly fear that being alone with them, I could not hinder them from being too ſharp and high, I told them that being both poſſeſſed with one too violent a paſſion, to ſpeak of their intereſts with moderation, I deſired, that for the time to come, they might know each others pretentions only by me: Adding further, that when they were ſeparated I ſhould tell them ſomething which I could not tell them in their preſence. So that temporing their minds, as well as I could: I got them to part without a quarrel: After which, I went ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, not knowing which ſide to take: For when I was with *Beleſis*, he repented ſo bitterly of his inconſtancy, that he moved me to pitty him: and when I ſaw *Hermogenes*, he would perſwade me that right was on his ſide: for ſaid he unto me if *Beleſis* had never forſaken *Cleodora*, I ſhould then not only have never

ver faln in love with her, but if I had, I ſhould have reſtrained my ſelf out of reſpect unto the laws of friendſhip: But ſince he forced me to ſee her often, and entreated me to diſſemble love unto her; and now to bar me from ſeeing her any more, but to raviſh out my heart a love which he himſelf cauſed, that is a thing which I neither can, nor ought, nor will do: on the other ſide, ſaid *Beleſis* to me is it juſt, that becauſe I entreated *Hermogenes* only to ſee a Lady whom I loved, that he ſhould therefore rob me of her? does he not know that ever ſince the firſt time he asked me leave to diſcover my inconſtancy unto her, I told him, that I would never ſuffer him; might he not well imagine that I neither would, nor ought, to do it but out of reſentment of love, though he gave it another phraſe? Can one be Jealous without affection unto the party of whom he is Jealous? might not *Hermogenes* rather think I loved two perſons at once, then to think me jealous of him with being in love with *Cleodora?* Afterwards (ſaid he unto me) my demand was but juſt, when I propounded to let *Cleodora* judge the difference between us, and that he would ſuffer me to ſee and ſpeak to her; for if after that ſhe would have choſen him, I would have left *Suſa*, and ſhould have gone unto ſome place far off from hence, where I might have hid my ſelf from the acquaintance of men; where neither he nor *Cleodora* ſhould have heard any more of me. After this *Beleſis* began to aggravate his misfortunes, until anger did ſo ſwell his ſpirits, that never remembring his love or friendſhip to *Hermogenes*, he ſaid that he was not able to ſuffer him to marry *Cleodora*. In the mean while, the prince of *Suſa* hearing that *Beleſis* ſtirred out of his lodging, was ſo incenſed againſt him, that I was advertized, he intended to give command that he ſhould retire himſelf. And I underſtood that *Tiſias* (thinking that whilſt he could not ſtir out, *Beleſis* might perhaps work upon the ſpirit of *Leoniſa* againſt him) had moved the Prince of *Suſa*, upon ſome Colourable pretence or other to place *Leoniſa* about the Queen, until he was perfectly recovered of his wounds: So that fearing ſome miſchief was plotted againſt my friend, I conjured him to quit *Suſa* for ſome certain days: but he told me that he would never quit it until he had ſpoken with *Cleodora*, and that in private. He told me how that he had been ſeveral times at her houſe; but he was always anſwered by them that ſhe was not within, or would not be ſeen: Adding that if *Hermogenes* would enjoy her in quietneſs, it were his beſt courſe to procure him a ſight of her: When I therefore perceived the obſtinacy of *Beleſis*, I went unto his friend, in hopes to do ſome good upon him: but found him as reſolute as a Rock which would not be moved: So that when I ſaw I could make no good end between them, I went privately unto *Cleodora* to let her know the ſtate of things, and that her prudence might prevent all miſchief, and order the buſineſs between them: for they being both my friends, I knew not how to be partial, and to prefer one before another: I had no ſooner acquainted *Cleodora* how things were between *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes*, but ſhe ſaid that the laſt of theſe did her wrong to tell his friend ſhe would not ſee him, ſhe ſeemed to be much ſurpriſed, and very unquiet: Yet afterwards ſhe uſed ſo many expreſſions of anger againſt *Beleſis*, as I thought he would find no great ſatisfaction in ſeeing her: But ſince he did ſo vehemently deſire it, and ſince I could not perſwade him to go out of *Suſa* until he heard his ſentence of death pronounced from her own mouth, I beſeeched her to let him have the opportunity to ſee her, but ſhe would not conſent unto it; Yet for all this, I had a conceit that if I did deceive her, and find out a way for *Beleſis* to ſee her, ſhe would pardon me; So therefore thinking to advance the happineſs of *Hermogenes* by advancing the departure of *Beleſis*, who would not ſtir from *Suſa* till he ſpoke with *Cleodora*, I ordered the buſineſs ſo, that the next morning, I imployed *Hermogenes* in ſome buſineſs another way, and one of my Coſens carried *Cleodora* to ſee a new built palace, which for its curioſity, every one went to ſee it, ſince it was yet uninhabited; *Beleſis* who had his inſtructions failed not to be there; and my couſin conducted *Cleodora* unto a Gallery, where leaving the reſt of her women, ſhe carried her into a chamber, and within that chamber a cloſet where *Beleſis* was waiting for *Cleodora*; ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe ſtarted back, and would needs go out again; he falling upon his knees, and having hold of her gown; For God and Heavens ſake Madam, (ſaid he unto her) give me but one hours hearing, I conjure you. 'Twas to that end this charitable woman brought you hither; Give me leave therefore Madam to beg your pardon, and to beg it in a flood of tears. Provided you will give me leave to deny you all you ask (ſaid ſhe unto him) I ſhall conſent to give you audience. if I demand death, Madam, will you deny me that alſo? (ſaid he unto her) Doubtleſs I would deny you that, replyed ſhe, not only becauſe the puniſhment which you deſerve would not be long enough if you dyed ſo ſoon, but becauſe it ſufficeth that you have deſired ſomething, which I cannot conſent unto, however it be, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) if it be only to chide me, yet I beſeech you hear me, and hear me with patience; whilſt theſe two were thus in diſcourſe, ſhe who brought *Cleodora* in the Houſe, went to the reſt of the Women which were in the Gallery, and did amuſe them with ſhewing them Pictures, and other ſuch talk, ſo that *Beleſis* ſeeing he could talk and not be underſtood: Give me leave, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, before I ask you pardon, to aſſure you that this *Beleſis* whom you ſee at your feet, is the very ſame *Beleſis* whom heretofore you were pleaſed to prefer before any other. And ſo I do ſtill, ſaid ſhe, for I think you ſo much different from all other men, that I think you do incomparably excel them all. However it be, Madam, ſaid he, I am moſt certain of one thing, which is, that my heart was never ſo full of love unto you as now: Oh, I wiſh with all my ſoul, replyed ſhe, that you ſpoke truth; and I wiſh with all my ſoul, Madam, ſaid he, that you did really deſire it; No, no, *Beleſis* anſwered

Cleodora, I was not far from my real thoughts, when I ſaid that I ſhould be even raviſhed with joy, to be certain that you were deſperately in love with me; But you do extreamly miſtake my meaning, if you think I make this wiſh with any intentions to accept of your affection; Since I do not wiſh you ſhould love me for any other reaſon, but that I might thereby puniſh you for ceaſing to love me before. I confeſs, Madam, (replied he) that I am the moſt to blame of any man alive, for doing as I lately did; But, Madam, I beſeech you do not too ſeverely look upon the moſt extravagant act of all my life; or if you do look upon it, let it be as upon a ſubject whereupon to excerciſe your goodneſs; Forgiveneſs, Madam, does moſt reſemble divinity, and by conſequence your ſelf; To what purpoſe is clemency, but to forgive; and this is the operation, that when it is extended in the greateſt meaſure, it converts the greateſt Offenders to become the greateſt Lovers: Moreover, Madam, do not think, I beſeech you that I did abſolutely ceaſe to love you, at that very time when I ſeemed to be moſt in love with *Leoniſa*; She can tell you that I would never be moved to acquaint her with the leaſt paſſage which had been between us, nor could I ever endure that my beſt friend ſhould ever love you, and therefore it muſt by neceſſary conſequence be concluded that I ever loved you; Not that by this I intend to juſtifie my ſelf; but that I would if I could ſomething leſſen my crime, to the end you may the ſooner pardon it; Before I can ever have ſuch a thought, replied *Cleodora*, I muſt loſe my wits: For inconſtancy is a crime of ſuch a nature, as is abſolutely impardonable: But I beſeech you, Madam, replied he, did not you your ſelf ſo behave your ſelf towards *Hermogenes*, in ſuch a manner as might very well make me believe that you were guilty of the ſame crime wherewith you tax me? When I obſerved, replied *Cleedora*, that out of a moſt fantaſtical humour you were angry I ſhould begin to love *Hermogenes*, I muſt confeſs that ever ſince the firſt time I perceived you loved *Leoniſa*, I would not undeceive you: think on therefore, if it anger you, that I do love him, and more that that, ever will love him: For I aſſure you, that you cannot pleaſe me better than to torment your ſelf: But, Madam, I beſeech you (replied he) do you not fear to drive me into a horrid deſpair; and to make me ruſh upon any rude attempts, which a man deſperately in love may do, when he has loſt his reaſon and wits? No, *Beleſis*, replied ſhe, I apprehend no ſuch danger, for I heard ſay and believe it, that a man of a divided heart is not capable of over violent paſſions: But, Madam, replied he, my heart is none but yours, nor ever ſhall be any others. Can you be ſo impudent, replied ſhe, as to make any apoligy for your ſelf, after your weather-cock inconſtancy? for my part ſince I uſe to judge of the future by what is paſt, I am confident I ſhould love you to morrow again, and you would ſay the ſame unto *Leoniſa* which now you do unto me: And perhaps forgetting both her and me the third day, you will make a freſh addreſs to a third: Alas, Madam, ſaid *Beleſis*, can you not find a heart to pardon me: And will you not have any confidence in my affection? No doubtleſs, (replied ſhe) for how is it poſſible you ſhould give me any aſſurance of it: Since you caſt me off when I was as handſome as ever I was or ever ſhall be, and at a time when I was moſt affable and complacential to you? What can I truſt unto? To your words which you have ſo ill kept? Or to your oaths which you have ſo wickedly falſified? No, Madam, (ſaid *Beleſis*, and interrupted her) you may truſt unto my repentance. That is, divine *Cleodora*, which will preſerve me from inconſtancy for the future; for I am ſo horridly aſhamed of my crime, that it will moſt certainly prevent a relapſe: I cannot believe it (anſwered ſhe very ſharply) and I aſſure you, that I do intereſt my ſelf ſo little in any thing which relates unto you (except in ſuch things as may vex you) that I care not a ſtraw what befalls you. In the mean time, I muſt tell you, that I would not have you ſeek for any more opportunities of ſpeaking to me, unleſs you would have me put a thouſand incivilities upon you before all the world:

But, Madam, (replied he) though all my paſt ſervices are loſt, and though I am quite ruined in your opinion, yet I cannot chuſe but beſeech you to obliterate all paſt crimes, and to ſuffer me to begin upon a new ſcore of love, as if I had never loved you before: and then if you be not ſatisfied with my fidelity, treat me as the moſt vile, baſe, and infamous man that lives; and may you marry *Hermogenes*: and untill then, give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I cannot endure him. Yet I will marry him, replied ſhe, ſince my parents conſent unto it, therefore the beſt courſe you can take for your own tranquility, is to endure him, and ſay nothing, rather than nothing to the purpoſe; for all you can ſay ſhall be in vain. Moreover, never think of ſpeaking unto *Hermogenes*, unleſs you will augment my hatred, and my ſcorn of you: In the mean time, you may hope to your comfort, that perhaps, *Tiſias* will die of his wounds, and then you may return unto *Leoniſa*, and quit me the ſecond time: for ſince ſhe is of a much more ſweet and affable diſpoſition than I am, doubtleſs ſhe will receive you more kindly than I ſhall. And after that *Beleſis*, I have no more to ſay unto you, unleſs to aſſure you, that when you have quitted me for *Leoniſa*, I ſhall have ſuch thoughts of you, as ſhall deſerve that you become more faithful than you have been. Theſe *Beleſis* are all the advantageous thoughts I can have of you: After theſe words *Cleodora* roſe up, and ſay what *Beleſis* could ſhe left him complaining againſt her that deluded him: But, Sir, that which was moſt rare in this encounter was, that this conference produced different effects in the hearts of *Cleodora* and *Beleſis*. For this imperious Lady was extreamly joyed, to know by the eyes of *Beleſis* he was the ſame to her as formerly he had been, though it was without any intention to pardon him, but only to make him more miſerable: So that ſhe publiſhed to all the world her marriage with *Hermogenes*, as a thing which much pleaſed her: As for *Beleſis*, he parted from *Cleodora*, more in love with her than ever he was: ſo that extreamly wondering at his love of *Leoniſa*, he looked upon her as the cauſe of his loſing *Cleodora*, and began to hate her extreamly. Being thus in a moſt horrible deſpair, he came unto me to tell me, that he found *Cleodora* abſolutely inexorable; but that for all this, he could not endure *Hermogenes* ſhould marry her. I uſed my beſt rethorick to perſwade him to it, but all in vain: I hinted unto him what he had ſaid unto *Hermogenes*, that if *Cleodora* ſhould make choice of him after he had talked with her, than that he would let him alone in quietneſs. But he told me, that he was not obliged by any ſuch promiſes, as were impoſſible to be kept; ſo that not knowing how to prevent that inconveniency which I feared, I told him that the Prince of *Suſa* would baniſh him the Town, I hoping that time and abſence would ſettle his ſoul: But although *Beleſis* received this command that ſame day, yet was he not ſo quick in his obedience; but did ſomething to obey it, for he did conceal himſelf ſome days in the Town: In the interim, he writ divers times to *Cleodora*, without receiving any anſwer: alſo he ſaw *Hermogenes* once: But *Hermogenes* gave him ſuch ſatisfactory and prevalent reaſons, that they parted without a quarrel as *Beleſis* intended: for in the very heat of his love, he ſtill retained a great love of *Hermogenes*. Whilſt he was in *Hermogenes* his Cloſet, he ſpied the Picture of *Cleodora*, lying upon a Cabinet; and being tranſported with violence of paſſion, he took it, whilſt his friend was gone to ſpeak with one who asked for him: I do confeſs, I ſaw him commit this theft: but ſince I knew *Hermogenes* was ere long to marry *Cleodora*, and that *Beleſis* would depart the Town within two days, I did not oppoſe him: but fearing leſt during thoſe two days ſome ſad conſequence might follow, I ſtayed with *Hermogenes*, and told him how it was, deſiring and conjuring him not to deny ſo ſmall a conſolation to his friend; and indeed *Hermogenes* promiſed me to take no notice of it, though the loſs of this Picture, did exceedingly trouble him. In the mean time *Tiſias* thought himſelf all happineſs; his marriage and *Hermogenes* his alſo, was publiſhed to be both in one day: and all preparations were providing to render the ſolemnities joyful: But during this while, *Beleſis*, *Hermogenes*, and *Cleodora* were not without their unquietudes. The firſt of theſe, as you may well imagine, had cauſe enough: *Hermogenes* alſo, though ready to marry *Cleodora*, yet thought himſelf not ſatisfied, becauſe he ſaw ſhe was extreamly melancholy: And *Cleodora* was as ſad as any, for though her heart was full of ſweet revenge upon *Beleſis*, yet ſhe was to be revenged upon him, by being revenged upon her ſelf: But whilſt they were all in their diſcontents, *Leoniſa*, whoſe ambition recompenſed the loſs of *Beleſis*, knowing that he was concealed in *Suſa*: And fearing, that it was only to be an obſtacle to her greatneſs, deſired *Tiſias* to move the Prince of *Suſa*, that he might be ſearched for, and ſecured: ſo that *Beleſis* hearing of this, and fearing to fall into the hands of a violent and incenſed Prince, reſolved to leave *Suſa*: but before he went, he heard that the marriages between *Tiſias* and *Leoniſa*, and between *Hermogenes*, and *Cleodora* were to be ſolemnized the day after: For my part, I went with him ſome two hundred furlongs out of *Suſa*; but I never in all my life ſaw ſo ſad a ſoul, as *Beleſis* had at that time: At parting, he gave Letters unto one of his ſervants,the one for *Cleodora*, the other for *Hermogenes*, with order to deliver them into their own hands before he departed: That which did a little perplex me at parting was, that I ſaw he ſent all his Train and Equipage into his own Country, with a Letter to his Father; and that he would retain none with him but one ſlave, having no mind to tell me what his deſign was, nor whither he went: In the mean time the meſſenger with the Letters did not fail in his Commiſſion. Since it was very early, for *Beleſis* went out of *Suſa* by break of day, he went unto *Hermogenes* before he went unto *Cleodora*, and gave him a letter, which was thus indited.

Beleſis

Beleſis *unto* Hermogenes.

I *Think you will not complain againſt me for taking* Cleodora's *Picture, ſince I leave you in poſſeſſion of* Cleodora *her ſelf: I cannot deny, but that if I had found any inclination in the heart of that fair One, to pardon me, I would have conteſted for her till death: and I confeſs my ſorrows to depart before I have given you ſome teſtimonies of my reſentments, for the troubles you have put me unto; yet ſince I have taken up a reſolution to puniſh none of all thoſe that were cauſes of my miſerable misfortune, I entreat you to acknowledge my moderation, and to let me make one requeſt unto you: which is, that when you are in poſſeſſion of* Cleodora, *you would not inſult over an unfortunate lover, whom you have made miſerable, and not put her in memory of that inconſtancy, whereof you your ſelf have been a confident. This is the only deſire which an unfortunate man will ever ask of you as long as he lives: who having found no compaſſion in the heart of his friend, nor ſweetneſs towards him in the mind of his Miſtreſs, will for ever renounce the ſociety of men and women.*

Beleſis.

Hermogenes received this Letter with ſome reſentment of tenderneſs, but for all that, he was not ſorry for the departure of *Beleſis:* and his hopes of marrying *Cleodora* the next morning, made him ſo full of joy, that he could not very much condole the misfortune of his friend. But as the Letter of *Beleſis* to *Hermogenes*, had no great operation upon his ſoul; yet that to *Cleodora* produced conſiderable effects: for it was ſo full of moving expreſſions, that unleſs her heart had been made of marble, it wou'd have moved compaſſion: and certainly it made ſuch a deep impreſſion in her mind, that when *Cleodora* ſhewed it unto me, I asked her a copy of it; and though I never read it but once, yet I ſhall never forget it; The words were theſe.

Beleſis *unto* Cleodora.

Madam,

I Have ſo well deſerved all the torments which I endure, that I cannot accuſe you of any Injuſtice: and I am ſo really repentant, that I do not think it fit to murmur againſt your goodneſs, though it would not grant me a pardon: In the mean time I reſpect you ſo much irreconcileable as you are, that I will not complain either againſt you, nor againſt Hermogenes, *nor any elſe but my ſelf: and to let you ſee that I ſhould have been faithful unto you, I promiſe you, to live in ſome place far from hence: I paſs my word that I will think of nothing elſe but you, all the reſt of my miſerable life: and ſince I became criminal by the ſight of One whom I ought not to have looked upon, but for the love of you, I will never look upon any whatſoever, but one ſervant which I will carry with me, to the end that when I am dead he may relate unto you the conſtancy of him whom you baniſhed for his inconſtancy. I am confident that if he be faithful, he will draw tears from your fair eyes, and will perhaps make you grieve for the death of him whoſe life you have made moſt miſerable.*

Beleſis.

When *Cleodora* received this Letter, her mind was extreamly unquieted and though ſhe was ready to marry *Hermogenes*, yet her ſweet deſire of revenge upon *Beleſis* was converted into extream ſorrow for him: and though ſhe exceedingly eſteemed *Hermogenes*, yet her ſoul not being able to love any but *Beleſis*, ſhe diſcovered, that notwithſtanding all her reſentments, and her anger againſt him, her heart was never quite diſingaged from him: ſhe received his letter with a bluſh, and opened it with extream beating of heart: ſhe began to read it with a ſigh, and ended it with a ſhower of tears: In ſhort, Sir, *Cleodora* ſaw ſhe could not marry *Hermogenes*, and that ſhe ſtill loved *Beleſis*: In the mean time all things were prepared for her marriage, and ſhe ſaw an impoſſibility of recalling *Beleſis*, Not knowing then what to do, ſhe deferred her marriage, purpoſely to conſider what was to be reſolved upon: and to that end ſhe fained her ſelf to be ſick, and went to bed. *Hermogenes* hearing this, he was exceedingly troubled, not only becauſe ſhe whom he loved was not well, and becauſe his happineſs was deferred, but alſo becauſe he had ſome ſuſpition of the truth: he went then to ſee *Cleodora* in all haſte, but he was told by orders from her, that ſhe was aſleep, yet he came ſo often, that ſhe was forced to let him ſee her, but ſhe ſpoke very little to him, and that ſhe did ſpeak was only in complaining of her ſickneſs, and pain, which ſhe did really endure, though it was of another nature then ſhe complained of: Thus the marriage of *Hermogenes* was to be put off for that day: And *Tiſias* more happy then he married *Leoniſa*, whoſe eyes though dazeled with the magnificence of all the preparations, yet ſometimes they were very melancholy that day of great jollity: yet very few obſerved them, for I only perceived it; As for *Hermogenes*, he was not preſent that day, though the whole Court was. But whilſt the Kings Palace was filled with joy, where the Prince of *Suſa* would have this marriage ſolemnized, *Cleodora* was in her bed: Sometimes ſhe repented that ſhe did not pardon *Beleſis*; otherwhiles, ſhe would blame her ſelf for treating *Hermogenes* ſo kindly; and preſently after, ſhe would approve of what a little before ſhe condemned, and paſſing from one thought into another, ſhe found reſt in none, eſpecially when ſhe conſidered that perhaps ſhe ſhould never ſee *Beleſis* again, who was the only man of all the world with whom ſhe thought ſhe could live happily: as rarely accompliſhed as *Hermogenes* was, ſhe then diſcovered a hundred things in his humour, which concurred not with hers; in concluſion, Sir, not to abuſe your patience too much, *Cleodora* paſſed over three days in ſuch horrible agitations of ſpirit, that ſhe thought it would coſt her either her life, or her wits: but at laſt being reſolved, what courſe to take, ſhe gave orders ſecretly for the execution of her intended deſign; and indeed did execute it as I ſhall tell you. Be pleaſed to know, Sir, that one morning as I was ready to go out of my lodging, I received a Letter from *Cleodora*, which deſired me to bring *Hermogenes* that ſame hour, unto the Temple of *Ceres*, which is not above thirty furlongs from the Town, whither ſhe went, to give thanks unto the Goddeſs, for a favour, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had received, during her ſickneſs. Then, Sir, be pleaſed to know further, that this Temple is kept by an hundred Virgins, who obſerve the ſame ceremonies which they at *Ecbatan* do, though they be not conſecrated with the ſame Goddeſs. I confeſs that at firſt, I had not any ſuſpition of *Cleodora*'s deſign, but went unto *Hermogenes*, unto whom I ſhewed the Letter which I received: but as for him, he was more clear-ſighted than I was, for as ſoon as he ſaw the Letter, he feared ſhe would take ſome deſperate reſolution: ſo that without any more delay, we took horſe, and went unto this Temple: as ſoon as we were alighted, they conducted us unto a chamber, which was ordained to receive ſtrangers; where we ſtayed a while: preſently we ſaw a door open out of the Cloiſter of the Virgins, out of which we ſaw *Cleodora* come accompanied with two women, but with ſuch a ſober melancholy in her aſpect, as would have tendered the moſt obdurate heart. *Hermogenes* alſo was ſo moved, ſo amazed, and ſo angry, that he had not power enough to expreſs his aſtoniſhment; after this ſhe came unto us, and after civil ſalutations ſhe did ſit down, and cauſed us to ſit by her: After this, ſhe began to ſpeak; I do not doubt (ſaid ſhe unto *Hermogenes*) but what I ſhall now ſay unto you, will trouble you: And I had a mind to let you know it in a place, where the reſpect due unto the Goddeſs of this place, will herhaps oblige you to receive it with more moderation. I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid *Hermogenes* unto her) do not put me to the utmoſt trial of my vertue; and I conſider well what you will tell me, whether I can hear it and live, or without loſing my wits and reaſon, and reſpect unto to ſacred things. Since I know by my own experience, that none ever dies of ſorrrow; and ſince I have a better opinion of your vertue and wiſdom, than your ſelf has, I ſhall not fear to tell you, what reſolution I have taken. Know then, ſaid *Cleodora*, that I ſhould be unworthy of your affection, if I ſhould marry you; for the diſcovery of my heart ſince the departure of *Beleſis*, lets me ſee, that I am not in a condition to make you happy: Why, Madam (ſaid *Hermogenes*, interrupting her) will you delude thoſe hopes which your ſelf did create in me? I ſhould delude them more, *replied ſhe*, if I ſhould go about to ſatisfie them, ſince then I ſhould attempt a thing above my power. For to tell you truly, I have theſe three laſt days, continually conteſted for you againſt my ſelf, and could not overcome; ſo that ſeeing it was impoſſible to give you my affection, ſince I had given it to *Beleſis*, and by conſequence, ſhould make you miſerable, and augment my own ſorrows; I thought it moſt expedient for me, to diſingage my ſelf from all the world, and wholly devote the reſt of my days unto the Goddeſs which is adored in this place. This *Hermogenes*, is that which I had to tell you, and it is your part to teſtifie by your voluntary conſent unto it, that you have more vertue than love.

Ah, Madam, replyed he, I am not able to endure this, but I muſt murmur and oppoſe it, with all my power. I would not adviſe you to do ſo, replyed ſhe, ſince if you do, it will be in vain. But, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) if it be ſo, that you love *Beleſis* ſtill, why did you not pardon him? and if you do not love him, why will you not accompliſh my happineſs? Do not force me (replyed ſhe) to make a preciſe relation of what hath paſſed in my heart, for ſince I am reſolutely determined to forget all my follies, I will not revive them in my memory: The truth is, I will never return again to *Suſa:* Perhaps, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) that during the time that you are but a probationer, and before you engage your ſelf for ever, your mind will change: I do not think it, (replyed ſhe) for it is not my cuſtom to change my mind; and if I ever change, it ſhall be in favour of *Hermogenes*: For Heavens ſake, Madam, (ſaid he unto her being tranſported with ſorrow and deſpair) do not ſhut up your ſelf in this place; if it be (added he) becauſe you do not think me worthy of that honour which your parents would confer upon me; though you would deprive me of that happineſs, yet do not deprive the world of its chiefeſt ornament: Believe me *Hermogenes*, my fate hath called me to this place, and there is no remedy you can uſe to prevent it; as *Hermogenes* was going to anſwer, the ſame door through which *Cleodora* came unto us, opened the ſecond time: and the Governeſs of theſe ſacred Virgins appeared all in white, holding a ſheaf of gold in her hand, accompanied with a great number of Virgins in the ſame habit, holding every one of them, apples of gold in their hand: As ſoon as they were all come out and ranked behind the Governeſs, ſhe called *Cleodora*: who leaving us, and deſiring us to acquaint her Aunt that ſhe was in that place; and after ſhe had make a low conge to *Hermogenes* with tears in her eyes, ſhe went towards that door, whom ſhe who kept the door received in: all the Virgins beginning to ſing hymns unto the honour of *Ceres*, as ſoon as ſhe was entered and the door ſhut. But, Oh, Heavens, how doleful was that ſong unto *Hermogenes*, and in what a pittiful plight was he in? In the mean time there was no remedy but complaints; for there was no poſſibility of procuring any more conference, either with *Cleodora*, whom they carried into the temple, nor with any of the Virgins. But we were conſtrained to return unto *Suſa*, and report this ſtrange ſtory: and never ſince, Sir, was it poſſible for *Hermogenes*, to ſee *Cleodora*; yet we underſtood by one of the ſacrificers, that ſince ſhe came into that place, ſhe never enquired of any worldly buſineſs, except it were ſome times, ſhe would ask if any knew in what part of the world *Beleſis* lived; or in what part he died? But as none could inform her what was become of him, ſhe was nothing ſatisfied: yet we were told ſhe ſomething joyed to know, he was not returned into his own country, which made us think ſhe had rather be her ſelf miſerable, than to know that he was happy: Yet for all this, ſhe lived a moſt ſtrict and exact life, and as regular to the orders, as any of the moſt ancient Virgins of the temple, though ſhe had yet ſix months to be as a propationer, before ſhe made her laſt vows. This, Sir, was the adventure of *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes*: and I have no more to tell you, unleſs that *Hermogenes* ſince *Cleodora* took this reſolution, was a hundred and a hundred times at deaths door with ſorrow: but beginning inſenſibly to conſider, that he himſelf was in ſome ſort a cauſe of her recluſement, and of his friends loſs, reaſon began to revive in his heart; his paſſion by degrees grew leſs violent: and I have heard him wiſh divers times that he were able to call back *Beleſis*, whom we thought to be dead in ſome unknown country: and therefore I cannot chuſe but wonder that he ſhould quarrel with *Beleſis* when he firſt met with him: doubtleſs it muſt need be *Cleodora*'s picture which *Beleſis* took from him; the ſight whereof did ſurpriſe his reaſon as well as his eyes, which was the cauſe of it, ſince I am very certain that he preſerved a good opinion, and much friendſhip for him, eſpecially ſince his love to *Cleodora* began to leſſen.

Alcenor having ended, *Cyrus* was well ſatisfied with his relation, and gave him thanks: *Panthea*, *Araminta*, *Abradates*, and *Mazares* did alſo thank him: afterwards upon examination of the matter, they could not conceive it any great piece of difficulty, to reconcile thoſe two enemies. For ſince *Hermogenes* could live without *Cleodora*, and that his love to her was leſſened, doubtleſs it was fit for him to yield unto *Beleſis*, whoſe love was rather augmented then leſſened: they conceived alſo that as for the Picture, it was juſt it ſhould remain in the hands of him unto whom *Cleodora* gave it, and that if *Hermogenes* could not conſent to renounce *Cleodora*, then to let that fair one know *Beleſis* was alive, and loved her ſtill, and that *Hermogenes* loved her alſo: and that afterwards whether ſhe would remain ſtill in that place, or chuſe one of them for her husband, they ſhould conform their wills thereunto accordingly, and become friends: but the beſt of the ſtory is, when *Alcenor* went to *Beleſis*, with intention to acquaint him that *Cleodora* had not married *Hermogenes*; he found them talking together, having both of them deſired their guards that they might meet: ſo that *Beleſis* underſtanding that *Hermogenes* had not married her, his animoſity againſt him ſo vaniſhed, that he was full of tender expreſſions in words to him: making a ſhort relation of the miſerable life he had led: and ſo that *Hermogenes* being exceedingly moved with it, and conſidering that he was the cauſe of all his miſeries, reſolved to overcome himſelf, and conſented to uſe his beſt endeavours to get *Cleodora* out of her Cloiſter: Since *Alcenor* was friend unto them both, he embraced them with much joy; and carried them into *Panthea*'s Chamber, more to thank the company for their patience in hearing their Adventures; than to be reconciled by them, ſince they had compoſed all differences themſelves. Yet notwithſtanding *Cyrus* willed them to promiſe the Queen of *Suſiana* that they would live lovingly together: and ſo they did very willingly: Afterwards *Cyrus* and *Mazares*, accompanied with *Beleſis*, and all that followed him thither, returned to the Camp. In the way thither, *Chriſantes* brought a man unto *Cyrus*, whom he thought to be a ſpie, and upon whom they found a Letter directed unto the Princeſs *Araminta*. This did conſtantly affirm, that he was not ſent to know any thing concerning the Army, but only with a Letter to the Princeſs of *Pontus*: *Cyrus* taking this Letter, but not opening it, asked him from whom it came? but he anſwered he could not tell: All he knew was, that a man unknown to him, came into *Heraclea* where he dwelt, as it appeared by his language, and taking him aſide, offered him a great recompence if he would undertake to carry a Letter unto the Princeſs *Araminta*, and a greater if he brought him back an anſwer; and told him that he would expect his return about eight days hence, and would be every morning by ſun-riſe at the Temple, expecting the ſucceſs of his voyage: *Cyrus* knowing by the ingenuity of him who ſpoke, that he lyed not, did not ſet any guard upon him; but to teſtifie the reſpect he owed unto the Princeſs *Araminta*, did ſend this Letter unto that Princeſs, and never opened it: Commanding *Chriſantes*, who had orders to carry it, to obſerve her countenance whilſt ſhe read it: and in obedience to this command he went unto the Princeſs, and delivered the Letter: which as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw the ſuperſcription, ſhe knew it to be the hand of *Spitridates*, ſo that opening it with extream deſire to know where *Spitridates* was, ſhe read theſe words.

The Unfortunate Spitridates, *unto the Princeſs* Araminta.

Madam,

WHat ſorrows ſoever I ſuffered, yet I do declare in the frontiſpiece of my Letter, that I do not intend to complain againſt you; but to obſerve all thoſe due reſpects which I ever rendred unto you; and if in the ſequel of my diſcourſe any unbecoming word drop from my pen, it is againſt my will: After this, Madam, I ſhall not doubt, to let you know the adventures of an unfortunate man who has no ſhare in your affection, and ſhall tell you, that the Priſon in which my Father keeps me for the love of you, they cannot torment me more than by telling me every day, that you have conquered the Conqueror of all Aſia; *And if I durſt, without offence, ſpeak it, your heart is more illuſtrious in that victory, and more ſecure. I beſeech you, Madam, do but imagine how inſupportable is my impriſonment, in hearing how kind you are to him by a hundred particular circumſtances: Yet I would not reſolve upon* *death, till I had it under your hand that you have changed your thoughts, methinks I owe ſo much reſpect unto thoſe aſſurances of fidelity which you were pleaſed to honour me with, as not to condemn you before you anſwered for your ſelf: Not that I do think you perfidious maugre all reports: But, Madam, that which moſt of all perplexeth me is, that knowing I reſemble* Cyrus, *I know not how you can look upon him without a remembrance of unfortunate* Spitridates: *and I know not how you can remember him but you muſt alſo remember my loyal love, This reſemblance 'twixt* Cyrus *and my ſelf is not at all in our fortunes as in our faces: for he is happy, I am miſerable: he is with you, I am abſent: he a Conqueror, I a Captive: He can command moſt of all* Aſia, *but I cannot command my ſelf: But yet for all this, Madam, this Prince does all his actions more for his own than your glory: whereas on the contrary, I have renounced all mine to do you ſervice: I have forſaken Crowns, ſuffered baniſhment and impriſonment: and to ſpeak all in few words, I have done all I could and conſequently all I ought: Ah, I wiſh with all my ſoul, Madam, that you could ſay as much, and ſay truly: However, ſince I never had the leaſt deſire of life, but only to do you ſervice: And ſince I ought not to enjoy it unleſs you will look favourably upon me, I beſeech you be ſo generous as to pronounce my death under your hand, that I may have the glory of dying in obaying you.*

Spitridates.

The Princeſs *Araminta* bluſhed all the while ſhe read this Letter, and *Chriſantes* did ſo ſeriouſly obſerve her, that he made no queſtion but it was a Letter of ſome importance, though he could not imagine the truth: But whilſt he was gueſſing at it, the Princeſs of *Pontus* call'd for her dear *Heſeonida* to ſhew her this Letter, her ſelf not being able to contain her wonder at the contents of it, nor well knowing whether or no, ſhe ſhould let *Cyrus* ſee it, becauſe her modeſty made a ſcruple of it. But *Hiſeonida* upon ſerious conſideration of the buſineſs, and how he had ſent this Letter unopened unto her, ſhe thought it but fit ſhe ſhould truſt him with the ſecret of it. Moreover this Princeſs knowing very well how groſly *Spitridates* was miſtaken, and that *Cyrus* was as conſtant unto the Princeſs *Mandana* as her ſelf was unto the Prince of *Bythynia*, ſhe reſolved to let him ſee it, leſt he ſhould imagin it to be of another nature than it was: ſo that without further delay, ſhe writ theſe lines.

Araminta *unto* Cyrus.

Sir,

It is fit my confidence in you ſhould equal your civility: and ſince you would not open that Letter which by the laws of war you very well might, I will ſhew you one which I ought to conceal, if I did not think you as diſcreet as you are generous. You may judge by it, Sir, after you have read it, how ingenuous fortune is to perſecute me, ſince unleſs you will be pleaſed to lend me your helping hand you will augment my miſeries: I beſeech you pardon the crime of unfortunate Spitridates, *in thinking you to be guilty of one, and help me to lament his miſeries and to ſweeten mine: you may if you pleaſe, Sir, ſend back this Letter unto me by him who brought it, to the end I may know a little better, in what condition that unfortunate Prince is;*

Araminta.

This Princeſs had no ſooner done writing, but ſhe incloſed the Letter of *Spitridates* in her own, and ſealing them up gave them both unto *Chriſantes*, who returned to his Maſter after he had received as much civility as the perplexities of that Princeſs would permit her: After which, ſhe began to repeat all his misfortunes, with reſenting aggravations. In the mean while *Cyrus*, who longed for an occaſion to oblige her, as ſoon as he had read the Letter of *Spitridates* and her own, did ſend it back unto her by him that brought it, and anſwered her in theſe terms.

Cyrus *unto the Princeſs* Araminta.

Madam,

Since the laws of war ought never to contradict thoſe reſpects which are due unto perſons of your Quality and virtue, doubtleſs I have done no more than what I was bliged unto: But for your part, Madam, you have gone ar beyond what might be required at your hands. All I can ſay unto you by way of gratitude for the confidence you have in my diſcretion, is to aſſure you, hat the Prince is only miſtaken in Name, when he ſpeaks unto you of that affection, which your merit hath planted in my heart, ſince certainly my ove of you is as perfectly pure, as his love s conſtant: I am confident, Madam, that what I ow ſay, will not offend you, but that you will e pleaſed, if I conjure you ſo to tranſact with Spiridates *(whoſe virtue makes me admire him) that he will look upon me as his friend, as I am reſolved to be, nd already am, that ſo juſtifying me, you may thereby juſtifie your ſelf alſo: And in the interim I promiſe you, naugre the hatred which doubtleſs he conceives againſt ne, that I will be very careful of reſtoring him unto his iberty, as ſoon as ever the Gods have made me ſo happy as to releaſe the Princeſs* Mandana.

Cyrus.

This Letter being given unto him who brought that f *Spitridates*, he was conducted unto the Princeſs, who made no queſtion of being by him fully informed of the fortune and condition of that Prince: But ſhe was aſtoniſhed when ſhe found he did not know o much as that he was a Priſoner: He could only tell her, that about ſome months ſince, there were ſome riſoners brought from *Heraclea* in the night time, nd that they were cloſely kept, but he could not ell who they were: Then ſhe asked him what was reported of *Spitridates?* to which he anſwered, that one knew what was become of him, and that all the eople both in *Pontus* and *Bythinia* did much lament him.

After this, ſhe enquired concerning *Arbianes* and *Ariſtheus*, who he ſaid were in health: So that ſince ſhe could not receive any further ſatisfaction from him, ſhe reſolved not only to ſend him back with a Letter, but alſo to ſend one of her ſervants with him, to ſpeak with the man who was to meet him in the Temple of *Heraclea*: Then without more delay, the Princeſs *Araminta* writ unto *Spitridates*, and chuſing out a ſervant to ſend back with him who brought the Letter, ſhe recompenſed him in an ample manner: for though ſhe was a priſoner, yet ſuch was the Generoſity of *Cyrus*, as he allowed her whatſoever ſhe pleaſed: In the mean time, the treaty concerning the exchange of this Princeſs for the Prince *Artamas* went ſlowly on: For *Crœſſus* did ſo delay the buſineſs, as that there was not one Article reſolved upon a day before the Treaty was to end: *Cyrus* no ſooner conſented unto any thing, but *Crœſſus* raiſed a new difficulty in the buſineſs: And his ſecret deſign to gain time, did ſo manifeſtly appear, that though it concerned the liberty of the Prince *Artamas*, yet the King of *Phrygia* was the firſt that told *Cyrus*, it was not fit to treat any longer with ſuch a Prince as was not ſincere in his buſineſs: and the rather, becauſe it was reported there was great joy in the Army of *Crœſſus*, for the arrival of ſome Egyptian forces, which were reported to be commanded by a Prince of a moſt gallant deportment. So that perceiving this Treaty was only a colour whereby to protract the war: It was reſolved to prolong it no longer, what propoſitions ſoever the enemies made, yet would not *Cyrus* break it until the laſt minute of it was expired: but as ſoon as ever that was, and the Commiſſioners for treaty on both ſides being come back, *Cyrus* renewed the war; And began to draw up his forces, to paſs over the river *Halis*, at that paſſage where the Brother of *Andramites* commanded: And ſince there was in that place, a great and ſtately Caſtle, as ſoon as the Army had paſſed over the river, and the Forlorn hope of *Cyrus* had beaten back the ſcouts of *Crœſſus*, to the very walls of *Sardis*, *Cyrus* cauſed the Queen of *Suſiana*, the Princeſs *Araminta*, and all the reſt of the Ladies to be brought into that Caſtle, to the end that *Abradates* might not be troubled to paſs over the river, when he went to ſee *Panthea*: In the mean time this great ſoul which was capable of many things at once, in the midſt of all his amorous ſufferings, was as vigilant as any young ambitious man, and as prudent as any old weather-beaten Captain, he did not only know how many troops he had, what ammunition, and what magazins, and artillery, but he knew alſo who commanded every particular ſquadron, and who was fitteſt to be truſted in any dangerous expedition: he knew the capacities of every Captain, even to the perſonal valour of every private Souldier; ſo that when he drew up his army into Battalia, every one was ranked in ſuch a place as was fitteſt for him: but whilſt his diligence was in the ordering of every thing, it was much murmured in the army, that *Araſpes* ſhould revolt unto the enemy, and intelligence was one day brought unto him, when the Kings of *Phrygia*, and *Hircania*, *Tigranes*, *Mazares*, and many others were preſent, that this *Araſpes* was the only adviſer of *Crœſſus* how to rank his men in the day of battel; and as ſome priſoners which were taken were brought unto *Cyrus*, and as he asked them, how they thought *Crœſſus* would order his army? they anſwered they heard ſay, that all would be diſpoſed according to the counſel of a certain *Medean* who was come unto their ſide, and who adviſed them to alter that order which they were accuſtomed to obſerve.

The Priſoners had no ſooner given this anſwer, but every one knew it was *Araſpes* they ſpake of: but they were all much amazed to ſee *Cyrus* in lieu of being angry againſt him, only ſmil'd and ſaid, that he wiſhed this *Medean* in his power. Yet he had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but without any further reflection upon it he called a councel of war, to conſult upon the buſineſs in general, yet there did not need any where *Cyrus* was: for he ſo ſtrengthened his advice with ſuch and ſo many prevalent reaſons, that none ever oppoſed him: ſo that the Kings of *Aſſyria, Phrygia, Hircania, Suſiana*, and *Mazares, Tigranes, Perſodes, Phraartes, Gobrias, Gadates, Anaxaris*, and every one referring all things to his conduct: he began to conſider of all things requiſite for the march of his Troops, and for the day of battle; in order to that he cauſed all the officers of his Army to come before him, and gave every one of them his particular order what to do: ſo that their buſineſs was only to obey his orders, and that was enough: it is your care, (ſaid he unto the Captains) to incloſe the worſt of your ſouldiers with the beſt, that their valour may on all ſides be exemplary, and keep them from running away: Afterwards, he commanded the Captains what confidence ſoever they had in their men, yet to exhort them unto their duty, and be ſure to puniſh cowards: telling them, that the only way to make their Souldiers invincible, was to make their Souldiers to ſtand in more fear of their Commanders, than of their Enemies; after that, he gave all neceſſary orders for the march of his Artillery and Baggage; as well as for the Chariots of War: he ordered how the Regiments ſhould march one after another, and was very circumſpect that none ſhould be diſpleaſed with his employment, he took order for the Archers which were to be carried in thoſe Chariots, aſſigning every one in all this great Army his particular duty, and his ſoul was of ſuch a large capacity, as made it apparent that he could govern the whole Univerſe with as much eaſe as others could a private family. This one thing he did eſpecially recommend unto all his Officers, that thoſe that were of the Rere-guard ſhould always keep themſelves in as ready a poſture to fight, as if they were in the front of the Battle. All things being thus ordered, and it being reſolved to march the next morning, *Cyrus* the night before went to take his leave of the Princeſs accompanied with moſt of any quality in the Army, and amongſt the reſt thoſe that had neareſt relation unto that place, as *Phraartes, Andramites*, and *Ligdamis*: who knowing that *Crœſſus* would ſurprize the Caſtle of *Hermes*, and that his Father who was Governour, would be forced to declare himſelf, he made no difficulty at all in fighting for *Cyrus*, ſince ſo many other *Lydians* would be in his Army. *Cyrus*, being full of generous civility, told all the Ladies in general, that he would do all he could to prevent their ſhedding of tears after the Victory which he hoped to obtain, aſſuring the Princeſs *Araminta* for her particular, that he would not fail in any thing he had promiſed: *Cyrus* had that night as much joy in his aſpect as might eaſily perſwade unto a belief of a happy ſucceſs in that battel which he was to fight; *Panthea* alſo added unto the hopes of it, imagining he knew well enough that his enemies were not ſo ſtrong as they gave out, but he told her, that on the contrary he underſtood there was an extraordinary gallant Egyptian Prince come unto his Enemies, and that the Prince of *Myſia* was alſo arrived at *Sardis*, and further, that a valiant *Jonian* Commander, called *Arimaſpes*, was come with Auxiliaries to the aid of *Crœſſus*: but ſince the valiant *Abradates* is on my ſide (ſaid he) and ſince *Juſtice* is alſo on our ſide, I ſhall not deſpair of Victory: but I ſhall have this conſolation at the leaſt, that I will either get the Victory or die: After this, he took his leave of them, and all the reſt of the Ladies, every one of them commending his civility, and praying for his proſperity. Yet *Phraartes* could not obtain one ſmile from the Princeſs *Araminta*, whoſe ſorrows for the priſonment of *Spitridates*, and fears of the battel were ſo great, that ſhe hardly took any notice of him: As for *Ligdamis*, he received all imaginable expreſſions of tenderneſs from his dear *Leoniſa*: but for *Andramites*, he ſaw *Doraliſa* only in terms of civility, yet he did not think himſelf altogether miſerable, ſince ſhe looked ſo well as in terms of civility upon him: In the mean time, *Abradates* took not his laſt leave till the next morning: But as he was ready to put on his Arms which he uſed to wear, *Panthea* ſent him a moſt magnificent ſute which ſhe had ſecretly cauſed to be made, and which ſhe trimmed up with all her jewels; His helmet glittered with abundance of rich Diamonds, and had a plume of purple colour; the reſt of the arms were ſutably rich, and of the ſame colour with his plume: So that *Abradates* wondering to ſee a ſtately ſute of arms, began his thanks unto his dear *Panthea*, by complaining againſt her for dreſſing his arms with her jewels, which were for her ſelf at a feaſt of rejoycing after the Victory. I have ſo great an opinion of your Valour (ſaid ſhe unto him) and we are ſo indebted unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, that I thought it requiſite you ſhould wear very remarkable arms, to the end your glorious acts may the more eaſily be diſcerned by him in the day of battel: But for all the courage of *Panthea*, ſhe could not pronounce theſe words without a ſhower of tears: ſhe endeavoured to hide them, leſt *Abradates* ſhould take them as a ſad Omen, nor would that Prince take notice of them, leſt it ſhould too much melt her heart and his own: but many expreſſions of an inviolable eternal affection paſſed between them: and he promiſed ſo to acquit himſelf in the ſight of *Cyrus*, as ſhould become him, ſo that inſenſibly ingaging themſelves in a diſcourſe of *Cyrus*, they did infinitely commend him for his civil uſage of them, *Panthea* making the time as long as ſhe could before they bad this cruel adieu, purpoſely the longer to enjoy the ſight of her dear *Abradates*, who was never ſo handſome, and gallant as in this glorious ſute of arms. But the time did come that he muſt leave her, and he embraced his dear *Panthea*, and then pronouncing the word adieu, he went out of her chamber, to mount into a moſt magnificent Chariot of war which waited for him at the Caſtle-gate, *Panthea* following him with all the reſt of the Ladies which were Priſoners. And he eſpying her with ſuch a ſadneſs in his countenance as was not ſuitable to his great and heroique ſoul, he went back unto her, and taking her by her fair hand, which he kiſſed with a ſad dovotion, and being deſirous ſhe would go in again, I pray unto the gods, (cryed he out) I may behave my ſelf as one that is worthy to be *Panthea*'s husband, and *Cyrus* his friend, after which conjuring her once more to retire, he left her, and went haſtily into his Chariot: but ſhe was not retired till he was quite out of ſight, he ſtill looking upon her as long as he could. But as if the conſtancy of *Panthea* had been inſpired that ſhe ſhould never ſee him again, ſhe ſounded, and her women were forced to carry her to bed.

In the mean time, never was ſuch a glorious ſight as this Army, for not only *Cyrus*, the king of *Aſſyria*, *Mazares*, and all the reſt of the Princes were moſt magnificently armed; but there was not a common ſouldier, which ſhined not in his arms: ſo that the ſun ſhining that day without a cloud, made the march of this army the moſt glorious ſight that ever eye beheld. All the Cavalry had marrions of burniſh Braſs, with white feathers, their ſuits of arms carnation colour, and their lances all gilt or imbroidered. As for *Cyrus* his arms were the ſame of gold, which he wore that day he gained the victory over the King of *Aſſyria*: the horſe he rid on, had alſo the honour to ſerve him in many of his victories, and particularly in that: ſo that the King of *Aſſyria* knowing theſe armies, he ſighed, and could not chuſe to ſay unto *Cyrus*, I pray Heavens, (ſaid he unto him) that thoſe arms which now you wear, prove as fortunate againſt *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus*, as they did againſt me, and I beſeech the Gods I may make better uſe of mine this day then I did on that. You did ſuch glorious things that day, (replyed *Cyrus* modeſtly) that if fortune had not been your foe, *Ciaxares* had not been conquerour, and therefore I have greater hopes this day in your valour than in mine own. Then *Mazares*, *Tigranes*, *Phraartes*, *Anaxares*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, and all the volunteers coming unto him, he commanded that all the army ſhould march: he himſelf did lead up the vanguard with the King of *Aſſyria*, unto whom he gave the right hand, and offered him the command of it: *Hidaſpes* commanded the main body of the battel, wherein were all the Homotimes: the King of *Phrygia* the rare Guard: and *Abradates* all the Chariots of war, which made a diſtinct body of it ſelf: *Cyrus* then beginning to advance, having firſt ſent out ſcouts to diſcover the enemy, gave motion to this huge body, who with one wink diſperſed ſpirits into it. *Crœſſus* alſo and the King of *Pontus* prepared for a general combate, and neglected nothing that might get a victory. 'Tis true, there was a vaſt difference between theſe two armies: for hope was in that of *Cyrus*, and fear was in the *Lydian* Kings. Not that he was any thing inferiour in numbers, eſpecially ſince the arrival of the Egyptian Auxiliaries, and of thoſe forces which the Prince of *Myſſia* and *Arimaſpes* brought up: but the very name of *Cyrus* was grown ſo terrible every where, that it was no ſooner known in the camp of *Crœſſus* this Prince was come over the river *Halis*, but fear ſeiſed upon the hearts of all his ſouldiers, and the night following their frontier Guards gave many falſe alarmes to their own ſide, for they apprehended ſuch fears as made them believe they ſaw what they ſaw not, ſo that they ſtood all night in their arms. *Crœſſus* then fearing leſt this general terrour ſhould grow to be one of thoſe panick fears which hath ruined whole armies, without a blow, reſolved to expreſs ſome courage, and and by his example to infuſe it into others, that he might meet *Cyrus*: ſo that the morning after, he diſencamped, and advanced a little beyond *Thybarra*, at the ſame time *Cyrus* was drawing towards him: ſo that theſe two huge armies encamped that night within fifty furlongs of each other. *Cyrus* becauſe he would not be ſurpriſed, paſſed over all that night without any ſleep: and the King of *Aſſyria* and *Mazares* being as vigilant as he, they were witneſſes of the pains he took in every thing, and how he neglected nothing that might obtain a victory. In the mean time theſe three illuſtrious Rivals ſpent all the night together in one Tent, but with different thoughts, though *Mandana* was the only object of them all. As for *Cyrus* his certainty of *Mandana's* love, maugre all the menaces of the Gods, afforded him many hours of joy amidſt his ſufferings: whereas on the contrary, the King of *Aſſyria*, maugre the favourable Oracle which he received at *Babylon*, knowing he was not loved, and that *Cyrus* was many times poſſeſſed with ſuch fits of fury, as he had much ado to maſter them. *Mazares*, though his thoughts were leſs violent, yet was his ſorrow a heavy load upon his heart, for when he began to conſider, how he had impoſed upon himſelf a neceſſity of never pretending further than to the friendſhip of *Mandana*, he knew not whether he was able to keep within thoſe limits which he had preſcribed unto himſelf: On the other ſide, the King of *Pontus* thought himſelf as miſerable as any, eſpecially when he conſidered that it was not a Victory could make him happy, ſince when he had conquered *Cyrus*, he could not conquer *Mandana*, unto whom he had not ſpoke one word of the battel towards, leſt it ſhould trouble her too much: For it may well be ſaid, never was raviſher leſs violent, and more reſpective than himſelf: So that *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis* not knowing they were ready to fight for their liberties, did both condole and comfort each other. Yet was *Mandana* verry ſorry ſhe did not credit *Mazares*, for ſhe underſtood by *Cyleniſa* how that Prince was really gone unto *Cyrus*. The Prince *Artamas* for his part, he did ſuffer unconceivable torments of mind, not only by reaſon of his own impriſonment, but for the Princeſs *Palmis*, and in thinking upon the Battel which was ready to be given: Yet as brave as he was, he was ſomething glad that he was not to be in it, becauſe the Princeſs *Palmis* could not hereafter upbraid him for fighting againſt the King her Father. But as reſtleſs as theſe three, nay all theſe Illuſtrious Perſons were, I think it may truly be ſaid, that *Cyrus* being moſt amorous, was moſt tormented, or at leaſt moſt diligent to obtain the Victory: For no ſooner did *Aurora* begin to gild the clouds from the Eaſt, than he awaked all his

Camp, by ſound of Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, and Howboys: So that all this vaſt Army, was in a moment in their arms, and ranked under their Colours, and ready to obey their General; who being as full of Piety as valour, commanded a Sacrifice to be offered unto the Gods, and to beg Victory from them; and willed the Sacrificers to uſe no other Ceremonies than after the *Perſian* cuſtom: ſo that the *Magi*, who made preparations for this Ceremony, made choice of a Hill, which was in the midſt of the Camp, to ſacrifice unto the Sun, which they called, *Ocoſmades*, and unto *Venus Urania*, whom they called *Mitra*, and unto *Jupiter*; *Cyrus* making choice of theſe three divinities, to the end that *Jupiter* might give him power to vanquiſh; that the Sun might ſhine upon his Victory; and that *Venus Urania* might favour his deſign of *Mandana*'s releaſment: Since the *Perſians* never uſe to ſacrifice, but under the Canopy of Heaven, nor to dreſs up any Magnificent Altars, nor light any Fire, nor uſe any Crowns of flowers: the Ceremony was not long, for the Sacrificers do nothing but put a wreath of Myrtle upon their heads, and carry the Victims up to the Hill they make choice of: and there they invoke the Gods unto whom they ſacrifice, and according to the *Perſian* Cuſtom, which is never to make any prayers but for all the *Perſians* in general, excepting for their King, they ask of thoſe Divinities all that may be glorious unto their Nation, and by conſequence Victory: Afterwards they pray for all their army, and for *Ciaxares* only in particular: *Cyrus* deſiring to make no diſtinction between *Perſians* and others: In the mean time, how early ſoever the *Magi* were, thoſe of *Crœſſus* were before them: 'Tis true, it was in a different manner: For ſince he and the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Myſſia*, and all the other great Commanders, had obſerved that their Souldiers ſtood in fear of their enemies, and that the very name of *Cyrus* ſtruck a terror into them, they were themſelves afraid leſt this panick fear ſhould put their army into diſorder: Therefore ſince they were to fight a deciding battle, they thought beſt to infuſe mettle into their men by ſome rules of religion. And in order to that, they brought into uſe an ancient ſacrifice uſed in wars, in the time when *Heraclides* raigned in *Lydia*: and about two hours after midnight, they make ready their Altars in the midſt of the Camp, all the Souldiers being drawn about them as in Battle aray: After this, they make about theſe Altars twelve fires, which ſhews unto the Souldiers a great number of Victims, which the Sacrificers kill before them: About theſe Altars, fires, and bloody Victims, ſtand two hundred men with ſwords drawn in their hands: After which, theſe men do ſwear all the Officers, never to leave fighting untill they have met with death or victory; then they call all the Souldiers one by one, and make them promiſe and ſwear with moſt terrible Imprecations upon themſelves and their poſterity, to be obedient unto all that *Creſſus*, or their Officers ſhall command them: and never to flee from battle, but every one to kill his fellow that ſhall offer to give ground before victory be obtained, and if there were any which out of fear of ſuch a ſtrange ſacrifice, would not ſwear, theſe men with ſwords in their hands were to kill them; and by this cruel example to affright the reſt to promiſe what was deſired them, though perhaps they had no intention to keep it: yet notwithſtanding ſince ſuch things as theſe do extreamly move the hearts of the multitude, the Souldiers in the Army of *Crœſſus* in general, did believe they ſhall become more valiant after this Ceremony: ſo that hopes ſucceeding their fears; the Army of *Crœſſus* began to be confident of happy ſucceſs in Battle.

However, the King of *Lydia* did not truſt more to the multitude of his men, then he did of ſome advantages which might be taken, and therefore he advanced to *Hyberra*, ſo that *Cyrus* was much amazed, when after his ſacrifices ended, and day began to break he ſaw his enemies removed from the place he thought them to be, conceiving that they had poſſeſſed themſelves of a place of great advantage for themſelves: and the very truth is, if this Prince had not been full as wiſe as he was valiant, he had expoſed his Army to an inevitable ruine. *Thyberra* was a Town of an indifferent largeneſs, ſeated upon a pleaſant Hill, ſome thirty furlongs from *Sardis*: at the foot of this hill ran a little river, which running round the walls made the acceſs very difficult; So that it ſeemed, *Crœſſus* thought he ſtood in need of all advantages to deal with ſuch a Prince as *Cyrus* was. As this Hero was ever uſed to ſeek his enemies, and never to turn his back upon them, he drew up into battalia upon another hill, oppoſite to that which *Crœſſus* poſſeſſed, and ſeemed ſo exceedingly deſirous to be fighting, that he ſtood in need of all his prudence, to ſtop the heat of that courage, which deſired to hazard all than not fight. Yet upon better conſideration, finding that if he loſt this Battle his glory would receive a foil, and *Mandana* would not be releaſed: He examined the matter a little better. He ſaw that the right wing of *Crœſſus* was ſheltred with the Town of *Thyberra*, which on that ſide was naturally fortified by the fall of many Torrents which time had made ſo deep and impetuous, that the paſſages were not fordable: *Cyrus* alſo ſaw that the main body of his enemies was moſt judiciouſly placed, ſo that more advantage could not be deviſed: For indeed it was in a little wood, which nature had ſo intrenched, that all art could not mend it: As for his left wing, it alſo had poſſeſſion of another Hill, the acceſs unto which was through many ditches: ſo that it were fond imprudence to fight upon ſuch advantages, eſpecially ſince *Crœſſus* was more numerous than himſelf. The King of *Lydia* hoped that *Cyrus* would have done as he did at *Artaxates*, and in *Aſſyria*: ſo that *Cyrus* hazarding all, and he nothing, he might chance get the victory. But ſince prudence will alter thoughts according to occaſions, *Cyrus* who did hazard all in *Armenia* to deliver *Mandana* where he might well in reaſon do it, would not do ſo in *Lydia*, where he ſhould hazard the loſs of *Mandana* and the victory alſo: yet he uſed all poſſible ſtratagems to make *Crœſſus* quit the ground he was in poſſeſſion of, and to provoke him to fight upon reaſonable terms. It may truly he ſaid, all military Art was uſed upon this occaſion, to draw his enemy out of his holds, ſo that every day both Armies had continually skirmiſhes, though *Cyrus* could not engage his enemy in a main Battel: In the mean while, the place where he was encamped was very incommodious for him, for his enemies being Maſter of the little river which ran by *Thyberra*, he wanted drink both for horſe and man, and likewiſe all manner of forrage. *Cyrus* then reſolving to diſincamp, reſolved to quarter near *Pactolus*, where his Army might have plenty of all proviſions, which he wanted in the quarters he quitted, and where he might obſerve the motion of his enemies, which way ſoever they moved, and force them to fight if they ſtirred: the queſtion was, whether they ſhould remove in the night, or in the day time: for though prudence told *Cyyus* it ſhould be in the night, yet his great ſoul would not permit him: his chief reaſon why he deſired to follow the motions of his courage was, becauſe he was in hope *Crœſus* would follow him, and ſo he ſhould face about and fight him. But ſince there was ſome danger in that attempt, and that good ſucceſs was doubtful, he reſolved upon an honourable Retreat, in the face of an Army much ſtronger than himſelf, and commanded by Princes expert in command: ſo that at break of day his firſt Brigade began to march, the ſecond followed; afterwards the Artillery and Chariots marched in the head of the Infantry.

The Orders of *Cyrus* were ſo well executed, that the Retreat was without diſorder, except the firſt Brigade of the right wing, wherein *Cyrus* was, becauſe the left wing of *Crœſus*, which was oppoſite to it, and wherein the *Lydians* and *Mariandins* were, was beſt able to fall upon this Prince, becauſe there was fewer obſtacles on that ſide than any other: and they left them to charge that Prince, whom not a *Lydian* durſt look in the face upon even terms, nor now aſſault him, but becauſe he retreated: In the mean time *Cyrus* commanded that body of Horſe which *Hydaſpes* commanded, to keep their ground upon the plain, to the end his Brigade might retreat between the Horſe, as indeed they did: But thoſe Forces which *Artabaſes* commanded that day, who retreated with the reſt of the Army, as well as thoſe which *Anaxaris* commanded, were aſſaulted by the *Mariandines*, who received them with much courage, eſpecially *Anaxaris*, who indeed did miracles at that time. But do what they could, the Troops which they commanded were worſted, *Anaxaris* was wounded, and taken priſoner, and *Artabaſes* more happy than he, diſingaged himſelf from amongſt them, and got amongſt his own party. The enemy encouraged by this proſperous beginning had advanced their victory, if *Hydaſpes* had not ſtopped them, and given them ſuch a ſharp repulſe, as merited the acclamations and praiſe of both Armies: for he charged with ſuch furious valour, as made it appear he merited the favour of *Cyrus*: and fighting both for his own glory, and the glory of his Maſter, he beat the *Mariandines*, and *Lydians*, as far as half way up the Hill from whence they deſcended. But three ſquadrons coming freſh upon him, and all the Cavalry of *Crœſſus* being commanded to oppoſe the valour of *Hydaſpes*, He and his forces were forced to ſubmit unto ſuch a multitude, and retreated in confuſion, eſpecially becauſe they retreated down the Hill. *Cyrus*, whoſe prudence could not be deluded, did foreſee this, and commanded one part of his Troops to draw up into Battalia on the top of the next Hill, and ordered his Brigade to keep the plain, to aſſiſt the retreat of *Hydaſpes*;and to that end he went from ſquadron to ſquadron, to exhort them all, to ſhew themſelves worthy of that good opinion which he had of them and their courage, and indeed, he had a confidence that they would do as heretofore they were accuſtomed, and never forſake him: Yet as he charged thoſe who forced his men to retreat in diſorder, theſe ſame ſquadrons who promiſed never to forſake him, nor never yet had done ſo, were blaſted with that ſame fear with which heretofore they were wont to aſtoniſh others: ſo that whether the multitude of their enemies did amaze them, or whether the tumultuous retreat of their own ſide did ſhake their courage, they forſook *Cyrus*: ſo that there was no other courſe for him, but to think of ſaving himſelf, that he might ſave all his Army; yet he would not reſolve upon that courſe, until he was driven to the danger of being either killed or taken, more than once: ſo loath was he to retreat from his enemies, who never met him but were beaten. Thoſe of his men whom fear frighted out of judgment, ran away to the bottom of the Hill, where all the Infantry ſtood as a Reſerve: but thoſe who had ſo much courage as to look danger in the face, and retain their reaſon, ſtayed at a paſs in the plain, where there was a little blind, which did in ſome ſort hide them.

Cyrus who at this time had his ſpirits as free, and his ſoul as ſeeing as if he were in no danger, ſpying ſome of his men which made a halt in this place, began to rally as many of them as he could together, and couragiouſly facing about upon his enemies, did not only ſtop their purſuit, but did vigorouſly repulſe them, and beat them up the Hill which *Cyrus* his men had quitted: After this Heroick Act, *Cyrus* meeting with the King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Hircania*, and all the Princes of his Army, he fully determined to give Battel, and not to alter from the firſt Orders which he had given: and indeed there needed no other alteration, unleſs that the firſt Brigade of the right wing ſhould change places with the ſecond; *Cyrus* not conceiving them yet recovered out of thoſe fears into which they were driven, and therefore would not expoſe them to the firſt ſhock of the Battel: not but that there is ever ſome danger to change Orders in the face of an Enemy, yet the change of thoſe two Brigades was done in ſuch excellent order and regular motion, that the leaſt confuſion did not appear: for commanding a countermarch, they paſſed from one place to the others, between rank, and rank, and kept their diſtances and motions ſo even, that in a very little time, they were ready to fight, as if there had been no change at all: All the Calvalry which *Cyrus* had rallied were ſent unto ſuch Quarters as were fit to be poſſeſſed: and all things were ſo ſoon, and ſo well ordered, that it was not diſcernable any man were loſt in this retreat; the loſs whereof in reality was very ſmall. In the mean time, *Cyrus* who was alwayes circumſpect to chuſe the moſt advantagious ground, eſpecially in the day of Battel, took the right wing, and quartered them with the firſt Brigade, whoſe ſquadrons were compoſed of *Perſians*, *Medes*, and *Cappadoceans*, and placed a Body of Voluntiers, who deſired the honour to fight where he did, between two ſquadrons which *Gadates* commanded, in the head of which this Prince would fight: The moſt eminent of theſe Voluntiers were *Perſodes*, *Andramites*, *Ligdamis*, *Timoreon*, *Soſules*. *Hermogenes*, *Beleſis*, *Orſanus*, and *Tegeus*: *Feraulus*, and *Ortalques* alwayes keeping cloſe to their Maſters: Thoſe who this day ſerved under this Prince, were the King of *Aſſyria*, who commanded the firſt Brigade, aſſiſted by *Aglatidas*: *Tigranes* kept cloſe unto the perſon of *Cyrus*, and was adjutant unto him, as *Aglatidas* was unto the King of *Aſſyria*. *Abradates* commanded the Cavalry of this Brigade: In the mean while *Mazares* took upon him the command of the left wing, the firſt diviſion whereof was equal in the number of ſquadrons to the firſt diviſion of the right wing: *Gobrias* commanding this firſt diviſion, was aſſiſted by *Aduſius*: *Phraartes* commanded the Cavalry of this Brigade. The firſt diviſion of the Infantry marching between theſe two wings, conſiſted of five Battalions: The Artillery marched in the head of the Infantry: and ſo did the hundred armed Chariots under the command of *Abradates*, whoſe ſtately Chariot was drawn by eight of the fineſt horſes ever eye beheld: the ſecond diviſion of the right wing was commanded by *Artabaſes*, as the ſecond diviſion of the left was by *Chriſantes*: The ſecond Brigade of Infantry was divided alſo into five battalions; many ſquadrons of horſe were placed between the two Brigades of Infantry, and all the body of *Perſian* Cavalry, wherein were the *Homotimes*, and the *Aſſyrian* Infantry, commanded by *Hydaſpes*, made up the body of the battel: The body of Reſerves, compoſed of *Phrygians* and *Hircanians*, were commanded by the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Hircania*. All things being thus ordered, there was ſuch an interior joy appeared in the aſpect of *Cyrus*, as inſpired courage into the ſouls of all thoſe that looked upon him: But that the ſame ſpirit of valour which did animate him, might be infuſed into all the Army, he commanded a muſter of all his troops, and going from Diviſion to Diviſion, from Brigade to Brigade, from Squadron to Squadron, and from Rank to Rank, he diſſipated all fears out of cowards, and inſpired valour into them, and the moſt couragious alſo.

Remember my Companions (would he ſay unto the firſt Squadrons) *that it concerns you to fight this day, not only to get Victory, but to keep that Glory which we have gotten at other times.* Afterwards turning towards other Troops, *Forget not* (would he ſay unto them) *that thoſe who fight ill, are in more danger than thoſe who fight well, and that in all places, and fights, there is more ſafety in keeping ground than flying* Then going a little further, and ſpeaking unto others: *Make it appear Souldiers* (ſaid he) *that you know how to vanquiſh by Art, and never Triumph by hazard: Remember* (would he ſay to others,) *that moſt of our enemies have been vanquiſhed by us before, and that they never vanquiſhed you: Let not the multitude of our enemies fright you,* (would he ſay unto ſuch whoſe valour he ſuſpected) *for if you have but more heart than they, you will eaſily overcome them, though they were as many more. I ſhould do you wrong* (would he ſay unto ſuch whom he deſired to flatter) *if I ſhould exhort you to fight; It is enough if you do but as you were wont. Moreover my Companions,* (ſaid this Prince, and went a little further) *Remember that our cauſe is juſt, and the Gods are Juſt. I know you are Brave and Gallant men, and that you were never overcome, and that you uſtly expect great Recompence. And I dare boldly promiſe both t and Victory unto you, if you will but do as I will do my ſelf.*

After this, *Cyrus* recommended three things eſpecially unto them all. The one was, to obſerve each other in their march, that thereby the order of battel might not be broken, but that their diviſions might be even, and their diſtances equal: The ſecond was, neither to be too backward when they charged, nor too precipitately forward: And the laſt was, to let their enemies ſhoot all their arrows, and throw all their darts, before they began to ſhoot and throw theirs. Afterwards *Cyrus* going to *Abradates*, told him that he expected to be a debtor unto him for the Victory which he hoped for: But the King of *Suſiana*, ſeeing himſelf diſadvantageouſly placed, anſwered, that he ſtood moſt in need of his help to get the Victory, and that he deſired ſome *Perſians* would come and teach him to fight: After which *Cyrus* ſtill exhorting his ſouldiers, returned to the head of the right wing in which he was to fight: and he had no ſooner took his place, but *Araſpes* who had diſingaged himſelf from the *Lydians*, came into the Army of *Cyrus*, and preſented himſelf unto him. I am now come, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) to expiate the crime which I committed, by dying in your ſervice, as I writ to you that I intended when I went firſt unto your enemies, purpoſely to give you intelligence. We have ſo much need of valiant men, replied *Cyrus*, that as faulty as you are, I cannot chuſe but be glad to ſee you: and when you have given me a ſhort account of what you know concerning the Enemy, I will aſſign you your place to fight with *Andramites*. Then *Araſpes* whiſpered with *Cyrus*, and told him all which he thought of moſt concernment: As ſoon as *Cyrus* had well conſidered upon the advice which *Araſpes* gave him, he ſaw the *Lydian* Cavalry appear upon the hill which was oppoſite to *Cyrus*, and to divide themſelves into right and left wings, to make room for the main Battel of *Crœſſus*. *Cyrus* ſeeing by this, that now his Enemies would fight, was infinitely joyed to ſee that his ſeeming retreat had deceived them, and invited them to fight in hopes of a Victory, upon more eaſie terms now than ever, by reaſon of the diſorder which happened. In the mean time, the army of *Cyrus* was in a condition to fight: and that of *Crœſſus* was not: for the diligence of this famous Conquerour, ſurprized the ſpirits of thoſe who would have ſurprized him. And indeed without any delay, or giving his enemies ſo much time as to rank themſelves, *Cyrus* marched up to them, the Sun being then three hours and a half high: until now the army of *Crœſſus* was full of hopes to be victorious. But as ſoon as ever they ſaw *Cyrus* come to them with full reſolution to fight, their confidence failed, and Victory became doubtful. The word of Battel which *Cyrus* gave unto all his Troops, was, *Jupiter* our *Protector*. But all the army animated by the preſence of a Prince, whom all the Souldiers called a ſecond *Mars*, in lieu of crying *Jupiter* our *Protector*, made the air eccho with the name of the God of war: ſo that all crying out *Mars*, *Mars*. *Mars*, the noiſe of ſo many ſeveral voices, mingled with the Muſick of Trumpets, Fifes, Hoboys and Drums, ſeemed to be acclamations of victory, though it was only the beginning of combat. The Chariots and the Artillery of *Cyrus* did much more execution than thoſe of his enemies, for they rained moſt terrible clouds and ſhowers of arrows upon the *Lydian* troops: And the artillery made ſuch impetuous ſhots of ſtones upon the enemy, that they were exceedingly annoyed, inſomuch as they had much ado to keep in order: Yet *Craſſus* and the King of *Pontus*, ſeeing they were forced to fight, did ſhew much gallantry, and came up to fight with great reſolution: yet were they put to one notable diſadvantage, for they were forced to rank themſelves into Battalia as they marched: ſo that it was a hard matter for a great Body not ſettled in order, to ſuſtain the ſhock of another which is better ordered. But yet at laſt they ranked their troops: The Prince *Myrſiles* notwithſtanding his imperfection, commanded the two diviſions of the right wing, being aſſiſted by *Pactias*, who gave orders for him, this Prince having only the honour of the command, not being able to do any other ſervice, than by his perſonal Valour. The Prince of *Myſſia*, and a Lydian of quality called *Artibies*, commanded the two diviſions of the left wing: *Arimaſpes* the valiant *Ionian* Captain, commanded all the Infantry: and the King of *Pontus* all the other troops which were as Reſerves: *Craſſus* was placed in the head of a body of *Lydian* Cavalry in the midſt of the battel: theſe two great Armies were ſome thirty paces from each other, when *Cyrus* perceived the left wing of his enemy ſent three volleys of arrows upon the right wing of his, ſo that this Prince deſiring that his men ſhould not ſhoot theirs before the enemy had thrown all their Darts, did make a ſtop to hinder them, and commanded that none ſhould draw an arrow until their enemies had done theirs. This command was as exactly obeyed as Judiciouſly given: from whence did ariſe three conſiderable advantages: for it did redouble the fury of the troops in reſtraining them put order into all the diviſions and ranks: and by receiving upon themſelves all the arrows and darts of their enemies,they exhauſted them of all at the very firſt ſhock: This being the ſtate of things, the Prince of *Myſſia* to ſignal himſelf, advanced with his firſt diviſion againſt that of *Cyrus*, who at the ſame time advancd to receive him: theſe two diviſions, being come within reach of darts, did both make a ſtand a pretty while, both deſiring the other ſhould begin: at laſt the Lydians more impatient, began to obſcure the air with an incredible Cloud of Arrows and Darts: at the ſame time *Cyrus* commanding his men to do as he did, he threw the firſt dart, and drawing their Swords, ruſhed upon the ſquadron which oppoſed him, and did ſuch miraculous acts, that all he did before was nothing in compariſon of this: his firſt diviſion couragiouſly following him, charged the firſt diviſion of the Lydians with ſuch fury, that they intirely routed them. *Cyrus*, ſeeing he had taught them in that place how to get a victory, diſengaged himſelf from amongſt them, to ſee what other place ſtood in need of his help: But he was no ſooner from amongſt them, than the ſecond diviſion of the enemies ſeconding their firſt, did ſo repulſe that from which *Cyrus* departed, that all the King of *Aſſyria*'s valour could not ſave himſelf from being taken. 'Tis true he made a gallant reſiſtance, and charged through both diviſions of his enemies: *Tigranes* alſo was unhappily wounded, and maugre his valour, taken priſoner, though he did moſt gallant things in the ſight of *Cyrus*; nor did he render himſelf until his horſe was killed, and was overcumbered by a multitude. This being the ſtate of things; the ſecond diviſion, to repair the misfortune which it had in his retreat, had command to relieve the firſt, which it couragiouſly did under the conduct of *Artabaſes*. In the mean while *Cyrus*,having rallied his firſt diviſion,fell upon them on one ſide,whilſt *Artabaſes* was on the other:and both this Prince and *Aglatidas* did ſuch wonders that the whole power of their enemies was not able to ſtop their valour: yet the combat was a while very doubtful:and victory knew not which ſide to take,for ſometimes the troops of *Cyrus* would ſo preſs upon the *Lydian* troops with ſuch fury, as one would have thought them quite routed and torn in pieces: And ſometimes they would ſo rally, and charge afreſh, as would make thoſe who routed them before to ſtagger: That which, to the glory of *Cyrus*, was moſt remarkable, was, that there was not one of his ſquadrons ſquandred by any of the Lydian troops, which *Cyrus* did not rally, and bring up again to fight, with as much courage and judgment, and quickneſs, as if he had been more than in one place at once, ſo ready was he to do all that his great ſoul did prompt unto him: and it is not imaginable how oft he charged, and how many ſingle combats he had: He no ſooner had vanquiſhed in one place, but he ſought out a new ſubject for his valour: and being not contented with overcoming all he met with, he ſought out for the King of *Pontus* with extream deſire: But all in vain, for fortune would not let them meet. In the mean while he met with freſh reſiſtance, and the reſoluteneſs of his enemies gave him an ample ſubject for his prudence and valour; So that not enduring that the victory ſhould continue any longer upon doubtful terms, he cauſed his body of reſerve to march up; The King of *Lydia* did the like, but with different ſucceſs; For the Kings of *Phrygia* and *Hircania* did ſo ſharply charge their enemies, and were ſo exceedingly animated by the example of *Cyrus*, whom they ſaw did ſuch incredible acts of valour, as they had the honour to ſecond him in his courage, and routed the left wing and body of his enemies Reſerve, who were forced to fly and yield unto the valour of a Prince whom none could ſurmount; In the mean while, ſince the whole army of *Cyrus* was inſpired with the ſame ſpirit, *Mazares*, where he was, did as much as any brave Prince could do, who deſired death and victory; for he charged the Prince *Myrſiles* and *Pactias* with extraordinary valour. He did not only go unto them with a reſolution of fury, but ſeeing they would not come unto him, becauſe they were on very advantageous ground, he went up the Hill unto them with incredible courage, though without any diſorder or indiſcretion, and charged them ſo hotly, that he routed them; yet one of his ſquadrons, paſſing up a place of difficulty, was repulſed by one of the enemies ſquadrons, but *Gobrias* relieved them, and forced the Lydian ſquadrons to do like their fellows, which was to fly away in diſorder; Yet The ſecond diviſion of the enemy attempted to relieve their firſt, but *Chriſantes*, coming up to *Mazares*, the right wing of the Lydians was entirely ſquandered; So that *Mazares* now made no doubt of victory, though himſelf was two or three times in danger to be taken by the enemy. The body of the battel, in the head of which were the Chariots, had no mean ſhare in the Victory: and *Abradates* did more than he promiſed his dear *Panthea*, and indeed more than he ſhould have done; for he did ſo expoſe himſelf unto dangers, as if he had either known himſelf invulnerable, or elſe deſired death: he drove the eight horſes which drew his Chariot with ſuch fury, as he tumbled down his enemies, and forced their Chariots to fly; The reſt of the Chariots which followed him, doing the ſame, ſtruck terrour into all that oppoſed them; Some of the enemies Chariots fled; others were tumbled over and broken: all were rendered uſeleſs to the Lydians. *Abradates* having done this, and ſeeing the Egyptian Battalia keep their ground, went with his Chariots to rumble amongſt them, and overthrew all he met, either by the impetuoſity of his Chariots, or by his Sword, or with the Sythes wherewith the Chariots were armed: Never was fight more terrible to behold than this: The horſes trampled upon the bodies of dead and dying men: the Sythes cut off others: and the wheels ran over thoſe which the horſes and Sythes tumbled down: But, alas, the Victory of *Abradates* proved fatal unto him: for the field was ſo ſtrewed with horſes and dead men, with broken armes, and overturned Chariots, that he could not paſs, but over Mountains of theſe mingled together: ſo that the wheels ſometimes went high, and ſometimes low, and his Chariot unfortunately overturned, maugre the skill of him which drove it: Yet *Abradates* diſingaged himſelf from under it, and began to fight on foot, but was forced to yield unto a multitude, who ſeeing him down, fell upon him: ſo that this valiant Prince and all thoſe with him periſhed at this time; Yet his death was revenged to the full; For *Hidaſpes* and *Gadates* coming in, they charged all thoſe that fell upon *Abradates*, with ſuch fury, that they forced them to retire in confuſion into the body of their battel; Afterwards *Hidaſpes* with thoſe troops under his command charged *Arimaſpes* and his troops, and all the Battalions of the firſt diviſion charged thoſe enemies which oppoſed them with ſuch vigour, that *Arimaſpes* as Great a Commander as he was, was forced to yield unto the valour of *Hidaſpes*, not being able to reſiſt him long. The King of *Pontus*, who fought with as much courage, and ill fortune, perceiving the diſorder in *Crœſſus* his Army, did what he could to Rally, and was twenty times in danger to be taken: But in that deplorable condition in which he ſaw himſelf, he could do no good. *Crœſſus* alſo, as well as he, gave many rare teſtimonies of his courage, but could not find any remedy againſt his misfortunes. He ſaw the two wings of his Army broken in pieces, and the main body of the Battel ſquandred: He ſaw the field was covered with his dead and dying men: That terrour was in all his Troops: they fled whereſoever *Cyrus* aſſaulted them, and in ſome places where they were not aſſaulted. So that *Crœſſus* ſeeing no way but to ſecure his perſon, and defend *Sardis*: And the King of *Pontus* thinking upon the preſervation of the Princeſs *Mandana*, both theſe two Princes reſolved to retire; and ſo they did, notwithſtanding *Cyrus* ſought all over for them, and could not hear any thing of them, for they were gotten into a great body of horſe, which haſtily flying, raiſed ſuch a cloud of duſt as obſcured their flight, and hindred him from the purſute: In the mean time *Cyrus* and *Mazares*, being both of them in the heads of thoſe wings which they had ſo glorioufly conducted, fell upon the Rear of the enemies battel, which conſiſted only of the remainder of Infantry, the Horſe being all fled away. So that *Cyrus* ſeeing none was able to reſiſt him, but one Egyptian Battalion which ſtood ſtill upon their ground: He ſent *Feraulus* to take their Guards, the Captain whereof was killed, and to give this Battalion Battel. But as *Feraulus* did execute the commands of his Maſter, he found that theſe Egyptians did naught elſe but cover themſelves with their Bucklers, and ſtood as men that were reſolved to dye upon the place: *Cyrus* wondring to ſee this Battalion neither advance nor retreat; and ſeeing all his Army victorious, and alſo the Army of *Crœſſus* quite defeated; He commanded the fight to ceaſe, and to ask the Egyptians, why they would not throw away their arms, if they intended to render themſelves, and why they did not fight, if they would not? unto this they anſwered, that the Prince who commanded being dead, and his body in the middle of their Battalion, they were reſolved never to forſake it; and therefore if *Cyrus* would have them ſubmit themſelves unto him, he muſt give them leave to render all the honours which was due unto his body, and go to bury him: this being granted them, they would take the part of *Cyrus*, and leave *Crœſſus* who had forſaken them: otherwiſe they would be all killed upon the body of their dead Prince: *Cyrus* no ſooner heard their deſires, but he admired their fidelity and affection to their Prince, and conſented to their demands, appointing *Feraulus* to let the body of the dead Prince be carried in a Chariot of war whither they would have it, deſiring alſo to ſpeak with the chief Commanders of theſe Egyptians, who without more delay lifted up the Corps of their General. But as if Heaven would recompence them for their fidelity, as the Chariot paſſed by *Cyrus*, [he caſting his eyes upon him whom the Egyptians thought to be dead, he perceived that as he leaned his head upon a Buckler, he opened his eyes: ſo that *Cyrus* ſeeing a Prince ſo handſom as he was, in a condition to be recovered, commanded *Feraulus* to carry him into one of his tents: So after this, purſuing his Victory, he went before *Thybirra*, and ſummoned it, which the ſame hour ſubmitted unto his diſcretion. So that having in one day won a battel, took a town, and releaſed the King of *Aſſyria*, *Tigranes*, and *Anaxaris*, he was moſt triumphant: it is worth obſervation, that this priſoner King was he who did capitulate about the ſurrender of this town, unto which they who took him carried him: for the inhabitants ſeeing themſelves without any hopes of relief, or any power to defend themſelves, threw themſelves at his feet, beſeeching him to intercede for them unto *Cyrus* to uſe them well, which he promiſed and performed: for *Cyrus*, at the requeſt of his Rival, did moſt generouſly expreſs all the ſigns of clemency and ſweetneſs unto them upon all occaſions. This Victory left the conquered no manner of conſolation: for the *Lydians* were totally defeated: they loſt all their Artillery, all their Enſignes, and all their Baggage. Abundance were killed, and abundance were taken priſoners: *Arimaſpes* that valiant *Ionian*, was taken, and died the next day of his wounds: and all this with a very inconſiderable loſs unto *Cyrus*, unleſs in the death of *Abradates*, which did ſo ſenſibly grieve him, that he expreſſed much ſorrow upon the field, and where he encamped that night, notwithſtanding his ſatisfaction not only to ſee that all his friends and ſouldiers had exceedingly well behaved themſelves, but alſo that his very Rivals ſhould add unto his glory. Seeing he had now nothing to do for the releaſement of *Mandana*, but to enforce the walls of *Sardis*, his joyes at it did comfort him for the loſs of *Abradates*; whoſe Corps he ſent to ſeek, that he might render it all the honours it deſerved. And ſince the gods were pleaſed to ſhowre happineſſes upon him, after ſo many bitter ſtorms of misfortunes, as he went into his tent to reſt himſelf after all his glorious pains, there came a Poſt unto him from *Thraſibulus*, to let him know that his Armies were no leſs proſperous under his command, than under his own; for he had vanquiſhed all that ever oppoſed him, and that the greateſt part of all lower *Aſia* was reduced under his Empire: At the ſame time alſo arrived an Envoy from *Ciaxares*, to tell him that he could ſpare him many freſh troops, becauſe *Thomiris* was not in a capacity to make any war upon him, ſince ſhe was deſperately ſick of a languiſhing diſeaſe which was like to coſt her her life, or her reaſon. And to compleat his happineſs, a Cavalier, whom he knew to be one of thoſe he heretofore had pardoned, for being in the conſpiracy of cowardly *Artanus*; brought him a Letter from *Mandana*, which before he read it, did induce him to believe that he had very ill expounded the Oracles of the gods, and that for the future he ſhould be as happy under the name of *Cyrus*, as he had been miſerable under the name of *Artamenes*.

The end of the Fifth Part.

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ARTAMENES;

OR, THE

GRAND CYRUS,

That Excellent

ROMANCE.

PART VI.

WRITTEN

By that Famous Wit of *France*,

Monſieur de SCUDERY,

Govenour of *Noſtre-Dame.*

Engliſhed by F. G. *Eſquire.*

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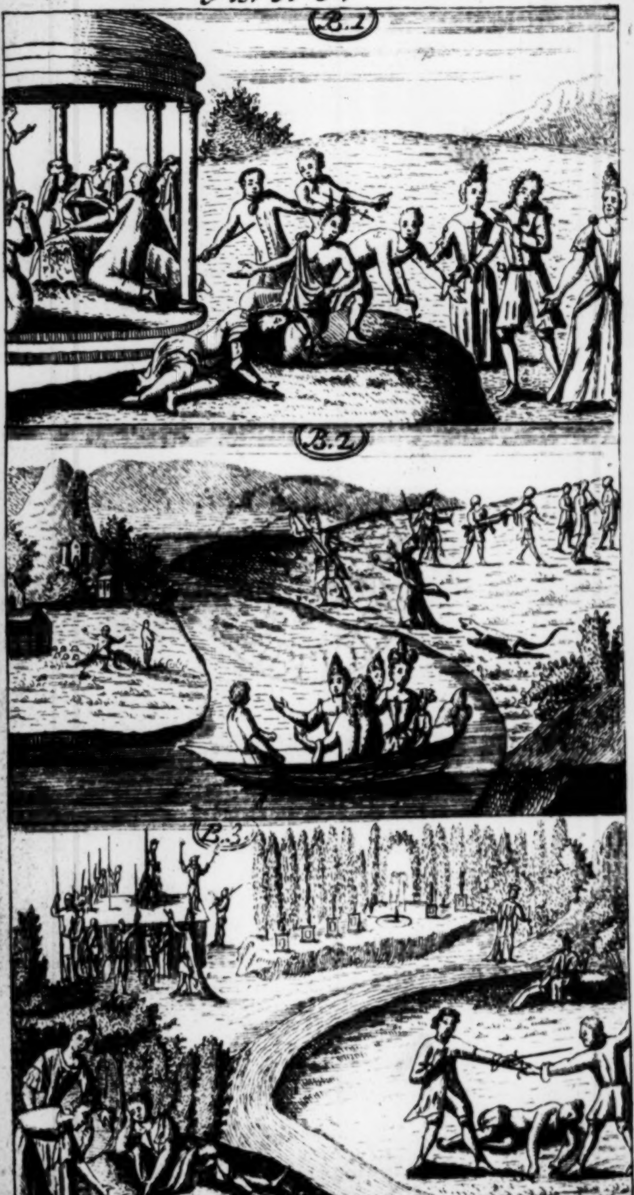
Part. 6.



ARTAMENES;

OR,

Cyrus the Great.

PART VI. BOOK I.

THough *Cyrus* was infinitely impatient to ſee what the incomparable *Mandana* had writ unto him, yet it was a long time before he could read the Letter; not only becauſe exceſs of Joy had diſordered his heart ſo much, that he knew not whether he ſhould believe what he ſaw, but alſo becauſe he would have the man who brought it tell him, whether he received it from the hand of *Mandana*? how he ſaw her, and when? but he had no ſooner asked him all ſuch queſtions as he deſired to be ſatisfied in, than that without ſtaying for his anſwer, he opened the Letter, which had no ſuperſcription; but when he had opened it, he knew her Character, and found in the beginning of it theſe words.

The Unfortunate Mandana *unto the Unfaithful* Cyrus.

This Prince had no ſooner caſt his eyes upon her cruel words, but he ſtopt, and read them over the ſecond time, yet with ſo much wonder and deſpair, that he could not chuſe but break out into ſad expreſſions of his ſorrows, inſomuch that feeling his heart full of violent agitations, he return'd in private, but ſtill as he return'd he read *Mandana*'s Letter, which contained theſe words.

I would I could lock up in my heart my reſentments of your Inconſtancy: But I do confeſs my wonder is ſo great, to hear that you have changed your opinion of me, that I cannot chuſe but vent both my admiration and indignation; though I know it argues weakneſs to make any complaints unto ſuch as offends me, and that it ſpeaks more greatneſs of Soul not to accuſe ſuch Delinquents as we are reſolv'd never to pardon. But ſince I cannot endure your change without complaint, I will complain like one that will never be appeas'd: Therefore I do declare unto you, that I will not any longer be the Pretence of the ambition, nor be the innocent cauſe of all Aſia*'s deſolation. Render back unto my Father thoſe Forces which you have of his, to the end my fetters may be never unlooſed by your hand, for I confeſs I had rather remain a Captive ſtill under a reſpective Raviſher, than to be ſet at Liberty by a perfidious Prince, who hath heretofore given a hundred illuſtrious Teſtimonies of his fidelity unto*

Mandana.

Cyrus read this Letter with ſo much ſadneſs, with ſuch aſtoniſhment and perplexity of ſpirit, that he was forced to read it over again: But the more he read, the more he was amazed: and the heavier was his heart: and though his innocency might have been a cordial unto him, yet his too delicate a ſoul could not without extream ſorrow, ſuffer ſuch an unjuſt accuſation: and his purity of love could not chuſe but be apprehenſive, that *Mandana* ſhould think him capable of any change in his affection to her; moreover, ſince it appeared not by her Letter who it was ſhe thought he loved, he could not gueſs whether it was *Panthea* or *Araminta*, for he rendred equal civilities unto them both: ſo that being in a moſt ſad deſpair, he ſent for him who brought the Letter, to ſee if he could draw ſuch conceits from him, as might give him any ſatisfaction. This man then told him, that being in the cittadel of *Sardis*, when they brought the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis* thither, he reſolved to ſtay there until he found an opportunity of paying a debt which was upon him, by doing ſome ſervice unto the Princeſs *Mandana*; hoping alwaies to find an occaſion to make it known unto ſome of the Women which belonged unto that Princeſs, how he was ready to attempt any thing which ſhe would command. He further ſaid, that ſince ſhe was ſtrictly guarded, he could not deviſe any way how to execute his deſign, until of late he met with an opportunity of talking with *Marteſia*, who at firſt gave no credit unto his words, but afterwards believing what he ſaid unto her, ſhe brought him this Letter, aſſuring him it would be a very acceptable piece of ſervice unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, if he delivered this Letter unto him. *Cyrus* ſeeing this was all he could get out of the man, commanded *Ortalques* to have a care of him, and conjuring him to let none whatſoever know that he brought a Letter from *Mandana*, for he would not make his Rivals ſo glad as to know he was in her diſfavour: and love is of ſuch a nature, as all thoſe in whom it is predominate, do forſee any thing that may either advantage or diſadvantage their Rivals, as well as themſelves: and therefore *Cyrus* would not add unto his ſorrows, thoſe Joys which he ſhould find in the King of *Aſſyria*'s eyes, if he ſhould come to underſtand his diſgrace. His reſpects alſo of *Mandana*, would not permit him to let it be known unto others, that ſhe was capable of ſo much injuſtice and weakneſs, and as all jealouſie does argue love, ſo his deſcretion would hide it in the Princeſs. After *Ortalques* was returned with him, who, thinking he had brought ſuch joyful news unto *Cyrus*, had filled him full of ſorrow: *Cyrus* called for *Feraulas*, who was not a little ſurpriſed to find ſo much ſadneſs in his eyes. Sir, (ſaid he unto him, after the ſame accuſtomed freedom which he ever uſed unto his illuſtrious Maſter) I did not think it poſſible a victorious Conqueror could be ſo melancholy upon the very field of Battel. Ah *Feraulas*, (ſaid *Cyrus*, and ſhewed him *Mandana*'s Letter) Fortune is more ingenious to torment me than you imagine; ſee (ſaid he) Read the cruel words which my Princeſs hath written, which muſt needs poiſon all thoſe ſweets which uſe to follow Victory. This is it which makes me inſenſible of the glory in Vanquiſhing, which bitters all my joys, and ruins all my hopes. I muſt confeſs (ſaid *Feraulas*, after he had read the Letter) that I wonder how the Princeſs, who is ſo prudent, can think you unfaithful; But for all that, I know not why you ſhould ſo exceſſively grieve, for there is no queſtion in the World but it is an eaſie matter to deceive her. No, no, *Feraulas* (ſaid *Cyrus*) my miſery is not ſo inconſiderable as you think it: for ſince my Princeſs can ſo eaſily believe I love her not, and that I fight only out of ambitious ends; ſhe may as well do me more injury: perhaps ſhe may abſolutely take her heart from me, and give it to the King of *Pontus*, whom certainly ſhe would never have ſo conſtantly refuſed, but for love of me. You know her, you know how firm her reſolutions are: you ſee how ſhe would not let *Mazares* releaſe her, and you ſee alſo how ſhe treats me as ſhe did him, ſince ſhe would have me ſurrender up unto her father, thoſe Forces which are his; and tells me plainly ſhe had rather be in the power of a reſpective Raviſher, than be releaſed by a perfidious Prince: Fie, fie, *Mandana* (cryed he out) can any ſo unjuſt a thought harbour in your mind? can you believe it? is it poſſible you ſhonld ſet your hand unto it? Alas, alas, but ſince I ſee you have, I muſt needs think you will not ſee my innocency, but that you are become the moſt unjuſt, the moſt perfidious, and the moſt ungrateful Princeſs in the World. But, Sir, (ſaid *Feraulas*, and interrupted him) why may you not as well believe that as ſoon as you have taken *Sardis*, the prejudicated opinion of the Princeſs will ceaſe? For truly when ſhe ſhall ſee you proſtitute at her feet all thoſe Lawrels which Fortune and Victory hath Crowned you withall; and that you do no longer look upon *Panthea* or *Araminta*, ſhe muſt needs repent of her errour, and render you her affection, which doubtleſs ſhe never yet took from you, though ſhe have writ it; for if ſhe had, ſhe would never have writ unto you: However it be, ſaid *Cyrus*, my Princeſs thinks I love not her, but that I love ſome other; ſhe thinks that all I have done for her, the giving of ſo many battels, the many hazards of my life only for her liberty, were only conſequents of Ambition, not Love: though heavens know, all my affection of glory, all the ambition of my ſoul, had never ſet fire on all *Aſia*, had never overturned ſo many Provinces, nor Conquered ſo many Kingdoms, if my love of her had not been my only ſpur; yet ſhe thinks and ſhe writes that all was but a Cloak to cover my Ambitition, and never telling me whom it is ſhe accuſeth me to love, ſhe treats me as one whom ſhe loveth not; truth muſt be confeſſed, *Feraulas*, there is ſome odd fantaſtical fury in my Fate: may it not be ſaid, that Fortune which makes all in the world happy and miſerable, hath forſaken the care of the Univerſe to think upon me only? for by an unexpected cruelty ſhe moves my ſoul to paſs eternally from one extream to another, and that there is not a minute between an extream joy and an extream misfortune: ſhe ever makes the ſweet to precede the bitter, ſo that it plainly appears, ſhe gives me the firſt only to make me more ſenſible of the other: do you not ſee in what a time, on what a day, at what an hour, and in what a place ſhe will have me receive this cruel Letter from *Mandana*? had ſhe ſent it before the battel, perhaps Victory would now have ſweetned that bitter Wormwood which is in my heart. But on the contrary, I muſt receive it after I have overcome my Enemies, and my Rival: After I know all lower *Aſia* is reduced under my power: receive it when I was ready to take *Sardis*; in the field of battel, where I ſaw nothing about me but ſigns of my Victory: yet in the midſt of all theſe cauſes of joy, ſorrow muſt needs clog my ſoul and overcome it, inſomuch as I am moſt confident that the King of *Pontus*, who hath loſt the Victory, is not ſo ſad as I am: But he hath more cauſe than you, replied *Feraulas*: For truly, Sir, all your Arguments cannot perſwade me that the Princeſs can continue long in this belief. However, replied *Cyrus*, I muſt make haſte and go to *Sardis*, that I may either periſh under the Walls, or elſe come to throw my ſelf at *Mandana*'s feet, and ask her with whom ſhe thinks me in love, and that I may proteſt unto her I love none but her ſelf. After this, and much other diſcourſe with *Feraulas*, he reſolved to ſend him who brought *Mandana*'s Letter to him, with an anſwer unto that Princeſs: For the man ſeeming to be reſolute and bold, *Cyrus* thought it an eaſie matter for him to get into *Sardis*, as indeed he did: ſo *Cyrus* tranſported by the violence of his paſſion writ a Letter unto *Mandana*, but in ſuch haſte, as one may ſwear it was the dictate of his heart, and his hand following his thoughts, he writ theſe words.

Unhappy Cyrus *unto unjuſt* Mandana.

Madam,

IT muſt needs be that I love you better than ever any did, ſince notwithſtanding your injuſtice in calling me perfidious, I love you no leſs than I did before. On the contrary, my paſſion is ſo violent, and your unjuſt accuſation makes me ſo ſenſible of it, that if you did but know the reſentments of my ſoul, you would confeſs your ſelf to be the moſt cruel and unjuſt Woman in the World. If fortune in War continue her ſmiles upon me, and that I find no greater difficulty in taking Sardis, *than in winning that Battel which* Crœſſus *and the King of* Pontus *loſt; you ſhall ere long (Madam) ſee me at your feet; and as you were my firſt paſſion, ſo you ſhall be my laſt. In the interim, I beſeech you remember that you permitted me to affect glory; and that's the reaſon, I did not think it handſome to be rigorous after conqueſt; but that it was permitted me to be civil towards two great but unfortunate Princeſſes, and to* *to compaſſionate their miſeries. This is all I have done (to too unjuſt* Mandana) *unto the two only Ladies I have ſeen ſince the War began; and to the only perſons I think you can ſuſpect me to be in love with. But how was it poſſible (Madam) you ſhould do ſo? How comes it to paſs you know your ſelf, and me no better? However I beſeech you, diſpence with me from ſurrendring my power unto the King your Father, until I have ſet you at liberty, and when that is done (Madam) and when I have conquered all my Rivals, I ſhall ſurrender the Army which I command unto the King of* Medes, *and leave you all the Crowns I have conquered, that you may wear them upon your head, and then (as I have already ſaid) I will come and proſtrate my ſelf at your feet, and either die with ſorrow and love, or elſe perſwade you that I was never unfaithful, and that never any ſince the world began did love one more, than you are by*

Cyrus.

This Letter being written, *Cyrus* read it over more than once, imagining that his repetitions of it, would perſwade *Mandana* of his innocency, and after he had ſealed it, *Feraulas* was to give it unto the man who was to deliver it: yet upon ſecond thoughts, *Cyrus* would needs deliver it with his own hand; and it may truly be ſaid, that never bringer of ill news was better recompenced. After this he was forced againſt his will to take ſome hours of reſt: and the wearineſs of the day precedent, and his ſorrows, were ſomething charmed by ſleep; 'tis true his ſleep was but an interrupted ſlumber, and far from ſoft ſecurity: for ſince his Imagination was ſwell'd with nothing but tumultuous things, his ſleep and dreams could not be pleaſant. But to ſee the force of his love and tenderneſs of his affections; in lieu of dreaming upon combats and noiſe, he dreams only of *Mandana* and *Abradates*: he was full of various dreams, though all were ſad ones: ſometimes he ſaw *Mandana* without *Abradates*, but he never ſaw *Abradates* without *Mandana*: this Princeſs was moſt deeply imprinted in his Fancy, as well as in his heart, though that part of the ſoul is accuſtomed to be light and extravagant, and will ordinarily repreſent ſeveral kinds of objects, eſpecially in ſleep. 'Tis true, the ſleep of *Cyrus* was not deep, nor laſted long: aſſoon as he was awake, a council of war was held in his Tent, where the King of *Aſſyria*, *Muſſanes*, and all thoſe that uſed to be there, were preſent; where it was reſolved, that without giving any time unto the enemy, to recollect himſelf, or to the King of *Pontus* to carry *Mandana* out of *Sardis*, they ſhould the ſame hour go and beleaguer the Town: ſo that without more delay, they conſidered the ſcituation of it, and what quarters were moſt convenient to be poſſeſſed: *Cyrus* then aſſigned the quarters unto all his Army, which was to march that very hour: but he himſelf ſtayed until the next day, becauſe he intended a viſit unto *Panthea*, to condole the death of *Abradates* with her, and to comfort her: but news was brought that his Corps could not be found upon the place where he fought, by reaſon of the abundance of men ſlain, which lay dead upon the ground; *Cyrus* commanded ſearch ſhould be made the ſecond time, and ſent for all the Captains that fought under *Abradates* and were alive, to aſſure them that he would recompence the admirable ſervice both of their Maſter and them: Then after he had taken all requiſite order for the Siege of *Sardis*, and for the interment of the dead, he took horſe to viſit *Panthea*: all orders for the beleaguering of the Town were eaſily executed; for as *Cyrus* foreſaw it would come to that paſs, he brought all manner of Engines with him, which were requiſite for the taking of that Town: But before he went to the Place where *Panthea* was, he ſtept into the Tent into which the *Egyptian* Prince was carryed, who was ſo loved by his ſouldiers; The chief of thoſe *Egyptians* who never did nor would forſake him, told *Cyrus*, that the Chyrurgeons, after ſearch of his wounds, did not deſpair of Life, but yet would not undertake for him; and though the Phyſitians did forbid any to ſpeak with him, yet they would permit their Illuſtrious Conqueror to enter, but he refuſed, knowing it might prejudice their wounded Maſter: ſo commanding that all poſſible care ſhould be had of him, and aſſuring thoſe *Egyptians* that they might expect any thing from his aſſiſtance, he departed. But as *Cyrus* was as ſad after Victory as if he had been conquered: ſo *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* were in a moſt deplorable condition; the firſt of theſe in flying away after the loſs of the Battel, did foreſee the loſs of his Kingdom: and though the *Delphique* Oracle aſſured him, that if he undertook War with *Cyrus*, he ſhould ruine a great Empire, he was afraid he meant his own, and that he underſtood the Oracle ſince he ſaw himſelf ſo near ruin: on the other part, the King of *Pontus* conſidering he was the cauſe of his ruin who had protected him, imagined that he ſhould now loſe *Mandana* as he had loſt his Kingdoms; ſo that theſe two Princes retired in ſilence, and mourned in ſecret for their lamentable condition, not being able to complain either againſt Fortune, or one another, or of themſelves, ſince they knew themſelves to be the cauſes of their miſeries: Terror had ſtruck ſo deep into the hearts of all their remainder of troops, that thoſe which followed them did continually imagine themſelves to be followed and aſſaulted, ſo that by degrees they disbanded themſelves, and in little troops took ſeveral ways: And *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* ſaw themſelves ſo ſlenderly accompanied, that they could eaſily count all that followed them: ſo that conſidering how in the morning they were in the head of 200000 Men, and that before night they ſaw themſelves without one ſervant, ſorrow and deſpair did ſo ſeiſe upon their ſad ſouls, that not knowing what they did, and coming unto a place where there were ſeveral ways, they parted from each other without any intention ſo to do, and there was ſo very few men with them, that it may well be ſaid they were alone. Which way ſoever *Crœſſus* turned his eyes at the beginning of his flight, he ſaw nothing but dead and dying men, and men that fled: Preſently after he ſaw none but a few afrighted perſons, who ſaved themſelves in the Town with their Baggage: At laſt leaving the high way, and croſſing the Country to get unto *Sardis* unſeen in ſuch a deſpicable condition, he came unto a little ſolitary vally: So that coming out of a terrible tumultuous world, into a place where all was ſilent, but only a little murmuring Rivolet,

volet, where birds were ſinging, he ſighed, and, as if a place of ſilence were a place of ſafety, he marched ſoftly: But as he turned his head to ſee who followed, he found himſelf alone, for of thoſe four or five which did follow him when the King of *Pontus* ſtrayed from him, one of them had his horſe wounded, and could not follow; another himſelf wounded, and ſtayed behind; and all, having ſome impediment or other upon them, left their unfortunate Prince, who ſeeing himſelf alone in this ſolitary Valley, then knew, that all his beloved treaſures were but uſeleſs vanities,and that wiſe *Solon* had good reaſon to deſpiſe them. Whilſt he was there in his ſad contemplations ſtill going forward, he heard the ſound of a pleaſing Pipe, and turning himſelf that way, he ſaw that he who played upon that Ruſtick Inſtrument, was a young ſilly Shepherd about fourteen or fifteen years of age; who without any fear of publique miſery, or knowledge of any Battel that had been fought, play'd upon his Pipe, and kept a little flock as innocent as himſelf: *Crœſſus*, then ſtanding ſtill and conſidering this young Shepherd, who was very fair, ſighed with more Bitterneſs than his country muſique was ſweet, and caſting up his eyes unto Heaven, he envied the happineſs of this ſilly Boy; and though he was a King, yet wiſhed with all his heart he could change his Scepter into this Shepherds hook. But ſince he could not be dictator to his deſtiny, nor alter the immutable decree of that ſoveraign power which rules the world, he continued his March, and came at laſt to *Sardis*, where he was received by all the people with tears of tenderneſs and ſorrow. The King of *Pontus*, who wandred another way, came not till an hour after him: ſo did likewiſe the Prince *Myrſiles* and the Prince of *Myſſia*, who had taken another way. All the Princes did what they could to keep up the hearts of the People: but every minute wounded men came in, who told the people of the death of ſome friend or other, ſo that it was a hard matter, to gull thoſe men who ſaw their King return ſingle after he went out in the head of the greateſt Army in the world. Moreover theſe Princes underſtood that the *Thracians*, in lieu of coming to *Sardis*, after they were rallied, faced about into their own countrey: and that the *Ionian* Troops did the like; the *Myſſians* alſo followed their example, and retired: ſo that in all appearance they could never recruit into a body again, and that their only courſe was to keep the Town, till they could make new levies for their relief. Thus the people being too well informed of the lamentable ſtate of things, did murmur highly, and ſaid very boldly, that the Prince *Artamas* muſt be releaſed, that there was no other way to prevent the danger which hung over their heads, and that it was a ſhame for the *Lydians* to let ſo innocent a Prince be in priſon, who had formerly eſtabliſhed their Empire by ſo many brought-home Victories, and who only was able to check the Power of *Cyrus*. This murmur of the people ſeemed ſo full of juſtice and reaſon, that it became the general opinion of all in a ſhort time, and nothing could be heard of in all places, but that *Artamas* was innocent, *Artamas* was a gallant man, *Artamas* knew what belonged to war, he was a great captain, and a fortunate conqueror; ſo that pure reſpect only which they bore unto their Soveraign, kept them from releaſing this Prince. But *Crœſſus* thought theſe reſpects (conſidering the urgent neceſſity of things) too weak an obſtacle to prevent it; ſo that he told them, he would releaſe him, and in order to that, he propounded unto Prince *Artamas* to ſet him at liberty, upon condition he would defend the walls of *Sardis* againſt *Cyrus*. But ſince this Prince could not accept of this condition, unleſs he ſhould fight againſt the King of *Phrygia* his Father, therefore as well as he loved the Princeſs *Palmis*, and as great a deſire as he had to prevent the ruine of *Crœſſus*, he refuſed it; yet with ſo many ſigns of ſorrow and evident teſtimonies of reſpect, as made it apparent he grieved that *Crœſſus* ſhould have ſuch enemies, againſt whom neither honour nor nature would permit him to fight. However this unfortunate King was much incenſed at the denial of Prince *Artamas*, and doubling his guards, he divulged amongſt the people all that he could poſſibly deviſe, to allay their zeal of releaſing him. But the giddy incenſed people who are light and capable of any impreſſions, ſtill continued their devices of this Princes liberty, making eternal Elogies of his Valour and Magnanimity, and railing againſt *Crœſſus*, threatning every hour to releaſe this renowned Priſoner, before they would ſleep: yet they did not attempt it. In the mean time the King of *Pontus* took ſuch order in the Citadel, that the Princeſs *Mandana* and the Princeſs *Palmis* knew not that the Battel was loſt, until *Sardis* was beſieged: as for the Princeſs *Mandana* her ſoul was ſo full of ſorrow that *Cyrus* ſhould prove perfideous, that thoſe thoughts took up all her mind, and ſhe enquired of nothing; therefore it was eaſie to hide it from her. But whilſt ſhe thought upon nothing but the ſuſpected inconſtancy of the moſt conſtant Prince in the World: And whilſt the Princeſs *Palmis* thought upon nothing but the deplorable condition of the King her Father, and the Prince *Artamas*, and whilſt all the cares of *Crœſſus* was to ſecure the walls of *Sardis*, and whilſt the King of *Pontus* looked for nothing but death in defending the Citadel, and whilſt the Prince *Myrſileſſe*, the Prince of *Myſſia*, *Pactias*, and all other Commanders, were buſie in fortifying the Town, and whilſt the tumultuous diſcontented people diſapproved of all that the Princes did, not knowing whether it was right or wrong, *Cyrus*, though a Conqueror, yet went in extream ſorrow to viſit *Panthea*: But in his going thither, he had ſome repugnancy againſt it; for ſince he knew it was either ſhe or *Araminta* with whom *Mandana* thought him in love, he feared leſt this viſit ſhould hurt him, and leſt Fame (which carries the leaſt actions of Princes over all the World) ſhould let *Mandana* know it. But for all that, *Abradates* dying in his ſervice, nothing could hinder him; ſince his ſoul was full of ſorrows, he would go not only with a ſmall company, but alſo a dark way, by the River *Halis*, until he came at the Caſtle where the Queen of *Suſiana* lodged; yet he needed not to go ſo far to ſeek her, for aſſoon as news was brought unto that Princeſs how the Battel was fought, not telling her *Abradates* was kill'd, ſhe took Coach immediately, without acquainting the Princeſs *Araminta* or *Doraliſa*, ſo that taking none with her but *Pherenice*, two other women, and a few ſervants, ſhe went unto the place of fight by the ſame way which *Cyrus* took to come unto her; and though *Pherenice* did all ſhe could to diſſwade her from this voyage, yet needs would ſhe go, telling her, that if *Abradates* were living, ſhe could not go to ſoon to rejoyce with him; if he were wounded, ſhe could not go too ſoon neither to help him; and that if he were dead, ſhe could not make too much haſte to follow him unto his Grave: ſo that her Coach going as faſt as her Horſes could draw it, and going alſo all the Night, ſhe came unto the place where *Cyrus*, who was coming to her, diſcovered her Coach, yet not knowing it to be hers: but that which took up his eyes moſt, was to ſee her ſtop, and ſtay by another, near the River, where many men were doing ſomething which he could not diſcern; his curioſity was much higher, when he ſaw women come out of the Coach which ſtopped in much haſte, one of which ſat down upon the earth, but he could not diſcern what ſhe did. *Cyrus* ſeeing all this, without any extraordinary apprehenſion, went on ſtill towards them. But he was extreamly ſurpriſed, when coming nearer, one of thoſe men whom he ſent to ſeek the Corps of *Abradates* told him, that his companions and himſelf had found it, and brought it to the River ſide, with intentions to carry it in the next Boat that paſſed by unto the place where *Panthea* was: but no Boat paſſing by, and an empty Coach coming that way, they altered their intentions, ſo that as they were ready to put the Body of *Abradates* into it, *Panthea* came unto them, who no ſooner knew the Body of her Husband, but that ſhe came haſtily out of her Coach, and ſat down by it upon the ground, making ſuch lamentable cries, and ſhowering out ſuch floods of Tears, as never was more ſad an object. *Cyrus* making haſte unto her, and lighting from his Horſe a little diſtance from this deplorable Princeſs, he ſaw her ſit by the Corps of *Abradates*, from whom they had not taken his Rich ſuit of Arms which *Panthea* gave him; for the enemy being vanquiſhed, they had no time to think of Plunder, or ſtripping the dead, and *Cyrus* purſued ſo far, that his men were buſied another way. 'Tis true theſe ſtately Arms had loſt much of their luſtre, by reaſon of the abundance of blood which dimm'd the Diamonds, and turned them to fatal Rubies; but as for him, he was ſo little changed, that he only looked a little pale: *Panthea*, who held his head in her lap, upon whom ſhe fixed her eyes, and bedewed with abundance of Tears, which ſhe continually wiped off, that ſhe might look upon her dear *Abradates*; her Tears were accompanyed with ſighs ſo ſad and loud, which came from the depths of her heart, and from the ſaddeſt heart that ever was, ſo that they could not chuſe but fill all ſpectators full of ſorrow and compaſſion. This Princeſs was ſo ſadly taken up with this ſo fatal object, that ſhe ſaw not *Cyrus* when he came unto her: and certainly ſhe had not known he was there, if the Prince extreamly moved at the ſight of dead *Abradates*, and to ſee *Panthea* in ſuch a pitiful condition, had not kneeled down upon the ground to comfort her, and by his loud language moved her to turn towards him. I would it were the will of the Gods, Madam (ſaid *Cyrus* unto her, with ſuch a ſadneſs upon his face as ſufficiently teſtified the ſorrows of his ſoul) that I could revive the Illuſtrious *Abradates* with the loſs of my life; and that the loſs of my blood could ſtop your tears. You ſee, Madam, how much the loſs of *Abradates* troubles me, and how your ſorrows grieve me. At firſt *Panthea* could anſwer *Cyrus* no way but by profound ſighs and ſobs, which would not give her leave to ſpeak. But as this Princeſs had a ſoul as great as ſenſible, ſhe recollected her ſelf. Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him, with a doleful lifting up of her eyes, and with her right hand pointing at her dear *Abradates*) ſince I have received this fatal loſs, you never need to think of ſtopping up my tears, ſince it is the office of death to do it, and which ere long moſt certainly ſhall. May you quietly enjoy that Victory which you have got, and remember ſometimes, that my dear unfortunate *Abradates* was perhaps the Victim which rendred the Gods propitious unto you. But, Sir, whilſt my ſorrows are ſobbing over

Abradates, I forget my obedience unto his laſt commands. In ſaying ſo, ſhe pulled out a paper ſealed, and gave it unto *Cyrus*. Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) the day before the departure of my deareſt *Abradates* from me, he gave me this, which I preſent unto you, with orders ſo to do if he dyed in your ſervice. You ſee he's dead, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, and ſhowred tears afreſh) and therefore you may ſee there what he deſir'd you ſhould know. *Cyrus* did what he could to get *Panthea* into her Coach, and to let them lay the Corps of Illuſtrious *Abradates* in the other, deſiring to defer the reading of the Letter which ſhe gave him, until ſo ſad an object as dead *Abradates* was removed; but ſhe would not by any means; ſo that this Prince not daring to contend too much with her in the firſt apprehenſions of her ſorrow, did as ſhe would have him, and began to ſee what *Abradates* had writ with his own hands. As ſoon as he opened it, he ſaw theſe enſuing words written in a greater Character than the reſt of the lines.

The Laſt Will of *Abradates*.

I Leave my heart and entire affections unto my deareſt Panthea, *and my Kingdom unto the Illuſtrious* Cyrus; *upon no other condition, but that he ſhall protect this Princeſs who wore the Crown, and comfort her after my death: Conceiving that all my Subjects will be as obedient unto this Prince as unto my ſelf; and knowing that I cannot do an act more glorious for my ſelf, than to make choice of ſuch a Succeſſor, nor more profitable for them, than by giving them ſuch a Soveraign; nor more advantagious for the Queen my deareſt Wife, than in procuring her ſo generous a Protector.*

ABRADATES.

After *Cyrus* had read what the King of *Suſiana* had writ, he was aſtoniſhed at the generoſity of this Prince, ſo much, that his ſorrow began afreſh; and ſince his great ſoul could never yield unto any in point of Generoſity, I muſt needs declare unto you, Madam, (ſaid he unto *Panthea*) that I except only of this laſt Qualification which the ever renowned *Abradates* hath conferred upon me, conceiving that he would never have conſtituted me King of *Suſiana*, but becauſe the Laws of his Country would not permit him to make you Queen. But I accept of the title of your Protector, with hopes of meriting it by my ſervices, and protecting you againſt all the world. I do declare, and promiſe you, never to make uſe of this Authority which *Abradates* hath given me in his Dominions unto any other end, but only to ſettle the Crown upon your head. Your expreſſions (replyed *Panthea*) are worthy of your ſelf, and worthy of *Abradates* his friend. But, Sir, I need no more than a Tomb large enough to hold *Abradates* and my ſelf: Therefore I beſeech and conjure you to leave me by my ſelf a while with this dear illuſtrious Corps, which I am fully reſolved never to forſake. I know, Madam (ſaid *Cyrus* unto her) that your ſorrows are but juſt, and that they may be extream without ever accuſing you of any weakneſs. But, Madam, it is requiſite that you ſhould preſerve the memory of *Abradates*; and in order to that, it is requiſite you ſhould live. Therefore I moſt humbly, and earneſtly beſeech you, let us go and prepare a Tomb worthy of his Valour and Quality; and give me leave to ſeparate you from him, whom death too cruelly before me hath ſeparated you. I conjure you unto it (ſaid *Cyrus*, and taking one of the hands of this Illuſtrious Corps) by the moſt valiant Prince that ever lived, and by the only man of all the world whom you loved. But, alas, *Cyrus* was extreamly ſurpriſed to ſee this hand which was quite cut off from the arm of *Abradates* with a ſword, remaining in his own, and ſeparated from the body of his Illuſtrious friend; his ſpeech failed him, tears dropt from his eyes; and *Panthea* redoubling hers, took his valiant hand out of the hand of *Cyrus*; and after ſhe had kiſſed it with abundance of tenderneſs, and reſpect, ſhe laid it in its place, as if ſhe deſired to faſten it unto his arm again, waſhing it with as many tears as quite took away all the blood wherewith it was ſprinkled in ſeveral places: It is my ſelf, ſaid ſhe, it is I who am the cauſe of *Abradates*, my dear *Abradates* his death; for I had not confidence enough in his own accuſtomed valour, to pay that debt which I owed unto you, Sir: I ſpoke a hundred things which moved him to ſurpaſs himſelf; and I am moſt confident, that his love of me cauſed him to precipitate himſelf into the midſt of dangers: Is it poſſible I ſhould look upon him and live? Can I ſuffer any ſhould ſpeak unto me of any ſuch thing as conſolation? Madam (ſaid *Cyrus* unto her) ſince your miſeries cannot be remedied, you ought to endure them patiently. *Abradates* dyed full of glory; his memory will paſs to Poſterity with honour; but to make it more Illuſtrious, it is your part, Madam, to make the conſtancy of your ſoul equal his courage; and it is my part alſo to make the friendſhip betwixt me and him, and the reſpects I have of you, conduce unto his glory, and your tranquility. I beſeech you, Madam, tell me whither it is your pleaſure I ſhould conduct you; and leave it unto my care, to provide for the Funerals of this Illuſtrious Corps. Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him, with a little more ſerenity in her looks) I beſeech you let me have the ſight of this dear Corps only one quarter of an hour, and let me have the liberty to lament in ſilence and privacy when none ſhall be with me. *Cyrus*, unwilling to contradict her too much, roſe up, and taking *Pherenice* apart as well as *Beleſis*, and *Hermogenes* who followed him, he began to deſire her ſhe would help him to perſwade *Panthea*, that they might take away this doleful Object from before her eyes: But *Pherenice* and *Hermogenes* were ſo ſadded with ſorrows, that they could not ſpeak: and as for *Beleſis*, he durſt not think that his eloquence could prevail where all the Rhetorique of *Cyrus* could not. None of the other men which waited upon this Prince were ſo near as to ſpeak unto this miſerable Queen; ſo then ſeeing he was the only man who muſt deal with her, ſince *Pherenice* could not by reaſon of her extream grief, and abundance of tears, he began to chide *Panthea*: But *Pherenice*, who by long experience knew ſhe could not endure to be croſt in her firſt apprehenſions of ſorrow, reſtrained him, and deſired him to give her a minutes patience. Stay, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I beſeech you, ſtay: I will if I can ſtop the current of my tears, and caſt my ſelf at the Queens feet, and endeavour to get her from *Abradates*. But whilſt *Cyrus*, *Pherenice*, *Hermogenes*, and *Beleſis* were deviſing how they might ſeparate *Panthea* from dead *Abradates*, this deplorable Princeſs was deviſing in her mind what courſe ſhe ſhould take never to be parted from him. And ſince Fate favoured her diſmal deſign to dye, ſhe eſpied a Dagger which her dear *Abradates* had about him, which he uſed not in Battel; ſo that conceiving her ſelf to be the cauſe of her husbands death, not only in what ſhe had ſaid unto him at parting, but alſo becauſe ſhe did firſt engage him on *Cyrus* his Quarrel, ſhe thought the Gods did ſuffer *Abradates* to have this Dagger, that ſhe might by it both puniſh her ſelf, and free her ſelf from all her miſeries. Since ſhe had loſt all ſhe loved, nothing could pleaſe her; ſhe could not conceive ſhe ought ever to comfort her ſelf;and ſhe thought it a ſhame to live ſince *Abradates* was dead. So that her exceſſive ſorrow made her think death to be the greateſt good that ever could befal her. She no ſooner eſpyed this Dagger, but taking it unſeen by any of the company, becauſe every one diverted their eyes from that lamentable object, ſhe ſtruck it into her body, and drawing it out again to give her ſelf a ſecond blow, ſhe had not ſtrength enough; ſhe leaned upon the body of her deareſt *Abradates*, the blood which poured out of her wound, guſhed upon the arm of this Illuſtrious dead Corps. Though thoſe who were near *Panthea* never perceived this act; yet one that was a ſervant unto this Princeſs, and who was farther off, did ſee her take this Dagger, and crying out aloud, and running towards her, his voice made *Cyrus*, and all the reſt turn their heads towards him, and not towards *Panthea*; ſo that this was partly a cauſe that none but this Servant ſaw the act, and by conſequence why they could not prevent it. But ſince the loud cries of this Servant doubled, who ſtill cryed out, and never told why, *Cyrus* began to ſuſpect ſomething; he went towards him, and coming near *Panthea*, he found her at the laſt gaſp; yet ſhe opened her fair eyes, turning them towards *Abradates*, and afterwards up to Heaven, where they fixed without any further ſign of life. *Cyrus* was ſo amazed at this ſad accident; ſo grieved for the death of two ſuch Illuſtrious perſons, and ſo aſtoniſhed at the great heart of *Panthea*, that he was not able to expreſs either his wonder or his ſorrows. On the other ſide, *Pherenice*, and the reſt of the women were ſo full of pityful lamentations, as would have melted hearts of Marble. And the amaze was ſo generally amongſt them all that were preſent ſpectators of this bleeding ſpectacle, that none of them were able to comfort another: And to compleat this Tragical adventure, three of the Queens ſervants killed themſelves within ten paces from the Queen: And *Araſpes*, ignorant of this accident, came by, by chance, and ſaw the dead Queen, whoſe Beauty ſurmounted his Virtue, and overcame the inſenſibility of his heart; *Araſpes* being of a violent haſty compoſition, and ſtill in love, though he was full of reſpects unto *Cyrus*, yet his Paſſion was above his Reaſon, and the greatneſs of his Love did appear in the greatneſs of his Deſpair, that he deſerved ſome excuſe for no better concealing it. His eyes were full of fury, he knew not whom he ſpoke unto, and asked all one after another, what brought *Panthea* unto this condition? he could not believe ſhe was dead by her own hand, and reſolved to revenge her death as ſoon as ever he ſhould know the cauſe. But when at laſt he believed what was told him, he turned his fury againſt himſelf, and had he not been prevented, would have faln upon his ſword: Afterwards he would have thrown himſelf into the River, if *Cyrus* had not commanded two of his friends to have an eye over him, and not to forſake him; otherwiſe he had infallibly followed *Panthea* to the grave. In the mean time, ſeeing no remedy for this ſad accident, he cauſed the bodies of *Abradates* and *Panthea* to be put in one Coach, and the women of the Princeſs in the other; himſelf following on horſeback with his men, towards the Caſtle where the Princeſs *Araminta* was. *Cyrus* alſo cauſed the bodies of thoſe ſervants which killed themſelves, to be brought, to the end they might be buried cloſe by the Tombs of their Princes. He ſent *Feraulas* to order all things neceſſary for the Funerals of theſe two Illuſtrious perſons, which he deſired ſhould be as magnificent as poſſible. In the mean while the Princeſs *Araminta*, who with extream impatience expected the Queen of *Suſiana*'s return, was in the window of her chamber with *Cleonice*, *Doraliſa*, and the reſt of the Ladies, which were Priſoners, when theſe two Coaches arrived, and were followed by *Cyrus*: So that ſhe was infinitely ſurprized to ſee one of the faireſt Princeſſes in the world, and one of the moſt valiant Heroes upon earth in ſuch a lamentable condition. *Cyrus* commanded their bodies to be laid in a great Hall under a Canopy of State, covering them with a Counterpane of black Velvet: He alſo commanded abundance of Cryſtial Lamps to be placed in the Hall, and there theſe two Illuſtrious Corps to remain until the Ceremonies of Funeral were ready. In the mean while *Cyrus* went to the Princeſs *Araminta* to condole with her, rather than to comfort her; but what conſolation ſoever he found in her company, he made no long viſit there. Yet he aſſured her that the King her Brother was neither dead, nor wounded, as he underſtood by ſome Priſoners which were taken. After which he left her, ſaying, he would wait upon her the next day; for he was reſolved to honour the Funerals of *Abradates* and *Panthea* with his preſence. After this, *Cyrus* viſited *Cleonice* and *Doraliſa* in their Chambers, whither they were retired; bringing *Cleonice* unto them, and comforting them with extraordinary civility. He aſſured them he would have as great a care of them as ever *Panthea* had; nor would he forget the very meaneſt of her Vaſſals. But to teſtifie how much he honoured the dead, he commanded *Chriſantes* to provide Architectors for the erecting of a ſtately Tomb of Marble and Porphyrie in the ſame place where *Panthea* dyed. The next day following, an *Egyptian* Sacrificer embalmed their bodies after the Cuſtom of the Country, which was to keep them incorruptible: After which they were laid in a Temple cloſe by, until their Tombs were built, whereon *Cyrus* cauſed their Epitaph to be written in many Languages; ſetting forth to all that read them, the Valour of *Abradates*, the beauty and virtue of *Panthea*, their dear affections to one another, their lives and deaths, and the fidelity of their Servants. After *Cyrus* had rendred the honours due unto *Abradates* and *Panthea*, he reſolved to ſee the Princeſs *Araminta* once more before he went whither his honour, or to ſay better, his Love called him. But in ſeeing her, he conceived, that ſince ſhe had ſo much confidence in his diſcretion, as to acquaint him how *Spitridates* was jealous of her and him, ſo he conceived it expedient to acquaint her, how *Mandana* was jealous of him and her; but his principal motive of all was, becauſe he had a deſign to take all manner of colour from *Mandana*, to be jealous of him; and in order to that, he beſeeched this Princeſs not to think it ſtrange if he viſited her no more until he had delivered the Princeſs of *Medea* from her impriſonment, and had juſtified himſelf: But the beſt of the ſtory was, that at the very ſame time he ntended to acquaint *Araminta*, ſhe intended to inreat him that he would ſee her ſeldomer, leſt thoſe who perſwaded *Spitridates* of what was ſo far from ruth, ſhould thereby have ſome ground whereupon to uild their ſuppoſitions, ſo that *Cyrus* needed not to fear is requeſt would be offenſive to her. Afterwards ſhe onjured him, that as long as the Siege laſted, he would ot ſuffer the Prince *Phraartes* to viſit her. But wonder was, that theſe two prudent perſons, who had ſuch great eaſon not to be long together, yet this time held a vey long conference; for after they had diſcourſed of heir misfortunes, and after ſhe had put him in memoy of all his promiſes concerning the King her Brother, hey began to talk of *Abradates* and *Panthea*. *Cyus* intreated her ſhe would be pleaſed to take care of *herenice* and *Doraliſa* until they had reſolved upon ſome ourſe, and that ſhe would be pleaſed to let *Cleoniſa* and her friends ſtay with her till the Siege was ended; after which he left her, and went in all haſte to lay cloſe Siege unto *Sardis*. But in his way, he called at the Tent of the *Egyptian* Prince, whom he found in a condition to be ſeen, and to be carried unto the ſame Caſtle where th Princeſs *Araminta* was, whither *Cyrus* cauſed him t be conducted, and where he lay in the Chamber o the unfortunate *Panthea*: the enterview of theſe tw Princes began ſuch a friendſhip, as ended not but wit their lives:for from this very firſt day they found in eac other all the qualities that could be wiſhed for in friend When *Cyrus* firſt entred into the Tent of this Illuſtrious wounded Prince, who was called *Seſoſtris*, th Grandure which appeared in his Aſpect ſurpriſe him, for though he then ſeemed to be of a very handſome compoſure the firſt time he ſaw him, yet ſince h ſaw him not but when he lay in a ſwoon, he found very advantageous alteration in him. But as *Cyrus* wa very pleaſingly ſurpriſed at the ſight of *Seſoſtris*, ſo *Seſoſtris* was infinitely ſurpriſed at the ſight of *Cyrus*, who produced his cuſtomary effect in the hearts o all that look upon him, which is, to move reſpect and admiration. Since *Seſoſtris* did owe his life unto *Cyrus*, and was infinitely obliged unto him, for his ſo generous uſage of his men, he returned him a complement of gratitude. Sir (ſaid he in the *Grecian* Language, knowing that *Cyrus* ſpoke it admirably well, but was not ſo well verſed in the *Egyptian* Tongue) I am very glad that fortune, which in divers other occaſions hath been ſuch an Enemy unto me, hath been favourable to me in this, and hath brought me to take that ſide, which is both more juſt and more fortunate, than that wherein ~~I was~~. But, Sir, the principal reaſon why I think my ſelf ſo obliged unto Fortune, is, becauſe by her I enjoy the honour of ſeeing you, as I moſt earneſtly deſired. I think my ſelf extreamly honoured (replied *Cyrus* modeſtly) that a Prince ſo highly honoured for his vertue by his Souldiers as you are, ſhould have any inclination to love me; for it is to be believed, that ſo many Valiant men would not reverence you ſo much as they do, unleſs you were more valiant than they are. But, Sir, I do admire, I ſhould never till now hear tell that there was a Prince in *Egypt*, which carried the name of *Seſoſtris*;and knowing all the Acts of the great *Seſoſtris*, who heretofore was ſo highly Victorious in *Aſia*, and *Arabia*, I ſhould be ignorant who this *Seſoſtris* is whom now I ſee ſo Illuſtrious. Sir, (replied this wounded Prince) when I ſhall have rendered my ſelf worthy your eſteem by ſome conſiderable action, I ſhall then tell you who I am, and until then, I cannot think my ſelf in a condition able to let you know the diſaſters of my ſelf and Family. *Cyrus*, perceiving that much ſpeaking might prejudice the health of this Prince, would not preſs him any further, but parted from him infinitely well pleaſed and ſatisfied. One of the principal *Egyptian* Commanders who was with *Seſoſtris*, waiting upon *Cyrus* to his Horſe, told him that *Seſoſtris* was one of a moſt prodigious ſpirit and Valour, and aſſured him, that when he ſhall be acquainted with his quality truly, he will find his merits ſurpaſs the moſt Illuſtrious that are in the world. After which *Cyrus* leaving him, went in all haſte unto the Camp: as ſoon as he came there, the Kings of *Aſſyria*, *Phrygia*, *Hircania*, *Mazares*, *Anaxaris*, and all the reſt, rendred him an account how all things ſtood, yet he did not altogether truſt unto them, but went himſelf to view all the Quarters, and to ſpie out the ſtrong and the weak places. But upon exact view and conſideration, he was very ſorry to find them much more ſtrong than they were reported unto him; yet what difficulty ſoever there was in taking it by force, he was reſolved not to make a long war of it, nor to make a regular Siege of it, by raiſing Forts, and caſting Lines about it, and he choſe rather to loſe ſome men, than to be a long time thought unconſtant unto *Mandana*; yet he thought it expedient not to preſs too hard upon *Sardis*, until he made ſure one ſide of the Town, at which he feared the King of *Pontus* might carry away the Princeſs. In the mean time, as he would never neglect any thing which was becoming him, ſo he ſent unto the Prince of *Claſomena*, whom he acquainted by Letter with the deaths of *Abradates* and *Panthea*, he ſent alſo unto *Ciaxaris*, to let him know of his Victory, and to tell him that he had no need of thoſe Forces which he offered him, he ſent alſo unto *Perſepolis* to the King his Father, and the Queen his Mother; he deſired alſo that

Alcenor would go into *Suſa*, accompanyed with *Artabaſes* and *Aduſius*, and that they ſhould carry with them the laſt Will of *Abradates*, the better to move the people to put it in execution; his device was alſo to ſend *Hermogenes*: but this generous friend knowing that *Cyrus* would ſend *Beleſis* alſo, he deſired a diſpenſation, not daring to truſt himſelf, but feared he was never able to ſee *Cleodora* come out of the Temple of *Ceres*, without ſome reſentments of ſorrow, if ſo it chanced that *Beleſis* ſhould perſwade her to come out, ſo that there was only *Abradates*, *Aduſius*, *Beleſis*, *Alcenor*, and ſome other *Suſanians* who were in commiſſion to go into *Suſa*: They did not take their leaves of *Cyrus* without expreſſions of much ſorrow to leave him at ſuch a time, when they might be ſerviceable unto him. *Cyrus* to teſtifie his acknowledgment of *Beleſis* his zeal towards him, wrote unto *Cleodora*, to aſſure her of her adorer's fidelity. *Mazares* alſo did the ſame, and that *Beleſis* might not be neceſſitated to tell *Cleodora* himſelf what a miſerable diſcontented life he lived, this Prince ſent *Orſanus* with him. The parting between *Mazares* and *Beleſis* was exceedingly ſad; as well as that between *Beleſis* and *Hermogenes*, who had ſo much power over himſelf, as to let his friend ſee he was well ſatisfied and contented. *Cyrus* appointed *Alcenor* and *Beleſis* to go and bid adieu unto *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice*, who might perhaps employ them in ſome buſineſs. When *Cyrus* had given ſatisfaction unto all others, he thought upon nothing but how to ſatisfie himſelf in releaſing *Mandana*. The King of *Aſſyria* and *Mazares* were much in Admiration, to obſerve he was more diſquieted after the Victory, than he was before; yet they could not dive into the reaſon, but did in vain ſeek for it: however, the melancholy of *Cyrus* beginning to leſſen, by reaſon of his hopes ere long to juſtifie himſelf; their curioſity did leſſen accordingly, and both they and he thought upon nothing but the taking of *Sardis*; yet had they very different thoughts, for *Cyrus* hoped that by the taking of this Town he ſhould juſtifie himſelf in the opinion of *Mandana*; and aſſoon as he had vanquiſhed the King of *Aſſyria*, to enjoy her. But as for this King, the taking of *Sardis*, and the vanquiſhing of *Cyrus* would not ſuffice to make him happy; for when all this was done, he had the obduracy of *Mandana*, to vanquiſh, which in all probability he could never hope for, unleſs in the promiſe of the Oracle; as for *Mazares* he was in a more miſerable condition than they both; for which way ſoever ſquares went, he could never find any favourable hopes; he did his beſt to baniſh that hope out of his heart, by baniſhing that love which firſt planted it there, ſo that at the ſame time when he fought againſt the *Lydians*, he fought againſt himſelf: and there paſſed not a day away, wherein love and virtue did not contend which ſhould have the dominion of his ſoul. In the mean while *Cyrus* was extreamly vigilant, he went perpetually from quarter to quarter, and longed with exceeding impatiency to ſee things in ſuch a ſtate, as they might make an aſſault upon the Town, though all the Walls were manned with ſuch a multitude of ſouldiers, that the very thought of placing Ladders, was enough to ſtagger the ſtouteſt reſolution. 'Tis true, that thoſe which were in the Town upon their ramparts, ſeeing this great victorious Army environ it, were not terryfied with the ſpectacle, as not doubting their ruine, thought upon nothing but how to ſell their lives at as dear a rate as they could; yet the ſight of this apparent danger did not produce the ſame effect in the hearts of all the inhabitants, for the Town was ſo divided among theſelves, that *Crœſſus* ſtood in as great fear of his own ſubjects, as of his enemies. As love is ſuch an heroique paſſion as is infinitely above the capacity of the vulgar, ſo the people of *Sardis* could not believe that *Mandana* was the real cauſe of the War; but on the contrary they imagined it to be ambition only which exaſperated *Cyrus* againſt them; ſo that knowing how this Prince had rendred back the Kingdom unto the King of *Armenia* after he had conquered it, and that he contented himſelf only with the honour of it, and making him to pay a tribute which was due unto *Ciaxares*. Therefore the rout of the people took up a Fancy, to ſay that *Crœſſus* had no better way than to propoſe unto *Cyrus* to become his

Vaſſal, imagining that this Prince would accept of it: ſo that this fancy paſſing from mind to mind, and from mouth to mouth, it raiſed ſo great a tumult in the Town, that *Crœſſus*, to calm it, was forced to tell the people, that he would make ſome propoſitions of peace unto *Cyrus*, but yet muſt ſtay a few daies firſt. Whilſt *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* were in this condition, *Cyrus*, whoſe great ſoul thought nothing difficult, prepared himſelf for a general aſſault. 'Tis true, one ſide of the Town towards the Mountain *Tmolus*, was ſo inacceſſible, that there was no poſſibility of aſſaulting it on that ſide, and every where elſe,the Walls were ſo full of men, that there was apparent danger in the aſſault: However, *Cyrus* reſolved to attempt it, he viſited all his Engins, and Ladders, to ſee if they were long enough: he muſtered up all his Forces, he ſpoke his ſouldiers fair, and after he had given order to aſſault it in three places at once, the one of which was to be commanded by the King of *Aſſyria*, the other by *Mazares*, and the third by himſelf; This Prince was the firſt that put a Ladder againſt the Walls of this Famous Town, after the ditch was filled full of Faggots, maugre the reſiſtance of his enemies; conſidering the diſorder in the Town, there was great hope of good ſucceſs unto *Cyrus* in the attempt. Yet the report was no ſooner ſpread about amongſt the Inhabitants of *Sardis*, that their Town was ready to be ſtormed, but deſpair did ſo rouze up their ſpirits, and made them ſo Valiant, that there was hardly a woman that went not to defend it, and had not to throw upon the heads of them that climbed the Ladders: indeed the reſiſtance of the *Lydians*, animated by the King of *Pontus*, was ſuch,that all the Valour of *Cyrus*, and them that fought under him, could not force them that day; *Cyrus* was repulſed above twenty times from the top of the walls; and if Fortune had not happily preſerved him, he had moſt certainly periſhed at this bout, for the enemies did ſo ſtoutly defend themſelves, that there was no poſſibility to get upon their Ramparts: nothing but overturned and broken Ladders could be ſeen;there flew from the walls of *Sardis* ſuch a prodigious number

number of Arrows, Darts, and Javelines, that the Air was obſcured by them, thoſe who eſcaped them, miſſed not a ſhower of ſtones, which were continually thrown at them; they alſo had a kind of Sythes which kept the Walls from the aſſaultants, ſo that all three diviſions were forced to come off: but *Cyrus* in his coming off quartered under the counterſcarp of the Mote, ſince he would not be upbraided with getting no advantage. *Anaxaris*, who fought that day next him, and did ſuch wonders, that *Cyrus* confeſſed he never ſaw a more valiant man, did exceedingly help this Prince to take this Quarter, and to keep it: the night alſo coming on, did much facilitate the work, and made it in a condition to be kept; yet *Cyrus* was very ſorry his firſt aſſault ſucceeded no better; but knowing all days were not alike in War, he ſhrunk not, no more than the King of *Aſſyria* or *Mazares*, who were very gallant that day, and he commended his ſouldiers, as indeed he had no reaſon to complain, for they did as much as any couragious men could do. He was ſo happy as to loſe not one man of any quality in this ſtorm; 'tis true, a great number of ſouldiers were killed, ſo that as ſoon as day appeared, a truce was made to carry off the dead, during which time *Cyrus* was very circumſpect to obſerve whether there was any other quarter of the Wall which might be attempted with leſs difficulty. But whilſt he was conſidering what was advantageous or diſadvantageous, the *Lydians*, who in reaſon ſhould have been more couragious, after they had repulſed their enemies, became more cowed in their ſpirits, for many of them being wounded and killed, they were more afrighted than before, the women ſeeing their husbands and children wounded and killed, were ſo full of cries and tears, that they melted the hearts and courages of the reſt, ſo that ſuppoſing their King might now make a more advantageous treaty after he had repulſed *Cyrus* than before, they began to ſpeak of nothing elſe, and that in ſo high a manner, as this unfortunate Prince would willingly have parted with *Mandana* to ſave his Crown. But the King of *Pontus* had ſo cunningly carried the matter, as *Crœſus* was not

Maſter of the Cittadel, for this Prince had ſo complyed with *Faction* and all the Souldiers, that *Crœſſus* could not diſpoſe of it: inſomuch as this unfortunate King was not Maſter ſo much as of his own Daughter, nor of the only Town which was left him. In the mean time, *Cyrus* being advertiſed by ſome ſpies which *Andramites* imployed, and which went in and out of the Town, that the tumult began to grow high, reſolved to let them alone, and try what it would produce before he would give a ſecond aſſault: alſo intending to aſſault in all places of the Town which were acceſſible, he found he had not Ladders enough for it, ſo that he contented himſelf with keeping that quarter which he had made, and to repulſe thoſe enemies which two or three times did endeavour to diſlodge them that guarded it; but as oft as they ſallied, *Cyrus* beat them back ſo ſharply, that at laſt they thought no more upon it. As all things ſtood upon theſe terms, *Leontidas* accompanied with an Envoy from *Philoxipes*, came from *Thraſibulus* and *Harpagus*, to acquaint *Cyrus* with the particulars of the happy ſucceſs, which before he hinted unto him preſently after the Battel was won: *Cyrus* no ſooner ſaw them, but he was as much Joyed as poſſible, for ſince he loved *Thraſibulus* very well, and exceedingly eſteemed *Leontidas*, he hoped for much conſolation from them. Yet he could never look upon this jealous Lover without a remembrance of all his jealous paſſages which he related at *Sinope*, or without calling into his memory at the ſame time the unjuſt jealouſie of *Mandana*; ſo that notwithſtanding his joy to ſee *Leontidas*, he embraced him with a ſigh, yet he gave a ſudden check unto all his ſad reſentments, purpoſely to expreſs how great ſatisfaction the Victory of *Thraſibulus* did give him. I aſſure you (ſaid he unto him after the firſt complements, and after he had asked the Envoy from *Philoxipes*, how that Prince did) I have made no fewer prayers for the felicity of *Thraſibulus*, than for my own, and his happineſs keeps me from murmuring at the continuation of my own miſeries. You have reaſon, Sir (anſwered *Leontidas*) to intereſt your ſelf in the good fortune of the

Prince *Thraſibulus*; for as his good fortune keeps you from murmuring againſt the Gods for your miſeries, ſo your miſeries keep him from thanking them for his own happineſs. But I pray you relate unto me not only all his Victories (ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Leontidas*) but alſo all his and your adventures, and tell me alſo, how fares all your Friends? Is *Philocles* yet cured of his paſſion, does he love ſtill without being loved again? is *Thimocrates* ſtill amorous and abſent? and are you yet jealous? All that you ask (replied *Leontidas*) do queſtionleſs deſerve anſwers, except the laſt, which concerns my ſelf: for, Sir, it is to no purpoſe to ask a man who is naturally jealous, whether he be jealous ſtill, ſince certainly he can never be otherwiſe. This anſwer of *Leontidas* did much grieve *Cyrus*, conceiving, that according to it, the jealouſie of *Mandana* would laſt eternally; for the exceſs of his paſſion would not permit him to diſtinguiſh between a jealouſie naturally rooted in the heart, without cauſe or reaſon, and a jealouſie which hath ſome colour and cauſe, and which by conſequence continues no longer than the cauſe; yet he concealed the diſorder of his thoughts, and moved *Leontidas* to ſatisfie his curioſity in letting him know all the paſſages concerning *Thraſibulus*, *Harpagus*, *Philocles*, *Thimocrates*, and himſelf, conceiving it would be a great joy unto him to hear that theſe Lovers, who were ſo unhappy the laſt time he ſaw them, are now in a better condition: alſo ſince *Leontidas* came upon the day of Truce, when *Cyrus* had no great buſineſs in hand, knowing that *Sardis* was not in any condition of relief, he imployed this leaſure in hearing of the particulars of both the Victories and amorous adventures of *Thraſibulus*. But ſince *Leontidas* knew that the Envoy from *Philoxipes*, whoſe name was *Megaſides*, had ſomething to ſay unto *Cyrus* from his Maſter, which would be more pleaſing unto him, than all he could ſay, he reſolved to ſatisfie his curioſity in few words. Sir, ſaid he unto him, the Prince *Philoxipes* hath ſent you ſuch joyful news by *Megaſides*, that leſt your ſoul ſhould be too much ſurpriſed at it, I think it is expedient for me to prepare you for the reception of it, by relating things of leſs conſequence; yet I muſt not keep you too long, therefore I will tell you all you deſire to know in as few words as poſſible. *Cyrus* hearing *Leontidas* ſay ſo, did believe that what *Megaſides* had to ſay, related only unto *Philoxipes*, and not himſelf at all; ſo that though he much eſteemed him, yet ſince he loved *Thraſibulus* better, he did not interrupt *Leontidas* who at firſt put him in mind of the ſtate wherein things ſtood concerning the Prince of *Milete*, when they parted from each other: But *Cyrus* interrupting him, Ah *Leontidas*, ſaid he, you wrong me much, if you think I forget the intereſts of my friends, no, no, I have not forgot any thing which concerns *Thraſibulus* or your ſelf; I very well remember how the People of *Milete* drave out the wicked *Melaſia*, the ambitious *Philodice*, the unfortunate *Leonice*, and the Tyrant *Alexideſmas*, and that all theſe abominable wretches retired to the Prince of *Phoceus*, brother of *Philodice*, who endeavoured to contract a league with all his neighbour ſtates, and that in the mean time *Anthemeus* in lieu of calling back his Prince, as the wiſe *Thales* adviſed him, he employed all his endeavours to make the people cry up Liberty, and not to acknowledge their Maſter. I remember alſo that the fair *Alcionida* ſtayed at *Mytelenes* whilſt the Prince *Tyſander* came to *Sardis*, and from thence went into *Armenia*, where you know he dyed, declaring by his laſt words, and by a Letter unto *Alcionida*, that it was his will *Thraſibulus* ſhould marry her: And to ſhew you, ſaid *Cyrus*, that I remember all that concerns my friends, I remember alſo that the laſt abſence of *Thimocrates* was cauſed by a combat which he fought with one of his Rivals, whom he killed, for which he was baniſhed from *Delphos* for three years. Nor have I forgotten how the unfortunate *Philocles*, who never was beloved, was abſolutely out of all hopes to be ſo, becauſe the fair *Philiſta* was married, and returned into *Ialiſſa*. And for your part (ſaid *Cyrus* with a ſmile, which he ſeconded with a ſigh) I remember very well you were jealous of all both above and below your quality; and that when you left *Samos*, after you had fondly conſulted with the Philoſopher *Xanthus*, you left three of your Rivals with the fair *Alcidamia*. And after this, I pray judge whether it be neceſſary to call into memory what I have ſo well, and ſo often thought upon. I muſt confeſs, Sir, replied *Leontidas*, I could not think your own misfortunes would have permitted you to remember ſo exactly the misfortunes of others; but ſince I ſee that I am deceived, I will haſten, and tell you that the Prince *Thraſibulus*, not being able to carry *Tiſander*'s Letter unto *Alcionida* himſelf, nor to acquaint her with the death of her Husband, and having no mind to urge her unto the accompliſhment of that unfortunate Prince's Laſt Will, as ſoon as he came into *Milete*, of which he was not yet Maſter, he ſent *Leoſthenes* to give the Letter of dying *Tiſander* unto *Alcionida*, giving him alſo another from himſelf to that fair one, which, Sir, I am very ſorry I cannot ſhew you as *Thraſibulus* did unto me: For, Sir, I never in my life met with ſo well a penned Piece, ſo moving, ſo full of Art, Wit, Eloquence, and Judgment: But to hint it a little unto your apprehenſion, I need ſay no more, than that when *Thraſibulus* was not in love with *Alcionida*, but only the friend of *Tiſander*, it was impoſſible ſhe could be more tender than ſhe was towards that Illuſtrious deceaſed Prince: and that when he was not the friend of *Tiſander*, but only a Lover of *Alcionida*, ſhe could not be more paſſionate than ſhe was: He uſed not one word which was unbecoming: The word Love was not ſo much as once uſed throughout the Letter: He did not entreat her to fulfil the Laſt Will of her Husband, who deſired her to marry him. But in asking nothing, he asked all; and never was piece ſo full of wit and paſſion, as this admirable Letter. But after *Thraſibulus* had fully inſtructed *Leoſthenes*, and diſpatched him away to *Alcionida*, and unto the ſage *Pittacus*, Father of *Tiſander*, unto whom he writ alſo; he conſulted with *Harpagus*, upon the beſt expedients to compaſs his deſigns, and they conceived it beſt; Firſt how to become Maſters of *Milete*, before he thought of any revenge of his enemies: Yet the matter was not in their own choice, for the Prince of *Phoceus*, as I told you before, made a league with the *Lanthians*, the *Carians*, and the *Caunians*, ſo that getting up a conſiderable Army, he muſt think of fighting and not of going unto *Milete*, whither *Thraſibulus* then ſent one of his men ſecretly unto *Thales*. In ſhort, Sir, this Prince did fight him, and defeated him. After this Victory, the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Alexideſmus* were forced to retreat into their Town: which *Thraſibulus* the ſame hour beleaguered with Trenches, and by that means they had only that ſide towards the Sea open, from whence they had no hopes of any ſudden relief, ſo that ſince their Crimes put them in mind of puniſhment, if ever they fell into the hands of *Thraſibulus*, their plot alſo was to get their perſons out of the reach of his Revenge. They inſpired into the ſpirits of the *Phocean* People, ſo great a horrour of ſtrange dominion, that the innocent People were out of all heart: Then they deſired a Parley, and at firſt propoſed ſuch advantageous terms, that *Harpagus* moved *Thraſibulus* to forget ſome of his Reſentments and hearken unto them: So that all acts of Hoſtility ceaſed on both ſides, and they were in treating two days: In the mean time, the *Phoceans* took hold of this Interim, to tackle up all their Ships, which were not a few; for they were the firſt of all the *Grecians* which made any long Sea Voyages, and who alſo found out the way of *Tyrrhenea* and *Tarteſſa*.

In concluſion, Sir, in one night all the *Phoceans* embarqued with their Wives and Children, and carried with them all that was of any value, even to the Statues of their Temples. So that the next morning, in lieu of Commiſſioners to Treat, we ſaw none, neither upon the Walls, or any where elſe: Inſomuch as *Thraſibulus* triumphed in an empty Town, none remaining in it but a few miſerable Slaves. This, Sir, much perplexed *Thraſibulus*, for it was prejudicial unto him: Who putting a Garriſon in *Phoceus*, he ſtayed no longer there, but ſent to aſſure *Euphranor*, who was chief of all the *Gnidian* Councel, that he had no other deſign but to protect them, and conjured him not to give any Retreat unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, nor *Alexideſmus*. But notwithſtanding all the fair words of *Thraſibulus*, he knowing that the Army which he commanded belonged unto a Prince which pretended to ſubject all *Aſia*, he would not truſt him, but endeavoured to cut that *Iſthmus* of land which was between the two Seas, and which only joyned the *Gnidean* Country unto the Continent. But as they digged to make their Country an Iſle, whether it was ſo, or whether they imagined it, they thought the ſtones rebounded againſt them; ſo that thinking the Gods were not pleaſed with their work, they gave it over. *Euphranor*, to oblige them by the ſame reaſon which hindred them, ſent to conſult with the Oracle at *Delphos*: But the Oracle, which formerly returned obſcure Anſwers unto all their Queſtions, did now anſwer the *Gnideans*, *That they ſhould not any longer vainly labour to cut this Iſthmus, becauſe if Jupiter had intended to make their Country an Iſland, he could have done it without them*; ſo that this anſwer being known at *Gnide*, *Euphranor* ſubmitted to the will of the Gods, and yielded unto more than *Thraſibulus* demanded; for he ſent ſome deputies of the Country to aſſure him of the fidelity which he would render unto him. I ſhall not need to tell you, Sir, how *Thraſibulus* uſed them kindly, for when you know they came from *Euphranor*, you will imagine it: In the mean while *Thraſibulus* (after he had ſent them away with as much confidence of well uſage as they deſired) underſtood that his enemies were retired unto *Xanthus*, after they had been refuſed in many other places, and that the multitude of *Phoceans* were gone to *Chio*, he turned his Forces towards them, yet firſt there was a neceſſity of fighting the *Carians*, who quickly ſubmitted: Mean while, *Anthemius* and *Thales* negotiated in *Milete* according to their ſeveral deſigns.

But the ends of *Thales* being more juſt than the ends of *Anthemius*, the Gods did favour them, and maugre this Arch-enemy of *Thraſibulus*, he diſpoſed the People to ſubmit to, and receive their legitimate Prince. 'Tis very true, the power of your Armies, Sir, did not a little help him in his eſtabliſhment; and he commanded me to tell you, Sir, that he is a debtor to you for that ſecurity which he hopes to enjoy as long as he lives, and that all his Victories are but effects and conſequences of yours. But, Sir, to compleat his good fortune, he received news the next morning, that he had defeated the *Xantheans* and *Licians*, who were joyned together, and had forced *Alexideſmus* and the Prince of *Phoceus* to retire, not only into the Town, but into the Caſtle; for they thought themſelves not ſecure in the Town: but that which is moſt ſtrange, was, that theſe miſerable enemies (the image of whoſe crimes diſturb'd their reaſon, and deprived them of all humanity) ſet fire on that place which was their Sanctuary. It is no wonder if the horrour of their wickedneſs did make them imagine more mercy in the flames, than from the hands of *Thraſibulus*; for *Melaſia* had exiled him, had cauſed him to loſe his Dominions, and poyſoned his Father; *Philodica* was a partner in her deſigns and crimes. The Prince *Phoceus*, to revenge the misfortune of his Son, did not ſcruple to violate all Laws, no more than *Alexideſmus*, whoſe Wife doubtleſs was little culpable, and yet ſhe had a hand in the ſame deſign: For, Sir, theſe deſperate Wretches did not only burn the Town of *Xanthus*, in retiring to the Caſtle, but ſeeing *Thraſibulus* preparing to force it, they burnt it and themſelves alſo, and by this means were the executioners of divine revenge, and with their own hands puniſhed thoſe crimes which they had committed. You may well imagine, Sir, how much this horrid adventure did ſurpriſe *Thraſibulus*, and all the Army; for ſuch a horrid object was enough to ſtrike terrour as well into the Hearers as Spectators of it. After this, Sir, nothing could reſiſt the power of your Armies, all did acknowledge your Authority, ſo that *Thraſibulus*, full of glory, went unto *Milete*, where he was received with the greateſt acclamations in the World. But ſince he thought it not enough to be eſtabliſhed in his Dominions, unleſs he were ſo in the heart of *Alcionida*, he thought upon nothing

thing but that; his greateſt grief was, that he did not know directly what opinion this fair one had of him; for ſince ſhe had heard of *Tyſander*'s death before *Leoſthenes* came to *Mytilenes*, he found her ready to embark and return to *Gnides* unto her Father when *Thraſibulus* ſent him unto her, ſo that ſhe received this Letter, but returned no anſwer but by way of civil complement, and would not write, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ſhould expreſs either too much or too little; *Leoſthenes* only told him at his return, that one could not behold more ſadneſs than appeared in her eyes, though ſtill moſt fair. *Thraſibulus* no ſooner knew that ſhe was at *Gnides*, (where ſhe arrived preſently after the Deputies which had been with her were returned) but he ſent *Leoſthenes* unto *Euphranor* to ask her in Marriage; he ſent alſo at the ſame time unto the Prince of *Mytilene*, to entreat him he would move *Alcionida* to fulfil the laſt will of dying *Tyſander*, and he writ the ſecond time unto *Alcionida* in ſuch paſſionate expreſſions, as was eaſie to diſcern that his thoughts and his words were all one. Since *Thraſibulus* did me the honour to have a great confidence in me during this War, he ſent me with *Leoſthenes*, to aſſiſt him in the negotiation of his deſigns; ſo that though *Leoſthenes* was ſent unto *Euphranor*, I may ſay that I was ſent unto *Alcionida*; I cannot make an exact relation, Sir, of all our tranſactions, which met with no great difficulties in approbation of the Father, but with many in the mind of the Daughter; for if I ſhould, the length of it would defer that ſatisfaction which you may otherwiſe receive. But in as conciſe a manner as I can, let me tell you, that the rare merits of *Tiſander* did not leſſen the tender affection which ſhe bore unto *Thraſibulus*, though ſhe lived moſt lovingly with her Husband: Yet for all that, though her Husband upon his death willed her to marry *Thraſibulus*, yet ſhe had a conceit that it would be more glorious for her not to obey him, than to accompliſh his Laſt Will; and this conceit did ſo command her mind, that ſhe thought her ſelf worthy of blame if ſhe ſhould marry *Thraſibulus*, though ſhe loved him very dearly. But the Prince of *Mytilene* having writ unto her, with deſires ſhe would fulfil the will of the Prince his Son;and *Euphranor* abſolutely commanding her, ſhe obeyed them without any reſiſtance: And was glad that two who had ſuch power over her, did aſſure her it was not againſt her honour. Thus, Sir, ſince *Leoſthenes* and my ſelf had abſolutely power to do it; the marriage of *Thraſibulus* and *Alcionida* was concluded: *Leoſthenes* returned to *Milete*, and I ſtayed at *Gnides* until all things were ready for *Alcionida*'s departure: I ſhall not ſpeak, Sir, of *Thraſibulus* his joy, nor of her magnificent Reception: But I ſhall aſſure you, that the fair *Alcionida* is worthy of his affection; and ſo much the more, Sir, becauſe ſhe ſhares with him in that affection which he hath unto your ſervice; ſince certainly ſhe is ſo charmed with your Virtue, though ſhe know you only by Fame, and *Thraſibulus*, that ſhe was full of prayers for your proſperity, as he is. Thus, Sir, you ſee in what a happy condition is *Thraſibulus*: And, as if his good fortune did extend unto his friends, when I returned from *Milete* with *Alcionida*, I found *Thimocrates* ready to depart unto *Delphos*, becauſe he received News that his friends had procured a revocation of his baniſhment; and that the Father of *Teleſile* having changed his mind, would give his daughter unto him, before all the reſt of her Lovers; ſince *Menecrates*, who was the moſt conſiderable of them all, being repulſed by the rigours of *Teleſile*, had changed his mind: So that this Lover, who reſented abſence the worſt of all miſeries, was gone unto his dear *Teleſile*, never to leave her. *Philocles* alſo departed from *Milete* at the ſame time to *Ialiſſa*, hearing that the Husband of fair *Philiſta* was dead, and would try whether he could find a Widow more mollible than a Maid. For my part, Sir, whom jealouſie hath ſo tormented, I found at my return a Letter from one of my friends at *Samos*, which might in all probabilities cure me of my Paſſion, and conſequently of my Jealouſie; for he writes unto me, that now *Alcidamia* is not all Fair; he deſcribes her lean and pale, and ſo altered, that I know not how my Love and Jealouſie can ſubſiſt any longer, and yet they do. I do not wonder, ſaid *Cyrus* and ſmiled) that your Love ſhould laſt longer than the Beauty of *Alcidamia*; for one ought not to meaſure the length of Love by a Rule which is ſhort, fragile, and mutable, as Beauty is. But my wonder is, you ſhould be ſtill jealous; for according to your deſcription of *Alcidamia*, ſhe is not like to make any more Conqueſts. 'Tis true, Sir, replied *Leontidas*, but in telling me this of *Alcidamia*, they tell me further, that *Theanor* was never ſo much in her favour as now: So that ſince I have heard ſay, commonly the faireſt perſons ceaſe to be rigorous when they ceaſe to be fair, I am afraid ſhe will keep that by her favours which ſhe could not by her Beauty: So that I am now more jealous than I was when *Alcidamia* was the faireſt in the World. And ſince, Sir, *Alcidamia* hath only loſt her beauty by loſing her health, and that perhaps the next Spring will give her more than ſhe hath loſt, but will never reſtore me her affection which ſhe hath beſtowed upon another. But, Sir, ſince I ought not to be leſs jealous of your glory than of my Miſtreſs, though in a different manner, give me leave to tell you, that within theſe few days there will come unto you Deputies from all the Countries which *Thraſibulus* and *Harpagus* have conquered. And ſince the Army which they command hath nothing to do in thoſe places where you are the Maſter, be pleaſed to ſend them ſuch orders as you would have them follow. In the mean time, Sir, I beſeech you, let *Megaſides* do the commands of the Prince *Philoxipes*, and acquaint you with a buſineſs which will rejoyce you in your miſeries, becauſe it will let you ſee the end of them. What confidence ſoever I have in you (replied *Cyrus* ſadly) I can hardly believe what you ſay: Nor can I tell whether I ſhould credit the Prince *Philoxipes* himſelf, if he were here, and ſhould perſwade me I ought to hope for an end of my miſeries. I would not have you believe, Sir, (ſaid *Leontidas*) either the Prince *Philoxipes*, or *Megaſides*, or my ſelf, but the Gods only, who have given you ſuch a clear aſſurance of it, that you dare not doubt it when you know it. I underſtand ſo little what you mean (replyed *Cyrus*) that I know not what to anſwer; therefore I conjure you (ſaid he, and applyed his ſpeech to *Megaſides*) to tell me what you would have me know, and what it is will ſo much rejoyce me. Sir, (replyed *Megaſides*, before I ſatisfie your curioſity, be pleaſed to remember, that in *Cyprus* there is the Oracle of *Venus Vrania*, which for matters of Love did never fail in her Anſwers. After this, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that the Princeſs of *Salamis*, ſiſter unto the Prince *Philoxipes*, in whoſe fortune hath been many changes, ſince you were in our *Iſle*; having a mind to conſult with the Oracle upon a buſineſs on which the well-being of her life depended, and having ſent unto *Delphos*, as unto the moſt famous Oracle of the World, ſhe received an anſwer, which ſo ſurpriſed her, that ſhe thought it impoſſible to come to paſs, ſo that ſeeking for further ſatisfaction of the anſwer, ſhe conſulted with this of *Venus Vrania*, which told her in expreſs terms, *It was not more true that* Cyrus *was the greateſt Prince in the World; and that he ſhould be hereafter as happy, as heretofore he had been unfortunate, than what this Oracle of* Delphos *had told her ſhould come to paſs.* Ah *Megaſides*, ſaid *Cyrus*, how ſhould I believe this? for the Gods never uſe to contradict themſelves: however, they did not give me any ſuch anſwer when I conſulted with thoſe by whom they ſometimes reveal their ſecrets unto the ſons of men. *Megaſides*, ſeeing he was not believed, preſented unto him a Letter of credence, which the Prince *Philoxipes* writ unto him, which he did not preſent ſooner, becauſe *Cyrus* and *Leontidas* were ſo cloſe, he could not without interruption. But after he had given him this Letter, he gave him the Oracle alſo which the Princeſs of *Salamis* received, ſo that *Cyrus* not knowing whether he ſhould ſooner believe *Venus Vrania*, than the *Sibyll* with whom he had conſulted, or *Jupiter-Belus* who rendred the favourable anſwer unto the King of *Aſſyria*, his mind was in an anxious perplexity. That which induced him to think he had ill expounded what the *Sibyll* ſaid unto him, and what was anſwered the King of *Aſſyria* at *Babylon*, was, to ſee the Oracle at *Delphos* aſſure *Crœſſus*, *That if he went to war, he ſhould ruine a* *great Empire.* Yet he ſaw that he was in a condition of ruine. But all the hopes of *Cyrus* could hardly expel fears from his heart, therefore he ſaid unto *Megaſides*, I perceive the Oracle which the Princeſs of *Salamis* received, tells her, *That it is not more true I ſhall be happy, than that which the Oracle anſwers her ſhall come to paſs.* But *Megaſides*, the knot of the matter is to know, whether that which the Oracle of *Delphos* anſwered her will come to paſs; for it is upon that which I muſt find a foundation for any of thoſe hopes which the Prince *Philoxipes* would have me entertain. Sir, replied *Megaſides*, as the Prince who ſent me did imagine, that it would be the good fortune of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, which would create belief and hopes in you, he hath obtained permiſſion from her, to let you know all her adventures, which doubtleſs is ſo rare, as the relation of it will add much unto your hopes and delight, if you can ſpare ſo much leaſure to hear it. Though I ought not to intereſt my ſelf ſo much in the Fortune of one of the faireſt Princeſſes in the world (anſwered *Cyrus*) yet ſince my own hath a dependency upon hers, I am forced to intreat you to acquaint me with it: and therefore ſince the Prince *Philoxipes*, and the Princeſs *Salamis* have given you permiſſion, I beſeech you to do me the favour. But that I may have the better leaſure to hear you, and not hinder my cares of the Siege, which is of ſo great importance, it is requiſite I take the time which I uſe to allow my ſelf for ſleep: therefore let it be in the night if you pleaſe: and ſo it was. In the mean time *Cyrus* appointed *Feraulas* to have a care of *Leontidas* and *Megaſides*, and to bring them unto him aſſoon as he was retired into his Tent, after he had bid good night unto all the company. But do what he could, his mind ſtill ran upon what *Megaſides* told him; and he had ſuch impatient deſires to know how the Oracle was fullfilled, that he diſpatched all Orders concerning the Army with as much celerity as poſſible, to the end he might retire the ſooner. *Cyrus* then was no ſooner at liberty, but *Feraulas*, in obedience to his commands, brought *Leontidas* and *Megaſides* unto him, and *Megaſides* began his Relation after this manner.

The Hiſtory of Timantes *and* Parthenia.

I Beſeech you, Sir, do not expect I ſhould relate any thing of thoſe wonderful events wherein *Mars* has a greater influence than Love, or wherein fortune works the greateſt alterations, in acquainting you with the Adventures of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, whoſe name is *Parthenia*: but on the contrary, be pleaſed to know, that all the accidents in *Cyprus* cannot be of that nature. Indeed, it may well be ſaid, that Love, who in all other places does often cauſe tragical events, is contented, when he is angry, to produce only fantaſtical and capricious effects in our Iſle. However, thoſe who find theſe effects in themſelves, do think themſelves moſt unfortunate, and complain as much as thoſe whom Fortune, Love, and Ambition all at once do torment: After this, Sir, I know not whether it be neceſſary to put you in mind, that Love in our Court is not a ſimple bare paſſion, as in other places; but a paſſion of neceſſity and decency: All men muſt Love; and all Ladies muſt be loved: no hard-hearted inſenſible man ever gets any eſteem amongſt us, except the Prince *Philoxipes*, who yet continued not ſo long: This obduracy of heart is branded as a crime, and liberty of this kind is ſuch a ſhame, that thoſe who are not in Love, will at leaſt ſeem to be ſo. As for Ladies, cuſtom does not neceſſarily oblige them to Love, but only to ſuffer themſelves to be loved, and all their glory conſiſts in making Illuſtrious conqueſts; and not to loſe their Loves which they have captivated, though they be rigid unto them: For the principal honour of our Beauties is, to return in their obedience thoſe Captives which they have made only by the power of their Charms, and not by their Favours: ſo that by this cuſtom, there is almoſt an abſolute neceſſity of being a Lover, and unfortunate: yet it is not forbidden Ladies to acknowledge the perſeverance of their loves by a pure affection; *Venus Vrania* allows it; but ſometimes it is ſo long before they can win the heart of the perſon loved, that the pains of the Conqueror does almoſt equal the pleaſure of the Conqueſt: yet it is allowable for beauties to make uſe of many innocent Arts wherewith to take hearts: Complacency is not a crime, care to ſeem fair is no affectation, obſequiouſneſs is extreamly commendable, ſo it be without baſeneſs, Plauſibility is a virtue: and to conclude all in ſhort,all that may make themſelves amiable, and all that may make themſelves to love, is permitted, provided it be not againſt the laws of modeſty and chaſtity: which manage the Gallantry of our Iſle, is the predominate virtue of all Ladies. Thus allowing Fate,Innocency and love, they live moſt pleaſant and merry lives: This, Sir, I thought requiſite to hint unto your memory, that you may better comprehend what I am to relate. I ſhall not need to tell you, Sir, that *Parthenia* was born with a taking beauty: ſuch a one as charms at the firſt ſight, and which ſeems to augment, every moment one looks on her; for it is impoſſible you ſhould have been in *Cyprus*, and not know it, though ſhe was at *Paphos* when you were there: But give me leave to tell you, Sir, that her wit ſparkles as well as her eyes; and her diſcourſe charms as well as her beauty: Moreover, her mind was none of thoſe narrow ones, who knew one thing, and was ignorant of a thouſand: but on the contrary, it was ſo miraculouſly large, that though it cannot be ſaid *Parthenia* knew every thing equally well, yet it is moſt certain ſhe could give an excellent account of all things: there was alſo ſuch a delicate ſharpneſs in her wit,that thoſe whom ſhe honoured with her converſation ſtood in fear of her,and though all her expreſſions were ſimple and natural, yet were they full of ſtrong ſolidity: moreover ſhe could turn her wit as ſhe pleaſed: ſhe would be ſerious and wiſe with thoſe that were ſo: ſhe would be gallant and pleaſant upon neceſſity: ſhe had a high heart, and ſometimes an humour of flattery; None knew the news of the World better than ſhe: ſhe was of a natural timeroſity in ſome things,and bold in others: ſhe was full of Heroique Generoſity, and Liberality: And to conclude her deſcription, her ſoul was naturally tender and paſſionate: and it may juſtly be ſaid, that never any did ſo perfectly know the differences of love, as the Princeſs *Palmis*: And I never in my life heard a more pleaſing diſcourſe than hers, to make a diſtinction betwixt a pure refined love, and a groſs terreſtrial paſſion: between a love by inclination, and a love by acquaintance: between a ſincere Love and a Counterfeit; between a Love that hath ends in it, and a Love Heroique: For indeed, ſhe would penetrate into the very heart: ſhe would deſcribe jealouſie more terribly by her words, than thoſe who Paint it with Serpents gnawing the heart: ſhe knew all the innocent ſweets of Love, and all the Torments; and every thing that had any dependency upon this paſſion, was ſo perfectly known unto her, that *Venus Urania* her ſelf did not know them better than the Princeſs of *Salamis*. This, Sir, is her deſcription, of whom I muſt ſpeak, who was no leſs loved, than ſhe was lovely. And indeed, whoſoever would Catalogue the Prodigious number of her Lovers in his memory, would queſtionleſs be aſtoniſhed, ſince it is moſt certain, the fair *Parthenia* hath Captivated many, above a thouſand hearts ſince ſhe began to appear a Glorious Star in the World: The greateſt wonder in *Paphos* was, that ſhe was never taken away, becauſe the Father of *Philoxipes* being Governour of *Amathuſa*, cauſed all his Children to be taken away until they were in a fit condition to appear in Court: So that the Luſtre of *Parthenia*'s beauty was not like that of the Sun which we ſee every day, and unto whoſe Rays we are accuſtomed alſo: For ſhe appeared upon a ſuddain at *Paphos*, all Luſtre and Glory, and dazled all beholders: It may moſt truly be ſaid, that ſhe dimmed all other Beauties, and ſcorched more hearts in one day, than other beauties could only warm in all their lives. But that which is moſt obſervable in the Conqueſts of *Parthenia*, when ſhe came firſt to *Paphos*, was, that ſhe never made uſe of her admirable wit, becauſe her beauty was ſo Prodigiouſly charming, that thoſe ſhe Captivated, were fettered by her looks, before ever ſhe ſpoke; ſo piercing were her eyes, and ſo inevitable were her Charms. But, Sir, as I told you already, that none durſt be inſenſible at *Paphos*, or at leaſt ſeem ſo; you may well conceive *Parthenia* found not many men at Liberty; and that ſhe could not gain ſo many hearts, without robbing others; and ſince ſo, ſhe muſt needs be loved by inconſtant ſervants, who quitted their firſt Chains to aſſume hers: For in the changing of a Miſtreſs, it is no good reaſon to alledge, he found one more fair, and therefore changed: ſince I am confident that whoever quits one whom once he loved for another more fair than ſhe, doth moſt certainly quit her for ſome end or other. Look then upon *Parthenia* as one that hath many Lovers, and many haters: for it is to be ſuppoſed that they, who loſt thoſe hearts ſhe found, did not love her: And not one of them but did ſet their wits on work to cavil at her beauty, and find ſome defect in it; And ſince they found that not any eaſie matter, they would at leaſt quarrel with her dreſs, though it was never ſo handſome, and deviſed all manner of Plots to diſparage her. In the mean time *Parthenia*, perceiving their envious aims, took much pleaſure in revenge, by Captivating each day their Lovers; not caring for new Enemies, ſo ſhe could make new Captives, for ſhe was taken of a fit age for it, and wherein it is a difficulty to keep within limits of Conqueſts, and unjuſt ſuits and ſacrifices unto her beauty: She was infinitely pleaſed to ſee ſuch a Crowd of Adorers about her, whom ſhe carried in Triumph which way ſoever ſhe went: But ſince ſhe did Captivate them only by the luſtre of her eyes, and not her wit or tongue, all her Amorites were not equally worthy of her Chains: Some of them dull and groſs: others light and fantaſtical: and ſome again envious and troubleſome: So that finding her ſelf troubled with that which at firſt ſhe delighted in, ſhe did what ſhe could to reſtore them unto thoſe from whom ſhe drew them, at leaſt to be rid of them; yet ſhe found this to be no eaſie matter: and now it may well be ſaid, her beauty put her to abundance of trouble and vexation: for many Quarrels did ariſe amongſt themſelves; but at laſt, her ſeverity to ſome, and even incivility to others, did rid her of this doteing and troubleſome multitude: For though the Cuſtom of *Cyprus*, was for Ladies to ſuffer themſelves to be loved; yet it was not with all ſorts indifferently. Thus *Parthenia*, being delivered from that perſecution, which this abundance of Lovers, and her own beauty cauſed, ſhe retained only three, who being more agreeable to her fancy than the reſt, ſhe baniſhed not: Theſe three were not only different in quality, but alſo in humours: The firſt was a kinſman unto *Timoilea,* whom you ſaw in *Cyprus,* called *Polydamas,* whoſe inclinations were all generous: He was fair, handſom and well compacted; he had a high and noble Air; his wit was pleaſant, but ordinary: and he pleaſed more by an unexpreſſible charm which was in all his actions and his Perſon, than by what he ſpoke, which took more by the manner than the matter expreſſed. The ſecond was the Prince of *Salamis*: infinitely Rich, of great quality, and of a handſom preſence, having wit enough, but a little fantaſtical. And the third was of a mean and baſe birth, called *Callicrates,* whoſe wit was incomparably above the beſt in all *Paphos,* and highly eſteemed both amongſt Men and Women. He writ both in Proſe and Verſe moſt admirably, in ſuch a pleaſing and unuſual way, as may be ſaid, he invented it; at leaſt I am ſure, I never ſaw any for him to imitate, and I think it may be truly ſaid, none will ever imitate him, but imperfectly; For of a very trifle he would compoſe a pleaſant Letter: And as the *Phrygians* ſaid of *Midas,* all he touched was Gold, ſo all that came from *Callicrates* paſt for current: He would make Glaſs paſs for Diamonds, and out of the pooreſt ſubject extract excellent matter: His company at ſome times was wonderous pleaſant, but not always alike; for ſometimes he would be as irkſom, as moſt of the World were always unto him: And he had ſuch an exceſſive delicacy of wit, that ſometimes it might better be phraſed Phantaſtical than delicate. His Perſon was not very well compoſed; Yet he made an open profeſſion of Courtſhip and Gallantry: but it was of an univerſal Gallantry, ſince he loved all ſorts, of all qualities: Yet had he one moſt dangerous quality for a Lover, which was, that he did as much affect to be thought he was loved, as really to be ſo. Theſe, Sir, were the three aſſiduous Servants about *Parthenia,* who yet would not let her heart be engaged unto any one of them; For *Polidamas* had not wit enough, though will; the Prince of *Salamis* was fantaſtical; and *Callicrates* was of ſo inferiour a quality, that ſhe could not look upon him, only as an admirer of his parts, not as her Lover: So that to make up ſuch a one as ſhe could fancy, was to find one who had the heart and perſon of *Polydamas*, the quality of the Prince of *Salamis*, and the wit of *Callicrates*: but ſince this was a thing impoſſible, ſhe contented her ſelf, to eſteem every one of them according to their merits, but to love none of the three. Yet *Polidamas*, and *Callicrates* were more in her favour than the Prince of *Salamis*: For the perſon of the one did extreamly pleaſe her, and the wit of the other made her merry. In the mean time, all theſe three Lovers had different deſigns upon *Parthenia*: For *Polydamas* his chief care was to be loved, and unleſs that, doubtleſs he would not marry her. On the contrary, the Prince of *Salamis*, rather than not enjoy her would have married her, though ſhe hated him; and therefore he was as diligent to gain thoſe who had any prevalence with her, as to pleaſe her: and *Callicrates* whoſe ſoul was all vanity, his principal care was to carry it ſo, that the people ſhould ſuſpect *Parthenia* was in love with him; and I am confident, he would have been better ſatisfied that all the Court ſhould have believed it, than he would, if ſhe had really loved him and none have known it. Therefore all his actions had ſome ſecret deſign in them, which *Parthenia* did not perceive till a long while after. But the ſtrangeſt humour of *Callicrates* was, he never ſo much loved out of his own judgement, as by that of others; and if *Parthenia* had been fairer than ſhe was, had it not been for the great reputation of her beauty, he had never loved her: For the lightneſs of his fancy commonly never fixed upon any thing, but ſuch as made greateſt noiſe in the world: Stately houſes, Greatneſs, Pompous Trains, high Quality, and ſuch like, ſometimes made him quit the faireſt Lady in *Cyprus*: and therefore it is no wonder, if meeting with Quality, Beauty, Wit, Reputation, Honour, Riches, and all in one perſon, he ſhould apply himſelf more to her than any other; and his chief felicity was in perſwading all the Court he was in no mean favour with her: Not that the meanneſs of his birth durſt preſume to act as *Polidamis* and the Prince of *Salamis* did; but he took upon him another kind of familiar air, and he did inſenſibly allure *Parthenia* to let him commend her; to ſpeak unto her often in whiſpers, and ſometimes to ſay aloud in Rallary, that ſhe was a moſt dangerous perſon. Since he did not ſo much care to be loved, as to have it thought he was: He never ſpoke any thing to her in private which might diſpleaſe her, leſt ſhe ſhould baniſh him. But he was exceedingly careful to carry it ſo, that people might perceive he was in love with her: Therefore when at any time he went out from *Parthenia* with any one whom he thought had wit enough to obſerve him, he affected to ſeem melancholy. Sometimes he would not ſpeak; otherwhiles he would ſpeak of nothing but her, and follow her almoſt into all places, affecting to look attentively upon her, when ſhe looked not upon him; yet very carefully watching for an opportunity to make ſome ſecret ſign unto her, upon ſome trifle or otherwiſe which he had truſted her withall, purpoſely to that end: For his humour was, to peruſe one favourable look which might be perceived above any real favour in ſecret. The ſtrangeſt humour of *Callicrates* was, that though he had ſuch fineneſs of wit, as he could ſeldom find any that were worthy of any Elogies, yet he had certain extravagant and fantaſtical conceits, which ſometimes made him love others, which were not at all amiable, unleſs it was becauſe he would be loved; and accordingly to his own ſenſe, he had the vanity to believe he was: He had ſuch an imperious wit, as he affected alwaies to have ſome whom he might ſcorn; and ſince none ſuch could be found either amongſt perſons of quality, or perſons reaſonable, he looked a little lower for ſome whom he might torment, and be rather their Tyrant than their Lover; ſo that it may rightly be ſaid, never had any ſo many thoughts in their heart ſo oppoſite to one another as his. Moreover, all the world knew, that he was a greater Votary unto *Venus Anadiomena* the Laſcivious, than unto *Venus Urania* the Chaſt, and he had much ado to believe there was any ſuch thing in the world as pure affection; yet he was not only allowed of amongſt the Ladies, but alſo by many of them Loved, ſo that it was not to be wondered that the wiſdom of *Parthenia* ſhould permit him her eſteem; and the more, becauſe he was more reſpective to her than all others, and becauſe he never ſpoke of any ſuch-thing unto her as Love, unleſs in Rallarie, and after ſuch a manner as could neither offend her, or make her believe him. In the mean time *Polydamas* and the Prince of *Salamis* being of ſuch qualities as they might publiſh their loves of *Parthenia*, they courted her by ways very different: For the Prince of *Salamis* was only very aſſiduous about her; and *Polydamas*, who had not wit enough to hold out any ſerious and long diſcourſe, did expreſs his paſſion by a thouſand diverſions, as Balls, Muſiques, Collations, and Walks; and ſince he was very amiable, and danced well, all his actions pleaſed her, and his preſence and pleaſant humours was enough to infuſe joys into the moſt melancholy ſouls, ſo that *Parthenia* did not hate him, nor had any indiſpoſition to marry him if her Parents would conſent. But ſince there was then ſome factions in Court, which divided the great Families: Some reaſons of Intereſt moved thoſe who had the diſpoſe of *Parthenia*, not to marry her unto *Polydamas*. On the other ſide, *Callicrates* ſeeing *Polydamas* in much favour with *Parthenia*, he moved her to obſerve the ſhallowneſs of his wit, and did it with ſo much art, as for all her inclination to *Polydamas*, ſhe began to think ſhe ſhould be blamed if ſhe loved him, or made choice of him, ſo that checking her own thoughts, *Callicrates* had the joy to ſee ſhe began to be a little more cold towards *Polydamas*, than accuſtomed. Yet ſince ſhe had a very ſtrong inclination to him, ſhe could not upon a ſudden vanquiſh her ſelf; and *Callicrates* ſtood in need of new wit to hinder her. As he was one day with her, he brought it about ſo handſomly that ſhe began ſo inſenſibly to ſpeak of *Polydamas*, and to ſpeak very advantageouſly of his great Courage, of his Liberality and Magnificence. I confeſs, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that *Polydamas* merits all the commendations you give him; and if he did but know as well what you deſerve, as you do what he deſerves, he would be the happieſt man upon earth, he would honour you more, and be more in love with you than he is. *Polydamas* (replyed *Parthenia*) is not in love with me; but though he were, I am confident more or leſs wit does not get more or leſs love; and there are ſome dull blockheads more in love, than all your ſpritely wits are. Ah, Madam, (ſaid *Callicrates*) if I durſt but tell you what I think, I ſhould induce you to change your mind. I give you leave (ſaid ſhe unto him.) Then, Madam, (ſaid he) let me tell you, that poor *Polydamas* does but love the one half of the fair *Parthenia*. Dare you ſwear, Madam, that he underſtands all you ſay? Do you not obſerve that he looks more upon you than he hears you, and that there is no coherence between what you ſay, and what he anſwers? For my part (ſaid *Parthenia*, who was not very glad at what *Callicrates* told her) I think *Polidamas* anſwers as others do; but it is the noble qualities of his ſoul which is moſt commendable: Since you will not conſent with me (replyed he) that *Polidamas* hath a very ſhallow wit; I will apparently prove unto you that you have ten thouſand times more than he hath. You would do me the greateſt pleaſure in the world, replied ſhe. Truly, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I do not believe you. Do you think then, replyed ſhe, that I love *Polydamas* better than I do my ſelf? ſince I prefer his glory before my own. I do not ſay ſo, (ſaid he, and laughed) but I muſt tell you, I fear it, and think it. But I pray, Madam, (ſaid *Callicrates*, with the ſame freedom he uſed to all the world, whilſt *Polydamas* loves one half of the fair *Parthenia*, let a certain man whom I know love the other. Yet, Madam, when I ſay *Polydamas* loves the one half of *Parthenia*, I ſay not truly; for certainly he loves not half her beauty, though he ſee it every day. I think indeed he knows that it is great, that ſhe is of a good ſtature, that ſhe hath fair eyes, that her neck is whiter than ſnow, that her complexion is admirable, her hair fair, her mouth lovely, and all excellent; but as for that charming air, which is an ornament to all theſe, he knows it not at all. I am confident that though you pleaſe him infinitely, he knows not why you pleaſe him. There are ſuch pretty, I know not whats, in your face as infinitely tranſcends his ſphere of knowledge: He underſtands not the language of your eyes;

your ſighs which are ſo ſubtle and eloquent, and which ſometimes makes known the ſweetneſs or bitterneſs of your heart, do not produce the ſame effects in his heart which they do in others; and to expreſs my very thoughts in one word: I am confident, that he who can be ſo happy, as to obtain ſo much favour from *Parthenia* as to love all in her, that *Polydamas* knows not; will have a better half than he. *Callicrates* ſpoke all this with ſo much audacity, that *Parthenia* had a mind to be angry, but ſhe had no time; For the Prince of *Salamis* coming in, *Callicrates* retired with as much ſerioufneſs in his looks, as if he had been all day talking upon nothing but Politiques, or Moral Philoſophie. In the mean time, ſince *Parthenia* did very much eſteem him, ſhe was very ſorry ſhe had ſuch an inclination to love a man whom ſhe eſteemed not: For ſince ſhe did not ſuſpect that *Callicrates* was in love with her, his words had a great influence upon her heart: Yet ſhe was not abſolutely reſolved to baniſh *Polydamas* at that time, as afterwards through the malice of *Callicrates* ſhe was, and thus it came about. *Parthenia* being one day ill, ſhe kept her Chamber, and by conſequence was viſited by very many; amongſt the reſt, *Polidamas*; and *Callicrates*, who being that day in one of his dumpiſh moods, which every one did chide him for, did ſit in a corner of *Parthenia's* Chamber, ſeeming not to underſtand what any ſaid. In the mean time, *Polydamas* not thinking that *Callicrates* was ſo ſilent, to the end he might hear the better, began to talk, as he uſed, to wit, with little coherence, leſs eloquence, and leaſt wit; yet with acceptation, becauſe his Perſon was very amiable: And as an amorous man is apt to ſpeak more unto her he loves than any other; So *Polydamas* to *Parthenia*: On the other ſide, *Callicrates*, having a cloſe deſign, and an admirable memory, not regarding what any of the reſt ſaid, harkned very attentively unto all *Parthenia* and *Polydamas* ſaid to each other: as he liſtned well, ſo he remembred better, ſince certainly he remembred word for word all that paſſed between them: So that the converſation ending, without a word unto any, in all haſte he went home; when as ſoon as he was come, he writ dialoguewiſe all that he heard *Polydamas* and *Parthenia* ſay, putting their names to each Paragraph, without any alteration. So that *Parthenia* ſpeaking always as well as any in the World, and *Polydamas* the worſt; the words of *Polydamas* wanting the grace of accent wherein they were pronounced: and the words of *Parthenia* gracing themſelves, this Dialogue was very delightful to read: For beſide the difference in their anſwers, the diſcourſe made moſt pitiful gibberiſh, as if it were a continued diſcourſe: But though *Polydamas* was not to be blamed or upbraided with this; yet *Callicrates* made uſe of it to ſerve his malice: Who, to loſe no time, went next morning betimes to *Parthenia*, whom he found alone; As ſoon as he was entered, the Princeſs remembring his ſilent dumps the day before, began to chide him, and to ask him whether he was yet in the humour of ſpeaking: No Madam, (ſaid he to her) but on the contrary, I am come hither this day to tell you what I thought yeſterday: You ſeemed ſo melancholy yeſterday, anſwered ſhe, that I do not think it will be any delighting matter, unleſs you were in the humour of compoſing Verſes: For I have heard ſay, thoſe who compoſe them, are as much ſeparated from themſelves, as you were yeſterday from the company whilſt you were in it. I aſſure you, Madam, ſaid he, I had no conference with the Muſes, yet I was in the merry vain of writing ſomething as pleaſant; But 'tis in Proſe, not Verſe: Since I know you are as good at the one as the other, replyed ſhe, I much deſire to ſee it, and therefore ſince you came hither this day to tell me what you thought yeſterday, I pray ſhew them: I ſwear, Madam, ſaid he unto her, though I came with that intent, yet I know not whether I ſhould ſhew you what I writ: No, no, *Callicrates*, (ſaid *Parthenia*, and ſuſpected nothing) never pump for any excuſes or denials, for I will ſee them: Then promiſe me, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) to do me ſo much honour, as to tell me ſincerely what you find ill in them; and obſerve unto me all the faults. I profeſs, *Callicrates*, (anſwered ſhe) this is a moſt admirable good one, that you ſhould think I can correct any thing you write: But to take all colour of excuſes from you, I promiſe you to tell what I think of them, that is as much as to ſay, I will promiſe you to commend them and you both. I aſſure you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you will be very indulgent, if you commend all I have writ; but to be ſincere, let me tell you that there are ſome things in what I ſhall let you ſee, which are not unworthy of your ſelf: And let me alſo aſſure you, there are other things, which are not ſo much as worthy of my ſelf, and which cannot pleaſe you, unleſs you be ſtrangely prejudicated: You do not uſe ſuch inequalities in what you write (replyed *Parthenia*) and I am confident you would not ſatisfie my deſire in ſeeing if they were ſo: You ſhall your ſelf be judge (ſaid he unto her, and gave her the Paper writ word for word, all the diſcourſe of *Polydamas* and *Parthenia.*) But how comes it to paſs (ſaid ſhe in taking it) that you put me to read what you have writ? The reaſon is,(replyed he) becauſe I ſhall be more delighted to hear you read them than my ſelf, and I am confident you underſtand them better. *Callicrates* being accuſtomed to vent a hundred witty tricks, *Parthenia* upon a ſudden ſuſpected one: But however ſhe had rather expoſe her ſelf to be deluded, than not ſatisfie her Curioſitie, and therefore ſhe opened the Paper, and firſt found this Title.

The anſwers of Polydamas *and* Parthenia, *and of* Parthenia and Polydamas.

She had no ſooner read this, but ſhe began to laugh: yet not with a bluſh, (and looking upon him) as being more deſirous to read in his face than in the Paper what he meant by this piece of knavery: Yet did ſhe not imagine the truth; for ſhe thought he would have informed *Polydamas* and her ſelf of ſomething: But in reading on, ſhe found her own very words, as well as thoſe of *Polydamas*; and indeed all their diſcourſe verbatim. Then had ſhe various apprehenſions, for at firſt ſhe thought it a pleaſant Piece of work, but immediately after, ſhe could not chuſe but be angry at *Callicrates*, at *Polydamas*, and her ſelf: at *Callicrates* for his knavery, at *Polydamas* for his little wit, and at her ſelf for her weakneſs. Yet out of honour ſhe concealed her thoughts as well as ſhe could, thinking it much better to hear his Rallarie, than ſhew her reſentment; and to that end, ſhe read the Paper from one end to the other, and was ſo extreamly aſhamed, that her heart ſhould ever have any diſpoſition to love him who ſpoke ſo, that ſhe abſolutely reſolved to Caſhier *Polydamas* out of her ſoul. All this while *Callicrates* looked attentively upon her: So that as ſoon as *Parthenia* had done reading, well Madam (ſaid he unto her) do you not confeſs there are many things in that you ſee, which deſerve your Cenſure? I confeſs, replied *Parthenia*, that you have as much knavery as wit: and I had need be as good unto you as I am, not to hate you extreamly for this trick which you have put upon me: Madam (ſaid he unto her) you are not ſo good as your word, for you promiſed to correct all my faults in what you read. You are ſo far from wiſe (ſaid ſhe unto him, and ſmiled) that I ſhould be as fooliſh as you are, if I ſhould take the pains to anſwer you ſeriouſly: However, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) certainly you will confeſs, that yeſterday you did not think that *Polydamas* ſpoke ſo ill as you do to day: I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) I did not heed the anſwers of *Polidamas*, but my own, and I am beholding to you for nothing but for undeceiving me of the over good opinion I had of my ſelf; for I thought I had ſpoke better than I did. Ah, Madam, (ſaid he, and would have taken the paper from her) certainly you did not read them ſo well as you ſpoke them: I beſeech you give me leave to read your words; yet *Callicrates* could not get the paper out of *Parthenia*'s hands, who kept them whether he would or no; perhaps if you deſire to ſee what was writ in this paper, that you might ſee the difference between the wit of *Polidamas*, and *Parthenia*: But, Sir, that Siſter which I have, who waits upon this Princeſs did tell them unto me, yet I cannot remember them; yet certainly nothing could be more different from another than the anſwers of *Parthenia* and *Polydamas*. In the mean time this conference of *Callicrates* and *Parthenia*, which began in rallarie, did end in a more ſerious diſcourſe: for paſſing inſenſibly from one thing to another, *Callicrates* moved *Parthenia* to confeſs ſhe could not but wonder *Polydamas* ſhould be ſo Amiable and have ſo little Wit. For Heavens ſake, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) do me the favour the firſt time you ſee him, and are in diſcontent with him, turn away your head and wink, that you may hear him, and not ſee him: and if after that you do not confeſs you have no cauſe to love him, I will for ever forſake thoſe hopes I have that you will never hate me: for really, Madam, there cannot be a greater difference between any two, than between the Princeſs *Parthenia* and *Polydamas.* Therefore, Madam, take my advice, prophane not thoſe excellencies which the Gods have given you, by giving your ſelf to one who cannot half underſtand them; but find one out that is able to know and adore you. This, Sir, was the conference between *Parthenia* and *Callicrates*, who left her with much ſatisfaction, that he had ſo well proſpered in his deſign: and indeed, ever ſince that day, *Parthenia* was Miſtreſs of her ſelf, and diſengaged her heart, and was able to look upon *Polydamas* as a Lover, whom ſhe would condemn unto deſpair, which was no ſmall joy unto *Callicrates*, who as oft as he met *Polydamas*, did treat him moſt cruelly, and abuſe him in the preſence of *Parthenia*; yet in ſuch a manner, as *Polydamas* did not perceive it, becauſe it was by applauding him for things which were not at all commendable, and in admiring all he ſaid, and making an Elogie upon every word he ſpake: and he had been more groſs in his abuſes, if the Princeſs had not impoſed ſilence, and forbidden him to uſe him ſo. In the mean time, the Prince of *Salamis* continued to ſee and ſerve her, though he made no great progreſs into her affection; and obſerving that *Callicrates* was much in her favour, but had not the leaſt thought of his being in love, though it was already noiſed in the world, he endeavoured to oblige him, and made him the confident of his deſigne; but *Callicrates* having no mind to turn ſollicitor for another in matter of love, told him, that he could do nothing for him, and that *Parthenia* was one who would take advice from none but her ſelf: But ſince he perceived that *Polydamas* was not yet enough out of *Parthenia*'s

Books, he hinted ſuch things unto the Prince of *Salamis*, as moved him to apprehend, that as long as *Polydamas* was a viſitor of *Parthenia*, none ought to be pretender unto her: yet he told this as a mighty ſecret, for his deſign being to make the world believe *Parthenia* loved him, he would not Publiſh that ſhe had any inclination to *Polydamas*. But he told him all that he could deviſe which might move the Prince of *Salamis* to hate his Rival, and to make him quarrel with him, hoping thereby to be quit of two Rivals at once, either by killing each other, or by baniſhing them for fighting: and indeed his plot did hit, and that which did advance it, was the Prince of *Salamis* being one day in *Parthenia*'s cloſet, ſhe went out for ſomething, and left this Prince with others in it, and the company coming out preſently after, left him in the Cloſet expecting *Parthenia*'s return, ſo that looking upon divers things which lay upon the Table, he found a paper which the Princeſs had left and forgotten, and it proved to be that which *Callicrates* writ, with the anſwers of *Polydamas* and *Parthenia*; for the Princeſs would not burn it, becauſe ſhe kept it to cure her ſpirits in reading of them: ſo that the Prince of *Salamis* ſeeing the name of *Polydamas* and *Parthenia*, took up the Paper, and would ſee the contents of it; yet ſeeing there was much to read, and fearing the Princeſs would return before he had finiſhed, and being tranſported with a curioſity as great as his love, he took it and went away before the Princeſs returned into her cloſet: but he was ſtrangely amazed when he ſaw it, for it paſſed all mens underſtanding, nor he could not think that *Parthenia*, who had ſo much wit, could think well of all that *Polydamas* had ſaid, nor could he imagine it writ by *Callicrates* with her conſent, though he knew it to be his hand; nor could he believe, conſidering his ſuſpicions, that *Parthenia* loved *Polydamas*, that ſhe ſhould take any delight to ſee *Callicrates* full of ſuch raillery againſt him, ſo that not knowing what to think, he reſolved to make him who writ this fantaſtical Dialogue, tell the truth: he ſent then to ſeek *Callicrates*, and rather than fail of finding him, went himſelf to look him: but ſince this man, maugre his vanity he had in being thought to be *Parthenia*'s Idol, and her Lover, had many other paſſions leſs honourable than that, the Prince of *Salamis* could not eaſily find him, though he went unto twenty ſeveral houſes to enquire: but at laſt, accidentally ſeeing him come out of a houſe which he never thought of, he ſent for him, and conjured him to tell him what was his deſign in writing thoſe anſwers of *Polydamas*, and giving them unto *Parthenia.* Sir, (ſaid he, with an anſwer as quick as his wit) I wonder much you ſhould not underſtand my deſign, and that you ſhould not ſee I have no other but to do you ſervice, in letting fair *Parthenia* ſee the odds that is between her wit and your Rival's. Ah *Callicrates*, ſaid the Prince of *Salamis*, why would you keep ſecret my obligations unto you? and why did you not let me know *Parthenia* ſuffered you to abuſe *Polydamas*? As ſhe hath much wit, replyed *Callicrates*, what reſentment ſoever ſhe hath, ſhe makes no expreſſions of them: However it be, ſaid the Prince of *Salamis*, all will do no good, ſince after this I ſee *Polydamas* in as great favour as ever. *Callicrates* perceiving that this Prince was not jealous of him, he kindled it againſt *Polydamas* by a hundred cunning expreſſions, ſo that when he left him, he left him more jealous than ever, but with more hope of revenge alſo againſt his Rival, imagining that ſince *Parthenia* out of her prudence had winked at *Callicrates* his jeering raillerie, ſhe would be alſo ſo diſcreet as to hide her reſentments at his quarrelling with him. The Prince of *Salamis* having this Fancy, it was not long before he put his deſign in exceution; for as there never wants a colour of a quarrel between two Rivals: The firſt occaſion that he met with, he began to contradict all that *Polydamas* ſaid, very obſtinately, and paſſing from contradictions unto angry diſputes, they fell from words to blows, and fought a Bloody duel. For the Prince of *Salamis*, having a ſecret deſign upon him, ſtayed for *Polydamas* in a great plain which is before *Parthenia*'s Palace, ſo that this Princeſs was a ſpectator of the Combat out at her Window, which was ended before they could come in to part them. Which of theſe two had the advantage could not be judged, for they were both of them equally wounded, and their ſwords both broke when they cloſed, and fell; doing both of them what they could to vanquiſh each other; this combat made a great noiſe in the Court, but as for *Callicrates*, he laughed in his ſleeve: yet he went preſently to the Princeſs to grieve with her, or rather to ſee how ſhe took it: but ſhe thought him to be her friend, ſhe did not diſſemble how this combat had a great influence upon her heart; which news was nothing pleaſing unto *Callicrates*: for ſhe let him know, that ſhe hated the Prince of *Salamis*, and that ſhe loved *Polydamas* better than before, taking it very ill at the hands of the firſt, that he ſhould be ſo bold as to quarrel with the other in any conſideration of hers; not being ignorant, that it was he who firſt aſſaulted, and knowing that there could be no other fallings out between them, but for her intereſts. Truth is, Madam, (ſaid *Callicrates* to her) you have reaſon to be angry with the Prince of *Salamis*, and it is but juſt to hate him for his ſo little reſpect of you: But I cannot find you have any cauſe to love *Pilydamas* better, ſince he hath done nothing, but that he would not let himſelf be killed: for I cannot believe, Madam, you ſhould think he had any other end in defending his life, but to keep it for the love of you; and were I to judge upon the actions of theſe two Rivals, I ſhould think you are more of the two obliged unto the Prince of *Salamis*, than unto *Polidamas*, who for all this, hath no more wit than he had; for I proteſt, Madam, I am confident, that if he were himſelf to relate his Combat with ſuch Eloquence as he hath, you would wiſh the Prince of *Salamis* Victory. I aſſure you *Callicrates* (ſaid ſhe unto him) I have much ado not to be offended at you, for ſcoffing at a thing which both grieves and angers me: And the truth is, Sir, though *Parthenia* had not contracted any affection with *Polidamas*, yet ſhe could not chuſe but be very ſenſible of his misfortune, and the more, becauſe falling in a Fever he dyed of his wounds, the ſixth day after the combat; ſo that *Callicrates*, needing not now oppoſe that affection which he feared was in her heart towards him, he began to pity him in her preſence, ſaying, that the high qualities of his ſoul, and the handſomneſs of his perſon, did ſerve to excuſe the imperfections of his wit, deſiring if it were poſſible, that her ſorrows for his death, might keep her from any affection to the Prince of *Salamis*, and moved him to go out of *Paphos* until all things were appeaſed: but when *Callicrates* was out of *Parthenia*'s preſence, he ſcoffed as much at *Polydamas* dead as living; and ſaid that all the Court was beholding unto the Prince of *Salamis* for ridding it of a man who ſpoke ſo much nonſenſe. In the mean time, to ſatisfie his vanity, whilſt there was no profeſſed Lovers of *Parthenia*, he was an eternal viſitant, and ſaw her every minute ſhe was viſible; and when ſhe was not, he affected to ſpeak of her, and oftentimes to name her in lieu of another: So that he called every one *Parthenia*, ſeeming alwayes to reprehend himſelf, and be angry that his tongue ſhould ſo betray the thoughts of his heart. In ſhort, he carried it ſo, that all the Court ſuſpected him to be in love with *Parthenia*, none yet daring to ſpeak of it unto the Princeſs: For certainly (ſaid every one) ſhe muſt needs perceive that which all the world ſees; and if ſhe does ſee it, why does it not diſpleaſe her, and move her to baniſh *Callicrates* from her? So they thought *Callicrates* in Love with *Parthenia*, but never told their thoughts unto her, who never ſuſpected any ſuch thing, ſince he never talked unto her but of things indifferent, and of ſmall conſequence. As for him, ſince he affected more the ſatisfaction of his vanity than his love, fear of baniſhment would never let him tell her ſeriouſly that he loved her, to the end there might be more ſuſpition that he was loved. In the mean time the Prince of *Salamis* having ſetled his buſineſs, and the Phyſitians reporting that *Polidamas* died rather of the ill diſpoſition of his humours than of his wounds, he returned unto the Court as ſoon as he was recovered; and he knew ſo well how to tamper with all the Parents of *Parthenia*, that his Marriage was concluded upon before ever he ſpake unto her. I ſhall not relate unto you, Sir, what unwillingneſs was in *Parthenia* to obey the commands of her Parents, in looking upon the Prince of *Salamis* as the man whom ſhe was to marry; nor how *Callicrates* did augment her averſion to it: But give me leave to tell you, Sir, there was no remedy, *Parthenia* muſt marry the Prince of *Salamis*, and *Callicrates* muſt be contented: His comfort was, *Parthenia* loved him not, and in his hopes ſhe would make him her ſecret confident. Alſo his hopes were, that all the world knowing *Parthenia* loved not her Husband, it would be more eaſie for him to make them believe ſhe loved him. Yet what vanity ſoever he had, and what ill opinion ſoever he held of women in general, I am confident he could never think *Parthenia*, whoſe vertue he knew very well, could have any vitious thoughts in all her life, though ſhe had a ſenſible and paſſionate ſoul. In concluſion, Sir, the Prince of *Salamis* married *Parthenia* much againſt her Will, and he expreſſed ſo much love unto her at their Marriage, that ſhe ſweetened her bitterneſs, and diminiſhed her averſion to him. He gave her in caſe he dyed before, the Principality of *Salamis*, being more ſubmiſs unto her than ever any was. But, Sir, as I have before deſcribed the beauty of this Princeſs unto you, ſo, is it poſſible you ſhould believe that the eyes of this Prince being accuſtomed unto the beauty of *Parthenia*, ſhould take leſs delight in looking upon her, than in a freſh beauty, which was a thouſand degrees inferiour unto hers? Yet it is true, that this Prince loving her only becauſe ſhe was fair, and his eyes being glutted with the cuſtom of ſeeing her, his paſſion leſſened, and his ſoul inſenſibly fell off from lukewarm to indifferency, and from indifferency to ſcorn: For ſince he was of a fantaſtical ſpirit, the humours of *Parthenia* and his kept no correſpondency. I leave you, Sir, to imagine, how ſad this Princeſs was, when ſhe found her ſelf ſlighted: Indeed it troubled her ſo much, that ſhe fell ſick, but in a languiſhing diſeaſe, as though it did not much hazard her life, yet it robb'd her of her beauty. And you may imagine, Sir, that he who ſcorned her when ſhe was the faireſt in all *Cyprus*, did not love in the Autumn of her beauty, but began to be harſher than before unto her: He had twenty ſeveral Paramours, who for all their glittering beauties were yet inferiour unto *Parthenia*, notwithſtanding her decayed alteration. The mutable mind of this Prince did ſo amaze the World, that none could imagine the ſecret cauſe of the ill correſpondence between *Parthenia* and him; and every one had his cenſure for him: Inſomuch as he having a hint of it, grew angry, and began to ſpeak aloud, that he could not conceive why they ſhould think it ſtrange he could not love his Wife, ſince according to his ſenſe, it was neither handſome nor reaſonable: For (ſaid he unto me, when I asked him what anſwer I ſhould return unto thoſe who wondered why he loved not *Parthenia*, who was yet the faireſt in *Cyprus?*) I think there is no ſuch extravagancy in the world, as for a Husband to be always in love with his Wife; and if *Parthenia* would have kept me ſtill in love with her, ſhe ſhould never have married me. I confeſs, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) there ought to be a difference between a Husband and a Lover; and I agree with you, that there are a hundred gallantries which are ornaments in a Lover, that would be ridiculous in a Husband. But, Sir, by your favour, this difference ought not to reach ſo far as the heart; certainly one ought to love and honour her he marries, as much after, as before marriage: Civility and Reſpect muſt not be baniſhed, but preſerved as preſervers of Love; leſt incivil familiarity ſhould entirely rout it out. Alas, *Megaſides*, ſaid he, it ſeems you were never married, nor very well know the nature of Love. Truly, Sir, ſaid I unto him, I think you do not know it your ſelf; for if you did, why do you not love *Parthenia*, ſince ſhe is as fair now, as when you were in love with her? The reaſon is, ſaid he, becauſe, that beauty which one enjoys is like perfumes, which continual cuſtom brings one not to ſmell at all. And for my part, I am perſwaded, that as one doth accuſtom himſelf unto a beauty, one may likewiſe accuſtom himſelf unto uglineſs; ſo conſequently whoſoever will marry, ought not to be ſo curious in chuſing one that is fair. Then, Sir, ſaid I unto him, why did you marry *Parthenia?* I married her, ſaid he, becauſe love led me out of my wits; and I choſe rather to run the hazard of being her Lover, than not to enjoy her. The truth is, there is ſomething in Marriage, which is ſo inconſiſtent with Love, that I cannot endure people ſhould blame me for not loving *Parthenia*. I cannot conceive, replied

plied I, you can love other women, who are a thouſand times leſs fair than ſhe. Were you married, anſwered he, you would know how, as well as I: The truth is, whoſoever takes away the ſweetneſs of Novelty from love, takes away love it ſelf; and whoſoever doth baniſh freſh deſires, and freſh hopes from it, leaves no zeal or delight in it. Conſider what the paſſion of a man will be, who alwaies ſees the ſame woman, who has no new hopes, no freſh deſires, and who ſees nothing in the time to come, but that his Wife will grow old and ugly. But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, though you are not capable of a conſtant love, yet let me adviſe you at leaſt to eſteem *Parthenia*; let your love become friendſhip. Had I never been in love with her, replied he, or had I married her for no other intereſts, I could have done as you adviſe me. But, *Megaſides*, to fall from love to friendſhip, is a thing I cannot think poſſible, nor am I capable of it. Indeed I am ſometimes aſhamed to ſee how weary I grow when I have been with her one poor quarter of an hour. Yet ſince I cannot love her, ſhe muſt ſute her mind to her fortune, and let me alone to live as I liſt. Theſe, Sir, were the thoughts of this Prince when he began to leave loving *Parthenia*; but he was not the only man who changed his thoughts of her; for *Callicrates* alſo finding that ſhe was not now the glorious Star of the Court, he fell off from his frequent viſits; all the Beauties whom ſhe had robbed of their Lovers at her firſt arrival in *Paphos*, were raviſhed at her misfortune; and all her Lovers whom ſhe had rigorouſly treated, rejoyced: Inſomuch as *Parthenia*, ſeeing ſhe had loſt all that her beauty had gotten, had ſuch an indignation againſt her ſelf, that ſhe left the Court, and went unto *Salamis*, where ſhe lived moſt obſcure and ſolitarily; but where ſhe found a hundred things to charm her ſorrows, and ſolitude afforded her much ſweetneſs, ſince the cauſe of her grief was out of ſight; and as ſhe ſaw nothing which pleaſed her, ſo ſhe ſaw nothing which vexed her; and the abſence of her husband, and all thoſe that forſook her with her beauty, made her mind very ſerene; ſo that uſing her ſelf by degrees unto a kind of melancholy, which ſeiſeth upon a ſoul and never troubles it, ſhe grew wondrous well contented, and recovered her beauty. This being the ſtate of things, ſo it chanced, that the Prince of *Salamis* died ſuddenly at *Paphos*, in his return from hunting: And the King made choice of *Callicrates*, as him that was the ancient friend of *Parthenia*, to carry the news of his death unto her. I am confident, Sir, you will imagine that it was impoſſible this Princeſs ſhould grieve violently for the death of her husband who had ſo ſcorned her; yet was ſhe much more moved at it, than in all probability ſhe would: For when *Callicrates* acquainted her with his death, ſhe ſhed tears, but not in ſo great abundance. But *Callicrates* could diſcern her eyes had recovered their firſt luſtre; and he found her ſo admirably fair, that in lieu of telling her what he had premeditated, he ſtood and gazed upon her, only telling her that her husband was dead: Yet he could not ſee her long that day; for ſhe retired, and ſat upon her bed, purpoſely to receive the viſits which ſhe foreſaw would be made: And indeed about two hours after the news was known, all of any quality in *Salamis* came unto her. In the mean time, ſhe ſent back *Callicrates* the next morning, though he had no deſire to go ſo ſoon; but when he was returned, his report of *Parthenia*'s beauty was ſo high, that all the Court talked on nothing elſe but this wonderful alteration. I ſhall not ſpend any time, Sir, in telling you how the Corps of the Prince of *Salamis* was carried to the place of his name; but give me leave to tell you, Sir, that as ſoon as all ceremonious mournings were over, *Parthenia* made a voyage to the Court upon a buſineſs which concerned the Principality of *Salamis*; alſo that perhaps ſhe was not ſorry that ſhe was as fair as ever; for *Parthenia* was not above eighteen years of Age: However ſhe returned unto *Paphos*, where ſhe dimmed all that could pretend to any beauty, and captivated no fewer hearts than ſhe did at firſt; but hers was more difficult to be caught then ever, and ſhe was ſo reſolutely determined not to receive the affections of any, that ſhe did not think her ſelf ſo much as obliged unto any that proffered theirs unto her. And as *Callicrates* one day chid her for this cold indifferency; and telling her that ſolitude had made her ſalvage and unſociable, ſhe ſtiffly maintained, that ſhe had no reaſon to think her ſelf beholding unto thoſe who loved her, becauſe her beauty pleaſed them: For the truth is, ſaid ſhe, I am reſolved not to expoſe my ſelf unto the ſame misfortune I have had: and as long as I believe, that they do not love me, but becauſe I pleaſe their eyes; and for a fading thing which a little ſickneſs may take from me, I cannot much build upon ſuch kind of affections. But, Madam, replied *Callicrates*, if you take beauty away from love, you may as well take away his arrows and bow, and quite diſarm him. I would not take beauty away, replied ſhe, but on the contrary, I would have ſuch uſe made of it, as of a Candle: do you not ſee, that when fire is put unto a faggot, it burns, though the Candle which lighted it be taken away? or extinguiſhed? So would I have beauty do, which ſets hearts on fire: but I would not have them extinguiſh, when it which ſet them on fire is extinguiſhed: Your ſimile, Madam, replied *Callicrates*, is full of wit: Yet certainly the fire which laſts long, muſt have ſomething to maintain it: 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, but it muſt not be beauty, for that is only to kindle the fire, not to preſerve it: It would be a rare World, if love ſhould always change as oft as the face of thoſe they love doth: If ſo, a Rheume would kill a thouſand Lovers: and a gentle fever would break a thouſand Chains, and ſet as many Slaves at Liberty: No, no, things muſt not be ſo; and whoſoever loves only the beauty of *Parthenia*, ſhall never get her love: I would have them love all *Parthenia*, and not by halfs, as you told me when *Polydamas* lived; I would have them love her for ſomething beſides her beauty, that they may not fall off when it fades: did not you do ſo *Callicrates* before I went to *Salamis*? 'Tis true, Madam, I did; anſwered he, but it was becauſe I could not endure to ſee you miſerable: Fie, fie, replied ſhe, you cannot make me believe that: but I am perſwaded you left me, either becauſe I had fewer Company, or becauſe my friendſhip was leſs conſiderable: But know, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, that I never loved *Callicrates*, but for the wit of *Callicrates*, I liked his facetious Letters, and his ſmooth Verſes, and his pleaſant conceits: otherwiſe what did I care whether he were happy or miſerable? Alſo I thought the days in which you ſhewed me none of my Letters (ſaid ſhe in ſuch a manner as might let him ſee ſhe was not ignorant of his proceedings) or Verſes, or on which you were not pleaſant, to be ill ſpent in your company, and but for them, I ſhould very near have hated you, for I cannot endure inconſtancy, either in friends or Lovers; but it is moſt of all odious in friends: Since ſo, Madam, ſaid he, I beſeech you do me the honour, to rank me amongſt your Lovers, that I may be leſs criminal. Since I cannot revoke what's paſt (ſaid ſhe and ſmiled) I cannot though I would make you more or leſs innocent than you are, but in juſtifying you on the one ſide, I ſhall condemn you on the other; therefore it is much better I look upon you as an unfaithful friend, than as an unconſtant Lover, ſince which way ſoever you ſhall become the laſt of theſe, you will be always criminal, and always ill treated. However I ſhould be glad, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that you would do me the honour I ask, for I muſt confeſs, I cannot endure to be diſhonoured, and called an unfaithful friend, ſince in being one, I ſhould have renounced all virtue and generoſity: but it is otherwiſe in being only an inconſtant Lover, for ſuch a one is only accuſed of lightneſs and weakneſs: Yet I think folly may be added unto them (replied ſhe.) Since that is a thing which is not diſhonourable, replied he, it ſhall be no great obſtacle unto me; and I had rather you ſhould think me fooliſh and out of reaſon, than think me culpable. Though *Callicrates* was formerly wont to ſpeak many times as boldly as thus, without any ſuſpicion of ſpeaking ſeriouſly; yet now *Parthenia* took it ill he ſhould ſpeak thus, for he ſpoke it with ſuch an Air, ſo bold as diſpleaſed her: So that both ſhe and *Callicrates* ſtood a long while ſilent, and *Parthenia* had no mind to begin diſcourſe, for ſhe obſerved that *Callicrates* was not ſorry for her anger: but this ſilence laſted not long, for company came in; and *Callicrates* went out, very glad *Parthenia* underſtood him: Yet he reſolved to appeaſe her at what rate ſoever, though it coſt him a hundred Oaths that he did not love her, and that he ſpoke as he did, only to put her into a quarter of an hours impatience. However, Sir, there was ſuch a Fatality in the beauty of *Parthenia*, as brought upon her a hundred miſeries, either by thoſe who loved her, or by thoſe who envyed her, or by *Callicrates*. There was alſo a man of very high account who loved her, but not long; and ſhe was ſo aſſaulted by all the Court, and all the World, that ſhe was not able to endure it; and ſo much the leſs, becauſe the Prince *Philoxipes* returning from War, Courted her in marriage for a friend of his; ſo that to deliver her ſelf from ſo many importunities at once, ſhe returned to her ſolitude. She had no fancy to *Salamis*, but to the Country; and ſince I had a Siſter whoſe name was *Amaxita*, whom ſhe loved very tenderly, ſhe entreated her to go with her unto her accuſtomed deſart, which ſhe willingly conſented unto. In the mean time, ſince *Parthenia* had ever a paſſionate Soul, ſhe was ſomething perplexed to ſee that ſhe could meet with none whom ſhe could love: Alſo the Cuſtom of *Cyprus* requiring that all Ladies ſhould be loved, ſhe was ſomething vexed, that all thoſe Ladies, who were her Enemies, becauſe ſhe was fair, ſhould Triumph in her abſence. But that which moſt vexed her, was a piece of knavery which *Callicrates* played her. I think, Sir, I told you not that ſince their laſt conference which ended in ſilence, he never ſpoke in private with *Parthenia*, who alwaies took occaſions to prevent him, and who treated him ſo coldly, that if he had not found out a way to make this coldneſs ſerve his Vanity; he would have dyed with ſorrow: But ſince this happened a little before the departure of *Parthenia*, he made every one believe, but did not ſay it directly, that this coldneſs of hers to him was but diſſembled; and the more to confirm this belief after the Princeſs of *Salamis* was gone, he writ unto her very often; yet writing nothing that could poſſibly diſpleaſe: Moreover he ſent her a hundred pretty knacks, and ſent them ſo handſomly, that it had been hard for her to refuſe ſuch diverſions as were but neceſſary in that ſolitude wherein ſhe lived: So that to make it laſt the longer, ſhe reſolved to anſwer. But though her Letters were only Jollities, and of things very indifferent, and written with deſign that he ſhould ſhew them; yet he did not ſhew one of them. So that every one knowing *Parthenia* writ unto him, and ſeeing that he made a myſterious ſecret of her Letters; the Enemies of this Princeſs endeavoured to make it thought that the Correſpondency which ſhe held with *Callicrates* was more than matters of wit only. But the further to ſatisfie his vanity, he diſſembled an intended journey, and gave out ſuch unlikely pretences of it, as made every one full of Curioſity: And to make it more general, he bad adieu to all the Court: After which, he departed without any with him, and in the Evening, ſaying that it was hot, and therefore beſt travelling in the night; Moreover, ſince he made no queſtion but ſome would have very obſervant eyes upon all his actions, as ſoon as he was out of the Town, he took the way which leads where the Princeſs of *Salamis* was, and went within fifty furlongs of the houſe; then turning upon the left hand, he went to hide himſelf with a friend he had thereabouts, not telling the true cauſe; and there he ſtayed fifteen whole daies: After which, he returned to *Paphos*, where thoſe who watched him, had publiſhed that he was gone to the Princeſs of *Salamis*: So that when he returned to the Court, every one asked him why he would conceal the place where he had been: But the more to make it believed, he ſeemed to be in a mighty chafe againſt them that ſaid ſo: The buſineſs made ſo great a noiſe all over, that I writ unto my Siſter, purpoſely that ſhe might let *Parthenia* know it, who made no queſtion, but that this was ſome knavery of *Callicrates*; So that this did more and more confirm her in her averſion which ſhe had to the World. In the mean time, *Parthenia* did ſo clearly make it known at *Paphos* that he was not with her, as none did doubt it; but yet they could not accuſe *Callicrates* of this impoſture, becauſe he always ſaid he was not with the Princeſs of *Salamis*. However *Parthenia* broke off all manner of commerce with him: But as if the Gods would have death Triumph over all thoſe whom the eyes of *Parthenia* had vanquiſhed, *Callicrates*, a little while after this impoſture, dyed, extreamly lamented by all thoſe that knew him, and even by thoſe alſo whom he had moſt cruelly deluded:

for his excellency of wit, and other rare qualities, excuſed the malignant vanity of his Soul. The fair *Parthenia* amongſt the reſt lamented him: notwithſtanding all Cauſes of complaint which he had given her: Now was the time, Sir, when the Prince *Philoxipes* fell in love with *Policrite*: So that being buſie with his own Paſſion, he let the Princeſs of *Salamis* live as ſhe pleaſed: Yet would he ſometimes invite her to quit her Solitude; but this was not often: Yet ſince he was married, he began to importune *Parthenia* to return unto her friends, and not to paſs away the reſt of her days as ſhe did. But all his preſſures were in vain: For ſhe told him, that her reſolution was to ſubmit the conduct of her life unto the Gods: and in order to that, ſhe had ſent unto *Delphos* to conſult with the Oracle, and to enquire what ſhe ſhould do to be happy, expecting the anſwer with much impatience; yet when it came, ſhe was not much ſatisfied with it: For the Oracle anſwered her in theſe words; *That if ſhe would be happy, ſhe muſt marry a man who loved her without the helps of her beauty; and that on the contrary, if ſhe married any one of thoſe whom her eyes had Captivated, ſhe ſhould be the moſt unfortunate woman of her time.* I leave you to imagine, Sir, how much this anſwer perplexed *Parthenia*, for to imagine that any one could love her, and not ſee her, ſhe could not comprehend it poſſible: To think alſo one ſhould ſee her, and not think her fair, and in ſeeing her, ſeparate her ſpirit from her body, and adore the one, without loving the other, this was as far fetched a conceit as the other: So that ſhe concluded it to be the will of the Gods not to love any, but that ſhe ſhould ſtill live in ſolitude: For, ſaid ſhe, ſince the Gods do tell me, that if I marry any one of thoſe whom my eyes have captivated, I ſhall be the moſt unfortunate woman of my time: they do tacitely tell me, I muſt never marry. But though you ſhould take this reſolution (ſaid the Prince *Philoxipes*, who loved her exceedingly) is it therefore neceſſary that you ſhould baniſh your ſelf from all civil Society? Certainly I ſhould (ſaid ſhe unto him) for why ſhould I expoſe my ſelf unto the aſſaults of any that will profeſs ſervice, and perhaps perſwade me to ſlight the counſel of the Gods? For my part, replied *Philoxipes*, I do not think we underſtand this Oracle as it ought to be, for the Oracle of *Delphos* would never counſel you unto a thing ſo oppoſite unto the Laws of the Goddeſs whom we adore, who would have us love and be loved: for my part, if I thought it, I ſhould adviſe you to ſupplicate this Goddeſs, for a reſolution of this doubt which I think is well raiſed. The opinion of *Philoxipes* ſeemed ſo reaſonable unto *Parthenia*, that ſhe went her ſelf into the Temple, which is upon the fartheſt part of the Iſle towards the Eaſt, to conſult with the Oracle of *Venus Vrania*: The Princeſs *Policrite* carried her thither, and I had the honour to go with her, and to be preſent, when ſhe asked whether ſhe ought to underſtand the Oracle of *Delphos* as ſhe did? But, Sir, ſhe was extreamly ſurpriſed, and ſo was all the company, when the Oracle anſwered her, *That it was not more true that you were the greateſt Prince in the world, and that you ſhould be hereafter as happy as heretofore unfortunate, than it was true that this which the Oracle of* Delphos *ſaid ſhould come to paſs.* The Prince *Philoxipes*, Sir, was beyond expreſſions joyed, to ſee that you were ſo highly in favour with the Gods, as that their Oracles ſhould Trumpet your praiſes over all the earth: and it may be truly ſaid, that never ſince the time of *Licurgus*, who heretofore received the like honour from *Delphos*, did the like happen till now. The Prince *Philoxipes* then was much comforted by it, for the ſlender ſatisfaction which the Princeſs of *Salamis* received from this Oracle: for indeed ſhe could make no other conſtruction of that from *Delphos*, and this Oracle, but that the Gods would have her paſs away her life unſeen of any, and unloved, which is a kind of ſhame and malediction in our Iſle. But, Sir, that which the Prince *Philoxipes* moſt rejoyced at, was to ſee the Gods not only truly to commend you, but alſo to promiſe a period to your misfortunes, ſo that he no ſooner carried the Princeſs of *Salamis* into her ſolitude, but he embarked one of his Servants to bring you this pleaſing news: yet by misfortune the Veſſel in which that man imbarked ſuffered Shipwrack, and the man periſhed;the Prince *Philoxipes* not hearing any thing of it until a long time after, ſo that he could no ſooner let you know the glorious teſtimony that the Gods did render unto your virtue, and I am confidently perſwaded that it was the pleaſure of the Gods, you ſhould not know this Oracle until that which concerned the Princeſs of *Salamis* was found to prove true; ſo that there might be more ground for your hopes and belief of what they ſaid concerning you. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, that ſince this Princeſs received the laſt anſwer from *Venus Vrania*, ſhe looked upon her Cell, as the place where ſhe was to live and dye, and took as much pains to hide her Beauty, as others did to ſhew theirs; The reading, the walking, and converſation of my Siſter, who would never forſake her, were all her recreations: the Prince *Philoxipes*, *Policrite*, and *Dorida*, did ſometimes give her a viſit, but it was very rarely. *Parthenia* imployed her ſelf ſometimes to make her Priſon more pleaſant, in cauſing the Chambers to be painted, and making Gardens: In the mean time, though ſhe ſtrove to Eclipſe her beauty, yet it did every day increaſe, her Cheeks had freſh Roſes grew in them, and the luſtre of her eyes ſhined more glorious than ever: But the preticeſt wonder was, that though *Parthenia* ſaw no body, yet ſhe was nothing negligent in her dreſs, but ſtill had as great a care of her beauty as if ſhe had a deſign to conquer a thouſand hearts,as if ſhe had thought,that though it was forbidden her to love any, yet ſhe would employ her inclination to love, and be beloved of her ſelf: and certainly a more beautiful object could not be ſeen, ſince *Parthenia* was never ſo fair at Court, as I ſaw her in her ſolitude, where ſhe ſuffered me ſomtimes to come and viſit my Siſter: yet for all that, on ſome certain days ſhe would be ſomthing out of tune, and ſo give over her ſelf to Melancholy, that ſhe would fall out with her own Beauty: 'Tis true,her humours angred none but her ſelf, for ſhe would even then vent a hundred excellent things to thoſe that could underſtand them.I remember one day when I was there,and found her in one of thoſe humours when ſhe was off the hooks in her conceit, and when I heard her wiſh ſhe were not of ſo high a quality, to the end ſhe might be more Miſtreſs of her ſelf, and leſs obſerved by others: and when I heard her wiſh her ſelf of another ſex; however, Madam, ſaid I unto her, you cannot deſire to be more fair than you are. Ah, *Megaſides*, ſaid ſhe unto me, how infinitely are you miſtaken? For I proteſt in the humour now that I am in, I had rather be ſuch a one as *Æſop* is deſcribed, who they ſay, was the moſt ill favoured man in the world, than to be the faireſt woman eye ever ſaw. I confeſs Madam, ſaid *Amaxita*, that I cannot believe you, or be of your mind. Perhaps ſo (ſaid *Parthenia*, and ſmiled) but however, I cannot think beauty to be ſo great a jewel as it is imagined; at leaſt it is none of thoſe ſweets which have no mixture of bitterneſs with them. For my part, Madam, ſaid I unto her, I am not of your opinion: For I am perſwaded that beauty is one of the moſt excellent gifts of the Gods: Do you not ſee what a ſoveraign influence it hath upon all hearts above any thing elſe? It charmeth Marble, and makes it mollible; it tames Tygers, and makes them affable, and ſubjects the moſt cruel, rebellious, and ambitious ſpirits. 'Tis true, ſaid *Parthenia*, but it cannot keep thoſe who are inconſtant; and I have known ſome, but of common beauty, which have been more conſtantly loved than any others. Since the number of Inconſtants is leſs than thoſe I named (anſwered I) and ſince Inconſtancy hath its birth from the hearts of Lovers, and not from the eyes of their Miſtreſſes: It is not to be wondered that it ſhould be ſo. Yet, Madam, without all diſpute, of all the excellent gifts of Nature, Beauty is incomparably the greateſt. But not moſt durable (replied ſhe) and therefore I cannot think a thing ſo fading, can deſerve the Epithete of good, ſince its ſweets are mingled with ſo many bitter Ingredients. I pray examine what pleaſure thoſe find who are owners of beauty: In their Infancy they are not ſo much as ſenſible of it; in more ripe years they injure other beauties; or which is worſe, are injured: if they be of fair complexion, then they cannot endure the brown; or if they be brown, they cannot endure the fair; all that's as fair as themſelves, diſpleaſeth and frets their hearts: Moreover

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if a Lady look a little pale, or her eyes a little hollow, there needs no more to make all the Town ſay, Alas, how ſhe's changed! She was fair, ſays one; There goes a withered beauty, ſays another; and every one hath his cenſorious vote. But ſay they ſhould not ſay ſo, what's the reſult of the fineſt Beauty? It gets one many Lovers, whoſe love laſts no longer than it doth: It attracts at randome, both the wiſe and the fooliſh, the handſome and ugly; and vaniſheth often before youth, and infallibly when age comes. So that thoſe who love their Wives becauſe they are fair, will moſt certainly come to hate, and at laſt ſlight them. I pray then judge whether Beauty be a thing ſo deſirable. Though all ſhould be true (replied *Amaxita*) yet I had rather be fair, and run the hazard of being ſlighted when I am old, than not to be fair, and be ſure to be ſlighted when I am young: For truly if one be not fair, there is requiſite abundance of wit to ſupply that want: And ſince more men are able to judge of the beauty in a face, than they can of wit, or ſoul, the world will follow the fair, and let fine ſouls ſhift for themſelves. However it be, ſaid *Parthenia*, ſince I am perſwaded that the higheſt misfortune is to be once loved, and then not to be ſo; and ſince Beauties are more expoſed unto that danger than any others, I do not recant of any thing I ſaid. Theſe, Sir, were the opinions of *Parthenia*, whil'ſt ſhe was in her melancholy moods; and this was the life ſhe lived, when a Gallant of high eſteem, called *Timantes*, came to *Paphos*, with an equipage proportionable to his Quality and high birth, and ſutable to the magnificence of his mind and riches, which were both as high as his Quality. This *Timantes*, Sir, was deſcended from King *Minos*, who raigned long in *Crete*: And though the Crown was not inveſted in his houſe, but the form of Government changed, yet the people did highly reſpect thoſe who were deſcended from their ancient Kings, inſomuch as they had the higheſt honours, and greateſt authority amongſt them. So that it may be ſaid, that though the Father of *Timantes* had not the name of a King, yet he had very near the authority, eſpecially in matters of [illegible] true, that ſince he did ſtrictly obſerve the [illegible]ous King which before I named, and who was a pattern for all the Legiſlators of *Greece*, he did not deceive that truſt which the people repoſed in him, but did infinitely purchaſe their love; and no wonder; for I am confident, that whoſoever is an obſerver of the Laws, will eaſily get love and obedience alſo. This, Sir, was the deſcent of *Timantes*, whoſe perſon was extreamly handſom, and whoſe wit was above ordinary capacities. The reaſon of his voyage had no matter of privacy in it, and being born in an Iſle which had a controverſie with ours in point of Reputation, he had a longing curioſity to ſee whether *Cyprus* was to be preferred before *Crete*, or *Crete Cyprus*: So that his travel being a voyage of pleaſure and curioſity only, he arrived at *Paphos*, as I ſaid, with a moſt magnificent Train and Equipage. His Quality was no ſooner known, but the King did him all imaginable honours; and his merits were no ſooner diſcovered, but he was eſteemed beyond all expreſſions: So that in a few days *Timantes* was no ſtranger in our Court: The Queen *Aretephile* much honour'd him; the Prince *Philoxipes* had contracted a cloſe friendſhip with him; *Policrite* eſteemed him, and not a Lady in all the Court, but had a good word for him. As it is the cuſtom of all Courts to double their diverſions in favour of ſtrangers, the like was there for *Timantes*: But whether in company, or Balls, or Sports, or Walks, or publick Feaſts, *Timantes* was the only man of ſpirit, wit, behaviour, and magnificence. So that no one was talked on in *Paphos* but him, his reputation rung as loud, and reached as far as where the Princeſs of *Salamis* kept her ſolitudes; and I think I was the firſt who deſcribed him unto her. Yet ſhe did all ſhe could to hinder me, ſaying, ſhe would not willingly know any more what paſſed in the world, ſince ſhe had quitted it: But notwithſtanding, preſently after, ſhe asked me, which of all the Ladies in the Court was it that moſt moved the heart of *Timantes*? Believe me, Madam, ſaid I unto her, hitherto his Civility hath been ſo equal unto all, that it ſeems he's not in love with any: For at a grand Feaſt, where there was uſed a kind of delightful Combat, where thoſe which fought had their devices upon their Bucklers: *Timantes* repreſented

ſented upon his, a Phœnix with this Motto;

I ſtay until the Sun do burn me.

Certainly, ſaid *Parthenia*, this Stranger puts none of the Ladies out of hope to conquer his heart, to the end none ſhould hate him as long as he ſtays at *Paphos*. In the mean time, *Megaſides*, you would oblige me very much in acquainting me with thoſe diverſions which I am ignorant of: And therefore when you viſit your Siſter hereafter, I pray you acquaint me with what the Court hath more than it had when I was there; what new diverſions, what freſh gallants, and what the old ones, who are paſt diverſions, ſay. This, Sir, *Parthenia* heard me ſpeak of *Timantes* the firſt time; but I was not the only one who told her of him: For the Prince *Philoxipes* went to ſee her, and did the ſame; *Policrite* alſo, and *Dorida* writ unto her; ſo that ſhe had a moſt exact Idea of *Timantes*; Yet would ſhe never conſent that the Prince *Philoxipes* ſhould bring him thither, as he affected; this Prince telling her, that a Stranger would not interrupt her ſolitude: But ſhe did ſo earneſtly forbid him, that he durſt not bring him; or, to ſay better, the Gods would not permit him, ſince they would have *Timantes* and *Parthenia* acquainted in another manner. But, Sir, before I tell you how it was, be pleaſed to know, that there was a fair houſe of *Timoclea*'s Fathers, about a days journey from *Paphos*, about half way unto the town or place where *Parthenia* lived; in this place there was a Labyrinth of Myrtle trees, whoſe hedges were ſo thick, and ſo high, that one ſhall be as much puzled to get out of it, as out of the famous Labyrinth of *Egypt*, or that in *Crete*, but this was made with ſuch art, that thoſe who were in them of *Egypt* or *Crete*, yet could not find out the iſſues of this: For as that of *Crete* was made by ingenious *Dedalus*, when *Minos* kept there the *Minotaure*, whoſe model *Dedalus* borrowed from that of *Egypt*: So likewiſe that which is at *Paphos* was made by a man, who, having ſeen both the other, took ſomething out of the one, and ſomething out of the other, and contrived one of the moſt pleaſant diverſions in the world: The Architecture ſeemed in Myrtle as if it had been in Marble, conveying from room to room, from Cloſet to Cloſet, and from gallery to gallery: In divers places there were erected Statues of Alabaſter, and Braſs, which yet were no notions of the ways in, or out, becauſe the very ſame were placed in many places alike; there were alſo ſeveral ſeats of graſs-cuſhions, whereupon to reſt the weary limbs of wanderers, or for thoſe that knew the paſſes to ſit and contemplate. The center of this Labyrinth, where all theſe ways did meet, was a moſt pleaſant round, in the midſt of which was a moſt admirable ſource of water, which was conveyed over the hedges as high as they were. This, Sir, was the Labyrinth which *Timantes* had ſo much curioſity to ſee, and with more longing deſire, becauſe he had ſeen that in *Crete*, which was viſited from all parts of the World: He ſpoke often of going to it: and the Prince *Philoxipes* intended to make one, but falling ſick, his journey was ſtopped: So that *Timantes* turned his intentions into a hunting deſign, with ſome others of quality in *Paphos*: But as chance would have it, *Timantes* loſt his way, and wandred from the reſt of the company, with a friend who travelled with him, whoſe name was *Antimaques*; So that not knowing were they were, they eſpied at their coming out of a Wood, a very ſtately houſe, ſtanding in the midſt of a great pleaſant Plain; They no ſooner ſaw it, but went thither, both out of curioſity, and to ask where they were, and which was their way to *Paphos*: *Timantes* going firſt, went ſtraight to the door, and found it open: Then came into a great Baſe Court, where he ſaw no body: Yet he and *Antimaques* lighted from their horſes, and leaving them with a ſervant which followed them, they entered into a Garden of a prodigious bigneſs, whoſe door alſo they found open: But as ſoon as *Timantes* had taken two turns in the Garden, he ſaw a great Cops of Mirtle Hedges, ſo that he made no queſtion but chance had brought him thither, where he had ſuch a deſire to go, and that this was the Labyrinth he deſired to ſee; So that walking haſtily towards it, with a longing deſire to ſatisfie his Curioſity, and never thought of any guide: For ſince he was acquainted with the turnings and windings of that in *Crete*, he imagined, he ſhould hit of this alſo: He entered therefore with *Antimaques* into this Labyrinth, and as ſoon as he had paſſed through five or ſix of the Rooms or Cloſets, he found, that he was ignorant of the turnings, and that it differed from the other at *Crete*: But it was no longer conſidering, for he was already ſo far wandred, that the more he ſought to find the way out, the further he was carried in. Yet was he much delighted with this pleaſant Wilderneſs: for ſince *Antimaques* and he were both in hunting habits, *Antimaques* had a horn about him: So that they feared not loſing themſelves, imagining they could make themſelves be heard when they would: As they were thus talking together, and *Antimaques* jeaſting with *Timantes* at their wandering,and telling him they ſtood in need of *Ariadne*'s thread to get out of this Labyrinth; and hinting unto him, that being of that Queens Race, it was more a ſhame for him than any other, to be thus entangled, upon a ſudden he heard a woman ſinging, and that moſt admirably: ſo that ſilently walking towards the place from whence the voice came,they found there was but one thick hedge between them and her that ſung: But it was ſo extraordinarily thick and high, that they could by no means poſſible ſee her they heard, nor get to her; For when they tryed,they found themſelves farther from her: So that not being able to with-hold commendations from one that ſung ſo well; And *Timantes* hoping thereby he might perhaps get out of his wandering, he began to cry out, in a loud tone of admiration, as ſoon as ſhe had done ſinging; Ah *Antimaques* how happy is this wandering unto us, provided we meet not with the ſame deſtiny by Land, that *Vlyſſes* did by Sea, and that harmonious voice we hear be not only a bait to draw us unto a farther loſs of our ſelves. But, Sir, to make the reaſon of the fantaſtical encounter the more pleaſant unto you, be pleaſed to know, that ſhe who ſung, was the Princeſs of *Salamis*: who having planted ſuch a Labyrinth as this at her own houſe, only the hedges not yet grown above two feet in height, ſhe knew all the turnings very well: So that coming thither that day to conſult with my Siſter, whether ſhe ſhould place the Statues in hers as in this; She came into this Garden at a little back door, where her Coach waited for her. Moreover, ſince ſhe affected to be ſolitary, ſhe kept this voyage very ſecret, and therefore ſhe came in a poor Coach, without one man with her, and her chief reaſon why ſhe made ſuch a myſterious ſecret of it, was, becauſe this Garden belonged unto a man whoſe Son was deep in love with her; and therefore ſhe would not have it known who ſhe was, leſt they ſhould imagine ſhe deſired to recal him whom ſhe had baniſhed: And it was the eaſier to conceal, becauſe the Porter and the Houſekeeper, who let her in, had been her Domeſtique Servants whilſt her Husband lived; ſo that they were more for her than for their Maſter, and therefore they took an eſpecial care none ſhould know it? And in order to that, they went to the place where her Coach ſtood, leſt any ſhould enquire whoſe Coach it was: They left another Gardiner at the other door, with orders to let none enter, though it ſeemed they were ill obſerved; for *Timantes* it ſeemed found the door open, and entered, as I told you before: But, Sir, he had no ſooner expreſſed himſelf unto *Antimaques* (as I ſaid before) but *Parthenia* was much ſurpriſed to hear one ſo near her, and would remove from that place: But *Antimaques* anſwering *Timantes*, that he was ſo far from fearing this ſweet voice would make them loſe themſelves, as he hoped ſhe would happily help them out of the Labyrinths: ſhe underſtood by this, that they had really loſt themſelves, and had no Guide, becauſe ſhe perceived by the accent of their voices, that they were ſtrangers: So that recollecting her ſelf, and imagining that they could never get unto the place where ſhe was, and knowing they knew her not, ſhe reſolved for diverſions ſake, to anſwer them that ſpake unto her: So that ſhe ſaid, the voice they heard would not charm them, ſince they cared not for the hearing it, but only that they might by it get out of that Labyrinth in which they were entangled: Oh, Madam, ſaid *Timantes*, I beſeech you miſtake me not; For I am ſo glad of my entanglement, that I wiſh not to come out: and am ſo far from ſeeking for the iſſues of this Labyrinth, that

that I ſeek only how to get unto the place where you are, that I may know whether there be as much ſweetneſs in your eyes as in your voice: It ſeems by your expreſſions, replied *Parthenia*, that you have as much wit as Civility: but I know not whether I may chide you or no, for offering to engage your ſelf without a guide in a place where you cannot get out without one. Whilſt *Parthenia* was talking to *Timantes*, *Amaxita*, and *Antimaques*, did both of them, what they could, on their ſides of the hedge, to open the boughs of Mirtle: but they were ſo extraordinary thick and entertwined, that *Amaxita* laboured long in vain: Yet at laſt ſhe found a place by the beams of the Sun, which pierced through the thick of the hedge, ſo that though the place was very narrow, yet ſhe ſpied *Timantes* talking to *Parthenia*, but ſaw not *Antimaques*, who was as buſie as ſhe ſome four paces off, but could ſee none of them: *Amaxita* no ſooner ſaw *Timantes*, but ſhe made a ſign unto *Parthenia*, who imagining that ſince they might ſee on that ſide of the hedge, as well as ſhe on this, pulled down her hood, and cauſed all her women to do the like. Yet ſhe removed a little to look upon the man whom *Amaxita* ſpied, and whom ſhe eaſily perceived to be a man of ſome great quality, not only by the richneſs of his Clothes, but alſo by the Garb, and Air of *Timantes*; *Parthenia* ſtayed not long there; for ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe made no queſtion but that he was the ſtranger of whom they reported ſuch wonders: Inſomuch as without any reaſon, ſhe perceived in her ſelf a ſtrange agitation of that, for which ſhe could find no cauſe, but only the oddneſs of the adventure: But at laſt *Antimaques* found out a place where he might ſee *Parthenia*. 'Tis true, ſee her he did, but with her hood pulled down, no more than could *Timantes*, who ſaw her ſo alſo: So that all this while, every one was in a huſht ſilence: For *Timantes* not knowing that the Lady whom he looked upon, deſired not to be ſeen, hoped ſtill ſhe would lift up her hood, as he earneſtly deſired: His curioſity was the more zealous, becauſe he ſaw a Lady of a very handſome ſtature and ſymmetry, and had the whiteſt hands in the World, for *Parthenia* pulled *Amaxita* by the Gown to whiſper unto her, that ſhe thought this to be the man ſo much extolled by every one: So that by this means, *Timantes* might judge of her beauty by her voice, by her ſtature, by her arms, and by her hands. As for her dreſs, nothing could be concluded from it: For that day, ſhe wore ſuch a dreſs as Ladies of higheſt quality ſometimes uſe, and which thoſe of a more inferiour Rank uſe alſo, ſo that nothing could be drawn from it: Nor had he time to obſerve how her women kept their reſpective diſtances, for the hole through which he looked was ſo little, that he could ſee but one at once, and *Parthenia* removing from that place ſome two paces, he could ſee her no more, do all he could; I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, though you will not give me leave to ſee you, yet for Heavens ſake let me hear you; and be not ſo inhumane as to let an unfortunate ſtranger wander, and wander for the love of you: For truly, Madam, had not your ſweet alluring voice becharmed my ear, I am confident I had found the way out of this myſterious Labyrinth: And though I am deceived in this, yet to let you know that I have ſeen others which I could have better underſtood: Let me tell you, that I am a *Cretan*, and I beſeech you, let me not find the *Cyprian* Ladies leſs pitiful than they there: For doubtleſs you know how *Ariadne* helped *Theſeus* out of the Labyrinth there: And be not ſo cruel, I beſeech you, as to leave him wandering here, who has the honour to participate of that Illuſtrious and charitable Ladies blood: but help *Timantes* out of this place as *Ariadne* did *Theſeus* out of that: For I muſt needs have the ſame paſſion to you, that ſhe had unto him, if you do the like for me. Since you are ſuch an abſolute Maſter of your paſſions (replied *Parthenia*, very glad to ſee ſhe was not deceived) that you can love when and whom you pleaſe: It is to be likewiſe feared, that you can alſo hate when and whom you pleaſe: and that if I ſhould do for you as *Ariadne* did for *Theſeus*, you would not do for me as *Theſeus* did for *Ariadne*: Therefore, Sir, I have no diſpoſition to free you from your Labyrinth upon that condition which you propoſe, for on the contrary, you could tell me nothing which would ſooner withhold me:

Alſo ſince now I know your quality, I cannot find in my heart to ſee you, becauſe I am much aſhamed that I have rendered you no more reſpect. But, Madam (replied he, and ſmiled) would it not be uncivil, if you ſhould not permit me the ſight of you, but to leave me wandering in a place, out of which I cannot get without your help? and do you not fear I ſhould complain againſt you? Could you know, Sir, who I am, replied ſhe, doubtleſs I ſhould fear it, and ſhould not do ſo: However, Madam, I beſeech you tell me why you uſe me thus? The reaſon is (replied ſhe, and laughed) becauſe having never captivated any by my own charms, I ſhould be glad to take hold of this opportunity, and at leaſt to make one Priſoner. If there want nothing but that, to give you ſatisfaction (anſwered *Timantes*) I promiſe you to be your Captive, and Priſoner both: I conſent not to follow you out, but to remain in this Labyrinth; therefore I beſeech you, deny me not the happineſs of ſeeing you, but inſtruct me which way I ſhould come unto the place where you are; ſince I ſhall be nothing but a piece of incivility towards you, replied ſhe, I cannot allow my ſelf to let you ſee me: but muſt be guilty of this cruelty wherewith you charge me: The cruelty of fair ones, will abſolutely be forgotten, (replied he) if they will but once ſhew themſelves. How can I give credit unto your words (replied ſhe, and laughed ſtill) ſince you rank me in the number of fair ones, before you ſee me. I know already (replied he) that you have a moſt Angel-like voice, not only in ſinging, but in ſpeaking: Moreover I know that you are of a moſt admirable ſtature and garb, and that you have the whiteſt hands upon earth: ſo that if your eyes be anſwerable, and as far as I imagine them, you muſt needs be the faireſt upon earth: Since you imagine them ſo fair, replied *Parthenia*, I will keep you ſtill in that imagination, and not ſhew them unto you: yet that you ſhall not ſay I am altogether inhuman, I promiſe to ſend you one that ſhall help you out of that Labyrinth, aſſoon as I am gone. *Timantes* perceiving *Parthenia* prepared to be gone, I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, let me at the leaſt know your name as I have told you mine: I had rather let you have a ſight of me (anſwered ſhe) than tell you my name, but I pray you give me leave to conceal both. After this *Parthenia* went away, and *Timantes* heard no other noiſe but what ſhe and her women made as they departed, who never feared being followed; yet they went very faſt, and took Coach in all haſte, commanding the Porter to go and help thoſe ſtrangers out, who were wandring in the Labyrinth, but not until a full hour after ſhe was gone, commanding him alſo not to tell who ſhe was, but to ſay they were ſome Ladies of *Paphos* unknown to him. After this, *Parthenia* went away, and the Porter, in obedience to his former Miſtreſs, ſtayed an hour, before he went to releaſe the ſtrangers ſhe ſpoke of. In the mean time *Timantes* and *Antimaques* were as buſie as could be to follow her, but they were ſo far from getting out as they came into the middle of it, that is to ſay, in the round place, where they reſolved to ſtay and expect the performance of her promiſe. But as every minute ſeemed an age unto any that are in expectation of any thing, *Timantes* began to expreſs his ſorrows unto *Antimaques* that he could not ſee the face of her who ſung, and his extream deſire to know her name; yet his impatiency was not ſo earneſt to be out of the Labyrinth, as that he might endeavour to learn who this unknown one was, whoſe voice, ſtature, hands, and wit, did ſo pleaſingly ſurpriſe him, and ſweetly charm him: ſo that *Antimaques*, thinking the ſound of his Horn, would the ſonner cauſe ſome come unto their releaſe, began to wind it as loud as he could, but all in vain, for the Porter who walked in the Garden till the hour after *Parthenia*'s departure, hindred the Gardner from going to them alſo: but when the hour was over, he went and releaſed them: aſſoon as he ſaw them, according to *Parthenia*'s order, he told *Timantes*, that a Lady unknown unto him ſent him to releaſe them, and asked pardon for coming no ſooner, becauſe he met with a man with whom he had ſome buſineſs of importance. Ah my friend (anſwered *Timantes*) you tell me not truly, for it is impoſſible you ſhould not know one who is ſo well acquainted with every turn of this myſterious Labyrinth. Sir, (ſaid the Porter, with a ſeeming ingenuity) ſince I have not been long a Porter unto this houſe, it is no wonder I ſhould not know this Lady; for I aſſure you my Maſter hath a Daughter I know not yet: *Timantes* did not yet believe him, but preſſed him to tell him who ſhe was; but all in vain: then did he promiſe him a very conſiderable reward, if he would but ſatisfie his longing curioſity, but ſince promiſes are not ſo prevalent with ſuch men, as preſent gifts, and ſince *Timantes* had nothing about him to give, he kept himſelf faithful unto *Parthenia*. When *Timantes* ſaw he could not win him to reveal, and indeed believed he was ignorant who ſhe was; however tell me, ſaid he unto him, which way ſhe went: Sir (ſaid the man moſt ſubtilly) I ſhall eaſily do that; and then he ſhewed him the high way to P*aphos*, aſſuring him confidently that her Coach went that way, though it were quite contrary, and he told it with more confidence, becauſe the way was much beaten, and Coach-wheels might be ſeen lately gone that way, ſo that *Timantes* giving credit unto his words, took Horſe with *Antimaques*, and without any thoughts of Hunting, went in haſt and hopes to overtake the Coach: yet he asked the Servant whom he left with the Horſes, whether he ſaw any thing, but though he anſwered, yet did not this undeceive him, ſo that he went as far as P*aphos* in hopes to overtake it: and ſo it chanced, that asking ſome men upon the way whether they met a Coach, they anſwered that they met two: ſo that *Timantes* not queſtioning but ſhe in whom he was in queſt of was one, he went on: but when he came at P*aphos*, and told every one he ſpoke with, that the Lady he met with at the Labyrinth came thither, none ever looked towards the Princeſs of *Salamis*, nor could they believe ſhe would ever leave her deſart, and come unto that place, for the reaſon aforeſaid, and therefore none ever thought upon her: but to conſider who there was in P*aphos* who did ſo well ſing, but ſince the number of them was great, this afforded no light; the Prince P*hiloxipes* never thought upon the Princeſs his Siſter, but on the contrary imagined her whom *Timantes* heard, to be a woman of inferiour rank, who had a good voice, but was very ugly, and for that reaſon would not ſhow her ſelf, and indeed every one was of that opinion, and chid *Timantes* for his curioſity: But he for his further ſatisfaction would ſee this ugly woman, and hear her ſing; but when he ſaw and heard this woman, he was confident ſhe was not the ſame: but his imagination was filled with ſo much curioſity, that *Timantes* began to ſuſpect it was *Parthenia* which he heard. In the mean time, he would not declare his thoughts unto any but one woman, who was his friend,and this woman being one of thoſe whom *Parthenia* had heretofore robbed of her adorer, ſhe hated her; he had no ſooner asked her whether this woman whom he met with might not be the Princeſs of *Salamis*, whoſe Beauty, Wit, and Voice, he had heard ſo much extolled; But ſhe cryed out, and anſwered with as much envious haſt as any Rival could, that if ſhe whom he met was of a good ſtature, white hands, and ſweet Voice, as he deſcribed, it could not be *Parthenia*. For ſaid ſhe, however ſhe be cryed up by the world, yet ſhe is tall but not handſome, her hands are white, but not well made, and her Voice is ſhrill, but not pleaſant. You may imagine, Sir, after this, that all the ſuſpicions of *Timantes* dyed; for he knew that he whom he ſaw was of an admirable proportion and height, her hands the whiteſt and beſt made in the World, and her Voice the moſt ſweet and pleaſing: ſo that this pleaſing Idea ſwelling his imagination more and more,and augmenting his curioſity,he continued his queſt after this amiable unknown one,he went unto the Temples,to the Walks,and all Viſits, with an intended deſign to ſeek her out in all places:but all his labour was loſt,and he ſtill continned in the ſame unquiet curioſity. In the mean while *Parthenia* being returned from the Labyrinth to her ſolitude, began to talk with *Amaxita* of their encounter, extreamly commending the handſom garb of *Timantes*, and the gallantry of his wit. Madam, (ſaid *Amaxita* unto her) if *Timantes* prove the man whom the Gods have reſerved for you, our journey was very happy, and I am confident your Voice and wit did charm him more than you imagine, for he ſpoke in ſuch an obliging Emphaſis, as certainly expreſſed more than common civility. Alas *Amaxita* (anſwered *Parthenia*, and laughed) do you think I could wound *Timantes* through ſo thick a hedge? I know they ſay Love has wings, but I cannot think he can fly ſo high as over it: therefore never imagine that *Timantes* has any thoughts of me: his curioſity haply laſted a quarter of an hour, or ſo, and after that, dyed, and there's an end: and I pray let us do the like, and never trouble our ſelves, with chimerical Fancies in the Air, which have neither beginning nor ending: For truly *Timantes* will never love me unſeen, and if he ſhould ſee me, and chance to be captivated by that poor pittance of Beauty which I have, I durſt never truſt him; not only becauſe of that cruel experience I have had, that love founded upon Beauty will never laſt, but alſo becauſe the Gods have foretold me, that I ſhall never be happy, if I marry one whom my eyes have captivated. Theſe, Sir, were the thoughts which *Parthenia* had of *Timantes*, whoſe perſon and wit did much pleaſe her: yet had he eaſily ſlipt out of her memory, unleſs the Prince *Philoxipes* had viſited her, who revived him in her fancy; and thus it came to paſs. After that Prince had been a long while in converſation with her, ſhe asked him whether he would give her leave to ſhew him the alterations ſhe had made in her Garden: And *Philoxipes* deſiring the ſame, *Parthenia* carried him into all the places which ſhe had tricked up ſince he ſaw her; for he had an admirable fancy and judgement in ſuch things, his ſtately houſe of *Clara* having learned him knowledge in ſuch things. After a long diſcourſe of Fountains, Walks, Statues, and Flowers, *Philoxipes* caſting his eye upon the Labyrinth which I told you before ſhe had made, and whoſe hedges were not yet grown up; Your Labyrinth, ſaid he, unto her, will be a long time in growing up, before they will be fit for ſuch an adventure as the Stranger had of whom I ſpake the laſt time I ſaw you; for theſe hedges are yet very low. *Parthenia*, hearing *Philoxipes* ſay ſo, changed colour: 'Tis true he did not take notice of it, becauſe his head was turned towards the Labyrinth: So that *Parthenia* recollecting her ſelf, asked *Philoxipes* what that adventure w.s, which ſhe knew of better than he did? And he rela.ed from the beginning to the ending all the ſtory, aggravating the applauſes and commendations which *Timantes* gave the unknown Lady, purpoſely to make his relation ſeem more pleaſant: For after he had told *Parthenia*, how *Timantes* had extolled her he knew not, and he thought him in love with her, he added his further conceit, that he thought ſhe whom he ſo exceſſively commended, was a woman of low Quality, and ugly; then he named that woman unto *Parthenia* whereof he ſpoke before, and with whom he had ſo upbraided *Timantes*. Methinks he may be ſoon ſatisfied, whether or no it be ſhe (ſaid the Princeſs, and laughed) for he need only ſee and hear this woman. He hath done ſo already (replied he) but he is certain that it was not ſhe, and is angry when any names her unto him, moſt confidently affirming, that ſhe whom he ſaw is the handſomeſt woman in the world, and ſeeks out for her in all places. You may imagine, Sir, how much delight the Princeſs of *Salamis* took in hearing a relation of an adventure which concerned her ſelf, unknown to the Prince *Philoxipes*; yet this was not her greateſt delight; for her certainty that ſhe made ſome impreſſion upon the mind of *Timantes*, or at leaſt his memory gave her ſo high a ſatisfaction, that how joyed ſoever ſhe was in the company of *Philoxipes*, whom ſhe tenderly loved, yet ſhe was impatient till he was gone, that ſhe might the ſooner tell *Amaxita* all he had related. She offered a hundred times to diſcover unto the Prince the truth of the adventure, but ſome ſecret ſuggeſtion of her thoughts did hinder her: However ſhe asked *Philoxipes* a hundred queſtions concerning *Timantes*, which induced him to tell her, he would bring him to her; but ſhe forbade him more violently than ever; telling him, the more compleat *Timantes* was, the leſs deſire ſhe had to ſee him: For truly, ſaid ſhe, when one is reſolved upon a courſe of ſolitude, to bring any pleaſant company which is not to ſtay there, doth but redouble ſorrows, and leaves one in a more deep and ſerious melancholy and miſery: And truly, whenſoever you do me the honour to ſee me, 'tis two days at leaſt after, before I can take any delight either in Fountains or Gardens. You could not in a more civil manner tell me (replied *Philoxipes*) that I ſhould not come ſo oft to ſee you; and indeed I am partly acquainted with your humour, which is not to affect ſuch pleaſures as are ſeconded by ſorrows, and that's your chief reaſon why you would not be loved, leſt you ſhould run the hazard of not being ſo after. 'Tis very true, replied ſhe, I place that unhappineſs in the higheſt rank of misfortunes; and as I think there cannot be a greater: But you ſee (ſaid *Philoxipes* unto her) that all thoſe who love do not prove Inconſtants, as the Prince of *Salamis* was, and as many others who loved you did. And to ſhew you one example, I do proteſt unto you, that the enjoyment of my dear *Policrite*, does not at all leſſen my love: I am as much charmed as I was before I married her; and if handſomneſs would permit it, I would caſt my ſelf as ſubmiſſively at her feet now as ever: For my heart is not at all altered, and I am more troubled to hinder my ſelf from expreſſions of my paſſion, than to continue my zealous affections to her. *Policrite* is ſtill admirably fair, replied *Parthenia*, that your Conſtancy hath not yet been put to any difficult teſt: For I confeſs there are a ſort of men, not like thoſe, who fall off from loving, before the beauty doth which firſt moved them, aud whoſe paſſion does laſt as it doth. Fie, Siſter, ſaid *Philoxipes*, wrong me not ſo much as to think, that though *Policrite* were not fair, I ſhould not love her as much as ever; but believe me that her beauty is not the only cauſe of my conſtancy; her ſoul, and her mind has a million of real beauties beyond it, which time and age can never ruin, and which I ſhall doat upon eternally. I need no confirmations of my opinion, ſaid *Parthenia*, that it is not beauty which cauſeth conſtant and faithful love. *Philoxipes* would then have ſaid more, but it was late; and therefore he concluded with *Parthenia*, that as the abſence of the Sun cauſeth darkneſs: ſo the loſs of beauty cauſeth lukewarmneſs and inconſtancy in thoſe who love only for it. After this he returned to the Court, and left *Parthenia* at liberty to talk with *Amaxita*, unto whom ſhe related all that the Prince had ſaid concerning *Timantes*, taking great delight in talking with her; wiſhing ſometimes that *Timantes* knew it was ſhe, and ſometimes again checking her ſelf for wiſhing. Since *Amaxita* would have been glad to have *Parthenia* leſs ſolitary, ſhe uſed all her arguments to perſwade her, that *Philoxipes* might bring *Timantes* to her; but ſhe could not be moved unto it, ſtill proteſting, that her beauty ſhould never be the cauſe of her misfortune, and that both reaſon, experience, and the authority of the Gods obliged her not to change her opinion. After this, Sir, *Parthenia* would ſometimes unawares talk of *Timantes*, and then ceaſe for many days together; ſo that perhaps ſhe would have quite forgot him, but for another adventure which I ſhall acquaint you withall. It was now at that time of the year when the *Adonian* Feaſt was celebrated in the Town of *Amathonte*, which is ſo famous for the magnificent Temple there, and the ceremony there celebrated. I know, Sir, you will be a little ſurpriſed to hear talk of this Feaſt, in a place where *Venus Urania* had not more Altars, than hath *Venus Anadiomena*. But be pleaſed to know, that when the famous Queen of whom ye have heard reports, did re-eſtabliſh the Temples of that great goddeſs, ſhe was forced to tolerate ſome cuſtoms which were not quite repugnant unto good manners: For as the herd of people do oftentimes love the Ceremonies of Religion, better than the Religion it ſelf, ſhe thought it not expedient to incenſe thoſe who were apt to murmur at an univerſal change: So that ſhe was in ſome ſort forced to tolerate the Feaſt of the *Adonians* for the ſatisfaction of the people in *Amathonte*: So that ſince that time this Feaſt is ſtill kept, and become ſo famous, that they reſort from all parts of the Iſle unto it. *Parthenia* knowing the day when it was to be obſerved, reſolved to go thither, and more for the ſatisfaction of *Amaxita*'s deſires, than to content her own curioſity; And ſo ſhe deſigned for *Amathonte*, but to go unknown, leſt it ſhould be laid in her diſh, ſhe ſhould quit her ſolitude, to ſee ſuch a Feaſt as that. Since ſhe was acquainted with one in *Amathonte* whom ſhe could abſolutely command, becauſe ſhe was brought up with the Princeſs her mother, ſhe lodged at her houſe: And ſince ſhe was well in years, and had neither husband nor children, nor any great Family, ſhe did ſo well conceal her ſelf there, that none ever ſuſpected ſhe was at *Amathonte*; For coming in the night, and in no magnificent Coach, and having none with her but my Siſter, and two women to wait upon her, it was no difficulty to be unperceived in that Town, eſpecially at a time when ſo many ſtrangers were there: But, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that this Feaſt of the *Adonians* is a Feaſt of Tears at the beginning, and of Joy at the end, as you ſhall e're long know. In the firſt place, it was the very eſſential part of the Ceremony in mourning for the death of *Adonis*, to forbid all Ladies that day to enter into the Temple with their masks off, or hoods up, it being not permitted thoſe that come to lament over the Tomb of *Adonis*, to have their faces uncovered as long as the Ceremony laſted: For ſince all the Ladies could not cry, they ſaid it was better they ſhould come vailed, than that Joy ſhould be ſeen in their eyes at a Feaſt of Tears. The firſt thing that is to be ſeen in the Temple that day, which is full of Lamps, and no other Light, is a great Coffin of Gold covered with Roſes, Mirtle, and Cypreſs, lifted upon four ſteps covered with black Tapeſtry, full of enflamed hearts, and drops of tears in ſilver: Theſe four ſteps ſtand upon four great Pillars of black and white Marble, twenty paces in diameter; about which ſtand all thoſe that are ſpectators of the Ceremony: Theſe Pillars being half covered with the richeſt *Sydonian* Tapeſtry; Cloſe about the Coffin kneel fifty of the faireſt Virgins in the Town, dreſſed like Nymphs; but Nymphs in mourning, and all in deſpair, that is, with looſe Robes of black Tiffany, with a mixture of ſilver, their hair diſhevelled upon their ſhouldiers, yet not in a negligent manner, teſtifying by diſſembled tears, or at leaſt deep-fetched ſighs, their extream ſorrow of ſoul. About this Square, on which the Coffin lies, is hang'd all the Equipage of a Hunter, but a Hunter moſt magnificent, that is, with a Bow of Ebony garniſhed with Gold, with a Quiver of the ſame; a Horn of Ivory, adorned with Jewels; a Hunters ſtaff headed with Rubies and Emeralds. Then two of thoſe mourning Beauties, which were about the Coffin, began to recite in verſe the Praiſes of *Adonis* in form of a Dialogue; and when their Panegeric was ended, twelve others began to ſing other Verſes, condoling his death; and to ſay truly, the

Song was ſad, and ſo full of grieving expreſſions, enough to melt any heart. But before I end the relation of this Ceremony, I muſt needs tell you, Sir, how the gods, having determined that *Timantes* ſhould love *Parthenia*, prompted him to come unto this Feaſt, and ſo he did; and was not only there, but had placed himſelf between *Parthenia* and *Amaxita*, who according to the cuſtom of this place had their hoods pulled down, and therefore the beauty of *Parthenia* could not attract his looks more than any other of the Ladies who were all hooded, except thoſe who were about the Coffin: But ſince *Parthenia* and *Amaxita* ſpied him, they made a ſign unto each other as ſoon as he came in, ſignifying thereby their meanings. *Parthenia* confeſſed afterwards unto me, that ſhe no ſooner ſaw *Timantes*, but her heart did beat, and ſhe thought of changing places; but thinking afterwards that perhaps it might more attract obſervance, ſhe ſtayed where ſhe was. As for *Timantes*, ſince he ſaw no Ladies unvailed but thoſe about the Coffin, and knew not that ſhe he ſo ſought after was ſo near him, he regarded the Ceremony with cloſe attentention, until after the twelve had ſung their Song of ſorrow. One amongſt them turning towards all the Ladies of the Aſſembly, and conjured them in the name of *Venus* to conjoyn their complaints with theirs, and ſing with her ſix verſes which ſhe would immediately recite unto them, to the end that which they made for the death of *Adonis* might be a publik mourning; and ſhe no ſooner began to ſing theſe ſix verſes (which all the *Cyprian* Ladies knew) but all within the Temple began to ſing after her; ſo that *Parthenia* ſinging as the reſt, not thinking that in ſuch a croud of voices *Timantes* could diſtinguiſh hers: But however, Sir, ſhe no ſooner began to ſing, but amongſt this great abundance of ſeveral voices which made the Temple eccho, he diſtinguiſht hers from them all, and knew it; and the voice no ſooner ſtruck his ears, but his heart, and let him know he had found her he long had lookt for. So that without any further regard unto the ceremony, he turned towards her, to ſee whether he could find the ſame conformity in her ſtature as in her voice; and as ſhe feared, leſt her hood ſhould not be enough down, ſhe cunningly, puld it down with her fair hand: So that *Timantes* ſeeing the ſame ſtature, the ſame hand, and hearing the ſame voice which he heard before, did not queſtion but ſhe was the ſame he met with before. Yet he would not ſpeak unto her until ſhe had done ſinging; Mean while he endeavoured to diſcover through her Vail, whether her face was as fair as all he knew, but his endeavours were in vain: For the Temple having no light but that of Lamps, he was uncertain whether *Parthenia*'s Vail was thicker than others; for ſince her intention was to conceal her ſelf, ſhe wore one of thoſe which our Ladies uſe to wear when they travel, to keep them from the Sun. *Timantes* could therefore ſee no more, than what he ſaid before: Yet it did not much trouble him, for his hope was, that after the Ceremony was ended, he ſhould ſatisfie his curioſity. So that *Parthenia* had no ſooner done ſinging with the reſt, but *Timantes* bowing and ſpeaking unto her in a low voice; I need not ask, Madam, ſaid he unto her, what is become of my curioſity to ſee this ceremony, for certain it is your ſelf, who drew me hither, without my knowledge. Sir, anſwered *Parthenia*, If I did draw you hither without your knowledge, pray add this, that it was without my knowledge: For ſince I have neither the honour to be known unto you, nor to know you, certainly we met without deſign: But ſince, Sir, the end of the ceremony will quickly ſeparate us, and ſince you came to ſee it, not talk with me, I beſeech you obſerve the end with as much attention as you did the beginning: Ah, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I cannot do as you bid me: And to ſhew you, that I ought not, be pleaſed to know, that I am the ſame *Timantes*, who had the honour to meet you in the Labyrinth, and who ſince that have ſought you in all places. You need not tell me who you are (replied ſhe ſubtilly, and purpoſely to amuſe him) for I have ſeen you in other places than here or there: *Timantes* was ſo ſurpriſed at this anſwer of *Parthenia*'s, that he knew not what to ſay, for he knew not that ſhe ſaw him through the hedge, but imagining that ſhe had ſeen him at *Paphos*. However, he knew none that did ſing like her, nor who ſpoke as ſhe did; ſo that hearing her ſay ſo, he knew not what to think or ſay: Alſo ſhe impoſed ſilence, during all the reſt of the ceremony, not that, ſaid ſhe, I have any ſuch great devotion unto this Feaſt, as I ſhould if it were unto *Venus Vrania*, but becauſe it is not juſt, ſince you came from *Paphos* hither, and ſince I am here not to obſerve it, and be able to tell you what we have ſeen. For your part, Madam, ſaid he unto her, you may do what you pleaſe; but for my part, I am reſolved to look upon nothing but your ſelf: For I am ſo afraid to loſe you again, that I am reſolved not to be put to the cruel neceſſity of being ſeparated from you the ſecond time, before I ſee you. P*arthenia* hearing *Timantes* ſay ſo, and having no mind to expreſs her ſelf, that he ſhould not ſee her, or know who ſhe was, leſt ſhe ſhould augment his curioſity, gave him no anſwer, but impoſed ſilence, and obſerved the reſt of the ceremony. Her example was nothing to *Timantes*, who could ſee nothing they did, ſince he had P*arthenia* to look upon. In the mean while, the ceremony continued ſtill: a conſort of hunting inſtruments was heard: another of Shepherds Muſick, and another of Lutes: after which, they put moſt rare Odors in the perfuming pans, which made a little cloud, and by an engine, which inviſibly moved, the Coffin of Gold vaniſhed in the cloud, as well as the Tapeſtry of ſable full of enflamed hearts, and tears of Silver: and in lieu of ſo ſad an object, was ſeen a little Garden ſet with Roſe-trees, and Myrtles, in a huge magnificent baſin ſtanding upon the ſquare, where the Coffin did lye in the midſt, in which did grow above all the reſt of the flowers, that ſweet flower, into which, 'tis ſaid, the God, at the requeſt of *Venus*, did metamorphoſe *Adonis*. So that thoſe ſweet Odors diſſipating by degrees, the ceremony began to look with another face, and the ſame women which before ſung ſongs of ſorrow, throwing away all their Mantles of mourning, appeared in rich and magnificent dreſſes, and ſung ſome verſes which declared the immortality of *Adonis* unto all the Aſſembly: So that the ceremony ended in joy, and a ſacrifice of thanks: But, Sir, ſince the cuſtom is, that as ſoon as this little Garden appears, all the Ladies muſt unmask themſelves, P*arthenia*, who was not ignorant of it,though ſhe had ne're ſeen the Feaſt,made a ſign unto *Amaxita* to retire; and indeed,when the perfuming Pans ſent forth ſuch clouds of ſweet ſmoky Odors as did both darken the Temple, and almoſt ſtifle the Ladies; *Parthenia*, ſeeming not able to endure it, changed places with *Amaxita* and her two women, and retired with variety of thoughts, for ſhe feared *Timantes* would know and follow her: yet ſhe was very glad that he did not perceive her when ſhe changed places; yet quickly he found her, and changed place as well as ſhe, and followed her under one of the Arches of the Temple, where ſhe was ſet with *Amaxita*, intending to go out amongſt the croud when the ceremony was ended, not daring to go out ſooner, leſt *Timantes* ſhould follow unto the place where ſhe lodged. In the mean time as ſhe was ſitting, and cauſing my Siſter to ſit with her without any ceremony, (the better to diſguiſe the matter) *Timantes* came and kneeled down before her, asking pardon for that liberty which he took, and beſeeching her not to be as rigorous unto him, as ſhe was in the Labyrinth, for, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) though I do infinitely honour your ſex in general, and you above all in particular, I am reſolved this day to fail in that duty which I owe you, by importuning you to do me the honour to lift up that envious vail which covers your fair face, and hinders the beams of your beauty from ſhining upon me, or elſe to tell me in what place and time my eyes may have a ſight of her whom my heart already honours Since Nature hath not beſtowed upon me, replied *Parthenia*, any ſuch beauty as your imagination gives me,I will not my ſelf put you out of that pleaſing Idea, which you have formed of me in your Fancy, but which does not at all reſemble me: for truly when you ſee me,and ſee me ſo infinitely below what you think I am,I ſhall then perhaps in lieu of chaſing curioſity out of your mind, put averſion in your heart. Ah, Madam, ſaid he, though your eyes ſhould not be ſuitable to your ſtature and proportion, nor to your voice, nor to your hands, nor your wit, yet I ſhould infinitely honour you. Yet beauty does not conſiſt in any thing you know of me, replyed ſhe, for the moſt exact

act and handſom ſtature in the world, the faireſt hands, the ſweeteſt voice, and the fineſt wit, may notwithſtanding all theſe be the ugliest woman in a land: if her complexion be thick and muddy, the ſymmetry of her face diſproportionable, and her phyſiognomy ſavage or dull. Ah, Madam, anſwered *Timantes*, all theſe you name makes me believe you are ſuch an one as my imagination Fancies: for truly if you were not ſo fair as I think you are, you could never make ſuch a handſom deſcription of uglineſs, and I am confident that to make up your own picture, there needs no more but the juſt contraries to what you have ſaid: Therefore, Madam, I beſeech you in the name of that Goddeſs which is here adored, let me at leaſt know who you are, for I am reſolutely determined to follow you until I know. *Parthenia* perceiving *Timantes* to ſpeak as a man fully reſolved to ſee her, and to know who ſhe was, was exceedingly perplexed, ſhe knew well enough, that if ſhe ſhould lift up her hood, he could not know her; but ſhe thought alſo, that the ſight would more augment his curioſity than diminiſh it, and that he would then follow her as earneſtly as before, ſhe durſt not truſt unto his diſcretion, and ſhew her face or tell her name, becauſe ſhe was not ſo well acquainted with him, as to think he would be faithful, nor would ſhe in the mind ſhe then was in, ſuffer her beauty to make a conqueſt of him; and though ſhe did already very much eſteem him, both by all reports, and by her own knowledge, yet ſhe would not let him ſee her face, nor put her ſelf upon ſuch terms as ſhould oblige her to ſhun him: But ſhe knew not very well what advantage ſhe could draw unto her ſelf by not letting him ſee her and know who ſhe was; yet for all that, ſince the Gods had let her know ſhe ſhould never be happy by procuring love unto her ſelf, by any allurements of her Beauty, ſhe could not reſolve upon it, but concluded it to be her duty to ſubmit unto the opinion of the Oracles, both of *Delphos* and of *Venus Urania.* Thus was ſhe fully reſolved not to ſhew her ſelf, or name her ſelf unto *Timantes*, therefore beginning to ſpeak, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I perceive that you have ſome ſlight curioſity to know who I am, and therefore to be juſt, I muſt not think it ſtrange you ſhould deſire ſatisfaction from me, eſpecially ſince certainly you are perſwaded, that in importuning me to lift up my hood, you think to do me a civility by it: But, Sir, to teſtifie that I will deal with you as with one whoſe virtues I honour, I will impart ſomthing unto you, and tell you, that it does ſo much concern me, that you ſhould not at preſent know who I am, as perhaps the wel-being of my life depends upon it: therefore I conjure you, by all that is dear unto you, not to ask me who I am, nor to follow me. It ſeems, Madam, replied he, that you dare not truſt that virtue which you ſay you know in me, ſince you dare impart nothing unto me: But, Madam, one is not obliged to do impoſſibilities, and ſince I muſt not for ever loſe you, therefore I do profeſs that I will never leave you, until I know who you are; but withal I do aſſure you I will never reveal who you are, ſince you would not have it known. *Parthenia* then perceiving the obſtinacy of *Timantes*, bethought her ſelf of another expedient to prevent his knowing who ſhe was, and preſently propounded it unto him, becauſe ſhe ſaw the ceremony was ready to end. Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) I confeſs I cannot hinder you from following of me, and therefore you may know where I lodge, and perhaps know who I am; but I do here profeſs and declare unto you, that if you do ſo, you ſhall never ſee or ſpeak unto me again, but on the contrary, if you will be ſo obſervant of my deſires as not to follow me, nor to enquire who I am, nor ever tell any without exception, that you met with her the ſecond time, whom you firſt met with in the Labyrinth, I promiſe you my company in a place which will afford better conveniency of talk than here; Therefore make your choice, Sir, but firſt conſider well, that if I tell you this day who I am, I will ſhun you all the days of my life after, ſo that you ſhall never ſee me more; and if you do not follow me, but exactly do this I deſire, I will keep my promiſe with you: but do not think of promiſing (added ſhe) and not performing, for I am confident there is not one in all *Paphos* unto whom you can impart theſe adventures, which will not communicate it unto me again the ſame hour: therefore take heed what you ſay, for I do the ſecond time reiterate my reſolution never to ſee you again as long as I live, if you ſee me this day, and do not punctually obſerve all my deſires. Madam, ſaid he unto her, what would you have a man anſwer who is ready to dye with deſire of knowing you, and whom you would have run the hazard of never knowing you: No, no, (ſaid ſhe haſtily unto him, ſeeing the people began to go out of the Temple) provided you do not follow me, but do as I deſire, you ſhall infallibly ſee me, and ſpeak with me, within theſe eight days. Swear then unto me, anſwered *Timantes*, in the preſence of the Goddeſs who is here to be adored: I do, ſaid ſhe unto him; but after that, do not follow me one pace further, and to keep you to your diſtance, think that the only means of ſeeing me hereafter, is not to follow me now. But, Madam, anſwered he, you do not tell me where I ſhall find you: I will let you know it at *Paphos*, ſaid ſhe, and went away. Once more (ſaid *Timantes* in following her) may I truſt unto your words? Yes, anſwered ſhe, ſo you do not follow me. *Parthenia* ſpoke theſe words unto *Timantes* in ſuch a reſolved manner, as he ſaw ſhe would be obeyed, and therefore he thought it his duty ſo to do; yet this thought had not faſt root in his heart, fearing that unknown Beauty ſhould break promiſe with him, he ſtill looked after *Parthenia*, who turned her head two or three times to ſee whether he obeyed, and ſtill looked after her as long as he could, with intention to follow her, maugre all her promiſes: But as ſoon as ſhe was mingled amongſt that great croud of vailed Ladies which went out of the Temple, do what he could, he loſt the ſight of her; yet he thought he ſaw her in the ſtreet joyning to the gate of the Temple, but he was deceived, for as ſoon as he was out, ſhe turned upon the right hand, ſtill obſerving whether or no *Timantes* did punctually obey her, and perceived that he had much ado; and though ſhe did not deſire he ſhould ſee or know her at this time, yet I know not whether or no ſhe deſired he ſhould obey her without repugnancy; yet ſhe was very glad ſhe was out of ſight, and gladder when ſhe was come to the place where ſhe lodged, out of which ſhe ſtirred not, until ſhe returned homewards the next morning: As for *Timantes*, he had a mind to ſtay ſome days in *Amathonte*, to enquire who this unknown Lady was; but ſince ſhe promiſed him, to let him hear of her at *Paphos*, he returned thither, after he walked over all the ſtreets of this ſtately Town, above twenty times, in hopes to find her, who was already in his heart; but after all his unprofitable queſt, he returned to *Paphos*, having brought with him one ſervant and two Lacquies, for *Antimaques* ſtayed behind by reaſon of ſome indiſpoſition he found in himſelf. In his return, he did nothing but muſe continually upon his adventure; yet according to his promiſe he reſolved to tell it unto none, unleſs ſhe brake promiſe with him; he examined all reaſons, and conſidered which of them it might be which cauſed her to deal thus with him, and there was nothing which his imagination did not ſuggeſt unto him; ſometimes he thought, that perhaps ſhe was not fair, but that thought vaniſhed upon conſideration of her fair hands, handſom ſtature, ſweet voice, and her admirable wit, which were ſtrong Arguments unto his faith that ſhe was Fair. Afterwards he ſuſpected her to be ſome woman that came to *Amathonte* upon ſome deſign of ſecret gallantry; but afterward conſidering that ſhe concealed her ſelf as well in the Labyrinth as at *Amathonte*, and that he ſaw no men with her, he changed his thoughts: At laſt he arrived at *Paphos*, and there he knew not what to do or think: In the mean time this adventure came ſo near his heart, that he thought upon nothing elſe, during the eight days of his longing expectation: As oft as he went out of his own lodging, he left word, that if any came to ſpeak with him upon any buſineſs, to bring them unto him: And he never came in, but he asked whether any were there to ſpeak with him, or brought him any Letters: His life was ſo unquiet, and his curioſity ſo full of impatience, that hours ſeemed days, and days ages. But whilſt *Timantes* was in this condition, *Parthenia* was in a confuſed irreſolution: Her firſt thoughts were to break promiſes with *Timantes*, and not to ſee him; yet ſhe continued not long in that mind; for conſidering that if ſhe broke with him, he was not obliged to keep promiſe with her, but divulging unto all the world this laſt meeting, they might come to gueſs the truth : ſo her firſt reſolution held not, but ſhe asked counſel of my Siſter. I pray *Amaxita* (ſaid ſhe unto her) tell me what you would do if you were in my condition? Ought I to break my promiſe with *Timantes*, or keep it? For my part, Madam, (replied *Amaxita*, who did all ſhe could to drive her out of her ſolitary humour) I cannot ſee any reaſon you have to break your promiſe with him, nor can I diſcover any ill that can come unto you by obſerving it; for if he do ſee you, then he will love you, and then the Oracle is fulfilled; and truly, Madam, I am ſo confident that *Timantes* is the man whom the gods have reſerved for you, that *I* dare not adviſe you to break your word with him : For you have met him twice in ſo ſtrange a manner as induceth me to this opinion : For do you not obſerve, that as unknown unto him as you are, he is unquiet, and as full of reſpective curioſity as ſome Lovers who have ſeen you a thouſand times, and who did not think more of you than *Timantes* doth? Though all you ſay were true, replied *Parthenia*, yet am I not much beholding to him, ſince his curioſity is not an effect of my merit; but becauſe naturally one loves to know that which he is ignorant of, eſpecially in ſome things : Yet I am confident, replied *Amaxita*, that if your voice had been harſh, your ſtature and compoſure ill favoured, your hands ugly, and your wit groſs, when you ſpoke unto him, his curioſity had not laſted half a quarter of an hour : I do not ſay that *Timantes* is in love with you; but I dare confidently aſſure you, that if you will, he will be: For *I* perceive by his expreſſions that there is ſuch a tender and paſſionate kind of inclination betwixt you and him, as uſeth to be between two who really love. By this account, ſaid *Parthenia*, you think my heart has the ſame inclination to *Timantes* as the heart of *Timantes* hath to me. Truly, Madam (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) If my reſpects *I* owe you would permit me, *I* ſhould freely and ingenuouſly confeſs, that I think *Timantes* had a ſtrong inclination to love you, and that you have alſo an inclination to ſuffer him he ſhould love you. Therefore I beſeech you conſider, being born in an Iſle where it is a ſhame not to be loved, and not to love; whether it be handſom to muſe away your life in this manner: If it be not, I would adviſe you to do more than all the Beauties of the Court can, and captivate the heart of *Timantes*, which would not be taken by all their Charms. *Amaxita* (ſaid **Parthenia** to her) to lay open the ſecret of my ſoul unto you, I muſt confeſs that I think the chief felicity of life conſiſts in the having ſoveraign authority over the heart of ſome one, and in a pleaſing communication of joys and ſorrows unto a ſuitable diſpoſition: This ſympathy of ſouls and ſpirits, doth doubtleſs find great ſweetneſs in pure affections; but yet, for all that, there is too much equality between two friends to find that ſatisfaction, as may be had in an affection of another nature: for one ſhall not find in friendſhip a blind obedience, ſecrets are commonly diſcloſed; and though friendſhip have a fire in it, as well as love hath, yet that fire is but a light without heat, whereas love both heats and lights; and indeed my dear *Amaxita* (purſued ſhe, and bluſhed) it muſt needs be confeſſed, that a pure and innocent love is the only joy of the world, if it be laſting; But the cruelty of it is, when a firm and conſtant ſoul contracts affection with a light and perfidious heart. But do you think, Madam (replied *Amaxita*) that it is an abſolute impoſſibility to find a conſtant lover? I do not think it impoſſible, ſaid *Parthenia*, but I think it a great difficulty, eſpecially amongſt thoſe who love only for beauty, and no other reaſon; the truth is, to make love laſting and perfect, there muſt no intereſt be mixed with it, he muſt love becauſe he is forced unto it: reaſon muſt be excluded, and not at all contribute: And indeed I confeſs *Amaxita*, that if I thought I ſhould find *Timantes* to be a man who could love me, without any conſideration of my quality, or my riches, or without grounding his paſſion upon that little pittance of Beauty which I have, I would do any thing to get his affection: I do not ſay I would commit any crime to purchaſe it; but I ſhould go a little further than that exact rule of prudence

dence which would have one hazard nothing. I pray you, Madam, ſaid *Amaxita,* what hazard do you run, in this occaſion which preſents it ſelf? you know *Timantes* deſerves you, both by his birth, his riches, his perſon, his wit, and his virtue; moreover you know, the Prince your Brother loves him dearly, and you ſee *Timantes* courts you, and ſeeks you out in all places; moreover yet, it appears by the manner of your meetings, that it is he whom the Gods would have you marry: for it is not by any influence from your eyes, that you have captivated, or at leaſt filled him full of curioſity, and therefore, Madam, if you will follow my advice, keep your word with him, let him ſee you, but not know who you are; if he does not love you, yet you run no hazard, becauſe he knows not who you are; and if he do love you, then you have found in *Timantes* the man that muſt make you happy: But though I would keep my word with him and ſee him, replied ſhe, yet how ſhall I do it? unto whom can I truſt the ſecret? and how can I handſomly ſee him, unleſs he come hither? Moreover, ſince it ought not to be by that little beauty I have, that I muſt captivate him who muſt make me happy, I conceive it ought rather to be by my virtue than my wit, that I muſt make this conqueſt, and therefore I make a queſtion whether in conſenting that *Timantes* ſhall ſee me in ſecret, I bring my virtue in ſuſpicion, for certainly I have a moſt invincible averſion againſt any thing of immodeſty. *Amaxita* ſeeing there was no difficulty in the mind of *Parthenia,* but how to carry the matter handſomly, began to conſider how it might be done, and ſhe conſidered ſo well, that her imagination had contrived a way how to ſatisfie the Princeſs. But, Sir, it is fit I tell you, that the Principal reaſon which moved *Amaxita* to perſwade *Parthenia* that *Timantes* might ſpeak with her, was becauſe *Philoxipes* and *Policrite* had deſired her a thouſand times that ſhe would perſwade this Princeſs to quit her ſolitude, and not to rely ſo punctually upon the ſtrict words of the Oracle, which they thought was ill interpreted. This, Sir, was the motive which induced *Amaxita* unto what ſhe did, and to induce *Parthenia* to lay hold of this expedient which ſhe propoſed unto her, ſhe moved her to read over again the Oracle of *Delphos*, which was as *I* told you before in theſe words, *That if ſhe would be happy, ſhe muſt not marry a man whom her eyes have captivated*, and by conſequence (ſaid *Amaxita*) it muſt be concluded that there is one in the world who may love you and never ſee your eyes; for the Gods do never foretel things impoſſible; ſo that it is almoſt evident that *Timantes* is the man whom the gods have ſent to make you happy: Therefore, Madam, if you will take my judgment think no more upon it, but let him ſpeak with you. But I pray you, *Amaxita*, ſaid *Parthenia*, how can I go unto *Paphos* and not be known? and how can I ſee *Timantes*, but he muſt ſee my face? or talk with him, but he may gueſs who I am? However, after this cruel experience which *I* have had in the inconſtant reſolutions of thoſe who only love Beauty; I will not have *Timantes* know whether my eyes be fair or ugly, nor know my quality; for truly if I do conquer his heart, it ſhall not be by fading beauty which dies, and his affection dies with it, and which will leave me in ſuch a ſad deſpair, as *I* have had but too much tryal of. *Amaxita* hearing *Parthenia* ſay ſo, would not contradict her, becauſe ſhe thought it not impoſſible, but *Timantes* might fall in love with her, and not ſee her face, and that he was not of their opinion, who think the eyes only are the givers and receivers of love. But, Madam, ſaid ſhe, you muſt act your part, and therefore you muſt give it out you intend a journey of fifteen days, and in lieu of going to the place pretended, go ſecretly into *Paphos*, and lodge at a friends of my Brothers, and ſtay there all that time, during which time, upon ſome pretence which we will think upon at leiſure, I will procure that your Chamber ſhall be a ground room towards the Garden, with a Balcony which opens upon a Jeſſamine Arbor, which is much darker than any other; this friend is a woman of quality and virtue, her Husband and Son are both at *Athens*, and ſhe is much obliged unto my Brother, and he to her; ſhe it is we will truſt in the buſineſs. But if it ſhould come to be known *I* was at *Paphos* (ſaid *Parthenia*) what would people ſay? and what would they think? At the worſt (replied *Amaxita*) they can but ſay you had a mind to ſee a Horſe-race, and not be known; and indeed this was a handſom excuſe, for there was to be one, and the end of the race was to be behind the Ladies houſe; yet *Parthenia* could not bring her mind unto it, until the ſixth day when I came thither, where *I* was no ſooner come, but ſhe deſired to ask me concerning *Timantes*, purpoſely to know whether he had been ſecret, for *I* had the honour to ſee him after with the Prince *Philoxipes*. *Amaxita* in obedience to *Parthenia*'s commands, asked me before her, whether the ſtranger of whom ſuch wonders were reported was ſtill at *Paphos*? and whether he was as pleaſant in the Court, as he was at firſt? *Timantes*, replied *I*, is queſtionleſs as compleat a Gallant as the World hath, but ſince a journey he took to ſee the *Adonian* feaſt, he is become much more reſerved, and unquiet than he was before; yet certainly it is by reaſon of ſome diſtemper in his body, not mind, for no ill accidents have any way croſſed him: Perhaps he is in love (ſaid *Parthenia*) No, no, replied *I*, for ſince his return from *Amathonte*, he never viſited one Lady: Then certainly (ſaid ſhe laughing, and looking upon *Amaxita*) the *Adonian* feaſt hath inſpired him with ſuch a melancholy, as it cannot be cured again. After this, paſſing from one diſcourſe to another, *I* began to relate what expectation there was of a Horſe-race to be at *Paphos*, ſo that *Parthenia*, whoſe heart deſired to ſee *Timantes*, took this occaſion to colour her deſign: then ſhe told my ſiſter, that ſhe would not eternally detain her from all manner of pleaſures, but would have her go and ſee this Horſe-race; and therefore (ſaid ſhe unto her) you ſhall have my Coach, and *Megaſides* ſhall go with you to *Paphos*, and bring you back when the ſport and Feaſt is done, that you may relate all the paſſages of it unto me. *Amaxita* hearing *Parthenia* ſay ſo, knew this was but a colour for her own voyage, ſo that ſeeming to think ſhe was in good earneſt, ſhe told her, that ſhe would not go unleſs ſhe went alſo, and in concluſion, the journey was agreed upon, and *Amaxita*'s ſeeing the Horſe-race, was her umbrage: But for all this ſhe was full of anxious circumſpections, ſuch as were like to break off the voyage, and ſhe

ſhe alledged ſo many obſcure and intangled reaſons, to make me underſtand what cauſe ſhe had to keep this journey cloſe, as I wondered, and afterwards ſhe made me ſwear a thouſand oaths of ſecrecy, though heaven knows I knew nothing then but that ſhe would go to ſee this Horſe-race; after which I went before to prepare her who was to entertain *Parthenia*, and order all things for the concealment of her voyage, my Mother her ſelf knew not that my Siſter wat at *Paphos*, and the matter was carried ſo handſomly, that none did ſo much as ſuſpect any thing; and certainly it was not a buſineſs of difficulty, for ſince *Parthenia* told none at her own houſe whither ſhe went, and ſince ſhe arrived in the night, and the houſe where ſhe lodged, was very near the gate of the Town where ſhe entered, it was not any eaſie matter for any to diſcover any thing, eſpecially *Parthenia* having no women with her which ſtirred out. In ſhort, Sir, *Parthenia* came to *Paphos*, hardly conceiting that ſhe came to ſee *Timantes*; and when ſhe was there, and *Amaxita* asking her whether ſhe would perform her promiſe? ſhe replied reſolutely that ſhe was not able to conſent unto it, and that ſhe would only ſee *Timantes* at the Race which was to be the next morning: It was in vain for *Amaxita* to tell her, her term was expired that day, for ſhe had ſetled her reſolution: *Amaxita* was in a hundred minds, whether or no ſhe ſhould acquaint *Philoxipes* with the buſineſs: But for all that, ſhe thought that the two Oracles which *Parthenia* had received, had made ſuch a deep impreſſion in her mind, that ſhe would be extreamly offended if ſhe ſhould have cauſed the Prince *Philoxipes* to have importuned her; ſo that fearing to incenſe her to no purpoſe, and thinking that if the Gods would have *Timantes* to marry *Parthenia*, they would find out the means to bring it about, ſhe did not reſiſt the Princeſs. However, the Horſe-race was to be the day following, and all the Court would be there, and ſince the houſe where *Parthenia* was, was uſed to entertain Ladies upon ſuch occaſions, ſhe who owed it could not deny thoſe who came that day to look out at the Windows, unleſs ſhe ſhould give cauſe of ſuſpicion that ſome were there whom ſhe would not have ſeen; therefore *Parthenia* was put into a Cloſet, whoſe Window was ſo dreſſed with boughs and leaves of Palm, through which one might ſee, and not be ſeen, and through which *Parthenia* ſaw the Horſe-race which was in a great plain before that window. I will not offer to deſcribe this Race unto you, Sir, it will ſuffice I tell you that *Timantes* appeared there in glory, and won the prize; But the moſt remarkable paſſage was, that *Timantes*, imagining that the unknown Lady who filled him ſo full of curioſity, was one of the Ladies of *Paphos*, and that ſhe would ſee this Race, did change his Motto, which he bore upon other occaſions, which repreſented a Phœnix upon his ſhield, with this Motto,

I ſtay until the Sun do burn me;

he now repreſented a Faggot ſet on fire by the heat of the Sun, which was Eclipſed, with theſe words,

It burns me though it be Eclipſed.

I leave you to imagine, Sir, how the ſight of this device ſurpriſed *Parthenia*, ſince the Cloſet wherein ſhe was ſhut up, was very low, and the Race ending juſt under it, ſhe might eaſily perceive this device upon the ſhield of *Timantes*; for all thoſe who were of this ſport, carried a Javelin and a Buckler. *Parthenia* no ſooner ſaw this device, but ſhe made the Application as *Timantes* would have wiſhed, and told it unto *Amaxita*, who taking that opportunity, asked her with a ſmile, whether ſhe would let that Sun which burned *Timantes* be always Eclipſed? As my Siſter did not ſpeak altogether ſeriouſly, ſhe anſwered her in the ſame manner; however *Amaxita* obſerved, that *Parthenia* was very glad *Timantes* had not forgot her; and though this device might be taken as much for a common piece of gallantry, as a mark of love, yet it touched to heart *Parthenia*, and obliged her: It ſeemed alſo, that *Timantes* then had a more melancholy air in his aſpect, than ordinary, and ſhe imagined that the reaſon perhaps was, becauſe ſhe had broke her promiſe with him; yet ſhe could not conſent to ſend him word that he ſhould come into the Garden by a back door which was under the Walls of the Town, and ſpeak unto her through the grates of her window: But, Sir, it was not long that ſhe was in this trouble, for the ſame gods who brought them twice to meet, brought them the third time to ſpeak together, and thus it came about. The Lodging of *Timantes* was ſo near *Parthenia*'s, that the lodgings looked into the Garden; thoſe with whom *Timantes* lodged having no Garden of their own, and being people of good quality, and intimate friends unto this Lady where *Parthenia* lodged, they obtained leave of her to walk there ſometimes, and obtained the ſame liberty for *Timantes*: *Timantes* being melancholy and hot with Riding that day, he deſired to refreſh himſelf, and walk there that evening; and ſo he did, but all alone, and walked ſo a long time, afterward he ſat down in an Arbour of Jeſſamine, juſt under *Parthenia*'s window, and there ſtayed near an hour, finding much pleaſure in muſing in a place where the air was ſo freſh and ſweet. The Sun was ſet, and hardly day enough to diſtinguiſh Flowers, when *Parthenia* opened her window over the Arbor of Jeſſamine, purpoſely to let in the ſweet ſmell which every Summer evening in *Cyprus* ariſeth from the ground: She no ſooner opened it, but ſhe ſaw the Moon ariſe, ſo that ſpeaking unto *Amaxita*, but not naming her, That Planet, ſaid ſhe unto her, is not Eclipſed, as that in the Device of *Timantes* was; it was long only of your ſelf (ſaid *Amaxita* unto her) that the Sun of him you named, ſhined not more bright than this Planet you behold. You may imagine, Sir, how *Timantes* was ſurpriſed, when he heard himſelf named, and thought it to be the voice of his amiable unknown Lady: Yet he was not ſure of it at firſt; for ſince *Parthenia* ſpoke not very loud, he was in ſome doubt, but to be ſatisfied, he ſtarted up in all haſte, and went unto the window gently; and he was no ſooner there, but *Parthenia* anſwering to what *Amaxita* ſaid, ſince it is the work of the gods to un-eclipſe the Planets, ſaid ſhe, it is therefore unto them *Timantes* muſt addreſs himſelf, if he would have them unvailed. I have already followed your counſel, Madam, (replied *Timantes*) ſince doubtleſs it was the gods that brought me hither, when it is only long of your ſelf that the Sun which burns me, though Eclipſed, does not reduce me unto aſhes if it ſhould diſcover its whole light. When *Timantes* came near, *Parthenia* not knowing who it was, pulled down her hood, and retired from the window: But *Amaxita*, not ſo frighted as ſhe was, knew it to be the voice of *Timantes* at firſt; ſo that this encounter more confirming her in her opinion that the gods would have *Timantes* and *Parthenia* marry, ſhe gave him a complement, and went unto the other ſide of the room to fetch *Parthenia*, who was very backward, but at laſt came unto the window: She did not truſt unto the mask of night to hide her beauty; for ſince the Moon ſhone, neither ſhe, nor *Amaxita* would appear before *Timantes* but with their hoods pulled down; ſo that he ſeeing ſhe was not diſpoſed to give him ſatisfaction: You muſt needs be, Madam, ſaid he unto her, what I ever thought you, that is, the faireſt perſon in the world, ſince you do not think night with all its vails can hide the luſtre of your eyes. However, Madam, I beſeech you ſhew me that which *I* know already. Let me receive ſome conſolation by hearing you ſpeak; and tell me why you would have me be a debtor unto chance for my good fortune and happineſs in meeting with you, after you had promiſed me the honour of talking with you, within eight days? When *Timantes* began to ſpeak, *Parthenia* was infinitely troubled, becauſe ſhe could not conceive how he ſhould come into the garden, unleſs he knew ſhe was there, and unleſs ſome had betrayed her; but when ſhe heard him attribute the meeting unto chance, ſhe grew more confident, and her mind was in diſpoſition to anſwer him with more tranquility; yet would ſhe know more preciſely how he came into the Garden, and did ſo earneſtly preſs him to tell her, that he told her how it was, and moreover told her ingenuouſly without any diſſimulation, that he did not doubt but to know unto whom he ſpoke, ſince ſhe was in a houſe ſo near his; yet he did not know who dwelt in the houſe. But after *Timantes* had told all ſhe deſired to know: You ſee, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I tell you all I can, do the ſame *I* conjure you for me, and hide not your eyes ſo long, ſince certainly they carry their own light with them, I ſhall ſee them in ſpight of all obſcurity. Therefore for Heavens ſake, Madam, deny me not this favour; for I deſire it more paſſionately than I did ever any thing in my life. I do proteſt, Madam, though I have ſeen all that's fair in *Cyprus*, yet I find not one amongſt them all whom I deſire to ſee again with half that zeal I do your beauty. I never appeared in all theſe publick Feaſts, but with all the ſymptomes of a man who adores you as he doth the gods, that is, without knowing you. Therefore, again, and again I implore you, Madam, not to deny my ſuit. Sir, ſaid *Parthenia*, I would I could conſent unto what you ſeem ſo earneſtly to deſire: But truly there is ſomething ſo odd and fantaſtical in my face, that I cannot do as you deſire, unleſs I ſhould reſolve never to ſee you again. But if it be ſo, that my converſation does not glut you, the time may come in which you may know who I am without loſing me, therefore I pray content your ſelf at this time, that I ſuffer you to talk an hour of things indifferent. Of things indifferent (replied *Timantes* ſharply) alas, Madam, 'tis more than I can do, and I muſt tell you, that I can ſpeak of nothing but your ſelf, until you grant my deſire. Our converſation then will not be very pleaſant (replied *Parthenia*, and laughed) for you know ſo little of me, that we ſhall but ſtill repeat the ſame diſcourſe again, yet I am moſt certain, replied he, that I ſhall never be weary of it, and after I have told a thouſand and a thouſand times how I am charmed a thouſand times with the excellency of your voice, and more with the graces of your wit, yet I ſhall ſtill be delighted with repeating it again, provided you will not deprive me of the hopes of knowing you better hereafter than now I do. As long as you tell me nothing but that you have a ſtrong deſire to know who I am, replied *Parthenia*, I ſhall eaſily believe you; but that you ſhould perſwade me that as long as you are ignorant of who I am, yet that I ſhould have any power over your ſoul, this is a thing I cannot eaſily comprehend, and yet it is that, if any thing, will oblige me to tell you who I am; for truly to truſt all the ſecrets of my life unto one who has no affection to me, is a thing I cannot do; and therefore ſince it is impoſſible you ſhould love me unleſs you did know me, and ſince you cannot know me unleſs you love me firſt, I pray you therefore after a diſengagement of our promiſes at *Amathonte*, let us part for ever. Oh, Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince the means to know you, is to love you; I do now moſt infallibly profeſs it; for truly, there is ſome ſuperior power which, whether I will or no, does force me unto it, and to love you better than ever any I yet know: Yet, Madam, I muſt declare this withal, that ſince I muſt and do love you, my love is love and not friendſhip-love;for as for my friends of either ſex, it is my mind that makes the choice, and I will know them long before I truſt them; But it is otherwiſe with my love, for it is above my reaſon, it is the work of my heart, not of my Brain: Therefore, Madam, ſince I ſenſibly find that inclination unto you, which I never found unto any elſe, I may well believe that this my inclination is love. For my part, ſaid *Parthenia*, I am not of your opinion, becauſe I am perſwaded, that if you talk long with me, though you did not know who I was, nor ſaw whether I were fair or foul, yet perhaps you might affect in the degree of friendſhip: for by long converſation one may come to know the ſoul of that perſon they converſe withall, and it is not impoſſible but friendſhip may ſpring from ſuch acquaintance,though they are ignorant both of quality and face: But as for love, Sir, it is of another nature, for it is beauty only which can claim the priviledge of creating love. Alas, Madam, ſaid he unto her, how little do you know what zeal love is, if you think that Beauty is the only cauſe of it? do you not conſider that if it were ſo, none but great beauties could create it? then two or three high beauties would engroſs all the Adorers in a great Court: but on the contrary we ſee it otherwiſe, and find ſome women who have neither much beauty nor great wit, yet are loved by very compleat men; and ſometimes it is ſeen alſo, that the faireſt women in the world cannot ſo much as win one ſingle heart unto their ſervice; and ſince ſo, Madam, love is a powerful effect of that ſympathy which operates whether we will or no; and believe me, Madam, I beſeech you, that ſince there are ſome men, yea and witty men, who love women who are not very fair, I may love you, whom I know already to be a great beauty, and whom *I* think to be very fair. However it be, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, you ſhall not know it this long time: Is it poſſible, Madam, replied he, that you ſhould have any reaſon for doing ſo? Yes, anſwered ſhe, a moſt prevalent one, ſuch a one as if you render your ſelf hereafter worthy to know it, you will confeſs *I* do but what *I* ought to do Yet, Madam, replied he, though perhaps it concerns you not to let your ſelf be known here, yet dare you not truſt my diſcretion? *I* proteſt, Madam, that *I* never revealed unto any whoſoever, any thing which you did forbid me: at *Amathonte* I know it very well (ſaid ſhe purpoſely to puzle him) for I am informed as much from all your friends, and therefore knowing that you are able to keep a ſecret, *I* will truſt you with one, and acquaint you with the reſentments of my ſoul, to the end you may not be abſolutely ignorant of me: Know then that I am very ſincere, that *I* have a very tender heart, that my affection is a little Tyrannical, that I love virtue and honour, that *I* hate a divided heart, that I never will beſtow my own, but where I am fully convinced by all imaginable ways, that I ſhall ſoveraignly raign in his heart that ſhall have it; that I am a mortal enemy to inconſtancy, and to avoid that unhappineſs principally, I neither deſire to love, nor be loved: And more than this, Sir, never ask me, for I aſſure you, that you ſhall not obtain it. Oh, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I beſeech you do not ſubvert the univerſal order of the world; I have known the faces of all my friends a long time before I could know their hearts, and you would have me know your heart a long time time before I muſt know your face; once more I beſeech you, Madam, be not ſo prepoſterous in your actions, but after you have ſhewed me your ſoul, let me ſee your fair eyes alſo. No, no, Madam, (ſaid he after a little pauſe) upon ſecond thoughts, I deſire nothing but what you pleaſe, and I confeſs, I ought to be ſo well ſatisfied with this rich diſcovery of your divine ſoul, that I ought to deſire no more: But, Madam, to the end you may know my ſoul as you do my quality, my ſpirit, and my perſon, be pleaſed to know, that whatſoever I promiſe, I always perform; that where I love, I love till death, unleſs I be forſaken or betrayed; that I am none of thoſe Lovers who profeſs ſervice that they may command; on the contrary, I would not be loved, but only to be the more captivated; I am not of their humour who value the wit of women, but only as an ornament unto there beauty; on the contrary I value their beauty only as an ornament unto their minds; ſo that not building the foundation of my love upon ſo tranſitory a ground, but upon ſuch as ſhall laſt as long as life; it will laſt as long alſo. If all this were true, replied *Parthenia*, and ſmiled, you ſhould not deſpair of knowing who I am: Since I believe all you ſay, Madam, ſaid he, I hope you will believe all that I ſay; you may enquire coucerning me of all thoſe that know me, but I can enquire of none but your ſelf: You might have ſaid, replied *Parthenia*, that it was not permitted you to enquire of any body elſe: However, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you permit me to talk with you here, until you have had a longer tryal of my diſcretion: *Parthenia* then ſtayed a while before ſhe anſwered; but *Timantes* was ſo importunate and full of urging expreſſions, that indeed ſhe feared leſt he ſhould attempt more than ſhe would have him, to know who ſhe was; therefore beginning to ſpeak: I am contented, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) that you ſhall ſpeak unto me for ſome certain days, at the ſame hour, and in the ſame place, provided you ſwear unto me by *Venus-Urania*, that you will not tell unto any whoſoever without exception, how you met with the unknown perſon, nor reveal where ſhe is; for if you do, I ſhall infallibly know it, and I ſhall no ſooner know it, but I ſhall immediately reſolve never to ſpeak with you again, and take ſuch a courſe as you ſhall never know me, and therefore ſatisfie your ſelf with thus much. Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince it is in your power to make laws, and ſince it is my duty to obſerve them, certainly you ſhall be obeyed: But I beſeech you, Madam, what ſecurity can I have in your promiſe, that I ſhall ſee you here to morrow at the ſame time and place? My word (replied ſhe.) But, Madam, ſaid he, you did not keep your word before, for the eight days were paſt, and yet I heard not from you. To ſet your mind at reſt, replied ſhe, I allow you to reveal all I have ſaid unto you, if I be not here to morrow. After this, *Timantes* retired, and aſſoon as he was gone, ſhe ſhut her window, and ſent to deſire her with whom ſhe lodged, that the door which was towards her neighbours houſe might be ſhut, leſt *Timantes* ſhould return and harken what they ſaid in her chamber; ſhe had a deſire to quit it, and did ſo, taking another one ſtory higher, which looked not into the Garden; moreover ſhe charged a-new all thoſe that knew of her being at *Paphos* to keep it ſecret, no other reaſon appearing unto them, but that *Parthenia* had no mind it ſhould be known that ſhe quitted her ſolitude to come and ſee any publique ſports, eſpecially, ſince ſhe did not lodge with the Prince her Brother, whither ſhe ſaid ſhe would not go, becauſe there it was impoſſible her voyage could be kept ſecret; ſhe had alſo this advantage, that the woman with whom ſhe lodged, was eaſie to be deceived. But after all theſe orders were given, and that ſhe was alone with *Amaxita*, ſhe began to diſcourſe of their adventure; one while ſhe was raviſhed with joy that *Timantes* had found her out, without her giving him any notice; other whiles one would have thought ſhe had been angry with her ſelf for ſeeing him at all; afterwards ſhe had an imagination, that *Amaxita* gave him notice, that ſhe was in the houſe, and that ſhe had cauſed it to be told unto *Timantes* what was her humour; for indeed ſaid ſhe unto her, he hath told me all that I could deſire a man ſhould ſay, or all that he could tell me if he had known my mind. This ought to perſwade you, Madam, replyed *Amaxita*, that it was the Gods who prompted him to ſpeak, for as for my part, you know I never was out of your ſight, nor have I any acquaintance with *Timantes*: I know it very well replyed *Parthenia*; but I know ſo little how it ſhould come to paſs, that *Timantes* ſhould find me out ſo often, and ſhould tell me almoſt all my own thoughts, that you muſt pardon me, if I had and ſtill have a little ſuſpicion of you; and ſince I muſt confeſs the truth unto you as unto a ſecond ſelf, I think that I did not accuſe you for it, to the end you might more powerfully perſwade me, that it was the pleaſure of the Gods *Timantes* ſhould love me;

and I did poſitively believe all he told me, for I could not ſtifle the only pleaſant thought which I enjoy'd ſince my ſolitude, which is, my hopes to find a man capable of a conſtant love. But, Madam, (ſaid *Amaxita* unto her) why have you given orders contrary to the promiſe which you made of ſeeing *Timantes* again? The reaſon is, ſaid ſhe, becauſe I would ſpeak with him, but I would not have him know me, and becauſe I thought you would find a way to morrow that the garden door which I cauſed to be ſhut, may be open: For truly, until I am aſſured *Timantes* loves me, and aſſured by a thouſand tryals of his affection, I will not have him know yet who I am, or ſee me; but that which I would at preſent know, is, whether *Timantes* be faithful or no, and whether he hath not told our adventure, neither to the Prince, nor any other of his friends. After *Parthenia* had expreſſed her ſelf. *Amaxita* (who knew that *Antimaques* was in love with *Dorida*, and that *Dorida* wiſhed well unto me, and would truſt me with any thing) told her, that if ſhe would truſt it unto my diſcretion, I ſhould eaſily make a diſcovery of what ſhe deſired to know. At firſt *Parthenia* pauſed upon the propoſition, but afterwards ſhe was ſo well perſwaded of my fidelity, that ſhe truſted me with the ſecret. In the mean time *Timantes* had his ſhare in ſorrow; for after he was entered into the houſe where he lodged, he enquired, not telling any reaſons why he asked, what women thoſe were in the houſe which belonged to the Garden where he walkt, but he was amuſed when he was anſwered there was none but the Miſtreſs of the houſe, who was well in years, and ſome ſervants which waited upon her: Yet he very well knew, that ſhe unto whom he ſpoke, was neither a ſervant, nor old; for her converſation aſſured him of the firſt, and her fair hands, her ſweet voice, and handſom ſtature aſſured him of the ſecond: Alſo the two other times which he ſaw her, he knew by her colours which ſhe wore, that certainly ſhe was young, though by it he could not know her quality: So that all theſe circumſtances compared, they puzzled him exceedingly: He ſaw that all he knew of her was moſt admirable; and that ſhe had ſuch a charming Emphaſis in the accent of her voice, as any thing ſounded better in her mouth a thouſand times than in any other: He found her to be of ſuch ſharp, ſo gallant, and eaſie a ſpirit and wit, that he was raviſhed with her diſcourſe, and he believed ſhe was of ſuch a ſweet nature, as could love moſt tenderly, grounding his opinion upon her hatred againſt inconſtancy. But for all this (ſaid he, upon ſerious examination of the matter) there muſt needs be ſomething that is very ſtrange, either in the quality, or in the beauty of this woman; for why elſe ſhould ſhe be ſo nice as to hide her ſelf from a man whoſe acquaintance ſhe does not abſolutely reject? And yet ſhe muſt needs be fair, for I have ſeen as much as argues it; and ſhe muſt needs alſo be a woman of Quality, her language, her ſpirit, her wit, her port, does ſufficiently prove it, and convinceth me of theſe doubts. Whatſoever ſhe be (ſaid he) ſhe does infinitely pleaſe me: and though it be only to know her name, I muſt obey her; for ſhe hath told me, that if I do as ſhe would have me, I may not deſpair of knowing it hereafter, and yet it is a very odd way, that I ſhould know a thing by not enquiring of it; for he conſidered, how ſhe poſitively told him, that if he enquired of any one, ſhe could know it; and if ever ſhe knew he enquired of any one, he ſhould never know her, nor ſpeak unto her; therefore his curioſity wrought ſuch effects in his heart, as never did the like in any, ſince it hindered him from enquiring of that which he moſt earneſtly deſired to know: And truly, though *Timantes* had a moſt longing deſire to ask all his acquaintance who this amiable unknown one was, whom he already loved, and hardly knew it, yet he durſt not ſpeak of it, ſo much as to *Antimaques*, leſt he ſhould blab it unto *Dorida*: So that he paſſed over that night and the day following in extream impatience. In the mean time *Amaxita*, having ſent me unto him, I became his ſpie, and I kept all the day where he was, and at night reported unto my Siſter, how he ſeemed very reſerved unto all thoſe he met withal; that he refuſed ſupper with the Prince *Philoxipes*, or to go into the Walks upon the Sea-ſide, as he uſed, where all the Court did rendezvous, and that he retired unto his own lodging very timely, not rendering any reaſon why: So that *Amaxita* told all this unto the Princeſs; ſhe was exceedingly joyed, and more readily reſolved, not to fail in her promiſe unto *Timantes*, and in order to that, appointing *Amaxita* to get the Garden door open, and *Amaxita* knowing how to do it unknown unto the Miſtreſs of the houſe, all things were ſo handſomly carried, that at the appointed hour, *Timantes* came to the window of the low room where *Parthenia* was, under pretence of writing. But when *Timantes* came, he could ſee no more of *Parthenia* than before, but yet found her in a diſpoſition to receive him more civilly, the reports which ſhe had from me, giving her more ſatisfaction. She no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe began to ſpeak: I deſire your pardon, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) for being perhaps a hinderance unto your pleaſure in walking by the ſea-ſide as you uſe, but that which comforts me a little is, that it hinders you from the ſight of all thoſe Beauties which uſe to walk there. It ſufficiently appears, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, after he had moſt reſpectively ſaluted her) That I hoped for greater pleaſure in your company, than in the ſight of all thoſe Beauties you ſpeak of, ſince I quitted them to come unto you; and therefore I need not any complement upon that. But, Madam, ſince you know all paſſages of the world ſo well, it ſeems you are not unknown unto any but me. 'Tis true, Sir, replied ſhe, but it is upon a reaſon ſo advantagious to you, that if I could now tell it, I am confident you would confeſs your ſelf obliged unto me for it: How much ſoever I am reſolved to honour you, replied he, yet I can hardly think I am obliged to thank you for denying me a thing which I deſire with as much zeal as the moſt violent Lovers do the enioyment of their Miſtreſſes. Yet it appears (ſaid *Parthenia* craftily) that the converſation you had here yeſterday, gave you no great ſatisfaction: For as for my part when I paſs any night away in any agreeable ſatisfaction, there remains in my countenance all the next day a great impreſſion of joy, whereas on the contrary, when I have been in any wearying company, melancholy ſads my eyes at leaſt four and twenty hours after it; and therefore if you be of my humour, I have cauſe to think you were weary of our converſation yeſterday; for I know you were very melancholy, and reſerved all the day after. 'Tis true, Madam, replied he, I was very reſerved, but it was upon a reaſon quite contrary to yours, ſince truly I am never ſo melancholy as after a great pleaſure. And this, Madam, which I enjoy in talking with you, is far from a ſerene delight, but on the contrary is ſo mixed with inquietude and curioſity, that it torments me as much as if you ſhould deprive me of all hopes; for you know me, and all that I do, but I cannot ſo much as know your name, or what you are, though I deſire it with ſuch a zealous paſſion as will never let me reſt till I be ſatisfied. But, Sir, ſaid *Parthenia* unto him, methinks you ſhould not be ſo vexed to know who I am, ſince if I be worth your thoughts, it depends upon your ſelf to know it hereafter, but if you have only a bare curioſity to know me, doubtleſs then it will be nothing difficult to overcome your ſelf without that ſatisfaction, ſince you need only come no more hither, but forget me, and there's an end. Do you think, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that it is ſuch an eaſie matter to forget you? I think indeed, ſaid ſhe, that it is a harder matter to remember me than to forget me. No, no, Madam, replied he, do not deceive your ſelf, I ſhall never forget you, nor be contented till I have obtained two moſt precious things from you, I mean, the ſight of your beauty, and the knowledge of your heart. The knowledge of the one, replyed ſhe, muſt obtain the ſight of the other; and therefore to teach you what you ought to do to obtain your deſires, Know, that before you ſee me, or know who I am, you muſt win my heart, and therefore conſider well with your ſelf, whether you can do all I would have you without knowing me; for that is the only way to win my heart. And ſince I am very ſincere, and will not diſguiſe my mind ſo much as my face, I will tell you, that for divers reaſons, which now I muſt conceal, I am reſolved never to entertain any affection which is built upon ſuch a fading foundation as Beauty and Riches are, upon which time and fortune have ſuch influences: I would have one love me by a natural inclination, by the knowledge of my ſoul, my mind, and my humour: Moreover, I would have him love me either ugly, or poor, as I am, or may be: I would have him love none but me, and love me extreamly, and always; to do nothing but what I would, nor to deſire any thing but what pleaſeth me; to obey me blindly, and without any repugnancy. I pray, Sir, after this, judge whether it be ſo eaſie as you think to injoy the ſight of me: For I ſhall never grant it but unto ſuch a one as hath won my heart, and my heart will never be won, but by ſuch ways as I have told you. Moreover, ſince blood and birth are not things ſo tranſitorie, ſince neither time nor fortune can hinder me from enjoying them till death, I will confeſs unto you that the houſe from whence I am deſcended is as noble as any in *Cyprus*: But after all this, Sir, ask me no more; for you will ask in vain. Whilſt *Parthenia* was ſpeaking, *Timantes* was in a maze of thoughts: For as all *Greece* is full of certain women who make publick profeſſion of an univerſal Gallantry, and who do not confine themſelves unto the limits of modeſty, but who by proſtituting their honours do enrich themſelves, and there was ſome ſuch in *Cyprus*, ſo his fears ſometimes ſuggeſted unto him, that *Parthenia* was one of them. But he found ſhe ſpoke in ſuch an air as perſwaded him to the contrary; and when he conſidered that ſhe was in the houſe of a woman of Quality and Honour, and that it is not the cuſtom of ſuch kind of perſons to hide their beauty, he repented of his former thoughts: And when *Parthenia* had told him all the qualifications which ſhe required to be in a Lover, he found his own humours deſcribed, and told her immediately, that he would engage himſelf unto all ſhe had propounded, provided ſhe would promiſe him, that after ſhe had made tryal of his conſtancy, ſhe would give him her heart, and ſhew her face. And theſe promiſes paſſed on both ſides in appearance, rather as bare complements and pieces of Gallantry, than any real promiſes. And though there was already a violent inclination in the heart of *Timantes* to love *Parthenia*, and a moſt ſtrong diſpoſition in *Parthenia* to love *Timantes*, yet ſince both of them were perſons of great wit and reaſon, they thought this ſo odd and unreaſonable,

reaſonable, that they could not reſolve to ſpeak ſeriouſly, and many days paſſed before they could underſtand the real thoughts of each other in earneſt. In the mean time before *Timantes* went away, *Parthenia* made him ſwear not to ſpeak a word of any paſſages, nor to enquire of her, but that he ſhould ſtay until ſhe gave him aſſurance of her affection, and let him ſee whether ſhe was fair or foul. The truth is, Sir, *Parthenia*'s wit did ſo charm *Timantes*, and ſhe had ſuch an abſolute power over him, that he durſt not tell ſo much as *Antimaques* his adventure, leſt he ſhould tell it unto ſome other. And it was eaſie for him to conceal it, becauſe *Antimaques* being in love with *Dorida*, he was continually every night with the Princeſs *Policrite*, ſo that *Timantes* could be at his appointed times unperceived; yet for all this, he indeavoured by one of his ſervants to ſuborn one of that Ladies houſe where *Parthenia* lodged, to tell who it was which lay there, but all buſineſſes were ſo handſomly and cloſely carried, that nothing could be known. In the mean time, ſince he feared that if this unknown Lady ſhould know how he broke promiſe with her in the enquiring who ſhe was, ſhe would caſt him off, he laboured by all means to ſtop the mouths of thoſe that were enquired of, and to oblige them unto ſilence: ſo that indeed *Parthenia* never knew it: 'tis true, he was every way ſo obſervant, and faithful, that ſhe had reaſon to be contented; for notwithſtanding all my obſervant eyes over him, both in all his words and actions, I could never report any thing unto my ſiſter which could diſpleaſe *Parthenia*, and indeed he much altered his manner of living, for his only deſign being to find out this lovely unknown one, and being perſwaded that ſhe was ſome Lady of *Paphos*, who came to that houſe only to talk with him, he went from viſit to viſit, not ſtaying long any where, hoping ſtill to diſcover by voice this Lady whom he ſo much deſired to know: but all his enquiry and viſits were in vain, for he could not find her; and *Timantes* became more deeply in love with *Parthenia* than any of her former Lovers who had ſeen her: He grew alſo much more unquiet in his mind, and certainly was tormented more than other Lovers uſe to be; ſometimes he would ſo complain unto *Parthenia* that ſhe would pity him, and ſometimes he would ſo dote, that he made her laugh: For my part, (ſaid he unto her when the Moon ſhined clear, and when he preſſed her to lift up her hood) I cannot indure you ſhould ſo long deny me what I ask, not that there is any neceſſity of your Beauty to make my paſſion indure, for ſince it began without it, it can continue without it: But that which makes me I cannot endure you ſhould uſe me thus, is, that you tell me you will let me have a ſight of you when I have won your heart, and perceiving that you are more and more careful to hide it, I have cauſe to think I am further off from making that illuſtrious conqueſt. You would have it at too cheap a rate (replied *Parthenia*) if you ſhould ſo ſoon win it, and therefore that you may the more eſteem me, I will hold you off a little longer. In the mean time I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) let your words form your Image, that I may adore it, and which paſſing from your mouth into my heart, it may there remain, until the real ſubſtance drive it out: for truly, Madam, I wander all the day long, from houſe to houſe, from Temple to Temple, and every where to ſeek you out: my imagination fancies your beauty every day in a hundred ſeveral Idea's, ſometimes I ſee you fair, ſometimes brown hair, ſometimes freſh complexion, ſometimes pale, ſometimes I am perſwaded that you have ſweet, languiſhing, and compaſſionate eyes, and ſometimes I think you have ſprightly and ſparkling eyes, ſuch as kindle fire in the ſouls of all thoſe that look upon them: ſometimes I think them gray, and ſometimes black, and not knowing what they are, I ſtill equally adore them, what ever they be: But I beſeech you, Madam, tell me only whether they be fair, or black, or gray, or blue, or what they are? When you have told me (replied ſhe craftily) what colour you deſire them to be, then perhaps I ſhall tell you which they are. *Timantes* at this was puzzled, for he durſt not tell which he deſired, leſt he ſhould hit wrong, nor did *Parthenia* poſitively promiſe him to tell which they were, ſo that not daring to anſwer preciſely, he began to accuſe her of Inhumanity, and ſhe interrupting him, accuſed him of weakneſs; for ſaid ſhe unto him, I perceive by your own words, that you would have me fair, becauſe you ſay your imagination fancies me to have the faireſt eyes in the world, and conſequently I have cauſe to fear, that if I be not ſo, you will change your opinion of me. Oh, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you do me not ſo much wrong as to think, that though you be not fair, that I ſhall love you leſs: but however, as long as your eyes do not bely my imagination, I muſt ſtill think you are the faireſt perſon in the world: and I beſeech you, why ſhould I not proportion your beauty unto the excellency of your ſoul and wit; and therefore if you will be ſure of my fidelity, ſhew your ſelf as you are, and if aftet that, I do not adore you ſtill, though you ſhould be never ſo ugly, then hate me as much as I love you. Love is a moſt fantaſtical paſſion (ſaid ſhe unto him) Thoſe who are in love with any beauty, do profeſs that it is the ſoul they love, and that they only deſire the poſſeſſion of the heart, and not the beauty: That this is the limits of their hopes, and ſum of all their deſires. Yet I ſee Love is of ſuch a nature that it ſlights all that it enjoys, and prizeth that which it doth not enjoy. Fruition gluts deſires, and if ſo, you have more reaſon to thank me than complain againſt me: For truly, I begin where others end: I have confeſſed unto you, that I eſteem you: I have told you that I ſhould be glad to have you love me, and I have not forbidden the hopes of being loved: You have conſented not to ground your affection upon beauty, I have diſcovered my ſoul unto you; I have taught you which way one may obtain my heart, and I never told you it was invincible: But after all this you complain, and preſs me to ſhew you my face. Go, go, Sir, keep within the limits of our conditions, unleſs you would have me break off with you. There is ſo much charm in every word you ſpeak, replied *Timantes*, that you ſtill augment both my love and my curioſity: And therefore I moſt humbly beſeech you, Madam, Give me leave to beg this favour upon my knees. Let it content you that I attempt not violent courſes to know who you are, and that I have ſo much power over my ſelf as not to ask all my acquaintance about the Court. But, Madam, that I may ſtill continue in my obedience, and enquire of none elſe, I beſeech you give me leave ſometimes to ask your ſelf; And be not offended, I conjure you, if I importune you with my prayers and impatiencies. Did I not infinitely love you, I ſhould not be ſo deſirous: But ſince I love you beyond all expreſſions, I muſt needs entreat you, and preſs you to let me know whom I love. I know there are a rich Mine of Beauties in your mind; all that I can ſee of your perſon is moſt admirable; The thoughts of your heart do raviſh me: There is ſome ſecret charm in your converſation, which I never found in any other: You do ſo powerfully and pleaſingly captivate my ſpirits when you ſpeak, that I think I could look upon you, and not perceive whether you be fair or foul, you utter not a word, which pierceth not my heart as ſoon as my ear. But for all this (ſaid he and ſmiled) methinks I do not know you yet ſufficiently, and my curioſity is ſo violent to ſee your face, as well as your heart, that I cannot chuſe but beg the favour, and to truſt unto my love and diſcretion. Whilſt *Timantes* was talking thus, *Parthenia* bethought her ſelf of a very odd way to make tryal of his Conſtancy; therefore beginning to ſpeak unto him, and ſeeming to yield unto part of his deſires, I am content, ſaid ſhe, ſince I ſee you ſo much deſire it, not to deny you all you ask: But ſince I am reſolved not to confer favour upon favour, and to loaden you all at once, I will not let you know who I am, only I will let you ſee my face in open day; but upon condition that you ſhall not ſpeak unto me in the place where you ſhall ſee me, which ſhall be, if you pleaſe, to morrow morning at a little Church cloſe by the Gate. There I will be juſt two hours after the Sun is up: I will wear the ſame cloaths I did, when you ſaw me at the Feaſt of *Adonis*: I will ſit by the ſecond Pillar upon the right hand, and will lift up my hood as ſoon as I ſee you, to the end you may ſatisfie one part of your curioſity. I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, why may you not now ſhew your face? I know it is too dark to ſee you as I would, but it will not hinder me from ſeeing you better to morrow. I ſee you have forgot one of our conditions, which was, to deſire nothing but what I ſhall pleaſe. How great ſoever your power is over me, Madam, ſaid he unto her, it cannot extend ſo far as to bound my deſires: And all I am able to do, is to hide them from you. After this *Parthenia* parted from *Timantes*, not conſenting to his deſire, telling him, that if he did offer to ſpeak unto her, or to follow her to morrow morning, ſhe would never ſee him again. So that *Timantes* promiſing all ſhe deſired, he went away full of hope and joy that he ſhould ſee her in the morning who had filled him ſo full of love and curioſity. But as thoſe hopes, whoſe cauſes are love, are very reſtleſs, ſo he could not ſleep all that night, but did riſe ſo early, that his men wondered, and the more, becauſe they ſaw him dreſs himſelf, as if he were to go unto ſome Ball, or great Feaſt, though it was only unto a little Church where few of any quality ever reſorted, and ſo early as women of Quality were hardly awake. But *Parthenia* was as buſie as *Timantes* was impatient; for ſhe was ſo careful to make ſure of the heart of *Timantes*, as nothing ſhould ever after be able to take it from her; and therefore ſhe reſolved to try whether he could love her after a belief that ſhe was not fair: And in order to that, ſhe dreſſed a woman of hers, who was well bodied, and about her height, in the ſame habit that ſhe wore at the Feaſt of *Adonis*; and ſince the woman had never been at *Paphos* before, ſhe could not be known. But, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that this woman had one of the ugliest faces in the world, for all the parts of her face were ſo unproportionable, that one would have ſworn they were never made one for another: So exceſſively ill favoured, that I never in all my life ſaw an object ſo diſpleaſing as the face of this woman. In the mean time, to the end that *Timantes* might be the more deluded, *Amaxita* followed this counterfeit *Parthenia*, as if ſhe had been her woman, and they went unto this Church in the Ladies Coach with whom *Parthenia* lodged. But for the more ſecurity, *Parthenia* would have my Siſter ſend for me, to be in the Church, and to fall in with *Timantes* as ſoon as he came in, to the end that I might keep him from ſpeaking to her, whoſe ſight was enough to blaſt a Lover, giving me orders to do as occaſion ſhould require, and to ſpeak what I thought fit to keep *Timantes* from diſcovering the fallacy. Yet *Parthenia* did not intend to keep *Timantes* long in that belief of her he ſhould ſee, but on the contrary, reſolved when ſhe had ſeen how he would ſpeak unto her after this innocent impoſture, to let him ſee that evening the woman with her, to the end that he might know his error, and to root this terrible Image out of his mind. To be ſhort, Sir, as this device was phantaſtically plotted, ſo was it cunningly executed. This woman went unto the Church earlier than the hour appointed, that ſhe might be there before he came: Yet it was not above a quarter of an hour, for he burned in ſuch impatience to have a ſight of her he loved, that he was alſo there before the hour appointed: But as I was there before him, and knew the buſineſs, I ſaw him enter earneſtly and haſtily: He was no ſooner there, but he looked towards the place where *Parthenia* told him ſhe would ſit, and ſaw a perſon of a handſom ſtature, waited upon by one who indeed was the ſame he ſaw with *Parthenia* at *Amathonte*. Moreover, he ſaw ſhe was in the ſame place nominated, and that ſhe was in the ſame dreſs and habit which he had formerly ſeen; ſo that he did not at all doubt, but that ſhe whom he ſaw was his beloved unknown Lady, and though there was a little difference between the height of this woman and that of *Parthenia*, yet the fancy of *Timantes* was ſo prejudicated, that he did not obſerve it: He advanced haſtily to the place where ſhe was. But as it was covenanted betwixt *Parthenia* and him, that he ſhould not ſpeak unto her in that place, ſo he ſet himſelf down ſome three or four paces upon the left hand over againſt her, that he might the better ſee her: He was no ſooner ſet, but *Amaxita* advertiſed this counterfeit *Parthenia*, who knew not *Timantes*, to put up her hood, which ſhe immediately did, lifting it up ſo cunningly, that he could not ſee her hands; for *Parthenia* ſo ordered her. But, Sir, I beſeech yot imagine how *Timantes* was amazed, who fancying the Idea of an admirable beauty, ſaw the uglieſt vizard in the world: His wonder was ſo great, Sir, that it appeared in his face and all his actions; his colour went and came twenty times in a minute: he congeed towards her with a louring look in ſpite of his teeth; and was ſo frighted at ſuch a monſtrous object, that he did not ſo much as ſtrive to hide his amazement, nor had he the leaſt ſuſpicion of any deluſion put upon him: So that being extreamly troubled at this adventure: Oh ye unjuſt gods (ſaid he to himſelf, as he told me afterwards) why did you put ſo ſweet a voice, and ſo rare a mind into ſuch an ugly body? And why did ye joyn ſuch an admirable ſtature and body, with ſuch fair hands, unto ſuch a Witches face? But how comes it to paſs (ſaid he immediately after) that this perſon ſhould know all the niceties and delicates of Love, ſo well as ſhe doth? Some one ſure has loved her, elſe how could ſhe ever know them? For my part (ſaid he, and ſighed) had I ſeen her face before I had known her mind, I ſhould never have made her ſo much as my confident, and been far from making her my Miſtreſs; and I think I ſhould have faln from love to averſion. Had ſhe been but indifferent ugly, or one of thoſe women who neither attract nor loath: Had ſhe any thing in her phyſiognomie which promiſed either wit or goodneſs, I ſhould have ſome inclination to love her, and zealouſly adore her. But what do I ſay? Can I forſake her, who hath the moſt charming wit, and the moſt divine ſoul of any woman in the world, and who hath moſt ſenſibly allured my heart? As *Timantes* was thus diſcourſing with himſelf, with as much ſorrow as *Amaxira* took pleaſure in obſerving him, and continually looking upon her whom he thought to be *Parthenia*; This woman forgetting *Parthenia*'s order not to ſhew her hands, did pull her hood down, and did not hide them; ſo that *Timantes* eſpied them, when he was perhaps ready to reſolve upon the breaking off with *Parthenia*, though he would never confeſs it; he ſaw they were not the ſame ſnowy hands which he ſaw both at the Labyrinth, and at *Amathonte*, and alſo at the window where he talked with her. He ſaw, I ſay, that they were thick and ſhort, and not at all white; ſo that recollecting himſelf, he knew he was deceived, and was ſo glad, that there appeared nothing but joy in his face, as there appeared ſorrow before: Then was he ſorry that he did no better gloſs his firſt ſurpriſe, but to repair it, he reſolved to go to her who had only the habit of his beloved unknown Lady, ſaying, that it was not unto her that he made a promiſe not to ſpeak unto in the Church, nor to follow her, and ſince ſhe had broke her word with him, he was not obliged to keep his with her. Juſt as he was fixing upon this courſe, the counterfeit *Parthenia* went away with my Siſter, and perfectly undeceived him in her walk, ſince ſhe had nothing of that Majeſtick port which *Parthenia* had, tho' ſhe was of a handſom ſtature. In the mean time, ſince I ſaw he followed her, I met with him, before he could overtake her. Sir (ſaid I unto him, as I accoſted him) this Lady whom I ſaw you ſalute, is ſhe of *Crete*? No, replied he, (and was very angry that I interrupted him in his deſign) I believe ſhe is of *Paphos*: and becauſe I thought her to be ſome woman of quality, therefore I ſaluted her, though unknown. I thought, Sir, ſaid I unto him, and ſmiled, that it had not been the faſhion to ſalute Ladies who are unknown, unleſs they be ſome ſuperlative beauties; but I ſee your civility goes farther than ours. I have ſomething more to ſay than you have (anſwered he, and ſtill went on) for I am more inquiſitive than you are, and would gladly know who this Lady is: Certainly, Sir, (replied I, not ſeeming as if I deſigned to hinder him) your curioſity in this, is like theirs who have a deſire to ſee Monſters, and who never think they have ſeen all *Egypt*, if they have not ſeen thoſe dangerous Beaſts which devour paſſengers: However, ſaid he, I would gladly know who this Lady is: Sir, ſaid I, ſtill to keep him from following, I beleive it will be an eaſie matter to know that, for I know the Coach which brought her to the Church: I know it alſo, ſaid he to me, but I know not her that is in it: I will promiſe you to enquire, replied I, and to give you an account. In the mean time, the counterfeit *Parthenia* and my Siſter took Coach, and *Timantes* durſt not ſpeak to them in my preſence, as he intended, ſo fearful was he to incenſe his beloved unknown one: But when they were gone, and *Timantes* ſaluted them at parting, he put me in mind of my promiſe,

miſe, and deſired me to perform it, colouring his curioſity with ſuch poor pretences, as I had much ado to keep from laughing; I knew well that he only deſired to know her, that he might be acquainted with her who ſent her: and you may well think, Sir, that at that time I would promiſe him any thing: After this, I went home with him: and preſently after that, I went to give my Siſter an account of what had paſſed. Since ſhe ſaid that *Parthenia* did this only as a tryal of *Timantes* his fidelity, ſhe would not acquaint her with the extream ſorrow that appeared in his eyes, when he ſaw the face of this ill-favoured woman, but told her only that he ſeemed to be ſurpriſed, that notwithſtanding he ſaluted her moſt civilly, and would not follow her when ſhe went out of the Church, never telling how the woman undeceived him by ſhewing her hands; ſo that *Parthenia* thinking that *Timantes* imagined her to be as ugly as that woman, began to repent her of that impoſture, fearing he would not return any more according to the ordinary appointment; for though ſhe did this only to make *Timantes* think ſhe was not fair, yet ſhe could not indure that he ſhould have ſuch a horrible imagination of her, ſo that ſhe waited for the evening with a reſtleſs impatience, ſometimes ſhe entertained her ſelf with thoſe joys ſhe ſhould have if *Timantes* did return, ſince then it was an infallible ſign that uglineſs would not alter his mind; otherwhiles ſhe feared that he would not come at all; ſo that toſſing her thoughts continually between hopes and fears, ſhe paſſed away the day with as much perplexity, as *Amaxita* did with pleaſure, in remembrance of all ſhe ſaw in the mind of *Timantes*, unto whom *Parthenia* commanded me to tell, that I could not learn who that Lady was whom he ſaw in the Church: However, night being come, *Timantes* did not fail to come unto *Parthenia*, according to his cuſtom. But ſhe had no ſooner opened the window, than ſhe began to ſpeak unto him: Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, are you yet ſatisfied? can you find a heart to love ſuch a one as you ſaw this morning in the Church? To ſhew you, Madam, ſaid he unto her and ſmiled, that I can always take delight in ſeeing you, I beſeech you lift up your hood which hides you, for ſince I ſaw you in the morning, methinks you ſhould conceal your ſelf no longer: Why, Sir, ſaid ſhe, do you think you ſaw me? Indeed I do not, ſaid he unto her, and therefore I am come to complain againſt you for breaking promiſe, and conſequently diſobliged me from keeping promiſe with you: No, no, Madam, ſaid he, never deny the truth, for if you will deceive me, you muſt not only give your habit unto her who did ſo ſcurvily perſonate you, but you muſt give her your hands alſo, your air, and your port: yet I confeſs that at firſt the confidence which I had in your ſincerity, deceived me, and my own eyes betrayed me; but yet my heart did quickly find it was not you. However (ſaid ſhe unto him, and confeſſed the impoſture) I pray you tell me unto what height you hated me, when you thought that I was ſhe you ſaw? I do proteſt, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I had not one thought which could offend you, and I was more angry with the gods than you: But yet (replied *Parthenia*) what thoughts had you at that time? Since you will have me confeſs, replied he, I will tell you, that I murmured againſt the gods, for placing ſo many oppoſites and contrarieties in one perſon: yet I murmured only for the love of you; I had reſpect unto your honour, and not mine own; and I had not one deſire but what was for your advantage. Ah, Sir, you are not ſincere, (replied *Parthenia*, and interrupted him) but yet I wiſh you were, and would really tell me whether you would not have forſaken me, if I were ſuch a one as you ſaw? Since you deſire I ſhould lay open all my heart unto you (anſwered *Timantes*) I muſt tell you, that if you were ſuch a one, and could not ſpeak, I think I ſhould have much ado to continue my affection: but if on the contrary, you were ſuch a one as I ſaw, and would ſpeak always as you do, I would eternally follow you. But, Sir, replied *Parthenia*, I would not have you diſſemble, nor ſpeak in raillery; but in very ſerious earneſt: I will, Madam, ſaid he unto her, and the more exactly to obey you, I do proteſt before the gods who hear me, and as I hope they will aſſiſt me, that what I ſay is moſt really true; and I aſſure you, Madam, my heart is ſo abſolutely tied unto you, that I will never diſengage my ſelf: yet I muſt confeſs, Madam, that if you be as fair as I think you are, I believe I ſhall perhaps love you a little more than I do; but ſtill I muſt confidently aſſure you, that though you be not, I ſhall not love you leſs: Ah, Sir, replied ſhe, this cannot be, for ſince you can love me more, if I were fair, you muſt needs love me leſs, if I be not: yet, Sir, this is moſt certainly true, that though perhaps I be not ill favoured, yet I ſhall be: and therefore if you cannot love me unleſs I be fair, I pray cou ceaſe loving me now; for I ever told you from the firſt beginning of our acquaintance, that I never can endure a heart which can change, *I* would have one ſhould always love me alike, and if *I* ſhould love you one day, I ſhould love you ever, which can never be, if you can love me leſs; and indeed how is it poſſible one ſhould endure without high anger, and juſt reſentment, that one ſhould fall back from love to luke-warmneſs, to ſee ones ſelf ſlighted when one ſhould be moſt eſteemed: and yet, Sir, this is ordinary, and happens a thouſand and a thouſand times, and will do again: and the cruelty of the buſineſs is, that they both become equally inſupportable; and if there be any difference between the ſlighter and the ſlighted, between the party who falls off from love, and the party who is conſtant, certainly he that falls off is leaſt to be pitied: this inconſtant doth certainly loſe ſome pleaſure, in loſing his affection, but he can eaſily recover it in others; whereas on the contrary, a conſtant perſon in loſing the ſweets of being loved, doth at the ſame time loſe all the ſweets of his life, and is overwhelmed with all ſorts of ſorrows; and indeed, how is it poſſible he ſhould ever think of any thing that hath the name of a diverſion, how can he be able to live unleſs to revenge. Therefore, Sir, conſider ſeriouſly, whether or no you can be conſtant, do not make me more miſerable than I am, in making me hope for a good which I ſhall be deprived of. I do proteſt unto you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that *I* think it an abſolute impoſſibility that ever *I* ſhall love you leſs: the thing which moſt perplexeth me, replied *Parthenia*, is, that when I ask any aſſurances of affection, the moſt inconſtant man in the world does think he ſhall never be inconſtant, and he will tell me the very ſame things that the moſt faithful Lover can. Madam, ſaid *Timantes* to her, ſince there is no ways to make ſure of the time to come, but by what is paſt, and what is preſent, I deſerve not to be puniſhed as an inconſtant man, becauſe I expreſs my real and true thoughts by the ſame words that a perfidious Lover expreſſeth his; therefore I beſeech you, be pleaſed to make tryal of my conſtancy, by any manner of way your wit can deviſe: but then, Madam, I beſeech you firſt, before you put me to the Teſt, tell me who you are, you muſt diſcover your fair eyes unto me, and ſtuff not my imagination with the Idea of a witch, as lately you would. Then, Sir, *Parthenia* thinking that perhaps *Timantes* was not fully undeceived of the opinion which he had, that ſhe whom he ſaw in the Church was really her ſelf, and therefore ſhe would have that woman ſpeak to him open faced, ſo that *Timantes* ſeeing them both at once, might plainly ſee, ſhe was not the ſame he ſaw in the Church. But as ſoon as *Timantes* ſaw her, and ſhe retired again, he began to ſpeak: no, no, Madam, ſaid he unto *Parthenia*, you need not ſhew me this woman twice, thereby to undeceive me, my error laſted not a minute, and my heart did not long fancy an image that was unworthy of your ſelf. You tell me too much to be believed, replied *Parthenia*; and to ſay truly (added ſhe and ſmiled) I cannot altogether blame you, though you ſhould not tell me the whole truth at this time; for truly I can hardly endure to let this woman ſerve me, ſhe is ſo ill favoured, and therefore I ought not to think it ſtrange, that another ſhould be backward to ſerve ſuch a reſemblance as ſhe hath for a Miſtreſs. After this, their converſation was ſometimes mingled with a thouſand ſincere proteſtations of eternal affection; another while with pleaſing joys of mind, which made both *Timantes* and *Parthenia* know, that they were worthy of each other, and that they loved more than they would ſpeak of. In the mean while, ſince the moſt difficult things in the world unto a Lover is, to keep lockt up in his heart all his adventures, and never tell them unto any; *Timantes* was of the ſame mind, and therefore altering his intentions of hiding it from *Antimaques*, leſt he ſhould be telling it to *Dorida*, he reſolved to acquaint him; and on the contrary thought it an eaſie matter for one lover to keep cloſe the ſecrets of another; ſo that after he had left *Parthenia*, and was returned home, he ſtayed until *Antimaques* was returned from *Policrite*, to the end he might acquaint him with all the adventure, and ask his counſel which way he ſhould ſatisfie both his love and his curioſity: yet before he would open unto *Antimaques*, he made him promiſe more than once, never to ſpeak of it unto any whoſoever, and then he told his adventure:. At firſt *Antimaques* harkened unto it as a pretty pleaſant ſtory, and as a very merry and phantaſtical adventure; not thinking that his friend was really in love with one he never knew: But when he heard him aggravate his inquietudes, he knew that his curioſity was of an amorous nature, for which he began to chide him: But when he perceived that *Timantes* was the more ſerious he began to pity and laugh at him. Then *Antimaques* asked him pardon for wondering at the oddneſs and novelty of the adventure; and told him that he could not believe it to be any more than a bare piece of gallantry, and not a real paſſion: But ſince I perceive you are really in love, I do infinitely pity you; and ſo much the more, becauſe one of theſe things muſt neceſſarily be, either ſhe whom you love is very fantaſtical, or elſe ſhe is foul, or elſe a woman of inferiour quality, and I pray heaven ſhe be not ſomething worſe than all theſe, and that you be not cozened. Ah, cruel and unjuſt friend (ſaid he unto him) it ſeems you know her whom I adore. I know her as much as you do (anſwered *Antimaques*) for it was I who firſt ſhewed her unto you in the Labyrinth. 'Tis true, ſaid *Timantes*, that you then ſaw her handſom ſtature and proportion, her fair hands; you heard her voice and her excellent wit, yet all theſe are nothing in compariſon of what I know: For I find ſuch a charm in her converſation as raviſheth me; and though ſhe will not tell me who ſhe is, yet I can diſcover as much as aſſures me of the greatneſs of her mind, of the nobleneſs of her birth, the generoſity of her ſoul, and alſo the beauty of her face: For there is ſuch a kind of charming air, and gallantry in her ſpeech, as any one may know ſhe is fair, and never ſee her. Alas, Sir, (cried *Antimaques*) I cannot chuſe but pity you, unto what a cruel point are you arrived? And I cannot chuſe but pity you the more, becauſe I do not ſee which way I ſhould ſerve you, ſince you forbid me to ſpeak of it unto any, and conſequently I cannot enquire who ſhe is you love: And yet I think that if you will follow my counſel, you may perhaps have ſome light of that which you deſire to know. *Timantes* then asked him, what he would adviſe him to do? I perceive, replied he, by what you have told me, that you have employed all your arguments to perſwade her you love, to let you know who ſhe is: You have uſed your beſt Rhetorick and reaſons; you have earneſtly entreated her; you have added complaints unto your reaſons and prayers, but I do not ſee you have tryed the eloquence of Liberality. Love would have offerings and ſacrifices as well as the reſt of the gods; and therefore if you will be rul'd by me, find out a handſom pretence of preſenting a rich preſent unto her: If ſhe be ſuch a one as you think her, ſhe will refuſe it, and not ſhew her ſelf after it: Or if ſhe be not ſuch a one, and fair, ſhe will take it, and let you ſee her. If it be the firſt of theſe, you have diſcovered a new beauty in her ſoul; and if the ſecond, you have at leaſt ſatisfied your curioſity: And however, if ſhe reſiſt your perſwaſions, your ſighs, and your preſents, you will reap ſo much ſatisfaction, as to ſee that I ſhall not condemn your paſſion. Though I know very well, replied *Timantes*, that Liberality is inſeparable from Love, yet I cannot chuſe but fear to incenſe the perſon whom I love in preſenting it. But if I do follow your counſel, the Preſent muſt be ſo rich and magnificent, as that ſhe may judge of the meaſure of my love by it. Then *Timantes* reſolving to follow the counſel of *Antimaques*, he choſe amongſt all his Jewels, that which was moſt rich and rare, and the number out of which it was taken was not ſmall: For as perſons of his Quality uſe always to carry many with them when they travel, ſo *Timantes* being very rich and magnificent, he had a great abundance of Jewels: And after he had taken one of them, which he thought to be moſt worthy of her he loved, and put it into a very magnificent box enamelled with gold, he reſolved to preſent it unto her the next morning, with ſuch a complement as might make it acceptable. Then after he had talked a while with her of ſeveral pleaſant Subjects, *Timantes* who was accuſtomed to complain, and knowing that nothing pleaſeth beauties better than to complain of ſomething, he began thus; How long, Madam, muſt I love you (ſaid he unto her) without giving any teſtimonies of my love? When ſhall I obtain ſo much liberty as to do ſuch things as love uſeth to inſpire into ſuch as are under his empire? Did I know you, and were it permitted me to manifeſt my paſſion, I ſhould be as forward in my expreſſions as the moſt paſſionate Lovers, and as magnificently you ſhould be courted, with as many Muſick entertainments as there are days: I ſhould ere now have made three or four publick Feaſts; the Ball ſhould be continually left with you, and you ſhould have ſeen whether we know how to treat in *Crete*, as well as they do in *Cyprus*. Moreover, ſince I am confident that I have many Rivals, I ſhould let you ſee that perhaps they were not worthy to be preferred before me: I ſhould follow, and court you in all places: I would endeavour to be a friend unto your friends, and an enemy unto your enemies: I would not look upon any but ſuch as you favour, and I ſhould find out a thouſand ways to let you ſee the grandure and merit of my paſſion; But as things are, what ſhould I do to expreſs my love? You may obey me, ſaid *Parthenia*, and that's enough; for in doing ſo, I ſhall think my ſelf as much obliged, as by all you tell me you would do if you knew me. That is ſo little, replied he, that I cannot beleive it will oblige you at all, Madam, or that you can ſo much as eſteem me for it; for thereby you cannot know whether I be generous or no, you will be ignorant whether I be liberal or covetous. I may have a thouſand virtues or vices which you can never ſee: and therefore, I beſeech you, Madam, let me not be confined unto ſuch narrow limits, but give love leave to appear ſome way or other: To make it appear in my eyes, anſwered *Parthenia*, it muſt be hid from the eyes of all others: At leaſt, Madam, ſaid he unto her, give me leave to regulate my whole life according to your directions, and that I may ask your advice in all my actions. As for that, replied *Parthenia*, I ſhall moſt willingly conſent unto it; for I deſire nothing more than to know your heart. Then, I beſeech you do me that honour, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, and preſented unto her the enamelled box in which the Jewel was) as to tell me to morrow whether this which I preſent unto your fair hand be worthy to be offered unto a great Princeſs; for I deſign it unto one who certainly merits to be a Queen. At the firſt *Parthenia* did not think that it was intended unto her, but perhaps unto *Policrite*, or *Aretaphile*, and therefore without any difficulty ſhe took it, yet ſhe no ſooner had it in her hand, but ſhe changed her opinion, and thought it intended unto her. This imagination did ſwell her heart both with anger and curioſity: The firſt of theſe, becauſe ſhe thought *Timantes* did not think of her as ſhe would have him; and the ſecond, becauſe ſhe would ſee whether *Timantes* would give it unto her; therefore ſeeming as if ſhe never thought to have any ſhare in his liberality, ſhe told him that ſhe would not ſtay ſo long as to morrow before ſhe gave him her opinion of it, but would go unto the Candle which was at the further end of the chamber, and ſee whether this which he would give was worthy of himſelf; for certainly (ſaid ſhe moſt obligingly) if it be worthy of your ſelf, it is worthy of her you intend it for, whoſoever ſhe be. In ſaying ſo, ſhe went to ſee what it was which *Timantes* put into her hand, with intention to reſtore it unto him the ſame hour; and he alſo went away as well as ſhe, the better to ſhew that he would not take it again: So that *Parthenia* hearing him walk, went back to the window purpoſely to call him, but he was already gone out of the Jeſſamine Arbour which was under the window: So that after ſhe had ſtayed a long while to ſee whether he would return, and hearing nothing of him, ſhe ſhut the window, and went to look upon that which *Timantes* had left with her. She did not look upon it alone, for ſhe ſhewed it unto *Amaxita*, who was not a little raviſhed at the luſtre of it; but *Parthenia* did leſs regard all thoſe Pearls and Diamonds, than ſhe did a Letter which ſhe found with them in the box, which was thus written.

Timantes *unto his admired unknown one.*

Madam,

Since there is no King but receives Tribute from his Subjects, permit me, I beſeech you, ſince I am not only your Subject, but your vaſſal, to give what I can, though not what I ought. As you are my Goddeſs, I muſt preſent you with offerings and ſacrifices; and as you are the Queen of my heart, I muſt pay you Tribute. Therefore I beſeech you to accept of my offering, not to let you ſee that I am liberal, but to ſhew that I am not covetous. I beſeech you do not think that I have any thoughts of purchaſing your heart by it: For I know the price is eneſtimable, and that all the Gold, Pearls, Diamonds, and Rubies which the Sun ever produced ſince it ſhined upon the Univerſe, is not able to pay it: And if ever I ſhall hope to be ſo bleſſed hereafter as to enjoy it, I muſt have recourſe unto my tears, and ſighs, and prayers, and not unto Pearls and Diamonds, and ſuch like. However, I moſt humbly beſeech you, be not offended at my boldneſs, nor take it ill from one who having given you his whole heart, may give you what he thinks inferiour to it alſo: And therefore, I beſeech you do not hate me for it, nor look more coldly upon me to morrow, unleſs you will overwhelm with ſorrows your moſt Adorer

Timantes.

After *Parthenia* had read this Letter, ſhe gave it unto *Amaxita*, who reading it alſo, could not ſufficiently admire the liberality of *Timantes*, and told *Parthenia*, that if his love were meaſured by his gift, he loved her better than ever any could. I know not, replied *Parthenia*, whether he love me as much as you talk of, but I am ſure he does neither ſufficiently eſteem me, nor know me at all: For it ſeems he thinks to blind my eyes, and win my heart with Diamonds, as Children with toys; he thinks me of a weak mind, and mercenary ſoul; and yet I muſt confeſs he is ſomething excuſable; for my manner of dealing with him is ſo phantaſtical and extraordinary, that I ought not to think much of him; nor am I reſolved to treat him rigorouſly, but will only let him ſee he was miſtaken in his thoughts that I would receive a preſent of any importance from him; and that he may not doubt of my generoſity, I will not only refuſe what he offers me, but I will preſent him with a gift, and a gift of that magnificence, as he may conjecture at my quality and riches; for the gods have not menaced me with misfortunes, though he who is to marry me do know that my birth and quality is not baſe. *Parthenia* was as good as her word; for ſhe did not only put thoſe things which *Timantes* gave her into the box, but ſhe put alſo into it the Caſe of a Picture ſet with Diamonds of a moſt conſiderable greatneſs. She did not fear they would be known to be hers, though *Timantes* ſhould ſhew them unto all in *Paphos*; for ſhe lately got them made in *Salamis*, purpoſely to put the Picture of *Policrite* in it, which ſhe took out before ſhe ſent it unto *Timantes*; Alſo ſhe anſwered the Letter of *Timantes* in another hand than ſhe uſually writes: After which I procured a truſty perſon to carry this box unto him in the morning betimes: and the matter was ſo well carryed, that it was given unto one of *Timantes* his ſervants, whom he put much confidence in, to give unto his Maſter: This was as well as *Parthenia* deſired; For the ſervant of *Timantes* knew not the man who gave it unto him, nor took any notice of him, nor ever was like, for he was not one of *Paphos*, but departed the next morning into his own Countrey: So that *Timantes* when he awaked was ſtrangely aſtoniſhed, to ſee that upon the Table which he thought was in the hands of his unknown Miſtreſs. At firſt he thought his eyes deceived him, or elſe that he dreamt, and was not well awaked. But his ſervant telling him, that a man whom he knew not, nor would tell his name, nor would ſtay until he awaked, did charge him to give it unto him, then he thought it to be true. But ſince he imagined that his admired unknown one had ſent back his preſent, he was exceeding ſorry, and ſo much the more, becauſe he feared, that ſince ſhe was ſo generous as to refuſe a gift of that value, ſhe would be offended at him: Therefore he opened the box with much impatience, not to ſee whether all his Jewels were there, but to ſee whether ſhe had returned an Anſwer unto his Letter. In the mean time he was infinitely aſtoniſhed to ſee upon the top of all his own Jewels, that Rich Picture Caſe which *Parthenia* ſent him, and which he was certain was not his: He no ſooner ſaw it, but hoping her Picture was within it, he never conſidered the beauty and richneſs of it, but opened it in all haſte; but in lieu of ſeeing what he ſo extreamly deſired, he ſaw theſe words written in the place of the Picture.

This Caſe will ſerve hereafter to put my Picture in, if you render your ſelf worthy of it.

Ah moſt cruel Lady (ſaid he, as I heard afterwards) will you never be weary with making tryal of my patience, and let me ſee what I ſo much adore? After this he found a Letter containing theſe words.

To the too Inquiſitive Timantes.

Sir,

I Am ſo fully perſwaded that Liberality is a virtue, and a virtue moſt Heroick, that I will never do any thing which may make you think me guilty of its oppoſite vice; and therefore I have ſent back your rich preſent, and ſend it without any ſharp reprehenſions: For ſince you do not know who I am, I ought not to be offended at that which would be injurious to me if you did: Yet I muſt complain a little, that after ſo much converſe with you, when I did not hide my heart as I did my face, you ſhould not have ſo good an opinion of me, as to think that I would refuſe your offer: But I will not break with you for this, though for no other conſideration, but to give you cauſe to know me better. However, to repair your faults, I enjoyn you to keep this caſe which I ſend you, without ſhewing unto any; for if you do, you ſhall never ſee my Picture nor my ſelf.

As *Timantes* ended the reading of this Letter, *Antimaques* entered, who found his friend much taken up with this new adventure, which he related unto him, notwithwithſtanding the prohibition of *Parthenia*, thinking it no treaſon to make that man his confident, whom he loved as a ſecond ſelf: But as *Timantes* was aſtoniſhed, ſo *Antimaques* was much more, having no reaſon after this, to doubt neither of the quality or generoſity of this unknown Lady. For indeed the preſent which *Timantes* gave her was ſo rich, that it was an argument of a great ſoul to refuſe it; and the Caſe which *Parthenia* ſent him was ſo magnificent, that ſhe muſt be both rich and liberal who gave it: ſo that *Antimaques* after this confeſſed, that *Timantes* had reaſon to proſecute his adventure, and to try how far it would go; he moved him to ſhew this Caſe unto ſome who perhaps might know it, and thereby to learn where it was made: he moved him alſo to ſhew her Letter, thereby to find out the writer by the writing: But ſince *Timantes* obſerved in diſcourſe with his beloved unknown one, that ſhe knew all paſſages in the World, he durſt not put it to the venture, but deſired *Antimaques* a thouſand and a thouſand times, not to reveal his ſecret unto any, yet he had ſometimes a great deſire to ſpeak himſelf unto the Lady at whoſe houſe *Parthenia* lodged: but ſhe had ſo often told him, that if ever he enquired of her, ſhe would then never ſee him more, that he durſt no attempt it. In the mean time, he waited for night with much impatience; yet he was much unreſolved what to do with the Picture caſe which *Parthenia* ſent him: for ſince it came from the hands of her he loved, he had no will to part with it: on the other ſide, it was ſo rich that he thought it were to be leſs generous than ſhe, if he did not reſtore it; ſo that not knowing what he ſhould do with it, he carried it unto the place of meeting: but he was not ſo happy as he hoped to be, for *Parthenia*, to perplex him the more, ſent *Amaxita* to tell him, ſhe could not ſee him that night; and as *Timantes* asked her the reaſon, ſhe gave him ſome cauſe to think by her anſwer (though ſhe told him not ſo expreſly) that it was becauſe ſhe was preparing her ſelf to go unto a general Ball, which the Princeſs *Policrite* kept the next day: ſo that *Timantes* raviſhed that *Amaxita* had told him this e're ever ſhe was aware, began to reſolve not to fail being at this meeting, and there to talk with all the Ladies, ſo that he made no queſtion but to find her whom he looked for: but ſince he hoped to pick ſomething out of *Amaxita*, he talked with her a long time, and ſince he collected by her diſcourſe that ſhe was of *Parthenia*'s Cabinet council, he told her, a hundred things to tell her, and began to aggravate his ſorrows, that he could not reſolve to reſtore the Picture Caſe which ſhe ſent him, and which he thought too rich to keep: yet (ſaid he unto her, at the end of their diſcourſe) I do conjure you to tell that excellent Lady, I will reſtore the Caſe that day ſhe gives me her Picture; but to the end ſhe ſhould not think I keep it out of any covetous inclination, I will within this four days proclaim a Horſe-race, and will give that for the prize which I preſumed to offer unto her, and ſo I may ſafely keep that preſent which otherwiſe might make me ſuſpected of covetouſneſs. *Amaxita* uſed all her Rhetorick to perſwade him to an alteration of his reſolution, but all in vain: However they parted, agreeing that the day following at coming from the Ball, he ſhould come unto the uſual place of meeting. After this *Timantes* was all hopes and joys, for he believed he ſhould know this unknown one by her voice, or at leaſt he would ſet ſuch ſpies about the houſe whither ſhe would come into at her return from the Ball, as ſhould tell him who ſhe was. Then he prepared himſelf with all care poſſible, and went unto the Ball ſo timely, that the Hall was not made clean when he came there. In the mean while I was adviſed by *Amaxita* to obſerve *Timantes* very cloſe, and to render her an account a little before the Ball ended: I was ſo forward to do the Princeſs of *Salamis* any ſervice, and conſidering that in this I might alſo ſerve *Timantes*, and the Prince *Philoxipes*, who I knew deſired the Marriage, that I was almoſt aſſoon in the place of aſſembly as he was: For my part, I never had ſo much pleaſure in all my life, as I had that day in obſerving *Timantes*, for there did not one beauty enter, which I perceived by his eyes, he did not wiſh might prove his unknown one; and not one entered which was foul, but he feared that was ſhe, and I ſaw ſo many ſeveral turbulencies in his countenance, that after I laughed at him, I could not chuſe but pity him: That which did moſt ſtick in his ſtomack was, that there were at this aſſembly three or four women of *Paphos*, who were very rich and very ill favoured, and except the Queen *Policrite*, *Timoclia*, and one more, he ſaw not one beauty there as was likely to ſend ſuch a preſent as he received. In the mean time he knew it was not one of thoſe four, for he knew it by their tones, and ſaw moreover it could not be the two firſt, who were both married and virtuous; and he knew it could not be the other two, for they had both of them declared Servants, and Servants whom they did not hate: Thus not knowing what to think, he went from place to place, talking to all the fair ones, and foul ones, one after another, but could not find her he looked for: then as he was walking from one to another, a Lady of *Amathonte*, a high beauty, and one whom *Policrite* received as a perſon of quality, did enter; ſhe being wonderful fair, and he having never ſeen her before, though ſhe had been three days in *Paphos*, he looked upon her with hopes that this was ſhe he loved; and hearing her ſpeak, he thought he heard ſomething in the ſound of her voice which reſembled his unknown one, ſo that being raviſhed with joy, he waited till the complements between *Policrite* and ſhe was paſſed, and ſhe ſeated in her place; and ſhe was no ſooner ſet, but *Timantes*, according to the freedom of our Court, talked to her, to the end he might move her to anſwer him; but this Lady being one of that country whoſe cuſtom is not to talk with any ſhe knows not, had much ado to anſwer him: Beſides, ſhe was as dull as ſhe was fair, and when ſhe did anſwer, it was ſo confuſedly, and little to the purpoſe, that *Timantes* hardly underſtood what ſhe ſaid. However, his imagination being foreſtalled, he thought her ſtupidity and ſilence, was only affected, and that ſhe would diſguiſe her ſelf, therefore he continued on, ſtill hoping ſhe would ſpeak more; but long did he ſtay before he could get any thing from her, unleſs a yea or no: yet at laſt he found his error, for a man of *Amathonte* coming to her, ſhe talk'd to him ſo freely after the ruſticity of her country, as fully undeceived *Timantes*, and ſince there was not one woman of any reaſonable quality in all the aſſembly which he had not ſpoke unto, or heard ſpeak, he ſat down, but ſo ſadly, that he minded nothing which paſſed in the company; yet they forced him to dance, but it was ſo careleſly, and far from his accuſtomed garb, that *Policrite* could not chuſe but chide him. In the mean time, ſince I thought the Ball would quickly end, I went out, to render an account of my obſervations unto my Siſter, and told her exactly to the leaſt circumſtance all his actions, nameing all the principal Ladies of the aſſembly which *Timantes* talked with, not forgetting the Lady of *Amathonte*: I told her alſo that I thought there were men about the houſe watching who entered, but I did not think they could know me, becauſe it was very dark: After I had told all I knew, I went out at another door than I entered at. But *Amaxita* had no ſooner well informed *Parthenia* of all paſſages, but *Timantes* came unto his accuſtomed place. However, *Parthenia* the more to deceive him, wore many Jewels that night, more than uſual; for though it was dark, yet there was ſo much dim light from the Moon, the Stars, and Candle which was at the further end of the room, as might make the Diamonds ſparkle: ſo that *Timantes* knowing that *Parthenia* was better dreſſed than ordinary; he thought then that ſhe had really been at the Ball: though he knew he had ſpoken unto all the Ladies, and knew that none of them was her he talked unto then: Moreover ſince he underſtood from his ſpies, that there entered none into the houſe but one man, he thought again ſhe was not at the Ball: ſo that he was driven to ſuch a cruel neceſſity, as he knew not what to think: But to compleat his amazement, *Parthenia* no ſooner ſaw him, but not giving him ſo much leaſure as to ſpeak. Well, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) what think you of the ſpirit of the *Amathontine* Lady, with whom you talked longer than with any Lady of *Paphos*? do you not fear that all the Ladies of our Court ſhould hate you, for preferring a Lady of that Country before them? and do you not further think I may well be Jealous? I pray Heavens, Madam, ſaid he, that it be the laſt of theſe, for ſince that paſſion cannot be in your heart, but it muſt ariſe from another, I ſhould think my ſelf very happy; for then you muſt love me, and let me ſee you, and conſequently I muſt not be driven to the cruel neceſſity of ſeeking you out every where, and finding you no where, but here where I cannot ſee you with a full ſatisfaction. But, Madam, I beſeech you tell me ſincerely, whether you were at the Ball or no? Is it not a ſufficient anſwer, ſaid ſhe, to tell you all that paſſed in this meeting? and then ſhe told him all that *Amaxita* had related unto her, and ſo puzzled him, that he knew not what to think. But yet (ſaid ſhe unto him) who would you wiſh me to be of all the Ladies you ſaw with *Policrite?* I wiſh you were none but your ſelf, replied he, and that I could know who you are, for if you uſe me thus long, I ſhall infallibly loſe my wits and reaſon. Very well (anſwered *Parthenia* and ſmiled) I begin to think ſo, and that which makes me moſt fear it, is, that unleſs you had been out of your wits and reaſon, you would never have offered me ſuch a rich gift, which I could not accept of, without a ſtain unto my virtue. You may think it from another conjecture, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) for after you had ſent me ſuch a glorious example of generoſity, and ſent me back my gift with another more rich than mine, yet I keep it without rendring you thanks: yet I ſhall keep it no longer than until you are pleaſed to honour me with your Picture, which you have not forbidden me to hope for. So did my woman tell me, replied *Parthenia*, but I muſt tell you, there are many things to be done, before I give you my Picture, for I will be firſt well aſſured of your heart for ever; but until then, I pray tell me, who do you think of all the beauties you have ſeen in *Cyprus*, does in your judgment beſt deſerve the prize? You have ſo accuſtomed me to make no uſe of my eyes (ſaid he unto her) that I think them to be very ill Judges of beauty; for ſince I think upon none but that of your ſoul, and mind, and cannot ſee yours, I cannot tell whether I ſhould love the fair or the brown. *Parthenia* did then exceedingly preſs him to tell her whether he liked the beauty of *Policrite* or *Aretaphile* better, purpoſely to prepoſſeſs him with what he ſhould hereafter find hers to be; but do what ſhe could, he could not clearly expreſs himſelf, becauſe he knew not the complexion of her he ſpoke unto; but ſtriving to divert the diſcourſe, he told her, how all the men and women in *Cyprus* (except one woman, whoſe judgement was oppoſite to all others) told him that all the beauty he had ſeen was nothing comparable to the beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*. *Parthenia* hearing her ſelf named, did think at firſt, that perhaps *Timantes* knew who ſhe was, but ſhe was miſtaken; for *Timantes* going on with his diſcourſe: 'Tis true, ſaid he, I do believe this ſingular woman as much as I do all the reſt; eſpecially becauſe ſhe is one of a good wit. Wit, replied ſhe, is not ſo neceſſary to judge of beauty: But there is a neceſſity of Juſtice and Impartiality, and without envy at the beauty of another. But I pray tell me, ſaid *Parthenia*, who is the woman which ſpeaks thus in diſadvantage of the Princeſs of *Salamis*? *Timantes* thinking of no inconveniency by naming this Lady, needed not many entreaties: But he had no ſooner named her, than *Parthenia* began to wonder at her injuſtice. I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, do not judge of the Princeſs of *Salamis* and her beauty by the reports of this woman, who without reaſon hates her. But if ſhe be ſo amiable as they ſay ſhe is, replied *Timantes*, how is it poſſible ſhe ſhould hate her? No, no, Sir, replied *Parthenia*, do not deceive your ſelf, you muſt never judge of the beauty of one fair one, by the reports of another beauty: For I am confident that amongſt a hundred, you will not find two that are juſt, but every one will think to add glory unto themſelves by detracting from others. The truth is, ſaid *Timantes*, I did wonder very much this woman ſhould be ſo oppoſite unto the judgement of all others, concerning the Princeſs of *Salamis*. I pray tell me, ſaid *Parthenia*, what ſhe did ſay in particular of her? For I take the greateſt pleaſure in the world to ſee envy and jealouſie work in the ſpirits of thoſe who are inſpired with thoſe humours. Since it is your pleaſure, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I will confeſs, that after I had the honour to meet you the firſt time in the Labyrinth, and could not find you in any place after, nor none could tell me who you were, I had an imagination that you were this Princeſs whereof we ſpeak: Yet I durſt never reveal my thoughts unto any but this Lady, who was my indifferent good friend; but ſhe kept me not long in that errour; for ſhe told me the Princeſs of *Salamis*, had a ſhrill voice not at all ſweet; that ſhe was groſs and ill made; that ſhe had white, but not handſom and fair hands. The truth is, ſaid *Parthenia*, There is no certain concluſions to be made by the reports of others; and ſince I love *Parthenia* very well, but do not love her who ſpeaks againſt her, perhaps I ſhall be partial, and favour the one, and wrong the other, therefore I would have you ſee the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and be judge your ſelf. In the mean time I am beholding to you, for thinking me to be her; for though ſhe were not as all report her, yet my obligation is not the leſs, ſince your imagination fancied me to be ſo, and not as that Lady deſcribed her. 'Tis true, replied *Timantes*, That I fancied your Idea like that of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, be ſhe as fair as ſhe can be. However (ſaid *Parthenia*, exceedingly deſiring to know what *Timantes* would think of her beauty) I pray do me ſo much favour as to ſee that Princeſs. How can I ſee her, Madam? replied he; for the Prince *Philoxipes* asked her leave to bring me into her deſart, and ſhe would not honour me ſo far: And to tell you truly, Madam, all my curioſity is confined unto your ſelf, and I deſire to ſee none elſe: Yet I ſhould think my ſelf obliged to you (anſwered ſhe) if you would ſee her. Once more, Madam, ſaid he, pray tell me how I can ſee her? You may eaſily do it (ſaid *Parthenia*) for I know ſhe goes almoſt every day unto a little Temple of *Venus Urania*, not above thirty furlongs from her houſe, towards *Amathonte*. I do know the Temple, ſaid he, for it was ſhewed unto me as I went unto the *Adonian* Feaſt. Since ſo, ſaid ſhe, I pray you go thither to morrow; for I confeſs I ſhould be very glad if the beauty of that Princeſs ſhould pleaſe you, to the end you may hereafter ſuſpect the reports of that Lady who I love not, and may put her out of the Catalogue of your friends. Alas, Madam, ſaid *Timantes*, there is no neceſſity of my ſeeing the Princeſs of *Salamis*, for I know enough from you to make me diſcard that Lady from the number of my friends; for ſince ſhe does not pleaſe you, ſhe cannot me. No, no, ſaid ſhe, I would not have you do ſo out of complacency, but out of reaſon, therefore I conjure you to do as I deſire. But, Madam, ſaid he, if this Princeſs be as fair as reports make her, methinks you ſhould have ſome care of my heart, in expoſing it unto ſo great a danger: at leaſt you ſhould ſhew me your eyes, that I may with them defend my ſelf againſt hers. On the contrary, ſaid ſhe, ſince I do intend never to give my entire affection until I am firſt moſt certainly aſſured of yours, I wiſh the Princeſs of *Salamis* were a thouſand times fairer than ſhe is, that ſhe might be a ſtronger tryal of your conſtancy: For ſince I value not a perfidious inconſtant heart, nor would be loved for beauty if I had it, but would have good ſecurity againſt all thoſe evils which beauty cauſes, I ſhould be glad you ſaw all the beauties in *Cyprus*, to the end I might not fear it. In concluſion, Sir, *Parthenia* ordered the matter with ſo much art, that *Timantes* promiſed to go next morning and ſee whether the Princeſs of *Salamis* were at that Temple, not having the leaſt ſuſpicion of the truth, nor thinking ſhe had any other deſign in her commands, but only that ſhe loved to be punctually obeyed: So that he prepared himſelf for it: And after he went from her, *Parthenia* gave all requiſite orders for her journey in the morning, and ſo did he: *Amaxita* writ a Letter unto me to ſend a Coach by break of day; for *Parthenia* would not make uſe of the Ladies with whom ſhe lodged, becauſe *Timantes* knew it. So ſhe did riſe betimes in the morning, and dreſſed her ſelf in her richeſt habit, and neglected nothing which might ſet her ſelf out with advantage: When ſhe was all ready, and had looked the laſt time in her glaſs, *Amaxita* asked what was her deſign? not being yet ſatisfied with all the reaſons ſhe had told her, I would exactly know, ſaid ſhe, what *Timantes* will think of me, which I can never do, if I ſhew my ſelf unto him, and diſcover who I am. But, Madam, (ſaid *Amaxita* unto her) ſince you do not fear that your beauty will attract the heart of *Timantes*, why do you not tell him the truth? No, replied *Parthenia*,

Parthenia, I have not changed my mind; but ſtill fear the menaces of the gods, and theſe fears are my reaſons why I go ſo fantaſtically to work. But for all that, Madam (ſaid *Amaxita*) I am confident *Timantes* will think you the faireſt that ever he ſaw: and I believe all the excellings of your ſpirit, your ſoul, your hands, your ſtature, and your voice will have much ado to hold out againſt the glory of your eyes; and therefore if you think you cannot marry him, if perchance he ſhould be in love with your beauty as well as with your ſoul, never expoſe him unto that danger, but ſeek out ſome other way to make tryal of his fidelity. Yet *Parthenia* would not harken unto *Amaxita*: But not well knowing what ſhe ſhould think if *Timantes* ſhould commend her either too much or too little: She went into the Temple ſo early, as ſhe was in no danger to be known in the Town: She went alſo by a blind way, to the end that ſhe might come as if ſhe came from *Salamis*: for ſo her Deſart was called: But ſince ſhe feared that if *Timantes* did ſee her in the Temple, he would know her by her ſtature: aſſoon as ſhe came, ſhe offered her ſacrifice; and afterwards ſeeing that *Timantes* was not come, ſhe went unto the Sacrificers houſe, under pretence of reſting her ſelf, whoſe houſe was cloſe by the way as one comes from *Paphos*. So that being in a Parlor, ſhe leaned againſt the window talking with *Amaxita*, whoſe hood was up as well as hers; for in favour of their deſign the Sun did not then ſhine. She had not ſtood there a quarter of an hour, but *Amaxita* eſpied *Timantes* coming towards the place where they were, having with him only one ſervant, and ſhe no ſooner eſpied him, but ſhe ſhewed him unto *Parthenia*, juſt as *Timantes* turned his eyes towards them, but it was ſo far off as he could not diſcern her beauty, and thefore he advanced with no haſte; but when he was ſo near *Parthenia* as to diſtinguiſh that attracts in her face, he made no queſtion but ſhe was the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and was ſo ſurpriſed at the luſtre of her beauty, that he changed colour, and confeſſed to himſelf, that the Idea which he had fancyed of his beloved unknown Lady, was not fairer, nor ſo fair as this Princeſs: he went then as gently as poſſible, he gazed upon her with attention full of rapture, and bowed unto her with moſt reverent reſpect, and did not go into the Temple until he had ſeriouſly contemplated upon it, and meeting with one of the ſacrificers of that place going into the Temple, he ſtayed and fell into diſcourſe with him, purpoſely for a pretence of looking longer upon her; at firſt he intended to go unto her as upon a viſit, knowing ſhe was not ignorant he was the friend of the Prince her Brother, but having only one ſervant with him, and being in a courſe and common habit, he could not find a mind to be ſo near a perſon of that Beauty and Majeſty, who ſtruck ſo high an admiration and reſpect into him; therefore ſince the ſacrificer went into the Temple, and he durſt ſtay no longer there, he went into the Temple alſo, hoping ſtill he ſhould ſee her again at his coming out: But *Parthenia* having no intention he ſhould ſpeak unto her, or follow her, aſſoon as ſhe ſaw him gone into the Temple, ſhe took Coach, and went towards the place of her ſolitude, yet ſhe went out of it again, aſſoon as ſhe was in a wood about two furlongs diſtant from the Temple; and ſince ſhe would not come unto *Paphos* until it was night, nor meet with *Timantes* in the way, ſhe took a blind way through the forreſt which went unto the houſe of one who was acquainted with my Siſter, and there ſhe paſſed away the reſt of the day. In the mean while, Sir, ſince *Parthenia* had obſerved that her beauty had produced its cuſtomary effects upon the ſpirits of *Timantes*, to wit, admiration, and turbulency, ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould be glad or angry, yet ſhe deſired to pleaſe *Timantes*; but for all that, when ſhe conſidered the menaces of the gods, ſhe could not chuſe but be ſorrowful, that her beauty had any influence upon the mind of her Lover, and feared, that ſince he was ſo ſenſible, he would not be ſo conſtant, as ſhe wiſhed and hoped. However, (ſaid *Amaxita* to her, and laughed) though *Timantes* do change the object of his paſſion, yet is he not inconſtant, becauſe ſtill he loves none but you: I aſſure you, anſwered ſhe, that if he ſhould, I ſhould be no leſs jealous of my ſelf than any other: Oh, Madam, (ſaid *Amaxita*, and interrupted her) it is not poſſible you ſhould ſo ſcrupulouſly rely upon the Oracle, as to have any ſuch thought, and be jealous of your ſelf; for would you have *Timantes* have no eyes? or in having be worſe, and think you not handſom? Truly *Amaxita*, replied ſhe, you put me to the queſtion, for I ſhould be ſorry to ſeem ugly in his eye, and yet I would not have him dote too much upon beauty, and if I ſhould find that he prefers the Princeſs of *Salamis* before his unknown Miſtreſs, I do confeſs I ſhould be very ſorry: Truly, Madam, replied *Amaxita*, I cannot believe you, and I am confident, that maugre all the menaces of the Gods, you do not think as you ſpeak, ſince certainly it is not poſſible any beauty ſhould be an enemy unto her own charms. But, Sir, whilſt *Parthenia* and *Amaxita* were thus talking, *Timantes* was entertaining himſelf very ſweetly with the rare beauty which he had ſeen. Is it not poſſible, would he ſay, to joyn the ſpirit of my beloved unknown one, to the beauty of her I ſaw? Alas, alas, I would it were, that I might be the happieſt man alive, in the enjoyment of the moſt accompliſht perſon in the world; but that would be too much, and if there were a woman in the world ſo fair as the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and whoſe ſpirit were as great and ſweet as hers I love, there would be more Altars erected unto her, than either unto *Venus-Anadiomena*, or to *Venus Urania*: Be contented therefore with what the Gods have given unto her whom I adore, and wiſh only that ſhe be but a little leſs fair than the Princeſs of *Salamis*. *Timantes* was not long in theſe thoughts, for his hot deſire of ſeeing this wonder of beauty again, moved him to go out of the Temple almoſt as ſoon as he came into it: But ſore was he grieved, to underſtand from thoſe that looked to his horſes, that the Princeſs of *Salamis* was gone, he asked which way ſhe went, and followed a while, but ſince ſhe was in the wood before he took horſe, he could not overtake her, therefore he returned towards *Paphos*, ſo raviſhed with the beauty of this Princeſs, that he almoſt feared his falling in love with her. In the mean time, ſince his unknown Lady did not prohibit him from ſpeaking of this journey, he told every one where he had been, only concealed the cauſe; and the chiefeſt motive which induced him ſo to do, was, becauſe he colud not forbear commending the beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, which he knew he durſt not do to the height, when he ſpoke with his unknown one at night, for he knew that it was the greateſt indiſcretion in the world for any Lover to commend the beauty of another before his Miſtreſs, and the moſt of all in him, becauſe his Miſtreſs would not have him ſo inamoured with the beauty of the body as the mind, ſo that he did nothing but extol the beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, unto all the men he met with that day, he told it unto *Philoxipes*, *Policrite*, and *Dorida*; and he went himſelf to tell that Lady who ſo diſcommended this Princeſs, that ſhe knew not what beauty was; he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion that this Princeſs was his unknown Lady, ſuppoſing it a thing impoſſible, that a woman ſo fair, could hide her beauty from a man that was in love with her, eſpecially from one ſhe hated not, and whom ſhe wiſhed eternally to love her: for being ignorant of the Oracles which the Princeſs received, he could not gueſs at the true cauſe of her ſo fantaſtical and extraordinary proceedings: None could think it ſtrange, that the Princeſs ſhould come ſo near *Paphos* as this Temple, and not come into the Town, becauſe it was her ordinary humour. But *Philoxipes* and *Policrite* murmured a little that ſhe did not ſend to know how they did, imagining no other reaſon, but that ſhe had no deſire to have it known ſhe was there, for fear ſhe ſhould be invited to come into the Town: However, night being come, *Timantes* went unto his accuſtomed place of meeting, being reſolved to commend the beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, but not too highly for the reaſons aforeſaid: He was no ſooner there, but *Parthenia* asked him, what he thought of the Princeſs of *Salamis*? I think ſhe is very fair, replied he, and I think that e who told me otherwiſe, did her much wrong, for truly if that Princeſs had a mind anſwerable to her eyes, and a ſoul as fair as her face, queſtionleſs ſhe were a rare woman: But though ſhe be only fair, replied *Parthenia*, is it not poſſible to love her? Yes, (replied he, and ſmiled) if thoſe that look upon her were all eyes and no ſpirit: No, no, ſaid *Parthenia*, do not diſſemble, I ſee you have a mind to anſwer me according to my thoughts, and not your own; and to tell me rather what I would have you ſay, than what you think: Suppoſe I did, Madam, replied he, is it a crime to be complacential? Compliance, ſaid ſhe, ought not to go ſo far as to diſſemble ones thoughts, it is enough if it ſubmit unto them, and too much to hide them; true delight conſiſts in conformity of thoughts, and not of words only; and truly I am more joyed to ſee one whom I love, think juſt as I do, than I am to ſee them who for my ſake force themſelves in every thing to a complacency: certainly there is nothing more ſweet and pleaſing than this ſympathy of ſpirits, thoughts and opinions; therefore never ſtrive to find out what I would wiſh you to ſay, but be clear and ingenuous, and ſpeak your own thoughts, for you cannot deceive me. Madam, replied he, I do ever ſpeak ſincerely unto you, you ask me whether the Princeſs of *Salamis* be fair? I anſwer you that ſhe is very fair, am I far from the truth? *Parthenia* being then angred to think her Beauty had not ſo much pierced the heart of *Timantes* as ſhe thought, began to ſpeak in a little higher tone: You commend the Beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis* very coldly (ſaid ſhe unto him) that it is plain to ſee, you do it out of complacency only, or elſe out of ſubtilty to perſwade me your heart is not ſenſible of beauty. 'Tis moſt true, Madam, replyed he, I am at this time ſenſible of nothing but your ſpirit and ſoul, and all I know of you: and therefore, Madam do not wonder (ſaid he, thinking that he could not pleaſe her better) if I be not ſo much charmed with the Beauty of this Princeſs, as I ſhould have been, if I had not been in love with you: And truly, Madam, my deſires of returning hither were ſo hot, that I did not ſpend much time in contemplation of her. This, Sir, was the conference between *Timantes* and *Parthenia* that night, *Timantes* hardly daring to commend the Beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, though *Parthenia* ſeemed to deſire it, and *Parthenia* not well knowing whether ſhe ſhould commend him for it, or no: But after he was gone, ſhe reſolved with her ſelf, and concluded that her Beauty did not charm him, and was miſtaken when ſhe thought to ſee nothing but ſigns of admiration in his face and actions: No, no, ſaid ſhe unto *Amaxita*, certainly I am deceived, and all that which I thought to be admiration is only aſtoniſhment; *Timantes* queſtionleſs is ſurpriſed, but it is to ſee that the world ſhould ſo much commend me with ſo little cauſe; certainly he loves beauty in another ſhape than that which the gods have given unto me; there is ſomething in my face which diſtaſts his eyes, and will certainly make me to loſe all that my ſpirit hath gotten. Madam, (ſaid *Amaxita* unto her) you ſaid you would not have *Timantes* love you for your beauty: 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, but however, I would not have him hate me becauſe he finds ſomething in my face which does not pleaſe him: I know *Amaxita* (ſaid ſhe) that this I ſay ſeems unreaſonable unto you, but I cannot help it, for had you tryed as I have done, what a monſtrous miſery it is to be ſlighted by him who once adored me, you would excuſe all my imperfections and weakneſſes, and would confeſs, I had reaſon to try all ways poſſible, which might make me know the heart of *Timantes*. However, Sir, *Parthenia* was not long in the belief that her beauty did diſpleaſe her lover, for as it was my chance to be in three or four places where he had ſo highly extolled her, the next morning I acquainted my Siſter, and ſhe *Parthenia* with it, and ſince I thought there was never any danger in telling a beauty that ſhe was extolled, I told the ſtory with as many aggravations as I could, and therefore ſaid, I think *Timantes* was as much in love with her beauty as her ſpirit. Madam, ſaid *Amaxita* to her, it may truly be ſaid that *Timantes* loves two and is not inconſtant, ſince he loves but one perſon, and by giving his heart to one, he does not take it from the other; and it may be further ſaid, that you have a Rival whom you cannot hate, for I do not think your ſpirit can envy the power of your eyes, nor your eyes oppoſe the conqueſts of your ſpirit. *Parthenia* hearkned unto all that *Amaxita* ſaid, and never gave her anſwer; but after I was gone, and ſhe had commanded me to keep an obſervant eye ſtill over *Timantes*, ſhe did complain of him almoſt as much for extolling her beauty too high unto others, as ſhe did for extolling it too little the night before unto her, and finding that he did not ſpeak ſincerely, ſhe was very ſad, yet not ſo much as when ſhe thought that ſhe did not pleaſe his eye, and when *Amaxita* asked her what ſecurity ſhe deſired of the heart of *Timantes*? ſhe told her that ſhe did not know her ſelf: Truly, Madam, ſaid *Amaxita* to her, I cannot ſee you can either expect or deſire better aſſurance than you have, that *Timantes* is the man whom the gods would have you to marry; for he began to love you without the power of your beauty, and not knowing whether you were noble or rich: he ſtill loves you, and knows not that you are fair, and loves you in a place where there are a thouſand ſhining beauties, who do all they can to engage his heart; you would have perſwaded him that you were ill-favoured, and indeed he had great reaſon to ſuſpect it; yet for all this he continues loving you; you have alſo imployed your own beauty to make tryal of his conſtancy, and you ſee he is faithful to you, that he dares not commend her in your preſence, for fear certainly he ſhould thereby give you cauſe to think that he can be ſenſible of beauty. All that you ſay is true, replied *Parthenia*, but yet for all this, if *Timantes* can ſuffer his heart to be drawn from his unknown Miſtreſs, by the charms that are in the beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, though his unknown Miſtreſs and this Princeſs be all one, yet I have reaſon to fear, that if he can quit my ſpirit for my beauty, he may hereafter quit both my ſpirit and my beauty, for ſome other perſon, unto whom the grace of novelty will give advantage; ſo that to have better aſſurance of the heart of *Timantes*, I will yet try what abſence will do, which queſtionleſs is the ſtrongeſt teſt of all others, therefore I will return into my ſolitude, and return without ſo much as bidding him adieu, fearing that if he ſhould know, he would ſet ſo many ſpies about the houſe, that he might follow me. *Amaxita* did oppoſe her deſign, and perſwaded her as much as ſhe could to let *Timantes* know of her departure, but all in vain, for ſhe would not hearken unto her; yet ſhe could not depart the next morning, becauſe ſome orders were to be taken for the privacy of her journey, ſo that ſhe ſaw

Timantes once more, whom ſhe chid for the exceſſive applauds which he gave the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and for not ſpeaking unto her in the ſame terms when he told her his opinion; and therefore, ſaid ſhe unto him, I have cauſe to believe that they who accuſe you of being in love with her had reaſon for it: but I pray you if it be ſo confeſs it unto me, I conjure you unto it, to the end I may not ingage my ſelf in any further affection, and that I may be no impediment unto you in that conqueſt: but, Sir, deceive not your ſelf, you will not find ſo eaſie a matter as may be you think; I know *Parthenia*, and I know ſhe is harder to pleaſe than I am, and more delicate; ſo that in all likelyhood, if you quit me for her, you will loſe me, and not find her. *Timantes* hearing *Parthenia* ſay ſo, did proteſt that he was not in love with the Princeſs of *Salamis*, nor ever would be: You promiſe me now, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, more than I ask, and it will be ſufficient if you only aſſure me you do not love her at preſent; as for the time to come you are a little too bold with it, if you ſpeak for it with as much certainty as for the preſent. But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince I am not at preſent in love with the Princeſs of *Salamis*, it follows of neceſſity I never ſhall be, for as I do not ſeek to ſee her, ſo though I would *I* cannot, ſince ſhe hath already denied me that honour, and therefore it is not likely I ever ſhall: I do confeſs (ſince you know I ſaid it in other places) that the Princeſs of *Salamis* is the faireſt that ever my eye beheld, but ſince I find a greater beauty in your mind and ſpirit, than in her face, and ſince I am reſolved to ſerve you all my life, and never ſee her again, it doth of neceſſary conſequence follow, that I do not love her, and that I ſhall for ever love you. However once more let me tell you, ſaid *Parthenia*, it is good to ſubmit unto the providence of the gods, for the time to come: Why, Madam, ſaid he, have you not told me a hundred times that you would not value any affection which you were not ſure would be eternal? ſo that you had an eye unto things to come, as well as things paſt and preſent. However it be, ſaid *Parthenia*, I would not have you anſwer equally for the preſent and the future, leſt you make me ſuſpect both.

both: After much ſuch diſcourſe as this, *Timantes* retired, and the next morning *Parthenia* returned to her ſolitude, leaving a Letter with me for *Timantes*, with orders to convey it ſo ſecretly unto him, that he could not ſuſpect or gueſs how it came; but ſince the difficulty was, to find out a way how *Timantes* might anſwer, and not know which way his Letters went. I was a long time before my invention could hit on it, but at laſt I found out a way to convey *Parthenia*'s Letter to him, and his anſwer to her, unknown to him by whom, and thus I went to work. I ſent the firſt Letter of *Parthenia* to *Timantes* as I ſent the Jewels, that is to ſay, by an unknown perſon, who gave it unto his ſervant; but I added a note unto this Letter, counterfeiting my hand as *Parthenia* did hers, by which I intimated unto him, if he would return an anſwer, he ſhould give his Letter unto one who in the morning early ſhould be at the ſtatue of *Venus* in the great Temple of *Paphos*; and to the end that the matter might be carried with more ſafety, I employed one of my friends, and made him believe, that it did highly concern me (upon a deſign which hereafter I would impart to him, when I had commiſſion for it from a perſon who had abſolute power over me) to receive ſome Letters which none ſhould know by whom I received them, nor for whom I received them; and I did ſo entangle the matter, that he could never know whether I negotiated for my ſelf or for another, or whether it concerned matter of State, or matter of Gallantry, ſo that he not knowing whether I tranſacted in things concerning love or ambition, he did as I deſired him, and I giving him full inſtructions, and he being both bold and truſty, the buſineſs was done as well as I could wiſh: He delivered the Letter which *Parthenia* left at parting, and which did extreamly ſurpriſe *Timantes*, and it was thus indited.

To Timantes.

SIR,

IN this reſoluion which I have fixed upon, to try whether the affection which you profeſs unto me, will abide abſence, and ſurmount it, I think you are a little beholding unto me, for ſparing you the labour of bidding me adieu, think *if you will, that I ſpared my ſelf that labour, for ſince I hide my face from you, it is but juſt I tell you that which my eyes would have done if you had ſeen them. If during this abſence I underſtand you continue faithful unto me, and that really you are not in love with the Princeſs of* Salamis *to my prejudice, perhaps at our next meeting you ſhall know who I am. In the mean time remember it is not permitted you to enquire who gives you my Letters, nor who receives your anſwers; know that it concerns your good if you love me, and mine alſo: Adieu.*

¶ This Letter did not only ſurpriſe, but extreamly grieve *Timantes*, and he was ſo paſſionately both in love and ſorrow for her abſence, that he was nothing but a lump of Melancholly, and ſo continued many days. The greateſt augmentation of his inquietudes, was, that it was not permitted him to enquire of that which he had the greateſt deſire to know; and that he was not able to keep within thoſe ſtrait limits which were preſcribed him. He went himſelf to carry his anſwer unto my friend who expected it in the place which I directed him to: but he was exceedingly ſurpriſed when he ſaw him to be a man he knew not, and a man of Quality: He offered any thing unto him if he would tell him unto whom he was to give that Letter, but all in vain, inſomuch as he was driven to the neceſſity of conjuring him not to tell he asked the queſtion. So that my friend giving me the Letter which could have no ſuſpicion, I ſent it unto *Parthenia*, who found theſe words.

The unfortunate and miſerable Timantes *unto his cruel unknown one.*

Madam,

IN thinking to ſpare me the ſorrows of bidding you adieu, you have drowned me in them. What can you think, Madam, will become of a man who adores you, who knows not who you are, nor whither you go, but is ignorant whether you will ever return for him, or ever return at all? For Heavens ſake, Madam, have ſome compaſſion upon my conſtancy, and never fear that the Princeſs of Salamis *will drive*

drive you out of my heart: I do admire her, I confeſs, but I will not love her, as I told you before, I will not ſee her. In the mean time, I beſeech you, put not my patience to the utmoſt rack, unleſs it be your deſign to make me deſpair, or unleſs you would put me to death not only for love, but alſo for curioſity. Return, Madam, I beſeech you, if you be gone, or ſhew your ſelf unto me, if you be not: For truly I cannot imagine where you are, or who you can be; and I am perſwaded that if your inhumanity laſt a little longer, I ſhall not know my ſelf: Yet I am moſt certain, that nothing can prevent me from being the moſt faithful of your Lovers, and the moſt zealous of your Adorers,

Timantes.

This, Sir, was the anſwer which I ſent unto *Parthenia*, who writ many times to *Timantes*, and he alſo unto her: Yet ſince the beauty of this Princeſs who he ſaw in that little Temple which is in the way towards *Amathonte*, did make a deep impreſſion in his heart, he ſpoke of her very much; ſo that *Antimaques* who was in love with *Dorida*, and would have been even raviſhed with joy to ſee him married unto *Parthenia*, he always was hinting unto him that it was only this Princeſs that he could marry with honour, and not with an unknown woman, who perhaps had no beauty, or at leaſt was of ſome fantaſtical diſpoſition. *Timantes* then did remember him of his promiſe not to condemn his paſſion, if the unknown Lady did refuſe his preſent: But *Antimaques* anſwered that when he ſaid ſo, he did not think there was in *Cyprus* any match for him ſo advantagious as this of this Princeſs; but now he underſtood that the Prince *Philoxipes* did really wiſh that he ſhould marry his Siſter, he could not be any longer in his firſt opinion: For I pray you, Sir, ſaid he unto him, do but compare your unknown Lady with *Parthenia* a little; as for her quality, it is moſt certain it cannot be more high, nor ſo high, for there is none in all the Iſle that is comparable unto her; as for her beauty, according to your own deſcription, the compariſon muſt needs be as unequal; as for her virtue, you know what high reputation ſhe hath; and as for her ſpirit, the world knows no equal, and would you prefer you know not who, before her? Doubtleſs *I* would, replied *Timantes*, for I love her, and ſhe does not hate me: as for the Princeſs of *Salamis*, though I could love her, and though her raviſhing beauty ſhould force me to be perfidious, yet it were very doubtful whether ſhe could love me; for *I* have heard ſay ſhe is of a nice ſpirit, and few men can pleaſe her, though many not without ſome merit have courted her, therefore I pray you talk no more of this Princeſs, whoſe Idea is but too deeply imprinted already in my imagination. In the mean time, *Dorida*, who for the intereſt ſhe had in *Antimaques*, deſired that *Timantes* might ſtay in *Cyprus*, uſed all her arguments to perſwade *Policrite*, that ſhe would importune the Princeſs of *Salamis* to quit her ſolitude; ſo that unknown to *Parthenia*, *Philoxipes*, *Policrite*, *Dorida*, and *Antimaques*, plotted her marriage with *Timantes*: and truly it was happy they did ſo; for otherwiſe, I think *Parthenia* would never have made her ſelf known unto *Timantes*; for ſince her reaſon was not quite prejudicated, ſhe would often think her proceedings with him ſo fantaſtical, that ſhe could not believe *Timantes* could really eſteem her; and as an effect of this opinion, ſhe did ſo firmly reſolve never to diſcover her ſelf, but to break off abſolutely with him, that *Amaxita* quite deſpaired of ever altering her. In the mean time, *Philoxipes* knowing that *Timantes* thought his Siſter very fair, he thought that if he could make her like him, as well as he liked her, the deſign ſo much deſired might happily take effect: But ſince ſhe could never like *Timantes* unleſs ſhe ſaw him; and ſince *Philoxipes* knew not that ſhe knew him as well as he did, he reſolved to carry him unto the Princeſs, and to ſurpriſe her in her ſolitude: But *Timantes* excuſed himſelf ſaying, he reſpected her more than to force her to ſee a man whom ſhe did not think worthy of that honour, and had denied it before, adding further, that it would be a means to make her hate him: ſo that *Timantes* refuſing to go in a civil complement, *Philoxipes* knew not what to think: But *Antimaques* who was acquainted with the paſſage, told it unto *Dorida*, to the end ſhe might tell *Policrite*, that the reaſon why *Timantes* would not go to ſee the Princeſs of *Salamis*, was, becauſe he would not expoſe himſelf unto the danger of falling in love with one who perhaps would be inſenſible of him: So that *Dorida* preparing the mind of *Policrite*, and *Policrite* the mind of *Philoxipes*, it was plotted and reſolved amongſt them, to get out *Timantes* under colour of taking a journey of pleaſure, and in lieu of carrying him unto the pretended place, to carry him unto the Princeſs: But ſince the Prince *Philoxipes* knew the humour of *Parthenia*, it was thought expedient to gain *Amaxita*; therefore he made a viſit unto the Princeſs, and negotiated the matter ſo dextrouſly, that he found an opportunity (whilſt *Parthenia* was dreſſing her ſelf, for it was very early) to talk with *Amaxita* in her chamber, and imparted unto her their deſign of marrying the Princeſs his Siſter unto *Timantes*. Let us tell her, ſaid he, to ſatisfie her concerning the Oracles which ſhe received, that he is fallen in love with her reputation, and with the commendation which every one gives of her ſpirit. At firſt, *Amaxita* thought that the Prince *Philoxipes* knew ſomething of the paſſages between *Timantes* and *Parthenia*, but ſhe was greatly undeceived of that, by ſeveral paſſages he told her: ſo that ſeeing it was the zeal and earneſt deſire of this Prince to promote this Marriage, ſhe reſolved to impart the ſecret of all the ſtory unto him, conceiving that if ſhe did not, perhaps the Prince *Philoxipes* (when he ſaw the amazement that *Timantes* would be in, when ſeeing and hearing *Parthenia* ſpeak, he would know her, and his unknown one to be one and the ſame perſon) would not know what to think, and perhaps would have ſome diſadvantagious thought of *Parthenia*; therefore ſhe entreated the Prince *Philoxipes* to believe the ſincerity of her words, and conjured him not to diſcover what ſhe had imparted, aggravating the ſcruple which *Parthenia* made, to marry a man who was in love with her beauty; ſo that *Philoxipes* crediting all that my Siſter told him, he was ſo ſtrongly confirmed in his deſign, that he thought of nothing elſe but how to promote it: He concluded then with *Amaxita* upon the day when he would bring *Timantes* unto *Parthenia*, to the end that the Princeſs might not be that day in her negligent dreſs, though ſhe ſhould not be acquainted with the reaſon: After which he returned into *Paphos*, where *Timantes* was droning out a life of melancholy, for he was profoundly in love with his unknown Miſtreſs, and could not forget the beauty of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, from whom he received divers Letters, not knowing them to be from her. In the mean time *Parthenia* was almoſt abſolutely reſolved to diſengage her ſelf from the affection of *Timantes*, for ſhe ſtood upon ſuch terms of honour, that ſhe could not reſolve to make her ſelf known unto him, after all this fantaſtical gallantry: And indeed ſhe writ unto him at if it were to be the laſt he ſhould ever receive from her: Yet I think it was not her full intention, for I think ſhe writ another after it, purpoſely to know his ſorrows after this ſad news, and the better to know how he loved her. However, *Timantes* received the Letter after he had engaged himſelf to *Policrite* and *Philoxipes* to go the next morning unto a place where yet he never had been; not thinking that it was unto the Princeſs of *Salamis*. But ſince he grieved exceſſively at the Letter from *Parthenia*, he did what he could to diſ-engage himſelf, but he could not; all his pretences would not ſerve for an excuſe, nor content *Philoxipes*: He went himſelf to *Timantes* to oblige him unto this journey. *Policrite* ſent ſeveral times unto him, and ſent him poſitive word, that for her part ſhe would not go, unleſs he did. So that as ſad as he was, there was a neceſſity of going with them; but Heavens know it was with ſo much unwillingneſs and ſorrow, that it appeared in his face, in his words, and in his habit; for it was careleſs. He did ſtrive, and force himſelf to ſeem a little pleaſant, but his ſorrows were ſtronger than himſelf. *Philoxipes* would have exceedingly grieved had he not known the cauſe; but my Siſter did write unto him, intimating it, and her deſires, of haſtening the execution of the deſign. I forgot to tell you, Sir, how *Timantes* anſwered *Parthenia*'s Letter that night, and I ſent it away ſo, that ſhe received it two hours before *Philoxipes* and *Timantes* came unto her: But never was there ſuch a condoling Letter writen; it moved *Parthenia* to repent of her rigid dealing with him: In the mean time *Amaxita* knowing that ſome company would come that day, was much puzzled how to get her out of her negligent dreſs, and bethought her ſelf of a way how to move her unto it. the Princeſs long ſince promiſed my Siſter to ſuffer her to take her Picture, and therefore my Siſter told her that I had writ unto her by him who brought the Letter from *Timantes*, intimating that the Limner would be there that day, and would infallibly be there within two hours. So that *Amaxita* in this conſideration entreated the Princeſs to dreſs her ſelf as well as poſſibly ſhe could. The Princeſs told her at firſt, that he ſhould ſtay until to morrow: but *Amaxita* told her, the Limner was ſo full of work, that he could not ſtay ſo long, and that there was no time to ſpare: So that *Parthenia*, loving my Siſter very well, did let her women dreſs her as if ſhe were going unto ſome publick Feaſt, *Amaxita* telling her that the Limner was to work upon her clothes that day, and that the better dreſſed ſhe was, the more lovely would her face look, and would inſpire a handſom fancy into the Limner, and alſo that it was neceſſary that *Parthenia* was to dreſs her ſelf, to the end he might draw her whole Picture. But whilſt *Amaxita* was makeing choice of ſuch Jewels and clothes as ſhe deſired *Parthenia* to wear that day, *Timantes* not knowing whither he was carried, left the conduct of himſelf to the Prince *Philoxipes*, and the Princeſs *Policrite*; *Antimaques* made one in this voyage as well as *Dorida*, and I had the honour to be there alſo, *Philoxipes* knowing by my Siſter, that I was a confident in the buſineſs. But, Sir, the more melancholly *Timantes* was, the more inclination had *Philoxipes* and *Policrite* to be merry, being more fully perſwaded that he was the man whom the Gods had reſerved for a happineſs unto the Princeſs of *Salamis*, ſince it is hardly poſſible without ſome ſpecial order of divine providence, that *Timantes* ſhould love *Parthenia* in ſo odd a way. In the mean time this gallant company went on, and came at laſt ſo near that Deſart of the Princeſs of *Salamis*, that *Timantes* coming out of a deep ſtudy, asked whoſe houſe that was and whither it was they went unto? It is the ſame that we go unto, ſaid *Philoxipes*, but you ſhall not know whoſe it is, until you have ſeen her who will entertain us. *Timantes* was ſo deep in his melancholy, that he never minded this indirect anſwer, or had any ſuſpicion. We came unto the Baſe Court of the Caſtle, and then went on foot: *Timantes* led *Policrite*, and *Antimaques Dorida*: As for *Philoxipes*, he told the Princeſs his Wife, and *Timantes*, he would go before, and acquaint them they were come; ſo that commanding me to follow him, we went before unto *Parthenia*'s chamber, who had newly done dreſſing her ſelf, and who being told by ſome of her ſervants that the Prince her Brother, and Princeſs her Siſter was come, ſhe was coming in haſte to entertain them: So that *Philoxipes* giving her his hand after he had ſaluted her, he did not oppoſe her civility which ſhe intended unto *Policrite*, but led her unto the midſt of the outer room where they met. Sir, it is a moſt difficult matter to relate how *Timantes* was amazed when he ſaw the Princeſs of *Salamis* appear, whom he knew at firſt, though he never ſaw her but once before; and how the Princeſs of *Salamis* was ſurpriſed when ſhe ſaw *Timantes*, who knew aſſoon as ever ſhe ſpoke that his unknown Miſtreſs and ſhe were one and the ſame; certainly this adventure was full of wonder, at the very firſt *Parthenia* bluſht: and in lieu of advancing towards *Policrite*, ſhe thought to ſtop; *Timantes* did the ſame, and never were two perſons of ſuch ſpirits as they ſo planetſtruck with amazement; yet *Timantes* amidſt his wonder, had ſome glimps of joy aſwel as ſorrow, the firſt of theſe, becauſe the beauty of *Parthenia* made ſuch a print in his heart, as he could not but joy at the ſight of ſuch a beauty; the ſecond, becauſe as things ſtood between him and his unknown Miſtreſs, he feared leſt this viſit would ruine him in her opinion. But when *Parthenia* was a little recollected from her firſt aſtoniſhment, and with much ado was able to tell *Policrite* ſhe was glad to ſee her, *Timantes* fell into a ſecond fit of wonder, much greater than the firſt; for *Parthenia* had no ſooner pronounced four words, but he perfectly knew her voice, and made no queſtion in the world but that ſhe was his unknown Miſtreſs: but yet this laſt amazement was much different from the firſt; for he was beyond all expectation joyed to find, that all he loved in two perſons were conjoyned in one, and that his unknown Miſtreſs and *Parthenia* were one and the ſame, the motions of his heart did beat in his eyes; joy danced in his looks, and he had much ado to hinder his expreſſions of it; eſpecially when *Policrite* having ended her own complements, preſented him unto *Parthenia*, who ſaluted him civilly, but yet very faintly; for ſince ſhe was ignorant how *Timantes* was compelled to come unto her, ſhe thought that ſince he was ſo jocund after ſuch a Letter as ſhe ſent him, that he did not love her; ſo that though ſhe was not uncivil, yet he obſerved ſhe was angry: Alſo ſhe was ſo aſhamed, that *Timantes* ſhould know her, that ſhe could no longer hide her ſelf from him, and that it was no obligement in her, the making her ſelf known unto him, that all her thoughts were ſo intangled and confuſed, that ſhe knew not what to do or think, yet ſhe imagined there was ſome ſecret deſign or other in this viſit, and ſhe ſuſpected that *Amazita* had revealed her ſecret; ſhe looked earneſtly in her eyes to find in them a confirmation of her ſuſpicion, but ſhe could not diſcover any thing by them. In the mean while *Philoxipes* began to chide his ſiſter and laugh, becauſe ſhe was not ſufficiently joyed at the ſight of *Policrite*, and becauſe of her incivility in not thanking her for bringing to her the braveſt and moſt gallant man in the world, in bringing *Timantes*: I believe, ſaid ſhe unto her, that the Princeſs my Siſter is ſo well perſwaded of my affection, as ſhe will not doubt but I am raviſhed with joy to ſee her, and as for this illuſtrious ſtranger (added ſhe and bluſhed) I think he hath ſo little cauſe to thank you for bringing him hither, as I have not ſo much intereſt in him, as to thank you my ſelf for him. I aſſure you, Madam, (replied *Timantes*, and looked upon her with equal love and joy) I think my ſelf ſo happy in the honour of ſeeing you this day, that if you had any intereſt in me, you would render abundance of thanks for me unto the Prince *Philoxipes*, and ſo much the more (ſaid he, thinking to juſtifie himſelf, and not thinking that the company took any notice) becauſe the Prince *Philoxipes* forced that happineſs upon me, in compelling me to come hither, where I ſhould have feared to diſturb your ſolitude. After this *Parthenia* brought all this good company into her chamber, her mind being as full of various thoughts, as the mind of *Timantes*, whoſe eyes were ſtill fixed upon hers, and ſhe on the contrary durſt not look upon him, but ſhunned his looks as much as ſhe could: In the mean while *Philoxipes* and *Policrite*, asked her how it came to paſs ſhe was ſo finely dreſſed in a deſart, and afterward chid her for coming near *Paphos*, and never ſending to ſee how they did; and thus the time was ſpent until dinner. But as *Timantes* did burn with deſire to tell his adored unknown Miſtreſs that he knew her, ſo he watched the opportunity (whilſt *Philoxipes* and *Policrite* were talking of the beſt expedients to get *Parthenia*'s conſent unto their deſires) to addreſs himſelf unto her, and to talk with her when none heard. Why, Madam, ſaid he unto her, have you ſo long Eclipſed the greateſt beauty in the World? why would you rather put it to hazard than give your conſent that I ſhould ſee you? The laſt Letter which your unknown Miſtreſs writ unto you (ſaid ſhe unto him) has ſo little reached your heart, that I cannot tell whether her acquaintance with you, will be ſo pleaſing as you imagine; or whether the conſolation which you look for from the Princeſs of *Salamis* will be ſo great as you hoped: it was not ſhe whom you ſaw at the Temple, but ſhe whom you ſaw at *Paphos*, whom I deſired you ſhould love. *Timantes* hearing *Parthenia* ſay ſo, proteſted that he never intended to come and ſee her, but that the Prince *Philoxipes* had deceived him, and forced him to come whether he would or no, and that ſhe might obſerve by his negligent habit, that he had no ſuch intentions when he roſe in the morning. The truth is, Sir, he ſet all his Rhetorick upon the rack for arguments to perſwade her, and make her believe, that he had no intention of ſeeing the Princeſs of *Salamis*, and ſaid aſmuch as if he were to juſtifie himſelf for intending a viſit unto her moſt mortal enemy, or as if his unknown Miſtreſs and the Princeſs of *Salamis*, were not all one perſon; and he was in a fair way to make his peace, when *Philoxipes* and *Policrite* came towards them; *Philoxipes* taking *Parthenia* aſide to talk with her in private, and *Policrite* to talk with *Timantes.* But, Sir, why ſhould I ſo long hinder you from knowing the good fortune and happineſs of theſe two Lovers, which is a happy Omen of your own? Therefore let me tell you, without making any particularities, that *Philoxipes* let the Princeſs of *Salamis* underſtand, that he knew how *Timantes* loved her, and ſhe made no difficulty to confeſs ſhe did not hate him. Afterwards he made it apparent unto her, that the Oracles were accompliſhed, ſince *Timantes* loved her without the influence of her beauty, and he perſwaded her to put the fidelity of *Timantes* unto no further tryals, proteſting unto her, that he durſt anſwer for his conſtancy. On the other ſide; *Policrite* told *Timantes*, that *Philoxipes* knew of his paſſion and approved of it. Thus were all things ſo proſperouſly tranſacted, that it was reſolved upon, before *Philoxipes* returned unto *Paphos*, *Antimaques* ſhould return to *Crete* to procure the conſent of *Timantes* his Father. In the mean time, leſt ſolitude ſhould infuſe freſh ſcruples, and more Phantaſtical thoughts in *Parthenia*, *Philoxipes* would have *Policrite* carry her unto his ſtately houſe of *Claria*, and there continue with her before ſhe returned to Court. In concluſion, Sir, all things were happily compoſed; *Parthenia* pardoned *Amaxita* for revealing her ſecret; *Timantes* rendered a million of thanks to the Prince *Philoxipes*, and was infinitely more in love with *Parthenia* than before, but durſt not tell her as much, leſt ſhe ſhould think he loved her beauty more than her ſoul. *Antimaques* returned with the conſent of *Timantes* his Father; and to recompence his pains, a match was made up between him and *Dorida*, and they were married eight days after *Timantes* and *Parthenia.* I ſhall not trouble you, Sir, with a relation of the great rejoycings in *Paphos*, for you are not concerned in them, only let me tell you this, *Sir*, that never were two ſo happy as *Timantes* and *Parthenia*; and to let this Princeſs ſee he loved her above Parents, Country, and all the World, he would not go into *Crete*, but reſolved to dwell in *Cyprus*. The King, for *Philoxipes* his ſake, conferred upon him the Government of one of the principal parts of the Iſle: So that *Parthenia* found a full accompliſhment of her joys, inſomuch, as you, Sir, have reaſon to hope, that the ſame gods who declared her happineſs and yours at the ſame time, would produce the ſame happy events unto you, Sir, as unto her. Alſo it was the Prince *Philoxipes* his pleaſure, that I ſhould come and acquaint you with the happy concluſion of this adventure, that you might with greater hopes wait for a happy end of all your misfortunes, and for an accompliſhment of your felicity, which he deſires, with all his heart, and wiſhes with as much zeal as he doth his own.

Megaſides having ended his ſtory, *Cyrus* expreſſed a thouſand thanks to the Prince *Philoxipes* for the hopes he gave him of an end unto his miſeries; and thanking *Megaſides* in particular for his exact relation of this pleaſant adventure, he thought he had good reaſon to hope, that ſince the gods had made *Parthenia* ſo happy ſo odd a way, they would alſo make him happy after all his miſeries. After this *Cyrus* asked *Leontidas* where he met with *Megaſides*, and he was anſwered, at *Milete*: then he diſmiſſed them, aſſuring *Megaſides* and *Leontidas*, that he would take orders for their diſpatch, as ſoon as he had taken a little reſt. But they both beſeeched him to give them ſo much leave as to ſtay and ſee the end of the Siege of *Sardis*: *Leontidas* importuning him to ſend his orders unto *Thraſibulus* by ſome other; and *Megaſides* deſired he might not return unto *Cyprus* but with news of a new Victory, to the end he might be more joyfully welcomed by *Philoxipes*. *Cyrus* conſented unto their requeſts, and giving them both thanks and commendations, he bad them retire unto their reſt, being himſelf in more quietneſs of ſpirit than he was the day before; for though the Oracle of *Babylon* did threaten him; and the Sybil declared ſad things unto him, yet ſince *Venus Urania* ſpoke him fair, he did not ſo ſadly reſent the reſt, nor deſpaired of happineſs, ſince he might as well believe the one as the other. Thus this news did invigorate his ſpirits amidſt his ſufferings: He had freſh hopes of happy ſucceſs in his Siege of *Sardis*, and hoped alſo that the unjuſt jealouſie of *Mandana* would ſhortly end: So that after he had given ſome Military orders, he refreſhed himſelf with two or three hours of ſound ſerene ſleep: His Dreams alſo which uſed to be horrid, now ſmiled upon him, and he ſaw *Mandana*, and *Mandana* not jealous nor angry: He thought he ſaw her ſitting in an Arbour ſet round with Flowers, and that ſhe called him with as much ſweetneſs in her voice as in her eyes; but as he was going unto her, and ready to kneel unto his Princeſs, he thought he heard a great noiſe, which made her vaniſh, and him awake, very ſorry he could no longer enjoy ſo fair and ſweet a viſion.

PART VI. BOOK II.

CYRUS, as ſoon as he was awake, began to think how he might turn his pleaſing dreams into real enjoyments of *Mandana*, but ſince that could not be, unleſs *Sardis* were taken; the getting of that famous Town was the object of all his wiſhes and thoughts. Never was this victorious Prince ſo greedy of Conqueſt as at this time. Nor did he neglect any thing that might further his deſign, but did ſo often hazard his life at that Siege, that if Fortune had not had a greater care of his life than himſelf, his Rivals had triumphed over his ruine without any quarrel among themſelves. But this Prince was too powerfully protected by Heaven, to fall in ſo juſt a war, though thoſe who judge of things according to appearances, and conſider not that the ſecrets of Soveraign power are inſcrutable, did think him to be forſaken. Mean while, the ceſſation of hoſtility, until the dead of both ſides were brought off, being ended, both the Aſſaulters and the Aſſaulted began both to uſe all endeavours to compaſs their deſired ends. *Cyrus* attempted to raiſe another Sconce under the Counterſcarp of the Ditch, oppoſite unto that which he made before; to the end that when he made a ſecond Aſſault, this might facilitate his deſign; and that when he was Maſter of two Paſſes over the Ditch, he might make a ſcalado in two ſeveral places at once without the loſs of many men: Yet this was not done without a Council of War: But ſince this Prince never propounded any thing without deep judgement, and which was not advantageous to the common cauſe, both his Friends and his Rivals were forced always to approve of what he ſaid: Yet would the King of *Aſſyria* ſometimes oppoſe him out of pure obſtinacy: And if the wiſdom and prudence of *Mazares* had not ſometimes interpoſed, and tempered the violence of the *Aſſyrian* Prince, perhaps the combat between *Cyrus* and him would have been fought before the War, and by conſequence before *Mandana* was at liberty: For ſo was the condition between *Cyrus* and this Prince, to put to hazard that in a ſingle Duel which he had won, and ſo juſtly merited by ſo many general Combats, by the taking of ſo many Towns, by the conqueſt of ſo many Provinces and Kingdoms, and by the winning of ſo many Battels. 'Tis true, all the Friends of *Cyrus* had an obſervant eye over them; and more true, that *Cyrus* himſelf had ſometimes pity upon this Prince, who without all doubt had many excellent qualities: For when he conſidered how he was a great King, that he had loſt a great Kingdom, and the prime Town in the World, and that the Violence of his paſſion, forced him to ſerve in the Army of his conqueror and Rival, and alſo enemy, that he was certainly hated of *Mandana*, he excuſed his imperfections and weakneſſes, and deferred his revenge until after *Mandana*'s releaſement when he might with honour take it: yet would he augment his ſorrows, by letting him know what the Oracle of *Venus Vrania* had ſaid in his commendations, that he might have leſs confidence in that which he received from *Jupiter-Belus* at *Babylon*. It was not only envie to take all hopes from a Rival, which moved *Cyrus* to publiſh this Oracle, but as his reaſon why he would not divulge the ſad anſwer of the *Sybil*, was, becauſe he would not dishearten his ſouldiers: ſo on the contrary, he deſired they ſhould know this Oracle, that it might invigorate their ſpirits, and give them freſh hearts to fight, knowing well that hopes of Victory in a Souldier is a Battel more than half won. But ſince his modeſty would not permit him to offer any prophanation, by altering any thing which the gods had ſaid, he deſired *Megaſides* and *Leontidas* to leave out what the Oracle of *Venus Vrania* had ſpoken in his commendations, and to publiſh only what related unto an end of his miſeries: For though this Oracle did not poſitively ſay that *Cyrus* ſhould take *Sardis*, that he ſhould releaſe *Mandana*, and vanquiſh all his Rivals; yet ſince they fortold him to be happy, theſe things muſt conſequently enſue, ſince moſt certainly he could never be happy without *Mandana*, and he could never get *Mandana* without a conqueſt of his Rivals and enemies; therefore by neceſſary inference, he was to obtain this Victory, before he could enjoy this Princeſs. That Oracle then was no ſooner publiſhed by *Megaſides*, and principally by *Leontidas*, who was acquainted with all the officers in the Army, but it produced thoſe effects which *Cyrus* expected; freſh valour was infuſed into all his troops, and new ſorrows ſeiſed upon the King of *Aſſyria*'s heart; all the mountainous hopes he had in the promiſes of *Jupiter-Belus* began to ſhrink into Mole-hills, by reaſon of this Oracle; but ſince he thought that by murmuring againſt the gods would but the more incenſe them, he was ſilently huſht, and hated *Cyrus* the more, though he did not leſs eſteem him. As for *Mazares*, ſince he expected nothing but miſery, his reaſon did ſurmount his paſſion, and he had no other hopes but to participate with *Cyrus* in the danger and glory of releaſing *Mandada*, and therefore theſe promiſes of the gods unto *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſyria*, did little fret his heart: tis true, he was always ſo miſerable, that Fortune could hardly be more incenſed againſt him than ſhe was, but ſince he was not leſs prudent than unfortunate, nor leſs generous than prudent, *Cyrus* began to eſteem him infinitely, and keep cloſe ſociety with him; both of them did complain unto each other of the King of *Aſſyria*'s violent humour, and at laſt did ſo accuſtom themſelves unto civility, that they did not only eſteem, but think each other worthy of *Mandana*; yet they never ſpake of her but ſighed, and as they went from quarter to quarter, viſiting the guards which *Cyrus* kept upon all the avenues of *Sardis*, *Mandana* was the only object of their diſcourſe, unleſs when they were obliged to ſpeak of ſomething which related unto the Siege. How happy are you, Sir, would *Mazares* ſay unto him, in being not only loved by the moſt glorious Princeſs of the World, but alſo in never having done any thing which might diſpleaſe her; I wiſh unto the Heavens, that ſince it was my bitter fate to be hated, that it might be unjuſtly, and that I could not upbraid my ſelf with meriting her hate, by my deceiving her, and carrying her away from *Sinope*. There is both ſo much love, and prudence, and generoſity, in your expreſſions, Sir, replied *Cyrus*, that I would not have my Princeſs hear you. No, no, Sir, (ſaid *Mazares* ſadly) never fear the Princeſs *Mandana*, ſince ſhe has ſlighted the King of *Aſſyria* for you, and ſince ſhe had rather ſee all *Aſia* in arms than you unfaithful; ſince ſhe has held out againſt all the ſubmiſſive attempts of the *Pontean* King; and has hated me ſo far, as to deny that liberty which I offered her, you may well be confident, that nothing will alter the conſtant heart of that Princeſs. Whilſt *Mazares* was talking thus, *Cyrus* hearkened and ſighed, ſeeing him to be more miſerable than he thought him: nor would he acquaint him with his condition in *Mandana*'s thoughts, leſt he ſhould revive ſome hopes in the heart of his generous Rival, and kindle that fire which was not quite extinguiſhed. In the mean time *Cyrus* neglected not the erecting of that ſconce which he intended, and was reſolved upon by the council of War, but it was not done without much difficulty; for the King of *Pontus* knowing the importance of it, did ſally out three times upon them; yet *Cyrus* knowing well that one of the greateſt ſecrets in War is, never to quit the firſt deſign for a ſecond, becauſe then ſudden orders can never be ſo prudently given,

ven, nor punctually executed, as thoſe which are deliberatly pondered, therefore he commanded this ſconce to be proſecuted with all the power he had; and ſince his army was numerous, he thought that let the Enemies make what Sallies they could, he was able to beat them in again. The King of *Aſſyria*, the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania*, had each their ſeveral Quarters to make good; and the Stranger *Anaxaris* fought that day next *Cyrus*, he thinking it a ſufficient recompence of his Valour, to have this Renowned Heroe a witneſs of it: And it muſt be acknowledged, that as the commendations of *Cyrus* was noble Rewards for the Acts of *Anaxaris*, ſo the Acts of *Anaxaris* did deſerve the commendations of *Cyrus*. Amongſt all the reſt of his bravery during this Siege, the erecting of this Sconce was one of the moſt remarkable; for he did ſuch things as could never be equalled by any but by the valour of *Cyrus* only, who queſtionleſs upon this occaſion did ſuch things as can hardly be related without ſuſpicion of truth. Above twenty times was he beaten off by the enemy, and as often did he repulſe them into the town, he loſt and regained that quarter of the ditch where he intended the Sconce; but at laſt he wearied his enemies, and perfected his deſign: The Sallies which the beſieged made in other places did thrive no better: *Cyrus* ſuſtained ſome loſs of men, but not comparable to his enemies: *Araſpes*, who ſince the death of *Panthea* did ſigh out a life of ſorrows, was wounded at this bout, where he fought more with deſign to die than vanquiſh, but ſo it did not prove, for there was no mortality in the wound he receiv'd, but was rather a means to ſave his life than to put it in danger. The King of *Aſſyria* was in thoughts of death alſo at this time: But the advantage was clear on *Cyrus* his ſide: For he had finiſhed his ſconce, he had killed many *Lydians*, and took abundance of priſoners. He underſtood from ſome of them after the Fight was ended, and he returned to his Tent, that the King of *Pontus* to keep up the people, told them of great Relief to come from *Thrace*, that the *Bactrians* alſo would ſend Auxiliaries, and that e're long *Cyrus* would be forced to raiſe the Siege. He underſtood from them alſo more certainly than before, that *Creſſus* had no power in the Cittadel, and that the King of *Pontus* had ſo tampered, that he was abſolute maſter of the Souldiery. Theſe Priſoners alſo told him, how there came a Lady late unto the Cittadel, unto whom the King of *Pontus* moved *Crœſſus* to give protection. How could this Lady, ſaid *Cyrus*, get into *Sardis*, ſince it is compaſſed about with two hundred thouſand men? No, Sir, ſaid one of thoſe Priſoners, ſhe came in before unknown whom ſhe was, though they ſay ſhe is of ſome great Quality. There is alſo a man, whoſe name is *Heracleon* (who is a moſt gallant man) that promiſed *Crœſſus* to bring great ſuccours unto him: They ſay alſo, that he has been long in *Sardis* concealed; but I can give no further ſatisfaction in the adventure, only this, that he is a man of ſome great Quality. After this *Cyrus* retired, and moſt part of theſe priſoners took up Arms under him. The day following, thoſe Deputies which *Leontidas* ſpoke of, arrived, and in the name of the people who ſent them, did ſwear inviolable fidelity to him. They came from *Gnide*, from *Cavia*, from the Territories of *Xanthes*, and from *Licia*; the *Cauniens* alſo, and the *Meleſians* ſent their Deputies, ſo that Fortune ſmiled upon *Cyrus* from all ſides. And truly, if ambition only had been his aim, and if glory only had been his wiſh, he had full cauſe of contentment; but ſince Love only was the engine of his ſoul, he reliſhed nothing but what conduced to *Mandana*'s releaſement, and he would freely have quitted all his Conqueſts upon that condition. However he received all theſe Deputies with much ſweetneſs, and treated them moſt magnificently. He aſſured them of protection againſt all their enemies; and told them he would ſo mediate the matter with *Ciaxaris*, as he ſhould look upon them like ancient and faithful Subjects. In concluſion, they were ſo charmed with his ſweet expreſſions, that he made himſelf as much a Maſter of their hearts by his ſweetneſs, as he had made himſelf Maſter of their Countrey by force of Arms. Their greateſt admiration was, to ſee a Prince ſo young, ſo expert in all their Cuſtoms and Laws, and able to give them as ſound advice in the management of publick affairs, as if he had been brought up amongſt them, and had nothing to do but govern them: He ſpoke unto them all in their ſeveral Languages, and filled them all ſo full of wonder, that they returned not only charmed with his preſence, his ſpirit, his virtue, and his ſweetneſs, but alſo with his gifts, and went with reſolutions to incite their Citizens unto ſome act which might redound unto the glory of *Cyrus*: And they did conſtitute every year for ever a day of thanks to be rendered unto the gods for bringing them under the power of *Cyrus*. In the mean while to teſtifie more confidence in the people which expreſſed ſo much affection, he confirmed all their Laws and Priviledges, remitted unto them all Tributes, and required nothing from them but aſſurances of unalterable fidelity: Calling back the Army which *Thraſibulus*, and *Harpagus* commanded; ſent orders for the firſt of theſe to march with them unto him, and leaving the other in the arms of his dear *Alcionida*: And though *Cyrus* was ſo well verſed in the Politicks, as that he knew it contrary to cuſtom to draw off his Army ſo ſoon from a new conquered Country; yet ſince this *Lydian* War was the main hinge upon which all the reſt moved, and ſince he left Garriſons in ſome places of greateſt ſtrength, he did not think the hazard was great, but thought it better to fortifie his own Forces; not knowing how long the Siege might laſt; and knowing that the taking of ſo great a Town as *Sardis*, might require as great an Army as his. However, *Cyrus* neglected nothing, he ſent to ſee how *Seſoſtris* recovered, who was ſo well, that he ſent *Cyrus* word, he ſhould ere long come and hazard that life in his ſervice which he had preſerved. *Cyrus* alſo ſent a complement to the Princeſs *Araminta*, and was as good as his word in not ſuffering *Phraartes* to come unto her during the Siege: nor did he forget *Cleonice* and *Doraliſa*, nor any of the Lady Priſoners: But though he did moſt gloriouſly acquit himſelf of all he had to do, either as a Lover, or as a Friend, or as an Enemy, or as a Prince, or as the General of an Army, or as a Conquerour, yet *Mandana*'s unjuſt charging him with infidelity, did grate upon his very heart: and as oft as this angry thought came into his mind, he thought alſo he had ſome reaſon to fear her conſtancy: Since commonly thoſe who lightly ſuſpect others are guilty themſelves: yet did he preſently repent of ſuch a thought, which had much more troubled him, if he had not received intelligence that the people of *Sardis* began to conſider that their riches would not fill their bellies, and that there was likelyhood of a hungry ſedition to riſe amongſt them, ſo that their Town would be thereby more pregnable: And indeed there was great probability of it, though *Crœſſus*, and the King of *Pontus* did all they could, the one to ſave his Crown, the other his Miſtreſs; but they were in extream fears of both: Yet leſt the people ſhould deſpair, they concealed their fears, and divulged that Relief was coming; that the Army of *Cyrus* waſted every day, and that he would in a ſhort time be forced to raiſe his Siege: That the people which he had conquered did revolt, and conſequently he would not be in any condition of new Conqueſts. Moreover the King of *Pontus* gave out, that *Cyrus* did not now care for *Mandana* who was the cauſe of the War, but that he was in love with the Princeſs *Araminta*; ſo that within this ſhort time all would be made good friends: So that theſe reports being divulged, the people ſuffered their miſeries more patiently, in hopes ere long to ſee an end of them. The King of *Pontus* alſo received another advantage; for this report coming out of the Town into the Cittadel, and from the mouths of the people unto the Souldiers: So that *Mandana*'s women heard what was talked in *Sardis*: the Guards told them aloud (thinking it would be welcome news that they ſhould ere long come out of priſon) that the Peace was almoſt concluded between the King of *Pontus* and *Cyrus*; adding, that the firſt of theſe was to marry *Mandana*, and *Cyrus Araminta*. *Marteſia* did not credit theſe reports, though they confirmed *Mandana*'s Jealouſie; and though they made no impreſſion in the ſpirit of *Marteſia*, yet they did in *Areatina*, who told all ſhe heard unto a woman belonging to the Princeſs *Palmis*, and in ſo loud a voice as *Mandana* in the next room over-heard her: It did ſo ſurpriſe her, that the Princeſs of *Lydia* who was with her, did ask her, why ſhe did ſo ſuddenly change her colour? *Mandana* being one who loved not to confeſs her own weakneſs; but what confidence ſoever ſhe had in the diſcretion of the Princeſs *Palmis*, yet ſhe concealed her jealouſie; but now ſeeing it was become publick talk, ſhe reſolved to acquaint her, deſiring leave firſt to ask *Arianita* where ſhe had theſe reports. *Arianita* being ſurpriſed that *Mandana* ſhould over-hear her, would have denied her words; but *Mandana* told her abſolutely ſhe did ſpeak them, and ſhe would know the truth; ſo that at laſt ſhe told her all. Theſe two Princeſſes then retiring themſelves: For my part, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, I cannot find any reaſon why you ſhould fear that this talk of the Guards ſhould be true: For is it probable or credible, that the greateſt Prince in the world ſhould be capable of ſo much unworthineſs? Though he were perfidious, and could not preſerve his heart, yet certainly he would never make conditions of peace by diſpoſing of you, but would ſet you at liberty: He may perhaps reſtore the Kingdom of *Pontus* unto the Brother of his new Miſtreſs, but has nothing to do in the diſpoſing of the King of *Medes*'s Daughter, whoſe Army he commands; and therefore I am confident *Cyrus* is innocent, and theſe reports of the Guards are only thoſe vain popularities which ſuch kind of people uſually vent,though there be no appearance of truth in them. No, no, Madam, (replied *Mandana* ſadly) the news is not all falſe, nor do I think it all true: I do not think the perfidie of *Cyrus* ſo high as to make his conditions of peace with me: Yet certainly he loves not me, but the Princeſs *Araminta*; and I muſt confeſs that I have ſuch probable conjectures of his crime, that I do not doubt it. I confeſs alſo I have concealed my ſuſpicions from you, becauſe I could not poſſeſs you ſo ſoon with an ill opinion of that man whom I had ſo highly commended unto you. But I pray you (ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*) what proofs have you of *Cyrus* his inconſtancy, who hath teſtified ſo many ſigns of unalterable conſtancy? and done more for you, than any did for any? Be pleaſed to know, replied ſhe, that a while before the King of *Pontus* went to fight the Battel which he loſt,he came into my chamber with more glimps of joy in his face than uſually: Madam, (ſaid he unto me) I beſeech you pardon me, if I acquaint you with a thing, which doubtleſs will not pleaſe you, but ſince it concerns you no leſs than me, I think it my duty to let you know it. Sir, ſaid I unto him, and ſighed, you have ſo accuſtomed me to ill news ſince I have been in your power, that though you ſhould tell me any thing which will not pleaſe, yet I ſhall hear it. I think, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that it will diſpleaſe you to hear that *Cyrus*, whom you prefer before all the Princes in the World, and who indeed does merit all his glory, hath preferred one before you, that is inferior to you in all things: I do not deſire, Madam, you ſhould believe me, but believe your own eyes. After this he gave me a Letter, telling me it was from the Princeſs his Siſter, and which indeed was ſo; adding, that it was taken from a man who was taken priſoner: But, Madam, ſaid *Mandana*, that you may ſee what cauſe I have to ſuſpect and grieve, I pray you read this Letter from the Princeſs *Araminta*, which the King of *Pontus* left with me; I need not tell you how this Princeſs was in love with *Spitridates*, Son to *Arſomenes* King of *Bithynia*; nor need I tell you how *Spitridates* does wonderfully reſemble *Cyrus*; for perſons of your quality and wiſdom know all theſe adventures: After this, *Mandana* did give the Princeſs *Araminta*'s Letter unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, and the King of *Pontus* finding in it matter enough to make *Mandana* jealous, reſolved to give it unto her, thereby to poiſon her opinion of *Cyrus*, and the Princeſs *Palmis* opening this Letter found theſe words.

Araminta *unto* Spitridates.

SIR,

I Conceive you have reaſon of wonder, to ſee one whom you have driven to the neceſſity of juſtifying her ſelf, almoſt confeſs all things that you can accuſe her of: In the mean time I cannot deny, but that I am extreamly obliged unto the Illuſtrious Cyrus, *who hath had more reſpect of me, than ever Conquerour had of a Captive, and that I have as much of him, looking upon him as the greateſt Prince in the world, and*

and the moſt glorious Conquerour: Nor can I deny, but he does wonderfully reſemble you, and that the ſight of him does extreamly delight me. After all this, I wonder you ſhould write unto me, that it ſhould be reported I have conquered the Conquerour of all Aſia, *and that my heart is his moſt illuſtrious conqueſt; for conſidering all I have done for you, this is extream injuſtice; there was no neceſſity that you ſhould tell me, that before you were in Priſon, you heard of his reſpects unto me, and mine to him, for I confeſs it; and leſs need to write unto me how they report a hundred particular paſſages 'twixt him and me, for you cannot do it without a wrong unto me. Return* Spitridates, *return, and render your ſelf worthy of my juſtification, repent of your accuſation: 'Tis true, I cannot much grieve, ſince the takeing of* Sardis *will let you know what the deſigns of* Cyrus *and my ſelf are. I do not ſay this Prince hath promiſed to ſet you at liberty, for you will perhaps think he would not do it, but only to recompence you for taking from you one who heretofore was moſt dear unto you. After this, I have no more to ſay, but that ſince it is the voice of the people which accuſeth me, I do expect and wait until the ſame do let you know I never did any thing which I ought not to do, nor ever had the leaſt thought which I ought not to think, and that I love none but whom I will love unto the death of*

Araminta.

As ſoon as the Princeſs *Palmis* had read this Letter, *Mandana* began to ſpeak. Well, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, is it not reaſon that ſince the Prince *Spitridates* is jealous of the Princeſs *Araminta*, I ſhould ſuſpect the fidelity of *Cyrus*? muſt there not needs be ſome truth in that which is ſo generally ſpoken both in *Bithynia* and *Lydia*, in *Chalcidonia* and in *Sardis*? Moreover, Madam, I am moſt certain this is the hand of *Araminta*, for I have ſeveral times ſeen hers, when the King of *Pontus* was a hoſtage in the King my Fathers Court; ſo that I cannot think there is an Impoſture in it: Moreover I cannot ſuſpect the King of *Pontus* of Forgery, for I have ſeen the Servant whom *Spitridates* ſent with the Letter, and he is the very ſame ſervant which I preferred unto *Cyrus* when he went unto *Themiſcyra*: But did this Servant tell you that *Cyrus* was in love with *Araminta*? (replied the Princeſs *Palmis*) He did not directly ſay ſo (replied ſhe) but he ſaid *Cyrus* did render as much honour unto *Araminta*, as if ſhe were at *Heraclea*, he viſited her very often, and held long diſcourſes with her: Moreover, this meſſenger from *Spitridates* tells me one thing, which puts me out of doubt that there is a great league of ſecrecy between *Cyrus* and *Araminta*; for he tells me, that when he was brought before *Cyrus*, and the Letters which I had about me preſented unto him, he ſent it immediately unto *Araminta* by *Chriſantes*, not knowing from whence it came, and it was only by *Araminta*'s anſwer I came to know it was from *Spitridates*; this meſſenger had orders to go unto this Princeſs with *Chriſantes*, who gave her this Letter directed to her from *Cyrus*, who was ſo full of reſpect unto her, that he ſent it unopened, though by the Laws of War he might have done it without any incivility. But the better to let you ſee what this ſecret buſineſs was, the man ſays that the Princeſs *Araminta* ſent back the Letter of *Spitridates* unto *Cyrus* by *Chriſantes*, with the Letter which ſhe writ unto him from her ſelf, and that afterward *Cyrus* ſent it back again with his anſwer unto her. I beſeech you, Madam, judge whether I need to doubt of the infidelity of *Cyrus*, for if he were not a Lover of *Araminta*, ſhe would never have ſent him *Spitridates* his Letter, it had been enough if ſhe had ſent him word that it concerned no matters of State or War. But certainly ſhe intends to ſacrifice *Spitridates* unto *Cyrus*, and ſent his Letter to know of him what ſhe ſhould anſwer. For all this, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, it ſeems *Araminta* would juſtifie her ſelf, ſince ſhe ſays *Spitridates* hath no cauſe to be jealous: Alas, Madam, replied *Mandana*, I find more crime in *Cyrus*, than I do innocency in *Araminta*, for ſhe does ſo weakly juſtifie her ſelf, that ſhe ſeems rather to prepare *Spitridates* for her inconſtancy, than to cure his jealouſie; ſhe confeſſeth almoſt all he can accuſe her of, and defers her juſtification until after the taking of *Sardis*: never telling him, ſhe will be ſtill his, and not the Lover of *Cyrus*; ſhe began to make him hope for Liberty, but ſhe ended in telling him, ſhe would love him until death whom ſhe loved at that preſent, but never tells him whether it be he ſhe loves or no; ſhe might as well have ſaid, *Araminta* is inconſtant, becauſe ſhe thinks *Cyrus* more amiable than *Spitridates*, and more happy; a mixture of ambition and love is not amiſs, and by enrertaining the paſſion of this Prince, ſhe reneweth the Crown in her, and Crowns her own head with all his Lawrels: The truth is, Madam, it is not ſtrange that the Conquerour of all *Aſia*, ſhould conquer *Araminta*'s heart; and leſs wonder if I ſhould murmur, that *Cyrus* ſhould be conquered by a captive Princeſs, than for her to be moved with the tears of a Conquerour: But, Madam, it muſt be confeſſed his height of injuſtice in him to forſake me after all this I have done for him, after he had been the cauſe of all the miſeries in my life; after I have for his ſake ſlighted the greateſt Princes in the world, and after I had overcome my own ſpirit and heart for his ſake: Yet, Madam, it is but too true, that *Cyrus* has forſaken me, and had rather loſe the reward of all his paſt ſervices, than remain faithful. Truly, Madam, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, methinks you condemn *Cyrus* upon no good ground, for though there be ſome appearances againſt him, yet they are no convincing proofs; and you ought not to condemn him as a criminal. I believe (ſaid *Mandana*, and ſighed) that the taking of *Sardis* will make his crime apparent; and as for this pretended peace, which is talked of unto *Araminta*, I am confident it is nothing but common brute without ground: However, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, defer your judgment until the end of the Siege, and then you may ſee the innocency or crime of *Cyrus*, and indeed it is not ſafe to cenſure until then, and then either to thank him for your liberty, or chide him for his inconſtancy. Oh, I pray unto the gods that you may have then ſo much power with him, as to make him be gentle unto the conquered, as hitherto he hath been. Though I ſhould have no power with him, replied *Mandana*, yet I am confident he would treat the King your Father very well; but as for matter of chiding, ſaid ſhe, I have already done it: and then *Mandana* told *Palmis* how ſhe had writ unto him, and by whom, who was one of thoſe aſſaſſinates which ſhould have killed *Cyrus* at the inſtigation of the coward *Artanus*, and whom *Cyrus* did afterwards moſt generouſly pardon, when he fell into his power. In the mean time, he never anſwers me, though the man promiſed me to return or dye: But *Mandana*'s expectations were in vain; for as cunning as the man was, he was ſuſpected and ſtayed, ſo that he could not return to the Cittadel, they ſearched him whether he had any Letters, and found about him that of *Cyrus*, which was moſt carefully ſealed, and *Pactias* before whom he was brought, ſent it immedately unto the King of *Pontus*: Thus was the unhappy *Mandana* deprived of the comfort in receiving a Letter from *Cyrus*, which queſtionleſs would have convinced her of the error wherein ſhe was; yet was ſhe very happy in having the ſociety of a perſon ſo full of ſpirit and goodneſs as the Princeſs *Palmis* to comfort her in her miſeries, and certainly did retaliate comfort for comfort, yet had they one more addition of ſorrows; for the King of *Pontus* conceiving another Chamber in the Fort did require fewer Guards, and by conſequence more ſafe, ſince it is an eaſier matter to find few, than many faithful, he would have them removed thither: But ſince they could only paſs into it by a great high Tarraſs, from whence they might diſcover all about the Town, they had a view of all the Army of *Cyrus* which were about it; yet as their relations were different, ſo they turned their looks ſeveral ways: For *Mandana* looked towards the beſiegers, where ſhe knew *Cyrus*, though ſhe thought him unfaithful; and the Princeſs *Palmis* looked towards that part of the Town where ſhe knew the Prince *Artamas* was priſoner, but the love of her Country, her tenderneſs towards the King her Father, and the Prince *Myrſiles*, drew ſome of her tears for them, and for the Prince *Artamas*: And after ſhe had ſeriouſly conſidered the huge Army which covered all the Plains as far as ſhe could ſee: Alas (ſaid ſhe, and turned towards *Mandana* ſadly) you have ſo much comfort, Madam, as to ſee your Releaſer amongſt this vaſt multitude of men. Alas, Madam (replied *Mandana*) a perfidious Prince ſhall never be my Deliverer, and I ſhall have more joy to ſee the Prince *Artamas* out of Priſon, ſince he is your Adorer, than to ſee *Cyrus* victorious, ſince he loves not me. The diſcourſe of theſe two great Princeſſes was not long, for their Guards would not permit them to be long in that place. So they entered into their new lodgings; and they entered ſighing, though ſhe who had the leaſt cauſe was moſt ſad; but her errour was the more excuſable, becauſe if ſhe had really loſt the heart of her illuſtrious *Cyrus*, ſhe had loſt the greateſt Jewel in the world. Whilſt then this fair and ſad Princeſs was with ſo much injuſtice lamenting her loſs, and whilſt *Crœſſus* was with as much reaſon trembling at his; whilſt the King of *Pontus* was in deſpair, and whilſt the Prince *Artamas* endured his priſon patiently, *Cyrus* was thinking of nothing but how to releaſe *Mandana*: He complained of her Jealouſie, but it was with ſo much reverent reſpect, as ſhe would have been fully ſatisfied, had ſhe known it. In the mean while, it vexed him to ſee *Sardis* hold out longer than he expected; and he reſolved upon the loſs of many men rather than not to carry it the next Aſſault: and becauſe he would not receive a baffle, he ſtayed ſome days until Scaling-Ladders were in readineſs. In which interim ſome deſign or other was ſtill on foot, either in preventing victuals from coming to the Town, or in cutting off ſome Water from the enemy; or in repulſing of Sallies, which were every day made: The reaſon which made the King of *Pontus* ſo frequent in his Sallies, and hazard ſo many men in them, was, he could the better pry into the encampment of his Enemies, and ſpie an opportunity, if need ſhould be, of carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana*: By this means alſo, he could either ſend out Spies into the Army of *Cyrus*, or elſe to ſolicite for Relief. Things ſtanding on theſe tearms, the King of *Pontus* made a Sally in the night time on that Quarter where *Cyrus* commanded in Perſon. At firſt he killed many men, fell into the Trenches, and ſlew all that ſtood in their way, and gave an Allarm unto all the Camp; but *Cyrus* did quickly ſtop their fury by his preſence; for his voice was no ſooner heard both amongſt his own men, and his Enemies, but the one ſtruck with fury, and the other with fear, the Enemy fled, and his men followed ſo cloſe, that they were ready to enter the Town with them; but ſo few of the Enemy entered, as ſince that they had no great mind of making Sallies on *Cyrus* his ſide. The *Egyptians* and *Medes* being upon the Guard that night, had their ſhare in the glory of that Action; who yet were beholding to *Cyrus* for their valour, who being as ſweet after Victory, as valiant in fighting, had a great care of all wounded men as well friends as enemies, and ſo much the rather, becauſe he underſtood that there was an *Egyptian* of quality taken priſoner, who before he rendered himſelf, did ſo gallantly diſpute for his Liberty, as he was wounded in ſeveral places, and yet fought till he fell from his Horſe, ſo was forced to yield. *Cyrus* enquired his name in the preſence of many *Egyptian* Officers about him;but they knew not, and were extreamly impatient to know whom this valiant man of their Nation ſhould be: But when they heard his name was *Heracleon*, they could not chuſe but murmur amongſt themſelves, and ſeem aſtoniſhed, eſpecially when they heard afterwards that *Cyrus* commanded that a great care ſhould be had of him, and placed him in one of his own Tents. There was an *Egyptian* Officer whoſe name was *Miris*, could not hold from grumbling at this indulgency of *Cyrus* to him. Oh, Sir, ſaid he, be not ſo ſweet as to preſerve the life of the moſt wicked man upon earth, infinitely unworthy the protection of ſo virtuous a Prince. If he be ſuch a one as you ſay, replied *Cyrus*, the gods will puniſh him without me. But who is this *Heracleon*? Sir, replied *Miris*, he is a man moſt unworthy of his birth, which indeed is noble: He is a Rival to the generous *Seſoſtris*, he is an Enemy to his Country, an Aſſaſſinate of Kings, and a man whoſe love and ambition prompts unto all imaginable Villanies: Therefore I conjure you, as you tender the intereſt of *Seſoſtris*, to command he be leſs eſteemed,and more carefully guarded, leſt he eſcape, or kill himſelf when he ſees he's known: For, Sir, it doth much import *Seſoſtris*,ſince *Heracleon* is in your power, that this wretch do not die, before he let him know that which he only can inform him. *Cyrus* having obſerved that *Seſoſtris* loved *Miris* very well, did hearken unto him, and commanded that *Heracleon* ſhould be carefully guarded, that his words ſhould be carefully obſerved: commanding alſo, at the requeſt of *Miris*, that an account be given of his wounds, to the end, that if he be in danger, he may be moved to confeſs what concerned the Prince *Seſoſtris*: However, Sir, ſaid *Miris*, I beſeech you, as you reſpect the intereſt of this great Prince, Sir, to let me have two hours diſcourſe and audience, as ſoon as conveniently you can; that I may acquaint you, how it concerns *Seſoſtris* to know what only *Heracleon* can tell him, and that you may know alſo what difference to put between theſe two Rivals; for ſince I moſt exactly know all paſſages between them, and ſince the Prince *Seſoſtris* commanded me to acquaint you with it as ſoon as I met with a favourable opportunity, I ſhould be exceedingly glad ſince you have his enemy in your hands, to acquaint you with his adventures. The ſtory will extreamly pleaſe (replied *Cyrus*) for ever ſince the firſt I ſaw *Seſoſtris*, I have had a great deſire to know his fortunes; therefore I promiſe you to manage my matters ſo, as I will find ſome hours of audience before I ſleep; and indeed *Cyrus* was as good as his word; for after he had ſpent all the reſt of that day, and the beginning of the night in giving orders, he retired ſomething ſooner than ordinary: Yet firſt he underſtood, that at the firſt *Heracleon* would hardly ſuffer himſelf to be dreſſed, and raved as if he had been mad, but at laſt he ſuffered his wounds to be dreſſed, which proved very dangerous, yet not impoſſible to be healed; and though they were not, yet it would be long ere he died of them. At laſt *Cyrus* ſent for *Miris* to give him audience, conjuring him to make an exact relation of *Seſoſtris* his life: For, ſaid *Cyrus*, your hints concerning *Heracleon* makes me deſirous to know more, ſo alſo there is a ſecret kind of inclination in me, which makes me to deſire a more exact knowledge of his intereſts. I aſſure you, Sir, replied *Miris*, you cannot have a greater deſire to know, than I have to acquaint you with his adventures. Since ſo, ſaid *Cyrus*, let us loſe no time in diſcourſe of any thing elſe. Then *Miris*, in obedience unto the commands of *Cyrus*, began thus.

The Hiſtory of Seſoſtris *and* Timareta.

SIR,

TO inform you rightly concerning *Seſoſtris*, and the cauſe of his misfortunes, I muſt not only relate the Hiſtory of his Life, but his Fathers alſo; and I muſt exactly bring in the ſtory of all *Egypt* in general, as well as his in particular: So far is the original and ſource of his misfortunes fetched. Therefore, I beſeech you, Sir, do not wonder if I begin my diſcourſe with things which at firſt ſight ſeem impertinent unto my diſcourſe, yet by the ſequel you ſhall find that they are eſſentially neceſſary. I beſeech you alſo, Sir, give me leave to relate many things particularly which Fame doubtleſs hath already brought unto your ears; yet it is impoſſible you ſhould perfectly underſtand the adventures which have dependency upon them, ſince it is not credible your Infancy could be capable of them; nor indeed poſſible in your riper years, that the Conquerour of all *Aſia* ſhould have ſo much leiſure from his illuſtrious Conqueſt, as to enquire of all the paſſages in *Africa*. Give me leave to tell you then, Sir, that *Seſoſtris* is the Son of *Apriez*, that Renowned, but unfortunate King, who after a long and happy Reign, brought home ſo many glorious advantages from the Wars with *Tyre* and *Sidon*, was at laſt thrown out of his Throne. This *Apriez* boaſts of his deſcent from the Race of the firſt *Seſoſtris*, ſo famous for his Virtues and Victories: For *Pſammethicus* his great Grandfather was ſo. 'Tis true, this Prince from whom *Apriez* deſcended, was himſelf ſufficiently adorned with glory, without any derivatives from his Predeceſſors, ſince it was he who had the honour to defeat eleven Kings, or rather ſo many Tyrants, which during a vacancy upon the Throne, divided all the Kingdom into ſo many illegitimate powers. This is, Sir, the extraction of *Seſoſtris*: And I know, Sir, you will wonder when I tell you that *Amaſis*, who this day Reigns in *Egypt*, hath a Son of *Apriez*, and a Son who commands all the Forces of *Amaſis*, Conquerour of the late King his Father: But, Sir, if you will be pleaſed to lend as much patience as to hear me, your wonder will vaniſh, and all that which did ſeem incredible, will eaſily be believed. To return then unto the ſource of *Seſoſtris* his misfortunes, it is expedient, as I ſaid before, to acquaint you with the misfortunes of the King his Father; and afterwards tell you how *Amaſis* came unto the Throne, for theſe are the hinges of all the Hiſtory. I have already told you, Sir, how happily *Apriez* reigned: happy in Wars, happy in peace, and as happy alſo in his marriage, not only in a Princeſs of moſt admirable beauty and virtue, but alſo in a ſon born the firſt year of her marriage: a ſon who from his very cradle ſeemed to be what you ſee him at this day; and all the interim of his infancy was full of illuſtrious hopes. Thus was *Apriez* the happieſt of all the Kings upon Earth, Maſter of the moſt abundant of rich Kingdoms in the World; never was *Egypt* in ſweeter tranquility, never did the Floods of *Nilus* make our fields more fertile, and never was the Monarchy more firmly eſtabliſhed than it ſeemed to be at that time: Yet, Sir, this Serenity was quickly overclowded; but that you may the better ſee which way the gods did bring it about, be pleaſed to know, that *Amaſis* (who at this day reigns, and whoſe birth was more noble than his enemies report) was then in the Court, harbouring ſo much ambition ſecretly in his heart, as ſeldom did ſuffer him to be in reſt. There was in the Court at the ſame time, a Princeſs, whoſe name was *Ladice*, who had been married, who being a Widdow, obtained the Queens favour, and conſequently the Kings, for it is the cuſtom of *Egypt*, that all Husbands do in general reſpect their Wives, and eſpecially Kings their Queens, grounding this laudable cuſtom upon the excellent example of *Oſiris*, who was infinitely uxorious unto *Iſis*; and this way *Ladice*, poſſeſſing the heart of the Queen, was in great credit with the King; and as thoſe in favour are always looked upon, ſo *Amaſis* whoſe ſpirit was as great as his ambition, perceiving the power which *Ladice* had with the Queen, began to apply himſelf unto her more than any other, before her favour was much divulged in the world; to the end he might perſwade this Princeſs, that this was not the reaſon why he ſaw her more than he was accuſtomed: For *Amaſis* being of a penetrating ſpirit, and knowing the humours both of the Queen and *Ladice*, though the favours of this Princeſs were at firſt but ſmall in ſhew, yet he foreſaw that undoubtedly they would augment, and therefore to ſet a better price upon his ſervices, he began betimes to declare himſelf to be a devoted friend unto *Ladice*: and indeed this Princeſs, who was extreamly pleaſed with the ſpirit of *Amaſis*, was not long before ſhe became his friend as much as he hers, and more, for he loved her becauſe of her favour, and ſhe loved him only in reſpect of his merit and perſon. In the mean time, when *Amaſis* ſaw he was not miſtaken in his conjectures, but that *Ladice* did grow more and more in favour, the better to cloak his ambition, he made the Princeſs think he loved her, and ſo handſomly managed the matter, that ſhe was not angry with him for it: I will not tell you, Sir, which way he diſcovered his paſſion to her, nor how *Ladice* accepted it, becauſe I intend not a relation of his or her hiſtory: only this, that *Ladice* being both fair and a favourite, all the men of any quality in the Court, did apply themſelves to ſerve her, ſo that ſhe neither accepting nor rejecting any of them, ſhe was abſolute Miſtreſs of the hearts of all the Grandees of *Egypt*: and ſince this Princeſs did love the State, ſhe made uſe of their loves, as well as her beauty and favour, to keep them from any rebellions in the Kingdom, and inſeparably to unite them unto the King's intereſt: and the truth is, ſhe did negotiate with ſo much wiſdom and generoſity, that ſhe merited eternal glory, for ſhe did diſſipate ſeveral factions, ſhattered many confederacies and plots, and reduced them all unto the King's obedience. In the mean time *Amaſis*, who in the eyes of all the world ſeemed only the friend of *Ladice*, did really become her Lover, and a Lover loved, becauſe ſhe had a belief that he was the only man who loved her, in conſideration of her perſon, and not of her favour, not knowing that his ſoul was filled fuller of ſecret ambition, than it was of love: yet did ſhe find ſome difficulties in the matter, for there was then no ſuitable Proportion between *Amaſis* and his Rivals, nor between him and her ſelf; yet notwithſtanding, ſince ſhe did moſt paſſionately love him, and thought her ſelf obliged; and ſince he courted her with unequal reſpects, and had ſerved the King in many occaſions with much fidelity, ſince he got much glory in the War with *Tyre* and *Sydon*, and ſince her inclination prompted her to prefer him before all the World, and ſince her ſoul was diſengaged from all others, ſhe could with more eaſe overcome all other obſtacles, and reſolve to marry him, if ſhe could have any infallible aſſurance that thoſe who then courted her, and whom ſhe kept from diſturbing the ſtate, would not renew all their factions, eſpecially at that time when the King was ingaged in a war with the *Cyrenians*: But *Amaſis* being in great favour, and knowing all her thoughts, and all the impediments of his happineſs, he redoubled his courtſhip and ſuit for ſome further aſſurances of her affection; for ſince he ſaw a neceſſity of his going to the Wars with the King, and knew that ſome of his Rivals would ſtay behind with the Queen, he feared leſt in his abſence *Ladice* ſhould change her mind, ſo that ſeeming deſperate, he told her abſolutely he would not go with the Army, that he had rather loſe his honour, than hazard the loſs of her affection; and was ſo reſolute in his expreſſions, that indeed ſhe thought he would not go. However, Sir, *Ladice* loving *Amaſis* very well, and having reſolved to marry him aſſoon as this War was ended, this ambitious Lover found it no knotty matter to win her unto a marriage in ſecret: And indeed *Ladice*'s heart being as full of Love, as the heart of this ſecret Lover was full of ambition; a few days after the King's departure they were married privately in a little Church, without any other witneſſes but the officers of the Ceremony, except one of her women, in whom ſhe truſted: By this means *Amaſis* was in a quality to enjoy the benefit of *Ladice*'s favour, which he deſired more than the enjoyment of her beauty: However, *Amaſis* went now to the Army, and was husband to the fair *Ladice*: But to put her ſelf into a condition of publiſhing her marriage after the War, ſhe procured the King by the Queen's mediation to make him one of his Lieutenant Generals, his fidelity and courage being the pretence of her ſuit, though it ſeemed ſomething extraordinary to the Queen, yet the Queen condeſcended unto it. In the mean while this War wanted a plauſible gloſs, for it was ſaid *Apriez* did make it, only to ſecure the Grandees of his Dominions, leſt they ſhould ruffle into a civil War; however the beginning was proſperous enough, *Amaſis* performed very conſiderable ſervices, he won the hearts of the ſouldiers, and was Maſter of the Army: whenſoever *Apriez* encountered with his enemies, he bafled them; ſo that though no main battel had been yet fought, yet there was enough done to get a reputation unto his Army, and ſtrike a terrour into the enemies countrey. This being the ſtate of things, *Apriez* gave *Amaſis* the command of ten Thouſand men in his Army, with them to aſſault the enemies upon another ſide, thereby to ſeparate their Forces, and then more eaſily to conquer them: but things did not ſucceed according to his deſign, for the *Cyrenians* would not divide themſelves, ſo that not ſeparating their Army, they did that which *Apriez* would have done, which was, they forced him to fight and vanquiſhed him: his Army was ſo abſolutely defeated, that he was forced to return unto *Sais*, where he left his Queen, and where he arrived full of ſhame and ſorrows; for he had not only loſt the Battel, but the loſs of Blood was ſo much, that it put all *Egypt* into mourning. *Apriez* in his return to *Sais*, ſent for *Amaſis* to come unto him, and commanded him to draw off thoſe Forces under his command from the enemies country, and keep them upon the frontiers; leaving order unto the other Lieutenant Generals, to rally as many as they could of his ſhattered Army: *Amaſis* obeying the King, was very glad he had no ſhare in the diſhonour in this defeat, and that he was able to tell *Ladice* that he had done nothing unworthy of the honour ſhe did him. In the mean time, the loſs of this Battel cauſed a general revolt in all *Egypt*, both people and Souldiers began to murmur, and an univerſal report went all over, that *Apriez* did ſuffer himſelf voluntarily to be vanquiſhed; that he divided his Army purpoſely to ruin ſome Grandees of his Dominions, whom he thought did trouble him, hoping after that to reign more imperiouſly over them, and become more Tyrannical. However, Sir, whether the Souldiers ſpoke this from themſelves, or from the inſtigation of *Amaſis*; it is moſt certain, that all the rallied troops, with thoſe which *Amaſis* brought upon the frontiers, did ſeem to revolt, and make head againſt their Prince: *Apriez* no ſooner heard this, but to calm this mutiny, reſolved to ſend *Amaſis* to the Army, looking upon him as a plauſible man with the Souldiers, and faithful unto him. *Amaſis* accepting of this commiſſion, prepared to go unto the Army; but before he went, *Ladice* uſued all her perſwaſions and arguments which could move him to do the King and his Country good ſervice upon this occaſion; adding unto all her prayers, that if he could at this time pacifie the Army, and by conſequence all *Egypt*, ſhe would then acquaint both the King and the Queen with her marriage, who could not poſſibly diſapprove of it, after ſuch a conſiderable ſervice. But, Sir, ſince *Amaſis* married *Ladice* more for ambition than love, he could not keep within thoſe limits which this generous Princeſs preſcribed him: yet, when he came firſt unto the Army, he began to do like a faithful ſubject; and I am perſwaded, whate're his enemies ſay, that then he had none but good intentions, and as ambitious as he was, would have made himſelf a fortune by noble ways: He drew up all his Army into Battallia, and calling all the officers together he ſhewed them their fault, and the injuſtice of their proceedings. But whilſt he was thus ſpeaking unto them, an *Egyptian* took a Helmet, and putting it upon the head of *Amaſis*, as is uſed at the coronation of our Kings; let me put thee into the poſſeſſion of the Kingdom of *Egypt* (ſaid the Souldier unto him) and talk no more to us of obeying *Apriez*, for we will not have a King that hath been conquered. The inſolent ſpeech of this Souldier, being prompted unto it by many others, was ſeconded by a general acclamation; ſo that *Amaſis* ſaw it was in his choice whether he would be King or no. This rouſing up the ambition of his ſoul, he conſulted not with generoſity, or reaſon, or glory, which forbids any to reign by unjuſt ways, but did blindly, and totally ſubmit unto his ambition: Yet at firſt he rejected the propoſition, but yet ſo faintly, and after ſuch a manner as made all the Souldiers ſecond their acclamations, and ſay *Amaſis* muſt be their Soveraign. Then, Sir, *Amaſis* began to ſpeak as a man who was forced to receive the Soveraign power, yet he would not directly take upon him the Quality of a King; but told them that to acknowledge their confidence in him he would be their Protector, and promiſed never to leave them until he had obtained their pardon, and alſo new Priviledges: But the more *Amaſis* excuſed himſelf, the more violent were all the Officers and Souldiers, who all unanimouſly ſaid they would have him to by their King. However *Amaſis* diſpatched a meſſenger to the Court, and to let *Apriez* know how ſorry he was for this accident; aſſuring him, that he would not ſeem to accept of any part of this power which the Souldiers gave him, but only to reduce them unto obedience: But at the ſame time he ſent one of his ſervants ſecretly unto the Princeſs *Ladice*, conjuring her to retire from the Court, and to come and receive a Crown which the gods by his hand did offer her. In the mean time the King was advertiſed by ſome faithful Officers of the Army how things paſſed, and he grew into ſuch a choler againſt *Amaſis*, that in lieu of diſſembling his reſentments, he railed againſt him as a Rebel, and diſpatched a man of good Quality, named *Paterbenis* with orders to joyn with ſome few Officers who were faithful, and to ſeize upon the perſon of *Amaſis*, or elſe kill him if they could not take him. On the other ſide, *Ladice*, who was truly generous, and did extreamly diſapprove of his manner of acting, though ſhe did extreamly love *Amaſis*, yet ſhe ſent him word, that ſhe was ſo far from removing away from the Court, or participating of his Crime, as ſhe would declare, that if he did not quickly return unto his duty, ſhe would become his moſt mortal Enemy: Yet did ſhe endeavour to gloſs the matter at Court as much as ſhe could; but all in vain; for *Apriez* being reſolved already upon his courſe, diſpatched *Paterbenis* with his Commiſſion, yet it took not ſucceſs; for as ſecret as it was carried, *Amaſis* did know it: So that when *Paterbenis* came to the Camp, he found him he was already acquainted with the buſineſs of his voyage. When he came unto him, he found him buſie in exhorting the Souldiers to draw up into Battalia, and to defend his life which *Apriez* would take from him by ſome amongſt them. *Paterbenes* coming to him as *Amaſis* was thus buſied, he reſolved to ſpeak unto him as if the King did credit all which *Amaſis* told him, and as if he did not ſuſpect his fidelity; to the end he might gain more time to plot with thoſe Officers of the Army who advertiſed *Apriez* of the truth: But *Amaſis* knowing the cauſe of his coming, gave him no time to talk: No, no, *Paterbenis*, ſaid he unto him, Diſſemble not that which I know as well as your ſelf; You come with intentions to carry my head unto *Apriez*, but I cannot believe theſe Souldiers who Crowned it will ſuffer you; therefore I adviſe you to return immediately, and tell that Prince who ſent you, that if he defend his Crown as well as I ſhall my head, I ſhall not be King a long while. *Paterbenis* would have replyed unto this bold language, but there was ſuch an acclamation amongſt the Souldiers at the anſwer of *Amaſis*, as the Meſſenger ſaw his beſt courſe was to return; for the Souldiers began to threaten him with inſolent menaces. *Paterbenis* then returned to *Sais*, where *Apriez* was in his ſtately Palace which he had newly built; yet he found but faint entertainment from him; for this unfortunate King ſeeing the ill ſucceſs of his voyage, believed he did comply with *Amaſis*, ſo that upon the information of ſome Souldiers who followed him, who affirmed that if he had ſtayed a little longer in the Army, there had been a mutiny, he did not only arreſt him, but put him to death. This haſty and violent death did ruin *Apriez*; for *Paterbenis* being a man of much integrity and known honeſty to all the world, the people of *Sais* did exceedingly murmur at it. All the friends of *Amaſis* fearing the like treatment from the King, ſince he was capable of ſo unjuſt an act, did take their friends part, and went unto him, and amongſt the reſt, the Father of *Heracleon*: So that in leſs than a moneth, *Amaſis* had a formidable Army which ſtill did every day encreaſe from all the Provinces of *Egypt*. In the mean time, the heart of *Amaſis* was very reſtleſs; love of *Ladice* did ſtrive with his ambition, yet could not vanquiſh it, and ſo much the leſs, becauſe his marriage with her being not known, ſhe was in leſs danger of *Apriez* his violence; but alas, this unfortunate Princeſs was much to be lamented; for ſhe was not only forced to ſeparate from her dearly loved *Amaſis*, but ſhe perceived ſhe was with child, and conſequently muſt tell the Queen (whom ſhe tenderly loved, and who tenderly loved her) that ſhe was Wife to him who would pull her from the Throne. Being put to this extremity, ſhe conſulted with all her thoughts and endeavours how to win *Amaſis* unto repentance; and in order to that, ſhe ſent to acquaint *Amaſis* with her condition; and after a thouſand moſt tender and perſwaſive arguments and invitations, ſhe ſent to tell him, that if he would not condeſend unto her deſires, ſhe would acquaint the King how ſhe was his wife, and ſhared in his crime, and ſo conſequently, the next news he ſhould hear, would doubtleſs be, that he had loſt both a Wife and a Child; ſince it was not probable, but he who put to death the innocent, would take the ſame courſe with the Wife of an Uſurper who confeſſed her ſelf culpable. But all the perſwaſions and threats of *Ladice* were in vain: For *Amaſis* did think that the Queen loved her better than to ſee her periſh, and that *Ladice* was wiſer than to accuſe her ſelf, and therefore he ſent her word, that he thought himſelf unworthy of that honour which ſhe had done him, unleſs he purſued his deſign, and ſet her upon a Throne. To that end he cauſed it to be proclaimed, that he was deſcended from the Line of the firſt Kings of *Egypt*, from whom the Predeceſſors of *Apriez* had uſurped the Soveraign Power: So that to give ſome colourable gloſs to his rotten cauſe, he made it paſs for good, and ſtrengthned himſelf the more: *Apriez*, ſeeing himſelf forſaken of his own Subjects, and particularly of *Heracleon's* Father who was a man of great power, made uſe of ſome Auxiliary Forces; The *Ionians*, the *Carians*, and ſome other *Aſiatick* people, raiſed him thirty thouſand men; ſo that being in the head of this Army, he went out of *Says* with reſolutions to fight. One thing is here obſervable, which never perhaps was ſeen before; the right King of *Egypt* had not one *Egyptian* in his Army, which was compoſed of all Strangers; and on the contrary, all the Army of the Uſurper was compoſed of natural Subjects, who fought againſt their right King. In the mean time, the miſerable *Ladice* having not power to execute the meſſage ſhe ſent unto *Amaſis*, hoping ſtill to move his heart, ſhe remained in unconceivable ſorrows: for ſhe knew, that had not ſhe been a Mediator for him, he could never have arrived at that paſs: So that looking upon her ſelf as the only cauſe of his crime, of her Countrys deſolation, and of the States ruin, there was not a day but ſhe deſired death. Nor did ſhe know what ſhe ſhould ask from the gods: But ever reſigning her ſelf unto their will, ſhe waited for the ſucceſs of War with more reſtleſsneſs of mind than did the Queen. *Seſoſtris* her only ſon was then ſome four or five years old, but his innocency could not prevent the Fate of his Father, for the more unjuſt ſide was the more fortunate: But not to ſtay you too long, Sir, in this part of my ſtory, I ſhall only in a few words tell you, how the Army of *Apriez*, and that of *Amaſis* joyning near *Memphis*, where thoſe high aſpiring Pyramids look over all the reſt of *Egypt*, this fatal Battel to *Apriez* was loſt: At the firſt encounter he was wounded, and a while after taken; and laſtly, in a moſt ſtrange manner, loſt his life: for thoſe into whoſe hands he fell, diſagreeing who ſhould have the honour of preſenting him unto *Amaſis*, did quarrel amongſt themſelves amidſt a Battel, and that with ſo much rage and fury, that one of them thinking his ſide the weaker, did deſperately turn towards this unfortunate King who ſtood in the midſt of them, and with an unexampled inhumanity killed him, rather than his companions ſhould enjoy that advantage which he could not get himſelf. Thus, Sir, you ſee how this miſerable King loſt both his life and Kingdom, and upon what Title *Amaſis* came unto it. You may imagine how ſad this news was unto the Queen, when ſhe heard her Husband had loſt both

Kingdom and life, and conſequently, the young *Seſoſtris* the Crown. But how great ſoever her ſorrows were, yet were they leſs than the Generoſity of *Ladice*, who could never enjoy any comfort in being the Wife of an Uſurper. This ſad Queen endeavoured all ſhe could to move the people of *Sais* unto fidelity, and oppoſe *Amaſis*; but the hatred of the Inhabitants againſt *Apriez* was ſo high, as that they were ſo far from doing as ſhe deſired, though it was in a little River of Tears, ſhewing unto them her young Son, that they mutined afreſh, and would all take the ſtronger ſide: So that this deplorable Queen, fearing they would ſeiſe upon her perſon, and her young Son, was forced to fly the Town in the night, and to retire with a very ſmall number unto a ſtrong Caſtle which was ſome thirty furlongs from *Sais*; as ſhe had reſolved from the firſt in caſe of neceſſity. As ſhe was ready to depart, accompanied with her dear *Ladice*, there came a Meſſenger from *Amaſis* to the Princeſs his Wife, to tell her of his Victory, and alſo to will her not to engage her ſelf in the misfortunes of the Queen, unto whom for her ſake, he would leave a Province in *Egypt* upon condition ſhe would put the young *Seſoſtris* in his hands. *Ladice* no ſooner heard this propoſition, but ſhe exclamed againſt *Amaſis*, and told the Meſſenger whatſoever the Queen could deſire. Go (ſaid ſhe unto him) and tell *Amaſis*, that I was born a Subject unto a King before I was his Wife; and my being married could not diſoblige me from my firſt duty, nor ever ſhall, unleſs he will reſtore unto the young *Seſoſtris* that Crown which he uſurped from the unfortunate *Apriez*: After which, not ſuffering him to ſpeak a word more, ſhe went unto the Queen, who ſtayed for her to depart. Never was flight more happy than this; for the Queen was no ſooner out of the Town, but the people were in her houſe, to execute that order which *Amaſis* had ſent by him who ſpoke to *Ladice*; which order was, that the Inhabitants ſhould be in Arms, and ſecure the perſons of the Queen of *Seſoſtris*, and *Ladice*. But the gods, who doubtleſs were pleaſed to preſerve *Seſoſtris*, moved this Envoy of *Amaſis* to ſpeak unto *Ladice*, before he did unto the Inhabitants.

Thus this young Prince, and theſe two unfortunate Princeſſes eſcaped from the Victory of *Amaſis*, This great Queen was alſo ſo happy in her flight, that none of them knew which way ſhe went: But ſince they could not be ignorant long, *Ladice*, who would not be delivered in a houſe which might come into the hands of *Amaſis*, adviſed the Queen not to ſtay in it, but to go further off where they ſhould not be ſo ſoon found: And ſo they did. But alas, theſe two Princeſſes had not ſooner any leaſure to reckon up the ſum of their preſent miſeries, and lament them together, but they were given to underſtand that all took part with the Conquerour; that high and low *Eyypt* did both of them acknowledge his power, and that all the Provincial Towns ſent their Deputies to promiſe fidelity: That *Sais*, *Thebes*, *Memphis*, *Bubaſtis*, *Sienna*, *Buſiris*, *Canope*, and *Aniſis* did ſubmit: and that *Amaſis* was Maſter of all *Egypt*, except *Elephantine*, which yet took time of conſideration. They underſtood, that all the *Calaſires* and *Hermobites* (for ſo we call the Noblemen amongſt us) did obey him without murmur, becauſe they all hoped *Amaſis* would let them have more power than they had under *Apriez*. So that ſeeing no hopes of any relief from any ſide, the Queen was in the moſt deplorable condition of any in the world: From the ſterile Deſarts of *Lybia* ſhe could expect no relief, which is on the Weſt ſide of *Egypt*; on the South, the Cataracts of *Nilus* and the Mountains block up all Paſſes; and on the Eaſt, doubtleſs, Sir, you know the vaſt Fenns along that Province which is called *Barathra*, and which ſeparates *Syria* from *Egypt*, do hinder the march of any Troops; and on the North ſide, the ways are all inacceſſible; neither could the Queen expect any relief from the *Ionians*, nor the *Carians*, who loſt all their Forces at the laſt Battel: *Egypt* within was all revolted, ſo that ſhe had no way but to fly, or dye. This great Queen had a man with her, whoſe name was *Amenophis*, Brother unto my Mother, a man of extraordinary ſpirit and virtue, brought up in the houſe of the late King, whoſe fidelity was well known unto the Queen, and *Ladice*, and unto whom he was a profeſſed friend: *Amenophis*, to chear up the courage of the Queen, and to perſwade her to ſubmit her ſelf unto the pleaſure of the gods for better fortune,adviſed her to think of no courſe, conſidering the ſtate of things, but how to hide her ſelf, and the Prince *Seſoſtris*, and to ſee whether tract of time would alter the face of things. The Queen then referring the conduct of her ſelf unto the prudence of *Amenophis*; he reſolved for *Elephantine*, which yet had not totally ſubmitted. But, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that when the Battel was fought, the River *Nilus* began to riſe, ſo that when the Queen took a reſolution to quit that place where ſhe was, to ſeek a ſanctuary further off, this River, according to its cuſtom, over-flowed all the Country, ſo that ſhe was forced to change the place as much out of neceſſity as reaſon; for when this Deluge was at the height, all *Egypt* was water, unleſs Hills, and Towns built upon them, which ſeemed like little Iſlands, and the Campaigne like Sea at that time about them. *Amenophis* then provided a Boat to tranſport this deplorable company: And as this ſwelling of *Nilus* did on the one ſide trouble them, ſo on the other, it kept them from falling into the power of *Amaſis*, who by reaſon of this Inundation could not ſend any Troops from *Says*, nor make any exact ſearch for the Princeſſes. But, I beſeech you, Sir, imagine a little not only in what a pitiful condition the Queen, and the young Prince her Son were, but alſo in what a ſad caſe that unhappy *Ladice* was: For ſince ſhe now grew big, though it was not perceived, yet ſince ſhe was to go with the Queen to juſtifie her ſelf, ſhe muſt needs tell that ſhe was Wife unto *Amaſis*. However, ſhe was reſolved not to forſake her, nor did not: *Amenophis* having provided all things neceſſary for fifteen days, they imbarqued from the place where they were, though the houſe was not near water when the River was within its Channel. Their Boat at one end had a Cabin covered with Canvas; under which was the Queen, *Seſoſtris*, *Ladice*, and two women of the Queens: At the other end was *Amenophis*, two Servants, and the Rowers. Imagine, Sir, in what a condition this Queen was, who of a great Kingdom had nothing left but a little Cock-boat, in danger to periſh by the impetuoſity of the *Nile*, by the

Crocodiles, by the Hypopothames, and a thouſand moſt horrid Monſters wherewith that River is filled: which way ſoever they looked, they could ſee nothing but water, which was making the land of her enemies fertile, if ſhe caſt her eyes upon poor *Seſoſtris*, they ſwam in tears, to ſee in his face ſo many ſigns of grandure in ſo deſpicable a fortune, and to find ſo many ſymptomes of a great heart in ſo tender an age, for he was not at all diſmaid at the toſſing of the waves, and bounding of the Boat: Thus this miſerable Queen, not knowing which way to look for any conſolation, turned towards her dear *Ladice*; but in lieu of finding any in her eyes, ſhe ſaw them ſwim in tears, and full of ſo much melancholy, that her own was more augmented, *Amenophis* only was he who gave her ſome comfort: However, the River *Nile* was not ſo troubleſome as ſhe apprehended, becauſe it was not ſo great where ſhe croſſed, as it was in the Province of *Delta*, whoſe ſcituation is very low, and nothing to be ſeen but the form of this *Greek* Letter, whoſe name it carries; ſo that after eight or ten days rowing, they found ſome Towns where they might refreſh and reſt themſelves in the night. I forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Queen, *Seſoſtris*, and *Ladice* had no ſuch ſigns of greatneſs in their garments, leſt they ſhould be known; and truly I think they needed no diſguiſement, for though the habit of a Queen and a Shepherd be very different, yet ſorrows had ſo changed the countenances of theſe Princeſſes, that they were leſs knowable than any diſguiſe of garments could make them; only they had all their Jewels about them, in caſe of need. But, Sir, I have ſo many things to relate, that I ſhall not ſpend any time in telling you, how they were twice in danger of drowning, by certain Winds, which blow always when the *Nile* is high, they are called the *Eteſian* Winds, and I have ſo many other things to relate which will move your pity, that I ſhall not meddle with this: But let me tell you, Sir, that after all imaginable impediments of this dangerous Voyage, they came at laſt into a Town, ſcituated upon a high Hill, and with works to repulſe the waves, which is not above ſixty furlongs from *Elephantine*; in this place *Amenophis* heard how that Town was at laſt reſolved to obey *Amaſis*, and that deputies were going to ſwear fealty to their new King. Thus after a long and dangerous voyage, hoping to find a place of Sanctuary, the Queen was loaded with a new burthen of ſorrows, ſo that ſhe had no way now but to hide her ſelf: But the better to do ſo, they muſt not go unto *Elephantine*, and therefore the Queen conſulted with *Amenophis*, who was well acquainted with that Country, and upon better thoughts he remembered a Shepherd of his acquaintance, whoſe Father heretofore ſerved his, and who dwelt in a very ſolitary place and pleaſant, where the Queen might be both ſafe and convenient: ſo that without more ado, they went that way, and the next morning came to a little Iſle, which doubtleſs the gods did purpoſely create for a Sanctuary and place of retreat unto this great Princeſs: for, Sir, I am confident that nature never framed ſuch a place as this; it is about fifteen or ſixteen furlongs in length, and ſomething oval, in the midſt of it is an high hill, where one may retire when *Nilus* is high, and where the paſtures are only inhabited by Shepherds, in Cabines, this hill is full of Sicomores, whoſe ſhadow is very delightful, and at the foot of it unto the River banks, are meadows, ſo thick, ſo freſh, ſo ſweet, and fair, as it ſeemed to be a moſt fertile land: a million of water-trees did ſhadow theſe pleaſant meadows in divers places, and as if the gods had deſigned that thoſe who inhabit it ſhould not be diſcovered by paſſengers in Boats, it is ſet round about with a thick and high hedge of Oſiers, and roſe-trees, which grow ſo cloſe to the water, and adorn it, and as if it did both invite and forbid an entrance unto all thoſe that came unto it, all the Roſe-trees were intermingled with a kind of wild Lillies, which grow along the River *Nilus*, and whoſe odour perfumes the whole Iſle. This, Sir, was the pleaſant deſart which ſerved for a Sanctuary and retreat unto the Queen. *Amenophis* was no ſooner landed, but he went to ſeek him who he knew lived there, and having found him, he diſpoſed him to entertain ſome perſons which fled from the perſecution of the new King, yet not telling who they were, though he enjoyned cloſe ſecrecy: then they went unto his houſe which was the greateſt and neareſt in all the Iſle, which had not above ten or twelve in all, and they ſo ſeparated one from another, that they might eaſily go in and out undiſcovered by any: he found this Shepherd had wit enough, but ſomething covetous, which fault the more pleaſed *Amenophis*, who having wherewith to ſatisfie the humour of the man, thought he would make him very faithful to the Queen; and indeed he was ſo, for he never ſpoke a word unto any of the reſt in the Iſle; ſince it was late when they landed, none did diſcover them, all the Shepherds being buſie in driving their flocks unto their folds, ſo that *Amenophis* had all that night to inſtruct his Shepherd, whoſe name was *Traſeas*, a married man, whoſe Wife was called *Nicetis*: he told them then (after a good reward in hand, and large promiſes of more if they were faithful) his beſt courſe was to ſay unto the reſt of the Shepherds, that theſe people in his houſe were forced out of their homes by the floods, which when it was paſſed would return, and in the mean time ſtay here, that they dwelt beyond *Elephantine*: Since they were already ſufficiently diſguiſed, they ſtood in need of no great change of Garments; the men which rowed the Boat were kept there for the wafting of their two ſervants into any Town to fetch ſuch things as they needed: So that this little retreat for its tranquility, did ſo ſatisfie the Queen, that ſhe hoped the gods would preſerve *Seſoſtris* for ſome better fortune: but yet the ſighs and tears of *Ladice* redoubled; for ſeeing ſhe muſt make known her Marriage unto the Queen, unleſs ſhe would diſhonour her ſelf in her opinion, ſhe reſolved upon it the third day they came into the Iſle: As ſhe was then in the morning with this Princeſs, who never ſtirred out of her Cabin ſince ſhe came into it, ſhe began to conjure her with a flood of tears in her eyes, to promiſe not to hate her after ſhe had acquainted her with a buſineſs: Such language unuſual did ſurpriſe the Queen, who knowing no poſſible cauſe why ſhe ſhould hate *Ladice*, promiſed ſhe would not, in the preſence of *Amenophis*, and proteſted ſhe would love her as long as ſhe lived, let her ſay what ſhe would. Then this unhappy

Princeſs began to acquaint her in few words, but many perplexities, many ſighs and tears, with her Marriage unto *Amaſis*, and the condition ſhe was in: And in ſuch moving manner as would have inſpired pity into the moſt barbarous heart. No, no, Madam (ſaid *Ladice* unto her, after ſhe had made a full relation) you are not obliged to keep promiſe with the Wife of an Uſurper; and I repent that I did ask it of you: Hate me, hate me, as you ought to do the Wife of your Enemy, though truly I am at this preſent a moſt mortal enemy unto him, nor will ever pretend unto any greatneſs which *Amaſis* hath gotten by unjuſt ways, and do ſo horridly hate his action, that I do not only hate him, but my ſelf alſo. In the mean time, Madam, if your ſorrows can find any ſatisfaction by taking revenge of *Amaſis* upon my perſon, do it, I conjure you: For ſince he hath ſo much ſlighted my prayers and deſires, I think he cares not for my life, therefore I refer it unto your diſpoſition: I ask no other favour from you, but to think me innocent; and that if I could, I would pull the Scepter out of the hands of *Amaſis*, and give it unto *Seſoſtris*, though I were a ſlave all the days of my life. *Ladice* having told her tale in ſo ſad a manner, the Queen as generous as ſhe, began to anſwer her with a kiſs; for ſhe could not poſſibly expreſs her wonder at the virtue of this Princeſs, who had voluntarily exiled her ſelf, rather than to reign unjuſtly: But after her ſpirits were a little recollected, ſhe began to comfort her, and tell her ſhe would love her as well as before, and much better. *Amenophis* did ſecond the Queen with all the comforts he could, and gave her as many praiſes as ſhe deſerved; but ſhe did reject all applauds in ſo generous a manner, as did more and more tender the heart of the Queen. After this, the ſorrows of this Princeſs ſwelled her heart ſo full, that ſhe fell ſick, and ſo ſick, as ſhe died the third day: But in loſing her life, ſhe gave it unto a Daughter, which was a moſt perfect Miracle of Beauty. But, Sir, ſince the death of *Ladice* was no leſs generous than her life, I muſt needs relate in few words the particulars of it. After that ſhe had brought to light this fair Daughter, whoſe life was as extraordinary as her birth, and that ſhe perceived ſhe could not live, to loſe no precious time, ſhe called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writ theſe words unto *Amaſis.*

Dying Ladice *unto Ambitious* Amaſis.

SInce I have but one quarter of an hour to live, I have not time to ſay much unto you, but know that I leave you a Daughter which perhaps you ſhall never ſee, if you do not reſtore the Crown unto young Seſoſtris: *and I think my ſelf happy, that in dying I have left ſome pawn in his hands, I wiſh unto the gods that you could ſee me dye; for perhaps it would cool that Ambitious paſſion which hath cauſed the death of*

Ladice.

After the Princeſs had read over her Letter, ſhe gave it unto *Amenophis*, deſiring him to keep it carefully, and to make uſe of it when he ſaw fit: Afterwards turning towards the Queen, ſhe implored her pardon in beſeeching her to preſerve the life of this Daughter unto *Amaſis*, becauſe as long as ſhe was in her power, ſhe might perhaps give ſome ſtop unto the Ambition of the Father. The truth is, Sir, this unfortunate Princeſs ſpoke unto the Queen, as if ſhe wiſhed life unto her Daughter only for love of her, and as if ſhe had loſt that natural affection which is in all Mothers, which is, to wiſh life unto their children for the loves ſake which they bear unto them. The Queen was extreamly moved to ſee the Princeſs in ſuch a condition, and aſſured her, that ſhe would not look upon this Child as the daughter of *Amaſis*, but as the daughter of *Ladice*, and conſequently would have as great care of her as of her own: after this aſſurance, *Ladice* thanked the Queen, with eyes ſwimming in tears; then neglecting all worldly cares, her thoughts were all addreſſed unto the gods, yet not with one prayer for either *Amaſis* or her daughter, but only for the Queen and young *Seſoſtris*, after which ſhe dyed. You may imagine that there was no very great Pomp at her Funeral, which indeed was with no more Ceremony than if ſhe were ſome Shepherd's Daughter of the Iſle, leſt there ſhould ariſe ſome ſuſpicion of them: However, *Nicetis* was careful in nurſing of *Ladice*'s daughter, who was called *Timareta*: The firſt days, after the death of this generous Princeſs, were ſpent in lamenting her loſs; but afterwards, the Queen conforming her mind unto an accident, againſt which there was no remedy, adviſed with *Amenophis* what was beſt to be done with *Ladice*'s Letter: *Amenophis* conſidering the caſe of things, could not believe that *Amaſis* would reſtore the Crown unto *Seſóſtris*, at the requeſt of dying *Ladice*, for ſince he could not moderate his ambitious paſſion at her conjurations, and at a time when he knew not whether the ſucceſs would be good or bad, certainly he would not hearken to her when he was in full poſſeſſion; nor was it credible, that to get out of the Queens hands a young daughter newly born, he would part with a Scepter; but perhaps when he hears of *Ladice*'s death, he will enter into a new fury, and add revenge unto his ambition, imagining they were the cauſe of *Ladice*'s death; furthermore he thought that it was to be feared when *Ladice*'s Letter was delivered, *Amaſis* might come to know where *Seſoſtris* was; therefore his advice was to keep the Letter until ſuch time as they were able to raiſe a party in the State. The Queen then approving of this advice, thought upon nothing but how to conceal her ſelf and her Son; but this care laſted not long; for, Sir, ſince *Nilus* was faln into his accuſtomed channel, there did ariſe from the ground certain vapours, which that Year cauſed a contagion in the Town of *Elephantine*, which did depopulate almoſt all the Town, and was brought into this little Iſle, by thoſe two men which went in the Boat to fetch them neceſſaries; but theſe two men were not alone which loſt their lives, for almoſt all the inhabitants of the Iſle did the like, and thoſe who did not fled; *Amenophis* had fled for company, if the Queen had not faln ſick and dyed, with the two women with her; as ſoon as *Amenophis* ſaw the Queen ſick, he reſolved to ſtay with her, but ſent away *Seſoſtris* with the Wife of a Shepherd, and *Timareta* with her nurſe, into one of thoſe Cabins which were upon the top of the Hill, which not being inhabited, was not infected with ſo bad an air, and by this means he ſaved the life of the young *Seſoſtris*: This horrible infection could not laſt long in the Iſle, for there was ſo few people in it that it was almoſt quite depopulated, either by death or flight of the inhabitants: But the moſt lamentable paſſage was, that the Queen and her women died in four days, ſo that *Amenophis* was left alone in the Iſle, with *Seſoſtris*, *Traſeas*, *Nicetis*, *Timareta* her nurſe, and one ſervant. Seeing then the ſtate of things, *Amenophis* thought it beſt to keep the Iſle ſtill, it being more ſafe by this accident than before, and more eaſie to hide the young *Seſoſtris* in a depopulated deſart, than when it was peopled; and thoſe who fled were ſo affrighted, that they durſt not return, and thoſe who were there, thought *Seſoſtris* to be the Son of *Amenophis*, whom they thought a Shepherd, and that *Timareta* was daughter to *Traſeas* and *Nicetis*. In the mean while *Amenophis* conſidering the ſtate of things, could not hope to attempt any thing openly againſt *Amaſis*; therefore he reſolved to wait ſome favourable conjuncture, when he might ſafely ſhew the young *Seſoſtris* unto the people, and that they might know him to be their Prince when occaſion was; he took extraordinary care for his education, as well as that ſolitary place would permit. *Seſoſtris* being very young, was not ſenſible of the Queen his Mothers death, nor remembring any Father, but *Amenophis*: but to the end he might divert himſelf, and better learn thoſe things which *Amenophis* taught him, who was one of the moſt knowing men in all *Egypt*, he went ſecretly unto *Elephantine*, where then I was, about eight years of age; and ſince I had no Father, but left to the conduct of a Mother, who was Siſter unto *Amenophis*; he procured me of her, as a comfort to him in his exile; for ſince ſhe had many children, and *Amenophis* very rich, ſhe was willing to part with me: ſo I was carried unto this place of ſolitude, which at firſt I was weary of, but cuſtom did better acquaint me with it, and though I was four years elder than *Seſoſtris*, yet he had ſuch a quick forward Spirit, that I exceedingly loved him: *Amenophis* had no other buſineſs or delight, but to teach us ſuch things as our ages were capable of; *Traſea*[illegible]d his wiſe took care of the family, and the Servant went and came continually between *Elephantine* and the Iſle, to have the news of the world by means of my Mother, who did not directly know where her Brother was: but ſtill he could hear no news that pleaſed him; for be pleaſed to know, Sir, that *Amaſis* did think himſelf as ſecure and abſolute a Maſter of all *Egypt*, as if the Throne had hereditarily and juſtly deſcended unto him; yet for all that, the Queen and *Seſoſtris* not being in his power, they were ſharp thorns in his thoughts, he grieved alſo exceedingly that *Ladice* followed them; but ſeeing all his diligent ſearches were in vain, and that he could learn no further than that they were embarqued upon the *Nile*, he thought his beſt expedient to divulge all over *Egypt* that *Seſoſtris* and the Queen were drowned, to the end, that the people thinking there was no ſucceſſor of *Apriez* living, they would more willingly ſubmit unto him: and to confirm them in this belief, he cauſed the obſequies of *Ladice* to be ſolemnized, knowing certainly (as he ſaid) that ſhe periſhed with them: In the mean time, he cauſed ſecret ſearches to be made with extraordinary care, which perſwaded *Amenophis* when he knew it, that *Amaſis* had ſome ill deſign in it, ſo that ſeeing all *Egypt* was in a huſh'd tranquility, he thought upon nothing but the education of *Seſoſtris*: And ſince Aſtrology is the original Science of all *Egypt*, wherein all perſons of any curioſity have ſome knowledge; *Amenophis* was expert in it, and found by it, that *Seſoſtris* ſhould hereafter ſee happy days: Yet maugre his Aſtrology, he was once in a mind to quit his deſart, and to go and let the people know that their Legitimate Prince lived; for he underſtood that *Amaſis* beginning to chear himſelf up, after his loſs of *Ladice*, and altogether giving himſelf up unto pleaſures, the people began to murmur, and conſidering that he was not of the Royal Race, they began to deſpiſe him, not rendering him ſo much honour as they did before, but ſaid openly, that they remembred him in another picture than now he was, and that though they did not give him honour enough as their King, yet they rendered him too much as he was *Amaſis*; and that ſince their King and

Amaſis were not all one, he ought not to complain againſt them. This Prince hearing how the people began to mutter, did reſolve upon an odd courſe to ſtop their mouths, yet ſuch a one as produced effect, and forced *Amenophis* back unto his Deſart. There was in that ſtately Palace which the late King built, great veſſels of Gold which were uſed in publick Feaſts, *Amaſis* took all thoſe Veſſels and cauſed them to be melted into a Statue of *Oſiris*, and to be ſet before the Palace Gates: As ſoon as it was placed there, all the people flocked about it, looked upon it with profound reſpect, rendering as much honour as if *Oſiris* had been there: For amongſt us the repreſentations of ſuch things as we adore are ſacred unto us, even the very Images of Animals are held in veneration. *Amaſis* ſeeing out of a Balcony the reverence which the people payed unto this Statue of *Oſiris*, told them that he wondered they ſhould honour this Statue ſo much, conſidering it was made out of the Golden Veſſels which were uſed in their publick Feaſts, but they returned ſuch an anſwer as he expected, that it was not the mettle they honoured, but the repreſentation of *Oſiris*: After which he told them, that accordingly they ought not to look upon him as *Amaſis* only, but as their King, ſince he did repreſent *Apriez* more lively, than this Statue did *Oſiris*. The people being moved by ſuch an example as ſilenced them, began to reverence *Amaſis*, and the more, becauſe he proclaimed ſome laws which ſeemed full of Juſtice, and gave great hopes of his wiſdom; for he enacted that all his ſubjects throughout his Dominions, ſhould give an account to the Governour of the place where he lived, how he had lived the year before, to the end he might baniſh idleneſs and injuſtice both at once: So that *Amenophis* no ſooner heard how the people began to grumble, but he heard immediately after, that he ſtood upon faſter grounds than ever, as if the gods had neglected the conduct of the Univerſe, ſince they ſuffered an Uſurper to ſit upon the Throne, and the legitimate King to be in exile, brought up in a Deſart amongſt a company of Shepherds. But, Sir, I muſt not inſiſt longer upon this, ſince I have many things of great importance to tell you: In the mean time therefore, ſince *Amenophis* thought to draw ſome advantage by the young *Timareta*, he thought fit to educate her ſo, as ſhe might hereafter be known unto *Amaſis* without diſlike, which he did excellently well by means of my Mother, and the great recompences which he promiſed, ſo that ſhe ſent him a woman to be tutor to this young Princeſs: This woman was a *Theban*, moſt admirably qualified for the education of ſuch a perſon as this: divers croſs adventures had ruined her family, and ſhe forced to ſeek a livelyhood by ſuch a happy ſervitude as this: her name was *Ediſea*. Thus, Sir, *Timareta* came under her tuition, as ſoon as ſhe was fit to be taken from her Nurſe, who had eſcaped the contagion as well as ſhe: and be pleaſed to know, Sir, that as *Seſoſtris* was a miracle, ſo *Timareta* was another, for beauty and ſpirit, all the parts of her face were ſo many wonders; her complexion though a little brown yet moſt lovely; her hair the pureſt black that ever was; her aſpect was ſo high and charming, as it did invite both admiration and love: So that I may truly ſay, never were two children together ſo amiable as the young *Seſoſtris*, and the young *Timareta*, eſpecially when the luſtre of their ſpirits began to joyn and ſhine with their beauties, which was, when *Timareta* was eight, and *Seſoſtris* twelve years of age: For, Sir, I aſſure you, all their actions and their words were infinitely taking, and tranſcended their Ages. Since naturally I was reaſonably active, and had ſome education before I came into this Iſle, I practiſed all exerciſes of body with *Seſoſtris*, which he performed admirably well, as running, leaping, ſhooting, the Lute, and ſuch things: As for the Liberal Sciences, *Amenophis* taught him as well as any Prince in the World ſtood in need of: He could ſpeak divers Languages, eſpecially the Greek very well: For ſince *Amenophis* had the diſpoſition of all the Queen's and *Ladice*'s Jewels, we wanted neither Books, nor any thing elſe which was requiſite: Yet our habits were courſe like Shepherds, and ſometimes we went unto the Flocks when *Amenophis* gave us leave. Again *Ediſea* educated *Timareta* as if ſhe were in the Court; though ſhe permitted her to uſe ſome ſuch common things as Shepherds uſe, as the making of fine

Baskets of Ruſhes, weaving ſtrings in ſeveral colours, and ſuch like: But *Ediſea* did not only teach her theſe trivials, but alſo the Greek Language; yet the wonder of all was, to ſee what a wonderful inclination *Seſoſtris* had unto *Timareta*: He could not endure to be out of her ſight; he never contended with her for any thing, but in all things ſubmitted unto her, that at that age complacency was a novelty: If he obſerved ſhe wanted any Ruſhes to make her pretty Baskets, wherein ſhe put her fruits and flowers, he went in all haſte to get her them: If at any time ſhe deſired any Flowers, he was never at reſt until he brought her a Basket full: he thought ſo much of pleaſing her, that he thought upon nothing elſe. On the other ſide, the young *Timareta*, though very ſweet unto all, yet did put ſuch a notable difference between *Seſoſtris* and all others, as it was very obſervable: She approved of all he ſaid; and if two preſented unto her any thing at one time, ſhe would accept that which *Seſoſtris* offered before the preſent of any other. Thus, Sir, we lived until *Seſoſtris* was ſixteen, and *Timareta* twelve years of age: But, Sir, as they were amiable in their infancy, ſo they were amiable in their riper age, when their ſpirits did put ſouls into their beauty, and when they were grown capable of loving: For truly, though *Timareta* had a deſign to pleaſe a whole Court, ſhe could not take more care of her ſelf than ſhe did: And if *Seſoſtris* had a deſign to publiſh his ſpirit unto all the world, he could not have been more exactly careful to pleaſe, than he was when he ſpoke before *Timareta*. In the mean time, ſince *Amenophis* conceived that if *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta* were hereafter to appear in the world as known who they were, it would be advantagious that *Timareta* ſhould love *Seſoſtris*, he did not check this growing affection, no more than *Ediſea*, who always followed the mind of *Amenophis*, without ſeeking for other reaſon, and ſo much the rather in this, becauſe ſhe perceived all the inclinations of *Timareta* to be virtuous. In the mean time, ſince we read all ſorts of Books, eſpecially the Hiſtory of *Egypt*, ſometimes when *Seſoſtris*, and I were together, we talked of many things, eſpecially of *Amenophis*

phis, and what deſigns he ſhould have: For, ſaid *Seſoſtris* to me, I find by the Hiſtory of *Egypt*, that it is divided into ſix ſeveral profeſſions: That the Prieſts are ordained for ſacred things; the Noblemen for Councellors unto their King, for Commanders in their Armies, and Governours of Provinces; that their Souldiers in general think upon nothing but matters of War; that the Merchants buſie themſelves in nothing but in things belonging to their Traffick; that Labourers follow only their Plough; that Artificers meddle with nothing but what will make them more knowing in their Art; and that Shepherds keep themſelves within compaſs of their Fold, and think upon nothing but their Flocks. Yet though we be only Shepherds, I ſee *Amenophis* doth inſtruct us in a hundred things which the Law forbids, and I find my heart too big to be contained within the compaſs of this little Iſle, and I have had ſome thoughts of making a propoſition unto you of leaving it, if—— At this word *Seſoſtris* ſtopped, and though I did extreamly preſs him to go on with his ſentence, yet I could not move him: So that I was forced to ſpeak his thoughts, and agree with him to ſteal out of this Iſle, relating many things concerning *Elephantine*, which I remembring very well, begot a ſtrong curioſity in him: But for all our plot it was not eaſie to be executed: For *Amenophis* had a ſtrict obſervant eye upon us; and indeed *Seſoſtris* did decline it, for he was already deep in love with the young *Timareta*; being after this very reſerved unto each other, we parted, *Seſoſtris* ſaying he would walk by himſelf, and I ſaying I would return unto my Cabin: Since we came out with a deſign to Hunt, *Seſoſtris* brought his Bow, and quiver full of Arrows, with a Staff in his hand like thoſe which the Shepherds about *Elephantine* uſe to carry, with a ſteel point at either end, and with which one might defend himſelf as well as with any Sword: For ſince in the Province of *Elephantine* the Crocodiles are not held in veneration as in that of *Thebes*, where it is not lawful to kill them, but on the contrary they think it a thing well pleaſing unto the Gods to purge *Nilus* from theſe terrible devourers, and all the Shepherds of this

Province carry ſuch Pike-ſtaffs to kill them, and defend themſelves: So *Seſeſtris* without any other deſign than contemplation, walked a long time by the water ſide, not meeting with any interruption of his ſtudy, but at laſt coming unto a place where a little Iſthmus ſhot it ſelf into the *Nile*, he eſpyed *Timareta*, who to take the freſh air, and view of the River, had left *Ediſea*, and came unto this neck of Land, which, as I ſaid, ſhot it ſelf into the River, and the better to enjoy a proſpect, ſhe had made a gap with her fair hand through that hedg of Oſiers and Roſes which grew along the banks of this Iſle, and which was thinner in that place than any where elſe. *Seſoſtris* no ſooner ſpied her, but raviſhed with joy, he made towards her, yet he had no ſooner ſtept four paces forward, but he eſpyed upon his right hand, through the thick of Oſiers and Roſes, one of theſe terrible Monſters of *Nilus*, which cutting the water with incredible ſwiftneſs, was ready to fall upon the fair *Timareta*, and pull her into the water with his affrighting tallons which thoſe Crocodiles are armed withal: He no ſooner ſaw this fierce Animal, but he cryed out, and ran with all haſte to get between the Crocodile and *Timareta*; for though he had Bow and Arrows, yet he knew that both the thickneſs of the hedge would hinder their execution, and alſo the ſcales of the Crocodile were ſo hard, that it was impoſſible they ſhould enter: Thus conſidering this in an inſtant, he ran with his Pike-ſtaff in his right hand, and his Bow in his left, to get between the Monſter and *Timareta*. In the mean time, the cry of *Seſoſtris* coming to the ears of this young Princeſs, ſhe turning her head to know the reaſon, and alſo ſeeing the Crocodile coming towards her, ſhe was ſo amazed with fear, that ſhe was ſpeechleſs, yet the exceſs of her fears did not produce their ordinary effects, but the contrary, and made her run as faſt as ſhe could towards *Seſoſtris*, and the nature of a Crocodile being to be more furious upon them which fly, than thoſe which ſtand ſtoutly to them, this fierce Animal fearing to loſe his prey, flounced out of the River, made the air eccho with the rattle of his ſcales, and ſhaking off the fome of water, he followed the fair, and fearful *Timareta*, who turning her head ſometimes, to ſee whether the Monſter was near her, yet ran with incredible ſwiftneſs towards *Seſoſtris*, who ran alſo to her relief. Imagine, Sir, I beſeech you, what an object was this unto *Ediſea*, who a far off ſaw this terrible ſpectacle. In the mean while *Seſoſtris* turning upon his right hand to let *Timareta* paſs by, he got betwixt the Crocodile and her, to ſtay his fury at leaſt, though he could not overcome him. This Monſter (which never ſaw *Seſoſtris*, becauſe he looked only upon his fair prey which he purſued) ſeemed to be ſurprized, and ſtopt upon a ſudden. But though the nature of the Crocodiles (as I ſaid before) was to be leſs furious upon thoſe who ſtoutly ſtood to them, than upon thoſe which fly, yet ſince he ſaw himſelf ſo far from his Sanctuary the River, deſpair did rouze his fury, and he fell upon *Seſoſtris*, yet recoiled at firſt ſome two or three paces, but it was to return with greater violence; but *Seſoſtris* being beyond belief ſtout, did not at all loſe his judgment, ſo throwing away his bow, and taking his Pike-ſtaff in both hands, the combat began between this fierce Monſter and him, whereof the fair *Timareta*, who was faln with fear and wearineſs ſome twenty paces off, was a witneſs as well as *Ediſea*, whoſe affright would neither permit her to go forward nor backward. In the mean time, ſince Crocodiles can ſee better upon land than water, this did put by the point of the Pike-ſtaff ſo cunningly, that *Seſoſtris* could not touch him, unleſs in ſuch places where he could not hurt him, for this armed Monſter had only one place where he could receive any mortal wound. Sometimes he would ſeem weary, and make a retreat purpoſely to ſurpriſe *Seſoſtris*; then upon a ſudden ſtretching out his greedy tallons, and opening his helliſh mouth, wherein all the teeth were poiſoned, he would caſt himſelf upon him with ſuch violence, that *Timareta* often thought her dear deliverer was devoured: The Scales of this horrid Monſter made a ſhrill noiſe, and would vary into ſeveral colours, their ruſſet would become red, and anon blue, his eyes were full of a gloomy fire, his teeth ſeemed all bloody with the laſt prey he had devoured; a green and yellow foam ſpued out of his throat, and a thick dusky ſmoak which came from his noſe ſo blinded the eyes of *Seſoſtris*, that he could hardly defend himſelf from his tallons; yet his great heart was not at all aſtoniſhed or weary, but he avoided all the aſſaults of this affrighting Monſter with ſuch incredible agility, as is admirable, he ſhifted ſo nimbly ſometimes to the right hand, ſometimes to the left, that at every turn he gave him a thruſt, but to his great grief all in vain. In the mean time, this gaping Monſter would not ſubmit, but with a reach of his paw, ſcratched all the Arrows out of his Quiver, and with another reach pulled his Quiver quite from him, thinking to pull him alſo, but by good fortune the Quiver looſened, and he eſcaped the fury of this Monſter; yet he began to think, he ſhould periſh at the laſt, and had no hope in any thing, but the glory in reſcuing his dear *Timareta*, when the Crocodile roſe upright on his hinder feet, intending to throw himſelf upon the head of *Seſoſtris*, but this *Hero* took that opportunity, to thruſt his Pike into his belly, and reached his very heart; it was a happy hit to light juſt upon that only place where the ſcales were penetrable; this monſtrous beaſt perceiving himſelf wounded, bellowed out a horrid noiſe, and ſtrove to revenge his death; but *Seſoſtris* being raviſhed that he had wounded his fierce enemy, and to ſee his blood run upon the graſs, did hold his pike-ſtaff ſo ſtiff and cloſe in the wound, that the Monſter could not diſengage himſelf, but in lieu of falling upon *Seſoſtris* tumbled on one ſide, moving very weakly; for ſince *Seſoſtris* would not pull his weapon out of the wound, it was probable he pierced deeper into his heart, or at leaſt kept him that he could not riſe: *Seſoſtris* now ſeeing his horrible enemy vanquiſhed, and ready to breath his laſt, he pulled his bloudy weapon out of the wound, and let the life of this Monſter run out with his blood; after which, all glorious with Victory, he went to caſt himſelf at the feet of the fair and fearful *Timareta*, who not being able to paſs ſo ſuddenly from extream ſorrows into extream joys, had ſtill all ſigns of fear in her fair face: I pray you pardon me, ſaid he unto her, for no ſooner killing this Monſter, whoſe cruelty would have devoured the faireſt perſon in the world. Ah, *Seſoſtris*, ſaid ſhe, riſe up, how is it poſſible you ſhould ſpeak with ſuch calmneſs of ſpirit as you do? For my part (ſaid ſhe and walked towards *Ediſea* who was coming towards her) I am ſtill afraid the Monſter ſhould revive: *Seſoſtris* ſmiled at the fears of *Timareta*, with as much tranquility as if he had been in no danger, and aſſuring her there was no cauſe of fear, he helped her to walk: But as *Ediſea* met them, ſhe asked *Timareta* whether ſhe had given thanks unto her deliverer: Alas, ſaid ſhe unto her, I am ſtill ſo fearful that the Monſter is not yet dead, that I ſhall not be able to thank him all the day; all I can ſay for his ſatisfaction is, that whilſt he fought with this terrible Monſter, I was in as much fear of him as of my ſelf. Alas, *Timareta*, ſaid he unto her, your expreſſion is above my deſert, and higher than I can believe. As *Timareta* was ready to anſwer *Seſoſtris*, and to tell him with what ſincerity ſhe ſpoke her thoughts, *Amenophis* and I came unto them, ſo that *Ediſea* relating the Combat of *Seſoſtris* and his Victory, we forced *Timareta* to return back, and look upon this Monſter which *Seſoſtris* had killed; I ſay we forced her, for indeed ſhe feared to look upon him after he was dead, yet with much ado ſhe went: but when we came unto the place where he lay wallowing in his own blood, and ſaw there was no cauſe of any fear, ſhe began then to tell *Amenophis* with an incomparable grace, all the paſſages, and how the fight was; for the natural modeſty of *Seſoſtris* only told how he had overcome him, and no more of any circumſtances; but the young *Timareta* helping him out, did aggravate the matter, as if in publiſhing the glory of *Seſoſtris*, ſhe had augmented her own. *Amenophis* could not chuſe but wonder at this prodigious encounter, and to conſider how the daughter of an Uſurper ſhould be relieved by him, from whom her Father had taken the Scepter and Crown; and to ſee as much amitie grow betwixt them, as there was hatred betwixt their Fathers. However, after *Amenophis* had well conſidered all theſe things, whilſt *Timareta* was relating the adventure with an admirable grace, he highly extolled the courage of

Seſoſtris, and told him, that this heroick quality was the duty of all men; that Shepherds as well as Kings ought to be qualified with it; that they were obliged to defend their flocks, as well as Kings their people, and ſo exhorted him to invigorate his valour. Truly, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) ſince there is a marvelous reſemblance 'twixt Kings and Shepherds, you need not think ſtrange if I give you the ſame leſſons as if you were the Son of a King. And indeed, Sir, *Amenophis* inſtructed *Seſoſtris* in all the Morals and Politicks, under the ſimilitude of a Shepherd, ruling his flock as well, and with as much art, as might inſtruct a King in ruling his people: and therefore keeping ſtill within his terms, he told *Seſoſtris*, that ſince he had ſo magnanimouſly defended *Timareta* from a Monſter, he ſhould alſo defend his flock from Wolves. Oh, Father, (ſaid *Seſoſtris* haſtily) I do not love your flocks of ſheep ſo well as I do the fair *Timareta*. *Amenophis* ſmiled at this anſwer, as well as *Ediſea*; but *Timareta* bluſht, and looked downwards, ſaying ſomething in a low voice, which ſome underſtood, yet which they knew was no ill of *Seſoſtris*. In the mean time, ſince it was late, we returned to our Cabin, continually talking of *Timareta*'s timeroſity, and her diliverer's courage. The next morning, *Amenophis*, to incite this young Prince unto a love of glory, did make this known unto all the Shepherds in the Iſle, who all admired and applauded his couragious act: Theſe Shepherds, when they ſaw this Monſter, they carried him unto a little Chappel, which ſtood in the further part of their Iſle towards the eaſt, to render thanks unto the gods, for ſaving *Timareta* and *Seſoſtris* from the fury of this Crocodile: the ceremony was performed with a little kind of triumph; for all the Shepherds with their Pipes went to and fro playing tunes of rejoycing and Victory: afterwards eight Shepherds carried this Monſter, and immediately after it, went *Seſoſtris* Crowned with a wreath of Palm and Lawrel, whereof abundance grew in this Iſle: this victorious Prince, having his Pike-ſtaff decked with flowers in his right hand; but the pretieſt ſight was, to ſee young *Timareta*, who made the Crown for the Temples of *Seſoſtris*, follow him with all the reſt of the Shepherdeſſes, with ſo much joy in her face, as it may truly be ſaid, ſhe was the greateſt ornament unto this ruſtique triumph, and indeed ſhe was ſo, eſpecially in the eyes of *Seſoſtris*, and his love did ſo much increaſe, ~~that he~~ could not long hide that harmleſs fire which began to burn his heart; ſo that after thanks given unto the gods, and after all the Shepherds had brought *Seſoſtris* to our Cabin, he was no ſooner returned, but taking the Crown from his head, he entered into a little Chamber where *Timareta* lay, and where ſhe then was, and whilſt *Amenophis* was thanking the Shepherds, and *Ediſea* the Shepherdeſſes, *Seſoſtris* taking that opportunity, went to *Timareta* with the Crown in his hand: It is moſt juſt, ſaid he unto her, that I preſent this unto you, who have much better merited it than I; and I aſſure you, I would not have worn it, but becauſe I could not refuſe ſo great an honour as to be Crowned by the faireſt hand upon earth; but becauſe I will not be unjuſt, I proſtrate at your feet the ſame Crown wherewith you adorned my head; for once more let me tell you, it is your ſelf only which merits all the honour of my Victory. Truly (ſaid the young and fair *Timareta*, with as much becomingneſs and innocency) I do not underſtand you, but I am very certain it was you who fought with the monſter, and killed him: and if fear as well as valour deſerved triumph, 'tis I then might claim it as my due; but ſince it does not, keep it *Seſoſtris*, keep this Crown which I have made for you, ſince 'twas your ſelf only who fought and vanquiſhed, and who only deſerves it. 'Tis true indeed, my dear *Timareta*, 'twas I who vanquiſhed, ſaid he, but it is you who have vanquiſhed me, for had I not had a moſt earneſt deſire to ſave you, I ſhould have been leſs valiant, and ſhould perhaps have been vanquiſhed, and conſequently it is you who has obliged me. You may ſay what you pleaſe *Seſoſtris*, ſaid ſhe, but I am ſure I owe my life unto you, and you owe me nothing, for indeed I never did you any ſervice, nor gave you any thing, only this poor Crown, which you would reſtore back. Ha *Timareta*, ſaid he, you are much more liberal than you think of, for you have given me a thing which

I ſhall never reſtore you, and which indeed I cannot if I would: *Timareta* hearing *Seſoſtris* ſpeak thus, began innocently to bethink her ſelf what *Seſoſtris* ever gave her; for my part, ſaid ſhe, you take a delight in puzeling me, for truly I remember that you have given me a thouſand times ſome fruit, and birds, and ruſhes to make my baskets, but I do not remember I was ever liberal unto you: Yet you have given me a thing, replied he, which I ſhall keep as long as I live: Then certainly, ſaid ſhe, I gave it you aſſoon as I came out of my cradle, and at a time beyond my memory: No, replied *Seſoſtris*, it was when you were more in years than ſo: For Heavens ſake, ſaid *Timareta*, tell me what it is? Since you would ſo earneſtly know (replied he, half ſmiling and bluſhing) you have given me love: Ah *Seſoſtris*, (ſaid ſhe all in confuſion, not knowing whether ſhe ſhould be angry or glad) will you recompence me ſo cruelly for making you a Crown, as to mock at my ſimplicity? Ah *Timareta* (ſaid he) will you ſo cruelly recompence me, for, as you ſay, ſaving your life, as that you will give me a death? for I muſt tell you moſt ſeriouſly, that if you do not think I love you a thouſand times better than I do my ſelf, and think it without anger, I ſhall moſt infallibly dye. *Timareta* having recollected her ſelf whilſt *Seſoſtris* was talking: however it be (ſaid ſhe unto him) I declare unto you, that though perhaps I did innocently give you what you ſay, yet I would not have you recompence liberality for liberality, in giving me the like. As *Seſoſtris* was ready to anſwer, they were called away to dinner; but as long as it laſted, *Timareta* durſt not ſo much as look upon *Seſoſtris*; yet there appeared ſuch carnation bluſhes in her cheeks, that ſhe was forced unto a neceſſity of masking them with an excuſe, and ſaid, ſhe was ſo hot with going to the Chappel, that ſhe ſhould not be cool again all that day. But, Sir, without further relation of the firſt conferences between theſe two Illuſtrious Lovers, I ſhall only tell you, that as *Seſoſtris* loved *Timareta*, and *Timareta* knew it, ſo ever ſince they did agree more amiably. Then, Sir, was this Prince pleaſed to make choice of me for his confident, who had no other ſecrets to truſt me withal, but the violence of his paſſion; for certainly *Timareta* did behave her ſelf with an extream reſervedneſs, ſo that it may be ſaid, ſhe was wiſe before her time: moreover *Ediſea* obſerved her very cloſe; yet the virtue of *Timareta* was a ſufficient guard unto her beauty. However, having put *Seſoſtris* unto a thouſand teſts by as many rigours, ſhe had all imaginable eſteem and tenderneſs of this lovely Shepherd: ſhe gave him a thouſand innocent teſtimonies of it upon a hundred occaſions; either by her favourable looks, or by ſome obliging bluſhes, or by ſome plauſible words, or by a thouſand other little expreſſions, which ſpeak plain enough unto a Lover. It was a great augmentation of affection between theſe two young Lovers, to think they were like to have no obſtacles in their Marriage: The quality of their Parents was equal, their age proportionable; there was not one Shepherdeſs in all the Iſle whom *Seſoſtris* could endure to talk with one quarter of an hour; nor was there one Shepherd which *Timareta* could endure to look upon: Reaſon told them both, that *Amenophis* and *Thraſeas* would like of the match: ſo that without any reſiſtance they gave themſelves the liberty of that love which their own merits did create. This being the ſtate of things, *Amenophis*, *Ediſea*, *Timareta*, *Seſoſtris*, and I, we went one evening to walk in that place where they uſe to land in that Iſle; for ſince the adventure of the Crocodile, *Timareta* would not walk any where near the River but about that Port. As we were ſet upon the Graſs, which was diapered with variety of Flowers, *Timareta* ſitting next *Seſoſtris*, asked him, if he did ſee a Boat which was coming towards the Iſle? He anſwered her, that ſhe did him wrong to ask him ſuch a queſtion, for if ſhe were in company he never looked upon any thing but her ſelf; but upon her ſerious demand, he looked, and indeed ſpied a Boat making towards them; ſo that ſhewing unto *Amenophis* what *Timareta* ſhewed him, we all looked upon this Boat; but it being late, and beginning to darken, we could not diſcover the perſons in it. The thing which *Amenophis* moſt wondered at, was, becauſe it was not ordinary for any Strangers to come unto that Iſle; but the Barque drawing nearer, we diſcovered ed in it a man of grave and ſerious phyſiognomy, very comely, who not regarding us, nor any thing the company did, lookt only upon the Moon, which dimly ſhined. The reſt of the men were only Rowers, one of which came on ſhore, and asked *Amenophis*, whom he thought to be the Maſter of the company, whether a be-nighted ſtranger could poſſibly obtain the favour of a nights lodging in the Iſle, his intentions being for *Elephantine*, but being ſo late, they conceived it dangerous to land in that Port in the night. *Amenophis* hearing the man ſpeak, and knowing by his garb, and habit, that the man in the Boat was a ſtranger, he did not only let him have leave to lodge in the Iſle, but let him have his own Cabin. Afterwards enquiring of what Country, he underſtood he was of *Samos*: after he knew his Country, *Amenophis* asked his Name? it was anſwered *Pythagoras*. Then were the ſpirits of *Amenophis* filled with joy, and he reſolved to make him the beſt entertainment poſſible: For *Amenophis* being an intimate Friend unto the High Prieſt of *Memphis*, and by means of my Mother, held a ſecret correſpondency with all his intimate friends, intending to uſe them as occaſions ſerved; he had not long ſince received a Letter from his friend, which intimated, that *Pythagoras* was arrived at *Memphis*: You may imagine, Sir, how *Amenophis* was joyed, being a man of deep knowledge, who ſince his exile had no other company but *Seſoſtris*, *Ediſea*, *Timareta*, and my ſelf. His joys were the more, becauſe he underſtood from the High Prieſt of *Memphis*, that *Pythagoras* would not return unto the Court of *Amaſis*, and therefore there was no danger in receiving him: So going unto the Boat, he offered his hand unto *Pythagoras*, to help him out, and addreſſing his ſpeech unto him, I render moſt hearty thanks unto the gods (ſaid he in the Grecian language) for bringing a man into this Deſart, whoſe Reputation tranſcends all the reports of thoſe ſeven Sages which *Greece* at this time boaſts of. This Philoſopher wondering to hear *Amenophis* ſpeak unto him, and in the Grecian tongue, ſaluted him with a Majeſtick civility, and to ſhew the eſteem he held of our Nation, he would not anſwer him violence

[illegible] Greek, but in the *Egyptian* Language. Thus did theſe two Renowned men at their firſt meeting greet one another, but not in their natural Languages, both of them retaliating equal Civilities. The Complements of *Pythagoras* were ſhort, for doubtleſs you know, Sir, how this Philoſopher was ſo great a Lover of ſilence, that he would have his Diſciples ſtudy five years, and not ſpeak: His Maxim being, to ſay little, and hear much; and the only way to ſpeak well, was to hear much. However, that little he ſpoke, was enough to charm *Amenophis*, who carried him into his Cabin, after he had preſented *Seſoſtris* unto him as his Son, and all the reſt of his Family as Servants unto *Pythagoras*. But, Sir, all the diligence of *Amenophis* to bid him welcome was ill beſtowed: for this Philoſopher never eat any thing which had life in it, but Figs and Fruits were a fine Feaſt unto him. After this ſlight repaſt, *Amenophis* began to diſcourſe of the moſt ſublime Sciences, and ſo admirably well, that this Philoſopher charmed with his knowledge, told him, that ſince his buſineſs in *Egypt* was only to learn, and know thoſe great men in it, he muſt needs ſtay a while with him, and not go ſo ſoon to *Elephantine*, where he could not meet with better company. *Amenophis* received his diſcourſe with much modeſty, and conjured him to let him become his Scholar, as well as two more, meaning *Seſoſtris* and my ſelf: In ſhort, Sir, *Pythagoras* reſolved to ſtay ſome time in the Iſle, ſo that he ſent back the Boat which brought him, and liked his ſolitude ſo well, that he ſtayed there four Months. In which time he inſtructed *Seſoſtris* with much delight; for this great Philoſopher was ſo raviſhed to find ſo wonderful a diſpoſition in the ſpirit of this young Prince to learn the higheſt things, as he taught him both with wonder and delight. He admired alſo the young *Timareta*, and ſo much the more, becauſe (ſaid he) I never knew any of her Sex who could ſo handſomely be ſilent, or ſpeak quicker when there was need, or ſuffer others to ſpeak with more patience. The truth is, Sir, he took an extream delight in her. His opinion being, that all ſouls do tranſmigrate from one body into another, either men, beaſts, birds, or any animals (which the Greeks call *Metempſuchoſis*) he had an univerſal compaſſion of all living things; as oft as he found Fiſhers with their Nets full of Fiſhes, he would buy them all, and ſet them at liberty. And after he had been a while in our Iſle, he took notice that the young *Timareta* had many little birds in cages which ſung very ſweetly, and that ſhe loved them exceeding well, becauſe *Seſoſtris* gave them. The Philoſopher according to his Doctrine gave liberty to theſe birds, and thereby did exceedingly grieve *Timareta* for the loſs of her birds, and *Seſoſtris* for the ſorrows of *Timareta*; yet did they murmur at their loſs only in ſecret; for as *Seſoſtris* received many ſapient Documents from *Pythagoras*, ſo he practiſed that ſilence which he taught his Scholars. *Seſoſtris* talking with *Timareta* after her loſs, told her, as pitiful as *Pythagoras* was, he was not able to ſet him at liberty as he had done her birds. Truly, replied ſhe, I ſhould think it more juſt to ſet men at liberty rather than birds. But, *Timareta*, there is a great difference between them and me; for thoſe birds are glad of their freedom, but I ſhould be ſorry any ſhould break my chains: So ſince *Pythagoras* intends only a good unto thoſe he frees, when he knows I am your captive, he would not releaſe me: But as for my part, fair *Timareta*, why do not you follow the exemple of this great Philoſopher, and become pitiful? Would you have me ſet you at liberty, (replied ſhe) as he hath done my birds? No, replied he, but I would have you make me happy in my captivity. How ſhall I do that? (replied ſhe.) The way is, anſwered he, by obliging me more unto you, by charming me with a million of harmleſs favours; by being gladder when you ſee my love augments, than all *Egypt* is when they ſee the *Nile* to riſe; and (if it would not anger you to ſay it) by participating with me in my Fetters: Ah *Seſoſtris*, ſaid ſhe, would you have me to be pitiful, and your ſelf ſo cruel as to wiſh my captivity? Fie, fie, it were not juſt; therefore all I can do is to tell you, it ſhall not be long of me, if you be not free. Then you do not love me at all (replied he, and looked ſadly upon her.) I do not ſee, replied ſhe, how you can draw that concluſion from what I ſaid; for what greater good can be done to a priſoner than to ſet him at liberty; yet you never gave thoſe pretty birds which ſung ſo ſweetly and delighted you, their liberty, replied *Seſoſtris*. I do confeſs it (ſaid ſhe) for their impriſonment pleaſed me better than their liberty. I beſeech you, replied *Seſoſtris*, why will not my captivity pleaſe you alſo, ſince I am, and ever will be an eternal ſlave unto your beauty? As *Timareta* was about to anſwer, *Amenophis* came and interrupted. However, you ſee the Documents of *Pythagoras* were no hinderances to the love of *Seſoſtris*, but rather taught him a thouſand innocent ways to become more amiable, and his paſſion did ſtill ſo violently encreaſe, that he asked *Timareta* leave to move a Marriage unto *Amenophis*. This motion much ſurpriſed him, for he did not think it within the ſphere of his Authority to marry *Seſoſtris* unto the Daughter of *Amaſis*: Yet for all that, he was willing *Timareta* ſhould love *Seſoſtris* ſtill; For when things were ripe, and that he had raiſed a party in the Kingdom, this might be a means of peace between the Legitimate King and the Uſurper, at leaſt would be a good Hoſtage: For *Amenophis* knew, that though *Amaſis* was married, yet he had no children with his Wife, nor could have, becauſe he had repudiated this ſecond Wife: And though this motion did ſurpriſe him, yet he told *Seſoſtris*, that his choice was worthy of his ſpirit and judgement; but yet he was not of age fit for Marriage: That his Marriage was a matter of greater importance than he imagined; and that *Timareta* was ſuch a Jewel as he muſt long hope for before he enjoyed it. This too ſtrict anſwer not ſatisfying *Seſoſtris*, he ſtill added his prayers unto his reaſons; but all in vain, for he grew ſo extreamly melancholy and ſad that he was hardly knowable. All the Documents and adviſements of *Pythagoras* which *Amenophis* employed, were to no purpoſe: For this young man making uſe of his own Doctrines againſt him, told him, that ſince the Deſtinies did govern the Univerſe, and that men were not Maſters of their own actions, he ought not to be condemned for loving *Timareta* with ſo much violence, ſince he did but what he could not chuſe to do. The truth is, Sir, this Prince was ſo incenſed at the refuſal of *Amenophis*, that he would not ſtudy, nor walk, nor recreate, nor do any thing, but lament: And that which moſt augmented his ſorrows and melancholy was, that *Amenophis* thinking the ſight of *Timareta* was a main cauſe of his diſtempers, he reſolved to ſend her to my Mother at *Elephantine* for a while: So that unknown to *Seſoſtris*, *Ediſea* departed the next morning by break of day, with *Timareta*, carrying orders with them unto my Mother, that ſhe ſhould paſs under the notion of one of her Couſins, and to put her into ſuch a habit as was ſuitable to that quality. The deſign was ſo cunningly executed, that *Seſoſtris* knew nothing of it, and that *Timareta* could not ſpeak to him at parting; But at laſt *Seſoſtris* ſeeing her gone, he was ſo ſad, that it was impoſſible for any to be more: Yet ſince he thought *Amenophis* to be his Father, he did not exclaim againſt him, but complained of his misfortunes unto me, and in ſuch a manner, as would have moved a heart of ſtone to pity. *Pythagoras* being informed by *Amenophis* of the cauſe of *Timareta*'s exile, and of *Seſoſtris* his ſorrows, did imploy all his Phyſick of Philoſophy to cure or comfort him, but all in vain; for not knowing where *Timareta* was, or could be, he continued in a moſt ſad condition. In the mean while, *Pythagoras* being called away, he prepared for his departure; and ſince he reſolved to be gone very timely in the morning, he took his leave over night of *Amenophis*, who happened to be ſo ill, that he could not bring him to his Boat. *Seſoſtris* knowing this, reſolved to quit the Iſle which was intolerable to him, and to go and ſeek *Timareta*; or at leaſt to let *Amenophis* know, that he did him wrong, in denying the ſatisfaction of his deſires. He communicated his deſign unto me, which I approved of, upon condition he would let me follow; for I muſt confeſs I was weary of a narrow Iſle, which had not one beauty in it worth my paſſion. But after a departure was agreed upon, the difficulty was how to execute it. As for me, the matter was eaſie, but *Seſoſtris* had many obſervant eyes upon him; yet he contrived a way to execute his deſign; for ſeeing *Amenophis* was ſick, and could not conduct *Pythagoras* to the Boat, he diſſembled himſelf to be lame in a thigh, and not able to ſtand: So *Amenophis* ſeeing him not able to go abroad, nor out of his bed, he could not imagine of any going out of the Iſle, and therefore gave no ſtrict orders to obſerve him, but truſting much in me, he did recommend unto me the care of *Seſoſtris.* In the mean time *Pythagoras* having, as I ſaid before, taken his leave of *Amenophis* over night, after a promiſe never to reveal he was in the Iſle, he came alſo to bid adieu unto *Seſoſtris,* and I only had orders to wait upon him the next morning. But, Sir, we knowing that there were two Shepherdeſſes which intended to go the next morning unto *Elephantine,* I did ſo tamper with them, that I got one of their habits, which I carried ſecretly unto the chamber of *Seſoſtris*: And the cuſtom of the *Egyptian* Villages being to wear great white plated Mantles which cover them from head to foot, when they go unto that Town, *Seſoſtris* took one of them to cover his Shepherds habit, and covered his face with a hood as Shepherdeſſes uſe; ſo getting out of the Cabin unperceived, he came to the River ſide, and ſtayed with her that was to go unto the Town: So that when *Pythagoras* came to embark, *Seſoſtris* covered with his Mantle entered in alſo with thoſe two women which were of the confederacy, whom I perſwaded that there was no other myſtery in the deſign, but that *Seſoſtris* being in love with *Timareta,* he would go and ſeek her out: And theſe women much murmuring that *Amenophis* ſhould hinder their Marriage, they conſented unto our deſign; and *Pythagoras* never heeded theſe women more than he did the Rowers: But then the difficulty was how I ſhould pretend my departure, and at laſt I hit upon it; and told *Pythagoras* with a confident look, that *Amenophis* commanded me to wait upon him as far as *Elephantine,* ſo that this Philoſopher did not long contend with me, but imagined this to be only a complement of civility: So I embarked with them, ſtill looking whether *Seſoſtris* was well diſguiſed. But, Sir, to trouble you no longer with things of ſuch trivial conſideration, be pleaſed to know we arrived at *Elephantine*: As ſoon as we landed, I took leave of my Philoſopher, and followed my Shepherdeſſes, who ſtayed for me ſome twenty paces off, then *Seſoſtris* had nothing to do, but to throw off his Mantle which covered his Shepherds habit. Thus in an Inſtant from a Shepherdeſs he became a Shepherd, and parted from his company, after he had ſent a Letter by them unto *Amenophis*, which he had written before he came out of his Cabin, and if my memory fail not, it contained theſe words.

Seſoſtris *unto* Amenophis.

SIR,

I Ask your pardon for being more obedient unto Love than unto you: For I am forced to it. Certainly I deſerve to be excuſed. Do not wonder, Sir, that ſince I cannot live without Timareta, *I ſhould go to ſeek her all over the world. I am extream ſorry for taking* Miris *from you; but obliging terms of friendſhip has forced him to do almoſt as much for me as I do for* Timareta, *and he will quit you to follow my fortunes, which might have been made happy if you would: But I wiſh yours may be better, and that I may ſee you again after, but not before I have found* Timareta, *who is all the life of*

Seſoſtris.

After he had given this Letter to theſe women, I deſired them to tell thoſe that rowed the Boat, I would not return unto the Iſle that day, therefore to let them return and not ſtay for me; and telling the women that *Timareta* lived beyond *Elephantine*. But, Sir, we found our ſelves put to a pitiful *non plus*; for we were given to underſtand that they landed *Timareta* on the other ſide of the River, and not at *Elephantine*; yet after we had well looked about us, and could not diſcover any Town where poſſibly ſhe could be, we concluded ſhe muſt be in this. This conceit put us into no leſs puzzle than before, ſince *Seſoſtris* had never been at *Elephantine*, and ſince I had been ſo long out of it, that I had forgot all the ſtreets: Nor durſt I on the other ſide go unto my Mother; for I knew, if ſhe found that I came without the order of *Amenophis*, ſhe would ſtay me: But at laſt remembring that in my Infancy there was a great league of Friendſhip between me and another boy which was the only Son of a very rich man, I enquired of a Merchant which was in the Port, concerning his father; and I underſtood from this Merchant, that both the Father and Mother of my friend were dead; and that he was in poſſeſſion of his Eſtate. Then I enquired where his houſe was, and we went immediately thither; and I deſired to ſpeak in private with him. So that after ſome patience in waiting, I was brought unto him, who at firſt knew me not, both by reaſon of my Shepherds habit, and becauſe I was much altered in my ſtature and face. But after I had talked with him, and revived the memory of our antient acquaintance, he embraced me with much joy, and knew me perfectly. Then I told him, after I had enjoyned eternal and inviolable ſecrecy, how *Amenophis* ſince the death of *Apriez* had renounced the world, and took himſelf unto a deſart, where he kept me, and that I being weary of that life, had eſcaped from him: after which, I preſented *Seſoſtris* to him, under the notion of Son unto *Amenophis*. In concluſion, Sir, I carried the matter ſo handſomely, and found my friend ſo generous, that he entertained us in his houſe, and accommodated us with all things neceſſary whatſoever: In the meantime, we knew not where *Timareta* was, nor knew not where to ſeek her in ſo great a Town, though we ſought her in all places, as well in places where ſhe was likely to be, as where not. The ſight of ſo fair a Town did ſpring ſome ambitious thoughts in the heart of *Seſoſtris*, and the ſooner to cauſe *Amenophis* to bring *Timareta* into the Iſle again, he reſolved to go into the wars, where he might ſatisfie his ambition at leaſt, though not his love, and to get glory, though he could not get *Timareta*: He had no ſooner formed this deſign in his imagination, but he imparted it unto me, and it was no ſooner communicated but conſented unto; and the ſooner, becauſe a report went, there was ſome commotion againſt *Amaſis* in one of the Provinces of *Egypt*: ſo that without any longer delay, I communicated our intentions unto my friend, who being of a very generous diſpoſition, did furniſh us with all things requiſite, to put our ſelves in an equipage of war: thus quitting the

Shepherds crook for a ſword, we left *Elephantine*, not hearing any thing of *Timareta*; and indeed how was it to be hoped ever to hear of a ſimple Shepherdeſs in ſuch a Town as that? However, ſince *Seſoſtris* deſired his Shepherdeſs ſhould know it was for love of her he left the Iſle, I forgot to tell you, Sir, that he had engraved ſome words upon a Sycomore which grew upon the Hill in the midſt of the Iſle, where *Timareta* uſed often to ſit and enjoy the pleaſant proſpect, and where they had often held ſuch amiable diſcourſes in that place, as he was confident that if ever ſhe returned, ſhe would come unto that place, and find theſe words,

> Seſoſtris *not being able to live where the fair* Timareta *is not, he is gone with a deſign to dye as ſoon as he hath loſt all hopes of finding her.*

But, Sir, before I tell you any thing of our martial voyage, give me leave to relate in few words, how *Amenophis* was aſtoniſhed, when about two hours after the departure of *Pythagoras*, he underſtood I was gone as far as *Elephantine* to conduct him; yet ſince he could not imagine *Seſoſtris* to be in a condition of going, he did not at firſt ſuſpect his departure, but ſending unto his chamber to ask whether he knew of my intentions, he was extreamly amazed when he heard he was not there; he preſently ſent for all thoſe that ſaw *Pythagoras* embarque, who all ſaid they ſaw none but three Shepherdeſſes, the Stranger, and my ſelf; ſince the number of women in that Iſle is not great, he ſent out *Thraſeas*, *Nicetis*, and a Servant, to enquire what women went unto *Elephantine*: but after an exact ſearch, they found only two wanting; ſo that *Amenophis* not doubting but *Seſoſtris* went out of the Iſle in diſguiſe, he was extreamly troubled, but knew no remedy, for there was not one Boat to be had in all the Iſle to ſend after them, all being gone out to fiſh: but towards night, to put him out of all doubt of our flight, the two women returned, and gave him the Letter, ſaying, they were much amazed when they found her whom they thought to be a Shepherdeſs, to prove *Seſoſtris*: yet *Amenophis* did hardly believe them, and was as angry with them, as any ſo wiſe a man as he could be with them which had failed rather out of ſimplicity than malice: However, without more delay, he ſent *Thraſeas*, *Nicetis*, and a ſervant, with orders to ſtay two or three days in *Elephantine*, and walk up and down the ſtreets, Temples, and publick places, to ſee if they could meet with them, not dareing to go himſelf for fear of diſcovery; but do what they could, no tidings was to be heard of us, ſo that *Amenophis* was the ſaddeſt man alive: But ſince he ſaw that the violence of his paſſion had driven him away, he thought that perhaps the ſame paſſion might bring him back unto this Iſle; yet he durſt not call back *Timareta* ſo ſoon, leſt *Seſoſtris* ſhould have ſome deſign to take her away in her return, and ſo he might perhaps loſe him for ever, not having her in his power which might invite his return; nor durſt he quit the Iſle, leſt *Seſoſtris* ſhould retutn when he ſhould not be there, ſo that he was forced to ſtay by himſelf to lament his miſeries; yet was he never out of hope, for his knowledge in Aſtrology ſhewed him ſuch happy preſages for *Seſoſtris*, that maugre all malice of his fortune, he truſted more to the ſigns of the heavens, than to his ſufferings upon earth; yet was he extreamly ſorry for the abſence of *Seſoſtris*, for he underſtood that his ſtratagems to raiſe a party againſt the Uſurper, proved not ineffectual, and that his private friends in *Thebes*, and *Heliopolis*, had ſo well tranſacted; that the people did not only begin to riſe, but men alſo of great quality began to declare themſelves, eſpecially in *Thebes*, where the ſpirit of revolt was riſe amongſt the people, becauſe *Amaſis* when he came firſt to the Crown, to oblige the people unto a Declaration for him, did tell the Inhabitans, that he would reſtore their Town unto its ancient luſtre: For, Sir, you know that heretofore it was the prime town of all *Egypt*, before the ever renowned *Menez* cauſed *Memphis* to be built, which ſince that, hath been the uſual abode of all their Kings, by reaſon of the Situation which is moſt Majeſtick, moſt pleaſant and lovely in the world: ſo that as *Memphis* increaſed in wealth *Thebes* decayed; and the inhabitants of *Thebes* knowing

ing that Riches, greatneſs, and magnificence of towns, ariſeth from the preſence of Kings, they petitioned *Amaſis*, that according to his promiſe, he would inhabit amongſt them: nor had *Thebes* been ſo ready to declare for him, but in hopes of this: yea ſeeing him ſo far from keeping promiſe with them, that he cauſed his Tomb to be built at *Memphis*, as in the place where he would both live and dye: the friends of *Amenophis* found it an eaſie matter to make this a pretence for a revolt, and to engage *Heliopolis* in the intereſt of *Thebes*, becauſe of the great traffick and commerce which was ever between theſe two Towns: This *Amenophis* ſaw, that if he had *Seſoſtris* in his power, he had a fair opportunity to make him known unto the people, and perhaps to cauſe an univerſal revolution in all *Egypt*; for it was eaſie to make this Prince known, having *Ladice*'s Letter in his hands; and alſo having *Thraſeas* and *Nicetis* with him, knowing that *Seſoſtris* was the ſame child he brought into the Iſle, about four or five years of age; alſo he had one of the Prince's Servants with him. In the mean time, ſince *Amenophis* could never effect his deſigns, unleſs he truſted and imparted them unto ſome: there was a man of good quality in *Thebes*, who knew that the Son of *Apriez* was living, though he knew not where he was; for *Amenophis* would never impart the place of his retreat unto any, leſt he ſhould run ſome hazard; yet he could do no leſs than to ſend unto him, who ſaid it was now a time to bring the Son of *Apriez*, and to excuſe the matter by ſaying that this Prince was ſick, and that as ſoon as he was in a condition to come unto *Thebes*, he would bring him. On the other ſide *Timareta*, though well pleaſed with ſo pleaſant a Town as *Elephantine* was, and to be out of the Courſe habit of a Shepherdeſs, yet ſhe did moſt ſenſibly lament the want of *Seſoſtris*; but ſhe lamented in ſecret, not daring to complain unto any: and whilſt *Amenophis* and *Timareta* were thus full of ſorrows, *Seſoſtris* was fuller than they, and truly all the way we travelled towards ſome rendezvous of War, he talked of nothing but *Timareta*, and he grew ſo dull and melancholy, that there was a little quarrel almoſt riſen between us: Then, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that when we underſtood there was a Province which revolted againſt *Amaſis*, the queſtion was, whether we ſhould take the part of *Amaſis* the Uſurper, or the ſide of the people which revolted from him? I being ſomething elder than *Seſoſtris*, and remembered all the imprecations and curſes againſt *Amaſis* when he came to the Crown, my inclination and judgment was to fight againſt him: But *Seſoſtris* was of the contrary opinion, and would fight in the Army of *Amaſis* againſt the revolters: my arguments were, that *Amaſis* was an Uſurper; that all reſpects were due unto the legitimate King; that they of *Thebes* were no rebels, but juſt enemies unto a Tyrant, and conſequently I thought it moſt juſt to take their part: On the contrary *Seſoſtris* he argued, that though *Amaſis* was an Uſurper, yet they of *Thebes* were unworthy of aſſiſtance: for, (ſaid he) if they were faithful unto their Prince, why did they acknowledge *Amaſis*? and ſince they did acknowledge him, why do they now forſake him? were there a Prince deſcended from the royal race of our Kings unto whom the Crown ſhould deſcend, then ſhould I certainly fight on their ſide; or if they had only a deſign to revenge the death of *Apriez*, I would be on their ſide alſo, but ſince I hear their aims are only at their private intereſts, and grandure of their Town, and for that, they trouble all the Kingdom, it is but juſt if they periſh: Alſo, I have heard *Amenophis* ſay, that it is better to obey one Maſter than many, and that a good Tyrant in peace, is better for the people than a juſt war: Moreover, without any further reaſons, I find my heart ſo inclinable to take the part of *Amaſis*, that it is ſufficient I tell you, that I can take no other. After this, Sir, I ſubmitted unto *Seſoſtris*, but it was with much ado; then we went unto the Army of *Amaſis*, who then was under the command of *Heracleon*, who at preſent is your priſoner, and who was then the Kings favourite, not only becauſe he was the man who had the greateſt hand in ſetting him upon the Throne, but becauſe his perſon pleaſed him; and though this war was of that importance as might very well oblige *Amaſis* to go into it himſelf; but the reaſon why he did not, was, becauſe he was very ſickly. At laſt, Sir, we came to the Camp, and ſeemed as men who would ſerve as Voluntiers: but, Sir, as *Seſoſtris* had an excellent faculty in uſing a Pike-ſtaff under the notion of a Shepherd, he had a better in uſing a Sword under the notion of a Souldier, for never was ſeen in *Egypt* a man of ſo fine a garb in arms as he; he attracted the eyes of all, both Officers and Souldiers, but as his admirable behaviour did invite their looks in the Camp, ſo it did much more when he fought: for *Seſoſtris* did things which certainly did ſurpaſs all that they could imagin of his valour: yet *Heracleon* was not a witneſs of it, for at the very firſt charge he was wounded, and ſo exceedingly, that he was carried out of the Camp, and could not return all that Battel, which was commanded by his Lieutenant General, whoſe name was *Simandius*; ſo the valour of *Seſoſtris* was not known unto *Heracleon*, but only by report: But, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that though we came into this Camp only as ſimple Voluntiers, unknown unto any, yet the valour of *Seſoſtris* made us quickly known unto all the Army, for he did ſo highly and happily ſave the life of *Simandius* in a battel, that his fame flew as far as *Heracleon* and *Amaſis* alſo: But, Sir, the admiration was, that *Seſoſtris* who would not be known for no more than a Shepherd, would have us change our names, though the names of *Seſoſtris* and *Miris* were ſo general and common in *Egypt*, that it was not likely we ſhould be known: But the truth is, he was ſo afraid of being known to be a Shepherd, that he did as much as he could have done to hinder his being known to be the Son of a King, if he had known his royal birth: ſo that taking upon him the name of *Pſammetites*, as long as he was in the Army; it was under that name, and not *Seſoſtris*, that his reputation was divulged, both in the Army of *Amaſis*, and in that of the enemy, and a hundred heroick acts made him lookt upon as a man extraordinary. *Simandius*, in recompence that *Seſoſtris* had ſaved his life, would have given him a good command, but ſince he was reſolved to return ſhortly unto *Elephantine*, to ſee whether his adored *Timareta* was returned to the Iſle, he would not accept of it: However, Sir, though *Seſoſtris* did miracles under the notion of *Pſammetites*, and that in ſaving the life of *Simandius*, he only prevented the defeat of his Army, yet the enemies ſide was very ſtrong, and ſeemed to maintain their revolt very ſtrongly: The Army wherein we were, ſcoffed at a report in *Thebes*, that a Son of *Apriez* would e're long be in the head of their Forces; *Seſoſtris* was the firſt who affirmed that the enemy gave that out only to make their revolt ſeem more juſt, and that if it were true there were a Son of *Apriez*, he would ere now have appeared in thoſe skirmiſhes already fought: But after all this, Sir, the time of year for field being ſpent, and *Simandius* being forced to retreat with his Forces into Winter quarters, becauſe the *Nile* began to ſwell, he would needs carry him who was ſo famous under the name of *Pſammetites*, unto the Court, that he might receive from the King a recompence due unto his courage; but *Seſoſtris*, to excuſe himſelf with more civility from going, told him, that he would come to the Court as ſoon as he was in a condition to appear in it, without ſhame unto him, and therefore deſired permiſſion firſt to go home: Then *Simandius* asked where his home was, and *Seſoſtris* (as it was agreed between us) anſwered, it was at a Town called *Canopea*, which gives the name unto one of the ſeven mouths of *Nilus*: ſo *Simandius* being glad to know the place where he who ſaved his life lived, did preſs no further, contenting himſelf with his promiſe of returning to Court: yet he forced *Seſoſtris* to receive a very rich preſent of Jewels, and amongſt the reſt, a great medal of Gold, of which *Amaſis* gave him many to beſtow upon the like occaſions, on the one ſide of which was the Kings picture, and on the other, that of *Ladice*, whoſe memory was ſtill very dear unto him, not only becauſe he ever loved her, but alſo becauſe by her means he came to be King, though far contrary to her intentions. But, Sir, the admiration is, that as *Timareta* had a great reſemblance of the Princeſs *Ladice* her Mother, ſo this medal had a great reſemblance of *Timareta*, ſo that after we had taken leave of *Simandius*, and had looked upon this medal with more leaſure, *Seſoſtris* rejoyced more at this adventure than is expreſſible; yet could not ſuſpect any thing of the truth; for ſince this reſemblance was not exactly perfect, and ſince he verily believed *Timareta* was really the Daughter of a Shepherd, he conceived it to be only an act of chance, for which he ought to render thanks unto the gods: The very ſight of this medal made us to return to *Elephantine*, with more haſte, and more joy than we came from it, for after this happy adventure, he made no doubt but to find *Timareta* in the Iſle: At laſt, Sir, we arrived at *Elephantine*, and went to him with whom we were before entertained, who was much aſtoniſhed to ſee us return in a better equipage than we were in at our departure. In the mean time, ſince *Seſoſtris* returned only for *Timareta*'s ſake, we were no ſooner come to *Elephantine*, but he endeavoured to know whether ſhe were returned to the Iſle, and remembring very well that it was the day on which Boats did commonly come to the Town, he walked towards the Port, and ſo happily, that he ſaw coming a Boat full of Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes, yet would he not ſhew himſelf, but ſent a Servant which he had entertained during his voyage, to ask whether a maid called *Timareta* was at that preſent in the Iſle? and being anſwered that ſhe returned a few days ſince, *Seſoſtris* without one minute of more delay, reſolved upon a return alſo: but ſince he conceived that all the Shepherds would wonder to ſee him in that habit, and perhaps mock at him, he put on again his old habit of a Shepherd, which he left off when he went unto the Army; for my part I perſwaded him to appear before *Timareta* in the ſame habit wherein he was, but he would not, and I am confident that if he had been really a Shepherd, he could not have done what he did, but being the Son of a great King, though ignorant of it, his ſoul was above that kind of vanity, and thought it enough to let her ſee his martial voyage had been happy, by giving her thoſe Jewels which *Simandius* gave him, except that medal which had that fair reſemblance: ſo *Seſoſtris* following his deſign, and I following him, we left our men and equipage of war at my friends houſe, and waited for the people who were to return into the Iſle, and who were extreamly joyed when they ſaw *Seſoſtris*; he found alſo amongſt them one of thoſe women which helped him out of the Iſle, after which *Seſoſtris* enquired for *Timareta*, *Amenophis*, and *Ediſea*, but eſpecially of *Timarena*, he underſtood that this fair Maid was returned into the Iſle with *Ediſea*, but a thouſand times fairer than ever he ſaw her; and that two days after ſhe came *Amenophis* departed with a Servant which he had along with him. Though *Seſoſtris* loved *Amenophis* very well, maugre his rigour, yet at this time he was very glad of his abſence, and ſince he could talk of nothing but *Timareta*, as long as that little navigation laſted, ſhe was all his diſcourſe both with me and the Shepherds, who all knew he was in love: When we drew near our deſart, he thought he ſaw one upon the Hill in the midſt of the Iſle, where he had engraved ſome words upon the Sicomores; but it being too far off to diſcern whether it was a Shepherd or a Shepherdeſs, he asked me whether I ſaw one at the root of that tree which grew juſt upon the knab of the Hill; he had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but that Shepherdeſs who lent him her mantle at departure, began to ſpeak: I'le lay my life, ſaid ſhe to him, that it is *Timareta*, for ſince ſhe returned, ſhe is almoſt always there. *Seſoſtris* hearing this, did not doubt but it was ſhe, ſo that his imagination ſupplying the defects of his eyes, he thought he diſcerned her ſtature and her habit, and thinking that ſhe was only there to think upon him, he was extreamly joyed; and his deſire to ſee *Timareta* was ſo great, that he leapt the firſt out of the Boat, almoſt before it touched land. In the mean time, Sir, to let you know how unſearchable are the ſecrets of the gods, and how vain all humane providence is, give me leave to tell you both how and why *Amenophis* departed: Be pleaſed to know then, Sir, that thoſe who began the commotion of *Thebes*, and *Heliopolis*, ſeeing no *Seſoſtris* appear, began to murmur againſt *Amenophis*, who had ſo long held them in hopes of ſeeing him, ſo that writing unto him to teſtifie their fears, that after they had aſſured the people and publiſhed throughout all *Egypt* that there was a Son of *Apriez* living, after all this they ſhould be forced to ſay, they were deceived, and that there is no ſuch thing: *Amenophis* was forced to go himſelf (not daring to truſt it in a Letter) and ſatisfie them of all the paſſages: In the mean time, he cauſed *Ediſea* and *Timareta* to return into the Iſle, to the end, that if *Seſoſtris* returned, ſhe might ſtay him, appointing *Thraſeas* and *Ediſea* to tell him, that he had altered his opinion ſince his departure, and at his return would give him all poſſible ſatisfaction: alſo, conjuring *Ediſea* to order it ſo, that the fair Shepherdeſs might ſtay *Seſoſtris* if he returned: after which, *Amenophis* departed in a diſguiſe and carried the Prince's Servant with him: And theſe were the motives, Sir, which attracted *Amenophis* out of the Iſle, and *Seſoſtris* in, and *Timareta* alſo: But to return unto *Seſoſtris*, whom I left leaping haſtily out of the Boat, the ſooner to ſee his fair Shepherdeſs; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that he found her upon the top of the hill, and bottom of the Sicomore where *Seſoſtris* had imprinted his mind, and ſhe every day ſince her return was reading it: this beauty he found in a muſing poſture, her eyes down, and walking ſoftly, when he was coming haſtily to her, to teſtifie his deſires of ſeeing her, who being upon a ſudden ſweetly ſurpriſed with the ſight of her dear *Seſoſtris*, and to ſee his face ſo full of joy, had good cauſe to think his heart was as full of love; both their joys were ſo high, that they were not able to expreſs them by their words, yet at laſt they ſpoke, but it was both at once, but yet they underſtood each other, for upon ſuch occaſions, regulate ſet civilities are not the moſt obliging, but there is a certain diſorder of ſpirit, and confuſion of words, which pleaſeth much better, than any ſtudyed complements of quaint language, which perhaps ſignifie nothing, at moſt, nothing to the purpoſe: but after they had vented what their firſt raptures permitted them, *Timareta* ſaluted me, and *Seſoſtris* ſaluted *Ediſea*, who followed *Timareta* ſome twenty paces from her: theſe two lovers were both ſo equally diſordered with a pleaſing ſurpriſe, that *Timareta* in ſpeaking to me called me *Seſoſtris*, and *Seſoſtris* called *Ediſea Timareta*: this little reciprocal error had different effects, for *Seſoſtris* was very glad to hear *Timareta* uſe his name in lieu of mine, nor was he ſorry for calling *Timareta*, in lieu of *Ediſea*, thinking ſhe would thereby know, that his thoughts did run on her: but as for *Timareta*, ſhe was vexed at her ſelf for being ſo ſurpriſed, that ſhe bluſht for ſhame: This pretty error was not only the joy of *Seſoſtris* at the firſt meeting, but it was highly augmented to ſee *Timareta* a thouſand times more fair and charming than ſhe was at his departure: ſhe was grown taller, her neck was in another, but better model, ſhe was grown plump, her complexion was poliſhed, her eyes more luſtrous, her behavour more graceful and free; all which made her infinitely more amiable. Moreover, the beauty of her mind was as much bettered, as that of her body, and her being at *Elephantine*, had ſo taught her the air and garb of the world, that ſhe ſeemed to be, as indeed ſhe was, a great Princeſs, diſguiſed in the habit of a Shepherdeſs: *Seſoſtris* for his part, was grown infinitely more amiable alſo, his behaviour was more high, and his ſpirit more bold and refined: Thus theſe two young perſons, finding each other worthy of freſh admiration, it is no wonder if their affections were greater than before, yet for all this, there was ſome ſuch alterations in the way of *Timareta*, as made *Seſoſtris* have many an angry hour; for as this young beauty did certainly love more than before, ſo ſhe did expreſs it leſs; ſo, that at the firſt private conference which they had together, after the return of *Seſoſtris*, he complained of her cruel change in her behaviour, who being now more circumſpect than when ſhe was young, would not let all her heart be ſeen in her tongue: I beſeech you fair *Timareta*, ſaid he unto her, from whence proceeds this alteration which I perceive in you? And why do you treat me more ſeriouſly and more coldly than before you uſed? You may (replied ſhe and ſmiled) leave out one of your laſt words, which you uſed, ſince I have done nothing which can make you think I treat you more coldly; I confeſs I have left off a little of my childiſh ſimplicity, and merriments of my infancy. Ah *Timareta*, replied he, do not, under the colour of that cruel expreſſion, deprive me of that ſweetneſs which heretofore you bleſſed me withal; but let me at the leaſt take ſome conſolation in things that are paſt, though I cannot in the things preſent.

To ſhew you that I am not rigorous (ſaid *Timareta* to him) I promiſe you never to forget how I owe my life unto you, but at the ſame time I conjure you to forget all the innocent paſſages of my infancy, not to regulate in meaſure the reſt of my life by what is paſt; for truly *Seſoſtris*, I have ſpoke a hundred thouſand things, which makes me bluſh to think of them, and which I ſhall never ſpeak again: Why? (ſaid *Seſoſtris*) do you think it juſt, you ſhould treat me worſe than you did, becauſe you have more ſpirit and wit than you had? and becauſe you are more fair, and conſequently I more your captive, therefore you ſhould be more rigorous to me? I conceive, ſaid ſhe and ſmiled, that now there is more decorum to be obſerved; and though I ſhould love you, yet I ſhould not tell you ſo, but it is your part only to gueſs at it; It muſt needs be confeſſed, ſaid *Seſoſtris*, that this faſhion is a little too Tyrannical and unjuſt, for am I not the very ſame I was when you lived in more freedom with me? No, ſaid ſhe unto him, you are now a much more refined man: But admit I be, replied he, muſt you therefore uſe me worſe? No, replied ſhe, but I do it to get more of your eſteem: Ah, *Timareta*, anſwered *Seſoſtris*, rigour is an ill expedient, whereby to get the eſteem of a Lover: I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, I think it is a better than indulgence: For all your rigour (ſaid he, and ſhewed her the medal which *Simandius* gave him) you cannot hinder me from having your Picture; 'tis true, ſaid he, it does not fully reſemble you, but however it is not more unlike you, than your ſelf is, to what you were unto me in that age when you ſuffered me to look on your eyes without turning them away. *Timareta* taking this medal, and looking upon it, was extreamly ſurpriſed, to find the figure of a woman on the one ſide of it, whoſe air did much reſemble hers; ſo that having a longing deſire to know how he came unto it, and how it came to reſemble her, ſhe began to be importunate with him to tell her: Then would he, according to his intentions, have given her all that *Simandius* gave him, yet by no means would ſhe receive them, but preſſed him ſtill to tell her, how he got ſo much riches, and asking him further, how after this he could return to be a

Shepherd: Give me leave (ſaid he unto her) to begin my anſwer, where you ended, and to tell you, that I am a Shepherd becauſe you are a Shepherdeſs, and when you leave being ſo, I will then caſt away my Crook; and for all the reſt (ſaid he, ſeeing me coming towards them) you may know them from the mouth of *Miris*. As I heard theſe laſt words, I asked *Timareta*, after I had ſaluted her, what it was I ſhould tell her, and ſhe telling me, I made a relation of our voyage; but ſince I was to acquaint *Timareta* with the valour of *Seſoſtris*, he would needs impoſe ſilence upon me; but ſeeing he could not, he roſe up and went to *Ediſea* who was coming towards us; ſo I made an exact relation of all his acts, how great a reputation he had gotten under the name of *Pſammetites*, and which way he came by the medal; but whilſt I related all theſe things, I perceived ſuch joy in the eyes of *Timareta*, as plainly appeared *Seſoſtris* was not a little in her favour. In the mean time, Sir, what aſſurances ſoever *Ediſea* gave this amorous Shepherd, that *Amenophis* had changed his mind, and promiſed at parting, that at his return he would give him full ſatisfaction; yet he had a miſtruſt in all theſe fair words, and if *Timareta* had not been as wiſe as fair, *Seſoſtris* had certainly carried her away out of the Iſle, before the return of *Amenophis*: but ſhe was ſo angry at the very firſt motion of it, that he never durſt think of it afterwards, for ſhe continued three whole days, and would not ſpeak unto him, though he courted her with all imaginable plauſibility: yet after a thouſand petitions for a pardon, and as many promiſes to ſubmit totally unto her will, *Seſoſtris* made his peace, and reſolved according to the orders of this fair Shepherdeſs, to reſt quiet until the return of *Amenophis*; ſo that after this reconcilement, wherein I was a mediator, they lived together without the leaſt jar, unleſs only ſuch as are eſſential redintegrations of love, as are every day both in and out a hundred times; yet was their tranquility much moleſted by the death of *Ediſea*, who being gone, *Timareta* had no reaſonable converſation but in the company of *Seſoſtris*. *Thraſeas* doubtleſs was a man of much ſpirit, and was much civilized by the long communication of *Amenophis*; *Nicetis* his wife was alſo a little more ſociable, by the company of *Ediſea*: but for all that, they were nothing ſutable to the youth and air of *Timareta*; and therefore having no other agreeable company, ſhe was the more joyed in that of *Seſoſtris*, yet ever with much reſervedneſs, making it appear, that ſhe would give her ſelf no more liberty, than *Ediſea* her governeſs would were ſhe living: yet this reſervedneſs had nothing in it but modeſty, without any rigour or ſeverity; ſo that after all tears were dried up for the death of *Ediſea*, *Seſoſtris* was without any inquietudes, but to ſee *Amenophis* returned not; and becauſe he thought the longer his abſence was, the more was his happineſs deferred: But, Sir, his longing expectations of *Amenophis* were all in vain, for he was faln into a deſperate Adventure. For be pleaſed to know, Sir, that as he was going to the places where all the Officers of that faction which he had raiſed, were covered, he was ſo unfortunate, as in going through the Town of *Nea*, which is in the Province of *Thebes*, and where there was a ſedition raiſed, that *Amenophis* and his ſervant, chanced to be in the midſt of this Tumult, againſt their wills: In the mean time, as ill luck was, one of the principal men of the Town was hurt, and was ſo near *Amenophis* and his ſervant, that they with many others were taken as authors of this ſedition, the party of the hurt man prevailing againſt the other. Thus was *Amenophis* and his ſervant a long while priſoners; for being ſtrangers, they had no ſupport, *Amenophis* not daring to make uſe of any his friends in *Thebes*, ſince thoſe who were Maſters of this Town were for *Amaſis*: So that he was forced to truſt only unto his innocency: But thoſe who were real Criminals, and were taken with him, having kindred and friends in the Town, they were releaſed, and the innocent more cloſely kept in their Priſon. Yet could they not proceed unto judgment againſt them, becauſe they would firſt ſee what became of him who proſecuted againſt them, being in his bed; it was long before they could be certain whether he would mend or end, live or dye; ſo that the puniſhment being to be more or leſs rigorous according to the event, *Amenophis* and his ſervant were kept Priſoners, not being able, or daring if they could, to apply themſelves unto any. *Amenophis* was extream grieved at one thing, for he found that he had loſt *Ladice*'s Letter to *Amaſis* in the Tumult, by means of which he hoped hereafter to make *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta* known, and which he would needs carry with him, both becauſe he would by it juſtifie himſelf unto his friends, and becauſe he would not truſt it any where but where he was himſelf. But whilſt he was in this pitiful Condition, the *Nile* did ſwell, and afterwards returned again within its ordinary banks, as always it uſed towards Winter. *Heracleon* drawing his Forces out of the winter Garriſons, did ſuppreſs thoſe which revolted, and almoſt quite defeated them, ſo that they were forced all to retreat into *Thebes*. Yet *Heracleon* could not beſiege them, but contented himſelf with being Maſter of the field, and have, by this action, obtained greater favour with the King. This happy ſucceſs perſwading *Amaſis*, that his beſt courſe to keep the People in their obedience, was to ſhew himſelf in all his Provinces, and to Perambulate all his Kingdom; he began to go from Town to Town, to win their ſpirits, and to imprint a new Reſpect. And that his voyage might ſeem only a Progreſs of Peace; the King would have all his Court with him: at laſt, Sir, he came to *Elephantine*: and he was no ſooner there, but the imperfection and weakneſs of his eyes did ſo augment, that he thought he ſhould have quite loſt his ſight: but that which did moſt affright him, was a terrible apparition which he then ſaw: I am confident it was rather one of thoſe myſterious dreams, which ſometimes foretels men of future accidents, than a real apparition: however it was, *Amaſis* ſaid, that when he awaked one night, an hour before day, he ſaw, or at leaſt thought he ſaw a gloomy light, by the help of which, he perceived the Ghoſt of *Apriez*, and diſtinctly ſaw the wounds he received when he was moſt barbarouſly maſſacred; The body was all bloody and disfigured: but the great amazement of all, was to ſee following the dead King, the Princeſs *Ladice*, in a great ſad mourning Mantle, who looking upon him with a menacing kind of action, and angry eyes, began to ſpeak theſe words, in ſuch a lamentable, penetrating and terrible a tone, that *Amaſis* was almoſt out of his wits. Know (ſaid ſhe, and ſhewed him this unfortunate King) that this unhappy Prince whom thou didſt deſtroy, hath left a Son: and if thou doſt not reſtore unto him that Crown which thou diſt pull from the head of his Father: thou ſhalt never ſee any other more pleaſing object than this thou now ſeeſt, but ſhall ſee it, or worſe continually. Yes, too ambitious *Amaſis*, (purſued the Ghoſt) thou ſhalt neither ſee thy Subjects, nor the Scepter which thou moſt injuriouſly holdſt: nor the infant which I left thee, nor the common light: but thou ſhalt eternally ſee me upbraiding thee with thy Crime, until thou entereſt into thy holy Tomb: After this a thouſand flaſhes of Red, Blue, and Black Flame appeared, wherein the bodies of *Apriez* and *Ladice* vaniſhed: Theſe Flames were accompanied with ſo great a noiſe, as he thought the Chamber ſhaked: ſo that paſſing out of theſe affrighting flames into a diſmal obſcurity, and out of a horrid noiſe into a deep ſilence, *Amaſis* was ſo troubled that he knew not what to think or reſolve upon: his wonder was doubled, when he was told in the morning, that it rained a whole hour together in the night: For, Sir, ſince Rain was never ſeen in that part of *Egypt*, the Prodigie did the more affright him. But he had another cauſe of fear: For news was brought, that *Apis*, whoſe Birth had rejoyced all *Egypt* a little before, was dead with the flaſh of Lightning and Thunder; I will not explain what this *Apis* was amongſt us, for I know, Sir, you cannot be ignorant of it: By theſe you may know that *Amaſis* had ſome cauſes of fear, and the more, becauſe the Statue of *Oſiris* which he erected before his Palace, fell down in the night; yet would this Prince conceal his aſtoniſhment, and ſent to conſult with the Oracle of *Latona* at the Town of *Bulte*, which is the moſt renowned of all in *Egypt*: But this Oracle did not give him any ſatisfaction, for it anſwered him in obſcure terms. *That if he would have his Poſterity Reign after him, he muſt reſtore that Scepter which he had uſurped, unto him who had right unto it: or otherwiſe he ſhould not only loſe his ſight, but his eyes and life.* *Amaſis* then ſeeing himſelf ſo cruelly threatned, and finding that really his ſight did weaken, began to ſtrive againſt his ambition, and would have overcome it, yet he could not bring it about: ſo that endeavouring all manner of ways to ſecure himſelf, he began to tranſact as if he apprehended nothing, tho in his heart he was full of continual apprehenſions: This being the ſtate of things, they brought *Ladice*'s Letter unto *Amaſis*, which *Amenophis* loſt in the Tumult, and which was found by an Officer of *Amaſis* in that Town, who ſent it unto the King, not knowing who loſt it: It coming unto the hands of the King, he no ſooner ſaw it, but notwithſtanding the weakneſs of his eyes, he perfectly knew the Character: you may eaſily imagine that he read it with wonder, and application: and the more becauſe he was extreamly joyed to underſtand that *Ladice* had left him a child: But, Sir, one thing chanced which is worthy of obſervation: For *Ladice*'s Letter was ſo tumbled in the tumult, that it could not be diſcerned whether it mentioned a Son or a Daughter, but it was more like to be a Son than a Daughter: He ſaw in the place where ſhe ſpoke of a child which ſhe left; It was this

Know then that I have left you a ——————— *which you ſhall never ſee unleſs you render the Scepter unto the young* Seſoſtris.

In the mean time, ſince he underſtood by this letter, that when *Ladice* writ it the young *Seſoſtris* was alive, yet he never thought of reſtoring the Scepter unto him. But intended onely to leave it unto the Child which *Ladice* left, whether it was Son or Daughter. He had alſo a conceit that perhaps *Ladice* was not dead: and he was ſo blinded with ambition, that he began already to diſpoſe of this Child, though it was not in his power, nor knew where to look it, no, nor was certain of its life: Then he told *Heracleon*, that ſince his late Father helped him unto the Crown, it were juſt he ſhould transfer it into his houſe: and therefore he promiſed him, that if he could find the Child which the gods had given him, he would then pay thoſe debts which he owed unto his houſe in general, and unto his valour in particular: paſſing his word, that if it proved a Daughter, he would marry her unto him: and if a Son, he ſhould marry the Princeſs his Siſter, whoſe name was *Liſerina*: who knowing that her brother was at *Elephantine*, came thither to ſee him; this Princeſs being then not above three furlongs from that Town. In the mean while, this Letter being found in a publick place, none knew who loſt it: So that *Amaſis* was much perplexed; and the more, becauſe it appeared by this Letter, that the Son of *Apriez* lived when it was writen; yet he was perſwaded that now he was dead, becauſe he appeared not at *Thebes*, and in the head of the revolted Army: However to be the better ſatisfied, he remembred that *Amenophis* departed from *Says* with the Queen, and knew that he was of the Town of *Elephantine*; alſo he imagined, that he could perhaps reſolve him of what he ſo much deſired to know, and therefore he would cauſe a ſtrict ſearch to be made in all that great Town and places about it, he would alſo ask all his kindred that he found: But my Mother hearing of theſe intentions, ſhe went preſently out of *Elephantine*: So that ſhe only being able to give them any intelligence of him, their ſearch came to nothing. But at laſt the Governour of that Town, underſtanding that no ſearch had been made in our Iſle; and the King hearing of it, as if he were prompted by a powerful inſtinct, commanded a ſearch to be made there, and an account of what was found to be given unto him. The Kings Command being the ſame hour executed, we were much aſtoniſhed to ſee the officers of *Elephantine* come betime in the morning into our Iſle; who went from Cabin to Cabin, asking who dwelt there; ſo that ours being the greateſt in all the Iſle, they were ſure not to baulk it. *Thraſeas* anſwered for all his Family, whom they deſired to ſee, ſo that *Timareta*, *Seſoſtris* and I appeared before the men, who no ſooner ſaw us, but they began to examine very cloſely who we were. But, Sir, before I preciſely acquaint you with the anſwers of *Thraſeas*: give me leave to tell you, that ſome days before *Amenophis* departed from the Iſle, the

Prince's ſervant who knew he was to depart, and who exceedingly loved *Seſoſtris*, deſired *Thraſeas* extream earneſtly, to have an eſpecial care of him if ever he returned into the Iſle, and not to let him go out again. *Thraſeas* being a man of good wit, could not chuſe but be full of curioſity, and imagine that *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta* both were of ſome Noble births: for *Amenophis* had confeſſed that the Queen and *Ladice* were women of great quality, who fled from the perſecution of the new King; alſo he had ſome glances of the abundance of Jewels belonging unto theſe two Princeſſes, which *Amenophis* cauſed his ſervant to hide, before he departed the Iſle: *Thraſeas* tried all manner of ways a hundred times over, to know who *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta* were, but all in vain; but at laſt he thought he had found a way to oblige this ſervant unto a confeſſion: he told him therefore, when the Servant deſired him to have ſuch a care of *Seſoſtris* if he returned, that he would have no care of him, unleſs he would tell him who he was: At firſt, the ſervant refuſed, as he had many a time before; but at laſt upon a thouſand promiſes of inviolable fidelity, and the ſervant finding *Thraſeas* ever both faithful and affectionate: alſo thinking it would be advantagious, if he knew that *Seſoſtris* was the ſon of *Apriez*, and legitimate King of *Egypt*; and after he had ſworn unto him by *Oſiris* and *Iſis*, that he ſhould never betray him: Know *Thraſeas* (ſaid he unto him) that thou art in a poſſibility ere long to be above thy quality; for this Princeſs who was buried here was the wife of *Apriez*, and the Mother of *Seſoſtris*, and ſhe who dyed in giving life unto *Timareta*, was the wife of *Amaſis*: ſo *Thraſeas* thou mayeſt have in thy power, the ſon of the legitimate King, and the Daughter of the Uſurper: Judge after this, whether thou beeſt not the happieſt of men, ſince on which ſide ſoever fortune turn, thou wilt have in thy power that perſon who ought to wear the Crown of all *Egypt*. After the ſervant had told all he knew, *Thraſeas* was extreamly joyed, and promiſed inviolable fidelity and ſecrecy. After this, Sir, you may well imagine, that when *Thraſeas* ſaw theſe men in his Cabin, who asked ſo preciſely who *Seſoſtris* was, who *Timareta* was, and who I was, he had good reaſon to be aſtoniſhed; but to prevent all croſs interrogatories, and leſs in danger to contradict himſelf, he ſaid we were his children, and that *Nicetis* was our Mother, never naming *Amenophis* at all: At firſt the anſwer of *Thraſeas* did ſurpriſe both *Seſoſtris* and me, yet imagining there was ſome ſecret reaſon which we were ignorant of, we did not contradict him. In the mean time, thoſe who made ſuch ſtrict inquiſition, looked upon *Seſoſtris* with admiration, and upon *Timareta* with as much, and put many queſtions unto *Thraſeas*, unto which he anſwered very directly; but but ſo did not *Nicetis*, for though ſhe heard her husband ſay, we were their children, yet when they began to examine her, and ask, how their family did ſubſiſt, in lieu of a direct anſwer, ſhe ſaid, that having but one daughter, they might eaſily ſubſiſt: ſo that the men finding a contradiction between her and her husband, preſently ſuppoſed ſome hidden matter in the wind, and the more, becauſe *Thraſeas* endeavouring to mend what his wife had ſaid, replied, that *Nicetis* did not call *Seſoſtris* and me her children, becauſe he had us by another wife, but for all this we were her children: However, *Nicetis* not liking what her husband ſaid, ſhe began to grumble, that when *Amenophis* returned he would not think well that any ſhould take his Son from him. The name of *Amenophis* was no ſooner pronounced, but one of the officers belonging to *Amaſis*, being amongſt them who made the ſearch, made no doubt but they had found what the King deſired to know, for he knew that the King had clapt up all the kindred of *Amenophis*, and he knew further, that he fled away with the Queen and *Ladice*: ſo that drawing his company aſide, he left them in the Iſle, and went immediately to acquaint the King with his diſcovery: *Amaſis* no ſooner heard all theſe circumſtances, but he thought them probable conjectures to find in that Iſle what he ſought for, and would go himſelf to be better informed in a buſineſs of ſo great importance: and being then in the Princeſs *Liſerina*'s chamber, where *Heracleon* alſo was, he would have them go with him; for ſaid he unto them both, you have as much intereſt as I have in the buſineſs I am about, ſince I have already told you, if I have a Son, he ſhall marry the Princeſs *Liſerina*; and if a daughter ſhe ſhall marry *Heracleon*: ſo, Sir, the officer of *Amaſis* confirming his report, with many probable conjectures, *Amaſis* made no queſtion but to find ſatisfaction: He embarqued then with the Princeſs *Licerina*, *Heracleon*, and five or ſix perſons of quality, and no more, for upon this accaſion he would have no greater attendants; ſo they came unto the Iſle, and in landing, you may imagine, Sir, what prayers unto the gods the ambitious *Heracleon* made, that *Amaſis* might find a daughter, and you may alſo imagine how *Liſerina* wiſht him to prove a Son. In the mean time, *Thraſeas* obſerved, that this officer returned unto *Elephantine*, and he no ſooner had a hint that *Amaſis* would come into the Iſle, but he imagined that he came to enquire, what was become of the Queen, of *Seſoſtris*, and *Ladice*; ſo that *Thraſeas* reaſoning after this manner, and having no time to inſtruct *Seſoſtris*, becauſe there were many obſervant eyes upon them, he walked only towards him, and in paſſing, told him, it concerned his whole fortune not to contradict him: aſſoon as he had ſaid ſo, without any wonder or diſorder in himſelf, he ſat down before his Cabin, *Seſoſtris* ſtanding by, and leaning upon his Shepherds hook. But, Sir, as thoſe who have any deſigns to pleaſe are no ways negligent in their cloaths, wherein the handſomeſt perſons, may loſe ſomething of their complacency, *Timareta* and *Seſoſtris* were ſo handſome that day, and ſo gallant in their habits (though only in the homely ſimplicity of a Shepherd and a Shepherdeſs) that none could look upon them without admiration. In the mean time, the King drawing near the Cabin, *Thraſeas* roſe up, and went to look upon him, ſeeming as if he could not believe that the King could have any thing to ſay unto him: *Seſoſtris*, *Timareta*, and I followed him; on the other ſide, the King coming ſtraight towards us, that officer who before had ſeen us, pointed to us with his hand as he ſpoke unto the King; a man of quality led the Princeſs *Liſerina*. But, Sir, *Heracleon* no ſooner caſt his eyes upon *Timareta*, but he made a million of ſecret prayers unto the gods, that ſhe might prove the daughter of *Amaſis*: and *Liſerena* no ſooner ſaw *Seſoſtris*, but ſhe moſt earneſtly deſired he might prove the King's Son: as for *Amaſis*, he paſſionately deſired a ſucceſſor, and not a daughter: After he had looked upon *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta*, he took *Thraſeas* aſide, and without any witneſs but *Heracleon*, he charged him to tell the truth, after which he asked him where *Amenophis* was? and what was become of the Queen, the young *Seſoſtris*, and the Princeſs *Ladice?* For I am ſure (ſaid the King, though he knew not but by conjectures) that they were in this Iſle. *Thraſeas* finding by the manner of the King's ſpeaking, that he was not ſo well informed as de ſaid he was, reſolved to proſecute his former deſign, which was, Sir, not to confeſs that *Seſoſtris* was the Son of *Apriez*, leſt then he ſhould periſh in the hands of his enemy; but to tell him on the contrary, that he was the Son of *Ladice* and himſelf: For, argued he unto himſelf, ſo *Seſoſtris* do reign, what matters it whether it be as the Son of *Apriez*, or as the Son of *Amaſis*? *Thraſeas* being thus reſolved, did not deny, but that the Queen was in this Iſle; but for the furtherance of his project, he ſeemed as if he were ignorant that ſhe who came with the Queen was his wife: he confeſſed that the Queen and *Seſoſtris* came into this Iſle, with another Princeſs who died three days after her arrival, and her death gave life unto a Son: adding, that four days after, a contagious diſeaſe happening in the Iſle, the Queen and the young *Seſoſtris* died alſo, and ſince that, *Amenophis* gave the name of *Seſoſtris* unto the Son of this Princeſs who died in child-bed of him. Where is the Child? (ſaid the King) Sir, (replied *Thraſeas*) this is he I ſpeak of, who thinks *Amenophis* to be his Father, and whom of late, I have ſaid to be my Son, becauſe *Amenophis* was wondrous careful to conceal him, though I knew not his reaſon for it, but was ſo bold as to ſay he was mine. But where is *Amenophis*, ſaid the King? Sir, replied *Thraſeas*, I do not know, only I am ſure he recommended *Seſoſtris* unto me. Oh *Heracleon*, ſaid the King, queſtionleſs this Traytor who carried away the Queen and *Ladice* from *Sais*, had a deſign to arm my own Son againſt me, by perſwading the people that he was the Son of *Apriez*: yes, yes, *Heracleon*, 'twas he that made the people of *Thebes* believe that he was alive, and doubtleſs his deſign was, to have my Son to be taken for that Prince. But *Thraſeas* (ſaid the King who knew his name) may I give credit unto your words? muſt he whom you ſhew unto me wear the Crown after me? Yes, Sir, replied *Thraſeas*, if the Princeſs *Ladice* were your Wife: Moreover, Sir, do not think that I conceal the Son of *Apriez*, command me to priſon, and if any other *Seſoſtris* but this be found, then put me to death. But, (ſaid *Heracleon*, who was nothing pleaſed that *Amaſis* ſhould have a Son after ſuch fair promiſes) the danger is not in your concealing *Seſoſtris*, but the point is, to know certainly that this is not *Seſoſtris* the Son of *Apriez*, and that he who came from *Sais* died, and not the Child of the Princeſs *Ladice*. *Thraſeas* hearing *Heracleon* urge this, began to confirm his words with a thouſand deep Oaths: But whilſt *Heracleon* and *Thraſeas* were in conteſt about it, the King remembring the Apparition of *Ladice*, and all the reſt of the prodigies, his heart began to tremble, the guilt of his crimes ſo gnawed upon his conſcience, that he could have wiſhed for a Son of *Apriez*, unto whom he might have rendered the Scepter, ſo that not inſiſting upon ſuch niceties as *Heracleon* did, he did believe that *Seſoſtris* was either his own Son, or the Son of *Apriez*, ſo that which ſoever he was, he deſerved to reign, he reſolved to acknowledge him after he had well examined others in the Iſle, who ſpoke nothing in contradiction of what *Thraſeas* ſaid. In the mean while, all the younkers of the Iſle were aſſembled to ſee the King, and not daring to approach too near, they gotten or twelve of them upon a thatcht Sheep-fold, the better to look upon him, but the timber being rotten, both Sheep-fold and Shepherds tumbled down together, and it fell ſo near the Princeſs *Liſerina* (who being much taken with the beauty of *Timareta*, had called her unto her) that ſhe could eaſily ſee the wonderful accident which this little diſorder cauſed: For, Sir, be pleaſed to know it happened to be in the very ſame place where *Amenophis* before his departure had cauſed all the Queens and *Ladice*'s Jewels to be hid, ſo that two Boxes in which they were, being broke open with the fall, one might perceive a thouſand rich Diamonds gliſtering amongſt the rubbiſh of this old Sheep-fold: The Princeſs *Liſerina* no ſooner eſpied them, but ſhe cried out, not being leſs amazed at the ſight, than thoſe Shepherds with their falls: The ſcreek ſhe made, cauſed the King to turn towards her, and ſhe telling him what ſhe ſpied, he came to her, and himſelf ſaw the cauſe of her wonder: ſo that commanding all the Jewels to be gathered up, and brought unto him, he preſently knew the Caſe of a Picture which *Ladice* was wont to wear, and which was very remarkable, and likewiſe many other Jewels which he had ſeen both the Queen and *Ladice* wear. After this, making no queſtion but they had been in the Iſle, he gave more credit unto the report of *Thraſeas*, and queſtioned not but that *Seſoſtris* was his Son. But *Heracleon*, having yet a mind to hinder that belief, obſerved unto *Amaſis*, that *Seſoſtris* was too big and tall for that age which his Son could be of, and therefore could not be his Son. *Thraſeas* anſwered unto this objection, that it was every days experience to find ſome of fourteen or ſixteen years of age as well grown as others of twenty, and the King adhered unto that argument. In concluſion, Sir, *Amaſis* believing in his very heart he was either his Son or the Son of *Apriez*, he would examine the matter no further, knowing that it would be a ſtronger ſupport unto him to have a Succeſſor, than not. He ſince confeſſed, that if at this time it had appeared clearly in the eyes of the World, that *Seſoſtris* was the Son of *Apriez*, he would not have treated him as he did. But ſeeing it appeared he was not his Son, he could not make him paſs ſo, and reſtore the Scepter unto him, unleſs it did appear to be a Reſtitution, therefore he would not make the buſineſs ſo intricate as perhaps he ſhould if he had not had that thought. But he enquired as much as he could to know whether *Seſoſtris* was his or the Son of *Apriez*. Whilſt he was thus buſied, *Simandius*, who came with the King, and had ſtay'd behind ſpeaking with ſome of his friends, and being now come up, he began to look upon *Timareta*, whoſe wonderful beauty attracted the eyes of all the world, but afterwards turning towards *Seſoſtris*, who yet ſaw not him, he preſently knew him to be the valiant *Pſammetites* unto whom he was debtor for his life; ſo that coming to him, whilſt the King was in talk with *Thraſeas*, *Heracleon*, and *Liſerina*: Is it poſſible, (ſaid he unto him) that the valiant *Pſammetites* who knows how to uſe a Sword ſo gloriouſly, had rather take a ſheephook in an Iſland, than come to the Court, where preparation of great recompence was made for his virtues? *Seſoſtris* knowing *Simandius*, was extreamly aſhamed to be ſeen in ſo mean a habit, and he bluſht; but endeavouring to recollect himſelf, Sir, ſaid he unto him, and ſmiled, methinks it would be as much for your honour as mine, if you ſeemed at this time not to know me. No, no, ſaid *Simandius*, I cannot endure any falſe Glory, and therefore though you be but a ſimple Shepherd, yet you merit to be a King, and I muſt publiſh to the world, that I am a debtor unto you for my life, and the King for a Victory. *Amaſis* then turning himſelf with an intention to call *Seſoſtris*, and acknowledge him for his Son, *Simandius* taking *Seſoſtris* by the Arm, preſented him unto *Amaſis*, behold, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) look upon the Perſon of this lovely Shepherd: this is the Valiant *Pſammetites* which I told you of, who only won the Battel. The King was ſurpriſed at the words of *Simandius*, that he told him he was groſly miſtaken, for you call this Shepherd *Pſammetites*, ſaid he, and every one aſſures me his name is *Seſoſtris*: I cannot tell, Sir, replied *Simandius*, how they call my preſerver in this Iſle, but I am ſure he called himſelf *Pſammetites* in the Army. *Seſoſtris* perceiving that the changing his name, did extreamly puzzle the King, *Simandius*, and *Thraſeas*, who knew not any thing of his martial voyage, began to ſpeak and ſatisfie their wonders; ſince *Simandius* will needs have it ſo (ſaid he with an excellent grace,) and that I muſt have the honour to be known unto your Majeſty, I muſt needs confeſs that in changing my profeſſion, I changed my name alſo: And that whilſt I was a Souldier, I aſſumed the name of *Pſammetites*: But why did you return to this Iſle and take a Shepherds hook, (ſaid the King even raviſhed with joy, that he whom he ſhould acknowledge for his Son, was worthy to be ſo,) rather than to come unto the Court? *Seſoſtris* then being put to a Non-plus, would not ſay that it was for the Love of *Timareta*, but to colour his return, he ſaid, that ſince he went out of the Iſle without his fathers conſent, he repented, and would return to ask Pardon. However it be, Sir, ſaid *Simandius* to the King, this Shepherd is the moſt valiant man in your Majeſties Kingdom: and I am confident that the Great *Seſoſtris*, and the renowned *Pſammetites*, both which names he bears, were neither of them more valiant than he? At leaſt not more great than he is like to be (replied *Amaſis*) for I do declare unto you all and all the World, that this *Seſoſtris* whom you ſee here is my Son. In ſaying ſo, *Amaſis* would have embraced him: But *Seſoſtris*, throwing himſelf at his feet, told him with much humility and wonder, that he was unworthy of this honour: Yet riſe he muſt, for the King did ſo command him, appointing all thoſe about him to regard him as ſucceſſor. It is imaginable, Sir, that this declaration was nothing pleaſing unto *Heracleon*: but on the contrary, that it was all joy unto the Princeſs of *Liſerina*. On the other ſide, the fair *Timareta* ſeeing her dear *Seſoſtris*, ready to change his Sheephook for a Scepter, was infinitely raviſhed. But this her joy had no ſooner filled her eye, than her heart began to ſigh in ſecret, when ſhe conſidered that now ſhe was like to loſe *Soſoſtris*, and perhaps for ever; *Seſoſtris* whoſe great Soul was moſt ſenſible of glory, could not chuſe but be glad to ſee he was now no Shepherd: But when in the height of all his joys he looked upon his fair *Timareta*, and conſidered that now he muſt leave her, his ſorrows did ſo mix and moderate his joys, that the King could not enough admire the greatneſs of his Soul, which was ſo little moved at ſuch ſurpriſing and advantageous news. In the mean time, *Heracleon* (whoſe fate was to have a Soul which was tyrannized over by the moſt violent paſſions) in the midſt of all his ſorrows to ſee the Princeſs *Liſerina* more happy than himſelf, could not chuſe but look upon the fair *Timareta* with much admiration. He checkt himſelf a hundred times for looking upon her, yet looked upon her a hundred times whether he would or no: In the mean time, the King finding more cauſe to think *Seſoſtris* his Son, ſince he had taken his part againſt the rebels of *Thebes*, did not pauſe upon what he had to do, or what he had done: but after he had given the Princeſs *Liſerina* all thoſe Jewels which were found in that Iſle, which he ſaid belonged unto him, either as ſucceſſor unto *Apriez*, or as Husband unto *Ladice*; and after he had told the Shepherds he would give them as much as they were worth, and told *Thraſeas* he would make him a happy man, he turned to *Seſoſtris*, and asked him whether he would go with him unto *Elephantine*? *Seſoſtris* hearing the King ask that queſtion, beſeeched him not to ſhame him ſo much as to carry him thither in that habit, but that he would be pleaſed to let him ſtay in the Iſle until ſuch time he was in a better equipage: Alſo, Sir, ſaid he unto him, it is but fit you give me one day or two to prepare my ſelf for Grandure, leſt the luſtre of it upon a ſudden ſhould dazzle my eyes. No, no, my Son, replied *Amaſis*, there is no fear but he who can ſurpaſs the braveſt men of all *Egypt* in valour, is ſufficiently prepared for the quality unto which he was born. For all this, *Seſoſtris* would not conſent, but uſed ſuch handſome arguments as moved the King unto ſo much complacency, as to ſatisfie his deſire, thinking indeed, that the people, who are always moſt taken with outward appearances, would not be ſo well pleaſed to ſee him in a Shepherds habit. So it was reſolved to leave him all the day following in the Iſle, for an equipage proportionable to his quality could not be prepared in leſs time. Yet the King would not leave him without ſome of his Servants; therefore he commanded the Captain of his Guard to ſtay in the Iſle with twelve of his Companions. *Amaſis*, by reaſon of the horrid apparition, and other things which took upon his thoughts, never minded what a reſemblance there was between *Timareta* and *Ladice*. As for *Heracleon* and *Liſerina*, they had never ſeen *Ladice*. However, *Amaſis* retired, after he had beſtowed a complement upon the Princeſs

Liſerina, which *Seſoſtris* underſtood not, but ſhe well enough : So that ſhe looking upon this lovely Shepherd and as a great Prince, who hereafter ſhould be King, and who ſhould make her a Queen, ſhe was as complacential as civil, and as loving to him as poſſibly ſhe could be. Since ſhe was very fair, ſhe did not doubt but the heart of *Seſoſtris* would become her Conqueſt ; nor did ſhe imagine he was in love with *Timareta*, or ever would be, for ſhe being of an ambitious diſpoſition, ſhe meaſured the mind of *Seſoſtris* by her own : And made no queſtion, but if he had any paſſion towards her, he would leave it with his Sheephook : Thus *Liſerina* left him, with as much joy in her heart as in the Kings, who was beyond all expreſſions raviſhed that he had a ſucceſſor. But quite contrary with *Heracleon*, who after his hopes in ſeeing *Timareta*, thought to enjoy the greateſt beauty in the World, and the prime Crown of all the Univerſe ; yet now ſaw all the ſatisfaction of his ambition choaked. But after the King was gone out of the Iſle, *Seſoſtris* muſt needs receive all the complements which the Shepherds would preſent him withal:For ſince naturally he had a Soul full of all ſweetneſs and civility, he would not ſo ſoon take upon him that ſtate, which his quality conferred upon him, ſo that it was impoſſible for him to ſpeak in private that day with his dear *Timareta* ; and the more difficult, becauſe the Captain of the Guard deſiring to be the firſt in favour with the new Prince, did not leave him at all. I alſo had much ado to teſtifie my joys at his happineſs : Yet as well as I could I confeſſed my great deſires of telling him I knew *Amenophis* was not a Shepherd, and begg'd his pardon for not telling him, excuſing my ſelf with the menaces of *Amenophis* if I did: Alſo, Sir, always thinking that *Seſoſtris* was his Son, I could imagine no end he had in it, but to conceal himſelf. But to return, Sir, where I left, be pleaſed to know, Sir, that *Seſoſtris*, and *Timareta*, did not ſpeak unto each other but in the language of their eyes, and that neither ſo much as uſual : for the reſpects which *Timareta* began to have of him, infuſed ſuch a conſtraint into her looks, as eclipſed all the ſweetneſs of them ; and which made *Seſoſtris*, who was accuſtomed to know the moſt ſecret thoughts of her heart by them, not to underſtand their Language: But the next morning being come; and knowing that the day following, they would carry him unto *Elephantine*, he reſolved to talk with *Timareta*: in order to which, love moved him unto the firſt Command upon thoſe about him, though he was reſolved not to take upon him as a Prince, until he had left off the habit of a Shepherd: But ſeeing that if he did not, he could not talk with *Timareta*, and knowing that ſhe was gone to the top of the Hill without any company, but one Shepherdeſs, he followed her, and commanded the Captain of the Guard not to follow him: This Prince then being rid of all interrupters of his talk with *Timareta*, went up the Hill, and when he came to the top, he found his fair *Timareta* ſitting at the root of a Tree, wiping her eyes as if ſhe had been crying: *Seſoſtris* ſeeing his Shepherdeſs in this ſad condition, ſighed, and with ſuch real ſorrow, as I am confident, if fate had been in his own choice, he would have preferred a Shepherds hook before a Scepter, and the gathering of Sheep before people: After then he had a while contemplated upon the Cruelty of his good fortune, he advanced towards *Timareta*, with intentions to throw himſelf at her feet, and with the ſame reſpects he uſed: but the fair *Timareta*, turning her head at the noiſe of his walking, and ſpying *Seſoſtris*, ſhe more and more wiped off her tears, after which, ſtriving to bring joy in her eyes, ſhe roſe up, and ſaluted *Seſoſtris* with a more reverent civility than ordinary: What do you think of me, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) for not finding ſome opportunity to expreſs my joys at your good fortune, and grandure unto which you are raiſed? But, Sir, ſince my deſtiny is to live with Shepherds, not Princes, I durſt not be ſo bold as to tell you my thoughts. Ah, cruel *Timareta*, (ſaid he unto her) why ſpeak you thus unto me? can you think the alteration of my quality or Fortunes, can alter my heart? No, no, *Timareta*, deceive not your ſelf, and wrong not me, I am the very ſame unto you now, that I was yeſterday, and you ſhall find me the very ſame upon a Throne, that I am and have been in this Iſle: call me no Sirs, I conjure you, for I declare that you, and only you ſhall reign eternally in my Soul: Moreover my dear and lovely *Timareta*, do not force your ſelf to rejoyce at the good fortune which is fallen upon me, but on the contrary know, that you cannot more injuriouſly affront my affection, than to rejoyce at any thing that may ſet me fartheſt from you: do not therefore intereſt your ſelf in the fortune more than I my ſelf do; but if you will oblige me, confeſs that I had ſome ſhare in thoſe tears, which I ſaw drop from thoſe fair eyes, when I came firſt unto you. Since you have been a witneſs of my weakneſs (replied *Timareta* and bluſht) I will confeſs you were the cauſe of my ſorrows, but I muſt confeſs withal, that I did not grieve at your good fortune, though 'tis moſt true that the loſs of you can only grieve me, and the more, becauſe I ſee it is moſt juſt I love you; for really it were a miracle, if you ſhould think upon an unfortunate Shepherdeſs, amidſt all the grandures of a glorious Court; and indeed you are obliged in point of honour, to hide the memory you have had of me, and never to give me any more teſtimonies of your affection: You ſee then, Sir, that it is the loſs of my own good fortune which I lament, and not at your happineſs; for I do proteſt unto you, Sir, that as oft as I look upon you, and conſider, that now your quality is moſt ſuitable to your virtue, I am more joyed at your good fortune, than I am able to expreſs; and when I think how in leaving your Sheephook, you get a Crown in exchange, I am extreamly ſatisfied: For all this, I cannot chuſe but remember, how I have loſt *Seſoſtris*, and ſhall ſtay in this Iſle without a deliverer; yet I beſeech you, Sir, remember that my ſorrows neither are, nor never ſhall be injurious to you. All the while *Timareta* was talking thus, *Seſoſtris* gazed upon her, with ſuch adundance both of love and ſorrow, that he thought he ſhould either have loſt his life, or his wits; and after a moſt attentive and ſighing audience, he began to grieve at his good fortune in good earneſt: Alas *Timareta* (ſaid he with a face full of ſorrow) am I any thing more than I was? and will they pull me from you to morrow? Yes, ſaid ſhe, and you ought to pull me out of your heart alſo, and perhaps will. Ah, *Timareta*, cried he, do not add unto my ſorrows, for they are ſo great, that they need no augmentation. No, no, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) my language is more reaſonable than yours, and to ſhew you, that my affection and reaſon is not blind, or that I prefer my own ſatisfaction before your glory, I do declare, that there is no reaſon in the world but you ſhould forget *Timareta*, and that it is not fitting a great Prince ſhould love a ſimple Shepherdeſs. Ah, *Timareta*, ſaid *Seſoſtris*, this ſimple Shepherdeſs you ſpeak of, is in my Soul above all the Queens upon earth: However, to morrow about this time you will be in a great and ſtately Court, and I ſhall be in a poor Cabin, rejoycing at your happineſs, and grieving at my own misfortune: thus living in a continual miſcellany of tears for joy, and tears for ſorrow, the unhappy *Timareta* muſt drone away her days in a deſart, till the day without any hopes of ever ſeeing you again. Oh Heavens (ſaid *Seſoſtris* tranſported with love and ſorrow) I beſeech you let me ſee you every day: yes *Timareta* (ſaid he, and kneeled to her) I am ready to forſake the Crown which hangs over my head, if you will for the love of me quit this Iſle: come, let us go, my deareſt *Timareta*, and ſeek out ſome other deſart, where without any ambition or Crowns, I may only reign in your ſoul, as you reign in mine; let us try if we can eſcape this night following, perhaps I ſhall find a way to ſuborn my guard: for I profeſs to do nothing but what ſhall pleaſe you, and I will marry you at the firſt place we come at, if you pleaſe; I promiſe you alſo never to remember I am the Son of *Amaſis*, nor pretend to any greater Glory than your love. Your promiſſes, replied *Timareta*, are infinitely obliging; but for all that, Sir, your honour will not permit me to accept of your propoſitions; you muſt give me leave only to hear them, and you, but never to wrong you: Alas, added ſhe, ſince my deſires aim only that your glory may flouriſh over the whole earth, that you may be the admiration of the people over whom you are to reign, and that you may be happy both in peace and war; I cannot deſire ſo much happineſs to my ſelf, upon any condition of being an hinderance to your felicity. I know, Sir, it is unjuſt to deſire otherwiſe, but I cannot do otherwiſe. I know moreover, that ambition is a paſſion ſo much ſtronger than love, that there is no likelyhood, but the firſt ſtep up unto that Throne, which you ſhall one day mount, will make me loſe the ſight of you. For Heavens ſake (ſaid *Seſoſtris*) tell me of no ſuch contrarieties, but make ſure of my affection by the ways which I propound. I cannot (replied ſhe) for I would not have it coſt you a Crown; nor can I ever hope, that the Prince *Seſoſtris*, can be as faithful as the Shepherd *Seſoſtris*; or though he ſhould, I can never be happy by it, ſince it cannot be, but by his being unhappy. However it be, replied *Seſoſtris*, I am moſt certain, that I ſhall never love any but *Timareta*: I cannot aſſure her (added he and ſighed) to put the Crown of *Egypt* upon her head, for perhaps it will never be in my power: I will ſwear unto her three moſt certain truths, firſt, that I can never be happy without her; ſecondly, if I can I will Crown her a Queen; and laſtly, ſhe ſhall ever reign in my heart. I would I could believe you, replied *Timareta*, but I muſt confeſs, I cannot; for what teſtimonies of affection ſoever you give me, I can find no ſecurity in them, ſince the Prince *Seſoſtris* is not obliged to keep any promiſes made by the Shepherd *Seſoſtris*. But my dear *Timareta* (ſaid he) now I am no Shepherd, though in the habit of one, I ſwear unto you by all that's ſacred, that I will adore you eternally, and never any but you; for it is not the Shepherd *Seſoſtris* who hath engaged his word unto you, but it is the Son of *Amaſis*, who as near as he is to paſs from a Cottage to a Court, and from extream baſeneſs, unto the height of Grandure, doth proteſt unto you, that he had rather die at your feet, than live upon a Throne without you. I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid *Timareta*, do not ſo much augment my ſorrows, by expreſſing your ſelf ſo infinitely obliging, which will but make me more ſadly lament my loſs. But my deareſt *Timareta*, ſaid he, you ſhall never loſe my heart: I will wiſh I may not, Sir, replyed ſhe, but I can never hope for it: Ah me, ah, ſaid he, what ſhall I do, that I may perſwade you of that real thirſt in my intentions? Truly, Sir, ſaid *Timareta*, and ſighed, I ſhould be much puzled to tell you what, for I am extreamly glad you muſt be a King, I am very angry you are not ſtill a Shepherd, and I have thoughts ſo contrary unto each other, that I am aſhamed of my own weakneſs, and the more, becauſe I am not able to hide it from you. Do not call that weakneſs, my deareſt *Timareta*, ſaid he unto her, which is ſo ſweet a tiſtimony of your conſtant affection; but ſince I do you juſtice in being juſt unto my ſelf, I conjure you to believe, that neither time, abſence, ambition, nor any thing elſe in the earth, can make my mind alter from what I now profeſs; and believe me, there is nothing which I would not do to ſerve you, nor is there any thing I ever will willingly do which ſhall offend you, or interrupt your affection. After this, Sir, *Seſoſtris* was ſilent, ſorrow would not permit him to ſpeak one word more: *Timareta* for her part had not power to anſwer one word: 'tis true, they looked upon one another, and ſaw each others heart through their eyes, ſo that they had ſufficient cauſe of ſatisfaction; yet part they muſt, for night did call them; and ſince they thought the next morning would not afford them the liberty of talking together, without too many witneſſes, after all ſerious looks with a ſad ſilence they bad each other adieu, and *Seſoſtris* being forced to part, he went down the Hill on the one ſide, *Timareta* went down the other ſide to the Shepherdeſs, who ſtayed for her ſome twenty paces from thence: the next morning, thoſe who were appointed to provide rich cloaths, brought them, and *Heracleon* with abundance of the Court came to wait upon *Seſoſtris*, whoſe garb in thoſe rich habits appeared ſo high, that *Timareta* was the more ſad: gladly would ſhe, if ſhe could have ſtayed in her Cabin, yet ſhe could not; needs muſt ſhe look at *Seſoſtris* as long as ſhe could, but that ſhe might be leſs obſerved, ſhe got amongſt other Shepherdeſſes about the Port, to ſee him embarque. In the mean time, *Heracleon* coming into the Iſle, met *Timareta* as ſhe was going to the Port, and as ſad as ſhe was, he ſaw her ſo very fair, that he was more charmed with her beauty this ſecond time, than the firſt, he had abundance of ſadneſs in his countenance, and ſtill looked upon her as long as he could, and at parting, was as ſorry for her, as *Timareta* was to part with *Seſoſtris*: I muſt tell you, Sir, that *Seſoſtris* and I agreed, that I ſhould ſtay in the Iſle to ſee whether *Amenophis* would return, to know from him what I ſhould do, this Prince aſſuring me, that as ſoon as he was ſetled in the Court, he would then make his affection to me appear. That which moſt perplexed me, was, that I could not comprehend why *Amenophis* ſhould have ſuch a care of *Amaſis* his Son; but not being able to reach the reaſon, I reſted my mind in quiet; yet *Seſoſtris* conjured me with all the moſt obliging language poſſible to ſpeak of him every day unto his ſhepherdeſs: and indeed ſo I did, for as ſoon as he was imbarqued, I followed *Timareta* to her Chamber: but alas, Sir, how ſad was our diſcourſe? for ſhe imagining, that ſhe ſhould never ſee, or at leaſt ſpeak to *Seſoſtris* again as long as ſhe lived, did ſo extreamly grieve, as truly I never ſaw the like. In the mean time, *Seſoſtris* arriving at the Port of *Elephantine*, found there one of the fineſt horſes in the World on which he mounted: there being alſo Horſes enough for all that followed him: All the people of that great Town were in the ſtreets to ſee him paſs: A million of high Applauds made the Air Eccho: all the Ladies in the windows ſtood to ſee him paſs, and the Princeſs *Liſerina* amongſt the reſt, who pretended to have no ſmall intereſt in the Glory of this Prince: you may well imagine, Sir, how *Amaſis* entertained him, whom he acknowledged for his Son, he expreſſed all poſſible ſigns of tenderneſs, and the more, becauſe *Seſoſtris* filled all the Court with admiration: for all imaginations being filled with this conceit, that ſince he was found amongſt a company of ſilly Shepherds, his education would appear but mean: yet when they ſaw and heard him ſpeak, they could do nothing elſe but admire: The common People talked of nothing elſe but his handſom Garb; The Ladies of his ſpirit and civility; and *Simandius* of his Courage: ſo that within the compaſs of eight days, he had got as much eſteem, as if he had been in the Court all his life: *Amaſis* overjoyed with having a ſucceſſor, forgot not his promiſes to the ſhepherds of the Iſle, for he ſent them much riches, quitted them of tribute, and gave them high priviledges and immunities. But as for *Thraſeas* in particular, and his family, he thought not this enough: Therefore for a teſtimony of his acknowledgement, he would have him dwell in a Caſtle which was ſome fifty furlongs from *Elephantine*, ſcituated between a great Lake, and a great Wood: And ſince *Thraſeas*, had no diſpoſition to alter his profeſſion, he made him the richeſt Shepherd in all *Egypt*: Alſo he would have *Timareta* leave the Iſle, and me alſo. But in leaving it, we left orders with the ſhepherds there to acquaint *Amenophis* if he returned where we were: In the mean while, *Seſoſtris*, to teſtifie unto *Timareta* that he forgot her not, and that the beauties of the Court did not dazle his eyes, he ſent a ſervant ſecretly the third day, with a Letter to *Timareta*, which contained theſe words.

Seſoſtris *unto* Timareta.

I Have now ſeen all that can be called fair in the Court, but I find not one comparable to your ſelf: Fear not then that I ſhall ever alter my mind: but be aſſured that I am the very ſame in Elephantine, *that I was in our deſart, and ſo ſhall continue until the death of*

Seſoſtris.

You may imagine, Sir, how joyfully *Timareta* received this teſtimony of fidelity from *Seſoſtris*: But perhaps you cannot comprehend that exceſſive ſorrow which followed her Raptures of joy. For, ſaid ſhe unto me, what will it avail me to have *Seſoſtris* continue faithful, ſince, conſidering the unſutableneſs of our qualities, he cannot continue his affection, unleſs he do that which in the common opinion of the world, is unworthy of himſelf? Is not this the very height of infortunacy, that the love *Seſoſtris* bears unto me ſhould be a ſhame unto him? Conſtancy, which in it ſelf is a virtue, would be now a weakneſs in *Seſoſtris*, if he ſhould continue loving me: yet I muſt needs confeſs, I wiſh he would not change, ſince we are never like to ſee each other: And ſince ſo, we run no hazards, neither in my Reputation, nor he in his Glory; But, alas, it ſhall never be ſaid, *Seſoſtris* has the heart of a Shepherd in the habit of a Prince; therefore, my dear *Miris* (ſaid this ſad Shepherdeſs) It is moſt fit that *Seſoſtris* ſhould forget me, and I him: But alas, to me it is impoſſible, and therefore ſhe diſſembled her thoughts in anſwering the Prince in theſe words.

Timareta *unto the Prince* Seſoſtris.

SIR,

I Cannot better acknowledge the honour which you are pleaſed to do me, than by conjuring you to forget me: and for ever to deprive me of the only thing in the World which can delight me: The ſacrifice which I offer is great: But how infinite is the debt owing unto the Prince Seſoſtris *from the Shepherdeſs*

Timareta.

This Letter did not ſo well pleaſe the Prince, as his Letter did *Timareta*, nor was it long before he anſwered it, and before he moved her to write more ſincerely and more obligingly. Yet *Timareta* did always write with ſo much reſervedneſs, that though *Seſoſtris* complained, yet he eſteemed her the more. In the mean while, ſome days being ſpent in publick Feaſts, *Amaſis* ſent for *Seſoſtris*, and told him, that ſince he intended the Princeſs of *Liſerina* for his wife, he would acquaint him with it, to the end he might apply himſelf to win her heart as he had already her eſteem. *Seſoſtris* hearkned unto this motion with much reſpect, but more ſorrow, inſomuch as he had much ado to hide it: For his violent love of *Timareta* told him, he muſt never marry any other. Yet did he not contradict the motion which *Amaſis* made, but told him, that it were fit to give the Princeſs *Liſerina* ſo much time as to forget ſhe had ſeen him a ſhepherd: and he ſpoke ſo handſomly, and with ſo much judgement, that *Amaſis* thought that *Seſoſtris* only deſired to have ſome aſſurance of the Princeſs *Liſerina*'s affection before he married her, though it be not the cuſtome of Kings and Princes to marry with that conſideration. But the King thinking this ſmelt too much of a Shepherd told him, that Princes did not marry as other men, but married more for their people than themſelves, and therefore they had not always the freedom of their choice: In ſhort, *Amaſis* ſpoke with ſo much ſoveraignty, that *Seſoſtris* would not gainſay his will: but ſince the King thought he had conſented, he told him that he would give him ſome days reſpite, before he made a publication of it: When *Seſoſtris* parted from the King, he retired to his Chamber full of extream ſorrow: Till now he looked upon *Liſerina* with much indifferency: but ſince this, he looked upon her with unalterable averſion: and as oft as he conſidered that *Amaſis* would marry him unto her, he was ready to run out of his wits: for love does often drive one to hope for not only things difficult, but even things impoſſible. *Seſoſtris*, ſometimes hoped that happily *Amaſis* would not force him to marry her, but that when it ſhould pleaſe the gods to afford him a fit opportunity of retiring himſelf from the World, he would then marry his fair Shepherdeſs, as well as many Kings of *Egypt* had married with *Grecian* ſlaves. In concluſion, Sir, *Seſoſtris* reſolved to imploy all his poſſible endeavours, to defer the marriage, leaving the reſt to the Conduct of the gods. In the mean time, *Heracleon* was as full of reſtleſs thoughts as he, though in a different way, for certainly ambition was the torture of his mind. But ſince he could not alter the order of things as he pleaſed, how envious ſoever he was to ſee *Seſoſtris* ſo near the Crown; he complied with him as with a Prince, whoſe friendſhip he would gain, though himſelf could not Raign: and endeavoured to divert him with all poſſible complacency: yet *Seſoſtris* could not affect the converſation of *Heracleon*: for beſides his imperious diſpoſition, he conſidered him as the brother of *Liſerina*, who he thought did eagerly put on his marriage with this Princeſs; inſomuch as he could not poſſibly affect him. In the mean time, ſince Civility would not permit him to fall out with him, they were continually together. And *Heracleon* conceiving he could not poſſibly deviſe any diverſion more ſutable to his age than hunting: He invited him very often to that ſport, wherein *Seſoſtris* ſeemed to take great delight; more affecting to be in the fields and woods, where he might ſometimes entertain his own thoughts, than to be in *Elephantine*, where he was very often conſtrained to entertain *Liſerina*. But, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that *Heracleon* and he being one day hunting together, the beaſt which they purſued, did lead them near the Caſtle where *Thraſeas* dwelt, ſo that riding along the Lake they ſaw the fair *Timareta* walking by the water ſide, and in ſuch a profound ſtudy, that the merry cry of the dogs, and the ſhrill muſique of the Horns could hardly make her look up, and ſee who paſſed by her. But at laſt the noiſe being ſo loud and near, ſhe turned aſide with a languiſhing look, as if ſhe had been married unto a crabbed Husband, who interrupted her ſtudy: And ſhe no ſooner lifted up her eyes, but *Seſoſtris* and *Heracleon* knew her, and ſtopt; letting the Chaſe run on. *Timareta* no ſooner ſaw them ſtop, but ſhe knew them alſo; and bluſhing, ſhe ſeemed more fair than ever, and ſo charmed the eyes of *Heracleon*, that in talking to *Seſoſtris* he could not chuſe but extol her. *Seſoſtris* was grieved to the very ſoul, that he durſt not throw himſelf at the feet of his fair Shepherdeſs, whom he ſo much reſpected all the while he was a Shepherd. But at laſt, his love ſurmounting all other conſiderations: Though I ſhall appear a ſhepherd in the habit of a Prince (ſaid he, and laughed) as *Achilles* did a boy in the habit of a woman when he could not chuſe but wear a ſword, I muſt ſtay one minute, and ſpeak unto this fair Shepherdeſs; were it for nothing but to ask how he doth with whom I lived. For my part, ſaid *Heracleon*, I am much joyed at the motion, only out of a deſire to pleaſe my ſelf in looking upon her. After this theſe two Princes alighted from their horſes, and went to *Timareta*, who continuing on her walk, went towards *Nicetis*, who was not far off, but ſhe was prevented by theſe two Princes, who ſuiting their civilities according to her beauty, not her quality, did accoſt her as if ſhe had been of their own. Their diſcourſe with her was long, though nothing of privacy, or any thing of concernment; yet ſhe ſpoke with ſo much ſpirit and grace, as when they parted *Heracleon* was no leſs in love than *Seſoſtris*: So that coming out of *Elephantine* with two, but love and ambition, he returned with three, ſince certainly he grew jealous as ſoon as in love; for though *Seſoſtris* in ſpeaking to *Timareta* did keep a careful diſtance, and though *Timareta* on her ſide did examine every word, and did regulate their very looks, yet maugre all their precaution, *Heracleon* ſaw in their eyes ſome ſparks of that fire which burned in their hearts, ſo that both his Love and his Jealouſie begun both at once: But for his better ſatisfaction, in their way to *Elephantine*, he asked the Prince *Seſoſtris*, whether it was poſſible he could ſo long live with *Timareta*, and not be in love? *Seſoſtris*, who for ſeveral reaſons would not have it thought he was in love with this Shepherdeſs, told him handſomely, that it was with beauty as with the Sun, continual looking upon it, makes it never admired; and he being brought up with *Timareta* from the cradle, he ever thought her fair, but never found matter of adoration in her. But ſince *Seſoſtris* could not ſay this without his face betrayed his tongue, as his tongue belyed his heart, *Heracleon* was confirmed in his opinion; he being a man violent in all things, and poſſeſſed with the three moſt violent paſſions that the heart of man is capable of, he preſently began to endeavour ways for the ſatisfaction of them all: But ſince Love was the paſſion moſt predominate, he did oftentimes uſe to come and look for *Timareta*, not only by that water ſide, but in the houſe where they dwelt, though ſhe entreated him with as much wiſdome as modeſty not to put himſelf unto the trouble; and in every viſit he grew ſo deep in love, that it almoſt ſtifled his ambition, and the more, becauſe he found in her as much virtue as beauty, and an invincible reſiſtance. As for *Seſoſtris*, ſince more eyes were upon him than *Heracleon*, he could not ſo eaſily ſee her, and it was only once that he found an opportunity to ſteal ſo much time as to talk with her, and then he was ſo unhappy as it was known unto *Heracleon*, who was almoſt choaked with deſpair. In the mean time, *Amaſis* thinking he had given long enough time for conſideration unto *Seſoſtris*, began to publiſh unto all the world, that he would marry him with the Princeſs *Liſerina*. The firſt Ceremonies were performed:

ed: So that ſince all Marriages of perſons of this quality are quickly divulged, it was not only known at *Elephantine*, but the news was carryed as far as *Timareta*: But when the wiſe and prudent *Timareta* did plainly foreſee, that as ſoon as *Seſoſtris* ceaſed from being a Shepherd, the King would infallibly oblige him to marry, ſhe grieved exceedingly, yet endeavoured all ſhe could to hide her ſorrows, but could not; for I have heard her expreſs her ſelf concerning *Seſoſtris* ſo generouſly, ſo wiſely, and yet ſo paſſionately, and obligingly, that I diſcovered more grandure of ſpirit and ſoul in her than ever before. In the mean while, *Seſoſtris* was not leſs ſad than ſhe: *Liſerina* only, who courted the Crown more than the affection of *Seſoſtris*, ſhe had all the joy poſſible; yet ſhe thought it ſomewhat ſtrange that the Prince, ſo full of ſpirit as he was, ſhould look upon her only with eyes of civility: But the predominate paſſion of her heart being ſatisfied, ſhe cheared up her ſelf, eſpecially ſeeing that in all appearance, nothing could hinder her marriage: the reports whereof were ſo generally divulged, that none made any queſtion of it: It ſeemed as if the ceremonies were to be performed at *Elephantine*, at which the King was well pleaſed; and ſhe hoped her happineſs was now ſo nigh, that nothing could prevent it: But what ſhe called happineſs *Seſoſtris* called miſery: and indeed his ſoul was ſo wholly devoted unto *Timareta*, that the luſter of her fair eyes dimmed all the other beauties of the Court: ſince he ſaw the noiſe of his marriage was ſo loud as it might reach her ear; he could not reſt until he found an opportunity to ſteal away and viſit her; and to that end, he went unto his Chamber one evening very timely, and took horſe immediately at the Palace Garden door, and went unto *Timareta*: he knew *Thraſeas* went not to bed ſo ſoon as others, becauſe his flocks of ſheep were late in the field: But we were much aſtoniſhed to ſee this Prince arrive ſo late with one ſervant, which uſed to bring his Letters unto *Timareta*: who then was in the walk towards the Lake, where the Trees not being very thick, the light of the Moon was light enough. A young Shepherdeſs, who ſerved *Nicetis*, was in the ſame walk where the Prince came to ſeek *Timareta*, after he had given me order to keep *Thraſeas* from interrupting them: *Seſoſtris* was full of moſt tender expreſſions to her: he offered her a hundred times the very ſame he did in the Iſle, where their love had original. He proffered to renounce all Grandure, Court and Crown, ſo ſhe would but follow his fortune: And this Generous Shepherdeſs did a hundred times conjure him, to do nothing unworthy of that Grandure unto which he was raiſed, and to propoſe nothing unto her unworthy of his virtue: But ſay what ſhe could, he was ſtill in the ſame tune, and ſaid he would never marry *Liſerina*, conjuring her not to let any reports or appearances delude her, but conſtantly to believe, that he would never be anies but hers. *Timareta* contradicted this laſt expreſſion of *Seſoſtris*, but it was very faintly, for ſhe had not ſo much power over her ſelf as to adviſe him unto a marriage with *Liſerina*: but ſhe told him reſolutely, ſhe would not have him quit the Court, nor carry her away: but when he talked of his marriage with *Liſerina*, her tongue could not betray her heart, all her expreſſions were blaſted: Little and weak perſwaſion was in her Eloquence. Moreover, *Timareta* being very prudent, ſhe thought not fit to acquaint *Seſoſtris* with all the viſits of *Heracleon*. For ſince ſhe knew him to be in favour with *Amaſis*, ſhe thought it not wiſdom to ſow any ſeeds of diviſion between them. But on the other ſide, ſhe thought it not diſcretion to ſay nothing to him: therefore ſhe told him, that ſometimes as his hunting chaſe drew him that way he would call: But ſince *Seſoſtris* had obſerved that *Heracleon's* heart was wounded with the beauty of *Timareta*, though ſhe ſpoke nothing of it, yet he believed him to be deeply in love: But yet he feared not to drive him far enough from the heart of this lovely Shepherdeſs, ſo that he parted very well ſatisfied from her, and likewiſe ſhe from him, conſidering the ſtate preſent of their fortunes. In the mean while, *Heracleon's* heart being torn in pieces by three unruly paſſions, he could not chuſe but open himſelf unto a friend of his named *Taniſis*, whoſe ſpirit was not only ſubtle, but capable of all villanies and cheats in the World, reſpecting neither Divine nor Humane Laws, and followed no other rule of life, but what would pleaſe or profit him: yet did he appear in the eyes of all the World in another vizard; and having ſpirit and wit enough, he palliated all his villanies with vertuous ſemblances, the better to compaſs his ends: yet had he no intimate friend but *Heracleon* only, but the League between them two was ſo great and cloſe, that none could be greater. In the mean time, as I told you, *Heracleon* acquainted *Taniſis* with the preſent poſture of his ſoul, ſo aggravating the Grandure of his love, of his jealouſly and of his Ambition, that he perceived the miſeries which he endured, required extream remedies. And that let them be what they would, he was able to ſerve him. Firſt *Taniſis*, who thought it more expedient to ſatisfie the Ambition of his friend, than his love, becauſe himſelf had more intereſt in that paſſion than the other, told him, that at what rate ſoever it was, he muſt hinder the marriage between *Seſoſtris* and the Princeſs *Liſerina*: In order to which, he muſt ſo protract it, that *Amaſis* who was not well, might firſt die, before it was accompliſhed, ſince it was likely he would not live long: It was thought that he adviſed to poyſon him, to the end he might hinder *Seſoſtris* from being acknowledged his ſucceſſor, and that he might be ſucceſſor himſelf: As for the ſatisfaction of his love, *Taniſis* could not imagine, that the heart of a ſimple Shepherdeſs could hold out againſt a man of *Heracleon*'s quality: he adviſed him firſt to have recourſe unto preſents, and afterwards to carry her away: As they were thus buſied, and *Heracleon* ſaw nothing to do but to put the adviſe of *Taniſis* in execution, one of his ſervants came to tell him, that the Kings Officer, who had been unjuſtly accuſed for raiſing that tumult which was in a Town within the Province of *Thebes*, deſired to ſpeak with him. But, Sir, before I acquaint you with what this Officer told *Heracleon*, give me leave to put you in memory, that it was the very ſame man who found dying *Ladice*'s Letter where *Amenophis* loſt it, and who afterwards let it fall in *Elephantine*, where he was forced to retire until his friends had procured his

Juſtification. After this, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that when he came within two days journey of *Elephantine*, unto one of his friends, he fell ſick with ſorrow, and to that height, as a Feaver ſeiſed upon him, which for ſome days bereft him of his reaſon, but after he was recovered, and enquired of the paſſages in the world, he was much ſurpriſed to underſtand that the King had that Letter which he loſt, and the more to hear that *Seſoſtris* was acknowledged for his Son: For *Ladice*'s Letter not being ſealed, when this Officer found it, he read it, and remembred very well that *Ladice* told the King ſhe had left him a Daughter, and not a Son: So that not knowing what to think, he wondered that *Amaſis*, knowing the Princeſs his Wife's hand, ſhould not give credit unto her words; for thoſe with whom he was, were ignorant that the Letter was a little torn or defaced; ſo that to be better ſatisfied, he writ unto one of his friends in *Elephantine*: but before he began to write, he looked in this Table book, in which he had put dying *Ladice*'s Letter before he was ſick, and there miraculouſly found a little bit of the Letter which made it apparent, that *Ladice* left a Daughter, and not a Son: So that then apprehending the miſtake of *Amaſis*, and knowing how he had formerly expreſſed himſelf, that if it were a Daughter, *Heracleon* ſhould marry her, he thought that he had found out a way to undeceive the King of his errour, to make *Heracleon* happy, and to raiſe himſelf a fortune: And therefore he carefully ſealed up this little bit of the Letter, and as weak as he was he came to *Elephantine* in the night, going ſtreight unto *Heracleon*'s houſe, and found him in the company of *Taniſis*, as I told you. At firſt he deſired to ſpeak with him in private, but *Heracleon* telling him, that nothing was ſo ſecret which *Taniſis* ſhould not know, he began to tell him, how he had found *Ladice*'s Letter, and how he had loſt it, and how he had found that which would convince *Amaſis* of his errour in thinking *Ladice* left him a Son; for it would be eaſie to prove it unto the King by that little bit of the Letter which mentioned a Daughter, and which was torn out of the Letter; ſo that comparing this bit with the Letter it ſelf, he might find them ſo evenly jump, that the King might be put out of all errour. *Heracleon* was beyond all expreſſion glad, that he could render the birth of *Seſoſtris* doubtful; but to go ſurely to work, he would have this Officer concealed in his houſe, and examine all things at more leaſure, conjuring him to have a ſpecial care of that which muſt take the Crown from his Siſter and *Seſoſtris*, and put it upon his own head; for he made no queſtion but *Timareta* was Daughter unto *Amaſis*: Yet could he not deviſe why *Thraſeas* ſhould diſguiſe the truth. But ſince it appeared that *Ladice* had a Daughter, it muſt neceſſarily follow that there was ſome impoſture in the relation of *Thraſeas*: So that to ſift the matter before it came to the King, *Heracleon* and *Amaſis* reſolved to tamper with *Thraſeas*, and either by promiſes or menaces to ſcrew the matter out of him: This courſe being reſolved upon, *Heracleon* and *Taniſis* went to the houſe of *Thraſeas*, and came thither before the Sun was up, or *Timareta* awake. But the more to oblige unto a true relation, *Heracleon* would tell him at firſt what he knew: I come hither (ſaid he unto him) to make you confeſs the truth of the buſineſs which I know as well as your ſelf, but to know what reaſon you had to tell the King a lye, and to make him moſt unjuſtly to acknowledge *Seſoſtris* for his Son, and to obſcure that Daughter which the Princeſs *Ladice* left him? Speak, *Thraſeas* (ſaid he) tell me your reaſon for it, but never go about to maintain *Seſoſtris* to be his and *Ladice*'s Son; for know, that the King within theſe two days muſt ſee all that wants in *Ladice*'s Letter, which will apparently prove the King is gulled, and that *Seſoſtris* is not his Son, and that all tortures that can be deviſed will be inflicted upon you to make you ſpeak the truth: yet if you will truſt me, and tell me truly why you put this impoſture upon him, and where the Daughter of *Amaſis* is, I will promiſe not only to protect you, but to keep you in the King's favour: And if you will confeſs unto me that *Timareta* is his Daughter, and do as I would have you, I will promiſe you a recompence much above that which *Amaſis* gave you. Whilſt *Heracleon* was ſpeaking thus, *Thraſeas* was extreamly perplexed; for he perceived by his manner of ſpeaking, that he knew all the truth: ſo that fear damping his ſpirits, he could not reaſon upon the matter; yet he perceived that though *Heracleon* knew *Seſoſtris* was not the Son of *Amaſis*, yet he did not know him to be the Son of *Apriez*; therefore he conceived him to be ignorant of it, otherwiſe he would moſt certainly have intimated it unto him: So that after he had ſeriouſly conſidered with himſelf, he reſolved to confeſs unto *Heracleon*, that *Timareta* was the daughter of *Amaſis*, conceiving it was that which he principally deſired: for *Thraſeas* being a man of a quick wit, and ſpirit enough, and knowing that the King when he was in the Iſle, ſaid, if he had a Daughter he would marry her unto *Heracleon*: he doubted not but it was his own intereſt which he ſought after: But as he reſolved to confeſs the truth, as relating unto *Timareta*, and to ſay ſhe was the Daughter of *Amaſis*: So he reſolved alſo not to diſcover that *Seſoſtris* was the ſon of *Apriez*: for it was a horror unto his conſcience to deliver the Son of his Legitimate King into the hands of an uſurper, who perhaps would put him to death: ſo after he had well conſulted with himſelf, and ſeeing *Heracleon* multiply both promiſes and threatnings. Sir, (ſaid he unto him) if you will ſolemnly ſwear that you will ſave my life: I ſhall confeſs all I know, and as much perhaps as you deſire to know: *Heracleon* then ſwearing unto him, *Thraſeas* confeſſed that *Timareta*, was the Kings Daughter: Adding, that *Seſoſtris* was his own Son: and that Fatherly indulgence prompted him to make him King in prejudice of *Timareta*: and then King alſo to get a better recompence, for finding the King a Son, than a Daughter: But, (ſaid *Heracleon* unto him) it appears *Seſoſtris* paſſed for the Son of *Amenophis*, and not as yours, and you confeſſed as much to the King: 'Tis very true, Sir, (replied *Thraſeas* boldly, the better to colour his lie) but the reaſon was, becauſe when the contagion did almoſt depopulate our Iſle, and when the Queen and the Prince *Seſoſtris* her Son dyed, and ſpared this *Seſoſtris* whom now you know, *Amenophis* with a thouſand promiſes of recompence, deſired me to let my ſon paſs for his, never telling me his reaſon for it: and indeed I conſented, knowing my Son would be more rich by paſſing for his Son than mine: ſo that all the Shepherds in the Iſle never thought *Seſoſtris* to be my Son: After this *Heracleon* and *Taniſis* began to whiſper low one to another, and to examine what *Thraſeas* had ſaid concerning *Seſoſtris*: For they ſaw *Amenophis* had a deſign to make *Seſoſtris* paſs for the Son of *Apriez*: and they began to ſuſpect that *Thraſeas* had not told the truth, but that *Seſoſtris* was really the Son of *Apriez*. Yet they did not conceive it expedient to dive too deep into the matter, for knowing that *Amaſis* of late was much ſtung with remorſe of conſcience for all that was paſſed, they feared that if he ſhould come to know that *Seſoſtris* was the Son of *Apriez*, and afterwards ſhould hear of the affection between *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta*, he would marry them together to quiet his conſcience, and to take away all colour of War: Therefore, though *Heracleon* did ſuſpect *Seſoſtris* was not the real *Seſoſtris*, yet he did not make his ſuſpicions known unto *Thraſeas*; but reſolved by the advice of *Taniſis*, firſt to let him become a Shepherd again, and afterwards abſolutely to ruine him. But, Sir, after an exact conſideration of all the conſequences in this affair, they inſtructed *Thraſeas*, in all they would have him do, *Heracleon* beginning to let him have a taſte of his liberality. And to the end *Thraſeas* ſhould not have time to repent or fly, or adventure *Seſoſtris* or *Timareta*, they obliged him to go preſently with them unto *Elephantine*: Leaving two ſervants which came with them, to conduct him, appointing them to follow *Thraſeas* ſome twenty paces from him, and no nearer, leſt too much notice ſhould be taken: But, Sir, *Heracleon*, as it was plotted betwixt him and *Thraſeas*, went to the King as he returned from the Temple, and as he was entering into his Palace, *Thraſeas* fell down upon his knees moſt humbly beſeeching the King to give him audience: *Amaſis* turning about, and knowing him, thought that ſome had done him wrong, and he demanded juſtice, or that he had not received what he commanded ſhould be given him: So that turning towards him, It is juſt, ſaid he, that the man who found me a ſucceſſor ſhould obtain what audience he deſires. Oh, Sir, (ſaid *Thraſeas* with tears in his eyes) I come not to demand any juſtice, but a pardon, ſince I am the moſt guilty man alive. *Amaſis* being aſtoniſhed at the Language of *Thraſeas*, in whoſe countenance, he ſaw fea imprinted, commanded him to follow, becauſe he wou not have all the people to hear: and being entered into his Chamber, where he would have none to follow, but *Heracleon* and *Thraſeas*. This ſhepherd fell down upon his knees again, Sir, ſaid he to *Amaſis*, you ſee proſtrate at your feet, that miſerable ſhepherd, whoſe ambition to make his ſon King, has made himſelf the moſt culpable of men: For truly, Sir, *Seſoſtris* is my Son and not yours; and *Timareta* whoſe beauty attracts the eyes o all that behold her, is really your Daughter. *Amaſis* infinitely perplexed at this, began to look upon *Thraſeas* with much anger: How doſt thou think I can believe thee (ſaid he unto him) after ſuch a fair tale when I wa in the Iſle? How can I believe this which now thou telleſt me is true? or what way now will you give me good ſecurity of it? for ſince thou art capable of ſuch an impoſture, may I not as well think thou wouldſt make thy Daughter to Raign in prejudice of my Son, as thy Son in prejudice of my Daughter. From whence proceeds this remorſe of conſcience which thus expoſeth thee to my fury? Hath *Oſiris* appeared unto thee? Or what hath cauſed thy repentance? Sir, replied *Thraſeas* (following the inſtructions of *Heracleon*) as ſoon as I heard of your Majeſties intentions of marrying *Seſoſtris* unto the Princeſs *Liſerina*, my conſcience did ſo extreamly torture me, that I had rather ſuffer the puniſhment which I deſerve, than to let a miſerable ſhepherd run any longer into ſuch a fortune as he was unworthy of. Moreover, Sir, if the weakneſs of your eye-ſight had not hindred you from ſeeing that extream reſemblance which *Timareta* hath of the Princeſs her Mother, you would a firſt have known her for your Daughter; and this di induce me principally to deceive your Majeſty. *Heracleon* would then have ſpoke ſomething in favour o *Thraſeas*, but *Amaſis* not hearing him, asked this ſhepherd a hundred queſtions, unto all which he gave ſuc

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ſatisfactory quick anſwers, that *Amaſis* was at a dilemma. However, he loved *Seſoſtris* ſo well, that his natural inclination prompted him to maintain him in the rank wherein he was, and to puniſh *Thraſeas* as an Impoſter. But as he was in this mind, the Officer which was concealed at *Heracleon*'s houſe, and was inſtructed by him, ſent unto the King by the Captain of his Guard, that he had ſome buſineſs with him, whereupon depended the tranquility of all his life, and that it concerned him to know it as ſoon as poſſibly he could. *Amaſis* with a diſordered mind, commanded him to enter, and the ſooner, becauſe he underſtood this man had cleared himſelf of that raiſing of Sedition, whereof he was accuſed. I ſhall not tell you, Sir, in what language this man acquainted the King, how it was he who found the Letter in *Nea*, how he read it as ſoon as he found it, and ſaw that it mentioned the leaving him a Daughter; how afterwards he loſt it at *Elephantine*, and how miraculouſly he found that which would convince him of his error; for if I ſhould make a full relation, it would be too tedious, Sir, unto you. However *Amaſis* no ſooner heard what he ſaid, but being very impatient to ſee what he had brought him, he took the little bit of paper which the man had preſerved; and the King joyning it unto the Letter of *Ladice* which was torn, it filled up ſo even and juſtly, and anſwered unto every corner, like wax unto a Seal, that there could not be the leaſt ſuſpition of any couſenage; for it joyned ſo cloſe, that it was hard to be ſeen where it was torn: But as the King was much ſurpriſed to ſee this little bit of the Letter fit his place ſo juſtly; ſo was he much more, to find, that then it was as plain as the Sun, that *Ladice* left him a Daughter; for the word Daughter was in that little bit which was added: nor could he ſuſpect any forgery, but that it was writ with the hand of *Ladice* as well as the reſt of the Letter. *Amaſis* then being ſatisfied that *Seſoſtris* was not his Son, asked *Thraſeas* who he was? and he anſwered him as he anſwered *Heracleon*, to wit, that himſelf was the Father of *Seſoſtris*; and anſwered ſo fully unto all objections which *Amaſis* could put unto him, that he could find no cauſe whoſe aſtoniſhment was ſo high, that ſhe was not capable either of joy or ſorrow; yet ſhe enclined more unto the latter of theſe than the firſt. In the mean time, ſhe arrived at the Court: *Heracleon* acquaints the King; and he bids her to enter. But ſhe was not ſooner two paces within the Chamber, and the King upon a ſudden ſeeing as well as ever he did: he found in *Timareta's* face ſuch a prodigious reſemblance of the Princeſs *Ladice* his wife, that he made no doubt but *Timareta* was his Daughter: ſo that embracing her with abundance of tenderneſs, he acknowledged her for his own, and acknowledged her with as much joy, as he was at the miraculous change in his ſight, which made him able to behold *Timareta*, and confirmed him in his opinion that the gods would protect him. *Timareta* ſeeing the honours which the King did her, knew not how to receive them: yet ſhe told him with as great grace as modeſty, that ſhe was only a ſimple Shepherdeſs, and far unworthy ſuch favours from ſo great a King: for ſince ſhe thought it impoſſible that ſhe ſhould be acknowledged for a Princeſs, and that *Seſoſtris* ſhould become a ſhepherd again, ſhe would not anſwer the King as his Daughter. In the mean time, ſince the King made no queſtion of what *Thraſeas* told him concerning *Timareta*, he alſo believed all he ſaid concerning *Seſoſtris*: ſo that thinking his repentance had expiated his crime, he commanded him to be ſet at liberty, and to come before him. *Thraſeas* no ſooner ſaw *Timareta*, but he asked her pardon, for offering to take the Crown from her, and giving it unto *Seſoſtris*. *Timareta* hearing *Thraſeas* ſay ſo, bluſht, and looked down with her eyes: yet was it not for any anger at the injury he had done her; but for ſorrow that ſhe ſhould be a cauſe of *Seſoſtris* his returning unto a Shepherd again. In the mean time, the King cauſed all the Ladies to enter, and told them who *Timareta* was: ſo that this fair ſhepherdeſs, becoming a Princeſs in an inſtant, you may well imagine, ſhe ſtood in need of as great a ſpirit as ſhe had. And ſince *Amaſis* had commanded the matter ſhould be cloſely carried, leſt *Seſoſtris* ſhould know the alteration in his Fortune: he cauſed *Timareta* and all the Ladies to go into another room, and commanded to fetch *Seſoſtris* unto him. But as *Timareta* was ready to go out of the Kings Chamber, being prompted by a thought which ſhe could not keep in, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I beſeech you give me leave, before I go, to ask you whether *Thraſeas*, who I ever thought to be my father, ever told you how I owe my life unto *Seſoſtris*: and that if I have the honour to be your Daughter, you are obliged to recompence him for my ſake: As *Timareta* could not ſpeak this, without ſome diſorder which appeared in her face, *Heracleon* had much more diſorder in his heart: and the more, becauſe the king deſiring to know how *Seſoſtris* ſaved *Timareta*'s life; This fair Princeſs related it unto him, with all poſſible aggravations, as if ſhe had a deſire, in taking the Crown from *Seſoſtris*, at leaſt to procure him the King's favour: 'Tis true, he had a ſtrong inclination, to lend a favourable ear unto any thing that was in advantage of *Seſoſtris*. Therefore when *Timareta* had ended her relation, the King aſſured her, that he would eſteem *Seſoſtris* as her deliverer: Then he parted from her, as ſoon as he had commanded the Ladies, to ſee her in an Equipage ſutable to her preſent quality: ſo *Heracleon* conducted her unto her Chamber. As for *Nicetis* ſhe met her husband in the outer Chamber. In the mean while, *Amaſis* having ſent for *Seſoſtris*, he perceived in his going to the King, that there was ſome extraordinary matter in the wind: for notwithſtanding all their cares to conceal it, the noiſe of it was ſpread abroad. But though he ſaw wonder in all the faces he met, yet he could not gueſs what the matter was: but he was not long in ignorance, for as ſoon as he came unto the King, who prepared him as well as he could to make the news as little ſad unto him as he could: he told how he had been deceived, how that he was not his Son, and how *Timareta* was his Daughter, demonſtrating unto him all his proofs: Moreover (ſaid he, and gave him not time to ſpeak) do not think that the man whom I eſteemed worthy to be my ſon, and really was ſo, ſhall ever become a Shepherd again: No, no, *Seſoſtris*, I do not intend it: but on the contrary, I will make a publick declaration that you ſhall have a Rank above all my Nobility, and continue ſo near the Throne, as it ſhall be hardly perceived you have had a fall. Sir, (replied *Seſoſtris*, who had time to recollect himſelf whilſt the King was ſpeaking) ſince I received the honour of being taken for your Son, without any pride or oſtentation: So I receive the news of my change, without a grudge, or deſpair, or ſorrow: yet I muſt needs confeſs, that if I had quitted this honour unto any other but *Timareta*, I ſhould have been moſt extreamly ſad: but I know her virtue ſo worthy of her quality, that I ſtand in need of no comforts in my loſs, ſince ſhe is the gainer: Moreover, Sir, I confeſs my ſelf infinitely obliged unto you for your Princely expreſſions, but yet I cannot accept of your offers: for truly, Sir, if ever I come into the rank of your Nobility, I will be ſomething beholding unto my Sword, and not altogether unto your goodneſs for the honour: And truly conſidering the preſent condition of my Soul, I am not yet reſolved whether I ſhould make uſe of my Sheephook or my Sword: for I had need of a little time to examine whether I have found more or leſs misfortune in the one than in the other: Yet I moſt humbly beſeech you to believe, that I never contributed any thing unto your Majeſties error, ſince I never thought my ſelf to be the Son of *Thraſeas*, but of *Amenophis*. But whatſoever I be, Sir, I ſhall be always affectionately devoted unto your ſervice: But before *I* leave the Court, I beſeech you give me leave to bid adieu unto the Princeſs *Timareta*. *I* conſent unto it moſt willingly (ſaid the King) but not that you ſhall bid her adieu; *Seſoſtris* anſwered unto theſe obliging expreſſions, with much reſpect: and though *Amaſis* would not have him go from the Palace; yet he would not lye there, but went unto my friend whom *I* brought him acquainted with, and where we left all our martial Equipage. He was no ſooner there, but he ſent for me to acquaint me with the revolution in his fortune; yet *I* knew it before, by *Thraſeas* and *Nicetis*, who were returned home. But when I came unto his Chamber. Well my dear *Miris*, ſaid he unto me, is not my fortune very fickle? and muſt not he be either inſenſible or mortal that dies not for ſorrow at ſuch an alteration? not that I do at all regret the Grandure ſo much as perhaps you imagine, for thanks be to the heavens, *I* have a ſoul which ſores above all ſorts of ambition: but that which grieves my ſoul is, that *I* am ſtill at an unſutable diſtance from *Timareta*, either as a Prince or a Shepherd; and I conceive, that though ſhe poſſeſs that honour which *I* had yeſterday, and I that which ſhe hath quitted; yet *I* am ſtill further of in equality than before. For had *I* been a King, I might have created her a Queen: but *Timareta* being a Princeſs, muſt never make me a King; and therefore my dear *Miris*, if *I* do lament the loſs of a Scepter, it is not out of ambition, but only out of love. Moreover *I* cannot look upon *Thraſeas* as my father, until *Amenophis* return, and aſſures me *I* am his Son: And ſince now there is no neceſſity of concealing our ſelves, *I* would adviſe you (ſaid he unto me) to appear in the world for what you are, to the end you may acquaint me with the paſſages in it: for when *I* have once ſeen *Timareta*, *I* am reſolved to forſake it: not that *I* can ſo ſoon depart from *Elephantine*, ſince *Heracleon* is in love with *Timareta*: for though *I* am a Shepherd, *Egypt* ſhall never have a King that is my Rival. There *I* endeavoured to perſwade *Seſoſtris*, that he muſt not run any hazards of ruining himſelf; but ſtay in expectation of ſome change, which might happily be advantageous for him; that the return of *Amenophis* would perhaps better inſtruct us; and truly after all this, *I* was confidently perſwaded that neither *Thraſeas* or *Amenophis* ever gave him life. In thinking to comfort me, replied he, you drive me unto new ſorrows; for admit *I* were that which you think *I* am, yet am *I* the moſt miſerable man in the World: and if *I* be not what you ſuppoſe me, ſtill *I* am all unfortunate. In the mean while, *Seſoſtris* was not the only one who complained: The Princeſs *Liſerina* had her full ſhare of ſorrow; ambition did no leſs torment her, than love did *Seſoſtris*: ſhe told every one, that this was but a ſuſpicion of her brother's, who had a deſire to be King himſelf; adding, that certainly *Seſoſtris* was the Son of *Amaſis*: and that *Timareta* was no more than a Shepherdeſs: and ſhe ſpoke it ſo loud and confidently, that *Heracleon* moved the King to ſend for her, to command her ſilence; for in the humour *Heracleon* was, there was

nothing

nothing which he would not ſacrifice unto his ambition; In the mean time, how great ſoever the deſires of *Seſoſtris* were to ſee *Timareta*; yet his ſorrows were ſo great that day, as he was forced to ſtay until the morning, paſſing away the night in ſuch reſtleſs thoughts, that he never ſhut his eyes: *Timareta* for her part, ſhe enjoyed no delight in all her Grandure; but ſlighted all manner of diverſions, or care in dreſſing her ſelf: For all the magnificence of her Lodging, ſhe took more delight in the remembrance of her Cabin where ſhe could talk with *Seſoſtris*: and when ſhe conſidered that ſhe was like to loſe him for ever, ſhe was in a mind to part with all her Grandure which cauſed the misfortune: ſometime ſhe was more grieved to ſee her ſelf a Pinceſs, and *Seſoſtris* a ſhepherd, than ſhe was when ſhe believed her ſelf a ſhepherdeſs, and him the Son of a King. There was none therefore whoſe joyes were full, but only *Heracleon* and *Taniſis*. As for *Amaſis*, for all the ſatisfaction which he had to ſee the living Image of his dead but dear *Ladice*, he had ſuch a reſtleſſneſs in his heart, as quite diſtempered him, ſo that he found no delight in any thing. But, Sir, the next morning being come, *Seſoſtris* according unto the Kings permiſſion, went to ſee *Timareta*, and entred into her Chamber, as ſhe was dreſſed the firſt time, as a perſon of her quality: As for *Seſoſtris*, he was in a plain handſom ſute without any trimming, ſuch as men of quality commonly uſe to wear when they would not be ſeen. But there was ſuch a maſs of melancholy in his heart, that he could hardly keep it out of his face: 'Tis true, he had ſome cauſe of conſolation, for when he entered into *Timareta*'s Chamber, he found her face ſo full of ſerious ſorrow, amidſt all her magnificence, that he might eaſily divine the cauſe: This viſion was ſo pleaſing, that it made him able to hide ſome parts of his ſorrows. But on the contrary, *Timareta* ſeeing ſo much conſtancy in the ſoul of *Seſoſtris*, did the more tender his heart by the tears which fell from her fair eyes: So that deſiring to hide this diſorder from her women, after *Seſoſtris* had ſaluted her with a profound reverence, ſhe went into a corner between her bed and fire, where he followed her, and began to ſpeak; Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I beſeech you take it not ill that the ſhepherd *Seſoſtris* ſhould aſſume ſo much liberty as to entreat you would be pleaſed to give him that ſheephook your fair hand was uſed to carry, aſſuring you he ſhall receive it with more conſolation than he did the news and hopes of his being King of all *Egypt.* Ah *Seſoſtris*, (ſaid ſhe and interrupted him) I do not take it well, that your ſpirit ſhould be ſo free after your change, as to talk of any ſuch thing. I remember, that the firſt time you ſaw me after the King had acknowledged you for his ſon, you looked upon me with eyes full of tears: 'Tis true, Madam, (ſaid he) but I am now ſo affraid my ſorrows ſhould be ill interpreted, and that you ſhould think I grieved at the parting from that Grandure which now is yours, that I maſtered my ſelf, and hid ſome part of my ſorrows; yet if you will be pleaſed to aſſure me, you will not think ambition to be the cauſe of my ſorrows, I ſhall ſhew you all my ſad reſentments: But that I may with more freedom do it, I beſeech you be this day only the ſhepherdeſs *Timareta*; you will be a Princeſs all the reſt of your life, and it is but one hour which I ſhall deſire to deprive you of that honour: I aſſure you, replied *Timareta* and ſighed, that I ſhall be unto you, ever the ſame I was. True it is, I will not engage my ſelf to live with you as I have done, for you know decency does not allow it; but I promiſe you, that the change in my fortune is not able to change the leaſt thought of my heart: And I ſhall ever think my ſelf moſt unhappy in my condition, becauſe it is different from yours. I do not think that after this you will complain of me; Nor do I complain of you, Madam, (replied he) but I do extreamly complain of my unhappy fate, which raiſed me up to throw me down again, and which only raiſed you to make me more miſerable. But, Madam, however I beſeech you do not deny me that which has abſolute dependency upon your ſelf, and which neither contradicts vertue nor decency: Methinks (replied *Timareta*) after what I have already ſaid, I need not tell you, that I will not deny you any thing you ſhall ask, ſo it bring juſt conditions with it. Since ſo, Madam, (replied *Seſoſtris*) let it not offend you if I conjure you to believe that your quality hath nothing augmented thoſe reſpects I had of you, and that quality which within theſe two days I had, did nothing leſſen the paſſion of my Soul to you. Moreover, Madam, that you may not take it ill if I preſerve the ſame paſſion ſtill in my heart; remember, I beſeech you, that ſince I was not capable of change in becoming the Son of a King, ſo I am not capable of any alteration in returning to the quality of a Shepherd: So that adoring you out of a compulſive neceſſity, againſt which there is no reſiſtance, you would be unjuſt if you were offended at it. Moreover, Madam, ſince in loſing my chief happineſs I have not loſt all my reaſon, I know very well that I can hope for nothing from you; that it is my duty to adore you, and never ſee you; and that it is only death that muſt terminate my ſorrows: All that I can in reaſon ask, is, that you will be a little angry at fate for putting a greater inequality in our qualities than in our inclinations. However, ſince you give me leave to ſpeak unto you now as unto the Shepherdeſs *Timareta*, I muſt tell you that there is one thing that you can do for me which will keep me from dying with grief. If it be in my power (replied ſhe) and that it be not againſt the rules of virtue and decency, certainly I ſhall do it. I have ſo deep a reſpect of you, replied *Seſoſtris*, that I dare hardly ſpeak it; but ſince I am confident in your goodneſs, I muſt tell you, Madam, that all the favour which I beg is, that you will not marry *Heracleon*, when I was in the ſame quality you now are, I was firmly reſolved never to marry any but you. But, Madam, ſince the laws are not equal betwixt us, I ſhall not ask ſo much, but only except *Heracleon* from all the Princes in the world. Not but that I am moſt confident the day of your marriage with any Prince will be the day of my death, but my death will be leſs ſharp, if it add not felicity unto *Heracleon*. If you had not given me leave to expreſs my ſelf, Madam, I ſhould not have ſpoke ſo boldly as I do. But ſince if you pleaſe to remember, that the Prince *Seſoſtris* offered to throw away his Crown if you pleaſed, and ſeek out ſome deſart Iſle, where he might live with you, I hope you will not think the Shepherd *Seſoſtris* too inſolent. I think him ſo unfortunate (replied ſhe) that though he were too bold, yet I ſhould not be offended at him: but to anſwer directly unto what you ask me (added ſhe) I promiſe you to uſe all the endeavours that in all handſomneſs I can, never to marry *Heracleon*. And I promiſe you more than that; for if I cannot oppoſe the King's will, I will have recourſe unto death. Yet I do not by this exact any great obligation from you, for I have ſuch a ſtrong natural averſion againſt him, that I will thwart his intenſions, as well out of love to my ſelf, as out of love to you. But the thing which I would have you take for a favour is, that if the gods would leave me to my own choice, I had rather be a Shepherdeſs with you, than Queen of twenty *Egypts* without you. Oh, Madam, ſaid *Seſoſtris*, how much am I obliged to you for theſe expreſſions which will infallibly haſten my death, and hinder me from droning out a longer unhappy life? For after this I muſt dye with grief to ſee my ſelf driven to ſuch a ſad neceſſity of loſing one ſo infinitely generous. No, no, *Seſoſtris* (ſaid ſhe unto him) I would not have that which I ſpeak to comfort you be an augmentation of your ſorrows; but on the contrary, if I have any power of you, I would have you live and love me, and that I may ſtill have ſo much conſolation as to think, that in what place ſoever you are, you keep your affection for me. That which may be an aſſurance unto you of mine, is, that when you were the Prince *Seſoſtris*, and I Shepherdeſs *Timareta*, what inequality ſoever there was between us, yet I ſhould not have taken it well you ſhould forget me, though I had deſired you to do it: So that you are no farther off my quality than I was off yours, you need not fear I ſhould forget you, though I ſee you not. After this, ask me no more: Doubtleſs I do too little for the Shepherdeſs *Timareta*, but perhaps a little too much for the Princeſs of *Egypt*. As they were thus in talk, one came to tell *Timareta* in all haſte, that the King would ſpeak with her, ſo that ſhe muſt part abruptly from *Seſoſtris*: Yet ſhe bade him adieu as the Shepherdeſs *Timareta*, and though in a tumult, yet tenderly, and in ſuch an obliging manner, that though the paſſion of *Seſoſtris* was very violent, yet had he no cauſe to complain. He retired then unto the lodging which he made choice of for his retreat, where he related unto me this ſad diſcourſe, as he uſed to do all others. In the mean time *Timareta* in going to the Kings chamber, underſtood that he ſent for her to tell her, that having engaged himſelf unto *Heracleon*, that if he had a Daughter to marry her unto him, therefore he would acquaint her with it, to the end that ſhe ſhould begin to look upon him as upon one that was to be her Husband. It is ſo ſhort a while, replied *Timareta*, ſince I had the honour to know I was your daughter, that methinks it is injurious to make me ſo ſoon acknowledge any other Authority than yours; therefore, Sir, I beſeech you, let me a while enjoy the honour which I have. As the King was ready to anſwer *Timareta*, and tell her that he would be obeyed, he fell into a ſwoon which laſted near an hour; and when he recovered out of it, he found that he had quite loſt his ſight; and whilſt he was in his ſwoon, his imagination was filled with the ſame apparition which formerly he had ſeen, but with this difference, that the menaces of *Ladice* were more terrible; ſo that he was not in a condition to talk any longer unto *Timareta* concerning her marriage with *Heracleon*, for he was ſo troubled that he knew not what to reſolve upon, not daring to tell all his grief; For ſince he was not ignorant of *Heracleon*'s ambition, and knew what that paſſion could offer, he durſt not expreſs how much he was troubled at the menaces of the gods, if he did not reſtore that Crown which he had uſurped: So that keeping all his ſorrows to himſelf: Oh ye juſt gods, ſaid he, which puniſh me with ſuch ſeverity, though deſervedly, How ſhould I reſtore the Sceptre which I have uſurped? The Son of *Apriez* is dead as well as himſelf, and there remains none living of his line; yet you let me underſtand by theſe horrid viſions, that the Child of this unhappy King is not dead, but you do not let me know where he is: I had ſome ſuſpicions indeed that *Seſoſtris* is the true *Seſoſtris*, and you who know the ſecrets of hearts, do alſo know that when I declared him my ſucceſſor, I thought him to be as much the Son of *Apriez* as mine own: yet I muſt confeſs that had I then known him for the Son of that unhappy King, I ſhould not have reſtored him the Sceptre, becauſe I was unwilling to part with Soveraign Authority, and to make a reſtitution in that manner before all the world: But now I have changed my mind, I cannot believe that *Seſoſtris* is the Son of *Apriez*: for why ſhould *Thraſeas* cauſe the Son of his legitimate King whom he had brought up, to deſcend from the Throne? What likelyhood is there that he ſhould make one of the greateſt Princes in the World to become a Shepherd? There is more reaſon to think that *Amenophis* ſhould take away the Son of this Shepherd with a deſign to make him paſs for the Son of *Apriez*, and to ſend him to *Thebes* when he ſaw opportunity: Yet for all this the gods do tell me by the Oracles, that I muſt reſtore the Sceptre which I have uſurped: and by moſt affrighting viſions aſſure me that *Seſoſtris* is living: what ſhould I do then? what can I reſolve upon? As *Amaſis* was in this reſtleſs mind, *Heracleon* came unto him: *Timareta* being returned unto her Chamber: And ſince *Heracleon* was a man who mocked at all theſe prodigies and adviſements of the gods, he looked upon this accident which happen'd unto the King, as a thing which would be advantageous unto himſelf, which would the ſooner haſte on his marriage with *Timareta*, and more aſſure him of the Crown: Yet he durſt not that day ſpeak unto the King, who on the other ſide durſt not tell *Heracleon* all the inquietudes of his Soul. In the mean time, Sir, be pleaſed to know that *Amenophis* and the Servant were ſo happy, that he whom they feign'd *Amenophis* had mortally wounded, did not dye of his wounds: and ſo it chanced that while he was ſick, the affairs of the Town changed faces, and the weaker party becoming the ſtronger, he left that ſide he was of to take the other. Thus in this General Revolution, *Amenophis* found his ſafety, for the Proſecutor changing ſides, would proſecute no farther, but ſuffered him to take his liberty. In the mean while, *Amenophis* after he had conferred with the revolters, who had raiſed freſh Forces, and had aſſured them there was a Son of *Apriez* living, and that he would infallibly bring him unto them, he returned unto our Iſle in hopes to find *Seſoſtris*: But, Sir, you may imagine his wonder, when he heard in all places where he paſſed, that *Amaſis* knew by *Ladice*'s Letter that he had a Son; that he had found this Son in an Iſle near *Elephantine*, and that his name was *Seſoſtris*. *Amenophis* at firſt, thought all theſe reports to be but Fables; but finding the nearer he came to *Elephantine*, the more they were confirmed, he knew not what to think. Yet his aſtoniſhment was nothing in compariſon of that amazement he was in, when he came within a days journey of this great Town, and heard that he whom *Amaſis* had acknowledged for his Son proved to be no more than a ſimple Shepherd, and was returned to his former condition; and that *Amaſis* acknowledged a Shepherdeſs, whoſe name was *Timareta*, for his Daughter: I ſay you may eaſily imagine how all theſe things ſurpriſed *Amenophis*: However he conceived it expedient before he attempted to go into the Iſle, to know more certainly of the truth; ſo that he reſolved to go unto *Elephantine* in the night, and lodge with his Siſter: But he was much perplexed to underſtand when he came there, that ſhe was not in Town: ſo that *Amenophis* not daring to truſt himſelf with the Domeſtiques of the houſe, and the Father of him with whom *Seſoſtris* and I lodged being his intimate friend, he reſolved to make the Sons houſe his Retreat, whilſt he enquired of the poſture wherein things are: So that we were not a little aſtoniſhed, when my friend, who knew how dear *Amenophis* was unto us, brought him into the Chamber where we were. I cannot eaſily expreſs unto you, Sir, both our joys and his. He asked us a hundred things, and we in lieu of anſwers, asked him other queſtions. In the mean time, the Maſter of the houſe leaving us to the freedom of talk: I beſeech you (ſaid *Seſoſtris*, who had an extream deſire to know who himſelf was) Tell me who I am? Am I the ſon of *Amaſis*, or the Son of *Thraſeas*, or your ſon? you are none of all theſe (replied *Amenophis*.) Whoſe am I then? (replied *Seſoſtris*.) You are, Sir (replied *Amenophis*) ſince it is now time to tell you, the Son of *Apriez*, and the legitimate King of *Egypt*, and I come to fetch you, that you may accompliſh a deſign which hath been a long time in plotting. *Seſoſtris* was ſo ſurpriſed to hear this, that he doubted whether he had well underſtood him, ſo that he deſired *Amenophis* to repeat what he had ſaid. Then *Amenophis* gave him an account of his deſign in concealing his birth, and told him it was he who raiſed all the revolts in *Thebes*, *Heliopolis*, and other places. Then *Seſoſtris* and I told him all the adventures both of *Timareta* and himſelf, which did no leſs ſurpriſe *Amenophis*, than his relation did us: The actions of *Thraſeas* did moſt puzzle him; for he did not believe that the Prince's ſervant had revealed his ſecret. However it be, ſaid *Amenophis*, I had a deſign to carry both *Timareta* and you unto *Thebes*, and then acquainted *Amaſis*, that *Apriez* had left a Son, and *Ladice* a Daughter, ſo that when he knew, we had a perſon ſo dear unto him in our power, we might have brought him unto ſome reaſonable terms. But ſince that the poſture of things are otherwiſe, Come, Sir, let us go to *Thebes*, whither I will conduct you, and let the unjuſt *Amaſis*, ſee you are not his Son but enemy, if he will not reſtore the Crown which is your due: I know very will, Sir, that when you parted from our Iſle, you had a great affection unto *Timareta*; and though abſence cannot cure you, and though ſhe be Daughter unto the Uſurper of your Dominions, you may yet love her, and you muſt make a juſt War to conquer her, and ſo enjoy at once both your Kingdom and your Miſtreſs. Remember that your very name obliges you unto high things; and the gods have given you ſpirit and heart enough to equal, and perhaps to tranſcend the moſt illuſtrious of your Anceſtors. You know that when I taught you to be a faithful and courageous Shepherd, I taught you by it to be a great and generous King. Begin then the conduct of your people whom the gods have lawfully ſubjected unto you, and know that the War you ſhall attempt is moſt juſt, and cannot chuſe but prove propitious. It is to expel an Uſurper; it is to revenge your father, moſt barbarouſly maſſacred: it is to revenge the death of your Mother, whoſe ſorrows only put to death: it is to crown your ſelf with Glory in the eyes of all Nations; it is to ge your own Kingdom, and your Miſtreſs. Oh Father (ſaid *Seſoſtris*) for I cannot call you otherwiſe, I muſt tell you, and tell you without baſeneſs, that I cannot, nor will not leave loving *Timareta*, though ſhe be the Daughter of an Uſurper. I do affect glory, and fear no dangers, but I love *Timareta*, and fear to offend her. *Timareta* (replied *Amenophis*) is queſtionleſs worthy of your eſteem, not only for her beauty and excellency of ſpirit and virtue, but alſo for the generoſity of her Mother, who was as faithful a Subject as *Amaſis* was perfidious: And for theſe reaſons I am not againſt your loving her, but agree, if *Amaſis* conſent, that you may marry her: But to effect that, and to oblige *Amaſis* to give her unto you, you muſt be in the head of an Army; you muſt ask her as the Son of *Apriez*, and let him know that *Seſoſtris* the Shepherd, and *Seſoſtris* the Prince are not the ſame. Oh Father (replied he) this Prince, and this Shepherd you ſpeak of are but one perſon, yet have different deſires, and I doubt whether one can yield unto the other. The Shepherd ought to yield unto th Prince (replied *Amenophis.*) Reaſon would have it ſ (replied *Seſoſtris*) but Love will not conſent unto it. If you do but conſider the preſent poſture of your Fortune (anſwered *Amenophis*) you will find, that Lo as well as Reaſon requires you ſhould follow my a vice: For the Shepherd *Seſoſtris* cannot pretend an thing unto the Princeſs *Timareta*. 'Tis true, replied h but *Seſoſtris* the Prince ought not to pretend any thi unto the Daughter of his Enemy: That you may cea being his Enemy, anſwered *Amenophis*, you muſt be come his Maſter, you muſt fight with him and conque him, and then give back *Timareta* that Crown whi you have with juſtice taken from him. Theſe, S were the arguments which *Amenophis* uſed unto *Seſoſtri* to convince him in point of love, and to invite hi unto *Thebes*; but the paſſion which had taken up ſtrong reſidence in the Soul of this Prince, would n permit him ſo ſuddenly to reſolve upon ſo difficult a ma ter: He deſired of *Amenophis* two days of conſideratio but indeed it was to find out an expedient how

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acquaint the Princeſs *Timareta* with his true birth, and to hinder *Heracleon* from marrying her, yet he could not poſſibly compaſs either: for it being the cuſtom of all mercenary minded vaſſals to follow fortune at the heels, and change as it doth, when *Seſoſtris* would have entered to have ſeen *Timareta*, thoſe who were at the Palace Gate, and kept it for *Heracleon*, did treat him like a Shepherd, and would not ſuffer him to enter. This courſe entertainment did ſo incenſe him, that he doubled his fury againſt *Heracleon*, though he did not know that this trivial diſgrace was cauſed directly by him: His grief was, he knew not how to ruin *Heracleon*, for he was too generous to attempt any unworthy way, nor was it an eaſie matter to invite him to fight with a Shepherd, neither could he force him, becauſe he went always well attended, nor did he ever ſtir out of the Palace ſince *Timareta* was acknowledged Princeſs. However, *Seſoſtris* could not reſolve upon departure from *Elephantine* until he had made ſure of *Heracleon* for ever marrying *Timareta*: nor would he go unto *Thebes* until he had firſt asked advice of his dear Princeſs: So that when thoſe two days given by *Amenophis* were expired, he muſt allow him more: for ſince the noiſe of *Heracleon*'s marriage with *Timareta* grew louder every day, the jealouſie of *Seſoſtris* augmented accordingly, and the more, becauſe he ſaw leſs hopes of revenge upon his Rival. In the mean while *Amenophis* was vexed to the heart, that he could not get *Seſoſtris* out of *Elephantine*. But to make ſome uſe of his vexatious abode in the Town, he went privately in the night to viſit divers perſons of his acquaintance whom he knew would not diſcover him, to the end he might diſpoſe them unto any great deſign, if occaſion were. But whilſt *Timareta* grieved for *Seſoſtris* in the midſt of all her grandure, the Princeſs *Liſerina* grieved for the loſs of a Crown, and *Heracleon* thought of nothing but how to become King, to murther *Seſoſtris*, and to marry *Timareta*; and whilſt *Seſoſtris* had a mind full of vexatious thoughts, and had a hundred plots in his brain, all oppoſite to one another, *Amaſis* was moſt cruelly tormented, not only with ſorrow for the loſs of his eyes, but alſo with anguiſh of ſpirit, and ſting of conſcience for his wickedneſs; he thought always he heard the voice of *Ladice* threatning him, and the more was his miſery, he obſerved that *Heracleon* began to take much authority upon him, and began to tranſact like a man who pretended to have all the power ſhortly in his own hands: But one extraordinary accident chanced, which did infinitely trouble him. Be pleaſed to know, that there is a general Feaſt obſerved throughout all *Egypt*, called the Feaſt of Lamps, which is celebrated unto the glory of *Iſis*, and which is the only Feaſt amongſt us, whoſe ceremony is alike obſerved in all Villages, Towns, and Cities; and the day being come, they adorn their Temples with Garlands, and ſtrow all the ſtreets with flowers, and ſet before their doors all that they have moſt rare. And when the Sun is ſet, and night begins, they light not only an infinite number of magnificent Lamps in every Church, but alſo in all the ſtreets and publick places, in all their doors, windows, and towers; about all the walls of the Town, upon the Maſts and Prows of every Ship in the Port; and this they do to the very leaſt village or cabin of a Shepherd: ſo that at this time all *Egypt* is as light as day in the darkeſt night. And ſince amongſt us it is believed, nothing is more acceptable to the gods than Perfumes, nor any thing more wholſome, or better to purifie the Air, every one adds unto his Lamp a Bonefire of Aromatick wood before his door; ſo that in an inſtant there is ſuch a pleaſant vapour in the air, as perfumes all the fields about the Town: They uſe to ſing alſo quantity of Songs in honour of *Iſis*, both in their Churches and ſtreets, but a large relation of this is not neceſſary unto my diſcourſe: But this Feaſt being kept whilſt we were there, every one hoped, that the preſence of the King would make it more glorious, though the accident which happened did trouble all thoſe who were Lovers of quietneſs and peace. But, Sir, the hour being come when the Ceremony began, there was ſo much light, that all the Town ſeemed on fire: *Amaſis* according to the cuſtom went to the Temple in a Coach, and *Timareta* with him; *Heracleon* went on Horſeback next after the King's

Coach, and all the Court followed. But, Sir, the wonder was, that in all the ſtreets where the King paſſed, all the Lamps ſeemed to extinguiſh, their light became dim, their fires went out, and their perfumes changed their pleaſant ſmell: The ſhrill ſcreeks and crys of fatal Birds were heard, and the accident did ſo amaze all the inhabitants of *Elephantine*, that they were full of fearful ejaculations and cryes, which moving the King to ask the reaſon, and they were conſtrained to tell him; yet to ſweeten the King's apprehenſion, *Heracleon* uſed all poſſible skill to find out the natural cauſe of this Prodigie; but *Timareta* was ſo affrighted, that ſhe communicated her fears unto the King her Father; yet would he needs go on unto the Temple, but the ſame diſmal ſight and noiſe was ſtill heard there as well as in the ſtreets: So that this Prince not ſeeing as others did, heard nothing about him but murmuring of voices, which let him know that the people were affrighted; and he beſeeched the gods to let him know what it was they would have him do which might appeaſe them. After which he returned unto his Palace, yet more perplexed than before. As for *Seſoſtris*, he had the happineſs of ſeeing *Timareta* in the Temple, but yet he was not ſo happy as to be ſeen, though notwithſtanding all her fears, he obſerved ſhe looked all about for him. This being the poſture of affairs, it chanced that an old ſervant belonging to *Amaſis* knew that ſervant which was with *Amenophis* as he was ſtanding in the ſtreets to ſee the King paſs; ſo that ſince they were well acquainted heretofore, he wondred that he ſhould ſhun him, and ſeem not to know him: at firſt, he thought that perhaps he was deceived; but the care which the other took to avoid him, was it which confirmed him in his opinion, alſo he had a private mark in his face which made him very knowable: yet he could not ſpeak unto him, for the preſs of people did part them: The ſervant belonging to *Amenophis* being at laſt come unto the door of his houſe where he lodged, he entered, and got out of ſight from the Kings ſervant, who then returned unto the Palace, for this ſervant being one of thoſe who waited about the Bath, he was to prepare one for the King his Maſter. However he was certain that the man whom he had ſeen was the ſame which departed from *Says*, with the Queen, the young *Seſoſtris*, *Ladice* and *Amenophis*: ſo that conſidering well with himſelf, he thought it fit to acquaint the King, and did ſo as ſoon as he had opportunity: And ſince he named the houſe where he ſaw the man enter, the King was much amazed at it, for he knew it to be the houſe where *Seſoſtris* lodged: ſo that apprehending a ſervant unto the late Queen of *Egypt* was with *Seſoſtris*, who he ſuſpected to be the Son of *Apriez*, he began to think he was not miſtaken when he thought ſo: but as he was ready to command him who gave him the intelligence, to enquire better concerning the truth, he had further intelligence from one of his ſervants that *Amenophis* was in *Elephantine*, plotting ſome great deſign: *Amaſis* no ſooner heard this,but he ſent the Lieutenant of the Guard, to bring him by main force unto him; appointing alſo *Seſoſtris* to come, and expreſly charging that *Heracleon* ſhould not know any thing: Theſe orders were ſecretly given, and as punctually executed, for he knew nothing of any paſſages ſince he was buſie in Council with *Taniſis* and others all that day, conſulting concerning his marriage with *Timareta*: But whilſt he was deliberating upon a thing which he thought certain, and never looked at ways how to bring it to paſs, *Amenophis*, *Seſoſtris*, his ſervant, and I were brought unto the Palace. You may very well imagine, Sir, how this touched *Amenophis* to the quick, for ſince he was ignorant of the King's repentance, he was in extream fear leſt *Seſoſtris* ſhould periſh, or at leaſt be kept a priſoner, if he were known to be the Son of *Apriez*: He began to prepare himſelf for a denial, and to give *Seſoſtris* ſuch inſtructions at he thought moſt expedient, to perſwade *Amaſis* that he was not Son unto *Apriez*, in caſe he had any ſuſpicions of it: But *Seſoſtris* told him that he would not paſs for what he was any longer, for, ſaid he, I would have *Heracleon* know who I am: and I had much rather *Amaſis* ſhould know I am the ſon of his enemy, than that *Timareta* ſhould look upon me as a Shepherd, and *Heracleon* as a man unworthy to meaſure a ſword with him: he would have ſaid more, but he was prevented by the Lieutenant of the Guard, who broke off our diſcourſe and conducted us: But, Sir, when we came to the Palace, *Amaſis* would ſpeak with *Amenophis* in private: ſo that carrying him into his Cloſet, we ſtayed in his Chamber: But *Amenophis* was wonder-ſtruck when he heard *Amaſis* ſpeak: Well *Amenophis*, ſaid he unto him, I pray acquaint me with ſuch things as I deſire to know: I do not ask you what is become of *Apriez* his Son, with any intentions of harm unto him, for know, that I am not the ſame I was, I have loſt my ambition in loſing my ſight, and the juſtice of the gods lies ſo heavy upon me, as teacheth me to be juſt alſo: And therefore I deſire to know certainly of you whether the Son of *Apriez* be living, and where he is? *Amenophis* hearing the King ſpeak thus, knew not whether or no he ſhould truſt him: But *Amaſis* perceiving by his pumping for an anſwer, that he had no confidence in him, aſſured him with an oath, that if the Son of *Apriez* were living, he would reſtore the Crown unto him, by giving him his Daughter. *Amenophis* was now perſwaded, and after high applauds of the King's moſt generous reſolution, he began to tell him the whole truth, making an exact relation of all paſſages which happened unto *Seſoſtris*, unto the Queen, unto *Ladice*, unto *Timareta*, and unto himſelf, ſince he went from *Says*; handſomely aggravating the valour of *Seſoſtris* in the Combat with the Crocodile to ſave the life of the Princeſs, and giving him ſuch hints as he might thereby gueſs at the affection which *Seſoſtris* had unto his daughter the Princeſs *Timareta*: After which, he added a moſt excellent rhetorical diſcourſe, perſwading him to ſtand firm in thoſe reſolutions which he had taken, and ſhewing him that he can no way Reign ſo ſafe and ſecurely, both with external and internal ſerenity of ſoul, but by cauſing *Seſoſtris* to reign: nor never ſo ſecurely ſettle the Crown upon his Poſterity, as by a marriage between *Timareta* and him: for, ſaid he, which other way is it poſſible you ſhould reſtore the Crown, and ſettle a ſatisfactory peace throughout all *Egypt*? But, Sir, ſaid he, that your Majeſty may not ſuſpect me of any forged ſuppoſitions, it were requiſite you ſent for *Thraſeas*, *Nicetis*, the Nurſe of *Timareta* who yet lives; and ſome ſhepherds which are in the Iſle, and were then ſo when I arrived there, and by all theſe your Majeſty may know that *Thraſeas* had never a Son, and that *Seſoſtris* is the Son of *Apriez*, and the very ſame I brought with me when I came into that Iſle; for though his age hath much altered his reſemblance, yet there is reſemblance enough to know him to be the ſame. *Amaſis* was ſo well perſwaded by the arguments of *Amenophis*, that he ſcarce needed any further ſatisfaction; and the gods had infuſed ſuch a ſtrong belief into his heart, that he was perſwaded fully all was true which *Amenophis* had ſaid: Yet not to be deluded in a matter of ſo great importance, he ſent for all thoſe *Amenophis* named, who confirmed all he had told the King: For *Thraſeas* no ſooner came face to face before *Amenophis*, who bad him ſpeak the whole truth ingenuouſly, without any diſguiſement, but he very ſincerely did ſo. Thus there needed no more for the knowing of *Seſoſtris*, than the teſtimonies of *Thraſeas*, *Nicetis*, *Timareta*'s Nurſe, the ſervant of *Seſoſtris*, and all the Shepherds, who all concurred in the very ſame relation. Then *Seſoſtris* entered, and *Amaſis* ſpoke unto him in ſuch a generous manner, that the hearts of all the hearers were mollified. *Seſoſtris* ſeeing this happy turn in fortune, did anſwer *Amaſis* with wonderful wiſdom and generoſity, which appeared to be in a higher degree than the generoſity of the King: For ſince his love to *Timareta* was all his thoughts, he behaved himſelf towards *Amaſis* with the ſame reſpect, he did when he was thought to be his Father. In the mean time, ſince this Prince knew that *Heracleon* would moſt ſadly reſent this news, he would not have it publiſhed until better opportunities for it: So we returned that night unto the places where we were before. But, Sir, that which confirmed the King moſt in theſe reſolutions which he had fixed upon, was, that after he had ſent for *Heracleon*, and with all poſſible prudence acquainted him with the reaſons which moved him to break his word, and that he received his reaſons in ſuch a manner, as let him know he had no mind to part with *Timareta*: In lieu of fearing any revolutions in the State, or apprehending the reſentments of *Heracleon*, he found ſuch quiet, reſt, and ſatisfaction in his heart, as he had not enjoyed a long time before. So that diſmiſſing *Heracleon*, he told him for his laſt reaſon, that he could not diſpoſe of that which was not his own; and that he never made any promiſe of Sceptre, or *Timareta* unto him, but in caſe *Seſoſtris* died; but ſince he was alive, all promiſes are null. *Heracleon*, with as much injuſtice as inſolency, called that weakneſs which he ſhould have phraſed virtue; and told *Amaſis* with inſufferable boldneſs, that he deſerved more ſhame in reſtoring a Crown, than he did glory in getting it. But in concluſion, Sir, *Amaſis* impoſing ſilence upon him, he was forced to retire. *Amaſis* remaining in as much tranquility of mind, as the other went away diſordered. Yet he gave ſpecial order that obſervant eyes ſhould be had over *Heracleon*; for ſince he loved him, he would not willingly loſe him, nor be forced to drive him away from him. After this, he went to bed and ſlept, and in lieu of ghaſtly apparitions, and terrible dreams, as he uſed to have, his imagination was full of ſweet and pleaſing things, *Ladice* apperaed unto him, but it was in full luſtre of that beauty which formerly he adored; in commending him as much as before ſhe menaced him, and exhorted him to go on with what he had ſo well begun; and to augment the wonder, whether the joy and agitation of his ſpirits had diſperſed ſome melancholy vapours, which cauſed his blindneſs, or whether the gods would either puniſh or recompence him according to the various thoughts of his ſoul, when he awaked, he found his ſight reſtored; ſo that being tranſported with joy and delight, he ſent for *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta*, and went with them unto the Temple, to render thanks unto the gods, himſelf declaring unto all the people that *Seſoſtris* was the Son of *Apriez*, and telling *Timareta* that ſhe was much obliged unto a Prince, who though ſhe was the daughter of an Uſurper, yet would give her the Crown of *Egypt*; yet *Seſoſtris* did publickly declare, that he would not wear the Crown until after the death of *Amaſis*, but would be only regarded as the firſt of his Subjects. You may well imagine, Sir, how great was the joy of *Seſoſtris* and

Timareta, when being returned to the Palace, and this Prince had the liberty to wait upon her to herChamber, and to talk with her freely before he returned unto the King, as he was deſired, that he might be adviſed with concerning the beſt expedients of publiſhing the matter throughout all the Kingdom, and principally at *Thebes* and *Heliopolis*, to the end all Wars might ceaſe. I hope you will pardon me, Sir, if I do not relate any joys and delights of this juncture; *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta* continued ſo ſhort a time happy, that I cannot do it; nor will I relate all the reſolutions the King took with *Seſoſtris*, and *Amenophis*; nor how great was the peoples joy when they knew there was a Prince deſcended from their Antient Kings who ſhould ſucceed *Amaſis.* But give me leave to tell you, that in conſideration of the happy event of this adventure, the King pardoned *Thraſeas* the untruths which he had told: *Seſoſtris* did the ſame, and *Amenophis* followed their example. As for the Princeſs *Liſerina*, ſhe had ſome comfort, to ſee her brother put by the Kingdom: for ſhe conceived him only to be the cauſe why ſhe was not Queen. But as for *Heracleon*, the motions of his heart were moſt violent: and *Taniſis* incenſing him by his wicked Counſels, there was no abominable propoſition which they made unto each other, which they did not harken unto without any horror or repugnancy: But at laſt, after they had propounded Crime after Crime, they reſolved, that conſidering the juncture of affairs, there was no way but to kill *Seſoſtris*, and the King alſo. And in the mean time to publiſh that *Amenophis* was an impoſtor, who foiſted in a pretended Son of *Apriez*: And to farther that deſign, they reſolved, that the King ſhould firſt be killed, to the end it might be publiſhed that *Seſoſtris* killed him: and for a pretence, to raiſe a tumult, during which, *Taniſis* ſhould kill *Seſoſtris*, having men for that purpoſe with him. This horrid deſign being reſolved upon, all their endeavours were to put it in execution with all ſpeed. *Taniſis*, accuſtomed unto all villanies, had always ſuch men at his beck, who never look after any thing but recompence, but never enquire whether a thing be juſt or unjuſt: But the difficulty was, how to get him unto the King's Palace, at that time when the act was to be executed: Yet ſince *Heracleon* had many Creatures in the houſe, he found out one that was neither rich nor virtuous: moreover he had been once turned out of office by *Amaſis*, and at the requeſt of *Heracleon* reſtored: This man at the ſolicitaion of *Taniſis*, did ordinarily keep the Guard upon a little back ſtairs which went between the lodging of *Seſoſtris* and the King's Chamber: So that thinking this man moſt fit to give entrance unto thoſe whom they would employ to murder the King, and the ſooner, becauſe it might eaſily be imagined that *Seſoſtris* was the Aſſaſſinate, conſidering the place which he Guarded, therefore *Heracleon* put on *Taniſis* to ſuborn this man: But, Sir, I will not make any longer relation of an act ſo horrid: but in ſhort, let me tell you, *Taniſis* ſuborned this Officer, who promiſed to let in whom he would: and the buſineſs was brought unto ſo near a point of execution, that men were ready to cry out the King was killed, and that it was *Seſoſtris* killed him; and leſt there ſhould be any failing in the enterpriſe, *Heracleon* had provided a boat upon the Nile, which ran on the back-ſide of the Garden, that he might thereby ſave himſelf if need were, and alſo laid horſes ſome thirty furlongs from *Elephantine*. In concluſion, Sir, this being the juncture of things, the King had intelligence by one of thoſe whom he had ſet to eye *Heracleon*, that certainly he had ſome plot in hand, though he knew not what it was. *Amaſis* hearing this, feared that *Heracleon* had ſome ill deſigns upon *Seſoſtris*, not thinking of any thing againſt his perſon: So that to prevent any danger, he doubled the Guards towards the lodging of *Seſoſtris*, and by conſequence weakned his own, which was favourable unto the deſign of *Heracleon*. But the Gods being juſt, they did not favour him but unto his own ruin. For *Seſoſtris* knowing that the Guards were doubled at his door, would know the reaſon, and called him in who commanded the Guard, who at firſt ſaid he knew nothing, but that accidentally the Guards were ſtronger on the one ſide than the other. But *Seſoſtris*, finding that this Souldie knew more than he would tell, he was very urgent with him, and ſo far, that at laſt he told him, it was ſuppoſed *Heracleon* had ſome ill deſign, becauſe he was ſeen that night go out of the Palace, and ſpeak unto an Officer which had the Guard upon the back ſtairs, and was heard to promiſe him great recompences. This Officer ſaying, to excuſe his ſilence, that he durſt not tell it, leſt he ſhould not be credited, and become expoſed unto the hatred of *Heracleon*: *Seſoſtris* no ſooner heard this, but after promiſe of recompence for his fidelity, he went to acquaint the King, though it was late, and he knew that he was retired to his reſt: and certainly it was by the inſpiration of the gods. However it was, Sir, *Seſoſtris* went: and went not that way of the back ſtairs, but by the great common way, leſt he whom the ſouldier ſuſpected and commanded that ſide, ſhould think he was diſcovered, if he ſhould ſee him go ſo late unto the King, who was faſt aſleep, when *Seſoſtris* came unto the chamber with two of the guard and my ſelf. But the ſtrangeneſs of this accident is, Sir, that juſt as they opened the Kings Chamber door to go and wake him, and tell him *Seſoſtris* deſired to ſpeak with him, we ſaw the wardrobe door open at the ſame time, and many men with drawn ſwords enter into the Chamber, which had a Lamp burning in it. *Seſoſtris* no ſooner ſaw this, but drawing his ſword, he ran with a moſt magnanimous generoſity between the King's bed, and theſe Aſſaſſinates, not conſidering him as the Uſurper of his Kingdom, but as the Father of *Timareta*. So that the King being wakened with the noiſe of them that would have killed him, and them that defended him (for the two Guards and I followed *Seſoſtris* with our ſwords drawn) the firſt object that he ſaw, was, that *Seſoſtris* killed one of the Aſſaſſinates, and wounded another, he alſo obſerved that he ſtill ſtood betwixt him and them as much as he could. I cannot eaſily tell you, Sir, what an affrighting object this was unto *Amaſis*, but it laſted not long, for the incomparable valour of *Seſoſtris* repulſed all the wicked Aſſaſſinates. *Taniſis* who led them up, felt the weight of *Seſoſtris* his arm, being wounded in two places: So that after this fear ſeiſing upon all the Conſpirators, they went out of the chamber and Wardrobe: *Seſoſtris* would have purſued them further,

ther, but *Amaſis* riſing up haſtily, would not let him: So that making the doors faſt on that ſide, and guarding them until all were awake in the Palace, the King ſent two of the Guard down the back ſtairs to know the number of the Conſpirators, and to report all they ſaw unto him: Alſo he ſent other two to cauſe all his Officers to come unto him, and amongſt the reſt, *Simandius*: In the mean time thoſe who failed in the execution of that deſign, rallied about *Heracleon*; for he ſtayed in the Court with thoſe whom he had appointed to murder *Seſoſtris*: but ſince he ſaw his deſigns did not hit, and that he could neither kill the King, nor *Seſoſtris*, he pitched upon another plot, which was to carry away the Princeſs of *Egypt*: He knew ſhe had but few men with her, and that ſhe lodged far off the King's Lodging: For *Elephantine* not being the ordinary reſidence of our Kings, the Palace where he lodged wes very irregularly built: So that *Heracleon* finding more facility in this deſign than the other, he did eaſily execute it. Cauſing then her door to be opened in the name of the King, he entered, and took away *Timareta*, maugre all her tears, cries, and entreaties, and this great Princeſs had ſcarce time enough to dreſs her ſelf. Yet ſhe had this advantage in her miſery, that her women went with her. In the mean time, thoſe men whom the King ſent to diſcover the Conſpirators, hearing ſome women cry, returned in all haſte, and told the King that they were in the Princeſs *Timareta*'s chamber: So that *Seſoſtris* hearing this, ran like a man in fury to defend his Princeſs, but he came too late; for *Heracleon* and *Taniſis* were both already embarqued. You may eaſily imagine, Sir, how this Prince was grieved, eſpecially when he ſaw all his purſuits of *Heracleon* were in vain. That which favoured his flight, was, that none imagined he was embarqued in the *Nile*, but that he was ſtill hid in *Elephantine*. The next morning it was known that *Heracleon* landed at the place where he had laid his Horſes, and that *Taniſis* ſtayed by the River ſide, and dyed in the arms of ſome Shepherds who found him in that place, though no news could be heard of *Heracleon*, or which way he took;

and though *Seſoſtris* uſed all poſſible endeavours to find it out; for he wandred two whole months, hardly knowing whither he went: *Amaſis* for his part cauſed a ſtrict ſearch to be made all over the Kingdom, and all in vain: So that at laſt *Seſoſtris* was conſtrained to ſtay with the King until he had further light where *Heracleon* was. In the mean time, all thoſe who took up Arms for the Son of *Apriez*, laid them down again. And the King went to *Thebes*, carrying *Seſoſtris* with him, whoſe ſorrows were beyond expreſſion. From *Thebes* they went to *Memphis*, where the King met with an Ambaſſador from *Crœſſus*, who demanded aid according to the alliance which was between them: So that *Amaſis* ſent thoſe men who ſerved in the War of *Thebes*, who had been witneſſes of the valour of *Seſoſtris*, under the name of *Pſammetites*: *Amaſis* willing *Simandius* to command them; but a while after theſe Forces were departed, a Letter which *Heracleon* writ unto one of his friends in *Egypt*, did happily fall into the hands of *Seſoſtris*, which let him know that he was in *Lydia*: So that *Seſoſtris* not communicating his deſign unto any but me, reſolved to ſteal away from *Amaſis*, and *Amenophis*, to ſerve in the War under *Crœſſus*: And this he did with abundance of reluctancy, for he was infinitely charmed with the fame of your valour and virtue, and loth he was to take any ſide but yours. Yet Love being the predominate paſſion of his Soul, he reſolved to ſerve *Crœſſus*, thereby to obtain *Timareta*: So that *Seſoſtris* ſtole away from the Court, and I followed him: At parting he writ unto the King, acquainting him with the cauſe of his voyage: alſo unto *Amenophis*, deſiring him to appeaſe the King, aſſuring him he would never return unleſs he brought back *Timareta*, alſo deſiring him to move *Amaſis* to write unto *Crœſſus*, that he would make a ſtrict ſearch for *Timareta*, and return her to him. At laſt, Sir, we arrived at *Sardis*, where *Simandius* was before us with the Forces he commanded, who were as full of joy as wonder to ſee my Maſter. I need not tell you, Sir, how *Crœſſus*, the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince *Myrſyles* received *Seſoſtris* very well: But aſſure you, he was infinitely grieved that he coud hear no news either of *Heracleon* or *Timareta*, after all this care and ſearch which *Crœſſus* made upon the Letter of *Amaſis*. In the mean while as things ſtood, honour would not permit *Seſoſtris* to go out of *Sardis* to ſeek his Princeſs from Town to Town throughout *Lydia*; alſo the approach of the Army preſently made it a thing impoſſible for him: So *Seſoſtris* in lieu of looking for *Timareta*, was engaged to fight, and he did ſo courageouſly, that he deſerved immortal glory; and, Sir, you know that your Battalion was the only one that day which was not broken. But, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that the Prince *Seſoſtris* was not wounded by any of your men, but by the baſe *Heracleon*. I cannot tell you, Sir, how he came mingled amongſt us, or how he came to know my Maſter; but when we were fighting with the valiant *Abradates*, and when *Seſoſtris* did things worthy of your eſteem, had you been a witneſs, this Traytor *Heracleon* came behind him, who thought he had no Enemies to fight with but what were before him, and wounded him in ſuch ſort, that he fell down dead amongſt our Heroes. As I was the only man who obſerved whoſe arm it was who gave the wound, ſo I was the only man who revenged the death, as I thought, of the Prince *Seſoſtris*, and as I was redoubling my fury, when I perceived it to be *Heracleon*, I was hindred from killing him outright, by a ſquadron of your men, Sir, who purſuing their victory, came betwixt *Heracleon* and me; ſo that I was forced to get into a Body of our men, where I ſtayed until after you had gained the Battel, and until our ſhewing our firm reſolutions, obliged your great heart to put a difference between us, and them that fled, and to treat us with ſo much generoſity, as moved us to think, that after you had ſaved the life of the Prince *Seſoſtris*, you would alſo out of your goodneſs make the wicked *Heracleon* confeſs in what place the Princeſs *Timareta* is: For truly, Sir, we have ſaved the life of the Prince *Seſoſtris* in vain, if he do not find the Princeſs whom he adores.

My own misfortunes have ſo taught me how to have pity upon the miſeries of others (anſwered *Cyrus*) that I muſt needs have much compaſſion upon the Prince

Seſoſtris; and I aſſure you I will zealouſly intereſt my ſelf in any thing that relates unto him; and to teſtifie as much, I will go my ſelf to make *Heracleon* confeſs where the Princeſs *Timareta* is; and I beſeech the gods that I may reſtore her unto the Prince *Seſoſtris* in releaſing *Mandana*. After this *Miris* retired; for it was very late, and *Cyrus* had but liittle time to reſt; yet he did not ſleep until he had beſtowed one quarter of an hour in remembrance of his dear Princeſs; though it was with much ſorrow at her unjuſt Jealouſie, whereof ſhe had given him ſuch a cruel Teſtimony.

PART VI. BOOK III.

WHilſt the moſt Illuſtrious *Cyrus* was lending an ear unto the adventures of *Seſoſtris*, and the crimes of *Heracleon*, the laſt of theſe hearing what care *Cyrus* had of *Seſoſtris*, he was in ſuch a fury, as all his wounds opened, and ſuch a violent Fever ſeiſed upon him, that intelligence was given unto *Cyrus*, that he could not outlive the night following: *Cyrus* then hearing in what condition he was, in remembrance of his promiſe, went to ſee him, and to win him either by fair means or foul to confeſs where *Timareta* was, but he found him not in a condition to be talked withall, for he raved, and was out of his wits; yet *Cyrus* had as good intelligence concerning this Princeſs in his raving idle talk, as if he had his reaſon free: For as ſoon as he ſaw the Prince at the ſide of his bed, and his imagination being filled with thoughts of *Timareta*, he thought *Cyrus* to be the King of *Pontus*, and began to thank him for giving Sanctuary unto the Princeſs *Timareta* in the Citadel of *Sardis*. Afterwards changing his diſcourſe, he ſpoke ſometimes of *Seſoſtris* as if he were dead, and ſometimes again as if he would kill him: ſo that his mind not ſetling upon any one object, it was not poſſible to draw any certain intelligence concerning *Timareta* out of him: Yet ſince a Priſoner confeſſed unto *Cyrus*, that there entered a Lady of great quality into the Cittadel of *Sardis*, he thought there was ſome ground to be taken of what *Heracleon* had ſaid, yet he would not give this hope unto *Seſoſtris*, until he had more: but *Heracleon* having loſt his ſpeech, and a little while after his life, then he ſent *Miris* unto him to acquaint him with the death of his Rival, and what great probability there was, that the Princeſs *Timareta* was in the Cittadel of *Sardis*. After which, according to the cuſtom, he went to give all neceſſary orders, and to viſit his Troops, leaving the care of *Heracleon*'s Funeral unto thoſe about him. He went alſo unto the Tent of *Araſpes*, whoſe wounds were not ſo vexatious unto him as the ſorrows of his ſoul: From thence *Cyrus* went to hold a Council of War, wherein it was reſolved, that within two days they ſhould give a ſecond aſſault: So that this Prince employed all his time in ſeeing the Engines, in inſtructing thoſe who were to make them, in giving good counſel unto all the Officers, and in encouraging the Souldiers. The King of *Aſſyria*, and *Mazares* did the like, and all the reſt of the Kings and Princes in the Army were exceedingly zealous to promote the deſigns of *Cyrus*. *Anaxaris* in particular was not the leaſt forward in the ſervice of this Prince: And the Prince *Seſoſtris* being almoſt perfectly recovered of his wounds, was ſo very much joyed that there was ſome likelyhood of *Timareta*'s being in *Sardis*, that he would needs go unto the Camp, eſpecially when he heard that an aſſault was to be given unto the Town: for though the forces of *Amaſis* came with intentions to defend it, and the *Egyptians* unto whom *Cyrus* ſhewed favour, had not ſubmitted but upon condition not to be forced to fight againſt *Crœſſus*, yet now things looked with another face: and *Seſoſtris* heard that *Crœſſus* ſpoke unworthily of the *Egyptians*, who only reſiſted the Enemy in the day of Battel: This did ſo incenſe all them of that Nation, that they were reſolved to fight for *Cyrus*: But ſince the reſolution was taken whilſt *Seſoſtris* was not in a condition to command them; this Prince, whoſe generoſity was more ſcrupulous than theirs, would not ſuffer them, before he entreated *Cyrus* to let him ſend a herald unto the King of *Lydia*, to ask whether the Princeſs *Timareta* was in *Sardis* or no, and whether he would reſtore her? this he did, that he might find a way to do it without a wound unto his honour. He departed then from the Caſtle where he was, but firſt he took leave of the Princeſs *Araminta*, unto whom he had already made many viſits, to thank her for the care ſhe had of him, during the violence of his ſickneſs. He bad adieu alſo unto the fair *Cleonice*, unto *Doraliſa*, and all the reſt of the Priſoners. *Seſoſtris* then after he had received a thouſand civilities from all theſe fair Priſoners, went unto the Camp, where he was entertained by *Cyrus* with all the honours due unto his birth, virtue, and merit: And after *Cyrus* had offered him all aſſiſtance in his power, *Seſoſtris* deſired he might ſend a Herald, to enquire and demand *Timareta*, which according to his deſires was done. But this meſſage was in vain, either unto *Crœſſus* or the King of *Pontus*: for the more perſons of quality they had in their power, the more ſecure they thought themſelves, and therefore would not reſtore *Timareta*. *Crœſſus* therefore anſwered, that it was true he had her in his hands: But he would not reſtore her, unleſs *Amaſis* would ſend ſtrong relief as might raiſe the ſiege of *Sardis*. So that *Seſoſtris* receiving this anſwer in the preſence of *Cyrus*, turned ſmilingly toward him, and told him, that in his apprehenſion, ſince it was more eaſie to take the Town of *Sardis*, than to relieve it, it were better for him to receive *Timareta* from his hand than from *Crœſſus*: therefore in lieu of relieving the Town, he would help to take it; and was very glad that he was certain ſhe was in the Town, which could not chuſe but be taken, ſince the invincible *Cyrus* would aſſault it: My hope is, replied *Cyrus*, that ſince the valiant *Seſoſtris* will fight for *Timareta*, he will teach me by his example, how to fight for *Mandana*. In the mean time, *Cyrus* treated *Seſoſtris* with all civility, and would have all the Grandees of his Army viſit him, and do him all honour, ſo that *Seſoſtris* that day ſaw all the Princes which were in the Army, who were all ſo well ſatisfied with him, and ſo taken with his ſpirit and civility, that he was infinitely eſteemed. And to do him the more honour, *Cyſus* would have him command one Brigade of the Aſſaulters, ſo that the morning being come, all orders being given, all the Engines being fit, all the Ladders ready, and every one prepared to fight, they began an hour before day, to fill the ditch about the Town in divers places with faggots: which was ſo readily done, that the Aſſault was given almoſt in an inſtant: and this great Town, was ſet round with Ladders except that ſide which looks toward the Mountain *Tmolus*, which ſeemed inacceſſible: *Cyrus* was in that quarter next the Cittadel which was the moſt dangerous: The King of *Phrygia* aſſaulted that ſide towards *Pactolus*. The King of *Aſſyria* that which was oppoſite to it: And *Mazares* commanded that which was between *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſyria*: *Seſoſtris* that ſide which looked towards the Plain: *Tigranes* and *Phraartes* another towards the Principal Port: and *Anaxares* another quarter: *Hidaſpes*, *Chriſantes*, *Andramites*, *Aglatides*, *Perſodes*, *Hermogenes*, *Leontidas*, and all the brave men of the Army commanded under theſe Princes. The King of *Hircania*, *Gobrias*, and *Gadates* remained at the Camp, and commanded the reſerves, to execute all the commands of *Cyrus*, and to ſend relief where there was need: The orders of this Aſſault were not only judiciouſly given, but moſt couragiouſly executed: and the more, becauſe the *Lydian* reſiſtance found matter enough for the valour of theſe great Princes and Souldiers: Both beſiegers and beſieged were all fury, both in aſſaulting and defending: There was ſuch a vaſt number of Ladders, and men to carry them, that if the *Lydians* had not been incouraged by a man whom love made think nothing difficult, certainly they never would have oppoſed ſo great a ſtorm, and ſo general an aſſault, but he infuſed ſuch ſpirit into them, and they fought ſo couragiouſly, that they made their enemies admire them: for though they were aſſaulted by the moſt valiant Princes of the World, and by ſtout Souldiers uſed to gain battels, conquer Kingdoms, and take Towns; yet they reſiſted them ſo ſturdily, that they ſeemed invincible: they did not only ſend clouds of arrows, ſhowers of ſtones, and throw down Ladders, but fought hand to hand with heroique fury, againſt thoſe that came upon the top of the walls: But, Sir, though *Cyrus* did things prodigious, and all the reſt of the Princes wonders, eſpecially *Seſoſtris*; and though every one fought with all their force, yet they were not able to carry the Town that day: Yet it was very remarkable, that except *Tigranes*, who was ſlightly hurt in the hand by the fall of a ladder, there was not one of thoſe Princes either killed or wounded. 'Tis true *Cyrus* was oft in extream danger, for he expoſed himſelf ſo oft, that he was oft ready to be thrown down from the top of the ladder, or elſe to be knockt on the head with ſtones which the *Lydians* threw: Yet he came off ſafe, but ſo ſadly, that never any was more, for he found it a matter of great difficulty to force this Town: ſo that calling a Council of War, whilſt a ceſſation of hoſtility was made for four hours, to draw off their dead, it was reſolved, to force it no more, becauſe it could not be taken by ſtorm, by reaſon of the high walls, multitude of Inhabitants, and abundance of Souldiers which defended it: but they began to draw a line about it with forts, hoping to take thoſe by famine who could not be taken by force: And the next morning without more delay, *Cyrus* went with the Engineers of his Army to view the ground, and to conſider at what diſtance they ſhould make it, and how they were to raiſe forts to defend it: It was no ſooner reſolved upon, but Priſoners and others began to caſt up earth: *Cyrus* himſelf, being a while an example to encourage the labourers: ſo that the Inhabitants of *Sardis*, ſeeing their Town ready to be incloſed, and that the beſiegers went not about to raiſe their ſiege as they hoped, their joys for the laſt repulſe of the enemies was quite quaſhed, and they began to murmur: ſome ſaid one thing, ſome another; ſometimes they would make them believe, that *Cyrus* cared not for *Mandana*, then they would perſwade them that he would diſcamp if they did couragiouſly ſuſtain this aſſault; yet it ſeemed they were like to be expoſed unto all the hardſhips of a long ſiege: So that they fell unto a freſh mutiny, for nothing is more terrible to the people than fear of famine: The thing which much augmented their diſorder, was, that when the ſiege began, there were many ſtrangers in the Town who were forced to ſtay againſt their wills, and who now would have gone out, if it had been in their power: amongſt this multitude of ſtrangers, there was one *Lician* Lady of quality, who coming unto *Sardis* to ſee a Siſter which was married unto *Doraliſa*'s Unkle, was there ſhut up, having with her one daughter, one Neece, and one of her friends, all three very fair and amiable: Every one was ſorry that theſe three beauties and ſtrangers ſhould be ſhut up in a beſieged Town. They did earneſtly ſolicite *Crœſſus* for leave to write unto *Doraliſa*, who they knew was with the Princeſs of *Pontus*, ſince the death of *Panthea*, that ſhe would obtain leave of *Cyrus* for three Ladies who were not of *Sardis*, to come out of the Town, and go unto their own homes. And ſince they knew *Andramites* was in love with *Doraliſa*, alſo in favour with *Cyrus*, they hoped he would mediate for them: Therefore having obtained a Herald from the King of *Lydia*, they writ unto *Doraliſa* and *Andramites*, giving their Letters unſealed unto this Herald, who, according to his Commiſſion, went out of the Town unto the head of the Trenches where he ſtayed, and where an Officer and four Souldiers came to conduct him unto *Cyrus*. This Prince no ſooner knew the cauſe of his coming, but he ſent him immediately unto *Doraliſa*; and ſending her word by him who conducted the Herald, that he conſented unto what was deſired: ſo *Doraliſa* and *Andramites* in lieu of coming to ask a favour, were obliged to come and thank *Cyrus*: Then the Herald returned with much ſatisfaction, the time being ſet when *Cyrus* would ſend a convoy to guard theſe Ladies at their coming out of the Town: Then the Herald rendering an account of the happy ſucceſs of his voyage; that *Lician* Lady, named *Lycaſte*, accompanied with a Neece named *Parmenides*, her daughter called *Cydipe*, a ſiſter of *Parmenides* called *Arpalice*, and one of her friends named *Candiope*, went to thank *Crœſſus* and take their leaves of him: The Prince *Myrſiles* accompanied them to the Gates of the Town, in conſideration only that they were couſins of *Doraliſa*, whom he ever highly eſteemed: and certainly they ſtood in need of a perſon of ſome authority to conduct them thither:

For though the Inhabitants might have been glad of theſe Ladies going out of the Town, yet they murmured: yet the preſence of the Prince *Myrſiles* reſtraining them, they let them go out in a Coach, *Parmenides* riding on horſeback, and followed by all the Train of *Lycaſte*. and her own: A Herald of *Crœſſus*, riding before, to conduct them unto the place, where *Andramites* in the head of fifty horſe waited for them. But as if fortune did ſtrive how to make the moſt innocent actions of *Cyrus* ſeem culpable, it chanced that the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Palmis* having got a day of leave to take freſh air upon the Tarraſs, from which all the Plain is diſcovered, they were there juſt as theſe Ladies went out at the Gate next the Cittadel; ſo that wondering to ſee a Coach-full of Ladies go out of a beſieged Town, they began to obſerve them, and follow them cloſe with their eyes, ſo that they ſaw when the Herald conducted them to the place where *Andramites* ſtood, and obſerved how *Andramites* received them, *Mandana* perceived, or at leaſt imagined, that he received them with much reſpect, and afterwards that he led them towards the Camp: Since all he did, muſt needs be by the orders of *Cyrus*, his actions could not be indifferent unto her; and ſhe conceived that theſe Ladies could not come out of *Sardis* but by the permiſſion of *Cyrus*, therefore ſhe had ſo violent a curioſity to know who they were, and why *Cyrus* ſhould ſhew them ſuch favour, that ſhe could not chuſe but ask the King of *Pontus*, the next time ſhe ſaw him, which was every day at ſuch hours as his buſineſs of War could beſt ſpare him, and when the melancholy of *Mandana* permitted him; therefore ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but addreſſing her ſpeech unto him: I would gladly know, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, who thoſe Ladies were which yeſterday went out of *Sardis*, and who had obtained more favour than I can? The King of *Pontus*, not being ignorant of her thoughts, anſwered her craftily, that thoſe Ladies obtained a Paſſport from *Cyrus*, becauſe they were Couſins unto a Lady whoſe name was *Doraliſa*, who the Queen of *Suſiana* loved very well, and who at this preſent is with the Princeſs *Araminta*. Thus this Prince, though he ſpoke nothing but truth, yet ſpoke very much againſt his Rival. *Mandana* not doubting but that *Cyrus* permitted theſe Ladies to come out of *Sardis* only in conſideration of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and not at all of *Doraliſa*; yet ſince ſhe would hide the agitation of her ſpirit as much as ſhe could. I wonder, ſaid ſhe, ſince the Princeſs *Araminta* has ſuch a power over the ſpirits of *Cyrus*, that there are not more Ladies which make uſe of her credit with him to get out from hence; for I believe he can deny her nothing. I believe (replied the King of *Pontus*) that my Siſter makes better uſe of that power which ſhe hath over the Soul of *Cyrus*, than you do of that which you have over me: You, I ſay, who every day ask things impoſſible, or at leaſt things which, if not denied, will give a death to him you ask them of. I know not what ſhe asks (replied ſhe) yet I am ſure, I ask nothing of you but what is juſt, and which you ought not to deny me. Though I agree, replied he, that what you ask is juſt, yet I cannot agree, Madam, that I ought not to deny it: For Love is a paſſion which cannot acknowledge any empire but his own. Therefore never wonder, Madam, if I do not harken unto what you ſay, ſince you never ſpeak any thing but in oppoſition to my paſſion. Though I ſhould confeſs, Sir, (replied *Mandana*) that Love does not admit of Reaſon, yet it muſt admit, and ſubmit unto neceſſity: Therefore to what purpoſe is all your obſtinate endeavours to defend *Sardis*, and to win my heart, ſince the firſt of theſe is very difficult, and the other abſolutely impoſſible? It were better policy for the King of *Lydia* to think of preſerving his Crown, and for you to think of procuring your liberty by giving me mine. I will conſent (added ſhe, in a mind extreamly incenſed againſt *Cyrus*) that you ſhall not deliver me into the hands of any Prince who is your Rival, ſince I would have you deliver me unto none but the King my Father. Ah, Madam, (replied he, the better to know her thoughts) can I believe you had rather be carried unto *Ecbatan*, than to remain in the Camp of *Cyrus*? Doubt it not, replied ſhe, but believe, that my ſoul is in ſuch a condition, as I will neither be favourable unto you, or him. How, Madam, replied he, can you ceaſe from loving *Cyrus* as well as my ſelf? I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, I begin to love none in that way you would be loved. I have told you, Sir, a hundred times, that you have an infallible way to get my eſteem and friendſhip, which is, to keep me no longer a Captive: For though in reaſon, when any one ceaſeth from perſecuting, it is enough the perſecuted party ceaſe from hating, without ſo much generoſity as to forget all paſt injuries, which the common people of the world are not uſed to do: But I will now repeat the ſame I have ſaid a hundred times before, do but releaſe me, Sir, and I will ever both eſteem you, and become your friend. I wiſh to the gods, replied he, that I were able to be contented with your offer, or that I could perſwade you to a little more. As for my ſelf (replied ſhe) it is abſolutely impoſſible, therefore it muſt be you that muſt change, ſince I cannot, that the Wars may ceaſe, which cauſeth ſo many miſeries, and which in all likelyhood will laſt a long time: at leaſt, I am perſwaded *Cyrus* has no deſign to end it quickly, ſince he lets ſo many out of *Sardis*. The King of *Pontus* hearing *Mandana* ſpeak in this manner, was as joyful as his bad condition could permit, for he perceived her mind was much incenſed againſt *Cyrus*; and truly he was not miſtaken: He was no ſooner gone out of her Chamber, but *Mandana* called for *Marteſia*: What do you conceive (ſaid ſhe unto her) of the paſſages we have ſeen this day? Could you ever believe that the civilities of *Cyrus* ſhould tranſcend his love? However you ſee how he carries himſelf, and can you yet maintain that he is ſtill the ſame he was unto me? Was ever the like ſeen? Would *Cyrus* famiſh a Town, and yet ſuffer many people to go out of it? For I do imagine (ſaid this incenſed Princeſs) this is not the firſt time he hath given Paſports, at the requeſt of *Araminta*. But, Madam, (replied *Marteſia*) thoſe you ſaw go out this day, will not at all alter the Siege of *Sardis*, nor retard the taking of it. Ah, *Marteſia*, replied *Mandana*, do not defend the unfaithful *Cyrus*, ſince I am confident, he would never have let them come out, but that he had a mind thereby to oblige the Princeſs *Araminta*. I confeſs the coming out of theſe Ladies do not much impede the taking of this Town by Famine, but I know that it is not the cuſtom of love, to do things by the rule of reaſon; and I aſſure you, I ſhould have liked it better that *Cyrus* had uncivilly refuſed theſe favours for his love of me, than to have juſtly granted them unto the Princeſs *Araminta.* But whilſt this great and unhappy Princeſs took the bare civilities of *Cyrus* for a crime, he would have given her greater ſubjects of complaint, had ſhe known how he entertained theſe ſtranger Ladies who came out of *Sardis*, though in truth ſhe had no reaſon to accuſe him, ſince what he did was out of his civil and obliging nature, which thought it a piece of injuſtice to deny a perſon of *Doraliſa*'s merit ſuch a favour as could not prejudice *Mandana*: Nor did he more than what *Mandana* her ſelf would have adviſed him unto, if ſhe had not been prejudicated with an unjuſt jealouſie, which diſordered both her ſpirits and heart. This Prince, who never did any thing but in a gallant manner, appointed *Andramites* to conduct them into his own Tent before he carried them unto *Doraliſa*, and received them with all imaginable reſpects; and certainly it was hard for any to do otherwiſe, for they were very handſome, and would have invited civilities from thoſe that had no particular relation to them. *Lycaſte*, though well in years, yet had a remnant of beauty; and though one could not ſay ſhe was very fair, yet it muſt needs be confeſſed ſhe was very handſom: *Cydipe* her Daughter, though no perfect Beauty, yet ſhe had a great repute of it; and though ſhe had not all thoſe regular lineaments of exact ſymetry, yet ſhe paſſed for a great Beauty. Her air was exceedingly attractive and free; but though ſhe did attract eyes, yet *Arpalice* did charm them; ſince certainly never was a more lovely woman looked upon: She was fair and lively; every part of her face was admirable: There was ſomething in her eyes both ſo glorious and ſweet, as had all the charms both in grey and black colours: So that joyning an excellent ſpirit unto a fair body, it might be rightly ſaid, ſhe was one of the moſt lovely perſons in the world. *Candiope* was not ſo fair as her two friends, yet very amiable, not only in her great and noble air, but in her quick and inſinuating wit, able to make others reveal their ſecrets, without imparting her own. *Parmenides* who was with theſe Ladies was handſom, and of a comly preſence, though ſhe had a kind of ſurlineſs in her phyſiognomie. The reſt of the people with them, were only the women of *Lycaſte*, *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, *Candiope*, and *Parmenides*, with ſome men-ſervants. In the mean time *Andramites* conducting them unto *Cyrus*, who then had with him *Anaxaris*, *Aglatidas*, *Ligdamis* *Hidaſpes*, and *Feraulas*, this Prince entertained them with much civility, asking pardon for ſhutting them up in a Town, and putting them unto the inconveniencies which they had received: But truly, ſaid he, you may accuſe the King of *Pontus*, and the King of *Lydia* rather than me, ſince if they would, they might have prevented all by releaſing the Princeſs *Mandana*. We have ſo much cauſe to applaud you, Sir, replied *Licaſte*, that we cannot accuſe. I have more reaſon to thank your honoured Couſin, Madam, (replied he) who gave me this opportunity of doing any ſervice unto perſons of your quality and merit. And indeed, Madam, I think my ſelf more obliged to you than you think I am: For I am confident that the *Lydians* ſeeing theſe three fair ones which accompany you, would have fought more ſtoutly in their defence than they will now they are out, at leaſt their Lovers will fight with leſs fury. I aſſure you, Sir, replied *Arpalice*, for my part, all my Conqueſts ſhall never hinder your I had thought, (ſaid *Cydipe*, and looked upon her Couſin) that you would have anſwered for *Candiope* and my ſelf: but ſince you have not, I aſſure you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, and turned towards *Cyrus*) that you have loſt more than g by the coming out of *Arpalice*, and (if I durſt ſay it) b *Candiope*'s and mine; for we did nothing elſe every day but accuſe the two Kings of *Lydia* and *Pontus* of Injuſtice for not releaſing the Princeſs *Mandana*. Doubtleſs, replied *Cyrus*, the *Lydians* are very faithful to that Princ even in unjuſt things; for if they were not, three ſuc beauties as you, maintaining ſo juſt a cauſe as min would certainly have moved a Sedition in my favou As *Arpalice* was ready to anſwer, *Chriſantes* brought i a priſoner, whoſe handſome garb attracted the eyes o

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all beholders, by the air wherewith he entered into the Tent of this Prince, but as ſoon as he was entered, it ſeemed he was not unknown unto theſe Ladies. *Lycaſte* expreſſed much wonder at the ſight of him; *Cydipe* ſeemed much ſurpriſed, *Parmenides* very melancholy, *Candiope* very glad, and the fair *Arpalice* bluſhed deeply, and ſhewed ſuch a ſweet diſorder in her eyes, that it was eaſie to ſee that ſhe had more intereſt in this Priſoner than the reſt, who for his part was not a little ſurpriſed to find thoſe perſons in the Tent of *Cyrus*, whom he thought to be in *Sardis*: His reſpects unto *Cyrus* kept him from teſtifying either his wonder or his joy; and let *Arpalice* know only by ſome ſtoln looks, that he was more a priſoner unto her than unto *Cyrus*. In the mean time this Prince obſerving the ſeveral motions in the countenances of theſe Ladies, made no queſtion but this man, who *Chriſantes* brought in, was of their acquaintance, therefore beginning to ſpeak; Since I ſee, Madam, (ſaid he unto *Lycaſte*) that this priſoner is not unknown unto you, and ſince it ſeems by his air, that it is juſt he ſhould not be long in fetters, will you be pleaſed to give me leave to enquire before you, where he was taken. Sir, (ſaid *Chriſantes* unto him) I aſſure you that you never took a Priſoner ſince the war began, who better deſerves his freedom, nor who better deſerves to be carefully kept, than this who I bring unto you, ſince certainly the *Lydians* cannot have a greater aid, than the Perſon of ſuch a man as he. The commendations you give, replied he modeſtly, is more glorious to them that overcame me than to my ſelf: Victory, ſaid *Cyrus*, is not always an infallible argument of Valour: ſometime the vanquiſhed are more gallant men than the vanquiſhers: But I pray *Chriſantes* where met you with this Courageous Enemy? For I find his modeſty ſo great, that there is no asking him: Sir, replied *Chriſantes*, I cannot tell you what were the motives which moved this valiant man to go into *Sardis*: but this is truth, that a little before day, he leaped into the ditch, at a place where we had raiſed the laſt aſſault, and he hid himſelf behind a heap of faggots which the enemies had not yet burned: by chance a Centinel ſtanding at that ſconce which you raiſed laſt, perceived him, and obſerved that he looked towards the walls of the Town, and made a ſign unto thoſe upon it, that they ſhould open a little Poſtern door near that place: ſo that the *Lydians* believing that certainly he had ſome intelligence of importance to bring them; and that perhaps he brought ſome news of that relief which thegreat king of *Pontus* made them long for: they intended to open it unto him, and for his more ſafe entry, they would make a ſally: But the Centinel who ſpied him, told me what he ſpied, before they opened the little door: and I thought it more expedient to take him than to ſhoot him: Then I cauſed a hundred men to make ready, and get betwixt him that would enter into *Sardis*, and the little door which they opened for him; ſending at the ſame time, ſix of the moſt reſolute ſouldiers to bring him unto me: but ſince they could not go unto him without diſcovery, thoſe upon the walls killed one, and wounded two of them with arrows, ſo that there was but three who came up to him: and then the *Lydians* durſt not ſhoot, leſt they ſhould as ſoon hit him that would come into the Town, as thoſe who would take him: and thus this valiant priſoner was in the midſt of three ſtout ſouldiers, without any other aid but his own valour: all this is nothing, ſaid the Priſoner, ſince I was taken: But ſince that would not have been, replied *Chriſantes*, unleſs I had ſent ſix more after you had killed two of the firſt, I think I cannot ſufficiently extol you. Whilſt *Chriſantes* was ſpeaking thus, one might perceive by the eyes of *Arpalice*, that the applauds which were given this Priſoner did not diſpleaſe her, and that ſhe gave a moſt attentive ear unto it: and much more, when *Cyrus* asked this generous Priſoner what his name was? whether he was the King of *Lydia*'s ſubject? whether he had imployed him upon ſome negotiation with ſome neighbour Prince? or whether he brought any news of a pretended relief, wherewith *Crœſſus* did flatter the people of *Sardis*? Sir, replied he, my name is *Thraſimedes*, and the place of my birth is *Halicarnaſſus*, ſo that I am neither the King of *Lydia*'s Subject, nor engaged in his intereſts: why then (ſaid *Cyrus*)

Cyrus) would you chuſe the more unjuſt ſide? and why, ſince your valour cannot be idle, would you not rather ſtay in our Army than attempt to get into a beſieged Town? *Thraſimedes* was then at a nonplus, for he had no mind to tell the true cauſe of his deſign to get into *Sardis.* Then he began to make many imperfect anſwers: but ſince he ſaw *Cyrus* was nothing ſatisfied with them, he feared that if he did not tell the truth, he ſhould ſtill remain a priſoner of war, and by conſequence be ſeparated from that perſon he loved. Therefore reſolving ſuddenly with himſelf, Sir, replied he, as I have been a long admirer of your glory, ſo I would not have you ſuſpect me to have any diſpoſition of becoming your enemy; Therefore I muſt confeſs the truth, though perhaps the fair *Arpalice*, before whom I ſpeak, will be angry with me; be pleaſed to know therefore that my affection unto her, invited me into *Sardis*, where I know, ſhe was engaged: And therefore, Sir, ſince love only made me ſo bold, all the applauds which *Chriſantes* gave unto me, are due unto the fair *Arpalice*: And to teſtifie that I ſpeak the truth, I am ſo far from deſiring to go into *Sardis*, ſince *Arpalice* is not there, that I beg ſo much favour from you, as to let me fight againſt the *Lydians* upon the firſt occaſion which preſents it ſelf. Since you are more a Priſoner unto the fair *Arpalice* (replied *Cyrus*) than unto me; It is ſhe that muſt appoint you what is her pleaſure. Truly, Sir, (replied ſhe in a great confuſion at what *Thraſimedes* had ſaid) I do not think I have any right to diſpute with you for this illuſtrious Priſoner: but though I had, yet I am ſo much obliged unto you, and I know he ſo much admires you, that to pay a debt which I owe you, and to pleaſe him with command, I enjoyn him to ſerve you, as long as he lives. Truly, added *Lycaſte*, *Arpalice* has good reaſon for all ſhe ſays: and truly, replied *Cyrus*, if ſhe be rigorous unto the valiant *Thraſimedes*, ſhe is the moſt unjuſt perſon in the World. Whilſt *Cyrus* was ſpeaking thus, *Parmenides* ſeemed much diſcontented, yet he durſt not openly expreſs it, only the fair *Arpalice* his Siſter knew his thoughts by his ſilence. But as *Cyrus* was ready to tell *Thraſimedes*, that ſince he was only a Priſoner of love, he was no

Priſoner of War, *Hermogenes* brought another Priſoner, whom he ſaid came from the walls of *Sardis* into the ditch by the help of a long cord, by that way which looks towards the river, and being ſeen by ſome ſouldiers, they took him without any reſiſtance, telling them he had no other deſign but to change ſides; and that being ſpied by thoſe who kept Guard upon the walls, when he came down, he was in a thouſand dangers of being killed by ſhots of arrows againſt him. But the admiration was, that when this priſoner, who ſeemed to be a man of quality, entered into the Tent, *Cyrus* obſerved, that he was not unknown neither unto *Thraſimedes*, nor *Lycaſte*, nor *Parmenides*, nor *Cydipe*, nor *Candiope*, nor *Arpalice*: His preſence, though handſom, was not equally joyful unto them all: for all, except *Parmenides* who was glad to ſee him, were either angry or melancholy. So that *Cyrus* having a freſh curioſity to know who he was, and what deſigns he had, began to ask very preſſingly: Inſomuch as this priſoner named *Menecrates*, who was a Lover of *Arpalice*, and by conſequence the Rival of *Thraſimedes*, and who knew well that *Parmenides* was a favourer of his deſign, began to tell *Cyrus* ingenuouſly, that he had no other deſign in coming out of *Sardis*, but to follow *Arpalice* whom he loved; but ſince this beauty had not the like thoughts of him which ſhe had of *Thraſimedes*, ſhe began to oppoſe what he ſaid: methinks (ſaid ſhe unto him very ſharply) if the illuſtrious *Cyrus* be juſt, he ſhould not give much credit unto what you ſay, for truly (ſaid ſhe with a diſdaining ſmile, to come out of a beſieged Town where they are ready to die for hunger, is not an argument of any great matter of love: and therefore I do not conceive that your fair tale of love ought to excuſe you from being a Priſoner of War: ſince he declares himſelf to be yours (replied *Cyrus* and ſmiled) it is not juſt he ſhould have two maſters; and therefore I will not diſpute with ſo fair a one as you: *Lycaſte* hearing *Cyrus* ſay ſo, and ſeeing that out of his generoſity he would releaſe both *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*, whom ſhe knew would quarrel, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him to prevent it) your actions ſpeak your great ſoul: but if I may be ſuffer'd to make a requeſt unto you, it ſhould be, that you would be pleaſed either to keep theſe two captives ſtill in your priſon, or elſe abſolutely command them to live friendly together. Since they are none of my Subjects (replied he) I will only entreat them to let me judge of their difference. Sir, (ſaid *Parmenides* then) ſince the difference which is betwixt *Menecrates* and *Thraſimedes*, is of ſuch a nature as it can never be known, unleſs you know the whole ſtory of their lives: and ſince their adventures are not heroique enough for your ear, it will ſuffice, if you will be pleaſed out of your goodneſs to keep *Thraſimedes* with you until *Menecrates* hath manifeſted his innocency unto *Arpalice*, who is the cauſe of their difference. Since *Cyrus* obſerved that *Arpalice* did favour *Thraſimedes* more than *Menecrates*, he told *Parmenides* that he would keep them both until he had time to hear the cauſe of their quarrel: That in the mean time; *Andramites* ſhould conduct *Lycaſte*, *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, and *Candiope*, unto the Caſtle where the Princeſs *Araminta* was, and where they might conveniently remain, until ſuch time as he could determine the difference that was between two men, whoſe Eminent qualities obliged him rather to make them friends than Enemies. *Thraſimedes* having a good opinion of the juſtneſs in his cauſe, did thank *Cyrus* for the honour he would do him in being his judge: but as for *Menecrates*, he was not ſo well ſatisfied, no more than *Parmenides*. Yet their reſpects of *Cyrus* ſtopped their mouths, eſpecially when they perceived *Lycaſte* render a million of thanks unto *Cyrus* for preventing a misfortune, by his prudence, which might happen either unto *Thraſimedes* or *Menecrates*, or both. After which, the Ladies took their leaves of *Cyrus*, ſo ſatisfied with his civilities, that they could talk of nothing elſe. *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*, remained rather as men that were guarded than as priſoners of War: The firſt of them was commited unto the care of *Chriſantes*; and the other unto *Feraulas*. As for *Parmenides* he waited upon *Lycaſte* unto the Caſtle. *Ligdamis*, had alſo orders from *Cyrus*, to guard the Ladies, ſince it would be a great joy unto him to ſee his deareſt *Cleonice*. *Cyrus* at going out of his Tent, preſented his hand unto *Lycaſte*, to conduct her unto her coach,though ſhe did earneſtly refuſe it. *Andramites* preſented his hand unto *Cydipe*; *Ligdamis* to *Arpalice*, and *Parmenides* unto *Candiope*. *Arpalice* in paſſing by theſe two Lovers and Priſoners, ſhewed a different reſpect unto them: For ſhe ſaluted *Thraſimedes* with a very obliging civility, and *Menecrates* with ſuch cold looks; as were enough to freeze him into deſpair, eſpecially ſince the affront was in the preſence of *Cyrus* and his Rival: After *Cyrus* had put theſe Ladies into their Coach, he beſtowed ſome complements upon the two Rivals, and then he called a Council of War. In the mean time, as gallant as *Andramites* and *Ligdamis* were, they left the Camp with joy: the firſt of theſe, becauſe he was performing an acceptable piece of ſervice unto *Doraliſa*, and the other, becauſe love was predominate in his heart, above all deſires of glory: alſo the Ladies whom they were to guard were ſo amiable,that the ſervice was very pleaſant. All the way, they talked of nothing but *Cyrus*: At laſt being come unto the Caſtle, *Andramites* carried them ſtreight unto the Princeſs *Doraliſa*'s Chamber, to the end ſhe might preſent them unto the Princeſs of *Pontus*; *Andramites* giving orders they ſhould lie in thoſe lodgings where *Seſoſtris* did lie. In the mean time, as ſhie as *Doraliſa* was, and though ſhe was of an humour to do a hundred good offices, rather than to receive one, and never cared for giving over many thanks, yet ſhe could not chuſe but be much joyed at *Andramites*, for bringing theſe perſons thither, who were ſo near and dear unto her: yet her complement unto him was but ſhort: for though ſhe had an excellent grace of ſpeech, yet ſhe did ſeldom uſe any aggravations: and thoſe who knew her heart, counted one of her words for a thouſand, and would think her very courteous: ſo that though ſhe ſaid little,yet *Andramites* was well contented: and ſhe was ſo buſie in welcoming *Lycaſte*, *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, and *Candiope*, that ſhe had not leiſure to give *Andramites* many thanks. It being a long time ſince *Lycaſte* had not ſeen her; and ſince *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, *Candiope*, and *Doraliſa* had not ſeen each other ſince they were Children;they were full of complements.It was not long before the wit of *Doraliſa* began to ſparkle as well as her eyes, for being in one of her pleaſant and charming humours, ſhe did ſo quibble with *Lycaſte* and all the company, that ſhe was the fulleſt of witty diverſion in the World. But after the Ladies had a little reſted and repoſed themſelves, they made ready to go and ſee *Araminta*. And *Doraliſa* knowing that the Princeſs was to be ſeen, conducted them to her chamber: But firſt, ſhe muſt preſent them unto *Cleonice* and *Pherenice*, and all the reſt of the Lady Priſoners, who in reſpect of her came to ſee them, and went with them to the Princeſs *Araminta*: But *Cleonice* having a deſire to honour theſe Ladies as couſins unto *Doraliſa*, as new comers and ſtrangers, ſhe would have them go before her: and *Ligdamis* being obliged to preſent his hand unto *Cydipe* being next the door as ſhe paſſed, and *Parmenides* had already given his hand unto *Cleonice*; *Doraliſa* perceiving it, told *Cydipe* in a low voice, how ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to acquaint her, that ſhe did but ill recompence *Ligdamis* for the pains he had taken in being her guard, ſince by ſeparating him from *Cleonice*, ſhe ſeparated him from her that was moſt dear unto him. 'Tis true (added ſhe) that I think his deſign was as much to ſee as to guard you, therefore you are the leſs obliged unto him: *Doraliſa* ſpeaking with a deſign to be heard, *Ligdamis* complained againſt her inhumanity in inſulting ſo cruelly over a man who had brought her the moſt pleaſant company in the world, and which ſhould be a cauſe of much rejoycing in it: I do not know (ſaid ſhe unto him) how you can phraſe that inhumanity, which proceeds from my pity of you: This is not the firſt time (added he ſtill walking) I have obſerved, that there are ſome miſeries which you have no compaſſion upon in your rallary; and the unfortunate *Andramites* knows well that I do not lie; ſince both of you ſpeak, replied *Cydipe*, you will make me underſtand things very well: I aſſure you (replied *Ligdamis*) I can never make you perfectly underſtand *Doraliſa*: perhaps you believe (ſaid ſhe and laughed) you have twitted me ſufficiently in telling that I am not eaſie to be underſtood; but ſince I am reſolved to treat you very civilly this day, I profeſs unto you, that I take it for a great commendation: and that I would not be like ſome men I know, who the very firſt day one ſees them, vent all the ſtock of wit they have, and ſhew every cranny of their ſouls. *Ligdamis* had anſwered *Doraliſa*, but they were ſo near *Araminta*'s Chamber, that that diſcourſe muſt end to ſalute the Princeſs, who received all theſe Ladies with abundance of ſweetneſs; not only out of her natural civility, but alſo the more to oblige *Doraliſa*: After the firſt complements were paſt: ſhe asked them concerning the King her Brother, whom they commended very much unto her: afterwards, ſhe asked them, whether they were not extreamly weary of a beſieged Town? and on the contrary, if they were glad to be out of it? ſo paſſing from one queſtion to another, unto which every one in their turns had their vies. *Araminta* began to extol the beauty of *Arpalice*, of *Cydipe*, and of *Candiope*, and ſaid that it did not ſeem *Sardis* was yet put unto any great extremities, ſince they brought out ſuch freſh complexions: adding that *Crœſſus* would never have let them come out, but to drive all the beſiegers into deſpair. *Arpalice*, *Cydipe*, and *Candiope* did all bluſh at the commendations: Afterwards *Andramites* began to tell *Araminta* the admirable effects of *Arpalice*'s beauty: relating, how one ventured his life to go into *Sardis*, becauſe he thought her there; and another ventured his life in coming out, becauſe ſhe was not there: I do not know, ſaid *Araminta*, which of theſe two men is moſt lovely, or moſt loved, but I wiſh it were rather he that would have gone into *Sardis*, rather than he who came out: I conceive, Madam, (replied *Parmenides* who favoured *Menecrates*) that it is not always juſt to judge of things, by ſome happy events, which are only effects of chance: For truly he who was in the town had no way left to teſtifie his love, but to come out of it. 'Tis very true, ſaid *Araminta*; but ſince he who goes into a half ſtarved Town, ready to be taken, is in greater danger, than he who comes out of it, I muſt needs wiſh him better fortune than I do to the other: I aſſure you, Madam, (replied *Arpalice*, and bluſhed) to ſpeak in reaſon, I can neither commend the act of him that would go in, nor of him that came out, ſince according to my apprehenſion, the one would have headlong run into the danger, and the other would have ſhunned it. Whilſt *Araminta* was talking with theſe Ladies, *Ligdamis* talked low with *Cleonice*: and *Andramites* did the like with *Doraliſa*: but ſince he had to do with one whoſe wit was above the ſphear of moſt others, when he ſpoke low unto her, either ſhe anſwered him not at all, or elſe very little, or very ſharply; therefore he never durſt ſpeak above three or four words at once unto her, eſteeming himſelf very happy if ſhe did not anſwer him in ſuch a ſharp Tone as was able to turn the ſweeteſt words in the world into wormwood. After the viſit of theſe Ladies had laſted a reaſonable time, they went unto their chambers. *Andramites* and *Ligdamis* ſtayed in the Caſtle until they were ready to go to bed, and then they would return to the Camp in the night, leſt they ſhould loſe any opportunity of honour, yet they would not depart before they had received the commands of the Princeſs *Araminta*, who charged them with a complement unto *Cyrus*. After which they bad adieu unto all the Ladies; but whilſt they were performing their ſeveral complements, *Arpalice* took *Doraliſa* aſide, and after ſhe had pulled down her hood to hide her bluſh, ſhe deſired her to conjure *Andramites* in private, that he ſhould have a ſpecial care that no new diſpute ſhould ariſe between *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*, telling him, that perhaps when *Cyrus* was buſie about great affairs, they would not be ſo ſtrictly guarded but ſome misfortune might fall out between them. Adding, that it would be an unſpeakable grief unto her, if either of them ſhould dye in any conſideration of her. Since it is not ſo eaſie a matter as perhaps you think for me to make any requeſt unto *Andramites*, ſaid *Doraliſa*, do not think I will undertake it, unleſs you will promiſe to tell me, what intereſt you have in theſe two priſoners: For though curioſity be not my cuſtom, and though I am ignorant of many things, becauſe I will not ask them, yet I muſt needs confeſs, I have ſuch a deſire to know the cauſe of ſuch extraordinary events, that I will conſent unto what you ask me, if you will promiſe what I ask you. I have ſo much intereſt in them (replied *Arpalice*) that I cannot deny you. Since it is ſo (ſaid *Doraliſa*) I will do as you deſire me. And indeed, *Doraliſa* taking *Andramites* aſide, as if ſhe had ſome buſineſs which concerned him to communicate unto him; and though ſhe was of ſuch an humour as did not love to ask any one to do a good office, yet ſhe put a notable difference between making a requeſt for another and one for her ſelf: And therefore, though with much ado, ſhe entreated *Andramites* to have a care of *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* until the King had reconciled them, aſſuring him ſhe would take it for a great obligation; and adding, that he might take her making any requeſt unto him as a mark of that eſteem which ſhe had of him; for, ſaid ſhe, there are but four perſons in the whole world unto whom I would be obliged, though there be an infinite number that I would oblige; yet if I could preſerve my ſelf from being obliged unto any, I ſhould be very glad; but ſince this is not in my power, and that I muſt be obliged unto one, I had rather it ſhould be unto you than any other. Though your language, Madam, (replied he) cannot be catalogued in the number of favours, which one might hope for from her he adores, yet I will take it to be ſuch a one, ſince it is the greateſt I ever had from you. But as you have done me the honour to aſſure me, that I am in the number of thoſe three or four perſons unto whom you would ſuffer your ſelf to be obliged: I beſeech you tell me whether I be the firſt, ſecond, or perhaps the laſt of that infinite number which you would oblige? I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, I cannot anſwer you directly if I would; for I have aſſigned no places in my heart, all thoſe who are there are in a confuſion without any order or rank, ſo that I cannot tell which is firſt, or ſecond, *&c.* But *Andramites* (added ſhe) this is not the buſineſs which I deſire of you, and therefore unleſs you would have me repent of my requeſt, and be ſorry for giving you an occaſion of obliging me; ſpeak not a word more, unleſs it be to bid me adieu. Give me leave, Madam, ſaid he, only to tell you, that I depart the moſt —— For Heavens ſake *Andramites* (ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him with a laugh)

laugh) ſpeak not a word more, unleſs you be well aſſured that what you ſay will not anger me; for ſince the requeſt I made unto you concerns one of my friends, I ſhould be glad you would not put me to recall that requeſt which I have made unto you, and therefore it is better that I interrupt your ſpeech, and leave you; and indeed *Doraliſa*, making him a ſerious reverence, as if ſhe had done her buſineſs, left him, and went unto *Arpalice* to tell her that *Andramites* would do as ſhe deſired. All this while *Ligdamis* was bidding adieu unto his dear *Cleonice*, with whom he was always upon conſtant terms of amity. Thus *Andramites* and he returned to the Camp, and left all theſe beauties together, who did not part until *Lycaſte* was forced to tell them, it was full time to retire unto their reſt. In the mean time, ſince it did nearly concern *Arpalice*, that *Cyrus* in reconciling *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* ſhould know that he could not protect the laſt of theſe in prejudice of the other, unleſs he made her moſt miſerable, ſhe conſulted with *Candiope* (who was her deareſt friend, and cloſe confident in all her ſecrets) upon the beſt expedients. For my part (ſaid *Candiope* unto her) if the caſe were mine, conſidering the credit which *Doraliſa* hath with *Cyrus*, both by her ſelf, by *Araminta*, and by *Andramites*, I would open my heart unto her, and tell her the whole truth. She hath already deſired (replied *Arpalice*) that I ſhould do as you adviſe me, and I have promiſed her. Why then do you ask my advice upon a thing (replied *Candiope*) which is already reſolved? Becauſe I have promiſed more than I can perform (ſaid *Arpalice*) for though it be a great weakneſs to be timerous in relation of any thing which is not a crime, yet I muſt confeſs I cannot my ſelf tell *Doraliſa* what is requiſite ſhe ſhould know, thereby to engage her in my buſineſs. Then I muſt ſay (replied *Candiope*, and ſmiled) that you are very rigorous unto *Thraſimedes*, if you dare not tell *Doraliſa* that which a whole Province knows: for is there one in *Licia* which knows not that *Thraſimedes* is in love with you? No, ſaid *Arpalice*, but there is none except you, and *Thraſimedes*, who knows that I love him; and it is but a while ſince he could gueſs at it, nor yet knows ſo well as you do: Therefore you would infinitely oblige me, if you would ſpare me many a bluſh, and would take the pains to relate all my imperfections unto *Doraliſa*: You are well acquainted with the original of our affections, and I believe your ſelf is the greateſt cauſe. But dare you truſt your ſelf unto my diſcretion? (ſaid *Candiope* unto her) are you not afraid that my ill memory will make me miſreport your words? and perhaps alter ſome of them, or make you ſpeak too obligingly unto *Thraſimedes*? As *Arpalice* was going to anſwer, *Doraliſa* came into their chamber, who after ſhe had told *Arpalice*, that ſhe was glad to ſee by her complexion, and quickneſs of her eyes, that ſhe had ſlept well, ſhe asked whether or no ſhe remembred her promiſe? *Candiope* knowing very well what *Doraliſa* meant, laughed, and told her, that *Arpalice* was not very well diſpoſed to perform her promiſe;telling her afterwards all the diſcourſe which was between them: So that there was a very pleaſant conference between theſe three perſons: For my part (ſaid *Doraliſa* after ſhe had heard the difference between them) I cannot think *Arpalice* ever did, or ſaid, or thought any thing which ſhe may not tell me, and therefore I am perſwaded, that it is rather out of vanity than modeſty that ſhe will not let me underſtand her adventures from her own mouth rather than from anothers, ſince it is not poſſible any ſhould know anothers ſtory ſo well as themſelves: But the truth is,one ſhall not ſpeak of themſelves ſo well as others will do. Moſt true (ſaid *Candiope*) *Doraliſa* hath found out a good reaſon to ſtop your own mouth; for you would rob your ſelf of a thouſand applauds which I ſhall give you, and which really you deſerve:Yet I cannot phraſe your way to be a vanity, but rather a deſire of glory, and you deſire to get *Doraliſa*'s eſteem, therefore deſires that ſhe may know you the better by my reports than your own.I pray you tell her what you pleaſe,replied *Arpalice*, ſo you do not put me to ſay any thing: And indeed ſo it was concluded, that *Candiope* ſhould relate all the adventures of *Arpalice*. Then *Doraliſa* and *Candiope* agreed, that as ſoon as dinner was paſt, they ſhould carry *Lycaſte*, *Cydipe*, and *Arpalice* unto the Princeſs *Araminta*,

minta, where they would leave them, and return unto *Doraliſa*'s chamber: And ſo they did; for they were no ſooner entered, but ſhutting the door, and *Candiope* leaning upon a table of Ivory inlaid with Ebony, ſhe began her diſcourſe with a complement, thus.

The Hiſtory of Arpalice *and* Thraſimedes.

YOur Reputation, amiable *Doraliſa*, being ſuch as makes it dangerous to ſpeak ill before you, might well ſilence me from making any long diſcourſe in your preſence, if it did not meerly concern a perſon who is moſt dear unto you, and deſerves to be ſo unto all thoſe that are capable of her extraordinary merit: and her intereſt being more conſiderable than my own, I will begin that relation which you expect, as if you had never heard of our Country, of our Town, or of *Arpalice* her ſelf; for though you be very near in alliance of blood, yet you never were in *Licia*, but always at *Sardis* or *Suſa*, never ſaw each other ſince you were five years of age, when *Lycaſte* came to *Sardis*, I conceive it convenient to begin as if you knew her not at all. Be pleaſed to know therefore, that *Arpalice* was but ſeven years of age when ſhe loſt both her father and her mother, and that *Parmenides* was not of a fit age to govern himſelf, therefore a Brother of *Lycaſte*, their Uncle, was their Tutor; who having no Wife, put the young *Arpalice* unto *Licaſte*, who hath brought her up with as much care as ſhe did *Cydipe*. The Father of *Arpalice* holding an intimate correſpondency with a man of Quality named *Amphidamas*, who was of the ſame Town, and had but one Son, and one Daughter, he ordained by his laſt Will and Teſtament, that *Arpalice* ſhould marry his Son when ſhe came at age: That which cauſed the great riches of *Arpalice* (though ſhe had a Brother) was that they were not both by one Mother: And ſince it is the cuſtom of our Country, that Mothers give ranks unto Families, and not the Fathers; and the Mother of *Arpalice* being exceeding rich, declared by her teſtament, that ſhe ſhould marry *Menecrates*: adding, that her intention was, that he ſhould have the greateſt part of her eſtate, if her daughter would not marry him. It may very well be ſaid, that *Arpalice* was never Miſtreſs of her ſelf, ſince ſhe was engaged before ſhe had either reaſon or diſcretion, *Menecrates* was then fourteen years of age, and *Arpalice* ſeven, when every one ſaid unto them, that they were deſtined to live together, and that they were ſo faſt, nothing could ever part them; but before I acquaint you how they lived together, I muſt tell you, what the manner of living is, in our Town. All the world knows, that *Licia* in general is a mountainous Country, very craggy and uneven; and very barren in many places; therefore you may imagine, perhaps, that thoſe who inhabit there, will ſmell of the rudeneſs of their Country: But there being ſome land in *Licia* exceedingly fertile, it may be ſaid, there are as gallant-compleat men there as any is in the world: Alſo the *Metropolis* of our Country which is called *Patara* is one of the moſt famous Towns in all *Aſia*, not only for its beauty, but alſo for the magnificent Temple of *Apollo*, whoſe Oracle is ſo famous, and many Strangers reſort thither to conſult with it: Alſo many come out of curioſity to ſee that famed mountain of *Chimera*: This Mountain, I ſay, whom the renowned *Bellerophon* rendered famous, whoſe top is full of Lions, middle of wild Goats, and bottom of Serpents; ſo that many Strangers reſorting unto *Patara*, it is moſt pleaſant living there. Moreover, though the Government of our Country be in the manner of a Republique, yet a King of a Court may be ſeen there as well as in a Monarchical ſtate: For there is a Preſident of the Council, whoſe authority is ſo great, that he wants only the name of being Soveraign of all *Licia*: So that all the Offices of State being in his diſpoſe, he is as much courted, and as much honour done him, as if he were ablolute King: So that their way of living is much more pleaſant than in our Republiques, where every one is divided into ſeveral Factions; and the contrary, the authority of one man attracting together all the compleat Gallants of a State into one Town, and after into one houſe; this queſtionleſs makes ſociety moſt agreeable, and ſpirits more polite, it being the ſource of all delights, and gallantry. And I can aſſure

ſure you, we had the advantage to live in a time when there were more compleat men in *Licia*, than of three ages before. This is the place, fair *Doraliſa*, where *Arpalice* was educated, and lived all her time; I ſhall not need to tell you what ſhe now is; for it is apparent ſhe is one of the greateſt beauties in the world: you may ſee ſhe has been ever fair, not like one of thoſe beauties, who make people believe they uſe enchantments, and who after they have been ugly in their infancy, become fair in ſix months; yet *Arpalice* did not only promiſe beauty in her moſt tender years, but abundance of ſpirit; a ſpirit ſo gallant, ſo high, ſo noble, ſo paſſionate for liberty, and ſuch an enemy to all ſubjection and conſtraint, that I have heard her ſay a hundred times, a pleaſure commanded did loſe the pleaſure of it: You may imagine therefore, that nothing could fall out more oppoſite to her humour, than to be engaged at ſeven years of age, to marry *Menecrates*: not but that he was exceedingly handſome, but though he had been the handſomeſt man upon earth, yet he would never have got the heart of *Arpalice*, out of this reaſon alſo, that ſhe did not chuſe him; and truly, I think another thing did much diſunion the ſpirits of theſe two perſons, which was, that *Menecrates* was of an imperious nature, and an enemy to any thing that croſſed his inclination; ſo that it may be ſaid, that *Arpalice* loved liberty, and *Menecrates* loved licentiouſneſs. But to return unto the beginning of their lives: be pleaſed to know, that *Lycaſte* and her Brother, who were the Tutors of *Arpalice* and *Parmenides*, did think themſelves obliged to ſee the laſt Will of *Arpalice*'s Father and Mother executed: ſo that they uſed all their endeavours to incline the heart of this young Lady to love *Menecrates*: on the other ſide, the friends of this pretended Lover did ſo expreſly command him to court his young Miſtreſs, that being not at an age to diſobey them, he was continually with her: at leaſt, at ſuch times when he was not buſied with his Tutors, who taught him ſuch things as one of his quality ought to learn: and they ſaw one another ſo oft, that it may be ſaid they ſaw one another too often to love. The three firſt years both of them being very young, it was not obſerved, that there was any ſtrong averſion in the heart of *Arpalice* towards *Menecrates:* nor any great affection in the heart of *Menecrates* towards *Arpalice*: But always doing as their Parents bad them, *Menecrates* ſent a thouſand pretty knacks for tokens unto *Arpalice*, which ſhe received very civilly, more for the love of the things, than the ſender: if they danced or walked, it was always together; and they never enjoyed any pleaſures aſunder: yet this laſted not long: for *Menecrates* being ſeven years older than *Arpalice*, when he was eighteen, and ſhe but eleven: ſo that having loſt his Father, he began to live after ſome mode, and to uſe her like a child, and entered into the world with all the liberty of a young man of an impetuous ſpirit: yet his deſign was to marry *Arpalice*, and to keep her in hand with ſome trivial tokens, but in ſuch a negligent manner, that as young as ſhe was, ſhe took notice of it, and ſlighted him. However be pleaſed to know, that *Menecrates* having no mind to loſe *Arpalice*'s eſtate, contracted an intimate friendſhip with *Parmenides*, for he concuring in age, he loved the brother better than the ſiſter: Alſo there was a ſympathy of humours between them: but though he had ſcrewed himſelf into his affection, yet he did not neglect *Arpalice*. Thus did he ſwim in all delights and pleaſures, and believed himſelf, as ſome ſort of men uſe to do, who though they be married, yet make a profeſſion of Courtſhip and Gallantry. When he was in any of his Gallantries, either he would not come before *Arpalice*'s window; or if he did, it was ſo late, that ſhe ſhould not ſee him: if ſhe were at any meeting, he took her out to dance not above once, or twice at the moſt, and then would leave her to go and talk with ſome other whom his heart more liked: All the advices of his Mother and friends were in vain, when they told him that *Arpalice* had more wit than years: that he did ill to uſe her ſo; that he would move her unto an averſion; which indeed he did, for all his care was to pleaſe himſelf, telling all thoſe who ſpoke unto him, that he would let *Arpalice*'s beauty grow a little, before he would apply all his Courtſhips and reſpects unto her: Things being upon theſe terms, and *Arpalice* being ſome twelve or thirteen years of age, he deſigned to travel with *Parmenides*, and not to return until three years were expired: So that during his abſence, the beauty of *Arpalice* grew to be (as now you ſee it) a very miracle, and was an admiration to all *Licia*: *Cydipe* was alſo very fair; and the Siſter of *Menecrates* called *Cleoxine*, who was much about the age of *Arpalice*, was alſo very lovely; ſo that it might very truly be ſaid, theſe three were the greateſt ornaments of our Town: and ſince I ſaw them every day, it was eaſie for me to get their friendſhip: and truly of all the three, *Arpalice* did moſt take my heart: and ſuch a knot of friendſhip was tied between us, as nothing can diſſolve: In the mean time; though *Arpalice* was a wonder of beauty, yet none durſt engage themſelves to ſerve her: ſhe charmed the eyes of all that looked upon her, and every one defended themſelves againſt the inchantment of her beauty: the commendations which every one gave her, was to ſhun her with all care, leſt ſhe ſhould exact more love and adoration than hopes: every one lamented that it was not permittable to ſerve her openly; and vented a hundred things which confirmed her, in her love of liberty. Yet cuſtom, reaſon, and modeſty willing her to follow her own humour, ſhe concealed her reſentments as much as ſhe could: Yet in the ſecret of her heart ſhe had an extream unwillingneſs to be forced unto the moſt important action of her life which ought to be moſt free: ſhe knew very well, that ſhe made all thoſe deſpair that thought upon her in love: and ſhe knew alſo, that the reaſon why ſhe denied all, was becauſe ſhe was promiſed unto *Menecrates*: Moreover, ſhe perceived that all the friends of *Menecrates* kept obſervant eyes upon her. So that ſhe lived in ſuch a conſtraint, as a Lady of quality, called *Zenocrite*, who had a pleaſant wit in Rallary, termed her the fair ſlave; and this name was ſo much uſed amongſt us, as we called her by it as much as by her own name: for ſhe being of a ſweet pleaſing ſpirit, ſhe would not be angry at any Rallary, and the truth was *Zenocrite* was ſuch a perſon as might ſay what ſhe would without any exception: and truly there was more gallants frequented this Ladies houſe whom I laſt named, than any other in the Town. *Zenocrite* is fair, of a good perſon, her Phyſiognomy ſubtile, though ſhe had a kind of languiſhing air: ſhe ſpoke things as if ſhe never thought them: yet ſpoke them more ſprightly than thoſe that did think them: ſhe had an admirable fancy, and would turn things moſt pleaſantly: ſhe would ſometimes tell a ſtory in moſt elegant terms;and would ſometimes be ſatyrical in four words: yet was ſhe of a good and generous nature: and if ſhe ſpake in the diſadvantage of any one, it was more out of an exceſs of reaſon and ſincerity, and out of an impetuoſity of wit and fancy (which ſhe could not hold in) than out of malice. The rareſt of her qualities was, that the ſadneſs of her ſpirit did often times cauſe joy in others: For where ſhe lamented the miſeries of the time, or of ill government, ſhe did it in ſuch a pleaſant manner, that ſhe did more delight company by her complaints and murmurs, than others could do in their moſt frolick humours: ſhe had all the news, which ſhe did always poliſh in the relation, not that ſhe changed it, but, that in her Comment upon it, ſhe was moſt agreeable company. Moreover, there being always abundance of company at her houſe: Liberty was always free, thoſe that would be ſad might be ſo, thoſe that would be frolick might be ſo, thoſe that had no mind to ſpeak might be ſilent, ſo that every one might find there a ſatisfaction for his humour: to conclude my deſcription of her, *Zenocrite* was a perſon every way extraordinary; you may conceive then, that *Arpalice* having ſo fine a ſpirit, and living in the Neighbourhood, did ſee her very oft, and this priviledge ſhe had, that *Zenocrite* ſpoke of her, as a perſon whom ſhe eſteemed very much; and I think that I may truly ſay the converſation which *Arpalice* had with her,did not a little confirm her love of liberty: and when ſhe did aggravate the injuſtice of thoſe who do abſolutely diſpoſe of the wills of others, not knowing whether it be ſuitable to their minds or no,it muſt be confeſſed ſhe ſpoke reaſon; and truly it is very ſtrange, to ſee fathers oblige the children to marry, not knowing whether they love or hate; whether their humours be ſuitable or oppoſite: and if they can but paſs away an afternoon without wearineſs, no matter for all their lives after. Since all that *Zenocrite* ſaid ſeriouſly,obſerved and exactly related, the friends of *Menecrates* did all they could to hinder *Arpalice* from ſeeing her ſo often; but *Arpalice* had always been well uſed there, ſay what they would, ſhe would not be kept from thence: telling them, that ſince *Zenocrite* was a woman of no leſs virtue than wit, ſhe knew not why ſhe ſhould not ſee her: the thing which moſt nettled them was, that in ſeeing *Zenocrite*, *Arpalice* ſaw all the Gallants in *Lycia*: yet ſince they were forced to be patient, and to ſet ſome ſpies to obſerve whether any one Courted *Arpalice*, maugre her engagement: but all their obſervant pains were in vain, for ſince, *Menecrates* was a man of high quality, and ſince it was known that *Permenides* deſired this marriage ſhould go forward, notwithſtanding all *Arpalice*'s charms, and what inclinations ſoever they had to her, all thoſe who fell in love with her, did ſtifle their paſſions, and would not regularly apply themſelves to ſerve her: Thus every one did commend her and eſteem her, but none durſt love her: I leave it unto your imagination, how perplexed ſhe was to ſee, that if ſhe were free, ſhe might chuſe as ſhe would, and yet ſhe ſaw ſhe was forced to marry *Menecrates* whom ſhe could not endure: how oft has ſhe made her complaints unto me? and how oft has ſhe wiſhed that ſhe were poor, ſo ſhe were free? This being the poſture of things, the friends of *Menecrates* receiving continual Letters from him, intended to ſend him *Arpalice*'s Picture, that he might ſee how ſhe was improved, hoping to make him the ſooner return: They addreſſed themſelves unto him who had the diſpoſition of her, to get her Picture taken, and commanded it with ſuch peremptory authority, that obey ſhe muſt. Yet ſhe deferred it as long as poſſible, and there was no pretence which ſhe did not make uſe of, to excuſe her ſelf: one day ſhe had an ill dreſs on, another day ſhe had not ſlept well in the night, and therefore did not look pleaſant enough to have her Picture taken: another time, ſhe had promiſed a viſit, but at laſt, after all theſe delays and excuſes, ſhe muſt obey. For my part, I have wondered a hundred times how they could take her Picture with any reſemblance, conſidering the fretting melancholy that was in her aſpect, and the impatience ſhe did ſit in;

for ſhe changed her countenance continually, according to the variety of thoughts in her mind: ſhe did almoſt never ſit ſtill, but was always reſtleſs and ready to riſe; and truly if the Artificer had not been a man of an admirable fancy, and the moſt excellent man in his art that was in the world, he could never have done what he did; for notwithſtanding all the reſtleſs impatience of *Arpalice* he took her Picture marvellous like her. As much incenſed as ſhe was againſt *Menecrates*, and for all her ſpite againſt the Picture-drawer, yet ſhe was very glad to ſee it, when it was finiſhed; for in what humour ſoever one is in, you know, one would not wiſh long to appear ill favoured. So that *Arpalice* cheering up her ſelf by little and little, conſented that they ſhould ſend her Picture unto *Menecrates*: and ſince it was in a very little model, it was put into a very fine Caſe, and ſent unto him, yet *Arpalice* would not have it ſent as from her, nor that they ſhould ſend him word, ſhe conſented unto it. But I beſeech you admire a little at the wonderful juncture of things; when *Menecrates* received this Picture, he was at *Apamea*, where was alſo a *Halicarnaſian* man of quality, named *Thraſimedes*, who had no other deſigns in his being there but as a Traveller. And as you know, the *Phrygian* Muſick is moſt admirable, there was a place in that Town where at certain days was kept a conſort of voices and Inſtruments, unto which all the Gallants reſorted, when they had leiſure: ſome only, becauſe they loved Muſick, and others out of love to company, which was infallibly to be found there. So that *Menecrates*, *Parmenides*, and *Thraſimedes*, all three men of much ſpirit, and curioſity, failed not to be there: And as we commonly ſee, thoſe who are ſtrangers in any Town, though they be not of the ſame Country, yet have a diſpoſition to converſe together with thoſe of the ſame province they are of; So it chanced that *Thraſimedes* ſought occaſions of talking with *Parmenides*, and with *Menecrates*, and finding them both to be men of much ſpirit, he accuſtomed himſelf to talk ofter with them than any others; and ſince in ſuch places as that, 'tis not uſual to talk of very ſerious or important matters, they began to diſcourſe of the difference which is in the beauty of women, according to the ſeveral places where they are born: So that paſſing inſenſibly from one thing unto another, they asked each other reciprocally, if there were any excellent beauties in the places where they were born? And ſince *Menecrates* was the firſt which asked the queſtion, *Thraſimedes* anſwered him, that there were many very lovely ones in his Country; but, ſaid he, for all that, I am moſt unhappy, for the truth is, that at this preſent, there is hardly an excellent beauty in all *Hallicarnaſſus*, though ſome ten or twelve years ſince, there were a thouſand moſt rare ones: and it may be ſaid, that the Stars in our Court are ſet, and ſhine not: It is not ſo in our Town, replied *Parmenides*, for there are an infinite number of riſing ſtars and growing beauties. And to let you ſee one of them, ſaid *Menecrates*, look upon the Picture of one of our fair ones. In ſaying ſo, he ſhewed him *Arpalice*'s, which he received that morning. *Thraſimedes*, no ſooner ſaw it, but he confeſſed, he never ſaw any ſo fair, asking often, whether it was not one of thoſe Pictures which more ſhew the excellency of the Artiſt than the real reſemblance of any one: whilſt *Thraſimedes* ſaid ſo, *Parmenides* was called away, by ſome that would ſpeak with him; ſo that ſtaying ſtill with *Menecrates*, he began more and more to admire the beauty of this Picture, and asked him, whether it was the Picture of any with whom he was in love, or of ſome of his kindred? for I ſuppoſe, ſaid he, it muſt be one of thoſe two; It is neither of the one nor the other, replied *Menecrates*, for I aſſure you, that *Arpalice*, whoſe Picture you ſee, is not my Couſin, nor am I in love with her: Is it poſſible (ſaid *Thraſimedes*) you ſhould know this perſon and not love her? Doubtleſs I can, replied he, and very eaſily. 'Tis true, when I came from the place where ſhe is, ſhe was not ſo fair then, as now, and they write unto me, that ſhe is more charming than her Picture. Whilſt *Menecrates* was talking thus, *Thraſimedes* looked ſtill upon the Picture with much admiration; but at laſt, he reſtored it unto him again, and talked of other things. At their going out from thence, they went unto one of thoſe houſes where gaming is uſed, and which is open to all commers, for *Phrygia* being near neighbour unto *Lydia*, and as you know the *Lydians* are the inventers of moſt games of chance, ſo play is uſed as much at *Apamea*, as at *Sardis*. *Menecrates* and *Thraſimedes*, coming into this houſe, (where *Parmenides* was not) *Menecrates* preſently began to play, but with ſuch ill luck, that he loſt all he had about him, except the Picture of *Arpalice*, whoſe Caſe was of Gold with a circle of Diamonds. So that having no money to play, and being deſperate; he offered thoſe he played againſt, to play the Caſe of the Picture, but *Thraſimedes* not giving them time to anſwer, told *Menecrates*, that if he were reſolved to play that Caſe, he deſired it might be with him, and upon condition, that the Picture might be in it, he would ſtake the double value to what it coſt. *Menecrates* did pauſe upon it a little, but his hot deſire of play, and greedineſs to win back ſome part of what he had loſt, being prevalent with him, he accepted of *Thraſimedes* his offer, yet deſired no more for a ſtake than the juſt value of the thing; he was the ſooner induced unto this reſolution, becauſe he thought *Arpalice* could never come to know how he played her Picture, and as for *Parmenides*, he did not fear that he would be angry, for there was ſuch a ſtrong link of friendſhip between them, that nothing could break it: But to be ſhort, *Menecrates* loſt the Caſe, Picture and all; and *Thraſimedes* won it, yet offered afterwards to lend him money to play, but he fretting at the unkindneſs of fortune, he went home as melancholy at his loſs as *Thraſimedes* was merry at the winning it; yet *Menecrates* did fret more at his ill fortune in general, than at the loſs of *Arpalice*'s Picture in particular: for having a greater love to play, than to her, he was more ſenſible of the one than the other. Alſo knowing, that in all likelyhood the ſubſtance of that Picture which he had loſt, would infallibly be his, he did not reſent the loſs: As for *Thraſimedes*, he was not of that mind, for he was better pleaſed in winning this Caſe and Picture, than if he had won a much more conſiderable value in money: So that fearing *Menecrates* would engage him to play it again if he ſaw him, he ſhunned meeting with him, which he might eaſily do; for having but two days to ſtay in *Apamea*, he would not appear in his ſight, yet he went to bid him adieu, and *Parmenides* alſo, but as chance was he met with neither of them, and ſo he took his journey without ſeeing them. I ſhall not be ſo tedious as to tell you unto what Town he went; ſince it is not pertinent to my ſtory; but give me leave to tell you, that in all places he came at, he carefully obſerved whether he could ſee any woman ſo fair as that Picture: But whether really he met with none who had ſo much beauty, or whether he found none that pleaſed him ſo well as that of *Arpalice*, certainly he gave her the preheminence in his heart. After then he had wandered through divers places in Lower *Aſia*, as he was ready to return unto *Halicarnaſſus*, he began to chide himſelf for being of that humour, who had rather ſee things which are leſs rare, becauſe they are farther off, than things of more worthy obſervation, becauſe they are at home: And that *Caria*, and *Lycia* do joyn, yet he never had been at *Patara*, though men from all corners of *Aſia* come thither to conſult with the Oracle of *Apollo*; and many alſo come into *Lycia* to ſee the Mountain of *Chimera*: *Thraſimedes* therefore reſolved to ſee our Country; and he added unto his general curioſity of ſeeing all the Rarities of our Town, his particular deſire of ſeeing *Arpalice*. Then took he his way unto *Patara*, where he arrived in the moſt pleaſant ſeaſon of all the year: But before I relate how he lived, it is convenient I tell you his admirable adventure which happened unto him, the firſt day he came unto the Town. Know then, that *Thraſimedes* remembring he knew a man whom he had ſeen in *Halicarnaſſus*, ſent to enquire whether he was in the Town before he entered himſelf, to know whether he might lodge at his houſe according to the Laws of Hoſpitality, which all Nations do reverence. He ſent therefore a ſervant unto his acquaintance, with a Letter importing this requeſt: He was ſome fifteen furlongs from the place when he ſent this ſervant; and it was in ſuch a very delightful place, that he reſolved to ſtay there with another ſervant who walked his horſe, until the other returned; for it is not the cuſtom of Travellers for to go with any great Train: Since it was not late, he thought he had time enough to ſtay for a return of him he ſent unto the Town, ard ſince it was in a wondrous pleaſant place, he was the more invited to ſtay: For imagine a little Valley, ſurrounded with Hills, intermingled with Rocks, at the bottom of which ran a little Brook that croſſed the valley, on the banks of which grew abundance of wild Willows, which made a moſt pleaſant ſhade. As an addition of delight unto the proſpect of this place, there was a neat houſe, built upon one of thoſe Hills, and as one walked unto unto it by the ſide of the River, one might ſee between the point of two Rocks (which ſeemed purpoſely for that to ſeparate) the Town of *Patara* a-far off: This was the place, amiable *Doraliſa*, where *Thraſimedes* ſtayed waiting for his ſervant: At firſt when he lighted from his horſe, which he gave unto his other ſervant to hold, he began to walk along the River ſide in this pleaſant ſhaddow of willows, and walked ſo long forward, that his Servant loſt the ſight of him; yet ſince he commanded him to ſtay in that place, and knew he would return, becauſe the way which *Thraſimedes* walked was quite contrary to the way towards the Town, his being out of ſight never troubled him. In the mean time, after *Thraſimedes* had walked himſelf weary, he ſat down at the root of a Tree, where he fell into a deep contemplation, and muſing upon paſt adventures; but his muſing being none of thoſe kinds that are cauſed by the running of Rivers, or the ruffling of leaves, when the wind blows them, or which comes upon one without any cauſe, it is requiſite you know, that he had been in love in his own Country, and travelled only to cure himſelf of that paſſion which he had unto one who betrayed him, and who indeed had more lightneſs than beauty. In the mean time anger and abſence had cooled his paſſion, which to ſay truly he could never call love; yet in all his Travels he could not meet with one Beauty which he preferred before this of his perfidious Miſtreſs, execept this of *Arpalice*: So that conceiving the ſight of this Picture was a remedy wherewith to drive out of his imagination the Idea of that perſon whom he would forget, he continually carryed it about him ever ſince he won it; and being in this pleaſant ſolitary place, he drew this Picture out of his pocket, and began ſeriouſly to contemplate upon it. He lay almoſt all along, his head leaning upon a little tuft of graſs which grew at the foot of a Willow, holding in his hand the Picture of *Arpalice*; but after he was well compoſed in his own thoughts, and agreed that the perſon whom he would not love was not ſo fair as that Picture, his muſing did grow more confuſed, and he thought upon juſt nothing no not ſo much as upon the Picture which he held in his hand: So that it being very hot, and he being up betimes, the murmuring of the brook, the ruſfling of the leaves, the ſinging of the Birds, being all inviters unto ſleep, eſpecially a man who had neither any great joy or ſorrow in his ſoul, *Thraſimedes* fell aſleep: The Caſe which he held in his hand falling out of it: Whilſt *Thraſimedes* ſlept thus, you muſt know, that *Lycaſte*, *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, and my ſelf, with many others were come out to walk unto this pretty neat houſe, which I told you was built upon one of thoſe hills which compaſſed about the valley where *Thraſimedes* ſlept: For ſince it belonged unto *Zenocrite*, we frequented it as if it were our own. In the mean time be pleaſed to know, that there was a great League between *Arpalice* and my ſelf, and therefore we never took delight in our walks, unleſs we talked together in private, ſo that we always took ſome occaſion or other to ſeparate from the reſt of the company, and impart our thoughts freely unto each other. It chanced that day, that having ſomething or other to tell *Arpalice*, I entreated her that we might talk together; ſo upon the firſt opportunity we parted from the company, and went out at the back Garden door, where there was a good path unto the Rivers ſide: And after we had walked a little way, *Arpalice* ſtopping ſuddenly, beckned unto me to hold my peace, and ſhewed unto me amongſt the Trees, *Thraſimedes* aſleep, as I told you before: At firſt *Arpalice* ſeeing by his habit, that he was a man of ſome quality, her deſign was for us to turn back, being unwilling to be ſeen in ſuch a ſolitary place with ſo little company: But ſince I ſaw we were not far from our retreat, I was bolder than *Arpalice*, for I would needs look upon *Thraſimedes* a little nearer, wondering to ſee ſuch a man ſleeping in ſuch a place, not ſeeing any horſe or ſervant which he had. I went then ſome ſteps nearer him, whether *Arpalice* would or no, and taking her by the gown forced her to follow: But ſhe and I had no ſooner paſſed by two ranks of trees, than we eſpied the Caſe of the Picture which fell out of *Thraſimedes* his hand, as I told you before: We no ſooner ſaw it, but a freſh curioſity raiſed our ſpirits, though we did not yet know it to be the ſame which was ſent unto *Menecrates*, for the graſs did half hide it. But the wonder was, that *Arpalice*, who till then was the moſt timerous, did now grow the bolder of the two, and being prompted by a ſtrong curioſity, after ſhe had looked about whether or no any came, and after ſhe had obſerved the Stranger ſlept ſoundly, ſhe went to take up the Caſe; ſhe was ſo taken with obſerving the face of him which ſlept, as ſhe took up the Caſe, hardly ſo much as looking upon it; but retiring back with the ſame warineſs wherewith ſhe approached, we went to look upon the Picture which we ſuſpected to be in the Caſe, yet with intentions to put it into the ſame place where *Arpalice* found it; for you may imagine that we had no deſign of playing the Thieves: And indeed I had taken out of my pocket a little Inkhorn and paper, intending to write ſome conceit within it, to the end that this ſleeping man, whom we thought to be a Lover, might ſee the Picture of his Miſtriſs was taken from him, and that he might read a reprehenſion for his negligence. You know, ſweet *Doraliſa*, how pleaſant ſuch adventures as theſe are to people of our age, and therefore *Arpalice* and my ſelf were exceedingly delighted with this conceit: But when *Arpalice* and I were behind the Willows, and looked upon this Caſe, we were extreamly ſurpriſed to ſee it was the ſame which was ſent unto *Menecrates*, or at leaſt extraordinary like it; yet it was ſuch a far fetcht conceit to think it was the ſame, that we did give our own eyes the lye, and did not open it with any thought to find *Arpalice*'s Picture. You may well imagine how we were aſtoniſhed, when we ſaw it to be the very ſame which was ſent unto *Menecrates*. However ſince we were over near the Stranger to reaſon upon this adventure without danger of waking him, we went farther off, ſtill looking behind us to ſee whether the man did not riſe up and follow us. But at laſt, being got unto the foot of the Hill, we asked each other how it was poſſible the Picture ſhould come into his hands? For my part (ſaid I unto *Arpalice*, and ſmiled when ſhe asked me the queſtion) If I credit my own eyes, I cannot doubt but that it is the ſame which was ſent *Menecrates*, and in reaſon I have ſome cauſe of ſuſpition, that there is ſome ſecret piece of gallantry betwixt you and this Stranger, which you conceal from me. This thought is ſo injurious (replied ſhe) that I cannot believe you ſpeak it ſeriouſly. Truly (ſaid I, and laughed) I cannot tell whether I ſhould be in jeaſt or earneſt; for how do you think I ſhould give a juſt judgment upon a thing ſo full of admiration? the thing which moſt perplexes me, replied ſhe, is, that I know not how to be ſatisfied of this adventure: there is no way, replied I, but to waken him; oh *Candiope*, anſwered *Arpalice*, I am far from your opinion: for I am juſt now in ſuch a fear that he ſhould wake, that for all my great deſire to ſee what he will do when he finds that he hath loſt my Picture, as I am reſolved to retain it: And ſince I believe he will grieve more for the loſs of the Caſe, than the Picture, I will ſend the Caſe unto him by a ſervant, after I have taken out the Picture: therefore I intreat your aſſiſtance in finding out ſuch a one, as I may truſt with it. For my part, I do confeſs, I had a good mind to have ſome diſcourſe with him. But as we were in conteſt about it, one of our women, who had been looking us all about, came to tell us, that the Coaches were ready, that *Lycaſte* ſtayed for us: ſo that all our buſineſs was, to find out ſome fit officer, to watch this ſtranger, and to follow him unto his lodging. Yet we could meet with none but a Gardiner, whom we inſtructed as well as we could; and obliged him by promiſes to do as we deſired. The truth is, he ſeemed ſo dull, that we had little hopes in his negotiation, nor durſt we truſt him wi the Caſe to give unto this ſtranger: Yet he promiſed u to come the next morning, and give us intelligence and truly we had not much time to inſtruct him, for n leſs than four meſſengers came for us, in leſs than quarter of an hour; when we came unto the reſt of th company, they chid us for leaving them ſo long: *Lycaſ* told us in half earneſt half jeaſt, that perſons of our ag could not have any ſuch long ſecret conferences, but they muſt ſtand in need of ſome favourable conſtruction: fo my part, ſaid *Arpalice* (who could not endure conſtraint) if any ſhould offer to take from me the liberty of my ſilence, I think I ſhould talk continually: And on the other ſide, if I ſhould be commanded to talk always, I would be dumb as long as I lived; And truly (ſaid ſhe and ſmiled to colour her deſign of talking with me) I have ſuch a longing deſire to talk unto *Candiope* in a low voice, that I do not think I can forbear: after this, ſhe came and whiſpered ſomething in my ear. At firſt, they thought much we ſhould whiſper thus, and were continually interrupting us; but at laſt, they let us alone: and we talked as much as we would, not only in the Coach, but alſo in that Garden which we went to ſee: Then did we rack our imaginations to gueſs, which way poſſibly this ſtranger could come by this Picture; but all our thoughts could not hit upon the truth. We could not ſuſpect that *Menecrates* gave it unto him: nor could we think the man ſtole it, conſidering his habit and handſomneſs, to imagine that *Menecrates* had loſt it at play, was a far fetched thought: The beſt that we could imagine was, that he had loſt it, and they found it. But at laſt, we returned home to the Town, where we were no ſooner come, but we were informed that the husband of *Lycaſte* named *Menophiles*, was returned from his journey of eight days, which he had taken, and that he had brought home with him a ſtranger, who ſeemed to be a man of quality, but ſo much wounded, that the Chirurgeons came to dreſs him. *Lycaſte* no ſooner heard this, but out of a curioſity and compaſſion together, ſhe went immediately unto the chamber where her husband was with this ſtranger: *Arpalice* and I, moved with the ſame curioſity, followed her; but *Cydipe* would not, becauſe ſhe was apt to ſwoon if ſhe were in the room with a wounded man. As ſoon as we ſtept into the Chamber, *Menophiles* beckned that we ſhould make no noiſe; and to prevent it he came unto us into the outer room, where he no ſooner was, but *Lycaſte* asked him very earneſtly who this was of whom he had ſuch care? It is, ſaid he unto her, the moſt valiant man in the world, and the handſomeſt. It is a man whoſe life I would ſave, and who hath ſaved my life. But after this, ask me no further, for I neither know his name nor his Country; but where did you meet with him? ſaid *Lycaſte*. I met with him, ſaid he, by the Brook ſide which runs under the Hill upon which *Zenocrites* houſe is built, where I met a ſervant holding his horſe, and paſſing on, I came unto that place in the valley, where there is a little path which leads unto *Zenocrites* Garden. You may well imagine, dear *Doraliſa*, that *Arpalice* and I were very attentive unto this relation of *Menophiles*: which he continued, being come unto the place, ſaid he, I ſaw him whom I ſpeak of with his ſword in his hand, againſt four ſouldiers, defending himſelf, and fighting like a lyon. And though I had ſent all my men another way, but only one Lacquey, yet I would needs relieve him: when they who were upon him ſaw me with a ſword in my hand, they divided themſelves, two to undertake him, and two upon me: they no ſooner turned towards me but my Lacquey ran away; ſo that I was engaged with theſe two, who at firſt killed my horſe: after this, they wiſhed me not to meddle in a quarel which did not concern me; and ſeemed to have no other deſign upon me, but to keep me from ſtopping their intentions of killing this man; but one of them turning about, and ſeeing one of their fellows which was upon this ſtranger fall, fell upon me with all fury: I defended my ſelf as well as I could, but certainly I had been killed, if this ſtranger had not come into my relief as ſoon as he had killed the other who fought with him. So that the two who were upon me, ſeeing their fellows both dead, and obſerving that *Zenocrites* Garden door opened, they had recourſe unto their heels: This ſtranger and I purſued them, but in vain. In the mean time, this valiant man was much wounded in the Combate againſt two, and loſt blood by following them who fled: then turning back to thank me for what I had done, he fell dead at my feet: in the mean time, *Zenocrites* Garden door opening, as I ſaid, and the Gardiner ſeeing the paſſage, called all that were in the houſe to aſſiſt, and ſo I got this illuſtrious wounded man unto the place where now he is, intending to proportion my care of him according to his merit. After *Menophiles* had ended his relation of the paſſage, *Lycaſte* asked him a hundred queſtions, which *Arpalice* and I never minded: for we made no queſtion but this man whom *Menophiles* ſpoke of, was the ſame we ſaw ſleeping: So that we were both of us full of wonder, but not long, for underſtanding that this ſtranger enquired whether any one found a Picture about the two ſouldiers which he had killed, *Lycaſte* went into the Chamber, and we followed, perceiving him plainly to be the ſame we ſaw ſleeping; yet he did not know *Arpalice*: for his weakneſs would hardly give him leave to open the curtain, and *Arpalice* did more than half hide her ſelf, behind *Lycaſte* and me; ſo that ſhe knew him, but he could not know her to be the ſame perſon, whoſe Picture he had loſt. Yet as weak as he was, he returned a very ſprightly complement unto *Lycaſte*, when ſhe told him, he was in a place where he might freely command any thing in it: but ſince the Chirurgeons would not have any to talk unto him, this conference laſted not long: but *Arpalice* and I did not ſo ſoon give over our diſcourſe upon this ſurprizing adventure, but we reſolved not to ſpeak a word concerning this Picture, until we were further informed of all circumſtances; but ſince I know you deſire to know the cauſe of this combat, I will tell you what we heard the next morning. Chance would have it, that four Souldiers paſſing by *Thraſimedes* as he was aſleep, he waked juſt as they were within four or five paces of him: and juſt as two of them looked upon him and laughed: whether it was at ſomething which concerned not him, or whether it was at his ſo ſtarting out of ſleep, it is not known. But *Thraſimedes* waking, ſeeking for his Picture, and not finding it, did think theſe ſouldiers who looked upon him and laughed, had taken it: but to move them unto a reſtitution, he ſhewed no ſigns of anger, and calling to them, Friends, ſaid he unto them, it ſeems you deſerve to be liſted amongſt the *Lacedemonian* Souldiers, therefore I deſire you to reſtore what you have taken from me, and in recompence I ſhall with much willingneſs give you the full worth of it: The Souldiers wondering to hear *Thraſimedes* ſay ſo, thought that he was not well waked, began uncivilly to laugh aloud, and to tell him in an inſolent jeer, that they were very ſorry he had not a better dream. In ſhort, *Thraſimedes* being fully perſwaded that theſe Souldiers had the Picture which he had loſt, ſaid ſomthing which let them know his thoughts, unto which they retorted ſo extravagantly, as *Thraſimedes* in his anger could not forbear *Menaces*: Inſomuch as all four at once aſſaulted him, either with intentions to make him fly or to kill him. But the oddneſs of the buſineſs, was to ſee how he ſtill affirmed that theſe Souldiers had the Picture; when he related his adventure unto *Menophiles* and *Lycaſte*, aggravating the misfortune that he ſhould kill two of them and yet not find it: but knowing that thoſe two which fled had it between them. In the mean time, the Servant of *Thraſimedes* being returned unto the place where he left his Maſter, to tell him that his friend was raviſhed with joy that he would lodge with him, he found the Servant which walked his horſe, who told him that *Thraſimedes* commanded him to ſtay there, and that he was gone to walk along the Brook-ſide. Then both the Servants followed the Brook; but they found only the bodies of theſe two Souldiers which were dead, and not yet taken away: Then were they much troubled; In the mean time, ſince it was very late, and they hearing no tidings of their Maſter, one Servant went unto *Zenocrite*'s houſe, where the Gardiner telling them what he knew, told them alſo that it was in vain for them to think of getting into the Town that day, becauſe the Gates would certainly be ſhut before they could get thither. The next morning the Gardiner, according to his word, came unto us, and brought with him the two ſervants of *Thraſimedes*, to let us underſtand the name and quality of their Maſter, which being known, all cares to affi him were doubled. However, this being not enough t ſatisfie the curioſity of *Arpalice*, ſhe cauſed one of he women who had wit enough to ask the Servant whethe the Picture which his Maſter had loſt, was the Pictur of any of his own Country with whom he was in love thinking thereby to pump the truth out of him: an indeed the Servant without any ſubtilty, told her how his Maſter had won it at play in *Apamea*, but told he not who loſt it, or whoſe it was, ſince he never ſaw the caſe opened in which it was. I leave you to think amiable *Doraliſa*, how vexed *Arpalice* was when ſh heard *Menecrates* ſet ſuch a ſmall eſteem upon her Picture. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe unto me the firſt tim ſhe heard it) *Menecrates* in loſing my Picture, hath loſ more than he is aware of; for after this affront, tha poor pittance of complacency which I obſerved toward him, ſhall leſſen. I pray conſider a little, how do yo think he would uſe me if I were married, ſince he is careleſs before he is my husband? As violent as *Arpalice* wa and angry, truly I could not condemn her; yet ſhe w much perplexed, and would not have it known how ſh had been the innocent cauſe of this misfortune; yet ſh had an earneſt deſire that all the world might kno what new cauſe of hatred ſhe had of *Menecrates*. However, we did not think it fit to make it known, that we took this Picture which had cauſed ſo ſad an acciden only to give it out that we knew that *Menecrates* had lo it at play, and however to have patience for a while In the mean while *Thraſimedes* recovered, and the Phyſitians and Chyrurgeons all reported him to be paſt a danger, ſo that he began to enquire who it was un whom he was ſo much obliged; but ſince the names o *Menophiles* and *Lycaſte* did not acquaint him that *Arpali* was in the ſame houſe, he could not know ſhe wa there: But be pleaſed to know, that *Arpalice* being a lone with her Aunt, ſhe was obliged to follow her in the chamber of *Thraſimedes*, and it chanced alſo th *Menophiles* who went in the firſt, having ſomething t tell *Lycaſte* in private, he took her towards the wi dow, and left *Arpalice* alone by the bed-ſide of th

illuſtrio

illuſtrious wounded man. Imagine, I beſeech you, how infinitely was he ſurpriſed, when the perſon whom he ſaw was the ſubſtance of that Picture which he had both won and loſt; yet was he a while in doubt, becauſe he found her fairer than her Picture; but being confirmed in his opinion by the extreamly reſemblance which he found in every part of *Arpalice*'s face, unto her Picture, he was even raviſhed with joy at the encounter: *Arpalice* carefully obſerving him, did eaſily perceive the ſurpriſe, and joy of *Thraſimedes*, but ſince he was not yet in a fit condition for any long converſation, their viſit continued not above a quarter of an hour: But whilſt it laſted, he deſired *Lycaſte*, as he had *Menophiles* before, that he might be carried unto a friends houſe which he had in *Patara*; but ſince ſhe knew *Menophiles* would not ſuffer him to go out of his houſe until he was perfectly well, ſhe ſpoke unto him with all poſſible civility, and ſo retired. She was no ſooner gone, but he who *Thraſimedes* knew in the Town came to ſee him: So that he being extreamly deſirous to be better informed concerning *Arpalice*, whoſe beauty ſtruck him with ſo much admiration, he underſtood her to be the Niece of *Menophiles* and *Lycaſte*; that ſhe was promiſed unto *Menecrates*, and that ſhe was Siſter unto *Parmenides*: So that by this he came to know that *Arpalice* was to marry a man whom ſhe affected not, and one who did not much care for her; for ſince he had got her Picture ſo eaſily from her, and heard it from his own mouth, that he was not in love, he could not doubt it. But how is it poſſible (ſaid he unto himſelf) that one ſo fair as ſhe ſhould marry, and not be loved? For without all doubt ſhe is able to create love in all that have ſouls. Really (ſaid he unto his friend) the fate of *Arpalice* ſeems to be worthy of much compaſſion: For though *Menecrates* be handſom, and hath ſpirit enough, yet ſince he cannot love her, he cannot be worthy of her. However, replied his friend, it is not an eaſie matter to alter her fate; for if ſhe refuſe to marry *Menecrates* ſhe will loſe the greateſt part of her eſtate. She had better loſe it all, replied *Thraſimedes*, than loſe her liberty. But if *Arpalice* be wiſe (ſaid his friend) ſhe will not refuſe him; for as fair as ſhe is, ſhe will find but few Lovers when her eſtate is gone. All men, replied *Thraſimedes*, are not ſo covetouſly minded as you think them; and if I ſhould fall in love with *Arpalice*, I ſhould make you alter your opinion. In the mean time, we had no ſooner acquainted *Zenocrite* how *Menecrates* had loſt *Arpalice*'s Picture, but ſhe ſet it all over the Town in ſuch a pleaſant manner, ſo full of anger and wit, that nothing elſe was talked on for eight days together. Alſo ſhe would receive it from *Thraſimedes*'s own mouth, and in order to that ſhe would viſit him as ſoon as he was in a condition to be ſeen; and coming to viſit *Lycaſte*, as ſhe was in the Chamber of *Thraſimedes*, ſhe would let none go in to acquaint her, but went ſtreight her ſelf: As ſoon as ſhe was entered, ſhe ſent to deſire *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, and me, who were in another Chamber, to come unto her in the Chamber of *Thraſimedes*: and I think it was the very day that he fell in love with *Arpalice*: For her joy to hear *Zenocrite* ſo bitter and witty againſt *Menecrates*, made her ſeem ſo fair, that he was not able to defend himſelf againſt her charms. After the firſt complements were paſſed, *Zenocrite* was wondrous well acquainted with the whole Family of *Thraſimedes*, for it was one of her qualities that ſhe knew almoſt all *Aſia*: So that paſſing inſenſibly from a converſation of civility, into a jollity of mirth, ſhe asked him ſharply before *Lycaſte*, how much he ſtaked againſt *Arpalice*'s Picture, when he played with *Menecrates*: For I imagine (ſaid ſhe) that ſince he has no judgment either in Pictures or Diamonds, he would venture it for a little. It is not long of me, replied *Thraſimedes*, that much was not ſtaked againſt it, ſince I offered him to ſtake the double whatſoever it coſt, only for the Caſe; as for the Picture (ſaid he, and looked upou *Arpalice*) all my eſtate is not equal to the price of it. But, Madam, (added he) how came you to know that *Menecrates* loſt the Picture of the fair *Arpalice*? It ſeems, ſaid *Lycaſte*, that you are a ſtranger in this Country, elſe you would not wonder that *Zenocrite* ſhould know it. The paſſage is ſo remarkable (ſaid *Zenocrite*) to ſee a Lover play away the Picture of his

Miſtreſs, that it muſt needs be known all over the world. But I wonder why the friends of *Menecrates* ſhould be ſo ill adviſed as to ſend *Arpalice*'s Picture to him: For in my apprehenſion there is nothing more ridiculous than theſe Family gallantries, which in the ſight of all the world are done by the conſent, if not the force of friends. If I had known this (ſaid *Arpalice*) *Thraſimedes* ſhould have been better than he is; For *Menecrates* ſhould never have had my Picture, and by conſequence this misfortune which hath happened unto him ſhould never have been. Do not call that a misfortune, Madam, replied he, which brings me the honour to be known unto ſo many noble perſons. You may ſay what you pleaſe (ſaid I unto him) but I think three dangerous wounds which you have received may very well be called a misfortune. There are ſome misfortunes (replied he) which produce great happineſs; and I may very well rank this to be in the number of them. For my part (ſaid *Zenocrite*) ſince you do not dye of them, I am glad it happened ſo; for I muſt confeſs, I have ſuch a ſtrange averſion unto all ſuch Lovers as are by the laſt Will and Teſtament of Parents, and who are certain to marry their Miſtreſs the firſt day they ſee them, that I am glad they meet with ſome rubs in their Progreſs: For take away fears, hopes, and miſeries from love, and a Lover is quite unſpirited: And to prove what I ſay, do but imagine the moſt compleat Gallant in the world, and conceive him to be with her whom he is to marry, the three or four preceding days before the marriage, and imagine all his Brothers, Siſters, Nephews, Nieces, Uncles, Aunts, Fathers, Mothers, Grandfathers, and Grandmothers came to rejoyce with him, I am moſt confident you will confeſs with me, that nothing will put him more out of countenance, be he never ſo profeſſed and declared a Lover: For my part, it does ſo wound my eyes and imagination, that I cannot endure it. This is the caſe of *Arpalice*, who ever ſince ſhe was born had her Lover before her eyes without love, whom ſhe always looked upon as one that muſt be infallibly her husband whether ſhe can fancy him or no. Whilſt *Zenocrite* was talking thus, *Thraſimedes* looked upon *Arpalice* moſt attentively, and obſerved that his friend was pleaſed with what ſhe ſaid; but ſo was not *Lycaſte*, who was angry at it; but *Zenocrite* being not accuſtomed to conſult with the thoughts of others to expreſs her own, continued talking, as ſhe begun, all the reſt of the day, knowing very well that *Arpalice* was not angry at her. Sometimes ſhe would deſcribe theſe kind of Lovers, afterwards repreſent the mean ſpirits of their Miſtreſſes; then ſhe would compare them with real Gallants, and obſerve ſuch notable differences between them, that it was not poſſible but to concur with her in her opinions. But (ſaid I once unto her, and interrupted her) then it is requiſite to baniſh quite all manner of courtſhip and gallantry: For ſince a legitimate and ordained Gallant is not a Gallant, and that virtue will not admit of it otherwiſe, it muſt be concluded that it muſt not be admitted of at all. When I ſaid ſo (replied *Zenocrite*) I did not directly mean as you underſtand it; for thoſe Lovers which I condemn, are either thoſe who are not really ſo, or who are long before-hand declared to be ſo: For indeed to cauſe Gallantry to produce handſome effects, he who acts it, muſt love, and never conſider whether he ſhall, or not marry; for when thoughts of marriage do ariſe in the heart of a Lover at the ſame time his paſſion doth, I will maintain he is not ſo Gallant as he is, who not knowing why he loves, nor which way to obtain love, yet does continue to love: Reſtleſneſs is one of the ſweets of love; and I do not think there is any converſation more weariſome, than that of a Lover who hath nothing to deſire, nor nothing to fear, or hope for. For my part (replied *Thraſimedes*) I do believe a Lover who hath nothing to complain of, is not in love: For let him be in as great favour as poſſibly he can, yet he ought to think that he is not enough in favour. Certainly, replied *Zenocrite*, it is moſt dangerous to ſit down and ſay, I am ſatisfied and contented; nor is it very obliging: But as for *Menecrates* (ſaid ſhe, and roſe up) I aſſure you, I would not for any thing but he had loſt *Arpalice*'s Picture, becauſe the accident hath ſo diverted me, and will ſtill divert me. After this, *Zenocrite* retired, and alſo all the reſt of the company leaving *Thraſimedes* to entertain his own thoughts; and truly he was very indifferent; for the beauty of *Arpalice* did ſo pleaſingly take up his mind, that he thought upon no other thing. In ſhort, amiable *Doraliſa*, not to trouble you with a relation of all the firſt thoughts of *Thraſimedes*, let me only tell you, that his weakneſs was ſo great, as it was a long while before he was ſound, and ſo he ſaw *Arpalice* almoſt every day; and as his wounds which he received from her did heal, ſo her beauty made them deeper in his heart. He hath told me ſince, that at the firſt he did ſtrive againſt his paſſion, but not being able to vanquiſh it, he ſubmitted, and entirely abandoned his heart unto it. Since *Thraſimedes* had abundance of ſpirit, and witty gallantry, he ſoon got the eſteem of *Arpalice*; he had alſo the good luck to pleaſe *Zenocrite*. For my part, I muſt confeſs, I had an eaſie inclination to become the friend of *Thraſimedes*; nor did I hinder thoſe advantageous thoughts which *Arpalice* had of him. In the mean time, asmuch in love with her as he was, he durſt not ſhew it unto her: For as the poſture of things was, it was as offenſive to talk of any ſuch matters, as unto a married woman. However, ſince he knew, ſhe had an averſion unto *Menecrates*, he did not deſpair: But ſince he knew that the grand ſecret of love was to pleaſe and divert, he courted *Arpalice* and all her friends with all manner of delights: The firſt diverting entertainment which he gave her, was ſo extraordinary, that I muſt needs relate it. Imagine then, that we were in a great chamber, with *Lycaſte*, *Zenocrite*, *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, and many others, and my ſelf: Firſt, we heard an admirable harmony of Muſick in the ſtreet, *Zenocrite* looked upon us, and asked for whom this was intended? adding, that ſhe believed ſome declared Lover who never does things handſomly, was at the charge of it. For my part, ſaid *Cydipe*, I am ſure it concerns not me; and me leſs than you (added *Arpalice*.) Perhaps it is intended to the company in general (ſaid I.) It is not the cuſtom (ſaid *Thraſimedes*) to give publick entertainments; for though every one who hears it, have equally their ſhares in it; yet I do believe there is a particular intendment of it unto to ſome one. Afterwards we began to deſcant who it ſhould be, and we named all the men of our acquaintance, but could not agree amongſt our ſelves which of them it ſhould be; for if I named one, *Cydipe* would tell me that could not be, becauſe ſhe knew he was engaged in other company; if I named another, *Zenocrite* would aſſure me, that ſhe knew he was not in a condition for entertainments, but was that night in a melancholy mood; if *Lycaſte* thought ſhe had gueſſed him, we all let her ſee that ſhe was deceived; and as for *Zenocrite*, ſhe her ſelf confeſſed, that ſhe could not imagine from whom this gallantry ſhould proceed: But whilſt we were giving our verdicts, *Arpalice* ſpoke not a word, and ſeemed as if ſhe would not take ſo much pains as to find it out. Would not any one ſay (ſaid *Zenocrite*) that *Arpalice* is a ſtranger as well as *Thraſimedes*, and that ſhe knows no body here? My ſilence (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) argues that I am not guilty of that fault whereof all women are accuſed, who (they ſay) love to be talking when there is ſomething that ſhould be liſtened unto with attention, and who ask queſtions when they ſhould be ſilent; and for my part, I conceive they are to be blamed who do ſo: For how can we take any delight in the Muſick (ſaid ſhe) if we do not ſilently hearken unto it? Yet *Arpalice* could not impoſe ſilence upon them; for their curioſity to know who it was that gave them this entertainment, did tranſport them above all other conſiderations. We ſent a ſubtle and witty boy out of a back door, who knew all the men of quality in the Town, with orders to obſerve and enquire who was the director, and at the charges of the Muſick: But we were all exceedingly ſurpriſed, when at his return he told us, that except the Muſick there was not one perſon in all the ſtreet. This boy had no ſooner reported this, but *Zenocrite*, more ſubtle than the reſt, told us that ſhe would trouble her ſelf no farther to know who gave it, but only to know to whom it was intended. Methinks it is as difficult to find out that as the other (ſaid I.) It is becauſe I am ignorant that I knew it (anſwered ſhe.) This Riddle is ſo obſcure (replied I) that I confeſs I cannot underſtand it, and I believe it will puzzle *Thra-*

ſimedes to unty the knot. Yet I am confident (ſaid ſhe) that he will confeſs I am not miſtaken: Then whiſpering with him, ſhe asked him whether it was unto *Arpalice*, or *Cydipe*, or my ſelf that he intended this Muſick? *Thraſimedes* was extreamly ſurpriſed ſhe ſhould gueſs him, and did earneſtly deny it, but the more he ſaid ſhe was miſtaken, the more he did confirm her in her opinion. So that *Zenocrite* being raviſhed, that ſhe had hit the mark which we had miſſed, her thoughts did paſs from one to another, amongſt us all but *Lycaſte*, unto whom ſhe would not impart any thing: For my part, ſhe had no ſooner hinted her thought unto me, but I concluded it certain, and *Cydipe* did the ſame, and indeed ſo did all the reſt of the Ladies. As for *Arpalice*, whether ſhe did diſſemble her thoughts, and ſuſpected that *Thraſimedes* was in love with her, or that ſhe really did not credit our thoughts, ſhe always ſaid that we were all miſtaken; but ſhe continued not long in that Tone, for the next morning, I ſent for one of thoſe that was of the Muſick, who had formerly taught me in that quality, to come unto me, and conjured him to tell me who employed him the night before: He being one who ever would truſt his greateſt ſecrets of his heart unto me, did ingenuouſly confeſs it that they were before no other houſe, but before *Lycaſte*'s, that he who employed them was a very Gentile ſervant, who very liberally rewarded them, and enjoyned ſecreſie; that he had the tone of a ſtranger, and did every way ſo fully deſcribe the man, that I knew well enough that it was the ſervant of *Thraſimedes*, who employed them, and I imparted the ſecret unto *Arpalice*. There chanced alſo a more ſurpriſing accident than this; for be pleaſed to know, that the ſame night we had this Muſick, we all agreed to walk two days after to a ſtately and magnificent houſe ſome forty furlongs from *Patara*, which belonged unto a man, who was never better pleaſed and joyed than when himſelf was not the Maſter of it, and when his Porter told him there was much company in it, and when he heard they were delighted with it, and thought it to be a moſt admirable piece of Architecture: and indeed he was ſo taken with the beauty of it, and expreſſed his joy that others ſhould be of the ſame mind; as one Lady did abſolutely make it her own. The pleaſure which others took in it was his; but at this time he was in the Town upon ſome occaſions. This, amiable *Doraliſa*, was the houſe which we intended to go unto, in the preſence of *Thraſimedes*, all of us expreſſing our ſorrows that he was not in a condition to go with us, and every one deſcribing unto him the beauty, conveniency, and excellencies of this houſe. *Lycaſte* commended the Architecture, and the Situation of it; *Zenocrite* a vaſt Arch ſtanding upon thirty and two Columns, and a ſtately ſtaircaſe: *Cydipe* extolled the Hall, which might well become the magnificence of the *Egyptian* Kings; for my part, I commended the pleaſant Proſpect, the Gardens, Fountains, Grots, and Statues: But as for *Arpalice*, who was all that day in an humour to be oppoſite unto others, ſhe told us of a certain little ſolitary Cloſet which ſhe preferred before all that we extolled in this ſtately Fabrick. Not but that I know, ſaid ſhe, all theſe things which you commend are eſſentially more beautiful, yet this beſt pleaſeth me, and I intend that day when you walk, I will walk only with my eyes, and ſtay in that Cloſet which I ſpeak of. Imagine (ſaid ſhe unto *Thraſimedes*, to juſtifie her choice) that this Cloſet which ſuits ſo well with my inclination is ſo ſeated, that though it be open on two ſides, ſo that one may ſee two ways as far as ſight can reach, yet one cannot meet with any but ſolitary objects. The Gardens which one ſhall ſee on one ſide are all Graſs and Gravel walks, ſet with green trees. The Fountains all of Ruſtick work; the River, though natural, ſeems to be artificial. Beyond the Gardens one ſhall diſcover a great Forreſt, and beyond it Meadows, Paſtures, Rivers, but not a Town, Houſe, Hill, or Wood, to hinder Proſpect: So that if one were the only one in all the Univerſe, yet one ſhould hardly be more ſolitary than in that place. I beſeech you then imagine what delight may be taken in ſuch a Cloſet: I can find magnificent Architecture, and handſom Chambers in many places of our Town, but I cannot any where find the pleaſing ſolitude of this Cloſet. As you are pleaſed to deſcribe it, Madam, ſaid

Thraſimedes, in a low voice, it is not poſſible but to be of your opinion, and to think that which you commend, deſerves to be preferred before any thing which any other commends: After this, we had much other diſcourſe which is not pertinent to my ſtory; but the day of our journey being come, we went unto this houſe according to our appointment, and we were as frolick as our hopes: Firſt, at the corner of the Forreſt we were ſaluted with a conſort of Hoboys, admirably delighting: When we were in the Hall, we heard another Conſort of Voices at the higher end; and when we were in the Chamber, a moſt rare Voice and Theorboe: Admiration made us all ſilent to hearken unto this Harmony: After this we had a moſt admirable fine Banquet, inſomuch as *Zenocrite* ſaid, that moſt certainly it was given by ſome man who had ſome amorous deſigns. However, ſince the man appeared not, none knew what to think; but as at the firſt Muſick, ſo at this, I doubted not but it was the Gallantry of *Thraſimedes*: Yet ſince he had been wonderous civilly treated by *Lycaſte*, I did not know whether this was only an acknowledgment of the favours he received, or a teſtimony of love, but I was not long in this ignorance, for be pleaſed to know, that the Servant of *Thraſimedes*, who of his condition, was the wittieſt man alive, did take ſuch order with the Porter, that he might carry a Letter, and lay it on the Table in the Cloſet which ſo much pleaſed *Arpalice*, obliging him to open the Cloſet unto none unleſs her ſelf; giving him ſuch inſtructions, as he did according to his mind: And indeed, when *Lycaſte* and *Zenocrite* deſired to enter, he told them he could not open it, becauſe his Wife who was in the Garden had the Keys: So, making that his excuſe, he reſerved it whilſt *Arpalice* came: But ſtaying until he had an opportunity to let her enter alone; and ſhe returning back to ask him why they could not enter into it, he told her, that ſince ſhe was alone he would let her enter, and the reaſon why he denied it before, was becauſe his Maſter had charged him not to let many enter. *Arpalice* taking him at his word, deſired to enter, conſenting that he ſhould lock her in if he would, ſo he came to open it within an hour:

So the Porter did open it, and locked it again as ſoon as ſhe was entered, making as if this were a great favour which he did her. At firſt when ſhe entered, ſhe told me that ſhe went unto the Windows to enjoy the Proſpect; but turning aſide, ſhe ſaw lying upon a Marble Table, a Letter, which had this Superſcription.

To the Fair, and ſolitary Arpalice.

You may eaſily conceive, amiable *Doraliſa*, how this adventure ſurpriſed your Couſin; and if the Letter had been ſealed, certainly ſhe had not opened it; but when ſhe read, it ſhe found theſe words.

MADAM,

Your Beauty hath driven me to ſuch a fatal neceſſity, as that I cannot hide the miſery which you have cauſed, and I conceived that I could not more handſomly acquaint you with it, than in ſuch a ſolitary place as pleaſeth you. Had I ſeen that your eyes had obſerved mine, and underſtood them, I would not now have written, that I do infinitely love you, but ſince I ſaw you did not underſtand that language, I thought it more reſpect to write than to ſpeak unto you: Yet if I be deceived in that, I am ready to repair my fault, and will tell you on my knees, upon the firſt handſom opportunity, that the Grandure of my paſſion cannot be equalled by any thing but your Beauty.

Thraſimedes.

After *Arpalice* had read this Letter, ſhe was exceedingly unreſolved what to do: She thought that to take it was too obliging unto him that writ it; and to leave it was to ſhew unto any that entered what *Thraſimedes* had written: But at laſt ſhe thought of a way which was ſafe both ways, which was to blot out what *Thraſimedes* had written: yet firſt ſhe would take a copy, though it were but to ſhew it unto me; and ſo ſhe did; and ſo ſhe thought *Thraſimedes* could not accuſe her of too much indulgency: and ſhe had no ſooner blotted out what was written in the Letter, but the Porter came and opened the door, telling her that the company wanted her: Then ſhe went out, but covered her face with her hood to hide her bluſhes, and could not ſpeak one word unto the man: She was no ſooner out, but ſpying me in a window towards the Garden, ſhe came unto me, and acquainted me with the buſineſs, ſhewing me a copy of the Letter: For my part, I muſt confeſs, I told her, that I thought the proceeding of *Thraſimedes* to be very gallant. So do I, ſaid ſhe, but let me tell you, I think it a little too bold, and very offenſive to me; for he cannot chuſe but know the bad condition of my fortune, and how I am engaged unto *Menecrates*, and conſequently I neither can, nor ought to ſuffer him, as I might if my fortune were otherwiſe. If love, ſaid I unto her, were not a violent domineering paſſion, I ſhould think *Thraſimedes* were obliged to hearken unto reaſon, and follow it: But, *Arpalice*, if he be in love, as very likely he is, it were unjuſt if you ſhould think he acts by the rules of Reaſon: and to ſpeak with reaſon, I cannot ſee why *Thraſimedes* ſhould not think he may become a Rival unto him that did careleſly play away the Picture of his Miſtreſs: We had talked much more, but time called us homeward; where when we were arrived, *Lycaſte*, and *Cydipe* went unto the Chamber of *Thraſimedes*, but *Arpalice* would not go, feigning to be a little ill: He being a man of a quick ſpirit, eaſily apprehended the reaſon why *Arpalice* came not, and therefore feared extreamly that ſhe was incenſed, yet very glad he was ſhe had received his Letter: As for *Lycaſte*, though ſhe did believe *Thraſimedes* had given the Muſick, and Banquet, yet ſhe never dreamed of any particular deſign in it: ſo that ſhe did highly commend the magnificent liberality of this unknown man, who had ſo ſumptuouſly treated them. But after ſhe was gone, and the ſervant of *Thraſimedes* coming in, he acquainted his Maſter how *Arpalice* had read his Letter, and blotted it out. At the firſt his fears were predominate, but afterwards hope tempering his fears, he waited with much impatiency to ſee *Arpalice*, that he might gueſs by her eyes whether he had any hopes to have any ſhare in her heart:

but his longing deſires were not ſo ſoon ſatisfied: for *Arpalice* continued ſtill her feigned ſickneſs, purpoſely becauſe ſhe would not be obliged to go with *Lycaſte* into his Chamber; and her reaſon was, becauſe ſhe knew that *Thraſimedes* intended ere long to remove from the houſe; yet he had not left his Chamber: but ſince he could not ſee *Arpalice*, and not being able to live long in that anxiety, he began to ſtir abroad as a man in health: Gladly would he have ſtayed a little longer, if he could have ſeen *Arpalice*, but ſince he could not enjoy that happineſs, he told *Menophiles* in the morning, that he intended to treſpaſs upon his generoſity no longer, but would lodge with an acquaintance he had in the Town: *Menophiles* was very unwilling to part with him, but at laſt, *Thraſimedes* prevailed, and though he was yet ſomething weak, yet changed his lodging. 'Tis true, the houſe unto which he was to go, was not far diſtant, yet he dreſſed himſelf that day, in his richeſt habit, and as a man who was to ſee the only perſon whom he preferred before all the World. At firſt, he went unto the Chamber of *Lycaſte*, where *Cydipe* was, and where he thanked her with as much ſpirit as civility, for all the courteſies he had received. But ſince he feared that when he would go unto *Arpalice*, who kept her Chamber, *Lycaſte* would go with him, he made his viſit very long; in hopes ſome would come in, and ſo he might more eaſily ſee *Arpalice* alone; and indeed it happened according to his wiſhed hopes; for there came in much company, and whilſt ſhe entertained them, he went into the Chamber of *Arpalice* with more haſt, than his weakneſs would well allow him. Since ſhe foreſaw, that ſince he had been at *Lycaſtes* Chamber, he would come unto hers alſo, ſhe ſent for me, leſt he ſhould find her alone, but as I was ready to go unto her, ſome company came in which ſtayed me, ſo that *Thraſimedes* was more happy than ſhe intended he ſhould be, for he found an opportunity to talk in private with her: there being none but one ſervant in the room; as earneſt as the deſire of *Thraſimedes* was to ſee *Arpalice*, as ſoon as ever he ſaw her, he was fuller of fears than joys, becauſe he found her ſo ſerious, that he apprehended the enterpriſe in which he was ingaged more difficult than he imagined: Yet ſhe received him with civility enough, but it was mixed with ſuch a cold ſtrangeneſs, as had no obliging ſweetneſs in it. However, *Thraſimedes* being reſolved to lay hold upon ſuch a favourable opportunity, after the firſt complements were paſt, and *Arpalice* deſired him to ſit down, I thought, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) to have found you ſo ſick as would hove moved compaſſion in all thoſe that ſaw you, but for ought I ſee, you are in ſuch a condition, as make all thoſe who ſee you to need pity themſelves; and I believe you affect ſolitude only to prevent the making men miſerable: I aſſure you, though it be good to do ſo, (replied ſhe) yet one knows not how to avoid it: for there is no place ſo ſolitary where a misfortune may not happen. I underſtand you very well, Madam, ſaid he unto her, and I can ſee how you reckon the boldneſs which I preſumed to take in diſturbing your ſolitude in the Cloſet in the number of your misfortunes. But I beſeech you, Madam, is it ſuch a grand misfortune to be told, that I adore you? and is it a crime, that I am not able to live unleſs you know I am totally devoted yours? I neither begged your eſteem nor your affection; but only preſented mine; I beſeech you, why then do you receive me with ſuch a hollow hearted entertainment? I have long ſince heard ſay, replied ſhe, that it is the cuſtome of thoſe who are in fault, to complain firſt, before they be accuſed. I beſeech you, Madam, replied he, what crime have I committed? Am I the cauſe that you are the faireſt perſon in the world? Can I chuſe but admire you, have I not a heart that is ſenſible? or if it were a crime, have you not ſufficiently puniſhed me for it? have you not moſt cruelly blotted out what I had writ? and deprived me of your ſight three days together? ſurely that is puniſhment enough to expiate all the crimes which a violent paſſion forced me to commit. Had you told me, replied *Arpalice*, that your deſign was only to make me hate my ſolitude in writing ſo craftily that Letter which I found in the Cloſet, doubtleſs I ſhould then have pardoned you: but ſince you perſevere in your crime and continue talking as you do, I muſt needs expreſs my diſlike of it, and that I am highly offended: it ſeems then, that you are as rigorous as fair, replied he, but though you be, yet I beſeech you, Madam, do me the favour to tell me what puniſhment you have reſerved for *Menecrates?* for I ſee no reaſon or juſtice, that you ſhould puniſh me for adoring you; and recompence him for ſlighting you: I conceive it no good plea, replied ſhe, to juſtifie ones ſelf, by the crimes of others; and though *Menecrates* be culpable, yet that does not at all excuſe *Thraſimedes* from being culpable alſo: Pray, Madam, replied he, do me ſo much honour as to tell me what my crime is? you have writ unto me, replied ſhe, and that's enough: are you offended becauſe I tell you truth (replied *Thraſimedes*) It is no matter, ſaid ſhe, whether what you ſay be true or falſe, your crime is in telling it: Do you think me as culpable, replied he, in ſpeaking ſincerely, as in telling you a lie? However it be, ſaid ſhe, you have offended me, and I am the more apprehenſive of your fault, becauſe I had the greateſt inclination in the world to be your friend: Oh, Madam, ſaid *Thraſimedes*, if ſo, It is impoſſible you ſhould hate me, becauſe I love you: or if it be, not becauſe I have told you, but becauſe I have told you in an ill manner; your diſtinctions are very nice, (replied *Arpalice* and ſmiled) But never to trouble your ſelf further with a ſearch whether I am offended becauſe you love me; or becauſe you have writ unto me, or becauſe you have writ to me in an ill manner, be aſſured, I am offended: I beſeech you, Madam, replied he, ſince I have offended againſt my will, tell me which way I ſhould appeaſe you? In doing that, ſaid ſhe, which is contrary unto the thing which offended me: Then replied he, I muſt moſt horridly hate you; but ſince that is not in my power, I muſt endeavour to appeaſe you ſome other way, which, Madam, ſhall be, by a moſt humble reſpect and profound ſilence: yes, Madam, ſince what I ſay offends you, I will not any more ſpeak of my paſſion, until I can obtain my pardon, and that your eyes aſſure me of it. I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, if you underſtand their Language very well, they will never tell you any thing, which may perſwade you, I can forget the offence which you have given me. Alas, Madam, replied he, I do not deſire you ſhould forget it as long as you live; but that you may remember as long as life laſts, that I am the moſt zealous and reſpective Lover that lives upon the Earth: As *Arpalice* was ready to anſwer, and perhaps ſharply, I came in; making a thouſand excuſes, that I came no ſooner, I perceived that the minds both of *Arpalice* and *Thraſimedes* were ſo diſtracted, that they knew not what I ſaid, and I began ſo to talk unto them, as I moved *Arpalice* to bluſh and *Thraſimedes* to ſmile, who told me he would come and thank me for the favour I had done him: but to tell you truly, I thought my ſelf little beholding to him for the favour, becauſe he did viſit me rather as the friend of her he loved, than for any other reaſon. After he was gone out of *Arpalice*'s Chamber, ſhe related all their converſation unto me; but for all her anger againſt *Thraſimedes* for ſpeaking ſo openly of his love: yet I knew ſhe did not hate him, but that there was a ſtrong inclination in her heart to eſteem him. I pray *Arpalice*, ſaid I unto her, tell me wherein you think liberty conſiſts? you, I ſay, who declares your ſelf to be an enemy unto all manner of force and conſtraint; who would enjoy it in the moſt trivial things: who never thinks any recreation pleaſant, unleſs you might chuſe it? who thinks that which others call decency, to be an inſupportable ſeverity: who was always uſed to ſay, that the only advantage which men have above women is liberty; and that the greateſt pleaſure of Travellers is, that they are not ſubject unto the Laws of the places where they paſs: and who conceives the chief felicity of friendſhip to conſiſt in venting unto each other all that is in their hearts freely without compulſion: and yet I ſee this great Lover of liberty, does ſuffer her ſelf to be a ſlave: I pray, ſaid ſhe unto me, what moves you to ſpeak thus? Reaſon, replied I, for do I not know that you hate *Menecrates* extreamly? I do confeſs it, replied ſhe: and do not I know, ſaid I, that you do love *Thraſimedes*? Did he behave himſelf towards me as I would have him, replied ſhe, I do confeſs indeed, that I think I ſhould not hate him: for his perſon does pleaſe me; and his ſpirit is infinitely agreeable unto mine, and he does almoſt perſwade me that he eſteems me. I pray tell me, ſaid I unto her, how would you have him behave himſelf towards you? and what would you have him ſay? but withal, Madam, I would have you ſpeak ſincerely: would you have him (ſaid I unto her, ſeeing ſhe anſwered not) not reſpect you more than any other? that he ſhould not prefer to talk with you before me; that he ſhould look upon you like a man who thinks upon nothing? that he ſhould never talk unto you but upon things indifferent, as having no particular deſign to pleaſe you, that he ſhould never commend you; nor do any thing which might perſwade you that he loves you? ſpeak I conjure you, and ingenuouſly confeſs, that if he ſhould do thus, he would not be ſo much in your opinion as he is, though he hath a little over freely told you, that he loves you. You are ſo free this day (replied *Arpalice* and laughed) that I think you will make me a hater of liberty, ſince it moves you to utter ſo many things which diſpleaſe me, though they do not anger me ſo much as I would. I beſeech you, ſaid I, conſider ſeriouſly, and reſolve with your ſelf what you will do with the poor *Thraſimedes*, for I perceive he is ſo deeply in love with you, that I am confident he will never return into his own Country: For my part, ſaid *Arpalice* very ſadly, I do not think you would have me ſo miſerable, as to marry a man whom I cannot love, nor do I think you would have me love *Thraſimedes*, whom I can never pretend unto: but I think *Candiope*, that you are either out of your wits, or elſe will drive me out of mine; otherwiſe why do you not expreſs your ſelf quite contrary to what you do? It is becauſe I cannot betray my own thoughts (replied I and laughed at her anger) and becauſe I have no mind to contradict yours. Then did *Arpalice* by degrees confeſs unto me, that ſhe never ſaw a man in all the world whom ſhe could affect, except *Thraſimedes*. But not to trouble you with a tedious relation of all we ſaid at this time; let me only tell you, that it appeared *Thraſimedes* had no intention of going ſo ſoon from *Lycia*: For he put himſelf into a magnificent equipage, and courted the acquaintance of all the Gallants in our Town: But as for the Ladies, he never viſited any, unleſs the friends of *Arpalice*, and amongſt them, I was one whom he often viſited, and with whom he held a great intimacy of friendſhip. He was ſo amiable and handſome, that he was the object of an univerſal eſteem, and it had been ſtrange if *Arpalice* had ſlighted him. He was none of thoſe lighty vapouring Lovers, who care not what they talk before their Miſtreſſes, or who exceſſively commend a black Beauty before one that is fair; but on the contrary he is ſo judicious, ſo exact, and diſcreet in his paſſion, and without any affectation or conſtraint in his actions, that if at any time he commended any in the preſence of *Arpalice*, it was ſo as it might appear he thought *Arpalice* the moſt fair, and moſt worthy of commendations: And I believe never any had a finer art to keep himſelf within his own rank than he had. As oft as I have ſeen him with *Arpalice*, in the Temples, at Viſits, in Walks, and Aſſemblies, I never ſaw him intruſive, nor ever put any out of their places, yet was he perpetually with her, and therefore you may imagine, that if ſhe had a heart abſolutely inſenſible, ſhe could not chuſe but be much taken with ſuch a perfectly acompliſhed man as *Thraſimedes*, and with one who was ſo knowing in the art of procuring love. I will omit all the relation of all thoſe rigours which ſhe ſhewed unto him at the firſt, and how ſhe ſlighted the merits of ſuch a man: For perhaps you will hardly think it poſſible ſhe ſhould treat a man ſo roughly, whom ſhe eſteemed ſo highly: But let me tell you, that the paſſion of *Thraſimedes* did manifeſtly appear, that the friends of *Menecrates* took it to heart, and though they eſteemed *Thraſimedes* very well, yet they thought themſelves obliged to tell *Arpalice* their minds. Until now *Arpalice* did conſtrain her ſelf, but as ſoon as *Menophiles* and *Lycaſte* ſpoke unto her concerning *Thraſimedes*, and commanded her to let him know, that he muſt not any farther engage himſelf in her ſervice, ſhe ceaſed to reſiſt her inclination, and did ſo peremptorily revolt from thoſe that commanded her to baniſh *Thraſimedes*, ſo incivilly, that ſhe began to ſlack her rigour to him: Yet would not ſhe permit him to ſpeak openly of his love, but without any anger or ſharpneſs, impoſed ſilence upon him.

This being the ſtate of things, news came that *Permenides* and *Menecrates* would return within two days. This report had different operations in the heart of *Arpalice*; for her love unto her brother made her rejoyce to ſee him ſo ſoon, and her hatred of *Menecrates*, made her ſtrangely apprehend his return. On the other ſide *Thraſimedes* had ſo little aſſurance of the heart of *Arpalice*, that he knew not what to reſolve upon, nor how to behave himſelf towards *Menecrates*, therefore he determined to find out a way how to ſpeak with *Arpalice* in private: But ſince it was not her cuſtom to give him any ſuch opportunities: And ſince all he had to ſay required longer time than common Converſations, which laſted not above a quarter of an hour, be bethought himſelf of an invention which did admirably well ſerve his turn. Know then, that to bring about his deſign, he beſtowed a viſit upon me; and after much common diſcourſe, he began to talk of *Menecrates*, asking me confidently, how I thought *Arpalice* would receive him; Afterwards falling from one diſcourſe to another, he told me that he had a very great deſire to give an entertainment unto *Arpalice*, before *Menecrates* came: For, ſaid he, if one may credit *Zenocrite*, ſhe dares not ſo much as lift up her eyes after he is arrived. For my part, though I knew *Thraſimedes* was in love with *Arpalice*, yet I did not ſuſpect he had any ſecret deſign in his words; and he was ſo accuſtomed to treat us with freſh entertainments, that the propoſition did not at all ſurpriſe me. I asked him then what kind of treatment this ſhould be? Telling him it muſt be quickly if he would have it before the return of *Menecrates*. *Thraſimedes* perceiving me ſo eaſily deluded, told me, that *Arion*, who was ſo famous throughout the world, was arrived at *Patara*; but ſince he had a deſire to paſs unknown, he would not be got to play upon the Harp, unleſs one had ſome intimate friendſhip with him; but being well acquainted with him at *Corinth*, he could prevail with him, provided it was not before much company. This may eaſily be, replied I; for it may be at *Lycaſte*'s houſe. The company would be too great there (replied he) for there will not be fewer than

Lycaſte, *Zenocrite*, *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, and your ſelf; and you may well imagine, that it is not poſſible to make *Zenocrite* keep any long ſilence to oblige *Arion* to play his beſt; for you muſt know that ſuch a man whoſe voice uſed to charm the very Dolphins, will not take it well that Ladies will not be attentive: Methinks I ſee him already lay his Lute or Harp upon the Table at the firſt word which *Zenocrite* ſpeaks, and will neither play, nor ſing any longer. What then is the beſt courſe, ſaid I unto him? The beſt way is, replied he, that you invite *Arpalice* hither to your houſe to morrow after dinner, upon ſome pretence or other, that ſhe come alone, and that you give it out all that day, that you are not within, and admit of none but *Arion* and my ſelf, who will come together. *Thraſimedes* had no ſooner made this propoſition, but I accepted of it; for ſince my Father allowed me all the liberty I could deſire, knowing I would not abuſe it, it was an eaſie matter for me to do according unto this propoſition: and ſince I believed *Arpalice* would not refuſe it, I made a poſitive promiſe unto *Thraſimedes*, who having a *Halicarnaſſus* friend, who played paſſing well upon the Harp, and ſung as well, he made uſe of him in lieu of *Arion*. To ſhorten my diſcourſe as much as I can, I obtained of *Arpalice* to come and ſee me, and the truth is, I forced her, for ſhe did long deny me, but perceiving me grow angry, ſhe came thither the day following very timely: You may imagine that *Thraſimedes* failed not to come, nor to bring his pretended *Arion* with him: but I forgot to tell you, that he deſired me to treat him with much civility, and to commend him highly: He told me alſo, that the beſt way to make him ſing, and play well, was to entertain him well before he began to ſing: for it is the humour of all the Muſitians in the world, to love applauds, and therefore if any would have him do his beſt, they muſt commend him, and allow him patience in relating ſome of his amorous adventures, or his adventure of the Dolphin. If that be all, ſaid I unto him, let me alone to do all the civilities which are fitting: And indeed, the next morning when he came, I was as good as my word: and *Thraſimedes* had ſo well deſcri ed his Goddeſs unto him, that he did all which wa deſired of him: So that this counterfeit *Arion*, who wa a man of wit and ſpirit enough, began to addreſs all hi diſcourſe unto me, according to the inſtructions o *Thraſimedes*, whilſt one of his men was to bring hi harp: At firſt, the diſcourſe was general amongſt u all four; but he fell inſenſibly to talk only unto me thinking thereby to oblige him unto a better humour of ſinging, I willingly hearkened unto him, and deſired him to relate his admirable adventure of the Dolphi which was ſo famed over all the World. And indeed he began ſuch a circumſtantial relation, that I thought he would not have finiſhed before the next morning, and ſo he would not ſing nor play that night. Moreover *Thraſimedes* had told me that he was phantaſtical, and I was ſo fully perſwaded of it, that I durſt not ſeem ſo weary of him as I was. In the mean while, *Thraſimedes* deſiring not to loſe ſuch a favourable opportunity as had coſt ſuch pains to compaſs, came nearer *Arpalice* than before; Madam, (ſaid he unto her, in a low voice) methinks ſince *Candiope* permits *Arion* to relate his paſt miſfortunes, you may as well allow me to relate my preſen miſeries: But I beſeech you, Madam, (added he, perceiving by her looks that ſhe prepared to deny him) be not ſo inhumane as to deny me a hearing: the harp of *Arion* will preſently prevent me without your rigour, therefore I beſeech you let me ſpeak. *Arpalice* thinking that ere long the Harp of *Arion* would come, and that then the pretended *Arion* would begin to ſing and play, did not impoſe ſilence upon *Thraſimedes*: So that this Lover, not fearing to be interrupted by the Muſick of *Arion*, began his diſcourſe. Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I cannot think my ſelf ſo unhappy as that you ſhould not know I love, and love you infinitely: all my actions ſpeak as much, my very looks may aſſure you of as much, and certainly it is impoſſible that there ſhould be ſo much love in my heart, and you ignorant of it: So, Madam, I will uſe no perſwaſive arguments to let you know I love you; for I preſuppoſe you know it: but I will only ask you, how it is your pleaſure I ſhould behave my ſelf unto this loveleſs Rival who will ſhortly arrive? For I do profeſs and declare, Madam, that I cannot change my heart. Moreover give me leave to aſſure you, Madam, that if I were ſo happy as to be more in your eſteem than he, the engagement which obligeth you unto him ſhould be no obſtacle unto my happineſs: For though I know that if you refuſe to marry him, the laſt Will and Teſtament of your Parents deprives you of the greateſt part of your eſtate, yet give we leave to tell you, that I have enough to recompence that loſs, ſince certainly my eſtate is as much as both yours and *Menecrates*, if both put together: Let him enjoy then what the Laws of your Country gives him, and I beſeech you grant me that which both reaſon and love requires, I mean, your affection. Your expreſſions are ſo full of generoſity, replied *Arpalice*, that I cannot be offended at them: But after my thanks to you, I muſt tell you, that how much ſoever I eſteem you, and what averſion ſoever I have unto *Menecrates*, and how great a repugnancy I have to be forced, yet I muſt confeſs, I have not power to make any other expreſſions than ſuch as I have all my life: Therefore, generous *Thraſimedes*, if you do eſteem me, you will pity my misfortune, and make no ill attempts to alter me: And if you will oblige me, live with *Menecrates* as you did at *Apamea*, and live with me as with a perſon neutral and indifferent. How, Madam, ſaid he, do you think there is any equity in your language? Can you think it poſſible I can live with you in a neutrality, and indifferency? Would you have me live with *Menecrates* as I did at *Apamea*? I beſeech you, Madam, conſider what you ſay; think what a lamentable fate it is to marry one who loves you not; and what injuſtice it is to drive a man into deſpair who infinitely loves you, and who will infallibly die if you have no care of his life: For heavens ſake, Madam, put a difference between *Menecrates* and me. Conſider, I beſeech you, how he will receive this honour which you do him without any joy, and conclude that he who can ſo eaſily play away your Picture, will perhaps as eaſily part with your perſon as it: For my part, Madam, the affection, which I bear unto you, makes me receive the leaſt of your favours upon a thankful knee; and in teſtimony of it, I pray ſee how great a veneration the heart of *Thraſimedes* holds of you. In ſaying ſo, he let her ſee how carefully he had kept the Letter which he had writ unto her. Do not think, Madam, (ſaid he) I carry this ſo carefully about me, for any other reaſon, but becauſe it was touched with your fair hands, when you cruelly blotted out the firſt teſtimonial of my love. Imagine, Madam, I beſeech you, with what real reverence I ſhould receive a real favour: Oh, for heavens ſake, put not a vaſt treaſure into the poſſeſſion of a blind man, who knows not the value of it. Let him have the liberty to puniſh himſelf by a new choice; and do you make choice of a heart which knows how to adore you according to your infinite merit: Doubtleſs you will find in mine as much reverence as paſſion, and as much fidelity as love. Adviſe well with your ſelf, Madam, and conſider what is your beſt courſe: The very leaſt ſyllable you can pronounce may regulate all my actions; and truly upon your anſwer depends the fate of all my life. I am not ſo full of vanity (anſwered ſhe) as to believe all you ſay; but I have ſo good an opinion of you, as to hope you will not deny the requeſt which I ſhall make unto you, which is, that you will for the love of me live civilly with *Menecrates*, leſt if you do not, ſomething might reflect in my diſadvantage, which ſhould infallibly fall upon you: For in the humour I am in, perhaps I am not ſo juſt as to accuſe thoſe of my misfortune who are the real cauſes of it. If you will honour me ſo far as to promiſe me, replied *Thraſimedes*, that you will never make *Menecrates* happy, I ſhall promiſe you to live civilly with him: But, Madam, if you make me abſoletuly deſpair, I ſhall hardly anſwer you as I do. I aſſure you (replied *Arpalice*, and ſighed) I ſhould deſpair my ſelf, if I thought nothing could prevent my marriage with *Menecrates*; and I am confident if ſuch a miſery do befal me, I ſhall hardly believe it the very preceding minute. Whilſt *Thraſimedes* was talking with *Arpalice*, ſhe looked continually whether *Arion*'s Harp was brought; not that ſhe did hate him who was ſpeaking unto her; but becauſe ſhe feared to give him either too obliging or too ſharp anſwers, and therefore ſhe would gladly have their diſcourſe interrupted: For my part, *I* looked as earneſtly as ſhe for the coming of the Harp: For ſince *Thraſimedes* told me, that there was a notable difference between the diſcourſe of *Arion* and his Muſick, I longed to hear it: and indeed he ſpoke very elegantly, ſo that thinking he would ſing a hundred times better than he ſpoke, *I* had a conceit he would then charm me: But at laſt, after a long ſtay, according to the plot of *Thraſimedes*, the Harp came: And as ſoon as *I* ſaw it, I preſented it unto this pretended *Arion*, thinking *I* could not oblige him more than by my impatient deſire of hearing him; but he having no ſuch deſire to be heard, took it, and laid it upon the Table again: ſaying, he would firſt finiſh what he had begun, and what *I* had commanded him to relate: So that fearing to anger him, *I* ſate down again, and hearkened unto the reſt of his Dolphin adventure, which he did tell even to the leaſt wave of Sea in which the King of Fiſhes did triumph: deſcribing him ſo circumſtantially, as he did not omit ſo much as a Scale or Fin of the Dolphin, nor the curls which he made in the water: yet I was ſo ſimple as to think that all his long winded deſcriptions were only conſequents of his Poetical humour, and that his manner of ſpeaking was only a little too full of Tropes and Figures, though I obſerved all along that he ſpoke very elegantly: But at laſt, after a long relation of this adventure, he took up the Harp and played: *Arpalice* alſo drew nearer, and impoſed ſilence upon *Thraſimedes*: but the counterfeit *Arion* told her that ſhe need not make ſuch haſte, for his inſtrument was not yet in tune, and it would be long before he could bring it into fit order for a Harmony, all the favour he deſired was, that ſhe would be pleaſed to ſpeak low, addreſſing his ſpeech afterwards unto *Thraſimedes*, conjuring him to give an example unto *Arpalice*: And indeed this Muſician was very long in tampering, and tuning his Harp: twenty times did he twine up and down the ſtrings; ſometimes it was ſet too high, ſometimes too low, ſometimes in the ſame note it was before: he broke above twenty ſtrings, ſtill ſomething was out of order: then would he lift up his eyes towards heaven, and turning towards the company ſeem to be very angry: Afterwards would he offer at a tune in a kind of confuſed manner, ſo as one could not judge whether he was skilful, or ignorant in Muſick: And indeed this ſubtle friend had all the fretting humours of a peeviſh Muſician, and ſeemed ſo hard to pleaſe in tuning his Inſtrument, that he gave *Thraſimedes* time enough to talk, he would lengthen out the time by intermixing a diſcourſe of Muſick: and omitted not one term of art: he told me of three ſorts, of the *Phrygian*, of the *Dorian*, and of the *Lydian*: he had up the *Diotonick*, the *Cromatick*, the *Diapaſon*, the *Meſe*, the *Parameſe*, and a hundred other conjuring words, which I underſtood not, nor ever ſhall remember; and all this in ſuch a Majeſterial tone, as if *Amphion*, *Linus*, or *Orpheus* had ſpoke. In the mean time, be pleaſed to know, that I thinking I could not do a greater pleaſure unto him that was my Muſick Maſter, than to acquaint him, I ſent for him, appointing him to be brought into my Cloſet by a back pair of ſtairs: And indeed when this pretended *Arion* had tuned his Harp, this Muſician was in my Cloſet, with all the women of my houſe. You may imagine how impatient he was to hear this man, whoſe fame went over all the world. In the mean time, ſince I knew he was not eſs famous for his Verſes, than for his Muſick and Voice, and thinking thoſe which he ſung when he thought he ſhould have died, would be moſt admirable. I would needs entreat him to ſing them; therefore I explained my meaning, and courted him unto it: you may imagine that he could not ſatisfie my deſire, ſince the true *Arion* would never impart thoſe admirable Poems unto any; but the friend of *Thraſimedss* having wit at will, excuſed himſelf very handſomly: He told me, that it was a Song ſo ſad, and ſo full of lamentable expreſſions, that it would move more ſorrow than joy. I, who deſired that he ſhould have a good opinion of my ability in matters of Muſick, inform'd him that *Arpalice* and my ſelf were not of the humours of moſt women in general, who affect only light pleaſant Airs; but on the contrary, we delighted moſt in melancholy tunes, which ſad and ſoften the hearts of hearers, and move them unto compaſſion.

paſſion. Oh Madam, replyed he, I dare not conſent unto your deſires; for I am confident, that which moved the Dolphins unto compaſſion, will move too much ſadneſs in you. Seeing then that I could not move him to ſatisfie my deſires, I preſſed him no farther, but let him ſing what he pleaſed: All this while *Thraſimedes* was expreſſing his Love unto *Arpalice*, who fearing to give too much hope unto her Lover, roſe up, and came nearer the counterfeit *Arion*, who perceiving his Friend had done his buſineſs, and would talk no longer with *Arpalice*, and therefore he reſolved to ſing: But though he did it very well for a man of Quality, who made it not his profeſſion; yet my expectatiou being high, I was aſtoniſhed when this friend of *Thraſimedes* began to ſing ſo meanly. But whatſoever I was, the Muſician in the Cloſet was much more. However, *Arpalice* and I durſt not let our wonder appear; but ſeemed as if we thought he ſung admirably well: yet I could not chuſe but tell *Arpalice* in a low voice (whilſt he was tuning his Lute for another Air) what I thought: Do you not think (ſaid I in her ear) that Dolphins only can think this harmony admirable? For my part, ſaid ſhe, all I can ſay is, that if *Arion* ſpeaks no better than he ſings, certainly he has tired you. I aſſure you (ſaid I unto her) he does not ſing ſo well as he ſpeaks; and I am confident, that it was by words,not ſongs,he charmed the Dolphin. Though *Arpalice* and I reſolved to ſpeak but one word,yet I found my ſelf in ſuch a laughing vein, that I talked a long time purpoſely to keep me from laughing out: But that which gave me the firſt ground of ſuſpicion was, that whilſt I was talking to *Arpalice*, I obſerved this feigned *Arion* tuned his Inſtrument, looked upon *Thraſimedes*, and was ſo tickled with a laughing conceit, that he had as much ado to contain as I: yet did he counterfeit the Muſician ſtill, and did it very well: But finding his friend deſire no longer diſcourſe, and ſeeming to be angry at what *Arpalice* and I did, he laid his Harp upon the Table haſtily, and would ſing no longer: *Arpalice* having not obſerved ſo much as I, began to make a thouſand excuſes, and deſired him to continue his ſinging, but he with the pettiſh humour of a Muſician, ſaid, it ſhould be ſome other time. For my part, I ſtood ſilent, and he making uſe of my ſilence to colour his refuſal of *Arpalice*, told her, that he perceived I was not pleaſed, becauſe he would not ſing the ſame verſes which he ſung when the Dolphin ſaved his life, and therefore he would ſtay until ſuch time as he had a little recollected his memory. Since you owe your life unto them, replied *Arpalice*, it is not credible you ſhould forget them. Whilſt ſhe was talking thus, *Thraſimedes*, who was not ſorry his plot was diſcovered, becauſe it would be taken for a mark of love, came unto me, and asked me with a ſmile what I thought of his friend. Methinks (ſaid I unto him in a low voice) that this *Arion* ſpeaks ſo well, and ſings ſo ill, that I think him more fit to divert company by his diſcourſe, than to charm Dolphins by his voice: For my part if I had been a Dolphin, I ſhould have taken more delight in hearing the waves daſh againſt the Rocks, than in his ſongs. However (ſaid *Thraſimedes* unto me) his Harp gives not more ſatisfaction than his eloquence. I cannot ſay ſo (replied I) for his diſcourſe pleaſeth me much better than his Muſick. After this *Thraſimedes* told me, that *Arion* had a deſire not to be known, and therefore would be called *Philiſtion* as long as he ſtayed in Town. And the beſt conceit was, that this borrowed name which *Thraſimedes* mentioned, was the right name of the counterfeit *Arion*, who after as much diſcourſe as ſpoke him to be a man of much ſpirit, went away with *Thraſimedes*, who told me ſo much as I did not doubt of this trick which was put upon us: So that fearing leſt it ſhould make ſome noiſe in the Town, I went preſently into my Cloſet to entreat the Muſician not to tell *Arion* was in *Patara*: but a woman of *Arpalice*'s, and another of mine, over-hearing that name, it was a hard matter that a ſecret ſhould be kept amongſt three, eſpecially ſince the Muſician was even raviſhed that *Arion* ſung ſo ill. 'Tis true, he did not report that he heard *Arion* in my chamber, but he ſaid he heard him: The two women durſt not tell all the truth which they thought they knew, but they told all the women of *Zenocrite* that *Arion* was in Town, and that *Thraſimedes* was acquainted with him; So that the next day the news was publick, and every one asked whether they had ſeen *Arion?* But the beſt conceit was, that the ſame day *Zenocrite* came unto *Lycaſte*, where I was with *Cydipe*, and *Arpalice*, *Thraſimedes* came alſo, and brought *Philiſtion* with him as *Philiſtion*, that is, as a man of Quality in *Hallicarnaſſis*, and not as *Arion*: For my part, though I did believe he had put a trick upon us, yet I knew not for whom I ſhould take this ſtranger; but I was much perplexed, that every one who came that day to *Lycaſte*, ſhould all talk of *Arion*: Some ſaid one thing, others onother, according to the various reports of Relators: For my part, ſaid *Zenocrite*, I deſpair not of knowing him, for I am told he is a friend of *Thraſimedes.* I muſt confeſs, when I heard *Zenocrite* ſay ſo, I thought it ſome affront which ſhe put upon *Arpalice*, and me; and that ſhe had known ſomething of the precedent days paſſage. On the other ſide, *Thraſimedes* and *Philiſtion* knew not what to think: But at laſt *Thraſimedes* ſaid, that he had not as yet ſeen *Arion*, and that if he did meet with him, he promiſed *Zenocrite* to bring him unto her: He had no ſooner paſs'd this promiſe, but all the Company deſired the ſame favour, and *Philiſtion* was as earneſt of it as any of the reſt; So that *Arion* deſired to ſee *Arion.* In the mean time *Arpalice* and I could hardly hold from laughing; yet ſhe reſtrained her ſelf as well as ſhe could: She had much ado to bring ſome angry Idea into her fancy to prevent it; but at laſt the thought of *Menecrates* his arrival the next day, gave a ſtop unto all her mirth. In the mean time *Thraſimedes* came to me, and asked me pardon for the impoſture which he had uſed, making me an exact relation of all, and conjuring me to pity him, and do him all good offices unto *Arpalice.* I ſhall not relate all that he ſaid unto us, for it would be too long: nor how *Thraſimedes* was perſecuted by all thoſe who deſired him to make them acquainted with *Arion*, nor how *Zenocrite* did play upon the return of *Menecrates*: But let me tell you, that *Arpalice* ſeeing *Menecrates* did return the next day, and apprehending, that perhaps within a few days they would enjoyn her to marry him, ſhe was ſo exceedingly ſad at the thought of it, that ſhe fell ſick, and ſo ſick that ſhe kept her bed. To tell you truly, I am perſwaded, that as things ſtood, her eſteem of *Thraſimedes* did augment her averſion unto *Menecrates*: However her diſlike of him made her ſad and ſick: So that partly ſad, partly ſick, ſhe kept her bed all the next day, and I ſtayed with her, becauſe ſhe deſired I ſhould ſee how he would accoſt her; and indeed the meeting was very civil on *Menecrates* his ſide, though with much indifferency, but with an extream coldneſs from *Arpalice*: She being in her bed, and, as ſhe ſaid, ſick, no great notice was taken, but he ſeemed more diſpoſed to look upon *Cydipe*, who was very handſom that day, than to talk with *Arpalice*; and he did it ſo openly, that one could not do him a greater pleaſure than to withdraw, and leave him alone with her: But the ſtrangeſt thing is, that this Lover, who at his return found his Miſtreſs ſick, was ſo little troubled at it, that he ſtayed very late talking with *Cydipe* in *Lycaſte*'s Chamber, and was in the merrieſt mood in the world that night: I leave you to judge whether this was not enough to augment *Arpalice*'s averſion, who was indeed ſo really troubled at this proceeding, that ſhe was really ſick for fifteen days; and *Menecrates* did not viſit her above one quarter of an hour every day, employing all the reſt in pleaſures, and courting *Cydipe*, who infinitely pleaſed him: Alſo he did viſit *Thraſimedes*, and ſo did *Parmenides*: For though they had told him of the paſſage concerning the Picture, and had hinted as much as might perſwade him that *Thraſimedes* was in love with *Arpalice*; yet ſince himſelf was not, he cared not, and conſequently did not choak his civilities unto *Thraſimedes*, who ever ſince the day in which he confeſſed his trick, did continually tell me of his love to *Arpalice*. In the mean time, ſince ſhe would not do *Menecrates* ſo much favour as to ſeem angry againſt him for playing away her Picture, but only continued cold towards him, without any mention of the true cauſe, ſhe was very deſirous of ſome time to reſolve upon what courſe to take, and would go into the Country with *Zenocrite*, who asked leave of *Lycaſte*, telling her, that freſh air was the beſt thing to recover her health: So that *Arpalice* went with *Zenocrite* for fifteen days: *Menecrates* not knowing whether ſhe was improved or no, ſince he had only ſeen her in the dark: So ſhe went out of her bed into a Coach; and was not very ſick; for ſhe being much more ſick in mind than body, ſtirring made her better. For my part, I ſtayed at *Patara*, with orders to write news unto *Arpalice*: and indeed I gave her a full relation, and had matter enough for it: for *Menecrates* was ſo taken with the beauty of *Cydipe*, and *Parmenides* ſo deep in love with *Cleoxine*, Siſter unto *Menecrates*, and the counterfeit *Arion* ſeemed not to hate me, ſo that I had matter of news enough: But when I ſent all this news unto her, I ſent two ſeveral Letters, one to her ſelf, another to ſhew *Zenocrite*? for though ſhe was a very generous perſon, yet there were ſome ſecrets which one would hardly truſt themſelves with; and though ſhe was her confident in a hundred things, yet they were ſuch as related more unto others than her ſelf: Thus *Zenocrite* knew all, but knew it by ſuch as had no intereſt in it: And thus I left it unto the diſcretion of *Arpalice*, what ſhe thought fit to impart unto her: And ſhe told her with joy that *Menecrates* applied himſelf unto *Cydipe*, but with ſorrow, that *Parmenides* loved the Siſter of *Menecrates*: I writ to her alſo in rallery, how *Thraſimedes* viſited me ſo oft, that *Philiſtion* had not opportunity to expreſs half the eſteem he had of me. In the mean time the love of *Thraſimedes* being violent, the abſence of *Arpalice* ſeemed long unto him, and needs muſt he write unto her: Since he knew I uſed to ſend unto her, and ſince he had made me tell him the day when I writ unto her, he came unto me as I was ready to make up my Packet; and knowing I ſent her all the witty and pleaſant things I could glean, he gave me ſome verſes which he had two years ſince, but ſince I never ſaw them, I took them for a novelty; So that after he had read them unto me, I ſent them unto *Arpalice*: But as *Thraſimedes* gave them unto me, he ſlily ſlipt a note into them which I perceived not: So that when *Arpalice* opened my Packet ſhe was much ſurpriſed to find a Letter from *Thraſimedes*, whoſe hand ſhe knew very well, and wondering I ſhould undertake to ſend it without any mentioning it unto her. The Letter was thus written.

To the Faireſt Perſon in the World.

MADAM,

I Do not only beg a pardon for my own preſumption in writing to you, but for Candiope *alſo, whom I have deluded: Yet, Madam, how can I chuſe but ask how long this cruel abſence will laſt, which deprives me of the happineſs in ſeeing you? and I muſt needs ask alſo whether you will for ever baniſh that man out of your heart, who infinitely loves you, and cannot poſſibly live without you. I ſhould ſubſcribe his name, but I beſeech you name him your ſelf, to the end I may have the honour of being pronounced by the faireſt perſon that ever was.*

As this Letter was as full of reſpect as Gallantry, it did more pleaſe than anger *Arpalice*; and the deluſion which *Thraſimedes* put upon me had a happier ſucceſs than he could wiſh: yet ſhe ſeemed to be angry, but it was in ſuch mild terms, as it was evident her anger proceeded rather from decency than any ſharp reſentment: yet *Arpalice* did not anſwer the Letter of *Thraſimedes*; but ſent it unto me; and if I could as well remember her Letter unto me, as I do this which I have related, I ſhould make you confeſs ſhe writes as well as ſhe ſpeaks: For truly it was the moſt facetious piece of wit that ever I ſaw: She obſerved the ſeverity of a prudent perſon in anger, and yet had many expreſſions concerning *Thraſimedes* infinitely obliging. 'Tis true, ſhe charged me not to ſhew her Letter, but to tell you the truth, I ſaw ſhe had been ſo elaborate in writing, that I thought ſhe had no deſire to be obeyed: for when ſhe writ only unto me, her Character was wont to be more careleſs, and worſe legible; ſhe uſed not ſuch exact expreſſions, nor elegant phraſes. So that I ſhewed it unto *Thraſimedes*, chiding him ſoundly for the trick he had put upon me, but to qualifie my anger, I ſhewed him *Arpalice*'s Letter, wherewith he was extreamly charmed, not only becauſe it was admirably penned, but alſo becauſe it was obliging unto himſelf: He uſed all his Rhetorick to get a copy of that place which concerned himſelf, but I would not ſuffer him. 'Tis true he read it ſo oft, that he could ~~not chuſe~~ but remember it. In the mean time, this days conference did ſo perfectly perſwade me of the real affection *Thraſimedes* bore unto *Arpalice*, that for the good fortune of them both, I wiſhed *Menecrates* ſo far in love with *Cydipe*, that he would marry her, and think no more upon *Arpalice:* And I aſſure you, that during this abſence I did what I could to advance it: I never ſaw *Cydipe* in a negligent dreſs but I chid her, leſt it ſhould be any hinderance; and whatſoever ſhe ſay now, ſhe was then glad *Menecrates* preferred her before the greateſt beauty in all *Licia:* And indeed ſhe was as full of complacency to him, as any virtuous perſon could be. 'Tis true, ſhe was univerſally civil unto all; ſo that many were not ſo ſubtle as to perceive: but that never deceived me;for I eaſily perceived ſhe was glad *Menecrates* loved her. In the mean time, *Parmenides*,who was deep in love with *Cleoxine*,durſt not ſhew it unto *Menecrates*, becauſe he was afraid to incenſe her: And knowing that *Arpalice* did not love *Menecrates*, he thought beſt to keep upon good terms with *Cleoxine*'s brother: And for the better underſtanding of this adventure, you muſt know, that *Cleoxine* had as great a ſpirit as beauty,but it was ſuch a ſubtle ſecret ſpirit,that thoſe who thought they knew her beſt, did ſometimes find they knew her not at all: and indeed, at that time ſhe paſſed for a perſon indifferent, who valued not the love of any,but delighted in all pleaſures in general,and loved nothing elſe: who did not apply her ſelf unto any pleaſure in particular; who kept not ſecret confidence with any, but told all the world, ſhe could not conceive any thing was neceſſary to be kept ſecret: Yet this perſon whom I have deſcribed unto you, held an intimate correſpondency for above a year with a brother of mine, whoſe name was *Liſias*, and none ever ſuſpected any thing. 'Tis true, *Liſias* was as diſcreet, as *Cleoxine* was ſubtle, and I ſhould never have known this correſpondency, if by chance I had not found *Cleoxine*'s Letter, whoſe hand I knew, and which moved my Brother to impart his ſecret unto me for fear I ſhould reveal it. You may imagine (after this which I have told you) that *Cleoxine*'s put my Brother into much perplexity: yet ſince he thought her rigour proceeded from her indifferency, the worſe ſhe treated him, the more he loved her: For as thoſe who are of a proud and lofty ſpirit, as he was, either quickly recoil, or more reſolutely fall on, *Parmenides* not doing the firſt of theſe, did the ſecond, and did ſo haſtily court *Cleoxine*, that if *Liſias* had been capable of Jealouſie, doubtleſs, he would have feared ſuch a Rival: But as *Cleoxine* carried the matter, he was not at all jealous, and the aſſaults of *Parmenides* did rather divert them, and augment their affections: For *Liſias* was more circumſpect, and *Cleoxine* was more exact, and more obliging. Moreover, they made me promiſe and ſwear ſuch faithful ſecreſie, that I never acquainted *Arpalice* with this affection, who thought *Cleoxine* to be as indifferent, as indeed ſhe was amorous: And I have heard her wiſh a hundred times that ſhe were of her temper, and had a ſoul ſo diſengaged as ſhe thought *Cleoxine* had. As for *Philiſtion*, he behaved himſelf towards me, as if he were perſwaded, it was not handſom for a man of ſpirit to ſtay ſo long in a Town without ſome piece of gallantry: and I carried my ſelf towards him, as one that was not ſorry he ſhould eſteem me ſo much above others, as to talk of me when he returned into his own Country. Thus *Philiſtion* having a heart not over deeply engaged, was very pleaſant and obliging company: *Menecrates* thinking upon nothing but how to pleaſe *Cydipe*: *Parmenides* of nothing but how to move the heart of *Cleoxine*; *Cleoxine* ſporting at his paſſion with *Liſias*; and *Philiſtion* and I having no further deſigns, but to eſteem one another, *Arpalice* returned with *Zenocrite*, but ſo admirably fair, and ſo perfectly recovered of her ſickneſs, that ſhe was cried up as a freſh new-come beauty: and I believe ſhe returned with full intentions to treat *Menecrates* courſly. Know then, that *Zenocrite* brought her into her Aunts Chamber, where ſhe found abundance of company, amongſt the reſt, *Menecrates*, who was talking unto *Cydipe* when ſhe entered: *Zenocrite* addreſſing her ſelf to *Lycaſte*, I have brought *Arpalice* back unto you (ſaid ſhe unto her) becauſe I would not loſe the complement you owe me, for bringing her back ſo fair and ſprightly, after *I* had her from you ſo melancholy and ſick: for *I* aſſure you (ſaid ſhe craftily) if every one be of my mind, they will confeſs with me that ſhe was never fairer, no not when her Picture was taken, which was ſent unto *Menecrates*, and which he loſt unto *Thraſimedes*. I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid *Menecrates* unto *Zenocrite*, with as much impudence as ſhame) do not ſo ſharply twit me, for loſing a Picture which by your own confeſſion did not perfectly reſemble *Arpalice*, ſince ſhe is fairer now than ſhe was at that time; and to tell you truly, I did it rather to publiſh her beauty than to wrong it, when *I* put her Picture into the hands of one who travelled. *I* aſſure you (ſaid *Arpalice*, with as much fury as beauty could ſparkle) that though *Thraſimedes* were not half ſo compleat a man as he is, yet *I* ſhould think my Picture better in his hand than yours: For *I* am more obliged unto him who had a deſire to win my Picture, than unto him who will venture to loſe it. *I* cannot well juſtifie my ſelf in that (replied *Menecrates*, extreamly aſhamed) I am perſwaded (replied *Zenocrite*) that you will be more puzled to juſtifie your ſelf in private than in publick, and if your caſe were mine, *I* would never go about it. If he did (ſaid *Arpalice*) it would be in vain. *I* had better then take the Council which is given me (replied he.) You had need of that Council, and more (replied *Zenocrite*) and went away. *I* thank you for yours (replied *Menecrates*, and preſented his hand unto her to conduct her unto her Coach) being glad to be out of that place where he was ſo *non plus*'t: And though he ſtood in much fear of *Zenocrite*, yet he had rather ſhe ſhould chide him a thouſand times in private, than to be twitted ſo in publick. After he had done his civilities unto *Zenocrite*, he returned unto the company, which was not now ſo terrible unto him, ſince *Zenocrite* was out of it: yet he durſt not come near *Arpalice*, for his behaviour unto *Cydipe* during her abſence, did extreamly perplex him. But ſince he had eyes ſubtle enough to ſee that *Arpalice* was a thouſand times fairer than ever he ſaw her; and ſince ſhe perceived he did obſerve it, ſhe was very glad of it, thinking ſhe could not have a more noble way of revenge, than to let him ſee, ſhe was not worthy of ſo much ſcorn he had of her: alſo ſhe received all the applauds and commendations of her beauty with great joy, and I much wondered when *I* ſaw her admit of all extollings of her beauty with ſo much delight; and ſhe ſet her ſelf out more to ſpite the Lover whom ſhe hated, than to pleaſe the Lover whom ſhe loved. *Thraſimedes* was no loſer by it, and it may be ſaid, that ſhe recompenſed him, purpoſely to puniſh *Menecrates*. *Thraſimedes* was ſo much in favour with her, that he had continual private conference with her. In the mean time, it being late, all the company went from *Lycaſte*'s Chamber, but not all alike ſatisfied: for much difference was between the ſatisfaction of *Traſimedes* and *Menecrates*. The laſt of theſe finding *Arpalice* ſo fair and charming, that he was aſhamed of his behaviour towards her: yet ſince he looked upon her as one whom for all this he ſhould marry, his care was only to know how he ſhould carry himſelf between *Cydipe* and *Arpalice*: But the next morning he changed his mind; for a friend of his coming to ſee him, and beginning to diſcourſe upon the preſent condition of his ſoul, he underſtood by him, that *Thraſimedes* came into my Chamber with *Arpalice*, without any company but *Philiſtion* and my ſelf, who had appointed that day, that all my ſervants ſhould ſay *I* was not within, and he was by ſeveral circumſtances ſo fully ſatisfied, that there was a correſpondency between them, that he began to hate *Thraſimedes*, and to leſſen his love unto *Cydipe*, alſo to love *Arpalice* a little more; and reſolved neither to loſe her eſtate, nor her ſelf, his love of *Cydipe* was rather a fancy than a real paſſion, what ere ſhe thought; and you muſt know, that *Menecrates* being fully perſwaded in four or five days that *Thraſimedes* was in love with *Arpalice*, that he was not hated, but that himſelf was, he grew extreamly vexed, and ſpoke not unto *Cydipe* as before: but in the firſt place, in lieu of winning *Arpalice* by his ſervices, he ſummoned *Parmenides* to perform his promiſes, in executing the laſt Will and Teſtament of his Father and Mother, who ordained him to marry *Arpalice*. In the mean time,

Parmenides,

Permenides, who had a particular intereſt, not to ſatisfie *Menecrates*, told him, that he had conference with all thoſe who had any power over his Siſter; and not to let ſlip ſuch a fit opportunity, he asked his Siſter in marriage. For my part, ſaid *Menecrates*, I freely give you all the power I have. *Permenides* anſwered the ſame for as much as concerned *Arpalice*. Thus they did both of them diſpoſe of that which was not in their power: And I aſſure you, they quickly found it: for as ſoon as *Permenides* ſpoke unto *Arpalice*, ſhe told him, that ſhe would not think of any marriage matters ſo ſoon: yet ſhe would not abſolutely tell him, ſhe would never marry *Menecrates*, becauſe ſhe knew him to be very imperious,and might have occaſion to accuſe her,if ſhe declared ſhe would not fulfil the Will of her Father,therefore ſhe told him only, that ſhe would take ſome time to reſolve upon it, chuſing rather to tell *Menecrates* his doom than her Brother: But when *Parmenides* ſaw he could not prevail with her, he told her of his affection unto *Cleoxine*, conjuring her to take it into her conſideration. Unto this ſhe anſwered, that ſince all her amity could not make her change her thoughts of *Menecrates*, he might think alſo, that *Cleoxine* would not be ruled by her Brother, and ſo his happineſs or miſery depended upon *Cleoxine*, and not upon *Menecrates*. After this *Permenides* did ſtill importune her a long time, and *Arpalice* reſiſted; and ſo not yielding unto each other, each of them were left unto themſelves. On the other ſide, *Menecrates* ſolicited for *Parmenides* unto *Cleoxine*, who continuing in her indifferency, deſired him to believe, that the ſame humour which cauſed his diſingagement, kept her from ingaging her ſelf: ſo that ſhe did not refuſe *Permenides* in particular, but all men in general, conjuring him to ſollicite her no more concerning Marriage: So that neither *Parmenides* nor *Menecrates* could give each other any good account of their Loves: and well may I ſay of their Loves,dear *Doraliſa*; for I aſſure you, as ſoon as *Menecrates* imagined that he ſhould not marry *Arpalice*, he fell deſperately in love with her: So that he ranked himſelf in the Quality of profeſſed, and not declared Lovers, as *Zenocrite* defined them, and as ſhe ſoon perceived it; and I think ſhe was one of the firſt that publiſhed it to the world. As for *Arpalice*, ſhe was both ſad and glad: For ſhe was glad *Menecrates* loved her, to the end ſhe might be revenged of him; but her fears leſt ſome quarrel ſhould ariſe between *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* made her ſorry: As for *Cydipe*, I am perſwaded that *Menecrates* made her always believe, he had no intentions to marry *Arpalice*, but only to ſhew it was not long of him, to the end he might enjoy her eſtate in caſe ſhe refuſed Marriage. In the mean time *Thraſimedes* was not without his ſhare of perplexity, to ſee how *Menecrates* changed his mind concerning *Arpalice*; ſo that there was none who were happy but *Philiſtion* and my ſelf: The cauſe of our happineſs was, becauſe we had ſo much eſteem and affection unto each other, as to pleaſe, and ſpeak freely of every thing, and becauſe we were not ſo deeply in love as to diſquiet our ſelves: So that keeping within the juſt limits of amity, we laughed at the miſeries of all others, except thoſe of *Arpalice* and *Thraſimedes*, in which we were extreamly concerned: But at laſt *Menecrates*, not being able to endure the ſeverity of *Arpalice*, reſolved to force her unto a private audience: In order to that, he addreſſed himſelf unto *Permenides* to obtain his wiſh, and to carry him in the morning into *Arpalice*'s Chamber, whilſt ſhe was dreſſing her ſelf: As for *Parmenides* he left him with her: So that ſeeing ſhe could not be rid of *Menecrates* without hearing him, ſhe gave him audience; but it was with ſuch a ſad countenance, and ſuch anger in her eyes, that he had hardly power to ſpeak: But yet the Beauty of *Arpalice* did ſo exaſperate his paſſion, that he did at laſt augment his boldneſs: ſo that beginning to ſpeak as ſoon as he ſaw her diſpoſed to hear, Madam, ſaid he unto her, before I complain of your ſeverity unto all the world, I will take the honour to talk with you, and confeſs that I have merited your hatred and ſcorn; alſo profeſs, that I will endeavour for the future to be worthy of your eſteem and affection. It is not my cuſtom (replied ſhe, careleſly) to be capable of any contrarieties; and therefore ſince I do hate you, you can hardly perſwade me to eſteem you. Since there is no impoſſibility in it (replied

plied he) I will not deſpair, for I am fully reſolved to give you moſt infallible teſtimonies of my love, ſuch as I hope will work upon your heart: And truly, Madam, I am not the ſame *Menecrates* I was when you were a child; but I muſt confeſs unto my ſhame, that I did not then love you, and was a long while culpable: But now I have changed my thoughts, and am as much in love with you now, as I was indifferent before, and would it be juſt in you to treat me now, as when I did not love you? It is ſo improbable, replied ſhe, that a man who hath ſcorned me all his life, even ſo far as to loſe my Picture, can change his mind ſo ſoon, and paſs from one extream unto another, that I wonder you will offer to perſwade me unto it. I have already told you, Madam, that I do not intend to juſtifie my ſelf for the time paſt, but I beſeech you put a difference between the time of my guilt, and time of my innocency. When you have lived as long innocently (replied *Arpalice* ſharply) as you have done culpably, I ſhall then conſider whether I ſhould puniſh or recompence you, and ſo equally forget both your injuries and your ſervices, that I ſhall be all indifferency. Madam, ſaid he unto her, if love were a paſſion which one could command when one will, then I ſhould confeſs you had reaſon to upbraid me for not loving you from your cradle; but ſince it is not, and ſince it was the pleaſure of the gods that I ſhould not love you until you became the moſt lovely beauty in the world, ought you to hate me for that? *Thraſimedes* (added he) whom perhaps you hate not ſo much as you do me, has not long known you, and could not love you until he did know you; and why I beſeech you may you not look upon me as well as him? There is ſuch a vaſt difference betwixt you and him (replied ſhe very angerly) that I cannot look alike upon you: for without putting my ſelf to the trouble of conſidering whether he love me or not, I am certain he hath not ſcorned me as you have done: But to make uſe of your own arguments, I will not accuſe you for loving me till now, upon condition you will not accuſe me that I can never love you hereafter. Hereafter, replied *Menecrates*, is not a thing which one can poſitively make anſwer for. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) if you can but promiſe me that you will not love me till death, I can promiſe to hate you as long as I live. However (ſaid ſhe) ſince by parting with part of my eſtate, I can be diſengaged from you, I will throw it away upon you with joy: but I beſeech you do not employ *Parmenides*, nor *Menophiles*, nor *Lycaſte*'s brother, nor *Lycaſte* her ſelf to torment me, for all they can do ſhall not alter me: After this, *Menecrates* would hove proteſted unto her, that he would never take any advantage of her Fathers will, and that all his aims were at her; but ſhe would not hear him any longer, telling him it was Church time, and that ſhe would have him be gone; inſomuch as indeed he was forced to go; but he went in a miſcellany of ſorrow, anger and love, that he could not forbear complaining unto all he met. In the mean time, one of *Arpalice*'s women, and one of mine, hearing *Philiſtion* called *Arion*, they thought that *Arion* was his right name, and that *Philiſtion* was but borrowed: ſo that they being of ſuch an humour as was incapable of keeping any ſecrets, they told every one that this ſame *Philiſtion*, who they ſaid was in love with me, was not a man of any faſhion, but that he was the famous Muſitian who was ſo much cried up, and who could not be found all about the Town: ſo that theſe women telling it unto ſuch as acquainted *Menecrates* with it the ſame day, he was ſo ill ſatisfied with *Arpalice*, he told it unto all the world, thinking it would anger both *Thraſimedes*, and me alſo; for he knew me to be one that ſtood upon terms of honour, and that this report would not pleaſe me. Thus in the compaſs of a day all the town told one another, that *Philiſtion* was *Arion*, and all believed it, except four or five who knew the truth: yet *Arpalice* and I were the laſt that knew it: But at laſt *Zenocrite* told us, conjuring us to tell her the truth: As ſhe was making this requeſt, *Philiſtion* came in, who knowing what was reported of him, came laughing into *Zenocrite*'s Chamber where we were, and told us all he heard; but ſince *Arpalice* and I were nothing pleaſed with this report, becauſe we feared ſome ill conſequences, we could not chuſe but bluſh, ſo that *Zenocrite* believing ſome truth to be in theſe reports, began to preſs us very earneſtly to confeſs the truth unto her. I know very well, ſaid ſhe, that *Philiſtion* by his admirable air ſhould be a man of quality, and that he hath an excellent ſpirit; but I know alſo *Arion* is no common Muſitian, he can compoſe verſes rarely, and has ſeen ſo many gallant men, that I am perſwaded he himſelf is one; and therefore if *Philiſtion* ſhould be *Arion*, it is no diſhonour unto him to tell it. Whilſt *Zenocrite* was talking thus, *Philiſtion* made his heart ake with laughing, *Arpalice* and I alſo could not hold, maugre our anger: But at laſt *Philiſtion*, to let *Zenocrite* ſee he was not *Arion*, ſent for a Harp which he played on before her, and afterwards ſung; but it was long firſt, for his laughter would not let him. It was good ſport to ſee how he ſtrived that day to ſing ill, that he might make it known he was not *Arion*; as much as he did to ſing well in my Chamber to make us think that he was he: and indeed he ſung ſo, that he left no ſuſpition that he was *Arion*: ſince *Zenocrite* could not poſſibly think he could ſo diſſemble his voice, and therefore we were neceſſitated to confeſs the truth. But whilſt we were talking of this adventure, *Menecrates* and *Thraſimedes* quarrelled: the firſt of theſe having told the other ſomething which reliſhed not, concerning the pretended *Arion*; ſo that going out together, they fought, and perhaps had killed each other, had they not been parted; yet *Thraſimedes* had the better of it. This accident making a great noiſe, we quickly heard it at *Zenocrite*'s, and you may imagine how much *Arpalice* and *Philiſtion* were troubled at it: *Philiſtion* went out immediately to look his friend, who, they ſaid, were both committed unto cuſtody until they were friends. I ſhall not make any particular relation what talk this produced, let me only tell you, that *Thraſimedes* being exceedingly beloved, and all the World diſliking that *Arpalice* ſhould be forced to marry *Menecrates*, thoſe that ſtirred in this buſineſs, did equally oblige *Menecrates* and *Thraſimedes* to live quietly the one with the other, and that the one ſhould not take it ill if the other courted *Arpalice*, who only was able to make them happy or miſerable;

and thus was the reconcilement made up between them: yet *Menecrates* reſiſted it as well as he could, ſaying it was not juſt they ſhould permit *Thraſimedes* to pretend unto *Arpalice*: adding, that they were both engaged unto each other from their infancy. Unto which *Thraſimedes* anſwered, that having it from his own mouth at *Apamea*, that he did not love *Arpalice*, he had good reaſon to think he would no further ſue unto her, and therefore he would not check that paſſion which her Beauty had created in his heart: and the reaſons which *Thraſimedes* urged being found reaſonable, they were agreed upon the conditions aforeſaid. But *Philiſtion* being not ſatisfied with what *Menecrates* ſaid of him, about three days after they fought, and *Philiſtion* made it appear that he could uſe a ſword better than a Harp, for he got the better, and gave a ſlight wound unto the other in the arm. Theſe two Combats cauſed others alſo, for *Parmenides* and *Lyſias* fell out concerning this buſineſs, and fought. Truth is, it was no wonder my Brother ſhould come off with the honour, for in fighting with *Parmenides*, he knew him to be his Rival, but *Parmenides* knew not that *Lyſias* was his indeed. Dear *Doraliſa*, nothing was talked on for a month together but quarrels, which were cauſed by this imaginary *Arion*; but at laſt the ſtorm being over, both *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* began openly to court *Arpalice*. *Parmenides* he was ſtill deeply in love with *Cleoxine*, whilſt *Lyſias* was her Paramour. In the mean time, ſince *Parmenides* imagined that the more rigorous *Arpalice* was unto *Menecrates*, the leſs favourable would *Cleoxine* be unto him; he did extreamly perſwade her; *Menecrates* did no leſs unto *Cleoxine*, becauſe ſhe treated *Parmenides* no better: ſo that theſe two Brothers were intolerable torments unto their ſiſters, as if they had been imperious and crabbed Fathers, or capritious and jealous Husbands. *Arpalice* and *Cleoxine* took this perſecution not alike, for *Cleoxine* cared not at all for it: but it was not ſo with *Arpalice*, for ſhe indured the tyranny of *Menecrates* with intolerable impatience, ſo as I could not chuſe but pity her: I alſo had my ſhare of perplexities, becauſe *Philiſtion* continually preſſed me to imploy all the power I had with, *Arpalice*, in favour of *Thraſimedes*: I knew very well that her inclination leaned that way; but *Parmenides* uſed ſuch preſſing ſolicitations againſt it, that ſhe could not reſolve upon it. As ſhe was one day much troubled with the perſecution of *Parmenides*, and as I much pityed her, I adviſed her to tell her brother that ſhe would willingly ſacrifice her ſelf for his ſake, ſo it might do him ſervice, but that ſhe would not venture her ſelf ſo far upon uncertainties of his good fortune; and that therefore ſhe would engage her ſelf to marry *Menecrates*, aſſoon as he had married *Cleoxine*, knowing well by my brothers intelligence, that it would never be. But in what a perplexity were I, (ſaid *Arpalice*, who was ignorant of the love between *Lyſias* and *Cleoxine*) if my brother ſhould marry the ſiſter of *Menecrates*? I can aſſure you (ſaid I unto her) he will never marry her: and after I had told her all I knew, ſhe took my counſel, and told *Permenides* accordingly, charging me to tell *Thraſimedes*, that it ſhould not trouble him, if he heard any reports to his prejudice. In the mean time, *Arpalice* had no ſooner told *Permenides* that ſhe would marry *Menecrates* aſſoon as he had married *Cleoxine*; but *Permenides* the more to oblige *Menecrates* unto a preſſing his Siſter to be favourable unto him, told him what *Arpalice* ſaid; ſo that *Menecrates* did double his perſecution of *Cleoxine*, and importuned his Siſter much more than his Miſtreſs. I forgot to tell you, how I had a deſign to do a good office unto my Brother, for I knew that *Cleoxine* had promiſed, if *Menecrates* did much preſs her, and would force her to marry *Permenides*, ſhe was then reſolved to tell him the reaſon why ſhe could not, and would then make *Lyſias* happy; ſo that by this means, I ſhould at once be ſerviceable unto *Arpalice*, *Thraſimedes*, *Lycias*, and *Cleoxine*, and ſhould alſo oblige *Philiſtion*. On the other ſide, *Cydipe*, who doubtleſs did think *Menecrates* loved her, did continually adviſe *Arpalice* to prefer *Thraſimedes* before *Menecrates*. Thus every one having a hidden deſign, we were all put to our wits, eſpecially when we were all together: Mean while, what aſſurance ſoever I gave *Philiſtion*, to give the ſame unto *Thraſimedes*, yet he could not move him to reſt ſatisfied:

he told me one day, that if *Arpalice* did not honour him ſo far as to give him ſome aſſurances of her affection, his friend would fall upon ſome violent reſolution, and that his paſſion was too violent to be ſatisfied with trifles, and therefore ſhe muſt at leaſt give him ſome pleaſing words. After this I preſſed *Arpalice* (who came one day to ſee me becauſe I was not well) to ſpeak unto *Thraſimedes* as unto a man whom ſhe loved. I pray you ſaid *I* unto her, what great difficulty is in the buſineſs? why ſhould you not give him ſuch ſatisfaction, as will coſt you only a few words? A few good words replied ſhe, are of greater conſequence than you imagine, yet *I* do not ſay that *I* will never give them: but if *I* be Miſtreſs of my reaſon, *I* ſhall not give them till needs *I* muſt: for theſe few words you ſpeak of as a ſmall matter, are yet the utmoſt limit that modeſty or virtue allowes: till they be ſpoke, the good or bad fortune of a Lover is in the power of his Miſtreſs; then is ſhe his Miſtreſs, he her ſlave; but when theſe few words are paſt through the ear into the heart of a Lover, then doth he expect ſome proofs of this affection, and asks it, not as a ſlave, but as due unto him, and ſo never asks it with ſubmiſſion: and therefore my dear *Candiope*, let me tell you once for all, that theſe few words which you would have me to ſpeak unto *Thraſimedes*, ſeem to be ſo full of crime, that *I* dare not ſpeak them, and therefore *I* declare unto you, that all *I* can ſay unto *Thraſimedes* is, that *I* deſire he ſhould continue loving me. And alſo at laſt, ſaid *I* unto her, that you conſent he ſhould hope to be loved again. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe, and both laughed and bluſht) your capitulations are in vain, for it hath ſo fallen out very often, that *I* never told *Thraſimedes* any thing which *I* reſolved to tell him: and on the contrary *I* have told him what *I* reſolved not to tell him; and this is the reaſon why *I* avoid as much as *I* can ſpeaking with him in private; for *I* muſt confeſs, that nothing in the world angers me more, than when *I* have been either more obliging, or more cruel than *I* would be. However, ſaid *I* unto her, though you will not talk with *Thraſimedes* in private out of affection, yet do it out of prudence: For certainly at this time there is a neceſſity to make uſe of that power which you have over him, leſt he ſhould fall upon ſome violent and deſperate courſe. *Arpalice* hearing me ſay ſo, though at firſt ſhe was obſtinate, yet at laſt yielded unto my deſire, upon condition I would think ſhe did it out of prudence, not affection; though ſhe confeſſed, if ever ſhe affected any, it ſhould be him: But the difficulty was, to find fit place of ſecreſie for conference; and *Arpalice* and I were both unaccuſtomed unto ſecret meetings,that we were both puzled to contrive it. I no ſooner propounded one expedient, but *Arpalice* found a thouſand difficulties in it: at her houſe, *Lycaſte* and *Cidipe* were always there: in my chamber the adventure of *Arion* did thrive but badly: in a Church was all the world: ſo that ſhe ſcrupled at all, though there was no crime in the matter: walk we could not without more company; and after a long reaſoning upon it, we found no ſatisfaction in any place: But at laſt chance did that for us which our inventions could not. As we were thus in conference, one came to tell me that *Thraſimedes* and *Philiſtion* asked for me: At firſt *Arpalice* thought I had put a trick upon her, that I diſſembled ſickneſs purpoſely to make me come and ſee her, and that this was a compact between *Thraſimedes* and me: ſo that ſhe would needs go away, and I would not let him enter until I had undeceived her. Well (ſaid ſhe to me) I ſhall not ſpeak over obligingly this day unto *Thraſimedes*; perhaps it were better for him I went away. But for all that, I made her ſit down; ſhe would have ſat upon my bed becauſe leaſt ſeen,and indeed ſhe did ſo hide her ſelf,that none but *Thraſimedes* could have known her; yet he did, and ſeemed beyond all meaſure joyed at the meeting. At firſt, talk was general, and *Arpalice* had ſo little ſhare in it, that ſhe hardly knew what we ſaid: But *Thraſimedes* addreſſing his ſpeech particularly unto her, and *Philiſtion* beginning to ſpeak low unto me, the talk divided, and we were the beſt part of an hour without any interruption: I cannot give you an exact relation of the conference between *Thraſimedes* and *Arpalice*; for both of them told me ſeverally afterwards, that they could not repeat it: All I know is, that *Arpalice* ſaid ſhe ſpoke over kindly unto *Thraſimedes*, and that ſhe repented: and *Thraſimedes* told me that ſhe gave him not one favourable word; yet he was ſatisfied, though he had no great reaſon for it, unleſs he thought he ſaw in the eyes of *Arpalice*, maugre the darkneſs, a more obliging ſweetneſs than before ſhe uſed. However *Arpalice* went away the firſt, and would not let *Thraſimedes* wait upon her: She was no ſooner gone, but *Cleoxine* came in, who according to her accuſtomed jollity, began to chide me for being in the company of two ſuch Gallants, asking me if I had ſpent all the afternoon with them? whether we had any more to ſay? and whether ſhe interrupted us? Hearing *Cleoxine* ſpeak in this manner, in lieu of anſwering preciſely, and telling her *Arpalice* had been there, I told her laughing, that there was no danger in interrupting a diſcourſe of three perſons, ſince it was likely many ſecrets would not be imparted: 'Tis true, ſaid *Cleoxine*, and if all the world were of my mind, there ſhould be fewer myſterious matters than there are. This is the reaſon I am always ſo indifferent, affecting rather to have no ſecrets in hand, than to run the hazard of hiding them, and cannot. Yet there are many things, replied *Thraſimedes*, which are very pleaſing, and cannot be hid. Love is a paſſion ſo general, ſaid *Philiſtion*, as it muſt needs be in the number of thoſe things which cannot be long concealed. If ever I ſhould be culpable of it (replied *Cleoxine*) I am confident none ſhould perceive it. Then you would not love at all (replied *Thraſimedes*) On the contrary (replied ſhe) I ſhould love better than another. You would live then in an extream conſtraint (ſaid *Philiſtion* to her) No, anſwered ſhe, I ſhould be in leſs conſtraint than others who are ſo full of their gallantry. I muſt confeſs (ſaid I) though I have no intentions to make uſe of your ſecret, yet I ſhould be glad to know it. As *Cleoxine* was ready to anſwer, *Lyſias* knowing ſhe was in my chamber, came thither: preſently after, *Parmenides* brought in *Lycaſte*, and *Cydipe*: *Menecrates* alſo came in: But that which moſt amazed us was, that *Zenocrite* having met with *Arpalice*, who telling her I was ſick, forced her to come back with her, the ſecond time: So that when ſhe came into my chamber, her, and not knowing I had kept her firſt viſit from *Cleoxine*, ſhe told me, to colour her ſecond, that I was not obliged unto her for it, for ſhe came more for *Zenocrites* company than for mine: My hope was at firſt, that *Cleoxine* would not remember how ſhe asked me, whether I had ſpent all the afternoon with *Thraſimedes* and *Philiſtion*, and that I did not tell her *Arpalice* was there. But theſe hopes laſted not long: for all the company riſing up at *Zenocrite* and *Arpalice*'s entrance, ſhe came unto me, and asked me, laughing, what pleaſure I took in concealing it from her? I aſſure you (ſaid I unto her in a low voice) my intention was not to hide *Arpalice*'s being here from you, and you ſee ſhe her ſelf does not conceal it. It was becauſe you had not well agreed upon it, replied ſhe, and ſmiled: after which ſhe returned to her place, and all the company being ſet, *Philiſtion* began the dicſourſe where we left, when it was interrupted by the entrance of *Lyſias*. Me thinks (ſaid he) and looked upon *Cleoxine*, that you were about to impart a great ſecret unto *Candiope* when *Lyſias* came in. 'Tis true, ſaid he, but it muſt be in private, and not in publick. *Zenocrite* not being accuſtomed to let things be talked of in her preſence which ſhe underſtood not, did preſs to know it, and ſo urgently, that though it was the greateſt ſecret of *Cleoxine*'s life, yet ſhe reſolved to ſpeak as confidently as if it were a thing only to help out diſcourſe: So that after a relation of what had been ſaid before *Lyſias* came in, *Cleoxine* went on, and asked whether ſhe was in the right, when ſhe ſaid, thoſe who meddle with matters of Gallantry, without cunning enough to hide it, have not more pains than pleaſure, and do not deſerve a faithful Lover. For truly, ſaid ſhe, if there be any ſweets in love, I conceive it muſt be when one is loved and loves, and it is not known unto any, becauſe then one is not expoſed to envy, nor detraction, nor to the diſpleaſure of ſeeing jealous Rivals quarrel and fight: But one does quietly enjoy an empire which is not moleſted by any thing; ſuch do know all that others know; but others know not what they know: and I am perſwaded it is with love as with fire, the more it is incloſed, the better it is kept; and indeed, do you not ſee, that thoſe loves which none are ignorant of, do evaporate, and quench in a ſhort time? all the world do ſo talk of it for a while, that the Lovers themſelves do inſenſibly forget to talk of it: Judge then, I pray, whether two who are in love, and keep their affections cloſe from all the world but themſelves, be not more happy than others? Doubtleſs they are, replied *Zenocrite*: But what would you have this cloſe Lover do? and how can he hide it, if he do all that is requiſite in love? What becomes of that multitude of things which they ſay are inſeparable from that paſſion? For my part I am an enemy unto theſe declared Lovers, and think them ſo ridiculous, that I am perſwaded there is a mean between thoſe you ſpeak of, and them: For if you take away ſighs and ſorrows, vexations, fears, jealouſies, and raptures of joy, cares to pleaſe and divert, alterations in countenance, magnificence and liberality from a Lover, you take away all things that can expreſs his affection, and all that can render him agreeable. No, no, replied *Cleoxine*, a concealed Lover is not ſuch a one as you deſcribe; he ſighs, but it is in ſecret; he mourns, but it is not becauſe none underſtands it but his Miſtreſs; he has his vexations, but he diſſembles them; he is jealous, but it is only as much as augments love, and not quench it; he has his raptures of joy, but they are in ſecret, he has a moſt diligent care to pleaſe his Miſtreſs, but his diligence appears only unto her, ſince it is her pleaſure he ſhould hide his paſſion: And as for liberality and magnificence, ſince they are virtues which may appear in all brave men, and are not confined only unto Gallantry, he may be liberal and magnificent in a hundred things and occaſions which relate not unto love; and by conſequence this cloſe Lover may uſe them without any diſcovery of his paſſion: In the mean time, he enjoys a treaſure which none does envy, becauſe none thinks he enioys it. Whilſt *Cleoxine* was talking thus, I durſt not ſo much as look upon my brother or *Arpalice*, and *Lyſias* durſt not look upon *Cleoxine* or me: as for her, ſince ſhe was fully perſwaded, that none knew the correſpondency between *Lyſias* and her ſelf, ſhe ſpake with as much confidence and boldneſs, as any diſintereſted neutral, or indifferent perſon could: And indeed, *Parmenides*, who had ſo much intereſt in her as to obſerve her narrowly, did not think her to be capable of any light kind of amity, therefore was far from thinking her poſſeſſed with a violent paſſion: So that eſteeming himſelf more happy in having a luke-warm Miſtreſs, whom he thought loved him as well as any, than to be like *Menecrates* whom *Arpalice* loved leſs than ſhe did *Thraſimedes*, he gave a pleaſant audience unto *Cleoxine*: As for *Menecrates* and *Thraſimedes*, they hardly heard what was ſaid, for their thoughts were all taken up with looking upon *Arpalice*, who neither looking upon him whom ſhe loved not, leſt ſhe ſhould pleaſe him too much, nor upon him whom ſhe loved, leſt her looks ſhould be cenſured, ſhe gave an attentive audience unto *Cleoxine* and *Zenocrite*, who held all the diſcourſe that day; and continued it a long time with variety of pleaſant things: Yet towards the end, every one began to ſpeak of other buſineſs, and talked what they thought good, except *Menecrates*, who could not ſpeak one word in private with *Arpalice*. As for *Cleoxine*, ſhe ſpake low unto *Lyſias*, and none took notice of it; and ſhe had the pleaſure to ſee her paſſion ſo cloſely carried, that *Parmenides* himſelf took it no worſe that *Lyſias* could talk with her, than with any other: And ſince ſhe could not chuſe but laugh when ſhe ſpake to *Lyſias*, to ſee how handſomly ſhe deceived the world, *Parmenides* deſired his private Rival to tell him what ſhe laughed at: You may imagine how this pleaſed *Cleoxine*; but as for *Cydipe*, I believe ſhe was not ſo well ſatisfied: at laſt the converſation ended, and ſince *Cleoxine* had not forgotten what ſhe apprehended of *Arpalice*, and ſince ſhe laboured to perſwade her brother, that he muſt never pretend unto *Arpalice*, to the end he ſhould not preſs her to marry *Parmenides*, ſhe told him that *Arpalice* had made two viſits that day, and that the firſt was to meet *Thraſimedes*, telling him how ſhe came to know it. I leave you to judge what operation this had upon the heart of *Menecrates*: *Cleoxine* did what ſhe could to perſwade him to make good uſe of the knowledge he had that *Thraſimedes* was preferred before him, thereby to cure him of his affection unto *Arpalice*: But ſince he knew his Siſter did not love *Parmenides*, he thought, upon ſerious conſiderations, that no great credit was to be given unto her words: therefore he referred it unto the next day, to know whether it was true that *Thraſimedes* and *Philiſtion* were a long time alone with *Candiope* and her, and when he found I ſpoke truth, he was extreamly angry, and ſo much, that I can expreſs it no better than by telling you, that he was in a mind never to love *Arpalice* again: ſo that not conſulting any longer whether he ſhould quaſh his paſſion or not, he began to ſpeak unto *Zenocrite* concerning *Arpalice*'s viſits, as an appointed meeting with *Thraſimedes*, declaring openly, that he would no longer moleſt the pleaſures of *Arpalice*, nor ever think of her again. *Zenocrite* hearing *Menecrates* ſay ſo, was very much perplexed, for ſhe wondered *Arpalice* ſhould appoint a meeting with *Thraſimedes*, and on the other ſide ſhe was glad to ſee, that as long as *Menecrates* his anger laſted, *Arpalice* would be freed from him, and at liberty to make *Thraſimedes* happy; yet ſince ſhe knew *Arpalice* loved her reputation above her private ſatisfaction, ſhe would juſtifie her, and therefore told *Menecrates*, that this which he called an appointment, was but a caſual accident; but leſt in juſtifying *Arpalice* ſhe ſhould revive the love of *Menecrates*, which ſeemed extinguiſhed, ſhe added, that being his friend, ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to tell him, that it was a groſs inconſideration in him to think of ever marrying a woman whom he had ſo extreamly ſlighted; as for her part ſhe verily believes him to be paſt all hopes of ever obtaining her love, and therefore it were much better both for himſelf and *Arpalice* to let her alone, and trouble himſelf no further: and indeed *Zenocrite* being very eloquent, ſhe made ſuch good uſe of *Menecrates* his anger, that ſhe fully perſwaded him to think no more of *Arpalice*, ſo that without more delay, ſhe engaged him to give her commiſſion to tell *Parmenides* of it, *Menecrates* conjuring her to aſſure him, that this ſhould be no hinderance unto him concerning his Siſter. *Menecrates* was no ſooner gone, but ſhe ſent for *Parmenides*, to tell him that *Menecrates* had no more thoughts of *Arpalice*, but that he was ready to do him any good office unto *Cleoxine*. *Parmenides* hearing this, was in a bitter chafe againſt *Arpalice*: and his reaſon was, becauſe he thought that now he would be more ſlack in his ſolicitations of *Cleoxine*: ſo that leaving *Zenocrite*, he went to *Arpalice*, and intended to give her a very bitter lecture,afterwards he went unto *Menecrates* to tell him it was now fulltime to preſs *Arpalice* unto marriage with him; but ſince he was yet in his violence of anger and jealouſie, he thanked him for his offer, and aſſured him once more, that he would be more cloſe in his buſineſs to *Cleoxine*, than hitherto he had, though he do not now pretend any thing unto *Arpalice*. Thus *Cleoxine* thinking to rid her ſelf from trouble, did augment it. But I beſeech you admire a little at the fantaſtical fate of things: that which could not be obtained neither by *Thraſimedes* nor *Lyſias*, did fall upon theſe two Lovers by reaſon of the violence which *Arpalice* and *Cleoxine* endured through the tyranny of their Brothers: for *Arpalice* ſeeing her ſelf ſo unjuſtly tormented, reſolved to confeſs unto *Thraſimedes*, that ſhe would love him, upon condition he would attempt nothing either againſt *Menecrates* or *Parmenides*: and *Cleoxine*, who had made ſuch a myſterious ſecrecy of her affection to *Lyſias*, reſolved alſo to confeſs ingenuouſly, that having neither Father nor Mother, ſhe thought her ſelf unblamable, if ſhe followed her own inclination in marrying *Lyſias*, whom ſhe had long loved; and indeed ſhe told *Menecrates* as much, who not being able to find any fault with Her choice, either in his condition or perſon, he blamed her only for her ſecrecy; yet adding, that ſince he had paſſed his word unto *Parmenides*, he could not recall it, and therefore if ſhe married *Lyſias*, it ſhould be without his conſent. In the mean time, *Arpalice*, who could not indure the reports of her appointed meeting, ſince it was untrue, reſolved to make it known that their meeting was by accident, not appointed; and indeed made it apparent: ſo that *Menecrates* finding his anger was unjuſtly grounded,it ceaſed, and he went unto *Arpalice* that very ſame hour, whom he found alone. You may eaſily imagine ſhe was not a little aſtoniſhed to ſee *Menecrates* at her feet, whom ſhe thought had for ever deſiſted her company: Indeed ſhe was ſo ſurpriſed, that ſhe had not power to hinder him from ſpeaking and asking pardon: 'tis true, it may be ſaid, that though ſhe was a while ſilent, yet it was to ſpeak unto him with more anger: For he had no ſooner ſpoke what he thought fit to obtain his pardon, but ſhe was as ſharp as poſſible could be, and charged him never to ſee her again: and the truth is, ſhe forced him away. As for *Parmenides*, it was not with him as with *Menecrates*; for as ſoon as he knew, that there had been a long concealed affection between *Cleoxine* and *Lyſias*, he thought no more upon her; but to retaliate generoſity for generoſity unto *Menecrates*, he aſſured him, that he would hinder the Marriage of *Thraſimedes* with *Arpalice*. Thus in lieu of former promiſes of marrying each others Siſters, they now promiſed only that they ſhould not marry their Rivals. This being the juncture of affairs, *Thraſimedes* received news, that his father was ſick of a long, but mortal diſeaſe, and commanded him to come immediately unto him. Imagine how great his ſorrow was, not only becauſe his father was in danger of death, but that he ſhould be ſo far off *Arpalice*, at a time when his preſence was ſo requiſite in *Lycia*. But to abbreviate my ſtory, be pleaſed to know, that before his departure, *Philiſtion* and I ſo preſſed *Arpalice*, that at laſt ſhe promiſed unalterable fidelity unto *Thraſimedes*, who was extreamly ſorry to part from her: and *Philiſtion* being alſo to return, he departed with him; expreſſing more affection to me at parting than I thought he had: You may eaſily imagine that the abſence of *Thraſimedes* was as pleaſing unto *Menecrates*, as it was ſad unto *Arpalice*: 'Tis true, ſhe treated him ſo ſharply, that he got no advantage by it, but only a riddance of a Rival. In the mean time, *Cleoxine* ſeeing ſhe could not obtain the conſent of her Brother, did marry mine, after an aſſembly of many friends, who liked her choice: So that there was an end unto all *Parmenides* his hopes, and deſires; nor did *Menecrates* ſee his Siſter ſince: 'Tis true, he was never in the ſame place with her: for you muſt know that *Lycaſte* having ſome buſineſs unto *Sardis*, went thither a few days after the departure of *Thraſimedes*, and the marriage of *Cleoxine*: So that *Parmenides* being willing to be far from her, and *Lycaſte* deſiring him to go this journey with her, he came to *Sardis* with her, with *Cydipe*, and *Arpalice*. For my part, ſince my Fathers Mother was in *Sardis*, I was glad to find an opportunity of ſuch good company. Thus came we all unto *Sardis*, leaving *Menecrates* in *Lycia*: But at parting, *Arpalice* and I writ unto *Thraſimedes* and *Philiſtion*, to acquaint them where we were, and that we ſhould not hazard any Letters in our abſence, which was like to be long; and we came to *Sardis* a little before the beginning of the war; yet we could not believe that *Cyrus* would be ſo forward in the Siege of that Town. Thus for a time were we without any trouble, but *Menecrates* followed after us: You may well imagine how his journey angred *Arpalice*; and though ſhe treated him as ſharply as poſſible, yet did he not alter his deſign of being where ſhe was. Moreover, ſince the buſineſs of *Lycaſte* could not be quickly diſpatched, we muſt have patience. The greateſt of our perplexity was, that every day we heard of the progreſs of *Cyrus*, and that his Army approached, *Lycaſte* then thought upon return, but was prevented by a ſickneſs, which cauſed her to keep her bed until *Sardis* was beſieged. Then you muſt know, that *Menecrates* thinking the reputation he had got in the War would move *Arpalice* to treat him better, he did ſo ſignal himſelf, that *Crœſſus* and the King of *Pontus* obliged him to take upon him a very conſiderable command: So that when we through your favour came out of *Sardis*, he durſt not ask leave to follow us; for as things were, he knew *Crœſſus* would not give it. However, not being able to abide in a beſieged Town, not only becauſe his Miſtreſs was out, but alſo becauſe doubtleſs he apprehended that *Thraſimedes* was before the Town, he leaped over the ditch to follow her. The adventure was more rare, becauſe *Thraſimedes* knowing we were in the Town, was taken the ſame day by the men of *Cyrus* as he attempted to get into the Town. After this, I beſeech you judge, whether it do not nearly concern your fair Couſin, that you ſhould know all I have told you, to the end you may move *Cyrus* to reconcile theſe two Rivals, to end all their differences, and let *Arpalice* marry *Thraſimedes*. One thing hath happened which may facilitate the marriage, which is, that *Parmenides* to comfort himſelf for the loſs of *Cleoxine*, doth look upon *Cydipe*, who perhaps will admit of his affection, ſeeing ſhe cannot obtain the love of *Menecrates* as ſhe thought: So that I am confident *Parmenides* will conſent that *Thraſimedes* marry *Arpalice*.

Candiope having ended her ſtory, *Doraliſa* did aſſure her, that ſhe would write a Letter unto *Andramites* (though ſhe did not uſe to do ſuch favours unto any) which ſhould move him to negotiate ſo with *Cyrus*, as that this happineſs of *Thraſimedes* ſhould be ſo eſtabliſhed, as nothing could moleſt it. Then did ſhe craftily ask her, whether *Philiſtion* was in the Town; for methinks (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) that ſince he came out with *Thraſimedes*, he ſhould be with him. I aſſure you (replied *Candiope*, and both bluſht, and laughed) I ſhould have thought ſo alſo;but ſince *I* did only ſee *Thraſimedes*, I could not enquire of him; and to tell you both truly and ſincerely, the friendſhip that is between *Philiſtion* and me ſtands upon ſuch terms, that whenſoever I ſee him, I muſt accuſe him of infidelity, for there being no promiſes between us, but to eſteem each other as long as we live; *I* have reaſon to think that he may do the ſame for me whereſoever he is, that I do now for him. As *Doraliſa* was ready to reply, ſhe was told that *Lycaſte*, *Arpalice*, *Cydipe*, *Cleoxine*, and all the other Priſoners were come from the Princeſs *Araminta*, and were returned every one to their own Chambers by another way than which they intended, and which they yet knew not; ſo that *Candiope* went to find out *Lycaſte*, and left *Doraliſa* at liberty to write unto *Andramites*; though it was ſomething againſt her mind, yet ſhe uſed ſuch phraſes, as though her Letter was long, he could not find one word which ſpoke any advantage unto him: for *Doraliſa* hinted at nothing but acording to her friends intentions concerning *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*; but as good luck for him was, the ſervant who carried the Letter did not find him in a condition

dition to make any long reflection upon the rigour of *Doraliſa*; for having in hand ſome great important buſineſs concerning *Cyrus*, he only writ two words unto *Doraliſa*, that he would moſt punctually obey her; after which, he went unto this Prince, and aſſoon as he was in his Tent, *Cyrus* asked him, whether the predictions of the *Telmiſſians* unto the firſt King of *Lydia* were true? that if he cauſed a Child which the Gods had given him to be carried about the walls of *Sardis*, the Town ſhould be impregnable in all places where he could paſs? This belief is ſo generally received, replied *Andramites*, that *I* cannot chuſe but wonder at the general revolt which is amongſt the inhabitants of *Sardis*, who ſeem ſo confident in the ſtrength of their Walls, that they never truſt unto the promiſes of their Gods, but when the danger is far off, and not likely to happen: For I remember when news came to *Sardis* that you had taken *Babylon*, *I* heard many men of courage ſay, that their Town was happy in not being expoſed to that danger; and that it was under the protection of the gods as ſoon as it was built: Yet I remember *I* heard ſay at the ſame time, that the firſt King of *Lydia*, who received this odd command from the gods, for ſo it ſeemed unto thoſe who conſider not, that it is the way of the gods to bring great things to paſs by ſmall means, and to hide their intentions from the ſons of men, had made the ſcituation of *Sardis* ſo, that this child could not be carried round the Walls, but the place where he could not be carried, is ſo inacceſſible of it ſelf, that there needed no greater ſecurity than nature it ſelf had given unto it; and it is on that ſide where yet you never made an aſſault, and which ſeems ſo inacceſſible, that thought it ſelf cannot reach it, alſo the *Lydians* keep ſuch feeble guards there as it ſeems to truſt to the ſtrength of it. 'Tis true, ſaid *Cyrus*, *I* think they have reaſon to truſt nature with the ſtrength of that place, and need not fear the taking of *Sardis* in that place: yet there is a report amongſt the Souldiers, that there is a quarter of this Town where it may be taken, and that it is impregnable every where elſe: therefore it muſt needs be this you ſpeak of (added he, and ſeemed ed not to neglect the advice of the Souldiers) and you know how ſuch things as theſe, whether there be a poſſibility or not in them, yet they make deep impreſſions in the ſpirits of a multitude; and you know how deſpair does faint the hearts of ſouldiers, and what a terrour is ſtruck into a great Army, when once they think the gods are againſt them; therefore though I know the place you ſpeak of be inacceſſible, yet I will view it, and give out as if I approved of the advice which the ſouldiers give me: and accordingly the King of *Aſſyria*, *Mazares*, *Seſoſtris*, *Tygranes*, and *Anaxaris*, being come unto him, they all took horſe as well as he, and were guided unto this place by *Andramites*, which the Souldiers ſaid was the only place which muſt let them into *Sardis*, ſince the guard was weak on that ſide, *Cyrus* might view it with leſs danger; and thoſe few *Lydians* who were upon the walls did mock at thoſe who looked upon that place of their Town; yet they ſhot many arrows, though they imagined they would do no execution, by reaſon of the exceſſive height of the Rock where they ſtood: Alſo *Cyrus* had erected a little ſconce on that ſide, to umbrage his men when they came to view that place which ſtruck terrour into all beholders: for it was a great ſharp Rock, ſo ſteep that it was terrible to behold, and where it was not imaginable any could go except Goats; upon the top of this Rock were walls ſo low that the ſouldiers might lean over them; and which indeed was rather a bare Parapet than a wall; the paſs over the ditch there was not very difficult, but the rock was ſo ſteep and high, that the Mountain *Tmolus* which was over againſt it, was not more inacceſſible: Alſo all the Princes which looked upon it, and had ſeen it before, would never have taken ſo much pains as to view it the ſecond time, but only becauſe they would not ſeem to deſpiſe the advice of the ſouldiers; yet *Cyrus* knew it more prudence to attempt a hundred vain offers, than to neglect one that was neceſſary, and therefore he looked upon this ſteep ſturdy Rock more ſeriouſly than any of the reſt; and as he was in deep contemplation of it, an accident chanced, which perſwaded him *Sardis* might be taken: It chanced that a *Lydian* Souldier being upon the wall, and looking over the Parapet, let his helmet fall, which tumbled down the Rock to the bottom of the ditch; the ſouldier was very angry for the loſs of his helmet, eſpecially becauſe his companions jeered him; and therefore he tried if he could get down and fetch it, juſt whilſt *Cyrus* was in the ſconce looking upon this rock, who ſeeing the Souldier deſcend, ſhewed him with wonder unto the reſt of his company, and obſerved him very attentively, but they ſaw him more like a man who would rather precipitate himſelf, than one that would ever come down; yet they were amazed, when they ſaw by degrees turning and winding, he came down: 'Tis true he made many ſtops to chuſe ſteps, but at laſt he always found them; and *Cyrus* took notice that the Rock was full of wild graſs-tufts which kept the Souldier from ſlipping: So that deſcending ſloping from tuft to tuft, he came at laſt to his helmet, and took it up with joy, beginning to aſcend the ſame way he deſcended, and to go up more eaſily than he came down, becauſe the precipice did not ſo much affright him. *Cyrus* admiring this wonderful accident, told the King of *Aſſyria*, that ſince this Souldier could aſcend this Rock, a hundred thouſand might do the ſame: So that diligently obſerving the way he took, they took ſuch good notice of it by certain yellow Flowers which grew there accidentally, that they were regular marks unto their eyes: *Cyrus* took a Table-book out of his pocket, and drew this Rock ſo plainly, that the way which this Souldier went was evident to his eye: So that he did not doubt of the taking of *Sardis*. The King of *Aſſyria*, and *Mazares* were as confident as he: *Seſoſtris* alſo hoped by this way to find his dear *Timareta*; and *Andramites* was perſwaded by this deſcending and aſcending of this Souldier, that the predictions of the gods were true: As for *Anaxaris*, he did not oppoſe the intentions of *Cyrus*, but he thought it ſo difficult, that he could not hope for any happy ſucceſs in the attempt. After they had deſcanted upon the enterpriſe, they returned to finiſh their reſolves, with the advice of other Princes in the Army of *Cyrus*; and to attempt this enterpriſe, the great difficulty was, that they know not how to mount this Rock neither by day, nor night that was dark; for by day they would be diſcovered, and eaſily repulſed; and by night it was hard to hit ſo dangerous a way: But ſince *Cyrus* had a ſoul of a vaſt capacity, and in a moment could ſee all things that made an enterpriſe either feaſible or impoſſible: He conſidered that the Moon was at the full, and not riſing till the Sun was ſet, ſhe would ſhine to help them in climbing the Rock; he knew well, that if ſhe ſhined ſo much as to let them ſee, ſhe would alſo let them be ſeen, but he knew alſo, that in all great enterpiſes of War, ſomething muſt be put to hazard. Alſo *Andramites* did ſo aſſure him, that ſlight guards were kept on that ſide, as without delay he reſolved to give three Alarm aſſaults the night following, on the ſide furtheſt off the place where he intended the true one, whilſt *Cyrus* in the head of five hundred men, and all the brave men of his Army, would go and either climb the Rock or dye, not being able to ſuffer, that a common Souldier ſhould do more for his Helmet, than he would do for *Mandana.* In the mean time, ſince he conceived it impoſſible to bring ſo many men up that way, as were ſufficient to take the Town: His deſign was to carry up ſo many only as might make him Maſter of the next Port, and there to let in the Body of his Men, and in order to that, he appointed a Body of Infantry, and another of Cavalry to be in readineſs near that Port, unperceived by the *Lydians*, giving a ſign when they ſhould advance and enter: And indeed this Prince gave out all orders, as if he were aſſured his enterpriſe would take effect; and alſo he gave all requiſite orders in caſe it ſhould fail; He made choice of the Souldiers who were to follow him, and appointed them all to carry Pike-ſtaffs in their hands, to lean upon them in climbing the Rock, and to fight with them when they were up, having no other Arms for this expedition, but a light Buckler, a Sword, and a Pike-ſtaff, which was to ſerve for ſeveral uſes. In the mean time, ſince the life of *Cyrus* was exceedingly pretious, the Kings of *Phrygia*, and *Hircania*, who were to give theſe Alarms, did what they could to hinder this Prince from this attempt in his perſon; or at leaſt to diſſwade him from being the firſt in climbing this Rock: But he was ſo perſwaded the enterpriſe would fail, if he did not execute it himſelf; and ſo confident it would proſper if he did, that it was impoſſible to make him change his opinion. *Chriſantes* made uſe of that freedom which he ever uſed with him, to qualifie that Heroique heat which for the love and glory of *Mandana* did ſo often precipitate him into danger, he would perſwade him, that the enterpriſe would proſper better, if he would let his Souldiers climb firſt; but he anſwered, that he was perſwaded his Souldiers would climb better if they followed him, than if he followed them; and therefore he was firmly reſolved not to change his opinion. *Cyrus* paſſed over all that day with abundance of impatience: And the King of *Aſſyria* with as much, and *Seſoſtris* no leſs. *Mazares*, though he was out of all hopes of ever being happy, yet did moſt earneſtly deſire the liberty of *Mandana*, as if ſhe had loved him. But the hour of acting this enterpriſe being come, and all things in readineſs for the execution, *Cyrus* cheered up the Souldiers which followed him; and promiſed ſuch large recompences, if the deſign proſpered, that though they had been but half valiant, the very prize before their eyes was enough to ſet an edge upon their courages, and exaſperate their valour. He gave them three things principally in command: Firſt, to follow him, and do as he did: Secondly, not to ſpeak one word as they climbed: and thirdly, never to look behind them, leſt the terrour of the precipice ſhould aſtoniſh them. After this, *Cyrus* would gladly have moved the King of *Aſſyria* to march only in the middle of the Souldiers who were to follow him, but do what he could, he would be the ſecond: So that *Anaxaris* was put in the middle of that File which was to climb; and *Tigranes* to be laſt, to prevent any from recoiling: *Seſoſtris*, *Phraartes*, *Perſodes*, *Andramites*, *Feraulas*, *Ligdamis*, *Leontidas*, and all the Heroes diſperſed themſelves amongſt the firſt hundred Souldiers which followed *Cyrus*, to encourage them by their example. All things being then ready, *Cyrus* with all his men one by one went down the ditch, by a track which was not very difficult; firſt carefully obſerving the plot which he had drawn of the Rock, that he might the better remember the track he was to hold in climbing: And it ſeemed that he had both well obſerved, and remembered it; and though the Moon did ſhine but dimly, yet it was enough to diſcover the yellow flowers, which were directions unto them; and though he ſaw ſome difference in the colour of them by this gloomy light, yet he began to mount, climbing neither too ſoftly, leſt he ſhould ſlip, nor too faſt, leſt his Souldiers could not follow; ſtill ſtriving to remember the way which the Souldier took who fetched his Helmet: and he hit it ſo well, and led them up ſo happily, that he got to the midſt of the Rock without any noiſe, or any ſtop; ſo that beginning to hap well in the enterpriſe,and being deſirous to judge of that which he had to climb,by that which he had already paſt, he turned his head, and notwithſtanding the obſcurity of the night, did plainly ſee the long File which followed, every Souldier his leader, and which reached to the bottom of the ditch: but as he obſerved them, he heard a great noiſe upon the top of the Rock; indeed it was the *Lydians* who were walking their round: *Cyrus* hearing this ſtopped, and lay cloſe to the Rock to prevent diſcovery; and according to his orders of imitation, he who was next him did the ſame, and ſo every one to the end of the File did imitate his leader, and ſtirred not a jot till *Cyrus* thought fit to march: But, alas, how full of ſad thoughts was this Prince when he imagined his deſign diſcovered, and perhaps all the Defenders of *Mandana* ready to periſh; yet his conſolation was to ſee, that if he periſhed, the King of *Aſſyria* who was next him, would periſh alſo; for of all his Rivals he could leaſt endure him, though he eſteemed him very much: But his fears of being diſcovered by thoſe that went the Round, were needleſs: For they thought that place ſo inacceſſible, that they never did uſe to viſit it, only went by it as a paſs from one Port unto another. *Cyrus* when he heard no more noiſe,but all quiet,he began to climb again with more haſte than before,and alſo with more hopes,thinking to get unto the top of the rock, and to become Maſter of the Work behind the Parapet before their enemies came another Round; and indeed he did ſo: for happily getting up to the top of the Rock, he, and all that followed him, went over the Parapet, drew their ſwords, and made ready to fight: he was alſo ſo happy as not to be diſcovered by any Centry: Alſo to facilitate his deſign, and according to his orders, the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania*, ſeconded by *Gobrias* and *Gadates*, gave falſe Alarms on the other ſide to amuſe the enemy: So that the *Lydians* being all gone to that ſide, *Cyrus* had leiſure enough to paſs his men unperceived. After *Cyrus* had left a hundred of his men to guard the ſame place he came from, that he might make good his retreat in caſe that he could not become Maſter of the Port, he marched on in the head of four hundred of his men, and ſo ſurpriſed the firſt Centinels, that he killed them before that they could give the Alarum; and paſſing on, he came to the Court of Guard which was kept at the Gate which he deſired to become Maſter of: He ſurpriſed them and fell on ſo ſharply, and ſuddenly, that they had not time to draw their ſwords and dye with Arms in their hands: Yet there was a few which fought ſtoutly: but at laſt, the valour of *Cyrus*, ſeconded by the King of *Aſſyria*, *Mazares*, *Seſoſtris*, and the reſt of the Gallant men, did overcome them, and cut them all in pieces: when *Cyrus* was become Maſter of the Gate, and the Troops who were commanded to enter, had ſeen the ſign which was made unto them; they haſtily advanced, and entred *Sardis*, juſt as *Crœſſus* (who was advertiſed that the Enemy was within the Town) ſent forces to regain what had been loſt, imagining that the Gate was traiterouſly delivered up by ſome of his men, and never ſuſpecting that *Cyrus* came up by the Rock. In the mean time, the Troops of *Cyrus* being entred, and horſes being brought for all the Grandees, they mounted them: after which *Cyrus* being now in the head of the Cavalry, he did vigorouſly repulſe all that oppoſed his paſſage; he endeavoured to get a great place which was between the Palace of *Crœſſus* and the Cittadel: Commanding the Troops as they entered, to make good the principal ſtreets and publick places, but above all things, to keep the Gate at which they entered. In the mean time, the falſe Alarums continued, which amuſed one part of the Enemies: Never was ſuch a confuſion as amongſt the *Lydians*. All the Souldiers that were off their Guards, would have gotten whither their duty called them, but could not poſſibly, becauſe the ſtreets were already poſſeſſed by *Cyrus*. The Inhabitants were ſo frighted, that they never thought of either Barracading their ſtreets, or coming out of their houſes. The women made lamentable ſcreeks: The claſhing noiſe of Arms ecchoed from all ſides; The different noiſe of Conquerors, and conquered, filled the air with variety of ſounds: But *Crœſſus* having at laſt aſſembled ſome ſouldiers, oppoſed *Cyrus*, who after that, got not one corner of a ſtreet without fighting for it: The other Troops which had orders to poſſeſs other quarters of *Sardis*, met with reſiſtance in ſeveral places: In this great confuſion one might ſee in ſeveral places, women croud into the Temples: into other places, ſome that were deſperate, would throw all that they had out of the windows, to qualifie their Enemies: Indeed, the diſorder was ſo great, the Tumult ſo terrible, and terror ſo univerſally ſtruck, both into the hearts of the *Lydian* ſouldiers, and alſo into the Inhabitants, that they were at their wits end. *Crœſſus*, in ſo great a diſorder had no way left but to endeavour his retreat into the Cittadel with the Prince *Myrſiles*; to the end he might make ſuch a Capitulation as at leaſt might ſecure his perſon; and not doubting but ſince he had *Mandana* in his power, he could at leaſt obtain his liberty: This unfortunate King, did extreamly wonder that the King of *Pontus* never came at him, all the time of this great diſorder; yet upon conſideration that his love of *Mandana* cauſed him to keep the Cittadel, he thought it leſs ſtrange. Seeing then that *Sardis* was loſt: that his enemies were Maſters of all the principal ſtreets: That almoſt all the Ports of the Town were quitted by his men, and were in the power of *Cyrus*: He did retire, as I told yout into the Cittadel. But ſince the firſt deſign of *Cyrus* was to get between the Cittadel, and the Palace of *Crœſſus*, to the end he might take this unfortunate King, he effected it ſo well, that he cut off his way: and there it was that the Combat was hotly diſputed: The approach of the Sun having dimmed the light of the Moon, all manner of objects might viſibly be diſcerned, and one might know another; ſo that the *Lydians* fighting in the preſence of their King, both for his life and liberty, did things beyond belief. The Prince *Myrſiles*, though dumb, yet his acts did merit eternal memory, but as valiant as they were, all were not able to reſiſt the invincible *Cyrus*; who fought under the walls of the Cittadel, with the heart he did at *Sinope* under that Tower which the flames of fire were ready to conſume, and in which he thought to find his Princeſs, being no leſs valiant under the name of *Cyrus*, than he was under that of *Artamenes*. At leaſt I am ſure of this (ſaid he in himſelf in the midſt of the Tumult) I have this advantage, that I am ſure I ſhall releaſe *Mandana*, if I be victorious: For my rival has no Gally, to carry her away in, as *Mazares* had, nor can the Sea favour his flight: But whilſt *Cyrus* did envigorate his valour by his ſweet hopes, *Crœſſus* intending to charge through the midſt of his Enemies, which oppoſed his paſſage, to the end he might get into the Cittadel, got into the front of his men; repulſing all thoſe that aſſaulted him with incredible valour: Indeed he ruſhed ſo amongſt them, that he was compaſſed about; The Prince *Myrſiles* ſeeing him ſo engaged, came to relieve him: but before he was able to get to him, he ſaw a *Perſian* Souldier, whilſt *Crœſſus* was defending himſelf, ready to kill him behind, having his ſword already lifted up to run him through. The Prince *Myrſiles* ſeeing the King his father was ready to be killed, and he not able to help it, was ſenſible of ſo ſad an apprehenſion, and ſtraining to cry out with all his force, his tongue unlooſed, and this Prince, who never ſpoke before, did ſpeak to ſave the King his fathers life; he no ſooner ſaw this action of the ſouldier, but ſtriving with extraordinary violence, he cryed out, *Souldier ſpare the King*: this voice which was as plain as loud, penetrating the ears of that *Perſian*, did ſtop his lifted up arm, and made him change his intentions of killing this Prince, into a deſign only of taking him a Priſoner: But there was no great difficulty in that; for *Cyrus* coming up juſt as this prodigie happened, did find all the *Lydians* who heard the Prince *Myrſiles* ſpeak, ſo amazed, that there was much leſs difficulty in taking both the King, and the Prince his Son: Alſo *Crœſſus* ſeeing no hopes, thought it better to render himſelf, than to be taken in a vain reſiſtance. So that this unfortunate King turning towards *Cyrus*, and commanding the Prince his Son to ceaſe fighting and follow him, there was a Ceſſation of Arms on both ſides: Then *Crœſſus* turned the point of his ſword towards himſelf, and hilt to *Cyrus*, he preſented it unto him, telling him, that ſince he was not able any longer to reſiſt againſt the Conqueror of all *Aſia*, he would ſubmit, both himſelf, his Crown, and the victory unto him. *Cyrus* hearing the King of *Lydia* ſay ſo, ſeemed much moved, and anſwered him in terms worthy of his Generoſity. I receive your Sword (ſaid he unto him, and took it) but it is with a promiſe to reſtore it as ſoon as you have reſtored unto me the Princeſs *Mandana*, and ſurrendred the Cittadels wherein ſhe is: Since I have ſurrendred my ſelf, Sir, ſaid he unto him, you may imagine all in my power is yours. But, Sir, I muſt tell you, that the King of *Pontus* is not in mine. Then *Cyrus* told him he would ſend immediately to ſummon him: after which *Crœſſus* and *Myrſiles* were committed unto the cuſtody of *Hidaſpes*, who carried them to their own Palace which was cloſe by: and the ſword of *Crœſſus* was put into the hands of *Feraulas*, with orders to reſtore it whenſoever he ſhould ask it: In the mean while, ſince *Crœſſus* had ſurrendred himſelf, there was no more fighting in any part of the Town, but in houſes which Souldiers would have Plundered: But *Cyrus* whoſe mind ran all upon the Cittadel, would not let his Souldiers think of Pillaging this goodly Town, he ſent *Tigranes*, *Phraartes* and *Anaxaris* to hinder them, and who accordingly did ſo: In the mean time, he who went unto the Cittadel from *Crœſſus*, to bid the King of *Pontus* ſurrender it unto *Cyrus*, returned, and reported, that the Lieutenant *Pallias*, who was Governour told him, that provided he could ſee an order ſigned with the hand of *Crœſſus*, he would without reſiſtance obey him. So that *Cyrus* procuring this order, he ſent it, and commanded that the Souldiers ſhould come out; and appointed alſo ſuch Troops as ſhould enter at the ſame time: Alſo he drew up a great body of Infantry, in the midſt of the Plain which was between the Fort and the Palace of *Crœſſus*. As for *Cyrus* himſelf, he was in the head of a ſquadron of Horſe, to view the Souldiers come out of the Cittadel, and to ſee ſuch as he appointed to enter; watching with great impatiency, until things were in ſuch poſture, as that he could enter himſelf, and have the glory of ſetting the Princeſs *Mandana* at liberty; alſo to let her know by this act, that her jealouſy was ill grounded. The King of *Aſſyria*, though he had many raptures of joy at his hopes to ſee *Mandana*, yet had he perplexities. I believe he did as much fear to ſee the meeting of *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, as he deſired to ſee her at liberty; As for *Mazares*, though he had put on ſtrong reſolutions to hope for nothing, yet had he much ado to make his paſſion ſubmit unto his reaſon: And at this time, he could not chuſe but envy the happineſs, which *Cyrus* was going to take poſſeſſion of: So that there was none but the unconquerable *Cyrus*, whoſe joyes were pure, without any mixture of heart burnings: yet was he ſomething aſtoniſhed, that the King of *Pontus* did not all this while appear, nor look out of the Cittadel, to make ſome terms for himſelf before he did ſurrender it: but he imagined him, bidding his laſt adieu unto *Mandana*; and that he would not believe *Crœſſus* to be taken, therefore neither ought nor would ſurrender the Fort: But when he ſaw all the *Lydian* Souldiers come out, he was full of unexpreſſible joy, and ſuppoſing the King of *Pontus* was with *Mandana*, he ſent *Hidaſpes* to releaſe the Prince *Artamas*: The King of *Aſſyria*, *Mazares*, and *Seſoſtris* followed him, the laſt of theſe being as impatient to ſee, whether his dear *Timareta* was in the Cittadel, as all the other Princes were to ſet *Mandana* at liberty. *Chriſantes* willing *Cyrus* not to enter the Fort, until he ſaw the King of *Pontus* come out, but his caution could not keep *Cyrus* one minute from the ſight of his Princeſs:

So that being ſpurred on by an impatience, proportionable to the heat of love: and thinking that he had as many men with him as he had in the Cittadel, he entered haſtily into the Cittadel, enquiring the way unto *Mandana*'s Chamber: and having heard that the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Palmis* were together in the Priſon, he asked if ſhe were with her: a Souldier carried him unto a paſſage Chamber, which was common between both theſe Princeſſes, and as he was ſhewing him which was *Mandana*'s Chamber, and which the Princeſſes of *Lydia*, the Princeſs of *Palmis* came out of hers: but in lieu of her accuſtomed looks of joy, her eyes were all ſwell'd with tears: But notwithſtanding all her ſorrows, ſhe ſpoke unto *Cyrus* with as admirable a grace, as *Cyrus* did with generoſity, as ſoon as he entred into the Fort. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, the Princeſs *Mandana* hath ever made me hope to find in you all the favour that can be expected from a generous Conqueror, therefore I ſhall not deſpair to obtain ſo much favour from your goodneſs,as to be put in the ſame Priſon with the King my Father, that I may help him to ſupport his chains. *Cyrus*, charmed with the virtue of this *Lydian* Princeſs, aſſured her that ſhe was a Priſoner unto none but her ſelf, and that he was extreamly ſorry that he was forced to make war upon the King her Father:But,Madam,ſaid he unto her,I hope you will pardon me, if I conjure you to help me to break off the chains which fetter the Princeſs *Mandana*: As *Palmis* was going to anſwer, *Seſoſtris* ſaw the Princeſs *Timareta* enter, who having now no Guards upon her Chamber, came to deſire the protection of *Cyrus*: The ſurpriſe of this Princeſs was ſo great, when ſhe ſaw *Seſoſtris*; that ſhe could not chuſe but cry out, ſo that this Prince going towards her, he preſented his hand unto her with unconceivable joy, and then preſented her unto *Cyrus*, juſt as the Princeſs *Palmis* was about to anſwer his queſtion concerning *Mandana*. So that he was forced whether he would or no to receive the complement of the Princeſs of *Egypt*, whoſe ſuperlative beauty did attract the eyes of all beholders: he anſwered her moſt civilly, and ſhe ſpoke with as much grace and elegancy as wit; but all his anſwers were very ſhort, by reaſon of his impatiency to ſee *Mandana*, who he imagined would not appear by reaſon of her unjuſt jealouſie. But he had no ſooner anſwered *Timareta*, and told her ſhe was more a debtor to the valour of *Seſoſtris* for her liberty than unto him, than the Prince *Artamas* entered with *Soſicles* and *Tegeus*, whom *Hidaſpes* had releaſed. *Artamas* not knowing whether he ſhould firſt pay his thanks unto *Cyrus*, as his deliverer, or ſalute his Princeſs: or whether he ſhould more rejoyce at his liberty, or grieve for the impriſonment of *Crœſſus*, and being diſtracted between a Deliverer and a Miſtreſs, *Cyrus* obſerved him; and being deſirous to be rid of all that hindred him from ſeeing *Mandana*, he went unto *Artamas*, and preſented him unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, telling her that he was as worthy of her, as ſhe of him. But whilſt *Cyrus* was thus engaged to entertain theſe two Princeſſes, before he went unto *Mandana*'s Chamber, the King of *Aſſyria* had been there before him; and a ſervant opening the door unto him, he asked where *Mandana* and the King of *Pontus* were? he no ſooner heard the anſwer, but he cryed out, and ſo loud that *Cyrus* heard him; and fearing leſt ſome ſad accident had happened unto *Mandana*, he went towards him, without doing any civilities unto the Princeſs: what new fatality is now befaln us, (ſaid he unto him?) The greateſt that ever could (replied he, with ſuch a fury in his eyes that ſtruck to the heart of *Cyrus*) For *Mandana* is not hear, the King of *Pontus* carried her away more than three hours before day: How, (replied *Cyrus* in a ſad deſpair) is not *Mandana* here? Oh, Madam, (added he, and turned to the Princeſs of *Lydia*) why did you not tell me this ſad news at the firſt? Alas, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him, in a great amazement) I could not tell you what I knew not: for the Guards would not ſuffer me to go unto *Mandana*'s Chamber to comfort my ſelf, all the while the horrible noiſe laſted which I heard in the Town: So that thinking the ſame ſeverity was uſed unto her as me, I never ſuſpected her flight: Alſo the danger wherein my own eyes ſaw the King my Father, and the Prince my brother, did ſo diſtract my imagination, that I thought upon nothing elſe, and therefore-fore I knew nothing of *Mandana*'s flight: After this, *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſyria*, and *Mazares*, went into *Mandana*'s Chamber, where they found her not, and where there was none but the ſervant, who ſpoke unto the King of *Aſſyria*; and him *Cyrus* did examine concerning *Mandana*'s carrying away: but he could not gather any great ſatisfaction; for the ſervant told him, that he did not ſee either *Mandana* or the women depart: and that he ſaw none but *Pactias* who commanded him to ſtay in the Chamber, and not to open it, what noiſe or commands ſoever he heard, until two hours at leaſt after day. The Princeſs *Palmis*, and the Princeſs *Timareta*, coming into *Mandana*'s Chamber, as well as *Seſoſtris* and *Artamas*, they were exceedingly grieved at the accident, eſpecially the Princeſs *Palmis*. For ſhe having been longer with *Mandana* than *Timareta*, and had contracted an everlaſtnig league of friendſhip with her; ſhe had alſo more need of the protection of *Cyrus*, than had the Princeſs of *Egypt*. 'Tis true, her ſorrows were not comparable unto the ſorrows of the three Princes whom love cauſed to reſent the flight of *Mandana* moſt ſadly: Nor did they know whether they ſhould term it a flight or a carrying away: However, to loſe no time, they ſearched all the corners of the Cittadel for the King of *Pontus* and *Mandana*, leſt they ſhould be hid in ſome place; alſo *Cyrus* cauſed all the King of *Pontus* his men to be ſecured; and proclamed throughout the Town, great rewards unto any that could tell where *Mandana* was, or only which way ſhe went. In the mean time, *Cyrus* carried the Princeſs *Palmis* unto the King her fathers Palace, and the Princeſs *Timareta* alſo; conjuring the Princeſs *Palmis* to get out of *Crœſſus* what he knew concerning *Mandana*'s departure, and the place of her retreat, aſſuring him of his liberty, if he could truly inform him where ſhe was: but all was to no purpoſe: for neither by the King of *Pontus* his Domeſticks, nor by the Proclamation about the Town, nor by *Crœſſus*, could *Cyrus* meet with any intelligence, nor was man in more deſpair than *Cyrus*: Nor was man in ſuch a boiſterous fury as the King of *Aſſyria*; nor was ever any more amuſed than *Mazares*: One ſaid that certainly the King of *Pon-*

tus was lurking ſomewhere in the Town, and that it was impoſſible they ſhould get out: another ſaid, they went out during the great confuſion that was made, either by the River, or by the ſide of the Town, where the Line of Communication was not finiſh'd: and a third ſaid, that *Crœſſus* muſt needs know, or at leaſt conjecture where they were. They propounded expedient upon expedient, to find out the truth, but all in vain: and *Cyrus* had ſo many orders to give out, either for the ſecurity of the new taken Town, or for the Guard of *Crœſſus*, or for the ſearch of *Mandana*, that he had no ſooner given one command, but it was neceſſary to give another. He had no time to contemplate his misfortune; but yet he apprehended it in groſs to be ſo great, and his ſoul was ſo full of confuſion, that he thought himſelf the moſt miſerable man alive. But after he had ſent to advertiſe the King of *Phrygia*, and the King of *Hircania* how affairs ſtood, and appointing them to ſend out ſeveral parties of Horſe to enquire of the King of *Pontus* and *Mandana*; and after he had given command at all the gates, that none ſhould go out before it was known who they were, and to Guard the walls; as if the Town were yet beſieged, leſt the King of *Pontus* ſhould get out by the help of Ladders; and after he had taken all the courſes which either Love or Prudence could invent: *Andramites* came to tell him, how he underſtood from a ſervant of *Pactias*, Governour of the Cittadel, that his Maſter ſent a ſervant the laſt night for ſix of his beſt horſes to be brought unto the ſide of *Pactolus*, towards the great Rock by which the Town was taken, and therefore it was probable that the King of *Pontus*, and *Mandana* were gone out of *Sardis*: *Cyrus* no ſooner heard this, but he deſired to ſpeak himſelf with the man whom *Andramites* ſpoke with; and ſince the King of *Aſſyria* was not then with him, nor any but *Mazares* and the Prince *Artamas*, he went with them unto the place where this ſervant of *Pactias* ſaid the Horſes were carried, to the end he might judge which way they took: But *Feraulas* thinking it not fit that *Cyrus* ſhould go in a new taken Town with ſo ſlender a retinue, did hint it unto him: So that *Cyrus* commanding two horſes to follow him, went unto the ſide of *Pactolus*: He was no ſooner there, but *Andramites* who was that Country man, coming to the River, and ſeeing the Golden ſand which is ſo famous throughout the world, he knew by it that the water was very low in that place, and that it was not impoſſible but it might be foorded, there being at ſome times of the year not water enough to carry the little Boats which uſe to paſs. Moreover, *Cyrus* obſerved, that the tracts of the Horſes feet did not go along the River *Pactolus*, but went into it: Alſo, there were ſome Fiſhermen, who came unto the ſide of the River to look at *Cyrus*, who ſaid, that the laſt night they ſaw from their houſes, which were cloſe by, ſome horſes paſs over the River: one of them adding, that he alſo ſaw a little Boat, but the Alarm to the Town being ſo hot in all quarters, they would not ſtir out of their houſes to ſee who they were: imagining that they were ſome, who fearing a Famine, had rather venture themſelves among their enemies, than hazard to dye for hunger. Then *Cyrus* asked whether they ſaw any women? One of them knowing what they ſought for, anſwered, yes, in hopes of recompence proclaimed; and others more ſincere, anſwered, no: But indeed, though *Cyrus* ſaw, they knew not what they ſaw, yet he imagined, that infallibly the King of *Pontus* was out of *Sardis*, ſo that without more delay, he reſolved to follow in perſon; yet not being cleared of all his doubts, he ſent *Andramites* to tell the King of *Aſſyria*, that he left him in the Town to make all diligent ſearch there, whilſt he went without the Town in queſt of intelligence. He would needs have the Prince *Artamas* to return and comfort the Princeſs *Palmis* for the misfortune of the King her father: But *Artamas* being a debtor unto him for the liberty of his Princeſs, would not forſake him when he was in queſt of his own: As for *Mazares*, there was no doubt which way he would take: Thus theſe three Princes did happily foord the River with their men. In the mean time, *Cyrus* could not chuſe but wonder at the weakneſs of *Sardis* on that ſide. 'Tis true, that as the River *Pactolus* did riſe and fall in a ſhort time, it was not above four hours in that condition: When *Cyrus* was on the other ſide of the River, he ſaw the prints of horſe feet come out of it; but he ſaw within a ſhort way they were ſo mingled with many other, that he knew not the right ones he would follow: When he was about a Furlong off, he came to a place where three ways parted, ſo that ſtaying to confer with *Mazares* and *Artamas* what courſe was beſt to take, they reſolved to divide themſelves, and did ſo, into three companies; *Cyrus* letting *Feraulas* go with the Prince *Artamas*, becauſe he knew not *Mandana*; all promiſing to return unto *Sardis* within three days at the furtheſt, or elſe to ſend news of their adventures: But when *Cyrus* was to chuſe which of theſe three ways he ſhould take, he was much put to it; for he had no ſooner reſolved upon one, but he repented; and to ſay truly, he would have been in all three, and at *Sardis* alſo; yet at laſt he made choice of that way which was towards the Sea-ſide, ſuppoſing that the King of *Pontus* would draw that way: But alas, what a miſcellany of ſad thoughts poſſeſſed the ſpirit of this Prince during this voyage. He talked with all he met, he ſent unto all the houſes he ſaw either on the right or left hand, but could not hear any tidings of them. As oft as he came unto any croſs way, he would again divide thoſe men he had; thinking if he did not ſo, he ſhould leave the way which *Mandana* took. And indeed he did ſo divide, and ſubdivide his men ſo often, that he had left but ten with himſelf, and at laſt but five, and having none of quality with him but *Ligdamis*, who was fitter for him than any other, becauſe he knew the Country very well. As he was in a Wood which was full of ways, he heard on both ſides of him the noiſe of men on horſeback, which were in the thick of the Wood, thinking alſo that he heard the voices of women: So that he knew not what to reſolve upon; yet rather than miſs *Mandana*, or at leaſt not know whither they carried her, he divided his men again, and kept only with him *Ligdamis* and another, and ſent the other two on the two ſides; then they ſtruck ſeverally into the thick of the Wood, in hopes to get where they heard noiſe of horſes, men and women, *Cyrus* thinking

ing that he heard the voice of *Arianita*; but the Wood being full of Leaves, *Cyrus* could not get to them, but thoſe who followed him, finding a clearer paſſage, they got before him: Alſo he perceived, that the noiſe he heard was leſs and leſs: and in lieu of going forward he went back towards the high way; hoping when he was in the way, more eaſily to gain what he had loſt: yet it fell not out as he imagined: for in his croſſing the Wood to the high way, he could not hear any thing either of his own company or any elſe, yet he hoped to overtake them, and indeed he galloped ſo faſt, that he overtook *Ligdamis*, and the other man; and finding two ways, he ſent the man one way, and he with *Ligdamis* took the other; he had not gone above thirty paces, but he met with two country women with baskets of fruits upon their heads, whom he asked whether they met with any before them? But they anſwered, that about half an hour ſince, they thought they heard ſome horſes paſs by them, yet they could not ſee any thing: Such an odd anſwer, made *Cyrus* ask no more queſtions of theſe women, only the way to the place where they heard thoſe horſes which they could not ſee; but the two women could not agree upon the place: So that *Cyrus* ſeeing he loſt his time in talking with them, he went on his way: but all to no purpoſe, for he could not find what he ſought after, ſo that he began extreamly to deſpair; and the more, becauſe his horſe was almoſt tired, and night came on: So that he was forced to take counſel of *Ligdamis*, and to refreſh their horſes at the firſt Town they came at; but in going to it, the Wood by degrees grew thinner, and they came to a place where ran a violent Torrent, which fell impetuouſly from a Mountain not far off, and ſeparated the Wood from a pleaſant Meadow, and ran ſo deep, that there was no poſſibility of paſſage, and the banks were ſo ſteep, that it could not be ſwum with a horſe: *Cyrus* coming to the ſides of this Torrent, along which he muſt of neceſſity go, he eſpied a woman ſitting in the midſt of this Meadow, whoſe head lay upon the knees of another woman: Upon the firſt rapture of this ſight, needs would he croſs the Torrent, but his horſe would not take it;

ſo gave him time to conſider what was beſt to be done, though he was ready to attempt any impoſſibility: Then did he go more into the Wood, that he might ſee the better, and was even wonder-ſtruck when he ſaw the one was *Mandana*, and the other *Marteſia*; he no ſooner ſaw them, but he called *Ligdamis*, who was behind him, to ſhew them unto him; but as ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, they vaniſhed, and he ſaw them no more, and conſequently could not ſhew them. This prodigious adventure did ſo aſtoniſh him, that he durſt not believe himſelf: he went then as near as he could to the Torrent, to look at the place where he thought he ſaw *Mandana*, but he could ſee nothing; he could not imagine that whilſt he turned his head to call *Ligdamis* ſhe could get to a croſs way which was towards the foot of the Mountain; ſo that not knowing whether it was an apparition, or a phantaſie, he ſtood ſtill, and ſpoke not one word: his reaſon gave his eyes the lye, and perſwaded him it could not poſſibly be *Mandana* which he ſaw; yet this Idea made ſuch a deep impreſſion upon his ſpirit, that after he had told *Ligdamis* what he ſaw, he asked him where one might get over the Torrent? But *Ligdamis* anſwered him, that they muſt turn back, and that they left a way in the Wood which would have carried them into that Meadow. After this, he told him, that he was abſolutely reſolved to go unto the place where he had ſeen this fair Viſion. *Ligdamis* diſſwaded him, and ſaid, it was but labour loſt: but needs would he go unto the place notwithſtanding. Then did *Ligdamis* carry him to a way where the Torrent was more ſhallow, which they eaſily forded, and made all haſte to the Meadow, leſt night ſhould be upon them before they got thither; yet had they day enough to get thither: And when *Cyrus* was come to the place where he ſaw *Mandana*, he found the graſs all rufled, and laid in that place, and ſhewed that ſome did ſit upon it, and their footſteps were plainly diſcerned in the Meadow: for in all other places the Flowers and Graſs were freſh and untrodden, but in this place where they had been, and which way they went. *Cyrus* was ſo amazed at what he had ſeen, and did ſee, that he was almoſt out of his wits: As for *Ligdamis*, he was perſwaded, that chance only had ſo foiled the graſs, where *Cyrus* ſaid he ſaw this apparition, and believed what *Cyrus* ſaw, was only the ſtrength of imagination and love together. Then ſeeing that night came on, that it was a long way to the neareſt Town, and that their horſes were ſpent: he forced *Cyrus* to be going, and leave the place where he ſaw *Mandana*, or a phantaſm reſembling her, for he knew not what to think it was: But in their going they light upon that path which was newly made in the Meadow; but in the going out of this Meadow it was ſo dark that neither Path, nor Men, nor Horſes could be diſcerned, and he was forced to ſubmit unto this conduct of *Ligdamis*; and going in the dark, he called to memory a dream which he had, in which he ſaw *Mandana* in a Meadow, and that ſhe immediately vaniſhed: To think how his dream proved true, did much augment his wonder: Afterwards calling into his memory the long Catalogue of his misfortunes ſince he came from *Perſepolis* at ſixteen years of age, and conſidering that he yet was but four and twenty, he thought that if the gods would have him live longer, and torment him with more misfortunes, they muſt invent ſome new ones, ſince there was none in the world which he had not gone through: 'Tis true, in matters of glory and war, he had been happy: but ſince all his Victories did not avail his Princeſs, he valued them rather as miſeries than good fortunes: But whilſt *Cyrus* was rapt in theſe ſad thoughts, he ſtill inſenſibly went on, onely following *Ligdamis*, who went before: At laſt, being come to a houſe at the foot of a hill, which ſtood ſome hundred paces from a Village; *Cyrus* lighted from his horſe, and never enquiring whether the lodging was good or bad, he went into a little Chamber which was ſhewed him: *Ligdamis* took care for every thing, that *Cyrus* might take the better reſt: And *Ligdamis* would not let the woman go unto the Town to provide any neceſſaries; for he conceived, that if it ſhould come to be known that *Cyrus* was the Conquerour of *Crœſus*, and him that kept him priſoner, ſome well-wiſher of that unfortunate King might ſeiſe upon *Cyrus*; therefore he choſe rather to have bad entertainment, than run that hazard: However, the poor woman, whoſe husband was not at home, made a thouſand excuſes, telling them that if her husband were at home, their entertainment might have been better: *Cyrus* asked her, whether ſhe ſaw any women of quality paſs by on horſeback that day with ſuch a man in their company as he deſcribed the King of *Pontus* to be? but ſhe anſwered, No. Then *Cyrus* and *Ligdamis* after a homely repaſt went to their reſt; yet *Cyrus* waked before day, and made ready to depart: When he was taking Horſe, the Maſter of the houſe being returned home to entertain him better than his Wife had done; ſaid, Sir, I muſt tell you, that I can hardly repent of my abſence, for I aſſure you it hath been very ſerviceable unto a diſtreſſed Lady. A Lady? (replied *Cyrus* haſtily) Yes, Sir, ſaid he, and I left her at a Town about twenty furlongs from hence, where heretofore I dwelt. *Cyrus* hearing this man ſay ſo, was very urgent with him, to relate where he found this Lady; what ſtature ſhe was of, and how ſhe was diſtreſſed? As for her diſtreſs, replied he, I cannot give you an exact relation; but I can aſſure you ſhe is very fair, that ſhe hath cried very much, and that a man who was with her, was very diligent to comfort her. Where did you find her, replied *Cyrus*, and when? I found her the laſt night, replied the man, a little before Sun-ſet, as I was returning from a place where I had ſome buſineſs; and I heard the man ſay, that her horſe did throw her into the River, where ſhe was in danger to be drowned; and that ſhe had ſo hurt her leg that ſhe was not able to ſtand, or endure the jogging of a horſe; ſo that I coming to the place where ſhe was in this condition, I offered my ſelf to help her; and the man who was in her company taking me at my word, deſired me to carry him to a place where his Lady might have help; and I conducted them to this Town where I told you I had been: The man carrying her in his arms, and I leading her horſe which threw her into the Torrent. *Cyrus* no ſooner heard this, but he deſired him in all haſte to carry him unto the place where this Lady was; but the man ſeeing him ſo very earneſt, knew not whether he ſhould ſhew him the way or no: yet *Cyrus* at laſt did promiſe him ſuch rewards, that he made himſelf ready to be his convoy, and carried him unto the very chamber where ſhe was, without acquainting any in the houſe, for the people of that houſe where ſhe lodged being of his acquaintance, never examined him: Yet *Cyrus* asked them whether ſhe was very much hurt, but they anſwered him, that ſhe was much better than ſhe was thought to have been; for the Chirurgeon ſaid her leg was not broken, but only ſtrained; and aſſured them it would mend quickly, ſo ſhe might reſt ſome days. After this, *Cyrus* went into this Ladies Chamber, and knew her to be *Arianita*: He no ſooner ſaw her, but going to her, and ſeeing none could underſtand him but *Ligdamis*: Ah, my dear *Arianita* (ſaid he unto her) what have you done with my Princeſs? Sir, (anſwered ſhe, much amazed to ſee him) I have left her much againſt my will, by reaſon of an ill accident which happened unto me, and I am not ſo happy as *Marteſia* who is gone with her. But where is ſhe? replied *Cyrus*: Into what part of the World hath the King of *Pontus* carried her? Is it far off? And can you not inform me which way I ſhould follow. Alas, Sir, replied ſhe, you ask me ſuch queſtions as I cannot anſwer; for I know not whither the King of *Pontus* will go; all I know is, that I left them yeſterday a little before Sun ſet, and that they reſolved for to travel all night, and that it will be very hard for you to follow them, not only becauſe they are far before you, but becauſe they go inviſible: You tell me ſuch wonders, replied *Cyrus*, that they tranſcend my underſtanding: yet I will tell you nothing but what is true, replied ſhe: therefore, Sir, ſince you cannot follow the King of *Pontus*, until you firſt know in what manner he goes, you muſt allow ſo much patience as to let me tell you. I would gladly ask you, replied he, how the King of *Pontus* got out of *Sardis*? whether he carried away my Princeſs, or whether ſhe followed him? whether I ſaw her yeſterday with *Marteſia* in the midſt of a Meadow? and whether ſhe hate me? I have alſo a great deſire to ask you how you do after your fall, and carry you unto ſome place of better accommodation; but I muſt confeſs, I have a moſt earneſt deſire to follow *Mandana*, and deliver her from her unjuſt Rival: yet, Sir, replied *Arianita*, you cannot follow them with ſucceſs, unleſs you know as much as I do: Then I conjure you to tell me quickly, ſaid this amorous Prince. *Ligdamis* would then have withdrawn to the other end of the Chamber, but *Cyrus* would have him be partaker of what *Arianita* would relate. So that after the door was ſhut, and *Cyrus* ſitting upon the ſide of her bed, he deſired her to relate all ſhe knew concerning *Mandana*. Sir, replied ſhe, I could tell you many paſſages concerning that Princeſs whom I have the honour to ſerve, and which I believe you would gladly know: but conſidering the preſent ſtate of things, I will only relate what is requiſite to be known at this preſent; and tell you which way I come to be acquainted with the ſecret of the King of *Pontus*: That there was a man of quality with him, who certainly is moſt innocent of his Maſters injuſtice, and who pitying the miſeries of the Princeſs *Mandana*, hath often lamented them unto me: and I aſſure you, that by his means we have received many civilities and comforts in our Priſons: And, Sir, I muſt tell you, that I think there is ſuch terms of friendſhip between us, as I have ſome power over his ſpirit. And it is by him I know which way your Rival robs you of the fruit of your victory in taking *Mandana* from you. Know then, Sir, that when the King of *Pontus* perceived that you reſolved to take *Sardis* by famine, when you could not by force, he thought himſelf loſt, though he would not confeſs it unto any but to *Pactias*, and him who told it unto me, whoſe name was *Timonides*. Seeing then that your lines were begun, he knew that if once they were but finiſhed, it would be impoſſible for him to get out of *Sardis*, and have recourſe unto flight, therefore he fell into a moſt extream deſpair; *Timonides* told me, that then he did ſtrive with himſelf to overcome his paſſion, but could not poſſibly, and the greateſt reaſon was, becauſe he had ſome hopes, that the jealouſie which he had infuſed into the heart of the Princeſs, would make much to his advantage: In the mean time, he could not conceive it poſſible to get himſelf and *Mandana* out of *Sardis*; yet he was continually contriving ways how to compaſs it; and diſcourſed often with *Pactias* about it; who came unto the King of *Pontus* one morning, and told him, that he had found out a way to get *Mandana* out of *Sardis*. At firſt, this Prince was ſo tranſported with joy, that he embraced him, but afterwards conceiving it to be impoſſible, he would not ſo much as ask him what his way was: But, Sir, (ſaid *Pactias* to him) I know you are not ignorant of the wonderful virtue which is in that ſtone called the *Heliotrope*; and you know, that the famous Ring of *Gyges* (which by making him inviſible, got him a Crown) hath always been carefully kept in the Royal Family of *Lydia*; and that the Prince *Mexaris*, Brother of *Crœſſus*, had it from the King his Father. And I think I have heard you ſpeak of an effect of this Ring when *Mexaris* one day made an entertainment for *Panthea*, when he was in love with her, and when *Abradates* was his Rival. Therefore I ſhall not need to relate, that there is a certain kind of luſtre in this ſtone, dazles or caſts a kind of miſt about the perſon who carries it, and makes them inviſible. Then, Sir you muſt know, that before *Mexaris* died he went out of *Sardis*, and out of favour with the King his brother, becauſe he would have carried away the Princeſs of *Claſomena*: ſo that when the news of his death was known amongſt the Kings Domeſticks, they filched away the greateſt part of his Treaſure, before any orders could be given concerning them: and amongſt the reſt, they took this famous Ring of *Gyges*. A ſtrict enquiry was made for the Thief: for *Crœſſus* valued this Ring more than all the reſt, but nothing could be heard of it. In the mean time, one of the Officers of *Crœſſus* had a command in this Cittadel under me, and this morning died; but a little before his death he deſired to ſpeak with me, and told me, that he was a complice in the theft which was committed after the death of *Mexaris*: Adding, that having nothing but this Ring of *Gyges* in his poſſeſſion, he gave it into my hands. I cannot tell whether he meant to give it the King or me, for he died preſently. However it was, Sir, I have the Ring, whoſe effects are ſo wonderful, that I believe it may be ſerviceable to you: The King of *Pontus* was at firſt exceedingly joyed at what *Pactias* told him. But upon ſecond thoughts he thought it would not ſerve his turn, for the virtue of this ſtone extended only to him who carried it, and therefore he was as much grieved as before. Then he fell into a deep and ſerious contemplation of it; and Love being a paſſion which fills the mind full of Fancy, and gives new and quicker fire to the imagination, he found out an expedient uſe of it: He conſidered, that as a Loadſtone divided into ſeveral parts doth ſtill retain his whole virtue in every part, and will attract Iron; and that Amber, and Jet do keep the qualities which Nature gave them, though they be divided; therefore the Stone in this Ring if divided might as well retain his efficacy in every part, and conſequently he might make *Mandana* inviſible as well as himſelf: He had no ſooner apprehended this, but he imparted it unto *Pactias*, who approved of his Fancy very well, not doubting but that the *Heliotrope* would admit diviſion as well as the Loadſtone: He added further to fortifie his opinion, that all inanimate things in nature, either Stones or Mettles would keep their qualities, though divided; and therefore the *Heliotrope*: But if it be divided only into two, replied the King of *Pontus*, *Marteſia*, and *Arianita*, and you muſt be left behind, and if you do ſtay behind when I am gone, I know *Crœſſus* will do what he can to ruin you; and I know further, that it will be much more difficult to get *Mandana* away by her ſelf than with *Marteſia* and *Arianita*: Yet I cannot conceive, ſaid *Pactias*, that this ſtone ought to be divided into ſo many parts: And as for me, never take any thought; for I will diſguiſe my ſelf, and get out the next ſalley which is made, until which I will hide my ſelf in *Sardis*: and as for the Princeſſes women, we will lock them up until you be far enough off from being followed. Though this deſign was not very well examined, and though the King of *Pontus* ſaw it full of difficulties, yet the execution was reſolved upon, hoping in time to ſurmount all the obſtacles. *Pactias* then brought a Workman to divide this *Heliotrope*, and ſet it when it was divided; he brought him into a Chamber of the Citadel, where he was ſhut up until he had done his work: But, Sir, as this Artiſt was dividing the ſtone, whoſe nature he was ignorant of, and which indeed was too big for a Ring, in lieu of dividing it into two, it ſhivered and fell into ſix pieces of different bigneſs: The King of *Pontus*, who would needs be preſent, ſeeing this accident, and fearing that this ſtone had loſt its virtue, and was altogether uſeleſs, he was extreamly angry and ſad, and was very angry with the man; but making tryal of the pieces, he found that every one retained their whole virtue, ſo that in lieu of chiding, he thanked the man; for now he ſaw it would be much eaſier for him to get away *Mandana*, than if it were divided but only into two; and now he conceived his deſign, which before he thought impoſſible, to be only difficult. In the mean time, before he ſet the ſtones, he conſidered how he ſhould do to get *Mandana* to carry one, and *Marteſia* and I another; for he imagined that for all her jealouſie, he could never win her to contribute any thing unto her carrying away: and conſidering, that to make this ſtone do his effect, it muſt be turned towards the perſon who was to carry it, he could invent no better way, than to fix one unto the Pomel of the Saddle which *Mandana* was to ride upon, for that way the ſtone might be turned towards her. and almoſt as near her body as if it were in a Ring: So that conceiving no better way could poſſibly be found out, he commanded him who was to ſet the ſtones, to ſet three of them in ſilver only, and in ſuch a manner as one might put them in, and take them out when they would; and for the three others, he would have them ſet in Rings. Then the man conſidering upon the propoſition which was made, he deviſed a way according to the King of *Pontus* his deſire; for he would place this *Heliotrope* in the Pomel of the Saddle, as if it had been only the head of a nail, and did drive in many other Nails, to the end that this like them might ſeem only an ornament, and was placed ſo cunningly, that it was always turned towards the perſon who ſat in the Saddle. This invention did ſo take the King of *Pontus*,

Pontus, that I did preſs on the execution of it very earneſtly; and indeed it was done with as much ingenuity as it was invented: But whilſt he was working, the King of *Pontus* was upon two deſigns at once: The one was, to augment thoſe ſparks of Jealouſie which were kindled in the Princeſs; and the other was to be as cautious in his going out of *Sardis* as if he had not this miraculous ſtone. In order unto theſe two things, after thoſe Ladies who at the Princeſs *Araminta*'s requeſt you permitted to go out of *Sardis*, were gone out———Ah *Arianita* (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted her) it was not at the Princeſs *Araminta*'s requeſt, that I permitted thoſe Ladies to go out, but at the inſtance of one who was Couſin unto them, named *Doraliſa*, who was with the late Queen of *Suſiana*. However, Sir, (replied *Arianita*) *Mandana* does think it was at her requeſt, and accuſeth you of too little affection unto her, and of too much unto *Araminta*: But, I beſeech you, Sir, be ſo patient as to hear me, and know, that after theſe Ladies were gone out, the King of *Pontus* cauſed one of the Guard to tell us the next morning, as news which he had from one who was taken Priſoner, that you treated them with extraordinary civilities; that you ſent them to the Princeſs *Araminta*, cauſing all imaginable honours to be done them in her conſideration. Adding, that at preſent, this Princeſs had the ruling of the whole Army; that all addreſſes were unto her for any office; that ſuch Priſoners were releaſed as ſhe thought good, and indeed that you were ſo far in love with her as every one was aſtoniſhed at it, and ſaying that many condemned you for it. You may well imagine, Sir, that *Marteſia* and I would never have told all this unto the Princeſs though we had believed it; but he who told us, took ſuch a time, as when the Princeſs was in her Cloſet, and ſpoke ſo loud, that ſhe heard, and was extreamly moved at it, and was extreamly incenſed againſt you, inſomuch that ſhe commended the King of *Pontus* his diſcretion, that he would not tell her himſelf. Alas *Arianita* (cried out *Cyrus*) what diſmal news is this you tell me? Believe me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I do not tell you that the Princeſs loves the King of *Pontus*; but to be ſincere with you, I muſt needs ſay, ſhe complains againſt you. She is ſo unjuſt in her complaints (replied this ſad Prince) that the gods to puniſh her, hath hindered me from releaſing her: But, I beſeech you, *Arianita*, go on, and tell me all you know. I ſhall tell you then, Sir, that *Mandana* had ſuch an incenſed ſoul againſt you, that ſhe could not ſleep one wink all the night following, but accuſed you ten thouſand times of ingratitude and inconſtancy, and ſaid ſhe would never love any as long as ſhe lived; reſolving with her ſelf to leave loving you, or at leaſt to love you leſs: ſhe was full of ſad expreſſions unto *Marteſia* and me, as were enough to move the hardeſt heart in the world, which if rightly conſidered, may give you more ſatisfaction than ſorrow, becauſe they are ſymptoms of her affection to you. Though the ſatisfaction you mention be but bitter; yet I conjure you to tell me all that *Mandana* ſaid: for the reſpects I owe unto my Princeſs are ſo high, that her very injuries ſhall not make me murmur againſt her. Alas, Sir, replied *Arianita*, if I ſhould tell you all the Princeſs ſaid, I ſhould not end this day: For I aſſure you, ſhe ſpoke more that day in a quarter of an hour than at other times ſhe was accuſtomed to do in two hours. No, no, (ſaid ſhe to *Marteſia*, who entreated her to ſuſpend her judgment of you till *Sardis* was taken) do not think that the Victory of *Cyrus* will produce my liberty: 'Tis true, I wiſh him victorious (ſaid ſhe) and do not yet hate him ſo much as to deſire he ſhould be overcome, but yet I would not have him releaſe me; and I look upon that liberty which he ſhould give me, as upon a thing that would grieve me more than any thing upon earth. Oh Heavens, ſaid ſhe, is it not poſſible that one of my quality, conſidering the ſtate of things, ſhould ſuborn her Guards? For as the caſe of *Crœſſus* ſtands upon bad terms, the King of *Pontus* his caſe is much worſe: Why ſhould not the hopes of a rich reward from the King of *Medes* move ſome of my Guard to ſet me at liberty? I ſhall think you want either wit or affection to me, if you do not ſo much for me, or at leaſt if you do not attempt it. It is ſo ordinary to ſee men change with fortune, that I make no queſtion but you may do that for me, which will make me more joyful than I am able to expreſs. Imagine what a joy it would be unto me to get out of the King of *Pontus* his power, and not be beholding unto *Cyrus* for my liberty; but that I may upbraid him with his Inconſtancy, and have no new obligations upon me to him. Conſider, I conjure you, what conſiderable ſervice this would be unto me, and how I ſhould be obliged unto a recompence. But, Madam, ſaid *Marteſia* to her, though it were poſſible that *Arianita* and I ſhould ſuborn your Guards, yet how can you ever think to eſcape? Do you not conſider, though they let you go ſafe out of *Sardis*, yet you cannot eſcape the beſiegers? Oh *Marteſia*, ſaid ſhe, never make that objection; for if I were once out of *Sardis*, aſſure your ſelf I ſhould well enough eſcape both the King of *Pontus* and *Cyrus*, eſpecially if they let me out on that ſide where the *Medes* keep guard: for I muſt needs think that they who are ſubjects unto the King my Father will ſo far obey me, as to carry me unto *Ecbatan*, before they will carrry me unto *Cyrus*: However, though they ſhould not, but ſhould carry me to that perfidious man, yet I ſhould thereby take away the honour from him of delivering me: In ſhort, Sir, the Princeſs uſed ſuch arguments unto us, that ſhe perſwaded us it was not difficult to ſuborn her Guards: Then I offered to ſpeak unto *Timonides* over whom I knew I had ſome power, but ſhe did expreſly forbid me, telling me, that it muſt be unto the officers of *Pactias*, or *Pactias* himſelf, that I muſt break the matter, and not unto any man that had relation unto the King of *Pontus*: She gave us commiſſion to promiſe any thing in her behalf, aſſuring us that ſhe would punctually perform whatſoever we promiſed: Then we talked that very night with one of the officers under *Pactias*, and falling into a diſcourſe of the Princeſs and her misfortunes, we told him that both he and all his company were alſo infortunate, ſo that after all their fidelity and care in guarding *Mandana*, they could never hope for any recompence; ſince they were all ready to become the Slaves of *Cyrus*. Afterwards, adding many other reaſons, and joyning his own intereſt unto the pity which he ought to have of ſo great a Princeſs, we moved him to ſerve the Princeſs, and that way to ſhelter himſelf from that ſtorm which *Crœſſus* would bring upon him: This Officer hearing us ſay ſo, did not abſolutely reject our propoſition, though he did not accept it: and we imagined that the difficulty which he made was to draw on a greater recompence for the ſervice which he ſhould do in delivering the Princeſs: yet that was not his thought: nor would he put us out of hopes to gain him, leſt if he had abſolutely denied us, we ſhould make the propoſition unto ſome other, who perhaps would lend a more willing ear unto it than he did: But be pleaſed to know, Sir, that he was no ſooner gone from us, but he acquainted *Pactias* with the propoſition which we had made, who conceiving that this would exceedingly forward the King of *Pontus* his deſign of carrying away *Mandana*, he imparted it unto him, and made him beyond all expreſſions joyful, not doubting now but to get the Princeſs out of *Sardis* very eaſily; and he did the leſs fear it, becauſe the River *Pactolus* was ſo low that he knew it was fordable at a place near the Citadel: So that ſeeing the main obſtacle which he found in his deſign (which was, that if he carried us by force we would cry out) was overcome, he thought how to execute the matter immediately; yet reſolving to ſtay until ſuch a night as there was an alarum given on that ſide of the Town, oppoſite unto the Citadel: In the mean time, *Pactias* appointed him whom we had ſpoke unto, to hold us in hand, as if he intended to make his fortune by releaſing *Mandana*, and that he ſhould have carried the matter ſo cunningly, that we ſhould not have the leaſt ſuſpicion he would deceive us: And indeed, he acted his part ſo well, that *Marteſia* and I did verily believe we had won him to us: for he ſeemed as if it went ſomething againſt the hair of his mind, to betray his Maſter, and yet ſeemed as if he were infinitely compaſſionate of the miſery in which the Princeſs was: And *Marteſia* and I were ſo deluded in him, that we alſo deluded *Mandana*; but the truth is, ſhe was as much deluded by the words of him with whom we treated, as by ours: for ſince he told us, to delude us the more, that he would not undertake the buſineſs, unleſs he ſpake unto the Princeſs; we did ſo bring it to paſs, that he did ſpeak with her, and concluded what we had begun: Thus taking the whole matter upon him, we had nothing to do but to be ready for a departure, when he ſhould advertiſe us: And to make the matter ſeem more likely, he told us of the ſhallowneſs of the River, adding, that unleſs it were ſo, he could not poſſibly deliver us. But the Princeſs thinking that ſhe muſt needs be at ſome expences in the execution of his deſign, ſhe gave him a very rich Ring: which he took, leſt ſhe ſhould ſuſpect him if he refuſed; ſo that now we were full of hopes. The Princeſs was very ſorry to leave the Princeſs *Palmis*, but ſhe knew that though ſhe ſhould ſhew her the way how ſhe might get out of Priſon, yet out of her reſpects unto the King her Father, ſhe would refuſe it, therefore ſhe did not impart her deſign unto her: but waited with much impatience for the execution of it: and we waited not long: for the Heliotropes being ſet, and *Pactolus* at an ebbe, *Pactias* having procured a boat to waft over the Princeſs, *Marteſia*, and me, leſt there ſhould be any danger in riding the River: the King of *Pontus* bidding *Timonides* to be in a readineſs, and *Pactias* having given all requiſite orders for our going out of *Sardis*: It chanced that about two hours after we were gone to bed, we heard a great noiſe in the Town: ſo that the Princeſs fearing ſome ſedition, ſhe did riſe, and dreſſed her ſelf: And ſhe was no ſooner ready, but the men from whom we expected our liberty, came to tell us, that now we might eaſily make an eſcape whilſt there was a diſorder in the Town, occaſioned by a falſe Alarm which he ſaid *Crœſſus* gave, purpoſely to keep the inhabitants awake: the reaſon why he told the Princeſs it was a falſe Alarm, was, becauſe the King of *Pontus* feared, that if *Mandana* knew *Sardis* was taken, ſhe would then change her reſolution, and not go out: for he knew not how high her jealouſie was, though he had a great gueſs at it: You may well imagine, Sir, that the Princeſs received this news of her pretended liberty with much joy: So that telling the man ſhe was ready, he left us, and returned about a quarter of an hour after to conduct us down a back pair of ſtairs where none could ſee us, himſelf and two of his companions, until we came unto the Court of Guard, where we found very few Souldiers: for you muſt know, Sir, that the King of *Pontus* would not have the Princeſs ſee him until ſhe was out of *Sardis*, and paſt the Camp of *Cyrus*: therefore taking one Ring himſelf, and giving one to *Pactias*, and one unto *Timonides*, they followed us unperceived. I will not trouble, you with a relation how the Princeſs was amazed when ſhe was out of the Cittadel only with three men, and us, and when ſhe heard the horrid noiſe that was in the Town. But let me tell you, that the ways being very fair and ſandy from the Cittadel unto the River *Pactolus* which was cloſe by, we went in more fears than trouble: The King of *Pontus* and *Pactias* followed us, alſo *Timonides* who carried the Heliotropes, which were to be put into the Pomels of the Saddles as I told you: when we were come to the River, we ſaw horſes ready, and a little Boat, into which the Princeſs *Mandana*, our conductor, *Marteſia*, and I entered: the two Souldiers rode over the River upon two of the horſes, and carried the reſt in their hands. And give me leave to tell you, Sir, that when the Princeſs ſaw her ſelf in the midſt of the River, her fears began to vaniſh, and joy took poſſeſſion of her heart: it plainly appeared, that ſhe did not ſo much fear being taken by your forces, as by thoſe of *Crœſſus* or the King of *Pontus*: Now ſhall I be preſently out of the King of *Pontus* his power, ſaid ſhe unto *Marteſia* and me, and ſhall not be beholding unto a perfidious Prince for my liberty: when we landed, he whom we called our deliverer, went where *Timonides* was, who was fixing the Heliotropes unto the Saddles on which the Princeſs *Mandana*, *Marteſia*, and I were to ride: It being night, and the Moon ſhining but dimly, alſo our minds being taken up with various thoughts, we never obſerved that the horſes on which we rid were inviſible, nor had we any leaſure to deſcant upon what we ſaw or not ſaw: for as ſoon as we were on horſeback, we went away: I forgot to tell you, Sir, that *Marteſia* riding behind our conductor the vertue of the Heliotrope ſufficed for both: As for the two men who came in the boat with us, they went on either ſide *Mandana* to conduct her: And to the end theſe two Souldiers who were not inviſible, ſhould not be obſerved by your forces; *Pactias* had put them into *Perſian* habits: alſo the King of *Pontus*, not truſting wholly unto the virtue of theſe Heliotropes, was ſo careful in chuſing his way, and paſſing between the Quarters on that ſide where the line of communication was not finiſhed, that I am perſwaded, though there had been none of theſe Heliotropes, he had paſſed ſafely. In the mean time, the King of *Pontus* let *Mandana* go firſt, that the two men that were viſible might be guides unto all the company who ſaw not each other: commanding them, that if any of the Enemy came to take them, not to make reſiſtance, but to let *Mandana* go, next whom he always rid, though ſhe ſaw him not: Though our minds were ſo full of hopes and fears, and the night was ſo dark, that we took no notice of this wonder; yet when we had rid a while, and I obſerved that we could not ſee any but the two footmen which ran by the Princeſs, but could not ſee either *Marteſia* or our Conductor, wondering what ſhould be become of the other horſes which we ſaw at the water ſide, I confeſs that fear did ſo poſſeſs me, that I could not chuſe but cry out: I thought that I had wandred out of the way as well as thoſe two men: The cry which I made, cauſed the Princeſs to look about her, and ſeeing only the two men who held the bridle of her horſe, ſhe was as much ſurpriſed as I was: *Marteſia* who was behind our Deliverer, and who committed her ſelf wholly unto his Guidance, coming out of a deep contemplation, had her ſhare in the aſtoniſhment, when ſhe looked and could not ſee us: In the mean time *Mandana* ſtopped, and I alſo, and we were ſo affrighted, that the King of *Pontus* thought twenty times to diſcover himſelf, and comfort us: but he did not, ſtill leaving the care of us unto him whom we looked upon as the Author of our Liberty, and he coming to *Mandana*, let her feel the hand of *Marteſia*, aſſuring her that ſhe needed not to fear any thing, and that the wonder which ſhe ſaw was an inchantment only to ſet her at liberty: if you only were inviſible, ſaid ſhe unto him, I ſhould think you had found the Ring of *Gyges*, which I hear *Crœſſus* hath loſt; but I cannot ſee either *Marteſia* or *Arianita*, and I perceive by what they ſay, that they do not ſee me: However it be, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I aſſure you that you have no cauſe to fear any thing; and the better to aſſure you, when none paſſeth by, you may ſpeak either with *Marteſia* or *Arianita*, whom I will cauſe to come nearer you: However, when you hear any ſtrangers paſſing by, I would intreat you to be ſilent, for fear of any diſcovery, and to prevent any attempt upon us. Whilſt this man and the Princeſs were talking thus, *Marteſia* and I were in an extream fright: yet being under the conduct of a man, who had ſo much power as to act ſuch wonders, we durſt not but ſpeak him very fair, thinking that ſince he was able to make us inviſible, he was able to do what he pleaſed. The Princeſs having the ſame thoughts, did not much preſs him to tell her how he wrought theſe miracles, and thought it more expedient to concur with him only to carry her unto the place where ſhe deſired to go, to wit, unto *Ecbatane*, and to ſtay at ſome Town where ſhe might ſtay with ſafety, and have ſo much time as ſend her a fitter Equipage. Since we were yet in the place where we might meet with ſome of the Troops of *Cyrus*; he promiſed her all ſhe deſired, leſt ſhe ſhould meet ſome and cry out: So that the Princeſs putting a new confidence in him, ſhe only admired the prodigie, without any fear of his deceiving her: contenting her ſelf with ſeeing only thoſe two men who guided her horſe, and ſpeaking unto *Marteſia* and me. Thus then we paſſed the Camp of *Cyrus*, between two Quarters, we met ſome Troopers and Souldiers ſeveral times; but ſince the two viſible men were cloathed in *Perſian* habits, they paſſed for their own men, who were going from Quarter to Quarter; ſo that we travelled without any obſtacle: And that which at firſt was a terrour unto us, became afterwards our diverſion. *Marteſia* and I had a hundred phantaſtical wiſhes: For my part I wiſhed to ſee the King of *Pontus*, to upbraid him with his injuſtice, at a time when he could neither ſee, nor follow us. *Marteſia* wiſhed to meet the King of *Aſſyria* to tell him, that this device was better than the white habits in a ſnow, which he uſed to get out of *Babylon*; that we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing him deſperate, when he could hear the Princeſs, and not ſee her. As for *Mandana*, ſhe hinted to us, though ſhe did not name you, that ſhe was deſirous to ſee you, Sir, and that you might only hear her voice. Thus we went on, not ſuſpecting that the King of *Pontus* was ſo near as to hear us: Yet me-thought, that as we went over a ſtony way, I heard more horſes than we had in our company, but durſt not expreſs my thoughts. Thus we got out of the Camp, and about the height of the day the Sun began to be ſo hot, that the Princeſs complained very much. And coming to a place where were two ways, the one leading unto a thick ſhady Wood, and the other into an open Plain; the King of *Pontus* ſeeing the men who guided *Mandana*'s horſe to take the open way, he forgot that he ſhould not ſpeak, and commanded them to turn upon the right hand into the ſhade. I leave you to imagine, Sir, how we were ſurpriſed when we heard the King of *Pontus* his voice, which we knew full well. The truth is, it was ſo great, that we cryed out all at once. The Princeſs ſtopped upon a ſudden, and leaping haſtily from her horſe, ſhe became viſible, and fell into ſuch lamentable complaints, as would have moved pity from very ſtones. I no ſooner ſaw her lighted from her horſe, but I did the ſame, and ſo did *Marteſia*, and went both unto the Princeſs; the King of *Pontus* was extreamly perplexed; for ſince he had only four in his company, he thought it would be difficult to carry us away by force, therefore he went politiquely to work; for leaving his Ring with *Timonides*, he came and threw himſelf at *Mandana*'s feet, giving her all the reſpective language that a violent and ſubmiſſive paſſion could deviſe; beſeeching her to pardon him, proteſting he would ſtill obſerve the ſame ſubmiſſion unto her as formerly, and aſſuring her that he would only endeavour to win her by his tears: adding, that if he could not obtain this happineſs in a ſhort time, he would then carry her unto *Ecbatan*: Yet all his ſubmiſſive eloquence could not move the Princeſs, who told him peremptorily, that ſhe would abſolutely die upon the place. Inſomuch as the King of *Pontus* perceiving her obſtinate, and would go no further, he began to beſeech her not to force him to fail in his ſubmiſſive reſpects, and force her to follow him. And to ſhew you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that I am able to do it, know that I have fifty Horſe with me, though you ſee them not. At firſt the Princeſs did not believe him, but the King of *Pontus* cauſing *Pactias* and *Timonides* to ſpeak, ſhe did no longer queſtion the truth; for ſhe knew both their voices: So that exceedingly grieving at it, and chuſing rather to follow her Raviſher, than to force him by a vain reſiſtance unto any violence, ſhe yielded, ſince ſhe could not chuſe, and got upon her horſe. Yet firſt ſhe told the King of *Pontus*, that he ſhould never hope for any thing from her but hatred and contempt. In the mean while, ſince in lighting from my horſe, I had let go my bridle, it was a piece of difficulty to find him again, ſince he carried with him that which made him inviſible; and *Timonides* was ready to take me up behind him, when this horſe which was kept with that which *Pactias* rid upon, came unto him when he neighed; ſo that *Pactias* hearing him ſo near to him, layd hold on him, and I got up. Then after that *Timonides* had given the King of *Pontus* his Ring again, we went on, but alas, it was with thoughts different from thoſe we had before, and certainly this Princeſs did repent of her eſcape, yet I cannot tell you her thoughts, but by conjecture, for ſince that I never heard her ſpeak: When we were come into the Wood, where we ſaw ſome houſes, the King of *Pontus* let the Princeſs ſtay under a ſhade, and brought ſome meat unto her, but ſhe would take nothing, only a glaſs of water, and that at the requeſt of *Marteſia*; after which we continued on our journey. In the mean time, *Timonides* feared that I ſhould complain againſt him, for not imparting his Maſters ſecret unto her, therefore he rid always next me, and I having a great deſire to know how we came to be inviſible, conjuring him to tell me, and aſſured him that if he would tell me the truth, I would pardon him. I had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Timonides* being glad that I would accept of his juſtification, bad me in a low voice ſtop my horſe, and ſtay a little behind the King of *Pontus*; for ſeeing the two Footmen which guided *Mandana*'s horſe, we knew he was not far off her: So that ſtopping our horſes until we were out of hearing, after *Timonides* told me with a thouſand oaths, that he knew nothing of the deſign until the laſt night, that *Pactias* told him, he related all unto me: adding, that it would be long before the King of *Pontus* came unto any place of retreat, and that he was reſolved to travel all night, and not to reſt the Princeſs until break of day. In the mean time, we were ſo attentive unto our diſcourſe, that we never minded our way; ſo that being in a thick Wood full of ſeveral ways, we took a wrong one: and we minded it ſo little, that though we met with two women with baskets of fruit upon their heads, we never ſo much as enquired of them. Alas, ſaid *Cyrus* and interrupted her, I met thoſe women alſo, and what they told me was the reaſon why I took not that way which would have conducted me unto the Princeſs. But I beſeech you relate unto me quickly all that you know, that I may in all haſte go and repair my fault: I ſhall quickly end, Sir, ſaid *Arianita*, for *Timonides* and I perceiving we were out of the way, we doubled our pace back, hoping to overtake them; but we never could: Then this accident did happen unto me, for be pleaſed to know, riding along the Torrent, my horſe ſlipped, and threw me into it, ſo that being much hurt, *Timonides* was much troubled with me; and I know not what he could have done without the help of him who brought you hither. Ah *Arianita*, cryed *Cyrus* out, what will all you told me avail me, unleſs you will let me have that ſtone which made you inviſible, that I may make uſe of it, if ever I meet with *Mandana*: Alas, Sir, replied ſhe, one misfortune never comes alone, for be pleaſed to know, it fell into the River, when my horſe did throw me: and as for that of *Timonides*, he took it from his finger, when he came to help me out of the Torrent, and knew not where he laid it, ſo that both of them are loſt. As *Cyrus* was going to anſwer *Arianita*, a great noiſe of horſes was heard in the Court. He no ſooner heard it, but he went unto the window to ſee what made it, and ſaw it to be the Prince *Artamas*, and his retinue, who in his fruitleſs ſearch of *Mandana*, heard there was a Lady in that houſe, brought thither by one man, and therefore he came to ſee whether or no it was the Princeſs *Mandana*: When *Artamas* ſaw *Cyrus* out of the window, he hoped that it was indeed the Princeſs: he lighted haſtily from his horſe, and came unto the Chamber where he was, *Feraulas* following him: but his joys were preſently converted into deſpair; yet he ſaluted *Arianita*, of whom *Feraulas* enquired concerning *Mandana* and *Marteſia*, whilſt *Cyrus*, *Artamas* and *Ligdamis* adviſed upon the beſt expedients: but ſince haſte was the moſt neceſſary courſe that could be taken, they reſolved to ſeparate themſelves once more, and dividing the men which they had amongſt them to ſearch ſtill towards the Sea ſide: For truly, ſaid *Cyrus*, ſince *Mandana* hath two footmen with her, who are not inviſible, and ſince ſhe is when ſhe is not on her horſe, it is not impoſſible to get ſome intelligence of her: *Cyrus* would needs ſee *Timonides*, before he departed, and ſince *Arianita* had told him he had done many good offices for *Mandana* during her impriſonment, he received him not ill. Yet he was very urgent with him to confeſs whether he knew which way the King of *Pontus* his Maſter did take: and the ſooner to induce him unto it, without any perfidious treachery unto his Maſter, *Cyrus* told him, that he would engage his word to ſet that Crown which was taken from his Maſter, upon his head again, if by his means he could find out the Princeſs *Mandana*: But all his importunities and promiſes were ineffectual. So that *Cyrus* ſeeing he could draw no more out of him, he left him to Guard *Arianita*, when ſhe was in a condition to go unto *Sardis*, leaving *Feraulas* with him for a conductor: after which he took horſe, and parting from the Prince *Artamas*, he went in queſt of *Mandana*, though with leſs hopes than before

fore he met with *Arianita*: But whilſt this great Prince was wandering through woods, and Mountains, and Plains; *Mandana* was in a moſt deſperate condition, eſpecially ſince *Arinaita* and *Timonides* were loſt, for ſhe knew the power ſhe had over that man, and what good offices he had done her in *Sardis*, and had the ſame hopes in him when ſhe was out: She had a great deſire to ſtay in that Meadow where *Cyrus* ſaw her, until *Timonides* and *Arianita* overtook them, and the King of *Pontus* could not hinder her for a while, becauſe *Mandana* leaped from her horſe, and *Marteſia* alſo, ſo that he was forced to conſent unto her: But ſince the Torrent was betwixt *Arianita* and *Mandana*, and this accident chancing, the King of *Pontus* his meſſenger could hear no news of her: ſo that he forced her to get up, and *Marteſia* alſo, juſt after *Cyrus* ſpied them; in the mean while, *Mandana* is forced to travel all night until break of day: and then the King of *Pontus*, finding a little private houſe, ſuffered her to reſt ſome hours; after which, he conſtrained her to take horſe again, asking her a million of pardons; for the pains he put her unto; and his ſorrow for being a cauſe of that exceſſive grief which he ſpied in her eyes when ſhe was from the Heliotrope, was as great as *Mandana*'s: But his love having the predominancy over his virtue, his reaſon was not ſo clear as to be aſhamed of his crime, but he went on ſtill in a continual courſe of committing it: Therefore paſſing on with *Pactias*, and him who rid before *Marteſia*, and the two footmen which waited upon *Mandana*, he came the next day very late unto a little Port called *Atarmes*, where the Princeſs had time enough to reſt her ſelf all night: and where indeed ſhe did ſo, for her wearineſs did ſo ſtupifie her ſenſes, that ſhe ſlept with more tranquility, than one would have imagined her ſorrows would have permitted her. As for the King of *Pontus*, he being of an indefatigable conſtitution, and his paſſion being incompatible with ſleep, in lieu of thinking upon any reſt, his thoughts were all of guarding *Mandana*, and procuring a Ship: but ſince it was ſomething difficult to find one ready to depart, and more eaſie to find one in the morning, he ſtayed till then, when indeed he found one: ſo that *Mandana* was no ſooner awake, but he let her know by *Marteſia*, that ſhe muſt prepare for a departure; ſhe had a mind to make reſiſtance; but ſince he had lodged her upon the very Port, and not above ſix paces from the ſhip, ſhe thought her reſiſtance would be in vain, and the rather, becauſe he would not ſuffer either *Marteſia* or her to ſpeak with any in the houſe where ſhe lodged, denying leave to go into the Temple: So that all *Mandana* could do, was to protract her departure only one hour longer, finding out ſeveral pretences for it, though ſhe knew not to what end; for in her belief of *Cyrus* his love of *Ariaminta*, ſhe could not imagine he would follow her: yet ſhe made as many excuſes as if ſhe had expected ſome relief. As ſhe was in this condition, and as the King of *Pontus* was in a Chamber which joyned unto hers, talking with *Pactias*, ſhe eſpied out of her window, a man of moſt admirable Garb, and rich in clothes, walking by himſelf: ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly upon him, to the end that when he turned, ſhe might ſee if ſhe knew him, and whether he could relieve her: As ſhe had this thought, he turned towards her, and to teſtifie her wonder at the ſight, ſhe cryed out: yet preſently checking her ſelf, and not crediting her own eyes, becauſe he whom ſhe ſaw was at ſome diſtance, ſhe called *Marteſia*, and ſhewed her the cauſe of her admiration: Look *Marteſia*, ſaid ſhe unto her, look whether that be the perfidious *Cyrus* or no. *Marteſia* coming to the window, did perceive that *Mandana* had good reaſon for her thought, and that it was *Cyrus*: Well, Madam, ſaid *Marteſia* unto her, never ſay *Cyrus* is unfaithful, that will leave the Siege of *Sardis* to follow you: Ah my dear *Marteſia*, anſwered *Mandana*: I know not whether it be him or no, but I am ſure, I am exceeding afraid, leſt the King of *Pontus* ſhould either go out or come hither, leſt I ſhould be a ſpectator of ſome ſad accident: my greateſt fear is, ſaid ſhe, becauſe I ſee *Cyrus* by himſelf: certainly replied *Marteſia*, he has company in the next houſe, which he hides to prevent ſuſpicion: Did I not know, replied *Mandana*, that the Prince of *Spitridates* was Priſoner in *Chalcedonia*, I ſhould alter my opinion, but ſince I know he is, I cannot doubt: but he whom ſhe thought to be this great Prince, and who indeed was the Prince *Spitridates*, walked nearer her: *Marteſia* then adviſed her, to ſhew her ſelf, to the end, that if he were come to relieve her, he might bring out his men: *Mandana* without further arguing the matter, took the counſel of *Marteſia*: So that looking out of the window juſt as *Spitridates* was within ten paces of her, and *Marteſia* was ready to make a ſign unto him, this Prince, whoſe mind was taken up with many a ſad thought, ſeeing Ladies out of the window, and that he were obliged to ſalute them if he paſſed by, turned ſuddenly aſide the other way, ſeeming as if he had not ſeen them, though he was the moſt civil man upon earth, when he was not overwhelmed with ſorrows. In the mean time, *Mandana* ſeeing this, and thinking that this pretended *Cyrus* had ſeen her, and ſeemed as if he did not ſee her, ſhe was even ready to ſink down with ſorrow: Well *Marteſia*, ſaid ſhe unto *Marteſia*, whether or no is *Cyrus* innocent now? and whether I were not juſt if I ſhewed him unto the King of *Pontus*, that he might revenge my quarrel? However ungrateful and perfidious Prince that thou art, I cannot chuſe but tremble, that thy Rival ſhould be ſo near thee and not know it: yet, Madam, I beſeech you, ſaid *Marteſia*, what can it poſſibly be imagined, *Cyrus* ſhould do at *Atarmes*, if he did not follow you? For my part I am confident that he waits as you do for the hour that you are to imbarque, that he may then call out his men and redeem you out of the power of the King of *Pontus*: We will ſee that preſently (ſaid ſhe with as much anger as haſte) and indeed *Marteſia* uſed her beſt perſwaſions to have a little patience, and to conſider upon it: but her ſpirits were ſo incenſed, that ſhe went immediately and told the King of *Pontus* ſhe was ready to depart: Yet ſhe had no ſooner told him, but ſhe repented, but it was too late. In the mean time, the Ship being ready, the King of *Pontus* never thought of a way how to get *Mandana* to take a Heliotrope, but giving them all unto one of his men to carry, he followed the Princeſs, whom *Pactias* did lead, becauſe ſhe would not ſuffer her Raviſher to have that honour. But when ſhe was ready to go out of the houſe, and imagined that perhaps *Cyrus* and the King of *Pontus* would fight in her preſence, ſhe could hardly find a heart to walk: Yet at laſt, thinking that if *Cyrus* were there to releaſe her, he would bring men enough for it, and if he did not, that he was worthy of puniſhment, ſhe went forward: ſhe had no ſooner gone three paces but ſhe thought ſhe ſaw *Cyrus*, who was ſo far from intereſting himſelf in the quarrel, that he ſlightly turned aſide, and ſhunned meeting with her: this ſecond adventure did ſo ſurpriſe her, that ſhe was not able to retain her reſentments, but cryed out with as much anger as ſorrow; Oh thou perfidious man, canſt thou ſee me carried away before thy eyes, and not reſcue me? Theſe ſharp words reaching the ears of *Spitridates*, he turned his head to ſee who pronounced them, and whether ſhe addreſſed them unto himſelf, and turned juſt as the King of *Pontus* turned: So that thinking he had ſeen *Cyrus* as well as ſhe, fearing he followed with much company, and remembring how he owed both his life, and liberty unto that Prince, he took *Mandana*'s hand by force, and *Pactias* aſſiſting him, put her haſtily into the Ship with *Martesia*, and the man he brought with him; and without ſtaying for the two footmen, who waited upon *Mandana*, he lanced forth immediately, and left them with the horſes at *Atarmes*: In the mean time, ſince *Spitridates* conceived that *Mandana*'s words were addreſſed unto him, and who thought that he had ſeen the King of *Pontus* his face, though at firſt he took him not for the Princeſs *Araminta*'s brother, he came to the water ſide, and called unto ſome Marriners in the Port to carry him into the Ship which newly lanced out, and that they would help him to relieve a Lady who was carryed away in it, conceiving that in honour he ought not to ſuffer this violence to be done unto her, though he knew her not: But call, and cry, and make what promiſes he would, they would not hazard themſelves againſt thoſe they knew not: So that ſeeing he could not prevail with them, he ſet himſelf to look upon thoſe that were in the Boat, who by that time were ſo far off in the River, that he could receive no ſatisfaction, for he knew not *Mandana*; and the King of *Pontus* his back was towards him, who ſpoke unto the Mariners to make all the haſt they could. But *Spitridates* obſerving that there were two men who came unto the Ship, and were too late to get in, who afterwards went into the houſe over againſt the Port, he ſent a ſervant thither, who came to tell him, there came a man unto the place where he lodged, who ſaid that *Sardis* was taken; But theſe two men fearing they ſhould follow the King of *Pontus*, would not tell who he was unto the ſervant of *Spitridates*, who returned to his Maſter and told him that he could get nothing out of thoſe two men: but aſſured him, that thoſe who were ſhipped away, were perſons of good quality, as may be conjectured by their horſes which they left behind them: *Spitridates* being fuller of curioſity than before, ſeeing he had loſt the ſight of the Ship, went himſelf to talk with theſe two men: but he no ſooner ſaw them, than he knew one of them to be a man who was heretofore in the King of *Pontus* his ſervice when he was at *Heraclea*, before *Arſamenes* revolted: He no ſooner ſaw him, but the Idea of the King of *Pontus* came into his fancy, and he made no queſtion but it was he, ſo that calling him by his name, the man knew him alſo, and they freſhly renewed their old acquaintance: So that he could not deny but that he who was imbarqued, was the King of *Pontus*, his Maſter, and that he having carried away the Princeſs *Mandana* from *Sardis*, came to imbarque at this Port. *Spitridates* no ſooner heard this, but he fell into an exceſſive grief: for knowing that he did ſo very much reſemble *Cyrus*, that his own Mother took that Prince for him in *Bythinia*, he made no doubt but *Mandana* was in the ſame errour, and that the infidelity which ſhe upbraided him withall, thinking him to be *Cyrus*, was grounded upon the infidelity of *Araminta.* So that entering into a new deſpair and jealouſie, he altered his intentions of ſtaying at *Atarmes*, waiting of the ſucceſs in the Siege of *Sardis*, and reſolved to go and carve out his own Revenge upon that Prince whom he thought to be his Rival, and to go and chide the Princeſs of *Pontus* for her infidelity: Is it ſo, (ſaid he unto himſelf) that *Araminta* hath forſaken me, and follows the favourite of Fortune? However, unjuſt Princeſs, I have done all that was poſſible to teſtifie my love of you: I have voluntarily forſaken Crowns for your ſake: I have renounced all my ambition, I have ſtifled all thoughts of revenge upon an uſurping Prince, only becauſe he had a near relation unto you: I have diſobeyed the commands of the King my Father; I have ſuffered the rigour of a long impriſonment, I have wandered like an unknown vagrant throughout the world, only to obſerve your will: there is nothing which I have left undone, that was within the compaſs of poſſibility, to pleaſe you: yet the Conqueror of *Aſia* hath got a greater ſhare in your heart than I have; his glory charms you, and dazzles your eyes: and queſtionleſs you may imploy all your Arts to make him as perfidious as your ſelf. But what likelyhood is there, (added this incenſed Prince) that *Cyrus*, who hath expreſſed ſuch high teſtimonies of a conſtant paſſion unto *Mandana*; who hath gained ſo many battels; taken ſo many Towns, and put all *Aſia* in arms for her deliverance, ſhould after all this become inconſtant, if you had not cunningly imployed all your charms, to ſupplant a Princeſs, whom he had ſo long loved? Doubtleſs you think, unjuſt Princeſs, that I am ſtill in Priſon, and that nothing can interrupt your joys: perhaps you hold intelligence with the King your brother, which hath raviſhed away *Mandana*, leſt that Prince ſhould ſhake off your fetters, and aſſume hers: Doubtleſs, you hope that *Cyrus* will reconquer the Kingdom of *Pontus* for your brother: and that if you give me my liberty, it is more than you ought to do. But thanks be unto the Heavens, I am not your debtor for it, but ſhall perhaps be in ſuch a condition as ſhall revenge *Mandana* for the infidelity of *Cyrus*, and to puniſh you in his perſon for infidelity to me: As *Spitridates* was entertaining himſelf with theſe thoughts, the taking of *Sardis* was confirmed by divers reports: So that having nothing to do any longer at *Atarnes*, he took horſe, and reſolved rather to ruine himſelf, than not him who took the heart of *Araminta* from him: However (ſaid he unto himſelf) *Araminta* can diſſemble her inconſtancy no longer, for ſince *Sardis* is taken, and *Mandana* carried away: if I find *Cyrus* courting her without any care of *Mandana*, or thoughts of following her; there is no colour or excuſe for them: I know very well, that to fall upon the great Conqueror of *Aſia*, will be a moſt dangerous attempt, but ſince I hope for death not victory, what need I fear? After this, *Spitridates* plunged himſelf ſo deep in his own thoughts, that he himſelf knew not what he thought: and thus he went on till towards the evening; and then deſiring to ſeek out a lodging in a village which he ſaw on his right hand, he ſpied a party of twenty horſe, who coming out of a little Wood, croſſed his way, and one of them came to him: *Spitridates* then, rouſing himſelf out of his contemplation, went to meet him, but he was exceedingly aſtoniſhed, when he ſaw him to be *Cyrus*, ſince it was impoſſible any other in the world ſhould ſo much reſemble himſelf: *Cyrus* (for it was he) was as much amazed on the other ſide, making no queſtion but it was *Spitridates*, thinking no man upon earth elſe could ſo much reſemble himſelf: The aſtoniſhment of both theſe Princes was ſo great, that they ſtopped their horſes ſome three or four paces off each other: during which time, the whole Troop came up, and all of them were as much ſurpriſed to ſee *Spitridates*, as *Spitridates*, and *Cyrus* were to ſee each other: *Spitridates*, had a mixture of joy amongſt his wonder, to ſee *Cyrus* in a place where in all probability he was in queſt of *Mandana*: and *Cyrus* amidſt his miſery was glad he was in condition to cure ſo great a Prince of ſo unjuſt a jealouſie as he knew had infected his ſoul: Alſo he was the forwarder to ſpeak not only to eaſe *Spitridates* of his tormenting paſſion, but alſo to ask whether he knew any thing concerning *Mandana.* Yet ſince he would not wholly truſt unto this prodigious reſemblance; Generous ſtranger, (ſaid he unto him, after a long pauſe of looking upon him) if you be the ſame which my eyes make me believe you are, I have very joyful news to tell you: and I wiſh unto the gods, that in recompence of it, you could tell me as good concerning *Mandana* whom I am in queſt of, and whom perhaps you met. *Spitridates* hearing *Cyrus* ſpeak in this manner, his ſoul was fuller of joy, than he was able to expreſs: for now he knew not whether he ſhould look upon *Cyrus* as his Rival, or as the protector of *Araminta*; but at laſt, calming the tumultuous turbulency of thoughts, and deſiring clearer ſatisfaction of all his doubts: Sir, (ſaid he unto *Cyrus*) you need not doubt, but that I am the unfortunate *Spitridates*, who, for ſome reaſons which now I ſhall forbear to tell you, is come into *Lydia*, to find out the end either of my days or of my miſeries: But in coming thither, as ſtaying at the Port of *Atarmes* which is a days journey from hence; it was my fortune to ſee a thing which I cannot chuſe but wiſh earneſtly, that it may trouble you; to the end you may make me as full of joy as you have done of hope: For truly, Sir, it was my fortune to ſee the King of *Pontus* carry away the Princeſs *Mandana*, but I was not able to help it, or know it, till after they were embarqued. How (ſaid *Cyrus*, with ſo much ſadneſs as pleaſed *Spitridates*) did you ſee *Mandana* embarque? And cannot I follow? However, for heavens ſake, tell me which way the unjuſt Raviſher carried her from me.

Spitridates then ſeeing all the ſymptoms of a real ſorrow in the face of *Cyrus*, was ſo well pleaſed with it, that ceaſing to hate him, and beginning to hope that *Araminta* was conſtant, he told him all he knew concerning *Mandana*, and with all aggravations poſſible, for he could not chuſe but rejoyce at the deſpair of *Cyrus*, becauſe the more he ſaw him troubled, the more he believed *Araminta* was faithful: and the exceſſive ſorrow of *Cyrus* did ſo perfectly undeceive him, that he began to intereſt himſelf in the ſame ſorrow which procured his joy. As they were thus talking, the Prince *Mazares* came unto that place with his Troop, where *Cyrus* acquainted him with all he underſtood from *Spitridates*, the ſight of whom did much ſurpriſe him: *Cyrus* then obliged them to ſalute each other, after which adviſing upon the beſt courſe, they were extreamly perplexed; for *Cyrus* could not go unto *Atarmes*, becauſe it was not yet brought into ſubjection, and where a guard was kept, without a hazard of being arreſted, and diſabled from ſerving *Mandana*; nor did he know which way to ſeek her, ſince he knew not which way ſhe was carried.

The reſult of their conſultation was, to ſend unto all the Sea-ports, to ſee if they could hear any thing of her: *Cyrus* then went unto the next houſe to write, where in one hour he ſent diſpatches unto *Epheſus*, *Milete*, *Gnides*, *Cuma*, and all other Ports on that Coaſt, with orders to make ſtrict enquiry, and to entreat *Thraſibulus* and *Euphranor*, Father of *Alcionida*, to ſend out Ships to Sea, and to give intelligence unto *Sardis* of all their adventures: for ſince this Town was almoſt at an equal diſtance from all theſe places, his beſt courſe was to go thither, that he might ſo order his Troops as they might in an hours warning be ready to march where he ſhould hear the King of *Pontus* was: After which, and before he took Horſe, he took *Spitridates* aſide, and told him with as much generoſity as ſincerity of his unjuſt jealouſie, ſo that this Prince being aſhamed of his weakneſs, and unjuſt hatred of him, did now give him ſuch plauſible language, as ſpoke him not unworthy of his friendſhip: *Cyrus* to ſettle his mind in tranquility, offered him never to ſee the Princeſs *Araminta* again, though he had a moſt high eſteem of her: But ſince the extraordinary ſorrows of *Cyrus* had entirely cured *Spitridates* of his jealouſie, he anſwered with as much generoſity as ſpirit; and theſe two great Princes began to contract as great a league of friendſhip, as there was a reſemblance in their faces. After this they took Horſe and went towards *Sardis*, unto which he could not come until the next day at noon, becauſe they were forced to reſt themſelves four or five hours at a little Town in the way. In their return they met with the Prince *Artamas*: *Cyrus* alſo met with thoſe whom he ſent into the Woods, ſo that all theſe Princes being met again, they came to the Gates of *Sardis*, where they were received with loud acclamations of joy: But at his entrance he met with *Hidaſpes*, who came haſtily to him; Sir, ſaid he unto him, in a low voice, you come in a happy hour to calm a great diſorder which is in the Town; for be pleaſed to know, ever ſince your departure, the King of *Aſſyria*, having made a ſtrict ſearch in all the Houſes of the Town to no purpoſe, he is faln into ſuch a fury, eſpecially ſince he miſſed you, that he is almoſt out of his wits: But the worſt of all is, that by a hundred ſlight conjectures, he thinks *Crœſſus* knows where *Mandana* is; ſo that this violent Prince having tried all ways of mildneſs to make this King confeſs that which perhaps he knows not, hath added menaces, and is reſolved to ſeem as if he would put him to death, and make him diſcover out of fear that which he deſires to know. Oh Heavens, ſaid *Cyrus*, is it poſſible ſo great a Prince ſhould be culpable of ſo great a crime? Yes, Sir, replied *Hidaſpes*, and the people are ſo incenſed, that to prevent any Sedition, I am come unto this Gate to ſee whether the Guards be ſtrong, and all the Officers there; for juſt now I believe *Crœſſus* is upon the Scaffold, the Princeſs *Palmis* all in tears; the Prince *Myrſiles* lamenting, and all the Inhabitants of *Sardis* in a general revolt. *Cyrus* no ſooner heard this, but riding immediately unto the great Plain which i[illegible]tween the Palace of *Crœſſus* and the C[illegible]del, where *Hidaſpes* told him this ſad ſpectacle might be ſeen, he came with ſuch haſte, as made it apparent that he blamed the King of *Aſſyria*'s violence; when he firſt came upon the Plain, he ſaw all the Plain full of Souldiers in their Arms, and people crying; in the midſt of which was a Scaffold erected, and a Stake unto which *Crœſſus* was tied, and Faggots round about him ready to be kindled, many *Aſſyrian* Souldiers holding lighted Torches in their hands ready to ſet them on fire, if he would not tell where *Mandana* was. *Cyrus* beholding ſo ſad an object, was ſtruck with ſo much horrour to ſee a man of that quality in ſuch a pitiful condition, he made his way through the crowd, and came unto the Scaffold juſt as the King of *Aſſyria*, the more to terrifie *Crœſus*, had put fire unto a Faggot, which began to kindle, and juſt as that unfortunate King, remembring the ſaying of *Solon*, *That none was happy before his death*, began to cry out, *Oh* Solon, Solon, *how true is thy Speech*? *Cyrus* then coming to the Scaffold which the fire began to burn, and hearing theſe words, commanded the fire to be quenched, that *Crœſus* ſhould be untyed, and carried back unto his Palace, turning towards the King of *Aſſyria*, who was preſent, to check him for his violence, and told him he was certain that *Crœſus* did not know where *Mandana* was. As ſoon as *Cyrus* had given this command, the People [illegible] Souldiers did make the air eccho with their acclamations, every one being forward to quench the fire, ſome to pull away faggots, others to fetch water; but there was no need of it; for as if the Heavens had been obedient unto the command of *Cyrus*, it rained upon a ſudden ſo abundantly, that the fire was immediately extinguiſhed. After which *Crœſus* coming down from the Scaffold, *Cyrus* made a thouſand excuſes for the injury done him, and went with him as far as his Palace, to give him all the conſolation he could. As for *Cyrus* he went to lodge in the Cittadel, and the King of *Aſſyria* followed him, whom he did extreamly chide for his violent proceedings, and then he related unto him all he knew concerning *Mandana*. *Mazares*, *Artamas*, and *Spitridates* followed him; ſo did *Seſoſtris*, *Tigranes*, and *Anaxaris*, who having an extream deſire to know the ſucceſs of his voyage, did accompany him unto the Chamber which was prepared for him, that they might know whether they ſhould rejoice or grieve with him; alſo to know who *Spitridates* was, whoſe extream reſemblance with *Cyrus*, begat a great curioſity in all that ſaw him.

The end of the Sixth Part.

ARTAMENES;
OR, THE
GRAND CYRUS,
That Excellent
ROMANCE.

PART VII.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY.
Governour of *Noſtre-Dame*.

Engliſhed by F. G. *Eſq*;

LONDON,
Printed for *B. Griffin*, and are to be ſold by
the Bookſellers of *London*, MDCXC.

1912

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
And Moſt
PERFECTLY NOBLE
THE LADY
ANNE LUCAS.

MADAM,

Y*Our* CYRUS *hath lengthened this* Fourth Addreſs *beyond expectation: but 'twas becauſe he had more to ſay; for He hope's to anſwer (as* Tully *did when they ask'd his opinion of* Demoſthenes *Orations) that the* longeſt is the beſt. *Were it better, it were fitter for your* Honour's *acceptance: and Nobler it had been if a great* Perſonage *of our own Nation (who never ſtood forth to the World in Print) had fulfill'd his Deſign in tranſlating this* Author; *wherein there was good Progreſs made, till the whole* Tranſlation *was found to be finiſh'd by another hand. The* Author *(I hear) firſt built this Story in contemplation of an eminent Lady of* France, *whoſe rich* Idea *ſo heighten'd his Soul as made him write nothing that's mean or vulgar. Had* *his knowledge been bleſſ'd with your* Ladyſhip's *Character, he had lift up his thoughts (if poſſible) higher. For, when he conſider'd the Strength and Largneſs of Your* Underſtanding; *the number, height, and perfection of Your* Vertues; *the admirable compoſure of Your* Outward *and* Inward *Form (to ſay nothing of the honour of your high* Extraction) *and all theſe aſſiſted by your own moſt Learned and Noble* LORD, *with that happy Tranſcript of both Your Perſons in that excellent young* Lady *(the image and delight of all your Perfections:) When theſe great Materials had ſtood before our* Authors *Phanſie, he had drawn his* MANDANA *and the Great* CYRUS *greater than themſelves. But it is not for men of humble condition (that is, for me) to diſcourſe of things ſo Illuſtrious as Your* Ladyſhip, *for whoſe increaſe in all Felicity may God accept the Prayers, and your* Ladyſhip *the Endeavors of,*

MADAM,

Your Honours moſt humble

and moſt obedient Servant

HUMPHRY MOSELEY.

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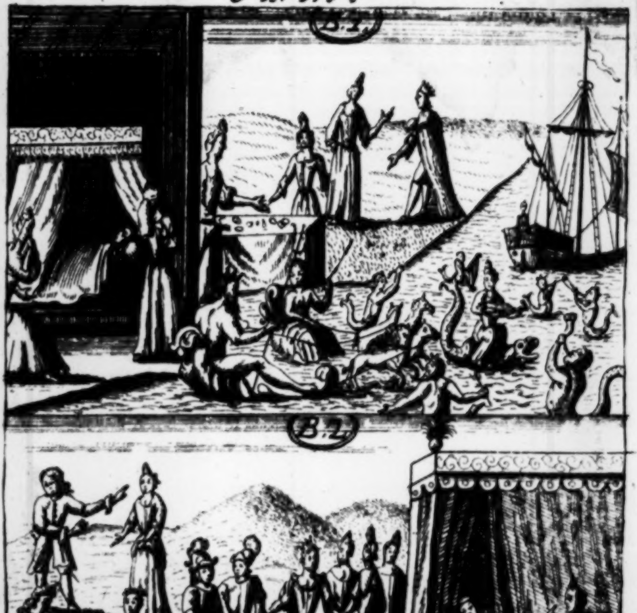

ARTAMENES, OR THE GRAND CYRUS.

PART VII. Book I.

IT was not *Seſoſtris*, *Tygranes*, and *Anaxaris* alone, who were full of curioſity to underſtand who *Spitridates* was, and who were deſirous to know the ſucceſs of *Cyrus* his voyage, for that Illuſtrious Conquerour was in a moment inviron'd with a croud of Princes, Captains, and men of Quality, who did moſt feelingly intereſt themſelves in all that concerned him, inſomuch, as for a while he was forced to ſmother his ſorrows, purpoſely to aſſure them, that theirs for him did oblige him, and that he would not be ungrateful unto them for it. But whil'ſt he was expreſſing his acknowledgment unto theſe illuſtrious perſons, *Tegeus* came to preſent him moſt hearty thanks from the Princeſs *Palmis*, for quenching thoſe flames which were ready to devour the King her Father. The Prince *Myrſiles* ſent alſo to the ſame end, and *Cyrus* had ſo many complements both to pay and receive, that he had but a very little time of liberty to enjoy his own thoughts; handſomneſs alſo required that he ſhould dine in publique. In the mean time, the Prince *Artamas* went to viſit the Princeſs *Palmis*, and to aſſure her, that he would imploy the very uttermoſt of his credir with *Cyrus* to move him unto a well treating of the King her Father: He ſaw alſo the Prince *Myrſiles*, and was extreamly joyed to find him able to return an Anſwer: As for *Crœſſus*, he durſt not attempt to viſit him, but reſolved to ſtay, and ſee whether *Cyrus* would preſent him: In the interim,the King of *Phrygia* and *Hircania* hearing of *Cyrus* his return, came to the Camp at *Sardis*, to acquaint him with two things which could not be pleaſing unto him: The firſt, That all the parties which they had ſent out in queſt of *Mandana*, could meet with no intelligence of her: And the ſecond, that the taking of *Sardis* had more weakned his Army, than either the laſt battel, or the ſiege of that Town had done; for ſince Plunder was not reſtrained, thoſe who had inriched themſelves had disbanded themſelves during his abſence, ſome carrying away what they had got, and others ſelling off their ſhares, that they might more eaſily ſlink away. This news did exceedingly grieve *Cyrus*, but to prevent any further diſorder, and to keep thoſe which remained within the compaſs of their duty, he cauſed more to be given unto them than he had promiſed at the beginning of the Siege, and ſeverely puniſhed ſome of them which fled, and were taken again: But his Army was yet ſo numerous, that if his Love of *Mandana* had not been in a moſt ſuperlative degree, he would not have apprehended it too weak to aſſault and take all the places which the King of *Pontus* could chooſe for a Sanctuary. But ſince it is the nature of that paſſion to think no obſtacle ſmall, though really they be ſo; *Cyrus* apprehended this accident, as if it were much more conſiderable than indeed it was, yet was he very circumſpect to perceive, that *Phraartes* appeared not amongſt all thoſe who came to viſit him upon his return, and his thought alſo was to give *Spitridates* ſpeedy ſatisfaction in ſeeing the Princeſs *Araminta*: Then he began to inquire where *Phraartes* was, but none could give any direct accompt of him where he was; all that any knew was, as ſoon as *Cyrus* departed, *Phraartes* vaniſhed alſo.

Cyrus knowing his affection to the Princeſs of *Pontus*, made no doubt but that he was gone to viſit her, and knowing him to be of a haſty and violent temper, his fear was, leſt ſome diſaſtrous chance ſhould fall out, if *Spitridates* went by himſelf to ſee that Princeſs; therefore he prevailed ſo far with *Spitridates*, as notwithſtanding his impatience to ſtay until the next day, before he went unto the place where his longing deſires called him; *Cyrus* moſt obligingly telling him, that ſince he was cured of his jealouſie, he would wait upon him to the Princeſs *Araminta*, but could not poſſibly that day, by reaſon of divers orders of grand importance, which he was to give out: Since the Term was but ſhort, *Spitridates* conſented unto the deſires of *Cyrus*, who in the mean time ſent unto the Caſtle where he left *Araminta*, to ſee whether *Phraartes* was there, and to command his return unto *Sardis*: After which, this Prince, after he had given all requiſite orders for the tranquility of the Town, for the incampment of his Army, and for the Guard of *Crœſſus*, he went to viſit the Princeſs *Palmis*, and the Princeſs *Timaretta*, to crave their pardon for his abrupt departure, and leaving them when he went out of the Cittadel without any tenders of civility, beſeeching them to accept his excuſe, that ſince he was buſied about the liberty of the Princeſs *Mandana*, it had been a grand crime in him if he had ſtayed a little longer with them, after he underſtood the King of *Pontus* had carried her away. Theſe two Princeſſes being both of them ſenſible of their obligements unto *Cyrus*, *Palmis* in reſpect of *Crœſſus* and *Artamas*, *Timaretta* alſo in reſpect of *Seſoſtris* and her ſelf, they returned unto him as many thanks, as he made excuſes unto them: They were obliged alſo unto it by the freſh favours which he did them, for he told the Princeſs *Palmis*, that he would carry the Prince *Artamas* unto *Crœſſus*, and that way put him in remembrance of his obligations unto *Cleander*; afterwards he told the Princeſs *Timaretta*, that as ſoon as he had taken convenient order for the handſomneſs of her voyage, and for the magnificency of her Train and Equipage, ſhe ſhould when ſhe pleaſed return into *Ægypt*, under the conduct of *Seſoſtris*, upon condition notwithſtanding that ſhe would honour him with her promiſe, to make that renowned Prince as happy as he deſerved to be.

Theſe two great Princeſſes having anſwered *Cyrus* as civilly as generoſity obliged them, he left them to viſit *Crœſſus*, to the end he might ask his pardon for the King of *Aſſyria*'s violences, to condole with him his miſery, and to preſent the Prince *Artamas* unto him, knowing well that the King of *Phrygia* would conſent unto this reconciliation: But in going thither, *Hidaſpes*, who had the guard of theſe Princes, and of all the Caſtle, cauſed them to paſs through the ſtately Chamber wherein all the Treaſures of *Crœſſus* did lie. The ſight of ſuch a maſs of riches, and ſo many gliſtering things, had not brought him out of that profound ſtudy into which the taking away of *Mandana* had put him, if *Tigranes*, *Anaxaris*, and *Chriſantes*, who followed him as well as the Prince *Artamas*, had not expreſſed their wonder and aſtoniſhment by the cries which they could not reſtrain, notwithſtanding thoſe reſpects which they were always wont to obſerve unto that Heroique Conquerour: Yet notwithſtanding their admiring noiſe had not invited *Cyrus* unto any conſideration of ſo many glorious ſights, if *Chriſantes* who was loath to paſs ſo ſoon out of ſo fair a place, had not by his words awakened him: Look Sir, at leaſt, I beſeech you (ſaid he, and ſmiled) upon that you have conquered; and be confident, that ſince Fortune has ſo far ſmiled upon you, as to make you Maſter of all theſe Treaſures, it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould frown ſo much as to let you loſe the Princeſs *Mandana*: Therefore, Sir, you may very well look upon them as moſt certain pledges of your future good fortune: I ſhall look upon them ſo (replied *Cyrus*) when *Ciaxares* gives me leave to recompence the valour of ſo many brave men, who hath aided me as you have done to conquer them, or when he has permitted me to reſtore them unto the unfortunate *Crœſſus*, in the conſideration of the Prince *Artamas*: But ſince that is not yet, it is ſufficient I appoint *Hidaſpes* to have a care of them; and indeed *Cyrus* had not ſtayed a minute longer in conſideration of all that magnificence, if he had not obſerved that *Tigranes* had an earneſt deſire to ſtay longer: So that being unwilling to oppoſe his curioſity, he walked ſoftly through three great Chambers, and two Galleries, which paſſed from one into another, and which were all filled with moſt rare and precious things: All placed in ſuch an order, and by ſo much Art, that one might every where obſerve a regular confuſion, and pleaſant diſorder, which the luſtre of the magnificent Cabinets did make; all which did fill the imagination of beholders with abundance of pleaſing conceipts, and forced their minds and ſpirits into admiration; and certainly not without good cauſe, and *Cyrus* as diſintereſted as he was, and though full of ſorrow and paſſion, yet in the end honored with his obſervance, this prodigious heap of riches which *Crœſſus* had ſo dearly doted upon, and which *Solon* ſo little eſteemed, that they purchaſed his averſion: Never was ſeen together ſo much ſilver, ſo much gold, ſo many precious ſtones, nor ſo many rarities, as there were in thoſe three Chambers and two Gallеries: The Grandure of the Diſhes and Veſſels were prodigies, the Statues of the ſame mettle were innumerable, and in beauty incomparable; but amongſt all theſe ſeveral figures of gold, there was one of Marble ſo admirable, that it invited *Cyrus* to ſtay, and a long time to admire it above the reſt, though the material of it was not ſo precious as many others; if it was faſhioned with ſo much art, and repreſented ſo fair a perſon, as it is no wonder, if it charmed the eyes of a Prince, whoſe judgment was moſt delicate, and who was exquiſitely able to judg of all beauties. This Statue was of a natural and ordinary grandeur, ſtanding upon a Pedeſtal of gold, between Pillars on four ſides, of an admirable beauty, to each of them were Captives chained of all ſorts and conditions, but they were inchained by little *Cupids*, ſo rare and admirably wrought, as eye never ſaw better. The figure repreſented a Woman of about eighteen years of age, of a moſt ſuperlative, ſurprizing, and exact beauty, all the features of her face were wonderfully fair, her ſtature ſo noble and handſome, that nothing could be more alluring, her dreſs was ſo courtly and extraordinary, that it was equally after the mode of the *Tyrian* Ladies, after the faſhion of the Nymphs, and after that faſhion in which the Goddeſſes are dreſſed, but particularly the Goddeſs of Victory, as the *Athenians* deck her, that is without wings, and only with a Coronet of Lawrel upon he head: This Statue was placed upon its Baſis, with ſuc a ſprightly action, as it ſeemed to be animated: Th face, the neck, the arms, the hands were of white Marble, as well as the thighs and feet; whereof one par only was to be ſeen through the lacing of her buskins, becauſe ſhe did with her left hand a little hold up her Mantle, that ſhe might, as if it were, the more eaſily walk holding in her right hand the skirt of her Vail, whicl deſcended from the hinder part of her head, under th Coronet of Laurel, as if ſhe would prevent the Win from whiſling it too much. All the garniſhings of thi figure were cut in Marble and Jaſper of various-colours The garment of this fair *Phenician*, which was lapped i a thouſand pleaſing folds was of Jaſper, whoſe colour wa ſo lively, that it reſembled the *Tirian* purple. A Scar which was negligently thrown about her neck, and reached her ſhoulders; was of a kind of Marble, mingled blew and white, which infinitely pleaſed the eye: The Vail o this figure was of the ſame piece, but carved with ſo much art, that it ſeemed to be as ſoft and pliant as a peice o Tiffiny: The Coronet of Laurel was of green Jaſper, and the Buskins were of enamel'd Marble, but the rareſt piece of admirable art was, there was a kind Ayr and Spirit in this figure, which did inanimate it, and which perſwaded all beholders that it was ready to walk and ſpeak: One might perceive a ſprightly Phiſiognomy, and a certain kind of fierceneſs in her action, as let all beholders know, that ſhe whom it repreſented had a fierce ſoul, this figure looking with ſcorn upon the Captives which were inchained at her feet. Moreover, the Carver had ſo exactly imitated the freſhneſs and plumpneſs of young fair ones, that one might know the age of her whom he repreſented by that Statue. This figure being thus admirable, it was not without reaſon that the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was ſo curious as to ask the Prince *Artamas*, whether it was not the work of *Dipœnus*, or of *Scillis*, who were the two moſt curious Carvers that were then in the world, imagining notwithſtanding, that this Statue was more than the bare effects of a fine phancy: But the Prince *Artamas*, after he had told him, that it was indeed the work of one of thoſe Carvers whereof he ſpoke, who were of the Iſle of *Crete*; he told him further, that it was made in repreſentation of a Lady of Quality in *Tyre*, with whom the late King of *Phenicia* was in Love, and who was reported to be one of the faireſt perſons of the World, much fairer than her Statue: This being ſo (ſaid *Cyrus*) Why did not that amorous King keep this figure? Becauſe as I have heard ſay (replied *Artamas*) this Statue was not finiſhed when that King died; and as doubtleſs, you know Sir, ſince you have been in *Greece* *Dipœnus* and *Scillis* did leave four images imperfect, which they began in *Peloponneſis*, to wit, of *Apollo*, of *Diana*, of *Hercules*, and of *Minerva*, becauſe there was not ready payment made of what was promiſed unto them; ſo you may eaſily conceive, that the King of *Phenicia* being dead, and the Prince his Son who ſucceeded him, having buſineſs of more importance upon him, then to give them what the King his Father had promiſed; *Dipœnus* and *Scillis* were no more patient with him, then they were in *Greece*; for after one demand of their wages, perceiving there was ſome reſpite of time required for the payment, they imbarqued in the night, and carried their work with them. And *Cræſſus* then having a repute to collect all the rarities in all *Aſia*, they addreſſed themſelves to him, and ſold this Statue unto him: 'Tis true, the report is, that a little after the War, the young King of *Phenicia* ſent to demand it of *Cræſſus*, offering the double of what is coſt, but he would not part with it: This adventure, replied *Cyrus*, is doubtleſs worthy the beauty of this Statue which cauſed it. After this, he looked upon the miraculous quantity of Arms belonging to all Nations in the world, Arms of pure gold ſet with precious ſtones: He alſo admired the Thrones of maſſy gold; the figures of all the Gods which were adored throughout all *Aſia*, whoſe price of the bare materials only were worth more then is imaginable: He ſaw alſo in that place, Tables, Mirrons, and Cabinets of an ineſtimable price: All the Tables which were ſet round thoſe Chambers and Galleries, were filled with a million of moſt rare and rich things, Pearls, Rubies, Emeralds, Diamonds, and ſuch things, made ſuch a glorious and precious miſcellany, that no diapared Meadow in its glory of the Spring could make a more pleaſant object, than the variety of precious things did which lay upon thoſe Tables : In the midſt of theſe magnificent varieties, the ingenuous Fables which *Æſop* compoſed at *Sardis* were ſhewed unto *Cyrus*, in which he had writ, and with ſuch art couched all the hiſtory of *Cræſſus* his Court, and which this Prince ſo eſteemed, that when *Æſope* departed out of *Lidia*, he would needs have him give them unto him : And to teſtifie how much he eſteemed them, he cauſed them to be richly bound with thoſe which he had before compoſed, which taught moſt excellent Morals unto thoſe who underſtood well the language of Beaſts, whom he made to ſpake ; Indeed the book was covered with enamelled gold, and ſo ſet with Diamonds, as turn it which way one pleaſed, the name of *Æſope* appeared ; the Claſps were as rich, and ſuitable to the reſt ; and *Cræſſus* did not more honour unto *Homer*, or any of the books of the *Sibels*, ſo famous throughout all *Aſia*, then he did unto *Æſope*, ſince he thought his works worthy to be amongſt his Treaſures, which he prized at a higher rate than all things in the world beſides. After a ſerious contemplation of this world, of riches, and with aſtoniſhment beheld the vaſt number of huge goblets of gold and ſilver. After, I ſay, he thad reflected upon the misfortune of the Prince who loſt them, and ſo paſſionately loved them, *Cyrus* went out of this place of riches, unto the Chamber of miſerable *Cræſſus*, with whom was the Prince *Myrſiles* : This old King, and this young Prince, received *Cyrus* with all civility due unto a Conquerour, yet without any baſe dejection of Spirit : As there appeared a ſorrow in their eyes, ſo alſo there appeared a conſtancy in their ſouls, and *Cyrus* ſeeing with what reſoluteneſs they endured ſo great a miſery, ſaid aloud, That they deſerved to wear all their lives that Scepter which they had loſt, and that it ſhould not be his fault, if *Cyaxares* did not reſtore it unto them : And indeed, this generous Prince did ſo behave himſelf towards *Cræſſus*, and his ſon, in ſuch an obliging manner, that it may be ſaid he made a moſt abſolute conqueſt of them, and gained their hearts by his civility,

lity, as well as conquered their Kingdoms by his valour. As ſoon as *Cyrus* entred into the Chamber where they were, they advanced towards him: But this generous minded Prince,making haſte to meet them,received them with as much civility, as if it were in time of peace, or as if their preſent fortune were equal: I could never have believed (ſaid *Crœſſus* to his illuſtrious Conquerour) that I ſhould ever have thought my ſelf able to give thanks unto a Prince who conquered my Crown: Yet Sir, ſince I owe my life unto you,and ſince the ſame hand which pull'd me from my Throne, pull'd me alſo from the Scaffold which the King of *Aſſyria*'s violence cauſed me to aſcend , I think it rather my duty to commend you, than to complain of my misfortune: But Sir, ſince the life which you have preſerved, can neither be glorious nor pleaſing unto me, let it ſuffice I only commend you without giving you thanks, and that I acknowledge you to be worthy of that glory which you poſſeſs : I do not deſire you ſhould thank me, replied *Cyrus*, nor do I fully conſent you ſhould commend me ; but I cannot indure that you ſhould hold ſo bad an opinion of the *Median* King , as to deſpair of your being in a more happy condition than you are , eſpecially conſidering, that this Prince (added he, and preſented *Artamas* unto him) is my moſt dear friend , and conſidering that I have almoſt as much credit with *Cyaxares*, as *Artamas* hath with *Cyrus*. The King of *Lydia*, who had after the taking of *Sardis*, more than once repented himſelf of the injuſtice which he had done the Prince *Artamas*, did receive him very civilly, yet with much ſhame, it not being poſſible he ſhould ſee him, and not remember the obligements wherein he was bound , when he carried the name of *Cleander* , and the unjuſt impriſonment which he cauſed him to ſuffer , after he was known to be the Prince *Artamas* ; yet notwithſtanding, as he was reſolved to acknowledge unto *Cyrus*, that he did not deſerve his misfortune, he did check himſelf, and ſaid, ſince Conquerours may impoſe what Laws they pleaſe upon the Conquered, I will believe what you pleaſe , and beſeech the Prince *Artamas* to bury all my violences and injuries in Oblivion: It becomes me, replied the Prince of *Phrygia*, to forget all the miſeries of *Arta-*

Artamas, but it becomes me alſo never to forget the obligations wherein *Cleander* ſtands bound unto you; therefore Sir, I do promiſe you, to be unto you as long as I live the very ſame I was when you honoured me with your friendſhip: I beſeech you Sir (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted him, ſpeaking to the King of *Lydia*) renew that old friendſhip with a Prince, who by many ſervices and much fidelity hath deſerved it: The friendſhip of a King without a Kingdom (replied *Crœſſus*, and ſighed) ought not to be twice asked, by my moſt illuſtrious Conquerour; therefore Sir, I conſent unto all you deſire of me, and re-admit the Prince *Artamas* into the ſame place which formerly he poſſeſſed in my ſoul, being extreamly ſorry that I have not in me a power whereby to recompence his virtue: When I have intreated the King of *Medes*, replied *Cyrus*, to recompence your own, I ſhall let you know, that you have power enough to remenerate his, and I wiſh unto the Heavens you had prevented your misfortune at the beginning of the War, by giving him the Princeſs *Palmis*, and reſtoring me the Princeſs *Mandana*: But, I beſeech you, added *Cyrus*, Give me leave to ask you, (if I may do it without exaſperating your ſorrows) by what motives and policy were you ingaged in this unjuſt War? And what was the true reaſon which moved you to ſlight the King of *Medes* and my friendſhip? No reaſon (replied *Crœſſus* ſadly) but your good fortune and my bad: For truly Sir, it doth moſt clearly appear, that the Gods would never have permitted me to protect the Raviſher of *Mandana*, but only to make you a Conquerour of my Kingdom: Never believe Sir that you can loſe this Princeſs; and to manifeſt it unto you, conſider, that every carrying her away hath gained you a Kingdom; and be aſſured, that it is to make you Conquerour of all *Aſia*, the Gods have ſuffered ſhe ſhould wander from Province to Province: But oh you unjuſt Gods. (cried he out) Why have you deluded me by Oracles ſo clear in appearances and ſo obſcure in reality? *Cyrus* perceiving that without any deſign he had incenſed the ſorrows of *Crœſſus*, to comfort him, would hearken to his complaints, and dive into his thoughts; therefore he deſired him to give a reaſon why he accuſed the Gods? I accuſe them Sir (ſaid he) for adadvertiſing me by their Oracles of all the leaſt conſiderable paſſages of my Life, and deceiving me in the moſt important buſineſs that ever I conſulted with them about: When I beſeeched them to tell me the iſſue of the War againſt you, they anſwered in theſe very Terms,

If thou unto this War will go,
An Empire Great thou'lt overthrow.

Is it juſt Sir (ſaid this grieved Prince) that after ſo many offerings unto them, they ſhould ſo far delude me, as to make me believe I ſhould deſtroy them, who have deſtroyed me? Therefore Sir, I beſeech you permit me amidſt the tranſport of my ſorrows, to ſend unto *Delphos*, to the end it may be a Teſtimony unto all poſterity, that it is dangerous to be curious in future matters, and that men ought not to pry too narrowly into the ſecrets of the Gods; for though I do accuſe them of injuſtice, yet my ſecond thoughts are more reaſonable than my firſt, and that it is my ſelf who am injuſt in complaining of them; whereas in very truth, I ought only to complain againſt my ſelf: For indeed the Gods are juſt, and ſaid truly, ſince in overthrowing my own Empire, I have overthrown one of the greateſt in all *Aſia*: However (replied *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) I will do my utmoſt that you may have cauſe to commend my way of dealing with you, and to ſweeten all your bitter misfortunes. In the mean time, if any of your Guards do diſobey my commands, and not render you that reſpect which I would have them, let me be advertiſed of it; to the end, that their puniſhment may ſatisfie you, and juſtifie me. Oh Sir (cried *Crœſſus*) I do not wonder that a Prince who knows ſo well how to uſe his virtue, ſhould always Conquer: And I wonder leſs that the King of *Aſſyria* hath been Conquered by a Prince, whoſe virtue tranſcends his: The King of *Aſſyria* (replied *Cyrus* modeſtly) hath been unfortunate, becauſe his deſign was unjuſt; but for the reſt, though he hath been ever my enemy, and though he be ſtill my Rival, yet I muſt needs juſtifie him in ſome part of that violence which he uſed towards you; and aſſure you, that his deſign was only to terrifie you ſo far, as to make you out of fear to tell where *Mandana* was, but his intentions never were to put you unto death: It is a thing which I am bound to tell you, becauſe I know it to be a truth; and to tell the ſooner, becauſe I cannot indure, that the man whoſe quality is equal unto yours and mine, ſhould be accuſed of an action ſo barbarous. After this, *Crœſſus* began again to commend him, the Prince *Myrſiles* did ſecond him, *Artamas*, *Tigranes*, and *Anaxaris* could not chooſe alſo but applaud *Cyrus*: Whoſe modeſty not being able to hear ſuch commendations of himſelf, was forced to depart a little ſooner than otherwiſe he would from the King of *Lydia*. This unfortunate Prince did intreat *Cyrus* before he went away, to uſe well his new conquered Subjects, beſeeching him not to take it ill, if he uſed his beſt endeavour to be their Protector, though he could not be their King. *Cyrus* was ſo moved at this requeſt, that he renewed all the proteſtations and promiſes which he formerly made unto *Cræſſus*; aſſuring him, that he would imploy all his power with *Ciaxares*, that he would reſtore the Crown unto him which he had loſt, upon condition that he ſhould become his Vaſſal, as the King of *Armenia* was, and that he ſhould follow the Wars until he had releaſed *Mandana*. And indeed *Cyrus* was no ſooner returned to the Cittadel, but he began to write unto the King of *Medes*, both in the behalf of *Cræſſus*, and to render him an accompt of all paſſages, intending to diſpatch a Poſt the next morning, and then to be in a readineſs for a viſit of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and to carry with him the Prince *Spitridates*: The truth is, he could not write without perturbation of mind, and interruptions to himſelf, for his imagination was filled with thoughts of the Princeſs *Mandana*; upon the leaſt noiſe which he heard, he always thought that ſome was bringing intelligence of her, and the place where ſhe was carried unto; ſo that theſe flattering hopes begot a moſt horrid renovation of grief, when he found they were deceived. But whil'ſt he was writing in theſe perturbations of mind, *Spitridates* was entertaining himſelf with hopes ſo full of impatience, that it may be well ſaid, time was a torment unto him, For believing he ſhould ſee the Princeſs *Araminta* the next morning, every minute ſeemed an Age unto him: As for *Seſoſtris* and *Artamas*, after they had conducted *Cyrus* unto the Cittadel, they returned to the Palace, to ſee at once thoſe two Princeſſes who raigned in their Souls: The firſt of theſe, ſince he had not of a long time ſeen his deareſt *Timaretta*, he thought he ſhould never ſee her enough: And the ſecond, beſides the joy which he ſhould have to be with his Princeſs, he was joyed, that he was able to render an accompt unto her of the conference between *Cyrus* and the King her Father, and that he was able to tell her that he was well received. Since theſe, two Princeſſes had two Chambers which joyned together, and ſince they were both in their own Chambers, when *Seſoſtris* and *Artamas* came to ſee them, they parted at the doors of the Chambers. But whilſt *Seſoſtris* was entertaining his deareſt *Timaretta*, and whil'ſt he was proteſting that his Love was as violent, as when ſhe was the faireſt Shepheardeſs of all *Ægypt*, and he the moſt amorous Shepheard of the World: The while, I ſay, *Artamas* was proteſting unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, (after he had rendred her an accompt of all paſſages betwixt *Crœſſus* and him) that the alteration in her fortune had wrought no change in his heart, and that he did love her with more zeal and reſpect, though the King her Father was a Captive, and though he had loſt his Crown, than he did before, when ſhe was the Daughter of the moſt puiſſant and richeſt King of all *Aſia*: Whil'ſt (I ſay) theſe two illuſtrious Lovers found ſome ſweetneſs in diſcourſing of their paſt misfortunes and preſent miſeries, *Andramites* prepared himſelf to wait upon *Cyrus* the next morning, when he intended to carry *Spitridates* unto *Araminta*, to the end he might the ſooner ſee his beloved *Doraliſa*: *Ligdamis* alſo, as well as he, had the ſame deſign to ſee his deareſt *Cleonice*: *Parmenides* alſo, who came to *Sardis* as ſoon as he heard it was taken, thought of returning to ſee *Cydipe*; ſo that all theſe *Amorites* being no leſs amorous than *Spitridates*, were no leſs impatient than he, and expected the happy hour with as much reſtleſsneſs of mind: They all departed, not ſo early in the morning as they could have deſired, becauſe *Cyrus* had yet ſo much buſineſs to diſpatch that the Sun was a great height before he took horſe : for he had not only his laſt orders to give unto the meſſenger whom he ſent unto *Cyaxares*, but he had commands to to give concerning the bringing of *Menecrates* and *Thraſemedes* unto *Sardis :* He had written and ſent unto *Perſipolis*, but he had yet to command, that they ſhould go unto certain ſmall Maritine Towns, whoſe names were out of his memory when he ſent unto *Epheſus*, *Millete* , *Guides*, and *Cuma* ; for though in his ſending thither he had given order in general to go unto all the Ports on that Coaſt ; yet becauſe he had not preciſely named the Towns which he then remembred, he would ſend thither, chuſing rather to do a hundred things to no purpoſe concerning the Queſt of his Princeſs, than to fail in the leaſt circumſtance that had any ſhadow of poſſibility in doing her ſervice : But at laſt all buſineſs was diſpatched, and he departed, firſt asking pardon of the Prince *Spitridates*, for keeping him ſo long from the ſight of the Princeſs *Araminta*, conjuring him to pardon the fault of an unhappy Lover, who was not ſo near the ſight of her he loved as he was. After this complement which *Spitridates* received with the ſame civility it was expreſſed, they rid towards the Caſtle where *Cyrus* had lodged *Araminta*: *Tigranes* knowing the violent diſpoſition of his Brother *Phraartes*, would alſo make one in this journey, to prevent any unruly attempt, which his Brother might fall upon at the ſight *Spitridates* ; As for *Andramites*, *Ligdamis*, and *Parmenides*, they waited upon *Cyrus* at this time, more for their ſakes whom they loved, than for any other reaſon: *Aglatidas* who was intereſted in all theſe Lovers was very deſirous to be a witneſs of all their joys, ſo that he accompanied *Cyrus* as well as *Anaxaris*, *Artabanes*, *Chriſantes*, *Hirmogenes*, *Leontidas*, *Megabiſes*, and many others. This Prince took with him two hundred horſe for his Guard, conceiving that there was not need of any more, though it was a days journey in a Country newly conquered, for *Crœſſus* had no Troops in the field, the diſorder was ſo great amongſt the people, and the Dominion of *Cyrus* was hoped to be ſo gentle, that conſidering the ſtate of things, there was no fear of any revolt: Alſo a great part of the way he was to go, was through the Camp, and their own Quarters, and by conſequence leſs dangerous: But when theſe Princes were about fifty furlongs from *Sardis*, *Cyrus* met a ſervant of *Artabaſes*, unto whom he had committed the Guard of *Panthea* and *Araminta*, when he diſplaced *Araſpes*: This ſervant came to tell him him from his Maſter, that the Prince *Phraarte* had carried away the Princeſs of *Pontus*: This ſervant had no ſooner openly delivered his meſſage unto *Cyrus*, but *Spitridates* gave ſo ſad a cry, that he did moſt ſenſibly move the hearts of all who heard him unto pity: As for *Cyrus*, though he had only a moſt pure harmleſs affection unto *Araminta*, and pity of *Spitridates*, yet was he moſt extreamly troubled at the accident; the ſenſe of honour, mixing with the tenderneſs of his ſoul, cauſed him to reſent very bitterly this little reſpect which *Phraartes* had of him in taking away a Princeſs who was his priſoner: *Tigranes* for his particular was exceedingly grieved at his Brothers fault; and it had been a difficult matter for a ſtranger, ſeeing theſe three Princes to know which of them was the Lover of the Princeſs who was carried away: Though the ſorrows of *Spitridates* were a thouſand times deeper then thoſe of *Cyrus* and *Tigranes*, yet his eyes, his words, and all his actions, could not make it appear how great they were: After his firſt apprehenſion of ſorrow and deſpair, he ſtood ſtill more then a quarter of an hour in a Lethargy of Spirit, which made him hear what others ſaid, as if he underſtood them not. During all this time of this ſad ſilence, he had ſuch a cloud of diſmal melancholy in his face, as made it moſt apparent, that his ſoul was in moſt horrid torments, The firſt words he uttered were, Is it poſſible that *Artabaſes*, the fidelity of whoſe heart I make no doubt, ſhould not prevent ſo great a misfortune? Sir, replied the ſervant, the great wounds which he hath received upon this occaſion, will ſufficiently teſtifie, that he hath not failed in the duty which he owes you, and that his extraordinary valour did not at this time fail him: But how is it poſſible (replied *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) that *Phraartes* could execute his deſigne? Sir (replied the ſervant) to acquaint you exactly how it was, be pleaſed to know, that when the news of taking *Sardis* came unto the Caſtle where we were, all the Souldiers in it looking upon thoſe who were with you as much more happy then themſelves, becauſe there they might inrich themſelves with the plunder of that rich Town, inſomuch as the very night following, the greater half disbanded themſelves, intending to mingle confuſedly amongſt your victorious Troops, and ſhare with them in their booty, ſo that by this means the Garriſon was extreamly weakened, My Maſter determined to acquaint you with it, but ſince he was to keep ſuch as were priſoners, as no priſoners, but ſuch as looked upon you rather as their Protector, then as their Conquerour, he conceived that it was not neceſſary to acquaint you, eſpecially ſince there was no likelyhood that any ſhould attempt their releaſement. Thus fearing leaſt you ſhould tax him with negligence, he would not advertiſe you of your Souldiers flight, but reſted quiet as before. After this Sir, ſo it chanced, that the ſame day you went in queſt of the Princeſs *Mandana*, the Prince *Phraartes* came to ſee the Princeſs *Araminta*, who gave him a moſt cold entertainment. As ſoon as he had left her, ſhe ſent for my Maſter to complain unto him of you, ſaying that ſhe had entreated you to prevent *Phraartes* from ſeeing her; but he telling her, that you were ignorant of his coming, and that he came out of *Sardis* after your departure, it was ſome conſolation unto her, conceiving then that ſhe had more right to treat him ill: But truly I being at the Princeſs Chamber to ſpeak with *Heſionide*, when he came unto her the ſecond time, I was a Witneſs that her language was ſo ſharp, and bitter unto him, as I admire he would ever carry away that Princeſs, who expreſſed ſuch a terrible averſion towards him. As ſoon as he was gone out of her Chamber: Se charged me to tell my Maſter, that ſhe conjured him not to let *Phraartes* enter any more into her Chamber: And the truth is Sir, *Artabaſes* went unto him, deſiring him to ſee her no more, but to go out of the Caſtle. *Phraartes* as violent as his humour is, did upon this occaſion curb himſelf, and anſwered him with ſo much civility that he did not think it fit to force, a man of his Quality out, without ſpecial order from you. And ſince he was then ignorant where you were; he could not advertiſe you of the paſſage; ſo that contenting himſelf with keeping *Phraartes* from going unto the Chamber of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and could not in any reaſon fear, that a Prince who had only one Page with him, would ever attempt any thing in force. During this time, *Phraartes* would often viſit *Cleonice*, *Arpalice*, *Lycaſte*, *Doraliſa*, *Cydipe*, *Candiope*, and *Pherenice*, with all the reſt of the priſoners, diſcourſing continually with them of the Princeſs *Araminta*: When he was not with any of them, he would walk under the Window of that Princeſs, from whence he ſometimes ſaw her againſt her will; for you know Sir, ſhe lodged in a low Chamber towards the Garden: But whil'ſt he carried it thus, his Page, who was very obſervant to him, was continually talking and playing with thoſe Souldiers, who were oft from the Guard. In this manner,Sir,did *Phraartes* behave himſelf until yeſterday, when one of thoſe you ſent unto *Epheſus*, to *Guides*, to *Cumes*, to *Miletes*, and many other places, after you had met with the Prince *Spitridates*, came to this Caſtle, where he lodged, becauſe it was in his way; So that he meeting with *Phraartes*, who was walking before the Gate, where by chance I was, I ſaw he knew him: He asked him from whence he came, and whether he went. The other anſwered,that you Sir had met with *Spitridates*, that he had told you how the King of *Pontus* was imbarqued with the Princeſs *Mandana* at a Port called *Artames*, that you treated that Prince with a thouſand welcomes, and that you went both together unto *Sardis*. *Phraartes* no ſooner underſtood that the Prince *Spitridates* was with you, but he changed colour, cauſing him to repeat over again what before he told him: After which, not doubting but that *Spitridates* was the very ſame who was ſo much talked of for the prodigious reſemblance, which this man ſaid was between him he had ſeen, and you Sir, he conceived that without all doubt he would be ſhortly with *Araminta*, and that they would carry this Princeſs unto *Sardis*: So that it is probable, for this reaſon he haſted the execution of that deſign which he was hatching when he came firſt to the Caſtle:The reaſon why I ſay ſo is, becauſe we underſtanding this morning, that his

Page by talking and playing with that ſmall number of Souldiers which we had, he had corrupted moſt of them by preſents and gifts, for one of them who is now wounded, hath diſcovered the truth unto us. But in concluſion, Sir, not to abuſe your patience any longer, preſently after all the Ladies were retired unto their Chambers, and *Artabaſes* according to his cuſtom had gone the Round, viſited the Guards, and was entred into his Chamber, *Phraartes* came out with his men, from the place where we thought he had been aſleep; ſo that aſſembling all the Souldiers whom he had ſuborned, the reſt were ſo ſmall a number, as they were not able to reſiſt their companions: Alſo to affright them, he threatned to kill them. After which, dividing themſelves, ſome went unto the Chamber of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and others unto the lodging of *Artabaſes*, to prevent him from relieving her: In ſhort Sir, their deſign took ſuch effect, as they carried away the Princeſs, and we not able to hinder them; not but that the noyſe which they made in breaking the Windows of the Chamber, and the cryes of the Ladies did awaken us at the firſt; *Artabaſes* was wounded at the beginning of the tumult, and ſome felt the weight of his arm, who would have kept him from coming out to the relief of the Princeſs; yet at laſt he received ſo many Wounds, and loſt ſo much blood, that he fell down as dead, and was no longer able to oppoſe the violence of *Phraartes*: In ſhort, he has thriven in his unjuſt deſign, and hath made uſe of ſome of my Maſters Horſes to carry away the Princeſs, and indeed leaving none that were able to follow, for he mounted upon them all the acomplices of his Crime. I ſhall not relate unto you Sir, the cryes and tears of *Cleonice*, *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, *Candiope*, *Licaſte*, *Arpalice*, and all the reſt of the Ladies: But give me leave to tell you Sir, that as ſoon as my Maſter came unto himſelf, he commanded me to get a horſe at the next houſe, and to come in all haſte to acquaint you with this diſaſterous adventure, and his ſorrows, which Sir is ſuch, as he would not let me ſtay a minute to get his Wounds dreſſed, though I aſſure you there was great need of it. As long as this diſcourſe of the ſervant laſted, the ſoul of

Spitridates was in torment, his ſorrows for the carrying away the Princeſs was not all the cauſe of it, for many pangs of an unjuſt jealouſie of *Cyrus* began to revive, and his fear was, that it was *Cyrus* who cauſed *Araminta* to be carryed away: For ſince he did not yet know that *Phraartes* was in Love with her, he could not deviſe what motive ſhould induce him unto that act of Violence. On the other ſide, the ſorrow and anger which he ſaw in the eyes of *Cyrus*, did thwart his unjuſt opinion: Alſo conſidering that *Artabaſes* was very much Wounded, he could not underſtand why *Cyrus* ſhould let ſuch a man to periſh, whom he eſteemed worthy to have the Guard of two great Princeſſes: However, tho he ſaw ſome reaſon on the one ſide, and no appearance of any on the other, yet he could not compoſe his reſolutions, and his ſoul ſuffered more torments than his tongue was able to expreſs: But theſe jealous thoughts had no long time of reſting in his heart, for as ſoon as the ſervant of *Artabaſes* had ended his relation of all the buſineſs, *Cyrus* expreſſed himſelf ſo obligingly, ſo generouſly, and ſo tenderly unto *Spitridates*, that his candid language had a more prevalent operation, then reaſon only and truth had, for he did quite eradicate thoſe ſparks of jealouſie which began to kindle in the mind of that Prince, and which would not ſuffer him to complain againſt the cruelty of his adventnre, not well knowing whether he ſhould quarrel with *Cyrus*, as the Raviſher of *Araminta*, and as his Rival, or complain againſt him as his friend, and as the Protector of his Princeſs. But when he heard *Tigranes* ask *Cyrus* and him pardon for the violent crime of his Brother, and ſaid, That he himſelf would be the firſt who would help to puniſh him, and that he would never leave *Cyrus* until he had found that Princeſs which he had loſt: And when he underſtood from the mouth of *Cyrus*, that the Prince *Phraartes* fell in Love with the Princeſs *Araminta*, as ſoon as ſhe came unto *Artaxates*, his ſoul found ſome eaſe amidſt his ſorrows; and then he began to hearken and anſwer unto the ſincere proteſtations which *Cyrus* made unto him: You know (ſaid that free-minded Prince) That I am more obliged than any other to intereſt my ſelf in what concerns you, ſince I owe my life unto the Queen *Arbiana* your Mother, at that time when ſhe received me into her houſe in *Bythinia:* For though ſhe did think me to be her Son, yet I muſt ſet a value upon her cares of me; and truly ſhe treated me ſo generouſly after the diſcovery of her errour, that though there were no other reaſons than this, yet I ſhould think my ſelf obliged to ſerve you with my real affection: But generous Prince, I have more prevalent reaſons than that; your own merit, Noble Prince, hath arguments enough to oblige me; the Virtue of the Princeſs *Araminta* requires my beſt ſervices, and the injury which I have received from *Phraartes*, makes the matter as much mine as yours, ſince the Prince *Tigranes*, before whom I ſpake, is of a juſt and generous ſoul, I am confident he will allow me to complain againſt his Brother: But not to loſe a minute of precious time, let us haſte unto the place where the crime was committed, and try if we can find which way they took: Then would *Spitridates* have diſſwaded *Cyrus* from going any further towards the Caſtle, deſiring of him only fifty horſe, with whom he himſelf only would purſue the Raviſher, but *Cyrus* would not be diſſwaded: So that all of them ſetting in all haſte forward, they came thither betimes, where they underſtood more than they could by the ſervant of *Artabaſes*, whom they found ſo ill of his Wounds, that *Cyrus* had not power to accuſe him for not acquainting him with the flight of his Souldiers, which was the cauſe of the Princeſs *Araminta*'s being carried away: *Spitridates* not being able to reſt all night in the Caſtle, intreated *Cyrus* that he might go out the ſame night, and that he would lend him fifty horſes: *Cyrus* then excuſed himſelf a thouſand times unto that Prince, in that he could not quit the intereſts he had in *Mandana* for his, and in that he ſhould part from him before he had recovered *Araminta*, conjuring him to acquaint him with all paſſages concerning her, to the end he might ſend him an Army if need were, proteſting, that there was nothing which he would not do for his ſatisfaction, and the liberty of ſo virtuous a Princeſs; adding, that ſince *Tigranes* would go with him, there would be leſs need of his valour. *Spitridates* at the firſt did oppoſe the intentions of *Tigranes* to follow him; but afterwards, conſidering that his preſence might be uſeful, he accepted his offer, and went together; after they had reſted their horſes ſome two or three hours, during which time they had intelligence which way *Phraartes* did firſt take: But in leiu of fifty horſes, *Cyrus* gave an hundred unto *Spitridates*, who would not ſee thoſe Ladies who were in the Caſtle, for his ſoul was too much perplexed for any complements. When this Prince was ready to take horſe, *Cyrus* imbraced him, and told him, that he was ſo ſorry there was as great a reſemblance in their miſfortunes as in their faces, and wiſhed he might be more happy in releaſing *Araminta*, than himſelf had been in releaſing the Princeſs *Mandana*; after which, theſe two Princes parted. *Spitridates* was no ſooner gone, but *Cyrus* reſolved to return unto *Sardis* the next morning betimes, and therefore went to ſee all the Ladies in the Caſtle, and to diſpoſe them for a removal unto *Sardis*, and alſo to chear them up after the diſaſter of the Princeſs *Araminta*, knowing very well, that they all did moſt tenderly love her; He found them all in the Chamber of *Lycaſte*, where *Andramites*, *Parmenides*, and *Ligdamis* were before him, for they were not able to be any longer in a place where the perſons whom they loved were, and not to ſee them. Though *Cyrus* was full of ſorrow, both for his own misfortune and his friends, yet he carried himſelf with ſuch civility towards all the Ladies, as there was not one who did not highly applaud him.

After he had in a condoling manner ſpoke concerning the Princeſs *Araminta*'s carrying away, he told *Lycaſte*, that to prevent the like misfortune in *Arpalice*, her Lovers muſt be agreed, and their differences ended, and therefore he conjured him to return unto *Sardis*; ſpeaking alſo afterwards in a moſt obliging manner unto *Arpalice*, *Cydipe*, and *Candiope*: Afterwards he talked a while unto *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice*, concerning the Queen of *Suſiana*, and alſo ſpoke ſomething unto *Leonice* in favour of *Ligdamis*. But *Mandana* being the principal aim of all his thoughts, he asked them all in general, whether they did not pity him in his ſufferings of ſo many ſuch ſorrows as *Spitridates* had now tryal of? And there was not one amongſt them, who did not imploy their beſt eloquence to perſwade *Cyrus*, that they did extreamly intereſt themſelves in the misfortunes of that Princeſs and himſelf. *Cleonice* among the reſt, to teſtifie her zeal, ſaid, That as oft as ſhe remembred how and by whom the Princeſs *Mandana* had been carried away, ſhe conceived ſuch an extream hatred againſt men, as there was not above two or three men in the whole Univerſe, whom ſhe did not hate; Really, ſaid ſhe, I do not think there is any ſuch pernicious Villains in the World, as thoſe who carry away Women without their conſents; I will not except ſo much as Aſſaſſinates, Poyſoners, or Traytors; for revenge, or ſuch like, may ſometimes have cauſes ſo conſiderable, as may juſtifie, or at leaſt extenuate the moſt bloudy effects; But can any one perſwade me, that it is a good reaſon for the carrying away of a Woman, to ſay he was in Love with her? It is impoſſible, for where one loves another, he will do nothing but what ſhall make himſelf loved, and not ſuch things as will procure hatred; I muſt confeſs, (ſaid *Doraliſa*, and interrupted her) That to look upon the matter as you do, you have cauſe to hate all men; But to conſider it as I do, I think that I have cauſe to ſay, that by the ſame reaſon I ſhould deſpiſe almoſt all Women; and I think my ſelf able to maintain, that if there never had been any who had pardoned their Raviſhers, the Princeſs *Mandana*, nor the Princeſs *Araminta*, had never been taken away; But ſince every man can fetch ſome example of ſome Lady or other, who was appeaſed after ſhe was taken away, they flatter themſelves in a hope to thrive no worſe than they did who carried them away: So that it may well be ſaid, that it is the weakneſs of ſome Women which cauſed the inſolent boldneſs of men, for never any did attempt the committing of a crime, without hopes of thriving by it; This which you ſay, replyed *Cleonice*, does not juſtifie men, but only excuſe them; 'Tis true, ſaid *Doraliſa*, but they have ſomething to ſay for themſelves, more than Women have who pardons thoſe who take them away, ſince, as I conceive, they are without all manner of excuſe; what can they ſay to authorize their imbecility, but that their ſouls were of a baſe mould, and their hearts puſilanimous? Are they not Miſtreſſes of their own lives, though not of their liberties, in caſe any violence be offered? But certainly thoſe who can pardon ſuch a crime can pardon any thing elſe: For my part, I muſt confeſs ingeniouſly, that I had much rather be accuſed for voluntary abandoning my heart, unto a man whom I ſhould think worthy to enjoy it, than ſuffer my ſelf to be perſwaded by a man who treated me ill, and carried me away: I conceive the opinion of *Doraliſa* to be ſo generous and reaſonable, replied *Cyrus*, that I am perſwaded, there is not a Lady in all the company who will contradict her: I aſſure you, Sir, replied ſhe, that peradventure there is ſome one who will allow of it, rather out of reſpect to you, than out of her own opinion: I would gladly know, ſaid *Arpalice*, whom it is you ſuſpect not to be of your opinion: Since I will aſſure you, that it is not your ſelf, replied *Doraliſa*, and ſince I confeſs my ſelf to be perſwaded that you would never pardon *Menecrates*, if he ſhould carry you away, you need not importune me any further, and to ſpeak ſincerely, I do not know: The ſcope of what I ſaid was only this, that *I* verily believe there are few women of firm and generous ſouls, and that I might the more applaud the illuſtrious *Mandana*, who though ſhe hath had three of the greateſt Princes of the World asking her pardon for carrying her away, and yet would never grant it them, chooſing rather to ſee all *Aſia* in a flame, than yield unto the deſires, ſighs, and tears of her Raviſhers: For my part, I do confeſs, that when I had the honour to ſee her at *Suſa*, I was more raviſhed at the conſtancy of her ſoul, than at the charms of her beauty or Wit, though ſhe be the moſt abſolute accompliſhed Princeſs of the World: But to teſtifie, that all women are not of my opinion, give me leave to tell you, that ſome of the Queen of *Suſia*'s Women, finding the King of *Pontus* to be a very accompliſhed man, and ſeeing him in Love and much perplexed, they murmured againſt the ſtubbornneſs of the Princeſs *Mandana*; and wiſhed her of a little more flexible nature: I beſeech you, ſaid *Pherenice*, declare that I was not of that opinion; I do not remember you were, replied *Doraliſa*, but though you were, the illuſtrious *Cyrus* would think never the worſe of you, for then you had not the honour to know him; Doubtleſs I ſhould not, replied *Cyrus*; But I do confeſs, I had rather ſhe were not of that mind; and you have much more obliged me than I thought I was, by acquainting me with your opinion: If you be obliged, replied *Licaste*, unto all thoſe who wiſh the Raviſhers of *Mandana* may periſh, and that you may be happy, you are obliged unto the greateſt part of all *Aſia*; Since I do believe Madam, replied *Cyrus*, that you meaſure the thoughts of others by your own, your expreſſion doth infinitely both pleaſe and oblige me; But becauſe I would not be too troubleſome unto her who is a wiſher of my good fortune, by ſtaying too late, I ſhall take my leave of her until to morrow at night, when I ſhall hope for the honour of ſeeing her at *Sardis*, with all this honoured company, whom *Andramites* and *Ligdamis* will convey thither: Methinks Sir (replied *Doraliſa* cunningly) That ſince it is requiſite your Convoy and Guard ſhould be ſtronger than ours, you were beſt to take *Andramites* along with you, and leave only *Ligdamis* with us; Since I think my ſelf a little better verſed in the Orders of War than you are, replied *Cyrus*, and ſmiled, I hope you will excuſe me, if I do not follow your adviſe in this, though I will obey you in every thing elſe; In ſaying ſo, *Cyrus* riſe up, without ſtaying for the thanks of *Andramites*, and after he had ſaluted all the Ladies with extraordinary grace and civility, he retired unto the Chamber which was prepared for him, where he repoſed himſelf until break of day, and then commanding a care to be had of *Artabaſes*, he departed, but it was with a melancholly Soul, for thinking that this accident unto a Prince whom he ſo much eſteemed, and unto a Prince who reſembled him, was a very bad Omen; and conſidering, that the advantage of the Princeſs *Araminta*, was now out of his power, it grieved him very much, for ſhe was Siſter to the King of *Pontus*, and was a very good Pawn which he had loſt, ſo that every ſtep of way was a freſh thought of melancholly; *Anaxaris* kept the neareſt him, and to him he ſpoke the moſt that day. After a long deſcant upon his misfortunes, *Cyrus* upon a ſudden began to ſlack his pace, and looking very obligingly upon him; How long valiant ſtranger (ſaid he unto him) will you hide your ſelf from me, and put me to the neceſſity of ſaying, that you are the man whom of all the world I know beſt, and know leaſt? I am moſt confident there is none knows your worth better than I do; I know you are of an excellent compoſure, I am acquainted with the accuteneſs and excellency of your Spirit; Generoſity ſhines in your ſoul, your valour is abſolutely Heroique; but for all this, I know not who you are, nor know whom to ask; therefore, dear *Anaxaris*, I beſeech you give me leave to ask the queſtion, and let me not be denied; I wiſh Sir, I could deſerve thoſe commendations you are pleaſed to give me; And I wiſh alſo, that I were able to ſatisfie your curioſity; But ſince it is convenient for me to conceal my ſelf, and ſince it will not at all avail you to know, I hope you will not put me to the neceſſity of diſobeying you; Though all this doth but augment my curioſity, replied *Cyrus*, yet becauſe I love you, I will check my deſires, upon condition you will be perſwaded, that my greateſt reaſon which moved me to deſire the knowledg of whom you were, was my deſires of ſerving you; *Anaxaris* returned thanks unto *Cyrus* for the honour which he did him, but it was in ſuch terms as perſwaded that Prince, that *Anaxaris* was of ſuch a Quality, as was more uſed to receive than give thanks. Since now they drew near the Camp, *Cyrus* thought of giving out ſeveral orders as he paſſed, he viſited many of the chief Commanders, ſo that it was almoſt night when he came to *Sardis*; at his entrance in he met *Mazares*, who came to meet him, and they ſaluted with the ſame civility which they uſually ſhewed unto each other, but in ſuch a melancholy manner, as made it manifeſt there was no news to be heard of *Mandana*; I will not ask you (generous Rival) ſaid *Cyrus* unto him, whether you know any thing concerning our Princeſs, for your ſadneſs ſpeaks you do not; 'Tis very true Sir (replied *Mazares*) I do not know any thing of the Princeſs more than what you knew yeſterday when you parted; But I know another thing which will be a wonder unto you, and which I will immediately tell you; Since it is not any thing which relates unto the Princeſs, replied *Cyrus*, you may tell me what you pleaſe, and I ſhall hearken unto it without any impatience; I do not ſay, replied *Mazares*, That it does not relate unto *Mandana*, but only that I do not know any thing of that Princeſs, for if I had ſaid ſo, I had ſaid untruly, ſince it is to be believed, that the King of *Aſſyria* is gone to ſeek her; Is the King of *Aſſyria* gone? (replied *Cyrus* with aſtoniſhment?) Yes Sir, anſwered *Mazares*, one of his men whom he left with a Letter for you, told me, that he himſelf took horſe about four hours ſince, and that he intended to ride all night, and do what he could to be the firſt who ſhould know where the Princeſs *Mandana* is.

Cyrus no ſooner heard this ſtrange news, but he changed colour, and cholor began to mix with his ſorrows; He was afraid the King of *Aſſyria* had received ſome ſecret intelligence of the place where *Mandana* was; It vexed him that the violence of his nature ſhould prompt him unto a thing which would be taken for exceſs of Love: He was afraid that he would find out ſome ways to come unto *Mandana*, and deliver her, though there was no likelyhood of it; As for *Mazares*, his thoughts were as turbulent as thoſe of *Cyrus*; for though his Love was without any hope, and though he was reſolved to look no further than the liberty of *Mandana*, yet many times his heart would ſparkle out ſome hatred of his Rival, and Love of the Princeſs *Mandana*, ſo that he ſtood in need of all his reaſon to expel and ſmother theſe guſts of his old paſſion. At this time he had no leiſure to vent his thoughts, for *Cyrus* had ſo great a deſire to ſee what the King of *Aſſyria* had writ, that he ſent in all haſte for the man who had the Letter, appointing him to be brought unto the Cittadel, whither he went, to expect him with an impatience ſuitable to the grandeur of his Love; yet he was not long in that reſtleſs mood, for the King of *Aſſyria*'s Officer, knowing that *Cyrus* was returned to *Sardis*, came unto him at the ſame inſtant that he was ſent for; ſo that within a quarter of an hour after *Cyrus* came to the Cittadel, he received the Letter, which he ſo impatiently longed for; He opened the Letter in all haſte, and read it ſo faſt, as if he would have known all the Contents of it in one inſtant; yet notwithſtanding his impatient haſt, he was long in reading it; for the King of *Aſſyria* writing it in haſt, the Character was not legible, yet in concluſion he picked out theſe words.

The King of Aſſyria *to the too happy* CYRUS.

NEver think that the deſign which I have undertaken to go in queſt of the Princeſs, ſhall make me decline the leaſt jot from our old conditions; on the contrary, leaving you in the head of a hundred thouſand men, and I going alone to diſcover if I can be where the Princeſs is, this confidence which I have in your word, obligeth you to keep exact touch with me; As for my part, never fear that I will fail, ſince a King without a Kingdom or Army, is not in a condition of daring to do it, though he would. Give me leave then to go and be your Spy, ſince it is the pleaſure of Fate I can do nothing elſe, as long as we believed the Princeſs Mandana *to be in* Armenia, *or knew that ſhe was in* Sardis, *the hope of delivering her, did ſuffer me to indure the ſight of you and* Mazares; *but now, ſince we know not where ſhe is, and ſince I ſhall be leſs uſeleſs in the Army, then perhaps I ſhall be elſewhere, I will quit my ſelf from the ſight of my Rivals, not but that I know the height of your generoſity in all that relates unto me; But I had rather that the Princeſs* Mandana *ſhould accuſe you of too little Love unto her, in your too much civility unto me, then ſhe ſhould accuſe me of too little affection unto her, in the too much acknowledgment which I have of you. Therefore I leave it to the publick vogue, either to commend you, or blame me for what we do; However, once more, I incite you to the obſervation of our conditions, and remember always, that you can never enjoy* Mandana, *until you have ruined*

The King of Aſſyria.

After *Cyrus* had read this Letter, his ſoul was a little more at eaſe, although he found many things which nettled him, and which revived in his heart that old hatred, which he had towards this furious Rival, when he paſſed under the name of *Philidaſpes*, and when he himſelf under the name of *Artamenes*; but his comfort was, that he perceived the King of *Aſſyria*'s departure was only an effect of his phantaſtical humour, and of his violent temper, not that he knew any particulars of the Princeſs *Mandana*; yet the remembrance of that favourable Oracle which this Prince received from the Temple of *Jupiter*, *Belas* at *Babylon*, did ſomewhat ſting his apprehenſion; And ſince he could not think upon that Oracle, but he muſt needs alſo remember that ſad anſwer which the Sybel gave him, theſe thoughts revived ſome fears in him; yet notwithſtanding, when he conſidered, that the plauſible Oracle of *Crœſſus* had been ill interpreted, his hopes revived. In the mean time, ſince he found extraordinary virtue to be in the Prince *Mazares*, and ſince he did not then look upon him as his Rival, he ſhewed him the King of *Aſſyria*'s Letter, as if he had been his intimate friend. Theſe two Princes did diſcourſe a while upon the violent humour of their Rival, of the deſign which he could have; and the more they conſidered it, the more they believed it to be a meer Vagary of his humour: As they were in theſe thoughts, *Feraulas* came in, who came to acquaint *Cyrus*, that he had brought *Arianita* and *Timonide* unto *Sardis*; and that he had brought that Lady unto the Palace, unto whom *Cyleniſe* had given half of her Chamber. *Cyrus*, who loved all that belonged to his Princeſs, was very glad to know that *Arianita* was better then when he laſt ſaw her, though ſhe was not always favourable unto him; and he appointed *Feraulas* to have a care of her, deſiring alſo *Tegeus*, whom he ſaw in his Chamber among the reſt, to tell *Cyleniſe*, that he took all her good Offices done unto *Arianita*, as done unto himſelf. Preſently after, *Ligdamis* and *Arianita* came in, who told *Cyrus*, that all the Ladies which he ſaw the night before, were come to *Sardis*; and ſince they had no deſire to ſeparate, they were all lodged at the houſe of *Licaſte*'s Siſter. But *Cyrus* not liking that, he ſent to entreat them they would be pleaſed to lodg in the Palace, which was of capacity enough to lodg them all conveniently; which offer, after once refuſal, they accepted; So as it may well be ſaid, That never was there ſuch a company of Beauties as this was in the Palace of *Crœſſus*: 'Tis very true, every one of them was not equally ſatisfied ed; There was three of them who were unfortunate, and the reſt very happy; *Timaretta* was all hopes, and had nothing to fear; *Seſoſtris* was living, *Seſoſtris* was faithful, and *Heracleon* was dead; ſo that nothing wanted to compleat their contentment, but to return into *Ægypt*, where *Amaſis* did earneſtly deſire them. On the other ſide, *Crœſſus* was as unfortunate, as *Timaretta* was happy; and all his conſolation was in the generoſity of his Conquerour. The Prince *Myrſiles*, though he loſt the hopes of a Crown, yet obtained of the Gods the liberty of his ſpeech; but he only imployed the uſe of that Organ in lamenting his misfortune, tho it was a benefit too dear to be inſenſible of. As for the Princeſs *Palmis*, ſince *Artamas* proved ſo highly generous and conſtant; and finding *Crœſſus* was well received, and the King of *Phrigia* was not oppoſite to his deſign, ſhe had reaſon to be very well ſatisfied, if ſhe could have without ſorrow ſeen the King her Father, and the Prince her Brother turned out of the Throne, and made Captives. As for *Ligdamis* and *Cleonice*, they were the happieſt of all, and injoyed all the ſweets of a moſt pure love and friendſhip: As for *Arpalice*, the incertainty of what agreement *Cyrus* would make between *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*, did keep her in a reſtleſs condition, though yet ſhe hoped, that at the requeſt of *Andramites*, he would favour the firſt of theſe; *Cydipe* for her part, ſhe was not ſorry to ſee that her beauty did eclipſe that of *Cleoxere*, in the phancy of *Parmenides*: *Candiope* thought ſtrange ſhe could hear no news of *Philiſtion*; And to ſay truth, there was very few who had not their perplexities, not only in the Palace and the Cittadel, but alſo in all the great Town; for certainly, there was then a ſtrange kind of tumultuous conſtellation, which moved thoſe who had not buſineſs, to make ſome; and queſtionleſs every one was a ſufferer, either in the perſon of their friends, or their own; Yet the behaviour of *Cyrus* towards *Crœſſus*, and the Prince *Myrſiles*, did ſo win the hearts of the people, that he was as ſafe in *Sardis* as he could be, either in *Perſipolis*, or *Ecbatane*. The next morning *Lycaſte*, and all the Beauties who came to *Sardis*, went to viſit the two Princeſſes, who received them according to their deſerts. The Prince *Myrſiles*, who had the liberty to go unto the Chamber of the Princeſs his Siſter, with whom all this pleaſant company was, he was there alſo, but his deſign was only to ſee *Doraliſa*, whom he had not ſeen ſince ſhe went from *Sardis* to *Suſa* with *Panthea* : So that after he had addreſſed his complement unto the Princeſs *Timaretta*, and whiſpered with the Princeſs *Palmis*, he asked their permiſſion to go neerer *Doraliſa*, ſince ſhe was then far off the Princeſs and buſie in talk with *Candiope*, ſhe heard not what he ſaid : So that when he came neer her, ſhe thought he would have expreſſed himſelf by the help of that Table Book, which heretofore he uſed ſo wittily, when *Æſope* was in the *Lydian* Court; for though ſhe heard he was not mute, yet ſhe could not imagine that he could ſpeak, or at leaſt ſpeak well : The cauſe of her errour was, becauſe ſhe did not conſider that he was never deaf : She was extreamly ſurprized, when ſhe heard him ſpeak better then moſt did, who ſpoke always : So that when ſhe heard his firſt complement, in lieu of anſwering, or teſtifying her ſorrows for the misfortune of his houſe and Country, ſhe could not chuſe but go back, and look upon him with admiration : How Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, is it not above five or ſix daies ſince you could ſpeak ? No, no, it is impoſſible : Moſt certainly you ſpoke long in ſecret, otherwiſe you could not ſpeak ſo well in publique : And certainly you have been ſilent for the time paſt, purpoſely to put all other to ſilence for the future : Your language, replyed the Prince *Myrſiles*, is not perhaps ſo pleaſing as you think; for truly theſe exceſſive applauds you give me, does argue, that my ſilence did much diſpleaſe you, and was troubleſome, ſince yon think this little which I ſpeak to be worthy of admiration. *Doraliſa*, who was recollecting her ſelf, conſidered that ſhe had commended this Prince too much : And to carry it more prudently, it were better to commend him leſs, and lament his misfortunes more : So that to repair her errour, ſhe altered his diſcourſe, and began to talk with him upon all the misfortunes of *Panthea*, and of all the alterations which ſhe found in *Lydia* at her return : However, ſaid ſhe unto him, you have this advantage, that your Conquerour is the moſt generous Prince in the World :

World: 'Tis true, replied *Myrſiles*, But for all that, moſt amiable *Doraliſa*, The King my Father is the moſt miſerable, ſince it is a very great misfortune for thoſe who are uſed to confer favours upon others, to be put unto the neceſſity of receiving them from another: Yet this is ſome conſolation, that we are ſubjected unto one of the greateſt Princes of the World, and unto one whom you eſteem, and unto one whom I know you are obliged. 'Tis very true Sir, anſwered *Doraliſa*, I am obliged unto him, but I wiſh that you were not in a condition to be ſo; and that on the contrary, the King had obliged him which he might have done, by rendring back the Princeſs *Mandana*. What's paſt, replyed *Myrſiles*, cannot be recalled; and in lieu of acknowledging thoſe faults which cannot be repaired, we muſt endeavour to indure our bad fate, like men who are worthy of better: And to teſtifie that I do all I can to ſweeten my miſeries, I proteſt unto you, I find ſome ſweetneſs to think, that the Gods, who once had made me above the Quality of the amiable *Doraliſa*, hath now made me her equal: Oh Sir, (replied *Doraliſa*, and interrupted him) Your civility is exceſſive; and it had been a better wiſh, to have deſired the Gods, that I might be exalted unto your Quality, then to ſay you find any ſweetneſs in their debaſing you down unto mine: Since the firſt of theſe is not in my power, and the other really is ſo, you need uot wonder, I ſhould chuſe rather to tell the thoughts of my heart, then to trouble my ſelf in making unprofitable wiſhes. *Doraliſa* was going to anſwer when *Cyrus* entred and broke off their diſcourſe: But that which moſt ſurprized *Lycaſte*, *Arpalice*, *Cydipe*, and moſt of all *Candiope* was to ſee *Philiſtion* enter amongſt thoſe who accompanied him; they could not imagine ſo readily as they wiſhed, why he would not ſee them before he ſaw *Cyrus*, they durſt not change their places to ſpeak unto him, nor could he come handſomely unto them, though he much deſired it: But preſently after the Prince *Seſoſtris* entred, and ſome of thoſe who were with *Candiope* went out, *Philiſtion* at laſt came up, talked with as much delight, as before his impatience was great. *Candiope* for her part received him with abundance of joy, inſomuch as it was eaſie for *Doraliſa* to obſerve, that there was a greater *love* between them, than *Candiope* had ſpoke of, when ſhe related the adventures of *Thraſimedes* and *Arpalice*, for ſhe took notice that *Philiſtion* was ſo taken up with looking upon *Candiope*, with ſpeaking and hearkning unto her, that he never ſo much as thought of any civility unto *Lycaſte*, *Arpalice*, and *Cydipe*, who were cloſe by him, and it was not long before ſhe told *Candiope* what ſhe thought.

Doraliſa then hearing the name of *Philiſtion*, when *Cyrus* preſented him unto *Palmis*, and knew very well that it was the ſame *Philiſtion* who ſhared in the adventures of *Arpalice*, ſeeing with what earneſtneſs and affection *Candiope* and he talked together, ſhe went towards *Candiope*, and pulling her gently by the Gown; I pray tell me (ſaid ſhe cunningly) whether this *Philiſtion* unto whom you ſpeak, is that *Philiſtion*, who is the friend of *Thraſimedes*, and who counterfeited *Arcon* ſo well, as for my part I cannot imagine it is he. *Candiope* was ſo ſurprized at the diſcourſe of *Doraliſa*, that ſhe bluſhed, imagining that it was becauſe the ayr and garb of *Philiſtion* did not pleaſe her, and that the *Idea* which he had formed by the recital which ſhe had made of him to her, was more advantageous for *Philiſtion*, than that conceipt which himſelf begot; So that being much aſhamed, and fuller of anger than ſhe would ſuffer to appear, which yet appeared more than ſhe would have it, ſhe aſked her friend, why ſhe made a queſtion, whether he ſhe ſaw was that ſame *Philiſtion* of whom ſhe heard her ſpeak? The reaſon why I did not believe it to be him, replied *Doraliſa*, becauſe you told me, that there was only terms of eſteem betwixt you and him, or a kind of ſlight affection, which you could not phraſe either Love or Friendſhip; and which was of ſuch a nature only, as that you would ſpeak well of each other in all places, and this is all the proofs of his affection you ever had from him; So that finding in the face of this *Philiſtion* the joy of a Lover, who ſees his Miſtreſs after a long abſence, you may well pardon me if I doubted whether *Philiſtion* was *Philiſtion*; If you believe, as you ſay, (replied *Candiope*, and both ſmiled and bluſht) You were very malicious to interrupt me: To deſerve the title which you give me (anſwered ſhe) I profeſs that I will not ſuffer you to ſpeak with *Philiſtion* in private all this day, unleſs you entreat me to let you talk with him: Then I will entreat you, replied *Candiope*, For there are ſome things of importance which he began to tell me, the which I muſt needs know, becauſe they will facilitate the agreement between *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*: No, no, replied *Doraliſa*, That ſhall not ſerve your turn; for if you do not entreat me, and confeſs that I do you a pleaſure in it in conſideration of your ſelf, I will not let you be in quietneſs. I beſeech you let it ſatisfie (replied ſhe and ſmiled) That I entreat you only for the Love of *Philiſtion*: I will, anſwered *Doraliſa*, upon condition you will promiſe me, to tell me what he ſaith unto you: I do proteſt I will, ſaid *Candiope*, and turned towards *Philiſtion*, who really had ſomething to impart unto her, which did conduce to the reconcilement of *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*, though *Candiope* ſaid ſo unto *Doraliſa*, as an excuſe of her ſelf. Alſo after that this counterfeit *Arion* had expreſſed himſelf as fully as Love could prompt a Lover after a long abſence, and had aſſured her of the fidelity of his heart, and proteſted that he never ſaw her ſo fair and lovely in all his life, as at this his return: Then he told her the reaſon why he did not follow *Thraſimedes*, when he came into *Sardis*, which was, becauſe he was forced to ſtay in *Halicarnaſſus*, by reaſon of ſome Wounds he had received in a combat, in which he was ingaged, concerning the intereſts of both *Arpalice*, and of one of his Siſters, *Candiope* not comprehending how *Arpalice*, who was of *Patara*, could have any intereſt mixed with a Siſter of *Philiſtion*, who was of *Halicarnaſſus*, ſeemed to be much ſurprized: But for her ſatisfaction, *Philiſtion* told her, how he had a Siſter whoſe name was *Androclea*, who was loved by a man of Quality in that Town, named *Ephialtes*, whom ſhe much diſliked, but durſt not ſhew it, becauſe ſhe had an imperious Mother, who would needs have her marry him; that whil'ſt *Ephialtes* was abſent, *Menecrates* and *Parmenides* chanced to come unto *Halicarnaſſus*: When were they in that Town? (ſaid *Candiope* and interrupted him.) They were there, replied *Philiſtion*, after their departure from *Apamea*, and whil'ſt *Thraſimedes* and I were at *Patara*; So that whil'ſt *Thraſimedes* fell in Love with the Miſtreſs of *Menecrates*, *Menecrates* fell in Love with my Siſter at *Halicarnaſſus*: Was *Menecrates* in love with your Siſter? (replied *Candiope*) Doubtleſs he was, replied *Philiſtion*, and the worſt was, my Siſter had as great an inclination to him, as ſhe had averſion unto *Ephialtes*; So that ſhe being eaſily perſwaded unto a thing which ſhe much deſired, ſhe believed he loved her, and he quickly perceived that ſhe did not hate him; and by this means there grew ſo great an amity betwixt them, as to impart all their ſecrets unto each other: This being ſo, my Siſter acquainted him that her Mother would marry her againſt her will unto *Ephialtes*, and *Menecrates* alſo acquainted her, that his friends would likewiſe ingage him unto a Lady of *Licia*, whom he loved not. Thus this conformity augmenting their affections, they grew to ſuch a point, as to promiſe each other to uſe their beſt endeavours that they might marry together: So that when *Menecrates* departed from *Halicarnaſſus*, he told my Siſter, that he went to uſe all his endeavours for breaking off with *Arpalice*, and that as ſoon as it was done, he would return unto our Town: But he being of ſuch an humour, as very often to begin Love phantaſtically, and ſo to end it, he forgot my Siſter as ſoon as he was out of her ſight; for indeed you know how he behaved himſelf at his return to *Patara*, how *Cydipe* for a while did take him, and how the love of *Thraſimedes* to *Arpalice* revived the love of *Menecrates* unto that Beauty. In the mean time, my Siſter being nothing of the temper of *Menecrates*, when *Ephialtes* came to her, he was courſely entertained, and all the authority of a Mother could not compel *Androclea* to marry him. This was the ſtate of things, moſt amiable *Candiope*, when *Thraſimedes* and I returned from *Halicarnaſſus*, after we had left you at *Patara*: Since the Love of *Menecrates* and my Siſter was cloſely carried, I was ignorant of it at my return; but afterwards, my Mother dying, as well as the Father of *Thraſimedes*, and *Ephialtes* addreſſing himſelf unto me for my Siſter, as one whom my Mother had promiſed unto him, I preſſed *Androclea* to tell me why ſhe would not marry him? And ſhe being driven to the neceſſity of giving me a reaſon for her proceedings, ſhe confeſſed the whole truth unto me. I no ſooner knew this, but deſigning to advance the marriage of *Thraſimedes* with *Arpalice*, and break off that of *Menecrates* and her, I conſulted with *Thraſimedes*, and told *Ephialtes*, that not being of the ſame humour of my Mother, nor having the ſame power over my Siſter which ſhe had, I could not force her to marry him; and therefore I wiſhed him to deſiſt from any further thoughts of it, intending afterwards to return unto *Patara*, and to carry *Androclea* thither alſo, under a pretence of conſulting with the Oracle, to the end I might ſummon *Menecrates* unto his promiſe, and to trouble all his deſigns. But *Ephialtes* would not permit me to do as I intended, for he being of a moſt violent and haſty temper, and deep in Love, he could not brook my refuſal of forcing my Siſter to accompliſh my Mothers promiſe; So that he ſent me a challenge, and we fought, unknown to *Thraſimedes*, I had the good fortune to get the better, and to make him quit his pretences; but I had the misfortune alſo to be much wounded, and could not follow *Thraſimedes* when he got into *Sardis*, which doubtleſs I had done, if my hurts had permitted me. In the mean time, ſince I was not able to live out of your ſight, and ſince I had promiſed *Thraſimedes* to make uſe of the Love which *Menecrates* bore unto my Siſter, I brought *Androclea* with me, intending to leave her at a Frontire Town of our Country which joyns upon *Licia*, and which is not far from hence, where we had ſome friends, to the end that when I had found *Menecrates*, ſhe might be nearer the place where I knew he would be: But hearing by the publick talk, that *Sardis* was taken, and alſo by a *Halicarnaſſean* Souldier, who was returning into his Country loadened with booty, who ſaid, That *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* were both in the power of *Cyrus*, and that there were ſome *Lician* Ladies which went out of *Sardis*, who were ſharers in the intereſt of thoſe two priſoners, I collected that it muſt needs be you; So that without more delay, I took a reſolution of coming hither, and bringing my Siſter with me; So that taking the benefit of a Convoy of *Cyrus* his Troops, we came ſafely to *Sardis* without any danger; but ſince no ſtrangers were ſuffered to enter, whoſe names were not preſented unto *Cyrus*, I anſwered unto thoſe who asked mine, by the name of *Philiſtion*, and that I was friend unto a valiant man who came into *Sardis*, and who *Cyrus* treated ſo well. They told that Prince poſitively the very ſame words which I told them: ſo that the name of *Thraſimedes*, cauſed me to be brought unto him, after I had conducted my Siſter unto the place where the ſtranger Ladies lodged. This Prince received me very well, and told me, that I came opportunely to be a witneſs of that accord, which he would that day make between *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*. I no ſooner heard this, but I took the liberty to tell him, that he could not juſtly do it, unleſs firſt he did me the honour to give me a little audience, and he conſenting unto it, the ſame hour I told him what now I told you: Afterwards, he commanded me to follow him hither, telling me, that he would go unto the Chamber of *Lycaſte*, whether he would have *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* brought, to the end he might reconcile their differences: The matter will not be difficult, replied *Candiope*, after this which you have told me; but I do conceive it requiſite, that *Lycaſte* and *Arpalice* knew what you have told me, before any accommodation be made. *Philiſtion*, conceiving what *Candiope* did ſay to be reaſonable, permitted her to advertiſe her friends of what ſhe thought fit, before *Cyrus* began to ſpeak of the buſineſs between *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*: And *Candiope* had no ſooner imparted it unto *Lycaſte* and *Arpalice*; but *Cyrus* addreſſing himſelf to the firſt of theſe, I intended, ſaid he unto her, to have come unto your Chamber, purpoſely to endeavour the reconciling of two friends, by ſetting *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* at liberty: But ſince there is ſome difficulty in the buſineſs, I conceive it were more expedient to take the advice of theſe two great Princes, before whom I ſpeak, and of theſe two Princes, upon condition notwithſtanding, that the fair *Arpalice* conſent unto it: *Arpalice*, replied *Lycaſte*, is not ſo accuſtomed unto her own will, that it is neceſſary to conſult with her thereupon: therefore Sir, I beſeech you follow the dictates of your own will without any further information of hers; And indeed Sir you may judge by the bluſhes in her cheeks, that ſhe has not confidence enough to tell you what ſhe thinks: I can deſire nothing Sir (replied *Arpalice* modeſtly) But what ſhall pleaſe you, and therefore it is not neceſſary my words ſhould expreſs my thoughts: Since ſo (ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Lycaſte*) I beſeech you Madam, let the matter be before ſuch an illuſtrious company: My will Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, is what ſhall moſt pleaſe you, hoping that the more illuſtrious perſons there are, who ſhall give their Votes in favour of him who ſhall be happy, the more patient will he be, againſt whom the ſentence is given. After this, *Cyrus* who had a moſt admirable memory, and rare eloquence, and who knew how to compoſe the largeſt adventure in few words, began ſuccinctly to relate the whole buſineſs of *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates*, which he received either from *Andramites*, or *Doraliſa*, or *Philiſtion*, bringing the ſtory unto the very day when *Thraſimedes* would have got into *Sardis*, which was beſieged, becauſe he thought his Miſtreſs to be there, and when *Menecrates* would have come out, becauſe he thought ſhe was not there; adding alſo, that the Siſter of *Philiſtion* was in *Sardis*: You remember Madam, (ſaid he, and addreſſed his diſcourſe unto the Princeſs) That *Menecrates* and *Arpalice* were deſigned by their Parents to marry: That *Arpalice* cannot conform her mind unto the will of her Parents without extream violence upon her ſelf: That *Menecrates* hath a long time ſlighted her, and alſo played away her picture unto *Thraſimedes*: Moreover, he ſeems to have renounced all right unto that fair Lady, in promiſing the Siſter of *Philiſtion* to do all he could to break off with her: That *Thraſimedes* hath ever loved *Arpalice* ſince firſt he knew her, and that *Menecrates* never began to love her, until he began to fear leſt *Arpalice* ſhould love *Thraſimedes*. Then after *Cyrus* had ſet forth the intereſt of both theſe perſons unto thoſe who knew it not, and had revived it in the memory of thoſe who did know it, he thought it requiſite to ſee the Siſter of *Philiſtion*, and therefore he ſent immediately for her: Though *Androclea* had no mind to appear amongſt ſo great a company, yet the affection of her ſoul unto *Menecrates*, and her deſire to break off this marriage with *Arpalice*, prompted her to appear; and the ſooner, becauſe her Brother, in point of honour, and for her intereſt, and that of *Thraſimedes*, did extreamly preſs her unto it; So that after ſhe had imployed a quarter of an hour in dreſſing her ſelf, ſo that it might appear her beauty deſerved not to be ſlighted, ſhe went unto the Palace of *Crœſſus*, being conducted by *Philiſtion*; But ſhe entred with ſo good a grace unto the Chamber of the Princeſs *Palmis*, where all the illuſtrious company was aſſembled, that ſhe did attract the eyes of all thoſe who were preſent: *Androclea* was handſome, and of a large ſtature, her aſpect was very Majeſtical with a mixture of ſweetneſs with it; and though every particular feature was alike beautiful, yet ſhe had the ayr of a high beauty. After ſhe was come into the Chamber of the *Lidian* Princeſs, and that *Cyrus* had very civilly received her, he preſented her unto *Timaretta* and *Palmis*. As ſoon as ſhe entred, ſhe looked about her, to ſee if ſhe could know *Arpalice*, by the diſcription of *Philiſtion*. *Arpalice* for her part, having a great deſire to ſee *Androclea*, who had the advantage to move the heart of *Menecrates* before her, ſhe did moſt attentively look upon her, ſo that looking accidentally upon each other at once, and *Androclea* believing her ſhe looked upon to be *Arpalice*, ſo it chanced that they both bluſhed, and *Cyrus* perceived it: I ſee very well (ſaid he unto them) That there is no need you ſhould be named unto each other, and that you know one another before you be acquainted: Since I would excuſe *Menecrates*, replied *Androclea*, I ſhall be very glad that ſo perfect a beauty as this Lady I look upon hath cauſed his inconſtancy, upon condition, that this inconſtancy do ceaſe: The applauds which you give me, replied *Arpalice*, may well make me bluſh for ſhame; but in lieu of rejecting them, give me leave to tell you, that I am much joyed, to ſee how according to all likelyhood *Menecrates* will no ſooner ſee you, but he will repent himſelf of the injuſtice which he hath done you, and the trouble he hath put me unto. After this *Cyrus*, who deſired to be ſpeedily delivered of all buſineſs that might hinder him from the the thoughts of *Mandana*, began to aſk *Arpalice* what were her intereſt in this buſineſs? But this diſcreet Lady anſwered him, That ſhe had only two: The firſt, To be diſpenſed from that ingagement wherein the teſtament of *Menecrates* his Parents and hers had brought her with him: The other, That by his wiſedom and prudence, he would prevent *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* from fighting. After this, *Arpalice* was ſilent; though if ſhe had humored the ſecret motions of her heart, ſhe would have urged the matter more preſſingly in advantage of *Thraſimedes*, but her modeſty did check her. After this, *Cyrus* aſked *Androclea*, What ſhe pretended unto? I pretend, ſaid ſhe, unto nothing, but to puniſh *Menecrates*, for not beginning to love the fair *Arpalice* as ſoon as he began to know her: that you will oblige him to keep his word with one, whoſe merit and beauty is much inferiour unto hers whom he hath preferred before her; but I think him obliged to love her only, becauſe he hath promiſed: After this, *Cyrus* willed *Philiſtion* to give his opinion, who being no leſs bold than generous, told him freely, That ſince he was the friend of *Thraſimedes*, he would to his utmoſt oppoſe the Marriage of *Menecrates* with *Arpalice*: And moreover, he being the Brother of *Androclea*, he could not endure it; and therefore Me*necrates* muſt of neceſſiy prepare himſelf to fight both againſt *Thraſimedes* and himſelf, if he thought of marrying *Arpalice*.

Cyrus hearing what *Arpalice*, *Androclea*, and *Philiſtion* pretended, deſired them to withdraw into another Chamber; after which he ſent for *Menecrates*, *Parmenides*, and *Thraſimedes*, one after another: But before he aſked the firſt of theſe, what were his pretentions? He hinted unto him, That now *Philiſtion* and *Androclea* were at *Sardis*, with intentions to hold him to his word. But Sir (ſaid he and cryed out) If the heart which I had then, when I promiſed *Androclea* to love her, be changed, what can I do to ſatisfie her? Moreover, I did make no further promiſe unto her, but to do what I could to break off with *Arpalice*, and I wiſh unto the Gods that it were in my power to do it: for conſidering the ſcorn of that cruel Lady, and the goodneſs of *Androclea* not yet to hate me, I ſhould be moſt glad to be revenged of her; but ſince I am not able Sir, I conjure you to remember, that the wills of the dead ought to be inviolable: However (ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Menecrates*) It is juſt you hearken to the complaints of *Androclea*: *Menecrates* would have refuſed it, but the Princeſs *Timaretta*, and the Princeſs *Palmis* commanded him to go into the room where ſhe was with *Arpalice* and *Philiſtion*, upon condition, that *Cleonice* and *Doraliſa* would conduct him thither, unto which he was obedient. Then *Parmenides* appeared, who, having quite forgot *Cleoxene* for *Cydipe*, declared that he had no other intereſt in the buſineſs between *Menecrates* and *Thraſimedes*, but only his promiſe to the firſt of them, to do him all the good offices he could unto his Siſter, from which he would not alter, though he did not marry *Cleoxene*. *Parmenides* having ſaid all he could, he retired, and *Thraſimedes* was brought in, tho' it was not neceſſary to ask him what he pretended unto, it being eaſie to comprehend, that ſo they would give *Arpalice* unto him, he would be no longer an enemy unto *Menecrates*: Yet for orders ſake, *Cyrus* would have him ſpeak, which he did with ſo much Spirit, and expreſſed ſuch ſenſible ſymptoms of Love unto *Arpalice*, that all thoſe who heard him, were abſolutely on his ſide; ſo that retiring, as the other did, he left the illuſtrious *Cyrus* at liberty to take the advice of the Princeſs *Timaretta*, of the Princeſs *Palmis*, of the Prince *Seſoſtris*, of the Prince *Myſiles*, and of all the company. But though it was not uſual to ſee ſo many perſons together without difference in opinion, yet at this time they all concurred. At the firſt, there were ſome who though they were perſwaded that *Thraſimedes* did better deſerve *Arpalice* than *Menecrates*, yet they had much ado to diſpenſe with the laſt will of a Father which he makes when he is dying: But after they heard *Cyrus* ſpeak, they altered their opinion, and conceived that Marriages ought to be ſo free, as Parents, if they be wiſe, will never conſtrain their children to marry againſt their inclination: Judge then I beſeech you ſaid this great Prince, whether it be not blameable in a Father to marry his child againſt her inclination; and whether it be not permittable for *Arpalice* to follow her own will, not her Fathers: Since he could not foreſee when he appointed her to marry *Menecrates*, that *Menecrates* would ſlight her a long time, that *Menecrates* would promiſe *Androclea* to break off with *Arpalice*, that *Menecrates* would love his Daughter only out of a capritious humour, and to hinder his Rival from being happy: For my part, ſaid the Princeſs *Palmis*, I cannot think a Father ought by will to diſpoſe of the affection of his children; who would undertake, ſaid the Princeſs *Timaretta*, that the young child which the Father would have to be the Husband of his Daughter hereafter, will be virtuous? I am perſwaded, replied *Seſoſtris*, That Fathers who make ſuch Teſtaments, do intend they ſhould be obeyed only in caſe the match prove fit and reaſonable: Since ſo, ſaid the Prince *Myrſiles*, a ſentence muſt be pronounced in favour of *Thraſimedes*; My opinion is, ſaid *Cyrus*, to endeavour the making of as few unhappy in this buſineſs as we can, and to prevent the fighting of ſuch brave men, as on which ſide ſoever the Victory falls, the Conquerour will have cauſe to regret it: For though *Menecrater* be inconſtant, and a little capritious, yet he is a man of Soul and Spirit: I beſeech you conſider (ſaid *Cyrus*, and turned to both the Princeſſes) that if *Arpalice* be injoyned to accompliſh the Teſtament of her Father by marrying *Menecrates*, they will all be unhappy: *Menecrates* will be ingaged to fight both againſt *Thraſimedes* and *Philiſtion*; againſt the firſt upon the ſcore of his Miſtreſs, againſt the ſecond upon the ſcore of his Siſter: Doubtleſs there would be many unfortunate, replied *Lycaſte*, but not all, for *Menecrates* would enjoy his Miſtreſs: 'Tis true replyed *Cyrus*, he would enjoy the beauty of *Arpalice*, but I am fully perſwaded, that ſince he would not enjoy her heart, he would never enjoy contentment; and the greateſt good that *Menecrates* would have in the buſineſs, would be the hindrance of his Rival from being happy; for as ſoon as the firſt days of marriage are over, he will turn even deſperate for marrying one who hates him, and who perhaps he will hate alſo, for conſidering the temper of *Menecrates*, I am the moſt deceived of all men living, if the enjoyment of that which he loves, be not an infallible means to quench the flames of Love in his heart: As for *Arpalice*, it muſt needs be concluded, that ſince ſhe marries *Menecrates* whom ſhe loves not, and does not marry *Thraſimedes* whom ſhe loves, ſhe would be moſt miſerable. *Androclea* for her part, ſhe would not be ſatisfied, to ſee a man whom ſhe loved become the Husband of another; nor would *Philiſtion* be at all contented to ſee *Menecrates*; after a promiſe to marry his Siſter married unto another; and as for *Thraſimedes*, it muſt be concluded, that he being in love with *Arpalice*, and knowing himſelf to be loved, he would be one of the moſt miſerable Lovers in the World, if his Rival ſhould enjoy his Miſtreſs: So that it is apparent, by giving *Arpalice* unto *Menecrates*, all thoſe who are intereſted in this buſineſs, are made unhappy; for *Parmenides* himſelf, though he make a ſhew of being ingaged in the intereſt of *Menecrates*, yet if I be not deceived he will be glad that his Siſter would not marry the Brother of one whom he will ſee no more, and one who hath treated him ill. On the contrary, if *Arpalice* be given unto *Thraſimedes*, both they will be happy: *Philiſtion* will be ſatisfied, Juſtice will be done unto *Androclea*, *Parmonides* will not be diſobliged, and *Menecrates* will be forced to be happy whether he will or no, ſince he may have a Wife who loves him, and is delivered from one who hates him. Moreover, though he will not ſubmit his mind unto reaſon, yet he will have no ground of any quarrel but with *Thraſimedes*, and hath nothing to ſay with *Philiſtion*: And alſo as ſoon as *Thraſimedes* is married unto *Arpalice*, the mind of *Menecrates* may change; Many will fight with a Rival in hopes to benefit by his defeat, but few will fight ſo willingly againſt the husband of his Miſtreſs. *Cyrus* having given his opinion all the company was of his opinion; So that contriving how to perſwade *Menecrates* to be contented with *Androclea*, and to yeild *Arpalice* unto *Thraſimedes*, they began to ſweeten the matter as much as they could, reſolving to make up the marriage between *Thraſimedes* and *Arpalice* before *Menecrates* was delivered from his Guards: But as they were diſcanting upon this buſineſs, and whil'ſt his deſtiny was in the hand of ſo many illuſtrious perſons, he was pitifully perplexed between *Arpalice*,who looked upon him extreamly ill on the one ſide,and *Androclea* who chid him on the other,and in ſuch a manner,as would have ſoften'd a heart of ſtone. Unjuſt man that you are(ſaid ſhe unto him,and ſhewed him *Arpalice*)Why did you prefer me before this moſt excellent Beauty?and ſince you were ſo unjuſt, you ſhould have advertiſed me of your inconſtancy, you ſhould have ſent me her picture, and thereby have rendred your weakneſs more excuſable; at leaſt you ought to have asked me pardon for betraying me, and for giving me a heart, whereof you were not Maſter, but in lieu of that, you left me in an injurious ſilence, during which time to be faithful unto you, I might not have caſt off a man who would have zealouſly loved me; had you acquainted me with your imbecility, I ſhould for ever have concealed that affection which I had towards you, but having manifeſted your weakneſs another way, and diſcovered mine unto my friends, you are obliged either to keep your word with me, or I muſt reſolve upon death: Then we muſt both die (ſaid *Menecrates* to her in a moſt horrible confuſion) For it is impoſſible I ſhould endure *Arpalice* to be taken from me, and that you ſhould upbraid me with my crime: I pray (replied *Arpalice* fiercely) pretend nothing unto me, and be confident, that though I had no other reaſon to hate you, but for your infidelity unto *Androclea*, I ſhould eternally abhor you: For heavens ſake Madam, ſaid *Menecrates*, do not look upon this excellent Lady as the cauſe of your hatred: You may look upon your ſelf as the cauſe of my eſteem, replied *Arpalice*, if you will be juſt in ſatisfying *Androclea*, and leaving me in quiet: I wiſh it would pleaſe the Gods, ſaid he, That you would let me be quiet,and would not by your inevitable charms moleſt thoſe ſweets which I ſhould otherwiſe find in the fair *Androclea*: However it be (ſaid *Arpalice* to him) I do declare unto you, that though the illuſtrious *Cyrus* ſhould determine it ſo, I will never be yours, I will freely forſake all the eſtate which my Father left me; but as for my liberty, know moſt aſſuredly that I will preſerve it intire unto my ſelf: Therefore without further ingaging your ſelf to do freſh wrongs unto a

Lady of *Androclea*'s merit. let me adviſe you to take up a firm reſolution of conquering your ſelf: And to teſtifie I will do you no ill offices unto her, but on the contrary ſhould be extreemly glad ſhe would pardon you, I will become your Interceſſor. And then *Arpalice* began to Court *Androclea* unto an Oblivion of his Crime, and there paſſed ſuch a diſcourſe between thoſe two Ladies, as did extreamly divert *Cleonice* and *Doraliſa*, eſpecially the laſt of theſe, whoſe ſtout and fiery ſoul took delight in triumphing over the weakneſs of another.

In the mean time, *Menecrates* full of confuſion and deſpair, was ſilent all the while *Arpalice* and *Androclea* talked; he caſt his eyes upon *Arpalice*, and ſaw ſo many ſymptoms of hatred in her face, that he was forced to recal and deject his eyes. And if he looked upon *Androclea*, he ſaw in her countenance ſo many ſigns of Love, maugre his infidelity, that he was forced to withdraw his looks, leſt he ſhould be conſtrain'd to find in his heart ſome remorſe of his fault, yet he could not chuſe but ſometimes look upon them both, though he himſelf knew not why he did ſo; but he alwayes found ſo much fury in the eyes of *Arpalice*, and ſo much ſweetneſs and melancholy in the looks of *Androclea*, that ſhame began to be as ſtrong in his heart as Love; and he found a kind of trouble in his ſoul, which he thought never to have an hour before. *Androclea* had ſuch a kind of paſſionate and languiſhing ſweetneſs mixed with her melancholy and ſorrows, as was enough to mollifie even cruelty it ſelf; and one might perceive by the ſober luſtre of her eyes, that if ſhe had not reſtrained them, they would have flowed with tears; ſo that it was impoſſible to look upon her without pity. One might alſo perceive by the motion of her fair neck, that ſhe ſtifled a thouſand ſighs, and it was apparently viſible, that her heart was full of Love and affection. This being the ſtate of things, and *Cyrus* having reſolved by the advice of the whole company, that *Thraſimedes* ſhould marry *Arpalice*, and *Menecrates Androclea*: He cauſed him to be called in the laſt, and told him, that upon a through examination of all the paſſages between *Thraſimedes* and him, he could not conceive that he had any cauſe to complain; that

Thraſimedes had not loved *Arpalice*, until he received it from his mouth, that he was not in Love with her, and therefore he had no right to quarrel with him: That as for *Arpalice*, he could not accuſe her of any injuſtice, conſidering the manner of his carriage towards her: That as for *Androclea*, he was obliged to make her ſatisfaction by making good that promiſe which he made her, and by this means *Philiſtion* would be contented as well as ſhe; he conjured him to believe, that he conſidered his intereſt without any prejudication: And to ſpeak with reaſon, he ſhould do him wrong, if he took *Androclea* from him: He deſired him to conſider, that ſince his ſervices could not prevail with *Arpalice*, his violences would never move her; and that if ſhe did love *Thraſimedes*, as it was apparent ſhe did, his fighting with him without juſt cauſe would not alter her. Then he conjured him to be conformable unto his will, and to ſubmit unto the neceſſity of never enjoying *Arpalice*, and that with a good will, he would by his reaſon and height of courage vanquiſh himſelf.

Menecrates hearkened unto the diſcourſe of *Cyrus* with a profound ſilence, but yet without any great attention; and one might perceive, that he did more examine his own reaſons, then thoſe which *Cyrus* repreſented unto him. But in concluſion, ſeeing himſelf put unto the neceſſity of an anſwer, he beſeeched the Prince to give him three daies of reſpite, during which time, he would endeavour to be conformable unto his deſires. With all my heart, ſaid *Cyrus*, upon condition that you will every one of thoſe daies give me a viſit unto the fair *Androclea*: I do conſent unto it, replied *Menecrates*, upon condition I may have the liberty to give another alſo unto the cruel *Arpalice*. It ſhall be ſo alſo, replied *Cyrus*, in hopes that her averſion will perſwade you better then my words; and that you may know, I carry my ſelf in this buſineſs more as your friend then as your Judg. After this, *Menecrates* with his Guard retired: *Thraſimedes* alſo returned with his, and all the company parted. *Arpalice*, who was then raviſhed with the ſight of *Androclea*, deſired *Doraliſa* to contrive it ſo as that ſhe might lodg in the Palace, but there was no need of her contrivance in that: For *Cyrus* ſeeing all the Ladies re-enter into the Chamber where he was, told *Androclea* and *Arpalice* that ſince it ſeemed they agreed as well, as their Lovers did ill, they ſhould be together, as the other were parted: After which, he deſired *Lycaſte* ſhe would be pleaſed to let *Androclea* be her Neighbour in a Chamber neer hers, and ſo it was; by which means, the grandure and beauty of the company was augmented by the preſence of *Androclea*. In the mean time, *Cyrus* thinking all time loſt which was not imployed in the ſervice of *Mandana*, or at leaſt in the thoughts of her: He recompenced that time which he had ſpent all this day about the intereſts of others, by paſſing away all the night without any thought, but of his deareſt Princeſs, or of his Rivals. Poor *Mazares*, he was the moſt unhappy man of all, becauſe he was without all hope; and if he had not been a man of an extraordinary virtue, he could never have carried the matter as he did, for he did lock up the violence of his thoughts within the cloſet of his heart, that there appeared in his face only a common ſorrow, and as it were an indifferent coldneſs, and thoſe who ſaw him would have ſaid, that he was only a Prince of a natural melancholy, and ſerious temper, ſo abſolutely was he a Maſter over himſelf; but for all that, his flood of ſorrows did one day ſwell very high, and overflowed the banks of his mind by an accident which cauſed them. Since this Prince was not with them in the Chamber of the Princeſs *Palmis*, when the differences of *Thraſimedes* and *Menecrates* were diſcuſſed, he had not ſeen *Cyrus* all that day, and knew not whether or no he had received any intelligence concerning *Mandana*: So that having a burning deſire to know whether he had or no, he came betimes the next morning unto the Chamber of *Cyrus*, who after a diſcontented night without one wink of ſleep, was up very early, and looking in his Cabinet upon the only reliques of his dear Princeſs, to wit, of her picture, and the rich Scarf which ſhe heretofore denied him, and which ſince he had from the hands of *Mazares*, after his Shiprack with *Mandana*: So that when he was told that *Mazares* deſired to ſee him, he imagined that he came to bring him ſome intelligence concerning *Mandana*: So that commanding him haſtily to enter, *Mazares*, did ſo; and he was no ſooner two ſteps within the Cloſet, but he ſpied upon the Table the Picture of *Mandana*, and the Scarf which he left in the hands of *Artamenes*; the ſight whereof did ſo freſhly revive in his heart the injuſtice which he had done that Princeſs in betraying her, as he had done by carrying her away, as he could not forbear expreſſions of the interior ſorrows of his ſoul: Oh Sir, ſaid he ſadly unto *Cyrus*, I wiſh you had only let me ſeen that fatal Scarf, without a ſight of that Divine Picture; for by the viſion of that mark of my crime, without the apparition of that Beauty which cauſed me to commit it, I ſhould have been only expoſed to a renovation of my ſorrows and repentance, and had been out of danger to revive my Love: I ask you pardon (replied *Cyrus*, and would have ſhut the Caſe in which the Picture was) for expoſing you unto ſo great a danger: Alas Sir (replied *Mazares*, ſighing, and holding *Cyrus* by the arm) I know not why I ſhould fear it, or complain; but I am moſt certain, that though my Love were more violent, if it were poſſible, then it is, yet I would not attempt any thing which would offend you, as long as our Princeſs loves you, and not me: Therefore ſince you may be confident that ſhe will for ever love you, and never me, do not envy me the happineſs of one minutes ſeeing the Picture of Divine *Mandana*, to the end, that the ſight of the adored Princeſs whom I have ſo much offended, and cauſed all her misforrunes, might augment my repentance: So that Sir, in lieu of reviving my affection, you will add unto my remorſe that ever I carried her away: Look then upon the picture of our Princeſs, moſt generous Rival, replied *Cyrus*, but look upon it with ſuch thoughts as will keep me your friend, and not fruſtrate that Heroique reſolution which you have taken, of contenting your ſelf with the eſteem and friendſhip of *Mandana*, and endeavouring her releaſe: I do promiſe it Sir, ſaid this perplexed Lover; after which he looked upon the picture, and he had no ſooner caſt his eyes upon it, and a little contemplated upon it, but bluſhing, he found ſuch a violent agitation of heart, that doubting the conſtancy of his reſolution, he haſtily ſhut the Caſe, and reſtoring it to *Cyrus*: Here Sir, ſaid he unto him, take this moſt Angelique Picture, I am of a weaker temper than I thought my ſelf, and dare not ſo confidently anſwer for my thoughts, but to teſtifie the deſires I have to overcome them, give me leave only to look upon this Scarf, which revives in my memory *Mandana* floting upon the Waves, and ready to periſh through my default: Methinks I ſee her yet (ſaid this amorous Prince) when having no other help but mine, in ſpite of the impetuous Waves, ſhe endeavoured to be looſe from me, chooſing rather to die, than receive life from the hand of her Raviſher: But alas, divine Princeſs, ſaid he, you were ignorant of that reformation which was in my ſoul: I wiſh, moſt generous Rival (ſaid he, and looked upon *Cyrus*) that I were aſſured to have all my life the ſame thoughts which then I had, when a mountain of horrid Waves overwhelmed us, which looſed this Scarf, and ſeparated me from our Princeſs, whom then I ſaw ſwallowed up by that terrible Element, and thought to be ever loſt: I wiſh Sir once more, that this horrid Idea might be for ever imprinted in my mind: But alas Sir, many times againſt my will I ſee ſuch things as are fuel to the fire of my paſſion.

Mazares ſpoke all this in ſuch ſadneſs and ſincerity, that the heart of *Cyrus*, though a Rival, melted; and he was ſo ſweet in his expreſſions, that *Mazares* had no cauſe of complaint: And after this miſerable Prince had condoled his Fate, and *Cyrus* lamented his bad fortune, and both of them pitied and cheered up each other, they asked one another whether they heard any thing concerning the Princeſs, ſince they ſaw each other, and did mutually diſpleaſe by anſwering, they heard nothing. In the mean time, ſince their diſcourſe had continued long, *Cyrus* was told, that many waited in his Chamber, ſo that he went out of his Cloſet to diſpatch them who had any buſineſs with him. Afterwards, he went to viſit *Arianita*, purpoſely to talk with her concerning his dear Princeſs. He had often a mind to do as the King of *Aſſyria* had done, but upon better thoughts he conceived

ceived it better ſervice to *Mandana* for him to ſtay in ſuch a place where he might receive the intelligence of all who went to inquire after her: So that contenting himſelf with preparation of all things in readineſs to march, as ſoon as he ſhould receive intelligence where ſhe was, he omitted nothing which did become his generoſity, either for the Princes whom he had vanquiſhed, or for thoſe whom he protected, or for his friends, or his Domeſticks, or his Souldiers: So that the third day which *Menecrates* had taken, being come, he omitted nothing which concerned his buſineſs; but he underſtood, that he was the laſt night fallen ſick, and ſo violently, as it was not fit to ask him his reſolution. *Cyrus* no ſooner heard of this, but he appointed Phyſitians to take care of *Menecrates*: When they did viſit him, they found him in ſuch a deſperate condition, as that they durſt not anſwer for his life. This News being told unto *Androclea*, ſhe was ſo perplexed at it, that her affection would not permit her to follow the exact rules of handſomneſs, conſidering the infidelity of *Menecrates*, but ſhe did every day viſit him with *Lycaſte*: Alſo *Arpalice*, hoping that the ſight of *Doraliſa* would work upon the heart of *Menecrates*, ſhe deſired *Lycaſte* to carry her unto him: At the firſt *Menecrates* ſeemed angry; afterwards, as his diſeaſe increaſed, he ſeemed to take no notice; but when it began to diminiſh, and when he conſidered that ſhe did not ſo much as think upon him all the while he was ſick, and that he had ſeen the fair eyes of *Androclea* ſwim a thouſand times in tears for him, he permitted the ſight of her with leſs trouble, and a while after, he looked upon her with delight: It might well be ſaid, that as his Fever vaniſhed, ſo did his infidelity, and that he recovered the health of his body and mind both together, and that he was able to follow the Dictates of reaſon, and the Counſels of *Cyrus*. In the mean time, ſuch magnificent Equipage was in preparation, for ſending *Timaretta* unto the King her Father, as it was evident *Cyrus* would do her all the honours he could. Alſo he ordered that Ships ſhould be ready at the ſame Port where *Seſoſtris* imbarqued at his coming unto *Aſia*. But whil'ſt all this equipage was making ready, *Seſoſtris* without any impatience at all expected the day of his departure, for he found ſo many ſweets in *Timaretta*, and ſo much ſatisfaction with *Cyrus*, that he did not regret this little prolixity which kept him from his compleat felicity. The Prince *Artamas* for his part, did every day find ſo many occaſions of doing ſervice unto his Princeſs, either in behalf of *Crœſſus*, or of *Myrſiles*, that he would not change his happineſs with any; and when *Cyrus* compared the ſtate wherein he was with his own, he thought himſelf much more miſerable; but alſo when he remembred the condition wherein he had ſeen the Prince *Artamas*, and conſidered the alteration of his fortune, he did not deſpair of his own: but e're long after he was moſt ſenſibly perplexed, for after many days tedious expectation, thoſe whom he ſent unto *Milete* returned, who told him, that certainly the King of *Pontus* paſſed not by that Coaſt. Thoſe alſo whom he ſent unto *Guides*, returned as ignorant as the firſt, who could learn no more than thoſe who had been at *Epheſus*, and many other Maritine Towns, all who reported for certain, that the King of *Pontus* touched not in thoſe places; ſo that *Cyrus* and *Mazares* were in a moſt inconceiveable perplexity; when one morning he who had orders to go into *Cumes* returned, and ſo opportunely, that he ſpoke unto *Cyrus* and *Mazares*, before he had ſpoken unto any of his acquaintance; for having a great deſire to tell that Prince what he knew, and knowing he ſhould be highly rewarded for the pains he had taken, he went ſtrait unto the Cittadel, where he found *Cyrus* talking with *Mazares* in his Cloſet, conſulting what was the moſt expedient reſolutions for them to take. As ſoon as he appeared, *Cyrus* knew him to be the ſame who had orders for *Cumes*, he went towards him, and asked haſtily whether he had learned any intelligence: Sir, ſaid he, thanks be to the Gods, I have been more happy than the reſt of my Companions, and am able to inform you where the Princeſs *Mandana* is. At theſe words *Cyrus* and *Mazares* did both of them at once imbrace him, and bad him tell them what he knew. Sirs, ſaid he unto them, I know of certainty, that the King of *Pontus* and the Princeſs *Mandana* are at *Cumes*, but they are known by very few: I know that the King of *Pontus* at his landing, did ſet up the colours of *Milete* in his Ship, as if it had been a Merchants Veſſel: I know alſo, that he came thither in the night; that before he landed, he ſent a ſervant in a little Boat unto the Prince of *Cumes*, who as you know is very young, though he be moſt abſolute in his Dominions. In the mean time, though I know not the Reaſon of his tranſaction, yet he doth not diſcover unto the Inhabitants of *Cumes*; that he would give any retreat unto the King of *Pontus*, but on the contrary, to carry it more cloſely, he does not lodge him in his Palace, and the Princeſs *Mandana* is lodged in a private houſe, though ſtrictly guarded: Moreover, under the pretence of your great Victories; and that all *Aſia* is in Arms, the Prince of *Cumes* begins to tackle up his Ships, and to make Levies of armed men in the Country: The reaſon, ſaid *Cyrus*, why this Prince will not have it known that he gives a retreat unto the King of *Pontus*, certainly is, becauſe he is not in a condition to defend them: It is not to be doubted, anſwered *Mazares*: But yet ſaid *Cyrus* unto him who brought the news, how came you to know all this? And how can we give credit unto your words? Sir, replied he, I have travelled much in my life, and was a Souldier very young, and ſo it falls out, that a ſervant unto him at whoſe houſe *Mandana* is lodged, was my Comrade in the *Mileſian* Wars againſt *Policrates*, ſo that meeting this man upon the Port of *Cumes*, and there renewing our acquaintance, I reſolved to make uſe of him for the diſcovery of what I deſired to know; but I was not put unto the neceſſity of his diſcretion, for inſenſibly paſſing from one diſcourſe unto another, as I was telling him, that he was a very happy man in dwelling within a peaceable Town, whil'ſt all *Aſia* was in Arms, he began to tell me, that *Cumes* e're long would have its turn, and afterward told me all that I tell you: And he told me, that his Maſter with whom *Mandana* lodged was extreamly troubled, that the Prince of *Cumes* had given a retreat unto the King of *Pontus*, becauſe he feared that it would be the ruin of his Country, telling me, that he heard his Maſter expreſs as much unto his Wife, not thinking that he did hear him. But, ſaid *Cyrus* unto him, know you nothing but what this man told you? Yes Sir, replied he, But I beſeech you lend me a little patience, and then I ſhall tell you, that after this which I have already told you, this man told me, that there was a Woman with that Princeſs, whom he pitied the moſt in the world; that ſometimes ſhe ſpoke unto him out of grated Windows which opened into a back Court, and endeavoured to ſuborn him to carry a Letter for her unto one whom ſhe would direct him unto, after he had promiſed fidelity, ſhe offered Jewels which ſhe ſhewed unto him, which ſeemed to be of a great value: But ſaid he unto me, I was put to a great *nonplus*, for I would not betray my Maſter, nor would I diſcover what this Woman ſaid unto me, leſt they ſhould lock her up and treat her ill: Oh my dear friend (ſaid I unto him, the better to perſwade him unto my deſires) your virtue is too too ſcrupulous. Let us divide the Jewels,and give me the *L*etter to carry, ſo may you be a gainer without danger: At the firſt he could hardly reſolve upon it; but after, ſeeing me ſo forward to be an accomplice of his crime,I brought him to conſent unto the Commiſſion of it; ſo that without more ado he took my counſel, he ſpoke that night unto *Marteſia*, he ſeemed to be perſwaded by her, he took the Jewels, and the Letter which was directed unto you, and brought both Letter and Jewels unto me: Oh moſt cruel man, ſaid *Cyrus*, Why did you not give me this Letter at the firſt? Becauſe, ſaid he, I would firſt make an orderly relation, but to repair that fault, I will give it unto you, and ſo he did, which *Cyrus* opening, found theſe words.

Marteſia *unto the illuſtrious* Cyrus.

Though the Princeſs continually complains of you, ſince I am confident it is without cauſe, I thought it fit to acquaint you, that we are at Cumes, *where in all likelihood we ſhall for ſome time remain: If you will juſtifie your ſelf*

ſelf unto her who accuſeth you, you muſt quit the Princeſs Araminta *to come and releaſe her; but to comfort you, know that your Rival is no gainer by your diſgrace; but the Princeſs not being able, as the ſtate ſtands with her, to revenge her ſelf upon you, doth revenge upon him that infidelity whereof ſhe ſuſpects, I will not ſay, accuſeth you. In the mean time, be confident, that as ſoon as I ſee your Forces appear, I will ſpeak in your behalf, and plead hard in your juſtification. After this, I muſt further tell you, that I underſtand both by good fortune and craft, the King of* Pontus *fears to be beſieged, both by Sea and Land, and fears that if he ſee a Naval Army, he ſhall not be able to carry us away. This Sir is the advice of one, whoſe hopes are, that he who hath taken* Artaxates, Babylon, *and* Sardis, *will ere long put an end to all our misfortunes, and take* Cumes

MARTESIA.

After that *Cyrus* had read this Letter, he ſhewed it unto M*azares*, who read it with ſome ſlight reſentments of joy; for though he hoped for nothing, yet it was ſome conſolation to know by this Letter, that M*andana* complained againſt *Cyrus*; and though he well conceived that time would juſtifie this Prince, yet he could not chuſe but find ſome ſweetneſs, in thinking that at that time ſhe loved him leſs than ſhe had done: As for *Cyrus*, doubtleſs he was grieved to know that the injuſtice of M*andana* continued; but alſo he was much joyed to know that M*arteſia* was his Advocate, and to know where M*andana* was. But before he reſolved upon any courſe, he asked him who gave him this Letter, if he knew any more? and why he did not endeavour to ſee M*arteſia* himſelf, to tell her how he was ſent purpoſely unto *Cumes*, to enquire news of the Princeſs? Sir, replied he, it was my deſign; for after I had taken the Letter, I told my friend, that I would leave all my ſhare of Jewels with him, upon condition he would bring me to the ſpeech of M*arteſia*, which he promiſed me: But as ill luck was, this man ſpeaking unto her was ſeen by his Maſter, who obſerving him earneſt with her, turned him away immediately, ſo that he returned unto me, and told me, that now he was not in a condition to do as I deſired; and ſo I ſeeing that I was not able to do you any further ſervice in that place, I returned hither with all the haſte I could make. *Cyrus* ſeeing that the man had no more to ſay, cauſed him to be ſo magnificently rewarded, as it was apparent that a Prince ſo liberal was deeply amorous: But as he diſmiſſed him, he charged him to be very ſilent, and ſpeak not a word of any thing he knew concerning M*andana*: After this, M*azares* and he conſulted upon the beſt expedient in the buſineſs. And after they had ſeriouſly conſidered upon all the circumſtances, they concluded it the beſt courſe to ſeem being ignorant of where the Princeſs M*andana* was, until they were in a readineſs of beſieging *Cumes*, eſpecially until they had a Navy ready to block up the Port of *Cumes*, if it were poſſible; and the better to conceal it, *Cyrus* gave it out unto all the World, that he could not diſcover where ſhe was,and ſo more ſubtilly deludes the Spies of the King of *Pontus* which he had in *Sardis*; yet M*azares* adviſed him to ſend unto divers places, as if he endeavoured to inquire, which *Cyrus* obſerved, and in publique diſpatched many Officers to that purpoſe: But to loſe no time, and the better to palliate his deſign, he ſent *Leontidas* to *Thraſibulas*, with ample inſtructions of what he deſired him to do, conjuring him to ſet out as many Ships as he could, and arm them as well and ſpeedily as poſſible, deſiring him to colour his preparations ſo, as none ſhould ſuſpect they were for him, conjuring him alſo to ingage the Prince of M*ytilene*. Alſo he ſent M*agaſides* unto the Prince of *Phyloxipes*, to whom he writ a Letter of thanks for the good hopes which he gave him, by letting him know the Oracle which the Princeſs of *Salamis* had received, and which had been ſo happily accompliſhed; but he conjured him alſo to procure ſome Ships for the King his Maſter: He ſent alſo unto the Prince of *Cicily* upon the ſame buſineſs: And to have an eye always whether the King of *Pontus* remained ſtill at *Cumes*, he ſent thither the ſame man, who brought him the intelligence, but he did not give it out he ſent him thither: He gave him a Letter to M*arteſia*, and Jewels wherewith to ſuborn

born thoſe who guarded the Princeſs, and ſo by that means he might get admittance to deliver *Marteſia* a Letter: He gave him alſo two truſty and faithful Slaves, that he might ſend them any whither if occaſion were, when he came to *Cumes* Alſo he reſolved with *Mazares*, that their Land Army ſhould not move until the Navy were out at Sea, leſt it ſhould too ſoon alarm the Prince of *Cumes* and the King of *Pontus*, and ſo ruine their deſign of releaſing *Mandana* in lieu of advancing it. In the mean time, they ſeemed to the World as if they grieved extreamly, that they could not hear any intelligence where the Princeſs was; but their real ſorrow was, to know that ſhe was in ſo ſtrong a Town as *Cumes*, which at that time was a terror to all her Neighbours; yet notwithſtanding, ſince *Cyrus* never aſſaulted any which he did not take, and ſince his Valour never met with any obſtacles which he did not ſurmount, the hopes of vanquiſhing once more cauſed ſome tranquility in his ſoul. Things ſtanding upon theſe terms, *Cyrus* received Letters from *Ciaxares*, by Poſts which he had ſet up, which Letters intimated unto him, that his power was not at all limited, but that he might diſpoſe abſolutely of all things, that he might give and take away Crowns as he pleaſed, and do with all his Conqueſts what he thought moſt fit; that he thought it convenient as well as he did, it would be more eaſie to keep *Lidia*, by reſtoring it unto *Crœſſus* upon the conditions which he propoſed, than by guarding it, and making him a Slave: Alſo that by making him a Tributary King he did himſelf much honour, ſince he made him a moſt illuſtrious Subject; adding notwithſtanding, that to keep him within the compaſs of his duty, and prevent revolts, he would not have him reſtore his Treaſures unto him, but deſired him to take them unto himſelf. After this, *Ciaxares* lamented the misfortune of *Mandana*, and incouraged him to purſue his Victories until he had releaſed her. *Cyrus* then having abſolute Authority to treat *Crœſſus* as he pleaſed, took up a reſolution worthy of his great ſoul; for as the King of *Phrigia*, and *Artamas* were talking in his Chamber, he told the firſt of them, that ſince he could not find to break off the Marriage of the Prince *Artamas* with the Princeſs *Palmis*, and having no mind he ſhould marry the Daughter of a King without a Kingdom, he was reſolved to reſtore that Crown unto *Crœſſus* which he had loſt. Oh Sir, ſaid the Prince *Artamas*, I pray heaven I have rightly underſtood you: Yes, replied *Cyrus*, and to teſtifie that I would have a perfect reconciliation between *Crœſſus* and you, I would have you go and tell him from me, that the King of *Medes* having left the diſpoſition of his Crown entirely unto me, I do reſtore it unto him, upon condition he will become the Vaſſal of *Ciaxares*, as the King of *Armenia* is; that he ſhall pay a ſmall Tribute as a mark of his dependency; that he ſhall follow me to the Wars with the Prince his Son, until I have releaſed the Princeſs *Mandana*, and that until I ſhall depart unto the place where I ſhall hear ſhe is, they ſhall have Guards upon them; and this, not that I ſhall make any queſtion of their words which they ſhall paſs, but becauſe the people ſhall not make any new Inſurrection which may force me to ruine him. After this, the King of *Phrigia* returned a million of thanks and applauds unto *Cyrus*: But *Cyrus* knowing that it would be the height of joy unto the Prince *Artamas*, that ſhe could tell the Princeſs *Palmis* ſhe ſhould ſee the King her Father upon his Throne again, impoſed no ſilence upon him, but conjured him to do it in all haſte, and perform his Commiſſion: But ſince I know you deſire to go unto the Chamber of the Princeſs *Palmis*, before you go unto the Chamber of *Crœſſus* her Father, I conjure you to do ſo, and tell her that I am extreamly glad I am able to do any thing which ſhall be pleaſing unto her. *Artamas* anſwered the civilities of *Cyrus* with a profound reverence; after which, he went in all haſte unto his dear Princeſs to acquaint her with the happy change in her Fathers fortune.

This news did ſo ſurprize her, that ſhe could hardly believe it; but ſince ſhe could not chuſe but give credit unto the words of *Artamas*, her joys were above her expreſſions, yet ſhe would not permit any long repetitions of his teſtimony, for ſhe was ſo impatient, that *Crœſſus* ſhould know his good fortune, as ſhe preſſed *Artamas* above twenty times to go and tell him, which accordingly he did, after he had preſented the complement of *Cyrus* unto her: Then he went unto the King of *Lidia*, whom he found ſitting in a profound melancholy: As ſoon as *Artamas* entred into the Chamber, *Crœſſus* did riſe up to receive him; but *Artamas*, as ſoon as ever he had leaſure told him, that *Cyrus* had reſtored the Crown of *Lidia* unto him: Oh, I beſeech you, ſaid *Crœſſus*, and interrupted him, do not add weight unto my Chains, by puffing me up into any falſe hopes of aſcending the Throne: No Sir, replied *Artamas*, the happineſs which I tell you of, is none of thoſe which are to be hoped long for before enjoyment; you are already King of *Lidia*, if you pleaſe. And then *Artamas* began to tell him the conditions which *Cyrus* required upon his reeſtabliſhment, which *Crœſſus* did apprehend to be ſo ſweet and eaſie, conſidering the unfortunate condition which he expected all his life, as they did not diminiſh his joys of aſcending the Throne. As they were thus in diſcourſe, *Chriſantes* entred, who came to tell *Crœſſus*, that *Cyrus* entreated him he would not take it ill, if he added one condition more unto thoſe, which *Artamas* was to tell him, before he made a publique Declaration of his reeſtabliſhment. The words of *Chriſantes* did exceedingly perplex both thoſe Princes: *Crœſſus* began to doubt of his good fortune, and *Artamas* apprehended no leſs, at leaſt that the condition which *Cyrus* would add, was of ſome hard and ſhameful nature for the King of *Lidia*; ſince he had not charged him with it. But in concluſion, *Chriſantes* addreſſing his ſpeech unto *Crœſſus*, Sir, ſaid he unto him, the orders which I have to preſent unto you from the Prince my Maſter is, that the ſame day which he ſhall make choice of to reſtore your Crown unto you, in one of your moſt famous Temples, and in the ſight of all your Subjects, you will be pleaſed in the ſame Temple to give the Princeſs your Daughter unto the Prince *Artamas*, who by many ſervices hath deſerved her.

The diſcourſe of *Chriſantes*, did ſo pleaſingly ſurprize both thoſe two Princes, that they were a long time before they could ſpeak: But at the laſt, *Crœſſus* reviving out of his extaſie of admiration at the virtue of *Cyrus*, deſired *Chriſantes* to tell his Maſter, that as precious as his Crown was, which he reſtored him, he thought himſelf

ſelf more obliged unto him, for giving ſuch a Husband unto his Daughter, than for giving him his Crown and Kingdom: And he might aſſure him, that this laſt thing which he deſired, ſhould be no impediment unto his aſcending the Throne, ſince he did not think him unworthy of it, and ſince his great ſoul conſented unto it. *Artamas* hearing *Crœſſus* ſpeak ſo, made a thouſand proteſtations of real ſervice, and afterwards applauded *Cyrus* to the Heavens: And the Prince *Myrſiles* coming then into rhe Chamber, and knowing the paſſages, he did participate in the joys of the King his Father, and added his Tribute of thanks and commendations unto his. After they had ſufficiently expreſſed their acknowledgments, the Prince *Artamas* and *Chriſantes* returned to *Cyrus*, to acquaint him with what joy and reſentments of gratitude *Crœſſus*, *Myrſiles*, and *Palmis*, received and admired the altitude of his generoſity to them; it was not only by their reports that *Cyrus* underſtood it, for *Crœſſus* not daring to ask the liberty of coming in perſon to expreſs his reſentments, did ſend unto him, as well as the Prince *Myrſiles*, and the Princeſs *Palmis*; But *Cyrus* knowing, that whoſoever obligeth ſoon, doth double the price of the obligation, he told the King of *Phrigia*, he would give orders, that things requiſite for this double ceremony ſhould be preſently made ready, to the end that the ſolemnity might be before the departure of *Timaretta*, and that the Marriage of the Prince *Artamas* might be honored with the preſence of the Prince *Seſoſtris*, and the Princeſs of *Ægypt*: In order unto which, Commiſſion is given nnto *Chriſantes*, and they begin all preparations for this great Feaſt. In the mean time, *Artamas* as ſoon as ever he went from *Cyrus*, acquainted *Palmis* with his freſh and high obligation, aggravating his joyes with ſo many raptures of Love, that this Princeſs never knew the greatneſs of it until now: For her part, ſhe being extreamly modeſt, ſhe expreſſed much leſs joy at the aſſurance of her marriage, than at her underſtanding that her Father was to be reſtored unto the Crown, though the ſucceſſion of it did not directly fall upon her; yet *Artamas* did not murmur, for knowing this Princeſs ſo well as he did, he ever thought that if ever he chanced to be happy, ſhe would hide ſome part of her ſatisfaction from him. In the mean time, though *Cyrus* did not intend that the buſineſs ſhould be blazed until the day of the ceremony, yet it was not poſſible to be hid, eſpecially ſince there was an enterview between the King of *Phrigia* and *Crœſſus*; ſo that ſome noyſe of it being vogued abroad, it was preſently divulged over all the World. Now was the name of *Cyrus* highly celebrated amongſt the Inhabitants of *Sardis*; but the admiration was, that the principal joy was, to underſtand that though their King was reſtored unto them, yet they were in a ſort under the power of *Cyrus* ſtill, ſince *Crœſſus* was Vaſſal of *Ciaxares*. One thing alſo was very extraordinary in this incounter; for though it be the cuſtome of that place, that when any one receives a benefit, to go and viſit thoſe who receive it and rejoyce with them, without any viſits unto him who conferred; yet upon this occaſion it was not ſo; for all thoſe of any Quality in *Sardis*, went to thank *Cyrus*, before they went to rejoyce with the King of *Lidia*, inſomuch as there was nothing to be ſeen but complements, both in the Palace and Cittadel. All the Ladies went alſo unto the Princeſs *Palmis*, as well thoſe in the Palace as thoſe in the Town, who could not chuſe but extol *Cyrus*, who in ſweetning the bitter misfortunes of thoſe he had vanquiſhed, did ſharpen his own: For when he conſidered *Artamas* was ſhortly to enjoy her he loved, and conſidered that *Mandana* was yet in *Cumes*, and in the hands of his Rival, that he muſt tediouſly tarry in expectation of a Naval Army to aſſault, and that the ſucceſs of the Siege was dubious, his ſufferings were incredible: The King of *Aſſiria*'s abſence alſo did ſomewhat increaſe his perplexities, though his preſence was almoſt unſufferable. However, not to leſſen the joys of the Prince *Artamas*, whom he ſo highly eſteemed, he confined ſome part of his ſorrows unto the Cloſet of his heart, leſt they ſhould dull the joys of this glorious Feaſt, and leſt he ſhould fail in any circumſtance, he went to viſit *Crœſſus* and the Prince *Myrſiles*, but it was more as their friend than Conquerour: He went alſo to viſit the Princeſs *Palmis*, and the Princeſs *Timeretta*; but in his return unto his own lodging, he was much ſurprized to ſee *Menecrates*, who beginning to quit his Chamber that day, came to render thanks for the care which *Cyrus* had of him, and to acquaint him, that the malady of his body had cured the malady of his mind, and that ſo perfectly, as he came to tell him, that *Androclea* did merit his affection, and that he was ready to obey his commands, and not to look upon *Thraſimedes* as his Rival. *Cyrus* being even raviſhed at the converſion of *Menecrates*, did ſend immediately for *Thraſimedes*, *Philiſtion* and *Parmenides*, to whom having told the happy change which was in the heart of *Menecrates*, he found the two firſt of them very ready to imbrace him; and as for *Parmenides*, ſince he had no other concernment in the buſineſs, but that of *Menecrates*, ſince he was ſatisfied, he was ſo alſo, ſo that there remained nothing to do but to advertiſe *Licaſte*, but *Cyrus* needed not to trouble himſelf for that, for her Husband being come to *Sardis* with *Liſia*, Brother of *Candiope*, ſhe came to preſent them unto *Cyrus*, accompanied with *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, *Candiope* and *Androclea*; ſo that by this means there was a perfect reconciliation made amongſt all thoſe perſons, whoſe intereſts were ſo confuſedly mingled: But to make it more ſolid, *Cyrus* conjured *Menophiles*, *Licaſte*'s Husband, he would permit the marriage of *Arpalice* and *Thraſimedes* to be ſolemnized the next morning, which was the ſame day of Prince *Artamas*: He made the ſame requeſt alſo unto *Philiſtion* in behalf of *Androclea* and *Menecrates*; and ſince he knew the thoughts of *Parmenides* towards *Cydipe*, and of *Philiſtion* towards *Candiope*, he ſpoke unto *Menophiles* and *Lycaſte* in behalf of the firſt, and to *Liſia* and *Candiope* in behalf of the other, and he ſpoke with ſuch perſwaſive Rhetorique, and found ſo few obſtacles in the minds of thoſe perſons whom he endeavouring to perſwade, that they all conſented unto his deſires.

Thus theſe four marriages were made up in an inſtant, and three differences, whoſe conſequences might have proved fatal, were happily reconciled: The buſineſs being known, *Lycaſte* and her fair company were no ſooner returned unto the Palace, but the Princeſſes came to viſit her, *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* were with them, and *Cleo-*

nice came in the laſt, becauſe ſhe had been buſied in receiving her mother, who knowing that her Daughter was at *Sardis*, was come from *Epheſus* to ſee her, with intentions to carry her thither: So that *Cleonice* having advertiſed *Stenobea* who the Ladies were, and her obligements to them, ſhe came alſo to viſit them, and was conducted thither by *Ligdamis*, who taking hold of this fit oppertunity, did earneſtly beſeech *Iſmenia*, who had ever been the confident of his dear *Cleonice*, that ſhe would ſpeak unto *Stenobea* concerning his marriage. The buſineſs might the more eaſily be brought to paſs, becauſe her Father, who was Governour of the Caſtle of *Hermes* was come to *Sardis*; and *Cyrus* having made his peace with *Crœſſus*, he might the more eaſily aſſent unto it: *Iſmenia* accordingly made the Propoſition, but her power alone was not prevalent enough; but *Cyrus* muſt interceed who did it ſo effectually, that *Ligdamis* could not wiſh it better; yet he was a little ſad to ſee *Cleonice* become a little more reſerved, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw that ſhe was infallibly to marry *Ligdamis*: And after he had preſſed her himſelf in vain, to tell what it was which interrupted her joyes, he ſet *Iſmenia* upon her, who anſwered, That it was becauſe ſhe feared, that as heretofore ſhe was grieved, becauſe the friendſhip of *Ligdamis* was become Love, and ſince that, grieved becauſe his love did not return unto friendſhip; ſo it may happen, that when ſhe had married *Ligdamis*, perhaps it would become neither love nor friendſhip to her, ſhe conceiving that marriage would rather procure indifferency, jealouſie, and ſcorn, then any eſteem, love, and friendſhip. As ſoon as ſhe had expreſſed her ſelf unto *Iſmenia*, ſhe told it unto *Ligdamis*, who expreſſed ſo many teſtimonies of love unto *Cleonice* by his ſorrows that ſhe ſhould ſuſpect him, that in the concluſion this melancholy cloud did vaniſh out of her mind, and he did perfectly perſwade her, that ſhe might expect from him, both a violent and an everlaſting paſſion; ſo that after this, joy began to ſparkle in her eyes. Then ſhe returned and received all civilities unto *Cydipe*, *Arpalice*, *Candiope* and *Androclea*: But amidſt ſo many happy Lovers, *Andramites* was an infinite ſufferer, ſince he found *Doraliſa* more cruel:

cruel; the joyes of others were his griefs, and the preparatives of theſe marriages tormented him, for ſhe was ſo full of her witty raillary, as made it apparent to him, that ſhe was not in any humour to augment the number of married people. Seeing then that all his ſervices and Courtſhips would not prevail with her, he reſolved to apply himſelf unto the Prince *Myrſiles*; for obſerving that ſhe much eſteemed him, and that he was reinveſted into his power and authority, he thought that if he would undertake to ſpeak for him unto *Doraliſa*, perhaps ſhe would then marry him by reaſon of his interceſſion, though not out of affection. But before he tryed this way, he adviſed with *Pherenice*, with whom he had an intimacy, and ſhe telling him, that this courſe could not prejudice him, he went unto the Prince, to deſire his protection, but he was much ſurprized, when after he had opened his deſign, the Prince told him, that he deſired a buſineſs in which he wiſhed with all his heart he were able to ſerve him; but for divers reaſons which prevented him, he would ſeek out ſome other way whereby he might teſtifie how much he eſteemed him. In the mean time, he adviſed him as a friend, not to perſiſt in his Love to *Doraliſa*: After which, much company entring, *Andramites* went out, as ill ſatisfied with the Prince *Myrſiles*, as with his Miſtreſs As ſoon as he was gone, this Prince, who had not ſeen *Doraliſa* ſince he was in hopes of ſucceeding to the Crown of *Lidia*, went unto her Chamber upon a viſit, for he had the free liberty of all the Palace before the ceremony of reſtallation was ſolemnized. In the mean time, *Pherenice* after ſhe had adviſed *Andramites* to imploy the credit of the Prince *Myrſiles*, ſpoke unto *Doraliſa* in his behalf, the better to prepare her for the Princes mediation, but ſhe ſo fully expreſſed her reſolution of never marrying *Andramites*, that ſhe was out of all hopes; ſo that ſhe thought it expedient to advertiſe her friend of what the Prince *Myrſiles* would ſay unto her, to the end ſhe might deny him more civility; but ſhe wondred to ſee *Doraliſa* extreamly angry at *Andramites*, for having recourſe unto the Prince *Myrſiles*: 'Tis true, ſhe had not time to ſay much againſt him, for the Prince entred preſently, and made her change her diſcourſe. As ſoon as he entred into *Doraliſa*'s Chamber, *Pherenice* went out upon ſome buſineſs which called her away, and by that means *Myrſiles* had opportunity of diſcourſe with *Doraliſa:* But he was no ſooner ſet down, then this incenſed Lady, thinking he would ſpeak for *Andramites* prevented him I perceive Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him ſharply,not giving him leaſure to bethink himſelf)that you are preparing to ſpeak unto me concerning the follies of *Andramites*:But I beſeech you Sir, tell me nothing which may moleſt thoſe joyes I ought to have at the generoſity of *Cyrus* towards the King your Father, and your ſelf: Never fear, dear *Doraliſa*, ſaid he unto her, that I will ever ſpeak concerning the paſſion of *Andramites*, not but that he hath much ſolicited me unto it, but I have ſo ſtrong a reaſon to the contrary, that you need not fear I ſhall ſolicite you in his behalf: Since it is ſo, replied *Doraliſa*, I muſt needs expreſs my ſatisfaction to ſee you ſo reaſonable as you ought to be : If I were ſo reaſonable as I ought to be, replied he, doubtleſs I ſhould wiſh that thing now, which I have wiſhed a long time, and which you do not deſire I ſhould. Why Sir, replied *Doraliſa*, cannot I deſire you were King of *Lidia?* That is not it which I mean, replied he, nor do my deſires moſt carry me to a Throne; for I moſt deſire that now, which I deſired when the Prince *Atis* lived, and which then I ought not to pretend unto: For my part, replied *Doraliſa*, I do believe that at the time you ſpeak of,you wiſhed moſt that you could ſpeak: Tis moſt true, anſwered he, but the chief reaſon of my wiſh was, that I might be able to tell you I do love you: Oh Sir (ſaid *Doraliſa*, and laughed, not beleiving that the Prince *Myrſiles* ſpake ſeriouſly) If you had then any ſuch deſire, you were able enough to make me underſtand it, you I ſay, who could ſo well interpret unto *Pherenice* the Fable of *Æſope*, which concerned the Princeſs *Palmis* and her Lovers : 'Tis true, replied he I could then have let you known that I loved you,ſince then I could write a little; alſo as dumb as I was, I could have told you as much in the language of the eyes, but what reaſon had I then to expoſe my ſelf unto the raillary of the moſt witty perſon in the World, I ſay, who have many times ſeen ſome of beſt language ſtand mute before, meerly out of the fear of your Wit: But Sir, replied ſhe, am I not as terrible now as I was then? You are, replied he. and much more Madam, for I find you much fairer. But I am grown more bold, and now dare without difficulty acquaint you with that which I have all my life concealed: Know then beloved *Doraliſa*, that I began to love you as ſoon as I began to ſee you, from your very infancy I have born you affection, this affection encreaſed with your beauty, and during all the loves of *Cleander*, *Arteſilas*, *Abradates*, and *Mexaris*, I loved you with more zeal than all thoſe Princes did thoſe Princeſſes with whom they were in love: Yes, charming *Doraliſa*, all the time of my ſullen ſilence, I then burned in the flames of affection to you: Oh Sir, ſaid *Doraliſa*, you can never perſwade me of it; for ſince the tenderneſs over the King your Father cauſed you to ſpeak, when you ſaw the Souldier ready to kill him, I am confident that if your paſſion had been ſo violent unto me, you would then have ſpoke and told me of it: But at that time, certainly there was as deep a ſilence in your heart as in your tongue, and there was as much tranquility in your ſoul as in mine: Do you not know *Doraliſa*, replied the Prince *Myrſiles*, that Love uſeth to make even thoſe who ſpeak beſt to become dumb? How then would you have him make an unfortunate Lover ſpeak, who was dumb before? Why then do you ſpeak now, replied ſhe? I ſpeak, replied he, by the ſame reaſon that I was ſilent, for I was ſilent becauſe I could not ſpeak, and I ſpeak becauſe I cannot be ſilent. Moreover, ſince I have ever heard you profeſs that you would have a heart freſh, which never loved any but your ſelf, I thought that mine being ſuch a one as you deſired, I might without any injury offer it unto you. Moreover, I do not only offer you a new freſh heart, but I do expreſs my paſſion in ſuch words as never were prophaned with the expreſſion of either faigned or real paſſions: I never pronounced the Word Love, but unto you only, I never ſaid I loved you, but once, and that was unto you: Be not therefore ſo unjuſt, I beſeech you, as to reject me with the ſame rigour, as if I had preſented uno you a heart which had received a thouſand ſeveral impreſſions, or as if I had told you things which I had ſpoken a thouſand times unto another : I aſſure you Sir, replied ſhe, That you do ſo much perplex me, as this little which you have ſpoken forceth me to regret the time wherein you could not ſpeak unto me : Truly I wiſh that I could ſpeak, neither too ſharp nor too uncivilly ; But I fear that if you continue to perſwade me unto this belief, it will be hard for me to keep within thoſe juſt limits, which thoſe reſpects I owe you requires of me ; therefore not to take what you have ſaid ſeriouſly, be pleaſed to know, that when you heard me ſay I would have a new freſh heart, it was when I ſpoke of men whom I knew very well had none ſuch : For to ſpeak the very truth, I neither care for a new nor an old heart, I deſire only to keep mine own entire, and contiuue always an abſolute Miſtreſs of my ſelf. Moreover Sir, I muſt advertiſe you, that for one that is a very ſtupid Sot in matters of the World, I am one who of all Women upon earth knows leaſt how to ſpeak upon matters of Courtſhip and Gallantry : Sometimes I can chide others for it, but to ſpeak my ſelf is a thing which I cannot do ; therefore Sir I beſeech you either change your diſcourſe, or elſe I ſhall wiſh you dumb : Moſt cruel Woman, replied *Myrſiles*, What pleaſure can you take in blaſting me with all your fury, me I ſay, who hath yet expreſſed but one part of my love to you ? Faith Sir, replied ſhe and laughed, I do not believe the half you have ſaid already, nor will I often give you any occaſion of diſcourſing with me, but that you may not have any cauſe to complain of me, know I beſeech you Sir, that I am much fitter to make a friend then a Miſtreſs ; for tho' to my misfortune I ſhould have a tender ſenſible heart towards you, you would not be a jot the happier, ſince as ſoon as ever I did perceive it in my ſelf, I ſhould carry it as if I hated you : Take heed therefore Sir of being in too good terms with me, for fear of being in too bad ; and to teſtifie how nice and phantaſtical I am in ſuch things, I muſt tell you, that I have often in my life, even almoſt hated the moſt compleat men, only becauſe through weakneſs without reaſon they have put me to the bluſh in talking with them: Conſider therefore what I ſhould do, if you ſhould offer to intangle me in any ſuch kind of Gallantry: Conſider Sir that I am not fit for it; if you pleaſe to eſteem me more than another, I ſhall be glad of it, but let this eſteem be without any ingredient of Love, or tenderneſs, if you would oblige me unto you. As *Myrſiles* was ready to reply, *Arpalice* and *Cydipe* came in, who told *Dorolisa* after their firſt complements were performed, that within this hour an Ambaſſador would arrive, which the King of *Phenicia* ſent unto *Cyrus*, whoſe Equipage was reported to be more magnificent than ever was ſeen; and that the Princeſs *Timaretta*, whoſe Chamber opened unto the place where he was to paſs, had charged them to tell her ſhe would be very glad of her company with the reſt of the Ladies to ſee theſe *Phenicians*, who were reported to be ſo magnificent. The Prince *Myrſiles* hearing what *Arpalice* and *Cydipe* ſaid, did withdraw himſelf, having no diſpoſition to ſee an Ambaſſador paſs, who came not to the King his Father. Alſo the paſſion of his ſoul did ſo poſſeſs him, and the manner of *Doraliſa's* uſage did ſo trouble him, that he was not in any humour of ſeeing ſuch diverſions: But it was nothing ſo with *Doraliſa*, for ſhe was ſo well pleaſed at her harſh language unto the Prince *Myrſiles*, that ſhe went with the blitheſt diſpoſition in the World to quibble at theſe Ambaſſadors who were to arrive, but ſhe found not what ſhe ſought for, and her blith and critical humour could not find any cavil in them ſhe went to ſee: The truth is, the like magnificence was never ſeen, both for the great abundance of Camels covered with cloaths of Tirian Purple imbroydered with gold, and for the rarity of their Horſes, alſo for the richneſs of their habits. Moreover, this Ambaſſador (whoſe ſtature was as high as his Quality, which was of the beſt in all *Phenicia*) had with him above a hundred men of Quality, extraordinary handſom, whoſe curioſity only to ſee *Cyrus* induced them unto this voyage, Amongſt this hundred, there was one illuſtrious perſon, whoſe merit was rare and ſuperlative, his name was *Ariſtheus*, a name very famous, both through all *Greece* and all *Aſia*, ſo that in what humour of raillary ſoever *Doraliſa* was in that day, ſhe was forced to commend all ſhe ſaw that day. However, this Ambaſſage was variouſly talked on, though none knew what it was, yet they were not ignorant long, but knew the cauſe of it. After this Ambaſſador was lighted from his horſe at the Gate of the Cittadel, he was conducted by *Hidaſpes* unto a great Hall, where *Cyrus* gave him him audience. This Ambaſſador ſpoke in his own language, which *Cyrus* did very well underſtand, and preſented a Letter from the King his Maſter, which began thus.

The King of Phenicia *unto the greateſt Conquerour that ever was.*

AS I make no queſtion, but that ſince you have beſieged Sardis, *you will ere long take it; So I have ſent this Ambaſſador to ask that favour from you which* Crœſſus *cruelly denied me, but which I hope you will not: He hath Commiſſion to offer you my alliance and friendſhip with thirty thouſand men, if you ſtand in any need of them: I aſſure you, that if you accept this offer, and accord unto my demand, you will ever oblige me;*

The King of Phenicia.

All the while this Letter was reading, *Cyrus* was thinking what it ſhould be that the King of *Phenicia* could deſire of him, but not being able to imagine it, he told the Ambaſſador that it was from him he muſt know how to ſatisfie the King his Maſter. Then the Ambaſſador told him with an excellent grace and much Eloquence, that the principal point of his Voyage was to ſatisfie the deſire which the King his Maſter had of being allied unto ſo great a Prince, and to the end that this alliance might be more firm, he deſired that he might be obliged unto him, by requeſting a favour which *Crœſſus* denied a little before the War. Then the Ambaſſador purſuing his diſcourſe, let *Cyrus* underſtand, that the young King of *Phenicia*'s deſire was, he would be pleaſed to reſtore that Statue which *Crœſſus* bought of *Depœnus* and *Scillis*, and which the late King his Father cauſed to be made a little before his death, offering for it above three hundred Talents of Incenſe, and whatſoever *Arabia* the happy produced out of her precious and Aromatical ſtore, for *Siria* joyning upon *Arabia*, and *Phenicia* making part of *Siria*, there was conſtant commerce between thoſe people; therefore the King of *Phenicia* made choice of that which he thought moſt worthy for the ranſome of the Statue of the faireſt perſon in his Kingdom, and moſt worthy to be offered unto the greateſt Prince upon earth. This Ambaſſador told *Cyrus* further, that he came from *Tyre*, as ſoon as the King of *Phenicia* heard that he had won the Battel againſt *Crœſſus*, and as ſoon as he heard that his deſign was to beſiege *Sardis*, adding in applaud of *Cyrus*, that he made more haſt in his Conqueſts, than himſelf did in his journey, ſince he came after his Victory. But to teſtifie unto this Prince, that the King his Maſter did not doubt of his generoſity, but beſeeched him before he gave his Anſwer, to honour him with a view of thoſe preſents which the King of *Phenicia* ſent, beſeeching him to look out at the Window upon the Camels which ſtood loadened, and which by the magnificence of their Coverings, made it evident, that what they carried was precious. Alſo it might be judged by the odoriferous ſmells wherewith the Air was perfumed, by reaſon of thoſe perfumes, that it was a moſt magnificent preſent.

Cyrus ſeeing ſuch generous proceedings, did ſatisfie the Ambaſſadors deſires: To teſtifie unto you, ſaid he unto him, that without further deliberation I conſent unto the King your Maſters deſires, I will accept of what he hath ſent, not as a price of that Statute which I will reſtore him, but as a Gage of his amity, which is very dear unto me: And I do accept of his preſent, to teſtifie that I will learn how to imitate his liberality. After this, *Cyrus* behaved himſelf with a thouſand civilities to this Ambaſſador, for he ſeemed to be a moſt accompliſhed man. Moreover, *Cyrus* knowing that the *Tirians* were very powerful at Sea, he hoped to get ſome aid from them for the ſiege of *Cumes*; therefore he reſolved to render unto the King of *Phenicia* in the perſon of his Ambaſſador all the honours that he could deviſe. But ſince the King of *Phenicia*'s extraordinaty deſire to have this Statue, filled *Cyrus* with much curioſity, he asked whether it were poſſible that the perſon whom it repreſented, were as full of beauty as it? Asking further, whether ſhe had a ſoul and ſpirit worthy of ſo fair a body? But he told him that ſhe was much fairer than her Statue, that her Spirit was as high as her beauty, and that her ſoul was more worthy of eſteem and admiration than her beauty and Spirit, adding, that her fortune was as extraordinary as her merit, and her virtue more admirable than all that he had ſaid. After this, the Ambaſſador preſented unto *Cyrus* the beſt ſort of thoſe who followed him, and amongſt the reſt, the illuſtrious man, who bore the name of *Ariſtheus*, and preſented him as a particular friend unto that fair Lady of whom he ſpoke, and as being himſelf one of the rareſt men in the World: I think my ſelf very happy (ſaid *Cyrus* in imbracing him) that he is only her friend, for had he been her Lover, perhaps I ſhould not have had the happineſs to ſee him, ſince it is probable he would have been with the ſubſtance for whom this Statue is made: I can aſſure you Sir, replied *Ariſtheus*, that though I were her Lover, and deſired above all things to pleaſe her, yet ſhould I have had the honour which I have received this day; for that moſt excellent perſon takes ſuch great delight to hear talk of your Virtue and Victories, that to obtain her favour, I ever intended to be a witneſs of ſo many truths as you Sir make good, and ſo be able to pleaſe her in talking of you: Your language (replied *Cyrus* at the ſame time *Ariſtheus* ſpoke) does much oblige me, but I would not have thoſe who come unto me uſe many adulations and flatteries as you do, leſt in taking too much delight in their applauds, I ſhould grow in the end not to merit them from any: After this, *Cyrus* gave orders unto *Hidaſpes* to conduct this Ambaſſador and all his Train unto the lodging which was prepared for him, commanding him

to

to treat him with magnificence worthy of that King who ſent him. In the mean time, though *Cyrus* by the will of *Cyaxares* was become Maſter of all the Treaſures of *Crœſſus*, upon condition not to reſtore them unto him; yet he told him concerning this Ambaſſador, though he was not yet in the poſſeſſion of his Crown which he would reſtore unto him, and though it was not above eight days before the ceremony was to be ſolemnized with the marriage of the Prince *Artamas*, and all the reſt of the happy Lovers who were then at *Sardis*; and he did more then that, for he did ſo tranſact the buſineſs, that *Crœſſus* and this Ambaſſador did ſee each other, *Cyrus* telling the latter of theſe, that he ought not to conſider this Prince as him who had denied the Statue which the King his Maſter demanded, but as a Tributary King unto *Ciaxares*, of whom he deſired alliance, ſince he deſired his; ſo that after this reconciliation, which this Ambaſſador had power to make, for his Commiſſion was not limited, he did viſit the Princeſs *Palmis*, as well as the Princeſs *Timaretta*, and was ſo charmed with this magnificent Court, and with the beauty of all the Ladies in it, that at the deſire of *Cyrus*, he promiſed to be at this great Feaſt which was to be kept within eight days, during which time, nothing wat talked of but the King of *Phenicia*, whom they ſaid was in Love with that Beauty whoſe Statue he demanded, every one were full of curioſity to know more preciſely the particulars of the adventure; the reaſon of the difficulty to know it was, becauſe there were only three or four with this Ambaſſadour who underſtood the Lidian and the Greek Tongue, and theſe three or four were ſo buſied in anſwering all that was asked them, as they could not be moved unto any long converſation. Alſo during the firſt days, they were taken up in ſeeing the rarities of the Town, and all the Treaſures of *Crœſſus*, ſo that at laſt the great Feaſt day arrived before any knew that which they had ſo great a deſire to know. This ceremony was doubtleſs one of the moſt ſumptuous in the World, and the moſt glorious for *Cyrus*; if he had followed the dictates of his own inclination, he had ſtopped many things which wounded his modeſty: But there was a ne-

neceſſity of ſubmitting unto the cuſtome, and unto the Counſels of the King of *Hercania*, *Gadates*, *Gobrias*, and *Chriſantes*, who told him, that it was fit the people with their own eyes ſhould ſee their King was a Slave, and that it was he who made this Slave a King, ſo that maugre the repugnance which he had unto it, he yeilded unto cuſtome, and hearkned unto the counſel of his friends, though not in all things, for he would not ſuffer *Crœſſus* to go chained through the ſtreets of *Sardis*, from the Palace to the Temple, but thus prevented it, Preſently after break of day, *Crœſſus* and *Myrſiles* were carried in a Coach to the lodging of the Higſt-Prieſt, which joyned to the Temple where the ceremony was to be ſolemnized, where they ſtayed until it began. In this Temple, which was one of the greateſt in the World, was erected an Amphitheater, moſt magnificently covered with the richeſt Tapeſtry of *Sidon*, where all the Ladies, might moſt conveniently ſit and ſee. All the ſtreets from the Cittadel to the Temple, were alſo ſumptuouſly hung, there ſtanding ranks of Souldiers on both ſides, all in ſuch glittering Arms, as never was a more glorious ſight ; a thouſand Martial Inſtruments made the Ayr eccho, with ſhrill and pleaſant ſounds, which attracted all the people of *Sardis*, either into the Temple, or into the ſtreet which joyned to it, or into the place before the Cittadel, out of which *Cyrus* came accompanied with all his Court, which was ſo numerous, and ſo glorious that day, as it was ſuitable unto the Court of *Aſia*'s Conquerour. As for the *Phenician* Ambaſſador, he was in the Temple upon a Scaffold with all his Train, next him was the Princeſs *Timaretta*, and all the Ladies which lodged in the Palace of *Crœſſus*. When *Cyrus* entred into the Temple with a huge croud of people about him, *Crœſſus* was brought by the Prieſt into the midſt of the Temple, having a Chain, and Fetters of Gold upon his hand, and behind him the Prince *Myrſiles* in the like manner ; the Princeſs *Palmis* was next him, but under a Canopy of golden Tiſſue, and without Chains, *Cyrus* having no mind that ſhe ſhould have any ſign of ſervitude, or that they ſhould upbraid him with triumphing over a Lady. As ſoon as the Prince entred into the Temple, moſt admirable Muſique was heard, which after it had played a quarter of an hour, ſome Hymns that were ſung unto the Gods, did ceaſe: After which, *Cyrus* who was upon an elevated Throne deſcended, and taking off the Chains and Fetters which *Crœſſus* and *Myrſiles* wore, and which he gave unto the Prieſt, he took from the hand of the ſaid Prieſt a Crown, and put it upon the head of *Crœſſus*, after he had cauſed him ſolemnly to ſwear, that he would acknowledge the power of *Ciaxares*, never to depart from his intereſts, and inviolably to keep the conditions between them. *Cyrus* had no ſooner put this Crown upon the head of *Crœſſus*; but the vault and roof of the Temple did ring with acclamations, and the people could not be ſilenced from extolling the generoſity of *Cyrus*. But at the laſt all the tumultuous noyſe of joy being appeaſed, *Cyrus* ceaſing to treat *Crœſſus* as vanquiſhed, and to behave himſelf as a Conquerour, demanded his Daughter for the Prince *Artamas* in the preſence of the *Phrigian* King who ſtood next him.

He had no ſooner asked the queſtion, but *Crœſſus* taking the Princeſs *Palmis* by the hand, preſented her unto *Cyrus*, and bad him diſpoſe of her as he pleaſed: After which, cauſing the Prince *Artamas* to approach, the Prieſt advanced alſo, and the Princeſs *Palmis*: At the concluſion of which Muſique did play again, and preſently after the Prince *Artamas* conducted the Princeſs *Palmis* into a moſt magnificent Chariot, which waited at the door of the Temple, and which was followed by a hundred others full of Ladies, all the Princes riding on horſeback, accompanied with all the Gallants of Quality. When they came unto the Palace, there was a moſt ſumptuous Feaſt prepared, and after Dinner a Horſe-race in the Great Plain. The repaſt at night was no leſs Princely than that in the morning. Bonefires were made at every door, the Palace was full of harmonious Muſique, but the Princeſs *Palmis* would not permit any dancing, by reaſon of the exceſſive ſadneſs which ſhe ſaw in the eyes of *Cyrus*, though he forced himſelf as much as he could. Alſo, though *Cyrus* had reſtored much unto the King her Father, in reſtoring the Crown yet *Crœſſus* had loſt much in loſing his independent Authority, and his Treaſures: So that though it was a Feſtival day, yet it was not one that had all the ſigns of joy which it might have had: Yet the *Phenician* Ambaſſador was extreamly ſatisfied as well as *Ariſtheus*, who could not enough admire the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and he was full of obſervance, that his eye was never off him, as long as he could ſee In the mean time, *Cyrus* having not forgot the deſires of *Ligdamis*, *Thraſimedes*, *Menecrates*, and *Philiſtion*, the ceremony of their Marriages were accompliſhed the next morning after that of the Prince *Artamas*, and the whole Court did honour them with their preſence. This ſecond Feaſt was no leſs magnificent than the firſt, and *Cyrus* was no leſs melancholy this day than before, to ſee how far ſhort he was of the happineſs of all thoſe Lovers. *Mazares* was no more pleaſant than he: However, *Cyrus* had an extraordinary care that the *Phenician* Ambaſſador ſhould be well pleaſed with his civilities, and to that end he did divert him as much as he could, and prepared preſents for the King his Maſter and him, which were above double the worth of thoſe he received; and finding much ſatisfaction in the company of *Ariſtheus*, he talked with him very often, aad certainly not without good reaſon, for there was not a man in the World who could ſpeak better concerning Politiques, nor who better underſtood the intereſts of all Princes in that time, than *Ariſtheus* did: And to ſpeak truth, *Ariſtheus* ſpoke well in all things whatſoever. And *Cyrus* did not content himſelf with diſcourſing of Affairs in general, but he carried him along with him into the Viſits which he made unto the Princeſſes and other Ladies. He made uſe of him alſo to know how the King of *Phenicia* could furniſh him with Ships, before he made any propoſitions of it unto the Ambaſſador of that Prince, inſomuch as *Ariſtheus* and *Cyrus* were almoſt inſeparable. Since he was generally knowing in every thing, he ſpoke ſo many ſeveral Languages, that he was able to converſe with all the Ladies there, though there were thoſe of many ſeveral Countries. In the mean time, ſince the *Phenician* Ambaſſador knew that the ſooner he returned, the more acceptable he ſhould be unto the King his Maſter, he moved for his departure as ſoon as might be. *Cyrus* deſigning to ſatisfie him, that he might the ſooner obtain thoſe Ships he deſired, told him, that he was rea• to keep promiſe with him. But before he reſtored him the rare Statue which he demanded, the Princeſs *Timaretta* went to ſee it, and afterwards all the Court: Thoſe who dwelt in *Sardis*, and had ſeen it ſeveral times, went again, by reaſon of that curioſity which this adventure begot in them. And indeed, the curioſity was ſuch, as nothing elſe was talked on: And *Ariſtheus* being very converſant amongſt the Ladies, they asked him a thouſand queſtions, but moſt eſpecially *Doraliſa*, unto whom he applied himſelf more than unto any other, though others courted his converſe more than ſhe did. But the more ſhe talked unto him concerning this admirable perſon whom this Statue repreſented, the more he augmented her curioſity: So that being one day much importun'd in the preſence of the Princeſs *Palmis* and *Cyrus*, to relate the Hiſtory of her Adventures, he promiſed that it ſhould be exactly done by a friend of his, who knew the particulars of it better than he did, and who indeed did ſo moſt pleaſingly. Since you are not this Countryman, replied *Doraliſa*, and ſince I have not the honour to be well known unto you, you do not know that I never uſe to give any time unto thoſe who promiſe me any thing, eſpecially when by holding them to their promiſes, I ſhall oblige two perſons ſo illuſtrious as thoſe who now hear me, and who will certainly be very glad to know the adventures of a Lady in whom the King of *Phenicia* hath ſo much intereſt. *Cyrus* approving of *Doraliſa*'s Speech as well as the Princeſs *Palmis*, *Ariſtheus* told them, they ſhould be ſatisfied when they pleaſed: So that without further delay, it was reſolved, that at that night he ſhould perform his promiſe, as indeed he did: For he prepared him who was to relate what they deſired to know, to go with him unto the Princeſs *Palmis* Chamber, where the Princeſs *Timaretta* would be a partaker of that diverſion. 'Tis true, *Ariſtheus* could not ſtay there, becauſe the *Phenician* Ambaſſador ſent a Poſt that night unto the King his Maſter, to give him an account of his happy ſucceſs in his Embaſſie, and he was obliged to write alſo : So that after he had brought his friend thither, whoſe name was *Telamis*, and that *Cyrus* and the Princeſſes ſaw him to be a man of good Spirit, he retired, asking leave of *Cyrus* to go, whil'ſt *Telamis* was making his relation, and make another unto the King of *Phenicia* of his magnificence and generoſity, and of all the moſt rare Qualities which he found in him adding further, moſt obligingly, that ſince he intended to conceal none of his active virtues from the King his Maſter, he did not think he could return before the end of *Telamis* his relation : After which, making moſt low obeyſance, he retired, and left *Telamis* with the Princeſs of *Phrigia*, *Timaretta*, *Cyrus*, and *Doraliſa*, who after ſome ſhort preamble to excuſe his imperfections in the Narration of his hiſtory, he began it moſt elegantly in Greek, which all his Auditors did underſtand admirably well, *Palmis* and *Cyrus* deſiring him to addreſs his Speech unto *Timaretta*.

The Hiſtory of ELISA.

THough I know very well Madam, that perſons of your Quality are ignorant of nothing which paſſeth in the Court of Kings, tho moſt remote from their own ; yet I may in reaſon think, that an *African* Princeſs will take ſome pleaſure in hearing exactly related, the manners and cuſtoms of one of the moſt conſiderable Kingdoms in all *Aſia*. Alſo, ſince the Hiſtory which I am to relate cannot be very well underſtood, before I give you an *Idea* of our Court, and the manners uſed, I conceive it better, firſt to make a general deſcription of it, before I came unto the particular perſons whereof it is compoſed, and who are intereſted in the adventure which I am to relate : I muſt therefore tell you Madam, how that ſince the *Phenicians* were almoſt the firſt people of *Aſia*, who expoſed themſelves unto long Voyages at Sea, and eſtabliſhed the greateſt Commerce amongſt his Neighhour Nations, they abounded in riches much more then others, and conſequently it may be very rightly ſaid, that their delights, their luxury, their voluptuouſneſs, and their magnificence were more abundant amongſt them then any other people; not but that this State hath been ſhrewdly ſhaken ſeveral times: One while by the commotion which the *Phenicians* made concerning the Daughter of the King of *Argos*: Another time by the Rebellion which thoſe of *Crete* made at *Tire*, concerning the King of *Phenicia*'s Daughter: Sometimes by the diviſion of *Pigmalion* and *Didon*, and by the flight of that Princeſs: And another time by the general Rebellion of all the *Phenician* Peaſants, who intirely ſubverted the Government. But at the laſt, maugre all theſe revolutions of Fortune, this Kingdom hath of late recovered its firſt ſplendor, and the Cities of *Tire* and *Sidon*, which may both of them be termed the Metropolitans of this Eſtate, are certainly two of the goodlieſt, moſt magnificent, and richeſt Towns in the World, either in reſpect of their ſcituations, or the beauty of their buildings; or their great traffique in Purples wherewith they cloath the Kings of the earth, and are an ornament of the World. Moreover, as there is nothing which contributes more unto the perfection of Arts than Riches, nor which more readily attracts all ſtrangers who have any excellencies than abundance: It may very well be ſaid, that one might find all *Greece* in *Phenicia*, ſince certainly there were the Workmen of all thoſe famous Towns: So that by this means, the buildings in *Tire* and *Sidon* were not only moſt ſtately, but moſt regularly built, the Painters there were good, the Ingravers excellent, and the Muſique comparably charming unto the *Lidian*. The Ladies were not only fair, but they were alſo ſtately, igenuous and apt in every thing they attempted to learn, there being not one Woman amongſt the *Phenician* people who did not excel in ſome work or other, either for the ornaments of Women of high quality, or for the uſe of the Temple. As for the Court there, I may well ſay and not ſay too much, that it is the moſt compleat in the World: The lives they lead, are doubtleſs moſt pleaſant, eſpecially becauſe Merits there before Birth are promoted to the higheſt Ranks: The converſe of Ladies is there allowed, but yet in ſuch a medium of liberty as is equally void, both of too much ceremony or any incivility, Dancings, Walkings, and Muſique, are the ordinary recreacreations of that Court : Diſcourſe is the chief buſineſs of all thoſe who have any Spirits, and eſpecially of Ladies unto whom there is daily reſort, and who are the diſpenſors of the glory and reputation of all compleat men ; for whoſoever hath not the approbation of four or five Ladies, can never hope to pretend unto any univerſal eſteem. As for the men, it may be ſaid there are of all ſorts : And indeed there are ſome men of great quality, whoſe merits are infinitely above their quality : And there are alſo ſome who have nothing to boaſt of but their quality : There are ſome whoſe glory conſiſts in the magnificence of their Train, and richneſs of their cloaths : And there are others, whoſe glory is only in their own virtues : And doubtleſs there are another ſort of men, of an inſupportable vain-glory : But to ſpeak generally, there is a kind of ſuch a Spirit of Politeneſs th[illegible] reigns in the Court, as renders it moſt delightful, and which produceth an incredible number of moſt compleat men ; and that which makes them ſo, is, becauſe the men of Quality in *Phenicia* ſcorn to be ignorant in all ſorts of Sciences, and are not as in ſome other Courts, where they imagine, that if a man know how to uſe a Sword, he may be allowed to be ignorant in all things elſe: But on the contrary, there's not a man of any condition in our Court, who is not able to judg of the rareſt works, or at leaſt who does not ſtrive to honour himſelf, by honouring thoſe who are more knowing than himſelf.

This Madam was the condition of our Court, when that moſt admired Lady, of whom I am to diſcourſe, came into the World ; and this is that ſame which it is at this day. It is requiſite I tell you Madam, before I begin to ſpeak of this moſt excellent perſon, that the late King of *Phenicia*, who hath a great part in the beginning of this Hiſtory, was a Prince who merited the name of a great Conquerour, making himſelf moſt eminent upon a hundred ſeveral occaſions, and having purchaſed the reputation of extraordinary valour ; but being born under a more amorous conſtellation, then ever any of his condition was : It may very well be ſaid, that he joyed more in the Conqueſts of his Love, then he did in thoſe of *Mars*. He had an univerſal civility unto all of that Sex which made him generally loved : And his Spirit being infuſed unto all the Courtiers, every man under his Reign had all Ladies in a high eſteem and Veneration : Alſo I aſſure you, the Gods could never have ſent this perſon into the World, of whom I am to ſpeak in an age diſpoſed to adore her Beauty, admire her Spirit, and reverence her Virtue, as in this. Now Madam, I ſhall tell you, that this incomparable Lady, whoſe name was *Eliſa*, is of a very Noble Family, and hath this advantage, to be born in great abundance of wealth; for her Father, whoſe name was *Straton*, was extream rich. This man was of Spirit enough, but it was a Spirit of ambition, and for the world : He was of a hot and lively temper, who loved all manner of pleaſures, and who was never content, unleſs his houſe were filled with all the Grandeur of the Court; he kept an open and plentiful Table; his houſe was the Rendezvouz of pleaſures, either in Walkings, Muſiques, or Feaſts : So that it may be ſaid, *Eliſa* was born in a houſe of joy. The Wife of *Straton*, called *Barcea*, was fair, but phantaſtical, and did not contribute any thing, neither to the pleaſures of her Husband, or of thoſe who came to him : And it often ſo fell out, that ſhe was not ſeen, and left in her Chamber without the leaſt, how do you. Since *Straton* had been long married before he had any children, when *Eliſa* came into the World, he was extraordinarily joyed at her, and ſolemnized her birth, with a Feaſt of a vaſt expence. I will not inſiſt long Madam upon the extraordinary beauty of this Child, when firſt ſhe ſaw light : But I beſeech you permit me to begin the Hiſtory of her life, from her coming out of her Cradle, ſince certainly in *Tire* they talked of the little *Eliſa*, as a great miracle, when ſhe was not above five or ſix years of age : it was not only the prodigious luſtre of her beauty which filled the Court with admiration, but it was as well her rare wit and ſprightly anſwers; it was her excellent grace, and ſtrange facility to learn any thing was taught her, and her pleaſant conceits in diverting company; alſo a ſtatelineſs at that age, as would have becomed the Majeſty of a Queen : Beſides all theſe qualities, ſhe had two more, which did render her moſt amiable, for ſhe had ſuch an admirable voice, and ſuch an inclination unto Dancing, as that at the age of five years ſhe was moſt excellent in both, beginning alſo to play upon the Lute, which ſhe did with ſuch a grace, that ſhe charmed all her hearers. *Eliſa* being thus qualified as I tell you, and much more amiable then I am able to relate, you may eaſily conceive that her Father did moſt tenderly love her, and he loved her ſo much the more, becauſe he obſerved that his Wife did not love her over-well, and becauſe the beauty of his Daughter, though a child, did ſtick in her ſtomack: Nor did he leave her unto her guidance, but on the contrary, he placed the little *Eliſa* in a Chamber, far off hers, and ſet a Governeſs over her, who was as virtuous as ſhe was apt, and fit to cultivate the ſweet and noble inclinations of this young Lady: So that ſhe being of a natural ſweetneſs, and educated with ſuch extraordingry care, it is no wonder this rare child ſhould make a greater noyſe in the World at nine years of age, then the faireſt uſe to do at eighteen. Alſo one occaſion did preſent it ſelf, which did make the rare merit of this young *Eliſa* to ſhine and which was not talked on only in *Tire*, but alſo throughout all *Phenicia*, and all the Kingdoms, whoſe Ambaſſadors were then at our Court. Be pleaſed to know Madam, that a *Tirian* named *Cryſiles*, who was admirable in Muſique, and had travelled, returned unto *Tire*, and being a very accompliſhed man, and known of all the Court, he came unto *Straton*'s houſe, as others did, and was ſo charmed with the young *Eliſa*, that he would needs become her Maſter in Muſique, and teach her upon the Lute, and to ſing all thoſe Songs which he learned of the famous *Arion*, with whom he had an intimate friendſhip at *Leſtos*, and whom he had ſeen at the Cape of *Tenarus*, when that Dolphin which ſaved his life brought him thither: Since this accident was a great miracle, and *Cryſiles* an eye-witneſs of it, I believe he was deſired by every one to tell it, a thouſand and a thouſand times over, ſo that it was the only talk of the Town for many daies. The King himſelf cauſed him to relate it, and ſo did the Queen; and *Cryſiles* was ſo tired with ſo often relating it, as he ſaid once laughing, that *Arions* Dolphin was not ſo weary with carrying him, as he was with telling the ſame thing ſo oft over : The time was then, when the cuſtome was to celebrate a great Feaſt unto *Neptune* ; For the *Tirians* being all Seamen, their grand devotion is unto the Sea Gods : They conceived alſo, that their Town being an Iſle, they were more obliged then any others to reverence *Neptune :* You know Madam, how it is a received belief every where, that during the love of this God unto *Amphitrites*, there was a Dolphin which did prodigious feats for him, and how this Fiſh was placed among the Stars for the good ſervices which he had done that God : So that the *Tirians* in the honour of this God and *Amphitrites*, do extreamly reverence Dolphins ; and underſtanding this adventure of *Arion* from *Cryſiles*, they attributed the miracle unto *Neptune*, as Maſter of the Seas. This time being neer that Feaſt, and it being the King who was to be at the charges of that ceremony, this Prince did contrive a place according unto the cuſtome, to repreſent ſome Emblemes of *Neptune*, and he made choice of this adventure of *Arion*.

He no ſooner had this Phanſie, but he did communicate it unto thoſe that had the contrivance of ſuch things, and unto *Cryſiles* alſo ; and they all agreed, that this adventure would furniſh out a moſt rare Scene, and make a moſt pleaſant ſhew ; So that without any more delay Painters, Ingravers, Engineers, and Muſitians were to be imployed, and the King being then deeply in Love with a Lady of that Court, it may very well be ſaid, that this magnificence intended, was made as much for her as for *Neptune*. In the mean while, the Engineers and Painters found out an invention to repreſent the Sea, to make *Neptune* appear ſitting in his Chair, and *Amphitrites* in hers ; to repreſent Ships, and the *Tritons*, and the *Nereides*, to ſhew a Dolphin which ſhould ſeem to ſwim, but they could not deviſe who it ſhould be that repreſented *Arion*, who as *Cryſiles* ſaid, was both young and fair ; and ſince the beſt Singers there were neither young nor fair, they were a little puzled ; but in concluſion, *Criſiles* who aimed at nothing more then the glory of the young *Eliſa*, made a Propoſition unto the King, that he would command *Straton* to permit his Daughter to repreſent *Arion*, which he could not refuſe, ſince the Queen her ſelf was to repreſent *Amphitrites*. The adviſe of *Criſiles* was not at the firſt liked by the King, who feared that the young *Eliſa* would be out of countenance, and ſpoil the fineſt paſſage of the Muſique : But *Criſiles* anſwered rhe King ſo ſatisfactorily, that the King conſented and he was no leſs buſie in ordering this entertainment, then he would have been in ordering a Battle, and therefore ſent immediately unto *Straton*, to propoſe the buſineſs unto him : But leſt he ſhould be denied, he did both pray and command at once, ſo that *Straton* did not deny. This Prince alſo deſired the Queen to ask *Barcea* concerning *Eliſa*, leaſt out of her capritious deſign, ſhe ſhould be any obſtacle unto the deſign. But in concluſion, Madam, not to abuſe your patience with any frivolous and impertinent relations, *Criſiles* taught the young *Eliſa* the very ſame words and Aire which *Arion* uſed to allay the cruelty of thoſe that would have devoured him, *Criſiles* having obtained the favour to have them from him, though he would not give them unto any elſe; and the wonder was, *Eliſa* did ſo admirably learn them, that *Criſiles* himſelf was aſtoniſhed; but the greateſt wonder of all was, to ſee the confidence and boldneſs of the young *Eliſa*, without any more aſtoniſhment, then if ſhe had been in her own Chamber, having no other Spectator but her Governour, though it was in the preſence of a full and glorious Court. I will not loſe ſo much time Madam, as to deſcribe the magnificence of this Muſique, it will be ſufficient I only tell you, that never was a finer in *Phenicia*, and I will only inſiſt upon that which concerned the young and fair *Eliſa* : Though I could tell you, Madam, that the Sea was ſo fully repreſented, that all the Spectators feared the Waves would have daſhed themſelves againſt the Company : And that the Chairs of *Neptune* and *Amphitrites*, were adorned with all that the Sea produced moſt rich; that Pearls, Coral, and Rubies, were the garments of theſe two Divinities : The veſtures of the *Nereides* and the *Tritons* were of Aggates, Mother of Pearl, and Sea Ruſhes : That the Ship out of which *Arion* was caſt into the Sea, ſeemed to be far diſtant, as if it had floted to catch the Dolphin, and that all the Scenes were ſo lively repreſented, as that they did deceive the eyes. But give me leave to tell you Madam, that when the young *Eliſa* appeared upon the *Dolphin*, all the Aſſembly ſhouted a cry of admiration, which in lieu of amazing, did imbolden her, and cauſed their wonder to double. The truth is, never could any thing be a rarer Spectacle, than to ſee *Eliſa* upon this *Dolphin*, which ſwimming gently, and lifting his head out of the Water, as if he were proud of ſuch a burthen, ſeemed as if he would leap amongſt the Aſſembly, ſwimming ſometimes on one ſide, and ſometimes on another. The young *Eliſa*, whoſe hair was fair, like as *Apollo* is repreſented, did tye up her Locks with much becomingneſs, leſt they ſhould have hung down too long, yet divers of them in Breeds did hang negligently upon her ſhoulders: Her dreſs was of Tiſſue in divers colours mingled with Gold: Her Buskins, which ſuffered ſome part of her white legs and feet to appear under her waving Garment, which to the motion of the *Dolphin* ſtir'd, did imitate the manner how Fiſhes do ſwim. A thouſand Diamonds ſet in ſeveral places of her Garment did caſt a ſhining flame, but the eyes of the fair *Eliſa* did out-ſhine them all: The Sleeves of her Garment reached no further than her Elbows, which ſuffered the lovely plumpneſs of her youth to appear.

The Air being than very hot, and *Eliſa* having naturally a Love incarnate complexion in her Cheeks with a mixture of pure white, her Beauty augmented, and appeared more lively and freſh; her lips were perfect Coral, her teeth no ſnow was whiter, and her eyes no Stars more luſtrious. After all this, you well conceive Madam, that *Eliſa* was a glorious Object, who without any aſtoniſhment at the motion of the Dolphin, nor at the ſtirring of thoſe well repreſented Waves, nor at the preſence of the King or Queen, nor at that huge number of Spectators, did hold her Lute with a moſt admirable grace, and did ſing with ſo much wonderful confidence and skill, that all the Court was ſurprized and charmed, *Cryſiles* was in an extaſie of joy, and indeed it was a wonder, that the voice of one ſo young ſhould reach ſo far, as to fill ſo vaſt a place as that was with a harmony ſo charming, as moved all hearts unto admiration. Alſo when ſhe was landed at a Cape, which repreſented the Cape of *Tenarus*; and when the Dolphin had ſet her on ſhore, the King was ſo tranſported with admiration, that not ſtaying the end of the Muſique, he went to imbrace her, and made extreamly much of her. Afterwards he carried her to the Queen, who was alſo come out of her Chair, and gave her a thouſand commendations, which ſhe received with much reſpect: But the applauds which every one in the Court did give her, ſhe received with the moſt Majeſtick fury in the world,as if for a thing which ſhe thought to be a meer vanity: After this Madam, ſhe went often to the Queen, yet ſhe never went, but ſhe ſtill augmented the admiration of all thoſe who ſaw her; and and I am confidently perſwaded, that ſhe made more Lovers at that time, then did think themſelves to be ſo, and who becauſe of her exceeding youth, imagined their paſſions were no more than only an admiration, and complacency of themſelves, which moved them to ſeek all occaſions of ſeeing her, only becauſe ſhe diverted them: Since the King was ingaged at that time in a moſt violent paſſion, and ſince *Eliſa* was a very child, he looked upon her only as a miracle, and not as a Miſtreſs, yet he made her a thouſand welcoms, and applauded her to the Skies upon every occaſion: He never ſaw *Straton*, but he asked how his Daughter the fair *Eliſa* did; and there was never any extraordinary diverſion, but the young *Eliſa* muſt needs be preſent. In the mean time, as ſhe grew, ſo did her beauty, and faſter, and every ſpring put freſher Lillies and Roſes upon her cheeks, than grows in any gardens: At fourteen years of age, ſhe was the moſt exact Beauty that ever was ſeen in *Phenicia*: And Madam, as I have already deſcribed the Beauty of *Eliſa* in her Childhood, ſo I beſeech you give me leave to deſcribe her, as ſhe was at fourteen, and as ſhe is at preſent; and it is requiſite I let you know her heart and her Spirit, that you may with more delight and attention hear her adventures: Imagine therefore, Madam, a perſon of the moſt handſom and noble ſtature in the world, if you will conceive *Eliſa*'s: And though it was much under the common height of one that can be called tall, yet her ſtature was ſo exactly handſome, as all her body was as fair as her face. Moreover her port was ſo noble and free, and yet ſo full of Majeſty, that never any was ſeen to walk with a better grace, nor ſtand ſtill with a more modeſt counterance, yet confident enough,

Moreover, her action was no leſs pleaſing. then her ſtature was noble, and her Port Majeſtick, her favour was neither forced nor careleſs, ſhe looked without affectation, and yet looked, as if ſhe would appear fair: If ſhe conſulted with her glaſs to rectifie any thing that was amiſs in her dreſs, ſhe did it with ſo handſom a grace, and with ſo much art, that any would ſay her hair did with delight obey thoſe fair hands which ordered *it*. All that ſhe did was done in ſuch a taking way, that one knew not how to look upon her, and not love her. Moreover, Nature never gave fairer eyes unto any than unto her, they were not only full and fair, but they were alſo fiery and ſweet, and ſparkling altogether, but ſo quick and ſparkling, and ſo dazled all that looked upon them, as their true colour cannot be well defined; her mouth was as perfect a beauty as her eyes; the pure whiteneſs of her teeth deſerved the Carnation of her lips, her young and freſh complexion made ſo great, ſo natural, and ſo ſurprizing a Luſtre, that at the very firſt ſight ſhe would force admiration and applauds: Indeed the delicacy and purity of her complexion cannot be expreſſed by any tongue, ingredients of white and red were ſo ſweetly mixed, that the faireſt and ſweeteſt Jeſſamines and Roſes comes not near it in compariſon: Her Noſe was of a moſt exact Cimetry, and Proportion, without riſing too much or too little, but made a moſt compleat beauty: Indeed the whole compoſure of her face being neither very round, nor very oval, though it inclined more to the laſt than the firſt, was a moſt prime work of Nature, who joyning all her wonders together, kept back nothing that could poſſibly be deſired. Moreover, *Eliſa*'s Neck was no leſs fair, than all the parts deſcribed before, ſo that the moſt envious at her beauty could find no fault to carp at: You may well imagine then Madam, that ſuch a young Lady as I have deſcribed, who dreſſed her ſelf to the beſt advantage, who played moſt admirably upon the Lute, who ſung better than ever any did, and who danced with a grace above imitation, was moſt fit to take hearts: Yet I can aſſure you Madam, this is not all, for which *Eliſa* was commendable: For be pleaſed to know, that her ſpirit and her wit had a million of Charms and Beauties in them, and ſhe knew ſo well how to make a mixture of mirth and jolity with her wiſdom and modeſty, that never any was more exact in the Art: There was in her humour ſuch a jolly pleaſantneſs, as would make a great company very merry, though they were all the moſt ſerious and grave perſons in the world; and ſhe knew ſo well how to anſwer all thoſe who did viſit her, both how to divert them, and how to pleaſe them, and how to oblige them, that every one was infinitely pleaſed with her, be they of what humours they would. Since ſhe had ſeen all the compleat Gallants in *Phenicia*, one may ſafely ſay ſhe knew all that they did know; and believe it, ſhe could ſpeak of all things very fitly and well, though ſhe ſpoke of many things which ſhe never heard before: But as ſhe was good at converſation in general, ſo was ſhe alſo at particular; for ſhe would be a whole afternoon talking with one of her friends with as much gravity, as if ſhe were at a great Feaſt: Queſtionleſs ſhe was a lover of company, but ſhe would not be weary in ſolitude; and when ſhe was in the Country walking by a Rivers ſide, and hearing the Nightingals ſing, ſhe would be as pleaſant, as if all the Court was with her. Moreover, never any was of more regular nor of more exact civility than ſhe; ſhe did as much as poſſibly ſhe could to accord the diſobliging of any, but on the contrary, did with a ſerious care ſtudy how to oblige all the world: But Madam, her ſoul was yet far greater than her beauty, and tranſcended her wit, and it cannot be better expreſſed, than by ſaying, that it was ſo full of generous and heroique thoughts, that glory only did animate her heart: She was indeed ſomething cholerique, but her choler was ſo temper'd with an ingenious ſweetneſs, as that it never diſpleaſed, and as there was a kind of pride in her ſoul, ſo there was a ſweet tenderneſs in her heart. Indeed never any loved her friends with more zeal, nor treated her Lovers with more rigour: There was never any unto whom ſhe promiſed friendſhip, had the leaſt cauſe to complain, ſhe was ever ready to do them all good offices with joy, even to the expences both of Purſe and Health, by taking pains in their buſineſs; ſhe loved them, though abſent, exiled priſoners, without mony, without credit, and her friendſhip hath ſometimes gone as far as their very graves. Grandeur never daunted *Eliſa*, ſhe has ſeen Kings and Princes at her feet, and would never permit her ſoul to be taunted with that vain-glory, which looks only at appearances, and ſeduceth all weak ſouls: She was as unmoveable as a ſtone at the intereſt of riches, as you ſhall perceive by the ſequel of the ſtory; ſhe was not capable of any envy, though almoſt all the Beauties envied her: On the contrary, ſhe did ever aggravate the Beauty of others; and one of her greateſt delights was to ſee any good qualities in others, virtue had predominate charms over her, ſhe loved all that was worthy to be loved, and hated vice with as much zeal as ſhe loved virtue; ſhe was not only full of humility, but modeſty; but it was a true real modeſty, which is no leſs in the heart than the face, and which never deceives thoſe who admire it.

Moreover, ſhe was as full of prudence as wit, though far from that which is called ſubtilty, which often paſſeth for that virtue amongſt many perſons: But as for *Eliſa*, ſhe was full of ſincerity, ſhe was capable of the cloſeſt ſecrets, and of a conſtancy which hath few examples amongſt thoſe of her Sex. The truth, is Madam, *Eliſa* is a miracle, and it is no wonder at all ſhe ſhould get ſo many Lovers and Friends: But ſince ſhe hath been more happy in the laſt of theſe than the firſt, I will ſpeak as well of her Friends as of her Lovers. But to return to the buſineſs from whence I digreſſed, give me leave to tell you Madam, that *Eliſa* being arrived at the age of fourteen, ſhe made ſo many Conqueſts, and ſubjected ſo many hearts, that perhaps I ſhould not find belief, If I ſhould number them; for ſhe was beloved of all who were capable of loving; all the Princes in the Court were her Slaves; three Brothers of that Quality Rivals at a time; all men a little inferiour unto that Rank acknowledged her power, and ſhe was a Miſtreſs unto all their Maſters.

Cryſiles in teaching her to ſing, learned to ſigh for her, and he loved her with ſo much devotion, that he would never teach any other but her, to the end ſhe might only ſing perfectly: The very Painters who took her Picture, burned in hot flames of Love; there was not one who had any reaſon that were not in the ſame condition. In the mean time, *Eliſa* in the midſt of all theſe victories, ſtood firm as Marble, ſtill the ſame, and out of a Noble pride, which rendred her more charming, ſhe was not puft up with her Conqueſts, and it may very well be ſaid, that *Straton* had more joys then ſhe; but it was not ſo with *Barcea*, who could not indure the great reputation of her Daughter: The young *Eliſa* ſuffered all her phantaſtical humours with unparalleled patience, and was very complacential unto the will of her Father; and it was chiefly to pleaſe him that ſhe expoſed her ſelf to ſo much company, who came thither, ſince certainly he affected it much more than ſhe. But to honour the Triumph of *Eliſa*'s Beauty the King of *Phenicia*, that famous Conquerour, became her Captive, but her Captive in a different manner from that he was accuſtomed to be, for heretofore his heart was able to make a retreat, but his paſſion to *Eliſa* was otherwiſe obliged, and except ſome that envied her Beauty, none ever ſpoke or thought any thing which could be diſadvantagious to her, and certainly they had no reaſon, for I verily believe, that there was never any perſon whoſe virtue was more pure, nor who was put unto a more difficult trial than the virtue of *Eliſa*. I then had the honour to be much in the Kings favour at that time, and was the confident of his paſſion, and by conſequence was a witneſs of *Eliſa*'s virtue; tho' ſince ſhe hath confeſſed unto me, that at the firſt ſhe was joyed a little, to ſee a Prince who was beloved of his people proſtrate at her feet: One who was a terrour unto all his Neighbours, and eſteemed of all *Aſia*: But ſhe did ſo diſcreetly palliate thoſe joys, and always received the King with ſuch an indifferent civility, as I heard that Prince a hundred times ſay, he never came near her but he trembled: I know very well, that thoſe who had a mind to diminiſh the honour of *Eliſa*, have reported that it was not impoſſible to reſiſt a Prince who was none of the handſomeſt, who had the Garb more of a Souldier than of a King, and one who indeed was no proper man: But for all this, he was one of the moſt Illuſtrious Kings in the World, and one, who by reaſon of his familiarity and affability, was extreamly pleaſing and taking, he would diſcourſe with ſo fine a grace, and behave himſelf with ſo much ſweetneſs, that he gained the hearts of all the world: Moreover, never was Lover ſo civil, ſo obſequious, nor ſo reſpectful as he, and by conſequence it may truly be ſaid, that *Eliſa* did merit infinite glory in reſiſting ſo great a Prince: I will not inſiſt Madam, upon any relation of his Courtſhips, nor upon the Feaſts which he made in conſideration of her, nor with what aſſiduity he did viſit her, for that would be too tedious and long: But give me leave only to tell you, that he was as diligent in his Courtſhips of her, as he was of all the others whom he loved In the mean while, *Straton* who was of an ambitious compoſition, was much joyed to ſee the King was in Love with his Daughter, yet he would always tell *Eliſa*, that he pretended unto no further, than to make uſe of the Kings favour for a certain time, and that ſhe ſhould ſacrifice her ſelf unto his fortune: In order unto this, he was very glad that the King did him the honour to come often unto his houſe, and that it was become an abſolute Gourt. As for *Eliſa*, ſhe was quickly weary of all theſe gliſtering gallantries, for ſhe ſaw that they were dangerous to her reputation, and deprived her of a million of pleaſure and divertiſements: The reſpects of a King, cauſed all the Lovers of *Eliſa* to conceal their Chains, and ſome of them ſeem'd to love others for fear of offending the King, and who durſt not ſo much as ſpeak unto *Eliſa*, which ſhe remembred very well, when afterwards they addreſſed themſelves: Since the virtue of this Lady was well known unto the

Queen, the Kings Love did not put *Eliſa* out of her good opinion, or of the King: On the contrary, when this Prince was at any time in a melancholly mood, the Queen would ſeek out for ſome occaſion to make him go and ſee *Eliſa*: If he were at any time Sick, ſhe would ſend for *Eliſa* to charm his diſeaſe with ſinging, and ſhe eſteemed *Eliſa* as much as the King loved her: Since this Prince had a Genius of raillary, *Eliſa* did a long time receive the expreſſions of his paſſion, as if he did it only to divert himſelf; but afterwards, his paſſion encreaſing, ſhe ſaw that ſhe was driven to the neceſſity of reſolving what courſe to take, and how ſhe ſhould behave her ſelf towards him: If ſhe followed her own inclination, and the fierceneſs of her natural diſpoſition, ſhe would have made it her glory to have treated the King worſe than the meaneſt of his Subjects, but ſhe was not ignorant that her Father would take it ill: So that ſince ſhe knew this Prince had naturally a light kind of a ſoul, and could entertain more than one paſſion at one time, ſhe uſed her beſt endeavours to extinguiſh his paſſion unto her, by reviving in his heart the former love which he had, and perhaps might have again unto a perſon of rare beauty and virtue, whom he had quitted for her, conceiving, that if he did quit her only for her, and ſhould perſiſt, it would be diſhonourable. Having then fixed upon this reſolution, ſhe would ſing before the King only ſuch Songs as had been made for this illuſtrious Rival, whom ſhe deſired ſhould only reign in the heart of this Prince, and that by ſinging her praiſes, he ſhould apply himſelf unto her again.

Eliſa made uſe of a thouſand ſuch deſigns to leſſen the Kings paſſion towards her, and knowing that I had ſome credit with him, ſpoke one day unto me, when I was intending to move her to be a little more favourable unto the King: *Telamis*, (ſaid ſhe unto me,) The King doth me the greateſt honours in the world in viſiting me, and making a diſtinction between me and others of quality; yet I wiſh you would be pleaſed to do me a good office unto him, which would be a very acceptable favour unto me, but I am afraid you will not: Methinks Madam, (ſaid I unto her and ſmiled) you ſhould eaſily believe without any argumenrss of perſwaſion, that I cannot deny any thing unto the Miſtreſs of my Maſter: And beſides, I am ſo devoted unto your ſervice, that you may command me any thing without the leaſt fear of diſobedience: It is not as the Miſtreſs of your Maſter, replied ſhe, that I deſire you ſhould ſatisfie my deſire, but as I am your friend, and ſo I will be (if you do not deny me) as long as I live: I beſeech you Madam, ſaid I unto her, make haſte, and tell me what is your pleaſure I ſhould do to merit that glorious Title which you are pleaſed to promiſe me upon thoſe conditions: My deſire is, ſaid ſhe, that you will cauſe the King to love me leſs than he doth, and that he will renew his affection unto that moſt accompliſhed Lady, whom he ſo zealouſly adored before: How Madam (ſaid I unto her) would you have the King love you leſs? Yes, anſwered ſhe, I much deſire it, becauſe I am a real Lover of honour, but wiſh not to be ranked with three or four perſons whom he hath already loved, and whom a little falſe glory ſeduced: I muſt confeſs unto you, added ſhe, that if the King ſhould quit me out of ſcorn perhaps I ſhould be ſo weak as to be a little angry. And I think alſo, that if he ſhould caſt me off for ſome whom he named unto me, I ſhould alſo be ſomething moved: but if he ſhould leave me, only becauſe he hath repented of his infidelity unto ſo accompliſhed a Lady as ſhe is whom he quitted for me, I do aſſure you I ſhould be extreamly joyed; therefore I conjure you to ſpeak unto him upon all opportunities, in behalf of this illuſtrious Rival: Let him often look upon her Picture, and rekindle, if it be poſſible, that fire which blazeth out ſo glorious a flame: For truly *Telamis*, I conſider that the King cannot make me a Queen, and tho' he could, yet is not my Quality worthy to be one; and he would be infinitely injurious to himſelf, if he ſhould have any ſuch thought: But I aſſure you, that my heart is too high, and my ſoul too noble to ſacrifice my honour upon an ill-grounded vanity; therefore *Telamis* I conjure you not to deny me this requeſt.

I do confeſs Madam, that this Diſcourſe of *Eliſa* did ſurprize me: At the firſt, I thought that ſhe had ſome ſecret inclination another way, which perhaps was one part of her virtue; for I could not imagine that one ſo young as ſhe, was capable of ſuch a reſolution as this: but I was quickly undeceived, and was conſtrained to admire the virtue of *Eliſa*, more than her beauty: The truth is, I was ſo charmed, that I forſook the Kings Intereſt for hers; So that in lieu of negotiating with her as he pleaſed, I negotiated with him as *Eliſa* pleaſed: Yet was it not poſſible to do as ſhe deſired; ſo that reſolving to ſpeak unto him her ſelf, ſhe did it with ſo much confidence and generoſity, that this Prince loved her the more: yet ſhe had ſo much power over him, as he proteſted that he would never have any unjuſt deſigns upon her, and that he would do what he could to moderate the violence of his paſſion; which was no eaſie matter for him to do;but to bring itabout,and to chaſe one paſſion out with another, he deſigned ſome Conqueſts upon the *Sircans* which are towards the Weſt; and in order to that, he prepared a great Navy, and employed himſelf wholly in the Wars, purpoſely to leſſen that love which reigned in his Soul: ſo that it may be ſaid, he was as diligent in chaſing *Eliſa* out of his heart, as if he would have won her by winning of Battels In the mean while, it delighted *Eliſa*, that all *Phenicia* did ſtrive in vain to know the cauſe of the Kings deſigns; and it pleaſed her that he talked of nothing but advancing her family, but advancing her father, and promiſing her, that if he could not cure himſelf of his paſſion by this voyage which he was attempting, to let her live as ſhe pleaſed at his return: and that he would endeavour all poſſible ways to pleaſe her. But to teſtifie how extream the Love of this Prince to *Eliſa* was, even at the very ſame time that he endeavoured to extinguiſh it, be pleaſed to know that *Dipœnus* and *Scillis*, whoſe Fame was blazed over all the world, being landed at *Tyre*, he entertained them, to make during his abſence the rare Statue, which at this preſent is among the Treaſures which *Crœſſus* had heaped up, and which doth ſo lively reſemble *Eliſa*, appointing them to repreſent her, as the Athenians did repreſent *Victory*, which was without wings, intimating by that as well as they, he would not have Victory forſake and fly from him : For their pains, he promiſed ſuch great Recompence when he returned, that it is not imaginable what he would have given for the poſſeſſion of *Eliſa* her ſelf, ſince he would give ſo much only for her Statue.

Since he had ſeveral Pictures of this fair *Eliſa*, *Dipœnus* and *Scillis* did form their model by them : Alſo they had ſeveral ſights of her, though ſhe knew not the reaſon why they looked ſo upon her, for the King did keep it ſecret : In the mean time, *Eliſa* was much joyed in her hopes, that her fathers ambition would be ſatisfied without any hazard of her honour or reputation ; and therefore ſhe made a thouſand vows and prayers for the happy ſucceſs of the Kings expedition, who imbarqued after he had given *Straton* a thouſand Aſſurances of Grandeur at his Return, not daring to expreſs himſelf more directly concerning his Paſſion : I ſhall not weary you Madam, with a Relation of this War : The beginning and ſequel was proſperous to the King; he defeated his enemies whereſoever he met them; and he never ſent any news of his Victories unto *Tyre*, but he writ unto the incomparable *Eliſa*, and thanked her as the cauſe of all his happy ſucceſs : In concluſion the difference between the King of *Phenicia* and the *Sircans* came to General Battel, which the King gave, and had the Victory, and ſent preſently by me the news of it unto the Queen, and at the ſame time unto *Eliſa*; forbidding me to ſpeak unto any, that he had received a ſlight wound with a dart on his ſide, leaſt it ſhould diſquiet the Queen, or diminiſh the joys of the people for his Victory : commanding me moreover, to aſſure the Queen and particular *Eliſa* in private, that he would follow within eight days with his victorious Army, after he had left ſome Garriſons in certain places which he took in the beginning of the War. So uſing the help both of Sail and Oar, I came to *Tyre* with incredible ſpeed, and brought with me this news of Joy, which preſently became ſo univerſal, that nothing was thought on but magnificent Preparations for the Kings Entry. *Eliſa*, though not very well, yet ſhe did partake of this publique Rejoycing, and the ſooner, becauſe the

Letter, which I brought from the King, was the moſt obliging in the world; and becauſe I aſſured her, that in lieu of loſing this Princes heart as ſhe once intended, ſhe had only purified it, and made it capable only of an innocent paſſion: Adding afterwards, how he had commanded me to tell *Straton*, that he ſhould prepare himſelf to receive as ſoon as he arrived, one of the moſt conſiderable Offices in the State. So that Madam, *Eliſa*, having reaſon to hope for the being the Kings Favorite, and not his Miſtreſs, as ſo many others had been, ſhe began to deſire his return, and to be impatient of ſeeing him: Since I had an extraordinary eſteem of her, and loved no other, I never was from her, where *Straton* was very glad to ſee me; and I went the oftner, becauſe the houſe of *Straton* being towards the Sea, I was certain from the Chamber of *Eliſa*, to ſee a Ship arrive, which I thought to be one of the Kings that came before to acquaint us with the hour of his arrival; but it was not ſo, for that Ship ſuffering Shipwrack, we wondered one day when I was in *Eliſa*'s Chamber, to ſee the whole Navy appear: Since I ſpied it the firſt, I could not chuſe but expreſs my joys, by acquainting *Eliſa* with it: Come Madam, ſaid I unto her, come and triumph over the Conquerour of others, and fully enjoy your Victory.

She bluſhed at my words, and we no ſooner went to the Balcony, but we diſcerned the Fleet, and preſently after, we diſcovered how all the Ships had their ornaments of victory: We ſaw a thouſand Flags waving in amongſt the Cordage, as many flames flaſhing, the Ships were ſet round with colours gained from the Enemies, and all the Decks ſhined with gold and ſilver: But that which moſt ſurprized *Eliſa* and me, when the Fleet came nearer, was to perceive all theſe Flags and Pennons, in lieu of being of ſeveral colours, as they uſe in combat or in Triumph, were all of one dusky dark colour mixed with gold and ſilver, ſuch as is uſed in the Funeral ceremonies of Kings: The ſight of this made us begin to tremble, but our admiration augmented, when coming nearer the place where we were, we could diſtinctly perceive, that the Captain who had more ornaments than the reſt of the Ships, had upon his Deck a great Coffin placed upon a half part of three ſtairs, and that this Coffin was covered with black cloth, wrought with gold, upon which was placed a Crown, and a magnificent Sword, and at the head of this Coffin a Trophy elevated, to ſignifie, that he who died and was in the Coffin, died in triumphing, a hundred lighted Lamps hung round about the Deck: The Kings chief Officers were in mourning, and waited round about the Coffin: This ſight cauſed extream ſorrow in *Eliſa*'s heart and mine; a doleful muſick was heard from every Ship, which by its lamentable tone ſpoke the King of *Phenicia* to be dead: All the Ships gained from the enemy followed this Captain, but without any Flags, Pennons, Banners, or Ornaments to ſignifie their defeat; the Souldiers in them were chained upon the Decks of the Ships, to honour the Funeral Pomp of that illuſtrious Conquerour. To be ſhort Madam, it was the King of *Phenicia* who was dead of his ſlight hurt, which he had commanded me to conceal from the Queen and *Eliſa* when he ſent me to carry the news of his Victory: Doubtleſs you will ask me Madam how it was poſſible, that a wound which permitted this Prince to write unto the Queen and *Eliſa*, and which did hardly trouble him, ſhould cauſe his death ſo ſuddenly: But I ſhall anſwer, that the Dart which had been poyſoned, as it was known after my departure, and the venom having not diſperſed its malignity when I came from him, he did not ſeem to be ſo much as ill; but as ſoon as I had left him, the venom reached his heart, and he died within twenty four hours after: He was no ſooner dead, but his Lieutenant General diſpatched a Ship for *Tire*, to bring this ſad news: Mean while, he caſt anchor near a great Town not far off his Road, purpoſely to give orders for all things neceſſary to honour the Funeral Pomp of the King his Maſter: But, as I told you, the Ship which ſhould have preceded the Fleet, being Shipwracked, none were advertiſed of the Kings death, nor of the Navies approach. After this Madam, you may eaſily imagine, how *Eliſa* and I were amazed and grieved; for though the ſoul of *Eliſa* was not ingaged in any paſſion to this Prince, yet ſince ſhe was of a generous diſpoſition, and ſenſible of benefits, it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould look upon the Coffin of this Prince, whom ſhe had ſeen ſo reſpective at her feet, with a dry eye, or tranquile ſoul : And when the Captain of the Ship came under her Window, ſhe haſtily retired, as not being able to endure ſo ſad an object ; yet notwithſtanding her retirement, her ſorrows encreaſed when the Ship came into the Port, and the people who were crowded to render honour unto their victorious and living King, did cry out moſt dolorouſly, when they knew that their Prince was dead : The noiſe of ſuch a clamour was ſo great, that the Chamber of *Eliſa* ſeemed to ſhake, and it was long before we could make our complaints, becauſe we could not hear each other : 'Tis true, our tears did ſpeak our ſorrows, and we ſaid many things in ſaying nothing: But at laſt our tongues were ſad expreſſors of our loſſes, yet it was not ſuddenly, for *Eliſa*.deſiring to know all particulars of his death, willed me to go out and inform my ſelf. But this is not pertinent to my diſcourſe, let me only tell you Madam, that the laſt words of the dying King was with the name of *Eliſa*, which did not leſſen the grief of this fair and virtuous Lady. As ſhe was moved only out of her generoſity, ſo *Straton* grieved out of intereſt and gratitude both, for all his hopes were quaſhed and could not expect that from the new King which he hoped for from the other. Never was a more general mourning then this,never was a greater conſternation then ſeemed to be amongſt the people, and never did change of Prince cauſe ſuch an alteration in private fortunes.

During this confuſed unſettledneſs and trouble which was in the Court, *Straton* went into the Country, and carried *Eliſa* with him, who was glad of ſuch a ſolitude to hide her melancholy, and where ſhe was pleaſed I ſhould ſometimes come and ſee her : But during this time, *Dipœnus* and *Scillis*, having moved the Kings Officers for what the late King had promiſed unto them,and theſe Officers, perhaps without acquainting the King, having repulſed them, they imbarqued in the night,and carried away with them the rare Statue which they had made,and which they ſaid was an abſolute miracle.In the mean time,as it is the cuſtom to mourn for the death of a King,ſo it is alſo the cuſtom to rejoyce with him who is to ſucceed;and as publick ſorrows never laſt long, ſo a calm began ſuddenly to appear in the Court, and things were ſettled as before : As for *Eliſa*, though ſhe was not of an humour to paſs ſo quickly from ſorrows unto joyes, yet out of reaſon and wiſdome ſhe rowzed up her ſelf; and ſince her heart was not ingaged in any particular affection, her ſorrows were more eaſily comforted : *Straton* then returning unto *Tire*, *Eliſa* returned alſo; and ſince ſhe had never ſeen the Queen ſince the Kings death,ſhe went to her as ſoon as ſhe had got into a habit of mourning. Never was the Court ſo full as now, there was not a man of any quality in all *Phenicia* who was not there at *Tire*; So that when *Eliſa* was with the Queen, with a Princeſs who loved her very well, ſhe met with the applauds of all the Grandees in the Court and Realm : For indeed Madam,the mourning which *Eliſa* wore for that renowned Conquerour, did ſo very well become her, that without doubt it helped her to conquer many hearts which were not yet ſubjected; that black and plain dreſs,that vail hanging down to the ground over her fair hair, that plated Tiffiny about her fair Neck and tyed with ſeveral black Ribbons, like a Scarf, thoſe turned up ſleeves, which let the whiteneſs of her arms appear, and all her ſad habit, which gave a more freſh luſtre to her eyes,and was as a foil unto the freſhneſs of her complexion, all of theſe were ſo advantageous unto her, that her greateſt adorers confeſſed, they never ſaw her ſo fair; and they preſſed ſo that day to ſee her, that one could hardly paſs through the Chamber unto the Queen, who did treat her according to her merits. Amongſt that croud of gallants, there was one that day with the Queen, whoſe name was *Poligenes*, who was one of the moſt conſiderable men in our Court, both for his quality and merit, who being a great friend of *Stratons*, and one of the prime Admirours of *Eliſa*, was raviſhed with joy at the acclamations which were attributed to her Beauty, yet he thought that this his joy was as much an effect of that friendſhip which he held with the Father, as the love which he bore the Daughter; for having ſeen her in the Cradle,and uſed in her infancy to ſpeak unto her,as if he had been her Brother,alſo had given her a hundred adviſements in divers accidents, he could not believe he was in Love with her; yet it was not long before he did perceive it, as I ſhall hereafter tell you: Amongſt this multitude of men of Quality, who were then at Court, there was one of *Sidon*, called *Phocilion*, who having never ſeen *Eliſa* before, was ſo ſurprized and charmed, that he could not talk of any thing elſe: He did not content himſelf with looking upon her whileſt ſhe was with the Queen, but he followed her when ſhe went out as far as her Coach, afterwards he came in again unto the Queen, and mixing with the company of three or four, whereof *Poligenes* was one, he began to extol the beauty of *Eliſa* very highly, asking where ſhe lodged? who uſed to viſit her often? and who could carry him thither? *Poligenes*, who till now was glad of the praiſes which were attributed unto *Eliſa*, began to think ſtrange at thoſe which *Phocilion* gave her, for he was very handſom, and he told this freſh Adorer of *Eliſa*, that the houſe of *Straton* was not now ſo open and free, as it was wont to be in the time of the late King, and therefore he would not adviſe him to court his new acquaintance; adding further, that ſince he was a *Sidonian*, it was not convenient for him to ſee ſuch a dangerous perſon in *Tire*; yet for all this, his perſwaſions would not work upon *Phocilion*, for which he was very ſorry: So that calling himſelf to an account, he found, that certainly the affection which he bore unto *Eliſa*, was of another nature then he imagined: But before I acquaint you Madam with the progreſs of this Love, it is requiſite I acquaint you what kind of man the lover was. *Poligenes* was doubtleſs deſcended from a very illuſtrious family, and out of a houſe more noble then that of *Eliſa*, his perſon was very handſom, he was rich and neat in his habit, and never any had a more Polite and facetious wit then he, Courtſhip and gallantry were qualities born with him, civility was inſeparable from him, and though he was of a little too ſerious compoſition, yet he was not melancholy; but on the contrary, his converſation was very pleaſing: 'Tis true, he was a little reſerved and particular, and never ſpoke in any of thoſe tumultuous converſations, where there was much company: if he was at any time to give a treatment, he would do it with ſo good a grace, in ſuch order, and ſo neatly, that one would believe it coſt him half as much more as it did;and in any thing which he under took,either Races, Muſicks, Balls, Walks, or Feaſts, he always had ſomething extraordinary and rare, ſo that all unanimouſly did give him the reputation of the neateſt of men, and it may well be ſaid, that all the ſpruce youths of the Court came not neer him : *Poligenes* was about thirty five years of age when the late King of *Phenicia* died, although he ſeemed not to be above twenty and eight : He had a Brother much younger than himſelf, but he was not then at *Tire*; *Poligenes* being as I have deſcribed, did not mix himſelf with the youth of the Court, which made ſuch a crowd upon *Eliſa*, as if he were their Rival; but on the contrary, he behaved himſelf as the friend of *Straton* and his Daughter, not but that he did commend her with a better grace then they, and was as full of his expreſſions of gallantry, but it was in a way more ſubtil, and by not profeſſing the Gallant he was more Courtly than they : Since he knew the ſharpneſs of *Eliſa*'s humour, he carried it ſo as he perſwaded her, that whatſoever he ſaid, were only effects of that Gallantry which proceeded from his natural Genius; ſo that *Eliſa* not ſuſpecting he had any particular deſign upon her, lived with him in much confidence, and as if he were her brother : The better to palliate his own thoughts, *Poligenes* would ſomtimes give her advice, either in acquainting her what was ſaid of her, or in adviſing her to rid her ſelf of ſome who viſited her, craftily chuſing thoſe whom he feared moſt prejudicial to him : *Eliſa* thinking him well intentioned towards her, thought her ſelf exceedingly obliged to him for his behaviour to her, and his advice, though ſhe would be her own Governour, nor was ſhe of too eaſie a belief, yet ſhe lived with him in a moſt obliging manner : So that whil'ſt ſhe made all thoſe to deſpair whom ſhe thought her Lovers, *Poligenes* whom ſhe thought only her friend, received a thouſand teſtimonies of eſteem and friendſhip. In the mean time, *Phocilion* notwithſtanding the advice of *Poligenes*, found out a way by the help of a friend to be carried unto *Eliſa*, and being handſome and of a good ſpirit, alſo being of good quality, and a very compleat man, *Straton* entertained him very well, and the better, becauſe he looked upon him as one who might in reaſon think of a Marriage with his Daughter, for he knew very well, that all thoſe Princes and Grand Seigniors who had loved her, would not marry her. As for *Eliſa* ſhe looked upon him as a compleat man, and never looked further: for in the humour ſhe was, marriage was no part of her inclination. *Phocilion* being diſcreet and wiſe, having a ſweet and pleaſing wit, and never ſpeaking any thing unto *Eliſa*, which might give her the leaſt cauſe to ſhun his company, he courted hers, and he preſently got that pleaſing familiarity with her which ſhe allowed to her friends, and denied to her Lovers. *Poligenes* upon whom *Phocilion* caſt a ſhadow, imployed all his Stratagems to put him out of *Eliſa*'s favour: Sometimes he would tell her, he was but a Ruſtick, other whiles, that if ſhe had any thoughts of Marriage, it ſhould be one of a better Rank, and that ſhe might the ſooner take his counſel, he would ſpeak ſometimes very well of *Phocilion*, whom he feared more than all the reſt: For ſince he was well acquainted with the high virtue of *Eliſa*, he did much leſs fear the Princes who loved her than *Phocilion*, whoſe condition and quality being more equal unto hers, might permit him to look upon her as a man whom ſhe might innocently Love: But notwithſtanding all his adviſes, he could not perſwade *Eliſa* to his wiſh; and knowing her to be imperious, and that perhaps he might anger her if he aſſumed any authority over her, he durſt not be further importunate: However, his ſoul enjoyed her uſual ſerenity for ſome time after; for ſince *Phocilion* was not forward, and ſince his deſign upon *Eliſa* was not a ſimple deſign of Gallantry, but of Marriage, he did not tranſact as other Lovers did, but carried it with much leſs noyſe, becauſe he was not ſorry to obſerve the carriage of *Eliſa* amidſt ſo many Adorers before ſhe would declare her ſelf: So that negotiating as the friend of *Straton*, *Poligenes* did a little reaſſure himſelf, and alſo came to be very friendly with *Phocilion*, who having obſerved that *Poligenes* was in *Eliſa*'s favour, took a ſpecial care not to be upon any ill terms with him.

As there is no manner of mourning ſo ſoon paſſed over as that of the Court, eſpecially where a young Prince ſucceeds an old King, ſo pleaſure now began to bud out in *Tire*, where they began to make many magnificent Feaſts, of which *Eliſa* was the faireſt ornament.

There was alſo divers games of Prize to be played, and I remember one which conduced much to the glory of *Eliſa*, and which procured her the hatred of many beauties: For imagine Madam, that thoſe who won the Prize that day were to carry it unto *Eliſa*, out of the extream deſire they had to pleaſe her, and to get ſome honour in her preſence. Thoſe three Princes Rivals whereof I ſpoke, and who were Brothers and Rivals both, were in the number of thoſe who were to lay at her feet thoſe marks of advantage which they had won: But it was moſt admirable to ſee, with what modeſt pride *Eliſa* refuſed what they preſented unto her, and with what repugnancy ſhe obeyed *Straton*, who commanded her to accept their offerings. *Poligenes*, who was one of thoſe who brought the Prize, was yet received more favourably than the reſt, becauſe ſhe feared not in him thoſe conſequences which ſhe apprehended in thoſe who were her declared Lovers; yet I am confident, that for all her fury, ſhe was not ſorry for receiving an honour that day, which none but her ſelf ever had, yet ſhe did hide her ſatisfaction ſo well, that ſhe returned home with ſo little ſign of joy, as if ſhe never thought upon it. The next morning, all thoſe who ſhared in her glory went to viſit her, to teſtifie that they were very glad of the honour which ſhe had received; but they found that ſhe had a ſoul ſo infinitely above all that can be phraſed vanity, that they judged her more worthy of a Crown than the Prize they had offered, not but that ſhe received their applauds with a ſubmiſſive modeſty; but on the contrary, it was with ſuch a proud and fierce humility, (if it may be ſaid) as made it apparent, that ſhe found more ſatisfaction in her ſelf, than in the praiſes of another, not but that ſhe did love the commendations of her friends, but ſhe would have their commendations to be real ſigns of that eſteem which thoſe who commend her have of her, and that they be worthy who give her any ſuch applauds: As for thoſe tumultuous Encomiums which are given out of cuſtom or decency, they did more vex than pleaſe her ; and I have ſeen her receive them ſo fiercely, as ſhe hath been ready to convert her love into hatred againſt thoſe who gave them, and truly it is not ſtrange ſhe ſhould; for beſides her natural humour of fierceneſs, and cholor, *Poligenes* did much contribute unto it ; and I am confident that he would commend this Spirit of fierceneſs in her, a hundred times more than her beauty, voice, or wit : I remember one day amongſt the reſt, when none but *Poligenes*, *Phocilion*, and I were with *Eliſa*, and beginning to commend her generoſity in loving to do good offices unto her friends, we fell inſenſibly to repeat one after another all the excellent qualites which ſhe was owner of, though ſhe endeavoured to make us change our diſcourſe : Since you will needs have me endure your Panigyricks (ſaid ſhe, ſeeing we ſtill went on) I pray do me the favour to tell me of my faults that I may amend them : For my part, ſaid *Phocilion*, I cannot find any but one which I can deſire ſhould be mended, which is, that you are a little too ſcornful : For my part, replied *Poligenes*, I think, and could rather wiſh ſhe were not ſo ſweetly familiar ; for I do profeſs unto you, that if there were a neceſſity *Eliſa* ſhould loſe any one of thoſe qualities which renders her ſo admirable, I would let any of them go, rather than her ſcornful and haughty way of demeanour : How, (ſaid I with admiration, and looked upon *Poligenes*) do you prefer the pride of *Eliſa* before any other of the good qualities which ſhe is owner of? I beſeech you conſider well what I ſay, (replied he) and do not think I ſpeak without reaſon : I muſt confeſs replied *Phocilion*, that my reaſon reacheth not ſo far, nor can I underſtand how it ſhould be poſſible you can conſent that *Eliſa* ſhould part with the leaſt good quality ſhe hath, rather than that pride and ſcorn, which addeth an ingredient of fear, to be mixed with the Love of thoſe who profeſs any affection to her : For my part (ſaid *Eliſa* and laughed) I am ſo glad to find any one who will commend a fault which I cannot mend in my ſelf, as I cannot ſufficiently expreſs my obligation unto *Poligenes* for it : I aſſure you Madam, replied he, you need never thank me for a thought which I cannot chuſe but think: But I beſeech you, ſaid *Phocilion*, what is the motive which prompts you to affect this pride in *Eliſa*, which blemiſheth all the reſt of her virtues? It is, replied he, becauſe thereby her heart is not eaſily conquered; and as I am fully perſwaded, (ſpeaking in a kind of railery) that it is not my deſtiny to make that illuſtrious Conqueſt, ſo I am very glad, that there is ſomething in the ſpirit of *Eliſa* which may hinder others from it as well as my ſelf; and to ſpeak in reaſon, there is nothing that better becomes any high beauty, than this noble Pride, yet I muſt needs ſay, that this humour does not ſuit handſomly with every one, for there is requiſite a thouſand good qualities, to produce thoſe pleaſing effects which I ſpeak of, and it muſt be a high Beauty that muſt ſet it off, for Beauty only is not enough, but a high ſpirit and a great heart are eſſentially requiſite; and I am perſwaded, that the haughtineſs of a fair fool hath ſuch a near reſemblance of Pride, and comes ſo near a kind of fooliſh idle vanity, as it doth much misbecome them, and renders them inſufferable: I know that if this perſon who hath this loftineſs of behaviour, have not alſo a great and generous heart, ſhe will be bitter, and tart, and ſurly in lieu of being ſtately, this I do not wiſh to be in any accompliſhed perſon: Sullenneſs and Statelineſs are two different things, the firſt is Ugly, the other is Majeſtical, the one a ſign of a melancholly Spirit, the other of a great and noble Soul: Yes, the ſtatelineſs which I ſpeak of is a ſpark of Divinity, which diſtinguiſheth thoſe who are ſo from the common herd of people, which makes them feared, and reſpected of thoſe who love them, and which without the leaſt incivility, forbids too much familiarity with thoſe who are ſo ſtately, and which quality I do every day admire in *Eliſa*; and therefore wonder not that I ſhould deſire her to part with any other quality than with this noble Pride, which I ſo much love in her, and which alſo hath rendred you ſo good offices: To me, replied *Phocilion*, for heavens ſake do not offer to perſwade me that I am any Debtor unto the haughtineſs of *Eliſa*: Indeed you are, replied *Poligenes*, for can you think, that ſhe being ſo fair, ſo amiable, and ſo much adored as ſhe is, her heart would have been at this time to diſpoſe of, if ſhe had not been as ſtately and majeſtical as ſhe is? for if ſhe had been ſo affable and ſweet, as you ſeem to deſire her, ſhe could never have ſeen ſo many denied Suitors at her feet, without having pity upon ſome one of them, inſomuch as when you came unto *Tire*, and courted her acquaintance, you would have found her heart ingaged, whereas now you find it free, and ſo diſingaged from any affection, as the moſt paſſionate of all her Lovers cannot find in her behaviour the leaſt cauſe of any jealouſie: 'Tis true, replied *Phocilion*, but on the other ſide, they cannot find any foundation of hope: Yes, replied *Poligenes*, very much, ſince there is no fear that any will be more happy than your ſelf: But I beſeech you (ſaid *Eliſa*, and interrupted them) wherein does this ſtatelineſs you ſpeak of conſiſt? I pray tell me, that I may know how to be more or leſs lofty, as occaſions ſhall be offered? Is it in the Aire of my viſage that it appears? or in all my actions in general? Is it in my words? Or in the accent of my voice? It is in ſomething which I cannot define, replied *Poligenes*; For truly, you are more civil than many others, who paſs for more ſweet and affable than they are; you are eſſentially good, you are ready to do all good offices to your friends with an excellent grace: Alſo upon ſome occaſions you are pityful and tender, but with all theſe you are high-minded and ſtately, as I would have you to be; and to ſay truly, I think that this brave and noble Pride, hath its ſource from the root of your heart, and from thence it paſſeth into your Spirit, into your eyes, into your face, and into all your actions and words: Since ſo (ſaid *Eliſa* then) I muſt be as long as I live the very ſame I am at this preſent, for I muſt needs confeſs unto you, that I would not change my heart for any others: Though your highneſs of behaviour ſhould make you have no other thought but that, replied *Poligenes*, yet I ſhould for ever love it; for as I ſaid before, I ſhould not be ſorry if others cannot enjoy that thing, which I cannot my ſelf enjoy.

Phocilion was not yet ſatisfied with the reaſons of *Poligenes*, but this diſcourſe laſted ſo long, that night ſummoned us to leave *Eliſa*, who doubtleſs was gladder to ſee her ſtatelineſs commended, then any other Quality, for ſhe heard every one applaud her beauty, her voice, and her Spirit, and ſometimes ſhe met with ſome who found fault with her ſtatelineſs, and extreamly complained againſt it. This was the ſtate of things Madam, when the Brother of *Poligenes*, whom I told you was travelling in *Greece*, returned unto *Tire*: He was then about four and twenty years of age, and there being ſuch a difference of of age between *Poligenes* and him, he reſpected him almoſt as his Father; and indeed *Poligenes* took as great a care of *Agenor*, as if he were his Son; he was therefore extreamly glad to ſee him ſo handſom, and pleaſing every way; and I aſſure you Madam, a man could not be more handſom then he was; he was not only handſom and of a good garb, but he was alſo exceeding agile in all the exerciſes of his body, eſpecially in dancing. Moreover, he had an admirable wit, but it was a merry and diverting wit, which infinitely pleaſed all companies. Moreover, he was the apteſt of all men to make ſecrets, to diſcover thoſe of others, and to hid his own when he would: 'Tis true, this humour laſted not long, nor took him oft, for he had a vanity, which cauſed that he could not be loved, without deſiring it ſhould be known; yet the paſſions of his ſoul were very violent, but vanity would not permit them to be ſtrong in his heart; and certainly, if *Agenor* had not this fault, he had been much more amiable in the eyes of thoſe he loved then he was: For as for others, except his Rivals, he was the ſweeteſt and civil of men towards them, his vanity being only confieſted unto his Gallantries. *Agenor* being ſuch a one as I have deſcribed he returned to *Tire*, whileſt *Straton*, *Barcea*, and *Eliſa* were gone for fifteen daies into the Country. In the interim, *Poligenes* ſhewed his Brother all the Court, who got in it extraordinary reputation, eſpecially among the Ladies. In the mean while, *Agenor*, having a ſoul naturally diſpoſed unto Gallantry, could not live without a buſineſs of that nature; he applyed himſelf unto one of the Queens women named *Lyriope*, one both of beauty and merit, but of envious and revenging ſpirit, ſuch as would not permit her ſelf to be at reſt: Indeed *Lyriope* looked upon any thing that was advantageous unto any of her companions with a ſpiteful eye;and I believe ſhe never ſaw a good face, but ſhe had ill reſt all that day. : I think alſo that ſhe wiſhed her ſelf fair and brown both at once,that ſhe had both black and grey , and indeed to be all that others were, yet be what ſhe her ſelf was alſo. *Lyriope* was not only envious at the beauty of others and their Conqueſts, but at their very cloaths alſo, not enduring any ſhould have more riches, nor better made then her ſelf, without extream regret : You may then imagine Madam, that a woman of this humour was extreamly joyed, that a man whom all the Court moſt talked of, and of greateſt bravery, ſhould apply himſelf to ſerve her, and to make choice of her amongſt a Court full of beauties ; ſo that fearing leſt this Conqueſt ſhould eſcape her, ſhe reſolved to joyn her endeavours unto her charms, and retain by ſome light favours what her beauty had gotten : But *Lyriope* was miſtaken in her reaſon at this time, for I am perſwaded, that if her heart had been harder to conquer, ſhe had kept her conqueſt longer : However, this gallantry made a great noiſe in the world ; for as ſoon as it was ſaid that *Agenor* loved *Lyriope*, it was alſo ſaid *Lyriope* did not hate *Agenor* ; ſo that when *Eliſa* returned out of the Country nothing elſe was talked of.

She was no ſooner returned unto *Tire*,but all the Court came to her, ſo as *Agenor* wondered, that he could hardly find a man that day in all his viſits, yet it was not long before he knew the reaſon, for going at night unto the Queens lodging he underſtood by the diſcourſe of the Gallants in the Court,that *Eliſa* was the cauſe of the ſolitude he found in every place:Some ſaid ſhe was returned fairer,then when ſhe went away,and that the Country Air had purified her complexion,others ſaid,ſhe was grown taller,others affirmed her to be ſomething leſs proud,or at leaſt,their joyes to ſee her at *Tire* again, made her ſeem more ſweet and affable;others who heard her ſing,ſaid and ſwore ſhe had learned ſome Muſick of the Nightingals in the Country,maintaining ſhe never ſung ſo well as now.

Agenor hearing theſe commendations of *Eliſa* asked *Lyriope* whether ſhe deſerved them or no:But ſhe,according to her envious humour made a deſcription which out-vied envy it ſelf; ſhe told him, that *Eliſa*'s eyes were ſo great, and ſtaring, as would affright him, that her complexion was ſo high as it was an abſolute red, and that ſhe was ſo arrogant and proud, as that ſhe was even dogged and ſurley; ſo that detracting from *Eliſa* all her beauty and good qualities, ſhe made her Picture nothing like her. I chancing to be preſent at this diſcourſe of *Lyriope*, could not chuſe but contradict her, and hate her alſo: I beſeech you Sir, ſaid I unto *Agenor*, do me the favour to ſuſpend your judgment of *Eliſa*, until you have ſeen her, which ſhall be ere long, for I am a witneſs how ſhe chid *Poligenes*, for not bringing you to her houſe this day, telling him, that ſhe did not believe, being his friend ſo much as ſhe was, he would have had a Brother ſo much accompliſhed as reports ſpeak you, and not make her acquainted with him. *Agenor* hearing me ſay ſo, did eaſily apprehend that *Lyriope* ſpake enviouſly of *Eliſa*'s Beauty; for though he was in Love with her, yet he doted not, and though ſhe had touched his heart, yet ſhe had not got it: However, he carried the matter, as if he had moſt zealouſly loved her, and therefore he asked her leave in a low voice to ſee *Eliſa*, which ſhe durſt not deny him.

Agenor having leave to ſee *Eliſa*, he was no ſooner returned home to his Brother where he lodged, but he went unto his Chamber, to ſee whether he would acquaint him with *Eliſa*'s deſire of bringing him unto her, as I had told him, but he wondered to ſee *Poligenes* not ſpeak a word unto him concerning her; yet none had ever told *Agenor* that his Brother was in Love, he imputed it unto his oblivion: So as he reſolved to acquaint him with what he knew, *Poligenes* was much ſurprized at his Brothers diſcourſe; and the truth was, it was not his forgetfulneſs of what the fair *Eliſa* ſaid unto him, which reſtrained him from acquainting his Brother with it; but the true reaſon was, becauſe he was not yet fully reſolved whether he ſhould be glad of that acquaintance or no: Yet notwithſtanding, ſince *Agenor* ſeemed to be much in Love with *Lyriope*, he reſolved upon it, nor did he well ſee how he could prevent it; therefore deſiring his Brother to excuſe his forgetfulneſs of the honour which *Eliſa* did him, he promiſed to carry him thither the next morning:

ing : But to be a little better aſſured of the buſineſs, he would pump out his thoughts of *Lyriope*, to ſee whether it were to be hoped that his paſſion to her would keep him from any thoughts of *Eliſa* : Brother (ſaid he unto him and ſighed) are you not afraid to make the fair *Lyriope* jealous, by ſeeming ſo earneſt of *Eliſa*'s acquaintance? Since ſhe cannot think me in Love with one I know not, replied *Agenor*, I had no ſuch apprehenſions, nor ſhall I render this viſit without her leave : And indeed *Agenor*, told him upon what terms he was with *Lyriope* ; and after he had cauſed him to promiſe fidelity unto the confidence he put in him, he let him know that *Lyriope* did willingly permit him to ſpeak of his paſſion, that ſhe had not forbid him to hope, that he had already writ ſeveral Letters unto her, that indeed ſhe had not returned any anſwers , but it was only becauſe ſhe durſt not truſt the meſſenger, that not a day paſſed whereon ſhe did not give him an occaſion to ſee and ſpeak to her, that ſhe did always acquaint him with the places where the Queen intended to be, to the end he might be there, and that indeed he had ſome reaſon to think himſelf not hated : I aſſure you Brother, replied *Poligenes*, you have much reaſon to think ſhe loves you, and I am very glad of it : For indeed (ſaid he craftily) beſides that *Lyriope* is very fair, and the Conqueſt cannot chuſe but be very pleaſing and glorious unto you, you will alſo ſatisfie your ambition as well as your Love , ſince certainly *Lyriope* is much more in the Queens favour then all the world believes : I know ſome private reaſons which I cannot acquaint you with, (ſaid he, though he had none) that do oblige me to perſwade you unto a careful conſervation of what you got, and to cheriſh the affection of *Lyriope*. After this, *Poligenes* thinking himſelf as ſecure as he could deſire, parted from *Agenor*, who being to viſit a perſon of ſuch extraordinary merit, of whom ſuch high reports were famed, he ordered his ſervant the next morning to give him a Sute of cloaths which he affected, and which indeed did admirably well become him ; for it was neither too plain nor too gaudy, but the colours and trimming ſuited ſo well, as it was very handſom to the eye. *Agenor*, neglecting nothing which might ſet himſelf off, with the moſt advantage, went to

Poligenes as ſoon as it was convenient time to viſit, and claimed his promiſe, which indeed he kept without any repugnancy; imagining that ſince *Lyriope* was ſo kind, he would not be ſo perfidious to her, as to change for one whoſe Conqueſt ſeemed impoſſible : So that without further delay he went with *Agenor* unto *Eliſa*, ſprucing himſelf ſo up that his Brother ſhould not look younger than himſelf; And to ſpeak the truth, the choice was very hard to be made, not but there was a difference between theſe two brothers almoſt in every thing, but yet the difference was without any inequality of merit, both of them having the eſteem of moſt accompliſhed men : The Maxims of *Poligenes* and *Agenor* in point of gallantry were very oppoſite unto each other : For *Poligenes* ſaid, that one ought never to declare his love openly, until he had ſome aſſurance of being beloved : *Agenor* on the contrary maintained that he ought not to hide the paſſion of his ſoul one minute from her that was the cauſe of it ; And indeed *Agenor* did not ſpeak this out of a bare humor of gallantry, but did ever ſo expreſs himſelf : *Poligenes*, for his part, he would be a cloſe Lover until he had aſſurance of reciprocal affection; and therefore finding in the ſpirit of *Eliſa* marks only of eſteem, and no diſpoſition unto ſuch an affection as he deſired, neither to him nor any other, he ſilently adored her, tho with an unmeaſurable paſſion, hoping ſtill that this reſpective friendſhip would at laſt convert it ſelf into love, maugre her intentions.

But to return where I was; *Poligenes* and *Agenor* were betimes at the Houſe of *Straton*, when no company but my ſelf was there, ſo that I only was the witneſs of this firſt enterview : Since *Eliſa* was after at the Chamber of *Straton* than in that of *Barcea*, becauſe of her fantaſtical humors, it was there where *Poligenes* preſented his Brother *Agenor* unto the Father and the Daughter, both whom received them with much civility. After the firſt Complement, *Straton* having ſome buſineſs with *Poligegenes*, carryed him out of the Chamber, and left *Agenor* with *Eliſa* and me This Beauty was that day in ſuch an advantagious dreſs, as it is no wonder if the Luſter of her beauty dazled the eyes of *Agenor*. Since ſhe had no intentions of going abroad, her dreſs was as Ladies uſe when they keep their Chambers; but yet as one who would be ſeen, and not as one who was ſick, her habit was blew trimmed with Silver; her hair was part braided up behind with Pearls and blew Ribands, and part hung negligently down upon her neck, on which ſhe wore a Necklace of Diamonds ſet in Gold enamel'd black: Moreover, ſince Chance would have *Agenor* ſee her with ſome extraordinary delight,ſhe did ſit upon a Cuſhion of Carnation Tinſel; ſo that this Carnation and this blew did caſt ſuch pleaſant reflectionof colours upon the cheeks of *Eliſa* that her beauty appeared in full advantage of luſtre: So as the light being full in her face, ſhe appeared as ſhe was, fair enough to make an infidel of *Agenor*, who did ſit juſt oppoſite to thoſe eyes which had made ſo many Conqueſts: We were no ſooner ſet, but *Eliſa* begun the Diſcourſe: I do aſſure you Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I can hardly pardon *Poligenes* for the injury he hath done me in making me no ſooner acquainted with you, ſince he hath deprived me of a pleaſure which I know not how to recover. It is my part Madam, to complain againſt him (replied *Agenor*,) and not yours; but tho it were ſo that the ſight of me does not diſpleaſe, yet ſince I have the honour to ſee you now, I know not why you ſhould ſay *Poligenes* hath deprived you of a pleaſure which you cannot recover. The Reaſon is (ſaid ſhe and laughed) becauſe I have an extream deſire and delight to hear the diſcourſe of thoſe who have travelled, eſpecially you who are returned from a place of moſt exquiſite Politeneſs. Provided Madam you will permit me (replyed he and ſmiled) after I have told you what I have ſeen excellent in *Greece*, to ſpeak alſo of what I have found moſt rare here, I ſhall promiſe you to ſatisfie your curioſity. Perhaps you may think (replyed ſhe craftily) that I think you will not take ſo much pains as to tell me what Beauties there are about the Queen. I mean not of about the Queen,replied he; and when I asked permiſſion to ſpeak of all the Beauties I found to be fair here, I did not intend that this word here ſhould extend it ſelf further then this very Chamber wherein you are. However it be, ſaid ſhe, I pray do me the favour to tell me, whether the Ladies are as fair in *Greece*, as they are fam'd to be? That beauty Madam, replied he, is certainly moſt admirable: But if you had been as now you are, when I parted from *Phenicia* or, as young as then you were, had I had the honour to have ſeen you, I ſhould not have been guilty of a thouſand Injuries which I have done you during my Travels: For truly Madam I muſt needs ingeniouſly confeſs, I have ſworn a thouſand times unto a thouſand Ladies, both at *Corinth*, *Athens*, *Argos*, *Thebes*, and *Sparta*, that there was not one in all *Phenicia* which was comparable unto their Beauties. But to repair the injury I have done, I beſeech you Madam give me leave, that as I have told this extream untruth unto a thouſand Greeks, ſo I may tell you alſo as often in real truth, that you alone are fairer then all they together. Tho what you ſay were true (replyed *Eliſa* in railary) yet I ſhould not be obliged unto you for telling me one thing ſo often; and to ſpeak truly (added ſhe, and turned towards a great Glaſs upon her right hand) I need but look once upon my ſelf to confute all you have told me. Oh Madam (ſaid *Agenor*, and looking in the Glaſs alſo) if you will but believe your own eyes, you will believe my words. Whileſt they were in this Diſcourſe, and I harkened unto it, I obſerved that *Poligenes*, who was walking in the other end of the Chamber with *Straton*, gave no great heed unto what he ſaid unto him, bat on the contrary liſtened with a jealous ear unto the talk of *Eliſa* and *Agenor*, eſpecially when they walked neereſt where we were; yet I thought his reaſon was only a bare curioſity to know whether *Agenor* was pleaſed with the Diſcourſe; and I confeſs I had thoſe thoughts of a Brother which ſhould have been unto a Lover: However, ſince they did often paſs from a ſerious diſcourſe upon a pleaſant, and from a pleaſant unto a ſerious; *Eliſa* chiding him for his extolling her beauty very ſharply, and *Agenor* obſtinate in his applauds of it, their diſcourſe was very little of News either of the People or War: But *Agenor*, according to his maxim, highly extolling *Eliſa*, and not hiding his advantagious thoughts of her, he commended her to the Heavens, and that with much earneſtneſs: So that *Eliſa*, to make him change his diſcourſe, and to teſtifie ſhe knew how *Lyriope* had a ſhare in his heart; I pray tell me, ſaid ſhe unto me, whether *Agenor* uſe to commend all thoſe he talks with, with ſuch exceſs as he doth me? to the end I may know how to take all he ſays unto me: Since you have ſeen him with the Queen, you may eaſily give me this ſatisfaction; therefore I conjure you to tell me, what he ſaid unto all the Ladies he ſaw; then ſhe named many of the Ladies unto me, and amongſt the reſt, *Lyriope*. For my part Madam, replied I unto her, I never heard him commend any ſo much as you. How, ſaid ſhe, does he commend me more than he doth *Lyriope*? Oh *Telamis*, it cannot be: Yet it is very true, replied *Agenor*, that I never commended any ſo much as you. I perceive (anſwered ſhe) you do not believe I know that you are in love: But *Agenor*, I have better intelligence than you think I have; and the Report of *Lyriope*'s Conqueſts did fly into the Country: And I muſt alſo tell you (added ſhe and laughed) that for my own glory I was very glad ſhe had made this Conqueſt before my return, becauſe now I cannot be upbraided for my inability to do it. People newly ſubjected (replied he and looked upon her) are oft-times very glad to revolt. Ah *Agenor*, replied ſhe, I would have no Subjects rebel againſt their firſt Maſters; and I am perſwaded the chains wherewith *Lyriope* hath captivated you, are ſo ſtrong, that though you would you cannot break them: However, I think you very bold in telling me that you commend me more than her. I confeſs Madam, replied he that you do a little puzzle me; yet I do conceive that without any injury unto *Lyriope*, I might ſay as much as I have done; for truly, ſaid he, I am of ſuch an humour, as I no ſooner perceive my ſelf to be in love, but I muſt immediately tell it: Alſo I conceive, that in ſaying one loves, one hath made a long ſpeech unto her he ſays it: nor will I anſwer that I can commend you long as I have done. This way of commending, replied *Eliſa*, ſhould never be my cuſtom; but *Agenor*, you have better expreſſed your ſelf than I imagined: However I muſt tell you, that I am very glad you are in love, becauſe I ſhall be more apt to contract friendſhip with you. I do know many perſons Madam, replied I, who will never contract any friendſhip with a man in love. If I had any ſecrets to keep, replied *Eliſa*, I believe I ſhould not ſay as I do: But all the friendſhip which I deſire with *Agenor*, is only a bare complacency, and a petty kind of exchange of indifferent ſecrets, which hardly can be termed ſecrets, which yet help very well to furniſh out diſcourſe, and for ſuch a friend, it is no matter if he be in love. Oh Madam, replied he, If I be not much miſtaken, you are a moſt dangerous friend. *Poligenes* hearing theſe laſt words, could not chooſe but draw nearer, and aſſure his Brother (whileſt *Straton* was talking with one of his men) that he was miſtaken in what he ſaid, ſince *Eliſa* was as good a friend as ſhe was a dangerous Miſtreſs.

As he ſpoke theſe words much company came in, which cauſed diſcourſe to be more general: However, tho firſt Viſits uſe not to be very long, yet *Agenor* continued his until night, and he grew as well acquainted with *Eliſa*, as if he had known her all his life: But when at night he went to the Queens Lodgings, he was put to a puzle how to render an account to *Lyriope* of his actions in the afternoon: As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe obſerved that he had ſpruced up himſelf that day, and that he was finer than on the firſt dayes when he deſigned to pleaſe her: not but that he was alwaies very handſom; yet paſſionate people can ſpy day at a ſmall crany, and find a difference betwixt a natural neatneſs without deſign, and an extraordinary tricking up, which proceeds from ſome ſecret deſign: So that ſince *Lyriope* had not ſeen *Agenor* all that day, ſhe was extreamly deſirous to know where he had been: She no ſooner ſaw him but ſhe began to queſtion him, yet without any diſcovery of her thoughts, I pray *Agenor* tell me (ſaid ſhe unto him) how you have ſpent this day? and how comes it to paſs I have not ſeen you? I have been in an hundred places, and could not meet with any company, replied he, and at laſt *Poligenes* having promiſed *Straton* to bring me unto his houſe, would have me go along with him. Well *Agenor* (ſaid ſhe and bluſht) what think you of *Eliſa*? You made ſuch an ugly deſcription of her, replied he, that I believe it cauſed me to think her fair. The fate of this woman (replied this envious perſon) is very ſtrange; for I am perſwaded, that though they ſay every Nation hath a kind of beauty which is particular to it ſelf; ſome affecting the fair, others the black, and ſome the brown , others red; ſome would have tall and groſs, others little or of a mean ſtature; ſome one complexion and features, ſome an other: yet I do believe, that if all men from all parts in the world did ſee *Eliſa*, they would all conſent to commend her beauty. As ſhe was ſaying this in a low voice unto *Agenor*, one of thoſe who had been at the houſe of *Straton*, came into their company and asked *Agenor* (not knowing what he told *Lyriope*) whether he ſtayed long with *Eliſa* after he came away? But *Agenor* had no ſooner told him a confident lye, and ſaid he came away immediately after him, but another entered, who had ſtayed there late, and came away when he did, who asked *Agenor*, if ever he ſaw a fairer than *Eliſa*? And to drive him the more upon the Rock of a *non-plus*, a third came in, who knowing *Agenor* had never ſeen *Eliſa* before that day, and having ſeen him enter ſo ſoon after dinner, told him, that he did very well in making his viſit ſo long, and coming ſo timely to ſee the ſunſhine of *Eliſa*'s beauty at the height of the day.

Lyriope no ſooner heard this, but ſhe bluſht for very ſhame, ſpite, and jealouſie, for ſhe plainly underſtood *Agenor* went to the houſe of *Straton* very timely, and was all the whole afternoon there; ſo that he told her a lye, when he ſaid he had been in a hundred places and could find no company. Then ſhe ſternly fixed her eyes upon his, as if ſhe did upbraid him with it; but he not being ignorant of the power he had over the heart of this Woman, did not much trouble himſelf at it, believing it no Herculean labour to make his peace; And indeed he uſed ſuch arguments as perſwaded her that ſhe was beholding to him for the lye he had told: For, ſaid he (as we underſtood afterwards) you may well imagine, that though I ſhould fall in love with *Eliſa*, and be an Infidel unto you, yet I could not in ſo ſhort a time become ſo deeply engaged, as to make a myſtery of a paſſion which yet had taken no root: But believe me, it was only my complacence unto *Poligenes* which moved me to ſo long a viſit; and my fear leſt you ſhould take it ill that I had been there all the day, moved me to invent and tell this lye: However (added he moſt craftily) I am very glad that I have diſcovered a ſpark of jealouſie in your ſoul, and as oft as I deſire to receive any new favour from you, I think it my beſt courſe to make a long viſit unto *Eliſa*. This is rather the way to loſe thoſe which you have already, replied ſhe: Ah *Lyriope*, ſaid he, I beſeech you know me a little better; and believe it, Rigors will never force me to repentance: 'Tis ſweetneſs only will reclaim me, if ever you think there be any fear of loſing me. *Lyriope* having a ſoul prepoſſeſſed with a violent paſſion, thought the beſt way to appeaſe *Agenor* was to oblige him: And being a Woman of more Wit than judgment, ſhe received his Reaſons as good, thinking that to keep him from turning Apoſtate, and loving *Eliſa*, her beſt courſe was to load him with new favours. As for all theſe petty trifles which make ſuch a bluſter in the world when they are known, ſhe was reſolved to granr them all unto *Agenor*, thinking thereby indiſſolvably to tie him unto her, to hinder him from loving *Eliſa*, and to oblige him to marry her: But all did not hit, as you ſhall perceive by the ſequel of the ſtory. In the mean time, ſince *Eliſa* went much abroad, though *Agenor* went not to her, yet he ſaw her every day; and ſince her compoſure was ſuch, as the more one looked, the more he liked and admired her; *Agenor*, who was able to judg who merited admiration, did perceive that admiration grew in his heart every time he ſaw her; Yet for a while he gave his heart the check, and bad reſiſtance unto the beauty of *Eliſa*; Yet when he began to be glutted with the favours of *Lyriope*, he began alſo to yield a little unto the darts of *Eliſa*; the eaſineſs of the one, and the difficulty of the other, did faint his deſires of *Lyriope*, and ſo kindle them of *Eliſa*; that he could not live and not look upon her: Yet he durſt not ſo ſoon appear an unfaithful Changeling, and therefore his viſits of *Eliſa* unknown unto *Lyriope*, put him to abundance of trouble. On the other ſide, *Poligenes* who had an obſervant eye over his Brother, perceived preſently that the over-indulgency of *Lyriope* did deaden his paſſion, ſo that he began extreamly to fear he would become his Rival. In the mean time *Phocilion*, finding every day more virtue in *Eliſa*, became ſo extreamly in Love with her, as he was reſolved to do all he poſſibly could to marry her. Since he was very rich, he doubted not but *Straton* would approve of his deſign, but he did not think it fit to acquaint him with it, without the permiſſion of *Eliſa*: He ſaw that this fair and wiſe Lady was very civil to him, and that ſhe ſeemed very much to eſteem him, but he ſaw her ſo far from any thought of ſuch a particular affection as he deſired, and his fears of denial ſo fainted his ſoul, that he could not reſolve to diſcover his deſign, But at laſt, after ſeveral viſits, with full intentions of ſpeaking to her, and durſt not, he took heart, and being one day alone with her, he determined to diſcover his long concealed thoughts. But being acquainted with her majeſtical haughtineſs, he endeavoured to find a way of doing it without incenſing her.

After then he had talked a while of things indifferent, he began to ſpeak: Since you have the reputation (ſaid he unto her) of being one of the moſt generous friends in the world, I deſire Madam you would be pleaſed to do me the honour of affording me ſome faithful counſel in a buſineſs whereon depends all the good fortune, and all the bad fortune of a man, who is very much your ſervant, and in whoſe fortune I have a moſt near concernment. *Eliſa* hearing *Phocilion* ſay ſo, ſtood a little ſurprized, for ſhe knew he had much affection to her, though he never told her; yet ſince ſhe knew him to be very diſcreet and wiſe, ſhe did not think he would ſay any thing that would diſpleaſe her; therefore conſidering well with her ſelf for an anſwer, Methinks, ſaid ſhe unto him, you ſhould rather conſult with your own Reaſon for counſel, then ask mine, for I am very unable to give advice unto any: Therefore if you will believe me, ſaid ſhe and laught, you ſhall never reveal the ſecret of that perſon in whom you have ſuch intereſt, leſt two ſeveral inconveniences ſhould befall you at once, the one of receiving ill counſel, the other of making me to deſire to tell that which you ſhould tell me. As for the laſt of theſe, replied *Phocilion*, I fear it not: Then it ſeems you think me to be more ſecret then prudent (replied *Eliſa*;) Since you do not fear I will reveal your ſecret, and conceiving that I will not give you bad counſel: However, it be replied he, I beſeech you Madam do me the honour to hear me, and hear me without interruption, promiſing you, that when I have told you the buſineſs, to wait for your anſwer, and to cauſe the perſon who is concerned in it to follow the counſel you ſhall give: Out of meer curioſity, replied ſhe, I will permit you to ſpeak, and therefore tell me what the buſineſs is: Before I obey Madam, replyed he, I muſt beſeech you not to ask the name of him for whom I ask your counſel, unleſs you have given ſuch counſel as he deſires: How now (ſaid ſhe and interrupted him) does he deſire counſel, and yet will not follow it unleſs it ſuit with his inclination? Ah *Phocilion*, if it be ſo, I am not fit to give it, for I uſe to counſel after my own inclination, and not after others: You may do as you pleaſe Madam, replied he, However, I beſeech you give me leave to tell you, that there is a man in the World, who after he had lived a long time without the happineſs of knowing you, had at laſt the honour to ſee you firſt, the firſt day you were with the Queen, after the death of the late King: What's the reaſon *Phocilion* (ſaid *Eliſa* and interupted him) that I am brought into the buſineſs of him unto whom you would have me ſpeak? You ſhall know it preſently Madam, replied he, if you will be pleaſed to hear me without interruption: Be pleaſed to know then (purſued he) that he of whom I ſpeak, no ſooner ſaw you, but he ador'd you, and fixed his reſolution to adore you as long as he lived: Truly *Phocilion*, ſaid *Eliſa*, you are a very ſtrange man, for in lieu of conſulting about the buſineſs of another, you talk of nothing but me: Once more Madam, replyed he, I beſeech you hear me: Since I have ingaged my word (replied ſhe ſharply and bluſht) I will do ſo; but remember alſo, that you are obliged unto two things, the one to hearken quietly unto all I ſhall anſwer you, the other, to make him who deſires my counſel to follow it: I know it very well Madam, purſued he, and I will keep my word, To return from whence I digreſſed, I muſt tell you Madam, that this man who adored you upon the firſt ſight, and will adore you eternally, not being able to live, unleſs he can live happily, charged me to aſk you what is your pleaſure ſhall become of him? You are already ſo civil unto him, as he thinks himſelf much your debtor for it: You have given him many marks of eſteem, for which he is eternally obliged: *Straton* does him the favour to honour him with his friendſhip, his quality is equal unto yours, his fortunes tho much leſs then you deſerve, yet ample enough to make you happy, if riches will do it. And Madam, this man is poſſeſſed with ſuch a reſpective paſſion, and is ſo full of reverent devotion to you, that he durſt never acquaint you with it: And tho he hath ſome reaſon to believe, that *Straton* would not deny it if he asked his permiſſion to Court you unto his deſires, yet he would never ſo much as think of it, until firſt I asked your counſel for him: But Madam, before you give it, be pleaſed to know, that never man knew how to love more zealouſly nor reſpectively then he; and you muſt not be ignorant, that if you adviſe him to be ſadly ſilent, and to hide the unmeaſurable paſſion of his Soul, you will force him into ſuch an exceſſive deſpair, as he will moſt certainly have recourſe unto death. Conſider alſo I beſeech you, how the reverence he bears you is ſo great, that knowing your ſeverity and your ſcrupulous virtue, he dares not make it known that he dies for the Love of you, without letting you know alſo the innocence of his intentions: I know well Madam, that there are every day Princes at your feet, and that he for whom I mediate is none: But let all your Princes be as amorous as they can, I am moſt certain that his ſoul exceeds all theirs in veneration and Love: Therefore Madam, I beſeech you conſider ſeriouſly what I ſay concerning him: I do ſo perfectly know his thoughts of you, that I aſſure you I do not know my own thoughts better: Speak then Madam I beſeech you, will you adviſe this ſecret Lover to diſcover himſelf unto *Straton*, or unto your ſelf? and is it your pleaſure I ſhould tell you his name.

Since you have told me, replied *Eliſa*, that you will not reveal his name until I adviſe him as he would have it, I conceive it beſt not to name him, until I have given my advice, leſt not finding it ſuitable unto his humour, it ſhould diſpleaſe you : Oh Madam, I do moſt heattily beſeech you, ſaid he unto her, to conſider well before you caſt this unfortunate Lover into the Hell of deſpair: To teſtifie unto you, replyed ſhe, that he could never have choſen a more fit mediator to ſolicite his buſineſs, if it were a buſineſs unto which I were capable of perſwaſion, I will open the very cloſet of my heart unto you, as unto one of my beſt friends; and tho I know that I am of a harſh diſpoſition naturally, yet I am confident, that at this time I ſhall not give you any cauſe of complaint againſt me, that I do not give ſuch advice unto your friend as he deſires : Alas Madam, ſaid *Phocilion*, if you adviſe me otherwiſe, you will doom him unto deſpair,and it will be a very difficult matter for me not to complain againſt you if you deny what he deſires: Doubtleſs then you would complain without cauſe, replied ſhe; But *Phocilion*, you muſt not condemn me before you hear me: Therefore give me leave to tell you, that I have ſo great an eſteem of you, that I have ſo good an opinion of your judgment, and that I am ſo fully perſwaded, that you have ſome eſteem of me, as I make no doubt, but that the marriage which you would propoſe unto me, would be very advantageous, but for the moſt horrible averſion which I have againſt Marriage : But *Phocilion*, let me tell you, that this averſion is ſo very ſtrong in me, as I ſhould certainly hate the man that ſhould make any Propoſitions unto my Father, which ſhould cauſe me to marry him : therefore if you ſet any value upon my advice, let not him for whom you intercede ſpeak unto *Straton*. But to ſhew you that I do not ſpeak this, becauſe I have any ſecret engagement with any other, I do permit him to ſpeak unto my Father, if he can diſcover unto him, that I do refuſe him upon any other reaſon but what I tell you : But Madam, anſwered *Phocilion*, I beſeech you take a little longer time of conſideration upon a matter of ſuch importance as this; and tho you forbid this unhappy Lover to ſpeak unto *Straton*, yet allow him the liberty ſomtimes to tell you how he adores you : Hitherto,replied *Eliſa*, you have ſpoke nothing which I could except againſt; but *Phocilion*, theſe laſt words are ſomwhat difficult to be underſtood by one of my humour : Yet ſince

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I have reſolved to temper my ſharpneſs, I will excuſe and pardon them, upon condition you will do as I bid you in all things : Alas Madam, replied he, Is there any man in the world that is more willing to obey you than I am ? Then I conjure you (ſaid ſhe) Cauſe him for whom you ſpeak, never to ſpeak unto me or my Father concerning his paſſion, and be you your ſelf for ever ſilent, and ſpeak unto me no more of it : But Madam, replied he, what hopes can I then give unto this unfortunate Lover ? Hopes never to ſee me grant unto another that permiſſion which I refuſe him, replied ſhe : However Madam, purſued he, give me leave to argue with you a little againſt this your averſion unto marriage ; and I beſeech you promiſe me, that if I convince and convert you, it ſhall be in favour of this unfortunate Lover : Since I am confident that my heart will never alter, replied ſhe, I am contented, but this Lover you ſpeak of will get no advantage by it. *Eliſa* pronounced theſe laſt words in ſuch a manner, and ſo perſwaded *Phocilion* of her real averſion againſt marriage, as he was extreamly ſorry ; for knowing her virtue and reſolute conſtancy, he perceived ſhe was not a perſon that would be ingaged into any kind of Gallantry : So that ſtanding in a deep ſilence and looking upon *Eliſa* with eyes of ſorrow, he fully perſwaded her that he loved her, and that this ſecret Lover, for whom he had ſolicited, was himſelf: As good luck was, both for *Eliſa* and *Phocilion*, I came in and found them both extreamly perplexed : Immediately after *Lyriope* came in alſo with one of her Cozens, for tho ſhe hated *Eliſa*, yet ſhe would viſit her ; and preſently after all *Poligenes* and *Agenor* alſo entred ſeverally. Since divers marriages were then talked of in *Tire*, and every one told what they heard : But *Eliſa*, who had ſome ſecret deſign in it, began to condemn the opinion of thoſe who ſay, that there is a neceſſity a woman ſhould either marry or elſe go into a Nunnery, maintaining, that a greater injury could not be offered unto her Sex, then to think that it muſt either be a Husband, or high walls which only can preſerve their virtue : After this, falling into a general diſcourſe of Marriage, *Lyriope* who was never of *Eliſa*'s opinion, ſpoke as one who thought that much happineſs was to be found in Marriage; and *Eliſa* on the contrary maintained, that all married people were almoſt unhappy: For truly, ſaid ſhe, take for example one of the moſt accompliſhed men in the world, and one of the moſt perfecteſt women in all *Phenicia*, though they do love as well as they can, though they be young, handſom, rich, and think themſelves very happy in Marriage, yet I am moſt infallibly confident, that they will not long continue ſo: For my part (replied *Lyriope*) I am not of that belief, but conceive that much happineſs may be found by marrying a compleat man, who both loves, and is loved: I concur with you, replied *Eliſa*, That they may ſomtimes eſteem themſelves happy in marriage; but I tell you, this happineſs is not laſting: For conſider a little the qualifications of this condition, her husband muſt be a very accompliſhed man, they muſt reciprocally love each other, he muſt have an eſtate ſuitable to her Quality, he muſt be neither phantaſtical, jealous, or covetous. Moreover, ſhe muſt enter into all his intereſts, and become ambitious if he be ambitious, entirely ſubject her ſelf unto his humour, obey him without murmur, even in things moſt difficult, and never be at liberty or Miſtreſs of her ſelf. She muſt further be turmoiled with the œconomical cares and conduct of a great houſe, be expoſed to all the peeviſh conſequences of Marriage, loſe perhaps her health and beauty both before ſhe be old, be expoſed to be jealous, or ſuffer her husbands, and at laſt perhaps have wicked, ill-favoured, and ungrateful children.

Theſe things *Lyriope* are ordinary conſequences of Marriage, and whoſoever looks upon ſuch a Precipice, methinks ſhould be ſo affrighted, as they ſhould not dare to throw themſelves into it: Yes *Lyriope*, Marriage is a moſt terrible thing, and all thoſe who venture upon it, are certainly very fool hardy: Tho I know very well, ſaid *Phocilion*, that the fair *Lyriope* needs no ſecond, yet I beſeech her to give me leave to help her in defence of this cauſe which ſhe maintains. Give me leave I beſeech you Madam (purſued he, and looked upon *Eliſa*) to tell you, that in ſpeaking as you do, you are moſt injurious unto the Gods; for if there be not any two perſons in the world who can love happily together, without any of thoſe inconveniences which you do aggravate with ſo much zeal, it may be ſaid, that the Gods are unjuſt and imprudent: How can you without extraordinary impiety maintain this againſt them? I muſt confeſs, replied ſhe, that I admire their providence, but neither know it, nor will penetrate into their ſecrets; yet in the mean time I muſt maintain, that as they do not accuſe the Gods when they blame a man who is Shipwrackt, becauſe he ſets out to Sea in a Storm, and in a rotten Veſſel, ſo I do not accuſe the Gods when I blame thoſe, who knowing the crabbed conſequences of Marriage, will yet ingage themſelves in it

Whilſt *Lyriope*, *Eliſa*, and *Phocilion* were thus in diſcourſe, *Agenor* was all ſilence, not daring to enter into the thoughts of *Eliſa*. In the mean time, ſince he was more in love with her than with *Lyriope*, he was pittifully perplexed in being between theſe two, for he would not do any thing which might perſwade *Eliſa* he was in love with *Lyriope*, nor would he make the laſt of theſe think he loved her leſs than he had: So that to have the delight of looking upon *Eliſa* without diſobliging *Lyriope*, he did ſit down by her, but his cheif reaſon was, becauſe ſhe did ſit oppoſite to *Eliſa*. Thus ſitting on *Lyriopes* ſide, and a little behind her, he enjoyed the ſight of *Eliſa* without any notice taken by the envious *Lyriope*, but otherwiſe by *Poligenes*, who eaſily obſerved that the cunning *Agenor* did ſit purpoſely by *Lyriope*, that he might the better look upon *Eliſa*: As for *Phocilion*, he was ſo buſied with his own paſſion, that he never minded others; for ſince he ſaw the high virtue of *Eliſa*, he never feared his Rivals; and he was ſo confidently perſwaded that ſhe would not marry, as he never doubted her preferring another before him. Thus the company parted with ſeveral apprehenſions: *Poligenes* went out in a fear that his Brother would become his Rival. *Phocilion* was extreamly troubled at the inſenſibility of *Eliſa*, and her averſion to Marriage, *Lyriope* was infinitely envious that *Eliſa* was fairer than her ſelf, and *Agenor* was much leſs in Love with *Lyriope*, and much more with *Eliſa*, who never minding the turbulencies ſhe had cauſed in the minds of others, reſted in her ordinary tranquility; yet the procedure of *Phocilion* did extreamly oblige her, and invited her to do what ſhe could, to convert an obſequious Lover into a real friend. But this miracle was impoſſible to be wrought, he was reſolved to content himſelf with *Eliſa*'s commands of ſilence, yet he offered once to ſpeak unto her again, but ſhe retired her ſelf in ſuch ſort, that he impoſed upon himſelf ſo ſtrict a ſilence, as he durſt not ſo much as ſigh it in ſecret: 'Tis true, *Eliſa* to comfort him, did make a promiſe, that if ever ſhe changed her mind, and took a reſolution to marry, the change ſhould conduce unto his advantage, yet conjuring him to believe, that ſhe did not think ſuch a time would ever come, ſhe earneſtly entreated him to live with her as if he were her brother: And indeed *Phocilion* (whoſe moſt ſecret thoughts I knew) durſt never after this be ſo bold, as to ſpeak one word of his paſſion unto *Eliſa*.

In the mean time, *Lyriope* ſtill thinking her ſelf more ſure of *Agenors* heart, did continue her favours, and gave him a thouſand teſtimonies of a violent paſſion; in the mean time all the Court perceived it, and talked broad of her: All the Adviſes of her friends were in vain, for ſhe had a Maxime which was moſt dangerous for ſuch as would keep their reputations unſtained, which was, to believe, that ſo ſhe were not in any crime, ſhe needed not to fear any reports: But her behaviour coming to the Queens ear, ſhe received ſo ſharp a check for it, that ſhe began to find her indiſcretion: Yet perhaps this had not reſtrained her, nor changed her behaviour towards *Agenor* without another reaſon, which much induced her: For be pleaſed to know Madam, that *Poligenes* being perſwaded, the faintneſs of *Agenors* love to *Lyriope* proceeded from the eaſineſs which he found in her Spirit: he thought, that to help it, and to hinder the growth of that paſſion which he ſaw began to take root in his heart towards *Eliſa*, his beſt courſe was, that *Lyriope* ſhould mix ſome ſeverity with her complacency towards him: So that bethinking himſelf how he might compaſs his deſign, he pitched upon one of the Queens women named *Phocinde*, who was a friend both unto *Lyriope* and him. *Poligenes* being full of wit, did ſo negotiate the matter, that he ingaged her to ſpeak unto *Lyriope*, of whom he ſeemed to have much eſteem; telling her alſo, though untruly, that he ſhould be very glad if *Agenor* ſhould marry her. So falling inſenſibly into a confidence concerning this adventure, *Phocinde* told him, how *Lyriope* found that of late *Agenor* was grown a little negligent of her, that notwithſtanding ſhe did all ſhe could to oblige him, aſſuring him, that ſhe was never more pliant and affable, nor more ready to do any thing he deſired her. If I had any intimate friend, replied *Poligenes* and laughed, who were in love with the fair *Phocinde*, I would be ſure not to diſcover one ſecret unto her, leſt in advantaging *Phocinde* I ſhould thereby prejudice my friend; but ſince Fate hath ſo ordered it, that I have no intimacy with any of her Lovers, I will diſcover unto her a weakneſs in men, which doubtleſs ſhe is ignorant of, to the end, that ſhe knowing it, ſhe might adviſe the fair *Lyriope*, that if ſhe would rekindle in the heart of my Brother a paſſion which I wiſh were violent enough to oblige him to marry her, ſhe then muſt follow it: I do extreamly deſire this alliance, (added he, though untruly) and therefore ſweet *Phocinde*, I muſt acquaint you with the reaſon why the paſſion of *Agenor* doth ſo faint towards *Lyriope*: It is, becauſe ſhe is too too ſweet unto him; for you muſt know, that to ſpeak of Love in general, it is never violent, but when the deſires are violent; and ſince it is impoſſible they ſhould be ſo, when whatſoever they deſire is always eaſily granted, it muſt neceſſarily follow, that to make a paſſion violent, a Lady muſt never grant thoſe favours which ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow, but with much entreaty, to the end a great value may be ſet upon them, and that there be always a long interval between the firſt deſires, and the fruition of the thing deſired: It is for Kings (purſued he) to give ſpeedily, and with a free-will; but it is fit Ladies be ſlow, and to give, as if they almoſt repented; they muſt be niggardly in their favours, for otherwiſe they will be received without delight, they will loſe their value, and conſequently be received with a cheap acknowledgment: It is with the favours of fair ones, as with a little River which runneth ſo ſweetly and ſilently between two graſſie banks, as thoſe who walk near can hardly perceive it; but on the contrary, if it be full of little rocks which obſtructs the paſſage, then it ſwells, it twines, it murmures, it runs after moſt pleaſantly, it diverts thoſe who look upon it, it rowzeth them out of that ſtudy, or at leaſt makes them ſtudy with more delight; therefore *Phocinde*, the favours of *Lyriope* to *Agenor*, muſt not be conferred ſo eaſily and ſo often; for I muſt tell you again, that men do ſlight favours eaſily obtained; and ſince I muſt diſcover the imperfection of my Sex, I muſt tell you my thoughts, which is, that it is more eaſie to revive thoſe flames which an exceſſive ſeverity extinguiſhed, than thoſe which are choaked by too many and continued favours. Since Love is a capricious enemy unto reaſon, a paſſion that ſubjects all Rules and Laws, and ſince it often infuſeth into one and the ſame heart, both fears and hopes, inſolency and reſpect, joy and ſorrow, it would alſo have a continual miſcellany of rigours and favours, bitters and ſweets, which ſucceeding each other, do cauſe deſires to revive in the heart of a Lover, and that love there laſt, and continue without glutting; therefore *Phocinde*, to reduce my brother within the compaſs of his duty, you muſt adviſe the fair *Lyriope* to mingle a little ſeverity ſometimes with the favours which ſhe confers upon him: And indeed, beſides the general fault of all men, it is his temper in particular which requires ſuch Phyſick as I ſpeak of; for he being a lover of glory, I am certain he would delight in overcoming any thing that makes reſiſtance; and if ſhe could make him believe, that he is not ſure of her heart, he would out of very obſtinacy only Court her to be entirely his. But *Phocinde*, this rigour which I adviſe *Lyriope* to make uſe of to cure the Soul of *Agenor*, is like certain violent Medicines which the *Arabian* Phyſitians have invented, they will almoſt raiſe even from very death, if a right quantity be taken, and applied at a right time, but they will alſo kill immediately, if too much be taken, or too little; it muſt be therefore *Lyriopes* diſcretion, to apply a right doſs of ſeverity, which doubtleſs will produce its deſired effects.

All the while *Poligenes* talked, *Phocinde* liſtened with an attentive ear, and was ſo fully perſwaded by his arguments, that ſhe reſolved to adviſe *Lyriope* as *Poligenes* deſired her : But to the end it might work a better effect, he obliged *Phocinde* not to tell her friend how they had talked together , which ſhe promiſed and performed, yet ſhe found it not ſo eaſie a matter to perſwade her friend,as *Poligenes* did to perſwade her; yet notwithſtanding, perceiving that *Agenor* was every day more negligent, that he often forgot what ſhe ſaid, and that he was nothing joyed when he ſaw her, that he muſed much when he was with her, and was very much altered, ſhe reſolved to do that for the reducing of *Agenor*, which ſhe would not do for the preſervation of her reputation: But ſhe not being accuſtomed unto ſeverity, ſhe did it with the worſt grace that ever fair one did, yet at firſt the matter ſucceeded very happily; for the firſt time that *Agenor* perceived her cold carriage to him, he did very importunately aſk her the reaſon, and perhaps if ſhe had carried the matter handſomly , ſhe had reduced this rebellious Slave; but ſhe having ever more ſpirit than judgment, was ſo glad to ſee the advice of *Phocinde* had produced ſo good effect, did think that the only way to bring *Agenor* unto reaſon, was to continue ſtill rigorous ; ſo that following her violent and envious diſpoſition, ſhe did not only ſeem ſevere, but phantaſtical and ſomething worſe : Inſomuch as *Agenor*, who already loved *Eliſa* very well, and who was much puzled to find a handſom pretence for quitting *Lyriope*, made uſe of this which ſhe gave him, and began to ſee her leſs and leſs by degrees, till at laſt he left off ſeeing her at all. Thus the counſel of *Poligenes* being neither rightly underſtood; nor well executed, produced an effect quite contrary to his deſign, for it quenched a paſſion which he would have kindled , and kindled another which he would have quenched : You may eaſily imagine in what a deſperate condition *Lyriope* was when ſhe perceived ſhe had loſt her Conqueſt, ſhe broke off with *Phocinde*, becauſe of the counſel which ſhe gave her, ſhe grew more envious, than before, and began ſo horribly to hate *Eliſa*, with whom ſhe knew *Agenor* continually was, that ſhe reſolved to take her for the object of her anger and revenge though ſhe did never voluntarily contribute any thing unto the infidelity of *Agenor*: For as *Eliſa* did never ſubject any hearts with any deſign ſo to do, ſo I know of a certainty that ſhe looked upon *Agenor* as a very pleaſing friend, but yet as a very dangerous Lover, and that there was not a man upon earth of whom ſhe was more afraid to be loved than of him: For ſhe being of a moſt piercing Spirit, did moſt perfectly know his, who being full of boldneſs, craft, and vanity, could not love long without prejudice to thoſe he loved, or at leaſt perſecuting them a hundred ſeveral ways. In the mean time, it was ſo natural unto *Eliſa* to inſpire reſpect unto all thoſe who came near her, and her ſtatelineſs was ſo faithful a Guardian of her beauty and virtue, that *Agenor* as bold as he was, durſt never attempt to make a ſerious Declaration of his Love, yet he could not forbear ſighing in ſecret, and ſuffer a thouſand torments, which yet he would not ſuffer to appear: And he would often ſay, that thoſe puling languiſhing Lovers, who are continually ſighing and lamenting were good for nothing but to trouble thoſe they loved? but that on the contrary, the way to get Love was to pleaſe, and the way to pleaſe, was to be pleaſant and merry; and that ſince Love is always repreſented laughing, he concluded that ſighs and tears were not ſo fit for him a joy and divertiſements. Alſo, that ſince *Eliſa* was of a merry nature, he conceived his beſt courſe was to be diverting her, without any ſerious talk of his paſſion. Likewiſe, conſidering her humour, he thought he ſhould never obtain that liberty; therefore his deſign was, to accuſtom her inſenſibly unto a permiſſion of telling by way of railary that he loved her, conceiving, that ſince ſhe knew the world, and underſtood railary, ſhe would not be offended at a thing of this nature, which he told her laughing, and in the preſence of much company, hoping by this way to hide the truth of his paſſion from the eyes of his Brother, whom he ſuſpected to be in Love with *Eliſa*, as well as himſelf, and whom he would not have thought that he was his Rival: And indeed, *Agenor* being one day with *Eliſa* in a great company, they began to tell him of his inconſtancy to *Lyriope*, (for this imprudent woman was not leſs ſcandalized for breaking off with *Agenor*, as ſhe was for contracting amity with him) and ſo much the more, becauſe they ſaid that the Queen intended to ſend her home unto her parents, and was much incenſed againſt her for her ill-carriage of the buſineſs.

Agenor then ſeeing them put a hundred queſtions to him concerning his inconſtancy, reſolved not to let a day paſs without putting his deſign in practiſe; ſo that he put them all off with Jeſts, and was wondrous jocund. For my part, ſaid *Eliſa* and laughed, if I were in your caſe, I ſhould rather ſay that I never loved *Lyriope*, and that I only made a ſhew of being ſo, than to confeſs as you do, that you are unfaithful, ſince in caſes of Gallantry, inconſtancy is as great a crime as cozenage, for to the laſt of theſe is only requiſite wit, boldneſs, and invention, but the firſt proceeds only from weakneſs: Alſo I am perſwaded (purſued ſhe) it had been leſs diſhonourable for *Lyriope*, that you never had loved her, then that you ſhould ceaſe loving and quit her. Since my paſſion was quenched by the rigour of *Lyriope*, (ſaid he with a diſſembling modeſty) I am perſwaded that my inconſtancy is neither diſhonourable to her nor my ſelf: Never excuſe your ſelf by the rigour of *Lyriope* (ſaid *Polygenes*, who was glad he could accuſe him before *Eliſa*) for I am ſure, that before ſhe began to be ſevere, you began to be inconſtant, and out of your own lightneſs left off loving her, before ſhe did contribute any thing to it: 'Tis true, (anſwered *Agenor*, and laughed, as if he ſpoke only in merry railary) I am forced to confeſs, that I left loving *Lyriope*, before ſhe thought of treating me with ſeverity, but yet it was not out of my own lightneſs good brother: What other reaſon beſides could you have (replied *Eliſa* ſharply:) My reaſon was (replied he, looking upon her, and raiſing his voice that all the Company might the better hear him) becauſe you uſe to make all thoſe inconſtant, who look upon you, and becauſe I cannot be with her, and with you too, becauſe I am often weary to ſee no company about the Queen, whil'ſt all the Gallants of the Court are at your feet adoring you; and becauſe I would do as all others do, that is, ſee you, hear you, admire you, and to tell you boldly before all this company, that which I am ſure not one of your Adorers dares do in ſecret. *Agenor* ſpeaking this with that blithneſs which was his natural way, and which did very well become him, all the company began to laugh, except *Poligenes* who bluſht: So that *Eliſa* not daring to take that ſeriouſly, which ſo many accompliſhed perſons took as a piece of Gallant railary, ſhe began to laugh as the reſt did, yet it was after a ſcorning way, and with a bluſh: But ſhe anſwered *Agenor* as in reaſon ſhe ought, without any anger, and interpreting the matter as a bare piece of merry wit; and indeed *Eliſa* thinking it to be ſo: I pray *Agenor*, ſaid ſhe unto him, make not me an umbrage for your weakneſs, nor loade me with the hatred of *Lyriope*: So you can admit of my love, ſaid he, never care for her hatred, for thanks be to the Heavens, I am very well cured: I aſſure you, replied *Eliſa*, I had rather *Lyriope* ſhould love me than you, and I fear her hatred more than I do yours: As for my hatred Madam, ſaid he unto her, You are ſafe; but as for my Love believe it you are not, for ſince I have made you ſome expreſſions of it before ſo much company, it concerns my honour to go a little farther: But replied ſhe and laughed, as it concerns your honour to go further, ſo it concerns mine to hinder you; and therefore I conjure you to be ſilent, unleſs you will very ſeriouſly have me take the part of *Lyriope*, and chide you extreamly for quitting ſo fair a perſon: And I pray tell me (ſaid ſhe and laughed ſtill) what aſſurance can I have in the affection of a perfidious Apoſtate? The aſſurance is (replied he) That you will not treat me as ſhe did, and that I hope you will invert the order which ſhe kept with me, for ſhe was ſweet at the beginning, and ſevere in the end, and I hope you will be ſweet in the ending, as you are ſevere in the beginning: Indeed *Agenor* you are much deceived, ſaid ſhe unto him, I am no Changeling like your ſelf, that which I am once, the ſame ſhall I be as long as I live, and ſince I am crabbed now, I ſhall be ſo for ever: That which you call crabbedneſs, does ſo well become you Madam, ſaid *Poligenes* to her, that you would wrong your ſelf if you ſhould leave it: Affability and mildneſs would become her better, replied *Agenor*: *Eliſa* is ſo ſweet and affable unto her friends, (ſaid I unto *Agenor*) that I am very glad ſhe is not ſo unto her Lovers, becauſe if ſhe were, I am perſwaded ſhe would not then be ſo unto me: It is a gladneſs which you will long enjoy, replied *Phocilion*: I am much obliged unto you for your good opinion of me, replied ſhe: And ſo am I to you, ſaid *Agenor* unto her, for receiving a Declaration of my Love with ſo much indifference, as that you are not ſo much as angry at it: I wonder not, replied *Eliſa*, that *Lyriope* ſhould be weary of you, for you have been but one quarter of an hour in telling me you are my Lover, and I perceive you do not know what you would have; ſometimes you ſay affability and mildneſs becomes me, and other times that my anger obligeth you; and therefore all I can ſay is, that I repent my ſelf of accuſing you for inconſtancy to *Lyriope*, and am ſo far from thinking that you quitted her, as I think that ſhe drives you away for troubling her with your impertinences, for truly you have wearied me already, though you have only told me the ſame in jeſt, which you told her ſeriouſly.

After this *Agenor* would have replied, but *Eliſa* addreſſing her diſcourſe unto me, did alter the ſubject, and made all the company do the like. In the mean while, *Phocilion* obſerved a little better than *Poligenes*, how maugre the mirth of *Agenor*, that which he ſeemed to ſpeak in jeſt, was really true: And alſo he perceived by the reſtleſsneſs of *Poligenes*, that his affection to *Eliſa* was not of the ſame nature he ſaid it was, ſo that *Phocilion* found two Rivals more than ere he thought of, the one of which concealed his paſſion by diſcovering it, and the other diſcovered it unto *Eliſa*, by hiding it, or at leaſt gave her ſome cauſe to gueſs at it. *Phocilion* yet had not that ſadneſs of ſoul which uſe inſeparably to follow the diſcovery of freſh Rivals, for on the one ſide he feared not *Eliſa*; and on the other ſide *Poligenes*, who was ſubtil, and experimented in matters of gallantry, after a ſerious obſervation of his brother, he apprehended him to be deſperately in Love with *Eliſa*, yet the light humour of *Agenor*, and the auſtere gravity of *Eli-*

ſa eaſed him of his fears. *Agenor* alſo, intending to deceive his brother, went at night unto his Chamber to ſee him, and began to expreſs his joys at all he had ſaid that afternoon unto *Eliſa*: For ſaid he, I am ſure *Lyriope* will know it, and ſo I ſhall be fully revenged on her for her ſeverity to me: Indeed Madam, *Agenor* did jeſt it out ſo well, as he did much puzle *Poligenes*, and made him doubt of that which he believed but one quarter of an hour before. In the mean time he continued his way with *Eliſa*, as he had done the day before, even before *Straton*, who took much pleaſure in what he ſaid; the preſence of *Barcea* did not hinder him, as phantaſtical as ſhe was; ſo that *Eliſa* was forced unto a cuſtom of this publique Gallantry, and the rather, becauſe ſhe did not believe *Agenor* was really in Love with her, yet ſhe was every day moved unto ſome fits of anger againſt him, but the jocandry of *Agenor* did preſently pacifie her, ſhe conceived that *Agenors* aim in it was only to ſpite *Lyriope*, for when there was much company, *Agenor* would then be ſure to be full of his Courtſhip, and addreſs himſelf to her with a thouſand pleaſant Gallantries: He would then be always next her, he would look ſeriouſly upon her, commend her to the heavens, obſerve her diligently, and do every thing that Love could prompt the moſt violent and paſſionate Lover unto: All this he did with a moſt admirable freedom of Spirit, which made *Eliſa* believe that his heart was not at all ingaged. But the rareſt part of this ſtory was, that though *Agenor* was full of a thouſand Gallantries when much company was preſent, yet when they were gone, and he remained alone with her, then he became as ſilent and timorous as a Sheep, he loſt all his confident boldneſs, he was all ſerious and ſadneſs, and diſcourſed with *Eliſa* only of things indifferent: But that which *Agenor* did, with deſign *Eliſa* ſhould thereby gueſs at his paſſion, was it which kept her from not knowing it, it not being imaginable, that a Lover ſpeaking without any Witneſſes unto the perſon he loved, ſhould not then give her ſome cauſe to think he loved her: However *Agenor* was always with *Eliſa*, as much as he could, and ſpoke to her of his paſſion, when there was much company, but not a word to her, when they were alone together : But however, this phantaſtical proceeding of his, procured him a thouſand priviledges ; for ſince he was full of pleaſant diſcourſe, and much delighted *Eliſa*, it moved her to talk more with him than with any other Moreover, every one did contribute their aſſiſtance unto ſuch a piece of Gallantry, as afforded ſuch jocand diverſion, and to the heart-burning of his Rivals, it procured him great familiarity with *Eliſa*, and to be continually with her : Alſo he ſo got the love of *Straton*, as he could not endure he ſhould be a day out of his ſight : On the other ſide, *Lyriope* knowing of *Agenors* procedure, did imagine, that perhaps he did not love *Eliſa*, but that he uſed this open Gallantry as a puniſhment for her ſeverity, and ſtill loved her in his heart : So that this undiſcreet woman practiſed a hundred unprofitable ſtratagems to reduce him, which did indeed drive him further off, and which augmented her hatred and fury againſt *Eliſa*, when ſhe perceived that really ſhe had no ſhare in the heart of *Agenor*, who went on in his ordinary cuſtom ; and he ſo uſed *Eliſa* unto his complacential diſcourſe, as ſhe returned anſwers without any anger. None of his Rivals were jealous, except *Poligenes*, who could not digeſt this divertiſement, which paſſed only for a piece of merry Wit. In the mean while, *Eliſa*'s ſcrupulous virtue began to fear that *Agenor* would tell her that ſeriouſly in private, which he in a Railary told her publickly, and ſhe was the ſooner induced unto this thought, becauſe *Poligenes* and I coming together to ſee her, we found *Agenor* there, who as ſoon as ever he ſpied us, began his uſual way of Gallantry. This ſticking in the ſtomack of *Poligenes*, he fell into ſo deep a ſtudy, as *Eliſa* could not chooſe but chide him, for not hearkning unto what they ſaid, asking of what he thought ? I think Madam, ſaid he unto her, that I had rather know what you did my Brother the honour to ſay unto him when *Telamis* and I entred, than to know what *Agenor* ſaith now.

Poligenes had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Eliſa* bluſht, and then imagined that her fears were not ill grounded, yet ſhe would not take it as in earneſt, but on the contrary, ſhe told *Poligenes*, ſhe was much obliged unto him, for hinting unto her, that ſhe ſhould not ſuffer *Agenor* to talk with her in private: Then Madam, replied *Agenor*, it ſeems you would have me talk to you of Love perpetually, whereas before I talk unto you of it only in publique, and never in private: However, replied E*liſa*, I will for the future never talk unto you without Witneſſes: I ſhall be much beholding to you for it (ſaid he) for when I was alone with you, I was in ſuch fear of you, and reſpect did impoſe ſuch a cruel ſilence upon me, as I never durſt tell the thoughts of my heart unto you: Truly, ſaid E*liſa* and laughed, I do not think that ever Lover returned the like thanks: However it be, replied ſhe, I had rather you ſhould ſpeak unto me of Love in publique, then of things indifferent in private. But Madam, I will not inſiſt any longer upon relation of trifles, which are not fully pertinent: Let me tell you only, that E*liſa* after this, did warily avoid all diſcourſe with *Agenor* in private: So that when he determined to talk ſeriouſly unto her concerning his paſſion, and to perſwade her he was in earneſt, he was much puzled to find out a fit opportunity. In the mean time *Phocilion* behaved himſelf towards E*liſa*, in ſuch a reſpective and obliging manner, that in very acknowledgment of it, ſhe thought her ſelf much ingaged to him, and permitted him once to tell her, that the Lover of whom he ſpoke, and himſelf, were one and the ſame perſon, yet he could draw no further advantage from this favour, but that ſhe promiſed him again, if ever ſhe altered her reſolution, and did intend to marry, it ſhould be in favour with him, but withal ſhe told him at the ſame time, that ſhe believed this time would never come, and therefore conjured him to content himſelf with being in the number of her friends. I ſhall not ſpend any time Madam in telling you how many Slaves the fair eyes of E*liſa* did captivate, for the number is ſo great as it is incredible, all whom ſhe treated with extream rigour; but I will apply my ſelf principally unto thoſe whoſe perſons and humours I have already deſcribed.

To proſecute therefore my intention, give me leave to tell you then, that *Agenor* ſeeing the more he told E*liſa* in publick, he was in Love with her, the leſs ſhe believed him; he reſolved therefore upon a ſecret way of declaring it unto her, yet he did conſider this deſign as the moſt dangerous that he could attempt: But ſince he could not endure to love, and not be beloved, he reſolved to put it unto the hazard. In the mean time E*liſa* avoiding all occaſions of privacy with him, ſinc the diſcourſe of *Poligenes* he was many days before h could meet with his deſired opportunity, yet he was th fitteſt man in the World, to put the moſt difficult matters into execution, and to cloſe with any occaſion which offered themſelves; for beſides his being very cunning, diligent, and ingenuous, he had many ſervants and creatures who knew very well how to diſcover whatſoever he deſired to know, and who would follow his directions moſt exactly: Moreover, he was Maſter of a moſt inſinuating and flattering affability, which joyned unto his liberal diſpoſition, did render him an abſolute Maſter of the Domeſticks in the houſes, where he had any intereſt of Gallantry, and by this means he could eaſily know when much company was with E*liſa*, and when none: He was ſo faithfully advertiſed, as he knew ſhe had commanded one morning, that they ſhould ſay ſhe was not within: So that making uſe of the familiarity which he had with *Straton*, he went to dine with him: After Dinner he would conduct *Eliſa*, unto her Chamber, who deſiring to ſee no body, would neither ſtay in the Chamber of *Straton*, nor *Barcea*'s: She would alſo have hindred *Agenor* from carrying her unto her Chamber, but her Father, who loved *Agenor* very well, deſired her to accept of the civility of him who was his friend, ſo that ſhe was forced to permit him. When he was at the door, where ſhe believed he would have left her, he ſeemed as if he had a pleaſant matter to impart unto her, ſo that he being accuſtomed to tell ſuch things, ſhe enterated him to enter: After which, *Agenor* inventing ſome kind of odd ſtory or other, for a pretence of beginning his diſcourſe with her, ſhe thought that he had no farther deſign, but to tell this adventure alone. But after he had told it, and ſhe deſired him to retire, *Agenor* began his intended Speech. Madam (ſaid he unto her in a low voice, leſt he ſhould be heard by two women who were in the Chamber) I am not yet at the end of my buſineſs, for the truth is Madam, I muſt acquaint you with a buſineſs which I fear will ſurprize you, though it ought not to do ſo, and which is likely to vex you, though alſo it ought not: For ought I ſee, replied *Eliſa*, you think me to be very unjuſt, ſince you ſay I ſhall be ſurprized and angred at that which I ought not to be; however, I deſire to know what thing this is? It is Madam (ſaid he unto her) That there is a man in the world who extreamly laments that you ſhould not know how he adores you, though he has told you of it a hundred thouſand times. How's this (replied *Eliſa*, and bluſht for anger, not thinking *Agenor* did ſpeak of himſelf) Is there any man in the world who was ſo inſolent, as to tell me he loved me? I knew Madam (replied *Agenor* faintly) that you could not endure to hear me without cholor: Yet I would have you tell me (replied *Eliſa* innocently) who this man is that has loſt either his reaſon, or memory, or both: I will Madam, replied he, but it ſhall be upon a condition you will not baniſh me, though I ſhould tell you ſuch things as ſhall diſpleaſe you, for unleſs you promiſe me this very ſolemnly, you ſhall never know it: It is not my cuſtom, replied ſhe, to condemn the innocent with the culpable; but ſince you will not truſt my equity, I will promiſe not to baniſh you, though you tell who this Mad-man is which hath a hundred thouſand times told me that which perhaps he never told me ſo much as once: But I pray tell me (purſued ſhe) in what Country was he born, and what is his name? The man of whom I ſpeak (replied this crafty Lover) was born in *Tire*, and his name is *Agenor*: *Agenor* (replied *Eliſa* and laughed, not beleiving he ſpoke ſeriouſly) he is ſo accuſtomed to talk fooliſhly, as that there is no heed to be taken what he ſays. and though I know him better than ever I did, yet I will not be always overreached by him. Oh Madam, ſaid he, I wiſh to the heavens you did know me, for is it poſſible you ſhould think, that when I told you before all the world I loved you, I told you ſo only, becauſe that kind of diſcourſe ſeemed a diverſion? Indeed I did ſo, anſwered *Eliſa*, and I think ſo ſtill, and ſhall do ſo as long as I live, and I ſhall never think otherwiſe; alſo I think it is advantagious to you that I ſhould do ſo: Then I have no other buſineſs in this world, but to prepare my ſelf for death, replied *Agenor*: Was there ever ſuch a fatal accident as this? Can I not perſwade you that I love you, only becauſe I have told you ſo too oft and too publickly? I pray *Agenor* (replied *Eliſa*, ſtill thinking he jeſted) do not inveigh ſo againſt my incredulity; and be moſt confident that if I did believe you, you ſhould not talk thus long with me.

It is not perhaps ſo eaſie a matter as you think, ſaid he, to impoſe ſilence upon a deſperate Lover, and ſuch a Lover as is accuſtomed every day to ſay he loves you, without any ſecret confinement of his paſſion. However it be, ſaid *Eliſa*, I declare unto you, that I cannot endure this kind of Gallantry when none is preſent: Railary ſuits beſt with a tumult, and is fitteſt for a general Converſation, not for a private: Thoſe who jeſt ſhould have many laughters ſtanding by them; they loſe the pleaſure of their conceits when only a ſingle perſon hears it; and certainly when two only talk together, they ought to be more ſerious. I do proteſt Madam, replied he, I did never in my life ſpeak a truth more ſeriouſly then this, when I ſaid in railary that I loved you, and whatſoever I ſaid did really proceed from the very thoughts of my heart. Take heed (ſaid *Eliſa* and interrupted him) you do not give me cauſe to think you are ſerious, for ſince your company is very pleaſant, I ſhould be very ſorry to baniſh you. It is not in your power to do it, replied he, for I engaged you by Oath to the contrary. No, no (ſaid *Eliſa* and laughed) do not think me ſo ſimple as to believe you. I wonder Madam, replied he, you ſhould not believe me: Though I had never told you that I loved you, yet methinks my aſſiduous viſits only ſhould have perſwaded you of it. If you had never told me, replied ſhe, I ſhould ſooner and more eaſily have believed you, and you perhaps have been more happy in your deſires. Alas, Madam, replied he, if I ſhould not love you, what ſhould I do with that paſſionate Soul which the Gods did give me when they gave me life? How is it poſſible a heart ſo eaſie to be enflamed as mine is, ſhould know you and not love you, eſpecially knowing you ſo perfectly as I do? For truly Madam, I muſt needs tell you, that there is not one of my Rivals who knows the tranſcendence of your merits ſo well as I do: Since it is my whole ſtudy and care to obſerve you, I may boaſt that I know better then they how ſuperlative your beauty is above others, and how your merit tranſcends all of your ſex and time: And ſince ſo Madam, how can you conceive it poſſible I ſhould not love you? Let me tell you once more *Agenor* (ſaid *Eliſa* and interrupted him) that I cannot endure this Railary unleſs it be before much company; nor can I imagine, a man really in love can in a jeſt tell it to the perſon whom he loves, before a hundred ſeveral perſons. Alas Madam, replied he, if you would permit me to tell it you in private, I ſhould never have ſaught unto this weak remedy of my miſery; but ſince I know you to be auſtere even unto Cruelty it ſelf, I thought it beſt to deceive you and my Rivals, and to make uſe of this invention until I had rendred you ſome ſuch ſervice as might in reaſon hope for a pardon of my raſhneſs in daring to adore you. *Eliſa* hearing this, was much at a ſtand, for on the one ſide ſhe had ſome reaſon to believe that he had a mind to deceive her, and on the other ſide ſhe feared there was ſome truth in his expreſſions, ſince he ſeemed to ſpeak very ſeriouſly: So that chuſing rather to incline unto ſeverity, then to give him any reaſon of belief that ſhe was leſs auſtere than uſual, ſhe was reſolved to afford him no hopes, therefore making all the auſterity of her Soul to appear in her eyes, in her aſpect, and in her language, this Lover, as ſtout and bold as he was, found himſelf put to a pitiful perplexity. Leave off *Agenor* (ſaid ſhe unto him) leave off ſpeaking thus as you do, unleſs you will loſe my eſteem for ever, either under the notion of a Friend or of a Lover: If the laſt of theſe, I ought not to ſuffer you after all this impudent boldneſs; if the firſt, yet ought I to break off with you, ſince you have ſo little complacence as at my deſire not to leave off that Railary which I endure in publique, leſt I ſhould ſeem fantaſtical, but which I adhor in private.

Agenor, who was acquainted with *Eliſa*'s humors very well, perceived by the tone of her voice, that if he obſtinately continued his telling her ſeriouſly he loved her, that he ſhould be baniſhed; therefore he durſt not do it: ſo that fearing to render himſelf more miſerable by ſtriving to prevent it, he took up another Reſolution, which was to conquer himſelf, to ſhut up all his melancholy in the cabinet of his heart, and to put on a face of Joy. After which, beginning to ſpeak in that frolique tone which he uſed in his Railary: Truly Madam, ſaid he unto her, I am now arrived at that point which I propoſed unto my ſelf, ſince I have made you angry: but for all that (purſued he and laughed) never think Madam, that to appeaſe you I will go and ſay I do not love you, for that's a little too courſe to tell a Lady, eſpecially a Lady ſo ſuperlatively fair as *Eliſa* is; ſuch words as theſe ſhall never come out of my mouth: be contented I aſſure you, that I am what I ought to be unto you, that I ſee how you receive Declarations of Love from others, and that I may know whether the friendſhip you are pleaſed to honour me with, be ſtrong enough to let me tell you what others do: But upon ſecond and more ſerious thoughts, and ſince I perceive I have no particular priviledg above others, I will begin to behave my ſelf as I did before, that is, to ſpeak upon matters of Love unto you in publique, and of things indifferent in private.

Agenor having the quickeſt and moſt nimble wit of my man alive, he ſaid this unto *Eliſa* in ſuch a manner, as almoſt perſwaded her, that it was only one of his old humours of railary, or ſuch a pleaſant trick as one knows not how to be angry at; ſo that ſhe being in a kind of confuſion betwixt mirth and anger, ſhe began to laugh with *Agenor* for company, yet grumbled at the fallacy which he put upon her, as if ſhe were not altogether deceived, and as if the anger ſhe had expreſſed was not real ſaying ſhe never thought him to be in earneſt: However after much bandying betwixt them, *Eliſa* drave *Agenor* away from her, believing indeed that it was as he had told her; yet ſomtimes ſhe would think her ſelf only neutral and indifferent towards him, but never thought him poſſeſſed with any violent paſſion to her, imagining, (if it be permitted to ſay ſo) that his ſoul was only poſſeſſed with an amorous friendſhip: As for *Agenor*, he went from *Eliſa* in mighty pelt: Have not I (ſaid he to himſelf, as he told me afterwards) ſpoken of Love unto *Eliſa*, more then ever any did ſince *Cupid* made any lovers, and can it be that *Eliſa* ſhould not know I love her? But why was I ſo ſimple, ſince I had ſpoke ſeriouſly enough to make her angry, as to endeavour the appeaſing of her, rather then the perſwading her of a truth which ſhe muſt know, Yet what would that her knowledg have availed me, if upon it ſhe would both baniſh and hate me? What ſhall I do? ſaid he, To what purpoſe is it to tell in publique that I love her, ſince there by I ſhall not be believed when I tell her it in private? And to what purpoſe is it to make her believe it,if it be her reſolution to love no body? Yet I muſt not deprive my ſelf of the pleaſure which I take in telling her that, which none but my ſelf dare tell her. Who knows, but by continuing in this courſe, I may in the end be ſo happy, as that ſhe will tell her ſelf in ſecret, that which I dare only tell her in publique, and make her know the truth without being angry? As auſtere as ſhe is, her heart perhaps is not ſo inſenſible as ſhe thinks it; for ſince it can be tender in point of friendſhip, it is not impoſſible but it may become ſo in point of Love. Theſe Madam were the reaſonings of *Agenor*, who indeed carried the buſineſs towards *Eliſa* as formerly he did.

In the mean time *Poligenes* obſerving by an hundred of his brothers actions, that certainly he was in Love with *Eliſa*, reſolved to impede the progreſs of this paſſion,not imagining it to be yet grown unto a height of violence, nor doubting but that *Agenors* obligations to him, and the reſpect which he both owed and uſed to pay, would make him ceaſe his pretentions, ſo ſoon as he ſhould acquaint him that he himſelf loved *Eliſa*: So that by this means *Poligenes* reſolved to diſcover unto one of his Rivals that he loved *Eliſa*, before he had diſcovered it unto her ſelf; but to tranſact more ſurely,and that at the ſame time,he was negotiating with *Agenor* to caſt off *Eliſa*,he might alſo oblige *Eliſa* to caſt off *Agenor*,he reſolved to have diſcourſe with her unto this effect, the which I ſhall preſently acquaint you with; but ſince he was reſolved to begin with *Agenor*, he ſought out for a fit opportunity of talking with him, which he could not meet with until the next morning, for of late they did not lodg together. To this end he ingaged him to a ſolitary walk which is in *Tire*, and which certainly is one of the moſt pleaſant in the world: For be pleaſed to know Madam, that *Tire* being an Iſle ſeparated from the Continent only by a little diſtance, the banks oppoſite to this ſtately Town make a moſt pleaſant proſpect unto the place where *Poligenes* carried *Agenor*.

But ſince it is ſomething neceſſary that I deſcribe unto you the place where they walked, in order to your better underſtanding of the paſſage, let me tell you, that on the Eaſt ſide of the further part of the Town, which hath no other walls in that place, than what Nature fortified by impoſſible acceſs, where the Rocks make a long Tarras of above five hundred paces, upon which eight or ten perſons may walk a breaſt, there being upon the left ſide of this Rocky walk which riſeth and falls ſometimes more, ſometimes leſs, ſeveral Grots extreamly pleaſant and cool, where weary walkers may reſt themſelves, if the Sun or ran annoy them. On the other ſide, is the Sea, which daſhing ſometimes to the very top of this natural Tarras (as I may term it) and making a noiſe mixed both of terror and delight, doth pleaſingly entertain thoſe who walk there alone. Moreover, the ſight of that oppoſite ſhore of which I ſpoke before, adds much pleaſure to the place; for Madam, ſince there is not one rich Inhabitant of *Tire*, who hath not ſome houſe there, it appears full of magnificent Structures and and pleaſant Gardens. Alſo the Port full of Ships and Gallies, makes rhe moſt pleaſant proſpect in the word, together with the ſight of the main Sea at the end of this Tarras walk, where the eye hath nothing to look upon but Ships which go and come to *Tire*, and ſeveral Boats of Fiſhers in many places, eſpecially towards the evening, which was the time when *Poligenes* brought *Agenor* to this lovely place.

But before I tell you of their being there, be pleaſed to know Madam, that *Phocilion* whoſe paſſion was as reſpectful as violent, having then no confident of his paſſion did much delight in ſolitary contemplation, when he could not be with *Eliſa*: So that having paſſed over almoſt all the day, and lodging near this pleaſant walk, he went thither, ſending away all his men, and reſolved to ſtay there very late. When he was at the end of this long Tarras, as he turned back, he ſpied afar off *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, who taking no notice of him, were talking earneſtly to each other. *Phocilion*, having no mind to interrupt either them or himſelf, went into one of thoſe pleaſant Grots of which I ſpoke before, intending to let them paſs by, and to go out when they were at a diſtance from him; but to the end he might not be perceived by them, chance inviting into a Grot that had many crannies and concavites one within another, he paſſed from the firſt into the ſecond. In the mean time, juſt as he entred, there chanced to fall one of thoſe ſudden Summer ſhowers of rain, which unexpectedly uſe to ſurprize, and cannot be foreſeen: This cauſed *Poligenes* and *Agenor* to look out for ſhelter, and to enter haſtily into the ſame Grot where *Phocilion* was: But ſince their deſign was only to avoid the rain, they took up with the firſt, and never looked into the ſecond, out of which *Phocilion* had come into their company, if he had not heard *Poligenes* and *Agenor* name *Eliſa*: So that ſince it was impoſſible, not to be curious of knowing what theſe two men, whom he ſuſpected to be his Rivals, did ſpeak of the perſon whom he loved, he ſtood ſtill in the place where he was unperceived, and where he might hear all they ſaid, the hollowneſs of the ſecond Grot eaſily receiving the ſound of their voices. They were no ſooner ſet, but *Phocilion* with a liſtning ear, heard *Poligenes* begin to ſpeak: I ſee very well (ſaid he unto his Brother) that you were deſirous to know, why I talked yeſterday unto you ſo much concerning *Eliſa*, and why I am ſo very deſirous to know what you think of her beauty, of her wit, and all the reſt of her charms, and thinking that perhaps you did not anſwer me ſincerely, I will acquaint you with the true reaſon which moved me to ask you what your thoughts of her were; I know very well, that you are very deeply ingaged in Love to her, if you be at all, but fearing you ſhould too much intangle your ſelf in a buſineſs which can never be effected, I thought now to teſtifie unto you, how dear your tranquility is unto me, and what confidence I have in your diſcretion: Know therefore *Agenor* (ſaid he unto him) that I have loved *Eliſa* even from her very Cradle: Do you love *Eliſa*, (replied *Agenor* with as much aſtoniſhment in his countenance, as if he had never ſuſpected any thing?) Yes Brother (replied *Poligenes*) I do love her, and love her in that height, as it is impoſſible for any to love her more; therefore perceiving you apt to ingage your ſelf my Rival, I had a deſire to prevent it, by truſting you with my ſecret, which is, that though *Eliſa* be all virtue, even in the abſtract, yet I believe if her auſterity ever ſuffer any to adore her, it muſt be my ſelf who muſt enjoy that happineſs: Since I have continually ſeen her ever ſince ſhe ſaw the light, and ſince my Love of her began to be known unto her ever ſince ſhe could know her ſelf, my paſſion hath not made ſuch a noiſe in the world, as the paſſions of all the reſt of her Lovers have done; and indeed you may perceive, that I am entertained with more familiarity than they, that ſhe never is ſhy in talking privately with me, and that ſhe ſeems much my friend unto thoſe who do not know I am her Lover; therefore *Agenor* make uſe of this advice which now I give you, and think, that I do not give it out of jealouſy, but only to the end you ſhould not loſe your time which ought to be moſt precious unto you: For truly, ſaid he and ſmiled, you are juſt now at an age fitteſt to make Conqueſts: If I had not loved you dearly, I ſhould have let you run on in your error, as all the Court doth, and ſhould have taken delight in ſeeing how you deceived your ſelf like all the reſt of my Rivals, but it was my love to you that would not ſuffer it.

Whilſt *Poligenes* was talking thus without any interruption, *Agenor* was conſulting with himſelf what reſolution to take, and being fuller of ſubtility than *Poligenes*, he knew very well, that what he ſaid was only to ſtave him off from *Eliſa*: So that he reſolved upon a courſe as bold as wicked, and anſwered unto *Poligenes* in theſe terms, whilſt *Phocilion* unperceived, did hearken both with wonder and attention; Brother (ſaid *Agenor* unto *Poligenes*) I am very unhappy, in that you did me not the honour to acquaint me with your love to *Eliſa*, at that time when adviſed me to preſerve that affection which *Lyriope* ſeemed to have towards me, for then the reſpect and duty which I owed you, might eaſily have quenched thoſe ſparks of Love to *Eliſa* in me, which now are grown to a flame. Since I had then no ſuſpition of your paſſion to her, I muſt confeſs, my ſoul is ſo wholly devoted to her, that it is abſolutely impoſſible for me to diſengage it; Not but that if I were fully perſwaded (added he moſt craftily) you were more in her favour than I, and that ſhe would make you happy, then I would reſolve to make my ſelf miſerable, I would then voluntarily exile my ſelf, and yield *Eliſa* unto you: But *Poligenes* (purſued he) I am moſt confident ſhe deludes you, and that you are not in ſuch favour with her as you think you are, and that you have a Rival above you in her thoughts: For indeed by your own confeſſion *Eliſa* knows you love her, and takes it very well: Do you count that nothing (replied *Poligenes*) and do you think it is not a greater favour to be ſuffered by the moſt auſtere perſon in the world, than all the beauties in *Phenicia* can confer? I do indeed believe (replied *Agenor* faintly) that you have ſome reaſon to take it as a favour, but I believe alſo, that the Lover of whom I ſpeak, has reaſon to think himſelf more in *Eliſa*'s favour than you are. I wonder (replied *Poligenes* ſharply) that if there were any ſuch thing, you have not ſtaved off ſuch a Rival from *Eliſa*; for believe it, I, who ſeem not ſo violent as you are, if I knew any ſo happy, as you would make me believe there is, I would not let him continue long ſo: I am very ſorry Brother (replied *Agenor*, and aſſuming a moſt ſerious countenance) That I muſt needs diſcover a ſecret to you, which I reſolved never to impart unto any, but the condition wherein I find your Soul, and mine, for your ſake, moves me to hazard all the happineſs of my life, rather than fail in point of friendſhip: Hear me then I conjure you, and if it be poſſible for you to be juſt in your own cauſe, I am moſt confident you will condemn your ſelf, and confeſs that I am not able to yield *Eliſa* unto you.

At theſe words *Poligenes* bluſht, and *Phocilion* in his Grot had ſuch turbulent pangs of Soul, that he could not chuſe but make a noiſe as he was ſhifting place, to the end he might hear the better: But they were ſo attent upon their diſcourſe, as they took no notice of it, ſo that *Agenor* proceeded: I know very well (ſaid he unto *Poligenes*) that I ſhall make you extreamly ſad, and my joys, of being more in *Eliſa*'s favour than any whoſoever, is exceſſive. Alas, *Agenor*, ſaid *Poligenes*, and interrupted him, your green experience deludes you, it may be you think, that becauſe *Eliſa* was delighted a little with your publick Gallantry, therefore ſhe loves you more than any other: But believe it *Agenor*, believe it confidently, that the hearts of thoſe who are perſwaded unto love, are never moved by publick talk before ſo much company: However it be, ſaid *Agenor*, I have told her that in private, which you never did, and I am ſure I never expreſſed one paſſionate word before you and others, but I expreſſed the ſame when I have been alone with her: But I pray Brother, without further moving me to betray *Eliſa*'s ſecrets, why do you not make ſome reflection upon things paſt, and from them draw infallible proofs of my happineſs? Have you not ſeen me ſlight *Lyriope*, who loaded me with favours, and that *Eliſa* did burthen me with the weight of her Chains? *Lyriope* was fair, ſhe loved me, and I did not hate her: Can you think that becauſe *Eliſa* is fairer than *Lyriope*, that I would quit her who favoured me, to take one that was rigorous? No, no, *Poligenes*, I am not of that compoſition, hopes is always as much in my heart as Love is, and I cannot tell whether or no it ſometimes precedes it; believe it I ſhould never have left *Lyriope*, if I had not ſome cauſe to believe *Eliſa* would be favourable to me; I know that my way of carriage to her hath been ſomething extraordinary, but I know alſo that by-ways are often the ſhorteſt: Yet I cannot believe, replied *Poligenes*, that the way which you have taken, will ever lead you to the heart of *Eliſa*, nor that you have found out this blind way, which ſo many men have only ſought for in vain: I could eaſily let you run on in your error, replied *Agenor*, but ſince it is advantageous unto my Love, that you be undeceived, I will acquaint you upon what terms I am with *Eliſa*.

Then began *Agenor* to tell a thouſand confident lyes to *Poligenes*, aſſuring him, that he held a moſt intimate correſpondency with *Eliſa*, that they two had agreed upon a thouſand things, which he repeated one after another; that ſhe took in ſerious earneſt all that he ſeemed to ſpeak in Railary, and that when they were in private together ſhe would tell him all that the reſt of her Loverr ſaid unto her.

If it be ſo, (ſaid *Poligenes* to try whether *Agenor* ſpoke truth) you know in what terms I expreſſed my paſſion unto her. *Agenor* now was put to a *non-plus*; yet remembring he had heard his Brother ſay that he would never diſcover his Love until he was almoſt ſure of being loved, he imagined (whatſoever he ſaid to the contrary) that he had never openly declared himſelf unto *Eliſa*: Therefore without any demur to his Queſtion; as for you, ſaid he unto him, I muſt needs confeſs that *Eliſa* never told me you ſpoke unto her of your Love: Perhaps the reaſon why ſhe would not tell me was becauſe I being your Brother, ſhe would not mock at your paſſion as ſhe did at the reſt of her Lovers: But certainly, ſhe ranked you only in the Catalogue of her Friends when ſhe ſpoke unto me; and therefore I never ſuſpected you to be in love with her, and conſequently I am innocently engaged to be your Rival; but ſo far engaged that I cannot make a retreat. *Poligenes* hearing *Agenor* ſay ſo, made no queſtion but he ſaid truly: For ſince he knew very well that he never told *Eliſa* how he loved her, the concordance of *Agenor*'s talk with this truth, moved him to believe all that he ſaid both before and after: But ſince Jealouſie made him invent a way how to pick out ſome advantage by his knowledge of all the paſſages between *Eliſa* and *Agenor*, he confined his anger and his ſorrows unto the cloſet of his own breaſt, and beginning to ſpeak: Go on you happy Lover (ſaid he unto him) and acquaint me with all your good fortune, that by quaſhing all my hopes, I may not diſturb your felicity But is it true (ſaid he unto him ſuddenly) that this auſtere woman, who has ſlighted ſo many Princes and Kings, can ſo far ſuffer her heart to be captivate as to tell you that ſhe loves you?

I dare not ſay poſitively that ſhe did, replied he. But is it poſſible, replied *Poligenes*, that ſhe ſhould tell you of all thoſe who adored her? I aſſure you, replied he, that ſince the late King went unto *Cryſiles*, I know all paſſages. Yet *Phocilion*, anſwered *Poligenes*, ſeems to be more in her favour, than to be comprized in that Raillary which ſhe uſeth to all her Lovers: Yet he is not, replied *Agenor*, but is more mockt at than others, *Phocilion* at theſe words thought out of a rapture of ſorrow to come out of the place where he ſtood concealed; but his deſire of hearing more, though what he had already heard was nothing pleaſant, reſtrained him: Yet he heard not much more which did directly concern himſelf, for *Poligenes* paſſing from one diſcourſe unto another, talked unto *Agenor* with extream diſſimulation. I could never have believed, ſaid he unto him, that one of my Rivals ſhould be happy, and I not horridly hate him; yet ſince I know very well that the choice which *Eliſa* hath made is juſt, I will condemn my ſelf: But ſince it is impoſſible I ſhould ſo ſuddenly fall from Love unto luke-warm indifferency; and ſince I had need to know whether *Eliſa* confers any freſh favours before I quit all pretentions to her; I conjure you to acquaint me with all that ſhe confers upon you, and not to think it ſtrange, if in waiting till you receive ſuch as ſhall ſtifle my Love, I continue ſeeing her. *Agenor*, very glad of this Propoſition which *Poligenes* made, told him of a thouſand imaginary favours, and aſſured him, that he would give him a Diurnal of the happy Progreſs of his Paſſion; asking a thouſand pardons, and profeſſing as many ſorrows for being an irremovable obſtacle unto his good fortune,

After which, theſe two Rivals ſeeing the ſhowre was paſt, went out of the Grot, and walked to the end of the pleaſant Tarraſs, ſtill talking of *Eliſa*. As for *Phocilion*, he was ſo aſtoniſhed at what he heard, as that he thought to ſtay and die in the Grot; but at laſt he went out, and taking away quite contrary to that of his Rivals, he went with all haſte home, not knowing any reaſon why he ſhould be ſo haſty. He was no ſooner there, but tells his ſervants he would not ſup, he ſhut himſelf in his Chamber, muſing ſo profoundly upon this cruel adventure, as he was not Maſter of his own thoughts. Is it poſſible, ſaid he to himſelf, that *Eliſa* whoſe virtues ſeemed always unto me more admirable than her beauty, whoſe auſterity ſeemed invincible who ſeemed to affect glory with ſo much zeal, that ſhe ſhould have any private engagements both with *Poligenes* and *Agenor*? all this at the ſame time when ſhe aſſured me, that if hereafter ſhe ever inclined to marry, it ſhould be unto me? Certainly I miſtook them: Yet all theſe cruel words between *Poligenes* and *Agenor* were ſo diſtinctly pronounced, and are ſo rivited in my memory, as I have not loſt the leaſt ſyllable. It is too true (added this deſperate Lover) *Eliſa* has but a ſeeming virtue; her auſterity is but an umbrage to deceive thoſe who think they know her beſt; and that Soul which I thought to be far above all the imbecillities of her Sex, is capable of the greateſt follies, which is, to love many at once. Is it poſſible (cried he) that the proud *Eliſa* ſhould ſcoff at the poor *Phocilion*, and ſacrifice him unto the happineſs of *Agenor*? and could I hear it from the mouth of two Rivals whom I thought worſe treated then my ſelf, and live? If I can endure this, I ſhall merit my misfortune: But I muſt either die for grief, or elſe I muſt kill one of my Rivals, or he kill me. Did ever ſuch a diſaſterous Fate hang over the head of any Lover? I thought I had loved an inſenſible woman, who by her inſenſibility and auſterity together overwhelmed me with jealouſie; or being out of hope my ſelf, I thought none of my Rivals were happier than my ſelf was: yet I find my ſelf in leaſt favour of them all. But who knows (ſaid he and interrupted himſelf) whether all this be true? Ah no, no, alas, alas, it is too too true: Were he only one Rival who boaſted of her favours, I ſhould think he had belched out ſome horrid lye; but there is no likelihood that *Poligenes* and *Agenor* both ſhould be cheats, eſpecially being Brothers: Let it then be moſt certainly concluded, that there is no aſſurance in any, ſince not in *Eliſa*. I have not ſo much conſolation in my miſery, as that can in reaſon call her perfidious, ſince ſhe never promiſed me her affection; only aſſured me, that if ſhe did alter her reſolution of never marrying, then it ſhould be in my advantage: Yet it ſeems ſhe preſerves her liberty only to engage her ſelf unto two at once: But O Heavens! am I not unjuſt in ſpeaking this of *Eliſa*? Can *Eliſa* love any, and not *Phocilion*? Can ſhe ſuffer others to ſpeak of Love, and impoſe eternal ſilence upon me? Alas *Eliſa*, ſaid he and ſighed, ſince your heart can admit of diviſion, why had not I a part? But what do I ſay (ſaid miſerable *Phocilion*:) No, no, *Eliſa*, I will have no ſhares in your affection. I had rather a hundred times you kept your ſelf neutral, and that you mocked at me and all my Rivals, then to enjoy a moiety only of your heart, I had rather *Eliſa* be hated by you, then to be loved with another: Take heed *Eliſa*, leſt this divided affection ſhould purchaſe you none at all: As for me, who have entirely given you my heart, I cannot be contented with a half. However, unjuſt and ungrateful *Eliſa*, I have this ſatisfaction, that I am revenged of you even by thoſe whom you preferred before me, for they talk of favours confered upon them without any rapture of Joy, and without any diſcretion: They talk of theſe favours with delight only becauſe it ſuits with their vanity; and I doubt not but they will ere long be blabbing to the world thoſe things which they talked in private. Alas *Eliſa*, what an ill choice have you made if you deſire to have ſecret Lovers? But to ſay truth, ſhe who can favour two at once, never thinks upon any diſcretion which they ought to uſe. I, Heavens knew, never had any favour to conceal; but when you did at any time look upon me without ſcorn, I did conceal it almoſt from my ſelf; Yet *Eliſa* you prefer two men who love you only out of vanity, and who love you more for their own ſakes then yours: If I had but one happy Rival to deal withal, I might hope that after I had defeated him, I my ſelf might be your Favorite: But that *Eliſa* ſhould have two Favorites, this opens a door for all my Rivals, and renders my happineſs impoſſible, ſince I cannot endure to be in a divided heart: But ſince it is granted, that *Eliſa* is not the ſame ſhe was thought to be, ought I in reaſon to continue the ſame I was to her? ſhould I adore her that is not worthy of any adoration? or ought I to love her who loves many?

or at leaſt who tampers ſo with two of my Rivals, as if ſhe did love them: But on the other ſide, How ſhould I not love *Eliſa*? *Eliſa*, who is Beauty in the abſtract; *Eliſa*, whoſe charms are inevitable; *Eliſa*, who has my heart in her hands; *Eliſa*, whom only I find fair; and *Eliſa*, whom only indeed I can love. Go on then *Phocilion* (ſaid he, and reprehended himſelf) hate thy Rivals and not *Eliſa*; pity only her weakneſs, and be revenged on them for her injuſtice, ſince thy reſpects will not ſuffer thee to do it upon her.

Theſe Madam were the ravelled thoughts of *Phocilion* all that night, not being able to reſolve upon what courſe to take. In the mean time, be pleaſed to know, that *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, after they came out of the Grot, continued their walk, as I told you, and ſtill talked of *Eliſa*: And ſince *Poligenes* knew that he never told *Eliſa* he was in love with her, nor had any hopes of being loved, he took another courſe to defeat *Agenor*, in faining ſtill to be in *Eliſa*'s favour. Since it is the will of Fate (ſaid he unto his Brother with as much ſeeming ingenuity as he had ſubtilty in his heart) that we muſt be Rivals, and Rivals both in favour: in lieu of diſputing who ſhall yeild up *Eliſa* unto the other, let us both equally forſake her, ſince ſhe is almoſt equally perfidious to us both, and thus by a generous diſdain, and ſurmounting our paſſions preſerve our friendſhip: and for a full revenge upon her, let us forſake her whole Sex in general: Let us look upon all Beauties only as bare ornaments of the Univerſe, without any doting upon them, but with the ſame freedom of ſpirit as we uſe to look upon fair flowers in meadows, or upon bloſſoms of trees, or buds, or fountains, or ſuch like: Why ſhould we loſe our reſt and reaſon? Gallantry is confeſſedly a delectable thing, but a violent paſſion is meer folly: Let us therefore *Agenor* quit this unjuſt woman, who cannot content her ſelf neither with your love nor mine, for what ſhe does to us, ſhe does the ſame to all our Rivals: Let us not omit any thing that may blunt the edg and beauty of her charms: My dearest Brother (ſaid *Agenor* craftily) your expreſſions do infinitely joy me, but ſince you are able to quit *Eliſa* out of jealouſie, ſpite, and reaſon, doubtleſs you can alſo quit her out of pity, generoſity, and affection: No, no, replied *Poligenes*, deceive not your ſelf, I am able to quit *Eliſa* if you can, but I cannot forſake her unleſs you can alſo. As good hap was, ſome company came, and broke off their diſcourſe; for conſidering the diſpoſition of their ſouls, it was to be feared that perhaps they would have quarrelled, if none had come to them. In the mean time, *Poligenes* and *Agenor* parted with different thoughts, for *Poligenes* went away extreamly jealous, but ſo did not *Agenor*, for he did not give any credit to his brothers words, neither did he fear that *Poligenes* would tell *Elſa* how he bragged of being in her favour; for knowing that it was not ſo, and that he never had ſo much as a favourable word from her, as her Lover; he imagined that *Eliſa* would never accuſe him of any ſuch invention; but that ſhe would rather think it the device of *Poligenes* to put him out of her favour.

Thus was he extreamly joyed at his finding ſome reaſon for not yielding *Eliſa* unto his Brother, and at his making him jealous, hoping that very ſpite would make him forſake *Eliſa*, yet was he not ſure as he imagined; for *Poligenes* was no ſooner up, but he went unto the houſe of *Straton*, and to the end he might have the opportunity of ſpeaking with *Eliſa* without any witneſs, he made choice of the morning; and for a better pretence, he told *Straton*, that ſome Ladies in the Countty had deſired him to ſend them ſome Jewels, and ſince *Eliſa* was known to have excellent judgment in ſuch things, he deſired *Straton* that he might ſhew them unto her in her Chamber, ſhewing him alſo (which he brought on purpoſe) ſome Diamonds, ſaying it was to let his Daughter ſee them. *Straton* no ſooner heard this, but he ſent to know whether his Daughter were awake, and hearing ſhe was dreſt, he carried *Poligenes* to her Chamber door, and having ſome buſineſs, left *Poligenes* with *Eliſa*, whoſe beauty without any art or ornament appeared in greater luſtre then ever he had ſeen it: At firſt, *Eliſa* thinking he had ſome buſineſs with her, asked earneſtly what it was: For I do imagine (ſaid ſhe unto him) that it is of ſome importance; ſince you come to me at an unuſual hour for the viſit of Ladies: 'Tis very true Madam, replied *Poligenes*, the buſineſs I come about is of great importance: But I muſt tell you, (ſaid he, and ſpoke in a low voice leſt any of her women ſhould hear) that the buſineſs concerns you more than me: For indeed Madam, had it been only my own buſineſs, I ſhould not have been ſo uncivil, as to have diſturbed you at ſuch an unfitting hour; and though my buſineſs is only your ſervice, yet I deluded *Straton* in telling him, that I deſired your judgment in ſome Jewels, for I did not think fit that he ſhould know what I have to tell you.

Eliſa was at the firſt ſurprized at the diſcourſe of *Poligenes*, but ſince he never uſed to tell any thing which diſpleaſed her, ſince ſhe thought him to be her friend, and never ſuſpected him as her lover, ſhe recollected her ſelf, and imagined, that ſince he had given her heretofore much good advice, ſo now perhaps he was come to acquaint her what *Lyriope* had ſaid of her; ſo that thinking *Poligenes* had ſomthing of conſequence to impart, ſhe made a ſign unto her women to go out of the Chamber; after which, turning towards *Poligenes*, I have a great deſire, ſaid ſhe unto him, to know what you have to tell me: Madam, ſaid he unto her, though in telling you my buſineſs, I ſhall give you good proof of my affection; yet I wiſh things were ſo, that I could omit it; for indeed it is of ſuch a nature, as friendſhip alone is not enough to excuſe the Treaſon which I ſhall commit againſt one whom Nature bids me love; but for all that, ſince it concerns the glory of *Eliſa*, I ſhall not weigh it; for I am perſwaded, that I ought to forget his intereſt or my own, rather then fail in the reſpects I owe you: I am infinitely obliged unto you (replied *Eliſa* moſt ſweetly) for your expreſſions of ſo much zeal in any thing which concerns me; but becauſe I will not hinder you from relating this buſineſs which I ſo much deſire to know, I will not therefore at this time return you your due thanks: Though my deſires of telling you, replied *Poligenes*, are higher than yours, yet I cannot chuſe but tremble at the Treaſon which *I* ſhall commit; Yet notwithſtanding *I* conjure you Madam (ſaid he to colour his deſign) that when *I* ſhall have diſcovered the crime of a man committed againſt you, that you will not then think me a partaker in his crime, but to make uſe of the advice which I ſhall give you, according as your prudence ſhall think moſt conducing to your tranquility: I promiſe to be directed by your advice *Poligenes*, replied *Eliſa*, leſt I ſhould diſoblige him who hath ſo much obliged me: Then Madam, replied he, I muſt with ſome ſhame and anger tell you, that the man whom I accuſe is my brother: How *Poligenes* (ſaid *Eliſa* and interrupted him) hath *Agenor* done any thing which will offend me? *Agenor* (replied *Poligenes* faintly) doth doubtleſs adore you as much as poſſible he can, but to be ſincere with you, he hath blabbed out ſome things which certainly he ought not: But I beſeech you (ſaid *Eliſa* ſharply) which way can the indiſcretion of *Agenor* concern me, for there is no private intimacy betwixt me and him, or any elſe; I wiſh Madam, replied *Poligenes*, that all he hath told me of you were not true, if it be not, your glory is much more ſafe: How *Poligenes*, (replied *Eliſa* and bluſht) has *Agenor* told any thing to my diſhonour? He hath told me ſomthing, which at leaſt is advantageous unto himſelf (replied *Poligenes*;) But Madam before I complain, give me leave to ſpeak, and in accuſing *Agenor*, in ſome ſort to excuſe him; and let me further tell you, that it is almoſt impoſſible to find a man of his age who is diſcreet: Diſcretion is a moſt excellent quality (replied *Eliſa* ſharply) but yet thoſe who come into my company may fail in it, yet not prejudice me: But *Poligenes*, I pray unmask this Riddle: Madam, ſaid he unto her, I would gladly talk with you, as if you did not know, that *Agenor* loves you: Alas *Poligenes* (ſaid *Eliſa* and interrupted him) I believe *Agenor* hath deceived you, as once he deceived me, when he would have perſwaded me, that all thoſe Gallantries which he has uſed in company, were real marks of his Love; for I profeſs unto you, I was a long time very angry with him for it, yet in the concluſion I was well ſatisfied, that all his deſigns were only to divert, ſo that we were reconciled again, and I both loſt and found a friend in one quarter of an hour: No, no, Madam, replied *Poligenes*, there is more in it then ſo: *Agenor* who is accuſtomed always to have two or three confidents of this paſſion, to the end he might have ſo many witneſſes of his glory made choice of me for one; and indeed I know all the paſſages between *Lyriope* and him. Alas *Poligenes*, ſaid *Eliſa*, *Lyriope* and I are of very different humours: 'Tis true indeed (replied *Poligenes*) he does not boaſt of receiving from you ſuch as he received from her, I mean Letters, Pictures, Tokens, and ſuch like favours as may be kept in a Cabinet, but he is ſo bold as to ſay, he hath received ſuch from you, as can be kept only in the heart with a pleaſing remembrance: I am ſo ignorant in matters of Gallantry (replied *Eliſa* with exceeding anger) as I cannot tell the differences between favours and favours, all I know is, there be none ſo little as are not criminal, or which I could ever find in my heart to confer upon any perſon: But yet *Poligenes*, pray ye tell me, what did *Agenor* ſay I did for him? He ſaid Madam, ſince I muſt tell you, (replied *Poligenes*) that he has told you a thouſand times in ſecret how he loves you, that you permited him ſo to do without the leaſt anger, and that you and he together did ſcoff at all his Rivals; and that in concluſion you did not hate him, if you did not love him, and I believe he talked of ſomthing more obliging then all theſe; for he talked, as if he often read in your eyes, that he had a little room in your heart: However Madam (added *Poligenes*, the more to prejudice *Agenor*) ſince I have diſcovered the weakneſs of my Brother, yet I muſt needs ask your favour for him, adviſing you not to puniſh him: Ah *Poligenes* (cried ſhe out) You give me moſt obliging intelligence, in acquainting me with the wickedneſs of *Agenor*, but truly withal, you give me very ill counſel, and I cannot tell whether you do me not a great injury in it, for you ſeem to think that what he ſaid was not invented: Since *Agenor* is my Brother, replied *Poligenes*, You may well pardon me if I did not eaſily ſuſpect him guilty of ſo horrid a crime as to invent what he ſaid unto me: If I had thought *Agenor* had added lies unto his vanity in lieu of advertiſing you of his crime, I ſhould have puniſhed him my ſelf: Then puniſh him, replied *Eliſa*, for he never ſpoke unto me of his pretended paſſion, but after the manner as I told you, and conſequently all that he ſaid are meer forgeries: But ſince *I* think it will redound more unto my glory, *I* will take another courſe, which ſhall be never to ſee him again: *Poligenes* finding ſo happy a beginning of his deſign, to confirm *Eliſa* the more in her reſolution, he ſeemed to oppoſe it, telling her, it would be enough if ſhe removed from him all ſubjects for his vanity, and not to grant him the liberty of talking any more in private with her: But the more he pleaded, the more averſe was *Eliſa* from ever ſeeing *Agenor* again, of which *Poligenes* was very glad: But ſince *I* perceived *Eliſa* was angry with him, for ſeeming to believe that *Agenor* had not invented what he had ſaid; he did ſo carry the matter, as he perſwaded her, that indeed he did believe *Agenor* did forge what he had reported: So that *Eliſa* thought her ſelf extreamly obliged to him for his intelligence, and looking upon him as her beſt and moſt faithful friend, promiſing to baniſh *Agenor*, and to find out a pretence for it without reflection upon him.

In the mean time, her anger againſt *Agenor* was extreamly high, ſhe would not ſtir out that day; and as ſoon as ever *Poligenes* was gone, ſhe fained to be ill, and to put on her night dreſs, commanding that none ſhould ſee her, but thoſe who received this command, did not exactly obey it: Indeed *Phocilion* being reſolved to return unto *Sidon*, and quit *Eliſa*, as ſoon as he had twitted her with her weakneſs, went to her as ſoon as ever Dinner was done, and found no difficulty of entrance; ſo that going ſtraight to the Chamber of *Eliſa*, he found her alone, and in a profound ſtudy: She no ſooner ſaw him, but chiding her woman for not telling him ſhe would not be ſeen, ſhe ſent me to renew the ſame command, which was exactly obeyed all the reſt of the day, ſo that *Eliſa* unawares gave *Phocilion* an opportunity of a long audience without interruption; for ſince ſhe eſteemed him very much, ſhe could not in civility bid him be gone, yet ſhe would not bid him ſit down, but upon condition he ſhould ſtay but one quarter of an hour, but he told her ſuch things as ſhe could not foreſee her condition was broken, and ſtayed a great part of the Afternoon. *Eliſa* ſeemed very ſad; and *Phocilion* was much incenſed: They were no ſooner ſet, but he began to ſpeak: Methinks Madam (ſaid he unto her) that for one who has filled many others with joys, you are very ſad your ſelf: I know not whether I had filled any other with joy, replied ſhe, but I am ſure there is ſome who hath filled me with ſadneſs: I am afraid Madam, replied he, that I am in the number of thoſe you ſpeak of, and that I am troubleſome unto you in rendring my laſt viſit: You need not doubt it (replied *Eliſa* very obligingly) if you come to bid me adieu, for then you add much unto my ſorrow: But *Phocilion*, you have not placed this word *Troubleſome* right, it had been much better, if you had ſaid you come to make me ſad: Your language Madam, replied he, had made me the moſt happy of men, if you had ſaid ſo yeſterday; but to day, I muſt confeſs, the more civil you are unto me, the more rigorous you are: Your language *Phocilion*, replied *Eliſa*, ſeems ſo odd, that I know not how to anſwer it: That which I know Madam, replied *Phocilion*, is ſo ſtrange that I am ſure I know neither what to ſay, nor what to think, and therefore you need not wonder if I be obſcure in my expreſſions, I wiſh if it were poſſible, that I ſhould not be underſtood, and yet I muſt needs complain; but I am reſolved to complain of my own misfortune, and not poſitively againſt you: I profeſs *Phocilion*, replied *Eliſa*, the more you ſpeak, the leſs I underſtand you: I pray conſider well whether you underſtand your ſelf, for I muſt confeſs, I cannot believe you have any good reaſon for what you ſay: I would to the Gods Madam, replied he, that I were culpable, and you innocent: Yes, yes, Madam, I am ſo zealouſly devoted unto your glory, that as great as my deſires are you ſhould love me, yet I ſhould be contented with your hate, ſo what I know were untrue: For ought I perceive, replied *Eliſa*, you accuſe me of ſome great crime: The crime whereof I accuſe you (replied *Phocilion* and ſighed) is of ſuch a nature Madam, that you would be very innocent, if you were only culpable towards me only: Why *Phocilion*, (replied *Eliſa*, and bluſht for anger) Do you believe I love any one? I know not Madam, anſwered he, whether the reſpects I have, and ever will have of you, will permit me to ſay I do believe it: But I am ſure, that what I heard from the mouths of *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, is enough to make me fear it.

Eliſa was amazed to hear *Phocilion* who was ever both prudent and reſpectful, ſpeak ſuch ſtrange language; and ſhe believed there was ſome odd accident in the wind, whereof ſhe was ignorant. Likewiſe her fear was, that the vanity of *Agenor* had reached his ear: But her greateſt wonder was, to hear him name *Poligenes* as well as *Agenor*: So that being extreamly deſirous to know the truth, and concealing a part of her cholor, ſhe importun'd him to tell her what moved him to ſpeak as he did, which he very exactly did, relating his walk, how he went into the Grotto to avoid meeting *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, how the Rain made them alſo to enter after him, and afterwards related to a ſyllable all he heard them ſay. *Phocilion* made this relation with eyes full of ſorrow, he often interrupted himſelf with ſighs, he looked upon *Eliſa* in ſuch a concerned manner, and ſpake ſo feelingly and reſpectively, that ſhe did not at all ſuſpect him of any forgery, nor did ſhe make any queſtion, but that what he related unto her, were ſpoken by *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, and ſhe did the ſooner believe it, becauſe there was much concurrence between the relations of *Poligenes* and *Phocilion* concerning *Agenor*: But the horror of the buſineſs, was her apprehenſions of *Poligenes*, who never ſolicited her but as a friend, and who came to advertiſe her of his Brothers vanity, that he ſhould himſelf prove as vain as he: In the mean time, as ſhe reſolved to baniſh *Agenor* upon the report of *Poligenes*, ſo ſhe reſolved upon the ſame ſentence for *Poligenes*, upon the report of *Phocilion*: But to juſtifie her ſelf unto him, and that with her natural auſterity; I am very ſorry (ſaid ſhe unto *Phocilion*) that when it was in your power to ingage me infinitely unto you, you ſhould ſo cruelly diſoblige me; for you without any offence have told me almoſt dead, tho you have wronged me in the telling of it: You might, if you would have acquainted me with the lies of *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, as lies which you thought fit to advertiſe me of, and not as truths; and I do tell you truly, you have more offended me in believing what you heard, than they have done in forging it; and if there be any concurrence, between their crime and yours, it is in that they believed one another, as you believed them: Why

Madam, replied *Phocilion*, can you think me more culpable than *Poligenes*? Or more wicked than *Agenor*? However it be, ſaid ſhe, you are not innocent, ſince you think me capable of extream imbecility. But to let you ſee how you are deceived, I am reſolved upon three things which I will put in execution; the firſt is, to ſwear unto you by all that is Sacred, that neither *Poligenes* nor *Agenor* did ever expreſs any affection unto me, unleſs by way of Railary in publick; the ſecond is, that you may judge of what is paſt by the future, and to let you know that I fear them not, *I* will for ever baniſh them both: The third is, that though *I* aſſure you *I* have more eſteem of you than ever *I* had of any, yet *I* will baniſh you as well as they, to let you ſee that *I* am Miſtreſs of my own thoughts when *I* pleaſe; and to perſwade you by this example, that one who has an abſolute Soveraignty over her heart, is not apt to ingage her ſelf ſo lightly as you believed: *I* cannot endure the ſight of a man who is ſo ſimply unjuſt, as to accuſe me of a horrid crime, a man who has given me a thouſand expreſſions of eſteem, one who might have perfectly known me, one who *I* believed could not have harboured a diſadvantagious thought of me, and one whom *I* thought had eſteemed me ſo much, as rather would give himſelf the ly, than entertain the leaſt ſuſpition which might be prejudicial to me. Alas Madam, replied he, how is it poſſible to be in Love, and not be jealous at the hearing of what *I* did? And how can one be jealous, and not loſe his reaſon, and be unjuſt? *I* know not how theſe hang together, replied ſhe, but *I* know that it belongs not unto me to examine the cauſe of your injuſtice; therefore, without further examination, whether you be unjuſt out of Love, or out of jealouſie, or out of any other cauſe, it ſufficeth, *I* have cauſe enough to puniſh you: But *I* beſeech you Madam, anſwered *Phocilion*, do you make no difference between them and me? Yes, anſwered ſhe, for in baniſhing them, *I* ſhall extreamly hate and ſcorn them, but *I* ſhall content my ſelf to have much indifferency towards you: This favour (Madam anſwered *Phocilion* with a ſigh) is of ſuch a nature, as may be received without any retalliation of gratitude: Whatever it be, replied *Eliſa*, it is all you are to expect from me, but to comfort you, let me tell you, that none ſhall ever receive a greater from me; for after this cruel adventure which hath fallen upon me, *I* ſhall be very cautious of ſuch impoſtures as theſe which you have taught me. *Phocilion* perceiving the firm reſolution of *Eliſa*, did uſe all poſſible diſſwaſive Rhetorick; he joyned conjurations to prayers, ſighs to words, and with tears he kneeled to ask pardon for his fault; but for all theſe *Eliſa* was unalterable, and go he muſt without obtaining any thing; yet though he retired with a moſt ſad Soul, yet it was ſome eaſement unto him, to perceive, that *Eliſa* was innocent; and he did ſo ſeriouſly repent of his facility in believing *Poligenes* and *Agenor*, as he hated them as much as if thy were his Rivals, upon whom he reſolved a revenge for *Eliſa*'s rigour. Alſo looking upon them as a pack of impoſtures, he conceived it to be his duty ſo to do in the behalf of *Eliſa*, though he had no other motive. In the mean while, as *Phocilion* was full of ſorrows and repentance, ſo was *Eliſa* of anger, and her anger was ſo full of revenge, that if her Soul had been capable of any violent and unjuſt reſolution, ſhe would have attempted any thing to ſatisfie her revenge upon *Poligenes* and *Agenor*. But *Eliſa* being very wiſe, and knowing that there are ſome things, which the more noiſe is made, the worſe they are, of which revenge would be but prejudicial; ſhe would not therefore ſet her ſelf to puniſh theſe two Offenders, yet ſhe did make them very ſenſible of her actions; for ſince they loved her with extream zeal, they did moſt bitterly reſent her uſage of them. In the mean time, ſince ſhe had taken a reſolution to ſpeak unto them, the one in preſence of the other, ſhe was two days before ſhe could find a fit opportunity for it, which by good fortune did then preſent it ſelf: For theſe two Rivals, both of them deſiring to ſtay the laſt with *Eliſa*, did ſtay until all the company was gone from her; ſo that at the laſt they were alone with *Eliſa*, but extreamly, aſhamed, and not daring ſcarce to look upon her, ſo much did their remorſe of conſcience upbraid them. So that *Eliſa* being confirmed in her belief of all that *Phocilion* had told her, began to talk to them both with ſuch a ſerious ſeverity, enough to make the ſturdieſt hearts to tremble, and imprint reſpect in the Souls of the moſt inſolent: Since you are Brethren in evil, and guilty of one crime, ſaid ſhe unto them, I think it fit to accuſe you both together, and pronounce the ſame ſentence. *Poligenes* and *Agenor* hearing *Eliſa* ſpeak thus, were ſtrongly ſurprized: *Poligenes* thought *Agenor* had diſcovered his crime unto *Eliſa* as he had his: And *Agenor* thought now that he was not miſtaken, when he thought *Eliſa* gave no credit to his words; but as bold as he was, he began to tremble as well as *Poligenes*, nor had they either confidence or leaſure to ask *Eliſa* what their crime was, for ſhe went on in bitter ſeverity to them as ſhe begun: Never think, ſaid ſhe unto them, that I will accuſe you by particulars of all your impoſtures, the diſcourſe would be unworthy of my ſelf, let it ſuffice I tell you, that the Gods have revealed unto me all that you ſaid in the Grotto that is in the long Tarras walk by the Sea ſide, I expreſly forbid you both ever to ſee me again, and let me tell you, that now I ſcorn you more than ever I have eſteemed you; alſo I defie you, and bid you ſay the worſt that can prejudice me: Never think to imploy the power of my Father, for if you do, I will acquaint him with the juſt cauſe of complaint I have againſt you; therefore without any reſiſtance, or delay, I expect obedience unto my will without a ſyllable of murmur. After theſe words, *Eliſa* went into her Cloſet, and made a ſign unto them to be gone; ſo that *Poligenes* and *Agenor* not daring to ſtay her, began to quarrel for betraying each other, yet they durſt not ſtay any longer in *Eliſa*'s Chamber, but went out in extream deſpair and fury, not yet directly knowing what was the object of all their cholor. But they had not gone above twenty paces belching out the fury of their Souls, when a friend unto *Phocilion* met them, and told them, that he expected them both at the Sea ſide which looks towards the North, with as many Swords as were requiſite for two to fight againſt two, adding, that the cauſe of his quarrel was of ſuch a nature, as no other way but this could give him ſatisfaction.

Poligenes and *Agenor* having ſharp edges ſet upon their

Spirits, did kindly accept of this Propoſition, and as men who had a greater mind to fight with one another, than againſt any elſe; yet point of honour not permitting them to deliberate, they told *Phocilion*'s friend that they were ready to go along with him, and did ſo after they had ſent away their men. Since their minds were full, they never conſidered what might *Phocilion*'s reaſon be for calling them to this ſatisfaction, but in the heat of their fury fought, and knew not why: nor would *Phocilion* tell them directly his reaſon, leſt he ſhould ingage the name of *Eliſa*: The Quarrel then not being known, the Combat then could not be prevented, the Event whereof was very bloody; it fell to the lot of *Phocilion* to fight againſt *Agenor*, and *Poligenes* againſt *Phocilion*'s Friend, all which four were wounded; *Phocilion* and *Agenor* more dangerous than the other two, *Phocilion* had the advantage of *Agenor*; but *Poligenes* had the better of *Phocilion*'s Friend. This Combat made a great noiſe in the world, none knowing the cauſe; for when any asked *Poligenes* or *Agenor*, they bad them ask *Phocilion*, and when they asked *Phocilion*, he anſwered, that it was ſufficient *Poligenes* and *Agenor* knew themſelves not innocent. In the mean time, this Combat produced this good unto *Eliſa*, for *Agenor*, *Poligenes*, and *Phocilion* being all three wounded, ſhe was at much more quietneſs, nor was any talk of her as the Cauſe, only *Lyriope* began to chatter a little, but ſhe durſt not vie againſt *Eliſa*, as formerly ſhe uſed, becauſe her Parents were upon marrying her unto one of the Court named *Aſiadates*, and indeed did marry her unto him within a few dayes after, more for intereſt of family, then any other reaſon: So that fearing leſt her hatred of *Eliſa* ſhould ſpeak her Love unto *Agenor*, ſhe concealed her thoughts of this buſineſs: As for *Eliſa*, her anger againſt *Poligenes*, againſt *Agenor*, and againſt *Phocilion* alſo, made her think her ſelf happy in being delivered from that fight, yet being of a natural goodneſs, if the thing had been in her diſpoſe, ſhe would not have permitted this combate; but ſince it was not, nor ſince ſhe had no hand in it, it did not grieve her that the Gods had permitted them to fight, and had ridded her of ſuch men as ſhe was reſolved never to ſee again.

This being the ſtate of things, and *Eliſa* confirming her ſelf more and more in her reſolutions never to marry but to grow more auſtere if it were poſſible. *Straton* who never enjoyed himſelf ſince the death of the laſt King, but having loſt all his hopes, he fell ſick, and within ſeven daies died of ſo violent a Fever, as he was not able to order any buſineſs ſince the firſt day of his falling ſick. This accident was ſo mournfully reſented by *Eliſa*, as I wonder it did not coſt her her life, at leaſt her beauty, yet the tears upon her face was only like a dew upon Roſes, which in lieu of changing them, makes them more ſweet and lovely; and as melancholy has a kind of languiſhing ſweetneſs in it, ſo *Eliſa* doubtleſs was nothing ſo auſtere in her ſorrows as formerly, and conſequently not ſo apt to drive her Lovers into diſpair. *Eliſa* in loſing *Straton*, did not only loſe a moſt indulgent Father, but found a ſubverſion of her fortune, by falling under the power of a phantaſtical Mother, who loved her not, but who ſince the death of *Straton* did perſecute her a hundred ſeveral wayes. However, *Eliſa* carried her ſelf with as much reſpect, as if ſhe were the beſt Mother in the world; and her generoſity was ſo high, that *Barce* having left her in the Country, and being returned her ſelf to *Tire*, ſhe there fell ſick of ſuch a contageous diſeaſe, as Husbands dare not come near their Wives, nor Wives their Husbands; yet *Eliſa* no ſooner heard the condition wherein *Barce* was, but ſhe departed immediately, and went notwithſtanding the danger, to help that perſon who reſolved to make her life as miſerable as ſhe could: But the Gods, who doubtleſs were pleaſed to make the virtue of *Eliſa* more ſplendent, took *Barce* out of this world, juſt as *Eliſa* was going into her Chamber, againſt the perſwaſions of all her friends: But ſeeing her Mother was paſt recovery, ſhe withdrew from a needleſs danger, and retired her ſelf unto a Ladies houſe, who was her Cozen, who lived extreamly cloſe, and whoſe virtue was extraordinary. Thus *Eliſa* made it moſt evident by this action, that ſhe had no deſign of admitting ſo much company as ſhe had during the life of *Straton*. But to the end *Eliſa* might make the greatneſs of her ſoul appear, the Gods were pleaſed to abaſe her fortune, that they might elevate her Glory, by ſuch a way as many have loſt theirs. Since *Straton* had great imployments under the late King of *Phenicia*, all thoſe unto whom he was indebted did fall upon *Eliſa* for ſatisfaction, and ſeized upon all her eſtate with ſo much violence and injuſtice, that they made *Eliſa* almoſt as poor as fair. However, though ſhe ſaw her ſelf in a moſt lamentable condition, yet her high ſoul never trembled at it, but ſhe carried out her bad fortune with as much reſolution, as ſhe did her good with moderation, nor was ſhe leſs auſtere: and when *Poligenes*, *Agenor*, and *Phocilion* were recovered, and would have ſeen her, ſhe did forbid them with as much authority, as if ſhe had been upon a Throne, and they her Subjects, ſhe was more ſevere than before, and ſhe would make it appear, that ſince ſhe was Miſtreſs of her ſelf, ſhe would follow the rules of virtue more exactly than before: But Madam, that you may ſee how great her virtue was, be pleaſed to know, that *Aſiadates* whom *Lyriope* had married, did at that time fall ſo deſperately in Love with *Eliſa*, as he was ready to run out of all his wits and patience for her, and who did more hang upon her then ever *Poligenes* and *Agenor* did; *Aſiadates* is a man of much Spirit, but very violent and haſty which moved him to act his deſires with an unexpreſſible impetuoſity; you may then very well imagine, that he being deeply in Love with *Eliſa*, would do any thing to enjoy her he loved, if he could find out fit opportunities for it. Since *Eliſa* would not admit of any viſits, unleſs of her moſt intimate friends, who could not be ſuſpected of any Gallantry, he could not find his deſired opportunity of ſeeing her at that Ladies houſe: At laſt he contracted a great league of amity with a perſon of Quality, who was one of *Eliſa*'s friends: Since few men in all *Phenicia* were richer then *Aſiadates* was, and ſince he underſtood the decay of *Eliſa*'s eſtate, he conceived that a woman, who was as high-minded as even unto very pride it ſelf, could never brook poverty, but thought that perhaps exceſſive liberality handſomly carried, would tempt her to admit of him as her friend at leaſt, though not as her Lover, yet he durſt not be ſo forward as to offer any preſents unto *Eliſa*, with capitulations of giving all his riches for the purchaſe of her heart, but he told her by this friend (whom he perſwaded that generoſity more then Love prompted him, ſince he could not endure to ſee virtue poor) that he made her an offer of all his eſtate, without the thought of retribution or gratitude, but her acceptance: Alſo he put into the hands of this Lady a vaſt number of Jewels, to preſent them unto *Eliſa*; ſo that any other than ſhe, conſidering the ſtate of her fortune, might eaſily have been dazled by them, for *Eliſa* then did ſubſiſt only by the generoſity of her with whom ſhe lived.

In the mean time, all the eloquence of his Lady Solicitor could not perſwade her to accept of this magnificent preſent, though ſhe did negotiate very cunningly with her; for having inſenſibly ingaged *Eliſa* to look upon them, ſhe carried her unto a Cloſet,where this abundance of Jewels did lie upon a Table: *Eliſa* not knowing how they related unto her,began to look upon them ſhe thought moſt admirably rare, and asked the Lady whoſe they were? Before *I* return you an anſwer, (ſaid this dangerous friend unto her) let me ask you what you would think of a man who would give you all theſe Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds? *I* would ſay and think (replied *Eliſa*) that he were either much in Love, or very liberal, or elſe not very wiſe, for *I* know not what elſe *I* ſhould eirher ſay or think: Yet there is ſomthing to be ſaid (anſwered ſhe) unto him that would give ſuch a Preſent. For indeed *Eliſa*, it muſt needs be confeſſed, that *Aſiadates* is the moſt generous man alive, and the moſt real friend that ever *I* knew; and to make it evident, be pleaſed to know, that he is ſo charmed with your virtue, as not being able to endure Fortune ſhould treat you with ſo much injuſtice, he hath charged me to beſeech you, that you will be pleaſed he may do that which Fortune would not, and enrich you with what ſhe has given him; He thinks his eſtate is not his ſo long as you do want it, and is perſwaded that you have more right unto it then himſelf. Moreover, never think that he has any ill intention in it, he will not ſo much as ſee you, if you pleaſe, he expects no retalliation or gratitude, but his liberality is all pure; therefore *Eliſa* make no ſcruple in accepting the aſſiſtance of ſuch a man, who offers it unto you by me, who would never adviſe you unto any thing which might, be prejudicial unto you, and who would never offer you the aid of another, if *I* were of ability enough my ſelf: All the while this Lady was talking, *Eliſa's* reſentments were inexpreſſible, ſomtimes anger made her bluſh, and look with ſcorn upon her which ſpoke, otherwhiles her ſhame made her deject her eyes, and ſomtimes her wonder would bring ſuch paleneſs into her face, as if ſhe were afraid: But at laſt, not being able to keep ſilence, I could never have believed, ſaid ſhe unto her, that Fortune could have brought me into ſuch a condition,that any one ſhould be ſo bold as to make ſuch a Propoſition unto me. But as there are ſome who ſuck poyſon out of the moſt innocent things, ſo by contraries I will draw glory out of the moſt infamous act in the world: And that you may not think I ſpeak this out of an arrogant pride, I will render you a reaſon of my thoughts.

Know then, I am fully perſwaded, that the eſtates of our friends may be ours upon ſome certain occaſions; but I am fully perſwaded withal, that unleſs one will render her ſelf infamous, one ought never to take or accept any thing from a Lover: Yet I have heard you ſay, (replied this intereſted friend) that liberality and love are inſeparable Concomitants: And I aſſure you, replied *Eliſa*, that woman who receiveth Preſents does give her ſelf, or to ſay better, doth ſell her ſelf: So that when a Lover would be liberal, it muſt be without any gifts un; to his Miſtreſs; but in Feaſts, cloaths, magnificent equipage, not in any thing which are profitable unto the perſon he loves; for indeed I know nothing ſo baſe, ſo wicked, ſo oppoſite to modeſty, nor which begets greater thoughts of ſcorn, then for a woman to take any thing of a man who is in love with her; and truly, for my part, I had incomparably rather receive a benefit of ſuch a nature as this you offer me, from the hand of a mortal enemy, then from any lover, and to beg it upon my knees, then to accept it from a man who is in love with me: I beſeech you think, that as unfortunate as I am, I have ſtill a heart ſo high, as Fortune cannot make it lower; and if I were to chuſe, either death or theſe magnificent

Jewels, doubtleſs I ſhould prefer it before them all, rather chuſing to die with glory then live with ſhame: But Madam (ſaid this corrupt friend) *Aſiadates* doth not require any thing from you: He doth inſolently ask me all things, replied ſhe, in offering me all theſe riches; and I am confident, that never any woman received any conſiderable preſent from a Lover, but within few houres after he has leſs eſteem of her then if ſhe had refuſed it, and looks upon her as one whom he has right unto, as if he had bought a Slave: Tell therefore *Aſiadates*, he is undiſcreet in the management of his inclination, which doubtleſs is liberal, ſince in lieu of getting my eſteem by this virtue, he hath got my averſion; if he will be ſhewing his liberality, he muſt beſtow it without any ends, let him inrich many unfortunate Gentlemen, of which the Court is full, and never think of dazling my eyes with Diamonds: Tell him farther, that I will ſhun him as much as civility will permit me, and if I ſhould follow my own inclination, I ſhould be revenged on him with more anger and delight, then if he had ſtole as much riches from me as he offers: And as for you (ſaid ſhe unto her whom ſhe ſpoke unto) I will for my own glory believe, that you thought the intentions of *Aſiadates* very pure and innocent; but ſince he hath a little corrupted you, I muſt continue no longer with one who will be perſwaded unto any thing oppoſite to Juſtice and virtue: In ſaying ſo ſhe riſe up, and went out, maugre all the perſwaſions of the Lady, and put her ſo out of countenance, as ſhe durſt never after ſee *Eliſa*. In the mean while, *Aſiadates* was even dead in ſorrow, when he underſtood how *Eliſa* had rejected his liberality, yet he acknowledged that he both eſteemed and loved her much more for it, then he did before: But the waſpiſh part of the buſineſs was *Lyriope*, who till then never believed that *Aſiadates* was in Love with *Eliſa*; but perceiving him to be malancholy, ſhe came to diſcover the cauſe, and to be extreamly jealous and ſpiteful: *Aſiadates* on his ſide, he conceiving that if he had not been married, he might have married *Eliſa*, he began to hate her abominably: So that *Eliſa* without any deſign, did make theſe two perſons the moſt miſerable of their time. In the mean time, *Poligenes* and

Agenor being out of all hopes to relent the heart of *Eliſa*, they begun to quench the flames of their paſſions, yet ſtill had ſuch a high eſteem of her, as obliged them both to juſtifie her, and confeſs their impoſture: But as for *Phocilion*, who was accuſtomed to love without hope, he continued to love her as before, and was ſo conſtantly reſolute, that in the end *Eliſa* pardoned him, upon condition he ſhould keep himſelf within the limits of friendſhip, without ever ſpeaking of any Love.

This being the ſtate of affairs, *Eliſa* followed her buſineſs ſo wiſely and cloſe, and with ſuch good ſucceſs, as ſhe recovered the greateſt part of her eſtate out of their hands who had uſurped it, and was now in a condition able to ſubſiſt of her ſelf according to her Quality without the benevolence of any; yet upon the caſting up of all accounts, ſhe found her ſelf not ſo rich as ſhe imagined; but yet having a ſufficient competency to paſs in the world, ſhe contented her ſelf with her fortune, and ſuited her ſelf accordingly: One loſs ſhe had which grieved her very much, for ſhe loſt that Lady with whom ſhe lodged: After which, ſhe reſolved to be Miſtreſs of her ſelf, and to enjoy that freedom as long as ſhe lived, ſhe being the moſt ſociable company in the world, ſhe had as much care in the culling of her Friends, as ſhe had in avoiding her Lovers: Never did any live a life more pleaſing, more contentedly, nor merrily than *Eliſa*, after ſhe had quit her ſelf of *Poligenes*, *Agenor*, and *Aſiadates*, who ſince the refuſal of his Preſent, durſt never perſecute her as before, yet ſtill the ſame fire burned in his heart moſt ardently: But Madam, that you may the better underſtand the felicity of *Eliſa*, it is expedient I make deſcriptions of ſome of her friends which ſhe then entertained, and what manner of lives both ſhe and they lived, by which doing I ſhall add glory to my Country, by acquainting you with the number of the moſt accompliſhed perſons who were with her: Be pleaſed to know then, that after *Eliſa* ſaw her fortunes to be competent, and in a better ſtate then once ſhe hoped, ſhe had the happineſs to be dearly loved with high eſteem and tenderneſs, by one of the moſt illuſtrious perſons in the world for all Qualities: *Eliſa* and this Lady, whoſe name was *Cleomira* were inſeparable. Give me leave to tell you, how *Cleomira* tho ſhe lived at *Tire*, yet was an *Athenian* born, and that her family was as illuſtrious as any of their Kings can boaſt of. But ſince I am not to relate her hiſtory, but only to let you underſtand the merit of her perſon, I ſhall only tell you, that *Cleomira* married a man of the beſt rank in all *Phenicia*, and of merit ſuitable to his Quality; after this I will endeavour to give you an *Idea* of *Cleomira:* I muſt not deſcribe her, Madam, as our Painters do *Venus*, for ſhe was not modeſt enough to ſet out *Cleomira*, nor yet as *Pallas*, becauſe ſhe was too auſtere; not as *Juno*, who was not charming enough, nor of *Diana*, who was a little too ſalvage: But to repreſent *Cleomira* rightly, is to pick out all the excellencies of all theſe Goddeſſes, to make her picture reſemblant: *Cleomira* was tall and well proportioned, all the features of her face were miracles, the delicacy of her complexion inexpreſſible, the Majeſty of her perſence ſtrikes admiration, and there is a kind of divine luſtre in her eyes which imprints reverence in the ſouls of all thoſe who look upon her; and for my part, I muſt confeſs, that I never came neer *Cleomira*, but my heart was ſtruck with an awful reſpect. Moreover *Cleomira*'s eyes are ſo wonderfully fair, that it is impoſſible any tongue ſhould deſcribe them, they are eyes which indeed do produce admiration, yet do not produce the ſame effects which other fair eyes uſe to do in the hearts of beholders, for in producing Love, they alſo produce at the ſame time both fear and reverence, and by a peculiar priviledge they purifie the hearts which they burn. There was alſo a mixture of excellent modeſty with the Majeſty and ſweetneſs which was in her eyes, and I am moſt confident, that there is not any man in the world which durſt entertain the leaſt vitious thought in the preſence of *Cleomira*. Moreover, her phyſiognomy is the faireſt, the ſweeteſt, and the moſt Noble that ever I beheld, and there appeared ſuch a ſerene tranquility in her countenance, as did evidently ſpeak the Halcion calmneſs in her ſoul; one might perceive all her Paſſions were ſubjects unto her reaſon, and never raiſed any inteſtine rebellions in her heart: I do not think that ever the Carnation in her cheeks was ſeen to exceed its limits, unleſs through heat in Summer, or by a bluſh, but never out of anger or irregularity in her ſoul: So that *Cleomira* being always conſtantly tranquile, was always conſtantly fair: Indeed Madam, if a body of chaſtity were to be adored throughout all the earth, I would repreſent *Cleomira*'s: If one would embleme glory, then let *Cleomira*'s picture be taken, or for virtue hers alſo. Moreover, the mind and ſoul of this admired perſon did infinitely tranſcend her beauty, ſhe has no equal in generoſity, conſtancy, goodneſs, juſtice and purity: The ſpirit of *Cleomira* has more in it than the light of Nature, for it is adorned and dreſſed with all the Liberal Arts, ſhe ſpeaks divers languages elegantly, and is ignorant in nothing that merits knowledge, yet ſeems not to know; the moſt ſublime Sciences tranſcend not her knowledg, ſhe is a compleat Miſtreſs in the moſt difficult Arts, ſhe built a Palace after her own ingenuous model, the beſt in the world, ſhe found out the Art of contriving a Palace of a vaſt capacity in a little room, order, proportion, regularity are in all the rooms, all is magnificent, all convenient, the deſign full of conceit and uſeful her Cloſets and Cabinets are full of rarities, which ſpeak the judgment of the chooſer; the Air in her Palice is all perfume, ſeveral rich pots full of flowers make a continual Spring in her Chamber, and the rooms of common uſe are ſo full of pleaſure and phancy, that one would think himſelf in a place inchanted when he's there. Moreover, ſhe had a moſt facetious ingenuity, in compoſing either Proſe or Verſe. But amongſt ſo many high advantages which ſhe received from the Gods, ſhe had the misfortune, that the leaſt diſtemper impaired her health, like certain flowers, which to preſerve their freſhneſs, muſt neither be alwayes in the Sun, nor alwayes in the ſhade, which yet being kept neither cold nor hot, do keep their beauty, or elſe will wither and die: *Cleomira* therefore being ſo tender, went leſs abroad than any other Ladies in *Tire*: The truth is, ſhe never needed to go out of her houſe to ſeek for company, for there was not a perſon in all the Court, who had any excellency of wit or virtue, who did not frequent it, nothing did paſs for currant, if it had not the ſtamp of her approbation, not to be known unto her, was thought not to be in the world; a ſtranger never travelled to *Tire*, who would not ſee *Cleomira*, and pay her homage; not any excellent Artificer but deſired the glory of her approbation upon their works, all the Poets in *Phenicia* did ſing her Encomiums, and ſhe had the eſteem of all ſo univerſally, as there was never any that ever ſaw her, which did not extol her, and were charmed with her wit, her ſweetneſs and her generoſity. Moreover, *Cleomira* was not the only Ornament of her Palace, for ſhe had two Daughters, who indeed were worthy to be hers: The elder, whoſe name was *Philonide*, has a mixture of much beauty, much complacence, much wit; all her inclinations are noble and generous, her ſtature tall and handſom, her beauty rare, her behaviour the moſt genuine and natural in the world, her wit rhe moſt charming, the moſt eaſie, and the moſt gallant that can be, ſhe writ as well as ſhe ſpoke, and ſhe ſpoke like an Angel; ſhe was wonderfully apt for all excellent things, and was ignorant in nothing that was fit for a perſon of her Quality to know; her dancing was able to make any in love with her, and ſhe was every way ſo apt for the world, for great feaſts, and the honours of a great Court, that it was impoſſible for any to be more, her dreſs did ever ſo well become and fit her, and troubied her ſo little, that one would ſay any thing would fit her, pleaſures and delights, did ſo Court her, that not a day did paſs without a freſh diverſion, and if ever ſhe were ſick, it was ever at ſuch melancholy times, as when no pleaſures were ſtirring; and if ſhe were ill at any time, it was only ſo, as to draw all the Court unto her Chamber, and never ſo ill as to be deprived of their company. Moreover, ſhe had ſuch a prodigious number of friends, (to ſay nothing of her Lovers) as it was to be admired how ſhe could anſwer the friendſhips of ſo many at once, yet ſhe gave them all very ample ſatisfaction; Yet I am confident, ſay what ſhe pleaſe, that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould love ſo many as ſhe ſeemed to be obliged unto for their friendſhip; and I am certain, there was a great number whom ſhe did only eſteem with common civility and acknowledgments, yet they all were very well contented with her, and loved her as effectually as if ſhe loved them, not but that ſhe had many friends who had deep ſhares in her heart, but that choice number was not eaſily diſcerned from the reſt, and I believe only her ſelf knew poſitively whom and how ſhe loved; yet ſhe had a general tenderneſs to all, which made her the moſt officious perſon in the world, and had ſuch ſecret and particular charms in her converſation towards ſome few men ſhe liked, as to paſs away one afternoon in her Chamber in one of thoſe Summer daies, which Ladies uſe to convert into an artificial night to avoid the heat, was enough to fall in Love with *Philonida*: But Madam, as *Philonida* was a great contributer unto the diverſions of *Cleomira*'s Palace, and made it a moſt charming Paradiſe of pleaſures, *Anacriſa* her Siſter did merit to be her Partner: She was not ſo tall as *Philonida*, though of a handſome ſtature, but the luſtre of her complexion was ſo taking, and the delicacy of it ſo extraordinary,that though her eyes were not extreamly fair, yet every one did highly applaud her with a thouſand Encomiums. Though *Anacriſa* was both very fair and amiable, yet there was ſomthing in her aſpect ſo ſprightly, ſo delicate, ſo ſubtil, ſo auſtere, ſo crafty, and ſo ſweet both, as did moſt pleaſing arreſt all eyes,and as did make her both loved and feared at once, and certainly it is no wonder ſhe ſhould inſpire both theſe two paſſions at one time, for ſhe was the moſt amiable and the moſt terrible both, which was in all *Phenicia*, There was one conſiderable difference between *Philonida* and *Anacriſa*, which yet was contributary to their happineſs; the firſt of them was almoſt never diſcontented, in all places ſhe was pleaſed with what ſhe could find in them, and whitherſoever ſhe went, ſhe carried ſuch a ſuitable Spirit along with her, as that ſhe could find pleaſures in Provinces furtheſt off from the Court: But for *Anacriſa*, there was ſo few things which ſatisfied her, ſo few perſons that pleaſed her, ſo few pleaſures that fitted her inclination,her phancy was ſo delicate, and her humour ſo hard to be pleaſed, as it was almoſt impoſſible for her to find one day of perfect happineſs in a whole year; yet was ſhe ſo happy, as that her diſlikes were alwayes divertiſements; for when ſhe was to paſs over a tedious journey in the Country, or an afternoon in bad company, ſhe would do it ſo pleaſantly, and in ſuch a charming manner, that it was not poſſible but to admire her, and one could not chuſe but pardon a perſon of ſo much beauty and ſpirit as ſhe was, for being very hard to pleaſe in her choice of ſuch as ſhe would honour with her eſteem, or allow them her converſation.

Thus Madam have I deſcribed *Cleomira*, and her two admired Daughters; and after this, I beſeech you, imagine what delights *Eliſa* would enjoy in the friendſhip of three ſuch illuſtrious perſons, who were not contented with loving her themſelves, but alſo would have all their friends to love her: Truth is, *Eliſa* was ſo amiable, that to know her was enough to love her; but though ſhe had been leſs obliging, yet her affection to *Cleomira* had been enough to purchaſe a reciprocal love, for certainly never did two love each other better, then *Eliſa* and *Cleomira*; and her aſſiduity did ſufficiently teſtifie as much, ſince ſhe was continually with her, and did every day partake of each others pleaſures and diverſions:She was continually ſtudious how to divert her with ſome pleaſant invention, ſomtimes by muſick in her garden, and ſomtimes by ſome innocent diſguiſement of her ſelf with ſome other of her friends: And ſince there was nothing excellent which might not be ſeen in *Cleomira*'s Palace, *Eliſa* was in a continual Paradiſe of joy and pleaſure; but the moſt ſolid and greateſt pleaſure of all the reſt was, that every Evening all *Cleomira*'s moſt intimate friends did rendezvouz at her Palace, and parted not, until handſomneſs and neceſſity of ſleep did invent them. But Madam, that you may the better underſtand the ſweetneſs of this Society, it is requiſite I give you a hint of ſome whereof it was compoſed,I mean of thoſe who were particular friends unto *Eliſa*, for I ſhould be too long and tedious, if I ſhould ſpeak of all that great number which meet every day at the Palace of *Cleomira*; and I am perſwaded, that if I ſhould undertake it, I ſhould make you more deſcriptions then there are Statues of gold and ſilver in the Treaſury of *Crœſſus*: So that confining my ſelf unto more narrow limits,I ſhall only ſhew you the pictures of ſome five or ſix, whom *Eliſa* moſt eſteemed, and who indeed were worthy to be ſo: Be pleaſed to know then, that amongſt thoſe who came every day unto *Cleomira*'s, there was a man of good Quality, called *Megabates*, Governour of a *Phenician* Province, and whoſe rare merit is worthy to be known unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus.* Indeed he was a man extraordinary, and it was hard to find a man of ſo many excellent qualities; he was big and of a good ſtature, his aſpect was fierce and ſprightly, he had given ſo many teſtimonies of his courage, as he had purchaſed abundance of glory; he has been ſeen to force Colours out of an Enſigns hand in the midſt of a whole Squadron of enemies, and kill him at his feet; afterwards to diſingage himſelf couragiouſly from his crowd of enemies, that would have hindred his retreat: But Madam, it is not courage only which makes *Megabates* illuſtrious, for the generoſity of his ſoul doth doubtleſs merit as much as his courage; and though he be naturally of a violent temper, yet is he highly juſt. Moreover, he is a moſt zealous honorer of his King, and lover of his Countries good, and the ſame zeal, which he has to his Prince, and to glory, the ſame he hath to his friends; he is not light in the choice of them, but whom he doth chooſe, may be aſſured that he is ſincere, faithful and zealous: As he is juſt, ſo is he a declared enemy unto flattery, he cannot commend where he findes not worth, nor can his ſoul deſcend ſo low as to ſpeak what he thinks not, chooſing rather the opinion of a ſevere man, than of a flatterer; and I verily think, that if he were in Love with a Lady, who had any ſlight defects either in her beauty, her wit, or her humour; all the violence of her paſſion could not make him betray his own thoughts; I verily believe if he had a Miſtreſs that was pale, he would never ſay it was whiteneſs, or if ſhe were melancholy, he would not in a complement call it ſeriouſneſs; all he was able to do, was to ſay nothing, where he could not ſpeak in her advantage; but he was never put to any ſuch extremities, for ſince he was deeply in Love with the fair *Philonida*, who had all the graces both of body and mind, he was never put to any conſtraint of himſelf, and he might well applaud her ten thouſand times without any fear of flattery. Moreover, *Megabates* in poſſeſſing all the virtues, had not the leaſt mixture of any vices among them, nor the leaſt tincture of any ill habits, his morals were all innocent, his inclinations were all noble, and the moſt cenſorious obſervers of him, could find nothing too cavil at but the maintaining his opinions with to much heat; but though he was very eloquent, yet when the heat of diſpute did animate him, that others would not be of his opinion, nor he of theirs: For indeed Madam you muſt know, that *Megabates* was Maſter of as much wit as courage and virtue, a wit that was converſant in fineſt ſcicences, and I dare aſſure you, that ſince *Homer* unto *Ariſtheus*, there is not a man who hath written, whoſe works he hath not read, with a judgment able to cenſure, both their excellencies and ther defects; and certainly his critical humour may be born with as an effect of his juſtice. Moreover, he writ himſelf ſo well both in Proſe and Verſe, that it is a great pity he ſhould not do it oftner, or that he ſhould be nice in that Quality: As he writ well, ſo no man could ſpeak better, eſpecially in ſuch company as pleaſed him, and did not oblige him to obſerve a rigid ſilence, as he did ſomtimes with ſuch as pleaſed him not. Moreover, he was ſo exceedingly apprehenſive, and could ſo dive into the hearts of thoſe he liſtened unto, that he would not only anſwer their words, but would very often hit on their thoughts. Again, *Megabates* for all his auſterity was exceeding civil, and this commendation muſt needs be given him, that he was the moſt regular, the moſt exact, and the moſt conſtant Lover in the world, whoſoever judgeth of him, either by the illuſtrious perſon whom he loved, or by thoſe whom he numbred in the Catalogue of his friends, muſt needs ſpeak much in his advantage, ſince certainly they cannot accuſe him of any Hood-winkt paſſion, or any bad choice in his friends, ſince they were all of them worthy to be ſo: But Madam, I ſhould never make an end, if I ſhould tell you all the excellencies of *Megabates*: I will therefore end with this for all, that he was a man incomparable and that too much cannot ever be ſpoken in his commendations: Judge then I beſeech you what glory *Eliſa* had, in having a friend of ſo much merit, a friend who never commended but upon merit, and who did zealouſly commend whereſoever he found worth; he extolled her to the heavens, and doubtleſs ſhe preferred one good word of his, before ten thouſand of others, becauſe ſhe knew he was ſincere. I remember I heard her once ſay in aggravation of his ſincerity, that ſhe would not believe her glaſs, ſo ſoon as ſhe would *Megabates*, when he told her ſhe was fair. In the mean time, tho ſhe who had ſuch a friend might well eſteem him as a Jewel, yet *Megabates* was not the only riches of *Eliſa*, for ſhe had other friends who in their wayes, and in their profeſſions, deſerved that glorious Title.

The High-Prieſt of *Tire*, amongſt the reſt of her moſt confident friends, was certainly a man moſt admirable, he had a wit ſo quick, ſo ſprightly, and ſo ſuperlative, that there was nothing which eſcaped his knowledge; yet was he naturally merry, and by inclination ſo gallant that before the Gods had took him unto their ſervice, he could not talk of any thing elſe but Gallantry, having ſuch a natural *Genius* to it, as he would be unawares full of ſuch expreſſions, but it was ſo pleaſingly, as *Eliſa* told me one day in a merriment, that it was pity when he changed his way of life, he ſhould not bequeath his talent unto ſome other, who with decency might have made uſe of it: But Madam, that you may the better know this *Tirian* High Prieſt, be pleaſed to know, that the ſolitude unto which he had confined himſelf, when he changed his profeſſion, did not convert him into a ſalvage, but the natural pleaſantneſs of his Spirit remained ſtill, yet in ſuch bounds of goodneſs and modeſty, as reſembled the innocency of the former ages: So that ſince there is nothing more agreeable, then to find a great wit, and much ſweetneſs mingled together, ſo there is nothing more amiable, then the converſation and Society of this *Tirian* High Prieſt; yet there is ſomthing of abruptneſs in his Spirit, and precipitation in his geſture, but not ſo much as to hinder him from being anſwerable to my deſcription; and this ſudden agitation which appeared in his body and mind, was rather an effect of zealous raptures at ſublime thoughts, then of any diſtemper in his humour: Moreover, his virtue, though moſt exact, yet was not ſo rude and auſtere as in others; he applied himſelf unto ſolid goods, and reſted not upon falſe and deceiving appearances, the equality of his humour was one of the charms of his Society, he was never ſullen nor ſharp with his friends; but loved them with tenderneſs and paſſion, loved them without any ends, he would go from his ſolitude to the Court without any tranſports of joy, and from the Court to his ſolitude without any ſorrow; but the rarity is, this High Prieſt is not only knowing in matters of Divinity, and Sacrifices to the Gods, but he is excellent in a hundred thouſand ſeveral other things; he writes moſt admirably either in Proſe or Verſe, and with ſuch a ſmooth facility, as if all the Muſes were his Dictators, and inſpired with what he writ; his fancies in matters of Poetry is of ſo vaſt an extent, that it comprehends the whole univerſe, he is ſo facetious, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſweet in his writings, that he adds a new fragrancy to the Roſes, and a greater luſter to the Sun, his works do ſo inſinuate, and imprint themſelves in the heart and mind with ſuch a paſſionate Character, as they are exceedingly profitable, and yet this ſoul ſo elevated, has the ſweetneſs and docility of a child, it is free from all preſumption or vanity, and he does ſo charm all thoſe that know him well, as they cannot chuſe but love him, and that with extream tenderneſs, his ſoul is adorned with a moſt modeſt joy which proceeds from his nature, and from the ſerenity of his paſſions, and which doth often communicate it ſelf unto others: The paſſionate inclination of his ſoul is not changed in him by changing his condition, he hath only changed the object of his paſſion, and in lieu of loving as he did heretofore all that was amiable, he now loves only that which is permitted him to love, which is, his duty and his friends: He is alſo much taken with the general beauties of the Univerſe, and makes it his ordinary delight to admire the grandeur of the Gods in contemplation of wonders in their works: The riſing and the ſetting of the Sun is a great diverſion unto him, and more than every one is capable of: A ſerene calm night, under a Canopy of ſparkling Stars, does pleaſingly invite his looks, the murmur of a purling Fountain doth ſweetly charm his ears, and the unmeaſurable vaſtneſs of the Sea does fill his ſoul with ſo much pleaſure, as makes him the more adore that God who is the maker of it. Thus the recreations of this *Tirian* High-Prieſt, being a ſtudy of wiſdom, you may eaſily imagin, how ſublime is his ſerious buſineſs; and yet his converſation is all affable, all pleaſant, free, and diverting, having the art, when he is diſpoſed unto any Railary, to leave out all bitterneſs and ſharpneſs, and to retain that which is pleaſing and agreeable,which certainly is a thing more difficult than the taming of Lions: Judg then Madam, if this *Sidonian* High Prieſt be not worthy to be received into the Palace of the great *Cleomira*, to be eſteemed of *Philonida* and *Anacriſa*, to be loved of the generous *Megabates*, and to be one of the friends of *Eliſa*, and indeed he is ſo, and in ſuch ſort, as none is more in her favour than he.

After this Madam, I muſt acquaint you, how there is another man of Quality, one of this admirable Society, who the High-Prieſt of *Sidon* did moſt tenderly affect, called *Clearques*, whoſe deſcription is ſo difficult, as I know not how to make it reſemble him; yet certainly he merits to be known unto you, and that with much eſteem: I can eaſily tell you, that his ſtature is a common height, his hair brown, and all the features of his face regular enough, and alſo indifferently pleaſing; but as for his Air and Phyſiognomy I challenge any one to deſcribe it: For indeed Madam, there is in his face a kind of ſeriouſneſs and lumpiſh melancholy, and yet there is alſo a kind of blithneſs and jollity in his eyes: Truth is, there is a miſcellany of joy and ſorrow in his compoſition, which ſucceeding each other in their turns, and ſometimes may be ſeen both at a time in his face, makes *Clearques* to pleaſe infinitely: He hath ſuch a diſpoſition unto mirth, that in the midſt of the moſt croſs affairs in the world, he is almoſt always ready to tell a merry tale, or to take any recreation: But Madam, in ſpeaking of the Spirit of *Clearques*. I muſt tell you, that he had as much courage as was poſſible,that he had made himſelf eminent in Martial Matters a thouſand times, and that he had all the qualities which were deſirable in a man of honour,but I will not inſiſt upon any deſcription of his virtues,only I muſt tell you,that he had one very eminent Quality, which was, that he would moſt faithfully and zealouſly keep all his promiſes, of this he hath given moſt Heroick teſtimonies, for all *Phenicia* knows, and hath ſeen him a thouſand times hazard his life and liberty for the intereſt of a great Prince unto whom he was ingaged. But in proſecution of my deſign I muſt let you know, wherein *Clearques* is the moſt ſingular: Imagine him then Madam to have as clear and delicate a Spirit as a man can have, and as capable of any high buſineſs when he pleaſed to imploy his parts: But the wonder is, there is not a man in the world who knew how to play the fool more pleaſantly than he; for his Spirit had ſuch a *Genius* ſo apt and particular for it, that nothing in the world made more pleaſant ſport than to hear him talk; yet his way was nothing like unto theirs who make it their profeſſion to tell merry ſtories and tales; that which rendred him moſt pleaſant was, he talked as if he never thought of what he ſaid, yet wit, fancy, and quickneſs were inſeparable from his words. Moreover, he would paſs ſo ſubtilly from a ſerious matter to a merry, that one could not chuſe but take exceeding delight in it: Some days he would be very reſerved and ſerious, as if he were hatching ſome deep deſign, and after he had kept a long and grave ſilence, he would ſuddenly begin to talk of Guegawes and gallantry as jocondly, as if he had never muſed at all: He would alſo addreſs himſelf to the moſt ſerious perſon in the world, as well as unto the moſt merry; and he did ſo well know how to hit the Spirits of thoſe he talked with, as he never ſpoke any thing which would let them take it ill: He would ſometimes act the child, as if he were one indeed, and with as much application, as if he had nothing elſe to do; he would alſo act the old and the young, the wiſe, the ſimple, the ſprightly, the Blockhead, when he was in the humour to make himſelf merry. Moreover, he was born with an amorous ſoul, but it was not after a common faſhion: For the very truth is, Madam, *Clearques* was the moſt gallant, the verieſt Weathercock, and the moſt conſtant Lover in the world; and though this laſt quality ſeems to be incompatable with the ſecond; yet it is moſt true, that he was both fickle and conſtant; his ſoul hath been ſo full of paſſion, that nothing could never ſtagger it, but maugre this conſtancy,he hath entertained a hundred petty tranſitory Loves; he never ſaw a woman that pleaſed him, but he would tell her of it, and be ready to do a thouſand ſlight ſervices when occaſions preſented themſelves, and to take delight in ſeeing and be ſeen: Yet for all this, there was ſtill a ſuperlative and predominate paſſion in his heart, which was never weakened by this multitude of trifling gallantries which he was in all places full of, and he was ever able to quit theſe tranſitory Miſtreſſes for her unto whom he had really given his heart, and was reſolved always never to abandon her: So that having found out the art of reconciling fidelity and inconſtancy together, he was all complacent unto all the Beauties he met with, and yet preſerved himſelf for his real Miſtreſs: It may be alſo ſaid, that Fortune had a mind to favour his gallant and merry inclination, for he met with fit adventures in every place, and found out occaſions of imploying his talent amongſt many Ladies, and that fair ones; ſo that his adventures were very ſuitable to his humour. Moreover, as he could ſpeak excellently, ſo he could write as well; and I do not think any ever had a more amiable way of trying wit as *Clearques* had in his Verſes and Letters,ſo gallant and ſo pleaſant as is inimitable: For though all he writ was genuine and natural, yet the wonder is how he could hit upon it, having ſuch peculiar fancies, as none could light upon,or if they did, could not expreſs them comparable to him: In ſhort Madam, *Clearques* was a man ſo extraordinary,that if the ſweetneſs and pleaſantneſs of his Spirit were ſeparated from the reſt of his good qualities,doubtleſs enough would be found to make up two compleat men out of one. He is alſo univerſally loved and eſteemed of all who know him, eſpecially by the admirable *Cleomira*, and all thoſe whoſe deſcriptions I have made.

Now Madam, to follow the Rule I propoſed unto my ſelf, I beſeech you give me leave to deſcribe unto you the wiſe *Theodamus*,who was one of this Society: He of whom I ſpeak, Madam, being infinitely eſteemed of all thoſe excellent perſons I have named, ought in reaſon to be ſo of you; nor do I doubt, but he will as ſoon as you ſhall know him: *Theodamus* is not originally a *Phenician*, but of a good extraction and Family, wherein virtue hath appeared with full luſtre a long time. Moreover, though *Theodamus* by his profeſſion may be ranked amongſt thoſe who are called the accompliſhed men of the Town; yet in reſpect of his great virtue and rare merit, he is ranked amongſt the accompliſhed men of the Court, all who do univerſally eſteem him, and treat him with extraordinary civility. But Madam, ſince the ſoul of *Theodamus* does merit a thouſand praiſes, I will not inſiſt upon the deſcription of his perſon; and to let you know him, I muſt firſt deſcribe unto you his honeſty, his juſtice, and his prudence; and I aſſure you, that all theſe three virtues are to be found in his heart, as they are in themſelves: Indeed I do not think there is any man in the world more ſincere, more free, nor more faithful than he; he is moſt juſt in every thing, even in ſuch things as he is intereſted in; and there was never any who with more reaſon doth merit the title of Prudent than he; yet there is ſomething in his temper which is not ordinarily found in temperance, for he is extreamly vehement, and if his wiſdom were not accuſtomed to conquer all his paſſions, and ſubdue them unto his reaſon, his cholor would ſometimes ſhake his ſoul: But Madam, this fire which upon ſome occaſion puts him to ſome pain, produceth a thouſand good effects, for it makes him the more zealous to ſerve his friends, it elevates both his heart and ſoul, it contributes much vigor and ſpirit in the tranſaction of any buſineſs he goes about, either in his own affairs or his friends. Moreover, he reſembles the generous *Megabates* ſo neer, that the love of his Country is ſo deeply imprinted in his heart, as there is nothing which he will not attempt for its ſafety, if occaſion ſerved. Again, *Theodamus* is the moſt regularly civil of all men living, and the moſt unwilling to diſoblige any one; 'Tis true, his ſoul was open, but unto very few, yet his heart was hard unto none: As the ſoul of *Theodamus* was great, firm, and generous, ſo his mind was as great, ſolid, and extreamly knowing; but though he was knowing almoſt in every thing, yet had been never verſed

ſed in the *Greek* Tongue, though his name was deſcended out of that Country where they ſpeak no other; yet truly this little piece of ignorance in him, (if the word may be applied unto ſo able and knowing a man) did ſet off all the reſt of his knowledg much better, for though he had not the *Grecian* Language, yet he knew all the *Greeks* did know, and there was not any Science unto which he could not ſpeak exceeding well; but in lieu of that Language, he was moſt perfect in the *Aſſyrian*, which is the moſt univerſal in all *Aſia*, and he was a Critique in his own natural tongue, inſomuch as there was none who was addicted to write in the *Phenician* Language, but they conſulted with *Theodamus*, who had himſelf ſo polite and uncommon ſtile, as never any had more fit, more noble, and more natural expreſſions of himſelf than he: He writ alſo in an excellent Character, which ſet off his works the better; and I aſſure you, without any flattery of him, that there appeared a ſweet regularity in every thing he did, neatneſs was inſeparable from every thing about him, neat in his apparel, neat in his houſe, neat in all things, ſo that the high-prized Cabinets of others, were not worth ſo much as his of leſs value at home, every trifle were effects of the generoſity of his judgment, which could not endure to ſee any thing out of its place. In the mean time, there is ſuch a Sea of goodneſs in his ſoul, that though he can ſee the leaſt blemiſh in thoſe that converſe with him, yet he was never known to ſpeak the leaſt ſyllable of the faults and imperfections of others, unleſs it were in a wild and harmleſs way of acquainting the owners of them, that they might correct them: Nor had this his goodneſs the leaſt tincture of diſſimulation in it, when he thought it fit to ſpeak unto any of his friends; for ſince he tranſacted always by the Rule of reaſon, he never ſought how to pleaſe them he adviſed, but how he might profit them. In the mean time, he is all ſweetneſs, all civility, and will commend, even with the higheſt ſtrains, thoſe whom he ſee deſerve it: He is ſo exceedingly taken with all manner of merit and virtue, as makes moſt evident he is himſelf a man of ſuperlative parts; but my greateſt admiration is, that though his temper be both violent and ſerious, yet his converſation is ſweet, eaſie, mild, agreeable, natural, and gallant, never conteſting in his diſcourſe, letting them ſpeak who have a mind to it, and himſelf full of ability to ſpeak when he will; and though he will ſometimes argue upon things, yet it is without any fury or intemperance, but with ſuch mildneſs, as ſpeaks him an abſolute Maſter of his paſſion, and a lover of reaſon; but when he is at any time high and zealous, he is perfectly convinced, that Right and Juſtice is on his ſide, and knows it requiſite to diſpute with zeal. Moreover, *Theodamus* makes it evident by his curioſity, that his pleaſures deſerves applauds, for he hath a Study which is adorned with moſt rare Books, having carefully and ingenuouſly collected all the learned, wity, polite, gallant, and pleaſant Writings of all the wits in *Phenicia*, ſince he came in to the world: In ſhort Madam, I do aſſure you, that *Theodamus*, both for the beauty of his ſoul, and the goodneſs of his heart, and alſo for the fineneſs of his wit, is worthy of infinite praiſes, and to be ranked in the number of thoſe whom *Eliſa* prefers before the reſt of the world; and indeed it is moſt certain, that ſhe did prefer him above thoſe ſhe eſteemed moſt, and amongſt thoſe whom ſhe admitted into her heart, he had the higheſt place; and indeed, the truth is, he was a man of ſuch rare merits, that he was worthy to be propoſed as a model of a man of true honour.

After all this, Madam, I muſt beg your favour, and permittance to make two deſcriptions more: The firſt ſhall be of a man of twenty two years of age, called *Pherecides*, who at that age had the glory to have for his friends all that *Phenicia* had moſt illuſtrious; and the other ſhall be of the famous *Ariſtheus*, for though he was a *Sardinian*, yet I am confident they know him not. But to return unto *Pherecides*, be pleaſed to know, that he was not only of an advantageous ſtature, but alſo extraordinary handſom, yet of ſuch a beauty, as in his Sex ſpeaks nothing of great and Noble, his complexion was delicate, his eyes gray and tender, the proportion of his face was juſt, even and pleaſing; but for all this, he had no reſemblance of that beauty which is in women; his carriage was high, and though there was an unconceiveable ſweetneſs in the ayr of his countenance, yet there was a kind of ſweet auſterity alſo, which rendred him moſt amiable. Moreover, he had the moſt lovely head of hair in the world, his locks lay in a thouſand round curls without any art, and was of the lovelieſt brown that ever eye beheld. *Pherecides* being as I have repreſented him unto you, adorned with all the ornaments of beauty, and in the ſpring of his youth, yet he had neither baſhfulneſs nor timidity, nor over-great boldneſs, nor inconſideration: One may ſay he came knowing into the world, ſo wiſely and gallantly did he behave himſelf; the tone of his voice was very amiable, and he had this advantage from Nature, that there was in all his actions an unexplicable conformity. Moreover, his ſoul was ſo noble, his inclinations ſo ſweet, and his heart ſo tender for his friends, and ſo full of zeal and fervency to them, as he merited much commendations. Again, he had naturally a pure wit, and he compoſed Verſes ſo fine, ſo moving, and ſo paſſionate, as it was evident that he had not a neutral ſoul: The Poetry of the great *Therpandres* his Uncle, whoſe reputation was ſo high, was not more excellent than he; and I am very confident, that never any had a heart more tender in a point of friendſhip, nor more fervent in love than *Pherecides*; for commonly thoſe who are hot in matters of Love, are cool in matters of friendſhip, and thoſe who are capable of the moſt zealous friendſhip, are ſeldom ſo of any violent love: But as for *Pherecides*, he loved both his Miſtreſs and his Friend with unlimited ardency. Moreover, he had one peculiar faculty which was at his hours of jollity, to imitate as excellently and plauſibly both, as if he were the very ſame he repreſented: But when he expoſed himſelf unto this paſtime, it was always in a little company, or in the Palace of *Cleomira* with *Eliſa*. Again, never could man act both a real gallantry and a counterfeit, nor ſigh ſo fitly as *Pherecides*; and he had found out the art of making ſuch a miſcellany of reſpect and boldneſs, by his way of acting with thoſe he loved really, and counterfeiting with thoſe he diſſembled, as it was impoſſible he ſhould be ill-treated: Truth is, Madam, I do not think it poſſible to find a more amiable Gallant, nor a more pleaſing Friend, than he; and I am confident, that if he had lived long, he had been as compleat a man as ever was in *Phenicia*: But, Madam, death raviſhed him from all his friends, in the very Spring of his youth, having the glory of having his Urn bedewed with tears from the faireſt eyes, and moſt illuſtrious perſons in all the Court.

Laſtly, Madam, I muſt ſpeak of *Ariſtheus*, of whoſe perſon I need not ſay much, ſince you know him; and ſince he hath been in your preſence, it will ſeem raſhneſs in me to deſcribe his Spirit unto you: But ſince I know it to be of vaſt capacity, and ſo incomprehenſible as you cannot fathom it in ſo ſhort a time, I think it permittable to ſpeak of it, as if you knew him not at all: Give me leave therefore to tell you, Madam, that *Ariſtheus* is illuſtrious in every thing, and is owner of ſo many rare qualities, as I cannot tell how to rank them into order, but I will ſhew them unto you as well as my memory will permit me; yet it is fit that the qualities of his ſoul have the firſt place; and I aſſure you, thoſe of *Ariſtheus* are ſuch, as anſwers all that is deſirable, for it is great, high, conſtant, generous and grateful: If from his ſoul I paſs unto his heart, I ſhall find it full of a thouſand excellencies, I ſhall ſee a love of true glory, and infinite goodneſs and tenderneſs of his friends, and a ſolid affection unto virtue; and if from his heart I aſcend again unto his mind, what is not to be found there? So clear, ſo great, ſo high, ſo univerſally knowing, as I know none comparable unto him, nor know I any thing which he doth not; if he talk of the moſt ſublime, knotty, and uncommon Sciences, he talks as if he never talked of any thing elſe; if he diſcourſe in matters of Phyloſophy, he renders himſelf intelligible unto the very ignotant; if he ſpeak of the Stars, of their ſcituation or elevation, it is as if he knew the way 'twixt earth and heaven, and as if he viſited all the houſes of the Sun, as frequently as thoſe in *Tire*; if he diſcourſe of the Morals, he will make it apparent he teacheth no more by his words, than he doth by his manners; if he fall upon any Subject concerning the Politiques, one would think he had governed the Univerſe for many years, it being not poſſible one can imagine, that books without a long experience ſhould infuſe ſo much knowledge; he does not only reaſon upon publick buſineſs, but alſo dives into the Councels of the deepeſt ſecrets; he looks at the cauſes of the moſt ſtrange events, and foreſees the ſequel of things with ſo much Juſtice, as it happens very rarely that he is miſtaken: If from the Politiques we paſs to his Poeſie, he ſpeaks as if he had taught the Muſes, and not they him, for never was any more admirable in that art than he; but the admiration is, he hath reduced that Science into Act; for he hath now compos'd a Poem, of the birth of the Gods, (and for that reaſon called it *Theogonia*) which is a piece ſo admirable, that ſince *Homer* never any attempted ſo great a work, it is not only great, but alſo admirable; and thoſe who are able to judge, do ſay, that he hath obſerved a better method, with more judgment and better excellency than *Homer* did. He is Maſter alſo of many other rare works, which render his name illuſtrious, and which are too long to relate, as well as many other qualities which *Ariſtheus* knows: For indeed he knows many Languages moſt perfectly, he knows all good books, he is excellent in Hiſtory, Geography, and to ſay all in few words, he is ignorant in nothing; but the greateſt wonder of all is, he knows men as well as manners and ſciences, and there was not harſhneſs in his converſation and Spirit, as uſeth to be in moſt Scholers; but on the contrary, *Ariſtheus* ſpoke more like a Courtier than a Scholar, he ſpoke moſt elegantly, and without affectation, and thought commonly moſt men who ſpeak much, are accuſed for ſpeaking too much; yet it was not ſo with *Ariſtheus*, though naturally he loves to talk. Moreover, *Ariſtheus* is not of that rigid Sect who ſcorns the converſation of women, but he is much delighted with them, and would paſs away whole afternoons in trifling talk with them, whom he knew could talk of nothing elſe: He expreſſed himſelf and his Gallantries with as good a grace, and perhaps better, than thoſe who are Gallants by profeſſion: 'Tis true, he hath been ſometimes blamed for being a little too full of flattery of Ladies, and too univerſally commending them he ſpoke unto; but I know this to be a part of ſo good a principle, as I am none of thoſe who will find any fault for being prodigal of his good Language. *Ariſtheus* is ſo gallant, that ſometimes he makes it known that he is in Love with an amiable perſon, who is a friend of *Eliſa*'s, and who ſo exceedingly reſembles the fair *Doraliſa*, as one would take the one for the other, both for her beauty, her wit, and her humours; yet to tell you plainly, I think the heart of *Ariſtheus* is only full of tender friendſhip unto her: But as for matter of Gallantry, I believe he keeps that cloſe in his heart, for he can hide it and ſhew it when he will, and is a moſt abſolute Maſter of himſelf: 'Tis true, he does and ſays a hundred things which may well be taken for a real Love; and I believe the friendſhip he bears unto this amiable perſon, has a degree of heat in it, which is above that he bears unto others, but for all this I cannot think it Love; all I grant is, that the ſpark which burns in his heart, is not altogether friendſhip: However, this doth produce much ſweet converſation, enough to make the Spirit of *Ariſtheus* appear: Some alſo do upbraid him with the like affection unto three or four one after another, and yet he cannot endure any ſhould upbraid him with inconſtancy; but in his own defence he ſaith, that he never yet drived any one out of his heart, who once entred into it, and that he only cauſed them to change places, and ſo without abandoning them, or ceaſing to love them, he only reſerves the higheſt place in his heart for the beſt of his friends, who ſweetly diſpute one with another for an Empire, which aſſuredly he never gives without good reaſon: However, this helps our converſation, and makes it more jolly. Moreover, *Ariſtheus* is ſo full of complacence, as he never contradicts any voluntarily; but my greateſt wonder at him is, his inclination to inhance the merits of others, and to hide their defects, which makes him ſo generally known, as none can be better: Indeed we have not a Prince nor a Princeſs, who do not think themſelves honoured in knowing him, and who do not treat him with abundance of civility: And, Madam, upon a ſerious view of *Ariſtheus*, I find, that he comes either ſhort of a virtue, or elſe is in the exceſs; for he is ſometimes ſo extreamly

treamly modeſt, as thoſe who very well know his merit, cannot endure it, for he will ſo reject their commendations, as if he were not worthy, and ſpeaks ſuch things of himſelf, as it is impoſſible he ſhould ſpeak as he thinks, ſince it is not credible, that he ſhould ſo perfectly know all good qualities in others, and be ignorant of his own excellencies. After this Madam, I believe you will confeſs, that a man who cannot be blamed for any thing but having too much of a virtue, is a man moſt extraordinary, and that ſuch a one is no mean contributer unto the pleaſures of *Cleomira*'s Palace: Did you but ſee the Divine *Cleomira*, the adorable *Philonida*, the fair *Anacriſa*, the admired *Eliſa*, the generous *Magabates*, the illuſtrious High-Prieſt, the pleaſant *Clearques*, the wiſe *Theodamus*, the merry *Pherecides*, the accompliſhed *Ariſtheus*, and five or ſix others, worthy of ſuch a company, with *Phocilion*, I am moſt confident you would be charmed, and confeſs that *Eliſa* had reaſon to think greater felicity was in ſuch friends, than in her Lovers. Moreover, Madam, it is requiſite I let you underſtand, that all theſe friends of *Eliſa* did not entertain her with ſuch a kind of friendſhip as take up with civility, and has ſo little fervency in it, as it can ſcarcely be diſcerned; but on the contrary, it was with a moſt ardent, zealous, and earneſt amity, which ſhewed it ſelf upon all occaſions, an amity full of applauds and commendations, which was carefully to pleaſe and divert, and to ſpeak reaſonable, this affection which they all had unto *Eliſa*, might be termed Love without deſires, ſince certainly there was much more in it than ordinary amity, though none of the reſtleſs reſentments of Love.

After this, Madam, you may eaſily imagine, that *Eliſa* being continually in *Cleomira*'s Palace, amongſt ſo many accompliſhed perſons, did live in full ſatisfaction, and was full of complacence, for her auſterity had ſo choaked all her Lovers, that they kept diſtances, and durſt not importune her; yet *Aſiadates* in his heart was ſtill full of unruly paſſions to *Eliſa*, and not daring to teſtifie his Love unto her, he reſolved to ſweeten the bitterneſs of his torment, by expreſſions of his hatred of *Lyriope*, who endured moſt inſufferable reſtleſneſs, that *Eliza* ſhould rob her of the heart of a Husband, as formerly ſhe had done of a Lover: So that whilſt ſhe was innocently enjoying her diverſions amongſt ſuch and ſo many illuſtrious perſons, *Lyriope* was plotting how to ruin her, and ſo to cure *Aſiadates* of his paſſion, yet ſhe was a long time before ſhe could contrive the way: But ſince there is nothing which jealouſie cannot invent, *Lyriope* knowing *Aſiadates* to be ambitious as well as amorous, to try if ſhe could take off *Eliſa*, reſolved to perſwade the King to undertake this Conqueſt, conceiving that *Aſiadates* durſt not be a Rival to his Maſter. Since ſhe had her education with the Queen, and was of the ſame age with the King, ſhe had great familiarity with him, for there was always a great friendſhip between this young Prince and her. Moreover, ſince he never yet knew what Love meant, ſhe thought it not impoſſible but her deſign might hit, and the ſooner, becauſe ſhe divers times heard him commend *Eliſa* very highly: So that making uſe of this favourable inclination, which ſhe ſaw he had unto the thing he deſired, ſhe contrived it ſo cunningly, that ſhe engaged the King one day unto a long conference with her; and ſeeming to be infinitely zealous for his glory and intereſt, ſhe perſwaded him that there was no better ſubject for it, than this thing which ſhe had to impart. This Prince being very deſirous to know her meaning, deſired her to tell him ſincerely what it was; *Lyriope* ſeeing ſo fit an opportunity, did cloſe with it: Then ſhe began to applaud him to the Skies, and to counterfeit a baſhfulneſs which ſeemed natural; ſhe told him that which doubtleſs ſhe never would, if her jealouſie had not been above her reaſon; I muſt confeſs, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him bluſhing, and holding her hand before her eyes, as if ſhe would not have him ſee what ſhe deſired he ſhould) that your commands do perplex me, for I muſt tell you, that which indeed handſomeneſs forbids me, and yet that which my duty tells me you ought to know: Since I am confident of your ſincerity, (replied this young Prince) I conjure you to tell me what it is: Know then, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, that the only fault which can be found in you is, that you are a little too ſolitary, and reſerved, and ſeem as if you were a hater of civil converſation,but eſpecially the converſation of Ladies; your Enemies ſpeak a little broad, and ſay, it is a ſign your heart is not ſenſible of thoſe ſervices which they render you, and that you baniſh your ſelf and them from the pleaſures of the Court; and that which is worſe, they intereſt the people in their reaſonings, ſaying, that thoſe Kings who are lovers of magnificency, feaſts, muſick, and glorious Gallantries, do inrich them in their trades; whereas on the contrary,thoſe who are of other humours do impoveriſh them: So that the herd of people being capable of any impreſſion whatſoever, this report begins to ſpread it ſelf throughout all *Tire*, and will ere long through all *Phenicia*; therefore, Sir, I conceive it would be very well, if you quitted your ſerious buſineſs, ſometimes to ſpend ſome hours in diſcourſe with Ladies; and to ſtop their mouths,I know not whether it were not beſt of all for you to ſeem as if you were in love with ſome beauty or other, but I would have her ſuch a one whom you may quit when you pleaſe, when you have ſtifled theſe odd reports which are raiſed among the people.

The King hearing *Lyriope* deliver her thoughts with ſuch expreſſions of zeal to his ſervice, never examined the truth of her words,nor did at all doubt them:So that ſeeming to credit her advice, he thanked her for giving it: And to teſtifie unto you, ſaid he unto her, that I am none of thoſe who will hear of their faults and not correct them, I will put my heart into your hands, diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe, for I do proteſt unto you, it was never yet any ones but my own, I have eyes *Lyriope* which can diſtinguiſh beauty; but I muſt confeſs they never loved with any violence of paſſion: Sir, replied *Lyriope*, I would adviſe you not to be too liberal of ſo precious a Jewel: Diſſemble the matter (ſaid ſhe and laughed) and counterfeit Love:But I pray,ſaid he, aſſiſt me in the choice of her with whom you would have me diſſemble: Then was *Lyriope* extreamly non-pluſt; for though ſhe wiſhed the King to diſſemble a love to *Eliſa*, when ſhe was at the very point of naming her, envy and jealouſie did ſo ſparkle in her heart,that it began to beat, her colour changed, and ſhe ſtayed a while with her mouth half open before ſhe could pronounce the name of *Eliſa*, to perſwade the King unto a choice of her for the object of that feigned paſſion which ſhe would adviſe him to aſſume. *Lyriope* hath ſince reported, that ſhe was in pitiful perplexity at that time; and indeed it is eaſily to be imagined, that envy and jealouſie conteſting in her heart, did put it into a ſtrange diſorder: On the one ſide ſhe ſaw that ſhe might do a great honour to *Eliſa* whom ſhe hated; on the other ſide, ſhe might ſpite *Aſiadates*, and extinguiſh a paſſion which diſturbed her tranquility: But though jealouſie was powerful in her ſpirit, yet ſhe had not overcome her envy, had ſhe not fancied much happineſs to her ſelf, if this project could wean him from the love of *Eliſa*; for as it is ordinary for envy to make thoſe partial who are poſſeſſed with it, *Lyriope* began to think *Eliſa* not ſo handſome as ſhe was, and never to think that the King would fall really in love with her; ſo that the tumultuous turbulency of her ſoul beginning to calm upon a ſudden, ſhe named *Eliſa* unto the King: But ſhe had no ſooner named her, then this Prince cried out, Oh *Eliſa* (ſaid he unto her) Certainly you have read my very heart, *Eliſa* being ſhe who of all the Ladies in the world beſt pleaſeth me, and with whom I can with leaſt pain ſeem to be in Love. *Lyriope* hearing the wind in that corner, began to tell the King (her envy growing ſtronger than her jealouſie) that ſhe ſhould be extremely ſorry, if ſhe ſhould kindle a real paſſion in his ſoul, and therefore ſhe would diſſwade him from the choice of *Eliſa*, ſince he had a greater inclination to love her than any other, but her labour was in vain, ſhe could not quench what ſhe had kindled, nor change the Kings mind; at laſt ſhe reſolved to ſtand unto her firſt principle. Thus it was on all ſides reſolved, that the King ſhould ſeem to be *Eliſa*'s ſervant. Since the Feaſt of *Neptune* was to be celebrated within two days, a fit occaſion of expreſſing his Gallantry did offer it ſelf, ſuch a one as would make all *Phenicia* his witneſſes. In the mean time, *Eliſa* knew nothing how *Lyriope* plotted againſt the tranquility of her life, but enjoyed a thouſand innocent delights in *Cleomira*'s Palace, finding more contentation in the converſation of her friends, than ever ſhe could in the multitude of her Lovers. *Phocilion* alſo, as amorous as he was, did not think himſelf altogether miſerable, though he was not loved ſo well as he would be, for he had the conſolation to hope that none would ever be more happy than himſelf: *Poligenes* and *Agenor* had an infinite eſteem of her ſtill, ſince reaſon and deſpair had cured them of their Love to her; but as for *Aſiadates*, he was ſtill in moſt horrible torment, the violence of his paſſion was without any hope, he received a thouſand affronts and checks from *Eliſa*; neither *Lyriope*'s jealouſie nor his own, would permit him any reſt, yet were his ſorrows much augmented upon the Feaſt-day of *Neptune:* For the King in proſecution of his intended deſign, applied himſelf to commend and Court *Eliſa* more than any other, and to ſpeak high in her advantage: He took her out to dance at a Ball which was kept at the Court, and made ſuch applications to her, as that the next morning the general noiſe was all over *Tire*, that the King was in love with *Eliſa*: But Madam imagine with what a reſtleſs ſoul *Lyriope* did paſs over the day of this Feaſt: For my part, who by chance was next her the ſame night that this pretended Love of the King made the greateſt flame, I muſt confeſs that I never ſaw any thing more equally carried in my life; for though I did not then know the true cauſe of *Lyriopes* changing countenance, nor did I imagine that envy only was the cauſe of it, yet did I obſerve all paſſages, I ſaw *Lyriope* look ſometimes upon the King, ſometimes upon *Eliſa*, ſometimes upon *Aſiadates*, and ſometimes upon nothing, though her eyes were open, but ſtood in a moſt profound muſing, I perceived her pronounce ſome words ſometimes half aloud, and perceiving her own error would reſtrain her ſelf. As for *Aſiadates*, I heard him ſay, that never man was ſuch a ſufferer as himſelf, when he ſaw the King become his Rival; for though he never was in the leaſt hope of *Eliſa*'s love, yet was he as much grieved at it, as if that Prince had taken from him the heart of *Eliſa*, or hindered him from enjoying her: As for *Phocilion*, he alſo was troubled at it, but his was with a mixture of ſome tranquility, and the more, becauſe he did not conceive that *Eliſa*'s eyes would ever be dazled at any grandure, ſince ſhe was uſed to treat Princes and Subjects all alike, and was ſo far from being ſtartled at Majeſty, that ſhe ſlighted it: But Madam, the rareſt part of this encounter was, that the King had not talked above three words to *Eliſa*, but he was really in Love with her, and in as high a degree as poſſible could be: yet was this Conqueſt no joy unto *Eliſa*, but on the contrary it troubled her: Yet to draw ſome good out of a thing which ſhe looked upon as evil, ſhe imployed all the credit ſhe had over the Spirit of this Prince, to diſpoſe it unto virtue, unto which he had already much inclination; and indeed it may be juſtly ſaid, that all *Phenicia* was beholding unto *Eliſa*, for a thouſand excellent things which ſhe infuſed into the ſoul of this young Prince. In the mean time, Feaſts, Muſicks, and all delight were more in uſe at the Court than ever; and though *Eliſa*, ſince the Kings love, did more affect ſolitude, and appeared in ſight leſs than ordinary, but carried it, as if ſhe would let the Court ſee that ſhe was no way contributary unto the love of this young Prince, nor rejoyced at all in the Conqueſt, yet it was impoſſible that ſhe ſhould not be preſent at theſe great aſſemblies, whereof ſhe was the cauſe, yet ſhe tranſacted ſo wiſely, that without incenſing the King, ſhe perſwaded him, that all he was to expect from her, was reſpect and acknowledgment; and that ſuch acknowledgment only, as ſhould be locked up in her heart without any other outward expreſſions, than wiſhing his glory, and the happineſs of his reign: And indeed this Prince (who was not of his Fathers inclinations) did love *Eliſa* with a moſt pure flame. In the mean time, *Lyriope* found her ſelf extreamly miſtaken in her opinion, that the Kings love to *Eliſa* would quench the flames of *Aſiadates*; for on the contrary, he ſeeing his choice authorized by the Kings, his flames were hotter, and he began to ſcorn and ſlight *Lyriope* much more; on the other ſide, this envious woman ſeeing the King did really love *Eliſa*, and that loving her as he did, it was very glorious unto her, ſhe thought how ſhe ſhould quench thoſe flames which ſhe had kindled, endeavouring to perſwade this Prince, that if he did love *Eliſa* in earneſt, he would loſe himſelf in the minds of the people more than by his indifferency and reſervedneſs, but her ſecond perſwaſions were not ſo prevalent as her firſt: So that giving allowance unto his violent and reſpective paſſion, he Courted the eſteem of *Eliſa*,and endeavoured to merit it by a thouſand acts of Juſtice, Clemency, and Liberality, knowing well, that the only way to win upon her was by ſuch ſolid virtues, yet this did not at all hinder his Gallantries. In the mean time *Eliſa*, though ſhe was naturally inclined unto good deeds, yet ſhe would never ask any thing of the King which might be any ſubject of obligation;ſo that ſhe was in all imaginable credit with the King, and would not make any uſe of it, for ſhe kept her ſelf cloſe unto her Maxim, which was to ſhun all obligations unto a Lover. In the interim, the Kings Love being truly grounded, his heart was all in a flame with the thoughts upon *Eliſa*, ſo that he tranſacted nothing without imparting it unto her, he conſulted with her in matters of greateſt importance; and though the modeſty of *Eliſa* obliged her to refuſe thoſe honours which he did her, yet he ſtill continued to ask of her thoſe counſels which ſhe ſtill denied: This Prince was ſo reſpective, as not to term his affection Love when he talked to her, but only to name it eſteem, friendſhip, and a moſt violent paſſion: He endured her to deny him a thouſand trivial things, which ſhe might well have granted unto his Quality, without any injury unto her virtue; and indeed ſhe denied him leave to have her Picture taken,with a ſtrange repulſe; and though there were a hundred of *Eliſa*'s Pictures at *Tire*, yet ſince they were taken in the life of *Straton*, and ſince ſhe would never ſuffer any to be taken ſince ſhe was Miſtreſs of her ſelf, they did not perfectly reſemble her, for ſhe was much fairer than all thoſe Pictures. However, he could not by any Rhetorick perſwade her unto ſo much complacence; yet this her refuſal did rather augment than diminiſh his paſſion, as it may evidently appear by the adventure of this her Statue: For be pleaſed to know, that this young King having finiſhed a great Gallery, which the laſt King his Father began to build, his fancy was to place in it two rows of the Statues of Women, and to make his choice out of all the Beauties in his Court: For there being then at

Tire many of the Diſciples of *Dipœnus* and *Scillis*, he conceived it an eaſie matter to effect his deſign, which he principally intended unto the eternal memory of his Love to *Eliſa*, by placing her figure in the higheſt part of this Gallery; So that all the Carvers and Ingravers of any reputation were ſet on work; but the choice of the moſt excellent among them, being imployed to make the Statue of *Eliſa*, yet he could not make it, all his art could not repreſent that vivacity which was in her looks and action, nor that high air of beauty which was in every part: For my part, I am perſwaded, their over great deſire of doing it to the life, did hinder them, for all the reſt did moſt lively and exactly repreſent the perſons for whom they were intended: The Statue of *Cleomira* was admirable,that of *Philonida* could not be better, that of *Aracriſa* was excellent, and chance would have it, that all were very well but *Eliſa*'s, which was very ill: I cannot eaſily expreſs how the King was vexed at it; ſo that, as you know, upon ſuch an occaſion every one will ſtrive how to pleaſe the King, ſome or other told him, that he knew how he might get a moſt admirable Statue of *Eliſa*: This was no ſooner ſaid,but the King was extreamly earneſt to know how: After which, he was told,that the moſt rare Statue of *Eliſa*, which *Dipœnus* and *Scillis* made, and which they carried away after the death of the late King his Father, was in the hands of *Crœſſus*, and that it was probable he would reſtore it,paying what it coſt,

This adviſe was no ſooner given than followed, and the ſooner, becauſe thoſe who had ſeen this Statute, aſſured the King that it reſembled *Eliſa* more now, then when it was made for her: And the truth is, *Dipœnus* and *Scillis* aimed to repreſent *Eliſa*, rather as they imagined ſhe would be,then as ſhe was at that time,eſpecially in her ſtature, for ſhe being then very young, it was imaginable ſhe would grow. In the mean time, Love being a paſſion which will not admit of long deliberation upon ſuch things as may give it ſatisfaction, this amorous Prince ſent unto *Crœſſus* a little before the War, or to ask of him the ſame favour which the illuſtrious *Cyrus* hath granted, but he was obſtinately denied: So that the King of *Phe-*

nicia making no doubt but to obtain what he asked, was exceedingly ſurprized to underſtand at the return of his Ambaſſador, that the King of *Lidia* had denied him: He did ſo little queſtion the happy ſucceſs of his deſign, that he made a moſt ſtately Pedeſtal to place this Statue upon, and he ſet up all the reſt of the Statues where they were to ſtand: but it ſo grieved him that he had not this of *Eliſa*'s, as he locked up the Gallery, and would not ſuffer any ever ſince to enter.

This Madam was the ſtate of things during the War, to wit, The King was ſtill in love with *Eliſa*, with a moſt unconceivable reſpect: *Eliſa* continues ſtill as inſenſible as fair and virtuous, *Aſiadates* ſtill loving her even unto fury, *Lyriope* ſtill hating her with as much animoſity, as envy and jealouſie could invent, *Phocilion* ſtill adoring her without hope, and all the world eſteeming her according to her merit, not excepting either *Poligenes* or *Agenor*: And moſt certainly ſhe merited all the reputation which ſhe had, for there was never any whoſe virtue was put unto more difficult proofs than hers.

This Madam was the ſtate of the Kings love to *Eliſa*, when the Fame of all the Victories of the illuſtrious *Cyrus* in *Lidia*, was blazed in our Court, but eſpecially in the Palace of *Cleomira*: For ſince there was no place in the world where the renown of all illuſtrious Heroes was celebrated, as in that; the valour and all the virtues of *Cyrus* was the ordinary diſcourſe of *Cleomira*, *Philonida*, *Anacriſa*, *Eliſa*, *Megabates*, and the High Prieſt of *Sidon*, *Clearques*, *Theodamus*, *Pherecides*, *Ariſtheus*, *Phocilion*, and all the reſt, whoſe Rendezvous was at *Cleomira*'s Palace, where I had the honour alſo to be admitted.

I remember one Evening amongſt the reſt, when news was brought that *Crœſſus* had loſt the Battel, and the illuſtrious *Cyrus* had gotten it, it was the moſt pleaſing and agreeable night that ever I enjoyed, War and Love was the ſubject of all their diſcourſe; the victory of *Cyrus*, and his love to the Princeſs *Mandana*, did furniſh them with ſubject ſufficient: *Megabates* and *Ariſtheus* had ſome diſputes concerning the policies of *Crœſſus*; but the pleaſant humour of *Clearques*, and of *Pherecides*, made them change their diſcourſe; for ſince it was probable *Sardis* would be ſuddenly beſieged, they told *Eliſa*, that ſhe would ere long be a Captive unto *Cyrus*, meaning her Statue which was there; but ſhe anſwered them, that ſhe had much rather be a Slave to *Cyrus*, than a priſoner unto *Crœſſus*.

Then paſſing inſenſibly from one diſcourſe unto another, and the King of *Pontus* his keeping the Princeſs *Mandana* in the Cittadel of *Sardis*, being the ſubject of their diſcourſe, *Pherecides* asked *Clearques*, whether he had rather be always as the King of *Pontus*, or always as the illuſtrious *Cyrus* is? That choice is eaſily made (replied *Clearques*) For I had rather be in the head of a victorious Army, able to win Battels, take Towns, and conquer Kingdoms, than to be mewed up in a Caſtle without either Army, Authority, or a Crown: You take not the queſtion as I intend it, replied *Pherecides*, for I ask you in general terms, which you think the more unhappy, him who cannot ſee the perſon whom he loves, being certain ſhe loves him, and knowing her to be continually under the eye of his Rival, or elſe him who ſees her every day, hath her in his power, but cannot move her heart: There is no difficulty in anſwering this queſtion neither, replied *Clearques*, for ſince one doth not love but to be loved, doubtleſs then I ſhould chooſe to be ſo, yet upon better thoughts I ſhould not much love, to have my Rival always with my Miſtreſs, eſpecially not being there my ſelf: Confeſs then, ſaid *Pherecides*, that the choice which I put you unto is not ſo eaſily made: I had rather confeſs, replied he, that I would neither chooſe the one nor the other of theſe conditions, for in the humour I am in, I love to ſee her whom I love, and love not to ſee her who loves me not: Since you love diſputation, replied *Cleomira*, you have a very good occaſion of it: If I were as able to come off as well as *Megabates* is, replied he, I ſhould not let ſuch an occaſion ſlip. *Clearques* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but all the company looked upon *Megabates* as the moderator; and indeed after he had anſwered *Clearques*, that his neutrality and indifferency unto all that concerned him not, cauſed his condeſcenſion unto the opinion of another, he began to maintain,

tain, that he whoſe Miſtreſs loved him, and never ſaw her, alſo knew his Rival with her continually, did ſuffer more than he whoſe Miſtreſs loved him not, and he ſaw her continually: Yet, added he, though I very well apprehend the rigid ſufferings of this abſent Lover, who of neceſſity muſt needs be jealous, yet it is ſo very natural to deſire the being loved, that in the choice of theſe two evils, I had rather chooſe that which the illuſtrious *Cyrus* endures, than to be expoſed unto the King of *Pontus* his ſufferings: After this (every one maintaining that ſide which they had choſen, with ſo much wit and conceit, as never was converſation ſo ſprightly and pleaſant) all the company parted. Now Madam to finiſh my relation, give me leave to tell you, That the King coming unto *Cleomira*'s at the end of this conference, it was there where he had his firſt thought of ſending to offer his alliance unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and to demand the Statue of *Eliſa*, if *Sardis* was taken: And indeed Madam, he no ſooner had intelligence that this Town was beſieged, but never doubting the taking of it, ſince it was undertaken by a Prince, whoſe valour nothing ever could reſiſt, but he diſpatched this Ambaſſador with whom I came, whom *Ariſtheus* deſired to accompany with many others, only out of curioſity to ſee the moſt illuſtrious *Cyrus*, whoſe Conqueſts are greater than thoſe of *Eliſa*, and whoſe glory is ſpread over all the earth.

Telamis having ended his relation left all the company extreamly ſatisfied with him, for making ſo many excellent perſons known unto them, and for relating the Hiſtory of *Eliſa*, whoſe rare virtue, as well as beauty, filled them with admiration: But *Cyrus* had no ſooner told *Telamis* modeſtly, that he might well have ſpared all his applauds of him: Then *Ariſtheus*, according to his promiſe returned, but returned ſo changed, and with a countenance ſo full of melancholy, that *Cyrus* was ſurprized: So that being very impatient to know the cauſe of this ſudden alteration, he began to preſs him unto a relation of what it was: Alas Sir, (ſaid he with extream ſorrow) whoſoever ſhould have told me when I went from hence, that it ſhould be I who ſhould relate the end of *Eliſa*'s life unto you, I ſhould never have believed it; yet you ſee me here in a ſad condition, able to relate the ſad ſtory of her death unto you? How, (cried out *Telamis* out of his ſad apprehenſion) is *Eliſa* dead? I hope, ſaid *Cyrus*, we did not underſtand your words well: I would I could tell you otherwiſe Sir, replied *Ariſtheus*: But alas, it is too true that *Eliſa* is dead, and dead in ſo glorious a manner, that her death was ſuitable to her life, and I cannot do her a more glorious office, than to move you unto ſome ſighs by relating it. Since *Telamis* is ſilent, purſued *Ariſtheus*, I ſuppoſe he hath finiſhed the relation of her life, until our departure from *Tire*, and conſequently you know that *Aſiadates* continued ſtill his violent affection to her, although the King became his Rival, and that *Lyriope* was ſtill both jealous and envious. Now I underſtand by one of my friends who hath brought this ſad news unto me, that all theſe ſeveral paſſions are ſtill augmented, and he aſſures me, that the Kings love of *Eliſa* is grown to that height, as that he looks upon her as to be Queen of *Phenicia:* So that *Aſiadates* fearing that *Eliſa* would be enjoyed by another, reſented it beyond all imagination, and reſolved to ruin the Kings deſign at what rate ſoever; So that making his ambition to ſerve his love, he began to plot with ſome male-contents, whereof the beds of Kings were always filled, hoping that if he could raiſe a Party in the State, and himſelf not ſeen in it, he might perhaps cure the King of his paſſion, by being buſied in diſſipating that faction which he had raiſed: On the other ſide, *Lyriope* ſeeing the power of *Eliſa* ſo great with the King, ſhe began to be more envious than jealous, and began to plot how ſhe might deliver her ſelf from theſe two Spirits which did continually torment her, though ſhe imployed all the unjuſt means in the world to effect her deſign. Since inhumanity goes againſt the hair of her Sex, ſhe did not at the firſt think upon the applying of extream remedies: But ſeeing that the Kings love did daily increaſe, and that *Aſiadates* was more and more violent in his paſſions, that be did treat her worſe and worſe; and conſidering that if the King ſhould marry *Eliſa*, ſhe ſhould then be a ſubject unto her who had taken from her the heart both of a Lover and a husband, alſo unto one whom ſhe ever hated, though ſhe had no other reaſon for it, but becauſe ſhe was fairer than her ſelf: I ſay *Lyriope* conſidering all theſe things, ſhe reſolved upon a moſt horrid courſe, which was, to find out ſome way or other how to take away the beauty of *Eliſa*, thinking thereby to take away the cauſe of all her miſeries, in damping the love of the King, and the love of *Aſiadates:* So that without further delay, ſhe conſpired with an *Arabian* Phyſician, who was then at *Tire*, and whoſe reputation in point of honeſty was not over good, and hiring him by rich rewards, he promiſed her what ſhe deſired, but he had much ado to keep his word; for ſince *Eliſa* never uſed any adulterations of art to help her beauty, he could not find out any means to blaſt her complexion by any exteriour things: So that this man at the earneſt inſtigation of *Lyriope*, who would not let him reſt, reſolved ſince he could not do it otherwiſe, to take away the beauty of *Eliſa*, by taking away her health by a kind of ſubtil powder, which had a quality ſo malignant as it would make all thoſe who took it, to grow very ſick within a few days, by cauſing a kind of a Feaver, and it had ordinarily ſuch a quality, as in the operation it would ſo burn the blood, as they would not be knowable: So that *Eliſa* being often very ill, though to outward appearance ſhe ſeemed to be in excellent health, it was an eaſie thing for this *Arabian* Phyſician to find out ways of ſuborning him, who commonly carried medicines unto *Eliſa*, he did it ſo cunningly, as that he did not ſeem to ſuborn him to commit a crime, for he only ſeemed to be very deſirous of ſeeing what remedies the *Tirian* Phyſicians uſed unto perſons of ſuch a temper as *Eliſa*'s. So that being ſhewed ſeveral things which ſhe was to take, he mingled (unſeen to him that ſhewed them) this dangerous powder, which had ſuch a fatal operation, and fatal indeed, for whether the Doctor was miſtaken in his Compoſition, or that the temper of *Eliſa* was too delicate for it, the very next morning after ſhe took this powder, the Feaver took her, and ſo extream violently, as ſhe ſaid at firſt that ſhe was dead; but ſhe ſpoke it with ſuch incredible conſtancy of mind, as was admirable, ſeeming ſo little deſirous of life, or fear of death, that ſhe ſurprized all the by-ſtanders; yet ſhe teſtified much tenderneſs unto her friends, but it was a moſt generous and magnanimous tenderneſs which was not expreſſed by tears, or giving any marks of weakneſs: I leave you to imagine how *Eliſa*'s ſickneſs troubled the King, and how all the Court grieved, but eſpecially *Cleomira*, and all thoſe who commonly were with her.

All helps from Phyſitians were in vain, for not knowing the cauſe of her diſeaſe, they could not cure her. In the mean time *Aſiadates*, who was upon the point of letting the faction which he had raiſed to appear, thought now of nothing but *Eliſa*'s health: So that thoſe who were ingaged in the Faction, admired to ſee he would meddle no more: As for the King, all intelligence that any deſigns were againſt his eſtate, were never hearkened unto, for ſince the life of *Eliſa* was in danger, he could not think of preſerving any thing elſe: As for *Lyriope*, ſince envy and jealouſie had rooted out of her ſoul all thoughts of virtue, ſhe was very glad to ſee that in all likelihood ſhe ſhould be rid of *Eliſa*, whom ſhe looked upon as the cauſe of all her misfortunes: As for *Phocilion*, he was unknowable, and never man was in a more ſad condition: But the wonder was, that this powder, which according to the intention of the compoſer, was to take away the beauty of *Eliſa*, and not her life, did take away her life and not her beauty; for never any breathing was fairer than ſhe was when ſhe was expiring. In the mean time, to imploy her laſt hours as well as the reſt of her life (after all Phyſians declared her deſperate) ſhe gave the King moſt generous and divine advice, exhorting him to be juſt, clement, liberal, to love his people, never to let himſelf be governed by his paſſions; afterwards moſt excellent counſel unto her friends, ſpeaking unto them with wonderful reſolution and generoſity, diſpoſing ſeveral things unto them as pledges of her friendſhip bequeathed unto them: After this, deſiring they would ſpeak no more unto her, but of the Gods, the chief Prieſt of *Sidon* ſtayed with her; yet his exceſſive ſorrow to ſee *Eliſa* in ſo ſad a condition, would not permit him to enjoy the freedom of his reaſon; but yet the reaſon of this fair, generous, and divine perſon was ſo quick and free; that ſhe did comfort him, and inſpired him with power to ſpeak ſuch things unto her, as he had not been able to do, if ſhe had not revived him by her conſtancy and reſolution: But why ſhould I lengthen this ſad ſtory? *Eliſa* died as ſhe lived, which was with abundance of glory, and in looking death in the grim face with as much courage, as the greateſt Hero in the moſt dangerous and moſt glorious occaſions. I will not go about to repreſent the ſorrows of the King, for I cannot expreſs them; but I can tell you, that the deſpair of *Phocilion* was ſo great, that he died three days after *Eliſa*; yet this is not the moſt ſurprizing thing which I have to tell you; for be pleaſed to know, that *Aſiadates* intending not only to abandon his deſigns, but the Court alſo, as he was ready to depart, and paſſing from one Chamber into another, he heard *Lyriope*, by chance, thanking the *Arabian* Doctor for ſomething, extream earneſtly, though ſhe did not ſpeak aloud: So that upon a ſuddain ſuſpecting the truth, ſince the cauſe of *Eliſa*'s death could not be known, he went unto them, and being of a violent temper, he did ſo blank them by his ſuddain approach and by his menaces, that finding ſomething more to fortifie his ſuſpicion, he called for his men, cauſed the Phyſitian to be arreſted, who would have eſcaped, and without more delay, cauſed him to be ſo tormented, as he confeſſed the whole truth, which he no ſooner knew, but he went unto the Chamber of *Lyriope* to run her through with his Sword, but ſhe was already eſcaped, but yet ſhe did not eſcape the Juſtice of the Gods, for the Boat into which ſhe had gotten at the Port of *Sinope* with one of her women only, was overturned by ruſhing againſt another, ſo that *Lyriope* was drowned, and in one minute puniſhed for all the extravagancies of her paſſions. *Aſiadates* could not puniſh the *Arabian* Doctor, for ſince he ever uſed to carry poyſon about him, he took it, to avoid the ſhame and puniſhment.

Thus the violent *Aſiadates* was all fury and deſpair, after he knew the true cauſe of *Eliſa*'s death. In the mean time, the King made a moſt magnificent Funeral for this wonder of women, all the Court was in mourning as well as himſelf, the High-Prieſt of *Sidon* writ her Epitaph, all the refined wits of *Phenicia* did write in her glory, the

King is cauſing a moſt ſumptuous Tomb to be erected, and *Eliſa* is lamented, as one of the moſt admirable women that ever lived: After all this, there is not a day wherein all her friends do not meet, but they condole and celebrate her name with tears and ſighs, ſtriving to make their illuſtrious friend to revive by their diſcourſe, and Elegies which they made to eternize her memory. But to let you ſee Sir (ſaid *Ariſtheus*, addreſſing himſelf unto *Cyrus*) how all humane wiſdom is limited; and to incite your Noble heart unto pity, be pleaſed to know, that the King of *Phenicia* not doubting but that you would accord unto his demand, hath deſigned a Tomb to be made for *Eliſa* after ſuch a faſhion; that the Statue which you will reſtore, and which ſhould have been the ornament of his Gallantry, ſhall be placed upon the top of this ſtately Sepulchre.

Ariſtheus cloſing up his Speech with a deep ſigh, he did communicate his ſorrows unto all his illuſtrious Auditors, all whom had extream compaſſion upon the lamentable deſtiny of *Eliſa*, and did participate in the ſorrows of *Ariſtheus* and *Telamis*: *Doraliſa* her ſelf, as hardhearted as ſhe was, did find a complement of ſorrow for *Ariſtheus*; after which all the company parted, and mourned for *Eliſa*: *Cyrus* collected this conſolation from the misfortunes of another, that he was forced to confeſs unto himſelf, the King of *Phenicia* was more unfortunate in his paſſion than himſelf, though he was always accuſtomed to think himſelf the moſt unfortunate Lover in the world.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

ARTI-

ARTIMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

PART VII. Book II.

C*Yrus* was no ſooner returned to the Cittadal, but his ſorrows aſſumed freſh forces to torment him, cauſed by the ſight of all theſe happy Lovers about him, for whoſe felicity he had yet taken ſo much care; not but that he was ever a zealous wiſher of their happineſs; but comparing the ſtate of their Fortunes with his own, it was impoſſible but he ſhould ſigh to ſee the difference betwixt the one and the other; though he did confeſs unto himſelf, that he was leſs miſerable than the King of *Phenicia*, yet he ſaid alſo, that he was more unfortunate than all thoſe about him, but he ſaid it with ſuch ſenſibility of ſorrow, that had *Mandana* known the agony of his heart, ſhe would have chaſed all unjuſt jealouſie out of her own; for it is moſt certain, that never man did know how to love ſo perfectly as *Cyrus*. In the mean time, the *Phenician* Ambaſſador knowing the King his Maſter to be in ſuch a ſad condition, and having nothing elſe to do at *Sardis*, prepared for his departure, carrying the Statue of *Eliſa* with him, which *Cyrus* did accompany with Preſents, much more magnificent than thoſe he received: He writ alſo a

Letter of thanks unto the King of *Phenicia*, for the thirty thouſand men which he offered, deſiring him to furniſh out in exchange of thoſe men as many Ships as he could, for a ſecret deſign which he had imparted unto his Ambaſſador and *Ariſtheus*. Thus all the *Phenicians*, except *Ariſtheus*, departed infinitely ſatisfied with *Cyrus*: As for *Ariſtheus*, he ſtayed ſtill with this Prince for three reaſons; the firſt, becauſe the Ambaſſador of *Phenicia* and himſelf conceiving it would be advantageous unto their King to hold a good correſpondency with ſo great a Conqueror, they reſolved it to be expedient one ſhould remain with him to cement the friendſhip betwixt them: The ſecond was, becauſe indeed *Ariſtheus* was ſo charmed with the virtue of *Cyrus*, that he was deſirous to be a longer admirer of him: And the third was the death of *Eliſa*, which having grieved him unto the very ſoul, he was not willing to return unto the place where he had ſeen her ſo often, and was never to ſee her again; and though he did dearly love one of *Eliſa*'s friends, yet he reſolved to endure this abſence, eſpecially ſince *Doraliſa* did ſo very much reſemble her, as that one of them did comfort him in the abſence of the other.

Thus the *Phenician* Ambaſſador departed, and *Ariſtheus* ſtayed. Alſo within a few daies after, the equipage of *Seſoſtris* and *Timaretta* being in a readineſs, thoſe two illuſtrious perſons departed from *Cyrus*, to return into *Egypt*, leaving behind them ſo many charmed with their merit, and affectionate unto their intereſts, as they all did make a thouſand prayers for their felicity: The Princeſs of *Phrigia*, and the Princeſs *Timaretta*, did bid adieu in the language of ſighs, and all the Ladies of the Palace of *Crœſſus* were melted into tears: As for *Seſoſtris*, he expreſſed much ſorrow to leave *Cyrus* before he had releaſed *Mandana*, and in acknowledgment of the obligations he had unto him, for reſtoring unto him his dear *Timaretta*, and for ſaving his life, he left his troops with him, and promiſed to oblige *Amaſis* to ſend him others. *Cyrus* for his part gave this generous Prince the moſt obliging language in the world, himſelf waiting upon the Princeſs *Timaretta* half a daies journey from *Sardis*, where they took their laſt adieu's; both *Seſoſtris* and *Timaretta* did carry themſelves ſo admirably well, and ſpoke in ſuch a noble manner, that it was not imaginable they ever were a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs: *Cyrus* alſo ſent many perſons of quality to conduct them unto their Ship which waited for them, having given unto *Timaretta* as many ſervants as ſhe could have had, if ſhe were at *Thebes* or *Memphis*.

After the departure of *Seſoſtris* and *Timaretta*, the reſtleſsneſs of *Cyrus* augmented, nor could he endure any converſation, but where *Mandana* was the ſubject of their diſcourſe: *Mazares* for his part, he was ſtill in a continual turbulency of thoughts, he imployed all his virtues to hinder himſelf from hating his Rival, and loving his Miſtreſs. As for *Crœſſus*, what joys ſoever he had at his being ſeated again on the Throne: yet he every day had ſome apprehenſions of the difference between a Vaſſal or tributary King, and a Sovereign or Independent Majeſty: As for *Myrſiles*, Love did more torment him than ambition, and his not daring to ſpeak unto *Doraliſa* of his Love, was inſupportable: yet he did ſo much fear to inſence that cruel hearted Lady, as he ſhunned her preſence, though it was a hell unto him to be where ſhe was not. In the mean time the Prince *Artamas*, and all thoſe happy Lovers whoſe ſorrows were changed into joys, they now had no other grief but in behalf of *Cyrus*, who indeed did merit their pity, both in conſideration of his high deſerts, and his great misfortunes. Some days being paſſed over in continual turbulency of Spirit, the ſorrows of *Cyrus* redoubled; for he underſtood that *Harpagus*, who had orders from him, to bring back the Army which aided *Thraſibulus* to conquer his Dominions, was taken by the chief Officers of his Troops, and the matter was grown unto that height, as that they were divided into two parties, and came to blows; that there was many of them killed, and that thoſe who did not periſh in the buſineſs, not daring to appear before him, were almoſt all disbanded, reports flying that moſt of the Souldiers were gone into *Cumes*, whoſe Prince was ſaid to arm very faſt and ſtrongly. *Cyrus* alſo underſtood that *Harpagus*, in lieu of keeping his Troops in exact Diſcipline, did permit them all imaginable liberty; ſo that the *Xanthians* and the *Caunians*, though they were very well ſatisfied with *Cyrus* at the return of their Ambaſſadors, yet not finding effects anſwerable unto words, they were revolted, and had entred into league both offenſive and defenſive with the Prince of *Cumes*, who was levying a formidable Army. *Cyrus* therefore underſtanding, that he had loſt an Army, and that his Rival did daily fortifie himſelf, he was extreamly grieved; but that which made his ſorrows moſt inſupportable was, that he could do nothing without Ships, and that it was not poſſible to procure them as ſoon as he deſired. In the mean time, the ſeaſon of the year for war went on apace, eſpecially for a Siege, which required a Navy, and the approaching Winter was not fit for it: But not enduring to be ſhut up in a Town whilſt he had any Enemies in the field, he reſolved to look out a good diſtance from *Sardis*, though he durſt not look towards *Cumes*, nor ſeem to know that the Princeſs was there, until he had a Navy.

After he had communicated this reſolution unto *Mazares*, and thoſe unto whom he uſed to impart his ſecrets, he gave orders for every thing according: He left a conſiderable Garriſon in the Cittadel of *Sardis*; *Crœſſus* and *Myrſiles* prepared to follow him: The King of *Phrygia*, whoſe health was much impaired, was forced to obey *Cyrus*, who willed him to return unto *Apamea*, and carry thither with him his fair Daughter the Princeſs *Palmis*: As for the Prince *Artamas*, he would not leave him, do what he could.

Thus all this glorious Court broke up: But to ſee how *Cyrus* was loved of all who knew him; *Ligdamis*, *Thraſimedes*, *Menecrates*, *Parmenides*, and *Philiſton*, though they were all moſt uxorious Husbands, yet they quitted their new married Wives to follow this Prince unto the Wars, though he was very willing to diſpenſe with them. Thus *Licaſta* returned unto *Patara* with all her company, carrying alſo *Arpalice* with her, until the return of *Thraſimedes*: *Candiope* took upon her the charge of the fair *Androclea* unto the end of the Wars, where *Liſias* her Brother alſo was, and wanting none but *Menophiles*, the Husband of *Licaſta* to conduct them, though *Cyrus* ſent a Guard with them. *Cleomira* alſo returned unto *Epheſus* with her Mother, and all the reſt of her friends, and all the Beauties parted with much ſorrow. Thus in the laſt three days that *Cyrus* was at *Sardis*, there was none left in the Palace but *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, and *Araminta*; and they having no mind to ſtay there, they went unto an Aunt of *Doraliſa*'s. Then during the laſt three days, *Cyrus* went to viſit *Araminta*, to talk with her concerning his deareſt *Mandana*, *Myrſiles* went to ſee *Doraliſa*, to teſtifie his love unto her, and *Ariſtheus* did alſo viſit her in way of friendſhip, and to take the ſame delight in her perſon and ſpirit, which he uſed to admire in another: As for *Cyrus*, his diſcourſe with *Araminta* was upon nothing but his Princeſs: Sometimes he would make her relate unto him, how ſhe behaved her ſelf towards the King of *Aſſyria*, when ſhe was in *Babylon* and *Sinope*; afterwards to tell him, how ſhe carried her ſelf to the King of *Pontus* at *Suſa* and at *Sardis*: Though he knew all theſe things before, yet he thought that the time which could not be imployed in the ſervice of *Mandana*, ought to be ſpent in talking of her: As for the Prince *Myrſiles*, ſince he was upon his departure from *Doraliſa*, he muſt needs once more expreſs his affection to her, but though his deſign was ſo, yet as ſoon as he came to her his confidence had almoſt failed him, for he perceived in *Doraliſa*'s countenance ſuch unquiet frowns, as he took them for ill Omens, and cauſed him to be ſilent, which did no leſs perplex *Doraliſa* than his language had, becauſe ſhe imagined by the diſorder of his ſoul, that if no company came in, he would begin to talk of that which ſhe had no mind to hear of; yet to prevent him, ſhe asked a hundred queſtions far off the buſineſs ſhe ſuſpected he would ſpeak of: At the firſt the Prince *Myrſiles* anſwered unto them, but being at laſt tired with ſuch and ſo many frivolous and impertinent queſtions, I beſeech you *Doraliſa*, ſaid he unto her, leave asking me ſuch queſtions, as neither concerns your intereſt nor mine, and give me leave to ask you ſome queſtions, which ſhall much import my tranquility, that you anſwer and anſwer favourably: To anſwer then Sir, replied ſhe, I do promiſe you I will, but I will not ingage my ſelf to anſwer favourably, before I know what you will ask: I deſire you to tell me ſincerely, ſaid he unto her, whether it be that natural auſterity which is always in your Phyſiognomy, or whether you reject my affection, out of ſome averſion which you have to me; I beſeech you (added he) give me leave to ſpeak with the ſame freedom which you uſe unto your moſt faithful friends: I aſſure you Sir, (ſaid *Doraliſa* and interrupted him) that if I tell you nothing but what I tell my beſt friends, I ſhall not tell you any great ſecrets, ſince I do not love to open my ſelf unto any, nor do know any thing which I leſs underſtand, than this trick of confidence, which lays open all motions of the heart, all the thoughts of the mind, and all the reſentments of the ſoul unto thoſe that would know them; for I am perſwaded, that they uſe very often to ſay they think and reſent ſuch things as they did never think upon, or apprehend: For my part, I do confeſs, I am not of this humour; and let me tell you, Sir, that they who would know my thoughts muſt gueſs at them, or know them by my actions, without any obliging me to tell them preciſely what they are, for I will never be ingaged to ſearch into the bottom of my heart, nor will I take ſo much pains my ſelf as to know what I think: For indeed (ſaid ſhe, to prevent the Prince *Myrſiles* from ſpeaking to her) I have often found in my ſelf, that I have had ſome friends whom I loved more than I thought to have loved, and alſo ſome other perſons whom I hated more than I thought I did: Ah *Doraliſa*, (ſaid this Prince) I fear that I am not of this laſt order: But I beſeech you, if it be ſo, let me directly know it, that I may regulate the courſe of my life, according unto thoſe thoughts you have of me: Hatred Sir, replied *Doraliſa*, is a thought which I ought not to entertain of a Prince, whoſe ſubject I am like to be: But Sir, to take the moſt rational courſe, be pleaſed to conceive of me as one that cannot love any: This Sir, I conceive to be the only way conducing unto your tranquility and my own; yet notwithſtanding (added ſhe) I do not intend to throw off that reſpect which I owe you; but on the contrary, will be more obſervant of you than ever: Reſpect indeed (replied *Myrſiles*) ought to be an inſeparable companion of all a Lovers actions; but yet it is the moſt injurious word that any Lover can hear from the mouth of her he loves; One may reſpect his Maſter, or his Tyrant, but to reſpect an amorous Slave, ah *Doraliſa*, there is no example for this: This word reſpect, which you have pronounced, is only uſed as an umbrage unto that hatred or averſion of a man, whoſe capricious fortune rather than reaſon, hath ſet him above her whom he loves: But Sir, I beſeech you, (ſaid *Doraliſa*) Do not you know that you are the King of *Lidia*'s Son? Doubtleſs you would forget it, if you did but know how much I am your Slave, as I wiſh you did: For ſince when I am in your preſence, I forget what I really am, and think my ſelf nothing unleſs your Lover, methinks you might do the like, and look upon me as I would have you: The Gods preſerve me Sir, replied *Doraliſa* ſharply, from doing as you ſay; for if I ſhould look now upon you as my Lover, and not as the King of *Lidia*'s Son, I ſhould give moſt tart language, I ſhould forbid you ever to ſee me, and I ſhould moſt horribly hate you: But I hope *Doraliſa*, (ſaid this amorous Prince) you would not hate me. Since I have ſaid it before I was aware (replied *Doraliſa* with a moſt ſcornful and indifferent ſmile) I will not unſay it again: But Sir (ſaid ſhe and bluſht for anger) there is a vaſt interval between hatred and love: So I were but in a ſtate of indifferency, anſwered he, I ſhould not deſpair of my happineſs, but ſhould ſtill hope: Of all the thoughts, which the paſſion whereof you ſpeak (replied ſhe) can infuſe into the heart of a Lover, there is not one methinks ſo offenſive unto the perſon loved, as hope is; therefore Sir, I would adviſe you, never to entertain it: What then, replied he, would you have me do? I would have you, if this word be not too free (replied ſhe) never to tell me again of this which I ought not to underſtand, nor will give any ear unto without extream anger: For the truth is Sir, I am of ſuch a ſpirit, as though I did not hate a man who loved me, yet I would never have him tell me of it: There is nothing in the world ſo tireth my patience as a Lovers talk, I beſeech you judge then, whether I ought to ſuffer you to ſpeak as you do; therefore Sir, regulate your mind, that you may regulate your language; and let me rejoyce at the glory which you will get in the War, and not make me hate you at your return: To enable me unto the acquiſition of glory (replied he) and to think of any return, I had need hope for more of your eſteem, and to find you leſs ſevere at my return than when I leave you. As they were thus in diſcourſe, *Cyrus* and *Ariſtheus* entred, who coming from bidding adieu unto *Arianita*, came alſo to make his laſt viſit unto *Doraliſa*, who received the honour with as much reſpect as joy. This amiable Lady was exceedingly grieved to ſee him ſo unfortunate, and wiſhed earneſtly for a period unto all his miſeries, and for the liberty of *Mandana*, which was the whole ſubject of their diſcourſe.

Since every hour ſeemed an Age unto *Cyrus*, till he was in the head of an Army, his viſit was not long; but ſince he did not know that the Prince *Myrſiles* was in Love with *Doraliſa*, he did him an ill office, for he carried that Prince away with him, to talk upon ſomething which he would have the King his Father do, before he went from *Sardis*. Thus was *Doraliſa* delivered from a vexatious viſit, not but that ſhe did extreamly eſteem the Prince *Myrſiles*, but it was becauſe there was ſuch natural auſterity in her heart, as was oppoſite unto all kind of Gallantries, and certainly it was a moſt difficult task to be a Lover of *Doraliſa*'s, and not diſpleaſe her: However, *Ariſtheus* having a particular eſteem of her, did bid his laſt adieu by himſelf, and rendred her a viſit the next morning, which laſted until night: As this converſation was long, ſo was it very delighting, and he finding the dimenſion of her Spirit, could not chuſe but have ſuch affectionate thoughts of her, as his heart was capable of, which being neither love nor friendſhip, yet had all the gallantry of the firſt, and the paſſionate tenderneſs of the ſecond; and as long as he ſtayed at *Sardis*, he held her in the rank of thoſe unto whom he had ſuch an affection as wanted a name, becauſe it was never found in any but *Ariſtheus*; and indeed he was ſo full of his adulatory and obliging expreſſions, and delivered them in ſuch a manner, that ſhe had not the power to be angry; but though ſhe was not angry when *Ariſtheus* talked to her, yet ſhe could not endure that *Arianita* and *Pherenice* ſhould upbraid her with this illuſtrious Conqueſt, and that they ſhould ſay ſhe was not ſorry for making it; yet *Ariſtheus* parted upon very good terms from her: After which, he prepared himſelf to wait upon *Cyrus*, until he heard from the King of *Phenicia*, after the arrival of that Ambaſſador, who carried away the Statue of *Eliſa*: As for *Andramites*, he was not ſo happy as *Ariſtheus*, for he could not have the honour of bidding her adieu in private, but ſhe ſhunned him. In the mean time *Cyrus*, after he had left *Hidaſpes* to command in the Cittadel of *Sardis*, departed in the Company of *Crœſſus* and *Myrſiles*: Thus the Conquered went to War with the Conqueror; thoſe few *Lidian* Troops that were fit for ſervice, were diſtributed into ſeveral Regiments of *Cyrus* his Army, who was no ſooner in the Field, but he made a Muſter; but he was extreamly troubled to find, that except the *Perſian* Troops, there was not one compleat, and he found by experience, that drowſie reſt had conſumed his Army more than any two Battels: So that underſtanding the league which was made againſt him began to be very ſtrong, and finding his own to be weak, both by disbanded Soldiers, and by Garriſons which he was forced to leave in conquered places, he was grieved to the very ſoul. Moreover, conſidering his deſign of beſieging *Cumes*, he found it a piece of as great difficulty as was imaginable, and greater than his Love did at the firſt permit him to apprehend; he knew that a great part of his Army muſt be incamped upon the black and barren Mountains, where no accommodation was to be found; and another part in moriſh and boggy places, and all in water: He knew alſo, that there was nothing to be found about *Cumes* neceſſary for the incampment of an Army, that the nakedneſs and ſtirility of the place would not afford the Soldiers any Tents, nor any wood to make themſelves Huts; that the Cavalry would find no fitting Quarters, nor any forrage; and that, according to all intelligence, no Army could lye three days before *Cumes* and not periſh, the difficulty of getting victuals rendred the deſign impoſſible, for there was no coming by Land but on one ſide, which the Sea did often overflow; to bring in by Sea was dangerous, becauſe the Coaſt was without Ports, and that in a tempeſt there was no landing;

ing; So that this great Prince did ſee, that if any ſtorm came and laſted but three days, he ſhould be forced to raiſe the Siege; Beſides all theſe conſiderations, he ſaw there was no hope of taking *Cumes* unleſs it were by ſtopping up the very mouth of the Port, nor any other way to hinder the King of *Pontus* from carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana* the third time; yet he extreamly feared, that as the ſeaſon was, the Ships he had would not be able to keep the Seas ſo near the Land without eminent danger of Shipwrack, by reaſon of the winds which commonly were always high towards the end of *Autumn:* Moreover, the place it ſelf was extraordinary ſtrong, all the inhabitants were provided, the publick Magazines were full, and which of all was moſt conſiderable, this place was to be defended not only by the King of *Pontus*, who was both valiant and amorous, but by the Prince of *Cumes*, who was a man of courage, and affected glory, but alſo by another of high valour and experience, who was ſo exceedingly verſed in the military art of keeping places, as he hath vaunted, that he would give a ſtop to the Conqueſts of the Conqueror of all *Aſia*, and that he would have the honour to hinder him from vanquiſhing, whom none could ever yet reſiſt: But how huge ſoever theſe difficulties ſeemed, yet the love of *Cyrus* unto *Mandana*, and unto glory, did ſurmount them all, yet notwithſtanding the ſtirility of the place unto which he was to carry his Army did diſquiet his thoughts, out of his fears that the Country could not afford ſubſiſtance ſo long as to take *Cumes*, and the cutting off a communication which this Town had with others, that might furniſh them with victuals, did much trouble him: Alſo he apprehended, that the enemy might fall upon *Thybarra*, which he took in the beginning of the Spring: But after all, when this Prince had conſidered all theſe inconveniencies, he reſolved to uſe all remedies to overcome them; he gave orders for the ſubſiſtance of his Army, to fortifie all his Garriſons towards *Cumes:* He diſpoſed his Troops in ſuch ſort, and dividing them into many little bodies, he concealed his deſign from the enemies, yet always quartered them ſo as he could eaſily call them together again when he pleaſed;

pleaſed: And to make ſure of *Thybarra*, he reſolved to fortifie it, whilſt he expected news from *Thraſibulus*, in whom he truſted more than in any other for the ſending ſome Ships unto him. This deſign was no ſooner reſolved upon, but marching towards this Town, he put it in execution with ſuch prodigious diligence and ingenuity, as it may be ſaid, that the fortifications of *Thybarra* were ſooner finiſhed by *Cyrus*, than any other could have contrived this plot; he himſelf made choice of thoſe who were to work, and for the more expedition, he ſet on the Soldiers; he appointed in every quarter a man of command to overſee the works in that place; the Horſe were appointed to cut and bring Stakes and Faggots which were to bear up the earth which was removed; and for the better managing of their time, whilſt they were fortifying the Town, they victualled it alſo; and in order to that, all the Peaſants round about *Thybarra* were ſummoned to bring in proviſion, he appointed ſome to conduct them, others to take an account, and others to put them in the publick Magazines, never was ſeen more haſte and more order; never was ſeen at one time a huge Army, a whole time, and almoſt a whole Country follow the will of one ſingle man with ſuch exactneſs, and ſo much regularity: 'Tis true, *Cyrus* himſelf was preſent ordering the works, with ſuch ſingular ingenuity, and ſo well obeyed, that in fourteen days *Thybarra* was fortified, victualled, and furniſhed with all manner of military ammunition, and the Prince ready to march as ſoon as he could receive any news of his Ships, and the anſwer of *Ciaxares*. His impatience to accompliſh an enterprize, which if it took effect, might releaſe *Mandana*, and get him glory, made every minute ſeem an Age unto him, yet he did not wait above eight days for the joyful news which he ſo much longed for with ſo much ardour; for then he received orders from *Ciaxares*, which preſcribing nothing unto him poſitively, ſeemed to refer the whole enterprize unto his conduct, and immediately after he received aſſurance from *Thraſibulus*, that he himſelf would go in perſon with ten Ships into the Channel of *Cumes* at what day he ſhould appoint, aſſuring him, that this number was ſufficient to block up the Port, without any imploying the Prince of *Mytilene*: So that *Cyrus* being even raviſhed with joy, did preſently communicate this news unto the Prince *Mazares*. But ſince *Cyrus* feared that this number of Ships which *Thraſibulus* would bring, would not be ſufficient to prevent the King of *Pontus* from carrying out *Mandana* from *Cumes*, by drawing ſome Bark along the Land in the night; therefore he gave orders to provide many little Veſſels out of the Ports neareſt hand; and indeed they procured twelve from one place, two from another, and one from another, cauſing alſo as many Barks and Boats to be provided as he could: So that making up a great Fleet of petty Ships, he ſent them to joyn with *Thraſibulus*, appointing that *Leontidas* ſhould command them under the Prince of *Mylet*.

After this, *Cyrus* made no ſecret of his deſign, but called a Councel of War, at which the King of *Lidia*, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince *Artamas*, *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Perſodes*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Anaxaris*, and many others were preſent; but there was not one of them concerned at the difficulty of the enterprize, ſeeing it was a thing reſolved upon, and a thing which *Cyrus* deſired with ſo much earneſtneſs: So that the buſineſs of the Council being only to conſult of the way how to advance their reſolved deſign, every one had orders to prepare himſelf for a departure the next morning, during which time one thing befel *Cyrus*, which ſeemed a happy preſage, for the valiant *Megabates*, and the generous *Clearques*, incited by a Spur of a honour, departed from *Phenicia*, as ſoon as they underſtood by the Letters of the Kings Ambaſſador, that *Cyrus* would be preſently in the Field, and came unto the Camp, deſiring to be partakers of thoſe perils unto which ſo great a Prince would expoſe himto the end they might be ſharers alſo of ſome part of that glory which he ſhould get. *Ariſtheus* being extreamly joyed at the arrival of theſe two friends, made it known unto *Cyrus* who they were, though this Prince did already know them very well, by the deſcription of *Telamis*, when he related the Hiſtory of *Eliſa*: Alſo he received them with much joy, and with the ſame civility which he uſed unto all men of extraordinary merit: But in gaining *Megabates* and *Clearques*, he loſt *Ariſtheus*, who at the ſame time received orders from the King of *Phenicia* to thank *Cyrus* for all his favours, and to return unto *Tire*, he having no more buſineſs to imploy him about *Cyrus*, for ſome reaſons which he mentioned in his Letter; ſo that this excellent man parted from this great Prince ſooner than he intended, but he parted from him ſo extreamly ſatisfied with his Spirit, with his generoſity, with his courteſie, and with all his qualities, as he hath ſince confeſſed, that never ſince he knew the world, had he ever ſeen or heard a man ſo fit to repreſent the grandeur of Heroes, and even of the Gods, as *Cyrus*; adding, that his acquaintance with this Prince hath extreamly elevated his ſpirit, and made him able to end his Poem better than he had begun it. In the mean time *Ariſtheus*, after he had taken his leave of *Cyrus*, and bad adieu unto all thoſe Princes who infinitely eſteemed him, he departed from *Thybarra*, and though it was not his neareſt way to return unto *Sardis*, yet the eſteem which he had of *Doraliſa*, perſwading him, that it was the neareſt, he took that way in his return to *Tire*. But as the arrival of theſe two valiant *Phenicians* was a happy preſage unto *Cyrus*, ſo the arrival of a ſervant, which went with him whom he ſent unto *Cumes*, gave him a moſt certain aſſurance of happy ſucceſs in his enterprize, for by him he received a Letter from *Marteſia*, wherein he found theſe words.

MARTESIA *unto the Illuſtrious* CYRUS.

SIR,

THE carrying away of the Princeſs Araminta, *which I have made known unto the Princeſs* Mandana, *having juſtified you in her reſentments, I thought it my devoire to acquaint you with it, to the end you might tranſact with the more joy for the liberty of a perſon who repents her ſelf of the injuſtice which ſhe hath done you, yet it is without her participation that I give you this intelligence; but yet I am confident, thas if ſhe did know it, ſhe would eaſily pardon me for taking this freedom to write unto you, ſince certainly the* *reaſon why ſhe her ſelf does not write is, becauſe her great heart will not permit her to confeſs that ſhe has done you wrong. However, Sir, be at quiet concerning the King of* Pontus, *and be moſt confident, that if* Cumes *ſhould prove ſo impregnable unto you, as the heart of* Mandana *is unto him, you will never releaſe her, nor by conſequence*

MARTESIA.

The reading of this Letter made *Cyrus* ſo full of joys, that he forgot almoſt all his paſt misfortunes, and hope did inſpire his Spirit, that maugre all the diſmal Oracles which he had received, and in ſpight of all thoſe bug-bear difficulties which he foreſaw in the Siege of *Cumes*, he did not queſtion his happy ſucceſs. In the mean time he asked this ſervant, who was of the intelligence, how he came by this Letter, and what was the ſtate of things in the Town? To the firſt he anſwered, that his Maſter gave him the Letter without telling him how he had it, and to the reſt he gave him full inſtructions of all that he deſired to know; for by it he underſtood the order which was kept in the Town, and how they guarded the Princeſs, who is as much unknown in *Cumes*, as if ſhe were here, and ſo is the King of *Pontus*: He told him alſo, that the Enemies Army prepared to relieve *Cumes*, when the Siege was ſet down, and that *Pactias*, and one whoſe name was *Licambes* did command it; adding alſo, to the inſtructions which he gave unto *Cyrus*, that by the orders which was eſtabliſhed at the Gates of the Town the ſame day he came away, it would be hereafter almoſt impoſſible for his Maſter to give him any intelligence: After this, *Cyrus* conſulted with himſelf, whether he ſhould ſhew *Marteſia*'s Letter unto the Prince *Mazares*, but he reſolved to ſhew him only the inſtructions concerning the ſtate of things; for though the happineſs of a Rival does commonly quench the flames of Love in the heart of an ill-treated Lover, yet it does not always ſo, for ſometimes jealouſie does awaken that paſſion, and in lieu of ſtifling doth revive it: So that not to put the Prince *Mazares* unto ſo much torment, as to know the mind of *Mandana*, he would not ſhew him the Letter. In the mean time, the day of departure being come, and the Army at the Rendezvouz, *Cyrus* thought fit to divide it into three bodies, ordering the March ſo that the Ships of *Thraſibulus* ſhould be in the mouth of the Port, before he appeared in ſight of the Town. Thus his march might be the more eaſie, more ſpeedy, and more orderly: Theſe three bodies being able to arrive, almoſt all at once, and fall upon *Cumes* in an inſtant: *Cyrus* would take that way towards the Sea, as that wherein was moſt danger, becauſe the Enemy was that way incamped, he had under his diviſion the *Perſians*, the *Medeans*, the *Cappadocians*, and all the *Homotimes*; the *Hircanian* Cavalry were alſo with him, *Cyrus* having forced *Clearques* to command a part of them in lieu of an Officer newly dead; as for *Megabates*, he would fight under *Cyrus* as a Voluntier. Since all theſe Troops which he had made choice of, had couragiouſly and faithfully ſerved under him in all his Conqueſts, he had a great confidence in them.

The other diviſion, which was commanded by the Prince *Mazares*, and which took upon the left hand, were compoſed of *Aſſirian*, *Armenian*, and *Egyptian* Troops: The third commanded by the Prince *Artamas*, conſiſted of *Gilician* and *Suſanian* Troops, and of all thoſe who were levied in the new conquered Country: The Artillery was commanded by *Perſodes*, and *Cyrus* did not think it fit that *Crœſſus* ſhould have any command in his Army, nor would he permit the King *Hircania* to have any, leſt there ſhould be any jealouſie or envy between them; ſo that theſe two Kings kept always in the quarters of *Cyrus*, and were in all the Councels which were held. The march of theſe three Bodies was ſo juſt and even, that they came at one very inſtant before *Cumes*, the ſcituation whereof was very ſtrange, for it was ſeated between two great Hills of Sand by the Sea ſide, which ſeemed Mountains of Snow to thoſe who ſaw them at a diſtance: On the *Eaſt* it looked towards *Thybarra*, on the *South*, *Mylet*; *Xanthes* on the *Weſt*, and the Sea upon the *North*: Its Territory was of no large extent, all their Commodities came to it by Sea: This Town alſo was divided into two, the Inhabitants diſtinguiſhing themſelves by the names of the Old Town and the New; but that which rendred it moſt conſiderable was, that it had but one Port and one Channel able to contain a huge Navy in ſafety: This is it which rendred that Town ſo formidable to all her Neighbours: As ſoon as *Cyrus* ſpied the ſtately Temple of *Neptune* which was in *Cumes*, and which ſpired ſo high that it might be ſeen a far off, he was extreamly glad. This is the place, ſaid he to himſelf where I muſt either die or deliver my Princeſs: After which, he diſtributed quarters unto the *Army*, and that with ſo much judgment, that in all likelihood the Enemy could neither relieve the Town nor force his Camp, lying in ſuch a poſture, as that he might win a Battle whilſt he was beſieging a Town. This Prince having circumſpectly obſerved all about *Cumes*, and found that there was ſome places which defended themſelves, and others which were very hard to be kept, he gave all neceſſary orders to fortifie thoſe places by Art which Nature had laid open: He alſo built a Bridge over the Channel, and thereby had communication between his Quarters, for the more eaſie paſſage of Victuals: So that *Tharſibulus* with his Ships ſailing at the ſame time into the Port of *Cumes*, the Town was in an inſtant beſieged: The next morning *Cyrus* began his line of Circumulation, at which all the Souldiers wrought with incredible earneſtneſs; the preſence of the Prince did ſo invigorate them, that they wrought and never were weary. But to the end that the work might be more firm, he covered the ſides of the Line with Turf, which did concatinate the looſeneſs of the Sand: He would have had a ſecond Line to fortifie the firſt, but the Banks of Sand being of an unequal height, and ſo many of them which might command the Camp, he was forced to take in all thoſe Hills, and by conſequence was forced to inlarge his works very far: It chanced alſo, that there was one of theſe Sandy Hills in the Quarters of *Mazares*, which being much higher than the reſt, the Enemy might much annoy the Camp, *Cyrus* therefore ſeized upon it, and made a Fort upon the top of this Hill, and with a Line did draw it within the Line of Circumulation.

But after all this, the Sea-banks were unfortified, which was as requiſite to be done as any thing elſe, for otherwiſe all the reſt of their works were in vain; and yet the Sand being ſo looſe in that place, they knew not how to do it; for tho this Sea hath neither Flux nor reflux as the Ocean hath, yet it did riſe more or leſs, according as the wind did waft the waves, and did ſometimes ſo impetuouſly daſh againſt the Banks, that ſomething more ſolid than Sand muſt be imployed to make it avoid its violence; and therefore *Cyrus*, to whom nothing was impoſſible, did drive in abundance of piles and ſtakes, which ſtopped the paſſage of the enemy, and ſo faſt that the Waves could not ſtir them; yet this was not done without much difficulty, for thoſe of *Cumes* did cut a Rock, which kept in the Sea at the fartheſt end of their Town, hoping thereby to overflow the paſſage whereby *Cyrus* was to bring his victuals, and indeed the Land having a deſcent from that place their deſign had taken, and the Army had been put to a great neceſſity for victuals, if *Cyrus* had not prevented this inconvenience, by driving abundance more piles, and rowling great ſtones, filled up with Sand and wreck, which made a new Barraccadoe to the Waves that would have flowed from thence: This work of giving limits to the Sea, ſeemed to proceed from a ſupernatural power. Theſe works of grand importance did not only take up the mind of this Prince, but alſo the leaſt things were as well conſider'd by him, he himſelf was twice every day at the place where the victuals was, that he might ſee the diviſion juſt, and that none ſhould have any cauſe to complain, it was his uſual expreſſion, that great enterprizes could never be happily executed, unleſs a care was had unto trivial as well as important things; but the wonder was to ſee, that tho this Prince had a thouſand ſeveral cares upon him, yet he had ſuch an admirable freedome of Spirit, and ſo much blithneſs in his eyes, as infuſed much joy into all the Army, and did ſo invigorate the Spirits of thoſe that wrought, as in four dayes, maugre the rain, the wind, or any inconveniency, the lines were finiſhed, the Sea-banks fortified, the inundation of the Waves ſtopped, and all the Sandy hills put into a poſture of defence: Never was ſeen ſuch great works in ſo ſhort a time, nor did ever Prince merit more glory than *Cyrus* did at this time. In the mean time love was ſo predominate in his ſoul, that in giving all theſe orders, he ſtill

thought

thought how he gave them for *Mandana*, and that by making theſe works he hindred his Rival from carring away his Princeſs; and conſidering that if his deſign proſpered; he ſhould ſee *Mandana* at liberty, and his Rival in his fetters, he was full of unexpreſſible joyes: But as high as his hopes and joyes were, *Mazares* on the contrary was all ſorrows to ſee how he laboured for another, and that he was delivering *Mandana* to loſe her, but could never hope for the leaſt fruit of his victory: However ſince he had fixed his reſolutions, that his virtue ſhould ſurmount his love, he endeavoured to compoſe his mind, and to think of nothing but how to relieve *Mandana*. Thus, forcing his heart and Spirit by his extream generoſity, *Cyrus* and he agreed very well together, and talked of the Siege, and what was beſt tobe done,as if they had an equal intereſt in the taking of *Cumes*: The greateſt admiration of theſe two Princes was, that the King of *Aſſiria* did not appear amongſt them, nor ſo much as ſent unto them. As long as we were at *Sardis*, ſaid *Cyrus*, and knew nothing where the Princeſs *Mandana* was, I did not wonder to hear nothing from him: But now, ſince the Army is marched, hath been at *Thybarra*, and turned towards *Cumes*, he muſt needs know where our Princeſs is, and ſhould joyn with us to have his ſhare in the glory of releaſing her: For my (part anſwered *Mazares*) I muſt needs confeſs I cannot imagine his reaſon, for he was not uſed to give his Rivals any advantage; and therefore ſince he appears not, I neither know what to ſay or think of his abſence: Doubtleſs it is very hard to conceive, replied *Cyrus*; but may he not be in *Cumes*? (added he in a rapture of a ſad apprehenſion.)If he were there(anſwered *Mazares*)he whom you ſent hither would know him,and would have givenyou a hint of it in the intelligence which he ſent you: Let it be then concluded, replied *Cyrus*, that we cannot gueſs where he is, and let us believe that whereſoever he be, he plots our ruin.

Things being upon theſe terms in the Camp of *Cyrus*, the Enemies Army being certainly informed that *Cumes* was beſieged; they met in a place where the Commanders thought moſt fit to conſult upon the beſt courſe, and to execute it as ſoon as it was reſolved upon. Since they were very near the Camp, they hoped to relieve *Cumes*; for conſidering the diſcommodities of the incampment, and the badneſs of the weather, enough to ruine any Army, they thought that the Army of *Cyrus* would be ſo weakned by their hard working, and being incloſed by them and the Garriſon of the Town, it might be eaſily overthrown by freſh forces; yet the very name of *Cyrus* being terrible unto them, they reſolved to ſend out a party of Horſe to take ſome Priſoners, to the end they might have more certain knowledge of the Enemies condition: But at the ſame time, they trimmed and tackled up a great company of Ships, with intention to enter the Port of *Cumes* by force of Sail, if the winds were favourable, in ſpite of *Thraſibulus* his Fleet. In the mean time, *Cyrus*, like a Great Captain, did foreſee, that if the Siege laſted long, his Army would decay, that it might be beaten, and that he might fail in taking *Cumes*, he reſolved to ſhorten the Siege by force, and to aſſault it with unreſiſtable fury; and certainly this deſign was full of reaſon, for victuals would quickly fail, and the Sea was ſo rough, that the Barks which brought them were often ſplit in landing: Moreover, it was almoſt continual rain, and Winter came on ſo faſt, that the Souldiers endured much hardſhip; the impetuoſity of the wind would ſomtimes blow ſuch a cloud of duſty Sand upon all the Camp, as blinded them; their Tents and Huts were all weather-beaten, and many of the Souldiers did lye in mud; beſides all this, they muſt be continually working to repair what the Sea ſpoiled, and to keep the Ditch from being filled up; ſo that fortune, ill weather, and hard labour, began already to bring divers diſeaſes into the Camp. In the mean time, *Cyrus* foreſeeing all theſe inconveniencies was not diſmaid, but endeavoured to ſurmount them by ſtorming *Cumes*, and ſo to ſhorten the buſineſs: He very prudently conſidered, that he ſhould loſe fewer men by hazarding a fight, than by a long Siege: So that this being the reſolution, *Cyrus* contrived the execution: In order to which, as ſoon as the intrenchments were finiſhed, he went to diſcover all the places where the Town might be beſt aſſaulted, *Mazares* and *Artamas* followed him, and after good conſideration, he reſolved upon two ſeveral aſſaults, and prepared for the execution of ſo great a deſign, before the Enemy could oppoſe them, becauſe they were very buſie in their works of defence: *Mazares* and *Artamas* were the firſt who fought in erecting a Sconce to facilitate the aſſault, but the Enemy being fully reſolved to diſlodge them, did ſally upon them ſo ſharply, as they came thrice that night to the charge, and that with ſuch vigour, as it was evident that thoſe Souldiers were commanded by ſuch Officers who were reſolved to make a gallant defence: *Anaxares* who was in this buſtle did miracles, and did moſt contribute to the repairing of that Bank of Sand, where the Sconce was made: But in the laſt ſally which the Enemy made to drive them off, this valiant Stranger being very forward to repulſe them was taken Priſoner, and carried into the Town, but after three hours hot diſpute, Victory declared her ſelf for the Beſiegers, and the Sconce was made before night, able to hold three hundred men: There was killed, wounded, and taken Priſoners of both ſides, but the misfortune of *Anaxaris* did moſt ſenſibly perplex *Cyrus:* On the other ſide of the Town the aſſault was in a much more readineſs, for in a ſhort time the Beſiegers had gained the Counterſcarp, and things went as well as *Cyrus* could wiſh. In the mean time intelligence was brought, that the Enemies Army was upon their march, and ſeemed as they intended to offer battel. *Cyrus* no ſooner heard this news, but he prepared to receive them: But to prevent ſurprizal, he ſent out Scouts, and was preſently given to underſtand that it was a falſe alarm grounded upon what ſome Peſants had ſeen, who ſeeing a good Party of the Enemies ſent out to take ſome Priſoners, thought them to be the Vantguard of their Army: But the wonder was, that the noiſe of the Enemies march to relieve *Cumes*, ſhould never move the ſoul of *Cyrus*, nor diſmay the Souldiers, but all ſtood in excellent order to receive them: The aſſault continued, as if this Alarm had never been, and *Clearques* who ſhewed himſelf moſt bravely, was already got upon the Counterſcarp, when the Enemy out of their Trenches ſent Clouds of Arrows upon the Pioniers; after which they came to handy blows, and a much more terrible and bloody fight there was than that before, and the confuſion was ſo great, that none knew which were Conquerors, or which conquered; which Friends, which Enemies. *Cyrus* being advertiſed of this diſorder; went thither immediately, being followed by *Megabates*, *Thraſimedes*, *Ligdamis*, *Aglatidas*, and all the reſt of the Voluntiers; and he was no ſooner in the midſt of this danger, but his preſence diſperſed all fears, he gave new hearts to his Souldiers, damped the Enemies, re-eſtabliſhed the order, and went on with the work. But whilſt things were in this condition on the Beſiegers ſide, thoſe who commanded the Enemies Army were in great perplexity, for though their Army was ſufficiently numerous, yet after they knew from the Priſoners which they had taken, the manner of the works, they thought themſelves not able to force them, eſpecially having to do with a Prince who was as Prudent as Valiant: Yet ſince *Pactias* knew, that the King of *Pontus* would never pardom him if they attempted nothing for his relief; and ſince *Lycambes* thought it would go againſt the Hair of his honour, to ſtand ſtill with his hands in his Pocket, they reſolved to ſeem at leaſt as if they would do ſomething, though when they conſidered that they were to cope with the moſt valiant Prince in the World, a Prince accuſtomed to vanquiſh, whoſe men were admirably diſciplined, whoſe reputation robbed their Souldiers of their hearts, and whoſe capacity left them no hopes that he would commit any error which might facilitate their deſign: All theſe, I ſay, conſidered, they thought it madneſs to attempt any thing againſt him, and they confeſſed it folly, ever to hope for any good iſſue in their attempt: But making a ſhow as if they would make ſome attempt, they marched as if they would aſſault the lines, themſelves ſpreading a report of it, to ſee if any tumult would chance in the Camp, which might encourage them to fall on. *Cyrus* hearing this went out of the works with a Body of Cavalry, and ſome Voluntiers, deſiring to inform himſelf, and face them, before they aſſaulted him; but he was extreamly amazed when he ſaw only ſigns of quitting their Quarters; and when he underſtood by ſome lazy Souldiers which ſtayed behind, that *Pactias* and *Lycam-*

bes underſtanding the manner of the works; did think it impoſſible to force them, and that it were better to keep their Forces to defend the reſt of the Country, than to loſe them in relieving *Cumes*, which they could not hinder from being taken: So that *Cyrus* having vanquiſhed without a blow, returned into the Camp with freſh hopes of carrying the Town, and ſpeedy releaſing of *Mandana*.

In the mean time, the beſieged did defend it with moſt reſolute valour, and ſo ſtifly, that they could not get a foot of ground without a ſharp combat for it: The King of *Pontus* ſeemed to be indefatigable, and took all the pains which is inſeparable from Seiges: The Prince of *Cumes*, his liberty being at ſtake, did fight with invincible courage; ſo that it may well be ſaid, that never did aſſailants fall on with more vigour, nor ever any aſſailed defend themſelves more valiantly: 'Tis true, the King of *Pontus* had ſuch a Sea of ſorrows flowing upon him, as the courage of any but himſelf would have been overwhelmed; for indeed the more ſubmiſs he was unto *Mandana*, the more unalterable ſhe was; yet for all his ſorrows, he treated *Anaxaris* very well in his Priſon, who obtained all the liberty of the Caſtle where *Mandana* was, except permiſſion to ſee her: But ſince he retained the *Idea* of her beauty in his memory, ever ſince the time he ſaw her in the Caſtle of *Hermes*, when ſhe releaſed *Cyrus*, he ſought out for an opportunity of ſeeing her again, and eaſily found it; for *Marteſia* having ſeen him in the Caſtle Court out of her Chamber Window, and and knowing by the Guards that he was a Priſoner, ſhe had a great deſire to ſpeak with him, and to enquire concerning *Cyrus*: ſhe cunningly gained the hearts of her Guards, and perſwaded them upon ſome pretence which ſhe invented, to bring him into the little Garden where the Princeſs and ſhe had liberty to walk, and to tell him, that there was a Lady of his Party who deſired to ſpeak with him. Since the King of *Pontus* and the Prince of *Cumes* were continually buſie about the defence of the Walls, they were not ſo circumſpect as to mind every thing; ſo that they intirely truſted a ſingle and diſarmed Priſoner with the Guards which they had appointed over him. Then *Anaxaris* coming into the Garden unperceived

ceived, but he ſaw *Marteſia*, who no ſooner ſaw him. but ſhe advanced towards him with a bluſh: Though I have not the honour to know you (ſaid ſhe unto him after the firſt ſalute) yet I have ſome hopes to obtain a favour from you; for ſince you have ventured your life for that Princeſs whom I ſerve, and have endeavoured her liberty at the price of your own, I may well believe you will not deny me the favour to tell me how that Prince doth, who muſt be both her Deliverer and ours, and to tell me in what condition you left the illuſtrious *Cyrus*. *Anaxaris* hearing *Marteſia* ſpeak thus, anſwered her with as much civility as ſpirit, that he would moſt joyfully obey ſuch a Lady as her ſelf; adding, that though he was not in a condition to imploy his courage for the Princeſs *Mandana*'s releaſment, yet he would acquaint her what *Cyrus* did for her. After this, *Marteſia* asking a hundred queſtions, he informed her of all that *Cyrus* ever did, ſince the taking of *Sardis*, unto the carrying away of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and ſince her carrying away until the Siege of *Cumes*, with all poſſible aggravations that might be advantagious unto that Prince; So that *Marteſia*, who did much intereſt her ſelf in the happyineſs of *Cyrus*, and who was exceeding glad to find any ſubject which might eradicate all memory of that unjuſt jealouſie which *Mandana* had out of her Spirit, ſhe reſolved to contrive it ſo, that *Anaxaris* might ſee her; and indeed, after ſhe had thanked him, and obliged him to tell his name, ſhe deſired him to return the next day at the ſame hour at the ſame place, where the Princeſs *Mandana* might underſtand from his mouth all he had told her: She had no ſooner made this requeſt unto *Anaxaris*, but he expreſſed abundance of joy, aſſuring her ſhe would do him the greateſt favour in the world, in letting him have the honour of ſeeing *Mandana*: After which, going out the ſame way he entred, *Marteſia* went unto the Princeſs to acquaint her with all the ſtory, but eſpecially with what concerned the carrying away the Princeſs *Araminta*, obſerving to her, how *Cyrus* had contented himſelf to give fifty horſes unto *Spitridates*, and would not go himſelf to follow her Raviſher, but returned unto *Sardis*, in expectation of thoſe whom he had ſent unto *Epheſus*, *Guides*, and many other places to enquire news of her ſelf. And Madam, ſaid *Marteſia*, it is impoſſible to meet with a more exact relation than I have, for this honeſt ſtranger told me, that he was with *Cyrus*, when he firſt knew of *Araminta*'s carrying away.

This circumſtance created ſuch a freſh curioſity in *Mandana* to ſee *Anaxaris*, as ſhe reſolved to make good *Marteſia*'s promiſe: But yet ſaid *Mandana* unto her, who is this which you would have me ſee? Madam, replied ſhe, though he told me not his name, nor who he is, yet I am moſt certain, that he is a man of ſome very high quality, I ſee it by his garb, his behaviour, and his actions, alſo by his manner of ſpeaking; and I ſee it alſo plainly, by what *Cyrus* told him; that he is ſuch a man as I ſpake of: But I pray, ſaid *Mandana*, doth *Cyrus* think he can take *Cumes* and releaſe us? Truly Madam, replied ſhe, I was ſo inquiſitive of what concerned *Araminta*, to the end I might fully juſtifie the illuſtrious *Cyrus* in your opinion, as I muſt confeſs, that I talked not a word of the Siege, ſuppoſing, and with reaſon, that ſince *Cyrus* beſiegeth *Cumes*, he will infallibly take it: Ah *Marteſia* (ſaid *Mandana* and bluſht) in deſiring to juſtifie *Cyrus*, you ſtrangely accuſe me, ſince you do thereby upbraid me with my weakneſs, or an humour which may be termed jealouſie: Did you but know *Marteſia* (added ſhe) how much aſhamed I am, you would not ſpeak of it any more; for truly I can hardly abſolve my ſelf, for letting *Cyrus* ſo raſhly know the anger which I conceived againſt him, when I thought he preferred *Araminta* before me; and though my thoughts of diſpleaſure againſt him were rather reſentments of glory than any real jealouſie, yet I muſt confeſs he might interpret what I writ as he pleaſed: For my part Madam (replied *Marteſia* and ſmiled) were I in lieu of that Prince, I ſhould rather to my conſolation think that you were jealous, than that you were proud: The more you ſpeak, replyed *Mandana*, the more you make me aſhamed, and let me ſee my folly in truſting too much to my ſelf: For truly *Marteſia*, Do you remember the time when *Cyrus* was only *Artamenes*? The time, I ſay, when *Feraulas* thinking him dead, did bring me a Declaration of his Love, that I read it in tears and was not angry, becauſe

I thought that *Artamenes* was dead? I remember it very well Madam, replied *Marteſia*, nor have I forgot how pity then would not permit you to be angry with him: Then you have not forgot, added *Mandana*, at what a *non-plus* I was when *Artamenes* was received, and how I thought never to ſee him, becauſe I imagined he would come to know how I ſteeped his Letter in my tears: Judg now, I pray you, if he ſhall be ſo happy as to take *Cumes*, how infinitely ſhall I be aſhamed to ſee him, when I ſhall remember that I writ ſuch things unto him, as will make him believe I was jealous? In good earneſt, I am ſo vexed at my ſelf for my fondneſs, and inconſideration which I have expreſſed unto him, I had rather then ſeem guilty of ſuch a fault, ſee *Cyrus* prefidious a thouſand times: Ah Madam, replyed *Marteſia*, the paſſion whereof you ſpeak cannot be hid when one pleaſeth, but ſhall ſhew it whether one will or no, and ſhew it ſometimes by hiding it: Yet were it abundance of indiſcretion and imprudence to ſhew it, (anſwered *Mandana*) for whether it be well or ill-grounded, it will procure hatred; and therefore though one ſhould be ſo unhappy as to be capable of it, yet one ſhould not ſhew it: For all your ingenious arguments which ſeem to be juſt, anſwered *Marteſia*, yet I am moſt certain Madam, that as you need not doubt of the fidelity of *Cyrus*, ſo you may be very glad to have it from the mouth of *Anaxaris*, that he left *Spitridates* to go after *Araminta*; and hath neglected no oppertunity to releaſe you: You pitileſs woman, replyed *Mandana*, what delight can you take in making me aſhamed? Do not think, that if I have a deſire to ſee this Priſoner, but it is becauſe I would know from him the ſtate of the Siege, then for any ſuch reaſon as you ſpeak of, for I do profeſs unto you, that I cannot endure to upbraid my ſelf for having any ſuch thoughts as are equally injurious, both unto *Cyrus* and my ſelf: However *Marteſia* having a moſt infinite confidence with *Mandana*, did ſtill diſpute the buſineſs very reſpectively with her, knowing ſhe would not take it ill.

However, the next morning according to the reſolution, *Anaxaris* ſaw the Princeſs, who was ſo well ſatisfied with him, as it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be more. At the firſt he was mighty high in his commendations of *Cyrus*, and all he did for her; he expreſſed himſelf with ſuch zeal and aggravations, as he could not impoſe ſilence upon himſelf: But at laſt he leſſened his talk of this Prince, and *Marteſia* obſerved, that he was ſo taken up with contemplation of *Mandana*'s beauty, that he could not take his eyes off her: Since this Princeſs had a deſire to oblige him, ſhe asked him of what Country he was? But *Anaxaris* anſwered, Madam, ſaid he, ſince ſeveral reaſons oblige me to conceal what I really am, I have denied the illuſtrious *Cyrus* twenty times, that which you do me the honour to ask, and that which I am extreamly ſorry I cannot tell you, though perhaps it would be in ſome ſort advantagious to me, that you did know it. After this, *Mandana* asked him very inquiſitively what news *Cyrus* heard from *Ciaxares*? And afterwards enquired of all the Army, but eſpecially of *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*. *Anaxaris* anſwered unto all theſe queſtions, but it was like a man who was ſurprized with an over-violent reſpect, though he gazed upon her moſt attentively: Since he could receive better intelligence from his Guards, then the Princeſs could from hers, it was reſolved between them, that he ſhould ſee her every day, or at leaſt ſhould ſee *Marteſia*, and indeed ſo he did as long as the Siege laſted. In the mean time, the King of *Pontus* was in a moſt deſperate condition, eſpecially when he ſaw the Port of *Cumes* ſo blocked up by the Fleet of *Thraſibulus*, that there was no hopes of his carrying away the Princeſs: On the other ſide, the Prince of *Cumes* began to think he took an ill courſe in giving a retreat to King of *Pontus*. But whilſt he was full of this vain repentance, the man whom *Cyrus* ſent into the Town, who had ſpoken twice with *Marteſia*, who took a Letter from her for *Cyrus*, and who had ſent it unto him by a ſervant, this man did cajole with the people as well as he could to move them unto murmur, at their being thus ingaged in a troubleſome unlucky war.

Thus whilſt the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was in the toilſome works of Siege, he had ſome in the Town who were negotiating in his ſervice. In the mean time, this indefatigable Prince being gone to viſit ſome new works, as he was giving ſome orders about it to an Ingeneer, this man was ſlain at his feet with an Arrow, but as if this day were fatal unto *Cyrus*, and as if ſome malignant conſtellation were predominate, as he was returning in the evening unto his Quarter, he deſired to go and give ſome orders unto a place where he conceived them to be neceſſary: But he was no ſooner in the Trenches, then the Enemy ſhooting off an Engine which carried ſtones with ſuch an impetuous celerity as was irreſiſtable, one of *Cyrus* his Pages which followed him, had his head ſtruck off: The danger came ſo near this great Prince, as that the skull of this Page being ſhivered in ſeveral pieces, did wound him in five or ſix places in the face and neck; ſo that *Cyrus* was all ſprinkled with his own blood, and the blood of this unfortunate Servant. In the mean time this Prince had ſuch a ſweet tranquility in his Countenance amidſt this great danger, that he cheared up the hearts of all his men, and made it appear that his courage was incapable of fear, and that nothing could ſhake it: *Megabates* and *Perſodes* had their ſhares in this glorious danger, for they were very near them: On the other ſide, *Pactias* and *Licambes*, ſeeing they could not attempt any thing by Land or relieve *Cumes*, reſolved to try what they could do by Sea, hoping that the bad weather would force *Cyrus* perhaps to raiſe the Siege. To this end they tackled up all their Ships, and ſet out to Sea, as if they would force *Thraſibulus* to give them paſſage. The ſight of this Fleet filled all the Inhabitants of *Cumes* with as much joy, as it did *Mandana* with ſorrows, who looking out of her window, which was towards the open Sea, did with inconceivable ſorrow ſee this Navy, which ſeemed to deſire a fight with *Thraſibulus*: This Princeſs imagined, that if one Fleet ſhould defeat the other, *Cumes* would be relieved, and feared that if the Sea were once free, the King of *Pontus* would remove her unto ſome other place where *Cyrus* could not releaſe her; yet ſhe was not long in theſe ſad apprehenſions, for this Fleet was no ſooner in ſight of *Thraſibulus*, but fears did ſo poſſeſs the Spirits of thoſe which commanded it, that they ſteered about, and betook themſelves to flight, the wind being not favourable to them for fighting. *Leonti-*

das who commanded the little Veſſels and the Barks, did chaſe them out of the ſight of the King of *Pontus*, who beheld this diſaſterous diſorder with unexpreſſible ſorrow: But in exchange *Mandana* ſaw her Deliverers ſtand firm, and her Enemies fly to her unutterable joy. In the mean while, *Cyrus* ſeeing the reſolute reſiſtance of the King of *Pontus* and the Prince of *Cumes*, who loſt not a foot of ground without diſputing for it with extraordinary valour: Seeing, I ſay, that all his Enſigns and Stratagems could not do any good wherewith to carry the Town, becauſe they could not make any conſiderable breach, bethought himſelf of a device, which nothing elſe but Love could invent, and this it was, *Cyrus* was advertiſed that in a place of the Ditch towards the Sconce, which they had made neareſt the Town, there was a great Cave, whoſe mouth was ſtopped by thoſe of *Cumes*, that this Cave did extend it ſelf by many turnings and windings very far into the earth, ſo that the walls and fortifications of the Town did ſtand upon the Cave. *Cyrus* no ſooner knew this, but he reſolved to croſs the ditch, and to make a Sconce at the foot of the walls, juſt at the mouth of this Cave, and did effect it. This Sconce was no ſooner made defenſible, but *Cyrus* cauſing the mouth to be opened, made a great number of Pioneers and workmen to enter in the night, with tools fit to break the ſtony roof of this Vault, which bore up a part of the Town: So that moving them to work with incredible alacrity, they came at laſt to find the foundation of the Walls of *Cumes*; but leſt they ſhould totter too much, and too ſoon, and ſo ſmother thoſe who were in the Cave, they no ſooner diſcovered the foundation of the Walls, but they underpropped it with Billets; ſo that imploying as many Billets as they diſcovered ſtones, the Wall ſtood firm. But leſt the noiſe of the Workers ſhould be heard by thoſe in the Town, *Cyrus* cauſed an aſſault to be given at the other ſide of the Town, purpoſely to draw the people thither, and buſie them; commanding thoſe forces at the ſame time which were on that ſide where the Miners were, to make falſe Alarums very often, that is, to make many great ſhouts, and as much noiſe as they could: But at the laſt, after they had diſcovered enough of the Walls foundation, to hope for a reaſonable breach, and after they had underpropped it with as many Piles as were neceſſary to ſupport it, *Cyrus* cauſed abundance of combuſtable ſtuff to be brought unto the feet of theſe Piles, ſuch as very dry wood, which was made apt to burn by Pitch, Brimſtone, and certain Gums which they added to it; ſo that when the hour of execution came, and all the Workmen retired out, and all things in readineſs, *Cyrus* about two hours after noon, cauſed fire to be put unto this huge maſs of combuſtable matter, which he had placed at the feet of theſe Piles; ſo the fire did kindle in an inſtant, the Piles were conſumed immediately, the foundation of the Wall wanting Supporters did fall, and the Walls wanting foundation followed, ſo this cauſed the moſt horrible object that ever could be beheld; for one might ſee at the mouth of the Cave a blaze of ſeveral coloured flames, mingled with a thick cloud of ſmoke; but the moſt affrighting part was to ſee, when the foundation of the Wall failed, the horrid ſubverſion which was in an inſtant, the Souldiers upon them periſh'd in their ruins, a thouſand flaſhes of lightning flame flying up in the air, the terrible noiſe which the ſtones made in their fall, the Battlements in ſome places, to tumble with ſuch impetuoſity, as that they reached as far as the Sea; the duſty ſmoke which was made by the falling of the Wall would not let one ſee a long time, whether the breach was conſiderable or no: But after the wind had a little diſſipated the muddy miſt in the Air, one might perceive that the breach was as much as one could wiſh: So that *Cyrus* cauſing an aſſault to be made, and finding no reſiſtance, becauſe this ſtrange invention had amazed the Enemy, they began to make a Sconce there: But at laſt, the King of *Pontus* coming unto that place, and the Souldiers recollecting themſelves, they did moſt couragiouſly beat back the forces of *Cyrus*, and hindred them from finiſhing the work which they had begun: The fight was very obſtinate and bloody. In the mean time, though the Wall in falling at the mouth of the Cave had choaked the fire which flamed thereout, yet there were ſome Crannies in this huge heap of ruins, out of which there came ſo thick a ſmoke, as it deprived the

Combatants of light and knowledg, who friend, who foe: So that the Souldiers of *Cyrus*, and thoſe of the King of *Pontus*, not knowing what they did, fell into ſuch a confuſed diſorder, that thoſe of *Cyrus* thought the beſieged had the advantage, and thoſe of the Town alſo thought that the Aſſailants had it: So as in this error and diſorder both ſides retreated, and left the Sconce to it ſelf; yet the ſmoke being vaniſhed, the Souldiers of *Cyrus* were the firſt who ſaw it, and returned to the Combat, which they did ſo proſperouſly, that they finiſhed the Sconce and kept it.

Whilſt they were getting this advantage on that ſide, *Clearques* obtained another on the other ſide where he did aſſault; and he got ſo much honour during this Siege, as *Cyrus* gave him a thouſand commendations: All the Voluntiers approved themſelves moſt brave men, eſpecially *Megabates*. This being the ſtate of things, *Paſtias* and *Licambes* did make another attempt, which was to get ſome men into *Cumes* by the way towards the Sea, and indeed they did happily begin the deſign, never being diſcovered by the Scouts; but *Cyrus* being advertized of this enterprize, took horſe immediately with *Mazares* and all the bravery of his Army, and went to look upon their Enemies, who ſeeing they were diſcovered, retired in ſuch haſt, that *Cyrus* could not overtake them: So that he returned to the Camp, where he found all things in a good condition, and looked upon *Cumes* as a Town that would be preſently taken: His greateſt perplexity was his fear, leſt the King of *Pontus* ſhould find out ſome way to ſteal away *Mandana*: Wherefore conſulting with *Mazares* upon the beſt courſe, he believing the Prince of *Cumes* repented of his giving Sanctuary unto the King of *Pontus*, for involving him into all this miſery, it was thought expedient to offer him his Dominions if he would reſtore *Mandana*, and that he would give liberty to the King of *Pontus*, becauſe he would not move him to betray a Prince unto whom he had given retreat: *Cyrus* hoping that if this Prince would not accept of this offer, yet it would ſtir up the people againſt him, and would hinder the King of *Pontus* from carrying away *Mandana*: So that having ſent a Herauld unto the Prince of *Cumes*, to tell him, that having ſome advantageous Propoſitions to make unto him, he deſired a man of ſome credence might be ſent to receive his intentions. This Prince, after a conſult with the King of *Pontus*, anſwered, that their two intereſts being inſeparable, he could not receive his meſſage without his participation, but that they would ſend jointly the next morning to know what the will of *Cyrus* was, that in the *interim* there might be a ceſſation of Arms: Though this anſwer of the Prince of *Cumes* was not according to the wiſh of *Cyrus*; yet he took him at his word, and to obtain his ends, he reſolved to tranſact with equal generoſity unto his Rival: So that the next morning after the Truce was publiſhed, and after he who the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes* ſent unto him, were come into the Camp; *Cyrus* would needs ſhew him all his works, to the end the negotiation might better proceed: So that he carried him from Line to Line, from Fort to Fort,and let him ſee there was no hopes of ever relieving *Cumes* by Land: Alſo, what *Cyrus* ſaid unto him was ſo full of generoſity, that he could ſee no reaſon why any of his offers ſhould be refuſed, for he demanded of the Prince of *Cumes* *Mandana* only, and yet offered unto the King of *Pontus* all the conditions which the Princeſs *Araminta* heretofore offered from him, which was, an Army to reconquer his Dominions: I do not offer this, (ſaid he unto the man) out of the leaſt doubt of taking *Cumes* preſently, but it is becauſe I am obliged unto the King of *Pontus*, ever ſince I wore the name of *Artamenes*, and having a high eſteem of the Prince of *Cumes* courage, I ſhould be ſorry any occaſion ſhould force me to ruin them; and to tell you truly, I deſire to ſhorten the Captivity of *Mandana*, by a happy Negotiation.

After this, *Cyrus* did much oblige the man to whom he ſpoke, and without any unworthy Propoſition, he made him extreamly ſatisfied with his generoſity; but the more reaſonable the Propoſitions were, the more ſharp were they unto the King of *Pontus*, and he laboured to put things unto the utmoſt extremity, and the Prince of *Cumes* proteſted never to ſhrink from his intereſt; and though he was moſt deſperately in Love, yet he could not chuſe but conſider, that ſince he was not able to keep

Mandana, it were injuſtice wilfully to ruin a Prince who had given him retreat: But for all this, though he did know it to be both unjuſt and imprudent, yet his paſſion had no ear to hear of any Propoſition, which had any clauſe of *Mandana*'s reſtitution in it; yet notwithſtanding, not daring to tell the Prince of *Cumes* in plain terms, that rather than reſtore *Mandana* into the hands of *Cyrus*, he was reſolved to ſee both him and himſelf to periſh, he gave him ſuch language as might gain a little time, and if poſſible recover ſome hopes; and therefore he thought it expedient to tell *Cyrus*, that they could not return him any poſitive anſwer, without imparting theſe Propoſitions unto the *Xanthians*, and *Caunians*, and alſo until they knew from *Pactias* and *Licambes* in what condition their forces were, and therefore deſired, until they were ſatisfied in theſe things, that the Truce might continue; ſo that they ſent back this anſwer unto *Cyrus*, who accepted of it, provided there were a time limited unto this Negotiation, and that the term were not long; and thus the Truce was continued: The King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes* ſent out an Envoy unto the General of their Army, and another unto the *Xanthians* and the *Cauneans*, *Cyrus* ſending Heraulds with them to carry them thither, and to bring them back. In the mean time, the King of *Pontus*, who had never conſented unto this Negotiation, but that he might thereby have longer time to conſider which way he might ſave himſelf, or at leaſt defer his ruin a little longer, he now pumped all his invention for an expedihow to get *Mandana* out of *Cumes*: But whilſt he was vainly ſeeking for that which was ſo difficult to be found, *Cyrus* and *Mazares* admired what was become of the *Aſſyrian* King, they could not imagin where he ſhould be, nor how it was poſſible he ſhould be living, and not be before *Cumes*: Sometimes *Cyrus* thought him dead, and otherwhiles had a jealous fancy that he was in *Cumes*, and ſome way or other tranſacting his ruin, though yet he could not imagin which way he was able to do it. In the mean while, the Truce being publiſhed as well in the Sea as Land-Army, there was a general idleneſs amongſt the Souldiers on both ſides, and a kind of a dim image of Peace amongſt them all.

Things ſtanding upon theſe terms, and *Cyrus* being one morning upon the top of a Fort which he had made upon a hill in the Quarters of *Mazares*, he diſcover'd a Fleet, which with full Sail made towards his. He no ſooner ſaw this, but his paſſion moving him to ſuſpect ſome foul play, he changed colour, and would ſend unto *Cumes* to clear his ſuſpitions, but as he was upon the point of ſending, an Envoy came unto him from the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes*, who came to ask him whether this Fleet did come to ſtrengthen his Army, and whether he would keep within the limits of the Truce? So that knowing by this the Fleet were not his Enemies, he concluded they were for him, knowing how he had negotiated for Ships in ſeveral places, and indeed he was not miſtaken. After this, he diſmiſſed the Envoy with orders to aſſure the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes*, that he would make no attempts until the Truce were ended or broken: And as for the Fleet which appeared, they had no orders from him to approach, nor knew he from whence they came, yet he would engage his word to make no uſe of them, until thoſe Princes had refuſed the Propoſitions which he made them. After this Envoy was gone, *Cyrus* and *Mazares* ſaw that *Thraſibulus* ſent out two little Veſſels to meet thoſe which were making towards him, and that thoſe two Ships returned with the Fleet as friends towards *Thraſibulus*; ſo that rejoycing to ſee freſh aid, he thought it would conduce much to make the people of *Cumes* revolt, if thoſe Princes ſhould not accept of thoſe offers which he made them: Alſo he conceived freſh hopes of ſeeing his dear Princeſs very ſhortly, yet he was very impatient to know from whence this Fleet ſhould come, but he was not long without full ſatisfaction; for the two Fleets were no ſooner joyned, and thoſe who commanded them had conference, but *Thraſibulus* (according to the liberty of Truce) ſent *Leontidas* in a Barque with *Philocles*, who was Lieutenant General unto him who commanded this Fleet unto *Cyrus*, to inform him of all paſſages, ſo that *Leontidas* arrived at the Camp juſt as *Cyrus* entred into his Tent with *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, and many others: But to the end he might know how to receive *Philocles*, he went to *Cyrus* before him, and acquainted him, how *Philocles* was ſent by the Princeſs *Cleobuline*, who was then Queen of *Corinth*, after the death of the wiſe and valiant *Periander* her Father; and that he came to offer him from the Queen this Fleet, which he ſaw arrive.

Cyrus no ſooner heard this from *Leontidas*, but he diſpoſed himſelf to receive *Philocles* with extraordinary civility, not only becauſe he did very much eſteem, and becauſe he brought him powerful Auxiliaries, but alſo becauſe he came from one of the muſt illuſtrious Princeſſes in the World, whom he had ſeen very young when he travelled by *Corinth*. Having then appointed *Chriſantes* to go and entertain them whom ſhe had ſent, and *Leontidas* to bring him thither; *Philocles* was brought, who preſented a Letter unto him from the Queen of *Corinth*, which contained theſe words,

The Queen *of* Corinth *to the invincible* CYRUS.

SIR,

TO teſtifie how dear the remembrance of the illuſtrious Artamenes *is unto me, and how much I intereſt my ſelf in that glory which he hath gotten, I have ſent unto him the beſt Ships which are on our Seas, being extreamly ſorry, that he would not acquaint me with his neceſſities, but demanded aid from Princes, who could not help him with a more willing heart than mine: The Souldiers which I have made choice of to ſend him, hath all of them heretofore returned from Wars mith Lawrels on their heads under the late King my Father; and leſt they they ſhould forget the art of vanquiſhing, I ſhould be glad to have them fight under ſuch a Conquerour as your ſelf, nor can they have a greater honour, than to have a helping hand in the Princeſs* Mandana*'s delivery, and fighting under your Enſigns; and this is my advantage, that when you ſhall ſend them back, I ſhall be more terrible to my Neighbours;* Philocles, *who knows my thoughts of you, will more preſiſely interpret them; and if he follow my inſtructions exactly, will tell you, that I do eaſily believe all the wonders which are reported of your life, and there is none in the world who doth more honour your* *virtue then my ſelf, nor who wiſheth your happineſs with more zeal then*

CLEOBULINE.

This Letter being full of Noble expreſſions, it did moſt infinitely oblige *Cyrus*, who teſtified unto *Philocles* ſo many cordial acknowledgments of this great Queens goodneſs unto him, as made it apparent, that his heart was moſt ſenſible of ſuch a generous overture. After this, *Philocles* acquainted *Cyrus*, how the Queen who ſent him underſtood that the Prince of *Cumes* had ſent ſecretly unto *Corinth*, to cauſe Ships of War to be made, and that ſhe was diligent to enquire (by ſome intelligence which ſhe hath in the Town) what might be his reaſon for arming? by which means ſhe came to underſtand, that it was becauſe he had given retreat unto the King of *Pontus*, who was eſcaped from *Sardis*, and had taken the Princeſs *Mandana* with him: *Philocles* further told him, that this great Queen ſuppoſing he knew where that Princeſs was, and not queſtioning but that be would preſently beſiege *Cumes*, ſhe made ready this Fleet which now ſhe ſent unto him, which could not poſſibly come ſooner unto *Cumes*, becauſe of the contrary winds: *Philocles* extolled the eſteem which *Cleobuline* had of *Cyrus*, with ſo many aggravations, and ſuch eloquence, as it was evident he came from the Court of a Princeſs, where ignorance did not paſs for a vertue, like many other Courts in the world: Though *Cleobuline* was very young when *Cyrus* was at *Corinth*, yet he remembred her to be then very fair, and of an admirable Spirit as well as Beauty; and being obliged unto a more particular curioſity, he asked *Philocles* a hundred queſtions, concerning this great Princeſs and her Goverment; but the more *Philocles* anſwered, the more his curioſity augmented, for he told him ſuch wonders of this Queen in diſcourſing with him, of her great ſoul, ſpirit, wit, prudence, juſtice, liberty and goodneſs, as this Prince was all admiration, and had no longing deſire to know more. In the mean time, to teſtifie how much he eſteemed of any thing that came from her, he ſent *Chriſantes* unto him, who commanded this Fleet, with ſeveral Barks loaden with all manner of things ſuitable for a Preſent at Sea, keeping *Philocles* with wim, and *Leontidas* alſo until the Truce was ended.

The next morning, he who commanded the Fleet, whoſe name was *Timochares*, came alſo to viſit *Cyrus*, who treated him with magnificence worthy of himſelf, and worthy of that Queen whom he deſired to honour, by honouring him who commanded her Arms. Since the Truce allowed him leaſure enough, and ſince his hopes of ſeeing his Princeſs at liberty had infuſed much ſerenity into his ſoul, his civilities were more exact and regular than ordinary; therefore as often as *Philocles* and *Timochares* were with him, he talked with them continually of the Queen, of whom he ſtill heard ſomthing that was admirable, and indeed ſo many miracles, as would have ſtaggered his belief, and ſuſpected *Philocles* and *Timochares* of groſs flattery, if he had not known the firſt of them to be a man moſt ſincere.

However, this Prince always thought that he committed a crime when he thought of any thing but *Mandana*, and would not perhaps have been ſo forward in the buſineſs of this Queen, if *Timochares*, according to her orders, had not asked him, whether ſhe approved of her deſign never to marry, adviſing with him afterwards upon ſeveral things which related unto her Dominions: So that *Cyrus* infinitely wondred at the reſolution which this young and fair Queen had taken, and afterwards talking with *Timochares*, and then with *Philocles*, who for divers reaſons wiſhed that this Queen would not ſo obſtinately perſiſt in her reſolution. *Philocles* reſolved to acquaint *Cyrus* with ſomething which almoſt none but himſelf could, to the end that he might adviſe *Timochares*, who had ſome credit with *Cleobuline*, to perſwade her not to perſiſt in her deſign: So that after they had augmented the curioſity of *Cyrus*, by a thouſand circumſtances concerning this Queen; and after *Philocles* had told him, that a relation of this Queens life would concern him, *Cyrus* who infinitely eſteemed *Philocles*, promiſed to give him audience ſome night when every one was retired to their

their reſt. But before he would let him begin this relation, he asked how *Philiſta* did? and how the ſtate of his Love did ſtand? Oh Sir (anſwered he, with ſuch a ſmile as teſtified that he was either cured of his paſſion, or happy) the ſtate of my fortune is changed, ſince I left you in *Armenia*. Since, I hope, replied *Cyrus*, that the change is for the better, I ſhould be glad to know it: Sir, replied *Philocles*, I am much obliged unto you for your expreſſion, but in my acknowledgment of this honour, it would not be juſt in me to trouble you with any long relation of my own adventures, ſince I have others more illuſtrious to acquaint you withal: It will be enough I tell you, that hope is a thing which a Lover never ought to loſe, ſince never any had leſs grounds of hope then I had when I was at *Jaliſſa*, after I heard the Husband of *Philiſta* was dead: Yet Sir, that extream averſion which I thought invincible, was ſurmounted by my perſeverance; and that heart, which with ſo many ſervices, ſighs and tears could not melt, was at laſt diſſolved by my conſtancy: So that when I did return unto *Corinth*, I did return the Husband of *Philiſta*; at my arrival there I received a Letter from *Thimocratis*, which intimated unto me, that he had married *Teleſile*. Thus, Sir, thoſe two Lovers, whom you ſaw in ſuch a miſerable condition at *Synope*, as that none had misfortunes comparable unto theirs, are now both of them become moſt happy, though then there was no likelihood of their ever being ſo: I aſſure you, replied *Cyrus*, I am infinitely joyed at it: I am infinitely obliged unto you, replied *Philocles*; But to return unto the Queen of *Corinth*, I ſhall moſt humbly beſeech you, Sir, not to ſuſpect me of any flattery, when you ſhall hear things reported of her, for believe it, Sir, her merit is above all commendations or flattery: She was ſo lovely and accompliſhed, replied *Cyrus*, when I was at *Corinth*, that I queſtion not but ſhe will merit the Character you ſhall give her, therefore you need not, *Philocles*, to prepare me with any ſuch Prologue. After this, *Philocles* began the relation thus.

The Hiſtory of CLEOBULINE *Queen of* Corinth.

THough it be the cuſtome of thoſe who relate the lives of any one, to begin afar off, and to give as large a Character of the Anceſtors, as of the Party who is moſt concerned in the adventure in hand, yet I do not intend to imitate them; therefore Sir, I ſhall only hint unto you in a conciſe method, that *Periander* the Queen of *Corinths* Father was branched from the illuſtrious Race of *Heraclides*; that his valour had rendred him a Conquerour of his Dominions, though his Juſtice made him to raign quietly ? that he had waged many glorious Wars, eſpecially againſt thoſe of *Epidaurus*, and that his great ſoul had made him merit the name of Wiſe, as well as his courage had got him the name of Valiant. After this, I ſhall tell you, that having loſt the Queen his wife, and two Sons, he died himſelf, and left the Princeſs his Daughter Queen of *Corinth*, at ſuch an age as could not be imagined ſhe could bear out her Royal Authority as ſhe did. I know again, Sir, that it is the cuſtome, leaſt Auditors ſhould be ſurprized at the extraordinary merits of a perſon, to relate how they were educated, and what they were taught, and to derive their Hiſtory even from their very Cradle. But ſince it is the Queen of *Corinth* I am to ſpeak, I will ſhew you her upon her Throne, and not mention her further then ſince ſhe wore a Crown. Yet of her perſon, Sir, ſince ſhe is much embeliſhed ſince you ſaw her, it is requiſite I ſpeak ſomething; yet ſhe is a little bigger than when you were at *Corinth*, for her ſtature could never reach unto the rank of the middle ſort, but yet I aſſure you, Sir, ſhe has all the Characters of Grandure and Majeſty in her aſpect, ſuch as imprints fear and reverence in the hearts of all that look upon her, though this be a priviledge which commonly is reſerved only to ſuch unto whom Nature hath given a high and lofty ſtature. But though *Cleobuline* be not ſo high as her heart is great, yet in exchange ſhe hath the faireſt gray Eyes that e'er were ſeen; her Hair the lovelieſt fair in the world; her Garb and Behaviour ſuperlatively rare; and though her Noſe be a little above the true exactneſs of proportion, yet her Phyſiognomy is ſo Noble and Heroique, as it pleaſeth infinitely, and as I ſaid before, inſpires reverence into the hearts of all beholders. But Sir, I do not only render her commendable unto you by the graces of her perſon; but alſo by the grandure of her ſoul, the nobleneſs of her inclinations, the generoſity of her heart, and the incomprehenſible altitude of her wiſdom and ſpirit: For it is moſt unqueſtionably certain, that never any one living had greater and more admirable qualites than this Princeſs hath, ſhe ſpeaks unto all Ambaſſadors which come unto her Court in their own National Language, and that with ſuch eloquence, with ſo much eaſe, and with ſuch a grace, as puts them all to admiration. Moreover, her knowledge is not limited to the languages which ſhe ſpeaks and writes as well as her own, but there is no manner of Science whereof ſhe is not capable. Yet the thing which in my phancy merits moſt eſteem is, that ſhe hath ſuch a venerable opinion of all perſons that are either knowing, or virtuous, or excellent in any Art, that at this very preſent ſhe hath intelligencers in all places of the World to enquire out thoſe who have any extraordinary merit, and by this means there is not any man of any tranſcendant parts, who hath not taſted of her liberality. For Sir, be pleaſed to know, that this great Queen doth give, as if the Gods had eſtabliſhed her to inrich all the knowing men in the world; and certainly ſhe has good reaſon for it to look upon them as her Subjects, ſince I am confident there is not one who does not reſpect her as if ſhe were his legitimate Queen; ſhe does not only give to thoſe who ask her, but unto thoſe who never pretend unto any thing, ſhe gives quickly ſhe gives much, ſhe gives with a good will, ſhe gives with joy, and liberallity is a virtue, which ſhe practiſeth in ſuch a Noble and Heroique manner, as ſhe never thinks ſhe gives too much. But the wonder of all is, that this virtue is no blind hood-wink't virtue, which beſtows without choice or diſcretion; but, on the contrary, ſhe gives only unto thoſe whom ſhe thinks do merit her gift, yet ſtill meaſuring them by the rule of her own generoſity, more then by the virtue of the receivers; much rather chooſing to give more than is deſerved, then not to give as much as her Quality, and liberal Inclinations prompts her unto. Moreover, this vertue of liberality, which is ſo proper unto Kings and Princes, is not the only vertue which ſhines in her, but alſo ſhe is exceedingly good, profoundly prudent, and exactly juſt, ſo juſt that ſhe will violate all her ſtrongeſt inclinations, rather than do the leaſt injuſtice to the meaneſt of her ſubjects; and if this vertue, which is the very Baſis of all other, do at any time tranſgreſs, it is only when clemency prompts her to pardon ſome Noble Delinquent; indeed ſhe knows ſo well how to mix the ſeverity of Juſtice with the mildneſs of clemency, that from theſe two vertues do flow a million of good effects, which makes her to be both feared and loved by all her people. Moreover, ſhe is able to give advice; ſhe is knowing in all affairs, and underſtands them ſo admirably well, that it is a hard matter to poſe her in any thing; ſhe never frequents any but magnificent Feaſts in her Court, and ſtately recreations; but the predominate paſſion of her ſoul is Love unto the Sciences, and ſhe may as well be called Queen of the Muſes, as Queen of *Corinth*; and indeed they do in all places pay her homage, in perpetual Elogies and Panegeriques; both in Verſe and Proſe the name of *Cleobuline* is celebrated in all Places of the World, and her glory is above any additions. But Sir, to omit any relations of her Government, ſince we have nothing to do with the Politiques at this time: Be pleaſed to know that there is a man in the ſame Court, whoſe name is *Myrinthus*; who is not originally a *Corinthian*, ſince his Grandfather was a *Lacedemonian*: This *Myrinthus* is a man of excellent parts; for he is not only Tall, Handſome, Fair, and of a good Garb, but he has as much Heart, and as much Spirit as any one can have: He had alſo this advantage, that his Grandfather and Father, having both of them very Noble Fortunes, both of them had the moſt honourable Imployments in the State: By this means *Myrinthus* ever [illegible] his firſt budding in the World, had much familiarity [illegible] with the Queen, and with all the men of higheſt Quality in *Corinth*: 'Tis true, *Myrinthus* was of a very conſiderable Rank in his Country; yet the truth is alſo, that Fortune carried him higher than his birth, but never higher than his virtue: Yet, Sir, he need not be looked upon as the only foundation of thoſe honours which I ſhall tell you he received, ſince I am very confident, that the Queen of *Corinth* had ſome reaſon to ſay, one never loves, but becauſe they cannot chooſe, and becauſe there is ſome compulſive power which forceth us, whether we will or no, to love and hate, without any help of our reaſon: But Sir, ſince in order unto my deſign I muſt diſcover a ſecret unto you which few know, a ſecret which doubtleſs the Queen of *Corinth* would not have you know; therefore I muſt tell you, that there is in our Court a Prince whoſe name is *Baſilides*, a man doubtleſs very amiable, both for the Qualities of his Perſon, for thoſe of his Wit, and thoſe of his Soul. Moreover *Baſilides* looked ſo near the Crown, that by the Law he is to ſucceed *Cleobuline*, if ſhe married not. This Prince had ever a moſt reverent and violent paſſion unto this Princeſs, but ſince ſhe made her ſelf feared as well as loved, the Rank ſhe kept, did enjoyn him ſilence; yet I know very well that the Queen was not ignorant of his paſſion, though he never told her of it, and I am ſure that if ſhe did not love him, it was not becauſe ſhe was ignorant of his Love, but becauſe her ſoul had a ſecret ingagement which ſhe her ſelf knew not of; For Sir, let me tell you, *Cleobuline* was born with a moſt ſtrong inclination unto *Myrinthus*: But that you may not wonder how I came to the knowledge of all theſe ſecret particulars, be pleaſed to know that *Steſilea* who dwelt at *Corinth*, of whom you heard at *Sinope*, and who married the Brother of *Philiſta*, ſhe, I ſay, was of confidence with the Queen a long time, and *Philiſta* being intimate with her, ſince her return from *Corinth*, I knew from her all theſe paſſages which I relate unto you. I know therefore, Sir (as I told you) that none can have a ſtronger inclination to love another, than *Cleobuline* ever had to love *Myrinthus*, and this affection was ſo bred in her from the Cradle, as ſhe perceived not the greatneſs of it until ſhe was a Queen: She knew before that the ſight of *Myrinthus* did pleaſe her more than the ſight of any other, that his company did more divert her, that in her eye he had a better Garb than any in the Court, that his cloaths did better become him, that he had a better Grace than any elſe, that his Spirit was more pleaſing, and that ſhe eſteemed him more than any ſhe knew, but ſhe thought all theſe to be pure effects of her reaſon, and of *Myrinthus* his merits, not thinking her inclination had any other ground: But the truth is, ſhe loved him, and knew it not; and ſhe went on ſo long in this error, that her flame could not be quenched when ſhe diſcovered it: As for *Myrinthus*, the vaſt diſtance between the Quality of this Princeſs and himſelf, did ſo limit his veneration of her virtues, as that it did not produce thoſe effects which perhaps it would have done, if *Cleobulines* quality had been equal unto his; for he knew very well, that in all reaſon he could not look upon her, but only with an eye of reſpect, and not with the leaſt thought of Love; he knew ſhe was the moſt accompliſhed Perſon upon earth, but this knowledge produced only admiration, and if he did bear any affection to her, it was only to her glory, and to do her ſervice, but not unto her perſon; yet was he very officious in rendring moſt exact reverence unto this Princeſs, becauſe being of a very ambitious temper, and knowing ſhe was to be Queen, he conceived that ſhe might advance his fortunes, and indeed he was not miſtaken, for after *Periander* died, *Cleobuline* conferred upon him one of the greateſt Offices in the State: yet ſhe did believe that in conferring it, he would execute the Office better than another, and that what ſhe did was conducible to her ſervice: But ſhe was not long in this ignorance of her own heart, for ſhe began preſently to conceive that ſhe was not her own Miſtreſs. Since *Myrinthus* had his Queen in high veneration, ſince he was obliged unto her, and ſince he expected much from her, doubtleſs he failed not in any thing of duty to her as the Queen of *Corinth*, yet ſhe confeſſed ſince unto *Steſilea* and *Philiſta*, that ſometimes, though, ſhe knew no reaſon for it, yet ſhe was not ſatisfied with his obſequiouſneſs, with his reſpects and ſervices, and that ſhe was vexed at him though ſhe did conceal it, and not being able to reach the cauſe, ſhe knew not whereof to complain.

Thus not knowing what her heart would have of *Myrinthus*, ſhe only knew that ſhe was not contented: But thought theſe diſorders did often take her, without any outward expreſſions of them, yet ſhe could not believe that ſhe was in love with *Myrinthus*, and ſhe had rather accuſe her ſelf of being phantaſtical, than of entertaining any ſuch paſſion as that in her heart; yet for all that, ſhe confeſſed, that ſhe had once ſome ſuſpitions of ſuch a thing, which ſhe rejected with a ſtrange violence; adding, that ſhe would not admit of any ſuch thoughts into her ſoul, which ſhe ſhould be obliged to combat withal, and which ſhe thought perhaps already that ſhe could not eaſily vanquiſh: So that deluding her ſelf, ſhe continued loving *Myrinthus*, and would not know it; ſhe never called her heart to give an account of its ſecreſies, as at other times ſhe uſed. So that in ſome ſort ſubmitting her reaſon unto the conduct of her paſſion, this illuſtrious heart was ſo engaged to love *Myrinthus*, that when it would have diſingaged it ſelf, it was not in its power. In the mean time *Myrinthus* was as happy as a man could be that was not in Love, for the Queen caſting a favourable eye upon him, all the Court courted him, and he taſted all the ſweets that ambition uſed to afford thoſe whoſe projects proſper. *Myrinthus* never asked any thing of the Queen which he obtained not, and ſhe often gave him when he did not ask, her ear was always ready to his deſires, all the friends of *Myrinthus* were ſure to find protection, and it may be ſaid, that he was infinitely happy and knew it not. *Baſilides* for his part, though he durſt never ſpeak a word of his paſſion unto the Queen, and he was not loved ſo well as he wiſhed, yet he was not very miſerable; for beſides his hopes that time and his ſervices might move her heart, he had this conſolation alſo to know, that if ever ſhe married, all reaſon and policy in the world would require ſhe ſhould marry him. So that contenting himſelf with that natural civility which this Princeſs uſed towards him, he lived in tranquility enough, his hopes of being hereafter loved, ſweetning his ſorrows for not being loved at the preſent. As for the Queen, it may be ſaid, that ſhe had neither Roſes nor Thorns in her love; for ſhe had neither the ſweetneſs to be loved, or almoſt to know that ſhe loved, nor was ſhe ſtung with that reſtleſs anguiſh which that paſſion often procures, ſince ſhe was neither angry, nor impatient, nor jealous, yet ſhe was not long in this ſerenity of ſoul, which kept her ignorant of her hearts ingagement, and ſhe ſoon perceived that Love is a moſt dangerous paſſion. But, Sir, to let you know how the Queen of *Corinth* came to know the ſtate of her own heart, be pleaſed to underſtand, Sir, that *Baſilides* had a Siſter named *Philimena*, who then was one of the greateſt Ornaments of the Court; not that her beauty was ſo exact, but becauſe ſhe had ſuch a ſweet agreement of features as was preferrable before beauty: *Philimena* was of a brown Complexion, yes, extreamly brown, ſhe was rather little than great, every part of her face was not regularly handſome by it ſelf, but being put together, ſhe was fair and infinitely charming, ſhe had bright, ſweet, and lively eyes, her mouth was infinitely handſome, her teeth were admirable, and had a plumpneſs which gave her an air of youth that did extreamly well become her: But above all theſe, ſhe had ſuch a kind of ſweet Gallantry in her perſon, as ſhe pleaſed all that ſaw her. Moreover, ſhe had an attractive Spirit, and ſuch a Spirit as was able to keep thoſe Conqueſts which her beauty made: You may well imagin, Sir, that *Philimena* having the honour to be the Queens Cozen, and being Miſtreſs of ſo much merit, that ſhe was often with her, and that there was no Feaſt in the Court whereat ſhe was not: So that by this means *Myrinthus* did ſee *Philimena* every day, either with the Queen, or at her own lodging, or in ſome other place. But at laſt, Sir, he ſaw her ſo often, that he ſaw her too often, for he fell moſt deſperately in Love with her: Since, as I told you, he was naturally ambitious, he never oppoſed a paſſion which had ſuch a Noble cauſe, nor ever went about to hide it, not being ſorry they ſhould report him to be in Love with the Siſter of that man, who in all likelihood was to marry the Queen; So that finding in one perſon a fit ſubject to ſatisfie his love and ambition both, he applied himſelf highly to Court *Philimena*; but the beſt conceit was, that he built all the happy ſucceſs of his deſign upon the Queens favour, never dreaming what thoughts ſhe had of him; yet he did not carry it at the firſt as pretending to marry her, but as a man, who preferred her before all the Court, and could not chuſe but love her: Since he thought it would avail him, that the Queen ſhould think him in love with *Philimena*, hoping that ſhe would further the buſineſs, he was as forward to make the Queen know it, as *Philimena*, knowing that *Baſilides* would not deny the Queen any favour, and ſo he thought the enjoyment of *Philimena* did depend as much upon *Cleobuline*, as upon *Philimena* her ſelf.

Myrinthus then having theſe thoughts, was extreamly diligent to make the Queen believe him as amorous as he was, and loſt no opportunity to perſwade her that he was not able to live without *Philimena*, he would ſometimes on ſet purpoſe, when *Philimena* was with the Queen, fail in thoſe reſpects which he owed unto *Cleobuline*, only to let her ſee the greatneſs of his affection to *Philimena:* You may imagin, Sir, how the Queen was troubled at this knowledge, I aſſure you it was ſo great, as now ſhe knew what ſhe was ignorant of before, for ſhe could never tell what was in her heart, until *Myrinthus* thus loved *Philimena.* But as ſoon as it appeared to be Love, there was no poſſibility of hiding this paſſion of her ſoul from her ſelf, and ſhe had enough to do to hide it from others; ſhe would not at firſt believe her own thoughts but did ſtrive to believe that the reaſon why the love of *Myrinthus* to *Philimena* did vex her, was becauſe his deſign was too raſh, and with too little reſpect unto her: Yet ſhe had no ſooner accuſed *Myrinthus* of raſhneſs, but ſhe found ſomething elſe in her heart, all her thoughts were in ſuch a ravelled diſorder, as ſhe was fain to examin them one after another, to know what it was. From whence proceeds (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, and called all her thoughts to an account) this great turbulency in my heart, ſince *Philimena* conquered the heart of *Myrinthus?* What intereſt have I in the Conqueſt, that I ſhould deſire to oppoſe it? and what expect I from a man whom Fortune hath made ſo much my inferiour? I know not well what I would have (ſaid ſhe and chid her ſelf) but I know very well that I would not have him love *Philimena:* But can it be poſſible I ſhould love *Myrinthus* more than I thought I

did?

did? *Myrinthus* who is a thouſand degrees below me, *Myrinthus* who loves not me, nor, thanks be to the Fates, knows that I love him. No; fie, fie, *Cleobuline* is not capable of ſo much weakneſs, ſhe is too zealous an adorer of glory to love *Myrinthus*, though he ſhould infinitely love her.

At theſe words *Cleobuline* ſtopt, and was a while in examination of her ſelf; but not being able to be her own Judge, ſhe broke out into expreſſions again: However (ſaid ſhe and bluſht) this ſame *Cleobuline* who is ſuch a lover of glory, and who thought ſhe had not loved *Myrinthus*, cannot endure that he ſhould love *Philimena*, and finds ſomething in her heart which tells her, ſhe ſhould not be ſorry if he loved *Cleobuline*: But what's this I ſay (ſaid ſhe and reprehended her ſelf) am I in my wits? and can I approve of my own thoughts? No, no, I utterly diſclaim them if they be unworthy of my ſelf, I will magnanimouſly contend with my ſelf for my own glory; and ſince all the world commends me, I will not give them any cauſe to blame me: Surmount *Cleobuline* this puſilanimity which thou haſt diſcovered in thy heart; and never conſent that the Daughter of the wiſe *Periander* ſhould be capable of ſo much folly, nor that the Daughter of a great and valiant King ſhould be ſo poorly baſe. But is Love a voluntary thing? (ſaid this Princeſs to her ſelf.) Is it not a paſſion? And yet I argue as if one might love or hate, whom, and when, and how they pleaſe. Oh you moſt juſt Gods (cried ſhe out) I would what I ſay now were true! and that I could hate *Myrinthus!* 'Tis much better to be unjuſt than weak: Proclaim war againſt thy ſelf *Cleobuline*, and to make the conqueſt more eaſie, imagin, that *Myrinthus* hath done thee an injury, to reſpect thee as he hath done; and that he hath affronted thee by loving *Philimena*, that he was obliged to gueſs at thoſe thoughts which you had of him, and to anſwer them, and let him paſs for a perfidious and ungrateful man, who ſhould know that you loved him and he never love you: But alas, ſaid ſhe, how can I accuſe *Myrinthus?* He does not love me, 'tis true; but the reaſon is becauſe he thinks that he ought not to preſume to love me, if he had any ſuſpicion that I loved him, had he not then done me wrong? and had not good cauſe to be offended at him? of what then can I accuſe *Myrinthus*? can I accuſe him of any raſhneſs in loving *Philimena*, ſince I think him not worthy to look upon my ſelf? If I muſt find a cauſe, (ſaid ſhe) either in him or my ſelf to hate him, or at leaſt not to love him: Is it not cauſe enough, that he is the cauſe of that weakneſs whereof I accuſe my ſelf? Is it not a ſufficient cauſe to drive him from my heart, that he diſturbs the tranquility of my life? Baniſh him then couragiouſly *Cleobuline* from that place where he does not know he is, and reign over thy ſelf as Soveraignly as over thy Subjects. After this violent conteſt, this Princeſs thinking that ſhe did not love *Myrinthus*, becauſe ſhe deſired it, did what ſhe could to keep cloſe unto her reſolutions, and to gain that victory at one blow, and put her ſelf to the laſt teſt, ſhe appointed many days of Hunting, and other recreations, where *Philimena* and *Myrinthus* always were; ſhe gave the Ball unto *Philimena* very often, thinking to accuſtom her ſelf to ſee *Myrinthus* with *Philimena*, without any other Sorrow or Intereſt. Thus ſtriving to quench that flame which burned in her heart towards *Myrinthus*, ſhe augmented the flames of *Myrinthus* to *Philimena*, by giving him ſo many occaſions of ſeeing her; and ſhe her ſelf would ſometimes cauſe *Philimena* to anſwer the affection of *Myrinthus*; for indeed, ſince *Cleobuline* intended to conquer her ſelf, during theſe three days of feaſting and diverſions, ſhe expreſſed as much friendſhip unto *Myrinthus*, as he expreſſed love to *Philimena*: So that by this means the fair and young *Philimena* ſeeing her Lover in ſuch favour with the Queen, did alſo look upon him with a more gracious eye. *Baſilides*, who feared nothing more than to diſpleaſe *Cleobuline*, durſt not expreſs any miſlike that *Myrinthus* courted his Siſter. Thus the Queen, without any conqueſt of her ſelf, helped *Myrinthus* to conquer the heart of *Philimena*, who certainly eſteemed him with as much affection as her virtue would permit her.

But whilſt *Cleobuline* was contributing unto the felicity of *Myrinthus*, ſhe diſturbed her own; for the more ſhe ſaw him, the leſs able ſhe ſaw her ſelf to ceaſe loving him, and to endure he ſhould love *Philimena*, when ſhe ſaw him talk in a low voice unto that fair and young Lady, ſhe would change colour, her heart would beat a Lovers pace, and ſuſpecting that he was expreſſing his Affection, her ſoul ſuffered inexpreſſible tortures: If he at any time chanced to commend *Philimena*, ſhe was ſtrangely troubled, and if *Philimena* commended *Myrinthus*, *Cleobuline* could not hold from contradicting her, though ſhe eſteemed *Myrinthus* above all the world. In the mean time, though the Queen found a ſtrange rebellion in her heart, and that there was a continual contrariety betwixt her reaſon and her ſelf, yet ſhe did obſtinately ſtrive many days to vanquiſh her paſſion; but at laſt, ſhe found that all her attempts were in vain, and that the moſt ſhe could do was to hide it; and ſhe thought that alſo to be a piece of difficulty, unleſs ſhe ſhould hide her ſelf and all: And indeed *Cleobuline* not being able to reſtrain her ſelf, did feign ſickneſs, to the end ſhe might not ſee either *Myrinthus* or *Philimena*, hoping ſtill that this abſence from them might recover her liberty, yet this reſtraint and retreat had not that operation which ſhe hoped: For when *Myrinthus* was out of her ſight, ſhe imagined him always at the feet of *Philimena*: So that in lieu of releaſing her mind, ſhe did the more ingage it. It often chanced, that ſhe deſiring to know where *Myrinthus* was, ſhe would ſend ſeveral commands unto him concerning his office, and ſtill ſhe was told, that they found him with *Philimena*: So that her paſſion being blowed by the bellows of Jealouſie, in lieu of extinguiſhing, it flamed, and ſo ſcorched her, that ſhe would accuſe her own folly and weakneſs, for her torments. Since *Steſilea* was much in her favour, and more in her confidence than any one in the Court, ſhe would have her with her even at thoſe times when her torments did moſt torture her. In the mean time, ſince this Princeſs was naturally merry, *Steſilea* much wondred to ſee her ſo melancholy, not being able to imagin what the cauſe was, for ſhe was infinitely adored by all her people, peace and abundance did flow over all parts of her Dominions, all her Neighbour ſtates did highly eſteem her, her reputation reach'd over all the world, and there was nothing viſible which could moleſt her happineſs: So that *Steſilea* ſeeing ſuch an alteration in the Queen, reſolved to take the liberty of asking her the cauſe, at the firſt opportunity which offered it ſelf; and ſhe was not long before ſhe found it, for the Queen did her ſelf give it one night when they were alone together: Tell me truly, *Steſilea*, ſaid the Princeſs to her, Do you not deſire to know the cauſe of my melancholy? Did I as well know how to divine your Majeſtys thoughts, replied ſhe, as you do mine, I ſhould quickly ſatisfie my curioſity of knowing what it is that troubles you: The truth is, Madam, the condition wherein I ſee you makes me moſt ſadly inquiſitive, for knowing you to be wiſe and prudent, I am moſt confident you are not melancholy without a cauſe, and not knowing what it is which diſquiets you, I thought it the duty of my love to you, to be ſorry in your behalf,

Cleobuline hearing *Steſilea* ſpeak ſo feelingly, and knowing that ſhe did love her with much tenderneſs, ſhe reſolved to unburthen her heart, ſince it was not poſſible that any one ſoul ſhould contain all thoſe reſentments which ſhe had of her own glory, of her love to *Myrinthus*, and of her jealouſie of *Philimena:* But ſince ſhe was ſtrangely aſhamed of her own weakneſs, ſhe drew the Tiſſue Curtain of that bed whereon ſhe ſate, to the end that darkneſs might help her in diſcovering unto *Steſilea* thoſe torments of her ſoul. After that, ſhe had prepared *Steſilea* with a long preamble, and *Steſilea* had promiſed inviolable fidelity, ſhe began to ſpeak as if ſhe had committed ſome horrid crime: You have good reaſon *Steſilea* (ſaid ſhe unto her) to ſay I am changed from what I was; for the truth is, I am not that woman whom all the world takes me to be; I know very well that I have the happineſs of a reputation high enough, and that all Princes do either eſteem me, or look upon me with an eye of envy, yet I muſt tell you, that if they knew my heart, they would look upon me either with an eye of pity, or elſe with an eye of ſcorn: O Madam (replied *Steſilea*) the laſt of theſe can never be: Yes, replied the Queen, ſooner then the firſt, if my condition were but known: But *Steſilea*, the greateſt comfort of my misfortune is, that I hope none will ever know it, and that though I tell it unto you, yet it will ſleep in eternal oblivion. Certainly, Madam, you may be confident, anſwered *Steſilea*, that I will never reveal any ſecret which you ſhall honour me with the participation of; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty to tell me what it is which diſquiets you, that

I may endeavour a remedy. As ſoon as I offer to open my mouth, replied *Cleobuline*, to tell you the cauſe of my miſery, anger and ſhame ſhuts it again: I cannot find words to expreſs my thoughts, and I do find ſuch a confuſion in all my thoughts, that I can give no order unto my words; one while I would deſire you to excuſe my folly, before I acquaint you what it is; ſometimes I have a deſire to tell what the matter is, and preſently after I alter my mind, and reſolve to tell you nothing at all; therefore my dear *Steſilea*, if you can gueſs what the cauſe of my grief is; But hold (ſaid ſhe and reprehended her ſelf) I would not have you gueſs, and though you have ſome ſuch ſuſpition, I conjure you not to tell it, for if you ſhould gueſs it, I ſhould believe all the world might do the like, and ſo I ſhould be the moſt miſerable Princeſs upon earth. Since *Steſilea* naturally had a paſſionate ſoul, ſhe knew by the manner of the Queens diſcourſe, that love was the cauſe of her ſorrows, but yet ſhe could not imagin with whom it ſhould be that ſhe was in Love: but very ſweetly replied, that ſince ſhe deſired to know no farther than ſhe was pleaſed to allow her, ſhe would not dive deeper into the buſineſs than her Majeſty pleaſed: Though I am perſwaded, (ſaid ſhe) that one may impart all things unto one that is faithful: But Madam, (ſaid ſhe purpoſely to ſcrue out the ſecret) what can it be that is ſo difficult to be diſcovered? All the world knows all your actions to be innocent and moſt illuſtrious, and if you be culpable in any thing, certainly there is none that can teſtifie againſt you but your ſelf, and that perhaps for entertaining ſome thoughts which were too high: Oh *Steſilea*, replied the Queen, ambition is no part of my crime, were I as free from all other paſſions as from that, my ſoul would be at more tranquility; but ſince I muſt tell you that which I cannot conceal, know *Steſilea*, that there is one in the world, who whether I will or no, hath ſuch a ſhare in my heart, as that I cannot hate him, though I would, and though I have a ſtrange deſire unto it: I thought (replied *Steſilea*) that your Majeſty had ſome horrid deſign to ſubvert all the Laws of your Dominions, to begin ſome unjuſt War, and to eſtabliſh ſome Tyrannical Government, ſince you did ſo highly accuſe your ſelf; but for ought I ſee you are culpable of nothing, unleſs in that you will not permit one to adore you, or in that you have not hated ſome illuſtrious Slave, who doubtleſs doth love and adore you with a moſt reverent paſſion: Ah *Steſilea*, ſaid *Cleobuline*, my fate is worſe than you imagin it, and ſince I muſt diſcover the very root of my heart unto you, know, that I love one who knows it not, and one who loves another, yet ſuch is the violence of my Love, that I cannot chuſe but love him, nor can I endure he ſhould love another, though I would not have him know I love him, nor that he ſhould ever tell me that he loves me, though he did; I pray therefore judge *Steſilea*, whether my condition be not deplorable; and whether I have not good reaſon to be much aſhamed of my weakneſs. Since I cannot condemn your Majeſty (replied *Steſilea*) unleſs I ſhould condemn my ſelf, I beſeech you give me leave to tell you, that I cannot accuſe you at all, for ſince I know you are not ignorant of my cruel diſaſter at *Jaliſſa*, where I fell in love with a man, who made me the confident of his affection unto another, I thought good then to accuſe and condemn my ſelf as your Majeſty doth: But I moſt humbly beſeech you Madam, who is this happy man that hath made this illuſtrious Conqueſt? This Conqueror replied *Cleobuline*, is the Slave of *Philimena*: Judge therefore *Steſilea*, if I have not good reaſon to be aſhamed, for though I know you are culpable of the ſame crime that I am, yet I cannot excuſe my ſelf, and to ſay the truth, there is ſome difference betwixt you and me, for he whom you loved was your equal, and you were not obliged to render an accompt of your actions unto any but your ſelf: But *Steſilea*, I muſt render an accompt of mine unto all the world, I have a tranſcendant glory to preſerve, and I prefer that glory above my life; yet I love one of my Subjects above my ſelf, and which is worſe, I love him, and am not loved, but ſees him deſperately in love with another; had I ſo much happineſs as to be ſo blinded by my paſſion, that I could think my ſelf in no fault, I ſhould be leſs miſerable, and more excuſeable; but to my torment, the Gods have left me ſo much reaſon as to ſee my own weakneſs, and yet have not left me power enough to ſurmount it. But Madam, replied *Steſilea*,

ſilea, to juſtifie you by your own words, it is not ſufficient to ſtop all accuſations, that you have done all you were able to ſubdue the paſſion of your ſoul? For, truly, Madam, I cannot conceive that vertue conſiſts in having no paſſions, Nature gives them unto all, and they can never be totally ſubdued but by death; I am confidently perſwaded, that ſo theſe paſſions prompt us not unto any thing which is againſt true glory, we are not culpable, though we cannot ſubdue them; therefore Madam, in lieu of accuſing you, as you do your ſelf, you ought to be commended, for ſtriving ſo couragiouſly againſt that which is the moſt powerful of all paſſions; and you ought to conſider with a little more tranquility, which way you may vanquiſh them, or render them leſs intollerable. As for vanquiſhing them, replied the Queen, I will never hope for it, though I am reſolved to ſtrive as long as I live; and as for making them leſs intollerable, the way is very difficult to be found. Moreover, *Steſilea*, there is one thing which doth extreamly torment me, for I am perſwaded that if *Myrinthus* knew my thoughts of him, they would ſtagger his fidelity unto *Philimena*; and ſometimes again I have thoughts, that the Crown I wear keeps him from loving me: I believe I have an infallible way to make him break off with *Philimena*, but it is a way I will never take, for there is nothing in the world I fear more, than that *Myrinthus* ſhould know I love him: Then Madam, ſaid *Steſilea*, What will content you? That I had never loved *Myrinthus*, replied ſhe: For to talk of ceaſing from loving him, is to talk of a thing impoſſible, neither my heart nor by reaſon will ever conſent unto it: Then Madam, replied *Steſilea*, I cannot eaſily think you can be in ſuch a miſerable condition, but you may find out ways to be happy: Truly *Steſilea*, replied *Cleobuline* the ſtate of my fortune is ſuch, that I know no way to happineſs, but only to wiſh it: For ſince the fate of *Myrinthus* is not fit to be a King, I cannot be any thing elſe but a lump of misfortunes, yet I do conceive ſomething that would render me ſomething leſs miſerable than I am: I beſeech you Madam, ſaid *Steſilea*, what is it that will be any eaſe unto your miſery? I would have *Myrinthus* (ſaid ſhe) not to love *Philimena*, but would have him love me, but love me without ever telling me of it, or without ever knowing that I love him, and I would have all the world ignorant of that paſſion which is in our ſouls: I pray judge then *Steſilea*, whether there be any poſſibility of my happineſs, truly I can never pretend unto ſo much as to hope it, all that I wiſh is, that *Myrinthus* did not love *Philimena*; yet truly I have no ſooner told you my wiſh, but ſhame moves me to alter my opinion, for I feel my love to *Myrinthus* converts it ſelf into hatred againſt my ſelf, and that my jealouſie of *Philimena* turns fury againſt my own reaſon; therefore *Steſilea*, I will pauſe a while until ſecond thoughts have better digeſted my firſt, and until I am better reſolved upon what I would have you do: This is a moſt certain and infallible Maxim which is for ever unalterable, that I will never do any thing that ſhall be oppoſite unto glory, and that *Myrinthus* ſhall never know that I love him. After this, *Steſilea* had a long conference with *Cleobuline*, at the concluſion of which nothing was reſolved upon; yet this Queen found ſome eaſe in her ſpirits, ſince ſhe had diſcharged her heart unto *Steſilea*, whoſe tender and paſſionate ſoul was very fit to be a confident of ſuch a Noble paſſion, and ever ſince ſhe was inſeparable from the Queen, who could not live without her: So that according to the cuſtom of all Courts, which is, that as ſoon as any is admitted into the favour of the Kings or Queens, they are courted by all the Court: So *Steſilea* by her new admittance into the Queens favour, was loadened with civilities and addreſſes: *Baſilides* himſelf was very compliant with her, and among the reſt *Myrinthus*, as powerful as he was with the Queen, yet courted the friendſhip of *Steſilea*, to the end ſhe might procure him that Queens conſent unto his deſign of marrying *Philimena*; ſo that by this means ſhe was upon very good terms with *Myrinthus*, who not knowing the cauſe of this new favour, did attribute it as all the reſt of the Court did, unto the merit of *Steſilea*, and unto the recommendation of the Princeſs *Eumetis*; with whom ſhe ſpent all the beginning of her life. Thus *Myrinthus* not knowing the true cauſe of thoſe many favours wherewith the Queen honoured *Steſilea*, did court her favour, in hopes of her doing him a good office by favouring his deſign. Moreover, in order unto this deſign, he became more obſequious, more exact, more reſpectful, and more compliant about the Queen; but the more regularly he demeaned himſelf, the more did her love and her jealouſie both begin to flame; the more obſequious he was the more ſhe thought him amiable; but alſo conſidering that his reaſon for being ſo officious about her was, only becauſe he was every day more in love with *Philimena*, a ſpiteful jealouſie did ſo rouze her heart, as ſhe fancied as much pleaſure in hindering *Myrinthus* from marrying *Philimena*, as this Lover did in enjoying her. So that conſulting about it one day with *Steſilea*, ſhe both prayed her, and conjured her to contribute all her endeavours unto the breaking off of this match: I know well (ſaid ſhe unto her) that I can do it my ſelf by virtue of my Soveraign authority, but there is two ſtrong reaſons which reſtrain me: The firſt is, becauſe I am extreamly afraid that *Myrinthus* would gueſs at the cauſe, and therefore I will not run that hazard: The ſecond is, (if I could not do it without a bluſh) becauſe I would not have *Myrinthus* hate me, as doubtleſs he would, if he ſhould know it to be I who broke off his marriage; therefore *Steſilea*, I conjure you to imploy all your wits to make him alter his opinion of *Philimena*, or at leaſt to keep him from marrying her; not that I do intend that *Myrinthus* ſhall ever know I love him, though you ſhould effect my deſired project; but it is ſo great a pleaſure unto any one who is in love, to quaſh any paſſion that ſhall oppoſe their own, as I would do any thing in the World to ſee *Myrinthus* out of love with *Philimena*: I profeſs *Steſilea* (ſaid ſhe) if you can drive her out of the heart of *Myrinthus*, you ſhall have as great a ſhare in my heart almoſt as he hath; for then I imagin I ſhall with leſs pain hide that paſſion which thus rants it in my heart, I ſhall more eaſily vanquiſh it, or at the leaſt ſhall love him leſs.

Steſilea hearing *Cleobuline* expreſs her ſelf ſo earneſtly, did promiſe all her endeavours for her ſatisfaction, and indeed ſhe omitted no opportunity of tranſacting it: Since ſhe knew *Myrinthus* to be very ambitious, ſhe undertook one day to perſwade him, that to marry ſo ſoon was the only way to choak all his ambitious thoughts, ſince Fortune is always more favourable unto thoſe who are not married, then unto thoſe who are: Afterwards, ſhe told him he was undiſcreet, in thinking of any alliance with a Prince whom the Queen loved not, and that if he would take her counſel, ſhe would adviſe him to devote himſelf inſeparably to the Queen, without any thoughts of any other intereſt. But ſince *Myrinthus* was chained in the Fetters of Love, the policy of *Steſilea* did not reliſh; and though he was very ambitious, yet he could not fear what ſhe deſired he ſhould; therefore he told her, that he ſhould not recede from the intereſts of the Queen by marrying *Philimena*; but on the contrary, ſhould more adhere unto them, ſince ſhe was the Siſter of a Man, who muſt almoſt of neceſſity (if ever the Queen marry) marry her: So that *Steſilea* ſeeing ſhe could not work upon the ſpirit of *Myrinthus*, ſeemed to yield unto his opinion, to the end he might ſtill think her one of his friends: And ſhe plotted another ſtratagem to ruine his paſſion, which was to intimate unto *Philimena* by a friend of hers, who was very intimate with her, that ſhe did her ſelf the greateſt wrong in the world, by thinking to marry *Myrinthus*, who though indeed he was a very accompliſhed man, yet was of too inferiour quality for her. But ſince *Philimena*'s ſoul was more ſenſible of *Myrinthus* his merits, than of any ambition, this counſel was given in vain: So that *Steſilea* ſeeing ſhe could no way quench theſe flames of affection in either of them, yet ſhe reſolved to hinder their marriage, and thought ſhe had found an excellent way for it. I told you already, Sir, that *Baſilides* did very much court the friendſhip of *Steſilea*, to the end ſhe might do ſome good offices to the Queen, of whom he extreamly doted. And I alſo told you, that the reaſon why he did not thwart the affection of *Myrinthus* to *Philimena*, was becauſe he feared to incenſe the Queen, by croſſing the man that was ſo much in favour with her: Now I muſt tell you, Sir, that *Steſilea* could not deviſe any better way to choak the deſigns of *Myrinthus*, than by *Baſilides*: So that talking one day with him, ſhe ordered her diſcourſe ſo handſomly, that ſhe began to talk of *Myrinthus*, and his love to *Philimena* *na*. After this, *Steſilea* did ſo prepare his Spirit, that ſhe engaged him unto her deſires, and moved him to ask her what the Queen thought of that buſineſs. *Steſilea* finding that *Baſilides* was brought unto her own bow, ſhe went on as handſomly as ſhe begun: At firſt ſhe told him, that ſhe did not very well know the Queens thoughts, and that if ſhe did, ſhe ought not to tell them; afterwards yielding by degrees unto the requeſt of *Baſilides*, ſhe made him ſwear a thouſand oaths to be faithful unto her: After that ſhe told him, how ſhe knew certainly that this marrying would diſpleaſe the Queen, and that the Queen wiſhed with all her heart it were broken off, without her being ſeen in it. Alas, *Steſilea* (ſaid *Baſilides* to her) the matter had never gone ſo far, If I had not feared the Queens diſpleaſure in oppoſing it: But ſince you aſſure me, that ſhe doth not approve of this marriage, and that I ſhall not incur her diſfavour by breaking it off, it ſhall be quickly quaſhed.

Steſilea hearing *Baſilides* ſpeak with ſo much violence, feared leſt ſome quarrel ſhould be betwixt *Myrinthus* and him; therefore to prevent any ſuch diſaſter, ſhe told him further, that he ſhould not by any means croſs theſe deſigns with a noiſe, becauſe the Queen would not take it well that *Myrinthus* ſhould be openly affronted, but that his beſt courſe would be to make uſe of the Princeſs his Mother to command *Philimena* from any thoughts of *Myrinthus*, and to treat him as a man whom ſhe would never marry. *Baſilides* followed *Steſilea*'s counſel with a thouſand thanks, not thinking that in breaking off the marriage of *Myrinthus*, he tranſacted againſt himſelf. In the mean time, *Steſilea*'s ſtratagem was not long before it took effect, for *Baſilides* having ſet on the Princeſs his Mother, *Philimena* was put into a ſtrange perplexity: Since ſhe did moſt tenderly affect *Myrinthus*, ſhe could not upon any terms reſolve to treat him ill. Alſo being exceedingly tender of her glory, ſhe was very loath to diſobey the commands of a Mother: So that taking the middle way, and that ſhe might neither loſe *Myrinthus*, nor diſobey the Princeſs her Mother, ſhe reſolved to acquiant him with the commands which was upon her: At firſt ſhe had much ado to reſolve upon this courſe, knowing very ry well that ſhe could not do it, without being very obliging towards him: But at laſt, love being predominate, ſhe reſolved to tell him, and to deſire him he would ſee her no more; and all this in ſuch obliging language, as ſhe had not ingaged him ſo much to ſee her, as if ſhe had abſolutely commanded it; for he made a thouſand vows that he would ſee her in ſpite of all the world, and told her peremptorily, that he would love her; yet *Philimena* would not upon any terms let him ſee her at her own lodging; but in lieu thereof they agreed to ſee each other at the Queens. Thus *Steſilea* in doing his Princeſs a good office one way, did her an ill one another way, for ſhe helped her unto the object which of all the world ſhe leaſt deſired to ſee, to wit, *Myrinthus* often with *Philimena*: But afterwards, *Baſilides* being aſſured by *Steſilea*, that the Queen deſired that the marriage might be broken off, he obliged the Princeſs his Mother to carry *Philimena* into the Country, ſo that this abſence was an intolerable torment upon *Myrinthus*, yet he was not a ſufferer by himſelf, and perhaps this is the firſt time that ever the abſence of a Rival cauſed ſorrow; yet certainly *Cleobuline* could not look upon *Myrinthus* ſo ſad for the abſence of *Philimena*, without extream anger and ſorrow; one paſſage happened which was a great addition to her perplexities: Be pleaſed to know, Sir, that ſhe being obliged to make a great Feaſt for the entertainment of ſome Ambaſſadors which came to her Court, *Myrinthus* appeared in ſuch a negligent manner, as if he were neither to ſee, or be ſeen by any, he thinking that ſince *Philimena* was not there, it was no matter for dreſſing himſelf; and knowing that ſhe had a friend in Court who would ſend her word of every paſſage, he hoped that this his negligence would be recompenced another way, not fearing at all that the Queen would intereſt her ſelf in it. In the mean time, this trivial paſſage do ſo incenſe her ſorrows, as ſometimes ſhe was in hopes not to love him any longer; but this hope was quickly quaſht. Did ever any ſee ſuch an odd adventure? (ſaid ſhe one night unto *Steſilea*) all that I ever do to cure my ſelf, or to comfort me, doth more augment my miſery: The abſence of *Philimena*, from which I hoped for ſuch ſweetneſs

neſs, cauſeth nothing but bitterneſs; and I had rather ſee *Philimena*, than ſee that ſorrow for her in the face of *Myrinthus*. Is it poſſible I ſhould be capable of ſuch phantaſtical thoughts? I am confident, that thoſe who ſee me enter into my Cloſet ſo often by my ſelf, to think that I am meditating upon ſome grand deſigns, and that the good of the State is all my thoughts. Yet weak woman, that I am buſied only in thinking whether *Myrinthus* be ſad or pleaſant, whether *Myrinthus* be handſome or negligent in his cloaths. Ah *Cleobuline*, what thoughts are theſe? Call to memory what heretofore thou waſt. Read over all the Elogies that were preſented to thee, to the end they may put thee in mind of deſerving them, and be unto thy ſelf the ſame thou ſeemeſt to be unto others. Thou art talked on over all the world, as if thou wert a Lover of virtue and glory, and yet thou loveſt *Myrinthus* who loves not thee, though thou knoweſt very well, that thou canſt not do it without doing that which is unworthy of thy quality. Thou loveſt *Myrinthus*, I ſay, who loves none but *Philimena*, and who ought not to enjoy thy affection, though he did love thee as well as he loves her. Be thy own Judge, *Cleobuline*, what baſeneſs of ſoul it is to do as thou doſt. Conſider ſeriouſly with thy ſelf, what abundance of folly it is to be a Slave unto thy own unruly paſſions. Remember how the wiſe *Periander* thy Father hath told thee a thouſand and a thouſand times, that tranquility of mind was the greateſt goodneſs; that this tranquility of mind was in the ſoul, like health to the body, without which one could not enjoy any manner of pleaſure. Recall thy memory, and think how he told thee, that the love of glory was the only innocent paſſion; quench thoſe flames of affection which is in thy ſoul unto *Myrinthus*; conſider that thy whole reſt and glory conſiſts in conquering thy ſelf, and thy crime does lie cloſe in the ſecret corners of thy ſoul, yet it will procure thee as much ſhame as if it were publick. How canſt thou without a bluſh receive thoſe commendations which are given thee, ſince thou knoweſt thy ſelf unworthy of them? How canſt thou enjoy the eſteem of others, when thou doſt not eſteem thy ſelf? Conſider, *Cleobuline*, conſider ſeriouſly, that if *Myrinthus*

rinthus whom thou thus adoreſt, and ſo tenderly loves, did but know of thy puſilanimous affection to him, he would eſteem thee leſs, and perhaps ſcorn thee; never be ſo ſimple as to think, that if he knew of thy affection to him, he would then quit *Philimena*; but be confident on the contrary, that he would hate thee. It ſeems Madam, (ſays *Steſilea* and interrupted her) that love is a paſſion which you are not acquainted with, ſince you think to vanquiſh it by reaſon or violence. Alas, my dear *Steſilea* (ſaid ſhe unto her) with what other arms would you have me vanquiſh my ſelf? Would you have me ſubmit and render my ſelf without any reſiſtance? No Madam (replied *Steſilea*) but in wiſhing you to ruine your paſſion, I would not have you ruine your ſelf. But *Steſilea*, replied ſhe, what would you have a Perſon do, whoſe heart is as full of ſhame as love, as full of jealouſie as ſhame, and as full of anger as jealouſie? What would you have a Princeſs do, who has a thouſand oppoſite thoughts in her ſoul? Who would ſometimes always ſee *Myrinthus*, and ſometimes again never ſee him; who ſometimes wiſheth he knew how ſhe loves him, and who in a minute after believes that ſhe ſhould die for ſhame if he did know it; who hates *Philimena* with as much violence as ſhe loves *Myrinthus*, and who often hates her ſelf, even unto death? Sometimes, my dear *Steſilea*, all the extraordinary paſſages in Hiſtory cauſed by Love comes into my memory. I find ſome Kings of *Egypt*, who have made Slaves Queens; and I think I have read of ſome Queens who have made Slaves Kings; From hence my reaſon wandered, and looked upon *Myrinthus* as one of Noble Quality and extraordinary merit. I thought his hand ſtrong enough to hold up the weight of a Scepter, and that he who reigns in my heart might well reign in my Kingdoms. But after theſe fond and unworthy imaginations had roven in my mind, my reaſon began to rouze, and diſperſe thoſe muddy Clouds, which obſcured it, and made me ſo abhorr my own thoughts, that I hated both her who entertained them, and him alſo who was the ſubject of them; judge then *Steſilea*, what a reſtleſs life I live; and the greateſt horror of all is, that in the concluſion of all my raptures, I ſtill find *Myrinthus* innocent, and *Myrinthus* worthy of my eſteem: For truly he is a man of courage, ſpirit, and fidelity, and if I could not look upon him as my ſubject, I had all the reaſons in the world to be contented with him, yet I complain, and know not why I accuſe and juſtifie him, I excuſe and condemn my ſelf all at once; yet there is always in my heart ſuch a deſire of glory, as often moves me, maugre the violence of my paſſion, to render thanks unto the Gods that *Myrinthus* loves me not, though this be the thing which moſt of any thing upon earth grieves me. But I had no ſooner rendred thanks unto them for ſuch a cruel favour, than I was ready to petition, that they would inſpire the heart of *Myrinthus* with the ſame paſſion that they did mine. Thus being toſt from one turbulent thought unto another, I found not reſt in any. After all theſe violent expreſſions, the Queen was ſilent: At laſt ſhe told *Steſilea*, that ſhe thought it ſo unworthy a thing to take ſo much fruitleſs pains in breaking off the Marriage of *Myrinthus*, as ſhe would meddle no further in it, but was reſolv'd to leave it to a hazard a while: For I am perſwaded (ſaid ſhe) that I do but augment the love of *Myrinthus* by all my obſtacles.

This reſolution being pitched upon, *Steſilea* ceaſed her negotiations. In the mean while *Myrinthus*, whoſe paſſion would never let him reſt, endeavoured to gain *Baſilides*, who indeed was perſwaded by one of his Friends, that for the advancement of his deſigns upon the Queen, it extremely concerned him not to incenſe *Myrinthus*, who was ſo gracious with her; but yet he was at a ſtand in the buſineſs, for he knew by *Steſilea* that the Queen did not approve of his deſign to marry *Philimena*; yet he himſelf knew, that one could not be more in her favour than he was, and therefore he thought it concerned him to link him unto his intereſts: So endeavouring not to appear in conſenting unto a marriage which the Queen diſliked, and not to hinder *Myrinthus*, he reſolved to truſt him, and to tell him upon what reaſons he oppoſed his deſign, not caring to ſacrifice his Siſter unto his Love. After the place where they might talk in ſecret was appointed, *Baſilides* told *Myrinthus*, that the reaſon why he oppoſed his affection was, becauſe *Steſilia* aſſured him that the Queen did not approve of it: After which, linking their intereſts together, *Myrinthus* promiſed *Baſilides* to ſerve him in all things that he was able, and *Baſilides* promiſed *Myrinthus* not to oppoſe him any more, provided he got the Queens approbation. In the mean while, *Baſilides*, to begin his favours, cauſed *Philimena* to return unto *Corinth*, upon ſome ſlight colour of the buſineſs. But as the grief which the Queen ſaw in the countenance of *Myrinthus* during *Philimena*'s abſence did much perplex her; ſo the joys which ſhe ſaw in him at her return, did drive her into abſolute deſpair.

Yet for all this, the ſatisfaction of *Myrinthus* was not over-full of tranquility, for now knowing that the Queen was not ignorant of his deſign, he found it more difficult to bring it to paſs, than when he thought *Baſilides* only did oppoſe him: It was in vain to ſearch out the cauſe, for he ſaw he was as much in her favour as ever; and he did not ſo much as ever ſuſpect, that ſhe thwarted his paſſion, only becauſe he was too deep in her heart; yet he thought it his beſt courſe to ſeem as if he were ignorant of her diſapproving of his paſſion; and he thought alſo, that if he had ſo much confident boldneſs as to ask her favour unto his deſign, that perhaps ſhe would not deny it. Thus after he had well conſulted upon the matter with *Baſilides* and with *Philimena*, it was reſolved that he ſhould take that courſe, and a very favourable opportunity did offer it ſelf, ſince *Myrinthus* had done a very conſiderable piece of ſervice to the Queen, in negotiating with Ambaſſadors from *Lacedemonia*, who were then at *Corinth*, which he tranſacted with ſo much wiſdom and ſpirit, that it may well be ſaid he prevented a great and dangerous War. *Myrinthus* ſpoke not a word of his deſign unto *Steſilea*, for ſince ſhe was not ſo open-breſted to him as *Baſilides*, he had no mind to ſpeak unto her of it, leſt ſhe ſhould diſſwade him, or elſe by her telling *Cleobuline* of it, ſhe might have more cauſe to deny him, by giving time to ſtudy her reaſons for not conſenting unto his deſires. After he had well thought upon it, he went one morning to the Queen at ſuch an hour, when he knew he might have the conveniency of talking with her, and he went with abundance of hopes to ſpeed well; for when he remembred what honours he had received from this Princeſs, the great offices ſhe had given him, and all things ſhe had done for him, it could not ſink into his belief, that ſhe would deny him the only thing which crowned all his felicities; therefore he reſolved that if he found any difficulty in obtaining his deſires, then to aggravate his affection unto *Philimena* in ſuch a manner unto *Cleobuline*, that ſhe ſhould ſee he could not live without her. *Myrinthus* then having thus reſolved upon the matter, and being come unto the Queen, he behaved himſelf as he was wont, when he had buſineſs of importance to talk on: So that *Cleobuline* gave him the opportunity of talking with her in private, without the leaſt ſuſpition of the truth, imagining he would tell her ſomething which related unto his Office; but ſhe wondered, when ſhe knew by the very firſt words of *Myrinthus* that ſhe was miſtaken: Did I not know Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that I have the honour to be known very well unto your Majeſty, I ſhould have cauſe to fear, that in lieu of granting me a moſt humble Petition, which I intend to preſent unto you, that you ſhould accuſe me of raſhneſs, and of extream ambition. After all that I have done for you *Myrinthus*, replied ſhe, I have very little reaſon to accuſe you of raſhneſs; and I muſt confeſs, I cannot underſtand what you can deſire of me, which may move me to think you ambitious. Yet Madam I am ſtrangely afraid your Majeſty ſhould miſtake one paſſion for another, and that I having an intention to beg your Majeſty's leave to love *Philimena*, and to protect me againſt *Baſilides*, you ſhould think me not contented with your benefits, but that I ſhould draw others upon my ſelf by this illuſtrious alliance: But Madam, I muſt proteſt, that ambition is not the cauſe of my boldneſs; and if I had only that paſſion in my ſoul, I ſhould certainly be the happieſt man alive: For indeed Madam, you have honoured me with ſo many Offices, and put me upon ſuch Glorious Imployments, that I know not how to wiſh for any greater: But Madam, if your Majeſty will be pleaſed to let me open my heart, to the end I may excuſe my boldneſs, I ſhall tell you, that Love is the tyrannical paſſion of my ſoul, which moves me to Petition your Majeſty with abundance of earneſtneſs to grant my deſire. If you had been only ambitious, (replied *Cleobuline* and bluſht) you ſhould ſooner obtain your deſires; for ſince I am as well able to ſatisfie the guſts of that paſſion, as you can deſire them, I ſhould perhaps continue on my favours to you; but to intereſt me in matters of Love, and ſuch a Love as yours, this *Myrinthus* is a thing which I cannot meddle in: Many reaſons, beſt known unto my ſelf, which I cannot impart unto you, makes me diſlike your deſired Marriage, yet not that I think you unworthy of *Philimena:* For to teſtifie unto you (added ſhe) being tranſported with raptures of Love) that I do not deny my aſſent out of any diſadvantageous thoughts of you, I do confer upon you the beſt Office in my Dominions, which lately became vacant. Alas Madam, replied *Myrinthus*, rather command me to ſurrender all thoſe honours you have formerly conferred upon me, than deny me *Philimena.* Since Love is often a fading paſſion, replied ſhe, and ſince ambition on the contrary, is a paſſion which follows thoſe who are once tainted with it, even unto death; when the Guſts of your Love is a little blown over, you will be glad I ſatisfied your ambition. I beſeech you Madam, replied *Myrinthus*, judge not of me according unto the common Rules of others; and believe that I am more Amorous than Ambitious, and ever ſhall be ſo. Since that belief will not be advantagious unto you, anſwered the Queen, I will not entertain it, but will continue in the ſame opinion I was. I know very well Madam, replied *Myrinthus*, that you may juſtly deny me all things, and I cannot juſtly complain: But ſince the paſſion which reigns in me is not accuſtomed to acknowledge any Soveraignty unto reaſon, I cannot chuſe but tell your Majeſty, that it is ſomething ſtrange you ſhould deny me this favour which I do ask of you, after conferring ſo many favours upon me which I never asked, all which are nothing to me without this: Yes Madam (ſaid *Myrinthus*, being tranſported with the violence of his Love) *Philimena* is ſo eſſentially neceſſary unto the felicity of my life, that I cannot live without ſome hopes of enjoying her: As for hopes (replied *Cleobuline* with extream grief and anger) I will not take it from you, for ſome men will often hope againſt all manner of probability, but as for *Philimena*, I will never permit it; and if you marry her, it ſhall be without my conſent: I know very well, ſaid ſhe, that after ſo much goodneſs as I have formerly extended towards you, it may ſeem ſomething ſtrange I ſhould deny you a thing which you ſo earneſtly deſire, and deny it without giving you any reaſon for my denial: But know *Myrinthus*, that this reaſon is of ſuch a nature, that I cannot tell it; yet it is ſo ſtrange a reaſon, that it is invincible; and if you did know it, you would confeſs, that if you were in my room, you would do the like: And I aſſure you, it will not be a greater difficulty for you to caſt off *Philimena*, than for me to conſent that you ſhould ever think on her; therefore *Myrinthus* ſolicite me no more in the matter, for all will be in vain: Let it ſuffice, that of two paſſions, I ſhall ſatisfie that which is uſed to be moſt difficult to content; and if you will be happy, overcome the other couragiouſly. Alas Madam (ſaid *Myrinthus* and ſighed) it ſeems your Majeſty is only a lover of glory and vertue, ſince you think it ſuch an eaſie matter to drive out of my heart a hot-burning paſſion which keeps a moſt violent poſſeſſion. No, no, *Philimena* will not out ſo eaſily: Doubtleſs I may reſolve not to marry her and die, but I cannot leave loving her and live; therefore Madam, it is in your choice, whether you will give me death or *Philimena*. The reverent duty which I owe your Majeſty, can go no further: If you doom me to death, I will endeavour to receive it without murmur, but if you grant me life and *Philimena*, what would I not do to teſtifie my acknowledgments? Conſider Madam, I beſeech you, that your laſt words will be a ſentence either of life or death unto a man whom you have ſo much eſteemed, as to honour him with abundance of favours and benefits: Conſider, I ſay, that if you permit me to enjoy *Philimena*, I ſhall ſerve you all the reſt of my life with unutterable zeal: And conſider alſo, that if you forbid the bains, thoſe cruel words will be poyſon; which paſſing from your mouth into my ears, will paſs from my ears unto my heart, and there moſt infalliby will be my death; a death the moſt ſevere and tormentive in the world, ſince pronounced by the greateſt Queen upon the earth, and whom I hold in ſuch a reverent eſteem; for the moſt certain truth is Madam, that I have been as zealouſly devoted unto your glory, as unto *Philimena*'s; and I do proteſt, that I am as faithful a ſubject unto you, as I am a faithful Lover unto her: Then yield obedience, replied *Cleobuline*, unto thoſe orders which I command, and obey them willingly: I wiſh unto the Heavens Madam, that I could, replied he, but ſince I cannot unleſs I die, I beſeech you command them no more; let it ſuffice I wiſh that I loved *Philimena* leſs; and believe it I moſt humbly beſeech you, that if I were able to quench thoſe flames which offend you, I ſhould moſt joyfully do it, knowing very well, that a Princeſs whoſe heart is ſenſible only of glory, would the more eſteem me, if mine were not ſo ſenſible of Love: But the caſe is unalterable with me Madam, 'tis you muſt pronounce the fatal words of life or death: Live then (ſaid *Cleobuline* unto him, ſcarce knowing what ſhe ſaid) but live without *Philimena*, unleſs you will both live and die in my diſpleaſure: I will live Madam if I can, replied he, ſince you command it; but ſince I am confident that I cannot, I ſhall die in my ſorrows that I cannot know why I die; but I ſhall die with this ſatisfaction, that I ſhall die the moſt faithful, though the moſt unfortunate of all your Subjects. After this, *Myrinthus* made a moſt low and reverent Congee unto the Queen, with ſuch a ſad and drooping Countenance, that any other than a Lover would would have pitied him. No ſooner was *Myrinthus* gone out of the Queens Cloſet, but *Steſilea* entred, and ſhe was no ſooner entred, but *Cleobuline* commanded that none elſe ſhould enter; and then ſhe related unto her all the paſſages between *Myrinthus* and her ſelf, and that with ſo much agitation of ſpirits, that the paſſion of her ſoul was very diſcernable: Did you know, ſaid ſhe unto her, with what zealous earneſtneſs *Myrinthus* asked leave to marry *Philimena*, you would wonder how I could deny him, or you would wonder I ſhould not hate him, and admire how I could conceal the jealouſie of my ſoul; yet to my unſpeakable miſery, the more he ſeemed in Love with *Philimena*, the more he blew the flame of my affection unto him: Alas, (ſaid I unto my ſelf whilſt he was talking) how happy ſhould I be, if *Myrinthus* were as affectionate unto me, as unto another? And when he proteſted that he was as much devoted unto my glory as unto *Philimena's*, I had much ado to withhold from ſaying, that his neareſt way of happineſs was to be as much devoted unto my perſon as unto my ſervice: But thanks be to the Heavens, rowzing up my reaſon to aid me, I abhorred a thought ſo baſe and unworthy of my ſelf, and I was more than half reſolved to allow the marriage of *Myrinthus* and *Philimena*, thereby to drive *Myrinthus* out of *Cleobulines* heart; but my mouth would not obey the offers of my mind, which neither my heart nor reaſon did not command.

Thus my dear *Steſilea*, I have denied *Philimena* unto *Myrinthus*, and I have ſtill kept *Myrinthus* in my heart, notwithſtanding his extream love of *Philimena*; yet ſometimes theſe violent flames of affection which I ſaw in his ſoul, did inſpire ſuch cholor in mine, as I could not be more angry if *Myrinthus* had been ungrateful and perfidious: But preſently after my anger ceaſed, and I accuſed my ſelf of the moſt horrible injuſtice in the World: Indeed I muſt confeſs unto my ſhame, that one could not be more unjuſt than I was in this buſineſs, for as violent as my affection to *Myrinthus* was, yet I could never endure that he ſhould know it; and that though he had loved me, yet I would not allow him ſo much boldneſs as to tell me of it; ſo that it muſt needs be confeſſed the greateſt folly and injuſtice in the world to make *Myrinthus* miſerable: But for all that, I phancied ſo great a conſolation in ſeeing him out of love with *Philimena*, and I found ſo much delight in making my ſelf believe that he loved me, and knew not that I loved him, as I could not by any means conſent that he ſhould either love or marry *Philimena*; yet for all this, I am perſwaded that he will marry her, maugre all my commands to the contrary; and that he will force me to baniſh him my Court, to withdraw all my favours from him, and to puniſh him for contempt of my authority: But alas what's this I talk, ſaid ſhe, Can I think of baniſhing *Myrinthus* my Court, ſince I cannot baniſh him my heart, that there is much more juſtice in that, than in baniſhing him out of my Dominions: For my part Madam, replied *Steſilea*, I am not of your opinion, for I am perſwaded that *Myrinthus* will not marry *Philimena* without your conſent: Though he do not marry her without my conſent, replied *Cleobuline*, yet aſſuredly he will ſtill hate me, and love her; ſo that whether he marry, or marry her not, I ſhall ſtill be miſerable. However Madam, replied *Steſilea*, I beſeech you deviſe ſome ſtratagem or other, and ſee whether I can contribute any thing to your ſatisfaction: I have deviſed more than you imagine (ſaid ſhe) for in lieu of one ſtratagem, I have two continually in my mind, but yet they are very oppoſite unto each other, and therefore I think that neither of them will take effect; for truly I have a mind to make *Myrinthus* love me, and I have a mind to ceaſe loving him; judge then *Steſilea*, whether two ſuch impoſſibilities can ever conduce any thing to my ſouls tranquility. After this, *Cleobuline* told *Steſilea* a hundred things, which teſtified the grandeur of her paſſion, and the grandeur of her virtue. In the mean time ſhe became ſo bad, ſo unquiet, and ſo extreamly melancholy ſince the day that *Myrinthus* asked leave to marry *Philimena*, as *Steſilea* much feared her falling ſick. On the other ſide, *Myrinthus* was in ſuch a horrid deſpair, that never man was fuller of ſorrows; for he knew that *Baſilides* (notwithſtanding the league between them) would never let him marry *Philimena* without *Cleobulines* conſent: Alſo conſidering his obligements unto the Queen, he knew it a moſt unworthy act to diſobey her: Moreover, having a ſoul very ambitious, he could not ſee how he could have wherewith to ſatisfie his love, if he ſhould loſe his fortunes, ſo that he ſuffered intollerable torments; but the greateſt torture of all was, that he could not gueſs at the Queens reaſon to oppoſe his deſign: And to compleat his miſeries, *Philimena* underſtanding that the Queen would not conſent unto her marriage, ſhe told *Myrinthus*, to try his fidelity, that ſhe would not have him ruine his fortunes for her ſake; and therefore conjured him to think no more of it. *Phi-*

limena told him this in ſuch a manner, as that he could not gueſs at her deſign; but on the contrary, did think, that ſhe ſaid ſo, becauſe ſhe feared to leave the Court. Afterwards, he ſuſpected that ſome Rival was perhaps more in her favour than he imagined: So that he was as ill ſatisfied from her, as from the Queen, and yet he made a thouſand vows and proteſtations of love unto her, the moſt tender and paſſionate in the world; he complained againſt her taking ſo much care of his fortunes, he ſwore that he would not value them at a ſtraw, but only becauſe he was loth to make her miſerable; and he was ſo full of ſuch tender and obliging expreſſions, that *Philimena* being delighted to hear ſuch generous teſts of his love, did ſtill oppoſe him, though it was with a deſign to tell him afterwards, that provided he could get her Parents conſent, ſhe would not care for the Queens. In the mean time, *Myrinthus* not knowing her deſign, did leave her with a very little ſatisfaction, and carried with him a heart full of ſorrow, and ſome jealouſie.

At his going from her, he went unto *Steſilea*, to deſire her ſhe would be pleaſed to tell him what the Queens reaſon was to be ſo croſs unto his deſign, after ſo many favours ſhewed unto him. The firſt complements being paſt, *Myrinthus* began to entreat her ſhe would be pleaſed to do him a favour: It would be ſo great a happineſs (ſaid ſhe unto him) to do ſuch a moſt accompliſhed man as your ſelf any ſervice, that you may almoſt be certain to obtain whatſoever you ſhall deſire, ſo it be within the compaſs of my power: Yes *Steſilea*, ſaid he unto her, you can tell me what it is which ruins me in the opinion of the Queen: I aſſure you, replied ſhe, I cannot tell you that, but I am moſt certain, that you are not in any disfavour with her: Ah *Steſilea*, replied he, it is impoſſible I ſhould be at all in her favour, for ſhe hath denied me the only requeſt that ever I asked, and the requeſt is of ſuch a nature, as I admire why ſhe did not conſent unto it: I know very well that *Philimena* is above me, but I have received ſo many graces, honours, and benefits from the Queen, that I could not imagin a denial of this from her: For heavens ſake *Steſilea*, tell me the cauſe of my misfortune: Have I at any time done any thing that diſpleaſed the Queen? Have I any ſecret Enemy that does me any ill offices? Hath *Baſilides* betrayed me, and deſired her under-hand to deny me a thing which openly he ſeemed to wiſh? Or is it ſo, that the Queen thinks me in love with *Philimena* only as a cloak for my ambition? Does ſhe fear, that when I have married her, I ſhall preſs her to marry *Baſilides?* Does ſhe look upon me as a factious perſon, who would ſtir up the people, and raiſe a war againſt her? Speak *Steſilea*, tell me, for I am ſure you know all that I deſire to know: In thinking me Sir (ſaid ſhe) in ſuch favour with the Queen as to know her ſecret thoughts, doubtleſs you honour me, and have a good opinion of me; but all that I can tell you is, that I do not know one thought ſhe hath which is not advantagious to you: When I call to memory all the honours which I have received from the Queen, replied he, I do eaſily believe what you ſay; but when I conſider what ſhe hath denied me, I have reaſon to think ſhe hath changed her mind, and does not eſteem me. The laſt office which ſhe conferred upon you, replied ſhe, will hardly permit you to ſpeak thus: I pray then tell me, ſaid he unto her, What is the motive which induceth the Queen not to let me love *Philimena?* You know (ſaid *Steſilea* unto him) that there are ſome things which policy forbids to tell the cauſe of them: I know, replied he, that the Queen may have ſo good an opinion of me, as to honour me with the truſt of her reaſons why ſhe denies me, if policy only were in the buſineſs; ſo that I muſt of neceſſity conclude, that her reaſon is, either becauſe ſhe hates *Philimena*, or becauſe ſhe hates me; and therefore *Steſilea* I conjure you to tell me what you know in the buſineſs; never fear that I ſhall be ever ſo indiſcreet as to reveal the leaſt ſyllable you will truſt me with the participation: A perſon in love, replied ſhe, was never fit to keep ſecrets; Believe it, *Steſilea*, replied he, as deep in Love as I am, I may be truſted, for I am moſt confident, that Love will never make me do any thing againſt honour or honeſty: Be aſſured, that if I promiſe not to tell what you you truſt me with unto *Philimena*, I ſhall perform it: I beſeech you pity a moſt unhappy man who ſuits with you in this, that he loves the Queen as well as you do: It is my misfortune to think, that if *Baſilides* croſſed my deſign, I ſhould be leſs unfortunate than I am: But that the Queen, whoſe glory I value at ſo high a rate, that I would die to advance it, that ſhe ſhould render me the moſt miſerable of her Subjects, that is ſuch a thing *Steſilea* that I muſt needs lament: Since *Cleobuline* is of a Quality ſo high, that it becomes me not to tell her what thoughts I have of her, I am ſure ſhe knows mine, but very imperfectly; doubtleſs ſhe thinks me devoted to her ſervice, and that I am her moſt faithful Subject; perhaps ſhe does not think me obliged unto it, but by honour, by intereſt, and by gratitude; yet I muſt tell you, *Steſilea*, (to the end I may the more oblige you to tell me what I deſire to know) that I am a thouſand times more obliged and devoted unto her by inclination, than by any thing elſe: Yes, *Steſilea*, I love the Queen with ſo much devotion, that I have not more love to *Philimena*, than I have tenderneſs to *Cleobuline*: Nay more, I am fully perſwaded, that if this Queen had been of a lower quality, perhaps I ſhou'd have been ſo bold as to have Courted her with a very affectionate eye: Judg then, I beſeech you, how ſad a thing it is to receive a death from a hand that is ſo infinitely dear unto me; for heavens ſake therefore, tell me the cauſe of my misfortune, that I may know either how to overcome it, or to ſubmit my mind unto it; for I do profeſs unto you, that if you do not ſomething more inform my underſtanding, I ſhall be forced to take ſome deſperate courſe with my ſelf.

Whilſt *Myrinthus* was thus talking, *Steſilea* was ruminating upon what courſe to take, ſhe ſaw that reaſon bad her not diſcover the Queens ſecrets: On the other ſide, ſhe ſaw him in ſuch a deſperate ſadneſs. that ſhe much feared it would kill him. Moreover, though *Cleobuline* had told her ten thouſand times, that ſhe would not have *Myrinthus* know her paſſion; yet ſince ſhe thought his knowledg of it might quench his flames of affection unto *Philimena*, and kindle them unto her, ſhe thought that the Queen would not be much offended at it; ſo that knowing *Myrinthus* to be of an ambitious temper, and hearing from his own mouth that he had much inclination

tion to love the Queen, ſo that ſhe doubted not but if ſhe told him the reaſon why the Queen croſſed his deſign, it would hinder him from marrying *Philimena*. Alſo, *Steſilea* perhaps looking upon the advancement of her own fortunes (which ſhe hoped for by this confidence) as well as upon the Queens tranquility, ſhe conſulted with her ſelf whether ſhe ſhould acquaint him with it or no. Since ſhe knew *Myrinthus* to be very diſcreet, ſhe was the much bolder to venture upon it, and more, when upon ſecond thoughts ſhe found that ſhe ſhould run no hazard at all: For truly (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, hardly hearing what *Myrinthus* ſaid unto her) if what I ſhall tell him do not ſtagger his conſtancy, yet for his own intereſt he will never let the Queen know he knows ſhe loves him, ſince that would be an affront which would reflect upon himſelf; and if what I tell him do make him quit *Philimena*, and love *Cleobuline*, I need not fear her anger, though ſhe charged me not to let *Myrinthus* know ſhe loved him, and though ſhe would never have *Myrinthus* to tell her that he loved her. *Steſilea* then conſidering the pitiful caſe wherein the Queen was, ſhe thought it fit, for her reſts ſake, to hazard the matter, and for her ſervice to reveal her ſecret, ſince ſhe knew no better way; therefore ſhe began to think into what language ſhe ſhould put ſo delicate and nice a buſineſs. In the mean time, *Myrinthus* having done talking, and ſeeing that *Steſilea* was more intent upon her own thoughts than his words, began to think more than before, that there was ſome myſterious cauſe in the matter, and that *Steſilea*'s ſilence argued her incertainty, whether ſhe ſhould, or ſhe ſhould not tell it unto him: So that applying his earneſt prayers to prevent her from any reſolution contrary unto his deſires; For heavens ſake, dear *Steſilea* (ſaid he unto her) ſtudy no more upon the matter, but tell me plainly whether the Queen denied my requeſt out of hatred, or out of ſcorn, or out of any other prejudicate thought? The thing you ask, replied *Steſilea*, is of greater conſequence than you imagin, and it is a ſecret of ſuch a nature, as I cannot truſt you, unleſs you will moſt ſolemnly ſwear never to reveal it unto any one living, not excepting *Philimena* her ſelf; and I will have you make a particular oath concerning her alone, who of all that lives upon earth muſt not know it. *Myrinthus* hearing *Steſilea* ſpeak thus, his curioſity did double: So that he made as many promiſes,vows,and oaths as ſhe deſired,never to ſpeak one ſyllable of any thing ſhe ſhould impart, either unto *Philimena* or any other. All this was not yet enough to ſecure *Steſilea*,for ſhe would have him ſwear alſo,never to make it known unto the Queen,neither by his words,nor any other action,that he is knowing in what ſhe is going to tell him.

Myrinthus now being more ſurprized, and more inquiſitive than before, did ſwear and promiſe all ſhe deſired: After which, ſhe aſſuming a very ſerious look and low voice, though none was near that could hear her,but himſelf: I make no queſtion (ſaid ſhe unto him) but you wonder to ſee me ſo cautious in relating a thing which only concerns your ſelf; but your wonder will be much more, when you ſhall underſtand, that this which I would have you ſo cloſely conceal, is the moſt glorious thing in the world for you: Yes *Myrinthus*, purſued ſhe, this which makes you thus ſad, this which moves you ſo to complain of the Queen, that which you ſo bitterly murmur at, that which makes you think ſhe hath changed her opinion of you; that this, I ſay, ſhould be the moſt glorious adventure of all your life; and that when *Cleobuline* in confirming ſo many offices, ſo many Governments, and ſo many honours upon you, did in them nothing ſo obligingly for you, as when ſhe denied you the marrying *Philimena*. Ah *Steſilea*, (ſaid he unto her) You will have much ado with all your wit to perſwade me unto this belief: If I have but the power to tell you all I know (replied ſhe) you will eaſily believe it: But *Myrinthus* (ſaid ſhe and bluſhed) Cannot you ſpare me the labour of telling that which I have promiſed never to reveal?Can you not gueſs at what you deſire to know? Let it ſuffice,I tell you for the opening of your apprehenſion, that it is neither policy,nor hatred,nor ſcorn,which moves the Queen to deny you *Philimena*.After all this *Myrinthus*, I pray tell your ſelf that which I have not power to tell you, eſpecially when I call to mind the promiſes which I have made to the Queen, never to tell it. *Myrinthus* hearing *Steſilea* ſpeak in this manner, began to apprehend what ſhe hinted at, but he apprehended it with ſo much aſtoniſhment, and ſo much perplexity of Spirit, as he thought that he miſapprehended her; his thoughts were ſo ravelled, as he could not unwind them to the bottom; yet to run no hazard, he anſwered *Steſilea* a little from the matter. The thing which it ſeems you would have me apprehend (ſaid he unto her) is ſo very full of wonder, as I fear that I ſhould commit a crime in ſeeming to apprehend it: No, no, *Myrinthus*, replied *Steſilea*, it is no crime to underſtand me; but you will be extreamly to blame, if after you underſtand me, you do not what I conceive you are obliged unto: Alas *Steſilea* (cried *Myrinthus*) I cannot comprehend how I can believe you, unleſs I ſhould fail in my reſpects unto the Queen; no, no, her denial is not cauſed by any reaſon you would give me; and I think it better to miſunderſtand you, and to accuſe you as an Impoſture, rather than to accuſe the greateſt Queen upon Earth of ſo bad a choice. *Steſilea* ſeeing *Myrinthus* either would not, or would not ſeem to believe her, did ſo circumſtance the matter unto him, as at laſt ſhe convinced his belief; and he calling to memory a hundred ſeveral paſſages, eſpecially the manner how the Queen denied his Marriage with *Philimena*, he did not at all doubt of the truth: Since he was not at all ſatisfied at the laſt conference with *Philimena*, he could not imagin himſelf loved by the moſt illuſtrious Queen in the world, without ſome thoughts which elevating his heart did exhilerate his ſpirits, and ambition did ſo ſwell his ſoul, as his imagination was full of Thrones, and Scepters, and Crowns: The beauty, ſpirit, wiſdom, and virtue of *Cleobuline* did ſo ſtagger his thoughts, as for a while there was an *Interregnum* in his heart. In the Interval of which, he thought he could give it unto which he pleaſed, and ſtrongly fancied to give it intirely unto *Cleobuline*, and that he could quit *Philimena*: But this inward tumult, which glory and ambition had raiſed in his ſoul, being a little calmed, his love to *Philimena* began to revive, and made him think this honour which the Queen did him, as a thing which would render him the moſt miſerable man alive. This ſerenity of ſoul was no ſooner eſtabliſhed in his heart, but turbulent clouds began to bluſter again, and he was ſo full of contradictions in his talk to *Steſilea*, as the trouble of his Spirits was evident: I beſeech you *Steſilea*, ſaid he unto her, before I tell you my thoughts, promiſe me never to tell the Queen that you have acquainted me with any thing: for *Steſilea*, if ſhe ſhould know I know it, I have nothing in the world to do but die at your feet, ſince it is impoſſible I can appear before her the moſt ungrateful and unjuſt perſon that lives amongſt men. I have already told you Sir, replied ſhe, that I would not have the Queen know I have diſcovered her ſecret unto you: 'Tis true, ſaid he, but I am ſo ſenſible of ſhame, that I am not ſo joyed as I ought to be, and I am at an extream Dilemma; for I muſt confeſs unto you, that my fidelity to *Philimena* makes me aſhamed of my crime againſt her, as well as againſt the Queen; and I am perſwaded, that if *Cleobuline* and *Philimena* did ſee the thoughts of my heart, they would both of them be equally incenſed: I am forced to confeſs, that I cannot apprehend my obligations to the Queen without ſuch agitation of mind, as I am not able to expreſs, I would willingly die a thouſand times to do her ſervice, I would leave loving *Philimena*, and only adore her; I would, I ſay, ſacrifice my life, and render her eternal homage: but preſently after, when I think upon *Philimena*, I wiſh the Queen to hold me in a ſtate of neutrality and indifferency, and indeed to hate me, provided ſhe will let me love *Philimena*: Judg then, *Steſilea*, I beſeech you, in what a ſad condition that heart is which is tormented with ſuch various and contrary thoughts: However it be, ſaid ſhe, I conceive you owe ſo much reverence to the Queen, as not to think any more of *Philimena*: I wiſh to the heavens (replied he) that I were able to follow your counſel: I do not aſk any thing which is unjuſt (ſaid ſhe): For ſince the Queen would not have you know ſhe loves you, and though you did love her, yet would ſhe not have you tell it unto her; I will not oblige you of neceſſity to love her, but only to eaſe her of ſo much ſorrow, as not to ſee you love another; and this I conceive to be the leaſt you can do, for the moſt wiſe, virtuous, and moſt accompliſhed Princeſs in the world: Alas *Steſilea*, ſaid he, I know that my duty is to do all things, but the great difficulty is to know what I am able to do againſt my ſelf, and againſt *Philimena:* All your arguments are not ſtrong enough to ſtagger my conſtancy, or render me perfidious; you would have me leave *Philimena* for the greateſt Queen in in the world, 'tis true; but it is for a Queen who will not have me know ſhe loves me, and who would have me love her, and never ſpeak of it: No, no, *Steſilea*, ſuch a paſſion as this is not able to make a man perfidious, who is accuſtomed to tell her he loves, that he loves her. A man, I ſay, who has leave to ſigh, and liberty to let his love be ſeen in his eyes, and to ſeek for ſome advantageous thoughts in the eyes of his Miſtreſs, which her tongue dare not utter. But what if upon capitulation the Queen ſhould let me know her thoughts, and let me tell her mine? Am I yet the Maſter of my own heart? Can I diſpoſe of it as I will? Alas, alas, (ſaid he and ſighed) how miſerable am I? and how far from that power? Could I be innocent either towards the Queen or towards *Philimena*, my heart would be at ſome eaſe: But to ſpeak truth, ſince I cannot be faithful unto *Philimena*, until after I have tried not to be ſo, my conſtancy is almoſt guilty; and as for the Queen, though I am culpable againſt her with abundance of repugnance, ſhame, and repentance, yet ſtill I am guilty. Thus not knowing well what I am, I dare neither juſtifie nor accuſe my ſelf, but ſtill remain in the moſt lamentable condition in the world: Since it ſeems impoſſible for you to be happy, replied *Steſilea*, therefore take that courſe which may eaſe the Queen of thoſe ſorrows which you have cauſed; you may eaſily do it, ſince all is but to think no more upon *Philimena:* Eaſily do it (replied *Myrinthus* and looked upon *Steſilea*) if I were able, I would immediately become perfidious: Yes, *Steſilea*, ſince you have told me the Queens reaſon for denying my requeſt, there is nothing which my heart hath not already invented againſt *Philimena*: I have oppoſed againſt her the Queens beauty, her ſpirit, her wiſdom, her virtues, her grandure, and all my obligations to her; and the ſooner to vanquiſh, I have racked my imagination even unto folly, I have fancied things that might accrue unto me, I have allowed my ambition all the ſwinge that vanity it ſelf can imagin, and I have ſet my thoughts ſo near a Crown, that ſome ſecond thoughts correcting the firſt, I have bluſhed at my own audacity and raſhneſs: But for all this *Steſilea*, this great Queen who reigns ſo abſolutely in the hearts of all who know her, and who indeed hath right to reign, cannot drive *Philimena* out of my own heart; therefore if you have any generoſity, pity my imbecility and miſery: Tell the Queen as from your ſelf, that I am moſt unworthy of her affection, that ſhe abaſeth her ſelf too much in looking upon me; and ſince I dare not preſume to lift up my eyes ſo high as her, I am not worthy of her looks: But yet I beſeech you, do not drive the nail too far, and do not make her paſs from love to hatred; for indeed *Steſilea*, I muſt profeſs unto you, that I ſhould be almoſt as ſorry to be hated by *Cleobuline*, as not to be loved by *Philimena*, therefore I beſeech you tranſact with all your diſcretion; for ſince I muſt die, I deſire I may with the glory of her favour. I have yet one Petition more unto you, which is, that you would keep her from hating *Philimena*; and in order to that, perſwade her, that in conquering my heart ſhe will never diſpleaſe *Philimena*: And perſwade her alſo if you can, that I deſerve ſome commendations for reſiſting her charms. Theſe are things ſo full of contrarieties, replied ſhe, that I think my beſt courſe is to do none of theſe things you ſpeak of: Yet I do moſt conſtantly tell you, replied he, that I ſhall ever love *Philimena*; but withal, I tell it with a ſigh, and with a bluſh, and that I cannot reſent the happineſs which I enjoy for thinking of that which I loſe. Oh heavens (cried he out) why is't not poſſible to reconcile the Queen and *Philimena* in my heart? For my part, I conceive it may be? for as you expreſs the affection of the Queen, methinks ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied that I hold her in infinite reverence, that I reſpect her as they uſe to do the Gods; that my Spirits and my reaſon doth acknowledg her power, that I vow all my ſervices unto her, that my valour ſhall be ever imployed unto her glory, and that ſhe only leave my heart unto *Philimena*. But what do I ſay (ſaid he and reprehended himſelf) it ſeems my reaſon wanders, in offering to preſcribe Laws unto Love, and to divide that which will not admit of any diviſion: I muſt confeſs, the Queen deſerves a thouſand hearts if I had them; but confeſs alſo, that ſince I have but one, and that one already given, it is not in my power to retake it,and that it is only *Philimena*'s.

As *Steſilea* was ready to reply, *Baſilides* entred,who was much ſurpriſed to find ſo many ſigns of a troubled mind in the face of *Myrinthus*. This thought did ſo much diſquiet him,as when *Myrinthus* riſe up to go away,he riſe up alſo to ask him what the matter was, though he was newly entred, yet *Myrinthus* did not tell him what the matter was, but to ſay ſomething to colour the matter,he told him,that having deſired *Steſilea* to do him a good office to the Queen, ſhe told him how reſolute the Queen continued in denying his Marriage with *Philimena*: So that *Baſilides* having ſome reaſon to think, that the diſorder he obſerved in the Spirit of *Myrinthus* proceeded only from the obſtruction which he found in his deſign, did make him new proteſtations, and profeſſed he would uſe his utmoſt endeavors to effect it; after which they parted; *Myrinthus* carrying with him the moſt reſtleſs heart that ever was. Since his ſoul was of an ambitious temper, and ſince he naturally bore much affection to the Queen, this love of this Princeſs did puff him up: and when he conſidered with himſelf what glory it was unto him to be loved by a Queen ſo fair, ſo illuſtrious, and ſo charming, it was a thing impoſſible but he muſt needs be joyed at it; and to deſire that he were able to be perfidious unto *Philimena*; yet when he began to think, that by preſerving the one, he muſt loſe the other, his ambition began to yield unto his love, and all his cares was to find out wayes how to enjoy *Philimena*: But ſince theſe wayes were hard to find, the Queen not conſenting unto it; he was moſt extreamly grieved. Moreover, he had cauſe to think that if he married *Philimena* againſt the mind of *Cleobuline*, ſhe would than abaſe him as much as ſhe had formerly exalted him: So fearing leſt *Philimena* who loved him when he was in favour, ſhould not love him whem he was in diſgrace, his ſorrows were an inſufferable torment: and as an augmentation to his miſery, he durſt not acquaint *Philimena* with it, or put her fidelity to the teſt: ſo that fearing all things, and hoping in nothing, he ſpent the reſt of the day in extream reſtleſſneſs, and all the night following without a wink of ſleep. But that he might not be miſerable by himſelf there chanced a buſineſs which did not a little perplex *Baſilides*: For Sir, be pleaſed to know that in order to his deſigns upon the Queen, his care was to get himſelf creatures in her houſe, both amongſt the officers and amongſt the women: and there was one amongſt the reſt, whom he had entirely gotten: This Perſon then, watching upon all opportunities to obſerve the Queen, eſpecially when ſhe ſeemed moſt melancholy, told him all that ſhe at any time obſerved: But at the laſt, ſhe obſerved ſo cloſely, that ſhe one day heard all that *Steſilea* ſaid unto the Queen concerning *Myrinthus*, and all that the Queen ſaid unto her; and ſhe heard enough to collect, that the reaſon why the Queen would not let *Myrinthus* marry *Philimena*, was becauſe ſhe did not hate him her ſelf. At the firſt ſhe reſolved not to make it known unto *Baſilides*, knowing that it would not pleaſe him: but upon ſecond conſiderations ſhe changed her reſolution, and the next morning told him word for word all that ſhe heard. The ſurpriſe of *Baſilides* was ſo great that if he had had only the teſtimony of this woman, he had not given credit unto her words: But upon a ſurvey of a hundred of the Queens actions: her melancholy ſince *Myrinthus* was in love with *Philimena*: and ſuch like; alſo conſidering, that though ſhe denyed the earneſt requeſt of *Myrinthus*, yet he continued ſtill in her favour; this put him out of all doubt, and by conſequence, made him moſt exceſſively ſad: How's this (ſaid he unto himſelf as he afterwards told me) does *Cleobuline* love *Myrinthus*, who loves not her? And does ſhe not love *Baſilides* who loves her above his life? Why then it is *Myrinthus* who is the Remora in the Queens heart which hinders me from the conqueſt of it: Then muſt I become his enemy in lieu of Protector: And though he cannot be my Rival; yet ſince he is the obſtacle unto my happineſs, I muſt conſider him ſo: I muſt by all means ruin all his pretenſions, and oppoſe all his deſigns: But what's this I ſay (ſaid he and reprehended himſelf) my ſorrows have diſtracted my Reaſon: And I do not underſtand my own intereſt; ſince my odd deſtiny is to endeavour the making that man happy whom the Queen prefers before me in her heart, it concerns me more than it doth *Myrinthus*, that he marry *Philimena*; and I muſt labour for his quietneſs who is the cauſe of all my reſtleſneſs, and endeavour his felicity, leaſt he prevent mine.

Baſilides having well conſidered of the matter, reſolved in order to the better diſcovery of the Queens thoughts, to ſpeak unto her himſelf concerning the marriage of *Myrinthus* with his ſiſter: deſigning that though ſhe refuſed him, yet to cauſe that *Philimena* ſhould move *Myrinthus* to marry her without the Queens conſent, hoping that this would ſufficiently incenſe her to baniſh him her Court, not being ignorant that ſhe was very jealouſe of her authority. *Baſilides* then in purſuance of this reſolve, went the next day unto the Queen: But in his way thither, he underſtood that *Myrinthus*, after a whole night without ſleep, was very ill in the morning; ſo that taking this occaſion to ſpeak of him unto the Queen, he no ſooner came into her preſence, but looking attentively upon her, he told her this news. Since the Queen did not think it poſſible, he ſhould know the thoughts of her ſoul, ſhe took no heed of reſtraining her ſelf: So that not being able to hold in the firſt conceptions of her heart, ſhe could not hear of *Myrinthus* being ſick without ſome viſible diſorder in her face, enquiring very carefully of what nature his diſeaſe was, and how he came to know it. As for his diſeaſe Madam (anſwered he) I cannot directly tell you what it is: But if your Majeſty will pleaſe to command me, I ſhall teach him the art how to cure himſelf, by telling him the cauſe: Methinks (anſwered the Queen, who knew very well what *Baſilides* would ſay) it is a very hard matter to know the cauſe, when you do not know the diſeaſe: Yet I do know it Madam, anſwered he, for I am moſt confident that if your Majeſty would permit *Myrinthus* to marry *Philimena*, he would quickly recover his health, ſince certainly the diſeaſe of his mind cauſeth the diſeaſe of his body; and if you would cure the laſt you muſt begin with the firſt. Since thoſe who govern Kingdoms (replied the Queen with a tart kind of railery) are not to conſult with Phyſitians, nor fit their Policies unto their temper; this which you tell me ſhall not alter my Reſolution of not giving my conſent unto a marriage, which for divers reaſons I cannot approve of. You may well think Madam, replied *Baſilides*, that I ſhall not think *Myrinthus* unworthy of *Philimena*, ſince your Majeſty thinks him worthy of your eſteem. The Queen hearing *Baſilides* ſpeak thus, did bluſh, not that ſhe thought he ſpoke ſo as knowing the thoughts of her ſoul, but it was becauſe whoſoever hath any ſecret thought, hath alſo an imagination ſo quick, and a heart ſo ſenſible, that the leaſt thing gauls them; and ſhe was no leſs perplexed than *Baſilides*, for to authorize her denial of *Myrinthus* ſhe muſt in ſome ſort, not ſpeak advantagiouſly of the man whom of all the world ſhe moſt eſteemed: And *Baſilides* alſo to perſwade her conſent unto this marriage, uſed a thouſand expreſſions of eſteem of *Myrinthus*, whom he heartily wiſhed ſhe did not eſteem.

Thus ſeeing themſelves both put to the neceſſity of betraying their thoughts, they were both of them much perplexed; yet both of them reſolved in their hearts to betray them as little as they could. The Queen then anſwered *Baſilides*, That it was very true, *Myrinthus* was owner of a thouſand good qualities which had got him much into her eſteem and repute; but ſince he was not a *Corinthian* originally, ſhe thought this reaſon, with many other that ſhe could give, would not permit her to conſent unto his marriage with *Philimena*: I do believe Madam, replied *Baſilides*, that your Majeſties concealed reaſons are very prevalent, but as for that which you are pleaſed to honour me with the participation of, is not ſo deniable as I conceive: The truth is, the Anceſtors of *Myrinthus* have been ſo faithful, as they may very well paſs for natural Subjects unto your Majeſty: I know very well that there is much inequality between my Siſter and *Myrinthus*, and if your Majeſty had not by your Noble Favours raiſed him above his Quality, his deſign had been raſh: But Madam, though this inequality may be a conſiderable obſtacle to hinder a Marriage; yet the high eſteem which your Majeſty honours him withall, and the violent affection which he bears unto *Philimena*, moves me to wiſh it no leſs than himſelf. For Madam, I am moſt confident, that if *Myrinthus* were a King, and my Siſter a very Slave, yet he would make her a Queen: Therefore I moſt zealouſly beſeech your Majeſty to ſatisfie his love, and give me leave to ſacrifice a Siſter for the preſervation of a man whom you are pleaſed to honour with your eſteem. To retaliate ſo generous a thought, (replied the Queen, with a ſoul ſo full of ſadneſs as ſhe had much ado to hide it) I ought to ſacrifice *Myrinthus* for your ſake, and not ſuffer you to ſacrifice *Philimena* for his; and therefore for your own ſake, the more you importune me for *Myrinthus*, the more reſolute am I to deny you.

After this, *Cleobuline* upon a ſudden took her leave of *Baſilides*, who was in a hundred minds to put off all due reſpects, and to let her underſtand he knew the thoughts of her ſoul. But the very ſame paſſion which ſpurred him unto this boldneſs, letting him alſo ſee, that if he affronted the Queen, he might chance loſe her for ever, he curbed himſelf, and went with her without a word, which might make her poſitively think he knew ſhe loved *Myrinthus*; and though he harped much upon her eſteem of him, yet he thought that ſhe would not expound it love, and indeed ſhe did not at that time; but her wearineſs of *Baſilides* company had another cauſe, for truly ſhe could not endure without infinite grief to hear him aggravate the violent affection of *Myrinthus* to *Philimena*; nor without a ſtrange confuſion hear of the great inequality of his quality and his Siſters: But that which ſtung her moſt was, to ſee *Baſilides* deſiring this marriage, and ſhe was the only one who did not wiſh it; and to conſider how ſhe incurred the hatred of *Myrinthus*, whom in ſpite of all her power ſhe loved with extream tenderneſs, ſo that the very thought of being hated did exceſſively grieve her, but yet ſhe had a more ſenſible cauſe of it afterwards; for *Myrinthus* being recovered, and having ſome important buſineſs of State with the Queen, he went unto her, and ſhe found him ſo altered ſince ſhe ſaw him laſt, as thinking his alteration rather an effect of his ſouls ſorrow, than any ſickneſs, ſhe was fretted to the very heart; yet that was not the only cauſe which put *Myrinthus* into ſuch a Meager complexion, ſince certainly his ambition did alſo much perplex him: For Sir, before I relate their diſcourſe, I muſt tell you, that *Myrinthus* being forced to go unto the Queen, with whom he had not been, ſince *Steſilia* acquainted him with her affection unto him, his heart was full of inexpreſſible apprehenſions: His greateſt diſquiet was his fears leaſt the Queen ſhould know that *Steſilia* had acquainted him with her amorous thoughts of him: Alas (ſaid he in himſelf) if ſo, how dare I look upon this Princeſs, or how can ſhe look upon me? But afterwards, upon his conſideration of the Queens great virtue, he believed the thing to be as *Steſilea* had told him, ſo that his ſoul enjoyed a little more ſerenity. But when he came unto the Palace Gates, and ſaw the Guards there, and likewiſe ſaw there the great concourſe of people going and coming in and out, which deliniates the grandeur of Kings; when he ſaw, I ſay, abundance of all ſorts of men in the Halls, Preſence Chamber, Privy Chamber, and every where elſe in the Court, waiting all only for a very ſight of the Queen. When he ſaw all the magnificent furniture wherewith the Chambers were adorned, his imagination was ſo ſwel'ed with a thouſand ſeveral Idea's of grandeur and magnificence, as he began to be ſenſible of the ſweetneſs in being loved by her, unto whom theſe Guards, this Palace, all theſe ſtately magnificences belonged, and unto whom all thoſe men with bended knees did pay their homage; inſomuch as his ambition beginning to revive in his heart, there was a new combat between this proud paſſion and his love of *Philimena*, which was not decided, when word was brought that *Cleobuline* asked for him. *Myrinthus* no ſooner received this Summons, but he ordered himſelf for entrance into the Queens Cloſet, where then ſhe was; but in the way, how full of phanſie was his mind? He had a mind to exclude *Philimena* out of his heart, and immediately after he reaſſumed the image of his deareſt *Philimena* into his fancy, to the end he might better guard her againſt the Queen; and indeed, not well knowing whether he was faithful or perfidious, he went unto the place where *Cleobuline* was; but he entred with ſuch a melancholy countenance, and ſo much diſorder in his eyes, that the Queen thinking the alteration proceeded more from his ſorrows that ſhe denied him *Philimena*, than from his ſickneſs, ſhe could not chuſe, but out of a ſecret ſpight, look with leſs ſweetneſs upon *Myrinthus* than ſhe was accuſtomed: So that *Myrinthus* beginning to fear that *Stefilea* had told the Queen all his and her diſcourſe, he was ſo diſmaid, as he did not anſwer her much to the purpoſe. The Queen ſurprized at the diſorder in *Myrinthus* his mind, asked him from whence this confuſion of thoughts and words proceeded, which ſhe was not wont to obſerve in him? Is it, becauſe I do not well underſtand them, or becauſe you did not hear me? It is neither Madam, replied he, for your Majeſty doth always both underſtand and ſpeak very well, and I always hearken with a moſt attentive ear, in hopes you will command me ſome ſervice: But it is ———— But it is (replied *Cleobuline* and cut him ſhort) becauſe you have left your mind where you have beſtowed your heart: If I had power to have beſtowed it (replied *Myrinthus* pitifully non-pluſt) *Philimena* ſhould not have had it, but I ſhould have otherwiſe diſpoſed of it; yet Madam, *Philimena* hath violently taken it from me whether I would or no: Since the Law of Nations, replied the Queen, permits one to repulſe force by force, and that one may take ones own where e're he finds it; take back from *Philimena* with the ſame violence, that heart which ſhe took from you: But if you will take my advice, be ſure you do not take hers in lieu of your own, for you will be a loſer by the bargain: I wiſh to the Heavens Madam (ſaid he unto her) that I were able to do as I ought, in doing as your Majeſty would have me; for I am ſo devoted unto your commands, that I had rather be an obedient Subject, than a faithful Lover.

Myrinthus pronounced theſe words with ſuch a faint and hollow accent, as he ſurprized the Queen; for his tone did teſtifie, that he had ſome mental reſervation in his words; ſhe no ſooner had this conceit, but ſhe changed colour; ſo that *Myrinthus* ſeeing her bluſh for anger, he grew pale with fear, and bluſhed preſently after for ſhame. The alteration in the Queens face cauſed the alteration in *Myrinthus*; and the new diſorder which appeared in the mind of *Myrinthus*, did alſo diſorder the Queen: So that the confuſion of the one redoubling the ſhame of the other, they could not endure each others looks, but heartily deſired a ſeparation, and indeed they parted; for the Queen diſpatching her buſineſs with *Myrinthus* in two words, ſhe diſmiſſed him by a ſign from her hand, without one look upon him, and ſtayed by her ſelf in an unconceiveable turbulency of mind. *Myrinthus* did ſtrive with himſelf, and would have ſaid ſomething, but ſhe beckned again with her hand to be gone, and go he did, with a heart ſwelled with two violent paſſions, which did moſt ſtrongly tyrannize over it. But as the ſoul of *Myrinthus*, ſo the ſoul of *Cleobuline* was moſt cruelly tormented, for ſince ſhe had a moſt penetrating wit, ſhe perfectly diſcovered by the looks, by the words, and by the tone of *Myrinthus*, that he either knew, or gueſſed at the thoughts which ſhe had of him, inſomuch as extraordinary ſhame, and ſorrows full of anger againſt her ſelf, did make her an intolerable ſufferer. Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, that my own words and my own eyes ſhould betray me, ſince they have both of them been ſo long ſo faithful? For I know very well, that at that time when *Myrinthus* asked my conſent unto his Marriage with *Philimena*, he had then no ſuſpition of my paſſion. But what's this I ſay? (ſaid ſhe and reprehended her ſelf) It cannot be either my words, or my eyes which have diſcovered the ſecret of my heart unto *Myrinthus*, becauſe I never ſaw him ſince, and yet there is none but *Steſilea* in all the world which knows my thoughts: *Steſilea* who hath promiſed inviolable fidelity; *Steſilea*, I ſay, who knows that I fear nothing more, than that *Myrinthus* ſhould know I love him. As the Queen was in this perplexity, *Philiſta*, who was newly come to *Corinth*, and had not been there a long while, and whom the Queen ever loved, ſhe entred into her Chamber: So that this Princeſs, who dearly loved her, made a Truce with her ſorrows, and began to talk of ſeveral things with her; and paſſing from one diſcourſe unto another, *Philiſta*, who knew nothing of the Queens Love to *Myrinthus*,

thus, nor of that intimate confidence between her and *Steſilea*, ſhe began to tell the Queen what day ſome paſſage happened, ſhe told her it happened the very ſame day when *Steſilea* came not unto her until night. *Cleobuline* not remembring at firſt that *Steſilea* was ever a whole day from her, did contradict *Philiſta*: But *Philiſta* to remember it by more circumſtances, told her, that it was the very ſame day *Myrinthus* and *Steſilea* were a whole afternoon together, adding to prove her words, that *Baſilides* came to them at the concluſion of their conference.

The Queen hearing what *Philiſta* ſaid, began to ſuſpect the fidelity of *Steſilea*, ſince ſhe never ſpoke a word to her of *Myrinthus* his viſit, her ſuſpicions a little after did increaſe; for *Steſilea* coming in, *Philiſta* to make her own words good, asked her whether it was not true that *Myrinthus* came ſuch a day to ſee her, and whether *Baſilides* came not alſo.

This queſtion ſo ſurprized *Steſilea*, ſince ſhe had kept the viſit of *Myrinthus* ſecret from the Queen, that ſhe did ſo bluſh in confeſſing it, as that the Queen did undoubtedly conclude her culpable, and therefore was exceſſively ſad: Yet ſince it concerned her to know preciſely what *Myrinthus* knew, ſhe reſolved to ſet the beſt ſide of her ſorrows and anger outward, and to make *Steſilea* confeſs the truth. But the thing which moſt grated npon her apprehenſion was, that ſince ſhe thought *Myrinthus* knew her thoughts, ſo likewiſe did *Baſilides*, grounding her thoughts of it upon the great familiarity which had been of late between them: So that as paſſionate perſons always uſe, ſhe was full of divers imaginations, and concluded for certain, that *Steſilea* had diſcovered her ſecret unto *Myrinthus*, and he unto *Baſilides*: You may judge Sir, whether a Princeſs who pretended unto glory ſo much as *Cleobuline* did, could have any ſuch thoughts as theſe, without extream ſorrow; and indeed hers was of ſo deep a ſtrain, that ſhe could not reſt till ſhe had talked with *Steſilea*, and falling inſenſibly into diſcourſe of *Myrinthus*, ſhe asked her without any ſhew of anger, how it came to paſs ſhe never acquainted her with the viſit *Myrinthus* made her? *Steſilea* having no better a reaſon, told her, that ſince ſhe obſerved how ſhe never heard *Myrinthus* named without ſorrow, ſhe avoided the talking of him as much as ſhe could, unleſs it were her ſelf who firſt began to talk of him: But *Steſilea* (ſaid the Queen, and looked earneſtly upon her) I talked the laſt night with you of all the paſſages which chanced that ſame afternoon. *Steſilea* ſeeing her ſelf put to it, did think to mend the matter with another lie: Since I know Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, that your Majeſty deſires nothing more zealouſly than to conquer the paſſions of your ſoul, I would never acquaint you with the diſcourſe I had with *Myrinthus*, leſt it ſhould increaſe rather than diminiſh them: For truly Madam, he came to ſee me, only to proteſt how ſorry he was for incurring your diſpleaſure by thinking upon *Philimena*. Did he not ask you (ſaid the Queen) what my reaſon was for oppoſing the Marriage? Yes Madam, anſwered *Steſilea* and bluſht, but I aſſured him that I could not tell it: Fie *Steſilea*, (cri'd out the Queen in a rapture of anger and grief) either you have betrayed me, or elſe your own words have betrayed you, for moſt certainly *Myrinthus* knows more than he ſhould do: However (ſaid ſhe, leſt *Steſilea* ſhould not tell the truth) if you will tell me ingenuouſly all that *Myrinthus* ſaid unto you, and all that you anſwered him, I will pardon your fault: But *Steſilea*, be ſure you tell me all, and hide not a ſyllable from me. *Steſilea* ſeeing her ſelf touched to the quick, did a while deny all, but at laſt the Queen ſpeaking to her with ſuch authority, and promiſing a pardon if ſhe told her all paſſages, ſhe reſolved to confeſs part of the truth: She told her then and truly, how *Myrinthus* did moſt highly commend her, and afterwards he was very importunate to know the reaſon why ſhe obſtructed his Marriage, and how before ſhe was aware, ſhe only told him, that her reaſon was much conducing unto his glory; how he put all the advantagious interpretation that could be poſſible upon thoſe words; and how after all, *Myrinthus* did expreſs abundance of tenderneſs towards her: Since *Steſilea* thought to appeaſe the Queen, by telling ſuch things, ſhe concealed no obliging expreſſion which *Myrinthus* uſed, and hinted not a word of what he ſaid in advantage of *Philimena*; yet ſhe durſt not tell her how *Myrinthus* offered to quit her, leſt the actions of that Lover ſhould belie her words: But ſhe only told the Queen, that it was not impoſſible but that he might be brought to quit her. Yet this diſſembling Artifice of *Steſilea* did not hit; for after the Queen had got out of *Steſilea* all that ſhe could, ſhe was ſo tranſported with anger, that though ſhe was reſolved to make no noiſe of it, becauſe ſhe ſaw her weakneſs, yet ſhe could not chuſe but expreſs all that a moſt violent paſſion could invent; Fie, fie, (ſaid ſhe unto her with a torrent of tears) have I truſted you in a buſineſs upon which the whole glory of my life depended, and muſt you go and tattle it unto the man, whom of all men living I moſt feared that he ſhould know it? Your imprudence and indiſcretion hath deprived me of all conſolation, and brought me into ſuch a condition, as to ſee *Myrinthus* ſcorn me: Doubtleſs he believed that all you ſaid unto him proceeded from my orders; for what likelihood is there he ſhould think any other? Could he imagine, that you having ſo much wit and ſpirit, ſhould otherwiſe be ſo weak and imprudent? Fie, fie, *Steſilea* unto what a cruel adventure have you expoſed me? Muſt *Myrinthus* know I love him, and not know I would not have him know it? And muſt *Myrinthus* know this from *Steſilea*? For my part, I believe you thought I told you that I loved *Myrinthus*, on purpoſe you ſhould let him know it, and that I did forbid it, only that you might the ſooner tell him; but if you had any ſuch thoughts you were extreamly deceived, and have been injurious as well as perfidious. *Steſilea* would then have had ſome frivolous excuſes to the Queen, but the Queen would not hearken to them: Be ſilent *Steſilea* (ſaid ſhe unto her) be ſilent, all your inchanting reaſons cannot juſtifie you; and ſince your crime hath been in talking too much, it muſt be ſilence rather than weak excuſes that muſt appeaſe my anger. In the mean while order it ſo, as *Myrinthus* may not either by his looks, or by his actions, or by the leaſt ſyllable, give me any cauſe to think that he remembers what you ſaid unto him; for if I find he do, I profeſs I will not only baniſh him my Court, but my Kingdom, though perhaps I cannot my heart: Carry the buſineſs ſo, that *Myrinthus* may never know I underſtand he knows the thoughts of my ſoul, for if ever I perceive he do, I ſhall baniſh you as well as him. But why ſhould I impoſe ſuch orders of ſilence and ſecreſie upon one who is tatling all ſhe knows, and is not Miſtreſs of her own tongue? *Steſilea* then kneeling down at the Queens feet, with eyes full of tears, ſeemed ſo repentant, that this Princeſs whoſe ſoul was infinitely glorious, thinking it a ſhame to pardon ſuch a crime ſo ſoon, and fearing leaſt her repentant tears ſhould molifie her, did command her to retire, and not to ſee her any more, until ſhe ſent for her; commanding her again to negotiate the matter ſo, as *Myrinthus* ſhould never know ſhe knew what *Steſilea* told him. After ſhe was gone, this Queen was in a moſt unſpeakable perplexity, and that which did moſt exaſperate the matter was, that as every one is apt to believe what they deſire, ſo ſhe believed it to be within the compaſs of poſſibility to wain *Myrinthus* from *Philimena*, if ſhe infuſed ſome ingredients of ambition into her love; and on the contrary, ſhe perceived by the extream diſorder of *Myrinthus* his Soul, that if ſhe ſhould offer him a Crown, yet he would never offer her his Heart, nor quit *Philimena.* So that this conſideration, and her perceiving a poſſibility of keeping *Myrinthus* from the enjoyment of *Philimena*, by making him a King, did exceedingly aggravate her ſorrows: Since it is allowed the people, (would ſhe ſay ſometimes when Love had the predominancy of her heart) to chuſe a King when they have not one, why is it not allowable in a Queen to chuſe one, eſpecially when her choiſe is good? Is it juſt, that becauſe I am born upon a Throne, therefore I ſhould be deprived of that liberty which all my Subjects have? And that I ſhould be more a Slave than any of my Slaves, in a thing upon which the felicity of my life depends? But what's this I ſay? (ſaid ſhe and reprehended her ſelf) methinks I ſpeak as if I could be happy without glory: Fie, fie, *Cleobuline*, wander not ſo far from the right way of reaſon; it is not thy part to examine the uſe of it, but to follow it: 'Tis true, *Myrinthus* is worthy of a Crown by his merit, but ſince he is not ſo by his Birth, 'tis fit thou beeſt ſtill his Sovereign, and that he be for ever thy Subject; but alas, this Subject knows thou loveſt him more than becomes thee; at this very hour perhaps he is at the feet of *Philimena*, and reporting thy weakneſs unto her, and proteſting, that though thou ſhouldſt offer him thy heart and thy Crown, yet he would willingly refuſe them both for the leaſt of her favours. On the other ſide, if *Baſilides* knew, as I believe he does, what thoughts thy ſoul harbors of *Myrinthus*, doubtleſs he would not value thy affection at a ſtraw, but only becauſe he would be King; and as for *Philimena*, I am confident ſhe would look upon thee with ſcorn, and triumph in reigning over the heart of him who reigns in thine: *Steſilea* alſo, ſhe would hold unworthy thoughts of thee; for ſince ſhe revealed the ſecret unto *Myrinthus*, doubtleſs ſhe thought thou didſt deſire to contract a particular friendſhip with him, and may be ſhe imagined, that this friendſhip had ſome virtuous deſign in it: So *Cleobuline*, ſee what dangerous conſequences thy fond paſſion hath brought thee unto, examine thy heart well, truſt not too much unto thy own virtue and ſtrength, reduce thy ſelf *Cleobuline* into ſuch a condition, as that thou canſt not commit a fault if thou wouldſt? find out ſome ingenious expedient which may juſtifie thy ſelf in the opinion of *Myrinthus*, as well as of *Baſilides*, *Philimena*, and *Steſilea*, call all thy virtues and ſtrengths to thy aſſiſtance, remember the glory thou haſt got, and do all thou canſt to preſerve it, and recover thy eſteem with *Myrinthus*, which perhaps thou haſt loſt: But alas (ſaid ſhe after a ſerious conſideration) I can find no way in the world to effect theſe things but one: But oh heavens, how difficult it is? and how hard to be reſolved upon?

As ſhe was in theſe thoughts *Philiſta* who was to render an accompt unto the Queen of ſome buſineſs wherein ſhe was imployed, came unto her, but ſince ſhe obſerved her very reſerved and ſad, after the diſpatch of her buſineſs, ſhe offered to go out again: But the Queen being fuller of ſorrows than any one heart was able to contain, did call her back again, and imagining that ſince *Steſilea* had revealed her ſecret unto *Myrinthus*, ſhe might alſo impart it unto *Philiſta*, who was always very kind with her, ſhe thought it beſt to tell her her ſelf, and to bid her keep *Steſilea* hereafter from ſuch faults; ſo that conſulting more with her choler than her reaſon, ſhe began to complain of *Steſilea* unto her: But ſince ſhe could not accuſe *Steſilea*, unleſs ſhe accuſed her ſelf alſo, ſhe acquainted *Philiſta* with her own unhappy condition. Do not think (ſaid ſhe unto her) that as much as I eſteem you, I would ever make any new Confident of my weakneſs, unleſs I were fully reſolved either to ſurmount it, or elſe to die: Yes *Philiſta*, I believe I have found out a way to juſtifie my ſelf in the thoughts of *Myrinthus*, *Philimena*, *Baſilides*, *Steſilea*, and your ſelf: And I think I have hit upon it ſo happily, that I ſhall arrive at that point which I have ſo long deſired, which is, to ſee *Myrinthus* out of love with *Philimena*: I perceive you can hardly conceive what this invention ſhould be: But to make a diſcovery of it unto you, know *Philiſta*, that to keep my ſelf from ever committing any crime, I will conſent unto that marriage which I have ſo obſtinately hindred. How, Madam, replied *Philiſta*, will you allow *Myrinthus* to marry *Philimena*? Yes *Philiſta*, replied ſhe, I will, and I will principally, to the end I may never think of marrying *Myrinthus*, nor ſhew him any ſigns of love, and to the end alſo he may think, that whatſoever *Steſilea* told him of me is not ſtronger than my virtue; and alſo to perſwade *Baſilides*, that all which perhaps is told him is not true. Thus far Madam, replied *Philiſta*, I do agree unto what you have ſaid, and I muſt infinitely commend your generous deſign; but I muſt confeſs, I cannot ſee how you can ever hope to ſee *Myrinthus* out of love with *Philimena*: Yes, I do hope it, replied ſhe, eſpecially by his marriage; for ſince the love of *Myrinthus* to *Philimena* is augmented by my obſtacle, I am confidently perſwaded, that it will cool again when it finds no oppoſition; the full fruition of *Philimena* will glut him, and more quaſh his affection, than all my authority is able to do: I beſeech you *Philiſta*, (ſaid this Princeſs in the rapture of her paſſion) do not tell me that *Philocles*, though now your Husband, is ſtill in love with you, ſince there is no love that is eternal: And if I did not hope to find ſome little ſatisfaction in ſeeing the affection of *Myrinthus* to *Philimena* to fade by marriage, perhaps I ſhould not have power to accompliſh that deſign, whereupon the ſafety of my glory doth depend; therefore I conjure you to concur with me in my hopes, to the end I may more couragiouſly put my reſolutions into execution: Yet do not think, purſued ſhe, that I deſire *Myrinthus* ſhould be out of love after he hath married *Philimena*, nor in any thought he ſhould anſwer my affection unto him; no P*hiliſta*,that's not my aim,and doubtleſs I have not power to ſay, I wiſh that *Myrinthus* ſhould not love me: But I can aſſure you, that none of my actions ſhall ever let him know I love him, though *I* am confident I ſhall love him as long as I breath; yet it would be much ſatisfaction unto me, to ſee *Myrinthus* out of love when *I* have executed my deſign. But oh heavens (added ſhe, and gave P*hiliſta* no time to anſwer her) am I able to do as I would? and am I well aſſured that I deſire it? When I conſult with my reaſon, I find my ſelf inclined unto it, though it ſhould coſt me my life; but when I conſult with my heart, I am ready to alter my mind, this Rebel heart reſiſts me, and if I did not call glory to my aid, I ſhould relaps into my firſt fond weakneſs: But as ſoon as I conſider it as a means to keep me from any poſſibility of committing a fault which my paſſion prompts me unto a thouſand times in a day, and which all the world would upbraid me with;& as a means, I ſay,to make *Myrinthus* eſteem me,and perhaps to quench thoſe violent flames of affection which he bears unto P*hilimena*; Honour and Love both joyning together do ſo fortifie my mind, that I am in hopes of an abſolute victory over my ſelf, though I am out of all hopes of not loving *Myrinthus*, and though I muſt ſtill love him without any fear that this paſſion will draw me unto any baſeneſs. After this, P*hiliſta*, who wiſhed in her heart that the Queen would marry *Baſilides*, told her, that the beſt way of ſecurity againſt that paſſion, was to marry him; and hinted unto her all the politick reaſons of State which might induce her unto it. Ah P*hiliſta* (ſaid the Queen unto her) your advice goes a little too far, and further than I am able to follow: 'Tis well, if I can reſolve to render P*hilimena* happy by permitting her to marry a man whom I love more than ſhe doth, without moving me to marry one whom I do not love, nor ever ſhall:

For the truth is *Philiſta*, if it were poſſible, *I* ſhould ceaſe loving *Myrinthus*, (as *I* think it is not) *I* ſhould certainly never love any elſe: Therefore *Philiſta* be contented that *I* do what *I* think fitting for my honour and juſtification, and do not wiſh me to groan under any new torment. After this, the Queen diſmiſſed *Philiſta*, and would not be ſeen all the reſt of the day; but as the day was tormentive to her, ſo the night much more, never did amorous heart endure more torture than hers, ſhe altered her reſolution a hundred times, and as oft reſolved to put it in execution; ſometimes her paſſion would be ſo high, that ſhe was perſwaded ſhe did *Myrinthus* the greateſt injuſtice in the world, if ſhe did not put the Crown upon his head, ſince it was in her power to make him King, ſhe imagined the injury as great, as if he had been legitimate King, and ſhe had wrung the Scepter out of his hand; and there was ſo fierce a combat in her ſoul betwixt honour and love, that the Sun brought day into her Chamber before it was ended; She riſe before ſhe was reſolved what to do, and as ſoon as ſhe caſt her eyes upon a great glaſs, by which ſhe paſſed in her way to her Cloſet, and ſpied in her face the alteration which Love and an ill night had brought upon her, ſhe bluſhed for ſhame, that ſhe ſhould be no more a Miſtreſs of her ſelf: Would not any ſay (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf) who ſaw this ſorrow in my eyes, that I am told of ſome loſs of a great battel, which either reflected upon my State, or the tranquility of my people? and yet in lieu of lamenting for the loſſes of my people, I am lamenting my own loſs; and all this ſorrow which ſits ſo ſadly in my eyes, hath ſo poor and weak a cauſe, and ſo unworthy of my virtue, as I wonder how I can endure my ſelf; rouze up thy ſelf *Cleobuline* couragiouſly, and conquer thy ſelf. The Queen finding more power in her heart than ſhe imagined, would not let ſlip ſo good an interval; and leſt ſhe ſhould relaps once more into a repentance, ſhe ſent immediately to command *Baſilides* and *Myrinthus* to come both together unto her; but ſhe had no ſooner given this order, than a freſh tumult rebelled in her mind, which put her ſoul into a new diſorder, yet it was preſently layed, for ſhe was ſo exceedly pleaſed, that ſhe was able to force her mouth unto words ſo oppoſite unto her hearts deſire, as her very joys of vanquiſhing, made her able to execute her deſign with a kind of tranquility: So that her deſire of glory, and deſire of juſtifying her ſelf in the thoughts of *Myrinthus* and *Baſilides*, fortifying her ſoul, ſhe prepared her ſelf in good earneſt for executing her deſign: Then arming her ſelf with a reſolute mind, ſhe ſhut up all her ſorrows in her heart, and ſo well compoſed her countenance, as ſhe ſeemed only a little ſerious, and not unquiet or troubled. In the mean time *Baſilides* and *Myrinthus* being ſurprized at this ſudden meſſage, they could not deviſe what the Queen ſhould have with them, yet they did not impart their thoughts unto each other, for *Myrinthus* out of his reſpect and diſcretion would not tell *Baſilides* what he knew of the Queens Love; and *Baſilides* out of his jealouſie would not tell *Myrinthus* what he thought he knew not, and which he would never have him know, yet both of them imagined that the Queens ſending for them was abſolutely to forbid the banes of *Philimena*'s Marriage: So that though ambition was high in the heart of *Myrinthus*, yet his Love of *Philimena* having got the predominancy, he went to the Queen with a ſoul full of melancholy thoughts: On the other ſide *Baſilides* thinking that the Queen oppoſed the Marriage of *Myrinthus*, only becauſe ſhe her ſelf loved him, and fearing alſo that ſhe would break it only, perhaps with a deſign to make him King, he was ſo far from looking upon *Myrinthus* as a Husband unto his Siſter, as he hated him as a Rival, though he knew him to be in love with *Philimena*, and not with *Cleobuline*.

Theſe two Lovers then being both of them fall of reſtleſs imaginations, came both of them to Court together. They were no ſooner entred, than the Queen hearing of their coming, cauſed them to enter into her Cloſet; She had no ſooner given this order, but ſhe had ſome ſuggeſtions in her heart to talk of ſome other buſineſs, and to defer the execution of her deſign unto ſome other time. But as ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Myrinthus*, and looked upon him as a man who knew her weakneſs, and who perhaps blamed her for it, her very deſire to re-admit her ſelf into his eſteem, as well as to juſtifie her ſelf in the opinion of *Baſilides*, did rouze up a greater ſtrength in her reſolution than ſhe imagined; and *Philiſta*, whom the Queen ſent for to be preſent at this action, told me, ſhe admired that a perſon ſo paſſionate as *Cleobuline* was, could ſo well overcome her ſelf: She therefore no ſooner ſaw *Baſilides* and *Myrinthus* enter into her Cloſet, then cauſing them to come to her, ſhe began to ſpeak unto them both in a moſt ſurprizing manner: Since I know (ſaid ſhe unto them) that the buſineſs which I am to ſpeak of does concern you both, I deſired to ſpeak unto you both together. Know then (ſaid ſhe, and addreſſed her ſpeech unto *Baſilides*) that as I have hitherto hindred the marriage of *Philimena* and *Myrinthus*, out of ſome prevalent reaſons which I never told you; ſo now thoſe reaſons being changed, I have alſo changed my opinion, inſomuch as ſince I do now like of that which I diſliked then, I do not only conſent unto this marriage, but I deſire that it may be conſummated, as ſpeedily as preparations for ſuch a ſolemnity will permit. *Baſilides* and *Myrinthus*, both were ſo ſurprized at the Queens words, as they never thought of any anſwer; but the wonder was, to ſee the Brother of a Lover to thank the Queen ſooner than the Lover himſelf: For though *Myrinthus* was unexpreſſively in love with *Philimena*, and was extreamly joyed to hear that he ſhould e're long enjoy her, yet knowing what thoughts the Queen had of him, he durſt not be too forward in expreſſions of gratitude, for the favour which ſhe did him, for fear of incenſing her. Alſo his ambition ſtrugling a little in his heart, he could not ſo ſuddenly quit a Queen for *Philimena*, without ſome little regret of mind; ſo that not knowing upon a ſuddain what to do or ſay, he let *Baſilides* ſpeak firſt, who apprehending that nothing could be more advantagious unto his deſign upon the Queen than this, he was tranſported with ſuch a joy, as permitted him the full freedom of his ſpirits, and he returned his thanks in very crafty phraſes: I aſſure you Madam, ſaid he unto her, your Majeſty hath not only done an Act of Juſtice in conſenting unto what *Myrinthus* ſo much deſired, but an act of Clemency alſo, in preſerving that life which the tyranny of his paſſion would have ruined. *Myrinthus* hearing *Baſilides* ſpeak in this manner, though he had a good mind to contradict him, yet he durſt not; nor durſt he out of his reſpect unto the Queen aggravate a paſſion which he knew would but diſpleaſe her; therefore puting a handſome gloſs upon his reſentment, he began to ſpeak: Since I cannot evidence my gratitude unto the Queen, (ſaid he unto her) without giving her ſome cauſe to think that I murmur'd againſt her, when ſhe denied me that, which now ſhe is pleaſed to grant, I had rather publiſh her goodneſs unto all the world, than to thank her my ſelf: Therefore Madam, I beſeech your Majeſty to diſpence with thoſe thanks which I owe you, and in exchange give me leave to applaud you, in ſpeaking of thoſe many honours which I have received from you; and to publiſh unto all the world, that though I die a thouſand deaths in your Majeſties ſervice, yet the vaſt debt of my gratitude is not diſcharged: In ſaying you will give me no thanks, replied the Queen and bluſhed, you have given me too many. In the mean time, I do not only diſpenſe with you for your thanks, but alſo for all thoſe high applauds you give me; and I hold you diſcharged of all you owe me, provided you will be fully perſwaded, that both in denying and giving you *Philimena*, I always had ſtrong reaſons for thoſe contrary acts, though they were unknown unto you; and as I place Juſtice in the firſt rank of all Kingly virtues, ſo I do abhor that my Subjects ſhould ever upbraid me with any deficiency in that virtue: If you can be accuſed of any injuſtice Madam (replied *Myrinthus* moſt reſpectfully) it is in conferring more favours upon me than I can merit: But ſince goodneſs is a virtue as well as Juſtice, I ſhall hope that without any blame to your Majeſty for the favours you have done me, that may be attributed unto your goodneſs, which cannot be unto your Juſtice: However it be (ſaid ſhe to finiſh the diſcourſe) ſince the greateſt joys are doubled, when they are made publick, we will not hinder you *Myrinthus* from publiſhing yours; go therefore and tell ——— This Princeſs would have ſaid *Philimena*; but ſhe abruptly ſtopped, and the diſorder of her ſpirits was ſo great, that in lieu of ſaying *Philimena*, according to her firſt intention, ſhe ſaid, unto all the Court, and ſaid it with a bluſh: So that fearing leſt her conſtancy ſhould ſtagger, ſhe diſmiſſed *Baſilides* and *Myrinthus*, who both of them retired very well ſatisfied; yet *Myrinthus* had ſome ſecret pangs of ſorrow in his heart, for as he went out of the Queens Cloſet, and turned his head back, and ſaw her lifting up her eyes unto heaven with a ſigh, ſo that not doubting but that he was the cauſe of thoſe ſorrows in the moſt illuſtrious Queen in the world, his joys were ſo dejected until the fair eyes of *Philimena* did revive them, as he could hardly ſpeak unto *Baſilides*; yet he was no ſooner in the preſence of that fair One, but Love began to fill his heart with extream joy. Yet whilſt he was taſting, all thoſe delicious ſweets which he had a long time moſt earneſtly wiſhed for, and which a full ſatisfied hope could afford, the Queen did find ſome tranquility in the Victory which ſhe had obtained over her ſelf, and was ſometimes joyed at it: Well thou imperious paſſion, (did ſhe ſay before *Philiſta*) which are accuſtomed to conquer the ſtrongeſt reaſons, thou haſt now been conquered by mine: Thou Tyrant, I ſay, who haſt cauſed the moſt illuſtrious perſons to run headlong into a thouſand crimes and inconveniences, and does often put the whole Univerſe into a diſorder; yet as proud as thou art of thy Triumphs, one ſimple deſire of glory hath forced thee out of my heart, and made my ſelf a Soveraign Miſtreſs of it: I do profeſs, Madam, (ſaid *Philiſta* to her) I do extreamly admire at your victory over your ſelf; I could never think that it were poſſible to baniſh a moſt violent and tyrannical paſſion out of ones ſoul in ſo ſhort a time: Ah my dear *Philiſta*, (replied the Queen and ſighed) I have conquered this cruel paſſion I confeſs, but in lieu of baniſhing out of my heart ſo fierce an Enemy, my reaſon hath only inchained him there, and I am in continual fear leſt he ſhould break thoſe chains which holds him captive: I find him doing what he can to get at liberty; but I find alſo, that he cannot break them unleſs my reaſon betray me: I pray *Philiſta* ſtrengthen it by your commendations, and tell me that I have done the moſt glorious act in the world; perſwade me if you can, that it was more grandeur of courage to do as I have done, then it was weakneſs in me to be ſo vanquiſhed as I was: It is an eaſie matter for me, Madam, replied *Philiſta*, to commend

mend an act ſo Heroick, whereof ſo few are capable; the Sacrifice you have offered unto glory is ſo great, that as by all the reſt of your actions you merit Statues, ſo by this you merit Temples and Altars, ſince you have done a thing which the Gods themſelves have not always done: Fie *Philiſta*, replied the Queen, do not commend me ſo exceſſively, for if I ſhould chance to relaps into my firſt folly, and repent of what I have done, both you and I ſhould be abominably aſhamed of all theſe applauds which you have given me; therefore, though I did entreat you to commend me, yet I pray keep ſome meaſure in your commendations; for the very truth is *Philiſta*, that I did never in my life love *Myrinthus* more than now I do, nor hate *Philimena* more, yet I made them both happy, becauſe honour required it, and my Quality would not ſuffer me to commit crimes, ſince I muſt do nothing but what is great and Noble, and Soveraignly juſt. Moreover *Philiſta*, if you did but know my joys, to ſee *Myrinthus* expreſs no gladneſs when I gave him leave to marry *Philimena*, you would wonder: But wretch that I am, (ſaid ſhe and bluſht) I rejoyce at that, which doubtleſs I ought to grieve at, and be aſhamed; for it is to be thought, that *Myrinthus* did only hide his thoughts becauſe he knew mine: Stifle therefore this ill-grounded joy, and rejoyce *Cleobuline* at nothing but the Victory which thou haſt got over thy ſelf. In ſhort Sir, the Queen did ſo encourage her ſelf in the deſign which ſhe had taken, that it was as generouſly executed, as it was reſolved, yet not without a thouſand ſeveral perplexities, for ſince all the Court thought they pleaſed her in intereſting themſelves in the joys of *Myrinthus*, and in commending the marriage which ſhe had made, they ſpoke of nothing elſe. Some ſpoke loud in commendations of *Myrinthus*, others of *Philimena*, all of nothing elſe. In the mean time, ſince ſhe would not truſt too much unto her ſelf, ſhe haſted on the marriage, as if upon the accompliſhment thereof depended all her felicity: And the better to colour her affection to *Myrinthus*, ſhe ſhewed abundance of kindneſs to *Philimena*, and ſent her very rich Preſents, though ſhe gave her not one ſweet word which had not a bitter reliſh in her own heart: She her ſelf would alſo be at the expences of the marriage, which was ſolemnized with extraordinary pomp: She dreſſed her ſelf, as if it were the day of her Coronation; and as long as the Feaſt laſted, ſhe was a moſt abſolute Miſtreſs of her own countenance, and of all her actions, though Heavens know not without inconceivable ſorrow at heart, in the midſt of this publick rejoycing. The truth is, ſhe carried it ſo, that *Myrinthus* thought ſhe had changed her thoughts of him, that *Baſilides* thought himſelf wrongly informed, and that *Philiſta* her ſelf thought *Cleobuline* leſs engaged to *Myrinthus* than ſhe was, yet ſhe was not long in that thought; for the day after the ſolemnity, the Queen cauſed all the Grandees of State to aſſemble, as if ſhe intended ſome notable alteration in the Government; and without communicating her deſign unto any whoſoever, ſhe appeared in the Noble Aſſembly with ſo much Majeſty, as ſhe inſpired reverence into the hearts of all beholders. *Baſilides*, according to his Quality, had the firſt place, and *Myrinthus*, by reaſon of his Offices, the next. This Aſſembly was in a great Hall ſupported with Marble Pillars, whoſe Baſis was of *Corinthian* Copper, ſo famous over all the world: Between theſe Pillars and Pilaſters was hung ſeveral Enſigns gotten in the Wars by the late King of *Corinth:* And in the midſt of this Hall was erected a ſtately Throne of three degrees; upon the firſt was the Queen, upon the ſecond *Baſilides*, and upon the third *Myrinthus*. All the reſt of the Aſſembly being round about this Princeſs, who after ſhe had by her looks impoſed ſilence upon all the company, ſhe made ſuch a moſt admirable Eloquent Oration, as ſhe charmed all the Auditory; but her reſolution did aſtoniſh them; for after ſhe had prepared them to hear her pleaſure, ſhe declared, That it was her reſolute determination never to marry; adding, that it was her will *Baſilides* ſhould be looked upon, as him who was to ſucceed her in the Throne,to the end his authority ſhould be more firm, and that he ſhould raiſe no Factions in the State: Adding after all this a thouſand admirable Arguments to authorize her reſolution: You may judg, Sir, how this Oration ſurprized the Aſſembly, eſpecially *Baſilides* and *Myrinthus*.

As it is the cuſtom when the Queen hath ended her Speech, for every one to give their opinions in order, ſo *Baſilides* ſpoke firſt; and though the Queens Declaration was much in his advantage, and confirmed him in thoſe rights which nature gave him, yet his love prompted him to contradict the opinion of the Queen, and one could not ſpeak more eloquently, nor more reverently than he did, to perſwade her that ſhe would change her mind. And though the place would not permit him to add his paſſion unto many other reaſons, which might induce her to marry, yet he did hint upon that point very delicately, declaring unto her, that he would never have any right unto a Grown which ſhe wore by ſo ſad a way, as that which ſhe propounded, and ſpoke as elegantly, as if he had been prepared for it. But when it came to the courſe of *Myrinthus* to ſpeak, and when he concurred in the opinion of *Baſilides*, the Queen bluſhed; and at night ſhe told *Philiſta*, that her conſtancy began to waver, when ſhe ſaw him for whoſe ſake ſhe reſolved never to marry, to adviſe her to it. The diſcourſe of *Myrinthus* was not long, for ſince he knew the Queens thoughts, he was more limited in his Spirit; yet he ſpoke very well, and mixed ſo many applauds with his contradictions, that it may be ſaid he choaked all his own reaſons, and confirmed her in her deſign. Afterwards, every one who ſpoke, beſeeched her to change her mind; but after they had all ſpoken what they would, ſhe repeated all their reaſons in a ſhort method, and cloſed up the Aſſembly with a diſcourſe more prevalent than the former, and made it appear that her reſolution was unalterable: So that according to cuſtome, the Declaration of it was publiſhed unto the People, and all circumſtances were performed to make it more Authentique. To tell you Sir, how great was the grief of *Baſilides*, and aſtoniſhment of *Myrinthus*, is a thing not eaſie. *Baſilides* knew not what to think of her deſign, whether it proceeded out of love to *Myrinthus*, or averſion unto himſelf; but as for *Myrinthus*, he durſt not think himſelf to be the cauſe of this her reſolution, nor knew he unto what to attribute it. In the mean time, this Declaration made a mighty noiſe in *Corinth*, and never did a ſecret cauſe produce greater events; yet the general opinion was, that the Queen was jealous of her Authority, and would not divide it with any by marriage: Some ſaid it was her love to the Liberal Sciences, which inſpired her with an averſion unto Marriage; but there was not one did vote it to be for the love of *Myrinthus*. *Philiſta* her ſelf not being able to comprehend it, took ſo much liberty as to ask the Queen: I beſeech you Madam (ſaid ſhe unto her) what ought I to think of your Majeſties deſign? Is it policy which ſuggeſted it unto you? No no, *Philiſta* (ſaid ſhe unto her and ſighed) This reſolution which ſeems to be grounded upon reaſons of State, is grounded only upon reaſons of Love: For indeed my dear *Philiſta*, by giving *Philimena* unto *Myrinthus*, I ſhall drive *Myrinthus*, out of my heart, and by conſequence make it incapable of entertaining any other affection, or eſpecially the love of *Baſilides:* And thus, that I might at leaſt in appearance, though not in reallity, enjoy my liberty, I have reſolved never to marry; and to keep *Baſilides* from any murmur, I have ſettled my Crown upon him: Madam, replied *Philiſta*, were *Baſilides* only ambitious, this might peradventure keep him from diſcontent, but ſince he is in love, methinks it ſhould grieve him: Since I am full of phantaſtical and extraordinary thoughts, replied the Queen, I have one for *Baſilides*, which I confeſs is very unjuſt: For truly, *Philiſta*, though I am ſure I can never love him, and though his affection is extreamly troubleſome unto me, yet ſometimes I wiſh that he would love me ever; love me ſo far, as never to marry as long as he lived, that ſo the Crown which now I wear may fall upon *Myrinthus*. This is the only innocent way I know to make him a King, which ſhall be if this phantaſtical reaſon do hit, not but that my imagination is ſhrewdly wounded, when it phancieth my Crown upon *Philimena*'s Head: But for all that, the pleaſing thought that perhaps the Scepter may fall into the hands of *Myrinthus*, does tranſport me above all other conſiderations; and I cannot for my life but wiſh, that *Baſilides* ſhould extreamly love me, that the Crown might fall upon the head of *Myrinthus*. In the mean time, to teſtifie that this paſſion which yet reigns in my heart is as pure as phantaſtical, obſerve I conjure you, how I will live with him who is the cauſe of it: For after I have done that which becomes my glory, I muſt go a little further, and ſo fully perſwade *Myrinthus*, that I am an abſolute Miſtreſs of my own thoughts, that he ſhall be forced to eſteem me as much as I love him. And indeed Sir, though the Queen hath ever ſince done all that was in her power to advance the fortunes of *Myrinthus*, yet ſhe never moved him unto any more familiarity with her, than he uſed to have before *Steſilea* acquainted him with the thoughts ſhe had of him. But Sir, the greateſt wonder of this adventure is, that *Myrinthus*, whoſe ſoul as I told you was naturally of an ambitious temper, did preſently cool the heat of his affection to *Philimena*: for in a very ſhort time after his marriage, he grew ſo melancholly and reſerved, as it was evident, that ſhe had not compleated his happineſs. But though one is naturally apt to ſhare in the ſorrows of that perſon whom one loves, yet the grief that appeared in the countenance of *Myrinthus* never troubled *Cleobuline*, for ſhe quickly knew that *Myrinthus* did not love *Philimena*, and that he was her Husband, but not her Lover; her ſatisfaction reſted not here: For be pleaſed to know Sir, that after ambition had quenched his flames of Love to *Philimena*, that very ſame ambition kindled his Love of *Cleobuline*, and ſo deſperately, as he was ready to run out of his Wits and reaſon: He did what he could to hide his paſſion, both from *Baſilides* and *Philimena*, and ſince he knew by *Steſilea* how nice ſhe was in ſuch things, he durſt not ſo much as give the Queen the leaſt hint of it. The Queen for her part diſguiſed her thoughts as much as ſhe could, and endeavoured with all her power that *Myrinthus* ſhould not perceive that ſhe loved him ſtill, or that ſhe knew that he loved her; and the more ſhe knew *Myrinthus* was in love with her, the farther ſhe was off. On the other ſide, *Baſilides* perceiving the paſſion of *Myrinthus*, began to hate him; and *Philimena* alſo having ſome ſuch jealouſie, did wiſh ſo ill unto *Cleobuline*, as ſhe laboured all ſhe could with *Baſilides* to raiſe a Rebellion in the State: And it is moſt ſure, that *Myrinthus* had never any further ſatisfaction, than to imagine that the Queen did love him, becauſe he knew ſhe did ſo formerly; and the Queen for her part never looked further than to know that *Myrinthus* loved her, without giving him the leaſt ſign of her love. In the mean time Sir, ſince it is to be feared that the paſſion of *Baſilides* is in the concluſion to raiſe a Civil War, I moſt humbly beſeech you Sir, to ſignifie unto *Thimochares* who hath a great influence upon the Queen, that you are perſwaded her reſolution of never marrying may produce dangerous conſequences: As there are very many obligations upon me to *Baſilides*, doubtleſs I ſhall be ready to do him any good office; but I do proteſt unto you Sir, that it is more the Queens intereſt, than that of *Baſilides* which moves me unto this requeſt; for it is almoſt impoſſible that any ſhould know her, and not devote himſelf more unto her ſervice, than unto any other. For Sir, to end the hiſtory of this Princeſs as I begun it, I do moſt confidently aſſure you, that there is not any lives on earth who can ſurpaſs her in virtue.

Philocles having ended his relation, *Cyrus* made an Elogy in Praiſe of the *Corinthian* Queen, as high as poſſible, repeating all her vertues one after another, and inſiſting principally upon that power which ſhe had over her ſelf in hiding a moſt violent paſſion: For truly, ſaid he, I know by this, that ſhe muſt needs have a ſoul much greater than mine; ſince when I was at *Sinope*, and fell in love with *Mandana*, I was never able to vanquiſh that paſſion, though I had then ſtronger reaſons to decline loving that Princeſs, than *Cleobuline* had not to declare her affection unto *Myrinthus*; Therefore *Philocles*, I muſt conclude the Queen of *Corinth* to be worthy of all thoſe glorious Characters which you have given her: And I do aſſure you, that if I do tell *Thimochares* what you deſire, I ſhould tell him, it ſhall be only for the love of you: Since certainly to follow the pure dictates of my own heart, I ſhould never adviſe a Princeſs who is in love, to marry a Prince whom ſhe loves not. However, ſince I do believe your intentions good, and ſince you know the people better than I do, and in what ſphere the Spirits of the Court do move, I promiſe you to do as you deſire. After this, it being very late, *Philocles* retired unto the Tent which was provided for him, and left *Cyrus* in thoughts of envy againſt *Myrinthus*, wiſhing with moſt paſſionate zeal, that *Mandana* as tenderly loved him, as the Queen of *Corinth* did *Myrinthus*.

ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

PART VII. Book III.

THe next morning, *Thimocares* coming to *Cyrus*, that Prince performed his promiſe unto *Philocles*; but yet he knew very well, that he gave ſuch counſel as the Queen of *Corinth* would not follw: Yet to teſtifie how much he eſteemed that Princeſs, he doubled his civilities upon *Thimochares*, to whom he ſhewed all the works. After which, and after a moſt Princely Banquet, *Thimochares* returned unto his Fleet, deſiring to be on land no longer, leaſt ſome unforeſeen accident ſhould fall out. He was no ſooner gone, but one of thoſe men whom *Cyrus* ſent with *Spitridates* came into the room; he no ſooner ſaw him; but being extreamly impatient to know what news, he deſired him to acquaint him; but firſt he gave a Letter from *Tigranes*, in which he found theſe words.

TIGRANES *unto the Illuſtrious* CYRUS.

SIR,

THe Prince Spitridates *being wounded in his right hand, it muſt be mine that muſt let you know, how he is ſo unfortunate, as that he cannot accept of thoſe generous offers which you made him: For after he had met with the Raviſher of the Princeſs* Araminta, *whom I cannot call Brother; and after he had fought with him whilſt I was another way in queſt of that Princeſs, he eſcaped his revenge, after he had ſlightly wounded him in the right hand, and imbarqued at the* Galatian *Port, whether he followed him, and where we imbarqued alſo, though we know not directly which way he hath taken. After this Sir, I have no more to ſay, but to tell you, that the acknowledgments of Prince* Spitridates *to you, are as great as his ſorrows, and that my anger againſt* Phraartes *doth equal them both, though it doth not exceed my zeal unto your glory.*

TIGRANES.

After the reading of this Letter, *Cyrus* enquired very particularly of him who brought it, how *Spitridates* did meet *Phraartes*? and by him underſtood that it was in a Wood; that *Phraartes* at firſt taking *Spitridates* for him, would have fled, but one of the men knowing him to be *Spitridates*, did firſt aſſault him; that all their men fought, but in concluſion, *Phraartes* ſeeing *Tigranes* afar off with his Squadron, he ran away, and got into a thick wood, where we loſt the ſight of him; that afterwards they underſtood, *Araminta* during the combat was in a Shepherds Cabbin; ſome two hundred paces from the place where they fought, and that *Phraartes* went and took her away, and carried her into a Port within thirty furlongs of the place, where thoſe who guarded her had provided a Ship; and that he was no ſooner come unto this Port, but he imbarqued; ſome reporting that he was wounded. This man related further

ther, That *Spitridates* and *Tigranes* making towards that place, did come too late; and that they reſolved to imbarque alſo, and to carry with them thoſe whom you gave unto them, and at laſt ſent him to relate the paſſage.

When *Cyrus* had heard all that concerned *Spitridates*, he underſtood from *Feraulas*, that *Arianita* making no queſtion but *Cumes* would be taken, was gone out of *Sardis* to *Thybarra* with *Doraliſa*, whoſe Aunt had there ſome Eſtate and Buſineſs; and therefore ſhe was gone unto that place where ſhe might be near her Princeſs and Miſtreſs, when ſhe was releaſed: *Feraulas* ſaid further, that *Pherenice* having no mind to leave her was gone along with her. The Prince *Myrſiles*, who was preſent when *Feraulas* told this news unto *Cyrus*, was much joyed in his hopes of ſeeing *Doraliſa* at the end of the Siege. But *Cyrus* had no ſooner done with *Feraulas*, than an Envoy from the Prince *Philaxippes* was brought unto him, and another from the Prince of *Cicily*, who ſent Ships unto him, inſomuch as *Cyrus* ſeeing freſh hopes of vanquiſhing and releaſing *Mandana*, his ſoul was all tranquility; but this calm laſted not long: For *Mazares* remembring that the King of *Pontus* had ſtill the ſame *Heliotropes* wherewith he got *Mandana* out of *Sardis*, was extreamly ſad; and deſiring to communicate his ſorrows unto his Rival alſo, he told *Cyrus* of it the very ſame hour, who was ſo ſurprized at the apprehenſion of it, that his wonder was as great as his grief: Alas *Mazares*, unto what end is this Siege, to caſt up any works, to have a puiſſant Navy, to have made a conſiderable breach, to have begun a Treaty, which in all probability will produce happy effects, if our Rival can ſtill ſteal himſelf out of ſight, and carry our Princeſs from us? Alas *Mazares*, I know not what to think, nor can have any conſtancy of hope; *I* cannot chuſe but fear this accident, againſt which there are no orders to be given: Oh heavens, how comes it to paſs I ſhould be ſo forgetful, and ſo blind, as not to foreſee this miſery? Doubtleſs the Gods have permitted, replied *Mazares*, to the end you ſhould go on with the Siege of *Cumes* ſo glorioully as you have done. But alas, replied *Cyrus*, to what purpoſe is it to have ſo happily advanced it in ſpite of all the obſtacles that Nature and men could block in our way, ſince the quality of one little ſtone can render all our travels unprofitable? Perhaps at this very hour *Mandana* is not in *Cumes*, but that our Rival hath carried her away the third time: Truly *Mazares* I know not what to ſay or think, but I am ſure, that I will never pardon my treacherous memory; Oh heavens, that ſuch a drowſie ſleepineſs of ſpirits ſhould poſſeſs my thoughts, in a buſineſs upon which depends all the good and bad fortune of my life. Alas, alas, I did but flatter my ſelf with falſe hopes; for I muſt confeſs, that when I ſaw all things in ſo good a condition, I did not only begin to hope, but alſo to believe that I had ill expounded the menaces of the Gods in their Oracles; alſo ill underſtood the anſwer of *Sybil*, as likewiſe the anſwer of *Jupiter Belus* unto the King of *Aſſiria*: But now I plainly perceive, that deceiving my ſelf, in thinking I was deceived, and that I am not yet at the end of my misfortunes. As ſoon as *Cyrus* had pronounced theſe words, a Souldier was brought unto him, who ſaid he had a Letter to preſent unto him; *Cyrus* then asked him from whom it was? But he anſwered, that he could not tell; all he knew was, that it was written by a Priſoner who was carefully guarded in a *Bythinian* Caſtle, which joyns upon *Galatia*; and that it was given unto him by one of his Guards whom he had ſuborned, with orders to bring it unto him. *Cyrus* then taking this Letter, not knowing from whom it came, he opened it, and found theſe words.

The King of Aſſiria *unto* CYRUS.

SIR,

Fortune, which is reſolved to load me with all ſorts of miſeries, is not ſatisfied that I ſhould owe you my life, but will alſo have me a debtor to you for my liberty: Remember Sir, that you can never enjoy Mandana, *as long as I am a Priſoner to* Arſamones; *ſince you can never overcome me unleſs you releaſe me, nor have the poſſeſſion of that Princeſs unleſs you do overcome me, according unto your promiſe at* Sinope. *Remember it, that* Cyrus *is obliged to make good all the promiſes of* Artamenes, *and deny not an unfor-*

unfortunate Lover the ſatisfaction of hoping, either to be revenged, or dye; and let him never be a Spectator of his Rivals Triumph.

The King of Aſſiria.

See generous Prince (ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Mazares*, and gave him the Letter after he had diſmiſſed him who brought it)See here,that our Rival is not dead: And conſider I pray you, unto what odd adventures Dame Fortune doth expoſe me. *Mazares* then taking the Letter read it, and then agreed that the deſtiny of *Cyrus* was moſt ſtrange: But though he was reſolved to love without hope, and never to pretend any thing unto *Mandana*,yet he could not chuſe but be a little pleaſed at the root of his heart, to ſee a new obſtacle unto the happineſs of *Cyrus*, yet he was ſo generous as to hide this thoughts from a Rival who was ſo kind unto him, and to lament in appearance at the thing which he inwardly rejoyced at. In the mean time, though it was a moſt cruel task for *Cyrus* to releaſe a Rival, and ſuch a Rival as would not value liberty, but only to diſpute with him for the enjoyment of *Mandana*, unto whom he could not pretend any right; yet he did not pauſe upon it at all, but preſently took a reſolution worthy of his great heart. For ſince he had another Rival for a witneſs of his carriage in the buſineſs, he ſurmounted his repugnancy of doing ſervice unto an Enemy. Though I did never promiſe the King of *Aſſiria* (ſaid he unto *Mazares*) but only to fight with him, and not to fight for him, yet I will conſent unto his demand, and that as ſoon as I can, to the end, that if by good fortune the King of *Pontus* do not make uſe of that fatal ſtone, whoſe prodigious quality hath coſt me ſo much trouble, but that we do deliver *Mandana*, I may then be the ſooner a Conqueror, or Conquered. *Mazares* hearing *Cyrus* ſpeak thus, could not choſe but out of a thought of deferring the liberof one Rival, and the good fortune of the other, tell him that his generoſity went abundantly too far: But *Cyrus* being prompted both by honour and love to make his reſolution good, did not alter it. No, no, *Mazares* (ſaid he unto him) I muſt not let the King of *Aſſiria* think that his valour is terrible to me, nor give *Mandana* any cauſe to think, that I ſpare my ſelf a combat, to aſſure my ſelf of her Conqueſt. After this, both theſe Princes began to imagine, how the King of *Aſſiria* could be in *Bithinia*, and why *Arſamones* ſhould retain him; and after good conſideration of it, they conceived that this Prince at his departure from *Sardis*, had received ſome falſe intelligence concerning *Mandana*, which made him bend his courſe that way, and that being known, *Arſamones* arreſted him, yet they could not well imagine his reaſon: For though they knew that the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, whom the King of *Aſſiria* ſo ſlighted at *Babilon*, in the time of the Queen *Nitocris*, was the Niece of *Arſamones*, and was then with him, as well as the Prince *Intaphernes*, whom the King of *Aſſiria* did ſo affront; yet they could not conceive this to be a ſufficient reaſon for arreſting this Prince; nor could they imagine why *Arſamones* having arreſted him, ſhould make a ſecret of it.

But at laſt, not being able to comprehend the reaſons *Cyrus* bethought himſelf how he ſhould releaſe the *Aſſyrian* King; and after a ſerious conſideration, he reſolved upon two ways; The one, to give orders for the drawing out of all *Galatian* and *Cappadocian* Garriſons, and of them compoſe a flying Army, which ſhould quarter as neer the Frontiers of *Bithinia* as they could: The other, to ſend unto *Arſamones* to demand the King of *Aſſiria*, with orders to offer a Ranſome proportionable unto the Quality of the Priſoner, and to the Magnificence of the Offerer. After which, if *Arſamones* ſhould refuſe to reſtore him, then, he who is to command the Forces quartering upon the *Bithinian* Frontiers, ſhould advance towards the Caſtle where he is kept, and endeavour to ſurprize it. But *Cyrus* did not conceive it juſt, to weaken that Army wherewith he was to releaſe *Mandana*, to go and releaſe his Rival.

This deſign being reſolved upon, he looked upon *Hidaſpes* as the fitteſt to go and put it into execution, commanding him to take the man who brought the King of *Aſſiria*'s Letter along with him: and for the quicker expedition of the buſineſs, he diſpatched his Orders the ſame day into *Galatia* and *Capadocia* by the Poſts which he had placed in all the Dominions of *Ciaxares*, to the end, that when *Hidaſpes* came, he might find things ready for the execution of his deſign. But oh heavens (ſaid *Cyrus*, as he was giving his laſt Orders about this enterprize) ſince I am obliged to imploy a'l my cares for the liberty of my Princeſs, muſt I be alſo neceſſitated to take care for the liberty of my Rival? However, were I aſſured to ſee him ſhortly in ſuch a condition, as that I ſhould ſee him with a Sword in his hand, I ſhould cheer up my ſelf: But knowing the malignity of my Fates, I am almoſt certain to releaſe my Enemy before *Mandana*. In the mean time *Mazares*, who knew he had carried this Princeſs from the King of *Aſſiria* at *Sinope*, repenting himſelf of his firſt thoughts, and to repair his fidelity towards him, had now a mind to contribute unto his liberty: But ſince he had more wronged *Mandana* than the King of *Aſſiria*, and conſequently it more concerned him to repair the one than the other, he ſtaid in the Camp, to the end he might be preſent at the taking or rendition of *Cumes*, though the very imagination of the enterview between *Cyrus* and *Mandana* would cut him to the heart. In the mean time, ſince the Fates were reſolved to put the generoſity of *Cyrus* to the utmoſt teſt, there arrived a meſſenger from *Arſamones*, who having demanded private audience, obtained it from *Cyrus*, who received a Letter from *Arſamones* under his own hand; but it being only a Letter of credance, it was from the man who brought it, which *Cyrus* knew the propoſition which the King his Maſter made.

This Envoy being a man of parts, he prepared the mind of *Cyrus* by a very long Prologue, aggravating the unjuſt uſurpations of the *Pontean* Kings upon thoſe of *Bithinia*, and what violent affronts the King of *Aſſiria* had put upon a Prince and a Princeſs, who were ſo near related unto *Arſamones*: After which, deſiring to induce *Cyrus* unto a conſent unto what he ſhould deſire: The King my Maſter (ſaid he unto him, after he had ſufficiently aggravated all cauſes of complaint againſt thoſe two Princes) doth think himſelf to be happy amidſt his misfortunes,

tunes, in having ſuch Enemies as yours, and cannot think that you will protect them againſt him. In this thought he hath commanded me to tell you, that knowing the King of *Pontus* will ere long be in your power, ſo the King of *Aſſiria* is already in his; and that if you will be pleaſed to put that uſurping Prince into his hands, he will put the King of *Aſſiria* into yours, unleſs you had rather have him keep him a Priſoner to rid you of an Enemy. I do not uſe, replied *Cyrus*, to rid my ſelf of my Rivals by any ſuch ways; and I cannot chuſe but wonder, that a Prince who hath ſo glorioully reconquered his Kingdom, ſhould deſire to rid himſelf of his Enemy in ſuch an ignoble way: But ſince *Arſamones* hath been ſo unjuſt, as to hold *Spitridates* in a rigorous Priſon, who is one of the moſt illuſtrious Princes upon earth, I need not think it ſtrange he ſhould deſire to uſe his Enemy ſo. However, though the King of *Pontus* be mine, and the King of *Aſſiria* alſo, yet I will never deliver the firſt unto the King of *Bithinia*, nor ſecure the other, as he adviſeth me; but on the contrary, I have ſeveral times offered the King of *Pontus* to reconquer his Dominions for him, if he will reſtore the Princeſs *Mandana* unto me; and I have this day ſent to offer the King your Maſter, the King of *Aſſiria*'s Ranſome for his liberty. I pray judge after this, whether I can hearken unto any ſuch Propoſition as you make: But, Sir, replied the Meſſenger, theſe two Princes are your Rivals, your Enemies, and the Raviſhers of *Mandana*: It is moſt true, replied *Cyrus*, and therefore I am the more obliged to be revenged by honourable ways, and not to give them ſo much advantage, as to wound my reputation, which thanks be to the heavens, did never yet receive the leaſt blemiſh: Tell therefore your Maſter, that I neither can, nor ought to do as he deſires; and that if he be well adviſed, he will call home the Prince his Son, and ſuffer him to marry the Princeſs *Araminta*, whoſe virtues are high, to the end he may have a legitimate title to the Kingdom of *Pontus*, if the Fate of Arms ſhould chance to make him periſh in this War, to whom it now belongs. And as for the King of *Aſſiria*, I do intend to follow my firſt deſign in ſending to *Arſamones* about him.

This

This Envoy would have given farther reaſons unto *Cyrus*, but this Prince was ſo conſtant unto his firſt Principles, as he impoſed ſilence upon him: However, he gave Orders that he ſhould be treated well, and kept him two or three days in the Camp, to the end the Troops might have the more room to rendezvous. Whilſt he was there, *Gadates* underſtanding that he was a *Bithinian*, and ſent by *Arſamones*, did much wonder that he ſhould hear nothing from *Intaphernes* his Son, nor from the Princeſs *Iſtrina* his Daughter: But this Meſſenger telling him that they knew not of his journey, his wonder ceaſed; and he writ unto them by him when he departed with *Hidaſpes*. After which, *Cyrus* had more reſtleſs thoughts than he was able to Maſter; for as oft as he thought that *Mandana* was not in *Cumes* his ſorrows were unexpreſſible. The ſad diſaſter at *Sinope*, and that which he had at *Sardis*, made him apprehend ſuch fears of taking *Cumes*, and not finding *Mandana* in it, that he was not in leſs ſorrow than if the misfortune had happened already. In the mean time, theſe his fears, which ſeemed ſo well grounded, proved ſhadows, and the King of *Pontus* was as much perplexed at the loſs of this Heliotrope, as *Cyrus* was in the belief that he ſtill had it. Indeed, as oft as he remembred, that as he imbarked at the Port of *Atarnes* in ſuch haſte, when he took *Spitridates* for *Cyrus*, that he gave all his Heliotropes unto one of his men to carry, and when he remembred that he to whom he gave them did in the Tumult let them fall into the Sea, he was in a moſt deſperate condition, accuſing himſelf of extream indiſcretion for making ſo bad a choice of him he truſted, for the nearer the Truce was at an end, the further off was he of finding out any ways of eſcaping with *Madana*. The Prince of *Cumes*, who ſaw his State loſt if this Princeſs got out, had always a moſt watchful eye over the King of *Pontus*; ſo that which way ſoever he looked, all ſeemed diſaſterous to him: If he looked upon *Mandana*, he ſaw her ſtill incenſed againſt him: If he looked upon the Prince of *Cumes*, he ſaw his Protector become his Spy: If he turned his eyes towards the Sea, he ſaw a puiſſant Navy: If he looked towards the Land, he ſaw Works, Forts, and Souldiers reſolved to vanquiſh or dye: If he looked upon upon the Walls of *Cumes*, he ſaw ſuch a breach, as would let in *Cyrus* upon the firſt aſſault: If he looked upon the Inhabitants of that Town, he heard nothing but murmures againſt him; and if he conſidered himſelf, he found that he was the moſt unfortunate man in the world, whether he looked upon himſelf as a Lover, or only as a King without a Kingdom, or as the Enemy of *Cyrus*; for though he was obliged unto him, and might be more, if he would have accepted his generous offers, yet now he was nothing but a lump of black melancholy, ſince he could ſee no way to eſcape, and could not reſolve to part with *Mandana*. In the mean while, that faithful Agent which *Cyrus* had in the Town, negotiated under-hand with the people, and diſpoſed them to revolt, in caſe the Prince of *Cumes* and the King of *Pontus* ſhould not accept of the offers of *Cyrus*, at the return of thoſe whom they had ſent to *Licambes*, to *Pactias*, to the *Caunians*. and to the *Xanthians*. This man was ſo active, and ſo fit for ſuch an imployment (his name was *Tiſernes*) that he alone had inſpired the Spirit of Revolt through all the Town: There was not one publick place in all *Cumes* unto which he did not go two or three times in a day: If he ſaw any two men talking together, he would be ſure to make the third, and with a cunning ingenuity, bring them unto his opinion: There was not a day on which he had not ſome horrid news or other to affright the people, which was circumſtanced and diſperſed, as it grew into a general belief. On the other ſide, *Anaxaris*, he was not without his ſhare of perplexities, not but that he was treated with all the civility that a Priſoner of War could be, nor was his Priſon ſuch a place as that he could complain againſt it; and if his ſoul had not been more a captive than his body, he would eaſily have endured his misfortune.

But ſince there is nothing more dangerous to look upon than a Beauty in Miſery; and ſince the Princeſs *Mandana* was the faireſt unfortunate that ever was, *Anaxaris*, whoſe ſoul was of a paſſionate and tender temper, could not look upon her but needs muſt love her. At the firſt he did attribute all his tender thoughts which he had of that Princeſs unto the compaſſion which he had of her misfortunes;

tunes. He thought alſo for a while that it was as much the intereſt of *Cyrus* as the intereſt of *Mandana*, which made him ſo ſenſible of all that concerned her: But at the laſt his paſſion did ſo augment, that he knew the greatneſs of it, and knew it without any power to reſiſt it: Since he ſaw *Mandana* every day, the fair eyes of this Princeſs did kindle ſuch a violent flame in the heart of this violent unknown one, as all his reaſon could not not quench it; not but that he ſaw very well that never any love could kindle with ſmaller hopes than his; but yet not being a maſter of his own heart, he could not rule the motions of it, all that he was able to do, was to know he ought not to love *Mandana*; yet in excuſe of his irregular paſſion, it muſt be ſaid, that he ſaw *Mandana* in ſuch a manner, as it was a very hard matter not to love her; he ſaw her in ſecret, and with ſome difficulty; and ſince it was by him ſhe knew the ſtate of the Siege, ſince ſhe found him a very accompliſhed man, and looked upon him as the friend of *Cyrus*, and as a Priſoner of War in her behalf, ſhe uſed him with as much civility as it was poſſible for her to expreſs. Moreover, ſince they were both of them Priſoners, this conformity made ſuch a kind of equality between them, as rendred her civilities more ſweet and obliging. It may be further ſaid in his excuſe, that *Mandana* was never fairer than at that time: Indeed it may be ſaid, that her Priſon did only keep her from being Sun-burnt, and preſerved the freſhneſs of her complexion, he ſaw her then fair, ſweet, civil and in miſery, and he ſaw her thus every day: So that his heart being tentered by the tears of *Mandana*, Love did more eaſily wound it, and wounded it with ſuch a poyſoned Arrow, that the wound was incurable. Alas, ſaid he unto himſelf, (when he conſidered the misfortune into which he was fallen) What can I ever pretend unto by this paſſion? Is it not the madeſt fondneſs in the world to love ſuch a perſon, who neither can, nor ought to love me again, though ſhe did know the violence of my paſſion towards her? For her heart belongs only to *Cyrus*, by ſo many ſeveral rights, as it would be the greateſt extravagancy that ever was, to pretend any thing unto her; the inclination of *Mandana* is only to him, *Ciaxares* hath promiſed this

Princeſs to him, and his incomparable valour hath conquered her; he hath fought and won ſeveral battels for her, he hath ſubjected ſeveral Provinces and Kingdoms to her, and will e're long take *Cumes*, and reſtore her to liberty: Judge *Anaxaris* what hopes thou haſt of *Mandana*, thou whom ſhe knows not, who dares not make thy ſelf known unto her, and whom ſhe could not love, though ſhe did know thee: Never think to conquer that heart which the Conqueror of *Aſia* hath conquered. Conſider, that thou canſt not do as the King of *Aſſiria*, the King *Pontus*, and the Prince *Mazares* did; reſolve couragiouſly to baniſh that Princeſs out of thy heart who can never give thee hers. But alas (ſaid he and reprehended himſelf) what good will it do me to oppoſe reaſon againſt an unruly paſſion, which glories in ſcorning it? The more unfortunate I ſee my Rivals, the more I excuſe my own error; and ſince the King of *Aſſiria*, the King of *Pontus*, and *Mazares* were not able to defend themſelves from the charms of *Mandana*, why ſhould I be aſhamed in my non-ability to reſiſt them? The firſt of theſe loved her when he was unknown as I am; the ſecond, though at the rate of whole Kingdoms, yet muſt love her, ſo far as to become her Raviſher; and the third, though he knew ſhe loved *Cyrus*, though he knew he was both Cozen and friend unto the King of *Aſſiria*, could not chuſe but love her, and commit a double treaſon in carrying her away. Know and believe *Anaxaris* for thy juſtification, that the charms of this Princeſs are inevitable; and that to fail after three ſuch great Princes as I have named, is no weakneſs; ſubmit then *Anaxaris*, ſubmit unto *Mandana*, ſince thou canſt not reſiſt her; and without knowing why thou loveſt, or without conſidering the ſequel of ſo fond a paſſion, endeavour only to pleaſe her. Who can tell (ſaid he further to himſelf) whether all my Rivals will not ruine one another? and whether I may not thrive by their ruines? Alſo ſince I cannot chuſe but love *Mandana*, I have no way elſe but to delude my ſelf as long as I can, for ſuch is the compoſition of my ſoul, that though I were certain *Cyrus* were to enjoy her to morrow, yet I could not chuſe but love her. In the mean time, as hot as the love of *Anaxaris* was, yet he had reaſon enough to rule himſelf ſo far, as not to make his paſſion known unto the Princeſs who cauſed it; ſo that behaving himſelf towards her with a profound reverence, and unparallelled complacency, ſhe grew very friendly towards him. But to render himſelf more acceptable, and that he might the oftener ſee her, when he heard no news, he would invent it; and ſince he could not invent any wherein *Cyrus* was not brought in, and to be acceptable unto *Mandana*, he muſt needs bring him in advantagiouſly; therefore he was extreamly troubled to contrive it: His paſſion brought one extream perplexity upon him; for knowing that the King of *Pontus* ploted how to get *Mandana* out of *Cumes*, he was at a ſtand, whether he ſhould wiſh that *Cyrus* ſhould releaſe her, or the King of *Pontus* carry her away: If the firſt happened, he concluded that *Cyrus* would preſently be happy, and *Mandana* at his diſpoſe; but if the King of *Pontus* carried her away, perhaps he ſhould never ſee her again: So that chuſing rather to ſee her enjoyed by *Cyrus*, than never to ſee her, he was very vigilant that the King of *Pontus* ſhould not execute his deſign. Alſo knowing by *Perſodes*, that *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſiria* were to fight before any marriage of *Mandana*, love moved him to fancy more advantage to himſelf by *Cyrus* releaſing her, than by the King of *Pontus* his carrying her away: So that making uſe of that correſpondency which he had with thoſe Guards whom *Marteſia* had ſuborned, he carried the buſineſs ſo, as he gained almoſt half the Garriſon. But ſince he had nothing to give them, he tampered with them, by telling them of the liberality of *Cyrus*, and put them in hopes to be highly recompenced, if they kept the Princeſs *Mandana* for him.

Thus, making uſe of his Rivals virtue to forther his deſign, he advanced it ſo happily, that he was almoſt as powerful in the Caſtle where *Mandana* was, as either the King of *Pontus*, or the Prince of *Cumes*; and if to make himſelf Maſter of it had been enough to releaſe *Mandana*, doubtleſs he had tried it. But ſince that Caſtle commanded only one little part of the Town, that was not ſufficient; alſo, ſince he might poſſibly fail in the enterprize,

prize, he feared leſt in attempting to releaſe *Mandana*, he ſhould make her more miſerable: So that to run no hazard, he deferred his deſign until he had got more Souldiers.

This being the ſtate of things, thoſe who were ſent unto the *Xanthians*, to the *Caunians*, to *Licambes*, and to *Pactias*, returned, and reported unto the King of *Pontus* and the Prince of *Cumes*, that all of them thought it his only courſe to accept of the Propoſitions which *Cyrus* offered; *Pactias* and *Licambes* ſent word, that fear was in their Army, and how they were perſwaded, that if *Cumes* were taken without compoſition their Troops would all diſperſe the next day out of apprehenſions that *Cyrus* would fall upon them; ſo that they were jealous of the Event, if the Treaty were not concluded: As for the *Xanthians* and the *Caunians*, they asked no more, but a ſpeedy agreement to what was offered. Theſe Meſſengers then bringing with them words of peace, and being come to the Gates of *Cumes*, the people being incited by *Tifernes*, did in an inſtant flock about them, and asked them in a tumultuous and violent manner, what news they brought? So that the Meſſengers to appeaſe them, ſaid they brought news of Peace. This word Peace was no ſooner pronounced, but paſſing from mouth to mouth, it cauſed ſuch loud acclamations, that all the people ran to the place where thoſe ſhouts of joy made the air ring a pleaſing peal unto men that were weary of a tedious Siege. The Meſſengers were ſo environed with men, that they could not walk; do what they could, the crowd increaſed, before they had gone through one ſtreet, the greater half of all the people in *Cumes* had flocked into two or three ſtreets. In the mean while *Tifernes*, who would not let ſuch a favourable opportunity ſlip, went into the midſt of this preſs, to bring things unto ſuch a paſs as he deſired: He encouraged ſome in their deſires of Peace, unto others he ſaid, that he heard ſay that the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes* would not accept of it; adding further, that it might be made without them, or elſe to force them to it: That the way to have Peace, was to open the Gates of *Cumes* unto *Cyrus*, who of an Enemy would become their Protector, if they would de-the Princeſs *Mandana* to him. *Tiſernes* had no ſooner ſpoken this, but every one repeated it unto their companions, and they to others, adding more or leſs tartneſs, according to the temper of the rabble. Thus he did ſow ſuch ſeditious ſeeds amongſt the multitude, as it was eaſie to be underſtood by their cryes, which were heard from all parts, that if they refuſed Peace, the people would fly to the laſt refuge, and make it by force: When any Agents of the King of *Pontus* offered to oppoſe ſuch tumultuous opinions, they threatned to kill them, and ſtopped their mouths. On the other ſide, the Prince *Anaxaris* being advertiſed of what paſſed in the Town, he began to tamper with the Souldiers, as *Tiſernes* did amongſt the people, ſtill uſing the name of *Cyrus* to bring them unto his bend. Sometimes he would tell them of the high recompences he would give them, otherwhiles he would intimate the glory which they would get in fighting for the future under ſuch an illuſtrious Conquerour, perſwading them, that they would all loaden themſelves with riches under him. Then to take from others all ſcruple of Treaſon, he added, that by this act they would render the State unto the Prince their Maſter, and that he would ingage his word to ſerve him as much as he could: So that taking all ſhame out of their action, by talking of Glory, of Recompence, and of Riches, he brought them to promiſe that they would do whatſoever he deſired them. In the mean while, the meſſengers having rendred their anſwers unto the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes*; the firſt of theſe was extreamly perplexed, for he ſaw plainly that the other wiſhed Peace: So that not daring to oppoſe his Protector in downright terms, he only conjur'd him as his laſt favour, to protract the buſineſs a few daies longer, under pretence of ſecurity for the Treaty, hoping, that ſince it was in a month when the winds uſe to be high, and the Sea rough and turbulent, a ſtorm might happily ariſe, and diſperſe the two Fleets which blocked up *Cumes*, and ſo the Town might happily be ſaved, or at leaſt be able to get away *Mandana*. The King of *Pontus* being very importunate, he perſwaded the Prince of *Cumes*, yet their conteſt about it was ſo long, as the people had cauſe to think that theſe Princes did not accept thoſe offers of Peace which were made unto them. On the other ſide, *Cyrus* having ſeen the Meſſengers as they paſſed; and underſtanding by the Heraulds who convoyed them, that they reported words of Peace, he did not doubt of it: So that this Prince ſeeing himſelf upon the very point of being either happy or miſerable,to releaſe *Mandana*, or to loſe her; to make a Peace, or to begin a War; he doubled all his diligence and cares, and began to beſtir himſelf, as if the Truce ended the very ſame hour, and to order all things for a general aſſault; *Phiocles* and *Leontidas* returned in all haſte to their Fleet: The Prince *Mazares* to his Quarter; The Prince *Artamas* unto his; *Perſodes* to the place where the Artillery was, and the generous *Megabates* with all the Voluntiers about *Cyrus* waited with much impatience for an anſwer from thoſe who were beſieged: But the greateſt fear was, that perhaps the King of *Pontus* would ſteal away *Mandana* by the help of the *Heliotrope*; yet ſometimes his hope was, that this Princeſs remembering her adventure of *Sardis*, would not be ſo eaſily deluded: But for all this, his fears were above his hopes; ſo that every minute ſeemed an Age unto him. And ſince the conteſt between the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes* was very long; and ſince he all that while received no anſwer, he ſent a Herauld to demand it, thinking that this might more eaſily induce the people to revolt.

But for the better furtherance of his deſign, he commanded the Herauld to tell thoſe beſieged Princes,that if they would not that very hour give him a poſitive anſwer, he would give an aſſault upon the Town, appointing the Herauld alſo to diſperſe this report amongſt the people as they went through the ſtreets; and indeed the man did perform his charge ſo very well, as he ſtruck terror into the hearts of all the People in going to the Caſtle; and *Tiſernes* cloſing with this occaſion, did blow their terror into fury, and made this multitude reſolve to take Arms in their hands if this Herau'd received not a favourable anſwer unto his meſſage. They alſo reſolved to ſeize upon the perſons of the two Princes, to ſeize upon the Gates, to let *Cyrus* enter, and to go afterwards unto the place where *Mandana* was. In the mean time, *Anaxaris* having a deſire to ſignalize himſelf,and to make *Mandana* in ſome ſort obliged unto him for her liberty, he hearing that this Herauld was with the Princes, and fearing that they would not conclude ſuch a Peace as he wiſhed, he began to make uſe of thoſe Souldiers which he had gained, and to make himſelf Maſter of the Caſtle, which the People called the Prince of *Cumes* his Palace, to the end that ſeizing upon the King of *Pontus* and *Mandana*, he might have that glory which he pretended unto. In the mean time, the Herauld which *Cyrus* ſent, having received no poſitive anſwer to his demands, prepared for a return; but he no ſooner appeared at the Gate of the Caſtle, then the People, who did with much impatience expect him, began to ask him whether or no a Peace was concluded? Inſomuch as the man perceiving how much they deſired it, did boldly anſwer them (purpoſely to make them revolt) that their Princes would not hearken to it, and that *Cyrus* therefore, as ſoon as ever he was returned to the Camp would give a general aſſault. Theſe words were no ſooner heard, but a tumultous grumbling was amongſt the People, and Fury paſſing from Spirit to Spirit, did in a moment diſperſe it ſelf through all the Town, ſo that all the Inhabitants took up Arms, and laying aſide all reſpects, would break open the Gates of the Caſtle.

Anaxaris hearing this tumult, incenſed the greateſt part of the Garriſon; ſo that the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince of *Cumes* being environed on all ſides with Enemies, they found themſelves in a pitiful condition: If they ſhould offer to go out of the Caſtle, they ſhould find the People all in fury with Arms in their hands; if they ſhould ſtay in the Caſtle, they ſaw they were not Maſters of it; that one part of their Souldiers would fight againſt the other, and that there was ſafety no where. The King of *Pontus* would then have gone to *Mandana*'s Chamber, but the Guards, in lieu of obeying him, would themſelves ſeize upon her perſon, which *Anaxaris* coming then to that place, did moſt couragiouſly oppoſe.

The King of *Pontus* having got ſome Souldiers to his Party, would force his paſſage to her; ſo that *Mandana* out of her Window did ſee a very fierce combat between thoſe two Princes: 'Tis true, ſhe hardly ſaw them, but *Marteſia* ſaw more than ſhe did, yet ſhe ſaw enough to obſerve that *Anaxaris* fought for her with Heroick fury. In another place, the Prince of *Cumes*, to appeaſe the People, deſiring to ſhew himſelf unto them he was forced to retire; but he being come unto the place where the King of *Pontus* and *Anaxaris* fought, the skirmiſh was more bloody. But in concluſion, the Party of *Anaxaris* being the ſtronger, and the King of *Pontus* being wounded in the right arm, he muſt ſubmit; yet this Prince did not render himſelf, but remembring a back-pair of Stairs from *Mandana*'s Chamber which went into a back-Court, he endeavoured to get up that way, leaving the Prince of *Cumes* hard ſet with thoſe who were upon him: But *Anaxaris*, who uſed all imaginable prudence in this buſineſs, had placed a Guard there, ſo that this unfortunate King not being able to have ſo much advantage as to die at *Mandana*'s feet, and fearing to fall under the power of a Rival, whoſe generoſity he feared as much as his ſeverity, he ſought out how he might ſteal himſelf from the Victory of this great Prince: So that finding himſelf not able to fight, and ſeeing a Souldier, who was none of thoſe whom *Anaxaris* had gained, he got him to open a ſecret door which was in the Wall of the Caſtle, that *Anaxaris* did not know of, and out he went, reſolving to ſee if poſſible he could move the People to make ſome reſiſtance. He was no ſooner out, but he heard a moſt horrid noiſe, and underſtood from him with whom he lodged when he came firſt to *Cumes*, that the People had already ſeized upon the Gates of the Town, that they talked of letting the Troops of *Cyrus* to enter, that the greateſt part of the Souldiers were revolted, and that there was but three ways for him to chuſe, either to hide himſelf, or to be taken, or to be killed.

The King of *Pontus* being in this deſperate condition, and deſiring at leaſt to hide his ſhame, did accept of an offer which this man did make, which was, to go into a Garden of his that looked towards the Sea, and therefore might in the night time give him an opportunity of ſome Fiſhers Bark, when things were a little better ſettled, and the Fleet of *Cyrus* left blocking up the mouth of the Port: So that this unfortunate Prince leaving himſelf to the conduct of his angry deſtiny, followed this man in ſuch an extream rage and deſpair, as would have pitied the moſt cruel of his Enemies, if they had ſeen him in that pitiful condition: The abundance of blood which he loſt, had died all his cloaths ſanguine, his Sword was red with the blood of them he had killed, but he carried it in his left hand, his right hand having received a wound, which cauſed him to withdraw out of Combat.

As he walked in this poſture,his mind was full of ſuch ſad and violent thoughts, that if he had had ſtrength enough to kill himſelf, doubtleſs he had freed himſelf from all his misfortunes at a blow, but he had loſt ſuch abundance of blood, that he was forced to live only becauſe he could not die, and he was forced to lean upon a Souldier; and enter into that Garden which was to be his Sanctuary. In the interim, *Anaxaris* having none in Head before him but only the Prince of *Cumes*, he redoubled his valour the more furiouſly: But though his valiant Enemy was forced to fall at his feet when the King of *Pontus* parted from him, yet he made reſiſtance with extraordinary valour, being ſeconded by him who took *Anaxaris* Priſoner, whoſe name was *Thraſiles*. Thus the Conquered became Conqueror, and the Captive took his taker Priſoner: Valiant Prince (cried *Anaxaris* to the Prince of *Cumes*) do not force me to deſtroy you, I only deſire to releaſe the Princeſs *Mandana*, and not to hurt you: But in concluſion, ſeeing he would not yield, but ſtill reſiſted, he fell upon him with ſo much fury, that after many wounds received, he fell dead at his feet: His death yet did not end the combat; for the valiant *Thraſiles* ſeeing the Prince of *Cumes* dead, in lieu of yielding, did whet his courage, to revenge the death of his Prince, and to prevent being a Priſoner unto his Priſoner. But all he could do to vanquiſh or die, was in vain; to vanquiſh was impoſſible, and the generoſity of *Anaxaris* would not let him die; for deſiring to acknowledg thoſe civilities which he received during his impriſonment, he would not ſuffer any of his Party to kill him, but cauſing him to be ſurrounded by ten or twelve,he was forced to yield, as well as thoſe few of his men which remained. He had no ſooner laid down his Arms, but *Anaxaris* leaving him to be guarded by four Souldiers, went unto the Tower of the Caſtle, to ſee whether he was an abſolute Maſter of it, and to ſeek for the King of *Pontus*; but he found that he was eſcaped out of that little door which ſtood open; and that there was no other tumult, than what the People made at the Caſtle Gate. *Anaxaris* than preſenting himſelf unto theſe furious people; and having impoſed ſilence upon them, he let them underſtand, that the King of *Pontus* was not in the Caſtle, that he himſelf was Maſter of it, that their Prince was dead, and that the Princeſs *Mandana* was in his Power: That if they would permit him to ſend unto *Cyrus*, he would promiſe them to obtain for them more advantagious conditions than ever their Prince would aſſent unto. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the Inhabitants, without any ſorrows for the death of their Prince, who had he lived would have puniſhed them, did all cry out with one voice, that they would all do as he would have them, & that they had already a deſign to ſend unto *Cyrus* with offers to deliver up unto him the Gates of the Town, of which they were already Maſters. *Anaxaris* deſiring to diſpatch one unto *Cyrus*, eſpied among the crowd the Herauld which that Prince ſent unto *Cumes*, who ſince he could not get out becauſe of the Tumult, ſtayed there to ſee what this diſorder would come unto: So that thinking it beſt to make uſe of him, he commanded him to come unto him, yet it went againſt the grain of *Anaxaris* to ſend this Meſſage, for had he followed the violent ſuggeſtions of his paſſionate ſoul, he would have defended the Caſtle both againſt the Inhabitants, & againſt *Cyrus* alſo.

But ſince this deſign was void of all reaſon, and without any ſhadow of thriving in it, he rejected the thought of it. But as ſoon as he deſired to ſpeak with the Herauld, the People bandying together in ſeveral herds, and after they had held a tumultuous Councel, began to cry, and ſay, that they would ſee the Princeſs *Mandana* before any was ſent unto *Cyrus*: The Inhabitants of *Cumes* having no mind to open their Gates unto that Prince, until they were well aſſured that they were able to render him that Princeſs whom he would releaſe, and until that Princeſs made them a promiſe to preſerve their Town. *Anaxaris* then being deſirous to give them ſatisfaction, ſaid that he would go unto her; and indeed he went unto the Chamber of that Princeſs, who was with much impatience and fear expecting the ſucceſs of this great tumult. But as ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Anaxaris*, ſhe began to hope the ſucceſs was happy, eſpecially when he came unto her, and in a moſt humble manner told her what the deſires of the Inhabitants were: Madam (ſaid he unto her) the ſtate of your Fortune is changed, for in lieu of being under the power of the *Pontean* King, the People of *Cumes* would ſhelter themſelves under your protection, and by me deſires to be honoured with the ſight of you: Generous ſtranger, replied *Mandana*, How great are my obligations to you? What does not the King my Father owe you? And how much acknowledgments may you expect from the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, for whom doubtleſs you did undertake this which you have with ſo much courage and good Fortune executed? As long as I was in the Army of *Cyrus* (replied *Anaxaris* and bluſhed) doubtleſs I fought for you, for the love of you only: And Madam, I beſeech you do not give unto him any part of what I have done in *Cumes*, ſince moſt certainly I did it only for the Princeſs *Mandana*, without the conſideration of any but her: However (added he, and would not give her leiſure to reflect upon his words) ſince the people, Madam, are impatient, ſince they have Arms in their hands, and ſince they may in a moment alter their reſolutions, I beſeech you, Madam, take a little pains for your liberty, to the end you may owe it unto none but your ſelf. Alas, generous *Anaxaris*, replied ſhe, that is impoſſible; and though I ought rather to ſay, that I am a debtor for it unto a hundred thouſand men, then unto my ſelf, yet I will confine it unto more narrow limits; and aſſure you, that it is unto two, whereof you are one, unto whom I am particularly obliged for it.

After this *Mandana* under the conduct of *Anaxaris* went unto a Balcone which was over the Gate of the Caſtle, *Marteſia* following her, where ſhe no ſooner ſhewed her ſelf, but the people did make huge ſhouts of joy: Yet they did not content themſelves with the ſight of her, but appointing ſix among themſelves, as Deputies for the reſt, *Anaxaris* let them enter into the Caſtle, and preſented them to the Princeſs *Mandana*, who received them as men who deſigned her delivery; and they were ſo charmed with her ſweetneſs, and dazled with her beauty, as they hardly knew what they ſaid: Some demanded that their Town might not be plundred, others that *Cyrus* would pardon them, and all peaking confuſedly together, it was not an eaſie matter to anſwer them. But at laſt, *Mandana* not only promiſing that their Town ſhould be preſerved, but alſo be endowed with new Priviledges, they conſented that ſhe ſhould ſend the ſame Herauld which *Anaxaris* would have ſent; yet upon conditions ſhe ſhould write unto that Prince, ſaying in a rude manner, that perhaps he would not give credit unto the Meſſenger; beſeeching the Princeſs further, for their greater ſecurity, that ſhe would be pleaſed to meet *Cyrus* at the Gate of the Town, and to preſent them unto him, with the Keys which they would offer him. *Mandana* not thinking it good to contradict thoſe men whom fear might make furious, conſented unto their demands; and without more delay, *Marteſia* gave her Pen, Ink, and Paper, wherein ſhe writ theſe words.

MANDANA *unto* CYRUS.

SIR,

Ince the valour of Anaxaris *hath put me into a condition able to protect the Inhabitants of* Cumes, *I intreat you to incline unto clemency, to pardon a people who have done nothing but abeyed their Prince, to preſerve their Town, to forget it hath been my Priſon, and to obſerve the day of my liberty by a general Act of Oblivion: You have uſed to be ſo ſweet after a Victory, that I am confident you will not deny me; nor am I leſs confident, that you will keep that promiſe which I have made, as exactly, as I ſhall keep that which I make unto you, which is, to acknowledge, as long as I live, thoſe infinite obligations which are upon me.*

MANDANA.

As ſoon as this Letter was written, *Mandana* gave it to the Herauld, who had orders alſo to tell *Cyrus*, that he ſhould advance with his Troops towards the principal Gate of the Town, where this Princeſs, with the Inhabitants of *Cumes*, would be ready to receive him; and ſo the Herauld making as much haſt as a man who carries good and great news, he came unto *Cyrus* juſt as he was ready to ſend another, to know what was the meaning of that tumult, which his Souldiers who were neareſt the Town did hear: As ſoon as *Cyrus* ſaw him, he asked him why he ſtayed ſo long, extreamly fearing to hear that the King of *Pontus* was vaniſhed with *Mandana*, by virtue of his inviſible *Heliotrope*: Sir, ſaid the Herauld, when you have read this Letter which I ſhall preſent unto you, I ſhall tell you the reaſon. But *Cyrus* no ſooner opened the Letter which the Herauld gave him, but knowing the hand of *Mandana*, he was ſo pleaſingly ſurprized, that abundance of joy diſſipating all fears, and chaſeing all melancholy from his heart, did ſo ſparkle in his eyes, as all thoſe who looked upon him might eaſily know he had received good news. But when he read the Letter, and ſaw hopes of ſoon ſeeing his Princeſs, and ſeeing her at liberty, all the eloquence upon the earth could not expreſs his joys, yet was he a little vexed, that another ſhould have a ſhare in the liberty of *Mandana*, for the zeal of his love was ſuch, as he wiſhed (if it had been poſſible) that he had delivered her without an Army, without any ſtratagems, and without the help of any but himſelf; yet this trivial perplexity laſted but a moment, and after it was over, he was raviſhed with joy, that the glory of ſerving the Princeſs in ſo high a manner, was reſerved for *Anaxaris*, whom he infinitely eſteemed. As ſoon as he had read *Mandana*'s Letter, the joys which appeared in his countenance, paſſed into the hearts of all the Souldiers, as ſoon as ever this great news was publiſhed; he cauſed the Herauld to relate how all things paſſed, inquiring particularly concerning the King of *Pontus*: After which, he gave out all neceſſary orders, commanding all to be in Arms: Then in the Head of the Voluntiers and Homotimes, he went within Arrow-ſhot of the Gate, where he was to ſee *Mandana*, being alſo followed by as many Troops as he thought requiſite to ſecure *Cumes* when he was entered.

But ſince *Cyrus* could not go towards this Gate, but he muſt paſs through the Quarters of *Mazares*, therefore he acquainted him with the ſtate of things, and could not deny this generous Rival that favour which he asked: Sir (ſaid *Mazares* unto *Cyrus*, and ſighed, though glimpſes of joy appeared in his eyes for the liberty of *Mandana*) I beſeech you give me leave, as a puniſhment for carrying away the Princeſs, to be a witneſs this day of your glory and felicity; and let me find ſo much favour from you, as that I may aſſure the incomparable *Mandana*, that my repentance is Real: You know Sir, ſhe did me the honour to promiſe me her eſteem and friendſhip, if I would fight on your ſide, I beſeech you prompt her to be as good as her word; and the more to move you unto it, and alſo to force my ſelf unto an obſervance of my word unto you, I will make a new ſolemn oath unto you, never to fail, before the ſight of that divine Princeſs do put my virtue unto a new Teſt: Oh moſt generous Rival, ſaid *Cyrus* to him, I do profeſs that if the Princeſs *Mandana* did but know you as well as I do, ſhe would be unjuſt if ſhe preferred me before you. In the mean time, though out of reſentments of Love I ought to wiſh you could make a thouſand proteſtations in lieu of one, that you will never pretend to any thing further than to the friendſhip of this Princeſs; yet that you may not be always my Conquerour in point of generoſity, I will abſolutely truſt you, and be contented with your firſt promiſe, without any new Proteſtations: Come then (ſaid he unto him) come along with me, and be aſſured, that if you keep within thoſe limits which your virtue hath preſcribed unto your ſelf, you ſhall find a moſt real Friend in the perſon of a Rival, and infinite glory in the eſteem and friendſhip of our Princeſs. After this, theſe two generous Rivals rid together, and went towards the place where they were to ſee *Mandana*, but they went with very different thoughts, for the joys of *Cyrus* were only troubled by his impatient longing to ſee this Princeſs, and the joys of *Mazares* were troubled whether he would or no, at thoſe joys which he foreſaw *Mandana* would have at the ſight of *Cyrus*; yet he did ſo couragiouſly bridle the violence of his Love, that his vertue did keep within his preſcribed limits. In the mean while, *Cyrus* being come, as I told you, within Arrow-ſhot of the Gate of *Cumes*, he ſent a Summons unto the Inhabitants of the Town, to keep their word with him; and they, reſolving not to let him enter the Town, before he promiſed the Princeſs *Mandana* to preſerve them, went to conduct her to the Gate where they intended *Cyrus* ſhould enter: She not being in a condition to deny them any thing, conſented unto them, and in a Coach with *Marteſia* went to the Gate of the Town. *Anaxaris* leaving the ſubtil and couragious *Tiſernes* to command in the Caſtle in the mean time; not that the deſires of his paſſionate ſoul was to be preſent at this enterview; but becauſe he would not leave *Mandana* to the conduct of a furious multitude, therefore he followed on Horſeback; but he followed with a mind ſo full of unquiet thoughts, as he had much ado to reſtrain or hid them.

In the mean time, ſince a timorous and mutinous people do all things out of a giddy fancy without any reaſon, ſo the Inhabitants of *Cumes*, who had invited *Cyrus* to approach, took a toyiſh fancy, and would not let *Mandana* receive him within the Town, but would by all means have her come out of her Coach, and go out of the Gate, beyond the Bridg, to preſent unto him thoſe men who would offer him the Keys of their Town. On the other ſide, *Cyrus* who could not imagine that ever *Mandana* would come out of *Cumes* to meet him, but on the contrary, thought that he was to go into the Caſtle; therefore he waited with extream impatience on horſeback, untill they opened the Gates. He was that day in moſt glorious Armour, of ſo high a Garb, ſo Noble and ſo Pleaſing, as he attracted the eyes of all the world. Being then in all the impatience that ſtrong hopes of a near happineſs could inſpire, he fixed his eyes upon the Port of *Cumes*: *Mazares* looking that way as well as he, though with leſs hopes and impatience of another nature. And as theſe two generous

Rivals were thus in expectation; they ſaw the Gates open, and *Mandana* immediately to appear conducted by *Anaxaris*, but ſhe appeared more fair and fuller of Charms than ever, her joys to ſee *Cyrus* and her ſelf at liberty, did ſo ſparkle in her eyes, and elevate her ſpirits, that her Beauty was fuller of luſtre. In the mean time *Cyrus* and *Mazares* no ſooner ſaw her, but they allighted immediately from their horſes, and went towards her.

As ſoon as *Cyrus* came near, *Anaxaris*, as well to hide the agitation of his ſpirit, as out of his reſpects, did quit the Princeſs hand, and let *Cyrus* have the liberty of taking it, and *Mandana* to receive him, and preſent the twelve Inhabitants of *Cumes* which followed her, one of which number carried the Keys of the Town in a rich Baſon: ſo that *Cyrus* walking in the head of all the Voluntiers in his Army, and *Mandana* before the Inhabitants of *Cumes*, behind whom was a huge crowd of people, they both did meet. After *Cyrus* had ſaluted *Mandana* with all the reverence of a real Adorer: I am come Madam, ſaid he unto her, to make good all that you have promiſed for your liberty, though it be at the rate of my life: My liberty Sir, replied ſhe, would be bought at too dear a price, if it ſhould coſt the life which is ſo glorious and ſo pleaſing unto me: Nor am I engaged any further Sir (ſaid ſhe in preſenting the Inhabitants of *Cumes* unto him, who were all upon their knees) than to obtain of you, that you be pleaſed to uſe theſe men well, who offer you their hearts, in offering you the Keys of their Town, and who aſſure you, that they will be more obedient unto a juſt Prince, than they have been unto one who was not ſo, in protecting the King of *Pontus*: Madam, replyed *Cyrus*, their diſtiny is in your hands, not mine, ſince I am fully reſolved never to do any thing but what ſhall pleaſe you, and poſitively without any exception, do all that you ſhall command me: I conjure you then (ſaid ſhe unto him) to uſe theſe Inhabitants of *Cumes* as well as you would uſe the moſt faithful of my Fathers Subjects: I have already profeſſed Madam (replied he) that I am all obedience; therefore if you pleaſe to command it, they ſhall themſelves keep the Keys of their Town, which they have not loſt, but to make themſelves more happy by it, ſince they are under your protection. *Cyrus* had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but the Inhabitants gave ſuch ſhouts of joy, as they went from ſtreet to ſtreet, till the Eccho did ring at the further end of the Town. Then, after *Mandana* had confirmed what *Cyrus* ſpoke, ſhe did moſt obligingly preſent *Anaxaris* unto him: Though this valiant ſtranger, ſaid ſhe unto him, would have me acknowledg you only for my Diliverer; yet I muſt needs tell you, that he hath done incredible things for my liberty, and that I am more his debtor than I know how to expreſs. *Anaxaris* then holding down his head to hide the diſorder of his countenance, did modeſtly and with much delight receive the commendum which *Mandana* gave him, and received the thanks which *Cyrus* gave him with much ſorrow: After which, *Cyrus* to keep promiſe with *Mazares*, preſented him unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, Madam (ſaid *Cyrus* unto the Princeſs) you would do abundance of wrong, if you ſhould ſay, that you owe your liberty only unto me, for without all doubt, the valour of *Mazares* hath much contributed unto thoſe victories which I have gotten; and ſince he hath given me a thouſand teſtimonies of a generous repentance, I beſeech you to readmit him into that friendſhip and eſteem which you had of him when you were in *Babilon*, I beg it Madam, replied *Mazares*, upon the ſame conditions which I propounded at *Sardis*, when it was not your pleaſure I ſhould have the glory of delivering you: I do conſent unto it, replied ſhe with much joy, ſince that I have recovered an Noble friend whom I thought for ever loſt.

Thus might be ſeen that which perhaps might never be ſeen again; for *Mandana* preſented unto *Cyrus* one of his Rivals, and *Cyrus* preſented another unto *Mandana*. In the mean while, ſince the place was not fit for any long diſcourſe, *Cyrus* beſeeched the Princeſs to go into her Coach which he ſaw within the Gate. But ſince he would prevent all ſurpriſals, and ſince he would not let *Mandana* enter into the Town where his Forces was not, he commanded her Coach to come out of the Town, beſeeching her ſhe would be pleaſed to ſee thoſe Troops paſs who had both the honour to fight for her, and now to guard her. *Mandana* underſtanding his deſign, went into her Coach with *Marteſia*, and the Coach ſtood ſo that the Souldiers might all march juſt before it: *Cyrus*, *Mazares*, and *Anaxaris* did ſtand next the Princeſs, all three with different thoughts. After which, the Troops began to march and paſs by the Coach, all the Officers and Souldiers ſaluting as they paſſed by, holding down their Javelines. All this while, *Cyrus* who was next the Coach, and who only talked with *Mandana*, was ſenſible of ſo much delight as filled his heart, his ſpirit, and his ſoul. *Mandana* for her part ſeeing her ſelf at liberty, and ſeeing *Cyrus* next her, ſhe was alſo full of pleaſing ſatisfaction, but being a Perſon of ſuperlative modeſty, ſhe did much conceal it. Alſo ſhe deſired to avoid all occaſions of *Cyrus* his ſpeaking to her of his paſſion in that place; therefore beginning the diſcourſe firſt, as ſoon as he came into the Coach whilſt the Troops marched by: Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) I hope you will not think it ingratitude, if before I thank you for abundance of obliging favours, I deſire you to tell me what news you hear from the King my Father? You never need to fear Madam, replyed he, that the man who by all his ſervices can never oblige you, can accuſe you of any ingratitude: But I am more afraid you will accuſe me of incivility in telling you only in three words, that the King your Father is at *Ecbatan*, perparing to defend himſelf againſt *Thomiris*, whom they ſay intends to aſſault him; that he is in good health, that he ſhould be infinitely joyed at your liberty, and that he ſtill doth me the honour to love me: However Madam, though I do infinitely reverence you, and though you do deſire to know more, yet I beſeech you give me leave Madam (ſaid he in a low voice) to ſpeak unto you of nothing during eight days, but concerning my ſelf: For truly Madam, I have a thouſand things to impart unto you, which do infinitely concern me you ſhould know. If you will be pleaſed to relate all your Conqueſts, all your Victories, and all your glorious Acts (replied ſhe moſt obligingly and ſmiled)

ſmiled) the term you mentioned is not long: No Madam, replied he, I ſhall not talk of War, nor Conqueſts, nor Victories, for if I ſhould ſpeak of them, I ſhould ſpeak then only of the King your Father, ſince it is his Arms that have Conquered: But Madam, I ſhall ſpeak to you concerning all the ſorrows I have had ſince I left you at *Themiſcira*, and the infinite joys which I have to find you at *Cumes*, which I miſſed of at *Sinope*, at *Artaxates*, at *Babilon*, and at *Sardis*. But Madam, to compleat my joys, I beſeech you to do me the honour to confeſs, that the moſt illuſtrious Princeſs in the world was once in her life unjuſt, in ſuſpecting the moſt faithful man alive of infidelity: Oh Sir, replied *Mandana* and bluſhed, I muſt confeſs my ſelf injurious, and will never go about to juſtifie my ſelf in a thing which I entreat you to forget, and conjure you, as you love me, never to ſpeak of again. However Sir, ſince it is not civil to regard ſo little thoſe who have helped to crown you with Lawrels, it were good we deferred the relation of your diſaſters and mine until a more fit time and place; and that now I look upon ſo many brave men, to whom I am beholding for their indefatigable labours they have endured for me; nor can I do any leſs for thoſe who helped to conquer your enemies and mine: Since Madam, I can deſire nothing but what you pleaſe, replied he, I muſt obey you, though I could perhaps complain a little that your joys are ſo calm in your Spirits, as they will permit you to keep ſuch exact civilities: But ſince it were crime to complain of any thing on a day whereon I have ſo much reaſon to commend my fortune, I will impoſe ſilence upon my ſelf, and ſince you are pleaſed to honour with your looks thoſe men who have had the glory to fight for you, I conceive they are thereby better recompenced, than if I had given them all the Treaſures of *Crœſſus*. After this, *Mandana* without any other anſwers to the civility of *Cyrus*, than an obliging ſmile, began to ask the names of thoſe Commanders who paſſed by, which he told her; and to do Juſtice unto ſo many brave men which had ſo couragiouſly followed them into all dangers whereunto they led them; he did not only tell *Mandana* the names of thoſe ſhe asked, but alſo he related unto her the occaſions wherein they did ſignalize themſelves, commending all the Commanders one after another as they paſſed by.

Mandana alſo asked him the names of the Voluntiers, and among the reſt of *Magabates*, of whom *Cyrus* gave a moſt excellent Character, deſiring her to receive him as a man extraordinary when ever he preſented him unto her. All this while *Mazares* and *Anaxaris* were ſo wholly taken up with their Paſſions, that they looked upon nothing but *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, but looked upon them with very various and different thoughts. *Anaxaris* who before he was a Priſoner in *Cumes*, and in love with *Mandana*, was an infinite admirer of *Cyrus*, did now envy, and almoſt hate him; and the leſs hopes he had, the more did his love encreaſe. On the other ſide, *Mazares* ſeeing *Mandana* with the ſame Beauty, and very ſame charms which forced him to love her, and conſtrained him to hate the King of *Aſſiria*, had much ado to keep within thoſe limits which his virtue had preſcribed unto himſelf, his ſpirits were rebellious, his heart trembled, and all his deſires ſo diſordered, that he was in a moſt reſtleſs condition; but his hopes were ſo very low, that he quickly recollected himſelf, eſpecially when he remembred the pitiful condition wherein he left the Princeſs the laſt time he ſaw her, when the Scarfe broke looſe by which he held her, and held her up upon the Waves. Fie *Mazares* (ſaid he unto himſelf, and looked upon *Mandana* whilſt *Cyrus* talked to her) Canſt thou that was a cauſe of that Princeſs death, thou that deceived her, thou that carried her away, thou that left her upon the merciless Waves ready to periſh if the Gods had not relieved her, canſt thou be ſo fondly impudent as to hope for any thing but a Pardon for thy crimes? Fie, fie, no, no, thou canſt never pretend to any more, thou muſt love her as thou didſt before, becauſe thou canſt not chuſe; but thou muſt call thy love friendſhip, leſt ſhe ſhould refuſe what ſhe did promiſe.

In the mean while, all the Troops being entred into *Cumes*, and *Cyrus* knowing that they were Commanders of all the Ports, Publick places, and the Caſtle, did appoint the Princeſs her Coach to enter: This Prince following, accompanied with *Mazares*, *Anaxaris*, all the

Voluntiers and the Homotimes. But when the Coach began to go forward, and as *Mandana* turned her head, *Cyrus* ſaluted *Marteſia*, and made certain obliging ſigns, which intimated that he had an extream deſire to talk with her. After which, this little triumph, the beauty of *Mandana*, and the good deportment of *Cyrus* being the chief ornaments, was beheld with acclamations of the common People, the like was never heard: The Streets, the Gates, the Windows, and Houſe tops were full of People; The air ecchoed with ſhouts of joy in praiſes of *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, and with wiſhes of their felicity. In the mean time, *Tiſernes* foreſeeing that *Mandana* would return to lodg in the Caſtle, cauſed the Prince of *Cumes* corps to be taken away, and carried into the Temple: Alſo he cauſed the bodies of all thoſe Souldiers to be carried away, which the valour of *Anaxaris* had ſacrificed unto the liberty of that Princeſs, and he locked up the valiant *Thraſiles* in one of the Towers: So that when the Princeſs came there, not any ſad objects were to be ſeen.

Cyrus underſtanding by the Herald he ſent, what ſervice *Tiſernes* had done him, did make very much of him as he entrred into the Caſtle, in which he was no ſooner come, but he preſented his hand unto *Mandana* to help her out of the Coach, and turning very ſweetly towards *Anaxaris*, he addreſſed his ſpeech unto him: It is you, valiant unknown One, ſaid he unto him, that muſt command in a place which your valour hath conquered, and it is you muſt tell me whither I muſt conduct the Princeſs: Sir (replied *Anaxaris*, with a ſtrange confuſion) it appertains not unto an unknown one to command ny where; but doubtleſs, the man who hath had the honour to bear the ſame chains *Mandana* did, may ſhew you which was her Priſon; therefore Sir, if you pleaſe, you may go up thoſe ſtairs upon your right hand: For my part (ſaid *Mandana* unto *Cyrus*, purpoſely to oblige *Anaxaris*) I do not wonder this illuſtrious unknown One ſhould ſo well know the way of a Priſon, whoſe doors he knows ſo well and ſo couragiouſly how to open: But it's ſtrange methinks (added ſhe, and looked upon *Cyrus* with a ſmile) that my Deliverer ſhould go about to bring me again unto it; and that the Conqueror of all *Aſia* ſhould need a guide, he who knows how to find out Victory whereſoever he will look for it, though it be the moſt difficult thing in the world to find: You do me wrong, Madam, replied he, if you think that victory was my only aim in all my enterprizes, ſince I never regarded it, but only as a means to conduct me unto you. Since *Mandana*'s Chamber was but juſt one pair of ſtairs high, ſhe had not time to anſwer *Cyrus*, for as ſoon as ſhe was in the *Chamber*, *Cyrus* preſented the renowned Voluntiers which followed him unto her, amongſt the reſt *Megabates*, whom the Princeſs received with civility equal to his merit. In the mean while, ſince it grew late, and ſince prudence prompted *Cyrus* to take care for the ſecurity of the Town, and in it *Mandana*, eſpecially ſince the King of *Pontus* could not be found, he had at that time no long diſcourſe with the Princeſs, yet he could not poſſibly leave her, before one quarter of an hours talk in private, and before he had given her new aſſurances of his fidelity and reſpectful Paſſion You ſee here, Madam, ſaid he unto her, the very ſame *Artamenes* who at the firſt in the Garden of *Sinope*, did proteſt that he would love you as long as he lived, and you ſee him now at *Cumes* ready to aſſure you by new Proteſtations, that he is ſtill, and ever will be the ſame. You have given me ſuch magnanimous teſtimonies of your affection, replied *Mandana*, that it is not neceſſary to confirm them by words; a thouſand glorious actions, and as many important ſervices have ſufficiently perſwaded me of it: But it is my part, who have nothing but words to give, to make choice of my beſt eloquence, whereby to aſſure you, Sir, that I am as full of acknowledgments, as any ſenſible and generous heart is capable of: Oh Madam, replied *Cyrus*, though all your words be moſt precious, and though you gave me the moſt favourable language in the world, yet that's not it which I would have; and I ſhould be much better ſatisfied with one thought of that heart which you ſay is more ſenſible and generous, than ten thouſand words of thanks, civility, or acknowledgments: Never trouble your ſelf, Madam, I beſeech you, to ſtudy words, as it ſeems you deſign; let the eloquence

quence of your eyes only tell me, you are not ſorry that you reign in my heart: Let me, I ſay, to my felicity think, that your liberty is not the only cauſe of joy in your countenance, and that if *Cumes* had been taken by any than my ſelf, you would have been leſs ſatisfied: Though you do not much value my words, replied *Mandana* and ſmiled, yet I will tell you, that you have reaſon to believe that I think my liberty ſweeter from your hand, than from any other; and I will add further yet, that ſince I have been the cauſe of all your ſorrows, I ſhould be unjuſt, if I did not allow you to think, that the joy which you ſee in my eyes proceeds from the ſatisfaction which I have in ſeeing you again. O Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus*) when I ſaid that I did not value your words, I knew not what I ſaid, for I find them ſo ſweet, and ſo glorious unto me, that I am fully recompenced for all the ſorrows I have ſuffered, ſo they be not ſpoken only out of a bare civility, ſuch as might perhaps be due unto a Prince whom Fortune imployed for your delivery: Therefore, Madam, if you will be pleaſed to compleat my happineſs, do me the honour to confeſs unto me, that all theſe your infinitely obliging expreſſions, are addreſſed unto me as your Captive, and not as unto a Prince whom Fortune hath made a Conquerour of others: If I could ſeparate *Cyrus* from the Conquerour of *Aſia*, replied *Mandana*, and laughed, I would divide my civilities to content you; but ſince they are inſeparable, give me leave without any diſtinction to ſpeak equally to them; and ſince I find in one and the ſame perſon, a great Prince, a great Conquerour, and my Deliverer, give me leave to render unto him what I think is due: I beſeech you Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus* and interrupted her) take from me the two firſt of theſe qualities which you attribute unto me, and give me another, which would better ſuit with me: I have been ſo long amongſt men, to whom I denied all they asked (replied *Mandana* in a moſt obliging kind of raillarie) that you need not think it ſtrange, ſince I cannot ſo ſoon loſe the habit of denying, if I do not now conſent unto all you ask; for I aſſure you, I am not yet ſo well perſwaded that I am free, but ſometimes I fancy that I ſee the King of *Pontus* appear. To prevent that, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, it is requiſite I leave you, that I may go and give all neceſſary orders for it. So *Cyrus*, after a moſt profound reverence unto *Mandana*, went out of her Chamber: *Mazares*, *Anaxaris*, and all the reſt followed.

Theſe two thought the conference between *Cyrus* and *Mandana* ſo long, that the virtue of *Mazares* was put unto a difficult trial, and the impatience of *Anaxaris* was ready to break out; yet they followed *Cyrus* with faces and hearts full of melancholy unto all places where he went to give orders. In the mean time, though the ruin of a Rival be a thing which every one would endeavour, yet *Cyrus* who was once obliged to the King of *Pontus* when he went under the name of *Artamenes*, and who, maugre his love, looked upon him as Brother to the Princeſs *Araminta*, whom he exceedingly honoured, he was not ſo angry as he would have been without theſe two conſiderations; Firſt, that he was eſcaped his revenge; Secondly, that he was not to be found; not that he was reſolved if he had found him, to alter his generous way of uſage which he ever obſerved to him when he was his Priſoner, and when he gave him his liberty at *Sinope*: But yet he was not ſorry, that Fortune did not put him to the neceſſity of treating a Rival ill, if he had fallen in his power: And therefore in the Evening he ſent a Bark unto the Prince *Thraſibulus*, and unto *Thimochares*, to bring their Fleets into the Port of *Cumes* the next morning, that by this means the King of *Pontus* might more eaſily eſcape if he were hid in the Town, as very likely he was. Moreover, *Cyrus* leſt any ſtirring ſhould be amongſt the People, who are much moved at ſad objects, he commanded, that the next night the Prince of *Cumes* ſhould be buried, without any noiſe or much ceremony; yet deſiring that his aſhes might be put into the Sepulcher of his Fathers, and that all the honour ſhould be done him which the preſent conjuncture of affairs would permit. After he had given all neceſſary orders, both for the ſafety of *Mandana* and of the Town, he returned to the Caſtle where the Princeſs was; yet he could not ſee her until after Supper, for he was ſo Courted by abundance of company, that he could not get ſooner from them: All the ſeveral Corporations of the Town came to ſalute him, and went afterwards unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, whether *Cyrus* ſent them. But at laſt, after he had ſhaken off all hindrances of ſatisfaction unto his extream deſire of talking with his dear Princeſs, he went unto her Chamber, without the company of any but *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*: As for *Mazares*, his ſoul was not ſo firmly ſetled, as that he durſt ſee the Princeſs any more that day: And as for *Anaxaris*, love, jealouſie and ſpite, made him retire unto ſome place where he might vent his melancholy.

Cyrus then being delivered from all his Rivals, and from all his friends too, who in ſuch occaſions are as troubleſome as Enemies, went as I told you, unto *Mandana*'s Chamber. But meeting *Marteſia* in the outer Chamber, he muſt needs ſtay a little with her, unto whom he was ſo infinitely obliged, and principally for affirming his fidelity, when *Mandana* accuſed him with ſo much injuſtice: If you did not know (ſaid he moſt civilly unto her) how much I am devoted unto our Princeſs, and what power ſhe hath over my heart, I ſhould have ſome cauſe to fear you would complain againſt me; for I confeſs, my ſweet *Marteſia*, that I have not yet either looked upon you, or ſpoke one word unto you, and which is more ſtrange, until I have ſpent eight days in talking with, and looking upon *Mandana*, I do not think I ſhall be able to talk with, or look upon any elſe; yet I do profeſs *Marteſia*, to eſteem you as much as is poſſible, and that I am extreamly beholding unto you for taking my part, and have the greateſt deſire in the world to talk with you, though as I told you before, I cannot do it yet this eight days.

To loſe no time in tedious anſwers (replied *Marteſia*) I do believe, Sir, all that you are pleaſed to tell me, though if I did conſider only my ſelf, I ought not to believe you, and though I will not trouble you, yet I hope you will not take it ill if I ask *Feraulas* concerning all that I deſire to know of you: *Feraulas* (replied *Cyrus* and laughed) hath ſo much to ſpeak of himſelf, that I doubt whether he can tell you any thing concerning me: Since I ſhall begin the diſcourſe, replied ſhe and bluſhed, he muſt needs anſwer me: No, no, replied *Cyrus*, I will not do the man who hath ſo well ſerved me ſo ill an office; therefore *Marteſia*, I will diſpence with you this day for talking of me unto *Feraulas*, provided you will talk of me unto my Princeſs, and ſtill perſwade her, that my extream affection deſerves to be preferred before any of my Rivals. After this, *Cyrus* left *Marteſia*, and went into *Mandana*'s Chamber, where he found none with her, but two women whom the Prince of *Cumes* preferred to wait upon her; ſhe no ſooner ſaw him, but ſhe did riſe to ſalute him, ſhe received him with as much civility as the Conqueror of *Aſia* did merit, and with as much joy as the ſight of a faithful and reſpectful Lover, and Liberator could inſpire into her: Since there was none to obſerve their actions, ſhe allowed her eyes to ſatisfie her ſoul in looking upon *Cyrus*, yet it was with ſo much modeſty, as that Prince was a little afraid in accoſting her; for ſince he never had any abſolute permiſſion from her to ſpeak openly of his Love, and ſince when he departed from *Themiſcira* unto *Thomiris*, he obtained no further from *Mandana*, but that if he did not find out a way to make himſelf known unto *Ciaxares*, and to procure his liking, he ſhould then for ever abſent himſelf, he had apprehenſions of this ſtill; therefore, to let her ſee how this obſtacle was removed, his deſign was, after the firſt civilities were over, to talk of *Ciaxares*, and to let her know how much he was in that Princes favour, but that labour was ſaved; for this Princeſs, who did ever regulate her thoughts according unto the King her Fathers, and who had an extream deſire to know upon what terms *Cyrus* ſtood with him, ſhe began firſt to ſpeak of him.

I pray Sir (ſaid ſhe unto him) before you make any relations of what hath happened unto you, tell me whether the King my Father be pleaſed with you, and whether he receives all thoſe Lawrels wherewith you have Crowned him well from your hand? He is ſo well ſatisfied, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, and hath made me ſuch glorious promiſes, as if you will be pleaſed to confirm them, I am the happieſt amongſt men. You may very well conceive Sir, (ſaid ſhe, and bluſht) that ſince I was ever reſolved to obey him, even in things moſt contrary to my own inclination, and leaſt agreeable unto you, that I ſhall moſt willingly obey him in things moſt ſuitable unto my deſires, and moſt advantagious unto you: But though I do not queſtion the truth of your words, yet I will promiſe you nothing, until I know from his own mouth what he hath promiſed; yet let me aſſure you, that if he be as full of acknowledgments as I am, you have good cauſe to be well ſatisfied. Though your language Madam, be moſt obliging, replied *Cyrus*, yet I may find ſome cauſe of complaint: But ſince you have ever accuſtomed me unto extream ſeverity, I am moſt ſubmiſſive unto your pleaſure, Madam, provided you will give me leave to relate all my ſufferings: ſince it were high injuſtice, Sir, not to hear of thoſe miſeries which my ſelf hath cauſed during ſo long a War, I ſhall be very glad you acquaint me with all the hardſhips you had in *Armenia*, all the miſeries you ſuffered at the Siege of *Babilon*, all thoſe you endured at *Sardis*, and alſo at *Cumes*: Oh Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus*) Theſe are not the things I deſire to talk of, but it is of the Inſufferable ſorrows of my ſoul to leave you when I left *Themiſcira*; of the horrid apprehenſions of my heart at my return, when I underſtood that *Philidaſpes* had carried you away, and that I had ſaved his life; my exceſſive grief in taking *Babilon* and not releaſing you; my horrid deſpair at *Sinope*, when I thought the flames had reduced you to aſhes, my diſmal apprehenſions in finding only the King of *Aſſiria* on the Top of the Tower, and in ſeeing the Galley with which *Mazares* carried you away, my deadneſs of heart and ſoul when I thought you periſhed, my vexation to find you in the power of a Rival when I heard you were living, my melancholy at *Artaxates*, when I delivered the Princeſs *Araminta* in lieu of the incomparable *Mandana*, my ſorrows to ſee you on the other ſide of the River, and I not able to follow you, my grief to hear that you were imbarked at the Port of *Cicilie*, my ſadneſs of ſoul to hear that you ſuſpected me of infidelity, my unutterable grief when I took *Sardis* and could not find you in it, my fury, when I heard my Rival had found out an art to make you inviſible, my torment to be always amongſt my Rivals, and ſtill ſeparated from you.

Theſe Madam are the ſorrows which I deſire to talk of, in hopes that judging of the greatneſs of my Love by the greatneſs of my ſufferings, you may know me better: It ſeems we have long been ſeparated, (replied *Mandana* with a modeſt ſigh) ſince you have forgot, that though I permitted you to love me, yet I could never endure you ſhould ſpeak to me of your Love. My Love Madam, replied *Cyrus*, was at that time a hidden myſtery, I durſt not then tell any that I loved you; but now, ſince all the world knows me to be your Adorer, and ſince *Ciaxares* himſelf approves of it, it were not juſt that you only ſhould be ignorant of my Love: For truly Divine Princeſs, there is not one Soldier in the King your Fathers Army, who knows not that he hath fought only for you: I could never have any joy in all the Victories I have gotten, becauſe in getting them I could not releaſe you; I acquainted all my Rivals with my Paſſion, *Mazares* himſelf would ſometimes pity me, and would you Madam, be the only one in all the Univerſe unto whom it ſhould not be ſpoken? Oh Madam, this would not be juſt: Speak on then, ſaid ſhe unto him, ſince there is no remedy: But pray Sir, give me leave alſo to relate my ſorrows: I am afraid Madam, replied he, that they are not much different from mine; for methinks I hear you aggravate your ſorrows, for being ſo often carried away, and expoſed unto ſo many voyages, ſo much pains, and ſo many dangers without your making me a ſharer in them; and how to my infinite glory and delight would it have been, if I had been the cauſe of your greateſt ſorrows: But alas Madam, I preceive you do not think me worthy of any ſuch obliging expreſſions, as to tell me I was any cauſe of them, nor will you permit me ſo much as to think it: Yet I aſſure you, replied ſhe, that my fears leſt you ſhould periſh in ſome of thoſe dangers into which you expoſed your ſelf for the love of me, was one of my greateſt ſorrows: Your language Madam, replied he, is moſt obliging, but ſince your ſorrows might perhaps proceed only from generoſity, they were not of that nature which I deſired: For truly Madam, did you know how to love, you would know that abſence from the perſon loved is a moſt horrid torment: But ſince the

Gods have made you only to be loved, and ſince they have infuſed love enough into my heart, to make me endure this modeſt coldneſs, which ſtill oppoſeth my felicity, I will not murmur to ſee you no more ſenſible of my zealous Paſſion: Yet Madam, to my conſolation, I would gladly believe, that your modeſty doth hide ſome of your thoughts from me, and that I do not ſee all the advantagious reſentments of your heart: Being a Prince of ſo much virtue as you are (replied *Mandana* and bluſht) and knowing me ſo well as you do, I will freely permit you to believe, that I have all the advantagious thoughts of you, all the eſteem and tenderneſs which in any reaſon I ought to have of a Prince, unto whom the King my Father is a debtor for his life, and many Victories, and unto whom I owe my liberty and ſomething more. After this Sir, be contented, and aſk me no more, for as well accuſtomed as you are to get Victories, you ſhall get no more of me. At theſe words *Cyrus* did render a million of thanks unto *Mandana*, for the permiſſion which ſhe gave him; and then they began to make ſhort relations unto each other of all their adventures, but it was in a different manner, for *Cyrus* feared that he could never ſay enough to ſet forth the violence of his Paſſion; and *Mandana* was ſo full of tenderneſs towards *Cyrus*, that ſhe feared leſt ſhe ſhould ſay too much, yet the converſation was moſt ſweet and pleaſing unto *Cyrus*; for *Mandana* was not ſo abſolute a Miſtreſs of her looks and words, but that *Cyrus* ſaw by the motion of her eyes, that her heart was not inſenſible; ſo that ſometimes his exceſs of joy would ſilence him, and he would gaze upon her without a word; and ſometimes again he would break into ſuch raptures of expreſſion, as it was moſt plain his love was ſtronger than his reaſon: I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he unto her, when he perceived the diſorder of his own ſpirit) pardon me, if I cannot maſter my joys, for I profeſs they are ſo great, that the more I conſider you, the more reaſon I find to devote my whole heart unto you; for ſince I am now ſo near the Divine *Mandana*, after ſo long and ſad aniabſence, after I believed her loſt, and bewailed her death, this is ſo high a joy, as is abſolutely unutterable, when I call to mind the miſerable condition I was in when I loved at you *Sinope*, and compare it to my preſent happineſs: Oh heavens, what an advantagious difference do I find? For I was then unknown unto you, I durſt not then tell what I was, for fear of being hated, though I knew I could never be loved unleſs I were known: I had a great King to my Rival, and another Rival at the head of a puiſſant Army, and I ſaw every thing againſt me: But now Madam, I find the King your Father for me, I ſee the King of *Pontus* without a Kingdom, or any receptacle, I have the Prince *Mazares* my friend in lieu of a Rival, and I ſee the King of *Aſſiria* a Priſoner unto *Arſamones*, judge therefore I beſeech you Madam, whether the extravagancy of my joys be not excuſable: Since I am yet far from *Ecbatan*, replied ſhe, I muſt confeſs, I cannot reſent the happineſs which I enjoy, out of fear it ſhould be moleſted by ſome accident which I cannot foreſee; yet ſince it is vanity, to make imaginary miſeries, I will hope that our happineſs will be durable, and that Fortune will be as conſtant in ſmiling upon us, as ſhe hath been in her frowns againſt us. After this *Mandana* hinting unto *Cyrus* that it was late, this Prince retired, and went out of her Chamber, with ſpirits ſo full of paſſion, as he neither ſaw *Marteſia*, nor *Chriſantes*, nor *Feraulas*, who never ſtirred out of the outer Chamber, and was not able to take his mind off that Divine Princeſs whom he loved; he came unto his own Chamber, and there undreſſed himſelf, while his fancy was ſtill fixed upon the ſame object; and ſleep, as powerful as it is, could not deface the *Idea* of *Mandana* in his imagination.

Now did he begin to accuſe himſelf for making ſuch a bad interpretation upon the *Sibels* anſwer, and upon the King of *Aſſiria*'s Oracle, and he began to hope, that which the Oracle rendred unto the Princeſs of *Salamis* would be as happily accompliſhed for him, as for her; his ſoul was now ſo ſolely devoted unto joy, as he never regarded the Combat which he was to have with the King of *Aſſiria* as a thing of any doubtful event, nor ever troubled himſelf to conſider how ſorry *Mandana* would be if ſhe knew it; on the contrary, he contemplated upon nothing but the beauty, ſuperexcellencies, and charms of his Princeſs, and he lull'd himſelf ſo in the fancy of *Mandana*, that he ſaw her in his ſleep as well as when he was awake; he imagined that he ſaw himſelf preſenting her unto *Ciaxares*, and ſaw *Ciaxares* give her again unto him in recompence of all his travels and pains. *Mandana* on the other ſide entertained her ſelf with her dear *Marteſia*, confeſſing ingeniouſly unto her, that ſhe never in all her life ſaw *Cyrus* ſo amiable as now, and that ſhe could not chuſe but think her ſelf extreamly happy in her reigning in the heart of the greateſt Prince in the world.

But whilſt theſe two illuſtrious perſons did delight their ſouls in the innocent pleaſures of ſeeing each other, *Mazares*, *Anaxaris*, and the King of *Pontus* were all full of different reſentments; a Civil War, whoſe victory was doubtful, did flame in the heart of the firſt of theſe; for ſometimes his virtue was weaker than his love, and ſometimes his virtue got the upper hand: But for the ſecond, his love of *Mandana* was ſo violent, that he had not the leaſt thought of oppoſing it, though he could not imagine ever to find out any way of ſatisfaction: So that abandoning himſelf both to his love and his deſpair, he was in a moſt miſerable condition: But as for the third, his miſery did tranſcend them both; for the truth is, the King of *Pontus* was in ſuch a deplorable condition, as he would have moved *Mandana* and all his Rivals to pity him, if they had but ſeen him. Since the man who did hide him was not acquainted with the virtue of *Cyrus*, he imagined, that if this Prince did know how he concealed the Raviſher of *Mandana* from his revenge, he would ſeverely puniſh him; ſo that for more ſurety, he put this unfortunate King into a little Cabin in a corner of the Garden, where the Gardiner lodged. This bad lodging yet was not at all ill reſented by this unhappy Prince, though he was much wounded, and could hardly be dreſſed: But when he conſidered that *Mandana* would treat *Cyrus* as her Deliverer, that he had for ever loſt her, that ſhe would eternally hate him, that he was miſerable in the ſame Town where his Rival was happy, that he knew not how to get out, and that perhaps he ſhould fall into his power, his reſentments of theſe were unexpreſſible: The next day alſo he had an addition of double ſorrows, for *Mandana* having a deſire to render thanks unto the Gods as well as *Cyrus*, this Prince would needs have her go unto the Temple with ſome magnificent ceremony, to the end the People might the better ſee her: But ſince they could not go unto the Temple of *Neptune*, ſo much celebrated in *Cumes*, but they muſt of neceſſity paſs under the Walls of this Garden, and under the Window of that Cabin wherein the King of *Pontus* was, this magnificent Pomp did paſs that way: So that this unfortunate Prince hearing the noiſe which the Troops made, as they paſſed before the Princeſs, he asked that Soldier which followed him what noiſe it was; and he telling him that it was the Princeſs *Mandana* going unto the Temple of *Neptune* to render thanks unto the Gods, he was ſo tranſported with Love, that he ſhould ſee her once more before he died, and therefore did riſe out of his homely bed to look out of this little Window, which was made only of a few Reads, and where indeed he beheld all that paſſed: But when he ſaw *Mandana* in a Triumphant Chariot with ſuch joy in her looks, as augmented her beauty, he was ſenſible of more ſorrow than ever was man before; that which grated him unto the very heart of his ſoul, was to ſee *Cyrus* on horſeback next *Mandana*'s Chariot, and to ſee him in a Garb ſo high, and Port ſo Majeſtical, as in ſpite of his ſorrows and jealouſie, he could not chuſe but think him worthy of this Princeſs; and to ſum up the total of his miſery, he ſaw more joy in the face of *Cyrus* than in the face of *Mandana*, conjecturing from thence, and truly, that he had been very favourably received, and in an inſtant did imagine a thouſand favours done unto *Cyrus*, more than he himſelf could have wiſhed to himſelf. This thought ſo diſordered his ſoul, that love, jealouſie, rage and deſpair depriving him of reaſon, he violently broke down the little Window which did hide him from ſight; but as good luck to him was, he was ſo weak, that as he pulled the Window away, he fell backward upon his Bed, ſo that as his wound opening and beginning to bleed afreſh, he was not able to riſe again, yet he endeavoured, though the Souldier did very reſpectfully hinder him, knowing that if he now looked out of the Window he would certainly be known. In the mean while, his ſorrows cauſed by ſuch a violent agitation of ſpirits, did caſt him into a ſound for above a quarter of an hour; and when he returned out of it, his deſpair was no better than madneſs. Thus the renowned *Cyrus* had four Rivals nothing ſo happy as himſelf; but though the ſtate of their fortunes was very different, yet had they a conformity in their ſorrows.

The King of *Aſſiria* a Priſoner, and forced to ask ſuccour from his Rival, he thought himſelf the moſt miſerable Prince alive: The King of *Pontus* vanquiſhed, wounded, and lurking in a poor Cabin, thought never any ſo unfortunate as himſelf: The Prince *Mazares*, who would needs have his Virtue triumph over his Paſſion, and who yet ſaw himſelf every minute ready to be overcome by his Love, he was perſwaded that none could ſuffer more than himſelf: And *Anaxaris*, in love without one ſpark of hope, and yet reſolved to love *Mandana* till he died, come what could, conſidering the ſtate of his ſoul, and the ſtate of his fortune, he could not conceive it poſſible any ſhould be ſo miſerable as himſelf. Thus whilſt *Cyrus* and *Mandana* were rendring thanks unto the Gods for their happy conditions, the King of *Pontus*, *Mazares*, and *Anaxaris*, had much ado to forbear murmuring againſt the Gods, for expoſing them unto ſuch diſaſterous and fatal deſtinies; yet the misfortunes of theſe three Rivals did not hinder the univerſal joy that was both in Town and Camp: But to be ſhort, at their return from the Temple, *Cyrus* after he had taken orders from *Mandana*, ſent unto *Pactias* and *Licambes* to acquaint them with the ſtate of things, and to induce them to lay down arms: He ſent alſo to the *Xantheans*, and *Caunians*, to confirm the offers which they made: He ſent diſpatches alſo unto *Ciaxares* and *Cambiſes*: The Princeſs writing unto the King her Father to thank him for his cares in procuring her liberty, and unto the Queen of *Perſia* alſo, to teſtifie her obligations unto the Prince her Son. After this, was to be ſeen (according to the orders which *Cyrus* ſent over night) the two Fleets of *Thraſibulus* and *Thimocrates*, enter into the Port of *Cumes*, and as they paſſed in ſight of *Mandana*'s Chamber, where *Cyrus* then was, the Flags of all the Fleets vailed Bonnet, in honour of that Princeſs. As ſoon as *Thraſibulus*, *Thimocrates*, *Philocles* and *Leontidas* came aſhore, they came alſo to ſalute *Mandana*, unto whom *Cyrus* preſented them: You ſee here Madam (ſaid he and ſpoke of *Thraſibulus*) a Prince who was my Conqueror, and whoſe valour did exceedingly help me to finiſh the *Armenian* War: In telling me (replied *Mandana*) that the Prince *Thraſibulus* hath conquered the Conquerors of others, you oblige me to eſteem him infinitely: The victory I got Madam (replied *Thraſibulus*) did coſt me ſo dear; and the defeat of the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* was ſo glorious unto him, that if I might have choſen, I had rather have been the Conquered than the Conqueor.

As *Cyrus* was ready to reply, and vie modeſty with him, the King of *Hircania*, the Prince *Artamas*, *Gadates*, *Gobrias*, *Perſodes*, and many others of Noble Quality, came into *Mandana*'s Chamber, who entertained them with as much ſweetneſs as Majeſty. *Crœſſus* and *Myrſiles* came a little after; the firſt of theſe asking pardon for protecting the King of *Pontus*, beſeeching her not to be leſs generous than *Ciaxares* and *Cyrus* had been: To teſtifie unto you (ſaid ſhe unto him) that I will not yield unto them in that virtue, I aſſure you, I am much joyed at the alliance which you have made, with ſuch a renowned Prince as the Prince *Artamas*, who hearing what *Mandana* ſaid of him, returned a moſt ingenious and civil anſwer.

But ſince ſuch kind of viſits as theſe, never uſe to be long, this crowd of renowned perſons did ſoon diſperſe themſelves: *Cyrus* alſo was obliged to go out of her Chamber into his own, to receive two Deputies from *Suſiana*, which *Orſanus* ſent unto him: So that *Mandana* in this interval talked with *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, unto whom ſhe had not yet ſpoken; therefore ſhe went into her Cloſet, whether *Marteſia* brought them. Now was the glory of *Cyrus* aggravated with much zeal, by theſe two faithful ſervants unto their Maſter, and ſhe did much better underſtand from them than from him, how much ſhe was obliged unto him. In the mean while, *Cyrus* being come to his Chamber, whether *Mazares* and *Hermogenes* alſo reſorted alſo to hear ſome news of *Beleſis*, he received the Deputies which *Orſanus* ſent. He underſtood from them, that all the Grandees in the Kingdom of *Suſiana* no ſooner ſaw the Teſtament of *Abradates*, who gave him his Crown, but all were joyfully diſpoſed to become his Subjects, and acknowledge him for their King: That the people did ſubmit unto it with abundance of ſatisfaction, that *Beleſis* had done him very good ſervice in this buſineſs, that *Aduſia* according to his order ſtayed at *Suſa*, to command in that Kingdom, until he himſelf could honour that ſtate with his preſence; that all things were there very quiet, that both Grandees and People had taken oaths of fidelity to him, and that he was abſolutely King of *Suſiana*. Theſe men having ended their ſpeech, *Cyrus* did treat them as men who brought him a Crown, and began to tranſact with them, as with good and faithful Subjects. Then appointing them to be lodged in the Town, he diſmiſſed them, keeping *Orſanus* with him, purpoſely to tell him ſome news of *Beleſis*, whom he infinitely eſteemed, knowing that he did ever confirm *Mazares* in thoſe reſolutions of virtue, which he had planted in his ſoul, ſeeing then there was none but *Mazares* and *Hermogenes* near him: Well *Orſanus* (ſaid he unto him) hath the voyage of *Beleſis* been as happy for himſelf, as it hath been for me? Will *Cleodora* acknowledge him for her Slave with as good a will as the People of *Suſa* are to acknowledge me for their King? Sir (replied *Orſanus*) it is not ſo: Why (ſaid *Mazares* and interrupted him) had *Cleodora* accompliſhed her laſt vows which the women conſecrated unto *Ceres* uſe, when *Beleſis* came unto *Suſa*? No Sir, (replied *Orſanus*) we came thither ſome days before ſhe was to perform them: I pray, ſaid *Cyrus*, relate unto us the buſineſs.

Hermogenes underſtanding by the diſcourſe of *Orſanus*, that *Beleſis* did not thrive in his affection to *Cleodora*, his curioſity augmented, and his ſorrows diminiſhed, for his belief was that *Beleſis* was gone to take poſſeſſion of her; ſo that he lent a moſt attentive ear unto what *Orſanus* ſaid: Since you are pleaſed to command me Sir, (ſaid *Orſanus* unto *Cyrus*) to acquaint you with the adventure of *Beleſis*, be pleaſed to know Sir, that when he came to

Suſa, he preſently enquired whether *Cleodora* had power to come out of the Temple unto which ſhe was retired, and whether it was believed ſhe would remain there? He underſtood that the laſt ceremony which was to bind her for ever, was not to be performed of a month after; that the general opinion was, ſhe would remain there, becauſe ſhe might live a retired life there; every one telling her, that ſhe was none of thoſe, who in lieu of ſeeking out a ſolitude amongſt the veiled Virgins, and preſerving their innocence, would trouble the firſt, and loſe the ſecond, and ſo diſhonour them in lieu of adding glory.

Yet *Beleſis* was not very much grieved at the thought that *Cleodora* would remain in the Temple, becauſe he hoped ſhe might change her mind; ſo that not to omit any tittle of his duty in matter of love, he writ unto *Cleodora*, and gave his Letter unto *Alcenor* to carry, ſoliciting her alſo by many friends for leave to ſee and ſpeak with her. But whilſt *Alcenor* and the Ladies his friends were negotiating for him, he took order for all things which related unto your ſervices; and in the mean while he underſtood that *Cleodora* refuſed his Letter; that ſhe would not ſee him, that ſhe obtained leave to ſhorten the time of the laſt ceremony, and that it was to be accompliſhed the next day: You may judg Sir, what ſad news this was unto *Beleſis*, who no ſooner heard it, but he went unto the Temple of *Ceres*, and ſo tampered with her who had power to command *Cleodora*, that ſhe commanded her to ſee and ſpeak with *Beleſis*, an hour before ſhe was to engage all the reſt of her life. *Beleſis* then ſaw her, and ſpoke to her, but never ſaw her ſo fair and lovely as then, nor never more inexorable unto his prayers; and to render him the more unhappy, ſhe confeſſed unto him, that ſhe was induced unto this courſe which ſhe was going to take, only becauſe ſhe was ſo weak, as not to hate him if ſhe would; and indeed ſhe ſpoke this unto him in ſuch a manner, as it was eaſie to ſee, ſhe did not hate him ſtill, and that what ſhe did, was rather out of a punctilio of honour, which moveth her never to pardon *Beleſis*, than out of any hatred unto him. I ſhall not need to tell you Sir what this unfortunate Lover ſaid unto *Cleodora*: For ſince you know the nature of *Beleſis* was to be zealous and paſſionate, and knowing what his mind and affection was, you may eaſily imagine that he uſed all the moſt moving expreſſions that was poſſible, and all to no purpoſe, for this fair One was unalterable, mauger all the ſorrow ſhe ſaw in his face, and very well it may be ſaid, that the ſorrows of *Beleſis* did make her joyful, for the more earneſt he was in praying her the more eaſily did ſhe deny him. To be ſhort Sir, this fair One retired, and maugre all the importunate deſires of *Beleſis*, the ceremony was accompliſhed, and *Beleſis* loſt *Cleodora* for ever; for ſince that ſhe would not ſee any, no not her deareſt friends: So that *Cleodora* who was wont to be the only lover of news, did not now know whether *Aſia* was in War or in peace; and this excellent woman did very ſufficiently make it appear, that ſhe could be Miſtreſs of her ſelf when ſhe pleaſed. In the mean time, the deſpair of *Beleſis* did ſo appear in his face, and in all his actions, as every one feared he would ſteal away from *Alcenor* as ſoon as he could, and return unto his Deſert, and ſo deprive *Suſa* of the moſt accompliſht man in it.

Whilſt *Orſanus* was ſpeaking thus, *Cyrus* and *Mazares* did intereſt themſelves in the ſorrows of *Beleſis*: But as for *Hermogenes*, all the affections he bore him as his friend, could not keep him from rejoycing, that he was never like to enjoy *Cleodora*; yet he did what he could to hide a thought which had more love than generoſity in it; and he might the more eaſily hide it,becauſe *Cyrus*, who was not able to live without *Mandana*, did in all haſte give orders that the Works ſhould be thrown down, that the Forts ſhould be demoliſhed, and that the Army ſhould ſtill keep in a poſture ready to receive an Enemy, not daring to think of carrying *Mandana* out of *Cumes*, until he heard the Enemies Army was diſperſed, becauſe he would not hazard a perſon who was ſo infinitely dear unto him. After then he had given all the prudential orders requiſite, he returned to the Princeſs *Mandana*, where all the Ladies of Quality in that Town were come to make their firſt viſit. Since the Princeſs ſpoke the Greek Tongue very fluently, and the Language of *Cumes* differed from it only in pronunciation; it was as eaſie for her to charm ſo many Beauties by the ſweetneſs of her converſation, as to charm their eyes by her Beauty; and ſince ſhe knew that commendations are very well received by all the World, eſpecially when they proceed from a perſon of much merit, *Mandana* did extreamly commend every Lady in whom ſhe could find any good ground for it; She alſo did double her applauds when *Cyrus* came in; for beginning to ſpeak as ſoon as he was ſet down, Though I know very well (ſaid ſhe unto him) that *Artaxates*, *Babilon*, and *Sardis*, are far greater Towns than *Cumes*; yet I aſſure you, the conqueſt of this was more glorious then of them, ſince I do not think you ever took any Town wherein there are ſo many Beauties as in this: There are ſo many reaſons Madam, replyed *Cyrus*, Why you ſhould know a Beauty better than any elſe, that though my eyes did not tell me you had reaſon for what you ſay, yet I ſhould believe you: However (added he, and turned towards thoſe Ladies whom *Mandana* commended) you may well value at a high rate, the commendations of a Princes, who is uſed every day to ſee the faireſt perſon in the world: *Mandana* bluſhed at the diſcourſe of *Cyrus*, but could not anſwer it; for one of the Ladies, whoſe name was *Atalia*, began to ſpeak: If the commendations of the Princeſs (ſaid ſhe) were addreſſed unto me, or that I had any reaſon to apply them unto my ſelf, doubtleſs I ſhould think my ſelf the moſt glorious woman in the world, for being commended by one, who every day in her myrrour ſees enough to make her ſcorn the greateſt Beauties upon Earth. You know very well, amiable *Atalia*, (replied *Mandana*) what ſhare you ought to take unto your ſelf of thoſe commendations which I give unto the Ladies of *Cumes* in general; and I know alſo what ſhare I ought to take in thoſe you give unto me; however, without putting you to the bluſh by any particular applauds, I pray agree with me, that there are few places in the world where are to be found ſo many beauties as here; and certainly, *Mandana* had good reaſon for what ſhe ſaid, ſince there were in *Cumes* at that time a moſt prodigious number of Beauties. Amongſt all thoſe who were then with *Mandana*; there were four of the beſt quality in all the Town, and higheſt beauty: *Atalia* was Tall, and of a handſom Mine, ſhe had brown Hair, Eyes gray and ſweet, her Complexion whitiſh and lively, ſeeming always very ſerious: The ſecond, whoſe name was *Cleocrite*, was fair and lively, yet her eyes black and ſparkling with a ſprightly fire: her looks though ſweet, yet nothing of paſſionate, but it was eaſie to ſee ſhe loved to look upon her ſelf in a glaſs, and loved her ſelf better than all the world beſides. *Cleocrite* was of a good ſtature, ſhe had moſt handſom Teeth, and freſh roſes upon her Lips: her Noſe was of an exact proportion, and all the features of her Face pleaſing: ſhe had an aſpect of joy and tranquility in her Phyſiognomy, which was a great addition to her beauty: ſo that without any flattery I can aſſure you, *Cleocrite* was a high beauty, and had been infinitely amiable had ſhe known how to have loved any.

The third whoſe name was *Lyſidice*, was of a low ſtature, but a high beauty, and infinitely charming: her Neck was white, her Arms and Hands the ſame: her Eyes fair, her Complection rare, and her Mouth admirable: She had a kind of auſterity and pride in the corner of her Eye, and in the corner of her Mouth, which though it was very ſweet, and did much contribute unto her beauty, though it expreſſed ſome inequality in her humour, yet did exceedingly become her. The fourth who was called *Philoxene*, and was a Widow, was of a ſtature ſomething above the common height but very handſom, her hair was cheſnut colour: the model of her face was ſomething oval, her complection whitiſh and ſmooth, her Noſe was ſomething *Aqueline*, but well proportioned, her Eyes full, black, ſweet and ſmiling; her Phyſiognomy was noble and pleaſing, which did as well ſpeak the ſweetneſs and equality of her humour, as the tenderneſs and generoſity of her ſoul; and which did invite abundance of eſteem, and forced a diſpoſition to love her: Theſe four perſons being ſuch as I have diſcribed, and being mingled amongſt many others who had beauty enough, it was not without good cauſe that *Mandana* commended them: Not long after ſhe had as good cauſe to commend the ſweetneſs of their minds as well as the charms of their faces: for they all made it appear, that if *Cyrus* had been able to have endured that any ſhould have ſhared with him in the ſociety of his Princeſs he had not ſtifled his deſires as he did of talking with her in private, yet he did ſo hide it, as none of the Ladies could perceive him: and *Mandana* only could know that as amiable as theſe Ladies were, yet he deſired that they were abſent from her, yet it was a long while before he could be in private with her; for beſides thoſe Ladies that were already with *Mandana*, there came another under the conduct of *Anaxaris*, who though ſhe was well in years, yet was a Lady of a very handſom carriage, and ſeemed to be a woman of quality. *Anaxaris* in preſenting her unto *Mandana*, told her name to be *Niſide*, and ſaid her quality to be the moſt conſiderable in all *Cumes*. After which, this Lady beginning to ſpeak, Since I know Madam, ſaid ſhe unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, what power you have with the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, I conceived it my beſt courſe to addreſs my ſelf unto you, for the obtaining of my Sons liberty, who is now his priſoner, who as the Fate of Arms would have it, did take priſoner the Generous *Anaxaris* who preſents me unto you. I ſhould not have been ſo bold Madam, as to ask liberty for a man who took him priſoner that did ſo couragiouſly fight for yours, if the ſame *Anaxaris* had not made me a moſt generous promiſe to joyn his prayers with mine to obtain of you, that the ſame man who once took him captive, but at preſent is his, may enjoy the general act of grace which the invincible *Cyrus*, at your deſires Madam, did grant unto the meaneſt inhabitants of *Cumes*.

For my part (added *Anaxaris*) I aſſure you Madam, (ſaid he unto the Princeſs *Mandana*) that you will extreamly oblige me if you would grant my Conqueror his liberty: and I am the more obliged to ſerve him, becauſe if I had not fallen under his power, I ſhould not have had the glory to have done that little ſervice for you Madam, which I did: ſo that, Madam, to recompence me fully, I beſeech you, let *Thraſiles* be at liberty: and I am confident that he is a man of ſo much merit, as if you had known him, he had been at liberty e're now. Certainly it is not at all neceſſary to make any addreſſes unto me, (replied *Mandana*, and ſpoke unto *Niſide* and *Anaxaris*) to obtain a favour from the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, which he doth ſo uſually grant: And leſs neceſſary, Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted her) to uſe my name in a buſineſs which depends abſolutely upon your ſelf: However, replied that Princeſs, I will intreat you to ſet *Thraſyles* at liberty upon my requeſt. *Thraſyles*, replied *Cyrus*, is more a priſoner unto *Anaxaris* than unto me, but I believe he will confeſs with me, that you have power to ſet at liberty whom you pleaſe: therefore, Madam, you need only to command, and be obeyed. What e're you ſay (replied *Mandana*) I intend that *Niſide* ſhall be no more a debtor unto you for the liberty of *Thraſyles*, than unto me. To end this generous conteſt, replied this Lady, my Son and I will both be equally debtors unto you both, and will both of us make our acknowledgments,as if we were obliged unto one and the ſame perſon. I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid *Anaxaris* unto *Mandana)* Command then that *Thraſyles* be ſet at liberty? Since it is the pleaſure of the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and ſince you have a peculiar right to conſent unto it (replied ſhe) you will do me a pleaſure to go and ſet open his priſon, and to let the firſt uſe of his liberty be imployed in making me acquainted with a man who is ſo valiant as to make you his priſoner. Moſt certainly he is a very brave man (replied *Cyrus* not ſuſpecting that *Anaxaris* was his Rival) who is the Vanquiſher of *Anaxaris*. *Anaxaris* who in his heart reſented more diſorder than he was well able to maſter when he heard himſelf commended both by his Rival, and by *Mandana*, did ſeem as if he heard them not; but ſaying ſomething unto *Niſide*, (who was very glad of her Sons liberty,) took that pretence to go out, and ſet open her ſons priſon, and acquaint him how much he was a debtor unto this Princeſs. And Madam, (ſaid *Niſide* to her) I know *Thraſiles* hath ſo ſtrong an inclination to acknowledg a benefit, that he would exceedingly complain againſt me, if I ſhould not acquaint him with his obligements to you, before he hath the honour to ſee you. After this, *Niſide* retired, and went with *Anaxaris* unto the Tower where *Thraſiles* was: As ſoon as ſhe was gone, there was not one of thoſe Ladies who deſired not to be gone alſo, having no mind to be in that place, when *Thraſiles* entred: But the Princeſs *Mandana* not thinking they had any intereſt in the Priſoner, addreſſing her diſcourſe unto them, ſhe did engage them to ſtay. Since valour is ever accompanied with all neceſſary qualities to make a compleat man, ſaid *Mandana* unto *Lyſidice*, I would gladly know whether *Thraſiles* have as much wit as courage. Since thoſe who can judg of wit in others (replied *Lyſidice*) had need to have much themſelves, doubtleſs I am not fit to be a competent Judg in ſuch a matter. The fair *Cleocrite* who hath it in a ſuperlative degree, and who beſides that, hath all the indifferency deſirable in an impartial Judg, is better able to tell you than I am. This indifference you ſpeak of (replied *Cleocrite*, and ſmiled) and which you think ſo good a quality in an impartial Judg, may cauſe me to do a piece of injuſtice: for I do not ſufficiently know him, and therefore if the Princeſs would have an exact account of *Thraſiles*, ſhe muſt have it from *Atalia*, or from *Philoxene*: for the one is his ancient friend, and the other is his neweſt acquaintance: According to your own words, replied *Atalia*, It is ſo long ſince I knew *Thraſiles*, that I have almoſt forgot him: And for my particular, added *Philoxene*, I do ſo little know him in compariſon of you, that I may well ſay I do not know him at all. For my part (ſaid *Cyrus*, and ſmiled, (addreſſing himſelf unto *Mandana*) by ſeeing ſo many Beauties ſo ſweetly deny being Judges of *Thraſiles* wit, I do believe him to have very much: and I am apt to believe that theſe Ladies do think more than they ſpeak.

The diſcourſe of *Cyrus* did put *Atalia*, *Lyſidice*, and *Philoxene* to the bluſh: but as for the indifferent *Cleocrite*, ſhe never changed colour for it, yet thoſe three Ladies bluſhed more, for as ſoon as *Cyrus* had ſpoken that which made them bluſh, *Anaxaris* returned, and *Thraſiles* followed, who entred with ſo good a grace, and ſeemed to be a man of ſo good behaviour, and of ſuch a noble and gallant Air, that as ſoon as *Cyrus* and *Mandana* ſaw him, they had a good diſpoſition to believe that thoſe Ladies who had no mind to commend him, did eſteem him much more than they would ſpeak of. In the mean time, *Thraſiles* ſpoke ſo well, ſo reverently, and ſo pathetically both unto *Mandana*, and unto *Cyrus*, that they eſteemed him as much for his wit as his courage. It is moſt generous and nobly done, Madam, (ſaid he to the Princeſs *Mandana*) to give liberty unto a man who endeavoured all he could to hinder yours. Though his zeal unto the Prince of *Cumes*, and unto his Country, was his only motive to fight againſt you. Since you have done nothing but what honour did oblige you unto, replied *Mandana*, I do not think any thing you have done againſt me ought to keep me from my dictates of Generoſity: and doubtleſs it is upon the ſame reaſon that the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* doth ſo eaſily and with ſo good a will grant me your liberty. Since I know, Madam, (replied *Thraſiles*) *Nyſide* would have me wholly obliged unto you, I dare not in your preſence expreſs my gratitude unto him, though it be infinite. No, no, replied *Cyrus*, you ought not to give me that which I ought to have no ſhare in. In all places where the Princeſs *Mandana* is preſent, ſhe is the Authoreſs of all good and ſhe deſerves the diſpoſing of all favours, and therefore unto her from whom you received a benefit is your gratitude due. Whilſt *Mandana*, *Cyrus*, and *Thraſiles* were talking, *Atalia*, *Lyſidice*, and *Cleocrite*, and *Philoxene* looked on, and looked often upon *Thraſiles*, who for his part, was not attentive to what he ſaid, or to what he heard, as he was to obſerve *Philoxene*, and to obſerve whether *Atalia*, *Cleocrite*, and *Lyſidice* obſerved him. But *Anaxaris* perceived it not, for he was ſo wholly taken up with the ſight of *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, as he thought upon nothing but his own paſſion, and never minded others.

But the moſt obſervable paſſage of this day was, that this company who was then with *Mandana*, and ſtayed very long, was compoſed of perſons who had no mind to be there; for *Philoxene* wiſhed ſhe had not been there, *Lyſidice* was extreamly perplexed at her being there, *Atalia* was vexed at her preſence, and *Cleocrite* as neutral and indifferent as ſhe was, had rather have been any where elſe: As for *Thraſiles*, he was much non pluſt at his being amongſt four Ladies, with whom he had held various correſpondencies; and as for *Anaxaris*, though the ſight of

Mandana was the eſſential part of his life, yet he cared not for being there, ſince he could not be rid of his Rival, ſo that except *Cyrus*, all in the Chamber deſired to be out: 'Tis true, this Prince was as reſtleſs as the reſt, for though he had no mind to be from *Mandana*, yet he wiſhed with all his heart that none elſe were with her, yet they ſtayed a long while: But at laſt *Atalia*, *Cleocrite*, *Philoxene*, and *Lyſidice* being gone, *Mandana* asked *Thraſiles*, whether theſe Ladies were his friends, and whether he much eſteemed them? But ask what ſhe would, he was as much reſerved in his ſpeeches of them, as they were to talk of him, yet he commended them more than they commended him, but yet it was after ſuch a manner, as was apparent that he was zealous in the commendations of none but *Philoxene*. After ſome other indifferent diſcourſe, the reſt of the company parted alſo. But juſt as *Cyrus* was ready to fall in talk with *Mandana*, *Anaxaris* brought in an Inhabitant of *Cumes*, who had a Letter unto the Princeſs from the King of *Pontus*. *Mandana* no ſooner looked upon it, but ſhe knew it to be his hand; ſo that giving it unto *Cyrus* to read: Will you ſpare me the pains (ſaid ſhe unto him) of reading this Letter, which I believe will but anger me: I will obey your commands, Madam, in all things, (replied he) though it be no pleaſing office to read a Letter from a Rival; leſt in lieu of anger, it ſhould invite you unto pity; after which, *Cyrus* opened the Letter, and found theſe words.

The moſt Unfortunate of all Men living, unto the Princeſs MANDANA.

MADAM,

Since revenge is the ſweeteſt thing in the world, I thought it my duty to let you know, that though I can give you no other ſatisfaction in my life, yet I can acquaint you, that never any was ſo fully revenged as you are; for truly, Madam, *I ſuffer more than ever any did; I ſuffer without any hope; and which is the greateſt of my misfortunes, I ſuffer without your pity: And I reſolved to let you know my ſorrows, that I might* *thereby force you to pity an Enemy, who now hath no power to hurt you: Imagin,* Madam, *what ſadneſs of ſoul it is, after I have loſt two Kingdoms, after I have ruined* Crœſſus *and the Prince of* Gumes; *after I have ſo long loved you without any hope but to hinder my Rival from being happy, what horror, I ſay, it is to ſee him the moſt happy and moſt glorious of all men, and to loſe my very hopes of ever ſeeing you again, I am gone away,* Madam, *the moſt unfortunate Prince that ever was in the world, the moſt deſperate Lover that ever was or ever will be, and the moſt miſerable man that ever lived: Since I go almoſt alone to ſeek my death in the ſame Element, in which I had the happineſs to ſave your life, and ſince in all probabilities my end will have no witneſſes, I had a deſire to let you know, that maugre your inſenſibility towards me, and in ſpight of all theſe miſeries into which my paſſion hath precipitated me, I ſhall ſtill die your adorer, and can never repent of my adoring you, though that be the only cauſe of all my misfortunes. This,* Madam, *is the Paſſion which you have ſcorned, and theſe ſhall be my thoughts of you, when the exceſs of my ſorrows ſhall end my life; believe therefore I conjure you, that you, you only ſhall be my laſt thought; and that when I expire, my laſt gaſp will be a gaſp of love, and happy enough ſhall I think my ſelf, if after my death you ſhall only ſay, I was worthy of a more favourable Fate.*

When *Cyrus* had read this Letter, he looked upon *Mandana*, and ſaid, Doubtleſs I have good reaſon to fear, Madam, that the King of *Pontus* his Letter will move your heart more unto pity than anger, for though he be my Rival, yet I profeſs I cannot read it without compaſſion: Since pity is natural unto perſons of Heroick generoſity, replied the Princeſs, I wonder not your ſoul ſhould be ſenſible of it: But ſince I will not pity a Prince who had none of me, I will take all occaſions of it from my ſelf; therefore (ſaid ſhe, taking the Letter and tearing it in pieces) I will not read it, leſt it ſhould incline me to pity, as it doth you: I know not, Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus* then and ſmiled) whether your fears of being pitiful ſhould cauſe ſome ſparks of jealouſie in a Lover, whoſe temper is to be jealous : Nor do I know (ſaid ſhe and ſmiled alſo) whether your compaſſion of him would not move any other than my ſelf to accuſe you of want of affection : Oh Madam, replied *Cyrus*, that accuſation would have a very bad foundation : It may be as well grounded as the other, replied ſhe : Then I had rather confeſs unto you, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, that they are both of them built upon a bad foundation, than to diſpute it with you.

After this, theſe two Illuſtrious perſons did both of them agree, that this unfortunate Prince deſerved pity ; they alſo underſtood the ſame day, in what place he had been hid ; and as ſoon as the Port of *Cumes* was open, he got out in the night as weak and wounded as he was, in a Fiſhers Boat, without any with him but the man who rowed the Boat, who was the ſame Souldier, who went out of the Caſtle with this unfortunate Prince : So that this news did cauſe both *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, much more to pity a King who had ſaved both their lives , for it was he who advertiſed *Artamenes* of the conſpiracy amongſt the forty Cavaliers who ſhould have killed him ; and it was he alſo who ſaved *Mandana* from drowning, after ſhe had ſuffered Shipwrack ; therefore ſince they could do no leſs for him who had ſaved their lives, they pitied him in his miſery, though he himſelf was the only cauſe of it. The next morning they underſtood that *Pactias* and *Lycambes* had layed down their Arms, but *Pactias* having no mind to come into an Army where *Crœſſus* was , whom he had betrayed, he imbarked for *Mytilene*, and that meeting by chance with *Harpagus*, who durſt not look *Cyrus* in the face, after his being the loſs of that Army which he commanded, they both contracted friendſhip, and choſe the ſame place for their exile. So that *Cyrus* ſeeing no Enemy to fight with , and that the field was clear, his thoughts were all how to get *Mandana* out of *Cumes*, and to advance towards *Medea*, though he had promiſed the King of *Aſſiria* not to marry that Princeſs until he had fought with him, and though *Ciaxares* had in a manner conſented unto it, and though he was fully reſolved to keep promiſe with him, yet he knew not how to acquaint *Mandana* with the ill news of it; yet he conceived it a kind of blemiſh unto his honour to go unto *Ecbatan* before he had fought with that Prince, ſince he knew he would not go thither; but the way being long between *Cumes* and that Town, and ſince the Princeſs could not go faſt, he hoped that before he got thither the King of *Aſſiria* would be releaſed, either by ranſome, or by force. So that ſtill entertaining his firſt raptures of joy, he rejected all angry thoughts whatſoever, and commanded *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* not to mention a word unto *Mandana* of his intended combat with the King of *Aſſiria.* Thus minding only how that Princeſs ſhould arrive triumphantly into *Ecbatan*, he gave all requiſite orders for the regulating her houſe, and that her equipage ſhould be magnificent. Now was the time, when the Souldiers which *Anaxaris* had ſuborned, and which made him Maſter of the Caſtle, did demand, in recompence for what they had done, to have the glory of being a Guard unto that Princeſs; which was granted unto them: But the greateſt wonder unto *Cyrus*, was to ſee *Anaxaris*, who had refuſed very conſiderable imployments in the Army, ſhould only deſire to be Captain of the Guards unto the Princeſs; until now, *Cyrus* thought *Anaxaris* to be of ſome very extraordinary high Quality; but ſeeing now, how he confined his ambition unto ſo low a ſphere, he thought he refuſed all higher imployments out of his modeſty, and deſired only ſuch imployment as was ſuitable unto his birth: So that conſenting unto it with all joy, *Anaxaris* became Captain of the Guard unto that Princeſs whom he loved, and was in that office with the approbation both of his Rival and his Miſtreſs, who being ignorant of the paſſion in his ſoul, expreſſed a thouſand teſtimonies of amity unto him.

But whilſt all things were in preparation for *Mandana*'s departure, all the Ladies in *Cumes* reſorted unto her, and did ſtrive how to divert her; amongſt the reſt, *Cleocrite*, *Atalia*, *Philoxene*, and *Lyſidice*, were very aſſiduous. *Thraſiles* alſo was often with her, where alſo all the men of any Quality and wit about *Cyrus* were preſent. As for that Prince, this preſs of company was often troubleſome unto him, and the better to colour his vexation, he was often conſtrained to go out of her Chamber; and to comfort himſelf, would go into *Marteſia's*, and talk with her of *Mandana*: But as he was one day with her, and making her repeat many paſſages which he knew before, one came to tell him the Princeſs would ſpeak with him; *Cleocrite*, *Lyſidice*, *Atalia*, and another Lady called *Lyriana*, and *Thraſiles* were with her. As ſoon as he came into the Princeſs Chamber, I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, do not imploy your ſelf only in being the Arbitrator of *Aſia*, in ordering the intereſts of Kings and Princes, and in taking and giving of Crowns and Scepters, but I beſeech you be a Judg in a difference wherein ambition hath no ſhare, and in which I do confeſs I dare not take upon me ſo much boldneſs, as to give a definitive ſentence: I do not think my ſelf more knowing in any thing than you are, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, and I hope you do not think me ſo preſumptuous, as to imagin my light of reaſon or knowledg to be above yours. Since I muſt ſuit my words according unto your modeſty, replied ſhe, I muſt tell you there are many things which very decency requires that you ſhould know better than I do; for example, in all the terms and phraſes in the Art of War, would it become me to expreſs them ſo well as you? or were it not a ſhame for you to ſpeak of ſuch things ſo ſimply as my ſelf? Truly in ſome things one of my Sex ought not to expreſs ſo much perhaps as ſhe doth know, for a kind of voluntary ignorance doth well become us: You know (purſued ſhe, and would not give *Cyrus* time to interrupt her) that *Cleocrite*, *Atalia*, and *Lyſidice*, who would not ſpeak any thing concerning *Thraſiles*, when *Anaxaris* asked his liberty, do now all ſpeak unto me of him, and after they had told me a thouſand of his good qualities, do deſcribe him to be the moſt unconſtant man alive. But as they were ſpeaking to me of theſe things, *Thraſiles* entered, and peremptorily maintained, that he was as faithful as any man living, but the thing which moſt puzzles me is, he confeſſeth withal, that he hath ſucceſſively one after another loved *Atalia*, *Cleocrite*, *Lyſidice*, and ſome others, and that at this time he is in love with *Philoxene:* How *Thraſiles* (ſaid *Cyrus*) ſo many ſeveral loves, and yet faithful? Is it poſſible you can maintain, that you do not merit the name of unconſtant? Sir, repli. *Thraſiles*, to know rightly what I am, it is requiſite you knew my life, to know perfectly all thoſe whom I have loved, and that you take ſo much pains as narrowly to examine what conſtancy and what inconſtancy is? for I am fully perſwaded, that one may love many, and not be at all perfidious, nor deſerve the name of inconſtant: For truly, Sir, I conceive, that though the King of *Aſſiria*, and the King of *Pontus* ſhould now quit that paſſion which hath ſo tormented them, yet they could not be charged with inconſtancy, but rather on the contrary, deſerve to be commended for overcoming themſelves, ſince all reaſon in the world requires it; therefore it muſt be granted, that in ſome caſes one may ceaſe to love, without any brand of infidelity, and begin to love in another place, without deſerving the title of inconſtant; and I think that in ſome caſes, I may very well ſay, it is rather obſtinacy than conſtancy in thoſe who continue loving where they are certain never to be loved: So that in my opinion ſuch men in lieu of a virtue, have a vice, which they thought not of: If it be a vice (replied *Cleocrite* and laughed) I aſſure you, that you can never be ſuſpected of it, nor be accuſed for being too obſtinate in your love: No (added *Lyſidice*) but in exchange he may well be charged with inconſtancy. The word obſtinate doth ſo little ſuit with an inconſtant man, ſaid *Atalia*, that I cannot conſent it ſhould ever be applied unto *Thraſiles*, who conſidering the number of his ſeveral Loves, is the moſt unconſtant man living: For my part (ſaid *Lyriana*, who had not ſpoke yet) I muſt confeſs, that I cannot abſolutely condemn him, and I think that without manifeſt injuſtice, he cannot be charged in reaſon with inconſtancy, though he have loved many perſons: It is very generouſly done (replied *Cyrus*) to undertake the defence of *Thraſiles*, who is aſſaulted by three ſuch terrible Enemies: *Lyriana* (replied *Thraſiles*) doth ſo perfectly know my reaſon, why I ceaſe from loving, that ſhe cannot accuſe me as theſe do, who accuſe me becauſe they do not know themſelves. Moreover Sir, ſince there are ſome reaſons which may induce one to ceaſe loving without any charge of inconſtancy, I hope generoſity will move you to ſuppoſe that I have ſome ſuch reaſons which induce me unto it, and not to look upon me as a perfidious man: For indeed, Sir, I am of this belief, that that which may rightly be termed inconſtancy, is a certain diſguſt, and a kind of wearineſs in ſpirits, which cauſeth the very ſame things that once pleaſed, not to pleaſe any longer, though they be the very ſame things they were before, and which takes novelty to be an inevitable charm: So that by this means the love of an inconſtant perſon doth ſlack, and cool, and die, without any cauſe but what is in it ſelf: So that becauſe there is in the heart of ſuch a one a kind of natural levity, he cannot love the ſame perſon any longer, be ſhe never ſo accompliſhed, or be he never ſo well treated; but for my part, I can aſſure you without any diſſimulation, that if the firſt perſon I loved had been found to be ſuch a one as I fancied her to be, I ſhould never have loved thoſe who upbraid me with inconſtancy. It ſeems (ſaid *Cleocrite* then) that *Thraſiles* hath found ſome horrid faults in all the perſons he hath loved: For my part, ſaid *Lyſidice*, that ſince *Thraſiles* hath ſpoken thus before the Princeſs, it will much concern our honours, that he declare before the Princeſs his reaſons for quitting us. I believe (ſaid *Atalia* then) that a relation from his mouth will not be very advantagious to us.

If you will, replied *Lyriana*, and if the Princeſs deſire to know it, I will make a very exact and impartial relation of all the paſſages which have befallen *Thraſiles*. You would do me a great pleaſure in it, replied *Mandana*: I aſſure you, ſaid *Cyrus* and laughed, you will undertake a very difficult task, to perſwade me that *Thraſiles* could love, and quit three ſuch Beauties as theſe, and not deſerve the title of inconſtant. *Lyriana* hath ever been ſo much the friend of *Thraſiles*, (ſaid *Lyſidice*) as I can hardly conſent that it ſhould be ſhe who ſhould relate the ſtory unto the Princeſs. For my part, ſaid *Cleocrite*, I am ſo confident that *Lyriana* cannot ſpeak any thing to my diſadvantage, as I value not whether or no ſhe be more a friend unto *Thraſiles*, than ſhe is unto me. To teſtifie, ſaid *Lyriana*, that I intend to ſpeak nothing but impartial truth, I am willing that you all be preſent at my relation, and that you correct me if I utter any untruth. For my part (ſaid *Lyſidice*) though *Thraſiles* were the moſt unconſtant of all men, yet I had rather acknowledge him conſtant, than to be a hearer of all thoſe follies which have paſſed betwixt us. That the relation may be more equal, replied *Thraſiles*; it is requiſite that none of the perſons intereſted be preſent, and that *Lyriana* be alone with the Princeſs. *Lyſidice*, who till then could hardly conſent, that *Lyriana* ſhould relate any buſineſs wherein ſhe was concerned, was the firſt who according to the inequality of her humour, conſented that *Lyriana* ſhould be alone with *Mandana*: And ſo the thing being reſolved upon, *Thraſiles* went with *Cleocrite*, *Lyſidice* and *Atalia* into another chamber where *Marteſia* was: and *Lyriana* prepared her ſelf to relate the various loves of *Thraſiles*: after which, he was to be declared either an inconſtant man, or elſe confirmed in his pretence to be a moſt faithful Lover. But though *Lyriana* intended to ſpeak before none but the Princeſs *Mandana*, and before *Cyrus*, yet ſhe had more Auditors: For the Prince *Artamas* being entred with *Aglatidas*, *Cyrus* ſaid that they who were the moſt faithful Lovers in the world, were very fit to be judges in the buſineſs: So that every one taking their places, *Lyriana* addreſſing her diſcourſe unto *Mandana*, ſhe began thus:

The Hiſtory of THRASILES.

SInce Truth, Madam, ought always to be inſeparable from the words of them who undertake to relate any thing; doubtleſs I ſhall be induced in the ſequel of my diſcourſe not to make an equal commendations of all thoſe perſons of whom I am to ſpeak, though otherwiſe they be infinitely laudable: Therefore, I beſeech you Madam, do not think that to juſtifie *Thraſiles*, I will unjuſtly

juſtly accuſe *Cleocrite*, *Lyſidice*, or *Atalia*: ſince certainly I will tell you nothing which I will not make them confeſs, and which is not known unto all of any quality in *Cumes*. I will not ſtay you Madam, with a relation how *Thraſiles* is of a very noble extraction: how he hath upon many occaſions made himſelf Signal in War, and how he hath abundance of wit: But give me leave to tell you, Madam, that never man had a more paſſionate ſoul than *Thraſiles* hath: For that paſſion of love is ſo predominate in him, as he cannot live and not love: But to manifeſt it unto you, that he is not of the ſame temper which unconſtants are, I muſt let you know that all the loves which he hath profeſſed, were not bare Gallantries and Courtſhips, but they were zealous and violent, as well as tender and paſſionate: And it is my opinion, that if *Thraſiles* had been ſo happy to love the firſt time, one who had in ſome ſort anſwered his affection, I am moſt confident he would never have loved any but her, and would have loved her until death. And to let you ſee, he is capable of conſtancy, you may judge of his love by his friendſhip; for he had a friend called *Egeſipes*, whom he conſtantly loved from his very Cradle: Yet the odneſs of his deſtiny was ſuch as that he hath loved many, as I ſhall tell you. Be pleaſed to know Madam, that as ſoon as *Thraſiles* was out of his Tutorſhip, and began to make viſits of his own head, he fell as much in love as the age at which he was would permit him. But ſince you know, young men, who firſt enter into the world, are not always treated ſo well as thoſe who have been longer in it, unleſs by women who never uſe to repulſe any, and ſuch who would have ſlaves of all ſorts: So *Thraſiles*, though very handſome, and of much ſpirit, did not then meet with an equal civility amongſt thoſe Ladies who had the greateſt reputation of beauty, and he eaſily obſerved, that they made ſome difference between men of his form and age, and others who were elder than himſelf: So that ſince it was glorious for him, he did not fall in love with ſuch as would not treat him as a man of power to become their Lover; but he fell deſperately in love with a Lady, who being of ſuch an humour as I ſpoke of before, was beyond all meaſure civil unto him, omitting none of thoſe fond fooleries (which women who make it their profeſſion uſe) to enſlave the poor *Thraſiles*: The ſmall experience he had in the World, ſuffered him to be extreamly joyed at his good uſage, and to ſee that this Lady treated him as if he were the moſt accompliſhed man in all the Court: When he made a viſit any where elſe, he ſat upon thorns and ſtaid not; for as it is uſual unto ſuch green men, they either talked not at all to him, or elſe talking of ſomething that angred him; ſo that he hath often proteſted unto me, that he hath been extreamly troubled at it, when they either ſpoke low in his preſence, or elſe ſpoke only of his exerciſes, or of his Parents, and ſo would leave him.

I leave you to judge Madam, what ſweetneſs he found in thoſe places where he found different uſage, where he was talked unto as others were, and where a hundred trifles were imparted to him; and he loved this Lady as deſperately as ever any did, and he loved her ſo much, that for almoſt ſix months time, he thought himſelf the happieſt man in the world, in being reſpected by a Lady who really had both beauty and wit, but who was the varieſt Cheat, and the varieſt Weathercock that ever was, for ſhe would write Letters of Gallantry unto a thouſand ſeveral Gallants; ſhe would let all in *Cumes* love her, and deſired to be loved of all the world; ſhe would put all that ever loved her in hopes, and yet jeared at all without exception: I think Madam you will not at all wonder that *Thraſiles* being very young ſhould be taken by her, and that you will wonder leſs he ſhould leave her, when he diſcovered her cheats and fooleries, and when he knew ſhe loved him no better than ſhe did a thouſand of his Rivals; if to juſtifie the change of *Thraſiles*, it were requiſite to give you a Catalogue of her Tricks, I could tell you, that he met with many of her Letters, that he underſtood ſhe ſhewed his unto all his Rivals, that ſhe would jear with them at his paſſion, and with him at theirs, that ſhe would often ſend him word he could not ſee her, whilſt ſhe was talking with others in private, and that indeed ſhe was the weakeſt, and moſt fooliſh perſon of her Sex. I leave you to judge Madam, whether *Thraſiles* was able to continue loving her, and whether his change could be called inconſtancy: I will not further aggravate the matter, ſince for the juſtification of *Thraſiles*, it is enough to ſay, that I conceive he would have been extreamly to blame, had he perſiſted loving ſuch a contemptible woman after he knew her. However, ſince the amorous inclination of his heart would not let him live long without loving ſome one or other, after his return out of the Country, and after he had broke off with his firſt Miſtreſs, he laid ſiege to a ſecond: But ſince now *Thraſiles* began to be reputed one of the compleateſt Gallants in all our Court, he was looked upon in a different manner from what he was at his firſt entrance into the world, ſince there was not a woman of any quality who thought it not a glory to have ſome ſhare in his eſteem, and his choice was not bad in fixing upon *Atalia*, for the object of his ſecond paſſion, for as you ſee her a Lady of much beauty and wit, ſo ſhe is Miſtreſs of much generoſity, goodneſs, and freedom. *Thraſiles* then finding her infinitely amiable, did infinitely love her, and he loved her the more, becauſe he found her of a humour different from her whom now he ſlighted; for indeed *Atalia* affected neither Gallants nor Gallantry, ſhe rather ſhunned the tumults of the world, than courted it; ſhe was handſome without any affectation, and of a ſweet, eaſie, and agreeable converſation, though of a little ſerious temper: So that finding a thouſand good qualities in her, oppoſite unto thoſe ill ones which he ſcorned in her he had quitted, he applied himſelf unto her ſervice, and that very violently, continuiug a long time in doing all that love uſeth to incite the greateſt Gallants to do, for indeed he made her many magnificent Feaſts; and his love to her was not only violent, put it was alſo apparent, and made a great noiſe in the world: He ſeeing that maugre all his endeavours, *Atalia* did not anſwer his paſſion, but on the contrary, did ſlight it as much as in civility ſhe could, yet he perceived that it was not out of any averſion or ſcorn, and that he had a ſhare in her eſteem, though not in her affection; ſo that ſtill he applied himſelf to her ſervice with all imaginable exactneſs, and he was ſo obſtinately devoted unto it, that this Lady, who did really eſteem him, and who feared leaſt her Parents ſhould force her to marry a man whom they highly eſteem'd, reſolved to tell him the reaſon why ſhe would not anſwer his affection. One day when he was alone with her, and when he had a deſire to ſpeak of his paſſion to her, and to beſeech her ſhe would not ſcorn his affection, ſhe impoſed ſilence upon him, and acquainted him with as much ſincerity as ſweetneſs, with the true cauſe of her coldneſs to him: Since I do intend (ſaid ſhe unto him) to give you a very ample teſtimony of my eſteem, I do conjure you to let me acquaint you with a buſineſs which will anger you the moſt of any thing in the world, if what you have told me be true, and that you love me as well as you would make me believe, for truly *Thraſiles*, I were very unworthy of the honour which you do me, if I ſhould let you engage you ſelf any further in an affection wherein you can never receive any ſatisfaction. Alas Madam (ſaid *Thraſiles* and interrupted her) can I never hope to be loved or endured? No (ſaid ſhe unto him) you cannot; and if I could obtain ſo much power of my ſelf, as to tell you the reaſon, you would agree with me, that unleſs I ſhould wrong you, and be unjuſt, I muſt deny you my affection: Why Madam (ſaid he) can you not love me, becauſe you love ſome body elſe? Can there be any in the world ſo happy, as to be loved by *Atalia?* Can any upon earth be ſo little tranſported with joy at ſo high a happineſs, as that he can hide it? Fie *Atalia*, it is not impoſſible: If he were a man of this Court, who hath this honour, I ſhould diſcover the joys of his ſoul through his eyes; and the truth is, if there were any truth in your words, I ſhould have ſeen him with you, and if I had ſeen him, certainly I ſhould have known his happineſs and his paſſion: Yet you may eaſily conceive, ſaid ſhe unto him, that what I tell you is not invented: But I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he unto her) who is this too happy man that hinders me from being ſo, and who hath the glory of your affection? I did not tell you, replied *Atalia*, that I do love any, but only that I would have you know, that there is one whoſe love I could admit of: If that be all, replied *Thraſiles*, it is not enough to hinder me from loving you; and I beſeech you Madam, give me leave to love you as well as my Rival, be he whom he can be, and if it ſo fall out, that you love him better than me, then it may be my reſpects of you may make me endure my miſfortune with patience.

Atalia ſeeing ſhe had ſaid either too much, or too little to ſatisfie him, was at a little *non plus*; ſo that reſolving to drive the nail to the head at one blow, ſhe confeſſed unto *Thraſiles*, that ſhe was in love,though ſhe would never confeſs with whom: I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he unto her) tell me who is this inviſible Rival, the noiſe of whoſe ſighs could never reach my ears, though I have been almoſt perpetually with you? And what hath he done to win your heart, and undo me? He hath loved me (ſaid ſhe) before you did, and when you were in love with another; and he hath loved me with ſo much fidelity and obedience, that he never revealed unto you the ſecrets which were betwixt us: How Madam (replied *Thraſiles* much aſtoniſhed) is the Rival you love my Friend? No, no Madam, that is not poſſible; for truly I have but one only friend, which is *Egeſipes*, and I am moſt confident he would reveal his very heart unto me, if either of us two be faulty, I am ſure it is my ſelf, in never telling him that I loved you; and beſides Madam, *Egeſipes* hath been abſent theſe three months: 'Tis true (ſaid ſhe and bluſht) *Egeſipes* hath been out of *Cumes* this three months; but it is as true alſo, that he hath been above a year in my heart; therefore *Thraſiles*, ſince I would not expoſe you unprofitably to loſe a friend, I had a mind to diſcover that unto you, which yet he knows not, and I will acquaint you, that I ſhall never love any but *Egeſipes*, who only knows that I do not hate him, but knows not at all how my heart is wholly his: Oh Madam (cried he out) I had rather he knew it, and that I knew it not; but is it true, that *Egeſipes* ſhould be my Rival, and I have no cauſe to hate him? Doubt it not, ſaid ſhe, for indeed he knows no more that you are his Rival, than you did within this quarter of an hour know that he was yours: However *Thraſiles*, (ſaid ſhe and aſſumed a very ſerious countenance) if you be not faithful unto me, and if you do not make good uſe of this ſecret wherewith I have truſted you, I do profeſs I ſhall moſt horridly hate you: I beſeech you Madam, replied he and ſighed, what ſhall I do to make good uſe of it? You muſt never tell it to any (ſaid ſhe) no not unto *Egeſipes* himſelf. You muſt alſo ceaſe to be my Lover, but never ceaſe to be his Friend. Alas Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, how difficult are your commands to be obeyed? How hard a task is it to love a Rival, and leave loving a Miſtreſs? When one cannot without injuſtice hate the firſt, replied ſhe, nor with any hopes continue loving the other, the moſt rational, the moſt generous, and fitteſt courſe is to be taken, and not obſtinately to run on headlong in a deſign which will never proſper.

For all *Atalia's* fair language, ſhe could not that day perſwade *Thraſiles*; but he perſiſted loving her as before: he thought alſo to have quarreled with *Egeſipes* as ſoon as he returned to *Cumes*. But upon ſerious conſideration, finding that the affections of *Egeſipes* and *Atalia* was indiſſolvable, and all was both unjuſt and in vain to root his friend out of the heart of the fair One, he began generouſly to ſtrive with himſelf, he left *Cumes* for a certain time, and when he returned would not viſit *Atalia* any more: ſo that abſence, reaſon, generoſity, friendſhip and all, overcoming his paſſion he left off loving *Atalia*, ſince he ſaw an abſolute impoſſibility of ever obtaining her love. Thus I conceive it may very well be ſaid, that though there was a great difference between her and the firſt Lady he loved, yet he might very well quit her without any aſperſion of inconſtancy as well as the other.

However, ſince in changing his thoughts of her, he had not changed his temper: and ſince the amorous inclination of his ſoul could not be idle, he fell inſenſibly in love with *Cleocrite*, who indeed was very capable of captivating a heart, but was abſolutely uncapable of making a lover happy, for her humour was oppoſite unto any ſuch thing of that nature. Since the love of *Thraſiles* unto this fair One was extreamly violent, I ſhall inſiſt longer in relating of the paſſages between them, then I did in relating of the two firſt: And ſince it doth very much concern *Thraſiles*, that you perfectly know *Cleocrita*, to the end you may not accuſe him for quitting her, it is requiſite I deſcribe her unto you: As for her perſon, I need not ſpeak of it, becauſe you know her, yet I can aſſure you, that ſince ſhe hath of late been ſick, you never ſaw her beauty in its full luſtre, for certainly when ſhe was in perfect health, ſhe was much fairer than now ſhe is, though now at this preſent ſhe be very fair. For Madan, there was ſo great a luſtre in *Cleocrites* complections, and in her eyes, when ſhe dreſſed up her ſelf with a deſign to make a Conqueſt, that ſhe always ſtruck all beholders with admiration: Moreover, *Cleocrite* had an excellent, gallant, and knowing wit: ſhe ſpoke admirably, and inſpired a ſoul into all company; ſhe would be ſo ſweetly merry as pleaſed very much, and ſhe would out with a thouſand pleaſant quibbles in a pleaſant manner; But for all the charms of her beauty and wit, and maugre all the excellent qualities which ſhe was Miſtreſs of, ſhe had one which did not only loſe her all her Lovers, but alſo all her friends: and which made it a thing almoſt impoſſible to love her long and zealouſly. Every one did queſtionleſs always much eſteem her, and love her alſo whether they would or no: but it was with a murmur againſt her, and with a confeſſion they did not well in loving her: for truly *Cleocrite* had ſuch an univerſal, and ſo great a neutrality and indifferency unto all whatſoever, that ſhe made thoſe who knew her to deſpair, who otherwiſe eſteemed her very much; yet do not think, I mean, Madam, when I ſpeak thus of her indifferency, that ſhe is uncapable of either violent paſſionor violent friendſhip: but my meaning is, ſhe is abſolutely incapable of any particular application of her ſelf unto any one whoſoever; and if ſhe loved any much, it was pleaſures in general: She could leave any place without any trouble to her ſelf, new acquaintance never vexed her: She could eaſily endure the abſence of her beſt friends, though yet ſhe would have been glad to ſee them: And it may be ſaid, and truly, that ſhe accuſtomed her ſelf unto all Companies, and diſ-accuſtomed her ſelf from all.

Since ſhe had wit in abundance, and could very well diſcern degrees of merit, and diſtinguiſh men of parts from others, She was much delighted to have her chamber always full both of wits and blockheads: But when chance would ſometimes have it ſo, that there was none of the firſt ſort there, ſo there were but a number of mean capacities, who could but talk and fill up ſeats, ſhe was never troubled at it as any other would have been: And I believe *Cleocrite*, as witty and ſprightly as ſhe was, did ſo love a multitude, that ſhe had rather have been in the company of five or ſix ſhallow wits, than in the company of the moſt accompliſhed man upon the earth, if he were long with her. I aſſure you Madam, *Cleocrite* was never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſaw much company both at home and abroad, and paſs continually from pleaſure to pleaſure, and from feaſt to feaſt; as for ſolitude ſhe did abhor it, yet this muſt needs be ſaid to the glory of *Cleocrite*, that ſhe was very ready to do her friends any ſervice whenſoever any occaſions were offered; and would often treat them as if ſhe did moſt tenderly love them. But to tell you truly, it was becauſe ſhe knew that decency required it: and that when ſhe ſaw them, ſhe would be merry with them; and being a lover of pleaſure and mirth, ſhe would love them that would be merry and pleaſant as long as the mirth and pleaſure laſted, and no longer. She was of ſuch a cold neutrality, that though ſhe would have been glad that one ſhould love her, yet ſhe cared not for being loved with any tenderneſs or violence, provided people did eſteem her, and love her enough to ſee her often, to be compl ſant and merry, ſhe cared not a ſtraw for any more. However, this ſtrange indifferency, which vexed both her Lovers and her friends, did not ſo eclipſe *Cleocrite*, but for all that, ſhe was one of the moſt accompliſhed Ladies in the world.

She being ſuch then as I have preſented her unto you, *Thraſiles* loved her, and loved her with ſo much the more hopes, becauſe he thought he did not expoſe himſelf to love one who loved a thouſand, nor unto ſuch a rocky miſfortune as he did in loving *Atalia*, being

ing ſure that ſhe had no particular affection unto any which could hinder her from accepting his, ſince ſhe was generally accuſed for loving none at all. He hoped alſo that this her cold indifferency might one day prove advantagious to him, if ever he could win upon her, and that he ſhould be much more happy in having one who would be cold unto all the world but himſelf. The truth is Madam, he loved *Cleocrita*, and did not deſpair of obtaining her love; for ſhe being of a free, and open ſprightly nature, and entertaining all that diverted extraordinarily well, *Thraſiles* was at the very firſt miſtaken, and thought that ſhe was ſo for the love of him, though indeed is was only for the love of her ſelf; ſo that he engaged himſelf more and more, and loved her far better than ever he did before.

Thraſiles being of a free and liberal inclination, invented a hundred diverſions which were agreeable to the diſpoſition of *Cleocrite*; ſomtimes he would give her a danceing entertainment, another while he would ſurprize her with muſick: If he walked with her, ſhe was ſure to meet with a coſtly collation, and for a whole Summer together, there was no day without a pleaſant diverſion from *Thraſiles*: You may very well imagine Madam, that *Cleocrite*, having a ſoul ſo devoted unto delights, would very civilly treat the man who procured them, eſpecially a man ſo accompliſhed as *Thraſiles* was, in the mean time, as much in favour as he was, he could never tell her his paſſion; for ſuch was the general neutrality of *Cleocrite*, that ſhe never repulſed any acquaintance: So as there was continually ſo many men with her, and ſomtimes men very impertinent, as it was not poſſible for a man to get a minutes talk with her in private: But at laſt, being one day in the Garden with her and with four or five perſons more who he wiſhed farther oft, he led her apart from this troubleſome company. But ſince *Cleocrite* did naturally love a general converſation, better than any private, ſhe turned ſeveral times to ſee whether the company followed, and ſeeing them to walk a ſlow pace, ſhe offered to call them, as if ſhe had been weary of *Thraſiles*. But this Lover having a hot deſire to diſcover his poſſion unto her who cauſed it, did hinder her, and would not loſe an occaſion which he had ſo long looked for: Why Madam (ſaid he unto her) is not my company enough to entertain you in a place, where Trees, Flowers, and Fountains may delight the eyes, and divert the mind? Pray pardon me Sir (ſaid ſhe very obligingly unto him and ſmiled) for I was afraid that my company was not good enough for you, and therefore I deſired to call for more: I beſeech you Madam (ſaid *Thraſiles*) do not think I can deſire better company than yours, eſpecially now when I have ſomething to tell you, which I have long deſired to impart: Really *Thraſiles* (ſaid ſhe unto him, without any application of it to her ſelf) you do very ill in ſtaying ſo long before you tell it. *Thraſiles* ſurprized at her ſpeech, did perceive ſhe did not much mind what ſhe ſaid, and indeed *Cleocrite* never ſtaying for *Thraſiles* his anſwer, began to ask him, whether the Ball was to be kept the next day at the Prince of *Cumes* his Palace? I know not Madan, ſaid he, whether there be any Ball to morrow, but I am moſt ſure, my heart will be much perplexed to day, if you will not hearken unto what I ſhall tell you, and if you do not hearken very favourably: For the truth is Madam, I have diſcovered in my ſoul a thought ſo contrary unto that wherewith you are upbraided, that I am extreamly afraid you ſhould hate me when you know it: No, no (ſaid *Cleocrite* unto him) I am not ſo unjuſt as you think me; therefore though you be not of my opinion in every thing, yet I ſhall not hate you; for the ſame indifferency wherewith they upbraid me, makes me to allow others their opinions, ſo they will let me enjoy my own, and ſuffer me to follow my own will: You do much joy me Madam, replied he, and for this day only I ſhall love his indifferent humour, whereof you are ſo much accuſed, if it will permit me to tell you, & not anger you, that I am infinitely in love with you. *Cleocrite* was ſo ſurprized at the diſcourſe of *Thraſiles*, that thinking perhaps it was only a piece of Gallantry, ſhe began to anſwer him laughing: Though it were true you did love me, ſaid ſhe, and though I could hear it without any anger, yet I believe you would not be a jot the better, for I never heard that indifferency was any great favour: It is moſt true, it is not (replyed *Thraſiles*) but yet I muſt needs think it a piece of good fortune, if you can know I love you, and yet not hate me; and truly my paſſion is of ſuch a nature, as you would be unjuſt if it did offend you, ſince my deſire is only to ſee and adore you, and if it be poſſible, to talk with you ſometimes in leſs company and more privacy. How's this *Thraſiles* (ſaid ſhe unto him) are you ſo bold as to talk of any matters of Love unto one who is accompted for neutrality and indifferency in the very abſtract? And can you ever think, that ſince I am accuſed for not loving where I ought to love, I will ever begin to entertain any vicious affection, or any Gallantry? No, no (purſued ſhe and laughed, and deſired to avoid angring him) though it were true you did love me, and hoped to obtain my leave, yet your proceeding is not diſcreet, but you ought to ſtay till you ſaw me inclinable unto any amity at all; therefore *Thraſiles*, I would adviſe you as a friend, to continue living with me, as formerly you have done until you ſee my heart a little ſoftned; for to think I ſhould in a moment paſs from one extremity unto another, is to imagine impoſſibilities: I know very well Madam, ſaid he unto her, that it was a very difficult task to engage unto the love of any; but to ſhew you that I aim not at any impoſſibilities, I do not now ask ſo much happineſs, as that you ſhould love me, but I only ask ſo much favour, as to let me love you: I am ſo accuſtomed Sir, replied ſhe, not to care what thoughts men have of me, that what you ask, I think, will be no difficulty to obtain; yet ſince your company doth infinitely pleaſe me, I wiſh with all my heart you would not drive me to the neceſſity of being deprived of it, as infallibly I muſt, if you continue perſecuting me with any talk of Love, which doth but trouble both the Lover and the loved; for indeed *Thraſiles*, why do you think, I endeavour ſo much to preſerve this indifferency, which is ſo much talked of; The reaſon is, becauſe I ſee all men who are not ſo, are miſerable. This fine tenderneſs of heart, which is ſo highly applauded, makes thoſe who are capable of it, not only ſenſible of their own miſeries, but of others alſo, or at leaſt they ſay ſo: So that knowing ſo many as I do, if I were of ſuch a tender compoſition, I ſhould be perpetually in miſery; for there is not a day in the year in which there is not ſome one of my friends either abſent, or ſick, or in ſome affliction or other; But I know how to paſs away my time a little better than ſo, and am more rational than to grieve exceſſively at any thing but what reflects directly upon my ſelf.

It ſeems Madam, replyed *Thraſiles*, that you are the happieſt perſon in the world: Not at all, ſaid ſhe, for I have as many vexations, as others have: As for example, when I have a deſign to walk, if it chance to rain, or the day not prove fair, I am vexed to the heart; or if it prove too cold or dry, and the duſt diſturb the pleaſure of it, I am grieved at it to the Soul; if any coveto*u*s fellow will not be at the charges of keeping a Ball, I ſhall murmur and grumble at him, as if he had done me ſome manifeſt injury; if I chance to be a little ill upon any day of diverſion, I ſhall be ſo ſick as if I were ready to die: So that though I have none but my own ſorrows to be ſenſible of (ſaid ſhe and laughed) yet I have enough to put me to all my patience; therefore *Thraſiles*, do not perplex me with that which of all things in the world I cannot endure, for I aſſure you, if you be obſtinate, and will be talking to me of any ſuch things as Love, you will find, that though I am not capable of any tenderneſs, yet as indifferent as I am, I am capable of anger; yet for all this, *Thraſiles* did not take her counſel, but on the contrary, began to proteſt moſt ſeriouſly and earneſtly, that his affection to her was infinite, and that he was fully reſolved to overcome her indifferency by a million of ſervices, by as many prayers, ſighs, and ſubmiſſions: So that *Cleocrite* foreſeeing ſhe muſt be deprived of *Thraſiles*, who furniſhed her with a thouſand diverſions, and that ſhe was not to accept any of his feaſts, as ſhe did before he had diſcovered his paſſion unto her; alſo conſidering that he would endeavour as much as he could to talk only with her, and hinder her from talking with others, ſhe was ſo extreamly vexed at it, as ſhe gave him very angry language, and *Thraſiles* could not give any appeaſing anſwers, for the reſt of the company joyning with them, he could not ſpeak to her all that day: Since the anger of this fair One was very high, and ſince he never before had any trial of it, he feared that it would laſt long, and not daring to revive it, he kept very cloſe three whole daies, and durſt not ſee her, nor would he go any where elſe, ſince he could not ſee her there: Yet at the laſt, ſince he was not able to live and not ſee her, he reſolved to go unto her, but it was in ſuch a trembling manner,and with ſuch a dull ſadneſs in his face,as made it evident he had ſpent his time very ill, ſince he ſaw her laſt.

At for *Cleocrite*, it was not ſo with her, for ſhe had been every day in the Walks ſince *Thraſiles* told her of his love; and though ſhe had not been in company of any ſo accompliſhed as himſelf, yet *Cleocrite* was never melancholly for the matter; but was as gay, and pleaſant, and merry, as *Thraſiles* was ſad.

This miſerable Lover then going to her with a look as pitiful at *Cleocrite* was pleaſant, he entered into her chamber with fears, that he ſhould find but very bad reception: But the wonder of the paſſage was, that *Cleocrite* having ſpent thoſe three days in feaſts and pleaſures, and had talked with a hundred ſeveral perſons ſince ſhe ſaw *Thraſiles*, had ſo quite forgot that he had ever mentioned any matters of love unto her, and that ſhe had given him any ſharp anſwer, or was ever angry at him, as ſhe entertained him with a free and pleaſant countenance as formerly ſhe was wont to do; asking him where he had been? what he had been doing, and why he was not at thoſe feaſts ſhe had been at? Telling him, ſhe had been very merry, and that ſhe did not think ſhe ſhould ever ſee more pleaſant days than theſe laſt.

Thraſiles was ſo amazed at the carriage of *Cleocrite*, as he knew not whether he ſhould be ſad or glad at it: yet not thinking it poſſible ſhe ſhould ſo ſoon forget the paſſages between them, his hope was that ſhe repented her ſelf of her courſe treatments to him; ſo that deſiring to cloſe with an opportunity which he thought favourable for him: Had I thought, Madam,(ſaid he unto her)that my company would not have diſturbed your pleaſures,I ſhould not have failed to have been in thoſe places where you have been ſo pleaſant: But I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that I durſt not ſee you ſo ſoon after the harſh language you were pleaſed to give me: and I did not come hither now but in fear of your diſcovering the zeal of my paſſion. *Cleocrite* hearing *Thraſiles* ſay ſo, did preſently remember what ſhe had forgotten: at firſt ſhe bluſht for ſhame, but preſently after ſhe began to laugh ſo heartily, that ſhe was not able to ſpeak: *Thraſiles* did now as much wonder at her merrineſs, as he did before at her civility, and ſtood ſtone ſtill; but at laſt *Cleocrite* beginning diſcourſe: I ask you pardon, *Thraſiles*, ſaid ſhe, for the injury I have done you, in quite forgetting what you ſaid, and what I anſwered the other day: and for not remembring that I was angry with you; for indeed I know that my preſent civilities are moſt injurious. But I proteſt, I did not remember it; yet to repair my fault, and to teſtifie that I am not ſo indifferent as you think me, I will rowſe up my anger, and quaſh all my civilities. *Thraſiles* was ſo aſtoniſhed at this, that he neither knew what to think or ſay; but at laſt, not being able to hold. Is it poſſible, Madam, ſaid he unto her, you ſhould forget how I told you that I loved you? Yes, ſaid ſhe, and ſo forgot it, that I ſhould do you the greateſt wrong in the world, if I ſhould remember it; for indeed I ſhould not then have lived with you, as I did before.

But, Madam, replied he, Can I believe this to be true? To make you certain of it, ſaid ſhe, keep only five or ſix days out of my ſight, and when you come again to me, ſpeak not a word that may revive your crime and my anger in my memory, and ſee whether I ſhall remember it; for unleſs I be much miſtaken, I ſhall not, and it will be long of you only, if we do not agree well together as we did before. No, no, Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, much incenſed, I muſt not do ſo; for ſince you cannot remember a thing three days, I muſt tell you every day that I love you, and that I ſhall for ever love you whether you will or no, in ſpight of that cruel indifferency wherein you ſo much glory, though it be the greateſt fault you have.

As *Thraſiles* pronounced theſe laſt words, I came into the chamber of *Cleocrite*, and heard them very diſtinctly; ſo that prompting them to go on with their diſcourſe, I need not ask (ſaid I unto *Cleocrite*) what that fault is, wherewith *Thraſiles* upbraids you, for ſince you have but one it is eaſie to gueſs it, eſpecially ſince it is ſo generally known unto all the world. I proteſt *Lyriana*, (ſaid ſhe unto me and laughed) you are very plain with me, and I do not think there is any perſon upon earth who is ſo freely upbraided with her faults as I am. Since you do vainly glory in that one you have, replied I, the world ſpeaks of it without fear of angering you, and without any hopes alſo of ever mending you. Then they ſhould never ſpeak of it, replied ſhe. You take ſo much pleaſure in their ſpeaking of it (replied *Thraſiles*) that it is the leaſt piece of complacency they can uſe to you to ſpeak of it, as they do the reaſon why I am not angry, ſaid *Cleocrite*, is the ſame why the greateſt beauties are leaſt angry when they are called ugly: For to ſpeak with the ſame plainneſs, *Lyriana*, that you do, if I had only that fault which the world ſo twits me with, I were the rareſt woman upon earth. Yet you go too far, ſaid I unto her, if you perſwade your ſelf that a cold faint indifferency is a good quality. Perhaps (replied *Cleocrite*) you call indifferency ſomething elſe which I know not, and which I am a ſtranger unto; but I dare maintain that all my thoughts are juſt, and that the amity whereof I am capable, is the moſt convenient, and rational of all others: As for the moſt convenient for you, replied *Thraſiles*, I do agree with you, but as for the moſt rational, I think it is diſputable. The moſt tender amity, replied ſhe, cannot produce any thing which is good, that may not alſo be expected from mine: For truly, I think there is none, who loves better to ſerve their friends, nor is more glad to ſee them, than I am: You might have added, replied I, nor none that can better tolerate their abſence: It is true, ſaid ſhe, that when I loſe the ſight of them, I do not loſe my wits: But I pray tell me, if I were the moſt grieved in the world at the abſence of my friends, what good would it do them? Doubtleſs I am ſorry to part with friends, but it is without any mad exceſs, or troubling my friends which remain, by an inſupportable grief, which does them no good who ſees it not, and troubles them who do ſee it, and caſts down my ſelf without any other benefit but getting the reputation of a tender-hearted thing; but in my judgment, theſe are Arguments of a weak ſoul.

Did I not really eſteem my friends according to their merit, and ſerve them whenſoever they ſtand in need of my aſſiſtance, I ſhould ſet a worſe face upon them when they come to ſee me; I ſhould not let them condemn me as they do; only becauſe forſooth I do not give them my whole heart, and becauſe I am not ſenſible even to the very laſt gaſp, and becauſe I do not mix with my talk words of tenderneſs, zealous amity, and ſuch like, therefore I muſt paſs for a piece of hard indifference, though to ſpeak truly, I am no more than what is requiſite and concordant to reaſon; this is it which I cannot endure: And indeed (purſued ſhe and laughed) do not all the Sages who are ſo fam'd in the world make prudence to conſiſt in a ſelf-denial of all things? and according to their precepts am not I temperate, as they by their ſapient documents would have me? None of the Sages you ſpeak of, replied *Thraſiles*, did ever condemn amity; No more do I, replied ſhe, but I do regulate it, and give it limits: For to think that amity ſhould be a heavy burthen, and an oppreſſion unto thoſe who love it, is a thing moſt unjuſt; if ſo, I had rather chuſe ambition, hatred, or anger, than amity, which is termed tender amity, heroick amity; ſince certainly I ſhould ſuffer leſs by thoſe three violent paſſions, than by that you call amity: You might have wiſhed jealouſie as a higher aggravation (replied *Thraſiles.*) If one could be jealous, replied ſhe, without love, I ſhould have put it in for company; and if you will, I will alſo add envy, which is no leſs tormenting than jealouſie, that I may let you ſee how inconvenient I think this kind of tender amity is; I am confident that if the hearts of all men were laid open, as mine is, even thoſe who make the greateſt profeſſion of tenderneſs, they would not be found more tender

der nor ſenſible than mine is ; all the difference 'twixt me and others is, that I ſpeak what I think, and would not paſs for what I am not, or for what I would not be: Oh I beſeech you, ſaid I, content your ſelf with your own indifferency, and do not undertake to condemn amity, which is the moſt innocent, the moſt juſt, the moſt ſweet, and the moſt heroick quality in the world ; for truly this amity which you ſo much ſlight is of ſuch a Nature, as without it, there is no true ſatisfaction in the world, all other pleaſures without it are but imperfect, they reach no further than the ſenſes, but never fill the ſoul, or charm the heart with abundance of ſweetneſs: 'Tis amity, doubtleſs which ſweetens all ſorrows, which doubles all delights, which makes one to find comfort and conſolation in the greateſt misfortunes, and indeed it is that which prompts every one unto a thouſand heroick actions: The truth is, purſued *Thraſiles*, It is had in veneration amongſt all Nations, and there is not one perſon in all the world except *Cleocrite*, who is not offended at it, if they be charged with want of amity: I pray do not except me, replied ſhe, for I ſhould not be pleaſed that I ſhould ſay I do not love my friends: But it is true, I do not much affect, that any ſhould think my amity to be worthy of any Elogies: If you did but know what true amity is, replied I, you would not be aſhamed to call ſuch an affection as your heart is capable of, by ſo glorious a name: However it be, ſaid ſhe, I would not alter my opinion. After this, *Thraſiles* and I, did argue a long with *Cleocrite* to no purpoſe, for we could not argue her unto any repentance, nor make her acknowledg ſhe was in the wrong. However, ſince my deſign was only a bare viſit unto *Cleocrite*, after I had ſtayed out a reaſonable time, I went out, and left *Thraſiles* alone with her, who not being able to leave her, before he had expreſſed his affection, as ſoon as he ſaw I was gone, he began to ſpeak unto her. Becauſe I dare not ask a favour, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) which would be oppoſite unto your humour, I ſhall this day only deſire of you, that you would be ſo indifferent as to let me love you, and not be angry: I have already told you, Sir, replied ſhe, all that I can ſay upon that queſtion : But not to deny you every thing, I ſhall further ſay unto you, that upon condition you will live eight days, as heretofore you have done, and mention not a word of that pretended paſſion which you ſay is in your heart, nor by any of your actions manifeſt it unto me, I will do what I can to forget all that you ſaid unto me the other day, and to day : And after this, I proteſt I will never examine upon what grounds you viſit me ; and to teſtifie how pleaſing the ſight of you is unto me, I promiſe you never to attribute any thing which you ſhall do for me, to any thoughts of Love : O Madam, (cried out *Thraſiles*) I do not deſire this laſt favour, but on the contrary, I conjure you to believe, that whatſoever I ſhall do or ſay, are only ſuch effects as my love of you doth inſpire into me : When you ſee me ſad, think that I am ſo only becauſe I am not loved of her whom I adore ; if you ſee me joyed, the only reaſon is becauſe I am near you ; if I be in a deep ſtudy, imagine it your ſelf who hath ſolely taken up my ſoul;if I look upon you, think that is in hopes you will caſt a favourable eye upon me again ; and if I do not look upon you, conceive it is becauſe I am afraid to anger you, and find it in your eyes ;and indeed Madam,without any interpretation of my actions, as actions of indifferency, believe that whatſoever I ſhall do, is done with a premeditated deſign and hope to obtain your love : To teſtifie unto you,replied *Cleocrite*,that I am of a very pliant humour, I ſhall believe as you would have me to believe : Oh Madam, ſaid *Thraſiles*, Shall I be ſo happy ? As for happy, ſaid ſhe,I know not whether you will be or no ; all I know is, and I will ſay it again, that I tell you I will believe you love me,and that you would have me love you ; but at the ſame time I declare unto you,that I will tranſact with you,as if I did believe all this,that is,I will ſee you no more,that I will ſhun you with all imaginable care, that I will deprive my ſelf of a thouſand delights by it, and by conſequence, that I will moſt horribly hate you. O Madam,(cried out *Thraſiles*) rather than ſo,I beſeech you think that I do not love you : I ſhalldo ſo,ſaid ſhe, and do it with abundance of pleaſure: Yet I beſeech you,Madam,replied *Thraſiles*,believe, or not be-

believe, as you ſhall think good: Since I am to believe what pleaſeth me, replied ſhe, I ſhall eaſily believe you do not love me, becauſe I do extreamly wiſh it; therefore *Thraſiles* take your meaſures accordingly, and be confident, that the readieſt way in the world to make me hate you, will be to create a diſpoſition in me to part from this neutral indifferency, which cauſeth all the tranquility and ſweetneſs of my life; content your ſelf with my accuſtomed civilities, and regulate your ſelf accordingly.

Thraſiles uſed all his Rhetorick to make her change opinion, but all would not do; and before he could obtain leave to ſee her, as he was wont to do, he muſt promiſe her to carry himſelf towards her, as formerly he uſed: However, he thought it a kind of happineſs that he had let her know he loved her without a baniſhment; for ſince he could not imagine ſhe ſhould believe he did not love her, he hoped that ſhe her ſelf would take it to heart, without his further telling her. So that aſſuming to himſelf new hopes, and conſequently new joys, he continued in his obſequious ways of ſerving her, and courting her with a thouſand delights; yet this ſerenity of ſoul and tranquility of heart was not long, for the more he applied himſelf unto her, the more indifferent he found her, and he more clearly found it, becauſe having two Rivals who were nothing ſo gallant as himſelf, and who courted *Cleocrite* with ſome diverſions, yet he obſerved that ſhe was not more faintly indifferent unto them, than unto himſelf, provided the Muſick was good, that the Ball was finely carried, and the Banquet ſumptuous, ſhe cared not a ſtraw for him who was at the charges of them, and would have been as well contented to have received all theſe diverſions from any other, as from him: So that *Cleocrites* manner of living did put this pitiful Lover to a thouſand ſecret diſpleaſures, yet he could not accuſe her of any inconſtancy, or any ſecret under-hand dealing, for ſhe held correſpondency with none, nor treated any better than himſelf, nor did ſhe treat him better than any other, though ſhe had a thouſand reaſons to put a notable difference betwixt *Thraſiles* and all the reſt; for it was his fortune to render her many conſiderable ſervices concerning her family,

mily, and having very much credit, ſeveral occaſions preſented themſelves, wherein he did highly manifeſt his affection unto her. But do what he could, he could not move her heart,nor never extinguiſh her humour of indifferency, yet he did accuſtom himſelf whether ſhe would or no to tell her that he loved her, but it produced no more effects upon her ſoul, than upon a ſtone, inſomuch as he grew ſo much incenſed againſt her cruel indifferency, that he was not only grieved becauſe She would not love him, but it vexed him alſo that She would not love any of her friends; and he hath ſometimes ſworn unto me, that he ſhould have thought himſelf leſs miſerable,if *Cleocrites* had loved any of his Rivals, than he was to ſee her ſo inſenſible and indifferent as ſhe was.

I beſeech you Madam, (ſaid he one day unto her when he had found ſome new ſign of her inſenſibility) perſwade me by ſome example,and that it is not abſolutely impoſſible you ſhould love ſome or other : Chuſe out of the whole Univerſe whom you ſhall think good; for were I once convinced you could love any, I ſhould be in ſome hopes: It not being poſſible that any ſenſible heart ſhould know my paſſion, and not anſwer it : But to ſee that nothing will move it, that your ſoul will not fix upon any, that though you have a moſt diſcerning eye in all things, yet that you will chuſe none, this is a thing which is moſt intollerable. Yet you muſt endure it, replied ſhe, for I will never change, nor do I think I ought ever to change; and indeed ſhe was as good as her word. Yet *Thraſiles* as inconſtant as he is ſaid to be, did ſtill continue loving her, that for my part I did both pity and chide him: Alſo I had reaſon to double my pity; for the indifferency of *Cleocrite* went ſo near his heart, and grief ſo filled his ſpirits that he fell ſick, and that moſt extreamly ſick. At firſt *Cleocrite* who knew his diſeaſe, and was not ignorant that ſhe her ſelf was the cauſe, ſent to ſee how he did, and ſaid ſhe was very ſorry : But for all that, though all Phyſicians thought him deſperate, ſhe loſt not a days diverſion for it, nor was a jot more melancholly, nor worſe dreſſed. And queſtionleſs this laſt inſenſibility was like to have been the death of *Thraſiles*:

For ſince he had his reaſon free, and ſince the heat of his Feaver had not a jot cooled his love, he did every day carefully cauſe his men to enquire what *Cleocrite* did; ſo that ſometimes he would hear ſhe was in the Walk, other times that ſhe was at ſome Great Feaſt; and almoſt every day that ſhe was never ſo jocond and merry: But one day among the reſt, when he was exceeding ill, and *Cleocrite* ſending to ſee how he did, he ſent her word as he believed, that ſhe was now like to loſe the moſt faithful of all her Servants, and that he thought he ſhould never have the honour to ſee her again: Yet he underſtood that this ſad meſſage did not keep her that day from making ſeveral viſits, viſits of pleaſure, and of no neceſſity at all. You may well imagine Madam, that this went to the very heart of *Thraſiles*: Yet maugre all his diſcontents he recovered; but could not ſo ſoon recover the diſeaſe of his mind as of his body; for he returned as deep in love with *Cleocrite* as ever, though he was much vexed ſhe ſhould be ſo little ſenſible of his ſickneſs, yet ſhe did eaſily appeaſe him; for as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw him in a capacity of giving her freſh diverſions, She received him with ſuch joy in countenance as would have perſwaded any one, that She had been very ſorry for his ſickneſs: Thus did *Thraſiles* ſuffer himſelf to be deluded, inſomuch as he courted her in ſuch a manner as would have moved even cruelty it ſelf. In the mean while *Thraſiles* being ingaged to go unto the wars; and the day of his departure being come, he ſent to ask her favour that he might come and take his leave of her, but becauſe ſhe was engaged with *Lyſidice* to go unto ſome place, I know not where, about a buſineſs not worth a ruſh, and even where ſome of *Thraſiles* his Rivals were to meet her: She choſe a very mean pleaſure, rather than deprive her ſelf of it, in giving *Thraſiles* ſo much ſatisfaction as to did her adieu. You may well imagine Madam, what thoughts *Thraſiles* carried with him, and whether *Cleocrite* was very ſorry for his abſence; yet ſometimes She would think upon him, but it was only to lament the want of thoſe diverſions he was wont to give her; and not one tender or obliging thought of him:

. This Madam, if I be not much miſtaken, is ſufficient to juſtifie the change of *Thraſiles*

Be pleaſed to know that towards the end of the Summer, it chanced that I went one morning unto her, to ask her if She ſhould make a viſit with me that day? At firſt, She told me that She was engaged unto *Philoxene* to go with her unto a place; but upon examination whether She ſhould find more pleaſure of *Philoxenes* viſit or mine: She reſolved upon mine, and ſent to excuſe her ſelf unto the other: Then She began to make her ſelf ready, and to ask my counſel how ſhe ſhould dreſs her ſelf. As we were then in conteſt what ſhe ſhould wear or not wear, one of her women entred into her Chamber with ſuch ſad looks, as was eaſie to perceive. She had ſome bad news to tell. Madam, ſaid the woman unto her, you will be much ſurprized and very ſorry if you knew all: *Cleocrite* whoſe mind ran all of dreſſing her ſelf, and never had the leaſt thought of *Thraſiles*, did think that her gown which was to be brought that morning, was not yet ready: or that the Carkenet of Diamonds which She had borrowed of a friend, and which ſhe intended to wear that day, was broken or loſt; ſo that ſhe haſtily asked the women, which of thoſe miſchances it was? No Madam, replied ſhe, the news is worſe; *Thraſiles* is killed, and news of it is brought unto *Niſide:* Alas (cried I out with extream ſorrow) is *Thraſiles* kill'd? Yes (ſaid the woman) and all the world does infinitely lament him. To tell you, Madam, that *Cleocrite* would have been more grieved if the Carkenet of Diamonds had been loſt or broken, then at the death of *Thraſiles*, perhaps had been a lie, and perhaps a truth; for Madam, all that ever ſhe did in the buſineſs was to ſend unto *Niſide's* to know whether the news was true; and in the mean while ſhe did a little lament the death of *Thraſiles*, but it was with a very quiet mind, and without one ſingle tear or ſigh: Alas, ſaid ſhe unto me, I was in ſuch hopes of a thouſand delights from *Thraſiles* this Winter, that I muſt needs lament the loſs of the poor man. For my part, ſaid I unto her, I lament the loſs for himſelf, and not for the loſs of any delights;

lights; and although he would have contributed unto no diverſions at all, yet I ſhould pity him as much as I do. Whil'ſt we were talking thus, the news of his death was confirmed; and immediately after I ſaw *Cleocrite* looking in her glaſs, and being but half dreſſed, ſhe dreſſed her ſelf with as much ſpruceneſs and alacrity as ſhe deſigned before the ſad news was brought: For my part, I muſt confeſs, I was ſo ſurprized at the obdurate inſenſibility of *Cleocrite*, as I was ſpeechleſs; ſo looking upon her actions with as much amazement as ſorrow, and with as much anger as amazement: I obſerved that ſhe ranged her locks, and curled her hair with as much niceneſs and care, and dreſſed her ſelf as trimly as if ſhe had ſome deſign of conquering a freſh Lover in lieu of him ſhe had loſt. After I had forced my patience a long while in ſilently ſeeing her deck her ſelf, and after her woman was gone out, my choler could contain no longer: Fie *Cleocrite*, ſaid I unto her, does not thoſe thouſands of delights which *Thraſiles* hath given you, deſerve one day of mourning for him, and to deprive your ſelf for his ſake of a poor mean diverſion the day you hear of his fatal death? If that would raiſe him from the dead, replied ſhe, I ſhould do it with much joy; but ſince I have paſſed my word unto *Philoxene*, I am reſolved to keep it. But you did reſolve to break it (ſaid I unto her) and to make a viſit with me; and may you not as well break it to mourn one day for the poor *Thraſiles*? I can mourn for him better in company than in ſolitude (replied this hard hearted Lady) and if I ſhould this day hide my ſelf, I might perhaps be accuſed of mourning too much for him: Fie *Cleocrite*, ſaid I unto her, you are not in any ſuch reputation of tenderneſs, as that you need fear any ſuch aſperſion: and certainly they would wrong you much, if they ſhould think you ſo inclined: Why (ſaid ſhe) do you think I do not grieve for *Thraſiles*? I proteſt I think ſo, ſaid I unto her. And I proteſt, replied ſhe, that I grieve as much as I can and more than ever I did for any: I do believe it, ſaid I unto her; yet it is becauſe you love nothing in the world but your ſelf; and as long as you can look in your glaſs, and find your ſelf fair, you care for nothing elſe; yet I would gladly know whether you could reſent the loſs of your own beauty. *Cleocrite* then offered to give me ſome poor reaſons, but I roſe up and left her, not being able to endure ſuch a ſtony hearted piece of inſenſibility. Howſoever, ſhe went with *Philoxene* unto the place agreed upon, where ſhe found more diverſion than ſhe expected, for they danced until night. But Madam, all this was happy for *Thraſiles*: for you muſt know, that the cauſe of theſe reports of his death, was, that there was one *Thraſiles* killed, but it was *Thraſiles* of *Xanthes*, and not of *Cumes*: For that *Thraſiles* who was an Adorer of *Cleocrite*, and whoſe death I lamented, being choſen by the Prince of *Cumes* to carry the news of the victory which he had lately gotten, he came to Town that very evening after his death was reported, his firſt care was to enquire how *Cleocrite* did, and he was let know that ſhe was at a Ball: and at the ſame time he was informed that every one thought him dead: he underſtood that *Cleocrite* ſent unto his mother to enquire of it, and that it was from her confirmed; ſo that he could not doubt but *Cleocrites* heart was harder to him than flint. This did ſo much ſurprize him that imagining perhaps *Cleocrite* was not told of it; or that perhaps ſhe had heard the news of his death contradicted, he reſolved to go unto the place where they ſaid ſhe was. But in his way thither, he took my houſe in his way to ask me what I knew concerning *Cleocrite*; ſo that after my expreſſions of joy to ſee him alive, and deſiring to cure him of his paſſion, I told him that the hard hearted indifferency of *Cleocrite* was unworthy of his affection: and I brought his mind into ſuch a ſtate as to wiſh he could love her no longer: After which he went unto the place where ſhe was in a ſtrange perplexity: As he entred into the Hall, ſhe was dancing, and danced ſo very well, as it was apparent her mind was wholly upon it; and the thoughts of his death did not hinder one ſtep of her dancing. You may imagin, Madam, how *Thraſiles* was troubled to ſee how indifferent *Cleocrite* was of him; but much more after ſhe had done dancing, when he ſaw her talk to his Rivals with as much jolity in her looks, as ever ſhe had in her life.

There being much company in that place, *Thraſiles* was not at firſt perceived, but anger upon a ſudden rowzing up his heart, and deſiring to reproach *Cleocrite* with her horrible inſenſibilirdy, he broke through the crowd, and came unto the place where ſhe was diſcourſing: Imagin, Madam, how *Cleocrite* was ſurprized to ſee *Thraſiles* by her, whom ſhe thought to be dead, ſhe ſhrieked out, as if ſhe had ſeen ſome horrid apparition: So that all the company flocked about *Thraſiles*, and rejoyced to ſee him. As for *Cleocrite*, ſhe was as glad as if ſhe had grieved extreamly for his death, and for half an hour the talk was ſo tumultuous, as it was not poſſible for *Thraſiles* to ſpeak particularly unto *Cleocrite*; but at laſt when every one had complemented themſelves out of breath, he had opportunity of ſpeaking to her: I would believe, Madam, for my ſatisfaction (ſaid he unto her in a twitting kind of jeſt) that you are of the ſame opinion which ſome People in the world are of, who think they ought to rejoyce, and be fineſt at the death of their kindred and friends, and who laugh at thoſe which weep and put on mourning; for if I were not perſwaded of this, I ſhould have cauſe to think my ſelf the moſt miſerable of all men living, ſince the reports of my death will not oblige you to beſtow one ſigh upon me, nor ſtop the full carreer of your joys for one minute.

Cleocrite hearing *Thraſiles* ſay ſo, as inſenſible as ſhe was, yet ſhe bluſhed, but it was more out of anger than any ſhame; in lieu of confeſſing any fault, or any repentance, or ſeeking out for any excuſes, ſhe anſwered him ſharply: If you be riſen from the dead, ſaid ſhe unto him, only to make perpetual complaints of me, becauſe I did not weep for you, you put me to the neceſſity of grieving more for your life, then I did for your death; Therefore if you will take my advice along with you (ſaid ſhe with a forced ſmile) be contented that I am glad to ſee you again without any further enquiry, whether I grieved when I thought you dead: Your inſenſibility, Madam, ſaid *Thraſiles*, goes too too far, and certainly I ſhould be the leaſt generous of all men, if I ſhould endure it; I am ſure, Madam, that the loſs of my affection will never trouble you, ſince the loſs of my life did never reach your heart; and it is not out of any humour of revenge that I withdraw this affection from you, but it is only from my own tranquility; for it is a thing moſt impoſſible for any man to love a perſon of ſuch a rocky diſpoſition, and ſuch a flinty inſenſibility as you are, any long time.

When *Thraſiles* was ſilent, and expected an anſwer from *Cleocrite*, one came and took her out to dance, and ſhe went with as jocund a countenance, as if *Thraſiles* were not at all diſpleaſed, nor did take the leaſt care in the world all the day after, to give him any occaſion of talking with her, nor ever offered to excuſe her inſenſibility: I think, Madam, after all this, you will not condemn *Thraſiles*, for reſolving to uſe all his endeavours to leave loving ſuch a ſtony-hearted perſon as was not capable of loving any, yet heaven knows it was a hard task for him to bring it about, and he was a long time conſulting which ways might poſſibly reach the heart of *Cleocrite*, yet in concluſion, growing out of all patience, very anger in a few days did that which his reaſon could not, and he cured himſelf of a diſeaſe which he thought incurable, and the more to confirm him in his recovery, *Cleocrite* did care as little for the loſs of him, as if ſhe had eſteemed him at the value of a ruſh; yet I do believe, ſince that, ſome reſentments of honour made her a little angry, that ſuch a Slave had broken priſon; but I am certain, that though ſhe did apprehend the loſs, yet it was not at all out of any tenderneſs: I conceive, Madam, that after all this, *Thraſiles* cannot be charged with any inconſtancy, ſince there never appeared the leaſt levity in all his carriage; and that if he did leave loving her, it was only becauſe it was moſt fitting he ſhould do it.

Since the love of *Thraſiles* to *Cleocrite* made a great noiſe in the world, it was ſoon peceived they were at odds, and ſince the matter was never made any ſecret myſtery between them, all the world did know the cauſe, and I dare boldly ſay, all the world did lay the fault where it deſerved, and blamed *Cleocrite:* But amongſt the reſt, *Lyſidice* could not chuſe but much condemn her: So that ſince *Thraſiles* did naturally love to be pitied, and loved ſuch as took his part, and hearing what *Lyſidice* ſaid in his behalf and againſt *Cleocrite*, he deſired me to carry him to her, knowing that I was frequently with her; I being glad to contribute any thing unto the conſolation which he had found in one who condemned the inſenſibility of *Cleocrite*, did willingly conſent unto his deſire, not being ignorant, that *Lyſidice* would think her ſelf obliged unto me for bringing *Thraſiles* unto her, whom ſhe eſteemed very much, though he never ſaw her at her own houſe. But as I have deſcribed the other Ladies whom *Thraſiles* loved, ſo it is requiſite I deſcribe this, whoſe Perſon you know is all beauty, all amiable, all charming, in whoſe mind was a million of beauties and admirable graces; but as for her humour, it is ſuch, as none living can repreſent it unto you, for indeed Madam there was never any more ſweet, more compliant, nor more agreeable at certain times, on certain dayes, and certain hours, and at certain minutes; but alſo, never any was more auſtere, more imperious, more crabbed, nor inſupportable at other times; ſo that there was ſuch a prodigious miſcellany and inequality in the humour of *Lyſidice*, as I conceive ſhe may be fitly compared unto one of thoſe days in the Spring time of the year, when one ſhall ſee the Sun guild all the world, give a freſh fragrancy unto the Meadows and Trees, and diſcloſe a thouſand Flowers, and upon a ſudden a terrible ſtorm of Hail and Snow doth fall, together with Thunder and Wind; ſo that one may in one day ſee all the beauties and all the rigours of the whole year: Indeed Madam the inequality of *Lyſidices* humour is ſo great, as I have often ſeen her moſt pleaſant in the Morning, moſt melancholy after Dinner, and as merry as might be before Night again, having no cauſe in the world to be more merry or more ſad at one time than at another: Perhaps you will ask me Madam, how *Thraſiles* could ever fall in love with ſuch an uncertain perſon; and I muſt anſwer, that the good hours of *Lyſidice* were ſo pleaſing and charming, that it is no wonder at all if ſhe did captivate the heart of *Thraſiles*, which was ſo apt for love: It may be further ſaid, that the humour of *Lyſidice* was always to prefer the ſociety of men, before that of women, and was leſs various in her unequal humours with new acquaintance than with others: Alſo *Thraſiles* did not at firſt know her temper, but on the contrary, was never better ſatisfied with any perſon than with her the firſt time he ſaw her: For truly ſhe had ſcrued her ſelf, into all his thoughts of *Cleocrite*, and did ſo inveigh againſt her rigid humour, as he had good reaſon to think, that ſhe had a heart as ſoft and ſenſible, as *Cleocrites* was hard and indifferent: So that accuſtoming himſelf by little and little to ſee her, he came at length to love her. Since he had already loved three perſons in one Court, he did for a while conceal his paſſion, fearing that they would, as formerly, upbraid him with inconſtancy. Whilſt he was thus ſilently in love with *Lyſidice*, he began to diſcover the oddneſs of her humours, and I cannot tell whether or no he did wiſh, that he did not love her, if the fate of it had been in his power: However, ſince he believed her not to be inſenſible and indifferent, he counted all her other defects as nothing, and to ſpeak the very truth, *Lyſidice* had no other but this unevenneſs of temper, and that was not then ſtrong enough to hinder *Thraſiles* from loving her, and applying himſelf to her ſervice: But it is very obſervable, that the ſame imperfection which all the friends of *Lyſidice* did continually chide her for, was partly a cauſe why he diſcovered his paſſion, ſooner than otherwiſe he would: For *Egeſipes*, *Thraſiles*, and I being one afternoon with her, it chanced ſo, that I began to chide her, for the inequality of her humour, which hindred her from being without any fault: That which did give me a ſubject for it was, that when *Thraſiles* and I came into her Chamber, ſhe did entertain us with ſuch a hollow kind of gravity, as if ſhe did not care for our company, or as if ſhe were in ſome moſt deep melancholy, yet within leſs than a quarter of an hour *Egeſipes* coming in, ſhe paſſed upon a ſudden from her dumpiſh humour unto the quite contrary, and was extreamly civil, ſweet and pleaſant. In the mean time, I knew it could not be the ſight of *Egeſipes* which cauſed the alteration of her humour, knowing that ſhe loved me, as well as him, and that ſhe eſteemed *Thraſiles* more than *Egeſipes*: So that making this my pretence of chiding her: Really *Lyſidice* (ſaid I unto her) I am very glad that I came not by my ſelf to ſee you, and I believe *Thraſiles* is not ſorry that we came together; for ſince you would have entertained us ſo coldly, it would have vexed us to have ſeen it, eſpecially ſeeing you receive *Egeſipes* with ſo much joy; but ſince we came both together, I believe this coldneſs doth not relate unto either of us: For my part, replied *Thraſiles*, I reſpect *Lyſidice* more than to ſuſpect her of any coldneſs unto you; and I had rather take it all upon my ſelf, though there is none in the world could be more ſorry for it than I ſhould: No, no, *Thraſiles*, replied *Lyſidice*, never trouble your ſelf in a thing wherein you have no ſhare, nor trouble your ſelf with ſatisfying *Lyriana*, for I aſſure you, ſhe chides me, rather to correct me than for any thing elſe: It is moſt true *Lyſidice* (ſaid I unto her) and I ſhould be extreamly joyed if you were always in the ſame mood as you are now, and that you would never be in that humour in which you were when *Thraſiles* and I came in: Did you but know how much fairer and more amiable you are when you are out of this dogged fit, certainly you would for ever baniſh it; for queſtionleſs, there is nothing more becoming, than an even, ſmooth and equal temper: For my part, replied *Lyſidice*, I am not of your opinion, but am perſwaded it is more pleaſant to find ſeveral perſons in one, than to ſee ſtill the ſame glutting equality of temper, which never ſheweth you but one and the ſame thing ſeveral times. Certainly, added ſhe, and laughed, it is with equal and unequal humours, as with waters in general, where thoſe which are ſtill the calmiſt, are not the moſt pleaſiug: I think none will deny, but that the Sea with all its ſtorms and tempeſts is more pleaſant than a ſtanding Lake, in ſpite of its tranquil ſerenity: The inequality and fury of the Sea, replied *Thraſiles*, is doubtleſs very pleaſant unto thoſe who ſtand upon banks, and look upon it, but very troubleſome unto thoſe who are upon it: 'Tis true, replied ſhe: But as the Sea doth ſometimes ſwallow up ſome unfortunate perſons, ſo it pleaſeth a hundred thouſand who look upon it in ſafety. Moreover, this inequality of temper which is ſo much vaunted of, is often only a good effect of a bad cauſe: For to ſpeak in general, if one do well obſerve thoſe who are of this even temper you ſpeak of, he ſhall find much ſtupidity in ſome or moſt; others of grave and ſilent temper, it is more out of ſluggiſhneſs than virtue, that they do not vary and change their humours; others are ſo continually in the ſame temper of merriment, that they ſeem fools, and others of ſuch an inſufferable tediousneſs of ſpirit, as that their equality of temper renders them weariſome. Moreover, I will maintain, that moſt of theſe equal-ſpirited perſons, have the thoughts of a baſe and crouching ſoul: And on the contrary, to ſpeak in general, thoſe of a little uneven temper, and ſomething fantaſtical, have hearts moſt high and heroick. I know there are ſome in whom all the virtues meet, wit, ſpirit, generoſity, complacency, and equality, are their own, but this is very rare; and I am confident that ordinarily, if men of greateſt ſpirits have this equality in their humours, it comes to them more by reaſon than by temper: You defend a bad cauſe with ſo much eloquence, ſaid I unto her, that I cannot think you are fully perſwaded, it is as you ſay: Seriouſly (ſaid ſhe) I think as I ſay, and I do not think my ſelf deceived; for indeed, from whence do you think proceeds the fantaſticalneſs and inequality, wherewith Poets, Muſitians, Painters, and all thoſe who make profeſſion of the Liberal Arts are charged? Have they not all their raptures? Do you think the Rules of Poetry, the inſtruments of Muſick, Colours and Pencils, are tyed to the ſame evenneſs of temper? Fie, no, not at all; but the very ſame temper which makes the higheſt Poets, the greateſt Muſitians, and the beſt Painters, makes humours a little unequal and phantaſtical.

Moreover, it is a groſs error, to think that one alters humour always without cauſe or reaſon, and moſt certainly there are reaſons which are not viſible unto others; for when the imagination is quick, and the mind very ſenſible, a very ſmall matter will be a great vexation: In my own particular, my very own thoughts will put me into a bad humour; and when I am not pleaſed with my ſelf, I am never pleaſed with any, nor can I pleaſe others: But I pray, ſaid I unto her, how is it poſſible, that having ſo much wit as you muſt needs have to ſpeak as you do, you ſhould not imploy it to bridle the vexation of your humour, which alters the very air of your countenance, and which ſometimes makes the ſweeteſt and moſt amiable woman in the world become imperious, and as peeviſh a thing as is imaginable? The reaſon is, ſaid ſhe, becauſe I am ſuch a lover of liberty, that I cannot be a ſlave to my own reaſon in a thing almoſt indifferent, and which does not expoſe me unto any crime; and alſo, my reaſon it ſelf tells me, that I am obliged to change my temper; for as I do not know almoſt any one who has not ſome quality or other which is to be deſired ſhe had not, my friends ought to bear with my faults as I bear with theirs: This word Fault is very rough (replied *Thraſiles*) to expreſs any quality that can be found in *Lyſidice*: If you conſult with *Lyriana*, replied ſhe, I am confident ſhe will think the word mild enough: Since you are not in your fretting humour (replied I unto her) and that one may ſpeak any thing unto you, I find it ſo ſtrange a thing, you ſhould be capable of ſuch extream inequality, that I think it not rough enough, for you who can judg ſo clearly of others, who can make ſuch good choice of your acquaintance, and who can hardly endure thoſe who are but meanly qualified: Ah *Lyriana* (ſaid ſhe) when did you ever ſee me fret or vex, but when I do ſee men that pleaſe me not, or that I have ſeen ſome ſuch, or that I know I ſhall ſee them? or that I only fear to ſee them: I beſeech you, Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, do me the honour to tell me, which of theſe four did cauſe the coldneſs in your face, when *Lyriana* and I entred?

As to that, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that I do not know the reaſon. After ſuch a ſincere acknowledgment, we continued chiding *Lyſidice*; who was in ſo good an humour that day, as that ſhe was not at all angry. Preſently after a friend of mine coming to fetch me from *Lyſidices*, I left *Thraſiles* alone there; for *Egeſipes* would needs carry me to my Coach, and went with me. I underſtood ſince, that *Thraſiles* finding ſuch a favourable occaſion, he would not let it ſlip, not knowing when he might find *Lyſidice*, both alone, and in ſo a good humour; alſo the laſt diſcourſe with her did give him a good ſubject to talk unto her: and ſince I knew he was in love with her, I turned towards him at my going out, and told him thus, If to your miſery (ſaid I to him, and laughed) you be in love with *Lyſidice*, I would advice you to tell her now as much; for in the humour ſhe is now, I think you may tell her any thing without fear of anger: The counſel you give, replied *Thraſiles*, perhaps is more dangerous to follow than you imagin. Not at all (replied I, and laughed ſtill) for as *Lyſidice* uſeth to be angry at every thing when ſhe is in the fretting humour: I am confident, ſhe will not be angry at any thing when ſhe is in the pleaſant fit: After this I went out with *Egeſipes*, and *Thraſiles* ſtayed. I underſtood ſince from himſelf, that as ſoon *Lyſidice* and he had taken their ſeats, he reſolved to diſcover himſelf, ſo that making uſe of my advice, as a Prologue to the buſineſs: As dangerourous as the counſel of *Lyriana* is (ſaid he unto her) yet Madam I will follow it: And after I have a long time adored you in ſilence, it is juſt you know what thoughts your beauty hath inſpired me withal. I beſeech you *Thraſiles*, replied ſhe, do you think the ſharp language of *Lyriana* need engage you to give me any ſweeter; for I am confident ſhe knows not what ſhe ſaid unto you, nor what you anſwered: I know not why, Madam, replied he, you ſhould ſpeak ſo much of *Lyriana*; But for my part I do proteſt, I know very well what I do ſay; and that I never in all my life ſpake more ſincerely than now I do, when I aſſure you that there is none upon earth that loves you better than I do; and that I never loved any near ſo much as I do you: Fie, *Thraſiles*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you have ſaid too much to be be believed; for I am confident you have loved three better than ever you loved any elſe. Truth is, the firſt paſſions are ever moſt violent; and I think it may very well be ſaid, that the more often one loves, the leſs he knows how to love. I know not, Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, whether it do often fall out ſo as you ſay; but I am moſt ſure it is not ſo with me: for I loved *Atalia* much better than I loved her who cauſed my firſt paſſion; I loved *Cleocrite* much better than I loved *Atalia*, and I love *Lyſidice* much better than them all three. Since you have told me the ſeveral degrees of your love unto three ſuch amiable Ladies (replied ſhe and ſmiled) I pray tell me alſo unto what point did you arrive in obtaining the love of them; I thought I had obtained the love of the firſt, replied he, and I was in hopes of obtaining the love of the other two, but did not obtain the love of any of the three; yet for all this I muſt love the fair *Lyſidice*, and not deſpair to obtain her love. Certainly ſaid ſhe and ſmiled, to love and not be loved, is not ſo great a miſery as is reported, ſince you are ſo reſolved to endure it ſo often. I beſeech you, replied *Thraſiles*, hearken a little more ſeriouſly unto what I ſay: and do me the honour to tell me how you would have me live? I dare not undertake to regulate your life, anſwered ſhe, but I ſhall be very willing to regulate your words; for truly *Thraſiles*, you have ſpoke ſo much, that I cannot deſire you ſhould ſpeak any more. Content your ſelf therefore with the quality of my friend, and never offer to perſwade me that you are my Lover: Moreover, I muſt tell you, that you would not be ſo happy as you imagin, if I ſhould ſuffer you to love me. For firſt, you may be aſſured, that though I would have you love me above all the world, yet I would do all that ever is in my power never to love you again. But I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, did you not condemn indifferency in *Cleocrite*? 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe and I condemn it to in you, for I would have had her to love you, but it ſhould have been by virtue, and not by inſenſibility. This diſtinction, replied he, is very nice; but though there cannot be a more miſerable condition than to love, and not be loved by the perſon one loves: yet Madam, I would with all my heart, that the fair *Lyſidice* were once put to the neceſſity of ſtriving not to love me. You ſee, (ſaid ſhe and laughed) that I begin it now; ſince I do what I can to believe you do not love me; and that you ſpeak as you do, only becauſe *Lyriana* hath engaged you. Oh Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, do me not ſo much wrong; for if you do, I ſhall be induced to tell all the world I love you, to the end you may not be ignorant of it:Take heed,replied ſhe, leſt you do not as you ſay, for though it be true you do love me, yet I had rather know it only my ſelf, than that every one ſhould know it, not that I would make any ſuch ſecret of your Paſſion as ſhould be advantageous to you, but becauſe I do hate above all things in the world, that any one ſhould be known unto the Court to be my Lover; for if I would treat him ill, it were good for him they ſhould not know it; and if I would treat him well, it would be good for me they did not know he loved me, leſt they ſhould ſuſpect I love him; therefore *Thraſiles*, if you do not love me, you ought not to tell any that you do, ſince that would be to tell an unprofitable lye; and if you do love me, yet you ought not to tell it, for whether I ſhould be mild or rigorous, it is equally requiſite that this pretended Paſſion be kept cloſe: Then Madam, ſaid *Thraſiles*, I will tell it unto none but your ſelf, and provided you will be pleaſed to let me tell it unto you, I will be ſilent unto all the world beſides: I beſeech you *Thraſiles* (ſaid *Lyſidice* to him) either hold your Peace, or talk of ſomething elſe; for believe it, my crabbed humour will come upon me if you continue any longer: Then Madam, it's beſt for me to leave you before it come (ſaid he unto her) And indeed *Thraſiles* ſeeing company coming in as he ſaid ſo, did retire, not knowing whether he was more to hope or to fear, yet he thought himſelf very happy, in that he had diſcovered his love unto *Lyſidice*; but the Gods do know, his happineſs did not laſt long, for this changeable humoured woman was ſo ill ſatisfied with her ſelf after *Thraſiles* was gone from her, and thought that ſhe had ſpoke too kindly unto him, as to repair that fault, ſhe reſolved to treat him the moſt ſharply the next time ſhe ſaw him: And indeed ſhe was as good as her word, for ſhe would ſcarcely look upon him, or anſwer him when he ſpoke; yet *Thraſiles* could not that day diſcern perfectly whether this rigid uſage from *Lyſidice*, was only a ſimple effect of her unequal humour, or proceeded from what he had ſpoke unto her the laſt time: But a few days after I gave him light in the buſineſs, as I am going to tell you: You muſt know Madam, that going to *Lyſidice*, I found her in her Mothers Chamber, where there was ſo many women, that there was ſcarce any room for me, but there was not one man amongſt them all.

I cannot relate every particular paſſage of their diſcourſe, but I muſt confeſs it was not very pleaſant, for it was compoſed only of this and that dreſs, and of ſuch trifles; and I may very well ſay, that I never in my life heard ſo much ſpoken, and to ſo little purpoſe. I eaſily perceived that *Lyſidice* was in a fretting humour, and perceived it with delight: becauſe it was a kind of whetſtone to her wit: As ſhe was very weary of this tumultuous company, which went againſt the grain of her inclination, one of her Cozens came in. But the moſt obſervable thing was, that though this man who came in was far from one of the fineſt wits, but of a very common form of men, yet the diſcourſe did preſently alter, and became more regular, more witty, and more pleaſant, though there was no alteration at all in the company, but only this man, who was none of the beſt Speakers: The truth is, though I cannot give a true reaſon for it, they talked of other things, and much better, and the very ſame perſons who before did weary me, as well as *Lyſidice* did now extreamly delight me. However, when all the company was gone, I ſtayed with *Lyſidice*, who ſeeing her ſelf at liberty, did upon a ſudden lay aſide her crabbed humour, and aſſumed her pleaſant: Well *Lyriana*, ſaid ſhe unto me, do you yet condemn me for preferring the company of men before the company of women? and muſt it not needs be confeſſed, that if all were written down that fifteen or twenty women together ſhould talk, it would be the moſt pitiful book in the world: I do confeſs (ſaid I unto her and laughed) that if all I heard this day were written, it would be found a very fantaſtical piece: for my part, ſaid ſhe, I am almoſt mad at my own Sex, eſpecially when I am in company, with thoſe whoſe talk is all of dreſſes, of houſhold-ſtuff, of Jewels, and ſuch like; not but that I would have ſuch things talked of; for truly I have ſometimes ſo well dreſſed my ſelf, as I ſhould be glad to be told of it; and ſometimes my Gown is ſo rich and well made, that I love to hear it commended; but I would have ſuch things ſpoke of but ſeldom, that they ſhould talk of them handſomely, as it were by the by, without making it the main buſineſs, and not as certain women I know, who make it the whole buſineſs of their lives, to talk of ſuch things, and never think of any thing elſe; and yet do think upon them with ſo much irreſolution, as that they have not yet determined the queſtion in their minds, whether the Red becomes them better than the Blew, or the Yellow, then the Green: *I* muſt confeſs, Madam, *Lyſidices* diſcourſe did make me laugh, and the more becauſe there was a Lady in *Cumes*, whoſe mind was wholly upon ſuch things, and never talked of any thing elſe: whoſe greateſt glory did conſiſt in the guilding of her Palace, in the richneſs of her houſholdſtuff, in the fineneſs of her clothes, and fairneſs of her jewels. After *I* had laughed heartily at *Lyſidices* diſcourſe, *I* would needs take the Ladies part in general, and told her that there were as many men as women, whoſe company and diſcourſe was not very pleaſing Doubtleſs, replied ſhe, there are ſome whoſe company and talk is intollerable, but yet there is this advantage in them, that one may more eaſily be rid of them: nor is one obliged to obſerve an exact civility towards them.

But *Lyriana*, ſaid ſhe, this is not my meaning: for the thing I ſay is, that the moſt amiable women in the world, when many of them are by themſelves together, and not a man amongſt them, do uſe to talk of nothing worth a ſtraw, and weary one another more than if they were by themſelves. But it is not ſo amongſt men of able accompliſhed parts: Their converſation, its true, is not ſo pleaſant without Ladies, as with them, yet though it be more ſerious, it is more rational; For my part, replied I, I could live very contentedly, though I never ſaw any but women, provided they were ſuch as *Lyſidice*. To anſwer your civility, replied ſhe, I could be as well contented as you, provided my company were all *Lyriana*'s: But for all that, one to one, two to two, or three to three at the moſt makes the beſt company; for I had rather ſee none than twelve to twelve. Yes *Lyriana*, (purſued ſhe with the prettieſt anger in the world) though there were a dozen *Lyriana*'s in the world, I ſhould not deſire to ſee them altogether every day, unleſs there were two or three men amongſt them. For though I never heard any impertinencies proceed from you in my life, yet *I* am confident that if there were twelve of you, there would: or elſe you would do like many of thoſe, who ſit and ſay nothing, but makes converſation languiſhing and weariſome: The truth is *Lyriana*, unleſs you diſſemble you muſt confeſs, that there is ſomething in it, which *I* cannot tell how to expreſs, that makes one accompliſhed man more to divert and pleaſe a company of Ladies, than the moſt amiable woman of the world can do. *I* ſhall go further than this alſo; for *I* will maintain, that if there be but two women together, unleſs they be intimate friends to each other they will be leſs pleaſed than they would be, if each of them were talking with a man of ſpirit and wit whom they had never ſeen before: Judg therefore, if *I* have not reaſon to murmur againſt my Sex in general. But *I* do wonder (ſaid *I* to her and ſmiled) ſince the ſociety of men is ſo neceſſary, that you do not manage the company of *Thraſiles* better: for *I* perceive you treat him with as much ſharpneſs as if you intended to baniſh him. *Thraſiles* (replied ſhe and bluſhed) is queſtionleſs a very compleat and pleaſing man: but he hath given me ſuch cauſe to complain againſt him, as that *I* cannot pardon him: and *I* ſhould more eaſily pardon him, if *I* were not in the humour in which now *I* am. Since *I* had a great deſire to know how the caſe ſtood between *Thraſiles*

ſiles and *Lyſidice*, and ſince this ſhe told me did much augment my curioſity, I preſſed her to tell me what he had done; ſo that ſhe deſiring to be rid of my importunity without telling me directly what ſhe thought. *Thraſiles*, replied ſhe, hath or would have done a thing which would have diſpleaſed me the moſt of any thing in the world. This is a very fine accuſation (ſaid I unto her) for you know not whether *Thraſiles* hath or would have committed a fault. However it be, ſaid ſhe, he is culpable; for you muſt know that in all probability he endeavoured to deprive me of my deareſt friend, and the man whom of all the world did pleaſe me beſt: and he hath made me ſo to fall out with him, as *I* ſhall be conſtrained to ſee him no more. *I* confeſs, Madam, *Lyſidice* ſpoke this with ſuch an air, that my curioſity was higher than; *I* could not deviſe whom ſhe ſhould mean: *I* named two or three whom *I* knew to be her friends, and ſhe always anſwered that *I* could not gueſs him: and to puzzle me the more, ſhe ſeemed to wonder that *I* could not hit upon him: But, ſaid *I*, who is this friend with whom you muſt break, and with whom *Thraſiles* hath made you quarrel? He is ſuch a one, replied ſhe, as hath not only made me out of conceit with him, but out of conceit with my ſelf alſo. *I* muſt confeſs, ſaid *I* unto her, that *I* cannot underſtand you; for if *Thraſiles* have told you any thing concerning this friend, which gives you matter of complaint againſt him, why do you grieve for him? Becauſe, anſwered *Lyſidice*, that *I* had rather not have known the crime which *Thraſiles* hath revealed unto me, than to be deprived of him who did commit it: But (ſaid *I* innocently unto her) Can you not wink at it as if you knew it not? for ſo he do not know that you know it, you are not obliged in point of honour to puniſh him. If *Thraſiles* ſhould know, replied ſhe, that I could pardon ſuch a crime, I ſhould be extreamly aſhamed. But, replied I, though I muſt not know the criminal, yet may I not know the crime? No, (anſwered ſhe and ſmiled) you muſt not know it now: Yet I do wiſh, ſaid I unto her, that *Thraſiles* whom I made you acquainted with were not ſo much out of your favour; and I muſt confeſs, that I cannot well ſee by your words why you ſhould treat him as you do: If I ſhould ſpeak ſo plain as to be underſtood (replied ſhe and laughed) doubtleſs then you would underſtand me, but ſince I ſpake purpoſely that you ſhould not underſtand me, you will hardly find me out. Really *Lyſidice*, ſaid I unto her, You are a very ſtrange woman; and it may be ſaid, that in this buſineſs you are both one of the moſt diſſembling Perſons, and one of the moſt ſincere in the world: Since you both commend me and blame me (replied ſhe) I conceive that I ought neither to thank you, nor complain againſt you; yet do not think, that I keep this ſecret from you, becauſe I do not think you worthy to know my heart; but the reaſon is, becauſe according to that inequality of humour wherewith you have ſo often upbraided me, there are ſome days on which I make a ſecret of every thing, and others, on which I keep cloſe nothing. But Madam, I could not perſwade *Lyſidice* to tell me directly: So that not being obliged to obſerve fidelity with one who would not truſt me; I muſt confeſs, I was very impatient to ſee *Thraſiles*, and to get out of him what I could not out of her, deſiring to do a good office between them, and to make them friends.

So that the next morning, chance bringing *Thraſiles* to ſee me, I began to ask him what he had done to incenſe *Lyſidice* ſo much againſt him? How, replied *Thraſiles*, hath *Lyſidice* complained of me to you? Yes, (replied I, ſeeming to know more than I did) But why did you tell her that which you told her the other day? What I told her, replied *Thraſiles*, ought rather to have obliged, than to have angred her: But *Lyriana*, I pray tell me what ſhe did tell you concerning me? For heavens ſake, if you know the cauſe of her coldneſs to me, do not conceal it; for I do profeſs, I cannot underſtand why any thing I ſaid unto her ſhould provoke her to treat me as ſhe did: I muſt confeſs, Madam, that when I heard *Thraſiles* ſay ſo, *I* thought that he had indeed advertiſed *Lyſidice*, how ſome one of her friends had either done or ſaid ſomething which deſerved her anger, and that it was out of this reaſon he ſhould ſay, he never ſaid any thing unto her which might provoke her to treat him as ſhe did: So that without moving him to tell me what I deſired to know, *I* told him that *Lyſidice* complained againſt him for cauſing her to loſe one of her deareſt friends. This accuſation did at the firſt ſurprize *Thraſiles*, but afterwards he thought that *Lyſidice*, becauſe ſhe would not tell me that he had ſpoken unto her of his Love, had invented this little lye to excuſe it: So that giving no credit unto my words, he told me, that it was impoſſible *Lyſidice* ſhould think ſo of him, for he had been ſo far from making her loſe any friend, that he ever wiſhed all the world did adore her: She did not ſay (replied *I*, being angry that *I* was not credited) that you made her fall out with this friend; but ſhe ſaid, that you have either done or ſpoken ſomething which hath made that friend fall out with her: *I* underſtand you worſe than *I* did before (replied *Thraſiles*) for I know that I am not naturally any Miſchief maker, nor any Tale-teller; and I am ſure, I never ſpoke any thing of any body unto *Lyſidice*: Certainly then, replied I, ſome or other hath done you an ill office to her: But *Lyriana* (ſaid he and interrupted me) do you think you did rightly underſtand her? Yes certainly *Thraſiles*, ſaid I; and let me tell you, that if you do not quickly juſtifie your ſelf, you will be excluded out of her favour: How can *I* juſtifie my ſelf, anſwered he, of an accuſation which *I* underſtand not? To give you a good occaſion, replied *I*, *I* will permit you to tell her, how *I* acquainted you that ſhe complained againſt you, and that ſhe ſaid you were the cauſe of her falling out with one of her deareſt friends; ſince ſhe did not make her complaints any ſecret, but on the contrary, made a myſtery of a thing which ſhe might well have imparted to me, *I* am willing you ſhould tell her it was *I* who told you, and ſo you may juſtifie your ſelf: *I* ſpoke this ſo confidently unto *Thraſiles*, that he could not chuſe but believe me; and fancying to himſelf that *Lyſidice* ſhould be offended at him for any thing elſe, rather than at the Declaration of his love, he reſolved to go the next morning unto her, and did ſo, and he went ſo opportunely, that he found her alone: Since I hear from *Lyriana*, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that you make ſome complaints againſt me, and that you accuſe me for cauſing you to loſe one of your deareſt friends, *I* come to know, Madam, whether it be true: Yes, (replied ſhe ſharply) *I* did ſay all that *Lyriana* told you, but I have not yet ſaid all *I* think upon the buſineſs: Why, Madam, (replied *Thraſiles*) Can you ſay that *I* did ever make you loſe any friend, *I* who have ever ſpoke enough to make all the world love you: You have ſpoke that unto me, replied ſhe, which is enough to make me break off with him. I would gladly know, Madam, replied he, who this friend is, unto whom *I* have unwittingly done ſo ill an office: You ſhall quickly know him, ſaid ſhe, and all the world ſhall know that *I* will ſee him no more. But, Madam, anſwered he, if this friend be faulty, you are unjuſt to grieve for him, and puniſh me: *Lyriana*, replied ſhe, hath already ſaid as much as you, but to no purpoſe: for *I* have better reaſons than either of you for what *I* do. For Heavens ſake, Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, tell me who this friend is, who on my ſcore hath loſt your favour? *I*t is your ſelf, (replied ſhe, and bluſht for anger) who might have enjoyed my friendſhip as long as you had lived, and who hath forced me againſt my will to baniſh you, and alſo who hath deprived me for ever of your company, which was very pleaſing, but which now is odious unto me. How Madam, anſwered *Thraſiles*, in a great amazement, Am *I* he? Yes, certainly, replied ſhe, you are. *I* beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he, what did *I* ever ſay againſt my ſelf that could move you to hate me? You have told me, ſaid ſhe, that you loved me, and that is enough. Yet *I* would gladly know, replied he, whether your anger proceeds from becauſe *I* love you, or from becauſe *I* was ſo bold as to tell you ſo: *It* proceeds, anſwered ſhe, from becauſe you told me ſo: for to be ſincere, one cannot be angry at being loved.

Then, Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, if it be not my paſſion which incenſeth you, but only my bad expreſſions of it which angers you, *I* will not, Madam, ſpeak any more, and be contented to let you know it by my looks, by my ſervices, and by all my actions. *If* you had done thus before, replied ſhe, we had been friends: but ſince what's paſt cannot be undone, *I* muſt do as *I* reſolved: And indeed this was all that *Thraſiles* could obtain of *Lyſidice* that day, and he parted from her in a belief that ſhe would caſt him off. *Lyſidice* alſo for her part, thinking to ſee him no more. After *Thraſiles* was gone from her, he came to me, who was extreamly deſirous and impatient to know who this friend was, who *Lyſidice* was ſo much out with: Well *Thraſiles*, ſaid I unto him, do you now know the name of him, unto whom you have done ſuch ill offices? Yes, *Lyriana*, ſaid he, *I* do know him; and I come hither to tell you and to deſire your pity for him. You ſee then, replied I, that I did not lie: Nor do *I* think, ſaid ſhe, that you told the truth. For Heavens ſake, ſaid I unto him, explain this riddle *Thraſiles* then, ſeeing I was very earneſt with him; and hoping for ſome pity from me, began to acquaint me with his love to *Lyſidice*: and afterwards to tell me of the paſſage between them, letting me underſtand that this friend whom *Lyſidice* would baniſh, and himſelf, were both one and the ſame. *Thraſiles* had no ſooner told me this, but *I* began extreamly to pity him: Alas *Thraſiles*, ſaid I unto him, how infinitely do I pity you for being in love with *Lyſidice?* Rather pity me good *Lyriana*, ſaid he, becauſe ſhe does not love me, and not becauſe I love her: I aſſure you anſwered ſhe, I pity you for both cauſes, and I know not whether or no you would be leſs miſerable in her hate or in her love: for really *Thraſiles*, conſidering the peeviſh inequality of her humours, I do foreſee you would be intollerably puzzled to endure them.

Alas, replied he, ſo ſhe would let me love her, I would endure them all. After this, I uſed all my arguments to diſſwade *Thraſiles* from any longer loving *Lyſidice*, but all in vain. However, he deſired me to let him lament the miſeries which he foreſaw he was probably to endure; and *I* conſented unto him. And indeed, after this, there grew a great amity betwixt him and me; inſomuch as I dare ſay, that *I* knew his moſt ſecret thoughts. But to return unto *Lyſidice*, you muſt know that though ſhe reſolved to baniſh *Thraſiles*; yet there was ſo much giddineſs in her humour, that ſhe altered her mind: And, Madam, not to trouyou with too much impertinacies, *Thraſiles* was not baniſhed: And *Lyſidice* became one day in ſo ſweet a humour, that ſhe ſuffered him to love her: yet I think it may very well be ſaid, that ſhe allowed him this favour, to make him reſent the toyiſhneſs of her humours with more ſorrow. And indeed, *I* believe there was not a day after this on which *Thraſiles* did not find the truth of my predictions, in ſaying that his love to *Lyſidice* would coſt him abundance of ſorrow: yet *I* muſt needs confeſs, that all his hours were not equally ill, but *I* think *I* may very well ſay, he ſuffered more in loving *Lyſidice*, than he had done in loving all the three which formerly reigned in his heart: and that the foolery of the firſt, the engagement of the ſecond, and the inſenſibility of the third, did not put him to ſo much trouble, as the inequality of *Lyſidices* humours: For indeed he never knew in what ſtate he ſtood, and could never tell in what diſpoſition to find her mind, when he came to her. He thought ſome days that he had a deep ſhare in her heart: She would impart a hundred particular paſſages unto him in a moſt ſweet and obliging manner, inſomuch as he would think himſelf ſure of her affection: But at next meeting the caſe would be moſt miſerably altered, and he would find her the moſt harſh peeviſh, auſtere and cold woman in the world.

And *I* muſt go a little further, and tell you how it was even ordinary for her to go into her Cloſet in a very good humour, and come out in an extream bad one:

And to ſet forth her unequal humours a little higher yet: ſhe has ſeveral times had ſeveral diſcourſes with *Thraſiles*, and has not ended with the ſame humour ſhe begun, though there was no occaſion in the earth given, which could make her change it. When ſhe was in the good fit, ſhe would commend all that *Thraſiles* did, and nothing could anger her: and when ſhe was in the bad, ſhe would find fault with every ſyllable he ſpake, and would be angry at every thing: ſometimes ſhe would complain of his paſſion, that it made too great a noiſe in the world: at other times ſhe would have him do a hundred things to publiſh it, and ſhe would very often quarrel with him for obeying her own commands. *I* remember one day amongſt the reſt when *Lyſidice* was the moſt charming perſon upon earth, and the moſt complaiſant, and falling into diſcourſe of Feaſts, Pleaſures, and Walks, before five or ſix perſons whom ſhe loved very well, every one propounded their own diverſion according to their own palate, ſo that *Lyſidice* in her turn, after ſhe had hearkened unto the fancies of others, ſhe began to comment upon them, and ſaid that there was not one in all they had propoſed which had not ſome inconveniency in them. As for dancing, ſaid ſhe, the trouble in matters of dreſſing themſelves, the crowd one finds there, the ſetting up late, the ſpight to ſee another dance more, and to be more applauded, all theſe ſurpaſs the pleaſure of it. As for muſick, it moves melancholy, or at leaſt does ſo take up the ſpirits, that ſo long as it laſts, they can do nothing but hearken: alſo the pains of commending the muſick does always follow the pleaſure. As for Grand feaſts, they are intollerable by reaſon of that glutting abundance in them, and by reaſon of that prodigious variety, which in having ſo much to chuſe of, doth take away the liberty of choice: yet acknowledging that walking came neareſt her inclination, provided it was in delicious places and choice company; yet notwithſtanding to content all the world, ſhe could fancy ſuch a feaſt, as ſhould have all thoſe pleaſures which they had propoſed, without any of the inconveniences which follow them. *I* pray, ſaid

I unto her, how would you contrive the buſineſs? Firſt, ſaid ſhe, *I* would make choiſe of a moſt rare Garden, wherein were many murmuring and cooling Fountains, excellent Statues, ſhady Walks, open and airy Allies, great Borders, but of Flowers, cloſe Arbors, and all that's excellent for a Garden: Alſo *I* would have it near a fair houſe: But after all this, *I* would have the liberty of naming all the perſons to be preſent, whom *I* would order ſo handſomely in my choice, as they ſhould not be weary of me, nor I ſhould not be weary of them, nor they weary of one another. After this not to be troubled with too much tricking and dreſſing: *I* would have all the Ladies there undreſſed: that there ſhould be only ſo many Coaches as not to make a throng,that the dividing of companies ſhould be ſutable,and that every Coach ſhould be filled with thoſe who love beſt to be together,that none ſhould be put to riſe too ſoon in the morning, and that every one ſhould come to the place, juſt to have ſo much time as to ſee the houſe before they ſit down, and no more.Moreover,I would have the meat to be moſt exquiſitely good without any ſuperfluity: Then order ſhould be obſerved, and that the odour of flowers ſhould take away the ſmell of a feaſt. All dinner while I would have ſuch muſick as is more fit to exhilerate the ſpirits, than to mollifie the heart: alſo I would have the muſick in a loft by themſelves, and not too near. After all this, I would have the company paſs into a cool handſom Chamber, and talk, till the Sun gives us leave to walk; after which every one ſhould follow their own inclinations, and chuſe thoſe places they like beſt. When night came, we would ſup as we dined, but in a place where the murmur of Fountains might be heard: at riſing from table, I would return to walk again, and to content thoſe who affected dancing, I would have two or three hundred Chriſtal Lamps fixed in every Tree in a large Walk,to make the night day, and then to let the muſick draw neat, and thoſe that deſired dancing, let them dance; without any hinderance to thoſe that had rather ſit down under a purling fountain, to follow their own humours. After which, without going too ſoon, or ſtaying too late, I would have us return to *Cumes*, fully ſatisfied with all innocent delights, without any trouble and puzzle as uſually follows ſuch entertainments.

Lyſidice having done, every one agreed that ſuch a journey as ſhe expreſſed would be very pleaſing: But ſaid *Thraſiles* . to imagin ſuch a thing is not enough, but it muſt be really effected before it be pleaſant: For my part, ſaid he, *I* will provide the Garden, the Muſick, and two repaſts, in which ſhall be no ſuperfluity. *Lyſidice* hearing this offer, was the firſt who accepted of it, and ſo it was a thing reſolved upon. *Thraſiles* taking upon him the charge and care of all the Feaſt, and *Lyſidice* the choice of all the perſons, who indeed were ſuch as pleaſed her; at laſt they all had Summons, the day was appointed, *Thraſiles* ordered all things according to *Lyſidice*'s expreſſions, excepting what related to the Table unto which he did not keep within his preſcribed limits, for he was much more magnificent in them.

The day of this pleaſure being come, all the Ladies were ready, and all the Coaches provided, but upon a ſudden the whimſey did ſo take *Lyſidice*, that after ſhe had made a new Gown for that day, which was as gallant and gay as poſſible: After *I* ſay ſhe was dreſt, after ſhe had put on her Hood, and ready to go, ſhe changed her mind, ſhe undreſt her ſelf, and went to bed, praying me to make her excuſes unto the company, ſaying, ſhe was not well; but after *I* received this meſſage, in lieu of doing as ſhe bad me, *I* went unto her, and found her more waſpiſh and melancholy than ever *I* ſaw her in my life. Since *I* underſtood by her women in the outer Chamber that ſhe was well enough, and not at all ſick, *I* went to her bed ſide, *I* drew the Curtain, and ſet open the Windows: Let me look in your eyes, ſaid *I* unto her, and there ſee whether your diſeaſe be real or diſſembled, for it is by them better than your tongue, that *I* can know it.

But, Madam, in lieu of finding the leaſt languiſhing paleneſs, *I* ſaw a freſh complexion, her hair ſo curled, that much pains and art had been uſed, ſo that without any anſwer: No, no, *Lyſidice*, ſaid *I*, *I* am ſure you are not ſick, and therefore you muſt riſe and go along with us, and I will not let you be at reſt till you riſe. At firſt ſhe anſwered me in a pitiful tone, but after ſhe ſaw I did not believe her, ſhe confeſſed ſhe was not ſick, but only ſaid ſo, becauſe ſhe would not go with us: Fie, fie, *Lyſidice*, ſaid I unto her, after you your ſelf propoſed the buſineſs, after you have made choice of the Perſons, after you have engaged *Thraſiles* unto much care and charge, all which he is at only for the love of you, can you put it off thus? Fie, fie, *Lyſidice*, I profeſs *I* cannot endure it, and you ſhall abſolutely go with us: Were this Feaſt made for any other than my ſelf, replied ſhe, *I* would go to it; but ſince *I* know it is intended only for me, *I* neither will nor can go, for *I* know that there's nothing does more put one out of countenance, than to be the Lady of the Feaſt: But *I* pray, *Lyſidice*, ſaid *I* unto her, did you not know it was only intended for you, when it was firſt reſolved upon? Yes, ſaid ſhe, and I engaged my ſelf before *I* had well conſidered upon it. But did you not conſider upon it this morning before you dreſſed your ſelf, ſaid I? No, ſaid ſhe, for as my woman as ſhe was dreſſing me, told one, how one of the Ladies who was to be preſent ſhould ſay, that ſhe was not at all obliged unto *Thraſiles* for this Feaſt, but wholly unto me; this did ſo vex me, that I ſaw I had been very raſhly inconſiderate in ſuffering *Thraſiles* to make this Feaſt, and that it was the moſt importent thing in the world to make my ſelf beholding unto a man for all the pleaſures which he give unto a great company, and for the ſatisfaction which men will receive, unto whom it is not intended: The truth is, I muſt be the debtor unto *Thraſiles* for all this Feaſt if I go unto it, for the Muſick, for the Dancing, and even to the very charges of the Candles, for the very coolneſs of the evening, and murmur of the Fountains. Fie, *Lyriana*, this muſt not be, and I had much rather pay for all, then to acknowledg my ſelf a debtor, as needs I muſt if I go; therefore, *Lyriana*, as well as I love you, I muſt not be beholding unto *Thraſiles* for all the pleaſures he provides you this day. Is it poſſible, ſaid I unto her, that *Lyſidice* ſhould ſay ſo? Yes, replied ſhe, and more than that, for *Lyſidice* is as reſolute in it, as ever ſhe was of any thing in all her life. Then you make *Thraſiles*, ſaid I unto her, moſt deſperately ſad: There will be ſo much good company (anſwered ſhe) as he may very eaſily comfort himſelf without mine: You were rightly ſerved (ſaid *I* unto her) if he did, for he muſt needs be ſenſible of the affront which you put upon him: Let him do what he will, ſaid ſhe, ſo you will go and leave me at quiet. But, *Lyſidice*, ſaid *I* unto her, though you do not conſider *Thraſiles*, yet conſider your ſelf, and think how your humour will be talked on; Let them ſay what they pleaſe, replied ſhe, ſo they will let me do as *I* will. As ſhe pronounced theſe laſt words, *Thraſiles* came in, and was aſtoniſhed to find her in bed. Since he knew her now as well as my ſelf, he imagined that this was only a fantaſtical humour, yet at firſt he did not expreſs his thoughts, only asked her, how it came to paſs ſhe was ſuch a ſluggard, yet adding with a ſmile, that it was in ſome ſort but juſt ſhe ſhould make them ſtay for her, on purpoſe to let them ſee that the Feaſt was prepared for her: It will appear, ſaid ſhe, that *I* have no great ſhare in it, ſince *I* will not be there: *I* beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, how comes this ſudden alteration to paſs ſince laſt night? Never accuſe *Lyſidice* of any alteration (ſaid *I* in an angry mood) ſince ſhe hath no reaſon in the world for it, but that ſhe is ſtill her ſelf. Then did ſhe tell *Thraſiles* that ſhe was not well, but he did not believe her, and he courted her in the ſweeteſt and moſt perſwaſive language in the world, not to refuſe him this favour, but all was in vain. *Thraſiles* then ſeeing all his perſwaſions and arguments could not prevail, propoſed unto her to put it off until another day, but ſhe did with abundance of violence forbid it. Then was *Thraſiles* ſo vexed, as he ſaid, that ſince ſhe would not go, he would not go neither; and for above half an hour *I* was in a belief, that neither ſhe for whom the Feaſt was made, nor he that made it, would be preſent at it.

But in concluſion She was ſo earneſt with *Thraſiles*, that he himſelf ſhould go, and ſhe her ſelf to ſtay behind, that obey her he muſt, and accordingly went unto this Feaſt without her. You may imagine Madam, in what a ſullen humour *Thraſiles* was in all that day, yet he did bear out this peeviſh paſſage with abundance of patience, and as inconſtant as he was reported to be, he did not deſiſt from loving *Lyſidice*, though in my opinion he had very great cauſe; but on the contrary, he deſired me to tell all the company, that *Lyſidice* was really ſick, leſt they ſhould ſpeak ſomthing of her which might be diſadvantagious unto him. But the oddeſt Paſſage of all was, that the next day ſhe would needs perſwade him moſt unjuſtly, that he was very merry at the Feaſt, though he never ſeemed ſo melancholy in all his life, and charged him with a crime for obeying her in the entertainment of thoſe Ladies which ſhe her ſelf made choice of. However, her waſpiſh humour being over, ſhe eaſily appeaſed *Thraſiles*. But ſince it was not poſſible the fantaſticle humour of *Liſidice* ſhould be concealed, ſhe made the love of *Thraſiles* to her more apparent, inſomuch as one who was an Enemy unto *Lyſidice*, and had a ſquint eye her ſelf upon *Thraſiles*, did give it out, that *Thraſiles* did not only love *Lyſidice*, but alſo that *Lyſidice* ſuffered *Thraſiles* to love her: And She ſpoke this before ſo much company, that ſome friend of *Lyſidice* did acquaint her with it: So that ſhe never conſidering that it was only the reports of an Enemy, did take the matter as heynouſly, as if it had been the vulgar talk of all the Court, and charged *Thraſiles* never to ſee her again, yet ſhe did a little moderate her doom, and confined him only not to ſee her at her own houſe: So that *Thraſiles*, who was all obedience, ſought out all occaſions of comfort to himſelf in ſeeing her at other places, either in the Temple, or in the Walks, or at other viſits which ſhe made, inſomuch as though he did not ſee her at her own houſe, yet he ſaw her very often; but he did not long enjoy this favour with any tranquility for *Lyſidice*, growing into a worſe mood, began to be very harſh to him, and to think that he ſlighted ed her, ſince he came not to ſee her, though ſhe poſitively commanded the contrary, and though he never in his life loved her more. In the mean time, *Thraſiles* ſeeing himſelf ſo courſly treated, could not deviſe unto what to attribute the cauſe, and I believe would never have found it, unleſs he had by chance come unto me when *Lyſidice* was there, where caſually I was ſpeaking of a man in Court who was one of my friends: One of your friends (replied *Lyſidice* ſharply) how can that be, ſince I never ſee him with you? I do not ſay, replyed I, that he is in the firſt rank of my friends; yet however ſince I ſee him almoſt every day in ſeveral places, I may ſay he is my friend: Oh *Lyriana!* ſaid ſhe, you do ſtrangely miſtake your ſelf; for it is my opinion that though I ſhould ſee you every day at *Philoxenes* houſe, and not at mine, I ſhould look upon you only as my friends freind, and not my own. But if *Lyriana* ſhould only aim at ſeeing *Lyſidice* in *Philoxenes* Chamber, replied *Thraſiles*, what would you think of her then, I would then think, replied ſhe, that ſhe might have ſpared her labour, for I am not at all obliged unto her for it: There is ſuch a notable difference between viſits at ones own houſe, and viſits at anothers houſe, one is not Miſtreſs of the converſation, but muſt ſubmit in civility to the pleaſures of her whoſe houſe it is. Moreover, when one is at home, one is obliged to ſee a thouſand perſons whom they care not for meeting with, and who ſomtimes deſires not to be ſeen. So that the humour taking me, as oft it doth, I ſhall be a whole afternoon and not ſpeak a word; and there is ſo great a difference between *Lyſidice* in her own Chamber, and *Lyſidice* in anothers, as one would ſay ſhe was two *Lyſidices*: Yet (replied I and laughed) there is not neceſſity of being ſo different in your ſelf: However it be, ſaid ſhe, it cannot be denyed, but that it is incomparably more ſweet to have good company at home, then any where elſe, and that any one is fuller of life and ſpirit in ones own Chamber, than in anothers. According to your Maximes Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, I am only to be the friend of your friend; You need not doubt it, replied ſhe, and from this very hour I will look upon you as *Lyriana*'s friend and not mine, for I do profeſs and declare unto you, that all the men I find abroad, do never make any particular impreſſion upon my heart, and it would be an Age before I ſhould look upon them as having any right unto amity, but ſhould rank ſuch men in the Catalogue of my acquaintance, and not of my friends. But I beſeech you Madam, replied *Thraſiles*, if one do forbid any one of their friends to come unto their houſe, does ſuch a friend loſe the glorious title and quality of friend, by being obedient unto their commands? Yes replied She, if ſuch a one will willingly be obedient in ſuch a thing as might be diſobeyed without diſobliging her who did command it. I know one of your friends, replied he, unto whom I will give this counſel: Be not too haſty, ſaid ſhe, for perhaps the counſel which I give in general, is not good for him you ſpeak of in particular. The truth is Madam, *Thraſiles* did eaſily underſtand her, for ſince he had a mind to go the next day unto *Lyſidices*, ſhe did treat him moſt abominably ill, and told him, that ſince he would ſcarcely ever ſee her at her own houſe, he ſhould not ſee her any where elſe, ſo that there was a fearful quarrel between them; but for all this, it ended to the apparent advantage of *Thraſiles*; for ſince that, he obtained leave to ſee her at her own houſe, as before. But Madam, it was to torment him more then ever he was before; for I am confident, that there was not one day on which the inequality of this fantaſtical woman did not torment him with a new puniſhment, the greateſt cruelty was, that ſhe would ſo ſmooth him up with her ſweet and pleaſant hours, that he could not for his life diſingage his mind: For truly (ſaid he one day unto me when I was perſwading him to deſiſt) were ſhe alwayes in her ill humours, I could eaſily break thoſe bands which tye me to her ſervice: But *Lyriana*, did you but know how amiable ſhe is when ſhe pleaſeth, you would not wonder I ſhould love her, maugre her fantaſtical inequallity; and her good hours forceth me to endure her bad ones with patience. In the mean time *I* plainly ſee, this ſweetneſs ſerves only to make me the more miſerable. Thus Madam did *Lyſidice* live with *Thraſiles*, who did a long time endure her impertinent inequalities; and *I* am very confident, that any other would have forſook her ſooner, yet *I* am moſt confidently perſwaded, that until this laſt paſſage, he loved her in ſpight of her humours, but for it, he was not able to endure it, and certainly he had good reaſon; For Madam, be pleaſed to know, that *Thraſiles* taking her in the critical minute, when ſhe was all ſweetneſs and civilities, he won her to let him ask the conſent of her Parents unto her Marriage with him. He had no ſooner obtained this liberty, but being even raviſhed with joy, he went unto *Niſide*, (for Father he had none long ſince) and moved her to tranſact with him. *Niſide* who was extreamly tender of her Son, did give him all deſirable ſatisfaction, and ſpoke of it unto *Lyſidices* Parents, who liked very well of this Alliance. So that imagining *Thraſiles* would never have put her upon this motion, unleſs he had known her mind before, they accepted the Propoſitions with joy, not at all queſtioning but *Lyſidice*, would like of it as well as themſelves: but it was not as they imagined: For Madam, this fickle humoured woman having altered her mind, ſince *Thraſiles* left her, diſliked of that which before ſhe approved of. 'Tis true, ſhe writ a Letter of Revocation unto him, but he did not receive it until a quarter of an hour after he had received the favourable anſwer which *Lyſidices* Parents gave unto *Niſide*. *I* leave you to judge Madam, how this ſurprized *Thraſiles*, but his aſtoniſhment was much greater when he underſtood how *Lyſidice* had declared her ſelf that ſhe would not marry, and when he underſtood that the Parents of this uncertain woman came to *Niſide* with a hundred excuſes for engaging themſelves ſo far as they had done, before they knew the mind of her who had the greateſt intereſt in the buſineſs. Judge Madam, how *Thraſiles* ſhould reſent this affront which *Lyſidice* put upon him, and whether he had not good cauſe to leave loving her; his anger was ſo great, that he made a ſolemn oath never to go unto her again, but abſolutely to break off with her; yet I do verily believe, he would have violated his oath, had not I prevented him; but ſince I knew he would never find any joys in this moſt alterable humoured woman, I did ſo confirm him in his deſign, that he reſolved to execute it. Since he had already found by experience, that abſence was a good remedy againſt ſuch diſeaſes, he left *Cumes*, and at parting left this Letter for *Lyſidice*, which contained theſe words.

THRASILES *unto* LYSIDICE.

Madam,

SInce in loving you with a moſt conſtant violence, ever ſince I began to ſerve you, I cannot obtain your love: Perhaps in changing my mind, you will change alſo, and perhaps grieve for your loſs: However, I depart from Cumes *with a moſt ſtrong reſolution never to return until I have quite baniſhed you out of my heart: Be moſt confidently aſſured, that if ever you ſee me again, it ſhall be without the leaſt ſpark of love unto you: And if you never ſee me, it is becauſe I cannot rid my heart of the moſt fervent paſſion that ever any was capable of.*

THRASILES.

When *Thraſiles* gave me this Letter for *Lyſidice*, I knew he deſired an anſwer; but I muſt confeſs, I would not preſs her for one, leſt if it ſhould be writ in one of her good moods, it might re-engage him to love her, yet ſince he wiſhed that ſhe had it, I did deliver it, and made her read it in my preſence: After which, I began to chide her a thouſand times, and preſſed her to tell me, why ſhe would ever grant *Thraſiles* any ſuch permiſſion as ſhe did, ſince it was againſt her mind. When I gave him that permiſſion, ſaid ſhe, I did really think it, and it was my very mind: But aftewards, when I conſidered this engagement which was to be as long as

I lived, I found it fondneſs for one who could not tell in the morning what humour ſhe ſhould be in at night, to think that the ſame which pleaſed me now, ſhould pleaſe me at the latter end of my life: So that it might perhaps have made me miſerable, without contributing any thing unto the felicity of *Thraſiles*. For truly *Lyriana*, ſaid ſhe unto me, when I think upon the extream perplexity I am in, when the humour takes me in a place out of which I cannot get: And how grieved I ſhould be if after I were married unto *Thraſiles*, I ſhould change my mind, and repent; I muſt needs proteſt, that as much as I eſteem him, I am very glad he is out of *Cumes*: And ſhall hardly deſire his return for the reaſon he expreſſeth in the concluſion of his Letter: Yet *Lyſidice* bluſhed as ſhe pronounced theſe laſt words, and bluſhed ſo much as I could eaſily ſee her heart and her tongue were at odds. In the mean time I writ unto *Thraſiles* enough to cure him, yet for all that he was not ſo ſoon quit of that paſſion which tormented him: But during his abſence I ſaw *Lyſidice* remembred what he had writ, and believed that the reaſon why he returned not, was becauſe he was ſtill in love with her. That which induced me to think ſo, was, that *Philoxene* going into that Country where *Thraſiles* was, ſhe came to bid me adieu juſt as *Lyſidice* was in my Chamber, ſo that falling into diſcourſe of that ſolitude whereunto ſhe was going, I told her that I thought her very happy in that ſhe was to have the neighbourhood of ſuch a moſt accompliſhed man as *Thraſiles* was. It's ſo long ſince he went out of *Cumes*, replied *Philoxene*, that it's very probable he will not ſtay long in the Country: Since you are in it, replied *Lyſidice*, and ſmiled, it's to be thought he will not ſo ſoon leave it: For my part (replied I purpoſely to let *Lyſidice* know I underſtood her) I am not of your opinion: For I think it very likely *Philoxene* will make *Thraſiles* come ſooner unto *Cumes*, than you imagine. I muſt confeſs, ſaid *Philoxene*, I do not well underſtand your meanings; for methinks you both do commend

mend me, and yet ſpeak contrary to each other: It's a Riddle, ſaid I unto her, which happily you may explain hereafter: If ſhe do not return until *Thraſiles* returns, replied *Lyſidice*, and laughed, it will be a long time before ſhe know what you mean. After this, and much other diſcourſe which I remember not, *Philoxene* went away. But within a month after ſhe was gone, as *Lyſidice* and *I* were together, and coming out of *Atalia*'s houſe, who ſhould we meet but *Thraſiles*, who ſaluted us very civily as he paſſed by, but ſtaid not a jot with us. *I* no ſooner ſaw him but *I* look'd upon *Lyſidice*, who as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw him changed colour: So that I turning to her, and ſpeaking low leſt our women ſhould hear. Well *Lyſidice* (ſaid *I* unto her) did you think *Thraſiles* would ever return? Provided *Philoxene* did not ſend him, replied ſhe, *I* do not care though he be returned: For my part, replied *I*, *I* care not upon what reaſon he return, ſo he think upon the end of his Letter which he writ unto you. However it be, ſaid ſhe unto me, you would do me a great pleaſure, if you would tell *Thraſiles*, *I* am much joyed at his return: *I* promiſe you *I* will, ſaid *I* unto her, though on my Conſcience you are not ſo glad of it as you ſay you are. As we were thus talking, we came to a Ladies houſe unto whom we intended a viſit: which done, *I* waited upon *Lyſidice* to her own houſe, and returned to my own, where *Thraſiles* ſtaid for me: *I* no ſooner ſaw him, but *I* ſeemed very joyful at his return: But yet, ſaid *I* unto him, before my joys be full, *I* muſt know whether you be returned free from this thing called Love: For if you be not, believe me, in lieu of rejoycing, I ſhall be extreamly grieved. Grieve then you muſt, ſaid he unto me; for I was never more in love in all my life than now, and in all probabilies ſhall be ſo till death. Fie, fie, *Thraſiles*, ſaid I unto him, you are not ſo much Maſter of your ſelf as I imagined, nor care I for the friendſhip of a man, who ſince he can ſo eaſily forget injuries, can as eaſily forget good offices: But *Thraſiles*, ſaid I, have you forgot how you writ unto *Lyſidice*, that you would never return unto *Cumes* until you had left loving her? Pardon me good *Lyriana*, ſaid he unto me, for I have kept my word. You are not then in love, as you ſay you are, replied I. I am more in love, *Lyriana*, ſaid he, than I ſay I am; yes, much more than I am able to ſay: But, my dear *Lyriana*, it is with *Philoxene*, and not with *Lyſidice*, whom ſpight and reaſon baniſhed out of my heart, before *Philoxene* came into the Country. Though it be not my cuſtom, replied I, to be very glad that any of my friends ſhould be in love; yet I profeſs I am infinitely joyed that you are in love with *Philoxene*, ſince it is an infallible argument you are not in love with *Lyſidice*.

After this, I began to vaunt that I ſhould ſo foretel his paſſion; and I related unto him what *Lyſidice* and I had ſaid when *Philoxene* came to bid me adieu: After this he acquainted me, how having ſeen *Philoxene* every day ſince ſhe came into the Country with all the freedom which the Country could afford: he had ſeen her more in a month there, than he ſhould have done in *Cumes* in a whole year: and that indeed he had found that in her alone which he had vainly ſought for in thoſe four perſons which formerly he had loved. How *Thraſiles*, ſaid I unto him, are you not only inlove, but loved alſo? No, replied he, you do not well explain my words, for my meaning is, that *Philoxene* hath more good qualities than all the reſt together have: And certainly Madam, *Thraſiles* had good reaſon thus to commend this lovely Widow, ſince queſtionleſs there cannot be a more accompliſhed perſon. Doubtleſs he might have found one of as great beauty, and as much wit and ſpirit; but never any ſo without fault. For truth is, ſhe had none: her beauty was infinitely pleaſing, her behaviour was high, noble, and modeſt; her Phiſognomy ſpake goodneſs and ſincerity; and there was ſuch pretty mixture of mirth and ſeriouſneſs together in her face, as did exceedingly become her: She had a million of charms in her humours, as many graces in her mind, and as many good qualities in her ſoul; virtue was always the end ſhe aimed at in all her actions: She affected glory, ſhe is moſt tender to her friends, ſhe ſerves them with joy, and never diſobliged any. It may be ſaid her anger is an ornament unto her, in raiſing up ſome lovely bluſhes, but vaniſhing ſo ſoon as it will not give her time to do any injuſtice. It is impoſſible but to judge favourably of her: She is fair, ſhe is young, ſhe is rich, and ſhe is a Widow: She knows ſo well how to regulate her life, that her reputation is high, though her vertue be neither ſalvage nor auſtere; but on the contrary ſweet and ſociable. This Madam, was *Philoxene*, when *Thraſiles* began to love her, and this ſhe is at this very day: Yet I underſtand by him that he durſt not diſcover his paſſion unto her, but tells me, that he is fully perſwaded ſhe knows it, or at leaſt ſuſpects it. Since he came only unto *Cumes* upon ſome little buſineſs, and to let *Lyſidice* know how he did not now love her; he ſtaid but three days, and returned to *Philoxene*.

To tell you how vexed *Lyſidice* was, is not an eaſie matter, eſpecially when *Philoxene* returned to *Cumes*, and *Thraſiles* followed her the next day; for when ſhe perceived that he was in love with this fair one, ſhe was vexed to the very ſoul. Then did ſhe contract a great amity with *Cleocrite*, and both of them had a plot to make him paſs in the world for the moſt unconſtant man in it, hoping thereby to ruin him in the opinion of *Philoxene*: And indeed, I believe theſe reports which they had ſcattered abroad, did not do him much good nor hurt. But the great obſtacle which *Thraſiles* met with in the mind of *Philoxene*, was not that: For indeed after he had ſerved her a whole year with extream aſſiduity and fidelity, ſhe ſaw he was far from inconſtancy: But Madam the love ſhe had to liberty, kept her from the reception of *Thraſiles* his ſervices: I know ſhe eſteemed him above all men living, and that if ever ſhe married, *Thraſiles* would be her choice: But yet, for all this favourable inclination which apparently ſhe had to him, ſhe did not chuſe him, nor put him in any hopes: Yet for all that, *Thraſiles* whom they ſaid was ſo unconſtant, deſiſted not, but ſuffered all, becauſe he did not find in her ſuch things as ſtifles the very ſoul of love: As the foolery of his firſt Miſtreſs, the engagement

ment of his ſecond, the inſenſibility of the third, and the fantaſtical humours of the fourth: But he ſtood firm and conſtant to his loving her, and ſeemed as if he were reſolved ſo to do as long as life was in him, and I am moſt confident it is true; for ſince *Thraſiles* loved *Philoxene*, his conſtancy hath been put unto all ſorts of trials. Firſt, it is certain, that *Cleocrite* and *Lyſidice* either out of vanity or malice, or ſome other reaſon, laid all the ſtratagems they could invent to diſingage him from her, and to reduce him unto their ſervices. *Niſide* alſo for a while had a ſtrong deſire her Son ſhould marry one of the faireſt Ladies in the world, and much richer than *Philoxene*, yet his paſſion reſiſted againſt all, even abſence it ſelf, for he was three whole months in *Milete*, where the greateſt Beauties in the world reſide, yet he continued faithful, and returned to *Cumes* as much in love with her, as when he went away: Moreover, it cannot be ſaid, that the favours of *Philoxene* did reſtrain him, for none could live more reſervedly, and uſe more ſeverity than ſhe did to him, though without any rudeneſs or incivility. Thus Madam it muſt conſequently and neceſſarily be concluded, that *Thraſiles* may very well paſs for a very conſtant man, though he have loved very many Miſtreſſes: Yet Madam, ſince friendſhip may be partial, I will ſuſpend my judgment until you have pronounced your ſentence.

After *Lyriana* had finiſhed her relation, *Mandana* did extreamly commend her, and thanked her for her pleaſing recital of *Thraſiles* his adventures, applauding her eſpecially for epitomizing five ſeveral Loves into ſo ſhort a method, as any one elſe would have made ſo many ſeveral ſtories. After which, asking *Cyrus*, the Prince *Artamas*, and *Aglatidas* in what rank ſhe ſhould repute *Thraſiles*, they would not give her any counſel, but would leave it unto her judgment: So that appointing to let *Cleocrite*, *Lyſidice*, *Atalia*, and *Thraſiles* to enter, it was found that *Lyſidice* having altered her humour, ſince ſhe went out of the Chamber of *Mandana*, was gone away, and had carried *Atalia* with her, and ſo there remained none but *Thraſiles* and *Cleocrite*, whoſe indifferent humour made her not care much whether *Thraſiles* ſhould paſs for a conſtant or an inconſtant man; and accordingly ſhe came into *Mandana*'s Chamber with *Thraſiles*, as pleaſant as if ſhe valued not the indifferency whereof ſhe imagined *Lyriana* had accuſed her. You ſee Madam, ſaid ſhe to the Princeſs *Mandana*, that as indifferent as they ſay *I* am, yet *I* am more full of revenge than either *Lyſidice* or *Atilia*, ſince *I* my ſelf do bring him in who is to be condemned: 'Tis more than you know, replyed *Thraſiles*, whether *I* ſhall be condemned or juſtified: We ſhall know it preſently, replied ſhe, ſince it is the Princeſs who muſt teach me what *I* ought to think of you: *I* aſſure you, replyed *Mandana*, that if you regulate your thoughts by mine, you will think nothing that is advantagious to him: For indeed, added the Princeſs, after a ſerious conſideration of the ſeveral changes which hath been in *Thraſiles*, *I* do not find him ſo clear as I did imagine; therefore without either favour or injuſtice, *I* do doom him to be named

The unconſtant man, without inconſtancy.

The Judgment is ſo juſt, replied *Cyrus*, that I cannot think the fair *Cleocrite* will murmur at it, nor that *Thraſiles* will complain: Since the name of Inconſtant is his doom, replied *Cleocrite*, I ſhould be injurious to murmur: And for my part, ſaid *Thraſiles*, ſince the moſt wiſe Princeſs in the world declares me to be without inconſtancy, *I* have good reaſon to be ſatisfied, and to commend her Juſtice: Since I have pleaſed you both, replied *Mandana*, I have done more than I thought I ſhould, but certainly done that which I deſired. As ſhe ſaid ſo, *Philoxene* entred, and *Cleocrite* went out: But as *Mandana* obſerved that *Anaxaris* thought himſelf obliged by the favours ſhe did unto *Thraſiles*, ſhe took occaſion to ſpeak unto *Philoxene* in his behalf; and the occaſion did the more fitly preſent it ſelf, becauſe *Philoxene* knowing that the Army was to march very ſhortly ſhe came unto the Princeſs, beſeeching her to obtain from *Cyrus* a Protection for a fair houſe which ſhe had, which ſtood juſt in the way they were to march. *Cyrus* for his particular, did ſo love to do all good offices for unfortunate Lovers, that he ſpoke very much unto *Philoxene* in behalf of *Thraſiles*, inſomuch, as though ſhe had till then very reſolutely defended her liberty, both againſt *Thraſiles*, and againſt her own inclination, began now to yield unto the Conquerour of *Aſia*. And indeed *Thraſiles* did thrive ſo well under the mediation of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, that within three days after the match was made up, and their Marriage was honoured with the preſence of *Mandana* and *Cyrus*. But though all the Ladies in *Cumes* were invited, there came none but *Cleocrite* and *Lyſidice* of all the Miſtreſſes of *Thraſiles*: The firſt of theſe, becauſe all things being indifferent unto her except pleaſures, ſhe would not loſe ſuch a feaſt of joy, and *Lyſidice*, becauſe coming thither accidentally, and being in a merry humor ſhe thought it would be moſt Glorious for her not to expreſs any ſorrows for the loſs of *Thraſiles*. In the mean time, thoſe who were ſent to the *Xanthians*, and the *Caunians*, being returned, and reporting that they received all the conditions with joy, there was now no obſtacle to the departure of *Mandana*, for ſuch haſt was made in the preparations of all things requiſite to her journey, as that all things would be in a readineſs within a day or two. To loſe no time, *Cyrus* gave out all neceſſary orders, either for the march of the Army, or for the departure of the two Fleets which were in the Port, or to diſmiſs the meſſengers from the Prince *Philoxippes*, and the Prince of *Cicily*, with thanks to their Maſters. But whilſt hope did ſo nouriſh the joys of *Cyrus*, as the engagement with the King of *Aſſiria* never troubled him; *Mazares* and *Anaxaris* ſeeing the diſmal day of *Mandana*'s departure drew near, they were extreamly ſad; for when they conſidered that the end of their voyage would be the beginning of felicity unto *Cyrus*, and the end of his miſeries, their ſorrows were beyond all expreſſions; yet there was abundance of difference between the thoughts of theſe two Rivals; and one and the ſame Beauty, and one and the ſame Paſſion produced in them effects very unreſemblant, *Anaxaris* without any hopes, was ſo bewitched with his Paſſion, as he could not for his life reſiſt it: But as for *Mazares*, he did ſo continually ſtrive within himſelf and his Paſſion, that it was impoſſible for man to do more. *Anaxaris* to be more in Love, if it were poſſible, did ſee the Princeſs as much as ever he could: *Mazares* on the contrary, was ſo afraid of a Beauty which was above his Vertue, as he did moſt carefully avoid all occaſions of ſeeing her: Indeed, he had never any particular diſcourſe with this Princeſs, ſince ſhe was delivered; but the night before their departure, *Cyrus* being buſie in writing to the Queen of *Corinth*, to the Prince *Philoxippes*, to the Prince of *Cicily*, and in giving orders for ſecuring *Cumes*, and diſpatching the Deputies from *Suſiana*, ſo it happened, that *Mazares* being then with *Mandana*, he was inſenſibly ingaged to be alone with her. At firſt there was a great ſilence obſerved between them, for the Princeſs remembring how this Prince in whom ſhe truſted had betrayed her, and how ſhe never was alone with him ſince he carried her away, ſhe began to bluſh, and *Mazares* for his part, ſeeing he was alone with that Princeſs whom he extreamly loved, and whoſe greateſt miſeries he had cauſed, he found in his heart ſo much love, and ſo much ſhame both, as he was a long time before he could tell what to ſay unto her; but at laſt, not foreſeeing what the ſequel of his diſcourſe would be, he began to ſpeak unto this Princeſs.

Though I doubt not Madam, ſaid he unto her, but ſince you have honoured me with the promiſe of your friendſhip, and to let me enjoy it as I did at *Babylon*, you will be as good as your word, ſince I have kept mine with you, yet Madam, I cannot chuſe but beg new aſſurances of it: For truly Madam, when I think how unworthy of it I have made my ſelf, I dare not truſt either unto your promiſes or your generoſity; and methinks I have reaſon to fear, that ſince you cannot reſtore me to your eſteem, you cannot reſtore me to your friendſhip. Since I find you the ſame at *Cumes*, replied *Mandana*, that you were at *Babilon*, I will quite forget all that paſſed at *Sinope*, and rank you amongſt my deareſt friends: The Crime I did commit againſt you was ſo great, replied *Mazares*, as I dare not hope you can forget it, unleſs you know ſomthing more that may extenuate it; for truly Madam, you do not yet know two things which I do moſt humbly beſeech you to let me now acquaint you with, and which queſtionleſs will the more willingly induce you to reſtore me unto that eſteem and friendſhip which you were pleaſed to promiſe me. *It* is ſufficient for that (replied *Mandana*) that you have repented, and that you are reſolved to keep within thoſe thoughts that now you have: No Madam, replied *Mazares*, my repentance is not enough, ſince it does only repair my Crime, but the two things which I have to tell you will leſſen it: Then tell them, replied the Princeſs, for I aſſure you I ſhould be very glad of new cauſes to eſteem you: Since you are pleaſed to permit me Madam, replied *Mazares*, I muſt tell you, that it was Paſſion that made me criminal againſt you. Methinks, replied *Mandana*, and bluſht, that this is but a bad way to me to reſtore you unto my eſteem and friendſhip, ſince it revives in my memory a thing which made you loſe them: *I* beſeech you Madam (replied *Mazares*, ſeeing the diſorder in her Face) do not fear that *I* will ever repent of my repentance, and do not imagine *I* repent, that the Paſſion (whoſe grandure I would have you know) ſhall ſerve me unto any other end, than to leſſen the crime which *I* committed in carrying you away. No Madam, *I* promiſed you never to tell you the thoughts of my heart as long as *I* live; and that *I* will never ask any thing from you but this eſteem and friendſhip which you promiſed me: But for Heavens ſake Madam, give me leave only once to tell you with what imperious violence you commanded in my heart, when you raviſhed away my vertue.

This is a favour which *Cyrus* himſelf, if I asked would not deny; but would give me leave to tell it: for I profeſs, Madam, I deſire not to talk to you of that love which made me criminal, out of hope of any recompence: but only to leſſen my puniſhment, and to juſtifie my ſelf: I do not beg permiſſion, Madam, to tell you that I love you, I deſire only to let you know, that I did love you to ſuch a height, as that I was out of my wits when I carried you away from *Sinope:* To the end, that if you do not look upon me as a wicked wretch, who ſinned without any provocation or repugnancy, you may the more eaſily keep your word with me. If to believe you loved me (replied the Princeſs) be all that's requiſite, I had rather confeſs it, than doubt of it: to the end I may ſpare my ſelf the pains of hearkening unto a diſcourſe which cannot pleaſe me, nor be at all advantagious unto you: However, Madam, ſaid he, I beſeech you let the greatneſs of my crime convince you of the greatneſs of my love which moved me to commit it. I pray, *Mazares*, ſaid *Mandana*, and interrupted him, do not infuſe any ſcruple in my mind, to poyſon that friendſhip and eſteem I would have of you: and know, that the more you perſwade me that you loved me, the more I ſhall think you did not love me, and the leſs ſhare will you have in my friendſhip: therefore do not expoſe your ſelf unto a thing which perhaps may make you loſe it: For heavens ſake, Madam, replied *Mazares*, do not threaten me with ſuch a dire adventure, but give me leave to acquaint you with my real thoughts; to the end you may entertain no unjuſt ones of me. Think Madam, I conjure you, that I would never ſpeak any thing that ſhould diſpleaſe you: and that I court nothing but your eſteem and friendſhip; and that I will eternally fight againſt my ſelf in your behalf; that I will regulate my thoughts as I do my words: I will forbid my eyes to ſhew you the thoughts of my heart: and for a teſtimony of my reverend eſteem of you. I will ſerve *Cyrus* as if I had never been his Rival. Judge, Madam: after this, whether you can be ſo ſevere as to deny me the favour which I aſk; for I proteſt, Madam, that this is the laſt time of all my life that ever I will ſpeak unto you concerning my ſelf: I will engage my ſelf never to pronounce the word Love in your preſence: but I beſeech you, let me aſſure you, that ſince love hath cauſed me to commit theſe crimes, that I could never have done it, unleſs it had been forced by ſuch a violent paſſion, as that which forced me to forget my reverence of you. But for all this, Madam, I muſt tell you, that never was repentance more real than mine, nor more fit to repair a great crime; for there is nothing upon earth which I would not do, rather than to give you the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion that I do entertain one thought which might render my ſelf unworthy of that glorious friendſhip, which you have done me the honour to promiſe me, and which I beg with all imaginable zeal, and poſſible reſpect. *Mazares* pronounced theſe words in ſuch a ſerious manner, as *Mandana* having no mind to inſult over a Prince whoſe paſſion only had made him miſerable, did anſwer him with as much civility as virtue: and ſpoke unto him in ſuch a generous manner, that if the love of *Mazares* had been capable of becoming friendſhip, he had made the exchange at her inſtance: But though he was not able to regulate the thoughts of his heart, yet he did as much as ever he could, and did regulate his words: And ſolemnly proteſted unto *Mandana* never to ſpeak unto her again of that love he had unto her at *Babylon*; to the end ſhe might give him new aſſurances of her eſteem and friendſhip, which *Mazares* received with joy, though not without a ſigh: For truly if this Prince had been only the friend of *Mandana*, ſhe had given him language obliging enough to content him: but ſince he was ſtill her Lover, it was impoſſible the friendſhip and eſteem of this Princeſs ſhould ever make him happy, though out of his reaſon and vertue he did look upon this friendſhip of hers as the utmoſt term of his deſires, and limits of his hopes.

In the mean time, the hour of their departure being come, *Mandana* after ſhe had received the Complements of all the *Cumean* Ladies, did mount into a glorious Triumphant Chariot, none but *Marteſia* with her; all the reſt of her Women being in other Coaches which followed her. *Anaxaris* who commanded her Guard, did immediately follow; and as for *Cyrus*, *Mazares*, *Artamas*, and all the Voluntiers, they did march in a Body by themſelves ſome twenty paces before *Mandana*. The Prince *Thraſibulus*, *Thimochares*, and *Philocles*, would not Embark until they had waited upon *Cyrus* and *Mandana* a days journey out of *Cumes*, but they would by no means permit them, and they were forced to obey. The parting of *Cyrus* and *Thraſibulus* was very tender; as for *Thimochares*, he charged him with ſo many obliging things to tell the Queen of *Corinth*, as it was evident he did highly eſteem that Princeſs: he did not content himſelf with all this, but ſaid more unto *Philocles* than unto *Thimochares*: alſo he willed *Ligdamis*, *Thraſibulus*, *Menecrates*, *Parmanides*, and *Philiſtion*, to leave him, and to return unto thoſe who for his ſake they quitted as ſoon as they married them: There was not one of them upon whom he did not beſtow a thouſand thanks and rich Preſents, as well as upon the jealous *Leontidas*, who returned unto *Cyprus*. As for the generous *Megabates*, though the way of Army was partly his, yet *Cyrus* would not hinder him ſo much as to go ſo ſoftly: for remembring that the illuſtrious *Ariſteus* told him that he was in love with the fair *Philonide*, he would by all means have him take his time; and at parting, did him all the honours that his Quality and rare merit deſerved, the Princeſs *Mandana* alſo honouring him with all poſſible civilities.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* who ſet a higher rate upon his honour than his life, did fear that if the King of *Aſſyria* ſhould be releaſed, and come to *Cumes* after his departure, he might perhaps imagn that he would not perform his word, ſince he took the way towards *Ecbatane*: therefore he left a man in *Cumes*, with Orders to ſtay there until the King of *Aſſyria* came, and to deliver him a Letter, by which he aſſured him, that he would not fail in the leaſt tittle of his promiſe: ſo that omitting nothing which he owed either unto his glory, or unto *Mandana*, he ſatisfied both differing duties. For the greater ſecurity of this Princeſs, he ſo ordered his march, as that ſhe was to be always in the midſt of his

Army, that he could not imagin any enemy he had reaſon to fear. When this Princeſs came out of *Cumes*, all the people flocked together in the Streets, who having had trial of *Cyrus* his clemency, did make the Air ring with acclamations of praiſes and thanks: This magnificence was worthy of ſight, and worthy her for whom it was made, in reſpect of the great number of Soldiers: the abundance of Camels which carried the baggage, the richneſs of their Sumpter Clothes, the glorious Chariot of *Mandana*, and the multitude of Heroes about her. Since *Thyabarra* was in the way, *Cyrus* reſolved to reſt there a day, leſt the Princeſs ſhould be too much wearied: of which, the Prince *Myrſiles* was not a little glad, in hopes to find *Doraliſa* there, with whom was *Arianita*, whom *Mandana* alſo was glad to ſee again, though ſhe had not found her ſo faithful as *Marteſia*: This Princeſs alſo was very glad ſhe ſhould ſee two Perſons whom *Panthea* dearly loved, meaning *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice*: Never was journey fuller of pleaſure than this; one might ſee in the face of all the Soldiers ſuch a ſprightly jolity, as that they marched with abundance of alacrity, and as if they rejoyced to be at the end of all their labours and travels: one might plainly ſee, that though they were not really Crowned with Lawrels, yet that they were returned victors, and that nothing had reſiſted them: *Mandana* for her part, imagining every pace to bring her nearer the King her Father, and not further from *Cyrus*, was ſo abundantly ſatisfied, as that ſhe found a notable difference between this Voyage, and thoſe ſhe had made with the King of *Aſſyria*, and the King of *Pontus*. *Cyrus* for his particular, thinking that *Ciaxares* could not deny him *Mandana*, had no other inquietude, but how to vanquiſh the King of *Aſſyria*: And there was not one in all the Army, except *Mazares* and *Anaxaris*, who rejoyced not at the carrying of *Mandana* unto *Medea*. In the mean time thoſe of *Thyabarra* made a moſt magnificent entertainment for the Princeſs, at her enterance. *Cyrus* preſented *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* unto her; And ſhe received them as perſons unto whom ſhe was obliged when ſhe was at *Suſa*: making very much alſo of *Arianita*, and forgetting her paſt infidelity. Since *Mandana* was full of generoſity, ſhe was not able to look upon *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice*, without ſome ſighs in the memory of the *Suſanean* Queen: conjuring them both to keep about her, the ſame place they did about *Panthea*: And indeed they did ſo, for *Mandana* did oblige *Doraliſa*'s Aunt to let her Neece go along with her: And *Pherenice* was very willing to follow ſuch a Princeſs as the Queen of *Suſiana* had dearly loved; ſo that at the departure from *Thyabarra*, the Princeſs *Myrſiles* was joyed to ſee that *Doraliſa* was to go this journey; and that he might have the happineſs ſometimes to talk with her. But as for *Andramites*, in lieu of rejoycing he grieved: for having diſcovered that the Prince *Myrſiles* loved *Doraliſa*, he had rather not ſee her, than his Rival ſhould be always in her eye. In the mean while, ſince the Monument which he had cauſed to be erected in memory of *Abradates* and *Panthea*, was not far off, *Cyrus* went very early before the Princeſs waked to ſee whether his Orders concerning it were executed: deſiring alſo to render the laſt honour unto a King, who dying in his quarrel, had left him a Kingdom, and unto a Queen, of whom he had a moſt particular eſteem. Since he reſolved to go very faſt, that he might return again before the Princeſs *Mandana* was ready to depart, he carried with him only *Aglatidas*, *Chriſahtes*, *Feraulas*, and five or ſix others.

When he was come to the Monument of *Abradates*, and lighted from his Horſe, he ſaw that he had been punctually obeyed, that the order of it was right, the Architecture ſtately, the inſcriptions ſuch as he had appointed, and that they had forgot nothing to eternize the memory of thoſe renowned perſons, whoſe Aſhes it incloſed, and the acknowledgments of him who cauſed it to be built; the ſight of this Monument did fill his ſoul full of melancholy thoughts, deep ſtudies ſeized upon him, and after he had looked upon it, he walked a long time about it, and ſpoke not a word, the Company not daring to interrupt him, kept themſelves ſome twelve paces off, and ſpoke not a word neither. As he was thus contemplating the deplorable deſtiny of *Abradates* and *Panthea*, and was thinking in what a miſerable condition he was when he loſt them, he heard a great noiſe of Horſes coming towards him, which cauſed him to turn his head, and he ſaw five or ſix Horſemen coming towards this Monument, in the head of whom was the King of *Aſſyria*, who being no leſs ſurprized to find *Cyrus* there, than *Cyrus* was to ſee him, alighted from horſe and advanced towards him, with all the civility that could be expected from a man unto his Deliverer, but yet with all the ſharpneſs of a miſerable and incenſed Rival. Since it does ill become a Prince (ſaid he unto *Cyrus* after he had ſaluted him) who expects you ſhould keep promiſe with him, to fail in his duty, I muſt begin in diſcourſe with my gratitude; and though you be my Enemy, yet I muſt thank you for the liberty which now I do enjoy: Since I have done nothing but what I ought Sir, replied *Cyrus*, you may ſpare your thanks, unleſs it be for commanding *Hidaſpes* to procure your liberty as ſoon as poſſiby he could: *Hidaſpes* (replied the King of *Aſſyria*) hath moſt exactly executed your Orders; for *Arſamones* having refuſed to releaſe me, he delivered me by ſurprizing the Caſtle wherein I was Priſoner: So that I am forced to confeſs you have done a moſt heroique Act in it, and that if it were poſſible I could ceaſe being your Enemy, it would be upon this occaſion; but I am confident, that your affection unto *Mandana* will eaſily hint unto you, that I cannot change my thoughts either of her or you, and that you will take no other advantage from my liberty, but to be the ſooner in a condition to fight with me: I am obliged Sir, replied *Cyrus*, to interpret my own actions, as I would do yours upon the like encounter, ſince certainly I intended nothing in your releaſement, but that you ſhould enjoy your liberty freely, nor did I expect any acknowledgments for doing a thing which

Honour invited me unto; and to teſtifie that I had no intentions to ſpare my ſelf a Combat by delivering you, you muſt know, that at my parting from *Cumes*, I left a Letter for you, to the end you may be aſſured that I was ready to keep my word: Since ſo, replied the King of *Aſſiria*, you muſt tell me, Sir, when you will have me keep mine; for ſince it hath not been the will of Fate that I ſhould be ſo ſoon releaſed, as to help you in the releaſement of *Mandana*, and ſince you have a new right unto her, which I cannot diſpute, yet before you can be a quiet poſſeſſor of her and all *Aſia* in general, you muſt be Vanquiſher of me in particular; therefore if you pleaſe, Sir, let us end that controverſie to morrow morning near the Monument of *Abradates*, which was begun at *Sinope* in the Temple of *Mars*.

I know very well (purſued he) that I owe you, Sir, my life and liberty; but I know withal, that as the condition whereunto you have brought me ſtands, I cannot be more miſerable; nor am I inſenſible how I ſpeak unto you in the midſt of your Army, and that the few Forces I have are not able to ſecure me; but ſince I know you, I need not fear any thing; therefore without any further conſideration, what the ſequel of our Combat will be, I beſeech you let me ſee you as ſoon as you can with Sword in your hand: Should I humour my own inclination (replied *Cyrus* very ſharply) I ſhould quickly ſatisfie your impatience and my own, and I ſhould not ſtir off the ground I ſtand on, before I were either Conquerour or Conquered. But as earneſt as my deſires are to end the difference that begun at *Sinope*, there is a moſt prevalent reaſon which moves me to deſire a little time before I give you ſatisfaction, and I deſire it the rather, becauſe I do not fail in my word by it, for I did promiſe to fight with you before ever I marry *Mandana*, and I do promiſe ſtill not to fail, but I never promiſed to fight before I had put her into a place of ſafety; you know how many Battels I have fought to releaſe her, and would you have me leave her in the midſt of an Army compoſed of different Nations, in a Country newly conquered, in the midſt of ſo many newly ſubjected Princes, who gape for occaſions of revolt? Fie; no, no; neither love nor honour will permit me to do ſo; and therefore you muſt needs let me carry the Princeſs into a place of ſafety: But when I have carried her into *Medea,* if I do not return to fight you, count me for the baſeſt coward of all men living; and to ſpeak rationally, your own intereſt as well as *Mandana*'s requires I ſhould do thus, for if the Fate of Armes ſhould make you Conquerour, what ſafety can you find in the midſt of an Army whoſe General you have killed? No, no, anſwered the King of *Aſſiria* ſharply, mingle not my intereſt with *Mandana*'s, for I know that whether I be Conquerour or Conquered, I can never hope for any thing from *Mandana*, ſhe hated me in *Babylon* before you diſthron'd me, and certainly ſhe would not love me if I ſhould kill you; ſo that I would not fight with you in any hopes to enjoy her, but I would overcome you if I could, and ſo keep you from enjoying her; ſo that for my part all places of Combat are to me indifferent, ſince Conquerour or Conquered, I cannot expect any thing from *Mandana:* The Gods (purſued this violent Prince) have deluded me by their Oracles, but do not you delude me by your words, and rid your ſelf of an Enemy who is infinitely obliged, but ungrateful to you, who envies all that you enjoy, who cannot brook your glory, and who would pull your heart out, ſo he could pull *Mandana*'s out of it; therefore, Sir, never ſtudy ſo much for reaſon in the buſineſs, for I know all you can produce as well as if you told them, and if you be Conquered, perhaps *Mandana* will not be without a Protector: Did you know, Sir, (ſaid *Cyrus* and interrupted him) how much it is againſt my mind to oppoſe your deſire, you would ſee I deſire to give you ſatisfaction as much as you; but I muſt confeſs, that ſince it concerns the ſafety of the Princeſs, I cannot think I ought to do it: Since I know your heart, replied the King of *Aſſyria*, I do not entertain a diſadvantagious thought of you: But I know not, added he harſhly, whether all the world will think ſo, when they ſhall know how you defer fight, and whether they will not think it ſtrange that you ſhould go to *Ecbatan*, as if your intentions were, either to arreſt me there, or to cauſe your ſelf to be arreſted. Have I not told you (replied *Cyrus*, and bluſht for anger) that I will only conduct the Princeſs unto *Ecbatan*; and that you have been in ſafety in *Ciaxares* his Army, when he was there himſelf in perſon, though he knew what I had promiſed you. Forbear then, unjuſt Prince that you are, to tell me of ſuch things as I cannot hear without fury, and without preferring my honour before my love, which I ought not to do: And forbear you (replied the King of *Aſſyria*) to make a miſerable Prince languiſh, who hath nothing to hope for but your death or his own, and force him not to tell ſome diſadvantagious lye of you: Fie, fie, ſaid *Cyrus*, this is too much to be endured, and I cannot any longer reſiſt either againſt my ſelf, or againſt you, but both my reaſon and my love muſt ſubmit. Know therefore moſt aſſuredly, that ere I be four days older, you ſhall be either my Conqueror, or I yours; that is as much as to ſay (purſued the King of *Aſſyria*) as that either you or I muſt die for it; Our Combat ſhould be to morrow, if I could (purſued *Cyrus*) but ſince it cannot poſſibly be ſo ſoon, I muſt take a little longer time. In the mean time, to the end that thoſe who ſee us, may not ſuſpect any thing of our deſign, let us go unto them, and go together unto the Caſtle where the Princeſs is, and doubtleſs ſtays for me to depart: I will do ſo, ſaid the King of *Aſſyria*, though heaven knows it is the moſt cruel thing in the world for me to go and ſee *Cyrus* Triumphant with *Mandana*; but I pray remember, that a Rival may be ungrateful, and ſtill be generous, to the end that if I be overcome by you, you may not ſtain my reputation in ſpeaking of me to our Princeſs: I do not know, replied

Cyrus, that it is permittable to be ungrateful in any buſineſs, but I am ſure that neither you nor I am ſo now; but ſince you are ſo earneſt, I promiſe you again, that within this four days the fate of Arms ſhall decide your Forture and mine for ever.

After this, theſe two furious Rivals took Horſes, and putting on more calm countenances, the better to hide their deſign, they took their way towards *Mandana*, who not foreſeeing the misfortune which threatned her, had dreſſed her ſelf, and was talking very pleaſantly with *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, *Mazares*, and *Anaxaris*.

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The End of the Seventh Part.

ARTAMENES,

OR, THE

GRAND CYRUS,

That Excellent

ROMANCE.

PART VIII.

WRITTEN

By that Famous Wit of *France*,

Monſieur de SCUDERY,

Governour of *Noſtre Dame.*

Engliſhed by F. G. *Eſq;*

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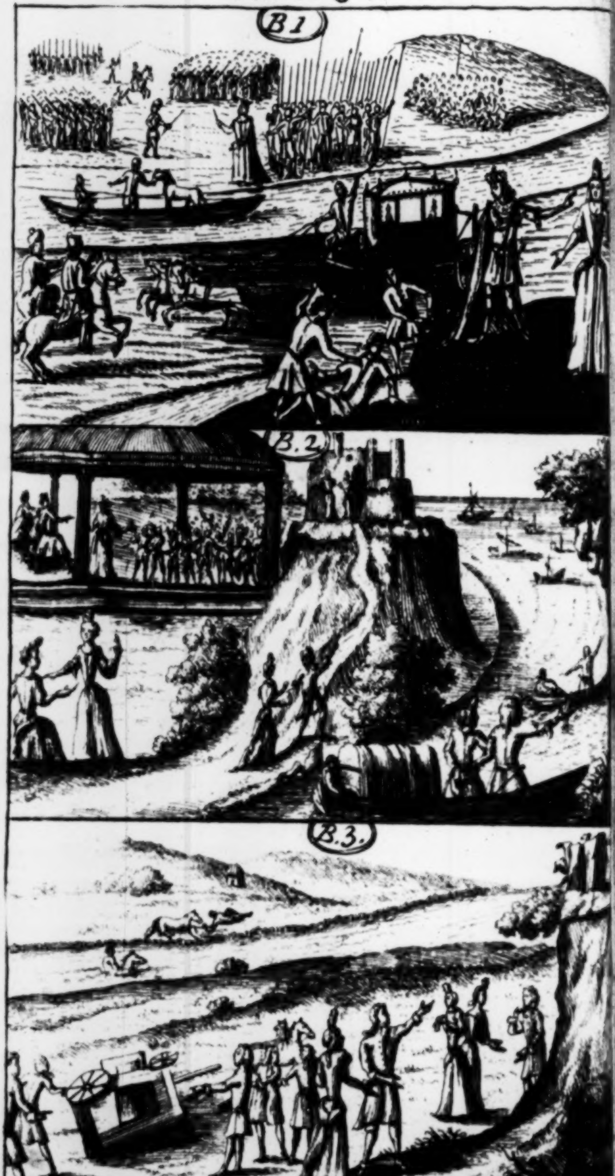

ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

PART VIII. Book I.

THE Princeſs *Mandana* was no ſooner ready, but according to her Pious Cuſtom, ſhe would go to the Temple before ſhe departed: So that *Mazares* leading her by the hand, ſhe went out of her Chamber: But ſhe was no ſooner upon the top of the ſtairs, but ſhe ſaw the King of *Aſſiria* lighting from his Horſe at the other ſide of the Court, and who never ſtaying for *Cyrus*, haſted towards her, before ſhe could get into her Coach. *Madana*'s wonder was ſo great, that in lieu of going forward, ſhe ſtopped, and gave this unfortunate Prince time enough to come unto her, with the ſame reverence he uſed to obſerve, maugre the impetuoſity of his humour, and violence of his Paſſion. *I make no doubt Madam* (ſaid he unto her, after he had ſaluted her) *but my ſight doth both ſurprize and diſpleaſe you, and that I am ſtill the object of your anger and hatred: But ſince the King your Father ſuffers me to be in his Army, as great an Offender as I am both againſt* *him and you: and ſince* Cyrus *can endure me, as much his Rival as I am, I ſhall hope you will give me leave to wait upon you; and that ſince for the love of you I have loſt all, you will not deny me the favour to be one of your Convoy, eſpecially ſince you allow the ſame favour unto the Prince* Mazares, *who hath been as great an Offender as my ſelf.*

The Prince *Mazares* replied *Mandana*, having waſhed away his crime by a generous repentance, is now in the number of my friends, and not my perſecutors. But however it be Sir, I do aſſure you Sir, I had rather ſee you in the King my Fathers Army, than ſee you in *Babylon* again. When you came, Sir, I was going to render thanks unto the gods for delivering me out of your power, and giving me that liberty which you had loſt me: And if you will be adviſed by me, you ſhall be as acknowledging as my ſelf, and thank them you have an Enemy ſo generous as to let you enjoy a benefit which you took from me, and which your ſelf had loſt. Since the Gods are juſt (replied the King of *Aſſiria* fiercely) they will recompence the generoſity of my Rival: And Madam you muſt give me leave to ask them nothing, but to be revenged of your extream inhumanity. Unjuſt Prayers (replyed *Cyrus*, who was not till now come up to them) do ſeldom reach the ears of the Gods, but to puniſh thoſe which make them, and therefore take heed how you ask them any thing againſt the Princeſs, and if you have any revenging thoughts, pray let it light upon me.

Whilſt *Cyrus* was talking thus, the Princeſs took Coach, and took *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, and *Marteſia* with her: After which ſhe went unto the Temple, and *Cyrus*, the King of *Aſſiria*, *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Anaxaris*, *Adrametis*, *Chriſantes*, *Feraulas*, and many others followed him: As long as the Sacrifice laſted, the Princeſs was ſo zealouſly devoted unto the Gods, as ſhe never turned her head or eyes upon any of the company: all whom, being not ſo intent at their prayers as ſhe was, had thoughts as different as were their Intereſts. The heart of *Cyrus* was wholly upon the ruin of his Rival, whoſe preſence interrupted all his Joys: The King of *Aſſyria*, though full of impatiency to ſee *Cyrus* with his Sword in his Hand, yet he had a kind of delight to ſee ***Mandana***; but it was delight without any tranquility; and if his mind was upon the Gods whilſt he was in the Temple, it was in praying for the death of *Cyrus*, the enjoyment of *Mandana*, for the Crown he had loſt, and to be revenged upon *Mazares*: Indeed it may be ſaid that he murmured rather than prayed. As for *Anaxaris* whoſe flaming paſſion was the more violent, becauſe it was ſmothered and concealed, he wiſhed that theſe two Rivals might ruin each other, or he them both: and though he could not imagine which way in all the world he could pretend any thing unto *Mandana*, yet he was deſperately in love with her, and prayed to the Gods moſt zealouſly that ſhe might love him. As for *Mazares*, his virtue was ſo confined and confirmed, as howſoever he loved the Princeſs of *Medea*, yet he asked no more from the hands of the Gods, but that he might have her eſteem and friendſhip; and he had ſo accuſtomed himſelf unto combates with his own deſires, as he durſt not ſuffer the leaſt impertinent wiſh to proceed from the root of his heart. But it was nothing ſo with the Prince *Myrſiles*, which did moſt fervently pray unto the Gods to change the heart of the ſevere and inſenſible *Doraliſa*, and neither thought, nor asked for any thing elſe. As for *Andrametis*, who was no leſs in love with this fair one than he was, his deſires went ſomething farther, for he equally prayed for the ruine of his Rival *Myrſiles*, and the enjoyment of his Miſtreſs *Doraliſa*. As for *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, who knew of the engagement that was between *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſiria*: they conſulted with each other, whether or no they ſhould acquaint the Princeſs *Mandana* with it, and prayed unto the Gods that this invincible *Hero* might have as glorious ſucceſs in this dangerous occaſion, as in all the reſt he ever undertook As for *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, and *Marteſia*, all their prayers were for the Princeſs whom they waited upon, knowing that they could never expect any happineſs unleſs ſhe were ſo: The truth is, all theſe different perſons did make ſuch different prayers, that the Gods whom they invoked could not accord unto them all: They were like unto thoſe upon the Sea, ſome with deſigns of going Eaſt-ward, and ſome Weſt ward, and pray for contrary winds, as each had need: So *Mandana*, the King of *Aſſiria*, *Cyrus*, *Mazares*, *Anaxaris*, did all of them ask the Gods point blank contrary unto each other, and by conſequence impoſſibilities.

The Sacrifice being ended, the Princeſs returned to the Caſtle, but ſhe ſtaid not there, purpoſely to ſhun the King of *Aſſiria*'s company; yet before ſhe departed, ſhe would needs know of *Cyrus*, how he met with his Rival, and chid him a little for his over-generoſity in releaſing his moſt mortal Enemy. Had he been only your Enemy, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould not have had any right to accuſe you; but ſince he is my perſecutor, me-thinks I have cauſe to complain againſt you as over-generous.

The King your Father, Madam, hath ſet me ſuch a glorious example, replied *Cyrus*, as I were moſt unworthy of your eſteem, if I did not imitate him. And truly Madam, (added he) if you did but know what joy it is unto me to ſee you put ſo great a difference between the King of *Aſſiria* and *Cyrus*, you would not wonder I ſhould give my ſelf ſo much ſatisfaction.

But for all that, I beſeech you Madam do not alter your thoughts, nor too much pity the miſerable condition, wherein the King your Fathers Armies hath brought my *Aſſirian* Rival: For I muſt confeſs, though Compaſſion be a quality becoming ſuch an heroick heart as yours Madam: and ſince it doth ſo infinitely concern me that your heart be hardened towards him, yet I cannot wiſh you ſhould have any pity upon him.

I do aſſure you Sir, replied *Mandana*, that I cannot be very inclinable to pity a Prince who hath cauſed all the miſeries of my life: But in relation to your ſelf, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs ſometimes think, that looking upon him as the cauſe of all your Conqueſts, and that great glory which you have gotten, you ſhould hate him a little leſs: For truly had he not carried me away, you had never taken *Babylon*, you had never brought all *Aſſiria* into ſubjection, you had not conquered *Armenia*, you had not vanquiſhed *Crœſus*, taken *Sardis*, ſubjected all *Lydia*, the *Xanthians*, the *Cauneans*, the *Ionians*, the *Ghedeans*; you had not taken *Cumes*, nor ever have been the Conqueror of all *Aſia*: 'Tis true, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, but however I ſhould have ſtill been proſtrate at your feet, adoring you; and my endeavours, my ſighs and ſervices might perhaps have engaged your heart more than it is; ſo that I may ſay, my Conqueſt had been far more glorious unto me by them, than by the Arms of *Cyaxares* your Father. I could if I would (replied the Princeſs *Mandana*) anſwer you obligingly enough, and tell you, that in taking *Babylon*, *Artaxates*, *Sardis*, and *Cumes*, you have perhaps gained my heart more, than you had done by your ſighs and ſervices without them, but I am too ill ſatisfied with you to do ſo: Not that I would have you now change your way of dealing with the *Aſſirian* King, ſince he is at liberty: but I muſt confeſs, I ſhould not have been ſorry if you had not releaſed him; and I had rather I could have chidden you for your too little generoſity, than for your too much. However I do conjure you, added ſhe, not to be far from me; for if you go and viſit any more Monuments, I ſhall fear that you will bring back the King of *Pontus* with you, and therefore I pray let no ſuch thing come to paſs. Not that I think the King of *Aſſiria* to be in any Condition able to attempt any thing againſt me, unleſs it be in attempting ſomething againſt you: but yet for all that, his preſence is ſo tormentive unto me, that I ſtand in need of yours to comfort me.

Cyrus hearing *Mandana* ſpeak thus, feared that ſhe ſuſpected ſomething of the truth: Therefore to clear all matters he anſwered her, as if he had not any angry thought in his mind againſt the King of *Aſſiria*. It ſeems Madam, ſaid he unto her, you would have me comfort my ſelf with the ſight of an Enemy, who, as you ſay, is the cauſe of ſo many glorious advantages unto me? However it be, replied this Princeſs, Let me always ſee you, whereſoever I ſhall ſee him, until I come unto ſuch a place where I may obtain of the King my Father to baniſh him, as I do intend: As for your ſelf, as troubleſom as his preſence is unto me, I would not have you attempt any thing to free me from him. Since he is a cauſe why you Madam do treat me ſo well (replied *Cyrus*, and laughed) I ſhall moſt willingly obey you After this the Princeſs went into her Coach with *Doraliſa*,

liſa and *Marteſia*; *Pherenice* and *Arianita*, and the reſt of the Princeſs her women, went in another Coach which followed hers.

In the mean while *Cyrus*, whoſe thoughts were upon all that related unto the ſafety of *Mandana*, and the execution of his deſign, he altered the orders of his march, and cauſed the *Aſſirian* Troops to be placed on the Wings, and as far off the Princeſs as poſſible: Alſo he gave particular orders unto *Anaxaris*, to have a ſpecial guard upon *Mandana*; not thinking that in being ſo cautious againſt one Rival, he truſted her with another. On the other ſide *Chriſantes* with *Feraulas* had not yet acquainted *Marteſia* with *Cyrus* and the King of *Aſſiria*'s engagement, but reſolved to acquaint her at night, to the end that ſhe making it known unto the Princeſs, ſhe might by her ſovereign authority oblige all the Princes in the Army to have vigilant eyes, and become guards over theſe two terrible Rivals. Yet though they had not ſpoken of it unto *Marteſia*, ſince ſhe was a woman of an excellent ſpirit, the King of *Aſſiria*'s arrival did make her very melancholy; for ſhe was better acquainted with the violence of his temper than *Mandana* was, from whom he was obſervant to hide it. Yet for all that ſhe did ſtrive with her ſelf, that her vexation might not appear to the Princeſs; The pleaſant humours of *Doraliſa* did much facilitate the concealment of her thoughts; for whilſt *Mandana* was muſing, and ſtudying upon her own thoughts, ſhe would diſcant upon the thoughts of all the Princes which rid by *Mandana*'s Coach by the Air of their Countenances; and ſhe had ſuch pleaſant fancies upon them, which ſuited ſo pat to their adventures, and unto their garbes, that *Marteſia* not being able to forbear laughing, did put the Princeſs out of her dumpiſh muſing; who being deſirous to know what it was which made them ſo merry, ſhe cauſed *Marteſia* to repeat all that *Doraliſa* thought of *Cyrus*, of the King of *Aſſiria*, of *Mazares*, of the Prince *Artamas*, and of all the reſt they had talked of. But I beſeech you tell me (ſaid *Mandana* to her, when ſhe ſaw the Prince *Myrſiles*, and *Andramites* near her Coach) what are the thoughts of theſe two Captains, whom your beauty hath taken? and whether *Cupid* hath made them Equals by making them Rivals, ſince the one's a Subject, the other a Soveraign? Alas Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, I cannot tell what they think; and I am ſo far from knowing it, that I have done as much as ever *I* can, not to underſtand what they ſaid, when they ſpake unto me as intelligibly as they could. But Madam, in lieu of telling you what they think upon, *I* will if you pleaſe tell you what *I* think of them. *I* believe *Doraliſa* (replied the Princeſs) that you will be ſo far from ſincerity in ſuch a buſineſs, as *I* will not oblige you to tell me any lies: But *I* had much rather you would tell me, what you fancy they think of you, than what you think of them. Since you will needs have it ſo Madam (replied *Doraliſa*, and laughed) *I* ſhall tell you; That to ſee with what a gloomy countenance *Andramites* looks upon the Prince *Myrſiles*, *I* think he is very ſorry this Prince is not ſtill dumb: and to ſee how earneſtly that Prince doth talk with others, makes me think, that if he have talked upon any matters of Love, it is only becauſe he takes a delight in talking of ſomething which he never talked of before: After this, *Mandana* began to chide with *Doraliſa*, and to make her tell her whether ſhe did not uſe to talk more ſeriouſly and more obligingly unto a Prince ſo accompliſhed as he was, whoſe heart ſhe had captivated.

But whilſt *Doraliſa* was diverting *Mandana* with her pleaſant humours, and had her Quibbles of wit, upon a thouſand paſſages, and every object, *Cyrus* was thinking how he ſhould keep touch with the King of *Aſſiria* as ſoon as poſſible, and imagining how he ſhould ſlink aſide from ſo many men as were continually about him. But his greateſt care was, to contrive it ſo, that in caſe he was vanquiſhed, then the King of *Aſſiria* to have no power in diſpoſing of the Princeſs. However, he was much perplexed; for honour would not permit him to impart a buſineſs of this nature unto many men; and therefore he took a middle courſe, and told all the chief Commanders only thus much, that the King of *Aſſiria*'s preſence did move him to have a more eſpecial care of *Mandana*'s ſafety: He conjured them to remember the Fidelity which they owed unto *Ciaxares*, and whatſoever happened, never to fail in that. Yet he thought not this enough: But the high eſteem he had of *Anaxaris*, prompted him to impart the ſecret unto him; for ſince he was Captain of the Guard unto the Princeſs, he thought him the fitteſt to truſt with her, and that it was by him he might get out to fight with the *Aſſirian* King: And therefore *Mandana* was no ſooner come unto the place where ſhe was to lie; and as ſoon as *Anaxaris* according to his Cuſtom had placed his Guards, he ſent for him, and began to talk in private with him: At the firſt, *Anaxaris* knowing by the action of that Prince, he had ſomething of great importance to ſay unto him, did imagine that his own eyes had betrayed him, and that *Cyrus* had dived into the bottom of his heart, and diſcovered the flaming and ſmothering paſſion in it: But he was not long in this error; for as ſoon as ever *Cyrus* and he were together, he began to talk unto him: Doubtleſs Sir, ſaid he unto him, though you be a ſtranger unto me, yet certainly you are a man of extraordinary vertue, and uncommon fidelity, ſince I am reſolved to truſt you with a buſineſs, which is a thouſand times more dear unto me than my life, for it concerns my honour: And ſince I know you to be a man both brave and generous, I queſtion not but that you will carry your ſelf in ſuch an important buſineſs as this, as you ought to do: But yet, as highly as I eſteem you, and as great an opinion as I have of your honeſty, I cannot truſt you with the ſecret, until you have made a ſolemn oath unto me never to reveal it, nor never do or ſay any thing which might raiſe the leaſt ſuſpition of it, eſpecially unto the Princeſs who of all in the world ought not to know it. Sir, ſaid *Anxaris*, (much amazed, and impatient to hear what *Cyrus* would ſay) ſince honour doth ſufficiently oblige one to conceal the ſecrets of another: And ſince none are Maſters but of their own ſecrets, I may with ſome juſtice complain of you, for exacting from me an oath never to ſpeak of what you will pleaſe to honour we with the truſt. Yet Sir, to teſtifie how eaſily I can do what is my duty: I will promiſe you with all the ſincerity of a man who never uſes to betray his truſt, never to ſpeak what you ſhall impart.

After this, *Cyrus* embraceing *Anaxaris*, asked him pardon for the wrong he did his vertue, in not truſting him at firſt: but my dear *Anaxaris* (ſaid he unto him) did you but know what a contention there is in my heart, between my love of *Mandana*, and my love of Honour; and what turbulent agitations theſe two violent Paſſions do at this preſent cauſe in it, doubtleſs you will excuſe me, eſpecially if ever you were in Love: But that you may more clearly pardon me, I muſt open my ſoul unto you, and acquaint you with the cauſe of that injury which I have done unto your Fidelity. After this, he acquainted *Anaxaris* in few words, with the promiſe he had made with the *Aſſirian* King upon the Tower at *Sinope*, and how he had ſince confirmed that promiſe at the Monument of *Abradates*. You may judge (added *Cyrus*) that ſuch a ſecret as this ought not to be revealed: Moſt true Sir, replied *Anaxaris*, but he who diſcovers it, may give the man whom he truſts, ſhare with him in the glory, by letting him partake of his peril. That's not my deſign Sir, replied *Cyrus*, but the thing which I require of you, generous *Anaxaris*, is, that you ſolemnly ſwear unto me, that if the King of *Aſſiria* do Conquer me, you will with all your power keep the Princeſs *Mandana* out of his: For ſince I cannot be vanquiſhed but by death, I am very confident that if he become my Conquror, he will do all he can to ſow ſedition amongſt the Souldiers, purpoſely to become Maſter of the Princeſs. And therefore apprehending, that an Army compoſed of ſo many ſeveral Nations, and a People newly Conquered, wherein alſo are ſome *Aſſirian* Forces, may be apt to mutiny, I thought it neceſſary that you, who have got much credit amongſt the Souldiers, and has an eſpecial care of the Princeſs, ſhould be acquainted with the ſtate of things; to the end that multiplying your Cares, you may make ſure of your Souldiers: And that I may leave orders with you to ſhew unto all the Commanders in the Army, if I ſhould fall in the Fight which I am to make, and which moſt certainly I ſhall make very ſhortly, ſince having taken but four days, whereof one is already paſt, I will before the laſt keep punctual touch with the *Aſſirian* King. *Anaxaris* hearing this was much joyed, that he deſired nothing

thing which he could not eaſily promiſe, and which he could not keep, though he was ſomewhat aſhamed that he could not chooſe but be a Rival unto a Prince who treated him ſo obligingly. But at laſt, ſtriving with himſelf to hide the agitation of his ſpirits, he promiſed *Cyrus*, with all the zeal of a man that was reſolved to keep promiſe, that he would die a thouſand deaths, rather then the King of *Aſſiria* ſhould ever have *Mandana* in his power, if it ſo hapned that he were Conquerour. O my dear *Anaxaris* (ſaid *Cyrus* then unto him) the aſſurance which you give me doth ſo elevate my heart, that I am confident I ſhall vanquiſh the King of *Aſſiria*, ſince now I do not fear he ſhall triumph over *Mandana*, though the fate of Arms ſhould let him triumph over me: Yes, yes, my dear *Anaxaris*, I ſhall owe unto you all the glory I ſhall get in vanquiſhing my Rival, if I do ſurmount him; for really if I ſhould have fought in fear, that my death would have put *Mandana* in his power, *I* ſhould have been half overcome before *I* ever fought: But ſince you promiſe me to employ the ſame valour wherewith you have done ſuch miracles, and whereof *I* am a witneſs and an admirer, in behalf of the Princeſs, *I* ſhall never fear my Rival will ever rejoyce in the fruits of his Victory, nor do *I* fear he can vanquiſh me.

Moreover *I* remember, my generous *Anaxaris*, that *Mandana* is a debtor unto you already for her liberty; and this *I* would have you now do, is not more difficult than that you did in the Caſtle of *Cumes*. Sir, replied *Anaxaris*, could you but ſee my heart, you would never offer to oblige me by any more new promiſes, nor would you doubt but that I am reſolv'd to die for the Princeſs *Mandana*'s ſervice. Be confident therefore Sir, I beſeech you, that as long as I am living, ſhe ſhall never come under the King of *Aſſiria*'s power; but Sir, I believe I ſhall never need to defend her againſt him; for if I be not much miſtaken, his valour will thrive no better againſt you this ſecond time, than it did the firſt: but I am confident you will overcome him now as you did before. If I do overcome him (replyed *Cyrus*) then Sir, I will come and give you thanks for my victory; ſo that whether I be Conquerour, or Conquered, I ſhall be ſtill obliged to you, and the Princeſs will be infinitely you debtor. If

I be vanquiſher; I promiſe you to let her know her obligations; and if I be vanquiſhed, ſince ſhe her ſelf muſt be both Witneſs and Judge of your valour, doubtleſs ſhe will acknowledg your merits, and conſequently, my dear *Anaxaris*, your own vertue will purchaſe you the eſteem of the moſt illuſtrious Princeſs upon earth. Yet remember above all, to be faithful unto me; you know how delicate a thing this honour is; therefore for Heavens ſake Sir, do for mine, as you would have me do for yours: Yet this is not all *Anaxaris* that I require of you, for it muſt be by your means that *I* muſt rid my ſelf of ſo many eyes as are upon me, that *I* may ſteal from them to go and fight with the King of *Aſſiria*, which you may eaſily do by a way which *I* have contrived, and which *I* ſhall acquaint you with when time is fit: Oh, Sir, replied *Anaxaris*, ſhould the Princeſs know that *I* ſhould ſalicitate your Combat, ſhe would extreamly hate me; ſince ſhe ſhall never know it, replied *Cyrus*, you will not be expoſed unto any danger of it: but tho' ſhe ſhould come to know it, *I* would engage my ſelf to make your peace if *I* be not vanquiſhed.

After this *Cyrus* and *Anaxaris* parted; the firſt of theſe was well ſatisfied with his confidence in *Anaxaris*: and the ſecond had his heart ſo full of different apprehenſions, as that he was not able to maſter them: The confidence which *Cyrus* put in him, made him aſhamed that he did not give him a ſincere anſwer; but his affection to *Mandana*, ſtuffed ſo full of fancies contrary unto that, as ſometimes he could not chooſe but be over-joyed, that theſe two Rivals were ready to ruine each other. Yet ſince his ſoul was of a brave and generous compoſition, he ſtifled his Joys as much as he could, and condemned his own thoughts: Fie, fie, unworthy *Anaxaris*, would he ſay unto himſelf, canſt thou ſuffer thy heart baſely to rejoyce, that two of the moſt valiant Princes in the world are ready to kill each other? and that thou ſhouldſt be rid of two Rivals at once without any danger to my ſelf? Repent, repent for ſhame, of thy ignominious weakneſs: and if theſe two Princes be any obſtacle unto thy deſigns, do not wiſh that they ſhould ruine each other, to the end that thou mayſt have the honour of ruining them thy ſelf.

But alas, unhappy *Anaxaris*, ſaid he, and ſighed, how vainly art thou baſe in thy wiſhes? For though *Cyrus* and the *Aſſirian* King were both dead, yet *Mandana* is ſtill none of thine: and thou haſt more reaſon to think ſhe will never be any ones, but that the death of *Cyrus* will cauſe hers: But what do *I* ſay? (ſaid he, and reprehended himſelf) I do very unjuſtly accuſe my ſelf; For indeed *I* cannot conceive that honour forbids me to rejoyce at the loſs of a Rival, as long as this joy is no cauſe of it: wait then with hopes, the ſucceſs of this furious Combat, between two of the greateſt Princes upon Earth, diſputing for the poſſeſſion of the faireſt Princeſs in the World: But alas, unfortunate *Anaxaris* (added he) how much ſorrow will the end of this Combate cauſe thee? For if *Cyrus* be vanquiſhed, thou wilt ſee *Mandana* ſwimming in tears for him: thou wilt hear all her ſighs and doleful complaints, and wilt be a witneſs of all her ſorrows; if *Cyrus* be conqueror, then thou wilt hear all her applauds of him, thou wilt be a witneſs of all thoſe teſtimonies of eſteem which ſhe will give him, and thou wilt with thy own eyes perhaps find as much Love in hers to him, as there is in thy heart to her. Think therefore of it *Anaxaris*, conſider ſeriouſly, and reſolve to vanquiſh thy ſelf: Conſider how many great things ought to poſſeſs thy mind, and that Love is not the Paſſion which at this time ought to reign in thy ſoul: Do not deceive thy ſelf as thou doſt others, and do not think thy ſelf to be *Anaxaris*: Remember, that thou haſt a name more illuſtrious, which muſt have all the glory, and that this of *Anaxaris* which thou haſt borrowed, muſt not be always thine; Never brand it with a piece of folly in obſtinately loving *Mandana*, who will never love thee. But who knows, ſaid he (and reprehended himſelf) what the Fates have reſolved of thee? Perhaps they have reſerved for thee all the Victories of *Cyrus*. The Princeſs whom thou ador'ſt does not hate thee, ſhe thinks her ſelf much obliged unto thee, and the only man upon earth that hath any ſhare in her heart, as expoſing himſelf unto eminent danger. Leave then the conduct of thy life unto the ſame Gods, who breathed thy love into thy ſoul; and without committing any buſineſs, act nothing againſt thy ſelf on the paſſion which poſſeſſeth thee.

But whilſt *Anaxaris* was thus conſulting with himſelf, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* were ſeeking for an opportunity of ſpeaking unto *Marteſia*, and of diſpoſing her to tell the Princeſs of the promiſe which *Cyrus* made unto the King of *Aſſiria*, upon the Tower of *Synope*: But do what they could, they could not get a ſight of her, becauſe *Mandana* to avoid the ſight of the *Aſſirian* King, would ſee none that night, nor ſuffer *Marteſia* to leave her.

On the other ſide, *Cyrus*, whoſe greateſt preſſure of mind was how to fight with his Rival, he reſolved it ſhould be the next day, whilſt the Princeſs was at Dinner: ſo as he imployed the reſt of that night in making ſure of all thoſe whom he thought fitteſt to oppoſe all the violences of the *Aſſirian* King, if the Fate of Arms would have him ſubjected by him: Yet was is ſo handſomely carried, that he gave not the leaſt ſuſpition of his ſecret deſign, colouring the matter only with the King of *Aſſiria*'s preſence.

But to the end his Rival ſhould not long wait for his promiſed ſatisfaction, he told him that the day following ſhould make it appear which was Conqueror, and which was conquered: hinting unto him the time and place where he ſhould expect his ſatisfaction: So that this violent Prince ſeeing himſelf neer his fatal time which was to decide all Controverſies between *Cyrus* and himſelf, his heart began to beat high, he rowſed up all his hatred, his jealouſie, and his fury, as a better preparative to fight. He called into his memory all the rigours of *Mandana*, and as much as in him lay did forget that he owed his Life and Liberty unto his Rival: So that ſtirring up all the wormwood of his miſeries, and ſetting an edge upon his anger, the fury of his heart did more appear in his eyes than uſual: and indeed, he found that he was ſo little Maſter of himſelf, as fearing leſt he ſhould diſcover the ſecret, and be an obſtrcle unto his own deſign if he were ſeen, he would not expoſe himſelf the next morning unto fight. But ſince his turbulent humour would not let him reſt long in a place, as ſoon as it was day he took horſe, and would take the Air until the time he knew *Mandana* would ſet out: So that without any with him but a Page, he went to conſult with his own thoughts by a Rivers ſide not far off.

In the mean time *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* no ſooner knew that *Marteſia* was gone into her Chamber, but they went unto her, and acquainted her, that they thought it requiſite ſhe ſhould acquaint the Princeſs as handſomely as commonly ſhe uſed with the buſineſs. Alas, ſaid ſhe unto them, how difficult a task it is to acquaint her with ſuch bad news, and not extreamly trouble her? but ſince it would be an ill piece of ſervice to ſpare her this trouble, becauſe it might perhaps expoſe her unto a greater, I will leave you, and put her to it. As *Marteſia* ſaid ſo, and made her ſelf ready to leave *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, ſhe underſtood by *Arianita*, that *Cyrus* having received ſome Letters from *Ciaxares*, he was gone into *Mandana*'s Chamber, ſo that *Marteſia* could not ſpeak unto her. The conference between this Princeſs and *Cyrus* being very long, and did not end until it was time to go unto the Temple, he waited upon her thither, and back again. Whilſt they were there, *Cyrus* did a little wonder that he ſaw not the King of *Aſſiria*, who was not wont to be from *Mandana*, when he could be with her: But this wonder was much more at his return from Church, when being upon the top of the Caſtle ſtairs where the Princeſs lay, he ſaw five or ſix Souldiers to bring this King extreamly wounded, his amazement was ſo great, that he was not able to expreſs it; and the Princeſs turning aſide her head, and ſeeing it alſo, her ſurprize was as great as his; *Marteſia* alſo, who ſtood behind *Mandana* had her ſhare in the admiration, but it was mixed with ſome Joy, ſince his accident put *Cyrus* in ſafety. *Anaxaris* on the contrary, he grieved at this misfortune which hapned unto the *Aſſirian* King, becauſe it did at leaſt defer his Combat with *Cyrus*: And though he had a will to choak any thought that was oppoſite to generoſity, yet he was not able eſpecially becauſe *Mandana* and *Cyrus* were together, and in ſight.

In the mean time, thoſe who carried the King of *Aſſiria*, could not carry him to his Lodging, but they muſt needs paſs by the half Pace where *Mandana* and *Cyrus* ſtood, therefore this fatal Lover could not chooſe but ſee them: So that being both extreamly aſham'd and angry to be ſeen in that condition, both by his Miſtriſs and his Rival, he bluſhed for very anger, though he had loſt much blood:

blood; He ſtrived to ſeem leſs wounded than he was, inſomuch as turning himſelf a little towards the Princeſs with more reſpect then his ſalute was able to bear; and ſhunning the eyes of *Cyrus* becauſe he would not receive his Civilities, he appeared very angry and furious. However, ſince the Princeſs had not any mind to inſult upon a miſerable man, ſhe went into her Chamber, and *Cyrus* asked leave to go and know, who it was that wounded the King of *Aſſiria*; for truly Mrdam, ſaid he unto her, this Enemy is of ſuch a rank as requires this Civility from me. And having the honour to commmand the King your Fathers Army, its fit I know all paſſages in it, and prevent all injuſtice. I ſhall not be againſt any reaſonable civility, replyed *Mandana*, provided it be not over long, nor hinder me from departing within an hour. After this *Cyrus* left her, and went unto the place where they carried the *Aſſirian* King; but being told that he was dreſſing, he would not ſee him until the Chirurgions came from him. As they came out of his Chamber, *Cyrus* asked them how he did, and they anſwered him that of three wounds which he had received, the moſt dangerous was in his right arm, which was very ill, and they would not anſwer for it; telling him further, how that the Prince deſired them to ſay, he was not in any danger. After this *Cyrus* went into the King of *Aſſiria*'s Chamber, who was calling one of his men to ſend unto him: So as he no ſooner ſaw him, but ſtriving not to ſeem weak, or dangerouſly wounded, I am glad Sir, ſaid he unto him, that you have taken ſo much pains as to come and ſee me: And truly Sir, replied *Cyrus*, I am very ſorry you ſhould be in ſuch a condition, as obligeth me to render you this viſit. Trouble not your ſelf ſo much for my hurts (replied this furious Prince in a low voyce, leaſt any ſhould hear but *Cyrus*) for if I be not much miſtaken, I ſhall be well before you can come at *Ecbatane*. Though I ſhould come there before that, replied *Cyrus*, it ſhould not make me ſtart from my promiſe. I conjure you not (anſwered the King *Aſſiria*) And to oblige you unto it, know Sir, that though this hurt in my right Arm were greater than it is, and that I had loſt the uſe of it, yet would I fight with you with my left Hand rather then voluntarily yield the Princeſs unto you; for there is a fatal neceſſity in it, you muſt either be my Conqueror, or I yours: To teſtifie unto you Sir, replied *Cyrus*, that I do not wiſh to ſpare a fighting with you but upon the ſcore of your hurts,and the advantage of that weakneſs which your wounds have cauſed, I beſeech you take as long a time as you pleaſe to recover in,and make choice of whom you will to keep you company; but I beſeech you Sir tell me, what Heroe, or what Aſſaſſinate hath brought you into this Condition? Certainly you will have it from the mouth of my Conqueror (replied the King of *Aſſiria* ſharply) for I make no queſtion but *Intaphernes* will come ere long, and ask a recompence of you, for ridding you of an Enemy, though he fought only upon his own ſcore, but yet he has reaſon Sir to give you thanks for his victory; for if my extream deſire to vanquiſh him preſently, that I might fight with you alſo this day, had not made me run head long into his Arms, as brave as he is, he had not ſo eaſily vanquiſhed me. Since I have ſuch experience of your valour, Sir, replied *Cyrus*, I ſhall eaſily believe what you ſay. In the mean time, I aſſure you, that if the Prince *Intaphernes* were not the Son of *Gadates*, unto whom I ſtand bound in many obligations, I ſhould hardly receive him well, as accompliſhed as he can be, ſince he is the cauſe our Combat is deferred; but becauſe I will not my ſelf defer it,by augmenting your pain with too long a viſit; You ſhall give me leave to retire after a ſecond confirmation of my promiſe,not to fail in the leaſt tittle of my word; and after I have aſſured you, I will appoint ſome of my men to wait upon you with as much reſpect as upon my ſelf, and to have as great care of your life, as if it were abſolutely neceſſary unto my felicity.

Moſt noble Rival, ſaid the King of *Aſſiria* (lifting up his eyes to heaven) do not over-load me with your generoſity; but let it ſuffice, you have promiſed me not to fail in your word.

After this, the violent King of *Aſſiria* not being able any longer to maſter himſelf, turned boiſterouſly on the other ſide, and began to accuſe the Fates for being ſo oppoſite unto all he deſired: And *Cyrus* having no more to ſay unto him, went out of his Chamber, commanding thoſe that were to wait upon him,to have eſpecial care of him. Thus this generous minded Prince, in point of perfect magnanimity took care for the preſervation of an Enemy, who wiſhed not for life, but to be his death: But *Cyrus* was no ſooner out of his Rivals Lodging, then this unfortunate King called for one of his men, and ſent him unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, to tell her he was very ſorry he could not wait upon her as he deſign'd; but that he hoped to overtake her before ſhe came to *Ecbatane*: Yet conjured her, that if he was miſtaken in his Conjectures, and died of his wounds, ſhe would be pleaſed to favour him ſo far as not to rejoyce at his death. The man who was to deliver this odd meſſage, did very haſtily perform his Commiſſion: yet he found the Princeſs ready to take Coach, and *Cyrus* with her, rendring her an accompt of the *Aſſirian* Kings condition: But ſhe no ſooner received this Meſſage, then ſhe prepared to anſwer him that brought it: Tell the King your Maſter, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I never uſed to rejoyce at the death of my greateſt Enemies, becauſe I cannot do it without a piece of inhumanity; but withal aſſure him, that I ſhould exceedingly rejoyce, if in the recovery of his wounds he ſhould recover the health of his mind as well as the health of his body.

After this, *Mandana*, with *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, and *Marteſia* took Coach, and departed immediately: And then *Cyrus* took Horſe, with all the reſt of the Princes, except *Mazares*, who ſtayed a quarter of an hour behind the reſt to viſit the King of *Aſſiria*, but he found him in ſuch a fretting and diſtempered humour, as he was forced to leave him preſently, ſo as he quickly overtook the Princeſs *Mandana*. In the mean time, *Cyrus* having left order with one to ſend him exact word of the *Aſſirian* Kings condition, and to ſend it ſecretly for ſome Reaſons beſt known to himſelf. He alſo ſent to ſeek *Gadates*, and to tell him that it was his Son who had wounded the King of *Aſſiria*, and to ask him if he knew where he was. Sir (ſaid *Gadates* unto him as they rid) I did write unto him by the Meſſenger of *Arſamones*, and commanded him to come and pay ſome of my obligations unto you, by rendring you ſome conſiderable ſervices; knowing, that ſince the King of *Bythinia* had now no Wars in his Dominions, he would willingly come hither; but ſince that I heard nothing of him:

It is credible, replied *Cyrus*, that we ſhall ſhortly ſee him: For by the manner of the King of *Aſſiria*'s ſpeech, I collected that *Intaphernes* was not wounded.

Though the King of *Aſſiria* (replied *Gadates*, and ſighed) hath heretofore given my Son a thouſand cauſes of complaint, in the life time of the Queen *Nitocris*: and though it's likely he hath given him ſome ſince in *Bythinia*, yet I muſt needs be ſorry both for his Combat and his Victory: For indeed, ſince he was born his Vaſſal, unleſs he were forced to fight, he ought not to have fought with him.

You ſpeak with ſo much wiſdom, replied *Cyrus*, as it is not credible, that the Son of a man ſo prudent as *Gadates*, would ever make any undiſcreet Combat, and I can aſſure you, that he has not vanquiſhed the King of *Aſſiria* without glory.

Whilſt *Cyrus* and *Gadates* were thus talking and riding together, *Crœſſus* and the King of *Hircania* diſcourſed together upon the vertues of *Cyrus*: The Prince *Myrſiles* and the Prince *Artamas* did alſo ſweetly communicate the paſſions of each others ſouls unto each other: The firſt of theſe affirming that Love might ſtill ſubſiſt without any hope: And the ſecond maintaining, that whoſoever doth truly love, doth not ceaſe being a Lover, in becoming a Husband.

As for *Mazares*, when he overtook the Troops, he marched and diſcourſed with none, having enough to contemplate upon in his own thoughts, without the converſe of others.

On the other ſide, *Anaxaris*, whoſe ſoul was toſſed with a thouſand various thoughts, and ſeeking out for one to be the Confident of his heart, he talked with *Andramites*, whoſe ſpirit pleaſed him, and whom he knew did particularly eſteem him. And indeed the truth was, *Andramites* had as ſtrong a deſire to anſwer the Amity of *Anaxaris*, as *Anaxaris* had to enjoy his.

Again, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, ſeeing the King of *Aſſiria* was wounded, and that dangerouſly: Alſo that they were far enough from him, they told *Marteſia* before ſhe went into *Mandana*'s Coach, that they would not have her impart the buſineſs unto the Princeſs, ſince it would trouble her to no purpoſe, conſidering the King of *Aſſiria*'s eſtate: So that *Marteſia* aſſuming her ordinary humour, and *Doraliſa* continuing her uſual jollity, that days journey was very pleaſantly paſſed over: It might well be ſaid, that the Country had decked it ſelf in its beſt ornaments to pleaſe ſo many Gallants as fortune had aſſembled together; for all the Province through which they travelled, was a pattern for an exquiſite Painter to draw a Land-skip by. The Rivers were moſt delightfully twined amongſt pleaſant Meadows, ſet with Oſyers and Willows upon the Banks: The Plains through which they paſſed were neither too vaſtly open, nor ſo cloſe as to make them ſolitary: The Villages were ſuch as were full of pretty Cataracts of water, purling Springs, and pleaſing Shades: The Hills over which they paſſed were nothing rough and rocky, but afforded moſt delightful proſpects of Towns, Villages, Houſes, Rivers, Woods, Ways, and men travelling in them; abundance of grazing Flocks, many magnificent buildings, huge Rocks afar off, and the Sea the fartheſt: Inſomuch as though the Princeſs had wanted the company of thoſe three excellent perſons who were ſo amiable, and ſo full of diverſions, yet ſhe might have found enough in the very variety of the Country to feed her eyes withal, and to contemplate upon, without any melancholy: And ſhe paſſed over that day with more pleaſure, than ſhe had done a long time before, and ſo ſoon, that at her journeys end, ſhe did not think ſhe had gone above half the way.

But that this days Journey might end more pleaſingly, chance would have it ſo, that as ſhe came out of her Coach to go into a houſe of Sacrifice, which was the faireſt in all the Town, ſhe ſpied coming out of this houſe into which ſhe was to enter, a man of a moſt admirable Garb, who both by his habit and aſpect ſeemed to be a man of noble quality: But her wonder was, to ſee him ſlink out of a back-door, and in lieu of coming towards her, he took another way, though ſhe could not imagine upon what deſign.

But ſhe was not long in this wonder; for no ſooner was ſhe in her Chamber, but *Cyrus* brought this ſtranger unto her whom *Gadates* preſented unto him: I think it ſufficient Madam (ſaid this Prince unto her in preſenting this illuſtrious ſtranger) I tell you, that he whom I bring unto you is Son unto the wiſe and generous *Gadates:* This I ſay Madam, will be enough to make way for his reception, as a man of moſt rare merits. It is moſt true Sir, replied ſhe, for to let me know, that it is the Prince *Intaphernes*, is ſufficient to move me unto a high eſteem of him: But yet (ſaid ſhe very ſweetly, and looked upon *Cyrus*) I know not whether I ſhould give credit unto your words: For Sir, how can I imagine that a man who hath fought ſuch a Combat, and overcome ſuch a furious Enemy as the King of *Aſſiria*, ſhould be in ſuch a condition as I ſee him? Since Madam, it is fortune (anſwered *Intaphernes* moſt modeſtly) which decides Combates, ſhe often makes them Conquerors, which ſhould be conquered: And to ſay the very truth Madam, I am a Debtor unto you, as well as unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus* for my victory; for certainly the reaſon why the King of *Aſſiria* is not my Conqueror, is, becauſe the Gods would not ſuffer a Prince, who is an Enemy unto the one, and a perſecutor of the other, to be fortunate in any thing: So that *Madam*, ſince I am Victor only by you, it is without any glory unto me: And if I did not hope to merit your eſteem by ſome conſiderable ſervice more than by this act of your vertue, not my valour, I ſhould be very ſorry: Modeſty does ſo well become true valour (replied *Mandana*) as I muſt needs extreamly commend you for ſpeaking with ſo much moderation of a buſineſs which might make a thought of vanity excuſeable in any other heart but that of *Intaphernes*.

After this, *Mandana* to alter the diſcourſe, leſt the King of *Aſſiria* ſhould be any ſubject of it, began to talk of the Princeſs *Iſtrina* his Siſter, and of the Princeſs of *Bithinia*, and to ask him whether *Arſamones* was ſtill reſolved never to conſent unto the marriage of the Prince *Spitridates* with the Princeſs *Araminta?* He is ſo far Madam from conſenting unto it, replied *Intaphernes*, as I believe him capable of any thing ſooner than that Alliance: And if you did but know his actions during the im-

impriſonment of the Prince *Spitridates*, and the impriſonment of the *Aſſirian* King, you would not doubt Madam of what I ſay.

Cyrus hearing *Intaphernes* ſpeak thus, had a good mind to ſay that *Arſamones* was injurious, not to let *Spitridates* marry one of the moſt vertuous Princeſſes upon earth: But remembring that *Mandana* had ſome ſparks of jealouſie in her mind, he durſt not commend her enough at that time, and only ſaid, that *Arſamones* was unworthy of that favour which the Gods had ſhewed him, in reſtoring him to his Dominions, ſince he treated ſo ill his Son, who was one of the moſt illuſtrious Princes in the world. *Mandana* then would have engaged *Intaphernes* to tell her, how *Arſamones* arreſted *Spitridates* the ſecond time, how he got out of priſon, and why the King of *Bythinia* arreſted the King of *Aſſiria?* But he anſwered her, that theſe were things which could not be related in few words: For indeed Madam, ſaid he unto her, before I can acquaint you with the thoughts of *Arſamones*, it is requiſite I ſhould relate unto you the ſeveral intereſts of four or five perſons, who have not the honour to be ſo well known unto you, as that you ſhould deſire to know them.

After this *Cyrus* endeavoured to engage him only in a relation of the cauſe of the Combate with the *Aſſirian* King; but he could not oblige him to it, this Prince telling him that that quarrel begun at *Babylon*, during the life of the Queen *Nitocris*, and that the ſtory would be too long to trouble the Princeſs *Mandana* with the hearing of it. *Intaphernes* ſaying ſo, he rather augmented than diminiſhed the curioſity of *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, yet they would not then preſs him any further, conceiving there might be many paſſages which he would not ſpeak of before ſo much company, ſo the reſt of that diſcourſe was all upon things indifferent: But *Intaphernes* was found to be a man of ſuch an admirable ſpirit, that he purchaſed a high form in the eſteem of *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, and of all the reſt of the Princes: He alſo won much upon *Doraliſa*'s eſteem, which was a thing ſhe never beſtowed upon ſlight grounds: But as for *Marteſia*, ſhe did not content her ſelf with bare eſteem, for ſhe did ever love him, thinking ſhe could not do any leſs for a man, who in conquering the King of *Aſſiria*, had quitted her of a neceſſity in telling the Princeſs *Mandana* a thing that would have extreamly troubled her: So that not acquainting him with the cauſe, ſhe lived with him, as if they had been of old acquaintance; She did him alſo good offices in talking very advantagiouſly of him unto the Princeſs *Mandana*: But to ſay truth, it needed not; for *Intaphernes* was very amiable, a man of great courage and wit, ſo that his preſence did much contribute to the pleaſure of the Journey.

In the mean time *Mandana* having obſerved ſome terms of friendſhip to be between *Intaphernes* and *Marteſia*, and being alſo very deſirous to know the ſequel of that Princes life, the beginning whereof ſhe knew at *Babylon*, ſhe commanded *Marteſia* to endeavour the knowledge of all paſſages.

On the other ſide, ſince it nearly concerned *Cyrus*, not to be ignorant in any thing wherein his Rival had an intereſt, he intreated *Intaphernes* to tell him all paſſages in *Bythinia* concerning the impriſonment and liberty of the *Aſſirian* King, wondering much that *Hydaſpes* ſhould not return with him, nor ſend unto him: Sir (ſaid *Intaphernes* unto him) The buſineſs you deſire to know is of ſuch a nature, as it is impoſſible you ſhould know it without ſome ſad thoughts. For I cannot acquaint you with the paſſages in *Bythinia* whilſt the King of *Aſſiria* was priſoner, but I muſt alſo acquaint you, how never any gave greater teſtimonies of his love than this Prince unto the Princeſs *Mandana*: Judge then Sir, whether I had not reaſon to deny the Princeſs a relation which I cannot make, unleſs I ſhould do your Rival and your Enemy a good office: Generous *Intaphernes* (ſaid *Cyrus*) I am infinitely obliged unto you for denying what I asked, ſince you cannot do it unleſs you favour the King of *Aſſiria*: I beſeech you keep ſtill in the ſame mind, and never ſatisfie the Princeſs *Mandana*'s curioſity: Not that I am at all injuriouſly jealous of her, but becauſe it is the moſt difficult thing in the world to let the perſon whom one loves, know any expreſſions of the Rivals love: And I had rather *Mandana* ſhould accuſe me of ſome fault, than know that my Rival hath given any teſtimonies of his Love.

Then ſhe muſt never know (replied *Intaphernes*) what hath paſſed in *Bythinia*: No, I conjure you, replied *Cyrus*, but I muſt confeſs *I* deſire to know it my ſelf, and *I* know not whether my ſorrows to hear that my Rival hath had an an occaſion to ſignalize his love,be above the pleaſure of ſatisfying my curioſity.

As *Intaphernes* was ready to reply, a ſecond Poſt came from *Ciaxares*: But whereas the firſt came with thanks unto *Cyrus* for releaſing *Mandana*; this acquainted him, that *Thomiris* being recovered of a long languiſhing diſeaſe, did revive her firſt deſigns againſt *Media*, and that the general Rendezvous of her Forces was ſome three days march from *Araxes*. This news which had extreamly perplexed *Cyrus*, had it come during the ſiege of *Cumes*, did never trouble him now *Mandana* was releaſed: and he believed that the reports of her liberty would alter the deſign of that incenſed Queen, ſo that without any diſquiet at this news, his only care was to conceal it from the Princeſs *Mandana*, leſt it ſhould trouble her. *In* the mean time his cares of keeping *Intaphernes* from letting the Princeſs know all, that what he told her the next day before ſhe departed, was a cauſe that ſhe came ſooner to know it; for as *Marteſia* did divers times preſs *Intaphernes* unto it, he did ſo earneſtly forbid him, as this made her more earneſt to know it: But why Sir, (would ſhe ſay unto him) will you not be pleaſed to honour me ſo far, as to tell me that which *I* have ſo vehement a deſire to know? Do you think Sir, *I* do not know the beginning of your life? Believe me Sir, *I* have been too long at *Babylon* to be ignorant of it; and to teſtifie unto you that *I* do know it, *I* will, if you pleaſe, repeat word for word all that long and ſharp language which paſſed between you and the King of *Aſſiria* in time of the Queen *Nitocris*, when you argued in defence of the Brown Beauties againſt the Fair; and when he gave you ſuch words as provoked you to anſwer him in ſuch a manner, as made it appear, you had a heart too high for a Subject, or at leaſt for a Vaſſal.

Since you are ſo well acquainted with my life (ſaid he, and would have civily put her off) what would you have me tell you more ? I would have you Sir, acquaint me, replied ſhe, with your adventures in *Bythinia* : Alas, Amiable *Marteſia* (ſaid he) do not ask me that, for indeed I cannot conſent unto it. *Intaphernes* uttered theſe words in ſuch a tone, as moved *Marteſia* to think that he had ſome reaſons for it, ſo that her curioſity was much more eager than before. That which did moſt exaſperate her, was the Princeſs *Mandana*'s prompting her to perform her promiſe which ſhe made to get it out of him : This Princeſs wittily twitting her with want of wit to bring it to paſs : and ſince it was in the Coach, and in preſence of *Doraliſa*, that ſhe thus jeared her, ſhe was even mad upon it : For my part (ſaid *Doraliſa*, ſeeing it pleaſed the Princeſs to torment her) If I did attempt to get the friendſhip of any one, as I ſee you have courted *Intaphernes* for his, I ſhould be extreamly aſhamed to thrive in it no better ; for as full of Charms as you are, I ſee you have but ſmall power over him, ſince he refuſeth to tell you a thing, which doubtleſs all *Bythinia* knows : I have been as ſolicitous Madam (replied *Marteſia*, and looked upon *Mandana*) as if my deſign were to Court the love of the Prince *Intaphernes* : As for matter of Love replied the Princeſs, I do not think you can be charged ; but I am ſure it muſt be confeſſed, that either you have very ill obeyed me, or the Prince *Intaphernes* hath very ill obeyed you. Alas Madam replied *Marteſia*, ſince I have no right to command him, I have no way but to be contemned, and have recourſe unto my prayers : Alas *Marteſia* (ſaid *Doraliſa* and interrupted her) It ſeems *Itaphernes* hath treated you worſe than I did imagine, ſince in my opinion it is a greater offence to deny a requeſt, than to diſobey a command ; and to ſpeak ſincerely, my heart does naturally ſo hate to be commanded any thing, as I ſhould much more readily pardon ſuch as reject my commands, than ſuch as deny my requeſts : Therefore , ſince you have requeſted, and requeſted in vain, it does extreamly touch your honour to be thus denied by the Prince *Intaphernes*. But *Marteſia* (replied *Mandana*) if you uſe no other ſtratagems to get out of him what I deſire to know, but prayers, you have not done enough; for there are ſome certain things which you muſt ſeem as if you did not deſire to know them: Did you but know Madam, replied *Marteſia*, what I have done, you would be ſatisfied with my endeavours. The more you have done (replied *Doraliſa*) the more you may be aſhamed, ſince none takes effect. I beſeech you *Doraliſa*, ſaid *Marteſia*, try what you can do upon him to ſcrue out what the Princeſs ſo much deſires: Were her Commands upon me, replied ſhe, as they are upon you, I ſhould have obeyed her; but ſince ſhe hath not done me that favour, I have no mind to rob you of the honour in doing her this ſmall piece of ſervice: And therefore ſince your prayers have no influence upon *Intaphernes*, go ſome other way to work; make him bolt out that at ſeveral times, which he will not do at once: Puzzle him with a hundred far-fetched queſtions, pump him, and make him confeſs what he has no mind to do: Seem ſometimes to know what you ask him, and as if you were careleſs of knowing more; be ſometimes mild, ſometimes ſharp: And when you have tried all ways, and all in vain, yet I know one infallible courſe to make him tell what the Princeſs deſires to know. Pray then inſtruct me, replied *Marteſia*; for I have done all that you have yet adviſed me unto, and more: Therefore I beſeech you inſtruct me with this deviſe, whoſe event you think ſo certain. I am confident, replied *Doraliſa*, and ſmiled, that the Princeſs will agree the moſt ſure way to know the ſecrets of another, is to truſt them with their own. I cannot tell, ſaid *Marteſia*, whether that be true or no, but I am ſure you never pumped out the ſecrets of any one by imparting your own. However it be (ſaid *Doraliſa*) begin from this very night to tell the Prince *Intaphernes* all the particulars of your life, eſpecially ſince the time that the illuſtrious *Cyrus* came to *Sinope* under the name of *Artamenes*, omit not ſo much as the long diſcourſe you had yeſterday with *Feraulas*: And if after all this, *Intaphernes* do not impart his ſecrets, I will engage my ſelf to tell you mine, which is thing I uſe not, but hate moſt of any in the world.

Mandana hearing *Doraliſa* ſpeak thus, could not chuſe but laugh, eſpecially when ſhe ſaw *Marteſia* was a little nettled: For though ſhe had wit at will, and was excellent at Railery; yet the very name of *Feraulas* having put her to the bluſh, ſhe began to ſtudy revenge upon *Doraliſa*, yet could not hit upon it; for ſhe was of ſuch an humour, as the names of *Myrſiles*, *Andramites*, and all the reſt of her Lovers had never reached her heart, ſo that *Marteſia* was forced that day to endure whatſoever *Doraliſa* pleaſed to put upon her. However, after all this Railary, the Princeſs *Mandana* told *Marteſia* in a more ſerious manner that *Intaphernes* his denial did extreamly augment her Curioſity, imagining that either *Cyrus* or her ſelf, or both were concerned in the relation he was deſired to make: So that *Marteſia* to ſatisfie *Mandana*, and to ſtop taunting *Doraliſa*'s mouth, did bethink her ſelf of a man whoſe name was *Orcames*, of good rank about the Prince *Intaphernes*, and in great favour with him; from him ſhe thought to have what ſhe deſired to know: For at their laſt diſcourſe, he let her know how he was obliged unto the intereſts of this Prince, ever ſince he was at *Babylon*; and her greateſt hope was, in that *Orcames* was a man the beſt at relating ſtories in the world, and loved to employ his talent, and often when he had no adventures of others to relate, he would voluntarily out with his own. *Marteſia* then upon this hope of perſwading him to tell her all he knew concerning his Maſter, and other paſſages in *Bythinia*, did promiſe *Mandana* afreſh to ſatisfie her Curioſity, and indeed ſhe did not fail in her word. In the mean time, ſince ſhe could never talk with *Orcames* but at nights, it was three days before ſhe could perſwade him to relate the adventures of *Intaphernes*, though his inclination to ſuch relations was good enough: Yet ſhe did ſo handſomely tamper with him, as ſhe perſwaded him that it was requiſite the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhould be acquainted with the intereſts of *Intaphernes*, to the end ſhe might ſerve him when occaſion were: Inſomuch as *Orcames* who was ignorant that *Cyrus* had deſired his Maſter not to acquaint the Princeſs with any paſſages in *Bythinia*; and who knew he had related unto that Prince all his adventures, tho he never dared to let *Mandana* know what *Cyrus* knew: And he was the more induced unto it, becauſe he could not tell any thing which was not glorious unto the Prince his Maſter: So that *Marteſia* having fitted him to her deſired mould, ſhe went immediately unto *Mandana*, with whom *Doraliſa* was. Now Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, you ſhall know the ſecrets of *Intaphernes*, at an eaſier rate than his knowing mine; for *Orcames* hath promiſed me to tell you them, whenſoever you ſhall pleaſe to appoint him. That ſhall be to morrow at night (ſaid the Princeſs) for then I know our journey will not be long, and that we ſhall come to our Lodgings betimes, ſo that I do intend to retire ſooner than ordinary, purpoſely to give him the more convenient opportunity for it.

The buſineſs being thus reſolved upon, *Marteſia* acquainted *Orcames* with it, and the day following, *Mandana* ſeeming as ſhe were weary with her journey, would not be ſeen all that Evening as ſhe did uſually, yet ſhe had a deſire to acquaint *Cyrus* with the true cauſe of that wearineſs ſhe complained of, and to let him be an Auditor of this Relation: But ſince *Intaphernes* was then with him, ſhe could not do it: Alſo, ſince her vertue was very ſcrupulous and delicate, as much as ſhe eſteemed *Cyrus*, yet ſhe would not let him ſee her, after ſhe had ſaid that ſhe would admit of none; for as for *Orcames*, the matter was not ſo great.

Marteſia then ſeeing that none but *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* were with *Mandana*, ſhe brought in *Orcames*, whom the Princeſs received as a man from whom ſhe expected ſatisfaction of her Curioſity: You need not think it ſtrange, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I ſhould rather deſire to know the life of *Intaphernes* from you, than from himſelf: For ſince the deſign in my deſires of knowing it, is principally becauſe I would the more eſteem him: I thought his modeſty would hide part of his vertues from me, and that perhaps he would detract from himſelf, and therefore I deſire to receive them from you: But I pray, ſaid ſhe, let not your relation be limited only unto the adventures of the Prince *Intaphernes*, but I beſeech you let the Princeſs *Iſtrina* alſo have her place, for I know the intereſts of that illuſtrious Brother and admirable Siſter are ſo twiſted, as were unjuſt to ſeparate them in their ſtories.

Though I would do ſo Madam, replied *Orcames*, yet I cannot; for truly the Princeſs *Iſtrina* hath ſo great a ſhare in all I am to relate, and in all the paſſages of all *Aſia*, even in this which hath happened unto you Madam, in particular, as one may almoſt look upon her as the innocent cauſe of all the Wars. Indeed if the Queen *Nitocris* had not peremptorily reſolved that the Prince her Son ſhould have married her, perhaps he had loved her, or at leaſt not hated her, nor gone out of his Kigdom, and by conſequence he had never been an Enemy and Rival unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: He had never carried you, Madam, away; he would have reſted peaceable in his own Dominions; you had never come under the power either of the *Mazares*, or the King of *Pontus*: *Crœſſus* had at this hour poſſeſſed all his Treaſures; *Armenia* had not been tributary, the Prince of *Cumes* had been alive, and all theſe great revolutions in *Aſia* had never happened without the Princeſs *Iſtrina*. But Madam, I muſt not only bring in the Prince *Intaphernes*, the Princeſs his Siſter, and the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, but alſo the Prince *Atergatis*, and the King of *Aſſiria*: And to ſpeak truth, I have ſo many ſeveral things to relate which are ſo twiſted with one another, as I doubt whether I am able to wind the clew of my relation to the bottom without ſuch a diſorderly ruffle, as will weary you. The only favour which I ask, replied the Princeſs, is, not to do as many Relators do, who deſign to include many things in few words; for indeed there are many paſſages whereon aggravations are pleaſing, and ſometimes are neceſſary, ſo that I cannot abide this ſparing of a few words; and therefore do not confine your ſelf unto over-narrow limits, but freely impart all you know. *Orcames* being glad that the Princeſs commands did not thwart his inclination, he aſſured her that he would moſt exactly obey her; ſo that *Mandana* having placed her ſelf oppoſite to him, and cauſed Cuſhions to be given unto *Doraliſa*, *Pherenice*, and *Marteſia*; *Orcames* began his ſtory thus:

The Hiſtory of the King of Aſſiria, *of* Intaphernes, *of* Atergates, *of* Iſtrina, *and of the Princeſs of* BYTHINIA.

TO the end Madam, you may more eaſily believe that the Prince *Intaphernes*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina* are accompliſhed with all the vertues which perſons of their quality ought to be: I muſt begin my relation with an Elogy to the Queen *Nitocris*, under whom they were educated, and of whom they were moſt tenderly loved: But Madam, this Queen hath ſo many, ſo great, and ſuch rare qualities, that if I ſhould undertake to deſcribe but a part of them, I ſhould want time to acquaint you with what you deſire to know: And to ſpeak the very truth, it need not be brought into any queſtion; but a Queen whoſe name hath filled all *Aſia*, is freſh in the memory of a Princeſs whoſe glory fills all the earth: I will not therefore ſtay you, Madam, with applauds of a great Queen, whoſe vertues I do believe you ſufficiently eſteem, maugre the violences of the King her Son: Nor ſhall I ſtay you long with acquainting you in things ſo far fetched as I ſhould have done, if I had not underſtood from *Marteſia*, how you are not ignorant of the affection which *Gadates* had unto *Nitocris*, and of her vertue in thwarting her inclination unto *Gadates*; ſo that I ſhall content my ſelf with reviving in your memory, that ſhe having no mind to put the Crown on that Prince whom ſhe loved, for fear of cauſing a Civil War in her Dominions, but married another whom ſhe loved not: And with telling you how ſhe baniſhed him who had the greateſt ſhare in her heart; how ſhe commanded him to marry; how he obeyed her; and how afterwards, to gratifie his obedience, ſhe intended to ſet the Princeſs *Iſtrina* upon the *Aſſirian* Throne by marrying her unto the Prince her Son. After this Madam, I believe you will imagine that the Prince *Intaphernes*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina* were educated with all imaginable care, it being eaſie to be conjectured, that the wiſeſt Queen which ever reigned in *Aſſyria* ſince *Semiramis* would not neglect the education of a Princeſs whom ſhe deſigned for a Throne, and of a young Prince whoſe Father had ſuch a ſhare in her heart, and whom ſhe looked upon as one who was to be brother-in-law unto the King of *Aſſiria*: And certainly all her cares were not loſt; for I can aſſure you, Madam, that theſe two young perſons did much exceed their age both in beauty and ſpirit, and were the admiration not only of all the Court, but of all *Babylon*, which you know, Madam, is one of the greateſt Cities in the world. I ſhall not inſiſt, Madam, upon any particular deſcriptions of *Iſtrina*'s beauty; for ſince the Prince *Intaphernes* is the very picture of her, your own eyes may be judg. I ſhall only ſay thus much, that never was any brown beauty more lovely than hers, nor fuller of attractive charms: As for her ſpirit, her phyſiognomy doth promiſe what it is to wit, great and noble: and which is moſt pleaſing, her humour is of ſuch a ſweet compoſition, as it gains her more hearts than her beauty.

Yet for all that, this ſweet and lovely Lady has a heart full of ambition, and ſo ſenſible of glory, as ſhe is ready to ſacrifice any thing, even all her pleaſures unto it. She being of ſuch a temper as I have deſcribed, her hopes were flattered up with being a Queen, and her mind was ſo blown up with thoughts of Grandure, as all her cares were how to pleaſe the Queen *Nitocris*, and the Prince of *Aſſiria*, whom ſhe was made believe ſhe was to marry: Since you know, Madam, what Antipathy there was in him towards her, though he had no other reaſon for it, but becauſe he would not ſute his fancy unto the will of any others, I will not inſiſt upon any aggravations of it: Let me only tell you thus much, that becauſe the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was of a brown complexion, he hated all the brown, were they never ſo fair, and hated *Intaphernes* only becauſe he was her brother. Indeed you know, Madam, how he treated him one day when they were hunting together, when the Prince *Intaphernes* more dexterous and happy than he, killed a Lion: But Madam, the thing which I believe you do not know, or at leaſt have but a confuſed notion of it, is, that whilſt all the Court wondered to ſee this averſion of the *Aſſirian* Prince towards her, ſhe made many in Love with her: And amongſt the reſt, there was a young Prince in that Court called *Atergatis*, who was moſt deſperately in love with her, and who was no leſs meritorious of her Love, than ſhe of his; the Prince *Mazares* who knows him, is able to tell you, that the Prince *Atergatis* is one of the moſt accompliſhed perſons in the world, and the beſt to make a faithful and diſcreet Lover.

As for his perſon it is pleaſing, and it's hard to look long upon it, and not love it. Since his Quality made him a Companion with the Prince of *Aſſiria*, in all his pleaſures, he was oftentimes a witneſs of that averſion which he had to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: And I have heard him ſince ſay, that this his averſion was partly a cauſe of his Love; becauſe not being able to conceive how a Prince of his ſpirit could poſſibly hate ſo fair a perſon as ſhe, unleſs he had obſerved ſome particular faults in her, he therefore applied himſelf unto her, to ſee what was the reaſon her beauty did not captivate the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s heart: ſo that ſeeing her very often, he ſaw her too oft for his quietneſs, for he loved her with as much violence as it was poſſible for any living to love. However, ſince he knew that the Queen *Nitocris* was fully reſolved that the Prince her ſon ſhould marry her; and ſince he very well obſerved the ambitious vein of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, he durſt not therefore declare himſelf, and therefore ſmothered up moſt tormenting flames; but the oddeſt paſſage in his Love was, that he adhered ſo much unto the intereſts of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, as he could not choſe but hate the King of *Aſſiria*, becauſe he carried himſelf harſhly towards her, though it would have pinched him to the ſoul if he had ſeen him love her.

Since at that time the heart of *Iſtrina* was ſwelled only with ambition; and ſeeing her ſelf looked upon by all the Court, as her that was to be Queen of *Aſſiria*, ſhe did imagin that none durſt preſume to look ſo high as ſhe: Inſomuch, as though ſhe did every day ſee the Prince *Atergatis*, and though he talked with her as much as he could, and courted her with continual trifling ſervices, yet ſhe did not perceive he was in love with her, though many others obſerved it, and though ſhe her ſelf had a good inclination to eſteem him.

The Prince of *Aſſyria* was the firſt that found it out, and was very glad of it; for he heartily wiſhed that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* had a Lover whom ſhe loved, purpoſely that he might have a better pretence for not loving her, as *Nitocris* would have him: And indeed this violent Prince ſeeing that the Laws of the Land required that he ſhould marry *Iſtrina*, becauſe there was none of her Quality in all the Kingdom whom elſe he could marry: And ſeeing that the Queen *Nitocris* was reſolute, and would exact obedience from him, as ſoon as the Peace with *Phrigia* was compleated, which was under negotiation, therefore he had recourſe unto the moſt extream Remedies.

Then he made a hundred odd Propoſitions unto the Prince *Mazares*, who would not hearken unto them: ſo that perceiving the Prince *Atergatis* was in love with *Iſtrina*, he ſent one day to him to tell him that he would uſe his beſt aſſiſtance to make him happy. *Atergatis* much ſurprized at the Prince of *Aſſyria*'s Complement told him, that the only way to make him happy was to give him ſome occaſion of doing him ſome conſiderable ſervice: No, no, replied this violent Prince, I mean not to make you happy by your ſerving me, but by my ſerving you: I know you are in love with the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: Alas Sir (ſaid *Atergatis*, and interrupted him) I owe you more reſpects, than to have any thoughts of that moſt excellent Princeſs, but ſuch as I ought to have of one whoſe Subject I muſt hereafter be: No, no, *Atergatis*, (ſaid he unto him) do not diſſemble the truth, but confeſs freely unto me that you are the Princeſs *Iſtrina's* ſlave without fear of being hereafter her Subject, for I aſſure you that I will never put the Crown upon her head: Therefore for your own ſatisfaction, and to free me from the perpetual perſecution of the Queen, who would have me marry her; give me leave to ſteal her away for you, and put her into your power, yet ſo as I may not be ſeen in the buſineſs: I will find you a moſt ſafe Sanctuary for a Retreat, where you may wait until the Queens anger be over, and until you have got the Princeſs *Iſtrina*'s Love. Sir, replied *Atergatis* (extreamly amazed and puz'ed to to anſwer the Prince of *Aſſyria*) I have already told you that I have no thoughts of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, but ſuch as becomes me, though I muſt needs confeſs that I do infinitely admire her: But were it ſo that I loved this moſt excellent Princeſs, I would not, Sir, accept of this offer, becauſe it is not the way to obtain the love of that illuſtrious perſon, and becauſe it would hinder her of a Crown: Therefore Sir, whether I be her Lover, or not her Lover, I ought not to conſent unto your Propoſition.

Your anſwer (replied the King of *Aſſyria*) doth ſo much ſurprize me, as I almoſt believe my ſelf miſtaken in thinking you to be in Love with *Iſtrina*; for I cannot conceive it poſſible one ſhould refuſe the poſſeſſion of her he loves, though he come to her by the moſt difficulty and unjuſt ways in the world.

But perhaps (purſued he) you do not believe me, and are not perſwaded of my great averſion to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: yet I do proteſt *Atergatis*, I hate *Intaphernes*, becauſe he is her brother, and ſhould hate you as her Lover, were I not in hopes of perſwading you to be her Raviſher alſo: I muſt confeſs when I do force my eyes to examine her beauty, I do find her fair: and my reaſon ſometimes tells me, ſhe has wit enough. But for all this ſhe diſpleaſeth me: I cannot abide her; and I am ſometimes very ſorry that I can only hate her, and that I cannot but only in my heart ſcorn her.

How Sir, replied *Atergatis* (who could not endure to hear her he adored, ſo vilified) can it be poſſible the Princeſs *Iſtrina* ſhould diſlike you, and ſtifle your inclination? How is it poſſible *Atergatis* (replied the Prince of *Aſſyria*) that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* ſhould pleaſe you, charm you, and move your heart, and yet not deſire to enjoy her by the way which I propound? Yet you love her; and I do plainly ſee it in your eyes, that you cannot endure I ſhould ſpeak ſo ſharply againſt her: Therefore I do declare unto you, that you muſt do one of theſe three things: You muſt either carry her away, or make her love you, or elſe make me hate you: For if I find you to be only a bare Adorer of *Iſtrina*, I ſhall hate you perhaps more than if I were your Rival.

As *Atergatis* was ſtudying for an anſwer, as good luck was, the Prince *Mazares* and others came in and broke off their diſcourſe, and alſo gave him an occaſion of quitting that place where his ſoul ſuffered the torments of a Hell.

But to ſum up his torments, as he was going from this Princes Chamber, he met with one who ſtayed him along time in talk of ſome buſineſs; and as he was talking, one of the *Aſſirian* Princes ſervants paſſed by him, and was asked by another whither he went, and he anſwered aloud, that his Maſter ſent him to ſeek a Prince whoſe name was *Armatrites*: So that *Atergatis* knowing this Prince to be in love with the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and imagining that the Prince of *Aſſiria* ſent for his Rival to make the ſame propoſition which he had done unto him, he was ſo perplexed that he was forced to quit him he was talking with, and to go home purpoſely to reſolve with himſelf what courſe to take: I underſtood ſince, from his own mouth, that he was more perplexed than ever was any amorous heart: Sometimes he was glad to ſee the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s averſion to *Iſtrina*; ſometimes again he was angry at it, and otherwhiles he repented of his non-acceptance of the offer made unto him, fearing leſt his Rival ſhould anticipate him: What a moſt miſerable croſs deſtiny is mine? (would he ſay to himſelf upon examination of this ſtrange adventure) I do love a Princeſs who knows not that I adore her, becauſe my reſpects unto the Prince for whom ſhe is deſtined does hinder me from letting her know it; and yet this very ſame Prince who thinks my felicity would be his miſery, offers me to ſteal her away for me, and put her in my power. Think well on it *Atergatis* (would he ſay) conſider whether 'tis not thy beſt courſe to return and tell the Prince thou doſt repent of thy refuſal: For truly ſince he is reſolved not to make her a Queen, is there any one in all the Kingdom that is more worthy of her than thy ſelf in reſpect of thy violent and reſpective paſſion?

But ſaid he, (and reprehended himſelf immediately after) canſt thou be ſo inſolent as to make any Declaration of Love unto her, after thou haſt cauſed her to be Raviſhed away? Take heed *Atergatis*, with what eyes a wronged Princeſs will look upon thee, a Princeſs who will think that thou haſt taken a Crown from her: Imagin that thou ſeeſt *Iſtrina* incenſed? Let not thy love eclips thy vertue? Remember that thou haſt ever thought, and that with reaſon, that whoſoever excludes reſpect from this paſſion, doth ruin it: and that to take away a Princeſs whoſe heart is not obtained, is the moſt unjuſt thing in the world, and the greateſt folly one can commit: Hearken therefore unto reaſon in ſpight of thy love, and follow its Counſels rather than the King of *Aſſiria's*: But alas, alas, ſaid he, if thy Rival ſhould not be ſo generous as thy ſelf, but ſhould accept of what this unjuſt Prince ſhould offer him, in what a deplorable condition art thou then? what good will all thy reſpects of her thou adoreſt do thee, ſince ſhe does not know thou loveſt her? And who cannot think her ſelf obliged unto thee for a thing ſhe is ignorant of? Examine ſeriouſly *Atergatis*, what courſe is beſt to be taken: If thou wilt not do as the King of *Aſſiria* would have thee, thy Rival perhaps will: If thou doſt carry away *Iſtrina*, ſhe will hate thee: If thou doſt not carry her away, another in all probability will. What canſt thou do, unfortunate man, in ſuch a ſtrange condition? Canſt thou ſuffer thy Princeſs to be carried away without acquainting her with the misfortune which hangs over her head? Canſt thou give her a greater teſtimony of thy eſteem and love, than by letting her know it? But alas (ſaid he, and ſighed) how canſt thou at one time acquaint the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, that thou loveſt her; that the Prince of *Aſſiria* hates her; that thou haſt refuſed the offer of her taking away; that thou art perſwaded thy Rival will not ſtartle at it: The leaſt of all theſe is enough to tremble thee into a Palſey in telling it, ſince it would make her both ſad and angry: Conſider what an angry buſineſs it would be to tell her all theſe things at once: Yet why ſhouldſt thou pauſe upon it; For though there were no other reaſon to move thee unto a diſcovery of what thou knoweſt, yet her intereſt alone is enough to oblige thee unto it, as her Friend, and not her Lover. But what phraſes canſt thou make uſe of to expreſs thoſe difficulties, which will ſo much ſurprize her? She hath ever looked upon thee as one who was to be her Subject, and and thou goeſt to tell her that ſhe muſt look upon thee as her Lover; and as a man who wiſheth withal his heart that ſhe may never be a Qeen. She expects the King of *Aſſiria* will put a Crown upon her head, and thou telleſt her that he would ſteal her away for another, and that he will perhaps find one who will accept of an offer ſo unjuſt, ſo contrary to generoſity, and even Love it ſelf. Nevertheleſs, the ſervice thou oweſt unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina* requires it from thee, and thy Paſſion commands it.

But yet once more *Atergates*, what words wilt thou uſe? I know not (ſaid he and ſighed) yet without more ado leave it unto thy Love to ſuggeſt ſuch as ſhall perſwade the Princeſs, that ſince the King of *Aſſiria* does not adore her, he is unworthy of her eſteem, and ſince thou loveſt her more than ever man loved any, thou doſt merit ſome ſhare in her heart.

After this *Atergates* being fully reſolved to acquaint *Iſtrina* of the paſſage, and to give her ſuch hints as might make her gueſs at his Love, he waited with much impatience until after dinner. But in the interim, his reaſon ſuggeſted unto him, that perhaps he ſhould expoſe himſelf to the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s hatred; if it ſhould ſo fall out that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* ſhould diſcover unto him what he ſhould tell her: yet this did not divert him from his firſt intentions, and from going unto the Queen as ſoon as the hour, when every one uſed to go, was come.

Since the Princeſs *Iſtrina* did much eſteem him, and ranked him in the number of her intimate friends; and ſince the Prince *Intaphernes* did dearly love him, he hoped to find an eaſie opportunity of talking with her, either in the Queens preſence, or her own Chamber: And he found the opportunity more favourable than he hoped, for ſince it was then very hot, and the Sun began to grow low, the Princeſs went to walk in thoſe rare Gardens, made heretofore by the famous *Semiramis*, and which as you know Madam, being vaulted underneath, and ſupported by huge, high, and ſtately Pillars, has the reputation over all *Aſia* to hang miraculouſly in the Air, conſidering their prodigious bigneſs. The Princeſs *Iſtrina*, having that day made choice of this Walk, there being very little company which frequented it, becauſe the Queen not going, the crowd of the Court ſtayed with her, ſince it was upon her that all Graces and Favours depended. As for *Atergatis*, ſince his buſineſs was not there, he followed the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and was ſo happy, that when he came firſt into her preſence, ſhe asked him if he would walk with her: He joyfully accepted of ſuch a favourable opportunity, and preſented her his hand to lead her out: Since it was a great heighth to mount into thoſe miraculous Gardens, which ſhe made choice of for her diverſion, ſhe was a little weary when ſhe was up: So that to reſt her ſelf a while, to the end her walk might be the more delightful, ſhe did ſit down in an Arbor made between four Palm trees, which being intertwiſted with each other, did make a moſt delicate ſhade, there being Seats of Cyprus wood which perfumed the place. The Princeſs *Iſtrina* ſitting under ſuch a cool ſhade, the Prince *Atergatis* had all the conveniency of talking with her he could deſire; For ſince there was no perſons with her of his Quality but himſelf, as ſoon as he began to talk ſeriouſly with the Princeſs, as if he had ſome ſecreſie of importance to impart, all the reſt of the company did out of their reſpect retire ſome diſtance from them, ſo that *Atergatis*, not to loſe ſuch a precious moment, Madam (ſaid he unto her with a trembling heart) I have a buſineſs to acquaint you withal, which I wiſh were already told you, becauſe it is moſt neceſſary you ſhould know it, and yet I dare hardly tell it, unleſs I have the authority of your Command.

Iſtrina ſurprized at the diſcourſe of *Atergatis*, did look ſeriouſly upon the matter, and endeavoured to gueſs at the buſineſs; but yet though her fair eyes did look ſeriouſly in the eyes of *Atergatis*, and ſaw them full of love, yet they could not diſcover the paſſion of his heart: So that not knowing what to think, I do confeſs *Atergatis*, ſaid ſhe, I cannot imagine what you can tell of ſuch importance for me to know; for ſince I have ever thought you my friend, in lieu of deſiring a Command to ſpeak, you ſhould ſpeak freely without, but ſince you do deſire it, I do command you : Then Madam, ſaid he, I will obey, and acquaint you with a buſineſs which will moſt ſurprize you of any thing in the world : O I beſeech you (ſaid *Iſtrina* then) do not yet obey me; but tell me firſt, whether it will be a buſineſs which will anger me, or grieve me, or elſe joy me; for you know that pleaſing things may ſurprize one, as well as diſpleaſing. Since Madam I am full of ſincerity, replied he, I muſt confeſs I have nothing to tell which I think will pleaſe you, but much which will diſpleaſe.

If it be ſo,ſaid ſhe,I pray tell me nothing,unleſs you can tell me a way how to avoid any great misfortune. If that had not been the cauſe Madam, replied *Atergatis*, I ſhould never have reſolved to acquaint you with what I now intend, but indeed Madam, it does ſo neer concern you to know it, as it doth concern the whole tranquility of your life: Speak then *Atergatis*, ſaid ſhe unto him, and ſpeak quickly, for I long to know your buſineſs. I will obey you Madam, replied *Atergatis*, but it muſt be upon Condition, that my firſt words ſhall not move you to impoſe ſilence upon me, but that you will ſuffer me to ſpeak out without any interruption, all that concerns you to know. Since you cannot tell me any thing which will vex me more than this incertainty unto which you have put me (replied ſhe) I will hear you as long as you pleaſe: For ſince I have a good opinion of your wiſdom, I need not fear you will tell me any thing which *I* ought not to hear.

I ſhall tell you then Madam, ſaid he unto her, that though all *Aſia* knows how the Queen intends you ſhould wear the ſame Crown ſhe doth, by marrying you unto the Prince her Son, and by conſequence all the Subjects of this Great Queen, ought to look upon you as her who muſt be their Soveraign: Yet there is one who not being contented with the quality of a Subject which is common to many others, hath a devotion to be your ſlave in a moſt particular manner. Though I did promiſe not to interrupt you (ſaid *Iſtrina*, and bluſhed) yet it was becauſe I thought you had ſome buſineſs of importance to tell me:

but *Atergatis* I do perceive it to be only a piece of Railary to divert me, and by Conſequence does not merit the performance of my word: I beſeech you Madam remember, replied *Atergatis*, that I deſired you not to impoſe ſilence upon me, nor wonder at my firſt words. But the more to oblige your audience, I will ſubmit unto all imaginable puniſhments, if you do not confeſs at the end of my diſcourſe that you ought to know what I ſhall tell you, and that I were unworthy to live if I did not acquaint you with it.

The Princeſs *Iſtrina* then perceiving that *Atergatis* had indeed ſome ſerious matter to tell her, reſolved to hear him without interruption, not imagining that *Atergatis* and this ſlave whereof he ſpake were both one: ſo giving him a new permiſſion to ſpeak, he began with as much fear as love.

Be pleaſed to know Madam (ſaid he unto her) that there is a man in *Babylon* who began to admire you as ſoon as ever he began to ſee you: and who without any hopes of being loved, or thoughts of leting you know his Love, doth ſtill continue loving you: but it is with an affection ſo pure and ſo free from all manner of intereſt, that I am certain until yeſterday about this time, he never intended you ſhould know his Paſſion, and yet he loves you in a higher degree than ever any could: and had he thought he could pretend unto the enjoyment of you without hindering you of a Crown, he had long ſince declared himſelf, and avenged you of the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s injuſtice, had he thought the glory of being a Queen had not been the object of your deſires, doubtleſs he would have let you known that you do Reign as Soveraignly in his heart, as ever you can do upon the Throne of *Aſſiria*: He would have made it known unto you Madam, though he had directly oppoſed the Queen, and though the Prince her Son had loved you as much as he ought to do. So that Madam, the reaſon why this concealed Lover hath not diſcovered his Paſſion unto you, is becauſe he was as full of reſpect as Love: becauſe he thought it not his duty to make yon loſe a Crown, and becauſe he could never hope you could prefer the Empire of his heart, above a Kingdom.

In the mean time, ſince the paſſion of his amorous heart is moſt violent, he hath ſuffered and ſuffered more than ever any did: he hath ſmothered up all his miſeries in ſilence, and without complaint, and would ſtill have done ſo, if the Prince of *Aſſiria* had not yeſterday told him a thing which is the cauſe I now diſcover his thoughts unto you. For truly Madam (if I may without offence utter it) that moſt unjuſt Prince cannot endure you, and will never give you that Crown which he is to wear, though you deſerve it better than he. He is not contented with not adoring you himſelf, and with entertaining the moſt unjuſt thoughts in the world of you, but he would alſo corrupt this Lover which doth adore you: Yet Madam, ſince it is requiſite I acquaint you with the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s injuſtice, I muſt tell you, how he ſent for him of whom I ſpeak, and told him that he perceived his Love to you, and proteſted unto him that he for his part could never love you, and offered him to ſteall you away for him, and all this with ſuch earneſt expreſſions, as it was rather a Commandement that he made, than a Propoſition. How (ſaid the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and interrupted him) would the Prince of *Aſſiria* ſteal me away, and put me in the power of him you mention? If this be ſo, though he were King of the whole World, I would diſobey the Queen if ſhe commanded me to marry him; and if it were not for the Reverence I owe unto that Princeſs, I ſhould this very day let him know who thus ſlights me, that I do not deſerve it from him, and that I have a heart as great, as his is inſolent and proud: Can I believe *Atergatis*, that this is true? So true Madam, replied he, that nothing can be more: Then ſaid ſhe, I am the moſt miſerable woman in the world; for unleſs the injurious Prince of *Aſſiria* have not imparted this unjuſt Propoſition unto a moſt generous man, perhaps he will accept of it: I cannot tell Madam (replied *Atergatis* very modeſtly) whether the man do merit the attribute of generous; but I am ſure, that though he loves you beyond all expreſſions, he refuſed to enjoy you by any ſuch unjuſt way as the *Aſſirian* Prince propounded: His reſpects of you are ſo high, as he would not acknowledg unto him that he loved you; but told him that though he were, yet you ſhould never be ſtollen away, which put that violent Prince into ſuch a chafe, as he told him in the concluſion of their Conference, that he muſt do one of theſe three things: Either let him ſteal you away, or procure your Love, or elſe be hated of him. This laſt thing (replied *Iſtrina* very ſharply) is queſtionleſs the moſt eaſie of the three, and alſo the moſt juſt: Yet (added ſhe, and bluſhed, becauſe ſhe knew by the diſorder which appeared in the face of *Atergatis*, that it was himſelf who loved her) the generous proceeding of him who refuſed the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s unjuſt propoſition, doth ſo ſenſibly oblige me, that I muſt conjure you not to name him to me, leſt being obliged to look upon him as a man who loves me, I ſhould be driven to ſhun his company: therefore *Atergatis* ſince he cannot chooſe but be a moſt excellent man, let me have the liberty of treating him with the ſame Civilities I uſe unto ſuch men, and never let me know his name. Oh Madam, ſaid *Atergatis*, was ever ſuch a kind of acknowledgment invented? Could ever any but your ſelf have found it out? For ſince the proceeding of him whom you would not know doth both pleaſe and oblige you, why will you not know who he is? The reaſon is, replied ſhe, becauſe I cannot know him, unleſs I reſolve at the ſame time to hold no particular friendſhip with him: ſo that to take from me a ſubject of ingratitude, I muſt not admit of his acquaintance. Then promiſe me Madam I beſeech you (ſaid *Atergatis*, and looked moſt paſſionately upon her) that you will gueſs at him whom you will not permit me to name: For if you will not promiſe this, I think Madam, I ſhall not tell you what remains, though it concerns you moſt of all to know it; for I am fully perſwaded, that the Priece of *Aſſiria* is at this very hour propoſing unto another, whom I know, to ſteal you away; who perhaps not being ſo reſpective and juſt as him you would not know, will accept of the offer, and prepare for the execution of his unjuſt deſign: Oh *Atergatis*, replied *Iſtrina*, I will promiſe what you pleaſe, provided you will prevent my being taken away, by naming him unto me, whom you think ſo apt to undertake ſuch violence againſt me: How Madam (ſaid *Atergatis*, retreating a pace or two, and looking fixedly upon her,)

her) would you know the name of him that would injure you, and not know his name who gives the greateſt teſtimony of his reſpect and love that ever any could? Yet ſince you will have it ſo (ſaid he, and came a little nearer her) and ſince I am in ſome hopes that you will gueſs who it is, I will tell you that *Armatrites* is the man whom the Prince of *Aſſiria* ſent for after he was denied by that reſpective Lover whom you will not let me name. Alas *Atergatis*, replied *Iſtrina*, hath *Armatrites* accepted of this offer? he is no leſs violent and raſh than the Prince of *Aſſiria*, and therefore I cannot imagine any ſecurity for my ſelf, but by quitting the Court, and acquainting the Queen with it; and conſequently by dividing all *Aſſiria*, and cauſing perhaps a War between the Queen and the Prince her Son?

No no Madam, ſaid *Atergatis* to her, there needs no recourſe unto ſuch violent Remedies; for I know that he who refuſed the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s unjuſt Propoſition, intends to have an obſervant eye over *Armatrites*: And I dare aſſure you, that conſidering his way of acting, you need not fear it; And therefore you need only to keep cloſe for ſome certain days in the Queens Palace, to prevent all fears for let me once more aſſure you, that the Perſon whom you will not permit me to name, had rather die than ſuffer any violence to be done unto you: his Love of you will inſpire him with policy enough to prevent his Rival. Therefore Madam, I beſeech you do not let it perplex you too much; for I ſhould think my ſelf moſt unhappy, if my intentions of preventing one miſery, ſhould drive you into another. I know that the loſs of a Crown is great, and will moſt ſenſibly perplex one whoſe affection is all upon glory: and I know alſo that the Meſſenger of ſuch bad news cannot be welcom. Yet truly *Atergatis* (ſaid *Iſtrina*, and interrupted him) I think my ſelf much obliged to you, though you bave acquainted me with nothing but ſad things: Then Madam it ſeems (replied *Atergatis* and ſighed) that you rank amongſt ſad things, that violent and reſpective Paſſion, which this unknown Lover bears you, who hath refuſed to enjoy you by that unjuſt way which hath been propounded to him, that the enjoyment of you, Madam, is the only thing in the world that can make him happy, and without which he will be ever miſerable: It ſeems, replied *Iſtrina*, that I have cauſe to grieve at an obligation of ſuch a nature upon me, which I cannot acknowledg, yet I muſt needs be ſo juſt unto him in my heart, as to wiſh him happy in recompence of his generoſity. But Madam, replied *Atergatis*, you do unawares engage your ſelf unto many things, he cannot without you, be what you deſire he ſhould be. The Princeſs *Iſtrina* having more and more cauſe to think that it was *Atergatis* who was in love with her, and who denyed the Prince of *Aſſiria*, did riſe up, leaſt he ſhould tell her more than ſhe deſired to hear, and leaſt he ſhould take the boldneſs to diſcover himſelf: Since I perceive this generous perſon whom I will not know is one of your Friends, I conjure you to oblige him to a Continuance of his Generoſity in acquainting me by you with all his diſcoveries of any unjuſt deſigns in the Prince of *Aſſiria*, or in *Armatrites*. Doubtleſs, Madam, replied *Atergatis*, you ſhall by me know all that he who adores you with moſt reverence, and loves with all violencies of Paſſion, can inform you of: After this the Princeſs *Iſtrina* beginning to walk called the reſt of the Ladies which waited, and took one turn in the Garden, to the end it ſhould not be obſerved that the Prince *Atergatis* had told her any thing which altered her deſign of walking: but her Soul was ſo troubled that ſhe could not take a ſecond; ſo that retiring to her Chamber, ſhe feigned her ſelf ſick, purpoſely to have the better pretence for her not going abroad. *Atergatis* at his parting from her uſed many expreſſions which confirmed her in her opinion; yet he ſaid nothing which moved *Iſtrina* from her manner of familiarity with him, ſo that he parting upon very good terms from her, he went away with much ſatisfaction: For though this Princeſs told him ſhe would not know the Name of him they ſpoke of, yet it did not trouble him: But on the contrary being of a quick apprehenſion, he eaſily perceived that the Princeſs *Iſtrina*'s reaſon why ſhe did forbid him to tell the Name of the man, was, becauſe ſhe knew him: So that flattering up his paſſion, he thought himſelf more happy then ever he hoped to be; but his greateſt perplexity was his fears that *Armatrites* ſhould accept of what he had refuſed, and that the Prince of *Aſſiria* would take away *Iſtrina* from him.

And indeed though it was not known in *Babylon*, but on the contrary reported that he had not received the Propoſition as well as *Atergatis*; yet it was moſt certainly true, that he did accept of it with joy, and had executed his deſign, had not his Illuſtrious Rival been an Obſtacle unto him, as I ſhall preſently tell you how. On the other ſide *Iſtrina*'s Soul was ſo dejected that ſhe was all ſadneſs: She perceived by what *Atergatis* had told her, that ſhe ſhould never be a Queen, and that her hopes of it were all quaſhed, yet certainly that was not it which moſt did trouble her; for ſhe did more bitterly reſent the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s ſcorn than the loſs of a Crown; not that ſhe ever had any inclination to him, but becauſe ſhe conceived her ſelf more meritorious than to be ſo ſlighted, therefore ſhe could not chuſe but extreamly hate him, eſpecially ſince ſhe obſerved his claſhing with the Prince *Intaphernes*. In the mean time ſhe could not find out any remedy to her miſery; ſhe knew the Queen would not permit her to leave the Court, becauſe ſhe had an opinion that the Prince her Son would in the end change his mind. Again, if ſhe ſhould acquaint *Intaphernes* with what *Atergatis* had told her, ſhe feared that he being already incenſed againſt the Prince of *Aſſiria*, he might perhaps take ſome violent courſe; ſince that he would be out of hopes to ſee the Crown upon her head, which was the only cauſe why he ſtayed at Court after ſo many affronts put upon him by the Prince of *Aſſiria*: *Iſtrina* then not knowing what courſe to take, thought beſt to pauſe ſome certain days, before ſhe fixed her Reſolution; And to the end ſhe might be that Interim in ſafety, ſhe diſſembled herſelf ſick, as I ſaid before, that ſhe might the better colour her keeping within the Palace. But after a ſerious examination of all that related unto the Prince of *Aſſyria*, the generoſity of *Atergatis* came into her memory; and though ſhe then held him in the rank of eſteem and friendſhip, yet ſhe found no diſpoſition in her ſelf to deſire he ſhould not love her: for as ſhe hath ſince opened her moſt ſecret thoughts unto the Prince her Brother; I knew them, as well as if I had been in her heart: Nor did ſhe deſire he ſhould love her; but without any further reaſoning upon his paſſion, ſhe only conſidered the generoſity of his Action, without looking any nearer into the matter, or foreſeeing the Sequel.

In the mean time *Atergatis* employing all his Wits and Policy to diſcover what he deſired to know did underſtand that the Prince of *Aſſiria* had held a long Conference with *Armatrites*, that after it they both of them were very merry; and that on the Contrary he obſerved the Prince of *Aſſiria* would ſcarcely look upon him, inſomuch as deſcanting upon theſe probable Conjectures, he concluded that *Armatrites* had accepted of the Propoſition which he refuſed: Alſo he met with ſeveral Orders which both theſe Princes had given, that confirmed him in his Opinion; for the Prince of *Aſſiria* had ſent ſecretly to the Governour of *Opis* (whether he carried you, Madam, when he carried you away) And *Armatrites* had ſent moſt of his Train out of *Babylon* upon a very unlikely pretence: After when he had plotted how he might defeat the deſign of his Rival, he conceived the beſt way was to fight with him, and to make his Quarrel upon ſomething in which the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was not concerned; for ſince the Prince of *Aſſiria* was a Party in the Crime of *Armatrites*, he thought it no policy to publiſh it. *Atergatis* did ſee very well that ſince he had no certainty of what he feared, exact Prudence required that he ſhould ſtay a while and endeavour to make the buſineſs clearer; But being extreamly in love he apprehended more danger in ſtaying too long before he fought with *Armatrites*, than in fighting with him too ſoon; for indeed (ſaid he to himſelf) *Armatrites* is my Rival, that's certain; therefore though I look upon him only as ſo, and not as a Raviſher of the Princeſs whom I adore, yet ſtill I muſt be his Enemy, ſince there is not ſuch a natural antipathy in the whole Univerſe as between two Rivals. Then *Atergatis* feared that if he overcame, he ſhould then be forced away from *Iſtrina*; yet ſince he knew *Nitocris* did not love *Armatrites*, he hoped he ſhould not be baniſhed the Court for it; or at leaſt if he were, it would not be long: Alſo conſidering the carrying away of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, he thought it better he ſhould be baniſhed from her, then expoſe her unto any ſuch miſery; So that to defeat the unjuſt deſign of *Armatrites*, he reſolved to ruin him. But to the end the Princeſs *Iſtrina* ſhould not ſuſpect the truth of what he told her, he cunningly got the Prince *Intaphernes*, to tell her in his preſence, as a piece of novelty, how *Armatrites* was the new Favourite of the *Aſſirian* Prince, and how *Atergatis* was out of Favour: So that the Princeſs applying what he ſaid unto herſelf, according to the wiſh of *Atergatis*, ſhe bluſhed ſo extreamly, that though ſhe was upon her bed where it was not very light, yet *Atergatis* perceived it, and ſaw that he was underſtood. In the mean time, without further delay, he endeavoured to meet with *Armatrites* the next morning, and ſeemed as if he had no deſign in it: And ſince it was that ſeaſon of the year when walking upon the Banks of the River *Euphrates* was much frequented, he thought to find him there: And ſince he was of a very violent and haſty temper, it would be an eaſie matter to find a cauſe of ſome Quarrel, eſpecially ſince he had ſuch a ſpirit of Contradiction. For truly, Madam, *Armatrites* was of ſuch a croſs diſpoſition, that if two perſons were in contrary opinions to one another, he would rather be of a third to contradict them both, then ſide with either.

Atergatis knowing this humour, did conceive it would be very advantageous to himſelf to intereſt the Queen in the Cauſe of his Quarrel, to the end he might be protected againſt the Prince her Son, if any need were, that he might not be baniſhed if he were the Vanquiſher, and by conſequence not be ſeparated from *Iſtrina*. Conſulting then with himſelf how he might effect his Deſign, he reſolved when he came to the Banks of *Euphrates*, where he found *Armatrites* to extol thoſe great and wonderful works which that Illuſtrious Queen had made, to prevent the violence of the River, by turning it ſeveral ways before it came to *Babylon*, imagining that *Armatrites* would be ſure to contradict him: And indeed *Atergatis* was not miſtaken, for as ſoon as they met, and as he began to commend that wonderful work, *Armatrites*

trites checked him, and ſaid, that the Queen was rather to be blamed, and that ſhe had done much better if ſhe had imployed thoſe vaſt Expences in turning the courſe of the River, in fortifying the Frontiers of her Dominions: After which he began to condemn in general all thoſe Princes which buſie themſelves in publick works, and ſaid, that this which *Nitocris* had done,was not done for the ſecurity of the Town, and to make it more impregnable, but only out of the vanity of that Queen. *Atergatis* not to let ſlip ſuch a favourable occaſion, told him in an angry tone that he ſpoke too unreverently of a great and illuſtrious Princeſs, who could not be ſufficiently admired: Upon this *Armatrites* returned a tart anſwer, and *Atergatis* the like, ſtill engaging the Queen in his diſcourſe; inſomuch as he forced him to bid *Atergatis* meet him with a Sword in his Land; *Atergatis* did joyfully take him at his word, and told him, their beſt courſe was to take a turn in the Walks, and to draw out inſenſibly from the Company, leſt their Deſign ſhould be perceived; for at the beginning of their Conteſt, ſeveral perſons did hear them.*Armatrites* being very brave, he did as *Atergatis* adviſed him, and they ſeemed to be good friends,ſo that there was no ſuſpicion of a quarrel.

In the mean time,ſince they were both lovers of *Iſtrina*, and knew it, they both longed to ſee each other with Swords in their hands. ſo that when they obſerved there was no notice taken of them, in lieu of returning amongſt the people which walked, they continued on their walk along the river ſide, as if they were men that affected a ſolitary walk. Since it is the cuſtom of that place, for the Pages to wait upon their Maſters at the Gate of the Town, to the end they ſhould not interrupt the walks of the Ladies, by their uſual ſcurrility, the Pages of theſe two Princes were with the reſt, and by conſequence could not ſee their Maſters, when they ſeparated themſelves from the company. However, ſince theſe two Rivals had either of them a ſword, they were both of them well enough prepared for a Fight: So that as ſoon as they came to a place where the River turned, and kept them from the ſight of thoſe that walked, becauſe the ground in that place was very low, they began that Combate. I ſhall not trouble you, Madam, with any particularities of it; for I have ſo many other things to relate, that I muſt not inſiſt too long upon ſuch as are leaſt pleaſing. Let it ſuffice therefore, I tell you, that *Atergatis* was the Conqueror of *Armatrites*, his victory was deep in blood, and fatal to his Enemy; ſo that being both fortunate and brave, the great courage of *Armatrites* could not defend himſelf from four wounds, two whereof entred into his body. So that loſing abundance of blood, he fainted preſently, and ſtriving to make a paſs at *Atergatis*, he fell at his feet, yet he ſtrived to riſe again; but his generous Rival who was not wounded, would not ſuffer him, but took away his ſword; and having no mind to kill an enemy, who was not in a condition to defend himſelf, but told him that he would ſpare his life upon three Conditions.

The firſt, to publiſh that their Quarrel was upon ſpeeches of the great works, which the Q. *Nitocris* had made.

The ſecond, to confeſs he had a deſign of carrying away the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: And the third, to engage his word that he would never think any more of executing his unjuſt deſign as long as he lived; I could oblige you (purſued he) never to think any more upon that Princeſs; but ſince I know that Love is a thing not voluntary, I will not require any thing of you, but what is juſt and poſſible.

Armatrites being much wounded, and hearing *Atergatis* ſpeak in that manner, was much ſurprized, for the Prince of *Aſſiria* had never told him that he made the ſame offer unto *Atergatis*: ſo as imagining that his Rival came to know of his unjuſt deſign, either by revelation from the Gods, or by inchantment, he never denied the buſineſs, but confeſſed that it was true, he had a deſign of carrying away the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: he told him that he did well not to force him unto any promiſe of never thinking any more upon that Princeſs, maintaining with abundance of violence, that never any amorous perſon ought to make any promiſe in prejudice of his Love.

As they were upon theſe terms, the Prince *Intaphernes* who had been hunting that morning without any company but his own ſelf, came to them: and being much ſurprized to find them in that condition, he lighted from his Horſe and went up to them: who were as much ſurprized to ſee him, who coming ſuddenly upon them did hear the name of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*; and looking upon both Conqueror, and Conquered; Is it poſſible (ſaid he to them) that my Siſter ſhould cauſe two ſuch gallant men to fight? *Atergatis* whoſe ſpirits were incenſed againſt *Armatrites* for what he ſaid, and thinking that the Prince *Intaphernes* had heard more than he underſtood, did force his Enemy to confeſs before him the cauſe of their fight, and his deſign of carrying away the Princeſs *Iſtrina* by the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s orders; but as he was making this Confeſſion, his anger made him bleed ſo abundantly as he loſt his ſpeech. As guilty as he was, yet the Prince *Intaphernes* was ſo generous as to command ſome of his men to help him, and to carry him to the next houſe, becauſe *Babylon* was too far off. As theſe men obeyed the commands of their Maſter, *Armatrites* expired in their Arms: ſo that changing their deſign, they went to acquaint his men at the gate of *Babylon*, whilſt *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, 'twixt whom was a great league of friendſhip they left the high-way, and went another blind one, that they might the better diſcourſe together; yet they went a while without any talking, for both their minds was full: And indeed *Intaphernes* not being able to conceive the myſtery of this ſtrange adventure, did ſtudy how *Atergatis* could come to know the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s deſign; and why he ſhould rather fight with *Armatrites*, than acquaint him with the buſineſs.

On the other ſide, not knowing how he ſhould relate the paſſage, unleſs he ſhould diſcover unto *Intaphernes* the affection he had unto his Siſter the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, he was much perplexed; but at laſt, knowing his hatred unto the Prince of *Aſſiria*, and being acquainted with his generoſity and friendſhip towards him, he reſolved to confeſs the truth; and the rather, becauſe the Princeſs *Iſtrina* had ſaid nothing unto him which he was obliged to hide. So that he firſt breaking ſilence, I do not doubt Sir (ſaid he unto him as they ſtaid under a Tree which ſtood in their way) but you do much wonder at this adventure; but before I do particularize unto you the great injuſtice of the *Aſſirian* Prince, and of *Armatrites*, I muſt open unto you the botom of my heart, to the end you may not wonder how I became thus intereſted.

I muſt tell you then, Sir, and moſt truly, that you have ever been the man of all I know whom I have moſt eſteemed and loved : And the Princeſs your Siſter hath ever been the perſon, whom of all her ſex I moſt admired, and had the ſtrongeſt inclination unto : Thus, not being able to ſay that I eſteemed you becauſe I loved her; or that I loved her becauſe I eſteemed you ; I can only ſay, that both of you have poſſeſſion of the prime places in my heart. Yea I do believe, that if I examine the buſineſs very well (added this Prince very ſweetly) I ſhall find, that though I had not the honour to know her, yet ſtill I ſhould have been your Friend ; and though I never had the happineſs to have ſeen you, yet I ſhould have been her Lover : So that owing that high eſteem which I have of both your vertues, only unto your own proper merits ; if my friendſhip be a thing worth the valuing, you are not beholding unto each other for it. Truly Sir, (ſaid the Prince *Intaphernes*) I do ſet ſo high a rate upon your friendſhip, that though I be not beholding unto the merits of my Siſter for it, but only unto my own, yet I ſhould think my ſelf moſt happy to enjoy it. And if I have any thing to charge my Siſter with, it is becauſe ſhe never acquainted me with this noble Conqueſt which ſhe hath made : Alas, moſt generous *Intaphernes* (ſaid *Atergatis*) the Princeſs *Iſtrina* knows not yet ſo much as you do, nor do I yet know whether I ſhould wiſh ſhe did know it.

After this, *Atergatis* related unto *Intaphernes* his intentions of never diſcovering his Paſſion, unleſs the Prince of *Aſſiria* ſhould marry ſome other beſides the Princeſs *Iſtrina* ; and afterwards telling him how that unjuſt Prince ſent for him, what the Propoſition was which he made unto him, how he refuſed it : His deſign of acquainting the Princeſs *Iſtrina* with it, and to be ſhort, related the whole paſſage with ſo much ſweet ingenuity, that indeed *Intaphernes* thought himſelf much obliged unto him ; ſo that embracing *Atergatis*, I do find ſuch freeneſs, ſuch generoſity, and ſo much heroick ingenuity in your proceedings Sir (ſaid he unto him) that I do think it much more glorious for my Siſter to Reign in your Heart, than over all *Aſſiria*, ſince ſhe cannot do that unleſs ſhe become Wife unto the moſt unjuſt Prince upon Earth; and if ſhe will be ruled by me, you ſhall be happy Sir, if ſo it be that ſhe can make up your felicity. *Atergatis* hearing *Intaphernes* ſpeak thus, he expreſſed himſelf with ſo many tender proteſtations of friendſhip and thanks, as *Intaphernes* did plainly ſee the ſuperlative affection which he bore unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*.

Afterwards they began to conſult upon the beſt courſe which was to be taken, conſidering the ſtate of things; for ſaid the Prince *Intaphernes*, it is to be conceived that the Prince of *Aſſiria* will ſecretly intereſt himſelf in the death of *Armatrites*: And it is to be feared, that having ſuch a favourable occaſion for it, he will revenge himſelf upon you for denying him.

But after a ſerious examination of the whole buſineſs, they reſolved that *Atergatis* ſhould not go into *Babylon* till it was night: That he ſhould lodge with *Intaphernes*, where the Prince of *Aſſiria* durſt not offer any violence becauſe of the Queen: That it ſhould be blazed abroad how the Combat between *Atergatis* and *Armatritis* did grow; becauſe the firſt of theſe maintained the glory of *Nitocris* againſt the other; And that they ſhould not at all ſpeak of the intended ſtealing away of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, leſt it ſhould too much incenſe the Prince of *Aſſiria*; that in the interim, the Prince *Intaphernes* ſhould go into the Court to prepare the Queen, and to divulge in what condition he found *Atergatis* and *Armatrites*, and how he heard it from the mouth of the vanquiſhed what was the cauſe of the Combate, divulging alſo the generoſity of the Conqueror, and publiſhing that *Armatrites* was the firſt Challenger to fight. And after all this, ſaid *Intaphernes*, I muſt go into my Siſters Chamber: But generous Prince (ſaid *Atergatis* to him) what will you ſay of that man whom ſhe will not know? I will tell her, replied he, that ſhe ought to prefer him before all the reſt of the world; and that being ſo much obliged to him as ſhe is, ſhe deſerved the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s ſcorn, if ſhe were not as grateful as *Atergatis* is generous.

After this, ſeeing it was late, and would be dark before they came to the gates of *Babylon*, they began to walk, and came ſo happily, that they could not be known by any who could acquaint the Prince of *Aſſiria*, that *Atergatis* was gone unto the Lodgings of *Intaphernes*. However, as ſoon as that Prince had carried him to his Chamber, he left him, *Atergatis* deſiring him to have a greater care of what he ſaid unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, than of what he ſhould ſay unto the Queen: But as he was ready to go out, a Page from that Princeſs entred, who having heard ſome confuſed reports of a Combate with *Armatrites*, did ſend to ſee whether her Brother was returned from hunting, and whether he knew with whom it was that *Armatrites* fought? Tell her ſaid *Intaphernes*, that I will ſee her preſently, and that I ſend her word it was he whoſe name ſhe would not know, who fought with *Armatrites*, and is his Conqueror. The Page remembring word for word what the Prince *Intaphernes* told him, went back to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and made an exact relation of the Prince her Brothers meſſage, and ſhe was extreamly ſurprized when ſhe heard it. The cauſe of her wonder was not only to know that it was *Atergatis* who fought with *Armatrites* and overcame him, and to know of a certain that it was *Atergatis* who was in love with her: But her greateſt wonder was, to underſtand that the Prince *Intaphernes* ſhould be acquainted with the conference ſhe had held with *Atergatis*; not being able to imagine, that he who would never tell her openly that he loved her, ſhould acquaint the Prince her Brother with his Paſſion.

But whilſt ſhe was diſcanting thus upon the novelty of this adventure, *Intaphernes* went to the Queen, unto whom he related the Combat of *Atergatis*, moving her to ſet a value upon his Zeal who had defended her glory againſt him that oppoſed it, and was vanquiſhed, aſſuring her of a truth that *Armatrites* confeſſed it before he died. Alſo, ſince at the beginning of this conteſt etween theſe two Princes, there were ſeveral witneſſe of it, the noiſe of it was ſpread throughout all the Court, and had come unto the Queens Ear: So that whatſoever the Prince *Intaphernes* ſaid unto her, being but a confirmation of what ſhe heard before, it was an eaſie matter for that Prince to diſpoſe her unto a Protection of *Atergatis*: And indeed, though ſhe had no inclination to authorize ſuch Actions, yet ſhe ſent to tell that generous Lover how ſhe wiſhed he had not been ſo zealous in defence of her glory. However, though ſhe was very ſorry for the diſaſtrous accident, yet ſhe thought her ſelf obliged unto him, for intereſting himſelf ſo far as to hazzard his life for her: Adding, that ſhe would protect him as far as juſtice and fittingneſs would permit her: But though *Nitocris* had this good opinion of *Atergatis*, yet the Prince of *Aſſiria* was quite contrary, and undertook to protect the Kindred of the dead perſon in ſo high a manner, as made it apparent, he lamented the loſs of *Iſtrina*'s intended raviſher: And being a man of an infinite ſpirit, and penetrating wit, his fears were that *Atergatis* would make his vanquiſhed Enemy confeſs his intentions, and knowing it, would acquaint the Queen.

However *Intaphernes* meeting him as he came out from the Queen, and as he was going unto *Iſtrina*, this violent Prince knowing that *Intaphernes* had already ſpoken very advantagiouſly in behalf of *Atergatis*, he ſtaid; I know (ſaid he unto him in an angry tone) that you are the great abettor of the Prince *Atergatis*: But let me tell you that I am reſolved to revenge the death of *Armatrites*: Since *Atergatis* Sir (replied *Intaphernes* mildly) had not fought with *Armatrites*, but in behalf of the Queen, I had thought Sir, you would have been his protector; and I am confident you will, as ſoon as you have ſpoken with that great and glorious Queen: therefore I beſeech you Sir, give me leave to reſt in my own opinion, which e're long will be yours: No, no (anſwered the Prince of *Aſſiria* very ſharply) never imagine I ſhall alter my opinion; whom I love now, I ſhall love as long as I live; and whom I hate now, I ſhall for ever hate; therefore never hope that the Queen can make me change my mind, either in what relates unto *Atergatis*, or any elſe: And therefore by conſequence it is your part to conform your mind and opinion unto mine. I will ever conform my ſelf Sir, unto the dictates of Reaſon (replied *Intaphernes*) and will never fail in my duty to you or to the Queen: But Sir, I cannot ceaſe, being the friend of *Atergatis*, ſince honour will not allow it: Then be his friend (anſwered the Prince of *Aſſiria* very hotly,) but withal, be ſure to find me your Enemy. Then this violent Prince did leave *Intaphernes*, who had much a-do to keep within compaſs of his reſpects: But ſtriving with himſelf not to give any ſuch tart replies as he deſired, he expreſſed himſelf in as ſweet Language as his generoſity was capable of, and afterwards went unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, who expected him with much impatience, which was accompanied with a kind of fear and ſhame.

As ſoon as he came into her Chamber, he deſired her to go into her Cloſet, where he would try whether all *Atergatis* told him was true; and whether ſhe knew any more than he had diſcovered unto him: So that beginning to ſpeak, and looking attentively upon her; methinks Siſter, ſaid he unto her, that conſidering how I have ever lived with you, and ſince you have known the very ſecrets of my heart, and have not been ignorant of my inveterate hatred of the *Aſſirian* Prince, you ſhould have acquainted me how you reign in the heart of *Atergates*. *Atergates* (replied the Princeſs *Iſtrina*; and bluſht) hath kept his paſſion ſo cloſe, that though it be ſo he does love me, yet I knew it not, and therefore could not acquaint you with it: 'Tis true, I had of late a kind of gueſs at it, but I might perhaps be miſtaken in my Conjectures. No, no, replied *Intaphernes*, you are not miſtaken Siſter, if you thought that *Atergatis* adored you, and he hath given ſuch ample teſtimony of his love, as you need not doubt it: But Sir, I beſeech you (replied the Princeſs) tell me how you came to know ſo much? And whether *Atergatis* acquainted you with what he ſaid unto me in the gardens of *Semiramis*? When you have related your conference Siſter, with *Atergatis* (anſwered *Intaphernes*) I ſhall then relate unto you mine with him.

Iſtrina hearing her Brother ſay ſo, began to tell him very ingenuouſly, all that *Atergatis* ſaid unto her: So that *Intaphernes* finding her words concur with what his friend had told him: He acquainted *Iſtrina* with all he knew concerning his Combate, and his Love: And did ſo highly applaud the generoſity of *Atergatis*, and hate the injuſtice of the *Aſſirian* Prince, as he did what he could to make her love the firſt, and hate the ſecond. And certainly there was no great difficulty in effecting his deſign; for the Princeſs *Iſtrina* thought her ſelf ſo obliged unto *Atergatis*, for hazarding his life to prevent *Armatrites* from carrying her away, and was ſo mortally offended at the Prince of *Aſſiria*, that there could not be greater diſpoſitions both to love and to hate, than was in her heart. So that not reſiſting the deſires of *Intaphernes*, which were, that ſhe ſhould content her ſelf with the Dominion of *Atergatis* his heart, and reject the *Aſſirian* Throne; they conſulted together how they ſhould negotiate with *Nitocris*: But ſince they could not acquaint her with this laſt piece of injuſtice in the Prince her Son without extreamly grieving her, and without expoſing *Atergatis* to the fury of that robuſtuous Prince, if he ſhould come to know it, they could not reſolve upon that courſe; ſo that *Intaphernes* diſpoſed himſelf to return unto *Atergatis*: As he was ready to leave the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, ſhe kept him a little longer; But Brother (ſaid ſhe unto him, and bluſht) do you intend to acquaint *Atergatis* that you have told me how he loves me? I muſt acquaint him Siſter, (anſwered he) if I would be welcome to him: However, replied ſhe, I beſeech you do not tell him that you have perſwaded me unto any thing: I cannot tell (ſaid he, and ſmiled) whether I ſhould or no; for it would not be very advantagious for me to let him know that you would not give any credit unto my words: To ſave your honour, replied ſhe, you may tell him that I did not doubt of your words, but becauſe I ſuſpected his, for truly Brother, if you put me to the neceſſity of receiving *Atergatis* as a Lover, and as a declared Lover too, you will expoſe me to the greateſt perplexity in the world: I pray Siſter, ſaid he unto her, what would you have me tell him? Would you have me ſo damp all his hopes, that he ſhall never dare to tell you that he loves you? Or would you only oblige me not to deprive you of the delight in hearing it from his own mouth, which you cannot ſo pleaſingly receive from mine? You know ſo well Brother what I would have you ſay (replyed ſhe) that I need not tell you what words you ſhould uſe: All I require of you is, that you would not engage me into any Conference of open Gallantry, unleſs you would have me uſe that man over well unto whom I am extreamly obliged. After this, *Intaphernes* went out of *Iſtrina*'s Chambers, and returned to *Atergatis*, unto whom he related all the paſſages between the Queen and him; alſo what the Prince of *Aſſiria* ſaid unto him, and what the Princeſs *Iſtrina* anſwered him; to the end he might prepare himſelf (when things were brought to ſuch a paſs as he might ſee her) to fit his talk unto her deſires. In the mean time, the Prince of *Aſſiria* uſed all his arguments to perſwade the Queen that the Combat of *Atergatis* ought rather to incenſe than oblige her: But he could not do it: On the contrary, the Queen took this occaſion to tell him, that he affected always to hate whatſoever ſhe loved, and whoſoever loved her; and ſpoke ſo ſharply, as he went out very ill ſatisfied: And he was that day in ſuch a huffing Chafe, and gave ſuch harſh language unto *Intaphernes*, as that Prince, as wiſe and reſpective as he was, did reply ſo ſharply as the Prince of *Aſſiria* commanded him to keep out of his ſight.

In the mean time the Queen to calm this ſtorm, ſent *Atergatis* word, that conſidering the violence of the Prince her Son, ſhe ſhould be glad if he would depart the Court for a while, until ſhe had appeaſed the Kindred of *Armatrites*, and till ſhe had ſweetned the ſpirit of the *Aſſirian* Prince. So that *Atergatis* out of his reſpects and obedience unto the Queen, prepared for a departure out of *Babylon*: But ſince he could not go, before he took his leave of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, he intreated the Prince *Intaphernes* to obtain that permiſſion for him: No, no, anſwered that Prince, you muſt not do ſo: and it ſeems you do not perfectly know the perſon whom you love, ſince you do not think it requiſite to deceive her, and that way oblige her to ſuch a buſineſs as this; but that you may receive your deſired ſatisfaction, I will put an innocent Fallacy upon her: *Atergatis* then thanked *Intaphernes*, and told him that his fear was, that he ſhould eſteem him more than he loved his Siſter; However ſaid he, I am ſure, you have obliged me more than ever ſhe did. In the mean time, *Intaphernes* to keep his word with *Atergatis*, did perſwade the Princeſs his Siſter the next morning, to go walk in a Garden which is upon the banks of the River *Euphrates*, telling her, that now ſhe need not fear to go out of the Pallace ſince the Prince of *Aſſiria* had no more men with whom he could chaffer to carry her away: Yet *Iſtrina* did a long time deny him, but *Intaphernes* was ſo very earneſt, as ſhe did ſuſpect ſome hidden deſign in it; but her curioſity having got the maſtery of her mind, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer her ſelf to be deluded: And indeed the next day *Intaphernes* carried the Princeſs his Siſter unto the Garden which he propounded, where *Atergatis* by break of day had got before them, and ſtayed there until Evening: For ſince the Owner of that place was an intimate friend unto *Intaphernes*, he was very ſafe there; ſo that the man carrying *Atergatis* in a great and magnificent Cloſet, he watched there very conveniently for the Princeſs *Iſtrina* In the mean time, ſhe was no ſooner come into the Garden, but *Intaphernes* motioned to go and ſee the Houſe: But ſaid ſhe unto him, you propounded to bring me out to walk, and now you have no will unto it: If it were beſt to be in a Houſe, certainly it were beſt to be in the Queens Palace, which I believe is much better than that you would have me go into; yet Siſter (replied *Intaphernes*) you ſhall ſee ſomething in the houſe which you could not in the Queens. After he had ſaid ſo, he carried *Iſtrina* into a great Hall, from thence into a Chamber which looked into a great pleaſant Meadow; ſo that finding this Proſpective very delectable, ſhe looked out of a Window which ſtood open, and pleaſed her ſelf with the ſight of it: Whilſt ſhe ſtood there without any other Company but two of her women, the Prince *Intaphernes* opened the door of a Cloſſet to let in *Atergatis*; ſo that when the Princeſs *Iſtrina* turned about ſhe was extreamly ſurpriſed at the ſight of him, though ſhe knew the Prince her Brother did not bring him thither without deſign: I cannot tell Madam, (ſaid *Atergatis* moſt reſpectfully unto her) whether you will pardon the Prince *Intaphernes*, for the fallacy which he hath put upon you in my behalf; but I am ſure, I had no power to yield obedience unto the Queens Commands, that I ſhould depart from *Babylon*, before I had the honour to bid you adieu. It need not be doubted, replied ſhe, but that I ſhall much complain of him; for indeed I cannot endure that any ſhould deceive me, no, though it be to my advantage: However I ſhall very willingly pardon him this trick he hath put upon me, becauſe he hath given me occaſion of thanking you for hindring *Armatrites* from making me the moſt miſerable woman in the world. It is moſt true (ſaid the Prince *Intaphernes*, and interrupted her) and you are ſo much beholding unto *Atergatis*, that if you were the Queen of *Aſſiria*, I conceive you could not pay him the debt you owe him, unleſs you gave him the Crown: O, Sir, ſaid *Atergatis*, you make me ſo aſhamed at your language, as I dare hardly look upon the Princeſs. Since thoſe, Sir, who are obliged, replied *Iſtrina*, have more reaſon to bluſh for ſhame, than thoſe who do oblige, I muſt confeſs it my part to be aſhamed, for being obliged ſo much beyond my gratitude. Perſons of your Merits, Madam, replied *Atergatis*, do always ſufficiently recompence all Services that can be done them by their well acceptance of them: Therefore, Madam, if what I have done for you do not diſpleaſe you, I am well paid for the Service, and for all I can do as long as I live. As the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was ready to reply, the Maſter of the Houſe came and whiſpered *Intaphernes* in the Ear, and told him, that there was one of the Queens Officers aſked for him, and ſeemed as if he had ſome earneſt buſineſs with him; ſo that *Intaphernes* being gone out of the Chamber into the Hall to ſpeak with this Officer, *Atergatis* had the more liberty to expreſs his thoughts unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, though he had none which he deſired to conceal from *Intaphernes*, nor which he did not tell him: But ſince it is the quality of Love to love Secreſie, and ſince the words of a Lover when he ſpeaks of his paſſion would not be heard by any but the perſon whom he loves, therefore *Atergatis* was very glad of this opportunity; ſo that not to let it ſlip (tho he did not intend to ſpeak openly of his paſſion.) I render thanks unto the Gods (ſaid he unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*) that they have not driven me unto the neceſſity of acquainting you the firſt time with a buſineſs which I could not long conceal from you: And for that the man whoſe name you would not know, is not unknown unto you, though he hath been diſobedient unto your Commands of never letting you know it. Truly, I muſt needs confeſs (replied *Iſtrina* and bluſhed) that you have not diſobeyed me, and that in reaſon I have no juſt cauſe to complain; yet I cannot chuſe but accuſe you, though I am not able to give a name unto the Crime whereof I do accuſe you: for indeed being ſo much obliged unto you, as I am, and eſteeming you ſo much as I do, I dare not tell you, that you have not ſpoken ſincerely unto the Prince my Brother, but I am confident you did not well know your own thoughts, that you were miſtaken. and took one word for another, in ſpeaking of the Princeſs *Iſtrina* unto *Intaphernes*, and that you gave the ſmall eſteem and amity you bore her, ſome names which did not ſute well with them. Do you think Madam, (replied *Atergatis*) that one can keep a Medium in their eſteem and love of you? Since there is a Prince, replied ſhe, who finds in his heart to ſcorn me, and has a great averſion to me, me-thinks it a piece of vanity to imagine that you ſhould ſo much as eſteem me: Oh, Madam, replied *Atergatis*, the man you mean deſerves not to be ranked amongſt men, much leſs amongſt Princes. However, Madam, ſince a miſerable man, who is ready to depart from you, ſtands in need of ſome Conſolation to keep him alive; I will believe, Madam, that you ſpake as you did, purpoſely to give me the happy occaſion of telling you my ſelf how infinitely I adore you. No, *Atergatis*, replied ſhe, that was not my deſign: But on the contrary, I did believe, that by ſpeaking as I did, I ſhould oblige you to take time in the expreſſions of your affection, ſince it muſt be time only that can well do it: I know very well you have done very much for me already, but ſince generoſity only might prompt you unto it, I beſeech you give me the freedom of doubting what you ſay, ſince there cannot hap a greater miſchance unto you than not to be thought very generous. Alas, Madam, ſaid *Atergatis*, I beſeech you do not attribute that unto my generoſity which belongs unto my love; take away from me that Vertue, if you pleaſe, but do not take from me a paſſion which is neareſt my heart; and ſince you, Madam, your ſelf did create it in me, do not deſtroy your own Creature, nor diſpute it with me. I do not ask, Madam, that you ſhould retaliate heart for heart, and ſigh for ſigh; all I deſire is, you would be pleaſed only to accept of my heart and hearken unto my ſighs: For truly, Madam, ſince the goodneſs of the Prince *Intaphernes* is pleaſed to intereſt himſelf in my miſeries; I may believe, he will permit me to conquer you in the name of that amity you bear unto him, to accept of my affection without any hatred unto me. If I were not to depart from you ſo ſoon, I ſhould wait until my eyes, my ſighs, my tears, and my ſervices had given you a thouſand teſtimonies of my paſſion, before I had made any uſe of my words to perſwade you. But ſince I am ready to depart, methinks, Madam, that a man who hath ſo long loved you in ſilence, may have the liberty of expreſſing his love without incurring your anger, eſpecially having ſuch a Preface as the Prince *Intaphernes*.

You do make uſe, Sir, of ſuch a powerful name, replied *Iſtrina*, that I am much puzled to find an anſwer for you; yet I ſhall tell you, that ſince I am a little harder to be perſwaded than the Prince my Brother is, I do not engage my ſelf to believe all that he doth: And therefore be not offended, Sir, if I ſuſpect your words; and to ſpeak with reaſon, it is to be thought that a Love which begins in abſence will not laſt long. Oh, Madam, (replied *Atergatis*, and interrupted her) you do me the greateſt wrong in the world to ſay that my Love begun in abſence, ſince if you did but know when it did begin, you would find me to be the very firſt of your Adorers. I do not ask any recompence, Madam, for all thoſe ſecret torments which I have already endured for you, ſo you will but be pleaſed to ſet a value upon thoſe which I ſhall ſuffer for the future.

I know very well, that ſince the eyes of all the Court looked upon you Madam, as ſhe that was to be Queen of *Aſſiria*, to offer leſs than the heart of a King, was an offering unworthy of you: And I can aſſure you Madam, that my intentions were to obey you as long as I lived; and had I as many Crowns as you deſerve, I ſhould give them unto you with more joy than I could poſſeſs them: Not that (unleſs ambition be the predominate paſſion of your Soul) I can ever hope to be happy, ſince it is to be feared, that you will not love a King who is not ſo unjuſt as not to love you better than a Prince who makes it his glory to be your ſlave: but the Queens authority forcing the Prince her Son to obey her, your own inclination cannot reſiſt her: I beſeech you Madam, be not offended at any boldneſs in ſpeaking thus unto you: If ambition were a baſe and criminal paſſion, I ſhould ſuſpect you; But ſince deſire of Rule is univerſally in the hearts of all; and ſince to aſcend a Throne, long and bloody Wars are uſually made; and ſince Kingdoms and Empires are ſubverted, I may very well fear that you will make no ſcruple of loſing me, that you may Reign; for I muſt confeſs you may do it without any injuſtice to me, ſince I have no right in the Earth to hinder you: And I aſſure you Madam I am not ſo inſolent as to offer any conſtraint unto your inclination; but Madam, I beſeech you give me leave to tell you, that though I am fully reſolved to be a ſlave as long as my life laſts: Yet I perceive I muſt not live your Subject. Therefore Madam, I do beg it as a ſingular favour, that if it ſo fall out during my abſence, that the Prince of *Aſſiria* does reſolve to obey the Queen *Nitocris* you will be pleaſed to remember, that you cannot aſcend the Throne, but it muſt coſt the miſerable *Atergatis* his life.

Since Sir, I am reſolved to be very ſincere, replied the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, I muſt tell you that I will not oblige you by the reſolution which I have taken of reſiſting the Queen more obſtinately then the Prince of *Aſſiria* reſpects her, ſince I do it only for the love of my ſelf; for believe it, I think it more glory to ſcorn a Prince that ſlights me, than to be a Queen by any unworthy way; ſo that generous *Atergatis*, you may aſſure your ſelf that you muſt never be my Subject, and that I ſhall have no other power over you, but what you do voluntarily give me.

As *Atergatis* was ready to anſwer, the Prince *Intaphernes* entered, but with ſo many ſigns of diſcontent in his looks, as it was eaſie to ſee, he had met with ſome bad news ſince he left them: ſo that the Princeſs his ſiſter longing to be ſatisfied, asked him what it was which diſcontented him? I underſtand, ſaid he, that the Peace with *Phrygia* is concluded, and that the Queen prepares for a a publique rejoycing and that the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s marriage muſt follow preſently after this great Feaſt which is to be celebrated for this concluded Peace. The man who told me this, did hear the Queen ſay as much: ſo that thinking to do me a notable pleaſure in acquainting me with it, he ſought me out in ſeveral places, and found me here. This news did extreamly ſurprize *Iſtrina*, and much more *Atergatis*; who looking the Princeſs full in the eyes to diſcover the thoughts of her heart, did gaze upon her with extream attention: At firſt ſhe bluſht, and ſeemed a little moved; but preſently recollecting her ſelf, I am ſo ſure, ſaid ſhe unto *Intapherrnes*, of the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s averſion unto me, and of mine to him, that be the Court never ſo much joyed at his Marriage and mine, yet I ſhall be in mourning.

Oh my deareſt Siſter ſaid the Prince *Intaphernes*, your expreſſions do infinitely pleaſe me; for what ambition ſoever be in my heart, yet I deſire not to ſee you a Queen by becoming Wife unto a Prince who hath wronged me, and who hath wronged me unpuniſhed, becauſe I was his Subject; and whom, if fortune had not put that difference betwixt us, I would make know, that the fate of Arms might perhaps make us equals.

Atergatis hearing what the Prince *Intaphernes* ſaid, was well ſatisfied, and was quit of moſt of his fears, but not altogether; for he knew, that the Queen *Nitocris* was fully reſolved to preſs the Prince her Son unto the very utmoſt: nor was he ignorant, that the Crown belonged unto her; that ſhe was moſt abſolute in her Dominion; and the ancient amity which ſhe had with *Gadates*, was the reaſon why ſhe would have him Reign in the perſon of his Daughter: So that not relying upon the words of *Intaphernes* and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, he was in a perplexed condition, and he made a hundred ſeveral Propoſitions unto them both, to rid himſelf of his fears.

Intaphernes for his part, adviſed his Siſter to leave the Court, and never acquaint the Queen; but ſhe would not hearken unto that, telling them that ſhe owed more reſpect unto the Queen and *Gadates*, than to take any ſuch courſe: Alſo ſaid ſhe, it may chance ſo fall out, that the Prince of *Aſſiria* will ſufficiently reſiſt her, and never put me to the neceſſity of incenſing the Queen. Alas Madam (ſaid *Atergatis*) I beſeech you give me leave to tell you, that thoſe who will never enter into Combate, can never vanquiſh: and ſo if you will not oppoſe the Queen, it is as much to ſay, that you will obey her: I do aſſure you Sir, replied ſhe, I will not obey her. And if ever I be your Queen, I freely give both you, and my Brother leave to be my rebellious Subjects; but in the mean time I beſeech you give me leave to temper the Queens mind as I pleaſe: I muſt confeſs Siſter, ſaid *Intaphernes*, that you are very much obliged to the Queen, and that's the reaſon which makes me fear, that if ever ſhe perſwade the Prince her Son, ſhe will perſwade you alſo. Since I do know my own heart better than you know it, replied ſhe, I have more reaſen to truſt unto my own generoſity than you have: But to teſtifie that I would not have you ſuſpect me to be ſo baſe, as ever to marry a Prince who hath wronged you, and ſcorned me, I will alter my intention, and beſeech the Queen (provided you be preſent) not to command me ever to marry the Prince her Son, but that ſhe will pleaſe to give me ſo much liberty as to retire my ſelf: After this, both *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* did return her moſt hearty thanks,and applauded her generoſity: But ſhe being a little diſpleaſed, that the Prince her brother ſhould ſuſpect her of any weakneſs, did give him a handſome check for it, which did the more confirm him in his belief of her generoſity.

In the mean while ſince it was reſolved upon, that he ſhould go unto the Queen the ſame night, he prepared himſelf to leave her: And ſince *Intaphernes* did moſt dearly love *Atergatis*, and thought that the more he engaged *Iſtrina* with him, the more averſe ſhe would be unto the Prince of *Aſſiria*: He conjured her to accept of his affection, and to look upon him as a man who of all the world was moſt worthy of her.

Atergatis for his part, was full of his tender and paſſionate expreſſions: But ſay, or do what they both could, ſhe would not engage her ſelf unto *Atergatis* further than terms of friendſhip and acknowledgment. But to tell you truly, I believe her heart did promiſe more than her mouth; and from that day, ſhe began to put a difference between the amity ſhe uſed to her friends, and the affection ſhe had to that Prince.

However it were, as ſoon as ſhe returned to the Palace, ſhe perceived that what the Queen had ſpoken was known to all the world, and that they began already to look upon her as Queen; for ſhe ſaw ſuch obſequiouſneſs in all that addreſſed themſelves unto her, as it was eaſie to know their thoughts, and that their own Intereſts did move them ſo to do.

On the other ſide, the Prince of *Aſſiria* knowing more preciſely than *Intaphernes* how the Queen intended his Marriage, did take a reſolution, which as you know Madam, hath been very unfortunate unto you, ſince if he had not left the Court of *Aſſiria*, he had never come into the Court of *Cappadocia*. However, without any further deliberation, his deſign was to leave the Court, to get out of the Kingdom, and to travel unknown, until the Queen his Mother had changed her mind, and that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was married.

But ſince neither the Prince *Intaphernes*, nor the Princeſs his Siſter did know of his intentions, they ſpoke joyntly to the Queen, and beſeeched her to let them retire from the Court, and never to command them back: But the more they complained againſt the Prince of *Aſſiria*, the more *Intaphernes* was ſenſible of his affronts, and the more *Iſtrina* begged of the Queen never to marry, the more earneſt was the Queen to have them ſtay in the Court, and was more reſolved to make up the match which ſhe had ſo long deſired. *Iſtrina* added her Tears unto her Prayers, and *Intaphernes* was very importunate, but all in vain, for neither ſide would yield, nor change their minds.

In the mean while the melancholy *Atergatis* hearing from *Intaphernes* how all things paſſed, would not yet ſtir from the place where he had a buſineſs of that importence, but reſolved to ſtay a while conceal'd in *Babylon*, until he knew a little better how ſquares would go; but he ſtayed in ſuch a melancholy condition, that if *Intaphernes* had not cheered him up, his melancholy had been ſtronger than his Reaſon: That which added the moſt miſery to his melancholy, was, the King of *Aſſiria*, who as I told you, having a deſign to ſteal out of Court, would needs, to delude the Queen, appear the next morning at the Feaſt for the Peace of *Phrygia*, in a high magnificence. He ſeemed leſs fierce then ordinary, and more civil to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: ſo that all the Court thinking he would obey the Queen, the noiſe of it came unto the ears of *Atergatis* and *Intaphernes*, who would not participate of their diverſions that day: And ſo that theſe two Princes were both of them equally ſad, though from different Cauſes. *Intaphernes* did write that night unto his ſiſter to know whether it was true that the Prince of *Aſſiria* was more pliant to her than uſual; but as he was ſending his Letter, he received one from her, which contained theſe words.

ISTRINA *unto* INTAPHERNES.

Brother.

I Cannot ſtay until the morning to tell you, that though the Prince of Aſſiria *hath changed his behaviour to me, yet I ſhall not change my mind; and if I expreſſed any joys to ſee him leſs uncivil, it was out of my hopes to make him better know the averſion which I ſhall ever have unto him: Adieu, do not ſuſpect me of any weakneſs, and think always of my Generoſity as you would have me think of yours upon the like occaſion.*

Iſtrina.

Intaphernes had no ſooner read this Letter, but he went to ſhew it unto *Atergatis*, who was both glad and ſad at it; for he was glad to hear that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was conſtant to her firſt reſolution, but he was very ſorry to hear that confirmed which had formerly ſo much grieved him; ſo that there being a Miſcellany of theſe two Contraries in his ſoul,he knew not how to expreſs his thoughts by his words.

As for the Prince *Intaphernes*, he knew not what to think; for he could not imagine why a Prince who had behaved himſelf ſo harſhly, ſhould change in ſo ſhort a time. Yet in his anſwer to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, he excited her to continue generous, and aſſured her, that he would ſee her the next day: Yet Madam, this Princeſs hath confeſſed ſince unto the Prince her Brother, that ſhe was all the night following extreamly reſtleſs, for truly *Atergatis* had exceedingly obliged her: *Atergatis* was very amiable, *Atergatis* did infinitely love her, and ſhe had no inclination to hate him. Moreover the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s contempt of her, had ſtrangely incenſed her ſpirits againſt him: and his affronts offered unto the Prince *Intaphernes* did extreamly exaſperate her. But on the other ſide, when ſhe conſidered what Glory it was to be Queen of *Aſſiria*, to ſucceed on the of moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs's in the world: To command in the greateſt Town upon Earth, to ſee none but the Gods above her, and to have but a few equals in the whole Univerſe; ſhe found it a piece of difficulty to keep cloſe unto her reſolution.

As ſoon as inclined unto Ambition, Honour and Love did command her to be generous, ſo that ſhe returned to her firſt thoughts, and reſolutely defended herſelf.

But whilſt *Atergatis*, *Intaphernes*, and *Iſtrina* were each of them diſcanting upon this adventure; and whilſt the Queen was preparing to ſpeak the next morning unto the the Prince her Son, and to preſs obedience upon him: That Prince without any company but three of his men, departed from *Babylon* two hours before day.

It is not eaſie for me, Madam, to tell you what effects this departure did produce in the Court: It would be task enough to acquaint you with the thoughts of *Iſtrina*, *Intaphernes*, and *Atergatis*, unleſs I ſhould alſo mention the ſorrows and anger of the Queen, to ſee that the Prince her Son ſhould ſo much fail in his reſpects; yet ſhe diſſembled ſome part of her Reſentments. But as for *Iſtrina*, ſhe did ſo little hide her Joys at the Princes departure (though in point of honour, ſhe ſeemed a little angry) that all the Court perceived it; for ſhe being then but very young, ſhe could not confine all her tumultuous thoughts unto the Cloſet of her heart. As for *Intaphernes*, though he was ſomething more a Maſter of himſelf, and went as others did to the *Queen*, yet he was very glad to obſerve that the departure of this Prince did not trouble her. As for *Atergatis*, he had ſuch Raptures of joy as never man had; Such, Madam, as though he did never in his life write unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, yet now he writ to acquaint her with his thoughts, asking her pardon for rejoycing at her loſs of a Crown, and hinted unto her ſo many paſſages of Wit, of Gallantry, and Paſſion, as it was apparent; the heart which guided the hand that writ this Letter was infinitely in Love. The joys of *Atergatis* were the more augmented, becauſe he hoped that now the Prince of *Aſſiria* was gone, the *Queen* perhaps would revoke, or at leaſt ſhorten his Exile; yet he was deceived in his hopes: for be pleaſed to know, Madam, that ſince the friends of *Armatrites* aimed only at the ruin of *Atergatis*, and knowing that he had ſeen the Princeſs *Iſtrina* in that Garden where *Intaphernes* carried her, and having learned alſo that he was ſtill in *Babylon*, did advertiſe the *Queen* of it; ſo that the *Queen* having a moſt Penetrating Wit, and obſerving that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was joyed at the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s departure, and far from grieving at the loſs of a Crown; ſhe began to ſuſpect ſomething from this interview, of which ſhe had never told her: And her ſuſpition was the more violent, becauſe ſhe remembred how zealouſly the Prince *Intaphernes* pleaded for *Atergatis*, after his Combat with *Armatrites*. So that comparing all theſe Circumſtances together, ſhe deſired to be ſatisfied in the buſineſs: and indeed ſo ſhe was very eaſily; for ſince *Iſtrina* ſtood in fear of her, and did highly reverence her, ſhe had not power to deny this interview in the Garden; nor did ſhe in that diſorder ſo much as think upon any Colour for it. Alſo ſhe was much ſurprized when *Nitocris* asked her, why *Intaphernes* deſired her to ſee *Atergatis*; Madam, (replied *Iſtrina* and bluſht)

bluſht) ſince *Atergatis* was ever a good friend both un *Intaphernes* and me, he deſired that I ſhould bid him a dieu, and I did not deny him. Fie, fie, *Iſtrina* (anſwe ed the *Queen* to make her confeſs) you need not ma a myſtery of ſuch a buſineſs: this meeting hath ſo other cauſe more than I know; but I will know it, an that more particularly from your own mouth. The Pri ceſs *Iſtrina* ſeeing the *Queen* ſo very urgent, did ma an indirect anſwer; but *Nitocris* ſtill preſſing her mor and not giving her time to conſider upon the buſine ſhe forced her at laſt to tell her in a tumultuous manne how ſhe was obliged unto *Atergatis*, acquainting th *Queen* with the Prince of *Aſſyria*'s Injuſtice, in offeri to ſteal her away: and acquainting her with the genero ſity of *Atergatis*, and how ſhe was diſpleaſed with th firſt, and more eſteemed the ſecond. But all this di not ſucceed according to *Iſtrina*'s hopes: for though th young Princeſs never told the *Queen* that *Atergatis* w in love with her, or that ſhe did attribute his action on unto the generoſity of his Soul: Yet *Nitocris* did ſm the truth, for ſince ſome flying reports went of *Aterga* his paſſion, ſhe had wit enough to conſider all theſe thin in the true ſenſe. But the worſt was, the *Queen* imagi ing that *Iſtrina* had of a long time known of the paſſi of *Atergatis*, ſhe thought, that perhaps this ſecret pie of Gallantry was the cauſe why the Prince her Son was obſtinate. Not but that ſhe knew the Vertue of *Iſtri* very well; yet looking upon *Atergatis* as an Obſta unto the thing which ſhe moſt of any thing in the wor deſired: ſhe commanded a new that ſhe ſhould dep the Court, and not return till ſhe recalled him. *Inta phernes* whom *Iſtrina* durſt not acquaint with what ſh had confeſſed unto the *Queen*, did beſeech her not treat a man ſo rigorouſly who had fought in defence her Glory: but ſhe abſolutely denied him, and told hi afterwards all ſhe knew, and what ſhe thought of *Ate gatis* his Love of *Iſtrina*; So that *Intaphernes* whoſe So was all Sincerity and Generoſity, confeſſed more th the Princeſs his Siſter did: for he told her poſitively the paſſage, and with ſo much ingenuity that the *Que* perceived ſhe was miſtaken in thinking that *Iſtrina* di

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know of *Atergatis* his love long before; So that being very glad a Princeſs whom ſhe dearly loved was juſtified in her Opinion: She did with more moderation admit of *Intaphernes* his aggravations of the Prince of *Aſſyria*'s injuſtice, in deſiring to ſteal away his Siſter both for *Atergatis* and *Armatrites*: I do very plainly ſee, ſaid the *Queen*, that the Prince my Son is very unjuſt; But for all that *Intaphernes*, as long as he is living I ſhall ſtill be in ſome hopes of *Iſtrina*'s being *Queen* of *Aſſyria*: And therefore I would not have *Atergatis* have any thoughts of her; ſo that though the friends of *Armatrites* did not preſs me as they do to baniſh him: yet baniſhed he muſt be, becauſe he loves *Iſtrina*, and becauſe he is a man too well accompliſhed for her to hate him. However, aſſure him, that if he will change Paſſions, and let Ambition take the place of Love in his heart: I ſhall ere long fully ſatisfie it by conferring upon him ſo conſiderable Government, that though he ſhall be baniſhed from *Babylon*, yet his Exile ſhall paſs rather for a recompence than a puniſhment. *Intaphernes* then offered to oppoſe the *Queen*, but ſhe impoſed ſilence upon him, ſo that it muſt be as ſhe would have it, and *Atergatis*, muſt depart, yes, and depart without a ſight of the Princeſs whom he loved: for the *Queen* did cauſe her Commands to be ſo ſtrictly obſerved, that *Intaphernes* could not imagin which way he ſhould procure that ſatisfaction to his friend, who had departed without any Conſolation; if *Intaphernes* had not promiſed him to preſent his Letter unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina* and oblige her to anſwer him. I ſhall not, Madam, both trouble you and my ſelf with a relation how the Prince *Atergatis* ſpent the firſt months of his Baniſhment: nor how careful he was in writing his Letters unto *Iſtrina*, and *Intaphernes*, nor with what exactneſs *Intaphernes* anſwered him, nor with what zeal that Prince ſpoke of *Atergatis* unto *Iſtrina*. leaſt ſhe ſhould forget him, and not enough hate the Prince of *Aſſyria*; for I ſhould be too long and tedious in telling things ſo little pertinent or neceſſary: But give me leave to tell you, Madam, how one that was Couſin to *Armatrites*, hearing that *Atergatis* did often write unto *Intaphernes*; he did advertiſe the *Queen* of it, but he was not ſo cunning as to keep it from the knowledg of *Intaphernes*, therefore ſuc ſharp language paſſed between them as they fell to blows: And *Intaphernes* fought with ſo much courage, that afte he had killed his Enemy, he defended himſelf moſt ſtou- ly againſt three of his men, who ſeeing their Maſte dead, would needs be revenged. But though they were valiant, yet he killed one of them, and wounded anothe and put the third to flight, having none but the God and himſelf; for he met him with whom he fought in long walk upon the Bank of *Euphrates*, at the end o which he had left his men, and they could not be ſo ſoo in with him, as he was Conqueror: 'Tis true, his Victor was dearly bought, for he was dangerouſly wounded i two places: But ſince the Chirurgeons did ſay there wa no danger in his wounds, it may very well be ſaid, tha the glory he got in the Combat was worth more tha the blood he loſt.

In the mean time, the *Queen* perceiving how zealou *Intaphernes* was in all things that related unto *Atergati* ſhe reſolved to continue his Baniſhment, not only as lon as the Prince her Son was abſent, but alſo as long as tha unjuſt Prince would not marry *Iſtrina*: and yet ſhe wa very favourable unto *Atergatis* in a hundred things of an other nature, both to his perſon and other his relation Thus this unfortunate Lover, not ſeeing any period of hi baniſhment, but the marriage of her he loved, with Prince whom he hated, did lead the moſt miſerable li of any man in the world; yet he received ſo much con ſolation as to have ſome Letters from *Iſtrina*; but he re ceived ſo much ſorrow alſo as to know how that wi Princeſs told the Queen, that the affection of *Atergat* was very indifferent into her: yet ſhe told him, how ſh beſeeched her to ſend her back unto the Prince her Fa ther, to the end that ſhe ſhould not hinder the return o the Prince her Son; but ſhe durſt ſay no more, yet ſh explained her ſelf a little more clearly a few days afte the Combat of *Intaphernes*: for the Prince of *Aſſiria* ſe one of his men ſecretly into *Babylon* to ſcatter ſeveral Tick ets in the Town, by which he declared that he woul never return into *Aſſiria* until the Princeſs *Iſtrina* wa married, and beſeeching the *Queen* not to marry her un

Atergatis, for ſome reaſons which he would give her when ſhe had put him into a condition to return : So that this Prince by this means revenged himſelf upon *Atergatis*, who would not ſuffer him to ſteal away *Iſtrina* for him; for the Queen upon this did confirm her reſolutions of keeping that Prince ſtill in Exile.

In the mean time, the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, who till now could never let it be known that ſhe did not hate *Atergatis*, began openly to inveigh againſt the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s Injuſtice, who did not only affront her in his refuſal of Marriage, but did moſt Tyrannically preſcribe things which did not belong unto him, and ſuch things as upon which the whole tranquillity of her life depended. But the more ſhe complained, the more ſhe retarded the return of *Atergatis*, who hearing of the paſſages in *Babylon*, was grieved to the very Soul : yet there was ſuch reſentments in the heart of *Iſtrina*, as would have joyed his Soul had he known them; for certainly the Prince of *Aſſiria*'s Tickets, and the proceedings of the Queen did make her reſolve to look upon *Atergatis* as the only man in the world, who did merit her affection. But,Madam,not to abuſe your patience any longer, I muſt in a very few words ſlight over all the petty paſſages in *Babylon*, whilſt the Prince of *Aſſiria* under the name of *Philidaſpes* was a Lover of you, and a Hater of the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* at *Synope* : for it would take too much time to expreſs how ſad the Queen was, becauſe ſhe knew not what was become of the Prince her Son, and to expreſs the ſad heart of *Atergatis* at his abſence from her he Loved : the vexation of *Iſtrina* to ſee the abſent Prince of *Aſſiria* an Obſtacle unto her happineſs : How angry *Intaphernes* was to have an Enemy,of whom he neither could nor durſt be revenged,and to what a trouble the Prince *Mazares* was put unto, in being an univerſal Mediator to appeaſe the Queen whenſoever ſhe was incenſed, either againſt the Prince her Son,or againſt *Intaphernes*,or againſt *Iſtrina*,or againſt *Atergatis*. Therefore,Madam,without more mention of what paſſed in *Babylon*,whilſt the pretended *Philidaſpes* followed the King your Father in the Wars, which then he had againſt the Kings of *Pontus* and *Phrygia*,and whilſt the Voyage of the Illuſtrious *Artamenes* to *Thomyris* laſted ; I ſhall repreſent unto you only ſuch things as happened after the Queen knew that the Prince her Son had carried you away. For truly, Madam, I owe this teſtimony unto the vertue of that great Princeſs, as I muſt aſſure you, that this News did extreamly grieve her, as, but for the Prince *Mazares*, ſhe had diſinherited the Prince her Son from the Crown: Then did ſhe repent that ever ſhe croſſed the inclinations of *Iſtrina*, and did not only give her moſt tender and obliging language, but the Prince *Intaphernes* alſo who was gone a little before into *Bythinia*, where *Arſamones* was waging War to recover the Crown of his Anceſtors. In the mean while, *Atergatis* who did intereſt himſelf unto every thing which concerned *Intaphernes*, did follow him to the War, deſiring ſince he was Exiled, to paſs his time in the Service of that Prince unto whom *Iſtrina* had relation. I am obliged, Madam, to acquaint you alſo, that if this great Queen had lived ſhe had beſieged *Opis*, whither the Prince her Son had conveyed you, aſſuring you that her only deſign in it was to reſtore you unto the King your Father: But, Madam, death prevented the execution of her generous Deſign, which would have ſaved many a ſorrow. But ſince this great Princeſs at the end of her days lookt pale death in his grim face, without any fear, and kept her reaſon clear unto her very laſt breath, ſhe would not leave the Princeſs *Iſtrina* expoſed unto the violences of the new King; but knowing how much I ever devoted my ſelf unto the Service of the Prince *Intaphernes*, ſhe did me the honor to make choice of me with the truſt of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, appointing me to convoy her into *Bythinia* as ſoon as ſhe was dead; and having no mind, ſhe ſhould go unto the Prince her Father, ſince he being within the Dominions of the Prince her Son, he ſhould offer any violence unto her: Therefore, making choice of a more ſafe Sanctuary, ſhe would have me carry her unto *Arſamones*, with whom, as I already told you, were the Princes *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, who both of them had highly ſignalized themſelves in that War: ſo that, Madam, I accepting of this charge which the Queen committed unto me, and promiſing moſt faithfully to perform my Truſt, this great Queen of ever honoured memory was no ſooner expired, but I prepared for obedience.

The Prince *Mazares*, who infinitely loved *Intaphernes*, eſteemed *Atergatis*, and honoured *Iſtrina*, did for the more ſafety of this Princeſs give me a Convoy, himſelf waiting upon her ſome forty Furlongs out of *Babylon*, I cannot tell you, Madam, how great was the grief of the Princeſs *Iſtrina* for the death of *Nitocris*, for I have not words apt enough to expreſs it: but I can tell you, that the looking upon the Prince of *Aſſiria* as the cauſe of her loſs by reaſon of griefe which your carrying away cauſed, did curſe him with as many imprecations as you your ſelf could do, however, as time is the beſt ſalve for all ſorrows, ſo when we came into *Bythinia*, her tears were a little dryed up, and her ſorrows ſlackened.

As ſoon as we were upon the Frontiers of that Kingdom, and quite out of the King of *Aſſiria*'s power, the Princeſs did ſtay to reſt her ſelf, and to give me time to acquaint the Prince *Intaphernes* and the Prince *Atergatis* with her Arrival: You may well imagine Madam, that the bad news of *Nitocris*'s death was not ſweetned by this, eſpecially to *Atergatis*, though he was to ſee *Iſtrina*, beyond all his hopes; for Madam, be pleaſed to know, that the Meſſenger whom I ſent unto theſe two Princes, who were then at *Calcedonia*, where the Court was, did find them ready to come unto *Babylon* in a diſguiſe. purpoſely for the ſafety of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, not knowing how the Queens prudence provided for it.

So that being now out of all fears of the new *Aſſirian* Kings violence, and hearing that they ſhould ſee her much ſooner then they hoped, the ſorrows of *Intaphernes* vaniſhed, and much more the ſorrows of *Atergatis*, ſince he was not ſo much obliged unto the Queen by reaſon of his Exile: However to loſe no time, in lieu of anſwering *Iſtrina*'s Letters and mine, they went in all haſt unto *Arſamones*, to acquaint him with *Iſtrina's* Arrival, and to deſire Sanctuary for her: ſince *Arſamones* was much obliged unto them, he was very glad of ſuch an occaſion to gratiſy the ſervices they had done him in the Wars: ſo that conſenting very cheerfully unto their deſires, he acquainted the Queen of *Bythinia* with it, the very ſame hour, who for the more honour of the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, did ſend her own Coach to meet her a days journey

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from *Clacedonia*, and alſo a particular Complement un to *Iſtrina*.

On the other ſide, *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* having a earneſt to ſee her, did make incredible haſt unto th place where ſhe was, Friendſhip and Love being ſhar ſpurs unto both thoſe Princes, who did very pleaſingly ſurprize; for we could not imagine it poſſible for the to negotiate with *Arſamones*, and be there ſo ſoon. It not an eaſie matter for me to tell you, Madam, how infinitely theſe three perſons were joyed: *Intaphernes* an *Atergatis* let theirs appear, but as for *Iſtrina*, the part concealed hers.

Their converſation yet began in tears, but yet thei Joys to ſee each other, diſſipating all clouds of ſorrow they began to relate all the paſſages which hapned ſinc they ſaw each other; they complained againſt the Kin of *Aſſiria* with ſuch kind of aggravations as ſometimes u eth to comfort ſuch as have freedom to complain of an Injuſtice done them. Yet they did not vent all the thoughts, for the paſſion of *Atergatis* forged a thouſan which he never uttered, yet he had ſo much ſatisfaction to eaſe himſelf and his heart a little; for after they ha talked a long time with *Iſtrina*, *Intaphernes* being deſirou to confer with me, did draw me aſide, and left *Atergatis* liberty to vent his paſſion; I know not Madam, ſaid he u to her, whether you remember thoſe cruel words yo gave me at *Babylon*, when you told me that a Paſſi which began by abſence never laſted long. So many cru adventures have hapned ſince, replied ſhe, that I do remember what we ſaid; but (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) if I d ſay ſo, I think that I did not ſpeak out of reaſon; for ſinc abſence doth often deſtroy the moſt firm grounded affec ons, well may it deſtroy a green beginning one.

It ſeems then Madam, replied *Atergatis*, that my a fections to you is not of ſuch a Nature as Time and A ſence can deſtroy; ſince it is moſt certain I do ove adore you more now, then when I left you; and I may tr ly ſay, that there was not a day paſſed over, where my Love did not kindle new fires to burn my heart, a make me more miſerable: For the more of the world ſaw, the more I knew how to value your worth. And t

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Court of *Bythinia*, though full of excellent Beauties, hath let me know, that you are not only a perſon of moſt the abſolute perfection in *Aſſiria*, but in the world, ſince I am moſt ſure that all the places I ever came in could not produce one comparable.

Though applauds be very pleaſing, replied *Iſtrina*, principally from a man whom one eſteems, yet I beſeech you be a little ſparing of them, leaſt I ſhould ſuſpect you of flattery, and doubt of what you ſhall hereafter tell me: Provided Madam, you do not doubt my affection, replied *Atergatis*, I do not fear your doubting the truth of my words, when I commend you more than ever I did any; for truly Madam, when I tell you that you are the faireſt perſon of the whole world, if you will not believe me, I beſeech you believe your Glaſs. If I tell you that you have more wit than thoſe who have the moſt, that very ſame wit which knows others ſo perfectly, will not permit you to doubt of what I ſay, nor ſuffer you to accuſe me of any untruth when I extol all your vertues; And if I were ſure you would as well believe I love you, as you muſt needs believe your ſelf lovely, I ſhould be much happier then I am: and indeed Madam, unleſs you do not eſteem me at all, you cannot chooſe but think that I do admire you.

I do aſſure you Sir, replied *Iſtrina*, I do ſo little know my ſelf, as I cannot tell whether one doth me right or wrong; when they eſteem me much, or not at all: However, I do once more intreat you not to commend me over much, and I do conjure you not to tell me any more of your affection; for (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) though I would believe you loved me, yet I ought not to give credit unto your words, therefore, Sir, I intreat you to live with me as the Prince my brother doth; for I do aſſure you that though he does not tell me that he loves me, yet I am very confident of his affection.

Oh Madam, ſaid *Atergatis*, Love and Friendſhip are things very different: Friendſhip may be dumb, and indeed it were an odd thing, that all ones Friends ſhould ſtill be telling that they love; but as for love Madam, it cannot be ſo: Indeed it is ſo far from being dumb as you would have it, that it muſt be eloquent; and aggravations are ſo natural unto it, as one may ſay, it is above all aggravations, ſince certainly one can never love too much: It is a crime to talk of any thing but his paſſion, when a Lover is ſo happy as to be alone with the perſon he adores Judge therefore, Madam, I beſeech you, whether I have not cauſe to complain againſt that rigorous command of not talking unto you of my paſſion; and whether I have not reaſon to make my Complaints unto the Prince *Intaphernes*: I had rather you made your Complaints, Sir, replied ſhe, unto my Brother than unto me; yet I hope, replied he, that he would move you to do me juſtice. However, I beſeech you, give me leave to aſk you, Madam, whether after you once intended thoughts of Reigning over all *Aſſiria*, and the thoughts of having infinite multitudes for your Subjects, you can be ſatisfied with having only the unfortunate *Atergatis* for your ſlave?

As *Iſtrina* was ready to reply, the Prince *Intaphernes* came unto them, and told the Princeſs his Siſter that ſhe was to go unto the Court, to the end ſhe might know how to behave her ſelf: He made a ſhort deſcription of the haſty and imperious humour of *Arſamones*, of the vertue and prudence of the Queen *Arbiana*; but when he came to mention the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, he applauded her ſo highly, and in ſuch a manner, as if he feared he could never commend her enough; inſomuch as *Iſtrina* imagined that he loved her as much as he eſteemed her. Did I not know (ſaid ſhe unto the Prince her Brother) that you have been always in the Army, ſince you came into *Bythinia*, I ſhould think that the Beauty of this Princeſs whom you ſo highly applaud, had very much engaged your heart: But ſince I hear of all your Victories, I cannot believe you will let your ſelf be vanquiſhed: Doubtleſs Siſter, replied *Intaphernes*, we have been Conquerors in the Wars, but yet Love hath conquered me: And that liberty which I preſerved amidſt all *Babylonian* Beauties is loſt at *Calcedonia*, by the ſight of the *Bythinian* Princeſs. Therefore my deareſt Siſter, give me leave to plead for *Atergatis* unto you with more zeal than ever I did; for now I know by my own experience what this tyrannical paſſion is, which cauſeth the greateſt delight, and the greateſt miſeries of life, and therefore Siſter I do intereſt my ſelf more than ever I did in the paſſion of *Atergatis* unto you.

I ſhould have thought, replied *Iſtrina*, that thoſe who are in Love, would have been ſo taken up with their own paſſion, as they would not have had leiſure to employ themſelves in the paſſions of others, but for ought I ſee, I am deceived in my opinion. Yet I do perceive that I muſt prepare my ſelf for as much friendſhip to the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, as you have Love, if I will preſerve my ſelf in your good opinion. Certainly Siſter, replied he, if you do not love her, you will do me a great diſpleaſure, but that I believe will never happen, ſince it is abſolutely impoſſible to know her, and not to love her, eſpecially having a ſoul ſo ſenſible of Merit as you have.

This Princeſs (added he) hath this conformity in her fortune with yours, that ſhe once thought to have been the Queen of *Pontus*, as you of *Aſſiria*, though both failed upon different cauſes. She hath a Brother alſo whom ſhe loves as you have, and who moſt tenderly loves her: he is abſent from her, as I have been from you: and I do find ſuch a ſutableneſs between her fortune and yours; that though you do not love her by acquaintance, yet you muſt love her by ſympathy: When we come to *Calcedonia* (replied ſhe) I ſhall tell you more; in the mean time, I beſeech you Brother, tell in what condition is the War; For I muſt confeſs I do heartily wiſh it were ended.

Though *Arſamones*, replied *Intaphernes*, hath always conquered, yet he hath much to conquer; for the King of *Pontus*, though he have loſt two Battles, yet he is now in the Head of an Army, having ſtill for his retreat the prime City which is not eaſie to be taken; for doubtleſs you know that *Heraclia*, by reaſon of the Sea, is very ſtrong, having that for its ſcituation.

On the other ſide, *Araminta* his Siſter, is in *Cabara* in the hands of one of her Lovers, named *Artanus*, who was carried away when the King of *Pontus* returned unto *Heraclia*, after he had obtained his liberty by the generoſity of that renowned Stranger, called *Artamenes*, who hath made the Arms of *Ciaxares* ſo famous, and whoſe reputation is ſo high: ſo that though he had vanquiſhed the

King of *Pontus*, defeated his Army, and taken *Heraclia*, yet he muſt after all that fight with *Artanus*, and take *Cabara*.

Alas, dear Brother, cryed out *Iſtrina*, how many dangers and vexations are to be endured before Peace be in *Bythinia*, or in my heart? After this, ſince the love of *Intaphernes* was new, and violent, he could not forbear ſpeaking of it, ſo that the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, out of complacency, did hearken unto him according to his deſires: I beſeech you Brother (ſaid ſhe unto him) how came Love to be predominate in your heart? Did you love the Princeſs of *Bythinia* as ſoon as you ſaw her? Is it the charms of her beauty, or her wit that hath captivated you? And was your Paſſion as violent at firſt as now? When *Atergatis* and I came firſt into *Bythinia*, replied *Intaphernes*, we went ſtrait into the Army: ſo that not having ſeen the Princeſs till the Army drew into Winter quarters, it was not until then my heart began to be engaged: 'Tis true, that I may reckon my Captivity from the firſt day I ſaw the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, ſince my eyes did no ſooner ſee her, than my heart admired her; methought I had found that which I had long ſought after: her beauty did ſtrike me into admiration, but I fancied the ſame Idea before.

At the firſt, I fancied her to have as much wit as beauty, and as much vertue as either; ſo that fancying her to be full of perfection, I loved her, and told my ſelf that he who was ſo happy as to have her Love, was the happieſt man alive. Do not wonder to hear me ſpeak incertainly upon the paſſages of my heart; for the truth is, dear Siſter, I had ſuch different apprehenſions, that I can hardly give a true relation. The thing I know of moſt certainty is, that I admired her as much as I was able; but that which made me loſe my ſelf, was the firſt words which I heard from the mouth of this admired perſon, which were not only full of Wit and Civility, but alſo of Commendations which ſhe gave me; for it ſeems Fame had flattered me unto her, for ſome Acts which I had done in the Wars.

After this, Siſter, never ask me what I did, for indeed I did nothing but endeavour to faſten thoſe chains which did captivate me with as much care, as others took to break theirs.

In the mean time, I ſuffered without Complaint: And if *Atergatis* had not given that Princeſs ſometimes an occaſion to gueſs at my paſſion, by ſome diſcourſe he had with her, ſhe had ſtill been ignorant that I was the man who did adore her with moſt reverence.

After this, ſince it was very late, it was that night reſolved that they ſhould depart the next morning, and to talk together all that day. We departed from that place, which was three days journey from *Calcedonia*, and by the way miſt *Arbiana's* Coach which ſtaid for us, with one of that Queens chief Officers, who was charged with a thouſand obliging Complements unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina.* The truth is, ſhe was exceedingly well received both by *Arſamones*, and *Arbiana*, and the Princeſs their Daughter: They lodged her in the beſt Chamber of the Palace, and did her all the honours that were due unto her Merit, as well as unto her Quality. It chanced alſo that the Princeſs of *Bythinia* had as great an inclination unto *Iſtrina*, as *Iſtrina* had unto her, ſo that both of them did quickly love each other moſt tenderly, and friendſhip did grow as ſoon in their hearts, as love did in the heart of *Intaphernes.* Since their Chambers were very near together, they ſaw one another every hour. and were ſuch intimate friends, that they truſted each other with their adventures: So that the Princeſs of *Bythinia* acquainted *Iſtrina* with the love of *Sinneſis* to her, with the death of that Prince, and all paſſages even unto that very hour. *Iſtrina* for her part, imparted the Love of *Atergatis* unto her, ſo that there was a mutual exchange of ſecrets between thoſe two Beauties.

In the mean time, though the Princeſs *Iſtrina* did much grieve at the death of the Queen *Nitocris*; yet ſince ſhe came into a Court which victory had filled with joys, ſhe muſt be a ſharer in the diverſions. Not but that the abſence of the Prince *Spitridates* did much grieve both the Queen of *Bythinia*, and the Princeſs her Daughter, and all of any quality in the Court: Yet for all that, ſince *Arſamones* was a Prince who would make himſelf feared, and who as fruits of his victory would enjoy all the delights in *Calcedonia*, he ſaid that it was juſt, that all thoſe who had taken ſo much pains in helping him to vanquiſh, ſhould alſo take the pleaſures of the Victory. Yet, Madam, you cannot imagine this Court like unto that of a great King in time of Peace, where men of Sword and Blood uſe not to be, but you muſt conceive it to be a Miſcellany of all ſorts of People, Officers of the Army, Voluntiers, Courtiers, Souldiers of Fortune, Juſtices, Magiſtrates, Prieſts, and indeed all ſorts: For ſince the Wars had put all in diſorder; and ſince none did ſtrive to appear above his degree, in thoſe bad times: and ſince every one would be intruders, one might then have ſeen in the King of *Bythinia*'s Preſence Chamber, ſome men in ſuch a ſhabid habit as durſt not look in at the Gates in times of Peace.

But ſince he ſtood in need of ſuch to compleat his Conqueſt he would not diſoblige men of the meaneſt quality, but ſuffered them to come into the Court, until he was ſettled in his Throne. However, ſince men of real worth were mingled amongſt the reſt, the Court was magnificent, and its Tumult had ſomething ſo delightful in it, as was not at all weariſome.

This Court being ſuch as I have deſcribed, all delights were as if it were in a croud: There was Horſe-races, Barryers, Tilting, Dancing, Muſick and Feaſts: But in all theſe *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* did behave themſelves ſo admirably, as they did attract the admiration of all: The greateſt advantage unto them was, that they got the eſteem of thoſe Princeſſes whom they adored, it not being poſſible to ſee two ſo equally excellent in ſuch and ſo many ſeveral things; but to give them commendations according to their merits.

I remember one day amongſt the reſt, when there was a great Aſſembly about the Queen of *Bythinia*, *Intaphernes* danced with ſuch a becoming grace, as all the company talked of nothing elſe all that night. And the truth is, Madam, this Prince who fought like a Lion in the Field, did dance as if he uſed nothing elſe; for he did it in ſo noble a manner, and with ſo free, ſo gallant, ſo eaſie, and ſo natural an Air, as he could not chuſe but charm all eyes.

But to return from whence I digreſſed; one night when a Ball was kept by the Queen *Arbiana*, the Princeſs *Iſtrina* being retired into the Chamber of the *Bythinian* Princeſs, who requeſted her ſo to do, that they might have ſome talk together; though it was ſomething late, they began to confer together of all paſſages, and what they obſerved at the Ball.

After they had diſcourſed upon thoſe that were fair, and thoſe that were not; of ſuch as danced much, and ſuch as danced but little; who did well, and who not. The Princeſs of *Bythinia* began to commend *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*: after which, perceiving that *Iſtrina* durſt neither contradict her, nor conſent unto what ſhe ſaid, ſhe began to chide her, affirming that ſince ſhe would not commend *Atergatis*, ſhe muſt needs love him as well as the Prince her Brother: However, ſaid ſhe, if it be ſo, you do an injury unto our friendſhip; for truly I have imparted my very heart unto you, but it ſeems you hide yours, ſince you tell me that *Atergatis* loves you, and will not confeſs that you love him. I am yet more culpable, Madam, than you imagine, ſaid *Iſtrina* craftily (to be revenged on her) for I have more ſecrets than one, which I will not impart unto you. How Madam (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) if ſo, you muſt reſolve not to ſleep this night, unleſs you impart them to me: If I do impart them, replied *Iſtrina*, it muſt be this very hour; for I believe if you give me time to think upon it, I ſhall never impart them, nor indeed do I think I ever ſhall: Surely they are ſtrange ſecrets (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) ſince they come ſo hardly out; there is one amongſt the reſt, replied *Iſtrina*, which I would never impart, but I am ſure you will know it, though I never ſpeak a word. If ſo (ſaid the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) my obligation will be the leſs, ſince I muſt know it by another; but be it what it will, I beſeech you tell me what it is? Since you will needs know it Madam, replied ſhe and laughed, I muſt tell you that you are the moſt cruel woman in the world, in captivating thoſe who come to ſacrifice their lives to ſet the King your Father upon the Throne. For truly Madam, *Intaphernes* is at this preſent ſo little his, and ſo abſolutely yours, that it may very well be ſaid, you only are able to make his deſtiny good or bad as you ſhall pleaſe.

How's this Madam (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) believe me you are too full of revenge: Surely I did not offend you ſo much as to make you puniſh me by any Railery which hath a falſe foundation. I wiſh the Gods, replied *Iſtrina*, that it were not true for *Intaphernes* his ſake: Yet Madam (added ſhe, and aſſumed a more ſerious countenance) what I told you laughing, ought not to incenſe you either againſt the Prince my Brother, or againſt my ſelf; for I did not tell it you by any orders from him, or with intentions to let him know I told you, but only to know of you what you would have me adviſe him unto? I thought (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) that you had ſpoke in a way of Railary; but ſince you ſpeak in a ſerious manner, and ſince my love to you will not permit me to conceal any thing which is in my heart from you, I muſt tell you, that I ſhould be very ſorry the Prince *Intaphernes* ſhould engage himſelf ſo far as to love me, becauſe I do infinitely eſteem him; for after experience, what trouble it is to reſiſt ones ſelf, I will not expoſe my ſelf unto it again.

The King my Father is ſo bent upon his own will, and doth ſo abſolutely require mine to be conformable unto his, as I will never reſolve upon any thing leſt it ſhould be contrary to his will; therefore, ſince it is to be feared that I ſhall never have the glory to be loved by ſuch an accompliſhed Prince as *Intaphernes* is, it is requiſite both for his tranquility and mine, that you adviſe him only to eſteem me in the way of friendſhip.

I beſeech you, Madam, replied *Iſtrina*, that you will be pleaſed to teach me what courſe I ſhould take to make him obey you; ſo that knowing how to cure the Prince my Brother of his love to you, I may alſo cure *Atergatis* of his love to me. Since *Atergatis* doth love one that is infinitely lovely (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) I do not think it ſo eaſie a matter to cure him as *Intaphernes*. And ſince *Intaphernes*, replied ſhe, doth adore a Princeſs infinitely more accompliſhed than *Iſtrina*, it's probable he will not be ſo eaſily cured as *Atergatis*. Seriouſly Madam (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) you would do me a very notable pleaſure if you would remove out of *Intaphernes* his heart that ſlight paſſion which I will believe he hath unto me; yet tranſact ſo with him, I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe and bluſh'd, as I do not loſe his eſteem. Truly Madam, replied *Iſtrina*, I do think it a thing impoſſible to quench the flames which you have kindled in the heart of *Intaphernes*: However, replied ſhe, do what you can to hinder him from telling me of his affection: Tell him, that if he never ſpeak of it, I have promiſed you to behave my ſelf as civily to him as *I* do at this preſent, and for your ſake, be as free with him as hitherto I have been: Really Madam, replied *Iſtrina*, it is very ſtrange you ſhould ſpeak thus: However, (added ſhe, and ſmiled) to keep you from treating *Intaphernes* more coldly than ordinary; I muſt tell you, that if you do treat him ſo, I ſhall acquaint him with the diſcourſe which we have had; for though it be not much in his advantage, yet I am confident he will be very glad to hear how you know of his Love.

I beſeech you Madam, replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, do not ſo, unleſs you provoke me to a revenge in acquainting *Atergatis* with ſome flames which I have diſcovered to fluſh out of your heart againſt your will. Then Madam, you muſt promiſe me, replied *Iſtrina*, to carry your ſelf in appearance as if you did not know of his affection, and yet to be ſomething obliging, as if you did not hate him. I do not ſee, replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and bluſh'd, that this promiſe which you would have me make is at all neceſſary; for truly to ſpeak with the ſame ingenuous ſincerity as we uſe to do of things, I do not think one can be angry that ſuch a very accompliſhed man ſhould love one: I know that one may not love him, and fully intend never to do it; but I muſt confeſs I cannot underſtand why one ſhould hate a man for no other reaſon but becauſe he loves; and I am perſwaded, that though one do hate a Lover, yet perhaps they may not hate his paſſion, unleſs it force one beyond reſpect; for in that I conceive, it cannot be termed Love which is not full of reſpect; and I ſhould eaſily hate ſuch as ſhould not behave themſelves as they ought to do.

Since, Madam, the Prince my Brother, anſwered *Iſtrina*, can never fail in his reverend reſpects of you, you do me the greateſt pleaſure in the world to ſpeak as you do; for ſince, Madam, you ſay that one may not love a Lover, and yet not hate his paſſion, I am moſt confident that you will tolerate the paſſion of *Intaphernes*: And if you will be pleaſed to give me leave to tell you what I think; I muſt tell you that I do not deſpair of my Brothers happineſs: For truly Madam (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) it is a marvellous piece of cunning to ſeparate a Lover and Love: And for my part, I muſt freely confeſs I cannot do it, nor can I underſtand how one can affect to be loved by a man whom one cannot love; nor delight in any affection, and hate him that owes it. For my particular, I confeſs that I have not ſo much wit as to diſtinguiſh a Lover from his Love; for if the Love pleaſe me, it is becauſe the Lover doth not diſpleaſe me: And I muſt maintain, that one cannot long take pleaſure in being loved by any one, unleſs his perſon pleaſe as well as his paſſion; for a Lover and Love are inſeparable, and one cannot love the one, and hate the other.

Did I not know, replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, that your aim, Madam, is to draw ſome advantageous conſequences for *Intaphernes*, and diſadvantageous unto me by talking thus; I ſhould extreamly wonder to hear you maintain ſo bad a cauſe; for you know as well as I can tell you, that one is glad to be eſteemed by ones greateſt Enemies: And it is ſo natural to deſire the being Loved, as it may eaſily be maintained that Love never angred any: But we are apt to confound the effects of Paſſion, with the paſſion it ſelf, as well as the faults of Lovers with Love; but certainly, ſeparate the faults of Lovers from them and they cannot diſpleaſe, though the Lovers themſelves may.

However it be, ſaid *Iſtrina*, I ſhall content my ſelf with the happineſs of the Prince my Brother, becauſe his paſſion doth not at this preſent incenſe you; for I am moſt confident, that if you did hate him Madam, it would vex you: I ſhould doubtleſs be very unjuſt (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) if I ſhould hate the Prince *Intaphernes* who hath done the King my Father ſuch glorious ſervice: But Madam, I muſt tell you, there is a great diſtance between hatred and love. However added ſhe (to conclude this Conference) ſince it is very late, it is time to ſleep, leſt that lively colour in your Cheeks loſe its freſhneſs in the morning, and leſt the Prince *Atergatis* ſhould be troubled at it, and think he made you ſick with over-dancing you. I cannot tell, Madam, (replied *Iſtrina* and laughed) whether you have not ſome ends of your own in the advice which you give me; and whether you think not more of your own Complexion, and thoſe ſprightly Eyes, than at my health: But however I will follow it and obey you: And ſo theſe two Beauties parted, and went to take that reſt which they took from others, for truly *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* took none: Not that they had any cauſe to complain againſt the Perſons whom they loved and adored. For the Prince *Intaphernes* found the Princeſs of *Bythinia* the ſweeteſt and moſt civil in the world; and *Atergatis* knew very well, for all the reverſedneſs of *Iſtrina* that ſhe did not hate him

But being both of them men of a deep wit, and infinite ſpirit, they knew alſo, that though they ſhould meet with no obſtructions from the Princeſſes whom they loved, yet they could not be happy without much danger and trouble: For they were not ignorant that thoſe Princeſſes were too wiſe to diſpleaſe thoſe upon whom they had dependency, ſince the Princeſs of *Bythinia* had heretofore refuſed to be Queen of *Pontus* rather than diſobey *Arſamones*: And ſince *Iſtrina* alſo would not have gone out of *Babylon*, but only becauſe ſhe feared that the Prince *Gadates* her Father ſhould take it ill if ſhe ſtayed. So that not doubting but the King of *Bythinia* and *Gadates* would oppoſe their deſigns, they could not chuſe but be exceedingly troubled at it. For indeed *Intaphernes* knew very well, that as long as the War laſted, *Arſamones* would keep many Princes in hope of giving his Daughter unto them, to keep them cloſe to his intereſt; and that as long as *Spitridates* did not appear, he would not think of marrying her unto any; for ſince it was not then known where that Illuſtrious Prince was (who we knew ſince was carried into *Perſia*, and taken for *Cyrus*) it was doubtful whether that Princeſs ſhould be Queen or no, and by conſequence *Arſamones* would not diſpoſe of her.

On the other ſide, *Atergatis* was well informed, that the Prince *Gadates*, for all the averſion of the King of *Aſſiria*, to *Iſtrina*, and for all her affection unto you, yet he was ſtill in hopes of ſeeing her Queen of *Aſſiria*; ſince ſhe was the only perſon whom according to the Laws of that State, that Prince could marry: And his hopes was alſo, that the worſt treatment he received from *Iſtrina*, at *Babylon*, the ſooner would he be cured of his Love, and reduced ~~unto~~ Reaſon, by marrying *Iſtrina* out of Maxims of State, though not out of affection.

Thus *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* foreſeeing theſe obſtacles unto their deſigns, did ſuffer more miſeries than they would expreſs. *Intaphernes* was the more miſerable of the two; for ſince he had not the liberty to ſpeak of his paſſion unto that Princeſs who cauſed it, he was more to be pitied than *Atergatis:* Though he did endeavour all manner of ways to talk with her, yet it was a very difficult thing to find her alone; for when ſhe was with the *Queen*, there was always ſo much company, that it was abſolutely impoſſible to find a privacy: and when ſhe was in her own Chamber, there was another obſtacle, which for a while he thought invincible.

But, Madam, that you may the better underſtand it, be pleaſed to know, that there was a Lady in *Calcedonia*, whoſe name was *Beriſa*, who though ſhe had a hundred ſeveral imployments, yet ſhe was hardly an hour from the Princeſs of *Bythinia*: Not that the Princeſs did love her; for on the contrary, ſhe was very troubleſom to her: But this woman did ſo intrude upon her, to the end that other Ladies of the Town might think her a Favourite, that ſhe was one of the moſt burthenſom creatures in the world.

For truly, Madam, ſhe cared not a ſtraw for troubling her, ſo ſhe ſhould be but where ſhe would be: She was always the firſt that came to the Princeſs of *Bythinia*; and though ſhe would ſtill be fisking into other places, yet ſhe would return again, and be the laſt with her: There was no need of talking to her, for ſhe would have her vote in every thing that was in diſcourſe: If the Princeſs was ſick, ſhe would ſend to ſee how ſhe did three or four times in a day; ſhe never talked of any thing but what was ſaid, and what was done at the Princeſs of *Bythinia*'s: ſhe would always walk with her whether ſhe would or no, and would ſtill be thruſting into her Coach before Ladies of better Quality than her ſelf was. Truth is, Madam, ſhe was as bold and impudent, as the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was civil and ſweet: And though ſhe was one of the moſt troubleſome and impertinent women in the world, yet ſhe was with the Princeſs more than any other all the while ſhe was in *Calcedonia*: But the oddeſt paſſage in the behaviour of *Beriſa*; or if you will, the greateſt wonder is, that ſhe would not be only always with the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and with the Queen, but ſhe was alſo as much in the Town as the Court: She was at all Funerals, at all Marriages, at all Balls, and at all both publick and private Diverſions. None could be ſick but ſhe would go to ſee them, none could have any occaſion of joy, but ſhe would go and be a partaker: but though ſhe had a hundred ſeveral employments, yet ſhe diſpatched them ſo haſtily, as one would have thought that ſhe never ſtirred from the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, ſince whitherſoever ſhe went, ſhe always returned to her.

Moreover it was obſerved, that *Beriſa* was never ignorant of any thing that was ſaid in her preſence; thinking it againſt her honour that any one ſhould know a thing which ſhe knew not: ſhe would ſay that ſhe knew a thing, though ſhe was altogether ignorant of it; yet ſhe had many cunning fetches to make one relate a buſineſs unto her, and to ſeem as if ſhe was very well informed, ſhe would tell them that talked to her, that there was yet many particulars which ſhe knew of and they did not, which ſhe would tell them another time: after which, ſhe would uſually tell others what was related unto her, as confidently as if ſhe knew it before. Moreover, ſhe had a fancy to hold ſecreſie, or rather a ſhew of ſecreſie with all men ſhe ſaw, provided they were Courtiers: ſhe would always be a whiſpering one after another with all ſhe met, either upon matters of War, or buſineſs of State, or Cabinet news, or buſineſs of Gallantry, or ſome tittle-tattle or other. Indeed, Madam, I do not think ever any was ſo earneſt in every thing without any buſineſs: I remember one day amongſt the reſt, the Prince *Intaphernes* who did not love her did obſerve her actions: and I will let you ſee, Madam, how ſhe uſed to imploy her time. Be pleaſed then to know, Madam, that there is a Temple in *Calcedonia*, unto which all the Beauties uſed to pay their Devotions, ſooner than any other; except the two Princeſſes who uſed to go unto a little Temple nearer the Palace: ſo that *Beriſa* to loſe no time went betimes unto that where all the Beauties were, which uſed to begin betimes, and from thence unto the Temple of the two Princeſſes, which uſed to be later: After this, ſhe went to comfort a man whoſe wife was dead, and after that ſhe went and dined with a Lady whom yet ſhe did not very well love; as ſoon as ever ſhe roſe from the Table, ſhe went to the Wedding of a woman of her acquaintance, and from thence to ſee one of her Couſins: then ſhe came and took her turn with the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and after ſhe had related all that ſhe had gleaned from thoſe places, ſhe went out again, to go and ſee a ſtately Ship which a friend of hers had built by the Kings orders, and was then to be lanched to Sea the firſt time. After that, ſhe made two or three Viſits which laſted no longer than the Complement of going in, and coming out, after ſhe knew who was in the houſe; after theſe Viſits, *Beriſa* took a turn in the Walks by the Sea-ſide, where many Beauties uſed to walk in that Seaſon: from thence ſhe returned to the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, for whom ſhe underſtood there was a magnificent Banquet prepared that evening in a Garden; ſo that going with her ſhe was a partaker of the pleaſure: yet all this was not enough, for the Princeſs returning to the Palace very timely, *Beriſa* went to make her excuſes unto one who had invited her unto Supper, from thence She went to a Ball at a Ladies houſe, who had married her Daughter; but before ſhe went home, ſhe went unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*'s bed ſide, to bid her good-night: Judg, Madam, whether this day was not well employed, and whether it had not been enough for any two, except *Beriſa*; yet this I muſt ſay, becauſe it is true, that this Lady would not have been ſo diſpleaſing, nor her company ſo weariſom, if ſhe had not been ſo earneſt in going every where, and in talking upon every thing, and intruding herſelf into all manner of things: but as ſhe was, I muſt needs ſay, that there were very few of any Quality in all the Court, unto whom ſhe was not once a day troubleſom, ſince ſhe was continually with the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, who was the greateſt Ornament of the Court, and attracted all the Gallants about her. After this, Madam, you may eaſily imagin, that a perſon who was troubleſom unto ſo very many, was alſo very troubleſom unto *Intaphernes*, by taking from him opportunities of talking with her whom he adored; and he became as great a hater of her, as he was a Lover of the *Bythinian* Princeſs; and tho he was one of the moſt civil men in the world, eſpecially unto Ladies, yet he had ſo great a diſpoſition to croſs this, that he did continually contradict her, unleſs when ſhe commended that Princeſs whom he loved; yet ſometimes he found occaſion to conteſt with her about that, affirming that ſhe did not commend her enough, or in ſuch a manner as ſhe deſerved. Furthermore, he was ſo unhappy, as that ſhe was more troubleſom to him than any other: for ſince ſhe obſerved that he was much in favor with *Arſamones*, with *Arbiana*, and with the Princeſs their Daughter, ſhe intruded upon him more than upon any other man: ſo that ſhe was more aſſiduous about the Princeſs when he was there, than when he was not: However, his fears to paſs for an uncivil man, and the example of the *Bythinian* Princeſs, moved him to endure againſt his mind, and contented himſelf with continually contradicting her. But when he was with *Iſtrina*, how full of invectives was he againſt *Beriſa?* Dear Siſter, ſaid he unto her one day in my preſence, why do you not perſwade the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, that it is not for her glory to be ſo eternally troubled with this impertinent woman, which haunts her every where: who is ſuch an ubiquitary, that ſhe is every where, eſpecially with her? For truly, its fit that perſons of her Quality ſhould have ſuch only about her as ſhe deſired to have: No, Brother, replied *Iſtrina*; but on the contrary, it is the quality of the Princeſs which deprives her of the liberty to chooſe who ſhe would have about her; For the Gates of Princes, and the Gates of Temples ought always to be open : and becauſe Kings are Gods, and above all others, they ought to expoſe themſelves unto the ſight of all the world : And indeed what do you think *Beriſa* would ſay, if the Princeſs ſhould forbid her to come ſo much into her preſence ; and what would thoſe ſay, unto whom *Beriſa* is moſt troubleſom ? As for my part (ſaid *Intaphernes* and interrupted her) I would ſay ſhe did very well, and that ſhe had done me a very great pleaſure : nor can I underſtand why the Princeſs, becauſe ſhe is a Princeſs, ſhould therefore be obliged to endure the perpetual perſecutions of ſuch a troubleſom perſon I know very well, replied *Iſtrina*, that it is a torment ; but yet as the ſtate of affairs ſtands with *Arſamones*, the Princeſs muſt take heed of diſobliging ſuch a perſon as *Beriſa*, who hanting ſo many places, would make a ſtrange hurly burly, if ſhe ſhould be ſtinted in her Viſits. You may ſay what you pleaſe, ſaid *Intaphernes*, but I cannot abide that *Beriſa* ſhould always be where I would not have her to be. For my part, ſaid I then unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, it would be a very good Office unto *Beriſa*, if ſhe were confined unto her own Quarters: for truly, if ſhe were always where ſhe ſhould be, ſhe were a perſon very amiable, and would be no more troubleſome than others ; but ſhe is ſtill where ſhe is never bidden, and often where ſhe ought not to be ; queſtionleſs ſhe ſeems worſe than ſhe is : Therefore I would have her told, that none but perſons of extraordinary Merit, and invited, ought to intrude into the company of the *Bythinian* Princeſs : for amongſt perſons of unequal quality, nothing but extraordinary Merits can give ſuch a Priviledg. But who told you, replied *Iſtrina*, that *Beriſa* does not think herſelf of much merit : Though ſhe had, replied I, yet ſhe ought to have ſtayed until the Princeſs of *Bythinia* allowed her ſo much familiarity as ſhe takes, and admit her merits were high enough ; it is not fitting to blaze it : But for all this *Beriſa* is to be excuſed, for ſince ſometimes the moſt ſad effects of the moſt violent paſſions are excuſed, and ſince men do ordinarily make uſe of Love, Ambition, and Jealouſie, to juſtifie their ill actions, certainly ſome indulgency ought to be uſed towards *Beriſa*, who aſſuredly hath a paſſion in her heart, which is as ſtrong as any of thoſe I named,

med, and which many others are troubled with, as well as ſhe, though they do not make it appear. Oh *Orcames* (ſaid *Iſtrina*) do not inſult ſo upon the poor *Beriſa*, or accuſe her of a Crime which ſhe never thought of: For my part replied *Intaphernes*, I think ſhe may be ſuppoſed to have a thouſand in lieu of one; therefore *Orcames* I pray tell us what is the paſſion which *Beriſa* is troubled with: It is, Sir, replied I, an earneſt deſire to paſs for a Courtier: and I beleive this kind of envy to be a paſſion, and a moſt violent one. For my part, I know women in the Town more ſprightly and more amiable than *Beriſa* who are haunted with this paſſion, which doth ſo Tyrannize over them, as it makes as great an alteration in their hearts as Love, Jealouſie, or Ambition could; for they cannot abide any thing which is not of the Court: and indeed men whoſe Profeſſions are not Souldiers, are inſufferable unto them, Women of their quality make them aſhamed, they know not what to talk of, and their paſſions are ſo ſtrong, as that they think they cannot live, but where they ought not to be, unleſs, as I ſaid before, when they are called and invited thither: for in that caſe, I confeſs the Court is a very ſweet and pleaſing life, and of what quality ſoever one be, they may keep their Ranks with decency and honour. However, this will ſerve to excuſe the poor *Beriſa*, ſince certainly the paſſion of the Court is more violent than you imagine: However it be, ſaid *Intaphernes* unto *Iſtrina*, you would do me the greateſt favour in the world, if you could baniſh her from the Princeſs of *Bythinia*; for I cannot endure to ſee a perſon perpetually with her who never does any thing what ſhe ought to do; who is never where ſhe ought to be, who is ſtill talking what ſhe ſhould not, and who is more troubleſom to me than any other, though ſhe is a continual trouble unto all the Court: And if you cannot baniſh her, yet I beſeech you do me the favour, to talk with her always when I am where you and ſhe is; for I profeſs I cannot endure ſhe ſhould talk to me, or to the Princeſs whom I adore. *Iſtrina* hearing *Intaphernes* ſpeak thus, did eaſily apprehend the reaſon why he hated *Beriſa*; ſo that not being able to forbear laughing, ſhe told him by way of Raillery, that Envy was too poor a Paſſion to be entertained in his heart, therefore I pray let the poor *Beriſa* quietly enjoy a happineſs which ſhe hath taken ſo much pains to obtain: As *Intaphernes* was ready to anſwer, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* entered, and *Beriſa* only followed her, the reſt of her women waiting in the outer Chamber. Since the Princeſs *Iſtrina* was then in a laughing humour, the ſight of *Beriſa* did ſo augment it, that for all the reverence which ſhe deſired to pay unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, ſhe could not hold: ſo that being obliged to Complement, I ask your Pardon, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, for being in ſuch a merry vain, as that I cannot expreſs my joys of ſeeing you more ſeriouſly; I will very willing pardon you, replied the Princeſs, upon condition you will tell me the cauſe of your joys and mirth; for ſince yon do not uſe to laugh unſeaſonably at nothing, I am much miſtaken,if it be not worth the knowing: I aſſure you, Madam (replied *Iſtrina* and laughed ſtill) I ſhould wiſh you knew it, if I did not fear that the Prince my Brother would oppoſe it: To prevent him (ſaid *Beriſa*, who would have her vie in every thing) I will promiſe you to talk with him as long as you pleaſe; you ſhall not need to take ſo much pains (replyed he) for ſince I cannot oppoſe the Princeſs in any thing, I am willing ſhe ſhould know what ſhe deſires. However (replied *Iſtrina* craftily) you muſt needs entertain *Beriſa* whilſt I obey the Princeſs: for you know I muſt not ſpeak alowd all that ſhe deſires to know; *Intaphernes* would have ſaid ſomthing to put it off, but the Princeſs of *Bythinia* impoſed ſilence upon him; and ſince ſhe commanded him to talk with *Beriſa*, he muſt needs obey. Thus poor *Beriſa*, not knowing that ſhe herſelf was the cauſe of that ſecret which *Iſtrina* told the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, began to talk with *Intaphernes*, and employed all her wits and cunning to make him tell her what the matter was, which you may be ſure, he did not impart: But whilſt he was weary of *Beriſa*, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was very pleaſant with *Iſtrina*; for ſhe hath ſince told that ſhe made ſuch a pleaſant relation of the Conference which that Prince and I had with her, as ſhe never in her life paſſed away an hour more merrily: *Iſtrina* related it in ſuch a manner as let the Princeſs underſtand the principal cauſe of *Intaphernes* his hatred of *Beriſa*, thinking it to be advantageous to the Prince her Brother, that ſhe ſhould know his affection to her, cauſed his averſion unto that woman, yet it proved not ſo advantagious as ſhe imagined; for the Princeſs of *Bythinia* deſiring to avoid all occaſions of being alone with *Intaphernes*, reſolved to cheriſh *Beriſa* more than ſhe uſed, though ſhe did not acquaint *Iſtrina* with it at that time. Yet to begin her torments upon him by *Beriſa*, ſhe talked ſo long with *Iſtrina*, that at laſt ſhe pittied him, and did admit him into their diſcourſe. Well, Madam, ſaid he unto her, do you find that I had reaſon to ſpeak as I did? I find, ſaid ſhe, that you had reaſon, and that you were in the wrong alſo: I aſſure you Madam (ſaid *Beriſa* to flatter *Intaphernes*) I can hardly think that the Prince *Intaphernes* hath not reaſon for every thing he ſaith or doth; and if I do gueſs right, he is not in ſo much wrong as you imagine. Alas *Beriſa*, (ſaid the Princeſs and laughed) if you did gueſs right you would condemn him more than I do; for I ſay he was right in ſome things, but doubtleſs you would ſay he were wrong in all: yet replied ſhe, his Crime doth not much trouble you, ſince you laugh ſo heartily. Do not think, ſaid *Iſtrina* then, that though the Princeſs condemns my Brother, he is very Criminal, ſince ſhe condemns him unjuſtly though ſhe have no intereſt in the buſineſs. *Beriſa* was exceedingly puzled to gueſs at the buſineſs: She called to memory all that paſſed of late in Court, but ſince ſhe did not look into herſelf for the cauſe of *Iſtrina's* mirth, and for the ſecret which ſhe had imparted unto the Princeſs of *Bithinia*, ſhe was not like to find it: ſo that the more ſhe muſed, the more merry ſhe made them. In the mean time, *Intaphernes* wondered to obſerve, that the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was much more civil towards *Beriſa*, than ſhe uſed to be; for ſhe did not only ſuffer her, but ſhe talked after with her, eſpecially when *Intaphernes* was preſent: You may well imagine Madam, that one who was wont to go unbidden unto a hundred ſeveral places, was very aſſiduous and officious in a place where ſhe thought her ſelf welcome and deſired; and ſhe ſtuck ſo cloſe to this Princeſs, that they were almoſt inſeparable, yet for all that, ſhe had a hundred ſeveral buſineſſes in hand, and would go unto a hundred ſeveral places; but ſhe managed her time ſo well, that ſhe always went at ſuch hours as the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was not to be ſeen, ſo as it ſeemed as if ſhe were never from her.

Intaphernes perceiving this new favour, was ſtrangely ſurpriſed, for he knew the Princeſs did not love *Beriſa*; ſo that making his Complaints unto *Iſtrina*, and conjuring her to tell him why *Beriſa* was more in favour than ordinary, he found her as ignorant and as much troubled at it, as himſelf.

Atergatis alſo, as witty as he was, he could not dive into the myſtery of the buſineſs ſo that this Prince was in a moſt pittiful perplexity; yet had he knew the thoughts of the *Bythinian* Princeſs heart, he had not been ſo unquiet, for ſhe confeſſed afterwards unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, that the chief reaſon why ſhe made uſe of *Beriſa* was only to prevent *Intaphernes* from all opportunities of expreſſing his paſſion unto her: alſo ſince ſhe eſteemed him in ſuch a particular manner, and perceiving a great inclination in her heart towards him, ſhe would not put her ſelf to the neceſſity of ſpeaking either too harſhly or too favourably; but however, ſince he could not ſee into the Soul of that Princeſs, he was extreamly unſatisfied. *Iſtrina*, who knew all the reaſons which might induce the Prince her Brother not to engage himſelf too far in a buſineſs which had ſo much difficulty in it, did uſe her beſt arguments to perſwade him not yet to declare himſelf, but to ſtay until the War was ended, before he told her of his Love.

But though he ſeemed to adhere unto this advice, yet he liked his own beſt, and reſolved to diſcover his Paſſion unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia* as ſoon as he found a fit opportunity: But Madam, the difficulty was, to find this opportunity, by reaſon of *Beriſa*'s aſſiduity about her. After he had many days waited for it, and all in vain, he bethought himſelf at laſt of a way to advance his deſign; which was, to put *Beriſa* upon ſuch a piece of buſineſs as would keep her a whole day from going to the Princeſs of *Bythinia*: ſo that doing me the honour to truſt me with his ſecret, I helped him to deceive *Beriſa*.

I invited ſeveral of my Friends unto a Feaſt, upon condition they would all engage *Beriſa* to be there; My friends though they did not love her, yet did not deny me, becauſe the noiſe of *Beriſa*'s new favour with the Princeſs was ſpread over all the world, and ſo I engaged her to dine with me, and many other Ladies at a very fair houſe ſcituated upon the Sea ſide ſome thirty furlongs from *Calcedonia*; yet ſhe would not promiſe me but upon condition I would let her return to the Town as ſoon as Dinner was done: Since I had a ſecret deſign in the buſineſs, I promiſed ſhe ſhould, and aſſured her that a Coach ſhould be ready to bring her back when ſhe pleaſed: I aſſured her alſo, to the end ſhe ſhould not fail, that there ſhould not be one man or woman of the Town in the company, but named unto her thoſe that were to be there, at whom ſhe was well pleaſed, becauſe they were all Courtiers; but for all that, the principal reaſon which moved her to promiſe me her preſence, was, becauſe ſhe obſerved that the Princes *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* did me the honour to love me.

This Feaſt being thus concluded upon, it was kept ſome two days after; yet *Beriſa* went not out of *Calcedonia* until ſhe had taken her turn with the Queen and Princeſs of *Bythinia*, unto whom ſhe promiſed to return as ſoon as ever Dinner was done: She made this promiſe in my preſence, for I accompanied her to the Princeſs, and would not leave her, becauſe I would make ſure of her.

In the mean time, I know very well that ſhe could not return ſo ſoon as ſhe intended: And, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that after all my invited Gueſts were aſſembled together, we all went unto a place deſigned for this trick, which indeed was a pleaſant place; for beſides the Gardens which are very noble and fine, there was at the end of a long walk, by the Sea-ſide, the point of a Rock which did ſhoot it ſelf into the Sea, upon which was built a very magnificent houſe, out of which might be ſeen from three ſides of it, the waves of the Sea daſhing againſt the foot of that Rock upon which it was built, and which ſometimes, according to the agitation of the winds, would rebound as high as the Windows, yet could not come through, but left a white ſcum like flakes of ſnow. The proſpect of that place was full of delight, and thither it was I carried Beriſa, and all the Company which aſſembled purpoſely to delude her. Yet for the better effecting of my project, I cauſed that Dinner to be very late, and as if chance had ſhamed me with ill ſervants, ſervices came on ſo ſlowly, that one might have dined ſufficiently between every diſh: And I ſaw Beriſa thought the time to be very long, and did ſit upon thorns to return unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia:* But that this longneſs might ſeem leſs tedious, I provided the beſt things that could be got: As ſoon as the laſt Courſe was upon the Table, *Beriſa* began to talk of going, and deſired me to command the Coach to be ready; ſo that not contradicting her, I commanded one to be made ready, but it was to ſuch men as I had in private commanded not to obey me: When Dinner was done, ſhe asked, and I asked, whether the Coach was ready, and I was as earneſt as ſhe, purpoſely to delude her; and when anſwer was made that it was not ready, I ſeemed to be in ſuch a cholerick fume, as ſhe her ſelf began to appeaſe me.

In the mean time, ſince I had provided an open Barque, under pretence of diverting the Company upon the Sea: I propounded unto them to accept of this diverſion, and to ſet *Beriſa* half way to *Calcedonia*, and ſo (ſaid I and turned towards her) you will loſe no time; for whilſt they are coming with the Coach, we are ſtill going unto the place where you deſire to be, and though the Coach were ready, yet this is as ready a way: Since I winked upon one of my friends to ſecond this propoſition, ſhe preſſed it on ſo handſomly, that at laſt *Beriſa* was perſwaded to it, thinking that ſhe ſhould be as ſoon at *Calcedania* this way, as the other. Then did we all Embark, and to continue my project, I commanded my men, that as ſoon as the Coach which was to carry *Beriſa* was ready, it ſhould go to ſuch a place, where I ſaid we ſhould land *Beriſa*. Since it was then neither too hot, nor too cold, it was pleaſant taking the Air at mid day, and thereupon I grounded my Plot.

As ſoon as we were all in the Barque, *Beriſa* began to complain that it went not faſt enough, ſo that adding Oar to Sail we went faſter: But having appointed him who was to ſteer, in lieu of going by the ſide, to put out to full Sea; he did as I appointed, and *Beriſa* took no notice of it, becauſe I always kept her buſie in talk.

But that my plot might the better hit, before we came into the Barque, I told all the Ladies (who did not love the humour of *Beriſa*) that it would be a good Jeſt, if we could make her fail at this meeting which ſhe had appointed at *Calcedonia.* So that all of them approving of my deſign, and ſince ſallacies of this nature are no great Crimes, they aſſiſted me exceeding well to keep *Beriſa* from perceiving that we went quite contrary to the place ſhe intended, for two or three of them would ſtand before her that ſhe ſhould not ſee which way we ſteered: Others held her in talk, and put a hundred Queſtions unto her one after another: ſo that flattering her, and treating her as the Princeſs of *Bythinia*'s greateſt Favourite, we pleaſed her ſo very well, that ſhe did not think the time tedious, nor perceived that we were far from the place where ſhe expected her Coach, and thus was ſhe deluded: But at laſt ſeeing we could not hide the truth from her any longer, I cryed out firſt to teſtifie my wonder that we were ſo far in the open Sea. As for *Beriſa*, ſhe was ſo ſurprized, that if I had not firſt found fault, I believe ſhe would have quarrelled with me; but I was in ſuch a chaſe, and kept ſuch a coil at it, that ſhe could not imagine I intended to deceive her. The Pilot ſaid he underſtood me wrong, and thought I had commanded him to come in the Evening to the place where the Coach was to meet.

In the mean time, every one of us had ſuch an itch of laughter upon us, that we could not hold; and we broke out in ſuch a manner, as *Beriſa* began to ſuſpect the truth, and grew angry in good earneſt: But when I perceived that her anger was very high, I came unto her: If the lovely *Beriſa* (ſaid I unto her by ſuch a way of flattery as I knew ſhe loved) were not a perſon who knows all the world, and knows alſo when it is fit to be angry, and when not, I ſhould fear that ſhe had now ſome occaſion of Choller; but being ſo much a Courtier as ſhe is, though perhaps ſome of the Ladies to enjoy her company the longer, had corrupted the Pilot to ſteer a wrong courſe, yet I know ſhe underſtands Raillary too well to be offended at it, and will rather thank her for ſo handſomly deceiving her. For my particular (added I) I ſhould have much ado not to take her part againſt you, ſince certainly I am infinitely joyed to ſee you here, ſo as I cannot chide her, for being a cauſe of my happineſs: For truly (ſaid I unto her in a low voyce) you muſt know amiable *Beriſa*, that this entertainment was intended only for you, and it would be a cruel piece of injuſtice not to allow a whole day unto him who cares not for the reſt of the company if you were gone.

Beriſa hearing me ſpeak thus, was a little qualified, ſaying, that ſhe would willingly pardon thoſe that deceived her, upon condition they will make as much haſte to Land as they did from it. But the Pilot hearing her ſay ſo, and knowing well that it was not my mind, told her, that it was a thing impoſſible to go in a direct line unto the ſhoar, becauſe there was many hidden Rocks which would endanger them.

The Pilot no ſooner had ſaid ſo, but all the Company bad him have a care of that: and *Beriſa* her ſelf, as earneſt as ſhe was, did not contradict it, but deſired him to carry her as ſoon as he could with ſafety to the ſhore. As ſoon as ſhe made that requeſt, we did all ſo importune her to ſpend that day amongſt us, that ſhe could not deny us: and indeed we carried her back to the place where we dined, ſtill perſwading her, that ſhe was much obliged unto us for the violence which we did her.

After we were returned thither, we ſent for the Coach which waited half way to *Calcedonia*, and I appointed thoſe which went, not to make over much haſte, but to be as ſlow in coming as could be, that it was almoſt night when it came, and then ſhe muſt needs have ſo much patience as to ſtay a Banquet before we parted: Thus, Madam, to favour the Prince *Intaphernes*, I carried the matter ſo, as it was night before *Beriſa* entred into *Calcedonia*. In the mean time that Prince the better to make uſe of her abſence, obliged *Atergatis* to go very timely unto *Iſtrina*, and keep her from going unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*: Not that this Princeſs was ignorant of his paſſion, or diſapproved of it: but ſince he knew how ſhe did not think it fit for him as yet to diſcover himſelf unto that Princeſs, he deſired to keep ſecret from her his deſign: And indeed Madam, he was ſo diligent, that he came to the Princeſs of *Bythinia* when ſhe was newly riſen from the table: And ſince that is the time when leaſt company comes to her, and when Courtiers uſe not to make any viſits, he had conveniency enough of talking with her: When he came into her Chamber ſhe wondred to ſee him; I thought (ſaid ſhe unto him, and ſmiled) that none but *Beriſa* would have viſited me at ſuch a time as this; but for ought I ſee, ſhe hath left her Commiſſion with you to ſupply her room; or at leaſt I know you are now as haſty as ſhe uſeth to be: Yet I am perſwaded you will not be long without her company, for ſhe promiſed me to be here as ſoon as ever ſhe had dined.

Beriſa is ſo very good company (replied *Intaphernes*, and ſmiled as well as the Princeſs) as I can hardly think the Ladies with whom ſhe is, will let her return ſo ſoon: But Madam, ſince I am perſwaded that *Beriſa* never uſeth to ſpeak unto you concerning me when ſhe is alone with you; I beſeech you let me not ſpeak of her, now I have the happineſs to be here, when ſhe is abſent. I aſſure you, Sir, (replied the Princeſs who had a mind to turn the diſcourſe) that you very much wrong the poor *Beriſa*, by being ſo averſe towards her, as I have obſerved you are; for truly, though ſhe be a little too intruſive; yet you need not hate her ſo much. Oh Madam (ſaid *Intaphernes*) did you but know the harm ſhe does me, you would confeſs I have no reaſon to love her. The harm ſhe hath done you, replied ſhe, is only becauſe you fancy that ſhe cannot divert you; and becauſe ſhe meddles with every thing, you would have her meddle with nothing; but yet I do not love ſuch nice ſpirits, and delicate wits, for it is very hard for them not to be very often unjuſt: Since Madam, it is your pleaſure I ſhould not complain againſt *Beriſa*, replied *Intaphernes*, I will reverence and obey all your deſires: And to concur with your opinion, and give you an occaſion of calling me the moſt unjuſt man in the world, I muſt confeſs, my obligations unto *Beriſa*, for preventing me from being expoſed a thouſand times unto your anger. For

Madam, ſince I am reſolved to confeſs all my ſins unto you, I muſt let you know, that had it not been for the aſſiduity of buſie *Beriſa*, I had e're this told you above a hundred times that I am the man who admires you with more reverence than any man in the world, and loves you with a more violent and reſpective paſſion.

How, a hundred times? (replied the Princeſs, and bluſh'd) believe me that ſhould never have been; for after you had told me it the firſt time, you ſhould never have told it a ſecond. However, ſince you are more obliged unto *Beriſa* than I imagined, though ſhe be not preſent, you ſpeak unto me as if ſhe were; for if you do not, perhaps you ſhall be driven to the neceſſity of grieving ſhe is not here, though I know her preſence never pleaſeth you.

When I firſt reſolved to tell you, Madam, that I adored you, replied *Intaphernes*, I did not believe you would give a favourable audience; but I muſt needs confeſs, I did not deſpair of obtaining a pardon for a Crime which I could not repent of: And unleſs you had been abſolutely the faireſt perſon that ever lived, I ſhould never have committed it, and told you that I was your adorer; but I tell it Madam without any other pretence, but only to obtain ſo much favour from you as not to baniſh me for telling it.

You talk in ſuch a ſerious tone (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) as I cannot tell how to anſwer you, as if you had ſpoken only out of a piece of gallantry; and my opinion is, that thoſe who do not anſwer preciſely unto ſuch things, doubtleſs deſire to be told it often, and therefore to ſpare my ſelf much anger, and to preſerve you in my eſteem, I ſhall tell you very ingenuouſly, that I have a very high conceit and eſteem of you, and that you are the man, whoſe eſteem I do moſt deſire; but I muſt tell you withal, that to keep us both in this eſteem of each other, you muſt not tell me any more of ſuch things as you ſpeak of; and that if you do, I will never hearken unto it.

If you obſerve this, you will moſt exceedingly oblige me; and both for your ſake and my own, I will forget what now you have told me. Oh Madam, replied *Intaphernes*,

nes, this is not the way to ſtop my mouth; for if you would have me mention what I have told you, no more, you muſt honour me with a promiſe never to forget it: Proteſting unto you, that if you will favour me ſo far as to aſſure me that you will never forget it, I will then never ſpeak of it again. You know very well replied the Princeſs, that this which you demand is a thing which I neither ought, nor can conſent unto: But I muſt tell you, that if you will not do as I would have you, doubtleſs I ſhall not do as you would have me; for I will ſo abſolutely take all opportunities of ſpeaking to me from you, as you ſhall never meet with any occaſion of telling me any thing that may either pleaſe, or anger me.

As *Intaphernes* was ready to reply, much company came in and prevented him, and they continued there all that day, ſo as he could not renew it. But the beſt paſſage was, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* went that night to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and *Beriſa* at her return to *Calcedonia*, would have me carry her thither: ſo that *Intaphernes* being there alſo with many others, it was the beſt ſport in the world to ſee with what aggravations *Beriſa* related the trick which I had put upon her: Ah Madam, ſaid ſhe as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw her, if you do not oblige the Prince *Intaphernes* to revenge my Quarrel upon *Orcaines*, I ſhall complain againſt you as much as againſt him, for he is the cauſe of my not returning ſo ſoon as I deſigned, and why I have ſpent a whole long day without the honour of being with you. I aſſure you, (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, knowing that *Intaphernes* would underſtand her meaning) I was never more ſorry for your abſence than this day, and I never more wanted your company: Me-thinks Madam, replied *Intaphernes*, that for all the merits of *Beriſa*, you are injurious unto all the company that were with you, in ſpeaking as if you were weary of them: However it be (ſaid the Princeſs) I wiſh *Beriſa* had been here, eſpecially after Dinner: I aſſure you Madam (replied *Beriſa* to juſtifie her ſelf) it was not long of me, for I did as much as poſſible I could to be here again betimes.

After this, *Beriſa* began to relate all the paſſage how ſhe was deceived; not omitting the leaſt Circumſtance:

The Princeſs of *Bythinia* underſtood that this fallacy had no ſo ſuch obliging cauſe as *Beriſa* believed; for ſhe knew that I was no ſuch zealous lover of her, as to take all that pains to hinder her return from *Calcedonia*; ſo that diſcanting upon the adventure, ſhe imagined that he who had thus deluded *Beriſa*, was well acquainted with the ſecrets of *Intaphernes*, and doubted not but that Prince had put him upon this device: At firſt ſhe was a little angry at it, but preſently after anger vaniſhed; and ſhe could not chooſe but think the paſſage pleaſant, when ſhe conſidered the buſie earneſtneſs of *Beriſa*, and her impoſſibility to do as ſhe would: After which, finding good cauſe to believe that the love of *Intaphernes* was very great, ſince he was driven unto this ſhift to expreſs his paſſion, ſhe thought upon it without any anger, yet telling *Beriſa*, that there can be no fallacy innocent; however, Madam, replied *Intaphernes*, I hope you will confeſs that there are ſome fallacies which are no great Crimes in thoſe who act them. I muſt confeſs replied ſhe, that perhaps there may be ſome pleaſure to be taken in them; but I muſt needs confeſs withal, that there are no deceivers which are not culpable to ſome or other. There are ſome Crimes, replied *Iſtrina*, which are ſo eaſie to be pardoned, as I cannot tell whether the actors deſerve the name of Culpable; and whether a term ought not to be invented which might expreſs ſuch men neither innocent nor culpable.

For my part, replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, I know no ſuch perſons as you mention, nor any Medium between Innocency and a Crime; nor will I take ſo much pains as to help out the Language with a word which I ſhall never ſtand in any need of; for I muſt declare, that all thoſe which I ever have ſeen, do ſee, or ever ſhall ſee, do paſs in my opinion, either for Innocent or Culpable againſt me: nor can I imagine any medium between theſe two.

Then Madam, according to your expreſſion (ſaid *Intaphernes*, and looked attentively upon her) it ſeems I am at this preſent either innocent or culpable in your opinion. You need not doubt it (replied ſhe haſtily) ſince queſtionleſs you cannot doubt it unleſs you do me an injury. However Madam (replied *Intaphernes*) I would gladly know whether you uſe to take all neceſſary care to be well informed of the innocency or the Crimes of thoſe you condemn or juſtifie? For truly Madam, a very ſmall circumſtance may alter the caſe.

The truth is (ſaid *Beriſa*, and interrupted him) if *Orcames* did deceive me by way of mockery, certainly he deſerveth my hate: But ſince I am perſwaded, that he had a reaſon more advantagious to me for what he did, I ſhall be more willing to pardon his preventing my return ſo ſo timely as I deſired. I muſt needs confeſs Madam, that I could not chuſe but laugh when I heard *Beriſa* ſay ſo, and could not chuſe but look upon *Intaphernes* as I laughed; ſo as the Princeſs of *Bythinia* obſerving it, ſhe was confirmed in her former opinion, and doubted not but that ſhe her ſelf was a cauſe of the trick which was put upon *Beriſa*.

In the mean time, ſince ſhe was not well ſatisfied, what ſhe ſhould think of *Intaphernes*, ſhe retired; but the difficulty was to be rid of *Beriſa*; for ſince the Princeſs had told her, that ſhe wanted her company, ſhe could not ſhake her off; but was forced to tell her that ſhe would ſleep, to make her go out of her Chamber. Yet ſhe ſleeped not ſo ſoon, for ſhe paſſed away a great part of the night in contriving how *Intaphernes* ſhould continue his affection to her without ſpeaking to her of it, and without forcing her to change her behaviour towards him.

But, Madam, without particularizing the beginning and progreſs of *Intaphernes* his affection, give me leave to tell you, that his Services being ſeconded by the Salutations of *Iſtrina*, and ſupported by his own merits, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was moved to let him love her; yet upon condition that he ſhould always ſubmit his love unto her Fortune: and that if it ſo hapned, that *Arſamones* ſhould diſpoſe of her againſt her will, yet he ſhould not accuſe her of any injuſtice or infidelity, but endure the misfortune, with all the patience he was capable of: But, Madam, ſaid he one day unto her, may I not accuſe you of injuſtice, in deſiring me to promiſe impoſſibilities? Can you think a Lover who promiſeth to renounce the en-

enjoyment of his adored Miſtreſs; is able to keep his word? I do verily believe he may, ſaid ſhe unto him, and it much concerns you that I do believe it: and happen what can, I make no queſtion but you will exactly keep yours

This, Madam, was the condition of theſe four Illuſtrious Perſons, who are the Subjects of my Hiſtory: who as you may very well perceive were not very happy: For *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* could never make the two Princeſſes whom they loved, to promiſe them any thing, againſt that obedience which they owed unto thoſe who had the diſpoſing of them: but yet they enjoyed many happy hours when they had opportunities of talking freely with their adored Princeſſes. 'Tis true, theſe opportunities were not ſo oft as they deſired; and *Beriſa* did make them miſs ſo many occaſions of that happineſs, as they hated her more than ever: The Princeſs of *Bythinia* alſo, for all her compliance with her, was in the end troubled with her; but yet ſhe would not baniſh her: And I was made choice of to contrive ways of keeping her from going unto her ſo often. So that deſigning to ſerve two Princeſſes, in ridding them of a buſie body who was extreamly troubleſome to them, I carried the matter ſo, that upon a day, when *Beriſa* was incenſed againſt thoſe two Princeſſes, for leaving her behind when they went to take the Air, as I engaged her to make her complaints unto me, and to truſt me with her very heart; ſhe began to complain againſt them ſo ſharply, as at firſt I thought they had done her the greateſt wrong that could be offered to a perſon of her Quality. For ſhe repeated all her obliging Services to the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, aggravating her aſſiduity about her, to be as much obliging as a thouſand Services. But after all her talk and complaints, I found the injury to be only as I told you: 'Tis true, this walk being appointed in her preſence, and conſidering how ſhe had been formerly treated, it was an affront not to take her along with them: yet not to let ſlip ſuch a favourable occaſion; after ſhe had diſgorged her ſtomack, and complained till ſhe was weary with complaints, I began to murmur more than ſhe againſt all Grandeur, and againſt the Court in general, purpoſely that I might the better perſwade her: Proteſting that if ever I could get into my Country, I would for ever confine my ſelf to that Province rather than I would endure the ſcorns and affronts of the Court. Afterwards making a thouſand Proteſtations of friendſhip and eſteem of her, I adviſed her to keep home, or at leaſt to retire from ſuch a tumultuous life as the life of a Courtier is: For truly, my dear *Beriſa* (ſaid I unto her) when one is not ſo happy as to be of a Quality fit for a Court, one ought not to be ſo forward: Alas *Orcames* (ſaid he) I know but too well the truth of your words, but yet ſince I have ſeen ſo many Gallants, I cannot forbear going unto them; and I had rather be affronted with Courtiers, than be much made of by Townſmen, for (added ſhe to bring me unto her mind) I beſeech you, do but obſerve the difference betwixt them; would not any one ſay that ſees them together, they were of ſeveral Countries far diſtant? and though they ſpeak the ſame Language, and as they think, the very ſame things, yet they expreſs them in ſuch a different manner, as what is gallantry in a Courtier is abſurd in a Townſman: But *Beriſa*, ſaid I unto her, this rule is not general: for I do know ſome men of the Town, that are very compleat men, however I am ſure, replied ſhe, that if there be any exceptions, thoſe who do deſerve to be excepted, have gotten their merits in the world amongſt Company; otherwiſe I cannot ſee how they ſhould deſerve it: Though I ſhould grant it, replied I, yet that is not ſufficient to perſwade me that one who is not a Courtier by birth ought to apply themſelves unto it, unleſs Fortune do call them unto it by ſome extraordinary way: Indeed were it not a fondneſs to hope that perſons of moſt high Quality ſhould ever care for ſuch Companions? one muſt owe them all things, and they be obliged by nothing: They love you only becauſe they love themſelves; and meaſuring their affections to you by the diverſions which you afford them; as ſoon as your diverſions fail, their loves will ceaſe: Do you not by experience find, that how Princeſſes, who are the beſt of any in the world, do ſlight you? and ſince they have company enough, they will not carry you with them to take the Air? Good *Beriſa*, let not the Court deceive you, but undeceive your ſelf, and ſhake it off, before it ſhake you off: It is but a habit, and may eaſily be left. Do you think that Provinces far off from Courts have not wits, and men of ſpirit in them? and can you think thoſe wits and ſpirits are idle and weary? No, no, *Beriſa*, it is not to be imagined; but be confident they think themſelves as happy as you or any Courtier in the world: The laws of amity and friendſhip is regularly obſerved amongſt perſons of their quality; there is as much complacency amongſt them as amongſt others, and there being no Lords nor no ſlaves amongſt them, they live much ſweeter lives than you imagin. I pray then judg *Beriſa*, what ſhould you do at Court? Oh *Orcames*, ſaid ſhe, I ſee you never uſe to make any viſits into the Country, ſince you know no better how tedious and weariſom they are. For know, *Orcames*, that all of them either talk not at all, or talk too much, or elſe talk ſcurvily: They have not only a pronunciation different from the Court, but their matter and manner of ſpeaking doth alſo differ: Their gallantry is ſo groſs, that it is rather an impertinent piece of a talk which is inſufferable; To hear them talk of Love is enough to procure hatred; to hear them talk of Martial Matters, would move ones pity of them: If they talk of news, they know ſo little of the world, and tell ſuch unlikely ſtories, that they are not worth the hearing; yet you adviſe me *Orcames* not to ſtir out of my own Quarters: I muſt confeſs, ſaid I unto her, that I do adviſe you to it, becauſe the vexations which follow the delights of the Court, are greater than the other, though it were ſo that no accompliſhed perſons were there to be ſeen: For the truth is, as I have already told you, perſons of high Quality care not a ſtraw for their Inferiors: Their friendſhip aims only at themſelves, they will give you a thouſand welcomes to day, and hardly look upon you to morrow: they will promiſe more than ever they intend to perform; and their delicacy is ſuch, that if you do not flatter them ſufficiently, you do them wrong.

Believe me, *Beriſa*, though there were no other conſideration than this, to drive one out of all Court-fancies, that one muſt ſpend all their days with people that are above one, unto whom they muſt hold a continual complacence, and blind obedience, I think it were enough to move one unto my advice: Beſides, matter of honour, which cannot endure to be ſlighted is conſiderable; for indeed *Beriſa*, you know as well as my ſelf that if a Town or Country-woman chance to love any Courtier, ſhe expoſeth her ſelf to more talk than any other, ſince certainly it is a piece of injuſtice which reigns in the ſpirits of all men of that quality, and in Courts, to think that a Country Lady is more beholding to them for their ſervices and viſits than a Court Lady is.

Moreover, that's not the place where Country Ladies uſe to ſeek for Husbands, either for themſelves, their Daughters, their Siſters, or their Friends; and the truth is, there is nothing more odious than for a Country or Town-Lady to be too much at Court,

Therefore, *Beriſa*, if you will be ruled by me, you ſhall erect a Court in your own Chamber and attract all the Gallants of *Calcedonia* which are reaſonable, thither: the number of whom is not ſo ſmall as you imagin. I do not adviſe you, ſaid I, to be troubled with ſuch men whom the name of Court affrights, and who have as great an averſion to Court as Court hath to them; but like ſome Creatures who live ſometimes on Land, ſometimes on water, make choice of ſuch friends as are a Miſcellany, part Court, part Country, and pleaſing in all. No, no, *Orcames*, replied ſhe, you can never perſwade me to it; for though I know, that what you ſay is partly true, yet I aſſure you I cannot change my opinion: Indeed (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) I am ſo far from mewing my ſelf in my own Family, that I profeſs, I care not if I never came at it, ſo I could but hear all in it were in health. Since you are of that mind, ſaid I, I will move you but unto one thing more: ſo it be not to quit the Court, replied *Beriſa*, I will willingly follow your Counſel.

Then (ſaid I unto her) to oblige the Princeſs of *Bythinia* not to neglect you again, try if you can abſent your ſelf only for three or four days, and thereby force her to ſend for you: But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould not ſend for me, replied ſhe, I ſhould then be pitifully puzled how to return again to her: And therefore *Orcames*, I had rather follow my own inclination than your advice. Then follow it, ſaid I, ſince I cannot cure you of this fond Court-humour; but if they ſhould chance to ſlight you another time, when they are going unto any diverſions, blame not me for it.

After this, Madam, I left *Beriſa*, and was very ſorry that I had no better acquitted my ſelf of my Commiſſion to perſwade her from haunting the Princeſs of *Bythinia*; For all I could ſay againſt the Court, did make ſuch ſmall impreſſion upon her ſpirits, as ſhe went unto the Princeſs that very ſame night, who received her civilly enough: For, beſides her natural ſweetneſs, there was another reaſon which obliged the Princeſs to tollerate her; which was, becauſe the Father of *Beriſa*, who was a very popular man in *Calcedonia*, had done *Artamones* very conſiderable ſervice: Thus not knowing how to be rid of this troubleſome Creature, I was again made choice of by *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, to counterfeit Love unto her: And indeed, Madam, though I did not love to diſſemble my thoughts, but ever affected ſincerity, yet I begun to make experiments upon *Beriſa*, ſo that holding her continually in talk, I gave *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* opportunities to talk often with the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*.

Thus Madam, was the Winter ſpent: But the Spring bringing War with it, it was reſolved we muſt depart: I believe, Madam, I ſhall tell you no lye. If I tell you, that the adieu betwixt the Prince *Intaphernes* and the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and between *Atergatis* and *Iſtrina*, was much ſadder than mine, and *Beriſa*'s; Yet the Princeſs of *Bythinia* had ſuch a commanding power over her ſelf, that her ſorrows for the departure of *Intaphernes* did not appear; But in exchange ſhe ſhewed him ſo many Civilities, and expreſſed her ſelf in ſuch obliging language, that he could not poſſibly complain againſt her not grieving enough. And to tell you truly, he needed not to look any further than to the eyes of that Princeſs to ſee her heart, though much ſorrow did not appear in her face.

As for *Atergatis*, he was a little more happy than *Intaphernes*; for though I cannot perfectly ſay that *Atergatis* had any ſhare in thoſe tears which ſhe ſhed for her Brother:

yet I can aſſure you that her manner of bidding him adieu was enough to perſwade him that though he had no ſhare in her tears, yet her ſighs at parting were very deep, that he ſhould go and expoſe himſelf to ſo many dangers.

But at the laſt, Madam, we departed, and left *Berisa* with theſe two Princeſſes, unto whom ſhe was more comfort during the abſence of *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*: I ſhall not need Madam, to particularize unto you all the paſſages of this War, knowing that you are not ignorant of them, I ſhall therefore only mark out the principal events. I ſhall tell you then, Madam, that *Arſamones* was always proſperous, though he had to deal with one of the moſt valiant Princes in the world.

But to tell you truly, it is no wonder if he made uſe of all Advantages, for *Arſamones* had all the neceſſary qualities to effect a great deſign: For he had not only a great wit, deep capacity, and grave experience: He had not only high courage, and lofty ambition, but he had alſo a kind of raſh prudence (if I may phraſe it ſo) which made him able to attempt the moſt difficult enterprizes, and which helped him to execute them with as much ſucceſs as boldneſs.

Moreover, the Politick *Arſamones* did not confine himſelf to the ordinary limits of Juſtice; for I have heard him ſay, that all unjuſt means might be uſed to compaſs a juſt deſign: And therefore ſtriving to get upon the Throne of his Anceſtors, I can aſſure you he employed all to bring it to paſs.

Furthermore it cannot be imagined that he would omit any occaſion to advance it: And ſo he carried the matter, that the King of *Pontus*, after ſeveral Combats, wherein *Arſamones* had always the advantage, was conſtrained to retreat to *Heraclea*, which is the Metropolis of his Dominions, and the only Town that was left him in all his two Kingdoms.

During all theſe Victories, *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, whoſe reputations were very high, did often write unto the Princeſſes whom they adored, for they had obtained permiſſion ſo to do, upon condition that their Letters ſhould contain only matter of News and Civility without any gallantry. You may well imagin, Madam, that this reſtraint went againſt their minds; and that it was difficult to love ſo much, and not dare to ſpeak of it. Yet this command was not diſadvantageous to them; for both of them being admirable at their Pens, and ſince their Letters included nothing which was to be concealed: Thoſe unto whom the Princeſſes ſhewed them, did ſo highly applaud them, as it may well be ſaid, that they ſpoke in behalf of their Loves in not ſpeaking of them.

However, ſince their Paſſions were not ſatisfied, they invented a way to make their minds known without any diſobedience unto the commands which they received: For ſince *Iſtrina* had not preſcribed unto the Prince her Brother what he ſhould write, and had only forbidden *Atergates* to mention any matters of Love: and ſince the Princeſs of *Bythinia* did not think of charging *Intaphernes* not to mention his paſſion in his Letters unto the Princeſs his Siſter; theſe to Lovers reſolved that *Intaphernes* to whom *Iſtrina* had not preſcribed any limits, ſhould write unto her all his thoughts of the *Bythinian* Princeſs, and all thoſe which *Atergatis* had of her; ſo that by this invention, theſe two Princeſſes might ſhew the Letters from their Lovers: and the Princeſs *Iſtrina* durſt not ſhew hers from her Brother. She being a Lady of a moſt admirable wit, after ſhe had received the firſt Letter, and ſhewed it unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, ſhe anſwered it the moſt wittily in the world.

Alas *Orcames* (ſaid *Mandana*, and interrupted him) I cannot endure to hear a Letter ſo much commended which cannot be produced: Therefore I intreat to try if you can remember the ſenſe at leaſt, though not the words of theſe two Letters: For your ſatisfaction Madam, replyed *Orcames*, I can do more than that; for I think I have a Copy of them about me which *I* got from the Prince *Intaphernes*, who having loſt the Original in coming hither, he complained of it ſo exceedingly, that to comfort him, I reſolved to confeſs my crime in ſtealing that Copy, and let him have a Copy out of mine: And therefore Madam I am able to ſatisfie your deſires; Then he looked in his Pocket, and found theſe two Letters, the firſt of which was thus indited.

INTA-

INTAPHERNES *unto the Princeſs* ISTRINA

Siſter,

Since I know you have injoyned the Prince Atergatis *to acquaint you with the News of the Army: And ſince I am ſure he will obey you as exactly as I ſhall the divine Princeſs who hath impoſed the like commands upon me. You need not think it ſtrange if I do not hint unto you the ſame things he doth: I leave it therefore to his care to acquaint you with the Enemies defeat, and victory of* Arſamones, *and reſerve only unto my ſelf to let you know the paſſages of my heart. Know therefore, deareſt Siſter, that my adored Princeſs does ſo wholly take up my memory, as I know not whether I ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to forget you, if I did not need your aſſiſtance to keep her from forgetting me. For ſince ſhe hath not forbidden you to ſpeak to her of my paſſion, but hath forbidden me to write of it unto her, you may without offence proteſt unto her, that I can think of nothing elſe but her; that I do eternally adore her, that her abſence is intollerable: and that her rigor in denying me ſo much ſatisfaction as to mention my love in my letter to her, doth put my life more in danger, then all the King of* Pontus *his valour. I beſeech you, deny me not this requeſt; for if you do, there ſhall not a Meſſenger come, by whom I will not give the Prince* Atergatis *ſo much ſatisfaction as to let you know, that he doth ſtill and ever will moſt paſſionately love you: And that there is not a day on which we are not ready to quarrel, ſometimes becauſe he maintains that he loves you as well as I love the Princeſs of* Bythinia: *and ſometimes becauſe I will be always talking of her, when he would be always talking of you. The truth is (dear Siſter) he is as melancholy to be at ſuch a diſtance from her he loves, as I am for being from her whom I adore: ſpeak then unto my Princeſs in my behalf, if you would not have me ſpeak unto you in his: And perſwade her if it be poſſible to let me write unto her what my heart thinks. But above all, dear Siſter, be ſure that this Letter do not paſs for a piece of diſobedience, and that neither* Atergatis *nor my ſelf be declared Delinquents either to her or you: Adieu, and believe, I be-*

ſeech you, that Intaphernes *loves his deareſt Siſter, as well as an amorous heart can.*

Intaphernes.

I do confeſs, ſaid the Princeſs *Mandana*, that I could not poſſibly believe, that a Brother could ſpeak of Love unto a Siſter, as he hath done to her, without ſome treſpaſs upon handſomneſs: But *Intaphernes* hath done it ſo delicately, and hath diſobeyed a Command ſo reſpectively, that I long to ſee how the Princeſs *Iſtrina* did anſwer him. *Orcames* then preſenting her *Iſtrina's* Letter, and taking *Interphernes* his, ſhe read theſe words.

ISTRINA *unto the Prince* INTAPHERNES.

Brother,

I *Need not tell you how the Letter ſurprized me, for I am perſwaded you do not doubt it: Indeed, I found it full of Friendſhip, and full of Love; but to teſtifie to you, that I would not have you ſpeak unto me, in behalf of the Prince* Atergatis, *I do aſſure you that I will ſpeak in your behalf unto the Princeſs of* Bythinia, *and indeed, already have done, yet you are not a jot the better. for ſhe thinks you culpable, as I do* Atergatis, *for diſobeying. 'Tis true, I never did forbid you to ſpeak unto me concerning your paſſion, nor his; but my reaſon was, I had no right to forbid you any thing, and I will keep within my compaſs, and only make uſe of my Prayers: But as I have ſpoken in your behalf unto the Princeſs of* Bythinia, *I conjure you to ſpeak in my behalf unto the Prince* Atergatis, *and tell him, that if I had as much power over him as you ſay I have, I will as abſolutely forbid him to make you the ſpeaker of his paſſion, as the Princeſs of* Bythinia, *forbids you by me, to make me the ſpeaker of yours unto her; for the truth is, our Curioſity is only to know what paſſages are in the Wars, and not what paſſages are in your hearts; obey therefore, that Princeſs, and cauſe* Atergatis *to obey me: And if it be poſſible, let neither of you manifeſt your paſſions by any vain diſobedience. Adieu, and believe, I beſeech you, that I will ever preſerve as much amity for you, as any heart, not* *in Love; is capable of; and by that conſequence* Iſtrina *is more affectionate unto the Prince* Intaphernes *than* Intaphernes *is unto*

Iſtrina.

Really *Orcames* (ſaid the Princeſs *Mandana*, and returned *Iſtrina's* Letter) if people ſhould alwayes write ſo wittily in matters of Love as theſe Perſons do, it were almoſt to be wiſhed, that they ſhould write of nothing elſe, but that you may give me more ſubjects of commendations, I beſeech you proceed in the relation of their Adventures.

Since you command me, Madam, I muſt obey, replied *Orcames*, and tell you, That the Prince *Intaphernes* having received *Iſtrina's* Letter, he returned her anſwer, that he ſhould make a doubt whether this was the Princeſs of *Bythinia's* command, unleſs ſhe did atteſt and command it under her own hand: And as for what related to *Atergatis*, he would not alſo poſitively believe what the Brother of his Saint did ſay, unleſs ſhe alſo did confirm it under her hand: To be ſhort Madam, he carried the buſineſs ſo handſomly, that though theſe two Princeſſes were extream wary how they writ any ſuch Letters, yet they both reſolved to write two ſhort Tickets of two lines, becauſe they would write no more than might be ſeen. The Princeſs of *Bythinia's* Ticket contained theſe words, if my memory fail not;

I forbid the Prince Intaphernes *to write any thing unto the Princeſs* Iſtrina, *but what I permit him to write unto my ſelf; upon pain of her diſpleaſure of whom he ſpeaks unto her, and upon promiſe of her favour if he impoſe ſilence upon himſelf, and obey her.*

This Madam, was the Ticket of the *Bythinian* Princeſs unto the Prince *Intaphernes* (purſued *Orcames*) and ſee, if I be not miſtaken, how the Princeſs's *Iſtrina* was indited.

If you would have me believe that I have any power over you, cauſe the Prince Intaphernes *to mention you no more in his Letters to me, ſince I deſire to know nothing but what*

I

I have permitted your ſelf to write; and unleſs you obey this ſecond Command as you did my firſt, you have permiſſion to mention nothing but the victories of Arſamones.

You may perceive, Madam, that theſe two notes were not very obliging; and you ſee alſo they were very ſhort, and contained only a bare command: Yet though *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* had many excellent and large Letters from them, ſince theſe two Tickets were not ſealed, ſubſcribed, nor ſuperſcribed, they were much joyed at them, and ſet a dearer rate upon them than upon all the reſt of their fine formal Letters: *Intaphernes* preſerved his with abundance of care, he did not keep it in the ſame place where all the reſt of his Letters from the Princeſs of *Bythinia* were kept, but in a place more precious: For my part, having nothing ſo delicate a wit as he, nor could diſcant ſo ſubtlely upon paſſages of Love, I muſt confeſs I could not chuſe but wonder to obſerve that this Ticket which contained only an angry Command, was preferred before all thoſe fine Letters from the ſame hand, and which were filled with Civilities and Elogies of his valour; I asked him the reaſon of ſuch an unreaſonable act. Alas *Orcames* ſaid he unto me, it ſeems you are a Novice in matters of Love, ſince you know not the difference between the beſt Letter that can be in the world which is to be ſhewed unto every one, and a ſmall Ticket which one is obliged to keep ſecret; but the difference is ſo great, as there is no compariſon between them: Why Sir, ſaid I unto him, can you prefer two or three lines from the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, before ſo many Elegant Letters which you have received from her? And are theſe two or three lines which forbids you to mention any matters of Love unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina* more dear unto you than all thoſe ſweet and obliging Letters which commands you to write often to her, and to ſend her the news of the Army? Yes *Orcames*, replied he, this little Ticket which contains but few words, which ſeems careleſly written, whoſe Characters are hardly legible; and which forbids me to ſpeak of my paſſion, is a thouſand thouſand times more dear unto me, and more pleaſing, than all her ſweet Letters; wherein it appears ſhe culled the words which ſhe employed, whoſe Characters are ſo fine and legible, and which commands me to write often unto her: And if you did but know how to love, you would know how to diſtinguiſh between a Letter of indifferency, and a Letter of ſecreſie; ſo that then I ſhould not need to ſeek for any reaſons to convince you. But Sir, I beſeech you, ſaid I unto him, are not all thoſe fine Letters, and this Scrowl both written by the ſame hand: Yes *Orcames* ſaid he, but they are not indited by the ſame mind; for when my Princeſs deſires me obligingly to ſend her the news of the Army, ſhe does me no greater a favour than ſhe might unto any man of quality about *Arſamones*.

But when ſhe forbids me to mention my paſſion, ſhe tacitely implies, that ſhe hath a right to command me, ſhe admits me to be her ſlave; ſhe teſtifies that ſhe knows I love her, and indeed gives me ſome ſign of confidence, ſince ſhe honours me ſo far as to aſſure me, that I ſhall be happy in her favour if I can impoſe ſilence upon my ſelf. Truth is *Orcames*, this ridged ſcrowl which ſeems to you leſs obliging than ſo many fine Letters which applaud me with ſo much eloquence, hath ſomething in it more ſatisfactory to the heart of a Lover, than any thing thoſe well pen'd Letters have which pleaſe you ſo well. The very name of my adored Princeſs which I cannot pronounce without a trembling heart, does take ſomething (as I think) from the excellency of thoſe rare Letters; and this Ticket unto which ſhe durſt not ſubſcribe, it has ſomething in it which I am not able to expreſs, that renders it the more valuable. For I am fully perſwaded, that a Lady who endeavours to conceal both the Writer and the Party to whom ſhe writes, hath ſome ſuch ſparks of tenderneſs in her thoughts as ſhe would not have flaſh out into a flame, and be known: And *Orcames*, ſince Love of its own nature loves myſteries and ſecreſies, it may well be ſaid, that whatſoever is not myſterious and ſecret, is not Love: And if you would preciſely know the difference which I put between Letters of Civility which I received from my Princeſs, and this little ſcrowl I muſt tell you, that I put as great a difference as between Letters from a Friend, and a Letter from a Miſtreſs.

After this Madam, I left diſputing with the Prince *Intaphernes*, knowing him to be better verſed in the doctrine of Love than my ſelf, and ſeeing I was not able to perſwade him. In the mean time, ſince he knew the Princeſs of *Bythinia*'s reſervedneſs and ſeverity, he muſt obey her, and enjoyn ſilence upon himſelf as well as *Atergatis*. Yet I am ſure, that tho the word *Love* was not uſed in their Letters, yet they found an art to uſe others which ſignified the ſame thing, yet without any diſobedience unto the commands impoſed upon them. But their greateſt grief was, that the King of *Pontus* being retreated unto *Heraclia*, *Arſamones* reſolved to beſiege him, and began to draw that way ſo that it was eaſie to foreſee that it would be long before they ſhould ſee their adored Princeſſes.

The reaſon why *Arſamones* was ſo haſty to beſiege *Heraclia*, notwithſtanding the illneſs of the ſeaſon, was, becauſe knowing with what zeal the invincible *Cyrus* under the name of *Artamenes* did preſs upon *Babylon*, he feared that if *Babylon* were taken before he took *Heraclia*, *Cyrus* would then protect the ſame Prince whom he protected in relieving him at *Sinope*, ſo that he was ſo earneſt upon this great deſign, as *Heraclia* in a few days was beleaguered. Since it imported *Arſamones* to know how all paſſed at *Babylon*; and ſince *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis* and *Iſtrina* did hate the King of *Aſſiria* enough to be inquiſitive of all the misfortunes that did befall him, all the victories of *Cyrus* were very well known in *Calcedonia*, and at the Camp: And Madam, your heroick reſiſtance of the King of *Aſſiria*'s violent paſſion was alſo known.

If *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* had not been engaged in their affections in *Bythinia*, they had then with joy revenged themſelves of that unjuſt Prince, by following *Gadates*, who had already took part with the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*: But ſince *Intaphernes* could not forſake *Arſamones*, as things ſtood, unleſs he ſhould forſake the Princeſs his Daughter; he reſolved to ſtay with him ſince conſidering the Wars, he might do it with honour: And as for *Atergatis*, ſince if he changed Armies, he ſhould be at a greater diſtance from *Iſtrina*, he choſe rather to ſatisfie his love than his hatred. As for the Princeſs *Iſtrina* I have heard her ſay, that as oft as ſhe was told with what noble reſolution you treated the King of *Aſſiria*, it joyed her to the heart, to ſee ſuch full revenge upon that Prince, both by your Beauty Madam, by your rigor, and by the valour of *Artamenes*. It is true, her joys were ſomething moderated by her fears, leſt the ſiege of *Heraclia* ſhould prove fatal either unto *Intaphernes* or *Atergatis*, whoſe courages ſhe knew would expoſe them unto the greateſt dangers upon all occaſions. This fear in which the Princeſs of *Bythinia* ſhared with her, was not yet all the ſorrow which ſhe had; for the abſence of the Prince her Brother, and the unfortunate condition of the Princeſs *Araminta* did cauſe her many an ill hour, for ſhe loved that Princeſs exceedingly: But for all that, the glory which *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* had got in the Wars, did much chear up the hearts of theſe two Princeſſes, eſpecially the glory which they got at the ſiege of *Heraclia*. Since the taking of this Town would be a deciſion of the War, and ſettle *Arſamenes* in the Throne, this Prince was not negligent about it: And if I had not many things to tell you which are more eſſentially neceſſary to underſtand this ſtory, certainly my relation of the particulars would make you acknowledge, that except the ſieges of *Babylon*, *Sardis*, and *Cumes*, there was never any more famous than the ſiege of *Heraclia*, nor a ſiege where more glorious exploits were performed: Since there wanted only this City to make *Arſamenes* King of two Kingdoms, he aſſaulted it with extraordinary vigor: And ſince if this City were loſt, the King of *Pontus* would be without a Kingdom, he did defend it with ſuch Heroick Courage, as if he had an Enemy leſs valiant than *Arſamenes*, he had not been vanquiſhed: And he did ſuch prodigious acts in defence of himſelf, as if he had not ſullied the glory of them by his violences offered unto you, Madam, he might well have been put into the Catalogue of Heroes. But that which haſtned his ruin was ſome reports in the Camp that the illuſtrious *Artamenes* had taken *Babylon*, and that the King of *Aſſiria* had gotten you out, and carried you unto *Sinope*: ſo that *Arſamenes* falling upon the Town more vigorouſly than before, and being

ing ſeconded by the valour of *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, he brought his works unto better perfection in eight days, than he had done ever ſince the ſiege began: The truth is, Madam, without further abuſing your patience; The Gods having reſolved that the King of *Pontus* ſhould be forced out, purpoſely to ſave your life, by preventing your being drowned, they made uſe of the valour of *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* to vanquiſh this valiant and unfortunate King, who was forced to fly away in a Ship, not knowing then, that the loſs of his two Kingdoms ſhould be the cauſe of his ſaving your life, Madam, when you ſuffered ſhipwrack with the Prince *Mazares*. You may imagine Madam, that the taking of *Heraclea* made a great noiſe throughout all *Bythinia*, as well as at *Pontus*. But particularly, it rejoyced the two Princeſſes at *Calcedonia*, principally becauſe they knew that *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* had a great ſhare in the happy ſucceſs of that ſiege: But that which hindered the full tide of their joys was to underſtand, that the War was not yet finiſhed, becauſe *Artanus* was in *Cabara*, where he kept the Princeſs *Araminta* in his power: And *Arſamones* would not make any Conditions with him, unleſs he wou'd ſurrender the Town and the Princeſs *Araminta* into his power, and therefore his deſign was to beſiege *Cabara*.

In the mean time, as ſoon as *Arſamones* had ſettled all in *Heraclia*, he would have the Queen *Arbiana* and the two Princes come thither to teſtifie unto his new Subjects, that he would be King of *Pontus*, whereof *Heraclea* was the Metropolis, as well as King of *Bythinia* whereof *Calcedonia* was chief. You may eaſily imagine Madam, that this reſolution was very welcome unto *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, as it was vexatious to the poor *Beriſa*, who ſeeing that the Court was to remove from *Calcedonia* to *Heraclea*, ſhe was even ready to dye for grief, not knowing how it was poſſible to live without a Court: And indeed we underſtood that every one went to comfort her, as one that had loſt all ſhe loved. She employed all her wit to find a pretence for going unto *Heraclea*, but her Parents would not permit her: ſo that ſhe ſaw a neceſſity of ſtaying in *Calcedonia*, where ſhe talked of nothing but her wearineſs of it: And if ſhe made any viſits, to ſatisfie her buſie humour, it was only a gadding from houſe to houſe to tell how weary ſhe was: And ſhe made her ſelf ſo much hated in *Calcedonia*, that there was not a Lady who did not wiſh her at *Heraclea*.

But Madam, as the deſign of *Arſamones* in bringing the Queen *Arbiana* unto this ſtately Town was pleaſing unto *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, ſo I muſt tell you that it was not diſpleaſing unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, nor to the Princeſs *Iſtrina*. Yet I am obliged to tell you unto the glory of he Princeſs of *Bythinia*, that maugre all the victories of *Arſamones*, ſhe could not chuſe but ſigh as ſhe went into the Palace of *Heraclea*, not being able to remember the Condition wherein ſhe had ſeen the Prince *Sinneſſis*, the Princeſs *Araminta*, and *Spitridates*, without much ſorrow for the death of the firſt, and for the captivity of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and for the abſence of the Prince *Spitridates* her Brother. Alſo her generoſity did carry her further than this; for ſhe would not upon any terms lie in the Princeſs of *Pontus* her Chamber: Since I remember very well (ſaid ſhe unto the Queen *Arbiana* who propounded it unto her) if the Princeſs *Araminta* did ever look upon me as the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, when there was not any hopes of the King my Fathers ever being upon the Throne: I will alſo ſtill treat her as the Princeſs of *Pontus*, although the King her Brother do not enjoy the Kingdom: You may well conceive Madam, that a Princeſs who was ſo generous as to be juſt unto a diſtreſſed vertue, would not be unjuſt unto a victorious and triumphant vertue, and that ſhe received the Prince *Intaphernes* with all poſſible civility.

Atergatis found as favourable a reception from *Iſtrina*: And ſince theſe Princeſſes had not forbidden them to ſpeak, as they had to write, theſe two Princes took occaſion to ſpeak of that they would, and had not written; and to make known unto their Princeſſes all the torments they had ſuffered during their abſence: But yet they were not long together; for *Arſamones* being deſirous to finiſh the War by taking *Cabara*, deſired them to come into the Army; but ſince the diſtance was not far from *Heraclea*, there was ſuch a continual correſpondency between them, that this ſecond abſence was not ſo rigorus as the firſt: yet *Arſamones* could not march ſo ſoon as he deſired againſt *Artanus*, becauſe he fell ſick. But Madam, I think it fit to omit the relation of the Prince *Spitridates* his arrival at *Heraclea*, and all the paſſages concerning the defeat of *Artanus*: Since it is not poſſible but the Princeſs *Araminta*, who was ſo long a Priſoner unto *Cyrus*, and ſince the Prince *Spitridates* was a while in *Sardis*, you muſt needs have heard ſince you were releaſed, the adventures of a Prince who hath the honour to reſemble your illuſtrious Liberator.

The truth is, replied *Mardana*, I underſtood by *Marteſia* who had it from *Feraulas*, all that happen'd unto that illuſtrious Prince: and conſequently I know of his arrival at *Heraclea*, the day before the Queen *Arbiana* and the two Princeſſes were to go unto the Camp, becauſe *Arſamones* was ſick: Moreover, I know how the Queen of *Bythinia* took *Spitridates* at firſt for *Cyrus*, as heretofore ſhe took *Cyrus* for *Spitridates*: Nor am I ignorant of all that Princes endeavours to obtain the permiſſion of *Arſamones* to love *Araminta*: Neither am I ignorant of what *Intaphernes* and the Princeſs of *Bythinia* did upon the ſame deſign: For indeed *Orcames*, I know how obſtinately *Arſamones* denied them; I know all the defeat of *Artanus*, the meeting of *Spitridates*, and *Araminta* upon the bridge of *Cabara*. The generous reſolution of thoſe two Perſons, and in what manner *Spitridates* got *Araminta* out of that beſieged Town, ſtealing her from the victory of *Arſamones*, who would have kept her Priſoner, if he had taken her. I know alſo how *Spitridates* went with that Princeſs as far as *Armenia*, where they parted: and that in parting from the Camp, he wrote unto the King his Father, and unto the Princeſs his Siſter: But I wonder, that in relation of all theſe paſſages, I ſhould never hear any mention made of *Atergatis*.

The reaſon why thoſe who related the Hiſtory of *Araminta* were ſilent of the Prince *Atergatis*, replied *Orcames*, is, becauſe he had no hand in the defeat of *Artanus*, nor in any paſſage at *Cabara*; becauſe the very day on which the Princeſs came to the Camp, he fell ſick at *Heraclea*, where he remained until after the departure of *Spitridates* and *Araminta*, ſo that he could not contract any amity with that Prince as *Intaphernes* did; nor by conſequence, give thoſe who related unto you the ſtory of *Araminta* and *Spitridates*, any ſubject to ſpeak of him. Now, Madam, ſince you know all paſſages unto the taking of *Cabara*, I ſhall ſay nothing of them, but ſhall relate things from thence forward, and tell you that *Arſamones* was ſo incenſed at the action of *Spitridates*, that he ſaid he ſhould not ſucceed him, and that he would have every one look upon the Princeſs his Daughter, as ſhe that was to be Queen of *Pontus* and *Bythinia*: And the truth is Madam, he was ſo violently earneſt in it, that every one did believe it was his intention: But though it was the deſign of *Arſamones*, yet it was far from the intentions of the Princeſs his Daughter, who declared her ſelf ſo highly and ſo generouſly, that ſhe would never thrive by the misfortunes of the Prince her Brother, as *Arſamones* was no leſs incenſed againſt her than him; ſo that *Intaphernes* was conſtrained to grieve with that Princeſs, for offering her two Kingdoms. It is true, that his love had its part in this grief: For this Prince conceived, that as long as *Arſamones* was in the mind, he could never pretend unto the Princeſs whom he loved, it being eaſie to foreſee that *Arſamones* would never give her unto him, though upon no other reaſon than becauſe he was a profeſſed lover of *Spitridates*.

But as *Intaphernes* had this augmentation of his ſorrows, ſo *Atergatis*, who was recovered of his ſickneſs, was grieved to underſtand that *Gadates*, who was not ignorant of his affection unto *Iſtrina*, had ſent orders unto a Lady who was with her, to have a ſtrict eye over all her actions, and to render him an account of them; this Prince having ſtill a fancy, that when *Cyrus* had ended the War, he might perhaps by a treaty of Peace oblige the King of *Aſſiria* to marry *Iſtrina*, by obtaining for him a reſtitution of ſome part of his Kingdom: For Madam, though this fancy had but an ill foundation, yet he did, and ſtill doth feed himſelf with ſome hopes in it: And indeed, becauſe the Queen *Nitocris* with whom he had been in love, did earneſtly deſire it as long as ſhe lived, he thought that he was obliged by his reſpects unto that great Princeſs, not to let *Iſtrina* marry, as long as there was any poſſibility that the King of *Aſſyria* might marry her.

After this Madam, you may imagine that the lives of the Prince *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were not very pleaſing, ſince to live without hopes is the moſt difficult thing upon earth: Yet I am ſure, that if they did not hope yet they were not altogether deſperate, and yet they were perpetually full of fears: And all the conſolation which they had, was to know that they were not out of favour with the Princeſſes whom they adored.

As for *Intaphernes*, he was ſo happy as that the King did never ſuſpect his Love; ſo that he could ſee and talk with his Princeſs when he pleaſed. But all great changes in Kingdoms muſt needs be a while unſettled, ſo there were may commotions and ſtirs, which required he ſhould divide his Army into two Bodies, and that *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* ſhould command them; *Arſamenes* reſiding ſometimes at *Heraclea*, and ſometimes at *Calcedonia*, to give out ſeveral orders to places as need required. Thus Madam, did theſe two Princes and theſe two Princeſſes live, whilſt the illuſtrious *Cyrus* (after he underſtood you were not dead as once he believed) was carrying on the war in *Armenia*, thinking that you were there. And thus they continued, until that generous Prince being upon the Frontiers of *Lydia*, there chanced that thing which I believe you are not ignorant of, but yet you neither know the cauſe nor the conſequence of it. I muſt therefore tell you Madam, that when the valiant *Anaxaris* who is now the Captain of the Guard, came to the Camp of *Cyrus*. I underſtood how he had told him that he had ſaved the life of the Prince *Spitridates*; and that he was at firſt deceived by that reſemblance which is be-between thoſe two great Princes.

But, Madam, certainly you do not know who brought *Spitridates* into that *Paphlagonion* wood where *Anaxaris* found him, nor who kept him there; nor how he went from the place unto which *Anaxaris* conducted him, after he had ſo valiantly defended him. Therefore I muſt tell you, that when *Araminta* would needs have

Spitridates leave her in *Armenia*, and commanded him to wander from Country to Country until the Gods were pleaſed to change the ſtate of their Fortunes, yet *Spitridates* could not find a heart to go out of *Armenia*, ſince *Araminta* was in it, though ſhe had charged him not to ſtay there, becauſe ſhe feared leſt the King her Brother ſhould arreſt him; and becauſe ſhe would not have a Prince who had kept her from the power of the King his Father, fall into the power of the King of *Pontus*, who did not love him. So that *Spitridates* ſearching for a place where he might have beſt intelligence from *Artaxates*, whilſt the Princeſs *Araminta* was there; he thought that he could not better ſeat himſelf, than in ſome houſe upon the River *Araxes*, which runs to *Artaxates*: For as great Rivers cauſeth great commerce between great Towns, ſo he thought this place to ſute beſt with his deſign; and indeed the Village where he ſtayed was ſo great a Paſs, as it was eaſie to receive information of ſome things which he deſired to know.

But, Madam, as all humane Predence is extreamly limited; ſo it chanced that the ſame way he thought beſt to hear news of his Princeſs, and to keep him near her, the ſame was it which ſet him at a greater diſtance from her. For, Madam, as he was one evening taking the Air upon the banks of the River *Araxes* by himſelf alone, and being far from the houſe where he lodged, a ſtranger did accoſt him, and ſpeaking to him in a broken Language, he ſpoke as thinking him to be *Artamenes*, and as if he had ſeen him in the Court of *Thomiris*: *Spitridates* perceiving his error, would undeceive him, but he could not: For this ſtranger was ſo confident that this Prince would only conceal himſelf, as he never offered to examine ſeriouſly whether or no his eyes had deceived him; and indeed not giving any credit unto his words, he executed his deſign which he had upon the perſon of that Prince, and did it with eaſe. For ſince *Spitridates* was alone and without any Arms; and ſince this ſtranger was ſeconded by ten men, which lay in ambuſh, it was eaſie for them to force him to enter into a Bark which was not far off: and it was the more eaſie, because the ſtranger having told him that he would carry him unto a great

Queen, where he ſhould receive no harm, provided he would repent himſelf of his flight, *Spitridates* thought it would be the more eaſie to undeceive him by arguing with him, than by defending himſelf in vain, ſince he was alone, unarmed, and againſt ten men, thinking that if he ſhould offer to make any obſtinate reſiſtance, it would the more argue him to be the man he was taken for. So that going into the Bark, and not being able to hinder the ſix Rowers from puting off the ſhore where he intended to ſtay a while, he began to make a thouſand proteſtations unto this Stranger, that he was not the ſame man which he took him for: but all in vain.

I beſeech you ſaid, *Spitridates* unto him, ask every one you meet what Reports go of *Artamenes* whoſe name is ſo famous, and I am ſure all will anſwer you, that he cannot be in *Paphlagonia.* I need not enquire of any, replied the man, when my own eyes tells me I am ſure: therefore, Sir, without murmur againſt my violence, I beſeech you give me leave to carry you unto a *Queen* whoſe Subject I am, and believe it, it ſhall be long of your ſelf if you be not favourably received. I came by orders from her, purſued he, to inform my ſelf of the cauſes of your Impriſonment (the news whereof hath reached the *Queen Thomiris*) to let you know, that if you will change your thoughts of her, ſhe will march with an Army of a hundred thouſand men to force you out of *Ciaxares* his Fetters, and ſet you out of a Priſon upon a Throne.

In order to this, the Queen *Thomiris* hath given me wherewith to ſuborn your Guards, and to attempt any thing for your Liberty, but I perceive, Sir, you have your ſelf procured it. Then *Spitridates* proteſted unto him again, that he was not *Artamenes*, but that he was ſtill a Priſoner unto *Ciaxares*, but the man would not believe him, and was ſo obſtinate in this miſtake, that *Spitridates* muſt ſubmit. The reaſon why this man was ſo hard to be undeceived, was, that though he had ſeen the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* a hundred times with *Thomiris*, yet as he told him, he never heard him ſpeak: ſo that the tone of *Spitridates* would not undeceive him, though there was ſome difference between the pronunciation of *Spitridates*, and that of *Cyrus*: Yet *Spitridates* did not a little wonder that he ſhould ſtill be taken for another; for ſince he did not then know that *Cyrus* and *Artamenes* were both one Perſon, he could not chuſe but think it ſtrange, that firſt they ſhould carry him unto *Cambiſes* as being *Cyrus*, and now carry him unto *Thomiris* as being *Artamenes*; yet go he muſt, for he was ſo ſtrictly guarded that he could not chuſe: But (ſaid he unto the man who thus forced him) It does not appear unto me by your ſpeeches that *Thomiris* ever appointed you to do as you have done: ſince, Sir, replied he, ſhe could not foreſee, I ſhould find you in ſuch a condition as I have done; ſhe could not command me to ſecure your Perſon with ten men only: but ſince ſhe honoured me ſo far as to tell me that ſhe would arm a hundred thouſand men to have you in her power, it was an implicite Command to bring you unto it, if I could by all the ways that Fortune and opportunity ſhould offer me. Alſo I have been this eight days, ſince accidentally I ſaw you in the Temple, in following you, and waiting for an occaſion to find you alone, as now I found you upon the Banks of *Araxes*.

Thus, Madam, did this man ſpeak unto this Illuſtrious Captive whom he knew not, and for his more ſafe Convoy, he would have him always lye in the Bark, and not ſet foot upon land, until he came to the place where *Araxes* bounders the Country of the *Maſſagetes*. He was no ſooner there but the man carrying *Spitridates* to lodg with a man of his acquaintance, which had a very good Tent upon the Banks of that River, he ſent one of his men to acquaint *Thomiris* that he had brought *Artamenes* unto her, and to know her pleaſure concerning him, not daring to bring him to her without having ſpecial orders for it. But whilſt this Meſſenger was on his journey, *Spitridates* obſerving that the Maſter of the Tent where he lodged was of a good wit, and that he underſtood broken *Greek* paſſably enough, which is ſo generally ſpoken over all *Aſia*, becauſe contrary to the cuſtom of the *Maſſagetes*, he had been a Traveller, he asked him concerning the *Queen*, and what they ſaid of her? Sir, ſaid he, the *Queen* is a moſt excellent Princeſs, and if her Paſſions were ſomewhat leſs violent, ſhe would be all Excellency and all Virtue; but indeed they are ſo predominate in her, that Reaſon often will not rule her; For if either Ambition, Choller, or Envy poſſeſs her, ſhe humours the Paſſion without reſiſtance. Indeed her Action againſt the Prince *Ariantes* her Brother, to Reign in prejudice of him; her action againſt the Prince *Aripithes* who was long ſince in love with her, and her Actions concerning the *Ambaſſador* from *Ciaxares* who ſtole from Court, and is called *Artamenes*: All theſe do make it manifeſtly appear that ſhe has no command over her Paſſions, and that Ambition, Anger, aud Love do eaſily get dominion over her heart, and reign there in full Tyranny: And indeed the voice is, that this Princeſs will raiſe a very formidable Army, either to be revenged upon *Artamenes*, or elſe to make him love her: as if it were as great a matter to conquer the heart of this Ambaſſador as to conquer a Kingdom, I know that Fame ſpeaks this *Artamenes* to be a moſt admirable man, and that if the *Maſſagettans* had ſuch a King, they might pretend eaſily to be Maſters of both *Scythia's*: But for all that, ſince the *Queen* hath a Son, and ſince *Artamenes* did ſteal away from the Court, I believe the War would be unjuſt, and the Event cannot be happy.

Spitridates hearing this man expreſs himſelf ſo wiſely, reſolved to open himſelf unto him, to try if he could procure his help to make an eſcape: So that whilſt all his Guards ſtood at the Entry of the Tent, which was very ſpacious, he told him how the caſe ſtood. But, Madam, ſuch was the Fate of *Spitridates* to be taken for *Cyrus*, that though this man had never ſeen either of them, yet he believed that he who ſpoke unto him was *Artamenes*: For, Sir, ſaid he unto him, if you be not he, you need not fear being Arreſted by *Thomiris*, ſince you may be ſure that as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees you, ſhe will ſet you at liberty, therefore, Sir, I need not endeavour your eſcape: But I fear, anſwered *Spitridates*, I fear leaſt the *Queen* ſhould be miſtaken in me, as the man who firſt arreſted me is; However it be, Sir, replied the man, your beſt courſe to make me endeavour your eſcape, is to confeſs ingeniouſly that you are really *Atramenes*: for if you be, I muſt confeſs unto you, that I am ſo devoted unto the *Queens* glory, as I am apt enough to take an occaſion from her, of doing a thing which would reflect upon her honour, if ſhe ſhould retain you Priſoner. The truth is, Madam, ſince *Spitridates* had no other courſe, he deceived this virtuous *Maſſagettan*, ſince he deſired to be deceived: And indeed the man did ſo well manage the matter, as he got *Spitridates* one night out of his Tent, by a back-way which his Guards knew not of; and to make his flight more ſafe, he would not let him attempt to croſs the River, which was very broad and deep, ſince there was not one Fiſherman whom he durſt truſt. Therefore he conveyed him into a poor Shepherds Tent which belonged unto him, where he lay hid above eight days. In the mean time he heard how grieved the man was who firſt took him: how joyed *Thomiris* was, when ſhe heard that ſhe was to have *Artamenes* in her power, and how vexed ſhe was when ſhe was told he was eſcaped. Her grief, Madam, was ſo great, that ſetting all conſideration aſide, ſhe went her ſelf to the River *Araxes* to ſearch for *Artamenes* in all the Tents about it: So that *Spitridates* knowing how the *Queen* and all her Retinue was to come unto the place where he was, and fearing that his reſemblance with *Artamenes* would betray him to her as it had done to many others; alſo longing to hear ſome news of *Araminta*, he reſolved by the help of his deliverer to ſuborn a Fiſherman, and ſo they did in all haſt. But though they reſolved that his flight ſhould be in the night, yet they could not ſtay ſo long, but he muſt depart preſently, becauſe they had intelligence that *Thomiris* was very near. So that haſtning their deſign, the Fiſherman was preſently provided, and *Spitridates* went into the Bark with a Horſe which his honeſt Hoſt gave him: and he took Boat juſt as *Thomiris* who was that day on horſeback was in ſight, and followed with abundance of company, ſome two hundred paces from the place where *Spitridates* was embarked. At firſt, the Fiſherman who was buſie about his Bark, took no notice of them, but rowed as hard as he could: yet when he was as far as the middle of the River, he ſpied the crowd of people which followed the Queen, and thought it was the Princeſs who was expected to come: So that being much frighted at it, in lieu of rowing on, he would carry *Spitridates* back to the place where he firſt took him in: but that Prince having got a good Cimiter before he Embarked, did draw it, and threatned the man to kill him if he did not row on and carry him quickly to the other ſide of the River: So that being extreamly terrified, he rowed with all the ſtrength he had, and got from the ſide where *Thomiris* was. But, Madam, to make this adventure more extraordinary: The *Queen* chancing to caſt her eyes upon the Boat wherein *Spitridates* was when he drew his Cimiter, ſhe was ſo ſurprized, and had her imagination ſo filled with the fancy of *Artamenes*, as ſhe did abſolutely take *Spitridates* to be him, imagining him to have the ſame ſtature and action, and fancying that ſhe ſaw the very ſame features of face though at that diſtance: So that her Spirits being all Choler and fury, when ſhe ſaw how this ſuppoſed *Artamenes* threatned the Fiſherman to kill him, if he did not carry him from her: ſhe both did and ſaid ſuch things as did not become her great Courage and Virtue. Could this ungrateful man know (ſaid ſhe aloud) that I intended to arm a hundred thouſand men purpoſely for his delivery, and can he threaten a poor Innocent to kill him, rather than ſee me? Canſt thou endure this *Thomiris*: Canſt thou ſuffer it? Fie, no, no, it cannot be endured, it is too much baſeneſs to be ſuffered. Then would ſhe give a hundred ſeveral and different Commands; one while ſhe commanded to get a Boat to go after him, another while being tranſported with the violence of her Paſſion, ſhe would go herſelf, another while fearing that a Boat could not be had ſoon enough to overtake him whom ſhe took for *Artamenes*; ſhe commanded her Guard to ſhoot a Cloud of Arrows at the Fiſherman, to make him ſtay the Bark, not conſidering that ſhe was out of diſtance for it: then in an inſtant after fearing they might kill *Artamenes* in lieu of the Fiſherman, ſhe forbad what before ſhe commanded, and choſe rather to let *Artamenes* live than to be revenged by his death: And all her thoughts were in ſuch a tumultous diſorder, as I am perſwaded that ſhe herſelf knew not what they were.

In the mean time, ſince thoſe that went after this ſuppoſed *Artamenes*, not being able to overtake him, it vexed her to ſee him in the Boat, to ſee him land, to ſee him take horſe, and at laſt to loſe the ſight of him. This adventure did ſo much incenſe her, that he who helped *Spitridates* to eſcape, was forced to provide for his own ſafety, becauſe there was ſome ſuſpition of the truth : ſo that he followed *Spitridates*, and afterwards meeting with him at *Colchides*, he acquainted him with all theſe paſſages, and how *Thomiris* employed ſeveral men to purſue him, and how the *Queen* was ſo extreamly grieved at this adventure as ſhe fell in a ſickneſs, as all Phyſitians did ſay it would be long before ſhe recovered. *Spitridates* being ſo fortunate as to meet accidentally with his Page, he was well able to recompence his deliverer, if he had been of an humour to enrich himſelf. But this virtuous *Maſſagettan* being declared Enemy unto all Riches, was contented to ſacrifice his Fortunes unto the *Queens* Glory, and refuſed the offers of *Spitridates* which was very conſiderable, for he had great abundance of Jewels in the hands of that faithful Page. Yet this generous *Maſſagettan* would not receive any gift, telling *Spitridates* that he was very well contented to adore the Sun which produced all thoſe excellencies without enriching himſelf by any of thoſe glorious Productions.

In the mean while, *Spitridates* thought upon nothing ſo much as *Araminta*, and enquired of her as much as he could ; but meeting with nothing but uncertainties, he imbarked on the *Euxine* Sea, intending for *Paphlagonia*, where he hoped for more certain intelligence : As for his Page, he knew nothing but as the common talk went : ſhe was not at *Artaxates*, nor with the King of *Pontus* neither : but that on the contrary, you, Madam, was there, and that *Ciaxares* brought the War thither, under the Command of the Illuſtrious *Artamenes*, who was known to be *Cyrus*.

Spitridates then being imbarked in a Merchants Ship, was ſo unfortunate in his Navigation, and had the winds ſo contrary, that after the Tempeſt had toſſed him from Point to Point, and ſide to ſide, not being able to land any where, he was at laſt driven to the *Meotidan* Lake, where he ſuffered Shipwrack, and that in ſuch a ſad manner, as the Ship, the Merchandize, all the men, except himſelf and five or ſix more did lamentably periſh. This ſad excident had not grieved *Spitridates* ſo much, if it had hapned upon the Coaſts of *Capadocia*, or any place where he might inquire of *Araminta*: But being caſt upon a place ſo far diſtant from the place where his buſineſs lay, it grieved him extreamly: Not that the *Euxine* Sea was ſo vaſt but that it might be paſſed over in few days with a favourable wind. But it was not ſo eaſie a matter for him to do it, being without a Ship, without acquaintance, and alſo without his Jewels, ſince his Page periſhed, and with him, all he had.

Moreover ſince all *Aſia* was in Arms, Commerce failed, and the Inhabitants upon the *Meotidian* Lake, ſent out no Ships; inſomuch that the unfortunate *Spitridates* was forced to go by land unto the place where he intended, having only as many Jewels as would buy him a horſe and bear his charges alone without any train. But Madam, the way was ſo long, and he met with ſo many rubs in it, that when he got into *Paphlagonia*, the *Armenian* War was ended: 'Tis very true, as you know, Madam, very well, that it did not continue long: but the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* was upon the Frontiers of *Lidia*, when *Spitridates* after ſo long and tedious a Journey, arrived in *Paphlagonia*: But when to his miſery, he heard by the publick vogue of the People (who ſeldom know, or talk any other thing but untruths, eſpecially in State-matters.) When he underſtood (I ſay) that for a concluſion of the publick Peace, the King of *Pontus* was to marry you, Madam, and that the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was to marry *Araminta*; at firſt he gave no credit unto it, but afterwards meeting with a Souldier who was returning into his own Country enriched with Plunder, which he had got in the *Armenian* War, he underſtood by him how civil the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was unto that Princeſs: ſo that though this Souldier did not tell him that you, Madam, were to marry the King of *Pontus*, nor that *Cyrus* was to marry *Araminta*, yet he did both believe what this Souldier ſaid, and what the *Paphlagonian* people ſaid alſo: ſo that ſorrows ſeiſing upon all his faculties; one could not be in a more miſerable condition than he was. His adventure upon the River *Araxes* was an addition to his miſery; For, ſaid he, ſince the greateſt *Queen* in the world was not able to reſiſt the Charms of *Cyrus*, though then ſhe did not know him to be the Son of a King, and ſince ſhe loved him without being loved, how ſhould *Araminta* reſiſt him? ſince the Conqueror of all *Aſia* is ſubmiſſive at her feet. After this, Madam, as Lovers do always think that none can look upon the perſons they love, but muſt love them alſo; ſo that *Spitridates* was ſo unjuſt as to doubt the fidelity of *Cyrus*: ſo that his ſoul being full of intollerable Torments, there was no violent Reſolution which he had not a mind to execute. One while he would go unto the Army of *Cyrus*, and ask him in the midſt of all his Troops, whether he was his Rival; and another while, he would go unto *Araminta* herſelf, and know from her own mouth, whether ſhe were culpable or innocent: but his greateſt care was to paſs unknown through the Army of *Cyrus*, by reaſon of his prodigious reſemblance.

As he was in all theſe uncertainties and reſtleſs thoughts, he accidentally met with a man of Quality called *Democlides*, whom he left with the Princeſs *Araminta*, when he parted from her in *Armenia*; and whom that Prince ſent to enquire of the King her Brother, when ſhe was kept a Priſoner at *Artaxates*.

This meeting was a great conſolation to him; but the worſt was, *Democlides* pitying to ſee ſo great a Prince in ſuch a miſerable condition, would needs perſwade him to return unto the King his Father: And the more to induce him unto it, he ſeemed to believe ſome truth in theſe reports, though really he gave no credit at all unto them: And further, *Democlides* thought it expedient to acquaint the Princeſs of *Bythinia* with the place where the Prince her Brother was, to the end ſhe might adviſe upon the beſt expedients to render him leſs miſerable: And he had a fitter occaſion for it than he thought of: For ſince *Spitridates* was in a condition to attempt any thing, he reſolved to ſend ſecretly unto the Princeſs his Siſter, to put him in ſome equipage, either to perform his reſolution of going into the Army of *Cyrus*, or to take the part of the *Lydian* King, if he found any certainties of *Cyrus* his being a Rival: But yet he would not upon any terms let the Princeſs of *Bythinia* know the place where he was, and therefore he expreſly charged the ſervant of *Democlides* whom he ſent unto her, to acquaint her: But *Democrites* writing unto her from himſelf, did intimate the truth of all things in his Letter.

In the mean time, *Spitridates* and *Democlides* remained in their Lodgings, which was in a Village not far from a Forreſt, where they uſed to walk and take the Air every day in expectation of his return whom they had ſent unto the Princeſs: For ſince there is only a nook of *Galatia* betwixt *Paphlagonia* and *Bythinia* where *Arſamones* was, his journey was not long. But Madam, not to repeat what you know already; one day as they were walking in the Forreſt they were ſet upon by certain Robbers, and were reſcued by the valiant *Anaxaris*, who left *Spitridates* much wounded, not knowing who he was; for *Democlides*, whom *Anaxaris* took to be the ſervant of *Spitridates*, would not tell him.

On the other ſide, the ſervant of *Democlides* coming unto a *Calcedonian* Port, he was there ſtopped to know who he was, from whence he came, and whether he was going; for Madam, you muſt know, that though *Arſemones* was quiet enough in his Dominions, yet he was as wary as if he feared every thing: holding this maxime, that a conquering Prince ought not always to truſt unto the fidelity of new Subjects; ſo that a Guard was kept at *Chalcedonia*, as ſtrictly as in times of War. So that the ſervant of *Democlides* having anſwered ſomething ſuſpitiouſly, and being upon examination trapped, he was ſtaid to be farther examined: But what needed further? An Officer belonging to *Arſamones* knew him to be the ſervant of *Democlides*, who was well known to go from *Cabara* with *Spitridates*, and thought that happily he knew where he was, and therefore he would advertiſe *Arſamones* of it; and brought this man before him, who did terrifie this more weak than wicked wretch, as he gave them the Letter of *Spitridates* unto the Princeſs his Siſter, and likewiſe *Democlides* to the ſame Princeſs; ſo that knowing by this laſt Letter where *Spitridates* was, he was committed unto cloſe Guard, keeping the buſineſs cloſe from every one, but ſuch as were to execute his intended courſe, ſo as no talk of it was in all the Court.

In the mean while *Arſamones* made choice of a fellow, and gave him twenty for his guard, to go unto the place where *Spitridates* was, giving him alſo the ſervant of *Democlides* with orders notwithſtanding to guard him ſafely, leaſt he ſhould eſcape and acquaint his Maſter. But to the end that his commands of ſecuring the perſon of *Spitridates* might be more punctually executed, he told the man who was to execute this great deſign, that he did not deſire to have *Spitridates* in his power, but only to force happineſs upon him: So that this man, thinking that his tranſaction was as well for the good of *Spitridates* as *Arſamones*, did proteſt unto him, that he would not hearken unto any Prayers, Promiſes, or Threats, which the Prince his Son ſhould make, but would infallibly bring him. After this, *Arſamones* commanded him that when he did bring the Prince his Son, not to enter into any Town, but to ſtay a days journey from *Heraclea*, and give notice how all things ſtood. But, Madam, without more particulars, be pleaſed to know, that this man came to the place where *Spitridates* was, and ſeized upon him, which was eaſie to be done; for he found him in Bed, not cured of his wounds, though out of all danger. Moreover the place was far from Towns: And ſince the Prince of *Paphlagonia* was then in the Army of *Cyrus*, *Spitridates* knew not of whom he ſhould ask protection? But to make the matter more eaſie, *Democlides* being perſwaded that this Prince would not be ſo miſerable in his own Country as where he was, adviſed him to ſubmit unto the force without murmur againſt the King his Father, ſince he was not able to reſiſt: Yet *Spitridates* did not yield before he had employed all his rhetorick to perſwade the man to let him go at liberty: but at laſt ſeeing he could not move him, neither by hopes of recompence, nor by any threats, he reſolved to go along with him, not being able to reſiſt twenty men, who at firſt diſarmed both him and *Democlides*, ſince *Spitridates* was very weak, they were forced to put him into a Coach: So, as though this Prince was as violent as any that ever lived, yet it was an eaſie matter to carry him. And he came within a days journey of *Heraclea* without any obſtacle: And the man who commanded the Guard ſent to acquaint *Arſamones* with what he had done: So that this violent Prince commanded him to bring *Spitridates* unto *Heraclea* in the night time, leſt the people ſhould grumble, and ſent more Souldiers that way *Spitridates* was to come, that his Guard might be the ſtronger: And the buſineſs was diſpatched with ſo much ſecreſie, that no reports of it were ſpread abroad: But ſince the Policy of *Arſamones* was ſomething ſevere to puniſh many, leſt all ſhould become Delinquents. Priſoners were ſo ordinary, that it was no wonder to hear talk that ſome were brought in the night into *Heraclea*. Inſomuch that the Princes *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* knew nothing of *Spidridates* his impriſonment, no more than the Princeſs of *Bythinia* or the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: For indeed Madam, the Prince *Spitridates* was put into a Tower by the Sea ſide, with a ſtrong Guard; and *Democlides* was alſo his Companion, though he did earneſtly perſwade him to go unto *Heraclea* without reſiſtance.

In the mean time, *Arſamones* commanded that this Prince ſhould be very carefully looked unto: but ſo very few did ſee him, and thoſe that did were ſo faithful to the King of *Bythinia*, that for ſome days *Spitridates* was never thought of. But *Arſamones* going one morning to this Tower where *Spitridates* was, and not returning of two hours after, did move ſome ſuſpicion of ſome extraordinary Priſoners; for he returned out with ſo many ſigns of fury in his Face, as thoſe who waited upon him at the foot of the Tower, did eaſily obſerve it and divulge it, ſo as it was conjectured, that theſe Priſoners were ſome of great importance, but they knew no more: And *Atergatis* and *Iſtrina* did not know how much they were concerned in the Conference between *Arſamones* and *Spitridates*: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that *Arſamones* did not only move *Spitridates* to caſt off all thoughts of the Princeſs *Araminta*, but propounded a marriage with *Iſtrina*, not doubting but that Princeſs would willingly be *Queen* of two Kingdoms, and caſt off *Atergatis*, whom he knew *Gadates* would not have her to marry. But ſince nothing could ſhake the affection of *Spitridates* unto *Araminta*, he rejected the propoſition which *Arſamones* made. How *Spitridates* (ſaid *Arſamones* can you be ſo fooliſh as to renounce the two Kingdoms of *Pontus* and

Bythinia which I have Conquered, rather then renounce the Daughter of a Uſurper, and the Siſter of a Prince who hates you, and would heretofore have *Araminta* preferred *Pharnaces* before you? Conſider *Spitridates*, conſider ſeriouſly what the value of two Kingdoms, which now you may either gain or loſe, by obeying or diſobeying me. I have toſſed and toiled above this twenty years to ſet you upon a Throne; It hath coſt the life of the Prince your Brother, and twenty thouſand more who have all periſhed to break thoſe Chains which fettered you, and to ſet the Crown upon your head: And will you rather love a Slave, and be a Slave your ſelf, than enjoy the fruits of all my Victories? For to think, that I will ever ſuffer *Araminta* to be Queen of *Pontus* and *Bythinia*, is a thing which I hate to hear of: For beſides my reſentments of hatred, revenge, and glory alſo, which will not let me conſent unto it; even Policy only will not allow me to give a new title unto my Enemies, by this alliance. I know very well that *Araminta* is fair, witty, of much Spirit and Virtue, but ſince ſhe is Daughter and Siſter to my Enemies and Ruiners of my houſe: you muſt, *Spitridates*, either think no more upon her, or elſe think your ſelf my Enemy; She whom I motion unto you is as fair and vertuous as *Araminta* can be. Moreover, ſhe is the Daughter and Siſter of a Prince who wiſheth my Glory, and Siſter unto another, who hath helped me to that Throne upon which I would ſet you: Yet all theſe powerful arguments could not ſtagger the conſtancy of *Spitridates*: and as I told you before he rejected the motion of *Arſamones* with incredible reſolution though his mind at that time was much incenſed againſt *Araminta*. However *Arſamones* did not quite deſpair of changing his mind, but reſolved upon three things. The firſt, to acquaint that Prince with the meeting of *Araminta* and the King of *Pontus* by the permittance of *Cyrus*. The ſecond, to acquaint him with all thoſe reports of *Cyrus* his love to *Araminta*, though he knew them to be all falſe: And the third, that when he had infuſed jealous apprehenſions into his fancy, to acquaint the Queen *Arbiana* with the impriſonment of *Spitridates*, that ſhe might go to ſee him, and carry *Iſtrina* with her, hoping

ing that the beauty of the Princeſs would ſooner change his thoughts from *Araminta*, than all his perſwaſions and policy. And indeed, Madam, in order to theſe Reſolutions, he did infuſe ſuch jealous apprehenſions into the heart of *Spitridates*, as this Prince could not enjoy one minutes reſt, and his Soul was ſo ſunk in ſorrows, that having found a way how to write to the Princeſs *Araminta*, he would not make uſe of that way to let the Princeſs her Siſter know of his impriſonment.

But as the firſt deſign of *Arſamones* did hit, ſo his ſecond did not; as I ſhall preſently tell you. However, ſince the day that *Arſamones* was with *Spitridates*, he came out from him much moved, every one was inquiſitive of the true cauſe, but could not find it out: Yet at laſt *Arſamones* hearing that *Spitridates* was much diſquieted, and knowing by ſome of the Guard that he made continual complaints againſt the Princeſs *Araminta* when he talked with *Democlides*, he thought it time to let him ſee the Pinceſs *Iſtrina*: So that acquainting *Arbiana* with the impriſonment of the Prince her Son, he permitted her to ſee him, and to carry with her the Princeſs her Daughter and *Iſtrina*, upon the condition, that they uſe all their endeavours to diſſwade him from his obſtinate thoughts of marrying *Araminta*. But he did not acquaint them with the propoſition he had made unto *Spitridates* concerning *Iſtrina*. Since *Arſamones* was terrible unto all that knew him; *Arbiana* and both the Princeſſes did promiſe what he deſired, purpoſely to ſee this illuſtrious Priſoner; ſo that they were conducted thither the ſame day. You may eaſily think, Madam, that *Arbiana* and the Princeſs her Daughter, could not ſee *Spitridates* in Priſon without extream ſorrow: And on the other ſide, that Prince could not ſee them without ſome conſolation, though his heart was full of grief. As for *Iſtrina*, it did exceedingly pity her heart to ſee this Prince in that condition: But for his part, though he did much eſteem her when he laſt ſaw her at *Heraclea* before he went to *Cyrus*, yet he was very ſorry to ſee her now, becauſe he thought ſhe was acquainted with the motion of *Arſamones*, and did interpret all her obliging expreſſions as a premeditated deſign to render him perfidious and to drive *Araminta* from his heart: So that looking upon her almoſt as an Enemy, which came to aſſault him by open force, he had much ado to hide the turbulency of his ſpirits. Furthermore, ſince *Arbiana* had promiſed to diſſwade him as much as ſhe could from his thoughts of *Araminta*, and indeed did wiſh it; ſhe would ſay ſomthing with as much ſweetneſs and prudence as ſhe could, which might perſwade him, that conſtancy is a virtue which ought to have its Limits as other virtues have; and that when one was reſolute upon a thing impoſſible, it was rather wilfulneſs than conſtancy, and therefore ſhe conjured him to conſider very ſeriouſly whether his reſolute denial of *Arſamenes*, was of ſuch a Nature as would merit the name of a Virtue. *Spitridates* hearing *Arbiana* ſpeak thus, was much moved, and moſt humbly beſeeched her not to loaden him with new puniſhments by forcing him to reſiſt her will, as he had the King his Fathers: For truly, Madam (ſaid he unto her) I am ſo fully reſolved never to forſake *Araminta*, as I ſhall not only be a Rebel unto the Kings will and yours, but I muſt declare alſo that if I could get out of this Priſon, I ſhould imploy my liberty only in going unto that Princeſs, though the Conquerour of *Aſia* ſhould love her, as they would perſwade me he doth: For the truth is, I cannot live without her. It is enough that the King hath driven the King her Brother out of his Kingdom, without deſiring to drive her out of my heart: Therefore, Madam, I beſeech your Majeſty to beleive, that though the King would reſign up up all his regal Authority, and ſet me upon the Throne to morrow, yet I would not accept of it, unleſs upon condition that the firſt Act of my Reign might be to Crown *Araminta* Queen. Therefore, Madam, all that I am able to do, is to beſeech you, that you will be pleaſed to perſwade the King, and perſwade your ſelf, how extreamly grieved I am, that Fortune and Love ſhould drive me to a fatal neceſſity of diſobeying him, and denying you. *Spitridates* did pronounce theſe words in ſuch feeling manner, as the hearts of *Arbiana* and the Princeſſes did even melt at the hearing them. But ſince they knew very well, that *Arſamenes* would not have permitted this Viſit, but in hopes of perſwading him, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* told *Spitridates*, that he muſt give them leave to tell *Arſamones* how they had ſpoken unto him according to his deſires: With all my heart, Siſter, replied he, provided ſtill you tell him that I am not changed in my mind, nor ever will. After this their diſcourſe changed ſubject, and *Spitridates* aſked how the Prince *Intaphernes* did, and earneſtly deſired to ſee him, adding that his Soul had ſomething which he longed to impart unto him, *Iſtrina* hearing this, aſſured him that there was ſuch a dear Correſpondency between the Prince her brother and herſelf, that he might truſt her with any thing he deſired to impart unto him; and therefore being uncertain whether *Arſamones* would let *Intaphernes* ſee him, ſhe would willingly do him that Office. That which I would impart unto the Prince *Intaphernes*, replied he, (and a little changed Countenance) is of ſuch a nature as I cannot well impart it unto you: All I can ſay, is to beſeech you by the Queens leave, if ſo it chance, that one of the moſt excellent perſons in the world do complain of me in his preſence, to tell him that I am not culpable, and that I think my miſfortune (to ſeem as if I did not eſteem her, though really I do infinitely) to be one of the greateſt which ever hapned. Since *Iſtrina* was unacquainted with the motion which *Arſamones* made unto *Spitridates*, ſhe underſtood him not: but for his part, he being perſwaded that ſhe was acquainted with it, did think the leaſt he could do was to put her off handſomly. But as *Iſtrina* was ignorant of it, ſo was *Arbiana* and the Princeſs of *Bythinia* alſo: yet *Iſtrina* promiſed to tell the Prince *Intaphernes* what he deſired. On the other ſide *Spitridates*, who fain would, but durſt not aſk the Queen his Mother what he ſhould think of *Araminta*, he had much wavering in his reſolution: but at laſt, being prompted by ſome ſuggeſtions of jealouſie, he aſked her ſome indirect Queſtions concerning her. And ſince the Queen imagined that the more faithful he beleived *Araminta*, the more obſtinate he would be, ſhe only told him what reports were, and not what ſhe thought: After which *Arbiana* and the Princeſs retired. In their return to the Palace, to gain more time, they reſolved not to do as *Spitridates* would have them; but on the contrary, to kep *Arſamones* in hopes as long as they could.

In the mean time *Arſamones* who was haſty and violent in all his actions, had ſent for *Intaphernes* whilſt they were with *Spitridates*, and diſcovered unto him his intentions of marrying the Princeſs his Siſter unto the Prince his Son. You may imagine, Madam, that ſuch a reſolution did much ſurprize and perplex *Intaphernes*: For his love to the Princeſs of *Bythinia* required one thing, and his Friendſhip to *Atergatis* required another; Alſo knowing how far the heart of *Iſtrina* was engaged, he did not think it poſſible for him, though he ſhould caſt off *Atergatis*, to perſwade her from him. Moreover, he thought that the Prince *Spitridates* would not obey *Arſamones*, and quit his pretentions unto the Princeſs *Araminta*: Yet he knew that if he did directly oppoſe *Arſamones*, he ſhould indanger to incenſe him highly, and to be baniſhed the Court; So that taking a middle courſe, betwixt confeſſing and denying what he deſired, he told him, that his motion was very glorious for the Princeſs his Siſter: but ſince it reſted abſolutely upon *Gadates*, and not at all upon him, he thought himſelf obliged to tell him, that he beleived *Gadates* would never conſent unto *Iſtrina*'s marriage, as long as the King of *Aſſiria* was unmarried: Alſo it was not likely, that he being on the Part with *Cyrus*, he will give his Daughter unto a Prince who cannot marry her, unleſs he forſake the Princeſs *Araminta*, whom *Cyrus* doth highly protect. After this *Intaphernes* did ſweeten the matter with a thouſand obliging expreſſions, which though juſt and reaſonable, yet they diſpoſed *Arſamones* unto anger. If the Princeſs *Iſtrina* replied he, were in the Camp of *Cyrus*, perhaps the Prince your Father might refuſe the motion; But ſince ſhe is at *Heraclea*, perhaps he will be wiſer, then to prefer the uncertain hopes of marrying her unto a King without a Kingdom, before the certainty of marrying her unto a Prince who is ſure of two. Therefore all I deſire of you, is, that you diſpoſe the Princes *Iſtrina* to help me to drive *Araminta* out of *Spitridates* his mind, ſince ſhe is better able to do it than any I know, having all perfections which may move him to obey me and love her.

After this, *Arſamones*, not giving *Intaphernes* ſo much leaſure as to reply, did leave him, and left him in a great perplexity. However after he had ſeriouſly conſidered upon the matter, ſince love was ſtronger in him than any other thought, he reſolved to ſpeak unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, before he talked unto *Iſtrina* and *Atergatis* of the new perſecutions which were like to fall upon them: And accordingly without more delay, he went unto her, and eaſily found a fit oppertunity of talking with her, ſince there were no ſuch buſie Ladies at *Heraclea*, as *Beriſa* was, to hinder him: But he had the freedom to talk what he would, and acquainted her with the propoſition which the King her Father made unto him, asking her how ſhe would have him do in the buſineſs? Conjuring her, that as ſhe was full of goodneſs and wiſdom, ſo, that ſhe would conſider ſeriouſly upon the ſeveral Intereſts of the Prince *Spitridates*, of *Atergates*, of *Iſtrina*, and of himſelf, and deſiring her to examine very carefully, whether ſhe herſelf had any Intereſt in it. I have ſo much replied the Princeſs, that (as I conceive) none can have more then I have: for loving the Prince my Brother ſo tenderly as I do, and having promiſed an unviolable fidelity unto the Princeſs *Araminta*; Certainly it is my duty to endeavour all poſſible wayes that nothing ſhould ſeparate them: So that though I had no other motive but this, I ſhould as much as I was able oppoſe the mind of King my Father; Judge alſo what I ought to do, knowing his deſign of troubling the felicity of the Princes *Iſtrina* and *Atergatis*. But, Madam, replied *Intaphernes*, I do not hear you mention any Intereſt that I have in this preverſe reſolution: Since I do not mention my own (replied the Princeſs) you ought not to be offended at it; yet I think it would not be amiſs, replied he, if you would be pleaſed to conſider, that if I ſhould earneſtly oppoſe the King, perhaps he would baniſh me his Court, and perhaps alſo baniſh me out of your memory (and if I durſt ſay it) your heart. As the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was going to anſwer, the Princeſs *Iſtrina* came into her Chamber with *Atergatis*: ſo that having no time to tell *Intaphernes* what ſhe thought, the diſcourſe began more quietly than it ended; for *Atergatis* and the Princeſs were ſo ſurprized at the intentions of *Arſamones*, that they were not able to ſpeak.

At firſt, *Atergatis* looked upon *Iſtrina* as if he would look into her thoughts; preſently after he looked upon *Intaphernes*, as if his looks begged his protection: and perſently after he looked in the eyes of the *Bythinian* Princeſs, to ſee whether ſhe approved of the King her Fathers deſign. And laſtly, he conſidered with himſelf for a remedy againſt all theſe miſeries. On the other ſide, *Iſtrina* looked upon *Intaphernes* ſo earneſtly, that ſhe did penitrate into the very bottom of his heart, and knew how this troubled him. The Princeſs of *Bythinia*, for her part, did love *Intaphernes* too well to have him baniſhed, and did caſt about for ſome expedient which might keep *Spitridates* from incenſing *Arſamones* againſt him, and yet not prejudice any party. But after each of them in particular had conſidered on the buſineſs, and after they had long talked of it in general, they began by degrees to talk in particular: *Intaphernes* whiſpered with the Princeſs of *Bythinia*; and *Atergatis*, with *Iſtrina*. You ſee, Madam, (ſaid the laſt of theſe unto his adored Princeſs) that Fortune doth Court you with Crowns in all places, and poor I am deſtined to Petition againſt your Grandeur: But I moſt humbly beg of you, Madam, to be no more unjuſt unto me at *Heraclea*, than you were at *Babylon*; and give me leave to wiſh as zealouſly that the intentions of *Arſamones* may thrive no better than thoſe of *Nitocris*. I am ſo far from contradicting your wiſhes, replied *Iſtrina*, that I aſſure you Sir, I will add mine unto yours. Not but that I do as highly eſteem the Prince *Spitridates*, as I ſcorn the unjuſt Prince who ſlighted me; but my reaſon is——Oh I beſeech you Madam (ſaid *Atergatis*, and interrupted her) give me no reaſons which concern me not; but let me have the happineſs to believe, that if the poſſeſſion of two Kingdoms be indifferent unto you, it is becauſe the poor *Atergatis* is not altogether indifferent in your thoughts. There is no neceſſity, replied ſhe, that I ſhould explain my ſelf as you would have me; for the ſecrets of ones heart muſt not be diſcovered; and there is a ſort of thoughts never to be known, and but only gueſſed at: Then Madam, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you give me leave to gueſs at yours to be as I deſire them: I give you leave (ſaid ſhe, and bluſhed) to think all you can for your own advantage, provided they be not diſadvantagious unto me. However I pray conſider the croſſneſs of my Fate: may it not very well be ſaid, that fortune takes a delight to perſecute me by the very ſame things which uſe to be the felicity of others? And ſo was the deſtiny of the Prince my Father, who when he was at the very point of being a King, was for ever baniſhed the Court by the very ſame Princeſs who would have had him Reign: I was once looked upon as one that was to be a Queen, though the King of *Aſſyria* looked upon me as a ſlave; yet after I had rooted all ambitious thoughts out of my heart, they tell me again of Kingdoms and Crowns only to torment me, and hinder me from Reigning over my ſelf. But ſince I do not owe ſo much reſpect unto *Arſamones* as I did unto *Nitocris*, I ſhall deny him with more force than he imagines, provided the Prince my Father does not take his part. Oh Madam, ſaid *Atergatis*, what cruel words do you pronounce, after ſo many favourable ones? *Atergatis* ſpoke this ſo loud, that the Princeſs of *Bythinia* heard him, and aſked what injuſtice *Iſtrina* did him? So that the Conference became general again, and they conſulted together what was beſt to be done: yet they could not all agree upon the beſt Expedient; for when *Intaphernes* for the intereſt of his love, ſaid that he ought not poſitively to oppoſe *Arſamones*, becauſe knew that *Gadates* would oppoſe it alſo: *Atergatis* did not think that advice good; but on the contrary he ſaid, to draw the Princeſs of *Bythinia* unto his opinion that it did extreamly concern the Prince *Spitridates*, for *Intaphernes* to let *Arſamones* ſee that his deſign was impoſſible, to the end he might let that Prince be at quiet in his Priſon, though he would not releaſe him.

He had no ſooner ſpoke this, but *Intaphernes* did very civilly oppoſe the opinion of his friend, and told him that if he ſhould do ſo. *Arſamones* who had a deep wit, would believe that he oppoſed him only in favour unto the paſſion which he bore unto the Princeſs his Siſter, and ſo he might perhaps move him to baniſh them both the Court, and keep *Iſtrina* there.

I do conceive it moſt fit, ſaid the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* do undertake to oppoſe the King my Father, and that ſhe do endeavour to move *Spitridates* not to oppoſe him ſo much, purpoſely to appeaſe him, and therefore I conceive it beſt for the Princeſs *Iſtrina* and the Prince *Spitridates* both to reſiſt *Arſamones* with equal reſolutions. For my part, ſaid *Iſtrina* then, I am very ready my ſelf alone to oppoſe the Kings deſign: Yet I am perſwaded that if all of us did equally oppoſe him, our ſide would be the ſtronger: I am affraid Siſter, replied *Intaphernes*, that it would be the weaker; for if *Arſamones* ſhould be incenſed againſt the Princeſs, againſt *Spitridates*, againſt *Atergatis*, againſt you, and againſt me, who ſhall be the Mediator to appeaſe ſo great a difference? The reaſon of *Intaphernes* making the reſt to concur with his opinion, it was firſt reſolved to ſpin out the time as long as they could: and if ſo it hapened that *Arſamones* did not alter his mind, *Intaphernes* ſhould then tell him, that the Princeſs his Siſter proteſted ſhe would rather die, than marry a Prince who could never be her Husband, unleſs he were perfidious unto the moſt victorious Princeſs in the world.

This reſolution being agreed upon, *Intaphernes* bethought himſelf how to temper the mind of *Arſamones*, how to ſpin out the time, and how to give leaſure unto the fatherly tenderneſs and reaſon of that Prince, to overcome that politick obſtinacy and deſire of revenge, which made him ſo oppoſe the love of *Spitridates* unto *Araminta*: and indeed for a while his deſign did take, for ſince *Arſamones* had more hopes in the beauty of *Iſtrina* then any thing elſe, to work a change in *Spitridates*, he would not be over urgent whith his Son, to the end the fair eyes of that Princeſs might have ſome time to turn him Infidel.

In the mean while, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* thinking to add ſome comfort unto the Prince her Brother, as well as to ſatisfie her ſelf, ſhe went every day to ſee him. But Madam, the moſt obſervable paſſage was, that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* went thither alſo, becauſe *Arſamones* did not give the Princeſs his Daughter leave to ſee *Spitridates*, unleſs the Princeſs *Iſtrina* went with her: ſo that *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were not at all the happier: and this order of *Arſamones* did breed ſuch a confuſion in a few days, that theſe five perſons (as wiſe and reaſonable as they were) was at a kind of diviſion amongſt themſelves.

The truth is, Madam, *Spitridates* complained in ſecret againſt the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, for ſeeming as if ſhe intended to drive *Araminta* out of his heart by bringing the Princeſs *Iſtrina* always with her; for ſince theſe two Princeſſes could not ſpeak unto him without witneſs, they could not undeceive him: ſo that with murmur of heart he accuſed *Intaphernes*, for not being generous enough: *Iſtrina*, for not ſtanding enough upon her honour: *Atergatis*, for a very bad Lover: And the Princeſs his Siſter for not being conſtant to her firſt thoughts, and for not loving *Araminta* enough. And as for *Atergatis* he was in a lamentable plight, for he feared that *Spitridates* would turn Infidel to *Araminta* by ſeeing *Iſtrina*, and he feared that *Iſtrina* at the Queens deſire would turn Infidel to him.

Nor was he well ſatisfied with *Intaphernes*, thinking he might move *Iſtrina* not to accompany the Princeſs of *Bythinia* when ſhe went to *Spitridates*, murmuring alſo againſt the Prince *Spitridates* for receiving viſits from one they would have him marry, and complaining againſt the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, who without conſideration either of his caſe or the Princeſs *Araminta*'s, unto whom ſhe had promiſed ſo much friendſhip, did ſtill ſee *Spitridates* once every day. But all theſe complaints were nothing in compariſon of thoſe which he himſelf made againſt *Iſtrina* for going every day unto a Prince, whom ſhe knew *Arſamones* would have her marry.

On the other ſide, the Princeſs of *Bythinia* complained, that *Intaphernes* in behalf of *Atergatis*, had preſſed her more than once to ſpare ſome of her frequent viſits unto *Spitridates*, and that *Iſtrina* would hardly be drawn to accompany her: Alſo ſhe murmured that *Atergatis* ſhould grumble againſt her: But ſhe did more ſharply reſent a kind of hollow coldneſs which ſhe obſerved in the mind of *Spitridates*.

As for *Iſtrina*, ſhe was off the hooks as much as any of the reſt; for valuing the ſatiſfaction of *Atergatis* very much, ſhe heartily wiſhed that the Prince her Brother, by vertue of his abſolute Authority over her, would hinder her from accompanying the Princeſs of *Bythinia* in her viſits to *Spitridates*: But ſince he did not ſo, ſhe murmured againſt him, and complained no leſs that the Princeſs of *Bythinia* ſhould want that piece of Complacancy to her. However, ſhe was very angry that *Atergatis* ſhould find fault with her too often viſits of *Spitridates*, and was alſo ſomething angry to obſerve that the illuſtrious Priſoner was ſomething civil towards her. Furthermore, *Intaphernes* thought much at *Atergatis*, knowing his paſſion to the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, that he ſhould offer ſo obſtinately to reſiſt him. Nor did he take it well that *Iſtrina* ſhould accompany that Princeſs with ſo many ſigns of unwillingneſs, though he would not have her break off with *Atergatis*. But he took it much worſe, that the Princeſs whom he loved ſhould not give him any hopes of his happineſs in a Conjuncture wherein he thought ſhe might will permit him to make tryal of it by diſcovering his deſign unto *Arſamones*. Thus theſe five illuſtrious perſons, murmuring in ſecret without any open Complaints, they knew not what to ſay when met together.

In the mean time *Arſamones* after he had given ſo much time as he thought requiſite for the beauty of *Iſtrina* to worke its effects in driving *Araminta* out of his ſons heart, he began to ſpeak big like a Prince that would be obeyed: and to declare unto *Arbiana*, unto the Princeſs his Daughter, unto *Spitridates*, and every one to whom he ſpake, that he was fully reſolved to Court *Iſtrina* unto the marriage of *Spitridates*, and that he was reſolved to hinder *Spitridates* from marrying *Araminta*. You may judge Madam, how this reſolution did perplex all the perſons that were concerned in the buſineſs: Then did the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, *Iſtrina*, *Intaphernes*, and *Atergatis* being all together, begin to juſtifie themſelves by accuſing each other. and laying the misfortune upon every one but themſelves: But when this ſecret poyſon which had lurked in their hearts, and cauſed many a throb, did begin to evaporate by complaints, they began to take freſh comfort. At firſt they vented their

Complaints tumultuouſly and in much confuſion, but by degrees collecting their thoughts into ſome order, they did all juſtifie themſelves; and their paſſions teaching them to excuſe the paſſions of others, they made a Peace, and accuſed only themſelves for this ſecret ſchiſm which was like to have ſpoiled their whole buſineſs: So that eſteem, Love, and friendſhip aſſuming place in their hearts without any anger, ſpight, and a miſcellany of many other tumultuous thoughts, they began to complain of their own miſeries, and not of one anothers. But though this ſeemed to be ſolidly made, yet *Atergatis* whoſe love was very violent, he could not hope for any ſatisfaction of it, until he had found out a way to make the deſign of *Arſamenes* impoſſible. Though theſe perſons had infinite ſpirits and wit in abundance, yet they were extreamly puzled. For, ſaid the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, though it ſhould be poſſible to murder the paſſion of the Prince my Brother, yet I ſhould never conſent unto it: and though I believe his liberty would be his Exile, perhaps coſt him his life, at leaſt be very long, yet I wiſh he had it. It is the only remedy replied *Atergatis*, which can be found to comfort this illuſtrious Prince, and perhaps to force *Arſamenes* unto a ceſſation of his perſecutions; for truly, Madam, what comfort can you take to ſee the Prince *Spitridates* loaden with fetters, and to ſee him perpetually tormented by the King your Father? Though its true, replied ſhe, that it would be more advantagious for the Prince my Brother to wander like a fugitive, than to continue a Priſoner; yet there is a ſtrong reaſon which forbids me to procure his liberty if I could: For ſince the King my Father during the exile of the Prince my Brother, would declare me *Queen*, I ought not to expoſe my ſelf unto any ſuſpition of ſuch unjuſt ambition.

Oh, Madam, (ſaid *Iſtrina*) your generoſity is too ſcrupulous: How can the Prince *Spitridates* ever ſuſpect you of any thoughts to reign in his prejudice? you I ſay, whoſe ſoul is ſo high, ſo noble, and ſo diſintereſſed? and who is capable of no further ambition, but to render your ſelf worthy of more eſteem than ever any had? whilſt *Iſtrina* was talking thus, *Intaphernes* hardly hearing what ſhe ſaid, conſulted with himſelf, whether the liberty of *Spitridates* would be advantagious to him or no; and after a ſerious debate with himſelf he concluded, that as long as *Arſamones* had any thoughts of diſinheriting *Spitridates* he could never pretend unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*; ſo that meaſuring the intereſt of that Prince by his own, he thought it better for him that he continued ſtill a Priſoner, than to wander over the world as he did during his exile. So that concurring with the opinion of the *Bythinian* Princeſs, and *Iſtrina* not daring to contradict them, *Atergatis* was ſingular in his opinion, and conſequently did ſubmit in appearance. However he was perſwaded that the violence of *Arſamones* would reach further than they imagined, and that there was no other remedy neither for *Spitridates* nor himſelf, than that which he had propounded: And he intended to try if there was any poſſible ways to ſet that Prince at liberty, and put it in execution when he thought beſt.

But whiles theſe four were thus reaſoning with themſelvs, *Spitridates* having received no anſwer from *Araminta*, to whom he had writ, he was extreamly ſad, in thought that her infidelity was the cauſe of her ſilence: For, Madam, he knew not how he who carried his Letter unto that Princeſs, and was to bring her anſwer, was ſtopped by the Forces of *Crœſus*, and carried unto *Sardis*, as we underſtood, after the liberty of *Spitridates*, ſo that this unfortunate Prince being every day forced by his paſſion to expreſs a thouſand teſtimonies of fidelity unto a Princeſs whom he thought perfidious, his deſpair was ſometimes ſo great, that he wiſhed himſelf able to hate *Araminta*. But for all that he ſtill loved her with a moſt unalterable conſtancy; and certainly he gave ſufficient teſtimony of it after the Peace was eſtabliſhed between *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Iſtrina*, and the *Bythinian* Princeſs: For *Arſamones* being infinitely enraged at his reſolute reſiſtance, went to ſee him, and gave him ſuch bitter and menacing language, as any other heart but that of *Spitridates* would have trembled: Yet he kept cloſe unto his preſcribed Principles; and without ſtarting the leaſt jot from his fidelity to *Araminta*, or reverence unto the King his Father, he reſiſted him without any tartneſs or complaint. But the more patient and wiſe he was in his ſorrows, the more violent and unjuſt was *Arſamones* in his anger.

Know thou baſe man that thou art, (ſaid he unto him) that ſince thou wilt not be like the ſon of a King thou ſhalt not be one: And to deprive thee of any title or right to ſucceed in two Kingdoms which I poſſeſs, I will declare and renounce the Kingdom of *Bythinia*, and that I have no other pretence unto it but as a Conqueror. Look upon me (ſaid this incenſed Prince) as an Uſurper, and not as a legitimate King: but as an Uſurper who can ſoveraignly diſpoſe of what I have uſurped, and as one that will never give it unto a man who is unworthy of it, and covers himſelf with eternal ſhame, if within one month he do not repent: this is the utmoſt minute that I will give him, to chooſe whether he will be a King or a ſlave: Then this violent Prince leaving him, he was at freedom to complain againſt his injuſtice. But Madam, why ſhould I conſume any time in telling you the inquietudes of a Prince whom the Gods had ſo pointed out for a ſufferer? It is more requiſite I acquaint you how *Atergatis* apprehending that *Spitridates* was reſolved not to obey *Arſamones*, and that *Iſthrina* was not ſo ambitious as to be Queen of two Kingdoms, he reſolved as I told you before, to try all manner of ways how to releaſe him; for being of a moſt liberal diſpoſition, and a winning ſpirit, queſtionleſs he was qualified for ſuch an enterprize. But, Madam, that which moſt advanced his Plot was, that whilſt he was tampering to ſuborn the Guards of *Spitridates*, which ſtood at the Gates of the Tower, to the end they might ſuborn thoſe who were nearer his perſon, this generous Priſoner was tampering with thoſe who were in his Chamber, to the end they ſhould corrupt thoſe which were placed at the Gate of the Tower: So that, Madam, though *Atergatis* and *Spitridates* held not any correſpondency together, yet they tranſacted as if they had, ſo that by chance working together upon thoſe whom they attempted to perſwade, it hapned that when the Guards which were within the Tower did propoſe the releaſement of *Spitridates* unto thoſe who were without, they found them upon the ſame deſign, and ready to make the ſame Propoſitions unto them within. So that there being a facility to inter-perſwade each other, the buſineſs was quickly concluded, and as ſoon executed: For ſince the Tower ſtood upon the Seaſide, *Atergatis* having provided a Bark ready the ſame night which he made choice of for the releaſement of this Illuſtrious Priſoner: It was an eaſie matter for the ſuborned Guards who were much the greater number, to quell the reſt, to releaſe this Prince, to carry him to the Bark, and to embark with him: But, Madam, the wonder was, *Spitridates* was releaſed, and none knew not who releaſed him until he came unto the Sea-ſide: For then the Prince *Atergatis*, who would ſee the execution of the buſineſs, did make himſelf known unto him.

And to compleat his generoſity, he gave him a Page, and told him that he ſhould find in the Bark all things requiſite or neceſſary for ſo long a Voyage: After which *Spitridates* giving thanks unto his Deliverer with all the haſt of a man that feared to loſe a happineſs which he was ready to enjoy, he parted from him, and making all ſail and oar they could, he went I know not whither; for after his departure from *Heraclea*, we never heard where he landed. We underſtood he was at *Atarmes*, where you Madam took him for *Cyrus* and that he ſaw you Embark with the King of *Pontus*, but we could never learn whether he went ſtraight from *Heraclea* unto *Atarmes*.

In the mean while, though he loved *Democlides* very well, who was in the ſame priſon with him, yet he was not releaſed; for the buſineſs was done ſo haſtily, that the Guards of *Spitridates*, never thought of going to the Chamber of *Democlides*: And *Spitridates* himſelf, doubtleſs all his thoughts were ſo taken up with *Araminta*, that he thought of nothing elſe.

But, Madam, the moſt obſervable paſſage was, that the Prince *Atergatis* was not at all ſuſpected: and if he had not himſelf confeſſed it unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*; and *Intaphernes*, we had not known it. To tell you, Madam, how much *Arſamones* was both aſtoniſhed and angered when he knew of *Spitridates* his eſcape, were to attempt a thing impoſſible: As for *Arbiana*, ſhe was very glad, for ſhe began to fear the violence of the King. As for the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, ſhe both joyed and grieved, foreſeeing that this Exile would be worſe to him than the other: As for *Intaphernes* though he was glad for *Spitridates*,

dates, yet he grieved for himſelf, becauſe he thought that the liberty of this Prince would be an obſtacle unto his deſign: And as for *Atergatis*, his joys were as plump as he could either wiſh or hope; and to make them more ſenſible to him he underſtood that *Iſtrina* was glad of *Spitridates* his eſcape.

In the mean time, ſince the pride of *Arſamones* would never let him complain long he affected to ſeem as if he were eaſily comforted for the abſence of the Prince his ſon, whom he openly ſaid ſhould never be his Succeſſor. Thus in a few days there was as great a calm in the Court, as if this ſtorm had never riſen: For ſince every one ſtood in fear of *Arſamones*, they durſt neither rejoice nor grieve openly at the liberty or abſence of *Spitridates:* And all that the Queen could do, was to obtain the liberty of *Democlides*, upon condition to depart from *Heraclea*.

After that things had thus reſted ſome days, it was known that the Governour of the Caſtle which ſtood upon the Frontiers of *Bythinia* towards *Galatia*, had ſent a Poſt unto *Arſamones* about ſome important intelligence, and that *Arſamones* had ſent twice to him. But that which did a little ſurprize all the Court, was, that *Arſamones* would have the two Princes, *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* go with him unto the Frontiers of *Bythinia*. So that going neither to *Calcedonia* nor *Chryſipolis*, which are the two chief Towns, we went unto a little Village not above fifty furlongs from this Caſtle, whoſe Governour had given this intelligence, which we were all ignorant of, but preſently after knew what it was.

Be pleaſed to know, Madam, that the King of *Aſſiria*, after he went from *Sardis*, whilſt the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was gone with *Spitridates* to the Princeſs *Araminta*, and with intention to enquire into what part of the world the King of *Pontus* had hurried you, this King of *Aſſiria* received falſe intelligence, which cauſed his impriſonment. For you muſt know, Madam, he was told that the King of *Pontus*, whoſe Father Reigned with Soveraignty ſufficient to have many Creatures there, had yet ſo many friends left, as had plotted a great Conſpiracy againſt *Arſamones*, which would preſently break out into a flame; ſo that the King of *Aſſiria* being informed of the buſineſs,

ſineſs, and that the King of *Pontus* after he had carried you, Madam, from *Sardis*, had carried you into *Bythinia*, to the houſe of the head-man in the Conſpiracy which was very ſtrong; and that he carried you thither, with intentions to hide you there until all things were in readineſs to ſet you upon the Throne, he bended his courſe that way.

Though this intelligence was not probable, yet there was in it ſome appearance of poſſibility, which that Prince thought he ought not to neglect: ſo that he reſolved for *Bythinia*, to ſatisfie himſelf of the truth. But ſince *Arſamones*, as I already told you, did keep a very ſtrict Guard in all his Dominions, as if the King whom he had vanquiſhed and driven out were ſtill in the head of an Army, the King of *Aſſiria* being to paſs a Bridg over the River *Sangar*, was ſtopped by the Guards there, to know from whence he came, and whither he went But he being of an imperious temper, in lieu of anſwering to thoſe Queſtions, begun to be angry, and his Examiners being ſomething inſolent with him, he drew his ſword, and wounded two or three of them. Since he had only one Page with him, ſince there was above twenty Souldiers there, and ſince many people of the Town at the end of this Bridg compaſſing him about, he was arreſted, after he had wounded many of them, and afterwards was carried to the Caſtle I ſpeak of.

As ſoon as he who commanded it did look upon him, he knew that he had ſeen him in the Army under the name of *Philidaſpes*, at the ſame time when *Cyrus* under the name of *Artamenes* got victory upon victory in the Wars then againſt the Kings of *Pontus* and *Phrygia*: So that this man conſidering the importance of his Priſoner, did look very carefully to him, and acquainted *Arſamones*, who no ſooner knew it but he came preſently from *Heraclea*, to the place I mentioned before, to the end he might the better dive into the deſign which the King of *Aſſiria* might have in coming into *Bythinia*: But being a Prince who never uſed to impart his thoughts, unleſs there was an abſolute neceſſity for it, he kept this intelligence very cloſe: ſo that though the Village where the Court was, was within fifty furlongs from this Caſtle, Yet we knew not who was in it, nor why we were there.

In the mean time, ſince *Arſamones* was concerned in all the harſh uſage of the *Aſſirian* King heretofore unto *Intaphernes* and *Iſtrina*, he ſhould not have any great diſpoſition to treat this Prince very well: Yet ſince the rule of all his actions was only his own intereſt, he never had any Friend with whom he would not break, if it would be advantagious for him; nor ever had he any Enemy unto whom he would not reconcile himſelf upon the ſame reaſon: So that having this Prince in his power, he conſidered what uſe might be made of him. Then he apprehended, that when *Cyrus* had releaſed you Madam, his deſires of bringing all *Aſia* into ſubjection, would move him to make War upon himſelf, and the Princeſs *Araminta* would prompt him to it; for he knew not yet how the Prince *Phraartes* had carryed her away.

Arſamones then, conſidering all theſe things, he thought fit to give the valour of *Cyrus* ſome employment, and to make unto himſelf an Allie, ſo brave and couragious as the King of *Aſſiria* was. Then his deſign was, to propound unto him a marriage with the Princeſs *Iſtrina*; and for the better acceptance, he offered to kindle a Rebellion in *Babylon*, by ſome correſpondencies which he had there, and to joyn with him againſt all his Enemies: For knowing very well that *Gadates* was zealous for this Match; and ſeeing there was no hopes for *Spitridates*, he thought it would not be a hard matter to bring *Iſtrina* unto obedience. Moreover, ſince he had indeed diſcovered that *Intaphernes* was in Love with the Princeſs his Daughter, his Plot was to give her unto him, upon condition he would move *Iſtrina* to marry the King of *Aſſiria*: And upon that condition, he would ſolemnly declare, that *Spitridates* ſhould never be King either of *Pontus* or *Bythinia*.

And in order to this, he ſent *Atergatis* unto *Chalcedonia*, under a pretence of ſome popular ſtirs there, which indeed were already appeaſed, to the end his preſence might be no obſtacle to his deſign. *Atergatis* then was no ſooner gone, but *Arſamones* went to ſee the King of *Aſſiria*, whom he treated with as high Civilities, as if he were upon his own Throne.

But, Madam, I cannot tell whether I ought to go on with my relation, and whether you will think good I ſhould ſpeak ſo particularly of a Princes love, who hath been a cauſe of your many miſeries: Yet the King of *Aſſiria*'s buſineſs is ſo intertwiſted with the hiſtory of *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Iſtrina*, and the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, as I cannot relate the one without the other.

Since they are inſeparable, replied *Mandana*, I had rather hear you ſpeak of a Prince whom I do not love, than not to know the ſequel of their Adventures whom I do infinitely eſteem. Beſides, you know, that ſometimes one may be as inquiſitive of the actions of an Enemy, as of Friends: Therefore *Orcames*, I pray tell me all the paſſages in *Bythinia*, as if I had not been intereſted in them, and as if I did not hate the King of *Aſſiria*; upon this command *Orcames* went on with his relation.

Arſamones then being with the King of *Aſſiria*, and treating him, as I told you, with all poſſible Civilities, did at firſt condole his misfortunes, and after many obliging expreſſions, told him, that it ſhould only be long of himſelf, if he were not more happy: Then he offered to cauſe a Revolt in *Babylon*, to give him a conſiderable Army: And that he would joyn inſeparably with him to oppoſe the Conqueſts of *Cyrus*, provided he would marry *Iſtrina* as the Queen *Nitocris* wiſhed. As ſoon as *Arſamones* had done ſpeaking, the King of *Aſſiria* did ſharply anſwer, that he would moſt willingly accept of his Propoſition without the Condition annexed to it, but otherwiſe he could never think of it: For indeed, ſaid he unto him, ſince I could not love *Iſtrina* at a time when I was in Love with none; certainly I can never love her now, when I am in love with the faireſt and moſt divine Princeſs that ever lived: Therefore never offer me ſuch a thing as I cannot accept off, but let me go and ſeek out the King of *Pontus* who hath raviſhed away the Princeſs whom I adore, and that I may gratifie you for my liberty, by ridding you of an Enemy who will be a perpetual thorn in the Crowns that you have conquered. Since *Cyrus* ſeeks him with a hundred thouſand men (replied *Arſamones*) It is probable he will find him before you, Sir. Therefore I beſeech you, let not that be any hinderance unto your acceptance of this advantagious Propoſition.

The King of *Aſſiria* hearing *Arſamones* ſay ſo, did think he jeared at him, and began to be angry: And *Arſamones* being as violent as he, this Converſation, which began with Civilities was like to end with injuries. Yet the King of *Bythinia* thought his deſign might take, and that deſire of liberty might bring the King of *Aſſiria* unto his Bent: So that deſiring to prepare *Intaphernes* for his ends, he took him aſide the ſame night: and after he had told him how the King of *Aſſiria* was his Priſoner, he began to propound the marriage of *Iſtrina* with him. *Arſamones* had no ſooner pronounced thoſe words, but *Intaphernes* being tranſported with ſome violence; How, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) can I ever conſent my Siſter ſhould ever marry a Prince who hath moſt injuriouſly affronted me, and that ſhe ſhould caſt off one who is my intimate Friend? Fie, no, Sir, it is not poſſible, nor do I take the heart of *Iſtrina* to be ſo baſe, as to have any ſuch thoughts, though the King of *Aſſiria* were upon his Throne: Be not ſo haſty (replied *Arſamones* coldly) and to let you ſee, that I know a way how to make you like the motion; know, that if you do perſwade *Iſtrina* unto my deſires, and unto what you know very well the Prince your Father deſires, I will conſent you ſhall marry my Daughter whom I know you love; upon condition notwithſtanding that you promiſe me never to reſtore the Kingdom of *Pontus*, nor the Kingdom of *Bythinia* unto the unworthy *Spitridates*.

This Propoſition did ſo amaze *Intaphernes*, that for a time he was not able to anſwer: But as he was ready to reply, *Arſamones* left him, and ſaid, that he ſaw ſo much turbulency in his mind, that he would not have him anſwer confuſedly, but would give him time to conſult with his Ambition and his Love; after which he left him in a moſt perplexed condition: For on the other ſide, he found abundance of joys, in having a poſſibility to enjoy the Princeſs whom he adored: But when he conſidered, that to enjoy ſo great a happineſs, he muſt give his Siſter unto his Enemy, betray his Friend, and uſurp the Dominions of a Brother unto his Princeſs by accepting it, his Soul was in a very Hell. Nor did he believe that the

Princeſs of *Bythinia* would ever marry him upon thoſe terms, though he ſhould promiſe her not to take any advantage of this declaration; for he had heard her expreſs ſomething which intimated as much: So that whether he conſidered his hatred of the *Aſſirian* King, his friendſhip to *Atergatis*, the averſion of *Iſtrina* to the one, her inclination to the other: Or whether he conſidered his duty to *Spitridates*, and the high generoſity of the *Bythinian* Princeſs: He ſaw that *Arſamones* offered him a benefit which he could not enjoy upon ſuch conditions, though he did accept them; and conſequently his ſorrows were not mean.

In the mean time, he knew not whether he ſhould acquaint firſt the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, or *Iſtrina* with it: But going into the Chamber of the *Bythinian* Princeſs, and finding them both together, he could not any longer let this vexatious ſecret lye lurking in his heart. You may eaſily conceive, Madam, how theſe two Princeſſes wondred when they heard the King of *Aſſiria* was Priſoner, and when they heard the King of *Bythinia*'s Propoſition unto *Intaphernes*. Truth is, their wonder was ſo great, as they both did extreamly bluſh, though for different reaſons. But ſince the Princeſs *Iſtrina*'s heart did extreamly hate the King of *Aſſiria*, and was very tender towards *Atergatis*, ſhe was the firſt that ſpoke, though it was not ſhe unto whom the Prince *Intaphernes* addreſſed his ſpeech: Oh Heavens (ſaid ſhe very heartily) can *Arſamones* ever think of forcing me to marry the King of *Aſſiria*; Oh, Madam, (added ſhe and looked upon the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) I beſeech you pardon me if I do not obey him: It is moſt juſt I ſhould (replied that generous Princeſs) ſince I am reſolved to commit the ſame Crime my ſelf: For though I do eſteem the Prince *Intaphernes*, and have given him a higher place in my heart, than ever any had; yet I aſſure you, I ſhall never conſent he ſhould take two Kingdoms from the Prince my Brother, nor be ever happy by making him miſerable. However, Madam, (replied *Intaphernes* and ſighed) I beſeech you honour me ſo far as to allow me ſome comfort for refuſing a benefit which you will not let me accept of, and which Honour forbids me as well as my Siſter, ſince ſhe cannot endure to be Wife unto the King of *Aſſiria*, rather than unto *Atergatis*: Do but acknowledge, Madam, that the generoſity of your Soul is the only impediment, and that if it were leſs, you could conſent unto my happineſs. I do acknowledge, ſaid ſhe and bluſhed, that I wiſh you were, but if you ſhould be capable of deſiring it by unjuſt ways, in lieu of wiſhing your happineſs, I believe I ſhould wiſh the contrary. But, Madam, not to conſume more time in repeating the diſcourſe of theſe three Illuſtrious Perſons; it was reſolved that they ſhould write unto *Atergatis* to invite his return, and that in the interim, *Iſtrina* ſhould take upon her to reſiſt *Arſamones*, ſince *Intaphernes* had not power to inceſe a Prince who had made him ſuch a motion as might make him happy if ſome unjuſt Conditions were not annexed to it: But that which moſt troubled them was, that they could not know whether the King of *Aſſiria* had denied *Arſamones*; but on the contrary had cauſe to believe, that he had not, and that deſire of liberty had altered his mind.

In the mean time, the King of *Bythinia* who was ever wedded to his own will, asked *Intaphernes* the next morning, if he had conſidered upon the motion, and that Prince in order unto their reſolutions, aſſured him, that there was ſo much glory to him in it, that he thought himſelf capable of committing Crimes rather than not to accept of it: but alſo he was obliged to tell him, that he verily believed that the Princeſs *Iſtrina* would never obey him if he commanded her to marry her Enemy. To this *Arſamones* anſwered, That a Prince who knew ſo well how to bring two Kingdoms into ſubjection, knew well enough how to make *Iſtrina* obey him; ſo that aſſuring himſelf of that, he bent all his endeavours to perſwade the King of *Aſſiria*: But all to no purpoſe, that Prince ſtill telling him, that you, Madam, and you only ſhould Reign in his heart as long as he lived: That he had nothing to do with Kingdoms, that he had no need of any Army, and that he only deſired his Liberty, adding ſome expreſſions which noted his extream averſion unto *Iſtrina* and *Intaphernes*, of whom he ſpoke with intollerable ſcorn, as we afterwards underſtood by one of the Guards in his Chamber.

Moreover, when *Arſamones* did one day preſs *Intaphernes* to the Declaration which he would require of him, never to reſtore the Kingdoms of *Pontus* and *Bythinia* unto *Spitridates*, he perfectly perceived, notwithſtanding all his handſome anſwers, that they did not proceed from his intentions: So that being very angry, and finding his deſign to be impoſſible, he plotted another which he thought more eaſie, by which he thought to be better revenged upon *Spitridates*, and to hinder *Araminta* and all her family from having any part in his Dominions, and this it was: His deſign was not to ſpeak of *Iſtrina* any more unto the King of *Aſſiria*, thinking his averſion to her was chiefly his reaſon for not accepting his offer. However, *Arſamones* would have the *Queen* viſit the impriſoned King, that ſhe ſhould carry the Princeſs her Daughter with her; and ſo they did, who not being able to gueſs at his deſign, were very glad to ſee a Prince whoſe Adventures were ſo extraordinary, and who was ſo much talked of over all *Aſia*. Since you are all goodneſs, Madam, I hope you will give me leave without any anger to tell you, that he received theſe Princeſſes with much civility, and uſed many expreſſions which were full of ſpirit, full of generoſity, and full of love to you: For he did moſt earneſtly intreat them to be Mediators unto the King for his liberty, that he might go and recover yours: And the more to oblige them unto it, he fell into moſt high Elogies of you. But after that, ſince the natural impetuoſity of his humour could not longer be hid; the *Queen* by chance naming *Intaphernes*, this violent Prince fell into ſuch an angry chafe both againſt him and *Iſtrina* alſo, and uſed ſuch unjuſt and injurious expreſſions, that theſe two Princeſſes were not able to endure it; yet having no mind to quarrel with a Prince whoſe impriſonment ſeemed to them unjuſt, they retired, promiſing him their interceſſions unto *Arſamones* for his liberty. But as ſoon as they were out of the Chamber, the King of *Bythinia* ſent to tell him that he would mention *Iſtrina* no more unto him, but would offer unto him the Princeſs his Daughter, and two Kingdoms, that he would recover *Babylon* for him by the help of ſome intelligence which he had: and aſſuring him that within fifteen days he would give him an Army able to reſiſt *Cyrus*, if he would make war with him. Tell the King your Maſter (replied this Prince unto the man by whom *Arſamones* ſent this meſſage) that if I could ceaſe being the Rival of *Cyrus*, doubtleſs I ſhould become his friend: for beſides all his rare qualities worthy of my amity, I muſt acknowledge that I owe him my ſelf: So that were I not his Rival I ſhould never raiſe an Army to oppoſe him. But aſſure *Arſamones* alſo, that though the Princeſs his Daughter be full of perfections; and though I have as great a diſpoſition to eſteem her, as I have averſion unto *Iſtrina*, yet I cannot hearken unto a ſecond Propoſition, with a more favourable ear than unto the firſt; For ſince I muſt ever be the Lover of the Princeſs *Mandana*, I can never be the Husband of the *Bythinian* Princeſs. But, Sir, (replied the man) were you in any hopes of ever obtaining the love of this Princeſs whom you adore, I ſhould not think it ſo ſtrange, that you ſhould refuſe this Offer: But I muſt confeſs, when I conſider how you have loſt your Kingdom, that the Princeſs *Mandana* does not love you, and that yet you ſhould refuſe two Kingdoms with one of the faireſt Princeſs's in the world; for one that hates you, my wonder is beyond my words: What e're it be (replied the King of *Aſſiria* very ſharply) ſuch are my real thoughts; and if the Empire of all *Aſia* were offered me, with a condition not to pretend unto *Mandana*, I would refuſe it, as I do the Kingdoms of *Pontus* and *Bythinia*: Oh Heavens (cried he) was ever any Fate like mine? *Arſamones* would give me two Kingdoms, and a Princeſs worth more than both, yet will not give me that liberty which unleſs he violate the Laws of Nations he cannot take from me: Is it poſſible that I alone ſhould be the only man in all the Univerſe unto whom he can give his Kingdoms, and the Princeſs his Daughter? I ſee very well (purſued this violent Prince) that he makes choice of me before any other, becauſe he knows that if I accept of them I ſhall never reſtore them unto the King of *Pontus*, or any of his Family, and ſo the hate he bears unto his Enemies is the cauſe of his choice: But ſince his Intereſt alone doth prompt him unto the offer, he muſt not take it ill, if mine prompt me to a refuſal.

fuſal. Tell him therefore, that if I had power not to love the Princeſs *Mandana*, and to overcome my ſelf, I had driven her out of my heart, before they drove me out of *Babylon*, and that I ſhould have conquered my ſelf before *Cyrus* did overcome me: Or to expreſs my ſelf better, if ever I could have left loving his Princeſs, it would have been when ſhe deſired me to do it with her Eyes full of Tears: And therefore I cannot follow theſe motions of hatred and revenge, which induce *Arſamones* to make ſuch odd Propoſitions unto me, that I cannot accept of them upon thoſe terms, though they ſeem very advantagious to me. Tell him then that I can be his Friend, but I cannot be the Husband of the Princeſs his Daughter: And ſo he needs not urge me to no purpoſe unto a thing which I cannot do; for the moſt certain truth is, I do love and am not loved, and I am fully reſolved ſo to do till death or fortune change my deſtiny. But if after all this *Arſamones* will wilfully keep me a Priſoner, and hinder me from releaſing *Mandana*, tell him then, that this King without a Kingdom whom he holds in his hands, and whom he thinks ſo weak and wanting all protection, perhaps is powerful enough to cauſe the ruin of his new Dominions, and make him loſe thoſe two Kingdoms which he offers me, ſince he hath a Rival ſo generous as to releaſe him, though he be his moſt mortal Enemy. After this the King of *Aſſiria* made a ſign with his hand unto the man, which intimated that he had no more to ſay, and that he ſhould return to the King his Maſter, and did it with as much auſtere Majeſty, as if he were ſtill upon his Throne. Alſo he who was a witneſs of his violence and choller was ſurprized, that after he had reported unto *Arſamones*, how the King of *Aſſiria* received his meſſage, he could not keep that ſecret which was ſuch a wonder to him: So that imparting it unto me, I was extreamly aſtoniſhed to hear that *Arſamones* ſhould alter his reſolution.

In the mean time, I thought it requiſite to acquaint the perſons intereſted in this odd deſign: For I muſt confeſs, Madam, that as reſolute as the King of *Aſſiria*'s anſwer was, yet I thought he might change his mind. Therefore I reſolved to make the ſtate of things known unto thoſe who might find a remedy. As I went unto *Intaphernes*,

nes, I found *Atergatis* with him, who returned ſooner than expected; but returned ſo ſad to hear that *Arſamones* would marry *Iſtrina* unto the King of *Aſſiria*, that *Intaphernes* was not able to comfort him; and as ſoon as he ſaw me he called me to help him to ſettle the mind of *Atergatis*: Alas, Sir, anſwered I, I am not very fit to comfort him and you alſo; for I aſſure you, when I have imparted all, the Prince *Atergatis* hath no other ſorrows but what will be yours; for the truth is, Sir, it is not *Iſtrina* whom *Arſamones* would have the King of *Aſſiria* to marry, but it is the Princeſs of *Bythinia* Theſe were ſuch words of wonder that both theſe Princes cried out: But, oh Heavens, how different were their tones, and how ſad was the ſound of *Intaphernes* his voice? Indeed, Madam, I am not able to expreſs what I ſaw in the Faces of theſe two Lovers: I ſaw in one minute deſpair to paſs out of the heart of *Atergatis*, into that of *Intaphernes*; fury was quenched in the Soul of one, and kindled in the Soul of the other; I ſaw ſorrow dye in the Eyes of *Atergatis* and revive in *Intaphernes*: And in an inſtant I ſaw the Comforter become the ſad man, and the ſad man become the Comforter. I ſhould abuſe your Patience, Madam, if I ſhould relate unto you all their Lamentations, or how *Atergatis* imployed the ſame Arguments of Conſolation unto *Intaphernes*, which he immediately before received from him: Nor will I relate all that the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and the Princeſs of *Bythinia* ſaid, when they knew the buſineſs; for having formerly acquainted you particularly with their virtue, and the innocent paſſions of their Souls; you may eaſily conceive they expreſſed their ſorrows unto each other. However theſe croſs adventures produced one happineſs unto theſe two Lovers, ſince they obliged the Princeſſes whom they loved, to give them as ſweet and tender Language, as if their Souls were in much more tranquility: For doubtleſs there is nothing fitter to induce a perſon who loves to unmask affection, than misfortunes and ſorrows. Whilſt things were in this condition, it was known how the King of *Pontus* carryed you, Madam, unto *Cumes*; And that *Cyrus* went to beſiege it; ſo that this news having infuſed other thoughts into the mind of *Arſamones*, who was extreamly incenſed againſt the King of *Aſſiria* for his refuſal, every one was in a ſtrange wonder to hear that we muſt all return unto *Heraclea*: And our wonder was the greater, becauſe he appointed (without giving any reaſon for it) all thoſe only whom he had told that the King of *Aſſiria* was in his power, to keep it ſecret: After which all departed; this Prince, leaving ſo many men as he judged fit for the Guard of this Caſtle where the King was priſoner, yet not daring to leave ſo many as he wiſhed, leaſt that ſhould be ſuſpected which he would not have known. Since this Prince was of a very cloſe ſpirit, we could not then dive into thoſe myſteries which afterwards we knew: For indeed, Madam it was at that time, when *Arſamones* to be revenged upon the King of *Aſſiria*, and to get the King of *Pontus* into his power, did ſend unto the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* this meſſage, that if he would promiſe to reſtore the King of *Pontus* into his hands when he had taken *Cumes*, he in exchange would reſtore the King of *Aſſiria* into his power. But, as you know, Madam, the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* having received a Letter from this Captive King, he took a more heroick reſolution, and denyed *Arſamones*.

In the mean time, *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were not at all happy: for *Arſamones* leaving *Arbiana* and the Princeſſes at *Heraclea*, he carryed them unto *Cabara*, where he grew ſo melancholy (when upon the return of his Meſſenger, and the arrival of *Hidaſpes* he heard of the generoſity of *Cyrus*) that he fell ſick there: yet he would not let the *Queen* bring the Princeſſes with her, when ſhe came, but commanded her to leave them at *Heraclea*; for his ſoul was in ſuch a fury, that he could not endure *Intaphernes*, or *Atergatis* ſhould have ſo much comfort as to ſee the Princeſſes whom they loved.

In the mean time, his ſickneſs continued ſo long, that it did facilitate the liberty of the *Aſſirian* King. For though they told him that *Hidaſpes* when he departed was gone into *Galatia*, and *Cappadocia*; and that he drew out of all his Garriſons into a body, he could not believe that *Cyrus* had commanded him to attempt the delivering of his Enemy by force: but rather imagined, that it was to recruit the Army, than out of any deſire of his

Rival's liberty. So that his Policy being cauſed to ſleep by the violence of his ſickneſs, he gave *Hidaſpes* time to ſurpriſe the Caſtle where the King of *Aſſiria* was, and to deliver that Prince. 'Tis true, that *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were ſo afraid, leſt the fancy ſhould take *Arſamones* to make him either marry *Iſtrina*, or the *Bythinian* Princeſs, they were not very forward in giving any advice for his ſecurity: And though they did moſt horridly hate the King of *Aſſiria*, yet they wiſhed his liberty; And they were as much joyed, as *Arſamones* was angred, when the news of his ſurprizal was brought to *Cabara*: Inſomuch as *Intaphernes* not being able to hide his joys, this violent Prince ſuſpected, that he gave intelligence unto *Hidaſpes* to ſurpriſe the Caſtle: And his ſuſpitions of it were the greater, when he knew that the Prince *Gadates* had writ a Letter unto him, which he had not ſhewed, becauſe it appointed him to come thither; and *Intaphernes* not being able to be at ſuch a diſtance from the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, would not let *Arſamones* ſee it, leſt he ſhould move him to obey *Gadates* ſooner than he had a deſire. However, though this Prince was innocent of that the King of *Bythinia* did accuſe him, yet he was held guilty, upon bare Conjectures, and baniſhed not only from the Court, but alſo out of all his Dominions. *Arbiana* did what ſhe could to appeaſe him, but all in vain, for *Arſamones* would ſet no term when *Intaphernes* ſhould return into his Dominions; but when he brought with him, either the King of *Pontus*, or *Araminta*, or *Spitridates*. You may eaſily imagine, Madam, how ſad the Prince was, who after a thouſand good Services done unto *Arſamones*, was treated with ſuch Ingratitude and Injuſtice: *Intaphernes* out of a reſentment of honour, had a good mind to aſk leave he might carry *Iſtrina* with him; but conceiving it would be more for his advantage that ſhe ſhould remain with the Princeſs whom he loved, he rejected that thought. However, obey he muſt becauſe he could not help it, and the willinger, becauſe the Princeſs of *Bythinia* commanded him: Yet in ſpight of *Arſamones*, he had the ſatisfaction to bid her adieu; for ſince ſhe was at *Heraclea*, he went out of *Cabara* in a diſguiſe thither, and ſaw her, in the preſence of *Iſtrina* and

Atergatis who followed him, and of my ſelf. I need not, Madam, make any relation of what theſe perſons did ſay, the thoughts of whoſe hearts were ſo full of tenderneſs: But I aſſure you, that never was any love or friendſhip, ſo fluent in ſweet and paſſionate expreſſions, as theirs, when they expreſſed their ſorrows to part from each other, and to part, not knowing when they ſhould be ſo happy as to meet again. The Princeſs of *Bythinia* proteſted unto *Intaphernes*, never to be any's if ſhe were not his. And *Atergatis* being to loſe his Advocate unto *Iſtrina*, deſired him to preſs that Princeſs in his preſence unto a Profeſſion never to chaſe him from her heart. *Iſtrina* and *Atergatis* then made new Proteſtations of amity unto each other, as well as *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, ſo as they tyed themſelves unto each other by ſuch knots, as I am moſt confident are indiſſolvable. But, Madam, depart he muſt, and indeed I went with him, to come unto that place where *Gadates* had ſo long deſired him; But hearing that *Cumes* was taken, and that you, Madam, were upon your march we changed our way, with intention to meet you upon the Rode.

In the mean time, as the Gods are the only diſpoſers of all Events, ſo the Prince *Intaphernes* uſing to ride alone, that he might the better contemplate upon his paſſion, he loſt his way in a wild Forreſt, having none with him but only one Page: For though I uſed to keep him company in ſuch ſolitudes, yet I was not then with him, but ſtayed behind with one of his men, and telling him how extreamly affraid I was to meet with the King of *Aſſiria*, when we came to you. But whilſt I was in fear that *Intaphernes* might meet with this Prince, the Gods who do not uſe to comply always with the wills of men, but often mock at all humane prudence, did conduct *Intaphernes* unto the banks of that little River, where the Aſſirian King was taking the Air, whilſt you, Madam, was in the Temple; and ſtayed in the pleaſant place until the hour of your ſetting out. I underſtand ſince by the Page which followed *Intaphernes*, and by *Intaphernes* himſelf, all the paſſages of this meeting: And ſince I underſtand by *Marteſia* that you, Madam, do not know it, but deſires information, I ſhall acquaint you with the particulars; and if I ſhould conceal an Action ſo gallant and noble I ſhould not make a perfect relation of *Intaphernes* his life. Be pleaſed to know then, Madam, that this Prince riding ſafely along the banks of this little River, hoping ſtill to meet with us again, leaſt he ſhould be forced to arrive at a place where he thought you was, without any Train or Equipage; Love did ſo take up all the faculties of the Soul, that he ſcarcely knew what he did, or ſaw. On the other ſide, the King of *Aſſiria* who ſeemed as deep in contemplation as *Intaphernes*, though according to his natural impetuoſity he went as faſt as if he had a great journy to go, he was alſo on the banks of this River, with one Page only; So as *Intaphernes* came towards the King of *Aſſiria*, as the King of *Aſſiria* came towards *Intaphernes*: who being both of them in deep ſtudies, they paſſed ſo neer each other, that their Horſes ſtarting at the ſame time made both of them think themſelves aſſaulted; So that rowſing out of their ſtudies, and ſtopping their Horſes, they looked ſternly upon each other to know who it was that aſſaulted them: and both knowing each other, the King of *Aſſiria* he thought that *Intaphernes* intended to fall upon him, as *Intaphernes* thought that the King of *Aſſiria* intended to put a new affront upon him: So as both being high in anger, they firſt looked upon one another as men who had diſpoſitions to quarrel. Yet *Intaphernes* gave him a Salute, but it was with ſo many ſigns of indignation, that his reſpects did not diminiſh the King of *Aſſiria*'s fury: For as ſoon as *Intaphernes* had ſaluted him, he went two paces back, and began to ſpeak in a haughty and proud tone: For ought I ſee (ſaid he in a moſt ſcornful manner) you are as inſolent here, as you were ambitious in *Babylon*, and it ſeems alſo that you have been moſt unjuſt in *Bythinia*, in being ſo bold as to cauſe *Arſamones* to impriſon me, purpoſely to make me marry one, whom I do not think worthy to be the ſlave of her whom I adore. Oh Sir, (ſaid *Intaphernes*) you extreamly wrong me, do not urge me againſt my will to forget I have ſeen you upon a Throne, leaſt I ſhould not brook it: For, Sir, hitherto I never failed in my due reſpects unto you; I was never more ambitious at *Babylon* than did become me, and was ſo far from forcing you to marry my Siſter, that I muſt tell you, that ſhe did more reſiſt *Arſamones*, than you did, not being ſo baſe as ever to think of being a Wife unto a Prince who hath ſo much ſcorned her and wronged me. Therefore, Sir, I beſeech you, with all the Reverence I owe unto You, as Son unto the Queen *Nitocris*, do not force me to caſt off all thoſe reſpects: I cannot tell what thou meaneſt (replied the King of *Aſſyria* ſharply) but I am ſure I cannot brook the inſolency of a Subject, whoſe duty is to reverence me as much in my Fetters as if I were on my Throne. Upon theſe words the King of *Aſſyria* drawing his Sword he forced *Intaphernes* to draw his alſo, only at firſt to defend himſelf from the King of *Aſſyria*'s blows: And indeed this generous Prince ſtriving to overcome his reſentments did recoil ſome paces in defending himſelf; and ſpeaking again, in the name of the Gods, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) do not urge me any further, for my patience can hold no longer: wiſh only that thy Valour may hold out (replied the King of *Aſſyria*, in preſſing harder upon him) unleſs thou wilt feel the ſharpneſs of mine. After this, Madam, *Interphernes* being not able to endure any longer, he did not only fight in defence of his life, but alſo to revenge himſelf. And his Page told me of ſuch prodigies which he did, which are not to be conceived unleſs one had ſeen them. For indeed, Madam, though the King *Aſſyria* had fought with the Illuſtrions *Cyrus*, and your ſelf, Madam, had been the Prize of the Combate, yet this violent Prince could not have fought with more Courage. But as *Intaphernes* had all the ſincerity of a moſt brave man, ſo he told all thoſe unto whom he related this paſſage, that if the King of *Aſſyria* had ſtood any thing upon his Guard, he ſhould have found a hard task to have vanquiſhed him: and his modeſty made him ſay, that if that valiant Prince had not precipitated himſelf unto his Arms, in ſtriving to finiſh the Combate quickly, he had not been overcome. Indeed, Madam, the King of *Aſſyria* having wounded himſelf in ſtriving to gain the Crupper, his Sword being broke, and he run through the right Arm with a touch from his Enemy, his great heart was conſtrained to yield. Yet *Intaphernes* would not abuſe his Victory, by inſulting over his unfortunate Enemy, as unjuſt as he was. But on the contrary, he uſed many generous expreſſions; he askt him whether he would be pleaſed that he ſhould conduct him, offering to hold him up, ſeeing he was not able to ſit on Horſe-back: but this furious Prince would have only his Page to help him; he forbad *Intaphernes* to come near him, and commanded him to retire. Since thou art ſtill my Subject, though my Conqueror (ſaid this violent Prince unto him) I command thee to get out of my Preſence, for I cannot any longer endure a man who hath ruined all my hopes, ſubverted all my deſigns, and hath retarded either my death or happineſs. Theſe ambiguous words which *Intaphernes* could not underſtand, moving him to think that his ſorrows for being overcome did diſtract the liberty of his mind; he began to pity him, and offered again to help him, but he fell into ſuch a Chafe, that *Intaphernes* ſeeing ſome Souldiers a far off coming that way, he was forced to retire.

In the mean time, in lieu of going unto the Caſtle where you, Madam, were, he returned back, being reſolved not to preſent himſelf unto you, Madam, nor unto *Cyrus*, nor unto the Prince his Father until you were on your march: Conceiving that the King of *Aſſiria* was in ſuch a condition as he would not be able to follow. And indeed, Madam, this Prince having happily met with us, ſome four Furlongs from the place where he fought, we went to wait upon you, Madam, at the houſe where you ſtayed, and where the Prince *Intaphernes* had the honour to be preſented unto you that night, by the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*.

Orcames having ended his Relation, *Mandana* thanked him for the pains which he had taken in ſatisfying her deſires, and to teſtifie how attentive ſhe had been, ſhe repeated the principal paſſages which he had related: But ſince the laſt words of the *Aſſirian* King had made ſome impreſſion in the mind of *Mandana*, ſhe asked *Doraliſa* what ſhe thought was the meaning of thoſe words, that *Intaphernes* by vanquiſhing the King of *Aſſiria*, had ruined all his hopes, ſubverted all his deſigns, and had retarded either his death or his happineſs: For truly (added ſhe) as the ſtate of things ſtand, it is not eaſie to conceive what in any reaſon he could hope for, nor what deſigns he could have which might be advantagious unto him; Nor could he fear any death from a Rival who releaſed him, nor could he ever imagine any happineſs from me: And yet it is to be ſuppoſed, that he ſpoke not theſe without ſome cauſe. I aſſure you, Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, to be ſo brave, ſo glorious, ſo violent, and ſo deep in love as the King of *Aſſiria* is, and to be vanquiſhed within a hundred Furlongs of his Rival, and of his Miſtreſs, is enough to make him not know what he ſaid: and therefore there is no heed to be taken unto what he ſaid. Whilſt *Doraliſa* was ſaying ſo, *Marteſia* was ſilent, though ſince ſhe knew of the engagement between thoſe two Princes, ſhe underſtood thoſe words better than they: yet ſince the King of *Aſſiria* was to ſtay behind, and ſince in ſuch a condition as was not to be feared, ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe did not underſtand them: And the Princeſs herſelf concurring with the opinion of *Doraliſa*, did make no further reflection upon them, but went on with her repetition of the Adventures of *Atergatis*, *Iſtrina*, and *Intaphernes*. After which, all the reſt of the Converſation was only of pleaſant and diverting paſſages, of which the poor *Beriſa* was the ſubject; For upon good examination of what *Orcames* had ſaid, the Princeſs *Mandana* did conlude that there was no Court in the World without a *Beriſa*, and ſometimes many *Beriſa*'s; being ſure ſhe knew ſome at *Themiſcira* and at *Sinope*. *Doraliſa* for her part, ſhe knew ſome at *Sardis*, *Pherenice* remembred many at *Suta*, and *Orcames* profeſſed he knew above a douzen at *Babylon*. After all which the Princeſs remembring how it was reſolved to be ſtirring betimes in the morning, ſhe diſmiſſed *Orcames*, and retired, preſerving her fidelity ſo intirely for *Cyrus*, that ſhe would not ſo much as call unto her memory, any thing ſhe heard of the *Aſſirian* King: but her mind being clear from all manner of Objects, ſhe ſlept as quietly as one that had no manner of cauſe to fear any thing.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

PART VIII. Book II.

WHILST the Princeſs *Mandana's* ſleep was not troubled with any affrighting Dreams; and whilſt the huge multitude of Troops which conducted her, did reſt themſelves from the travels of the day, during the darke ſhades of night: whilſt ſleep, I ſay, like Death doth equal Kings and Beggers, happy and unhappy, and refreſh all, *Cyrus*, *Mazares*, and *Anaxaris* could not ſubmit unto one wink of ſleep, but employed every minute in thoughts of *Mandana*. Not that *Cyrus*, as the ſtate of things ſtood, was at all perplexed, but was all hopes and delights: yet thoſe delights which preceded from his hopes, were tempered with ſome perplexities, which interrupted his joys: Not that his couragious ſoul was troubled at the Combate he was to have with the King of *Aſſiria*, before he enjoyed *Mandana*; but the truth is, he was ſo little accuſtomed to happineſs, that he could not believe he was at the end of his misfortunes: ſo as not directly knowing what was the obſtacle unto his ſatisfaction, his heart reſented ſome reſiſtance of thoſe joys which in reaſon he might hope for. But though the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was troubled with a penſiveneſs of which he was ignorant of the cauſe; yet it was not ſo with the Prince *Mazares*, who being always to ſtrive with himſelf, was every minute in fears, leſt his vertue ſhould be vanquiſhed by his Love. *Anaxaris* was much more miſerable than he; for his Paſſion was ſo violent and high, that his reaſon did abſolutely ſubmit unto its Empire; and it may be truly ſaid that *Mandana* did not more ſoveraignly reign over the heart of *Anaxaris*, than the Paſſion of *Anaxaris* did tyrannically reign over his reaſon and vertue: Yet he was not ſo ſtark blind, but he knew very well that a thouſand reaſons did invite him to be the friend of *Cyrus*, and not his Rival: But for all that, when he ſaw it to be an abſolute impoſſibility for him to leave loving *Mandana*, he thought himſelf juſtified, and believed that whatſoever his love inſpired him with, were no Crimes. However, though he did never take ſo much pains as to ſtrive with himſelf, yet was he far from being happy: For by abandoning his ſoul unto his paſſion, he knew very well, that conſidering the ſtate of things, he abandoned himſelf unto all imaginable torments: however love *Mandana* he muſt, and ever would: But the oddeſt thing was, that ſtill he hoped againſt all manner of reaſon; and though he knew very well, that his hope had no foundation. Yet to find ſome eaſe unto his ſick ſoul, he endeavoured to make ſome intimate friend; not that upon ſecond and ſerious thoughts he intended to truſt him with his ſecret thoughts which he conceived not impartable unto any, but yet he would have one unto whom he might impart them if any need were; and in order unto that, he tampered and prepared the mind of *Andramites*. And ſince there is no ſurer way than to keep the ſecrets of others, before he truſt any with his own, he did inſenſibly engage *Andramites* to unfold all his thoughts, and contracted ſuch an intimate League of friendſhip with him, that a greater correſpondency could not have been if they had been all their lives well acquainted with each other.

Anaxaris carried the matter ſo handſomely, that by degrees he became Maſter of all the ſecrets in the ſoul of *Andramites*, without hazarding his own, or without giving *Andramites* any cauſe to ſuſpect that he had any which he ought not to impart unto him. But whilſt *Cyrus*, *Mazares*, and *Anaxaris*, had ſuch different thoughts cauſed by one and the ſame paſſion, there was a ſtrange curioſity in the minds of *Mandana*, *Marteſia*, *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas*, to know in what ſtate was the King of *Aſſiria*. The Princeſs *Mandana* durſt not enquire, but *Marteſia* asked every one how he did.

On the other ſide, *Mazares* and *Anaxaris* did very carefully enquire of him, eſpecially the laſt of theſe, ſo as if this Prince had been an intimate friend unto all his Rivals; The Deliverer of *Mandana*, and the Protector of *Marteſia*, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, they could not have been more deſirous to know the ſtate of his wounds, than they were; but as inquiſitive as they were, yet they could not know any more than what pleaſed *Cyrus* to impart; becauſe thoſe whom he left with the King of *Aſſiria* did give an account only to him: ſo that ſince *Cyrus* gave it out he was very ill, they knew no other.

In the mean time, this journey being a journey of jollity and victory, *Cyrus* did not only give order that *Mandana* ſhould not be diſtaſted at any thing, but contrived all way poſſible to pleaſe and divert her in her journey: ſo as if *Mandana* to reſt her ſelf in any Town, did ſtay a day there, the day was employed in ſeeing all that was remarkable in the place. The Ladies all aſſembled, they feaſted, they danced, they had races, and *Cyrus* carried *Mandana* unto no places of his Conqueſt, but he preſented the ſweet fruits of his victories unto her, ſo that betwixt *Cumes* and *Ecbatan*, ſeemed to be but one continual triumph. And the truth is, the people were ſo fully perſwaded of the vertues in *Cyrus*, that nothing but univerſal acclamations were to be heard in all places where he came. Alſo he had an extraordinary care, that the march of his Troops ſhould not do the leaſt injury unto the Country: And it may be moſt truly ſaid that he came unto no place during all this voyage, where he had not ſignalized ſome one of his vertues: For in one Town, he had left teſtimonies of his humanity in cheering up the people; in another he made his Juſtice to appear, in puniſhing ſome inſolent Soldiers; in a hundred places he had left glorious marks of his liberality, according as occaſions preſented themſelves: And in what place ſoever he came, he was always himſelf, which was always incomparable.

As for *Mandana*, ſhe gave ſeveral teſtimonies of her Piety during this Journey, by re-edifying ruined Temples, and giving them new foundations according to the peoples Petitions: And it is moſt certain that *Cyrus* and *Mandana* paſſed not a day without ſome excellent work of goodneſs. The Prince *Intaphernes* was ſuch an admirer of their vertues, that he could ſpeak of nothing elſe, when he talked with the Prince *Artamas*, with *Myrſiles*, *Mazares*, *Anaxaris*, or any elſe. And there chanced one adventure which gave him further ſubject of talk: For *Cyrus* deſiring that *Mandana* ſhould go but a very little journey that day, by reaſon of convenient Lodging, ſhe came unto a place, which afforded *Intaphernes* a ſubject of Compaſſion, and to talk further of her vertue. *Cyrus* then having reſolved that the Princeſs ſhould lye in a little Town upon the Road, not far from the place where ſhe lodged before; it was ſo long before ſhe ſet out, that ſhe came as late to her Lodging, as if her journey had been longer, yet ſhe came time enough to obſerve the extraordinary delightful, and odd ſituation of this Village where ſhe was to lye: She ſaw as ſhe came unto it, that ſhe was ſometimes high and ſometimes low, ſometimes on a mountain, and ſometimes in a valley, and between Rocks. Moreover, ſhe ſaw there an ancient and ſtately Caſtle ſtanding upon the point of a Rock, whoſe proſpect was towards a Forreſt: over againſt it, ſhe ſaw three great deep vallies, environed with Rocks, into which they deſcended by a winding path in the Rocks: And to make the place more pleaſant and extraordinary, there was to be ſeen at the foot of a hill, and on the ſide of a Torrent, two ſtately Tombs, the one built after the *Egyptian*, the other after the *Grecian* mode: So as the Sun ſetting that Evening without any cloudy umbrage, it might almoſt be ſaid that the Sun-beams did guild the whole Country, and made it the more delectable:

This magnificent object did make a deep impreſſion in the mind of *Mandana*, ſo as when ſhe arrived at this great Caſtle where ſhe was to lodg, ſhe talked of nothing elſe, enquiring very earneſtly whoſe were thoſe Tombs which ſhe ſaw as ſhe paſſed, and why one was built after the *Egyptian* manner, and the other the *Grecian*. The queſtions you ask, Madam, (replied the Maſter of the Caſtle, whoſe name was *Eucrates*, a man well in years, of a good ſpirit, and much travelled) is queſtionleſs worthy of your curioſity; for the truth is, Love was a cauſe of their foundation as well as Death; it being moſt certain, that if he who cauſed them to be built had not been in Love, they had never adorned the Country about this Caſtle. The Princeſs *Mandana* hearing the old man ſay ſo, was fuller of curioſity than before: ſo as preſſing him to tell her all he knew, he related unto her in few words, how a man of quality and high merits, called *Meneſteus*, deſcended from the race of the firſt *Phocenſians*, who left *Phocides* to go and build *Phoceus* which the Prince *Thraſibulus* had taken, being reſolved to travel after he had loſt his Wife, who left him one Son and one Daughter, he came into *Egypt*, where he fell deſperately in love with a Lady of *Heliopolis*, whom he with her conſent did carry away: That after this paſſing through *Aſia*, he came unto this Caſtle, where this fair *Egyptian* died within four days after he came thither, and from whence he would not depart, but built this ſtately Tomb after the mode of the Country; and ſince *Meneſteus* would never forſake her who had followed his fortunes, and left her own Country for the love of him, he built his own Tomb near hers, which is alſo his houſe where he waits for death to finiſh his day.

How (ſaid *Mandana*, and interrupted him) does he live yet, who cauſed theſe two Tombs to be built? and lives he in that which is built after the *Grecian* work? Yes, Madam, replied he, but it is in ſuch a manner as deſerves compaſſion: It may be ſaid, he lives dying, for he ſpends whole days in the Tomb of her he loſt, and never comes in his own but at ſuch hours when ſleep forces him to take truce with his ſorrows: ſo as I aſſure you Death and Love together did never make ſuch an emblem of deſpair,

pair, as *Meneſteus*. Yet one would ſay, that the Gods take delight in his ſufferings, and lets him live, to pay an eternal tribute of ſighs and tears unto his loſt Lady; for he has already lived above eight years in this mournful manner, and yet cannot die. I wonder (ſaid *Mandana* then) that ſince he is of ſo good a Quality, his friends and neighbours have not forced him to change his heartleſs habitation. I aſſure you, Madam, replied *Eucrates*, that the illuſtrious *Perianus* his ſon (who ſhould be Prince of *Phoceus* after him, if the Armies of the invincible *Cyrus* had not conquered his Dominions) has done all he was able, to move *Meneſteus* unto a change of his living, but could never perſwade him: All he could obtain, was, to let two ſervants ſtay in a houſe next his Tomb, to bring him once a day only ſuch things as were of abſolute neceſſity.

At the name of *Perianus*, *Cyrus* who was then preſent, began to rub up his memory a little, and afterwards he began to ſpeak; Is this *Peranius* you ſpeak of (ſaid he unto *Eucrates*) Nephew unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, whom I underſtand by *Thraſibulus*, to be one of the braveſt men in the world? Yes, Sir, replied he, it is the ſame *Perianus*, a ſiſters ſon of the *Phocean* Prince, who rather than ſubmit, when the Prince his Uncle, and *Alexideſmus* forſook him, did perſwade all the Inhabitants of his Town to leave their Country, to embark and acknowledg him for their Head, and to go conquer others, rather than be the ſlaves of *Thraſibulus*, or to ſay better, yours Sir, ſince it was by your Arms that Prince did wage his War. To teſtifie, that he need not fear, replied *Cyrus*, that I ſhall load ſo brave a man as he with over-heavy fetters, I will to morrow viſit the Prince his Father, to let him know, that he who honours the very Tombs of vertuous men, does honour the men themſelves, though fortune have made them ſlaves. When *Cyrus* ſaid ſo, and this old man heard *Mandana* ſay ſo alſo, he told them that they would augment his ſorrows by their preſence: adding alſo to keep them from going, that the way unto theſe Tombs was ſo rough by reaſon of the Rocks and a Torrent, that they could hardly paſs: But when he ſaw that all would not diſſwade them, he was ſilent and retired.

However, ſince *Mandana*'s Chamber did open towards theſe Tombs, ſhe was no ſooner up, but theſe ſtately objects puting her in memory of her deſign, ſhe was more earneſt upon it: ſo that ſending unto *Cyrus* to put him in mind of his laſt nights reſolution, that Prince came and ſaid that he was ſo mindful of it, as he had already ſent to ſee whether the way unto theſe Tombs were ſo difficult, and that he was told the way was ſo good, as ſhe might go in her Coach, ſo that without more ado ſhe went: But *Cyrus* being a reverencer of Love whereſoever he found it, except in the hearts of his Rivals, he was ſo conſiderate of *Meneſteus*, as that he would not too much diſturb his ſolitude by too great a company; therefore he permitted only *Mazares Intaphernes*, and *Aglatidas* to accompany him: And as for *Mandana*, ſhe admitted only of *Doraliſa*, *Marteſia*, *Anaxaris*, and ſome few of her Guard.

This ſmall company being conducted by *Eucrates* (though the night before he had no deſire to be their Convoy) they came to theſe Tombs the one whereof was much more ſtately than the other. That which was built after the *Grecian* manner, was a moſt admirable ſtructure, but had fewer ornaments than that which was after the *Egyptian*, whoſe Architecture was very regular: Indeed, though the Pyramide of this Tomb was but of a mean greatneſs, yet for its beauty it was comparable unto the Pyramides of *Memphis*: Its form was triangular, and ſo excellently well wrought, that the beſt eyes could not ſee one joynt in the whole work: A thouſand Curioſities of branched works did adorn the Fabrick, and one might perceive Hieroglyphick Characters, which expreſſed unto ſuch as beheld, and could underſtand them, the beauty of the Perſon whom they repreſented, and the love of the Founder.

Upon the top of this Pyramide was a figure of that *Corinthian* Copper, which was no leſs prized in thoſe times, then ſince the burning of the proud Town. So that this Statue did repreſent Fame, and turned upon a hinge according to the winds, one would have ſaid, that it was ſet upon this Pyramide with a Trumpet in its mouth, only to declare unto the world the death of that beauty for whom this Tomb was built; this Trumpet being made ſo artificially, that when the wind did blow, it ſent forth a ſad kind of ſighing ſound, full of ſorrows. This fame had her wings diſplayed as if ſhe were ready to flye: The skirts of her Garment was waved by the wind, ſo as diſcovering part of her thighs, it gave a good grace unto the Statue, and ſeemed to be more looſe from the point of the Pyramide, whoſe ſtately baſis was the Tomb of that illuſtrious Beauty, whom this renowned Mourner did ſo lament.

As for that of *Meneſteus*, it was built after the manner of a houſe, the Roof ſuſtained by twelve Columns, betwixt which upon the Frize, and under the Corniſh theſe words were engraven in *Greek* Characters:

Love and Death did build me.

When *Cyrus* and *Mandana* came near theſe Tombs, they ſaw *Meneſteus* coming to meet them, being advertiſed of their coming by *Eucrates*; But he met them in an Ayr ſo ſad and languiſhing, as made it apparent, that Time had not worn out the reſentment of his loſs, yet for all that he retained a high and noble preſence: His Clothes were mean but handſome and fit: And this ſolitary mourner ſeemed rather a melancholly Philoſopher, than a deſperate Lover.

As ſoon as he came ſo near *Cyrus* (who led *Mandana*) as to be underſtood, I give thanks unto the Gods (ſaid he unto him) that the beauty of that admirable Princeſs whom I ſee, hath taught the Conquerour of *Aſia* to reverence the Tombs of thoſe whom Love hath brought under his Dominions; and that in lieu of fearing the Ravages of a victorious Army, I am driven to the neceſſity of thanking the Conquerour for the favour he doth me in honouring the Aſhes of a moſt illuſtrious perſon by his preſence. My aims are, replied *Cyrus*, not only to honour the dead, but this Princeſs and I both, are come hither to honour an illuſtrious living perſon alſo, whom I wiſh I were able to perſwade out of this ſolitary Tomb in which he inhabits. For my particular (added *Mandana*) I ſhould be extreamly joyed, if I were able to perſwade you, Sir, unto ſome moderation in ſo violent and long a ſorrow as yours is: Since you can never know the cauſe (replied *Meneſteus*) I do not wonder, Madam, you ſhould not think my miſery incurable. However, I think my ſelf moſt ſenſibly obliged unto your charitable generoſity in wiſhing me capable of conſolation. After this, *Meneſteus* fearing leſt the Sun ſhould offend the Princeſs *Mandana*, did open a door which conducted her into a moſt ſtately Gallery.

As ſoon as *Mandana* and *Cyrus* were entred into this Tomb, they were forced to ſay, that the love of him who built it was great and high: The truth is, this Tomb was ſo richly adorned, that a place deſtined for the greateſt Feaſts could not be more magnificent: there was in the midſt of it a Sepulcher of incorruptible wood, inlayed with gold in a moſt rich and ineſtimable manner; and to let it be known, that the Corps which was there Interred had been the Star of Beauty in *Heliopolis*, upon this Sepulcher was to be ſeen a Sun repreſented by ſeveral gliſtering Diamonds and Rubies, whoſe glorious colours made it ſeem the Sun it ſelf when it was ſetting, and lending its light unto the other half of the world.

About this Sepulcher was placed twelve young *Cupids* excellently repreſented, who all with one of their hands ſeemed to wipe away their Tears, and with the other held up rich pots of Perfumes, no Garden full of Jeſſamin and Oranges comparable unto theſe which Art only compoſed. Moreover, there did hang in the top of the Vault a hundred Chriſtal Lamps, in ſuch order and proportion, as did make appear between every Pillar which ſuſtained the Roof twelve ſtately ſeats, on which might be ſeen the ſtatues of twelve women which ſeemed to weep and lament the loſs of her for whom the Tomb was made; and which by their ſeveral aſpects and emblems did repreſent ſome of her vertues for whom they mourned: The Engraver having given to every Statue ſuch lively emblems of each vertue, as the dulleſt capacity could not chooſe but know his meaning. *Mandana* could not chooſe but admire the excellency of the work, and confeſſed that there muſt needs be ſomthing that was high in the heart of ſo faithful a Lover as *Meneſteus*. As for *Cyrus*, after he had ſufficiently admired at every thing that was worthy of wonder, he began to conſider very ſeriouſly this mourning Lover, who as ſoon as he came into the Monument, was ſo wholly devoted to his ſorrows, that without almoſt any regard either of *Cyrus* or *Mandana*, or any of their company, began to fix his looks ſadly upon the Sepulchre, ſighing continually with unutterable bitterneſs of ſoul. The beauty of *Mandana* reviving in his mind the Idea of his loſt Lady, did renew his melancholy: And *Cyrus* admiring the ſorrows of *Meneſteus* more than his Tomb, did look moſt attentively upon him: His violent affection unto *Mandana* did make him moſt ſenſible of ſuch a loſs, as to loſe his own love ſo, as he had a diſpoſition rather to commend the deſpair of *Meneſteus*, than to blame him. But whilſt *Meneſteus* was ſighing, and *Cyrus* was ſadly looking upon him, *Mandana* went towards the Sepulcher to read ſome inſcription which was written in Golden Letters; and finding them to be Ægyptian Characters, ſhe called *Cyrus* to interpret them: So that when that Prince came to her, he told her, how the love of *Meneſteus* had cauſed thoſe Letters to be written; but as he was going from one end of the Sepulchre unto the other, he found a very rich Table-Book upon which was written in Great Characters, and in the Capadocian language;

To the Princeſs Mandana.

Cyrus no ſooner ſaw this, but he bluſhed; for he no ſooner looked upon the Characters, but he thought it to be the hand of the *Pontean* King: So as in the tumult of his mind he had certainly concealed it from *Mandana*, if that Princeſs ſeeing through his eyes the agitation of his ſoul, had not at the ſame time ſeen that which cauſed it: So as *Cyrus* perceiving by the Roſes that bluſhed in the cheeks of *Mandana*, that ſhe ſaw them as well as he, he preſented them unto her. Since, Madam, ſaid he unto her, it is to you this Table-Book is directed, therefore it belongs unto you; but whilſt you are peruſing it, I beſeech you give me leave to ask *Meneſteus* where he is at this preſent who writ this which I now preſent unto you.

The Princeſs *Mandana* being as much aſtoniſhed as *Cyrus* deſired him to read it as well as ſhe: So that opening it, they began to read it whilſt *Meneſteus* took no notice of them; but the truth is, it was not only his ſorrows that hindred his obſervance: For ſince *Doraliſa* could not think ſo long a ſolitude and ſorrow could be without ſome diſtraction of ſpirit, ſhe began to talk with him, and had engaged in diſcourſe, the Prince *Intaphernes*, and *Aglatidas* with *Eucrates* and *Marteſia*: As for *Mazares* this Tomb calling it to his memory his ſolitary life which he led in a Grott when he thought *Mandana* dead, he was taken up enough with his own thoughts, without diſcourſe with others. And for *Anaxaris*, his thoughts were as much buſied as *Mazares*: So that *Cyrus* and *Mandana* reading the King of *Pontus* his Letter, they found theſe words.

Madam,

IT is too much, extreamly too much, to purſue me even to a very Tomb, and to drive me from a Sanctuary, which all Laws both divine and humane would have inviolable: But ſince it is your pleaſure, it muſt be ſo; could I have hoped to have ſeen you here without that happy Rival in your company, I ſhould have ſtaid here and aſſumed the glory to expreſs my Sorrows and my Love. But ſince it is enough for you to triumph in my heart without him, I muſt ſhun you, that I may ſhun him, ſince it is not poſſible for me to do otherwiſe, though I owe him both my life and my liberty. Yet I do conjure him (if it be lawful to intreat a Rival, and if I may do it with due reverence to you) not to expoſe himſelf unto any pity, if you be not capable of any; conſidering that after I have loſt two Kingdoms for the love of you only, yet you drive me from a Tomb where I intended to inhabit with the moſt faithful Lover in the world. I beſeech you, Madam, oblige my Rival neither to follow me, nor to ſearch for me; and the better to induce him, put him in memory, that if I had not had the good fortune to ſave you from the enraged waves, he had never had the glory to be at this day favourably looked upon: But alas my ſorrows make me wander; for after all the Rigour, I think it had been better for me to have writ unto my Rival to obtain a favour from you, then to have writ unto you to obtain any thing from him; However it be, Madam, though you ſhould cauſe me to be ſearched for, to wait upon the Chariot of my Enemy, yet you ſhould be fruſtrated, ſince whoſoever is Maſter of his ſword, is alſo Maſter of his life and liberty. I ask nothing elſe of you, Madam, but only *to believe, that if I do live, it is not with any intentions to comfort my ſelf, or to leave loving you: For I do proteſt, that as long as I do live, I ſhall maintain againſt all my Rivals, that there is not one of them which loves you with more zeal and reverence than I do, as rigorous and inexorable as you are unto me.*

The King of *Pontus*.

After the reading of this Letter, which was ſo ſad as deſerved to be read without any anger: *Cyrus* ſcarcely daring to look upon *Mandana*, leſt he ſhould ſee ſome compaſſion in her eyes he ſpoke the firſt. To ſpare my ſorrows, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that you ſhould ask me a favour for ſuch a Rival as the King of *Pontus*, I will prevent your asking, and tell you that as the ſtate of things do ſtand, I freely content that a King who hath had the misfortune to loſe two Kingdoms, and you alſo, ſhall not be ſo miſerable as to fall into the power of his Enemy, an Enemy unto whom he thinks himſelf a little obliged: Yet, Madam, I muſt needs ask you leave to enquire of *Meneſteus* how the Prince came hither? Though I ſhould not for your ſake (replied *Mandana*) yet for my own, I deſire you to ask him: Since I aſſure you, the adventure doth augment both my curioſity and trouble: For when I conſider how it was near the Tomb of *Abradates* that you met the King of *Aſſiria*: And that you were very near meeting with the King of *Pontus* in the Tomb of this fair Ægyptian, I do almoſt believe I ſhall find perſecutors in *Ecbatane*, when I am there: So they have no greater power to hurt you Madam (replied *Cyrus*) than the King of *Pontus* hath, you need not fear their violence.

After this *Mandana* went to *Meneſteus*, unto whom ſhe ſhewed the Letter which *Cyrus* found upon the Sepulcher, and asked him where he was which did write it, and whether he knew him well? *Meneſteus* was at firſt ſurprized to ſee this Letter, which he knew to be upon the Monument; but coming preſently out of his aſtoniſhment, and being not determined what to anſwer; I aſſure you, Madam, replied he, I thought him who left this Letter in this Tomb, to be one of the moſt ſad, the moſt noble, and the moſt vertuous man in the world. But, Madam, ask me no more, for I neither know his quality, nor the cauſe of his ſadneſs, nor where he is at this preſent; and though I did know, yet I think when you know how he made me promiſe not to diſcover him, you will be ſo generous as to preſs me no further: *Cyrus* perceiving by the ſpeeches of *Meneſteus*, that he apprehended no deſign of any violence for giving harbour, did engage his word, that though he whom he had harboured were now in the Tomb, yet there ſhould no hurt be done unto him: So as *Eucrates* hearing what *Cyrus* ſaid, came nearer, and not ſtaying for the anſwer of *Meneſteus*, Sir (ſaid he unto him) ſince it was my ſelf that made this Illuſtrious Stranger known unto *Meneſteus*, ſo I think it fit, it ſhould be my ſelf who ſhould tell you all I know, which yet will ſatisfie you little more, than what he hath already told you. For truly, Sir, all I can tell you of him whoſe name I know not, is this, that about eight days ſince, according to the Laws of Hoſpitality which are inviolably obſerved in this Country, he came unto this Caſtle, which hath the honour to lodge you at this preſent, and demanded of me entertainment; for being then very ill, as ſtill he is, he found himſelf unable to continue his journey: He had with him only one man, which ſeemed more like a common Souldier,than any Gentleman,and he ſeemed to me to be ſo ſad,that I joyfully conſented unto his deſire,giving thanks unto the Gods for an occaſion of aſſiſting a man ſo handſome as he, and who ſeemed ſo extreamly grieved. So that lodging him as conveniently as I could, he looked out of his Window, and ſeeing theſe two Tombs, he asked me whoſe they were? And I think he was inquiſitive of nothing elſe, and I believe this ſad Object did ſuit with his melancholy humour; ſo as I acquainted him with the retreat of *Meneſteus*, and the ſolitary life that he led: He was ſo much taken with the ſtory, that though he was ſo weak as hardly able to ſuſtain himſelf, yet he would needs have me carry him thither, and ſo I did. And after that time, he went thither every day: For though *Meneſteus* was uſed to avoid all company, yet the melancholy of this Stranger admitted him ſooner than any other: And *Meneſteus* was ſo taken with him, that he deſired his viſits every day as long as he ſtaid with me. But when news was brought yeſterday, that I ſhould have the honour to receive you, Sir, into my houſe, he appeared to be extreamly troubled, and prepared for his departure the very ſame hour, though he was in a moſt unfit condition for it. However, I believe his apprehenſions of your coming hither was the true cauſe why two wounds which he ſaid he had received in the Wars, and which he thought almoſt healed, did open again: So that then it being impoſſible for him to go far by reaſon of the blood which he loſt, and reſolving not to ſtay in a place where you, Sir, were to come, I adviſed him to hide himſelf in this Tomb, not foreſeeing your curioſity of ſeeing it: And indeed he took my counſel, ſtaying here until yeſterday at Evening, when I acquainted *Meneſteus* with your reſolutions of coming hither, and it muſt be he who can tell you better than I, how he received the news. It is then you (ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Meneſteus*) who muſt better inform us, and tell us why he of whom we ſpeak, did fear my coming hither. Sir, replied *Meneſteus*, he told *Eucrates* as well as me, that he being engaged in the contrary part unto yours, he would not expoſe himſelf unto the danger of being your Slave, and he ſaid it with ſo much ſadneſs in his face, that I am confident being ſo generous as you are, you would not have inchained him if you had ſeen him in the ſame condition I did, though he had been your moſt mortal Enemy. As ſoon as he heard that the Princeſs *Mandana* was to come hither, and you alſo, he told me that he muſt be gone, as ſoon as ever the Moon which then ſhined, was ſet, that he might paſs unſeen: And ſeeming as if he would reſt two hours purpoſely to have time to write this Letter, he deſired my favour to paſs away his time in the Tomb, thinking it, as he ſaid, to be more ſafe than any other; and ſo cauſing his Servant to carry ſome Cuſhions for his better eaſe, I left him there until the hour he ſaid he wou'd depart: And he being told that the Moon was ſet, he prepared for his departure, not ſpeaking a word of the Letter which he left. But truly, Sir, he departed in ſuch a deplorable condition, that I then knew his flight had a more urgent cauſe than he told me: For though his wounds began to bleed afreſh, yet he gone he would, maugre all my deſires to the contrary, aſſuring him that I would find a way to hide him ſo in the Tomb as he ſhould not be diſcovered: When I ſaw his reſolute intention, I preſſed him to tell me the reaſon of his haſte, and he told me with a ſighing imbrace, that the very ſame Paſſion which kept me in the Tomb cauſed him to go out, and prayed me to think that if I knew his miſery, I ſhould ſay he were the moſt unfortunate man in the world. After this, Sir, he took horſe in extream pain, and without any followers but this one man which waited upon him; he took along the Torrent, maugre the darkneſs of the night, and the weakneſs of his condition: So as in all likelihood, he is either fallen into the Torrent, or wandered in the wild Forreſt, or dead of his wounds and ſorrows: Whilſt *Meneſteus* was ſaying ſo, *Mandana* held down her eyes, as being the innocent cauſe of the miſeries of this Prince, ſhe could not chuſe but pity him, who had been as virtuous a man as any lived, had he not loved her too well, or had not his Paſſion confounded his Reaſon. *Cyrus* himſelf though his Rival, was moved unto pity, and doubtleſs had been more, had he not obſerved the Compaſſion of *Mandana*: Yet he kept himſelf within the preſcribed limits of his intention, notwithſtanding the contrary guſts of his heart: So then conceiving that if he ſhould give orders to follow the King of *Pontus*, he ſhould have him in his power; he would not out of his generoſity do it; and indeed becauſe he thought *Mandana* would blame him, and alſo becauſe he had promiſed *Araminta* to wave his revenge for her ſake: So that addreſſing himſelf unto *Meneſteus*, though the King of *Pontus* whom you harboured (ſaid he unto him) be one of the Princeſs *Mandana*'s Perſecutors, and one of my greateſt Enemies in being my Rival; yet I muſt commend you for your aſſiſtance. and aſſure you to make your reception of him his Sanctuary, I will not ſuffer him to be followed. Indeed (added *Mandana* with as much ſweetneſs as generoſity) I do conceive that revenge of Crimes ought to be left only unto the Gods, and not executed upon any Enemy that cannot hurt.

In the mean time, as the aſtoniſhment of *Meneſteus* and *Eucrates* was great to hear that it was the King of *Pontus* whom they had aſſiſted; ſo the wonder of *Mazares* and *Anaxaris* was greater, and that of *Intaphernes*, *Aglatidas*, *Doraliſa*, and *Marteſia*, was no leſs. Yet the wonder did produce different effects in the minds of *Mazares* and *Anaxaris*: For the firſt conſidering that if had not carried away *Mandana* from *Synope*, the King of *Pontus* had never been reduced unto this pitiful condition, he became extreamly melancholy, conceiving that the Princeſs *Mandana* could not call to mind the King of *Pontus* his Adventure, but ſhe muſt alſo revive in her memory thoſe fallacies which the exceſs of his Paſſion cauſed, and muſt in her heart accuſe him for it. But for *Anaxaris*, he had one of the oddeſt conceits that ever love infuſed into any mind: For though he hoped that the King of *Pontus* might perhaps dye of his wounds, when he eſcaped out of *Cumes* in a Fiſhers Boat, yet now he was joyed to ſee that *Cyrus* had more Rivals living than he thought of: So as never conſidering that the King of *Pontus* could not be the Rival of *Cyrus*, unleſs he were his alſo; he thought only that as miſerable as he was, that he would be an Obſtacle unto the happineſs of *Cyrus*: So as if he were ſad at this Accident, it was only to imagine that perhaps he would dye by his own haſty flight. As for *Intaphernes*, though he had cloſely adhered unto *Arſamones* againſt the King of *Pontus*, yet he could not chuſe but infinitely commend *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, for their generoſity in not following this unfortunate King. However ſince this Accident was very ſtrange, it cauſed the diſcourſe to continue ſo long, that before *Mandana* and *Cyrus* had ſeen the ſecond Tomb, and had talked with this ſolitary Mourner of his love and ſorrows, before they had got to the Caſtle and had dined, it was ſo late that they reſolved to ſpend all the reſt of the day in that place, and not to depart until the Morning. But whilſt *Cyrus* was buſie in giving out ſeveral Orders for the march of his Troops, and the way he would have them hold when they came near *Cappadocia*; *Mandana* called *Marteſia* into a little Cloſet, and began to talk of this adventure: Certainly *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe unto her) I am deſigned for ſtrange things; may it not well be ſaid, that the Gods have taken from me the power and comfort of hating all thoſe who wrong me, and deprives me of the pleaſure of ſweet revenge? If reflecti-on be had upon paſt things, you will ſee that I have reaſon for what I ſay. If I look upon the King of *Aſſiria*, *Mazares* and the King of *Pontus*, as Princes who have raviſhed me away, and cauſed all the miſeries of my life, have I not the greateſt reaſon in the world to hate them, and be revenged; and yet the Gods do ſend ſuch intelligence of them, as muſt needs abate my hate, and will not let me wiſh their Ruine. What ſtrong teſtimonies have I of the grief and repentance of *Mazares* when he thought me dead? Hath not *Orcames* fully informed me of the *Aſſirian* Kings moſt violent affection to me? and hath not *Meneſteus* ſufficiently told me the very heart of that Prince unto whom I as well as *Cyrus* are Debtors for our lives, and whom I have coſt two Kingdoms? Really *Marteſia*, I could not Imagine that ever three Princes ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to raviſh me away, and yet be ever worthy of my pity. The ſtrangeſt thing, Madam, replyed *Marteſia*, and the moſt glorious for you, is, that all theſe Princes do merit to enjoy you, if they had not made themſelves unworthy of it, by their unjuſt carrying you away; And if the Gods had not ſent a Prince who alone hath higher parts than they all have, and who adores you with ſuch a reverent Paſſion, as never gave you the leaſt cauſe of complaint.

The truth is, replied *Mandana*, I ſhould be very ungrateful, and by conſequence very unjuſt, if I did not rank *Cyrus* in my higheſt eſteem and friendſhip, and if I did not think my ſelf very happy in Reigning over the heart of ſuch a man whom the Gods have thought worthy to Reign over all *Aſia*. As the Princeſs pronounced theſe words, *Cyrus* having diſpatched all his orders, entered into the place where ſhe was, and as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw him, ſhe bluſhed, as if ſhe were affraid he had overheard her. *Cyrus* perceiving it, did bethink himſelf what might be the cauſe of that Carnation in *Mandana*'s Complexion: for as the Actions of perſons loved are never indifferent; ſo he was ſomthing troubled at the alteration in the Countenance of that Princeſs whom he adored: Though, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that ſweet bluſh ſeemed to give a freſh Luſtre unto your beauty, yet I could not chooſe but be troubled at it, out of my fear leaſt I was the cauſe of it, by interrupting you uncivilly; I could perhaps, if I would (replied *Mandana* with a ſmile, and bluſhed more) conſent unto half you ſay without diſobliging you: but ſince your unjuſt ſuſpition of interrupting me uncivilly deſerves a puniſhment, you ſhall know no further. Did you but know, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, what puniſhment it is for a Lover to be ignorant of what paſſeth in the heart of her he adores when he deſires to know it, doubtleſs you would ſay, your Puniſhment exceeds my Crime: though indeed I muſt confeſs my weakneſs, and aſſure you, Madam, that I would do almoſt any thing in the world to know the cauſe of your bluſh. I know very well, that this fond curioſity is one of thoſe follies wherewith the Paſſion which poſſeſſeth me is upbraided: but yet for all that, I find it to be well grounded. Indeed (purſued he and ſmiled) ſince it is permittable in War to have Spies in the place which one would take, it is as well allowable to have ſome in the heart which one would Conquer, and ſo hold intelligence: Since Spies are only imployed (replied *Mandana*) to know what paſſeth amongſt Enemies; you ſtand in need of none to know what paſſeth in my heart: for there is no War declared betwixt us. However, I aſſure you, Madam (replied *Cyrus*) that ſomtimes one may as much long to know the thoughts of her he adores, as to know the deſigns of his Enemies: and for my particular, I had rather have a faithful Spy in your heart, than have a hundred with the King of *Aſſyria*, or the King of *Pontus*, though they were Maſters of *Babylon* or *Sardis*. Yet, Madam, I beſeech you do not think that this my Curioſity hath any ſmack of Jealouſie, nor that I am one of thoſe Lovers, who are extreamly inquiſitive for what they would not find: But, Madam, the reaſon of it is (ſince I muſt confeſs it) becauſe there is notable difference between thoughts of eſteem which are expreſſed by obliging Language, and hidden thoughts which are concealed almoſt from the parties themſelves, and which others can know only but by gueſſes. Think it not ſtrange then, Madam, that though I am not ſo impudent as to think you have any advantagious thoughts of me which you would not honour me with the participation, yet I cannot chuſe but deſire that I were able to dive into the ſecrets of your heart. I muſt needs deſire to have a ſight of all the Virtues together, and wiſh your heart were open, that I ſhould know all your thoughts, and all your deſires. To ſatisfie one part of your Curioſity (replied *Mandana* to divert the diſcourſe) I muſt tell you, that I have a ſtrange deſire to know all the thoughts of *Meneſteus*, ſince this eight years that he hath lived in the Tomb of this fair One whom he loved and loſt Oh, Madam ſaid *Cyrus*, by ſeeming to ſatisfie my Curioſity, you rather aime at your own, and not my ſatisfaction; But it is not my part to preſcribe Laws unto you, therefore ſince it is not your pleaſure, I ſhould be more ſcrutinous into your Soul: and ſince you had rather I could talk of *Meneſteus*, than of you or my ſelf, I ſhall tell you, that I cannot eaſily conceive all his eight years thoughts, for love and ſorrow are two inexhauſtible guſts of thoughts, if I may ſo expreſs that bottomleſs Abyſs in the mind of a grieved Lover, and which wholly poſſeſſeth him as long as his love and grief laſts: But the greater wonder is, how he hath lived ſo long, after the death of her he adored. For really Madam, without any aggravation of my ſorrows at *Synope*, when I had cauſe to fear your being drown'd, I can truly proteſt, that I had not one day more to live, when I heard you were living: I am much obliged to you, Sir, replied *Mandana* for your engaging ſorrows, though I will not beleive it to be ſo violent as you expreſs, leaſt you ſhould upbraid me with ingratitude: yet truly I muſt confeſs, that the moſt ſenſible ſorrow of all ſorrows is the death of the Party loved; and I am ſo fully perſwaded of this truth, that as oft as I imagine that there is an abſolute neceſſity I muſt one day hear of the death of perſons whom I love, or they hear of mine, I am ſo melancholy as I hardly know my ſelf. Oh, Madam, (cried out *Cyrus*) what a diſmal Image do you make to paſs out of your Spirit into mine? I ask you pardon, Sir, replied ſhe; but yet I think you are obliged to concur with me: for ſince I cannot think without a ſad remembrance that you muſt one day hear of my death, or I of yours, methinks it is a mark of amity ty which merits a pardon for my ſad diſcourſe: Your expreſſions, Madam, are ſo obliging, replied *Cyrus*, that I owe you a tribute of a thouſand thanks; but for all that, Madam, I beleive I ſhall ſcarcely pardon you this day, for infuſing into me ſuch apprehenſions of your death.

As ſoon as *Cyrus* had pronounced theſe words, *Eucrates* came to acquaint him that there was a man of Quality from *Phoceus*, whoſe name was *Thrymetus*, whom the Son of *Meneſteus* had ſent unto his Father, who deſired to ſpeak with him, and who arrived immediately after he was come out of the Tomb: Adding that he was accompanied with two ſtrangers, unknown either by their Habits or Language. Since *Mandana* conceived that this man could have no buſineſs with *Cyrus* which her preſence might hinder, ſhe deſired that Prince, that *Thrymetus* might have audience before her, which *Cyrus* accordingly commanded: and *Eucrates* obeying, *Thrymetus* with his two ſtrange Companions was brought into *Mandana*'s Chamber, who with *Cyrus* ſaluted them, *Thrymetus* having a Letter (which was only of Credence) to preſent, he uttered theſe words; Sir, (ſaid he unto him in Greek) I am ſent unto you from a Prince, whoſe good or bad fortunes you have power to make; but ſince he hath been ſo happy as to be engaged in a Party oppoſite unto yours, and conſtrained to preſerve his liberty by abandoning his Country unto your Victorious Arms, and to have recourſe unto flight: I cannot tell, Sir, whether his hopes of reception be well grounded: but I am moſt certain that the Prince *Meneſteus* his Father, unto whom I came upon a meſſage, is ſo charmed with your generoſity, that he makes no doubt but that I ſhall obtain my demands. To teſtifie, replied *Cyrus*, that I have a great diſpoſition to grant any thing unto a Prince of his merit who ſent you; I will not aſſume the Right of Conquerors, which ne're allow their vanquiſhed Enemies the names of thoſe Countries which are conquered from them. But on the contrary, though *Peranius* was never yet called the Prince of *Phoceus*, becauſe he who left him that Title did not periſh untill ſince his departure, yet I will be the firſt that will call him ſo, and intreat you to name him no otherwiſe : for ſince the Prince *Thraſibulus* hath given once ſuch noble Characters of his Virtue and Valour. I am reſolved to treat him as favourably as I have done others, who merits it no more than he. Oh Sir, replied *Thrymetus*, I ask no more, for ſince you are pleaſed to acknowledge *Peranius* in the preſence of theſe ſtrangers, to be a Prince, and the Prince of *Phoceus*, you have granted as much as I had in Commiſſion to ask : and you have made him the moſt happy Prince upon Earth, if I may phraſe a man ſo, who hath not the glory to be particularly known unto the greateſt Prince in the World. Since the expreſſions of *Thrymetus* did ſurprize both *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, and ſince they obſerved much joy in the face one ſtranger, and much ſorrow in the eyes of the other, they were full of Curioſity to know the cauſe of this adventure : So as *Mandana* ſpeaking Greek as elegantly as her natural Language, ſhe very obliging asked *Thrimetus* the interpretation of it, and the true cauſe of his Voyage. *Cyrus* alſo deſired to know where the Prince of *Phoceus* was, deſiring to be informed of all his Actions ſince he was choſen chief of that fugitive Troop. Alſo he asked who thoſe ſtrangers were whom by their habits he knew not, what intereſt they had in the Prince of *Phoceus* ? and how is was poſſible, that three or four advantagious words which he had ſpoken in his behalf, ſhould make him happy ? The Queſtions which you ask, Sir, replied *Thrymetus*, is not to be anſwered in few words, no more than thoſe the Princeſs *Mandana* was pleaſed to enquire of : But, Sir, though you ſhould have the goodneſs and the leaſure to lend an ear unto ſo extraordinary an adventure. as that of the *Phocean* Prince (ſince you are pleaſed I ſhould give him his right name) yet, Sir, before I tell it, I muſt beg one Favour my ſelf, which is, that you would be pleaſed, Sir, to employ your perſwaſions and Authority upon the Prince *Meneſteus*, that he would quit the Tomb wherein he dwells, and go into a place where you do eſtabliſh a new Dominion upon the Prince his Son. The more you ſpeak, replied *Cyrus*, the leſs I underſtand you, and the more inquiſitive I am : And therefore ſince I know the Princeſs to be as full of curioſity as my ſelf, I do declare unto you, that I will not grant any thing, unleſs you will tell her the life of that Prince who ſent you. But ſince it would be perhaps unjuſt to oblige you unto a long narration before you have reſted your ſelf, I ſhall intreat *Eucrates* to have a care of you, and thoſe in your company, and to bring you hither in the Evening, that the Princeſs may have the Pleaſure to hear you, if you do not deny her. It ſo much concerns the Prince who ſent me, replied *Thrymetus*, that you ſhould not deny the Favour which I ask; that I ſhould do very ill ſervice, if I ſhould not relate an adventure which is infinitely glorious unto him: Therefore, Sir, I will obey when you ſhall pleaſe to command.

After this, and many obliging paſſages from *Cyrus*, and *Mandana*, he and the two Strangers retired, who one might perceive did perfectly underſtand what was ſpoken, but were not ſo verſed in Greek, as to ſpeak it before a Prince and a Princeſs who underſtood it ſo admirably well. As *Thrymetus* went out of *Mandana*'s Chamber, *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Artamas*, *Andramites*, and many others entred, who extreamly wondering at the uncouth habits of theſe Strangers, asked *Cyrus* who they were? For my part (ſaid *Artamas*, after *Cyrus* ſaid he knew them not) I had thought that your Valour had ſet confines to your Conqueſts, becauſe it could find no more to Conquer: But yet I ſee there are people which the Conqueror of *Aſia* knows not. Since we fought only (replied *Cyrus* modeſtly) for the liberty of the Princeſs, we have ſet Confines to our Conqueſts in delivering her, unleſs we ſhould do juſtice unto her merits, and make her Queen of all the world, or unleſs ſhe have a deſire to make new Subjects of theſe Strangers whom we know not. I aſſure you, Sir, replied *Mandana*, that though I think you worthy to be Maſter of all the World, and think you able to conquer it, yet, Sir, your life, and the lives of ſo many great Princes who have aſſiſted you in your Conqueſts, are ſo dear unto me, that if you never make any War but to ſatisfie my Ambition you ſhall ſheath all your Swords in perpetual Peace. Whilſt *Mandana* was ſpeaking thus, *Doraliſa* and *Pherenice* who had met with *Marteſia*: and who were talking with *Andramites* in the corner of the Chamber which was not large, they heard what *Cyrus* and *Mandana* ſaid: And *Doraliſa* finding a kind of barbariſm in the Air of theſe Strangers, ſhe told *Andramites* who came to her, that the Princeſs had good reaſon not to deſire the Conqueſt of ſuch Subjects: After which ſhe began to make ſuch pleaſant deſcriptions of the Airs, Garbs, Poſtures, Reverence, and Habits of theſe two men, that though there were ſome injuſtice in her fine Railary, yet thoſe who heard it could not chuſe but be much delighted; inſomuch as *Marteſia*, *Pherenice* and *Andramites* laughed heartily: But the rareſt part of the accident was, that *Mandana* who had a marvellous peircing wit, did gueſs the truth, and imagined that *Doraliſa* had found a ſubject of Diverſion in theſe Strangers, though they were very magnificent and handſom: And therefore deſiring to give a teſtimony of her goodneſs, and find ſuch a ſubject of diſcourſe as might put off thoſe Applauds which they began to give her, ſhe told her thoughts unto *Cyrus* and *Myrſiles*, who being always glad of any occaſion to hear *Doraliſa* ſpeak, beſeeched the Princeſs with a ſmile, to correct her injuſtice: So that *Mandana* being willing to pleaſe *Myrſiles*, ſhe went to *Doraliſa*: Were not you *Doraliſa* making ſome fine deſcriptions of the two Strangers (ſaid ſhe) when you talked unto *Pherenice*, *Marteſia*, and *Andramites*, and cauſed them to laugh ſo loud? I aſſure you, Madam, anſwered ſhe, I deſerve no great Commends for ſo eaſily moving their mirth for it was ſuch good ſport to ſee theſe Strangers, that the very remembrance of them is enough to move laughter: Really *Doraliſa*, replied *Mandana*, you are a ſtrange woman, for ſince they ſpoke not, ſince they are very magnificent, and ſince they are handſome enough, you cannot upbraid them with the faſhion of their Habits, and Garb which is different from thoſe you ſee every day: ſo as doubtleſs they think you as different from the Ladies they uſe to ſee, as you think them different from the men you ſee, and as amiable as you are, perhaps they think of you, what you think of them. I aſſure you, Madam, replied ſhe, and laughed, if I make them as merry as they make me, we are much beholding to each other. Fie, *Doraliſa*, ſaid *Cyrus*, and ſmiled, your ſpeeches do make me exceedingly afraid; for I being a *Perſian* born, and you a *Sardinian*, I fear that the firſt time you ſaw me, I ſeemed as great a Stranger to you as theſe; therefore I conjure you to tell me ſeriouſly, how I ſeem now your eyes are accuſtomed to ſee me? Oh, Sir, (with her natural and ſprightly vivacity) ſuch Conquerors as you, are Strangers no where: And I may well ſay you are the ſame at *Perſipolis* that you are at *Babylon*, at *Sardis*, at *Ecbatan*, at *Artaxates*, at *Suſa*, at *Themiſcira*, and at *Cumes*: So as I aſſure you, all the World is your Country, and you a Stranger no where. Indulgency to Strangers (replied *Mandana*, and ſmiled) is a duty; and if I ſhould humour my own inclination, I would excuſe them all: Yet ſince you are ſuch a pleaſant Critick to obſerve ſo ſubtilely the faults of others, I muſt confine you unto your own Country and acquaintance. But as for theſe Stangers, who are ſo ridiculous to you, I do intend to take them into my Protection, and tell you further, that if any *Ethiopians*, *Indians*, or *Scythians* come to *Ecbatan*, when I am there, I will defend them againſt you; for I muſt confeſs I cannot endure this kind of injuſtice, though it be almoſt univerſal. But, Madam, I beſeech you with all due reverence, replied *Doraliſa*, give me leave to juſtifie my ſelf, and examine the matter a little: With all my heart (replied *Mandana*) though I am confident you will have much ado with all your wit to prove it no inhumanity to jeer a Stranger, meerly becauſe he is a Stranger. For my part, ſaid *Cyrus*, I am clearly of opinion with the Princeſs. That opinion is ſo juſt (ſaid *Mazares*) as I cannot think it will admit of any argument: If I ſhould ſpeak without intereſt (ſaid the Prince *Myrſiles*, and looked upon *Mazares*) doubtleſs I ſhould concur with you in the opinion of the Princeſs: But ſince I am no ſtranger unto *Doraliſa*, I do ſo much fear that if ſhe be induced to make peace with Strangers, then ſhe will declare War with me, as I dare not declare my ſelf againſt her in this buſineſs. For my part (ſaid *Artamas*) my reaſon is contrary to yours, ſince I am not of *Doraliſa*'s Country: Yet I muſt adhere unto the opinion of the Princeſs by intereſt, though the ſame reaſon were not, ſince

Juſtice and goodneſs are on her ſide. For ought I ſee (replied *Doraliſa* undauntedly) you have brought me to that paſs as I cannot but come off in this diſpute with honour; for there are ſo many Illuſtrious Perſons againſt me, that though I be vanquiſhed, yet I need not be aſhamed: And if I be not, then I ſhall have more glory than ever any had; ſince never any did overcome ſome of thoſe whom I ſhall vanquiſh. But yet (ſaid *Mandana*) what can you ſay to excuſe your ſelf of that injuſtice whereof you are accuſed? Have not every Nation, every Kingdom their particular Cuſtoms? Nay, has not every Province, every Town their different Faſhions? either in their Habits or in their Civilities; their Graces of body, and all thoſe trifling exteriour things which reach only the eyes, but not at all the Soul and Mind. I do confeſs it, Madam, replied *Doraliſa*, but I confeſs withal, that it is this difference which diverts me by its odneſs, without any injuſtice to the Stranger; for I give him the ſame liberty which I take my ſelf, and not caring what he thinks of me, I think of him what I pleaſe. But *Doraliſa* you think not right, replied *Mandana*, if you blame him becauſe he is habited after the mode of his Country, as you are after yours: I do not blame him in particular, replied *Doraliſa*, but I blame all his Nation in general: Then are you the more unjuſt (replied *Cyrus*, and laughed) to ſcoff at three or four hundred thouſand men at once, becauſe one or two of them only does not pleaſe you: Furthermore (added *Mandana*) it is unreaſonable to deſire that an *Ægyptian* ſhould be a *Perſian*, when he is at *Perſipolis*; or that a *Perſian* ſhould be an *Ægyptian* at *Memphis*, for that changing himſelf in every Town he comes in, he would make himſelf called that Creature which aſſumeth ſeveral Colours as he changeth his Air: For ſo *Doraliſa* doubtleſs muſt he. All I require in a Stranger, Madam, replied ſhe, is to conform himſelf as much as he can unto the cuſtoms of that Country where he is, and that he do not amaze all eyes by his odd Garments, unleſs at ſome ſtately entrance amongſt a great Company. I would have him alſo to ſpeak very little, unleſs he be aſſured to ſpeak well: I would have him alſo contented with ſeeming Liberal and Magnificent, without pretending unto any Politeneſs or Gallantry; ſince they are things of faſhion and uſe, and have their particular decency in every Nation, which a Stranger is often abſurd in, out of his own Country: But above all things, I would have him leave me ſo much liberty as to laugh harmleſly at all he ſays or does which is againſt my mind. For truly, Madam, if he will not allow me that liberty, I ſhall not let him take it; and I do the more deſire this freedom, becauſe I ſhould uſe it without offence: For there is a great difference between Railary upon a man of ones own Country, and Railary upon a Stranger; provided it extend only to ſuch things as are particular unto his Nation: Since the firſt of theſe proceeds from malice, and thoſe who divert themſelves at that rate do ſeldom purchaſe any eſteem unto themſelves: But, Madam, as for the other, I profeſs that my laughing at a Stranger does not proceed from any malice of heart: And though theſe two men I ſaw this day, did much divert me, yet I do verily believe they may be very compleat men, and Gallants in their own Country: So that taxing neither their Wits, nor their Honeſties, nor Courages; I do conceive my ſelf not ſo culpable as you make me: And truly, Madam, if the nature of my laughing at ſuch things be well examined, it will be found nothing ſo malicious as to laugh (as moſt of the world do) when a Horſe throws his Rider, or when ones head is broken; for it argues much more malignity to laugh at ſuch things as do hurt, and is a greater ſpite unto thoſe upon whom they happen; than to laugh and be merry, as I am, at a fantaſtical and uncouth Habit; at an out-of-faſhion *Congee*, or a word ill pronounced: yet, Madam, you know how ordinary and unhumane it is to laugh at ſuch ſad accidents; and as wiſe, as pitiful as you are, I cannot tell whether you have not been ſomtimes moved to ſmile at ſuch an accident. *Doraliſa* ſpoke this in ſuch a jolly manner, that *Mandana* and all the Company could not chuſe but laugh, and confeſs withal, that ſhe deſerved the liberty of laughing, not only at all Strangers, but alſo at all ſhe knew; and to teſtifie unto you (ſaid *Cyrus* unto her) that I think what I ſpeak, I give you a free right, to play upon me when you pleaſe, and to be merry at my expences when you find any occaſion. Should I never divert my ſelf, replied ſhe, but when you give me occaſion, I ſhould live a moſt weariſom life: But, Sir, added ſhe, and laughed, ſince you are out of your goodneſs, pleaſed to let me laugh at theſe two Strangers, I deſire no more theſe eight days. Yet for all this, all the Company concurred, that it was very unjuſt, not to be very kind unto Strangers, or to take the Faſhions of their Countries for incivilities, or arguments of defect in Spirit: And all concluded with one voice, that as a man may be but very meanly accompliſhed, though he be moſt compleat in his Habit, though he have the faſhionable Cringe, and Garb of his Country; and though he have the Court tone to a tittle: So alſo it may very well be, that a Stranger who has none of theſe Qualities, yet may merit much Eſteem and Commendations, though his Cloaths be odd, his Carriage bad, and his Tone worſe: And ſo we muſt ever be civil unto Strangers, and ſearch for their Qualities either good or bad, in their minds and ſouls; that is the only way to judge of them aright. After this, Diſcourſe began to change Subject, and much Company coming in, it laſted until Supper-time; then all the crowd of Princes and Gallants followed *Cyrus*, and left the Princeſs *Mandana* to Sup in private: But as ſoon as that Prince knew ſhe was riſen from the Table, he took *Thrymetus* who ſupped with him, as well as his two ſtrange Companions, and claimed promiſe of him, and carried him to *Mandana*'s Chamber, leaving thoſe who came with him in the company of *Eucrates*; becauſe *Thrymetus* acquainted *Cyrus* that he had many things to tell, which he would not have one of thoſe Strangers to hear. After which, they went unto *Mandana*'s Chamber, and found her prepared with all neceſſary Curioſity, to give attention unto the relation which *Thrymetus* was to make. Since *Cyrus* knew well, that one does not love to make a long Narration before much Company, he brought none with him to *Mandana*'s Chamber: ſo as *Doraliſa*, *Marteſia*, *Anaxaris*, *Cyrus*, and *Mandana* were all the Auditors of *Thrymetus* his Relation, which began in theſe Terms.

The Hiſtory of PERANIUS *Prince of* PHOCEUS, *and of the Princeſs* CLEONISBE.

SInce it doth extreamly import the Prince of whom I am to ſpeak, that you ſhould have a perfect knowledge of all his Excellent Qualities, I ask your permiſſion, Madam, as well as that invincible Prince who hears me, to make you acquainted with him, whoſe Adventures you deſire to know. And as to his Glory, I am to relate unto you ſome of his Heroick Acts, ſo I muſt decare ſome of his Virtues, that all the reſt may the better appear unto you; for without any touch upon his Modeſty, I ſhall tell you of his great courage, Spirit, Generoſity, Honeſty, and all other excellent Qualities of his Soul and Body: I ſhall tell you then, Madan, that the Prince of *Phoceus* is worthy to be deſcended from that Renowned *Grecian*, who raiſing a Collony of Gallant men in *Phocides*, paſſed into *Aſia* and there founded the Town of *Phoceus*, which all his Poſterity have peaceably enjoyed, and in great Glory, until the Victorious Arms of *Cyrus* did ſubject it, and chaſe out a Prince, Uncle unto him of whom I ſpeak, whoſe unjuſt violence made him unworthy of ſuch a Nephew. But, Madam, without ſearching amongſt the *Phocenſians* for matter of Commendations unto this Illuſtrious Prince of whom I am to treat; give me leave to tell you, that he was born with all high and noble Qualities: And that I am moſt confident, all *Greece*, which furniſhed the world with ſo many great men, never had a ſoul more heroick than his. Since he had a Father adorned with all excellent endowments, this Father was infinitely indulgent in the education of his Son; and not contenting himſelf with what *Phoceus* could afford, he ſent him to *Athens*, there to be inſtructed in all requiſite Arts befitting his quality, and diſpoſition, which was even from his Cradle Martial, and apt for high things: And he made choſe of *Athens* rather than *Phoceus*, becauſe he had no mind to quit his Tomb wherein he lives.

It was then at *Athens*, Madam, where he was inſtructed in all the excellencies his age was capable of, yet he would not in that place ſtudy the Military Art, before he could put it into practice: Always affirming that the theorick of War was nothing, and that precepts without practice would not profit him: Indeed he became a Souldier at fifteen years of age, and did ſo highly ſignalize himſelf, that his reputation made the braveſt men jealous of him, even at a time when he might be thought a young Scholler in the School of *Mars*. I ſhall not make any exact relation, Madam, of all his Acts in ſeveral Wars, from his fifteenth year until his four and twentieth; for as on the one ſide it is not very neceſſary, ſo on the other, I might perhaps make you queſtion the truth of my words, by the multitude of Heroick actions which that Prince hath performed. Nor will I do, like thoſe who commending only in a general way,do make it ſuſpitious that they have nothing to ſay in particular.

But to take the medium between theſe two extreams, and to acquaint you with the martial inclination of the *Phocean* Prince, even in his greeneſt years, I muſt tell you how he made his firſt ſtep into the Field, that you may thereby judge of his Courage. Give me therefore leave, Madam, to tell you, that he being at *Athens* in his fifteenth year, and the *Athenians* in general being weary of a long and tedious War which they waged with the *Megarians*, about the poſſeſſion of the Iſle of *Salamine*, they ſet forth an Edict, by which they did forbid all thoſe who had voices in the Council of publick affairs, to make any more Propoſitions of continuing this War. Inſomuch as *Solon* (whoſe Name and Merits, Madam, I am confident is not unknown unto you) being exceeding angry that they ſhould give over ſuch an important War in ſo ignominious a manner, he endeavoured with all circumſpectial diligence to quaſh this Edict which was proclaimed, without expoſing himſelf and his Country unto ſo much danger, as to loſe the aſſiſtance of each other. But all his endeavours had proved ineffectual, if the great ſoul of this Young Prince had not helped him out. Be pleaſed to know, Madam, that the Prince of *Phoceus* was the intimate friend of *Piſiſtrates*, and ſaw him almoſt every day: And being one day with *Solon*, as they were talking of this Edict which prohibited any motions of War, this young Prince ſeemed ſo troubled, that *Solon* taking notice of his heroick ſadneſs, did much eſteem him for it, eſpecially when asking him the cauſe, he heard his anſwer. For as *Solon* asked him his reaſon why he was ſo angry at this Prohibition. Why Sir, replied he, does not the very ſame reaſon which forbids the continuance of the War, forbid men alſo to be valiant? If the *Athenians* give over a juſt War becauſe they cannot wage it without danger, of what uſe is their valour? For my part, if this Edict be obſerved, I had rather return to *Phoceus*, than ſtay amongſt a multitude of Cowards who are ſo baſe as to ſuffer it: And I know there are many young Sparks which murmur at it in ſecret as well as my ſelf.

If any one were ſo hardy, replied *Solon*, as to propound the continuance of the War unto the *Athenians*, would you willingly ſecond him? Never doubt it, replied he, and I am moſt confident that *Piſiſtrates* would follow, and that we ſhould cauſe the greateſt part of all the Sparks in the Town to back us. *Solon* hearing the young *Peranius* to ſay ſo, did highly applaud his Courage, and without imparting his deſign, becauſe he thought him too young to be truſted, he only did extreamly commend his generoſity; giving him afterwards many reaſons which proved this Edict to be moſt ignominious and diſadvantagious unto the *Athenians*, not doubting but he would afterwards repeat them unto all thoſe he diſcourſed with. The truth is, this Prince did ſo well ſecond the intentions of *Solon*, that within three days *Piſiſtrates* and he had diſpoſed all the Youth in the Town unto a general revolt unleſs this Edict was revoked, which would but ruſt their valour.

Solon ſeeing things ſucceed to his hearts wiſh, reſolved to make uſe of that invention, which was ſuch a wonder unto all *Greece*, to ſee that man who was ſo highly fam'd for wiſdom, ſhould have recourſe unto fooliſhneſs to compaſs his project. But for all that, this invention which had paſſed for a piece of extravagancy if it had not hit, was taken for a moſt rare invention, becauſe it did proſper. Since I do not doubt, Madam, but you are acquainted with this action of *Solon*, I ſhall not particularize it unto you; but only tell you in two words, that he having compoſed ſome verſes fit to incite all the youth unto a demand of the Wars continuance againſt the *Megarians*, he did counterfeit himſelf to be out of his wits, and went unto a great place in *Athens* where he knew that *Piſiſtrates* and the Prince of *Phoceus* were walking with a great number of their friends. As ſoon as he was there, he got upon a high ſtone Place where the publick Crier uſed to publiſh all Proclamations unto the People. He had no ſooner recited thoſe verſes which he had compoſed to incite deſire of War, but *Piſiſtrates* and the Prince of *Phoceus* clapping their hands, and approving of what he had ſaid, and cauſing others to do the like, they went unto every ſtreet, and cried that this Edict muſt be revoked which was ſo ignominious to the *Athenians*, and ſo contrary to the Weal-publick: They ſpoke with ſuch efficacy, that in leſs than two hours all the young men in *Athens*, brave and ſimple did joyn with them; and as young as they were, they ſpoke with ſuch vehemency and authority, that none was ſo hardy as to reſiſt them. So that, Madam, this Edict muſt of neceſſity be revoked to appeaſe the Tumult, and begin the War: And well may I ſay that *Solon*, *Piſiſtrates*, and *Peranius* only did it.

However, the deſign of *Solon* having ſo well taken, he became wiſe again the next morning; and ſo well was he known to be ſo, that they conferred upon him the conduct of this War, wherein the Prince of *Phoceus* did follow him, and did miracles. But *Solon* knowing that the rich men of *Athens* would ſtill murmur at the great charges which this War would put them unto, he found a way how to eaſe them by a piece of policy, in which the Prince of *Phoceus* did highly ſignalize himſelf as well as *Piſiſtrates*. He went by Sea unto a famous Temple dedicated unto *Venus*, unto which he knew many *Athenian* women of quality did reſort; and chuſing out a cunning and truſty fellow, he ſent him unto the *Megarians*, which were not far from thence, with Orders to counterfeit the Traytor, in offering them a prize of all thoſe *Athenian* women, and aſſuring them that they would all be at the Temple of *Venus* at ſuch a time, where they might be all eaſily taken: The Plot did take, the *Megarians* believed the fellow, and came with a Ship full of Souldiers to the place at the time appointed.

In the mean time, *Solon* cauſed all the Ladies and women to forbear coming unto that place; and dreſſing a good number of brave youths in the habit of women; he brought them thither, the Prince of *Phoceus* was of the number; for being both young and as valiant as any Hero, he was very fit for ſuch an expedition: And placing himſelf in the Front of all theſe ſeeming Ladies, who had all Swords hidden under great looſe Mantles, which they uſed to wear over their Gowns: He went according to the orders of *Solon*, along the water-ſide, ſeeming as if they walked and waited until the hour of Sacrifice, as it was the ordinary cuſtom of thoſe who came over-ſoon.

As ſoon as the *Megarians* ſaw them, they made all the Sail and Oar they could, and came to the place where they thought they ſaw ſo many Ladies: and landing in all haſte, they came to take away thoſe Ladies, thinking after this, that the *Athenians* would be glad to treat and make a Peace with them, to redeem their Wives from being ſlaves.

But they were ſufficiently amazed, when the Prince of *Phoceus* (who was the firſt that fell upon them, ſeeing them come towards him) threw off his Mantle and Hood upon his head, and put himſelf in a poſture of armed defence: This ſtrange Metamorphoſis did moſt terribly ſurprize them; for he being at that time very fair, one would have ſaid that *Venus* was in an inſtant turned into *Mars*.

The change was not particularly in the Prince of *Phoceus*, for all the reſt in an inſtant followed his example; and the *Megarians* were ſtrangely terrified, to find ſuch ſtout enemies in lieu of Ladies: They offered a retreat unto their Ship, but the Prince of *Phoceus* ſeconded by *Piſiſtrates*, getting betwixt the Sea and them, they paſſed almoſt all upon the point of the Sword, after which, being maſter of their Ship, they made uſe of a ſecond fallacy, which did thrive as well as the firſt: For imbarking all their Souldiers, they went towards *Salamine* as if they had been *Megarians*, and as if they had brought all the *Athenian* Ladies, which they deſigned to fetch: So as the Inhabitants of the Iſle never oppoſing their landing, but on the contrary preparing themſelves to receive thoſe in the Ship, as men who had done them good ſervice, they were extreamly ſurprized to find that they had ſuffered Enemies to land, and more ſurprized to obſerve with what miraculous valour the young Prince of *Phoceus* did aſſault them. The terror was ſo great in the Iſle, that *Solon* arriving in a Ship preſently after, did ſtrike a deeper terror amongſt the People; who believing that this Ship would be ſeconded by a great Fleet, were all ſo damped with a panick fear, that *Piſiſtrates* and the Prince of *Phoceus* became Maſters of the Iſle with much eaſe, and returned unto *Athens* with more honour, as well as *Solon*, whoſe wiſdom was crowned with happineſs, by their valour and his own contrivance.

This, Madam, was the firſt bud of *Peranius* his valor: Since that he hath done a thouſand glorious Acts: There has not been any glorious buſineſs in all *Greece* wherein he was not one. But the wonder is, he is as well experienced in matters at Sea as Land, and knows as well how to be a Pilot as a Captain of a Ship. The truth is, Madam, the valour of this Prince is ſuperlative: He hath been ſeen to aſſault whole Navies all lined with Archers; and maugre the thick clouds of Arrows and Darts, he hath carried Fire, and burned the whole Fleet: He hath been ſeen with one ſingle Ship to give chaſe to three others, and take two of them: On the other ſide, he hath been ſeen to be ſet upon by five, and not taken. Furthermore, what hath he not done both in private and general Combates, both by Sea and Land? Yet for all this, though he had all the fury of an incenſed Soulder in his Heart and Eyes, when there was any occaſion, yet he had all the imaginable ſweetneſs in the air of his Countenance and Spirit, when no occaſion was for his valour: And I am able to aſſure you of a truth, that he was as great a lover of the company of Ladies, as of Honour: And certainly in his perſon it might be ſeen, that War and Love were not incompatible. Indeed he was a lover of all merriments which were the conſequents of Peace, I mean Poetry, Muſick, Painting, and in general all that belongs to the Muſes. He writes moſt elegantly, either in matters of ſerious, or matters of gallantry; and I am ſure he can both deſcribe a Battle very well, and alſo a combat of Love in his heart if he would declare his paſſion. As for his perſon it is infinitely pleaſing, though his voyages at Sea hath a little blaſted the great beauty of his youth: His ſtature is tall and big, his carriage high and noble; the Air of his Aſpect, ſmiling and ſerious both, but never was any more ſweet, nor of a greater Civility. The firſt time one ſees him, he commonly ſpeaks little but there appears ſo much judgment in what he ſpeaks, as it is eaſie to ſee, that if he would he can ſpeak more, and ſpeak well.

Moreover, one ſhould never hear him ſpeak upon matters of War among women unleſs he were forced: and much leſs of any glorious acts which he had done, for he could not endure that any ſhould commend him. But on the other ſide he was extreamly zealous in commending the valour of others upon all occaſions, and would be juſt even unto his greateſt Enemies. Moreover, he was one of the faithful Friends, and the moſt violent Lover that ever was, and he was as liberal as he was brave; but he was as apt for Ambition as Love, and no leſs jealous of his Glory than of his Miſtriſs.

Further than this Madam, I have no more to ſay of the *Phocean* Prince, only that he ſeemed wiſe in all his undertakings, and the impetuoſity of his humour never appeared but only in love and war, for out of them he was ſo compoſed as it cannot be ſaid there was ever turbulency in his heart or diſorder in his ſpirit. This, Madam was the temper of the *Phocean* Prince: and thus he was when he heard that his Country was entring into wars, and he returned to defend it. Though he knew very well that the Prince his Uncle was engaged in an ill cauſe, and knew the pretentions of the Prince *Thraſibulus* to be juſt; yet for all that, ſince it is ſometimes Juſtice to defend thoſe who are unjuſt, therefore he went unto *Phoceum*, and there behaved himſelf, as the Prince *Thraſibulus* hath acquainted the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: At his return into his Country, he found that his ſiſter named *Oneſicrite* was grown one of the faireſt and moſt amiable perſons that could be ſeen: Yet he was not joyed at the ſight of her, becauſe he found her all in tears, by reaſon of her fears to ſee her Country ruined. She would have gone out of the Town if ſhe could, though ſhe had gone and cloyſtered up her ſelf with *Meneſteus* in the Tomb; but the Country was not open, and there was as much danger in going out of *Phoceus*, as to tarry in it, ſo as ſhe was forced unto patience: Alſo there being a man of high eſteem and great merit, Son unto one whoſe name was *Sfurius*, and whoſe own name was *Menedorus* who was in love with her, I believe it no ſmall reaſon of her ſtay in *Phoceus*. However, the Town was in a very deplorable condition, when the late Prince of *Phoceus*, accompanied with *Alexideſmus* and many enormious perſons, who drew the wrath of the Gods upon our Town by leaving it in the night time, without acquainting any, or leaving a Souldier to defend it. You may imagine Madam, how the Inhabitants were amazed at ſuch an accident: At firſt they caſt their eyes upon the Prince *Peranius*, who would have exhorted them to defend themſelves; but fear of ſervitude quaſhing their ſpirits, he could not prevail; ſo as reſolving in a tumultuous manner to quit their Countrey for the preſervation of their liberty, they intreated this Prince, that he would be pleaſed to be their General; teling him, that as his Predeceſſors carryed into *Aſia* the Collony which built *Phoceus*, ſo that he would pleaſe to conduct them unto ſome Country, promiſing him moſt exact obedience: He would once more have perſwaded them to defend their walls, but it was impoſſible to perſwade them unto a certain death. Inſomuch as the Prince being forced to yield, and chooſing rather to fly than yield without blows, as he muſt have done if he did not yield unto them, therefore he amuſed the Prince *Tora bulus* under colour of a two dayes parley; during which time he tackled up all the Ships in the Port, which was no ſmall number, and in one night loading them with all that was precious in *Phoceus*, even to the very ſtatues of the Temples, all the people of this ſtately Town embarked. But Madam, they imbarked in ſuch diſorder and confuſion that never was a more pittiful ſight to be ſeen, than theſe miſerable Inhabitants loaded with their goods and children, followed by their wives and ſervants, all forſaking their Town with tears, and making the moſt lamentable cryes

that

ther ever was heard: Many were ſo haſty in entering into the Ships, as they fell into the Sea, where death quitted them from that ſervitude which they feared.

For my part, I muſt confeſs I never ſaw the like; for in lieu of prayers which Pilots uſe at leaving the Port for a favourable wind, nothing but a confuſed noiſe of crying Children could be heard; women lamenting, men curſing their hard fortune, and Marriners crying. Whole families might be ſeen ſtriving to get into one ſhip; Friends with Friends, Lovers with Lovers deſired they might periſh together if ſtorms did riſe.

In the mean while the Generous Prince who was General of this Fleet, having aſſembled moſt of the Women of Quality together, he put them into a ſhip that was to be his own, with the Princeſs his Siſter, chooſing three hundred of the beſt men for Souldiers. As for *Menedorus*, he left his Father *Sfurius*, and was with the Prince of *Phoceus*, that he might in this general misfortune be nigh unto her he loved, and mix his ſighs and ſorrows with hers.

At laſt Madam, all being imbarked, Anchors weighed, and day ready to dawn, the Prince of *Phoceus* gave command to ſail towards the Iſle of *Chio*, hoping the Inhabitants of that Iſle would ſell unto them the uninhabited Iſles which are in that Place, and therefore he made that way. But that you may the better ſee how ſtrangely the fear of ſervitude had poſſeſſed the minds of the *Phocean* Inhabitants, be pleaſed to know, that they made a publick oath, by which they engaged themſelves never to return again unto their Town; and for a teſtimonial obligation thereof, they caſt into the Sea a heavy piece of Iron, with Oath never to return until that Iron did float upon the water again, making a thouſand curſes upon him that ſhould be the firſt propounder of a Return.

This terrible Oath being made, the Fleet ſet forward; but day no ſooner did permit them to diſcern objects, but all this navy conſiſting of ſo many ſhips, both overloadned and ill equipped, perceived that contrary winds did riſe with the Sun. For my part, being in the ſhip with the Prince of *Phoceus*, I did admire at his exprrience in the preſages of a ſtorm, for he no ſoomer caſt his eyes upon the open Sea, but he knew by the colour only that a Tempeſt was nigh: and indeed the Sea beginning to ſwell upon a ſudden, there was great reaſon to fear that this unhappy Fleet would be diſperſed. However, ſince they never uſed any veſſels in our Town but ſuch as had Oars, they went on, notwithſtanding the contrariety of the winds: I need not tell you Madam, in what a fright this great number of women were, who never ſo much as ſaw the Sea before, but as they walked to take the Air in a ſerene afternoon, yet this was not the laſt tempeſt which we found. At laſt Madam, we came to the Iſle of *Chio*, but in lieu of being received with humility, they denied us the entrance into any of their Ports, and were ſo far from ſelling unto the Prince of *Phoceus* the uninhabited Iſles which belonged unto them, and are called the Iſles of *Enuſſus*, that they looked upon us as Enemies, and told us that they would not admit of ſuch Neighbours which might become ſtronger than themſelves, and might hinder their Commerce: ſo as all we could obtain from them, was ſome ſuch refreſhments as we ſtood in need of: Thus were we in a moſt deplorable condition. The great courage of the *Phocean* Prince had a mind to make theſe Inhabitants more pitiful by force, who were ſo cruel as to deny us admittance, which they might ſo eaſily have granted. But all the ſhips being full of Women, Children, and Servants, and having almoſt no Souldiers, he could not attempt any thing upon them; for though he could eaſily have poſſeſſed himſelf of the *Enuſſian* Iſlands, yet he would not, becauſe it was impoſſible to keep them: So then to Sea again we muſt, not being fully reſolved what courſe to ſteer: But juſt as we were ready to weigh Anchor at the riſing of the Moon, at which hour the Sea commonly is moſt calm, the Pilots of the Ships did ſay, they heard a voyce which bade them go unto *Epheſus*, and the Goddeſs there adored would tell them where they ſhould find a habitation. Theſe Pilots had no ſooned told what they heard, but a confuſed noiſe was heard in every ſhip, which ſaid that this voyce from heaven muſt be obeyed, ſo as though the Prince of *Phoceus* gave no credit unto what theſe Pilots told him, yet he muſt obey the greater number, ſo that to *Epheſus* we muſt. But ſince it was not a place where this Fleet could ſafely harbour, nor where it was likely they would receive us, I was made choice of to wait upon the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*, who would her ſelf go and offer a Sacrifice unto *Diana*: Indeed, we came to *Epheſus* in a Boat, and afterwards went unto that famous Temple, where that Goddeſs is adored, to ask of her what courſe we ſhould take.

As ſoon as the Sacrifice was ended, ſhe who commanded the vailed Virgins, whoſe name was *Ariſtonice*, came unto *Oneſicrite* to tell her, that the goddeſs had appeared during the ſacrifice, and had let her underſtand that ſhe would take us into her protection; That ſhe would have us ſteer our courſe towards the Iſle of *Cyrus*, and that from thence we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves unto the conduct of the wind and waves: Adding, that when we were arrived at the Harbour unto which ſhe would conduct us, ſhe would there be adored under the figure of a Statue which ſhe would ſhew us, and which was like unto that in the middle of the Temple, only not ſo great: And to evidence unto you (ſaid *Ariſtonice* unto us) that you need not doubt the words of the Goddeſs whom I ſerve.

I muſt further tell you, that ſhe having abſolutely commanded me to go my ſelf to found a Temple unto her honour in the place where ſhe intends to conduct your Fleet, I am ready to go with you, and teach you by my example how to truſt unto her promiſes. I muſt confeſs, Madam, that the ſpeech of *Ariſtonice* did ſurprize me as well as *Oneſicrite*, and raiſed a greater confidence in me than I had before: For I ſaw one, whom I knew to be a perſon of great vertue and ſpirit, ready to quit her Country, and follow ſtrangers whom ſhe knew not. Moreover, be pleaſed to know, that the Phyſiognomy of *Ariſtonice* was ſo noble, ſo wiſe, and ſo Majeſtical, that ſhe attracted the eyes of all Beholders: Alſo there was a great diſpoſition in the Princeſs *Oneſicrite* to reverence and believe her: And *Ariſtonice* having aſſembled all the vailed Virgins, ſhe told them that the Goddeſs had commanded her to go and build a Temple in a place which ſhe did not know: After which, ſhe ſurrendred her authority over them unto another, and left them, to go with us, waited on only by two of her Companions.

Thus we returned unto our Fleet, who received us with more joy than I am able to expreſs: The Statue of *Diana* was looked upon by all the People with unexpreſſible raptures of joy, and *Ariſtonice* was reverenced by all the Fleet, as if ſhe had been the Goddeſs her ſelf. This Image of *Diana* for the ſatisfaction of the multitude, muſt be ſet upon the Poop of the Prince of *Phoceus* his ſhip, that it might be viſible to all the Fleet. As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, though a Souldier, yet did he fear and reverence the Gods: he honoured *Ariſtonice* as a woman conſecrated unto them; but afterwards he admired her as a perſon extraordinary, when he diſcovered the greatneſs of her ſpirit and vertue.

In the mean time, though he had doubted of the apparition which ſhe ſaid ſhe ſaw, yet he could not chuſe but follow her orders, ſince the multitude had ſo great a confidence in what ſhe ſaid. We ſailed therefore to the Iſle of *Cyrne* without any obſtacle; for ſince our fleet ſeemed to be a Navy, and that a great one, there was no fear of any Pirats: and from *Chio* the wind was ſo favourable that we came to *Cyrne* without the leaſt ruffle of the Sea. Hitherto, the Prince of *Phoceus* ſubmitted unto the conduct of *Ariſtonice* without contradiction: But after he had taken in all neceſſaries at that Iſle, ſhe would have perſwaded him that the Pilots muſt ſubmit all unto the wind and waves, and make choiſe of no Courſe but as the wind directed; then his Faith began to ſtager, and he would never have obeyed, if the multitude ſtronger than he had not compelled him.

Spurius, who was the moſt conſiderable man in the Fleet next the Prince of *Phoceus*, was very hardly brought to conſent unto it: *Menedorus* murmured extreamly, and I muſt needs confeſs I did what I could to oppoſe it. But the People being all for *Ariſtonice*, ſubmit we muſt unto the waves, wind, and fortune. All this while *Ariſtonice* was calm, and had ſuch a ſtrong confidence in the Goddeſs whom ſhe adored, that ſhe doubted not the fulfilling of her promiſes.

Now Madam were we in a ſtrange condition ſince we went we knew not whither, and without any deſign but as the wind did waft us: Yet were we in much more deplorable condition; for the Gods doubtleſs to puniſh our unbelief, did raiſe a moſt hideous tempeſt: For Madam, the Wind ſeemed to blow from all Coaſts, and the waves were ſo high that they daſhed over all the ſhips. Moreover darkneſs, thunder, lightning, rain mingling with waves and winds did all make ſuch a horrid noiſe, that the roaring of the Sea could not be diſtinguiſhed: Now did every one think to periſh, and repented of their truſting too much unto hazard. But as for *Ariſtonice* in the worſt of the Tempeſt, when the whole Fleet was ready to be diſperſed, and ſhe her ſelf at the point of periſhing, ſhe kept ſtill in the ſame tranquility and confidence.

As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, he ſeemed reſolute and conſtant, but it was only out of his great heart which feared not death,and not out of any hopes to eſcape. As for *Menedorus*, though he did not apprehend the danger in reſpect of himſelf, yet he was not ſo reſolute as the Prince of *Phoceus*; for his fears of the Princeſs *Oneſicrite* did fill him ſo full of compaſſion, and he was ſo greived to ſee her in danger, that if throwing himſelf into the Sea would have calmed the tempeſt, he would willingly have been the victime to appeaſe incenſed *Neptune*. But amidſt all theſe murmurs, *Ariſtonice* with her ordinary tranquility did ſpeak with the ſame freedom of ſpirit, as if the Seas were all ſerenity and calmneſs. Poor men that you are (ſaid ſhe unto the murmuring Mariners) though you do not believe my words, yet believe that the ſame Gods which raiſed can calm this Tempeſt, and perhaps make it ſerve to bring you unto a Port: Leave the Rudder to their providence, and be guided by them, ſince they are wiſer than you. The truth is Madam, after we had been weather-beaten three whole dayes, our Maſts broken, and our Sailes ſhattered, upon a ſudden the Winds ceaſed, the Waves abated, the Rain diminiſhed, the Heavens cleared, and the Sun ſhined: ſo as in an inſtant paſſing from an extream roughneſs into a calm ſmoothneſs, hope began to cheer up our hearts: Yet I muſt tell you, our hopes were but weak; for our ſhip was in a very bad condition, and our whole Fleet was extreamly diſperſed, two ſhips were not together, and doubtleſs the happier for us; for had not the winds ſeperated them one from another, they had infallibly fallen foul upon each other and enter-ſhaked. As ſoon as all was calm, *Ariſtonice* getting upon the Deck, kneeled before the Image of *Diana*, and in behalf of the whole Fleet thanked that Goddeſs for preſerving them: After which riſing up, ſhe was the firſt that diſcovered Land, Then ſpeaking with authority as if inſpired by the Gods; Courage (ſaid ſhe unto the Prince of *Phoceus* who was next her) for I ſee the place where *Diana* will have a new Altar, and where ſhe will find us a moſt ſafe Sanctuary. As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid ſo, the Prince of *Phoceus* ſpied ſome Rocks which ſeemed to confine the Sea; ſo as not knowing whether that Land was Friend or Enemy, they ſteered thither. Since all the Fleet ſtrived to rally together, and endeavoured to repair every ſhip which the Tempeſt had ſhattered. It was long before we came there, for the Storm had ſo weather-beaten them, that they were almoſt out of hopes to get unto the Shore, it was ſo far off: but the Marriners being very induſtrious, and life being very ſweet, every one was both laborious and full of invention, ſo as we came neer enough to diſcern a moſt pleaſant Country.

Then we diſcovered very near us, three little Iſlands almoſt at an equal diſtance from each other, and made a Regular Triangle: where there was a Port able only to receive fifteen or twenty Ships; the Prince of *Phoceus* made towards theſe Iſles, which were ſeparated from the Continent about thirty Furlongs, that he might there reaſſemble all the Fleet; and from thence ſend to know what Country it was which they ſaw and ſeemed ſo pleaſant at ſuch a diſtance: Since his Pilot had not loſt his Rudder though he had neither Sail-yard nor Maſt, he cauſed him to Row by ſtrength, and leaving all the reſt of the Ships a good way behind he arrived at theſe Iſles, the Sea being as calm as any Lake. When he was ſo near to diſcern that they had no Trees, he ſaw come out betwixt theſe Iſles a great Painted and Guilded Bark, whoſe Sails were Sky-colour, as well as all the Cordage, which had up-the Poop a moſt ſtately Tent, under which were many Ladies and ſome men talking to them. But as the ſight of the Bark rejoyced all that were in the Prince of *Phoceus* his Ship, ſo this ſhattered bottom moved thoſe that were in this Bark unto compaſſion: but their compaſſion was mixed with ſome wonder; for ſince they eſpied at that time a great Fleet behind our Ship, we perceived that in lieu of coming to us, they ſent out a little Boat to know who we were. This Encounter being both full of wonder and delight unto us, conſidering the ſtate wherein we were, and the need we had of help; the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*, and all of any quality in the Ship got upon the Deck, and began to look at the Bark with as much curioſity as they looked at us. But when this little Boat was come up to us, we made ſuch ſigns of Peace unto them as we uſe upon our Seas, not knowing whether or no they underſtood us, we perceived that the Habit of thoſe three men in it, was altogether unknown unto us. *Ariſtonice* her ſelf, who thought ſhe had ſeen men of all Nations in the World at the Temple of *Epheſus*, ſhe confeſſed, that ſhe could not imagine of what Country they ſhould be: However, though their Habits were ſomewhat barbarous, yet there was ſomething of handſomneſs in them, as you may judge by thoſe who came with me. But, Madam, the worſt at firſt was, that when they ſpoke unto us we did not underſtand them; ſo as not thinking that men whom we underſtood not, could underſtand us, we began to expreſs our misfortune by ſigns. But one of the three hearing us talk to one another, we much rejoyed to hear him leave that language which he uſed at firſt, and ask us in Greek of what Country we were? whither we were going, and what Fleet that was behind us? Madam, I cannot eaſily expreſs our joys; let it ſuffice I tell you, that it was ſo great a wonder that we were almoſt raviſhed out of our wits: For though it was only the part of the *Phocean* Prince to anſwer, yet almoſt every one upon the Deck did anſwer ſomething; *Ariſtonice* ſaid that *Diana* conducted them unto their Country: *Oneſicrite*, that war had driven them from their Country; the Prince of *Phoceus* ſaid, that fear of ſervitude had chaſed them away: *Menedorus*, that Tempeſt had caſt them upon their Coaſts, and,

I think

we were not able to judge of her excellencies. Since ſhe was all Curioſity to ſee thoſe whom ſhe was to ſave, ſhe advanced a pace out of her Tent before the reſt of the Ladies with her, and we eaſily diſcerned which was ſhe before ſhe was named unto us. Fancy, Madam, a great perſon, whoſe high and noble ſtature was ſo majeſtick, as one ſhould conceive *Pentheſilea* to be: But fancy withall, that though ſhe had the ſtature of that fair and young *Amazon* who died by the hand of *Achilles*, yet ſhe had not her fierceneſs. But on the contrary, ſhe had ſo much ſweetneſs, and ſo many Charms in her Aſpect, though her mind was high, as it might well be ſaid, that as one could not love her without fear, ſo one could not fear her without love: Since never any had ſo many charms, ſo much Modeſty, nor more Beauty: Yet, Madam, do not fancy *Cleonisbe*'s complexion to be of the daſling whiteneſs, which often hides many a fault, or at leaſt leſſens them. On the contrary, her Complexion was black; but ſuch a black ſo uniform and luſtrious, as was the perfecteſt beauty in the world: As for her Hair, it was of that colour which ſuits well with all Complexions; neither ſo hard as the blackeſt hue, nor ſo yellow as ſome, but the lovely curling brown which ſets off the beauty of her that owns it.

Moreover, *Cleonisbe* hath the moſt pleaſing uniformity in her face that is imaginable: It cannot be ſaid her face is oval, or that it is round; but ſuch a juſt proportion of parts as both thoſe kind of faces can give unto an exact beauty. Her mouth was the handſomeſt that ever eye beheld; for it was not only well made, and her lips were not only that lovely Carnation which animates beauty, but it had an unexpreſſible Charm, which would perſwade you, though you looked only upon that part, that ſhe muſt of neceſſity be eloquent, and that ſhe had abundance of wit, there being ſuch a kind of little Dimples at the corners of her mouth, and ſuch a kind of ſprightly ſmiling and melancholy together, which always appeared, and forced every one to believe what ſhe ſaid.

But, Madam, now I have made an imperfect deſcription of *Cleonisbe*'s Stature, Mind, Complexion, Hair, Face, and Mouth; how ſhall I deſcribe her Eyes? Yet ſince I am engaged to deſcribe them as well as I can, I muſt tell you, that they are black, great, ſparkling and ſweet; indeed they are ſo ſprightly quick, ſo wonderous modeſt, and ſo ſweetly paſſionate, that they inſpire love in the very hearts of all Beholders: Moreover, they are not ſuch Eyes as uſe to aſcertain tumultuous ſtirring in them, as will not ſuffer one to judge of them becauſe they are continually changing Objects. But on the contrary, though they be very quick and lively, and though ſhe have moſt penetrating looks with them, yet they are all ſweetneſs and tranquility: Whatſoever ſhe looks upon, ſhe looks upon it applicatively, and without abandoning her extream modeſty which is inſeparable from all her Actions, ſhe never caſts her Eyes off thoſe who ſpeak unto her, and by conſequence doth ſuffer one to look and admire thoſe million of Charms which are in them; for indeed there appears in them a miſcellany of Wit, Spirit, Love, Languiſhing, Modeſty, Paſſion, Vivacity, Virtue, Goodneſs, Mirth, Melancholy, Beauty, and Charms. So that, Madam, if you joyn ſuch Eyes as I have deſcribed, unto all the reſt the ſuperlative Excellencies which I have related, unto ſuch a buxom Plumpneſs as uſually is in youth, you may eaſily believe that people who had three days of Tempeſt together; ſeen the Image of death about them, were pleaſingly raviſhed to ſee the admired *Cleonisbe* on the Deck of her Bark: I cannot think that thoſe of the Iſle of *Cyprus*, who ſaw *Venus* in that Magnificent Shell which was both her Cradle and her Ship, did more admire her, than we *Cleonisbe*. She was that day dreſſed after the *African* mode; to wit, her Hair half looſe, part whereof was braided with Ribbonds of lively colours behind her head: Her Gown which was of Carnation and White, was of a very pleaſing Faſhion and Gallant, which without hiding the Comelineſs of her Stature was very Majeſtical: The Claſpes of this Gown was Lockets of Diamons, all before, and likewiſe about her ſhoulders: Her Sleeves were half turned up, and ſhewed the fair hands and arms of the wearer, as well as her neck, about which was a rich Carcanet of Diamonds covered with thin Tiffany. To add ſomething more of Gallantry unto this little

Maratine Triumph; round about the Tent in which *Cleonisbe* was, were ſet green boughs whoſe Odor reached us before we came unto the Bark; there might be ſeen a thouſand Branches of Orange Trees full of Flowers, mingled with Branches of Myrrh, Jeſſemine, and ſuch as making a Canopy over *Cleonisbe's* head did perfume the Air. This Miſcellany of Leaves, of Flowers, of Diamonds, and other rich Ornaments, did make a moſt admirable and pleaſing Object.

In the mean time, though we were very attentive in beholding *Cleonisbe*, yet we obſerved that there was many handſome Ladies with her, and among the men there was one who ſeemed to be one of high Quality, both by his Port and by his Habit; and alſo by the Carriage of *Cleonisbe* towards him. I beſeech you, Madam, pardon me for being ſo tedious in relating how *Cleonisbe* appeared unto me the firſt time I ſaw her: I will now acquaint you with the paſſages in the Bark of *Cleonisbe*, and tell you that the Cock-boat going before us, as ſoon as it came near enough for the Prince of *Phoceus* to ſee and be ſeen, he ſaluted her with all poſſible Reverence: After which *Hipomenes* carrying him into the Bark, he carried him unto this Princeſs who received him with much Civility. You ſee here, Madam, (ſaid he unto her in *Greek*) an unfortunate Prince, who gives you hearty thanks for keeping all the People of a great City from periſhing: For I am moſt confident that it is your preſence which calmed the incenſed Waves and cauſed the Storms to ceaſe which wou'd have ruin'd us. And, Madam, after my thanks for ſaving the lives of ſo many miſerable Souls and innocent Perſons, I beſeech you out of your goodneſs preſerve them, by obtaining from the King your Father, an entrance into his Ports for our weather beaten Ships, that he would be pleaſed to lend an Ear unto the cauſe of our Exile, unto a relation of our miſeries, that he would afford us ſome comfort in our extremities, and fulfill the promiſes of a great goddeſs. Sir, replied *Cleonisbe*, I am ſo glad to find an occaſion of helping the miſerable, eſpecially eſpecially ſuch unfortunates as your ſelf, that I have much ado to ſay, I am ſorry for your diſaſters, ſince they give me a fit occaſion for doing you a good Office, and of letting you know, that our Nation is not ſo barbarous as it is believed to be.

In the mean time, ſince I underſtand by *Hipomenes* that there are Ladies in your Ship, I beſeech you let us go and take them into my Bark, ſince a place wherein they were like to have periſhed cannot be pleaſing unto them: And when we have taken them in, you may ſend Orders unto your Fleet to ſhelter themſelves amongſt theſe Iſlands, until I have preſented you unto the King my Father, and obtained your deſires from him; for let me tell you, Sir, once more, that I do hold it ſo glorious to do all the good that one is able, as I am confident, that I ſhall be more joyed in protecting you, than my Protection can be profitable to you.

Oh Madam (replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, and looked upon her with admiration) is it poſſible to find ſuch a perſon as your ſelf in the remoteſt parts of the Earth? Can Fame be ſo injurious as not to make you known unto *Greece*, and maugre the huge Sea which ſeparates, make you adored? Thoſe who taught me the Grecian Language, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, did alſo teach me, that Credit is not always to be given unto the flatteries of your Nation, and therefore waving your Commendations, I will hear no more of them from a man who queſtionleſs is moſt knowing in all things, ſince he is of that Country, where the ignorance that reigns in ours is baniſhed.

After this, *Cleoniſbe* ſeeing the Prince of *Phoceus* his Ship was near, ſhe commanded her Bark to meet, and entreated that man of quality who was with her, whoſe name was *Bomilcar* to go and receive the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*, and *Ariſtonice*, and to bring them to her. So as *Bomilcar* obeying her with much joy, he was alſo at this time very haſty in his obedience, and went to preſent his hand to *Oneſicrite*: But ſince that Princeſs would have *Ariſtonice* go firſt, out of her reverence to the Goddeſs whom ſhe ſerved, *Bomilcar* did lead her: So as *Menedorus* did help his adored Princeſs out of the Ship, and ſo they went unto the Princeſs *Cleoniſbe*, who was talking with the Prince of *Phoceus*: *Ariſtonice* at her going out of the Ship did ſafely lay up the Statue of *Diana*, and committed the care of it unto ſome truſty men: And the Prince of *Phoceus* ſent orders that the Father of *Menedorus* ſhould command the Fleet in his abſence. It is not an eaſie matter, Madam, to relate the reciprocal admirations of *Cleonisbe*, *Oneſicrite*, and *Ariſtonice*: Nor can I verbatim relate the ſpeeches of theſe excellent perſons; therefore I beſeech you, Madam, diſpence with me, and imagine them. For my part, I was ſo ſurprized to ſee *Cleonisbe*, and ſo aſtoniſhed to hear her ſpeak, that I could not chuſe but think, ſhe had been either at *Athens*, or *Corinth*, or *Delphos*, or *Thebes*. I perceived alſo, that her politeneſs had communicated it ſelf unto almoſt all about her, and that moſt of the Ladies with her had nothing of barbariſm in them. *Bomilcar* alſo had the Air of an ingenious man, and of a great ſoul, ſo as being all wonder, I admired and looked, and looked and admired, and ſaid nothing till we came unto the ſhore.

In the mean time, I obſerved one amongſt the Ladies, whoſe name was *Glacidia*, whom *Cleonisbe* preferred before all the reſt, and addreſſed her talk unto her, when ſhe commended the beauty of *Oneſicrite*, or when ſhe talked of *Ariſtonice*, and I perceived alſo that the Lady was of no mean merit. And I had alſo time enough to obſerve the agitation which was in the Prince of *Phoceus* his heart; and to obſerve that *Bomilcar* perceived it as well as I did: I heard him ſay unto *Glacidia* in a low voice and ſmile, that conſidering how this ſtranger doth gaze upon *Cleonisbe*; it is to be feared that after he hath eſcaped the Tempeſt, he will be Ship-wrack'd in the Port. If ſuch a misfortune fall upon him (replied *Glacidia* and ſmiled as well as *Bomilcar*) I ſuppoſe the conformity of your fortune will move you to contract a friendſhip with him. Oh *Glacidia*, replied he, you know very well that ſympathy in ſuch matters as theſe, do never make the ſufferers to love one another. Thus, Madam, I underſtood that *Bomilcar* was a lover of *Cleonisbe*, but I could not then diſcover whether he was well or ill treated; becauſe *Glacidia* taking notice that I might underſtand them becauſe they ſpoke Greek, ſhe turned towards me, and deſired me to tell her in ſhort the condition of our fortunes.

In the mean time, the nearer we came to the ſhore, the more pleaſant the Country ſeemed; for amongſt a thouſand ſeveral Trees, whereof the Country is full, one might ſee upon the right hand great ſterile Rocks, which made the fertility of other places ſeem the greater. There was alſo on the ſame hand, a mountain whoſe bottom was full of ſtately Pines; and upon the top, which was very ſteep, ſtood a Tower of an irregular ſtructure, which as ancient as it was, yet was it a great ornament unto that ſide of the Country.

On the other hand, the Country was very plain, yet mingled with little Hills, Valleys, Rocks, Meadows, Fountains, Rivers, and a hundred pleaſant inequalities of different Scituations, which made the houſes built there very delightful. Moreover, one might ſee abundance of Olive Trees, Pomegranat Trees, Mirtles, Lawrels; and all their Gardens full of Oranges, Jeſſimines, and a thouſand other delightful varieties; I do not think any Country more pleaſant, or where the Sun produceth more ſweet Spring-times, longer Summers, richer Autumns, or ſhorter Winters. The Heavens are always clear, the fruits are always good, their Seas are full of Fiſh; and the Hunters do find ſuch abundance of Game, that be one of what quality or humour one will, there is enough to give full ſatisfaction.

But to return again into the Bark, out of which I wandered to make this deſcription: Give me leave to tell you, Madam, that as ſoon as the Bark was in the Port, we ſaw many Cabins of Fiſhers along the ſhore ſide, and many Houſes diſperſed about the Country, whoſe proſpect was limited by far-off mountains, on the tops of which might Snow be ſeen, though it ſeldom or never falls in the place where we landed. The Princeſs *Cleonisbe* having many Coaches waiting for her by the water-ſide, ſhe deſired the Ladies with her to go into ſome of them, and to make room for us, that we might go ſome thirty Furlongs unto a Caſtle where ſhe left the King.

But as ſoon as we were all landed, we heard upon a ſudden a great noiſe of horns winded by men which were hunting, and we ſaw a great crew of Hunters, which though ſomething barbarous yet was pleaſant, and ſomething of magnificence: All the Dogs had great Collers of of Silver ſtudded with Gold: The Footmen had every one a kind of ſhell, which they call Trumpets, and which they uſe inſtead of Horns, which made a noiſe as ſhrill as the *Tritons* before *Neptune*. The Horſemen had Bows, Arrows, and Javelins; and for their Habits, they were mixed with ſuch variety of lively colours, as could not chuſe but much take the eye. Every one then turning towards the place from whence theſe Hunters came, we ſaw one who ſeemed to be the Maſter of all the reſt, and who leaving the multitude which followed him, he came ſtrait towards the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, who told the Prince of *Phoceus* that he who was coming towards them was the Prince *Carimantes* her Brother. She had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but the Prince alighted from his Horſe and came to her, and we ſaw him to be extreamly handſome, and not above four and twenty years of age. When he was near enough to diſcern thoſe who were with *Cleonisbe*, he was ſurprized, eſpecially when he diſcovered a great Fleet. Yet he was not long in his wonder; for the Princeſs *Cleonisbe* preſenting unto him this brave, but unhappy company, who had put themſelves under her protection: as happy as your Chaſe can be (ſaid ſhe unto him and ſmiled) I am ſure mine upon the Sea is more, and you have not enjoyed more pleaſure all the day, than doubtleſs you will have, in helping me to negotiate unto the King in behalf of theſe excellent perſons which you ſee here, and whom I beſeech you to protect. *Oneſicrite* being as fair as any eye ever ſaw, ſhe had ſo attracted the eyes and mind of the Prince *Carimantes*, as he hardly knew what *Cleonisbe* did ſay unto him. 'Tis true, he did as much as if he had heard her, for he was ſo full of civilities unto *Oneſicrite*, the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Ariſtonice*, and unto *Menedorus*, that they had reaſon to be very well ſatisfied.

However, ſince that place was not fit for any long diſcourſe, *Carimantes* carried *Oneſicrite* unto *Cleonisbes* Coach, telling the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Menedorus*, and my ſelf, that we ſhould go on Horſeback with him; for having at all huntings many ſpare Horſes, there were as many as we ſtood in need of: So that as ſoon as the Prince of *Phoceus* had waited upon *Cleonisbe* unto the Coach where

Oneſicrite already was, and that *Bomilcar* had waited upon *Ariſtonice*; and that the Coaches began to go, they all took horſe and followed: The Prince of *Phoceus* all the way did talk with *Carimantes*, and acquainted him with the deſolation of his Country, the fortune of their Arms, the greatneſs of their Conqueſts, the reſolution of the *Phocean* Inhabitants, the command of the Goddeſs which is adored at *Epheſus*, the ſtorm we endured, and the meeting with the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, who underſtood the ſame things from *Oneſicrite* more particularly than ſhe had them from *Hipomenes*. Though the way was not very long, yet I obſerved *Bomilcar* to have much ſpirit: A ſpirit ful of activity, as one might ſee by his Phyſiognomy that he was poſſeſſed with more than one violent paſſion. He asked me a hundred indifferent Queſtions, and enquired very narrowly concerning the *Phocean* Prince: Alſo I asked *Hipomenes* all that my curioſity did prompt me unto, hoping that ſince he was a *Grecian*, I might have all good Offices from him; and amongſt the reſt, I asked and deſired him to tell me who *Bomilcar* was? Sir, ſaid he unto me, he is a man ſo conſiderable in this Court, that he is looked upon as the man who only put an end unto the War between the *Carthaginians* and the *Segoregians*: For being a very potent man in his own Country, it was by his negotiation doubtleſs, that thoſe two Enemy-Nations are at this time in peace. I beſeech you, ſaid I unto him, is not *Bomilcar* originally of this Country? No, replied he, the proud *Carthage* is the place from whence his Father had his being.

After this, paſſing from one diſcourſe unto another, I underſtood that the King of the *Segoregians* had no other children but *Carimantes*, and *Cleonisbe*; and I underſtood alſo that I was not miſtaken, when I believed *Glacidia* was much in favour with *Cleonisbe*; for he told me, that ſhe did very much eſteem and love her; adding, that ſhe very well deſerved this happineſs, becauſe ſhe madeuſe of *Cleonisbes* favour only to do good offices unto all well qualified men. At the laſt Madam, we came unto the Caſtle where the King was, which was one of the moſt Princely Seats which ever I ſaw, a Seat which had a hundred delicate Rivulets and pleaſant Meadows about it, and a Proſpect of ſo vaſt an extent towards the Sea, that ones eyes could find no other limits but their own weakneſs, which would not permit them to diſcern beyond the confines which Nature had preſcribed unto them: In coming to it we ſaw a great Walk ſet on both ſides with Lawrels, above eight hundred paces long. We paſſed through a long aſcent rayled and balliſtred, planted in order with thouſands of Orange Trees, intermixed with Pomegranets and Citrons, which pleaſing more than one ſenſe at once, did perfume the Aire in which we breathed. We ſaw alſo in the midſt of the Garden an admirable ſpring of Water which Nature had caſt into an excellent figure, and which did riſe in a murmuring noiſe, and fall again into a little River in a Meadow behind this Garden. We obſerved alſo in coming to this Caſtle, that all the walls of the Court were covered with Mirtle; and that there was a rare border of odoriferous herbs behind the Caſtle, where one might ſee Arbors of Lawrel, Fountains and Rivers in a moſt admirable method. But our greateſt wonder was, the magnificence within this ſtately houſe, and particularly in the Kings Chamber: Truly Madam, though it was not adorned either with Pictures, or, hung with Sydonian Tapiſtry or purple; yet what we ſaw was much more rich and glorious than any that ever I ſaw: For Madam, I beſeech you to imagine this Chamber to be the highth of the houſe, and one of the moſt raviſhing objects that ever any eye beheld. The walls and roof were Enamelled with a kind of irregular Arabian work all of mother of Pearl and Coral: The bow of Heaven had not more ſplendant colours than the reflection from the mother of Pearl: and being mingled with Coral of all colours that nature ever produced in the Liguſtick Sea which is not far off, it made the moſt beautiful object in the world. For ſome being White, ſome Black, ſome Flame-colour, ſome Carnation, ſome Roſe-colour, this Miſcellany is impoſſible to be deſcribed: and therefore not to inſiſt long upon it, give me leave to tell you Madam, how the King of the *Segoregians* received us.

Cleontsbe being of no leſs excellency of judgment than ſpirit, ſhe ſent before to acquaint the King with her adventure, as ſoon as ſhe landed, to the end he might not be ſurprized, when we came into the Hall of the Caſtle, *Carimantes* preſented his hand unto *Oneſicrite*, who now could not let *Ariſtonice* go before her, ſo that *Bomilcar* did lead her. As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, he preſented his hand unto *Cleonisbe*, who moſt obligingly told him, that ſince the Prince her Brother would preſent *Oneſicrite* unto the King ſhe would do him that good office as to preſent him. As for *Menedorus*, he gave his hand unto *Glacidia*. Since the King did underſtand the *Grecian* Language as well as *Carimantes* and *Cleonisbe*, he was moſt ſenſibly moved at what the Prince of *Phoceus* ſaid unto him: after that the Princeſs his Daughter had preſented him: for though his Speech was but ſhort, yet he told him all our misfortunes, and in few words did ſo explain them as the King might moſt eaſily underſtand and remember them, he made choice of ſuch apt words to expreſs our miſeries as the longeſt and moſt Eloquent Oration in the world, could not work more tenderneſs in the hearts of Auditors. To be ſhort, Sir (ſaid the Prince of *Phoceus* unto the King at the end of his Speech) you ſee here a company of miſerable men, whom fear of ſervitude hath forced to forſake their Country, who have not one foot of ground to tread upon unleſs you give it them, or unleſs they uſurp it; a weather-beaten people, loaded with ſorrows, who have nothing but our liberties and hopes of your favour: nor could we ever hope unleſs the Princeſs *Cleonisbe* had promiſed to be our Patroneſs and Mediator to you, and alſo obtained the ſame favour for us from the Prince *Carimantes*. Thus, Sir, upon you depends our Deſtiny, ſince if you do not permit us entrance into your Ports for our Fleet, we have nothing elſe to do but die patiently. As the King was ready to anſwer, *Ariſtonice* began to ſpeak: Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, give me leave to tell you in all due reverence, that this Tempeſt which hath caſt us upon your Coaſts, hath given you an ample occaſion to ſhew your Virtue in receiving us: It was a great Goddeſs who did conduct us hither; who deſiring to have a Temple erected unto her Glory in your Country, and to be known amongſt your people, hath commanded me to do what I have done.

Take heed, Sir, of incenſing her by rejecting thoſe who are unfortunate, who as miſerable as they are have in their Ships ineſtimable Treaſures, ſince they have there a great number of Virtuous men, men full of wiſdom and knowledg, excellent Artiſts in all things, who have all the Arts and Sciences in their Ships, which they can impart and communicate unto your people: if you will be pleaſed only to allow them ſome Corner of your Countery, to build a Temple in, and to enjoy that liberty which hath coſt them their Country. Once more, I adviſe you to beware how you refuſe thoſe Favours which the Gods do offer you, and know that the Goddeſs whom I adore does promiſe you by me, to make your Country ſo famous over all the World, if you receive us favourably, that it ſhall excel all other parts of the World, *Ariſtenice* ſpoke this with ſo good a grace and ſo much authority, that all the Company were much moved, and eſpecially the King; And he anſwered the Prince of *Phœcus* and *Ariſtonice* with all imaginable ſorrow, and preſently conſented that their Fleet ſhould enter into his Ports, upon condition that there ſhould be but a certain number of armed men in every Ship: And as for giving them a place to inhabit, he told them, that he would aſſemble the *Sarronides* and confer with them.

In the mean time, he would permit them to hope for a favourable anſwer. Since Madam, this word *Sarronides* may perhaps be a ſtrangre to you: I think it requiſite to tell you that the *Sarronides* amongſt the *Gaules* in general, are very like unto the *Magi* in *Perſia*, with this difference, that the *Magi* meddle only in matters of Religion, and the *Sarronides* in civil matters and particular differences. This ſort of Philoſophers, Prieſts, and Magiſtrates altogether were firſt inſtituted by the third King of the *Gaules*, named *Sarron*, who would after his own name have them called *Sarronides*: yet there were ſome part of the *Gauls* where they were called *Druides*; becauſe in the Reign of one of their Kings, called *Druis*, he would have them called ſo. They alſo are divided into ſeveral Orders, and into ſeveral names, for thoſe who do officiate in Sacrifices, are called *Vaces*: Thoſe who ſtudy the knowledge of natural things, are named *Eubages*, and thoſe who are appointed to ſign the Heroick Actione of virtuous men, are called the *Bardes*. As for thoſe who bear the name of *Sarronides*, or *Druides*, ſince they are the moſt knowing of all, they are called as I ſaid before, unto the Councel of Kings to render Juſtice, to teach the people, and particularly to inſtruct the youth. Tis true, that among the *Segoregians* all theſe ſeveral names are not uſed, as they are amongſt the *Celtique Gaules*, the *Belgique Gaules*, and amongſt the *Allobroges* which are other *Gaules*: But the name of *Sarronides* only amongſt this people, doth comprehend them all.

The King then having referred this buſineſs unto his Councel which was compoſed of theſe *Sarronides*: The Princeſs *Cleonisbe* ſeemed to be well ſatisfied therewith, aſſuring *Oneſicrite*, that thoſe men who taught humanity unto others, would adviſe the King her Father as ſhe ſhould deſire, promiſing her to ſolicite them in the buſineſs. *Carimantes* for his part did promiſe the ſame. Afterwards the King talking one after another with the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Ariſtonice*, *Oneſicrite*, and *Menedorus*, he was ſo extreamly well ſatisfied with them, that he could not chuſe but give them great Commendations. Moreover, Madam, we were ſo happy in pleaſing all the Court, as I may well ſay, never ſtrangers were ſo little ſtrangers as we were there: for we found ſuch earneſtneſs to do us good Offices, that there is great reaſon to believe it was the act of the Gods to diſpoſe all hearts unto our good reception.

In the mean time, the King thinking theſe ſtorm ſhattered people to be in need of reſt, he commanded that the Princeſs *Oneſicrite* ſhould be carried into a fair Chamber next *Cleonisbe's*; and that all the reſt of the Ladies with her ſhould be lodged as conveniently as might be, as well as the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Menedorus*: Commanding afterwards that all the Fleet ſhould come into the Port which was too little to contain them all: You would wonder, Madam, if I ſhould tell you how careful *Cleonisbe* and *Carimantes* was to ſee the King obeyed: for it is hardly credible, that perſons of their Quality ſhould be ſo officious unto ſtrangers whom they knew not;

Indeed they gave ſuch expreſs Commands unto all the Kings Officers to wait reſpectively and magnificently upon theſe perſons, as it was apparent their Merits and Misfortunes did much move them unto Compaſſion. *Glacidia* for her part was ſo full of obliging Acts both towards *Oneſicrite* and *Ariſtonice*, and all the reſt of their Company, as I ſaw *Hipomenes* had good cauſe to tell me, that ſhe deſerved the favour of *Cleonisbe*; for ſhe was ſo full of all all-goodneſs and ſpirit both, that ſhe purchaſed much eſteem from the Prince of *Phoceus*. One paſſage hapned that night, which ſince made it evident that the Gods reſolved that the Prince ſhould in a ſhort time get much love, much eſteem and much friendſhip, amongſt all theſe perſons who knew him ſo little, yet in a little time after loved him ſo much. For, Madam, be pleaſed to know that as ſoon as the Prince of *Phoceus* knew, *Cleonisbe* was gone unto her Chamber, he went thither to preſent his firſt viſit, and was accompanied with *Menedorus*: Whilſt *Carimantes* alſo went to ſee *Oneſicrite*, the firſt time accompanied with *Bomilcar*. For my part, I follow'd the Prince of *Phoceus*, and was a witneſs of his long diſcourſe with *Cleonisbe*: In going thither, I acquainted him how *Glacidia* was *Cleonisbe*'s Favourite, and from that time he was very careful to ſpeak ſuch things of her as might be pleaſing; after much other diſcourſe, wherein he did very much commend her, and ſaid, that he had obſerved her to be a perſon of much ſpirit and goodneſs. Oh Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, do not judg ſo ſoon of *Glacidia*; for I do aſſure you, that in ſo ſhort a time you cannot judg of her without much Injuſtice: ſince it is not poſſible, be as ingenious as you can be, that you ſhould know all her excellent Qualities. I aſſure you, Madam, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, I am confident ſhe hath all ſhe can have, ſince you love her ſo well. That reaſon is not very convincing (replied *Cleonisbe* very modeſtly) but to let you ſee that though I live amongſt a people whom the *Grecians* called barbarous, yet that know who are of merit, I muſt deſcribe *Glacidia* unto you; I ſhall not ſpeak of her Perſon ſince you know it already, nor ſhall I tell you, that I do commend her moſt for her beauty, though as you ſee, ſhe is fair, pleaſing, and of a good ſtature: nor ſhall I acquaint you with the graces of her wit, nor the inexhauſtible treaſure of it, becauſe I will hereafter hear her Elogy from your own mouth: Neither will I tell you how ſhe has a thouſand Excellencies which ſhe never vaunts of, and which out of her modeſty ſhe hides: but let me tell you that her Birth is very Noble, and that never any was more ſolidly generous, nor more truly good: The Quality which I moſt love in *Glacidia* is, that ſhe is capable of a moſt tender and conſtant friendſhip, and that never any woman living had a Soul leſs biaſſed and intereſted than hers. Though her Fortunes have met with many Rubs, yet ſhe armed herſelf with ſuch an invincible patience, as merits the Commendations of all the wiſe.

In the mean time, her own perplexities did never cauſe any perplexities in any other; for ſhe knew ſo well how to cloſet up her ſorrows in her own heart, that they never appeared either in her eyes, her actions, nor her words: but on the contrary ſhe is continually of ſuch an even temper, as that ſhe ſeems to take delight in every diverſion, even when her heart doth throb the moſt. Moreover the vertue of *Glacidia* is neither ſevere nor ſalvage: and though ſhe ſeem to be the moſt ſerious perſon in the world, yet none is more knowing in all matters of Gallantry than her ſelf: But the quality which I moſt applaud in her is her juſtneſs even to her greateſt Enemies; For ſhe will commend them when any occaſion is given, with as much earneſt ſincerity, as if they had never diſobliged her.

Furthermore, I muſt acquaint you, Sir, that if ever you become one of her Friends, you may be ſure that none dare give you half commendations in her preſence; for ſhe is ſo ſenſible and zealous in behalf of them ſhe loves, as ſhe thinks they are never enough applauded: She cannot endure any Raillery upon her Friends: and I aſſure you, there is not any one in the world has a greater number of them than ſhe: For ſince Fortune had carried her into the Court of the King of *Celtes*, where ſhe continued a long time, and that ſhe hath been ſince in many ſeveral places, I can aſſure you, ſhe got friends in all of the beſt ſort: And believe me, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, her merits never got her any whom ſhe eſteems more than your ſelf: 'Tis true, replied *Cleonisbe*, that is her error; but I am confident that if her quality were above mine, as mine is above hers, ſhe would love me as ſhe doth. Grandeur would never change her, but ſhe would be as juſt to me as I am to her. She is ſo reſerved (added ſhe) that if I had not uſed a little violence upon her, I ſhould not have got her unto this recreation; for ſhe affects home better than the tumults of a Court which ſhe cannot endure but for my ſake. You repreſent *Glacidia* ſo advantagiouſly, Madam, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, that I muſt needs think her loved by all the world: And ſo ſhe is of all that know her, replied ſhe, but yet I aſſure you ſhe is not prodigal of her friendſhip, though ſhe be ungrateful unto none; for ſhe is very full of acknowledgments, and hates ingratitude as much as marriage, unto which ſhe has a ſtrange averſion. Since you do love her, Madam, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, ſhe has need of a grateful ſoul, if ſhe will acquit her ſelf of ſuch an obligation: But, Madam, I beſeech you give me leave to beg a pardon in behalf of all *Grecians*, for the wrong they have done unto your Nation in calling them barbarous, becauſe for ought I ſee they are barbarous themſelves in ſaying it, eſpecially if they ſaw you. No, no, replied *Cleonisbe*, do not unjuſtly accuſe them, for I muſt confeſs we are ſo, and I muſt for my own glory confeſs it; ſince if I do merit any commendations, it is only becauſe being born in a Country from where all knowledg is baniſhed, yet I have ſome glimpſes and inclination unto all excellencies. But for you who are of that Country where all minds are cultivated with care, where ignorance is a crime, where Politeneſs is general, and where their diſcourſe is neither groſs nor ſtupid, nor rude, how is it poſſible you can accuſtom your ſelf unto a Court, wherein are ſo few ſociable perſons? You ſee (added ſhe and ſmiled) that in a ſhort time you have purchaſed a great ſhare in my good opinion; ſince one while I tell you that you ſhall not find us ſo barbarous as we are believed, and ſince now I confeſs that we are more than is believed. Oh Madam, ſaid the Prince of *Phoceus*, thoſe who can ſpeak as you do, cannot be barbarous; I am ſure all *Greece* would confeſs it, if they had the honour to ſee how you excell them in all things.

As the Prince of *Phoceus* was ſaying ſo, *Carimantes* entred with *Oneſicrite*, who would not ſtay until the morning without a viſit unto this Princeſs in her Chamber: And *Glacidia* entring with her, chance did ſo contrive it, that ſhe did ſit next the Prince of *Phoceus*, who fell inſenſibly to talk with her in a low voice, whilſt *Cleonisbe* talked with *Oneſicrite*, and he told her that *Cleonisbe* had made ſuch an admirable deſcription of her, as he could not think her Glaſs could more perfectly repreſent her face, than ſhe had the beauty of her ſoul and mind: I make no queſtion replied *Glacidia*, but the Princeſs can make an excellent deſcription; but I have great reaſon to doubt whether that Picture which you ſay ſhe made, do reſemble me; for as thoſe are not the beſt Painters who make pieces like, ſo I think without offence unto the Princeſs, that ſhe hath ſo ſtriven to make Art correct Nature, that ſhe hath done mine not well. But for my part, Sir, who have no greater ſkill in that excellent art than to imitate what I ſee, I could draw her picture better than ſhe mine. To know that, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, you muſt let me ſee it; for I think, that I am already ſo well acquainted with the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, that I am able to judge juſtly.

Doubtleſs you know her beauty, replied *Glacidia*, and ſome part of her mind: But, Sir, it is impoſſible you ſhould know the height of that merit which is in that excellent Princeſs; and therefore that ſhe may be eſteemed by ſo excellent a man as your ſelf, I will do her ſo much right as to acquaint you with ſuch things of her as you cannot know without the expences of a long experience: It's not enough replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, to tell me what ſhe is, but I beſeech you let me know how ſhe came to be what I ſee ſhe is? Oh, Sir, replied *Glacidia*, you muſt aſk that of the Gods, and they will tell you, that *Cleonisbe* is a moſt ſingular perſon. Chance hath ſometimes brought into this Court, men that are well qualified from all parts of the world; and ſince the peace which *Bomilcar* hath made with the *Carthaginians*, there hath been many men of that famous Town amongſt us. But yet for all that, ſince the natural Genius of our Nation is War and hunting, I do aſſure you that *Cleonisbe* do merit the glory of that Politeneſs which is in her, ſince the glimpſes only of her mind have enlightned all the Court: believe it, Sir, you will never ſee any whom ſhe cannot imitate: and on the contrary, you will find, that thoſe who have any ſparks of goodneſs, have them only out of their deſigns of reſembling or pleaſing her. The truth is, Sir, ſhe is obliged only unto her ſelf for what ſhe is, and by prodigy has more divinity than ever was taught her, and all the vertues were born with her. When I ſay all the vertues, I ſay it without any diminution, for I am confident ſhe has them all without exception. I cannot expreſs my delight to hear you ſpeak this of her, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*; for I do proteſt, lovely *Glacidia*, I am already ſo much devoted unto the glory of that Princeſs as I ſhould exceedingly grieve to diſcover any fault in her: I aſſure you, replied ſhe, you ſhall never grieve at that, for I am moſt confident you will never find any. The truth is, *Cleoniſbe* is generous in the higheſt degree of generoſity: She loves glory above her ſelf: She is pitiful, even ſo far as to diſturb her own tranquility to procure it in others: She is all goodneſs, all tenderneſs and ſweetneſs, and yet her great ſoul is moſt heroick and couragious. Moreover, ſhe ſpeaks with as much judgment as wit, and with as much eloquence as judgment; her very tone and accent doth expreſs part of her goodneſs; for ſhe hath ſuch a kind of feeling and paſſionate ſound in her words, as makes it evident her heart is neither fierce nor proud.

Furthermore, though amity be a quality which is ſeldom found in perſons of her birth and condition, yet it is not ſo with *Cleoniſbe*; for ſhe does ſo cloſely love thoſe whom ſhe thinks worthy of that honour, as I muſt needs commend her for it above all things in the world: The truth is, ſhe is none of thoſe who thinks their quality may diſpence with the true laws of friendſhip, and that equality ought always to be in the minds of ſuch as love truly: But on the contrary *Cleoniſbe* thinks her ſelf obliged to love as much as any other loves her: ſhe permits one to chide her if ſhe fail in any point of true friendſhip: And ſhe knows ſo well how to put a difference between the King of the *Segoregians* daughter, and *Cleoniſbe*, that one cannot ſufficiently

ciently admire her. Moreover, though the temper of this Princeſs be ſomething inclinable unto melancholly, yet no perſon upon Earth had a ſweeter Jocundry of mind than ſhe, nor who better pleaſed thoſe unto whom ſhe was freely pleaſed to communicate her ſelf; and ſhe knew ſo well how to turn any thing which ſhe ſaw or heard in a witty and pleaſant manner, as I do not think any in the world could be more knowingly merry than ſhe.

Again, ſhe is liberal after ſo noble a manner, and knew how to make her choice with ſo good a grace, that her gifts never moved any to murmur, but ſuch as were unjuſt or envious. As *Glacidia* ſaid ſo, *Bomilcar* who was next her, and partly over-heard her, becauſe her zeal made her louder than ſhe intended, he came and told her in her ear, for heavens ſake *Glacidia* (ſaid he unto her) let time make known *Cleonisbe* unto a man who I fear knows her too well already. This ſaying of *Bomilcar* cauſing *Glacidia* to laugh he was moved to grumble a little: But as ſhe was turning again towards the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Cleonisbe* began to talk unto her, ſo as their diſcourſe was for that night interrupted, and preſently after, every one returned unto their Chambers. But *Hipomenes* and I did not part ſo ſoon; for ſince by ſpeaking *Greek*, we came to be acquainted, and to know that his Father and mine had been old friends, we found many occaſions of diſcourſe. But ſince I knew how much it concerned us to know the ſtate of that Court wherein we were, eſpecially conſidering we hoped for a Sanctuary in it I carried him unto the Chamber of the *Phocean* Prince, who being very importunate with him to know things, he ſatisfied his curioſity. You come hither Sir, (ſaid he unto him) moſt opportunely to ſee this Court in its greateſt glory that ever it can be, and alſo to ſee it in the greateſt diſorder, if the Gods do not give order unto things; for, Sir, you muſt know that the *Segoregians* have a cuſtom which is peculiar unto themſelves; which is, that the men do never make choice of thoſe they are to marry; but it is the women, who make choice of their Husbands: and by the Laws of the Country a Father is never to force his Daughter. The ſame Laws do alſo require, that the Daughters of their Kings ſhould have the ſame liberty which others have, and that when they have accompliſhed the age of eighteen years, they are to make choice of their Husbands, provided they be of Quality proportionable unto their own: Inſomuch as ſince it is not above two months before *Cleonisbe* be at her age fit to make her Choice, all the Grandees in the Kingdome, and alſo of our Neighbours which can pretend unto that honour, are here at this preſent, amongſt which *Cleonisbe* muſt make one happy, and all the reſt miſerable. For, to be open to you, *Bomilcar* who has a moſt extream ambitious ſoul, is extreamly in love with her: A Prince of this Country named *Britomartes* is the like: and another Prince amongſt the *Celtique Gaules* no leſs than he, whoſe name was *Galathes*, ſo as in all likelihood theſe three Rivals will divide the Court. In the mean time, we are all Feaſts and Diverſions in expectation of this Grand Feaſt, which muſt be ſo ſad unto many.

Whilſt *Hipomenes* was thus talking, the Prince of *Phoceus* did hearken with as much attention as if he had been already intereſted in the choice which *Cleonisbe* was to make. I beſeech you, ſaid he unto him, is it not gueſſed whom the Princeſs will make choice of? No Sir, replied *Hipomenes*, for ſhe has thus long lived in ſuch a way as makes it believed that ſhe cannot chooſe any to her ſatisfaction; but on the contrary ſeems to be very melancholy ſince ſhe ſees the time of her election draw nigh: Yet certain it is, that ſince ſhe is much obliged unto *Bomilcar*, it is probable ſhe will make him her Choice: For the truth is, he hath behaved himſelf moſt glorioully both by Land and Sea, in the ſervice of the King her Father. It was by his only means that the Peace was made between the *Carthaginians* and us: His Father was alſo the cauſe of another Peace, which gave name unto the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*; for having concluded the Peace by his wiſdom, it chanced ſo that the *Segoregian* Queen being brought to bed that day of the Princeſs, the King to confirm the alliance between theſe two Nations, did give her two names, to wit, the one of her Country, which was *Giptis*, and the other of *Carthage*, which was *Cleonisbe*. But ſince the laſt of theſe was more agreeable than the firſt, ſhe would alwayes be called by it, ſo as the *Carthaginians* as ſtill more obliged by it. *Bomilcar* was much joyed that the Princeſs would bear a name of his Country: But as for her, Sir, I do not think ſhe loves any thing but glory; and though ſhe has the free liberty of her Choice in her ſelf, yet ſhe will chooſe none but whom the King would have her. And it is viſible that *Bomilcar*, *Britomartes*, and *Galathes*, do as much Court the King and *Carimantes*, as they do *Cleonisbe*: Alſo they are very obſequious to pleaſe *Glacidia*; but to ſpeak the very truth, all their endeavours that way are to no purpoſe, for ſhe fancied none of their Councels. Since there are abundance of People about the King, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, I doubt you cannot hint unto me which was *Britomartes*, and which was *Galathes*. The firſt of theſe replied *Hipomenes*, is a great black man, and handſome, who has a ſurly and proud Garb, who ſtood behind the King when you talked with him: And *Galathes* was he who had a gold chain fixed to the Pomel of his Sword, which was a Lion of the ſame, mettle, who is of a middle ſtature, whoſe Hair is fair, the air of his Countenance very ſweet, and his Garb noble. If theſe two Rivals of *Bomilcar* replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, have minds ſuitable unto their bodies, and hearts as high as their Garbs, I conceive they have all three great cauſe both to hope and to fear: Certainly replied *Hipomenes*, they are all three perſons of great minds and courage, though they do not reſemble each other.

Britomartes is a man of Courage, Honeſty, and Wit, but there is a mixture of *Gauliſh* roughneſs in him which does not pleaſe. As for *Galathes*, doubtleſs he has a great heart, but ſubtle withal, and I believe that *Gaul* is able to over-reach a *Grecian*, he is pleaſing, civil and full of flattery; and though his aſpect doth promiſe all the ſincerity which is attributed unto his Nation; yet certianly he is one that doth leaſt diſcover his thoughts. But as for *Bomilcar* Sir, it may be ſaid, that if ſome of his ambition were taken away, there would no fault be left in him, for he was as valiant as any could be; He is generous, and a moſt zealous friend; he is liberal and civil; he is moſt exact in performance of all his promiſes, ſtriving to be above his promiſe. He is a man of great wit, his frequency in the world, his travels, and his natural Genius make him able to ſpeak admirably well. But yet for all that, the activity of his temper being joyned unto two moſt violent paſſions, did make him perpetually reſtleſs, ſo as he was not able to ſtay long in any place, unleſs with *Cleonisbe* or *Glacidia*, whom he eſteemed very much: Your character of *Bomilcar* replied the Prince of *Phoceus* makes me think him fit to be preferred before the other: Yet I am ſure, replied *Hipomenes*, that he is in great fear not to be choſen. After this, ſince it was very late, we left the Prince of *Phoceus*, yet he would not go to bed until he knew that our Fleet would not depart from the Iſles until the morning, and then they came into the Harbour a little after the Sun was up.

In the mean while, ſince the beauty of *Oneſicrite* had moſt ſenſibly touched the heart of *Carimantes*; and ſince for her ſake he was zealous in the protection of this *Phocenſian* Collony which had forſaken their Country, he no ſooner knew that *Cleonisbe* was awake, but he went unto her Chamber, to deſire her, that ſince ſhe was in favour with the chief of the *Sarronides*, ſhe would go unto him before the King had conſulted with him, and know of him whether theſe ſtrangers were to be received or no, and to perſwade him to let them inhabit in the Land.

Since *Cleonisbe* had obſerved that the beauty of *Oneſicrite* had extraordinarily pleaſed *Carimantes*, ſhe looked upon him and ſmiled: methinks, ſaid ſhe unto him, that in lieu of bidding me go unto the chief of the *Sarronides*, and negotiate for an entertainment of theſe, you had better have bid me negotiate for a ſtay of that fair One only, whom you gazed upon yeſterday with ſo much admiration. Indeed Siſter replied he, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that the greateſt part of my compaſſion upon thoſe miſerable ſtrangers, doth proceed from the admiration I had of *Oneſicrite*, whoſe beauty I confeſs hath ſurprized and charmed me. But you may well think (added he) that I am not deſperately in love with her in ſo ſhort a time,or at leaſt I think ſo:yet I muſt confeſs unto you,that I do already love her ſo much, that I cannot endure a perſon of her quality and beauty, ſhould after a tempeſtuous ſtorm at Sea be reduced unto ſuch extremity at Land, as not to know where to inhabit. And therefore ſince my admiration doth beget ſo much pity in me as that I cannot reſt. I conjure you to do as I deſire: And I do proteſt unto you, I am ſo deſirous to effect this deſign, that I wiſh with all my heart you were as compaſſionate of the *Phocean* Prince and his misfortunes, as I am of *Oneſicrite* and hers: As for matter of compaſſion (replied *Cleonisbe*, and ſmiled again) I aſſure you that I am as inclinable to it as you; but I would have it of another nature than yours, which is cauſed rather by the greatneſs of *Oneſicrites* beauty, than by the greatneſs of her misfortunes. However, I beſeech you believe, that I have ſo much pity as willingly to conſent unto your deſires: And in my opinion, it would be advantagious unto the King, that men ſo civilized as theſe whom the Seas has caſt upon us, ſhould qualifie the rudeneſs of this maritine people which inhabit along this Coaſt.

Carimantes being of a hot compoſition,and full of impatience, he told the Princeſs his Siſter that Time was not to be delayed, and therefore ſomething muſt be done immediately; adding that the King muſt not know that ſhe had ſeen him whom they intended to employ in the buſineſs: So that upon a ſerious examination of the buſineſs,they reſolved that *Cleonisbe* ſhould ſend for *Glacidia*, and deſire her to go unto this chief of the *Sarronides*,who dwelt one part of the year at that Tower which was built upon that Mountain,which I told you we ſaw upon the right hand as we came from the Iſles unto the Port. But becauſe *Carimantes* would have *Oneſicrite* and the Prince of *Phoceus* know what they did for them; he contrived it ſo by the means of *Hipomenes*, that I ſhould go with *Glacidia* to be a witneſs of what ſhe ſaid: ſo that after ſhe had received her inſtructions from the mouth of the Princeſs, I went along with her in her Coach, without any other company but one woman, and two footmen, and came to the foot of that Mountain, which as I told you was full of Pine-trees. When we came there we muſt go on foot, for the Mountain was ſo rocky and uneven, that a Coach could not paſs: But to avoid the inconveniency of this rugged way, we found horſes to carry us a foot-way out of the Wood, and better half of the Mountain, whoſe top was ſo ſteep the horſes had much ado to climb it: ſo that with *Glacidia* alighting from our Horſes, we went the reſt of the way on foot, which was not ſo difficult as one would imagin it, by reaſon of a pair of ſtairs in a Rock which makes the riſe more eaſie, there being at ſeveral diſtances little houſes ſuſtained by Pillars, wherein thoſe who climb the Rock may reſt themſelves in a ſhade. Thus going by this odd kind of way, I helped *Glacidia* to climb; who talked to me ſo pleaſantly, that I climbed this Mountain, and never looked back, though it be a natural action in all that climb, to look down upon a place from whence they came: ſo as ſince we never reſted until we came unto the laſt of theſe little houſes, which was not above twenty Paces from the Tower, it was only there where I enjoyed the moſt pleaſant proſpect in the world.

The truth is, Madam, I do not think that a ſweeter object was ever ſeen then from the height of this Mountain: For imagin you ſaw a moſt admirable Port in which was a moſt prodigious number of Ships; and to render the Proſpect more beautiful, imagin a vaſt number of Cabins, which ſeem a long and large City wherein Fiſhers inhabit along the Sea-ſide: Beyond which is a moſt pleaſant Country; On the other hand are the three Iſles whereof I ſpake, which pleaſe the eye exceedingly. A little more on the left hand, one may behold barren Rocks, and a Country ſo wild and ſavage, as if one were in a Deſart a hundred thouſand Furlongs diſtant from any habitation, but turning on the other ſide, one may behold all oppoſite objects: A Country as fertile as the other is ſterile, and as pleaſant as the other is wild. One may behold Gardens full of Oranges, Meadows, Hills, Valleys, and all that can make a Country delightful: beyond which, might Mountains be diſcovered afar off, which ſeemed to be ſo piled one upon another, and in ſuch fantaſtical figures, that they much pleaſed the eye, and did limit the proſpect that way. And look but towards the Sea, and it is very delightful, becauſe it is continually full of Fiſher-boats.

I beſeech you, Madam, pardon my tedious deſcription of this pleaſant Mountain, where I ſtayed with *Glacidia*; and to repair my fault, I ſhall not trouble you with any thing I ſaw in the Tower which ſerved for the habitation of him unto whom we went, whom we found ready to go unto the King, who had ſent for him.

This grave *Sarronide*, whoſe wiſe and ſerious looks had a mixture both of grandeur and pleaſingneſs in them, did receive *Glacidia* with all poſſible civility, and ſufficiently teſtified by his expreſſions that he much eſteemed her. But after the firſt Complements paſt, and *Glacidia* had preſented me unto this ſage *Sarronide*; after ſhe had in few words declared our misfortunes, telling him the reaſon why *Cleonisbe* had ſent her unto him, ſhe joyned her perſwaſions unto prayers, and uſed ſuch Rhetorical arguments, that though his ſoul had been of the moſt flinty compoſition in the world, ſhe would have melted him into pity of ſo many miſerable people Do not think (ſaid he unto her, after ſhe had ſpoken her mind) that all your words were needful to perſwade me unto what the Princeſs deſires: For I do profeſs unto you, that as ſoon as ever you began to ſpeak, I was reſolved to do what you deſire, but I muſt confeſs I took ſo much delight in hearing you, that I could not find a heart to impoſe ſilence: and indeed I was glad to receive inſtructions from you, that I might the better know what arguments to uſe unto the King, and perſwade him unto what you deſire: Oh Father, replied *Glacidia* (for ſo out of reverence ſhe termed him) do you not fear to puff one up into a vanity of conceit by ſpeaking thus? You Sir, I ſay, whoſe words are all ſincerity? No, replied he, never fear it, for I am ſo well acquainted with the ſolidity of your vertue, that I fear no ſuch weakneſs in you. However, you may aſſure the Princeſs that I am ſo infinitely joyed to receive ſuch commands from her, as I can obey with much delight: Tell her further, that I am abundantly ſatisfied to ſee her ſo ſenſible of the miſeries of poor unfortunate people, for humility and compaſſion are Qualities ſo hard to be found in perſons of her Rank, as I cannot enough admire and honour her for it. And therefore Daughter (added he)

I adviſe you contribute all your endeavours unto the cheriſhing of ſuch a noble and laudable diſpoſition in her, omit no occaſion of commending her for it or any vertuous quality: and alſo be ſure you blame her boldly and home, when you diſcover any obdurity or inhumanity in her: The truth is, you cannot do her better ſervice, than to infuſe pity into her ſoul: *I* know very well, that *Cleonisbe* needs none of theſe precepts; yet I am ſuch a profeſſed Enemy unto all ſuch as are not ſenſible neither of publick nor private misfortunes, that I do every day tell my ſelf as much as I deſire you to tell *Cleonisbe*, leſt I ſhould inſenſibly become not compaſſionate enough. And therefore (ſaid he, and turned towards me) do not think I would have *Glacidia* exhort *Cleonisbe* unto any goodneſs becauſe ſhe wants it; but know that I do it only, becauſe I am perſwaded that Princes and Princeſſes can never have too much of vertue and goodneſs. For to be juſt unto *Cleonisbe*, I believe ſhe has all the vertues in a high degree; and that her compaſſion extends it ſelf ſo far, that ſhe never knew any unfortunate perſon whom ſhe did not pity and help alſo, if ſhe could. After this, *Glacidia* confirming what he ſaid, I added what I conceived might be advantagious unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*, *Ariſtonice*, *Sfurius*, *Menedorus*, and all the Fleet in general. Thus, Madam, our buſineſs being well diſpatched, we returned unto the Caſtle to give an account of our Voyage unto the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, who ſent immediately unto *Carimantes* to tell him that the chief of the *Sarronides* was pliant unto his deſires, appointing me to acquaint the Prince of *Phoceus*, and the Princeſs *Oneſicrite* what ſhe had done for them.

In the mean time the progreſs of our buſineſs was not ſo ſuddenly reſolved upon: For the King being deſirous to aſſemble many *Sarronides* to conſult upon ſuch an important buſineſs, it could not be concluded until the expiration of eight days: not but that he had already conferred with that old wiſe Counſellor with whom *Glacidia* had ſpoken, yet he would not abſolutely determine any thing before he had aſſembled the Councell, with whom he uſed to reſolve upon matters of great conſequence. In the interim, he treated us exceedingly well, and received all the perſons of any Quality which were in our Ships, when the Prince of *Phocæus* preſented them unto him, eſpecially *Sfurius*: Inſomuch, Madam, as there being an infinite number of perſons in our Fleet,all the Fiſhers Cabins were full of *Greeks*, who being very deſirous to be entertained in ſo good a Country, did ſo flatter up their Landlords, and recompence them ſo liberally for every thing they took, that the People did much forward the King in his Reſolutions, and to ſay that he muſt let us live in their Country, which we ſhould make much better than it was: For our Ships being much better built than theirs, our Arms handſomer and better wrought; they ſaid that we ſhould better them in their Arts, and teach them the uſe of Olives, whereof that Country was full, and which they yet uſed only as an ornament: ſo that in eight days all the people were ſo deſirous to have us dwell in their Country, that they ſaid aloud, if they would not permit them, they would put fire unto their Ships, and hinder them from going away. But the thing which moſt prompted them unto this reſolution, was a report that there was a great Goddeſs who aſſured them they ſhould be favourably received, and that on the contrary, if they did not receive us, they ſhould be involved into all manner of misfortunes.

In the mean time, this Caſtle of the Kings being near a great Town, all our perſons of any quality were conveniently lodged: And, Madam, whereas it is the cuſtom of all ſtrangers to conform themſelves unto the habit of that Country where they are,it was not ſo with us: but on the contrary, in three days the whole Court was got into the *Grecian* mode:For there being in our Ships men of all Profeſſions, there needed no more time to ſatisfie the deſires of the Prince *Carimantes* and the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, to leave the habit of their own Country, and take ours, which indeed did become them much better than their own. However,during the eight days which the King took to give a definitive anſwer, the Court was full of Pleaſures and Diverſions: In all which *Ariſtonice* had no ſhare; for ſhe with her two Companions imployed all the time in prayers unto the Gods to move the Kings heart; ſo as having cauſed the Image of *Diana* which ſhe brought from *Epheſus* to be put in her Chamber, ſhe was continually at her Devotion whilſt we were all at our Pleaſures.

'Tis true, the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Menedorus*, did not reliſh their Pleaſure with a full guſt; for the firſt of theſe felt love to grow in his heart; and the ſecond began to be jealous to ſee how earneſt *Carimantes* was to pleaſe the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*. *Bomilcar* alſo, perceiving that the Prince of *Phoceus* looked upon *Cleonisbe*, like a man who was in love with her, had ſome reſtleſs diſpoſition to wiſh that the King wou'd not permit us to live in the Land. Yet he was ſo generous as not to wiſh our ruin, for I do believe he was fearful to incur the diſpleaſure of *Carimantes* and *Cleonisbe*, if he had negotiated any ſuch thing.

On the other ſide, *Carimantes* having diſcovered that *Menedorus* was in love with *Oneſicrite*, and alſo obſerved that ſhe did caſt a favourable eye upon him, was vexed to the heart, that he could not retain the perſon which pleaſed him, unleſs he retained the perſon alſo which diſpleaſed him: But in concluſion, ſeeing he could not loſe the one, but he muſt loſe the other alſo, he choſe rather to endure the ſight of *Menedorus*, than to loſe the ſight of *Oneſicrite*. As for *Cleonisbe*, ſhe took abundance of delight in the converſation of the *Phocean* Prince, and in the company of ſo many pleaſing perſons who were with *Oneſicrite*, and thought herſelf infinitely happy to ſee in her Fathers Court ſo many men ſo qualified, as ſhe fancied all compleat men ought to be.

As for *Britomartis* and *Galathes*, they thought upon nothing but how to be choſen by *Cleonisbe*, when the hoped for time was come; for though the laſt of theſe perceived as well as *Bomilcar* that the beauty of *Cleonisbe* had reach'd the Prince of *Phoceus* his heart, yet he never feared a weather-beaten Prince whom a tempeſt had caſt into the Court, could ever prejudice him: Thus he knew that he had a Rival, and was never troubled at it: And I aſſure you, Madam, that *Bomilcar* and *Galathes* were not ſo much perplexed to diſcover that the Prince of *Phoceus* was in love with *Cleonisbe*, as the Prince of *Phoceus* was at his being in love with that Princeſs; for he was extreamly reſtleſs when he heard all the *Sarronides* was come, and that the next morning would be the fatal time of the Kings poſitive reſolution, whether they ſhould be entertained or excluded the Country. When he firſt heard this news, he was with *Cleonisbe*, whom he courted very aſſiduouſly during all theſe eight days; and he was then with her without any other company but *Glacidia*, who acquainted the Princeſs with the coming of the *Sarronides*; and I underſtood from that diſcreet Lady, how the Prince of *Phoceus* hearing that he was to receive his doom the next day, did bluſh exceedingly: Alſo I underſtood from her, how extreamly his heart was perplexed when he conſidered, that perhaps to morrow he ſhould be for ever baniſhed from his adored Princeſs, in whoſe ſight he took ſuch infinite delight. This thought did not only beget a diſorder in his heart, but it forced him to diſcover ſome part of his thoughts. It is to morrow, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that muſt make me either happy or miſerable, when I ſhall either have a Country, which is dearer to me than my own, or ſhall be a vagabond, and a fugitive: But more then that, I muſt have the happineſs to ſee you all the days of my life, or the miſery to loſe the ſight of you for ever. And truly, Madam, if the laſt of theſe be my fate, I ſhall complain againſt the compaſſion which you have had of ſo many miſerable people; and ſhall be ſorry that the Port unto which you brought us, was not a Rock to ſplit our whole Fleet, and ſo diſable us for a departure from that Country, where ſomething is to be ſeen, which doubtleſs cannot be ſeen in any other place of the World: Do not think, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that it is the purity of your Air, your Sun, your Oranges, your Pomegranats, your Lawrels, your Mirtles are ſuch from which I ſhould be ſorry to be baniſhed: No, Madam, theſe are nothing, but it is from the divine *Cleonisbe*, who cannot be found in any other place of the World; it is ſhe only that my ſoul cannot depart from, without a Sea of ſorrows I am very ſenſibly obliged unto you Sir, replied *Cleoniſbe*, for preferring me before ſo many excellencies which beautifie our Country; and for that the obligations which you think you have unto me for affording you ſome aſſiſtance, ſhould move you unto ſo much friendſhip to me: I aſſure you I accept of your eſteem very kindly, and wiſh with abundance of Paſſion, that the King my Father would do as I would, were I in his place, and which truly I believe he will. Truly, Madam, replied *Glacidia*, you need not doubt it; for I believe your mediation and the Prince *Carimantes* will ſo work, that there will be full ſatisfaction unto the Prince of *Phoceus*. I pray unto the Gods it may, replied he, yet I cannot chuſe but fear it, and ſhall be in a reſtleſs impatience until I know the Kings reſolution, aſſuring you, Madam, (ſaid he unto *Cleonisbe*) that I never deſired any thing in my life with ſo much zeal as I do, to continue in a Country which is ſo dear unto me. Oh Sir, replied *Cleonisbe*, your expreſſions are above belief; for I am confident, that if a Ship ſhould at this very hour arrive from your own Country, which ſhould bring you news that your Conquerours are conquered, that your Country is out of ſervitude, and that you might ſafely return unto *Phoceus*, you would return thither with joy, and leave us very willingly. Oh Madam (ſaid he) I cannot be ſo generous as you imagine me; the love of my Country is not ſo much in my heart as you believe; yet it is both natural and juſt to love ones own Country beſt, replied *Glacidia*, and to tell you truly, it is to be thought that a Prince who ſeeks for liberty by ſuch a dangerous way as this you take, does prefer his Country before all things elſe whatſoever.

The truth is, replied he, that when I came from *Phoceus*, I had ſuch thoughts as I ought to have, and ſuch as you think I have; but it is alſo more true (if there be any difference in truth) that I am not now a *Phocenſian* or an *Aſian* Greek, but all my thoughts run upon your Oranges and Myrtle Trees.

If any of us *Gauls* (replied *Cleonisbe*, and ſmiled) ſhould chance to be driven by fortune either into *Aſia* or *Greece*, I am ſure our Civility and Complacence would not be ſo great as yours, but we ſhould prefer our own Country before all the world. However, added ſhe, I perceive we love ſo well to be flattered, that though we know all obliging expreſſions are not poſitively true, yet we give them a willing hearing: and certainly there are many truths which are nothing ſo pleaſing as this obliging untruth which you now tell me. If what I ſpeak, Madam, be not a truth, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, then there is no truth in the World. Since none are brought to unſpeak thoſe Praiſes which they give in ſpeaking unto the perſon whom they praiſe, replied ſhe, I will not preſs you any further to confirm this pleaſing untruth by adding another, nor that you ſhould unſpeak it: And therefore I will believe, that ſince you have left none in *Phoceus*, and ſince all your friends have followed your fortune, you look upon the place where you ſee them as your own Country, where ever it be. I muſt confeſs, Madam, replied he, that if all the perſons who were here; or if you pleaſe in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, which is the moſt pleaſant in the world, I ſhould not then ſpeak as I do: *Glacidia* knowinw very well, that *Cleonisbe* would be very glad that this talk were broken off, becauſe ſhe did not love to be commended to her face, began to avert it handſomly. Methinks, ſaid ſhe, that what the Princeſs hath ſaid deſerves much conſideration; and that her diſtinction deſerves ſome inquiſition. For truly, I would gladly know whether this affection which every one has to his own Country, be cauſed by thoſe who inhabit in it; or whether it be the Land, the Sun, the Air, the Sea, the Rivers, and the Towns which ſo ties them unto it: and whether it be the living Country (if I may call it ſo) or the inanimate Country, which moves this great tenderneſs to it? I know very well (added ſhe, and addreſſed her ſelf unto *Cleonisbe*) that to ſpeak in general, theſe two things are joyned together; but ſince it appears by the example of the *Phocean* Prince, that fortune hath ſeparated them, ſince all the Inhabitants of *Phoceus* are here, and the Town of *Phoceus* where it was, I would gladly know whether if he found an habitation ſo good and convenient as it was, he would deſire to return into his Native Country; for if ſo, Madam, then it muſt be concluded, it is not only his Kindred and Friends which makes him love his Country, but it is as well the place it ſelf where he was born, as they.

For my part (replied *Cleonisbe*) I am perſwaded that there is a genius, a natural inſtinct which draws us to affect the places of our Nativity, as well as the Perſons which inhabite there: And that our Air, our Sun, our Sea, and our Land are more really our Country, than our Kindred, our Friends, and Fellow-Citizens: For truly, our Kindred die, our Friends do often fail, our Fellow-Citizens are often wicked men, and ſometimes our Perſecutors: But the other things which I named before, they never change for us, and we ought never to change for them. So I conclude, that though to ſpeak of a Country in general, is meant an aſſembly of People who live in the ſame Land, and under the ſame Laws; yet the moſt indiſſolvable part of a Country is the circumſtance of place, and not of perſons, becauſe the one may change and be diſſolved by ſtrange accidents, but the other can never alter; for the ſame Sun which gives Rubies to your Pomgranets, and guilds your Oranges, the very ſame Sun ſhines upon them, and will eternally.

Your arguments, Madam, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, are very good, and full of wit, yet my experience tells me it is not ſo always: For I do proteſt that if I could obtain liberty to dwell here, I ſhould never lament the loſs of my Country, nor that ſtately Town I quitted, or any thing elſe which makes ſuch a Country as this unalterable.

For my part, ſaid *Glacidia*, I am not of your mind; for there is ſuch a ſympathy betwixt my Country and my ſelf, that I would defend it in every thing, thinking if I ſhould live any where elſe, I ſhould never live at reſt; not that I could eaſier part with my Friends than from our Oranges: But my meaning is, that the Princeſs hath great reaſon to ſay, that we are tied unto Places as well as Perſons; and that a Native Country is to be preferred before any other though more pleaſant. I ſhould be extreamly aſhamed, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, to entertain thoughts oppoſite to theſe of a Princeſs ſo wiſe in all things, and unto a perſon ſo judicious as *Glacidia*; yet I am ſo far from being aſhamed of an opinion which is good, that methinks I merit ſome honour for making my ſelf a way ſo extraordinary, and for not being capable of ſuch a kind of love unto ones Country, as to be tied unto Rocks and Forreſſs.

As the Prince of *Phoceus* ſaid ſo, *Bomilcar* entred, unto whom the Princeſs did put the ſame queſtion, not telling him her opinion, nor *Glacidia's*, nor that of the *Phocean* Prince; ſo as he ſtudying how to anſwer ſo as might concur with the thoughts of the Princeſs *Cleoniſbe*: For my part, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I am perſwaded that one does naturally love the Land where one was born, and that the Air ſuits beſt with their Conſtitutions; and I believe alſo, that the ſympathy is ſo ſtrong, that nothing can quaſh it, unleſs ſome violent paſſion, as Ambition, or Love. Then according to your rule (replied the Prince of *Phoceus* faintly) one cannot find any happineſs in a ſtrange Country, unleſs ſome reaſon of Ambition or Love do break thoſe bonds which tye them unto their Country. I am ſo confidently perſwaded of it Sir, replied *Bomilcar*, that whenſoever I ſee any ſtranger forget his Country, and not to grieve for being out of it, I always conclude him to have one of theſe two paſſions in his heart. *Bomilcar* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Cleoniſbe* bluſhed, and the Prince of *Phoceus* obſerved her; ſo as ſeeing the change in her face, he was much joyed at it, imagining that ſhe applied the words of *Bomilcar* unto her ſelf: So in lieu of contradicting him, he extreamly approved of what he ſaid: Yet it was in ſuch a facetious way, as one would really have thought that he had no ſecret deſign in concurring ſo eaſily unto a thing which he might ſo eaſily have oppoſed. So that, Madam, *Bomilcar* unawares was the firſt who cauſed *Cleoniſbe* to ſuſpect that her heart had ſome ſparks of love for the Prince of *Phoceus*: And the firſt alſo who gave his new Rival an occaſion to make her gueſs at his Paſſion who was the cauſer of it.

However, after he was retired unto his Chamber, he began to think that *Bomilcar* had good reaſon to ſay nothing was ſo fit to make one forget his Country, than to fall in love in a ſtrange Contry: His apprehenſion of it was ſo ſtrong, that he could not ſleep, yet his reaſon did muſter up all its forces to oppoſe this growing Paſſion, but it was grown too ſtrong already to be overcome What a fondneſs is it (ſaid he to himſelf, as he told me afterwards) to be ſo deſirous of dwelling in a place where I find ſo dangerous a perſon as *Cleoniſbe*? were it not more wiſdom to depart from it as ſoon as ever I could, and by ſhip-wrack to quench thoſe flames which ſcorch me, than hopeleſly to expoſe my ſelf unto all the torments of Love? Is not *Cleonisbe* within theſe two months to make her choice of him whom ſhe pleaſeth to make ſo happy; and can I be ſo far out of my wits as to think ſhe can chuſe me? Me, I ſay, a deſpicable Exile who has neither Country, nor a Houſe to dwell in; who never did her any ſervice, nor can ſcarcely be admitted to dwell with her. What then ſhould I do, living in a Country where I muſt ſadly ſee her I love, enjoyed either by *Bomilcar* or *Britomartes*, or by *Galathes*? and yet not dare to murmur at it? For what right have I to oppoſe their Pretentions? No, no, I have none, and therefore if I will be wiſe, I will depart from a place where I can never be happy, and ſave the King of the *Segoregians* a labour of conſulting with the *Sarronides*: But doſt thou think of departing, wretched man that thou art, added he, when as thy heart tells thee thou art inſeparably tied unto the divine *Cleonisbe?* Why, whilſt thou thinkeſt thou haſt ſome ſoveraignty over thy ſoul, thy deſires revolt, thy will mutinies, and thy heart prompts all thy thoughts unto rebellion. Thus, Madam, did the Prince of *Phoceus* ſtrive to reſiſt the inevitable power of *Cleonisbes* charms: But as I told you, his Paſſion was grown too ſtrong to be quelled. But on the contrary, it did the more increaſe by the reſiſtance of his Reaſon, and he waited until the next morning, in a reſtleſs impatience, which would not permit him to take any reſt. *Caramantes* for his part was no leſs impatient than he, did as zealouſly wiſh that *Onesicrite* might ſtay there, as the Prince of *Phoceus* wiſhed for himſelf.

On the other ſide, *Menedorus* wiſhed themſelves were baniſhed: *Bomilcar* would not have been ſorry if they were, and *Galathes* would have been glad of it. *Cleonisbe* would have been angry at it as well as *Glacidia*: and *Britomartes* alone was indifferent in the buſineſs. Furthermore, though *Galathes* did not much fear that the Prince of *Phoceus* could hurt him, though he were his Rival, yet he went to ſolicite one of the *Sarronides*, who was to be of the Kings Councel, and who was much his friend, purpoſely to oblige him in oppoſition to the *Phocean* Prince, ſuggeſting all the reaſon which might move the King not to receive ſo many Strangers into his Country: So as ſome ſoliciting for our ſtay, and others endeavouring to oppoſe it, I aſſure you, opinions were never more divided than amongſt all thoſe illuſtrious perſons.

In the mean time, the hour of the Councels Aſſembly being come, *Ariſtonice* with her Companions went to ſpeak with all the *Sarronides* one after another: But in lieu of ſoliciting them as men who had much power to help or hinder the ſtay of the Fleet which ſhe demanded; ſhe boldly told them, that it was not in their power to hinder the King from entertaining ſo many illuſtrious unfortunate perſons, whom the Goddeſs ſhe adored had ſent unto them for their glory, and for the happineſs of their Country; and that ſhe came now only to acquaint them, that the firſt favour ſhe would ask, as ſoon as the King had received them, ſhould be to give her a place where ſhe might build a Temple unto the honour of *Diana*. *Ariſtonice* ſpoke this with ſuch a confidence, and ſo much majeſty, that they looked upon her with more reſpect than before: And ſince their cuſtom was never to make any great Sacrifice but under Oaks, the propoſition of *Ariſtonice* did perplex them, fearing to diſpleaſe the Gods whom they adored, by eſtabliſhing a new Relion in their Country. But in concluſion, not knowing themſelves what opinion they were of, they went unto the King in the Councel-Chamber, where the Councel was to be held, upon which the deſtiny of ſo many men depended: And there was ſuch a multitude of all ſorts in the Caſtle, that there was not one corner which was not full of *Phocenſians* and others. But to ſtrengthen our Cauſe, all the Fiſhers which did inhabit along that Coaſt where we landed, hearing that this was the morning on which we were either to be received or rejected, they flocked in great troops into the baſe Court of the Caſtle, and demanded to ſpeak with the King, ſaying aloud that he muſt receive us, and that they would never let men, who could inſtruct them in ſo many profitable things, go out of their Country.

But the Officers of the Guard having deſired them to ſtay unto the end of the Councel, this croud of *Grecians* and *Segoregians* mingled together, which made ſuch a hurly burly, were all quiet in expectation of the Kings reſolution. We underſtood ſince by one of the *Sarronides*, that the King after he had propoſed the buſineſs unto them, did expreſs unto the Aſſembly, that he ſhould be exceeding glad (if the good of the State would permit it) to aſſiſt ſo many miſerable people, and give ſanctuary unto ſo many illuſtrious perſons as were amongſt us; yet adding, that he preferred the good of his people before his own inclinations: and that if they thought it dangerous to receive us, he would endeavour to deny his own deſires, and reject us. At the firſt, opinions were divided: But ſince the chief of the *Sarronides* was for us, and being a man of a ſound judgement and wit, he brought all to concur with him, except him whom *Galathes* had ſolicited. But he, ſince he had the pretence of the publick good to favour the deſigns of his friend, he made uſe of it with abundance of zeal againſt us; and if the chief of the *Sarronides* had not been as reſolute as he was obſtinate, we had all been baniſhed. For my part Sir, ſaid he unto the King, I know very well that not to conſider the miſeries of thoſe who deſire Sanctuary from you, and to deny their deſires doth ſeem to be a piece of cruelty: But I know alſo, that conſidering the dangerous conſequences which the favour they ask might bring with it, if conſented unto, there is great reaſon to deny them: For it is not one particular which which demands receipt of you; but it is a huge people, who by their multitudes may become terrible to you, and alſo by the abundance of good qualities which are attributed unto them; for the more wit and ſpirit theſe *Greeks* have, the more they are to be feared, it not being expedient that your Subjects who are faithful in their ſimplicity ſhould become more knowing by the converſation of Strangers, leſt they ſhould grow mutinous. Do you not ſee already, Sir, how theſe Fiſhers who uſe themſelves only to their Lines and Nets, begin to meddle in matters of State, and will have you entertain theſe Strangers, who begin already to have a ſhare in your authority? Moreover, theſe Strangers are Rich, they are a Warlike People; abundance hath made them luxurious and voluptuous; and it is to be feared, that thoſe, who they ſay can teach all the Arts unto your Subjects, will communicate the vices of their Country unto them alſo. Ignorance and Poverty, Sir, are good properties to make Subjects obedient; and therefore I conceive that thoſe People who can take from your Subjects theſe two Properties, which make a Soveraign ſo abſolute, ought not to be received without great and ſerious conſideration.

Moreover, the new Religion of theſe Strangers will either ſubvert your own, or at leaſt raiſe abundance of ſcruples and errors in the minds of your People. And I know not, Sir, whether they may not ſhake your Throne it ſelf: So that in my opinion, to ſatisfie the rights of hoſpitality without any danger to your Kingdom, the beſt expedient were to permit theſe *Grecians* to repair their Fleet, and to give them all things neceſſary for a long voyage, and to let them go and ſeek a Sanctuary ſomewhere elſe, but not to let them inhabit here. This friend unto *Galathes* was ſo vehement, that ſome of thoſe whom the Prince *Sarronide* had brought unto his opinion, began to waver, and return unto their firſt thoughts. But this wiſe and good old man, ſeeing their minds begin to ſtagger, and to anſwer all the reaſons which this friend unto *Galathes* had delivered. I am not ignorant, Sir, (ſaid he unto the King) that to conſider the buſineſs in hand with a byaſſed intereſt, there is ſome ſhew of doubt in it: But I am ſure to conſider the true grounds of the buſineſs, and not to be deluded by appearances, there is all the reaſon in the world to be of my opinion. For Sir, the moſt ancient of all Laws, and that which ought certainly to be moſt inviolable, is the Law of Hoſpitality: And I am not afraid to ſay, that upon ſome occaſions a King may be more culpable in uſing Strangers ill, than in uſing his own Subjects ill.

Moreover, this whole multitude which is uſed as an argument to hinder your Majeſty from being pitiful, is an argument to oblige you the more unto it, ſince it is more glorious to relieve many than a few.

But to anſwer poſitively unto the objection of Fears which this multitude of perſons may cauſe, I only anſwer thus, that in compariſon of the multitudinous number of your Subjects, theſe Strangers are ſo few and weak, as there is no reaſon of any fears in the world: Alſo being of a Country ſo far diſtant from yours, and a Country wherein they have no power, they never dare attempt any thing againſt you, ſince they cannot hope for any relief from any part; and ſince it is a moſt eaſie matter for you to ſuppreſs them, whenſoever they ſhall incenſe you. Furthermore, ſince all theſe *Grecians* have their whole Families in your Land, it may very well be ſaid, that you have moſt ſure Hoſtages of their fidelity; ſo as you may with much leſs danger receive this numerous multitude, than if they were fewer, and had not with them ſuch perſons as are moſt dear unto them, and unable to bear Arms.

Again, I do admire any one of wiſdom ſhould ſay, that the more wit theſe *Grecians* have, the more they are to be feared; and that Poverty and Ignorance are two neceſſary Qualities to make faithful Subjects. For truly, Sir, my opinion is ſo contrary to that, as I dare undertake to maintain unto your Majeſty, that the greateſt care of a Prince ought to be to make his people rich, and to teach them their duty to their King. The truth is, as ignorance will ſometimes keep them under, ſo it will after make them mutiny without a cauſe: It will make People wilful without reaſon; It will fit them for tumults and ſeditions; it will not let them underſtand their own intereſts; it will ruin themſelves in ruining the State; and for want of knowledge they will ſubvert Kingdoms, fall off from their duty to their Soveraigns, and alſo from their duty to the Gods: So as the Link of Society being once broken between ſo many perſons whom reaſon ſhould reunite, it muſt of neceſſity follow, there will be an univerſal confuſion which is equally prejudicial both unto Princes and Subjects. Believe it, Sir, the more wit and ingenuity theſe Greeks have, the ſooner you ought to receive them, ſince tho they produce no other benefit unto your People, but to communicate their wit and ingenuity unto them, it is a great benefit ſince they will teach them to know their duty. Alſo by teaching your Subjects ſo many admirable Arts, wherein they are knowing, they will baniſh idleneſs out of the Country, which is the moſt abundant cauſe of Revolts. And as to that objection concerning the Fiſhermen, how they ſhould begin already to meddle in matters of State, I muſt anſwer, that this beginning of rebellion,is an argument, one ſhould not give a bruitiſh people any cauſe to know their own ſtrength; ſo therefore, though only in this conſideration I muſt couclude it requiſite to receive the *Phocenſians*, leaſt by incenſing the *Segoregians*, they ſhould come to know what they can do before they know what they ought to do, which is one of the moſt dangerous diviſions that can be amongſt a people.

Again, as for the vices which are feared to grow out of the abundance of riches; Truly me-thinks their fears go too far, in fearing leaſt the greateſt good of all goods ſhould ſow evil in an age or two; and it would be much injuſtice to reject men who are eminent in a thouſand vertues, only becauſe they fear leſt the Riches they bring with them ſhould produce ſome one vice which ſometimes does follow them, but are not always Concomitants: alſo I can anſwer, that as Riches and Abundance have their Vices, ſo Poverty and Want have theirs alſo. As the one makes them voluptuous, the other alſo makes men ſteal and kill thoſe that are richer than themſelves. Now Sir, as to the buſineſs of Religion (added this ſage *Sarronide*) I muſt tell your Majeſty, that though I have as much zeal unto my own as any hath, yet I do believe that humanity is to be found in all Religions in the world; and it were great cruelty to make ſo many miſerable, only becauſe their Religion is different from ours: On the contrary, if we will be indeed zealous in our Religion, we ſhould ſtrive to convert a People who know not the manner of our Worſhip, and to perſwade them that our Sacrifices are more perfect than theirs: Thus this argument of Religion which is uſed to hinder ſo many illuſtrious unfortunate People from having a Sanctuary amongſt us, is a ſtrong reaſon why we ſhould grant it unto them.

Alſo according to the univerſal opinion of all the *Sarronides*, it is not fit for men to judg of things which exceed their underſtandings, but it is their duty to believe, that ſince the Gods do ſuffer men in ſome places to offer unto them innocent victims, in other places to ſacrifice men, and in other places they bring nothing unto their Altars but Flowers, Fruits, and Incenſe: In ſome places they build Temples unto them; and in other places they are forbidden to build them, and commanded to ſacrifice in Woods and Hills: And thus it is the pleaſure of the Gods to be adored in a hundred ſeveral manners. For upon a true examination of the matter, it being agreed on all ſides, that every People do believe that the Gods whom they adore, are the makers and maſters of Heaven and Earth, it muſt of neceſſity be concluded that every People do adore one and the ſame God under different names, and in different manners: And as there is but one Sun in the whole World over all People, ſo alſo there is but one powerful Divinity which is to be adored over all the Earth. So Sir, it is to be feared that you anger the Gods, if your Majeſty ſhould deny a Sanctuary unto men who gave ſo many teſtimonies of Piety, ſince they came amongſt us: ſo as whether you conſider their miſeries, their vertues, the good of your people, or the glory of your Majeſty, I find it moſt requiſite to entertain theſe miſerable men, and to receive them as a happineſs which the Gods have ſent unto us.

As ſoon as this wiſe *Sarronide* had ended his Oration, the King did approve of it exceeding well, and there was no further conteſt about the buſineſs: ſo that the Councell being ended, the King cauſed the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Sfurius*, *Menedorus*, and eight or ten others the moſt conſiderable in their Fleet to be brought in, and told them that he gave them leave to dwell in the Land: and to inhabit in the ſame place where they landed; this Prince conceiving it moſt ſafe for himſelf to let them live together, and not to diſperſe themſelves into his Dominions, becauſe they would not ſo eaſily perſwade them unto the Religion of their Country.

To tell you Madam, how joyed the Prince of *Phoceus* was, and all the *Phocenſians* except *Menedorus*, is more than I am able to do: Nor am I able to deſcribe the joys of *Caramantes*, *Cleonisbe*, *Glacidia*, and all the Gallants of the Court, except *Bomilcar*, and *Galathes*. But as their ſatisfaction was great, ſo that of the Fiſhermen was greater: And they expreſſed it by ſuch ſhouts of joy, as did let the King know that the chief of the *Sarronides* had prudently adviſed him. But amongſt all that rejoyced at the reſolution of the King, *Ariſtonice* was in the higheſt degree, conceiving her ſelf very inſtrumental in the glory of that Goddeſs who had ſo happily guided us. But Madam, not to be over-tedious in particularizing ſo many uſeleſs things unto you, give me leave to tell you, that the next morning the King himſelf ſhewed unto the Prince of *Phoceus* the extent of that ground and the place where he would permit us to build: And to begin the Foundation of this Town with an action of piety *Ariſtonice* with her own hand did not only meaſure out the place where ſhe would Erect a Temple unto *Diana*, which was near the Sea ſide, but alſo the very place where the Image of that Goddeſs ſhould ſtand. As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, ſince he ever held *Minerva* in great veneration having been long at *Athens*, he ſet out a place for a Temple to be built to that Goddeſs: After which the great multitude of workmen amongſt us, beginning to work by the directions of the *Phocean* Prince, one might ſee that done in a few dayes which one could not believe fieſable in many months. The truth is Madam, the *Grecians* did work ſo very hard, the *Segoregians* did help them ſo willingly, and all wrought with ſo much alacrity and ſpeed that in one month and a half we had built two Temples, and a great Town. That which did much facilitate, the Country, which though very fertile was yet ſo ſtony, that all our work was to heap ſo many ſtones together as we ſtood in need of. Moreover, ſince the winds do often uſe to beat againſt that mountain where I told you the chief of the *Sarronides* did uſe to inhabit one part of the year; ſo it chanced that a little while before we came into that Country, the violence of the winds had ſo beaten down abundance of wood at the foot of this mountain, and waſted the Trees to the ſhore, that we had nothing more to do but to work them up. You may may eaſily imagine, Madam, that this Town was not ſo ſtately built as *Babylon* or

Ecbatan: but yet there was not one Greek who had not a handſom and convenient lodging: There was three publick Market-places in this new built Town, which was much more long than large; becauſe having encloſed all the Fiſher Cabins within our Circle, we were confined unto that narrowneſs. There was alſo good fountains and an admirable Port; and though its ſcituation was upon a hanging ground, and conſequently a little inconvenient, becauſe the ſtreets were uneven, yet it was very pleaſant; tho' the *Grecian* Architecture was not ſet out in its full ornament; for ſince our Aims were only for Lodgings; it may be ſaid that they were Cabins regularly built rather then houſes; yet they were very convenient and handſom, and ſeemed Palaces unto Exiles. But Madam, it was a wonder to ſee how the *Greek* did ſtrive to get the *Segoregian* language, and how earneſt the *Segoregians* were to get the *Greek*, for they did ſuddenly ſo perfectly underſtand each other, that I do not think there is at this time one of the Kings Subjects who does not underſtand *Greek* nor one *Grecian* who does not underſtand the Language of that Country where they now inhabite. As for *Ariſtonice*, ſhe Cloyſtered up her ſelf within the Verge of that Temple which ſhe built as ſoon as ever it was finiſhed: and not medling with any thing but her devotion, ſhe lived in a wonderful reſtraint.

In the mean time, ſince the Prince of *Phoceus* knew very well that it was not enough to build a Town, unleſs it were governed by good and politick Laws, he began to ſettle the order of them: And to avoid all envie amongſt thoſe who had acknowledged him for their head, he appointed a great number unto the tranſaction of publick affairs, naming the number of ſix hundred who had determinative voyces in Councel: But for the diſpatch of urgent affairs he conſtituted a number of fifteen without aſſembling a general Councel; and of this fifteen there was three with whom he adviſed in matters of ſecreſie according to occaſions. Thus Madam, this Councel conſiſting of ſix hundred, out of which ſix hundred was named fifteen, and out of fifteen, three, and out of three, one, all which made up but one Authority, was the government of this new Town, whoſe model I deſire

ſire to deſcribe, before I proceed with the love of the *Phocean* Prince.

Methinks (ſaid *Mandana*, and interrupted him) you have forgot one thing which deſerves ſome curioſity, which is, to tell us whether this Town was called the new *Phoceus*, or whether they gave it the name of the Country.

Your queſtion Madam (replied *Thrymetus*) is more worthy of Curioſity than you imagine, ſince their happned a very odd paſſage about it. For Madam, it was never in the power of the *Phocean* Prince to call this Town *Diana's* Town, as he intended, but was forced to yield unto a multitude, who had got a cuſtom of calling it *Marſeilles*, having no other reaſon for it, unleſs the forming that name of two *Greek* words corruptively put together, for the one half of that name in the *Æolian* language ſignifies Fiſher, and the other half in the pure *Greek* ſignifies to tye: But Madam to interpret the oddneſs of the thing a little better unto you, be pleaſed to know, that when our Fleet came to this Port, a great multitude of Fiſhers were got together to ſee us land: ſo as the Marriners of every ſhip caſting out their Cables, and knowing them to be Fiſhers, becauſe they had Lines and Nets in their hands, they prayed theſe Fiſhers to tie their Cables to ſome ſtakes which were upon the ſhore, that they might ſerve in lieu of an Anchor: ſo as the two words which they pronounced at landing, that is to ſay, Fiſher, and Tie, which in our Language ſignifie *Marſeilles* a little corrupted, they would by all means have called the name of the Town thereafter. However Madam, Cuſtom was ſtronger than Reaſon, and the People more powerful than the Prince, ſince being Founder of the Town, he was not able to give it the name he deſired; but muſt permit thoſe two *Greek* words which had no reaſonable ſignification, to be the name of a Town, the government whereof was conſtituted wholly by reaſon and Prudence. However Madam, I muſt return from whence I digreſſed, and acquaint you with the loves of the *Phocean* Prince, of *Carimantes*, of *Bomilcar*, of *Menedorus*, of *Britomartes*, and of *Galathes*, from the time the King permitted us to ſtay in the Country: And Madam, I muſt tell you, that the love of the *Phocean* Prince to *Cleonisbe*, and that of *Carimantes* to *Oneſicrite*, did extreamly increaſe; for then looking upon the Perſons whom they loved as thoſe whom they ſhould ſee and adore as long as they lived, their Paſſions were the more inflamed: But this did kindle abundance of jealouſie in the heart of *Bomilcar*, of *Galathes*, and of *Menedorus*.

Furthermore, the eſteem which the Princeſs *Cleonisbe* had already of the *Phocean* Prince, did abundantly increaſe by acquaintance, and the friendſhip which this Prince had with *Glacidia*, became ſo great in a few days, that ſhe did not value *Bomilcar* who was moſt in her favour at a higher rate than ſhe did him

In the mean while, the *Segoregian* King being returned unto the Metropolis of his Kingdom, which was not above half a days journey from the place where we landed, he would by all means have the Prince of *Phoceus*, after he had given all requiſite orders for the building his new Town to accompany him, with *Menedorus*, my ſelf, and many others, *Sfarim* ſtaying behind as an overſeer of the works.

'Tis true, ſince the diſtance was not far, the Prince of *Phoceus* went thither very oft; but he always made ſuch haſt, and choſe his hours ſo conveniently, that not a day paſſed but he ſaw *Cleonisbe*, with whom was *Oneſicrite*, betwixt whom was already an intimate love: Moſt of the *Phocenſian* Ladies did alſo follow her, ſo as this Court did flouriſh as much as any Court in the world. As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, he was pleaſing unto the King, and univerſally unto all that ſaw him, as nothing but his merits were talked of, and he became ſo familiar with the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, that *Bomilcar* who had been acquainted with her all his life, was not more: 'Tis true, *Glacidia* did much contribute unto it; for indeed ſhe was a great admirer of the *Phocean* Prince, and being a zealous commender of her friends, ſhe continually talked of him to *Cleonisbe*. Yet ſhe did not commend him only unto her, for ſhe had ever a moſt charitable deſire to unite all her friends as much as ſhe could, and to make them love one another, as well as ſhe did; therefore ſhe ſpake often of the Prince of *Phoceus* unto *Bomilcar*, to the end that begetting an eſteem of each other, a friendſhip might grow betwixt them. But Madam, her good intentions did but half hit; for though they had all imaginable eſteem of each other outwardly, yet there was an implacable antipathy in their hearts: And I do not think that ever ſince love and ambition did make any Rivals, there was ever two who more hated each other, yet lived ſo well together, as the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar*: Doubtleſs the vertue of *Cleonisbe*, and the prudence of *Glacidia* did much contribute to the keeping of Peace and Civility between theſe two Enemies: But moſt certainly, if they had not both been moſt excellently accompliſhed men, they had not agreed ſo well. However, as ſoon as we came to the place where the King did ordinarily reſide, we found nothing but feaſting and pleaſures, and ſince ſtrangers have any where that priviledg to be ſhewed all the diverſions of the Country, it was unto *Oneſicrite* and the Prince of *Phoceus*, that the King, *Carimantes*, and *Cleonisbe* did ſhew all the delights of the Court: Yet Madam you muſt not imagine their Feaſts to be ſo magnificent as thoſe in the *Aſian* Courts, nor in the principal Towns of *Greece*; but for all that, though they ſmelt ſomthing of the ruſticity of their firſt inſtitution, yet were they handſom and delightſom: And the admirable ſpirit of the Princeſs *Cleonisbe* did add much unto their luſtre, though in themſelves they were but meanly magnificent: For truly their greateſt feaſts were thoſe of Bulls, of Shepheards, of Fiſhers, and another which had moſt of gallantry in it, which they called the Feaſt of Flowers, or the triumph of the Sun: The greateſt beauty of the firſt of theſe feaſts, was to ſee four or five hundred Bulls of a prodigious bigneſs, whoſe horns were painted and guilded, who had upon their backs cloaths embroydered with a thouſand ſeveral colours, and about their necks garlands of flowers: So as theſe fierce animals going two by two, and their natural fierceneſs being moved by a kind of ſhrill harmony which thoſe who drive them do make, they make a ſhew ſo ſtately, that they move much delight, in paſſing under the Kings Palace, where all the Court are that day. After which, out of a ſuperſtition of the Country, they are carried round about the Town, where the People do offer them little bundles of freſh graſs; conceiting that if they eat them, they ſhall have a plentiful harveſt, and if they refuſe, then not. But this Feaſt does not end thus, for as ſoon as theſe Bulls have gone the round, they chooſe out twelve of the faireſt and ſtrongeſt of them, and bring them unto a place before the Kings Palace where they are baited. As for the feaſt of Fiſhers, indeed it is very delightful, as that of the Shepheards; for ſince they are perſons of Quality who make them both, there are a thouſand pleaſant paſſages to be ſeen.

But Madam, I will not trouble you with a deſcription of them: But as for the triumph of the Sun, I beſeech you give me leave to be a little longer in the deſcription of it, becauſe it was this Feaſt which gave all thoſe whoſe hiſtories I relate ſome light to know the thoughts which they had in their hearts. Since we were there at that time of the year when they were wont to celebrate this Feaſt, we were all the diſcourſe of all the Ladies in the Country: every one wiſhing that it might be the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, who ſhould receive all their honours: For Madam, be pleaſed to know that ſince the Sun ſhines clearer in that Country then any where elſe, becauſe it is ſeldom or never obſcured by any Clouds, and ſince there are more flowers there, than in any other place of the world? the Inhabitants do believe it their duty to render homage to that bright Planet: ſo that every year they engrave upon certain little ſhells the names of all the Beauties in the Court, and put them confuſedly together into a great Baſin inlaied with mother of Pearl: After which the King puts his hand into the Baſin and draws out one; and the Lady whoſe name is engraved upon that ſhell which the King doth draw, is ſhe who is deſtined to repreſent the Sun, and to receive all the honours which are done unto that glorious Planet which ſhe repreſents:

The day of this ceremony being come, chance ſeconding the wiſhes of all the Aſſembly, the name of *Cleonisbe* was found upon the ſhell which the King drew, ſo as it was the office of this Princeſs to receive all the honour of the Feaſt which was to be celebrated eight days after, as hereafter I ſhall tell you:

Imagin then, Madam, that all the great Streets in a great Town were all decked up with Garlands of flowers, from the very tops of Houſes to the bottom, and all the ground ſtrewed with variety of the ſame flowers, certainly you would conceit this to be a moſt pleaſant object; yet I am moſt confident you cannot imagin it half ſo beautiful as it was: However, it being as I tell you, all the Ladies who were not Actors in this Ceremony, ſtood in the windows which were round about the place where it was to be celebrated, in the midſt of which was erected a Throne, over which was a great Canopy,ſupported by four Pillars, decked with Flowers, and wreathed with Mirtle: But the moſt delectable object of all was, that in the midſt of this Canopy was the face of the Sun moſt admirably repreſented unto every beholder. For my part, Madam, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that all I ſaw this day was ſo new unto me, and did ſo exceedingly delight me, as I never in all my life found a more excellent diverſion.

But the hour of beginning the Ceremony being come, I ſaw the Gates of the Palace which joyned unto that place to open, and a little Chariot in which was *Oneſicrite*, appeared, who repreſented *Aurora*, which is always the Uſher of the Sun, had Garments ſuitable unto what ſhe repreſented. Her Chariot and Horſes were painted with *Aurora*'s colour, reſembling the Sun, a little before it appears in our Horizon: ſo as *Oneſicrite* both young and fair, ſhe really appeared more freſh than *Aurora* it ſelf which ſhe repreſented, eſpecially in the eyes of *Cariman-tes* and *Menedorus*, who were both of them more in love with her, and more jealous of each other: But after this Chariot had gone round the place, and vaniſhed out of ſight, the Chariot of *Cleonisbe* which repreſented the Sun, appeared with ſo much luſter, as I aſſure you this Princeſs dazled the eyes of all the Aſſembly. And though the brown beauty of *Cleonisbe* do not ſeem very fit for the reſemblance of the Sun, yet her dark coloured hair did produce the ſame effect that day, as that dusky Azure doth which is about the Sun, when the Heavens are moſt ſerene and clear, and when that ſplendent Planet is in its greateſt luſtre; for certainly her hair gave a great luſtre unto her. Her Chariot was inlayed with mother of Pearl, and ſtreaks of gold, and done with ſuch art by ſome *Grecian* Artiſts that were employed, as this Chariot by reaſon of the ſeveral reflections from the mother of Pearl and ſome Topazes which were ſet in ſeveral places, was no leſs glorious than the Sun it ſelf: As for *Cleonisbe*, ſhe was adorned with ſo many Jewels, that her luſtre could hardly be looked upon: And to reſemble the Sun which ſhe repreſented, ſhe wore a Sun of Diamonds upon her head: In one hand ſhe held a veſſel of Mother of Pearl full of flowers, as being the chief work of that Glorious Star, in the other hand ſhe held the reins of the Horſes, whoſe fineneſs made them worthy to draw the Chariot of the Sun. *Cleonisbe* being then in ſuch ſtate as I have told you, and the day being as fair and glorious as was poſſible, that place was an Epitome of the whole world; and ſhe carried her ſelf with ſuch applauſe, that the Air ecchoed with a million of acclamations.

As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, he was ſo charmed with the ſight, that if he had not already been in Love, he would now. But after *Cleonisbe* had gone round the place, ſhe left her Chariot at the foot of the Throne which was prepared for her, upon which ſhe aſcended by the help of four men of Quality who ſtood at the bottom of the ſtairs: The dreſſes of theſe four men who repreſented the Four Seaſons of the Year were very rich. The firſt was *Bomilcar*, the ſecond *Britomartes*, the third *Galathes*, and the fourth the Prince of *Phoceus*: Thus *Cleonisbe* when ſhe was upon her Throne, ſhe ſaw at her feet four Slaves, whom Chance had brought together, and whom love had wounded with one and the ſame Arrow. But perhaps, Madam, you will ask me why the Four Seaſons of the Year was repreſented by men? To which I anſwer, that ſince there was not one Beauty who would repreſent Winter, Cuſtom brought it in, that this Feaſt was repreſented by four men. However, *Cleonisbe* was no ſooner upon her Throne of flowers, but the great Gates of the Palace being opened, there appeared thirty perſons, every one in a ſeveral little Chariot, which came gently one after another to render homage unto *Cleonisbe*.

But, Madam, that you may the better underſtand the nature of this homage, be pleaſed to know, that every one of theſe fair perſons repreſented a ſeveral flower which they made choice of according unto their fancies: ſo as theſe Ladies to ſignifie the flowers which they repreſented had a Crown compoſed of them on their heads, and another in their hands, their Chariots being trimmed up with the ſame flowers.

And to compleat the gallantry of this invention, their habits were of the ſame colours with the flowers which they repreſented, and every one had a Banner on which was a device ſuitable: Every Banner had a flower painted, and ſome Inſcriptions under it: So that, Madam, ſince the ſeaſon in which they did celebrate this feaſt, all ſorts of flowers did grow at once in that Country, I am confident a more delightful ſight could not be ſeen. For, I aſſure you, Madam, theſe thirty Chariots painted, guilded, and trimmed with flowers, did make a moſt admirable ſhow; and theſe thirty fair ones, whoſe Dreſſes were both gallant and rich, and all Crowned with flowers, were beyond all imagination, admirable.

The firſt which came out of the Palace to render homage unto *Cleoniſbe*, was Crowned with Orange-flowers, the ſecond Roſes, the third Jeſſimine, the fourth Olives, the fifth with Violets, the ſixth with Pomgranets, the ſeventh with Lillies, the eighth with Gilly-flowers, the ninth with Flower de-luces, and ſo with others: ſo that this lovely Miſcellany of flowry Crowns worn by theſe Beauties, did make a ſhow beyond all imagination delightful. As ſoon as theſe Chariots came unto the Throne of the Sun, thoſe Ladies which were to repreſent the flower wherewith they were Crowned, they prepared themſelves to render homage: And preſenting the Crown which they held in their hands unto one of theſe men who ſtood at the foot of the Throne, offered unto the Sun only ſuch flowers as the ſeaſon which they repreſented, did produce. So, ſince there are Orange-flowers in Winter, it was *Britomartes* who offered the Crown, becauſe he repreſented that ſeaſon. It was the Prince of *Phoceus* who offered Roſes, becauſe he repreſented the Spring: It was *Galathes* who offered the Crown of Olives, becauſe he repreſented Summer: And it was *Bomilcar*

milcar who offered Jeſſamine, becauſe he repreſented *Autumn*: For as I have already told you, Madam, there is one ſeaſon in that Country, in which they have all manner of flowers together.

In the mean time, as theſe Ladies paſſed before *Cleonisbe*'s Throne, they ſaluted her, and tendred unto her their Crowns; and they were heaped one upon another with ſo much Art, That when the laſt of theſe Ladies had offered her Garland, there was ſuch a Trophy of Garlands raiſed unto the glory of *Cleonisbe*, all whoſe flags were ſet in ſuch order, as the Motto's might eaſily be read. But whilſt all theſe little Chariots paſſed before the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, and thoſe within them were doing homage unto her, Muſick compoſed of ſeveral Inſtruments impoſed ſilence upon the People, who made no diſorder, becauſe the place was rayl'd round about, and hindered them. Nor did the heat of the Sun offend; for this Ceremony was not begun until it was declining, and moreover the Palace and Houſes were ſo high, as they caſt a ſhadow over all the place; and there chanced contrary to the cuſtom of that Country to be ſome little Clouds that day, which made a ſhadow, and one would have ſaid that this bright Planet to honour the Feaſt, had reſigned its luſtre unto *Cleonisbe*.

In the mean while, according as theſe Chariots paſſed by, they ranged themſelves next the Chariot of *Cleonisbe*, unto which ſhe went as ſoon as ſhe had received the laſt homage of flowers. The four Seaſons cauſing to be carried before her that Trophy of Garlands which were offered unto her: After which theſe four Seaſons did follow her every one in a ſtately Chariot, entring with her into the Palace-Court: ſo as *Oneſicrite* going firſt in repreſenting the *Aurora*, the four Seaſons followed the Sun, and the thirty flowers the four Seaſons.

After which, *Cleonisbe* went to offer this Trophy of Garlands at a Temple which was at the furtheſt part of the Town, and then returned to the Palace where a Banquet was prepared ſuitable to the Feaſt, for it was only of fruits, for the cuſtom was for it to be of no other: Yet was it very admirably ſet out both with rare and excellent fruits, in great abundance and variety, and in moſt exquiſite order. The Banquet being ended, they went unto another place, where I ſaw the fineſt ſhow that can be imagined; for indeed, Madam, all this glorious Troop followed by all the Court, entered into a great Hall, whoſe ſight ſurprized me beyond my expreſſions.

Suppoſe, Madam, this Hall to have all its walls of flowers, and the roof ſupported with pillars of flowers ſo compoſed as if they were Marble; and from the roof a thouſand Garlands and Crowns did hang, compoſed of Orange flowers and Jeſſamine: Thus, Madam, was the place adorned where the Ball was afterwards to be kept; and it was late before the Aſſembly broke up; for ſince all the devices which belonged unto theſe Crowns did furniſh out much diſcourſe upon them, all the men did ſtrive according to their inclinations to applaud thoſe which beſt pleaſed them: And amongſt the reſt, that of *Glacidia*, who repreſented the *Amaranthes*, extreamly taking the Prince of *Phoceus*, he did highly commend her unto *Cleonisbe*, and told her that *Glacidia* had good reaſon to make choice of that flower which ſhe repreſented, ſince ſhe had given ſuch evident demonſtration of of the conſtancy in her affection.

I hope (ſaid *Mandana*, and interrupted him) that there was none of thoſe thirty Ladies which repreſented thirty ſeveral Flowers, and had thirty ſeveral Devices, which you eſteemed ſo little, as to forget what they were.

Pardon me, Madam, I beſeech you, replied *Thrymetus*, If I ſhould have received the honour to have ſeen you preſently after this Feaſt, I ſhould have repeated them all; but now at this time I can only remember two of them, and I think *Glacidia* repreſented the *Amaranthes*, with this Motto,

I never Change.

For ſince this Flower hath that priviledg never to loſe its beauty, nor fade, *Glacidia* made choice of it to expreſs the laſtingneſs of her love to *Cleonisbe* and the conſtancy of her heart. Then there was another Lady of Quality, whoſe name was *Amathilde*, who choſe that day a Crown of Roſes: She was very young and fair, and had ſuch a conceit of her own beauty as ſhe would often ſay ſhe would not deſire to live but till twenty years of age, upon condition ſhe were the faireſt in the world: maintaining very peremptorily, that ſhe had much rather die young, than live long, ſince ſhe could not live long and be fair, ſo as ſuiting her Device unto her humour, and the flower which ſhe repreſented, it was this:

My Reign is ſhort, but beautiful.

Now, Madam, I beſeech you excuſe me for the reſt; for the Truth is, I am forced to conſeſs unto my ſhame that my memory fails me, though I am ſure they were all, as full of pleaſant wit as theſe I have named. But to return from whence I digreſſed, give me leave to tell you, Madam, that the Prince of *Phoceus* beginning to commend *Glacidia* unto *Cleonisbe*: Truly, Madam, ſaid he unto her, *Glacidia* is very happy in being loved by one who knows ſo well how to proportion her love according to the merits of every one: But I muſt tell you alſo, that thoſe who are conſcious of their own worth, are very unhappy; for to live without hopes of your eſteem is a moſt unexpreſſible torment. Thoſe who are not worthy of my eſteem (replied *Cleonisbe*, and ſmiled) do value it ſo little, as it's likely the deprivation of it never troubles them: and therefore you imploy your compaſſion very ill, if you pity ſuch as are no ſufferers, and ſuch perhaps as you know not. I aſſure you, Madam, replied he, I know one who has moſt ſtrange apprehenſions and fears of not obtaining this glorious eſteem whereof I ſpeak: Then they muſt needs have an ill opinion either of me, or of themſelves, replied *Cleonisbe*: I cannot tell, Madam, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, whether or no they have a bad opinion of themſelves, but I am ſure they have a very good one of you.

As *Cleonisbe* was ready to reply, *Bomilcar* according to the liberty of the Ball, did take her out to dance, which did much vex the Prince of *Phoceus*; yet it was not long before he had his revenge in the ſame nature; for after *Cleonisbe* had danced, and *Bomilcar* had talked a while with her, he took out *Cleonisbe* to dance from *Bomilcar*, as *Bomilcar* took her from him.

In the mean while, *Galathes* and *Britomartes* who had alſo their Pretenſions, did both of them eaſily obſerve with what an Ayr *Bomilcar* and the Prince of *Phoceus* behaved themſelves in the buſineſs, ſo as equally to hinder both they both applied themſelves unto the Princeſs, and would not leave her; ſo as all the reſt of that day none of all the four could ſpeak unto her in private. Though the Prince of *Phoceus* was an abſolute Maſter of himſelf when he pleaſed, unleſs ſince he was in Love, yet he ſpake but very little, fearing leaſt he ſhould ſpeak too much, and more than he would have either his Miſtreſs or his Rivals to know. But as for *Bomilcar*, his tongue was freer, and he uttered many things, which gave *Cleonisbe* to underſtand that he was jealous of the *Phocean* Prince, though he gave no ſuch language as could anger either her or him: As for *Britomartes*, who was of a more ſincere ſpirit, and never gloſſed over any hidden meaning, he ſet no watch over his words. But as for *Galathes*, the Prince of *Phoceus* did eaſily perceive that he underſtood *Bomilcar* as well as him, and that his Paſſion was not unknown him.

On the other ſide, *Menedorus*, he was not without his ingenuities; for the Prince *Carimantes* having thought *Aurora* that day to be fairer than the Sun it ſelf, he was continually with *Oneſicrite*, and talked with her with much delight, whilſt *Menedorus* durſt not diſturb them. *Oneſicrite*, who obſerved the diſorder of *Menedorus*, had a deſire to break off this diſcourſe; but it was not fit ſhe ſhould be uncivil unto the Son of a King, who had given them a being in his Country; ſo as ſhe being diſordered as well as *Menedorus*, *Carimantes* perceived that her ſpirit was diſtempered in her diſcourſe, and did gueſs the reaſon. Yet he had no mind that *Oneſicrite* ſhould perceive he knew the cauſe of that perplexity which appeared in her eyes and mind, whether ſhe would or no; but on the contrary, deſiring to put it off upon ſome other cauſe, I perceive, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that our Feaſts and Diverſions do not pleaſe you ſo well as thoſe of your own Country: and I ſee their ſimplicity is not witty and gallant enough for your ſublime fancy: And, Madam, the truth is, you have great reaſon to complain againſt the Lot which is uſed at this Feaſt; for indeed it was fit you ſhould have had the place of *Cleonisbe*. Oh Sir, replied *Oneſicrite*, you do me the greateſt wrong in the world, if you think I am not infinitely well pleaſed with every thing I ſee here; and you are extreamly unjuſt to ſay that I ſhould have the Princeſs *Cleonisbies* place: you would be much more equitable if you would ſay, I did not merit that which I had: For really, *Aurora* is a thing ſo glorious, as it may well be ſaid, I had abundance of vanity in me, in daring to repreſent it: For my part, replied *Carimantes*, I dare confidently affirm, that if *Aurora* be as glorious as your ſelf, ſhe deſerves as many Sacrifices as the Sun. Nor do I think (ſaid he and ſmiled) that you would not ſpeak as you do, but becauſe you do not often ſee *Aurora*. 'Tis very true, replied *Oneſicrite*, I do ſee the Sun oftner than I do *Aurora*, and am fitter to judge of the nights beauty than it. Oh fie, Madam, replied *Carimantes*, ceaſe to be unjuſt; and believe as I do, that you are abſolutely the faireſt perſon in the world: And believe, I beſeech you withall, that there is no man upon Earth does more admire and adore you than I do. I would I could perſwade my ſelf of what you ſpeak, Sir, replied ſhe, but when I caſt my eyes upon ſo many ſuperlative Beauties as here are, and remember what my Glaſs ſhews unto me every day, it is impoſſible any ſuch pleaſing flatteries ſhould add any joys unto me: So, Sir, ſince I am forced not to believe you, I am extreamly ſorry that I cannot be what you ſay I am: Oh Madam (ſaid *Carimantes* and interrupted her) if you have never any greater cauſe of ſorrow, than at finding your ſelf not lovely enough, you will be ever the happieſt perſon alive: I wiſh to the Gods you could as well know thoſe who love and adore you, as you may know the Charms which force them unto it: *Carimantes* pronounced theſe words with ſo much vehemence, as it was eaſie for *Oneſicrite* to perceive that he was Loveſick.

But ſince ſhe would return him no anſwer, and ſince *Amathilde* after ſhe had danced, did come and mingle diſcourſe with them: But *Menedorus* was in ſuch anguiſh of mind, as it was evident he found no great joy in the Feaſt.

In the mean while, *Cleonisbe* having about her the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Bomilcar*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes*, ſhe did ſo plainly perceive the ſecret thoughts of their hearts, as that ſhe was much diſquieted at them: She obſerved alſo, that though there was a great averſion between all theſe four Rivals, yet the feud was much more violent between the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar*, than betwixt any of the reſt, though ſhe yet obſerved, that they did infinitely eſteem of each other.

Moreover *Glacidia*, whom ſhe called unto her, did know all this as well as ſhe did. Thus this Feaſt of Flowers did much encreaſe the Loves and Jealouſies of all theſe Rivals, and made all their thoughts known unto *Cleonisbe*. But ſince it grew late, all this fair company broke up, every one carrying with them ſeveral thoughts.

Moreover, Madam, as it is the common courſe of the World to ſee a miſcellany of Joys and Sorrows ſucceeding each other, news was brought the next morning, that the Silick *Gauls* which bordered upon the *Segoregians*, and had taken Arms under the pretence of a War with the *Tectoſages*, had now made an eruption into their Frontiers, and had poſſeſſed themſelves of a very conſiderable Caſtle: Inſomuch as the King having no Army in readineſs, was a little ſurprized at the news. Yet ſince the *Gaules* are all even born Souldiers, there needed no more but to aſſemble ſo many men together, and to have a well-compoſed Army. Furthermore, the Prince of *Phoceus*, deſiring to embrace ſo fit an occaſion of teſtifying his Zeal and Courage, here did offer the King all the *Grecians* in his new built Town; telling him it was but juſt, that thoſe men who had their beings from him, ſhould expoſe their lives in his ſervice: And indeed, the King having great hopes in our ſuccours, becauſe we were better armed than his Subjects or his Enemies, did accept of the offer from the Prince of *Phoceus*, at which neither *Bomilcar*, *Galathes*, nor *Britomartes* was very glad.

In the mean time, ſince the time of *Cleonisbes* choice of a Husband did draw nigh, they could not believe that the Prince of *Phoceus* was or could be in any capacity of being choſen, nor that the Princeſs her ſelf durſt chooſe him, though ſhe had a mind unto it. For the truth is, Madam, though the Law do give her the freedom of her choice, yet commonly they never chooſe any but by appointment.

But not to inſiſt too long upon this, let me tell you, Madam, that the Prince of *Phoceus* had ſuch a deſire to ſerve the *Segoregian* King, as he left in *Marſeilles*, only old men, women, and children, forcing all the reſt of what profeſſion or quality ſoever they were, to take up Arms and follow him, though their new Town was not yet quite finiſhed.

Furthermore, the King, *Carimantes*, *Bomilcar*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes* muſtering all the men they could, the Army was very conſiderable: But ſince we were better experienced in military Arts than any of them, except *Bomilcar*, the Prince of *Phoceus* got great reputation in the firſt Council of War, wherein alſo *Sfurius* and *Menedorus* did worthily acquit themſelves.

But, Madam, becauſe I will not be too tedious in particularizing a War which laſted not above fifteen days; give me leave to tell you, that the Army marched towards the Eenemy; that the King regained the Caſtle which the Enemy had taken; that he repulſed them; and entring into their Country, he forced them to beg conditions of Peace which themſelves had broken: For the natural *Genius* of that Nation is to be ſoon appeaſed and ſoon incenſed; and thoſe who ground great hopes in their diviſions, do often find themſelves miſtaken. However, Madam, give me leave to tell you, that the Prince of *Phoceus* did miracles, ſuch as got him the reputation of one of the moſt valiant men in the world. *Bomilcar* alſo carried himſelf ſo excellently as the Prince of *Phoceus* did much eſteem him; but this eſteem was ſo far from leſſening the averſion which was between them, that it did the more increaſe it: *Britomartes* alſo and *Galathes* did ſignalize themſelves: *Carimantes* and *Menedorus* did fight like men that would have Fame ſpeak loud of them unto *Oneſicrite*: And I aſſure you, Madam, all the Princes returned back unto *Clenisbe* with abundance of glory; and ſhe her ſelf did gallantly tell them when they returned, that though Lawrels were very plentiful in her Country, yet ſhe did not think there were enough to make ſo many Crowns as they deſerved. However, maugre the averſion which was between the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar* they ſpoke very worthily of each other, and did equal juſtice unto both their vertues. But as for *Galathes*, whoſe thoughts were different from theirs, and thought it not fit even to commend a Rival, he ſpoke not one word of them, but turned them all into Commendums of the Prince *Carimantes*.

As for *Britomartes*, he was more ſincere, and ſpoke of things according to his knowledge: Alſo believing that he ſhould be the man who ſhould be choſen, becauſe he was of that Country; as his hopes were more, ſo his jealouſie was leſs: But that which was the greateſt advantage unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, was, that the King did really think himſelf indebted for the happy ſucceſs of this War, not only unto his peculiar valour, but alſo unto the valour of his Troops: And the very truth is, every one of them had ſuch an earneſt deſire to teſtifie their acknowledgment unto the King who had given them a harbour, that they did things beyond all imagination: And he ſpoke ſo advantagiouſly of them unto *Cleonisbe*, as ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to look kindly upon the Prince of *Phoceus*, and tell him of it: But ſince never man living was in a higher degree modeſt, which is an infallible mark of heroick valour, he reverently rejected thoſe applauds which ſhe gave him, and gave her others in ſuch a paſſionate way, that ſhe repented ſhe ever began to commend him, though ſhe did not repent of her eſteeming him, but on the contrary did eſteem him much more But, Madam, give me leave to tell you in the firſt place, that ſince our return to the Court, there grew ſo great a league of amity betwixt the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Glacidia*, and between *Glacidia* and *Bomilcar*, that it may very well be ſaid that *Cleonisbe* did not love her better than theſe two Rivals did, and that ſhe loved *Cleonisbe* no better than ſhe loved them: One might alſo ſay, that Fate had a deſign to have it ſo, for a hundred ſeveral chances hapned which did ſo oblige them all unto it, as they could not deny their friendſhip without ingratitude. By this, Madam, you may imagine that unleſs ſhe had been a woman of extraordinary prudence, ſhe could never have long continued a friend unto two men who were both Rivals, Enemies, and of ambitious ſpirits, who wiſhed both of them for the ſame things, and who thought they could never be happy but by the ruin of one another: yet *Glacidia* did carry her ſelf ſo exceeding well between them as ſhe never had the leaſt ſquabble with either of them: And the truth is, ſhe was ſo exactly faithful both unto them and unto *Cleonisbe*; that though ſhe knew very well what the Princeſs thought of the *Phocean* Prince, and of *Bomilcar*; and tho ſhe knew what thoſe two Rivals thought of each other, and alſo knew the paſſions of their ſouls, ſhe never told any thing but what might contribute unto their ſafety, ſatisfaction, and glory; carrying her ſelf ſo exactly even, that ſhe never gave any of them any cauſe to ſuſpect ſhe had any thoughts which ſhe concealed: And I aſſure you, that but for her, there had been ſome fatal Quarrels between two men in whom both love and hatred was ſo high. But they were both of them ſo reſpective of her, that when they met with one another at her houſe, they were as civil unto each other as if they had been very good friends, yet had they much ado to be all of one mind: But the Prince of *Phoceus* was ſo much maſter of himſelf when he pleaſed, that he would by no means quarrel publickly. I remember one day above the reſt, I had an opportunity to obſerve this Antipathy between theſe two Rivals: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that *Glacidia* being once ſo ill that ſhe kept her Chamber, much good company came to viſit her; and amongſt the reſt *Amathilde* of whom I ſpoke before, ſhe was there moſt of the afternoon. I know, Madam, you have not forgot how I deſcribed her to be both young and fair, and that it was ſhe who was crowned with Roſes upon the Feaſt day: And that ſhe had ſuch a great conceit of beauty, as that ſhe thought one not fit to live after the loſs of it, and conſequently that one ſhould not wiſh to live long, unleſs one had a particular priviledge to be both old and fair. But before I relate the diſcourſe which did evidence the averſion which cauſed ſuch jealouſie and love in the hearts of theſe two Rivals, it is requiſite that I make a more particular deſcription of *Amathilde* unto you : and that I tell you, ſhe did not only think none ought to live longer than they were fair ; but alſo ſhe was in the humour of thoſe who becauſe they are not above ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age themſelves, do think four or five and twenty to be old age ; and who are ſo blinded with their own youth, that they ſpeak of thoſe who are five or ſix years elder than themſelves, as if they were people of another generation ; that ſuch can have no ſhares in beauty, and that they can pretend no farther unto it, than to ſay they have been fair. However, *Amathilde* was extreamly lovely, and few of the greateſt Beauties did excel her youth.

Now, Madam, I muſt tell you that *Amathilde* coming to viſit *Glacidia*, as I entred, I was a witneſs of this diſcourſe which I am to relate. She was no ſooner entred, but *Bomilcar* entred alſo, and being exceeding tender of *Glacidia*'s health, he asked very earneſtly how ſhe did : But *Amathilde* not giving *Glacidia* ſo much leaſure as to anſwer, told *Bomilcar* that ſince the ſickneſs of *Glacidia* had not altered her complexion, certainly ſhe was not very ſick, and conſequently not much to be pitied : For my part (ſaid ſhe in her frolick humour) I always meaſure my compaſſion according to the alteration which I find in the faces of my friends when they are ſick : And therefore ſince *Glacidia* has no yellowneſs nor paleneſs in her Complexion ; her eyes not ſhrunk, nor her looks melancholy : And ſince ſhe has no ſymptoms of a languiſhing ſickneſs, let us endeavour rather to divert her than to pity her ; for my opinion is, a little pain which does not take away ones beauty, nor ones plumpneſs, is not to be over-much condoled. Yet there are ſome pains, replied I, which are ſhort and violent ; and which, though no great danger in them, yet deſerve ſome compaſſion, becauſe they are painful. Howevever it be (ſaid ſhe) what I ſaid is my opinion : When one hath as much to loſe as you have, replied *Bomilcar*, certainly they muſt needs fear ſuch ſickneſſes, as in one night may blaſt more Lillies and Roſes in a complexion, than a whole Spring can bloom. For my part (ſaid *Glacidia*, and interrupted them) I think there needs no more to cure *Amathilde* of the love ſhe has unto her own beauty; but to wiſh her only eight days of ſuch a ſickneſs as has no name unto it, which without any great pain or grief will by degrees make one lean, or become yellow or green, and make ones eys ſhrink in their heads, their lips look pale, and cauſe ſuch a ſudden alteration, as the faireſt would quickly become ugly. Oh *Glacidia* (cried ſhe out in a pretty fury) you put me into a moſt terrible fright, and methinks you have given me this diſeaſe by wiſhing it, and I do already perceive ſomething which makes me change colour. *Amathilde* at this ſaying did riſe up, and looked upon her ſelf in a glaſs to ſee if what ſhe ſaid was true, though it was only to ſet her hood in a little better order: After which, ſitting down in her place again: Thanks be to the Gods (ſaid ſhe unto *Glacidia*) your wiſh has not yet taken any effect, nor I hope ever will: But to prevent any more ſuch wiſhes, know cruel *Glacidia*, that if ever ſuch a misfortune fall upon me as you wiſh, I ſhall think I only receive it from you; for ſince I never had any ſickneſs but once, I think my conſtitution ſo ſound and healthy as I cannot believe any one under poyſoning can hurt me: But I beſeech you, replied I, did that ſickneſs which you had work any terrible alteration in you? No, replied *Amathilde*, and laughed, but on the contrary it did me the greateſt good in the world; for ſince I was then a little of too high a colour, it brought me to ſuch a right complexion, that the alteration was to my advantage. This is a great happineſs, ſaid *Bomilcar*, that one ſhould grow fairer by ſickneſs. Yet this ſoundneſs of Conſtitution, replied *Glacidia*, which makes her ſo fair at ſeventeen, will one day make her ugly, ſince it will make her live everlaſtingly. Oh fie *Glacidia*, replied *Amathilde*, you are the moſt cruel perſon in the world to preſage ſuch misfortune unto me: why (ſaid I and wondred) do you call it a misfortune to live long? As ſhe was ready to reply, the Prince of *Phoceus* entred, and preſently after *Britomartes* and *Galathes*. But ſince the conteſt between *Glacidia* and *Amathilde* was too pleaſant to end ſo ſoon; and ſince *Glacidia* was deſirous of ſome jolly diſcourſe, to prevent her four Rivals from a more ſerious, ſhe began it again; and looking upon thoſe who newly entred, ſhe told them the cauſe of their Conteſt, and the complaint which *Amathilde* made againſt her, for preſaging that ſhe ſhould live long. If I could live long, and not alter, replied ſhe, but continue always as if I were eighteen, I ſhould be contented: But to imagine what I ſhall be when I am old, it is beyond my patience to endure. However, replied *Glacidia*, I will tell you plainly that you ſhall never be fairer than you are, and every year you live will detract ſomething from your Cheeks.

For my part, ſaid the Prince of *Phoceus*, I think it abundance of prudence in any one to prepare themſelves for ſuch a miſchance, and to look for it. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Bomilcar*, though he was of the ſame opinion, yet he oppoſed it, as if his deſign were only to take *Amathilde's* part, though indeed it was only to be againſt the Prince of *Phoceus*: And *Galathes* and *Britomartes* out of reſentments of jealouſie and love, did not ſtrive ſo much for a reaſon of what they ſaid, as to be contrary unto the reſt. Thus the Prince of *Phoceus* was ſure to be againſt the opinion of *Bomilcar*, of *Britomartes*, and of *Galathes*: *Bomilcar* on the contrary was ſure to contradict the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes*: *Galathes* he employed all his wit to thwart *Bomilcar*, *Britomartes*, and the *Phocean* Prince: And *Britomartes* he would be ſure not to concur in opinion with the Prince of *Phoceus*, with *Galathes*, nor with *Bomilcar*.

Thus though it may ſeem there could be but two oppoſite opinions upon one thing, yet here there were four ſo different, that it may be ſaid they were all oppoſite unto each other, ſo as for a while this converſation was the oddeſt that ever was; for no ſooner had one of theſe Rivals given a reaſon for his opinion, but all the other three did earneſtly contradict it: And they did ſo thwart one another with their ſeveral Reaſons, that the diſpute was ſo intangled as they ſcarce underſtood each other: In ſo much as *Glacidia*, *Amathilde*, and my ſelf could not chuſe but laugh at them, and they themſelves perceiving it as well as we, could not chooſe but laugh alſo: However, to reduce them unto ſome order in their diſputations, *Glacidia* commanded ſilence, and told them, that in her intentions of correcting of *Amathilde*, there needed not ſo many men talk to her at once: and that it was ſufficient if after ſhe her ſelf had accuſed her, and received her defence, they ſhould then ſpeak what they thought good: But I beſeech you, ſaid *Amathilda*, and interrupted them, what can you accuſe me of? I can accuſe you of an error replied *Glacidia*, in thinking one ought not to live above five or ſix years: For in your opinion one begins but to live at fifteen, and one muſt die when beauty begins to fade.

The truth is, anſwered ſhe, that the age which is ſpent in toys cannot be called happy, no more than that age when youth and beauty begins to fail: But I beſeech you, replied *Glacidia*, let us examine your maximes a little better, and conſider I conjure you, how little you have lived happily hitherto, and how little time you have to live; for truly according to your Tenents, your life did but begin at fifteen, and I know you have not lived in full ſatisfaction; for I remember you did not think your ſelf fat enough, and feared you ſhould not be full enough: But now you are grown to an admirable ſtature, and it is as plump and freſh as the luſty Grape, is it not true, you are in fear of being either too fat or too lean? But though you did not, yet ſince you think five and twenty to be old, certainly your youth will be quickly gone; for if you ſhould deduct from the time you have lived, and from the time, at which your beauty will decay, thoſe days and nights in which you ſlept ill, thoſe days in which you wore ſome Gowns which were not well made, thoſe days on which you were not advantagiouſly dreſſed: Thoſe on which you ſaw no body; thoſe on which you ſaw only ſuch as did not pleaſe you, it will upon this be found, that your life is ſo ſhort, as can ſcarcely be ſaid you have lived one year. Though I ſhould grant all this, replied *Amathilda*, yet I ſhould not alter my opinion; for ſince the very beſt time of ones life will not afford an abſolute happineſs, I cannot conſent that old age is a thing deſireable: For my part, I muſt ingeniouſly tell you my mind, that though I never had much beauty, yet I do not wiſh to live longer than I may be put in the Catalogue of thoſe who have ſome: For when I conceit that my Glaſs, which ſhews ſome ſymptoms of youth in my face, will ſhew alſo ſome wrinkles of age if I ſhould live ſo long, death ſeems deſirable to me: And I do profeſs unto you, that when I think upon the difference there is between a Maid of ſixteen and a Wife of ſixty, I had rather die at twenty than live to fifty. I have already told you, replied *Glacidia*, that the ſame health which makes you now ſo fair, will make you live a whole age, and therefore you muſt prepare your ſelf to be neither fair nor young. If ever ſuch fatal miſery fall upon me (replied ſhe) I will break all my Glaſſes in a thouſand pieces; I will ſhun the world as much as it will ſhun me, and I believe I will never look you in the face again for fear I ſhould ſee my ſelf in your eyes; for really my imagination abhors ſo ſtrange a Metamorphoſis: I have much ado to endure ſo many Mothers and Aunts, who go in company with their Daughters and Neeces; and do you think I ſhould ever endure it in my ſelf? If ſuch an alteration ſhould come upon a ſudden (replied *Glacidia* and laughed at what *Amathilda* ſaid) I ſhould confeſs it were to be wondered at: and if you ſhould go now this night to bed young and fair as you are, and riſe the next morning old and ugly, I ſhould then permit you to break ſome of your Glaſſes: But *Amathilda* it will not be ſo; but when you come unto the firſt point of your decline, every minute will *gradatim* ſteal ſomething from you: So as ſince the alteration comes undiſcernably upon you, and ſince you ſee your ſelf every day, the change will be inſenſible: Oh *Glacidia*, replied ſhe, this can never come to paſs; and I had much rather dye young, than it ſhould: What pleaſure is it poſſible I ſhould find in an age, wherein all I do now, is ridiculous then? when I muſt change my manner of life; when all the world is weary of me; when I muſt alter all my cloathes; when colours is not alowable. No, no, *Glacidia*, I am not able, for I muſt confeſs I cannot change my way of living, and forſake my pleaſures: And if you will have me open my heart unto you, I muſt very ingeniouſly tell you, that if I ſhould live long, I ſhould not only be ugly, but alſo ridiculous;

culous; for I am confident I ſhould be perſwaded to dance at ſixty, though I danced by my ſelf, and I ſhould wear Jewels and colours until the hour of my death. The truth is, I ſhould do the very ſame things I do at this day; for I know no other thing that can divert me.

Really *Amathilde* (ſaid *Glacidia* and laughed) you are the ſtrangeſt woman in the world to ſpeak thus: Yet let me tell you, to put you out of all thoughts of dancing at ſixty; that as the diverſions of your infancy are not ſuch now unto you, ſo thoſe things will not divert you hereafter, which pleaſe you now: your pleaſures will change with your face, and both with years: And when all your beauty is gone, you will think it ſweet to live: For my particular, I know that though I ſhould live to be extream old, yet I ſhall wiſh to be older, though I ſhall find no other pleaſures but to ſee the Roſes blow, and ſmell the Orange and Jeſſimine Flowers. Moreover, ſince age is ſuch a bug-bear to you, do not beſtow it ſo ſoon upon others: Conſider that ſome women are fairer at five and twenty than at fifteen: Leave your invectives againſt age I conjure you; for commonly when four or five young perſons are together, you talk as if you would never be above ſeventeen; yet at the very ſame time when you are cenſuring this Lady to be ugly, and that Lady old, you are drawing towards the ſame ages your ſelves; I beſeech you replied *Amathilde* do me the honour to teach me how I muſt live: you muſt enjoy your beauty and your youth, replied *Glacidia*, as two things which you muſt infallibly loſe: And you muſt bring your ſelves to ſuch a paſs, as to be ſtill amiable when they are loſt. I will freely give you leave to enjoy your youth and beauty with all variety of delights, but yet ſo as it may be without pride, and ſo as you may part from them without deſpair: I conſent you ſhould guſt all the advantages of youth and beauty, with a full ſwing; but I would not have you jear at others who are not ſo fair as your ſelves; for certainly it is the greateſt folly, and the moſt unjuſt thing in the world, to ſcoff at what you may be your ſelves. For if I were to preſcribe Laws unto ſuch as delight themſelves in railary, I would make this inviolable, never to mock at ſuch things as we may be our ſelves upbraided with: To play upon ſuch as are ſtupid and ignorant there is no danger of any retort, and the like of a hundred examples: But to mock at any woman, becauſe ſhe is not fair or young, is to mock at what you muſt certainly be your ſelves, this is a thing I abhor, that ſuch as are neither young nor fair, and yet behave themſelves as if they were. When one arrives at the twi-light of Beauty, and the medium between youth and age, when one may chooſe whether they will paſs for young or old, according to their humours, I would then have them incline more unto reſervedneſs, than unto jollity; yet notwithſtanding I would not have them deſpair, nor paſs from extremity of mirth unto extreamity of melancholy: I would have ſuch renounce all ſuch vanities which were allowable when they were younger: I would have them ſtill be handſom, but without all affectation: I allow them all good company: I would have them ſtrive more to keep Friends, than to get Lovers. I give them the free liberty of walking; that they ſhould have eyes for all excellent objects, and ears for muſick when decency and occaſion preſent themſelves. So *Amathilde* depriving you only of a few gaudy Ribbons, and ſome Lovers, which moſt of them very likely are perfidious, methinks you need not deſpair though I do foretel that you ſhould live long. When I hearken unto you, replied *Amathilde*, I am almoſt perſwaded you are in the right; but when I hearken unto my ſelf, I can ſcarcely believe it: And I an ſo confident, that as ſoon as I am out of your ſight, I ſhall hearken unto my own dictates, as I am in the greateſt fear in the world, you ſhould take it ill that I do not follow your advice.

Amathilde ſpoke this ſo pleaſantly, that *Glacidia*, and all the company laughed: But as the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Bomilcar*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes* were about to give their opinions of this pleaſant Conteſt, an old Aunt of *Glacidia's* entered, who was ſo very much marked with all the grim wrinkles of age in her face, as is imaginable: In ſo much as though two very young and fair Ladies followed her; yet *Amathilde* not being able to endure ſuch a ghaſtly object, ſhe prepared to go away; but firſt ſhe came to *Glacidia*, and asked her in a low voice, will you yet maintain that old age is deſireable? Yes (replied *Glacidia*, as ſhe told us afterwards) and I will maintain alſo that you will deſire it, when you are a little older: Say you ſo (ſaid ſhe, and laughed aloud) then I will to morrow become what you ſay I ſhall be afterwards.

After this, *Amathilde*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes* went out, and the Princeſs *Cleonisbe* coming in a little after, this old Lady, who put *Amathilde* in ſuch a fright, went out alſo: ſo as there remained only the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Bomilcar*, and my ſelf.

As ſoon as *Cleonisbe* was ſet down *Glacidia* related unto her the diſpute betwixt *Amathilde* and her: And ſhe had no ſooner related it unto her, but ſhe asked the Prince of *Phoceus* what opinion he was of? And when he anſwered that he concurred with *Glacidia*, ſhe turned towards *Bomilcar*, and asked his opinion? Truly Madam, replyed he, I ſaw ſo many againſt *Amathilde*, that I took her part, not conſidering whether it was reaſonable or no. Such a generous motive, replied ſhe, deſerves a pardon for maintaining ſo bad a cauſe: Yet I muſt confeſs (added the Princeſs) that I do not love ſuch generoſity as conſiſts only in protecting imbecility againſt reaſon Doubtleſs I would not have weak people oppreſſed; but I am ſo great a lover of reaſon, as I cannot endure they ſhould be protected againſt it; And in ſuch diſputes as theſe, I would have one ſpeak againſt ones deareſt friends, if their opinions be contrary unto it, and ſide with their greateſt Enemies when they are in the right. The laſt of theſe is a task a little too difficult; and I think it Madam a much more eaſier matter to ſide with my Friends though they be in the wrong, then not to thwart my Enemies, though they be in the right.

Truly (replied the Prince of *Phoceus*) I ſhould be very hardly perſwaded to go againſt the rules of right and reaſon in either: But I muſt confeſs, I ſhould much rejoyce ſometimes, when one I love not, takes an ill ſide. Though there be ſome kind of injuſtice in that, replied *Cleonisbe*, yet you are more reaſonable than *Bomilcar*: At the leaſt Madam, replied *Bomilcar*, he is much more happy, ſince you think him more reaſonable than my ſelf: Doubtleſs I am, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, ſince I do entertain any thought which the Princeſs approves on; She I ſay, who has ſuch a delicate, juſt, and diſcerning a judgment in all things. The thing which I moſt admire at (ſaid *Glacidia* and interrupted them) is, that *Bomilcar* ſhould defend that to day which I know he hates in his heart the moſt of any man living: and I am moſt confident,he would never have taken *Amathilde's* part,but only becauſe he is of their opinion, who thinks all diſcourſe not worth a ſtraw, when all jump in one opinion: I aſſure you replied he, I cannot ſay that to be the cauſe which moved me to it: *Bomilcar* ſpoke this with ſuch an Ayr, as the reaſon why he would not confeſs the cauſe which moved him to take an ill ſide, was evident unto *Glacidia*; who thinking it expedient to turn the diſcourſe, ſhe asked *Cleonisbe* if ſhe ſaw *Oneſicrite* that day? And paſſing from one diſcourſe to another, I told her how I ſaw that morning a branch of Coral of a huge bigneſs, and of an admirable hue. *Cleonisbe* then asked me where I ſaw it? I told her it was in the hands of one who intended to preſent it unto her upon that day which was deſigned for her to make her choice of a Husband; for it is the cuſtome, that as ſoon as the choice is made, all perſons of any quality do offer unto the Princeſs ſome rich and magnificent preſents.

As ſoon as ever I had ſo ſaid,there appeared in the cheeks of *Cleonisbe* as freſh a culour as the Coral which I ſaw: The Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar* obſerving it, did eaſily imagine that the reaſon of her bluſh was, becauſe that day on which depended her good or bad fortune was ſo near, and ſhe never remembred it. But *Bomilcar*, ſince his hopes were above his fears, he was not ſo much perplexed at it as the Prince of *Phoceus*, who I ſay ſeeing no foundation of any hopes, could not think upon that day of rejoycing without extream ſorrow. But *Bomilcar* being of a haſty temper, and his imagination flattering his reaſon, he would needs talk of that Feaſt unto *Cleonisbe*: For ſince he believed that ſhe could not ſpeak any thing in advantage of the *Phocean* Prince, it pleaſed his fancy to be talking before his Rival of a Ceremony which would put him out of all hopes: And therefore

fore arming himſelf with a a confident boldneſs; Truly Madam, ſaid he unto *Cleonisbe*, I do not think there was ever ſuch a cruel feaſt as this which is now drawing nigh; for there will be abundance of illuſtrious and brave men aſſembled, with certainty that only one of them muſt be happy, and all the reſt miſerable. Tis very true. replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, this Feaſt will be very ſad unto ſuch as pretend unto the Choice, and ſad alſo unto ſuch as not pretending unto that honour, are only ſo bold as to wiſh it: However, I believe (ſaid *Cleonisbe*) that this Feaſt will be more ſad unto her who is to chooſe, than unto them who are not choſen. Oh Madam (cried out *Bomilcar*) then certainly the reaſon is becauſe ſhe finds none worthy of her choice, for otherwiſe the matter were eaſily determined. I aſſure you, replyed ſhe, there is a difficulty in every choice: The Princeſs hath much reaſon to ſay ſo, replied *Glacidia* and laughed; for I aſſure you that I in my choice only of flowers, cannot tell ſomtimes which to fix upon: And my hand and mind doth waver when I cull either Roſes, Oranges, or Violets: And you may well imagine, that in matters of great importance the Princeſs hath great reaſon to be as much perplexed in her choice as thoſe whom ſhe doth not chooſe: this is ſo full of truth, replied *Cleonisbe*, that if the Laws of this State would permit me, I wou'd ſolemnly diſclaim from this Cuſtom, and would much rather ſubmit unto the King my Father, than have the liberty of choice. Then Madam, your reaſon is (replied *Bomilcar* very ſadly) becauſe you find none worthy of your choice: However the Laws will have you chooſe, and it is very like that your judgment hath already choſen him whom your mouth would upon the day of Ceremony pronounce to be your Choice,

Though I am not obliged to reveal ſuch a ſecret unto you replied ſhe, yet I will aſſure you that my Choice is yet to make: And if I muſt chooſe one, it ſhall be him whom the Gods ſhall pleaſe to inſpire into my mind, when I am in the Temple. The Princeſs ſpoke this after ſuch a manner, as equally perſwaded both the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar*, that ſhe ſpoke as ſhe thought; ſo as the firſt of theſe was abundantly joyed and the ſecond extreamly grieved. For ſince the Prince of *Phoceus* was never in any hopes of being choſen, he found ſome ſweetneſs in thinking that others had no greater hopes than himſelf: But as for *Bomilcar*, ſince he conceited himſelf to have ſome right to be elected, and verily hoped for it, he was in a ſtrange deſpair to find the Princeſs yet unreſolved whom ſhe ſhould chooſe, his ſorrows augmented his hatred of the *Phocean* Prince, becauſe he ſaw him in poſſibility of being elected as well as himſelf. But ſince ſuch tumultuous thoughts as theſe are great diſturbers of the mind, he ſcarcely talked any more that day: But the Prince of *Phoceus* talked more than he did before, and ſpoke ſuch things as did diſcover the thoughts of his heart, though he ſpoke nothing but what would admit of another interruption.

But in concluſion, *Cleonisbe* being ready to go away, theſe two Rivals waited upon her to her Coach. After which, the Prince of *Phoceus* went to the King, and *Bomilcar* returned to *Glacidia*, from whom he departed immediately after: But ſince I had the honour to be much in that lovely Ladies favour, and it being in ſome ſort neceſſary that I ſhould know all the paſſages amongſt theſe perſons. I underſtood from her ſince, that as ſoon as *Bomilcar* was at liberty to talk in private with her, he began thus, I beſeech you dear *Glacidia*, ſaid he unto her, if ever you intend to oblige me, of two things do one of them for me: Doubtleſs Sir, replied ſhe, I have a moſt ſtrong inclination to do you any ſervice, therefore I beſeech you tell me preſently what are thoſe two things of which you give me the choice? Either to contrive it ſo, anſwered he, that the Prince of *Phoceus* may be no longer my Rival, or elſe that he be no longer your Friend; for the truth is, I cannot endure he ſhould either love *Cleonisbe*, or you. Suppoſe the Prince of *Phoceus* (replied *Glacidia*, and ſmiled) ſhould deſire me to contrive it ſo, that either *Bomilcar* ſhould not love the Princeſs, or that I ſhould not be his friend, what anſwer would you have me return? I would have you anſwer him, replied he, contrary to what I would have you anſwer me.

Fie *Bomilcar*, replied ſhe, in this you are not juſt: But ſince I will not be unjuſt after your example, I will give you the very ſame anſwer I would give the Prince of *Phoceus*, if he ſhould propound the ſame unto me. Know then Sir, that as I will never ceaſe being a friend unto you, though you be an enemy unto the Prince of *Phoceus*: So I will never ceaſe being his friend, tho' he be not yours. And as relating unto your paſſions, as I will neither hinder nor help you, ſo I will only exhort you both to vanquiſh your paſſions. As for *Cleonisbe*, I will adviſe her unto nothing; but let her follow the dictates of her own reaſon, which is much beyond my own.

Thus *Bomilcar* I ſhall be your friend without prejudice to the Prince of *Phoceus*, and ſhall alſo be his without prejudice to you. Though your friendſhip unto him replied he, can do me no other harm, but that I ſhall often ſee him with you, and be civil to him, yet I ſhall have great cauſe to grudg at it: But Sir, replied *Glacidia*, though you do ſee him yet he ſees you alſo; and if he doth love the Princeſs as you think he doth, the ſight of you troubles him, as the ſight of him doth you: And ſince he carries himſelf civily to you, be not you leſs rational than he is: For if you give me any juſt cauſe to think that he is more complaiſant towards me than you are, then perhaps retaliating friendſhip for friendſhip, I ſhall be more for the Prince of *Phoceus* than I am for *Bomilcar*. Oh cruel *Glacidia* (ſaid he unto her) I had rather endure the ſight of my Enemy, then endanger to ſee you more his friend then mine: As long as you carry your ſelf as you ought Sir, replied ſhe, I ſhall continue the ſame I am: but if you think to oblige me unto any injuſtice, you will but deceive your ſelf, for as I told you before, if the Prince of *Phoceus* ſhould affront you, I would take your part: and if you affront him, I will take his: I know he eſteems you, as you eſteem him: I know alſo that he loves me as you do: And I know further, that he who firſt falls out, ſhall loſe me, and I will become a friend unto his Rival.

Oh *Glacidia*, replied *Bomilcar*, were you my Miſtreſs, you could not lay a more tyrannical injunction upon me: You may better ſay Sir (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) that were I the wiſeſt of the *Sarronides* I could not ſpeak more juſtly than I do; for the very truth is, you have no juſt cauſe in the Earth to hate the Prince of *Phoceus*, he hath not raiſed either quarrel or faction in the Court; he hath ſeen the Princeſs, and he cannot chooſe but think her amiable: What hurt in all this? Alſo, whether he love her or not love, ſtill the choice is in her: and queſtionleſs ſhe will make her choice, without conſidering whether you love her, or he love her: And ſince Reaſon only is her rule, I can aſſure you, that though the Law allow her the choice, yet if her inclination do not concur with reaſon, certainly ſhe will reject it. Thus your good or bad fortune depends meerly upon the Princeſs, and not at all upon the Prince of *Phoceus*; Live therefore civilly with him, as he will live with you; and make me not to become partial between two whom I infinitely eſteem, and am much obliged unto: And be confident that I will not ſpeak any thing either in his favour nor yours, unleſs you provoke me. Oh *Glacidia* (ſaid he) you are too wiſe to be a friend unto a Lover, who is ready to run out of his very wits, for I perceive by *Cleonisbe*, that ſhe knows not yet whom ſhe ſhall make choice of: And yet methinks ſhe ſhould; for ſince I have done her a thouſand ſervices, and adored her with all reverent devotion; methinks I deſerve to be preferred before either *Britomartes*, or *Galathes*, or the Prince of *Phoceus*, who is only an unfortunate Exile.

If the Prince of *Phoceus*, replyed ſhe, ſhould tell me that you are only an unfortunate *Carthaginian*, I ſhould blame him for giving ſuch invective terms, as I blame you for upbraiding a great Prince with that term of Exile: an Exile yet whoſe cauſe is glorious, ſince he left his Country only to preſerve his liberty.

Furthermore, let me tell you, that I know not whether the Princeſs hath yet fixed upon any or no: but though I did know it, I profeſs unto you I would never tell it: For I am reſolved to be faithful not only unto the Princeſs, but unto you, and unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, all who are my dear friends, but alſo unto my very Enemies: Therefore *Bomilcar* believe that I will neither tell *Cleonisbe* nor the Prince of *Phoceus* any thing wherewith you ſhall intruſt me, ſo I will not tell you any thing they are pleaſed to entruſt me withal: Let it ſuffice I promiſe you, never to do you any prejudice, but will do you all the Offices that the Laws of a prudent and generous friendſhip can oblige me unto: But to the end you may not deceive your ſelf, let me tell you that I will promiſe the Prince of *Phoceus*, the very ſame I promiſe you, if occaſions offer themſelves: And to teſtifie that I am very ſincere, I tell you again, that I will not buſie my ſelf on any ſide between the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, and the Prince of *Phoceus*, nor between the Princeſs and you, unleſs I be provoked: But ſince I hope I ſhall never be put unto any ſuch neceſſity, you may expect from me all the ſerviceable offices in my power, provided they treſpaſs not upon the friendſhip which is between the Princeſs and me, and the Prince of *Phoceus*: Once more let me tell you *Glacidia* (ſaid *Bomilcar* to her) you are ſo very wiſe that you make me deſpair; for by offering me all, you offer me nothing: For ſince you will do nothing in prejudice of my moſt feared Rival, you cannot do me any good office at all: And yet methinks, replied ſhe, that you have two others who are as much to be feared; for if you conſider how *Britomartes* is of the ſame Country, and *Galathes* a great Neighbour, you will find them conſiderable: 'Tis very true (ſaid he) but ſince you cannot prejudice them, unleſs you do a good office unto the Prince of *Phoceus* as well as my ſelf, I cannot tell whether I ſhould deſire it.

I ſhould never make an end, Madam, if I ſhould repeat the whole diſcourſe between *Bomilcar* and *Glacidia*, but at laſt he left her, and had as great an eſteem of her vertue, as love to *Cleonisbe*.

In the mean time, ſince the Prince of *Phoceus* was extreamly deſirous to know whether or no the Princeſs was yet unreſolved of her choice, he went betimes the next morning unto *Glacidia*, and found her alone. And being no leſs angry to find *Bomilcar* with her, then *Bomilcar* was to meet him; he told her it was the greateſt cruelty in the world unto him, that hitherto he could never ſee her he eſteemed moſt, unleſs he ſaw the man he loved leaſt. But, Madam, ſince I have not *Glacidia*'s Art, to dreſs the ſame matter in different terms, and like her, put the grace of novelty upon it, I ſhall omit a great part of what ſhe ſaid unto the Prince of *Phocens*, becauſe it was almoſt the ſame ſhe ſaid unto *Bomilcar*.

But, Madam, let me tell you, how this Prince not being able to contain the fulneſs of his heart, did the ſame day unload it unto *Glacidia.* You ſhall ſee (ſaid he unto her after much other talk) that I am as confident of your ſincerity as of your generoſity, ſince though you have told me that you are as friendly unto my Rival as my ſelf, yet I will diſcloſe the very ſecret of my heart unto you: I am infinitely obliged unto you, Sir, for your confidence in me, replied ſhe, and I look upon it as an evident teſtimony of your eſteem: Alſo I wiſh with all my heart I could cure you of this tormenting paſſion, ſince I can do you no other ſervice. Oh *Glacidia* (replied the Prince of *Phoceus*) do not wiſh the cure; for I had much rather be ſick of that diſeaſe which torments me, then enjoy the health you wiſh me.

Furthermore, in ſome ſort to imitate your generoſity, I will not move you to prejudice *Bomilcar*, though it be the thing which moſt of any thing I deſire, next the enjoyment of *Cleonisbe*: But as between two friends who are equally loved, one is obliged in generoſity to have a greater care of him who is unfortunate, than of him who is not: I beſeech you let your compaſſion be upon my miſery, and oblige you to put ſome difference between *Bomilcar* and me his Enemy: Pity me at leaſt, becauſe I deſerve it more than he doth: For truly he is allowed to be in the happy Catalogue of thoſe who may pretend unto her choice, he hath done a thouſand ſervices both unto the King and *Cleonisbe:* You have ſpoken a thouſand times in your life in his advantage unto the Princeſs: he hath ſeen her many years together, and is known unto her: the King loves him, and a thouſand motives gives him hope of happineſs and choice: But as for me, *Glacidia*, I am a poor miſerable wretch that can hope for nothing: I love, but perhaps it is unknown, at leaſt but imperfectly: I love, and dare not pretend unto any love again, nor unto any choice: I love, with the miſery to know, that even common prudence will not permit me to be choſen; yet notwithſtanding there is ſomething in my heart, which is neither vanity nor pride, that often hints unto me, I ought not to yield unto *Cleoniſbe*, neither unto *Bomilcar*, nor *Britomartes*, nor *Galathes*; ſo as changing my thoughts, I have ſome glimpſes of hope: and though I cannot hope for full happineſs, yet ſometimes I think it not abſolutely impoſſible. 'Tis true I am an Exile, but I am ſo with a great people who are obedient unto me: And I can boaſt of an eſtate, which as ſmall as it is, may extend its limits further than the power of *Bomilcar* can: Since I have many Ships, men enough to man them, and Riches ſufficient to maintain a long War, and carve out ſome important Conqueſt.

Indeed *Glacidia*, my birth is equal unto *Bomilcar's*, my heart is as noble as his, and the paſſion of my ſoul, not a jot inferior. But for all this, all my feeble hopes do vaniſh ſo ſoon as I am often ready to deſpair: And therefore I conjure you *Glacidia*, as a Cordial to my comfort, tell me whether you think the Princeſs ſpoke ſincerely yeſterday, when ſhe ſaid that her choice was yet to make? For if ſhe did, it is a comfort beyond my expreſſion, though I know no reaſonable ground for any hopes to be built upon it. Since I am very ſincere, replied *Glacidia*, and ſince flattery of friends, are but meer deluſions, I muſt ingenuouſly tell you, that I wiſh with abundance of Zeal, you were able to quench theſe flames which thus torment you: for though I find you moſt worthy of the Princeſs, yet I have ſome cauſe to fear, that though *Cleoniſbe* ſhould have the ſame thoughts of you, and in her heart prefer you before either *Bomilcar*, *Britomartes*, and *Galathes*, yet ſhe dare not chooſe you, leſt it ſhould incite ſome trouble in the State.

After this, Sir, ask me no more; for ſince I muſt not reveal the ſecrets of *Cleoniſbe*, and ſince if *Bomilcar* ſhould ask me more, I would be ſilent: I ought to be ſo unto you, ſince I am put upon a croſs conjuncture which will not permit me to ſerve you, unleſs I diſſerve him; nor ſerve him, without diſſervice unto you: And to tell you ſincerely, I am not able to give you any particular ſatisfaction, though the conſideration of *Bomilcar* would allow me, becauſe I never thought it my duty to dive too deep into the ſecrets of *Cleonisbe*'s heart. And therefore conſult with your own reaſon without me, ſince I am not able to give you any faithful counſel, unleſs I ſhould be perfidious unto the Princeſs and *Bomilcar*. Oh *Glacidia* (replied the Prince of *Phoceus*) if I ſhould be my own Counſellor, I ſhould run into ſtrange inconveniences: You are ſo prudent, Sir, replied ſhe, that you need not fear your ſelf: I am ſo far under the commanding power of Love, replied he, that you may expect nothing of reaſon from me: I ſhould talk boldly of my Love unto her who is the cauſer of it: I ſhould expreſs my odium unto *Bomilcar*, conſpire againſt *Galathes*, and oppoſe *Britomartes* with as much fury as he himſelf is capable of. The truth is, *Glacidia*, I ſhould attempt any thing, rather than yield unto the enjoyment of *Cleonisbe*. Since I am not at free liberty to tell you all I think (replied ſhe) I find my ſelf at a great puzzle: but yet without giving you any cauſe to ſuſpect me a favourer of *Bomilcar* unto your prejudice, I will adviſe you once more conſult ſeriouſly with your ſelf before you offer to act your tumultuous reſolutions, whoſe Conſequences may prejudice you more than you can imagin: However, remember I beſeech you to carry your ſelf ſo fair towards *Bomilcar*, that I may preſerve the ſame neutrality between you, which I intend to do, leſt if you force me to his ſide, you ſhould weaken your own.

But, Madam, *Glacidia* did not only know all the ſecrets of the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar*'s hearts, but ſhe knew *Cleonisbe*'s alſo. And going to her one evening when no company was with her, for privacy ſake ſhe took her into her Cloſet, where ſeeming to be very melancholy, *Glacidia* asked her the reaſon: I do aſſure you, replied ſhe, I cannot directly tell you: for I have ſuch a miſcellany of ſeveral thoughts which diſpleaſe me, as I cannot tell unto which to attribute my melancholy: Yet truly I think the greateſt cauſe of it is, becauſe I ſhall ſhortly be put unto the neceſſity of making a Choice, which has more difficulty in it than is imagined. But, Madam, replied *Glacidia*, I thought your mind had been before this ſufficiently prepared for it, and that you would not make choice of any but whom the King appoints.

That hath hitherto been my reſolution, replied ſhe, but truly I begin to grow weary of it, becauſe I fear he will not adviſe me to my ſatisfaction: Then, Madam, (anſwered *Glacidia*) ſince the Law gives you the liberty of your own choice; Chooſe him whom your own Reaſon dictates unto you, and never refer it unto the King. Oh *Glacidia*, replied ſhe, the queſtion is to know whether it be my reaſon which bids me to have ſuch a ſtrange averſion unto *Bomilcar*. *Glacidia* ſurprized at this ſpeech, was a while ſilent before ſhe would ſpeak, purpoſely to conſider how ſhe might neither prejudice *Bomilcar*, nor the Prince of *Phoceus*: and in order to that, ſhe endeavoured to know from whence this averſion unto *Bomilcar* might proceed, intending that if ſhe preferred either *Britomartes* or *Galathes*, to prejudice them as much as ſhe could, becauſe ſhe did not think them worthy of *Cleonisbe*'s choice, and becauſe ſhe might well do it without offence unto either of her two friends. I do confeſs, Madam, ſaid ſhe unto her, that I have always obſerved you never had any great inclination unto *Bomilcar*, though I never thought your averſion ſo ſtrong: But, Madam, I beſeech you (added ſhe) is it not *Galathes* or *Britomartes* that pleaſeth you better than he doth, and conſequently are cauſes of your averſion to him? No, replied *Cleonisbe*, and bluſhed, I aſſure you neither of them are prejudicial unto *Bomilcar*; however *Glacidia* (purſued ſhe) you are a little beholding unto me, for forcing my ſelf to conceal from you the natural antipathy which is betwixt me and him; for truly had he not been one of your friends, I ſhould long ſince have imparted my thoughts unto you; yet I know very well, that my thoughts are injurious; nor am I ſo ignorant as not to know him to be a very brave compleat man, nor am I ſo blind as not to ſee that he loves me. But for all that, there is ſomething in my heart, which will not let me reliſh his merits, which forbids him entrance into it; and which makes me have ſuch thoughts of him, as may rather be phraſed hatred than averſion. Yet I know very well that all reaſon bids me choſe him : and in all probability the King will order me to prefer him before all others : Judg therefore, *Glacidia*, whether my ſoul can ſit ſatisfied, and ſee ſuch a ſad day drawing upon me : Sad, I will ſay, ſince *Bomilcar* is odious unto me, and eſpecially of late ſo abominable that I can hardly endure him. And truly it may be ſaid (added ſhe and bluſht) that he himſelf contributes ſomething unto my horrid averſion: For I beſeech you conſider a little how unjuſtly he is ſtill thwarting the *Phocean* Prince, unto whom both the King, the Prince my Brother, and my ſelf are ſo civil and reſpective : I took not ſo much notice, Madam, replied *Glacidia*, as either to approve or diſallow of what *Bomilcar* did againſt the Prince of *Phoceus :* And all I am able to ſay for him is, that certainly he does not deſerve the misfortune of your odium. But I pray, *Glacidia*, ſaid *Cleonisbe*, do not you know the reaſon why *Bomilcar* and the *Phocean* Prince do thus claſh ? for truly being both of them your Friends, methinks you ſhould know the very bottom of their hearts : Believe it, Madam, replied ſhe, I have done as much as is poſſible to make them friends, but cannot ; and the hatred that is betwixt them (if I be not much miſtaken) has a higher cauſe than I can tell you ; and I do not think, Madam, but you are beſt able to divine it : Yes, *Glacidia*, I can do ſo (replied ſhe, and bluſht again) and it is a reaſon why I am ſo much incenſed againſt *Bomilcar :* For the very truth is, I do abhor his bold impudence in being jealous of the *Phocean* Prince. And though that Prince have all requiſite qualities to cauſe it, yet he ought not in relation to my ſelf. And therefore *Bomilcar* may be aſſured that unleſs my Father do poſitively command me to chooſe him, I ſhall never do it.

However (purſued ſhe and ſighing) if ſo it chance, that to my grief the King will needs have me chooſe him, I beſeech you my dear *Glacidia* help out my reaſon, and uſe ſuch arguments as may induce me to obey him. Since you may very well believe, Madam, replied *Glacidia*, that I would not ſpeak in advantage of *Bomilcar*, but only becauſe he is my friend, therefore I declare that I will never ſpeak in his behalf.

Oh my *Glacidia* (replied *Cleonisbe* angerly) do not forſake me now, I conjure you, in a buſineſs which is of the greateſt concernment of all my life; for let me tell you once more, my reaſon ſtands in great need of your aſſiſtance. Madam, replied *Glacidia*, I would gladly know why you ſpeak ſo? For truly (purſued ſhe purpoſely to diſcover her real mind) if you have ſuch a ſtrong averſion to *Bomilcar*, why do you not deſire the King to give you the choice of *Galathes*, or *Britomartes*? Oh *Glacidia* (replied ſhe haſtily) I do not value them at ſo high a rate, as my diſobedience to the King: It ſhould never be they, but doubtleſs it ſhould be the —— At theſe words *Cleonisbe* bluſht, and was ſilent, not being able to get out with her thought; but having ſpoken enough to make *Glacidia* underſtand her, ſhe was extreamly aſhamed, though ſhe uſually imparted her moſt ſecret thoughts unto her: but at laſt, being reſolved to open her very heart, ſhe confeſſed that if ſhe might follow her own inclination, ſhe would prefer the Prince of *Phoceus* before either *Bomilcar*, *Britomartes*, or *Galathes*, and confeſſed that ſhe had as great a diſpoſition to love him, as to hate *Bomilcar*. Judg now, my dear *Glacidia* (ſaid ſhe unto her) whether I had not good reaſon to ſay I ſtood in need of your Reaſon to ſupport my own: And therefore I conjure you to do two things continually, until the ſad day of this fatal Ceremony be paſt: The one, to leſſen my averſion unto *Bomilcar*; the other to leſſen my affection unto the Prince of *Phoceus*. Though it was never yet in my power to diſobey the leaſt of your commands, Madam, replied *Glacidia*, yet I beſeech you to excuſe me in this: For truly, Madam, I have ſo fully determined to keep my ſelf a Neuter between theſe two whom I equally honour, as I am fully reſolved neither to hurt nor help either of them in a buſineſs wherein I cannot oblige the one, but I muſt diſoblige the other: and therefore I beſeech you take it not ill if I diſobey you; for which choice ſoever you make between the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar*, you cannot chooſe amiſs. Had I diſcovered a diſpoſition to prefer *Britomartes* or *Galathes* before either of them, I ſhould have oppoſed it with all my power; but ſince I do not, I have no more to ſay: if you overcome your averſion to *Bomilcar*, you will be juſt unto his merit and his love: And if you follow your inclination to the Prince of *Phoceus*, you are but juſt unto his vertue and his paſſion.

Thus, Madam, which ſoever you do, you will do well: and which ſoever you do, I ſhall have cauſe both of joy and ſorrow; and ſince by making one happy, you make the other miſerable: I ſhall rejoyce with him you chooſe, and grieve with him you reject: and therefore I beſeech you do me ſo much honour as not to move me any further to contribute any thing unto the miſery of him whom you ſhall doom unto ſuch a cruel puniſhment. But *Glacidia*, replied *Cleonisbe*, by thinking not to contribute unto it you do extreamly; for if you do not put me in mind, that if I diſobey the King, and favour an exiled Prince, then I ſhall diſhonour my ſelf, and perhaps bring a War upon the Kingdom: *Bomilcar* will never be choſen: Let it even be as you pleaſe, Madam, without any intermedling, replied *Glacidia*; for truly, Madam, I neither can, nor ought to meddle; and if I durſt ſay it, you would not have me obey you. I do almoſt confeſs it, *Glacidia*, replied *Cleonisbe* and ſighed; for if you ſhould deſire me to leſſen my averſion unto *Bomilcar*, I fear you would encreaſe it. But truly, I muſt confeſs, I know not well what I would have, though I am moſt certain I would have nothing done againſt my own glory: But however my dear *Glacidia* (added ſhe) ſince I have truſted you with my averſion unto *Bomilcar*, and my inclination unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, be ſure you let neither of them have the leaſt glimpſes of my thoughts; for if you ſhould, there is ſo much injuſtice in my hatred of *Bomilcar*, and ſo much weakneſs in my affection to the *Phocean* Prince, as I ſhould be eternally aſhamed.

You may well conceive, Madam, that *Glacidia* was ready to make this promiſe unto *Cleonisbe*; and you may alſo believe ſhe would perform it.

In the mean time, *Carimantes* being of a fiery nature, and having a flaming paſſion in his heart, he reſolved upon a courſe which much tormented *Menedorus*, and grieved *Oneſicrite*: For perceiving that this Princeſs entertained ſo favourable thoughts of *Menedorus*, he acquainted

Sſurius with it, and deſired him to oblige his Son unto a quitting of *Oneſicrite*: hinting unto him, that ſince he had given him a being in his Country, it was the leaſt of favours he could do for him; adding withall, that he would be ſo great a friend unto him, as he ſhould have good cauſe to be well ſatisfied with his acknowledgments. *Sſurius* being always of an humour to prefer the publick good before any particular, though he approved of his Sons affection unto *Oneſicrite*; yet he promiſed his Son ſhould pretend no further unto that Princeſs. Aſſuring *Carimantes*, that though *Menedorus* would, yet he ſhould not be able to diſobey: And in purſuance of this promiſe, *Carimantes* was no ſooner gone, but he ſent for his Son. At firſt he went about to perſwade him by arguments drawn from reaſon: That having a Rival unto whom he was ſo much obliged; and a Rival who would e're long be in power to ruin him, if provoked, it were wiſdom to ſubmit, ſince it were neither prudent nor juſt to expoſe ſo many innocent perſons unto the fury of a Prince for the ſatisfaction of his love: adding further, that ſince it concerned the intereſt of their Town in general, he ought to ſacrifice all his private pleaſures for its ſafety, and the rather, becauſe he was not in any power to diſobey. As ſtrong as all theſe reaſons were, yet they could not prevail with *Menedorus*: So as then joyning this authority unto his reaſons, and perſwaſions, he abſolutely commanded him to think no more upon *Oneſicrite*, telling him that though he would, yet he could not diſobey him. You may well imagine, Madam, that *Menedorus* was extreamly ſtartled, yet his love would not give leave to ſubmit; but ſeemed ſo reſolute, that *Sſurius* grew angry, and gave him harſh language, inſomuch as perhaps he had been forced to yield, had he not been tampered withall by *Galathes*. For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that this Prince, according to his cloſe way, had plotted with ſeveral Greeks, and held private intelligence with a friend to *Menedorus*: So that fearing extreamly leaſt *Carimantes* ſhould be well treated by *Oneſicrite*, and conſequently induced to favour the Prince of *Phocea*, he ſent unto *Menedorus*, and bid him ſtand firm to his principles; aſſuring him that the King would never allow of *Carimantes* his paſſion, and conſequently he needed not to fear, ſince he ſhould have him for his Patron. Thus, Madam, *Menedorus* in ſpight of all his Fathers reaſons and menaces, did not change his mind.

In the mean time, *Sfurius* aſſured *Carimantes* that he would keep *Menedorus* from being any obſtacle unto his deſign, deſiring him only to have a little patience, and give him ſome days to work ſo great a cure: And indeed *Sfurius* applied a moſt ſad remedy unto *Menedorus*, for he went unto the Prince of *Phocæus*, and told him what *Carimantes* ſaid unto him, conjuring him to uſe his utmoſt authority to diſſwade *Oneſicrite* from *Menedorus*. For truly, Sir, ſaid he unto him, as glorious as your alliance would be, I would never adviſe you unto it, ſince I ſhould then expoſe you, and all the *Grecians* here, unto the violence of an amorous Prince. Therefore, Sir, ſince the Gods would have him to be our Patron, by the means of his affection unto the Princeſs your Siſter, I conjure you to be as zealous in hindering the Princeſs your Siſter, as I ſhall be in oppoſing *Menedorus* my Son.

The Prince of *Phocæus* hearing this, was much joyed to ſee it was in his power, and that he might have the honour of favouring the deſigns of *Carimantes*, and to croſs thoſe of *Menedorus*: Conceiving that ſince this Prince did think *Oneſicrite* was worthy of him, *Clemisbe* might alſo think him not unworthy of her: Therefore he gave *Sfurius* a very civil anſwer, proteſting that though he had a greater mind unto his alliance rather than unto *Carimantes*; yet ſince he was ſo generous as to prefer the publick good before the ſatisfaction of his Son, he were not worthy of his friendſhip, if he were leſs generous than he; and if he did not deprive himſelf of a happineſs which he deſired, rather than hazard the ruin of their new Common-wealth. So that after this, they conſulted together upon the beſt expedients, and reſolved to work firſt by all ſweetneſs upon *Oneſicrite*. In order to that *Ariſtonice* muſt be employed, who was much in her books, and it was reſolved they ſhould move *Oneſicrite* unto a little journey out of *Marſeilles*, without letting her know for what ſhe went: And accordingly the Prince of *Phoceus* did carry the matter ſo handſomly, as ſhe conſented unto his wiſhes: But to the end the buſineſs might take better effect, the Prince of *Phoceus* doing me the honour to truſt me with all the ſecrets of his life, and to acquaint me with the ſtate of things, he ſent me the night before to prepare *Ariſtonice*: So as when *Oneſicrite* came to her, *Ariſtonice* carried it ſo handſomly, as that Princeſs never imagined the Prince of *Phoceus* to have any hand in the Counſel which ſhe gave her. At the firſt meeting, nothing paſſed but Complements of Welcome, and expreſſions of mutual amity. Afterwards *Ariſtonice*, whoſe diſcourſe did always aim at the bettering of others, began to tell very obligingly, that ſince ſhe had received from Heaven ſo great a Talent of Beauty, and ſo many admirable parts, ſhe was extreamly afraid, conſidering her age, leſt ſhe any ways abuſe thoſe excellent graces which the Gods had given her: And truly Daughter (ſaid ſhe, for ſo ſhe called her) it is not enough to appear all vertue, and abſtain from the commiſſion of horrid crimes, which perſons well born ſeldom are guilty of; but one muſt do all the good one can, and above all things not to prophane thoſe gifts which they receive from Heaven, And therefore Daughter, ſince you have received ſuch extraordiry beauty from the Gods, it is your duty to be extream careful not to abuſe ſo great a favour: For truly the beauty of *Helen* was fatal unto all *Aſia*, and all ſucceeding ages will impute the burning of *Troy* unto the lovely fire of her eyes: Therefore be ſure you remember always, that the Gods did not beſtow ſo much Beauty upon you, but with intentions you ſhould employ it well, not in doing harm, when therefore your Beauty gives you a power over any one, remember to conſider whether any unfortunate perſons had any need of his credit, over whom you have got that power, to the end that drawing a good from the weakneſs of another, you may merit a reward from Heaven: For example, I hear that the Prince *Carimantes* does highly eſteem you; you muſt be ſure to make uſe of him as a Patron to all thoſe *Grecians* whom he hath already ſo generouſly protected.

Oneſicrite hearing *Ariſtonice* ſay ſo, began to bluſh, and bluſhed ſo much, with ſuch diſorder in her eyes, that ſhe diſcovered her heart in an inſtant. *Oneſicrite* being of a very ſweet diſpoſition, and a little timerous, though ſhe had ſpirit enough, the diſcourſe of *Ariſtonice* came ſo home to her heart, that ſhe reſolved to put her whole confidence in her, and asked her how ſhe ſhould carry her ſelf to be rid of *Carimantes* his love without incenſing him, or moving him to attempt any thing againſt *Menedorus*: So after ſhe had apologized for her weakneſs, ſhe related the affection which *Menedorus* bore unto her, ſhe confeſſed the inclination ſhe had unto him; afterwards told her how *Carimantes* ſeemed to profeſs a Love unto her, and what *Sſurius* had ſaid to his Son: Adding withall, whatſoever ſhe thought might move *Ariſtonice* to give her counſel not to diſingage her ſelf from the affection of *Menedorus*, and to ſhake off *Carimantes*. But ſhe was much ſurprized, when *Ariſtonice* after a plauſible hearing, returned her anſwer: I render thanks unto the Gods, who brought you hither (ſaid ſhe unto her) for ſince it appears they love you very dearly, I would not for a world you ſhould abuſe their favours: I will not blame you for your compliance with the affection of *Menedorus*; for ſince it appears to proceed from vertue, I will not condemn it, though in reaſon it had been much better you had received his heart without giving your own. But ſince both your Parents and his did approve of your affections unto each other, I have no more to ſay againſt it: But Daughter, things now have changed faces; for ſince *Sſurius* would not have you marry *Menedorus*, and ſince the Prince *Carimantes* would marry you, it is moſt expedient you caſt off the firſt, and entertain the ſecond: Why Mother, cried *Oneſicrite*, do you think the Gods would ever pardon me, if I ſhould change my thoughts of *Menedorus*? Do you think Daughter, replied *Ariſtonice*, that the Gods would ever pardon you if you ſhould be a cauſe of Ruin unto this vaſt multitude of People which they by their providence have brought hither? Could you ever anſwer it, if *Carimantes*

mantes ſhould ſet our Town on fire, which he permitted us to build.

No, no, *Oneſicrite*, deceive not your ſelf; and though I cannot ſpeak any pleaſing truths unto you at this time, yet I had rather diſpleaſe than betray you. Know Daughter, that the Prime Duty hath an influence over all the reſt: and ſince there is none more powerful than that which ties us unto our Country, no other can ever diſpence with you from it. The truth is, we are born for it before any thing elſe whatſoever: You were a *Grecian* before *Menedorus* was your Lover; and conſequently you can make him no promiſe in prejudice of your Country; and though you ſhould, it is not to be kept. Let me tell you, the deſtiny of *Marſeilles* is wholly in your hand; you may preſerve it, or you may ruin it. If you adhere unto the affection of *Menedorus*, you deſtroy it; if you entertain the offers of *Carimantes*, you ſave it: Thus ſince the ſafety of ſo many innocent perſons depends wholly upon you, you were in a moſt high degree ſinful, if you do not ſurmount your ſelf: And *Menedorus* is moſt unworthy of you, if he be not ſo generous as to prefer the publick good before his private ſatisfaction: You have power, my dear Daughter, to do what you pleaſe; yet you are in a Country wherein you have no right but what the Prince whom you ſhall treat ill doth give you; for you know that without him the King had never received us: Moreover no Ship can ſail out of our Port without the permittance of the *Phocean* Prince, or *Spurius*: Do you think they will ever permit your departure, and incenſe a Prince who e're long ſhall be King, and make you a *Queen?* And though they ſhould wink at your departure, or that you ſhould ſteal away, into what place of the world could you go? *Phocæa* is full of *Perſians*, and we have no other Land or Country but *Marſeilles*, which you would ruin: Should a perſon of your age, vertue and quality wander from Coaſt to Coaſt, and from Sea to Sea, without any other reaſon but becauſe ſhe is in Love? Do you no better remember the terror of incenſed Seas, out of which the Goddeſs whom I adore did bring us to a Port? Will you again expoſe your ſelf into thoſe dangers, and be upbraided with ſo much weakneſs was not to ſtrive againſt a Paſſion, which to ſpeak truly, hath no other force in it but what ones ſelf doth give unto it? But that the intereſts of the party loved may oblige you: Conſider Daughter, ſeriouſly conſider, unto what danger you expoſe *Menedorus*, if you ſhould ſuffer him to continue a Rival unto *Carimantes*. Firſt, he will paſs in the opinion of the world for an imprudent man, next with the Prince for an ungrateful perſon: But though the quality of a faithful Lover be very conſiderable, yet that ought not to let you expoſe his life, as doubtleſs you would if you do not break off with him, nor oblige him to leave behaving himſelf as your Lover. For *Carimantes* is young, and of a haſty temper: Moreover he is the Son of a King, one unto whom you are much obliged, and ſo is not *Menedorus*: Take heed therefore *Oneſicrite*, take heed for your Lovers ſake, though you will not for the *Grecians*: I'ts better it coſt you ſome tears, than him his life, or you your reputation: and therefore Daughter, ſince the intereſt of your Country, your own glory, the life of him you love, and all is at ſtake, ſtrive with your ſelf, and generouſly reſolve abſolutely to unlooſe your ſelf from the affection of *Menedorus*: But Daughter, never think to untie the knots which fetter you by degrees, for they are of ſuch a nature, as they muſt be broken upon a ſudden, and with violence; for otherwiſe in thinking to unty them gently, they will the more intangle, and be made indiſſolvable. Fix therefore Daughter upon a reſolution worthy of your ſelf. I conjure you to it for your Country ſake, for your glories ſake, and for *Menedorus* his ſake; and to uſe a more prevalent argument, for the ſake of that Goddeſs whom I ſerve, who ſince ſhe was never in love, would doubtleſs moſt ſeverely puniſh you if you ſhould ruin all this multitude of people whom ſhe hath ſaved, only becauſe you love *Menedorus*.

All the while that *Ariſtonice* ſpoke, *Oneſicrite* looked down and ſighed continually, ſo as ſhe made it apparent that her heart was extreamly perplexed: But at laſt, being forced to anſwer, her tears was a prologue to her words: and do what ſhe could it was impoſſible to retain them. But the wonder was, that this ſymptom of imbecility which ſhe was not able to keep from the ſight of *Ariſtonice*, was the reaſon of her force to ſurmount it; for ſhe was ſo extreamly aſhamed, that deſiring to repair her weakneſs by an act of Courage, after ſhe had dried up her tears, and ſtood a while ſilent, ſhe promiſed *Ariſtonice* ſhe would uſe her beſt endeavours to follow her counſel: Yet I do not promiſe (added ſhe) to overcome my ſelf; but I promiſe to ſtrive, which is more than ever I thought I could do. But Mother, I beſeech you (added ſhe) is there no medium between theſe two extreams? Can I not reject the affection of *Menedorus*, without entertaining that of *Carimantes?* Receive me, I beſeech you into the number of your Companions: And by that means let me not give the unfortunate *Menedorus* any cauſe to ſuſpect me of ambition, or inconſtancy.

Oh Daughter (ſaid *Ariſtonice* and ſmiled) Virgins conſecrated unto *Diana* never ought to fear making their Lovers jealous, and her Nimphs entertain no hunters for their Gallants. But to be more ſerious, if you have a mind to deſtroy that Temple which I am building, you need only to ſhut your ſelf in it: And therefore for a further gueſs for a remedy unto that diſeaſe which hath no other than what I propound, ſacrifice your paſſion for your Country: Your own Country affords a thouſand examples of brave men, who have ſacrificed their lives for theirs, yet I impoſe no ſuch rigid task upon you; but on the contrary, I adviſe you to live, and live happily. Oh Mother replied ſhe, I do not think that to be poſſible: However, though you adviſe me to break thoſe cords with violence which tye me unto *Menedorus*, yet I beſeech you let me unlooſe them more gently, and give me ſome days to do it.

Ariſtonice ſeeing ſhe had obtained more than ſhe hoped for, conſenting unto her demand, and gave her many wiſe inſtructions to confirm her in her reſolution.

But Madam, *Oneſicrite* returning to the Court, *Menedorus* much wondred to ſee her ſo melancholy; and more, when upon the firſt occaſion of talking with her in private, ſhe conjured him to obey his Fathers commands. Then did he expreſs himſelf in all the terms that the moſt violent paſſion could deviſe, he aſſured her that the

King would never conſent ſhe ſhould marry *Carimantes*, and therefore it would be in vain for her to be perfidious: Afterwards he fell into all his Prayers and Complaints to move her unto a conſtancy of mind: So as *Oneſicrite* finding her heart to melt, and her reſolutions to ſtagger, ſhe parted from him without any power, either to break off or to renew affection; and for ſome certain days things reſted thus.

In the mean time, ſince the ceremony of *Cleoniſbe's* choice drew very near, the Court began to ſwell into a tumultuous multitude: And theſe four Pretenders were ſo ſolicitous in their deſigns and hopes of being choſen, that nothing elſe was talked of, and theſe Pretenders were perpetually either with the King, or *Carimantes*, or *Cleoniſbe*, or with *Glacidia*. As for *Britomartes*, he was the leaſt buſie; for being of a lofty mind, and of that Country, he believed that certainly he ſhould be preferred before the reſt. As for *Galathes*, he neither truſted unto his merits, nor quality, nor any thing elſe, but ſolicited the King, and plotted the ruin of his Rivals. To that end he alledged, that *Bomilcar* being originally a *Carthaginian*, he would not be acceptable to the People: That *Britomartes* being already very powerful in his own Country, he would be too potent by that Alliance: And as for the Prince of *Phoceus*, it was not probable he would permit the Princeſs to marry a poor man who had no being but what he gave him.

On the other ſide, he Courted *Carimantes* with all poſſible ſubmiſſions, he addreſſed himſelf unto *Cleoniſbe* with complacency and reverent reſpects, and ſolicited *Glacidia* by a thouſand expreſſions of friendſhip.

In the mean time he held intelligence with *Menedorus*, and ſuborned ſome *Segoregians* to murmur againſt the *Grecians*, to the end the King, *Carimantes* and *Cleoniſbe* might caſt a leſs favourable eye upon the Prince of *Phoceus*. As for *Bomilcar*, he never had any plots againſt *Galathes* or *Britomartes*, but had a vigilant eye upon the Prince of *Phoceus*, who for his part employed his whole mind in prejudice of *Bomilcar*. All of them were extreamly obſequious unto *Cleoniſbe* and *Glacidia*, and for two days before this Ceremony, but for the prudence of that wiſe Lady, they had all fallen very foul upon one another. I beſeech you (ſaid the Prince of *Phoceus* one day unto *Glacidia*) if I be ſo unfortunate as to be any cauſe that the Princeſs ſhould have any advantagious thoughts of *Bomilcar*, let him not know until the very laſt: Defer this ſatisfaction until the very laſt fatal minute of the Ceremony, ſo as the ſudden ſurprize of ſo great a happineſs, may make him dye of joy, as well as I of ſorrow: For the truth is, *Glacidia*, if *Bomilcar* be choſen, and does not dye with joy, he does not love her as he ought.

On the other ſide, *Bomilcar* out of the like apprehenſion made another requeſt unto *Glacidia*, for he was moſt zealous with her, that if ſhe knew the Prince of *Phoceus* had no hopes of any choice, that ſhe declare it to him as ſoon as ever ſhe could, imagining it the greateſt delight in the world, to make him ſoon ſenſible of his misfortune. But *Glacidia* being immoveable, ſhe conſtantly denied both her Friends, as oft as they ſolicited her againſt each other, keeping her ſelf cloſe unto her reſolution, either in ſpeaking unto them, or unto *Cleonisbe*.

In the mean time it was the happy fortune of the *Phocean* Prince to be in the Pallace Garden, as the Princeſs was in the Evening walking without any other company but her own Women, and he addreſſed himſelf unto her with all imaginable devotion, and preſenting his hand unto her, he carried her into a long walk of Orange Trees, at the end of which were ſeats of Graſs: So as it being that ſeaſon of the year when their Oranges were moſt in flower, and the ground all ſtrewed with them, a fitter place to reſt in could not be imagined: In which they being ſet down, their diſcourſe began with things much different from thoſe they ended with. For Madam, they began with their choice of odoriferous Flowers; *Cleonisbe* examining in what rank ſhould be placed the ſmell of Violets, of Roſes, of Pinks, of Jeſſemine and of Oranges, under which they were ſhaded. But after a very pleaſant diſcourſe of ſo delicate a ſubject, the Princeſs ſaid that the only fault of Perfumes was, that cuſtom made them loſe their vertue, and by poſſeſſing them, one does not poſſeſs them: And ſo if one will enjoy any pleaſure, they deprive themſelves of it for a certain time, ſince otherwiſe others enjoy it, and not they themſelves: and truly this rule is almoſt general; for after one is accuſtomed unto fetters, they are not heavy; ſlaves are not ſenſible of their Chains; Pleaſures ceaſe to be Pleaſures by a long habit, and ſo the ſame of Sorrows This rule Madam, which you think ſo general, replied the Prince of *Phoceus*, hath yet its exceptions: For truly Madam, I know a miſerable man who ſuffers in ſuch a manner, that though his miſeries cannot encreaſe, yet he is ſtill more ſenſible of them; and habit as powerful as it is, doth not diminiſh his grief; but on the contrary, the more he ſuffers, the leſs he is accuſtomed to his ſufferings, and is ſo extreamly impatient, that he not only complains, but he murmurs and repines alſo. Patience (replied *Cleonisbe* faintly) is yet a remedy which is more provoked by murmuring, than it is eaſed by complaints. Yet truly Madam, replied he, I am perſwaded that there is much eaſe in Complaints, and Sighs from a grieved Heart do carry with them ſome of that ſorrow which lies heavy upon it: but when thoſe ſighs are ſtifled, and ſorrows ſit ſilently within, believe it, Madam, there is no ſuch deplorable condition: The truth is, it cannot continue long, for one muſt of neceſſity either complain or dye. Methinks the choice of theſe two (replied *Cleonisbe* and ſmiled) is very eaſie. Since you conceive it ſo Madam (replied the Prince of *Phoceus*) I hope you will not be offended, if now, ſeeing me put to a neceſſity either of dying or complaining, I make choice of the laſt: And I conjure you to give me leave not only to complain unto you, but of you, and of my ſelf; for truly, Madam, you have brought me into the moſt pitiful condition in the world. I did not think Sir, replied *Cleonisbe* and bluſhed, that I had given any cauſe of complaint unto any, much leſs unto you: But ſince it ſeems I am miſtaken, I muſt tell you in general, that I never had any intention to hurt you: but I beſeech you, expect no further ſatisfaction from me than this I have given you; for in the humour I am, I fear nothing more than too many explanations: Heavens preſerve me Madam, replied he, from being too offenſive: No, Madam, all I deſire is, you would be pleaſed to hear me, and not be angry. If you ſhould tell any thing, replied ſhe, which will cauſe it, I conceive it better both for you and me, that I did not hear you. Oh Madam (cried he) I muſt needs tell you in what a miſerable condition I ſhall be upon that day of Ceremony, when you ſhall make him happy whom you ſhall think worthy of your choice: For my part, I am ſure that I cannot in any reaſon pretend unto it: Yet I am able to proteſt that I love you more than all your Adorers. Your language does ſo much ſurprize me, replied *Cleonisbe*, that I know not how to anſwer it; for truly I thought you had known me better. I know you Madam, replied he, for the faireſt and moſt excellent Princeſs in the world.

But ſince it doth extreamly concern me that you know me to be the moſt miſerable man alive, I muſt let you know how much I have ſuffered, ſince the firſt minute I ever ſaw you: Alas Madam, you do not know the greatneſs of my Paſſion; and perhaps looking upon me as a miſerable Exile, you think it unworthy of your ſelf to put it ſo much as in any doubt, whether I ſhall be choſen. To teſtifie I much eſteem you, anſwered *Cleonisbe*, I will not ſcrupulouſly inſiſt upon the ſtrict rule which would have wholly rejected all that can be called Love; and therefore will argue with you upon a buſineſs which much concerns my happineſs, but I think not yours. And the rather, becauſe the laws do permit me the choice, and allow me to ſpeak of it without any offence unto decency, I ſhall therefore ingeniouſly tell you, that you have merit enough to pretend unto this choice: But Sir, though the Law do give me the liberty of choice, yet I do not think ſo well of my ſelf, as to truſt unto my ſelf in a buſineſs of this nature: So as I indeed chooſe in appearance, but the King in effect, ſince I only do what he pleaſeth. So as if it were true that you loved me, and that I were not diſpleaſed at it, yet all your complaints would do me no good, ſince I will not ſo much as pleaſe my own ſelf: And to teſtifie that I have much confidence in your vertue, I will confeſs unto you, that amongſt all thoſe who at this ceremony will pretend unto my choice, there are three orders of them in my mind; ſome are meerly indifferent unto me; ſome I hate; and perhaps there will be one whom I would not hate, if it were permitted me to love him.

However, being perſwaded that perhaps the King will appoint me to chooſe one of thoſe I hate, and ſince I know he will not appoint me to choose him whom I would, if I did follow my own inclination, I am reſolved to humour him with a blind obedience: ſo Sir, it is upon him my good or bad fate depends, and therefore never make any vain complaints; for ſince I will not ſeek my own ſatisfaction, it is not probable I ſhould yours.

Whilſt *Cleonisbe* was talking, the Prince of *Phoceus* looking her full in the eyes, to ſee if he could find in them which of theſe orders he was; and his mind was ſo extreamly diſcompoſed, that almoſt in one minute, he thought himſelf in the rank of indifferency, in the rank of the hatred, and in the happy rank of him that was loved. But Madam (ſaid he unto her) will you not be pleaſed to let me know in which of theſe orders I am? I cannot well tell (replied ſhe, and roſe up) whether you be in any of the three. At leaſt Madam, honour me ſo far (added he) as to aſſure me that I am not in the number of thoſe who are hated: Doubtleſs you are not, anſwered ſhe, but perhaps you will, if you put me once more to the neceſſity of hearing more of this diſcourſe. The Prince of *Phoceus* had a great mind to have retained her a little longer, but he could not; for ſhe calling one of her Women to mend ſomething about the dreſs upon her head, would not give any further occaſion of diſcourſing upon his paſſion: So as he being reſolved to talk of nothing elſe, and not daring to diſobey, he was ſilent, and waited upon her unto her Chamber, where preſently after ſo much company came, that he could not poſſibly talk alone with her.

In the mean while, great preparations were made for this Feaſt: and though only one of theſe Princes were to be choſen, yet they were all as rich in their habits and equipage, as if they were all ſure of this election. And all the Ladies ſet their inventions upon the rack for the neweſt dreſs and faſhion: And *Amathilde* amongſt the reſt was as choice of that colour which would beſt become her, as *Cleonisbe* was whether ſhe ſhould ſubmit unto the Kings mind, or follow her own according to the permittance of the Law. It was all in vain for her to ask the advice of *Glacidia*, for ſhe was unalterable. So that her own reaſon only ſtriving againſt her hatred of *Bomilcar*, and againſt he inclination unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, ſhe was not without many inquietudes. But the Eve of this great Feaſt being come, the apprehenſion of theſe four Rivals were ſo high, that one would have thought they had loſt their wits and reaſons. They were no ſooner in one place, but they were in another: They met with one another at a hundred turns: And the hatred which was between *Bomilcar* and the *Phocean* Prince did begin to flame, and was ready to flame out.

As for *Cleonisbe*, ſhe was ſo ſad as would have moved pity; yet endure it ſhe muſt that night, in which all the Court was with her. Yet this multitude was one way advantagious to her for a while, for none of her four Rivals could talk in private with her. But this laſted not long; for the Prince *Carimantes* coming in, after a quarter of an hours diſcourſe, he went out again, and carried the Prince of *Phoceus* with him: And the Company changing places, *Bomilcar* got next *Cleonisbe*, without either *Britomartes* or *Gathales*; for the laſt of theſe was gone unto *Menedorus*, to plot ſome deſign with him, and the firſt went unto the King, both of them going out with *Carimantes*: Then *Bomilcar* taking this opportunity, he uſed it ſo well, that he ingaged *Cleonisbe*, againſt her mind, to let him talk low unto her. I beſeech you Madam (ſaid he unto her, as afterwards ſhe told *Glacidia*) deny me not the favour which I ſhall ask; and do me the honour to tell me, whether I may hope you will be pleaſed to make a bad choice to morrow, as to the merit of the perſon, but a juſt one, as to the greatneſs of his paſſion, who is ſo bold as to ask whether he may hope to be choſen. I once told you, replied ſhe, that I would chooſe none but him whom it ſhould pleaſe the Gods to inſpire into my thoughts: And I tell

I tell you it again, and I aſſure you, it is more of them than me that you ought to ask what you ſeem to deſire, ſince truly I know neither your deſtiny nor my own. Is it poſſible Madam, replied he, that you ſhould not know whom you intend to make happy? If ſo, alas I may be ſure you will make me miſerable: For after ſo many ſervices which I have done you, and ſo many teſtimonies of my love which I have given you, if you intended to do me juſtice, you would not ſpeak thus unto me: However, Madam, me-thinks that if you were reſolved upon my ruin you ſhould do me ſo much favour as to tell me, to the end, that preventing your choice, by my death, I might ſave my ſelf ſo much ſorrow as to ſee my Rival happy, and keep you from being taxed with inhumanity: Me-thinks, Madam, neither *Britomartes* nor *Galathes* have ſo much right to pretend unto your affection as I have: I have adored you before they ever thought of you: And as for the Prince of *Phoceus*, he hath had the honour to know you ſo very lately, and is ſo much obliged unto you, that he were exceedingly unjuſt, if he ſhould offer to think you ſhould do more for him, than for me. However it be, ſaid *Cleonisbe*, and interrupted him, you ſhall know to morrow about this time, and ſo ſhall I, whether I be juſt or no. As *Bomilcar* was ready to reply, the King came in and prevented him; yet he was very glad to be ſo interrupted, becauſe he hoped that he was come to ſpeak unto *Cleonisbe* in his behalf: ſo that with-drawing out of his reſpect, the King began to talk with *Cleonisbe* in a low voice: In the interim *Bomilcar* addreſſed himſelf unto *Glacidia*, and to conjure her, that ſhe would not ſtill continue in the ſame mind ſhe was, in relation to the buſineſs betwixt the Prince of *Phoceus* and him. Since I never uſe to alter my opinion out of humour, replied ſhe, I cannot do as you would have me, ſince the very ſame reaſons which induce me to be neither for you nor for him, nor againſt him, nor againſt you, do continue ſtill, and are as good to day as yeſterday: And therefore do not take it ill if I alter not, ſince to change is a thing I ſeldom uſe, unleſs ſome convincing reaſon tell me that my ground is unjuſt. Though the Prince of *Phoceus*, replied, *Bomilcar*, hath done me no other hurt, but hindering you from being my Mediator unto *Cleonisbe*, yet I can never hate him enough for it; for had he never come hither, you had been a great promoter of my deſires; I do confeſs it, replied ſhe: But I muſt tell you alſo, that if you had not been a Rival unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, I would have done him all the good offices I was able unto *Cleonisbe*.

Oh *Glacidia*, replied he, you have done him too much in doing me none: I aſſure you Sir, replied ſhe, I have done him no more than I have done for you. However it be, ſaid he, I am forced to tell you, that if I be not choſen, I do not think I ſhall be able to keep within thoſe limits you preſcribe me, ſo as me-thinks you ſhould wiſh my happineſs, leſt if I be not I ſhould be forced to take ſome violent courſe. To prevent it replied *Glacidia*, let me adviſe you this day to prepare your ſelf to be miſerable to morrow, to the end that your ſoul not being ſurprized, may not be ſhaken. Oh *Glacidia*, ſaid he, I am in extream fear; you know what I muſt be: No ſaid ſhe, but I adviſe you, as I would my ſelf, if the caſe were mine, and as I would adviſe the Prince of *Phoceus*, if he ſhould ſpeak as you do: As ſhe ſaid ſo, the Prince of *Phoceus* entered, who ſeeing the King talking with *Cleonisbe*, and *Bomilcar* with *Glacidia*, went to his Rival, that he might receive ſo much ſatisfaction as to interrupt him, and keep him from perſwading *Glacidia* to any thing which might prejudice him.

As for *Bomilcar*, he was vexed, and in ſuch fear of incenſing *Glacidia*, that he thought it better to retire, and leave his Rival alone with her, than to ſtay with him. But he was no ſooner gone, then the Prince of *Phoceus* began to conjure *Glacidia* not to be unfaithful to him: And at leaſt, though you will not favour me, yet do not hinder me: And if I can obtain any more from you, let the Princeſs, if it be poſſible, rather chooſe *Britomartes* or *Galathes*, than *Bomilcar*, that ſo if I be not happy, he may fare no better than my ſelf.

Since your requeſt is unjuſt, replied ſhe, I muſt deny it, and on the contrary declare, that I will do all I can to perſwade the Princeſs that there are none but you and *Bomilcar* who are worthy of her choice, to the end that if ſhe chooſe not you, ſhe may chooſe him; and if not him, ſhe may chooſe you; thus being officious unto you both, I will prejudice both your Rivals: and certainly I ſhould do very well in it, ſince I conceive it to be advantagious unto *Cleonisbe*. As *Glacidia* pronounced theſe words, the King left *Cleonisbe*, and me-thought as if he had ſpoken ſomething which diſpleaſed her, for there appeared more melancholy in her eyes than before: And certainly I was not deceived; for after the King was gone, *Glacidia* underſtood that his viſit had diſpleaſed *Cleonisbe*.

In the mean while, the Prince of *Phoceus* who was returned unto the Princeſs in hopes to find opportunity of privacy with her, was forced to retire without ſpeaking one word unto her; for conſidering the ill aſpect of *Cleonisbe*, he thought beſt to follow the King. But as ſoon as all the Company was gone out of the Chamber, ſhe called *Glacidia* unto her, and told her how the King, with many aggravations, had ſhewed her reaſons why he preferred *Bomilcar* before all the reſt of the Pretenders, and had abſolutely commanded her to chooſe him.

As ſoon as *Cleonisbe* had imparted this unto *Glacidia*, one knockt at the door, and ſaid that the Prince *Carimantes* deſired to ſee her; and as *Glacidia* went out of the Cloſet, *Carimantes* entred, where as ſoon as he was ſeated, he began to ſpeak unto her. You have had ſo much company (ſaid he unto the Princeſs) that I thought it not fit to ſpeak unto you of a buſineſs whereupon depends your happineſs as well as mine; but now you are alone, I conjure you to tell me whom you intend to make your choice? Since the King, replied ſhe, hath not left me the liberty of my choice, but that I muſt follow his deſires againſt my own inclination, *Bomilcar* muſt be preferred. Oh Siſter ſaid the Prince *Carimantes*, ſince the King hath no lawful power abſolutely to command you: And ſince without infringement of the Law, he can only intreat you, I conjure you with all the earneſtneſs of my heart, to chooſe the Prince of *Phoceus*, and not *Bomilcar*. *Cleonisbe* hearing this, was ſo ſurprized that ſhe bluſht; but ſince ſhe was not ſorry to hear the Prince her Brother to ſpeak ſo, and would have been glad to have him perſwade her unto it by ſome convincing reaſons and arguments, ſhe ſeemed to reſiſt him: She told him then that truly the Prince of *Phoceus* was a Prince of great merits; but ſince it was not the pleaſure of the King to chooſe him, ſhe thought it her duty to ſubmit.

She had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Carimantes* told her that it was fitter for her to ſubmit unto the Laws, than to make her choice by obedience: That he thought that her choice of a *Grecian* to be better than a *Carthaginian*; that the cauſe of the Prince of *Phoceus* his exile was glorious; that he had more Subjects, than *Bomilcar* had Vaſſals; and that his merits did excel him every way. And above all other conſiderations, dear Siſter, ſaid he, the Prince of *Phoceus* is Brother unto the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*, unto whom he hath promiſed to be my Mediator, and hath put me in hopes to exclude *Menedorus* from her heart: Oh Sir, ſaid ſhe, I am afraid that all your arguments which you think ſo full of reaſon, would not appear ſo unto you, but becauſe you are intereſted; for I beſeech you, what reaſons ſhould I give unto the King for not ſubmitting to his commands? You may tell him (replied *Carimantes*) that I adviſed you: That anſwer might produce a dangerous conſequence, replied ſhe; and I had rather (ſaid ſhe and bluſhed) make him believe that I love the Prince of *Phoceus*, than to make him ſuſpect any defects of duty in you. But truly (ſaid ſhe, and ſighed) the Kings words unto me will not give me leave to hearken unto you; for as he did aggravate the matter unto me, if I did not make choice of him, I ſhould cauſe him to break off the Peace which he made for us with the *Carthaginians*, and ſo renew a War: Alſo he told me, I ſhould ruin my Country, if I did not follow his advice. Oh Siſter, replied this violent Prince, I muſt tell you, there is leſs danger in a Forraign War, than in a Civil; and as the King told you, that you ſhould cauſe a War with the *Carthaginians*, if you did not chooſe *Bomilcar*, ſo I muſt tell you, that if you do not chooſe the Prince of *Phoceus*, you will cauſe War in your own Country; for I ſhall the very next day quit the Court, and fortifie tiſie *Marſeilles*, and with a body both of *Greeks* and *Segoregians*, ſhall carve out juſtice unto the Prince of *Phoceus* by giving you a legal,voluntary,and not a forced choice; for I am not ſo blind, but I can ſee, that you eſteem the Prince of *Phoceus* enough to chooſe him, if the King did not hinder you, and to hate *Bomilcar* ſo much, that you would never chooſe him, if you had the freedom of your own inclination: And therefore Siſter, ſatisfie your ſelf and me, ſince you may very well do it without any offence unto the Law of the Land. I know very well Sir, replied ſhe, that I may; but I know not whether I ought, and therefore I conjure you to attempt no ſuch violent courſes as I perceive you fancy: But to let you ſee,that the reaſon why I will not make you any ſuch promiſe as you deſire,is, becauſe I conceive honour will not permit me. I will ingeniouſly confeſs, that if I did follow the motions of my own heart, I ſhould prefer the virtue of the Prince of *Phoceus* before any: And this I do confeſs, Sir, to the end you may know, that ſince I value not my own intereſt, you ought not to think it ſtrange, if I do not ſacrifice my honour for your ſatisfaction: And the rather, becauſe I am confident that though the Prince of *Phoceus* be not choſen, yet he will not fail to be your mediator unto *Oneſicrite*, ſince he is obliged unto it, for his own ſake, and for hers as well as for yours.

But Siſter, replied *Carimantes*, if you had loved *Bomilcar*, what could you do more for him? I aſſure you Sir, replied ſhe, that my thoughts of him are very far from deſerving the name of Love. But Sir, ſince I am a Lover of glory above all things, I beſeech you let me take the advice of my Pillow, and conſider both of the Kings reaſons and yours. But firſt tell me, ſaid he,whether you have made him any poſitive promiſe to obey his deſires? I had not ſo much power, replied ſhe; but ſince my anſwer was only by a reſpective and humble ſilence, I believe he thought that I would obey him If you do obey him, replied *Carimantes*, you force me to become a Rebel and to do all that the paſſion of the *Phocean* Prince ſhall deſire me, to the end he may favour mine. Therefore Siſter, ſince by obeying the Law, you will prevent a dangerous War, you will do juſtice unto a Prince who adores you; you will contribute unto my happineſs, and keep your ſelf from being miſerable, obey it rather than the King. After this *Carimantes* being gone, *Cleonisbe* called for *Glacidia*, unto whom ſhe imparted all her Brother had ſaid: And that ſhe might not be ignorant of any cauſes of her inquietude, ſhe told her further, how two of great quality in the Country had told her, that if ſhe did not make choice of *Britomartes* (who was only of all the Pretenders, that Country man) all the Nobility of the Kingdom would take his part; adding, that *Hipomenes* did advertiſe him how *Galathes* had plotted ſome great deſign with *Menedorus* in caſe he were not choſen: So as, ſaid ſhe unto *Glacidia*, which way ſoever I look, I find my ſelf in the moſt pitiful condition in the world: For truly, if I obey the King, I ſhall chooſe *Bomilcar* whom I hate, I ſhall not chooſe the Prince of *Phoceus* whom I love, I ſhall incenſe the Prince my Brother, I ſhall diſoblige all the Nobility, diſobliging *Britomartes*: Alſo I do expoſe my ſelf unto the violence and ſubtlety of *Galathes*, who is the craftieſt man alive. But there cannot be the leaſt thought of chooſing either *Britomartes* or *Galathes*; for though my natural averſion be ſtronger againſt *Bomilcar* than againſt them, yet I know, that if I muſt be unjuſt unto *Bomilcar*, it muſt be in favour of the *Phocean* Prince: For by chooſing one of them, I ſhould equally incenſe the King and the Prince my Brother, yet they are both of them much to be feared; for the one may raiſe a party in the State, and the other being very powerful with the King of the *Celtes*, may cauſe a vexatious War.

On the other ſide, if I ſhould do as the Prince my Brother would have me, and perhaps as my ſelf would as much as he, I ſhould more incenſe *Britomartes* and *Galathes*, than if I ſhould chooſe *Bomilcar*. But the great Conſideration of all is, that I ſhall incenſe the King, and I doubt diſhonour my ſelf by it: And after all this *Glacidia* (added *Cleonisbe*) can you be ſo inhumane as to deny me your Counſel in ſo perplexing a conjuncture? No Madam, replied ſhe, and ſince you command me, I will take ſo much liberty as to tell you, that to rid your ſelf of half your trouble, you muſt never think either of *Galathes* or *Britomartes*: but without any fears either of the *Celtes* or *Segoregians*, never trouble you mind with any thing but your choice either of *Bomilcar* or the Prince of *Phoceus*.

Alas *Glacidia*, ſaid *Cleoniſbe*, by leaving me in doubt of that choice, you leave me in doubt of all. Truly Madam, replied ſhe, this is all I either can or ought to do: For being fully perſwaded you cannot chooſe amiſs between them two which I named, I thought I might well ſay what I did, but ought not to ſay any more, ſince I cannot prejudice either *Bomilcar* or the Prince of *Phoceus*: Therefore Madam, it is your ſelf only who muſt examine the reaſons both of the King and the Prince *Carimantes*, and to do what you ſhall find moſt expedient. If I ſhould hearken unto reaſon, replied ſhe, I ſhould chooſe *Bomilcar*; and if I ſhould humour the motions of my own heart, I ſhould chooſe the *Phocean* Prince. But for all this (added ſhe and ſighed) ſince I cannot think my reaſon will be ſtrong enough to overcome this powerful inclination which prompts me to chooſe the Prince of *Phoceus*; and ſince I do not think this inclination, as powerful as it is, came overcome my Reaſon, I could find in my heart a diſpoſition, neither to chooſe *Bomilcar* nor the Prince of *Phoceus*, nor *Britomartes*, nor *Galathes*, but to name the firſt man of Quality that I ſhall ſee in the Temple: So that incenſing all at once, both the King, the Prince *Carimantes*, the Prince of *Phoceus*, *Bomilcar*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes*, they may overwhelm me with reproaches, and make me dye with ſorrow and ſhame, before I go out of the Temple. *Cleoniſbe* did pronounce theſe words with ſuch agony of ſpirit, that they made *Glacidia* extreamly ſad; yet ſhe kept her ſelf cloſe unto her reſolved limits, and did as much ever ſhe could to calm the heart of *Cleoniſbe*, without byaſſing her ſelf more on *Bomilcars* ſide, than of the Prince of *Phoceus*, or favouring the Prince of *Phoceus* more than *Bomilcar*. Yet was ſhe put to a *Dilemma* after this; for after *Cleoniſbe* had ſeriouſly pondered upon it, and had ſtood ſilent a while, ſhe turned ſuddenly towards *Glacidia*: 'Tis done, ſaid ſhe, I am reſolved upon it, and reſolved to overcome two moſt violent paſſions at once, I mean hatred and its contrary paſſion: But that I may be the better able to do it, you muſt encourage my weakneſs by your Commendations, and tell me I have done well in chooſing *Bomilcar*, and ſhould do ill if I ſhould chooſe the Prince of *Phoceus*: Under your favour Madam, replied *Glacidia*, I will neither commend nor blame you in this buſineſs, but ſhall tell you as heretofore I have done, that you cannot chooſe ill between the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar*; yet ſince you cannot be juſt unto the one, without being unjuſt to the other, you cannot too well conſider upon a matter of ſuch an importance.

Since you leave me to my ſenſe, replied *Cleonisbe*; not to deceive my ſelf, I will take the moſt difficult part, and by conſequence the moſt glorious: I know very well, that I ought not to build too much upon the counſel of the Prince my Brother; for ſince the intereſt of his own paſſion makes him ſpeak, I ought to ſuſpect all he ſaith, and rather believe the King than him.

Moreover, ſince my heart hath been ſo weak as to engage it ſelf more than I would, 'tis fit I puniſh it for its unjuſt hatred unto *Bomilcar*, that I deprive it of what it loves, and ſubmit unto what it hates. Theſe *Glacidia* are my thoughts now, and I know not whether you will find me in the ſame mind to morrow. However, though you have denied me your Counſel, yet I pray you do not alſo deny me your Prayers unto the Gods, that thy will be pleaſed to give me ſo much force as to execute what I now reſolve upon. After this, and a hundred tender expreſſions, *Glacidia* left her, and went home, being exceedingly perplexed to ſee her ſelf driven unto ſuch a cruel neceſſity, as the next day to grieve with the Prince of *Phoceus*, for the ſame thing which obliged her to rejoyce with *Bomilcar*, for ſhe ſaw *Cleonisbe* was fully reſolved to chooſe him. Yet ſhe did not think it expedient to ſpeak of it: and indeed ſhe ſaid not a ſyllable of it either unto *Bomilcar* or the Prince of *Phoceus*, who came both unto her. But on the contrary, was ſo firm to her reſolutions, and did compoſe her countenance ſo well, that their deſign of getting the knowledge of their Deſtinies from her, were fruſtrated; for they knowing that ſhe had been late with *Cleonisbe*, they hoped to get ſome light out of her; but being miſtaken in their hopes, each of them departed. *Bomilcar* went to the King, and the Prince of *Phoceus* unto *Carimantes*.

As for *Britomartes*, he had abundance of Men of Quality with him, to follow him unto the Temple: *Galathes* was as buſie in hindering others from being choſen, as he was to be choſen himſelf.

Alſo *Carimantes* and *Menedorus* tranſacting according to their intereſts, it might very well be ſaid they were all extreamly buſie: yet *Cleonisbe* was moſt to be lamented, and the condition wherein ſhe was, was ſo very pitiful, that a worſe cannot be imagined: For it being only permitted her to go into her chamber until the time of going to the Temple, ſhe received a hundered ſeveral meſſages either from the King, or from *Carimantes*, or from the Prince of *Phoceus*, or from his three Rivals Yet ſhe had ſo ſad an aſpect, as it was eaſie to ſee her heart was in extream ſorrow, and the Prince of *Phoceus*, as well as *Bomilcar*, did obſerve it. For accompanying the Prince *Carimantes*, who went to ſee her a little before ſhe went to the Temple, unto which the King was to lead her, they came to *Glacidia* in their turns, and expounded her ſadneſs according to their own reſentments. Alas *Glacidia* (ſaid the Prince of *Phoceus* unto her) what a ſtrange melancholy do I diſcover in the eyes of the Princeſs? Have I not abundance of reaſon to fear, tho I love her, that I ſhall be unfortunate, if ſhe ſhould chooſe me, ſince there is ſuch a ſtrange repugnancy in her, rather then wiſh a happineſs which hath cauſed ſuch a ſad melancholy in her?

On the other ſide, *Bomilcar* reaſoning after the ſame manner of mode he uſed, and drawing a good preſage from this weakneſs, he told *Glacidia*, that knowing the Prince of *Phoceus* was more in *Cleonisbe's* favour than he was, that he could not chuſe but be very glad to ſee ſo much melancholy in the countenance of the Princeſs, becauſe it argued that the choice which ſhe was to make did not fully pleaſe her, and therefore he had reaſon to hope, that ſince the Prince of *Phoceus* was not likely to be choſen, he himſelf was: But Madam, a chance hapned a little after, which made it apparent that they reaſoned more according to their fears, or according to their deſires and hopes, then according unto right reaſon: For as the Prince *Carimantes* went out, and the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar* following him, the laſt of theſe obſerved that *Cleonisbe* bluſhed as ſhe looked upon his Rival; and immediately after the Prince of *Phoceus* obſerved that ſhe changed colour as ſhe looked upon *Bomilcar*. So as one of them apprehending fear, and the other hope, one and the ſame thing cauſed two very different effects in their hearts. For *Bomilcar* thought ſhe bluſhed as ſhe looked upon the Prince of *Phoceus*, only becauſe ſhe ſhould not chooſe him: And the Prince of *Phoceus* thought ſhe bluſhed as ſhe looked upon *Bomilcar*, becauſe being to chooſe him, a ſpark of modeſty broke out that colour in her cheeks: ſo neither the one or other knowing the true reaſon of her changing colour, both of them did conclude upon falſe conjectures, for the Princeſs afterwards confeſſed unto *Glacidia* that when ſhe bluſhed as ſhe looked upon *Bomilcar*, it was only out of a reſentment of hatred mixed with anger, to ſee her ſelf forced to chooſe him. And when ſhe changed colour in ſeeing the Prince of *Phoceus*, it was out of ſhame, at the injuſtice ſhe was going to do unto her Love, and the violence ſhe was to offer unto her natural inclination.

In the mean time, according to the cuſtome, *Carimantes* followed by theſe four Rivals, and all the Men of Quality in the Court, went unto the Temple, where all the *Sarronides* of the Kingdom were preſent that day. I ſhall not trouble you Madam, with any deſcription of that crowd of people in the ſtreets and in the Temple, nor mention the magnificence of the four Rivals, nor of *Cleonisbe's* dreſs, nor of all the reſt of the Ladies, for it would but abuſe your patience. Give me leave only to tell you, that the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar* were the two, whoſe habits were moſt admired, and of them two, the Prince of *Phoceus* had the advantage: As for *Cleonisbe*, as melancholy as ſhe was, yet ſhe appeared admirably fair, and next the Princeſs, *Amathilde* was the moſt glittering in her dreſs, and was the ſuperlative both in beauty and youth: And ſhe knew it ſo well, that ſhe told *Glacidia* in railary, remembring their diſpute, that upon condition ſhe were ſure to be ſix years older than ſhe was that day, ſhe would moſt willingly reſign her life, and never ask more in this world.

But in concluſion, Madam, the Princeſs being ready, the King came to take her, and leading her into a Chariot of Triumph wherein they two did ſit alone, they went unto the Temple, and all the Ladies followed in other Chariots. Since order is much obſerved in that Country in all theſe Feaſts, as ſoon as the King and the Princeſs *Cleonisbe* were ſet in the midſt of the Temple upon a Throne, all the Ladies did ſit round about on Scaffolds where they might have beſt ſight; and on the right and left hand of the Throne ſtood all the Men of Quality, amongſt which were the four Rivals: As for the Prince *Carimantes*, he ſate upon a Scaffold with *Oneſicrite*, placing himſelf ſo that *Cleonisbe* might ſee him, and that he might make ſigns unto her, and ſhew unto her, that his happineſs depended upon her choice, as well as her own. But, Madam, I had forgot to tell you, that at the entrance into the Temple, a knot of Jewels which tied a ſcarf of Tiffany about *Cleonisbe's* neck being broke, *Glacidia* who was next her, advanced to reach them up unto her, whilſt the King was hearkning unto what the Prince of the *Sarronides* did ſay, who was come to receive him at the Gate of the Temple: So as whilſt *Glacidia* was doing her this piece of ſervice, *Cleonisbe* ſpake low unto her: There is yet time enough to give me Counſel, my dear *Glacidia*, ſaid ſhe unto her, but within this quarter of an hour it will be too late: And if I do not repent of the reſolution which I have taken, I ſhall prefer him whom I hate, before him whom I love: You have not then changed the reſolution of yeſterday (replied *Glacidia*, and ſpake as low as ſhe could) No (anſwered *Cleonisbe* and ſighed) but I have ſo much ado to remain firm, that I dare hardly brag of conquering my ſelf, ſince at this very minute I have a combate with my ſelf, and ſtrive with more force than I am able to expreſs. As the Princeſs ſaid ſo, the knot of Diamonds being faſtned, and the King beginning to walk, *Glacidia* could not anſwer, but went up to the Scaffold of *Oneſicrite*, where ſhe might ſee *Cleonisbe*, the Prince of *Phoceus*, and *Bomilcar*; for the two other Rivals were on the oppoſite ſide to that where *Glacidia* was. She ſaw *Britomartes* and *Galathes* alſo, but it was only their faces; yet intereſting her ſelf only in *Bomilcar* and the Prince of *Phoceus*, ſhe cared not for obſerving the reſt, nor cared what they thought: But at laſt, Madam, as ſoon as the King and the Princeſs his Daughter were ſet upon the Throne in the midſt of the Temple, the Prince of the *Sarronides* began to read the Law, which required that this choice ſhould be made, and gave an abſolute free liberty of choice unto the perſon who was to chooſe, provided that there was no diſproportion in the quality of that party which was choſen. After which, Muſick, half *Grecian*, half *Gaule*, did make the roof of the Temple to Eccho, whilſt all the *Sarronides* were praying unto the Gods to inſpire the Princeſs with ſuch a choice as might be happy for her ſelf and the State. But Madam, whilſt the Prayers were making, what different Devotions were in the heart of *Cleonisbe*, of the four Pretenders, of *Carimantes*, of *Menedorus*, and of *Glacidia*? But amongſt the reſt, what may one imagine to be the apprehenſions of the *Phocean* Prince, and of *Bomilcar*? For my part, who can only gueſs by ſeeing them, I profeſs I pitied them; for ſometimes they would look upon the Princeſs as if they begged her favour ſometimes they again would look upon her with ſome ſparks of fury in their Eyes, and ſometimes they would caſt a moſt extream melancholy look upon *Glacidia*.

In the mean while, *Cleonisbe* ſuffered as much as they; for being at the very point of pronouncing ſentence, and condemning her ſelf, to paſs all her life with a man whom ſhe could not chooſe but hate, and to part for ever from a Prince whom ſhe could not chooſe but love, ſhe was ſenſible of more than ever ſhe could expreſs unto *Glacidia*, and though ſhe employed the moſt apt and ſignificant words in the world for it. At firſt her reaſon would act with her heart as a Rebel which it had tamed: But this Rebel having broken thoſe chains which her reaſon had put upon it, the War which ſhe thought ended, did but begin, and begun more violently than before. So as whilſt they were praying unto the Gods to inſpire her, ſhe was in ſo great a combuſtion of ſpirit, that ſhe knew not what to ask them: She had no ſooner entertained a thought of that prayer which ſhe framed in her reſolution of chooſing *Bomilcar*, but ſhe perceived her ſelf unreſolved whether ſhe ſhould chooſe him or no. However, ſhe had not ſo much power as to pray that the Gods would give her ſo much boldneſs as to prefer the Prince of *Phoceus*: And as ſhe afterwards told *Glacidia* ſhe had not power to pray that they would inſpire her according to their own wills. But at laſt, her piety being ſtronger, ſhe forced her heart to ſubmit unto their conduct, and prayed zealouſly that ſhe might make ſuch a choice, as might more conduce unto her glory than unto her ſatisfaction. But the more ſhe prayed, the leſs quiet was in her ſoul, and more ravelled in her reſolutions of chooſing. Moreover, her natural averſeneſs to *Bomilcar*, and her affection to the Prince of *Phoceus*, aſſuming freſh forces to torment her, there was a new hot combate in her mind.

Furthermore, the menaces of civil and forreign War which the King and *Carimantes* had by their talk made known unto her, filled her imagination with ſuch ſad conſequences, that they raiſed a moſt terrible combuſtion in her heart.

Again, her fears to incenſe the King, or to force *Carimantes* unto ſome violent courſe, did extreamly perplex her, but the ſight of the *Phocean* Prince went neareſt her heart: And truly, Madam, there appeared ſuch lively ſorrow in the face of the Prince, that it being eaſie for *Cleoniſbe* to conclude there was as much love in her heart, as melancholy in his eyes; ſhe was fuller of irreſolution and deſpair than ever. So as when the Prince of the *Sarronides* had made a learned diſcourſe upon the importance of that choice which *Cleoniſbe* was to make, ſhe knew not in the earth what ſhe would, or what ſhe would not have.

In the mean time, according to the cuſtom, the King gave a Ring of ineſtimable value unto the Princeſs his Daughter, who after ſhe had taken it, deſcended from the Throne, and was to put it into the hands of the

Sarronides;

Sarronides; who after he had received it from her, began to ſpeak with ſuch authority, as if ſhe had not been Daughter unto that King unto whom he was a Subject. After I have received this Ring which is here in my hand (ſaid he unto her) it is your part, Madam, to name unto me the Man whom you think worthy of your choice, to the end I may give it unto him: But firſt, remember that this choice ought to be free, it ought to be reaſonable, and it ought to be worthy of your ſelf. In order unto theſe, conſult only with your own reaſon, and let neither fear or any humane reſpect whatſoever move you to infringe the Law, which requires that you ſhould be equitable in your choice. Be pleaſed Madam, then to tell me whom you think worthy of your choice: At theſe words, according to the cuſtome, the Princeſs would have named him whom ſhe would chooſe, and would have ſaid *Bomilcar*. But her tongue having no power to pronounce ſo much as the firſt ſyllable of that name, though ſhe did ſtrive to do it; in lieu of anſwering, ſhe ſtood ſilent, and preſently growing pale, then bluſhing immediately after, her ſoul was in ſuch amaze, as ſhe knew not what ſhe ſaw, or where ſhe was: Inſomuch as not being able to be Miſtreſs of her ſelf, nor calm ſo great ſtorm in ſo ſhort a time, ſhe laid her hands upon her eyes, ſhe ſeemed to be ſo ſick and weak, that ſhe was not able to finiſh the Ceremony: Inſomuch as the Prince of the *Sarronides* being a man of an admirable ſpirit, and knowing that certainly this accident proceeded from the irreſolution of her ſoul, he went unto her, and ſaid that it were expedient to adjourn the Ceremony until another time: And then *Cleonisbe* accepting of that motion, did gladly conſent it ſhould be ſo. You may eaſily imagine, Madam, what a rumour this made in the Temple, and what amazement it cauſed in the minds of the four Rivals.

When the Prince *Carimantes* ſaw how the caſe ſtood, he came from his Scaffold, and going ſtrait unto *Cleonisbe*, he began to talk with her in a low voice: Oh Siſter, ſaid he unto her, I beſeech you defer not your happineſs and mine, one word is quickly pronounced, perhaps too quickly for you this day (replied ſhe, and ſighed) ed) and therefore i'ts better to defer it until another time.

In the mean while, theſe four Rivals knew not what to think, yet *Bomilcar* concluded that he had reaſon to grieve that he was not choſen. And the Prince of *Phoceus* had ſo much comfort to think, that ſince *Cleonisbe* had not pronounced *Bomilcar*, it was almoſt a certain ſign ſhe did not love him, for he knew the King would have her chooſe him. As for *Britomartes* and *Galathes*, ſince their hopes were more in their factions than any thing elſe, they were not ſo angry as *Bomilcar*, that *Cleonisbe's* choice was deferred. But whilſt they were every one reaſoning with themſelves, the Princeſs did carry her ſelf as one who was ſick, and was carried back unto the Palace, where ſhe was ſo extreamly aſhamed, that ſhe could not vanquiſh her ſelf as from a feigned ſickneſs, ſhe fell ſick in earneſt. To tell you, Madam, all the expreſſions of this Princeſs when ſhe was alone with *Glacidia*, is a task not eaſie: Well cruel Woman, ſaid this ſick Princeſs, did I not tell you I ſtood in need of your reaſon to ſtrengthen mine? Now you ſee what a ſhame I have brought upon my ſelf; I would have named *Bomilcar*, but my heart turned Rebel, and would not ſuffer me to pronounce him: and I was in ſuch a condition, that if I had not ſtopped my mouth, I had named his Rival in lieu of him. But *Glacidia*, make me ſo aſhamed of my weakneſs, that I may repent; for I muſt confeſs it to be ſo very great, that maugre all my ſhame, I am in ſome ſort glad that I am yet free, and that I did not name *Bomilcar*; for if I had overcome my ſelf, my victory had already coſt me more tears, than my defeat hath ſighs. However, I beſeech you, chide me for being ſo little Miſtreſs of my own heart: If I ſhould take ſo much liberty as to chide you for any thing, Madam, replied ſhe, it ſhould be for commanding me to condemn any of your actions; for truly, Madam, I think it to be juſt that you ſhould chooſe the Prince of *Phoceus*; I think it juſt you ſhould chooſe *Bomilcar*, and I thing it juſt you ſhould hardly reſolve which to chooſe. Thus finding reaſon in all you do, I cannot condemn you Madam: All I am able to do, is to pity her who cannot chooſe, as well as thoſe who cannot be choſen. However, the Princeſs was not in a condition to renew the Ceremony, for a Feaver for above twelve days did ſeize upon her, during which time ſhe would not ſee either the Prince of *Phoceus*, or *Bomilcar*, or *Britomartes*, or *Galathes*: Yet ſince ſhe could not chooſe but admit of *Carimantes* to ſee her, the Prince of *Phoceus* had a powerful Mediator unto her. Yet *Bomilcar* did more prejudice himſelf, than *Carimantes* could ſerve the Prince of *Phoceus*: For thinking he had ſome injuſtice done him if he were not choſen, he did not only complain againſt the Princeſs, but againſt the King alſo, imagining that he had not ſolicited *Cleonisbe* enough in his behalf.

Now, *Galathes* fearing *Bomilcar* more than he did the Prince of *Phoceus*, he carried it ſo, that the Princeſs knew how *Bomilcar* complained againſt her, and let the King alſo know what he ſaid againſt him. As for *Britomartes*, he went another way to work; for he ſpake aloud, that if Juſtice were not done him, he would unite all his friends, and the friends of all his Rivals, who were no happier than himſelf, to moleſt the happineſs of him that ſhould be choſen: So as there was none but the Prince of *Phoceus*, which did not openly complain, though his ſoul was as ſad as any of the reſt: But when he was alone with *Glacidia*, what did he not ſay to ſcrue the thoughts of *Cleonisbe* out of her, which ſhe had upon that day of ſolemnity; which at the beginning had all appearances of a jollity, but at the end was all melancholy. It ſeems alſo, it was a day deſigned by fate to be univerſally ſad, for three extraordinary accidents did fall out upon it: And amongſt the reſt, nothing was more talked of, than that the fair and young *Amathilde* ſhould that day fall ſick, and of a ſickneſs ſo ſtrange and terrible, that all Phyſitians ſaid, that though ſhe her ſelf eſcaped, yet her beauty could not: Yet they did not at firſt tell her as much, but on the contrary, knowing her humour, they aſſured her that ſhe would recover her beauty with her health.

In the mean time, the violence of *Bomilcar* having diſpleaſed the King, the Prince *Carimantes* cloſed with that opportunity, and went unto him one morning without acquainting *Cleonisbe*: And the King lending him a willing ear; with much boldneſs and eloquence, he hinted unto him that he ſhould not ſuffer *Cleoniſbe* to marry a man who was ſo inſolent as to pretend unto that honour as a due unto him, inſomuch as the King did agree *Bomilcar* was too blame: After this, driving the nail to the head, he intimated many inconveniences which were to be feared, if he ſuffered her to marry either *Britomartes* or *Galathes*, and that much leſs danger would enſue, if he preferred the Prince of *Phoceus* before any of the reſt: At firſt *Carimantes* found ſome repugnancy in the Kings mind, not but that he had a high eſteem of the *Phocean* Prince, and loved him extreamly: But being an Exile from his Country, this ſtuck much in his mind. Yet *Carimantes* would not be repulſed ſo; but he preſſed the matter ſo home, that he obliged the King to think well of him: So as going to carry this welcome news unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, he made him extreamly joyed, and obtained from him a confirmation of his promiſe, to oblige *Oneſicrite* to receive the honour he did her very favourably.

The truth is, Madam, the Prince *Carimantes* being joyned, nothing could oppoſe them, and their power was ſtronger than *Bomilcars*, *Britomartes*, and *Galathes* all together. I ſhall not inſiſt, Madam, upon a relation of this important Negotiation; but only tell you that whilſt this feaver which the Princeſs had, was the pretence of ſeeing no body; *Carimantes* carried the Prince of *Phoceus* unto her, and made her confeſs unto him that ſhe was glad the King would permit her to do juſtice unto his merit. It is an eaſie matter, Madam, to relate his raptures of joy: And yet it was greater, when he underſtood that *Carimantes* had negotiated ſo well with the King, that he gave his conſent they ſhould be happy, and likewiſe did permit the Prince his Son to marry *Oneſicrite*. However theſe things were carried ſo cloſely, that they made no noiſe in the Court: For ſince the meetings of the King, and the Prince of *Phoceus*, of *Cleoniſbe* and *Carimantes*, were always with much caution, nothing was divulged. Moreover, *Ariſtonice* writing almoſt every day unto *Oneſicrite*, to exhort her unto the publick good before her own private ſatisfaction, ſhe reſolved to ſacrifice her paſſion unto the good of her Country;

try, and did ſo affirmatively promiſe it unto this illuſtrious Virgin of *Diana*, as there was no cauſe of any doubt but that ſhe would overcome her ſelf. So that when the Prince of *Phoceus* was advertiſed by *Ariſtonice* how the caſe ſtood,and wiſhed his Siſter to break off with *Menedorus*,ſince *Sfurius* would not let her marry him;and when afterwards he deſired her to receive the affection of the Prince *Carimantes*,ſhe told him that ſhe would obey him: 'Tis true, ſhe told him ſo with a ſigh, yet it was after ſuch a manner, as one might ſee ſhe intended to keep her promiſe: And indeed, from that day forward, ſhe deſired *Menedorus* to withdraw his affection from her, giving all her reaſons which might induce him to hearken unto her deſires.

But though ſhe gave him as ſweet language as is imaginable, yet he was ſo full of ſorrow and anger that he could not diſſemble his reſentments, but accuſed her of inconſtancy and ambition. Alſo he did menace both the Prince *Carimantes*, and the Prince of *Phoceus* ſo highly,that *Onesicrite*, as ſweet a temper as hers was, ſhe began to be angry againſt him for giving ſuch irreverent language. Inſomuch as ſmothering all that tenderneſs of heart which ſhe had towards *Menedorus*, ſhe abſolutely charged him never to ſee her again: ſo as this incenſed Lover beginning his obedience by leaving her, he went to *Galathes*, and imparted all his ſorrows unto him, as *Galathes* did the like to him again.

In the mean time, ſince *Cleoniſbe* began to recover, the King and the Prince *Carimantes* reſolved, that to hinder any commotion in the State, *Cleoniſbe* ſhould temper the ſpirits of theſe three Rivals which were to be rejected, and to tell them handſomely her intentions before the day of ſolemnity, to the end they ſhould not be ſurprized, and be abſent.

The Princeſs was hardly perſwaded unto this; but the King abſolutely commanding her, ſhe reſolved to be obedient,and indeed ſhe was ſo: For the Fever having quite left her, and they permitted to ſee her, theſe three unfortunate Lovers came to preſent their Complements of joy for her recovery: So that ſhe taking this opportunity, did declare their dooms unto them one after another.

But though ſhe employed all her wit and eloquence to make them receive it patiently, yet all would not do.

As ſor *Britomartes*, he being high and proud, told her in a high manner (after ſhe had deſired him to pretend no longer unto her choice for ſeveral reaſons) that ſhe was unjuſt unto his quality and vertue. For as ſhe told him, to qualifie his mind that it was not but that ſhe eſteemed him very much, he interrupted her: Since it is ſo, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) it is enough to authorize all my attempts; for ſince you do not think me unworthy of you, I muſt tell you, that I do not think I ſhall do any thing againſt thoſe reſpects I owe you, when I ſhall do all I am able to poſſeſs in honour that which you confeſs I may enjoy without injuſtice: And ſo, Madam, I ſhall endeavour all ways poſſible to keep you from an ill choice. Thus, Madam, did *Britomartes* receive his ſentence.

As for *Galathes*, ſince he had the art of diſſimulation, he ſeemed to receive all that *Cleonisbe* ſaid with all humble reſpect, and with a thouſand ſigns of love, not one of any anger, he only told her, that he would do all he was able to obey her, but yet feared that he could not. Afterwards *Bomilcar* being come to *Cleonisbe*, whoſe mind was incenſed againſt him, by the complaints he had made againſt her and the King her Father, ſhe would not pronounce his doom with any words of ſweetneſs: But on the contrary, ſhe ſpoke ſo ſharply, that ſhe was out of all patience. Fie, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, after ſhe had abſolutely charged him not to pretend unto her choice.) Can you remember my moſt violent and conſtant paſſion, and treat me thus? 'Tis true, (purſued he) I complained both againſt you and the King: But, Madam, how could I do leſs, ſeeing the injuſtice which was done me? Might it not well be ſaid, that my paſſion was not worthy of you, if my reſentments had been leſs violent, or I had been more wiſe in my anger? For the very truth is, what have I not done to deſerve you? and in how great hopes hath the King put me, to be preferred before all my Rivals.

Moreover, Madam, can you think I am able to endure that an exile Prince ſhould take a happineſs from me which I have purchaſed by a million of ſervices? And becauſe he hath been weather-beaten, and found ſafety under the ſhelter of your favour, therefore it muſt be I who muſt ſuffer ſhipwrack? Think upon it, Madam, conſider it ſeriouſly, and do not force me to deſpair: *Cleonisbe* then thinking her ſelf too blame for incenſing a man who had ſome reaſon to complain, tho he was much to be blam'd for complaining ſo violently after the Ceremony, ſhe reſolv'd to accord a misfortune which might happen, and perſwade him more mildly to receive his misfortune. To teſtifie unto you (ſaid ſhe unto him) that you have no reaſon to accuſe the Prince of *Phoceus* for your being no better in my thoughts, I will open my very heart unto you, and confeſs my whole weakneſs and injuſtice. I will tell you then, that I am not ſo very ſtupid, but I know very well your worth: I know your original is great, and that your Anceſtors have been illuſtrious Citizens of *Carthage*, and alſo Kings of *Numidia*: Moreover, I know you to be a man of much ſpirit, and courage, and generoſity: Alſo I know how I am obliged unto you by a thouſand ſervices you have done me; but I know alſo, and I muſt tell it, that there hath ever been ſuch a kind of conceit in my heart as I am not able to expreſs, and which would never allow me to love you. Yet notwithſtanding this natural antipathy which I have in vain ſtriven againſt, I was reſolved to chooſe you, and had named you upon the day of ſolemnity, if my heart could have ſubmitted unto my reaſon, and my tongue have pronounced the word *Bomilcar*.

How ſad a fate ſoever it be (replied he and ſighed) to be hated: yet I think my ſelf in ſome ſort obliged to hear you ſay, that you did not chooſe me becauſe you hated me, rather than becauſe you loved the Prince of *Phocens*: And I wiſh unto the Gods, Madam, (ſaid he, lifting up his eyes to Heaven) that you hated me half as much more, ſo you could love him half leſs: For truly, Madam, I am ſure that if he were no happier than my ſelf, I ſhould not be ſo unhappy as I am. Yet, Madam, as hated as I am, ſince you would have choſen me, why did you not? or why will you not? I will not, replied ſhe, becauſe I conceive that I ſhould wrong you; and very ill requite the affection you have unto me if I ſhould inſeparably tye you and your fortunes unto one who can never love you; ſo that without charging either the King, or the Prince of *Phoceus*, or my ſelf of any injuſtice, attribute it unto a ſoveraign power, againſt which nothing can reſiſt, and which causeth that I cannot be Maſter of my own deſtiny. You have a friend, added ſhe, who can witneſs that I lie not, and who can aſſure you that I have done all I can for you againſt my ſelf: How, Madam, replied he, did *Glacidia* know that you have hated me? I did conceal it long from her, replied ſhe, but I muſt confeſs at laſt I told her I could not love you, and I asked her pardon, leſt ſhe ſhould hate me for it. Then, Madam, replied he, I have no more to ſay, unleſs this, that as you cannot chuſe but continue your hate, ſo I beg that I may have leave to continue loving you.

After theſe words *Bomilcar* roſe up, and went away ſo ſad and angry, as no mortal man could be more. As ſoon as he was gone, the Prince of *Phoceus* came in, and finding her alone, he began to diſcourſe of his paſſion with abundance of delight; for ſince it was approved of both by the King and *Carimantes*, *Cleonisbe* did freely permit him. So that paſſing inſenſibly from one thing to another, the Princeſs did let him know that *Glacidia* did know what advantageous thoughts ſhe ever had of him, and told him what diſcourſe ſhe had with her concerning *Bomilcar*. Then both theſe two friends of *Glacidia* did in one day make ſeveral and different Complaints againſt her: For *Bomilcar* complained extreamly that ſhe never told him how the Princeſs hated him: and the Prince of *Phoceus* murmured very much, that ſhe ſhould ſo long conceal the affection of *Cleonisbe*: But this wiſe and diſcreet perſon did ſo well ſatisfie them, that it was not fit for her to do otherwiſe than ſhe did, as they ceaſed all Complaints, and held her in high admiration: For truly ſaid ſhe unto *Bomilcar*, as much hated as you were, you were very near your deſired happineſs: And as much loved as you were (ſaid ſhe unto the Prince of *Phoceus*) you were very near to be diſcarded for ever: So as deſiring neither to hurt nor help you, I would never impart ſuch things as you could not know, without drawing ſome advantage one upon another, which I neither would, nor ought to do.

But, Madam, not to inſiſt any longer upon things of trivial conſequence, it was reſolved that the firſt day on which the Princeſs was able to ſtir abroad, the ſolemnity ſhould be accompliſhed. The worſt was, it could not be done in private, becauſe the Law required that the doors of the Temple ſhould be open that day, unto all Men of Quality in the Kingdom, either ſtrangers or others: and it was much feared leſt ſome tumult ſhould ariſe. Yet all poſſible order was taken to prevent it; for beſides the pretenders unto *Cleonisbe*, the deſpair of *Menedorus* was much feared. Yet ſince the cuſtom was, that the marriage ſhould be ſolemnized within fifteen days after the firſt Ceremony, there was hopes all might be paſſed over without any diſorder: and that if any of theſe Lovers would make any attempts, it would be in this interval. But there was a miſtake; for the imperious humour of *Britomartes* looking at the ſhame which would reflect upon him if he were not choſen, did endeavour to diſcover who it was whom *Cleonisbe* intended to chooſe, to the end he might ſend him a Challenge. But being not well informed, and becauſe in common prudence, ſhe ſhould rather chooſe *Bomilcar* than either of his two Rivals, he believed *Bomilcar* to be the man who hindered him from his happineſs: So as without more delay, he ſought for an occaſion of meeting with him, and found it. But, Madam, the ſtrangeſt paſſage was, at the very ſame time that *Britomartes* intended to fight with *Bomilcar*, *Bomilcar* intended to fight with the Prince of *Phoceus*. 'Tis true, he concealed his deſign, and *Glacidia*, as foreſeeing as ſhe was, did not ſuſpect it: But *Britomartes* and *Bomilcar* meeting in a place where none were but themſelves: Since doubtleſs you are not ignorant (ſaid *Britomartes* unto him) what juſt pretences I have unto the Princeſs, ſo I muſt tell you I am not ignorant of yours: But ſince I believe neither you nor I do know which of us ſhall be choſen, I come to make ſuch a propoſition unto you, as honour will not permit you to deny me; If ſo as you ſay, anſwered *Bomilcar*, you may aſſure your ſelf I ſhall moſt willingly embrace it. Then promiſe me (replied *Britomartes*) that if the Princeſs chooſe you, you will fight with me the next morning, and I will promiſe you that if I be choſen I will fight with you if you pleaſe. I promiſe it, replied *Bomilcar*; but *Britomartes* (ſaid he) in promiſing this I promiſe nothing, for neither you nor I ſhall be choſen: Oh that it would pleaſe the Gods you were put unto the neceſſity of ſeeing me with a ſword in my hand. *Bomilcar* ſpoke this with ſuch an air as perſwaded *Britomartes* that his heart and his tongue went together: And the proud *Gaul* having got a promiſe of fighting with *Bomilcar*, in caſe it was his fate to be happy, reſolved upon a revenge on him that ſhould be ſo, who e're it was, and went to tell the ſame unto *Galathes*, and the Prince of *Phoceus*. Thus he challenged his three Rivals all in one day.

But, Madam, the day of Solemnity being come, *Cleoniſbe* was not ſo unreſolved as ſhe was before; and her own inclination being authorized by the King and *Carimantes*, ſhe pronounced the name of the *Phocean* Prince aloud, when the Prince of the *Sarronides* asked her whom ſhe thought worthy of her choice, ſo as this ſage *Sarronides* cauſing him to draw nigh, and having given this Ring unto him which he received from *Cleoniſbe*, this Prince accepted of it with all reverence, and returned a Complement ſuitable unto his ſpirit and affection: After which, the King approved of this choice, and the Temple did ring with ſhouts of joy. But at laſt, the Muſick cauſing the tumultuous noiſe to ceaſe, they thanked the Gods for ſo good a choice.

In the mean while, *Bomilcar*, *Galathes*, and *Britomartes* retired without any ſhare in theſe publick joyes, each of them ruminating upon their ſeveral deſigns. As for the Prince of *Phoceus*, his Joys were ſo high, that he valued not the Combate which he was to have with *Britomartes*, and appeared as pleaſant all that day as it was poſſible for any man to be. In the mean time, *Glacidia* according to her reſolutions, grieved for *Bomilcar*, and rejoyced for the Prince of *Phoceus*, but it was not in any way of diſſimulation, for ſhe was really glad, and really ſad? And both her generoſity and ſincerity was ſuch, that ſhe confeſſed unto *Bomilcar* though ſhe was extreamly ſorry that he was miſerable, yet ſhe was extreamly glad that the Prince of *Phoceus* was happy. Alſo ſhe told the Prince of *Phoceus*, that though ſhe was well ſatisfied with his good fortune, yet ſhe could not chooſe but be much troubled to ſee *Bomilcar* miſerable: and ſhe did ſo well divide her heart between theſe two friends, that ſhe did not any injuſtice unto either of them.

Since honour and love are moſt conſiſtent together in one heart, the Prince of *Phoceus* would not ſtay until *Britomartes* ſhould hint him unto the performance of his promiſe; for he ſent him a Letter which intimated that he was ready to keep his word: And the next morning they fought, where the Prince of *Phoceus* diſarmed *Britomartes*, though he was one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt valiant men in the world. But as he returned from this fight, he met *Bomilcar* in a very ſolitary place, who knowing how ſquares went, came unto him. Since I will not conſtrain you to give me ſatisfaction (ſaid he unto him) as you have done *Britomartes*, until you be recovered of your wearineſs, which conquering ſo brave an Enemy hath cauſed, I will not at this time deſire you to draw your ſword: But ſince you are a gallant man, I do conceive you will be ready to morrow about this time to give me this ſatisfaction.

The Prince of *Phoceus* ſeeing a fit occaſion to ſhew his ſecret hatred of *Bomilcar*, without any offence either unto *Cleonisbe* or *Glacidia*, ſince he did aſſault him the firſt; he anſwered him in ſuch a manner as did let him ſee he did not love him. To teſtifie unto you (ſaid he unto him) that my victory hath not put me to a neceſſity of any reſting to vanquiſh you, we will without more delay end all differences betwixt us.

In ſaying ſo, the Prince of *Phoceus* drew his ſword, and *Bomilcar* his; For ſince they had with them only one Page a piece, and were in a place of privacy, it was eaſie for them to ſatisfie both their hatred and their love. And certainly, Madam, they began to fight with ſo much fury, that if the gods had not ſent *Hipomenes* and my ſelf in the very nick of time to part them, their Combate had been fatal unto both. For from the place where we firſt diſcovered them until we came up to them, I perceived they fought as if they had reſolutions either to vanquiſh or die: Do what we could, they were both wounded when we came unto them: 'Tis true, the Prince of *Phoceus* was leſs hurt than *Bomilcar*; for he had only a ſlight hurt in his left hand,but *Bomilcar* a very conſiderable one on his right ſide.

In the mean time, *Hipomenes* and my ſelf were extreamly ſurprized; for we hearing that *Britomartes* had challenged him, you may imagin we wondered to ſee him in hand with *Bomilcar*: Alſo you may imagin, Madam, that theſe two Combates made a great noiſe in the Court, and added much unto the glory of the *Phocean* Prince. The truth is, there fell out ſeveral accidents that day, which made all diſcourſe ſad: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know that *Britomartes* who had a proud ſoul, was ſo grieved at the loſs of his Miſtreſs, and to be vanquiſhed by his Rival, that he would needs kill himſelf with the ſame Sword which his enemy had reſtored unto him: and if his friends had not kept vigilant eyes upon him all the while he was in his raptures of fury, he had not lived two hours after his defeat.

Again, there was in *Marſeilles* an old man, who having paſſed all his life for one that was wiſe would needs throw himſelf down a Precipice to deliver himſelf from his ſorrows, that he could not die in the place where he was born.

Again, *Amathilde* being much recovered, did call for a Glaſs; and finding that ſhe was never like to be fair again, ſhe fell into ſuch horrid deſpair, that feigning ſome had taught her a medicine for her face, wherein was an ingredient of dangerous poyſon, ſhe cauſed one of her women to bring it unto her; and in lieu of putting it to the uſe ſhe ſaid ſhe would, ſhe poyſoned her ſelf. But ſhe only knowing the vertue of this ingredient, but not the quantity to kill one, ſhe took not ſo much as did execute her intentions: And ſo, the thing being diſcovered, they gave her remedy and Antidotes againſt her will.

You may well conceive, Madam, that three ſuch accidents as theſe chancing in one day, did ſeem very ſtrange: But the greateſt diſaſter of all was, and to ſhew there was ſome malignant conſtellation which did ſhew its influence by inſpiring violent thoughts; there was a man of *Liguria*, and of good quality, who intending to dwell amongſt the *Segoregians*, had ordered all his goods to come by Sea: but his misfortune was, the Ship which was to bring them, periſhed, yet we underſtood that he took his loſs very patiently and conſtantly for a whole year, but now would needs throw himſelf into the Sea.

Thus, Madam, theſe four accidents chancing from different cauſes, and hapning in one day, cauſed all the *Sarronides* to aſſemble, and the Councel of ſix hundred alſo: For ſince the ſpirits of the people were much diſpoſed to applaud the courages of ſuch as had recourſe unto death to deliver themſelves from any misfortune, it was feared that this would produce very ill conſequences: and if ſome order were not taken, theſe examples might be followed by other unfortunate people.

As for the *Sarronides*, their advice was, that to prevent the like diſaſters, the glory of the Action muſt be taken away, and to ſet ſome marks of ignominious imbecility upon it. But the Councel of ſix hundred which aſſembled by the permiſſion of the *Phocean* Prince, they argued after another manner, and ſaid, that ſince the action might either be baſe or generous, according to the ſeveral motives which cauſed it, ſo they muſt not be condemned all in general, and to prevent the frequency, it was not requiſite abſolutely to forbid it: So that not to deprive men of that liberty of dying, which the Gods hath left unto them, and to prevent alſo that they ſhall not ſlightly throw away their lives, it were expedient a Law were made, by which every perſon who would come unto the Aſſembly and propound the cauſes which moves them to die, they ſhou'd be received, and may boldly demand poyſon of the Judges, which ſhall be granted or denied according as they ſhall think fit: Concluding, that ſince it is not juſt a man ſhould be a Judg and party in his own cauſe, ſo he ought not to judg and diſpoſe of his own life as he would.

In concluſion, Madam, this Law was eſtabliſhed, and two Men of the Aſſembly were choſen to keep Poyſon in a Golden Cup, to give unto them whom they thought fit to receive this laſt remedy. You may imagine, Madam, that theſe accidents and this new Law did furniſh all Tongues with talk enough: but I aſſure you, the Prince of *Phoceus* was more like to dye with joy than poyſon: He had the ſatisfaction alſo to underſtand that *Glacidia* was much incenſed againſt *Bomilcar* for fighting: for ſhe told him, That if he were leſs miſerable than he was, ſhe would withdraw her friendſhip from him, adding, with much generoſity, that ſhe was a Petitioner unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, that he would give her leave to pardon *Bomilcar* the injury he had offered in aſſaulting him: But to make the ſatisfaction of the *Phocean* Prince more full, *Cleonisbe* would go unto *Marſeilles* to ſee *Ariſtonice*, with intentions to ſtay there ſome days; the King thinking it convenient ſhe ſhould remain there until the Nuptials, to the end *Bomilcar* and the Prince of *Phoceus* might not be together in one place. Alſo the Prince *Carimantes* was very glad that *Oneſicrite* was to be ſo near *Ariſtonice*, becauſe ſhe would confirm her in her new reſolution.

But that the preſence of *Menedorus* might not prejudice the deſign, *Sfurius* commanded him to ſtay with the King, ſo as this journey was all pleaſure. Yet the heart of *Oneſicrite* was full of ſorrow; for ſhe had much ado to entertain the Affection of *Carimantes*, and forget *Menedorus*: and I am confident there are few perſons who have done things more difficult for the good of their Countries, than *Oneſicrite* did for hers. However ſhe ſet as good a face upon it as ſhe could, leſt the Prince *Carimantes* ſhould perceive the troubles of her mind, and indeed ſhe went unto *Marſeilles* with ſome ſhew of joy in her countenance. You may well imagine, Madam, that the Prince of *Phoceus* would entertain *Cleonisbe* with all imaginable honours: And that *Ariſtonice* alſo was full of acknowledgments unto the Princeſs for the honour ſhe did her.

Since *Glacidia* was one amongſt the reſt in this Voyage, ſhe did much contribute unto the pleaſure of it: And for three days together. I aſſure you there was not one in all this illuſtrious company except *Oneſicrite*, who did not think every minute to be very well ſpent: And though we had ſeveral informations, that *Bomilcar* and *Galathes* were plotting ſome great deſign, and that the firſt was almoſt cured of his wound: Yet ſince the Prince of *Phoceus* was to marry *Cleonisbe* as ſoon as all things were in readineſs for the ſolemnity, we did not fear that any thing could hinder his happineſs.

As we were thus without any cares but how to find out freſh pleaſures for every day, it was told the Princeſs *Cleonisbe*, that there was a Lady which had ſent unto the Councel of ſix hundred, to ask of them the poyſon according to the new eſtabliſhed Law. This adventure being extraordinary enough to move curioſity, ſince it was never heard of before, that there ſhould be Judges to arbitrate upon the life and death of ſuch as would not live, *Cleonisbe* was very deſirous to be at this ſad Ceremony: 'Tis true, that it was with an intention worthy of her generoſity; for her deſign was, to ſee if ſhe who deſired death had any ſuch misfortune which ſhe could help, to the end ſhe might infuſe deſires of life into her. *Oneſicrite* was likewiſe of the ſame Curioſity; and as for *Glacidia*, ſhe moſt of all deſired to know what reaſons could move any to renounce life, ſo as ſhe was very earneſt with both theſe Princeſſes to be preſent when this Lady demanded poyſon of the ſix hundred.

So as *Cleonisbe* making their deſires known unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, he found out an expedient for it; for ſince a place was to be built purpoſely for this Councel, it was ſo contrived, that the Prince of *Phoceus* could look into it out of his Chamber: ſo as this being the place reſolved upon for the Princeſs, the Prince *Carimantes*, and thoſe of their Retinue, it was concluded that the Council of ſix hundred ſhould the next morning aſſemble to hear the reaſons of the Lady, and to put in practice this Law which themſelves had made. But we were much ſurprized to hear that there were two more who demanded audience for the like buſineſs: So as all Curioſities being redoubled, they expected the hour of this ſad Ceremony with much impatience.

I ſhall not trouble you, Madam, with any deſcription of the order which this Aſſembly held, but only tell you, that after the Judges had taken their places; after the Prince of *Phoceus*, as chief of the Council had taken his place; and after the Prince *Carimantes*, *Cleonisbe*, *Oneſicrite*, *Glacidia*, ſome other Ladies, and my ſelf were in the Chamber, where we could ſee and hear all paſſages. We ſaw a Page of a handſome preſence enter, and who by his handſome deportment before the Aſſembly, ſeemed to be ſomething above his condition; Our greateſt ſurprize was to ſee, that he held the picture of a Lady in his hand: But though this picture was drawn at large, ſince it was not turned directly towards us, we ſaw it but by halves, and yet we knew it to be a very fair one; For ſince the youngeſt men of this Council did ſit next the Page who held it, we perceived by their actions that they admired the beauty of this Picture. But after this handſome Page had obtained leave to ſpeak, he made it known unto the Council, that the fair perſon whoſe Picture they ſaw, having the misfortune to loſe that excellent beauty which they admired in her Picture, which was in her Perſon much above all repreſentations, ſhe had ſent by him to beſeech them they would be pleaſed to grant her the poyſon, as the only remedy which ſhe could imagine to comfort her after her loſs: And, Sirs, to teſtifie unto you, that if this remedy be fit to be granted unto any, it is unto the perſon who ſent me, I need only to tell you, Sirs, that though ſhe deſires death more than ever any deſired life, yet ſhe could not find a heart to come her ſelf and demand it; for ſhe cannot do it, unleſs ſhe ſhew her ſelf in the ſame condition wherein ſhe is, which would be a greater torment to her than you can imagine.

Sirs, ſhe hath commanded me to tell you, that ſince ſhe hath loſt all ſhe loved, and all which ſhe thinks could render her amiable, you cannot without injuſtice deny her the only remedy for ſuch misfortunes. She hath further commanded me to let you know, that it is inhumanity to let her live, becauſe ſince ſhe will neither ſee nor be ſeen, and can neither quit her ſolitude nor ſtay in it, it were incredible torment to force life upon her:

her : And if your authority do not releaſe her, ſhe will ſuffer more then ever any did ; For indeed, Sirs, whenſoever ſhe looks upon her Picture, ſhe ſwims in Tears: and if ſhe look in a Glaſs, ſhe is mad, and is not Miſtreſs of her ſelf : It is you, Sirs, who muſt judge of the life and death of this perſon, who demands the Poyſon.

But before you pronounce ſentence, and after I have obeyed her whoſe ſlave I am, I beſeech you give me leave to tell you, that I ſhould never have done this for her, unleſs ſhe had promiſed me my liberty in recompence of this ſervice, for I was her ſlave. But to the end this ſervice I have done her may not prove fatally ſad unto her, I dare be ſo bold as to tell you, that not being what I appear to be ; but having been brought up in another condition then this into which War hath brought me, I can aſſure you, that ſhe who here deſires to dye, becauſe ſhe hath loſt her beauty, hath ſo many beauties in her mind, that ſhe deſerves you ſhould deny what ſhe asks, and what I ask for her, to the end I may enjoy the greateſt of all goods which is my liberty, and to teſtifie hereafter, that ſhe may be loved and not be fair.

As this generous ſlave did ſay ſo, he turned the Picture, ſo as we plainly knew it to be the portraicture of *Amathilde*, and conſequently interreſting our ſelves the more in the judgment which was to be given, we expected with much impatience, the opinion of the Judges. But after the examination of the buſineſs they told this ſlave that when the gods do take away from men thoſe goods which they were ſure to loſe: This is no lawful cauſe to deſire death ; for as ſoon as they began to live, they ought to expect the loſs of them: yet to have ſome regard unto the great affection which *Amathilde* had unto her beauty ; they ordained, that if after the ſpace of ſix Years, ſhe came unto the Council of ſix hundred, and declared unto them, that in all that time ſhe received no conſolation for the loſs of her beauty, they would then grant what they now deny. This ſentence was thought ſo juſt, both by him that was to receive it and thoſe who heard it, that they did as much commend the Councel of ſix hundred, as they blamed the deſpair of *Amathilde*.

After this, Madam, we ſaw enter an old Man, who I told you deſired to die, becauſe he could not live out of his own Country: but he entered with ſo much gravity, that never Man had an aſpect of leſs deſpair than he: Alſo he ſpoke with ſo much eloquence and force againſt baniſhment, and had ſuch excellent expreſſions of love to his Country, that he even melted the hearts of his hearers: But being very old, the weakneſs of his voyce forced ſilence upon him. Yet the Judges not blinded by his eloquence, told him, that the reaſons which would move them to grant Poyſon, was, when an unfortunate Man, whoſe miſeries had laſted long, and could not meet with any cure.

But his age was ſuch, as he might well think the the remedy which he demanded was very nigh unto him: and therefore it was not fit for them to alter the Decree of the gods. Thus ſending him away after good exhortations to overcome himſelf, we ſaw appear the *Ligurian* Man of Quality, who as I have told you having loſt all his goods above a Year ſince, would now die: But, Madam, I never in my life ſaw a Man with a more melancholy look than he, yet he had a good preſence with him, and as melancholy as his Phyſiognomy ſeemed, yet he had a ſprightly kind of a look.

As ſoon as he came unto the place where he was to ſpeak, and after he had done reverence to the Judges, Sirs (ſaid he unto them) though I am to ſpeak unto Men of moſt deep judgments, yet I have need to mention all my reaſons which invite me unto a deſire of death: For, Sirs, ſince you muſt be poor, before you can know what poverty is, the greateſt of all evils: and ſince I both hope and know this miſery will never befal you, I muſt beſeech you to let me deſcribe my misfortune: Do not think, Sirs, that I rank in the number of my reaſons which move me to die, thoſe of a covetous or a voluptuous Man grown poor: For truly it is not abundance of riches which I regreet, nor all the pleaſures which follow them: I know how to live in a Cottage as well as a Pallace: I can eaſily perſwade my ſelf, that the fewer Domeſticks I have, the fewer Enemies I have. I can live well enough without a full ſpread Table: I can find out good diverſions which will coſt me nothing: the murmur of a River, or the chanting of Birds, pleaſe me as well as all thoſe which are ſo dear and rare: But, Sirs, that I can eaſily live without all thoſe, yet, alas, I cannot live without Friends, and yet I have loſt them all, ſince I am brought unto that low condition as makes them think they can expect no profitable turns from me. I once thought that I had more than ever any had: but now I find by woful experience that none ever had fewer than my ſelf: I am now quite another Man unto them, ſince fortune hath forſaken me: as pleaſing as I was wont to be unto them, I am now but an impertinent fellow, and trouble them: and now I perceive ſo well that they never loved me but only my fortunes, as I cannot chuſe but hate in them a thought ſo baſe as to ceaſe loving vertue, becauſe it is grown poor: and to teſtifie unto you, Sirs, that it is meerly the loſs of my Friends which makes me deſperate, or to ſay better that it is meerly their baſeneſs which drives me into a fury againſt my ſelf, you may only be pleaſed to conſider, that I have lived a year after all my loſſes: yet I was as poor the very firſt day after my loſſes as I am now: but becauſe I was ſtill in hopes to be rich in the greateſt riches of all riches, my Friends, therefore I conſtantly ſuſtained my misfortune. But now after a whole Years ſad experience, finding that unfortunate Men can never have any Friends, and that I am not able to live without them; therefore, Sirs, I conjure you to grant me leave to die: And I conjure you unto it with the more earneſtneſs, becauſe it concerns all civil ſociety, and my own glory that I live no longer. For truly, Sirs, I apprehend ſuch horrour againſt thoſe who have forſaken me, becauſe I am not rich, that I am become a hater of all Men in general, and begin to be unjuſt unto others, as others are unto me.

As ſoon as this generous unfortunate Man had done ſpeaking, *Cleonisbe* being much touched with his diſcourſe, ſent to deſire the Aſſembly not to pronounce ſentence, until ſhe had let them know ſomething what ſhe thought. So the Councel appointing ſix of themſelves to go and receive *Cleoniſbe*'s pleaſure, that Princeſs told them, how ſhe held him who ſpoke to be ſo brave a Man, as to make him happy, and to oblige him unto a deſire of life. She offered to give him more goods than he had loſt, and to comfort him for the loſs of his falſhearted Friends which forſook him, ſhe offered to become his Friend, and a Friend that would be more generous than they. You may eaſily judge, Madam, how much this great act of *Cleoniſbe*'s did move admiration in all the Aſſembly: and how the Prince of *Phoceus*, who was chief, extolled her. So as in lieu of giving ſentence, they made Elogies unto the vertue of this Princeſs. And yet they did pronounce one, and told this generous *Ligurian*, that if the Princeſs *Cleoniſbe* had not found a remedy unto his miſery, greater than the miſery it ſelf, they would have granted the Poyſon which he demanded, ſince they were conſtrained to confeſs, that poverty without friends, is the greateſt miſery in the World.

But ſince the amity of the Princeſs was a recompence a thouſand times above his loſſes, they ordained that he ſhould live to ſerve her, ſince he could not deſire death without ingratitude. The Man who was at firſt diſpoſed to leave life, could hardly leave his thoughts of death: But having a generous Soul, he was extreamly moved at the generoſity of *Cleoniſbe*: and he acknowledged, that ſince there was one ſuch perſon in the World as ſhe, it was not juſt to leave it: So as being carried where ſhe was, he gave her thanks for the honour ſhe had done him. But, Madam, (added he) to teſtifie my deſign of dying, I will accept but half of that you are pleaſed to offer: And receiving upon my humble and thankful Knee, the honour of your good will, I will refuſe that abundance of riches which you offer me, which perhaps will ſerve me to no other uſe, but to get new friends as unworthy as my firſt: ſo as, Madam, eſteeming my ſelf very rich in your friendſhip, leave me in ſuch a condition, as I may ſhew that I merit it, by making it appear, that Vertue can ſurmount Poverty, and patiently endure it, provided it be not waited upon with ſcorn, which commonly attends upon it: I ſhall not tell you, Madam, how *Cleonisbe* anſwered, for I ſhould wrong her in changing ſome of her words: But let me only tell you, that ſhe would have him accept of both her offers: and indeed ſhe kept her word: and by the means of the King, the Prince her brother, and the Prince of *Phoceus*, gave him much more than he loſt; Alſo giving it unto him with her own hands, though ſhe had much ado to make him take it.

But, Madam, to return from whence I digreſſed, and to relate all that paſſed in the Councel of Six hundred, be pleaſed to know, that after this *Ligurian* had done his Complement unto *Cleonisbe*, we ſaw appear in the Aſſembly a Man whoſe perſon we knew not, who preſenting Letters unto the chief of the Councel, and beſeeched him that they might be read aloud, for they were the reaſons of a miſerable Lover who demanded the Poyſon. Then one of the Aſſembly opening the Letters, began to read them: And if I were able to repeat what I heard, doubtleſs you would ſay, that he who wrote that Letter, deſerved that death which he demanded: For I am confident, never was ſorrow ſet out in more ſad colours, nor deſcribed with more moveing aggravations. And *Cleonisbe*, *Oneſicrite*, and *Carimantes* were extream attentive at the reading of it: I ſhall only tell you, Madam, that this ſad Lover began the recital of his miſery, with an Elogy of the beauty and merit of the perſon he loved. Afterwards he ſaid, that he had loved her from her Cradle; adding that he had the happineſs not to be hated: After this, he aggravated all the proofs of that love which he bore unto her, and did make it ſo well appear that he had great hopes of being loved, and of being loved conſtantly, that the minds of all his Auditors were diſpoſed to blame her, if ſhe became perfidious.

Thus Madam, having prepared the hearts of his Judges, he ſhewed, that without giving her the leaſt cauſe of complaint, ſome thoughts of inconſtancy or ambition had moved this perſon to caſt him off, and to overwhelm him with miſery, ſhe favoured a Rival unto whom he was extreamly obliged: So as honour not ſuffering him to ſeek revenge, and Love not giving him leave to live, he asked leave to dye. And he asks it the rather, becauſe he finds ſuch tumultuous thoughts in his heart, that rather than let his Rival enjoy his Miſtreſs, he ſhall undertake ſuch a buſineſs as will cauſe the death of an infinite number of innocent perſons, which he ſhall engage in his intereſts.

Indeed he made it appear he was capable of any undertaking which Love, Ambition, and Jealouſie could inſpire into him: And he intimated by ſome ambiguous words, that his death would prevent very great misfortunes, and deliver him from great torments, ſo as he had all the reaſon in the world to deſire death, and they to grant it. And indeed the major part of the Judges did ſay, that ſince the death of this unfortunate Lover would be advantagious both unto him and others, they could not find out a fitter example to ſhew, that the Law which they had made was not uſeleſs, and ſo they ought not to deny death unto a man, who by dying would ſave the lives of many others.

Sfurius, for his part, was one of the forwardeſt to grant poyſon unto him who demanded it, and preſſed it on: But upon this condition, that this deſperate Lover ſhould the ſame hour preſent himſelf before the Aſſembly; for the Law required a ſight of him who was to dye, that they might know whether his reaſon was free, and whether he knew what he asked. Then the man who ſpoke, telling the Judges that he would immediately carry their anſwer unto the party who would dye. The Cup of Gold which held the Poyſon was brought in: And it was no ſooner ſet upon the Table, but we ſaw *Menedorus* enter, who boldly preſenting himſelf before the Judges, told them that it was he who demanded Poyſon, thanking them, with an admirable reſolution, for the Juſtice which they had done him.

I leave you to judge Madam, how *Carimantes* was ſurprized at the ſight of his Rival: How *Sfurius* was aſtoniſhed that he ſhould doom Poyſon to his Son: And how *Oneſicrite* was amazed to ſee her Lover deſire to dye for her. Alſo I leave it to your imagination, Madam, how great the tumult was amongſt the Aſſembly who were not ignorant of *Menedorus* his love unto *Oneſicrite*: But give me leave to tell you one very remarkable thing; *Sfurius*, who was a high lover of his Country, after he had appeaſed the firſt motion which nature cauſed in his heart, he was ſo angry to ſee that *Menedorus* could not ſurmount himſelf, that he ſurmounted his paternal tenderneſs, and told the Aſſembly that his Son did not only deſerve the Poyſon, as an unfortunate man, but as a Delinquent, ſince he would not ſacrifice his perticuliar ſatisfaction unto the good of the publick intereſt, and therefore he deſired that the ſentence, which could not be revoked, might be ſpeedily executed.

Whilſt *Sfurius* was ſpeaking, *Menedorus* turning his head towards *Oneſicrite*, he ſaw her eyes ſwim in tears: And preſently after, ſhe not being able to endure the exceſs of her ſorrows, ſhe leaned towards *Glacidia*, who ſtood behind her, and ſwounded in her arms: So as whilſt all means were uſing to bring her unto her ſelf again, *Carimantes* ſeeing her in that condition, he knew not what to think or do. The ſorrows of *Oneſicrite* did ſo plainly let him ſee, that ſhe loved *Menedorus*, and not himſelf, that his reaſon told him he ought not to love her any longer: And the deſpair of his Rival did ſo convince him of the greatneſs of his paſſion, that he was perſwaded it was injuſtice to oppoſe him. But on the other ſide, his love checking his reaſon, it would not give him the liberty to follow it. Furthermore, the Prince of *Phoceus*, though he was very much vexed at the violent reſolution of *Menedorus*, yet he durſt not make ſhew of all his pity, for fear of incenſing *Carimantes*.

In the mean time, *Menedorus* ſeeing the Cup which contained the Remedy againſt his torment, he went towards the Table, on which it ſtood, to finiſh his doom, but one of the Judges told him that it was not yet time: And for his particular, he conceived that it was not fit the Poyſon ſhould be granted unto him, but that the Judgement which had been pronounced was null and void; For, ſaid he, ſince it appears by the ſorrows of the Princeſs *Oneſicrite*, that you are more than indifferent unto her, you are not ſo unhappy as to have any recourſe unto death; and ſo much the leſs, becauſe you informed the Aſſembly that you were not loved, whereas it ſeems you know not the true ſtate of your fortune: And ſo having pronounced a ſentence upon a falſe ground, the Sentence it ſelf muſt conſequently be falſe, and fall.

This Opinion being liked by all the Aſſembly, every one adhered to it, except *Sfurius*, who could not bely the generoſity of his Soul. As for *Menedorus*, he extreamly oppoſed that pity in the Judges, and ſhould have oppoſed it more, if the Prince *Carimantes* had not ſent to tell him, that he had found out a more noble way to terminate his pain: So as all the Aſſembly believing that the Prince had overcome himſelf, they put *Menedorus* into the cuſtody of ſome Friends, they carryed *Oneſicrite* unto her Chamber, where *Carimantes* followed her, and all the Aſſembly broke up.

As ſoon as *Oneſicrite* opened her eyes, and began to ſpeak, ſhe deſired *Carimantes*, not knowing to whom ſhe ſpoke, that they would give her the Poyſon as well as *Menedorus*: So as this Prince not being able to endure this object, he went out of her Chamber; and not imparting the violent deſign which he had in his mind, he ſent ſecretly to tell *Menedorus*, that to teſtifie he had right to diſpute with him for the poſſeſſion of *Oneſicrite*, he engaged his word to fight with him, if he could not ſurmount himſelf; and indeed Madam, without any more delay, it was reſolved that in the morning they ſhould fight by the Sea-ſide.

But *Carimantes* being very generous, and knowing that if *Menedorus* ſhould kill him, he could not be in any ſafety, he cauſed a Boat to be near the place where they were to fight, to the end if it ſhould ſo happen, he might ſave himſelf by it. Without any long circumſtances of what paſſed between *Carimantes* and *Menedorus* before the fight, I will only tell you Madam, that the laſt of theſe ſtealing from thoſe who kept him, did come unto the place where *Carimantes* waited for him; that they fought, that *Carimantes* was ſlightly wounded in his left Arm, and that *Menedorus* was diſarmed. So as this unfortunate Lover taking the Boat which was prepared for him, in caſe he were Conqueror, did uſe it to carry him from *Marſeilles* after he was conquered.

But the Sea growing turbulent whilſt they fought; and as he would needs embark in ſuch deſpair as would not ſuffer him to conſult with the winds, nor hearken unto the Counſel of the Pilot, who would have diſſwaded him from departing: The waves were ſo rough, and the winds ſo furious, that they daſhed this Bark againſt the point of a Rock on the left hand of *Marſeilles*, and broke it all to pieces, ſo as the unfortunate *Menedorus* was drowned almoſt in the very Port, into which the waves brought his Body, and as if the Gods had a deſire to force *Oneſicrite* to water it with her tears, they permitted the Corps of this unfortunate Lover to be caſt, by the Sea, juſt under the Window of that Princeſs, who ſaw it with her own eyes, and reſented his death with unconceivable ſorrow.

In the mean time *Oneſicrite*, having, as I told you before, a ſweet and eaſie ſoul, ſhe could not reſiſt *Ariſtonice*, who knew ſo well how to perſwade her, that it did not conſiſt with her glory to alter that reſolution which ſhe had taken, that ſhe reſolved to ſmother part of her melancholy, and to be rul'd by thoſe who had moſt right to adviſe her, provided they would not force her to marry *Carimantes* over-haſtily.

On the other ſide, *Carimantes* making a thouſand excuſes unto *Sfurius*, for being the cauſe of his Sons death, *Sfurius* anſwered him according to his wonted generoſity: After which they returned to the King, in thoughts that the marriage of the *Phocean* Prince with *Cleoniſbe* ſhould with all ſpeed be celebrated. But Madam, at our return we underſtood that the ſtate of things were not ſo diſpoſed: For be pleaſed to know, that *Galathes*, whom *Menedorus* had made acquainted with many *Grecians*, had ſuborned ſome to them to tell the *Segoregians*, that the Prince of *Phoceus* was not the ſame he gave himſelf out to be: So as this falſhood paſſing from mouth to mouth, it made ſo great a noiſe amongſt the People, that nothing elſe was talked of: For *Galathes* having ſuborned the *Segoregians* as well as *Phocenſians*, there went an hundred ſeveral tales concerning the quality of the *Phocean*

Prince. And ſince the Law which permitted *Cleonisbe* to chooſe her Husband, was conditional, that ſhe ſhould chooſe a man whoſe Quality was ſuitable to her own: The caſe was ſuch, that if the Prince of *Phoceus* was not the ſame he ſaid himſelf to be, then the choice of the Princeſs was null: And to make it ſo, *Galathes* had cauſed this lye to be divulged amongſt the people: And Madam, he had done it with ſo much art, that thoſe whom he employed in the buſineſs, were never ſuſpected to have any hand in the impoſture. And to the end none ſhould think him to be the Author, he would not be the firſt that ſhould forbid the Banes between *Cleonisbe* and that Prince; not doubting but *Bomilcar* and *Britomartes* would take hold of that occaſion, which he had given, to defer it, he hoping all the while to find an opportunity of carrying away *Cleonisbe*, as afterwards we came to underſtand.

And indeed Madam, *Britomartes* and *Bomilcar* hearing of theſe great reports, did ſay, that for their parts they did believe the Prince of *Phoceus* to be the ſame he ſaid he was; but ſince it was made a doubt by a great People, they could not ſuffer that the Princeſs ſhould marry him. The Teſtimonies which all the Friends of the *Phocean* Prince did give, were all in vain, and likewiſe what all the men in *Marſeilles* did ſay: For the People of that Country being of a mutinous inclination, and ſince many were ſuborned to raiſe ſedition, they took up Arms, and ſided with *Britomartes*, *Bomilcar*, and *Galathes*.

Neither the King, nor *Carimantes*, who were fully perſwaded of the Prince of *Phoceus* his quality, were not able to act according to their inclinations; and the leſs able, becauſe at the ſame time the friends of *Menedorus* had cauſed a commotion in *Marſeilles*, upbraiding *Sfurius* with his cruelty to his Son; accuſing alſo the Prince of *Phoceus* for conſenting unto the marriage of *Carimantes* with *Oneſicrite*. Mean while *Glacidia* endeavoured to perſwade *Bomilcar* that it was in vain for him to hinder the marriage of *Cleonisbe*, ſince he might aſſure himſelf ſhe would never love him. But he anſwered her, that ſince he could receive no other conſolation, but in the ruine of his Rival, ſhe muſt pardon him if he did it; maintaining that he might very well do it, without giving him any cauſe of complaint, ſince he did no more than what *Britomartes* and *Galathes* did alſo.

In the mean time, as great a care was taken in obſerving the ſe Rivals as well as the Prince of *Phoceus*: *Bomilcar* and he fought the ſecond time, and were both wounded; but with this difference, that when they parted them, the Prince of *Phoceus*, who was cloſed with his Enemy, was the uppermoſt. But Madam, this Combat more and more incenſing the people, things grew to a great height. For *Galathes* being exceeding ſubtle and witty, had inſinuated into the minds of many *Segoregians*, that our Town was much to be feared; and that if we made the Country better, it would be only for our ſelves; and that after they had received us as their friends, we would become their Tyrants, and they our Slaves. But diſorder and confuſion being in every place, it was adviſed to appeaſe the People to talk of a Negotiation, knowing it to be much better to ſtop their firſt fury. So they asked this incenſed People, and the three Rivals who were their heads, what proofs they required to teſtifie the condition of the *Phocean* Prince.

But they found themſelves much gravelled for an anſwer; for ſince there remained none in *Phoceus*, it was in vain to ſend thither: But after they had well thought upon it, they agreed that the Conqueror of *Phoceus* ſhould decide the buſineſs; and that if the illuſtrious *Cyrus* would ſay unto thoſe they would ſend unto him, that *Peranius* was of the Family of the *Phocean* Princes, and that it was he who commanded the Fleet in departing from that Town, which his Armies had conquered, then they would yield up their Pretentions, and agree that *Cleonisbe's* choice was lawful. Though this Propoſition might ſeem ſtrange unto the Prince of *Phoceus*, ſince his deſtiny muſt depend upon the teſtimony of a Prince, unto whom he had not the honour to be known, and who might hold him for his Enemy, yet he did not refuſe it: For ſince he knew that the Prince *Thraſibulus* did know, and that his actions had been extraordinary, and might be judged worthy to be related unto his invincible Conqueror, he believed that the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* would be ſo generous as to give a ſincere Teſtimony in his favour: And ſo Madam, it was agreed, that I ſhould come unto *Cyrus*; That the King ſhould ſend me with a Perſon of Quality, and that the three Rivals ſhould alſo ſend a Perſon of Credance, to hear what the Conqueror of *Aſia* would ſay unto my demands.

But before we came away, they made all the parties intereſted to ſwear ſolemnly to agree unto what we ſhould report: That they ſhould not trouble the publick Peace; and that during our Voyage, they ſhould attempt nothing againſt one another. After all this, they prepared us a Ship; and the King, the three Rivals, and the Prince of *Phoceus* having made choice of thoſe they would ſend unto the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, we made our ſelves ready for departure: And yet we did not depart, until we underſtood that the Slave who demanded Poyſon for *Amathilde*, and who had been taken in the Wars by the Father of the fair Lady, was known to be a man of great Quality amongſt the *Tectoſages*: And moreover, that he had declared unto *Amathilde*, he had been in love with her ever ſince he knew her; and that though ſhe had loſt her beauty, yet ſhe had not loſt his love; adding, that if ſhe would receive him favourably, ſhe was yet amiable enough to make him happy. So as Madam, ſince *Amathilde* had not a deſire to dye after the loſs of her beauty, but only becauſe ſhe thought it impoſſible any could love her in the ſtate ſhe was, ſhe changed her mind when ſhe ſaw ſhe was deceived: Alſo ſhe reſolved to live, and love him who loved her, when ſhe thought ſhe was not able to love her ſelf.

After this Madam, we departed; and with orders from the Prince of *Phoceus* to bring the Prince his Father unto *Marſeilles* if we could: So Madam, ſince the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* hath himſelf done as much as I could deſire, I found my ſelf in a condition able to confound all the Rivals of the *Phocean* Prince, and to make him happy: Alſo to contribute unto the happineſs of *Carimantes*: For the mutinous people would not permit him to marry *Oneſicrite*, unleſs ſhe were ſutable to his Quality. So Madam, if the Prince *Meneſteus*, at your perſwaſions, will pleaſe to go whether I ſhall conduct him, by orders from the *Phocean* Prince, I have no more to wiſh.

Thrymetes having ended his Narration, he left *Cyrus* and *Mandana* exceedingly ſatisfied; and they promiſed him to forget nothing which might conduce unto the felicity of the *Phocean* Prince: And indeed the next day he ſpoke unto the two *Segoregians* who came with *Thrymetes* in a manner moſt advantagious for that Prince, and anſwered them with exceeding civility. Alſo he gave an authentick Declaration of his Quality, and mixed it with ſo many Commendations of his valour and vertue, that a more advantagious Elogy could not be made of him.

But as he was ready to ſend *Chryſantes* unto *Meneſteus* to move him to quit the Tomb wherein he dwelt, this ſad and ſolitary Prince came to thank him and *Mandana* for the honour they had done him, and to give thanks unto *Cyrus* for the juſtice he had done unto the Prince his Son. But uſe what arguments and perſwaſions they could to remove him unto *Marſeilles*, he would not hearken unto them, but they were conſtrained to let him return unto his mournful Tomb again: So *Thrymetes* and the two *Segoregians* which were with him, reſolved to return as ſoon as *Cyrus* was departed.

In the mean time, the Princeſs *Mandana*, after ſhe had given thanks unto *Eucrates*, ſhe continued on her journey with the greateſt diſpoſition in the world to divert her ſelf, and ſo ſhe did moſt pleaſantly for many days. It ſeemed as if every day did produce freſh joys: And when ſhe conſidered that ſhe was going further from the King of *Aſſiria*, and drew nearer the King her Father, who would entertain *Cyrus* as her deliverer, ſhe thought ſhe could not give her heart enough unto the enjoyment of pleaſures, after ſhe had ſuffered ſo many miſeries.

Alſo ſhe came unto the frontiers of *Cappadocia* towards *Cicily*, without the leaſt diſaſter in her Voyage, and ſhe had the ſatisfaction to ſee *Cyrus* do an act worthy of his great ſoul. There came in the Evening a Poſt from *Babylon*, which brought news that there had been a great commotion in the Town, and that in the Tumult the people had plundered the Veſſels of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*, which were brought thither when the *Aſſirians* took it: And that if the Hebrew people, who were Captives in *Babylon* this ſeventy years, had not oppoſed them, they had been Maſters of it. This Poſt told *Cyrus* afterwards, that the Governour of *Babylon* being afraid leſt the like ſhould happen again, and that he was not able to keep the Town, he reſolved to ſend unto him all thoſe precious Veſſels which had been poſſeſſed by *Solomon*: And that the captive people not being able to endure that they ſhould profane thoſe things which had been conſecrated unto ſacred uſes in their Sacrifices, did follow thoſe who drove the Camels which carried all theſe riches. This Poſt adding, that falling ſick by the way, he could come no ſooner; and that he believed, thoſe of whom he ſpake would be here in the morning.

And indeed the Sun no ſooner began to appear, but *Cyrus*, who was alwaies up very early to give out all neceſſary orders, eſpecially for the march of his Troops, did underſtand thoſe whom he expected were come: Thus there might be ſeen that great captive people who had been conquered by the King of *Aſſiria's* Grandfather, do now make their addreſſes unto him, who is the Conqueror of that Prince unto whom they were Slaves. But in coming unto *Cyrus*, two of the Camels ruſhing one againſt another, did overturn their loads, and made it appear how precious their loads were, inſomuch as *Cyrus* commanded them to ſhew all the reſt: For ſince he did not find *Mandana* in *Babylon* when he took it, he never thought of looking upon all this rich booty. So the Officers obeying his commands, they let him ſee the moſt magnificent object in the world: For he ſaw threeſcore great Veſſels of Gold, of an ineſtimable price: A thouſand Veſſels of Silver of a wonderful bigneſs: Abundance of coſtly Inſtruments uſed in their Sacrifices, whoſe garniſhing were both rich and rare: Four hundred other veſſels of a leſſer ſize, and a thouſand other veſſels of the ſame metal of a leſs ſize than they. So that ſeeing altogether five thouſand Veſſels of precious metal and excellent Form, this ſight was the goodlieſt object in the world. Yet *Cyrus* was not a whit dazled with the luſtre of all theſe riches, but looked upon them as he ought.

Then the chief amongſt this Hebrew People, who followed thoſe who carryed theſe Ornaments of the moſt famous Temple in the world, preſenting himſelf unto *Cyrus*, he hearkned unto him with a very willing ear; ſo as this generous Captive, ſeeing that *Cyrus* lent him a favourable ear, he began to ſpeak unto him with much boldneſs and zeal. He aggravated unto him the greatneſs of the God of his Fathers, the Wiſdom of one of their Kings, and the Vertue of others. He deſcribed unto him the magnificence of the Temple in *Jeruſalem* before it was deſtroyed: He repreſented unto him the enormous ſacriledge of thoſe who pulled it down: He deſcribed the miſeries of their captivity: He asked of him, as of the moſt generous Prince in the world, liberty for his Nation, and liberty to rebuild their Temple. Alſo that theſe Veſſels which were conſecrated unto the only God of the whole Univerſe, might not be prophaned by other uſes. This Prince of the *Hebrews* did ſpeak with ſo much zeal, that *Cyrus* being moſt ſenſibly moved by his language, did grant him his demands, and much more; for he aſſigned a very conſiderable ſum of mony to rebuild the Temple of *Jeruſalem*: So as this Prince of the *Hebrews* divulging amongſt the multitude the greatneſs of the favour granted to them, upon a ſudden they gave ſuch ſhouts of joy as awaked *Mandana* from her ſleep.

But *Cyrus*, to rejoyce fully in his great act of Charity, deſired this Princeſs ſhe would be pleaſed to ſtay a day longer in that place, to ſee this multitude of Captive People, whom he had delivered, paſs by; and accordingly, *Mandana*, being in a Belcony, and *Cyrus* with her, accompanied with all the Princeſſes, they ſaw paſs above forty thouſand perſons of all ſorts, who from rank to rank did by their geſtures render millions of thanks unto *Cyrus* for the liberty which he had given them: So that joyning this vaſt number of People, their Horſes, their Camels, and all their other Beaſts which carried their Baggage, and the Children of the People delivered, they took up a vaſt extent of ground; ſo that it muſt of neceſſity be concluded, that a Prince who was ſo great as was able to give away ſo much riches, and grant liberty unto ſo many Captives, muſt needs be the greateſt Prince in the world: And ſo much the rather, becauſe the good which he did, he alwaies did it with joy and alacrity: And truly he was ſo ſenſibly pleaſed, that he had an occaſion of breaking ſo many chains at one blow, and comforting ſo many ſad ſouls, that finding a ſubject out of which to frame a Complement unto *Mandana*, he asked her pardon for the ſatisfaction which this adventure did afford him: For Madam, ſaid he unto her, as you have been the cauſe of all my ſorrows, ſo you only are the cauſe of my Joyes: And as it is a failing in my duty, ſo alſo an offence unto my love, to be capable of any other Joyes than that of ſeeing you, and ſeeing you at liberty.

ARTAMENES,

OR THE

GRAND CYRUS.

PART VIII. Book III.

THE Heroick joy which the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* had, in the reſtoring liberty unto ſo many Captives, was not the only one which he had: For the Meſſenger, being come from the Prince *Seſoſtris*, and the Princeſs *Timareta*; he was exceedingly joyed to hear by him, that *Amaſis* had very well received them, and conſented unto their Marriage, which was celebrated with magnificence worthy of the *Ægyptian* King, in the ſtately City of *Memphis*. The only cauſe of the *Ægyptians* coming was, to thank *Cyrus* for the felicity which *Seſoſtris* and *Timareta* enjoyed: And in the name of *Amaſis*, to offer him all the Forces in his Kingdom, if he pleaſed to command them out. But ſince *Cyrus* did not think he ſhould need to give any more Battles, he did not accept of the offer: But aſſured the Meſſenger that he did much participate in the joys and happineſs of the Princeſs *Timareta*, and of the Prince *Seſoſtris*. And to teſtifie that the news he brought him of their Marriage was moſt welcome unto him, he rewarded him with a moſt rich Preſent at parting. 'Tis true, *Cyrus* was not the only one, who was joyed at the happineſs of *Seſoſtris*; for all thoſe that knew him in the Army, ſhared with him, eſpecially the *Ægyptians* which he had left. But as the news of this Princes happineſs was very welcome unto all them that ever ſaw him, or which ever heard ſpeak of him; ſo the reports which were publiſhed of the augmentation of the *Aſſirian* Kings ſickneſs, did not produce the like effects in the minds of thoſe who knew him: but many varied in their reſentments of it: For many men deploring the misfortune of ſo great a Prince, did pity him: Others were joyed, and *Anaxaris* was ſorry though he hated him But the predominate paſſion of his heart ſwaying him more then all other conſiderations, he could not chuſe but fear the death of a hated Rival, becauſe he might have diſturbed the felicity of a Rival loved. However, the noiſe of the King of *Aſſiria*'s ſickneſs was ſo great, that none doubted the truth of it; and the leſs, becauſe *Cyrus* (unto whom thoſe he had left with that Prince had given him an account) himſelf ſaid that he was very ill, and gave cauſe to think, that the firſt news we heard would be of his death; yet he ſpoke it with ſo much reſervedneſs, that every one wondered at his moderation, in not rejoycing at the loſs of ſuch an Enemy as he. As for *Mandana*, her Soul was ſo high and generous, as ſhe was not capable of any joy at the death of a Prince who was not able to hurt her; and indeed, her diſpoſition was more unto pity than any joy. Yet it was ſuch a compaſſion as did not diſturb the diverſions of the voyage, which had all the pleaſures and delights of a tranquil Court. For as the days journies were ordered, none were more weary at night, than if they had been only out to take the air. Alſo the great abundance of rarely accompliſhed men, which the familiarity of the journey had united, did make ſuch a delectable miſcellany of men, of all ſorts of Conditions, Humours, and Nations, that one muſt needs be very ſtupid, or melancholly, if they were weary in a place where there were ſo many pleaſing perſons, who for moſt part, had no other deſign but to divert: yet thoſe whom Love had damped muſt be alwayes excepted. For truly, the Prince *Intaphernes* had the Princeſs of *Bithynia* alwayes in his mind: *Artamas* was angry to be ſo long from the Princeſs *Palmis*: *Mazares* had much ado to accuſtome himſelf to be only the friend of *Mandana*, and not her Lover. *Myrſiles* was not a little troubled that he could make no progreſs in the mind of *Doraliſa*: And *Andramites* deſpaired to ſee there was no likelihood of ever bending her heart. As for *Aglatidas*, he was too much in love with *Ameſtris*, not to be impatient of ſeeing her, and he fretted at the longneſs of the voyages, though he drew nearer unto her every day. Thus every Lover in the Army had their diſcontents. But as they were all careful to hide their frettings, ſo they did contribute much to the pleaſure of converſation, eſpecially at nights, when all the company aſſembled in *Mandana*'s Chamber. *Anaxaris* alſo, as unquiet as he was, he was ſtill ſtriving to maſter his mind, leſt he ſhould ſhew his unquietudes: for his deſign being to pleaſe *Mandana*, he thought it not fit that the melancholy of his ſoul ſhould appear in his face, ſo as he concealed it ſo handſomly, and arrived ſo perfectly unto that end he aimed at, that there were few men in the world whom *Mandana* eſteemed more than *Anaxaris*: Alſo ſhe gave him a thouſand obliging teſtimonies of it; either in ſpeaking a thouſand good things of him unto *Cyrus*; or in aſſuring him ſhe would oblige the King her Father, to acknowledg the ſervices he had done her, or in her way of carriage towards him. For indeed ſhe commanded him with ſuch mild, ſweet, and civil authority, that her Commands were more obliging than the prayers of many others. But as *Anaxaris* had a great care of inſinuating himſelf into the love of *Mandana*, ſo he had a great care to make himſelf both loved and feared of all thoſe under his command. And the truth is, he was both ſo loved and feared, as there were very few things which he was not able to make them do.

In the mean time, this Illuſtrious Troop, ſtill advancing, *Cyrus* and *Mandana* came one Evening unto a little Town ſcituated upon the banks of that great and famous River *Halys*: which hath its original and ſource amongſt the Armenian Mountains: and after it hath twined it ſelf through ſeveral Countries, It divides *Cappadocia* from *Paphlagonia*, in this place, not being diſtant from the *Euxine* Sea above three hundred furlongs. Since the journey had been ſomething long, and ſince *Mandana* found ſome delight to think ſhe was in *Cappadocia*, where all the people received her with unexpreſſible joys, and continual acclamations, ſhe intended to reſt there a day; whereof *Marteſia* was very glad, becauſe ſhe remembred her ſelf of an Aunt which commonly dwelt at *Themiſcyra*, who had a very noble houſe within forty furlongs of it: Remembring moreover, that ſhe was ever uſed to dwell there about that ſeaſon: ſo ſending preſently to enquire, to the end ſhe might find her at home, ſhe asked *Mandana* leave to make a viſit in the morning, ſince ſhe did not travel; ſo as in this hope ſhe paſſed away the evening in a very merry diſpoſition. Since *Feraulus* was the man who took upon him to enquire whether her Aunt was at home, he made ſuch haſte, that as ſoon as *Marteſia* awaked in the morning, ſhe knew that her Aunt was where ſhe thought her; and had much good company with her. *Marteſia* no ſooner knew this welcome news, but riſing in all haſte ſhe went unto *Mandana*, and beſeeched her to let her give this viſit. The Princeſs at firſt, could not remember who this Couſin of *Marteſia*'s was; but calling to mind preſently after, that ſhe was ſiſter unto her whom *Artucas* married, who delivered up a Port of *Sinope* unto *Cyrus*, when he came thither to releaſe her, but did releaſe only the King of *Aſſiria*; Then ſhe told *Marteſia* very obligingly, that not to deprive her of that pleaſure, nor to deprive her ſelf of that ſatisfaction which ſhe hoped to receive in ſeeing her, ſince ſhe was ſo near, ſhe would ſend her upon a complement unto her Aunt, and ſend her own Coach for her, that ſhe might oblige her to come and ſee her. *Marteſia* not daring to refuſe ſuch an obliging Propoſition, thanking *Mandana* for the favour, and would be careful to ſend and acquaint her kinſwoman, who was called *Amaldea*; but the Princeſs would needs ſend one of her own ſervants; and ſo ſhe did. Then *Marteſia* went out to write a letter unto *Amaldea*, by him that was to go for her, which done, ſhe returned again unto *Mandana*'s Chamber, where *Doraliſa*, and *Pherenice* were. *Marteſia* (ſaid the Princeſs unto her, as ſoon as ſhe entered) I know not whether my memory fail me, but I think that when we were at *Themiſcyra*, your Aunt who is one of the moſt accompliſhed perſons in the world had a friend with her, who in my mind was one of the moſt inſupportable women that ere I ſaw, though ſhe was one of the moſt vertuous, in point of gallantry. 'Tis very true Madam, replied ſhe, and I never in all my life knew any unto whom I had a greater averſion then unto her you mention. But how was it poſſible, ſaid *Doraliſa*, that ſuch a one ſhould be the friend of *Amaldea*? for in my mind, it is very extraordinary that any perſon of merit, ſhould have a friend who is not of the ſame mould. It cannot be ſaid, (replied *Mandana*) but that ſhe of whom I ſpeak hath many good qualities; ſince ſhe had been very fair, and was ſo ſtill when I went from *Themiſcyra*: Moreover, ſhe is very vertuous, and hath wit and ſpirit enough, but withal, if *Marteſia* would deſcribe her unto us, I am confident, you would agree that ſhe is not very amiable. Ah Madam, ſaid *Marteſia*, you ſpeak too favourably of a perſon who deſerves not the attribute of vertuous, ſince her vertues do ſo ill become her: And truely (ſaid ſhe, turning towards *Doraliſa*) ſince the Princeſs is pleaſed I ſhould deſcribe this friend of *Amaldea's*, whoſe name is *Iſalonide*: be pleaſed to imagine her as ſhe hath deſcribed her, that is, fair and vertuous, and alſo full of wit and ſpirit; but a ſpirit ſo full of fooliſh pride, that I know not how I ſhould deſcribe it unto you. Indeed, becauſe ſhe knows ſhe hath the vertue of modeſty, ſhe thinks ſhe needs not the vertue of humility; and becauſe ſhe cannot be upbraided with any lightneſs, or gallantry, therefore ſhe thinks ſhe hath a peculiar priviledge, to be peeviſh, fantaſtical, cholerick, and imperious; and indeed, ſhe thinks that becauſe ſhe hath one vertue, ſhe may be permitted to have all the vices: And for my part, were I her husband, I had rather ſhe were a little too gallant, and had a little of all thoſe vertues ſhe wants, than to have but one vertue, and have a little of all the ill habites that one can have. For my particular, replied *Doraliſa*, I think nothing can be more unreaſonable, than for a woman to value what ſhe ought to be at as high a rate, as if ſhe were ſo. *Iſalonide* doth ſo value her ſelf, replied *Marteſia*, and as there are ſome inſolent fools, who think that valour is enough to make up a compleat man; ſo *Iſalonide* thinks, that becauſe ſhe is not a light houſewife, ſhe is the moſt vertuous woman of the age. In the mean time, the reſult of this fine opinion is, that ſhe makes her husband even mad with her fantaſtical humours: ſhe diſorders the whole Family by her ſeverity and pride; ſhe ſharply checks all her kindred that are young; ſhe cenſures all the women in the Town where ſhe lives; ſhe ſcorns all that come near her; ſhe gives a hundred unjuſt judgements; ſhe puts no difference between a little too much Gallantry, and a great crime; and ſhe condemns all that ſhe ſees, and ſees not, thinking that ſhe her ſelf only can brag of being vertuous. And indeed ſhe is of ſuch a preſumptuous ſpirit, that ſhe is moſt intollerable. The truth is, replied *Mandana*, that this vanity hath a very ill foundation, ſince if it be at all excuſable it muſt be when one hath ſome good quality which one is not obliged to have: and it is not enough to be proud, becauſe one hath ſome one vertue without which one ſhould de infamous. For example; If a woman who hath beauty, wit, and vertue, do take ſo much pains as to cultivate thoſe excellencies which nature gave her: And to get ſome extraordinary knowledg in the Arts and Sciences, which ſhe knows how to uſe with all the diſcretion fitting for her Sex, doubtleſs ſhe hath good reaſon to pretend unto more commendations then another; Moreover I muſt agree, that thoſe vertues which *Iſalonide* hath not may in ſome ſort be a juſt cauſe of boaſting unto thoſe who enjoy them: But to draw a vanity out of vertue, is a thing ſo ſhameful unto all the Sex in general, that I am aſhamed to think of it: For truly it may be thought, that this kind of vertue out of which *Iſalonide* draws a vanity, is eſſential unto all women. So in my opinion, the pride of *Iſalonide* is very ill grounded; and I am perſwaded that a man who looks for commendations, becauſe he never poyſoned, or aſſaſſinated any one, hath as good a reaſon for it as ſhe hath, who makes her glory to conſiſt only in that ſhe is not too much addicted unto Gallantry. Doubtleſs ſhe does not know, replied *Doraliſa*, that not to be vitious, is not enough to make one vertuous; and that there is a great interval between Avarice and Liberality: The ſame may be ſaid of all the vertues and all the vices, replied *Mandana*, betwixt which this interval may be found, in which if any one reſt, they neither merit blame nor commendations. For my part, replied *Doraliſa*, and ſmiled, I am willing to think that *Iſalonide* does not merit the Attribute of that vertue whereof ſhe boaſts; for if ſhe be ſo peeviſh, ſo angry, ſo ſcornful, and ſo proud as you diſcribe her, I cannot believe ſhe hath many Adorers. For my part, replied *Marteſia*, I think you are in the right; at leaſt I know that none are more inſufferable to me then ſuch women, as have ſouls ſo baſe as to content themſelves with one vertue, and yet are ſo proud as to ſcorn all thoſe vertues which they want: And the worſt is, her example, of this inſolent and ſavage vertue, does no good at all unto any young perſons; but on the contrary, all the apprehenſions of ſuch ſecure and arrogant women, does incenſe their ſpirits, and makes them ſo afraid of their reſemblance, as that often-times they will not reſemble thoſe who are good. However it be, replied *Mandana*, we ſhall know by *Amaldea* whether *Iſalonide* be ſtill of the ſame humour: and whether a young ſiſter ſhe hath, be of the ſame. If ſhe be, replied *Marteſia*, I muſt confeſs, I could not know it by her Phyſiognomy; for I aſſure you Madam, this young ſiſter, whoſe name is *Cloreliſa*, had ſuch a look with her eyes, as moved me to think ſhe had a very gallant inclination; though it be true, that *Iſalonide* has ſuch an obſervant eye over her, as ſhe cannot follow her own inclination. If this Perſon, replied *Doraliſa*, be as pleaſing as her name is, ſhe is more amiable than her ſiſter: Since I never had any experience of her, replied *Marteſia*, I only know ſhe has a promiſing and gallant Air with her, that ſhe is fair, and that ſhe hath much ſpirit; yet I cannot ſay ſhe is amiable. But in exchange (added *Mandana*) you may aſſure her that ſhe has a brother named *Belemis*, who is as well perſwaded of his own valour, as his ſiſter is of her vertue; or at leaſt they accuſe him (methinks) for making too much of his bravery. The truth Madam is, replied *Marteſia*, that *Belemis* who is a man qualified well enough, hath a little too much affected to appear what he is, and that they have rightly accuſed him for making all the crabbed faces of a ſouldier: For indeed, his walk is too warlike, his action is too haughty; and when he comes into any company, he has the Air of a man that is ready to give battle, rather then for a converſation of Gallantry: his cloaths alſo, has always ſomething unlike peace: and his tone is ſo ſhrill, as one would think his intreaties were commands, military commands; all he does, and all he ſays, would perſwade one that he affects to be reputed brave: yet certainly all this is his natural way. If ſo, replied *Doraliſa*, then he hath great cauſe to chide Nature: for I aſſure you, ſuch men in times of peace are no leſs ridiculous, then ſuch women as are of *Iſalonide's* humour.

After *Doraliſa* had ſaid ſo, *Mandana*, being dreſt, ſhe prepared to go unto the Temple with *Cyrus*, and all thoſe of this Court Errant, if I may phraſe it ſo. But ſince the ſacrifice continued very long, when *Mandana* returned to her lodging ſhe found *Marteſia*'s Aunt, already come, and found with her the moſt pleaſing company in the world: For indeed, ſhe had with her ten or twelve handſome women, and as many men of exceeding good quality; ſo that *Mandana* being pleaſingly ſurprized at this good company, ſhe received them with all poſſible Civility, and the better becauſe they were all known unto her, for they were all of *Themiſcyra*. *Cyrus* for his particular was exceedingly ſatisfied that all this good company ſhould come ſo fitly to make the day more delightſome unto *Mandana*. And all thoſe who were with him were very glad to ſee ſo many Ladies in a place ſo unlikely to meet with any ſo amiable. As for *Marteſia*, ſhe was ſo glad to ſee ſo many of her acquaintance, that her joys ſparkled in her eyes; but ſhe was extreamly over-joyed to ſee with her Aunt the daughter of *Artucas*, whoſe name was *Erenice*, with whom ſhe had a particular friendſhip at *Sinope*, when ſhe lodged with her Uncle, whilſt *Artamenes* was priſoner. She was no ſooner at liberty to talk with her, whilſt *Amaldea* was talking with *Mandana*, but ſhe remembred that ſhe was preſent when thoſe four Lovers which pretended each of them to be the moſt unfortunate Lover in the world, were judged by her in the preſence of *Cyrus*: Alas my dear *Erenice*, ſaid ſhe unto her, what ſtrange accidents have hapned ſince that day I was ſo buſie in examining whether Indifferency, Death, Abſence, or Jealouſie was the moſt Rigorous: and how much time would it take up, if I ſhould examine which hath more perplexed me, abſence from you, or my fears you ſhould forget me. But whilſt *Marteſia* was talking thus, and whilſt *Erenice* was anſwering with as much ingenuity and tenderneſs; *Mandana* did with admiration look upon a perſon whom ſhe ſaw amongſt the Ladies; for though they were all very handſome, yet there was no compariſon betwixt her and the reſt. And indeed, this Lady, whoſe name was *Telamire*, had ſuch rare and extraordinary charms in her beauty, that they will hardly admit of a deſcription. For ſince ſhe was neither Great, nor Little; Pale, nor Red; Black, nor Fair; but held a juſt and even proportion betwixt all theſe, as one would ſay, Nature did diſtinguiſh her from all others, to the end there might not be confuſion in the ſeveral Orders of Beauties, which ſometimes breeds conteſts between the Black, and between the Fair Beauties. Moreover, *Telamire* was not only Fair, but of an admirable Behaviour; and had an Air which was not at all Proud, yet Majeſtical. Again, ſince *Telamire* was neither Black nor Fair, her Aſpect was neither melancholy nor merry, but had ſuch a juſt mixture of both as made her diſcreetly Pleaſant. But as *Telamire* did charm the eyes of all the company; ſo likewiſe there was a man with her that did attract their eyes as much as ſhe; ſince certainly his Behaviour was as good as ſhe was Fair; his Phyſiognomy ſpoke him to be a man of much ſpirit. And he hearkned unto what was ſpoke, with ſuch an Aire, as it was eaſie to perceive that he underſtood things aright. But that which rendred him moſt conſiderable unto *Mandana*, was his being Son unto *Amaldea*, and *Marteſia*'s Couſin: for ſince he was not at *Themiſcyra* when ſhe was there ſhe knew him not. She remembred very well that *Amaldea* had a Son whoſe name was *Artaxander*, but ſhe knew not it was him ſhe ſaw. And ſhe did no ſooner know it, but ſhe made him a moſt obliging Complement, and he anſwered her in a moſt elegant ſtile. So that diſcourſes beginning by degrees, between ſo much excellent company, time paſſed away ſo pleaſingly, that *Mandana* thought it not a minuit ſince ſhe returned from the Temple, when ſhe was advertiſed that it was dinner time. So that *Cyrus* carried all the Men with him, and *Mandana* retained all the Ladies to dine with her; but ſhe declared unto them, that it was not for dinner ſhe retained them, but they ſhould not return home at night. But to anſwer the Civility of the Princeſs, *Amaldea* told her, ſhe would do more than that, becauſe ſhe was reſolved to wait upon her two days journey farther. Thus all this good company being together, the time paſſed away with much delight: one chance fell out which cauſed that *Mandana* could not depart ſo ſoon as ſhe intended, becauſe in the night time, that great River on which this little Town did ſtand, did ſo overflow, that the Countrey all about was water; and for twelve hours together it rained ſo faſt, that it was one cauſe of the Rivers riſing, though the main reaſon of it was, the falling of waters from the Armenian Mountains, which running into this River, did cauſe it to ſwell above its ordinary Banks, and over-flow the Plains. However, *Mandana* muſt croſs it before ſhe could continue her journey, and therefore of neceſſity ſhe muſt ſtay until the waters were aſſwaged: and alſo this good Company muſt needs ſtay with her, becauſe *Amaldea*'s houſe was on the other ſide of the River. And though there was a Bridge, and this Bridge not broken, yet there was no getting within twelve furlongs of it, ſo as all this good Company ſtaying together, their deſign was only to paſs the time without wearineſs unto *Mandana*, who for her part did contribute all her endeavours to divert the Company.

But *Marteſia* (ſaid ſhe one morning unto her) how came all theſe Ladies to aſſemble together at your Aunts? I aſſure you Madam, (replied ſhe) I do not know; but ſince they came hither, I have done nothing elſe but talk of you, and ſatisfie their curioſities concerning your adventures: And though fame had partly told them, yet it told them falſe, and I was glad to let them know the truth. But now I have told them all they deſire to know, I muſt move them in their turns, to tell me all I deſire to know; for all I know yet is, that there is a notable adventure between this Beauty you ſee here, whoſe name is *Telamire* and *Artaxander*; and that it ſeems love makes happy and unhappy every where. *Telamire*, replied *Mandana*, is very likely to produce thoſe two different effects, for I never in my life ſaw any that pleaſed me more; And therefore *Marteſia* inform your ſelf a little better of her fortune, and let me know it. I ſhall be very glad to obey you Madam, replied ſhe ſince I have ſuch an inclination my ſelf: and indeed that Evening *Erenice* being with *Marteſia*, without any company but *Doraliſa*, ſhe obeyed *Mandana's* commands. Dear Couſin, (ſaid ſhe unto her) ſince I have related the Adventures of our Princeſs, and of the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, I hope you will not be ſilent in your own, and thoſe of your acquaintance. When I have told you, replied ſhe, that after your departure from *Sinope*, my Father ſent me unto *Themiſcyra*, to *Amaldea*; and that I was often ſorry never to hear from you, doubtleſs I have told you the moſt important paſſages of my life. Tell me at leaſt, replied *Marteſia*, how it comes to paſs that ſo many amiable Perſons, who heretofore had no ſociety together, ſhould now make a journey together. To ſatisfie your knowledge in this (replied ſhe) it is requiſite I relate the whole lives of *Artaxander* and *Telamire*. Though *Artaxander* be my Couſin as he is yours (replied *Marteſia*) yet fortune hath ſo often parted us that we hardly know each other: But ſince he ſeems to be a very well accompliſhed man, I ſhould be very glad to know him from you. Therefore my dear *Erenice*, I beſeech you acquaint me with his life, and let *Doraliſa* have her ſhare in the diverſion. The adventures of perſons unto whom others have no relation, replied *Erenice*, are ſo far from diverting them, that I conceive it beſt to ſtay until you and I be alone; for though what I ſhall tell you have ſomething that is extraordinary in it, yet as I ſaid before, thoſe who have no intereſt in the fortune of them, whoſe Hiſtory is related cannot take any delight in hearing it. I am ſo much intereſted in the happineſs of *Artaxander* and *Talemire*, replied *Doraliſa*, that I ſhould he extreamly glad to hear their Adventures. For the truth is, it is impoſſible to ſee them, and not deſire their happineſs. And to teſtifie unto you, that they are not indifferent to me, I aſſure you, that I wiſh with all my heart, if *Artaxander* have any Rivals, that they may be ill treated; and if *Telamire* love any, that it may be *Artaxander*. But perhaps you have ſome ſecrets to impart unto *Marteſia*, which you would not have me to know, and therefore is is better to leave you at liberty. Oh *Doraliſa!* (ſaid *Erenice*, and would not let her go) I beſeech you do not offer to go away; for I am perſwaded, if I ſhould deprive *Marteſia* of your ſight, mine would not give her any ſatisfaction. Moreover as ſweet as ſhe ſeems to be, I aſſure you ſhe is one of the moſt revengful perſons in the world; and to prove it, I remember, that having one day the misfortune to take her out of very good Company, ſhe was never at reſt until ſhe was revenged, by putting me upon the company of one of the moſt weariſome perſons that ever was; and therefore I beſeech you do not go away. Then ſatisfie me, replied *Marteſia*, ſince I am ſo revengeful, for I declare unto you, that if you will not relate unto me the whole life of *Artaxander* and *Telamire*, I ſhall relate unto *Doraliſa* all I know of yours. And you know I am not ignorant, that you have made more miſerable than one, ſince we were acquainted. Since that relation (replied *Erenice* and and bluſht) would have leſs diverſion in it, than that which I ſhould relate, though you ſpeak much leſs then I, yet I had rather obey than reſiſt you. Then do obey, replied *Marteſia*, but that the word obey may be rightly placed, obey *Doraliſa*, and addreſs your ſpeech unto her: For ſhe being a ſtranger at *Themiſcyra*, you muſt explain many things unto her, which you would not unto me. After this *Doraliſa* anſwered ſomething, and *Erenice* replied: But at laſt, *Marteſia* having impoſed ſilence upon them both, and giving order that nothing ſhou'd diſturb them, *Erenice* began her Relation in theſe Terms.

BIBLIOTH

The Hiſtory of ARTAXANDER *and* TELAMIRE.

SInce thoſe whoſe lives I am to relate are ſcarcely known unto you, 'tis requiſite I begin my Relation with their Elogie, that ſo engaging you unto their intereſts, by ſome reſentments of eſteem, you may with more attention hearken unto what I ſay. But ſince the merits of theſe two Perſons are high enough to have got that eſteem already, I have reaſon to fear that I cannot commend them enough. However, I muſt tell you, that *Telamire* is one of the moſt charming Perſons in the Univerſe unto ſuch as particularly know her: and though ſhe be moſt amiable unto all in general, yet ſhe is infinitely more unto ſuch as have any intimacy with her. And it may be ſaid, that ſhe is as much above her ſelf, when ſhe is with her intimate friends, as ſhe is above many others, when ſhe is in a general converſation: Alſo ſhe is ſo univerſally known, that when any one ſees a dull perſon in *Themiſcyra,* they uſe to ſay, ſend him to *Telamire,* for ſhe hath as much as the other hath little. Moreover, *Telamire* is exceedingly ſweet and generous; and her beauty is certainly the leaſt good quality ſhe hath. As for *Artaxander,* it is enough I tell you, that *Marteſia* can boldly acknowledg in her Couſins behalf, that he hath all thoſe excellent qualities which are requiſite to make up moſt perfectly accompliſht man. After this, I muſt tell you, that *Telamire* is a Lady of Quality; whoſe father was called *Algaſtus*; and her mother was a moſt vertuous woman, who tenderly loved *Amaldea* the mother of *Artaxander,* under the governance of whom he hath ever been, becauſe his father died when he was but in his Cradle. And the better to let you underſtand what I muſt tell you in the ſequel of my diſcourſe, be pleaſed to know, that *Algaſtus* never had more than one daughter, which was *Telamire*: and that from her very infancy, her mother, whoſe name was *Cleoſſinte,* did always tell *Amaldea,* that ſhe would marry her daughter unto the young *Artaxander* her ſon, who was then about five or ſix years elder than *Telamire*,who at that time was not above twelve. But though this deſign was known unto very few, and though *Algaſius* himſelf knew it not, yet it was not ſo ſecretly carried, but the young *Telamire* knew ſomething of the buſineſs, by the women which waited upon her: ſo as from that time, ſhe diſpoſed her heart to be obedient unto *Cleoſſonte*. And I cannot tell, whether one ſhould not attribute ſome part of *Telamire*'s merits unto the innocent deſign which ſhe had in her infancy, to be e're long in a condition of meriting *Artaxander*'s eſteem. The truth is, I cannot think one could be more amiable, being an Infant, than *Telamire* was; for her perſon was not ononly exceeding handſome, but ſhe had one of the beſt Complexions in the world, and ſtruck all her Maſters into admiration: either he who taught her to dance, or him who taught her the *Aſſyrian* Language, which ſhe ſpoke excellently well. And moſt certainly none could dance better than ſhe did at that time,nor ſpeak a ſtrange Language more politely. Moreover, her ſtature was already ſo well proportioned,and her Phyſiognomy ſo compoſed, that all men of any ingenuity, who came unto *Cleoſſonte*, did not treat her as a child any longer, though yet ſhe was one; but on the contrary, extolled her as a compleat woman, and talked to her as if ſhe were eighteen years of age; alſo ſhe anſwered them ſo ingenuouſly, and with ſuch ſparks of wit and ſpirit in her countenance, as one would think, that if ſhe was not very forward to talk, it was only becauſe ſhe knew, that ſhe was not twelve years of age, and that decency would not allow her yet to ſhew all her wit, though ſhe ſhewed enough to make them admire her: ſo as having all the graces of Infancy, without any of the Toys, I aſſure you, ſhe was then infinitely amiable and charming. I tell you this (amiable *Doraliſa*) to let you know the firſt ground of *Telamires* and *Artaxanders* affection: 'Tis true, it could not well be called affection at that time: for ſince *Amaldea* ſent *Artaxander* to travel as ſoon as he was ſeventeen years of age, and ſince his travel was long, he ſcarcely remembred that ever he heard his mother ſay, ſhe deſired he ſhould marry *Telamire*: and *Telamire* her ſelf though ſhe remembred

bred the intention of *Cleoſſonte*, yet ſhe thought it would never come to paſs: for you muſt know, that this vertuous perſon died when *Telamire* was but fourteen years of age: ſo as being under the governance of her father, who ſet a wiſe and vertuous woman over her, ſhe thought upon nothing but better accompliſhing her ſelf without any thoughts of *Artaxander*, conſidering that *Cleoſſontes* deſign being grounded upon her friendſhip to *Amaldea*, it would now fall, ſince ſhe was dead: And ſince *Algaſtus* her father was ſo far from any thoughts of marrying her, that his mind was all upon another wife; for ſince he was very rich, he did not deſpair to find one, though he was old, and though he would have one that was young, fair, and of good quality: *Amaldea* alſo for her part, ſhe never thought more upon this marriage: for ſhe knew that *Algaſtus* never thought of marrying his daughter; and ſince ſhe ſaw him in a poſſibility of having other children by another wife, ſhe thought the match not ſo advantagious as in *Cleoſſontes* days; ſo this buſineſs was laid aſide, as if it had never been thought upon. In the interim, time paſſing on, and *Artaxander* being improved as much by his Travels, as *Telamire* grew fair in his abſence: he returned to *Themiſcyra*: But ſince he had never been in a place, where they ſaid, that heretofore did dwell the ſecond Queen of the *Amazons*, called *Orithea*, at that time when ſhe reigned in *Cappadocia*, therefore he had a great Curioſity to go and ſee it: and indeed it was one of the goodlieſt places in the world; and ſo famous, that it was a kind of ſhame for a man of any ſpirit, not to have been there, and to be ignorant of what was there to be ſeen. In the mean time, as chance would have it, you muſt know, that *Artaxander* found in that place a company of *Themiſcyrian* Ladies, who came thither upon the ſame occaſion he did, to wit, only out of Curioſity: Amongſt the reſt, there was a Lady, whoſe name was *Clorelisa*, who was very pleaſant, and ſo is ſtill, tho ſince ſhe hath much been vexed This *Clorelisa* had neither father nor mother living, and therefore dwelt with a brother, named *Belemis*; having no mind to dwell with a ſiſter which ſhe had, who was called *Iſalonide*, becauſe ſhe was one of the moſt imperious perſons in the world

To ſpare you the labour of deſcribing her, (ſaid *Marteſia* and interrupted her) I muſt tell you, that I have acquainted *Doraliſa* what ſhe is, to wit, fooliſhly proud that ſhe cannot be accuſed of too much Gallantry. Nor is it neceſſary that you tell us what *Belemis* is, ſince I have told her he might well repreſent the God of War. But as for *Cloreliſa* you would do me a pleaſure in telling me of what humour ſhe is at this preſent.

Cloreliſa, replied *Erenice*, is oppoſite unto *Iſalonide* in many things, and reſembles her in only one. For the truth is, her inclination is unto Gallantry: But though ſhe ſeem to be very Civil, and when ſhe pleaſeth is Complaiſant enough, ſo her Complaiſance may ſerve her own intereſts; yet ſhe is as imperious in her Gallantry, as her Siſter is in her way. Moreover, ſhe is as full of revenge as one can be: for ſhe will attempt any thing to ſatisfie that humour, being none of thoſe who ſay that they ought never to be revenged upon themſelves: for ſhe is of ſuch an humour, that ſhe had rather do her ſelf harm, than not hurt to them ſhe hates: However, ſince *Cloreliſa* is fair and wity: and ſince her imperious humour never appears unto thoſe who jar not with her, it is very hard to look upon her and not love her: ſo that *Artaxander* meeting her at this Town, in which are the ruines of *Orithea's* Caſtle, he was as civil to her as any well qualified Man ought to be unto a Beauty; and a Beauty who being but a Child when he went from *Themiſcyra*, had now all the graces of novelty: Alſo he applied himſelf more to talk unto her than unto all the reſt of her Company. But as theſe kind of meetings do often cauſe others, ſo after they had viewed all that was to be ſeen at the Caſtle of this great Queen of the *Amazons*, they deſigned to go unto another place, where it was ſaid that *Hercules* and *Theſeus* arrived, when they defeated thoſe valiant Warriors: and where might be ſeen the place where thoſe two Siſters of that Queen, the one named *Hippolite*, and the other *Menalippe*, were taken Priſoners by thoſe two Heroes: So that *Artaxander*, and *Cloreliſa* being many days together, and uſing much familiarity and talk, there grew betwixt them a kind of League, which I know not what to call. For I underſtood ſince from *Artaxander*, that his heart was never really touched with any love, and that the affection he had unto *Clorelisa* was only in his mind: and truly (ſaid he unto me, one day when I preſſed him to tell me his thoughts of her) to teſtifie that my heart is free. I love *Clorelisa*, becauſe I would love her, and I love her without any diſtemper. But for all that (amiable *Doraliſa*) *Artaxander* during this journey was as full of his Gallantry as his wit could furniſh out. If he talked unto her of *Hippolite*, with whom *Theſeus* fell in love, after he took her Priſoner, it was to let her underſtand, that he ſhould have had the ſame diſtance, if *Hippolite* had reſembled her: And if he talked to her of *Hercules*, when they ſhewed him how he overcame the *Amazons*; it was alſo to tell her, that ſhe was more valiant than ever they, ſince ſhe could get victories, and make priſoners without any Arms. To be ſhort, though *Artaxander* did only eſteem *Cloreliſa*, yet he carried the matter as if he were in love with her: inſomuch as *Cloreliſa*, who had opinion good enough of her ſelf, believed that he thought as he ſaid, and looked upon him as her Slave. So as returning unto *Themiſcyra*, with the glory of her Conqueſt, there was none who at her return did not think her much embelliſht; ſo well did her joys become her beauty. But (amiable *Doraliſa*) before I tell you how *Artaxander* was eſteemed at *Themiſcyra*: I muſt tell you that our Town being much divided into Factions, there was a Family which was Enemy unto that of *Artaxander*, whoſe eldeſt Son, named *Tyſemenes*, was of the ſame age with him: ſo as chance ſo ordering it, that his Parents ſent him unto the ſame places where *Artaxander* was. So it happened, that both of them being young, both well born, and never had any jars one with another, meeting both in a ſtrange Country, engaging themſelves in the ſame buſineſs, in the ſame pleaſures, and being far from thoſe who bore all the hatred, they came at length to love one another; and fortune ſent them many occaſions wherein they had need of each other, and accordingly they were ſerviceable unto each other with equal Generoſity. Inſomuch as theſe two reconciled Enemies did promiſe an inviolable Affection, and went unto the Wars together againſt *Polycrates*.

I ſhall not inſiſt, how they ſignalized themſelves: but ſhall tell you, that ſince this War, *Artaxander* was called home by *Amaldea*, and ſo *Tyſimenes* and he parted: But at parting, they agreed, that they would not publiſh their Reconciliation until they met at *Themiſcyra*: for ſince the Father of *Tyſimenes* was violent and fantaſtical, he feared leſt it ſhould incenſe him, and leſſen the exhibition for his ſubſiſtence. Thus this friendſhip being as myſterious as love, it was as violent and tender. In the mean time, this Reconciliation made no noiſe in the Court, and at the return of *Artaxander*, the talk was that he fell in love with *Cloreliſa*, at the Caſtle of *Orithia*: but not a word that he was become the Friend of *Tyſimenes* during his Travels. Then, to return unto the joys which *Cloreliſa* had, to think ſhe had ſubdued the heart of *Artaxander*, I muſt tell you, ſhe talked of nothing elſe. 'Tis true, this joy was a little qualified by the ſharp reprehenſions of *Iſalonide*, for going that Voyage: for though ſhe went with the permiſſion of her Brother, and with excellent Company, yet ſhe muſt needs make a ſtrange hurley burley about it: upbraiding her, that there was a hundred famous Temples in *Cappadocia*, unto which ſhe never had any curioſity to go: and yet upon a buſineſs of Gallantry, ſhe muſt go to a place where nothing was remarkale, unleſs an old Story of *Amazons*: However, *Cloreliſa* being accuſtomed unto her ſeverity, ſhe cheered up her ſelf preſently againſt her Siſters anger; And ſince *Telamire* was not well and kept her Chamber, ſhe went to viſit her: for there being a great amity between them, and being equal in quality and age, they uſed to ſee each other very often: Alſo *Cloreliſa*, in the mind ſhe was, had a mind to ſeek out new Acquaintance, to the end ſhe might have occaſions of relating her Voyage, and talk of *Artaxander*. There was alſo another reaſon which moved *Cloreliſa* to ſee *Telamire* very oft; for you muſt know, that *Belenis* her Brother was much in love with her, and preſſed her every day, to knit acquaintance with her, to the end ſhe might be able to do him a good office. After that ſhe had quieted *Iſalonide*, ſhe went unto *Telamire*, not knowing that the Mother of this Lady had a deſign to marry her unto *Artaxander*, for there had been no reports of it out of the Family. So that after the firſt Complements, and *Cloreliſa* had told *Telamire*, that her ſickneſs had not altered her: and that *Telamire* alſo had told *Cloreliſa*, that the Sun had not burned her, *Cloreliſa* asked her the News of the Town, and *Telamire* asked her concerning her Voyage. So that having a way ſo eaſie to humour her own inclination, ſhe made her an exact Relation of it, aggravating with extream delight, her meeting with *Artaxander*. Since I have not ſtirred out of my Chamber of late, (ſaid *Telamire* unto her) I knew not that *Artaxander* was returned: but I beſeech you, did you find him handſome enough to render your Voyage the more delightſome. I aſſure you, replied *Cloreliſa*, I found him to be ſo excellently accompliſhed, as I do not think any one in *Themiſcary* is more. When one is in an humour to divert ones ſelf, (replied *Telamire*) one ſhall be pleaſed at any thing, and thoſe who are but meanly accompliſhed, will pleaſe ſometimes better than thoſe who are more can, when that humour is off. No, no, *Telamire*, (replied *Cloreliſa*) the eſteem I have of *Artaxander*, is not grounded upon my pleaſant humour, but upon his own merits, which are ſuch, as to juſtifie the judgment which I have given of him, I will bring him to you: and I will take upon me to chuſe his acquaintance, and his friends for him: for as you know, he parted from *Themiſcyra* very young, he is now almoſt a ſtranger in his own Country. Certainly, replied *Telamire*, *Artaxander* hath found you to be as fair, as he finds you to be accompliſhed, ſince in ſo ſhort a time, he eſteems you ſo much as to let you chuſe his friends and acquaintance for him. However it be, replied ſhe, have not you an ill opinion of *Artaxander*, becauſe I confeſs unto you, that he hath a good one of me: For the truth is, your compleateſt men are capable of an error once in their lives; and it may be that I am in the ſame of *Artaxander*. Oh *Cloreliſa*, replied *Telamire*, I ſhall rather believe the error is in *Artaxander* than in you, ſince I am well acquainted with your merits, but with his, not enough to anſwer for him. That you may judge juſtly, replied *Clorelisa*, I will bring him unto you to morrow: for (added ſhe and ſmiled) ſince it is I who brings him unto you, I muſt not ſtay till you be perfectly well, leſt I ſhould expoſe this friend whom I eſteem ſo much, unto a great danger, if you ſhould ſee him, when you are perfectly recovered. Since he hath ſeen you already, replied *Telamire*, you have no reaſon to fear any in *Themiſcyra*, ſince certainly there are none ſo taking as your ſelf: you are diſpoſed to flatter me, replied *Clorelisa*, but all the ſweet language you can give me this day, will not blot out the wrong you have done me, in telling me I do not know compleat Men, ſince you ſuppoſe I am miſtaken: But to puniſh you, if the fancy take me, I will tell *Artaxander* that you cannot believe what I ſay of him. Oh, *Clorelisa*, (cried out *Telamire*) take heed what you do, for if you ſhould do ſo, I ſhould never pardon you as long as I live. As *Clorelisa* was ready to anſwer, there came in ſome Ladies, who cauſed the Diſcourſe to change, and moved her to go away, for they were ſuch as did not pleaſe her fancy. In the mean time, ſince *Artaxander* had a particular intimacy with her, and with all the Ladies with whom ſhe was in their Voyage, he ſaw them every day, and came acquainted with *Belemis*: ſo that it was an eaſie matter for *Clorelisa* to keep her word with *Telamire*. But ſince her deſigns was to be very careful in keeping that conqueſt which ſhe thought ſhe had made, ſhe told *Artaxander*, when ſhe carried him unto *Telamire*, that ſhe was carrying him unto a Miſtreſs of her Brothers. But I believe ſhe told him ſo, to the end that he looking upon her, as a perſon who was already engaged unto another, he might have no thoughts of her, in caſe the Charms of *Telamire* ſhould move his heart more than her own. But that he might not be ſurprized at the beauty of *Telamire*, ſhe extolled her to the Skie, knowing well, that it was a good way to leſſen the admiration which any great beauty may cauſe at the firſt ſight. At leaſt I do imagine that this was her aim, and my reaſon is, becauſe when ſhe ſpoke of *Telamire*'s beauty unto other Men, ſhe was nothing earneſt in her Elogies. However it was, they came unto this fair ſick one, who doubtleſs deſerved that Epethite; for ſince it was my chance to ſee her that day, I never ſaw her look better in her health. 'Tis true, her diſeaſe was not great, and ſhe was handſomely dreſt; alſo in ſuch a negligent and taking manner, that it was impoſſible to look upon her, and not to love, at leaſt, like her. Alſo *Clorelisa*, who ſince the return of *Artaxander*, had much more care of her ſelf than ordinary, was alſo handſomely dreſt that day: but for all that, the negligent and free Garb of *Telamire* exceeded her; and ſhe appear'd a thouſand times more fair than *Clorelisa*, though *Clorelisa* was alſo exceeding well.

Since I had a great ſhare in *Telamire*'s friendſhip, ſhe ſent unto me that morning, to paſs away the afternoon with her: and indeed I came ſo timely, that I was with her, before *Clorelisa*: but I was no ſooner ſet down, then ſhe asked me, upon what terms I was with *Artaxander*? for, ſaid ſhe, as we may ſometimes have friends who are not Couſins, ſo alſo we may have Couſins who are not friends. All I can tell you, replied ſhe, is, that *Artaxander* is certainly an excellent well qualified man, enough both to be my Couſin and my Friend: But being it was not long ſince his return; and ſince his return he hath been continually with *Clorelisa*, or with thoſe Ladies with whom ſhe was at the Caſtle of *Orithea*, I know not yet, whether he hold me as his Friend, or will look upon me only as his Couſin. As ſoon as I had ſaid ſo, *Artaxander* leading *Clorelisa*, entred: ſo that *Clorelisa* preſenting him unto *Telamire*, ſhe received him with much civility, and he ſaluted her with much reſpect. I obſerved, that at the firſt he was ſurprized at the ſight of *Telamire*, and maugre the the Elogies of *Clorelisa*, he did not imagine her half ſo fair as he found her. But ſince *Clorelisa* did doubtleſs obſerve him as well as I, ſhe bluſht for envy, and the more, for caſting her eyes upon a great Glaſs, which was oppoſite to her, wherein ſhe ſaw *Telamire*, and her ſelf alſo, and maugre the good opinion which ſhe had of her own beauty, ſhe knew that *Artaxander* had good reaſon to think *Telamire* fairer than her ſelf: at leaſt there appeared unto me, ſuch a kind of fretting in her countenance, as moved me to make that Interpretation. Alſo I obſerve, that after ſhe had ſeen her ſelf in the Glaſs with *Telamire*, ſhe changed places, ſaying, that the heat of the day had made her eyes look ill: but doubtleſs the reaſon why ſhe changed places was, becauſe *Artaxander* ſhould not ſee them both at once, as he might before, and ſo he might not ſo eaſily diſcern the difference between *Telamire* and her. And indeed, as ſoon as ſhe was removed, and ſtood where ſhe deſired, the vexing feature in her face, me-thought did vaniſh: And deſiring her excellent wit might repair her diſadvantage of beauty, ſhe began to break out into a hundred witty and pleaſing fancies. But though *Telamire* did not reply with the ſame earneſtneſs that *Cloreliſa* ſpoke, yet ſhe replied ſo pertinently, and in ſuch an ingenious manner, as made it apparent her Wit was as excellent as her Beauty. At firſt, the diſcourſe was of *Cloreliſa's* voyage, afterwards of her unexpected meeting with *Artaxander*, and of the friendſhip ſhe had with him. For my part, ſaid I, I am perſwaded that one may ſee in another enough in ſix daies to eſteem and love them, more than thoſe who know only after anothers information can in ſix months: For when they know them by a third perſon, who prepares the mind with high Elogies, their imaginations are ſo poſſeſſed with ideas of their own, that when they come to ſee, they will not find their fancies and ideas anſwered. Doubtleſs it often happens as you ſay, (replied *Artaxander*) but not alwaies: And for example, I only need to tell you, that though *Cloreliſa* told me, *Telamire* was one of the faireſt perſons in the world, and though I fancied an Idea of all I could think admirable, yet I muſt confeſs unto you, that if I could let you ſee my fancy, you ſhould ſee I had drawn but a very bad Picture of her. That which we uſe to call a bad Picture, replied *Telamire*, is one, which reſembles not the Perſon for whom it was made, and a Picture which flatters, is as bad a Picture, as that which makes ugly; and ſo I think I may without any vanity, ſay of yours; becauſe perhaps, you found the Idea which you fancied of me, much fairer than I am. Oh *Telamire*, ſaid *Cloreliſa*, I am not of your opinion in this, for I can never agree, that a Picture which flatters is a bad Picture; ſince *Telamire* (replied *Artaxander*) never had hers which did flatter, becauſe it is impoſſible to be made fairer than her ſelf. I do not wonder ſhe ſhould not know the difference: But I wonder (ſaid he and reprehended himſelf, ſeeing he extolled *Telamire* ſo much, and *Clorelisa* ſo little) that you *Clorelisa* ſhould know it, ſince certainly there can be no Picture taken from you, which does not injure you very much: I pray *Axtaxander* (ſaid ſhe, and both laughed, and bluſht) do not undertake too many things at once: Either commend *Telamire*, and not me; or elſe commend me, and not her; for this divided Elogy doth never oblige any. But not to puzzle you in making a choice, which perhaps would not be advantagious unto me, it is better, that ſince you have told what you think of *Telamire*, *Telamire* alſo tell what ſhe thinks of you, and whether the Idea which ſhe fancied, be better than what ſhe finds: For to tell you truly, I ſpoke as well of you unto her yeſterday, as I did of her unto you: But I believe ſhe will not admire you ſo much as you do her, becauſe ſince ſhe hath not ſo good an opinion of me as you have, ſhe did not give ſo much credit unto my words, when I commended you, as you did when I commended her. Fie *Clorelisa*, (ſaid *Telamire*) you are the moſt cruel woman in the world. Since I ſpeak nothing (replied ſhe) but what I menaced before, me-thinks you ſhould not be ſurprized at it. *Telamire* then fearing that *Artaxander* ſhould believe ſhe had ſpoke ſome ſtrange thing concerning him, began to relate the whole diſcourſe which ſhe had with *Clorelisa* the day before: Confeſſing ingeniouſly, that ſhe did not believe him to be ſo compleat a man, as *Clorelisa* had repreſented him. Yet I hope (added ſhe) that you will be ſo reaſonable, as not to be offended at what I thought of you, before I knew you; and that you will be ſatisfied with the juſtice I render, now I do know you better. Certainly I ſhall not be offended, Madam, replied *Artaxander*, at any thoughts you had of me before you knew me; but I am afraid I ſhall have ſome cauſe to be ſorry for your thoughts of me after you know me. Oh heavens (ſaid *Clorelisa*, not giving *Telamire* time to anſwer) that ſhe could ſo far miſtake her ſelf; then ſhould I be the beſt pleaſed in the world, if I could upbraid her with want of judgement in compleat men. But I am afraid that I ſhall never have that ſatisfaction; and that on the contrary, you will become ſo much her friend, that I ſhall become yours leſs: And truly I ſhall not take it well, if ſhe ſhould be more yours than mine. Provided that *Artaxander* be no more my friend than he is yours, replied *Telamire* and ſmiled, what will it concern you, if I be more his than you are? What will it concern me? (replied *Clorelisa*!) ah *Telamire*, it will extreamly concern me; for I am ſure you can never be *Artaxanders* friend more than I am, unleſs he be more yours than mine. But amiable *Clorelisa* (ſaid *Artaxander*, and ſmiled as well as they) ſince you have done me the favour to accept of the Commiſſion which I gave you, to chooſe my friends for me, and ſince you have brought me hither, I hope you had no deſign that I ſhould become the enemy of *Telamire*. No, replied ſhe, but I had no intention you ſhould be ſo much in her favour, as that I ſhould be out, and yet I am the moſt miſtaken in the world, if this come not to paſs. Though *Clorelisa* ſpoke this in laughter, yet I aſſure you ſhe feared it in earneſt.

But after this viſit had laſted a long while, ſhe went away: But went away, not knowing what to think upon the matter; ſince *Artaxander* was ſo charmed with the beauty of *Telamire*, that his memory ſtood in need of all its helps, to remember whether he had not commended her too highly in ſpeaking unto *Clorelisa*. Yet ſince he had much ado to talk of any thing elſe, becauſe his imagination was wholly taken up with her, he talked leſs than uſual all that day: Which *Clorelisa* obſerved well enough, as ſhe told me afterwards, to her grief. But that which vexed her more the next day was, that ſhe underſtood by me of the Ladies, whom *Artaxander* ſaw with her the firſt time he ever met her, that he had ſo extolled the beauty of *Telamire*, as ſhe never heard a higher commendation in all her life. So as conſidering that he hardly ſpake unto her, ſhe conjectured, that his thoughts were wholly upon *Telamire*, and not upon her. Yet ſince ſhe had a good opinion of her ſelf, and ſhe never had any ſlave who brake her chains, ſhe could not believe that *Artaxander* could break thoſe fetters which ſhe had (as ſhe thought) laid upon him. So as not ſeeming to be troubled at it, ſhe lived with him as ſhe begun,

gun, to wit, in much friendſhip. But a little while after, underſtanding that *Artaxander* had been ſeveral times with *Telamire* and never told her, ſhe was in a ſtrange fume, for then ſhe thought that he loved *Telamire* better than her. Yet to excuſe her credulity, I muſt ſay, that *Artaxander* being inſenſible, engaged to complement with her, as if he were in love, he knew not how to make a Retreat. So as, though his heart was full of violent paſſion unto *Telamire*, yet he talked unto *Clorelisſa* as he uſed, and the rather, becauſe he did really intend to ſtifle that growing affection which he had unto *Telamire*, and to lock up his heart both againſt the one and the other; conceiting that ſimple Gallantry without any ingredient of Love, was much more pleaſing and agreeable than a violent paſſion could be. Thus he continued to talk unto *Clorelisſa*, as thoſe who uſe to talk of Love, but never mean it. 'Tis true, he continued not long at eaſe.

In the mean time *Clorelisſa*, whoſe heart was really engaged, diſcanting upon the ſtate wherein ſhe was, conſidered which way ſhe might prevent *Artaxander* from ſeeing *Telamire*, or at leaſt from contracting any friendſhip with her. At firſt, ſhe thought it expedient to fall out with *Telamire*, and oblige *Artaxander* to the like, in taking her part; but conſidering upon a ſudden, that perhaps ſhe was not able to win him unto ſuch a thing, ſhe feared, that if ſhe ſhould ſee her no more, yet he would, and ſo ſhe ſhould not be able to interrupt their converſation by her preſence; ſo as reſentment of jealouſie cauſing her to take up a contrary deſign, ſhe reſolved to make a ſhew of moſt tender friendſhip unto *Telamire*, and to ſee her ſo oft, that *Artaxander* ſhould never ſee her, without her: And to puzzle him the more, ſhe obliged *Belemis* her Brother, to diſcover unto *Artaxander*, the love he bore unto *Telamire*, and to deſire his aſſiſtance, telling him, that he knew *Telamire* did infinitely eſteem him, and that he was the fitteſt man he could chooſe for a Confident: And indeed *Belemis* uſed all his endeavours to get the friendſhip of *Artaxander*: and following the adviſe of *Clorelisſa*, he truſted him with the very ſecrets of his heart, and diſcovered his paſſion unto him, conjuring him to aſſiſt him as far as he could. You may imagine, that *Artaxander* was put to great puzzle. For it was not likely he ſhould tell him that he was his Rival, conſidering how his caſe ſtood with his Siſter; and it was alſo impoſſible to do for him, as he deſired. However *Belemis* deſiring this favour from him in a blunt ſouldierlike way, which was natural unto him, he hardly knew what to ſay unto him; yet *Artaxander* having an excellent wit, he excuſed himſelf as well as he could. Sir, ſaid he unto him, I am much obliged unto you for the Confidence you are pleaſed to put in me: But *Belemis*, if you will give me leave to ſpeak freely what I think, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs unto you, that I am the worſt Agent upon earth in any ſuch matters; and the only reaſon why I will never undertake to ſerve my friends in any ſuch waies of Love, is, becauſe I am fully perſwaded that I ſhould do them more hurt than good; and that in ſuch caſes as theſe one ought to imploy none but themſelves; for truly a friend in ſuch caſes, doth often more harm than a Rival. And indeed, can you imagine that if *Telamire* ſhould know that you impart all ſhe tells you unto me, and all that you tell her, ſhe will not be rigorous towards you? No, no *Belemis*, deceive not your ſelf: But be aſſured a Miſtreſs will ever be ſevere, if ſhe know that her Lover hath any Confident, for ſhe will truſt her Lover with many more ſecrets than ſhe will his friend: Therefore all I can promiſe you is, to ſpeak of you unto *Telamire*, according to my own reſentments, when any occaſion offers it ſelf; for otherwiſe I ſhould prejudice you more than you imagine. Since *Belemis* had not the leaſt ſuſpition that *Artaxander* was his Rival: but on the contrary, thought him to be in love with *Clorelisa*, he only deſired him at the leaſt to give him his beſt adviſe. And ſince *Artaxander* had no pretence to refuſe that, he conſented unto it, and the rather, becauſe it was ſome ſweetneſs unto him, to hear all the complaints which he made of *Telamire*. And this ſweetneſs he often taſted, for ſince there was ſcarce a day on which he did not receive ſome new piece of Cruelty from that fair One, he was continually condoling with *Artaxander*.

On the other ſide, *Clorelisa* according to her deſign, was ſo full of complaiſance unto *Telamire*, and was ſo very officiouſly ſerviceable, that *Telamire* did really believe ſhe loved her very tenderly: And ſhe had one advantage by ſeeing her every day: For ſince *Telamire* had the reputation of extraordinary vertue, the ſevere *Iſalonide* could find no fault with her Siſter. And indeed ſhe was ſo very frequently with her, that ſhe was almoſt no where elſe. You may well think, that it was a cruel torment unto *Artaxander*, to be continually talking unto one whom he loved not, and not to be able to talk unto her whom he did love. In the mean time, he was extreamly perplexed to ceaſe the telling *Clorelisa* that he loved her, and to begin the telling *Telamire* that he adored her: Moreover, the confidence of *Belemis* became very troubleſome unto him; and he grew at laſt ſo deep in Love, and vexed, that all were intollerable to him. And indeed, his paſſion became ſo ſtrong in a few daies, that he cared not much what *Clorelisa*, or *Belemis* ſhould think, though they did know he loved *Telamire*: But the great trouble of his ſpirits was, to let the fair *Telamire* know what thoughts he had of her. Since *Clorelisa* and *Belemis* were continually with *Telamire*, it was a very hard matter for him to find her alone: And he was a long time in hopes of *Clorelisa's* being ſick, that ſhe might keep her Chamber, and when that occaſion did offer it ſelf, he was as much troubled to find *Telamire* with her: For *Clorelisa's* eyes were no ſooner open the morning, but the jealouſies of her ſoul, moved her to ſend unto *Telamire*, and to entreat her, ſhe would be pleaſed to have ſome pity upon her in her ſickneſs, and to ſee her as ſoon as ſhe had dined, for if ſhe did not, it would be a great addition of inquietude in her ſickneſs. So that *Telamire* thinking that *Clorelisa* loved her very dearly, ſhe went betimes unto her; and forcing her inclination, which did not naturally love *Clorelisa*, ſhe anſwered her ſeeming friendſhip by a thouſand expreſſions of her ſervice and care; and particularly in her diligence and aſſiduity in this her ſickneſs. Thus for the firſt daies of her ſickneſs, it was impoſſible for *Artaxander* to find her any where but with *Cleorisa*: And by reaſon of *Algaſtus* the father of *Telamire*, he would not offer to make any viſits at ſuch times as decency did not permit. But at laſt, hitting his time in the nick, he came one morning into *Telamire's* Chamber, as ſhe was looking her ſelf in a Glaſs, and putting on her Hood to go unto *Clorelisa*: And ſince ſhe was already very familiar with him, ſhe continued putting it on, after ſhe had ſaluted him, ſuppoſing that he would go with her to ſee *Clorelisa*, and making the propoſition very civily unto him. Did I not know (ſaid ſhe unto him) that *Clorelisa* was your friend before I was yours, and that you cannot take it ill I ſhould pay what I owe unto her merits, in lieu of putting on my Hood, I would take it off, and regularly receive your viſit. But ſince I do imagine you would have us go together to comfort this fair ſick Perſon, I am as free with you as *Clorelisa* her ſelf would be. I ſhould think my ſelf very unhappy, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) if you ſhould think I would croſs any of your intentions: But, Madam, (ſaid he cunningly unto her, to hinder her from going ſo ſoon.) As I was coming hither, I ſent to know how ſhe did, and I underſtood ſhe was not awake, and therefore if you will not diſturb her, you will not go ſo ſoon. But if you pleaſe, Madam, I will ſend one of my men to wait until ſhe be awake, and then bring us word: For in my opinion it is better ſtaying here than in her outer Chamber. *Telamire* believing this, ſent one of her women, to bid one of *Artaxander's* ſervants go unto *Clorelisa*: But *Artaxander* ſeeming as if he had ſome other buſineſs with him, went haſtily to *Telamire's* Chamber door, and commanded the man to be two hours before he returned; and if any of *Telamire's* ſervants came to know whether *Clorelisa* were awake, not to let him ſpeak unto any of the houſe, but to tell him, that ſhe was not. This order being given, *Axtaxander* returned to *Telamire*, who cauſed a Stool to be ſet for him, and ſhe began to talk of *Clorelisa*, thinking no diſcourſe could be more pleaſing to him: For ſhe could not imagine that *Clorelisa* ſhould love him, unleſs he had loved her. In the mean time, though his deſign was to diſcover his paſſion unto her, yet it was long before he durſt tell her his thoughts. But ſince he could not ſo well hide his inquietudes, but *Telamire* obſerved him, ſhe imagined that the reaſon was becauſe he was troubled at *Clorelisa*: But, *Artaxander*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) me thinks you are very melancholy, is not the reaſon of it becauſe you fear *Clorelisa's* ſhould be ſick this morning? No, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, tranſported by his paſſion) but it is, becauſe *Artaxander* is much worſe to day, than he was yeſterday; and I believe will every day be worſe and worſe. If *Artaxander* be ſick (replied ſhe and laughed) appearances are very fallacious: So they are, replied he, and to give you an example; Does not all in *Themiſcyra* believe that I am in love *Clorelisa*? Yet it is moſt certainly true that I am not: And if I were no more in love with an admirable Lady, whom I dare not name, than I am with her, I ſhould be much more happy than I am. *Telamire* hearing *Artaxander* ſpeak ſo, ſhe began to ſuſpect the truth: And to ſtop his mouth from any more of that diſcourſe, ſhe turned the talk to ſome thing elſe. No, no, *Artaxander*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) never take ſo much pains to deceive me, for I am more complaiſant unto my friends than you imagine me, and as ſoon as I perceive they have a deſign to make me believe a thing, I ſeem as if I were perſwaded of it; and ſo I will tell you, if you pleaſe, that I do believe you love not *Clorelisa*, but that you love ſome other: Yet for your own tranquility, I ſhould be ſorry it were ſo, for I am confident you will have much ado to perſwade that other to believe that you do not love *Clorelisa*: However, I pray give me leave to ſend one of my ſervants, and know whether ſhe be yet awake, for I believe that he whom you ſent, is as faſt aſleep as ſhe is: and ſhe ſent one accordingly. But the prudence of *Artaxander* foreſeeing the impatience of *Telamire*, the man whom he ſent to *Clorelisa's*, meeting the other, and asking him whither he went, and being anſwered to ſee whether *Clorelisa* were awake, he told him, that he could ſave him that labour, for he was newly come from thence, and one of her women ſaid, ſhe was not yet awake: So as *Telamire's* ſervant without any further enquiry, returned to tell *Telamire*, that *Clorelisa* was ſtill aſleep. It is very ſtrange, (ſaid *Telamire*, and looked upon *Artaxander*) for I have heard her ſay, ſhe ſeldom ſleeps, but dreams; and I am confident that at this very hour, ſhe is with me,though I am not with her. If ſo, Madam, replied *Artaxander*, then ſhe is with one, who may if ſhe pleaſe, plainly perceive whether I love *Cloreliſa*, or no. I have already told you, replied *Telamire*, that I am ſo complaiſant, as to believe, or at leaſt, ſeem to believe, whatſoever my friends would have me. Then Madam, believe that I do not love *Cloreliſa*, nor ever did: and if I had boldneſs enough, I would conjure you to believe alſo, that I am extremely in love with the faireſt Lady in the world, a Lady over whom you have more power than I wiſh you had. As *Telamire* was ready to anſwer, a ſervant of *Cloreliſa*'s entred, who ſaid, That his Miſtreſs extremely wondering ſhe came not to ſee her, had ſent him to know how ſhe did, and what the reaſon was which debarred her from that ſatisfaction. *Telamire* ſurprized at this, did look upon *Artaxander*, who without any amazement told the ſervant, that it was himſelf, who kept *Telamire* from *Cloreliſa*, becauſe one of her men told him ſhe was not awake. That which made *Telamire* moſt to wonder, was that ſhe had ſent a ſervant of her own, and this ſervant being not in the houſe, ſhe conceived that it was only ſome miſtake between *Cloreliſa*'s ſervants and hers: So as making her ſelf ready to go preſently unto her, ſhe gave her hand unto *Artaxander*, ſuppoſing he would go with her. And to let him ſee, ſhe made no application of what he had ſpoken, unto her ſelf. Though I do believe, ſaid ſhe unto him, that you are not in love with *Cloreliſa*, yet I cannot chooſe but think you will viſit her, ſince you cannot deny her the advantage of being the firſt friend you had in *Themiſcyra:* and I will be the more earneſt in maintaining her right in that, becauſe I pretend to be in the ſecond place your friend. Oh, Madam, (ſaid he) whether I be in love with *Cloreliſa*, or no, I am ſure ſhe hath not ſo high a rank in my heart as you have, though ſhe be a perſon whom I much honour and eſteem. Since *Telamire*'s houſe was very nigh unto *Cloreliſa*'s, they had not leiſure to ſay any more. And ſince one of *Telamire*'s women might hear them, *Artaxander* was forced to talk of ſomething elſe. However, as ſoon as they were come into *Cloreliſa*'s Chamber, ſhe chid *Tela-*

mire a thouſand times, and that with a ſtrange agitation of heart: for ſince ſhe ſaw *Artaxander* with her, ſhe imagined him to be the cauſe of her ſtay; but ſhe was much worſe, when *Telamire* to juſtifie her ſelf did tell her all the paſſages: yet *Artaxander* did ſtill affirm very confidently, that they aſſured him ſhe was aſleep: But ſince the heart of *Clorelisa* was too much engaged to be deluded, ſhe would needs look into the matter a little nearer; and calling all her women one after another, they all ſaid, that they ſaw none, either from *Artaxander*, or *Clorelisa*. *Artaxander* then told her, that certainly ſome of the ſervants unto *Belemis* to ſave themſelves the labour of coming to her, had told this lie. But ſay what he would or could, *Clorelisa* was not ſatisfied, and ſhe was fully perſwaded, that this was a trick of *Artaxander*'s, and ſhe thought alſo that *Telamire* was an acceſſary unto it: for ſince ſhe aſſured her very earneſtly that ſhe had ſent unto her houſe, and ſince all her women on the contrary aſſured her, that none came from her, ſhe did not only think *Artaxander* to be in love with *Telamire*, but ſhe thought that *Telamire* held a greater correſpondency with *Artaxander* than ever ſhe imagined: ſo as jealouſie having poſſeſſion in her mind, ſhe was tormented beyond expreſſion: and ſhe who was ſo earneſt in ſending for *Telamire*, knew not now what to ſay unto her. Since I came in a little after this confuſed examination of the matter, I could plainly perceive the turbulency of *Clorelisa*'s mind: all I could obſerve was, the confuſion of *Artaxander*, and the prudence of *Telamire*. For truly this wiſe Lady, taking no notice of *Artaxander*'s love, nor of *Clorelisa*'s jealouſie, did ſpeak unto every thing with a marvellous moderation, and tranquility: and certainly I came in very opportunately to help out with diſcourſe. However, I made her ſince confeſs, that ſhe could not chuſe but find ſome ſweetneſs in thinking that though *Clorelisa* loved *Artaxander*, yet he did not love her; and that the glory to be preferred before ſuch an amiable Perſon was ſome delight unto her. For my part, I was exceedingly delighted with the paſſages of that day; for beſides the pleaſure of ſeeing how *Clorelisa* and *Artaxander*, were put to a *Non-plus*, I was extremely taken with ſeeing *Belemis* in his fierce Garb, who knowing that *Telamire* was in his Siſters Chamber, came thither to ſee her. But he came (amiable *Doraliſa*) more like a Conquerour than a Captive: not but that all he ſaid unto her was very civil and reſpective; yet his Air and Garb did alter the very ſenſe of his words, and made him ſeem as if he intended to fetter her, whoſe chains he wore. Moreover, ſince he could not chooſe but be talking as much of matters of war as love, he was ſo full of his Martial phraſes, as that day I learned as many Military Terms as might ſerve for the Relation of all ſorts of Combats, for he uſed them all in his diſcourſe: ſo as before 'twas night, I knew what Incampment and Quarters were: I knew what the firſt, ſecond and third Diviſions did mean; I learned all the Poſtures, to the Right hand; to the Left; As you were; Double your Ranks and Files. And I knew from him that day, at leaſt enough to loſe a Battel, if I had commanded an Army. And to be ſerious with you, he was ſo full of words peculiar unto War, that all I could do, was to remember them, though as yet I did not know the ſignifications of them: But to compleat my diverſion, The ſevere *Iſalonide* entred, who commonly finding fault with every thing, did not like that *Cloreliſa* ſhould be ſo dreſſed, ſince ſhe was ſick; ſaying openly, That thoſe ſickneſſes which only draw company about One, and will let one be dreſſed better than when they are well, were of a moſt dangerous conſequence. For indeed, ſaid ſhe, If one were really ſick, they ſhould ſee none but ſuch as could cure them, or their very intimate friends; and not do as moſt women now adays, who are more careful in conſulting with their Glaſs, before company come, then with their Phyſician: And are more diligent in advertiſing all their acquaintance that they keep their Chamber than thoſe that can cure them. And to tell you truly, they have a greater deſire to have them come who can tell them a thouſand tittle tattles, than ſuch as uſe to cure diſeaſes. But (ſaid I unto her, to do *Cloreliſa* a pleaſure) if you did but know how much melancholy doth augment all manner of diſeaſes, you would ſay, that pleaſant company may be put in the rank of the moſt infallible

ble Remedies. If you ſhould ask the advice of my ſiſter (anſwered ſhe in a moſt Imperious Tone) I am ſure ſhe will be of your opinion, and maintain that all manner of Simples uſed in Phyſick are not comparable to the company of five or ſix ſuch tittle tattles as are glad to hear of any ſick Gallant, who are ſick only becauſe they ſhould come and ſee them. I muſt confeſs unto you (ſaid *Clorelisa*, and bluſht for anger) that I have been ſuch a one as you ſpeak of, but at this time I am ſo ill, that much Company are very troubleſome unto me: *Telamire* hearing *Clorelisa* ſay ſo, did riſe up, and offered to go away: but *Clorelisa* out of jealouſie, as well as friendſhip, took hold of her and ſaid, that ſhe was neither weary of her nor me. Then it is of me, replied *Artaxander*: But if ſo, I beſeech you ſpeak unto *Telamire* to command me away, for ſince I had the honour to wait upon her hither, I expect that command from her. You may eaſily judg how *Clorelisa* reſented *Artaxander*'s diſcourſe; yet ſhe could make no anſwer unto it: for her ſiſter being very glad to ſee that once in her life ſhe was weary of company, deſired *Telamire* that ſhe would move *Artaxander* to go away: And *Belemis* alſo, thinking that *Clorelisa* was really ſick, he went out, and *Artaxander* alſo: Yet it was not before *Telamire* had diſpenced with him, from the Civility which he offered But *Clorelisa*'s ſpight did ſo encreaſe, that her ſpirits were ſo turbulent all the reſt of the day, as *Telamire* and I did not think it fit to ſtay any longer: And ſo we left her with *Iſalonide*, who I do believe was troubleſome enough unto her. However, ſince I went home with *Telamire*, and could not chooſe but talk of *Clorelisa* I told her how I feared that *Artaxander* was in love with her: So as in the confidence ſhe had in my friendſhip, though I was *Artaxander*'s Couſin, ſhe told me all paſſages betwixt her ſelf and him: adding, how infinitely ſorry ſhe ſhould be, if *Artaxander* ſhould be in love with her, and *Clorelisa* jealous. For the firſt of theſe, repli'd I, you need not doubt it: and for the laſt, you may be moſt certainly ſure of it. And indeed the event made it evident, I was not miſtaken, for the truth is, *Clorelisa* was as jealous, as *Artaxander* was in love with *Telamire*. There was a hundred trivial paſſages, which ſerved to augment this paſſion of jealouſie in the heart of *Clorelisa*; Inſomuch as not being able to live in ſuch uncertainties, ſhe did drive *Artaxander* to the neceſſity either of ſeeing *Telamire* no more, or of ſeeing her no more: but he making choice of the laſt, *Clorelisa* added unto her jealouſie and love, a moſt terrible deſire of revenge. And in order hereunto, ſhe would not ceaſe ſeeing *Telamire*, though ſhe hated her as much as ſhe loved *Artaxander*: for it is the cuſtome of ſuch as are jealous, to hate the lovers who forſake them, almoſt as much as thoſe for whom they are forſaken. However, to ſpight *Artaxander*, ſhe continued her aſſiduous ſeeing of *Telamire*. 'Tis true, *Telamire* did not think her ſelf at all obliged unto her for her viſits, for ſhe underſtood by many with whom ſhe converſed, that *Clorelisa* did ſpeak very diſadvantagiouſly of her: yet ſince ſhe was always very wiſe, ſhe would not make a buſineſs of it, but contented her ſelf to diſſemble it out, as well as the other: And I am perſwaded, that her ſpight againſt *Clorelisa* did contribute ſomething unto her allowance of *Artaxander*'s paſſion, whom ſhe did eſteem very highly: Inſomuch, as taking to heart the intention which her late Mother had of marrying her unto him, ſhe was perſwaded that ſhe might innocently permit him to love her: ſo as accuſtoming her ſelf by degrees to let him talk more freely of his love, than formerly ſhe had, they came at laſt to be ſo kind, as ſhe permitted him to believe that ſhe did not hate him, and ſo both their Parents would conſent, that he might hope to be happy. Yet ſhe had much ado to make him ſuch a favourable Declaration: for you muſt know, that *Artaxander* did not find ſo much difficulty in perſwading that he loved her, as to make her believe that he was never in love with *Clorelisa*: for ſhe always told him, That if he were inconſtant, ſhe would not accept of his Affection. Thus *Artaxander* for a long time did nothing elſe but proteſt, that he never loved *Clorelisa* further than the degree of a Friend: and that though ſhe did interpret his thoughts otherwiſe than ſhe ought, yet he was not to blame. But *Artaxander* having wit enough, which was alſo whetted by a moſt violent paſſion, he uſed ſo many elegant, amorous, and perſwaſive arguments, that at laſt (as I told you) he overcame her. In the mean time *Artaxander* did by degrees deſert *Belemis*, and ceaſe being his Confident. And ſince he reſolved to love *Telamire* as long as life was in him, he thought it not handſome to delude him. Thus being diſobliged, both from the Brother and the Siſter, he applied himſelf ſo wholly to love *Telamire*, as he could hardly live out of her ſight. Yet one thing did moſt ſenſibly afflict him: which was, that *Amaldea* (who knew that *Algaſtus*, *Telamire*'s Father, intended to marry again) did not approve of that which before ſhe ſo much wiſhed: but ſince he hoped to perſwade *Telamire*, not to value her conſent, he enjoyed many pleaſing hours, maugre all the jealouſie of *Cloreliſa*: meeting almoſt every day, with an opportunity of talking with *Telamire*, and not over-heard by *Cloreliſa*. Things being upon theſe terms, and *Cloreliſa* foreſeeing that unleſs ſhe undermined *Artaxander*, he would ere long marry *Telamire*, ſhe took the oddeſt Reſolution in the World: for her deſign of revenge was ſo high, that ſhe cared not to ſacrifice even her very life unto it: And this was her invention. I already told you, that *Algaſtus* though very old, yet had a mind to marry again, and to marry both a young and a fair Perſon, not valuing Riches, ſo her Quality was good: but ſince he was very far on in years, he could not meet with ſuch a one as would marry him. Yet in his Queſt of ſuch a Wife, he imployed a ſort of ſuch People, whoſe trade is to make Matches: And *Cloreliſa* underſtanding this, reſolved to carry the matter ſo, that ſhe would marry *Algaſtus*; That ſo being a Mother in law unto her Rival, ſhe might baniſh *Artaxander* her Houſe, and imploy all the favour ſhe had with her Husband, to hinder his conſent unto *Artaxander*'s marriage. So that meeting wherewith both to ſatisfie her Revenge, and her Ambition, for *Algaſtus* was very rich, ſhe reſolved to paſs away her life with a Man whom ſhe could not poſſibly love. And when ſhe conſidered how joyed ſhe ſhould be to hinder *Artaxander* both from marrying *Telamire*, and coming to her Houſe, the crazy age of *Algaſtus* was no obſtacle to hinder the execution of her deſign.

And indeed, *Cloreliſa* perceiving how her Brother grieved that he could not move the heart of *Telamire*, ſhe put the whole buſineſs upon his ſcore, and ſeemed as if ſhe only aimed at his happineſs by it: Inſomuch, as making the Propoſition unto him, he gave her a thouſand thanks: But as fierce as he was, he ſeemed unwilling ſhe ſhould make her ſelf miſerable for his ſake. Yet notwithſtanding, ſeeing that if ſhe married *Algaſtus*, ſhe would get ſo much power over him to procure his marriage with *Telamire*, or at leaſt ſtave off his Rival, he reſolved to further her deſign. Moreover, ſince *Iſalonide*, was eternally upbraiding *Cloreliſa* with her too much Galantry, ſhe told her, that to teſtifie ſhe was able to leave it off when ſhe pleaſed, ſhe would marry *Algaſtus*, which if ever ſhe did, ſhe muſt wholly alter the manner of her life. And that ſhe might think there was ſome poſſibility in the deſign, ſhe told her, that a Perſon of her acquaintance aſſured her, that if ſhe managed the mind of *Algaſtus* handſomely, and kept the buſineſs ſecret, it would produce a happy effect: So ſhe imployed all her wits to bring it about. And ſince ſhe was acquainted with all the Women in *Themiſcyra*, which were of her own humour, and who thought as ſhe did, that if one be vertuous, one muſt be auſtere in all their Actions, ſhe made choice of one, whoſe age, behaviour, and dreſs, did ſpeak her a Piece of moſt ſevere prudence: whoſe voice was all gravity, whoſe words were weighed, and whoſe walk was ſo compoſed, as if ſhe counted every ſtep. So that after ſhe had choſen this perſon to propound *Cloreliſa* unto *Algaſtus*; ſhe reaſoned upon the matter with her, and they both concluded, that an action of greater vertue could not be, than making up this marriage: ſince it would be an infallible cure of *Cloreliſa*'s Galantry. So as theſe two Women negotiating together, and engaging the whole Crew of this Vertue in *Themiſcyra* to be in the Plot, they propoſed the Match unto *Algaſtus*, who not uſing to communicate his deſigns of marriage unto his Daughter, did keep it ſecret from her, as he had done all the reſt. At firſt he gave no favourable anſwer unto the motion, becauſe he was afraid that *Cloreliſa* would be too great a Gallant for him. But in concluſion, all theſe Ladies of a ſevere Garb, which interreſted themſelves in this marriage, did ſo aſſure him that *Clorelisa* had quite forſaken the World, and that ſhe would ſo well conform her ſelf unto him, that he reſolved to ſee her, at one of theſe Ladies Houſes. Not but that he had ſeen her a hundred times before; but yet he would talk with her, before he concluded any thing: and accordingly this meeting was the next day. You may well imagine, that the mind of *Clorelisa* was far from any tranquility; But for all that, not caring to be revenged upon her ſelf, ſo ſhe could be revenged upon *Artaxander*, ſhe ſaw *Algaſtus*, and knew ſo well how to fit her Diſcourſe, that he thought himſelf to be in love with her. I ſay he thought ſo, (amiable *Doraliſa*) becauſe I make ſome ſcruple, whether I can call this doting fancy in the mind of an old Man, Love , when he would marry a young and fair Woman: and me-thinks that paſſion and old age are ſo unſuitable, that without any injuſtice it may rather be called folly: making a doubt, whether it be poſſible that love ſhould be in their hearts, as they think it is. But to return unto *Algaſtus*; whether he thought that he loved *Cloreliſa*, or whether he did really love her, it was a buſineſs concluded upon in a few days : and it was carried ſo cloſely, that neither *Telamire*, nor *Artaxander* knew of it, until the Eve before the marriage of *Algaſtus*: And they knew it in ſuch an amazing manner, as did much augment their ſorrows. For ſince that *Cloreliſa* would not have married but only for revenge ſhe would undertake to make it known unto *Telamire*: aſſuring *Algaſtus*, that ſhe was ſo confident of her friendſhip, as ſhe did not doubt but ſhe would be very glad of it: and indeed *Cloreliſa* told it unto *Telamire*, as if ſhe had thought ſo. But to the end, ſhe might better guſt the ſweetneſs of Revenge, ſhe ſent unto *Telamire* in the morning, to tell her, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with her after Dinner, for ſhe had a buſineſs of great joy to impart unto her. Though any thing which came from *Cloreliſa* was always held in ſuſpition by *Telamire*, yet now ſhe imagined that ſhe had ſomething to tell which would pleaſe her: ſo that ſhe expected her at her own Chamber, giving orders that none ſhould enter, no not *Artaxander* himſelf. So that *Clorelisa* being come, with her Eyes full of joy, as if it had proceeded from her heart, ſhe gave *Telamire* abundance of flattering language: After which, affecting a modeſt kind of ſhame, which would not let her ſpeak out: I profeſs *Telamire*, ſaid ſhe unto her, I am much more troubled than you can imagine, to tell you a thing which is fit you ſhould know. Then it is not ſuch pleaſing buſineſs as you ſent me word, replied *Telamire*: Pardon me, replied *Clorelisa*, for I am confident loving me as you do, you will be as much joyed as I am: and I aſſure you, I am upon a Reſolution, which, but for your ſake I ſhould never undertake. That I may acknowledge my obligations, replied *Telamire*, I beſeech you let me me know what they are. I will, (replied *Clorelisa*) provided I have power ſo to do. After this, ſhe told her, That it was true, *Algaſtus* had a long time courted her for his Wife, but ſhe refuſing him, he was upon marriage with another, which was the oddeſt and moſt fantaſtical perſon in the World, and that this marriage was almoſt concluded: Alſo ſince he always did me the favour, to prefer me before any other, and being reſolved to marry my Siſter, if I did not change my mind, I conſidered that it would have been the greateſt grief in the World unto you, if he had married ſuch a fantaſtical Woman, and on the contrary, the greateſt joy, to know he would marry me: So I aſſure you, I did not ſo much inſiſt upon obedience unto my Parents, or ſatisfaction unto my ſelf, as to hinder you from having a Mother in law, who would never have been ſo kind unto you as I do intend to be. Therefore ſince you were ever to expect a Mother in law, I conceive you would be glad that I was ſhe; and I muſt further tell you, that to morrow my marriage is to be. But let me once more tell you, my dear *Temalire*, that it is you only that makes the marriage, and it is only for your ſake, I do intend to venture upon all thoſe bitters, which are unſeparable from that condition. As long as *Clorelisa* talked, *Telamira* lookt moſt attentively upon her, to ſee by her Eyes whether ſhe ſpake ſeriouſly: and finding nothing which might make her ſuſpect the contrary, ſhe grew extreamly ſad: not that ſhe cared for her Fathers marriage, but that *Cloreliſa* ſhould be one whom to morrow ſhe muſt obey; this was an unſpeakable torment: However, ſince ſhe was ever very wiſe, ſhe did what ſhe could to conceal her ſorrows, and look joyfully with her Eyes: but her hardeſt task was to keep her Tongue from betraying the thoughts of her Heart, when ſhe told *Clorelisa*, ſhe was very glad of her choice. But her looks were ſo full of melancholy, that ſhe gave *Clorelisa* an excellent occaſion of Revenge: But ſhe ſtood upon Thorns, until *Artaxander* did partake of *Telamire's* ſorrows, and therefore ſhe left her, knowing very well ſhe would impart it unto him, as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty: And ſo it was, for *Clorelisa* was no ſooner gone out of *Telamire's* Chamber, but he entred, and received with a ſad heart this unwelcome news. How, (cried he out) is *Clorelisa* to marry *Algaſtus*? Yes, replied *Telamire*, and to morrow muſt begin her commands upon me; nor can I diſobey her without going againſt the Rules of Decency, though ſhe is my moſt mortal Enemy; and though I certainly foreſee ſhe will make me the moſt miſerable Woman in the World. Alas, alas, (cried out *Artaxander*) I am afraid ſhe will make me as miſerable as you: and that you being continually with one who hates me, ſhe will cauſe you and *Algaſtus* both to hate me alſo. Did *Clorelisa* hate you, replied *Telamire*, I ſhould not fear ſo much as I do. But *Artaxander*, *Cloraliſa* doth not hate you; and I am moſt confident, ſhe does not marry my Father, but only to be revenged upon me, becauſe ſhe loves you whether you will or no, and I wiſh you would deliver me once from this Perſecution which is coming upon me. I wiſh to the gods, Madam, with all my heart (ſaid he) that I could imagine which way I could deliver you from falling into the power of my Enemy, and Siſter of my Rival, but I muſt confeſs, I know not how. And yet you eaſily may (replied *Telamire*) for I am confident, if you would marry *Clorelisa*, ſhe would not marry *Algaſtus*, though ſhe were in the Church with him, and tho ſhe were ready to pronounce that terrible word, which ties as long as one lives. Oh, Madam, (cried *Artaxander*) what a moſt terrible motion is this? Is it poſſible you ſhould wiſh me ſo much miſery? For to tell me you would have me marry *Cloreliſa*, is to tell me you will never marry *Artaxander*; to aſſure me you love him not, that you have an ill opinion of him, and that you wiſh him all imaginable ill, ſince you wiſh him to marry one whom you hate, and who hates you: Oh *Telamire*, did I underſtand you right? Is it poſſible your heart and your tongue ſhould agree? Yes, *Artaxander*, replied ſhe, they do; but I aſſure you at the ſame time, that I find my ſelf to be in a moſt lamentable condition; for I do foreſee, ſuch dangeorus conſequences of this marriage, that I am in one moment ſenſible of many years torments. I do not only foreſee *Cloreliſa* commanding me, but *Iſalonide* upbraiding me at every turn; and alſo I ſee *Belemis*, looking upon me as the ſubject rather of his valour than his love: and yet all this without any remedy, but poor uncomfortable complaints: yet I muſt ſeem to be all joy, for that very thing which cauſeth my greateſt ſorrows: I muſt obey one who hates me, one whom I hate. You need not, Madam, unleſs you will, replied *Artaxander*: and your only way to prevent it, is to make me happy. For I am perſwaded that a Father who marries again, doth loſe ſomething of that lawful Authority which he had over his Children: and ſince *Algaſtus* looks only to his own ſatiſfaction, and never thinks of yours, you may very well ſeek out ways to accord the tyranny of *Cloreliſa*. No, no, *Artaxander*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) I cannot do as you propound, ſince it is more juſt to obey *Cloreliſa*, than diſobey reaſon. After this, *Artaxander* uſed all his winning arguments to move her unto marriage without the conſent of *Algaſtus*. But ſtill *Telamire* anſwered, that ſhe would never do any thing againſt the Rules of obedience: and that ſhe ſhould be leſs miſerable by doing what duty required, than by not doing it. In the mean time, the more ſhe made her vertue appear, the more love and ſorrow appeared in his Eyes: for when he conſidered that he was a cauſe of the affections in *Telamire*'s Soul, his did infinitely augment. On the other ſide, *Algaſtus* being returned home, after he underſtood that *Cloreliſa* had acquainted *Telamire* with his marrige, *Artaxander* was forced to go away, becauſe *Algaſtus* ſent for his Daughter: Thus theſe two Lovers parted with extream ſorrow. Yet *Telamire* was careful to conceal hers, leaſt her father ſhould think that ſome intereſt of her own moved her to grieve at his marriage. And ſhe conſtrained her ſelf ſo well, that he did not perceive the ſadneſs of her heart; but on the contrary, believed that ſhe was glad (ſince he would marry again) he would marry *Clorelisa*: and he was ſo fully perſwaded of it, that he deſired her to have a care the Feaſt for his marriage ſhould be Magnificent. And indeed *Telamire* ſo ordered every thing as if ſhe were the moſt joyed perſon in the world at this marriage; at which were preſent none but the Family of *Algaſtus*, and that of *Clorelisa*. For beſides the age of *Algaſtus*, which did not require a great aſſembly, *Iſalonide* would not allow it. As for *Artaxander*, he ſighed away all that day with me, and lamented his misfortune, thinking it to be the greater, becauſe *Belemis* was to dwell with *Algaſtus*; ſo that though until then, he was never jealous of him, yet now he began, and feared leſt *Clorelisa* ſhould move *Algaſtus* to command *Telamire* to marry *Belemis*. But ſaid I unto him, though I do allow you to lament that *Telamire* ſhould come under the power of *Clorelisa*, who is both her Rival, and her enemy, yet I cannot endure you ſhould be jealous of *Belemis*. You know very well, (added I) that he is more like to make her fear him, than love him: and that *Telamire* ever had a ſtrange averſion unto all ſuch men whoſe Aſpects were always as if they were ready to fight. Ah *Erenice*, (ſaid he unto me) I did not fear that *Telamire* would ever love *Belemis* until now, nor did I ever ſuſpect her Conſtancy: But now, I muſt ſadly confeſs, I am extremely afraid of her vertue. For I am ſure, that if ſhe hold the opinion that ſhe ought not to diſobey *Algaſtus*, ſhe will marry *Belemis* for all his grim Martial looks, though ſhe were ſure it would kill her. And who knows (*Erenice*) whether ſhe will accuſtom her ſelf unto the ſight of *Belemis*, and diſaccuſtome her ſelf to the ſight of me? But whilſt

Artaxander was lamenting with me the misfortunes of *Telamire* and himſelf, *Telamire* was in a ſtrange conſtraint: yet ſhe thought no leſs of *Artaxander* than he did of her: for ſhe told me the day after, that when ſhe looked upon either *Belemis*, or *Clorelisa*, ſhe thought of nothing but him. On the other ſide, this new married Lady had her angry minutes; and her joys to ſee her ſelf in a condition to be revenged upon *Artaxander*, was not ſo tranquil as it was the day before: And a friend of hers told me ſince, that ſhe confeſſed, ſhe never looked upon *Algaſtus* whom ſhe had married, without a remembrance of *Artaxander*, nor ever remembered *Artaxander* without unconceivable grief. And ſhe had another addition of ſorrow: for *Iſalonide* drawing her aſide, did read her a Lecture of the life ſhe was to live, the moſt harſh, and ſevere that ever was: ſhe regulated all her actions one after another: ſhe did limit her to her ordinary viſits, when ſhe went to ſee her ſick kindred: and indeed never to make any other, unleſs either unto Funerals and marriages. She told her, that now ſhe was to lay aſide all richneſs and ſuperfluity in her dreſſes: ſhe forbad her to frequent Walks, Balls, Muſicks, and every thing elſe: ſhe made choice of thoſe Temples, which ſhe thought moſt fit for her to frequent: and ſhe taught her how to compoſe her countenance,and turn up the whites of her eyes: Yet this ſevere Lecture was needleſs, for her reſentments of revenge induced her to all theſe rigors, purpoſely to win upon *Algaſtus*, and move him unto what ſhe deſired, both againſt *Artaxander* and *Telamire*: ſo as ſhe promiſed *Iſalonide* to follow her counſel; and indeed, did put on ſuch an auſtere and reſerved Garb, that *Algaſtus* loved her extremely. Moreover, for the firſt days ſhe carried it civily enough towards *Telamire*, though ſhe did take upon her the Authority of a Mother-in-Law: for not ſeeming to know that there was any particular intimacy 'twixt her and *Artaxander*, ſhe gave her a hundred reaſons, which induced her not to deſire to ſee him any more; no,nor ſuffer him to come into the houſe where ſhe was: Not that I will take upon me,(ſaid this revenging woman) to regulate you in your acquaintances: but you know when one of my age marries ſuch a man as *Algaſtus*,one is ob-

obliged to live very reſervedly; and therefore I beſeech you, think it not ſtrange, if I rob you of that diverſion, becauſe it would reflect upon my ſelf. Since what *Clorelisa* ſaid, had a fair pretence of vertue, *Telamire* durſt not oppoſe it; though ſhe knew very well that *Clorelisa* had a ſecret cauſe for it, wherein vertue had no ſhare. Furthermore, *Clorelisa* the better to execute her deſign, told *Algaſtus* in a moſt crafty manner, that *Artaxander*, having had heretofore ſome thoughts of her,ſhe beſeeched him to command *Telamire* to hold no converſe with him. For (ſaid ſhe unto him) a ſmall thing may ſtain the reputation of a woman of my age, and therefore I deſire all occaſions may be removed. You may well imagin that *Algaſtus* did not deny *Clorelisa* in that which ſeemed to proceed from a principle of vertue: So as ſending for *Telamire* betimes in the morning, he expreſly commanded her to ſee *Artaxander* no more. You may alſo imagin, conſidering my deſcription of *Telamire*, that ſhe made no reſiſtance againſt *Algaſtus*: yet for all that ſhe was extremely grieved in her heart. In the mean time, ſince ſhe thought it expedient that *Artaxander* ſhould know how the caſe ſtood,ſhe made choice of me to make him acquainted with it: And to tell him, that ſhe conjured him to come no more at her, but to wait until chance gave them an opportunity of meeting, which was not a thing very eaſie, conſidering the cloſe way *Clorelisa* obſerved, and her vigilant eye over her actions. And truly ſhe ſpoke this with ſo much ſadneſs in her eyes, that if *Artaxander* had but ſeen her, he would have comforted himſelf. But ſince he received his miſery by the relation of a perſon who could not comfort him, he reſented it with more violence than I am able to expreſs. Alas (ſaid he unto me) did the Revenge of *Clorelisa* reach ſo high, as not to marry *Algaſtus*, but only to be revenged upon me, and perſecute *Telamire*? And can *Telamire* obey her enemy, and baniſh me, whileſt ſhe is continually in ſight of *Belemis*? For now, he will not ſtir out of her ſight, ſince he dwells with *Algaſtus*. This man who was wont to be perpetually walking from Street to Street, from Temple to Temple, and from Houſe to Houſe, to ſhew his Martial poſtures to all the Town, will not now ſtir one foot out of *Clorelisa*'s, or *Telamire*'s Chamber: yet for all this *Telamire* obeys my enemy, though ſhe hazard my life by it. However, I beſeech you, ſaid he unto me, refuſe me not the favour to give a Letter unto *Telamire*: for if I be denied all, I ſhall be forced unto ſuch courſes as will anger *Telamire*, and cauſe repentance unto my ſelf. Since I ſaw the mind of *Artaxander* was much exaſperated, I durſt not incenſe him more by my refuſal; ſo as I was ſo complaiſant as to tell him, That provided his Letter was open, I would let *Telamire* ſee it. Thus without more delay he writ a Letter in my Chamber, and a very long one, to move her unto ſome way or other, how he might ſee her in ſome other place, ſince he could not ſee her at home. Afterwards he was very bitter both againſt *Belemis* and *Clorelisa*, and hinted upon ſo many things, that I muſt confeſs, my memory will not ſerve to repeat them: All I remember of it was, that it was excellently well penned, though writ in much haſt. And it did much move the heart of *Telamire*: but as much as ſhe was grieved, ſhe anſwered only in theſe words, unto the favour which he begged of ſeeing her.

The friendſhip and eſteem I have of you is enough, not to forbid you finding out ſome handſome occaſion of meeting with me, and I ſhould be very glad if you could find it. But be not offended, if I tell you, that I cannot contribute any thing unto it, ſince I cannot do it, unleſs I do more than I ought.

Though this anſwer was not ſo fully favourable as *Artaxander* could have wiſhed, it did for a while give him ſome comfort: but ſince his paſſion was moſt violent, he quickly returned unto his former deſpair. However, ſince he was not able to live without the ſight of *Telamire*, he invented all manner of ways to bring it about: and at laſt he underſtood that there was a private ſolitary Garden, where *Clorelisa* went often to take the Air, without any company but *Belemis*, *Iſalonide*, and *Telamire*: and enquiring perpetually concerning the thing which moſt took up his mind, he underſtood that *Belemis* was gone into the Country for ſome certain days: So as reſolving to go into that place, where he knew *Clorelisa* and *Telamire* would be, he carried one of his friends with him, and deſired him, that if they met with *Clorelisa* and *Telamire*, that he would take *Clore-*

liſa aſide, and talk with her, while he talked with the other: For, ſaid he, *Cloreliſa* dares not inſult over *Telamire*, before him whom I ſhall bring with me, nor dare *Telamire* deny to talk with me. And indeed, without further examination, whether this deſign was well or ill grounded he advertiſed his friend: he craftily enquired the time when theſe Ladies uſed to walk, and he went unto the place where they were, and he came but one half quarter of an hour after them, for he would not be firſt in the Garden, leſt *Clorelisa* ſhould not enter, if ſhe knew he was there. But amiable *Doraliſa*, this meeting was in a very pleaſant manner. For imagin that when *Artaxander* and his friend entred into the Garden, *Clorelisa* and *Telamire* were at the end of a walk, oppoſite to the door, coming as they were going towards them: ſo as all of them having time to conſider what they ſhould ſay at meeting, they were leſs ſurprized when they met. At firſt, *Clorelisa* intended to turn back, but ſince there was no other Garden-door to go out at but that behind *Artaxander*, ſhe thought that in vain, therefore never offering to avoid the meeting, ſhe only thought how to prevent him from ſpeaking unto *Telamire*. On the other ſide, *Artaxander* deſired his friend to go ſtraight unto *Clorelisa*, as himſelf intended to go ſtraight unto *Telamire*: but ſince there is a notable difference between one that acts for the ſatisfaction of a friend, and one that acts for their own ſatisfaction: this friend of *Artaxander*'s was not ſo ready in accoſting *Clorelisa*, as *Clorelisa* was to accoſt *Artaxander*: who as wity and amorous as he was, could not meet with *Telamire*, before *Clorelisa* met with him, becauſe ſhe ſtay'd two or three ſteps behind, ſpeaking ſomething unto one of *Clorelisa*'s women: So tho *Clorelisa* did extremely hate *Artaxander*, and tho it was long ſince ſhe had ſpoke unto him, yet ſhe accoſted him the firſt, as I told you before, not being very ſorry that ſhe had met with an occaſion of ſpeaking her thoughts unto him: ſo as ſoon as ſhe was near enough to be underſtood. Since there is now no ſociety betwen us, ſaid ſhe unto him, I ſhould not have thought it any happineſs at all, to meet with an occaſion of telling you ſomething which concerns you to know: but ſince the occaſion doth preſent it ſelf without any Queſt of it, I will not let it ſlip; and in ſaying ſo, *Clorelisa* ſtepping betwixt

Telamire and *Artaxander*, he could not avoid talking with her, nor could he talk with *Telamire*. Alſo he had a conceit that perhaps *Clorelisſa* would repent of what ſhe had done, and hoped that by carrying himſelf civilly unto her, he might obtain liberty of ſeeing *Telamire* again. Then *Artaxander*, after he had ſaluted *Telamire*, in a moſt paſſionate and reſpective manner, he began to hearken unto what *Clorelisſa* ſaid unto him, whilſt his friend talked with *Telamire*. But he was much ſurprized, when he heard *Clorelisſa* talk in ſuch a Tone as ſhe did, after ſhe had cunningly ſtepped three or four paces farther from *Telamire*. I do imagin, ſaid ſhe unto him, that it is not neceſſary to tell you the reaſon why I accoſted you, for your apprehenſion is quick enough to know, that it was to hinder you from talking unto *Telamire*. But to ſave you the labour of ſeeking any further occaſions, let me acquaint you that all your endeavours will be in vain: For the truth is *Artaxander*, I did not marry *Algaſtus*, to let you marry *Telamire*. But on the contrary I muſt declare unto you, that I married him only to make you miſerable. Alas, Madam, ſaid he, your Revenge goes much too far if it reach *Telamire*, who never wronged you. Since it hath reached ſo far as my ſelf, replied ſhe, it ſhall reach as far as her: And therefore if you value her tranquillity, never think of ſeeing her again: for if you do, I profeſs you will but blow the bellows of my anger againſt her and you both. And ſince It is in my power to hurt her, I aſſure you it ſhall fall heavy upon her, unleſs you take up a firm reſolution abſolutely to forget her: or at leaſt to carry your ſelf as if you did. Yet never think that I ſpeak this out of any other intereſt, but Revenge: for I do proteſt ſeriouſly, I have no other end in it, but to hinder you from being happy. I will not pump for any excuſe Madam, ſaid he unto her: I will but only ask you, why you joyn and confound *Telamire* with *Artaxander*? Becauſe, replied ſhe, *Artaxander* lives more in *Telamire*, than in himſelf, and my Revenge will reach him no other way but this. Yet notwithſtanding (added ſhe with a ſmile full of tartneſs) to teſtifie that I will keep ſome meaſure in my Revenge, I promiſe you, that as ſoon as ever *Telamire* is married, or that you be married unto ſome other; I will then give her more liberty, than until that time

I will. And in the mean time, let me tell you once more, that you have no ſuch ſure way to make *Telamire* miſerable as to ſeek out opportunities of ſpeaking with her: And to teſtifie the truth of my words, this which you have done at this time, ſhall coſt *Telamire* eight daies ſolitude: For let me tell you, I have as much power with *Algaſtus* as that comes unto: He will have *Telamire* obey me; and *Telamire* dare not diſobey me: So as I ſee my deſign of revenge upon you is proſperous. But, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) is it poſſible you ſhould be capable of ſuch an unjuſt deſign? I know that I have merited ſome part of your hatred; but I can never think it allowable that you ſhould revenge your ſelf upon *Artaxander* through *Telamire*. I cannot tell whether or no it be allowable (replied ſhe) but I am ſure it is much delight to have command over a perſon whom one loves not: And in the mind I am now in, I proteſt, I had rather command *Telamire*, than a Kingdom. But, Madam (ſaid he then unto her, being tranſported with anger) ſince you think it juſt to revenge your ſelf upon *Artaxander* through *Telamire*, I hope you will not think it unjuſt, that I ſhould revenge my ſelf of *Cloreliſa* through *Belemis*. I have ſuch a conſiderable Hoſtage in my power, by having *Telamire*, replied ſhe, that I fear not what you dare do againſt *Belemis*. And to remove all thoughts of any attempts againſt him, I will only wiſh you conſider what that perſon is capable to attempt, who could find a heart to marry *Algaſtus* only to hinder you from marrying *Telamire*: And I am confident, that if you make a ſerious reflection upon what I ſay, you will never expoſe *Telamire* unto the vengeance of a woman who hath recourſe unto ſuch extraordinary waies of revenge, and who makes no difficulty to be revenged upon her ſelf, rather than not be revenged upon others. After this *Clorcliſa* left *Artaxander*, and call'ed *Telamire* with all the authority of a moſt inſulting Step-mother, and with all the fury of a moſt incenſed Rival; not that ſhe uſed ſo to do when *Artaxander* was not preſent; but ſhe found it ſo ſweet to vex *Artaxander*, that ſhe could not deny her ſelf that ſatisfaction. However, *Telamire* not ſeeming to take ſuch a rude command in any ill manner, ſhe followed *Clorcliſa* after ſhe had quitted the man who talked with her, and had ſaluted *Artaxander*: She was alſo ſo wiſe, as to forbid him by a ſign with her hand, and by her looks, to accoſt her, as it ſeemed by his action he intended: But in recompence of this angry adventure, ſhe ſhewed him ſomething ſo ſweet and tender in her fair eyes when ſhe parted from him, that he became more in love with her, and more afflicted. However, ſince that day, *Clorelisa* was more hot upon her revenge; and did not only endeavour to hinder *Artaxander* from ſeeing *Telamire*, but ſhe brake off with all thoſe who had any particular intimacy with him, and obliged *Telamire* to ſee him no more, upon ſuch a poor pretence as is not worth a mention: But the wonder was, that all *Clorelisa* did out of jealouſie, did get her greater credit in the opinion of *Algaſtus*, and paſſed in the world for her vertue. For *Iſalonide*, and all the faction of preciſe Ladies, who were her friends, did ſo trumpet up the reformation of *Clorelisa*, that they propoſed her as an example unto all youths who were too much addicted unto diverſions. In the mean time, *Artaxander* had no other comfort but to relate all his miſeries unto me: And to write unto his new reconciled enemy, called *Tyſimenes*, who became his friend during his travels: But it was an abſolute impoſſibility for him to ſee *Telamire*, unleſs ſometimes at the Temple, but then he could not ſpeak unto her, and conſequently it was ſmall ſatisfaction: Nor had he ſo much happineſs as to ſee any who did ſee her, becauſe, as I told you before, *Clorelisa* had baniſhed all his friends whatſoever; inſomuch as he lived the moſt miſerable life in the world. And to make him the more miſerable, he could not chooſe but quarrel with *Belemis*, and they fought, with ſuch ſad ſucceſs, as they were both of them dangerouſly wounded: and had they not been parted, in all probability it had coſt them both their lives. After this, you may eaſily conceive how ſad *Telamire* was, to hear in what a pitiful condition *Artaxander* was: However, ſhe muſt go with *Clorelisa* unto the Chamber of him who was wounded; and ſeem as if ſhe grieved for the wounds of *Belemis*, though her grief was only for the wounds of *Artaxander*. And this conſtraint was not only for a day: For as long as *Belemis* was ill, he would have her every day to come with *Clorelifa*, who never ſtirred out of her Brothers Chamber: And *Clorelifa* upbraided her a hundred times a day, accuſing her of all her Brothers wounds. But all this was nothing in compariſon of her griefs a while after: For you muſt know, that ſince *Artaxander* had gained one of **Telamire's** ſervants, unknown unto her, to acquaint him with all her actions, this ſervant told him how aſſiduous *Telamire* was with *Belemis*: So as he grieved in ſuch exceſs, as his wounds grew worſe, and for ſome daies, the Phyſicians deſpaired of his life. In the mean time, ſince *Belemis* mended, *Telamire* had the grief to ſee him recover, who ſhe thought was the death of *Artaxander*. So that not being able to conſtrain her ſelf any longer, nor hide her tears, ſhe feigned her ſelf to be ſick, to the end ſhe might not ſtir out of her Chamber, nor go any more unto *Belemis*: Yet this invention did not deliver her from that trouble; for ſince *Belemis* began to mend, *Clorelifa* brought him to **Telamire's** Chamber, who having not ſo much liberty as to lament in the day, did imploy all the night in tears: And yet her tears did double, for the ſervant, whom *Artaxander* had ſuborned, did bring her a Letter, wherein ſhe found theſe words:

Madam,

I Cannot deny my ſelf ſo much ſatisfaction as to tell you, that the cares you have of reviving Belemis, *have killed me, and it is leſs by his hand, than yours, that you have loſt the moſt Paſſionate, and moſt Faithful Lover that ever was.*

Artaxander.

This Letter did ſo touch **Telamire's** heart, that though ſhe did not love to hazard Letters, yet ſhe anſwered him in theſe words, if my memory fail not.

SIR,

YOU have accuſed me with much injuſtice: and if you ſaw into my heart, you would find, that if I could revive any one, it ſhould be Artaxander, *and not* Belemis: *Do not judge of me by appearance, and if it be* *be poſſible, get into ſuch a condition, as I may chide you for no better knowing*

Telamire.

Though this Letter did not contain all the tenderneſs that was in *Telamire's* heart, becauſe ſhe durſt not truſt it unto the thinneſs of a piece of Paper ; yet it wrought ſo great an effect upon the mind of *Artaxander*, that after it had calmed the turbulency of his ſoul, the violence of his Fever diminiſhed, and in a few daies he recovered as well as his Rival. Yet he was more perplexed than before his Combat, becauſe *Cloreliſa* had a better pretence for keeping a ſevere eye upon *Telamire*. Things being upon theſe terms, *Artaxander* had a new diſpleaſure. For *Cloreliſa* did put away that ſervant by whom he received intelligence concerning *Telamire*. But at the ſame time, he received much conſolation, by a Letter from *Tyſimenes*, which intimating unto him that he was returning unto *Themiſcyra*, deſired him to come ſecretly a daies journey to meet him, that they might conſult together how to make their reconcilement known unto their Parents, with leaſt offence unto them. And as ſoon as *Artaxander* had received this Letter, he prepared himſelf to meet his friend, who he found to be much more accompliſhed than when they parted; and the friendſhip between them was inviolably confirmed : But in lieu of publiſhing it, as *Tyſimenes* deſigned, *Artaxander* conjured him to the contrary, and to conceal it carefully. But to the end this prayer might not ſurprize him, or offend him, he acquainted him with his love of *Telamire*, and his miſery in not ſeeing her, no nor ſeeing any who did ſee her, becauſe *Cloreliſa* had baniſhed from her houſe all his friends. So that my Dear *Tyſimenes*, (ſaid he unto him after a full relation of all paſſages) I am perſwaded that if you paſs ſtill for my enemy, you may eaſily inſinuate your ſelf into the favour of *Cloreliſa* ; and have that liberty of ſeeing *Telamire*, which is denied unto all thoſe whom ſhe thinks have any converſe with me ? So as by this means, I may know how *Telamire* does, and you may much oblige me, in ſpeaking in my behalf unto her. Since I ſhall give a greater teſtimony of my friendſhip (replied *Tyſimenes*) by concealing

ing it, than by publiſhing it, I ſhall accompliſh your deſires. And accordingly *Artaxander* and he, reſolved to keep very cloſe the affection which they had unto each other, to ſee whether *Clorelisa*, who baniſhed all the friends of *Artaxander*, would admit of a man whom ſhe thought to be his enemy: They alſo agreed upon the place, where they were to meet each other ſecretly: And for that purpoſe, they made choice of a houſe belonging unto one of *Tyſimene's* friends, which had two doors, opening into two ſeveral ſtreets; agreeing which of theſe doors either ſhould enter, ſo as none ſhould ever ſee them enter together into one place; and for the more ſecurity, they never met but in the nights, at the houſe of this friend unto *Tyſimenes*, for whoſe fidelity he would undertake. Thus after all things were agreed upon, theſe two friends parted, and came ſeveral waies unto *Themiſcyra*, where nothing was known of their Reconciliation: For *Artaxander* carried but one ſervant with him, when he went to meet *Tyſimenes*, and of that ſervants fidelity he was aſſured. And *Tyſimenes*, had none but ſtrangers unto his ſervants, for all thoſe he carried out of *Cappadocia* were all dead, ſo as thoſe he now had, could not reveal the ſecrets of their Maſter if they would, ſince they knew not the language of the Country. Since *Tyſimenes* was of the Prime Quality in all the Town, and was very handſome, his return was no leſs talked of than that of *Artaxanders*. And all the Town feared, that ſome ruffle would fall out between them two, whom all the world thought to be enemies: For being of the ſame age, pretending unto the ſame things, and had good right both of them to diſpute in point of merit, there was great reaſon to fear they would fall foul upon one another. And when they met together in any place, they behaved themſelves with ſuch coldneſs unto each other, as was very probable would beget a Quarrel between them. Thus their innocent Impoſture did thrive ſo well as all the world was deceived by it. But as it did thrive well in general, ſo it did thrive better in particular unto *Artaxander*: For you muſt know, that ſince *Clorelisa* did naturally love company, and hated ſolitude, ſhe was very glad ſhe had found one out who was not a friend unto *Artaxander*; and ſhe fancied ſome delight

light in contracting friendſhip with a man who paſſed for his enemy, thinking this would ſpight him to the heart: So as when *Tyſimenes* went upon his firſt viſit, ſhe did not entertain him with ſuch ſeverity and preciſeneſs as ſhe uſed ſince her marriage: But as he was well received by *Cloreliſa*, becauſe ſhe thought him the enemy of *Artaxander*, ſo he was very ill treated by *Telamire* upon the very ſame reaſon: For ſince it vexed her to ſee every day thoſe whom ſhe hated, and never thoſe ſhe loved, ſhe could not chooſe but be angry at the heart, to ſee a man ſo civilly treated, whom ſhe thought *Artaxander* hated. She hath confeſſed ſince unto him, that ſhe could not this firſt time know him to be the man of much ſpirit, but told him that ſhe was vexed at him: Yet ſhe continued not long in this error; and you ſhall ſee how ſhe was undeceived. Since then the aims of *Tyſimenes* was only to ſatisfie his friend, he tempered the ſpirits of *Belemis*, and *Algaſtus* ſo well, as they both of them deſired *Cloreliſa*, to give him leave to ſee her often. For as almoſt all old men do love to hear talk of travel, that they may have a pretence to talk of their own, *Tyſimenes* ſo fitted his humour, and hearkned ſo attentively to what would pleaſe him, that he doted upon him: As for *Belemis*, *Tyſimenes* talked unto him of Battles and Combats, and ſo much commended his valour, that he loved him tenderly, ſo as in three or four viſits, he had the freedom of the whole houſe. *Cloreliſa* having wit enough, ſhe eaſily obſerved how *Telamire* was vexed to ſee an enemy of *Artaxanders* ſo often: And to vex her the more, ſhe affected to place him alwaies next her. But ſince he never ſaw her, unleſs *Cloreliſa* was preſent, becauſe *Telamire* ſhunned him as much as ſhe could, he was at firſt much puzled to make it known unto her that he was not the enemy of *Artaxander*, but on the contrary, was the confident of his paſſion. But at laſt, ſhe underſtanding the *Aſſirian* Language, which *Cloreliſa* did not, and which *Artaxander* and himſelf underſtood very perfectly: he cauſed his friend to write a Letter in that Language, directed unto *Telamire*: ſo as carrying it about him, he went to *Cloreliſa*, who according to her cuſtom, did place him next *Telamire* to ſpight her, and indeed ſhe was not deceived.

In the mean time, as thoſe who are witty can turn diſcourſe, as they pleaſe, *Tyſimenes* that day fell into diſcourſe amongſt the Ladies, of ſome excellent pieces of Proſe and Verſes: And after he had repeated ſome in their own Language, and promiſed others, he told *Cloreliſa* that he was extreamly ſorry that ſhe did not underſtand the *Aſſirian* Language, for he had one of the moſt pleaſant Love-Letters in the world, written in that Language, which he ſeemed as if he would interpret, but upon a ſudden ſeeming to remember that *Telamire* underſtood that Language, he gave her the Letter, and forced her to look upon it, whilſt he made a ſhew as if he would tell the ſenſe of it unto *Cloreliſa*: So that though *Telamire* had no great curioſity to ſee any thing that came from the hand of *Artaxander's* enemy, yet ſhe took this Letter, not daring to offer any incivility unto *Tyſimenes* openly: But ſhe was much ſurprized when ſhe ſaw it written by the hand of *Artaxander*; and much more when ſhe read the words.

ARTAXANDER *unto* TELAMIRE.

Madam,

Give me leave to tell you, that he who gives you this Letter, is not what he ſeems to be; ſince he is ſo far from being my enemy, that he is the only Confident of my Paſſion to you: Look upon him as the deareſt of my Friends: Tell you him, all you are pleaſed I ſhould know, as I will, what I deſire you ſhould know: For it is only in favour of my Love that he ſeems to hate me, knowing that none but ſuch as do hate me are admitted unto the place where you are. Receive all his ſervices, as from my ſelf; Believe all his words, as if I ſpake them: And if it be poſſible, tell him ſomething that may preſerve me from dying for ſorrow I cannot ſee you. I beg your pardon, for truſting him before I asked your permiſſion, as I would if I could: But ſince I could not, I had rather he knew I loved you, than not to know whether you loved or hated me, or then you ſhould not know that I love you ſtill, more than I did when I ſwore moſt truly, that I loved you more than ever any yet loved.

ARTAXANDER.

whilſt *Telamire* was reading this Letter with a ſtrange agitation of heart, *Tyſimenes* did ſo court *Cloreliſa*, that ſhe could not obſerve her: But ſtriving to invent a Letter upon that ſubject which he ſaid *Telamire's* Letter was, he took up the mind of *Cloreliſa* as much as he could. But ſince it was impoſſible he ſhould *ex tempore* invent ſuch a piece, as could merit thoſe Commends which he gave unto it, *Cloreliſa* told him, that certainly the excellency of that Letter conſiſted in the grace of that Language in which it was written; ſince, as ſhe appehended, the conceits of it were no more than ordinary. Oh, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you have good reaſon to ſay ſo, for I aſſure you, there is no compariſon between what I ſay, and the Letter it ſelf: And believe it (ſaid he and took it again, ſeeing *Telamire* had read it) there are ſome paſſages in this Letter would raviſh you with wonder, if I could relate it in it ſelf as it is: Alſo I am confident that *Telamire*, which underſtands that Language, will concur with me. 'Tis very true, replied *Telamire*, this Letter is very rare, and the interpretation which is made of it is very ſurprizing alſo. You commend this Letter ſo highly, replied *Cloreliſa*, that you make me deſirous to learn the Language wherein it is written, and *Aglaſtus* who underſtands the Language very well, will be a great help unto me: As ſhe ſaid ſo, *Aglaſtus* came into the Chamber; ſo that *Tyſimenes* fearing leſt ſhe ſhould tell her Husband of this Letter, and move him to ſhew it, he went out very haſtily, as if he had remembred ſome buſineſs which he had before forgotten. Yet I think he had no ſuch great cauſe of fear: For ſince this Letter was ſaid to be a Letter of Love, *Cloreliſa*, in her affected humour of preciſeneſs, would not have ſhewed it unto her Husband. But a Couſin of hers who underſtood the *Aſſirian* tongue very well coming in accidentally that day, ſhe ſent for *Tyſimenes* purpoſely to borrow that Letter of him: For, ſaid ſhe, I cannot believe it to be ſo excellent a Piece as *Telamire*, and *Tyſimenes* do ſay it is, conſidering the Interpretation which they made of it unto me: You may well imagine that *Tyſimenes* would not ſend her the Letter, but to get out of this Labyrinth, into which he had involved himſelf, he ſeemed to look for it, and at laſt, ſaid he had loſt it, affirming unto him whom *Cloreliſa* ſent, that certainly he had left it in her Chamber. In the mean while, *Telamire* was ſo ſurprized at this Letter, as ſhe hardly knew whether ſhe ſhould believe her own eyes: But the day following, ſeeing *Artaxander* in the Temple, ſhe knew the Letter was his; for he made ſome certain ſigns unto *Tyſimenes*, who did ſit next her, which induced her to believe ſhe was not deceived. So that no longer ſhunning occaſions of talking with *Tyſimenes*, he quickly found an opportunity to let her know, how *Artaxander* and himſelf were reconciled during their travels. And indeed, though *Artaxander* had ſeen *Telamire* a hundred times in private, before he fell out with *Cloreliſa*, yet he never had revealed this ſecret unto her; for beſides that, a Lover, when he is alone with his Miſtreſs, doth ſeldome or never talk of any thing but his Paſſion: ſo likewiſe, ſince his friendſhip with *Tyſimenes* was made a ſecret only for the love of *Tyſimenes*, he would mot impart it unto *Telamire*, though he had opportunity for it. However, after this, the lives of *Artaxander* and *Telamire* were much more pleaſing; and the wonder was, that the life of *Cloreliſa* was alſo much more agreeable; for ſhe found ſuch delight, to imagine that ſhe ſpighted *Artaxander* by ſeeing *Tyſimenes*, that ſhe made it almoſt all her whole buſineſs to contrive new occaſions of ſeeing him. Moreover, tho ſhe obſerved *Telamire* had no great averſion againſt diſcourſe with *Tyſimenes*, yet ſhe ſuſpected nothing; but on the contrary, ſince ſhe thought that *Artaxander* would be more angry if ſhe ſhould marry *Tyſimenes*, then if ſhe ſhould marry *Belemis*: And ſince again, ſhe did not much care for having her to be her Siſter in Law, ſhe wiſhed that *Tyſimenes* were in love with her: And ſhe her ſelf ſaid one day unto him, ſpeaking of her hatred unto *Artaxander*, that if ſhe were in his room, ſhe would endeavour to poſſeſs the ſame which his Enemy ſaid he did in the heart of *Telamire*. And when he anſwered that he honoured *Belemis* more then to become his Rival, ſhe ſaid laughing, that *Belemis* was ſo much devoted to the Wars, that in her opinion, one ſhould do him a great pleaſure if they could cure him of his Love; adding afterwards (in a more ſerious tone) that ſhe really

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believed *Telamire* and *Belemis* would never be happy together: and therefore ſhe could wiſh with all her heart, that he could love *Telamire*, and that *Belemis* could forget her. On the other ſide, *Artaxander* underſtanding by *Tyſimenes*, all that *Telamire* did, and almoſt all ſhe thought, he perceived that ſhe ſtill hated *Belemis*, and that ſhe did not hate him. *Telamire* for her part, ſhe was ſo glad that *Artaxander* continued conſtant, though he never ſpoke unto her, nor hardly ever ſaw her, that ſhe thought upon nothing but him. And indeed, he never viſited any but whom ſhe was pleaſed to permit him; nor ever attempted any thing before *Tyſimenes* had firſt conſulted with her: And this faithful Friend for a long time did ſo unite the hearts of theſe two perſons, that their own merits could not tie them faſter unto each other, then the ſolicitations of *Tyſimenes* did. For, when he reported the words of *Artaxander* unto *Telamire*, he did moſt emphatically expreſs the amorous affections of his heart; and when he reported the words of *Telamire* unto *Artaxander*, he omitted not one obliging accent. Thus *Tyſimenes* at firſt, finding his own content in the ſatisfaction of theſe two perſons, had next, the delight to delude *Clorelisa*, *Algaſtus*, and *Belemis*. Then would the demure *Iſalonide* needs be buſie, and break off the frequent viſits of *Tyſimenes* and *Clorelisa*, telling her it was more dangerous to ſee one gallant often, than to ſee a thouſand, and ſee them but ſeldom. But *Clorelisa* telling her, that *Tyſimenes* was more her husbands gueſt than hers, her pure preciſeneſs was ſilenced; for indeed *Clorelisa* had carried the matter ſo cunningly, that *Algaſtus* did verily believe, ſhe ſuffered *Tyſimenes* only out of complaiſance unto him. However, this ſolitary ſociety became more pleaſant; becauſe *Artaxander* under the Umbrage and Name of *Tyſimenes*, did give all imaginable diverſions unto *Telamire*; For ſince *Algaſlus* in his youth was a great lover of pleaſures, *Tyſimenes* would propound unto him, ſometimes, that they may go out and take the Air; ſometimes he would bring Muſick unto him, and ſometimes make him a Banquet: So as many delicate pieces of Gallantry did paſs, under the notion of being preſented unto the whole family; though the truth was, it was always *Artaxander* who was at the charge of the Muſick, and Banquets which paſſed under the name of *Tyſimenes*. Thus did *Artaxander* every day preſent *Telamire* with a thouſand diverſions, and as many expreſſions of his love without giving the leaſt jealouſie unto *Belemis* or *Cloreliſa*. And if it be true, as I have heard ſay it is, that deluſion is one of the delights of this Paſſion, I am confident they had as much as they could be capable of; ſince they had the full delight to know that they loved one another, and alſo to delude *Cloreliſa* and *Belemis*. Tis true, they ſpake not unto each other; but ſince they writ, and ſome times ſaw one another, this was the mitigation of their grief. Thus *Cloreliſa*, intending revenge upon *Artaxander* did moſt agreeably ſerve him, and gave him a way to be revenged upon her ſelf; yet did ſhe reliſh all the ſweets of her Revenge with a full guſt: For ſhe had the command over her Rival, ſhe hindred her from ſpeaking unto her Lover, it was in her power to forbid the Banes of their Marriage; ſhe thought ſhe kept ſuch a ſevere eye upon her, as that ſhe could not hold any Intelligence: ſhe thought alſo, that ſhe began to love the Enemy of *Artaxander*; and that he was ready to die for grief and anger. In the mean time, *Telamire* being full of modeſty, though ſhe had all imaginable tenderneſs towards *Artaxander*, though ſhe received his Letters, and though ſhe anſwered them; yet ſhe never ſpake nor writ any thing which might perſwade *Tyſimenes*, that ſhe had any violent affection unto *Artaxander*. And conſidering how ſhe carried the matter, it might more properly be termed friendſhip, or acquaintance, then love; as for the ſecreſie of buſineſs, ſhe did attribute it more unto the neceſſity of ſatisfying the odd humours of *Cloreliſa*, than to the ſatisfaction of the nature of that affection. Again, as *Cloreliſa* did heartily wiſh that *Tyſimenes* would marry *Telamire*, to ſpight *Artaxander*; ſo likewiſe ſhe Cajoled with *Belemis*, that ſhe perſwaded him *Tyſimenes* ſolicited for him, when he talked unto *Telamire*: Thus *Tyſimenes* had opportunity enough to talk with her; *Cloreliſa* alſo diſpoſed *Algaſtus* to give his daughter unto him, if he could obtain her conſent: And to bring it about, ſhe made uſe of all her Authority over *Telamire*, to dreſs her ſelf better then uſual though ſhe was to ſee none but *Tyſimenes*: For (ſaid ſhe, as we underſtood ſince) *Tyſimenes* ſees none but *Telamire*. *Telamire* is fair; *Tyſimenes* is young and of a paſſionate temper, and by conſequence it muſt be concluded, that he loves *Telamire*: And certainly, amiable *Doraliſa*, the Arguments of this jealous and revenging Perſon were not ſlight: For inſenſibly, before ever *Tyſimenes* perceived it, love ſeized upon his heart, and as changed from hatred unto amity and friendſhip with *Artaxander*; ſo he changed from indifferency unto eſteem, and from eſteem unto Love with *Telamire*. The firſt mark of it which he had, was that he found a great alteration in himſelf. For at the beginning of this Negotiation he was wont to be extreamly joyed, when he received any favourable expreſſion from *Telamire*, to report unto *Artaxander*: or any rapture of Paſſion in *Artaxander*, to report unto *Telamire*: but as ſoon as his heart became a little engaged, he found a ſecret melancholy at the joys of his Friend, when he told him any thing which conduced to his ſatisfaction. He weakned as much as he could the obling ſenſe of every word which theſe two perſons ſpoke. And if *Artaxander* deſired him to tell *Telamire*, that he was the moſt ſincerely Faithful, and Paſſionate Lover that ever lived: he would ſeek out for words leſs tender, and ſignificant; and ſo leſſen and extenuate the life of his expreſſions. Again, he took ſuch extream delight in ſeeing *Telamire*, that he could not long doubt of the paſſion which lay lurking in his ſoul; yet truely, he oppreſſeed it with incredible Generoſity, and he oppoſed it as much, becauſe he had been the enemy of *Artaxander*, as becauſe he was now his friend. For truely, (ſaid he to himſelf, as we underſtood afterwards) *Artaxander* as thy friend is obliged to have ſome compaſſion upon thy ſufferings, as thou art of his; but if he take thee as one that hath been his enemy, he hath cauſe to ſuſpect thee of baſeneſs, perfidiouſneſs, and treachery: for if thou beeſt his friend, thou ougheſt not to be his Rival: and if thou beeſt his enemy, thou oughtſt not to be his Agent unto his Miſtreſs. Make then thy choice *Tyſimenes*, (ſaid he) if thou wilt be *Artaxander*'s Enemy, keep it not ſecret from him; and if thou wilt be his Friend, ſtifle thy Paſſion, and hide it from him, and *Telamire* both, If it be poſſible: But alas, I perceive thou wilt be neither the one nor the other, and that thou canſt neither be friend, nor enemy unto *Artaxander*; yet one of theſe thou muſt be, Indifferency is not in thy Choice. To be his Friend and his Rival both, are two things impoſſible: To be his Enemy and his Confident, are two qualities incompatible: And to be the Lover of *Telamire*, and Friend, or Enemy of *Artaxander*, is a condition moſt deplorable. For if ſhe look upon thee as his Friend, it is as a moſt perfidious Friend; as a man unworthy of her eſteem, ſince he betraies a truſt, which ought to be moſt inviolable: And if ſhe look upon thee as *Artaxander's* enemy, 'twill be only to hate thee, and to enter into all his Intereſts againſt thee: Thou doſt but flatter thy ſelf, in hopes that *Telamires* affections to *Artaxander* is not violent: for if it be not violent unto him, How can it be unto thee, who can never diſcover thy Paſſion to her, unleſs thou doſt diſcover thy Treaſon unto *Artaxander* alſo? Oh moſt lamentable Deſtiny! The Perſon thou loveſt muſt either never know thou loveſt her; or if ſhe do, ſhe muſt know thee to be an Impoſtor, and a perfidious Friend. How doſt thou think ſhe can ever believe thy words, ſince ſhe will convince thee out of the very ſame words thou uſeſt to diſcover thy Paſſion unto her? For what haſt thou not ſaid in behalf of *Artaxander*, of his violent Paſſion, of his Fedility unto her, and of her obligements unto him? Wilt thou go and tell her, that thou didſt tell her lies? Wilt thou give thy ſelf the lie? And though thou ſhouldeſt be ſo baſe, doſt thou think *Telamire* will believe thee? And though ſhe ſhould believe, that thou didſt diſſemble with her in ſpeaking for *Artaxander*, thou wilt not be one jot the happier, ſince ſhe hath cauſe to think, that whoſoever will lie for another, will lie for himſelf. Moreover, conſider *Tyſimenes*, conſider the hatred that hath been betweem the houſe of *Artaxander* and thine. Remember that thy Anceſtours and his, have ever ſtriven which ſhould excell in glory and vertue: And wilt thou give ſuch an advantage unto the Family which hates thee, as to upbraid thee that *Artaxander* is more vituous then thy ſelf? Conſider *Tyſimenes*, that if thou doſt betray

tray thy friend, he will divulge unto all the world, that thou waſt reconciled unto him, purpoſely to be perfidious and baſe. Conſider that Glory will not ſuffer thee to give ſuch advantage unto thy Enemies; and that Friendſhip will not endure thou ſhouldeſt be a Rival unto thy Friend, eſpecially a Friend, who did overcome the old hatred of his heart unto thee. Conſider that Love is not a more violent Paſſion than Hatred; thou mayeſt be as well able to ceaſe loving *Telamire*, as thou wert to ceaſe hating *Artaxander*. But art thou able to ceaſe loving *Telamire*? (ſaid he) Oh, if thou be'ſt, thou art the moſt vile man of the whole earth if thou doeſt not; but yet if it be not in thy power, thou art not culpable. What ſhall I do then, (ſaid he) love, or not love? Ah doubtleſs, I ſhall love, (ſaid this tormented Lover) But if thou wilt be loving, and love with reaſon, thou muſt love *Artaxander* and *Telamire* both The task is difficult, and yet thou muſt do it, at leaſt carry thy ſelf in the ſecret of thy heart as a lover of *Telamire*, and publickly as the friend of *Artaxander*: And ſo betraying only thy ſelf, thou only canſt upbraid thy ſelf: And thou wilt preſerve the eſteem of thy Miſtreſs, of thy Friend, of thy Rival, and of thy Enemy, for *Telamire* and *Artaxander* are all theſe four unto thee. Theſe, amiable *Doraliſa*, were the thoughts of *Tyſimenes*, preſently after he perceived himſelf in love with *Telamire*; for afterwards we knew from himſelf all his moſt ſecret thoughts. However, after he had moſt ſeriouſly pondered what reſolution to fix upon, he was ſo generous as to reſolve upon death, rather then be perfidious unto *Artaxander*; ſo as I am confident, that never was vertue put upon a more difficult Teſt than his: For he knew that *Cloreliſa* did heartily wiſh his marriage with *Telamire*, and he knew alſo that *Algaſtus* wou'd joyfully conſent unto it. Again, as the ſtate of things ſtood, there was no probability that *Artaxander* ſhould ever marry her; ſo as though he could not ſee any hopes of happineſs for his friend, yet he reſolved to be the moſt miſerable of any man alive. 'Tis true, he could not eaſily bring himſelf unto this Reſolve, but ſuffered as much torment as ever man endured. He was in a hundred minds, either to abſent himſelf, or elſe to deſire *Artaxander* that he would excuſe him, from being any longer his Solicitour to *Telamire*; but when he began to compare the miſeries which he endured by his ſervice, unto what he ſhould ſuffer by abſence from the fair *Telamire*, he found it better for him to be ſtill an Agent between *Telamire* and *Artaxander*, then to deprive himſelf of her ſight, whom he loved and adored. Thus, not ceaſing to be the Lover of *Telamire*, he continued to be the Confident of *Artaxander*. But to tell you truly, it was with abundance of ſorrow; and the more becauſe *Telamire* having a high eſteem of him, did leſs conceal her real thoughts from him; ſo as the more he was in love with her, the more he knew ſhe loved his Rival. One days converſe did ſtrangely perplex him; for whilſt *Iſalonide* took *Cloreliſa* out, upon ſome viſit or other, which ſhe was obliged unto; and whilſt *Belemis* was gone to viſit a man whom he heard had been fighting, *Tyſimenes* remained alone with *Telamire*; who falling inſenſibly to talk of the general errour wherein all *Themiſcyra* was, concerning *Artaxander* and himſelf, ſhe aggravated the great danger there was, in judging of things according to appearance. For truly, ſaid ſhe, all the Town takes you to be the enemy of *Artaxander*; *Cloreliſa* her ſelf thinks it; and ſo doth *Algaſtus* and *Belemis*: Moreover, they begin to think that *Artaxander* hath forgotten me, and that I have forgotten him. The world alſo believes, that it is vertue only which is *Cloreliſa*'s motive to ſee no body: *Iſalonide* her ſelf doth not doubt it; yet nothing is more falſe than their opinions in all theſe things, though they appear to be moſt true unto all thoſe who believe them. Therefore, in my opinion, there is no ſafety in ſpeaking affirmitively of any thing, but what one knows to be of a moſt infallible certainty. 'Tis very true, replied *Tyſimenes*, that appearances are very deceitful: And I am ſo ſtrongly perſwaded of this truth (added he, and changed colour) as perhaps, I am able to ſay, that the thing which you think you are moſt certain of, is not as you do imagine it. Nay, nay, replied *Telamire*, I am very confident, that I am not miſtaken as others are; and when I think that *Artaxander* is your Friend, and that you are his, I think nothing but truth. Alſo I an confident, that in thinking *Clorelisa* to be full both of Love, Hatred, and Jealouſie, I think as I ought to do. And in perſwading my ſelf that you do much eſteem me, I am perſwaded of nothing but what you have induced me to believe, by a thouſand ſweet expreſſions, and as many obliging offices which I have received from you. And therefore *Tyſimenes*, though I grant that appearances are very fallacious, yet I am moſt confident, I am not miſtaken, in believing theſe things I have mentioned unto you. Certainly, Madam, replied he, you are not miſtaken in thinking I do much eſteem you; but perhaps you are miſtaken in imagining that this eſteem is ſo great, or ſo little as it is. I muſt needs think, replied ſhe, that you have a very good opinion of me, and that your Civility will not ſuffer you to undeceive me in ſuch a pleaſing errour; for truly (ſaid ſhe and ſmiled) when I conſidered of it with application, I have ſome reaſon to fear, that a man who knows ſo well how to hide his real thoughts, is not very ſincere. And truly, would not any one ſay, who ſee how you carry it, and hears how you talk before people, that you had no affection unto *Artaxander*? but that you were ſtill ready to quarrel with him? For my part (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled again) I muſt needs conclude, that if you know how to conceal Love as well as Friendſhip, you were very fit for the moſt miſterious Intelligence. Had I a Paſſion which I would conceal (replied he) I ſhould conceal it much better than I do the Friendſhip I hold with *Artaxander*. And yet I have heard ſay, (anſwered ſhe) that Love cannot long lie hid. I have heard it ſaid, as well as you Madam, replied he, but I am ſufficiently undeceived of that errour: for I know a Lover, who is little ſuſpected to be ſo, and who is thought he never will be. Since you do know it, replied ſhe, his Paſſion is not ſo concealed as you ſay it is. I do know it indeed (ſaid he) but the reaſon is, becauſe it is impoſſible I ſhould not know it; yet it is moſt undoubtedly true, that I only do know the Paſſion of his Soul. She who is the cauſe of it (replied ſhe) doth not ſhe know of that Paſſion which ſhe her ſelf hath created? She knows it no more than you do (replied he) and which is more ſtrange, this Lover hath Rivals, who dream not that he is theirs. This doth ſo much ſurpriſe me (replied *Telamire*) and I am ſo deſirous to know who this Lover is, who can ſo well conceal his paſſion, both from his Miſtreſs and his Rivals, that if ever I ſee *Artaxander* I will deſire him to make you name him, that he may let me know it. Of the two, replied *Tyſimenes*, I had rather tell you than *Artaxander* who it is; but truly unleſs I be forced Madam, I beſeech you give me leave neither to tell it unto you nor him; and I ſhall not reveal a ſecret which is the moſt concealed that ever any was. As I am perſwaded (replied ſhe) there never was any ſecret, but will out one time or other: ſo I believe, this which you now conceal from me, will one day be the common talk of the Town. I aſſure you Madam, replied he, if ever it be revealed, it ſhall be ſooner unto your ſelf than any one I know; but to tell you truly, I do not think that day will ever come. Be not too poſitive (replied ſhe) for all things that are within the compaſs of poſſibility may happen. For truly, when you and *Artaxander* went from *Themiſcyra*, there was no likelihood, that ever you ſhould be upon ſuch good termes, and yet I ſee you are become his friend, and he yours. 'Tis true, ſaid he, the change was great and unexpected: and one cannot make a quicker paſs from indifferency unto love, then I paſſed from hatred to the friendſhip of *Artaxander*. As for matter of friendſhip, (ſaid *Telamire*) I know very well it may grow a long time after one is acquainted with a perſon: But as for love, I cannot think it can be ſo; for I believe that when any one falls in love, it is at the very firſt ſight of the party loved. I ſhould be very ſorry Madam, ſaid he unto her, to contradict you in any thing; yet truly I cannot agree with you in this; for I muſt tell you again, that I know a Lover, who was only a bare friend unto the perſon with whom he is now in love, a long time before he was ſo; yet now he is ſo deſperately in love, as he cannot conceive it poſſible, that he ſhould then be only a friend unto her whom he now adores. If this Lover (replied ſhe, and laughed) have no name, no more than your firſt you talked of, I will never as long as I live diſpute with you again: for truly, I had rather have reaſons than examples, when the Men, whoſe adventures are alledged, are nameleſs unto me. But to tell you truely, it would be hard to make me believe, that any Man, who hath long ſeen a Woman without loving her, ſhould afterwards upon a ſudden fall in love: And for my particular, I ſhould ſooner believe that a Man, who never ſaw me above a quarter of an hour, ſhould fall in love with me, than that antoher, who hath ſeen me a whole year together with Eyes of indifferency, ſhould afterwards be capable of Love. Yet moſt certainly it is poſſible, replied he. And it is not more certainly true that I am *Tyſimenes*, than it is, that I know a Lover, who after only eſteem, admiration, and liking of a perſon, whom you know, is now become extreamly in love with her. If I were to talk with him you mean (replied ſhe) I ſhould certainly either make him confeſs, that his friendſhip and liking was only a little higher than it was before: or that his affection, which is now Love, did begin as ſoon as he ſaw her, though perhaps it was then only a luke-warm Love, and he hardly knew what it was: but I hold it abſolutely impoſſible that any one ſhould begin to be in love with a Woman, two Years after he firſt knew her. Then, Madam, ſaid he unto her, it ſeems that it would be a very difficult matter for a friend who knew you, to perſwade you that he is in love, unleſs he tells you, he was ſo the very firſt minute he ever looked upon you? 'Tis very true, ſaid ſhe, that he would not eaſily perſwade me; But thanks be to the gods and *Clorelisa*, (ſaid ſhe and laughed) I am not expoſed unto the danger, in the ſolitude wherein I live. But, Madam, (replied *Tyſimenes* and ſmiled, though he was much non-pluſt) one that hears you talk, would think that I have not a heart capable of being moved: and that I have not Eyes by which love may enter into my Soul: But ſince it hath hapned a hundred times, that friends have become Rivals unto their friends, how know you but I ſhall become ſo unto *Artaxander*, or am ſo already? In good earneſt (ſaid he to ſound her thoughts) I think I ſhould extreamly ſurprize you, if in lieu of telling you, according to my cuſtome, that *Artaxander* is ready to die for the love of you, I ſhould tell you, that I love you more than he doth. 'Tis moſt true, replied ſhe, you would moſt terribly afright me. But yet, (ſaid he unto her) what would you anſwer me, and what would you do, if you ſhould ſee me at your feet, proteſting with a thouſand Oaths, that I have done all that ever was in my power, to keep my ſelf from being *Artaxander*'s Rival? And if I ſhould vow further, that I love you infinitely more than ever he did? Firſt, (ſaid ſhe) I would not believe you: and ſecondly, I would carry the matter as if I did believe you, becauſe I would treat you as a perfidious friend, a cheat, a man without judgment. For ſince I have ſo freely opened my heart unto you concerning *Artaxander*: you would be out of your wits if you ſhould offer to talk ſo unto me, though it were ſo that you did love me very much: But (ſaid ſhe) I am unwiſe to trouble my ſelf in a buſineſs, which I hope in the gods will never be. And yet (replied he very coldly) you are fair enough to make an unfaithful Friend, a faithful Lover: and perhaps I have a heart ſo ſenſible, and a Soul ſo tender, that I can neither reſiſt you, nor overcome my ſelf. After this, *Tyſimenes* fearing he had been a little too laviſh in his tongue, did ſtrive to rouſe up ſome merrineſs into his Eyes, purpoſely to weaken the ſence of his words. And indeed, he did it ſo well, that *Telamire* did not ſo much as ſuſpect any reallity in the matter, but thought it to be only a ſport of his wit: So that beginning to talk more ſeriouſly unto *Tyſimenes*, ſhe talked of *Artaxander*, charging him to tell him ſome obliging matter, which ſhe deſired he ſhould know: In ſo much as *Tyſimenes*, as much a lover as he was, yet he did negotiate as the Agent of his Rival, and promiſed *Telamire* to tell him whatſoever ſhe pleaſed: and indeed as he went from *Telamire*, he intended to go unto that Friends Houſe where he was to meet *Artaxander* every night. But for that night, he went another way, thinking

ing it ſome ſweetneſs to defer thoſe joys which *Artaxander* would have, when he heard *Telamire*'s meſſage. And to tell you truely, his Soul wavered whether he ſhould be the Friend or the Enemy of *Artaxander*, but ſtill was conſtant in loving *Telamire*. But yet his vertue getting the maſtery in his mind, he reſolved to continue faithful to his friend; and to hide his love from his Miſtreſs as well as from his Rival: After which, he went to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion. 'Tis true, he did it with abundance of pain: he never named *Telamire*, but his heart trembled: he could not hear ſo much as the name of his Rival pronounced, without a chilneſs of heart. However, ſince *Artaxander* could talk of nothing elſe but *Telamire*, and ſince he was that night more earneſt than ordinary in talking with *Tyſimenes*, he retained him as long as he could: for ſince he had opened the door of his heart only unto him, it was only from him he could have any conſolation I beſeech you my dear *Tiſimenes*, (ſaid he unto him) ſooth me up a little in my Paſſion, to eaſe me in my ſufferings: Tell me that *Telamire* is worthy of all thoſe miſeries I have endured for her ſake; for truly though you be not in love, yet it is impoſſible but you ſhould know that I have great reaſon to love her in that degree I do: for if you have but Eyes and any Soul, you muſt needs know and ſee that ſhe is all admirable. 'Tis true, replied *Tyſimenes*, that *Telamire* is much accompliſhed, and if I would contradict your Paſſion, it ſhould not be for want of merit in her, ſince none can have more than ſhe hath. Ah *Tyſimenes*, replied *Artaxander*, to ſee the difference betwixt love and friendſhip: for becauſe you are only the friend of *Telamire*, you can content your ſelf to ſay, that none can have more merit than ſhe hath; but I that am her Lover muſt needs ſay, that it is impoſſible to find any who hath ſo much. If we never differ in any thing but that, replied *Tyſimenes*, we ſhall always agree, ſince I confeſs as well as you, that *Telamire* is incomparable, and that I never knew any ſo lovely as ſhe is. Did I know you were in love, replied *Artaxander*, I ſhould take good heed of obliging you unto any ſuch high applaud of *Telamire*; and ſhould ſo much reſpect our friendſhip and your love, as not to wiſh you ſhould prefer the perſon whom I love, before her whom you adore: but ſince I know you are only in love with honour, and your friends, I conceive, I may well move you to do juſtice unto the merits of *Telamire*, by acknowledging you never knew her equal. But alſo I am forc'd to confeſs, that I am as miſerable as ſhe is fair, eſpecially of late: for me thinks you have not ſpoke unto me from her as you were wont: And I ſee ſomething in your mind, which makes me fear, you ſee ſome thoughts in her which are not advantagious to me. *Tyſimenes*, hearing *Artaxander* ſpeak thus, was afraid that he had diſcovered his weakneſs. So as recollecting all his ſtrength of vertue, he forced his tongue to tell his Rival, that he was miſtaken, and that he was never in his life upon better terms with *Telamire*, then at this time. But he had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, then he was angry with himſelf; and found ſuch a diſorder in his heart, that his eyes had betrayed him, if he had ſtayed any longer with *Artaxander*: and ſo he left him as ſoon as ever he could. In the mean time, *Belemis* beginning to perceive that *Clorelisa* was not ſo zealous for his marriage with *Telamire*, as ſhe was wont; he looked more narrowly unto *Telamire*: and growing jealous of the long converſation which *Tyſimenes* held with her, he quarrelled with him; and if their Friends, indifferent unto both, had not prevented them, ſome misfortune had hapned between them. *Clorelisa* ſeeing how ſquares went, but not ſeeing the thoughts of *Tyſimenes* unto *Telamire*, ſhe reſolved to debar her ſelf of ſo much ſatisfaction in marrying her unto *Artaxander*'s Enemy, but contented her ſelf, by taking her from him, in marrying her unto her Brother. Then did ſhe begin to uſe all the power ſhe had with *Algaſtus*, to favour the deſigns of *Belemis*; and indeed ſhe wrought ſo much upon him, as abſolutely to command *Telamire*, to prepare her ſelf for being Wife unto *Belemis* within eight days. On the other ſide, *Clorelisa* deſired *Tyſimenes*, that ſince he himſelf pretended nothing unto

Telamire, that he would perſwade her to obey her Father: In the mean time, *Telamire* after ſhe had ſeen *Algaſtus* and *Tyſimenes*, ſhe was a moſt ſad Soul: and the more, becauſe what deſires ſoever ſhe had to diſobey *Algaſtus*, yet ſhe had not power. Again, ſhe told *Tyſimenes*, that ſhe would not have *Artaxander* fight with *Belemis* upon any terms, but declared, that if he made any hurly-burly for the love of her, ſhe would never ſee him again: So that when *Artaxander* knew this, he was extreamly ſorry for it. *Tyſimenes* alſo was exceeding full of grief, yet not ſo full as *Artaxander*, though he was no leſs in love than he, yet was a very faithful Agent in the buſineſs: for ſince he had nothing but bad news always to tell *Artaxander*, he told it him without any trouble, though yet he was his friend. 'Tis true, when *Artaxander* gave him in Commiſſion to perſwade *Telamire* unto diſobedience of *Algaſtus*, he did not imploy all the eloquence he had. But doubtleſs he ſpake more earneſtly, and much more juſtly, when he negotiated to comfort *Artaxander* for the loſs of *Telamire*, than when he undertook to perſwade *Telamire* to beſtow her ſelf upon *Artaxander*. But *Telamire* did inſiſt ſo much upon Points of Glory, that ſhe would never do any thing for which ſhe might be condemned. On the other ſide, it was a harſh adventure for her to think ſhe ſhould never ſee *Artaxander* again, that ſhe ſhould be Wiſe unto *Belemis*, *Belemis*, *Cloraliſa*'s Brother. She was not able to refrain from Tears when he talked with *Tyſimenes*; and alas, theſe Tears went to his very heart; but he made a ſecret of them unto *Artaxander*, and told him only that ſhe was ſad, or ſo, but never told him that ſhe wept. In the mean time *Artaxander*, out of the violence of his Paſſion, told *Tyſimenes*, that of two things, he muſt needs do one: either he muſt fight with *Belemis*, mauger *Telamire*'s charge to the contrary; or elſe he muſt carry *Telamire* away: Conjuring him to aſſiſt him in one, or both theſe things, ſo that *Tyſimenes* being put to notable quandaries, he told *Artaxander*, that he would adviſe him never to think of carrying *Telamire* away; giving him ſuch Reaſons to the contrary, that if the mind of *Artaxander* had been ſettled, he might have ſeen that *Tyſimenes* took more intereſt in *Telamire* than he ought: for *Tyſimenes* himſelf perceived he ſpake over zealouſly. But after he had diſſwaded him from carrying away *Telamire*, and that *Artaxander* had repented of ſuch thoughts, he offered him in point of honour, to be his Second againſt *Belemis*, who never went without his friend. But as they were ready to fix upon this Reſolution, one of *Tyſimenes* ſervants entred, and gave his Maſter a Letter, which he ſaid one of *Telamire's* Women gave unto him with Tears in her Eyes. Do you not know, ſaid *Tyſimenes*, why ſhe cried? All I know, ſaid he, is, that *Algaſtus*, *Clorelisa*, *Iſalonide*, *Telamire*, and *Belemis* went out of *Themiſcyra* preſently after the Sun was ſet: and I ſaw *Telamire* go into *Cloraliſa*'s Coach, with ſo much ſorrow in her countenance, that, I believe, the journey doth not pleaſe her. Ah *Tyſimenes* (ſaid *Artaxander*) I fear this journey which begins in the night, will prove fatal unto me: After this, reading the Letter which he took from *Tyſimenes*, he found theſe words.

TELAMIRE *unto* TYSIMENES.

Hough Sir, I have but one minute to ſtay in Themiſcyra, *yet, go I muſt, and not know when I ſhall return: All I know of my journey is, that my Father told me, that he would carry me into the Country, to the end my marriage with* Belemis *might make leſs noiſe. I pray impart this cruel news unto* Artaxander, *in ſuch a manner as may make him the leaſt ſad. Aſſure him, I will reſiſt as far as handſomely I can, and prepare him for a miſery, in caſe I cannot hinder it. Adieu, I have more ſorrow in my Soul than I would have him know of: but how great ſoever it be, yet I do freely conſent he ſhould complain againſt my weakneſs, if my affection do yield unto what decency requires, ſo he complain in ſecret. Let me tell you once again, that my melancholy is without any equal, unleſs the*

the joys of Clorelisa, *which appears as viſible in her eyes, as deſpair doth in the eyes of*

TELAMIRE.

You may eaſily imagine, Amiable *Dorelisa*, how ſad *Artaxander* was, after the reading this Letter : Yet he was more ſad, when upon enquiry of the place whither *Algaſtus* was gone unto, he underſtood that it was unto a Caſtle which belonged unto *Iſalonide*, againſt which nothing could be attempted, neither to releaſe *Telamire*, nor againſt *Belemis*, for it was extraordinary ſtrong : Alſo, as for *Belermis*, though he knew how to find out a way, to ſend him a challenge, yet he would anſwer, that he would fight, after he had married *Telamire*. Yet *Artaxander* reſolved to do whatſoever he could, to twit him with point of honour, though he did not hap to make him alter his purpoſe : So as going out of *Themiſcyra*, with one Page only, becauſe he would not engage *Tyſimenes* in a buſineſs wherein he had no intereſt, he took his way towards this Caſtle, in a moſt melancholy mood. For when he thought, that perhaps before he came there, *Belemis* would enjoy *Telamire*, his reſentment was beyond all imagination : He told me ſince, that he was not maſter of his own mind, and but for his Page, he had loſt his way a hundred times, ſo troubled was his ſoul. As he was in this turbulency of ſpirit, he ſpied afar off two Coaches coming towards him, which came a very ſlow pace, and he thought he knew the Page of *Belemis*, who rode on horſeback ſome thirty paces before : So as commanding his own Page, to go and ask unto whom thoſe Coaches belonged, he underſtood that *Algaſtus* going in the night to avoid the heat of the day, the Coach wherein he was did overturn ſo as he was very dangerouſly hurt in the head ; and that *Algaſtus* would not continue his journey, but would return unto *Themiſcyra*, after he had reſted a little, at the Town next the place where this accident hapned. So that *Artaxander* underſtanding this, he took the way upon his right hand, that he might not paſs too near the Coaches ; yet he went not ſo far off, but he ſaw *Telamire*, and ſhe him :

him: But ſince ſhe was then in as ſad a condition to ſee her Father in that caſe, as ſhe was in parting from *Themiſcyra*, ſhe only made a ſign with her head, unperceived by *Cloreliſa*, becauſe ſhe was turned the other way, to talk unto *Belemis*. But not to trouble you with any impertinencies, *Aglaſtus* was carried home to his houſe, and got into bed: Chyrurgions were ſent for, and they found his hurt to be very dangerous; ſo that when *Artaxander* came back to *Themiſcyra*, every one believed *Algaſtus* would die. *Artaxander* then conſidering the ſtate of things, did not think it good to hazard the incenſing of *Telamire* by fighting with *Belemis*: But contented himſelf with deſiring *Tyſimenes* to ſee *Telamire*: And the ſtrangeſt thing was, *Tyſimenes* was moſt ſenſibly grieved at the diſaſter of *Algaſtus*. As for *Cloreliſa*, ſhe was uncapable of any comfort: But I am very confident, that it was more, becauſe the death of *Algaſtus* would take away her power over *Telamire*, than out of any tenderneſs of affection unto him. However, *Iſalonide*, and *Cloreliſa* were all in tears about *Algaſtus*, and never did Husband think himſelf more tenderly loved by a Wife, than he by his, though ſhe wept more out of jealouſie and ſpight, than any real ſorrow for her loſs. As for *Telamire*, ſhe was of another mind: For ſhe lamented with all the real ſorrow of a Daughter for a Father in ſuch a condition, ſo that ſhe ſtood in need of conſolation. In the mean time, *Algaſtus* after four daies was at his laſt gaſp: And that which is very obſervable was, that *Cloreliſa* had ſo much power of him, as to make him give his whole eſtate unto her, if ſhe had thought upon it: Yet it was the very leaſt of her thoughts: But ſtill ſhe conjured him with eyes full of tears, (as if out of meer tenderneſs) that he would abſolutely command *Telamire* to marry *Belemis*, to the end that both Lovers might be united. But whether it was that the tears of *Cloreliſa* did trouble *Algaſtus*, or that this deſire did mollifie his heart, he ſeemed to be aſtoniſhed; and when he offered to ſpeak, he could not: So as he loſt his knowledg, and died; leaving it unknown whether he conſented, or denied the demands of *Cloreliſa*. So by this means

Cloreliſa was out of any power over *Telamire*, and *Telamire* was abſolutely free: *Artaxander* had ground of hopes; and *Tyſimenes* was in ſuch amaze, as he knew not what to think; yet ſtill he continued generous. But ſince it was not impoſſible he ſhould long continue the Agent of *Artaxander*, and the Lover of *Telamire* both; he told his friend, that now there was no need of deluding *Cloreliſa* any longer, and therefore he deſired him not to imploy him in viſiting *Telamire* any longer, pretending the averſion which he ſaid he had unto *Belemis*, and *Cloreliſa*. However, he took upon him to carry a Complement from *Artaxander* unto *Telamire* upon the death of her Father. But *Telamire* being too wiſe to make any ſudden alteration in her way of living, ſhe would not admit of his viſit. 'Tis true, this conſtraint of hers did not continue long: For having intelligence that *Cloreliſa* did intend to carry her away for her Brother, ſhe ſecretly aſſembled all her kindred, who came all together immediately, and demanded her of *Cloreliſa*, who mourned much more to ſee *Telamire* carried out of her power, than ſhe did to ſee *Algaſtus* carried to his Grave: And that high reputation of vertue which ſhe had gotten by the ſolitude and reſervedneſs which her jealouſie had cauſed, began to leſſen; for ſhe behaved her ſelf ſo, as ſhe made it evidently appear, that ſhe grieved not for the death of *Algaſius*. The truth is, her ſorrows that ſhe could not now be revenged upon *Artaxander*, did ſo diſorder all the faculties of her ſoul, as it was moſt viſible unto all that looked upon her, that ſhe had a moſt violent paſſion reigning in her ſoul. She was not able to pronounce the Name of *Telamire*, but ſhe changed colour: She complained and could not tell why: The very Name of *Artaxander* made her mad; but the name of *Aglaſtus* was pronounced a hundred times, and ſhe made not the leaſt ſtartle at it: So as as all the Town began to be undeceived in their opinions of *Cloreliſa*'s great vertue: Yet *Iſalonide* ſaid, that the exceſs of her grief for the death of *Algaſtus* had a little diſtracted her: but this excuſe deluded only the ſimple. On the other ſide, *Amaldea* wiſhing the marriage of *Artaxander* with *Telamire*, after the death of *Algaſtus*, as ſhe did in the life of *Cleoſſonte*, ſhe negotiated the buſineſs ſo well, with the kindred of that Excellent Lady, as ſhe concluded the matter in few daies. But ſince they feared that *Belemis* would be ſome obſtacle, they did carry it very ſecretly. In the mean time, ſince the reconciliation of *Tyſimenes* and *Artaxander* was known, *Amaldea* deſired this friend of her Sons, not to forſake him untill he had married *Telamire*, leſt *Belemis* ſhould oblige him to fight the ſecond time, acquainting him to what a paſs ſhe had brought the buſineſs, and let him know that the marriage would be celebrated very ſhortly. And indeed, *Amaldea* acquainting *Artaxander* what ſhe had done for him; and the friends of *Telamire* having told her what was reſolved upon, they both of them did think themſelves as happy now, as they were miſerable before: But *Tyſimenes* was the ſaddeſt man that ever lived. Not but that he did ſtrive againſt himſelf with admirable Generoſity: But yet the Paſſion in his Soul was ſo ſtrong, that he was not able to overcome it. As ſoon as *Artaxander* knew of his happineſs, he went to tell it unto *Tyſimenes*: But he was much ſurprized to find him ſo melancholy; and more ſurprized to find that he would not tell him the cauſe of his ſadneſs, as he had told him the cauſe of his joyes: Yet *Tyſimenes* coloured his ſorrows with ſome Domeſtick buſineſs, which he ſaid, did not go ſo well as he wiſhed: So that ſince the ſoul of *Artaxander* was all joy, he never examined the ſadneſs of *Tyſimenes* any further. However, it was ſo extream, that as ſoon as his friend was gone, he thought he ſhould have died: And he was ſo near it, that (as he confeſſed ſince) that he reſolved upon twenty violent courſes in a quarter of an hour. Is it ſo (ſaid he unto himſelf, as he related afterwards) that *Telamire* is going to be married unto *Artaxander*, and he as ready to be happy as thou *Tyſimenes* art ready to be miſerable? And yet it is thy ſelf who hath contributed unto his happineſs, and it is thy ſelf who cannot ſee it without ſorrow. But thanks be unto the Gods (added he, and ſighed) that I can hope for nothing from *Telamire*, for in ſpight of all my vertue, if I had any hopes from her, I ſhould have much more ado to overcome my ſelf. But I have not ſo much Conſolation, as that I can complain, either againſt my Miſtreſs, or my Rival: And I can only lay the blame upon my own weakneſs. Yet though *Artaxander* be my friend; and though I am reſolved to carry my ſelf as if I were not his Rival: I am not able to be a ſpectator of his felicity: And when I conſider that within four daies he ſhall enjoy *Telamire*, I find ſuch a turbulency in my heart, that if I ſhould ſee him happy, I ſhould hazard the doing of things which would be far from either Reaſon or Vertue. Let then *Artaxander* alone in peace, *Tyſimenes*, ſince thou canſt never be ſo thy ſelf: But in order to that, thou muſt never ſee *Telamire*: Thou muſt quit thy Country; baniſh thy ſelf from that place where thou wilt leave *Artaxander* happy; and ſeek out thy death in ſome Deſart, where thou canſt never hear of their felicity, who have cauſed thy miſery. And the truth is, *Tyſimenes* was ſo fully reſolved, to depart from *Themiſcyra*, and never to ſee either *Telamire*, and *Artaxander* any more, as nothing could ſtagger this Generous determination: he ſeemed therefore as if he had ſome earneſt buſineſs which called him away: And without unfolding the cauſe of his journey, he told *Artaxander*, that he would depart the day before his Nuptials, of which *Clorelifa*, and *Belemis* were ignorant. At the firſt, *Artaxander* uſed all his perſwaſions to make *Tyſimenes* ſtay until after he had compleated his happineſs: And he perſwaded him in ſuch ſweet expreſſions, and tender words, as *Tyſimenes* was ſo aſhamed, that his reſolution of going away was the ſtronger, ſince he was not able to ſee *Artaxander* enjoy *Telamire*, without envy at his happineſs, and grief to himſelf. However, ſince he could not depart before he had ſeen *Telamire*, he reſolved upon a viſit: But it may be very well ſaid, he

went

he went to ſee her, but to ſpeak he hardly was able: And had not ſome company been there, which helped out with diſcourſe, he had been put to a pitiful *Non-plus:* But at laſt he left her, and bid her adieu, without telling her whether he went, nor why he departed. At his going out from her, he went unto *Artaxander*, with whom he was not able to ſtay above a quarter of an hour, ſo violent were the raptures of his grief, which his paſſion cauſed. *Artaxander* uſed all his Arguments to make him ſtay only two daies: For ſince he was ignorant of the cauſe, he could not chooſe but preſs him to be a witneſs of his happineſs. But at laſt, ſeeing he would not be perſwaded, and thinking that the buſineſs he pretended was ſome ſecret of the Family, which was not to be imparted, he preſſed him no further, but bad him adieu, with a thouſand expreſſions of friendſhip: Telling him, that he was much beholding unto him for *Telamire*, and that he would acknowledge his obligements for it eternally. But, amiable *Doraliſa*, after that *Tyſimenes* had left *Artaxander*, and returned home, he thought himſelf more miſerable than before: For he found *Telamire* ſo early fair, and *Artaxander* ſo full of tender expreſſions, that Love and Friendſhip beginning to renew in his ſoul, his ſufferings were beyond all expreſſion, or toleration. Yet he ſtood firm unto his reſolution: But ſince love is a Paſſion which naturally would make it ſelf known, he could not reſolve upon his departure before he had made known unto her who cauſed his miſery, what courſe he took againſt himſelf, purpoſely to keep him from any attempts againſt *Artaxander*. So as being reſolved to write unto her, he did ſo: And when he was juſt ready to depart, he gave it unto a truſty ſervant, with orders to carry it unto *Telamire*, an hour after his departure, and to chooſe ſuch a time as when *Artaxander* was not with her. After which, taking Horſe, he departed without any with him but one Page only, and went to a friends houſe ſome thirty Furlongs off, to conſult what courſe he ſhould take, and whither he ſhould wander, to make choice of his exile.

In the mean time, he with whom he left the Letter which he writ unto *Telamire*, having punctually obeyed him, and given it unto her, ſhe was extreamly amazed to find it ſuch as I ſhall afterwards read unto you: For ſince ſhe afterwards gave me a Copy, I think it is about me.

In ſaying ſo ſhe looked for this Copy and found it, ſo ſhe ſhewed it unto *Dorelisa*, and *Marteſia*: But before ſhe read it, ſhe told them that *Telamire* after ſhe had read it with much wonder, and being in doubt whether ſhe ſhould ſhew it unto *Artaxander* or no, ſhe put it in her Pocket, becauſe ſhe ſaw him enter: And a while after, forgetting ſhe had a Letter which ſhe would not have him to ſee, ſhe unknowingly dropt it, and he took it up whilſt ſhe went to talk with one in the outer Chamber, who deſired to ſpeak with her: So that knowing it to be the hand of *Tyſimenes*, and not being able to forbear opening it, he read theſe words:

TYSIMENES *unto* TELAMIRE.

Madam,

I *Make no queſtion but you will wonder, that a man who hath ſo long ſpoke unto you of* Artaxanders *love, and hath been ſo faithful a Confident of his Paſſion, ſhould dare to tell you, that he is his Rival, and yet at the ſame time tell you that* Artaxander *loves you as well as any heart can. In the mean time, it is moſt true Madam, that I began to love and adore you within a few daies after I began to tell you that* Artaxander *did the ſame; and it's as certainly true that I love you now with as much violence, as ever heart did. Yet you know Madam, that I have done for* Artaxander *all that I promiſed unto him: and that in all my diſcourſes with you, I betrayed only my ſelf. Yet do not think that I vanquiſhed my ſelf without abundance of pain: but in recompence of my reſpective paſſion, I conjure you to do me ſo much favour, as believe, that I never ſpake one Syllable in advantage of* Artaxander, *but it ſtruck more ſorrow to my heart than my tongue is able to expreſs. But whatſoever I have* *done for him againſt my ſelf, I ſhall be very glad that he never know his obligations to me: and that you may be the only Perſon in the world who ſhall know my weakneſs and misfortune. Were I to ſee you ever again, perhaps you would be offended at what I ſay: but ſince I do not declare, that I love you until the very day before you are to marry* Artaxander, *and that then I depart from* Themiſcyra, *with reſolution never to return again, you would be pitileſs Madam, if you ſhould be offended at me for not denying my ſelf ſo much conſolation, as to think, when I am dying, that it's fit you ſhould know the cauſe of my death; and to think, that haply you will confeſs, that except* Artaxander, *there is not a man in the world who deſerves your affection better than my ſelf, if Fate had either not made him your Lover, or made me his Enemy. Moreover Madam, ſince I require no anſwer, becauſe I cannot in any reaſon expect it to be favourable; give me leave to conjure you unto a memory of all I have ſpoken in behalf of* Artaxander: *and to beſeech you, that you would believe, that if I had ſpoken my heart, I ſhould have ſpoken much more for my ſelf than for him. Again I am forced to confeſs, becauſe it is moſt certainly true, that friendſhip, vertue, and glory, were not the only motives which induced me to be faithful unto* Artaxander: *And that had I known how to have thwarted his happineſs, and not yours, I ſhould hardly have kept my ſelf within the limits of Generoſity.*

Thus Madam, ſince I for the love of you, fight againſt my ſelf, me thinks, I merit your compaſſion upon a moſt miſerable Lover, who is going to find an end of his miſeries in the end of his life; and ſince he will not diſturb the felicity of his Rival contents himſelf to make the cauſe of his death known only unto her, who gave it unto

TYSIMENES.

You may imagine, amiable *Doreliſa*, how extreamly *Artaxander* was ſurprized at the reading of this Letter from *Tyſimenes*: And ſince he really loved him, he was infinitely ſorry, that he was in love with *Telamire*, but yet he reſented it, without any jealouſie, hatred, or anger. 'Tis true, he was ſo aſtoniſhed

ſhed at what he ſaw, that ſcarcely believing himſelf, he began to read the Letter again, as if he would be better ſatisfied: So as *Telamire* entring before he ended, ſhe was almoſt as much ſurprized, that ſhe ſhould find him reading it, as ſhe was at what the Letter contained: alſo ſhe changed colour: for ſince ſhe had concealed it from *Artaxander*, ſhe knew not how he might take it. Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, I intended to hide that Letter from you, leaſt you ſhould blame me for the loſs of a friend, who certainly was owner of a thouſand admirable parts: but I ſee my Intentions are prevented, ſince you have found it. Your Intentions, Madam, replied *Artaxander*, had been moſt juſt, if they were only to ſpare me my ſorrows for my being the cauſe of my friends misfortune. And it cannot be imagined I ſhould ever complain againſt you, for it were moſt unjuſt to think you leſs amiable than you are. So, Madam, I do not accuſe you, nor *Tyſimenes*, but think my ſelf more obliged unto him for being my Rival, then for being my Friend. But the truth is, I extreamely condemn my ſelf, for obliging *Tyſimenes* to viſit you ſo often; and for doing ſo much wrong unto your merit, as to think it poſſible, he ſhould ſee you ſo oft, and not love you. I muſt to my ſhame confeſs, that *Tyſimenes* is more Generous than I could have been: for my Paſſion is ſo ſtrong, that had I been his Rival upon the ſame terms as he was mine, I ſhould certainly have been his enemy, and ſhould have ſpoken more for my ſelf than him. Therefore, Madam, in acknowledgment of his vertue, I ask your leave to pity him, and that you would perſwade him to live. Moreover, I ask you pardon for his boldneſs in diſcovering his Paſſion unto you, and beg your amity for him, with as much zeal, as heretofore he begged your affection for me. And, I beſeech you, Madam, Let my Negotiation be as proſperous as his: and I ask leſs for *Tyſimenes*, than he did for *Artaxander*, do not deny me, Madam, I conjure you: and let me preſerve my friend, though a Rival, from being the moſt miſerable of all Lovers. Your Demands are ſo juſt, and eaſie to be conſented unto, replied ſhe, that you may be ſure I ſhall not deny them: Yet I do conſent unto you upon condition, that you will not invite *Tyſimenes* to ſee me, until he be fully cured of his folly. If I may judg of his Paſſion by my own, replied *Artaxander*, I ſhould think you will never ſee him again: for truly I cannot think it poſſible he ſhould ceaſe loving: eſpecially *Tyſimenes*, who hath a paſſionate ſoul, and knows no *medium* in his love, or hatred.

As *Artaxander* was ſaying ſo, an Aunt of *Telamires*, with whom ſhe then lived, came into her Chamber, to tell her, that *Clorelisa*, and *Belemis*, had diſcovered their intentions of marriage, and made ſuch a noiſe about it, that ſhe thought it expedient to defer it for a while, to let all the world ſee, that *Clorelisa* lied, in giving it out, that *Algaſtus* charged *Telamire* not to marry *Artaxander*, ſince it is moſt certainly true, he had never forbidden him to ſee her, but only at the inſtance of *Clorelisa*, who told her husband, that *Artaxander* was in love with her. At firſt, *Artaxander* did extremely diſlike this Propoſition: But *Telamire*'s Aunt, telling him that the whole Family did conclude it to be ſo, and that *Telamire* was of the ſame opinion, he conſented that his happineſs ſhould be deferred only for eight days. As ſoon as he came home, he diligently enquired where *Tyſimenes* was, and underſtood that he was not above thirty furlongs from *Themiſcyra*, but that he went away from thence by break of day. So that without more delay, though it was almoſt night he took horſe, and went to the place where *Tyſimenes* was, whom he found alone in his Chamber, condoling his misfortunes: he was ſo intent upon his ſorrows, that *Artaxander* was within a pace of him before he either ſaw or heard him, but when he turned himſelf, lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if he would accuſe it of his misfortunes, that when he ſaw *Artaxander* he was ſo ſurprized, that he went a ſtep or two backward, to look better upon him, and to ſee whether or no he was miſtaken: But *Artaxander* advancing faſter than he recoiled, he embraced

braced him, and ſighed for company. I come, my Dear *Tyſimenes*, (ſaid he unto him) to beg your pardon for being the cauſe of your exile: I come to hinder you from baniſhing your ſelf: and to aſſure you that *Telamire* after ſhe had read your Letter, did give greater commendations unto your Generoſity, than unto my Conſtancy; and that if ſhe do love me more than ſhe doth you, yet ſhe eſteems you more than ſhe doth me. If *Telamire* had really eſteemed me (replied *Tyſimenes* much ſurprized) ſhe would never have denied me the favour which I asked, to conceal my weakneſs from you: but I perceive ſhe has a mind to be revenged upon me for my boldneſs, by making me loſe a friend; and by depriving me of ſo much Conſolation, as to think that you ſhould never know my infidelity. For truly *Artaxander*, I fancied ſome ſweetneſs in my miſery, in carrying it ſo, that *Telamire* might know of my love, and that you ſhould never hear of it, leſt you ſhould withdraw your friendſhip from me: but ſince ſhe is pleaſed to croſs this my deſire. I muſt reſolve to be hated both by my Miſtreſs and my Rival. Ah Dear *Tyſimenes* (replied *Artaxander*) if I hated you, I ſhould never have told you that *Telamire* does eſteem you. If you do not hate me, replied *Tyſimenes*, it is becauſe you know *Telamire* will never love me; and though I am your Rival, yet you value it not, becauſe you know I cannot hurt you any more than if I were not. But however it be, you have done more than you ought, and I ſhould not do what I ought, if I do not ſpeedily depart from a place in which I cannot ſtay without envy at your happineſs. For if I ſhould, how is it poſſible I ſhould preſerve both my love to *Telamire*, and my friendſhip to *Artaxander*? for I profeſs, I have ſtriven as much to keep in one as the other: And to conceal nothing from you, know *Artaxander*, that I find in my ſelf ſuch ſtrange ſuggeſtions, and tumultuous imaginations in my heart, as I will not promiſe but I may become your enemy, if I once ſee you the poſſeſſor of *Telamire*. But ſince I am yet as I ought to be unto you, I conjure you to be a little indulgent towards me; and by proſecuting my intentions of never returning unto *Themiſcyra*, let me ſtrive againſt the affection which I bear unto her, who is going to make you happy: for truly my Dear *Artaxander*, if I may yet call you ſo, A Rival that is abſent, and not loved, is not to be feared: and by conſenting unto this, you will give me ſo much ſatisfaction as to love *Telamire* without any wrong unto you. I will conſent, Sir, unto much more than you ask, replied *Artaxander:* for I conſent that you ſhall ſee her, and love her: And I know the vertue of *Telamire* ſo well, that I am able to continue your friend, though you ſhould continue to love her. No, no, replied *Tyſimenes*, I will not accept your offer, becauſe I dare not truſt my ſelf; nor think I am able to ſee you compleatly happy, but I muſt either die, or ceaſe being your friend: And therefore to preſerve my love unto *Telamire*, and my friendſhip to you, I muſt proſecute my deſign, and baniſh my ſelf for ever.

I ſhould never make an end, if I ſhould relate the whole buſineſs of theſe two friendly Rivals: for they talked together a whole night. But as they were ſtriving to perſwade each other, one came in and told *Tyſimenes* aloud, that a man, who would not impart his name, deſired to ſpeak with *Artaxander*: So as imagining that it might perhaps be one from *Belemis*, he was commanded to be brought in: and he no ſooner entred, but he was indeed known to be the friend of *Belemis*: ſo as *Artaxander* imagining his buſineſs, went towards him to give him the better opportunity of ſpeaking out of the hearing of *Tyſimenes*, but *Tyſimenes* following, and the friend of *Belemis* (who was one of thoſe Bravadoes by profeſſion, who ſpent their whole lives in Quarrels, Duels, and Punctilioes of honour) ſeeing that he could not ſpeak unto *Artaxander* but in the hearing of *Tyſimenes*, reſolved rather than fail in his friends ſatisfaction, to engage him as well as *Artaxander* in the buſineſs. And therefore without more ado, he told *Artaxander*, that he knew him to be a man ſo well able to chooſe his friend, as he would dare to tell him in the preſence of *Tyſimenes*, that *Belemis* knowing that he was gone out of the Town, came out alſo, and waited for him within a hundred paces of this houſe, in hopes to ſee him with a ſword in his hand to diſpute with him for the poſſeſſion of *Telamire*: Adding, that if *Tyſimenes* would be more than a bare ſpectatour of the Combat, he would fight with him. You may well conceive, that *Artaxander* was very ready to give all deſired ſatisfaction unto *Belemis*: and that *Tyſimenes*, who wiſhed for death, would not fear a danger. But *Artaxander* was very much againſt *Tyſimenes* his fighting: yet when he heard him ſay that he would fight with *Belemis*, if he would not let him follow his fortune, out of a point of honour he conſented; and ſo they went to the place where *Belemis* was. I will not inſiſt upon any relation of their thoughts, for they are eaſie to be imagined: nor will I deſcribe the Combat, the ſucceſs whereof was very fatal: for *Tyſimenes* kill'd the friend of *Belemis*: but it was after himſelf was mortally wounded. Yet *Tyſimenes* had ſo much ſtrength, after he had vanquiſhed his Antagoniſt, to go towards his friend, who after he had wounded *Belemis*, had the misfortune to break his ſword, ſo as *Belemis* making a Paſs upon him, was ready to kill him, when *Tyſimenes*, as wounded as he was, came nearer and cried out, It was not generous to kill a man who had no weapon. *Belemis* turning his head aſide, and ſeeing him come with a ſword in his hand, and ſeeing the ſword of *Artaxander* broken, he was aſhamed of his action, and confeſſed that he was very ſorry, that he did not ſee his ſword to be broken. Thus *Tyſimenes* ſaved the life of his Friend and Rival: for though *Artaxarder* was not wounded, but *Belemis* was, yet ſince he had the misfortune to break his ſword, *Belemis* had certainly killed him, but for *Tyſimenes*. But afterwards company came in: *Belemis* retired, and the body of him whom *Tyſimenes* killed was carried away. *Tyſimenes* was ſo weak that he fell; and they were forced to carry him back unto *Themiſcyra* in a moſt lamentable condition, ſince there was no place nearer where he could be dreſſed. I beſeech you, amiable *Doralſa*, diſpenſe with me from relating all the expreſſions from *Tyſimenes* to *Artaxander*, and from *Artaxander* unto *Tyſimenes*, for if I ſhould offer it, I ſhould drown all my words in tears: And to ſave you the ſorrow of hearing it, I will only in ſhort tell you, That *Tyſimenes* lived but five days after: that whileſt he lived he talked of nothing but *Telamire*, that *Artaxander* was ſadly with him all the while, that *Telamire* was very ſenſible of this ſad accident, and that the very day deſigned for *Artaxander*'s Marriage, was the Funeral of *Tyſimenes*. But that Solemnity was deferred, and for ſome days, the whole diſcourſe of *Artaxander* and *Telamire* was only of *Tyſimenes*. In the mean time, *Artaxander* taking it to heart, that he had not vanquiſhed *Belemis*: and ſince he thought he was obliged in point of honour to revenge the death of *Tyſimenes* his friend, as well as to fight for love of *Telamire*; therefore he reſolved to fight with *Belemis* again, as ſoon as he was cured of his wounds. But in this ſecond Combat, which was one to one, he had the advantage clearly: for he wounded *Belemis* in two places, and diſarmed him: Inſomuch as *Clorelisa* was even mad to ſee that nothing could hinder the happineſs of *Artaxander*. Yet ſhe found out a device to defer it: for ſhe divulged ſuch reports about the Town, that never was ſuch a clamor againſt *Telamire*, not only that ſhe ſhould marry *Artaxander*, but that ſhe ſhould think of marrying him whileſt ſhe was in mourning, and before her father was well cold in his grave. Inſomuch as *Telamire*, being ſtrangely moved at thoſe clamorous reports, how falſe ſoever, did take a fancy not to marry till her time of mourning was over: So that to paſs away that time more ſafely, which was not to be very long, the two Families joyned: And ſince the Aunt of *Telamire* had a houſe very near unto *Amaldea*'s, it was concluded that all this company ſhould come thither: ſo as for this month, we have been always together, ſometimes at one houſe, and ſometimes at another. But ſince the time of *Telamire*'s mourning ended yeſterday, doubtleſs ſhe will be married unto *Artaxander* as ſoon as this flux of waters will give us leave to return. And that which will the more haſten the conſummation of it is, we have received Intelligence, that *Belemis* was cured of his Wounds, and that *Cloreliſa* is more incenſed than ever againſt *Artaxander* and *Telamire*.

As *Erenice* had ended her Relation, and *Doraliſa* began to thank her for the delight ſhe had in hearing it, *Amaldea* entred, and told *Erenice*, that the body of *Belemis* was found upon the banks of the River: and that his Page (whoſe Horſe had ſaved him by ſwimming) told her, that his Maſter being come out of *Themiſcyra* with intentions to hinder the Marriage of *Artaxander*, had been at *Amaldea*'s houſe; where hearing, that ſhe was on the other ſide of the River; and that *Artaxander* was there alſo, he would needs croſs it, maugre its overflowing, and ſtrive to get unto the end of the Bridge, out of his fears leaſt *Telamire* ſhould be married before he could come to her; who told her alſo, that parting from his Horſe, he was drowned. Though *Belemis* was no friend unto any of thoſe Ladies who were with *Amaldea*; but on the contrary, was an inveterate enemy of *Artaxander*'s, which was both kinſman and friend unto them all; yet this accident did ſtrike ſome ſadneſs into all the Company. As for *Artaxander*, as much an enemy as he was, he took care for his Funerals, which were as well performed, as if he had died in the time when he was *Cloreliſa*'s Friend. However, ſince this Accident was it which brought *Cyrus* and *Mandana* to the knowledg of *Artaxander*'s Adventure: And ſeeing that the floods would not permit them to depart theſe four or five days, *Cyrus* and *Mandana* deſired *Telamire*'s Aunt, and *Artaxander*'s Mother to conſent unto the Marriage of theſe two Lovers, and that it might be conſummated in their preſence: And they having no power to deny the requeſt, both *Cyrus* and *Mandana* did honour the Feaſt with their preſence, which though in haſte, yet was very Magnificent, both becoming the perſons preſent, and thoſe for whom it was principally made. 'Tis very true, there was more men at the Balls than Ladies: but thoſe few there were ſo amiable that the ſhew was glorious. And though there was no other Ornaments but *Mandana* and *Cyrus*, the ſight was worthy of Admiration: eſpecially when they danced together; ſince it was a thing moſt impoſſible to ſee two perſons of a finer compoſure, or that danced better, and with a more noble Air. *Mandana* dazled the eyes of all beholders: There appeared a moſt extraordinary blitheneſs in the countenance of *Cyrus*: and one would have believed, that he had received ſome high news, which had given him ſome raviſhing ſatisfaction. But the next morning's news did moſt ſurprize the world: for the common vogue was, that the King of *Aſſiria* was dead of his Wounds: and *Cyrus* him ſelf ſaid, he believed it: So as all thoſe whom his death made melancholly, or merry, were either in tears of ſorrow, or tears of joy, according to their ſeveral intereſts. *Anaxaris* grieved: *Mazares* was all compaſſion: *Mandana* had ſome pity: *Chriſantes*, *Marteſia*, and *Feraula* were all glad of it: And every one now did look upon *Cyrus* as at the end of all his miſeries, ſince he now had not one Rival which he had not vanquiſhed, or which was in the leaſt reſpect to be feared: as for *Anaxaris*, the reſentments of his paſſionate ſoul were beyond all expreſſions when he ſaw that nothing was likely to thwart his Rival's happineſs. For conſidering the condition in which the King of *Pontus* was ſaid to go in from the Tomb of *Mereſleus*, he had not the leaſt ſhadow of any hopes that he could be any obſtacle unto the felicity of his Rival. However, he could not endure the very thoughts of it; and though he knew well enough the injuſtice of his thoughts, yet he was not able to regulate them, but he ſtill was deſiring what he ought not to deſire. But after he had concluded, that nothing could either make him happy, or *Cyrus* miſerable; May I not hope (ſaid he unto himſelf) that the gods who have ruined all the Rivals of *Cyrus*, or changed their hearts, will either ruin or change me as they have all the reſt? Yes ye juſt gods (purſued he) you will either give me the Fate of the *Aſſyrian* King, or elſe the Fate of *Mazares*: Doubtleſs e're long, I ſhall either be in my grave, as the firſt: or elſe, become as vertuous as the ſecond. But truly, in the choice of theſe two, I had rather have the King of *Aſſiria*'s Deſtiny than that of *Mazares*: and I had much rather die the Lover of *Mandana*, than live without her Love. But whileſt *Anaxaris* was reaſoning in this manner upon the King of *Aſſiria*'s death, and upon his own Paſſion, one came to tell him that *Cyrus* asked for him: ſo as feeling ſome extraordinary turbulency in his ſoul, he had much ado to obey him: but at laſt, ſtriving extremely with himſelf, he went unto his Chamber, into which he was no ſooner entred, but *Cyrus* carrying him into a Cloſet, which was within his Chamber, he ſpoke unto him with abundance of Confidence, and Tenderneſs.

You know, my Dear *Anaxaris* (ſaid he unto him) that I have already truſted you with my honour, and all that can make me live with felicity, or die with Conſolation: And to teſtifie that I have not altered my opinion of you, I will reveal a ſecret unto you, which I will never impart unto any but you only: and which *Feraulas* himſelf, that Dear Confident of my Paſſion, ſhall never know: for ſince he is in love with *Marteſia*, I will not let him know, that the King of *Aſſiria* is alive. Is the King of *Aſſiria* alive? (replied *Anaxaris* and wondred) Yes replied *Cyrus*, and when you heard it reported that he was very ill of his Wounds, and thought him dead, then did he mend, or was perfectly recovered: for ſince I intended to keep my word and fight with him, before we come to *Ecbatane*, I thought it moſt expedient to let this lie paſs for a truth: for I obſerved, that as long as that Prince was well, all my friends were ſo watchful over me, that it was impoſſible for me to give ſatisfaction unto my enemy: ſo as to be revenged upon him for all thoſe miſeries which he had cauſed the Princeſs and me to endure, I thought it beſt to deceive the world, and publiſh the King of *Aſſiria*'s death, to the end I might turn my Fable into a Hiſtory, and fight him, without fear of being hindred. The King of *Aſſiria* himſelf deſires it; ſo as when he ſent me word, that within this three daies he would be within fifty furlongs of this place, near unto an old ruined Caſtle, which he very preciſely marked unto me, I cauſed it to be publiſhed that he was dead And I ſee all the world is ſo fully perſwaded of it, that two reaſons induced me to diſcover my deſign unto you; though one of them is now invalid: For indeed I thought I ſhould have ſtood in need of your help to diſingage me from ſo many eyes as were over me, by a device which I had imagined. But now I ſhall only ſtand in need of your help to hinder my Rival from getting *Mardana* into his power, if I ſhould chance to fall in the Combat with him: For though I made him a promiſe to fight with him before I enjoyed her, yet I never promiſed him to render her into his power. And therefore my Dear *Anaxaris*, I conjure you, that if I be overcome, to ſhew this Order (which I have writ with my own hand, and which I will leave in yours) unto all the Princes, and all the Commanders in the Army; to the end, that when they ſhall ſee, that I have put into the hands of *Mandana*, all the Authority which I received from *Ciaxares*, they may the more readily obey her, and oppoſe the King of *Aſſiria*: For truly there is cauſe of fear, that ſo many new ſubdued Princes, will be ready to joyn with the King of *Aſſiria*, to get out of ſervitude, unleſs prevented by your fidelity. I know very well your rare valour hath got you much credit in the opinion of the Souldiers. I know the Princeſs would be glad you ſhould be the ſecond time her deliverer. I know your fidelity cannot be ſuſpected: And you have heretofore promiſed me, rather to dye, than leave *Mandana* in the King of *Aſſiria*'s power. I did promiſe it Sir, anſwered *Anaxaris*, and I promiſe it again, aſſuring that I am inclinable unto nothing more than to oppoſe his deſign. *Cyrus* being extreamly ſatisfied, to ſee with what zeal *Anaxaris* anſwered his deſires, did expreſs himſelf in moſt obliging Language: And afterwards gave him ſeveral Orders, both what he ſhould ſay unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, and what he ſhould do to keep her ſafe, in caſe he were overcome. Not but that I hope very confidently, my Dear *Anaxaris*, that all theſe Orders are to no purpoſe, and that I ſhall conquer the King of *Aſſiria*: But my affection unto *Mandana* is ſo violent, and my hatred of my Rival ſo great, that I am reſolved to fight him to his grave, and therefore I ought not to forget any thing which may conduce unto the ſafety of my Princeſs. And therefore once more, I conjure you, to make ſure of all your Companions; to prepare the ſpirits of all your friends; and to flatter the Souldiers as much as you can. *Cyrus* added unto all theſe one conſiderable piece of Prudence: For he put into the hands of *Anaxaris* more mony than he needed, to appeaſe all manner of mutinies amongſt the Souldiers: So that neglecting nothing which might prevent the King of *Aſſiria* from having *Mandana* in his power, he ſpent his three days before the Combat in continual cares: Yet they were cares as appeared unto none but *Anaxaris*: And *Cyrus* was ſuch a perfect Maſter of his own mind, that whether he talked unto *Marteſia*, *Doraliſa*, *Mandana*, or any of thoſe Ladies which the River ſtaid in that place, there did not appear any ſign, either in his eyes or diſcourſe, that any thing troubled the calmneſs of his ſoul. On the contrary, ſince the River began to confine it ſelf within its own limits: And ſince it was likely that within a few days, the Bridge in the place might be paſſed over, and ſince nothing hindred their journey but this inundation of waters, they would all remove preſently from that place. On the other ſide, *Anaxaris* ſeemed to be very buſie: But ſince *Cyrus* knew the cauſe of it, he was ſo far from being diſquieted, that he was extreamly glad, he had found out a Protector of *Mandana*, ſo diligent, ſo zealous, and ſo faithful. In the mean time, ſince *Cyrus* had in-

Intelligence every day from the King of *Aſſiria*, he underſtood that he was not far from the place where they were to fight, which was to be the next morning: So that renewing all his Orders, and all his Prayers unto *Anaxaris*; alſo *Anaxaris* confirming all his Promiſes, *Cyrus* took thought for nothing, but how to ſteal away in the night, a little before day; to the end his fight might be finiſhed before he could be miſſed: Yet he went late in the Evening to *Mandana*, where the Converſation was very pleaſant. Yet ſometimes, when *Cyrus* thought, that perhaps, the next day before this time, the King of *Aſſiria* ſhould ſee the Princeſs and not himſelf, he was extreamly ſad, though not outwardly: But ſometimes again, when he thought, that perhaps, the day following he ſhould be the Conqueror of his Rival, and ſo return unto his Princeſs, he was extreamly pleaſant. And ſo leaving her with that agreeable hope, he returned home, and truſting none but *Ortalques* only, he got a Horſe and a Sword fit for Combat. But to the end, that thoſe who waited upon him in his Chamber, ſhould not wonder at his going out before day, and with ſo ſmall a Retinue, he ſpake openly as he went to Bed, that he intended to go very timely in the morning unto the Quarters of the Prince *Artamas*, where he was told he might meet with a Ford which was paſſible, ſeeming to be very impatient to be Marching. So that thoſe who waited upon him, being accuſtomed to ſee *Cyrus* play the part of a Common Souldier, as well as the General of an Army: they did not wonder he ſhould be ſo early up; that he ſhould take none but *Ortalques* with him; or that he ſhould command them to tell all ſuch as aſked for him, that he was ſtill aſleep. Thus this Illuſtrious Prince, after he had gained ſo many Battles, ſubjected ſo many Provinces, ſubdued ſo many Kingdoms, yet hung his whole felicity upon Fortune, and his own Valour: So that a King whom he had conquered, and a King without a Kingdom, was ſtill in a condition to vanquiſh him; to ſend him to his Grave; and to enjoy the Princeſs, for whom *Cyrus* had done ſuch great things. Alſo, all the way as he went, his Soul was ſo full of different thoughts, as he could hardly repeat them in any order. Then did he call into memory, his old hatred to the King of *Aſſiria*, at that time when he paſſed under the name of *Phylidaſpes*, and all the buſtles he had with him, under the name of *Artamenes*: He remembred the bloody fight they had at the Temple of *Mars*, cloſe by *Synope*: And his imagination repreſented unto him the place where he ſaved his life, as he returned from the *Maſſagettes*: So that forgetting none of the obligations which that Prince had unto him, though he was uſed alwaies to forget his own benefits, he made uſe of them to incenſe his hatred, as well as the remembrance of all the miſeries he brought upon *Mandana*, by firſt carrying her away. But at laſt, coming juſt at Sun riſe, unto the place where the King of *Aſſiria* waited for him, with one Page only: Theſe two Rivals accoſted each other, with a haughty civility, as was evident they intended the ruine of one another: Yet ſince they reſolved to fight on foot, to make quicker diſpatch, they left thoſe that came with them, to ſtay under ſome Trees with their Horſes; and they went themſelves under an old ruined Caſtle, where the ground was very even, to end this great difference, which had put all *Aſia* into Arms. As they went, they talked together; and the King of *Aſſiria* told *Cyrus*, that he ever thought him more nobly devoted unto Glory, than to break his word, and he thought himſelf as much obliged unto him for it, as poſſibly an enemy could be. Deſire of revenge (replied *Cyrus* ſharply) is ſo ſweet, as I believe it is that, which moves me to give both you and my ſelf this ſatisfaction, as much as my devotion unto Glory. Whatever it be, (ſaid the King of *Aſſiria*) I muſt highly commend you for it: And confeſs I owe you both my Life and my Liberty: But I am forced to confeſs alſo, that it is much conſolation to me, to ſee you from the Head of an Army of two hundred thouſand men, over which I had no power, and to ſee you here upon equal terms with me. At theſe words, both being come to the place where they were to fight, they parted, and without any meaſuring of Swords, they began the Combat. And they began with more fury than others uſe to end: They fell upon each other with ſuch impetuoſity, as if they both intended to end all differences at one blow. 'Tis juſt now (ſaid *Cyrus*, and fell furiouſly upon the King of *Aſſiria*) that I will either vanquiſh, or die for *Mandana*. This very blow (replied the other valiant Prince, and furiouſly made at *Cyrus*) ſhall let thee ſee which of the two will happen. Yet the work was not ſo quickly done: for *Cyrus* having warded the blow, which the King of *Aſſiria* made at him, as the King of *Aſſiria* warded the blow which *Cyrus* made, they did not touch one another: ſo as theſe two fierce Enemies, employing all their valour, and all their skill againſt each other, they aſſaulted and defended themſelves ſo valiantly, that their own valours was an obſtacle unto their Victory. For they diſputed the matter a long time with ſuch equality, that neither of them could get the advantage of the other: ſince *Cyrus* uſed more judgement in this Combat, than the King of *Aſſiria* did, who was of a more impetuous temper. Doubtleſs, he made better choice of the places where he aimed his blows: But on the other ſide, the King of *Aſſiria* did ſtrike with ſuch fury, that none but *Cyrus* in the World was able to defend himſelf from the weight of ſuch blows. Sometimes *Cyrus* would lie open, and put all to hazard, to the end he might ſooner vaniſh: Preſently after, he would lie cloſe upon his Guard, and manage his advantages a little better, alſo would profit by the King of *Aſſiria*'s deſpair, who ſometimes mocking at the precepts of that Art, would employ only his ſtrength. But 'twas ſtrange, that theſe two valiant Princes, who had both of them wonderful agility, if they would have uſed it, yet diſpatched this Combat in a very little ſpace: For neither of them being willing to give one foot of ground unto his Enemy, they were always ſo near each other, as within reach, and every minute in danger to be both killed. But at laſt, *Cyrus* had not only the advantage to ſee the Blood of his Enemy, by reaſon of a ſlight touch in his left arm: but alſo it hapned, that the King of *Aſſiria*, fell upon his knee: ſo that *Cyrus* making a paſs upon him, the Sword of that unfortunate Prince fell out of his hands; yet he recovered himſelf ſo readily, *Cyrus* could not paſs upon him as he intended, but yet he could not recover his Sword, becauſe that *Cyrus* had ſeized upon it: Inſomuch, as ſeeing himſelf at the mercy of his Rival and his Conquerour, his deſpair was without equal. Yet it laſted not long: for ſince *Cyrus* was not capable of killing a diſarmed Man: and ſince their Combat could not end, but by the death of one, he took his Rivals Sword by the point, and preſented the Hilt unto him. Since I will not own my victory unto your misfortune, (ſaid he unto him) but only unto my ſelf: And ſince I cannot fight againſt thoſe who are not in a condition to reſiſt me; Take your Sword, Sir, and make better uſe of it than you have done, if you can. Alas, Sir, (ſaid this violent Prince, and took it) this is too too much: and though you do me no other hurt but over-load me with your Generoſities, yet I cannot endure your ſight. And yet I am aſhamed (added he, and took breath) to employ the Sword which you have given me, againſt the giver, but yet the love of *Mandana* will allow it: And ſince ſhe can be but for one of us, but one of us muſt live. After this, theſe two inveterate Enemies began their Combat afreſh, more fiercely than at firſt: but as they were both ready to vanquiſh one another, and perhaps, both ready to periſh, though *Cyrus* ſeemed to have the advantage, becauſe fury had diſtracted the King of *Aſſiria*'s reaſon, *Feraulas* appeared; who riding as faſt as his Horſe could gallop up to them, cried out, as ſoon as he was within diſtance of hearing, Oh, Sir, what are you doing here, whilſt the Princeſs *Mandana* is carrying away? At theſe words, the two valiant Princes ſuſpended their fury, and ſtepped ſome paces back, to hear whether they rightly underſtood him: So that *Feraulas* being come nearer, he told them once again, that *Mandana* was carried away, and carried away by *Anaxaris*: And that unleſs they made extream haſte, they would not deliver her. How, (cried out theſe two Rivals) hath *Anaxaris* carried away *Mandana*? Yes, Sir, replied *Feraulas*, (addreſſing his Speech unto *Cyrus*) and there is ſuch diſorder amongſt the Souldiers, by reaſon of this Accident, and by reaſon of a report, that the King of *Aſſiria* is alive, and hath killed you, that if your preſence do not calm this Storm, and give orders to make them follow the Princeſs, you will never find her. Theſe two Rivals hearing what *Feraulas* ſaid, looked fiercely upon him: and as if they had been inſpired with the ſame Spirit, both ſaid, that their Combat muſt be deferred, untill they had delivered *Mandana*. So, renewing their conditions in two words, they went haſtily to their Horſes, and went immediately away together: for ſince the King of *Aſſiria*'s Wound was very ſlight, he only bound it up with a Scarf, he went with *Cyrus* unto the place from whence *Mandana* was carried away, for that was the way to follow her, to ſhew himſelf unto the Souldiers, and to take ſome Troops along with him. But in his way thither, he met abundance of Men of high Quality, who were looking for him: Amongſt the reſt, he wondred to ſee the Prince *Indathirſis*, that illuſtrious *Scythian*, who came out of the Dominions of *Thomiris* with him. As grieved as he was, he received him very Civilly, and told him his misfortune in the Language which he underſtood, and asked his pardon, that he could not receive him, with ſo much joy, as another time he ſhould. But, (ſaid he unto him) if you conſider, how the Princeſs *Mandana* is carried away from me, and carried away by a Stranger, whoſe Country I do not ſo much as know, I hope you will excuſe my incivilities: and will not take it ill, that (having a mind filled with the infidelity of the Traytor *Anaxaris*) I do not render theſe reſpects I owe unto the Generous *Indathirſis*. Oh, Sir, (replied that Illuſtrious *Scythian*) you will wonder much more, when you ſhall know that *Anaxaris* is not *Anaxaris*: and much more than that, when I have told you who he is. How, (ſaid *Cyrus*) do you know him? Yes, Sir, replied he, and I ſhall tell you more in private. Then *Cyrus* ſeparating from the reſt of the Company, and ſtill riding on, to loſe no time, he hearkned unto what *Indathirſis* told him, with ſo many ſigns of wonder in his Countenance, as it was eaſie to know that he was both much ſurpriſed and much grieved.

The end of the Eighth Part.

ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS;
That Excellent
ROMANCE.

PART. IX.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY,
Governor of *Noſtre-Dame.*

Engliſhed by *F. G.* Eſq;

LONDON,
Printed by *John Darby*, and are to be ſold
by the Bookſellers of *London*, 1690.

[illegible]

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
AND
Moſt Perfectly Noble
THE LADY
ANNE LUCAS.

MADAM,

AFter many Addreſſes, Your Great CYRUS *comes to take his leave. His Story runs full of ſuch hazardous Attempts, as bad us expect this laſt Volumn would prove his* Tragedy. *But Your* HONOUR *knows how the Ancients differ about the Death of* CYRUS. *And thoſe who refuſe him for the Lover of* MANDANA, *may equally deny* MANDANA *to be his Mother, ſince that Name (as well as* CYRUS) *belong'd to more than one. Our*

Author hath not ſhew'd more ſtrength of Brain in the admirable Turns and Mazes of this Work (which makes it reputed ſecond to none) than he hath at laſt in tying all up; wherein yet he ſwerves not from the Authority of two of the beſt Greek Hiſtorians. Did Annaliſts *and* Chroniclers *draw up Battels with that accurate Skill this* Author *does here,* Hiſtory *would prove leſs tedious, more uſeful, and freer from Contradictions. But our* Author *is a* Souldier, *and ſpent (one would think) all his Thoughts on Sieges and Battels, 'till we read his Letters and Scenes of* Love, *and then we admire how (to both thoſe former) he is able to afford us ſuch* Politick Diſcourſes. *There are Men of no vulgar* Genius, *and ſuch as are no Strangers to the* Author, *can lend a* Clavis *to moſt of this Story; can tell where 'tis* Perſonal,*and where* Moral: *They know what Prince the* Author *means by* CYRUS *fighting in midd'ſt of a Wood (ſet on Fire round about him) where after Conqueſt of his Enemies he muſt aſſault that Element: And while He and the King of* Aſſyria *are* duelling *for* MANDANA, *She (the great Booty) is taken from them both, by a perfidious Perſon to whom* *ſhe was entruſted; where* MANDANA *is no Woman, but the* Empire *it ſelf; and ſo (I am told) the Word ſignifies in the Language of that Country. But without any Key, an ordinary Eye may behold in* TOMYRIS *the bottomleſs Wrath of a revengeful Princeſs; what miſchief that Sex can do in a Kingdom when tempted by* Power, *almoſt (if* Precedents *had not taught us otherwiſe) as deſtructive as a Man. But herein Your* LADYSHIP *will pardon the* Author, *as one born and living under the* Salique Law. *Yet nothing is more legible in his Chieftains and Commanders, than that the Luſt after* Thrones *and* Scepters *is as boyling mad as* Fond Love, *and infinitely more fatal, ſince the violence of* Lovers *ſtrikes but at a Couple, when the Thirſt after a* Crown *drinks the Blood of Millions, who all muſt be ſlaughter'd for that Perſon who aſpires to it. Our* Author *was ſo watchful over his* CYRUS *and* MANDANA, *that neither have their Lapſes, ſave in ſome Doubt (Jealouſy I cannot call it) of their mutual Affections, which yet was begotten on rational Grounds, and ſuch overflowings are tolerable in* Love, *tho in no other* Paſſion. *How He hath embelliſh'd his*

Queens *and* Princeſſes *with diſtinct Graces, Your* LADISHIP *is beſt able to pronounce. For the* Author *(with all his Art and Abilities) cannot feign more Vertues than Your* HONOUR *is poſſeſs'd of; and might ſafely uſe no other Compellations for thoſe eminent Perſonages he ſtrives to magnify, than the Names of Your ſeveral Vertues. And this* (MADAM) *is the great Inducement made me humbly offer theſe Volumns to Your* LADYSHIP; *for if they have ought that is Excellent and Tranſcendent, they are Yours in Juſtice, and may find their Examplers at all Capacities: For whoſe accompliſhment in all Degrees of Happineſs, for your moſt Learned and Noble* LORD, *and that Confluence of Hopes in that matchleſs* young LADY, *You have the conſtant Devotions of*

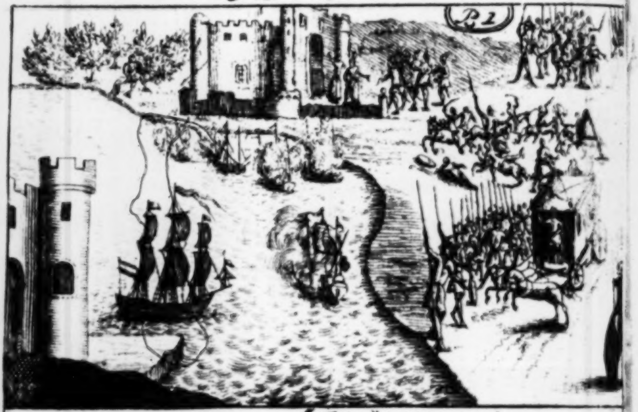
MADAM,

Your Honours moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant,

H. M.

Part. 9.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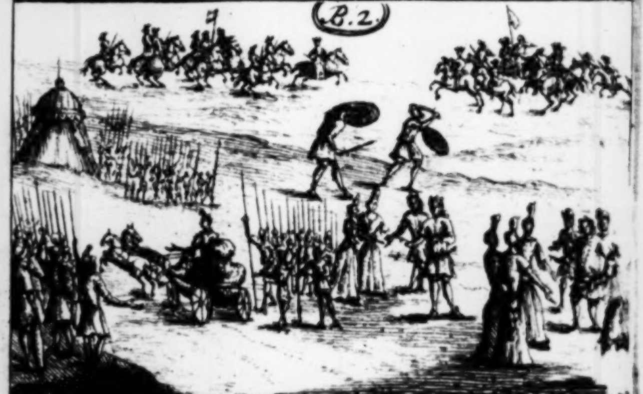
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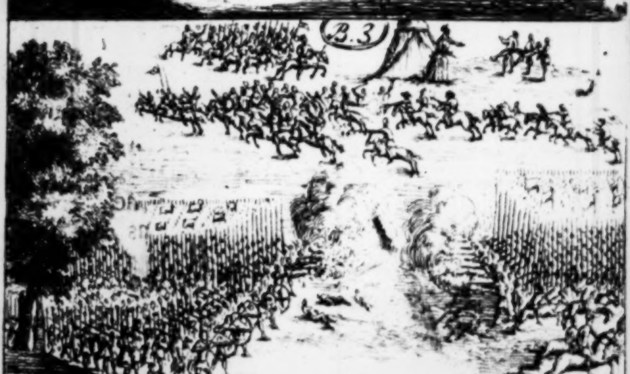
B.3

ARTAMENES, OR THE GRAND CYRUS.

Part IX. Book I.

CAn it poſſibly be true, ſaid *Cyrus* (and cried out, after he knew from *Indatherſes* the true name of *Anaxaris*) that *Anaxaris* ſhould be the Prince *Ariantes*, Brother unto *Thomiris*, who was gone unto the Kingdom of *Iſſedons*, with the young *Spargapiſes*, when *Ciaxares* ſent me unto that Princeſs? Yes, Sir, replied *Indatherſes*, *Anaxaris* is really *Ariantes*, Brother unto the Queen of *Maſſagettes*; and the Voyage which he made when you were with that Princeſs, cauſed him to paſs unknown in your Army, for ſince you never ſaw him, he might paſs for whom he pleaſed. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Cyrus*) what could his deſign be in concealing himſelf ſo long, and in rendring me Services ſo great, as will for ever after make me the moſt miſerable Man alive? Did he only wait for an opportunity of revenging *Thomiris*, by carrying away the Princeſs whom I adore? And muſt I look upon this Act of his, an effect of that Revenge which lurks in the Soul of that incenſed Qeeen? or, as his love unto *Mandana*? Sir, replied *Indatherſes*, I cannot tell you what the Intentions of the Prince *Ariantes* were; but I am ſure he has been too long

out

out of the ſavour of *Thomiris*, to be the Executioner of her revenge. I beſeech you (ſaid *Cyrus*) how do you know that *Anaxaris* is *Ariantes?* for I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, what you tell me does ſo much ſurprize me, that I muſt needs enquire of all Circumſtances concerning a matter, which would ſeem abſolutely incredible, if any but you had told it. Sir, replied *Indatherſes*, I know ſo very well, that *Anaxaris* is *Ariantes*, as none can be ſurer of any thing; for a Servant of mine, in whom I have extraordinary Confidence, and who hath ſeen him whole Years together, did ſee him with *Mandana*; and ſince I deſired to be ſure of the place where you were, I ſent him to enquire, with orders to return unto me at a place where I ſtayed a Day to put my ſelf in a fit Equipage to appear before the Princeſs *Mandana*, whom I knew you conducted: So as this Servant who has Wit and Spirit enough, ſaw *Anaxaris* yeſterday do the Office of the Captain of the Guard unto the Princeſs *Mandana*: But ſince he ſaw him, and was not ſeen by him again, by reaſon of the preſs of People which crowded to ſee that Princeſs as ſhe went unto the Temple, his wonder at the ſight of him was not perceived, and knowing none about him, he had no reaſon to expreſs his admiration, yet he made a ſhift to be underſtood, and to ask the name of him whom he looked upon ſo ſeriouſly; and being anſwered that his name was *Anaxaris*, but none being able to tell him either what he was, or from whence, he eaſily apprehended, that the Prince *Ariantes* would not be known; ſo that ſaying no more, he returned in all haſte towards me, not only to aſſure me that I ſhould find you upon the Banks of the River *Halis*, but alſo to tell me that he had ſeen the Prince *Ariantes*, paſſing by the name of *Anaxaris*, and as Captain of the Guard unto the Princeſs *Mandana*. At the firſt I told him, that certainly he was miſtaken by ſome that reſembled him; yet he was ſo extreamly confident of it, that I contended no longer with him, but made a doubt of it in my own Mind, and ſaid no more unto him. But Sir, when I came unto the place where I imagined to find you, then I underſtood that this *Anaxaris* had carried away *Mandana*, and then I made no queſtion but that he was the Prince

Ariantes; and truly I am now as fully perſwaded of it, as if I had ſeen him my ſelf. Alas my dear *Indatherſes* (ſaid *Cyrus*) I am no leſs perſwaded of it than you; for truly were *Anaxaris* of a more inferiour Quality, certainly he durſt never have been ſo bold as to carry away the Princeſs; and now methinks you have opened my Eyes, and I find ſome imperfect reſemblance betwixt *Thomiris* and him: Alſo he hath an accent, and ſound in his Voice, as might at leaſt have induced me to know him for a *Scythian*: But aſſuredly the Gods, being reſolved upon my ruine, did blind me, and deprived me of my Reaſon, to the end that I my ſelf might contribute unto *Mandana's* and my own Deſtruction.

After this, *Cyrus* was ſilent, and continued a while ſighing and walking, then upon a ſudden calling *Feraulas*, unto whom the King of *Aſſyria* was talking, he asked him how it was known that *Anaxaris* had carried away *Mandana*? Sir, ſaid *Feraulas*, *Anaxaris* hath carried the matter ſo ſubtilly, that none ever knew until within four hours after his Departure; for Sir, he went away with the Princeſs above an hour before it was Day, yet it was not known that ſhe was not in her Chamber, until an hour before I departed, with intention to come hither; and which is ſtrangeſt, *Arianita* whom ſhe left behind her, had orders to conceal her Departure as well as *Pherenice*, and all the reſt of the Women: But *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia* are with her. O *Feraulas* (ſaid *Cyrus*) this cannot be, I can never believe that *Mandana* would let her ſelf be carried away, and carried away by *Anaxaris*. Sir, replied *Feraulas*, it is as far from my belief as yours, but it is a certain Truth, that neither the Princeſs, nor either of the Ladies who are with her, did call any unto their Aid; that all *Mandana*'s Guard followed her, and that *Andramites* and his Friends are gone with her: The greateſt Wonder is, *Arianita* ſaid, that *Anaxaris* came and cauſed *Marteſia* to be waked, to the end ſhe might awake *Mandana*, which after ſhe had accordingly done, he ſpoke unto the Princeſs; that he read ſomething unto her out of a Letter which he had; and that he ſhewed unto her a Scarf, which ſhe looked upon with a torrent of Tears in her Eyes, and with extream bitterneſs of Heart.

Arianita ſaid farther, that after *Mandana* had cauſed *Marteſia* to come unto her, and had ſent to waken *Doraliſa*, they both of them wept a while with her; and afterwards the Princeſs riſing in haſte, whilſt *Anaxaris* went to take orders for her Departure, ſhe did nothing elſe but ſhed Tears whilſt ſhe was a dreſſing: She alſo ſaid, that as the Princeſs was ready to depart, and to take Coach at a pair of Stairs in a back Court, *Marteſia* commanded her from the Princeſs to cauſe her Women not to open the Door of her Chamber until it was very late. Then *Arianita* preſſing *Marteſia* to tell her whither the Princeſs went? why ſhe grieved? and why ſhe carried not all her Women with her? You ſhall e're long have Orders to come unto her (replied *Marteſia.*) But in the mean time my dear *Arianita* (ſaid She) repent of your ſerving the King of *Aſſyria*, ſince perhaps you were the cauſe of his killing the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and of the Princeſſes Death for very grief of his loſs. You may well conceive, Sir, that a Woman who thought the King of *Aſſyria* dead, was extreamly ſurprized to hear that he lived, and that he had killed you; yet ſhe could not expreſs her Wonder, for *Marteſia* and *Doraliſa* followed *Mandana* with as much Haſte as Sorrow. However, ſince this News did touch *Arianita* very much, ſhe imparted it unto the reſt of the Princeſſes Women, and alſo awaked *Pherenice* to tell her. So that having paſſed away the reſt of the Night, and part of the Morning in reaſoning upon this ſtrange Adventure, ſhe ſent to ſeek out *Chriſantes*, yet it was long before her Servant could get out, becauſe the fore-Guards which *Anaxaris* had placed at the Gate of the Caſtle, would not ſuffer any to paſs out, becauſe their Orders were to the contrary; but at laſt obtaining their leave, this Servant got out and went unto *Chriſantes*, who underſtood before that you (Sir) were not at your own Lodging: And hearing at the ſame time, by *Arianita*, that the Princeſs was alſo gone out, he thought it not fit to conceal her Aſtoniſhment: So that acquainting the Prince *Artamas*, *Mazares*, *Intaphernes*, *Myrſiles* and others with it, there was preſently raiſed ſo great a Report of your Death, Sir, and of the Princeſs her Departure, that I am not able to repreſent unto you the Diſorder which this ſad News cauſed, both amongſt all your Friends, and amongſt the Souldiers: The greateſt Wonder was, that none knew what courſe to take, nor from whom to receive Orders. Some ſaid the beſt way was, to go unto the King of *Hircania*; others unto *Cræſus*; and every one voting to revenge your Death, and going after *Mandana*; yet all their Spirits were in ſuch Diſorder, that neither of thoſe Courſes were taken: Some ſaid that happily *Anaxaris* had not carried away the Princeſs, conſidering the manner of her Departure. But the Prince *Myrſiles* underſtanding from ſome of his Servants, that *Andramites*, many Days ſince, had prepared ſome of his Friends for ſome great Deſign, which he ſaid he had in Hand; he made no queſtion but his Deſign was, that knowing *Anaxaris* would carry away *Mandana*, he would alſo carry away his adored *Doraliſa*: So that ſuppoſing them to be carried away by Fallacies, this Prince making no reckoning of theſe Reports which went of the King of *Aſſyria*'s being alive, and that he had killed you; he aſſembled together ſome of his Friends, and went in all haſte to ſee if he could diſcover which way *Anaxaris* took. The Prince *Mazares* alſo took up the ſame Deſign, but took another way: As for the Prince *Artamas*, *Intaphernes*, *Chriſantes*, *Aglatidas*, and my ſelf, we divided our ſelves with Intentions to find you out; ſo that being guided, doubtleſs by the Gods, unto the place where you were, I have good reaſon to believe that they will alſo guide you, Sir, very ſhortly unto the place where *Mandana* is. No, no, replied this grieved Prince, there are no Hopes, but on the contrary all is to be feared. After this, the *Sybils* Anſwer which was brought him by *Ortalques* coming into his Mind, he aſſured himſelf that he was deſtined unto a ſad Fate, and that *Thomiris* would deſtroy him. Then alſo he believed that the Oracle of the *Aſſyrian* King would be fully compleated, and prove to his Rival's Advantage; nor durſt he ſo much as hope, that the Oracle which the Princeſs of *Salamis* had received, could be interpreted unto his Advantage: So that his Spirits being wholly poſſeſſed with Sorrow, he talked no more of what happened in the place where *Arianita* was, from whoſe own Mouth he intended to be preciſely ſatisfied of all that *Feraulas* told him.

He found her with *Pherenice*, *Amalde*, *Telamire*, and all the reſt of the Ladies which uſed to accompany her, but he found them all in Tears; yet his ſight was a great comfort unto them, ſuppoſing that ſince he was living, they needed not to fear *Mandana*. However, their aſtoniſhment was not a little unto them that believed the King of *Aſſyria* dead, and had heard ſay afterwards, that he had killed *Cyrus*, when they ſaw them both living, and did carry themſelves to each other as formerly. And after they were informed of all that *Arianita* knew, after they had examined the four Guards whom *Anaxaris* had left, and who knew nothing but that *Anaxaris* had commanded them to let none go out of the Caſtle until it was late, and that the King of *Aſſyria* had been dreſſed of a ſlight Wound which he had in his left Arm, they adviſed together upon the beſt Expedients in ſuch a diſaſterous Occaſion. 'Tis true, their Counſels were often interrupted, for Men come from all Quarters of the Army to be ſatisfied concerning this great Report which was ſo ſuddenly ſpread abroad, both concerning the King of *Aſſyria*'s Life, and the Death of *Cyrus*, and alſo the carrying away of *Mandana*.

But at the laſt, ſince the Neceſſity of the Buſineſs did extreamly urge it, *Cyrus*, with the Advice of all his Friends, and of his Rival, and when they underſtood that *Anaxaris* had not above an hundred Men with him, reſolved that the King of *Aſſyria*, the Prince *Artamas*, the Prince *Intaphernes* and himſelf, ſhould each of them take two hundred Horſe, and divide themſelves, to try if any of them could find out the way which *Anaxaris* took, of which they had no light at all. But ſince *Cyrus* was glad that ſome of his Friends would be with the Aſſyrian King, in caſe he ſhould find *Mandana*, and recover her out of *Anaxaris* his Hands: And ſo he had no Means to break his Promiſe and carry her away for himſelf; therefore *Cyrus* tranſacted with abundance of Diſcretion, maugre all his Sorrows, and cauſed many of his Friends to follow his Rival, as *Araſpes*, *Aglatidas*, and ſome others. Thus theſe four Princes, taking with them ſuch Men as they ſtood in need of, they parted, after they had agreed upon the ſeveral Ways which they were to take, and of the Place unto which they would ſend Intelligence in caſe they heard any News of *Mandana*: But when theſe four Troops had taken their ſeveral ways, and that *Cyrus* marched and enquired all the way he went; alſo when he conſidered, how after he had taken *Sinope*, *Artaxates*, *Babylon*, *Sardis*, and *Cumes*; and how after he had ſubdued ſo many Kingdoms, and delivered *Mandana* when ſhe was carried away by the King of *Aſſyria*, by the Prince *Mazares*, and by the King of *Pontus*, now to ſee her carried away again, by the Prince *Ariantes*, he fell into a moſt extream Deſpair; for he ſaw himſelf in as miſerable a Condition, as he was when he went under the Name of *Artamenes*; when upon his return from *Maſſagettes*, as he approached *Themiſcyra*, he underſtood, that the King of *Aſſyria*, under the Name of *Philidaſpes*, had carried away *Mandana*; yet ſometimes he imagined that *Ariantes* perhaps had not carried her away: but this Imagination was very weak in him, for having confidence in his Secrecy, he had told him the Hour when he was to fight with the King of *Aſſyria*: So as ſeeing he had carried away *Mandana*, before he had ſo much as fought with his Enemy, he could not find any Foundation of Hope: And not knowing well what to think of this croſs Adventure, he very well ſaw it to be full of Cruelty to him. In the mean time, all his Vigilancy and Care to enlighten his Knowledg, was in vain. The Prince *Artamas* was no more happy than he was in his way, no more was *Itaphernes*. But though theſe three Princes, with *Merſyles*, ſought *Ariantes* in vain, it was otherwiſe with the King of *Aſſyria*, for Fortune ſeem'd to conduct him unto *Mandana*; and he found the Way ſhe went, within forty Furlongs of the place where he parted from *Cyrus*; ſo as making all haſte after, and continually enquiring, he underſtood that the Coach in which the Princeſs was, being broken, it would be a long while before it could be mended; ſo as then hoping to overtake them quickly, he marched ſo faſt, that he came at laſt upon a little Hill, within thirty Furlongs of the *Euxine* Bridg; from whence he ſaw Horſemen coming out of a little Wood; he ſaw a Coach ſtay, alſo he ſaw a Lady ſitting under ſome Trees, whoſe Head leaned upon the Knees of another, and who by her action ſeemed to wipe away her Tears, there being another Woman upon her Knees before him, who alſo behaved her ſelf as if ſhe wept: So as knowing that *Mandana* had none with her but *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*, he doubted not but it was ſhe whom he ſaw. Then without the delay of one Minute, he encouraged his Men unto Valour. He commanded them to have a principal care not to fight over-near *Mandana*, leſt they ſhould unawares hurt her: After which he commanded them to march, and at the very firſt to cut all the Reighs of that Chariot in which the Princeſs was, to the end *Ariantes* might be diſabled from carrying her away: yet ſince he was not near enough to know their Faces, he only conjectured who they were; but his Conjecture and Appearances deceived him, for *Ariantes* having left *Mandana* under that Shade, was gone himſelf to enquire whether the Coach could paſs a certain way, which would ſhorten that way at leaſt two Hours, in going unto the Port where he had provided a Ship, as ſoon as he underſtood that *Cyrus* was to fight with the King of *Aſſyria*. So that *Andramites* ſtaying to command *Mandana*'s Guard, no ſooner ſaw this Body of Cavalry appear, in the Head of which was the King of *Aſſyria*, but he expected an Aſſault. Yet to the end he might know who it was tha aſſaulted him, he ſent out one of his Men to know who thoſe were which he ſaw: And commanding all the reſt to prepare themſelves for a ſtout Defence, he ſet one Party about *Mandana*, and placed ſome other at the Entry into the little Wood, which was eaſily defended, becauſe they could not be ſurrounded. Since all this coul not be done but in *Mandana*'s ſight, and ſince her Imag nation was filled with a Fancy that the King of *Aſſyria* ha killed *Cyrus*, ſhe ſtarted up in great haſte, conjuring *Andramitis*, that if it were the King of *Aſſyria* which appeared, to defend her againſt him; and obliged alſ *Doraliſa* to imploy all her Power over *Andramites*, to mak him loſe his Life, rather than ſuffer her to fall into th Hands of a Man whom ſhe thought had killed *Cyrus*. Sh

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had no ſooner ſaid this, but thoſe whom *Andramites* had ſent to diſcover whether or no it was the King of *Aſſyria*, returned with all ſpeed, and aſſured him that it was the King of *Aſſyria*. So that *Mandana* aggravating her Prayers unto *Andramites*, and her Commands upon her Guards, ſhe her ſelf was an Obſtacle unto thoſe who came to deliver her; not imagining that there could be more danger in being carried away by *Anaxaris*, whom ſhe did not know to be *Ariantes*, than by the King of *Aſſyria*, by *Mazares*, or by the King of *Pontus*.

Andramites, after he had aſſured her, that he would die in her Service, and after he had ſent to acquaint *Ariantes* with the Adventure, he advanced toward the King of *Aſſyria*, as the King of *Aſſyria* advanced towards him, ſo that a moſt fatal and terrible Combate began betwixt them. Since the King of *Aſſyria* in his March had divided his Men into many ſmall Parties, leſt he ſhould be miſtaken; and ſince his Intelligence of *Mandana*'s March was various, he was no more numerous than his Adverſary; ſo that the Combat being upon equal Terms, it was both ſharp and bloody. But whilſt they were at handy-blows, and whilſt *Andramites* endeavoured to hinder the King of *Aſſyria* from coming at *Mandana*, that Princeſs would needs go unto her Coach, whilſt *Andramites* kept his Ground. But ſince the King of *Aſſyria* had been exactly obeyed, ſhe found that ſome of his Men had cut the Reins of his Horſes; ſo that returning unto the foot of a Tree, environed with thoſe whom *Andramites* had left to guard her, her Imaginations were beyond all Expreſſions, eſpecially when ſhe knew the King of *Aſſyria*, and ſaw him fight with incredible fury; for ſeeing him, with the ſame Sword wherewith ſhe thought he had killed *Cyrus*, her Sorrows were ſuch as words cannot repreſent. Alas (ſaid ſhe, lifting up her Eyes to Heaven, and ſighing) muſt I come under the Power of him who hath taken away the Life of the moſt Illuſtrious Prince that ever breathed, and unto whom I was moſt obliged of all Men living? O ye juſt Gods, (cried ſhe, and bathed her Eyes in Tears) ſince the Death of *Cyrus* muſt infallibly be the cauſe of mine, I beſeech you defer it no longer, but let me even now expire with Sorrow: And if you will be ſavourable unto me, let thoſe who fight in my Defence, revenge the Death of *Cyrus* upon the King of *Aſſyria*; or at the leaſt, let not that unjuſt Prince triumph over my Tomb, much leſs over my Perſon.

Whilſt *Mandana* was thus breathing up her Prayers to Heaven, a great noiſe of ſtrange Voices, of Arms, and of Horſes was heard, one Man no ſooner fell of each ſide, but another ſtep'd into his place; and their Fury, both in aſſaulting and defending, was as hot as at the firſt. The King of *Aſſyria*, for his part, did things beyond a Man; and he killed almoſt as many with his own hand, as all the reſt of his Followers did. On the other ſide, *Andramites*, as well in point of Love as Honour, did what a Man of Courage could do; but ſince the King of *Aſſyria* was ſtoutly ſeconded by *Aglatidas* and *Araſpes*, he preſſed ſo hard upon thoſe he aſſaulted, that they were forced to give Ground; ſo that *Mandana*, *Doraliſa*, and *Marteſia*, then thinking they ſhould fall under the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, they all breathed out ſuch ſcrieks of Sorrow, as reached the Ears of *Andramites*.

This Lover no ſooner heard the Voice of the Perſon whom he adored, but recollecting new Vigour, and encouraging his Men, both by his Example and Language, he repulſed thoſe who had repulſed him: Then ſeeking for the King of *Aſſyria*, maugre the confuſion of the Combat, he fell upon him with extream Fury, and environed him, with four of his Men: So that the King of *Aſſyria* being weary with the Combat which he had in the Morning with *Cyrus*, who had wounded him ſlightly in the left Arm, and not having his uſual Strength, he could not reſiſt ſo many upon him at once. Alſo his Deſign being to ſquander thoſe who aſſaulted him at the very firſt, he weakned himſelf at the very beginning of the Combat, and loſt part of his Forces: So that being now overmatched, he was wounded in ſeveral places. 'Tis true, his Wounds coſt others of his Enemies very dear; and if his Horſe had not been killed under him, he had not been ſo eaſily vanquiſhed; yet after he was diſmounted, he did not render himſelf, but on the contrary, redoubling his Fury, he did things above Imagination, for maugre the Valour of them who were upon him, on all ſides, he made his way through in deſpight of them; and perhaps finding his ſtrength to fail, he put his whole ſtrength he had left upon it, and made his way with ſuch vigour, that he broke through them, and went ſtraight unto thoſe who guarded *Mandana*: But in lieu of being able to aſſault, as he deſigned by his Action, he fell down after he had received a Blow upon his Thigh, which hindred him from ſuſtaining himſelf; ſo that the Guards had diſpatched him, if *Andramites*, who ſaw him fall, had not forbidden them, after they had ſeized upon his Sword, which dropt out of his Hand as he fell.

In the mean while *Aglatidas* and *Araſpes*, who fought for *Cyrus*, and not for the King of *Aſſyria*, continued the Combat with incredible Valour. But whilſt *Andramites* reſiſted them, the King of *Aſſyria* ſtriving to get up, he ſaw *Mandana* turning away her Head from the ſight of him, and ſtepping ſome paces further from him; but Love ſtrengthning his Deſires, he got up, and paſſing through thoſe who guarded the Princeſs, he came to her, and fell at her feet; and leſt ſhe ſhould get further off, he took hold of her Gown: The Princeſs imagining that he held it with the ſame Hand that killed *Cyrus*, did ſtrive to get away; and ſpeaking with as much Anger as Sorrow, Away, away, (ſaid ſhe unto him) how dare you touch me after you have ſent *Cyrus* to his Grave? *Cyrus*, I ſay, unto whom you owed both your Life and Liberty, and for whom only I deſire to live, yet I ſee you ſo impudently bold, as to appear before me with a Sword ſtained with his Blood, and to ſtay me with that Hand which gave him his Death. The King of *Aſſyria* ſurprized at *Mandana*'s Speech, and deſiring to die unhated: O, I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) do not put new Torments of Hatred upon me, I have not killed *Cyrus*: and I am ſo far from being his Conqueror, that certainly he had been mine, if the News of your carrying away had not taken up our Combat; and to teſtify that I am as full of Sincerity as Love, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs that he hath once more given me my

Life, though I was not able to yield you unto him. How how (cried out *Mandana*) is not *Cyrus* dead; No, Ma dam, replied he, but the unfortunate Prince whom yo ſee at your feet is going to die, and to die deſperat unleſs you will pardon his Crimes, and unleſs you wi promiſe him ſome Sighs for the Blood he has loſt i endeavouring to ſet you at liberty.

Mandana then judging by the manner of the King o *Aſſyria*'s Speech, that *Cyrus* was not dead, and believin that *Anaxaris*, whom ſhe knew not to be *Ariantes*, ha deceived her, commanded her Guards to cry unto *A dramites* that *Cyrus* was living, to the end he migh give over the Combat; but the King of *Aſſyria* in terrupting her: No, no, Madam, ſaid he, do no deceive your ſelf, but believe, that if thoſe wh fight for me be overcome, *Cyrus* perhaps will for e ver loſe you, for *Anaxaris* is Brother unto the Quee of the *Maſſagettes*, and he carries you away out o revenge to her, or out of the Love of himſelf: All thi while you have incited *Andramites* to fight againſt you Deliverers; and your Orders, Madam, have brought m into this deplorable condition, yet I do not murmu but know, too too late, that ſince *Cyrus* doth love you I ought not to love you, but muſt reſolve upon m Death, ſince I am forced to ſay, (as much my Ri val as he is) that he deſerves you better than an elſe. As the King of *Aſſyria* was ſaying ſo, and as *Ma dana* was in extream Aſtoniſhment, and unconceiveabl Sorrow, though ſhe was much joyed to hear that *Cyru* was living, the Prince *Ariantes* (whom *Andramites* ha ſent to come up, and went ſtraight unto the place wher *Mandana* was, whilſt *Andramites* with his remnant) wa fighting with *Aglatidas*, *Araſpes*, and their reſidue: Bu his intention was to carry away *Mandana*, *Doraliſa*, an *Marteſia* by force, upon Horſes, unto the Port where hi Ship ſtaid, whilſt *Andramites* held the reſt in play, an hindred them from purſuing. But *Ariantes* no ſoone appeared, than the King of *Aſſyria*, wounded as h was, and though he was not able to get on his Knee he ſhewed ſuch a piece of Courage as tranſcends a

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belief, for ſnatching a Sword from one of the Guards, and kneeling upon one Knee, as I ſaid before, he held *Mandana* by the Gown with his left Hand, and the Sword in his right: Then looking upon *Ariantes*, as he came to him, with the menacing Action, though I have but a ſmall pittance of Life to live (ſaid he unto him, in a Tone which ſpoke both Fury and Faintneſs) yet I have enough to defend the Liberty of this Princeſs, and to keep her for my Rival: If you be wiſe, purſued he, learn, by my lamentable Deſtiny, not to perſecute this Princeſs, for if you do, I profeſs you muſt firſt kill me before I will let her go. The King of *Aſſyria* pronounced theſe words with ſuch a generous Fury, that he imprinted ſome Reſpects in the Souls of all that heard him, even in *Ariantes* himſelf: Alſo the King of *Aſſyria*, holding *Mandana* by the Gown, *Ariantes* had much ado to part them, out of his Fears to hurt the Princeſs, in forcing the King of *Aſſyria* to let her go.

In the mean time *Mandana* deſirous to be ſatisfied from his own Mouth whether or no he was her Protector, and whether he thought *Cyrus* to be dead, ſhe began to command him to ceaſe fighting, but ſhe perceived by his Anſwer that the King of *Aſſyria* had ſpoken truth, and better by his Action, for he fearing leſt more Company ſhould come in, and leſt *Andramites* ſhould be vanquiſhed, he commanded that they ſhould ſeparate *Mandana* from the King of *Aſſyria*. But this unfortunate Prince no ſooner ſaw them advancing towards him to that intent, but without quitting *Mandana*'s Gown, he gave him who firſt advanced ſuch a furious Blow, that the Man fell half dead at the Feet of the Princeſs: So that *Ariantes* being incenſed at his Reſiſtance, went himſelf to make him quit *Mandana*, when he ſaw *Aglatidas*, who having left *Araſpes* to command thoſe who were ſtill fighting, came with five or ſix of his Men to aſſault him: So as being forced unto a defence, he recoiled ſome paces from the King of *Aſſyria*, whom two of the Guard which were left with him, whereof the one of them was Brother unto him whom that unfortunate Prince had laſt wounded, both of them fell upon him behind, and took his Sword from him, ſay what *Mandana* could to the contrary; for this Princeſs ſeeing how things ſtood, did what ſhe could to defend him, who now defending her, conſidering the pittiful condition wherein he was; and ſhe was now as careful of preſerving his Life, as ſhe was of cauſing his Death, when ſhe thought he had killed *Cyrus*: 'Tis true, all her cares were fruitleſs, becauſe the laſt Blows which this unfortunate Prince had received, did ſo upon a ſuddain enfeeble him, as not being able to ſuſtain himſelf upon one Knee, he fell upon that Arm which held *Mandana*'s Gown, and ſo weakly ſupported himſelf: So that the Princeſs ſeeing him ready to expire, and being moved with extream Compaſſion, ſhe ſat down upon the Graſs, whilſt the Fight continued ſome fifteen or twenty Paces from her; and this miſerable Prince, whoſe ſtrength more and more failed, reſted his drooping Head upon *Mandana*'s Knee; and this generous and pittiful Princeſs ſeeing him ready to expire, did not draw back from him as ſhe did a quarter of an hour before, and would not deny him the Conſolation of taking his laſt Breath upon her Knee. Since his great loſs of Blood had taken away from him ſome part of his fierceneſs, by taking away his Strength, and ſince he had his reaſon very perfect, becauſe he feared not Death, he uttered nothing concerning *Mandana*, but yet what was very tender and moving: 'Tis true, he ſpoke but little, yet that little wrought great effect upon the Heart of that Princeſs: And to make the freedom of his Soul appear, he remembred the Oracle which he received at *Babylon* in the Temple of *Jupiter-Belus*, which ſaid thus unto him.

Well mayeſt thou hope to make her Mourn,
For all her Cruelty and Scorn,
Becauſe hereafter in her Armes,
Thou there ſhalt find ſuch pleaſing Charms,
As quite ſhall terminate thy Pain,
And never ſhalt complain again.

This Prince very probably remembring this Oracle, lifting up his Eyes in a languiſhing manner, and looking upon the Princeſs; I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid he unto her in a dying Tone) let me have ſome ſhare in thoſe Sighs which I hear you breath, to the end that dying in your Arms, I may meet with that reſt which the Gods have promiſed me by their Oracles: I aſſure you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe and ſighed again) that what you have now done for me, makes me extreamly ſad to ſee you in this Condition, and if I were able to preſerve your Life, as you would my Liberty, I would do it with all my Heart: It is enough, divine Madam (ſaid he unto her in a very low Voice) and I ſhall die much more happy than I lived, ſince I ſhall die unhated by the divine *Mandana*. As this unfortunate Prince ſaid ſo, he offered reſpectively to take the Hand of the Princeſs, but at the very firſt touch of it he loſt his Speech, and in a hollow whiſper did let her underſtand that which his Tongue could not pronounce: So as this deplorable Prince dying immediately after, he had the Glory to make *Mandana* ſigh, and really to pity his Death, who had been the greateſt torment of his Life. In the mean while the Combate continued ſtill, but ſince the preſence of *Ariantes* had given freſh Hearts unto his Men, the Face of things changed, and both *Aglatidas* and *Araſpes* who were met, could not with all their Valour prevent almoſt an abſolute Defeat; for ſince the Horſe of *Aglatidas* was killed, and himſelf wounded in the Arm, *Araſpes* alſo being hurt in his right Hand, *Ariantes* and *Andramites* left a Party of their Men to keep in work thoſe few Men which reſiſted them, and went with the reſt unto the place where *Mandana* was; and ſay what ſhe would or could, ſhe muſt ſubmit unto force, and be carried away againſt her Will, not but that it grieved *Ariantes* to the Soul, that his Paſſion ſhould tranſport him beyond his due Reſpects. But though he asked pardon for the violence he offered, yet he behaved himſelf as a Man who would execute his Deſign; and indeed he carried *Mandana*, *Doraliſa*, and *Marteſia*, unto the Port where the Ship waited; and as he remembred how *Mazares* in his carrying away *Mandana* from *Sinope*, did ſet fire upon all the

Ships in the Port, he reſolved upon the like, leſt he ſhould be followed, which thing was eaſily done, becauſe there was not above three or four there; and becauſe the Port was ſeparated from the Town which was near,and ſince there were not above two or three Men in each of thoſe Ships. Thus *Mandana*, *Doraliſa*, and *Marteſia* being put into the Ship, and *Ariantes*, *Andramites*, and their retinue alſo entred, they began to hoiſe ſail, not tarrying for thoſe they left in hand with the King of *Aſſyria*'s Men; for though *Ariantes* had left one of his deareſt Friends amongſt thoſe which fought, yet he would not hazard the loſs of *Mandana* to preſerve him, ſo violent was his Paſſion. Thus parting from the Port a little after Sun-ſet, *Mandana* was in as ſad a Condition as ever. But whilſt this Princeſs (and with reaſon) was grieving, *Cyrus* was as ſad as his Sorrow was juſt, for after he had in vain ſought *Mandana*, chance brought him at laſt unto the place from whence ſhe was carried away: So as finding the place covered with dead and dying Men, he ſaw *Mandana*'s Coach, and the Horſes grazing looſe; he ſaw *Aglatidas* wounded, as well as *Araſpes*, and he ſaw the King of *Aſſyria* dead. So that not finding *Mandana* there, and thoſe who fought for her Liberty, vanquiſhed, his Sorrow was moſt extream; but it was at a higher pitch,when he underſtood from *Aglatidas* and *Araſpes* how the caſe ſtood, and when he underſtood from one of *Mandana*'s Guard, who lay wounded near the place where the King of *Aſſyria*'s Corps did lie, ſome of that Prince's dying Expreſſions, and all that he had done for her Liberty: So as this generous Rival in imitation of that Compaſſion which they ſaid *Mandana* expreſſed at the loſs of ſo valiant a Prince, he alſo pitied the lamentable deſtiny of ſo great a King, though he had been his moſt mortal Enemy. But to ſpend no time in fruitleſs Complaints, he commanded ſome of his Followers to put the Corps of this renowned Rival into *Mandana*'s Coach, to catch the Horſes, and to drive to the place from whence he came, there to ſtay till he had reſolved what Funeral-Honours to do unto it. After which, viſiting the wounded, to ſee if any could tell

hich way *Ariantes* took, the Prince *Indatherſes*, who
as with *Cyrus*, did know one of his Country who was
good Quality called *Adonacris:* So as going to him,
d making himſelf known, they were both ſurprized
the ſight of each other. But after the firſt paſſages
Civility, *Indatherſes* asked him ſuch queſtions as *Cy-*
s deſired to be ſatisfied in, and he anſwered that he
ought it in vain to follow *Ariantes*, for certainly he
ould be Shipped before any could be at the Port where
e had provided a Ship, though it was not far from the
lace where they were. However *Cyrus* haſted thither
ter, at the requeſt of *Indatherſes*, he had commanded
at a ſpecial care ſhould be had of *Adonacris*, who as
ounded as he was, had the Air of a brave accompliſhed
an, and of good Quality. But as much haſte as *Cyrus*
ade, it was dark when he came unto the Port from
hence *Ariantes* departed a little after Sun-ſet, ſo as he
und none but thoſe Ships which his Rival had ſet on
re; nor had he ſo much Conſolation as to underſtand
hich way the Ship ſteered which carried away his
inceſs, for the Night being dark, one could not diſco-
r any thing towards the Sea, nor could he learn any
ing from the Men which had their Ships burning, for
eir Amazement at the Accident, did ſo wholly take up
eir Minds, that they thought upon nothing elſe but
uenching the Fire, and never heeded which way he
eered who had done them the hurt.

Thus the illuſtrious *Cyrus* could not that Day learn
hether *Ariantes* went towards his own Country, or whe-
her he ſteered towards *Thrace*, or towards the *Meotidan*
ake, or towards *Colchis*, ſo as he was in the moſt miſe-
able Condition in the World; for ſince there was no
ort within a days ſail of the place where he was,
e thought it in vain to ſend after *Ariantes*, ſince he
new not which courſe he ſteered; yet he ſent *Feraulas*
ith fifty Men, and commanded him to take as many
hips as he could find, and to divide his Men into all the
hips, to enquire news of *Ariantes*, and to know into
hat place of the World he might go and ſeek *Mandana*.
e had a mind to go himſelf in Perſon, but his Friends
diverted

diverted him, by deſiring him to conſider, that ſince all he could do was to enquire of the place unto which *Ariantes* went, ſince he was not in a condition to aſſault him, he had better ſtay and expect Intelligence, than to wander upon the Seas with ſo much uncertainty of the way which he took; but the greateſt Inducements of his ſtay was, becauſe *Indatherſes* told him that happily *Adonacris* knew more of *Ariantes*'s Mind, than he would tell in his preſence: So that *Cyrus* being perſwaded by him, returned to the place where the King of *Aſſyria*'s Corps was carried, and whither they had alſo carried *Adonacris* after he was dreſſed. But in his return thither, he went through a Village where he reſted himſelf two or three Hours, and found a Servant unto *Andramites*, who being wounded ſtayed there, and who knew all the Secrets of his Maſter: So as *Chriſantes* knowing him very well, acquainted *Cyrus* with it, and told him, that happily he might get many things out of this Man, if he did force him unto it; and accordingly *Cyrus* uſed Prayers, Menaces, and Promiſes of recompence, if he would tell all he knew, both concerning *Ariantes* and *Andramites*: Sir, (ſaid the Man again) If what I ſhall tell you would bring my Maſter under your Power, though I know the deſign of the Prince *Ariantes* to be very unjuſt, yet I would not tell you any thing, for all your Menaces or Promiſes of Recompence. But, Sir, ſince it cannot, if you will promiſe me to pardon my Maſter hereafter, if his Paſſion to *Doraliſa* engaged him in a Deſign as unjuſt as that of the Prince *Ariantes*, upon this condition, I will tell you all the paſſages betwixt them.

Since Generoſity appeared in the diſcourſe of this Servant, and ſince he asked nothing in the behalf of *Ariantes*, *Cyrus* promiſed what he deſired, upon condition he would tell him all he knew concerning the deſign of *Ariantes*, and upon condition he would tell him how he had deceived *Mandana*, and carried her away. Sir, (ſaid he then, after thanks for his promiſe) ſince I have been happy in the favour of my Maſter, and have been ſerviceable to him in this laſt buſineſs, I know all the paſſages which you can deſire to get out of me: Therefore I ſhall tell you, that the Prince *Ariantes* having contracted an intimate Friendſhip with *Andramites*, did at the laſt diſcover unto him, who he was, and how he loved and adored the Princeſs *Mandana*; alſo he told him how the King of *Aſſyria* was then alive, that within three days he would meet you, Sir, near the Ruins of an old Caſtle, and that you were to fight with him; and how you gave *Ariantes* your Orders to ſhew unto all the Officers, in caſe you fell in the Combate, to the end they ſhould obey the Princeſs *Mandana*. But, Sir, after the Prince *Ariantes* had acquainted my Maſter with all theſe things, and told him how you had furniſhed him wherewith to make ſure of all his Companions, he expreſſed himſelf the moſt paſſionately in the World; and if I could excuſe him without offending you, I would aſſure you that he had much ado to betray you, and that his Generoſity did much ſtruggle with his Paſſion; but in concluſion his Paſſion being too ſtrong for him, he deſired *Andramites* to aſſiſt him in his Deſign of carrying away *Mandana*, the ſame Night that you were to fight with the King of *Aſſyria*; and the more to engage him in his Intereſt, he told him that in carrying away *Mandana*, he would alſo carry away *Doraliſa*: So that my Maſter, who till then had reſiſted *Ariantes*'s Deſign, could not now reſiſt his own Paſſion; for conſidering what a Rival he had of the Prince *Myrſiles*, he ſaw he could not pretend any thing unto *Doraliſa*; and if ſhe ever loved, it would be rather that Prince than himſelf: So that finding the Deſign of *Ariantes* unjuſt, when his own Love had no Intereſt, it was not enough to engage him in his Intereſt; but afterwards both of them thought of nothing elſe but how to execute it. In order unto that, I was made choice of by theſe two Lovers to find out truſty Men for ſo great a Deſign; and accordingly I provided twenty Souldiers, of good Reſolution, to be added unto the Guard of the Princeſs. Thus, Sir, carrying the Matter very ſecretly, there were above an hundred Men reſolved to obey *Ariantes* in all things whatſoever. But the Day being come, and *Ariantes* knowing that you were to depart an Hour after the Moon was up, they reſolved to delude *Mandana*, and carry her away: To that end *Ariantes* went to awaken *Marteſia*, that ſhe might awaken the Princeſs; telling her that it was a Buſineſs of ſuch high Concernment, as would not admit of one Minute's Delay: Accordingly *Marteſia* being riſen and gone to awake the Princeſs, ſhe cauſed *Ariantes* to enter; he addreſſed himſelf in a melancholly Aſpect, ſuitable to the ſad News he had to tell her, and which he would have her credit. But, Sir, without any relation of what he ſaid unto the Princeſs to deceive her, I ſhall only tell you, how according to his Reſolution with my Maſter, he told her that the King of *Aſſyria* was alive; he told her what you promiſed that Prince at *Sinope*: And he ſhewed her the Order which you left him to execute, in caſe he fell in the Combate with the King of *Aſſyria*; ſo that the Princeſs ſeeing an Order written with your own Hand, Sir, and perceiving it was not to be read until after your Death; ſhe drew as ſad a Concluſion from it, as *Ariantes* wiſhed; and ſhe aſſured her ſelf that the King of *Aſſyria* had killed you; and the more becauſe the Prince *Ariantes*, by the means of a witty Fellow who was his Servant, had cauſed him to get out of your Chamber that Scarf which you wore the Day before, being the ſame (as I have heard ſay) which that Princeſs denyed you in *Cappadocia*, and which you took from the Prince *Mazares*, when he was almoſt dead by reaſon of the Shipwrack with the Princeſs; ſo as when ſhe asked *Ariantes* how he knew you (Sir) were dead? He told her that *Ortalques*, who followed you, brought back the News, and likewiſe brought back the Scarf which formerly had been hers; adding that he had brought *Ortalques* himſelf unto her, had not that faithful Servant been reſolved to revenge your Death, Sir, upon the King of *Aſſyria*'s Second; and fighting with him he was ſo wounded, that all he was able to do was to come and advertiſe him of the ſad Accident, according to the Order which he received from his Maſter before the Fight. *Ariantes* added further, that, as wounded as he was, he would have brought him, had he not feared that if the Guards of the Caſtle had ſeen him, the Accident would have been too much divulged, before ſhe had well conſidered upon her own Safety. After this, *Mandana* asked him with a ſad Sigh, what *Ortalques* had done with the Corps of his Maſter? And *Ariantes* anſwered her, that the King of *Aſſyria* had made himſelf a Party among the Souldiers, and would not ſuffer *Ortalques* to bring it off; but he had much ado to ſteal away and ſave himſelf: Therefore Madam (ſaid he unto her) it is moſt expedient that you think upon the beſt courſe to ſecure your ſelf; for I am afraid the Commands of a living and victorious King, will be more powerful than the Orders of a vanquiſhed and dead Prince, tho he were the greateſt in the World. You may imagine, Sir, how this News grieved the Princeſs *Mandana*: But in concluſion, after abundance of ſad Complaints, ſhe told the Prince *Ariantes* ſhe deſired his Advice; conjuring him to make his Promiſe good unto you, Sir, and to die rather than to let her come under the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power. Madam (ſaid he unto her) you need not exhort me to defend you againſt this Prince, for I am ſufficiently reſolved upon it; but the difficulty is how to do it handſomly, and not to die before you are at Liberty. In the mean time, I muſt once again tell you, that I do not believe the Order which I have from the Illuſtrious *Cyrus*, ſufficient to keep the Officers and Souldiers in Obedience: For *Cræſus* and *Merſiles* ſeeing their Conqueror dead, will perhaps be glad to aid the King of *Aſſyria* in getting the Throne, to the end they may aſcend their own Thrones. The Prince *Artamas*, as generous as he is, will perhaps ceaſe being Tributary unto *Ciaxares*, unto whom he was not ſo obliged as unto *Cyrus*: The King of *Hircania* will doubtleſs be of the ſame Mind: And I make a doubt whether *Gobrias* and *Gadates* will not make uſe of this occaſion, to make the King of *Aſſyria* forget all they have done againſt him. To be ſhort, Madam, ſo many new conquered People are apt to rebel: and I have good cauſe to fear that the Orders of the illuſtrious *Cyrus* will be but ill obeyed if your Perſon be not ſecured before the Death of the Prince be divulged.

Mandana hearing *Ariantes* ſpeak thus, and finding much Probability in all he ſaid, ſhe told him, that her Sorrows were ſo much above her Reaſon, that ſhe was not able to reſolve upon any courſe to keep her ſelf out of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, and deſired him to tell her what ſhe ſhould do. Since you command me, Madam (anſwered he) I ſhall tell you, that in my Opinion, the beſt courſe is to depart in all haſte, and go unto ſome Port upon the *Euxine* Sea, which I know is not above a day's Journey from hence: that as ſoon as you are there, to provide a Ship, and make uſe of it, if occaſion be: after this, when you are out of the *Aſſyrian* King's reach, then to ſend unto the Troops to come and receive your Orders; if they obey, and that the King of *Aſſyria* do not hinder them, you may then continue your Voyage: and if they do not obey, then Madam, you may imbarque preſently, and ſecure your Perſon from the violence of the *Aſſyrian* King. *Mandana* finding all this to be full of Reaſon, did believe him; yet ſhe had a deſire to ſend for *Chriſantes* and *Aglatidas*: But *Ariantes* telling her that they lodged far from the Caſtle, and their Deſign requiring both ſecrecy and haſte, ſhe was contented to let them alone, though her Grief was extream; and ſhe feared ſo much to fall into the King of *Aſſyria*'s Power, that indeed her Soul was all Sorrow and Fear: So that ſince ſhe thought no Man more fitting to truſt, than him unto whom you had truſted your Secrets and your Honour, ſhe ſubmitted her ſelf wholly unto his conduct: yet ſhe chid him much for not acquainting her with your Engagements with the King of *Aſſyria*: but to put that off, he told her, that he never knew of it until *Ortalques* told him, and gave him this Order which he ſhewed her. So that the Princeſs reſolving to follow his Advice, ſhe ſent to give Orders for her departure; ſhe did riſe as faſt as ſhe could, and departed with two Women only, believing that *Ariantes* had no further deſign but to ſecure her Perſon.

But, Sir, I forgot to tell you, that in caſe *Mandana* had not been willing to follow the advice of *Ariantes*, he had carried her away by force; and would have told her that he had Orders ſo to do, and to carry her unto the King her Father: yet, Sir, that needed not; for as I have already told you, the Princeſs confiding in the Man whom you truſted, Sir, and not ſuſpecting that he was in Love with her, ſhe her ſelf was acceſſary to her own carrying away: And the truth is, when the King of *Aſſyria* came up, ſhe believed *Cyrus* to be dead, and that *Ariantes* under the umbrage of *Anaxaris* was her Protector. But I pray tell me (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) what is the deſign of *Ariantes*, and whither will he carry *Mandana?* Sir, replied the Man, if he have not changed his Mind, he will land at the Port of *Colchis*, and keep cloſe in that Province until he have brought one of theſe two things to paſs, either until he have negotiated with the Queen his Siſter, or elſe until he have declared War; for I underſtood within theſe few days that there came a Man of Quality diſguiſed unto him, who told him that his Friends had raiſed a great Party againſt *Thomiris*, and that the ſtate of things was ſo, as he was able to take the Kingdom of the *Iſſedons* from *Thomiris*, which he pretended that Princeſs unjuſtly detained from him.

This *Scythian* who came to *Ariantes* (replied *Indatherſes*, and addreſſed his Speech unto *Cyrus*) is certainly him, for whom I deſired your Protection, Sir. If ſo, replied *Cyrus*, happily we may get more light from him, than yet we know. If he do know any thing (replied *Indatherſes*) I am in good Hopes he will impart it to me, for he is my very good Friend, and is a little obliged to me: So as ſince I know him to be a moſt accompliſhed Man, I have good reaſon to hope he will not hide what I ſhall deſire to know, if he can impart it without betraying his Friend. For Heaven's ſake, ſaid *Cyrus*, let me know as much as you can concerning *Ariantes*; I ſhall not fail, Sir, anſwered this generous *Scythian*; for I aſſure you, Sir, I ſhould be as much joyed to help you in the delivery of *Mandana*, as I was when I had the Happineſs to help you out of the *Meſſagettian* Country. After this, *Cyrus* thanking him, and confirming the Promiſe he made unto the Servant of *Andramites*, he returned unto the place from whence *Mandana* departed; but in his way thither he met the Prince *Myrſiles*, who with unequall'd Sorrow, told him thus; Sir (ſaid he) ſince one that is a Subject unto the King my Father hath his Hand in carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana*, I may perhaps ſeem to be acceſſary: But if you will be pleaſed, Sir, to conſider what he hath done againſt my ſelf, doubtleſs you will not think me culpable. As he was ſaying ſo, *Mazares* overtook them, and with ſo much ſadneſs in his Face, as it was eaſy to ſee, that though he did not pretend any thing unto *Mandana*, yet he did very much intereſt himſelf in her Misfortunes. And *Cyrus* had no ſooner returned a civil Anſwer unto the Prince *Myrſiles*, but *Mazares* conjured him to tell him, whether he had heard any thing concerning *Mandana*? So as *Cyrus* eſteeming him very much, and had loved him moſt tenderly, had he never been his Rival, he gave him a moſt exact Account of all paſſages; but he had no ſooner done ſpeaking, than *Mazares* told him that he was exceeding generous to ſatisfy his Curioſity: For truly (ſaid he) though I never carried away *Mandana* but once, yet it may very well be ſaid, that I am acceſſary both unto the King of *Pontus* his carrying her away, and alſo unto this of *Ariantes*, ſince if I had never begun, they had never followed: But I aſſure you, Sir, that I would ſpend both my Blood and my Life, to recover unto her that Liberty which I cauſed her to loſe. Alas, alas, cried *Cyrus*, conſidering what is paſt, what may be expected from the future! After this *Cyrus* began to march, and muſe with himſelf until he met with the Prince *Artamas*, unto whom he related as much as he did unto *Mazares*: And after that he went ſtraight into the Caſtle, where all *Mandana*'s Women ſtayed with all the Ladies of *Thimiſcira*, who were to return the next Morning, for the River which had over-ſwelled its Banks was now confined into its ordinary limits, and would let them paſs. But ſince *Arianita* was of their acquaintance, ſhe and *Pherenice* ſtayed with them, and all the reſt of *Mandana*'s Women alſo: *Cyrus* deſiring *Amaldea* to have a care of them until their Princeſs was at liberty; and that ſhe would carry them unto *Thimiſcira*, where he would give orders for all things they ſhould need.

In the mean time *Indatherſes* went to viſit *Adonacris* to ſcrew what he could out of him, before *Cyrus* reſolved upon any courſe: But whilſt he was there, he did not only give Orders that all Honour ſhould be given unto the

King of *Aſſyria*'s Corps, as if that dead Prince were living upon his Throne, but alſo, that it ſhould be carried unto the ſtately Tomb which the Queen *Nitocris* his Mother had built in *Babylon.* And accordingly about three days after, his Corps was put in a Chariot covered with black Cloth, imbroidered with Gold, the Horſes which drew it, in magnificent Harneſs, and this Chariot was waited upon by two hundred Men in Mourning on Horſe-back, whereof half went before it, and half behind.

In the mean time, ſince it was ever the cuſtom of *Cyrus* to do a hundred unneceſſary things for the ſervice of *Mandana*, rather than neglect the leaſt expedient that might be ſerviceable ; he conveyed away Spies to *Colchis*, where the Servant of *Ariantes* ſaid he would land ; and he ſent *Ortalques* ſecretly in a diſguiſe to *Gelonide*, who had been very favourable to him when he was with *Thomiris* ; but ſince it was *Chriſantes* who had the moſt commerce with her, *Cyrus* deſired him to write unto her ; and deſired *Aglatidas* who was Nephew unto that wiſe Lady, to do the like, he himſelf intending to march ſlowly towards that Country, until he knew preciſely where *Mandana* was. Whilſt *Cyrus* was thinking upon theſe things, *Indatherſes* having been to ſee *Adonacris*, and having found him in a condition to be talked with, he conjured him to tell what *Ariantes* his deſign was. I can tell you, replied *Adonacris*, that ſince I came hither, I oppoſed as much as I was able, the unjuſt deſign of *Ariantes :* And truly, generous *Indatherſes*, I had a good mind to betray that Prince, to the end I might the better have ſerved him ; but ſince I was afraid to ruin him, by deſiring to ſerve him, I durſt not truſt *Cyrus*, unto whom I had not the Honour to be known ; and if it had been the pleaſure of the Gods, that you had been here when I came firſt hither, things had not now been in that lamentable Condition as they are : For truly, Sir, *Ariantes* hath loſt a Kingdom, to carry away *Mandana*, and he chuſed rather to be her Raviſher, than to be King of the *Iſſedons*. I do ſo little underſtand the meaning of all this, replied *Indatherſes*, that I cannot give any anſwer unto it; for ſince I left *Thomiris*, I have been always in *Greece* ſeeking *Anacharſis*, who as you know is my Uncle, ſo as I have only a confuſed Notion of what hath paſſed in both the *Scythia's*; and ſince I deſired to forget the ungrateful *Thomiris*, I would not ſo much as think upon the Country where ſhe dwelt, nor ask any news of it: 'Tis true, ſince I came into *Aſia* I underſtood, that preſently after my departure from the *Meſſagettes*, there grew a War between *Ariantes* and *Thomiris*, by reaſon of a pretention which that Prince had unto the Crown, but I have ſuch a confuſed knowledg of it, that you would do me the greateſt pleaſure in the World, if you would be pleaſed to tell me, not only all you know concerning *Ariantes* and *Thomiris*, but all the Adventures happened unto your ſelf; and if you will compleatly oblige me, let the illuſtrious *Cyrus* know it alſo: and to induce you unto it, I muſt aſſure you that it much concerns the Prince *Ariantes* (whom you love) you ſhould oblige a Prince, who certainly will one day be his Conqueror. Since I have nothing to ſpeak concerning the Prince *Ariantes*, which can prejudice him (replied *Adonacris*) but on the contrary, will rather excuſe him, I will willingly ſatisfy your Deſires as far as I can: But to tell the illuſtrious *Cyrus* all that relates unto *Ariantes*, and all that concerns my ſelf, will be a diſcourſe ſo long, that I am afraid, conſidering my Condition, I ſhall not be able to go through with it: But I have a Friend which came unto me this Morning, who knows all things as well as I my ſelf, and who ſpeaks Greek excellently well, he ſhall relate the matter better than I my ſelf can.

Indatherſes ſeeing that indeed he was not able to ſpeak ſo long together, unleſs he ſhould do himſelf hurt, though he was indifferent well of his Wounds, he accepted of his offer: So *Adonacris* ſending for his Friend, whoſe name was *Anabaris*, he preſented him unto *Indatherſes*, and telling him what office he deſired from him, he prepared himſelf for obedience: So that *Indatherſes* telling him, that he would firſt know what hour *Cyrus* would appoint, and then ſend him word, he went unto that

Prince, and left thoſe two illuſtrious *Scythians.* And *Cyrus*, to loſe no time, deſired *Indatherſes* to bring *Anabaris* unto him that night: So that he ſent to ſeek *Anabaris*, and preſented him unto *Cyrus*, who after a very civil Reception, deſired him to ſatisfy his Curioſity. Then *Cyrus*, *Indatherſes*, and he, each of them taking their Places, he began thus.

The Hiſtory of the Prince Ariantes, *of* Elibeſis, *of* Adonacris *and of* Noromanta.

WHen I conſider, Sir, by what ways the Gods do bring the ſtrangeſt things to paſs, and what that indiſſolveable Chain of ſmall things with great ones, and great ones with ſmall things is, I cannot chuſe but admire their Order, and acknowledg that it is not fit for Men to pry too far into their Myſteries: Indeed, Sir, who can imagine that the violence which the Prince *Ariantes* hath done unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, had its firſt Cauſe in the Adventures which I am now to relate unto you? And that before ever *Ariantes* knew her, he had done a hundred things which put a diſpoſition into his Spirit of committing that Crime which now troubles you; yet it is moſt certain, that whilſt you were with *Thomiris*, and whilſt the Prince *Ariantes* was in the Kingdom of the *Iſſedons* with the young Prince *Spargapiſe*, there fell out ſuch things, as would have prevented this Accident if they had not been: Then, Sir, I do think it pertinent to tell you, that the Father of *Thomiris* was not born a King, and that when he became one he was already married: Indeed *Thomiris*, who was his then only Daughter, was four years of Age when the Prince *Lypacari* her Father, by his Prudence and Valor poſſeſſed himſelf of the Kingdom of *Iſſedons*, after the Death of the laſt of their ancient Kings: So as by this means the Prince *Ariantes* coming into the World two years after *Lypacaris*, aſcended the Throne, *Thomiris* was ſix years elder than the Prince *Ariantes*: I tell you this, Sir, that you may the better underſtand by what right *Thomiris* reigns in prejudice of this Prince;

for be pleaſed to know, that the *Iſſedons* are ſo perſwaded that Prudence cannot be found in Youth, as without any difference of Sexes, they have a Law, that when their King dies, his eldeſt Child muſt raign: So as if he have a Daughter elder than a Son, the Crown is hers. Things being thus, and the Father of *Thomiris* dying, this young Princeſs, who was then fourteen years of Age, was proclaimed Queen, becauſe the Prince *Ariantes* was but eight: And ſhe found her way the more eaſy unto it, becauſe the Son unto the late King of the *Maſſagettes*, who was then at *Iſſedon*, and was deep in Love with that young Princeſs, did countenance her Cauſe by his Preſence, and by his Intereſt, that ſo he might unite in her Perſon two Kingdoms under one and the ſame Authority: And indeed, things went as he wiſhed, for *Thomiris* was declared Queen, and he married her preſently after: 'Tis true, they ſtayed not at *Iſſedon*, which is the Metropolis of our Kingdom; becauſe the King of the *Maſſagettes* being dead, the Prince his Son carried the Queen his Wife into his own Country, and he carried her thither in double Mourning, becauſe the Queen his Mother-in-law died alſo: So that this Prince carrying the young *Ariantes* with him, by this means he took him out of the Peoples ſight, leſt, murmuring that they had not a King reſident in their own Kingdom, there ſhould any Rebellion begin under his Name. In the mean time, this young Princeſs being the firſt Year delivered of a Succeſſor, the King her Husband died ſuddenly, and left *Thomiris* Queen-Regent during the Minority of the young *Spargapiſes*, and left her alſo Queen of two Kingdoms. Though this Queen was very young, yet ſhe reigned Soveraignly and Abſolutely, and in great Glory, making her ſelf ſo terrible unto all the Grandees and People, that there was not the leaſt Commotion in either of her Kingdoms. In the mean time, tho ſhe was born at *Iſſedon*, tho that Kingdom was more civilized than the *Maſſagettes*, tho we have many goodly Towns, and the others Habitations be only in Tents, yet ſhe preferred that warlike People before that which was more Civil and Polite; ſo as ſending Lieutenants unto *Iſſedon*, ſhe dwelt in

Tents Royal with the *Maſſagettes*: Alſo it was her pleaſure, the Prince *Ariantes* ſhould ſtay with her, until the People beginning to murmur at the Exorbitancies of thoſe ſhe ſent to govern them, and then ſhe ſent thither the young *Spargapiſes* her Son, tho he was but a Child, to the end his Preſence might appeaſe all Tumults. But becauſe that young Prince did love *Ariantes* very well, *Thomiris* let them both go together, which Voyage continued longer than ſhe thought of. This was the Voyage, Sir, which thoſe two Princes made when you were with *Thomiris*, during which time all manner of Diverſions were invented amongſt us to pleaſe the young *Spargapiſes*, and keep him amongſt us, to the end we might ſtill have him amongſt us, who was to be our King. Since *Iſſedon* is a place as pleaſant as any whatſoever, it was there where *Spargapiſes* and *Ariantes* ſtayed moſt, after they had ſurveyed all the Kingdom. And tho *Spargapiſes* was not yet at an age to reliſh Pleaſures, yet ſince *Ariantes* was eight Years elder than he, the Diverſions were moſt for him; Dancings, Feaſts, Balls, and other Exerciſes of the Body were for *Spargapiſes*, but Walks of Gallantry, Converſation of Ladies, and Civil Society were for the Prince *Ariantes*; who queſtionleſs was already one of the moſt pleaſing Princes in the World. Thus whilſt he was at *Iſſedon*, the Court was very magnificent and glorious, ſince all the Men of Quality and Wit in the Kingdom repaired thither, and ſo of all the Ladies; inſomuch as *Iſſedon* did flouriſh in a high manner, at leaſt, I am ſure, that both the *Scythia*'s were not comparable to it: Indeed we made a great difference between the *Scythians* and our ſelves, whom we called *Barbarians*: The reaſon why we were more civiliz'd than they, was, becauſe we were not very far from the *Euxine* Sea, and were near the *Caſpian*, whereby we had more Commerce with Strangers than the *Scythians* who lived beyond the craggy Mountains, which divide the two *Scythia*'s. So this mixed Concourſe of many People which inhabit amongſt us, hath ſweetned the Ferocity of the ancient *Scythians*, and hath civilized us more than the reſt. Alſo many amongſt us do hold, that we are deſcended from the *Grecians*, as well as the *Callipides*, which are another ſort of People a-amongſt us, who are reputed *Scythians* as well as we are: So that whether by my firſt mentioned reaſons, or by our original, queſtionleſs we are more poliſhed than our Neighbours, as I ſaid before.

But to return from whence I digreſſed, give me leave to tell you, that *Adonacris* being as accompliſhed a Man as any is upon Earth, was one who had a great ſhare in the Friendſhip of theſe two Princes, eſpecially with *Ariantes*: and certainly, Sir, he was loved with abundance of Reaſon, for it was a moſt difficult thing to find out a Man of ſo amiable a compoſure as he: For he was not only handſom, and of great Courage and Wit, but he was one that loved his Friend as well as any Man living: And he had ſuch an Air, and Garb of the World, as he did infinitely pleaſe at the very firſt ſight; and therefore it is no wonder if he pleaſed the Prince *Ariantes*. But, Sir, as *Adonacris* pleaſed this Prince, ſo he had a Siſter called *Elibeſis*, who better pleaſed him; and *Ariantes* was ſo taken with the Beauty of this Lady, as I cannot imagine how it is poſſible ſuch a violent Paſſion ſhould ceaſe, and make room for any other in his Heart, whomſoever it was. But, Sir, before I make any deſcription of the beginning, continuance, and ending of this Love, I muſt acquaint you, how before the Prince *Ariantes* came unto *Iſſedon*, there was a Man of Quality in that Town called *Agathirſes*, who was deeply in Love with *Elibeſis*, and who was ſo happy as not to be ill in her Opinion: So as it may be ſaid, that *Ariantes* aſſaulted a Place which was already rendred, when he attempted to move the Heart of *Elibeſis*: But ſince that Paſſion was kept cloſe, this Prince did not at the firſt know, how ſhe, whom he loved, was engaged.

In the mean time, *Agathirſes* did carry it ſo, as it muſt quickly be known whether he loved or no; for he was of a hot and paſſionate Temper, his Deſires were ſo many Violencies, and as magnificent in all things as is imaginable; and exceedingly handſom in his Clothes. He was well proportioned, brown Hair, Eyes quick and lively; and his Face did ſo ſhew the thoughts of his Soul, as it was eaſy to know, by the ſight of him only, that he had a great and fiery Heart, much above his Quality. But that you may perfectly know this Rival of *Ariantes*, let me tell you, that he had a moſt excellent Wit, and a quick Fancy, ſull of delectable Raptures, which make Converſation pleaſant. The truth is, there was a kind of inequality in his Humour; for he would be ſometimes ſo unlike himſelf, that he would not ſpeak for a whole day together; and ſometimes again, he would do nothing but talk; yet it muſt be confeſſed, that this inequality was moſt cauſed by ſome Men which did not alike pleaſe him, and ſometimes alſo it was a pure effect of his Humour and Temper. However, it may be ſaid of him, that he was ſometimes Merry, ſometimes Sad; ſometimes Complaiſant, and ſometimes all Contradiction: but let me ſay thus much of him, in what Humour ſoever he was, he was always Generous, no Man in the World being more officious than he: for truly, though he loved Pleaſures with extream eagerneſs, yet he would quit them all with joy to do any good Office, not only unto his intimate Friends, but unto any of any vertue whatſoever. Moreover, as Muſick is natural unto all Men; ſo I think it may be ſaid of Poeſy; and that there is no People in the World which uſe not an even meaſure of Words, which ſweetly take the Ear, and gives an Ornament unto their Thoughts who write in Verſe.

As the *Scythians*, eſpecially the *Iſſedons*, uſe a kind of Poeſy, not unpleaſing unto thoſe who underſtood our Language; So, I dare aſſure you, Sir, that if you ſaw the Verſes of *Agatherſes*, and could underſtand them, you would admire the ſublimity of a *Scythian*'s Genius. Moreover, when he is in a good Humour, his Mirth hath ſuch a kind of ſurprizing impetuoſity in it, as doth exceedingly divert, and makes him very pleaſing. 'Tis true, our Ladies do a little quarrel with him, for not being reſpective enough towards the Gods: For the truth is, if any Occaſion preſent it ſelf, he will mock at *Veſta*, which we call *Tabiti*; at *Jupiter* and his Eagle; at *Vulcan* and his Forge; at *Neptune* and his Trident; at *Hercules* and his Club; at *Mars* and his Paramours; and ſo at all the reſt of our Deities which we and the People adore: Not but that I think he believes all that we do; but ſince almoſt all Religions are eſtabliſhed upon things which are not of common reſemblance, *Agatherſes* had got ſuch a habit of Raillery, which our Ladies can hardly brook. Moreover, he made ſuch an open profeſſion of abſolute Independency, that it was eaſy to ſee that he could not ſubject himſelf unto any thing but his own Will, unleſs in being amorous. But to make a ſhort definition of him, *Agatherſes* was excellently accompliſhed, and deſerved a moſt rare Character: This is he, Sir, who was loved by *Elibeſis*, before *Ariantes* was Captivated with her. As for the Lady, it is a piece of extream difficulty to make an exact deſcription of her Humour and Spirit. Therefore, after I have told you, that ſhe is full, of a tall and handſom Stature; that ſhe is Pale, brown Hair, fair Eyes, and that the Air of her Countenance is Noble, Languiſhing and Pleaſing, I ſhall only tell you, that ſhe is as full of Wit as Ambition, though high in both: And though they ſay, one cannot have two violent Paſſions at once, yet ſhe was in love with *Agatherſes*, though ſhe had a moſt ambitious Soul. After this, Sir, you may eaſily conceive, that *Ariantes* was neither well nor ill received by *Elibeſis*, when he made his Love known unto her; for her Engagements unto *Agatherſes*, was the reaſon ſhe could not well receive him; alſo the ambitious inclination of her Soul would not let her treat a Man of *Ariantes*'s quality ill: So as taking the *Medium*, it may be ſaid, that ſhe was neither Sweet nor Sharp unto that Prince.

But, Sir, before I engage my ſelf any further in the Sequel of this Hiſtory, give me leave to tell you, that whilſt the Eyes of all the Court were upon *Ariantes* and *Elibeſis*, *Adonacris* began to fall in love with a Lady of eminent Quality, named *Noromanta*, who was come unto *Iſſedon* with her Father upon ſome important Buſineſs; but he began, and none perceived it, and carried it ſo cunningly: Alſo there was ſuch conformity of Humour between them both, as there was ſcarce any need to tell each other that they were in Love; yet *Noromanta* was as reſerved in all things, as any Woman in the World: And to intereſt you, Sir, in her Fortune, I beſeech you give me leave to repreſent her unto you as then ſhe was, and as now ſhe is. Imagine her, Sir, a great Woman, of an advantagious Stature, her Meen, Handſom, and Noble; of a high and modeſt Air, her Complexion white, freſh, and lovely; her Eyes black, ſparkling, and ſweet; her Face round, her Mouth well made, her Neck full and plump, her Garb Haughty, without any ranting. Moreover, her Wit was proportionable to her Beauty, ſhe ſpeaks well, and perſwades with ſo ſweet an Eloquence, as one has no power to deny. She ſeems to be all Goodneſs, all Sweetneſs, all Civility, and all Sincerity; and though her Enemies do make a Queſtion of this laſt Quality, in point of Friendſhip, yet they all agree, that though ſhe be not ſo ſincere as ſhe ſeems, yet it is more pleaſing to be deceived by her, than to be faithfully loved by many others; but to ſpeak truly, I am fully perſwaded, that *Noromanta* is only ſo, to keep her ſelf from being deceived, for I hold her one of the beſt and moſt ſincere Women in the World unto thoſe whom ſhe really loves. Moreover, ſhe hath all requiſite Qualities poſſible to imprint a reſpect in thoſe who come unto her, and I do wonder how *Adonacris* durſt tell her that he was in love with her, but chance helped on his boldneſs in the diſcovery of his Paſſion; and I do believe, that if *Ariantes* had not been in love with *Elibeſis*, *Adonacris* durſt never have told *Noromanta*, that he loved her: And indeed it was a long time that *Adonacris* had deſperately loved *Noromanta*, and ſpoke not a word of it unto her; but this Beauty talking one Day unto him when he came to viſit her, ſhe told him, moſt ſweetly, how all the Beauties in *Iſſedon* envied *Elibeſis* his Siſter, for captivating the Heart of *Ariantes*; for the very truth was, they were all exceedingly netled at it: For my part (ſaid ſhe, after ſhe had, with much Eloquence, aggravated all the Symptons of Envy which ſhe had obſerved in the Minds of all our Ladies) I do not know any greater imbecillity in the World, than to be vexed at any ſuch thing; for if ſhe who is preferred before all the reſt has more Merit than they have, it is extreatn injuſtice to murmur at it; and if the Man who gives the precedency does make an ill Choice, it were neither glorious nor reaſonable to trouble ones ſelf for not getting the eſteem of a Man, who knows not how to make a good Choice; and in my Opinion, Love is not always a convincing Argument of extraordinary Merit in thoſe who cauſe it, ſince certainly it is more an effect of Inclination, than Reaſon. It is moſt certain, replied *Adonacris*, That Reaſon alone never cauſes Love; but withal, I am perſwaded, that the Love which Reaſon doth authorize, is a thouſand times more ſtrong, than that which Reaſon doth reſiſt; and that whoſoever loves forcibly, muſt be able to tell himſelf, that there is no Civil War betwixt his Heart and his Reaſon: I know very well (anſwered *Noromanta*) that Love would be more ſtrong, if it have reaſon for a Pillar; but I do believe that doth not often fall out. I cannot tell whether or no it often fall out (replied *Adonacris*) but I am ſure it happens ſometimes, and happened unto a Man who you well know. Then, certainly (replied ſhe) it is the Prince *Ariantes*, who indeed hath all the Reaſon in the World to love her whom he adores. No, no, anſwered *Adonacris*, for though there were nothing but the inequality of Birth betwixt that Prince, and her he loves, *Ariantes* had reaſon enough to oppoſe his Paſſion: But amiable *Noromanta* (ſaid he unto her) I intend to truſt you with a Secret, and to tell you, that it is my ſelf of whom I ſpeak; of my ſelf, I ſay, who before ever I was in Love, had ever in my Fancy an *Idea* of her whom I deſired ſhould captivate me; and indeed this Image was ſo imprinted in my mind, that I went unto no place, but I ſought whether I could find her out, of whom my Reaſon had formed an *Idea*. O *Adonacris* (ſaid *Noromanta* craftily, and ſuſpected ſomething of his Paſſion) I ſuppoſe that *Idea* is very fair: For my part, I fancy the moſt admirable piece that ever was ſeen; for I am confident, that in forming the Beauty of her whom you would love, you would have her Hair the faireſt in the World, gray Eyes, a pleaſant Air, and I do imagine, you may ſeek her in all places, but find her no where. Pardon me amiable *Noromanta* (ſaid he unto her) if I contradict you in all: For, firſt, I ſhall never affect a Flaxen Beauty, nor have I been ſo unfortunate as you think: For, truly (purſued he, and ſmiled) after I had fancied an Idea of the rareſt Beauty in the World, a brown Beauty, and after I had in vain ſought her in more Kingdoms than one, I found her the very ſame day you came unto *Iſſedon*; and directly then, when I had the honour to ſee you the firſt time. Certainly your memory fails you, (replied *Noromanta*, and bluſhed) for I do remember very well, that the firſt time I had the honour to ſee you, I was alone in my Chamber, when *Agatherſes* brought you thither. I do very well remember it alſo, (replied *Adonacris*, and ſmiled) but that is not incongruent with what I told you: For, ſince I muſt tell you more plainly, it was in your Eyes I found that Fire which I was in queſt of to burn my ſelf, and it was in your fair Perſon in whom I found that perfect Beauty, which I ſhall never find any where elſe. I muſt confeſs (replied *Noromanta*) that your Language doth ſurprize me, for either I do not know the World, or if I ſhould believe you, I muſt anſwer you as a Man who ſpeaks with too much boldneſs; therefore, the beſt courſe, both for you and my ſelf, is, not to believe you: But by way of your Excuſe, to think that you are of their Opinion, who think they never ought to be alone with a Lady, (unleſs old) without expreſſions of ſuch pieces of Gallantry, as will equally ſuit, either with the Fair or the Brown Beauties, either with the Great or the Little, and talk only with Lips, and without conſent either of Heart or Thought. O, Madam, (ſaid *Adonacris*, and interrupted her) my Language is not of that Nature, and it cannot ſuit with any but you only. Moreover, I do proteſt, that my Heart makes good all that my Tongue ſpeaks; and if I can be accuſed of any thing, it is becauſe I dare not fully diſcover the greatneſs of my Affection to you. You have told me ſo much already, replied ſhe, that I aſſure you I think it too much, for as much as I eſteem you, I muſt curb my Inclination of treating you as one of my deareſt Friends; I muſt, I ſay, ſhun your Company, ſet a Watch upon my Words and Looks, and indeed I muſt ſo far overcome my ſelf, as I fear to hate you.

As *Noromanta* ſaid ſo, the Prince *Ariantes* entred, and did lead *Elibeſis*, ſo that further Diſcourſe was broken off; whereof both of them were very glad, for *Adonacris* feared leſt *Noromanta* ſhould treat him ill; and certainly *Noromanta* was not angry that ſhe had no time to do it. But *Ariantes* and *Elibeſis* were no ſooner entred, than *Agatherſes* followed them; who obſerving that *Elibeſis* did not avoid the Converſation of *Ariantes*, was not very well pleaſed with her, but was very melancholy all that day; and it was ſuch a kind of Melancholy, as rather reſembled Anger than Sorrow, for either he ſpoke not at all, or if he did ſay any thing, it was in few words, and thoſe contradictory. Moreover, one might perceive by his looks, that the Vexation of his Heart would not permit him to ſpeak all he thought. I who came in with the Prince *Ariantes*, did never in my life ſee a Man whoſe Eyes did better ſpeak the Thoughts of his Soul than his; *Elibeſis* alſo ſaw it very well. As for *Ariantes*, he was ſo taken up with looking upon her he loved, that he never regarded *Agatherſes*; and to augment his Grief, the young *Spargapiſes* entred, who not knowing well what to ſay unto Ladies, began diſcourſe with him in particular as ſoon as he came in: But ſince *Agatherſes* was both witty and bold, he did not long endure this torment: Therefore inventing, upon a ſuddain, ſome kind of pleaſant Story or other, which he made a great Secret of unto this young Prince, and which he thought would fill him full of Curioſity, he told him, that *Elibeſis* did know the whole Buſineſs, and that if he would be pleaſed to ask it of her in a low Voice, ſo that the Prince *Ariantes* did not hear him, doubtleſs ſhe would tell it unto him: But, Sir, added he, you muſt preſs her unto it very urgently and long, for I know her Humour to be ſuch, that ſhe will never impart what ſhe knows, until after an hundred Entreaties. Nay, if that be all (anſwered the young *Spargapiſes* innocently) I will put her to a thouſand Entreaties, and will not leave her all this day, until ſhe tell it unto me: And accordingly, he went preſently to *Elibeſis*, and ſet himſelf down by her. Since *Ariantes* was full of reſpect unto *Spargapiſes*, he withdrew,and gave him the freedom of talk with her.

Thus *Agatherſes* parted him and *Elibeſis*, he not knowing the Cauſe. But the beſt of the Story is, *Elibeſis* knew not in all the World what this young Prince meant, and proteſted unto him, that ſhe underſtood him not. But ſince *Agatherſes* had told him, that ſhe would not impart under an hundred Intreaties, the more importunate was this young Prince with her, by how much ſhe ſaid ſhe was ignorant.

But at the laſt, ſhe denied him ſo earneſtly, that he believed her, and tormented her no longer: yet notwithſtanding ſince *Agatherſes* had ſo confidently aſſured him that ſhe did know it, he ſaid aloud, that *Elibeſis* had ſo aſſured him of her Ignorance, that he believed it was he which was miſtaken. I do proteſt unto you, Sir, (replied *Agatherſes* boldly) That there is no Perſon upon Earth which knows what you deſire to know, if *Elibeſis* do not: And indeed he lied not, for ſince it was a thing of his own invention, none could know it.

In the mean time, he rallied out the Matter ſo well, that his Deſign of ſeparating *Ariantes* from *Elibeſis* did take effect: for he did ſo cunningly ingage the young *Spargapiſes* to be urgent with *Elibeſis*, that his importunity laſted all the day, which he thought to be well ſpent, ſince he had interrupted his Rival. But that which gave him moſt ſatisfaction was, that in the concluſion of *Spargapiſes*'s obſtinate Curioſity, he obſerved that *Elibeſis* did begin to ſuſpect his Fallacy, ſo as he went away leſs vexed than he was at the beginning of the Converſation: And yet he did not think himſelf fully ſatisfied, until he had private Audience from *Elibeſis*, to tell her of her new Conqueſt: Therefore, the next morning he went unto her ſo early, that ſhe was not dreſt when he entred into her Chamber: And finding her in conſultation with her a Looking-Glaſs, he asked her pardon for his abrupt entrance; but he asked it in a manner ſo little ſubmiſſive, that *Elibeſis* knew he was vexed in Mind: therefore ordering the Curles of Hair more negligently on that ſide than the other which was dreſſed, to the end her Woman might retire, ſhe indeavoured to appeaſe *Agatherſes* if ſhe could: But thoſe who dreſſed her, were no ſooner at the other end of the Chamber, than *Agatherſes*, with a kind of taunting Raillery, and a malicious Smile, told her that the Prince *Ariantes* was very happy by his coming to ſee her: For, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) if you had continued dreſſing your ſelf with the ſame care you began when I entred, he would have found you ſo fair, that he would have died with Love, before you could have had leaſure to have compaſſion upon him. In telling me (replied ſhe, and bluſh'd for anger) that the Prince *Ariantes* had found me fair, if he had ſeen me as I ſhould have been if you had not come; you tacitely imply, that you do not think me fair, as I am: but whether it be, that I am not very jealous of my Beauty, or that I do not think it depends upon two or three negligent Curles; if you did think to vex me, you are extreamly miſtaken. If you ſhould be in earneſt, Madam, (anſwered *Agatherſes* ſharply) I ſhould be very ſorry; for, Madam, you are ſo careful to diſpleaſe others, that I think it is permittable to wiſh ſometimes your care leſs. I pray *Agatherſes*, (ſaid *Elibeſis*) without any more exerciſing your Wit in taunting Terms, tell me what it is you complain of? I complain, Madam, (replied he, ſince you are pleaſed I ſhould tell you) becauſe High Quality dazles your Eyes; and becauſe you think I ought rather to ſuffer the Prince *Ariantes* to love you, than a Man of my Condition: Yet, Madam, I muſt tell you, that in caſes of Rivals, Quality is nothing; Slaves and Kings are all one: In all other things, I do reſpect Kings and Princes as much as becomes my Duty; but in Matters of Love, I proteſt, Madam, that I do not value their Quality: and though you make a great difference between *Ariantes* and others, yet I ſhall not: but ſhall look upon him as my Rival without any conſideration of

Spargapiſes's Uncle, or *Thomiris*'s Brother. And to the end you may not doubt of what I ſay (purſued he with extream violence) I ſwear unto you, by *Veſta*, by *Hercules*, by *Mars*, by *Venus*, by *Neptune*, and by all the Gods which we adore, that I will be as good as my word. Since it is allowable to correct ones firſt Thoughts upon ſome Occaſions, replied *Elibeſis*, I hope that when your Anger is over, you will alter your Mind. Nay, Madam, as for that, replied he, I ſhall not change; and therefore you may build upon what I ſay, for really I cannot indure you ſhould be capable of any ſuch Imbecility. I do proteſt unto you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe then unto him) that you have no reaſon in the Earth to complain; and if you would have me diſcover my Heart unto you, I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that it's true Ambition is the predominate Paſſion of my Soul; and that the only reaſon of my ſlight complacency unto the Prince *Ariantes*, is, becauſe I know that I do thereby vex all the Beauties of *Iſſedon*, by poſſeſſing that Prince ſo much that he never ſpeaks unto them.

I know very well, Madam, replied he, that you do vex them, in cauſing the Prince *Ariantes* never to ſpeak unto them: but you may know withal, that you vex me extreamly, by perpetual talking with him. Since he is not to ſtay here, replied ſhe, me-thinks it need not trouble you ſo much: and truly, how do you think I can be uncivil unto a Man of his Quality? O, Madam, cried he out, it is not Quality that juſtifies a Rival; for I have already told you, and do tell you again, that Quality is no reaſonable cauſe of Inconſtancy: And as for Ambition, Madam, believe it, Madam, that there is more glory in ſlighting a Prince, than in treating him favourably.

Moreover, how can I aſſure my ſelf of your Mind, and how can the Prince *Ariantes* aſſure himſelf, if you ſhould quit me for him? For, truly he is a Prince without a Principality, and there are a thouſand in the World whom you would prefer before him, if you had the fortune to know them: and if chance ſhould ſo bring it about that *Spargapiſes* ſhould fall in love with you, you will quit *Ariantes* who is never to be a King, for *Spa-gapiſes* who 'ere long is to have a Kingdom : Alſo, if the ſame Fortune (purſued he in a ſcoffing Raillery) ſhould let you ſee either the King of *Phrygia*, the King of *Media*, or the King of *Hircania*, you would for any of them quit the King of the *Iſſedons*; and ſo paſſing from King to King, if *Jupiter* ſhould take a fancy to proſtitute one of the Gods at your Feet, or to come upon his Eagle to do you Homage, you would then be unfaithful unto all Terreſtrial Kings, to entertain the leaſt of the Gods. O, I beſeech you *Agatherſes* (ſaid ſhe unto him) do not uſe ſuch reverent Names to ſhew the folly of your Mind, if you would have me to appeaſe you. I care not for appeaſing, (ſaid he unto her) but I would either juſtify you, or elſe make you repent of the Injuſtice you have done me. If I have failed, I will repent, ſaid ſhe unto him ; but ſince I have not, I muſt needs proteſt that you are very injurious to complain, that the Prince *Ariantes* did never diſpoſſeſs you of that place which you had in my heart : And unleſs he were able to make me a Queen, I will never be more unto him than I am. I pray judge then whether a Prince, without a Principality, (as you ſay) be able to give me a Crown. Since in all likelihood (replied he, and ſmiled) Fortune will never do Juſtice unto your Merit, nor find you a King to ſet you on a Throne ; me thinks you might very well ſpeak more obligingly unto me than you have done, and to tell me, that though Fortune would make you a Queen, and that a great one, yet you would not make me the moſt miſerable Man upon Earth. But, however, ſince you aſſure me that none under the degree of a King, ſhall ever ſupplant me in your Opinion, my Soul will be at ſome reſt. I will promiſe you as much, replied ſhe, upon condition you will not move me to alter my way of living with *Ariantes* whilſt he ſtaies here. For I muſt profeſs unto you, that I cannot endure the Reports of ſuch as envy me, who doubtleſs will ſay, that I would never have changed my way of living with the Prince *Ariantes*, but for the love of you ; moreover, it will much concern your Intereſt and Fortune. Alas, Madam, replied he, as for my Fortune, it is not a reaſon to be alledged unto me; for I think upon nothing but preſerving you. No, no, Madam, deceive not your ſelf, that is not the way to bring me unto your Opinion; and therefore be confident, that as long as it concerns only my Fortune, I will, with abundance of Joy, ſacrifice it all, to have ſo much ſatisfaction as to ſee you treat the Prince *Ariantes* ſharply: But ſtill I muſt confeſs, that if it reflect upon your Honour, I will have as great a care of it as your ſelf, and therefore I do conſent you ſhould be ſomething civil towards that Prince; provided, Madam, you have a little care of comforting me in this diſpair that I am in, and provided you do multiply your Goodneſs towards me; for if you do not, I ſhall loſe all my Patience, and be forced to do ſuch things as will diſpleaſe both you and my ſelf when I have done them. Think upon it therefore, Madam, and conſider what it is to incenſe a Lover who hath a Soul both high and ſenſible, and who in the very Center of his Heart prefers none before him, but ſuch as have more Vertue and Merit than himſelf.

The truth is, Madam, (purſued he vehemently) if you ſeriouſly conſider it, you will find, that Quality doth not infuſe any Wit into the words of him who ſpeaks, nor alters his Senſe, nor doth at all contribute unto Diſcourſe: Therefore you need not wonder I ſhould take it ill that you ſhould be perfidious unto me for *Ariantes* his ſake, though a Prince, more than if he were my Equal. After this, the violence of his mind being by degrees cooled, he began to talk more ſubmiſſively unto *Elibeſis*; and was ſo full of his paſſionate Expreſſions, as in the end he permitted her to continne her complacency unto *Ariantes*, as ſhe had begun, whilſt he ſtaid at *Iſſedon*, which he thought would not be long; ſo that they parted very good Friends; yet they continued not long ſo, for I do not think one day paſſed without a Squabble and a Reconcilement.

In the mean time, *Ariantes* being ſtill more and more in the Fetters of Love, and not being ſatisfied with the bare Civility of *Elibeſis*, he reſolved to tell her his Mind:

But ſince her Reſolution was to caſt him off, and to engage no further with him, ſhe ſhunned being alone with him; but ſtill continued her complacency: ſo as by this means, ſhe ſatisfied *Agatherſes*, and arrived at her propoſed End, which was, to keep this Prince ſtill in love with her as long as he ſtaid at *Iſſedon*, only by being complacential and civil.

Thus, as great a deſire as *Ariantes* had to expreſs the Thoughts of his Soul, he found it a hard matter to do; and the harder, becauſe *Elibeſis* had a Friend called *Argyriſpe*, whom ſhe entreated never to be out of her preſence as long as the Prince *Ariantes* was at *Iſſedon*. So that theſe two Ladies being continually together, this Lover could not meet with his deſired opportunity. Again, ſince Love cannot long lie hidden, he came to know that *Elibeſis* did not hate *Agatherſes*, but this, in lieu of diminiſhing his Paſſion, did augment it: and it grew to that height,that he was capable of any undertaking to ſatisfy it. Alſo he did ſo vigilantly watch his opportunity of talking in private with *Elibeſis*, that he found it,mauger her Intentions,a few days after he ſought it: I underſtood ſince,from her ſelf, that this Prince did expreſs himſelf as paſſionately as ever Lover did; For after he had aggravated the Grandure of his Affection, he let her know how he was not ignorant of that Eſteem ſhe had of *Agatherſes:* And afterwards he took an odd courſe of obliging her to prefer him before that Lover. Moreover, Madam, ſaid he unto her (after much other Diſcourſe) do not think I will blame you for the eſteem you have of *Agatherſes*, and for preferring him before all others; for truly it was your Choice before I had the honour to be known unto you, and *Agatherſes* is a moſt perfectly accompliſhed Man; ſo I cannot condemn what you have done for him before I knew you, and before I loved you: And to ſhew you that I am juſt, I do not blame *Agatherſes* for continuing his Affection, though he do know I love you, becauſe I know very well that you have not forbidden him. But, Madam, as I am juſt, both unto you and *Agatherſes*, ſo I expect you ſhould be juſt unto me, and that you will be pleaſed to take ſo much Pains as to examine both my Paſſion and his, to the end, that without any conſideration of our Conditions and Qualities, you may chuſe him who loves you beſt: But I beſeech you examine the Buſineſs very carefully; ask both him and me the moſt difficult Proofs of our Loves: And if you find that there is a greater difference between his Paſſion and mine, than there is between my Birth and his, I conſent you ſhould believe I do not love you, and that you ſhould hate me. Sir, replied *Elibeſis*, I will not ſay there is no intimate Affection from *Agatherſes* to me, or from me to him; for the honour you have done me merits more ſincerity from me than ſo; but I muſt tell you, that though I ſhould do as you deſire, and ſhould find that you love me more than *Agatherſes* doth, yet I ought not to caſt him off; for truly, Sir, our Qualities are alike, and it hath pleaſed Fortune to put me much below you: ſo as ſince I cannot imagine there ſhould be any innocent Affection between two of unequal Qualities; doubtleſs, to follow the Rules of Reaſon, I ought to be juſt unto your Merit, and not ſuffer my ſelf to be dazled with the Glory of captivating ſuch a Heart as yours. Truly, Madam, replied *Ariantes*, you cannot in more civil terms tell me, that you will not caſt off *Agatherſes*; but know, (too charming *Elibeſis*) there are no words which can make me receive ſo cruel an Anſwer without abundance of Grief and Anger: Eloquence may indeed ſweeten the harſheſt News, and ſometimes it is uſed in telling the Deaths of deareſt Friends; but when it is imployed to take Hopes out of a Lover's Heart, it is too weak to do it without abundance of Sorrow.

But that you may aſſure your ſelf it is impoſſible for me to loſe my Hopes, I declare unto you, that I will never do it: For I find ſuch an abſolute impoſſibility of living without Hopes of your Love, that my very Reaſon tells me, I muſt keep it alive in my Heart. Since ſo, Sir, (replied *Elibeſis*, and ſmiled) it is in vain to wiſh you would deſpair, and therefore I conceive it better to give you the liberty of believing as you pleaſe, provided I may keep to my ſelf the ſame liberty of doing what I ought, and what I ſhould. If you do what you ought, Madam, replied *Ariantes*, you will do nothing againſt me: For truly though it were ſo that you gave *Agatherſes* ſome hopes of Happineſs, it was in a time when his Happineſs would not have been my Miſery: But now when his Happineſs will be my Death, you ought not to deſire it, nor I conſent unto it; therefore, Madam, I beſeech you conſider ſeriouſly what you reſolve upon: Moreover, I am ſo well acquainted with your Inclinations, that I know Ambition is the predominate Paſſion of your Soul: So as if the poor Merits of my Perſon do not move you, yet I beſeech you let my Quality find acceptance and make amends; and let *Agatherſes* pay more Reſpects unto *Elibeſis* as a Princeſs, than he can do as her Lover.

Sir, (replied ſhe much perplexed) your Language is the moſt obliging in the World, and hath a moſt ſenſible operation, both upon my Heart and my Spirits: But ſince I muſt not diſſemble with you, Sir, I muſt tell you, Sir, I have already told *Agatherſes*, I will never caſt him off, unleſs it be to be a Queen. Therefore, Sir, ſince I am not your Subject, ſince you have no abſolute command over me, and ſince I have promiſed unto him eternal Affection, I beſeech you be ſo civil as to let me live in quietneſs. If you, Madam, would let me live in quietneſs (replied he, after he had ſtudied a while) certainly I ſhall let you; but ſince you will not, take it not ill, I beſeech you if I let not you: but I conjure you, Madam, to promiſe me two things, The firſt is, that you will not marry *Agatherſes* within the compaſs of one Year: The ſecond, that if in the mean time a King do come and proſtrate a Crown at your Feet, you will accept of it, and caſt off *Agatherſes*. Alas, Sir, (replied *Elibeſis*, and laughed) How can I give any anſwer unto ſuch an impoſſible Suppoſition? For, truly I do not frequent the Court of any ſtrange King: Long live *Thomiris* our Queen; and *Sargapiſes* is ſo young that I ſhall be old before he know how to love, and therefore I profeſs I know not how to anſwer you.

Since the thing is ſo far from Poſſibility, replied *Ariantes*, there can be no danger in anſwering it, ſince it is

no

not like to happen. Truly, Sir, replied ſhe, I think you are in the right: Therefore, Sir, I will tell you, that as to the firſt of the things whereof you ſpeak, *Agatherſes* cannot think of marrying me within the time you have preſcribed, becauſe both his Affairs and mine will not permit it: And as for the other, I tell you again, ſince you will have me, That if a King do come and offer me a Crown, and *Agatherſes* do not adviſe me to accept, then I think I ſhall, becauſe I ſhould then think he did not love me, and conſequently might break off with him. And for my part (ſaid *Ariantes*, and interrupted her) I conceive that if he ſhould adviſe you to accept of it, you would have good cauſe to accuſe him for want of Love; and therefore whether he adviſe you or not, ſtill you ought to prefer a King before a Subject, and rather chuſe to be a Queen than the Miſtreſs of *Agatherſes*. Seriouſly, Sir (ſaid *Elibeſis* then) you ſwell my Joys to hear you talk thus; and truly I cannot be better pleaſed, than to know that all you have ſaid are but Flaſhes of pleaſant Wit. Time, Madam, will ſhew that, replied *Ariantes*; in the mean time remember you have promiſed me not to marry *Agatherſes* within one year; and that if in this time, a King comes and begs of you upon his Knees to be a Queen, you will accept of the Crown he offers you. Theſe things are very eaſy to be promiſed, replied *Elibeſis*, and laughed: for truly, Sir, I have no deſire to marry any whoſoever, and I am, and ever ſhall as long as I live, be deſirous of being a Queen, as far as I may deſire it without folly. After this much Company coming in, the diſcourſe changed, and *Elibeſis* was put into a notable Dilemma: for the Prince *Ariantes* was ſo full of tender Expreſſions in the beginning of their diſcourſe, and afterwards told ſuch things ſo improbable, that ſometimes ſhe feared he mocked her. But otherwiſe ſhe had ſo good an opinion of his merit, that ſhe hath ſince ſaid, ſhe had more reaſon to believe that the violence of *Ariantes*'s Love unto her cauſed him to tell her of ſuch Improbabilities, than to think he ſpoke not ſeriouſly when he ſaid he loved her: However it be, ſhe ſpake not a word unto *Agatherſes* of all that the Prince *Ariantes* had ſaid unto her: for though ſhe did not ſee any poſſibility in the Propoſition which he made her; yet ſince ſhe did not deſire to loſe this Prince, though ſhe intended to keep *Agatherſes*, ſhe would not acquaint him with the Conference.

But, Sir, to the end you may not wonder as well as *Elibiſis*, why *Ariantes* ſhould ſpeak as he did, be pleaſed to know, that an *Iſſedonian* of great Quality had been with *Ariantes* that Morning, and perſwaded him to think of making himſelf King, and alſo offered him the means how to bring it to paſs. At firſt, the Propoſition ſeemed unto the Prince not only as unjuſt, but as impoſſible: Yet ſince he would not reject the Motion without more ſerious Conſideration, he preſſed the Man who ſpoke unto him, whoſe name was *Octomaſades*, to tell him upon what Motives he grounded ſo great a Deſign? Sir, (replied he, as I underſtood from himſelf) I firſt ground it upon Juſtice, and ſecondly upon your Courage; and upon the earneſt deſire of the People to have a King who will ſtay in *Iſſedon*. For, Sir, the Law by which *Thomiris* reigns to your prejudice, is, that the eldeſt Son, or the eldeſt Daughter unto the King of the *Iſſedons*, ought to ſucceed in the Throne: ſince ſo, ſaid *Ariantes*, the reign of *Thomiris* is juſt, for ſhe is ſix years elder than I. No, Sir, replied *Octomaſades*, and thus I will make it good: The Law of the Kingdoms ſays, that the eldeſt Child of the King of *Iſſedon* ſhall reign: Now when *Thomiris* was born, the Prince *Lypacaris*, your Father and hers, was not King, and in all likelihood was never like to be; ſo as ſhe cannot truly be called the eldeſt Daughter unto the King of the *Iſſedons*, ſince when ſhe came into the World her Father was not King: So, Sir, ſince you were born two years after *Lypacaris* wore the Crown, it is you, Sir, who are the King's right born, though he had a Daughter before; and to ſpeak equitably, *Thomiris* is Daughter unto the Prince *Lypacaris*, and you are Son unto the King of *Iſſedons*. After this, Sir, I think you need not doubt the Juſtice of your Title and Right, or at the leaſt of a very plauſible pretence. Moreover, all the People do exceedingly murmur at the Remoteneſs of that Princeſs who prefers her Tents before our ſtately Towns, inſomuch, as I am very confident, that if you will pleaſe to think of aſcending the Throne, you may do it with much eaſe; I will offer my Life and Fortunes in your Service, and alſo engage all my Friends, which are no ſmall Number.

Ariantes hearing *Octomaſades* ſpeak thus, ſtood pauſing a while, and returned no Anſwer: But ſince he had a very generous Soul naturally, until Love did alter his Inclination, he hearkned unto what *Octomaſades* ſaid, rather as a ſubtilty to make him revolt from *Thomiris*, than as a real reaſon to pretend unto the Crown which ſhe poſſeſſed: So not accepting his offer, he only thanked him for his Zeal which he expreſſed unto him. But, Sir, by this which I ſhall now tell you, you may admire the omnipotence of Love. *Ariantes* who hearkened unto *Octomaſades*, as I told you, did change his Mind whilſt he was talking with *Elibeſis*, for having diſcovered the unlimitable Ambition of her Soul, he reſolved to attempt that out of Love, which he refuſed out of Ambition; ſo as it may very well be ſaid, that his deſire of reigning only in the Heart of *Elibeſis*, moved him unto a deſire of reigning over the *Iſſedons*: And indeed this was the only reaſon of his Speech unto *Elibeſis*, when he engaged her to promiſe not to marry *Agatherſes* within one year, and to accept of a Crown if it were offered her, imagining that within the compaſs of this time, his enterprize might either be executed or fruſtrated. But, Sir, it was more than a light thought which Love inſpired into him, for it was a deſign fully reſolved upon, and a deſign which he began to ſet on foot immediately; in order to which, he ſent for *Octomaſades*, and that reaſon which before he hearkened unto as a ſubtilty, appeared now unto him the juſteſt Title in the World: So that conferring with him, they concluded upon the matter, and reſolved that *Ariantes* ſhould upon ſome pretence let *Spargapiſes* return, whenſoever *Thomiris* ſhould call him home; that in the mean time *Ariantes* ſhould make as many Friends as he could, that *Octomaſades* ſhould labour all his, that the People ſhould be diverted with publick Feaſts, and to have Men about him, who knew how to inſinuate Thoughts fit for the Execution of ſo great a Deſign: Furthermore, they framed a Declaration, to manifeſt, that the War which *Ariantes* undertook, was juſt, and their main drift was to make themſelves Maſters of *Iſſedon*. But whilſt *Ariantes* was buſied in ſatisfying his Love by his ambition, *Adonacris*, who had only the Thoughts of Love upon his Soul, did every day by degrees unperceivedly get new eſteem in the Heart of the fair and charming *Noromanta*: and as thoſe who have only one Deſign in hand, do execute it better than thoſe who have many ſeveral things in hand; ſo therefore, *Adonacris* having no other deſign, than to get the love of *Noromanta*, it is no wonder if he did in a ſhort time effect it, for truly he was infinitely officious; and he was ſo aſſiduous in his Viſits, that he ſaw her at all Hours when decency would permit. *Noromanta* on her ſide, having a violent Inclination towards *Adonacris*, did but faintly reſiſt him, and did inſenſibly ſuffer her Heart to be engaged in an Affection which ſhe durſt not call Love, leſt ſhe ſhould be obliged to reſiſt and overcome it. 'Tis true, this Love had all the Purity in it that was poſſible, nor do I think any Paſſion in the World could be more refined, or more vertuous than theirs: Nor would *Noromanta* accuſtom *Adonacris* to talk to her of his Love, though ſhe was very willing he ſhould love her, and give her a thouſand Expreſſions of it, but her modeſty was ſo ſcrupulous, that ſhe would not let him know her Mind.

However ſince ſhe knew her Father did not love to live at *Iſſedon*, ſhe could not hope that though *Adonacris* ſhould ask his conſent, yet he would never grant it: And *Adonacris* who had a Father of an imperious and fantaſtical Humour, he knew not how to make any ſuch Propoſition unto him as a Marriage with *Noromanta*; who though of a very Noble Family, yet ſhe was not rich enough for him. However, though neither of them could ſee any hopes of living together, yet they loved each other, and loved without telling each other of it. But yet *Adonacris* was not very obedient; but he complained of that which he was forbidden to complain: And the fair *Noromanta*, for all her demure carriage of the matter,

matter; did ſometimes let *Adonacris* ſee the Thoughts of her Soul in her Eyes. So that whilſt *Ariantes* had a Heart that was ravelled both with Love and Ambition; whilſt the Heart of *Agatherſes* was ſwelled with Jealouſy, and whilſt *Elibeſis* knew not well which ſhe ſhould chuſe, and which refuſe: *Adonacris* and *Noromanta* did live Lives as ſweet as almoſt poſſible; for they equally loved each other; and they loved without being known unto any, and they ſaw one another every day. Yet Love being a wonderous unquiet and reſtleſs Paſſion, which will never let a Heart be at reſt, *Adonacris* had many hours of Sorrow and Melancholly: And truly when he conſidered that as well as his dear *Noromanta* loved him, perhaps he ſhould never arrive at his full deſired Happineſs, the very apprehenſion of the future, made him think the preſent very miſerable: But for all that, though his Fears of an uncertain Miſery did ſometimes grieve him, yet ſince he enjoyed the eſteem of *Noromanta*, he was comforted, and cheared up his Hopes: So that theſe two Perſons having nothing in their Souls to conceal from each other, did make ſuch a ſweet and innocent exchange of Secrets, and ſuch an agreeable and ſincere Communication of Thoughts, that their Hearts were more united than ever. *Adonacris* obtained ſo much favour, as to write ſometimes unto her: not but that he ſaw her every day; but ſince it often fell out that much Company was with her, he deſired ſo much liberty as to tell her that by Letter, which he would not tell her before the World: And ſince it is more civil for a modeſt Perſon to read a Letter of Tenderneſs, than to hear it, *Adonacris* did write ſuch paſſionate paſſages unto *Noromanta*, that ſhe had no mind to underſtand them: Alſo ſhe would ſometimes anſwer him, otherwiſe than ſhe durſt tell him in words. But though *Adonacris* and *Noromanta* did enjoy much Tranquillity; yet it was not ſo with *Agatherſes* and *Elibeſis*: For though this Lover did ſuffer her to continue her Civilities unto *Ariantes* whilſt he ſtaid at *Iſſedon*; yet he could not endure it, and ſometimes did forget both his promiſe unto *Elibeſis*, and his reſpects unto *Ariantes*.

In the mean time *Spargapiſes* being neither in Love, nor was Ambitious, he employed his time in ſuch things as Princes of his Age uſe to delight in : And whilſt *Ariantes* was plotting to dethrone him, to the end he might take the Heart of *Elibeſis* from *Agatherſes*, poor *Spargapiſes* was delighting himſelf in his Pleaſures. Things ſtanding upon theſe Terms, it was known in *Iſſedon*, that you, Sir, was with *Thomiris*, and alſo all your Adventures : So that *Octomaſades*, Sir, cloſing with an occaſion which was ſo favourable unto his Deſign, did cunningly publiſh to the People the Queen's paſſionate doating upon you ; how ſhe would arreſt you, and how you got out of her Power, by the means of the Prince *Indatherſes* ; adding many things more than truth, purpoſely to take off that eſteem which the People had of her : for he knew very well there was no better way to make them revolt, than to take away that reſpect which they had unto their Princeſs. And indeed, the deſign of *Octomaſades* did take effect : for aſſoon as the People knew all paſſages in the Tents Royal, they murmured ; from Murmur, they began to be inſolently high ; and from Inſolency they fell to flat Sedition ; ſo as things did grow up to the higheſt pitch of diſorder : And, Sir, you muſt know that *Octomaſades* did not do all this out of any Affection unto *Ariantes*, nor out of any hatred unto *Thomiris* ; but only out of his own particular Ambition. But he carried the matter ſo, that in a ſhort time he gained all the Grandees in the State, he changed or divided all the Peoples Hearts : and he knew ſo well how to make uſe both of his Friends and Enemies, that all was in a flame, and all without any danger to him : For *Thomiris* was ſo drowned in her Sorrows for your departure, Sir, that ſhe cared not a ſtraw what became of her Dominions. Yet before the buſineſs came to Execution, *Octomaſades* thought it expedient to tarry till *Thomiris* called home *Spargapiſes* : And indeed the wiſe *Terez*, whom you ſaw with that Princeſs, moving her to ſend for the Prince her Son and *Ariantes*, *Spargapiſes* obeyed, and *Ariantes* ſtayed at *Iſſedon*, under pretence of being ſick, and aſſuring the young Prince his Nephew, that he would ſhortly follow him. But, Sir, he was no ſooner gone, than *Ariantes* did ſet his deſign on foot: And *Octomaſades* having cajoled with the Town, and all his Friends were perſwaded that if *Ariantes* were once King, it would be *Octomaſades* that would reign under his Name. And the People were ſo incenſed, and ſo apt for Sedition, as it was very eaſy to move them againſt him whom the Princeſs had truſted with her Authority; alſo to drive him out of the Town, and make the Prince *Ariantes* Maſter of it. And indeed, ſince he had no Army which could come up time enough to appeaſe this diſorder: *Octomaſades* did happily execute his deſign of ſeizing upon *Iſſedon*, and began War in the very heart of the Kingdom. I ſhall not, Sir, inſiſt upon any particular Relation of the whole Buſineſs; for I have ſo many other paſſages leſs tedious to tell you, that I will only in few words tell you, that the People by the artifice of *Octomaſades*, did rebel: ſome ſaid according as they were inſpired, that *Ariantes* was their legitimate King, and that *Thomiris* did but uſurp the Kingdom of *Iſſedons* from him: others did ſecond them, and all proclaimed *Ariantes* King, who took up Arms, and drove the Lieutenant of *Thomiris* out of the Kingdom, and ſecured all the ſtrong places of the Town: And all this in ſo ſhort a time, that it had been done without any Reſiſtance, if *Agatherſes* had not been a rub unto his Deſign: But, Sir, ſince the paſſages were extraordinary, I beſeech you give me leave to inſiſt a little longer upon them. Be pleaſed to know therefore, Sir, that *Agatherſes* whoſe Mind was enflamed with Love and Jealouſy, he viſited *Elibeſis* as much as he could; not only becauſe he was pleaſed with the ſight of her, but becauſe he would hinder *Ariantes* from all private diſcourſe; ſo as when this great tumult was in *Iſſedon*, *Agatherſes* was with *Elibeſis*, who lodged far from that part of the Town where the Sedition began; in ſo much as *Ariantes* was Maſter of a great part of the Town before they knew it. But at laſt, the diſorder was ſo great and univerſal, that the noiſe of it reached their Ears, and interrupted *Agatherſes*, who was diſcourſing with *Elibeſis*, both concerning his Love and his Jealouſy: As they were much ſurprized at ſo great a noiſe, and full of Curioſity to know the cauſe; one of the Women of *Elibeſis* came frighted in, and told her Miſtreſs that all the Town was in Arms: That *Ariantes* would make himſelf King, and that none durſt reſiſt him. You may well imagine, Sir, that this News filled *Agatherſes* and *Elibeſis* with wonder; yet *Agatherſes* believed that *Elibeſis* did only ſeem fuller of wonder than really ſhe was, and that ſhe knew ſomething of the Deſign: For I forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Night before, *Ariantes* talked at leaſt two hours together of his Paſſion with her, and *Agatherſes* knew it. So that this Lover, hearing his Rival would be King, and fearing leſt he ſhould become his Subject, his Sorrows were beyond Expreſſion; and the more, becauſe he believed, or at leaſt feared, that *Elibeſis* was privy to the Plot, and approved of it: ſo as not knowing what to believe, or not to believe, he looked fixedly upon *Elibeſis*, as if his Eyes would look into the very bottom of her Heart; I have reaſon to think, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that you are acquainted with the unjuſt Proceedings of the Prince *Ariantes*, ſince you told me once, that unleſs you were a Queen, I was in no danger of loſing you: But know, Madam, that ſince I am as faithful a Subject as a Lover, and as terrible an Enemy as a Rival, the Prince *Ariantes* is not yet in a Condition to offer you a Crown; and he ſhall never ſet you upon the Throne, until after he hath ſent me to my Grave: Let me therefore leave you, Madam, and either go meet Death, or give it him, who removes me out of your Heart: For I do profeſs I can never live a Subject, either unto my Rival or my Miſtreſs: And I ſwear by all the Gods that are adored at *Iſſedon*, or any where elſe in the World, that I will never be your Subject or *Ariantes*'s. After this *Agatherſes* went his way, though *Elibeſis* would have ſtayed him: for though ſhe was ambitious, and deſired to preſerve *Ariantes*, yet ſhe loved *Agatherſes*: But it was in vain to recal him; for ſince the noiſe increaſed, *Agatherſes* tranſported with Rage and Fury, would needs go and ſee if he could find any means to quaſh his Rival's Deſign; ſo as he went out at a back-Door, leſt he ſhould be compaſſed about with a croud of ſeditious People, and not know what to do.

But he was no ſooner got out, than he met one of his Friends, who with an hundred Men only would ſeize upon a Fort or Tower, which *Ariantes* was not yet Maſter of; ſo as *Agatherſes*, without more Delay, went with his Party to oppoſe *Ariantes*. But before they could get into this Tower, they met with this Prince, and fought him with incredible Valour: As for *Agatherſes* he did as much as any jealous Lover could, who fought with his Rival; and he made his way through the Preſs and got unto the Prince *Ariantes*, who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly, received him with the ſame Vigour; the other aſſaulted him, asking him for all the Tumult, Whether he fought as Subject unto *Thomiris*, or as the Lover of *Elibeſis?* I fight (replied he fiercely) to hinder you from being King; to hinder *Elibeſis* from being Queen; and to keep my ſelf from being Subject unto either her or you. After this, *Agatherſes* made a Blow at *Ariantes* which ſlightly hurt him in the left Arm; and *Ariantes* made another at *Agatherſes* which ſcratched him on the right Side, and which had killed him, had he not warded it with much Cunning and Force.

But in concluſion, *Ariantes* being ten times more numerous than his Enemies, *Agatherſes* was not able to retard the Deſigns of this Prince: For all his Men being neither Souldiers, nor Men of Quality, they ran away as ſoon as they ſaw ten or twelve of themſelves killed: So that *Agatherſes* fearing to fall under the Power of his Rival, or elſe to become either his Priſoner or Subject, he was forced to retreat by a back-Lane; but it was with ſo much Sorrow and Rage, that never Man was more deſperate: All he could do was to get into the Houſe of a Friend; for ſince he had aſſaulted *Ariantes*, he durſt not go into his own Houſe. Furthermore, he ſadly heard that nothing could withſtand his Rival; and that the tumultuous Aſſembly had declared that *Thomiris* was only Daughter unto the Prince *Lipacaris*, and that *Ariantes* was the Son unto the late King of *Iſſedons*, and conſequently King according to the Laws of the Realm. But to his greateſt Grief; he was given to underſtand, that *Ariantes* whoſe Wound was ſo ſlight, that he wore his Arm in a Scarf rather for Faſhion than Need, had been a whole hour with *Elibeſis*. And indeed, Sir, ſince the Ambition of this Prince was only an effect of his Love, he no ſooner ſaw his Deſign executed, but maugre all his Buſineſs, he would needs viſit her whom he loved and adored; and he might the better do it, becauſe the main weight of this great Enterprize did moſt depend upon *Octomaſades*. I underſtand that when he firſt entred into *Elibeſis*'s Chamber, he found her very ſad, yet ſhe received him very lively.

Now Madam, (ſaid he unto her) the King which means to preſent you with a Crown, will very ſhortly be in a capacity to put it upon your Head, and to do Juſtice unto your Merit: But Madam, It is to you only I owe my Thanks for the Obedience of my Subjects; for if I had not been your Slave, I had ſtill been Subject unto *Thomiris*: Yet ſince I would not ſeat you upon an ill-eſtabliſhed Throne, I come now only to make a tender of it unto you, and that you will be pleaſed to prepare your ſelf 'ere long to aſcend it; and to beſeech you not to make any Prayers which may move the Gods to forſake me, or to protect *Thomiris* to my Prejudice, and Advantage of *Agatherſes*.

I muſt confeſs Sir, replied ſhe, that my Reaſon is at preſent ſo diſtracted, that I am not able to give an Anſwer; and therefore I beſeech you give me ſome time, not only to recollect into my Memory what you have ſaid unto me, but alſo to conſider what I ſhall ſay unto you; for truly Sir, I am yet ſo unreſolved, that I know not well whether I ſpeak unto the Prince *Ariantes*, or unto the King of *Iſſedon*. You will 'ere long know it Madam, (ſaid he unto her) and if you will not thwart your own Fortunes and mine, you ſhall know that I am King of the *Iſſedons*, and by my ceaſing to be your Subject, you may begin to be my Queen.

After this, *Ariantes* retired, and left *Elibeſis* in a great Uncertainty; for truly ſince ſhe loved *Agatherſes*, it was not poſſible ſhe ſhould be a Queen unleſs her Conſtancy was ſhaken: But ſince the Throne of a new King did but a little charm her, ſhe reſolved upon nothing, but would determine upon the matter hereafter according to the Event of Things. Thus not knowing whether ſhe had more Love or Ambition, her Mind was in much Uncertainty.

In the mean time *Agatherſes*, who was hid in his Friend's Houſe, was in a moſt horrid Deſpair; Can I live, ſaid he, and ſuffer my Rival to be a King? and my ſelf to be a Subject both unto him and *Elibeſis?* Fie, fie, I cannot be ſo baſely unworthy: I muſt either find out a way to hinder my Rival from being King, and my Miſtreſs from being Queen, or elſe I muſt and will die with Deſpair and Grief. Afterwards falling into a profound Study, he remembred that there was ſome places in the Walls of *Iſſedon* which were broken, and the Breaches ſo great, that he might eaſily get out with Horſes: So as conceiving that the multitude and weight of Buſineſs which lay upon *Ariantes* and *Octomaſades*, might keep them from any thoughts of repairing thoſe Breaches, or from guarding them, he thought his Deſign not impoſſible; for ſince no Army was on foot, they had more reaſon to think upon Levies, and to ſecure themſelves in the Town, than to attempt any thing without it: ſo that *Agatherſes* believed, that if *Elibeſis* pleaſed, he could get her out of *Iſſedon* by the help of his Friends through one of theſe Breaches: And by this device reſt quietly, without being ſubject either unto his Rival or his Miſtreſs. But not to make a vain Propoſition, he provided as many Men as was neceſſary for her Guard: He ſent to view the places, and he was ſo induſtrious, as in all likelihood he wanted nothing but the conſent of *Elibeſis:* So that having put all things into good order, he writ that ſame Night unto *Elibeſis* to give him a private Audience, which conſidering the preſent juncture of things, ſhe durſt not refuſe. For ſince ſhe knew him to be of a very violent Temper, ſhe feared leſt he ſhould either periſh in ſome deſperate Attempt, or elſe cauſe *Ariantes* to periſh: ſo as thinking ſhe ſhould at leaſt perſwade him unto patience, until ſhe was fully reſolved in her ſelf, ſhe reſolved for the preſent to go the next

Morning on a Viſit to his Wiſe, in whoſe Houſe *Agatherſes* lay hid; and to ſee him with more ſafety than at her own Houſe.

But, Sir, before I acquaint you with the Diſcourſe of theſe two Perſons, I muſt needs acquaint you with the cruel ſeparation of *Adonacris* and *Noromanta*: for at the beginning of this Tumult, the Father of this fair One being faithfully devoted to the Service of *Thomiris*, and ſeeing the Deſign of *Ariantes*, he would not ſtay any longer in a Rebellious Town: Therefore, as ſoon as he ſaw *Ariantes* was like to thrive in his Deſign, and not being able to oppoſe him, he went out of *Iſſedon* in diſorder, and carried his Daughter with him; and before any Guards were ſet upon the Gates, and whilſt all was in a tumult, he put *Noromanta* in a Coach, and got out before any could acquaint *Adonacris*. You may imagine, Sir, how this went to his Heart, and how he was wonderſtruck, when after he had followed *Ariantes* all the day, and paſt all the Peril, he heard that *Noromanta* was not in *Iſſedon*; yet ſince he imagined that her Father would carry her to his own Houſe, his Sorrows leſſened, in hopes to hear from her if he ſent an Expreſs: And indeed he writ unto her the very ſame hour, and ſent his Letter by one of his own Men; for conſidering the ſtate of things, Honour would not permit him to abſent his Perſon, being engaged in the Prince *Ariantes*'s Party.

But to return unto *Elibeſis* and *Agatherſes*, be pleaſed to know, Sir, that *Elibeſis* was with the Lady, in whoſe Houſe ſhe was to ſee *Agatherſes*, and where indeed ſhe did ſee him. But to the end this Meeting might be cloſely carried, *Elibeſis* carried with her only one Woman, and that Diſcourſe might be more free, Chance ordered it ſo, that the Lady of the Houſe being ſick, *Elibeſis* could ſee her but a while; and the Lady left her with *Agatherſes*, and the Woman which followed her: And as ſoon as this Lover ſaw himſelf at liberty to ſpeak his thoughts; I know not, Madam, ſaid he unto *Elibeſis*, whether you will hear me without hate; but I am certain you cannot deny me what I ſhall ask, without deſerving I ſhould leave loving; for, not to trouble you with any long-winded Story, if you refuſe to go out of *Iſſedon*, and to get out of the Power of my Rival, I ſhall have reaſon to think you prefer him before me, and that you will willingly ſubmit unto him: And to remove all difficulty, I ſhall tell you in few words, I know an infallible way how to get you out of *Iſſedon* this very Night enſuing. I have Men ready for your Guard; a Lady of your Acquaintance and Friendſhip, hating this rebellious Town, will go out of it with you; and I will carry you both unto the Queen, begging nothing from you, but that you will not expoſe your ſelf unto the Tyranny of an Uſurper, who doubleſs will preſently fall, and ruin you, if you ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to forſake me for him. I aſſure you, Sir, (replied *Elibeſis*, with much aſtoniſhment) that I would go out of *Iſſedon* with all my heart; but ſince I cannot do it with my Honour, I muſt ſtay here; for truly how can I with any handſomneſs go out, having a Father and a Brother engaged with the Prince *Ariantes*? but truly (added ſhe ſubtilly, and purpoſely to appeaſe him) I cannot tell whether I ſhould be able to deny you, if I were ſure his Deſign would proſper; but, I pray, Sir, conſider that *Ariantes* will know of my departure; and knowing, will follow me, and ſending Men after, will bring me back: and I ſhould be extreamly ſorry to ſee you killed before my Face, or at leaſt made a Priſoner, and therefore it's better to ſit ſtill, than to run ſuch dangerous Hazards. Do not deceive both your ſelf and me, Madam, (replied *Agatherſes* ſharply) for you can never perſwade me that it is fitting a Woman of your Beauty ſhould ſtay under the Power of an Uſurper, who is in love with you, when as you may, if you pleaſe, get out: And I muſt go a little further, Madam, and tell you, that though I were not your Lover, though you had never made me any Promiſes of eternal Affection, and tho you had no other inducement to go out of *Iſſedon* but your own Honour, yet you ought to go, if you could, and ſteal away, even from your Parents if they ſhould oppoſe it; unleſs you were reſolved to obey the Prince *Ariantes* in all things, without any Exception: you know, Madam, he loves you as much as poſſible, and yet you will remain under his Power. Tell me, I beſeech you, Madam, what Safety can you have of your Perſon, when you are under the Command of a Prince, who to pull the Crown off his Siſter's Head, doth violate all manner of Rights, ſtifles all the Laws of Nature and Juſtice; and who, to ſatisfy his Ambition, cares not to ſet two Kingdoms in a Flame, to make Rivers of Blood, and Mountains of dead Men: Conſider, Madam, what he will do to ſatisfy his Love, which is a more quick, lively and active Paſſion; yet you think your ſelf ſafe under the Power of ſuch a Lover, but do not conſider that he will be tranſported into the moſt violent Extremities if you reſiſt him: If you do not apprehend all this, Madam, it is becauſe you are reſolved not to reſiſt him, for otherwiſe you would quickly take me at my word, and get out of *Iſſedon* this very Night: However I muſt tell you thus much, that to be the Wife of a wicked Uſurper, who doubtleſs will e're long be overwhelmed in the Ruins of his new ill-gotten Throne, is a moſt miſerable piece of Fortune; and according to all probabilities, *Ariantes* will ſhortly be in that Condition. But the truth is (added he, and lifted up his Eyes to Heaven) that if he be not Miſerable until after you have made him Happy, he will die with Glory, and I with unequalled Deſpair.

Conſider therefore, Madam, I conjure you, what Anſwer you will give me: Think ſeriouſly what an amorous Tyrant will deſire, who is Maſter of her he loves; moreover, I ſwear unto you, by all the Deities of Heaven and Earth, that if you will not do what in all reaſon you ought, I will do all that Love, Rage, Jealouſy, Hatred and Revenge can make a deſperate Lover do, either to ruin his Rival, or to be revenged upon his Miſtreſs. For I do profeſs, once again, I will never be a Subject, either unto *Ariantes* or *Elibeſis*. You expreſs your ſelf ſo violently (ſaid ſhe unto him) that, Sir, I know not how to anſwer you. And you anſwer me ſo coldly, replied he, that I may well enough underſtand you; but ſince my Love is above my Reaſon, I will not believe what your Eyes do tell me, and what your Words do make me underſtand: Therefore, to give you a little time of repentance, conſider my Affection to you. I am violent, it's true; but the ſame Fire which inflames my Anger, when I am wronged, the ſame makes my Love ſo zealous; and therefore do not upbraid me with my Impetuoſity, I conjure you, unleſs you will augment it; and if it be poſſible, cure your Mind of ſo much weakneſs, as to be dazled with the deceiving glittering of Grandure, though it be a legitimate Grandure, and not uſurped as that of *Ariantes*, which is but a Bubble of the People, and will vaniſh to nothing in a little time. Conſider well, too ambitious *Elibeſis*, and act not both againſt your ſelf and me; and do not drive a Man into deſpair, who is not maſter of his own Thoughts when his Love is injured: Speak, Madam, I beſeech you, but be ſure you ſpeak as you ought to do. Doubtleſs I ſhall ſpeak as I ought to do, replied ſhe, but I do not think I ſhall ſpeak as you would have me; for, the truth is, I cannot ſuffer my ſelf to be violently carried away. O, Madam, (replied he, and interrupted her) this word Violently does not ſuit with my Intentions, ſince I am ſo far from offering any violence, that I would have you avoid it; but I ſee you do not fear what the Prince *Ariantes* will do, when he is Maſter of your Heart.

But, Madam, ſince he hath driven me out of it, you muſt give me leave to do what I can to drive him out of the Throne which he hath uſurped, though I cannot drive him out of your Heart. And therefore give me leave to do the Duty of a true Subject and a faithful Lover, in taking the Queen's part: Yet let me firſt acquaint you, that whenſoever you hear any Troops are marching againſt *Iſſedon*, know that I am certainly at the Head of them; and when you hear that *Ariantes* is wounded, or like to be, be ſure it is I, who will do what I can to kill him: In ſhort, Madam, you may be ſure, that if the War continue, my Rival or I muſt die: And be confident, I will uſe the utmoſt of my ſtrength and power, to leave loving you, and to become all Hate and Revenge. Theſe, Madam, are the Thoughts which you have inſpired

ſpired into a Man, who could have no other Deſign but to adore you,if you would not change him for another. You are ſo very violent (replied ſhe) that I know not what to ſay. You are ſo unreaſonable, anſwered he, that the moſt patient Man alive would be tranſported more than I am.

For, Madam, what one obliging word do you give me? I tell you (anſwered ſhe) that I eſteem you as much as ever I did, yet for all that I muſt act with prudence; and therefore though I ſhould be glad to go out of *Iſſedon*, yet I muſt not, ſince I cannot without a Crime, and without expoſing my ſelf unto the Anger of my Father, my Brother, and expoſing them to be ill uſed by the Prince *Ariantes*, who would ſuſpect them Acceſſaries to my flight. You are a very good Daughter, Madam, (replied *Agatherſes* coldly) and a good Siſter, but believe me a very bad Lover. I beſeech you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) do not unjuſtly complain againſt me, but wait upon the Event of things; you tell me that the Prince *Ariantes* will ſhortly be hurried from the Throne; ſtay then, and expect his Fall with patience, and let both you and me live at reſt till then. I do very well underſtand you, Madam, (replied he haſtily) you would have me let you alone until you may make your Choice according to the Event of things; that is to ſay, if the Deſign of *Ariantes* ſucceed well, you are reſolved to cloſe with him, and look upon me as your Subject; and if it ſucceed ill, then perhaps you will admit of me for your Slave. But, Madam, the Heart of *Agatherſes* cannot ſo baſely cloſe with Time: I have loved you, and you have not hated me; keep in that mind ſtill I beſeech you, or if you cannot, give me leave to try if I can fall off alſo. For, truly Madam, (purſued he with much vehemency) I wiſh *Hercules* may beat my Brains out with his Club, that *Neptune* may puſh me into the bottom of the Sea with his Trident, and that *Jupiter* may blaſt me with his Thunder-bolt, if ever I depend upon the good or bad Succeſs of the War. Therefore, Madam, chuſe now which you pleaſe, or never; but conſider I beſeech you, that *Ariantes* is an Uſurper of four and twenty hours ſtanding: That his Throne ſtands but upon looſe Sand, and that I am a moſt faithful Subject to the Queen, and the moſt faithful Lover in the World. Moreover, *Ariantes* did not love you till of late, and I have both lov'd and ador'd you many Years: *Ariantes* will not love you till he enjoy you, but I will love you till I die: But to oblige me unto this, you, Madam, muſt quit *Iſſedon.* If the Gods, whoſe Names you uſe, replied *Elibeſis*, were not extreamly good, doubtleſs they would puniſh you for all your Prophanations and your Injuſtice: But to give you a direct Anſwer, I will peremptorily tell you, that I will not go out of *Iſſedon*; and becauſe your Violence doth authorize mine, I muſt tell you further, that if you had loved me without ſelf-Intereſt, you would never have grudged my being a Queen; but had rather have been my Subject than my Husband; but it is no Argument of a ſuperlative Love, to deſire the enjoyment of her he loves, and not to endure a Rival ſhould poſſeſs her. Whoſoever does not deſire the enjoyment of her he loves, (replied *Agatherſes*) is not any ſuperlative Lover. Ah, Madam, truly I cannot love ſo; and whoſoever can be contented to part with her he loves, loves but imperfectly; but, Madam, ſince you will not do as I deſire, I muſt do as you would not have me.

After this, *Elibeſis* finding more Love in her Heart than Ambition, expreſſed her ſelf as well as poſſibly ſhe could to appeaſe him, to mollify him, and to delude him: yet not telling him that ſhe would go out of *Iſſedon*, nor directly promiſing ſhe would not marry *Ariantes*. But *Agatherſes* having Wit at will, did know the Thoughts of her Heart, as well as if ſhe had ingenuouſly confeſſed them: and indeed he did ſo plainly ſee, that ſhe would neither loſe him, nor keep him, that he was tranſported more than before: And *Elibeſis* alſo having her turn of Anger, did, upon a ſudden, leave him; and ſo they both parted very ill ſatisfied with each other. *Agatherſes* told me ſince, that he intended to deſire the Man with whom he lodged, to keep *Elibeſis* in his Houſe, to the end he might have carried her away the Night following whether ſhe would or no: But this Deſign being very imprudent

prudent, he thought that neither his Friend nor his Wife would ever conſent unto it; ſo as he rejected that thought, as a thing impoſſible to be executed. In the mean time, after he had in vain perſwaded *Elibeſis* to go out of *Iſſedon*, he began to think of getting out himſelf, and the rather, becauſe he was advertiſed that the Prince *Ariantes* cauſed a ſearch to be made for him, and would ſecure his Perſon: therefore without further delay, he diſguiſed himſelf, and the Night following he went out of *Iſſedon* through the Breaches in the Walls; and he went out ſo happily, that if he had deferred it one day longer, he had miſſed of his Aim; for *Octomaſades* cauſed thoſe Breaches to be repaired the very next Morning. But at parting he writ unto *Elibeſis*, and in ſuch an odd manner, as never was Love-Letter in the like: for my part, I think I have given a hundred Copies of it, and I have writ it ſo oft, that I think I am able to repeat it Word for Word: And thus this deſperate Lover writ unto his Ambitious Miſtriſs.

Agatherſes unto *Elibeſis*.

Madam,

I *Could not chuſe but tell you at parting, that ſince Fortune and Love could make People miſerable, they never left any in ſuch a cruel incertainty as you and I: For, Madam, you ſtay in* Iſſedon, *not knowing whether you ſhall be Queen, though you have a moſt ambitious deſire of being ſo: And I depart out of it, not well knowing whether I can hinder my Rival from being King, nor whether I can baniſh you out of my Heart, as you baniſh'd me out of yours: But I am ſure only of this, that if I do continue loving you, it ſhall be againſt my will: And though I ſhould love you as long as I lived, with the ſame zeal I did when* Ariantes *came firſt to* Iſſedon, *yet I will never tell you ſo as long as I live: This, Madam, is the very laſt Teſtimony of my Love you ſhall ever receive from me: But my going into the Service of* Thomiris, *ſhall not be the laſt Teſtimony of hatred, which my Rival ſhall receive. Adieu, Madam, I know not whether Fortune will ever give you any Subjects; but I am ſure Love gave you a Slave that deſerved* *to be kept, and the Chains he wore perhaps would have been more glorious to you, than the Crown you hope to wear will be.*

Agatherſes.

Though this Letter was ſomething ſharp, *Elibeſis* yet was not much moved at it; but ſince Ambition was then predominant, ſhe would not anſwer it: And *Agatherſes* underſtanding by him who delivered it, that ſhe ſaid ſhe had no Anſwer to return, he entred into a new Deſpair, which made him paſs for one of the faithful Subjects in the World: For, Sir, he went unto the Tents Royal, and offered *Thomiris* to levy Men at his own Charge, and to ſpend both his State and Fortune in her Service. And ſince that Princeſs could not find a Man of more Courage and Spirit than he, ſhe made him Lieutenant-General of the Army which ſhe intended to ſend againſt *Iſſedon*; and which ſhe would not lead her ſelf, becauſe ſhe fell ſick of Sorrow for your departure, Sir.

But whilſt *Thomiris* did ſtrive to hinder *Ariantes* from making himſelf King, *Ariantes* ſtudied how to keep the Crown he had got, and how to make *Elibeſis* Queen. Whilſt, I ſay, *Adonacris* did wait with much impatience for the return of him he ſent unto his dear *Noromanta*, that Lady was in a ſtrange conjuncture of Troubles. For, Sir, be pleaſed to know, that her Father, whoſe Name was *Targitas*, and who was an imperious and violent Man, after he came to his Houſe, be-thought himſelf how to ſignalize his Fidelity to *Thomiris*: and this Houſe of his being very ſtrong, he made a Garriſon of it, and prepared himſelf to go unto the Army, as ſoon as the Queen had begun her march.

But, Sir, ſince in the beginning of theſe Troubles every one looked like an Enemy, and every one ſtood upon his Guard, he whom *Adonacris* had ſent unto *Noromanta*, could not carry himſelf ſo, but the Father of this fair One diſcovered that he had ſome ſecret Buſineſs: ſo that cauſing him to be ſtopped and ſearched, they found the Letter which *Adonacris* writ unto *Noromanta*: which, as he told me ſince, was very long, and very tender: For ſince he foreſaw that he ſhould be long from her, and knew not whether he could have opportunity to write afterwards, he deſired to put her in memory of his zealous Paſſion: but this Letter which he hoped would produce ſome good Effects, proved quite the contrary; for, Sir,the Father of *Noromanta*, no ſooner ſaw it, but he was extreamly angry, for he ſaw his Daughter did not hate him who writ it. So as imagining this Affection to be of another nature than it was, he applied all violent Remedies to break it off: For though he eſteemed *Adonacris* very much, yet he would not have him marry his Daughter, though upon no other reaſon, but becauſe he ſided with *Ariantes*: So that this violent Man, without more delay, reſolved to marry her to a Man of good Account, called *Sitalces*, who had been long in love with her, and asked the Queſtion before ever he went to *Iſſedon*, but he intreated him to ſtay for an Anſwer until his return: And ſo reſolving that the firſt news which *Adonacris* ſhould hear of *Noromanta*, ſhould be of her Marriage, he kept the Man who brought the Letter under the Notion of a Spy; and gave as favourable an Anſwer unto *Sitalces* as he could poſſibly either expect or deſire. After which he went unto *Noromanta*'s Chamber, and commanded her to receive *Sitacles* as the Man whom ſhe was to marry within the compaſs of eight dayes, without any Ceremony; it not being fit, ſaid he, to Feaſt it at the beginning of a Civil war. You may imagine, Sir, how *Noromanta* was ſurprized at this, and troubled at this Command: for being naturally of a ſweet, mild, and modeſt Temper, ſhe knew not how to reſiſt *Targitas*, yet ſince *Sitalces* was one that made open profeſſion of Bravery, and to be the firſt always in all Dangers and Attempts, ſhe beſeeched her Father to conſider, that to marry her now unto *Sitalces* in the beginning of a Bloody War, was to put her preſently into Mourning; and therefore deſired him to ſtay till things were compoſed betwixt *Thomiris* and *Ariantes*. But *Targitas* knowing very well her real Reaſon, he was very angry at her, and told her, that without any more ado ſhe muſt obey, and obey preſently, and with a good Will. And that you may the ſooner reſolve upon it, (ſaid he in a tranſport of Anger) let me tell you, that though you ſhould not marry *Sitalces*, yet you ſhall never marry *Adonacris*. You may imagine, Sir, how *Noromanta* wondred her Father ſhould know of any paſſages in *Iſſedon*; but her wonder increaſed, when ſhe offered to juſtify and excuſe her ſelf, for he charged her not to ſpeak; telling her, that ſhe could no better way juſtify her admittance of *Adonacris* without his leave, than by marrying *Sitalces* at his Command. *Noromanta* did not yet yield; but at laſt yield ſhe muſt, and ſuffered *Sitalces* to viſit her as the Man whom ſhe was to marry.

And indeed within eight days after, he did marry her, much againſt her will: for, Sir, you muſt know, that *Targitas* was a Man ſo peremptory, and had in his Face ſuch a Terror, as cauſed Fear; ſo that *Noromanta* was excuſable in not reſiſting him, and the rather, becauſe ſhe obeyed him with extream Sorrow and Repugnancy. But that which rendred her moſt deſerving pity, was, becauſe ſhe had an extream natural Averſion againſt *Sitalces*, as ſhe had an Inclination unto *Adonacris*; yet fear and Vertue together moved her to obey *Targitas*. But to compleat her Grief, the next morning after the Marriage, her Father came into her Chamber, and ſhewed her the Letter which *Adonacris* writ; I would not ſhew you, Daughter, (ſaid he unto her) what *Adonacris* hath writ unto you, until I had put you into a condition of anſwering as I would have you. But now ſince you are Wife unto *Sitalces*, I cannot think you will be the Miſtreſs of *Adonacris*. And therefore, ſince I would have all manner of Gallantries end betwixt you, and have no ill Conſequences, I pray write unto him in my preſence; but write as I ſhall deſire you, and as Vertue requires you ſhould, which is, that you are the Wife of *Sitalces*; that you would have him never to write unto you again; and that you forbid him ever to ſee you again as long as you live. To tell you, Sir, how *Noromanta* grieved at the ſight of *Adonacris* his Letter, and at his apprehending the ſad News of her

Marriage, is not an eaſy matter; yet ſince her Father was a Man that would not be dallied with, reſolve ſhe muſt, to write or not to write; did ſhe follow her own Inclination, write ſhe would not, ſince ſhe would not write ſuch bad News: But afterwards, conſidering ſhe was married unto *Sitalces*, and it was not fit to hold any longer Commerce with *Adonacris*, therefore ſhe thought beſt to overcome her ſelf, and not anger her Father, who being all Violence and Haſte, had acquainted him that married her with the Buſineſs.

Thus, Sir, though the fair *Noromanta* had her Soul full of Affection to *Adonacris*, though her Eyes did ſwim in Tears, her Heart beat, and her Hand tremble, yet ſhe did write as *Targitas* would have her. 'Tis true, that maugre the trouble of her Mind, ſhe called ſuch words to expreſs what her Father deſired, as it was eaſy to ſee her Soul was full of Sorrow. However, as ſoon as this Letter was writ, *Targitas* delivered it unto the Man whom *Adonacris* ſent; And not permitting him to ſee *Noromanta*, he cauſed him to be conducted a day's journey from the place where he was.

All this while *Adonacris* was in a moſt impatient perplexity, and expectation of his return, whom he had ſent unto her. But alas, his return was much more grievous unto him, when he underſtood how he had been arreſted, ſearched, and *Targitas* ſeen his Letter: But much more ſtill was his ſorrow, when he heard that *Noromanta* had married *Sitalces*, when he read her Letter: Since I was the Confident of his Sorrows, I am able to aſſure you that they were in a moſt high degree: but ſince he knew that *Noromanta* had an averſion unto *Sitalces*, he could not charge her with Inconſtancy, only of a little Weakneſs, though it was ſuch as Vertue might excuſe, ſince ſhe did it only in obedience to her Father: But ſince this was a Miſery without remedy, he complain'd ſometimes in ſuch feeling expreſſions, as moved me to pity him very much.

Alas, alas (ſaid he the day he received *Noromanta's* Letter) into what ſtrange deſtiny am I reſerved? If I had a dozen Rivals, and all preferred before me, I ſhould be much leſs miſerable than I am, though *Noromanta* doth not hate me, and hath a Husband whom ſhe loves not. For ſuch a Miſery, though great, yet was not without a Remedy: But that *Noromanta* ſhould be Wife unto one whom ſhe hates; and that ſhe ſhould be a Woman of a rare Vertue, this is a thing which leaves me nothing to do but complain and pity both her and my ſelf. Yet ſurely her Affection unto me was not great, ſince ſhe was able to obey ſo ſoon; and I wiſh unto the Gods that mine to her were no more violent. However, Sir, *Adonacris* had a deſire that *Noromanta* ſhould know his Sorrows; and therefore as ſoon as he heard that *Targitas* and *Sitalces* were gone unto *Thomiris*, three dayes after the Marriage, and that they had ſent unto a Town called *Typanis*, with intention to continue there as long as the War laſted, he diſpatched one of his Servants unto the place where ſhe was. Yet Sir, ſhe would not read this Letter, but ſent it back ſealed, together with his Note, which had neither Superſcription nor Subſcription unto it.

Since I am not now the ſame I was when I permitted you to write unto me, forbear writing unto one whom decency will not allow ſo much as to ſee your Letters, much leſs to anſwer them: I have not opened this you ſent, for I do not love to hear of Miſeries which I neither can nor ought to eaſe: And I deſire you, with all my Heart, never to write to me again as long as you live; And to believe confidently, that I can never do any thing more advantagious for you, than not to excuſe my ſelf, and permit you to hate me, if you cannot ceaſe loving unleſs you paſs from Love to Hatred. After this, ask no more of me, for I do profeſs this is the laſt time of writing unto you; and I would not have written now, but only to deſire you to write no more unto me.

After the reading of this Letter, Sir, the miſerable *Adonacris* had nothing to do, but to ſtrive with his Sorrows, and to ſuffer them without ſeeking a Remedy. Yet he was vexed with a freſh inquietude; for you muſt know that after *Thomiris* had her Army up, and *Ariantes* in the Head, *Agatherſes* upon the firſt occaſion killed the Brother unto a Lady of high Account, called *Argiriſpe*, whom I told you was a Friend unto *Elibeſis*; ſo as by this means *Argiriſpe* being one of the richeſt Matches in all *Iſſedon*, the Father of *Adonacris* and *Elibeſis*, whoſe Name was *Tyſſagetties*, had a fancy to marry his Son unto her; and he was ſo earneſt upon it, that he never let him injoy any reſt. Alſo he imployed the Prince *Ariantes*, and *Octomaſades* to perſwade him unto a Marriage with her: For in thoſe Times of Tumult, Ceremonies were not ſtood upon; and therefore the Mourning of *Argiriſpe* was no hindrance unto her Marriage: And as for *Argiriſpe*, ſhe was not unwilling to marry ſuch a well-accompliſhed Man, who was Brother unto her who was ſhortly to be a Queen: So as the whole Family of *Adonacris* being met together to perſecute him, and to tell him that he did not love the Grandure of his Houſe: he was ſo chid by them, that in the end he told them, he would do as they deſired.

Thus was the Marriage made in four days, by the Authority of *Ariantes*; but to tell you truly, his greateſt Inducement was, becauſe I perſwaded him to ſtifle a Paſſion in which he had no hopes; and becauſe he hoped that perhaps the Beauty of *Argiriſpe* might by degrees root *Noromanta* out of his Heart. Thus though *Adonacris* did ſtill love *Noromanta*, and not love *Argiriſpe*; yet he lived very lively towards her. But to his comfort, the Prince *Ariantes* having viewed his Troops, departed from *Iſſedon*, with intention to meet the Army of *Thomiris*, which was advancing with deſign to decide the matter by Battel; and by this means *Adonacris* was delivered from his conſtraint of being with *Argiriſpe*. Thus *Sitalces* and *Adonacris* were engaged in two contrary Sides; for *Sitalces* followed his Father-in-law, and went to *Thomiris* three days after his Marriage with *Noromanta*: And *Adonacris* engaged with *Ariantes*; ſo as they were on contrary Sides, as well as *Ariantes* and *Agatherſes*, who, as I told you before, was Lieutenant-General of *Thomiris* her Army, which the young *Spargapiſes* commanded, by the advice of the prudent *Therez*, by reaſon of the Queen's Indiſpoſition. But to ſpeak truth, ſince *Spargapiſes* was but a Child, and his Name only uſed to prevent the pretention of others; and ſince *Agatherſes* was more forward than any other, being exaſperated by the Whet-ſtones of Love, Hatred, and Revenge, it was he who indeed was General of the Army.

In the mean time, the Prince *Ariantes* before he went from *Iſſedon*, did ſet Guards upon *Elibeſis*, leſt during his abſence the Friends of *Agatherſes* ſhould attempt any thing againſt her. But, Sir, I forgot to tell you, that before he went away, he courted *Elibeſis* as earneſtly as he could to marry him; for though he had told her that his Throne was yet but ill eſtabliſhed to ſet her upon it, yet ſince his Love increaſed, he preſſed her unto it; yet all in vain, for ſhe was reſolved to marry none under a King, and a King quietly ſettled in his Dominion; It being certain, that of all Subjects ſhe loved *Agatherſes* beſt, and much better than *Ariantes*, though a Prince.

Thus finding ſeveral Pretences which did not incenſe this Prince, ſhe denied his Deſire, and he was forced to retire without Marriage: So as by this means *Agatherſes* was not in ſo bad a condition as *Adonacris*, for he had a Rival to fight with, whoſe Death might be advantagious to him. But as for *Adonacris*, though *Sitalces* were killed, he were never the better, ſince *Argiriſpe* was his Wife: ſo that I think none could be in a ſadder condition than he was during all that War. I will not make any particular relation of this War unto you, Sir, leſt I ſhould abuſe your patience; yet I muſt needs tell you, that when both Armies met, and many Subjects of one Princeſs ready to kill each other, the moſt prudent of both Sides, and the leaſt intereſted, did make ſome Overtures of an Accommodation, and began to talk mildly upon the matter before they fell to blows: So as the wiſe *Tertz* and *Targitas*, did ſo negotiate the Buſineſs, mauger both *Agatherſes* and *Octomaſades*, who were all for War; one out of Ambition, the other out of Love, that they brought the Buſineſs to a kind of Treaty.

And within a few days after, it was reſolved to meet at a certain place and confer, and each Side give their Reaſons, and thereupon to adviſe upon the beſt Expedients of compoſing the difference. The place of Conference being reſolved upon, *Ariantes* nominated *Octomaſades* and ſix other Commiſſioners on his ſide: *Agatherſes* carried the matter ſo well that he himſelf was chief Commiſſioner for *Thomiris*, to the end he might tranſact againſt *Ariantes*, as well during the Conference as the War; and certainly he did moſt worthily acquit himſelf, for I do not think it poſſible any could bring ſtronger Reaſons to maintain, that though *Thomiris* was born before her Father came to the Crown, yet ſhe ought to be looked upon as the eldeſt Daughter unto the King of the *Iſſedons*, and not only as the Daughter of *Lypacaris*; and conſequently ſince the Laws of the Land made the eldeſt Child of the King to reign without any difference of Sex, *Thomiris* was lawful Queen, and *Ariantes* an Uſurper.

Octomaſades maintained very ſtrongly, that though the Laws of the Land made the eldeſt Child of the King to raign, yet it ought to be the Prince *Ariantes*, ſince he only was Son unto the King of the *Iſſedons*, and *Thomiris* the Daughter of a Subject, though ſhe was his eldeſt Siſter, and by conſequence incapable of raigning; ſince it was the eldeſt Child of a King whoſe due it is: The truth is, ſaid he (to maintain the right of *Ariantes*) *Ariantes* pretends not to the Crown, as Son unto *Lypacaris*, but only as Son unto the King of *Iſſedons*: For truly a forced Expoſition ought not to be given unto that Law which gives him for the Scepter; it muſt be underſtood according to the Letter, and be known, that thoſe who made it, had ſufficient Reaſons to authorize it: Certainly there is all the Equity in the World, that the People who can never have too much reſpect unto thoſe who ought to command them, ſhould have another kind of Perſon over them than themſelves, to wit, a Perſon that is incapable of raigning, and ſubject to the ſame obedience they are: To avoid which inconvenience, it muſt not be *Thomiris* which muſt reign, ſince all the People knew her born in a private Condition, when her Father was no King; but on the contrary, it ought to be the

Prince *Ariantes*, whom the People ſaw born upon a Throne. But what if it will be objected, Why, though the Prince *Lypacaris* was a Subject, yet he made himſelf King? 'Tis true indeed, he did ſo, but it was after another manner; for the Prince *Lypacaris* did make himſelf King by the right of Conquerors, but his Succeſſors cannot be King, but by the Laws he eſtabliſhed: So it muſt be the Son or Daughter of a King, and not of a Subject, who ought legally to ſucceed. Moreover, there is one Reaſon which moves me to expound the Law thus; for certainly a Throne ſtamps a new Character of Grandure upon thoſe who are upon it: And thoſe who are born Kings, have more Royal Inclinations, more worthy of a Scepter, than others who are born in a lower Condition: And to ſpeak rationally, the firſt day of a Man's Life who makes himſelf King, is the firſt day that he ſteps upon the Throne, ſo as all before it were not his, and it muſt be ſince he was the Father of his Subjects, that he can be called the Father of his Children.

Thus I conclude, that the Law which ſays that the Firſt-born of the King of *Iſſedons* ought to raign, ought to be expounded as I have done, though *Lypacaris* had had a Son elder than *Ariantes* in lieu of *Thomiris*, from a more forcible Reaſon; therefore it ought to be thus, ſince it is more advantagious to the People to have a King, than a Queen. Furthermore, every thing argues in favour of the Side which I maintain; for *Thomiris* in yielding the *Iſſedonian* Crown unto the Prince *Ariantes*, remains ſtill Queen of the *Maſagettes*: on the contrary, the Son unto the King of *Iſſedon*, who only ought to reign over them, will be without a Kingdom, and indeed the *Iſſedons* will have neither King nor Queen; for ſince the Marriage of *Thomiris*, ſhe never comes amongſt them, and ſhe ſufficiently makes it known, that Nature hath not infuſed into her Heart that tender Affection which Kings ought to have unto their People, ſince ſhe never honours them with her Preſence; and it may be ſaid, that ſhe rather treats them like a People which ſhe ſubjected by Uſurpation, than Subjects which a legal and ſucceſſive Right did give her, ſince ſhe governs them by Subſtitutes, and never comes her ſelf amongſt them. But not to uſe Reaſons and Arguments where the Authority of the Law is ſufficient, I will maintain, that ſince the eldeſt Child of the *Iſſedonian* King ought to raign, it ought to be the Prince *Ariantes.* And I will further affirm, that it would be more glorious unto *Thomiris* to be the Wife, the Mother, and the Siſter of a King; than to have one Crown more, and have a Brother that is ſubject unto the Prince her Son: So as I conclude, that if ſhe will have the Wars to ceaſe, ſhe muſt reſtore the Crown of *Iſſedon* unto him, to whom legally it belongs; and that ſhe let him be her Brother by Nature, and her Alley by intereſt of his Crown, and not a Subject. After this, Sir, the eloquence of *Octomaſades* went a little further, and enlarged it ſelf in Commendations of the Prince *Ariantes*, but concluded that he would rely wholly upon the Law, which was, that the eldeſt Child unto the King of *Iſſedons* ſhould raign.

I willingly conſent (replied *Agatherſes* after *Octomaſades* had done) that the Law be punctually relied upon, which would have the eldeſt Child unto the King of *Iſſedons* to raign, ſince that is the Foundation upon which the right Title of *Thomiris* her raign is built, and by which *Ariantes* ought to be looked upon only as an Uſurper: And to prove that *Thomiris* is the eldeſt Daughter unto the *Iſſedonian* King, though ſhe was born when he was only the Prince *Lypacaris*, I need only ſay, that *Lypacaris* and the King of *Iſſedons*, being all one and the ſame Perſon, *Thomiris* cannot be the eldeſt Daughter of the one, but ſhe muſt be the eldeſt Daughter of the other. Alſo, if you tell me ſhe is not the Daughter to the King of *Iſſedons*, I will tell you again that *Ariantes* is the Son of *Lypacaris*, and you cannot deny it by the ſame reaſon: For truly *Lypacaris* in aſcending the Throne, did not ceaſe to be the ſame he was before in all things directly relating to his Perſon, he was ſtill brave and generous, he was the Husband of his Wife, Father to his Daughter, Couſin to his Kindred, and indeed all the very ſame he was before his being King: The elevation of his Fortune did not ſubvert the courſe of Nature, it did not break the Ligaments of Proximity, and all his Power cannot make that which is, never to have been: So ſince *Lypacaris* had a Daughter before he was King, ſhe is ſtill his Daughter, though afterwards he aſcended a Throne. I would gladly know, if ſhe be not Daughter to the King of *Iſſedons*, whoſe Daughter is ſhe? For as ſoon as the King her Father was upon the Throne, it ſeems he was no longer *Lypacaris*, but *Lypacaris* was ſo mixed, incorporated, and confounded with the King of *Iſſedons*, that none ever knew how to ſeparate them. So that ſince *Lypacaris* is King of the *Iſſedons*, ſince the King of *Iſſedons* is *Lypacaris*, and ſince they are both but one and the ſame, it muſt follow by neceſſary conſequence, that *Thomiris* is eldeſt Daughter unto the King, and her unto whom the Laws gives the Crown: That the Prince *Ariantes* is her Subject, and that he moſt unjuſtly takes up Arms, by giving an Interpretation unto the Laws of the Land, which they will not admit of. To ſay, that the People before they can reſpect thoſe who ought to be their Maſters, muſt obey *Ariantes* before *Thomiris*, becauſe they had ſeen her a Subject like themſelves, this in my opinion is the ſtrangeſt thing in the World: They might as well ſay, that the People, becauſe they had ſeen *Lypacaris* a Subject like themſelves thirty Years together, ought not to obey him after the Gods had placed him upon the Throne. But there are ſtronger Arguments and Reaſons why they ought to obey the Daughter of their King, unto whom the Law gives more right unto the Crown of *Iſſedon*, than force did unto *Lypacaris*. Moreover, there is much ſhallowneſs in that Argument which ſays that *Thomiris* hath more Crowns than one, and therefore may well part with the other, for if ſhe had a hundred, yet the Crown of *Iſſedon* is hers, and no reaſon but ſhe ſhould keep it. Private Perſons may ſometimes doubtleſs yield ſomething which deſcends unto them from their Fathers, but Kings never ought to yield Kingdoms. And though it be ſaid, that it is not more glorious unto *Thomiris* to be the Daughter of a King, than to be the Siſter of another; yet I ſay ſhe ought to inſiſt peremptorily upon her right unto the Kingdom of *Iſſedon*, over which ſhe hath raigned with ſo much Glory, that her Preſence was not neceſſary to make her People obedient, ſo wiſely did ſhe govern them. But not to diſpute whether a King or a Queen is more advantagious unto the People: I ſay, as I ſaid before, that ſince *Lipacaris* and the King of *Iſſedons* are both one and the ſame Perſon, and ſince *Thomiris* is elder than *Ariantes*, and eldeſt Daughter to the Queen, ſhe ought to continue her Reign, as ſhe began, ſince the Laws of the Land require it, and ſince ſhe aſcended the Throne by the Peoples conſent. And indeed, to ſpeak rationally, what a ſtrange Chimick diviſion would it be to divide *Lypacaris* from the King of *Iſſedons?* It was the Virtues of *Lypacaris* which made him King, and he did greater things to get upon the Throne than he did afterwards: So as it would be great Injuſtice to put ſo great a difference between what he was when he deſerved to be King, and what he was after he was a King. In my opinion, whoſoever is ſo happy as to make himſelf a King, may be looked upon as King even from his Cradle to his Grave: For as it may be ſaid, it is the Gods who give Crowns as beſt pleaſeth them; ſo it may be ſaid, that whoſoever is to be a King, is ſo from his Birth, becauſe it was ſo decreed from the beginning: So though Men did not know that *Lypacaris* was to be King, yet by an infallible Fatality he was to be ſo, and from his Cradle indued with all high Qualities, fit to be ranked in the Catalogue of Kings, by that Power which Soveraignty diſpoſes of Monarchies and Empires, and which, before he was born, knew whether *Thomiris* or *Ariantes* ſhould reign.

Lypacaris then being by the Gods put into the rank of Kings, as ſoon as he was put into the rank of Men, though it ſhould be granted that *Thomiris* is only Daughter unto *Lypacaris*, yet it muſt of neceſſity follow, that ſhe is alſo Daughter unto the King of *Iſſedons*, ſince he was marked out for ſuch a one by thoſe who have right to give unto Men ſuch Characters as beſt pleaſeth them. But not to fly unto any Subtilties to maintain the Equity of a Cauſe which nothing can weaken, I ſhall tell you only in two words, that the Law ſays, the Kingdom belongs unto the eldeſt

Child of the King, without diſtinction of Sex; that *Thomiris* is five Years elder than the Prince *Ariantes*; that as ſoon as *Lypacaris* ceaſed being a Subject, and began to be a King, *Thomiris* alſo ceaſed to be the Daughter of a Subject, and began to be the Daughter of a King; and that unleſs it can be ſaid her Father was never King of *Iſſedon*, they cannot take from her the Quality of a King's Daughter, ſince ſhe cannot change her Faher, as he changed his Fortune. So that being his, and brought up with him, ſhe is as he is, and by conſequence is legitimate Queen according to the Laws of the Land; and by the ſame conſequence, the Prince *Ariantes* cannot pretend unto any thing but a pardon for his Crime, and to be the prime Subject unto this great Queen. I believe, Sir, you will think, that a Conference of Men who affected not Peace would come to nothing; but that on the contrary, it would exaſperate their Spirits: for ſince *Agatherſes* hated *Ariantes*, he uſed many offenſive invectives; and ſince *Octomaſades* feared nothing more than to come under the laſh of a Queen, whom he had wronged, he was full of tart Expreſſions againſt her Paſſion, to the end he might hinder the War from ceaſing.

Thus after three days Conference and Repetition of things, rather againſt Peace than for it, the Treaty ended, and the War began. But, Sir, the thing moſt remarkable was, that whilſt *Octomaſades* and *Agatherſes* conferred together, *Adonacris* accompanying *Octomaſades*, and *Sitalces Agatherſes*, the miſerable *Adonacris* had the ſorrow to ſee the Poſſeſſor of his dear *Noromanta*, whom he yet knew not; for *Sitalces* was one of the Grand Signiors in his Country, who was well contented with his Quality, who came into the Wars when it came to him, and who never came at Court but by chance, ſo as *Adonacris* had never ſeen him: And that which moſt amazed him was, that ſince *Sitalces* did not know that he had any intelligence with his Wife, that he was in love with her, or any acquaintance between them, he addreſſed himſelf always unto him, to propoſe ſuch Expedients as he fancied: So that ſince it was not poſſible he ſhould ſee the Poſſeſſor of his dear *Noromanta*, without extream Grief, he was in a moſt perplexed condition, and the worſe, becauſe his Love encreaſed: For *Sitalces* being one of thoſe who think they can never talk too much of their Wives, and ſince it was ſo ſhort a time ſince he was married, that he talked of her more like a Lover than a Husband, it chanced one day, whilſt the Commiſſioners were conferring together, a Friend of *Sitalces* told him, in the preſence of *Adonacris*, that he had more reaſon than any other to perſwade *Agatherſes* unto an Accommodation, and to end the War; for, truly, ſaid he unto him, it is one of the hardeſt Adventures that can beſal a Man, who having been ſome Years in love with a Beauty, ſhould part from her three days after he had married her. 'Tis very true, replied *Sitalces*, the Adventure is very croſs; and I muſt confeſs, I wiſh an end of the War, as much becauſe I would return unto *Noromanta*, as becauſe I am a lover of my Countries Peace.

Whilſt *Sitalces* talked thus, *Adonacris* ſpoke not a word, but ſighed in ſecret: Yet this Friend unto *Sitalces* being a Man that would put a hundred Queſtions, and *Sitalces* being one, who though he had wit enough, yet was not ſo delicate as to know one needs not anſwer preciſely unto every Queſtion which is asked: Such Queſtions, and ſuch Anſwers, paſſed between them, as made *Adonacris* deſperate; for this impertinent Friend did oblige *Sitalces*, not only to relate his Paſſion unto *Noromanta*, but all Paſſages ſince his Marriage; which *Sitalces* did aggravate in ſuch terms, as ſo ſadded the Soul of *Adonacris*, that he was ready to loſe his Patience, and utter ſuch things as might make it known that he was the Lover of *Noromanta*; yet he could not part from the place where he was, becauſe Reſentments of Love would not let him forbear audience of all that could be ſaid concerning *Noromanta*. But at the laſt he gathered ſome Comfort from the words of *Sitalces*; for his Friend asked him (after a hundred impertinent Queſtions) whether *Noromanta* was not as ſad at parting, as ſhe was glad of his Company? And whether ſhe did not water her Cheeks with tears? *Sitalces* anſwered him, that it ſeemed he never knew *Noromanta*, ſince he did not think her able to miſtreſs her ſelf in all things: For, truly, ſaid he, ſhe hath ſuch a command over her ſelf, that when I married her, there was not the leaſt ſign of any joy in her Eyes; and when I parted from her, there appeared not the leaſt ſorrow in her Countenance; And I am perſwaded ſhe can love and hate to the height if ſhe pleaſe, without being diſcovered; and when I parted from her, ſhe did ſo well hide her Thoughts from me, that ſhe ſeemed to be neither glad nor ſad, only modeſt and ſerious.

As ſoon as *Sitalces* had ſaid ſo, the Diſcourſe changing Subject, *Adonacris* retired, to injoy the Conſolation of thinking that *Sitalces* never ſaw any Joys in the Eyes of *Noromanta* ſince he married her; and this thought was the ſweeter, becauſe he remembred how often he had ſeen joy dance in her Cheeks and Eyes, when he had given her any teſtimony of his Love, and how, by a ſweet commuication of Looks, without any Words, ſhe imparted her Heart unto him. So that not doubting but *Noromanta* was capable enough of Joy, and knowing by experience that ſhe was not always a Miſtreſs of her ſelf, ſince ſhe had more than once in vain ſtriven to hide her Thoughts, he therefore thought, to his comfort, that ſhe did not love *Sitalces* when ſhe married him; and that perhaps ſhe loved him ſtill, at leaſt grieved for him. So that his Love increaſing, he was ſo vexed that he was married, as he had almoſt as much ado to keep himſelf from hating *Agiriſpe*, as from loving *Noromanta*. For, truly (ſaid he in himſelf) ſince my Affection to *Noromanta* is not brutiſh, only grounded upon Senſe; if I were ſure that *Noromanta* loved me as well as I loved her, though ſhe be the Wife of *Sitalces*, and as abſent as I am, yet I ſhould entertain my ſelf with many a pleaſing thought, and injoy many a ſweet Minute. But, alas, how ſhould *Noromanta* ever believe I love her, ſince I married *Agiriſpe?* ſince ſhe knows not how I was forced to it: nor can conſider that my Affection to her is the cauſe of it: Perhaps ſhe is glad that my deſign of marrying did not take effect, ſince I was ſo apt to change; but, alas, *Noromanta*, you are very much miſtaken if you think ſo; for Heavens know I never loved *Argiriſpe*, but ſtill you, and ſo I ſhall do ever. But, alas, what ſhould, or what would I have *Noromanta* do? *Sitalces* injoys her; ſhe is all Vertue, and I ſhall never ſee her again: ſtifle a Paſſion, *Adonacris*, which will do nothing but torment thee; and be not ſo fooliſhly fond, as eternally to deſire things impoſſible, and to love where there is not the leaſt hope. *Adonacris* had good reaſon to conſult with his Reaſon how to quench his Flames, for I aſſure you his Love augmented by ſuppreſſing it, and he was the more overcome by ſtriving againſt it. In the mean time the Treaty being ended, as I told you before, *Octomaſades* and *Agatherſes* parted, both very glad that nothing was done.

But as *Adonacris* was going away, *Agatherſes* came to him, and (ſpeaking in his high and excellent Tone) I pray *Adonacris* ſaid he unto him, do me the favour to tell the fair *Elibeſis*, that it is not long of *Octomaſades*, but me, the Peace is not concluded; and that I hindred *Ariantes* from being King, by a Paſſion leſs intereſted, than that by which *Octomaſades* would hinder *Thomiris* from being Queen, ſince his is Ambition, and mine Revenge. Since perhaps you ſhall be the Subject of *Ariantes*, Sir, whether you will or no (replied *Adonacris*) I will do you ſo good an Office, as not to tell my Siſter a thing which may offend her, but will tell it her from my ſelf. Alas, (replied *Agatherſes* in a fury, and went away) if ever I be Subject unto *Ariantes*, be confident, that I will be a very rebellious one. After this *Adonacris* returned a ſharp anſwer, but *Agatherſes* did not hear him: And the truth is, he did ſo diſlike the proceedings of *Elibeſis* with *Agatherſes*, that he retained the one half of his reſentment, out of a thought that ſhe had done him wrong.

In the mean while, as the ſtate of things then ſtood, a Battel had decided the Buſineſs, and quite ruined the Side which loſt it, and therefore both Sides were very cautious of fighting, until they ſaw a great probability of being victorious. But ſince both Sides had Officers admirably well known in Martial Affairs; ſince *Ariantes* of his Side, and *Agatherſes* of the other, were both very circumſpect; it was not eaſy for either Side to ſuppreſs the other.

Moreover, ſince *Thomiris* hoped every day to recover of her languiſhing Diſeaſe, which her ſorrows for your departure, Sir, had cauſed, ſhe would not hazard her Army: And to tell you truly what I think, I am perſwaded ſhe had a mind to keep her Forces for another Deſign, than to puniſh *Ariantes*, whom ſhe always believed would be reduced unto his Duty when ſhe deſired him. So that *Spargapiſes* and *Agatherſes* having ſeveral Orders from *Thomiris*, to attempt nothing raſhly, they were conſtrained to hazard nothing raſhly, nor be ſo forward as otherwiſe they would. Thus both Sides often skirmiſhed, but never came to any deſiding Battel. Again, ſince the Army was not far from *Iſſedon*, *Ariantes* often ſtole a day to go and ſee *Elibeſis*, whoſe Soul was much unſetled: for the Truth is, ſhe loved *Agatherſes* whether ſhe would or no: But Ambition having a greater prevalence in her Soul, than Love had, ſhe could not treat *Ariantes* ill, in hopes of being Queen: ſo as when he came to ſee her, ſhe received him with all poſſible ſweetneſs. Yet ſhe ſtill enquired concerning *Agatherſes*, and would often tell one of his intimate Friends whom he left in *Iſſedon*, many obliging paſſages concerning him, in hopes of bringing him back unto her, in caſe *Ariantes* was not King.

On the other ſide, *Argiriſpe* who loved *Adonacris* more than ſhe was loved, and who was one that made a Miſfortune of every thing, ſhe was in continual fears of his being killed, or at leaſt being wounded: for ſince ſhe was ignorant of his being in love with *Noromanta* before his Marriage, and ſince he behaved himſelf very civilly towards her, ſhe was not at all jealous, tho her natural Temper was very apt for it as well as *Sitalces*. As for *Noromanta*, ſhe droned away in a very melancholy Life; yet her comfort was, that her Husband was not with her; and that ſhe could be ſad and no body ſee her; for the truth is, ſhe had ſo great a tenderneſs of Soul towards *Adonacris*, which all her Vertue could not overcome.

come. Yet ſhe was vexed at heart to hear he was married, though ſhe knew very well her Anger was ill-grounded, and that ſince ſhe never intended to ſee *Adonacris* again, it was no matter whether he was married, or not married. But for all that, Love being a Paſſion which will never be ſubject unto Reaſon, *Noromanta*, with all her Reaſon, could not chuſe but murmur in ſecret, that *Adonacris* was married as well as her ſelf: yet ſhe murmured, without any hatred, and accuſed him only of the ſame injuſtice whereof ſhe accuſed her ſelf.

As for *Sitalces*, he had no other ſorrow upon his Soul but for being at ſuch a diſtance from her he loved: the truth is, his Sorrow proceeded more from ſparks of Jealouſy than Love, though he knew not whom to be jealous of: and this was his very reaſon why he could not be abſent from her he loved.

As for *Agatherſes*, he was in a worſe condition than all the reſt; for his Love, his Hatred, his Jealouſy, and his thirſty deſire of Revenge, would not let him enjoy one minute of reſt: and which is ſtrange, he did what he could to hide his love unto *Elibeſis*; and to perſwade all he talked to, that he hated his Rival, and ſlighted his Miſtreſs; yet at laſt, I made him confeſs he loved her, and made him confeſs in a very odd way: for telling him one day that I thought he was ſtill in love with *Elibeſis*, he ſharply interrupted me as if I had done him a very great Injury. How *Anabaris* (ſaid he unto me) can you think I am ſtill in love with *Elibeſis*, ſince ſhe hath preferred *Ariantes* before me? Since you know very well (ſaid I unto him) that it is not the perſon of *Ariantes* which ſhe preferrs; and that it is only the gliſtering of that Crown which he hath promiſeth her, which dazles her Eyes, you need not be ſo angry; but look upon her rather as Weak than Inconſtant. I look upon her, (replied he angerly) as Inconſtant, as Weak, and Perfidious: I look on her as one, whom I am ſorry I ever loved; and as one whom I never ſhall love. Should you hate your Rival any leſs, replied I, I ſhould think you loved your Miſtreſs leſs, but as long as I ſee ſuch hot ſparks of Hatred, and ſuch ardent deſires of Revenge, I ſhall ever think that you either diſſemble your thoughts, when you ſay you do not love *Elibeſis*, or that your ſelf doth not know them: for, as ſoon as Love ceaſeth, Jealouſy will ceaſe alſo; and that Hatred which it cauſeth, will at leaſt grow leſs, if not quite extinguiſh. When any diſputes againſt me, replied *Agathyrſes*, they muſt not alledg general Rules, for I declare I ſhall except againſt them all; ſince it is certain I do not build upon any thing but my ſelf, eſpecially in matters of Love. So as without examining whether Jealouſy ceaſe in the Hearts of others when Love ceaſeth, and whether Hatred diminiſh, I only know, that though I do not love *Elibeſis*, yet I do ſo extreamly hate *Ariantes*, that I wiſh his ruin, and that I were in a condition to go and ask *Elibeſis*, whether it were more advantagious to be over-whelmed under the ruins of a ſhattered Throne, than to wait quietly at the foot of that Throne: And, mauger her Ambition, I would there were in her Heart one ſpark of that Fire which once I kindled, and that it might flame higher and hotter than ever, to the end I might have the pleaſure of being revenged upon her Weakneſs and Inconſtancy, by telling her ingenuouſly that I will never love her again. Time will tell you (ſaid I unto him) which of us two are in the right. After this, I ſaid no more unto *Agathyrſes*, becauſe I was reſolved to put a Trick upon him, and make him ſee that he did love *Elibeſis* ſtill, though he did not think he loved her. And indeed, about four days after this Diſpute, as I was one Evening in his Tent, I cauſed a Letter to be brought unto me by one of my Men, which I my ſelf did forge, and which I received in his preſence, and which, after I asked his leave, I did read in a Corner of the Tent: He knowing that I had a way to receive Intelligence from *Iſſedon*, he asked me if it came from thence? and I being then alone with him, I told him, that it did, and added, with a ſerious Countenance, that I wiſhed all he told me four days ſince were true. I had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but he earneſtly asked me why I ſaid ſo? Before I give an Anſwer, (ſaid I unto him) you muſt tell me whether you are ſure you do not love *Elibeſis*: for if you do not, then you may read this Letter; but if you do love her, never read it, unleſs you have a deſire to die with grief. If only that aſſurance be requiſite (replied he haſtily) give me the Letter; and as he ſaid ſo, he took it, and began to read theſe words.

SIR,

WE know not here yet, whether or no Fortune will have Ariantes *to be King; but in all likelyhood the Gods will not let* Elibeſis *be a Queen, for ſhe is extreamly ſick, and I cannot tell whether at this hour I write, Death hath not driven all Ambition out of her Heart: Some ſay, that her Sorrows to ſee ſo much incertaintiy in the Fortune of that Prince whom ſhe hath preferred before* Agatherſes, *is the cauſe of her Malady and Death: But for my part, I think her Mind hath no ſhare in the Malady of her Body; and I can aſſure you, few Men know whether ſhe grieves more for the loſs of a Crown, or for the loſs of* Agatherſes. *However it be, you ſhall receive further upon the firſt occaſion.*

I obſerved him all the while he was reading this Letter, and ſaw that he changed colour twenty times as he read it; yet having a high and proud Soul, tho a lump of Sorrow did hang like Lead upon his Heart, yet he gave me the Letter, and would not ſeem ſo much as troubled, but told me that now he began to be revenged; after which he was ſilent, and began to walk. But he no ſooner took a turn in his Tent, but forgetting I was there, he began to lift up his Eyes unto Heaven in a Fury, to ſtamp his Foot upon the Ground, and to walk ſometimes faſt, and ſometimes ſlow, and to ſhew all the ſigns of a moſt diſtempered Man when any thing diſquiets his Soul. But ſince I had a mind to pleaſe my ſelf with my own Trick, and deſired he ſhould know I perceived his Sorrows, I told him that I was very ſorry he was miſtaken, and that I had ſhewed him the Letter which cauſed ſo much Sadneſs.

I had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but he told me that I was much miſtaken in him, if I thought his Sorrows proceeded from any Tenderneſs unto *Elibeſis*; and ſince I muſt explain my ſelf, know, that my Rage proceeds rather from this, that it is not *Ariantes* in lieu of *Elibeſis* which is going to the Grave. I believe it, replied I: but ſince *Ariantes* may alſo die in this War, I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould grieve now, for yeſterday you were not at all troubled; and therefore I muſt conclude, that it is the malady of *Elibeſis* which troubles you. Yes cruel Friend (ſaid he then unto me in as much Anger as Sorrow) it is the malady of *Elibeſis* which troubles me, ſince you will dive into my Heart, and ſince I cannot hide it: Yes, yes, it is the malady of *Elibeſis* which goes near my Heart, and her Death will certainly be mine: And I muſt confeſs, that as weak, as inconſtant, and as perfidious as *Elibeſis* is, I muſt follow her to the Grave as ſoon as I have my Rival thither: I had much a do to live and not love her, but I cannot ſee her die without renewing my flame. After this (pittileſs Friend) you may triumph over my weakneſs, and with reaſon upbraid me as the weakeſt Man alive. I ſhall not, Sir, upbraid you with your weakneſs (ſaid I unto him) but I ſhall chide you for keeping it ſo ſecret from me: Yet, Sir (added I and ſmiled) I muſt confeſs I was deceived as well as you, for if I had thought you had loved *Elibeſis*, I ſhould never have put ſuch a trick upon you, as to forge the Letter which I ſhewed unto you: How (ſaid he) is not *Elibeſis* extreamly ſick? No, Sir, replied I, but I am ſure you are ſick of that diſeaſe which hath ſo long tormented you: Oh moſt cruel Friend, ſaid he unto me, tell me truly what I muſt truſt unto, and deceive me not again, for it concerns me to know in what condition *Elibeſis* is, that I may regulate my Thoughts accordingly; for if *Elibeſis* die, I plainly perceive that my Paſſion will revive, and I muſt die with her; but if *Elibeſis* be living and in Health, I muſt hate her if I can, or at leaſt ſeem as if I did. I muſt confeſs, I could not chuſe but laugh to hear *Agatherſes* talk ſo: Truly, Sir, ſaid I unto him, if you do love *Elibeſis*, you will love her living as well as dead; and if you hate her, you will hate her Memory as well as her Perſon. No, replied he, you are but a Novice in Love, if you know not how to make a diſtinction between theſe two things; for *Elibeſis* in her Grave can never be enjoyed by my Rival; ſo as pity molifying my Heart, I ſhall look upon her as one who ceaſed to be perfidious in ceaſing to live; as one who loved me, as one who loved not *Ariantes*, nor ever could love him. But *Elibeſis* living as an unconſtant Woman, who hath forſaken me, and one whom I ought to forſake, one who may make my Rival happy by his fruition of her, and one who to ſatisfy her Ambition and Vanity, cares not if ſhe make me miſerable; and therefore I conclude, that I can love *Elibeſis* in her Grave, and hate her living. You may conclude what you pleaſe, Sir (ſaid I unto him) but if you will ſpeak truly, you do love *Elibeſis* living, and you know it as well as I do. 'Tis true (replied he haſtily) I love her more than I thought I did, and I am ſo angry both againſt her and my ſelf, that ſhe ſhould have ſo much power over me whether I will or no, that I hope very Shame will cure me, and chaſe her abſolutely out of my Heart; and though I had no other reaſon but to hide my weakneſs from you, yet I were obliged in point of Honour to cure my ſelf, to let you ſee my Generoſity is above my Love. Yes, yes, you your ſelf ſhall cauſe me to cure my folly, and hold me for the weakeſt and baſeſt of Men, if before the War end you do not ſee me hate *Elibeſis.* If the War ceaſe not before your Love (replied I, and laughed) it will be long before we ſhall have Peace. After this, I ſeriouſly asked pardon for cauſing ſo much Sorrow in him, and he very earneſtly entreated me not to tell any living that he ſtill loved *Elibeſis*; for truly, ſaid he, my Affection to her is of ſuch a nature, that though I had turned *Ariantes* out of his new erected Throne, though I had killed him, though I had taken *Iſſedon*, and though *Elibeſis* were in my power, yet I had rather die than give her any Teſtimony of my Love, though I ſhould love her better than ever I did. I do believe you think as you ſpeak, Sir, replied I, but for my particular I do not believe you; for whoſoever loves, would be loved again, and do any thing in the World to obtain it; therefore I aſſure my ſelf with much reaſon, that if Fortune do make you the Conqueror of *Ariantes*, yet ſtill you will be a Slave unto *Elibeſis.* After this, Sir, our Diſcourſe ceaſed, and ſince that day I have been the

Confident of his moſt ſecret Thoughts, though he knew I was a Friend unto *Adonacris*. 'Tis true, he was not abſolutely out with him, for he knew very well that *Elibeſis* did not follow the counſel of her Brother in all things, and that ſhe only truſted to her ſelf.

But not to be over-tedious in particularizing this War, let me only tell you, Sir, that the Year being far ſpent, both Sides endeavoured to take up their Winter-quarters in their Enemies Country; and in purſuance of theſe Endeavours, there was more Blood ſpilt, than in all the Year before. The Conteſt, Sir, was ſo ſharp at the paſſage over a little River which *Spargapiſes* would maintain, that the very Water ſeemed as if turned into Blood; but at laſt *Ariantes* was forced to leave the Paſſage unto his Enemies, and to retreat with his Troops towards *Iſſedon*: Yet ſince this Victory did coſt *Spargapiſes* very dear, and ſince he had more Men killed than *Ariantes* had, he ſaid, that true it was, he had loſt his Baggage and the River, but yet that *Spargapiſes* had loſt ſo much Blood in gaining it, that ſuch another Gain would ruin him: 'Tis true, maugre this Raillary, that this Paſſage which we got was the cauſe of this Prince his ruin, becauſe this obliged him to quarter himſelf ſo near *Iſſedon*, that all about it were undone; the Inhabitants murmured, and this cauſed us to ſeek for better Quarters, and a more fertile Countrey.

In the mean time, Sir, *Adonacris* was taken Priſoner by *Agatherſes*, and *Sitalces* by *Ariantes*. *Ariantes* ſent *Sitalces* unto *Iſſedon*, and *Spargapiſes* ſent *Adonacris* unto a Town called *Typanis*, where that Prince would quarter in the Winter, for he would not return to the Tents Royal, becauſe it was too far from his Army. Thus, Sir, Fortune brought *Adonacris* and *Noromanta* together, who as I told you before, had orders from her Husband to ſtay there until the end of the War: I being the Friend of *Adonacris*, did him all the good offices I could; 'tis true, he ſtood in no great need of me, for *Agatherſes* moved *Spargapiſes* to treat him ſo well, that he was ſuffered to go about upon his Parol as ſoon as he came to *Typanis*. You may well conceive, Sir, that *Adonacris* did not think his Confinment very rigorous, ſince he was ſo near his dear

Noromanta; and on the contrary, you may well think that *Sitalces* who loved his Wife very well, and who was of a jealous Temper, did reſent his with abundance of Grief. Yet *Adonacris* was much vexed at the loſs of his Baggage, becauſe all the Letters which *Noromanta* writ unto him before ſhe was married, were amongſt it; yet ſince he had found her, he cheared up himſelf, and could not imagine the Souldiers could do him any ill office. *Argiriſpe* alſo was much troubled at the Impriſonment of *Adonacris*; but as for *Noromanta*, Sir, I muſt needs tell you a little more preciſely how ſhe knew that her Husband was Priſoner unto *Ariantes*, and her Lover unto *Agatherſes*, for truly this ſtrange Chance did produce ſuch a fine Adventure, that I think fit not to omit the leaſt Circumſtance. Be pleaſed to know then, Sir, that the news of this great Fight being carried unto *Tipanis*, it was there publiſhed, as commonly they uſe to do all great Actions, to wit, with a thouſand falſe Circumſtances; ſometimes Men are killed, who are ſtill alive; ſome are mortally wounded, who are only Priſoners; and ſome are reported to be Priſoners, who are at liberty; and ſome again who are never ſpoken of, are Priſoners wounded and dead: Inſomuch, as after the rate of ſuch confuſed uncertain news, where Truth and Lies are ſo all mixed together, that nothing is certain: As ſoon as it was ſaid in *Tipanis* that the Armies had fought, it was reported that *Sitalces* was wounded and taken Priſoner, and that *Adonacris* was dead: You may imagine, Sir, how this news ſurprized and grieved *Noromanta*, ſhe that was all Vertue, of a moſt tender Soul, poſſeſſed with a violent Paſſion, could not hear her Husband was wounded and a Priſoner without ſome Sorrow. though ſhe did not love him; nor hear *Adonacris* was dead without extream Grief; yet it was an advantage to her, that ſhe had now ſome pretence for her Sorrows, and an apparent cauſe to ask News, and ſatisfy her ſelf in all Circumſtances, which indeed ſhe did with extream Earneſtneſs: So that ſince there was no place where ſhe could ſo ſoon and certainly know News from the Army, as from the Wife of the Governour of *Tipanis*, whoſe name was *Eliorante*, and who was one of the moſt accompliſhed Ladies in the World, and the moſt generous, ſo ſhe went immediately unto her: Yet ſince ſhe was not fully ſatisfied of what ſhe deſired to know, ſhe reſolved to go thither every day until certain News came from the Army: But ſhe durſt not ask any thing concerning *Adonacris*, and though ſhe knew that their Affections had been carried very cloſely, yet ſhe had not the boldneſs to inquire, but hoped that in asking of all the Dead, the Priſoners, and the Wounded in general, and of her Husband in particular, ſhe ſhould hear ſome certainty of him ſhe deſired to hear: So as in this hope, ſhe went, as I told you before, unto *Eliorante*, not only the ſame day the News was divulged, but the next day, and the day after that.

As ſhe was with this Lady, there came a Poſt, which confirmed the News of the Fight, and of *Spargapiſes* Victory; and who aſſured *Noromanta* that her Husband was a Priſoner, but not wounded: So that *Eliorante* in rejoycing with her, told her, ſhe had reaſon to be glad it was no worſe with her Husband, ſince the worſt half of the bad News was not true. Since *Noromanta* was very rational, ſhe would have conſented unto what *Eliorante* ſaid, if nothing elſe had diſquieted her Mind; but being moſt ſenſibly troubled at what ſhe durſt not make appear, ſhe was glad ſhe had a colour for the Melancholy, which ſhe could not baniſh from her Eyes do what ſhe could; and therefore ſhe told *Eliorante*, that though ſhe was very glad to hear that *Sitalces* was not wounded, yet ſhe could not chuſe but grieve at his being a Priſoner: However, ſhe cared not ſo much what ſhe ſaid unto *Eliorante*, as ſhe hearkned, with an attentive Ear, unto what the Poſt ſaid unto the Governour of *Tipanis*, whoſe Name was *Aritaſpes*, and who was then in his Wives Chamber: And ſhe confuſedly heard him ſay, that the Priſoners were coming, and that there was one whom *Spargapiſes* would have let go about the Town upon his Parol, and be uſed very well. But as ſoon as ſhe heard this, there was heard a great noiſe of Men who talked loud in a great Plain before the Governour's Houſe; Preſently after, the Noiſe drew nearer, and paſſed from that Plain to the Court, from the Court to the Stairs, and from the Stairs unto the outer Chamber; at laſt they came to tell *Aritaſpes*, that the Priſoners which *Spargapiſes* had ſent, were come, and that there was ſome Men of Quality amongſt them, who were in the outer Chamber. As ſoon as this was ſaid, all the Ladies that were with *Eliorante*, except *Noromanta*, preſſed her to deſire *Aritaſpes* that the Priſoners might come into the Chamber. But as for *Noromanta*, ſince ſhe always feared to hear of *Adonacris* his Death, ſhe was not deſirous of it; but on the contrary, not daring to truſt her Conſtancy, ſhe offered to go away; ſaying, She had no intereſt in the News, ſince ſhe knew of *Sitacles* as much as ſhe deſired to know: But *Eliorante* ſtaid her, and told her very gallantly, that it belonged unto her more than any other to entertain the Priſoners very well, ſince her Husband was in the ſame condition: For, ſaid ſhe, it's credible, that the ſame uſage we ſhall ſhew unto thoſe which are ſent unto us, the ſame will the Prince *Ariantes* ſhew unto thoſe under his Power: So that *Noromanta* not daring to reſiſt any longer, ſtaid: And *Eliorante* deſiring *Aritaſpes* to ſatisfy the curioſity of all the Ladies who had a deſire to ſee the Priſoners, he told them, ſmiling, that though he ſhould thereby more expoſe them to be their Priſoners, than the Priſoners of *Spargapiſes*, yet he would ſatisfy them. And then commanding them to enter, the Lieutenant of *Spargapiſes* Guard, who conducted them, appeared firſt; after him, *Adonacris* entred in the head of ten or twelve Officers, and he entred with ſo good a Grace, and ſuch a noble Air, as it was eaſy to know he had ſold his Liberty very dear, and that his Captivity was no ſhame unto him: You may well think, Sir, how *Noromanta* was ſurprized at the ſight of *Adonacris*, whom ſhe thought dead: to ſee *Adonacris* whom ſhe had not ſeen ſince they were ſo kind together, ſince they were both married, and ſince they thought never to write unto each other again, nor ſee one another as long as they lived. The ſurprize of *Adonacris* was as great, for though he knew *Noromanta* was at *Tipanis*, yet he did not think to find her in that place.

Moreover, ſo it chanced, that the firſt Perſon who ſaw *Adonacris*, was *Noromanta*, and alſo he ſaw her very ſad: And though he knew not the true cauſe of that ſadneſs which appeared in her Countenance, yet he was well ſatisfied that ſhe ſeemed diſpleaſed at her Fortune; for he did not then think that ſhe could be ſo melancholy for the impriſoment of *Sitalces*; but thinking to make this moment of happineſs to himſelf, he interpreted that Bluſh which appeared in the Cheeks of *Noromanta*, when ſhe firſt ſaw him, unto his own advantage; and indeed I underſtood by a Lady who was my Friend, and preſent at this Enterview, and who knew all the Secrets of this Affection, that *Noromanta* bluſhed in ſuch a manner, as it was eaſy to perceive, that ſhe who bluſhed was not diſpleaſed, for her Eyes grew more lively, and ſuch a Joy did ſpread it ſelf ſo all over her Face, that it preſently made a deep impreſſion upon the Heart of *Adonacris:* Indeed, Sir, there was ſomething ſo paſſionate, and ſo ſignificative in the looks of theſe two Perſons at this unthought-of meeting, that they told each other, without deſign, that they loved one another ſtill, that they would love always, and that they were both very miſerable: However, the firſt unpremeditated thought, which laſts not long, being over, the virtuous *Noromanta*, after ſhe had bluſhed for Love, did bluſh again for Shame at her weakneſs, and did ſo ſtrive with her ſelf, that ſhe ſhunned the Eyes of *Adonacris*, and aſſumed unto her own the ſame ſadneſs which appeared in them before he came in; and it was the more eaſy to be done, becauſe her Joys to ſee *Adonacris* living, whom ſhe thought to be Dead, were tempred with her Sorrows, that ſhe could not innocently either love him, or be loved. And this thought did ſo imprint it ſelf upon her Soul, as it coſt her many a ſigh. Think upon it, *Noromanta*, (ſaid ſhe then unto her ſelf) conſider well what thou wouldeſt do, and what thou oughteſt to do: *Adonacris* is amiable, it's true, and thou doſt love him more than thou oughteſt to do: But for all that, ſince thou doſt love him without power of doing otherwiſe, thou loveſt him without a Crime, provided he know it not, and provided thou never letteſt him know it; but on the contrary ſhun him, as if thou didſt hate him. Conſider *Noromanta*, that it concerns thy Glory, and to preſerve thy Virtue, conſider that thy Father knows *Adonacris* loved thee at *Iſſedon*, and that if thou doſt ſuffer him to ſee thee at thy own Houſe, he cannot chuſe but have thoughts which will be diſadvantagious to thee: But eſpecially conſider, that *Adonacris* will eſteem thee leſs, if thou ſhouldſt give him any teſtimonies of thy Affection: then if thou beeſt only upon terms of indifferency with him; and out of a more noble reſentment conſider, that thou wouldſt eſteem thy ſelf leſs; and that whoſoever does not eſteem themſelves, can never be happy, nor merit the eſteem of others.

Whilſt *Noromanta* was thus reaſoning with her ſelf, one would have thought ſhe ſtudied ſo profoundly, that her ſtudy had no Object, and as if her Mind was far off any thing about her: So that after *Aritaſpes* had ſpoken unto all the Priſoners, and told *Adonacris* that he had Orders to lodg him at his own Houſe, and to give him all the Town of *Tipanis* for his Priſon, and to let him paſs upon his Parol, he turned towards *Noromanta*, who, as I told you, ſeemed to be in a deep ſtudy: For ought I ſee, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you care not for ſeeing the Priſoners of the Prince *Spargapiſes*, but I believe you think more upon thoſe that are Priſoners unto the Prince *Ariantes*, and think more upon *Sitalces* whom you ſee not, then upon *Adonacris* whom you do ſee, though I think you knew him at *Iſſedon*. 'Tis very true, Sir, (replied *Noromanta*, with a trembling Heart, though not ſeeming ſo) that I am thinking upon *Sitalces*; And I am thinking alſo upon *Adonacris*, (added ſhe, with incredible reſolution) but it is how to get an exchange between him and *Sitalces*.

The diſcourſe of *Noromanta* did ſo much ſurprize *Adonacris*, that he knew not what to anſwer: 'Tis true, his ſilence was not obſerved, for *Eliorante* beginning to ſpeak, ſhe gave him time to recollect himſelf. The Deſign you have, Madam, of releaſing two ſuch gallant Men at once (ſaid ſhe unto *Noromanta*) is ſo noble and worthy your ſelf, that I believe there is none but will do you what Service they can unto *Thomiris*, and *Spargapiſes:* And, if the Friends of *Adonacris* will ſolicite with yours, it is to be hoped you will very ſhortly have the Joy of ſeeing *Sitalces*, and the Sorrow of parting from *Adonacris*. If his Impriſonment be no worſe than mine (ſaid *Adonacris*) a Liberty which will be diſadvantagious to his ſide, is not to be wiſhed: So, that, Madam, ſince *Sitacles* is more conſiderable in the party of *Thomiris*, than I am in *Ariantes*, I ſhall not murmur though I be not exchanged for a Man, who may more hurt my ſide by his Valour, than I can ſerve it by mine; And therefore I ſhall never ſolicite for my Liberty, but leave it unto the conſideration of the Prince whom I ſerve.

This anſwer is ſo modeſt, ſo generous, and ſo gallant (replied *Aritaſpes*, and ſmiled) that you could not be more ingenuous if you were a Priſoner unto one of theſe Ladies: However, Sir, (added he, and gave him no time no reply) though the Fetters you are to have will not be ſo heavy, as thoſe which they perhaps would impoſe upon you, yet I think it's fit I carry you unto a place where you may reſt your ſelf: And accordingly *Aritaſpes* preparing himſelf to go out, did put *Adonacris* before him, though a Priſoner, and conducted him into a very noble Room.

After which, he took all requiſite Orders for the reſt of the Priſoners, who were not to paſs upon their Parol as *Adonacris* was. But, Sir, I forgot to tell you that *Noromanta* did hold her countenance ſo reſolutely, when *Adonacris* ſaluted her in going out of *Eliorantes* Chamber, that he ſaw no more in her Eyes than when he firſt entred; only a cold and ſerious Civility, which had ſtruck him into deſpair, had he not remembred her paſſionate tenderneſs which he ſaw a quarter of an hour before. Alſo he thought, that perhaps the preſence of ſo many Perſons made her reſtrain her ſelf: but he was quickly deprived of that Conſolation; for being lodged in a Chamber which opened into the Court, wherein was a Balcony not very high, he ſtaid in it in hopes to ſee *Noromanta* as ſhe went out: And indeed his hope was not deceived; for ſhe having more diſquiet thoughts than ſhe imagined ſhe could maſter, ſhe went out as ſoon as *Adonacris* came into the Balcony: But though he ſaluted her with all imaginable reſpect, and followed her with his Eyes, not only till ſhe was in the Coach, but alſo till the Coach was out of the Court; he could obtain no more from her, but only a civil Congy, without any looks of her Eye, or ſign with her Head, or wagging of Hand, which he could interpret to his advantage: ſo that he went out of the Balcony very ſadly. However, the firſt looks of *Noromanta* made ſuch a ſenſible impreſſion in him, and ſo well perſwaded him that ſhe did not hate him, that he knew not what conſtruction to make upon this laſt coldneſs. Let it be as it will (ſaid he to himſelf, as he told me ſince) the beſt I can think of it is, that *Noromanta* would have me know ſhe doth not hate me.

But alas, my dear *Noromanta* (added he) If I be ſo happy as not to be hated, all your hollow cold Treatments will be in vain; for I ſhall diſcern whether your expreſſions of hatred be cauſed by a reall averſion, or by prudence only. After this, *Adonacris* began to caſt about how to ſee her, and to ſee her in private; for he ſtill found her ſo fair, that his Love ſtill augmented; yet this Love, as violent as it was, ſtill was all purity: And *Adonacris* was ſo well acquainted with the Vertue of *Noromanta*, that he ſet moſt ſevere limits unto his Deſires; ſo that being fully perſwaded of the innocency of his Affection, he thought *Noromanta* might and ought to anſwer him: And imagining an unexpreſſible joy, if he could once in his Life hear from the Mouth of *Noromanta* that he was not hated, he thought upon nothing elſe but how to ſpeak with her when none could hear but her ſelf. But whileſt he was contriving how to bring this to paſs, *Noromanta* was thinking how to avoid all converſation with him: as for ſeeing her, ſhe ſaw he could not. And indeed ſhe could not go out of *Tipanis*, during the War; nor could ſhe leave off her Viſits unto *Eliorantes* and the reſt of her Friends, without giving them cauſe to ask her Reaſon: All ſhe had to do, was, not to ſee *Adonacris* at her own Lodging, and to ſhun him if ſhe met him any where elſe: yet ſhe found ſo great a repugnancy to take this courſe, that any other Vertue beſides hers would have ſubmitted unto a Paſſion ſo tender and ſtrong. However *Noromanta* did ſurmount her ſelf, but not her Inclination, though ſhe did all ſhe could to overcome it, untill now ſhe only indeavoured to love *Adonacris*: but now ſeeing the danger greater, ſhe indeavoured to force her Heart unto a love of *Sitalces*, but alas, ſhe could not.

But her Vertue finding an ample Subject to make it ſelf appear, ſhe reſolved to do as much for *Sitalces*, as if ſhe had loved him better than her ſelf: but to do nothing for *Adonacris*; And ſo neglect no means which might procure an exchange for her Husband, though his preſence was moſt grievous, and the preſence of *Adonacris* moſt agreeable to her. *Noromanta* did not reſolve upon this raſhly and tumultuouſly, but upon mature examination and conſideration of it a whole Night together, without a wink of ſleep, untill at laſt, the wearineſs of her Spirits compelled her. But when ſhe awak'd ſhe received, in one quarter of an hour, three Letters of different Stiles, which came from three different Perſons: For a Poſt from *Agatherſes* which came to advertiſe *Aritaſpes*, that the Prince *Spargapiſes* and himſelf would ſhortly come unto *Tipanis*, did bring her one from *Sitalces* at *Iſſedon*, whither *Agatherſes* had ſent the Man to inquire of one of his Friends, who could not be found either amongſt the Wounded or Dead, or amongſt the Living on his ſide: the ſecond was from *Argiriſpes*, who conceived her to ſolicite as zealouſly at *Tipanis* for the liberty of *Adonacris*, as ſhe would do at *Iſſedon*, for the liberty of *Sitalces*: And the third was from *Adonacris*, which a Servant unto this Priſoner had given unto one of her Women by another Name than that of his Maſter's, and without ſtaying for an Anſwer: for *Adonacris* feared leſt *Noromanta* ſhould ſend it back ſealed as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the Character of the Superſcription. So that the vertuous *Noromanta* finding all at once, a Letter from her Lover, one from her Husband, and another from *Argiriſpe*, ſhe was in a ſtrange perplexity; had ſhe honoured her own Inclination, ſhe had opened that from *Adonacris*, and had looked upon that from *Sitalces* the laſt: Yet, this virtuous Lady, ſurmounting her ſelf, reſolved not to open the Letter from *Adonacris* at all, to reade that from *Sitalces*, and, then that from *Argiriſpes:* So throwing upon the Table that Letter which came from the hand of him that was moſt dear unto her, ſhe opened her Husbands, but opened it with a Sigh, and was long before ſhe was able to read it, ſo ſad was her Soul: but at laſt, having read it, ſhe found ſome expreſſion of Affection, and ſome of Civility: but *Sitalces* having no polite faculty in writing, though he had Wit enough, theſe Civilities had neither any Tenderneſs nor Gallantry in them; only as much as might come from a Husband, who naturally was not gallant, and from one who valued his Liberty more than any thing elſe; yet indeed there was ſome expreſſions of Love in his Letter, but truly very little obliging: for he bluntly intimated unto her how he was troubled that *Spargapiſes* and the whole Court would winter at *Tipanis*, and that ſhe was like to have ſo much good company: Adding afterwards ſeveral directions concerning his Liberty, and his Eſtate, with as much familiarity as if they had been married ten Years, though, the Gods know, they had been only three poor Days together.

So after *Noromanta* had read it, with many a Sigh, and looked upon the Letter from *Adonacris* which lay upon the Table; Alas (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf) what a difference is there between that Letter and this I have read? yet I muſt not look into it, but do all which this I have read appoints me: Upon ſecond thoughts, ſhe found ſome danger in truſting any one to carry it back unto him; and thought it more convenient to give it handſomly unto him her-ſelf, the firſt time ſhe met him at *Eliorantes*, where ſhe imagined to meet him ſooneſt: So that taking up the Letter, ſhe put it in her pocket, and began to reade that from *Argiriſpes:* But as ſhe confeſſed ſince, ſhe read it with a trembling Heart; for as oft as ſhe found the Name of *Adonacris*, ſhe bluſh'd, and could not chuſe but entertain ſome thoughts which had ſomething of hatred and jealouſie in them; and wiſhed that *Adonacris* loved *Argiriſpes* no better than ſhe loved *Sitalces*: yet in a minute after, ſhe condemned theſe Thoughts, and not ſhrinking a jot from her Vertue and beſt Reſolution, ſhe went unto a publick Sacrifice which was that day offered upon a little Hill full of Trees which was within the Town: For you know, Sir, we never uſe to ſacrifice but under the great Canopy of Heaven; our Fathers believing that Men cannot build a Temple worthy of the Gods; nor do we uſe to ſacrifice ſo often as other People, it being only once a moneth that theſe publick Acts of Piety are performed: So that *Noromanta* going that day unto the Sacrifice, and principally to ask the Gods Power to overcome the Paſſion of her Soul; ſhe came unto the foot of the Hill, about which was built great magnificent Galleries, under which the Ladies uſed to ſhade themſelves from the heat of the Sun: our Religion requiring only the Sacrificers, and thoſe who aſſiſt them to be under the open Heavens. Yet ſome of our Ladies who are of a preciſe Piety and ſcrupulous Conſciences, never go into theſe Galleries, but when it is either exceſſively Hot, or exceſſively Cold: So that *Noromanta*, who was very full of Devotion, placed her ſelf that day amongſt the Multitude, with many other Ladies of Quality. Her devotion was not diſturbed by the preſence of *Adonacris*, for *Aritaſpes* kept him with him: but ſhe prayed unto the Gods, with ſo much ſerenity of Soul and tranquillity of Spirit, that ſhe thought ſhe obtained from them a new ſtrength, and went home with intentions to go unto *Eliorantes* as ſoon ſhe had dined, purpoſely to find a fit opportunity of giving back the Letter unto *Adonacris*; and accordingly as ſoon as ſhe did riſe from the Table, ſhe commanded her Coach to be made ready: And to the end *Adonacris* ſhould not think ſhe had the leaſt deſign of kindling any flame in his Heart, ſhe went in a very careleſs and negligent dreſs, pretending the impriſonment of her Husband; But though her Habit was ſimple, and though ſhe wore only five or ſix careleſs Curles of her Hair on either ſide, yet ſince ſhe could not chuſe but be handſom, ſhe appeared to be as handſom without, as with a Dreſs: But as ſhe looked her ſelf in a Glaſs, to ſee if ſhe was as negligent in her Dreſs as ſhe would be, ſhe did hide ſome of her Curles under her Hood, thinking them too gallant for one who had a deſign not to pleaſe, though ſhe wiſhed in her Heart that *Adonacris* would not hate her.

But whilſt ſhe was conſulting with her Mirror, to ſee her ſelf dreſt careleſly enough, ſhe ſighed, remembring how circumſpect ſhe had formerly been at *Iſſedon* to pleaſe *Adonacris*: But at laſt ſhe left her Glaſs, and went into her Cloſſet, to ſee, out of the obſervance of her Women, whether ſhe had the Letter in her Pocket; and found that the Seal had been cruſhed open in the Preſs during the Sacrifice; ſo that ſhe could not reſtore it unto *Adonacris* ſealed. At the firſt, ſhe was extreamly vexed at her ſelf, and held it a long while in hand before ſhe would read it: But, at laſt, conſidering though ſhe ſhould reſtore it back unread, yet he would think ſhe had read it, therefore ſhe reſolved to reade it. But, firſt, ſhe examined her ſelf what reaſon ſhe had ſo to do? For, (ſaid ſhe to her ſelf) canſt thou think *Noromanta*, that *Adonacris* would ever have writ unto thee to tell thee of thy Injuries, and to give thee cauſes of hating him? Haſt thou not ſeen in his Eyes, that the ſame Paſſion which is in thy Heart againſt thy will, is alſo in him? Why then ſhouldeſt thou reade this Letter? Wilt thou thy ſelf tempt thy own Vertue? Thou knoweſt that thou haſt reſolved to die a thouſand Deaths, rather than to do any thing unworthy of thy ſelf; and yet thou art ready to reade a Letter from a Man whom thou knowſt does love thee; and which is ſtrangeſt, from a Man, whom thou knoweſt thou doſt not hate. After this, *Noromanta* fell into a deep ſerious ſtudy, afterwards reſolving to keep cloſe unto her former Principles, what tenderneſs ſoever ſhe found in the Letter: ſhe did read it, and found theſe words:

Adonacris unto *Noromanta.*

Madam,

DID I not know that I have not the leaſt thought which is unworthy of your Vertue, I ſhould never aſſume the boldneſs to beg a private Audience, that I may tell you what my Heart thinks upon the Injuſtice you have done me.

But being ſure that I do not entertain one thought that can offend you, I conjure you, Madam, to grant me ſo much favour, as once before I die, to tell you what I have ſuffered, and what I do ſuffer for you. And to oblige you, not to deny me, I do ſolemnly proteſt unto you, Madam, that I love you without any Deſires or Hopes; and if you pleaſe, I will never ſpeak unto you of that Paſſion, which is, and ever will be in my Soul as long as I live: provided you will give me leave, only to put you in memory of what it was, when once you thought it innocent. Thus asking you nothing, neither for the preſent nor the future, and deſiring no other favour, but only to talk with you of a thing that's paſt, doubtleſs you would be unjuſt if you ſhould deny me. But, Madam, if you will deny me, I beſeech you forbid me your ſelf from telling you that I do love you ſtill, more than ever any did or could. For, Madam, I muſt profeſs, that if you ſhould, by your ſilence, make me underſtand, it is not your pleaſure I ſhould tell you as much, I would not obey you. No, Madam, though your fair Eyes, as powerful as they are, ſhould tell me as much a thouſand times, in that mute and rigorous Language. The truth is, Madam, it is ſo difficult a thing, not to ſpeak of a Malady unto the Perſon, for whoſe ſake it is endured, that I had need to receive this Commandment in ſuch a manner as may force me to Obedience. You know, Madam, what Power you ever had over me: I proteſt it is not leſſened; and whatſoever you command me, I ſhall obey, provided I receive the Command from your own Mouth, and provided you do not forbid me to love you, until the Death of

Adonacris.

This Letter being full of tenderneſs and reſpect, *Noromanta* could not reade it without a Sigh; and ſhe hath told me ſince, that ſhe was never in all her Life, in a greater perplexity than after this: But for all that, this Letter which at firſt ſhe would not reade, ſhe now read it thrice over; and read it with ſuch reſentments as ſhe was never able to expreſs: for ſhe was extream ſad after the reading it, but it was ſuch a ſadneſs, as had ſuch a ſatisfaction in it, as made the ſame thing which grieved, not to diſpleaſe her. However, after ſhe had ſpent a quarter of an hour upon the Love of *Adonacris*, ſhe revived out of her weakneſs, as out of a Lethargy of Spirit: And tearing the Letter in pieces, I would to the Gods, ſaid ſhe, I were as well able to tear my Tenderneſs unto *Adonacris* out of my Heart, as I am to tear this Teſtimony of his Affection,

After this, altering her deſign of going unto *Eliorantes*, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe would not go abroad, nor ſee any Body, having no mind to expoſe her ſelf ſo ſoon unto the ſight of *Adonacris*. But to vex her, one came to tell her from *Eliorantes*, that if ſhe would write unto *Sitalces* ſhe could ſend her Letter; ſo it was written preſently. Thus *Noromanta*, whoſe Fancy was filled with the conceit of a Letter from her Lover whom ſhe loved, was forced to anſwer her Husbands, whom ſhe loved not; and did ſo with much ado. She began her Letter five or ſix ſeveral times before ſhe could end it; for though ſhe had *Sitalces*'s Letter before her, purpoſely to give a punctual anſwer unto every Article; yet that from *Adonacris* was ſo imprinted in her thoughts, that ſhe writ rather unto *Adonacris*, than *Sitalces*: But at laſt being angry againſt her ſelf, ſhe overcame it, and writ unto her Huſband with much reſpect; alſo anſwered *Argiriſpes* with much civility: After which ſhe undreſt her ſelf and went to Bed, as a pretence of ſeeing no Body, no not ſo much as her own Women. And to that end, ſhe ſaid ſhe was troubled with an extream pain in her Head, which Silence, Darkneſs, and Sleep would cure: So as her Women ſhut up all the Windows, and drew the Curtains very cloſe, and ſo left her at liberty to think upon the Malady which tormented her. To tell you, Sir, all that *Noromanta* did, both againſt her ſelf and *Adonacris*, would be a very hard task; for truly all that a Perſon of a great Spirit, great Courage, and of great Vertue, could think or do to quench the Flames of a violent Paſſion, *Noromanta* did; and carried her ſelf towards *Adonacris*, that he could not ſo much as gueſs ſhe deſired he ſhould love her.

In the mean time, ſince ſhe thought it not expedient to let him know her mind at the firſt by her Proceedings; ſhe ſhunned ſeeing him, and told it the next day, that ſhe was not well, and that ſhe would ſee no Body: So that by this means *Adonacris* came many times to ſee her, and miſſed of his Aim; nor could he ſo much as know whether or no ſhe had received his Letter. And he feared extreamly, that he was deceived when he believed that *Noromanta* did not hate him. On the other ſide, *Aritaſpes* being advertiſed that the young *Spargapiſis* would come the next day, he went to meet him with all the Gallantry of *Tipanis*: But though all the Honours of the Victory were done unto *Spargapiſes*, yet it was *Agatherſes* who deſerved them: for *Spargapiſes* was ſo young, as he was abſolutely uncapable of any high Actions, or Commendations for them, but only followed the Advice of the wiſe *Terez* and *Agatherſes*: So that as ſoon as he came to *Tipanis*, *Agatherſes*, who, to oblige *Adonacris* the more, and to make *Elibeſis* the more aſhamed, he preſented him unto *Spargapiſes*, who, as he was adviſed, received him very civilly. Thus the Conqueror, and the Conquered, lived together with extream civility; and *Adonacris* was more obliged unto that young Prince, than if he had given him his liberty: for, be pleaſed to know, Sir, that *Agatherſes* telling him it was fit he ſhould viſit *Noromanta*, whoſe Husband was Priſoner in his Cauſe, he went the ſame hour unto her, and offered unto her his beſt Service in getting the liberty of *Sitalces*.

And *Adonacris* having that Evening had a great deal of diſcourſe with *Agatherſes*, aud letting him know that he never contributed unto the ambition of *Elibeſes*, there was ſuch a correſpondency between them, that *Agatherſes* asked him if he would wait upon *Spargapiſes* unto *Noromanta*? *Adonacris* joyfully accepting the Offer, did accompany this young Prince unto this fair One, who faining to be ill, did ſit upon her Bed to receive this viſit, little thinking *Adonacris* had been there: But when ſhe ſaw him, and had looked him in the Face, her diſorder was ſo great that ſhe changed colour, imagining that he would interpret all her thoughts to his own Advantage. But being a Perſon of a moſt reſolute Spirit, and a great Soul, ſhe inſtantly recollected her ſelf: And ſeeming to take no notice of *Adonacris*, ſhe anſwered unto the Civilities of *Spargipiſes* concerning the Impriſonment of her Husband. But to do it in ſuch a manner as might let *Adonacris* know, (whom ſhe ſaw hearkning very attentively) that ſhe had all the thoughts, which a modeſt Wife ought to have upon the like occaſion, ſhe thanked *Spargapiſes* with a moſt reſpective Civility, for all his Offers; conjuring him, with abundance of earneſtneſs, to do all he could for the liberty of her Husband.

But, Sir, added ſhe, it is not here I ſhould make this Petition to you, the firſt day I ſtir out, ſhall be to beſeech you, you would be pleaſed to grant me one of your Priſoners, that I may propound an exchange unto the Prince *Ariantes*, between him and *Sitalces*. You need not ſtay ſo long, Madam, replied *Agatharſes*, (ſeeing *Spargapiſes* knew well how far he ought to ſatisfy *Noromanta*'s Requeſt) for, I ſuppoſe the Prince hath already granted your Requeſt. *Spargapiſes* then imagining by what *Agatherſes* ſaid that he ought not to deny her, did confirm what *Agatherſes* ſaid; and asked her the Name of that Priſoner whom ſhe deſired to propound unto *Ariantes* in exchange for *Sitalces*. Sir, ſaid ſhe then, and bluſh'd, I ſhould have ſome hopes of my Husband's Liberty, if you would be pleaſed to grant me *Adonacris*, ſince it is very probable *Ariantes* will not let the Brother of the fair *Elibeſis*, be a Priſoner: As *Noromanta* could not name *Adonacris* without a bluſh; ſo *Adonacris* could not hear himſelf named without a bluſh alſo, eſpically upon ſuch a croſs conjecture. However, he knew not how to oppoſe his Liberty directly; and his expreſſion of Gallantry which he uſed in *Eliorantes* Chamber, when *Noromanta* ſpoke of his exchange for *Sitalces*, was not fit to be ſpoken ſeriouſly: Yet being a Buſineſs which he could not conſent unto, nor indeed reject, unleſs in Raillery; he addreſſed his Diſcourſe unto *Noromanta*; Truly, Madam, ſaid he unto her, and ſmiled, I believe that *Sitalces* will not be pleaſed at your Motion, and he had rather be a Priſoner than be exchanged for me. This Modeſty is ſo ſtrangely exceſſive, (replied *Noromanta*, but looked not upon him) that I have reaſon to think you ſpeak by Contraries: but be it as it will, ſince the Prince is pleaſed to grant me my Deſire, it ſhall be the Prince *Ariantes* who ſhall decide the Matter, who, I believe, will decide it according to my wiſh; ſince it is not credible he can deny the fair *Elibeſis* to break off your Fetters at the inſtance of one, who doubtleſs hath zealouſly importuned him to it: So as I beſeech you give me leave to hope that you will very ſhortly be at liberty, and that I ſhall very ſhortly ſee *Sitalces* return.

After this, *Spargapiſes* not uſing to make any long Viſits, eſpecially when they are only Ceremonies, he did riſe up, without giving *Adonacris* any time to reply unto *Noromanta*; and he went to view ſome places in the Town which *Agatherſes* thought fit to be fortified; and *Adonacris* not thinking it fit for him to follow him unto that place, he ſtaid, with ſome others, at the Door of *Noromanta*'s Houſe: But ſince it was the cuſtom of Men to part without any Ceremony in ſuch Occaſions, thoſe who ſtaid talking with *Adonacris*, having ſome Buſineſs to go about, they left him alone with his own Men at the Gate where he was; ſo that ſeeing it ſtill open, and imagining that *Noromanta* might expect his re-entry, and that ſhe would not deny him entrance into her Chamber, he went in boldly; and going up the Stairs, he ſaw the Door of *Noromanta*'s Chamber open; ſo that, without any more delay, he went towards the Bed where ſhe was ſitting. But to delude her Women, and indeed her ſelf conſenting, Madam, (ſaid he, upon his firſt Addreſs) the Prince *Spargapiſes* hath ſent me back unto you, to talk of ſome things which concerns you to know, before he ſend unto *Ariantes* concerning the exchange of *Sitalces*: and therefore, I beſeech you, Madam, permit me a quarter of an hours audience. *Noromanta* did ſo wonder to ſee *Adonacris* again, as in that diſorder ſhe had not a handſome pretence of denying that Requeſt: And fearing that her Women would think her not Zealous for her Husband's Liberty, if ſhe did not hear him, ſhe was forced to anſwer him as though ſhe did believe him, though indeed ſhe did not: And indeed I am perſwaded, that *Noromanta*, for all her Vertue, was not very ſorry ſhe had found an occaſion of talking once again in her life in private with *Adonacris*, her ſelf not contributing unto it: So that ſeeming, as I told you before, to believe *Spargapiſes* ſent him, ſhe made him ſit down, and prepared her ſelf for Audience. And to make this Confereuce more free, her Women, who were extreamly deſirous to tell others, that *Spargapiſes* had promiſed to ſet their Maſter at Liberty, went into their Miſtreſs's Wardrobe to talk with other Women who were there. So that leaving the Door open that they might hear *Noromanta* if ſhe called; *Adonacris* ſaw them go into the Wardrobe, and that he had all the liberty he could deſire of talking with his dear *Noromanta*; who not taking notice of her Women, had ſuch a trembling at her Heart, that ſhe neither knew what ſhe ſaw, nor what ſhe ſhould think of her ſelf.

But at laſt, after *Adonacris* had ſilently looked upon her with as much Grief as Love: I hope, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, with a Sigh) that ſince Fortune hath brought me unto you, you will not baniſh me: I beſeech you, Madam, conſider of your injuſtice to me, and treat me not ſo. If I were ſtill the ſame I was at *Iſſedon*, (replied *Noromanta* modeſtly) doubtleſs I ſhould be unjuſt in doing ſo; but, Sir, ſince I am not now what I was then, no nor you your ſelf the ſame, certainly I muſt do nothing but what becomes my Duty; and if I have any Power over you, I both conjure and beſeech you, with all my Heart, to go away, to come no more at my Houſe, to ſhun ſeeing me any where elſe as much as you can, and to endeavour your Liberty with as much zeal as I ſhall. Your Power over me, Madam, is ſuch, replied he, that if it be your poſitive pleaſure to do as you ſay, I ſhall endeavour to do what I can to obey you: But, firſt, Madam,

dam, I beſeech you hearken unto all my Reaſons: Let me acquaint you with the preſent ſtate of my Soul; examine your own a little, and by calling to memory what is paſt,you may the better know what to do in the future. Moreover, Madam,I beſeech you deny me not what I ſhall ask, for if you do, I profeſs, though I would, yet I cannot obey you. Then you have written me a Lie, replied ſhe, when you ſent me word, that provided I did my ſelf forbid you ſeeing me, you would obey. I ſay it again, Madam, (added he) but before you do forbid me any thing, I beſeech you hear me. Upon condition that this ſhall be the laſt time, (replied ſhe) I will hear what you pleaſe. I ſhall tell you then, Madam, replied he, That you have done me the greateſt injuſtice in the World, in forſaking me for *Sitalces*; for, truly Madam, I am fully perſwaded, that when I had the honour to ſee you at *Iſſedon*, you did not then diſſemble your Thoughts, when your Goodneſs was pleaſed to teſtify, that thoſe thoughts which I had of you did not diſpleaſe you: Alſo I remember very well, that the laſt day I had the honour to ſee you, your Eyes did then beſtow more obliging glimſes upon me than ever before; inſomuch as their Language permitted me to hope for Happineſs: But when Fortune once ſeparated me from you, Madam, you made me the moſt miſerable Man alive; and *Sitalces*, who certainly knows not the excellency of that Treaſure which he enjoys, was preferred before me. Had I voluntarily preferred *Sitalces* before you, Sir, (replied ſhe) certainly I had been much to blame, though you had been much his Inferior in all Accompliſhments; for then I ſhould have been branded with Inconſtancy and Perfidy. But alas, *Adonacris*, (purſued ſhe, and ſighed) I am not ſo; ſince ſurely I ſhould be much happier than I am, if I were more blameable; and I am afraid, that if I were more blameable towards you, I were more innocent: For, truly, you have no reaſon to upbraid me, and I obeyed my Father with ſo much unwillingneſs, and married *Sitalces* with ſo much repugnancy, that I may very well doubt, you had a little too far engaged my Heart; and I have the more reaſon to chide my own weakneſs, by how much I know you have been charmed by the fair *Argiriſpes.* Alas, Madam, ſaid he, can you blame me for marrying *Argiriſpes*, after you had married *Sitalces?* I do not accuſe you, Sir, of any Crime, (replied ſhe) but truly I do accuſe my ſelf, leſt you ſhould. Nay, nay, Madam, replied he, I will not excuſe my ſelf, but confeſs, that I did not love *Argiriſpes* when I married her, and that I did not marry her until you had firſt married *Sitalces*, and was ſo uncivil as to forſake me.

I do ingenuouſly confeſs, (I ſay) that I ought not to have married her, but ought to have diſobeyed both *Ariantes* and my Father, and rejected the Advice of all my Friends: I confeſs alſo I did you wrong, in hoping that the enjoyment of *Argiriſpes* could never comfort me for the loſs of you, but ought ever to continue deſperate of all Comforts. But for all this, Madam, though I have failed in my Duty, yet I failed with abundance of ſorrow, and have failed without any inconſtancy or perfidiouſneſs. However it be, Sir, (ſaid *Noromanta*, and interrupted him) ſince you are now the Husband of *Argiriſpes*, and I the Wife of *Sitalces*, I ought not to entertain the leaſt Spark of your Affection, nor give you the leaſt Glimpſe of mine; but ought, if poſſible, never to ſee you again. O, Madam, (cried *Adonacris*) you never did love me, if you be able to do ſo.

To teſtify unto you, replied *Noromanta*, that I exact no great Difficulties from you, Sir, I will with a Bluſh confeſs, that I did love you more than ever I did tell you, and that you are ſtill not ſo indifferent unto me as you imagine, or as you ought to be: But let me tell you, after all this, that though I loved you more than ever any did, and though I hated *Sitalces* worſe than a Toad, yet I ſhall do what now I am reſolved upon, out of a Reſentment of Honour: and indeed I ought to do it out of another reaſon than it; for, truly *Adonacris*, what ſweetneſs can you find in ſeeing me eternally miſerable? and what pleaſure can I have in ſeeing you for ever unfortunate? And therefore it is much better to do what I ought, than otherwiſe; for ſince it is the pleaſure of Fortune, that I muſt never be Happy, yet let me however be Innocent, and let me know that I did not deſerve ſo bad a Fate. To hear you to ſpeak, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) would make one think that you ſuſpect my Affection to be of ſome vitious ſtrain; but know, Madam, I beſeech you, that my Soul is not capable of any ſuch Thoughts; know that I do really love you, without the leaſt pretence or hope, but only not to be hated. I am contented, if you pleaſe, that your Affection to me may be only a kind of tender Amity, provided only you will let me love you more zealouſly than ever any did: Live ſtill eternally happy with *Sitalces*, ſince it is the pleaſure of the Gods you ſhould be his; and if I can, I will live well with *Argiriſpe*, ſince my croſs Fate hath obliged me unto it: But, Madam, ſince I can never give her my Heart, let me keep it for you: let me do that, I ſay, which you cannot hinder me from doing, and put me not to a neceſſity of diſobeying you. What I deſire, Madam, is, me-thinks, but a ſmall thing, ſince I am contented with your being only my Friend, with a proviſion of letting me to be eternally your Lover. You may phraſe my Love by what Epithite you pleaſe; call it Eſteem, Friendſhip, or Tenderneſs, if you will, provided you will let me ſee you, let me love you, and let me think it my chiefeſt felicity to be near you. Of ſo many Beauties which *Sitalces* enjoys in you, I ask only ſome of thoſe favourable Looks which heretofore were wont to afford me ſo many ſweet Minutes: O, Madam, I beſeech you, conſider well upon what I ask; your Eyes by looking favourably upon me, will not be leſs ſweet unto *Sitalces*; and when he looks upon you, he will never find my Image there; if I ſhould happily deſire any thing that were Criminal, you may have ſome handſome pretence of ſome denyal; and if I ſhould deſire often occaſions of talking with you in private, any ſuſpicious Meetings, though happily Innocent, you might then tell me that I did hazard your Reputation: But alas, Madam, I deſire nothing from you, but that you will not hate me, that you will not diſſemble your Thoughts, that you will let me love me, and that you will not turn away your fair

Eyes, when they accidentally look upon mine: In ſhort, Madam, do not ſeek me, nor do not ſhun me, ſuffer me only to ſee you, and do not complain againſt me: Let me, I ſay, ſee you without any affectation, as a thouſand others do, and that I may talk to you when chance lends me occaſion: If you will, I will not, ſo long as I live, tell you that I love you, only content my ſelf with ſaying, that once I did love you: But, truly Madam, if you ſhould turn me to deſpair, I may haply do ſuch things as will diſpleaſe you; therefore I beſeech you be not ſo zealous in your ſolicitation for my Liberty, in exchange for *Sitalces*, for it would be a piece of inhumanity to break thoſe Chains which fetter me as a Priſoner of War, ſince you can break thoſe Chains which fetter me as a Priſoner of Love: Leave the Buſineſs unto Fortune, and oppoſe not my comfort of ſeeing you: You have already done enough as the Wife of *Sitalces*; and if you will do as you ought, you muſt not negotiate any more for him, ſince you cannot ſolicite for him unleſs with ſtrange inhumanity you ſolicite againſt me: The Truth is, Madam, I ſhall die if you deliver me; I much more deſire Death, than Liberty, ſince I cannot have it without loſing you.

Whilſt *Adonacris* was talking thus, *Noromanta* looked down with her Eyes, and was in a moſt unconceivable torment of Thoughts. However, ſince Glory did exceedingly quaſh the tenderneſs of her Soul, ſhe would not be perſwaded, and ſhe told *Adonacris* ſo reſolutely, that ſhe would earneſtly ſolicite for the delivery of *Sitalces*, that he plainly perceived he could not prevail with her: But, Madam, ſaid he then, ſince you will have *Sitalces* releaſed, I beſeech you ſolicite for his Liberty, and not mine: There are ſo many other Priſoners in your Party, for whom you may get his Exchange, that unleſs you be obſtinately reſolved to deny me all things, you will not deny me this. Ah, *Adonacris*, replied ſhe, I perceive you do not know the depth of my Heart; for, truly (if I could ſpeak it without a bluſh) I ſhould tell you, and confeſs, that if Decency would permit it, I would ſolicite your return unto *Iſſedon*,

ſſedon, without bringing *Sitalces* back unto *Tipanis*, and would eaſily be out of his ſight, ſo I might never ſee you again. However, you ought to be ſo far from murmuring at what I ſay, that you are much obliged to me. But *Adonacris*, after I have confeſſed that your preſence is terrible to me, and that it is a matter moſt hard to ſee and to hate you, I muſt reſolve never to ſee you again, as long as I live, but when I cannot prevent it; and therefore I muſt even now begin to conjure you to be gone. Let me tell you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that I cannot go until you have promiſed not to ſtifle your light Inclination to me, and until you promiſe not to be offended if I do not endeavour my liberty ſo earneſtly as you do. But, Sir, ſaid *Noromanta*, if you do not endeavour it, People will have great reaſon to wonder, and dive into a Cauſe ſo extraordinary; therefore, *Adonacris*, you muſt endeavour it. Ah, Madam, ſaid he, you can never move me to it: And ſince, by denying me all, you give me a right to deny you ſomething, I aſſure you that in this I cannot do as you deſire; and if I be releaſed, or to ſay better, baniſhed, it ſhall be only your Act, not mine. After this, *Adonacris* expreſſed himſelf ſo tenderly unto *Noromanta*, as that fair and virtuous Perſon, not being able to hear him without much tenderneſs of Heart, ſhe began to be angry with her ſelf, and commanded *Adonacris* ſo peremptorily to retire, that he was conſtrained to obey her. But, Madam, ſaid he (as he roſe up) when will you give me leave to ſpeake unto you? I will give you leave to bid me farewel, (ſaid ſhe unto him) the ſame day you are to depart from *Tipanis* to *Iſſedon* in exchange for *Sitalces*. O, Madam, ſaid he, the limits of your Vertue are too harſhly narrow, and you are all Cruelty in ſaying ſo. I know not whether it be Cruelty to ſay ſo, but I am ſure my Thoughts tell me that I ought to ſpeak as I do. Then, Madam, ſaid he unto her, tell me how I ſhould interpret your words. Interpret them as you pleaſe, replied ſhe, ſo you will be immediately gone, ſo you will not return hither again, and ſo you will never ſeek for me any where elſe.

I promiſe you, Madam, replied he, to do all I am able to obey you; but in promiſing that, I promiſe nothing; for I cannot chuſe but court all Opportunities of ſeeing you. After this *Noromanta* did ſo expreſly command him to go out of her Chamber, that he did obey her: But he obeyed not till after he had looked *Noromanta* in the Face a long while, without giving one word; and till he diſcovered in her fair Eyes, that her Heart and Tongue did not agree, and that ſhe baniſhed him with much ſorrow. But away he went, the ſaddeſt Lover in the World, and left her alſo in the ſame condition: For, the truth is, ſhe loved *Adonacris* more than ever: But for all that, having a high and Vertuous Soul, ſhe check'd the tenderneſs of her Affection; and the next Morning ſhe claimed promiſe of *Spargapiſes*, and ſolicited *Agatherſes* to ſend immediately unto *Ariantes* about the exchange of *Adonacris* for *Sitalces*. And the amorous *Adonacris*, ſeeing how earneſtly *Noromanta* ſolicited, his Grief increaſed.

But ſince Love is a Paſſion which can find Expedients for all Occaſions, *Adonacris* found one out to hinder his own and *Sitalces* Liberty: for it was a grand Cordial unto his Paſſionate Soul to be near *Noromanta*, though he never ſaw her but inceuſed: ſo that to hinder the happineſs of *Sitalces*, and to make himſelf a little leſs miſerable by hindring his liberty, he ſent ſecretly unto *Iſſedon*, and writ unto *Ariantes*, to tell him, that *Spargapiſes* would addreſs himſelf unto him, and offer him in exchange for *Sitalces*; but his Zeal unto his Service would advice, not to releaſe him till the Spring when the Army was in the Field, where he might fight in his Quarrel. For conſidering the juncture of Affairs, he thought, that if he remained a Priſoner all this Winter-time, he ſhould be able to diſcover many of the Enemies Deſigns, much to his advantage. He told this Prince further, that he hoped to make him ſome Creatures in *Tipanis*; adding, that it concerned him not to releaſe *Sitalces* until the end of the Winter, becauſe if he were preſently releaſed, he knew that being very rich, he would make new Levies to recruit the Army of *Spargapiſes*.

gapiſes: Furthermore, he told him, that he was well able to do him this Service, becauſe his Impriſonment was not harſh; but to the end his Plot might better take, he told him alſo, that *Argiriſpe* and *Tyſſagette* ſhould not have any knowledg of this Secret, and that his beſt way would be only to draw the Buſineſs out at length, without either conſenting or refuſing.

Thus the Winter being very long in that Country, *Adonacris* hoped for much comfort from the length of his Impriſonment: and indeed his Plot did take admirably well, as I ſhall preſently tell you. Again, he writ unto *Argiriſpes*, as if he were in ſome hopes of his ſpeedy releaſe, though he had indeed ſome fears that it would not be ſo ſoon as ſhe deſired: But whileſt the Man whom *Spargapiſes* would ſend unto *Iſſedon* was preparing for his departure; whileſt *Noromanta* was ſoliciting for her Husband's return, and the departure of *Adonacris*, ſhe was extreamly grieved, for asking two things ſo contrary to his own Inclinations. Whilſt *Adonacris* was doing all he could to hinder his own releaſment, and *Sitalces* alſo, *Agatherſes*, whoſe Paſſion was ſtill violently high, was buſy in making all the World believe that he was not in love with *Elibeſis*, to the end the Fame of it might reach as far as *Iſſedon*, and that *Elibeſis* might not think he loved her; thinking it a thing unworthy of himſelf to continue loving one, who had preferred her Ambition of being a Queen before her Affection. So that he was extreamly buſy in giving inſtruction unto him who was going unto *Iſſedon*, leſt he ſhould contradict his Reſentments; and in order to that, he made choice of a Man who depended abſolutely upon himſelf. But at the ſame time whilſt he was inſtructing him to ſpeak nothing which might make it believed that he loved *Elibeſis*; and that he did not act againſt *Ariantes*, but only as a true Subject unto *Thomiris*, he ordered him alſo to enquire very circumſpectly, in what manner *Elibeſis* behaved her ſelf towards *Ariantes:* However, not thinking his revenge upon her to be enough in perſwading her that he loved not her, unleſs he made her alſo believe that he loved another, he reſolved upon a full ſatisfaction unto his Revenge, in ſeeming to be deſperately in love with ſome Lady in *Tipanis*. And there being no Beauty of a greater luſter than *Noromanta*, nor more fit to raiſe a belief that he was in Love, he determined to counterfeit Addreſſes to her, and all the Winter long to court this Beauty with continual Feaſts, and to cloſet up all his real Reſentments in his own Heart, that the leaſt ſign of any Sorrow ſhould not appear in his Face. In order to which, he began his frequent viſits unto *Noromanta*, and to make many Addreſſes unto the Governour's Wife of *Tipanis*, at whoſe Houſe all the Ladies did rendezvous.

In the mean time, *Noromanta* thinking it unfit for a Wife, whoſe Husband was a Priſoner, to be frequenter of ſo many Diverſions: ſhe would needs excuſe her ſelf from them; but ſince *Spargapiſes*, at the ſolicitation of *Agatherſes*, was very importunate with her, ſhe was forced to be leſs ſolitary than otherwiſe ſhe would: For all the Friends of *Sitalces* told her, that there was no prudence in the World in incenſing a Prince, who might hinder the releaſement of her Husband: So that *Noromanta*, as melancholly as ſhe was, yet was obliged to be in pleaſant Company. And thus, though *Adonacris* could not ſee her at her own Houſe, unleſs when he went with the young *Spargapiſes*; yet he ſaw her very often in other Places whether ſhe would or no, ſo as he received ſome conſolation: Alſo he carried the matter ſo handſomly, that ſhe not contributing unto it, he found ways how to talk with her a quarter of an hour together, when no Ears but her own could hear: ſo that though ſhe ſaid nothing unto him, but what was worthy of her Vertue, yet he did oftentimes break into expreſſions of his Paſſion.

But the counterfeit Paſſion of *Agatherſes*, ſeemed the greater wonder unto *Adonacris*: for ſince he took that fancy up, he was almoſt perpetually with *Noromanta*: and by conſequence it was very hard for *Adonacris* to talk with her in private.

Again, as fair and charming as *Noromanta* was, yet *Agatherſes* took no other delight in ſeeing and talking with her, then his thoughts of ſpighting *Elibeſis*: For he knew very well it would vex her to the Heart when ſhe ſhould hear he loved any other after her. Thus *Agatherſes* diſturbed the Minds of theſe two Perſons without receiving any great ſatisfaction unto himſelf, or at leaſt any tranquile ſatisfaction. But (ſaid I one day unto him, ſeeing the conſtraint wherein he liv'd) I cannot underſtand why you ſhould ſo diſſemble; for what matter is it what *Elibeſis* thinks of you? What matter? (replied he ſharply) why it doth ſo much concern me, that ſhe ſhould believe I do not now love her, that I ſhould be even deſperate if ſhe ſhould not think me in love with *Noromanta*. For, truly, I cannot endure ſhe ſhould ever ſuſpect me of any puling Weakneſs; but on the contrary, I had rather ſhe ſhould think me a thouſand times more in love with *Noromanta*, than ever I was with her.

But (ſaid I unto him) in ſatisfying your Fancy, you do but ill Service unto the Side you have taken: for do you think that *Sitalces*, when he is releaſed, will take it well, that you ſhould be in love with his Wife? Provided *Elibeſis* take it ill (replied he, very ſharply) I care not a ſtraw how *Sitalces* takes it; Yet (added he) I had never made choice of *Noromanta*, had there been any other in *Tipanis*, whoſe Beauty was fam'd enough to make *Elibeſis* fully believe I quit her for the other.

But ſince there is none ſo fair and charming as *Noromanta*, ſhe muſt be the Object of my pretended Love, which muſt ſatisfy my Revenge: And more than this, (added he) I will do all I am able to perſwade my ſelf, that I do love *Noromanta*. *Noromanta* being moſt Vertuous (ſaid I unto him) I am perſwaded that you will not be a jot the happier if you ſhould be really in love with her: Ah, my dear *Anabaris*, (ſaid he unto me) that rigour which is cauſed by the virtue of the Perſon loved, will never fill a Soul ſo full of Sorrow, as will the inconſtancy of an ambitious Woman, who loves nothing but a *Chimera* of Grandure which ſhe fancies: So that though *Noromanta* ſhould treat me ill, yet I ſhould be leſs miſerable then I am, and ſhould have this ſatisfaction at leaſt, to know that ſhe whom I loved did deſerve to be ſo, whereas by continuing my Love of *Elibeſis*, I ſhould continue loving one, who deſerves not ſo much as my eſteem. If you do not eſteem her (ſaid I unto him) you do not love her, for I cannot ſee how Love can ſubſiſt without Eſteem: I did eſteem her when I firſt began to love her, (purſued he) and did ſince long eſteem her; but let me tell you withal, that now I do not eſteem her, nor ever will, though I am ſtrangely afraid, that I ſhall love her ſtill: I ſee ſhe is as fair as fair can be, that ſhe hath as much Wit as is attributed unto the very Gods, and that ſhe hath ſuch a ſtrange kind of engaging Charms, when ſhe pleaſes, that it is a matter moſt difficult to defend ones ſelf againſt them: But for all this, it may be ſaid, that I eſteem in her what is eſtimable, but cannot truly ſay that I eſteem her; for truly when I look upon her as a Perſon blinded with Grandure, one who would prefer a Man that is defective, both in Body and Mind, ſo he be upon a Throne, before the moſt accompliſhed Man, I cannot eſteem her: But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, the Prince *Ariantes* is no ſuch Man as you ſpeak of: 'Tis true, replied he, but ſhe does not value his Merits no more then mine. Then, Sir, replied I, if ſhe be ſuch an ambitious Piece, Can you think ſhe will care whether you love her or no, or will be ſorry if you ſhould love another? At the leaſt, ſhe will not be glad if I love another, (replied he) So that though I cannot make her grieve, yet I ſhall deprive her pleaſure to think that I can love none but ſhe; and therefore though *Sitalces* ſhould change Sides, I would not change my Thoughts: And indeed, Sir, *Agatherſes* began his Gallantry in ſuch perſpicuous manner, as it was impoſſible but to make a great Noiſe in the World; but yet, in the midſt of all, he had ſuch inward frettings of Heart, which he was not able to maſter, as that they appeared in ſpite of his Teeth: For my particular, I have ſeen him when all the Ladies were aſſembled to

Dance, to ſtand all the night in the Corner of the Room, never ſo much as minding what they did, no not *Noromanta* her ſelf. However, this did not undeceive thoſe who thought his ſadneſs proceeded from *Noromanta*'s not anſwering his Affection: She her ſelf thought as much, and whilſt his Mind was all upon *Elibeſis*, they thought that *Noromanta*'s rigour racked his Thoughts. On the other ſide, *Adonacris* was ſo grieved at this high kind of Gallantry, that had not I given him ſome Cordial, I think he had died: but being his intimate Friend, and might impart the Secret of *Agatherſes* without any prejudice to him, I did let him know that *Agatherſes* did not love *Noromanta*, but only did ſtrive to love her. Ah, my dear Friend, (ſaid *Adonacris* to me) if *Agatherſes* would love *Noromanta*, certainly he will, for ſhe is too too fair and lovely, not to anſwer the Deſires of all that would love her. As you cannot love *Elibeſis*, though you would, as fair as ſhe is (ſaid I unto him) though ſhe were not your Siſter, ſo *Agatherſes* cannot love *Noromanta*, though he deſire it. I wiſh it with all my Soul, replied he, but I am afraid my wiſh will not prevent it: But, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) I muſt confeſs, that I cannot underſtand this ſtrain of Jealouſy which now poſſeſſeth you; for methinks when one is in love with a Perſon who hath a Husband, he never need be jealous of a Lover which is not loved. Alas, *Anabaris*, (ſaid *Adonacris*) you are an Ignorant in matters of Love, if you do not know the difference between being jealous of a Rival, and jealous of a Husband. I cannot tell whether I am an Ignorant in amorous Matters, (replied I) but I believe I am in the right when I ſay, that it is a much greater vexatious matter to ſee the Perſon whom one loves enjoyed by a Husband, than to ſee her only loved by a Rival. If the husband were her Lover when he married her, replied he, I muſt confeſs nothing is more hard to be endured; And when a Lover becomes a Husband, the caſe is altered: for a Rival, who is not loved, troubles me no more if I ſhould ſee him talk with *Noromanta*, than *Sitalces* doth by enjoying her; for a Husband, who is not loved, will never be, but a hated Lover may be hereafter loved. Thus you ſee a vaſt difference between a Husband and a Rival: Therefore I think my ſelf infinitely obliged unto you for acquainting me that *Agatherſes* is not my Rival. Thus, Sir, you ſee what the Reſentments of theſe three Perſons were, *Agatherſes* loved *Elibeſis* ſtill, and would ſeem as if he loved *Noromanta*, and not her: *Adonacris* ſtill loved her whom he loved at firſt, but durſt not either ſay or be ſeen ſo to do: And *Noromanta*, though ſhe could not chuſe but ſtill love *Adonacris*, yet ſeemed as if ſhe dearly loved *Sitalces*, and not him.

In the mean time, the Man whom *Agatherſes* ſent unto *Ariantes* in the Name of *Spargapiſes*, not arriving at *Iſſedon* until after the Meſſenger which *Adonacris* ſent unto that Prince, he did not ſpeed ſo well as he hoped; for the Prince *Ariantes* really beleeving *Adonacris*, did protract the Buſineſs, and diſmiſſed the Envoy from *Spargapiſes*, without either a Denial or a Conſent unto his Demands. So that *Argiriſpe* hearing that *Ariantes* did not conſent unto this exchange ſo readily as ſhe hoped, ſhe addreſſed her ſelf unto her Siſter-in-law, and deſired her Favour in obtaining her Husband's Liberty of this new King: But *Elibeſis* told her, that ſhe had already ſpoke unto *Ariantes*, who ſaid he would firſt conſider upon it: Adding, that ſhe did ſolicite in her behalf, with all imaginable care. But, Sir, you muſt know, that *Elibeſis* indeed had ſpoken unto the Prince *Ariantes* for the Liberty of *Adonacris*, and he fearing to deny the liberty of her Brother, without telling her the Reaſon, he ſhewed her what this Priſoner had writ unto him, upon condition ſhe ſhould not ſpeak of it unto *Argiriſpe* or any other: She ſeeing this, that her Brother deſired not to be releaſed, that his ſtaying at *Tipanis*, would be advantagious to the new King's Affairs, and prejudice the Queen's; ſhe deſired *Ariantes* to deny her very peremptorily, as often as ſhe ſhould, at the inſtance of her Siſter-in-law, ſolicite him for the Liberty of *Adonacris:* So that by this means the Deſign of this Lover and Priſoner, did take admirable effect.

On the other ſide, *Sitalces* underſtanding that the Prince *Ariantes* did make it ſome difficulty of exchanging him for *Adonacris*, was much perplexed at his being abſent from his Wife at a time when ſo many Gallants were at *Tipanis:* So that jealouſy obliged him to write in anſwer to his Wife's Letter, that he had appointed her to offer *Agatherſes* any thing, which much conduces unto the continuation of the War, ſo he would procure his Liberty. Furthermore, *Argiriſpe* not contenting her ſelf with the Anſwer of *Elibeſis*, did write unto her Husband, that ſhe was reſolved rather to offer the half of all her Eſtate to procure his Liberty, than to let him lie a long Winter in Priſon; for ſhe being naturally of a jealous and unquiet temper, and loving her Husband very dearly, his abſence was intollerable to her. So that *Sitalces* not knowing that *Adonacris* was in love with his Wife, or that his Wife did not hate him, alſo *Argiriſpe* not knowing theſe things neither, they were both of them in a moſt unquiet condition, and they partly ſhewed it; for *Sitalces* being upon his Parol, as well as *Adonacris*, he went ſometimes to viſit her, and confer upon the beſt Expedients, for the recovery of her Husband's Liberty and his own: And thus the equality of their Intereſts did beget a confidence in each other: But whilſt theſe two were plotting for Expedients to advance their Deſigns, *Elibeſis* was a little perplexed in reſiſting the Prince *Ariantes*, and refuſing to marry him without angring him. However, being reſolved not to marry under a King, and ſeeing his Throne yet in a tottering Condition, ſhe held him ſtill cunningly in hand, but ſtill intended, that if *Ariantes* were not a King, then to renew with *Agatherſes*, not doubting but that he would return to her, if ſhe would return to him. And indeed ſhe tampered ſo cunningly with *Ariantes*, that he believed the reaſon why ſhe would not marry him, during the War, was in reſpect of his own Intereſt: for having Wit at will, ſhe told him, that ſince her Quality was inferior to his, if he ſhould then marry her, it would give the adverſe Party a colour for ſaying many things prejudicial againſt him: So that ſhe going thus ſubtily to work, *Ariantes* thought himſelf obliged unto her for denying him.

On the other ſide, the Meſſenger which *Spargapiſes* ſent to this Prince, being returned to *Tipanis*, with an Anſwer nothing ſatisfactory; *Noromanta* was not a little aſtoniſhed, for ſhe could not imagine why *Ariantes* would not releaſe the Brother of her he loved, by releaſing *Sitalces:* ſhe began to ſuſpect that *Adonacris* was himſelf an obſtacle unto his own Liberty; but ſince ſhe could not imagine which way he ſhould do it, ſhe could not poſitively believe it. However, though ſhe ſhun'd meeting with *Adonacris* as much as ſhe could, and ſolicited hard to ſend him further from her by releaſing him, yet ſhe was not ſorry in her Heart that *Sitalces* (ſhe not contributing to it) was ſtill at *Iſſedon*; and *Adonacris* yet at *Tipanis*. Yet notwithſtanding all this, as ſoon as ſhe received her Husband's Letter, which appointed her to offer any thing in the World unto *Agatherſes* to obtain his Liberty, ſhe reſolved upon Obedience.

Furthermore, *Adonacris* ſeeing his Plot did ſo happily hit, he was infinitely joyed at it. But to the end *Ariantes* ſhould not diſcover his Drift, but ſtill let him continue a Priſoner all the Winter, he did really ſpie ſo narrowly into the Deſigns of *Agatherſes*, and all the Cabinet Intricacies of *Tipanis*, and likewiſe of the Tent Royal, that he did often ſend Intelligence of great importance unto that Prince; inſomuch as there was no need of giving any new Reaſons why he ſhould not be releaſed; becauſe the Intereſt of State was reaſon enough.

On the other ſide, *Agatherſes* in continuing his Mask of Love unto *Noromanta*, he was nothing ſo circumſpect as he might be in hindering *Ariantes* from the Throne: But his greateſt Grief was, that *Thomiris* during her languiſhing Diſeaſe, did ſend ſuch ambiguous Orders, as it was eaſy to know that her Soul was troubled at ſomething elſe than at the War, and that ſhe had ſome other Deſign, ſince ſhe would not hazard her Forces; and indeed *Noromanta*'s Father, who was with that Queen, did one day write, that he heard her ſay, She had rather loſe the

Kingdom of the *Iſſedons*, than her Army: However, ſend what Orders ſhe would, *Agatherſes* was reſolved to give Battel as ſoon as Winter was done, or elſe to force *Ariantes* into *Iſſedon*. But Winter being very long in that Country, he muſt endure a long Torment; yet it was ſome conſolation unto him to hear from *Spargapiſes* his Envoy, that the Reports in *Iſſedon* was, *Elibeſis* would not marry *Ariantes* until the end of the War. But ſince the Paſſion of his Soul was ſuch as uſeth ordinarily to inſpire him with Thoughts quite oppoſite unto one another, he would ſome days wiſh that *Ariantes* had married *Elibeſis*: Yes, *Anabaris*, (ſaid he one day unto me) I ſwear unto you by all the Gods, that if I were ſure to vanquiſh *Ariantes* to morrow, I would have him marry *Elibeſis* to day; for it would be the greateſt delight in the World unto me, to ſee a Scepter fall out of the Hand of this perfidious Woman; and my Revenge would not be to the full, if the fall of *Ariantes*'s Throne did overwhelm only himſelf; and if I did not ſee *Elibeſis* a Queen without a Crown; or to ſay better, the Widow of a vanquiſhed Uſurper, and by conſequence without Honour, without Rank, and without Support, in neceſſity to have recourſe unto me, to obtain for her ſome ſmall Corner in that Kingdom which ſhe hopes to poſſeſs. Should you ever ſee her in ſuch a deplorable condition, (ſaid I unto him) I am confident your Joys would be mixed with much pity. Fie, *Anabaris*, (ſaid he unto me) I cannot pity thoſe who cannot pity me; and as my Miſeries never moved *Elibeſis*, ſo hers ſhall never move me; or if they do, it ſhall be only out of meer generoſity, and out of my ſatisfaction to let her know, that ſuch a Subject as my ſelf does better merit her Affection, than ſuch a Soveraign as *Ariantes*.

In the mean time, *Noromanta*, in obſervance of her Husband's Orders, did ſpeak unto *Agatherſes*, according as he deſired her; but ſince he ſeemed to be in love with her, he thought fit to anſwer her in ambiguous Terms, though he did intend to do what he could to releaſe *Sitalces*. And ſince he would have her think him to be really her Lover, to the end, that ſhe being firſt deceived, others alſo might be the ſooner; he told her very wittily, that her Deſires of ſeeing *Sitalces* releaſed, had blinded her, ſince ſhe made ſuch Propoſitions as were diſhonorable to him: For truly (ſaid he) if it ſhould be known you offer ſo much for his Liberty, it would be thought, that his ſide did not much value him; and therefore it is requiſite to manage his Honour a little better, and give *Ariantes* time to adviſe upon it; for his Anſwer was not ſo clear, but that it was requiſite to ſend a ſecond time unto him, without making any new Propoſitions: Therefore, Madam, have a little patience, and let Time bring that Deſign to paſs, which perhaps would be ruined with haſte.

This, Sir, was the Anſwer which *Agatherſes* gave her, who being glad of a pretence to ſend again unto *Iſſedon*, that he might hear News of *Elibeſis*, and publiſh it, that he was in Love with *Noromanta*, he moved *Spargapiſes* to ſend thither the ſecond time: So that *Noromanta* writ unto *Sitalces* all that *Agatherſes* ſaid unto her. *Adonacris* alſo anſwered *Argiriſpe*, and wiſhed her to be wary in her Offers for his Liberty, becauſe if things changed not, he had an infallible way of getting his Liberty, which now he could not write. In the mean time, whilſt theſe Deſigns, which had ſo many ſecret Obſtacles, were in agitation, *Adonacris* was very vigilant, to take all opportunities of ſeeing and talking with *Noromanta*, who, for his part, ſhunned him as much as ſhe could, though ſhe did very tenderly love him. But when chance only brought them together, and when *Adonacris* could not ſuſpect that ſhe gave him any opportunities of talking with her, then ſhe could not chuſe but be much joyed, and take great delight in hearing him talk to her; yet theſe Delights and Joys, had ſome Bitter mixed with their Sweets, for ſhe was ſo extreamly careful of being over-obliging in her Language, that ſhe ſo ſtifled the thoughts of her Heart, as put him into a cruel qualm, ſhe was ſo fearful it ſhould be known, that he did, and ſtill doth love her, as ſhe oftentimes did contradict the moſt juſt things; and if he at any time did hold an Argument with another, ſhe would alwayes take his adverſe part; ſo ſcrupulous and careful was this vertuous Lady of her Reputation; Yet *Adonacris* knew very well, that whenſoever ſhe was oppoſite to him, She did it not out of hatred. But as the great prudence of *Noromanta* did deprive him of an hundred innocent Delights, in depriving him of all private Conference with her; ſo he chanced one day to argue againſt *Eliorante* in the preſence of *Noromanta*, upon a Subject, which obliquely had ſome coherence with the Adventure which grieved him: For be pleaſed to know, that there were two Ladies in *Tipanis*, whoſe Vertues and Reputations were very different: For one, whoſe Name was *Menopea*, was poſſeſſed with moſt violent Paſſion in her Heart, and ſecretly held correſpondencies of Gallantry with a very bravely accompliſhed Man; but ſhe carried her ſelf with ſo much prudence, ſuch ſtrict reſervedneſs, and ſo modeſtly, that except very few who knew the truth, all the World thought *Menopea* to be the moſt vertuous Perſon upon Earth, and the leaſt capable of any correſpondencies of Gallantry with any one. There was alſo another Lady, whoſe Name was *Orique*, who was as really vertuous as ever any was, yet extreamly expoſed to Scandal, becauſe ſhe had a conceipt, that it was ſufficient to be vertuous without ſeeming ſo. So that being only cautious leſt any of her Actions ſhould be eſſentially ill, and never caring for appearances, by which the World in general uſeth to judg, ſhe expoſed her Reputation unto ſo much Slander and Envy, that all the Town (except a few who knew her very well) did think that all Men were her Lovers, yes, her favoured Lovers. Thus ſhe, who was the Gallant, paſſed for Severe and Vertuous, and ſhe who was the Vertuous, paſſed for the Gallant, and ſeemed to do many things againſt the Rule of Vertue.

Falling then into diſcourſe of theſe two Ladies, whom ſo few did rightly know; *Eliorante*, *Noromanta*, and *Adonacris* being together, and *Agatherſes* coming alſo in, *Noromanta* began to blame that vertuous Lady, who truſted too much unto her own Goodneſs, and who was not enough obſervant over her Actions. I could never have thought (ſaid *Adonacris*, and ſmiled) that of two Perſons, the one only ſeeming Vertuous, and not being ſo; the other being Vertuous, and not ſeeming ſo, that the fair *Noromanta* would take her part who was not vertuous. I do not take her part, replied *Noromanta*, and yet I am againſt her who is Vertuous, and is not careful of ſeeming ſo alſo: For, truly if a Woman love not her Reputation, I cannot be well ſatisfied with her Vertue, nor know I well whether ſhe truly merits the name of Vertuous: It is moſt dangerous to ſubject ones ſelf unto cenſure, and I will maintain, that though one be not vertuous, yet they ought at leaſt to endeavour to appear ſo, and much more ſhe who really is vertuous. For my part, replied *Adonacris*, I am perſwaded it is ſufficent if one do nothing againſt Vertue, and one needs not to inſiſt ſo preciſely npon endeavours to take away all manner of pretences of ſlander: for as thoſe who are moſt aſſiduous in frequenting Sacred Duties, are often accuſed of Hypocriſy; ſo it muſt be concluded a thing impoſſible to prevent all ſcandal and cenſure: And ſo ſince malicious and envious People will be talking and belching out their venome, do what one can, it were a piece of unjuſtice unto ones ſelf to be all their life long rigid and ſevere, for fear of being talk'd of: Much better it is, to let ones mind ſore above all that Malice can ſay, than to ſtand eternally upon a watchful guard againſt all Tongues. For my particular (ſaid *Agatherſes* then) I think *Adonacris* to be in the right: For to carry ones ſelf ſo, as nothing can be ſaid againſt them, is a thing almoſt impoſſible: And indeed, we ſee every day, that one and the ſame Action is both commended and condemned, according to the ſeveral Humours of Men; and to juſtify what *Adonacris* hath ſaid, Hypocriſy is commonly called Piety. They do ill who do ſo, ſaid *Noromanta*, and interrupted him: But for all that, what is good muſt appear ſo, and ill Habits ought to be concealed. Your Opinion is ſo reaſonable, ſaid *Eliorante*, I cannot believe any is able to contradict it. Yet I ſhall, Madam, replied *Agatherſes*; for there is nothing worſe becomes an heroique Soul, than to ſtudy how the World ſhould ſee all their good Qualities; yet, according to your Tenents, a Man muſt never do any brave Action, but firſt he muſt call for ſome Witneſſes unto it; he muſt never be liberal but in publique, and he muſt do all the good he can, only becauſe People muſt know it, and talk of it. No, no, replied *Normanta*, you put an ill Expoſition upon my words. How then muſt I expound them, replied he? To underſtand me rightly, anſwered ſhe, I would not have any do good with a deſign it ſhould be known; but in things which may reflect upon ones Reputation, I would have one never to do any thing which may ſtain it: For example, I would have a Man ſo regulate his Life, as none can think but that he is Valiant: I would have a Woman live ſo prudently, that none can ſuſpect her Vertue; and not to content themſelves only with being vertuous, but be careful to avoid all things which may make her believed otherwiſe. Alas, Madam, ſaid *Adonacris*, your Rule is moſt ſevere, for all the pleaſure of Life conſiſts in ſuch things as may be ill interpreted according to ſeveral Humours. I do confeſs it, ſaid ſhe; but ſince they cannot be done without hazarding Reputation, I will affirm, that the Sorrow for loſing it, is greater than all the Delights that can be found. But, Madam, (replied *Agatherſes* pleaſantly) you muſt do nothing as long as you live, but in your Chamber; nay, I know not whether ſuch a Retreat would not be alſo ſubject unto Scandal; for it would be ſaid, that you would never live ſo, but becauſe *Sitalces* would otherwiſe be jealous. 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, but they would then ſay, that I did not give him any cauſe of Jealouſy. By your Rules, added *Agatherſes*, a Lady muſt carefully avoid all private Conference with Men, whom others think do love her; She muſt never walk under a hundred Women at once, and in a Garden be always in the throng of Company, and never go aſide to talk with any Friend about any Buſineſs; She muſt always talk aloud, and never talk of the Beauties of the Time, or of Shadows, or Walks, leſt it ſhould be thought you talk as if you were in Love; certainly ſhe muſt talk more with Men ſhe hates, than with Man ſhe loves, leſt otherwiſe ſhe ſhould be ſcandalized: So a Lady who is ſo chary of her Reputation, muſt live ever without any Friends of either Sex, leſt it ſhould be ſaid, they are either her Lovers, or her Confidents. None of all this, replied ſhe, for I allow her Friends of both Sexes; but I would have a Wife live ſo, as none can accuſe her of having any favoured Lovers; and therefore as ſoon as ever a Lady knows that any Man is in love with her, ſhe muſt carefully avoid both ſaying or doing any thing, that he may take any advantage to himſelf by it, but live ſo reſervedly, that none can ſo much as ſuſpect her favourable to him; and to avoid all occaſions of his ſpeaking to her, leſt it ſhould be thought he ſpeaks of his Love: For my part, I who am as little apt to ſlander as another, muſt confeſs, that I cannot ſee a Lover hold long diſcourſe with his Miſtreſs, but I muſt needs think, he is talking neither of State Affairs, nor Martial Matters. So that ſince ſhe may draw a great inconveniency upon her ſelf, for a little Pleaſure, I muſt conclude, ſhe ought never to run the hazard of it. To inſtance in the fair *Orique*, for an Example. All the World knows that ſhe is moſt horribly ſlandered with keeping private conference with a Gallant in a Garden; yet I do know, of a moſt infallible certainty, that all the while he was with her, he only related his Affection that he bore unto a Lady who was with *Thomiris*. Do you think that the pleaſure of the Story did merit the hazard of her Reputation, in paſſing away a whole Afternoon with a Man whom ſhe loved not? I muſt confeſs, ſaid *Adonacris* then, that ſince *Orique* did not love the Man, and ſince he had nothing to ſay unto her which concerned her ſelf, ſhe had better to have let that meeting alone.

But ſtill I muſt ſay, that when a Woman eſteems a Man in an extraordinary manner, it were weakneſs in her to deprive her ſelf of the pleaſure of talking in ſecret, only becauſe perhaps ſhe may be talked of, and it's enough if ſhe do nothing againſt the Laws of Vertue; for if ſhe do love very well the pleaſure of free Diſcourſe with him ſhe loves, 'twill be above the talk of ſpiteful Tongues. One that hears you talk, would ſay, replied *Noromanta*, that you do not value Honour, and that you do not underſtand the Sorrows of ſuch as are injuriouſly diſhonoured; yet I aſſure you, there is nothing more hard to be endured, than Slander, when it reflects upon ones Honour; as that which reflects upon ones Wit or Beauty. I am one who of all the World am leaſt concerned; for truly ſhould they ſay of me that I am Simple, or Ugly, it would not anger me at all; but ſhould they ſay of me, that I was addicted to Gallantry, and a Goſſiper, this would moſt ſenſibly grieve me, nor could I endure to be the Subject of any Injurious Raillery. To live after your mode, (replied *Agatherſes*) were to live more unto others than themſelves. It ſeems (replied *Noromanta*, and laughed) that in all your Actions you would ſtrive only to pleaſe your ſelf, without any ſatisfaction unto others. Since others care not for contenting me (replied he) I never trouble my mind with contenting others; for ſetting the intereſt of her I love aſide, and the intereſt of my Friends, which is ever dearer unto me than my own, neither thoſe who are above me, nor thoſe who are below me, ſhall ever hinder me from doing what I have a deſire to do, provided it be but honeſt; and it is the greateſt folly in the World to do every thing according to the fancy of all our acquaintance; for Courtiers and Citizens ſee things with different Eyes, old Men and Young the like, Melancholy and Merry Men are of ſeveral minds: Such as we call *Libertines*, and pious People, have thoughts quite contrary; Women who are fair, and ſuch as are ill-favoured, have often very various thoughts. So that whoſoever will content all ſorts of People at once, will certainly ſpend their time to very ill purpoſe. For my particular, replied *Noromanta*, I ſhould ſpend it much to worſe purpoſe, if all theſe ſorts of People you ſpeak of ſhould unite themſelves to wound my Reputation, as doubtleſs they would, ſhould I give them cauſe; for certainly there is a kind of Malignity that raigns in the Minds of all the World in general, which makes them apt to interpret in an ill ſenſe, all things that may receive an Expoſition of that Nature: But, Madam, replied *Adonacris*, what hurt doth any ill expoſition of any of your Actions do you, when it is ſpoken out of your preſence, and never to your Face? Though I ſhould have no other Grief, replied ſhe, but to think that People will ſay the worſt they can of me; and to think they will ſay of me as they do of others, it were enough to blaſt all the Pleaſures I ſhould take in the preſence of that Perſon I loved beſt in the World: However, ſaid *Agatherſes*, Do we live for others, and not for our ſelves? Yes ſure, for our ſelves in the firſt place; if ſo, why are we not contented with the ſecret Teſtimony of our own Conſciences, and never torment our ſelves at any People who love us not, nor eſteem us, nor whom we know not, let them think or ſay what they will? The reaſon why I will live as I do intend to do, replied *Noromanta*, is, becauſe we are to live for our ſelves; for it is the ſtrangeſt thing in the World, that one ſhould loſe their Reputation without a Cauſe; and my Humour is ſuch, that I would ſooner pardon the Misbehaviour of a Perſon, whoſe Manners are really irregular, than I would the Misbehaviour of one who is Vertuous; and truly I cannot conceive why one ſhould manage their Reputations careleſly, when they know they deſerve well, nor why one ſhould not take a little pains to appear ſo, ſince it is eaſy to be done, and dangerous not to be done.

Though you ſhould appear never ſo good, (replied *Agatherſes*) yet all Appearances are no Armor againſt Slander: For, as you know by experience, that *Menopea* with all her vertuous Appearances, yet is not ſo: So I could ſay, if I would, that all your Actions are but Diſſimulations, and that I know ſome things which do give all your Actions the lie. When I have done all I can (replied ſhe) I cannot chide my ſelf if my Reputation be ſcandalized, nor ſhall I be expoſed unto a thouſand Dangers, as thoſe are, who think themſelves above all that can be ſaid or thought; for thoſe who deſpiſe the Thoughts of others, will in time come to deſpiſe the Thoughts of themſelves: However, I muſt tell you, Madam, (replied *Agathoſes*) your Life will be extreamly tedious to you, if you ſhould live always in a conſtrained courſe. The Example of *Menopea* and *Orique* do clearly ſhew it unto you,for though *Menopea* doth both love, and is beloved ; and by conſequence enjoys all that is requiſite to make the happieſt Perſon in the World, and enjoys all imaginable Pleaſures, yet her cloſe reſervedneſs, which ſhe obſerves to hide her correſpondency with her Lover, doth daily bring a thouſand Inconveniencies upon her, for ſhe dares neither look nor ſpeak unto her Lover, but with moſt intolerable Precaution ; and as ſhe lives, I am confident that ſhe has not one hour of a thouſand which is abſolutely agreeable unto her wiſh ; but on the contrary, *Menopea*, though not in Love, nor in any particular Correſpondency with any, yet ſhe lives the moſt pleaſant Life in the World, only becauſe what ſhe does, ſhe does without conſtraint. If you be more a Lover of your Liberty than your Glory, replied *Noromanta*, you then had good reaſon for what you ſay ; but for my part, ſince I value my Honour above my Liberty, I have good reaſon for what I ſay, and to maintain that a Woman who cares not for her Reputation, but is contented with the eſteem of her ſelf, not valuing the eſteem of others ; She does deeply expoſe her ſelf to do things againſt Vertue, more than one who ſets a price upon her Honour. Truly, Madam, ſaid *Agatherſes*, you would have our Ladies more reſerved than ſome of our Goddeſſes, for I would have you not ſpeak thus againſt the Reverence which is due unto the Gods, (replied *Noromanta*, not giving him time to tell on) and if it be poſſible, leave off that ill cuſtom of uſing the name of the Gods always to juſtify every trifle : I had rather you would ſwear by *Agatherſes* and by *Eliorante*, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, then by *Mars*, and by *Hercules*, were I of the opinion which many of our young Court Gallants are, who ſcarcely think they were ever Men, much leſs Gods : For ought I ſee, Madam, (replied *Agatherſes*, and ſmiled alſo) you think me an abſolute *Libertine :* No, replied ſhe, for if I did think you ſo, I promiſe you you ſhould not be any Friend of mine ; but I blame you, and with reaſon, for accuſtoming your ſelf unto an ill habit of ſpeaking over-

ſight-ſlightly and irreverently of things in our Religion; yet truly in my opinion the Argument is but weak, to ſay we ought to believe no further than we underſtand, ſince there are a thouſand things in nature we cannot comprehend. I have heard ſay, that *Cræſus*, amongſt his Rarities, had a Stone, which made thoſe who wore it inviſible: Yet it is a much harder matter to believe what is ſaid concerning the Power of our Gods, than what is related concerning the Vertue of this wonder the *Heliotrope.* Commonly thoſe who jeſt moſt at ſacred things, do but imperfectly know what it is which hardens the Hail, and whitens the Snow; nor know they at all what that boyſterous Wind is which often diſroots the ſturdieſt Oaks (though it touches them, and ſometimes blows them over) yet theſe Men muſt be prying and medling with the Cabinet-ſecrets of Eternity, they will be Reformers of the beſt eſtabliſhed Religions, and out of their capricious fond Fancies, deſtroy all the Temples and Altars of the World; and all this, becauſe not believing that there is a God, they think all that pleaſeth them is permittable: But as for you *Agatherſes* (added *Noromanta*) whoſe Manners are both innocent and virtuous, and who is not of their opinion, who think that the Gods do neither puniſh nor reward, only becauſe they may live in more Liberty; I adviſe you as a Friend, not to be carried away with the ill Cuſtoms of the World. Your Zeal, Madam, replied *Agatherſes*, makes you ſo eloquent, that I cannot tell how to deny you, but will promiſe you, (moſt charming *Noromanta*) that I will do as much as I can to believe, that *Mars* is jealous, that *Vulcan* is a Cuckold, and that *Venus* did equally delude them both.

As *Agatherſes* ſaid ſo, the young *Spargapiſes* entred, who broke off this diſcourſe, and hindred *Noromanta* from anſwering *Agatherſes*. But ſince he ſtayed not long with *Eliorante*, he carried *Agatherſes* with him, and Fortune was ſo favourable unto *Adonacris*, that one having ſome buſineſs with *Eliorante*, ſhe went into her Cloſet, and deſired *Noromanta* as her intimate Friend, to entertain *Adonacris* until ſhe returned. At the firſt *Noromanta* told her, that ſhe deſired her Excuſe, becauſe ſhe was to be gone her ſelf; but ſhe ſaid this in ſuch a faint manner, that *Eliorante* imagining ſhe had no Reaſons which really induced her to be gone ſo ſoon, did tell with all freedom of Friendſhip, that ſhe would not bid her adieu, and that if ſhe found her not with *Adonacris* at her Return, ſhe would quarrel with her: So that *Noromanta*, who indeed could not part from *Adonacris* without Sorrow, ſhe had not power to deny *Eliorante*, who not ſtaying for her Anſwer, went unto her Cloſet, and left her alone with her Lover. But *Eliorante* had no ſooner left them, but *Adonacris* began diſcourſe.

I wonder, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, and ſmiled) that you will not rather venture a Quarrel with *Eliorante*, than ſtay with a Man who infinitely adores you: Certain I ſhould do ſo, (replied ſhe, and both ſmiled and bluſh'd) if I did not fear *Eliorante* would conceive ſome ſuch thing if I ſhould quit you. Oh, Madam, ſaid *Adonacris*, as long as your care of your Glory obligeth you to things of this nature, I ſhall never murmur: But, Madam, ſaid he (and aſſumed a moſt ſerious Aſpect) to loſe no more of this precious time, but to ſpeak more ſeriouſly, I beſeech you, why are you ſo reſolute of my Baniſhment by your getting my Releaſe? Alas, *Sitalces* will ſee you all the Days of his Life; but I, Heavens know, perhaps ſhall never ſee you again after I am releaſed: Allow then, Madam, of a thing which Fortune hath brought to paſs without your Conſent, for truly, Madam, you ſhall not releaſe me ſo ſoon as you imagine: Therefore I beſeech you, let me not have any cauſe to complain againſt you for any rigour as long as I am with you; I deſire only to ſee you, and talk to you when none hears but your ſelf, do not anſwer me if you pleaſe, and let me only tell you that I did love you, and not that I do ſo ſtill. Since I can talk this day unto you (ſaid ſhe unto him) and not upbraid my ſelf for giving you any occaſion, I will conſent unto your Deſires; but *Adonacris* it ſhall be ſtill to tell you the ſame things over again, and to aſſure you, that ſince I cannot baniſh you from my Heart, I will do what I can to baniſh you from *Tipanis*. Since I hope, Madam, replied *Adonacris*, that Fortune will be more favourable unto me than you are, and not baniſh me ſo ſoon, I am contented you ſhould continue your Solicitations for the Liberty of *Sitalces*, and by conſequence for mine: But, Madam, that which I do requeſt, and requeſt with abundance of Zeal, is, that you will be pleaſed as long as I ſtay here, to let me talk to you, and ſee you often. I do allow it but too much (ſaid ſhe unto him) and if you did but know how I chide my ſelf for my indulgency towards you ——— Alas, Madam, (ſaid *Adonacris* and interrupted her) if you call your Behaviour to me indulgency, I wonder what you will call your Rigour? What I do (replied ſhe) is certainly more than I ought to do; for truly *Adonacris*, that Affection which might have been innocent at *Iſſedon*, is now become vicious at *Tipanis*, that I am now more faulty in ſuffering you to love me, than I was before in loving you: And truly I intend (added ſhe and ſighed) to conjure both you and my ſelf to do ſo no more; but *Adonacris*, I muſt confeſs, I know not whether I have power to execute my Intentions.

As he was going to reply, *Eliorante* returned, who gave *Noromanta* as many Thanks for ſtaying there, as *Adonacris* did unto her in his Heart for ſtaying her. The truth is, her ſo ſoon return did a little take off the good Offices ſhe had done him, and as he had a deſire to thank her, ſo had he alſo to complain againſt her. But, Sir, whilſt theſe things paſſed at *Tipanis*, other Accidents fell out at *Iſſedon*, which put new Faces upon things: For be pleaſed to know, that when *Adonacris* was taken Priſoner, he thought, as I told you before, that all his Baggage was plundred by the Souldiers: So that though he was very ſorry for the loſs of his dear *Noromanta*'s Letters which he valued above his moſt precious Jewels; yet he hoped, that they would be loſt unto all the World, as well as unto himſelf; and that thoſe who plundred the Baggage would never trouble themſelves with ſuch trifles as would not be worth any thing unto them, but would either tear or burn them: So that though they were never like to be any comfort unto him, yet at leaſt they would never hurt him. But Fortune did otherwiſe diſpoſe of them, and cauſed unhappily for him, that one of his Servants who was moſt zealouſly devoted unto his Service, who ſeeing the Army routed, and Baggage like to be loſt, reſolved to get his Maſters things into ſome Safety, and to execute his Deſign, he ſaved the Carriage, by ſeeming to be of the other ſide: Yet as ſoon as Night was come, he fell extreamly ſick, and the Inhabitants of the Town where he quartered, did pillage him of all he had, and left him nothing conſiderable, but a little Cabinet of a Fiſhes-Skin, which was both handſom and rich, and in which was *Noromanta*'s Letters.

This Servant after his recovery, believed that ſince he was much nearer *Iſſedon* than *Tipanis*, it was beſt for him to go thither, and ask *Argiriſpe* what ſervice ſhe would command him, and whether he ſhould return to his Maſter, or take ſome other courſe? This Deſign of his being very reaſonable, he did execute it, and returned to *Iſſedon*; and to let *Argiriſpe* ſee his Fidelity, he ſhewed this Cabinet unto her, not knowing what was within it; and it is to be ſuppoſed, that thoſe who ſtole all the Baggage from this Servant, finding this Cabinet to be but little and light, and thinking no matter of Money in it, did either ſlight or forget it, as a thing of no worth. But, Sir, as it is the nature of all jealous Perſons generally to be full of Curioſity, though there be no reaſon for any jealouſy in the World: So *Argiriſpe* had a ſtrong natural Inclination to open this Cabinet, and to read theſe Letters, yet not knowing any reaſon why: And indeed, I have heard one of her Friends ſay, that ſhe never was in the Chamber of any one whom ſhe viſited, but if ſhe were alone, and found any Letters upon the Table, ſhe would open them, or at the leaſt had a great deſire unto it: You may eaſily imagine then, Sir, conſidering the humour of *Argiriſpe*, as I have deſcribed it, that ſhe could not ſee this Cabinet, but needs muſt open it. But, Sir, the worſt was *Sitalces*, whom I told you, was a frequent Viſiter of *Argiripſe*, was then preſent with her, and ſhe being naturally of an impatient Temper, ſhe opened this Cabinet in his preſence, and he who opened it, being forced to uſe ſome ſtrength unto it, it broke all in pieces, and the Letters opened in falling out, and one of them falling unhappily upon *Sitalces*, he took it up to preſent it unto *Argiriſpe*, not thinking it was from his Wiſe: But he was ſtrangely ſurprized when he ſaw the Superſcription, and knew it to be the Hand of *Noromanta*, his diſorder was ſuch, that altering his Intention of giving it unto *Argiriſpe*, he now deſigned to keep it, though he knew not any handſom pretence for it.

But *Argiriſpe* ſaved him the labour of ſeeking out for an excuſe, for ſhe ſeeing and knowing the Hand, was alſo much ſurprized, and Jealouſy beginning to rouze up her Heart, ſhe was as full of Curioſity as *Sitalces:* I never knew (ſaid ſhe unto him) that ever there was any ſuch intimacy between *Noromanta* and *Adonacris*, as to write Letters unto each other, but I believe, Sir, you know more than I do. *Sitalces* hearing *Argiriſpe* ſay ſo, was much puzled for an Anſwer, but at laſt did ingenuouſly confeſs, that he was as ignorant as her ſelf of any Letters that *Noromanta* writ unto *Adonacris*, but he ſpoke with ſuch trembling of Heart, that he ſcarce knew what he ſaid. But in concluſion, theſe two jealous Perſons agreed to read theſe Letters, and to ſee of what Nature they were: For truly, Sir, ſaid *Argiriſpe*, ſince theſe Letters were written by your Wiſe, it is but juſt you ſhould ſee them, and juſt alſo, that ſince they were written unto my Husband that I ſee them. But, Sir, I beſeech you admire a little at the oddneſs of Deſtiny in this Buſineſs, and to add unto your wonder, be pleaſed to know, that though all *Noromanta*'s Letters were only Matters of Civility, yet they are ſo indited, as if they had ſome Characters of Love in them. Moreover, they were not dated, ſo that *Sitalces* and *Argiriſpe* knew not whether they were writ beſore, or after their Marriages: So that by this means *Sitalces* and *Argiriſpe* thought that they had matter of Accuſation enough againſt *Noromanta*. But to return from whence I digreſſed, *Argiriſpe* and *Sitalces* beginning to read them, with ſuch Reſentments, as you may well imagine: The firſt Letter was thus indited.

NORO-

NOROMANTA *unto* ADONACRIS.

SIR,

IT ſeems I am not ſo ſincere as you are, for I would not that you ſhould be able to divine my Thoughts, as you ſeem to deſire I ſhould yours; yet do not think that I do entertain any which are diſadvantagious to you, nor any which are much to your advantage; but I am of an humour, which perſwades me to let none have ſo much power over me, as I my ſelf have: But be contented with ſo much as I do give you, and without diving into my Thoughts, let it ſuffice, I give you leave to interpret all my Words in the moſt obliging Senſe you can.

NOROMANTA.

Though this Letter was indeed only civil and gallant, yet it ſo netled the Soul of *Sitalces*, that it turned it all at once into Jealouſy, Hatred, and Fury; nor did it move leſs Diſorder in the Soul of *Argiriſpe*, when ſhe read another Letter, which if my Memory fail not, contained theſe Words.

NOROMANTA *unto* ADONACRIS.

SIR,

COuld I write that I do conſent you ſhould love me, and not tacitly tell you at the ſame time, that I do love you, doubtleſs I ſhould do it: But ſince my Permiſſion may be interpreted ſo, I will not allow it; all the Favour you ſhall receive from me, is this, That I do leave you at liberty to love me, or not to love me, as you pleaſe, without any permittance or forbiddance from

NOROMANTA.

After the reading of this Letter, *Argiriſpe* looked upon *Sitalces*, and ſaw his Thoughts ſo well in his Eyes, that ſhe thought it unneceſſary to ask him. I underſtood ſince by a Woman who was with her, and who ſtood in a Corner of the Chamber during all the Conference which ſhe had with *Sitalces*, that both of their Countenances changed, their Eyes were ſo full of Fury, and their Souls ſo troubled that it was eaſy to ſee their Hearts were diſordered with more than one Paſſion. I ſhall not trouble you, Sir, with a Relation of what they ſaid unto each other, tho this Woman made an exact Relation of all unto me; for indeed their Conference was ſo full of Anger and Fury, that it would be no great pleaſure unto you to hear it: However, they read all *Noromanta*'s Letters, and tho they found none more engaging than theſe two which I have already related, yet they drew out of them very vexatious Conſequences. As for *Sitalces*, he told *Argiriſpe* in the heat of his tranſport, that knowing *Noromanta* ſo well as he did, he took all theſe her Civilities to be ſo many ſigns of Love: And *Agiriſpe* alſo told *Sitalces*, that knowing her Husbands Diſcretion ſo well as ſhe did, ſhe was ſure he had burned the moſt obliging of *Noromatan*'s Letters, and kept only ſuch as were moſt indifferent: Sometimes they concurred in their opinions of Things, and ſometimes again they differed, and their exceſs of vexation made them ſometimes jar with one another; and indeed *Argiriſpe* did almoſt down-right tell *Sitalces*, that his Wife had ſtollen the Heart of her Husband from her, becauſe he had not merit enough to get hers: And *Sitalces* told *Argiriſpe*, that *Adonacris* would never have loved *Noromanta*, but becauſe he did not think his own Wife amiable: Yet ſince their Intereſt were alike, and ſince they were both wholly bent upon Revenge; after the heat of Fury was a little cooled, they agreed to make thoſe two Perſons miſerable who cauſed their Sorrows. And at laſt they began to conſider why *Ariantes* ſhould make ſuch a difficulty in accepting upon the Exchange which they had propounded, to conſider the ſlight Sorrows which *Adonacris* expreſſed in his Letters at his not being releaſed; and thereupon concluding, that it was *Adonacris* who had writ unto his Siſter to retard his Releaſement; and afterwards concluded, that *Noromanta* was of the Plot, and conſented unto it, and that *Adonacris* and ſhe did ſpend whole Days together in laughing and mocking at their Sorrows, and at all the pains they have taken to procure the Exchange. *Sitalces* for his particular, did not now doubt of the reaſon why *Agatherſes* did not ſollicit *Spargapiſes* to make any large Offers unto the Prince *Ariantes* for his Exchange, for he knew it was his Wife who hindred him, and who did not negotiate as he deſired her: And *Argiriſpe* alſo believed, that the reaſon why her Husband ſent her word not to offer any thing for his releaſment, becauſe he knew an infallible way to procure it, that the reaſon was, becauſe he deſired not to be at Liberty: So that both of them being in one Mind, there was no violent Courſe which they did not both of them reſolve upon. And after they had well examined what courſe to take, they concluded it beſt to let *Adonacris* and *Noromanta* know that they were not ignorant of their Affections; and to drive the Nail ſo home, that this their Intimation to them ſhould oblige them to remove thoſe Obſtacles which hindred their Exchange, reſolving after this to proceed further when they ſhould ſee their Anſwers. So that the ſecond Meſſenger from *Spargapiſes* being ready to depart from *Iſſedon*, without doing any thing more than at firſt time they writ by him. But, Sir, I forget to tell you that ſince this Meſſenger from *Agatherſes*, had private Orders from his Maſter to publiſh at *Iſſedon*, How it was reported in *Tipanis*, that *Agatherſes* was in love with *Noromanta*, to the end *Elibeſis* might know it; ſo it chanced that the poor *Sitalces* came to the knowledg of it alſo: So that believing then his Wife had two Lovers in one place in lieu of one, he was in a moſt miſerable Condition: But tho this was very ſad News unto him, yet it was not ſo unto the Prince *Ariantes*, but on the contrary, he much rejoyced at it; and thinking it to conduce much unto his Advantage that *Elibeſis* ſhould know it, he made her a Viſit, purpoſely to acquaint her with it. But, Sir, his Deſign did not hit ſo happily as he hoped, for *Elibeſis* could not hear that *Agatherſes* had left loving her, and that he loved another without abundance of Grief; and *Ariantes* told it unto her in ſuch a ſurprizing Manner, that he plainly perceived how this new Paſſion of *Agatherſes* did trouble her; and not being able to forbear ſome Expreſſions of his Thoughts: If I ſhould believe your Eyes, Madam (ſaid he unto her) I ſhould think that your loſs of *Agatherſes* his Heart doth as much trouble you, as if I had loſt a Battel, or as if you had loſt a Crown: If my Eyes have diſcovered any Sorrow unto you (replied *Elibeſis* wittily, and bluſht) they have very ill interpreted the Thoughts of my Heart, ſince I aſſure you *Agatherſes* hath not any ſhare in them: But I muſt confeſs, that ſince I do not love *Noromanta*, I am not very glad, that a Man whom heretofore I have communicated ſo much unto, ſhould now go and tattle all our paſſages unto her: Yet, Madam, (replied *Ariantes*) I could never diſcover the leaſt falling out betwixt you and *Noromanta* all the while ſhe was here: 'Tis true (replied *Elibeſis*, a little non-pluſt) there was no viſible Quarrel between us: But, Sir, (added ſhe with a marvellous Vivacity of Spirit) when two are near of the ſame Age, of the ſame Quality, pretend unto the ſame Eſteem, and the ſame Commendations, and when they are neither old nor ugly, it is not a queſtion to be asked, Whether there be any Quarrels between two ſuch? For though they live together in all Civility, yet believe it, Sir, if you look well into their Hearts, you will find but little Friendſhip there to each other: Oh, Madam (ſaid *Ariantes* in looking fixedly upon her) your Cares to perſwade me that you are capable of Envy, makes me ſuſpicious: I am fearful to diſcover, that all your Affections are upon *Agatherſes*, and that you only held me in hand out of Ambition: Truly, Madam, I conceive it not juſt, that ſince I became a Rebel unto *Thomiris*, only out of love to you, ſince I began a War, only to Crown you, that I ſhould loſe your Eſteem by loſing a Battel, and that if I ſhould loſe a Crown, to loſe alſo all hopes of enjoying you: I beſeech you, Madam, ſince *Agatherſes* does not now love you, but loves another, let me have the happineſs to poſſeſs his room: Be not ſo unjuſt, as to love him who loves not you, and not to love a Prince, who loves you more than himſelf. I have already told you, Sir, (replied ſhe) that *Agatherſes* hath no ſhare in that Anger which my Eyes againſt my Will diſcover unto you; but to ſtop all your Complaints, let me tell you, that if you had told me *Agatherſes* had been in love with any other than *Noromanta*; you ſhould have ſeen leſs diſorder in my Looks. I wiſh I could believe you, Madam, (replied he) but if I be not much miſtaken, I do rightly underſtand the language of your Eyes, and unleſs you give me ſome more obliging language than yet you have, but will ſtill perſwade me that I am not loved, I ſhall give over all Matters of War, and ſtrive no longer to crown a Perſon, who grieves more for a Slave that hath broke his Chains, than for me, who hazards my Life to ſet her upon a Throne. Truly, Sir, (replied *Elibeſis* craftily, whoſe Ambition revived in her Heart) you are moſt ſtrangely earneſt: But ſince it is fit I ſatisfy you, I will acquaint you with the true cauſe of all the Sorrow you ſee in my Eyes, though I ſhall hardly do it without a bluſh; for truly, Sir, ſince you will needs have me confeſs the truth, I muſt tell you, that I cannot hear of *Agatherſes* his ceaſing to love me, but I muſt needs think that perhaps the Prince *Ariantes* will one day do the like, and conſequently muſt extreamly grieve at the very thought of it; and judg, I beſeech you, if I have not good cauſe for it. Your language, Madam, is ſo favourable (replied *Ariantes*) that I had rather accuſe your Eyes of an untruth, than not to believe you, and, Madam, I had rather believe what pleaſeth me, than what grieveth me, though I be deceived by it. However, ſay what *Elibeſis* would unto *Ariantes*, yet ſhe was extreamly vexed that *Agatherſes* did not love her, and her hopes of his being one day her Subject, did not countervail her Sorrows for his not being her Slave, though then ſhe had no Intentions of making him happy. But whilſt *Elibeſis* had more Thoughts than ſhe was able to miſtreſs, and whilſt both Love and Ambition did tear her in pieces almoſt with equal Violence, ſhe knew not that *Agatherſes* in counterfeiting not to love her, did yet love her with extream Zeal, and he ſuffered more in loving her, than ſhe could do in thinking he did not. But as great as her Sufferings were, they were but ſmall, in compariſon of what *Noromanta* endured when ſhe received her Husband's Letter. And indeed, Sir, this Letter was writ in ſuch a cruel ſtile, as never did Letter contain more bitter Marks of extream Jealouſy and Anger, for he did not only hint unto her that he knew of the correſpondency with *Adonacris*; but he told her alſo in moſt tart Expreſſions, that ſhe hindred his Releaſement, purpoſely to be out of his ſight, and with *Adonacris.* After this, he mentioned ſomething concerning the pretended Love of *Agatherſes*, mixing ſometimes amongſt his injurious Hints, ſome Reſentments of Love, and ended his Letter with a Declaration, That if ſhe did not find out ſome ways that *Adonacris* might be within a few days at *Iſſedon*, and that he might return unto *Tipanis*, he would never ſee her again; but make it known to all the World, that the reaſon of it was becauſe ſhe loved *Adonacris.* You may judg, Sir, how this Letter troubled the virtuous *Noromanta*, and how a Perſon who loved her Glory with ſo much Paſſion, could not ſee her own in ſuch imminent Danger without extream Sorrow. Then did ſhe plainly ſee, that to be innocent was not enough to have Tranquillity of Mind, ſince though ſhe never did any thing againſt the Rules of Vertue, yet was ſhe extreamly troubled that her Husband ſhould ſuſpect her, and that he would publiſh her Suſpicions, and ruin her Reputation. But her greateſt torment was, that maugre all theſe unjuſt Aſperſions, ſhe ſtill loved *Adonacris* moſt tenderly, who for his part was as angry as *Noromanta* was grieved; for *Argiriſpe* in her Letter to him, did intimate, that ſhe knew of his Affection unto *Noromanta*, that ſhe had ſome Letters of that fair ones writing in her Hands, that ſhe believed him to be moſt tenderly loved, that ſhe thought he had been an Obſtacle unto all her Endeavours for his releaſe, and that he choſe rather to be a Priſoner with *Noromanta*, than at liberty with her; adding further a thouſand Inducements to repent of his Infidelity, and as many Menaces to be revenged upon *Noromanta*, for making *Sitalces* uſe her hardly, if he did not change his Mind. But that which moſt pinched him was, *Argiriſpe* intimated unto him, that *Sitalces* knew he loved his Wife, and that he had ſeen her Letters; for ſince he loved her in as Noble and Honourable a way as was poſſible, and ſince he was none of thoſe Lovers who care not for the Reputation of thoſe Perſons

ſons whom they love, it grieved him to the Soul that *Noromanta*'s Honour ſhould be brought in queſtion for his ſake: But that which put his Patience to the higheſt teſt was, that the vertuous Perſon who was ſo ſevere, and had carried her ſelf with ſuch cautious Reſervedneſs, when ſhe had none to ſatisfy but her ſelf, would not now ſo much as ſee him, when ſhe underſtood her Huſband knew of his Affection to her. Moreover, he feared that ſhe would moſt horribly hate him, becauſe her Letters had fallen into ſuch dangerous Hands; ſo that as pleaſing as the ſight of *Noromanta* was unto him, yet his Fears of ſeeing her incenſed againſt him, did fill him full of ſtrange Apprehenſions. On the other ſide, *Agatherſes* having received a Letter from one of his Friends at *Iſſedon*, which intimated unto him, how *Elibeſis* was extreamly angry when ſhe heard that he did not love her; he was as much joyed at this, as heretofore he had been, when ſhe gave him the greateſt Teſtimonies that his Affection pleaſed her. And indeed, as I came unto him the next Morning after he received this Letter, he no ſooner ſaw me, but coming towards me with a pleaſant Aſpect: Come my dear *Anabaris* (ſaid he unto me) I am now arrived at that point I would be, and have received the beſt news in the World: Is it (ſaid I again) that we ſhall ſhortly have Peace or Victory? No, no, replied he, I aſſure you neither Peace nor War have any ſhare in what I am about to tell you. It is only Matters of Love which I ſhall relate: Then aſſuredly, replied I, you will tell me that the Prince *Ariantes* is fallen out with his Miſtreſs, and *Elibeſis* is perſwaded, that the Crown which he would give her, is not comparable unto the Affection you bear unto her: No, ſaid he, but *Elibeſis* believes I love her not, and is vexed at it to the Heart. But, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) if her Anger ſhould turn unto Hatred, would you be ſo well pleaſed as you ſeem to be? If it ſhould, ſaid he, I know not what I ſhould be, but ſure I am, that it joys me much ſhe is angry, and I never took more pleaſure in perſwading her that I loved her, than I have in making her believe, that now I do not love her: And if after all this, I can throw down the

Throne which ſhe hopes to aſcend, and have ſo much Satisfaction as to ſee her without a King, without a Kingdom, without Subjects, and without a Slave, I ſhall be the happieſt Man alive: Yes, yes, Sir, replied I, ſo you would, if you could bring your ſelf once to that paſs, as to hate her, or at leaſt not to love her: for if you think to be revenged of her by ſtill loving her, believe me, Sir, the Revenge will light upon your ſelf. Though it ſhould (ſaid he to me) yet I ſhould do as if I were happy; for I do profeſs, that I would die a thouſand times, rather than *Elibeſis* ſhould ever know that I do not hate her: So that if I could be as happy as I could wiſh, and could not conceal my ſelf, rather than tell her that I loved her, I would hide my ſelf; and to be ſincere with you, I have long time ſince reſolved, that as ſoon as I have revenged my ſelf upon my Rival, to begin a new form of Life, and leave off the Company of all ſuch as Fortune hath been pleaſed to ſet above me, for I am ſo weary of ſeeing my ſelf below them, that I cannot endure it: Indeed I can neither flatter them, nor crouch unto them. Moreover, there is one ſtrong Fancy in my Mind which mightily torments, and ſince I muſt diſcover my weakneſs unto you, I will tell you what it is: Know then, that I cannot ſee Men ſuperiour to me, do any thing ill-favouredly, but I am infinitely angry at Fortune for placing them in that condition they are; it is not out of any Tenderneſs that I do intereſt my ſelf in their Imperfections; but on the contrary, there is an Antipathy in my Nature againſt all that are above me, which is the reaſon that I cannot endure to ſee Princes either weak, or timerous, or covetous, or fooliſh; when I ſee ſuch, I cannot chuſe but curſe Fortune, becauſe ſhe did not rank them according to their Merit: Truth is, I am ſo unable to endure that ill-favoured Men ſhould be placed above me, that I cannot brook *Vulcan* ſhould be ranked amongſt the Gods: Judg then, whether I can allow ſuch as have the Hearts of Slaves, the Ruſticity of a poor Fiſherman, the Language of a baſe Tradeſman, ſhould be ranked in the Catalogue of Princes: If *Elibeſis*, Sir, (ſaid I unto him, and ſmiled) did hear what you ſay, ſhe would, according to her cuſtom, accuſe you of Prophanation, and I think ſhe had good reaſon for it. I know not what reaſon ſhe hath (ſaid he unto me) but I am ſure I have reaſon to take it ill ſhe ſhould betray me, and to be glad that I have vexed her.

But, Sir, to return unto *Noromanta*, give me leave to tell you, that this purely virtuous Perſon, after ſhe had ſpent the whole Night in ſorrow, and ſeeking Remedy againſt ſuch an important Miſery, ſhe had a new cauſe of Grief, for ſhe received a Letter from her Father who was with *Thomiris*; and who knowing that *Adonacris* was at *Iſſedon*, not being ignorant of his correſpondency with *Noromanta* before her Marriage, did ſend her word, that if ever he heard ſhe let *Adonacris* come into her Houſe, he would make her the moſt miſerable Woman of her Sex. So that being on all ſides overwhelmed with Sorrows, ſhe took the moſt generous Reſolution in the World, maugre all her tenderneſs to *Adonacris*, and her averſion to *Sitalces*. For, Sir, ſince ſhe did apprehend it not handſome to exchange a Lover for a Husband, ſhe reſolved to juſtify her ſelf in her Husband's Opinion, and to let him ſee ſhe was no Obſtacle unto his Liberty; She reſolved, I ſay, to ſteal out of *Tipanis*, and to return unto *Iſſedon* to *Sitalces*: But alas, Sir, this Reſolution was not without many a Tear, and much ado to execute; yet ſince there was no other Remedy to redeem her Reputation, ſhe fully determined upon it (maugre her repugnancy) to leave him ſhe loved, and to go unto him ſhe hated: The tender affection of her Heart unto *Adonacris*, moved her to wiſh that ſhe could ſpeak once more in her life unto him, to know by what ſad chance her Letters came into her Husband's hands, but ſhe could not find a fit opportunity, unleſs ſhe ſhould do him ſuch a favour as ſhe ſhould upbraid her ſelf withal, therefore ſhe never went about it; but Fortune having no mind they ſhould part in ſilence, did bring it to paſs without her medling in it, as I ſhall hereafter tell you.

In the mean time *Noromanta* contriving a way how to get out of *Tipanis*, and to paſs the Guards and *Sparga-*

piſes ſafely, ſhe did at laſt hit upon one which did happily atchieve it. She went unto *Eliorante*, and told her, as ſhe might truly, that her Husband had a Servant whom he loved very well, who was taken Priſoner with her, and who was married a little before he was taken. But to advance her Deſign, ſhe added a Lye unto this Truth, and told her, that the Wife of this Servant hearing that her Husband was fallen ſick at *Iſſedon*, and earneſtly deſired to ſee her, ſhe was very deſirous to go thither unto him. After which, *Noromanta* aggravating the Sorrows of this Wife, deſired *Eliorantes* favour to procure a Paſport for her, conjuring her to ſolicite her Husband for it, and not let any know that ſhe did meddle in the Buſineſs: For (ſaid ſhe unto her, with much ſubtilty) I have ſo many things to ask of *Spargapiſes* and *Agatherſes*, concerning my Husband's Liberty, that I ſhould be unwilling to trouble them with the Buſineſs of others, eſpecially in a Buſineſs which is of no great importance. *Eliorante* being glad of any opportunity to oblige *Noromanta*, did never examine her Reaſons any further, but told her, that if ſhe would ſtay half an hour in her Chamber, ſhe would give her an accompt how ready ſhe was to ſatisfy her deſires: She had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Adonacris*, as if he deſtined to ſpeak unto *Noromanta* no where but at *Eliorantes*, did enter: So that *Eliorante* ſeeing him, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I once before entreated you to entertain *Noromanta* whilſt I retired unto my Cloſet; and I beſeech you once again to make the time ſeem leſs tedious unto her, whilſt I go a little and execute ſome of her Commands. I know not, Madam, replied *Adonacris*, whether I ſhall be able to fulfil your Commands; but I am ſure, that though I do not divert her as I deſire, yet my Intentions are to do nothing that ſhall diſpleaſe her. After this, *Eliorante* went out to mediate unto her Husband in *Noromanta*'s Buſineſs: So as theſe two Perſons who had moſt violent inclinations to love each other, and who yet had thoughts very different, had the freedom of talk together; yet they ſaid not what they thought, for *Noromanta* never acquainted *Adonacris* with her deſign of going unto *Sitalces*,

talces, leſt he ſhould hinder her; And *Adonacris* never acquainted *Noromanta* with the Letter which *Argiriſpe* ſent unto him, leſt it ſhould grieve her. *Noromanta* on her ſide would not tell him of thoſe Letters which *Sitalces* had ſeen, tho ſhe had a great deſire unto it; for ſhe conſidered, that though his Baggage was loſt, and was the cauſe of it, yet the Fault was not in him. Alſo ſince ſhe could not tell him of it, without making him the Confident of her Husband's Jealouſy, ſhe could not do it, thinking it would oblige *Adonacris* too much, and conſequently reflect upon her Honour: But conſidering, that though ſhe had now the liberty to talk unto him, yet ſhe was never like to have it again, ſhe could not chuſe but ſigh. *Adonacris* obſerving it, and ſeeing her Eyes full of Curioſity: I know, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that I ſhall very ill acquit my ſelf of that Commiſſion which *Eliorante* hath given me to divert you; and I know too well, by that ſigh which I heard, that my Company is not pleaſing enough to keep you from ſome angry Thoughts. Doubtleſs, Sir, replied ſhe, my Thoughts do not pleaſe me, but I will be ſo juſt as not to accuſe you for it, and ask your pardon that I do not force my ſelf unto more complacency. O, Madam, (ſaid *Adonacris*) It is moſt injurious to ask this pardon; and I have more reaſon to complain that you will not tell me the cauſe of that Sigh, than complain of you for ſighing: For, truly, Madam, methinks the leaſt part that I can pretend unto in your Confidence, is that of your Sorrows: But, Madam, to ſhew that I am eaſily contented in my Paſſion, I will ask of you leſs than ever any Lover did, and declare unto you, that if you will be pleaſed to grant it, I will never complain of you. Though you may ask it, Sir, replied ſhe, as my Lover, yet you ſhall never obtain it. I will ask then as your Friend, Madam, replied he, ſince the Name of Lover is offenſive to you; but I beſeech you let it be as a Friend who loves none elſe but you, nor ever will: I only ask the favour to know all your Griefs; conceal all your Joys from me, but I beſeech you make me a Partner in your Sorrows, and let me know why you ſighed?

After this, I am confident you will not ſay I ask too much, and that my Affection is hard to be ſatisfied, ſince I only ask to be a ſharer in a Sigh, and to know the cauſe of it. In demanding that, Sir, replied *Noromanta*, you ask perhaps more than you are aware, and more than I can grant: The truth is, there are ſome Sorrows which one cannot impart without being too much engaged, and my Humour is ſuch, that the moſt engaging thing which I can do for thoſe I love, is to truſt them with mine, and to make them ſharers with me. Then, Madam (replied *Adonacris*) I beſeech you tell me what it was which made you ſigh, for I muſt confeſs. I cannot underſtand the cauſe of it. Without further examination of Cauſes, replied ſhe, I aſſure you I neither can nor will tell you; for the truth is, *Adonacris*, Reaſon will not permit me to put confidence in a Man whom I ought not to ſee, and unto whom I ought not to ſpeak as I do, if I ſhould keep my ſelf to the limits of exact Vertue: And this is the laſt day I intend to hold any private conference with you, and to behave my ſelf ſo, as you ſhall have none with me, for I will never upbraid my ſelf with doing more than I ought to have done. Alas, Madam, (ſaid *Adonacris*) if you do now no more than you ought, it may be ſaid that you do nothing; for it is impoſſible one ſhould do leſs than you have done: But, Madam, if it be your reſolution that I ſhall never talk with you in private after this day, then you muſt this day regulate all the reſt of my Life, and tell me what is your pleaſure I ſhall do: I do profeſs I will never either do, or ſay, or think any thing which ſhall diſpleaſe you. If ſo, replied *Noromanta*, I will once in my life make uſe of that Power which I have over you; but, *Adonacris*, it ſhall be in commanding you to live as well with *Argiriſpe*, as I am reſolved to do with *Sitalces*, and in conjuring you not to tell ſo much as your ſelf, that ever you loved me, nor to think any more of any thing which may renew the memory of our Friendſhip. Alas, Madam, replied *Adonacris*, if you would be obeyed, you muſt command ſuch things as can be done; but here you command me three things, two of which are abſolute Impoſſibilities, and the other an extream Difficulty; I muſt, Madam, maugre your Command, tell my ſelf, that I do love you, ſince it is not your pleaſure I ſhould tell you of it; I muſt needs, I cannot chuſe, but think of you, ſince you will not give me leave to talk to you: Yes, yes, Madam, I muſt both think and ſpeak of you, ſince I can neither think or ſpeak of any thing elſe, not but that I have done all I am able to forget you: But, alas, I have done it in vain, for wheresoever I go, and whatſoever I do, my imagination is all on you: when I have been in the Wars, in the very heat of Fight, and moſt dangerous Occurrences, my Mind hath ſtill kept to its ordinary Object: if I come into any Company where you are not, I preſently lament your Abſence, and value not their Preſence: I never walk out, but my Mind is pleaſingly fill'd with a thouſand thoughts of what you have done, and of what I have heard you ſay, and my Sleep is nothing but Dreams of you: And, Madam, if I could tell you, without hinting my crimes unto you, I would ſay, that I did not marry *Argiriſpe* without a thought of *Noronanta*, as perfidious as ſhe hath been unto me; and if I could ſhew you the ſtate of my Soul, when after your Example I did for ever engage my ſelf, you would ſee that my Heart diſavowed all the words of engagement which my Tongue pronounced, and I thought more of what I loſt, than what I got; yet for all this, you are ſo unjuſt as to command me not to think any more of you: But let me tell you, Madam, that if the Gods be juſt, they will force you to think of me, and they will grant me ſo much favour, as to cauſe you many an angry Minute by my being much in your Mind.

In wiſhing as I do (replied ſhe) that the Gods will give you the ſame tranquillity of Mind which I wiſh unto my ſelf, I am more juſt than you are; and conſequently have reaſon to believe, that they will rather hear my Prayers than yours: But, Madam, I beſeech you (ſaid he unto her) what hurt can a pure innocent Paſſion do you, when it is locked up in my Heart? And what matter is it when I am out of your ſight, whether I think of you or no? So I could think that you do not think of me (replied ſhe) doubtleſs it would not at all concern me, but ſtill it would concern you, that you might be more at reſt. Then, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, and looked upon her with amorous Eyes) I may hope, when I ſee you not, that you will think to gueſs whether I think upon you or no, and conſequently I am not ſo miſerable as I imagined; for it is ſome conſolation to know, that you have not baniſhed me out of your Memory, though out of your Heart. Oh, Madam, for Heavens ſake (added he with moſt paſſionate earneſtneſs) do not deny every thing to a Lover, who is not of their Humours which think Felicity conſiſts in higheſt Favours, but on the contrary, he knows how to multiply the Delight, by the Price which he will ſet upon the meaneſt Favours; Permit me, Madam, I beſeech you, only to think of you, and to believe, that ſometimes you do me the honour to think of me, and I ſhall not murmur at your exceſſive Rigour: I ſhould think that what I ask cannot offend you, nor would it be a grand Crime, if I beſeeched you to pronounce the Name of *Adonacris* ſometimes: For my part I do proteſt unto you, Madam, that the Name of *Noromanta* is very often in my Mouth, and it is a ſound ſo agreeable to me, that I cannot hear it without abundance of delight: But, Madam, I aſſure my ſelf that mine is not ſo to you; and you can hear it pronounced a thouſand times without the leaſt alteration in your Colour.

As *Adonacris* ſaid ſo, *Noromanta* (who was vexed at her ſelf in ſecret, that ſhe was not ſo inſenſible as he ſaid ſhe was) could not chuſe but bluſh. So that *Adonacris* obſerving it, he was now as full of Curioſity to know the Cauſe of that Bluſh, as he was before to know the Cauſe of the Sigh: But ſince *Noromanta*'s Modeſty would not give her leave to tell him, ſhe only left him ſo much ſubject, as whereby he might gueſs that her Heart entertained no diſadvantagious thoughts of him; for he importuning her to tell him her Thoughts, and ſhe thinking upon a Deſign of going unto *Sitalces*, and parting from *Adonacris*, the tenderneſs of her Soul did appear more in her Eyes than ſhe deſired it ſhould, and her very words did utter ſomething to him againſt her Mind; for as he did importunately preſs her to tell him her Thoughts a little more clearly, and what her pleaſure was to command him, ſhe gave him an anſwer much more favourable than ſhe intended one quarter of an hour before: You are ſo very importunate (ſaid ſhe unto him) that becauſe I would be rid of you, I will confeſs ingenuouſly, that I am not ſo abſolute a Miſtreſs of my Heart, as of my Actions; and that my Thoughts and my Words do not agree, and that when I command you to forget me, yet I ſhould not have been very glad if you had obeyed me; all I can ſay unto you *Adonacris* is, that what Reſolutions ſoever I have taken, to do always what I ought to do, yet I perceive I ſhould more eaſily pardon you if you do not forget me, than I ſhould my ſelf if I do not. In the mean time, whether I baniſh you out of my Heart or not, yet I will ſo behave my ſelf towards you, as if you had not the leaſt ſhare in it, and after this, *Adonacris*, ask me no more; I know that I do give you more obliging Language than I would, and the words which I pronounced, do make me bluſh as oft as I remember them: But for all that, the Infidelity which my Obedience to my Father did make me commit againſt you, doth merit doubtleſs that I ſhould puniſh my ſelf, and comfort you; and therefore, though I have ſaid more unto you than did become me, yet I do not repent of it, though I know I ſhall repent as ſoon as you are gone. You have reaſon, Madam, replied *Adonacris*, to repent of what you have ſaid, for it is ſo little obliging unto me, that I conceive you have great cauſe of Repentance.

As *Adonacris* pronounced theſe words, *Eliorante* returned: ſo that *Noromanta* fearing that ſhe would ſpeak before him of that Office which ſhe was to do for her, and fearing leſt his Love ſhould gueſs at her ſecret Intention, ſhe went towards *Eliorante*, and underſtood from her, that what ſhe deſired ſhould be effected before the day was done, *Eliorante* aſſuring her, that it reſted only upon this, That the Wife unto the Servant of *Sitalces*, who was to go and viſit her ſick Husband, was not to depart until the next Morning. *Noromanta* having obtained her wiſh, thanked *Eliorante* for the Favour, and took her leave immediately; but when ſhe returned towards *Adonacris* to ſalute him, and it coming into her thoughts, that perhaps ſhe ſhould never ſee him again, ſuch a deep melancholy did ſeize upon her Spirit, that Tears ſtood in her Eyes: But ſhe no ſooner perceived this weakneſs in her ſelf, but ſhe haſted out, leſt it ſhould be obſerved; So pulling her Hood haſtily down, ſhe did the better hide thoſe impreſſions of Sorrow which came from her Heart unto her Face: But though ſhe had Wit enough to hide, yet ſhe had not Power of overcoming her ſad Reſentments, but paſſed over all that day, and the night following, in ſuch tranſports of violent Sorrow, as ſhe confeſſed ſince, that ſhe was never in all her life in ſo ſad a Condition. However, her Vertue being above her Sorrows, ſhe kept cloſe unto her reſolution of going unto her Husband, and to perſwade him that ſhe did not obſtruct his Liberty, nor deſire the ſociety of *Adonacris.* And in order to this, ſhe made choice of two ancient Servants unto *Sitalces* to conduct her, and a Woman to go with her, giving order that a Coach ſhould be ready by break of day, but not her own Coach, leſt her Deſign ſhould be diſcovered. And to the end her departure ſhould not be known until ſhe was gotten far enough from *Tipanis* to be overtaken, if *Agatherſts* ſhould ſend after her, this virtuous Lady commanded her Women which ſhe left at *Tipanis* to let none come into her Chamber for three days after, and to tell all the reſt of her Domeſtiques that ſhe was Sick, having to this end imparted her Deſign unto an old Phyſitian her Friend, who promiſed to come unto her Chamber, as if ſhe were really ſick. And to the end he ſhould not be ill treated by *Spargapiſes* and *Agatherſes* when the thing was diſcovered, it was agreed upon that he ſhould ſay he was deceived, and that one of *Noromanta*'s Women did counterfeit her Voice, and lay in her Bed, and the Curtains being drawn, he thought it to be her Miſtreſs, and that ſhe was ſick. Moreover, ſhe writ a Letter unto *Eliorante*, giving Orders to deliver it three days after her Departure. To be ſhort, the Buſineſs was carried ſo well, that none of her Servants knew it, except thoſe who were of the Conſpiracy. So that putting the Woman which was to go with her in the beſt place of the Coach, ſhe cauſed her to ſpeak unto the Keepers of the Gates, and ſhew them her Paſport, which was to let her paſs out with one Woman, and two Men to conduct her. Thus it being very early, and not light enough to know one another, ſhe eaſily got out undiſcovered, but not without much Sorrow; for when ſhe was out of the Town, and began to think that perhaps ſhe ſhould never ſee *Adonacris* again, whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved, and that ſhe was going to abide eternally with *Sitalces*, who ſhe loved not, her Sadneſs was above Expreſſion, and her Journey was the moſt Melancholy that is imaginable; yet ſometimes ſhe rejoyced in the doing of an Act of ſo much heroick Virtue, but ſometimes again this Joy did coſt her very dear: However, ſhe paſſed over her Journey without any Obſtacle, for all the Troops of *Spargapiſes* obeyed the Paſport, and when ſhe came into the Quarters of *Ariantes*, ſhe diſcovered her ſelf unto the Commander in Chief, and deſired a Guard to be conducted unto *Iſſedon*, where ſhe arrived ſooner than ſhe deſired, though her Reſolution was yet to go unto it.

But, Sir, before I tell you how *Sitalces* received her, I muſt acquaint you with ſome paſſages at *Tapanis*; be pleaſed to know therefore, that *Noromanta*'s Orders were ſo well obeyed, that every one believed her to be at home, yes, *Adonacris* did believe it more really than any other, ſo that he paſſed over theſe three Days well enough; yet at the end, *Eliorante* received *Noromanta*'s Letter, which deſired pardon for deceiving her, and concealing her Deſign, and which intimated unto her, that ſhe was gone to her Husband, and to ſolicite *Ariantes* for his liberty. But when *Eliorante* received this Letter, *Adonacris* was with her, and ſhe not being able to conceal her Admiration, did acquaint him with the cauſe of it. You may well imagine, Sir, that the Admiration of A-

donacris was above *Eliorante*'s, and he cried out ſo loud when he heard that *Noromanta* had not been in *Tipanis* this three days, that *Eliorante* who had a moſt ſharp Wit, began to ſuſpect that he had a far greater intereſt in this departed Lady, than ever ſhe imagined. How, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) is not *Noromanta* here? You will ſee that by her Letter (ſaid ſhe,and ſhewed it him) and you will doubtleſs ſay that *Noromanta* is the beſt Wife in the World. *Adonacris* taking the Letter, did read it with as much Grief as Wonder, and with as much wonder at *Noromanta*'s Vertue, as at her Beauty. When he had done reading the Letter, *Agatherſes* came in, who underſtanding how ſquares went, did think it ſtill convenient for him to make a ſhew as if he were much troubled at *Noromanta*'s Departure, purpoſely to make *Elibeſis* believe that he loved *Noromanta*: So that expreſſing much Grief, he was much more zealous than *Adonacris*, who durſt not expreſs his. However, the Buſineſs had no Remedy, for in all Probability before *Noromanta* could be overtaken, ſhe would be in the Quarters of *Ariantes*, where he could not ſtay her. So that *Adonacris* ſeeing he had nothing elſe to do but lament, he retired to his Chamber, but with ſo ſad a Soul, that I am confident never was ſuch a ſudden Alteration ſeen as was in his Face; indeed he was not the ſame Man he was before, and Sorrow was ſo apparent in his Eyes, and he had ſuch a deadly paleneſs in his Cheeks, that any one would have ſaid he was not only ſadly afflicted, but that he would not live, and yet his Condition was worſe within an hour after he was gone from *Eliorantes*.

And, Sir, to acquaint you with the cauſe of the Augmentation of his Sorrows, give me leave to acquaint you, how by an unparellell'd example of Fortune, the very ſame time that *Noromanta* out of her Vertue went unto her Husband, *Argiriſpe* out of her Jealouſy, came to hers.

Thus when *Noromanta* came to *Iſſedon*, *Argiriſpe* came to *Tipanis*, and came juſt in the height of *Adonacris* his Sorrows for the departure of *Noromanta*; and being conducted by an Officer of *Spargapiſes* his Army, who brought her to *Tipanis*, and made her known unto that Prince and *Agatherſes*, they did receive her with much Civility; and thinking that *Adonacris* would be very pleaſingly ſurprized at the ſight of her, they cauſed her to be conducted unto his Chamber, before he was acquainted with her coming. I being then with the grieved *Adonacris*, am able to relate their meeting as an Eye-witneſs: But, Sir, I am not able to repreſent unto you the wonder of this ſad Lover, when he ſaw her enter; Truth is, it was ſo great, and his Soul was in ſuch a maze, that he was not Maſter of his own Thoughts; ſo that in lieu of hiding that Sorrow which appeared in his Face, and Anger meeting with his Melancholly, he ſeemed more deſirous to quarrel with her, than to ſalute her. Yet bethinking with himſelf, that in relation unto *Noromanta*'s Intereſt, his beſt way was to force himſelf, Love did more than his Reaſon could to perſwade him, and he did ſo ſtrive with himſelf, that he almoſt made his Sorrows to ſeem only Wonder, and endeavoured to perſwade *Argiriſpe* that his ſadneſs was only an effect of his Impriſonment: Therefore he ſaluted her very civilly, and expreſſed himſelf as handſomly as he could at ſuch a Meeting.

But *Argiriſpe* being witty and jealous alſo, ſhe dived ſo far into his Heart, that as ſoon as ſhe ſet her Eyes upon him, ſhe ſaw that ſhe was the cauſe of his Grief, and *Agatherſes* telling her at firſt, how *Noromanta*'s Deſign and hers did ſtrangely parallel, ſhe eaſily apprehended that her Husband grieved only for the abſence of that fair one. So that though the departure of *Noromanta* did leave her Thoughts in ſome doubt, yet the Sadneſs of *Adonacris* did confirm her in her Jealouſy: And I can aſſure you, that this Meeting had nothing of ſweet and pleaſingneſs in it. In the mean time, ſince *Eliorante* came to offer *Argiriſpe* all the Accommodations within the compaſs of her power, *Adonacris* took that time to go unto ſome place where he might lament. And taking me aſide, we went preſently after unto a Cloſet, in which we no ſooner were, but he broke out into moſt ſad Expreſſions of the pittiful Condition wherein he was; his greateſt Perplexity was, that being a Man excellently qualified, he could

let

not be imperious over *Argiriſpe*, nor could he rid himſelf that way from the cruel Perſecution in which he was; and certainly he gave it a true Epithite of Perſecution; for *Eliorante* was no ſooner gone, but this jealous Woman twitted him with all imaginable Malice: Truly (ſaid ſhe unto him) if you had fallen in love with *Noromanta* after our Marriage, you could be accuſed only of weakneſs and unconſtancy, but being in Love with her before, you may (and with abundance of Reaſon and Juſtice) be charged with Perfidiouſneſs, with Treaſon, and with Indiſcretion: Pray tell me, how could you ever think to live happily with one you lóved not? Do not deceive your ſelf, and deny your love unto the Wife of *Sitalces*, for I have in my Hands all her Letters to you, and I know very well that you are a Priſoner unto *Spargapiſes*, only becauſe you are the Slave of *Noromanta*. Alſo I know very well, that you did with a premeditated Deſign abſent your ſelf, only to be far off from her you loved not. To teſtify my ſincerity (anſwered he) I will ingenuouſly confeſs that I did love *Noromanta*, and that I do ſtill hold her Vertues in the ſame Admiration; but I proteſt, Madam, that I do hold no private Correſpondency with her, and thoſe Letters you have of hers to me were written before her Marriage, and conſequently before you were. I further proteſt, that ſince that, I never received any more from her but common Civility, and in all likelihood it will be long before I ſhall ſee her again, perhaps never. Moreover, though it were ſo, that ſuch a Paſſion had ſeized upon my Soul, as I could not maſter, yet were I not to blame, ſince I was not able to overcome it, and ſince I ſhould behave my ſelf never the worſe towards you: Therefore, Madam, ſince I am able to aſſure you, that I never received the leaſt favour from *Noromanta*, and ſince you never received any Rudeneſs or Incivility from me, I hope I may well beſeech you to reſt ſatisfied, and let me be at reſt alſo. But *Argiriſpe* did not do as *Adonacris* deſired her, but went from him in a Chaſe, telling him ſharply, that ſince he went about to delude her, ſhe would carry her ſelf as one that would not be deluded, but as one that knew all his Weakneſſes and

Infidelities; but that which moſt netled her, was to ſee, that all ſhe ſaid unto *Adonacris* did not anger him, and to ſee his Spirits ſo taken up with Sorrow for the departure of *Noromanta*, that he hardly minded what ſhe ſaid. So that ſhe being vexed more and more, ſhe vented ſuch bitter Expreſſions unto *Adonacris*, that he was forced to go into another Chamber. In the mean time, ſince he had no mind to be a Priſoner; but only becauſe *Noromanta* was at *Tipanis*, ſo now, he deſired his Liberty, ſince ſhe was not there. So that the next Morning he ſent ſecretly to the Prince *Ariantes*, beſeeching him now not to obſtruct his Liberty, becauſe now he did very punctually know of all the Deſigns of his Enemies, and conſequently he would be uſeleſs at *Tipanis*. Now, Sir, I have acquainted you how *Adonacris* received *Argiriſpe*, give me leave to tell you in few words how *Sitalces* received *Noromanta*. I aſſure my ſelf, Sir, that you will think her Action generous enough to oblige her Husband unto a good Reception of it and her; but it did not, for on the contrary, he received her very ill, and not putting any good Conſtruction upon her Reſolutions, he twitted her with the Letters which ſhe had writ unto *Adonacris*; he told her ſhe had not ſolicited for his Liberty, and that ſhe would not have come from *Tipanis*, but becauſe ſhe knew that *Adonacris* would not long continue there, and would releaſe himſelf ſome other way than by the exchange which was propounded. All this while ſhe took this unjuſt Accuſation ſo patiently, that ſhe was not ſo much as moved againſt *Sitalces*, only ſaying without any Bitterneſs, as much unto him as might juſtify her ſelf, though her Soul was full of Grief and Sorrow, to ſee her Innocency ſo unjuſtly injured: But, Sir, to abridg my Relation as much as I may, the Prince *Ariantes* having received the Letter from *Adonacris*, he did no longer retard his releaſe; and *Agatherſes* deſiring ſtill to perſwade *Elibeſis* that he was in love with *Noromanta*, did preſs on the exchange between *Sitalces* and *Adonacris*, to the end he might make her believe that he did it only to ſee her again; and indeed *Elibeſis* did not only believe that he did it for *Noromanta*'s ſake, but alſo ſhe thought that *Noromanta*,

manta, whoſe Virtue ſhe was well perſwaded of, had not come out of *Tipanis*, but only to avoid the trouble which ſhe was put unto by the Affection of *Agatherſes:* So that being extreamly grieved, ſhe would willingly have oppoſed her Brother's Liberty, purpoſely to hinder *Sitalces* from carrying his Wife to *Tipanis:* But ſince Prudence would not allow her to do ſo, ſhe diſſembled her Reſentments, leſt *Ariantes* ſhould gueſs the cauſe of them. But all things being concluded on both Sides, it was reſolved that *Sitalces* and his Wife ſhould the ſame day depart from *Iſſedon* unto *Tipanis*, that *Adonacris* and *Argiriſpe* ſhould ſet out of *Tipanis* to come for *Iſſedon*; and for an equal Security of both ſides, theſe four Perſons were to meet in a place, which was juſt between the Quarters of both Armies, to the end that the Convoy which brought *Adonacris* and *Argiriſpe* from *Tipanis*, might carry *Sitalces* and *Noromanta* thither, and that Convoy which brought *Noromanta* and *Sitalces* from *Iſſedon*, might carry *Argiriſpe* and *Adonacris* thither. So that by this means, Sir, theſe four Perſons ſaw each other, and talked together. In the mean time, *Sitalces* and *Argiriſpe* were extreamly vexed at this Adventure, yet dine all together they muſt, for he who was to ſee this exchange performed on the part of *Ariantes*, being a Man of a generous Mind, he made theſe Priſoners and Ladies a very ſumptuous Feaſt; ſo that the conſtraint of *Sitalces* and *Argiriſpe* continued very long; and it was the greater, becauſe they durſt not talk together, leſt they ſhould give *Adonacris* time to talk to *Noromanta*; and yet they needed not to fear it, for *Noromanta* did not only carefully ſhun talking with *Adonacris*, but even looking upon him alſo; yet ſhe could not be ſo careful, but he would ſometimes look in her Eyes, and find much Sorrow in them, and he carried it ſo cunningly, that whilſt he who treated them was talking to *Sitalces* and *Argiriſpe*, he ſpoke unto *Noromanta* in a low Voice, and conjured her to confeſs that Fortune was extreamly unjuſt in not letting *Sitalces* carry *Argiriſpe* unto *Tipanis*, and him her unto *Iſſedon*. But *Noromanta* being reſolved to be neither ſweet nor ſharp with him, would not give any anſwer, and ſeeming not to hear him, ſhe changed place, not ſo much as looking upon him; yet *Adonacris* made no queſtion but that ſhe heard what he ſaid, and conſented to it in her Heart, for ſhe could not chuſe but bluſh and ſigh in changing her place. In the mean time, the hour of their parting being come, *Adonacris*, who did not love *Argiriſpe*, but loved *Noromanta*, did take the way to *Iſſedon*; and *Noromanta*, who did not love *Sitalces*, but loved *Adonacris*, took the way to *Tipanis*, waited upon by her Perſecutor, and parting from the moſt reſpective Lover in the World; and ſhe parted from him with ſo much ſetled Reſolution, that ſhe did not ſo much as turn her Head aſide to look after him, but it was not ſo with *Adonacris*, for though he intended to reſtrain himſelf, leſt he ſhould incenſe *Argiriſpe*, yet he looked after *Noromanta* as long as ever he could, and turned his Head after her above twenty times when ſhe was out of ſight. I ſhall not any longer inſiſt upon any Aggravations of the various thoughts in all theſe Perſons, ſince it is ſufficient to know the ſtate of their Souls by the ſtate of their Fortunes. But give me leave to tell you, Sir, that the end of Winter being come, both Sides began to think of taking the Field. *Agatherſes* had ſtill the diſpleaſure to know that *Thomiris* would have him ſtill be wary of his Troops, and not to give Battel unleſs he was forced unto it, becauſe ſhe had ſome grand Deſign which ſhe would not publiſh; and *Agatherſes* in his heat of hatred unto *Ariantes*, he deſired to tumble him preſently from his Throne, and not to protract the War. And he ſo wrought upon the wiſe *Terez*, who had a great prevalency with *Thomiris*, that he perſwaded him there was no way to ruin *Ariantes* but by Battel; ſo that this Princeſs did at laſt permit him to hazard a Fight, if occaſion was favourably offered. *Agatherſes* not willing to loſe a minute of time, cauſed *Spargapiſes* to draw his Troops firſt out of their Winter-Quarters, and draw towards *Iſſedon*, which began to ſuffer much; becauſe the Army of *Ariantes* had been cloſe under the Gates of that Town all that ſharp Seaſon.

Ariantes alſo ſeeing his Enemies in ſuch haſte, did take the Field alſo, and went to take his leave of *Elibeſis* with extraordinary melancholly, which was no good *Omen* unto him; the greateſt cauſe of his Sadneſs was, becauſe he knew almoſt of a certainty, that *Elibeſis* did not value his love, but out of ambitious ends; ſo that his Mind being filled with this Thought, he could not chuſe but expreſs ſomething of it at his bidding her adieu. Since I know not, Madam, ſaid he unto her, whether Fortune will ſmile or frown upon me, I muſt tell you that I know not how you will look upon me when I ſhall return, nor know I Madam, whether you know it your ſelf, ſince my good or bad Fortune depends upon the Fate of Arms: However, ſince it is not your pleaſure I ſhould be happy before the War be ended, yet I beſeech you aſſure me that I may loſe a Battel, and yet not loſe you: If you will be pleaſed to honour me with this favour, Madam, I aſſure you, I ſhall not be eaſily overcome: But if you will not, alas Sorrow it ſelf will vanquiſh me before I fight. Methinks, Sir, (anſwered *Elibeſis* very wittily) that I could anſwer you in not anſwering, only by beſeeching you to anſwer your ſelf all that I would anſwer, if I ſhould utter all the Thoughts of my Soul: Therefore, Sir, ſince it is ſufficient for you to imagine what I would ſay, if I would ſatisfy you, it is better to employ that little time which I have of ſeeing you, in aſſuring you, that I ſhall ſpend the time of your abſence in making Prayers for your return, and in wiſhing moſt zealouſly, that I may ſoon ſee you return victorious over all your Enemies. More than this, Sir, do not ask me, unleſs you would have me think, that you ſeek out for a pretence of quarrelling with me. No, Madam, I do not ſeek for any pretence of quarrelling with you, but it is you that ſeeks for a pretence of not giving me a direct anſwer. However, ſince it is your Pleaſure I ſhould be kept in ignorance until the end of the War, I muſt obey, though I can tell you it is with much ado. After this, *Ariantes* left *Elibeſis*, who to keep him upon ſuch Terms as ſhe deſired, did permit her Eyes to tell him more than her Mouth, to the end, that if he were victorions, he might be ſtill her Slave, and ſhe a Queen. In concluſion, ſhe did ſo cunningly manage the Mind of *Ariantes*, both by her Looks, and the Manner of her bidding him adieu, that he did almoſt repent of his Suſpicions, and parted from her not ill ſatisfied, though ſhe did not ſay any thing that could engage her ſelf to follow his Fortune, if it was not good. But in concluſion, Sir, that Prince *Ariantes* departed from *Iſſedon*, and went unto his Army, which was not far off, and *Adonacris* had the comfort of being abſent from *Argiriſpe* by following him; and well may I call it comfort, for ſhe was perpetually twitting him, though he carried himſelf very civilly towards her, for all her jealouſies of him. On the other ſide, *Noromanta* had the pleaſure of ſeeing *Sitalces* depart, and go unto the Army, and rid her from the moſt terrible Perſecution that is imaginable; for ever ſince ſhe came from *Iſſedon*, until he left her at *Tipanis*, there was every day ſome Jars paſſed between them: But, Sir, not to trouble you with the jealous Thoughts of *Sitalces* and *Argiriſpe*, nor with the tender and virtuous Thoughts of *Noromanta*, nor with the amorous Imaginations of *Adonacris*, give me leave to tell you, that *Agatherſes* having ſtill a deſign in his Heart to ruin his Rival, he neglected no Occaſions of it; for he did not only husband every advantage which the Fate of Arms did give him, but alſo he held private Correſpondencies within *Iſſedon*, purpoſely to move the Inhabitants of the Town to rebel againſt *Ariantes*, during his Abſence. Fortune alſo was ſo favourable unto him, that at the firſt drawing into the Field, he put the Vanguard of *Ariantes* to the rout; and though this firſt Occaſion was not deep in Blood, yet this firſt advantage ſerved to quell the Hearts of that Prince's Side, and to incourage the oppoſite Party, not but that *Spargapiſes* loſt as many Men of Quality as *Ariantes* did; but yet he being the Maſter of the Field, Fame did trumpet him Victorious: But, Sir, the moſt remarkable paſſage of this Encounter was, that *Sitalces* was killed in it; and *Noromanta* behaved her ſelf ſo, as if ſhe had no cauſe of rejoycing at his Death; yet truly ſhe did not mourn in the deepeſt Blacks, but kept ſuch an even temper in all her Actions, that no one living could lay any fault to her charge. She alſo had the Happineſs to know, that it was not *Adonacris* who killed *Sitalces*, for he was not in the fight; indeed it was the wiſe *Terez*, who commanded the Reſerve Brigade that day, and it was *Terez*, who with his own Hand killed *Sitalces*: 'Tis true, he revenged his Death by the laſt blow he ſtruck, for it wounded him ſo deep and dangerouſly, that this wiſe and experienced Captain was ſtonied, and could not get up on Horſeback. But, Sir, though the Death of *Sitalces* did at firſt give ſome Satisfaction unto *Adonacris*, becauſe he thought that now *Noromanta* would be at reſt and liberty, yet afterwards it did double his Torment; for when he conſidered, that had he not married *Argiriſpe*, he had married *Noromanta*, his Mind was moſt lamentably tormented; but to eaſe himſelf, he intended to let *Noromanta* know his Mind: So that ſending one of his Servants ſecretly unto *Tipanis*, hoping that *Noromanta*, now having no jealous Husband to fear, ſhe would not ſtartle at a Letter from him, ſince now all decency did allow her to receive any Letter from an abſent Friend: But his hope was ill bottomed; for *Noromanta* was ſo far from receiving or anſwering it, that ſhe refuſed it, and was angry at him, though ſtill ſhe retained much Tenderneſs towards him. On the other ſide, *Argiriſpe* was ſo extreamly troubled at the Death of *Sitalces*, that ſhe was almoſt ſtark Mad; reſenting it as a moſt conſiderable loſs, ſince ſhe whom *Adonacris* loved, had loſt one of the moſt jealous Husbands in the World. But the wonder of all is, *Argiriſpe* being a little ill when ſhe heard of *Sitalces* his Death, ſhe was then in ſuch a fear of Death, leſt then *Adonacris* ſhould marry *Noromanta*, that ſhe fell into a very violent Feaver, and died in earneſt. I ſhall not tell you, Sir, how *Adonacris* took her Death, for having deſcribed him before, to be a very accompliſhed Man, you may well imagine that he would not expreſs any Joy; but having alſo deſcribed him in Love, you may well think he was no great Mourner.

In the mean time, *Agatherſes* making his beſt uſe of his Victory, he did ſo negotiate by his Councels, that *Spargapiſes* was adviſed by him in all things, and therefore it was reſolved to give a deciding Battel: And though it did not concern the Intereſts of *Ariantes* to hazard any thing lightly; yet give Battel he muſt, becauſe he underſtood from *Octomaſades*, that if he did not vanquiſh preſently, the People of *Iſſedon* would revolt, for they grew weary of the War. But, Sir, though this Prince did as much as any great and valiant Captain could, yet he loſt the Battel, and was forced to hide himſelf in a poor Shepherds Hut, in the midſt of a thick Wood, intending to ſave his Perſon from the Victory of his Rival, and in the night time to get into *Iſſedon*; and to do it more ſafely, he ſent one of his Servants to ſpy out the Paths of the Wood, to ſerve him as a Guide: But, Sir, the return of this Servant brought him abundance of Grief; for he brought him an Officer whom that Prince had left in *Iſſedon*, and whom this Servant did accidentally meet, This Officer told him that at the very ſame time the Battel was fighting, there was a Sedition raiſed in *Iſſedon* by the Friends of *Agatherſes*: And that his Enemies were become Maſters of the Town after a ſharp Diſpute: After which they ſent unto *Spargapiſes* to tell him, that if *Thomiris* would pardon their Rebellion, they were ready to enter into her Obedience: So that I am confident, Sir, (added this Officer) that *Spargapiſes* is at this very hour the Maſter of *Iſſedon*; for I ſaw a far off, ſome of his Troops marching that way.

Ariantes hearing this ſad News, was extreamly ſad; but Love being ſtill above his Ambition, he never asked any particulars of this diſorder, but asked him very haſtily what news of *Elibeſis*; Sir, anſwered the Officer, the Father of *Elibeſis* no ſooner heard how ſquares went, but he departed the Town with all his Houſhold, and conſequently carried his Daughter with him, fearing doubtleſs to fall into the power of *Spargapiſes*, until things were better ſetled. Afterwards *Ariantes* asked him whether he knew which way *Elibeſis* went; and the Officer telling him that he thought unto a Caſtle which belonged unto *Tiſſagettes* ſome three hundred Furlongs from *Iſſedon*. This Prince having neither Army nor Place of retreat, reſolved to go whither his Love invited him, believing that the Father of *Elibeſis* would not deny him Reception into his Houſe, which was very ſtrong; and where he might rally together ſome part of his ſhattered Army: But, Sir, this Prince was deceived in his Hopes; for the Father of *Elibeſis* would not receive him but upon condition he would depart the next Morning, telling him, that this Houſe was not ſtrong enough to reſiſt a victorious Army, and therefore he would not expoſe her and his Family unto ruin: But, Sir, the thing which ſtruck him even dead with Sorrow, was, That when he ſaw *Elibeſis*, he found her much different from what ſhe was at *Iſſedon*; and far from following his Fortunes when ſhe ſaw it ill. Yet this Prince did accoſt her in ſuch an humble ſubmiſſive manner (as I underſtood ſince by one of her Woman) that the Heart of any but hers would have melted. Now, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, with a moſt melancholy Look) I am come to know whether I have loſt your Affection in loſing the Battel; and whether you have chaſed me out of your Heart, as they have chaſed me out of *Iſſedon*. Truly, Sir, (replied ſhe) my Soul is ſo diſturbed with Fears, that I cannot tell you what to think, and as the ſtate of your Fortune ſtands, I do not think my Affection can do you any good, for when you have overwhelmed me under the ruins of that Throne upon which you intended to ſet me, you will be never the better: Therefore, Sir, let me adviſe you to think upon your own Safety, and think no more of me: Fie, Madam, (ſaid he, and looked upon her with wonder) are you ſo inhumane as to diſcover the Neutrality of your Soul unto me upon ſuch an occaſion as this? I begun the War only to make you a Queen, and will you forſake me as ſoon as Fortune forſakes me? will you not favour me ſo far as to diſſemble part of your Thoughts? Ah, Madam, this is ſo ſtrange that I cannot believe I rightly underſtood you, and therefore I beſeech you explain your Words, and tell me what I muſt truly think of you? You may think, Sir, that I would do any thing in my Power to make you mount a Throne (replied ſhe;) But you muſt think withal, that ſince I am not able to alter your Fortune, I will not fooliſhly and to no purpoſe follow it: Nor can I ſee which way your Propoſition to me can any way advantage or oblige me. I cannot tell whether it can any way oblige you, Madam, (replied he) but I am ſure your expreſſions have not much Generoſity in them: And unleſs I be the baſeſt of Men, I ſhall hate you as much as ever I loved you. You may do even as you pleaſe, Sir, (anſwered ſhe) for truly my Humour is to comply with the Times, and change as they do. Then, Madam, replied he, I ſee you know how to change with Fortune. I know not, Sir, how you can blame me for it, replied ſhe, but I think it commendable and Wiſdom ſo to do. Madam, ſaid he, is it poſſible you ſhould not apprehend that this Act is ſo unworthy of your ſelf, that if *Agatherſes* knew it, he would certainly eſteem you much leſs? And I am moſt confident, that as furious as he is, he would treat me better than you have done, if I ſhould fall into his Power, though he be both my Enemy and my Rival. But, Madam, (added he to vex her) ſince his Example tells me that it is not impoſſible to ceaſe loving you; I ſhall hope to imitate him, and though I ſhall not be a King, yet I ſhall have ſome advantagious hopes of not being your Slave; and I think that I ſhall be as great a Gainer by getting out of your Power, as I am a Loſer by loſing a Crown. After this, *Elibeſis* wiſhing him heartily out of her Father's Houſe, leaſt *Agatherſes* hearing he was there, ſhould come and ſeek him, and leſt he ſhould fall into the Power of a Man who loved her not, ſhe talked to him ſo ſharply, that *Ariantes* not being able to endure it, did abruptly leave her; and going out of the Caſtle, went to ſeek a Sanctuary with *Octomaſades* his Couſin, or at leaſt to ſtay a while with him conceal'd, to ſee if any Remedy for his Misfortune was to be found.

In the mean time, the ambitious *Elibeſis* being vexed to the Heart that ſhe had loſt *Agatherſes*, and that her Ambition did thrive no better, ſhe could not avoid that Miſery which ſhe feared, which was, that *Agatherſes* would hear the Prince *Ariantes* had been at her Father's Houſe, and would come thither to look for him, as a puniſhment upon her for her Inconſtancy, for her Ambition and hardneſs of Heart unto *Ariantes*. *Agatherſes* hearing he had been at the Father of *Elibeſis* Caſtle; he had no ſooner carried *Spargapiſes* unto *Iſſedon*, whoſe Inhabitants opened their Gates, but he went thither with ſome of his Forces, fancying high ſatisfaction, in getting both his Rival and his Miſtreſs into his Power, and was in hopes of full Revenge for all the Miſeries he had endured. But he was much ſurprized, when coming to the Caſtle, and by a Herald demanded the Prince *Ariantes*; he was anſwered that he was not there. At the firſt he would not believe it, but at laſt he was forced unto it, for *Tiſſagettes* being retired unto this Caſtle in the Tumult, he fell very ſick, and was not able to defend it if it were aſſaulted. So that conceiving, the ſooner he yielded, the better it would be for him; he reſolved to treat, and to obtain liberty for himſelf and his Daughter. And to that end thinking it was not poſſible that a Man who had once loved *Elibeſis*, ſhould have any inveterate Quarrel, he commanded her to parle with *Agatherſes*, ſince he was in Bed, and not able to do it, deſiring her to uſe her beſt Ingenuity to move *Agatherſes* not to bring him under the Power of *Thomiris*. After which, giving notice unto *Agatherſes*, that he would parle; and *Agatherſes* conſenting unto it, the Troop retreated, to make a void place before the Caſtle-gate: before which was a kind of Portal, which the Courts of Guards in time of War made uſe of: And this place being choſen to treat in, *Agatherſes*, with a very ſmall number of his Men, advanced. But he was much ſurprized, when in lieu of ſeeing *Tiſſagettes* appear, he ſaw only his Daughter, accompanied only with ſome few Men and Women: for he loved her ſtill in ſpight of his Teeth, and could not look upon her without ſome agitation of Spirit. Yet he was ſo fully reſolved not to ſhew any ſigns of Love unto her, that the better to hide his weakneſs, he ſeemed to be a little arrogant; and he was ſo glad at Heart to ſee *Elibeſis*, in lieu of being Queen, to ſtand in need of his protection, that eaſily ſurmounting the tenderneſs of his Love, he carried himſelf as if he would guſt his Revenge with full Delight; and after he had ſaluted *Elibeſis*, there appeared ſuch a kind of inſolent Joy in his Face, as was enough to vex her: But that which moſt vexed her was, he would not give her leave to ſpeak firſt: Madam, (ſaid he, and looked ſternly upon her) you ſee I was not miſtaken, when I told you heretofore, that Fortune would never do Juſtice unto your Merit in making you a Queen; but the worſt is, in lieu of being a Queen, you muſt now be a Subject unto a Princeſs whom you have incenſed. Since *Thomiris* is a Debtor unto your Valour, (replied *Elibeſis*) for the Victory which her Son hath gotten, I hope ſhe will not deny you any thing; but I will hope that you will obtain of her liberty for my Father and all his Family.

Since it were a moſt cruel thing to make a Queen a Slave, (replied *Agatherſes* to vex her) I will promiſe you, Madam, to move *Thomiris* ſo far, as that ſhe will give me leave to ſet you at Liberty, that you may follow the Fortune of *Ariantes*, and conduct you unto the place where he is retired: therefore, Madam, if you know it, as I doubt not but you do, I beſeech you acquaint me, that I may appoint a Convoy for you thither. Fie, *Agatherſes* (cried ſhe) your Revenge goes too far in ſaying ſo. Why, Madam, (replied he, with a counterfeit Wonder) do you take it ill I ſhould offer to convoy you unto a Prince, for whoſe ſake you forſook me? 'Tis true, he is no King, nor ever ſhall be, and in all probability is like to wander from Kingdom to Kingdom amongſt ſtrange Princes; but for all that it is to be thought, that when you contracted Friendſhip with him, when you ſlighted my Love to accept of his, you then conſidered what the Sequel of his Fortune might be, and reſolved to follow it: For I muſt tell you ingenuouſly, it were unworthy if you ſhould forſake a Prince becauſe Fortune hath forſaken him, as you did me, becauſe you ſaw him more hopeful than my ſelf. If you did not love *Noromanta*, and hate *Elibeſis* (replied ſhe) you would not ſpeak thus unto me, you would forget a Weakneſs which Ambition only cauſed, and endeavour to regain what you have loſt: Since, Madam, this Interview is upon a Buſineſs

neſs of War, wherein Love has no part, I ſhall not now make any exact explanation of my Thoughts, it will be enough to tell you what I writ unto you before, that though I ſhould love you more than ever I did, yet you would not accept it for the Love of me; and though you ſhould repent of what you have done, yet I am not beholden to you for it, ſince you changed only, becauſe Fortune changed; and, truly Madam, I deſire not to be taken as the moſt happy, but as the moſt loved, and loved for ſomething which is purely my own, and not for my collateral Reſpects and Reaſons, which do not really relate unto my Perſon: Therefore, Madam, without any informing you whether I do love you, or whether I ever will love you, or without enquiring whether you love *Ariantes*, or whether you have caſt him off, I only ask you what *Tiſſagettes* demands of me? Had you been a little more inquiſitive, Sir, (replied ſhe) perhaps you would not have repented it; but ſince you are not, let me tell you, from my Father, that he deſires *Thomiris* would pardon him, and that *Spargapiſes* would do the like, and permit him to live in quiet at his own Houſe with his Family. Since, Madam, replied he, his Houſe is too ſtrong to be in the Hands of a Rebel, that muſt not be, but *Tiſſagettes* and you muſt go to *Iſſedon*, and ſtay there till Peace be fully ſettled in the State; unleſs, as I told you before, you had rather follow the Fortunes of *Ariantes*. Since we are not in a capacity to reſiſt you, replied ſhe, we muſt ſubmit unto your Will. Ah, Madam, ſaid he, had you gone out of *Iſſedon* when I deſired you, you would have entred with more delight than now you are like; but ſince what's paſt cannot be recalled, the future muſt be diſpoſed according to my Mind; and that you, Madam, ſhall have no more power in my Heart, than *Ariantes* hath in the Kingdom of *Iſſedon*. It plainly appears, replied ſhe, that I have none at all, ſince you inſult ſo over one that is miſerable, and will not ſo much as ask whether or no I am capable of Repentance. I do never intend to inquire, Madam, (replied he) becauſe though you ſhould repent, yet I would not alter my Reſolution never to love you. Since it is ſo, (ſaid ſhe, and and would have left him in a Fume) then I pray let me have your Hatred, and with the ſame Hand you tumbled *Ariantes* from his Throne, pull down, if you can, the Caſtle into which I enter, that burying me in its Ruins, I may find an end of my Miſeries. No, no Madam, (ſaid he, and ſtaid her) I will not do ſo; and as violent as you are, I will never pull down that Altar unto which once I ſacrificed: So, Madam, though I am fully reſolved never to give you any ſigns of my Love as long as I live, yet you ſhall taſte of my Generoſity; and to revenge my ſelf in a more noble way, I will ſo highly protect you, that perhaps I will force you to repent as long as you live of your Behaviour to me; and to begin it, Madam, I beſeech you let *Tiſſagettes* know, that provided he will let me conduct him to *Iſſedon*, and that you will accompany him, he ſhall ſhortly be readmitted unto the Favour of *Thomiris*, and *Spargapiſes*, and ſhall not loſe the leaſt jot of his Eſtate: So that, Madam, (except the Heart which you have reſtored me, and which I will never render again) you may be in the ſame condition you were before you knew *Ariantes*. As that Heart eſcaped me, replied *Elibeſis*, ſo it may eſcape *Noromanta*. No matter, replied he, whether *Noromanta* keep it or no; but I tell you, that though it were abſolutely in my own diſpoſe, yet it ſhall never be yours: For, Madam, ſhould I render it unto you, perhaps when ſome other Uſurper would come and promiſe you a Crown, you would reſtore it me again. I could never have believed (ſaid ſhe) that you are able to be ſo tart; but ſince, to my ſhame, I muſt confeſs, that I have merited ſome part of it, I will endure it as patiently as if I were altogether innocent; yet I muſt tell you, that they have ſo much incenſed my Spirits, that I wiſh my Father would rather periſh in his Houſe, than to be obliged unto a Man, who does things only out of revenge upon me. After this, *Elibeſis* retired, though *Agatherſes* would have ſtaid her: However, ſince *Tiſſagettes* was of a milder Temper than his Daughter, he accepted of the Propoſition which *Aga-*

therſes made; and accordingly the next morning, by reaſon of his Sickneſs, he took Coach and went towards *Iſſedon*, *Elibeſis* following him with her Women. But, Sir, I forgot to tell you, that before their departure, *Agatherſes* who gave them a Convoy, and took command of the Caſtle, had private conference with *Elibeſis*; but the Wonder was, he found her changed ſince he ſaw her laſt; for, be pleaſed to know, that *Ariantes* having received a Letter from *Octomaſades*, which gave him ſome new hopes, and that he had gathered together ſome Troops of his ſhattered Army, he writ unto her; That ſince he had not loſt all his Hopes, he beſeeched her, ſince ſhe was capable only of Ambition, to look upon him yet as in a poſſibility of making her a Queen: So that, Sir, this Lady being now of another mind, ſhe talked more ſharply unto *Agatherſes* than ſhe did before, yet ſhe ſtill talked ſomething, which made him ſee that it vexed her to think he did not love her. But, as good Fortune for *Agatherſes* would have it, as ſhe went unto her Coach, *Ariantes* his Letter fell out of her Pocket, *Agatherſes* took it up unſeen, and read it as ſoon as the Coach was gone; and imagining that theſe new hopes of *Ariantes* cauſed the arrogant Alteration which he found in her, he was ſo extreamly incenſed, that had he followed the firſt motions of choller, he had ſent after *Tiſſagettes* and *Elibeſis*, and had ſent them Priſoners to the Tent-Royal; but I being then with him, and he acquainting me with the cauſe of his Fury, I hindred him from following them, and told him, it was a better courſe to leave loving *Elibeſis* any longer. I can do no more than ſtrive, (replied he haſtily) but I do profeſs this laſt weakneſs of hers, hath quaſhed all my Love to her, and brought into my Heart ſuch a kind of Hatred and Scorn of her, that if I be not much miſtaken in my ſelf, theſe Paſſions will be as violent in me, as ever my Love was: Methinks I ſee *Elibeſis* now with other Eyes than I was wont; and I begin to think ſhe hath not that Beauty and Spirit which methoughts ſhe had. But, *Anabaris*, though ſhe were fairer than ever *Venus* is painted, and had more

Charms than ever any had, yet for all this I ſhould hate her. You are now (ſaid I unto him) in ſuch a height of Choler, that you do not know whether you do love or hate *Elibeſis.* Ah, *Anabaris*, ſaid he unto me, it is dot now with me as heretofore it was, when you made me confeſs I loved her, though I thought I did not; and to teſtify it unto you, I profeſs I wiſh ſhe were as ill-favoured, as if ſhe were an hundred Years old; and I think I could wiſh her dead, were I not perſwaded that Death is a Remedy againſt all ſorts of Miſery, and thereby ſhe would eſcape all thoſe I deſire may fall upon her.

I ſhould never make an end, Sir, if I ſhould relate all that *Agatherſes* ſaid in his Anger; and therefore to abbreviate the Story, let me only tell you, that to give *Ariantes* no time of recruiting his Forces, *Agatherſes* went ſtreight unto the place where he was, and did ſo abſolutely quaſh him, that he was forced, as brave as he was, to ſave himſelf with *Octomaſades*, *Adonacris*, and ſome Servants in a thick Foreſt, where they found a little Houſe. In the mean time, after they had conſidered what to do, they reſolved to ſtay hid in that place for a while, and to ſend to enquire the ſtate of Things.

But, Sir, they ſoon heard that all obeyed *Spargapiſes*, and as things ſtood, there was no hopes left for them; yet they underſtood, that moſt People murmured much againſt *Thomiris*, becauſe of her amorous Paſſion, which they ſaid her Soul was ingaged, and that they had ſtill a diſpoſition to Revolt: But ſince that Conjuncture was not then fit to be made uſe of, and ſince in all probability ſhe would not continue long in that Mind, they reſolved, that knowing *Tiſſagettes* had made his Peace, *Adonacris* ſhould ſecretly render himſelf to his Father, and afterwards, as occaſion ſerved, put all his Friends at *Iſſedon* into a diſpoſitiou of a new Rebellion. They reſolved further, that *Octomaſades* ſhould go to the Prince of *Calipides*, and obtain freſh Forces when it ſhould be time; and that *Ariantes*, who knew how ill the Queen his Siſter had treated you, Sir, ſhould come unto your Army, and help you to deliver *Mandana*, who was then reported to be in *Armenia*, to the end, that obtaining Eſteem and Amity, he might afterwards obtain ſome Aid from you, in caſe *Adonacris* could bring things into a condition fit for a new Rebellion. But ſince it did neerly concern the Prince *Ariantes*, that *Thomiris* ſhould not know where he was, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover his Deſigns, and hinder you from aiding him, he reſolved to change his Name, and take upon him that of *Anaxaris*; and the rather, becauſe he was ſure that neither you, Sir, nor any in the Court, could know him; for as *Scythians* are ſeldom ſeen in the Court of other Nations, ſo other Nations are ſeldom ſeen in the Court of *Scythia*.

Thus, Sir, *Ariantes* became *Anaxaris*, and he met with you in *Lydia*. *Octomaſades*, he went unto the Prince of the *Callipides*, and *Adonacris* went unto his Friend's houſe, until he had made his Peace, which would eaſily be done. For to pacifie things the ſooner, a General Act of Pardon was granted unto all Rebels, except the Prince *Ariantes*, and *Octomaſades*, who were the firſt beginners of this Revolt. But, Sir, I forgot to tell you, that whilſt *Ariantes* was hid in that Foreſt I ſpoke of, he writ unto *Elibeſis*, who ſeeing his Fortunes deſperate, did return him ſo ſharp an anſwer, that this Prince began to cure himſelf of his Paſſion towards her. And he told *Adonacris*, when he ſaw the Princeſs *Mandana* neer the Caſtle of *Hermes* (as I remember) where he ſaid that Princeſs delivered you, Sir, that he then began to hope he had abſolutely left loving *Elibeſis*, and that he was ſo charmed with the beauty of *Mandana*, that he thought her a thouſand times fairer then *Elibeſis*.

How's this, (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) did *Ariantes*, who then called himſelf *Anaxaris*, and who was a Priſoner as well as I, when *Mandana* releaſed me neer the Caſtle of *Hermes*, did he begin that very day to love *Mandana*? He did not ſay, Sir, that he began to love her that very day, replied *Anabaris*, but he ſaid, That he began that day to leave loving *Elibeſis*.

However, to return from whence I digreſſed, and to acquaint you with the State of *Ariantes*, and his Affairs, I muſt tell you, that *Agatherſes* hating *Elibeſis* in his very Soul, would needs, as ſoon as he came at *Iſſedon*, (ſay what I could unto him) go and carry *Ariantes*'s Letter unto her, which ſhe let fall as ſhe took Coach; and which now he would needs reſtore, as an excuſe of his laſt time of ever talking to her. And indeed, ſince he knew how to hate her, with as much violence as ever he loved her, he went unto her very early: So that *Elibeſis*, who ſtill loved him for all her Ambition, imagined, that perhaps he would return unto her; for though ſhe knew very well, that ſhe had loſt the Letter of *Ariantes*, yet ſhe could not imagine that he had found it. But ſhe was not long in that Error; for as ſoon as ever he accoſted her, he gave her the Letter: I beſeech you pardon me, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) for reſtoring it no ſooner: But ſince in reading it, I found my Soul diſpoſed to hate you, as much as ever I loved you, I deſired to read it very often; to the end I might love you no longer; for as weak and ambitious as you were, I loved you, even when I told you I did not. But now, thanks unto my own ſpite, I am come to that paſs, as I do not only not love you, but I hate you, and hate with as quiet and calme a hatred, as ever any was capable of. And, I aſſure you, I never had more pleaſure heretofore in telling you that I loved you, than I have now in telling you that I hate you, and ever ſhall do, as long as I live. Moreover, Madam, never think that this is ſo, becauſe I love *Noromanta*; for I do proteſt, I neither do, nor ever did love her, for you were the cauſe I never loved any; for I looked upon all fair Women in general, only as beautiful Objects, without any captivation: But now I look upon you in particular, as one of the weakeſt, the moſt ambitious, and perfidious Perſon in the World: And now, Madam, I have no more to ſay unto you. I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, that you had ſaid leſs; but ſince you tell me plainly that you hate me, I muſt do the like, and hate you. Agreed, Madam, (replied he, and did riſe up); But if you know not how to hate, better than you know how to love, your hatred will never do me any great harm. Upon theſe words *Agatherſes* left her, and went from her ſo well ſatisfied with what he had ſaid, that it was very apparent he did not love her.

Thus this Woman, who would needs entertain both Love and Ambition at once, did not ſatisfy either of thoſe two Paſſions; and it may well be ſaid, that ſhe did not raign in the Heart of *Agatherſes*, but only becauſe ſhe would needs raign over *Iſſedon*. And thus, after ſhe had loſt two Lovers, the ſame Paſſions ſtill remained gnawing in her Heart, ſo as ſhe became ſo melancholy, and ſo unhealthful, that ſhe became extreamly ugly. Moreover, *Adonacris* hath chid her a thouſand times for her Behaviour, both towards *Agatherſes* and towards *Ariantes*: So that her own Fault did bring all ſorts of Miſery upon her. . In the mean time, *Adonacris* was no ſooner at liberty to do what he would, and all the Kingdom quiet, but he prepared himſelf for *Tipanis*: yet that labour was ſaved, for *Noromanta* having ſome Buſineſs of Importance at *Iſſedon*, ſhe came thither juſt as he was ready to depart it: You may well imagine, Sir, that the meeting of theſe two Perſons was no more pleaſing at *Iſſedon*, than when Fortune brought them together at *Tipanis*: for then *Adonacris* was Husband unto *Argiriſpe*, as *Sitalces* was unto *Noromanta*; but now, they were both free, yet *Noromanta* made ſome ſcruple of marrying him ſo ſoon.

But her Father having changed his Opinion of *Adonacris*, becauſe now he thought him unlooſed from the Intereſts of *Ariantes*; This Marraiage was made as ſoon as they returned to the Tents Royal, and ſolemnized in mighty magnificence. Thus the Adventure of *Agatherſes* and *Adonacris* did both end very happily; for that of *Agatherſes* ended with the recovery of his Liberty, and that of *Adonacris* in the enjoyment of his Miſtreſs; *Agatherſes* bragged, that he thought himſelf more happy in enjoying himſelf than his Miſtreſs.

After this, when all was quiet, *Spargapiſes* returned to *Thomiris*, and *Agatherſes*, after a Voyage to her, being Crowned with Lawrels of that Victory which he had obtained, he returned to *Iſſedon*, where he lived as he did before the War, to wit, not caring for any above him, or any thing elſe, but to enjoy his Friends, and pleaſe himſelf.

On the other ſide, *Adonacris* amidſt all his joyes did not forget his Promiſes unto the Prince *Ariantes*, but on the contrary, he tranſacted with ſo much Wiſdom (after *Spargapiſes* was returned to *Thomiris*, and *Tirez* carried away in his Coach) that he had laid a Plot, and carried it ſo judiciouſly, that nothing was diſcovered. The truth is, there was much more facility in the Matter, becauſe both the *Iſſedonians* and the *Maſſagettes* did extreamly murmur to ſee how careleſly *Thomiris* diſpatched the Affairs of her two Kingdoms, ſince her Paſſion was above her Reaſon; and that which moſt incenſed the People was, becauſe they ſaw continual preparations of War, and could not ſee an Enemy that Princeſs had to fight with. So that *Adonacris* cloſing with ſuch a favourable opportunity, did not depart from *Iſſedon* to come unto *Ariantes*, until after he had brought things into a condition of commanding in one day the Metropolis of the Kingdom, and *Tipanis*, and until an Army from the Prince of *Callipedes* entred, which *Octomaſades* had negotiated, and levied Men under another pretence. So that by this means *Ariantes* will hazard to ſpoil all the Deſign, by carrying away *Mandana*; for he told *Indatherſes*, that if he did not find the deſign of getting upon a Throne infallible when he came upon the Frontiers of the *Maſſagettes*, he would negotiate with *Thomiris*, knowing very well, that conſidering her affection to you, he could certainly make his Peace with her, by bringing the Princeſs *Mandana* into her power, and by demanding her protection to marry her, and to defend her againſt you, Sir. And certainly, Sir, I make no queſtion but this Negotiation takes; for that Princeſs is ſo fully bent, either to make you change your Mind, Sir, or elſe to be revenged of you, by declaring War, that ſhe hearing I condemned ſuch an unjuſt Enterprize, was ſo incenſed againſt me, as for the ſecurity of my Perſon I came out of her Dominions. And ſince Fame Trumpets the Glory of your Arms, Sir, through the whole Earth, I reſolved to imploy the time of my Exile, in being a Witneſs of all thoſe Glorious Actions, of which Renown makes a noiſe through all the World. But as Fate aſſembles and ſevers Friends and Enemies as ſhe pleaſeth, in coming hither, I met the Servant of *Adonacris*, who carried me to the place where his Maſter was, for whom I received the knowledg of theſe laſt Occurrences, after we had renewed our ancient Acquaintance.

Anabaris having ended, *Cyrus* ſaid he was much obliged to him for acquainting him with many things, which might help him to prevent the deſign of *Ariantes.* Alſo he deſired him, to aſſure *Adonacris* that he would be glad to ſerve him. After which, to make uſe of this Intelligence, he diſpatched another Poſt to *Gelonide*, to inform her of all that might hinder *Thomiris* from having *Mandana* in her Power.

The End of the Firſt Book.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

ARTA-

ARTAMENES, OR THE GRAND CYRUS.

Part IX. Book II.

AFter *Cyrus* had well examined all the Intelligence concerning *Ariantes*, which he received from the Friend of *Adonacris*, he concluded, that his beſt courſe was to execute his former Reſolution, and to march towards the *Maſſagettan* Country, to the end he might fall upon *Thomiris*, if ſhe received *Mandana* with intentions of keeping her, or upon *Ariantes*, if he carried her to *Iſſedon*. So that betimes the next Morning, giving out all requiſite Orders, and himſelf ordering the Ways which every Troop was to take, he departed two days after: But before he went, he viſited *Adonacris*, (*Indatherſes* being with him) with whom he had ſo much diſcourſe, as did let him ſee that *Anabaris* gave a true Character of him, when he ſo highly commended him.

This Viſit was more than a Viſit of Civility; for *Cyrus* told *Adonacris*, that being acquainted with his Vertues by *Indatherſes*, he deſired him to go unto the Prince *Ariantes*, and endeavour to bring him unto Reaſon, and make him repent of that unjuſt Reſolution which he had taken. Sir, replied *Adonacris*, though you had not made this Propoſition unto me, yet I would have addreſſed my ſelf unto you for liberty to do as you command me. But, Sir, ſince the high eſteem which I know the Prince *Ariantes* hath of you, and the Obligations upon him, as *Anaxaris* could not diſſwade him from following his Paſſion, I fear I ſhall not prevail with him; yet I am reſolved to do what I can, both for your ſake and his, as ſoon as my Wounds will permit me. After this, *Cyrus* imbraced *Anabaris* alſo, who offered to do him all the Service he was able in delivering *Mandana*, knowing that the Liberty of that Princeſs would prevent the Deſolation of his Country. As for *Indatherſes*, though he had cured himſelf of his dotage upon *Thomiris*, yet for all that he was not altogether neutral and indifferent; but on the contrary, he could not chuſe but wiſh, as generous as he was, that nothing might ſucceed happily unto her. So mixing a thought of Revenge unto the Intereſts of *Cyrus*, whom he highly honoured, he followed him with much joy.

This march having much wearied his Army, he thought it convenient to make a halt before he advanced any farther towards *Thomiris*, whom he knew had a very numerous Army. Alſo not yet knowing where *Mandana* was, he thought good to get more Intelligence before he went any further; but he ſtaid not long for it, becauſe the third day, as he was talking with the Prince *Mazares*, and the Prince *Myrſiles*, *Feraulas* returned, who by his look made *Cyrus* to know that he had ſome News concerning his Princeſs. For Heaven's ſake, dear *Feraulas* (ſaid he at firſt unto him) tell me quickly what News of *Mandana*? For I know, by your Eyes, that you have ſomething to tell me of her. 'Tis true, Sir, replied he, I can tell you ſomething which you deſire to know; but the worſt is, I can tell you nothing that will pleaſe you: Be pleaſed to know, that in obedience to your Orders, I went unto the next Port to the place where I left you; but, Sir, in lieu of finding many Ships to follow *Ariantes*, I found but one that was fit to ſail the ſame hour: So that imbarquing, with twenty of thoſe Men which you gave me, I left the reſt to get into other Ships which were preparing; and I told my Pilot, that my Deſign was only to croſs the Sea towards *Colchides*, in hopes to hear ſome news of a Ship which I was in queſt of: Indeed, Sir, I was ſo fortunate as to underſtand from ſome Fiſhermen, that they ſaw ſuch a Ship as I enquired after, which though it had not a favourable Wind, yet ſtill made forward; ſo that hoping it was the ſame I deſired to find, I deſired my Pilot to ſteer that way, and to follow it. To ſay the Truth, Sir, it plainly appeared, that the Gods were pleaſed you ſhould know where *Mandana* is; for after this, I ſtill met with Barks or Ships which met with that I followed: That which did confirm me in my Opinion this Ship was *Ariantes*'s, was, becauſe the Captain of a Ship I met with told me, he ſaw upon the Deck of that which I enquired after, two very fair Ladies, which ſeemed to be much troubled; and a third whoſe Face he could not ſee, becauſe ſhe was always wiping her Eyes as if ſhe wept. This, Sir, made me glad; but gladder I was when he told me, that the Pilot which guided this Ship I enquired after, had conference with him I met, and asked him whether he might ſafely land near that place where the River *Phaſes* empties it ſelf into the *Euxine* Sea? and this Pilot aſſuring him that he might, provided he took the Water at full Tide, and avoided one Rock which the Water covered near that place. I made uſe, Sir, of all this, and made immediately unto the Place where *Ariantes* would land; but he having much the ſtart of me, make what haſte I could, he was landed before I came thither: But, 'tis true, I underſtood that he had carried the Princeſs *Mandana* unto a Caſtle not above ſix Furlongs from thence, and which is ſeated upon the River *Phaſes*. But now my greateſt fear was, that if I ſhewed my ſelf, I ſhould be known by thoſe who followed *Ariantes*, and *Andramites*. So that to hear more certainly, I ſent thoſe to Land whom I brought from the Port where I firſt imbarqued; but they being a company of dull Fellows, I was not a jot the better informed; all they could tell me was, that it was a thing impoſſible for me to attempt the delivery of that Princeſs, for *Ariantes* and *Andramites* did ſo carefully guard her, and the Caſtle was naturally ſo very ſtrong, that all would be in vain: So that having only twenty Men, I could do nothing more than as a Spy. Then after many days Patience, I could deviſe no better way, than to endeavour the getting one of *Ariantes* Men into my Ship, that I might out of him get ſome light of *Ariantes* his Deſign, and to keep him there.

So that making choice of three reſolute Souldiers, I put them into the Habit of Mariners; after which, they went and fell in conference with them of a Ship upon that Port; for being all of them idle, when they are off their Guard, that have nothing to do but to walk, and hunt ſome of thoſe Birds which *Phaſes* gives a name unto, and of which there are a great abundance in that River. So that after they were landed, and had walked and hunted together, and talked of ſeveral indifferent things, thoſe of *Ariante*'s Ship deſired thoſe I ſent to come into their Ship, and they to render Civility for Civility, invited them into theirs: So it chanced that almoſt all thoſe who were invited, were called away upon ſome buſineſs, and only one of them ſtaid behind them. Here, Sir, may the order of Providence be wondered at, for this Man who ſtayed behind, chanced to be one of *Mandana*'s Guard, and a Man beſt able to ſatisfy me in all I deſired to know: So that as ſoon as he was in my Ship, I ſhewed my ſelf unto him, and ſo amazed him, that imagining you were there alſo, and would throw him overboard, as a Puniſhment for his Crime, he threw himſelf at my Feet: For Heaven's ſake, *Feraulas*, ſaid he, I beſeech you ſave my Life; for if our Prince will ſpare me, I ſhall inform him of ſuch things, as may perhaps deliver *Mandana*. You may well imagine, Sir, that I promiſed his Life unto him, upon condition he would be as good as his Word, and indeed I made ſuch uſe of his Fears and Hopes, that he told me all he knew. And *Andramites* having loſt his Man after the Combate, he had entertained this Fellow to wait upon him, until he found his own, or get another. So that this Man being very intimate with him, he often heard the diſcourſe of *Ariantes* and *Andramites* concerning their Deſigns. Pray *Feraulas* (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) tell me quickly if you know them. I ſhall tell you, Sir, replied *Feraulas*, how I underſtand by this Guard, that though the Prince *Ariantes* has a great mind to make himſelf King of *Iſſedon*; he had rather preſerve *Mandana*, than conquer a Kingdom, and hazard the loſing of her, not doubting but both you and *Thomiris* will fall upon him, if he carry her unto *Iſſedon*.

So that caring for nothing but how to keep *Mandana*, he was no ſooner aſhore, but he writ unto *Thomiris*, and to all his Friends about her, beſeeching her to forget what was paſt, and he would ſolemnly renounce all his claim unto the Crown of *Iſſedon*, and pretend unto nothing but the Quality of her Subject, provided ſhe would receive *Mandana* into her Court, that ſhe would promiſe never to render her unto you, Sir, but uſe her beſt endeavours that he might marry her. Thus, Sir, you may well conceive, that *Thomiris* would not refuſe a Propoſition which would aſſure her of a Crown, and which would bring that Perſon into her Power, whom ſhe believed was the only cauſe why you, Sir, did not love her. Alſo this Guard told me, that *Ariantes* received an anſwer as favourable as he could wiſh; that *Thomiris* would forget all that was paſt, and offered him what Security he would deſire for the Safety of his and *Mandana*'s Perſon; and that ſhe would ſolemnly ingage her ſelf never to reſtore her unto you, Sir. And indeed this Guard further told me, that *Thomiris* ſent two Men of Quality unto *Ariantes* to tell him, that if he deſired her Son in Hoſtage, ſhe would give him, provided he would let *Mandana* be in her Power. But *Ariantes* knowing very well that *Thomiris* had ſuch an Intereſt as would make her keep promiſe as to *Mandana*, he thought it his beſt courſe abſolutely to truſt her; therefore the next Morning he went by Land unto *Colchides*, and from thence to *Thomiris*.

At the ſame time he ſent unto one, who as I think was called *Octomaſades*, to tell him, that now he had no further deſign of making himſelf King: He ſent alſo unto *Iſſedon*, to all them that had ſtirred in his behalf, to tell them the ſame. I heard all this I tell you from the Mouth of *Ariantes* and *Andramites*, as they talked together, not thinking that I heard them, for Love had ſo blinded them both, that they hardly knew who was preſent. After this, Sir, I believed this Guard could tell me no more, and I thought my beſt courſe would be to gain this Fellow, and to ſend him back, purpoſely to hear more news of *Mandana.* And indeed, I inſpired him with ſo much Horror againſt the perfidiouſneſs of all them that had betrayed you, that I am confident he will prove a faithful Spy; yet I ſent him not away, until I had asked him how *Ariantes* behaved himſelf towards the Princeſs? and he told me, that he was ſo full of Reverence and Reſpect, that ſhe had no reaſon to complain of any thing but his carrying her away; yet he aſſured me, that ſhe was extreamly troubled, and that if ſhe had not the comfort of *Marteſia*'s Company, he knew not what ſhe would do, for *Doraliſa* was ſo full of Sorrow and Anger againſt *Andramites*, that ſhe was not in any capacity of a Comforter. But, Sir, not to truſt too much unto this Fellow, I hoiſted Sail as ſoon as I had ſet him on Land, leſt he ſhould betray me, and cauſe me to be ſtayed, and ſo hinder me from coming to advertiſe you: Yet ſince I was very deſirous to know certainly whether the Prince *Ariantes* departed the next Morning according to this Fellows Relation: I put a good way into the Sea, and ſent one in a Cock-boat to enquire the truth; being extreamly ſorry, that I had not Men enough wherewith to hinder him from carrying *Mandana* with him: But ſince I had Men too few to have any ſuch Thoughts, I conceive it a better courſe to come immediately and acquaint you, Sir, with what I heard, than to attempt things impoſſible; yet I could not make ſo much haſte as I deſired, becauſe the Winds were contrary: But if *Geloxide*, who heretofore was very kind unto you, have a mind, ſhe may let you know all the news of *Mandana.* But, Sir, I forgot to tell you that this Guard, who vowed Fidelity, did alſo promiſe me to acquaint her that I had ſpoken with him, upon the firſt opportunity that he found. And that he would aſſure her, you would deliver her out of the Power of *Thomiris*, very ſhortly, as well as you had done out of the King of *Aſſyria's*, and the King of *Pontus*. Indeed *Feraulas* (ſaid *Cyrus*) you have done me moſt notable Service, in cauſing him to ſpeak of me unto my Princeſs: But (ſaid he, and turned towards *Mazares* and the Prince *Myrſiles*) I do not ſee any thing we have to ſtay for: As he ſaid ſo, *Ortalques* appeared, and *Cyrus* admiring his haſte, received him with Joy, in hopes of hearing ſomething concerning *Mandana*, and indeed his Hopes were not deceived; for *Ortalques* told him that ſince he went all the way by Land,he came not to the Tents Royal until the day before *Mandana* arrived, and was there received in huge Pomp. How (ſaid *Cyrus*) have you been in the very ſame place where *Mandana* was? Yes, Sir, replied *Ortalques*, and *Gelonide*, unto whom I gave your Letter that Night, would needs have me ſee that Princeſs enter. *Myrſiles* then could not chuſe but enquire of her he adored; ſo that he engaged *Ortalques* to ſpeak of *Doraliſa*, and to tell him that ſhe and *Marteſia* were ſtill with the Princeſs, but I pray (ſaid *Cyrus*) what ſays *Gelonide?* You ſhall know, Sir, replied *Ortalques*, when you have peruſed what I ſhall preſent unto you. I ſaying ſo, *Ortalques* gave *Cyrus* a Packet which was ſo big as filled him full of Curioſity to open it in all haſte; as ſo he did: But he was pleaſingly ſurprized, when he ſaw *Gelonides* Letter which accompanied with two others, the one from *Mandana*, the other from the Princeſs *Ariminta:* And firſt he read *Mandana*'s, wherein he found theſe Words.

Mandana *unto* Cyrus.

SIR,

IT is by the Goodneſs and Wiſdom of the vertuous Gelonide, *That I have ſo much liberty as to tell you, that if I did not remember the great Acts you have already done to deliver me, I ſhould deſpair of ever being free: But ſince I have not loſt the Memory of them, I ſhall ſtill hope to ſee you break thoſe Chains which impriſon me: Yet manage well your Life, and do not expoſe me by expoſing your ſelf too far, unto the greateſt of all Misfortunes.* Ortalques *will tell you how I have been received by the*

the Maſſagettan *Queen: but let me tell you, that I have abundance of comfort in finding the Princeſs* Ariminta *here; for ſince ſhe cannot yet meet with Happineſs, I am glad that we are miſerable together: for truly I love her ſo well, that I was to blame in accuſing you for the ſame. This is all that one can ſay who hopes e're long to be delivered by you; if Fortune will but be juſt unto your Valour; as I will be unto your Vertue and your Affection.*

Mandana.

The reading of this Letter made *Cyrus* both glad and ſad: he was joyed to find ſome Expreſſions of Tenderneſs towards him; but grieved that ſuch an Illuſtrious Perſon ſhould be under the Power of an incenſed Queen, and of a Rival, who had an Army more numerous than his: but after a whiles reſentment both of Joy and Sorrow, he opened *Ariminta*'s Letter, which gave him theſe Words.

Ariminta *unto* Cyrus.

SIR,

I *Perceive that Fortune will ſtill have me delivered either as the Princeſs* Mandana, *or as a Slave with her. However to acknowledge my Obligations to you, Sir, I aſſure you that I will do all is poſſible to make her Priſon leſs tedious unto her, and will be as careful to eaſe her Miſeries, as my own: In exchange of which, I conjure you, Sir, to have a care of* Spitridates, *in what part of the World ſoever he be; and oblige the Prince* Tigranes *to chide the unjuſt* Phraartes *for his violent Reſolutions. I ask your Pardon, Sir, for ſpeaking of any thing but the Princeſs* Mandana, *at a time when I know ſhe takes up your whole Mind: but ſince I know you will meaſure the Miſeries of others by your own, I ſhall hope for a Pardon, and the rather becauſe I ask it in the name of the Princeſs* Mandana, *whoſe Merits and Vertues I admire, and in whoſe Name I hope you will not deny*

Ariminta.

What eſteem ſoever *Cyrus* had of this excellent Princeſs who writ this Letter, doubtleſs he had read it in haſte, as the ſtate of his Soul then ſtood, if ſhe had not both begun and ended it with the Princeſs *Mandana:* But finding things which related both unto his Miſtreſs and his Friend, he read it both with leaſure and ſatisfaction: Afterward he opened *Gleonides*, and found what follows.

Gelonide unto the Invincible *Cyrus*.

SIR,

Since I conceive it better to truſt Ortalques *than this thin Paper, with what is worthy your knowledg, I will not therefore write it; Only tell you, Sir, you may be aſſured I will ſerve the Princeſs* Mandana *in all things: For ſince it is good ſervice unto the Queen whom I ſerve, to oppoſe whatſoever ſhe would do againſt you; and ſince it is a good Office unto you, without betraying her, believe it, Sir, I ſhall do it with all the wit I am capable of, and with all affection poſſible.*

Gelonide.

As *Cyrus* ended the reading this Letter, *Chriſantes* and *Aglatidas* came to him: and this Prince knowing they writ unto *Gelonide*, he asked *Ortalques* whether ſhe had returned any Anſwers to them? And after he ſaid that ſhe had anſwered them, he bad him deliver the Letters unto him; for ſince they writ only concerning *Mandana*, he had more intereſt in her Anſwer than they had: And it was apparent by thoſe two Letters, that ſhe really intended to do all good Offices ſhe was able for that Princeſs. However, after he had read them aloud, and given them unto whom they were written, he commanded *Ortalques* to tell him all he knew concerning *Mandana*, and to ſpeak in the preſence of *Mazares*, *Merſiles*, *Aglatidas*, *Chriſantes*, and *Feraulas*. Sir, replied *Ortalques*, I do underſtand by *Gelonide*, that the Prince *Ariantes*, after he had carried away *Mandana*, did land at *Colchides:* and afterwards had negotiated ſo well with *Thomiris*, that ſhe, to get *Mandana* into her Power, promiſed him to forget all Paſſages; never to reſtore that

Princeſs back, and to endeavour a Marriage with her to him. As I have gotten her out of the Power of the *Aſſyrian* King, and the King of *Pontus*, replied *Cyrus* haſtily, ſo I hope to get her out of the power of *Thomiris*: Her Tents are not ſo hard to be ſcaled, as the Walls of *Sinope*, *Babylon*, *Sardis* and *Cumes*. But *Ortalques*, go on (ſaid he) and tell me all I deſire to know, eſpecially how the Queen of *Maſſagettes* doth treat *Mandana*, and whether you have ſeen her? Sir, replied *Ortalques*, to ſatisfy your curioſity, I muſt tell you, that as ſoon as the Treaty between *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* was ended, there appeared more joy in the Face of that Queen, than ever appeared ſince you parted from her; and the very thought of having the Princeſs *Mandana* in her Power, was a moſt incredible ſatisfaction unto her: But to the end this Treaty might be the more ſolidly concluded, there was an Enterview between *Ariantes* and *Thomiris*, upon the Banks of the River *Araxes*; that Prince having left *Mandana* under the Guard of *Andramites* whileſt he went to meet the *Maſſagettan* Queen: Moreover I underſtand by *Gelonide*, who was preſent at this Enterview, that there was a Solemn Reconciliation made between them: yet *Ariantes* carried it ſo cunningly, that he ſpoke not a word unto *Thomiris* of her Affection unto you, Sir, and ſhe carried her ſelf ſo demurely, maugre the violence of her Temper, that ſhe told him that the reaſon why ſhe treated him ſo well, was not becauſe he was her Brother, but becauſe he was Rival unto you, Sir, yet they underſtood each other very well. But in concluſion, the more eaſily to make the Princeſs *Mandana* diſpair of liberty, and not to grieve *Ariantes*, they reſolved to bring her through all the Army of *Thomiris*: And accordingly, Sir, when *Mandana* was conducted by the Prince *Ariantes* to the Queen his Siſter, *Thomiris* cauſed her Army to be drawn up into Battalia in a great Plain; So that *Mandana* (unto whom ſhe ſent a ſtately Charriot, and a Complement by one of her Officers) did paſs through the midſt of all theſe Troops, whoſe Multitude and Magnificence made that Princeſs extreamly melancholy, as *Marteſia* told me ſince. However, *Ariantes*

antes and *Andramites* did ride on Horſe-back after *Mandana's* Chariot, which was conducted into a moſt ſtately Tent, next unto that belonging to the Princeſs *Ariminta*, for whom *Phaartes*, after he carried her away, asked Sanctuary and Protection from the *Maſſagettan* Queen: But, Sir, ſhe was no ſooner there, than they placed Guards upon her, and within an hour after, *Thomiris* came to viſit her; for the Prince *Ariantes* upon the Treaty obliged her to do all imagineable Honours unto her: and it is to be believed, that though ſhe had no other reaſon for her Viſit unto this Princeſs, but only the ſatisfaction of her own Curioſity, yet that was enough.

To give you, Sir, an exact Relation of all the Paſſages at this Enterview, will be a difficult task: For *Marteſia*, told them unto me in ſuch haſte, that perhaps I may forget ſome Circumſtances, though I did my beſt to remember all: But, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that when *Thomiris* came in, *Mandana* was lamenting with *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*, the cruelty of her Fortune; and as ſoon as ſhe knew that *Thomiris* was coming, ſhe went unto the Door of the Tent to meet her, and received her with as much Sadneſs in her Countenance, as Civility in her Language: But, Sir, for all her ſadneſs, *Thomiris* was amazed at the Beauty of this Princeſs: at leaſt thoſe who were preſent obſerved, that as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, ſhe bluſh'd, and ſuch Admiration appeared in her Eyes, that *Doraliſa* believed ſhe repented of her Injuries unto a Perſon of ſuch rare Beauty: *Mandana* alſo, found *Thomiris* ſo fair (though ſhe had not the freſhneſs of ſixteen upon her Cheeks) that *Marteſia* charged me to tell you, Sir, that *Mandana* thought her ſelf obliged unto you, for refuſing the Affection of ſo fair a Queen as ſhe. The truth is, Sir, *Thomiris* ſeemed to be not above two and twenty, or three and twenty at the moſt.

But to return from whence I digreſſed, the *Maſſagettan* Queen no ſooner ſaw *Mandana*, but this Princeſs began to ſpeak. I know not, Madam, (ſaid ſhe unto her, in the Aſſyrian Tongue, knowing *Thomiris* could ſpeak it) whether I ought to complain againſt, or commend you, for the Honours you have done me; yet ſince Fame ſpeaks ſo loud in your advantage, I ſhall hope that for your Honour and my Satisfaction, you will protect me.: I will believe that theſe Guards which you have placed about me, are more for my ſafety than to keep me Captive: I am almoſt perſwaded, that your Reaſon, Madam, will ſatisfy *Ariantes*, and that he will repent of his unjuſt courſe. As he is my brother, Madam, replied *Thomiris*, it would not be juſt in me to be againſt him abſolutely, but give me leave to tell you, Madam, that as ſoon as you have ſet him at liberty, I will do the like to you, and I promiſe, that when he is no more your Slave, you ſhall be no longer my Priſoner; and this is as much as I ought to promiſe you: But, Madam, the chief cauſe of my coming hither, is to tell you that your Captivity ſhall not be harſh, and that you ſhall be waited upon with all reverence and reſpect, due unto your Quality and Merit. Though this be very civil and obliging, replied the Princeſs, yet I cannot chuſe but think it infinitely harſh; for I beſeech you, Madam, tell me what right had *Ariantes* to bring me hither, and what colour of right have you to keep me here? By the right of Force and Arms, Madam, replied *Thomiris*, which is the very ſame right *Cyrus* hath to be Conqueror of the greateſt part of *Aſia*. However, Madam, let us not now examine my Brother's Reaſons, nor let us talk either at this time of Liberty or Impriſonment: Victory is ſo uſed to follow *Cyrus*, that though you ſhould not be free until after he hath vanquiſhed me, yet doubtleſs you will expect it very ſhortly: for truly what likelyhood is there, that a Queen can reſiſt a Prince who hath conquered ſo many Kings? for I have neither walled Towns, nor fortified Places, nor no Sanctuary but the Valour of my own Subjects: therefore, Madam, it is very improbable that a Princeſs whom *Cyrus* eſteems not, can long defend her ſelf againſt him. Indeed, Madam, (ſaid *Mandana*, very prudently, and interrupted her) I cannot agree unto all you ſay, for I know that *Cyrus* doth infinitely eſteem you.

I know better than you do, Madam, what he thinks of me (replied *Thomiris*, and bluſh'd for ſhame): But for all that, I aſſure you Madam, as weak as I am, and though the *Maſſagetteans* have no ſtrong Towns, yet they are not eaſily vanquiſhed. For they fight only for Glory, and never fear that a long War will ruin their Towns and Houſes, becauſe they have them not, they will fight reſolutely, and never ſubmit till the laſt gaſp. But, Madam, added ſhe, I beſeech you let us talk no longer of Victory or of War: let us leave the future to the Gods, and let us at this time think upon nothing that may diſpleaſe you: and to that end, Madam, I will ſuffer the Princeſs of *Pontus*, who is here, to ſee you; for ſhe being of that Country where there is more politeneſs than you will find in ours, I believe ſhe will more divert you, and will think her ſelf very happy in the ſociety of ſuch a one as you.

Mandana wondering to hear that *Ariminta* was there, could not chuſe but expreſs her Wonder, and ask how ſhe came thither. So that *Thomiris* who was not ſorry to change the Diſcourſe, told her, in few words, that the Prince *Phraartes* brought her thither, and deſired protection for her. After which, *Thomiris* not being able to ſtay longer with a Perſon whom ſhe found fairer than ſhe wiſhed, did retire, after a civil Complement unto *Mandana*. She was no ſooner gone, but the Princeſs *Ariminta*, conducted by him who guarded her, did enter into the Chamber of this Princeſs. But, Sir, this Enterview was more pleaſing than that of *Mandana* and *Thomiris*; for though theſe two Princeſſes had never ſeen each other, yet they accoſted each other as if they had been ancient Friends; and the ſuitableneſs of both their Fortunes together, with the high eſteem they had of each other, by the Reports of ſuch as ſpoke of their Merits, did preſently contract a moſt intimate League of Friendſhip between theſe two admirable Ladies.

The ſame alſo was between *Heſionide* and *Marteſia*: And as for *Doroliſa*, her Deſtiny was ſo happy upon this Occaſion, that ſhe became a great Conſolation unto theſe two Princeſſes; for though ſhe was extreamly grieved at *Mandana's* *dana*'s Miſery, and to ſee *Andramites* ſo near her, yet a kind of ſpiteful Sorrow (if I may ſo phraſe it) made her expreſs a thouſand pleaſant Paſſages ſince ſhe came to that place. But, Sir, to conclude all I know, be pleaſed to underſtand, that vertuous *Gelonide* carried the matter ſo handſomly, that the next morning ſhe brought me to the ſpeech of *Marteſia*, who ſhewed me a glimpſe of the Princeſs, who commanded me to acquaint you with all I knew. So, Sir, *Gelonide* thinking it convenient that you ſhould preſently be acquainted with the ſtate of things, did give me a Packet to preſent unto you: She bad me ſet forward the next Morning, and procured me a Guide, leſt I ſhould be ſtopped at the Paſſage over the River *Araxes:* But as I took my leave of her, ſhe commanded me to tell you, Sir, that ſhe would do all that ever ſhe could to infuſe Reaſon into the Mind of *Thomiris* and *Ariantes*; yet adding, that ſhe feared all would be to no purpoſe. After this, *Ortalques* was ſilent, and *Cyrus* put many Queſtions unto him, unto which he anſwered according to his Knowledg or Ignorance; and after he had ſufficiently ſatisfied his Maſter's Curioſity, he retired. But as for the Prince *Myrſiles*, though he durſt not interrupt them, yet he was extreamly deſirous to be ſatisfied of all Paſſages concerning *Doraliſa*; and therefore upon the firſt occaſion, he left *Cyrus*, and went to talk with *Ortalqnes* at more leaſure.

In the mean time, ſince no further Intelligence was to be expected, *Cyrus* reſolved with *Mazares* to advance to the River *Araxes*, and afterwards to carry things fairly towards a Queen, whoſe injuſtice proceeded only from her too much Affection to him; he ſent a Perſon of good Quality to her, to demand the Princeſs *Mandana*, and the Princeſs *Ariminta*, before he proceeded to the laſt Remedy of War. In the *interim*, he took Order for ſo many Boats as would make a Bridg over the River *Araxes:* So that calling a Council the next day, more for Form than Need, it was reſolved upon as he propounded, and accordingly his Army began to march, and marched without any Obſtacle unto the River *Araxes*, where it encamped.

He was no ſooner there, but he underſtood that the Princeſs *Oneſile*, Wife unto *Tigranes*, was come unto a little Town which was one of his Quarters, and that from thence ſhe would come unto him, to enquire news of her Husband from his Mouth. *Cyrus* having a high eſteem of this Princeſs, and knowing how ſorry *Tigranes* was for her, and ſhe for him, he would needs go and viſit her, ſince he had time enough to do it without prejudice to his Deſign; for ſince he could not ſend to *Thomiris* until the next day, he had that day entire to render Civilities to the Princeſs of *Armenia:* And certainly *Cyrus* had abundance of reaſon for his high eſteem of her, for indeed ſhe was a Princeſs of a moſt extraordinary Merit: The very Truth is, *Oneſile* had all the Excellency that could be wiſhed for in Woman, either for Graces of Body, or Qualities of Soul. *Oneſile* was big, of a tall Stature, and a moſt excellent Preſence; ſhe had brown Hair, black Eyes, pure Complection, delicate Skin, Lips red and ſmiling, and the whole compoſure of her Face pleaſing, tho of a very particular Symitry, for one could not ſay that it was either abſolutely oval, or abſolutely round; moreover, her Noſe was rightly ſhaped, neither too great nor too little, but it and every Part ſo fitly proportioned, as made her the faireſt and moſt charming Beauty in the World; for ſhe was not only all that I have already deſcribed, but moreover there was ſuch a ſplendent Luſtre in her Eyes, ſuch a fineneſs of Air, and ſo noble and ſprightly a Phyſiognomy, ſuch a particular beauty in her Mouth, her Neck ſo admirably fair, and ſo brave a Character in all her Geſtures, as did infinitely pleaſe: So that though ſhe had no other Graces but thoſe of her Perſon, yet they were enough to beget both Love and Wonder: Yet her Mind did ſhine more glorious than her Eyes, for it was moſt penetrating, moſt knowing, moſt pleaſing, moſt ſolid, and of a vaſt Capacity: For though her Fancy was ſo ready and quick, that ſhe did anticipate the Thoughts of all who talked unto her; and though her manner of conceiving things might be called ſometimes a Divination, yet it is moſt certain, that as quick as her Fancy and Imagination was, yet it did never go before her Judgment, which always gave a true Judgment upon every thing: 'Tis true, ſhe might ſometimes ſeem blameable for not being always ſo; for the truth is, there are ſome few Men in the World which could ſo much take up her Mind, that ſhe could not for a long time think upon any thing but what they ſaid unto her, but ſhe would return ſo handſomly and pleaſingly out of theſe little Diſtractions, (for which her intimate Friends did chide her) that ſhe would anſwer ſo juſtly unto what they thought ſhe did not hear; as it was apparent, that that which ſeemed diſtraction and ſtudying, was only an effect of her vaſt Mind, which could not be confined to one ſingle Object, but divided it ſelf into ſo many ſeveral, as it was not poſſible, whilſt it was ſo divided, but ſomething muſt appear, either in the Tone of the Voice, or in the Eyes, or in ſome of the Actions; and I think, that her Generoſity may as well be accuſed, for often when ſhe hath been hearkening unto one Friend, ſhe hath been thinking how to ſerve another.

Thus it may, without flattery, be ſaid, that whatſoever the Princeſs of *Armenia* can be accuſed of, does conduce to render her more amiable, and more perfect, and are only pure Effects of the greatneſs of her Soul and Goodneſs; and when ſhe talked in good earneſt unto any, her Diſcourſe was the moſt pleaſing in the World, and able to give full ſatisfaction unto the moſt delicate and difficult Queſtions, there being nothing ſo high, unto which ſhe could not give a good account, nor nothing ſo low unto which ſhe would not nobly ſpeak. Moreover, it may be ſaid, that never any ſerious Perſon would be ſo wittily merry when ſhe had a mind, nor ever any had ſuch a fine mixture of Modeſty and Gallantry together, as this Princeſs; nor who better underſtood the Subtilties and Intrigues of the World.

As *Oneſile* was eloquent in her Language, ſo was ſhe as excellent at her Pen; few Women ever writ comparably to her; yet for all this, her Eloquence, her Wit, and her Beauty came ſhort of her Generoſity, of her Goodneſs, and of her Vertue; never any had a Soul more ſolidly generous than *Oneſile* had, nor did ever any know how to oblige in a more noble way, for ſhe would not only do ſuch Favours for her Friends as they deſired of her, but ſhe would do ſuch Offices for them, as they never did, nor durſt ask her. Moreover, whoſoever was vertuous, was ſure of her Protection; and ſhe was ſo much taken with any extraordinary Merit, that ſhe could never ſee any Man of Parts miſerable without much ſorrow, though they had no relation to her. Indeed, *Oneſile* had ſo great and noble a Heart, that though ſhe was deſtined to ſit upon the Throne of *Armenia*; yet it may truly be ſaid, that ſhe was below her Fortune and Merit; and all the World who knew her did ſo pity her want of Health, that they did moſt zealouſly pray for it. Moreover ſtill, *Oneſile* was as liberal as ever any was; and the very truth is, ſhe had all the Vertues in a high degree; and ſhe was ſo reſpective, and ſo tenderly loved of every one that had the honour to come unto her, as it was no wonder the Merit of ſuch a Perſon ſhould make a deep impreſſion in the Mind of *Cyrus*, and move him to all poſſible Civility in going to her, as ſoon as he heard ſhe intended to come unto him; and he went with *Indatherſes*, and ſix more only.

As ſoon as *Oneſile* heard that *Cyrus* was coming to her, ſhe went to meet him; but he going very faſt up the Stairs, ſhe was no further than the Door of her Chamber, where after the firſt Complements were over, and that *Cyrus* had ſaluted a Cozen of *Oneſiles* which was with her, he preſented *Indatherſes* unto her, and in few words acquainted her with his Quality and Merit. After which *Oneſile* expreſſed her Sorrows for the Actions of her Brother-in-law *Phraartes*, and that ſhe could not hear where *Tigranes* was, whom ſhe heard went with *Spitridates* to ſeek his Brother, and to move him concerning the Princeſs *Ariminta*. I am confident, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, after many other things) that you will think my Sorrows not without good cauſe; and that hearing *Phraartes* was gone to ask Retreat from *Thomiris*, I had reaſon to undertake this Journey, to the end if *Tigranes* came hither, I might prevent thoſe two Brothers from killing each other; for *Phraartes* always expreſſing much friendſhip to me, I had

ſo

ſome hopes of reducing him to reaſon if I could ſee him. I wiſh unto the Gods, Madam, replied *Cyrus*, that you could perſwade both *Phraartes* and the Prince *Ariantes*, to ſet thoſe two Princeſſes, whom they carried away, at Liberty; and that the Reports of ſuch a noble Adventure might bring *Tigranes* back to you. But, Madam, not to ſpend time in vain Wiſhes, give me leave to tell you, that I make no doubt but you will e're long ſee the Prince *Tigranes* here: for, ſince it is impoſſible, but Fame muſt needs tell him, that the Princeſs *Ariminta* is with *Thomiris*, and that I am at the River *Araxes*; It is very credible that I am not deceived in ſaying you will ſee him very ſhortly.

Whileſt *Cyrus* was thus talking with the Princeſs of *Armenia*, *Indatherſes* and other men of quality who came with *Cyrus*, did talk unto the Couſin of *Oneſile*, whoſe name was *Telagene*, who was one of the moſt noble Families in all *Armenia*. This Lady underſtood Greek, and *Indatherſes* having got that Language very perfectly, in his queſt of *Anacharſis*, he much delighted to talk with her; and certainly not without great reaſon, for ſhe had many attractive and pleaſing qualities. *Telagene* was of a mean ſtature, but well made: She had Eyes great and blew, of a ſweet and languiſhing luſtre, which pleaſed infinitly: Her Complexion was ſmooth; her Face oval, and her Hair ſo fine, that one may call it fair without doing her a favour. Moreover *Telagene*, had not only much Beauty, much Sweetneſs; but her Memory was furniſhed with all the excellencies of *Greece*; And from *Heſiode* unto *Sapho*, nothing of all that the Muſes produced, eſcaped her curioſity: Her Reading gave her a moſt excellent faculty in Writing, and that of gallantly, as that might with reaſon be ranked amongſt thoſe which rendred her moſt amiable: Her Diſcourſe was ſweet and complaiſant: Her Soul was tenderly inclined unto Friendſhip; and all her inclinations ſo noble and diſpoſed unto Vertue, that it was no wonder if *Indatherſes* took delight in talking with her, and thought the time not a quarter of an hour, when *Cyrus* went from the Princeſs of *Armenia*, who was reſolved to ſtay in that place, in hopes of ſeeing the Prince *Tigranes*: For the

Town where ſhe was, being an Allie both unto the King of *Armenia*, and the King of *Medes*, ſhe was ſafe enough there: Alſo *Cyrus* being Maſter of the Field on this ſide *Araxes*, And all the Forces of *Thomiris* being on the other ſide, ſhe might ſafely enough ſtay there.

In the mean time, as *Cyrus* returned back along the River, with thoſe who accompanied him, he ſaw a good way before him, a Man who went into a Boat, which was ſo little, as not being able to hold his Horſe, he let him go, and beckned unto another Man on Horſe-back, as if he deſired him to make haſte; *Cyrus* obſerving this, the looſe Horſe came towards him, and ſeeing him to be a very handſome Horſe, he conceived the Maſter to be a Man of Quality. *Cyrus* being full of curioſity to know who he was, did gallop as faſt as he could to the place where this Boat was; but when he was within fifty paces, and he in the Boat knowing *Cyrus*, he changed his intentions of ſtaying for the Man he beckened unto, and rowed in all haſte from the River ſide: and indeed the two Fiſhermen who undertook to paſs him over, did row ſo faſt from ſhore; that there was no ſtaying of them. *Cyrus* did not know this Man, for he ſo turned his Head from the Shore, that he could not ſee his Face; yet he knew whom he was, for the Man who was coming towards him, ſeeing his Maſter ſtaid not, he turned back, and endeavoured to ſhun meeting with thoſe whom he ſaw. But *Cyrus* being ſtill fuller of Curioſity, he made towards him ſo faſt, that the Man being amazed at the ſight of him, had not power to fly away: But lighting haſtily from his Horſe, he fell on his Knees before *Cyrus*, who at firſt knew him not; but preſently recollecting his Memory, he knew him to be one of thoſe forty Cavaliers who heretofore had conſpired againſt him, and whom he had pardoned.

In the mean time, this Wretch ſeeing himſelf in the power of a Prince unto whom he owed his Life, and whoſe Life he would have taken away, began to ſpeak in a trembling tone; I am aſhamed, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) to appear before you, and may ſeem ungrateful: But, Sir, if you will be pleaſed to conſider by what a pitiful Adventure I came to ſerve a Maſter who is your Enemy, I believe you will pardon me; For, Sir, I was born a Subject unto the Prince of *Cumes*, and I returned unto that Town when you beſieged it: And being choſen one of the Guard of the Caſtle, when *Anaxaris* made himſelf Maſter of it, and drove out the King of *Pontus*, that unfortunate Prince, commanding me to follow him in his Flight; I did ſo, and never forſook him ſince. How (ſaid *Cyrus*, and looked towards the River) is he who is in the Boat the King of *Pontus*? Yes, Sir, replied he, and I am not afraid to tell you, that he is the moſt miſerable Prince upon Earth. After this, *Cyrus* looked both up and down the River, to ſee if he could find a Boat to execute a Deſign which he had in his Mind; but ſeeing none, he turned towards the Man again: Though after I have ſaved your Life, (ſaid *Cyrus* unto him) I might eaſily puniſh you for bearing Arms againſt me; yet I will once more promiſe a Pardon, provided you will truly tell me, what the King of *Pontus* hath done ſince he went from the Tomb of *Meneſteus*, and what his Deſign is in going to the Country of *Maſſagettes*. Sir, (replied the Man, very glad to hear *Cyrus* ſay ſo) to inform you truly of all this, be pleaſed to know, that the unfortunate King of *Pontus*, miſerably wounded, departing in the Night, and going along a Terrent, was in an hundred dangers of loſing his Life; but at laſt, day beginning to break, as weak as he was, he went ſo faſt, that he got into a thick Wood, and lighted from his Horſe; then lay under a Tree, becauſe he could not go any further: As ſoon as he was laid, the loſs of Blood had ſo weakened him, that he ſwounded, ſo that then I was in a moſt pitiful caſe; but hearing accidentally ſome Cock crow, I concluded that an Houſe muſt needs be near; ſo that going to the place where I heard the Cock, I found a Shepherd's Cottage ſome two hundred Paces from the place where the King of *Pontus* lay, and finding in it a good charitable old Man, I told him in what condition my Maſter was, but did not acquaint him with his Quality. This honeſt officious Shepherd calling up all his Family, went with me to the Root of that Tree where

I left the King of *Pontus* in a Swound; and being moved with Compaſſion, he did not only carry him to his Cottage, but he dreſſed his Wounds, telling him, that it was his Fortune in his Youth to receive a Wound, and an old Shepherd ſhewed him an Herb that grew in the Wood, which would both ſtop Blood, and cloſe up the Wound. The truth is, Sir, this wiſe Shepherd having dreſſed the King of *Pontus*, he brought him out of his Swound, and was ſo careful over him, that he ſaved his Life. However, falling into a Feaver, he was not able to go out of this Cottage until he had heard that *Mandana* was carried away, and that you, Sir, was marched towards the *Maſſagettans*. So that making no queſtion but the place unto which *Cyrus* went, was that where *Mandana* was, he made that way, travelling only in the Night, till he heard of certainty that the Princeſs *Mandana* was with *Thomiris*, and then he reſolved to go thither. But, Sir, I aſſure you, he had much ado to take this Reſolution; and though I am not worthy to be a Confident of ſo great a Prince's Sorrows, yet I did know ſome of his Thoughts: And indeed he took me along with him, ſince he came from *Cumes* ſo kindly, and having none to talk unto, rather than not talk, he would ſometimes bemoan himſelf to me: And after I had acquainted him where the Princeſs *Mandana* was, and who carried her away, I ſaw the perplexity of his Mind. Then ſeeing he was put to the neceſſity of chuſing one Side, he was ſo perplexed, that he knew not which to chuſe: Sometimes his Mind was to fight againſt that Prince who took *Mandana* away; but ſince he could not find a Heart to be in your Army, he could not reſolve upon that courſe, but choſe rather to take the part of *Thomiris*, with a reſolution to ſerve in her Army unknown: And in caſe he were diſcovered, then to tell the Prince *Ariantes* that he pretended not now unto *Mandana*; and all he aimed at, was to hinder *Cyrus* from enjoying her: For being perſwaded, that the Princeſs would never conſent that *Ariantes* ſhould marry her; he thought, that in yielding him all, he yielded him nothing: Thus he went thither, without any hopes, but only of ſeeing *Mandana* before he died, and to meet with Death in that War. This, Sir, is the Deſign of the Pontean King, whom I have heard a thouſand and a thouſand times ſay, that when he remembred his Obligations unto you, Sir, he could not chuſe but complain againſt the violence of his Paſſion, which forced him to be both unjuſt and ungrateful.

After this, *Cyrus* ſeeing the Man could tell him no more, he pardoned him: And I will give you leave (ſaid *Cyrus*) to paſs over the River, and to return unto your Maſter, and tell him from me, that it is the part but of a bad Lover, to ſide with the Raviſher of his Miſtreſs. Tell him further, that if he be truly generous, he will come and imploy his Valour for her Liberty, and fight in my Army: Tell him, that I offer him all that the Princeſs *Ariminta* his Siſter offered him in *Didia:* And ſince the Gods are not pleaſed that his Merits ſhould move the Heart of *Mandana*, methinks he ſhould rather yield her unto me, than [illegible]to the Prince *Ariantes*. Tell him that *Mandana* will hate him if he fight for her Raviſher, and will be his Friend if he fight for her Liberty.

Cyrus having ſpoken theſe words, he left this Cavalier; and as he marched on, he complained unto *Indatherſes*, that Fortune ſhould ſend ſo violent a Man amongſt his Enemies. When he came near his Tent, and lighted from his Horſe, ſome Cavaliers brought four Men unto him, which they had ſtopped as they endeavoured to get over the River: As ſoon as he caſt his Eyes upon the Eldeſt of them, he knew him to be no ordinary Man; yet his Clothes were mean and careleſs, and his Face rather ill-favoured than fair; yet for all this, there was ſuch a ſprightlineſs in his Phiſiognomy, and ſuch fine tranquillity in his Looks, that *Cyrus* was moved thereby to that Opinion; the reſt of his Companions were handſome, and in the prime of their Age, but as for him, he ſeemed to be above Fifty.

Indatherſes being with *Cyrus*, knew him to be *Anacharſis*; ſo that this worthy Nephew of ſuch an illuſtrious

Uncle ſpoke firſt unto *Cyrus* : I hope, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) that theſe Priſoners will find a favourable Reception, as ſoon as you ſhall know, that the famous *Anacharſis*, whom I ſought ſo all over *Greece*, is now in your Power. Since my Souldiers (replied *Cyrus* moſt obligingly) ought to take none but my Enemies Priſoners, and ſince I do not take the wiſe *Anacharſes* to be one of that number, I declare him free, and am ſo far from thinking him my Priſoner, that I ſhall think it a great Honour if he will give me leave to be his Friend. Sir, replied *Anacharſis*, you have no reaſon to rank me in the number of your Enemies, ſince I have made too publick a Profeſſion of being a Friend unto all ſuch as are Owners of any extraordinary Merit, not to eſteem my ſelf in being yours : But, Sir, I deſire you as a ſingular favour to believe, that I do not at all give you my Friendſhip as you are the Conqueror of *Aſia*, but as you are the Conqueror of Vices, and a Profeſſor of all the Vertues. Did you know me, Sir, replied *Cyrus*, and ſhould then commend me as you do, I ſhould think my ſelf the moſt glorious of Men ; but ſince you know me only by Fame, which has long uſed to flatter me, I cannot take any great delight in the Commendations of a Man who merits them the moſt of any Man living.

After this, that place being unfit for any long diſcourſe, *Cyrus* took *Anacharſis* by the Hand, and carried him unto his Tent ; as ſoon as he was there, he asked him who thoſe were which were with him ; who ſeemed more like *Grecians* than *Scythians ?* Sir, replied *Anacharſis*, he who is next you is indeed a moſt illuſtrious Greek, called *Cherſias*, a moſt excellently accompliſhed Man, and one who as young as he is, is thought worthy as well as *Meneſiphiles* and *Diocles* to be at that famous Banquet of the Seven Sages, where it was my Happineſs to meet them, and of which all the World hath ſo much talked. To be born a Subject unto the Sage *Bias*, (replied *Cyrus*) to be the Friend of the wiſe *Anacharſis*, and to have been in the Society of *Periander*, *Cleobulus*, *Solon*, *Pittacus*, *Thales*, and *Chilon*, is ſo great an advantage, as it is eaſily believed that *Cherſias* does merit that Honour. I aſſure you, Sir, (replied *Cherſias*) if all thoſe you have named ſhould often make ſuch ill choice of their Friends as they have done of me, they would not merit the Names of Wiſe; but to ſay truth, certainly they had never done it, but in advantage unto me; I am moſt ſure, that *Solon* in chuſing *Meneſiphiles*, whom you ſee there, was not deceived in his choice, no more than the King of *Corinth* in loving *Diocles*, whom you ſee there next that generous *Athenian*. For my part, replied *Diocles*, I am obliged in memory of that great Prince of whom I had the Honour to be loved, to ſay, that it was my zeal unto his Glory which made him excuſe all my Faults. And I may alſo ſay (added *Meneſiphiles*) that it was my Love unto my Countrey which moved *Solon* to be my Friend. However it be, Sir, ſaid *Cyrus*, I do already much eſteem you all, though I have not yet had the honour of knowing you: But I beſeech you, what cauſe did move three famous Greeks to come into *Scythia*, which doubtleſs is nothing ſo pleaſant a Countrey as *Greece*? Sir, (replied *Anacharſis*, and ſmiled) theſe famous *Grecians* would perſwade me, that they came hither more for Love of me, than out of any Curioſity of travelling, but I cannot tell whether I ſhould merit the Friendſhip of ſo many wiſe Men if I ſhould ſuffer my ſelf to be ſo eaſily deceived. For my part (replied *Diocles*) the ſtrongeſt motive of my making this Journey was to ſee the Countrey where the Man was born whom the Sages of *Greece* admired. As for me (added *Cherſias*) I cared not ſo much for ſeeing the Countrey of *Anacharſis*, as for ſeeing *Anacharſis* himſelf, and for bettering my ſelf by his Wiſdom. I muſt ſincerely acknowledg, Sir, (ſaid *Meneſiphiles*) that the reaſon of my croſſing the Seas, and paſſing out of *Europe* into *Aſia*, was not only to follow *Anacharſis*, but alſo to have the Honour of being a Witneſs to ſome of thoſe great Acts which Fame ſpeaks ſo loud of through all the World; and to ſee in your Perſon, Sir, the Man whom of all People in the World the famous *Solon* moſt eſteems; and he charged me to tell you, Sir, how joyed he was when he heard of your generous act in ſaving the King of *Lydia* from the Fury of the Faggot. I am extreamly glad, replied *Cyrus*, that *Solon* can remember me; and I aſſure you I will omit no opportunity of letting you ſee how much I honour the Vertue of that wiſe Man. After this, *Cyrus* uſed a thouſand obliging Expreſſions unto that famous *Scythian*, who anſwered him with all imaginable Civility; and though there was a kind of natural Severity in his Diſpoſition, and though he was a profeſſed Enemy unto all frivolous Ceremonies which paſs for the Complements of the time, yet his Travels through *Greece* and *Egypt* had a little ſweetned the Severity of his Nature, and ſomething civilized his Philoſophy: So that though he was a little Auſteer, yet he was alſo ſweet and pleaſing, and *Cyrus* did him all Honours imaginable; he would have them in one of his Tents, he cauſed his own Officers to wait upon them, and he treated *Cherſilas*, *Diocles*, and *Meneſiphiles* ſo well, that they were charmed with his Generoſity. In the mean time, ſince the mind of *Cyrus* did run continually upon the Intereſts of *Mandana*, it came into his Thoughts to deſire *Anacharſis* that he would be a Mediator betwixt *Thomiris* and him; for having a deſign to ſend unto that Princeſs before he entred into her Countrey, he conceived this wiſe Scythian to be fitter than any other to perſwade her. This Thought no ſooner came into his Head, but he imparted it unto *Mazares*, who approved of it.

So that to loſe no time, he went unto the Tent where *Anacharſis* was lodged, and took him aſide to propound his Deſires unto him: To teſtify unto you, Sir, ſaid *Cyrus*, how much I honour your Vertue, and how well I am perſwaded of all that Fame ſpeaks concerning your Sufficiency and Honeſty, I beſeech you, wiſe *Anacharſes*, to arbitrate the Buſineſs betwixt me and the Queen of *Maſſagettes*; I deſire you would go unto her, and move her to releaſe the Princeſs *Mandana*, who ſhe cannot detain without a groſs Violation of all Laws; for I will render ſo much reſpect unto that Princeſs, as I will not make any War upon her, until after ſhe hath denied me what with all Juſtice I ſhall demand. Sir, replied *Anacharſes*, I know not how to be an Arbitrator of your Differences; for ſince I can never take any unjuſt Side, I declare unto

You, that though I be a Scythian, I cannot ſide with *Thomiris*, but am abſolutely all for you; yet if you pleaſe, Sir, to honour me with the Quality of your Ambaſſador, I ſhall with all my Heart go unto that Princeſs, and endeavour to infuſe ſome reaſon into her Soul, and prevent a War, which cannot chuſe but prove deep in Blood: For, Sir, (added this wiſe Scythian very modeſtly) I believe I do underſtand the Language of *Thomiris* better than any about you doth; alſo I have Greek enough to underſtand your meaning. After this, *Cyrus* to loſe no time, acquainted him with the ſtate of things, and without telling him how *Thomiris* was in love with him, he inſtructed him in all Reaſons and Expedients to perſwade that Queen. *Cyrus* alſo ſpoke to him concerning the Princeſs *Ariminta*, that he would endeavour her Liberty; and after he had talked above two hours in private with him, it was reſolved that *Anacharſes* ſhould paſs over the River the next Morning, and accordingly this Reſolution was executed. *Cyrus* would have ſet *Anacharſis* forth in an Equipage beſitting his worth; but he told him, that thanks be to the Gods he had long ſince left off all manner of Vanities; and therefore beſeeched him to let him go by himſelf without any other Company; for *Cherſias*, *Diocles*, and *Meneſiphiles* being Greeks, and the *Maſſagettans* not loving that Nation, he thought it not convenient to carry them: yet *Cyrus* would not ſuffer him to go ſo, but would needs have *Ortalques* and two Servants go with him; and the reaſon why *Cyrus* made choice of *Ortalques* was, becauſe he intended to write by him unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, to *Ariminta*, and to *Gelonide*, unto whom he was already known: But to the end the Voyage of this Sage Scythian might the better proſper, *Cyrus* ſent *Adonacris* another way to perſwade *Ariantes* not to perſiſt in his unjuſt courſe: *Anabaris* alſo gave *Ortalques* many Letters for ſome Friends he had about the Tents-Royal, whom he deſired they would move *Thomiris* to reſtore *Mandana*. So that thus many Men negotiating at once, there was ſome reaſon for hope that the Voyage of *Anacharſis* would not be in vain. In the mean time, this wiſe *Scythian* having wafted over the River in a Boat, he was ſtopped by ſome Souldiers on the other ſide, who after they knew his buſineſs, conducted him to *Thomiris.*

But whilſt *Anacharſis* was going to this Queen, *Cyrus* was making Prayers for the happy Succeſs of his Voyage, and that *Thomiris* might be as much moved by his Reaſons, as he was by his Vertue: However, *Cyrus* knowing that in the beſt hoped for Expeditions, War muſt be looked unto; ſo he gave all neceſſary Orders for making a Bridg of Boats, and he divided his time ſo well, that he had ſome to ſpend in viſiting of theſe three Friends unto *Anacharſes*, who ſeemed unto him to be worthy of that Honour: Sometimes he would talk to *Diocles* of the late *Corinthian* King, and of the Queen his Daughter; ſometimes again he would ſpeak of *Solon* concerning *Policrite*, and of *Piſiſtrates* unto *Meneſiphiles*; and ſometimes he would deſire *Cherſias* to diſcourſe concerning the wiſe *Bias*, unto whom he was a Subject: But he talked principally to them all three concerning *Anacharſis*; for ſince he was then upon the Negotiation of *Mandana*'s Liberty, he thought it his Duty to take more intereſt in him, than in any elſe.

So that one Morning having *Indatherſes*, *Cherſias*, *Diocles* and *Meneſiphiles* with him: He conjured them all to tell him what they knew concerning him. *Indatherſes* then told him, that *Anacharſis* was wiſe even in his very Cradle: That indeed he never was a Child; that he knew almoſt all things before he was taught them: That his Manners and Behaviour was all Innocency; and that his way of Life, was ever very far from all that can be named Voluptuous. That from his Infancy he ſcoffed at Grandure, and would never admit of any difference between Men, but what Vertue made. This, Sir, (added *Indatherſes*) was *Anacharſis* before he went out of the Country of the *Thauroſcites*, judge you what he is now after ſo many years travel in *Egypt* and *Greece*, which are the places where all the Vertues and ſublimeſt Sciences are moſt practiſed; and after the Friendſhip of ſo many excellent Men.

For my particular, ſaid *Meneſiphiles*, I can aſſure you that *Solon* was charmed with the Vertue of *Anacharſis*,

whom

when he came to *Athens*: And believe it, their firſt meeting was ſomething extraordinary: For *Anacharſis* believing that it was enough to be what he was, to be well received by *Solon*, he never ſought out for any Man to preſent him unto him, but went himſelf upon his firſt Viſit: So that having Clothes meaner than theſe you ſee him wear, and *Solons* Mind being poſſeſſed with ſome ſerious Thoughts, he asked him roughly what he was? I am, anſwered he, a poor Stranger, who came to *Athens* only to be acquainted with you, and to get your Friendſhip. I cannot tell, replied *Solon*, what advantage you may get, by being acquainted with me, but I know that it is better getting of Friends in ones own Country, than in a ſtrange one. If ſo, anſwered *Anacharſis*, and ſmiled, then you that are in your own Country, and your own Houſe, muſt be acquainted with me, and make me your Friend. This quick Anſwer did much ſurprize *Solon*; ſo that looking better upon *Anacharſis*, he ſaw in his Phyſiognomy a kind of Grandure, which made him repent of the manner of his Reception; ſo that embracing him, he asked pardon for his Incivility: And to repair his Fault, he would needs have him lodge with him: But, Sir, whilſt he was there, he uttered a thouſand excellent things, which made his Capacity apparent; for *Anacharſis* being altogether for Monarchical Government,he ſhewed a Million of Inconveniences in any other; and ſaid boldly in a full Aſſembly (when he ſaw publick Affairs conſulted upon by a Multitude) that he thought it very ſtrange, that wiſe Men ſhould propound things concerning the Publick-Good, and Fools decide them, hinting at the abundance of young Men who over-voted the old in all great Aſſemblies, and who for want of old Experience, are unable to reaſon juſtly in the manage of great Affairs. In ſhort, Sir, *Solon* found *Anacharſis* ſo admirably knowing in all things, that he conſulted with him, and relied upon his Judgment in things of higheſt Concernment, and made him known unto all his Friends. Truly, ſaid *Cherſias*, it was *Solon* who writ unto *Bias*, what *Anacharſis* was: And it was he alſo (ſaid *Diocles*) who cauſed *Periander* to invite him unto that famous Feaſt, at which, (except my ſelf who by their favour was permitted) there were none but Perſons of moſt illuſtrious Fame; and indeed, this Feaſt for the excellency of it, was called the Banquet of the ſeven Sages, not comprehending the reſt who were there, becauſe indeed it was prepared only for them. As *Diocles* ſaid ſo, one came to acquaint *Cyrus* that the Princeſs of *Armenia* was coming, ſo that deſiring to do her all poſſible Honours, he went to meet her at the Door of his Tent, where he received her with much Civility, telling her that if ſhe had any ſervice to command him, ſhe did him much wrong not to command him to come and wait upon her. Since it would not become me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled, to command him, who commands moſt of all *Aſia*, I thought it more fit to come my ſelf to tell you that I have heard news of *Spitridates* and *Tigranes*. *Oneſile* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Cyrus* being very impatient to know what they had done ſince their departure, and where they were, he deſired her to tell him. So that this Princeſs acquainted him how ſince *Tigranes* embarqued from *Galatia*, with the Prince *Spitridates* to follow *Phraartes* who had carried away *Ariminta*, they wandred continually from Sea to Sea, and could hear nothing of her, until at laſt landing at *Cholchides*, they underſtood that *Phraartes* had carried *Ariminta* unto the Dominions of *Thomiris*, and that *Mandana* was there alſo, and that he would march with his Army towards that part of the River *Araxes* which limits the *Maſſagettes* on that ſide. And *Tigranes* who writ all this unto me, further added, that as ſoon as their Equipage which was in making, was ready, they would come unto you Sir; and *Tigranes* told me further, that he would think himſelf obliged unto me, if I would come unto this place, whither of my ſelf I am come.

Cyrus hearing this, ſeemed to be much joyed that *Tigranes* and *Spitridates* would ſo ſhortly be in his Army: For truly, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I do value thoſe two Princes as good as ten thouſand Men, and I do not doubt but I ſhall deliver *Mandana*, ſince they will fight for her. They would think themſelves very happy, Sir, replied ſhe, if they can contribute any thing towards the delivery of ſo famous a Princeſs; at leaſt, I am able to anſwer for *Tigranes*, that he deſires nothing more zealouſly, than to have the glory of ſerving you, Sir.

After this, *Cyrus* acquainted *Oneſile* how he had ſent to *Thomiris*; and ſince he knew *Oneſile* to be of a very Illuſtrious Houſe, originally a Greek Republique, he preſented thoſe three *Grecians* unto her, with whom he was talking before ſhe came in, and preſented them as Men who were eſteemed by all the Grandees of *Greece:* So that this Princeſs being very civil, ſhe received them with the ſweeteſt Grace that was poſſible; the fair *Telagene* who was with her, did no leſs, and they were all three ſo happy in this Diſcourſe, that at the very firſt meeting they got the eſteem of this Princeſs, and her lovely Couſin. In the mean time, it being Dinner-time, *Cyrus* told *Oneſile*, that he left it to her choice whom ſhe would be pleaſed to have dine with her, not excepting himſelf. I have already told you, Sir, replied ſhe, that it becomes not me to preſcribe any thing unto the Conquerour of *Aſia*. 'Tis true, Madam, ſaid he unto her, but I anſwered always that you might command me any thing. Thus both *Cyrus* and *Oneſile* did ſo vie Civilities, that they could not excel each other.

But whilſt they were talking, moſt of the Company there being withdrawn out of reſpect, there was none remaining but *Indatherſes* and thoſe three *Grecians*, who dined with *Cyrus*, *Oneſile*, and *Telagene*, and two other Ladies of Quality who followed that Princeſs in her Travels: So that the laſt thing which *Cyrus* talked on with *Diocles*, *Meneſiphiles*, and *Cherſias*, being the Banquet of the Seven Sages, as ſoon as they did riſe from the Table, he turned towards them: Though there be not ſo many Sages at this Dinner (ſaid he unto them) as at that Feaſt in *Corinth*; yet I believe we had one Advantage which they had not. Since theſe Ladies who are here, replied *Diocles*, were not there, nor you neither, Sir, doubtleſs there wanted the greateſt Ornaments of the World: But, Sir, I aſſure you, that Feaſt was more Gallant then you imagine it, for it was not only an Aſſembly of grave Philoſophers, but alſo a moſt pleaſant meeting of Ladies, for the late Queen of *Corinth* was there, ſhe who raigns at this day alſo, and the Princeſs *Eumetis*, who otherwiſe is called the Princeſs of *Lindes*, ſhe was alſo there with the wiſe *Cleobulus* her Father. Moreover, there was an Embaſſador from the King of *Egypt*, called *Niloxenus*; the intimate Friends of *Periander* were there alſo; the merry *Eſope*, who at his departure from *Lydia* came to *Corinth*, he was there; and indeed this Aſſembly was ſo mixed, that there was enough to find in it all that would ſatisfy any Humour. The truth is, added *Meneſiphiles*, all manner of things was diſcourſed upon. Queſtions were argued upon all imaginable Subjects; Policy, Morality, Oeconomy, Pleaſures, Riddles, and Muſique, were treated upon, abundance of pleaſing Raillary; a million of Queſtions in matter of Love were put; many an amorous Hiſtory was related; the Adventure of *Arion* was told, who alſo was there: Indeed, Sir, this Feaſt deſerved the Fame it hath gotten over all *Greece*. For my part, ſaid *Oneſile*, I have had the greateſt deſire in the World to know all the particulars of it, ſince a *Grecian* once coming to *Artaxates* told me ſomething of it, but not being preſent, he told me only as much as filled me fuller of Curioſity, but nothing to ſatisfy me. Since ſo, Madam, (ſaid *Cyrus*) you ſpeak it in a happy Hour, for *Meneſiphiles*, *Diocles*, and *Cherſias* were all three preſent at it, and are able to ſatisfy you: Now, Sirs, ſaid he, I know not how time can be better imployed, than in hearing the Sayings of theſe Sages of the World, and of the moſt meritorious Princeſſes upon Earth: For, truly, Madam, the Princeſs *Cleobuline* is a Perſon compoſed of Wonders; and the Princeſs of *Lindes* hath been deſcribed unto me ſo amiable, that the time will be very well ſpent in hearing their Wits. After this, *Oneſile* importuning *Diocles*, *Meneſiphilies* and *Cherſias* to acquaint them with all that was done and ſaid at this famous Feaſt, theſe three Friends did in civility diſpute amongſt themſelves, who ſhould have the Honour to relate it. But in concluſion, it being agreed that *Meneſiphiles* ſhould begin it, and that *Cherſias* ſhould end it, the firſt began to ſpeak in theſe terms, addreſſing his Speech unto *Oneſile*, according to the Orders he received from *Cyrus*.

The Banquet of the Seven Sages.

BEfore I begin the deſcription of this famous Feaſt, which the Greeks do call *Simpoſia*, it's fit I tell you, Madam, that though I have related it a hundred times in my Daies, yet I cannot deliver it in the ſame terms, though I never did vary from the Truth in any, when I told unto Men of knowing Capacities, I never mentioned any thing but what paſſed among the Sages, and of things ſuitable to their underſtandings, but never told them of any Paſſages in the Garden amongſt the Princeſſes, *Cherſias*, *Eſope* and my ſelf, whilſt the Seven Sages were diſcourſing in high Points of Philoſophy with *Anacharſis*, *Niloxenus*, and ſome others. But ſince I am now to make this Relation unto you, I think it convenient not to omit the pleaſing Paſſages of the day preceding this Feaſt; give me leave therefore to tell you, Madam, that ſince nothing was then talked on in *Corinth* but of theſe famous Men who were met there at one time, and of that Embaſſador from *Amaſis*, who they ſaid was ſent unto the Seven Sages of *Greece*, every one was filled with curioſity to know what he would ask of them from the King his Maſter: Great talk was alſo of an extraordinary foreſight in one of thoſe Sages called *Chilon*, who ſmelling ſomething of the *Lacedemonian* Severity, being of that Country, he was nothing of *Solons* Humour, nor of the other Sages, who ſuited their Philoſophy according to the mode of the World; as for *Chilon*, he would have all the World conformable unto him: So that ſquaring all the Actions of his Life by the ſtraight Rule of Reaſon, he was as careful as could be to converſe with none but ſuch as he eſteemed, and none elſe; and to prevent his being in any other Company, whenſoever his Friends invited him to eat at their Houſes, he would firſt ask who would be there, before he would make any promiſe, ſaying, That a Man who travelled at Sea, might be in the ſame Ship with Men who pleaſed him not, as well as a valiant Souldier might be in the ſame Tent with a Coward, becauſe neceſſity of travelling and encamping with ſuch as Fortune brought together, did allow it without any imprudence: But the caſe was otherwiſe in gojng to Feaſts, and the Man was out of his Wits that would venture himſelf wilfully among a miſcellany of all ſorts of ſeveral People: So, that, according to his Humour and Cuſtom, when *Periander* invited him to be at this famous Banquet, *Chilon* asked, before he would promiſe to make one, who would be there? As they named unto him, *Thales*, *Solon*, *Pittacus*, *Bias*, *Cleobulus*, and *Anarcharſis*, he was well contented, and was well pleaſed alſo that *Eſope* was to be there; but when he was told there would be ſome Ladies alſo, he refuſed to go, and had abſolutely abſented himſelf, if they had not been named unto him: yet ſeeing there was to be but three; The firſt *Meliſſa*, Wife to *Periander*: The ſecond, the Princeſs her Daughter; and the third, the Princeſs of *Lindes*; and that theſe three were the Wives and Daughters to as wiſe a Man as himſelf, he promiſed to be there. As for *Diocles*, *Meneſiphiles*, and my ſelf, he did us the favour not to refuſe our company: Yet ſince he had never ſpoken unto the Princeſs of *Lindes*, *Eſope* underſtood that he inquired of her very inquiſitively, he was full of his Raillery all that evening with the Princeſs of *Lindes*, playing upon the ſeverity of *Chilon* in the wittieſt and pleaſant manner in the World, affirming boldly, that nothing in the World was more dangerous than being over-wiſe. For my part (ſaid he, and ſmiled) it plainly appears that I am not of *Chilon*'s Humour; at leaſt, the Fable which I compoſed of the Country-Mouſe, which came to ſup with the City-Mouſe, makes it appear: I am not ſo ſevere as this *Lacedemonian*. But (ſaid *Eumetis* then unto him) your Country-Mouſe does ſo much repent the leaving of her Achorns whereon ſhe lived, and her coming for better Cheer, when ſhe heard the Door open where the City-Rat feaſted her ſelf, that I cannot tell whether *Chilon* or you have greater Reaſons for your Opinions, and whether he have not more reaſon to be at Home in quiet, than come unto ſuch ill Company as mine: However, I ſhould be very angry with my ſelf, if I ſhould be the cauſe of his not being at the Feaſt to morrow; for I have heard ſay, that though he be ſevere, yet he is a moſt excellent Man; and though he be melancholy, yet he is ſenſible of joy. Since now it is very late, replied *Cleobuline*, he cannot ſee you before the Feaſt: Yet I have heard ſay, replied ſhe, that *Chilon* never judges upon any thing by Reports, nor ever truſts any but himſelf. Then it were requiſite (replied *Cleobuline*) that the Princeſs *Eumetis* did write ſome piece of Wit, which may be ſhewed unto him, and that ſhe compoſe one of thoſe pleaſant Riddles which ſhe uſed ſo happily to invent, and ſend it unto him, that he may know ſhe has as much Wit as himſelf.

As ſoon as *Cleobuline* ſaid ſo, all the Company concurred in her Opinion, and moved *Eumetis* to compoſe a Riddle: So that *Eſope*, who had always a Table-Book about him, did take one out of his Pocket, and offered himſelf as Secretary unto that Princeſs; who being excellent good at Railiary, told *Eſope*, that ſhe would let him be her Secretary for once, provided he would let her be his another time: So that ſeeming to ſtudy a while, ſhe writ in *Eſops* Table-book a Riddle which formerly ſhe had made, and which none ever yet ſaw; but in lieu of addreſſing it unto *Chilon*, ſhe addreſſed it unto *Cleobuline*. Then after ſhe had written it in *Eſope*'s Table-Book, ſhe gave it unto *Eſope*, and he did read theſe words in a diſtinct Voice.

A Riddle unto the Princeſs of Corinth.

What is it,

Which flatters not Kings more than Beggars?
Which ſerves to correct the Faults of others, yet knows
them not?
Which is Dumb, and yet gives Counſel?

Which when in the right, is not believed ; but when it flatters, is always credited ?
Which one part of the World makes uſe of to conquer the other ?
Which is multiplied by its own Ruin ?

For my part (ſaid *Eſope*, and ſhrugged his Shoulders) I muſt confeſs that I better underſtand the Language of my Crows, than the words of the Princeſs of *Lindes*, though their Voices be nothing ſo charming as hers; and I confeſs, to my ſhame, that I cannot reſolve this Riddle: And I will not ſay for my ſelf, as I made my Fox ſay, when he ſaid, That the Fruit which he could not reach was too Green, and therefore would not reach them: So I will not ſay I will not unty this Riddle, but ingenuouſly confeſs, that I cannot, but am confident that it would puzzle all the Seven Sages of *Greece*. Really, *Eſope*, (ſaid the Princeſs of *Corinth*, and took the Table-Book) it is a great ſhame unto you not to underſtand this Riddle, ſince you could underſtand that which none elſe could without you. Since my ſhame is a glory unto the Princeſs *Eumetis*, ſaid he, doubtleſs you will rejoice at it. I muſt confeſs it, (replied ſhe) but I ſhould rejoyce much more, if I could have the honour of finding that out which you cannot: However, replied *Eumetis*, I would not have you find this Riddle out, until *Chilon* hath tried what he can do, ſince I writ it only to get his good Opinion of me. If you pleaſe, Madam, ſaid *Eſope*, I will ſhew it unto him immediately, for I know he is in *Periander's* Chamber. At firſt *Eumetis* was againſt this, but *Cleobuline* being of *Eſope's* Opinion, ſhe bad him ſhew it unto *Chilon*; yet he would not, until after all the Company confeſſed they underſtood it not: However, *Eſope* went, and found *Chilon* in *Periander*'s Chamber, unto whom he ſaid he had ſome Buſineſs of conſequence to impart: He being uſed to the pleaſant Humours of *Eſope*, and expected ſome diverſion of Wit from him, he hearkened unto him, though he had then with him *Solon*, *Thales*, *Chilon*, and *Pittacus*: So that after *Periander* had given him leave to ſpeak, he told *Chilon*, that knowing he loved not to go unto any Feaſt, unleſs he were acquainted with all the Gueſts and not being ignorant how he had never ſpoken unto the Princeſs of *Lindes*, he had brought him one of her Riddles, to the end he might ſee ſome of her Wit, and not refuſe her Company the next day. After which preſenting the Riddle unto him, and *Chilon* as ſevere as he was, loving Raillary, at the deſire of *Periander* he began to read it aloud; after which, he confeſſed that he did not underſtand it, and that if it proved as true, as it was obſcure, it was an admirable good one. For my part, ſaid *Periander*, I ſay as much as *Chilon*. And for my part added *Thales*, I ſhould be leſs troubled in obſerving the courſe of the Sun, and regulating Seaſons and Years, than I am in finding out this Riddle. As for *Solon*, he found it out as ſoon as ever he heard it, but being naturally civil towards all Ladies, and Gallantry, not being incompatible with his Philoſophy, he would not make it known that he had found it out, purpoſely to glad the Princeſs of *Lindes* that her Riddle was undiſcovered: So that *Eſope* by the order of *Periander* returned to bring back the Interpretation of this Riddle: For till then, ſaid he, it cannot with Juſtice be commended, ſince it is not enough to be good, but it muſt be underſtood alſo, and be found true in every part, and that when the thing is known, one ſhall admire it was not underſtood. So *Eſope* returned, and told *Eumitis* ſhe had puzled all the Sages, and that none of them did underſtand it. Since ſuch things as theſe (replied the Princeſs of *Corinth*, modeſtly) are ſomtimes found out more by chance than wit; perhaps I have done that which ſome more able than my ſelf could not: And truly *Eſope* (ſaid ſhe) if you will caſt your Eyes upon that Glaſs which you ſee upon the Table, I am confident you will find that it does flatter the Princeſs of *Lindes* no more than the Slave behind her; and therefore it was juſt to ſay it does not flatter Kings any more than Beggars; and that it's true, it doth correct the Faults of others, yet knows them not; at leaſt, I am ſure, it hath done me a good Office a thouſand times, yet knew not what it did: It is alſo as true (purſued ſhe) that this Mirror counſels, but ſpeaks not, ſince it hath told me that Carnation Colours better become me than Green. It is alſo as true, that a Mirror is always believed when it flatters, and not believed when it does not. Moreover, the Princeſs of *Lindes* ſaid, that half of the World makes uſe of a Mirror to conquer the other, could not be enough commended; for all Beauty who would make Conqueſts, do it by the advice of their Mirrors, and add freſh Graces unto their Beauty; ſo that ſhe could not expreſs her thought more nobly: And if you will ſee how the laſt part of my Riddle holds true (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled,) you may let my Glaſs fall, and find twenty Glaſſes, and twenty *Eumettiſes* for one, ſo that it might well be ſaid, it was multiplied by its Ruin. Really, ſaid *Eſope*, I know not who merits moſt Commendations, ſhe who made this Riddle, or ſhe who found it out: For my part, ſaid *Eumetis*, the Princeſs *Cleobuline* deſerves moſt, for the Interpretation is more ingenious than the Riddle it ſelf. However it be, ſaid *Eſope*, I will go preſently and tell *Periander*, that the Princeſs his Daughter hath done more than he could do; and indeed ſo he did, but he expounded the Riddle unto the King of *Corinth* after his own mode, to wit, Raillary: for as ſoon as *Periander* ſaw him: Well, *Eſope*, ſaid he, What's that which flatters Kings no more then Beggers? It is a thing, Sir, ſaid he, which let's the Princeſs of *Corinth*, ſee every day when ſhe dreſſeth her ſelf, that ſhe is the faireſt Princeſs in the World, and which ſometimes lets me ſee that I am the uglieſt Fellow upon Earth. As ſoon as *Eſope* had ſaid ſo, *Periander*, *Solon*, *Thales*, *Pitticus*, and *Chilon* began to laugh, and confeſs that the Riddle was moſt ingenious: After which, *Eſope* began to commend the Interpretation which the Princeſs of *Corinth* had made upon it, and to ask *Chilon* whether he thought *Eumetis* worthy to be at the Feaſt with him. Doubtleſs ſhe hath a moſt rare Wit, (replied he); But, *Eſope*, I hope you can aſſure me, that the Charms of her Soul will pleaſe, as well as the Beauty of her Wit. After this, *Eſope* broke out into a hundred pleaſant Expreſſions, twitting at the ſeverity of his Philoſophy, and the exceſs of his Prudence; and afterwards he returned to the Princeſſes, whom he did entertain ſo pleaſantly, that it was late before they retired.

However, the next morning *Periander* went unto the place where he intended to make this great Feaſt: For to the end it might be more pleaſing, he would have it out of the Town, at a place called the *Lecheon* Port, neer the Temple of *Venus:* And indeed, it was the moſt beautiful place in the World: Firſt, the Houſe was a moſt magnificent Structure, and had a huge vaſt Hall Arched, and fit for ſo great an Aſſembly: Then there is a moſt rare Garden, and a moſt pleaſant Grove along the Sea ſide, with ſuch goodly Walks, that a fitter place could not be found again in the World, to entertain ſuch a Company as *Periander* intended, and to paſs away a day in pleaſure. But, ſince he was to treat Men that were wiſe in the moſt Soveraign degree, he would not uſe all his Magnificence, leſt he ſhould offend their moderation: The truth is, he baniſhed ſuperfluity, but had abundance, kept order, and was neat: Alſo, he had excellent Muſick, and after Dinner, he had a Maſque of Dancing for a Repaſt. But, to do all things with ſplendor, he ſent a Coach unto every one of his invited Gueſts, and he received them at the Gate of the Houſe where he was to treat them, as if he were only a private Man, declaring unto them all as they came, That he would not be a King that day; and that the laſt Act of Authority which he would uſe all that day, ſhould be to command them, to look upon him as their friend, and not at all as the King of *Corinth.* Had I given ſuch a King unto my Frogs (ſaid *Eſope*, and ſmiled, ſpeaking in a low Voice) they had not diſobeyed him when he diſpleaſed them. Ha *Eſop* (replied *Periander* and ſmiled,) Though you had made me King of your Frogs, yet they would have been Rebels: But you do know the nature of People ſo admirably well, who uſe to murmur both againſt clement and ſevere Princes, that you with much reaſon do merit to be this day a Companion unto them that *Greece* hath moſt admirable.

As *Eſope* was ready to anſwer, the Queen of *Corinth*, the Princeſs her Daughter, and the Princeſs of *Lindes* came in: preſently after, *Solon*, *Chilon*, and all the reſt of the Company aſſembled, for *Thales*, *Pittacus*, *Bias*, *Cleobulus*, *Anacharſis*, *Niloxenus*, *Meneſiphiles*, *Cherſias*, a Man of *Corinth* called *Cleodemus*, *Ardales* that famous Muſician, and my ſelf were there before.

I ſhall not now tell you, Sir, the firſt Complements which all theſe illuſtrious Perſons uſed, ſince by ſuch things they cannot be diſtinguiſhed from ordinary Men; nor will I deſcribe the Feaſt unto you; it will be ſufficient I tell you, that all was exquiſite, the Muſick excellent, the Dances admirable, and the Diſcourſe raviſhing: The truth is, there was ſuch a Spirit of joy which did ſo ſpread it ſelf through all the Company, and which did much baniſh all ſeriouſneſs, yet this jollity had nothing in it which was not worthy of thoſe whereof the Company was compoſed; the Company played upon *Eſope*, and he played upon them after his uſual rate of Raillary; and *Anacharſis* himſelf was ſo good at it, that no Grecian was better at Raillery than he: The Princeſs alſo did much contribute to the pleaſure of this mixed Converſation, which changed ſubject according to the humour of thoſe who ſpoke; and *Periander* would have the Princeſs his Daughter with her own hand give Chaplets of Flowers unto every one of the Gueſts, according to the cuſtom of that place. In the mean time, ſince this was not an Aſſembly of Gallants, but of Sages only, *Cleobuline* and *Eumetis* were not dreſſed as if they were going to a Ball, yet ſo handſome, that I never ſaw them better than that day. But Madam, as ſoon as they were all riſen from the Table, *Niloxenus* the King of *Ægypts* Embaſſador, who was ſent only to conſult with the Seven Sages upon certain Propoſitions which the King of *Æthiopia* made unto his Maſter, he changed the Diſcourſe: for, after he had read that Kings Letter, and *Bias* had given a pleaſing Anſwer unto the odd Propoſition which the King of *Æthiopia* made unto him, and which I ſhall not repeat, becauſe all the World knows it, they fell upon more ſerious things: They began to examine, what would render a King moſt glorious? *Solon* ſaid, If my Memory fail not, that a King cannot render himſelf more Glorious, than in communicating his Authority. *Cleobulus* ſaid in his turn, That he was a wiſe Prince who never truſted unto any. *Pittacus* ſaid, That the greateſt Glory was for a King, to make all his Subjects fear him. And *Chilon* ſaid, It was moſt glorious to love Honour above all. As for the reſt of the Sages, I muſt confeſs, Sir, I do not well remember what they ſaid: But, as for *Eſope*, I do remember very well he ſaid, That King was always moſt glorious, who had the valour of a Lyon, the ſubtilty of a Fox, and to his Subjects, the love of a Pelican to her young ones: And for my part (added he with an admirable Action) I muſt uſe my Beaſts and my Birds as well in my Compariſons, as in my Fables.

But after every one had anſwered ſomething to the raillery of *Eſope*, they fell into Diſcourſe concerning Republiques: And, *Thales* ſaid, That to govern a Commonwhalth well, Men muſt be kept neither too poor, nor too rich: *Anacharſis* ſaid, That the beſt way was to make Vertue and Vice the only diſtinction of the Inhabitants: *Pittacus* ſaid, That Commonwealth was in beſt order, where the Virtuous Commanded, and the Vicious had no Authority: *Cleobulus* ſaid, That Commonwealth was happieſt, where the People feared Infamy, more than the Law. *Solon* ſaid, They were beſt, where thoſe who were not oppreſſed, protected them who were, and proſecuted the Oppreſſors as their own Enemies. *Bias* ſaid, Where the People feared the Law as a Tyrant. *Chilon* ſaid, Where Ambition was baniſhed. And *Periander* affirmed, That there the State was happieſt, where the publick Intereſt of the Country was above all private Intereſts. After which, They diſcourſed upon ſeveral other Theams; and indeed, after they had talked of Monarchies, and Republicks, They diſcourſed concerning the Government of private Families, and *Chilon* maintained, That to be the beſt governed, which moſt reſembled the State of a Monarchy, whoſe Authority is in one only. For my particular, ſaid *Eſope*, I take moſt delight in being like to the King of *Bees*; to wit, ſole Maſter of my Houſe: But I muſt confeſs, that when I was a Slave, I had rather have been in my Maſters Houſe, as *Ants* are in theirs; to wit, with equality in all things. After which, the Embaſſador of *Amaſis* falling upon the moſt ſublime Subjects, They began to define what Time, what Light, and what Truth was; and to ſpeak of Death, of Fortune, and of the Gods. So that the Three Princeſſes having in modeſty no mind to meddle in ſuch diſcourſes, they retired, and went to walk in that pleaſant Grove I told you of, which was by the Sea ſide. Thus they left the Seven Sages with *Anacharſis*, *Niloxenus*, *Cleodemus*, and *Diocles*, to talk concerning the moſt ſublime Sciences. In the mean time, *Eſope* naturally loving the company of Ladies better than mens; and *Cherſias* and I being obliged to wait upon the Princeſſes, and to ſpeak truth, ſince we were not ſo wiſe, and knowing Men as thoſe we left, we were not ſorry to wait upon theſe amiable perſons: Our company alſo encreaſed, for many in *Corinth* being full of curioſity to ſee theſe Seven Sages of *Greece* together; and alſo to ſee that famous *Scythian*, who was ſo highly ſpoke of; the Princeſſes, with *Perianders* leave, gave orders to thoſe who kept the Gates of the Garden, after Dinner to let in ten or twelve Ladies of Quality. So that the Princeſſes in their going out of the Hall ſeeing them, theſe Ladies followed them into the Grove, *Cleobuline* aſſuring them, That ſhe would let them ſee thoſe Illuſtrious Men, whom they ſo longed to know; but ſince they were then very buſie, they muſt ſtay till they went out of the Hall. After which, going to this Grove, they came to a place, which towards the Sea ſide reſembled a Half-Moon, having round about it Seats of Graſs, and theſe Seats being at the feet of Trees, a great number might ſit very conveniently, ſince the place was ſhaded. Theſe Princeſſes then being come to this place, they ſat down, and cauſed all thoſe to ſit alſo who were of Quality befitting their preſence; the reſt, either ſtood behind, or elſe, lay upon the Ground. As for *Æſop*, he ſtood behind the Princeſs *Eumetis*, leaning againſt a Tree; at the root of which, was a ſeat of Graſs, upon which She ſat with the Princeſs of *Corinth*. As for *Miliſſa*, She was ſeparated from them, and was talking in private with two of the new-come Ladies. So that it was a pleaſant ſight to ſee the Head of *Æſop* between the heads of thoſe two fair Princeſſes: Yet certainly, as ugly as he was, he made one delight to look upon him; for maugre his uglineſs, there was ſuch a kind of ſubtilty in his phyſiognomy, and all his actions were ſo ingenious, and ſo pleaſing, that I aſſure you, he pleaſed as much by his Perſon, and well by his way of ſpeaking things, as by the things themſelves. As for *Cherſias*, and I, we ſtood before the Princeſſes, with ſome others which they had let enter with them, and the Ladies I ſpoke of.

As the Beauties were in this poſture, one of the Ladies began to ſay ſhe was exceeding ſorry that a Prince called *Baſilides* was not then at *Corinth*, another grieved that a Gallant named *Myrinthus* was abſent alſo, wiſhing he had ſeen that which perhaps they ſhall never ſee again, it not being poſſible Fortune ſhould aſſemble ſo many great Men together. For my part, ſaid the Princeſs *Eumetis*, I am vexed at the *Egyptian* Embaſſadour being here this Day, for though he be a well accompliſhed Man, yet I wiſh he had been abſent, ſince if he had not come in with his Queſtions, the Converſation had not been ſo ſerious; for I muſt confeſs that I am very much pleaſed with the reading of many things which I do not like in converſation; perhaps it is an ill grounded Niceneſs of mind in me, but for all that, I would he had in lieu of talking of Time, of Light, and of Truth, propounded ſome queſtions of Gallantry unto the Sages: As for *Solon*, replied I, I aſſure you he would have pleaſed you upon ſuch a ſubject, eſpecially if he had talked of Love. As for Love, replied *Cleobuline*, I confeſs I ſhould not care to hear it ſpoken of before ſuch pieces of Gravity: for though it be a Paſſion as well as the reſt, and though it ſtands in as much need of the Sages help, as any of the other Paſſions, to regulate the Minds of ſuch as are poſſeſſed with it; yet certainly none is able to ſpeak upon that ſubject handſomly, unleſs he were in a Capacity either to love, or to be beloved. I beſeech you, Madam, replied *Cherſias*, did never any tell you that no wiſe Man could ever be in love? For my part, (ſaid *Eumetis* to the Princeſs of *Corinth*) I wiſh *Anacharſis* were in love with you, that he might not return into *Scythia*, but ſtay always in *Greece*. Were he in love with me, and ſo old as he is, replied the Princeſs of *Corinth*, you would never deſire he ſhould ſtay here; for if he did, certainly he would not be ſo wiſe as he is. To ſpeak rationally (ſaid the Princeſs of *Lindes*) Love is a ridiculous thing in an old Man; and more in an old Woman, replied *Cleobuline*. Doubtleſs it is, anſwered *Eumetis*, but yet this is the difference, ſince the he Lover is obliged unto more ceremony than the ſhe loved, he is put to the Neceſſity of appearing more ridiculous. *Eumetis* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but all the Company concurred with her, and an old Lover was blazed in his ridiculous Colours. For my particnlar ſaid one of the Ladies, methinks I ſee him a thing out of faſhion, one that will walk as if he were young, yet do what he can, is old and walks ſo; he will be talking of ſuch Matters of Gallantry, which none can underſtand; he cannot tell how, and yet he will talk of Love, and can talk of nothing elſe. I would fain know, ſaid *Eumetis*, whether there be any Lady that deſires to hear ſuch a one talk? If there be, replied *Cleobuline*, queſtionleſs it is to jear him: But yet (added ſhe, and turned towards *Eſope*) what ſay you unto all this? I ſay, Madam, replied he, as my Wolf ſaid unto the Shepherds who were eating Mutton in their Cottage, (what a noiſe would be made, if I ſhould do as you do.) I am confident, Madam, added he, that you know how to make the Application; for if I ſhould ſay as much as you do, I ſhould preſently be branded with the name of a Maker of biting and ſatyrical Fables; but becauſe you are great Princeſſes, you are allowed to devour a poor Man alive, with more cruelty than the Shepherds devoured the Mutton. I think (ſaid *Eumetis*, and laughed as well as all the Company) that you intereſt your ſelf in this old Man's Buſineſs, becauſe you do intend to be in love your ſelf. Never queſtion it, Madam, replied he; but you do not conſider that I have a greater advantage than others have; for ſince I was an ugly Fellow at fifteen, and can be no worſe at a hundred,

dred, I ſhall not be ſo ridiculous as another, though I were in love with one Leg in my Grave. Since you are perſwaded (and with reaſon) replied *Cleobuline*, that the pleaſingneſs of your Wit will get you more Love than your Perſon can, certainly you have more priviledg for being long in love than any other. But added *Eumetis*, ſince we talk of Love, and talk unto *Eſope*, I muſt needs ask, whether he be ſtill in love with the famous *Rhodophe*, whom they ſay is now in *Egypt?* No, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I am not in love, ſince the Brother of the famons *Sapho* is: And I wiſh that all the Beaſts I ever made ſpeak, may devour me, if ever I do love her again. If it be really true you do not love her, replied *Cleobuline*, you need not make ſuch cruel Imprecations againſt your ſelf; for I am fully perſwaded one cannot love one Perſon twice, and that it is eaſier to love twenty one after another, than to love one, with whom he was quite broken off. This Rule, replied I, is not ſo general, but will admit of an Exception in a Friend of mine, which loved one Woman twice, with equal Flames. But are you ſure, replied *Cherſias*, that your Friend does think ſo himſelf? for perhaps he never loved but once, whom he thought he loved twice, and happily never left loving her; for ſometimes Anger makes ſuch a bluſter in the Heart of a Lover, that Love lies lurking in it, though he know it not, and the truth is, he often thinks he hates, when he loves, and thinks he has forgotten her whom he always thinks upon: So that when I ſay it never happens that one loves one Perſon twice, I mean that he did really ceaſe to love her, and not leave the leaſt ſpark unextinguiſhed, which may revive again; for if it do, the Fire never went out. For my part, replied *Cleobuline*, I do not think there is any ſuch Impoſſibility for one to love the ſame Perſon twice, as you imagine: for though a Cinder be extinguiſhed, and hath been ſo long, certainly it will take fire ſooner than if it had never been lighted. And ſo I conclude, that the firſt Love makes a diſpoſition for a ſecond, and that it is more eaſy to love one whom he loved before, than another. For my particular, Madam, replied *Cherſias*, I know by experience it was the caſe of a Nephew unto the wiſe *Bias*, who was as bravely a qualified Man as any in the World, and as far from erecting ſhattered Altars as ever any was, or from Sacrificing one Heart twice unto one and the ſame Deity. This is ſo nice a Queſtion, replied the Princeſs *Eumetis*, that to imitate the reſt of the Company whom we dined withal, we muſt argue and examine as they do the higheſt and difficult Points in Philoſophy. If an example will make good my Opinion, replied I, I will eaſily prove that one may twice love one and the ſame Perſon: Nay, if an Example will do it, replied *Cherſias*, I ſhall get the better of you, and make it evident, That one cannot begin again to love a Lady, after he had once abſolutely given over loving her. As *Cherſias* ſaid ſo, *Melliſſa* riſing up to walk, and beckning to one whom ſhe would have follow her; the Princeſs, and all the reſt of the Ladies ſtayed ſtill with *Cherſias*, *Eſope*, ſome others, and my ſelf. So that the Princeſs of *Lindes*, who was pleaſed with this Queſtion which was worthy of her Curioſity, obliged *Cherſias* and me to relate the two Examples of which we ſpoke, and afterwards to make good our Opinions with the beſt Reaſons we could produce; adding afterwards, that the major Vote of the Company ſhould decide the Controverſy. With all my Heart, ſaid *Cleobuline*, but methinks it is requiſite, ſaid *Eumetis*, that *Eſope* have a double Voice: If ſo, ſaid he, I ſhall give them on his ſide, who holds that one cannot love one Perſon twice. Fie *Eſope* (replied *Eumetis*, and laughed) you give your Opinion too ſoon, ſince you will pronounce Judgment before the Cauſe be pleaded. I have been ſo frequently familiar with ſome certain babling Birds (replied he, and ſmiled) that you need not wonder if that be my fault. But truly, Madam, I am ſo fully perſwaded of what *Meneſiphiles* will ſay, and that one cannot love one Perſon twice, that I thought it not amiſs to declare at the beginning, what I knew I ſhould ſay at the end, maugre all the Reaſons of *Meneſiphiles*. However it be, ſaid *Cleobuline*, I pray lend your Audience, unleſs you will have me think you leſs wiſe than thoſe Birds, who carry Stones in their Throat to ſtop their Garrulity. After this, the two Princeſſes having commanded *Cherſias* and me to relate our Examples, and afterwards our Reaſons, it was reſolved that I ſhould firſt relate the Hiſtory of my Friend; which I did in theſe following terms, addreſſing my Speech unto the Princeſs of *Lindes*, by the command of *Cleobuline*, as I do addreſs it now unto you Madam, by the command of that great Prince that is preſent.

The Hiſtory of Philidas, *and of* Anaxandride.

SInce it is not convenient at this preſent, Madam, to make any long Relation, I will not mention who were the Fathers of thoſe whoſe Stories I am to relate, only aſſure you, that *Philidas* and *Anaxandride*, whoſe Adventures I ſhall relate in a few words, were both born at *Megares*, and were extracted from the moſt illuſtrious Families of that famous Town; and Fortune hath not only made them equal in their Births, but alſo in their Merits and Perſons; for *Philidas* is as handſom as *Anaxandride* is fair, and *Anaxandride* has as fine a Wit as *Philidas*, tho his be high and admirable. Moreover, there is a marvelous ſympathy in their Humours, and their Age alſo is proportionable, for *Anaxandride* is at this preſent not above nineteen Years of Age, and *Philidas* Twenty: Beſides all this, be pleaſed to know, that they have ſeen each other from their Cradles, their Houſes joined, and their Fathers were intimate Friends.

After all this, Madam, I aſſure my ſelf, that when I ſhall tell you how *Philidas* fell in Love with *Anaxandride*, as ſoon as he was capable of Love, and how ſhe did not reject his Affection, you will think him the happieſt Lover in the World; and I can aſſure you, that as long as his firſt Paſſion laſted, he met with Roſes, and no Prickles in them, but taſted all the Sweets of Love without any Bitterneſs, for he was as much eſteemed as he did eſteem, and I think no leſs loved than he did love: He ſaw her, and talked with her when he pleaſed; their Parents ſaw their Inclinations, and did not croſs them; and if any thing kept *Philidas* from motioning a Marriage with his Miſtreſs unto his Parents, it was only becauſe he would not think of Marriage as long as an Unkle, whoſe Heir he was to be, was abſent; and this Unkle being gone to travel, and not to return until the Year was over, *Philidas* thought upon nothing but how to divert his Miſtreſs.

In the mean time, this Condition of his was too happy and too tranquile; and this Hope, which never had any mixture of Fears, did ſo glut the Mind of *Philidas*, that he hoped for the enjoyment of his Miſtreſs without any delight; and he was ſo ſadded with her Sweetneſs and Civilities, that he became inſenſible of all her Favours; not but that he loved her ſtill, and ſaw her often; but thinking himſelf ſure of her Affection, and that he never needed to ask that queſtion, he therefore had nothing oftentimes to ſay unto her: And indeed he has told me, that he has been fain to talk of News, and of meer Indifferencies when he hath been alone with her, becauſe his Love gave him no new Subject of Diſcourſe. Indeed, Madam, this quiet Hope, and this Equality of Happineſs, together with the certainty of being loved, did by degrees infuſe ſuch a luke-warmneſs of Affection into *Philidas*; that being to go into the Country, he was more joyed at his going to ſee the Country dreſt in her freſh green Garment, then he was ſorry to part from his Miſtreſs. However, thongh there was a great ſympathy of Humour between *Philidas* and *Anaxandride*, yet there was a notable difference in their Hearts upon this occaſion; for as the love of *Philidas* leſſened, that of *Anaxandride* encreaſed; and to vex her more, when he came to take his leave, ſhe perceived he ſpoke with too much indifferency; yet ſince that was not a fit time to quarrel, ſhe ſhewed no ſign of diſcontent at the alteration of his Mind: So that he left her without any quarrelling, and without any vexation ever ſince he firſt fell in love with her; yet ſince he asked leave to write unto her, and obtained it, he did write accordingly to her, but his Letter was only a bare deſcription of the Country, and his delights in ſitting under a ſhade, and hearing the Birds ſing in a Wood; yet at the end of his Letter, he wiſhed her where he was, but it was in ſuch a faint manner, as made it evident, that he wiſhed her there, more to hear Nightingals, than to talk to her of any Love-Matters: Yet *Anaxandride* being perſwaded, that it was dangerous to quarrel with an abſent Lover, as long as ſhe had a mind to keep him, ſhe writ unto him, as if there were no alteration in her Heart: But all this her Goodneſs working its ordinary Effect in the Soul of *Philidas*, he waited without any impatience, for the day on which he was wont to hear from *Alexandride*, and I had it from his own Mouth, That his Love to her did ſo cool, that he received a Letter from this fair One in the Morning, and did not read it till Night when he went to Bed. *Philidas* being then thus coldly indifferent, after ſo much hot Affection, as Chance would have it, his Father writing to him, that he ſhould go unto *Salamine* about ſome Buſineſs, there he ſaw a great Beauty called *Timoxenes*; and the Father of this fair One being to go and dwell at *Megeres*, he was very glad to contract Friendſhip with a Man of his Quality: So that in a few days *Philidas* had all poſſible freedom in his Houſe. But, Madam, as the too much ſweetneſs of *Anaxandride*, and the too much happineſs of *Philidas*, had glutted and cooled his Affection, ſo the fantaſticalneſs of *Timoxene* cauſed his Inconſtancy to her. For, Madam, he found in her all things contrary to the other; certainly never any was of a more unequal and peeviſh Humour, nor who loved better to wrangle with her Lovers, and fall out with her Friends; for it was the common talk, *Timoxene* ſaid ſuch and ſuch a thing; *Timoxene* ſaid ſuch an one told her ſo; *Timoxene* complains againſt ſuch an One, or ſuch an One againſt her; *Timoxene* is fallen out with him, or he with her: And the truth is, *Timoxene*, out of her perverſe inequality of Humour, did ſo intangle things, and trouble both her ſelf and all the World, that ſhe baniſhed almoſt every one from the Place where ſhe was, for ſhe made every one to fall in Love with her, or elſe ſowed Seeds of Diviſion between thoſe who intended to contract moſt ſolid Friendſhip, & all this out of her unequality of Humour: For ſome days ſhe would tell whatſoever was told her for he greateſt Secret, and on others on the contrary; her beſt Friends could not get the leaſt Syllable out of her; and ſometimes ſhe would care ſo little what ſhe ſaid, that ſhe would ſpeak againſt her own Intereſt. However, *Timoxene* was amiable and lovely; but the truth is, ſhe had more Lovers than Friends; yet as fantaſtical as ſhe was, ſhe won many to love her; and though ſhe was moſt unequal in her Humours, yet it may be ſaid, ſhe did what ſhe could to anger Love, but not to ruin it, for her Phantaſms laſted not long: And when ſhe was in a good Humour, there was not a more charming, cheriſhing, and ſweeter Perſon in the World: Indeed, ſometimes one would ſwear, ſhe was ever all ſweetneſs and pleaſing; ſo that in this good Mood, a Man would give her more power over his Heart, than he was able to recal again.

Timoxene being as I have deſcribed her, ſhe was in one of thoſe pleaſing Fits, when *Philidas* firſt ſaw her. So that ſince his Love to *Anaxandride* was extinguiſhed by her too much Sweetneſs, and his too much Happineſs; her *Idea* did not hinder him from thinking *Timoxene* very Fair and infinitely Wity. Moreover, he learned that very firſt day, how ſhe had many Lovers; and he knew alſo, that ſhe was one whoſe Affection was the moſt difficult in the World to be gotten, and the hardeſt to be kept when it was gotten. But, Madam, without further Aggravations of this fantaſtical Adventure, let me tell you, that *Philidas* being weary of being happy; or to ſay better, not reſenting his good Fortune, becauſe he was too much accuſtomed unto it, he ſought to make himſelf miſerable in thinking to find Felicity, for he ſaw *Timoxene* ſo often, that he fell in Love with her, and by conſequence left loving *Anaxandride*: So as it cannot be ſaid he loved her ſtill, ſince the greateſt ſign of not loving a Perſon, is to love another. But to tell you truly, *Philidas* was no ſooner the Lover of *Timoxene*, but he was rouzed out of that amorous Lethargy, in which the ſweetneſs of *Anaxandride* had lulled him; for from the very firſt day he began to love this fantaſtical Perſon, he was as full of Jealouſy as Love, and as full of Anger as Jealouſy: However, that which in all reaſon ſhould have leſſened his Paſſion, did encreaſe it, and he became as faſt fettered in the Chains of *Timoxene*, as ever he was with *Anaxandrides*.

But as Fame commonly carries ſuch News, ſo that the fair One at *Megares* quickly heard that her Lover was perfidious, and that he was fallen in Love at *Salamine:* So that ſince ſhe really loved him, ſhe was incredibly ſad at the News, yet it was a very glorious Sorrow; for reſolving to ſlight him who ſlighted her, ſhe endeavoured all poſſible ways to quiet her own Mind: But to tell you truly, the Hatred which ſucceed her Love, did put her to as much pain as her Love had done.

In the mean time, ſince as I told you before, the Father of *Timoxene* intended to go and dwell at *Megares*; ſo he went thither with all his Family, and *Philidas* returned with him. And as it is the cuſtom of the Place, that when any ſtrange Lady came thither, all the Ladies of the Town uſe to viſit her: So *Anaxandride* went to *Timoxene* with her Mother; and to perform a piece of Civility unto a Perſon who had taken the Heart of her Lover from her, ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to find *Philidas* there: Yet I heard her ſay ſince, that ſhe took more pleaſure in this Viſit than ſhe expected; for ſince ſhe had no deſire to find *Timoxene* Fair, her Imagination did ſo flatter her Paſſion, that ſhe fancied *Timoxene* otherwiſe than ſhe was, for ſhe thought her Hair too Red, though it was the paleſt Fair in the World; ſhe thought her Colour too high, though it was well compoſed; her Eyes ſhe thought too ſharp, though they were rather languiſhing; her Lips pale, though Vermilion; and her Body ill-favoured, though it was very handſome: So that aſcribing doubtleſs as much unto her own Beauty, as ſhe detracted from her Rival, ſhe fancied her a thouſand times leſs fair than ſhe was, and believed her ſelf to be fairer than ever ſhe did; at leaſt, ſhe told me, that ſhe thought ſo. But the thing moſt obſervable was, her Joys, in being perſwaded that *Philidas* had no excuſe for his Inconſtancy, and that he was a loſer by his Change: And truly, (ſaid ſhe one day unto me) I verily believe I ſhould have died with ſpite, if I had not found *Timoxene* much inferior to me in every thing: Methinks (added ſhe) that Spite hath ſo altered my Heart, that *Philidas* is not ſo handſom as he was when he loved me; and I wonder that I ſhould be then ſo mad as to think him amiable: But now *Philidas* ſeems unto me to be another Man, methinks his Mind not ſo noble, his Wit duller, his Action more forced, his very Accent as changed, and me-thinks he hath gotten ſuch a kind of clowniſhneſs at *Salamine*, as it is a ſhame unto all Iſlands: The Truth is, added ſhe, I thought my old Lover ſo little pleaſing that day, his Miſtreſs ſo far from lovely, and my ſelf ſo far above them both, that I went away from this Viſit leſs troubled than ever I imagined. But after all this (purſued ſhe) tho I had no deſire that *Philidas* ſhould ſtill love me, yet ſtill I was vexed ſtrangely that he ſhould love *Timoxene*. In the mean time, Madam, out of a reſentment of Honour, *Anaxandride* reſolved never to twit *Philidas* with it, but contented her ſelf only with ſhunning to meet him, and to treat him very coldly in what place ſoever ſhe found him: And indeed ſo ſhe did for a long time. But, Madam, ſince *Timoxene* had not changed her Homours in changing Places; ſhe was the ſame at *Megares*, which ſhe was wont to be at *Salamine*; and made there much more diſorder, for being there unknown, all the Men and Women were ſooner trapped, and the half of her Life being very Amiable, they kept her company as a Perſom whom they all eſteemed; and doubtleſs they ſaw her in the good Vain, but were ignorant of her Fault, that ſome days ſhe could not conceal any thing: So that it being uſual in thoſe who would contract Friendſhip with any new Comer, to acquaint them with all the News of the Town, to the end ſhe may not be any longer a Stranger; there were ſome Men and Women who did her that Office, but were ill requited as well as *Philidas*; for in one of thoſe days, when ſhe could not conceal any thing ſhe knew, ſhe ſet all the Town ſo together by the Ears, that never the like was heard of, nor ſo many Jars in ſo ſhort a time: The worſt was, ſince ſhe uſed often to hear all things, without right application, ſhe confounded them by her repetition of them.

Thus ſhe cauſed to be told to *Philidas* what another did ſay;and to that other what *Philidas* did ſay of him : So that Quarrel upon Quarrel did ariſe; but the ſtrangeſt thing was, *Timoxenes* did no more care for any of thoſe Quarrels ſhe had cauſed, than if ſhe had no hand in them at all; and ſhe knew ſo well how to make her own Peace, that ſhe did eaſily reconcile her ſelf to all; but the worſt was, ſhe could not ſo eaſily reconcile others. *Philidas* being excellently accompliſhed, and a Man of a clear Spirit and Wit; as amorous as he was, he ſaw that *Timoxene* had ſome ill Qualities amongſt her good ones; but being of an humour to ſurmount all Difficulties,it may well be ſaid, that the Prickles made him think the Roſes ſweeter, ſince the unequality of *Timoxenes* did for a long time augment his Paſſion.

But at laſt this inequality produced a very vexatious Effect, for now her inequality had got into the Thoughts of her Heart; and ſhe was not only ſometimes merry, and ſometimes ſad, but thoſe whom ſhe loved to day, were not ſure to be ſo to morrow : So that ſhe did not look upon *Philidas* neither as her Lover, nor her Friend, but looked upon another more favourable than upon him. So that after *Philidas* had tried all ways to get again into her Favour, he would ſee whether Jealouſy would work upon her : ſo that making a ſhew, as if he would renew with *Anaxandride*, he endeavoured for an occaſion of ſeeing her, and went unto her Houſe, with one that was a Cozen unto that fair One, who was much her Friend. But, Madam, the ſtrangeneſs of this Adventure was, that when *Philidas* returned to *Anaxandride*'s Houſe, he was extreamly in Love, and extreamly jealous of *Timoxene*, and had no tenderneſs at all to the firſt : The reaſon why he would ſeem to love *Anaxandride* rather than any other, was, becauſe ſhe was moſt lovely. Moreover, he always found her ſo ſweet, that he thought he could quit her when he pleaſed, and nothing would happen of it but as formerly ; yet he found it otherwiſe, for ſince *Anaxandride* was noble as well as ſweet, ſhe reſented the Inconſtancy of *Philidas* ſo bitterly, that had it not been more in love to her ſelf than him, ſhe would have made it appear. But when he came to her again, and would have ſpoke in private with her, he was amazed when he found her upon other terms than he expected, for he believed that *Anaxandride* would have received him with all joy, at any time he pleaſed; yet ſhe ſpoke ſo very ſharply unto him this firſt viſit, that he plainly ſaw himſelf abſolutely loſt, and that it was a harder matter for him to regain the Heart of *Anaxandride*, than the Heart of *Timoxene:* So that as his Love was cooled by the facility of her being happy, ſo ſhe began from that day to rekindle it, by the difficulty he found in being ſo again: The truth is, Madam, though I cannot underſtand the reaſon of it; yet it is moſt certain, that the ſharpneſs of *Anaxandride* began to work that in the Heart of *Philidas*, which her too much ſweetneſs had taken away: Yet he did not paſs from one Extream to another in an inſtant; but in a very few days he left loving *Timoxene*, and began to love *Anaxandride* again with more hot Flames than ever he did: Then did he remember his happy Condition formerly, and thought himſelf ſo much too blame for being inſenſible of his Happineſs, that it made him much the more miſerable.

On the other ſide, *Anaxandride*, though ſhe did not now love *Philidas*, yet, in point of Glory, ſhe could not chuſe but be glad to ſee him fettered in her Chains again: and finding that Rigour was the way to raiſe his Paſſion, ſhe ſhewed it in ſo high a manner, as was enough to make Love die in any Heart but his. In the mean time, the worſe *Anaxandride* treated him, the more was he in love with her, and more repented of his Inconſtancy. Pray, Sir, (ſaid I one day unto him, ſeeing him melancholy) why did you leave loving *Anaxandride* without any cauſe? And why did you renew it without Reaſon? For truly, when you quitted her, ſhe was as lovely as ever; and when you repented, ſhe was no more Amiable than when you caſt her off; and therefore I have good reaſon to ask you why you did leave loving her, or elſe why you began to love her again? I left loving her, replied he, becauſe I was ſo accuſtomed to be happy, that I did believe I could not be more; and I began to adore her again, becauſe I was weary of being miſerable, and knew that I could not be happy without her. But, Sir, replied I, ſhe is the very ſame ſhe was when you loved another, and the ſame ſhe was when you forſook her: Ah, *Meneſiphiles*, (ſaid he unto me) I would it were true that *Anaxandride* were the ſame ſhe was when I forſook her! No, no, ſhe was then Sweet, but now Cruel; ſhe did then love me, but now hates me. I muſt tell you, Sir, (ſaid I then unto him, and laughed) this Difference doth not ſeem to me very fit to cauſe Love, but it had been more reaſonable to have continued loving her when ſhe was kind, and when ſhe loved you, than to begin loving her again when ſhe is cruel, and hates you. I muſt ſadly confeſs all this, (ſaid he unto me) but alas, ſince I am not Maſter of my own Heart, what would you have me do? Yet I find it ſome ſweetneſs to think, that *Anaxandride* would not have hated me, but becauſe I did not love her, and muſt hope, that as ſhe paſſed from Love to Hatred, ſo ſhe may paſs from Hatred to Love again. Had you fallen in Love with any other, replied I, and that after you had loved *Anaxandride* and *Timoxene*, you had loved an hundred, I ſhould not have wondered ſo much as that you ſhould love *Anaxandride* again. I know, ſaid I, that one may fall out with a Miſtreſs, and renew again. I know that believing her perfidious, one may hate her; and afterwards finding her to be innocent, may begin to love anew; but I muſt confeſs, I cannot conceive, that having left *Anaxandride* without any Cauſe, it can be poſſible you ſhould ever love her again. Yet truly ſo it is, (replied he) that never any Man loved any Woman more than I do her, and I do now hate my ſelf as much as I do love her: When I conſider upon the happineſs I have fooliſhly loſt, and upon the uncertainty of ever regaining it again, I think my ſelf the moſt miſerable Lover that ever breathed; other Lovers do only deſire ſuch Favours as they never taſted, and therefore know not the ſweetneſs of them: But the caſe is much more miſerable with me, ſince I do deſire a happineſs which I have enjoyed, the greatneſs whereof I know. But, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) you found ſuch ſmall happineſs in the enjoying of it, is, that I know not why you ſhould ſo earneſtly deſire the fruition again. I deſire it, replied he, becauſe now I know better the price of what I have loſt, than I did when I enjoyed it.

To tell you, Madam, that *Philidas* loved *Anaxandride* twice, is not enough to prove that one may love one and the ſame Perſon twice, unleſs I tell you alſo, that *Anaxandride* did love *Philidas* twice alſo. But certain it is, that this revived Lover did ſtrive ſo violently to reconquer the Heart he loſt, that at laſt *Anaxandride* ceaſing to hate him, did begin again to love him; and at this very hour does love with ſo much tenderneſs, that they are to be married within a few days.

Thus, Madam, I have furniſhed you with an Example, that one may love the ſame Perſon twice; and certainly there is more probability, that one ſhould begin again to love her whom formerly he found amiable, than to love a freſh Miſtreſs. Though there be much delight to be taken in hearing you ſpeak, (ſaid the Princeſs of *Corinth* unto me) yet I muſt needs interrupt you; for I do conceive it fit, before you give your Reaſons, that *Cherſias* relate us an Example oppoſite to yours, to the end that arguing afterwards upon both, the Queſtion may be better cleared, and the Diſpute more pleaſing. Since what the Princeſs of *Corinth* ſaid was very reaſonable, *Eumetis*, and all the Company approving of it, ſilence was impoſed upon me; and *Cherſias* related his promiſed Adventure: So that after all the Company had renewed their Attention, *Cherſias* began in theſe terms.

The Hiſtory of Aglatonice, *and of* Iphicrates.

Madam,

BEfore I begin the Adventure which I am to relate, I conceive it not impertinent to our Purpoſe, that I acquaint you with the manner of living in our Court, leſt you not imagining the Town of *Prienes* to be ſuch a one as it is, you ſhould ſuſpect the truth, when you ſee me introduce ſo many gallant Perſons in my Relation: Therefore, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that the wiſe *Bias*, who governs our State as chief Head, hath made it ſo famous, as little as it is, that it is conſiderable unto all our Neighbour States; and I dare boldly ſay, that of ſo many famous Greek Colonies, which paſſed into *Aſia*, and there rendred themſelves Potent, there is not one which hath in ſuch purity preſerved the politeneſs of its Original, as ours. Moreover, the wiſe *Bias* having no Children, he hath looked upon a Nephew of his as his Succeſſor. This illuſtrious Nephew, whoſe Name is *Iphicrates*, being a moſt admirably accompliſhed Man, he hath rendred our Court full with Men of excellent Parts; for as the Unkle did attract many knowing Men, ſo the Nephew, by the example of his Valour, hath drawn brave Men thither, and by his Generoſity many Generous Men.

As for our Ladies, I can aſſure you confidently, that few *Aſiatique* Towns have more fairs Ones, or more Amiable; but that which makes the Court compleatly gallant is, *Bias* hath a Nice, who as rarely accompliſhed as *Iphicrates*, is yet not more than ſhe, though ſhe be not his Siſter, for ſhe is Daughter unto a Siſter of *Bias*, and he a Son unto his Brother; it is at her Houſe where all the Men of Quality rendezvous, both all the Ladies, and all the Wits and Gallants. Moreover, Madam, I can aſſure you, that the Court of *Policrates* is not more gallant than Ours, and one cannot find more Diverſions at *Milete* or *Lesbos*, than at *Priene*. Give me leave to tell you further, Madam, that *Iphicrates* is not only rarely accompliſhed in reſpect of his Valour and Spirit, but alſo becauſe he is the moſt ſincere Man alive. Moreover, his Perſon doth extreamly pleaſe, for he is of an handſom Stature, a good Behaviour, and his greateſt Enemies cannot charge him with any Fault: 'Tis true, that his Sincerity cauſes him ſometimes to ſpeak things a little drily; but for all that, he is eſteemed by all the World, and loved by all thoſe who know him, except of that Perſon, whom of all the World he moſt deſired to be.

After this, Madam, it is requiſite I tell you, who this fair and unjuſt Perſon is of whom I ſpeak; be pleaſed to know therefore, Madam, that *Iphicrates* after many ny Years abſence, returned unto *Priene* one Evening, when there was a Ball kept at the Princeſs of *Lanthes* Houſe, Niece unto *Bias*; and as one of his Age never uſes to ſlip ſuch an Occaſion, he made himſelf ready in all haſte to go unto this Meeting; which doubtleſs was worthy of his Curioſity; for I never ſaw all our Ladies more fair than they were that Night, ſince there was not one ill dreſſed; and indeed one amongſt them, who was moſt knowing in ſuch things, confeſſed, that they never had a more glorious Meeting than this, for it had not the preſſing croud of great Feaſts; nor was it one of thoſe petty Aſſemblies, where the Men have no choice of Ladies to dance withal. Moreover, the Hall was as light as Day, and the Muſique was in an excellent Humour.

Iphicrates then being entred into the place where they danced, with all the gladneſs of a Man who found ſuch diverſions, the firſt hour of his arrival: he went to the end of the Hall, where he ſaw three or four of his ancient Friends, talking with ſome Ladies who danced not at that time: So that being extreamly glad to ſee them, a thouſand civil Complements paſſed amongſt them: The Princeſs of *Landes*, for her particular ſeemed to be much joyed at his return, and all the Gallants who were dancing, made ſigns, either with Hand or Head, that they longed for the end of the Dance, purpoſely to tell him that they were glad of his Return. But after the firſt Civilities were over, *Iphicrates* had the liberty to view all the Beauties of the Ball, and found one amongſt the reſt very lovely, whom he could not remember he had ever ſeen at any meeting before he went from *Priene*; and the truth was, he was in the right, for ſhe was then ſo young when he went away, that ſhe never went to any Balls, and ſo chanced that he never ſaw her in her infancy; So that wondering to ſee her, he asked me, who ſhe was, I being one of thoſe who was next her? and certainly it was no wonder that this Lady, whoſe Name was *Aglatonice*, ſhould raiſe his Curioſity, ſhe being one of the moſt charming Beauties in the World: her Compoſure was ſo noble and handſom, her Air ſo gallant and free, that though ſhe was a brown Beauty, yet ſhe dimmed the Luſters of all the fair Beauties in *Priene*. Doubtleſs there were thoſe who had many Features, and as good as hers, and perhaps better; but there was not one who could be truly ſaid a more perfect Beauty, ſince none did comparably pleaſe ſo much as ſhe.

Aglatonice being as I tell you, *Iphicrates* asked me (as I told you before) who ſhe was? and whether I ever ſaw her at her own Houſe? I ſuppoſe (ſaid I unto him, after I had told her Name) that you would never ask this laſt Queſtion, but becauſe you intend to be acquainted with her; but let me tell you, *Iphicrates*, (added I) *Aglatonice*, is a moſt dangerous Perſon to be ſeen. I know very well, replied he, that ſuch a Beauty as ſhe cannot be ſeen without ſome danger. Though that be true, as you mean it is, replied I, yet that is not my meaning: What do you mean? replied he. I mean, ſaid I, that this Lady, who is ſo infinitely lovely, and born to be loved, is one of the leaſt loving Creatures that is in the whole Univerſe, as thoſe ſay who think they know her beſt; but for my part, I am perſwaded they do not very well know her, and that there are ſeveral ways to penetrate her Heart which they never found out. I pray, ſaid he unto me, do me the favour to give me the Character of this Lady. Should I give it without flattery (ſaid I, and ſmiled) you would never fall in Love with her, though I ſhould with all give her a thouſand Commendations. I pray do then (ſaid he, and ſmiled as well as I) for I am much miſtaken in my ſelf, if I have not already ſome light Inclination in my Heart to love her. I ſhall then tell you (ſaid I unto him) that though *Aglatonice* be a Lady of an infinite Wit and Spirit, yet, of all that come unto her, ſhe makes no diſtinction between Men of mean Parts, and Men of higheſt Accompliſhments, nor between them and ſuch as are of no Quality at all: ſo that I aſſure you, *Aglatonice*, as virtuous as ſhe is, yet never put back any Adorer. And yet the World cannot ſay ſhe is light; but ſhe has found out an Art of having a thouſand Lovers, and never denies any without being further taxed than to be a Lover of Pleaſures and Gallantry in general, and cannot to this hour be accuſed of loving any Gallant in particular: Alſo there is always ſo great a croud of Servants about her, as I cannot tell how to mention them; ſhe will allow all to look upon her, and to ſigh, nor will ſhe forbid any to love her; ſo that ſhe has always an infinite number of Rivals about her, who becauſe one is not favoured more than another, they live lovingly together without any quarrels, and almoſt without any hatred; and as long as the Eyes of *Aglatonice* does not put any difference between them, they do not envy one another. Since then I muſt be miſerable, if *Aglatonice* repulſe (replied *Iphicrates*, and laughed) you make me very glad, for it is ſome ſatisfaction to be ſure not to be treated ill at the firſt. 'Tis true, replied I, but it is a ſad Story, that after ten Years courtſhip, you cannot hope for any more favour from her, than you had the firſt day; and to be upon no better terms with her, than an hundred others, who have neither Merit nor Handſomeneſs in them. But is it poſſible (ſaid he) that ſuch an one as ſhe ſhould ſuffer her ſelf to be loved by ſuch as are altogether without Merit? I proteſt upon you, Sir, (ſaid I unto him) I know ſome who love her that have no Merit at all: and I do proteſt further, that ſhe has Lovers of all ſorts, even from the Philoſopher, to the Fool; and from the valiant Man even to the very Varlet. Though only out of curioſity, replied *Iphicrates*, yet I pray carry me unto her to morrow: unleſs by great chance (ſaid I unto him) this Curioſity will coſt you very dear; for though I have told you enough to keep you from loving her, yet I am confident, that unleſs you do love ſome other, you will love her; for ſhe will pleaſe you above any other, and more than any but her ſelf can. So that ſince you are of a temper quite oppoſite to hers, you will be, if I be not much miſtaken, the moſt miſerable Man alive, if you ſhould fall in love with her. You ſet her forth in ſuch a rigorous Character, replied he, that I cannot ſee any ſuch cauſes of fear. How, Sir, ſaid I unto him, do you not think it the moſt cruel thing in the World to love one who will confound you with a thouſand others? and from whom you can expect no more than what you find the firſt day, for ſhe will hearken unto all; but ſhe will anſwer none ſo kindly as to render them happy, nor ſo ſharply as to make them deſpair. However, ſaid he, ſee her I muſt, and you will do me a Favour if you will carry me unto her to morrow.

This, Sir, was the firſt Diſcourſe I had with *Iphicrates* concerning *Aglatonice*, unto whom he could not ſpeak that Night though he would; for he had no ſooner done dancing, but ten or twelve were at her Feet; and they no ſooner came off, but as many more took their Places. But, Madam, not to ſpend time in Trivials, I carried *Iphicrates* the next day unto *Aglatonice*, who received him with that gallant and univerſal Civility which ſhe ſhewed unto all her Viſitants: So that ſince ſhe had the beſt Grace in the World in every thing ſhe did, and ſince it was impoſſible but ſhe muſt pleaſe, he was charmed with the ſight of her, and he parted from her more in Love, than all they he left behind him: yet he did not then tell me as much, but I plainly perceived it; and fearing he ſhould be too far engaged, I uſed all my Arguments to diſſwade him, though I could ſay no worſe of *Aglatonice* than what I had before; for the truth is, ſhe is one of the moſt rarely accompliſhed Women in the World: yet, Madam, it was in vain for me to attempt hindring him from loving *Aglatonice*; for I underſtood ſince, that this Love had its cauſe from the Stars, againſt which all Reaſons were too weak. And indeed, had it not been ſo, *Iphicrates* had not loved *Aglatonice* ſo long; but would have left off as ſoon as he ſaw the horrible injuſtice ſhe did him; and that you may know it, it is requiſite I acquaint you with ſomething that preceded it. Be pleaſed to know then, that *Iphicrates*, after his firſt Viſit, went afterwards by himſelf to *Aglatonice*; and went ſo often, that at laſt he could go no where elſe: Yet it is not eaſy to underſtand why he ſhould; for this Lady, who never in all her Life refuſed any Adoration, or any

Adorer, did not accept of that declaration of Love which *Iphicrates* made her; but on the contrary, he found ſo much ſcorn in her Eyes, and ſuch neutrality and faint indifference in her Anſwers, as ſurely had choaked his Paſſion, had he not been in that condition he was. But his Heart being already too far engaged to retreat upon the firſt Repulſe, in lieu of cooling his Love, became more hot; and as till then, he loved her only by Inclination, now he loved her with Reſolution, and determined to oppoſe all that oppoſed his Happineſs. At the firſt, he found ſome advantage in being worſe treated than a thouſand others; and he thought the reaſon was, becauſe he was more feared than any other: The truth was, he flattered himſelf as one that would continue loving her, and indeed as one who could not chuſe; yet ſometimes her harſhneſs to him did almoſt drive him into deſpair: And one day, being alone with her, becauſe he would needs be the laſt Man, he began to chide her, and complain of her Rigour towards him: for, truly Madam, (ſaid he unto her, after many other things) I muſt needs wonder how you can be ſo inhumane as to forbid me loving you, ſince you admit of ſo many Rivals as your Beauty hath made me. If amongſt this great number, you had made choice of one which was really worthy of your Choice, and had baniſhed all the reſt, doubtleſs I ſhould have much grieved that it was not my fate to be choſen; but yet I ſhould have made a retreat among the Multitude: and if I had complained, it ſhould have been in ſecret, and it ſhould have been more at my want of Merit, than at you. But, Madam, the caſe is otherwiſe, you have made choice of none, but admit of a thouſand; and amongſt this thouſand, you make choice of me, to treat me the worſt of them all; yet I do not ſee they are more ſubmiſſive nor reſpective than my ſelf. I beſeech you, Madam, do one of theſe two things; either forbid them to love you, as you have done me, or let me love you as they do. Yet this Propoſition was not accepted, though juſt, for *Aglatonice*, maugre all his Complaints, did ſuffer all to love her but him, and him ſhe did forbid: So that his own Heart not being able to hold all his Sorrows, he made choice of me for the Confident of his Paſſion. At firſt, I would not pitty him, but upbraided him for neglecting my advice; but at laſt, he moved me to ſo much compaſſion, as I became a Sharer in his Sorrows.

Is not my Story ſad (ſaid he unto me) and wonderful, that ſhe ſhould treat me the very worſt of all my Rivals, and yet I know no Remedy? Had I but one Rival or two, I could find out ways to be rid of them. But now, unleſs I will fight above a hundred Combats, and aſſemble ſo many Friends as *Aglatonice* has Lovers, I cannot ſee it poſſible to be rid of all my Rivals; and though I had rid my ſelf of them all, I believe that it would not have any more ingratiated me? Since its credible it would have vexed her to the Heart to loſe her croud of Adorers, and it would have troubled her more to have ſeen me alone with her, than when I was in the company of ſo many Men whom I loved not: But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, ſince you cannot overcome your Rivals, let me adviſe you to overcome your ſelf: Ah *Cherſias* (ſaid he unto me) I did not follow your counſel; but to tell you truly, I did ſtrive, but it was in vain; and *Aglatonice* for all her indulgence to others, and cruelty to me, has ſo great a power in my Heart, that I am out of all hopes to leave loving her: After this, *Iphicrates* paſſing from one Thought unto another: Yet this is ſome comfort (added he) that *Aglatonice* makes no choice of any whom ſhe ſuffers to be about her; for if ſhe ſhould do that unto one which ſhe does unto all, I ſhould think my ſelf a thouſand times more miſerable than I am; for then I ſhould believe ſhe did really love him with whom ſhe ſhould live in a particular and obliging manner, but ſince ſhe hearkens unto all, it is evident ſhe loves the Gallantry more than the Gallant, ſo that I am half ſatisfied. If ſhe did only love Gallantry in general, replied I, why does ſhe not admit of yours as well as of the reſt? Fie cruel Friend, ſaid he, why would you blaſt that little conſolation which I had in deluding my ſelf? Becauſe (ſaid I to him) I will not flatter up a diſeaſe which I deſire to cure. No, no, (ſaid he to me) never

ver think of finding ways to make me leave loving *Aglatonice*, for I do profeſs and declare I cannot hate her, nor ever will. Then love her, ſaid I; But let me tell you, that to love, and not be loved, or without hopes of being ſo, is a thing which I will never adviſe you unto. This, Madam, was the mind of *Iphicrates* when his Miſery augmented, which I think I told you was like to drive him into extream diſpair. Be pleaſed to know, that as *Aglatonice* did almoſt every day make a new Conqueſt, ſo there was a Man of Rank, who yet was never in Love; but becauſe it was the mode to love *Aglatonice*, he would be in faſhion, and tell her he loved her, and encreaſe the number of ſuch as offered incenſe unto her: But, Madam, be pleaſed to know alſo, that this freſh Lover of *Aglatonice*, whoſe name was *Chriſippus*, was the very pooreſt parted Fellow of all her Lovers, his Wit had neither height, nor depth, nor conceipt, nor quickneſs, nor pleaſingneſs in it; it might truly be called a trifling Wit, which ſported it ſelf in ſuch pittiful poor things, and was ſo far from any Gallantry, that unleſs to very ill Taſts, it was intolerable to all accompliſhed Men. However, *Chriſippus* being as I have deſcribed, and *Iphicrates* alſo, yet there was a huge difference in their Deſtinies, as there was in their Deſerts: For *Aglatonice* as full of Excellencies as ſhe was, yet was moſt extreamly unjuſt, not only in denying her Affection unto *Iphicrates*, but alſo in accepting of *Chriſippus* much more favourably than any other. Thus out of an unparallell'd fantaſtical Fate, the moſt rarely accompliſhed Man of all her Lovers was only ſcorned, and the pittifulleſt poor parted Fellow of them all, was really preferred before all the reſt. The Injuſtice of *Aglatonice* was not at firſt perceived, for it was ſuch an unlikely thing that *Chriſippus* ſhould ever be preferred, that none could ſuſpect her of ſuch extream weakneſs. But as an ill-treated Lover uſeth to obſerve his Miſtreſs neerer than any other, ſo *Iphicrates* quickly ſaw that *Chriſippus* was not only permitted as others were, but preferred before them: For ſince *Aglatonice* had as great an inclination to him, as ſhe had an averſion unto *Iphicrates*, ſhe expreſſed more Symptoms tomes of her Affection to him ſhe really loved, than to him ſhe did only ſuffer: So that the unfortunate *Iphicrates* was grieved beyond all Expreſſion.

Then began he to do all he was able not to love her, but as there was ſome predominate Power which forced him to love her, and likewiſe the like power which forced *Aglatonice* to hate him, he was conſtrained to love her whether he would or no. In the mean time, ſince he ſaw this new Slave every day more like to raign Soveraignly in the Heart of *Aglatonice*, and that reports of it began already to fly abroad, he reſolved to talk with her, and once in his Life to tell her his Mind plainly, ſo that he watched an opportunity of Privacy, yet it was a long time before he could find it: For *Chriſippus*, who naturally made a buſineſs of every trifle, was perpetually about her; but at laſt *Iphicrates* having communicated his Deſign unto me, I promiſed to rid him from the Perſecution of *Chriſippus* for to morrow; and in order to that, I did engage him to be at a hunting Meeting, which kept him until it was very night: So that *Iphicrates*, who went betimes unto *Aglatonice*, had all the conveniency of talk with her he could wiſh.

When he firſt entred into her Chamber, ſhe was reading, but not daring to read on, ſhe laid the Book upon the Table negligently, but did not ſhut it, as if ſhe intended to read preſently again; and ſhe laid it down in ſuch a manner, as *Iphicrates* perceived that ſhe was diſpleaſed at his interrupting her, ſo that it confirmed him in his Reſolution of complaining againſt her: Yet ſince he would not begin his diſcourſe with Complaints, he ſaluted her very reſpectively: What Book ſoever that is you laid by, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I am ſure my company does not pleaſe you ſo much as the reading of it did. Truly, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I was not weary with reading it, for it is not with a bad Book, as it is with a weariſome Friend, ſince one may when they will lay the Book aſide, but not ſo eaſily be rid of troubleſome Company: Since I am perſwaded that you have more Lovers than Friends (replied I and laughed) I think, Madam, you were never put to the tryal of that trouble:

Though I do agree to what you ſay, replied ſhe, yet this does not conclude but I may be troubled, ſince there are troubleſome Lovers, as well as troubleſome Friends. I know, Madam, replied he, how neerly I am concerned in what you ſay; but I know withal, that there is a Lover ſometimes with you, who ſhould not be thought troubleſome, and another alſo who ſhould, at leaſt is ſo to all that know him, except your ſelf. *Iphicrates* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Aglatonice* bluſhed for Anger and Shame, for it was impoſſible, maugre her Averſion to *Iphicrates*, and Inclination to *Chriſippus*, but ſhe muſt needs know there was a vaſt difference between thoſe two Men. So that *Iphicrates* perceiving he had netled her, he grew more bold, though he was reſolved not to tranſgreſs the limits of Civility and Reſpect; ſo that not giving her ſo much time as to anſwer: I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, pardon the exceſs of my Sincerity and Plainneſs, and as you know it is a Vertue which I neither can nor will leave off, ſo I beſeech you let me now tell you my Mind fully. So none hath any right to take more liberty than they ſhould give unto another (replied *Aglatonice* coldly) I ſuppoſe you will alſo let my Tongue take the like liberty of telling my mind if the fancy take me. You may well think, Madam, replied he, that a Man unto whom you deny every thing, cannot think he hath any right to impoſe any Laws upon you: Therefore, Madam, when I have uttered my Mind, you may freely tell me what you pleaſe, declaring unto you beforehand, that the worſt you can tell me ſhall not ſurprize me.

But not to loſe ſuch precious time, the thing I have to tell you is, that as violent as my Paſſion is unto you, I have taught it how to ſuit it ſelf unto my bad Fortune, and to ſubſiſt without any hope: Yes, Madam, purſued he, I can continue loving you, without any hopes of ever being loved again; and the exceſs of my Affection is able to do that, which no other Lover but my ſelf ever could: You know, Madam, there was a time when I deſired you to hearken unto me, as you did unto a hundred others, or elſe not to hearken unto thoſe others more than you did unto me: But now, being grown more reaſonable, and knowing it was not juſt to impoſe harſh Laws upon her from whom I was to receive them, I am contented, Madam, you ſhould hearken unto all thoſe whom before I deſired you would not hearken; and I am contented alſo you ſhould not hearken unto me: and to carry my Moderation a little higher, I do declare unto you, that all the Services which I have done you, and all thoſe I ſhall do, and all thoſe I have a deſire to do; all I ſay, will never as long as I live deſire any other Recompence, but only this, That you will never hearken unto *Chriſippus*; I conjure you unto it with all imaginable Reſpect, and all poſſible Affection; for truly, Madam, he does not merit your Ear: I leave you all the reſt of my Rivals, ſo you will but treat him ill; and I do proteſt, Madam, it concerns your Honour as much as it doth my Tranquillity, to do as I deſire. You think then (replied ſhe) that *Chriſippus* is much in my favour. Doubtleſs I do, replied he, and much better than he deſerves, ſince he is not ill-treated: of this truth I am confidently perſwaded. You have ſo little to do in any thing that concerns me, anſwered ſhe, that I adviſe you to ſave your labour of preſcribing Laws to me, for I conceive my ſelf to have right to hearken unto whom I pleaſe, and to impoſe ſilence upon whom I pleaſe, without any thing to any one; I am ſatisfied my ſelf, and I care not a ſtraw whether you be or no. But, Madam, ſaid he then unto her, is it poſſible you ſhould not be ſenſible of your Injuſtice, in hearkening unto *Chriſippus* more than unto me? What does it concern you, replied ſhe, whether I hearken unto him, or any elſe, ſince I am fully reſolved never to hearken unto you? And to ſpeak truly, the difference between thoſe you would have me hearken unto, and thoſe you would have me not hearken unto, is only in this, I can hear them without loving them, and I am ſo good as to ſave you the labour of telling me a hundred things to no purpoſe. Alas, Madam, cryed he out, all this might well have been ſaid unto one who did not love you, but to me, who adores you with infinite Devotion, and who can think of nothing but you, it is impoſſible you ſhould deceive me; for though you ſhould diſſemble your Thoughts, yet I could diſcover the Happineſs of *Chriſippus* in all your Actions; and to tell you truly, Madam, without Flattery, he has not comparably ſo much Wit as you have; therefore I beſeech you for your own Honour's ſake, make not choice of him, for I profeſs I cannot endure you ſhould endure him. Though I did not love *Chriſippus* more than any other, replied ſhe, yet I aſſure you, that you have done him a very good Office, in telling me that you hate him; for though it be only to ſpite you, I will treat him more civilly than ever I did: for the truth is, *Iphicrates*, I do intend to be free, and you ſhall have nothing to do with the carriage of my ſelf: I have as much right to make choice of my Acquaintance, as I have of the Colours I am to wear; and it concerns you as little whether I ſee *Chriſippus*, or ſee him not, as it doth whether I wear Carnation or Green. Since Carnation doth better become you, Madam, than Green (replied he, and ſmiled) the choice of what Colours you wear is not ſo indifferent to me as you imagine; for ſince I do intereſt my ſelf in the Glory of your Beauty as well as of your Wit, I ſhould be gladder to ſee you wear what doth become you, than what not: So, Madam, it does concern me whether you ſee *Chriſippus*, or ſee him not, ſince though I had no intereſt directly of my own, yet ſince I am extreamly concerned in your Honour, I ſhould be ſorry you ſhould blemiſh it in ſuffering ſuch a Lover. I pray, *Iphicrates*, ſaid ſhe unto him, put not my Patience to the utmoſt Teſt, for I am ſo fully reſolved that all your Sayings cannot perſwade me; and the truth is, if it be your Deſtiny never to be loved, you cannot alter your Fate; and if the Fate of *Chriſippus* be not to be hated, he ſhall not, ſay you what you can; therefore ſet your Mind at reſt concerning that matter: and to do you all the juſtice I am able, I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that I know there are ſome thoughts of you in my Heart, which are not altogether juſt, but ſince I am not juſt in it unto my ſelf as well as you, you have no cauſe to complain. How, Madam, ſaid he unto her, would you not have me complain of your preferring

Chriſippus before me? Alas, Madam, that is not in my power, and not to lie unto you; my Mind is ſo incenſed at it, that I ſhould rejoyce with all my Heart, if you ſhould love any other of all my Rivals, and not him. Since it will do you no good to ſpeak ſeriouſly, (replied ſhe with half a ſmile) I ſhall confeſs more than you would have me; for I do aſſure you, There is not one of all thoſe whom you call your Rivals, which I do not love a thouſand times better than I do you; no, not excepting *Chriſippus*. Had you excepted him, replied he, I ſhould have lamented my Misfortune in ſecret; but ſince you do not, my Complaints ſhall cry aloud, ſo loud, that perhaps you will be forced to confeſs, that you did me wrong, in driving me to Deſpair.

As *Aglatonice* was going to anſwer, one of her deareſt Friends entred, who did her the greateſt courteſie that could be to break off this Conference; and ſhe no ſooner ſaw ſher, but ſhe went to meet her with extraordinary civility. *Iphicrates* being then in no humour to talk of things indifferent, retired, and with ſo many marks of vexation in his face, that the Lady who entred, whoſe name was *Parthenopea*, perceived it, and aske d *Aglatonice* the reaſon of his going out? For Heaven ſake (anſwered ſhe) preſs me not to tell you why I jarred with *Iphicrates*, for I cannot think upon it without anger. I do not uſe to ſcrew out the ſecrets of my friends (replied *Parthenopea*): But to teſtifie, that I am more really yours, than any elſe, and conſequently may challenge a more particular priviledg than any other of your Friends, I muſt give you ſome Advice, which perchance will diſpleaſe, and tell you, that there are ſome Reports flie abroad, which are diſadvantagious to you; yet, it is a thing only whiſpered, and not ſpoken as an abſolute Affirmative: But for all that, I would it were not ſpoken of at all, and I did even this day affirm confidently unto thoſe who told it unto me, That they were miſtaken, and that, what they told me, was abſolutely falſe; yet I muſt confeſs, I am a little afraid it was too true. Since I have not the Art of Divination (replied *Aglatonice*, and changed colour,) I know not what you mean, nor do well know whether I ſhould deſire to know it: But ſince I am armed againſt any thing the World can ſay, I beſeech you tell me what it ſays of me? Since you give me leave (replied *Parthenopea*,) I ſhall tell you, That ſuch reports go as you ought to diſavow; for it's ſaid, That out of the great number of Lovers which your Beauty hath made, you have made choice of two, to be the Objects of two different Paſſions; That you hate *Iphicrates*, who is the beſt accompliſhed Man of all your Lovers; and that you love *Chriſippus*, who is the worſt. Judge *Aglatonice*, whether I have not reaſon to ſay, That you ought to diſavow this for truth. Doubtleſs, replied ſhe, I ſhall not acknowledg, that I love *Chriſippus*, but I ſhall eaſily confeſs, that I do not love *Iphicrates*. Since you are ſo unjuſt (replied *Parthenopea*, and looked earneſtly upon her) as not to love the beſt accompliſhed of all your Lovers; I ſhall extreamly fear, that you do love him that is the leaſt worthy: For truely, whoſoever does Injuſtice unto true Merit, may as well be favourable unto him that hath more. You ſpeak ſo home, replied *Aglatonice*, that though you were the intimate friend of *Iphicrates*, you could not ſay more in his behalf. I am no intimate friend unto *Iphicrates*, (replied *Parthenopea*) but I am unto you, and under that notion, I conjure you to open your Heart unto me, that I may know whether I ſhould Juſtifie, or Accuſe you; but ſince we may chance to be interrupted here, if you pleaſe, we will go and walk in ſome ſolitary Garden.

So that *Aglatonice* taking her at her Word, they went both in *Parthenopea*'s Coach to walk in a Garden which is by the Sea ſide: But though *Aglatonice* was naturally of a merry humour, yet now ſhe was very reſerved, and walked the length of that long Walk in the Garden without ſpeaking one word, and when ſhe came to the end of it, they ſate down upon Seats of Graſs; after which, *Parthenopea* ſpeaking firſt; Had we come hither only to look upon the Sea (ſaid ſhe unto her) and to hear the pleaſant murmur it makes againſt the Rocks, you are rightly fitted; for, you look and hear ſo attentively, that I believe you think upon nothing elſe. I aſſure you (replied *Aglatonice*) I think it better to hearken unto the noiſe of the

Sea, than unto you. I think not ſo, (replied *Parthenopea*) for I had much rather you would hear me, than the Sea; therefore, I pray tell me truly, what are your thoughts, both of *Iphicrates*, and of *Chriſippus*? And to begin with the firſt of theſe, Tell me your reaſon if you can, why you hate him; or at leaſt, why you do not love him? Truly, anſwered *Aglatonice*, I cannot tell my ſelf. for I am forced to confeſs, That he hath a thouſand good qualities, and no bad ones; but for all that, as there is ſomething in it which makes me that I cannot love him; ſo alſo there is ſomething, though I know not what, which makes me hate him. Though I ſhould conſent to what you ſay, (anſwered *Parthenopea*) yet I cannot conſent, that there is any reaſon for your ſomething, and I know not what you mean, unto which you aſcribe ſuch power to regulate your Hatred or your Love: For my part, if Reaſon told me, that *Iphicrates* had a thouſand good qualities, and *Chriſippus* a thouſand bad ones, I ſhould ſooner believe it that all your ſomethings, and your I know not whats, which are of ſuch ſubtil natures, that none knows where to find them, or how to define them. You ſpeak ſo pleaſantly of theſe, I know not whats, replied *Aglatonice*, that it is to be believed, none was ever troubled with them but you, ſince you know not the power of them.

To ſhew you, that I am not ignorant (replied *Parthenopea*) I acknowledg, that there is, and I know not what kind of air in your Perſon, and I know not what kind of excellencie in your Spirits which doth pleaſe, and charm me; but for all that, I know very well, that you are in the wrong, and if I were in the place of *Iphicrates*, I am ſure, that this I know not what you ſpeak of, would make me leave loving you. But ſince he cannot hate me, replied ſhe, Can he think much that I cannot force my Affection to him? There is as much reaſon for the one, as for the other; and as one may love by Reaſon, ſo one may hate by Prudence. For my part, (replied *Parthenopea*,) I am perſwaded, one may and ought, but when Reaſon is not ſtrong enough to rule all the thoughts of your Heart, yet however it ought to be powerful enough to regulate all your Actions: And ſo, ſince all the World condemns your Rigour unto *Iphicrates*, doubtleſs you ought to force, and change your way of behaviour towards him. Then, replied ſhe, I muſt change my Heart, and my Mind, or elſe change *Iphicrates*; otherwiſe I aſſure you, I ſhall behave my ſelf towards him, as heretofore I have done. As for *Ipihcrates*, replied *Parthenopea*, what would you have changed in him? which of his Qualities would you have him leave? I aſſure you, replied *Aglatonice*, I ſhould be much puzled to tell you; for when I do well examine *Iphicrates*, and find him handſom, that he is a Man of Courage and Wit, that he ſpeaks elegantly, that he is ſincere and generous: I find alſo, that every one of theſe Qualities in particular doth pleaſe me; but I do find alſo, that being put all together, they do not pleaſe me; and that though *Iphicrates* be an excellently accompliſhed Man, yet, is not ſo as he ought to be, to make me love him. But, (replied *Parthenopea*) as you have ingenuouſly told me what you think of *Iphicrates*, ſo tell me, I beſeech you, what you think of *Chriſippus*? but by all means, tell me ſincerely. Since perhaps you would think more than is true, if I ſhould make a Myſterie of it, (replied *Aglatonice*) I will confeſs unto you, That as I do not well know what it is which cauſeth my averſion unto *Iphicrates*, ſo I know much leſs, the cauſe of my inclination not to hate *Chriſippus*. And to ſhew you, that I am not blind, (added ſhe, and bluſh'd) I know very well, That when I examine all that is good in *Chriſippus*, I cannot find one ſingle excellent Quality; but find, that there is many things in him which I wiſh were not: But for all that, when I look upon him without examination, I muſt confeſs, that he doth not diſpleaſe me ſo much, as many others, who are much more eſteemed in the World than he is. I do profeſs, *Aglatonice* (replied *Parthenopea*) this is intolerable; for, if you were not altogether prejudicated, and if you did not know the Good that is in *Iphicrates*, and the Ill that is in *Chriſippus*, I ſhould then pity you, in lieu of accuſing you: But to ſee that you ſhould ſlight that, which by your own confeſſion, you know to be worthy of eſteem; and to ſee you love that, which you know is not amiable; this is a thing ſo ſtrange, that I do hate you ſhould be capable of it. Yet endure it you muſt, replied ſhe, for I do proteſt I can do no otherwiſe. Then you do the greateſt piece of Injuſtice that ever was done, replied ſhe. Since I do what pleaſeth my ſelf, replied *Aglatonice*, I will never trouble my ſelf any further. But then, anſwered *Parthenopea*, I muſt not any more deny that which I did ſo earneſtly deny before; and you muſt dictate unto me, how you would have me Anſwer thoſe who accuſe you for hating of *Iphicrates*, and loving *Chriſippus*. As for *Chriſippus*, replied *Aglatonice* ſharply, I will not acknowledg that I love him, for you know I do not uſe to avow any ſuch things; all I would have you do for me is, to keep me from being blamed for my averſion unto *Iphicrates*. To avoid that blame, replied *Parthenopea*, you muſt treat *Chriſippus* leſs favourable than you do, and muſt not hearken any more unto that croud of Lovers which preſs about you, for then the World will ſay, you have changed your humour, and have baniſhed all Gallants in general, becauſe you affect not Gallantry. But, that you ſhould ſuffer a hundred to love you, and out of this hundred, you ſhould chuſe the leaſt deſerving Man, and not endure *Iphicrates* the moſt Meritorious; this is the moſt unreaſonable thing that ever any did. However it be, anſwered *Aglatonice*, I ſhall not follow your Counſel, for I do love the World, and hate Solitude; and ſince thoſe who throng about me, do only make a noiſe, it is a diverſion to me, and to tell you truly, I delight not in Silence, unleſs in a Foreſt; and yet, I had rather hear the croaking of Crows, as harſh as the noiſe is, than hear nothing at all; and therefore I will continue ſeeing thoſe I uſe to do; and I aſſure you, I will not abſolutely thwart my ſelf; and I am fully perſwaded, that ever ſince there were any Men, there hath been continually ſome, who have loved, more out of Fancie than Reaſon; and therefore, though I did love *Chriſippus* more than I do, yet I were not ſo blameable as you make me. Alſo, ſince I will never do any thing for *Chriſippus* againſt what I owe unto my ſelf; ſurely it were unjuſt I ſhould go and trouble the Tranquillity of my Life, only for the ſatisfaction of *Iphicrates*; and therefore my dear *Parthenopea*, let not this piece of Injuſtice wherewith you upbraid me, make me loſe your Eſteem, or Friendſhip. As for my Friendſhip, replied ſhe, I ſhall leave it with you; but as for my Eſteem, I muſt confeſs, you have a leſs ſhare in it, than you had when I came to you: For truly, when I conſider, that you ſhould ſlight the moſt deſerving of your Lovers, and prefer the very worſt, I ſhall think you capable of being unjuſt in matters of Friendſhip, as well as in matters of Gallantry, and to prefer the worſt Woman in all the Court before me; ſince there can be no greater a difference between her, and me, than between *Iphicrates* and *Chriſippus*. That which doth moſt comfort me in your Anger, is, (replied *Aglatonice*, and ſmiled, though out of ſpite) becauſe I perceive, you do not think I love *Chriſippus* very well, for if you did think ſo, you would not ſpeak ſo ſcornfully of me. On the contrary, replied *Parthenopea*, I ſpeak as I do, becauſe I think you do love him; for if I did not think ſo, I ſhould not ſpeak at all. But I muſt needs confeſs, That ſeeing you ſo Amiable as you are, I cannot endure you ſhould love below your ſelf, and ſcorn a Lover, who indeed is worthy of you; and therefore, that I may no more upbraid you with theſe two things, I beſeech you ſtrive with your ſelf, either to leave ſcorning *Iphicrates*, or to leave loving *Chriſippus*. Truly *Parthenopea*, (ſaid ſhe, and bluſhed) I ſhould be very much puzled ſhould I offer it, to make choice of one of the two, for they ſeem unto me both equally difficult; and ſince I cannot endure any Difficulties, I beſeech you pardon, if I do not attempt either.

This, Madam, was the Conference between *Aglatonice* and *Parthenopea*, which yet did not end thus: For be pleaſed to know, that the Garden wherein they were, having three Doors, *Iphicrates*, to entertain his own melancholy Thoughts, did enter in at one, where *Parthenopea's* Coach was not; and not ſuſpecting *Aglatonice* to be there, he began to muſe upon the oddneſs of his Fate, and ſo went on in his ſtudy, until he came to the place where *Aglatonice* and *Parthenopea* did ſit. But to render this Accident more extraordinary, *Chriſippus* returning from Hunting ſooner then I wiſhed, I made the motion, when we came to the Gate of this Garden, to light from our Horſes, and take a turn in it; for, ſaid I, hunting Habits are not fit for the viſit of Ladies. So that *Chriſippus* not dreaming of my Deſign, (which was to keep him from interrupting my Friend) and being unwilling to diſpleaſe a Man who had diverted him all that day, he lighted from his Horſe, and went firſt into the Garden. We had not gone thirty paces, but we ſaw *Aglatonice*, *Parthenopea*, and *Iphicrates* all together, and yet they ſaw not us. I ſeeing this, though I could not do my Friend a greater pleaſure, than to ſtave off his Rival all the reſt of the day: So as I perſwaded *Chriſippus*, that ſince theſe Ladies ſaw us not, our beſt way was to retreat, ſince it was not handſom to ſhew our ſelves in ſuch rude Habits. But *Chriſippus* being in Love, and of a haſty Spirit to execute what e're he had a fancy to, in lieu of anſwering me, he went ſtraight to *Aglatonice*, caring no more for me, than if I had been none of his Company. But, Madam, in his Addreſs to her, he uſed ſuch trivial Expreſſions, which had neither Seriouſneſs, or Gallantry, or Delight in them, that *Parthenopea* looking ſlily upon *Aglatonice*, ſhe made her bluſh: But on the contrary, *Iphicrates* ſpoke ſo exactly, and played ſo handſomly upon his Rival, that *Aglatonice*, in her averſion to him, was no leſs vexed, that *Iphicrates* did ſpeak well, than ſhe was aſhamed *Chriſippus* ſpoke ill: So that not to be forced to commend *Iphicrates* in ſecret, nor blame *Chriſippus*, ſhe talked on continually.

Parthenopea having a ſubtil Wit, and perceiving that *Aglatonice* talked only to make others ſilent, did whiſper her in the Ear, and chide her: All will not do, (ſaid ſhe unto her) for though you hinder *Chriſippus* from talking of Trifles, and *Iphicrates* from ſpeaking excellently, yet you cannot hinder, but that there will be ſtill a vaſt difference between them; for indeed you need only to obſerve, how they hearken to you, and how they underſtand you, to make the diſtinction. I profeſs, *Parthenopea*, (ſaid ſhe as loud as ſhe could) you are this day one of my cruel Perſecutors. Have I not good reaſon?

(replied *Parthenopea*)? For my part (ſaid *Iphicrates*, to contradict *Aglatonice*, though he knew not of whom they ſpoke) I am perſwaded, that *Parthenopea* is in the right. For my part (ſaid *Chriſippus*, to contradict *Iphicrates*) I think *Aglatonice* is in the right. I aſſure you, (replied *Parthenopea*, and ſmiled) you do her the greateſt wrong in the World to think ſo, and there were never any thoughts more unjuſt than hers. Then I am very happy in taking your part, replied *Iphicrates*; for ſince I cannot be of *Aglatonice's*, I muſt be on Reaſon's ſide. Though *Parthenopea*'s ſide be the moſt juſt that can be, replied *Aglatonice*, yet you are very unjuſt, becauſe you take her part, and know not why. After this, *Chriſippus* would have ſaid ſomething, as if he would have given the moſt convincing Reaſons in the World to prove, that he was more juſt then *Iphicrates*, but all his Arguments were as light as Air, *Parthenopea* could not forbear laughing; And *Aglatonice* not being able to ſtay any longer, ſaid, That ſhe feared it would Rain, and ſo retired. But to the grief of *Iphicrates*, this inhumane Perſon, notwithſtanding the great difference which ſhe ſaw between him and *Chriſippus*, ſhe turned very obligingly towards the laſt of theſe, and giving him her hand; Since you took my part, ſaid ſhe unto him, it is but juſt I carry you to the Garden-Door, and let *Parthenopea* do that Office if ſhe pleaſe for her Champion *Iphicrates*. I aſſure you, replied *Parthenopea*, and laughed, ſince *Iphicrates* was with you before *Chriſippus* came in, he ſhall not loſe the pleaſure he would have had if *Chriſippus* had not come; therefore he ſhall lead you as well as *Chriſippus*, and for me, I hope *Cherſias* will do me the favour to conduct me; and indeed, Madam, ſo it was, *Iphicrates* and *Chriſippus* both of them did lead *Aglatonice*, and I preſented my Hand unto *Parthenopea*, who, as long as we were in the walk which led us to the Gate where her Coach was, ſhe did very handſomly twit *Chriſippus* with his Follies, and applaud *Iphicrates*, but at laſt we parted.

Parthenopea carried *Aglatonice* to her Houſe; *Chriſippus* went Home, and I went with *Iphicrates*, who as ſoon as we were in his Chamber, related unto me all his Diſcourſe with *Aglatonice.* Well, ſaid I unto him, after I had heard him out, What do you now reſolve upon? To be (replied he) the moſt miſerable Man alive. For my part, ſaid I unto him, Me-thinks you ſhould take a more generous courſe; and it is much better to ceaſe loving *Aglatonice*, than thus eternally to ſerve her. I do confeſs it, ſaid he, but I muſt do as I can. It is ſo natural, replied I, not to love thoſe who love not us, and to hate thoſe who hate us, that I wonder you ſhould ſtill love *Aglatonice*, who you know can never love you. O cruel Friend, (ſaid he then unto me) be contented to tell me that ſhe does not love me, and do not ſay ſhe never will. Since I know no better way to extinguiſh Love than to extinquiſh Hope, replied I, I ſhould be ſorry to give you any falſe grounds for it, but would gladly cure you at once of a Diſeaſe, which none can adminiſter any Remedy unto but only your ſelf. All you ſay, replied he, is full of Reaſon; But for all that, there is ſuch a ſtrong inclination in my Heart towards *Aglatonice*, that I am perſwaded I ſhould love her, though in the Arms of my Rival, and muſt love her, though ſhe drive me to Abyſs of Diſpair: Indeed I do not love that *Aglatonice* ſhould have ſuch an umeaſurable love unto all that can be called Pleaſures and Diverſions, nor do I affect ſhe ſhould have ſuch a croud always about her; and leſs, that ſhe ſhould receive Incenſe from all that offer it; I am alſo vexed to the Soul, that ſhe ſhould never refuſe any Heart but mine, eſpecially that ſhe ſhould treat *Chriſippus* with a thouſand Favours above others; but for all this I love her, and if I be not much miſtaken, ſhall love her as long as I live. But I am ſo baffled in my Adventure this day, that I am reſolved to try all Remedies which are uſed to adviſe ſuch as are in Love: And ſince I have heard ſay, that Abſence is a moſt excellent one, I will get me further off *Aglatonice*, and will depart without bidding her adieu.

Iphicrates had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but to incourage him in his Deſign, I uſed all my Arguments to perſwade him to leave *Priene* for a time; and accordingly, within three days after, he did depart, and departed without taking his leave of *Aglatonice*. Yet I am ſure that he repented a hundred times of his Reſolution; but for all that, he did put it into execution in ſpite of his Love, and went to paſs away his Exile in *Samos*, to the end that being in a Court of high Gallantry, he might the better cure himſelf of his Paſſion. Moreover, during his abſence, I did write unto him all that I thought expedient to chaſe Love out of his Heart, for *Aglatonice* entertained no freſh Lover, but I ſent him word of it; nor ſhe conferred no new Favour upon *Chriſippus*, but he had it in a Letter from me: ſhe ſpoke alſo many bitter Invectives againſt him, which I did let him know; and indeed I omitted nothing which might conduce to his Cure. For all this, Madam, my Remedies were in in vain, and abſence, as powerful as it is, could not change the Heart of *Iphicrates*. So that finding himſelf as deep in Love as ever, and ſince abſence did but make him more miſerable at *Samos* than he was at *Priene*, he writ me a Letter, which I will relate, becauſe it is not long.

Iphicrates unto *Cherſias*.

Truth is, my dear Cherſias, *I know, to my ſhame, that I am the baſeſt Man alive, ſince I do plainly ſee, I am not able to leave loving* Aglatonice, *and ſince ſo, I muſt content my ſelf with the miſery of loving her without hopes of being loved, and not be ſo miſerable, as to love her and be abſent too; therefore within theſe three days I ſhall imbarque, and come to ſeek ſome comfort in doing ſome ill Office unto* Chriſippus, *and in acquainting you with the Miſeries of your Friend*

Iphicrates.

I muſt confeſs, Madam, that as well as I loved *Iphicrates*, I received his Letter without any joy, and heard of his Return with much ſorrow; for I having contracted an intimacy with *Parthenopea*, and ſhe being extreamly vexed at the Injuſtice of *Aglatonice*, I underſtood

ſtood by her that *Chriſippus* was daily more and more happy; not that there was any thing in him to ſtave off other Lovers from his Miſtreſs, but it was becauſe he was incomparably better in her Fancy and Opinion than any other, though ſhe had no reaſon in the Earth for it. So that when *Iphicrates* returned unto *Priene*, he found things in a worſe condition than when he left it: And certainly he found it ſo, for when he went upon his firſt Viſit unto *Aglatonice*, ſhe received him with a ſtrange coldneſs, and returned ſuch faint Anſwers to all he ſaid, and turned matters ſo to other Subjects, that *Iphicrates* could not underſtand her. But he having an excellent Wit, he preſently perceived the Malice of this unjuſt Woman, and having no mind to be baffled into ſilence before ſo many Rivals, as ſoon as he ſaw his opportunity, he began to ſpeak, and talked as faſt upon things which paſſed at *Samos* whilſt he was in the Court of *Policrite*, as *Aglatonice* talked of paſſages in *Priene*, during his abſence; but the difference was, he told all his Stories in a pleaſant merry manner: for being deſirous to let her ſee he underſtood her Deſign, he talked for an hour together the moſt pleaſantly that is imaginable, but all was of things ſo far out of the knowledg of *Aglatonice*, that ſhe had no greater ſhare in his Diſcourſe, than he had in hers before; and the better to facilitate his Deſign, there was one at that time with *Aglatonice*, who had been in *Samos*: And ſince there happen'd a moſt ſtrange Accident concerning a Ring which *Policrite* let fall into the Sea, at a Feaſt with Ladies upon the Water, and which was found again a few days after, he addreſſed his Diſcourſe continually unto this Man, and intermixing in his Diſcourſe, the Names of *Alcidamia*, *Meneclides*, and *Acaſta*, who were Ladies of that Court; he talked of ſtately Edifices, and compoſed Things, and his Talk into ſuch an ingenious miſcellany, that *Aglatonice* could not catch an opportunity of handſomly interrupting him, as he had interrupted her. But at laſt, ſhe being put beyond her patience, and not being able to endure that *Iphicrates* ſhould return Malice for Malice, ſhe cut him off ſhort. I have often heard ſay (ſaid ſhe unto him) that the firſt Viſits of a Man returned from Travel are very dangerous, but I never tryed it till now: For (added ſhe, in a twitting raillary) here is *Iphicrates*, who hath been no further then *Samos*, yet he is as greedy to tell all he has ſeen, as if he had been in *Perſia*, *Ægypt*, *Babylon*, *Ecbatan*, and *Scythia*; and he talks, as if he had ſeen ſuch ſtrange things as never were talked of before. Being perſwaded, Madam, that you know moſt exactly all Rules of Civility, (replied he, half ſmiling) and never uſe to fail in the leaſt Circumſtance, I did believe, that ſince you thought good to talk a whole hour of things which I underſtood not, ſo you will not take it ill, if I talk of things which you do not underſtand; and the rather, becauſe thoſe who return from travel, have a peculiar priviledg for being heard. For my part, replied *Chriſippus*, I know not why they ſhould have that priviledg, for I do not care for knowing things which happen not in the place where I live. Dubtleſs, Sir, (replied *Iphicrates*) it is an argument of great Moderation of Mind, to confine ones Curioſity to the place where he dwells; and it is the only way to get good Information. Though it ſeem you are not of opinion with *Chriſippus*, anſwered *Aglatonice*, yet I muſt tell you, that I fear nothing in the World more, than to meet with theſe makers of Journeys, and tellers of ſtrange Prodigies, who will make it a whole days Work in telling you, that in ſuch a place is a River which empties it ſelf into a Gulf, and riſes again a hundred Furlongs off; and in another place he found Mountains higher then the Clouds; that in *Egypt* the High-Prieſts Surpliſſes are with Fringe and Taſſels upon it; that the King of *Medes* Throne is all of Gold; that in *Phrygia* the Gordian Knot is the ſtrangeſt thing that ever was ſeen; and a hundred ſuch: But I pray, ſaid ſhe, in the prettieſt rapture of Wit that ever was ſeen, What have I to do with this River, that Mountain, the High-Prieſt, the Throne of Gold, and that Knot which none can unty? Is it not better to tell of things within the compaſs of our knowledg, and of ſuch things as concerns us, than of ſuch things of which we have no need? Yet there are a ſort of Men who are extreamly ignorant in any thing that concerns them, and knowing enough in things which concerns them not: For my particular, purſued ſhe, I know a Man who can number up all the Monſters about the River *Nilus*; and knows, as he ſays, how the Phœnix is produced, and the *Halcions*; who for all that does not know half the Creatures of his own Country.

Though the Mind of *Iphicrates* was netled at the diſcourſe of *Aglatonice*, yet he could not chuſe but think it pleaſant: Yet I being preſent at the Conference, and was deſirous to turn all into Raillary, I began to ſpeak, and told *Aglatonice*, that if ever I travelled, I would be ſure of never ſeeing her, until I was weary of relating unto others all that I had ſeen abroad. Truly, ſaid ſhe, you would do me a pleaſure in it: Yet truly, ſaid I unto her, what you ſay is not ſo full of Reaſon as you think it; for I am perſwaded, that to confine ones Knowledg only unto the things of ones own Country, is the way to limit our Knowledg into too narrow a compaſs; and there is much pleaſure to be taken in being acquainted with things that are excellent in all other Countrys. I confeſs it, replied ſhe, and I believe that thoſe who travel, have very much ſatisfaction; but yet I would not have them, at their return, tire thoſe they meet withal with continual Relations of it, but tarry till fit Opportunities to talk of what they have ſeen, does naturally offer themſelves, and not to catch at all Opportunities of talking thereupon. For my part, ſaid *Chriſippus*, I wonder how any one can find any ſatisfaction in being in a ſtrange Country where they do not underſtand the Language, to be put to the inconveniency of changing their Lodgings every Night, and often put to many a hard ſhift. Since you did never travel, Sir, (replied *Iphicrates*, coldly) doubtleſs you are ignorant of the Pains and the Pleaſures of thoſe who have; yet you may think your ſelf happy that can ſit at eaſe with *Aglatonice*, and hear what others have learned, with ſo much wearineſs and fears. For my part (ſaid *Aglatonice*, purpoſely to hinder *Chriſippus* from ſpeaking impertinently) I am not at all ſorry to know how they live in other Courts: But to tell you truly, it is an Argument of great defect in Judgment, to be always relating what one hath ſeen. Since I am juſt, Madam, replied *Iphicrates*, I do concur with you; for it is very true, one ought to chuſe the Perſons unto whom he ſpeaks of ſuch things, and never to be long and tedious in his Relations, unleſs he be ingaged by the particular Curioſity of thoſe unto whom he ſpeaks, for in ſuch a caſe one may deſcribe a whole Country without any abſurdity: But my meaning is, Madam, that the moſt pleaſing ſtudy one can follow, is Travels; and the faireſt diverſion in the World, is, to be acquainted (eſpecially from a Man of Ingenuity) with what is rare, and worthy of obſervation in all places he hath been, provided it be told without affectation, and without inſiſting upon ſuch things, as are neither diverting nor neceſſary; for I muſt confeſs, when Men will trouble themſelves, and the company with telling a thouſand impertinent Circumſtances, which relate nothing to the purpoſe, but are tedious, it were to be wiſhed, that ſuch had never ſtirred from Home; for ſuch, if they had known leſs, they had ſpoken leſs.

Moreover, there are another ſort of Men, who uſe to obſerve nothing but what they ſhould forget, and never mind ſuch things as are moſt worthy of conſideration. But however, though I deſire to know nothing but what is worthy to be known, yet I had rather one ſhould tell me ſome frivolous things, provided there be any diverſion in them, than that they ſhould tell me nothing at all; and beſides all this, it is oftentimes more agreeable to Company to talk of what is far off us, than what is near; for there is ſuch ſtrange News abroad here at this time, that it is better to talk of any thing elſe. Since I do as much deſire to know the Paſſages of *Priene*, replied *Chriſippus*, as I do hate to know what happens any where elſe, I would you would tell me what this ſtrange News is? Another time I ſhall, Sir, anſwered *Iphicrates*, but now I will not tell it unto any but *Aglatonice*, if ſhe pleaſe to hear it.

Chriſippus hearing *Iphicrates* ſay ſo, was very importunate with *Aglatonice* to know it, in hopes to know it himſelf afterwards: But ſhe having as much Wit as he had little, did know very well, that ſhe was concerned in what he would tell her; ſo as ſhe told *Chriſippus*, that ſhe was not ſo full of Curioſity as he was, and therefore would not deſire of *Iphicrates* any thing he would not tell unto others. But the more ſhe denied *Chriſippus*, the more he importun'd her; and was ſo earneſt with *Iphicrates* to impart this ſtrange News, that ſhe, to ſtop the fooliſh Importunity of *Chriſippus*, did ſuffer *Iphicrates* to tell it her in a low Voice; and the beſt Jeſt was, whilſt he talked with her, his Rival was the gladdeſt Man in the World, imagining, that whatſoever was told unto *Aglatonice*, he ſhould know it before Night; but he was miſtaken, for the Buſineſs was of another Nature than to be imparted unto *Chriſippus*. And indeed, Madam, as ſoon as this Lover had obtained leave to ſpeak low, he whiſpered *Aglatonice* in the Ear; The ſtrange News I heard as I came hither, was, (ſaid he unto her) that you do ſtill continue unjuſt; and that *Chriſippus*, though an Aſs, is more in your favour than ever he was, but that I on the other ſide am far worſe.

Iphicrates had no ſooner ſaid this, but *Aglatonice*, with a ſtrange inhumanity, and incredible boldneſs, began to ſpeak, and told *Iphicrates* aloud, that all this he told her was no News at all, and that ſhe knew all he ſaid long ſince, and that nothing in the World was more true than it. I leave you to judg, Madam, whether or no this cruel Anſwer did incenſe *Iphicrates*, yet it did not much move him, but he contented himſelf with telling *Aglatonice*, that he was very ſorry ſhe knew it, and ſhould have been very glad if ſhe had not: after which, not being able to ſtay any longer there, he went out, and I with him; and ſo we left *Chriſippus* importuning *Aglatonice*, to tell him what *Iphicrates* had ſaid. But, Sir, this unfortunate Lover had a Mind ſo unquiet, that I never in all my Life ſaw ſuch ſigns of Fury in the Face of Man; and as ſoon as he came into his Chamber, he talked to me, as if he would run out of his Wits: But, ſaid I unto him, Why do you not make uſe of all theſe Paſſages to hate *Aglatonice?* I do proteſt, ſaid he unto me, my Heart begins to reſent that which it never did before; for till now, I thought that I ſhould love *Aglatonice*, even in the very Arms of my Rival: But now I begin to think, that if ſhe ſhould marry him, I ſhould hate her. If you be very certain of what you ſay, replied I, I would do your Rival Service, in lieu of hindering him; for ſince you cannot be loved, it is better to hate, than love her who cannot love you; and to cure your ſelf by hatred, than to be eternally miſerable, in ſuffering for one that will neither care nor comfort you. Though I make no queſtion (replied he) but that Remedy would cure me; yet I do proteſt I will not ſeek it, but on the contrary, will hinder my ſelf from uſing it as much as I can; not but that my Mind deſires a Cure, but yet my Heart reſiſts it; and the truth is, I am the moſt miſerable Lover that ever was. After this, Madam, I uſed an hundred ſharp Invectives againſt *Aglatonice*; and I perceived ſo well, that if *Chriſippus* married her, he would not love her, as I reſolved to uſe my utmoſt endeavours in haſtning the Happineſs of *Chriſippus*.

Thus to ſerve my Friend, I ſerved his Rival, and did as much for his Enemy as I could have done for him. But in concluſion, Madam, not to be over-tedious, let me tell you, that to ſatisfy his Paſſion by his Revenge, he fought with *Chriſippus*, and diſarmed him: But vanquiſhed as he was, *Aglatonice* ſtill preferred him before *Iphicrates*, whom ſhe hated much more than before the Combat: So that I reſolved to negotiate the Buſineſs with one that was Couſin unto *Aglatonice*, whom I was well acquainted with, and was ſo happy in my Tranſaction, that the Marriage between *Chriſippus* and her was made up; yet I underſtood ſince from *Parthenopea*, that though *Aglatonice* loved *Chriſippus*, yet ſhe could hardly reſolve to marry him: But at laſt, Madam, ſhe did marry him without any ſeeming repugnancy. In the mean time it was no ſooner reported that *Chriſippus* was to marry *Aglatonice*; but it was again reported, that he had already married her, for the Marriage was not above four days in compleating: So that *Iphicrates*, who was gone a day's Journey out of *Priene*, knew nothing of all this: But, Madam, he received the News of it in ſo ſtrange a manner, as I think you never heard the like; and I being accidentally at his Gate when he returned, as ſoon as he lighted from his Horſe, and both of us come into his Chamber, he told me how he paſſed by the Lodging of *Chriſippus*; and there was ſuch a croud of People, that he believed there had been ſome quarrel, asking me if knew between whom? I know not (ſaid I unto him) whether *Chriſippus* has been quarrelling or no; but I know very well that he married *Aglatonice* yeſterday, and that there are a croud of People at his Houſe. How (cried out *Iphicrates*) *Aglatonice* married to *Chriſippus!* Yes, replied I, and I muſt ſummon you to be as good as your word, and ask you if you will hate her? Yes, yes, (replied he very ſharply) I will, I will hate her, and hate her ſo heartily, that if I do not hate her, I will hate my ſelf: For, truly, *Cherſias*, (ſaid he unto me) I muſt not by any means continue loving a fooliſh Woman; that hath wholly beſtowed her ſelf upon the pooreſt-parted Fellow that lives amongſt Men: Had ſhe only treated me ill, ſaid he, I proteſt I ſhould ſtill have loved her as long as I lived; or had ſhe only preferred *Chriſippus* before me without Marriage, I ſhould have ſuffered her Injuſtice without hatred: But to caſt away her ſelf, to ſatisfy the Paſſion of ſuch a Man as *Chriſippus*, this is a Sin ſo ſimple, that I can never pardon it. Yes, yes, *Cherſias*, ſaid he, hold me for the baſeſt of Men, if ever I be either an Adorer or Lover of her that is Wife unto *Chriſippus*.

At theſe words *Iphicrates* ſtopped, as if he would ask himſelf whether all this were true. Then ſaid he upon a ſudden, No, no, I ſhall quickly leave loving *Aglatonice*, for I find in my ſelf a great diſpoſition to ſcorn her. You may well imagine, Madam, that I confirmed him in this Mind as much as I could; and indeed he was ſo fully reſolved to drive *Aglatonice* out of his Heart, that in a few days he found his Anger to be higher than his Love: And as a great help to his Cure, he never came in any place where *Aglatonice* was not much condemned; ſo that curing himſelf by a reſentment of Spite, he paſſed from Anger to Hatred, and a while after from Hatred to Indifferency, and at laſt not to endure the very ſight of her.

In the mean time, this unjuſt Perſon was juſtly puniſhed for her Injuſtice, for the ſhallow Capacity of *Chriſippus* reaching no higher than a terreſtrial and groſs Love, and being of as light a Spirit as ever was known, as ſoon as *Aglatonice* was his Wife, he was no more her Lover. So that ſince ſhe could not ſee this without Sorrow, and that a Perſon who was uſed to receive Offers of Incenſe, now to receive Slights and Scorn; ſhe was not only angry and grieved at this, but ſhe was aſhamed alſo of being the Wife unto ſuch a Husband; yet ſtanding upon her Honour, ſhe would not expreſs her Reſentments, but carried it very fair to the World, as before. All her Lovers, except *Iphicrates,* continued their Viſits to her; and though now under the Notion of Friends, yet ſtill were her Lovers.

But *Chriſippus,* though a Man of a very narrow Soul, and not capable of any deep diſcernment, yet he began to be jealous: The truth is, it was no Jealouſy of Love, which amidſt of all its Fantaſms, preſerves ſome reſpect to the Perſon of whom he is jealous, and may truly be called the Jealouſy of a Lover; but it was a Jealouſy of Honour which commonly cauſes all thoſe who are capable of it, to be extravagant with a Noiſe. So that the unjuſt *Aglatonice* did ſee her ſelf expoſed unto all manner of Miſeries. I alſo underſtood from *Parthenopea,* that ſhe began to be ſo ſenſible of her Injuſtice in preferring *Chriſippus* before *Iphicrates,* that according as ſhe did drive the firſt of theſe out of her Heart, ſhe received in the ſecond, and repented her ſelf for treating him as ſhe had done; yet ſhe being indeed vertuous, all this paſſed in her Mind without being perceived; yet ſhe was not altogether ſo miſerable as another might have been in her caſe, for being a lover of Pleaſures, for all the fantaſtical Humours of *Chriſippus,* ſhe did divert her ſelf. But now every one of her Lovers began to fall off, and to do what they could to diſpleaſe her; and at laſt did hate her, as much as before they loved her: So that, Madam, *Iphicrates* had the ſatisfaction to ſee his Rivals revenged upon his Miſtreſs, and his Miſtreſs revenged upon his Rivals; and he had this advantage, to guſt his Revenge with Tranquillity, and to find his Heart ſo freely diſingaged, from that Paſſion that did before tyrannize over it, that he could not poſſibly be freer than now he was. But, Madam, to come unto that which will prove, that it is not an eaſy matter to love the ſame Perſon twice, be pleaſed to know, That *Chriſippus* did engage himſelf in a Quarrel, did fight, and was killed; ſo that *Aglatonice* was rid of an odd Husband, and in a capacity to do Juſtice unto *Iphicrates*, if *Iphicrates* was in the ſame mind as before: And indeed, Madam, after ſhe had left off Mourning, ſhe changed her Lodging; and chance did ſo fall out, that her Lodging was directly over againſt that of her ancient Lover. So that Civility obliging him to ſee her, he did viſit her, and the rather, becauſe he found his Heart ſo abſolutely diſingaged, that it was all Indifferency, and had neither Hatred nor Affection to her. In this tranquile Mind, *Iphicrates* did venture to ſee *Aglatonice* again, and ſaw her, without the leaſt diſturbance of his Tranquillity; yet *Aglatonice* was as fair as ever, and he knew very well, that if he would he could ſucceed in the Place of *Chriſippus*; yet he did not find the leaſt motion of Love, but was ſo far from it, as I have heard him ſay, he would rather marry an ugly old Witch, than begin again to love *Aglatonice*; and his Soul was ſo ſettled in inſenſibility, that he would often talk to her of old Paſſages between them, and rally at them. In the mean time, I muſt confeſs unto you, that I was nothing pleaſed at theſe Viſits, but was afraid leſt he ſhould re-ingage himſelf; for he being a Man of ſtrong and violent Paſſions, I wiſhed, for his own reſts-ſake, that he ſhould never fall in love again with her. So that one Evening, preſſing him to go no more unto *Aglatonice*: I pray, *Cherſias*, (ſaid he) never trouble your ſelf, nor fear that I ſhall ever re-ingage my ſelf. But yet ſhe is ſo fair, (ſaid I unto him) and as ſweet as ever ſhe was before, that I muſt needs fear it. 'Tis true, ſaid he, but *Cherſias* knows, that my Love of her being once extinguiſhed, all her Art can never kindle it again. Since I hate her now, I ſhall never love her again; it is a thing abſolutely impoſſible, for Hatred is a Paſſion as violent as Love; Love may change it ſelf into Hatred when Love precedes; but when Love paſſes into Hatred, from Hatred to Scorn, and from Scorn to dead Neutrality, be aſſured one can never love again: And indeed, Madam, the Event ſhewed, that *Iphicrates* was not miſtaken, for he could never love *Aglatonice* again, though he ſaw her a thouſand times after the Death of *Chriſippus*: But on the contrary, I have ſeen him become a Confident unto one of her Lovers; and I have ſeen him marry another, though he was certain he might have married *Aglatonice* if he would. After this, Madam, I aſſure my ſelf you will think this Example ſufficient to prove, that one cannot love one and the ſame Perſon twice, and is as ſtrong an Example, as that which *Meneſiphiles* related to prove, that one may be twice inſpired with Love of the ſame Perſon.

When I had ended my Relation, the Princeſs of *Corinth*, and the Princeſs of *Lindes*, both confeſſed, that theſe two Examples were extreamly contrary: But Reaſons being always more prevalent than Examples, (ſaid *Eumetis* to the Company) it were good to examine and know, whether thoſe of *Cherſias* have more ſolidity in them, than thoſe of *Meneſiphiles*.

But, Madam, as I was going to anſwer, all the Sages were ſeen to come in, accompanied with *Niloxenus*, *Diocles*, and *Cleodemes*, who after they had argued upon high and excellent Queſtions, came out of the Hall where the Princeſſes left them, and came to take the Air where they were: However, ſince the Princeſſes had a deſire to hear the Reaſons of *Meneſiphiles* and my ſelf, *Eumetis* addreſſed her ſelf unto *Periander*, and told him, that he came very opportunely to be Judg of a Queſtion of Gallantry, unto which all the Company were to give their Opinions: For, Sir, (added ſhe) though it be no Queſtion concerning Government of Kingdoms, or Ruling of Common-wealths, yet I think it not unworthy the curioſity of the Sages, ſince it is concerning all the odd Effects of ſo powerful and general a Paſſion. *Periander* then being acquainted with the Queſtion, *Solon*, whom it concerned, did think it ſo nice, that he ſaid he was ready to give his Opinion; and turning towards the reſt, one out of Inclination, another out of Complacency, and all diſpoſed themſelves to give their Votes: So that *Meliſſa* being come, and every one taking their places except *Eſope*, who left his, *Cleobuline* commanded me to give my Reaſons, permitting *Meneſiphiles* to interrupt me when he pleaſed: So that after I had a little thought upon what to ſay, I addreſſed my ſelf unto *Meneſiphiles*, as againſt whom I was to diſpute: Me-thinks (ſaid I unto him) to judg rightly upon the Queſtion in hand, and to know truly whether it be not a thing extreamly rare (if not impoſſible) to love one Lady twice, it muſt be conſidered what cauſes Love, to the end it may be ſeen whether it be found in a Perſon whom one loved before. Since it is the ſame Perſon, replied *Meneſiphiles*, it muſt of neceſſity follow, that the ſame is to be found in her the ſecond time, which was in her the firſt; to wit, the ſame Beauty, the ſame Spirit, and the ſame Agreeableneſs; and therefore ſince theſe did invite the firſt time, they may alſo the ſecond. Not at all, replied I, for though all theſe be the ſame, yet they may want one particular Charm which highly ſets them off, and that is Novelty; for that Luſtre which at the firſt did dazle the Eyes, and beget admiration, by being well acquainted with them, they become but ordinary, uſe and cuſtom does glut the Senſes; and it is with Beauty as with Perfumes, which after the firſt time, loſe their Smells, and conſequently cannot beget a ſecond liking, or make a new Conqueſt. Moreover, as there is a neceſſity of Hopes growing up with Love, ſo I hold it a moſt difficult thing for Hope to revive, when one leaves off loving, out of Reaſon, or Deſpair; or when Love of it ſelf doth extinguiſh: and I am perſwaded, that when one leaves off deſiring a Thing, becauſe he doth think it not worthy to be deſired, it is not an eaſy matter to renew that Deſire again: However, it is impoſſible that

Hope ſhould grow without Deſires, and that Love can ſubſiſt without Hope. I do very well grant, there may be ſome quarrelling, during which, one may imagine that he does not love, though ſtill he does; but I cannot conceive that when one doth really ceaſe to love, one ſhould ever begin again to love the ſame Perſon. Yet it is moſt commonly ſeen, replied *Meneſiphiles*, that a Candle extinguiſhed will be more eaſily lighted again, than if it had never been lighted; and though there be no heat at all left in it, yet there doth remain a kind of diſpoſition, which makes it more capable of taking Fire; and I am verily perſwaded, that when one hath vehemently loved a Perſon, there does ſtill reſide ſome light touch of heat in the Heart of that Lover, which makes him more diſpoſed to be moved at the Charms of her he loved before, than at the Charms of any other: for it muſt be granted, that ſhe has ſuch Charms as will pleaſe him, becauſe they pleaſed him before; and therefore is more fit and likely to engage him the ſecond time, than any other Perſon. For my part, replied I, I muſt confeſs I cannot underſtand how a Perſon, whoſe Charms had not power enough to keep a Man from ceaſing to love her, ſhould have power to make the ſame Lover love her the ſecond time: For I am perſwaded, that as it is eaſier to keep the Fire from extinguiſhing, than it is to light it; ſo it is more eaſy to preſerve Love, than to recreate it: So that in my Opinion, as ſoon as a Lady ſees that her Beauty cannot hold her Lover, ſhe never need to think of ever fettering him again, if once he really broke her Chains: But, commonly thoſe who are ſaid to begin to love the ſame Perſon again, did never really leave loving her, though they thought they did; and queſtionleſs ſome Sparks of the old Fire lay hid in the Embers, and ſeeming dead, did deceive their own Thoughts. Indeed there are ſome jealous Lovers, who are ſo bold in their Raptures, as to ſay they do not love, though all the World knows there can be no real Jealouſy without Love. There are others alſo, who becauſe they have ſome ſparks or effects of Hatred in their Mind, preſently they think they do hate; for ſometimes one ſhall ſee them in an angry Mood, make cruel Imprecations againſt thoſe they adored, yet it often happens that they would not curſe them, becauſe they love them.

But beſides theſe two ſorts of Lovers, who love and know it not, and who think they begin to love upon a new ſcore, when as they do only continue the old; there is a third kind, who think as the reſt, that they are not in Love, becauſe their Love cools, and ſlacks a little for a time, and they are not ſenſible of it, either in point of Joys, or point of Sorrows; but for all that, their Affections are but aſleep, not dead: And when this kind of Love begins to quicken by any Accident, it muſt be ſaid only to waken, not revive. So that I do not wonder, many are perſwaded one may love the ſame Perſon twice, ſince the very ſame Perſons, who have theſe kinds of Paſſion whereof I ſpeak, are deceived themſelves firſt, and then they deceive others, and yet it holds moſt conſtantly true, that (without a prodigy) one cannot love one Beauty twice, yet I muſt confeſs, that when Love ceaſes by reaſon of any ſtrange or unjuſt cauſe, one may ceaſe and begin again to love: For example, if a Man in love thinks he is betrayed, and in the heat of his Reſentment he paſſes from Love to Hatred, and a while after he finds that he was miſtaken, I believe it will be an eaſy matter to revive that Paſſion in his Heart which he baniſhed, becauſe he finds her to be the ſame ſhe was when he loved her; this is rather a continuance, than a recommencement of Love: but for any other manner, for which a Man may break off with his Miſtreſs, I hold it impoſſible he ſhould ever love her twice. Since it hath happened ſo in *Philidas*, replied *Meneſiphiles*, it may again happen ſo in another. And ſince it did not happen ſo in *Iphicrates* (replied I) it is not likely it ſhould happen ſo again, for every thing did invite him as much as poſſible to begin again to love *Aglatonice*. The intereſt of his Fortune did ſuit with that of his Love, if he could have loved; ſhe was fairer than ever, ſhe was nothing ſo cruel, *Iphicrates* was ingaged no where elſe, he ſaw her every day, he talked with her every hour, his Soul was naturally amorous, and he had loved as violently as ever any did, and yet for all this, he could not love her the ſecond time; and doubtleſs the rule holds true in Love as in all things elſe, that when they are once deſtroyed and gone, they never return to be the ſame they were again. But *Cherſias*, replied *Meneſiphiles*, I have many Reaſons more ſtrong againſt you; for I believe that the moſt eſſential cauſe of Love, is that inviſible Band that ties Hearts ſo faſt together, and is called Sympathy; and I do believe alſo, that this Sympathy can never end: Since we ſee all natural Inclinations never change, either amongſt Inanimates, Animals, or Men; for the Loadſtone will love to draw Iron to it as long as it is a Loadſtone; the Lion will fear that Bird which is called the Herauld of the day, as long as he is a Lion; Men do keep the firſt Inclinations which Nature gave them, even unto Death; and indeed a covetous Man will never be liberal, without a ſtrange Violence upon himſelf, the envious Man never commends any without Regret, and an ambitious Man will never ſubmit without Sorrow; and in my opinion, all theſe ſeveral Inclinations are not more ſtrong in our Hearts, than that Sympathy is, which makes us love one Perſon more than another: So that as all theſe Inclinations do ſubſiſt, as long as we ſubſiſt our ſelves, it follows of abſolute Neceſſity, that the Sympathy which makes us love, doth ſubſiſt alſo: 'Tis true, our Inclinations are ſometimes forced by reaſon, though we ſtill have them; and the effects of this Sympathy whereof I ſpeak, may be ſuſpended by ſome Accident; but for all that, it cannot ceaſe being, and conſequently I conclude, that there is ſtill a great diſpoſition to love what formerly one loved, ſince the cauſe never ceaſed: And as there are ſome certain things which hinder the effects of the Loadſtone, ſo there may be which hinder the effects of Sympathy, but removing thoſe Obſtacles, the Sympathy begins again to operate; and I am ſo verily perſwaded of what I ſay, that I do much more wonder to ſee one leave loving what he loved before, than to ſee one love one and the ſame Perſon twice.

Cuſtom and Habitude which is ſo ſtrong in all things, makes alſo the Mind to have a natural Propenſity of loving again that Perſon whom it loved long: The Boughs of Trees tacked to a Wall, are ſo accuſtomed to that poſture they are put unto, that of themſelves they ply unto it, though untacked, ſo powerful is Habit and Cuſtom in every thing. So that it is no wonder at all, if there be a great Facility of loving the ſecond time that Perſon whom one loved before, ſince they do no more than what before they had done: And indeed the example of *Philidas* and *Anaxandride*, makes it apparent, that the Reaſons I have given are good; for had there not been a powerful Sympathy between them, they had never renewed their Love: *Philidas* had too much wronged *Anaxandride* ever to think of becoming her Lover again, had he not been forced unto it, and *Anaxandride* had too unjuſtly forſaken him, ever to truſt his Affection; yet they loved more zealouſly the ſecond time, than they did the firſt; and whether Sympathy or Habilitude, or both together, were the cauſe, they ſtill do love with as much Zeal as Fidelity, and in all likelihood will continue ſo eternally.

After this, *Meneſiphiles* being ſilent, the Princeſs of *Lindes* who was the cauſe of this Diſpute, deſired all this illuſtrious Company they would be pleaſed to give their Opinions in the Matter; and there being Men too much knowing to give their Opinions without their Reaſons, theſe wiſe Men did make the moſt pleaſing Definition of Love that ever was. But in concluſion, the Plurality of Votes was on the ſide of *Meneſiphiles*, for they did not only conclude, that one might love one and the ſame Perſon twice, but alſo, that it was much more eaſy for a Man to return unto his firſt Miſtreſs, than to love a new one; yet they acknowledged that it does not happen ſo often as it ought, adding, that moſt of thoſe who ceaſe to love, did doubtleſs never love very much: For my part (ſaid *Eſope*, who was of a contrary opinion to theirs) I am ſure that I loved *Rhodope* as well, or better than ever any did or could love, and I am as ſure that now I do not love her, nor ever ſhall, I fortify the ſide of *Meneſiphiles* by my Example, nor do I like that Men ſhould be leſs rational than the Turtles, who never love but once. After

ter this, paſſing from one Subject to another, the Queſtion was asked, Why Beauty did not neceſſarily produce Love in the Souls of all thoſe who beheld it alike? Why ſome Women who were not at all fair, yet raiſed great and violent Paſſions, inſtancing alſo many Examples of its odd effects. *Solon* ſaid, that as Hope nouriſhed Love, ſo Jealouſy did augment it, provided it was not over violent, and ill-grounded. *Periander* on the contrary maintained, that this Paſſion was an Enemy to Love, though it was an inſeparable Companion. *Bias* taking a third ſide ſaid, That a Lover might be capable of Jealouſy, yet never jealous. *Pittacus* affirmed, that one was never jealous, but when the Party loved did give ſome cauſe of it, and if that cauſe was given, he ought to hate her. *Cleobulus* and *Thales* on the contrary ſaid, That Love without Jealouſy was but faint and cold. And *Chilon* according to his natural Severity ſaid, That one ſhould not be jealous of any thing but his own Glory. As for *Anacharſis* he ſaid, that one ought to be jealous of every thing he loved; affirming, that one cannot love any thing dearly, but they will fear to loſe the Enjoyment of it, and that one cannot fear the loſs of it without ſome ſparks of Jealouſy. As for *Eſope*, he uſing his Beaſts and Birds to ſet forth his Philoſophy, he ſaid, that as the Pelican gives Life unto thoſe who give her Death, ſo Jealouſy is a Paſſion that murders the Love which gave it being. As for the Princeſſes, they confined themſelves to the modeſty of their Sex, and ſubmitted to the Opinions of the Sages.

As they were thus diſcourſing, one came and acquainted *Periander* with the Accident that befel *Arion*, and *Periander* cauſing the Man to relate it unto all the Company, this wonderful Adventure was an admirable Diverſion to them: For he deſcribed how the *Dolphin* ſaved *Arion* ſo admirably well, and how he brought him to the Port of *Tenarus*, that it was as pleaſing as if they had ſeen it. But this Accident being known to all the World, I ſhall not trouble you, Madam, with the relation of it, only tell you, how *Periander* remembring he had heard *Thales* ſay, That Men ought only to tell Probabilities, but never any thing which is not, though it be true; therefore he asked him pardon, for cauſing a Relation to be made which ſeemed almoſt impoſſible: 'Tis very true, ſaid the wiſe *Bias*, that was one of *Thales* his Maximes; and I have heard him alſo ſay, that one ſhould never believe their Enemies in things which ſeemed moſt credible: But to believe their Friends in things incredible: And thereſore you need not fear that he will accuſe you. After this, divers Examples were related of the Love of *Dolphins* towards Men: *Solon* related that of *Heſiode*, whoſe Body a *Dolphin* carried to Land near the Town of *Molicry*, and which was a cauſe that they who murdered that famous Poet, were puniſhed. *Pittacus* alſo related an Example of the goodneſs in *Dolphins* to one whoſe name was *Enalus*, Son unto the Founder of *Mytilene*, whoſe Life the *Dolphins* ſaved. Well then (ſaid *Eſope*, and laughed) ſince *Dolphins* do ſuch Wonders, why do you mock at my Jays and my Crows for ſpeaking? For my part (ſaid *Cleobuline*) I do not mock, for they ſpeak ſo well, that it is hard for any to ſpeak better: Though you do not, Madam, replied he, yet there are Men who judg of things according to Appearances, and who becauſe they ſee they are but Beaſts, which I introduce, do never think that it was a Man that made them ſpeak; not that they are much in the wrong (added he) for one cannot know the truth by Appearances. Then you have forgot your Fox (replied *Anacharſis* very pleaſantly) for when you made him enter into conteſt with the Leopard, to know which of them two had the moſt Spots, he deſired his Judg not ſo much to conſider the exteriour Spots which the Leopard had upon his Skin, as thoſe he had in his Head, aſſuring him, that if he did well conſider his, he would find greater Variety than in his who diſputed ſo much which was beſt ſpotted. 'Tis true (ſaid *Eſope*) I did contradict my ſelf: But to tell you truly, added he, and laughed, I have made ſo many Beaſts to ſpeak, that I fear by teaching them my Language, I ſhall at laſt learn theirs, and by making them become what I am, I ſhall my ſelf become what they are. Ah *Eſope*, ſaid *Eumetis*, what

Spirit ſoever you have inſpired into your Beaſts and Birds, you have yet much more than you have infuſed into them.

After this, every one according to their Inclinations, parted into ſeveral Companies in that pleaſant Grove: *Chilon* he went walking with *Anacharſis*, *Periander* with *Thales*, *Niloxenus*, *Bias*, *Pittacus*, *Cleobulus* and *Cleodema*: But *Solon* having a natural inclination unto Gallantry, he ſtaid with the Ladies, and made the converſation more pleaſant than ever any I knew in all my life: Indeed this Man, ſo wiſe, and ſo highly prudent, did know ſo well how to comply with the Times, and Perſons unto whom he ſpoke, that he could ſpeak upon every Subject: The truth is, it argued no baſeneſs of Spirit in him, for being with the Princeſs of *Corinth*, and the Princeſs of *Lindes*, he might well talk of the moſt ſublime Matters without any fear of being not underſtood, and he related all that was ſaid amongſt the Sages, ſince the Princeſſes came out of the Hall, and did it with ſo much, and in ſo few words, that he did epitomize all their excellent Diſcourſe, to wit, all that Morality or Policy could teach. Afterwards *Solon* told the two Princeſſes, that they ought to think themſelves infinitely happy in being ſo much above all the reſt of their Sex, and yet to have ſo much moderation, as to keep within ſuch limits as Modeſty required all Ladies ſhould in matters of Sciences, and not to ſhew any ſuch weakneſs as Women are commonly charged with: For truly, ſaid he, and ſmiled, there are but a very few who are not ſo weak as to wiſh themſelves loved by more Men than they would love. For my part, ſaid *Cleobuline*, I believe one may, without a Crime, wiſh to be eſteemed by all the World; but I cannot allow any ſhould make more Men in love with them than they would love. Yet I aſſure you, Madam, replied *Solon*, it is the general mind of moſt Beauties, and a Mind more dangerous than they imagine. Yet there are many, replied *Eumetis*, who do love only out of vanity, and do not wiſh to be loved, but becauſe they think that the eſteem of Beauty is Love. 'Tis true (replied *Solon*) it is often ſo; but yet for all that, few Ladies would love, if they were never loved, and when they wiſh that Men ſhould love them, they then begin to love alſo.

For my part, ſaid *Eſope*, I cannot think it neceſſary to love a Lady before ſhe loves me; and as there are an infinite number of Men who love firſt, ſo I believe there are an infinite number of Women who love firſt alſo; and though all the Sages ſhould ſay the contrary, I ſhould hardly believe them. Ah, *Eſope*, (ſaid *Eumetis*) What injuſtice do you unto our Sex? Believe it, Madam, (replied he) I am not ſo unjuſt as you imagine: For I beſeech you, what reaſon have we to love before we be loved, more than you have? Have Ladies Hearts different from the Hearts of Men? Is not Love a Paſſion in their Souls, as well as in all Mens? Is it an Act of their Will to love, or not to love? The reaſon why it is not ſo often ſaid that Women love not, and are not beloved more than Men, is, becauſe only decency has eſtabliſhed ſo a Law, that it is leſs ſhame for a Man than a Woman to love, and not be beloved: But the truth is, all the difference betwixt us is, when Women love, and are not loved, they ſay not a word of it, nor make any complaints, and Men do tell it, and complain aloud; for ſince they have Eyes, and Wit, and Hearts capable of being moved, it muſt be concluded, that they can love before they be loved, as well as Men; and to prove it, there need only be conſidered, that Love alone, be it as zealous as it will, does not oblige them to love, but the Lover muſt alſo pleaſe them, for if he do not, all his Love will not be worth a Straw.

As *Eſope* ſaid ſo, and *Solon* was ready to anſwer, all the ſeveral Companies which were parted, did accidentally meet in a place which ſix Walks joined, that the Company rejoined again. And *Solon* finding the Queſtion which *Eſope* put to be worthy of curioſity, did propound it unto the illuſtrious Company, who prepared themſelves to give their Opinions. For my part, ſaid the Princeſs of *Lindes*, I think it ſo ſtrange to love before I be loved, that I cannot endure to hear our Sex accuſed of any ſuch Weakneſs. But, Madam, ſaid *Eſope*, it muſt be one of the two that muſt begin to love, and if ſo, why not the Woman as well as the Man-lover. Becauſe (replied *Eumetis*) Decency will not permit it. But, Madam, ſaid *Eſope*, ſince the Law of Nature is more ancient than the Law of Decency, that Argument is but weak. It is certain, ſaid *Solon*, that to ſpeak truly, a Woman may love before ſhe be loved as well as a Man; yet it is certain, that it is not ſo very often; and the beſt Reaſon that can be given for it is, becauſe Women are fairer, and all the Ornaments, both of Body and Mind, more attractive, and more engaging than Mens, and conſequently their Merits do produce a more quick effect than ours, ſo that commonly Men do love them before they have leiſure to be loved again. Moreover, Women are born with more Vanity, and ſo have leſs diſpoſition to be firſt in love; and as they are brought up, they are not permitted to follow the pure courſe of Nature, becauſe, from the very Cradle, they are ſo told and taught, not to love before they are loved, and that they keep a continual Guard upon themſelves; yet for all that, I am perſwaded it is not impoſſible but it may be ſo ſometimes. I aſſure my ſelf, replied *Eſope*, that *Chilon* with his Auſterity would think himſelf diſhonoured, if he ſhould read ſuch a Lecture upon Love as *Solon* hath done. Truly, replied he, I find him to be very knowing in Matters of Gallantry, to be a maker of ſuch excellent Laws, at leaſt I know there is none in *Lacedemonia* who knows ſo much as he. Since the *Athenians*, replied *Solon*, are nothing ſo wiſe as the *Lacedemonians*, I can confeſs, without ſhame, that I do underſtand what Love is, as well as the reſt of the Paſſions.

But to return to the queſtion in hand, What is the Opinion of the Company? For my part (ſaid *Thales*) I think a Woman may love the firſt; but I think withal, that few Women can love long unleſs they be loved, and not paſs from Love to Hatred. For my particular, replied *Periander*, I think it may be ſo, but I think alſo, that a Lady is not very amiable, if in loving ſhe does not ſoon make her ſelf loved. I am ſo fully perſwaded, id *Cleobulus*, and ſmiled, that Ladies are more fit to be loved than to love; that I am ſo far from thinking they ſhould love firſt, that I can hardly think they will love when they are loved. I am not of that Opinion, (ſaid *Bias*) for I do think, that when they are loved, they will love more earneſtly and firmly than Men; but I muſt confeſs, I can hardly think they can love firſt, becauſe there is not one of a thouſand Women who does not love thoſe Teſtimonies which Love uſeth to produce, better than the Lover who gives them; and ſince theſe Teſtimonies cannot be met with, if ſhe love firſt, I am perſwaded they are not capable of it. For my part, ſaid *Pittacus*, I think that Love, not being an Act of the Will, it grows in the Heart of a Woman before ſhe be loved, as well as in the Heart of a Man. For my part, ſaid *Anacharſis*, I know not what the Power of Love is in *Greece*, but in *Scythia* neither Men or Women do love before they be loved, or at leaſt before they find a diſpoſition, and hopes of being loved 'ere long; for I do not think it poſſible Love ſhould ſubſiſt without thoſe Conditions, not but that there may be ſome Exceptions, but to ſpeak in general, it is as I ſay. Though *Egypt*, replied *Niloxenus*, be far different from *Scythia* in all things, yet they think as you ſay. Well, ſaid *Solon*, it muſt be granted, that it is not impoſſible but Ladies may love before they be loved. Truly, ſaid the Princeſs of *Lindes*, it is not impoſſible, but yet it is very difficult. Yes, Madam, ſaid *Solon*, to ſuch as have ſuch Souls as you have: But that would be too great a Favour unto your Sex, and to ſet you too much above us, if we ſhould attribute ſuch thoughts as yours unto all Women.

As *Eumetis* was going to anſwer the Civility of *Solon*, a ſweet Conſort of Muſique was heard in the midſt of the Grove, which impoſed Silence unto all the Company, unto which after they had hearkened a while, they parted again into ſeveral Companies; but as the the Sun was ready to ſet, and *Thales* uſing to obſerve the Heavens, he ſtaid to look upon that glorious Planet, which having ſpread his golden Rayes upon the Sea, did ſeem to communicate a part of his Light unto it. As for *Solon*, he ſtaying to hear the Muſique with the Ladies, by chance he ſpied, at the Root of a Tree, cloſe by a long File of *Ants*, which with wonderful Earneſtneſs, Order, and Affection, did work for their publique Utility: So as admiring the Order which they kept in their Works, he contemplated upon them very ſeriouſly: but *Eſope*, who was next him, knew well enough what he thought, and what it was which invited his ſerious looks: Confeſs the truth, Sir, (ſaid he unto him, and ſmiled) would you not be glad the *Athenians* would obſerve your Laws, ſo well as theſe obſerve theirs? I muſt needs confeſs it (replied *Solon*, and laughed, as well as all that heard him) and I confeſs it, to the ſhame of my Country. Since your Country hath a Man who gives them ſuch juſt Laws (replied *Cleobuline*) it muſt needs be very glorious. It would be much more, if they would obſerve them, replied he, than in giving birth unto a Man, who perhaps keeps them not himſelf.

After this *Solon* entring into diſcourſe of the Government of People, he was full of rare Expreſſions; and all the Company aſſembling the third time, the Diſcourſe grew all ſerious, each of them reporting the moſt commendable Cuſtoms of his City. *Thales* ſpoke of the *Mileſian* Piety. *Pittacus* of the Martial inclination of the *Militenian* Inhabitants. *Bias* of their Politeneſs which dwelt in *Priene*. *Cleobuline* of the *Lindean* Honeſty. *Periander* of the ambitious People in *Corinth*. *Solon* of the ſtirring and ſeditious Humour of the *Athenians*; and *Chilon* of the auſtere and virtuous Inclination of the *Lacedemonians*. After which, examining the Vertues and Vices of all theſe ſeveral different People, they diſcourſed ſo long upon it, that it was full time to return to *Corinth*: And indeed, the Diſcourſe of theſe great Wits, did ſo much win upon the Spirits of all who heard them, that if *Æſop* had not obſerved abundance of Birds, which came to take up their lodgings in the Woods, and had not ſhewed by them unto all the Company, what time of the Night it was, it had been too late for them to have returned: And he came to all the Sages, telling them very pleaſantly, That theſe Birds were wiſer than they, and better knew the time of the Night than they did. In Concluſion, Madam, All the Company concurred with *Æſop*, That it would be Night before they reached *Corinth*, if they tarried any longer; and ſo all departed fully ſatisfied with the daies Diſcourſe: Yet, Madam, do not judg of it by my imperfect Relation, for I muſt confeſs, my unworthineſs to be a relator of all the Paſſages at this Banquet of the Sages.

Cherſias having ended, he received a thouſand Thanks from *Cyrus*, and as many Civilities from *Oneſile*; the like did *Meneſiphiles*. After which, ſaying, ſhe would make uſe of that Advice which *Æſope* gave unto the Sages, ſhe did riſe up to depart, leſt it ſhould be dark before ſhe came to that little Town where ſhe lodged. But, *Cyrus* deſiring her to take part of a Collation before ſhe went, ſhe ſtayed; and during all that time, nothing was talked on, but on what *Meneſiphiles* and *Cherſias* had related; and I cannot tell whether the Diſcourſe of *Cyrus* and *Oneſile* during the Collation, was not as admirable, as that of the Sages during theirs: *Teligenes* alſo had a thouſand quirks of a pleaſant Wit. After which, *Oneſile* taking Coach, ſhe departed with a Convoy, and left *Cyrus* in a ſtrange Impatience, to hear ſomthing of the happy Succeſs of *Anacharſis*. In the mean time, though he would willingly have taken ſome hours to talk with himſelf, yet he ſpent it all, in keeping up that Noble Heat in the Hearts of his Commanders and Soldiers, which had gotten him ſo many glorious Victories. So that talking ſometimes to one, and ſomtimes to another, he Inſpired them all with that Heroick Heat which was in his own Heart: *Mazares* alſo did much help him, in diſpoſing the Soldiers to Fight gallantly, when time ſhould call them to it; Though the ſmall Intereſt he had in all theſe Victories, did procure him many a ſad hour; and truly his Vertue ſtood in need of all its Strength to reſiſt his Love. *Myrſiles* for his particular, was not leſs zealous then *Mazares*, though he had no ſurety of *Doraliſa*'s Affection; yet, he had this ſatisfaction to know, that though he was not loved, yet no other was; and that, *Andramites* was hated. In the mean time, after he had with much impatience, long looked for the return of *Anacharſis*, that Famous *Scythian* returned, without obtaining any thing from *Thomiris*, and without *Ortalques* his being able to get a ſight of *Mandana*, becauſe ſhe was then more ſtrictly guarded than at the beginning; yet, ſince he ſaw *Gelonide*, the Princeſs received his Letter, and returned an Anſwer, but the Anſwer was in ſuch a moving ſtrain, as it did more grieve, than comfort him. *Ariminta* alſo anſwered in a way ſo fit to incite ſadneſs, that *Cyrus* was much more miſerable after the return of *Anacharſis*, than he was before. But I pray, (ſaid this grieved Prince, unto that Noble *Scythian*, after he ſaid he could obtain nothing) what can *Thomiris* ſay, to colour the War which ſhe brings upon her ſelf, by detaining the Princeſs *Mandana*? She ſaies, Sir, (replied he,) as much as any can ſay, that will not tell the true Reaſon, why ſhe acts with ſo much Injuſtice. Indeed, ſhe hath publiſhed a Maniſeſto to the People, and in the Courts of both the *Scythians*, by which ſhe declares, That you Aſpire unto Univerſal Monarchy; and that the Princeſs *Mandana* is but the pretence to colour your Ambition: And when this fails you, then you will find another; and that's her Reaſon, ſhe will not Reſtore her unto you, ſince it is ſome Security to her ſelf, to have her in her power. After this, She conveens all the People and all the Princes who are ignorant of your Authority, to unite themſelves couragiouſly, and to give a ſtop to your Victories.

Thus Sir, your great Conqueſts giving ſome colour to her Reaſons, this Maniſeſto is doubtleſs very well taken by the People, who ſeeing She is reſolved to make War with you, do begin to think out of their dull Capacities, that now it is not in her Paſſion, which incites her unto theſe Undertakings; ſo that the *Maſſagettans* ſeem, as if reſolved, to defend her to the very laſt Man. The reſt of the *Scythian* Kings do Combine againſt you, and not one of them but makes Levies, and joyns with *Thomiris* againſt you. But, Sir, The worſt I have to tell you is, *Ariantes* having been in your Army, and being moſt knowing in all paſſages, he conceives, that when you have paſſed over the River *Araxes*, you cannot get to the Tents Royal, but by ſuch a way, where one File can but paſs at once: So that to give a ſtop to your Paſſage, he hath built a Fort, which is now almoſt finiſhed, purpoſely to defend that Paſs; knowing, that if your Army do take that way of the Plains, it will periſh, by reaſon of the abundance of Waters: So that conceiving you muſt come by that place, which he hath Fortified, he thinks you are not in a condition to do any good; and indeed, *Thomiris* cares ſo little for Guarding the Paſs over *Araxes*, that ſhe charged me to tell you, That ſhe will have no Peace, but what Victory will give her; and to make it appear, She has no mind to protract the War; She conſents if you pleaſe, That you ſhall enter into her Country; and in order to that, her Troops ſhall Retreat three daies journey from *Araxes*: Yes, wiſe *Anacharſis* (replied *Cyrus*,) ſince the *Maſſagettan* Queen will have it ſo, I will enter into her Country; and though the Fort ſhe has erected, be more difficult to take than *Babylon* was, it ſhall not ſtop my Deſigns. Sir, (replied this Sage *Scythian*,) Though *Thomiris* ſeemed to be very high and obſtinate in her Reſolutions, yet I deſpair not but to ſee her change her mind, if the firſt Accidents of this War ſhould ſucceed ill: and, therefore, Sir, diſpair not.

After this, Sir, *Ortalques* told *Cyrus*, That one of *Mandana*'s Guard, (who ſaid, He had ſeen *Feraulas* on the Banks of *Phaſes*, and had promiſed to acquaint him, with all he knew) had charged him, to tell him, That *Thomiris* would never have offered to let him paſs over the River *Araxes*, but to engage him in a Battel, upon an advantagious place; That, ſhe would never have offered it, but in a belief he would not accept it; and that, unleſs he could take that Fort which *Ariantes* had built, it would be a hard matter to overcome her, or come near the Tents-Royal. But, to take this Fort, ſaid *Cyrus*, I muſt paſs over the River *Araxes*, and be perfectly acquainted with the Scituation. Moreover, Sir, replied *Artalques*, *Gelanide* charged me to tell you, That *Ariantes* did what he could, to hinder *Thomiris* from ſending you word by *Anacharſis*, That ſhe would let you paſs over the River *Araxes*, becauſe he ſaid, That it was the worſt that could befal him : But, this Princeſs deſiring no more, but to engage you, Sir, in her Country ; intends, (as *Gelonide* ſaies) that when you are entred into her Country, to break, or burn your Bridg of Boats, by which you paſſed over the River ; to the end, ſhe might be ſure to have you in her power, if ſhe got the Victory , as ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould, by reaſon of thoſe difficult Paſſes you would be engaged to take ; and that's the reaſon, (as ſhe told me,) why *Thomeris* does not Advance with her Army, but will ſuffer you to paſs over, and come to ſeek her : She told me further, That *Aripites*, who is ſtill in Love with that Princeſs, does bring her great Aid : But never was the like Reports heard, as of their unequalled pains which built the Fort, which *Ariantes* Erected ; and which is called the Fort of *Sauromates*, becauſe it was the *Sauromates* which made it ; for, that People being uſed to work in the Mines in their own Country, they can carry, and remove the Earth with ſuch eaſe and haſte, that they will do more work in one Moneth, than others can do in four. Moreover , *Gelonide* told me, how ſhe had diſcovered, That not long ſince, *Arſamones* had ſent ſecretly unto *Thomiris* , and was negotiating ſome buſineſs of great Importance with her. And, Sir, She had told me further, if one had not told her, that *Thomiris* ſent for her ; and doubtleſs, there had been ſome Combat between ſome Perſons of Note ; for, the Meſſenger from *Thomiris* to her, ſaid, That there had been ſome diſorder about a Quarrel ; but, ſince he did no further explain himſelf, and ſince I was to leave him, and depart the ſame hour with *Anacharſis*, I could know no further. But ſince *Adonacris* doth ſtay a day or two longer, in hopes to work upon *Ariantes*, you may happily at his return know, whether this great Diſorder will any thing advantage you, Sir, or no : And *Anabaris* can alſo by him ſend you word, what he can gather from his Friends , for he hath conferred with them, and will ſend their Anſwers by him.

After this, *Cyrus* deſiring the Advice of all the able Men about him, upon a Buſineſs of ſuch Importance; he held a Council of War, at which he entreated *Anacharſis* to be preſent: but the Sage *Scythian* told him, That he would be very ready to execute his Orders, but deſired excuſe from medling in Myſteries of ſo high a Nature. So then, *Cyrus* Aſſembling *Crœſus*, *Artamas*, *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, *Gadates*, *Gobrias*, *Indatherſes*, and all the reſt who uſed to ſit in Council, he propounded the State of Things unto them. At the firſt, The Plurality of Voices was, That *Cyrus* ſhould ſend unto *Thomiris*, to tell her, He was ready to Retreat three days Journey from *Araxes*, ſo ſhe would her ſelf in Perſon come over in the Head of her Army to meet him, ſo ſhe would bring the Princeſs *Mandana* with her; and ſo ſhe would promiſe to Reſtore her, if She was Overcome; and ſo ſhe would engage her ſelf to give Battel within three daies after ſhe had paſſed over the River. But, *Cyrus* not being accuſtomed to go back, and not being able to ſtir a foot further from the place where he was to deliver *Mandana*, it was evident, that this Propoſition did not pleaſe him; and, he was very glad to ſee, that *Crœſus* and *Mazares* were not of that opinion, but of his. And the Truth is, (ſaid he to all the Aſſembly) to go back before a Queen, after our Vanquiſhing ſo many Valiant Kings, were to diſhonour our Army. Moreover, who knows, whether after we have overcome them, they will yield unto us the Fruits of our Victory, though they ſhould promiſe it? And, whether in coming over the River whereof they are Maſters, they will not defend it with the Remnant of their broken Army, and hinder us from delivering *Mandana?* So that to act prudently, and with Glory both, I conclude it beſt, to accept of the offer which *Thomiris* makes of letting us paſs over the River *Araxes*, for paſs we muſt, though ſhe ſhould defend it: But, Sir, (ſaid *Indatherſes* to him,) The Advice which was given you, does merit very good Conſideration: For, your Army cannot Advance towards *Thomiris* by the Plains, by reaſon of Water; and to paſs through the Woods where ſhe hath Built a Fort, the Paſs is ſo narrow, that I dare not anſwer for the Event, if you paſs that way with your Army. When we are on the other ſide of the River, replied *Cyrus*, then will we find out which Paſs is beſt; for, indeed it is to no purpoſe to Capitulate with *Thomiris*, and to tell her, That if ſhe be Overcome, then ſhe ſhall reſtore *Mandana*; but if ſhe be, that will follow of it ſelf, and therefore it need not be demanded: And, though I ſhould be beaten, and my Army ſhattered, I would fetch another, and renew the War; and as long as there is a Man left in all the Countries I have Conquer'd, or in the Countries of *Ciaxares*, or my Fathers, I will ſtill fight for *Mandana*'s Delivery; and, therefore over the River *Araxes* we muſt paſs ſome way or other. I underſtand this Morning, that Boats, and all things neceſſary to make a Bridg, are ready; and, without ſtaying for any Anſwer from *Thomiris*, they ſhall begin the Bridg this very day; in the mean time, I will ſend *Chriſantes* to tell *Thomiris*, That I will ere long come, and bring my Anſwer my Self, in the Head of my Army.

Cyrus ſpoke this with ſuch a Reſolute Voice, that none durſt oppoſe his Will: So that every one conforming themſelves thereunto; this Prince aſſured them, That his Reſolution would ſucceed happily; and indeed, he made his words good, for he beſtirred himſelf with ſo much diligence, and gave out Orders, with ſo much Judgment, and they were executed, with ſo much quickneſs, that the Bridg over *Araxes*, ſeemed to be made by Enchantment; for the Boats were brought ſo ſuddenly, and tyed unto one another in ſo ſhort a time, that the Troops of *Thomiris* did not know the Bridg was made, before the Van-guard of *Cyrus* his Army was over. 'Tis true, to deceive them, this Prince cauſed ſome Boats to be brought unto a place over againſt them, and began to Work, as if the Bridg was to be made in that place. And whilſt they were amuſing themſelves about this feigned Bridg, *Cyrus* was making another, much below the other, in a place where on the other ſide there were no Houſes. So that this Bridg being made without any obſtacle, there were two Brigades drawn up in *Battalia* by break of day on the other ſide of the River, to facilitate the Paſs of the Army, if any oppoſition came: But *Cyrus* needed not to fear that, for there was ſuch a Terror amongſt the Men of *Thomiris*, when they knew of certainty that the Army of *Cyrus* had paſſed the River, as they knew not what to do; yet the Commanders, after they had a little heartened their Men, they forced them to march towards the place where this Army paſſed over: But when they came there, they would not permit them to attempt any thing, for the whole Vanguard of *Cyrus* being all over, and drawn into Battalia, they were in a good poſture of defence: Yet the *Maſſagettans* made ſome Skirmiſhes, but they ſucceeded ſo ill, that they were forced to retreat, and ſend Poſt-haſte unthe Tents Royal to acquaint *Thomiris* with the paſſage of *Cyrus* over the River.

In the mean while, this Prince having ſpent all the Night and all the Day in paſſing over the reſt of his Army, and had given orders for their Incampment, he reſolved, without giving ſo much time unto *Thomiris*, as to be acquainted with his Paſſage, to ſend ſome Troops towards her, and himſelf to go in Perſon and view thoſe narrow Paſſes which were ſo much talked of; for knowing that this Princeſs intended to guard the Paſſes, and not advance with her Army, he would ſee whether there were any poſſibility of ſurprizing the Fort of *Sauromates*, before ſhe had ſtopped the Avenues in the Wood, and before the Fort was finiſhed. So that taking ſome Guides, he went with *Mazares*, *Indatherſes*, *Araſpes*, *Aglatidas*, *Ligdamis*, and twelve or fifteen others, to view theſe Paſſes. So that ſetting out at Midnight, and making towards the Fort of *Sauromates*, he got to the entrance into the Wood by break of day, without any Obſtacle, or fear of any; for conceiving *Thomiris* to be ſtill at the Tents Royal, where *Anacharſis* left her, ſhe could not ſo ſoon hear of his Paſſage, or guard the narrow Paſſes which he went to view, ſince ſhe thought him to be on the other ſide of the River.

Thus truſting to his own Prudence and good Fortune, he entred into the Wood, by the conduct of his Guides.

But he was no ſooner got a hundred paces within it, than he heard, upon his left Hand, a noiſe of Horſes. Preſently after, he eſpied the Queen of *Maſſagettes* on Horſeback in the head of thirty Cavaliers, coming towards him. This ſight ſo ſurprized *Cyrus*, that in lieu of advancing towards her, his firſt thought was to check his Horſe from going ſo faſt; yet indeed he could not well tell what his Thoughts were at that time. As for *Thomiris*, as ſoon as ſhe ſpied *Cyrus*, fury did ſo raiſe her Heart, that ſhe turned fiercely towards thoſe who followed her. Valiant *Maſſagettans* (ſaid ſhe,and ſhewed them *Cyrus* with her hand) you would this day end the War, and revenge your Queen, if you could bring into my Fetters that terrible Enemy which I ſhew unto you.

Upon theſe words, thoſe who followed *Thomiris*, advanced towards *Cyrus*; and this fair incenſed Queen having that day a Sword hanging in a Chain of Gold, whoſe Buckles were ſet with Diamonds, ſhe drew it fiercely out of the Scabbard, and by a menacing Action made a ſign unto *Cyrus*, that ſhe thought her ſelf now able to be revenged upon him for his Scorn. On the other ſide this Prince, who out of an Heroique Shame to draw his Sword againſt a Woman, and a Woman who hetofore had loved him, and ſtill did, as angry as ſhe was, he ſeeing her Men coming to aſſault him, and conſidering that if he could get *Thomiris* into his Power, the War would not be ſo long, ſince *Ariantes* had not ſo much Power over the People, and ſo conſequently *Mandana* would be ſooner delivered, he turned towards thoſe who followed him, and after many Incouragements, and charging them not to kill *Thomiris*, but endeavour to take her, he advanced towards them alſo, and fell on ſo ſharply, that though they were more in number, ſtrenger, yet the firſt ſhock made them believe they had the worſt of the Bargain; and *Thomiris* ſent one of her Men in all haſte unto *Ariantes*, who was viewing on the other ſide, to come and help as ſoon as he could. In the mean time, the Fight was fierce, and *Cyrus* made his way through the firſt rank of his Enemies, and breaking through the reſt, but getting near *Thomiris*, Fury and Jealouſy together obliged her to draw her Sword. *Cyrus*, no ſooner ſaw this, but letting the point of his Sword fall, and ſuſpending his Valour: For Heaven's ſake, Madam, (cried he) force me not to uſe my Sword againſt a Queen, whom I would have ſerved were ſhe not unjuſt. *Thomiris* no ſooner heard theſe words, but ſhe commanded her Men to ceaſe fighting. *Cyrus* did the like; and both being obeyed, an Object both terrible and glorious was to be ſeen in the Wood, for eight or ten Men might be ſeen dead upon the ſpot, and thoſe who were alive, had ſuch a fierce grimneſs in their Looks, as expreſſed abundance of Terror. As for *Cyrus*, though there was fierceneſs in his Eyes, and Anger and Fury in his Soul, and had a Sword all bloody in his Hand, yet his Action was ſo full of reſpect, and it was ſo apparent, that his deſire was to deliver *Mandana* without Ruin unto *Thomiris*, that there was none but planily ſaw it, and the Generoſity of his Heart. As for *Thomiris*, ſhe was ſo fair that day, as none but *Mandana* in the World could come in compariſon with her. This Princeſs was mounted upon a goodly black Horſe, whoſe trapping was pure Gold; the habit of *Thomiris* was Cloth of Gold, with borders of Green, mixed with Carnation, and it was made after the mode of *Pallas* when painted armed; her Gown being tacked with Buckles of Diamonds, made her Buskins to be ſeen, which was ſuitable to reſt of her Habit: The Dreſs upon her Head was adorned with precious Stones, and a Carnation white and green Plume did hover over her fair Hair; which waving at the pleaſure of the Wind, did confuſedly mix with the Feathers as ſhe turned her Head, and a thouſand negligent, but lovely Curls, gave a rare luſtre unto her Beauty. Moreover, her Sleeves being turned up, and tacked higher than her Elbows, and ſhe holding the Bridle of her Horſe in one Hand, and her Sword in the other, the faireſt Arms in the World were to be ſeen quite bare. Fury alſo had put ſuch a freſh Carnation upon her Cheeks, that ſhe was now far fairer than ordinary. Alſo her joy to ſee *Cyrus*, and to find him in ſuch a reſpective poſture towards her, had ſo quelled that Fury which was a little before in her Aſpect, as ſhe ſeemed infinitely amiable and charming. Alſo her hopes of taking him, if *Ariantes* came ſoon enough to aid her, did fill her full of delight, and moved her to ſpeak leſs ſharply unto him, purpoſely to ſtay him the longer: So that after the Combat was ceaſed, and *Cyrus* had let fall the point of his Sword, and deſired her not to force him to ruin a Queen whom he deſired to ſerve: This fair Souldier, anſwered him, that ſince it was he who began the War, ſhe might continue it without Injuſtice. The War, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) ſhall quickly end, if you will be pleaſed to deliver the Princeſs *Mandana*. Doubtleſs (replied ſhe) *Mandana* will be quickly delivered, if you pleaſe; for provided you will become a Priſoner in her room, I will ingage my ſelf to make *Ariantes* to deliver her, or elſe I will do it without him. When you have ſent her back into my Camp (replied *Cyrus*) I do ingage my ſelf to come into yours, Madam, provided *Mandana* conſent unto it: For I do proteſt, Madam, I would do any thing in the World to procure her Liberty and your Favour. To procure my Favour (anſwered ſhe, and leſſened her Tone) you know that the way is not to be *Mandana's* Lover: For as long as you are, (added ſhe, and raiſed her Voice again) ſhe ſhall be my Priſoner, and I will be revenged upon her for all the Injuries you did me, in departing out of my Dominions without my Permiſſion. Oh, Madam, (cried out *Cyrus*) if you keep *Mandana* Priſoner only to be revenged upon me, I beſeech you deliver her, and I will promiſe you to puniſh my ſelf for the Crime whereof you accuſe me, and of which I cannot repent. At theſe words, *Ariantes* accidentally appeared with his Troop, though he had no Orders from *Thomiris*.

This Princeſs ſeeing him before *Cyrus* did, and not doubting but now *Cyrus* would be in her Fetters as well as *Mandana*, ſhe told him, That it was not now a time to talk of *Mandana*'s liberty, but to ſurrender his Sword, and become her Slave. She had no ſooner ſaid theſe words, but *Cyrus* and all his company ſeeing *Ariantes* and

Andramites coming in the head of fifteen or twenty horſe, then they gave themſelves for loſt. In the mean time, *Cyrus* ſeeing no delay was expedient, and that he was ſo far from taking *Thomiris*, that he was himſelf in danger to be taken, he took upon the right hand for fear of being compaſſed about; one paſſage at this Incounter was excellently remarkable, for *Cyrus* as he parted in an inſtant from *Thomiris*, it was in his power to have killed her, and he ſaw the thing ſo eaſy to be done, that it was his Vertue only which reſtrained his Arm; he was ſo abſolutely Maſter of her, and himſelf, at this time, that imagining it would be a ſhame for him to kill a Queen, he uſed not the leaſt Action which might raiſe ſuſpicion he had any ſuch thought; but on the contrary, as he left her, Learn, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) by the reſpect I bear unto you, to reſpect the Princeſs *Mandana*, and do to her what is fit, ſince I do not to you what I could. On the rather ſide, *Thomiris*, who ſaw that *Cyrus*, by his reſpect, gave her an opportunity to give him a Blow, did, upon the firſt brunt of her Fury lift up her Arm; but a ſecond thought reſtraining the firſt, ſhe negligently let fall her Sword, and looked whether *Ariantes* was coming. In the mean time, this Rival unto *Cyrus*, ſeeing that this Prince, by reaſon of his quickneſs, could not be compaſſed about, he joined his Troop unto that of *Thomiris*; ſo that now he overnumbered his Enemy by more than half. 'Tis true, his repugnancy to fight againſt a Prince unto whom he was obliged, did ſomthing leſſen his ordinary Valour, and made him fall on more faintly. But *Thomiris* charging her Men not to kill *Cyrus*, but to take him, and promiſing great Rewards if they did take him, ſhe did ſo incourage them, that the Conquerour of all *Aſia* was never ſo neer taking Priſoner ſince he was at the Caſtle of *Hermes*, as now. But his great Heart being bravely ſeconded by *Mazares*, *Indatherſes*, *Aglatidas*, *Ligdamis*, *Araſpes*, *Feraulas*, and others which followed him, they did ſo cloſely unite themſelves, and kept a Paſs in the Wood where they could not be compaſſed about ſo well, that they ſtood the firſt Charge of *Ariantes* ſo vigorouſly, ly, as thoſe who would have broken them, were broken themſelves. So that *Cyrus* falling violently into the Body of his Enemies, he met with *Ariantes.* As for *Thomiris*, ſhe only gave Orders, and fought not, ſtill charging her Men continually not to kill *Cyrus*, but to take him. In the mean time, when this Prince was near enough *Ariantes* to be heard: O thou perfidious *Anaxaris* (ſaid he, and fell upon him) reſtore me that Princeſs whom I truſted thee withal. I cannot tell whether *Anaxaris* will reſtore her unto you (replied that Prince, and warded the Blow which *Cyrus* made at him) but I am ſure *Ariantes* will not, though he knows he does you wrong, and is ungrateful. After this, theſe two fierce Enemies talking only with their Hands, the Combat became hot, and if their numbers had been a little more equal than it was, *Cyrus* had certainly defeated his Rival, as brave as he was. But ſince he ſtill retained his Judgment, he perceived, that if he ſtrive only to vanquiſh *Ariantes*, himſelf would be overcome by his Men, and fall into the Power of *Thomiris:* So that after he had very dangerouſly wounded *Ariantes* in the left Shouldier, and ſeeing there was no way but to retreat, he diſingaged himſelf from amidſt his Enemies, and rallying his Men together, he ſtill retreated fighting, and ſo bravely, that his Followers began to faint upon it: For ſince *Ariantes*, by reaſon of his Wound, did not follow, and ſince *Thomiris* would not follow any further for fear of an Ambuſcado, *Cyrus*, by his Wiſdom and rare Valour, made good his Retreat, with the loſs only of three Cavaliers. In his return he perceived that he had received a ſlight wound in his right Side. So that ſeeing no more Enemies to fight with, he haſted his March that he might be dreſſed, and came very happily to his Camp, where he was expected with much impatience, and ſo he left *Thomiris* in moſt inſufferable deſpair.

The End of the Second Book.

ARTA-

ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS.

Part IX. Book III.

AS ſoon as *Cyrus* was come unto his Tent, he altered the Orders which he had given *Chriſantes* of going to *Thomiris*; and he took a ſhort account of the ſtate of things whilſt his Chirurgeons were ſent for, and gave his Orders for every thing in ſo ſhort a time, that he had nothing to do when they came, but to ſearch his Wound; which they found to be very ſlight, and without any danger: But yet they told *Cyrus*, that it was abſolutely neceſſary for him to keep his Bed two days, and to be ſeven or eight before he ventured on Horſe-back, becauſe his Wound being near his Hip, it could not cloſe in a ſhort time, unleſs he gave it reſt; adding, that if he did not take that courſe, it would be in danger of a Gangreen, and make him much worſe. At the firſt, *Cyrus* would not obey them, thinking ſeven or eight Days, as ſo many Ages; for he knew, that as long as he could not ſtir, his Army could not attempt any thing. Yet at laſt, conſidering that their Advice in ſuch things was to be followed, he obeyed them; yet he had ſcarce reſted himſelf two hours, but *Adonacris*, who ſtaid in the Tents-Royal after *Anacharſis* returned, and came to give an accompt of his Voyage: Truth is, *Cyrus* was not hugely haſty to ask him News, conſidering the Tempers he had left *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* in: However, he had a deſire to know what made him ſo ſoon quit the Tents-Royal, and what moved *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* to go into the Woods where he met them, for he knew they could not have any intelligence of his paſſing over *Araxes*. So that as ſoon as *Adonacris* came to him; I do not ask you generous *Adonacris* (ſaid he unto him) how you have prevailed with *Ariantes*; for having talked with him when he had a Sword in his Hand, I know what anſwer he made you: But I ask you, what moved *Thomiris* to come into the Wood on this ſide the Fort of *Sauromates?* Sir, (replied *Adonacris*) to ſatisfy your Curioſity, I muſt tell you of many important Paſſages; and therefore though my Negotiation proved ineffectual, yet I beſeech you give me leave to acquaint you with what I have done, to the end you may better underſtand what I have to acquaint you withal: I ſhall tell you then, Sir, ſince your ſilence ſeems to give conſent, that true it is, I have not prevailed with *Ariantes*; yet moſt certain it is, that once I ſaw his Mind ſtagger, and when I remembred him of all his Obligations to you, I found in him as much Shame as Love. Yes, my dear *Adonacris* (ſaid he then unto me, when I preſſed him very earneſtly) all that you tell me is moſt true, and I muſt confeſs that *Anaxaris* is a baſe ungrateful and perfidious Man, ſuch a one as *Cyrus* has reaſon to hate, and that he is equally unworthy, both of the Friendſhip of *Cyrus*, and of *Mandana*'s Love. But *Adonacris*, though *Ariantes* had a deſire to repair the Fault of *Anaxaris*, that it would be in vain if he ſhould attempt it; for *Mandana* is ſo little in his diſpoſe, that *Thomiris* will hardly ſuffer him to ſee her, and therefore he is far from any Ability of rendring her unto *Cyrus*: Therefore, ſince I ſhould repent in vain, becauſe I cannot releaſe her if I would, I had better not repent at all: Alſo I am perſwaded, that I ſhould ere long repent that ever I repented: And therefore, I beſeech you do what you can to make my Rival hate me without Scorn, and endeavour to leſſen the Greatneſs of my Crime, by inſtancing the Greatneſs of my Love.

After this, Sir, I redoubled my Reaſons and my Prayers, and I dare aſſure you my Affection at that time made me ſay much more than a more able Man than my ſelf could have imagined at that time, and upon this Occaſion. But as I was with this Prince, one came from *Thomiris*, to acquaint him, that the Prince *Phraartes* going to ſee the Works at the Fort of *Sauromates*, did meet with a Stranger and fought with him, and that he was mortally Wounded as well as his Enemy: So that *Phraartes* being high in the eſteem of *Thomiris*, ſhe no ſooner heard in what condition he was, but ſhe went from the Tents-Royal unto the Fort of *Sauromates*, where they had carried him, becauſe he fought neer that place: So that ſetting out about two hours after *Anacharſis*, and carrying the Prince *Ariantes* and *Andramites* with her, I followed them, hoping that my Importunity might happily work with *Ariantes*.

Thus I came with them as far as the Fort of *Sauromates*, where we were no ſooner arrived, but *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* went to viſit *Phraartes*, whom they found at the laſt Gaſp, yet having his Intellects perfect, he deſired to ſpeak with them in private, and ſo he did for half an hour: After which, he growing Speechleſs, they left him; but it was very obſervable, that as ſoon as they had talked with *Phraartes*, they conſulted a long time together, the Mind of *Ariantes* ſeeming to be diſpleaſed at ſomething. After this, *Thomiris* left him, and went to ſee him whom *Phraartes* had fought with, whom they brought into the ſame place. So that it is to be imagined this unknown Man was ſome very conſiderable Perſon: However, I could not know any more of him; all I can tell you is, they are both dead, and the ſame Honours were done unto them. But, Sir, to end my Relation, *Ariantes* and *Thomiris* having a Deſign to ingage you amongſt thoſe narrow Paſſes which are in the Woods about the Fort of the *Sauromates*, went to view them, and to ſee where they ſhould place their Men, in caſe you came over *Araxes*. But ſince it would be too much to view them all in one day, if they went together, *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* took ſeveral Ways into the Woods to view theſe Paſſes, not knowing that you had paſſed the River; and thoſe who watched the River, thinking her to be at the Tents-Royal, it's probable they ſent their intelligence thither; and I can aſſure you they knew nothing of it at the Fort of *Sauromates*, until the return of *Thomiris* and *Ariantes*. In the mean time, though *Ariantes* was wounded, he would needs ſend News of it unto the Tents-Royal, where the Body of the Army lay, but he would not let me ſpeak with him: So that I returned to you, Sir, very ſorry I was not able to do you any better ſervice, no more then the Friends of *Anabaris*, who have all promiſed me to let ſlip no opportunity which Fortune ſhall preſent unto them, to endeavour the Liberty of *Mandana*. When *Adonacris* had pronounced theſe Words, one came and told *Cyrus*, that the Man to whom he ſpake unto near *Araxes*, when he returned from ſeeing *Oneſile*, asked very earneſtly to ſpeak with him. So that *Cyrus* thinking it to be the ſame Man whom he ſent to the King of *Pontus*, to tell him it was better fighting on his ſide, than for the Raviſher of *Mandana*, he commanded him to enter. So *Adonacris* being retired, and this Man entred, *Cyrus* asked him, What he had to ſay from the King his Maſter? Sir (anſwered he, and ſighed) I beſeech you pardon me that I cannot conceal my Sorrows for the Death of a Prince who was your Rival; but what he hath commanded me to tell you, will perhaps render me excuſeable, and oblige you to lament the Misfortune of ſo great a Prince. How (cryed out *Cyrus*) Is the King of *Pontus* dead? Yes, Sir, replied he, and died with Thoughts very contrary to the Prince who gave him his Death. This is ſuch a wonder to me (replied *Cyrus*) that you muſt relate the Accident with all its Circumſtances before you can make me believe it. Which to do, Sir (anſwered the Man) I muſt tell you, that after I left you, I went over the River at the next paſſage, and I was ſo happy, that the next Morning I met with the King my Maſter, who ſtayed at the firſt Houſe to get a Horſe. But, Sir, though I told him all that you charged me withal, and though he was much moved at it, yet he continued his Journey three days after; and being told, that the way through the Wood was the neareſt way to go unto the place where the Army was, he took it, and went unto the Fort of the *Sauromates*, where enquiring of news in general, he underſtood that *Phraartes* (whom he knew at *Cumes*) was in the Tents-Royal; and he heard further, that he was to come that very ſame day unto the place where we were. I cannot tell you, Sir, the Thoughts of this much to be lamented Prince upon this occaſion: Ah, Fortune, Fortune, cried he out, thou art too fully reſolved to perſecute me, and my conſtancy muſt ſubmit, muſt I be overwhelmed with ſo many Diſgraces all at once? I love, Heavens knows, and I am not beloved; I have loſt two Kingdoms, and my Enemies poſſeſs them; I am obliged unto the Rival who is preferred before me; I do infinitely eſteem that Princeſs who prefers him, and him alſo as much as ſhe doth: I do hate *Ariantes*, both as my Rival, as the Raviſher of *Mandana*, and as my Vanquiſher; yet for all this, I am reſolved to fight for him, rather than for *Cyrus*, and to compleat all my Miſeries, I do find the Raviſher of *Ariminta* in this Court: Will Honour ſuffer thee to ſee a Prince that ſtole away thy Siſter, and not be revenged for that Affront? No, no, ſince thou art not capable of any ill, but what Love forced thee to commit, thou canſt never be excuſed if thou doſt.

After this, Sir, this great Prince was ſilent, and making Signs unto me that he would be alone, I retired. But as chance would have it, next to the Tent where I was, there happened to be two Strangers, whoſe Language was not unknown unto me, for I had been ſo long in *Pontus* and *Bythinia*, that I very well underſtood the Language which they ſpoke, it being the ſame. I heard theſe two then ſpeak aloud, becauſe they did not think I did underſtand them; and one of them told the other, that *Arſamones* would be extreamly glad to get *Ariminta* into his Power, and that he doubted not but that the Princeſſes which he would give as Hoſtages, would ſhortly bring it to paſs. 'Tis true, replied the other, *Arſamones* would perhaps be glad, but *Spitridates* would be ſorry if he knew it; and I cannot tell whether it be Wiſdom or no in us thus blindly to ſerve *Arſamones* in all his Violences, and when the Prince his Son comes to raign, he will make us repent it. After this, Sir, theſe two Men changing place, I could not hear any more what they ſaid: However, I thought it fit to let my Maſter know what I heard, and therefore went to tell him, and he having a longing deſire to know more, and not doubting but thoſe I heard talk were his Subjects, he reſolved to ſhew himſelf unto them: And indeed without more conſulting with himſelf, he went out of his Tent, and went to the place where theſe Men were, who were ſo amazed at the ſight of him, that though they ſaw him in a condition far different from what they had formerly ſeen him, yet now they trembled, and were infinitely reſpective to him: He knowing their Thoughts by their Actions, took advantage of the diſorder in their Spirits, and ſpoke with ſuch Majeſty, that he obliged them to tell him what they did in that place: So as he underſtood by them that *Arſamones* (who heard *Phraartes* went towards the *Maſſagettes*) had ſent unto *Thomiris*, and offered her a very conſiderabe diverſion of *Ciaxares* by a powerful aſſaulting him, and by raiſing a Party in *Aſſyria*, provided ſhe would put *Ariminta* into her Power, ingaging himſelf alſo to let her marry *Phraartes*, and offered her for Security of this Treaty, to put the Princeſs his Daughter, and the Princeſs his Neice into his Power, upon condition ſhe would promiſe alſo, that if ever *Spitridates* came into her power, during the Wars ſhe had with *Cyrus*, ſhe would put him unto his. After this, theſe two Men who were of *Heraclea*, told him, that *Thomiris* accepted of the offer, and *Phraartes* accepted and conſented unto it alſo, thinking he was more ſure to marry *Ariminta* in the Court of *Arſamones*, than in the Court of *Thomiris*: Theſe Men alſo added, That they came into that Country and ſtayed in it, to keep things in the ſame condition they are, and that ere long the Princeſs of *Bithynia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina* would arrive. Then they ſaid that they came to ſee this Fort out of Curioſity only, and they underſtood that *Phraartes* would be there alſo that day. And indeed, Sir, theſe Subjects unto the King of *Pontus* told him as much as he deſired to know, and when they told him that *Phraartes* was gone to view the Works without, the King of *Pontus* charged theſe two Men not to tell what he was, and charged them with as much Authority as if he were upon the Throne: Afterwards he took Horſe, none knowing his Deſign. But, Sir, not to trouble you with too many Impertinencies, he went to the place where they ſaid *Phraartes* was, yet he did not ſhew himſelf at firſt unto him; but as ſoon as he ſpied him, he galloped a little into the Wood, and gave me a Letter in which he had written ſomething, which he charged me to give *Phraartes* who was looking upon the Workmen; but not to tell him whom he was: I in obedience to my Maſter carried the Letter, *Phraartes* read it, then asked me in a low Voice who ſent it, and where he was? Sir, (ſaid I unto him) he is within two hundred Paces of this place, but as for his name he hath charged me not to tell it, and I dare not diſobey him.

After this, *Phraartes* being brave, and his Valour a little queſtioned, he ſtood no longer in asking the name of him who deſired to ſee him with a Sword in his Hand, but thought of contenting this unknown Man who demanded Satisfaction for a Wrong; and imagining (as he ſaid afterwards) that perhaps it was *Spitridates*, he would not any longer defer the giving him his deſired Satisfaction: So that ſending away all his Men upon ſeveral Pretences, and after he had ſent me back to tell my Maſter that he would be with him preſently; he followed me within a quarter of an hour after, and came to the place where I appointed, without any other Company but one Page only, and without other Arms than a Sword: For my Maſter, as I underſtood ſince, did ſend him word, that a Sword only ſhould decide their Difference. But, Sir, he wondred much when he came to the place where his Enemy was, and knew him not: but this wonder was quickly vaniſhed by the entrance of another; for as ſoon as the King of *Pontus* ſaw him, he drew his Sword, and advancing towards him: 'Tis now a fit time to tell you (ſaid he unto him) that I am the Princeſs *Ariminta*'s Brother, and am able to hinder you from putting her into the Hands of the Uſurper of my Kingdoms. If you be the ſame you ſay (replied *Phraartes*, and drew his Sword) you need not complain againſt a Prince who would take *Ariminta* from *Spitridates*, whom you love not. 'Tis true, I love him not (replied he) but I do eſteem him, which is more than you do. To be a Raviſher away of *Mandana*, as you are, (replied *Phraartes* in a ſurley manner) you are very ſenſible of her carrying away. At theſe words, the King of *Pontus*, without any anſwer, advanced towards him with incredible Fury and Valour: *Phraartes* on his ſide he fought like a Man that was ſorry to fight againſt the Brother of his Miſtreſs; yet his Valour being a little clowniſh, as they who knew him ſaid, he fought with the King of *Pontus* with as much Animoſity, as if he had been his Rival: For my part, I was forced to be a Spectator of the Combate, for *Phraartes* having but one Page with him, I could do no otherwiſe. But, Sir, after a long and ſharp Diſpute, and both mortally wounded in ſeveral places, the King of *Pontus* ran *Phraartes* through the Body, ſo that he fell from his Horſe, and let his Sword fall, which the King of *Pontus* lighting in an inſtant, ſeized upon.

Thus was he the Vanquiſher of *Phraartes*; but he no ſooner ſaw himſelf victorious, but he fell alſo within four Paces of his Enemy: So that I being forced to make uſe of the Conquered's Page to help the Conqueror, I ſent him to acquaint them in the Fort with this Accident. So that many People coming in, they carried theſe two wounded Perſons into the Fort of the *Sauromates*, and ſent to acquaint *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* with the paſſage. In the mean time, though a Chyrurgion ſaid my Maſters Wounds were mortal as well as *Phraartes*, yet I told not who he was, leſt they ſhould arreſt me, and haſten his Death by that Violence. But when *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* came, I underſtood that *Phraartes* told them, and deſi red them to promiſe they would hold on the Treaty with *Arſamones*, to the end that *Ariminta* being once in his Power, ſhe might never marry *Spitridates*. But, Sir, as ſoon as *Phraartes* had made this unjuſt deſire unto *Thomiris* and *Ariantes*, he loſt his Speech, and a little after his Life. In the mean time, *Thomiris* knowing from *Phraartes* the Quality of my Maſter, ſhe came to ſee him, followed only by one Man of Quality, called *Andramites*: As for *Ariantes*, it is to be imagined, that he would not viſit his Rival: But, Sir, this miſerable Prince, into whoſe Mind the Approaches of Death had infuſed more juſt Thoughts both of you, Sir, and *Mandana*, he uſed ſuch moving Arguments to oblige that Queen to reſtore the Princeſs unto you, Sir, and to perſwade *Ariantes* unto a Repentance of his Violence, that ſhould I relate them to you, Sir, you would be charmed with his Vertue: yet for all this, I plainly ſee, Sir, that *Thomiris* will not be perſwaded; nor ſtayed ſhe long with him, but though an Enemy, yet ſhe promiſed to have a care of him. I have ſo ſmall a ſhare in Life (ſaid he unto her) that I will not ask you, Madam, any thing for my ſelf; no not ſo much as a Tomb, for I do not deſire to eternize the Memory of my Miſeries. But, Madam, (ſaid he, and ſighed) I beg all things of you for *Mandana*: After this, *Thomiris* going out, without any direct anſwer, and this miſerable King perceiving he could not live long, commanded me to let the Princeſs *Mandana* know, as ſoon as I could, that he repented of his Violence to her, though he could never repent of loving her, and conjured her, not to hate his Memory. As for you, Sir, he charged me to tell you, that he was extreamly ſorry he died ungrateful, and that he could not chuſe but die your Rival; and deſired you to have a care of the Princeſs *Ariminta*; alſo to tell you, that he would die the Friend of *Spitridates*, and commanded me to tell him as much. After this, Sir, his reaſon beginning to rove, he ſpent the whole Night in talking continually of *Mandana*, but without any cauſe or moving thereunto; afterwards growing weak upon a ſudden, he died about break of Day; and thus both Conquered and Con queror died almoſt at one minuit: and after their Deaths they received the ſame Honours by order from *Thomiris.*

In the mean time, that Princeſs being upon the place, ſhe would needs go and view the Woods about the Fort, before ſhe returned: And in the mean time, and whilſt you, Sir, was fighting with *Ariantes*, a Servant unto *Andramites*, whom he had left there upon ſome buſineſs, came and addreſſed himſelf unto me out of Curioſity to know who it was I ſo much grieved for his Death: For, Sir, I forgot to tell you, that *Thomiris* did not publiſh his Quality after his Death, and I imagine her reaſon for it was, becauſe the news of the King of *Pontus* his Death ſhould not be carried unto the Princeſs his Siſter, before ſhe returned to the Tents-Royal: But, Sir, as ſoon as this Servant unto *Andramites* had accoſted me, we knew each other, and remembred that we bore Arms together at the Siege of *Epheſus*, when the Prince *Artamas*, went under the name of *Cleander*: So that embracing each other with Joy, we began to relate our Adventures, and to renew our old Friendſhip which formerly was very great: But to tie the knot more faſt between us; he imparted unto me his Intentions of ſerving you, Sir, and I told him alſo who was my Maſter, and what he had charged me to tell you, upon his Death-Bed: So that encouraging each other in our Intentions of repairing the Faults he had committed againſt you, and of doing you ſome conſiderable Service, we walked together about the Fort; and obſerved that at the place which is not yet finiſhed, it is ſo eaſily to be ſurprized, that with five hundred Men only, one may become Maſter of it: So then wiſhing earneſtly that you had paſſed over the River *Araxes*, to attempt this Enterprize, we thought our Wiſhes had been in vain, becauſe we then knew not that you had already paſſed it. But, Sir, when *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* returned wounded, we quickly underſtood that you were nearer than we imagined. So that now this Servant of *Andramites* and I, looking upon this buſineſs as a thing very feaſable, we carefully examined the matter again; and to facilitate our Deſign, *Thomiris* and *Ari-*

nates departing, *Andramites*, as good luck was, did leave this Servant in the Fort, by orders from *Ariantes*, with Orders to come and acquaint them when it was finiſhed: and he left him there alſo as a Surveyor over the Workmen; for this Man the better to further his Deſign, had ſo inſinuated with his Maſter, that he made him believe he had ſerved the Prince of *Cumes*, in the Fortifications of his Town, and that he underſtood the Art of it as well as any Man: Then, Sir, after the departure of *Thomiris* and *Ariantes*, this Man and I conſidering the Scituation and preſent Condition of the Place; we reſolved, that I ſhould come, and acquaint you, how, if you would be pleaſed to ſend five hundred Men ſpeedily, by ſuch a way as a Guide I have provided will ſhew you, you may preſently become Maſter of it: But, Sir, this muſt be done preſently; for, it is reported, that as ſoon as *Thomiris* is returned to the Tents Royal, and hath taken all Orders for the Security of the Princeſs *Mandana*, and for the departure of *Ariminta*, whom ſhe will ſend unto *Arſamones*, as ſoon as the two Hoſtage-Princes are come, ſhe will then return with her whole Army, to make good the Paſſes which he hath viewed, and to ingage you to Fight in a place which will be very diſadvantagious to you. Therefore, Sir, haſte muſt be made, and no greater Number muſt be imployed, than I mentioned, leſt the Fort ſhould have Intelligence. You tell me ſo many ſtrange things at once, (ſaid *Cyrus*) that I know not which to anſwer firſt; yet, I muſt tell you, that I do much lament the pittiful Fate of the *Pontean* King; I do commend your Fidelity to him, and I will recompence your Zeal to me.

After this, *Cyrus* enquiring of him the true State of the Place; he found him talk ſo pertinently, that he ſaw, there was great probability of doing ſome good in the Deſign, ſo it were ſpeedily executed; and, he ſent for *Mazares* and *Indatherſes*, only to confer with them about it, having no mind to impart it unto a Council of War, leſt it ſhould be known. So having broke it unto them, and told them, That he thought it worth the hazard of five hundred Men, they concurred with him in

Opinion: So that *Cyrus* making choice of *Feraulas* for this bold Attempt, he ſent for him; and afterwards, he called out the Troops which he was to Command, and giving him all neceſſary Inſtructions, it was reſolved, He ſhould ſet out in the beginning of the Night, and when he was near the Fort, to make a Sign by Fire, which would Advertiſe the Servant of *Andramites* of their being there; and he, according to agreement, would anſwer them by another, and let them preciſely know the place, where they were to Surprize the Fort; and in order to all theſe Reſolutions, thoſe Troops which *Cyrus* made choice of to be under the Command of *Feraulas*, departed in the beginning of the Night, guided by the Man whom the King of *Pontus* his Servant had provided. But, after they were gone, *Cyrus* began with leaſure to conſider, the lamantable Death of the *Pontean* King; and to deplore the Misfortune of a Prince, whom Fate had ſtrangely perſecuted all his Life long. Afterwards, calling to memory the Death of the *Aſſyrian* King; he was full of Compaſſion for theſe two Illuſtrious Rivals, as he was of Amity to *Mazares*. So that contracting all the hatred he ever bore unto them againſt *Ariantes*, he hated him alone, as much as ever he did them all together; yet, it was ſuch a hatred as was accompanied with eſteem, for all the High Acts he had done at *Sardis*, and at *Cumes*: But, the greateſt grief of *Cyrus* was, That he was not to ſtir yet, for ſome certain days; but in the mean time, he gave Orders for every thing, and ſaw all thoſe who had any thing to ſay unto him: 'Tis true, the deſire he had to hear the ſucceſs of this Enterprize, did take up much of his Mind, ſo as it was not entirely at liberty; yet, he talked unto all his Friends, as if his Soul had no extraordinary Cares upon it; and to inquire very obligingly of all their Intereſts: He asked *Artamas* how *Palmis* did; *Aglatidas* of *Ameſtris*; and *Ligdamis* of *Cleonice*: But as for *Intaphernes*, he would never acquaint him with the Treaty between *Arſamones* and *Thomiris*, becauſe it ſhould not grieve him: And, he Commanded all the Officers whoſe Quarters were near *Araxes*, that if they met with any Cavalry conducting

ducting Ladies, that they ſhould uſe them reſpectfully, and bring them to his Camp: Truth is, *Intaphernes* was not long in this Ignoranae; for being one Morning at that Bridg of Boats which *Cyrus* had made over *Araxes*, to view ſome Troops paſs which were newly come, and which *Ciaxaras* had ſent unto *Cyrus*; he eſpied the Prince *Atergatis*, and as ſoon as ever he ſaw him, he went to him; and, without lighting from his Horſe, becauſe the place would not permit it, they ſhaked hands, and confirmed their Friendſhip: But having many queſtions to ask each other, they went further from the Preſs; and *Intaphernes* finding much Melancholy in the Eyes of his Friend, his Heart began to fear, and, he had a great mind to ask, how the Princeſs of *Bithynia* did, but he durſt not; yet, being able to hold no longer: Well my dear *Atergatis* (ſaid he unto him,) Are you Baniſhed from *Arſamones*, for doing me any good Offices unto the Princeſs his Danghter? Alas, alas, (replied *Atergatis* and ſighed,) You would much wonder, did you know the cauſe of my Journey; and you would both wonder and grieve, if you knew that the Princeſs of *Bithynia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, are either now in the power of *Thomiris*, or will be very ſhortly; and that the Princeſs *Ariminta* will be ſhortly in the power of *Arſamones*. How's this, (cried out *Intaphernes*,) Can there be any truth in this you tell me? For Heavens ſake tell me, How comes this ſad Adventure to paſs? After this, *Atergatis* told him, as much as *Cyrus* knew concerniug it; to wit, the Treaty between *Thomiris* and *Arſamones*. But, (ſaid *Intaphernes* unto him,) How could you ſuffer ſuch an unjuſt thing without oppoſition? Had I known it, I ſhould have thwarted it, replied *Atergatis*, but *Arſamones* did negotiate the Buſineſs ſo ſecretly, as all was concluded, before I knew any thing; and, to prevent any obſtacle in the departure of the Princeſſes, he ſent me to *Heraclea*, whilſt he ſhipped them for *Chriſipalis*, to ſend them unto *Thomiris*. But, as ſoon, as the Princeſſes knew their Deſign, they were ſo ſad at it, that moving the Heart of one in the Ship to pity them, he promiſed to come and acquaint me, as ſoon as the Ship came to

Land; and, the next Morning the Ship came aſhore, becauſe the Princeſs of *Bithynia* deſired to ſend, and offer a Sacrifice at a Temple which was by the Sea ſide; and, this Man came then out of the Ship, and never returned, but came immediatly to me, and acquainted me in few words, with all the paſſages: So, that conceiving I could not poſſibly overtake the Princeſſes, nor ought to return unto *Arſamones*, nor ſtay about that buſineſs he had imployed me; I came in all haſte unto you, and about three days March ſince, I met theſe Troops with whom I came: But in my way, I underſtood, that the Princeſſes are carried by a way far off, to the end they might ſhun the Camp of *Cyrus*, when they paſſed over *Araxes*.

Intaphernes hearing this ſad News, was all ſorrow: But at laſt, he told *Atergatis*, That hoping well in the Valour of *Cyrus*, who in delivering *Mandana*, would deliver theſe Princeſſes alſo; he prepared to carry him into his Tent, after he had ſent to advertiſe him of his Intentions. So, as *Cyrus* not being ignorant of his Name and Quality, nor of his Merit and Adventures, nor of the Friendſhip which was between *Intaphernes* and him, he received him with all poſſible civility: But, when *Intaphernes* would have acquainted him with the Treaty which *Arſamones* had made, he ſtopped him, and ſaid, He was not ignorant of, but kept it ſecret, becauſe he deſired to ſave him ſome Sighs; adding, That as ſoon as ever he heard of it, he gave order to all his Officers, That if they met with any Ladies, to reſpect them, and bring them to his Camp. After which, theſe two Lovers being both ſatisfied with rhe Cares of *Cyrus*, they thanked him with equal civility: *Atergatis* for his particular, did it with ſo good a grace, that *Cyrus* ſaw, he merited that excellent Character, which he who related his Hiſtory had given of him. But, to begin their Friendſhip by a confidence, they condoled their Miſfortunes together; and, *Cyrus* made ſuch a pathetical Abridgment of all his Miſeries unto theſe two Lovers, that he ſuſpended their ſorrows for his own, becauſe they found his caſe worſe than their own. For, truly, (ſaid he unto them,) You have no Rivals, who hold your Miſtreſſes Captive; and, *Thomiris* hath no Intereſt to treat them Ill: But, as for *Mandana*, ſhe is under the power of a Lover, and under the power of a Queen, who thinks ſhe has reaſon to hold her from me. In the mean time, *Cyrus* underſtanding more preciſely the way which theſe two Princeſſes would take, in coming from *Bithynia*, he commanded ſeveral Parties to ſcout about the River *Araxes*, as far as there was any hopes of meeting with them; or at leaſt, the Princeſs *Ariminta*, whom *Thomiris* was to ſend unto *Arſamones*, when the other Princeſſes came unto her; and he imagined, that ſhe would ſend her with the ſame Convoy, and by the ſame way. So that, *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* having a great deſire to go themſelves in Perſon, *Cyrus* conſidering their Intereſt, permitted them, telling them moſt obligingly, That he was very ſorry he could not go himſelf, and help them to deliver their Princeſs, as he hoped they would help him to Deliver *Mandana*. In the mean time, *Anarcharſis* being Charmed with the Vertue of *Cyrus*, did viſit him very often, telling every one he ſpoke unto, that hitherto he had learned to talk of Wiſdom, but by the Actions of *Cyrus*, he would learn to practiſe it. This Prince alſo for his part did find ſuch a real ſincerity in the Converſation of this Sage *Scythian*, as did infinitely pleaſe him; and ſuch a Grandure of thought, as did much move his inclination. Alſo, the Diſcourſe of *Anacharſis* did much help to drive away his Melancholy and Sorrows, that he was not able to act, and made him expect with much leſs impatiency the ſucceſs of his Enterprize. But at laſt, better News came, than he durſt hope for; and that Guard of *Mandana*'s, who was become *Andramites* Servant alſo, who had plotted the buſineſs, came to beg his Pardon, and told *Cyrus*, that his Enterprize was effected, and that he was Maſter of the Fort; and to particularize this great Attempt, he told him, that *Feraulas* conducted by the King of *Pontus*'s man, did march ſo faſt, and happily, that thoſe within the Fort had not the leaſt knowledg of his coming, and that the Sign by Fire was ſo well given, and taken, and the Aſſault ſo ſurprized the Garriſon, that they were damped with Fear, and cut in Pieces.

Moreover, that *Feraulas* after he was Maſter of the Place, had ſo encouraged the Workmen, and promiſed ſuch great Recompences unto them, if they finiſhed the Work, that thoſe Men having heard of *Cyrus*, and his liberality, did fall on Work, and promiſed to finiſh it within two days. This great and good News, infuſed as much Joy into this Prince, as if he had been in a condition to Advance with all his Army. But, beſides that his Wounds would not give him leave, another Accident fell out, which hindred him from thinking of it; which was, That the River *Araxes*, by reaſon of great Winds which toſſed the Water, had broken his Bridg, and the Current of the River was ſo impetuous, that moſt of the Boats were broken, and ſhattered in pieces one againſt another. So, that ſince the Army of *Cyrus* could get no ſubſiſtance but from the other ſide of the River; his whole care was to repair the Bridg, that he might ſend over Victual and Ammunition to his Army: All they could do, the Bridg being broken, was to ſend over every day, as much as thoſe Boats which remained could carry, to make them ſubſiſt. Thus *Cyeus* was of neceſſity forced to wait, and attempt nothing till he could get on Horſeback, and until the Bridg was made up again; and alſo, till Victual and Ammunition neceſſary for his March was paſſed over. In the mean time, he took incredible pains to repair the Bridg; and ſent him, who brought the News of the Fort being taken, to tell *Feraulas*, that if he were aſſaulted, to defend himſelf, in hopes of a ſpeedy Relief: But after he had kept his Bed four days, the Chyrurgions permitted him to riſe, ſo he would not go out of his Tent for four or five days more. So that being one Morning with *Mazares*, *Artamas*, and *Myrſiles*, one came to tell him, That the Prince *Intaphernes*, and the Prince *Atergatis* were coming, and that they brought ſome Ladies with them. This News did extreamly ſurprize *Cyrus*, yet, upon better thoughts, he imagined, that perhaps they had met with their Princeſſes, and got them out of the hands of thoſe, who would have carried them unto *Thomiris*: So, that hearing thoſe two Princeſſes, deſired leave to bring thoſe two Ladies unto him, he was well contented. But this Prince was much ſurprized when *Intaphernes* and *Atergates* brought in the Princeſſes, *Ariminta* and *Heſionide*, in lieu of the Princeſs of *Bithynia* and *Iſtrina*, whom he expected. 'Tis true, he ſaw her ſo ſad, that thinking ſhe knew of the King her Brother's Death, he durſt not expreſs any Joys, nor begin to treat her as Queen; and, beginning to think that *Mandana* had loſt a great Comfort, in loſing the company of this Princeſs, he could not retain his firſt Joys of ſeeing her, but, he let her ſee by his Eyes, that he would perform all he had promiſed: Yet, this Princeſs having as much judgment as Spirit, did think *Cyrus* would be much troubled to tell her of the King her Brother's Death, ſhe reſolved to ſpeak unto him firſt; and indeed, ſhe was no ſooner come into his Tent, at the entrance into which he received her, but, beginning to ſpeak firſt: Give me leave to tell you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) in juſtification of that ſorrow which ſits upon my Cheeks, that though I have reaſon to rejoice in my Liberty, and at the honour of ſeeing you, yet my Brother's Death is the cauſe of my Sorrow; and to juſtifie his Memory, I muſt acquaint you, how I underſtand from *Thomiris*, that he repented of all his Violences unto the Princeſs *Mandana*; and though he have perhaps merited no pity from you, yet, he has merited your permiſſion to let me lament him. I have done it my ſelf, Madam, (replied *Cyrus*) and have extreamly pitied the ſad deſtiny of ſo great a Prince; and I thank the Gods with all my Heart, that though he hath been my Rival and my Enemy, yet that you, Madam, cannot charge me with his Death: And I aſſure you, Madam, that if I could revive him, though with the ſame Love unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, yet I ſhould joyfully do it to ceaſe your Sorrows, and ſtop your Tears. But, Madam, (ſaid he, being forced by the violence of his Love) Why did you not bring the Princeſs *Mandana* with you? That I might have been obliged unto the Prince *Intaphernes*, and the Prince *Atergatis* for delivering her, as I am for ſetting you at liberty. Alas, Sir, (replied ſhe) I need not anſwer this Queſtion; but after I have commended your Generoſity in lamenting the Death of your Enemy, I muſt tell you, that the Princeſs *Mandana* is now guarded with ſo much exactneſs, that there is no delivering her but by the overthrow of *Thomiris*; yet ſhe is waited upon with much reſpect, and ſhe knows ſo well how to make her Raviſhers fear her, that the Prince *Ariantes* trembles as oft as he comes near her, and ſpeaks unto her as humbly as if ſhe were not in his Power. But, Sir, (purſued ſhe) the news of taking the Fort of *Sauromates* hath extreamly amazed the Queen of *Maſſagittes*, and if the Prince *Ariantes* had not been wounded, it had been ere now beſieged; but that Prince being unable to act, by reaſon of his Wounds, I believe the Deſign is deferred for ſome certain days: After this, Sir, I muſt needs (maugre my Sorrow) tell you of the Prince *Intaphernes*, and the Prince *Atergatis* their Generoſity, who knowing that thoſe who conducted me were carrying me unto *Arſamones* (a mortal Enemy unto the King my Brother) did fight them, and brought me unto you, Sir. When you know them well, replied *Cyrus*, you will find that you are more obliged unto them, then you imagine; for as you are a Debtor unto them for your Liberty, ſo are you unto the Prince *Atergatis*, for the liberty of *Spitridates*. When one hath done no more than what was their Duty to be done (replied that Prince) there is no Obligations owing; and by the ſame reaſon (added *Intaphernes*) I do declare, that ſince I have done no more than what I ought to have done, I cannot pretend unto any right of Obligation. However it be (ſaid *Cyrus*) you will give us leave to think what we pleaſe. But, Madam, (added he) I can ſtay no longer before I tell you, that we expect the Prince *Spitridates* his being here very ſhortly. Do you know, Sir, replied *Ariminta*, (and both bluſh'd and ſigh'd) where that unfortunate Prince is? I do not directly know in what place he is, Madam (replied *Cyrus*) I know he will arrive here ere long, and that he was at a Port in *Cholcides*, when the Prince *Tigranes* did write unto the Princeſs *Oneſile*, and ſo I know he will ere long have the happineſs of ſeeing you. After this, Sir, *Cyrus* asked *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, in what place they met this Princeſs? And after they anſwered, that they found her as ſhe was paſſing over the River, he asked *Ariminta* whether the two Princeſſes which *Arſamones* gave as Hoſtages unto *Thomiris*, were come or no? To which ſhe anſwered, as ſhe had before *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, that they arrived the day before ſhe came away, and that ſhe was extreamly ſorry ſhe could not obtain ſo much leave as to ſee the Princeſs of *Bithynia*, whom ſhe had long loved. After this, *Cyrus* told her, that though the unfortunate King her Brother had only left her the Title of a Queen, yet he would treat her as Queen in poſſeſſion of thoſe two Kingdoms which he had loſt: For, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I know that the Prince *Spitridates* will reſtore them to you, and I am ſure he will never enjoy the Uſurpation of *Arſamones*; but as ſoon as he comes here, will treat you as Queen of *Pontus*, though his Father poſſeſs the Kingdom. And, Madam, if it be the pleaſure of Fortune that I ſhall deliver *Mandana*, *Arſamones* ſhall render Juſtice unto ſuch as it is due unto. *Ariminta* charmed with the civility of *Cyrus*, did anſwer him with as much Generoſity and Spirit, and with as much Sorrow as Generoſity.

After which, *Cyrus* ordered that ſhe ſhould be waited upon unto a ſtately Tent, and to ſtay there until Boats were ready to convey her unto the Town where *Oneſile* was, where ſhe might be more conveniently and ſafe. At the firſt, though *Ariminta* did infinitely eſteem that Princeſs, yet when it was propoſed to be with her, ſhe could hardly conſent unto it, becauſe ſhe was Siſter-in-Law unto *Phraartes*; but *Cyrus* ſatisfying her that this Princeſs did highly condemn the violence of *Phraartes*, and that *Tigranes* was a dear Friend unto *Spitridates*, and a great Enemy unto his Brother for carrying her away, ſhe was well contented to be with her: Alſo ſhe ſeeing but two ways to chuſe, either to ſtay in an Army, or to ſtay with a moſt virtuous Princeſs, ſhe quickly reſolved with her ſelf, and was conducted by *Chriſantes* unto her the day following: *Cyrus* firſt ſending to acquaint *Oneſile* with the King of *Pontus* his Death, and with the Death of *Phraartes*, alſo with the arrival of *Ariminta*, to the end ſhe might know how ſhe ought to receive her.

The meeting of theſe two Princeſſes was very tender, and they ſpoke ſo excellently unto each other, as it was moſt evident they had both of them as much Judgment as Spirit, and as much Virtue as Judgment. In the mean time, the Bridg being repaired, and *Cyrus* being ready to go out of his Tent, he reſolved to paſs over with all poſſible ſpeed all ſuch Proviſions as were requiſite during his march, and to diſencamp as ſoon as they were over, giving ſeveral orders for a continual ſupply of ſubſiſtance for his Army. So that being to depart within two days, he reſolved to employ one of them upon a viſit unto the Queen of *Pontus*, and to bid adieu unto the Princeſs of *Armenia*. Since *Cyrus* loved the company of *Anacharſis* very well, he obliged him unto this viſit with him. So that *Cyrus* ſetting out betimes in the Morning, accompanied with that renowned Scythian, *Indatherſes*, *Araſpes*, *Ligdamis*, *Aglatidas*, *Meneſiphilss*, and *Cherſias*, it was early when he arrived. Since *Ariminta* was in Mourning, and moreover ſince he would treat her as a Queen, he went firſt unto her, and afterwards unto the Princeſs *Oneſile*. But he took no notice at his entrance, that *Anacharſis* did not follow him, but ſtayed at the bottom of the Stairs with a Stranger : 'Tis true, as ſoon as he was in *Ariminta*'s Chamber, he miſſed him, and and asked for him : But *Cherſias* telling him that he ſtayed with a Man who ſeemed to have much Buſineſs with him, he went on with his Viſit, and did ingage himſelf ſo deep in talk of *Mandana* with *Ariminta*, that he forgot *Anacharſis* ; for ſince ſhe had ſo lately ſeen his Princeſs, he could talk of nothing elſe ; and it was ſo great a Pleaſure to him to talk with one who had ſo lately ſeen and ſpoke with her, that he never thought of his going unto *Oneſile* : yet at laſt he left her, and went unto the Princeſs of *Armenia*, and in paſſing from one Chamber to another, he ſaw a Man of a handſom Preſence who ſeemed to be a *Grecian*, walking in the outer Camber with *Anacharſis*, and who no ſooner ſaw *Meneſiphiles*, but he came unto him ; yet *Cyrus* being near *Oneſile*'s Chamber, he entred without ſtaying, his Mind being ſo full of *Mandana*, that he would not interrupt his own Thoughts by asking *Anacharſis* why he did not follow him: But when he was in the midſt of *Oneſiles* outer Chamber, *Anacharſis* overtook him, and beſeeched him to let a Friend of *Solons*, of *Meneſiphiles*, and his (whoſe name was *Silamis*) have the honour to kiſs his Hand: So that *Cyrus* ſtaying, and the *Grecian* being near him, he ſaluted him very civilly, and told him, That ſince it was impoſſible to be a Friend unto ſo many rare Men, unleſs himſelf were excellently accompliſhed, he was very deſirous to be acquainted with him. After which asking him what was the cauſe of his Voyage? *Silamis* anſwered, That having ſeveral Reaſons to be abſent from *Athens*, he reſolved for *Aſia*, and to come unto *Artaxates* to ſee *Oneſile*, unto whom he had the honour to be allied: And *Solon* having obliged him to ſee *Anacharſis*, who he knew came unto *Aſia* with *Meneſiphiles*, *Diocles*, and *Cherſias*, and to tell him from *Solon*, that he had good reaſon to ſay, as heretofore he did, when he compoſed his Laws; and he was very glad to hear from the Princeſs of *Armenia*, that this Sage Scythian was in the Army. Did I not fear, ſaid *Cyrus*, that I make this Princeſs ſtay too long, I ſhould entreat you to tell me what it was which *Anacharſis* ſaid unto *Solon*; for certainly ſince he thinks it worthy of his Memory ſo long, it is ſomething that is worthy the knowing. It is ſo, Sir, (replied *Silamis*) And ſince he ſaid it, all the World makes uſe of it, when they talk upon the ſame ſubject. What I then ſaid was yet ſo ſimple, replied *Anacharſis*, that it does not deſerve the honour of remembrance. Since the Princeſs of *Armenia* is a Lady of an admirable Wit, replied *Cyrus*, and began to walk, ſhe ſhall be Judg, and I will entreat *Salamis* to tell it in her Preſence: And indeed after *Cyrus* had ſaluted that Princeſs, after he had preſented *Anacharſis* unto her, and told her of *Silamis*, whom ſhe ſaid came the day before, he beſeeched her to judg whether *Solon* and all the accompliſhed Men of *Athens*, had reaſon to remember ſome words which *Anacharſis* had ſpoken unto that wiſe Legiſlator when he was at that famous City. The *Athenians* (replied *One-*

ſile) have a Reputation of ſuch excellent Wit, as it is to be believed, that whatſoever they think worthy of remembrance, certainly does merit to be ſo by all the World.

After this, *Cyrus* turning towards *Anacharſis*, preſſed him to tell what it was he ſaid to *Solon*. Truly, Sir, ſaid he unto him, what I then ſaid unto him, ſeemed then ſo unreaſonable, that there muſt needs happen ſome great change before he could change his Opinion. Such a change hath happened at *Athens*, replied *Silamis*, that you need not wonder he ſhould change his Opinion, and that he ſhould ſee that you knew better than he did the Nature of the People, whom he pretended to govern by the ſole Authority of his Laws. Truth is, Sir, replied *Anacharſis* then, that ſeeing what the Manners of the *Athenians* were, and alſo conſidering all the Men in general, I thought it ſtrange, that a Man ſo wiſe as *Solon*, who well enough knew the Impetuoſity of all Paſſions which diſorder the Lives of Men, and who alſo knew how audacious and ſtupid the Multitude is, that he ſhould pretend to eſtabliſh Order amongſt ſo great a People, and to make Concord and Virtue raign amonſt them only by his Laws: So that when he alledged unto me his Laws, as Remedies againſt all the Evils of his Countrey. Ah *Solon* (ſaid I, and looked earneſtly upon him) Laws are but ingenious Nets which catch the little Flies, and let the great ones eſcape, being eaſily broken by force: So that I do foreſee by all the certain Conjectures that Science can give, that weak ones only obſerve Laws, and ſtrong ones break them, and at laſt bring them unto ſuch a contemptible condition as they are kept by none, unleſs the Law of Arms, and Fear compel them to be obſerved more than Juſtice can. I wonder not at all, ſaid *Cyrus*, that theſe words ſhould be remembred, and as for my part I ſhall never forget them. Doubtleſs, ſaid the Princeſs *Oneſile*, they are moſt worthy to be remembred, and the more, replied *Silamis*, becauſe the event doth ſhew that *Anacharſis* was in the right: For truely the Laws of *Solon* were very ill obſerved in his Abſence, and ſince his return, things are grown into ſuch diſorder, that *Piſiſtrates*, who was only a Citizen of *Athens*, is at this day the Maſter of it. Then is he not the Friend of *Solon* (replied *Anacharſis?*) Pardon me, Sir, (replied *Silamis*) But I cannot tell whether *Solon* be his or no, though he ſee him ſometimes, and give him counſel. This ſeems to me, replied *Oneſile*, very ſtrange News, that *Athens* ſhould not be free. And to me more ſtrange (replied *Cyrus*) that *Piſiſtrates* ſhould ſubject it: For when I knew him at *Athens*, he was of ſuch an Humour, that I could not think him a Man ſo much applied unto Buſineſs, as to bring about ſo great a Deſign; for when I ſaw him, he was wholly devoted unto Pleaſures. 'Tis true, I ſtayed but a while at *Athens*, and ſo am not able to judg rightly of him. Sir (replied *Silamis*) *Piſiſtrates* cannot be ſo eaſily known as another Man may, for certainly it may moſt truly be ſaid of him, that he is three or four ſeveral different Men. However, though thoſe who are moſt zealous for Liberty do call him the Tyrant of *Athens*, yet I muſt needs affirm him to be a Man of as much merit as any in the World; and ſince the Commonwealth hath loſt her Liberty, it is advantagious unto it, to be ſubject unto *Piſiſtrates*, whoſe Life is ſuch a miſcellaneous Myſtery, that one may make ſeveral Relations of him, all true, and yet not reſemble one another: For he who will relate only the Actions of his Valour, will give an Idea of Valour it ſelf: To report all his Intrigues and Factions he hath been in, is to make a diſcription of a turbulent, unquiet, and ambitious Man: To relate his Sweetneſs, his Sincerity, his Generoſity, his Liberality, and his Magnificence, is to make the Picture of a true Man of Honour; and to tell of his Loves and Gallantries, is to make a model of a moſt pleaſing Lover, and great Gallant.

This Character of *Piſiſtrates*, replied *Oneſile*, fills me full of Curioſity to know all his Adventures. *Silamis* is ſo well acquainted with them, replied *Meneſiphiles*, that he knows them as well as *Piſiſtrates* himſelf. Since ſo (ſaid *Cyrus*) I ſhall entreat him, as he deſires me to be his Friend, ſo that he will relate it unto the Princeſs of *Armenia*:

mnia. Sir, ſince Fame long ſince did wholly devote me yours, replied *Silamis*, you may command me any thing. Since I uſe only Entreaties to my Friends, anſwered *Cyrus*, I ſhall not command you, but I ſhall entreat you in the name of the *Armenian* Princeſs, to relate the Life of *Piſiſtrates*. But ſince it is likely that the wiſe *Anacharſis* would think his time ill ſpent, in hearing a Hiſtory of Love, I will adviſe him to go and viſit the Queen of *Pontus*.

At firſt *Anacharſis* would not go, ſaying, That whatſoever was worthy the ear of *Cyrus*, was worthy to be hearkened unto by all the World. But *Silamis* having given him a Letter from *Solon* which he longed to read again, becauſe he read it haſtily before, he was not ſorry for having that pretence of going out. So that obeying *Cyrus*, he retired. And as ſoon as he was gone, *Oneſile* ſolicited *Silamis* to keep his Word, and *Cyrus* preſſing him alſo, he prepared himſelf to ſatisfy their Curioſities: And after he had a while recollected his Memory, and digeſted into a method what he was to ſay, he began his Relation in this manner, ſpeaking unto *Oneſile* by the order of *Cyrus*.

The Hiſtory of Piſiſtrates.

SInce I know, Madam, that I ſpeak unto one who does not only know the paſſages of that Countrey where ſhe lives, but alſo knows as much as is requiſite for any great Princeſs, I ſhall omit many things in my relation which I ſhould have inſerted, had I ſpoken unto a Perſon ignorant in the Affairs of *Greece*. Alſo ſince it is the Hiſtory of *Piſiſtrates* which I am to relate, and not the Hiſtory of *Athens*, I need not inſiſt long upon the General Affairs of our Commonwealth, but ſhall only ſay what is pertinent unto *Piſiſtrates*. But, Madam, ſince Noble Birth is a great advantage when Virtue adorns it with its Luſtre, I muſt tell you, that his is as worthy of him, as he is of them from whom he is deſcended, for he comes from the right Line of one of the Sons of *Ajax* called *Philaeus*, who was a Citizen of *Athens*

thens with his Brother named *Euriſaces*, who gave the Iſle of *Salamine* unto the *Athenians*. And I can aſſure you, that his Heart is higher than his Birth, and there are few Men in all *Greece* of greater Qualities than he. As for his Perſon, it did infinitely pleaſe, and he had all the Features of a ſweet Face : 'Tis true, his Noſe was a little of the biggeſt, and raiſed in the middle, but no more than was an Ornament ; and certain it is, one could not have a more Noble and finer Ayr than *Piſiſtrates* had, eſpecially when he was not in his negligent Garb, or on one of thoſe days when he was ſo different from himſelf, that one could hardly know him ; and then, when he was in one of thoſe melancholy and ſluggiſh Humours, he would not be only negligent in his Habit, but alſo ſeemed to be another Man, his Hair which was fair ſeemed brown, and not curled ; his Making which was handſom, was leſs pleaſing, and there was ſuch a ſtrange Careleſneſs in every part of his Perſon, as one would have ſaid his Spirit was no more in his Body, than he was *Piſiſtrates*. But on one of thoſe days when he was himſelf, a Man of a more high Carriage, and more noble and ſweet Ayr, could not be ſeen. Moreover, Madam, he was not only wont to be different from himſelf, at ſome certain Times and Days, but alſo his very Heart was full of Contrarieties, and oppoſite Inclinations ; for he would be merry, and he would be melancholy, and he was of a hot Temper, though he loved Idleneſs. Moreover, it muſt needs be ſaid in his Commendations, that he had Wit in abundance, a Wit in faſhion, a cultivated Wit ; but it muſt be ſaid alſo, that though he was of a ſluggiſh Humour, yet he was the moſt active Man alive, when the Fancy took him, for he was able to turn the whole courſe of his Life, to ſleep when he ſhould wake, and to wake when he ſhould ſleep, yet naturally he loved Reſt ; and when he took it, he took it with more Tranquility than another ; yet this love of Reſt was no hinderance, but he could eaſily throw himſelf into the tumult of buſineſs, and he had ſuch a delicate and ſharp Spirit, that he could not endure the Government of any one, but would be continually complaining againſt thoſe who had the Adminiſtration of Affairs whatſoever they were: So that though he had the Publick-good for his Object, and though his own Intentions were very good, yet ſometimes he would act as if they were not, and be converſant with ſuch as were the moſt turbulent Fellows in the Commonwealth: Yet for all this, he loved all manner of Pleaſures, not only thoſe of a high and noble Strain, but alſo the moſt ruſtique and childiſh: It pleaſed him extreamly to ſee Shepherds dance after a Shawm, under a Shadow in a green Meadow; he would play for Pins with a Boy, and rather than fail, divert himſelf with the meaneſt things. Moreover, Cuſtom was ſo prevalent with him, that ſometimes it held the place of Reaſon, Merit and Beauty: And indeed, he did ſo accuſtom himſelf unto the places where he dwelt, to the Streets he walked, to the Houſes he went unto, to the Porters who opened the Gates, to the Slaves he met, and to the Perſons he did viſit, more than ever any Man did accuſtom himſelf: And this Cuſtom was ſo ſtrong in him, that ſome ugly Eyes which he hath accuſtomed himſelf to look upon, hath pleaſed him better than the faireſt Eyes in the World which he ſeldom ſees, and is out of the Quarters he uſes to inhabit; yet ſometimes he would be very variable in his Pleaſures; ſometimes Limning would be his predominate Fancy, and he did nothing elſe but go from Painter to Painter, from Cloſet to Cloſet, and to diſcourſe of that Art: Otherwhiles Muſick would have its turn, and he would wholly devote himſelf unto Harmony; another while Dancing was all his Fancy, and his imagination was filled with Balls and Meetings: Then again, he would be in Love with Books, and Poetry was his Miſtreſs, and he had ſuch an excellent Memory, that he was able to quote all that was excellent in any Author he had read.

Thus paſſing from one Paſſion to another, *Solon* told him one day merrily, in chiding him for his Inconſtancy, that he had loved all the Muſes one after another, even from *Melpomene* unto *Pterſichore*. Moreover, Madam, *Piſiſtratis* was not only a Lover of Verſe, but alſo he compoſed them moſt excellently and gallantly, *Solon* himſelf applauded him; but the moſt commendable Quality in *Piſiſtrates* was, that he was as good, as zealous, and as faithful a Friend as ever any could be, he was magnificent and liberal, he was brave and generous; and though he was more ambitous than he thought himſelf, yet he had an unintereſted Soul; and the greateſt Fault that could be laid in the diſh of *Piſiſtrates* was, that he was too much wedded to his own Opinions, and to believe too eaſily, that whatſoever he thought, would happen as he did imagine it. Moreover, *Piſiſtrates* had one Quality which I forgot to mention, which was, that when he was accuſtomed unto any one, Abſence could never unaccuſtom him; and though he had not ſeen one of his Friends fot ten years, yet whenſoever Fortune brought them together, he would ſpeak to them with as much Familiarity, as if he had ſeen them every day, and would talk of things paſt, as if he could not live without them; yet for all this, he could be long without ſeeing or ſorrowing for them: So I think, that I had reaſon to ſay at the beginning of my Diſcourſe, that there was a hundred things in his humour and way, which ſeemed to be incomparable. And yet for all that, he was a moſt excellent compleat Man: and I am confident, Madam, that after this deſcription of *Piſiſtrates*, you will wonder he ſhould ever think of making himſelf Lord of *Athens*, ſince it is not likely a Man ſo much devoted to Pleaſures, of an unbyaſſed Soul, one who loved *Solon* ſo well, ſhould ever dream of uſurping Soveraign Authority. But, Madam, when I have related his Adventures, you will wonder much more, and admire how one Heart could contain ſo much Ambition and ſo much Love. I ſhall not trouble you, Madam, with relating the Beginnings of *Piſiſtrates* his Life, though they were with much Glory; for he did ſignalize himſelf at the Enterprize of *Salamine*, and did many other Noble Acts: But let me in few words tell you, that at ſeventeen years of Age his Father forced him to marry, and within three years after his Wife died.

This Marriage being made by force without Love, and only an act of Obedience unto his Father, no Paſſages

ſages happed whilſt it laſted worthy to be related unto you. But, Madam, after he had ſacrificed his Liberty this firſt time unto his Family, he would ſacrifice it unto himſelf the ſecond time, as you ſhall know by the ſequel of the Story; yet it's fit you know, that his Mother and *Solon*'s being near Couſins, he received the Sapient Documents of this famous Man even from his very Cradle, yet this was no hinderance unto his matter of Gallantry: For, beſides that *Solon* was no Enemy unto Love, he affected and deſired that the Youth of *Athens* might more ſet their Minds upon matters of Gallantry, than matters of Ambition, and it would more conduce to the Liberty of his Country: For truly (ſaid he one day unto *Thales* when he was in our City) as long as *Piſiſtrates*, and all the reſt of his volley are Slaves unto our Beauties, they will never think of making us theirs. So that, Madam, *Piſiſtrates* being naturally gallant, and not being reſtrained from it any manner of way, no not by the Counſels of a Man whom he thought (and with reaſon) to be Soveraignly wiſe, he devoted himſelf wholly unto Pleaſures, and laid hold upon every occaſion of diverting both himſelf and others: 'Tis true, there were ſome that ſaid, that at that time he thought upon making himſelf Lord of *Athens*, and that he carried it ſo only to colour his Deſigns: But *Piſiſtrates* himſelf ſaid, that Fortune brought him to that height he was by her own Fancy, without any long Premeditation. However it were, *Piſiſtrates* was no ſooner abſolute Maſter of himſelf, but he ſeemed to think upon nothing but paſſing away his time merrily; and certainly he was in a place the fitteſt in the World for it: For, Madam, though commonly the Courts of great Kings are more proper for great Diverſions, than Republiques are, becauſe the Palaces of Princes do more invite Men of admirable Parts, than they can be in a place where the Power is divided; yet I aſſure you, *Athens* was then in ſo high a Luſtre, that there were few places in the World where one could more fully divert themſelves: For beſides, that the Buſineſs of whole *Greece* was done at *Athens*, which cauſed a huge concourſe of Strangers, there was alſo by a favourable Conſtellation abundance of moſt lovely Women, and ſo many Wits of both Sexes at that time, as if the Gods had ſent them all at once to honour our Country: Alſo Peace and Tranquillity looked as if it would laſt for ever. The Laws of *Solon* were then religiouſly obſerved, though there happened ſome diſorder in his Abſence; Peace, Plenty and Abundance flouriſhed then in *Athens* more than in any place of the World; yet the *Cylonian* Conſpiracy, which made ſuch a Ring in the World, had yet left ſome Sparks in the Embers, and ſerved for a pretence of all our Diviſions: Not that by reaſon of all the paſt Diviſions there was not any Diſpoſition to any new ones in the Minds of moſt Men; but ſince it was lately ſince the firſt Diſorders were appeaſed, there was ſo great a Calm in appearance, as put all thoſe who loved Quietneſs in hopes that it would laſt long: So that now nothing was feared but that ſleeping Peace would ruſt us: But amongſt the Youngſters of higheſt Rank, *Piſiſtrates* was the moſt conſiderable: *Lycurgus* and *Theocrites* who were Men of the firſt Form, and Sons unto one called *Ariſtolas*, were alſo in high eſteem, though of different Humours; and there was another, whoſe name was *Ariſton*, who was infinitely pleaſing. As for the Ladies, amongſt that Multitude of Ornaments unto our City, *Cleorante*, who was Daughter unto a Man very conſiderable in *Athens* called *Megacles*, held the firſt Rank as well as *Corinthe*, Daughter unto *Philombrotus* and *Euridamia*, the Kinſwoman of *Solon*. But, Madam, I beſeech you, give me leave to let you know them according to the Order, as *Piſiſtrates* came to know them; and in order to that, I muſt tell you, that though our City was under the Protection of *Minerva*, yet ſhe held *Ceres* in particular Veneration; and indeed, ſhe had a very famous Temple in *Athens*; and every year there was celebrated two Feaſts unto her Honour, which we called *Theſmophoria*, where Women are the principal Actors of the Ceremony: For beſides ſeveral other Auſterities, they would watch nine Nights together in the Temple of this Goddeſs; and in honour of *Ceres*, they would there be dreſſed as if they were going to a Ball: So that this Temple

ple being very beautiful and enlightened with a thouſand Lamps, it was a moſt glorious ſight to view theſe Ladies when they watched nine Nights until after Midnight; and there was not a Man of any Quality but he was there; Men of Age came only to honour the Goddeſs, and the young Men came more in Devotion to the Ladies than to *Ceres*. One of theſe Nights then, *Piſiſtrates*, unto whom I was a piece of a Friend, made a motion to go thither, and I having nothing elſe to do, went with him: *Piſiſtrates* then had no particular Engagement upon him more than I had. But as ſoon as we had placed our ſelves by chance, more than out of any affected Choice, the lovely *Cerinthe*, Daughter of *Philombrotus*, who followed her Mother, came and ſat next us, and was ſo very pleaſant, that though ſhe ſpoke not unto us, yet ſhe ſeemed by the Air wherewith ſhe received our ſalute, that ſhe was not ſorry we were ſo near her: For, Madam, you muſt know, there was not any Perſon in the World who had ſuch ſignificant Actions as ſhe; and indeed with a Wink of her Eye, a Nod of her Head, or Sign with her Hand, ſhe could commend or diſpraiſe, and make others underſtand a thouſand ſeveral things. Moreover, *Cerinthe* though brown and little, yet ſhe was infinitely amiable, all the Features of her Face were delicate and fair, her Cheeks freſh, her Eyes quick, her Air ſprightly and pleaſant, and, for her bigneſs, Majeſtical; her Phyſiognomy did not deceive one, ſhe had Wit in abundance, and was infinitely merry.

She being ſuch a Piece as I have deſcribed, you may imagine, Madam, that we were not ill placed, ſince next her: But her Mother being a mighty preciſe piece of Auſterity, as ſoon as we began to ſay ſomething concerning our good Fortune, ſhe impoſed ſilence, and ſaid nothing; but it was in ſuch an obliging manner, though ſhe ſpoke only in the language of her Eyes, that yet we eaſily perceived, if ſhe had not ſtood more in fear of her Mother than the Goddeſs, ſhe would have gladly anſwered us. Thus this firſt ſight of her being paſſed, *Piſiſtrates* and I retired, murmuring much againſt the Mother of *Cerinthe*; for we knew well enough, that but for her, we ſhould have had ſome diſcourſe during the intervals of the Ceremony: However, though *Cerinthe* was very fair in the Eyes of *Piſiſtrates*, yet he never ſo much as thought upon her the next day, nor went he unto the Temple.

But the third day going thither alone, and betimes, he chanced to ſit next *Cerinthe* again, though not in the ſame place where he ſaw her firſt, and to his happineſs her Mother was not then with her, but there was with her a Kinſwoman which was not of ſo Puritanical a Temper. *Piſiſtrates* no ſooner ſaw her next him, but coming very reſpectfully to her Ear: You did ſo cruelly forbid me, Madam, the other day to expreſs my Joys of being near you (ſaid he unto her) that I cannot tell whether you permit it now. It is ſo great a Happineſs (replied ſhe) to be in a Multitude, and ſit next a Man of excellent Parts, that I believe *Ceres* will pardon me if I ſhould imploy one minute in receiving your Civilities unto me. A minute, Madam, is ſo very little (replied he) that if you allow me no more, I ſhall be but ill ſatisfied. Should you ſpend a whole day here (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) perhaps you would think Minutes very long. Yet, Madam, I find ſomething in your Eyes (replied he) which makes me think I could ſpend my whole Life here with much delight. Fie *Piſiſtrates* (ſaid ſhe, turning her Head aſide, and impoſing ſilence upon him with her Hand) I will not hear you any longer. Yet *Cerinthe* was not ſo good as her word, for ſhe ſtill liſtned from time to time unto what *Piſiſtrates* ſaid: 'Tis true, ſhe did not anſwer, but ſtill charged him to be ſilent. But, Madam, from that Night *Piſiſtrates* did accuſtom himſelf to ſee *Cerinthe*, and did it with abundance of care as long as the nine days Ceremony laſted: So that at the end of this Feaſt they were grown intimate Friends. *Piſiſtrates* was extreamly vexed, that as long as this Ceremony laſted, Ladies received no Viſits: So that as great a deſire as he had to ſee *Cerinthe* at her own Houſe, he muſt wait until the nine Days were paſt. But as ſoon as they were over, *Piſiſtrates* went unto the Wife of *Philombrotus*, who received him very well, and deſired that her Daughter ſhould alſo receive him with much Civility,

lity, for ſhe knew that her Husband was deſirous to get ſuch Friends as *Piſiſtrates.*

Cerinthe being of a very merry Compoſition, and naturally loved Raillery, *Piſiſtrates* and ſhe fell into great familiarity the firſt Viſit. And ſince ſeveral ſerious Perſons came in, who took up the Mother of *Cerinthe*, *Piſiſtrates* talked much more freely than he had done, if the Company had been more general; he engaged himſelf into no diſcourſe but with her, not that he thought himſelf in love with her, nor indeed was he very much, but the truth is, he had that kind of amorous accuſtomancy towards her, of which I told you before he was apt for; and ſhe had towards him that firſt favourable inclination which is often ſeconded with a violent Paſſion: So that *Piſiſtrates* being that day in one of his merry Fits, and *Cerinthe* being (as uſually ſhe was) frolickſom, they were not weary of one another.

At firſt they diſcourſed of all they had ſeen in the Temple during the nine days Feaſt: Of ſuch Lovers as were wrong placed in being far from thoſe they loved; or of ſome jealous Husband which they had ſeen, who had never been there but to ſee who was with their Wives. So that after many an innocent Satyr, and many a pleaſant Deſcription, *Piſiſtrates* upon a ſuddain interupted *Cerinthe*, and ſaid unto her, I pray, Madam, after you have talked of every one you have ſeen in the Temple of *Ceres* nine days together, why do you not ſpeak one word of me? I profeſs, *Piſiſtrates*, ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled,you are the ſtrangeſt Man in the World to ask ſuch a Queſtion; for what can I ſay of you, but that you very ill obeyed me when I did forbid you talking? and you were the leaſt devout in all the Aſſembly. All this is true, Madam, (replied he) but this is not all you can ſay of me; for I am confident, that as you ſaw ſome Lovers who could not ſit next their Miſtreſſes, and ſome Husbands looking who were with their Wives, ſo you ſaw as well, that you were already very deep in my Heart. I do proteſt unto you, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, I did not ſo much as ſee my ſelf in your Eyes. It was not long of me, Madam, replied *Piſiſtrates*, for I looked in yours as much as poſſibly I could, and endeavoured to let you ſee in mine, that I did you Juſtice, and thought you far fairer than all I could ſee beſides. Your eyes, Sir, replied ſhe, may tell Lies, as well as your Tongue can flatter: And to puniſh you, (added ſhe, and laughed) I could almoſt wiſh all you ſay were true, and that you were deeply in Love with me, for I have, had a long curioſity to ſee a Man really in Love. O, Madam, ſaid he unto her, certainly you are not ſincere, for it is impoſſible but that you have ſeen many Lovers, ſince you are neither blind nor inviſible: But to ſpeak in your own terms, I am the moſt miſtaken Man alive, if your curioſity be not quickly ſatisfied; for if I be not yet in love with you, yet I dare ſwear that it wants ſo little of it, that two looks more will fully do it. Do not think, Sir, ſaid ſhe, being excellent at Raillery, that when I ſay I long to ſee a Lover, I mean ſuch Lovers as ſay they are in Love, but are not, for I have no deſire to ſee ſuch a one: But on the contrary, I mean ſuch a Lover as is able to do all that the moſt violent Paſſion in the World can make one do. What do you mean, Madam, ſaid he? I mean, ſaid ſhe, that he ſhould (if occaſion preſent it ſelf) kill himſelf, throw himſelf down a Precipice, and poiſon himſelf for very deſpair. But, Madam, replied *Piſiſtrates*, I pray tell me which one of theſe three Teſtimonies of Love would you have a Man give you, if you ſhould make him in Love? For, ſaid he, and laughed, a Man cannot kill himſelf, throw himſelf down a Precipice, and poiſon himſelf all at once: But, Madam, to tell you truly, added he, me-thinks I ſee too much Joy in your Eyes, to deſire any ſuch tragical Teſtimonies as theſe: And I am the moſt miſtaken Man in the World, if you would not take more delight in ſome Muſique which a Lover ſhould preſent unto you, than in ſeeing him kill himſelf; and therefore, Madam, be pleaſed to make an ingenuous Confeſſion, that you do not deſire any ſuch ſad Signs of Love; for I muſt needs confeſs, that I take ſuch infinite pleaſure in ſeeing you, as if you ſhould require it, I ſhould not obey you. Truly, *Piſiſtrates*, ſaid ſhe, not Sincerity does pleaſe me;

yet I muſt tell you, that then you muſt be no other than my Friend, for if I ſhould wiſh you my Lover, I ſhould wiſh you alſo to be ſuch a one as I mean; to wit, Pale, Sober, Grave and Melancholy, ſometimes Unquiet, Diſordered, and Reſerved; and indeed to be the moſt miſerable Man in the World: I would not have you one of thoſe who can play with a Feather, and divert themſelves at every thing. However, Madam, ſaid *Piſiſtratus*, I beſeech you receive me as your Lover, and afterwards I will try if I can become conformable to your Deſires. But, Madam, you muſt not think I can grow Pale, Lean, Sober and Melancholy in four and twenty Hours. No, no, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, I am not ſo unreaſonable, I will allow you fifteen days to fall in love with me, and fifteen days more after that to become ſuch a pittiful Lover as I deſire out of curioſity to ſee; for ſince I am none of thoſe great Beauties who wound in an inſtant, you will ſtand in need of this time to become only a little reſerved: But if at the expiration of this month which I allow you, added ſhe, you are not become the moſt pitiful puling Lover in the World, you muſt give me leave to think you will never be ſuch a one: But, Madam, ſaid he unto her, ſince it does depend wholly upon you whether I muſt be happy or miſerable, it is not in me to promiſe whether I ſhall, or ſhall not be ſo; but I am able to ingage my ſelf, to be more in Love with you than ever any was; and to be ſincere with you, if my Love ſhould encreaſe as it hath done this laſt quarter of an hour, I ſhall not need half fifteen Days to become the moſt paſſionate Lover upon Earth. Seriouſly, *Piſiſtrates*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) I ſhould be very angry, if you ſpeak truly; for to diſcover the very bottom of my Heart unto you, I care not for ſuch real Lovers, as for ſuch as think they are ſo and are not, and yet make much more noiſe of it than thoſe who really are: for I think it does reflect much upon a Woman's Honour, to admit of ſuch a croud of Adorers, as many muſt vainly do. Yet methinks, Madam, (replied *Piſiſtrates*) it is an Honour to reign ſoveraignly over the Hearts of ſo many Men. I do aſſure you, Sir, much leſs than you do imagine (replied *Cerinthe*) for to tell you truly, I am confident, that when one is young, and not altogether ugly, one may, with a very mean Merit, ſo they have any Handſomneſs, make themſelves followed, and get a Troop of moſt aſſiduous Lovers: ſince certainly that is not any effect of great Beauty or Wit; but depends only upon ſome certain petty affected Indulgencies, and a kind of Air which is moſt fit to attract, which makes Men ſeem more than Friends, and dare not ſee ſuch Women without applauding their Sweetneſs: On the contrary, I dare affirm, that without this attractive Behaviour, the faireſt Perſon in the World, and the moſt charming, ſhall never have this multitude of Lovers: So that ſince I think, many Lovers are no Effects or Arguments of extraordinary Merit in ſuch as have them, but rather of their weakneſs; I ſhould be very ſorry to have any ſuch: And though I tell you I long to have one, yet I had much rather never ſee him, than to be perpetually importuned with ſuch Complaints, as I can never ſatisfy: and I am ſo afraid to meet with any ſuch, that I dare not make my ſelf any Friends, leſt they ſhould afterwards change the nature of Friendſhip into Love at laſt. For ought I ſee, Madam, (replied *Piſiſtrates*) my Deſtiny is changed in a ſhort time, ſince within this quarter of an hour, you deſire to ſee a Lover, and now forbid me being your Friend. I aſſure you, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, and laughed) I think my ſelf ſo happy to have no Acquaintance, that I think it would be a very ill Office to make me alter my Opinion. For my part, Madam, (replied *Piſiſtrates*) I ſhall not oppoſe your Humour, of having no Friends, and of not affecting to have an infinite number of Lovers; but I muſt confeſs I cannot endure that you ſhould not entertain one, or that I ſhould not be that one.

As *Cerinthe* was ready to reply, thoſe Ladies who were talking with her Mother, being gone, their Diſcourſe was interrupted. Yet *Cerinthe* being of a merry Nature, and one that loved Raillery, ſhe knew ſo well how to carry the matter, without ſaying either yea or no, unto *Piſiſtrates*, that he continued ſeeing her with much delight; for he was ſo deeply in love with *Cerinthe*, that he took a greater pleaſure in talking with her, than in any other in the World; yet not ſo far as to have all the inquietudes of a violent Paſſion, but on the contrary, was always much joyed; for he ſaw *Cerinthe* every day, who chuſing him for her Companion in Raillery, made him the gladdeſt Men alive, by her thouſand pleaſant Conceits, which ſhe told him upon ſeveral Subjects. But, Madam, that you may the better underſtand what did moſt contribute unto their Diverſions a long time, be pleaſed to know, that *Theocrites*, of whom I ſpoke before, who was ſecond Son unto *Ariſtolas*, was extreamly in love alſo with *Cerinthe*, but in ſuch a manner, as made her extreamly merry, and acquaint *Piſiſtrates* with a hundred of her Conceits. Not but that *Theocrites* was very handſome, and had Spirit enough: but being naturally of a grave, ſage and ſerious Temper, he talked of Love, as if he were upon ſome politique Negotiation, and he loved as if he were in Print. Indeed, Madam, he was one of thoſe Lovers, who would ask a Pardon if he did but ſigh a little too loud; you may imagine that ſuch a Man was ſport enough to *Cerinthe*. In the mean time, as frolique as ſhe was, the Lady, who of all the Town, did moſt viſit her, was *Euridamia*, Kinſwoman unto *Solon*, who was a Perſon ſo ſerious, and cold, whoſe Eyes were always in a languiſhing Melancholy, which was one of her greateſt Charms, though ſhe had many others; for *Euridamia* was fair, and had abundance of Wit, and of a ſweet and pleaſing Spirit. So it ſeemed as if Fortune took delight to oppoſe the Seriouſneſs of *Euridamia*, and the Gravity of *Theocrites* againſt the Gayety of *Cerinthe*, to make it ſeem the more: And that ſhe had alſo infuſed into *Piſiſtrates*, ſeveral things, which did ſympathize with the Seriouſneſs of *Euridamia*, and the Merrineſs of *Cerinthe*: and he did equally accuſtom himſelf to ſee them both, and they were both more or leſs pleaſed with him, in their turns, according to the humour he was in; for when he was melancholy, then he would ſit by *Euridamia*, and when he was merry, he was all for *Cerinthe:* However, certain it is, that at firſt, he made a further progreſs into the Heart of the melancholy one, than into the Heart of the merry, tho ſhe alſo eſteemed *Piſiſtrates* more than any other. For my part, I was every day in their company, and I took a ſtrange delight to ſee how odly Love had ordered things between theſe four Perſons. For it ſeemed as if *Theocrites* had been purpoſely cut out to love *Euridamia*, by reaſon of the ſutableneſs in their Melancholies; it ſeemed alſo that *Cerinthe* ſhould be moſt moved by the merit of *Piſiſtrates*, and not *Piſiſtrates* with hers: yet it was the pleaſure of *Cupid*, to make the melancholy perſon love the merry: That *Piſiſtrates* ſhould almoſt love both the ſerious, and the jocund; and that the merry one ſhould almoſt love none. For my part, I was the happieſt in the Company; for I was in ſuch favour with all theſe Perſons, that they made all their Complaints unto me as occaſions fell out: Indeed, *Piſiſtrates* would often complain that he thought *Theocrites* was too often with *Cerinthe: Cerinthe* alſo ſhe complained againſt the too frequent Viſits of this over-ſerious Lover, becauſe he ſaid, that ſhe did not give her time to rally after her own way, againſt Love: *Theocrites* on his ſide, he complained that he was forced to love a Perſon, whoſe humour was ſo oppoſite unto his own: And *Euridamia* alſo accuſed *Cerinthe* for jeering at all ſorts of Men, not ſparing her very Friends: 'Tis true, ſhe did ſo, even before her Face, as well as behind her Back: and I remember one day when *Cerinthe* was in one of her pleaſant Humours, ſhe began to counterfeit *Theocrites*, and to act his manner of ſpeaking and action, even to his very looks: So that *Euridamia* perceiving how ſhe pleaſed *Piſiſtrates*, ſhe could not chuſe but check her Raillery, perhaps as much out of a reſentment of Jealouſy, as Juſtice. I profeſs, *Cerinthe*, (ſaid ſhe unto her) you commit a moſt horrible piece of Injuſtice, in treating *Theocrites* after this manner. I do profeſs (replied *Cerinthe*, and laughed) you are much more unjuſt than I am, in offering to do an ill Office both unto *Theocrites* and me: For, I ſwear, if I ſhould not laugh in his abſence at an hundred of his Actions, I ſhould not endure his Preſence. Therefore if you think he loves me, and that my Preſence pleaſeth him, you muſt let me laugh at his melancholy; for when all is done, ſtill I will ſay that *Theocrites* is a Man of much Honour; but to think that when I ſee him all Gravity, from Morning till Night; or to hearken a whole day to his ſerious Sighs; and that I ſhould not laugh at them, and pleaſe my ſelf: This is the way to be neither Friend unto *Theocrites* nor me, ſince you would make him much more melancholy, and deprive me of much delight. For my part (ſaid *Piſiſtrates* then) I think the fair *Cerinthe* in the right: And for my part, (added I) I am of *Euridamia*'s Opinion, and think there's nothing more inhumane than to jeer a poor Lover. To ſpeak ſeriouſly (ſaid *Euridamia* then) I think no Raillery to be innocent. Then am I very often to blame (replied *Cerinthe*) for I muſt confeſs, that I find no Company ſo pleaſing as that where there is a kind of agreeable Satyr mixed in it, which makes it more merry and full of Life; and to ſpeak ſeriouſly, if any Raillery be innocent, it is at a ſerious and grave Lover: Gallantry, without Mirth and Jocundry, is a thing ſo extravagant, as I wonder every one ſhould not laugh at it; for certainly it were no odder thing to ſee the General Council of all *Greece* to fall a dancing when they ſhould talk of State-Matters, than to ſee a Lover, and a Gallant, of a ſevere Garb. Since you are not ignorant that you can railly handſomely (replied *Euridamia* out of ſpite, ſeeing *Piſiſtrates* laugh at what *Cerinthe* ſaid,) you think that you may, without any ſcruple, railly thus as you do: And I am confident you think all that can be pleaſing, muſt be ſpoken in Raillery. Fie *Euridamia* (replied ſhe) that's too far; yet I muſt confeſs, it is a piece of difficulty, to keep up any pleaſant thought in ones Mind, which one knows they can well vent; and to tell you truly I think it argues more delicacy of Wit to railly handſomely, than to do many things which ſeem more difficult. It muſt needs be confeſſed (added *Piſiſtrates*) that it argues much Wit to turn things handſomely as they pleaſe: and it is ſometimes more delight to be jeered by you, than to be applauded by another. It is certain (added I) that *Cerinthe* is admirably good at it, when ſhe pleaſeth; but it is as certain alſo, that many Perſons will be medling with Raillery, who ought not. For my part (ſaid *Euridamia*) I will go further than you, and ſay again, that almoſt no Raillery can be innocent; and whoſoever gets a habit of it, are in great danger to loſe all Friendſhip, all Honeſty, and all Goodneſs. Really (ſaid *Cerinthe*, and laughed) you uſe me very cruelly. I uſe you according as you deſerve (replied *Euridamia*) not but that I know very well there is a kind of gallant Raillery, which hath leſs malignity in it than others have; but I will maintain, that whoſoever uſeth to rally often, does walk upon Precipies: and it is the hardeſt thing in the World to walk even, and do it well, without danger, or wronging the Laws of Friendſhip and Goodneſs, and without wronging themſelves alſo: For it is a thing almoſt impoſſible to uſe it without hatred, or at leaſt feared; and the very truth is, none are allowed to uſe it; alſo I do know very few Men who are juſt Subjects of Raillery. How? (ſaid *Cerinthe*) will you defend all Men in the World? I aſſure you (replied *Euridamia*) I would have none forſake you.

For firſt, purſued ſhe, I would not have one jeſt, not only upon their particular Friends, but alſo not upon their Acquaintance: Firſt chuſe them well, and be as nice as you pleaſe in the choice, but when you have choſen them, by no means play upon them; I cannot allow of their Opinions, who will not ſpare thoſe whom they love beſt in the World: For in my Opinion it is moſt dangerous to divert ones ſelf at the Expences of ones Friends. However, ſaid *Piſiſtratis*, you will give *Cerinthe* leave to play upon her Enemies; Truly, replied *Euridamia*, I cannot allow that more than upon Friends, for Raillery is the pooreſt kind of Revenge that can be rendred: For ought I ſee (ſaid *Cerinthe*) you will not allow one ſo much as to railly with ones ſelf: I aſſure you, replied ſhe, though that be the moſt harmleſs Raillery that can be, yet if it be not done with abundance of Judgment, it will be found no great Diverſion, and ſurely it is a more difficult matter to play upon ones ſelf, than upon any other. Moreover, added ſhe, I cannot allow any Raillery upon ſuch as are Men of mean or no Merit, for it is never handſom; nor do I allow it upon Men of Parts, becauſe it were Injuſtice to deſcant upon one ſlight Fault, in prejudice of a thouſand good Qualities: But if one will needs be raillying, let it be upon ones ſelf, but never ſpeak any thing that may anger, or any thing that will do more than a little animate Converſation, for in that caſe I confeſs it is allowable to chide ones beſt Friends. But *Cerinthe*, how few Men are there who knows how to railly either wittily or innocently? And truly I do not wonder at it, for the Talent muſt be born with them,no Art can infuſe it; and whoſoever will force his Naturals, will be ſo far from diverting others with his Raillery, that he will be the ſubject of Raillery himſelf: It is not ſo in any other pleaſing qualities of Wit, ſince they may be all acquired by Pains and Study; but as for the gift of Raillery, Nature only muſt give it, and Judgment muſt guide it: It is not enough to have many pleaſant Thoughts, but there muſt be alſo ſuch an Expreſſion as muſt render them agreeable; the Air, the Aſpect, the Tone, and every part in general muſt contribute. I ſhould never have thought, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, that a Perſon ſo ſerious as *Euridamia* is, could ſpeak ſo well of a Quality ſhe never practiſeth. On the contrary, replied ſhe, I ought to be more believed becauſe I railly not; for having no intereſt in it, I ſpeak without any Paſſion, and examine the kinds of Raillery without Injuſtice unto any: But to tell you truly, except one of my Friends who hath a moſt admirable delicacy of Wit and Fancy, I know none but *Cerinthe* whom I will allow to railly. Truth is (ſaid I then) there is nothing more inſufferable than ſuch Men as are always ſlandering, and whoſe whole Thoughts are Raillery, who think becauſe they groſly rub upon the Faults of others, therefore they are good at Raillery. There are another ſort of ſcurrilous Men, replied *Piſiſtrates*, who make me mad when I meet with them, for all their delight conſiſts in a popular and baſe way of talk, which fills the Imagination with nothing but villanous things, and which makes it apparent unto all who hear them, that they have ſpent the greateſt part of their Lives in the very worſt Company of the World. Ah *Piſiſtrates* (ſaid *Cerinthe*) you delight me extreamly to hear you hate ſuch Men; for though I do defend Raillery in general, yet I ſhould forſake all manner of Jocundry, rather than ſuch ſhould be permitted, eſpecially this you ſpeak of in particular; for the truth is, I would have Raillery to be gallant, and have a little touch of Satyr; but yet I would have it modeſt and delicate, that it wound neither the Ears, nor the Imagination, and that it make one bluſh only for Anger. There are yet another ſort of Jeſters, replied *Euridamia*, who tire my Patience when I meet them, for their Fancy is to play upon all, ſo that racking their Wits to find an occaſion, they bring out a thouſand tedious things for one of any conceipt in it; and for three or four happy Jeſts which they had broken in all their Lives, you ſhall hear a hundred thouſand bad ones from them. For my part, replied I, I met once with a Man who madded me with his continual Repetitions of what he thought he had wittily ſaid, and it was ſuch a Jeſt, as I dare ſwear I have heard above a hundred times before. I cannot endure thoſe Tale-tellers, added *Piſiſtrates*, who always laugh firſt at their own Story, and who ſhould laugh alone if they never told them unto any but me. After all this, ſaid *Euridamia*, there is another ſort the moſt tedious of all, ſince in my opinion nothing is more unhandſom, than a certain kind of faint cold Raillery which is good for nothing, ſuch as when they ſee thoſe they talk with have a deſign to be pleaſant, yet they will not be ſo, nothing can be more tireſom than this. Theſe Tellers of long tedious Stories, replied I, who bring in a hundred Impertinencies for one pleaſing Paſſage, are a moſt troubleſome ſort of People, though they themſelves are very pleaſing, and it is ſo hard a matter to ſpeak neither too much nor too little, in telling a long Story, that few Men can do it well. Theſe great Men of old Proverbs, replied *Euridamia*, are very impertinent, not but that when a Proverb is aptly applied, it is very pleaſing, but when the Proverb is nought or ill applied, it has a contrary Effect. For my part, added *Cerinthe*, That as errand Fools as they are, yet they ſerve to divert me; for though they talk much, and laugh at what themſelves ſay and think, though they make a great noiſe, and talk harſhly, I can laugh as heartily at them as if they were the beſt Company in the World. But the reaſon why you laugh, replied *Euridamia*, is becauſe you are naturally Merry, and find an ample matter of Raillery upon thoſe who do it ill-favouredly. However, added *Piſiſtrates*, we ought to be all of *Euridamia*'s Opinion, for ſince Raillery is a thing ſo difficult to be done well, ſhe has good reaſon to ſay that it is very dangerous to uſe it often. I do agree, ſaid *Cerinthe*, that bad Raillery is to be condemned, and that the Satyrical, the Groſs, the Cold, and the Extravagant is not to be endured; but as for the Gallant, Delicate, Fine, and Witty, I ſhall oppoſe her, and defend it as far as I am able; and *Euridamia* muſt either be abſolutely of my Opinion, or elſe directly tell me what ſort of Raillery ſhe will permit me to take delight in. I have already told you, replied *Euridamia*, that there is none which I approve of, though there be ſome which pleaſeth me: Tell me then which pleaſeth you, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, for I do believe what pleaſeth you will pleaſe all the World, and though it be only to correct *Cerinthe*, I beſeech you eſtabliſh the Law of Raillery, proteſting unto you, that I will obſerve it as exactly as the Laws of *Solon*. For my part, ſaid *Cerinthe*, and laughed, I will not ſay ſo much, and if I am not much miſtaken, the ſame may be ſaid of the Laws which ſhe ſhall make, as was ſaid by *Anacharſis* of our Legiſlator. However (ſaid *Euridamia*) ſince *Piſiſtrates* ſays he will obſerve them, I will venture to make them: And I do promiſe alſo never to break them, ſaid I unto her, provided you give them unto us preſently. The word *Law* does ſo much fright me, ſaid *Euridamia*, that I dare hardly pronounce it; and therefore to ſpeak a little more modeſtly, I will only tell you my opinion, and ſubmit unto your own Judgments. I ſhall tell you then, added ſhe, that I would have Raillery natural, not forced, I would not have any to ſeek it; for certainly if it come not of it ſelf unpumpt for, and without pains, it will never come well and pleaſingly off. Moreover, there muſt be ſuch a great interval and difference between Raillery and Satyriſm, that one may never be taken for the other. I know very well ſome ſay, That if Raillery be not a little biting, it will never take well, but for my part, I conſider it otherwiſe: Truth is, I would have it ſurprize, and ſenſibly touch him to whom it is addreſſed, but I would not have the Wounds it makes to be too deep, nor prick the Hearts of thoſe who reſent it, otherwiſe than thoſe are pricked who gather Roſes, and find a ſweet ſmell to make amends: I would have Raillery raiſe the Fancy, and quicken the Imagination with a Wit full of fire, which retaining ſome part of its Original, may ſhine only as the Stars do, but burn not. Again, I would not have one be always in a vein of Raillery, few long Continuances in Raillery but are naught: But above all, I would have every one know his talent of Wit, and be contented; and therefore thoſe unto whom Nature hath not given a nimbleneſs and quickneſs either in their Actions or Feature of Face, or in their Expreſſions, are never to meddle with more than ſhe hath given them; for Art commonly mars all, let him follow only his own Genius, and not anothers. It is not with Raillery as with Pictures, which ſometimes are copied ſo like the Original, that one cannot know the Copy from its Original; but in matter of Raillery, there is no imitating another, and therefore let him never attempt it. But to ſpeak ſomething concerning thoſe ill Jeſters and Tellers of Tales which we have condemned, I would have ſuch as tell a Tale, never no ſay it is delightful before-hand; I would have the Tale to be either very Natural, or elſe very Witty and Pertinent, that the beginning be not more pleaſant than the ending, and above all things, I would have it new and ſhort. Thoſe who are to make long Stories, I would have them do it with Art and Method, that they ſuſpend the Minds of their Auditors, and if it be poſſible to deceive them, in ending their Diſcourſe contrary to their Expectations: But principally let them not uſe any Impertinencies, let not their Eloquence be either intricate or drailing, but on the contrary, let them paſs from one thing to another without Puzzle or Confuſion, and not to interrupt themſelves too often, in ſaying, I had forgot to tell you, or by ſaying, I ſhould have told you, and a hundred ſuch like with ſuch uſe, as have no Method nor Order in their Thoughts.

Furthermore, I would have them be ſure to ſpeak in the Language of compleat Men, not like thoſe whom *Piſiſtrates* did moſt wiſely mention, unleſs in caſe he be to imitate how a Slave ſpoke unto his Maſter, or ſo; for then, ſince imitation is his aim, the nearer he imitates, the more commendable it is. Moreover, I would not have them be too covetous of their Thoughts, but to take care as much as poſſible not to repeat any thing twice. As for ſuch as are full of old Proverbs in their Raillery, I have already ſaid, that they may be pertinent; and I ſay again, that if they be natural, pat, and applicative to the Buſineſs, they much illuſtrate. But to ſpeak upon that which is poſitively called Raillery or Jeſting, I ſay, that to railly right, is requiſite to have a Wit full of fire, a quick Fancy, a delicate Judgment, and a Memory full of Variety to be uſed upon all Occaſions; he muſt know the World, and pleaſe it, he muſt have a natural nimbleneſs of Wit, and a kind of bold Familiarity, which without any ſmack of inſolence muſt pleaſe, and impoſe ſilence upon others. Ah *Euridamia*, replied *Piſiſtrates*, What abundance of Wit is requiſite to make up ſuch a one as you deſcribe? For my part, ſaid *Cerinthe*, I believe if ſhe would lay aſide her ſerious Humour, not one in all *Greece* could railly better than ſhe. Serioufneſs, replied *Euridamia*, is not ſo great an Obſtacle unto fine Raillery as you imagine; for I once knew a Man, who had ſuch a languiſhing Air with him, ſo melancholy and ſo dull a Garb, as I never ſaw the like; and yet he was the fulleſt of pleaſant Wit and gallant Raillery, that I never ſaw Man in my Life like him. Now though I have hinted unto you how one ought to railly, yet I muſt repeat what I ſaid before, and maintain that one ought to have a great care how he raillies, eſpecially upon his Friends; yet there is one general rule which will never fail, which is, to ſay nothing of ſuch as one would not willingly have them underſtand, and never to ſay any thing of themſelves ſo biting as to hinder the delight of ſuch as hear him; for it is not juſt to ſay any thing of your Friends which will pleaſe others more than them, nor to put them into ſuch a Neceſſity as to reply ſuch things as will pleaſe you leſs than the Company; for Friendſhip is ſo nice a matter, that one cannot too much fear the wounding it; and indeed to ſpeak rationally, theſe biting Quiblets do not make the beſt Raillery. The delight any takes in them, proceeds more from the malignity of their own Inclinations, than from any right Art of Raillery; and certainly a trifle handſomly retorted, is more fit for pleaſant Raillery than a Satyrical Invective, whoſe name is only changed and called Raillery: It is no fault to be ill at Raillery, but it is a grand one to loſe ones Friend rather than his Jeſt. All you ſay, replied *Cerinthe*, is ſo like the Couſin of *Solon*, that I think he left you all his Wiſdom when he went out of *Athens*. I am ſure, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, ſhe has ſpoken all according to the Rule of good and ſound Reaſon. I know but too much for my Satisfaction (replied *Cerinthe*) for if I ſhould regulate my ſelf according to her Documents, I ſhould never ſpeak as long as I live. It would be too great a loſs to impoſe ſilence upon you, Madam (replied I) ſince few can ſpeak ſo well.

As I ſaid ſo, *Theocrite* entred in *Querpo*, with a moſt majeſtique Gravity, which turned the diſcourſe, and preſently parted the Company; for *Euridamia* going away, *Piſiſtrates* whom ſhe had pleaſed very well that day, preſented his Hand unto her, and I following preſently after, we left *Cerinthe* with her melancholy Lover, whom ſhe ſuffered only to divert her ſelf, and to tell us the next day how grave and ſeriouſly he courted her.

In the mean time, *Piſiſtrates* not well knowing whether he was Lover or Friend unto *Cerinthe* or *Euridamia*, whether he was in Love with one, and a Friend to the other, or loved both, he placed himſelf almoſt equally poized between theſe two Ladies: Truth is, it was (as I told you before) according to the humour he was in: As for example, on one of thoſe days when he found fault with all the Evils in the Commonwealth, then he was all for *Euridamia*, and never looked at *Cerinthe*, but he would complain unto *Euridamia* of all the ill management of Affairs, examining them to the bottom, obſerving all their Defects, and ſeeking out all Remedies, as if what he ſaid unto *Euridamia* were to be followed: Indeed his Spirits and Imagination was as zealous, as if he were perſwading all the People in *Athens*, and driving the nail more home; he foreſaw all the Benefits and all the Miſeries of the Commonwealth according to his Thoughts, and made ſuch a ſubverſion of things, that if Fortune had executed his Will, none in *Athens* could have ſtayed where he was.

In the mean time, *Piſiſtrates* mixed ſome matters of Gallantry with his Policy: So that *Euridamia* lent a pleaſing Ear unto him, and he was very glad of it. But then in one of his merry days, he would ſpend it all with *Cerinthe*, with whom he plotted projects of Pleaſure and Diverſion more than Policy; Walks, Balls, Muſick were the principal Deſigns, whole Afternoons were ſpent in Counſels how to contrive them, and imagining a thouſand other Delights: Yet during all theſe days of ſport, *Theocrite* and *Euridamia* were out of tune; yet this grave Lover was much more unhappy than this ſerious Lover; for ſhe having an infinite Wit, knew well enough that *Cerinthe* had no more power upon the Heart of *Piſiſtrates* than ſhe had: But as for *Theocrite*, he knew ſo well that he had no ſhare in the Heart of *Cerinthe*, that he was troubled to the Soul; and yet he ſaw that this Lady was not capable of any great compliance with any one: But ſince *Piſiſtrates* pleaſed her more than any other, he grew extreamly jealous: But, Madam, if *Cerinthe* had reaſon to ſay that a ſerious Lover was a very odd thing, I am ſure that I have more reaſon to ſay that a jealous grave Lover is no leſs; and the truth is, Madam, a ſtranger ſight could not be ſeen than *Theocrite* when he was jealous;

lous; for it being a Paſſion which of it ſelf carries Melancholy along with it, judg I beſeech you what he was, who was naturally ſo before; but the ſtrangeſt thing was to ſee this Man ſo ſerious, and whoſe Actions were wont to be always ſo in print, now full of all frivolous Cares, and impertinent Curioſities, that Jealouſy could inſpire unto a Man moſt apt for it. In the mean time, I delighted my ſelf in the ſadneſs of others, and in their Joys alſo; for being then much in favour with *Piſiſtrates*, I ſhared in his Diverſions; and ſpeaking unto him one day concerning *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia*, I preſſed him to tell how his Mind ſtood affected unto them: They are both of them ſo much in my Mind (replied he) That did I know but one of them, I am perſwaded I ſhould be extreamly in love with her, but becauſe I equally eſteem them both, my Heart is not reſolved what to do: And I think I may well ſay, that I do love them much better than I do any other of my Friends, and leſs than a Miſtreſs unto whom I ſhould wholly devote my ſelf. This anſwer is ſo ſtrange, replied I, and laughed, that I think you give it rather as good Conceipt, than as your real Thoughts. I do proteſt, ſaid he unto me, I tell you really what my Heart thinks; for if *Euridamia* had not come unto *Cerinthe*, when firſt I knew her, I had then fallen down right in Love with her; and if I had known *Ewidamia* and never been acquainted with *Cerinthe*, I believe I ſhould have loved her moſt tenderly: Truth is, *Silamis*, ſaid he to me, The Jocundry of *Cerinthe* does ſo much pleaſe me, and the melancholy of *Euridamia* does ſo much charm me, as I am confident if either of thoſe two ſhould go into the Country for one month, I am fully perſwaded that I ſhould fall deeply in love with her who ſtayed in *Athens*. I profeſs, ſaid I, this is moſt admirable: Be it what it will, ſaid he, what I ſay is true: But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, How can your Mind be divided ſo between two Perſons of ſuch oppoſite humours? Theſe two Perſons of humours ſo oppoſite, replied he, have each of them in their way abundance of Merit, and therefore no wonder my Mind ſhould be unſetled, and the wonder is the leſs, becauſe they do not reſemble one another; for if they were both merry, or both melancholy, doubtleſs I ſhould make choice of her whoſe Mirth or Melancholy moſt pleaſed me: But becauſe I do find that in the one which I do not find in the other, I am forced to part my Eſteem and my Affection: And ſo it may alſo be ſaid, that I do love them both, or at leaſt have an equal Diſpoſition to love them: And indeed, Madam, *Piſiſtratus* lied not, ſince had it not been for his Inclination towards *Euridamia*, he had in all likelihood fallen in love with *Cerinthe*; and had it not been for his Inclination to *Cerinthe*, he had fallen alſo in love with *Euridamia*.

However, theſe two Ladies at laſt perceiving that they themſelves were equally Obſtacles, to keep the Heart of *Piſiſtrates* from each other, they began to love one another much leſs. Inſomuch as *Cerinthe* who was uſed to ſpeak of *Euridamia*, and to ſay only, that ſhe was very ſerious, did now ſay upon ſeveral Occaſions, that ſhe was lumpiſhly melancholy; and *Euridamia* on her ſide, who was wont only to ſay that *Cerinthe* loved Raillery a little too well, accuſed her now of ſlandering, and as a lover of Miſchief; inſomuch as this petty Diviſion produced divers Quarrels between theſe two Ladies, which ſtrangely perplexed *Piſiſtrates*, for they would both of them be forcing him to take their parts, yet he carried it ſo handſomly, that ſometimes condemning the one, and ſometimes the other, he became a Judg of their Differences, and did not declare himſelf.

But in the interim of all theſe Squabbles, *Theocrites* continuing ſtill the Gravity of his Humour, made no further progreſs into the Heart of *Cerinthe* than ordinary, and conſequently was more miſerable than he was uſed to be. Things ſtanding upon theſe Terms, and *Piſiſtrates* ſtill ſaying, that but for *Euridamia* he had loved *Cerinthe*, and but for *Cerinthe* he had loved *Euridamia*; I underſtood that *Philombrotus* was to go into the Country with his whole Family: I no ſooner heard this, but I went unto *Piſiſtrates*, and addreſſing my ſelf unto him: Well, Sir, (ſaid I unto him, and laughed) we ſhall ſhortly ſee whether your words be true or no, and whether you will fall in love with *Euridamia* as ſoon as *Cerinthe* is out of your ſight, for I underſtand ſhe is going into the Country. How, ſaid he, *Cerinthe* into the Country? Yes, Sir, anſwered I, and I underſtand *Philombrotus* reſolves upon it to morrow: Then am I in a miſerable caſe (ſaid he to me) for I underſtood yeſterday that *Euridamia* goes away alſo to morrow; and as you were coming to me, I was ſaying to my ſelf, That I muſt prepare to fall in love with *Cerinthe* during the abſence of *Euridamia*; but for ought I ſee I am out of that danger ſince they both go. Since it is not likely (replied I, and laughed) that the ſame chance which cauſed them to depart both in one day, will make them return alſo both in one day, I ſhall not deſpair but to ſee my Curioſity ſatisfied ere it be long, and we ſhall ſee whether you will fall in love with her who returns firſt. In the mean time, *Piſiſtrates* thought himſelf extreamly concerned in the abſence of both theſe Ladies; yet ſince he had rather only a bare amorous Inclination towards them, than any real Love, he comforted up himſelf; and being obliged to take a Journey himſelf a little after their departure, change of place helped to diſſipate melancholy Thoughts: But, Madam, I being he of all his Friends with whom he held moſt Familiarity, he ingaged me to go this Journey with him, telling me the more to induce me to it, that he was to go near thoſe famous Bathes which are at the foot of the Mountain *Thermopiles*, and that we ſhould go thither and divert our ſelves ſome days after he had finiſhed his Buſineſs: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that theſe Bathes are ſo famous, that for three Months an infinite number of Perſons of greateſt Quality in all *Greece* reſort thither: Not ſick, languiſhing, and diſeaſed Perſons: But the opinion of thoſe beſt known in the Virtues of theſe Bathes, is, that they are more proper to preſerve Health, than to cure Diſeaſes: So that all thoſe who reſort thither are in a fit condition for Diverſions. Moreover, Ladies having a fancy that theſe Bathes do augment their Beauty, or at leaſt preſerve it, there is every year a huge reſort of them thither under pretence of preventing Diſeaſes, though really only to keep longer fair, or at leaſt to divert themſelves; for this is a Rule in all Baths, that Melancholy is by all means to be baniſhed, and Mirth muſt be made as much as may be: So, Madam, ſince I had never been there, but often heard excellent Diverſions to be there met with; I accepted of the offer which *Piſiſtrates* made unto me. I ſhall not inſiſt upon telling you what buſineſs carried *Piſiſtrates* unto *Thermopiles*, for I muſt confeſs he kept it ſecret from me; yet I thought it was to confer with ſome who were baniſhed from *Athens*, which might be uſeful to him in the change which he hath ſince brought about, though he would not confeſs ſo much unto me: However, I went this Voyage with him; and after he had left me two days with one of his Friends whilſt he diſpatched his unknown Buſineſs, he returned, and we went unto *Thermopiles*, which was not above half a days Journey off us. But, Madam, it is very requiſite I acquaint you both with the place, and the manner how they live at theſe Baths for three Months in the Year: Be pleaſed therefore to know, Madam, that very near this Mountain of *Thermopiles*, which parts *Greece*, and leaves but one narrow and difficult Paſſage by which one can paſs from one part of *Greece* unto the other; here ſtands a Town called *Alpenes*, wherein are many Houſes commodious for Lodgings, ſuch as reſort to the Baths; but the place where the Baths ſtand, hath in it ſomething both ſalvage and pleaſing: Indeed when one is at that ſtrait paſſage by which Men come from one part of *Greece* into another, one ſhall ſee a moſt inacceſſible Mountain, environed with affrighting Precipices, which reach as far as Mount *Etna* towards the Weſt; and on that ſide towards the Eaſt may the Sea be ſeen, and a kind of mariſh Ground, ſo full of Sources and Bogs, as there is no going: 'Tis true, that deſcending a little lower towards that ſide which looks towards *Artimiſſion*, there is a moſt pleaſant Meadow, and though it be in the view of this hideous Mountain, and on the other ſide the Sea, yet there are an infinite number of Trees growing about it. Moreover, ſince it is there where theſe Bathes are, they have drained away the

Bogs and mariſh Waters; and conveying them away by ſeveral Channels, theſe famous Baths, are preſerved: There are alſo made, at both ends of the Meadow, above an hundred, all bathing Tubs of Marble, unto which when they pleaſe they can convey the Water; and ſince every one who comes unto this Bath brings with them a magnificent Tent to cover over the Bath they imploy, theſe ſeveral Tents ſtanding in this Meadow do make a moſt delighting Object. But, Madam, I forgot to tell you, that the reaſon why this is ſo, is, becauſe theſe Waters being naturally luke-warm, do loſe their Virtue if tranſported, and therefore they muſt of neceſſity bathe in the ſame place where they ſpring: Yet here the Ladies have every one their Bath in private, as well as if in their Chambers; and the Tents appointed for the Men are at the other end of the Meadow in reſpect unto the Ladies; yet there is a Gallery between them, where Guards are kept during the hours of bathing, ſo that the Men do wait upon the Ladies ſo far only as this Gallery; after which they go into their own private Tents, where they are at full liberty: Alſo the Men do never bathe at the ſame hours they do, for they bathe Mornings, and the Ladies Evenings: So that after they have waited upon the Ladies to the Gallery, they afterwards walk in the Meadows, and wait until they have done bathing, and then to conduct them unto their Coaches, which ſtand in Ranks in the Meadow. And this Year was a moſt rare Year for abundance of Company: Indeed, there were Ladies from all parts of *Greece*; ſome from *Athens*, ſome from *Thebes*, others from *Magares*, *Argos*, *Corinth*, *Chalcis*, *Delphos*, and an hundred other places; and I do verily believe, except from *Lacedemon*, there was Company from all the principal Towns in *Greece*. Moreover, there was Muſicians from all places in the World which had any Fame for excellency: Indeed there was no pleaſure, but it was there to be found, and more pure than in any other place, for there was not a Man who had the face of Buſineſs or domeſtique Occaſions upon him, all their care was only to divert. But, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that the hours of the Womens bathing being an hour before Sunſet, as the Mens was an hour after the riſing, *Piſiſtrates* and I came to *Hermopiles* when the Ladies were in their Tents: So that *Piſiſtrates* having been there formerly, he knew the cuſtom of the place; and we alighted from our Horſes at the ſide of the Meadow, then went to walk as the reſt did; for ſince we had not come far, we were in equippage well enough to appear before the Ladies: Alſo *Piſiſtrates* (who as good luck was) was not in one of his negligent Humours, he had on a Country Habit, the moſt magnificent and gallant that poſſibly could be ſeen: But we had no ſooner walked twenty paces in the Meadow, but an *Athenian* Man of Quality, called *Ariſton*, named us unto the Company with whom he was, and came to meet us with them; and it being the cuſtom of the place for thoſe who come firſt, to do Honours unto ſuch as come after, they received us very civilly. For my part, being altogether a Stranger, I viewed theſe ſeveral Tents with much delight, and informed my ſelf from *Ariſton* of all I deſired to know.

But, after the firſt civilities were over, *Piſiſtrates* and I being parted from the reſt, with *Ariſton*, we asked him, If there were any Beauties of Fame there that Year? And, after he had told us, that there were many who were very fair; others, leſs fair; others, leſs then they; and others, not fair at all: I ſpied among the Tents of the Ladies, one walking alone very reſervedly, whoſe Garb was extreamly noble, and Habit very gallant. Indeed Madam, I forgot to tell you, that they uſe to dreſs themſelves after a very particular manner in that place, which truly is very pleaſing and delightful; for the Habit of the Ladies is reſemblant unto that which Painters dreſs the Nymphs of *Diana* in; and the reaſon of the Cuſtom is, that ſince they muſt undreſs themſelves to bathe, ſuch a Dreſs was invented, as was both gallant, and convenient for that purpoſe.

But, to return from whence I digreſſed. I told you, That I ſaw one walking alone, and not ſeeing her Face, I asked *Ariſton*, who ſhe was? Though you know her not by her walk, (ſaid he unto me) yet, ſhe is one of our *Athenian* Beauties. At theſe words, *Piſiſtrates* looking more attentively upon her, and ſhe turning her Face towards us, he knew her to be *Cleorante*, of whom I ſpoke in the beginning of my Diſcourſe, and who was Daughter unto *Megacles*, a principal *Athenian*. He no ſooner knew her, but he ſaluted her, though he had never ſpoke unto her; for, ſince there had been an oppoſite Faction between their Fathers, there was no familiarity between their Families: Yet, ſince *Athens* was then all in Tranquillity, *Piſiſtrates* and *Megacles* were upon civil terms, though they uſed not to viſit each other: But, *Megacles* not being at the Bath, only his Wife, called *Erophile*; this did facilitate the acquaintance of *Piſiſtrates* and *Cleorante*. In the mean time, ſince this fair one returned her ſalute ſo civilly, ſhe obliged *Piſiſtrates* to talk longer of her, and to ask *Ariſton*, how long ſhe had been at the Bathes? So little a while, replied he, that if you had been ſeen privately at *Athens* with her, I ſhould have thought you had held intelligence together; for *Erophile* and ſhe have been here only two days. But, how comes it to paſs, (ſaid I unto *Ariſton*,) that *Cleorante* does not bathe? For, I find her fair enough to preſerve her Beauty. The reaſon is (replied he) becauſe ſhe is ſo fair, as ſhe thinks ſhe ſhould wrong her ſelf, ſhould ſhe uſe a thing which has a reputation of imbelliſhing it. I thought indeed, ſaid *Piſiſtrates* then, that *Cleorante* was very fair; at leaſt, I remember very well, that in the time of our diviſions at *Athens*, I ſaw her one day in the Church at a nearer diſtance, than now I do, and I ſaid unto one, that I was very ſorry *Megacles* had ſo fair a Daughter. You ſpeak of this in ſuch a pleaſant manner, (replied *Ariſton*) as would move one to ſay, you had no Eyes: I aſſure you, (ſaid he unto us) that I have not Eyes always, for that which I look upon, for if my Mind and my Eyes do not hold intelligence together, I know not well what I ſee.

As *Piſiſtrates* ſaid ſo, we ſaw many Ladies coming out of their Tents after they had bathed themſelves, who, meeting with *Cleorante*, began to walk together towards the Gallery; and ſince we were very near them, we ſaluted them. But, as they turned back, ſtaying for other Ladies to come out from bathing, *Ariſton* at the requeſt of

Piſiſtrates, ſpoke unto her: I beſeech you Madam, (ſaid he unto *Cleorante*) do not ſo ſoon deprive us of the happineſs in ſeeing you, but give me leave to preſent two *Athenians* to you, who are ſorry they have need of my mediation to make themſelves known unto you; and that they have not hitherto the honour to be acquainted. *Ariſton* being a particular friend unto *Cleorante*, ſhe ſtayed, and kept one of her Friends with her, named *Cephiſe*, and coming then out of the Gallery with as much grace as civility: If theſe Noble *Athenians*, ſaid ſhe, would know me better than they do, they muſt diſclaim from thoſe civilities you tell me of: It appears very plainly, Madam, replied *Piſiſtrates*, that I have not the Honour to be known unto you, ſince you think I can diſclaim from what *Ariſton* hath ſaid unto you. For my part, Madam, added I, I think it ſufficient, that the fair *Cleorante* does know her ſelf; not to doubt, but, that as ſoon as any ſees her, they muſt needs be ſorry they ſaw her no ſooner: At leaſt, I am ſure, ſaid *Ariſton* to her, that *Silamis* thought you ſo fair, as he wondred why you ſhould not bathe your ſelf, ſince the Baths have a reputation of preſerving Beauty. Since I do know my ſelf very well, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, I have good reaſon to think, that your friend finding ſo little of Beauty as I have in my Face, he thinks I ſhould wrong my ſelf, if I ſhould hazard the loſing of it, in a thought; that if I ſhould loſe any, there would not remain ſo much, as would let me be endured. I profeſs Madam, ſaid the Lady who was with her, you do wrong unto ſo great a Beauty as yours is. I beſeech you, ſaid *Cleorante*, and ſmiled, do not ſmother me with Commendations, for ſince *Piſiſtrates* and *Silamis* do hardly know me, they will think I love to be commended, hearing one of my friends flatter me ſo highly; and I pray know, that I do not love to be commended to my Face; though I muſt confeſs, I love it well enough in ſpeaking unto others, behind my back. But, I beſeech you Madam, replied *Piſiſtrates*, what ſatisfaction will thoſe Commendations do you which you hear not, and very often will never know of? As for Example, added he, I am confident, that though I ſhould depart to morrow, and never ſee you again as long as I live, yet I ſhould ſpeak above an hundred times of you, and you never know it. Perhaps you, Sir, would ſpeak ſo little in my advantage, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, that it would be better for me not to know what you ſay of me. I aſſure you, Madam, ſaid I unto her, if you did well know *Piſiſtrates*, you would eaſily believe that he never ſpeaks ſo oft of one that does not pleaſe him; and ſhe would know alſo, added *Piſiſtrates*, that I am always ſpeaking of her who pleaſeth me. As *Piſiſtrates* ſaid ſo, *Erophile*, and almoſt all the Ladies being come out of their Tents, *Cleorante* left us, and went unto her Mother, who doubtleſs had been one of the greateſt Beauties in all *Athens*, and ſtill was very well: Thoſe who had ſeen her young, yet ſaid, that ſhe was never ſo lovely as *Cleorante*, who indeed was one of the moſt charming Beauties upon Earth; for, beſides that her Beauty was a Beauty of great Luſtre, ſhe had alſo ſuch a rare Air of Youth, ſuch a pleaſing and merry Modeſty, and ſuch an inviting Power, that it was an impoſſibility to reſiſt her.

But, Madam, as ſoon as ſhe had left us, we went, as all the reſt of the Men did who walked in the Meadow, to wait upon the Ladies at the Door of the Gallery, and to preſent our Hands unto them; for in that place Men have as much liberty as at a Ball, where it is not neceſſary to be acquainted before they ſpeak, or dance together. In the mean time, *Ariſton* being next the Door, and (as I ſaid before) being a particular Friend unto *Cleorante*, when ſhe went out, ſhe tendred her Hand unto him; but as ſoon as he took it, he turned towards *Piſiſtrates*, and told him, that as a Teſtimony of his Friendſhip he would ſurrender his Place unto him: And (added he, ſpeaking unto *Cleorante*) as he deſerves it better than I, ſo I beſeech you, Madam, let him have it. It ſeems you are weary, replied ſhe, and laughed, and deſiring *Piſiſtrates* ſhould be ſo alſo, you would have him go away to morrow. No, Madam, anſwered *Piſiſtrates*, but on the contrary *Ariſton* deſires my ſtay here, and therefore he lets me have the Honour of ſpeaking to you: However it be, (ſaid *Ariſton* in leaving them) I hope you will tell me what you talk of at the end of the Walk. After this, *Ariſton* preſented his Hand unto another Lady, and I mine unto *Cleorante*'s Friend, of whom I ſpoke: So that the Evening being very fair, they walked a long time; *Piſiſtrates* and *Cleorante* had ſo much leiſure as to talk enough to let one another know, that they had both of them moſt admirable Wits. But the hour of returning unto *Alpene* being come, *Ariſton* came to them, becauſe the Lady whom he waited upon went firſt away; and as ſoon as he had put her in the Coach, he came and asked *Cleorante* and *Piſiſtrates* how they liked one another. For my part, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, and laughed, I muſt tell you, that I was never in all my Life ſo taken with any, as I am with *Cleorante*, and methinks I have been acquainted with her ever ſince ſhe began firſt to live. For my part, ſaid this fair one, *Piſiſtrates* is ſo little a ſtranger unto me, that I believe, if I had any Secrets, I durſt truſt them unto him. To teſtify unto you (added *Piſiſtrates*) that we were not at any non-plus, as ordinarily thoſe are who are firſt acquainted: I aſſure you we talked all the while, and yet not of any Beauties of the Time; or that of the Place, nor of any ſuch kind of things as People uſe to talk of when they have nothing elſe to ſay. As *Piſiſtrates* ſaid ſo, *Erophile* being returned to call her Daughter, *Ariſton* advanced towards her, and told her at the deſire of his Friend, that *Piſiſtrates* had a Deſign to go with her to her Houſe: So that ſhe ſtaying, he ſaluted her, and ſhe received him very well; for ſhe being a Lover of Peace, Quietneſs, and Pleaſures, ſhe was very deſirous to contract an Amity between *Megacles*, and *Piſiſtrates*; yet this Converſation was not long: For ſince it was very late, we only waited upon the Ladies to their Coach: After which, *Piſiſtrates*, *Ariſton*, and I, we walked a little longer.

In the mean time, they had no ſooner left us, but I ſaid unto *Piſiſtrates*, in a laughing manner, that I found he would 'ere long be accuſtomed unto *Cleorante*: But be ſure, ſaid I unto him, whilſt *Ariſton* was taking order for our Lodging, that firſt you have unaccuſtomed your ſelf from *Cerinthe*, and from *Euridamia*. We ſhall ſtay ſo little here, replied he, and laughed, that I ſhall not have leiſure to accuſtom my ſelf in earneſt with *Cleorante:* And we ſhall return ſo ſoon unto *Athens*, that I ſhall not have leiſure to unaccuſtom my ſelf from *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia*. But *Euridamia* and *Cerinthe*, ſaid I unto him, will not be there when you return, for they are both in the Country. 'Tis very true, ſaid he unto me, I profeſs I had forgotten that. Really, ſaid I unto him, and laughed, this is a moſt infallible proof that you are not in Love with them: For it is without example, either in a Lover or a Friend, that they ſhould forget they bad adieu unto their Miſtreſs or Friend, and not remember whether they be abſent or preſent. Since I laughed ſomething loud, *Ariſton* coming towards us, asked what I laughed at? But *Piſiſtrates* not well knowing any reaſon why, forbad me to tell him ſo earneſtly, that indeed I did not: After which, we began again to talk of *Cleorante*, and we asked him, Whether ſhe had as much Goodneſs as ſhe had Beauty? Doubtleſs ſhe hath, (replied *Ariſton*) but ſhe hath one good Quality which is very particular, for ſhe is unequal-humoured, without any fantaſticalneſs; and ſhe is at that very ſame time one of the moſt equal-humoured Perſons upon Earth, in many things. This is a thing, replied I, which cannot be eaſily comprehended. Yet it is moſt true, replied he, for moſt certain it is, that *Cleorante* is always one of the beſt Perſons in the World, and loves her Friends with the moſt even, conſtant, and equality of Humour. In what then is ſhe unequally humoured? replied *Piſiſtrates*. In this, anſwered he, that ſhe is ſometimes merry, and ſometimes ſerious; and yet her Jocundry never makes her too Merry, nor her Seriouſneſs too Melancholy; but for all that, ſhe is of a very different Humour, though ſhe be always equally Good. Moreover, the very ſame Pleaſures will not equally delight her; for ſome days it is a Torment unto her to talk of going to a Ball, and ſometimes ſhe is wholly intent upon it; and yet, whether ſhe be Merry or Serious, ſhe is always equally amiable to all her Friends, for ſhe never has any pettiſh Humours towards them, how different ſoever ſhe be to her ſelf; and indeed it may well be ſaid, that ſhe is only different and unequal, to the end ſhe may the more pleaſe, and make it appear ſhe has all the Charms that can be found in two Tempers ſo oppoſite to each other. You ſet *Cleorante* out by ſuch a Character, as fills me full of Curioſity to know her more particularly, replied *Piſiſtrates*; and I think that if I had no Buſineſs at *Athens*, I ſhould ſtay here as long as ſhe did; but ſince I intend my time here to be not above ſeven or eight days, I deſire to imploy that time in ſeeing her as much as I can. If that be your Deſign, replied *Ariſton*, then we muſt retire; for it is this very Night that all the Ladies meet at her Mother's Houſe to dance.

Ariſton had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Piſiſtrates* went towards our Horſes, at the ſide of the Meadow with *Ariſton*'s: After which, we went unto *Alpenes*, and lodged at *Ariſton*'s Houſe, who gave his own Chamber unto *Piſiſtrates*, and divided another between me and himſelf; for there was this Year ſuch a multitude of People at the Baths, that without him we ſhould have been puzled for a Lodging. In the mean time, *Piſiſtrates* having his Men and Equipage with him, he put himſelf into a habit for dancing, and did it doutleſs without having the leaſt thought of falling in Love with *Cleorante*: on the contrary, when I came unto his Chamber, he talked with me of *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* as we were wont, and he wiſhed them in that place, asking me, which I thought would firſt return to *Athens*? adding, that as ſoon as he returned thither, he intended to write unto them of all the Paſſages at the Bath, and to make an ample Relation of them. After which, *Ariſton* alſo entring, to tell us it was time to go, and acquainting us with the mode of their Gallantry, to the end we might not ſeem as Strangers, we went unto *Erophile*'s Houſe, who, with *Cleorante*, received us with much civility; and *Cleorante* putting her ſelf into another Dreſs, after her return from the Baths, with an addition of

Jewels thereunto, ſhe was a freſh luſtre of Beauty in the Eye of *Piſiſtrates*. Again, ſince he was better acquainted with her than any of the reſt, and ſince ſhe was the only Lady of all the Company except *Cephiſe*, unto whom he ever ſpoke, therefore he applied himſelf more aſſiduouſly unto her, and took her out to dance ofter than any other. Both of them chancing that Night to be in their frolique Humours, they danced ſo well together, that all the Company admired them: Truth is, Madam, it may well be ſaid, they paſſed away that Night together in private amidſt a great multitude, ſo ſeldom were they ſeparated; for my part, though I applied my ſelf to court *Cephiſe*, yet I obſerved, by the countenance of *Piſiſtrates*, that he was not weary of his imployment, and by *Cleorantes*, that he was welcome to her: Alſo I plainly ſaw, that all the great Feaſts of *Athens* did never divert *Piſiſtrates* ſo much as this Aſſembly; and indeed it was ſuch as would delight any, for the Ladies were very fair, they were in more Gallantry of Dreſs than ordinary, and there was a kind of greater freedom than at thoſe Balls which are kept in Towns. But the hour of retiring being come, and the Company parting, we parted as the reſt did, and in our return I obſerved, that *Piſiſtrates* was extreamly gay and pleaſant: So that coming to him, whilſt *Ariſton* was talking to ſome other Men; Doubtleſs, ſaid I unto him, you are extreamly well ſatisfied with your viſit of *Cleorante*, ſince you are ſo merry and lively at ſuch a time when every one deſires to ſleep, and is weary with dancing or walking. Alas, *Silamis*, (ſaid he unto me) did you but know my Adventure, you would wonder. What, in the Name of the Gods, may it be, ſaid I unto him? It is, ſaid he, that I have found *Cerinthe* in *Cleorante*. How, *Piſiſtrates*, ſaid I unto him, they are nothing alike, for *Cleorante* is tall and fair, and *Cerinthe* is little and black: But it muſt be confeſſed, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, that the tall and fair is a greater Beauty than the little and black; and all the Charms of wit and jocundry which are in *Cerinthe*, are likewiſe to be found in *Cleorante*, only here's the difference, *Cleorante* rallies with leſs Malice, and if I be not much miſtaken, ſhe has a Soul more tender than *Cerinthe*. But, Sir, ſaid I unto him, and laughed, as when we were at *Athens*, there was nothing but the preſence of *Euridamia* which hindred you from loving *Cerinthe*, ſo I ſhall think that nothing elſe will hinder you from loving *Cleorante*, ſince you find the Charms of *Cerinthe* in her. Since we are to tarry here but eight days, replied he, and ſmiled, I ſhall not be perfidious either unto *Cerinthe* or *Euridamia*; yet ſince *Cleorante* makes me remember *Cerinthe*, I know not whether ſhe will have the advantage of the other. As I was ready to reply, *Ariſton* coming to us, he asked *Piſiſtrates*, whether what he had ſaid unto him, before they went unto the Ball, did any thing profit him? And whether he obſerved how cloſely a Man of *Corinth* had courted a lady of *Argos?* and many other ſuch Queſtions. You might do well to ask *Silamis* whether he ſaw any ſuch, replied *Piſiſtrates:* As for my part, I ſaw none but *Cleorante*, who ſeemed unto me ſo fair and ſo lovely, as I underſtand not why I ſhould not be on the ſide of *Megacles*, that I may be a Friend unto his Daughter. Since it is much a more eaſy matter to be her Lover than his Friend, replied *Ariſton*, perhaps it had been better for you, if you had never ſeen her, or at leaſt not ſo ſoon. No, replied *Piſiſtrates*; but on the contrary, for if it be my Fate to fall in Love with *Cleorante*, I would have it at the very firſt ſight of her, for then I ſhall ſooner find a recompence to my million of Services, or at leaſt ſtave off the more Lovers, and hinder Rivals: Yet ſhe hath one very reſolute Lover, replied *Ariſton*. I believe, ſaid I, it is the Brother of *Theocrites*, called *Lycurgus*. The very ſame (replied *Ariſton*) and he hath ſo long loved her, without being loved again, that I think he will love her as long as he lives. Provided it be always ſo, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, he will not much prejudice his Rival. Yet I aſſure you, replied I, that a Rival is always a Mote in ones Eye, though he be hated. As I ſaid ſo, we came to *Ariſton*'s Lodging: ſo that it being very late after we had waited upon *Piſiſtrates* to his Chamber, we went into ours. In the mean time, *Piſiſtrates* being very Noble, and his dancing Fancy continuing, he told *Ariſton*, at parting, that he deſired to give a Ball, and *Cephiſe* being *Ariſton's* Couſin, he entreated him to oblige her that it might be kept at her Houſe; and *Piſiſtrates* reſolved to go himſelf and imploy the afternoon following in entreating that Favour from her, and in inviting moſt of the conſiderable Ladies: But ſince he would needs begin with *Erophile*, becauſe of *Cleorante*, we made not ſo many Viſits as we intended, for the viſit laſted almoſt all the day. In the mean time, I obſerved that *Cleorante* and he were nothing ſo frolique as the Night before; but on the contrary, ſhe was all ſerious and grave. The truth is, I never in my life ſaw a melancholy Perſon ſo ſweet and lovely, nor a modeſty more charming than hers: I had need to coin a word to expreſs the Air of her Aſpect rightly when ſhe is not in that frolique Humour which ſometimes takes her; for the word Melancholy is too much, the word Serious alſo gives an *Idea* of too grave a Perſon; but ſuch a phraſe it muſt be, as will ſpeak *Cleorante* neither directly ſerious, nor melancholy; but ſomething that is ſo languiſhing, ſo ſweet, and ſo modeſt, as infinitely pleaſeth, and imprints reſpect. But, Madam, after we had waited upon the Ladies to their Coach, and came to the Meadow, we walked, whilſt the Ladies bathed. *Piſiſtrates* drawing me aſide very earneſtly: Did I not fear (ſaid he unto me) that you would mock me, I would tell you the ſtrangeſt paſſage that ever happened unto any. For truly (ſaid he) yeſterday I found *Cerinthe* in *Cleorante*, and to day, I proteſt, I found *Euridamia*, an *Euridamia* without melancholy, an *Euridamia* a thouſand times more charming than the other. I profeſs unto you, Sir, ſaid I unto him, and laughed, this is a great happineſs, to find two Friends or two Miſtreſſes that are abſent in one Perſon, and this one more amiable than they both. It is ſo, ſaid he, for *Cleorante* ſerious is *Euridamia*, and *Cleorante* merry is *Cerinthe*; and this is ſo true, that if you will obſerve her, you will find I am in the right. The thing is ſo worthy of curioſity, replied I, and laughed, that I ſhall be ſure to obſerve it.

But in the mean time, ſaid I, I do not ſee, Sir, how you can reſiſt a Perſon who hath the Charms of two; the one of which had overcome you, if you had not ſeen the other. I told you yeſterday, replied he, that we ſhall ſtay ſo little here, as I ſhall not have leiſure to tie my ſelf unto *Cleorante*, or untie my ſelf from *Cerinthe*, and *Euridamia*. As I was ready to anſwer him, we were interrupted by ſeveral Perſons; and all the reſt of the day I could talk no more with him, for as ſoon as the Ladies came out of the Gallery, he preſented his Hand unto *Cleorante*, and never left her until ſhe took Coach. Moreover, as ſoon as ever we were riſen from Dinner, we went unto a Lady's Houſe of *Argos*, with whom the Company was to paſs away the Afternoon; and as ſoon as we came there, *Piſiſtrates* applied himſelf to *Cleorante*.

At our going from thence, he aſſembled all the Muſicians in *Alpenes* to play (as he ſaid) unto all the Ladies; but to tell you truly, we began at *Cleorante*, and were ſo long before her Window, that the Sun was ready to riſe before we returned to our Lodgings: And I aſſure you it may well be ſaid, that we rather waked than diverted ſome of the Ladies. But at laſt, *Piſiſtrates* being every way Noble and Magnificent, his Deſign of the Ball was executed; he went to prepare *Cephiſe*, who undertook to invite the Ladies; and to the Harmony he added a moſt rare Banquet: and he did ſo often ingage himſelf in ſuch Feaſts whilſt he was at *Alpenes*, as I ſaw it would be longer than eight days before we ſhould depart; and indeed, Madam, I was not miſtaken, for in lieu of eight days, we ſtaid there two entire Months. However, that eight day being come, I ſaw, that in lieu of dreaming upon my departure, *Piſiſtrates* taking order for a great Feaſt which he intended to make: So that not being able to forbear chiding him; I ſee, ſaid I unto him, there is no ſign of our return to *Athens*; but, I pray Sir, do that which you ſaid you would. Then put me in memory of it, replied he, for I muſt confeſs I have forgotten what it was I ſaid unto you. How? ſaid I, do you not remember how you ſaid you would write unto *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia?* And make them ample Relations of all your Diverſions at the Baths, and of all you ſaw there? When I had that Deſign, replied he, and laughed, I knew not that I ſhould find *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* at *Alpenes*; and truly, *Silamis*, to ſpeak more ſeriouſly and ſincerely both, I cannot tell whether I ſhould much pleaſe them in relating all Paſſages here, eſpecially the Paſſages in my Heart. For, truly *Silamis*, I never ſaw my ſelf ſo near, not being my ſelf as now. To ſpeak the Truth, replied I, it would be ſtrange News to ſend them, that you are in Love with *Cleorante*; for I am ſure both of them had hopes of captivating you themſelves. However, ſaid he, whether I fall in Love with *Cleorante* or no, I do think it very expedient that you do write unto them a true Relation of all the Paſſages at the Baths, and that you ſend them word (as great News) how you believe I am in Love with *Cleorante*; for if I do fall in Love with her, the thing will not ſurprize them when we return to *Athens*; and if I do not fall in Love with her, we can turn it into Raillery. I would with all my Heart, ſaid I unto him: But why ſhould I write unto thoſe two Ladies, unleſs you write alſo? Then do not write, ſaid he, for I cannot write any thing to them at this preſent; not but that I do very much eſteem them; but *Cleorante* is ſo much in my Fancy, that I can think upon nothing elſe. And the Truth is, Madam, he had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to ſee *Cleorante*, that he could not endure to be from her; yet he did not plainly tell her that he loved her, but all his Actions ſpoke it for him, and there was not one at the Baths which did not ſee and ſpeak of it. On the other ſide, *Cleorante* did very much eſteem *Piſiſtrates*; and it was apparent no Man did pleaſe her ſo well as he did. The Truth is, his whole Care was to divert her; and it was he alone who made all the Diverſions ſince he came to the Baths. Since there was that Year many more Women than Men; I underſtood by *Cephiſe*, that when we came, the Ladies intended to be at the Charges of the Muſick, and all the Diverſions, becauſe there was ſome Men who ſought for ſome poor Pretences, to be excuſed from it; but after *Piſiſtrates* came, none ever meddled with it but himſelf. In the mean while, ſince the inequality of Humours in *Cleorante* and *Piſiſtrates* did not every day hit alike, there hapned the pretticſt Diſputes in the World between them: But when they jumped both in one Humour, it was the rareſt ſight imaginable to ſee them together. For my part (ſaid I one day unto *Piſiſtrates*, and laughed) I ſhould think it much better to have a ſerious Friend and merry Friend ſeveral, than to have them both in one Perſon; for when *Cleorante* is in her languiſhing Humour, and you not, then cannot you tell where to be merry; whereas if they were ſeparate, you might be either merry or melancholy according to your own Humour. You do ſo much divert your ſelf at my Follies, ſaid he to me, that I ſhould do you a very bad Office if I ſhould ſee *Cleorante* no more; and therefore me-thinks you ſhould be glad I love her.

Piſiſtrates ſpoke this in ſuch an angry Air, that I plainly perceived the merry Humour was not upon him that day; and I ſaw he was ſerious, and reſerved, and angry, even before *Cleorante*; and I had the pleaſure to ſee two Perſons which infinitely eſteemed each other in oppoſite Opinions: Truth is, this did not happen very oft; but when *Piſiſtrates* had a fancy of Poetry, and *Cleorante* a fancy of Muſick, they would compoſe moſt rare Elogies and Satyrs of thoſe two Arts; and ſo of all the reſt as occaſions were offered: But one day, Policy and Publick Affairs was their Conteſt; for as we heard that Morning there had been ſome ſtirs in *Athens*, ſince our departure, *Piſiſtrates* being then in his lumpiſh Humour and Fancy of regulating the Common-Wealth, he bolted out an hundred Quibbles againſt ſuch as had Authority in our City: So that *Cleorante* being in her merry Fit, and unwilling to ſpend all the day upon Matters of Policy, ſhe began to contradict him; and the rather, becauſe *Erophile* being buſy in her Cloſet, writing unto *Megacles*, there was none but *Cephiſe*, *Piſiſtrates*, and me with her. So that after ſhe had ſuffered *Piſiſtrates* to inveigh againſt the Diſorders of the Common-Wealth near half an hour, ſhe abruptly interrupted him: Is it poſſible, *Piſiſtrates*, ſaid ſhe unto him, you ſhould not conſider that ever ſince any Force or Laws were, and ſince they made difference of Men, there has ever been ſome who have ill commanded, and ſome who were ill obeyed? And therefore time is but ill ſpent in continual Complaints, which will do no good. Why? ſaid he, will you not give me leave to complain, that ſo many things ſhould be done againſt all Reaſon: And to ſee that the *Athenians*, who thought themſelves free becauſe they had no King, ſhould now be Slaves unto an hundred Tyrants, who have all the Authority in their Hands? and who do nothing but inrich themſelves, and impoveriſh others? Is it poſſible one ſhould endure, and ſay nothing, when a thouſand Injuſtices are committed every day? And that *Athens*, which is the moſt famous City of all *Greece*, ſhould be ready to periſh, becauſe the Governours do govern it ill. I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe) rather than torment my ſelf as you do, I would do any thing elſe; for if you can govern it beter, do, and you would do well: But ſince it is not the pleaſure of Fortune to caſt the Conduct of Affairs upon you, believe me, *Piſiſtrates*, it is better to let them alone: And be confident, that as what others do, doth not pleaſe you; ſo what you would do would not pleaſe others, if you were in their places. If it did not pleaſe them, yet it ought to do, (replied he) for I am ſure that I would do nothing but what was juſt. Though you did nothing but what was juſt, (replied *Cleorante*) yet they would complain of you; for indeed whether Kingdom or Common-Wealth, Complaints will be; and therefore ſince (to ſpeak generally) theſe kind of Complaints do better become the Herd of People, than Men of Quality. I would complain as little as I could I aſſure you, replied *Cephiſe: Piſiſtrates* is not the only Man of his Quality who complains, but there are many others. Were he the only Man, replied *Cleorante*, I ſhould not find fault with his Complaints; for being my Friend, I ſhould impoſe ſilence on him, or elſe deſire him not to ſee me till his Politick Humour were over. But all Men of his Humour, have of late got ſuch a cuſtom of eternal talking concerning the Publick-Good, and Matters of State, as that they are become inſupportable.

ſupportable. Some of them we ſee no ſooner come from School, but preſently they pretend to be Reformers of the Common-Wealth.

Some Women there are alſo, who having only as much Wit as to dreſs themſelves, will as boldly give their Opinions upon the moſt difficult Buſineſſes of State, as if they had the Wiſdom and Experience of *Solon*. In the mean time, it would be nothing ſo abſurd to ſee the Seven Sages of *Greece* buſy themſelves in the choice of Ribbons or Faſhions, as to ſee theſe young People of both Sexes meddle with Matters of Government: Truth is, (ſaid *Cephiſe*, and laughed as well as *Piſiſtrates* and I) Policy is ſo unfit a Subject for a whole Afternoon's Diſcourſe amongſt Ladies, as I will not meddle with it. For my part, (added I, to curry Favour with the Ladies) I will never talk of it with Women unleſs I be forced. And, for my part (ſaid *Piſiſtrates* crabbedly) I will talk of it as often as the mind takes me, for I am a declared Enemy againſt all manner of Injuſtice, and moſt zealous for the Publick-Good. But, I pray Sir, replied *Cleorante*, What good will theſe Complaints do you, or any elſe, be they never ſo juſt? For when you have ſpent a whole day in talking, all your Talk does nothing. Alſo you often reaſon upon falſe Grounds, added ſhe, becauſe you know the Things, and do not know the Motives; you propoſe an hundred Expedients which can never be followed; and therefore time is ill ſpent in talking of Evils which cannot be remedied by talking; and though it were poſſible to find Remedies, by changing the Government; yet I have heard many able Men ſay, it were better to live in a diſordered Government, than to alter it. And therefore, *Piſiſtrates*, the beſt courſe is to pray unto the Gods, that they would be pleaſed to place able Men at the Stern of Affairs; but if it ſhall not be their pleaſure to ſend ſuch, let us ſee their Faults, but not do them, and not ſpend our whole lives in talking of Policy, and making needleſs Complaints; unleſs, added ſhe, and laughed, you have ſome ſecret Deſign which you will not impart unto us; and unleſs, by vilifying the Government, you would incite the People to Rebellion, and make your ſelf the Tyrant of *Athens*. Since I cannot be ſo, but I muſt be yours alſo, Madam, replied he ſharply, I have almoſt a mind to endeavour it: For to have ſuch a Subject as you, I would not think the Name of Tyrant odious: But I ſee, Madam, ſaid he, you are not ſo zealous for the Liberty of your Country, but that you would hate me if I ſhould ſet it free. Truly, ſaid ſhe, and laughed, provided that in four and twenty hours ſpace you could make a Calm in *Athens*, that there ſhould be neither Civil nor Foreign War, and that you would make a Law forbidding talking againſt State-Matters, eſpecially young Gallants and Ladies, I ſhould not much care if you had the Government, becauſe I am perſwaded that there is much more Safety and leſs Faction in a Monarchical Eſtate, than in a Common-Wealth. But ſince this will never come to paſs, and ſince you cannot reign without abundance of Trouble and Diviſion, keep your ſelf content, I conjure you; and let us rather talk of Dancing, Muſick, Poetry, Painting, or any thing, than of Policy. Since you will not talk of what I would have you, replied *Piſiſtrates*, I will not talk of what you deſire; but I will ask you which you would rather chuſe, I ſhould be the Tyrant of *Athens*, or yours, as your Lover, or as your Husband? *Cleorante* is ſo generous, replied *Cephiſe*, that I can gueſs what ſhe will anſwer. For my part, replied I, I cannot ſo eaſily gueſs. And yet you eaſily may, (replied *Cleorante*) for you may imagine I had rather all the *Athenians* were Subjects unto *Piſiſtrates*, than that I were his Slave? But *Cleorante*, ſaid *Cephiſe* to her, where is your Love to your Country? But, *Cephiſe*, replied *Cleorante*, where is the Love to my ſelf? No, no, added ſhe, let us not deceive our ſelves; our particular Intereſt is dearer to us than the general; and all thoſe Zealots for their Country aim moſt at their own Good: Therefore I declare unto you, that I had rather a thouſand times *Piſiſtrates* were the Tyrant of *Athens* than mine. I am ſo far from being ſo, replied he, and looked upon her with abundance of Love, as I think nothing more impoſſible. If you take not good heed, Madam, ſaid *Cephiſe*, and ſmiled, as ſhe turned towards *Cleorante*, in your forbidding *Piſiſtrates* to talk of Policy, you will perhaps oblige him to talk of Love. Though I do not much love any ſhould ſpeak unto me of it, replied *Cleorante*, and laughed, yet ſo one talk gallantly of that Subject, I had rather be obliged to hear it, than to hear talk of State-Matters, eſpecially ſome certain Men in the World; for there are ſome whom it concerns not who governs, becauſe they have no Intereſt, yet do trouble themſelves as much, as if they had as much right to pretend unto it, as *Piſiſtrates* hath. But, Madam, replied he, is there any who have no Intereſt in the Government? Can Servants themſelves be happy, when their Maſters are not? I know not, ſaid ſhe unto him, in the pretrieſt fret in the World, whether they can or no; but I am ſure there is no great pleaſure in ſeeing you, when you have your Politick Humour in your Head. If you will, Madam, ſaid he unto her, I will never ſpeak of it again as long as I live. If you can do ſo, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, you will do me a great pleaſure. But, Madam, replied he, I will not engage my ſelf but upon this Condition, that I may ſpeak what I pleaſe both of you and my ſelf. *Piſiſtrates* had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Cephiſe* and I condemned her for accepting his Offer, yet for a while ſhe did forbid him; for, ſhe ſaid, what can he ſay of me and himſelf? If he tell me of my Faults, he will vex me; and if he commend me, he will not much divert me, for I do not love to be commended to my Face. Moreover, if he commend himſelf, I ſhall eſteem him leſs; and if he diſcommend himſelf, I ſhall think it a diſguiſed Pride. So that not ſeeing what pleaſure I can have in ſuffering him to ſpeak often both of himſelf and me, it muſt be concluded, that I do hate Policy in accepting his Propoſition.

Thus, Madam, this Treaty ended, and *Piſiſtrates* engaged himſelf to talk no more of State-Matters unto *Cleorante*, and *Cleorante* promiſed *Piſiſtrates* to let him ſay what he pleaſed, both of her and himſelf; yet not to have this Liberty, but when he was in his Humour of Policy. But, Madam, ſince this I aſſure you, he made uſe of his Priviledg, in telling her ſhe was the faireſt that ever he ſaw, and gave her good cauſe to believe he loved her more than ever any did: So that *Cleorante* having a Pretence for letting him ſpeak thus, without taking the thing as ſerious, ſhe managed the matter ſo handſomly, that when *Erophile* talked of returning unto *Athens*, *Piſiſtrates* had no more to ſay unto *Cleorante*, but that he was in good earneſt when he ſaid he loved her. However ſince *Piſiſtrates* ſtaid at the Baths, only becauſe *Cleorante* was there, he offered himſelf unto *Erophile* to be her Guard, ſo that we returned with her. *Cephiſe* and *Ariſton* alſo returned with us. But, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that an Accident happened, which ſtrangely perplexed *Piſiſtrates*; for it chanced unhappily, that when we were near *Athens*, we loſt our way; and to compleat the Diſaſter, Night being upon us, *Erophile's* Coach broke, and broke juſt before the Gate of a baſe Court, which ſeemed to belong unto a Houſe of a good Capacity. So that ſince we had no courſe, but to deſire the aſſiſtance of the Maſter of the Houſe, we lighted from our Horſes, and the Ladies came out of the Coach, and began to walk, whilſt *Piſiſtrates* went and deſired a Lodging for all this good Company in the great Houſe. So that going on foot to the Gate of this baſe Court, to know whoſe the Houſe was, he knock'd, and the Gates were opened: And they were no ſooner open, but within four paces of him, he ſaw *Philombrotus* his Wife, *Cerinthe*, *Euridamia*, and *Lycurgus*, who came out to ſee them; and having a deſign to walk into the Fields, took that way where the Coach was broken. You may imagine, Madam, how *Piſiſtrates* was ſurprized at this ſight; yet ſince he was ſo near *Philombrotus*, that he had no leiſure to conſider; and ſeeing there was no altering his Deſign, he went on very confidently, and ſaluted him and all the Ladies. After which, acquainting him with the Accident which had befalled *Erophile's* Coach, *Philombrotus* prevented him in the Requeſt he intended to make, and offered very nobly to lodg all that Company, towards whom he was walking with his. So that theſe two Companies meeting, you may conceive, Madam, in what a vexed Condition *Piſiſtrates* was; for beſides his loving *Cleorante* incomparably better than ever he loved *Cerinthe* or *Euridamia*, the ſight of *Lycurgus* diſpleaſed him, becauſe he underſtood by *Ariſton* that he was deep in Love with *Cleorante*; alſo he had an obſervant Eye over this Enterview: Truth is, he had ſo much ſatisfaction, as to ſee that *Cleorante* received his Rival very coldly.

In the mean, ſince *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* had no Relations in the Bath, which had acquainted them with *Cleorante*'s Conqueſt, they both of them looked upon *Piſiſtrates* as their own; ſo that they were both of them in their ways hugely civil unto him. *Piſiſtrates* on his ſide was the ſame; but he knew then very well, that theſe two Ladies, whom heretofore he thought to have fallen in Love withal, ſhould now never be but in the degree of Friends: And he perceived alſo, by the thoughts he had of *Lycurgus*, that he needed not to ask him of what Nature the Affection was which he had unto *Cleorante*, ſince he needed not to queſtion but it was Love. In the mean time *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* finding *Cleorante* admirably fair that day, becauſe they knew not that ſhe had taken *Piſiſtrates* from them, they could not chuſe but commend her, whilſt *Philombrotus* and his Wife were talking unto *Erophile*. Truly, Madam, ſaid *Cerinthe* unto *Cleorante*, I do find you are ſo much imbelliſhed, that you perſwade me the Baths have indeed that Virtue which is attributed unto them. No, no, Madam, ſaid *Piſiſtrates* boldly, and interrupted her; Never aſcribe more unto the Baths than what's their due, for *Cleorante* returns, and never bathed; and that freſhneſs which you ſee upon her Cheek, is only an effect of her Youth, and her own Beauty; and I do proteſt, that out of a multitude of high Beauties which bathed every day, there was not one whoſe Luſtre ſhe did not dim. Since you went not to bathe your ſelf, replied *Cerinthe*, and bluſh'd for Anger at the Commendations which he gave *Cleorante*, it is to be thought, Madam, you went thither only to perplex the Hearts of all thoſe who ſaw you there. But you ſee, Madam, (replied ſhe, and pointed at *Piſiſtrates*, *Ariſton*, and me) that I have ſpared thoſe of my own Country; for they are too merry to have their Hearts wounded. Thoſe Wounds are ſo ſweet, replied I, ſeeing the non-plus of *Piſiſtrates*, that one may be glad to have them; and that Joy which appears in the Faces of *Piſiſtrates*, *Ariſton*, and me, is a convincing proof that you have not very much wounded us. On the contrary, replied *Euridamia*, and looked upon *Piſiſtrates*, I think it ſo glorious to be wounded by ſo fair a Hand, that it would be a difficult thing not to be joyed at it. However it be, (ſaid *Cephiſe*, not knowing the Intereſt which *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* had in *Piſiſtrates*) I aſſure you there were not ſo many Men this Year unto whom the Baths have done good unto, as there are whom the Eyes of *Cleorante* have done hurt unto. For my part, ſaid *Cerinthe*, in way of Raillery, to try whether her Suſpicion were rightly grounded, I care not what hurt they have done unto the Men of *Thebes*, *Delphos*, *Argos*, or *Megares*, ſo the *Athenians* be free; but for them, I muſt confeſs, I would not have her bring them back Slaves. *Piſiſtrates*, *Ariſton*, and *Silamis*, do agree ſo well together, replied *Euridamia*, that there is no likelihood of their being Rivals. For my particular, ſaid *Ariſton*, I do declare openly, that I dare not be in Love with *Cleorante*, and am but only her Friend. For my part, ſaid *Piſiſtrates*, I will not ſo directly tell what I am, for me-thinks it is not handſom to tell, before all the World, whether one be in Love or no.

This Anſwer which *Piſiſtrates* made, was not interpreted after the ſame manner, for *Cerinthe* flattering her ſelf, did alter her Opinion, and thought that *Piſiſtrates* ſaid only ſo, becauſe he thought it not civil to tell a fair Lady to her Face, that he was not in love with her. *Euridamia* for her part, ſhe ſeeing no ſhare ſhe had in the Anſwer of *Piſiſtrates*, knew not whether the hidden ſenſe of his words related unto *Cleorante* or *Cerinthe*: But as for *Lycurgus*, the Looks of *Cleorante* did clearly evidence to him the obſcurity of *Piſiſtrates* his Diſcourſe; for this fair One turning her Eyes accidentally towards *Piſiſtrates*, *Lycurgus* ſaw ſhe took them off again in ſuch a manner, as made him judg, ſhe knew *Piſiſtrates* loved her more than he would tell: So that the very ſame words which extinguiſhed jealouſy in the Heart of *Cerinthe*, did kindle it in *Lycurgus*: They put *Euridamia* into doubt, and aſſured *Cleorante* of *Piſiſtrates* his Diſcretion.

In the mean time, *Philombrotus* and his Wife, who were talking with *Erophile*, beginning to walk towards their Houſe, and commanding ſome of their Servants to get the broken Coach mended, *Cephiſe*, *Cleorante*, *Euridamia*, *Cerinthe*, *Piſiſtrates*, *Lycurgus*, *Ariſton*, and I, did follow them; and Chance did ſo favourably order the Buſineſs for *Piſiſtrates*, that without any Exceptions, he helped *Cleorante* to walk; for it was the Cuſtom of the Country, for the Strangers always to go firſt: So *Lycurgus* led *Cephiſe*, *Ariſton*, *Euridamia*, and I *Cerinthe*. Truth is, ſhe ſpoke not much unto me, for ſhe had always ſomething to ſay unto *Piſiſtrates*, or unto *Cleorante*: *Euridamia*, for her part, ſhe entertained *Silamis* no better, and *Lycurgus* did not much divert *Cephiſe*. Truth is, Madam, as things ſtood, if we had ſtaid longer, we ſhould have been all weary: For though *Piſiſtrates* was not where he would be, ſince he was not at freedom, he thought himſelf nothing happy; and the preſence of his Rival, and thoſe two Friends who pretended to be his Miſtreſſes, did damp all his Pleaſures.

But being come into the Houſe of *Philombrotus*, they carried *Erophile*, *Cephiſe*, and *Cleorante* into a very fair Chamber, where they left them for a time at liberty to reſt themſelves. So that by this means *Piſiſtrates* was ingaged to be with *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia*, without *Cleorante*: Yet he carried himſelf well enough in this Diſcourſe, for ſince he always eſteemed them, and ſaw them both together, he ſpoke nothing which might make them think he was changed; and if they had ſeen him only out of *Cleorante*'s Company, they would have believed him to be the ſame he was when he went from *Athens*. But they continued not long in theſe Thoughts, after *Erophile*, *Cephiſe*, and *Cleorante* came out of their Chambers, and went into a Parlor, which looked into a lovely Garden where *Cerinthe*, *Euridamia*, and all the reſt of the Company were: For as ſoon as *Cleorante* appeared,

peared, *Piſiſtrates* went to her, and had ſo quite forgotten that *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* obſerved him, as though ſhe had not been above half an hour out of his ſight, yet he ſeemed as glad to ſee her again, as if he had been Months from her: So that now the melancholy and merry Ladies began both to think one and the ſame thing, and concluded certainly that *Piſiſtrates* was in Love with *Cleorante*; for *Cerinthe* was vexed, and *Euridamia* was ſad, yet both of them had one equal Conſolation in the Adventure; for *Cerinthe* had rather loſe *Piſiſtrates* by *Cleorante*, than by *Euridamia*, and *Euridamia* had rather *Cleorante* ſhould get *Piſiſtrates* from her, than *Cerinthe* ſhould: Yet this poor Conſolation did not ſo much cheer them up, but that it might be eaſily obſerved there was ſomething in their Minds which did not pleaſe them; for *Cerinthe's* Raillery was a little too tart, and *Euridamia's* Melancholy would not give her leave to ſpeek: So that *Cleorante* having a diſcerning Wit, ſhe quickly perceived that theſe two Ladies pretended ſomething to the Heart of *Piſiſtrates*; and being full of curioſity to know the certainty, alſo knowing I was intimate with *Piſiſtrates*, ſhe ſo laid her Plot after Supper, that ſhe engaged me to talk with her, purpoſely to pump Satisfaction out of me.

On the other ſide, *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* having a burning deſire to know all paſſages at *Thermopiles* between *Piſiſtrates* and *Cleorante*, they began to communicate their deſign, and to ſeek out ways to be informed: So that ſeeing *Cleorante* talk with me, *Cerinthe* fell into diſcourſe with *Ariſton*, intending to ſqueeze him, whilſt *Euridamia* talked with *Cephiſe* with the ſame Deſign: And ſince *Philombrotus* and his Wife talked low with *Erophile*, *Piſiſtrates* and *Lycurgus* were forced to talk together, though they had no great inclination to it: for *Lycurgus* knew well enough that *Piſiſtrates* was his Rival; and *Piſiſtrates* knew from *Ariſton* that *Lycurgus* was his: So that I do verily believe, Madam, never was Night paſſed with leſs agreeableneſs, where all the Company were rare accompliſhed Perſons. As for *Piſiſtrates* and *Lycurgus*, they were ſtrangely weary of one another : *Cleorante* was not over well pleaſed, becauſe I would not impart as much as ſhe deſired to know : *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia* were worſe ſatisfied, becauſe *Cephiſe* and *Ariſton* told them particularly many things, which made them think *Piſiſtrates* in love with *Cleorante* : But, Madam, the ſtrangeſt paſſage was, *Ariſton* had no ſooner told *Cerinthe* that he thought *Cleorante* had conquered the Heart of *Piſiſtrates*, but this malicious Lady, who knew not what *Cephiſe* had ſaid unto *Euridamia*, had a ſtrange impatience to let her know what *Ariſton* had told her, purpoſely to vex her, and to make her believe that ſhe cared not for it ; and indeed locking up all her Anger in her own Heart, and aſſuming into her Eyes her natural Blithneſs, ſhe took *Euridamia* apart, and told her as very good News, that ſhe knew by *Ariſton*, *Piſiſtrates* was in love with *Cleorante*.

But to drive her Malice a little further, ſhe ſpoke ſo loud unto *Euridamia*, that *Lycurgus* heard her, and if *Piſiſtrates* had not been in a deep ſtudy, he had heard her alſo ; for I heard her to the place where I was, though it was further off her than he was. In the mean time, *Euridamia* knowing well the Mind of *Cerinthe*, ſhe returned Malice for Malice, and did ſo aggravate unto her what *Cephiſe* had ſaid concerning the love of *Piſiſtrates* unto *Cleorante*, that ſhe netled *Cerinthe*, more than *Cerinthe* had her.

Thus theſe two Rivals in revenging themſelves upon one another, were revenged alſo upon him they had loſt ; for *Lycurgus* ſo well knew that *Piſiſtrates* was his Rival, that his Heart ſwell'd with Jealouſy and Hatred. In the mean time, after all theſe particular Conferences, a general Converſation began, which was no more pleaſing than the reſt, for ſince none ſpoke what they thought, it was very dull and drooping ; Nor did it laſt long, for as ſoon as *Philombrotus* made the motion unto *Erophile* of retiring betimes, becauſe ſhe ſaid ſhe would be ſtirring betimes in the Morning, none did oppoſe it, but every one willingly parted except *Piſiſtrates*, who could not ſo willingly part ſo ſoon from *Cleorante*. However, to compleat the Adventure, the Sun was no ſooner riſen, but *Theocrite* arrived, with Intentions to dine with *Philombrotus*; but in coming he met his Brother (whom Jealouſy had waked) walking in the way by which *Erophile* came the day before: So that lighting from his Horſe, he asked how *Cerinthe* did, whom ſtill he loved extreamly, though ſhe jeered him as much for his Gravity and Seriouſneſs, as ever ſhe did. So that *Lycurgus* having his Mind full of his own Vexations, and not being ignorant that his Brother had ſome jealouſy of *Piſiſtrates*, before he went to the Bath, he began to tell him who was in the Houſe. How? cried out *Theocrite*, extreamly vexed to find a Man there whom he thought to be his Rival, is *Piſiſtrates* here? Yes, (replied *Lycurgus*) he is, but it has pleaſed Fortune to make him more my Rival than ever he was yours: Then you are fallen in love with *Cerinthe* ſince I was here, replied *Theocrite* with as much wonder as grief: No, no, replied *Lycurgus*, but *Piſiſtrates* is fallen in love with *Cleorante*, whilſt he was at the Bath with her. Alas Brother, replied *Theocrite*, I muſt needs ask you pardon for not being able to grieve at your Miſfortune, for I find it ſo great a Happineſs to hear that *Piſiſtrates* is not my Rival, that I am not able to grieve at any thing: For a melancholy Man (replied *Lycurgus* churliſhly) you are the moſt ſenſible of Joy that ever I ſaw, ſince you can rejoice at my Miſery. When *Piſiſtrates* hath been as long your Rival as he hath been mine, anſwered *Theocrite*, you will pardon my Joys to find none. The truth is, perhaps you will not be ſo miſerable as I was, ſince he may chance find *Cleorante* not ſo kind as he did *Cerinthe*. Alas Brother, ſaid *Lycurgus*, there is a great difference between *Cerinthe* and *Cleorante*; for the firſt is capable neither of Hatred nor Love, and you had no reaſon to fear that *Piſiſtrates* could win any more upon her than any other, further than diverting her, which you could not do, becauſe your Humour was oppoſite unto hers. But as for *Cleorante*, though ſhe have ſome ſuitableneſs of Spirit with *Cerinthe*, yet ſhe has not ſuch a Heart, for I am ſure ſhe knows how to love and hate, and I am in danger to be the moſt miſerable Man in the World.

As *Lycurgus* ſaid ſo, *Piſiſtrates*, *Ariſton*, and I, came where they were: So that we were obliged to ſalute *Theocrite*, whom we had not ſeen before. But, Madam, the wonder was, this grave and melancholy Man accoſted us with a ſmile, and I obſerved it as a thing ſo extraordinary, as I came to *Piſiſtrates* and told him, that certainly *Theocrite* hath divined that he ſhould not be his Rival. In the mean time, ſince we knew that *Erophiles*'s Coach was mended, and that ſhe would go betimes, we took the way towards the Houſe, where we found all the Ladies together, whom *Theocrite* ſaluted with ſuch a kind of Air, as was much leſs grave than was accuſtomed; yet I think *Cerinthe* had took no notice of him, had not I told her (as a thing extraordinary) that I had ſeen him almoſt laugh. Truly, ſaid ſhe, in the humour I am in, I ſhould be very glad if *Theocrite* could become as merry as *Piſiſtrates*, and *Piſiſtrates* as melancholy as *Theocrite*. Fie, Madam, ſaid I unto her, and ſmiled, I beſeech you why would you wiſh *Piſiſtrates* to be melancholy? Truly *Piſiſtrates*, replied ſhe, and laughed alſo, hath done nothing that concerns me: But I am ſo much obliged unto *Theocrite*, that the leaſt I can do for him, is to wiſh him merry and joyful. Seriouſly (ſaid I unto her) if you would once make him ſo by marrying him, I think he would be no longer melancholy. But the worſt for him is (replied ſhe) my Affection muſt precede his Mirth, and I would have it contrary, and ſee his good Humour precede my Affection. But, Madam, it was very obſervable, *Theocrite* was the leaſt melancholy of all the Company, though he was as melancholy a piece as ever lived; for *Cerinthe* being vexed at the change of *Piſiſtrates*, ſhe was not as ſhe uſed to be: *Euridamia* her Melancholy was double; *Cleorante* was angry to ſee that *Lycurgus* ſhould by his Looks and Words give out ſome Expreſſions of Jealouſy; nor was *Piſiſtrates* in any Joy, not only becauſe he was a little gravell'd between *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia*, but alſo becauſe *Lycurgus* continued his Affection unto *Cleorante*. As for *Cephiſe*, *Ariſton* and my ſelf, we were ſo afraid to diſoblige any one by laughing too much at all Paſſages, that to avoid it, we put on faces of Gravity and Sorrow as much as poſſibly we could. But at laſt we parted, yet not without *Lycurgus*, who feigning ſome earneſt buſineſs at *Athens*, returned with us, and was ſtrangely troubleſom unto us; though he was a Man very well accompliſhed, yet we were weary of him, becauſe he hindered us from laughing at all our Obſervations. Moreover, *Piſiſtrates* and he being never in the ſame opinion, they were ſo ſharp once in their Arguments, as we feared they would have quarrelled. But at laſt, the Cloud being blown over, we came to *Athens*, and after we had carried the Ladies to their Houſes, we all parted. In the mean time, ſince *Euridamia* and *Cerinthe* were long abſent, the Love of *Piſiſtrates* to *Cleorante* did grow ſo violent, and he ſo accuſtomed himſelf to ſee her, to love her and none elſe, that it had been a very hard matter to have made him change his courſe of Life: But, Madam, it was very obſervable, that *Cerinthe* being returned to *Athens* before *Euridamia*, and hearing that *Piſiſtrates* ſtirred not out of *Cleorante*'s Houſe, that he made her many great Feaſts, and that all the World believed him in love with her, ſhe became the moſt indulgent Friend that ever was unto *Euridamia*: For ſhe writ unto her the next Morning, and ſo continued every Poſt whilſt ſhe ſtaid in the Country; and certainly ſhe wanted not matter, for not a day paſſed, but *Piſiſtrates* preſented *Cleorante* with ſome notable Diverſion or other, or elſe that he had not ſome wrangle with *Lycurgus*: So that *Cerinthe* thinking (and with reaſon) that ſhe could not get better Information than from a jealous Lover; ſhe treated *Theocrite* as kindly as ſhe could, purpoſely to make him her Spy, and tell her all he knew of his Brother, colouring her Curioſity with her deſire of knowing all *Cleorante*'s Ways: So that *Theocrite* being very glad of ſuch a Commiſſion, did tell her, not only all he knew concerning his Brother, but all that he could imagine expedient to ſet *Piſiſtrates* further from her Heart.

Thus by this means *Cerinthe* did daily make great Relations unto *Euridamia* of all paſſages between *Piſiſtrates* and *Cleorante*, ſending her a moſt exact Deſcription of every thing, even to the very leaſt Circumſtance, purpoſely to be revenged upon her, ſince ſhe could not be revenged neither upon *Cleorante* nor *Piſiſtrates*; for conſidering that had it not been for *Euridamia*, ſhe had captivated *Piſiſtrates* before he went unto the Bathes, ſhe was a moſt extream ill Wiſher unto her: not that *Cerinthe* was of any humour of ever loving much, or grieving much for ſuch a loſs; but yet ſhe was ſo ſorry for it, ſo vexed, and ſo aſhamed, as one may almoſt ſay, that without either Love or Jealouſy, ſhe carried her ſelf, as if ſhe had two Paſſions at once in her Soul. In the mean time, ſince the return of *Cleorante*, *Piſiſtrates* took many Occaſions to ſpeak of his Love, and ſince he pleaſed her infinitely better than *Lycurgus* or any elſe, ſhe did not treat him unkindly; and though ſhe did not receive his Affection ſo well as he wiſhed, yet it was not out of any Averſion, but only out of Modeſty and Prudence; for certainly ſhe did infinitely eſteem him. Moreover, Madam, you muſt not imagine *Piſiſtrates* one of theſe eternal Sighers, who do nothing but pule and complain, and torment themſelves; nor one of thoſe who are continually talking of their Love, and nothing elſe; but on the contrary, he never talked of it long, nor but in two Faſhions, either in bare Gallantry and Mirth, or in making ſuch earneſt Proteſtations, expreſſed in ſuch affirmative Terms and Paſſionate, as there was no doubting of what he ſaid, ſo ſincere and vehement was he always in his diſcourſe.

In the mean while, as ſoon as *Euridamia* was returned out of the Country, *Cerinthe* gave her a viſit, purpoſely to ſee whether the news ſhe ſent her had wrought her deſired Effects upon her Cheeks and Eyes: Yet ſhe did not receive the pleaſure of her Hopes; for *Cleorante* being come thither, ſhe ſeemed ſo fair that day, that I do believe both her Rivals would in their Hearts confeſs they ought to yield unto her, and that *Piſiſtrates* had a good excuſe, though they had ſome right to accuſe him of Inconſtancy. However, though doubtleſs they knew that *Cleorante* was worthy of *Piſiſtrates* his Love, yet they thought him blameable, though to ſay truly, he was not; ſince he never had more than a good Inclination to love them, but never had profeſſed any particular Affection unto either of them. On the other ſide, *Cleorante* diſcovering at laſt the Thoughts of theſe two Ladies, ſhe thought her ſelf the more obliged unto *Piſiſtrates*, whoſe Love ſhe now received, both out of Honour, and out of Acknowledgment; yet in her talk to him, ſhe did not acknowledg either that he loved her, or ſhe him; and I do think that ſince the firſt time there were ever any Lovers, there was never diſcourſe like that they had one day, and which *Piſiſtrates* told unto me the day after.

For *Piſiſtrates* being one day after Dinner alone with *Cleorante*, proteſting that he loved her beyond all humane Expreſſions: Truly (ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him) I do not think you know well whether you love me or no: For to tell you truly, ſome days I think you love me much, and other days you make me believe you neither do, nor ever did love me. I ſee, Madam (ſaid he unto her) that you ſpeak this only becauſe you take delight to vex me: But, Madam, let me tell you, that what you ſay in Raillery, I can ſay in Seriouſneſs: For truly I muſt confeſs (if I may without Preſumption) that ſometimes I think you do eſteem me, and I ſee in your Eye a kind of amorous Glance which bids me hope: But ſometimes again, I think you to be abſolutely indifferent; and therefore, Madam, you would do me the greateſt Favour in the World, if you would be pleaſed ſeriouſly to diſcover the ſecret of your Heart unto me, that I may ſee upon what bottom I ſtand. Did I certainly know (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) upon what terms I am in your Heart, I could eaſily acquaint you upon what terms you are in mine; and to tell you truly, my Thoughts do ſo abſolutely depend upon yours, that I do not know whether I have any Affection unto you, or only Indifferency ; and therefore I muſt firſt know what Affection you have unto me, before I truly tell you what Affection I have to you. The way to know it, Madam, replied he haſtily, is to examine all my Actions, all my Words, and even all my Looks, and ſee whether all theſe do not tell you that I love you : For I do proteſt, Madam, I will not go out of your Chamber until you have poſitively told me whether you think I love you or no, and tell me alſo, how I am in your Opinion. To teſtify that I will do you Juſtice (ſaid ſhe, and lauged) I will examine all that you have done, and do you examine all that I have done, to the end we may both know what to think of one another : And indeed, Madam, they began to ſpeak of themſelves, as if they had ſpoken of ſome in whom they had no intereſt, and to examine their own Thoughts as really, as if they had not known them.

But after *Piſiſtrates* had forced *Cleorante* to confeſs, that ſhe had cauſe to think he loved her, yet ſhe would not ſay ſhe loved him, but ſaid, that though ſhe did think he loved her, yet he loved her only for himſelf, and that his Affection was byaſſed, and not unintereſted. Ah, Madam (ſaid he) I am eaſier to be contented than you are, for I proteſt I ſhould be ſo far from taking it ill you ſhould love me for your own ſake, that I ſhould think it much more glorious to love me ſo, than if you loved me for my ſelf only. You are ſo ſimple, ſaid ſhe, that I know not why I ſhould anſwer you. You are ſo pittileſs, Madam, (replied he) that I can ſay nothing, but tell you, That if you will not tell me upon what terms I am in your Mind, I will do all I can to delude my ſelf, and think that I am not upon ſuch bad terms as I imagined. But, Madam, without any further Repetition of this Conference ; In concluſion they agreed not to hate one another, and *Cleorante* not point-blank ſaying ſhe loved him, yet made ſuch a handſom choice of her Terms, that ſhe let him underſtand ſhe was glad he loved her : yet they had many little Jarrings, during which, he would ſeem as if he would return unto *Cerinthe* or *Euridamia*, but he quickly turned again to *Cleorante*; and though he gave ſome Minutes of Jealouſy unto *Theocrite*, he gave whole Months unto *Lycurgus*. In the mean time, *Cerinthe* having a crafty Wit, did ſo contrive the matter, as ſhe infuſed ſome ſparks of Jealouſy into *Piſiſtrates*, for ſhe had got *Cleorante* to a Feaſt, and ſpoke not a word unto her; and the Lady who invited her kept the Buſineſs very ſecretly. In the mean time, *Lycurgus* was the Man who made the Feaſt, though *Cleorante* knew not of it, when ſhe promiſed to be there, yet *Cerinthe* had not that full Satisfaction which ſhe expected: For, Madam, though *Piſiſtrates* was for ſome Hours a little jealous, yet out of a kind of pride, he would not ſeem to be ſo; for he was perſwaded, that whoſoever is jealous long, muſt of neceſſity have an ill opinion either of themſelves, or the Perſon loved. But, Madam, the oddeſt thing in *Piſiſtrates* was, I made him confeſs that his Jealouſy was daily, and without any new Accidents either from his Rival or his Miſtreſs, he was daily and hourly jealous, more or leſs, according to the ebb or flow of his Humour. Moreover, the quarrels which *Piſiſtrates* ſometimes had with *Cleorante* were ſo ſhort, that he had no ſooner declared War, but he negotiated for Peace; and he was ſo accuſtomed to love *Cleorante*, and to ſee her, that oft-times he would go unto her without any Intention, and when he had Buſineſs in another place: But, Madam, to aggravate this Accuſtomancy, as far as Imagination can go, I muſt tell you it is certain, that the leſſening of his Jealouſy was his accuſtoming himſelf ſo much to the ſight of his Rival, that he was hardly jealous at all, and that which would have augmented it in another, did leſſen it in him. However, though one ſingle Paſſion was not enough to oblige *Piſiſtrates* to hate his Rival *Lycurgus*, with whom *Cleorante* charged him to live civilly; yet two Paſſions did unite themſelves together, to move him unto it; for he underſtood that *Lycurgus* did afreſh endeavour to ſtir up the old troubles of *Athens*, which had put all the

Attique Country in diviſion : So that Ambition being joyned to his Love, *Lycurgus* became intolerable to him, and to oppoſe him both in the one and the other, he cajoled and bandied with thoſe of his Faction, who were no ſmall number : For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, there were always three Factions amongſt the Attique People, which were always ready to rebel as ſoon as they found Commanders to countenance them : Thoſe towards the Sea always made one Body by themſelves ; thoſe of the Plain made another, and thoſe of the Mountains and Tradeſmen did always unite themſelves as ſoon as there was any diviſion in *Athens*. But, Madam, that which moſt perplexed *Piſiſtrates* was, that endeavouring to diſcover how *Lycurgus* cajoled amongſt thoſe of the Plain, he underſtood alſo that the Maritine Parts were alſo up, but all his care could not find out what moved them thereunto. Beſides this, there was another thing which did much diſquiet him : For though he did much endeavour to reconcile himſelf with *Megacles* the Father of *Cleorante*, yet he could not oblige him to renew cordially with him, though he did live civilly enough : So that he knew not how, either to enjoy his Miſtreſs, or to ruin his Rival. But his greateſt fear was, leſt *Megacles* ſhould unite himſelf with *Lycurgus*, for if he had, then he had been unhappy both in his Love, and in his Ambition, ſince his Party would have been thereby more weak, and he ſhould have loſt his Miſtreſs. You may imagine, Madam, whether that *Piſiſtrates* had not Buſineſs enough.

On the other ſide, *Lycurgus* being reſolved to get *Piſiſtrates* baniſhed, purpoſely to ſend him further from *Cleorante*, he did ſecretly inſinuate into the Minds of the People, that *Piſiſtrates* aſpired unto Tyranny ; and *Theocrites*, ſet on by *Cerinthe*, did hinder him as much as he could. As for *Euridamia*, ſhe being more prudent than *Cerinthe*, ſhe diſſembled her Thoughts, and cured her ſelf of her Weakneſs by that of her Friend. In the mean time I perceived *Piſiſtrates* had ſomething in his Mind which he would not impart unto me; yet he told me all that related unto *Cleorante*, but I could not ſee he had any reaſon to be unquiet at thoſe Paſſages, but was upon rather better terms with her than ever; yet for all that, he would not diſcover the bottom of his Heart unto me; and though I was the Confident of his Love, yet I was not of his Ambition; for knowing that I loved the tranquillity of my Country very well, he did not think I would approve of his Thoughts. Furthermore, ſince he knew I was ignorant of the Deſigns; he foreſaw, that if once things came to Extremity and Arms, then it would be no fit time to marry *Cleorante:* So that deſiring to diſpatch that before things were more imbroiled, he went unto her and asked her leave, that he might imploy all the Friends he had in *Athens*, to perſwade *Megacles* unto his Marriage with her: As for *Erophile*, he was ſure ſhe would willingly conſent unto it: And to prepare the Mind of *Cleorante* unto his Demands, he ſpoke unto her with as much tenderneſs as Love it ſelf could inſpire, and ſo earneſtly, that indeed the Heart of *Cleorante* was moved; and ſhe confeſſed that his Affection had moſt ſenſibly obliged her, and would anſwer him as far as Decency and Modeſty would permit: But when he preſſed her to conſent he might preſently marry her, ſhe changed colour. Alas *Piſiſtrates*, ſaid ſhe unto him, What do you ask? I ask, Madam, ſaid he unto her, to be happy. Say rather (replied ſhe) you ask not to love me any longer, but voluntarily to loſe all the Sweets that my Converſation can give you: For truly *Piſiſtrates*, Love may go beyond the Grave, but not beyond Marriage; and therefore I am perſwaded, that whoſoever would love always, ought not to marry the Perſon loved; and there is no more reaſonable Obſtacle to hinder the thoughts of Marriage than to know one loves: Eſteem in marriage doubtleſs is neceſſary, but there needs no violent Paſſion: Love may grow between People who marry, and may laſt after their Marriage, but it cannot long ſubſiſt, when as it is Love before Marriage; Experience hath ſhewed it a thouſand times, that Fruition gluts; and therefore *Piſiſtrates* ſince you love me, and ſince I ſhould be glad you ſhould always do ſo, talk no more of Marriage, at leaſt ſtay until my Father will force me to marry another; for in that caſe, come what Miſery will, I had rather hazard the ſeeing your Love die, than to live with any other than you. Your language, Madam, replied *Piſiſtrates*, hath ſomething in it, both ſo ſweet and ſo ſharp, that I know not whether I ſhould commend your Goodneſs, or complain againſt your Rigour. Truly, ſaid ſhe, you have no cauſe to complain, ſince I do not entertain one diſadvantagious Thought of you: But I muſt confeſs, I am ſo fearful to ſee that change in you, which I ſee in all Lovers once married, that I cannot fear any thing in the World more; for all Men that ever I ſaw, no ſooner become Husbands, but they ceaſe to be Lovers. And I have known ſome alſo, who have ceaſed to be civil unto thoſe who formerly they adored, and who care not a ſtraw for their Miſtreſſes, as ſoon as they are their Wives. I know, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that it ſometimes happens as you ſay, but I am ſure it will never happen ſo to me. So every one before they marry, think, replied ſhe; and therefore you can give me no ſecurity of your Affection. I muſt confeſs, ſaid ſhe unto him, that I am perſwaded you will love me as long as we are in the ſame condition we already are: but I am perſwaded alſo, that you would not love me either more or leſs, if you ſhould marry me: yet I do not tell you, that I will never marry you, for I have already told you, that rather than marry another, and be obliged to break with you, I would hazard the loſing of your Affection. Moreover, though I were not in this mind, yet I would not adviſe you at this time, to make any ſuch Propoſition to my Father, for he is of late ſo froward and unquiet, that I think it would be a hard matter to make any Propoſition which would pleaſe him. Since this laſt Reaſon, Madam, replied *Piſiſtrates*, is full of ſolidity, I cannot gainſay it; but for the other, I will oppoſe it with all my ſtrength, and proteſt unto you, with as much

Sincerity as Love, that whenſoever I ſhall be ſo happy as to become your Husband, I ſhall then vow my ſelf your eternal Lover. However, *Piſiſtrates* for all this, was forced to obey *Cleorante,* and not ſpeak unto *Megacles* in a time when he was ſo melancholy, leſt he ſhould receive a perverſe Anſwer. But, Madam, things being in this condition, *Solon* returned to *Athens,* where he was not ſorry to find *Piſiſtrates* in Love, becauſe he hoped that Paſſion would choak his Ambition. Yet he was extreamly ſad, when going to viſit *Euridamia* (who as I told you was his Couſin) he ſaw *Cleorante:* For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, *Solon* found her ſo prodigiouſly like a Daughter of his, named *Policrite* (who married unto a Prince of the Iſle of *Cyprus,* called *Philoxipe*) that her Mirrour could not repreſent a more near and lively Reſemblance. Now, Madam, the cauſe of his Sadneſs was, becauſe on a time when the famous *Epimenedes* was at *Athens,* he told him, by a Spirit of Divination, that his Wife, who was then great with Child, ſhould be delivered of a Daughter, and that he ſhould not educate her at *Athens,* becauſe if ſhe lived there, he would be in danger of ſo much Sorrow, as to ſee her make the Tyrant of her Country fall in Love with her. So that *Solon* ſeeing *Cleorante* at *Euridamia*'s, and ſeeing her great reſemblance with *Policrite,* he was extreamly ſurprized at the Love which *Piſiſtrates* bore her; or he conjectured, and with reaſon, that ſince he loved *Cleorante,* he would alſo have loved *Policrite,* whom ſhe ſo perfectly reſembled; ſo that beginning to fear that *Piſiſtrates* would make himſelf Maſter of *Athens,* he began to have a vigilant Eye over his Actions. Yet he ſpoke not then of his Fear, nor of the Cauſe: but ſince that, he expreſſed himſelf unto many of his intimate Friends. However, this famous Man commended the Beauty of *Cleorante* very highly: and as ſome told him, that his Laws had united the Hearts of the *Athenians* a long time; he turned towards her, They have done you wrong, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) for I am perſwaded, that to keep the peace of *Athens* at this preſent, is to have all the brave and ambitious Gallants to think of nothing, but how to conquer your Heart, and not to think of ſowing Seditions amongſt the People; therefore (added he, preparing to go away) I commit them all into your Cuſtody, in hopes to find them all more amorous than ambitious, and no other diſorder in the Town, but between Rivals: And I do proteſt unto you (ſaid he, and ſmiled) that if you do not inſpire them all with the Love of their Country, I will attribute unto you, all the Evils they ſhall commit: and complain againſt you, more than they ſhall of your Severity. *Solon* ſpoke this with ſuch a noble Air, and ſo becoming ſuch a Man as he was, that none could comprehend that there was a double Senſe in his Words; And *Cleorante* anſwered as unto a bare Civility, proteſting unto him, that ſhe had not ſo much vanity as to think ſhe could do that which his Laws could not. However, Madam, *Solon* went from her, and went away, in a deep ſtudy, for he had ever found *Epimenides* ſo true in all his Predictions, as he extreamly feared he would not fail in this. Moreover, he was very inquiſitive into the Actions of *Lycurgus*, *Theocrites*, and *Piſiſtrates*; and underſtood how thoſe of the Plain, thoſe of the Sea-ſide, and thoſe of the Mountain, were up in Arms: ſo that he plainly ſaw all humane Prudence was moſt uncertain; for he now apprehended that the love of *Piſiſtrates*, of *Lycurgus*, and of *Theocrites*, was the true cauſe of all the *Athenian* Diviſions, though it did not appear ſo in the Eyes of the People, and conſequently that he was in the wrong, when he rejoiced to hear that *Piſiſtrates* was in Love; and that he had ſaid, that as long as the Gallants of our City were Slaves to the Beauties, they would never think of becoming our Maſters. The worſt was, his Travels had weakned him, and his Age would not let him act with the ſame vigour for the Common-Good, as formerly he had; for he had not ſtrength enough to make Speeches in publick, yet he was ſo induſtrious, as he was able to calm this Storm, which threatned the Common-wealth, and in order to that he ſpoke unto all the Ring-leaders of the Parties, and addreſſed himſelf firſt unto *Piſiſtrates*, to perſwade him unto Quietneſs, and not to aſpire unto any higher Glory, than to be the Protector of the Athenian Liberty. *Piſiſtrates* did outwardly receive the Admonitions of *Solon* ſo well, that any other but he would have thought he had no hidden Ambition in his Heart, nor any further Deſign, than to oppoſe *Lycurgus*; yet *old Birds are not catch'd with Chaff*, nor could *Solon* be deceived, for he made no Queſtion, but either out of the Hatred to his Rival, or Love to *Cleorante*, or elſe Ambition, he aſpired to be Maſter of *Athens*; ſo that *Solon* uſed all the Arguments that Eloquence and Reaſon together, had moſt prevalent and perſwaſive to diſſwade *Piſiſtrates* from it, who not directly oppoſing what he ſaid, he aſſur'd him only in general without any particularizing, that he would never do any thing which would hurt the Athenians, proteſting that all his Aim was to thwart *Lycurgus*.

On the other ſide, *Solon*, who knew the bottom of the Buſineſs, did ſpeak unto the Rival of *Piſiſtrates*, perſwading him to think no more upon *Cleorante*, but to ſacrifice that Paſſion for the tranquillity of his Country, aggravating ſo eagerly the grandure of the Crime in thoſe who begin Sedition in a State, as it was impoſſible for any Man to ſay more. For (ſaid he unto him) the Fire which you kindle, will not extinguiſh when you would have it; and the heart-burnings which are between *Piſiſtrates* and you, paſſing into the Hearts of all thoſe who follow your ſeveral Factions, will divide Brothers againſt Brothers, Fathers againſt Children, Servants againſt Maſters, and make ſo great a diſorder in *Athens*, that you cannot chuſe but abhor your own Actions, when you ſhall ſee the ſad Conſequences of them. Moreover, do but conſider that one of theſe two muſt needs follow, you muſt either prove a Slave unto your Rival, if his Party prove ſtronger than yours, or elſe you muſt be the Tyrant of *Athens*, if your Party prove ſtronger than his: Judg then, I pray, in the choice of theſe two, Tyrant or Slave, it be not much better to continue a good honeſt Citizen. *Cleorante* (added he) is not the only fair one in all *Athens*: If you do but well conſider all the Miſeries which fall upon a State divided, you will find the enjoyment of *Cleorante* (who loves your Rival better than ſhe does you) will never recompence the vaſt number of Crimes which are commited during the Diſorders which you have cauſed. The truth is, Madam, *Solon*'s Arguments ſo wrought upon *Lycurgus*, as he told him, provided *Piſiſtrates* would renounce the Poſſeſſion of *Cleorante* as well as he, then he would ceaſe being his Enemy. But *Solon* knowing very well that *Piſiſtrates* would never be brought to that, he thought upon another Expedient, which was, to go unto *Megacles*, and perſwade him to make a publick Declaration, that he would never give his Daughter either unto *Piſiſtrates* or *Lycurgus*. But *Megacles* having ſome hidden Deſign, received the perſwaſions of *Solon* ſo ill, as it was eaſy to ſee he had a ſhare in the Diviſions of *Athens*; and indeed he diſcovered that it was he who was the Patron of the Maritine Rebels; but for all his diſcovery, things grew higher and higher. In the mean time *Piſiſtrates* was extreamly perplexed to find out who it was that made the third Party in *Athens*; for though *Solon* knew it, yet he told not him, conceiving better to have three revolted Factions, than one; and he uſed all his Wits to keep any two of them from joining: he could not apprehend that *Piſiſtrates* and *Lycurgus* would ever comply, becauſe Rivals will never be of one ſide; but his fear was, that *Megacles* ſhould fall into one of them; yet after better information of things, that fear was alſo frivolous, for he underſtood that though *Megacles* would, yet the Maritine People would not conſent, but forſake him: and the truth was, there was ſuch a Feud between the Maritine People, and the Plains, as they would never unite: for being a duller ſort of People than the other, and more mutinous; the Maritines have a fancy, that they are Men who hold up the Glory of *Athens*, and are able to do it by force; ſo that ſcorning the other, there can never be any good correſpondency between them; ſo that *Solon*, though not able to reunite all the City, yet had this conſolation at leaſt, that none of the three Factions could correſpond and unite with one another.

On the other ſide, *Cerinthe* ſtill put *Theocrite* upon *Lycurgus*, purpoſely to be revenged upon *Piſiſtrates*; and ſince his Gravity did better ſuit with that Imployment, than with Gallantry, his Negotiation with *Lycurgus*, better pleaſed him, than diſcourſing of his Love. Furthermore, *Philombrotus* who knew not the Secret Deſigns of *Piſiſtrates*, and who thought, that he ſtirred only in oppoſition of thoſe who diſturbed the Publick Peace; he went unto him, and offered himſelf, with all his Friends; and, to acquaint him, That *Megacles* was the Chief of the Maritine Faction; adding, That, he was ſure, they were more oppoſite unto him, than unto *Lycurgus*. You may judg Madam, how *Piſiſtrates* was ſurprized, when he underſtood by the Father of a Lady, whom he loved not, that the Father of her he did love, was the Patron of a Faction oppoſite unto his: And, what a ſtrange Combate there was in his Heart, betwixt his Love and his Ambition. At firſt he would not believe it; but, afterwards, *Philombrotus* did ſo particularize things unto him, upon his own knowledge, that he did not doubt the Truth: He hath told it ſince, that his firſt thought was, to ſacrifice his Ambition unto his Love, and to lay aſide all Faction; but when he conſidered, that his Rival's Party was puiſſant, and that it was impoſſible to joyn his Faction with that of *Megacles*; he thought it more expedient, that his Ambition ſhould ſerve his Love; and, ſo he would not contend any more with himſelf: Yet, making it a ſcruple of Generoſity, to make uſe of the Father of *Cerinthe* and his Friends, conſidering upon what terms he was with his Daughter; he did not accept of that offer which *Philombrotus* made him, nor did he flatly refuſe it, leſt he ſhould fall in with one of the either two Factions, and entreated him, to give him all Intelligence he could. But, after he was gone, *Piſiſtrates* was extreamly afraid, that *Cleorante* ſhould take it ill, when ſhe knew the truth. However, he would not tell her, that he was of a Faction contrary to *Megacles*, and *Lycurgus* both: But, to take a middle Courſe, that *Cleorante* might not be incenſed when ſhe knew the paſſages, he employed one of his Confidents, to propound unto *Megacles* an Union of their two Factions, though he knew it a thing almoſt impoſſible to be effected; but he did it only, to have ſome excuſe for himſelf, if *Cleorante* ſhould offer to accuſe him.

And indeed, this Propoſition unto *Megacles* ſerved only to make him think, that his Ambition was the only means to ſatisfie his Love: for, *Megacles* told the Man who made the Motion, That he had no Faction, nor did he think *Piſiſtrates* had any; but ſince it ſeemed he had, he would deſire him to come no more at his Houſe, becauſe he would not have it ſaid, he had any friend, who was a troubler of the Common-Wealth. You may eaſily imagine Madam, how ſad *Piſiſtrates* was, when he was debarred from ſeeing *Cleorante*, eſpecially, when meeting him at a Friend's Houſe, the next Morning after by chance; ſhe told him, That her Father had charged her not to ſee him; and asked him the reaſon of it? But, after he had acquainted her with the Propoſition he had made, and the cruel Anſwer he had received: I beſeech you Madam, (ſaid he unto her) be not ſo unjuſt as *Megacles*, and do not hate me. Certainly, I ſhall not hate you, unleſs you give me cauſe (replied ſhe,) but let me tell you, I ſhall extreamly complain againſt you, if you be an Enemy to my Father: I wiſh to the Gods, he would not bandy any Faction in *Athens*; but, ſince I cannot hinder him, I muſt conjure you not to oppoſe him. I do not deſire you ſhould unite with him; but, I deſire you, to do any thing that may preſerve Peace. Alas, Madam, (ſaid he unto her,) ſince *Lycurgus* ſtrives all he can to embroil the State, and ruine me, I know not what to ſay; all I can promiſe is, only to oppoſe my Rival without any thoughts of hurt unto *Megacles*: But withal, let me tell you, Madam, That, if Fortune do ſo imbroil things, that I cannot enjoy you, unleſs I be the Tyrant of *Athens*, I ſhall endeavour it, rather than ſuffer *Lycurgus* to enjoy you. Ah, *Piſiſtrates*, (ſaid ſhe unto him,) theſe are ſtrange Expreſſions. My caſe is ſo, (replied he) that the moſt innocent wiſh I can make, is, That I were powerful enough to be revenged upon *Lycurgus*; and, to force *Megacles* to let me love you: But, as for him, Madam, I beſeech you, fear nothing, ſo will you only leave *Lycurgus* to my revenge. I cannot allow it, replied ſhe, but content your ſelf, that I do not defend him; carry your ſelf towards my Father, as you may not drive me to the neceſſity of never ſeeing you again, and of ſeeming to hate you, though I do not; for, *Piſiſtrates*, deceive not your ſelf, but be confident, that I will never become yours, without the conſent of him, who hath moſt due to diſpoſe of me. Perhaps, I have engaged my Heart unto you a little too far, without his permiſſion; but believe it, I will not make good my faults by ſeconding them: And, though I did love you more than I ought, yet I can take up, and do ſo no more. Thus Madam, the meeting of *Piſiſtrates* and *Cleorante* paſſed. Much more had they to ſay unto one another, but ſince *Cleorante* came out, without her Mother's knowledg, they parted ſooner than they deſired, and with much ſorrow. On the other ſide, *Cerinthe* hearing, that *Philombrotus* offered to comply with the Faction of *Piſiſtrates*, ſhe was exceedingly grieved; for, ſince ſhe had much contributed by the means of *Theocrite*, to make *Lycurgus* powerful, and to animate him againſt *Piſiſtrates*; ſhe ſaw ſhe had tranſacted againſt her own Father; and conſequently, wrought her own Ruin. But, though to ſee her Father ſerve *Piſiſtrates* was very much againſt her mind; yet ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould forbid or command *Theocrite* to go on: for to tell him, he ſhould continue on as he doth, is to work her Father's and her own Ruin; and to forbid him, was to fortify the Faction of *Piſiſtrates*, or at leaſt, weaken his Enemies; ſo that ſhe was as much perplexed, as *Cleorante*, who had at leaſt ſo much ſatisfaction as to know, that ſhe had no hand in the Diſorders which were ready to break out.

Furthermore, *Theocrite* very deſirous to ruine *Piſiſtrates*, ſince thereby he was more in the Favour of *Cerinthe*, and did his Brother ſervice; yet, he began to fear, that if *Lycurgus* ever married *Cleorante*, *Piſiſtrates* would then return unto *Cerinthe*, and ſo from his Brother's Rival, he would become his. As for *Lycurgus*, all his Plots were, how to ruin his Rival. But, whileſt the Souls of all theſe were ſwelled with theſe tumultuous thoughts, I did ſometimes viſit *Euridamia*, who being cured of her weakneſs, did ſpeak of things paſt unto me, with as much ſincerity, as ſhe did of Changes preſent, with confidence. At firſt, ſhe thought, that I knew of all the Plots of *Piſiſtrates*: But afterwards, I told her ſo ſeriouſly, that I was only the confident of his Love; that ſhe believed me, and talked to me afterwards, as unto one who loved the Tranquillity of my Country; ſo we condoled together the Miſeries which we imagined it was like to fall unto. For, every one whiſpered, that ſome ſad ſtory was plotting; and, which ere long would break out: And, there was then ſuch a ſtrange diſmayedneſs in the Minds of all thoſe, who took none of theſe three Factions, that they could not endeavour the remedy of thoſe Miſeries they foreſaw. They imployed whole days in telling one another all were undone, and that Common-Wealth was ready to be ruin'd, but they went no farther: And, whileſt all the Factions did cavil with every one of their Parties, all thoſe who were of no Faction, lock'd themſelves up in their own Houſes, unleſs they went ſometimes to condole with a Friend, who was of their Opinion. As for my ſelf, ſince I ſaw *Piſiſtrates* was not willing to open his Heart unto me; and knowing *Ariſton* was the only Confident of his Ambition, as I was of his Love, I asked him no farther, nor did he impart any farther, not talking any more with me concerning *Cleorante*; becauſe, as the ſtate of Things then ſtood, he could not talk of her, but of other paſſages alſo, which he would not have me know, becauſe he knew I was an enemy to all Novelty; and had often heard me ſay, That I had rather obey a Tyrant who reigned peaceably, than begin a War to ruine him. However, *Piſiſtrates* being a Man of huge Parts, of all thoſe who ſtirred in the Common-Wealth, he ſeemed leaſt buſie; yet acted as high as any other: 'Tis true, the Grandees of each Faction had their Meetings more in the Night, than the Day; ſo that, I can aſſure you, *Piſiſtrates*, *Lycurgus*, and *Megacles*, hardly ſlept all the while.

Things ſtanding on theſe terms, *Piſiſtrates* having reſolved upon a Conference ſecretly, with ſome new Seditious Perſons, who were out of the Town, he intended, (after he had paſſed away moſt of the Night, in going from houſe to houſe, to make ſure of his Faction,) to go out of *Athens* in a Coach by break of day, and ſo he did, without any with him, but one ſervant. But, Madam, when he was about fifteen Furlongs from the Town, he was ſet upon, by four Men, againſt whom he did ſo couragiouſly defend himſelf, that they could not kill him; for they eſpied ſo many coming towards them afar off, as they durſt not ſtay it; and, ſeeing *Piſiſtrates* bleed ſo extreamly faſt, doubtleſs they thought his Wounds Mortal, though they were not. But a Country Fellow who ſaw the paſſage ſome hundred paces off, did tell me ſince, That *Piſiſtrates* did do even Miracles at that time: But, he ſeeing himſelf all bloody, and perceiving he was not dangerouſly wounded, he would, if he could, draw ſome advantage from the Misfortune: So that taking his Coach, he went back to the Town, in a fit condition to move the People, for he was bloody from top to toe. And, he came unto the Town very luckily, for there was a great Number of People gathered together in a great Place within *Athens*, which he croſſed over; all which were of his Faction. So that when *Piſiſtrates* had told the People, that his, and the Common-Wealths Enemies, had brought him unto that Condition, there began a great murmuring againſt *Lycurgus*, and *Megacles*, amongſt the People. Many of the two contrary Factions turned on *Piſiſtrates* his ſide: And the Object was ſo pitiful, and moved the Hearts of the People ſo much, that in a quarter of an hours ſpace, *Piſiſtrates* had a bundance of Men of all ſides, ready to take up Arms in his Defence. In the mean time, when he ſaw the People much moved, he went home to get himſelf dreſſed, but he was followed with a huge Herd of People, who encreaſed ſtill, every one relating the Accident according to his Fancy or Paſſion. Some ſaid, *Megacles* wounded him with his own Hands. Others ſaid, It was *Lycurgus.* And others again, that it was *Theocrites.* Yet there were ſome who ſaid, That *Piſiſtrates* blooded himſelf, only to move the People to compaſſion; but his own Party were ſo far from believing this, that they gave no faith to the witty quibble which *Solon* put upon him, when he met him in that pickle, and ſaid, That he played the part of *Ulyſſes* in *Homer* but very ill; for, you, (ſaid he) wound your ſelf, to delude your own Citizens; but he wounded himſelf, to deceive his Enemies.

But, Madam, neither *Solon*, nor any elſe, was hearkned unto; and this wiſe Law-maker did ſtrive in vain to lay the Storm; yet he did cauſe an Aſſembly at *Prituuea*, the place where they uſed to conſult upon Publick Affairs: There he alſo conſulted to ſee whether there was any Remedy againſt ſo great a Tumult: As for *Lycurgus* and *Megacles*, their care was to keep themſelves from being ſurprized, and to purge themſelves of an Act that was imputed unto them; ſo that *Megacles* was at the Pyrean Gate, in the Head of a great number of his Faction; and *Lycurgus* was by the Temple of *Minerva*, with many of his Friends. In the mean while the General Council being aſſembled, *Ariſton* who was there, ſpeaking very vehemently againſt thoſe who would have killed *Piſiſtrates*, and rehearſing all the good Services he had done for the Common-Wealth, particularly, the taking of *Megares* and *Nyſea*: He ſaid, after all this, that it was but fit that the Common-Wealth ſhould allow him a Guard for the ſafety of his Perſon: which Motion was approved of, by the major Vote; yet *Solon* did moſt eagerly oppoſe it, by Orations unto the People, with incredible vigour: yet all his Oppoſition was in vain; and the Council not having the boldneſs of *Solon*, durſt not be againſt the

People, who ſaid, *Piſiſtrates* ſhould have a Guard, and that without limiting him to any number; and indeed ſo he had that very ſame hour, and *Ariſton* made choice of them.

But, Madam, you may well imagine in what a condition *Cleorante* and *Cerinthe* were, during ſo great a Tumult: As for the firſt of them, ſhe was as much troubled as any one poſſibly could be; for one of her Women had told her, that her Father had killed *Piſiſtrates*, and that he himſelf was like to be ſerved ſo by the Friends of *Piſiſtrates*: and therefore, Madam, it may well be conceived how ſad a Perſon ſhe was, whoſe Lover was dead, who though her own Father had killed him, and was alſo in the ſame danger himſelf; yet ſhe was quickly better informed concerning *Piſiſtrates*: but ſince ſhe heard he was wounded, and knew not what would become of her Father, ſhe ſtill remained much troubled; yet ſhe could never believe that her Father would ever be a Murderer, nor did ſhe much ſuſpect *Lycurgus*: and I am verily perſwaded, that this wicked Act was done by ſome reſolute Men, whoſe Zeal to Liberty became Fury; and *Piſiſtrates* himſelf was of that Opinion.

As for *Cerinthe*, you may alſo imagine, that ſhe had many diſquieted thoughts, for ſhe knew that *Philombrotus* was gone to *Piſiſtrates*, whoſe Party ſhe was an ill-wiſher unto, tho ſhe would not have *Piſiſtrates* periſh in it. In the mean time the Wounds of *Piſiſtrates* being but ſlight, though he had loſt much Blood, he preſently appeared in Publick; but he appeared with Guards, whoſe Number did every day increaſe; and hearing that *Lycurgus* and *Megacles* were treating together, and perhaps would unite, and make him loſe at once both that Sovereign Authority unto which he aſpired, and *Cleorante* alſo, he prevented them, by ſeizing upon a Caſtle which commanded all the Town.

But, Madam, ſince he thought no leſs of being *Cleorante*'s Maſter, as Maſter of *Athens*, he gave order, that as ſoon as ever he was in the Caſtle, ſome Men ſhould go into the Houſe of *Megacles*, and ſeize upon his Miſtreſs, with her Mother. But *Erophile* and *Cleorante* being quicker in their Courſes than the Men who had that Order, they were not to be found; for *Megacles* no ſooner heard that *Piſiſtrates* had ſeized upon the Caſtle, and that all his Friends were up in Arms, but he thought of flying, and ſent in all haſte to his Wife and Daughter to come unto the Pyrean Port, where then he was, yet ſhe did not obey him; for the Tumult was ſo great in the Town, that her Coach could not paſs, and therefore ſhe reſolved to take Sanctuary in the Temple of *Minerva*, where ſhe might be ſafe, and where ſhe and *Cleorante* ſtaid amongſt the Nuns; And indeed there ſhe was received with *Cleorante*, and ſhe ſent to acquaint *Megacles* with her Reſolution, ſo that ſince he could do no otherwiſe, he retired. *Lycurgus*, for his part, he hearing that his Rival was Maſter of *Athens*, went to the Houſe of *Megacles* to ſeize upon *Cleorante*; but not finding her there, he was grieved to the Soul that his Miſtreſs was in his Rival's Power: And *Theocrites* was no leſs, ſince he was to be abſent from *Cerinthe* by his going out of *Athens*. However, both *Lycurgus* and he had no other courſe to take, but to retire, for the Tumult was ſo great through all the Town, as never was the like known; all the Men who were of the oppoſite Parties did fly with equal haſte; thoſe of the victorious Party ſeized upon all the Publick Places; and all the Citizens, who loved Peace, did ſhut themſelves up in their own Houſes, and durſt not oppoſe the loſs of their Liberty: Yet *Solon*, in the heat of this great Tumult, went into the Streets, exhorting the People to take up Arms, and prevent their Slavery, and ſhake off the Yoke which would be impoſed upon them. He chid them for their baſe tameneſs of Spirit, and neglected no Argument which might move them to oppoſe *Piſiſtrates*; but all was in vain, for the People were more willing to enter into Fetters, than take up Arms for their Liberty. So that after this *Solon* went home, and told all he met, that after all his Endeavours, he had gotten this ſatisfaction at the leaſt, that he was the laſt Man that would enter into the *Athenian* Slavery.

ry. Some of his Friends adviſed him to fly, but he would not, ſaying, he could never ſerve his Country in flying, but might happily by ſtaying.

In the mean time, though *Piſiſtrates* might well have reſted ſatisfied with ſeeing his Rival fly, and all his Enemies out of *Athens*, yet for two days he thought himſelf very miſerable; for he thought *Megacles* or *Lycurgus* had carried *Cleorante* with them: but at laſt having diſcovered that ſhe was in the Temple of *Minerva*, he went to viſit her, as ſoon as he had taken all neceſſary Orders for the Security of *Athens*; and to let her ſee, that though he had uſurped Sovereign Authority, yet he did not intend that his Government ſhould be Tyrannical; and he ſent to ask Permiſſion to ſee *Erophile* and *Cleorante*, as if he had been only a ſimple Citizen: Alſo he ſent unto *Solon*, and aſſured him, that the Alteration of Government ſhould not change any of thoſe Laws he had made, but that he would be the firſt who would obſerve them. But, Sir, *Solon* anſwered *Piſiſtrates* ſo generouſly and ſharply both, that one of his Friends ſaid, he did himſelf wrong in ſpeaking as he did; for, truly, ſaid his Friend, what do you truſt in, that you ſhould ſpeak ſo boldly? In my Age (anſwered he) for I have ſo ſhort a time to live, that I hazard little in hazarding it; and I ſhould loſe much more if I ſhould loſe my Honour, by flattering my old Friend in his humour of Tyranny.

In the mean time Piſiſtrates being then in a condicition not to be denied any thing, the Governeſs of the Nuns, in the Temple of *Minerva*, conſented to his Requeſt: 'Tis true, he ſaw none but *Cleorante*, for *Erophile* was not well. At firſt *Cleorante* made ſome ſcruple at ſeeing *Piſiſtrates*, but her Mother commanding her, to the end ſhe might ſpeak for her Father, ſhe willingly obeyed. To give you an exact Account of all theſe two ſaid, Madam, is more than I can do; for they ſaid ſo much, that I believe themſelves would have a hard task to remember all; yet I underſtood that *Cleorante* received him very faintly; ſhe chid him for his Ambition, and ſaid, had he been more in Love, he would have been leſs Ambitious. Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you do not well underſtand things if you believe all you ſpeak, for, truly, though I was weary of obeying ſo many bad Commanders, yet I do proteſt, if *Lycurgus* had not made any Attempts, I had reſted in quiet: But, Madam, when I ſaw my ſelf in a condition to loſe you, and to become a Slave to my Rival, it was time to fly unto the laſt Refuge. Moreover, Madam, It was not long of me that *Megacles* ſtaid not in *Athens*, for I uſed all means poſſible to comply with him; and had I not known that he fell in Treaty with *Lycurgus*, and that you were to be the Hoſtage in the hand of my Enemy, *Athens* had yet been in the unhappy condition of being governed by a rude Multitude. However it be, ſaid *Cleorante*, my Father is exiled *Athens*, he ſpeaks of you as his Enemy, and looks upon you as a Man who hath ruined the Liberty of his Country; therefore, without further examination of the Matter, I require three things from you: Firſt, Not to attribute what you have done unto that Affection you had unto me: The ſecond, To let my Mother and me go out of *Athens* unto my Father: And the third, To content your ſelf with driving out your Enemies, and not to take away the Liberty of the *Athenians*. I ſhall think my ſelf exceedingly miſerable to deny you any thing, Madam, (anſwered he) but truly ſo it is, I cannot conſent unto any of theſe; for truly I cannot, without a groſs Lie, ſay, that it was my Ambition more than Love which made me Maſter of *Athens*; nor can I permit you to go out, ſince then you would certainly fall under the Power of my Rival, with whom *Megacles* hath doubtleſs concluded the Treaty which he began; nor can I put my ſelf out of that Authority which the Gods have put into my Hands, ſince there is my only hope of moving *Megacles* to conſent unto my happineſs, in letting you be the partaker of it: So, Madam, though I had no Ambition, and though I were not perſwaded as I am, that the alteration of Government is advantagious unto the *Athenians*, yet my

Love only is enough to deſire things ſhould be as they are: for, to be ſerious, I had rather be the Tyrant of *Athens*, than to loſe my hopes of enjoying you, or to ſee you in poſſeſſion of my Rival. But to teſtify, that my Love tranſcends my Ambition, ſince you are ſo zealous for the *Athenian* Liberty, I am ready to go out of it, upon condition it may be with you. Yes, Madam, after I have made my ſelf Maſter of the moſt famous City in all *Greece*: After I have driven out all my Enemies, and put my ſelf in a condition to make all the *Athenians* happy in governing them better than they were before: yet I will forſake all, provided you will follow my Fortune, and let us live together in ſome *Aſian* Kingdom: for, I confeſs, Madam, I have ſuch an averſion againſt all divided Authority, that I had rather be the Slave of a Great King, than to be the greateſt Citizen in any Common-Wealth: and therefore, Madam, it reſts only upon you, what I muſt reſolve upon. The Remedy which you propoſe, replied ſhe, being worſe than the Diſeaſe I deſire to cure, I will not accept of it, for, thanks be to God, I have no hand, either in my Father's Miſery, or in any of your Actions: But I ſhould have a great ſhare in them all, if I ſhould follow your Fortune, without the conſent of thoſe who have a right to diſpoſe of me.

In the mean time, I have a great deal of reaſon to complain againſt you, for denying me every thing I ask. Ask me any thing, replied he, which will not hazard the loſing of you; and if I do deny it, be it what it will, hold me for the baſeſt of all Men living: But, Madam, if it do not conduce to the keeping of you, I cannot hearken unto it. Moreover, I beſeech you, Madam, let not this Title of Tyrant, which my Enemies have aſperſed upon me, hinder you from thinking me worthy the being your Slave, promiſing you to uſe all my endeavours to bring *Megacles* unto *Athens*: And I will ask no other Condition, but his conſent unto my Happineſs.

After this, *Cleorante* uſed all her Arguments to perſwade *Piſiſtrates*, not only as the Daughter of *Megacles*, but as a

Citizen of *Athens*. But the Love and Ambition of *Piſiſtrates* being in that Buſineſs inſeparable, ſhe could obtain no farther of him, but Liberty to ſtay where ſhe was, until *Megacles* changed his Mind. But when *Piſiſtrates* afterwards asked leave to ſee her every day, ſhe denied him, and ſaid, ſhe would not bring her ſelf into ſuſpicion of knowing his Deſigns: And indeed ſhe was in ſo good earneſt, that as much a Maſter of *Athens* as he was, obey her he muſt; but as it was with an ill will, yet ſince he feared nothing ſo much as to diſpleaſe her, he contented himſelf with hearing from her every day: And indeed *Piſiſtrates* and *Cleorante*, did carry themſelves ſo prudently in their Affections, that the general Voice of all *Greece* did not attribute any Love unto the Uſurpation of *Piſiſtrates*, nor unto the Hatred between *Lycurgus* and him.

In the mean time, this new Soveraign of *Athens* behaved himſelf with ſo much moderation, as if he had never deſired any Soveraign Authority, but only to make the Laws of *Solon* better obſerved, and to render Juſtice unto all according to their Demerits. *Solon* alſo went often to viſit this great Man; and he confeſſed, he wanted nothing but the being born the Son of a King, to have made him one of the greateſt Princes in the World. And *Solon* afterwards ſaid, that if the People of *Athens* could but forget that they had been long without a Maſter, they might be the happieſt People upon Earth.

Piſiſtrates ſo carried the Matter, that *Solon* after aſſiſted him with his Counſels; and an Accident fell out, which made *Piſiſtrates* voluntarily ſubmit to be puniſhed for infringing one of his Laws.

In the mean time he remembred the Eſteem which he ever had of *Cerinthe* and *Euridamia*, and highly favoured all thoſe of that Family. On the other ſide, *Megacles* and *Lycurgus* united themſelves together, and ſo carried the Matter by Bribes, that one Night one of the Gates ſhould be delivered up unto him. After which they ſurpriſed the Caſtle, and forced *Piſiſtrates* to go out of *Athens*, though he did as much as any brave and valiant Man could. Thus the Conquered became Conquerors, and the Conqueror was the moſt miſerable Man in the World: 'Tis true, his Rival was not ſo happy as he hoped; for as *Megacles* did intend to call for his Wife and Daughter out of the Temple of *Minerva*, purpoſely to marry *Cleorante* the next day unto *Lycurgus*. *Cleorante*, with her Mother's leave, (who hated *Lycurgus*, and loved *Piſiſtrates*) claimed the Priviledg of the Temple, which is a place inviolable for all thoſe who retire thither. And *Cleorante* ſent her Father word, ſhe was reſolved to ſtay there. Many Men thought that *Megacles* conſented to it, and would never have promiſed his Daughter unto *Lycurgus*, but becauſe he ſtood in need of him. But however it was, *Lycurgus* might complain as long as he would, and preſs *Megacles* to keep his Word; yet *Cleorante* would ſtay in the Temple.

In the mean time, *Theocrite* went to *Cerinthe*, and asked a Recompence for having brought her Deſigns ſo well to paſs; but ſince the Diſorders of *Athens* did not pleaſe her, ſhe entertained him as coldly, as if he had not done what ſhe had deſired him. On the other ſide, *Megacles* and *Lycurgus* did ſo ill agree together, and their Government was ſo Tyrannical, that they horribly hated each other, and ſo did all the People, in ſo much as all the People ſaid aloud, That if they muſt obey any one, it ſhould be *Piſiſtrates*, and repented of the Change. *Megacles* hearing this, and being advertiſed that *Lycurgus* intended to take *Cleorante* out of the Temple, and that he intended to get *Piſiſtrates* baniſhed for ever, and to render the Ancient Liberty to the *Athenians*, he was almoſt at his Wits end.

On the other ſide; Being retired with a great number of his Friends about *Athens*, he was in a deſperate Condition; yet he was much comforted by the Reſolution which *Cleorante* had taken: but for all that, he was as much perplexed as any ambitious Lover could be when all ſucceeds ill. For my part, I being ſick during the time of theſe Diſorders, I was of no Side, but reſted in quietneſs to ſee how Fortune would decide ſo great a Difference. In the mean time, not a day paſſed, but ſome quarrel, or ſome diſorder or other happened in ſome quarter of *Athens*; for beſides the Inclination of the divided People thereunto, certainly the Friends of *Piſiſtrates* did much contribute to them: For my part, I underſtood that *Ariſton* came diſguiſed into *Athens*, and cauſed many Commotions, in one of which *Theocrite* was killed; but it was very obſervable, that *Cerinthe* was ſo little grieved at it, that when *Euridamia* came to comfort her, ſhe cruelly ſaid, that ſhe was glad of it, for ſhe gained more by his Death in loſing his Viſits, than ſhe did loſe by loſing his Affection.

But diſorders encreaſed every day; *Megacles* and *Lycurgus* jarred more and more, and all things were in ſuch a pittiful condition, as every one had great Fears that the Town would be Cantoned, and the People fall to kill one another. In the interim, *Erophile* who wiſhed with all her Heart that her Daughter were married unto *Piſiſtrates*, did not loſe the leaſt opportunity to effect it, and perſwaded her Husband to comply with him. *Megacles* having no other ſide to take, conſidering the ſtate of his Affairs with *Lycurgus*, he complied with her deſires more eaſily than ſhe imagined; for *Megacles* knew, that though he ſhould force his Daughter to marry *Lycurgus*, yet he could never endure he ſhould ever raign in prejudice of himſelf; nor was he ignorant, that being deſcended from *Alemeon*, whom the Athenians never loved, it would be a hard matter for him to raign, conſidering the ſtate of things. In the mean time, ſince he knew how to recant from that extream averſion which he ſeemed to have againſt *Piſiſtrates*: Some ſaid, that to have a colour for it, he gave out that *Minerva* had inſpired him with ſuch a thought, and in order to that, he hired a huge big Woman, who was very fair, to dreſs her ſelf like unto *Minerva*, and to ſit in a gilded Chair ſome few Furlongs from *Athens*, that afterwards ſhe ſhould come unto the Walls at Sun-riſe, which is the time that moſt People uſe to go and come out of the Town,and that four Trumpets going before her Chariot, ſhe ſhould tell every one that ſhe was *Minerva*, and that ſhe commanded all the Athenians to receive *Piſiſtrates*, and obey him. However it were, or whether this were true or no, yet it is moſt certain, Madam, that a great talk went one Morning about the Town, that *Minerva* had appeared unto many Athenians, and had commanded them to receive *Piſiſtrates*, and obey him: *Megacles* himſelf ſaid ſhe had appeared unto him as well as unto others. This Fancy working upon the Spirits of People more than Reaſon could, it united the People of the Plain, them of the Mountains, and them of the Maritine Places all-together; ſo that then all the People asked for *Piſiſtrates*, and thoſe who ſome days before called him Tyrant, and had baniſhed him as ſuch an one, did now look upon him as a Legitimate Prince, ordained by *Minerva*. In the mean time *Megacles* ſent to treat with *Piſiſtrates*, though *Lycurgus* oppoſed him, and the very ſame day that *Piſiſtrates* entred into *Athens* in triumph, his Rival went out at another Gate, and he was received with ſo many Acclamations of the People, and ſuch Joy, as I could not chuſe but admire at the lightneſs of Men. But to compleat his Happineſs, he became both at one time the Lord of *Athens*, and Poſſeſſor of *Cleorante*, whom the next day he married with much Satisfaction, and within eight days he ſetled *Athens* in ſuch a quiet condition, as a Stranger newly come could never believe it was in ſuch a pittiful condition as before it was; nothing was to be ſeen but Feaſts and Thankſgivings: all the diſcourſe of the Town was upon the Generoſity, Liberality and Goodneſs of *Piſiſtrates*, for he was an Honourer of all the Arts, and of them who practiſed them: He founded a huge Library at *Athens*; he gathered together the Books of *Homer*, which time had a little diſordered: He married *Cerinthe* unto *Ariſton*, who was fallen in love with her, and *Euridamia* unto a Couſin of *Cerinthe*'s, ſo that all the diſorders which his Love and Ambition had cauſed, being appeaſed, *Athens* was more quiet than ever, and *Piſiſtrates* the happieſt Man in the World; eſpecially in that his greateſt Enemies confeſſed, that he did deſerve his Happineſs.

Silamis having ended his Story, he was highly applauded by all his Hearers: After which, they diſcourſed upon the inconſtancy of things, and the lightneſs of the People, who never ſpeak of their own Minds, which always depends more upon the Opinions of others than their own, or elſe more upon their giddy Fancies, than upon right Reaſon. But ſince it was late, and ſince *Cyrus* intended to take his leave of *Ariminta* before he returned to the Camp, he left *Oneſile*, and went to the Queen of *Pontus*, where he found *Anacharſis* charmed with the Solidity of her wit, to whom *Cyrus* alſo bad adieu very quickly, becauſe his Love required that he ſhould go in all haſte, to give Orders requiſite for the March of his Army. Yet he left her not before he had ſome diſcourſe concerning *Spitridates*, and concerning *Mandana*, which ſo much took up his Mind, that he never wanted matter to talk of: However, *Silamis* being brave and gallant, he left *Oneſile* and followed *Cyrus*, who ſeemed much obliged unto him, for ſtrengthning his Army with ſo brave an accompliſhed Man as himſelf.

But this Prince was no ſooner come to his Tent, than *Hidaſpes* entred as *Gobrias* was with him. As ſoon as *Cyrus* ſaw him, he wondred where he had been, and at his long abſence, for ſaid he unto him, I was ſtrangely amazed to ſee the King of *Aſſyria* without you, when after you had delivered him, he came unto me at the Tomb of *Abradates*, and told me he knew not what was become of you; and therefore you muſt acquaint me with all Paſſages. Sir, replied *Hidaſpes*, I ſhall ſay nothing of what I did with *Arſamones*, nor of the ſurpriſal of the Caſtle where the King of *Aſſyria* was kept, for I do believe you are not ignorant of them. But give me leave to tell you, that after this Prince was delivered, and we going towards *Cumes* where we thought you were, and coming upon the Frontiers of *Galatia*, we went through a Wood before it was day, for the King of *Aſſyria*'s impatience, cauſed him to ſet out above three hours before *Aurora* appeared: So that wandering in this Wood which was very thick, when the Sun roſe, I was all alone by my ſelf; and I had not gone above a thouſand Spaces, but I heard a noiſe on my right Hand; imediately after I ſaw two Women, one ſeeming to be Miſtreſs unto the other, in whoſe Face much Fear and Grief appeared; ſo that going gently towards them, I ſaluted them as civilly as I could, intending to ask them, whether they ſtood in any need of my help. But, Sir, this fair lamenting Lady, gave me no time to do it; for knowing me, ſhe ſpoke firſt, and asked help; as ſoon as ſhe ſpoke, her Voice made me know her much better than my own Eyes. So that then knowing her to be the fair *Arpaſia*, Daughter to the wiſe *Gobrias*, before whom I ſpeak, I lighted haſtily from my Horſe, and went to her with all due Reſpects: How (ſaid *Gobrias*, and could not forbear) did you find my Daughter in the Wood, whom I left in a Caſtle with an Aunt, who hath lately writ unto me, that *Arpaſia* was with her? Is *Arpaſia* (ſaid *Cyrus*) that Daughter whom I found with *Gobrias*, at the beginning of the *Aſſyrian* War, who I thought to be one of the greateſt Beauties in the World? Yes, Sir, (replied *Hidaſpes*) the very ſame you mean, who no ſooner ſaw me light from my Horſe, but ſhe acquainted me in ſhort, that ſhe had been carried away by one called *Aſtidamas*, who being purſued by his Rival which had fallen upon him, was forced to leave her under a Tree with her Woman. And whilſt they fought with extream Animoſity, ſhe got into the thick of the Wood unſeen, and happily ſhe found a Cave into which ſhe entred, and ſtayed a whole Day and Night there, during all which time, ſhe ſtill heard a noiſe: But never any ſtir ſince the Sun did riſe, fearing leſt ſome wild Beaſts and Famine ſhould force them out; they came to the high-Way-ſide where I was, and covered themſelves with Leaves, waiting till any came whom they thought would help them, and they thanked the Gods for ſending me thither.

Is it poſſible (ſaid *Gobrias*) that *Aſtidamas* ſhould carry away my Daughter, the Son of my Siſter-in-law, who hath a million of Obligations upon him? and who could never commit ſuch an act, unleſs he were the moſt ungrateful and baſeſt Man in the World? Yes, Sir, (anſwered *Hidaſpes*) but he is puniſhed for his Crime, by another who is no leſs innocent than himſelf, for he was killed by a Man of good Rank, named *Licander*, with whom he was fighting, when the fair *Arpaſia* got into the Wood; yet ſhe was ignorant of his Death till after ſhe ſpoke with me, but came to know it preſently after; for being in a ſtrange Amazement to imagine how I could ſecure her Perſon, being alone, and having but one Horſe; as good luck was, as I was talking with her, an empty Coach came by, and talking with the Coachman, I underſtood that it belonged to a Lady of Quality, who had lent it unto one of her Friends, and was returning back, and that this Ladies Houſe was not above fifteen Furlongs diſtant from the place; ſo that without more ado, I deſired *Arpaſia* to go into the Coach with her Woman, and to entreat a Lodging with the Lady who owed it, until ſome courſe was reſolved upon. Since no better courſe could be thought upon, ſhe willingly conſented, and I promiſed ſuch recompence to the Coachman, as he was very glad of the Employment: So, the fair *Arpaſia* went into the Coach, and I promiſed her to die, rather than ſhe ſhould receive any wrong. But, Sir, after we had gone three or four Furlongs, we ſaw five or ſix dead Men, and amongſt them *Aſtidamas*. The fair and ſad *Arpaſia* grew pale at the ſight, who turning her Head aſide from this ſad Spectacle, ſhe told me that her Raviſher was amongſt thoſe dead Men: Since he is dead (ſaid I unto her) you need not fear him. Alas *Hidaſpes* (cryed ſhe) though *Aſtidamas* be dead, yet all my Enemies are not. And indeed, Sir, ſhe had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but a very handſom Man, followed by four others coming out of a thick Wood, no ſooner ſaw her, but coming up to the Coach: Why, Madam, ſaid he unto her, do you ſhun your Deliverer? If you will merit that name, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) let me paſs under the conduct of *Hidaſpes*, and follow me no farther; for truly *Licander*, I would not be under your Power. Since I have been a long time under yours, Madam, (replied he) you have no reaſon to fear me, but may well permit me to be your Guard: And indeed, Madam, (added he, and looked fiercely upon me) I am reſolved that a *Perſian* ſhall not rob me of that Glory, nor will I let the King of *Aſſyria*'s Conqueror obtain that Honour which you have denied me, ſince I have at this preſent more right unto it than he. Since all the King of *Aſſyria*'s Subjects (ſaid I unto him) are only Slaves unto the Prince whom I ſerve, you have no right unto the Daughter of the valiant *Gobrias*, who is at this time under his Protection: and therefore I muſt tell you, that I will not leave her, until I have conducted her unto the place where ſhe deſires to go.

Since you are ſingle, ſaid he unto me, and I have Company, I know not how to anſwer you; but I am ſure you ſhall not follow me long. If the fair *Arpaſia* do not not forbid me (replied I) I will follow you as long you follow her: At theſe words *Arpaſia* being ſo good, as to fear leſt he ſhould make uſe of the Advantage he had of me, and fearing alſo to fall under his Power; ſhe began to uſe all her Rhetorick to perſwade him unto her Deſires, but all in vain. So that coming to a part of the Wood, where were ſeveral ways, *Licander* would needs force the Coachman to drive the way he deſired, and not that way which went to his Ladies Houſe. And not being able to ſuffer the violence which this unjuſt Lover offered unto the fair *Arpaſia*, though I foreſaw my certain ruin, yet I drew my Sword, and went ſtraight to *Licander*, whom I ſlightly hurt in the left Arm the firſt thruſt I made. *Licander* ſtanding in a poſture of Defence, did very gallantly charge his Man to ſtand ſtill, ſaying he himſelf would conquer me. But, Sir, he was ſo ill obeyed, that for all his charge, they fell all upon me at once; yet I was ſo happy and quick, that in charging through them, I wounded one ſo dangerouſly, that he fell amongſt our Horſes feet; but yet I had three upon me, and *Licander* ſeeing one of his fallen, did not charge his Men then from falling upon me; all I was able to do, was to wound another of my Enemies, for whilſt I was making at a third, *Licander* gave me ſuch a blow, that I fell down as dead: After which I could only hear the Cries of the fair *Arpaſia*, and could not ſee any farther of the Paſſages; yet I underſtand ſince, that *Licander* forced the Coachman to drive the way he deſired. In the mean time, my loſs of Blood, and my Sorrow was ſuch, that I was not able to relieve *Arpaſia*, that it made me inſenſible; and I returned not to my ſelf, till ſome Shepherds finding me in that pittiful Condition, carried me unto that Ladies Houſe, unto whom the Coach belonged. She being a Woman of great Virtue, ſhe had a great care of me. But my Mind running moſt upon *Arpaſia*, after I had thanked her for her favours, I told her in ſhort all the paſſages, acquainting her with the quality and merit of *Arpaſia*, and deſired her to ſend ſome of her Servants and relieve her if poſſible; or if ſhe had not upon a ſudden Men enough to do it, yet at leaſt to ſend one to follow them, and know the place where the Raviſher carried her, confeſſing ingenuouſly to you, that I had then no thoughts of the *Aſſyrian* King. But, Sir, this Lady not being able to ſatisfy my firſt deſire, yet ſhe did the ſecond, and immediately made choice of a witty and bold Fellow, whom I informed which way the Coach took, and ſo away he went with Intentions to follow, till he had lodged them in ſome place where they were likely to ſtay. After this, Sir, I ſuffered incredible Miſeries, for my Wounds being very great, and being in a place where the Chirurgeons were not very good, I was in a hundred dangers of Death; yet I ſent unto you, Sir, but ſince you have not received my Excuſes why I did not follow the King of *Aſſyria*, certainly ſome Accidents have befallen the Meſſengers I imployed. But yet (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) do you know no more concerning *Arpaſia?* And have you no

Intelligence (added *Gobrias*) of the place where *Licander* carried her? Yes, Sir, replied *Hidaſpes*, for the Man whom the Lady ſent after them, did play his part ſo well and cunningly, that he got himſelf ſome days into the ſervice of *Licander:* But to be ſhort, the Man returned, and I underſtand by him, that *Licander* being heretofore acquainted with the Prince *Atergatis* in *Aſſyria*, had at firſt a deſign to chuſe the Court of *Arſamones* for his retreat, becauſe *Atergatis* was there, but hearing that there were ſome diſorders about the King of *Aſſyria*'s Liberty, he altered his Mind, and embarqued on the *Euxine* Sea, when the Tempeſt did caſt him upon *Colchides*, where he ſtayed, and where he ſaid he would ſtay a long while; alſo the fair *Arpaſia* falling ſick, it was unlikely he could ſtir though he would. So, Sir, hearing this, and ſince I had ſome hopes of being able ere long to ride on Horſe-back; alſo preſently after hearing of the Princeſs *Mandana*'s carrying away, and of the King of *Aſſyria*'s Death, and alſo of your March towards the Maſſagettes, I confeſs my Deſign was to go towards the place where *Arpaſia* was, to ſee if I could get her out of *Licander*'s Hands, knowing, Sir, that to do any ſervice unto thoſe you loved, was to do ſervice unto your ſelf: But when I came there, I heard to my ſorrow, that *Licander* reſolved to go unto *Thomiris*, and paſs over *Araxis*, and indeed I followed him as far as I could, unleſs I would be taken by the Enemy, and until I ſaw there was no hopes of delivering *Arpaſia*, but by delivering the Princeſs *Mandana*; for I underſtand ſince, that *Licander* and *Arpaſia*, are now with *Thomiris*. I am very glad, replied *Gobrias*, that there is any hopes my Daughter may be delivered by the Conqueror of *Aſia*. I aſſure you, anſwered *Cyrus*, that I look upon this Advantage as one of the ſweeteſt Fruits of my Victory if I get it; and next after the Liberty of *Mandana*, *Arpaſia*'s ſhall be my greateſt Joy. In ſaying ſo, *Cyrus* obſerved *Hidaſpes*, and remembring that he had heretofore ſuſpected him of being in love with that fair one, he thought now that he was not then miſtaken,

ken, for he thought that it was more than only Generoſity which made him ſo zealous; yet he had no leiſure to make any Reflection thereupon, for having many Emiſſaries abroad, and Spies amongſt the Enemies, one of them returned and acquainted him, that the Army of *Thomiris* did daily encreaſe, that *Terez* an old experienced Souldier was there, though very lame of his old Wounds; that *Octomaſades* was come up with thoſe Troops which the Prince of the Callipides permitted him to levy in his Country, when his deſign was to make *Ariantes* King of the *Iſſedons*: And now ſince *Ariantes* had made his Peace, he brought them for the Service of that Queen: He further told him, that *Agatherſes* came to him with a huge Aid from *Iſſedon*; that the Scythian Kingdoms had alſo ſent in very gallant Regiments, and that *Aripithes* came up with an Army the more conſiderable, becauſe the *Sauromites* were a warlike People: But the worſt of all was, *Ariantes* was ſooner ſound of his Wounds than was hoped, and in all likelihood, the Fort of *Sauromates* would be ſooner ſet upon than *Cyrus* could hinder them; and indeed the very next Morning he had certain Information that the Enemy began the Siege; alſo he received Intelligence at the ſame time out of the Frontiers of *Media*, that *Ciaxares* was dead: though this news did extreamly trouble him, yet he thought it of ſuch importance, as not to divulge it, leſt it ſhould damp the Courage of his Souldiers, ſo that he ſhut up all his Sorrows in his own Breaſt: In the mean time he took order for every thing, and deſired *Anacharſis* to ſtay with the Queen of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs of *Armenia*, to the end if he had any need of him, he might ſend thither to him: But *Cyrus* knowing very well that bold Reſolutions ought to be taken up with very few, he conferred only with *Mazares*, and opening his Heart unto him, and told him that though he did not call a Councel of War, yet he was reſolved to give Battle; ſo that *Mazares* being of his opinion, and deſiring no more but to know more certainly the Paſſes which *Cyrus* had not viewed, becauſe his meeting with *Thomiris* hindred him to go far enough into the Wood: This Prince reſolved to march as if the Deſign only were to relieve the Fort of *Sauromates*, and that in the mean time *Mazares* ſhould march on with ſome Troops, not only to view the Paſſes, but alſo relieve the Place if he could, and enable *Feraulas* to hold his Enemies in play awhile; and in order to this, the day following, the whole Army of *Cyrus* began to march, as if only to relieve the Fort of *Sauromates*, which truly was a difficult Buſineſs, becauſe this Fort, though near a Forreſt, yet ſtood in the midſt of a Plain, invironed with Wood, ſo rugged and boggy, that it was impoſſible any ways to avoid theſe long narrow Paſſes: 'Tis true, that ſide towards *Araxes* the Wood was not above twelve or fourteen Furlongs through, but after a very narrow and difficult Paſs, it did inceſſantly enlarge it ſelf, and one might diſcover the Plain, yet this way was very naught, for the Plain being all Boggs, by reaſon of abundance of Waters which flow from ſeveral Parts, it was impoſſible to march in Ranks, and would be very difficult to paſs by Files; it is true, in coming near to the Fort, all theſe Difficulties ceaſe, for the place is more ſandy and dry, and there was room enough to draw up two great Armies into Battalia. In the mean while *Mazares* following the Reſolutions which *Cyrus* and he had taken, he marched ſo haſtily with his commanded Party, that the Prince *Ariantes* was but new ſet down before the Fort of the *Sauromates*, when he came to the beginning of the Wood. Now did the Prince call into his Heart the Love of Glory, and the Love of *Mandana*, and reſolved to carry in Relief to the place, to the end *Feraulus* might hold his Enemies in play, till *Cyrus* forced them either to fight or retreat; yet ſometimes when he thought that the happy ſucceſs of the Enterprize would reflect more upon his Rival than himſelf, and that Victory would make him the Poſſeſſor of *Mandana*, he would give a ſtop unto his Horſe and go ſoftly; but thinking better upon it, and his Vertue ſurmounting his Love, he recollected himſelf, and by extraortraordinary haſte regained the time which that ſpark of Jealouſy cauſed him to loſe; and indeed he did that which almoſt none other but himſelf could do, and he was no ſooner come unto the entry of the Wood, but he drew a hundred and fifty Horſe out of that little Party which he commanded, and appointed them to get into the Fort, and in order to that, he commanded them to go on the back ſide of the Wood, that they might be unſeen, and expreſly forbad them to attempt getting in, until they heard him give a hot alarum to the Enemies Camp with all his Troops, and then to take that time to get into the Fort if they could; and indeed *Mazares* did ſo happily paſs the narrow Way which the Enemy could not have time yet to guard, that in the midſt of the Night he fell upon the main guard of the Maſſagettes, and ſo ſharply, that he drove them as far as their Camp, where the Alarum was ſo high and general, that the hundred and fifty Horſe in ambuſh, did eaſily get into the Fort. 'Tis true, there was a ſmall guard of Maſſagettes which did oppoſe them, but they eaſily forced through them, and into the place, into the which they entred without the loſs of one Man. In the mean while, aſſoon as *Mazares* underſtood by the ſignal, which the Fort of *Sauromates* made, according to Appointment betwixt them, that the Relief was entred, he began to think of making his Retreat, and the ſooner becauſe he knew that all the Cavalry of *Thomiris*'s Camp were in Arms: Doubtleſs this retreat vas very difficult to be made, and certainly had been full of danger, if *Mazares* had not made extraordinary haſte; but in retreating, Day beginning to break, he obſerved the importance of the Paſſage, and moſt prudently judged, that upon this difficult Paſſage, did depend the good or bad Succeſs of the War. Thus the deſign of *Mazares* being happily executed, as it was boldly attempted, he went to give *Cyrus* an accompt, who received him with a thouſand Welcomes, commending him as highly for what he had done, as it was poſſible one Rival could commend another, as (maugre all his Power) *Mazares* was unto him: But after *Mazares* had given him an account of his Actions, *Cyrus* acquainted him, how ſince his departure he underſtood, that *Thomiris* had left *Mandana* in the Tents-Royal with a very ſtrong Guard; that the Princeſs of *Bithynia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina* had liberty to ſee her; that *Thomiris* was come into the Army; that *Ariantes* commanded under her Orders; that the valiant and wiſe *Terez* (as ill as he was of his Wounds which he received in the Battel which *Agatherſes* heretofore got againſt *Ariantes*) was Lieutenant-General of this Army; that all the flower of Bravery amongſt all the *Maſſagettes* and experienced Officers were there, and were hugely numerous: He told him farther, that *Ariantes* had divided his Troops into ſix quarters round about the Fort of *Sauromates*, that he had placed his greateſt ſtrength on that ſide toward *Araxes*, and that he never offered to draw any Lines, or caſt up any Ditches about the Fort, becauſe he hoped he ſhould carry it in a ſhort time: He told him that *Ariantes* had placed his Courts of Guard very judiciouſly, as he might judg by that which he found at the advenue of the narrow Paſſage towards *Araxes*; adding that this Prince had ſo well ordered his Sentinels and Scouts, that it was impoſſible to enter into the Plain which was compaſſed about with a Wood, but he would be acquainted with it.

But, after *Cyrus* had told *Mazares* all he knew, he added, that without more ado, he abſolutely muſt give Battel: And indeed, calling a Council of War that very hour, he told all the Officers of his Army, what *Mazares* had done, and what farther he knew; telling them afterwards, That he was abſolutely reſolved, to Relieve the Fort of *Sauromates*: And, to that end, he thought it abſolutely neceſſary, to advance in all haſte unto that Paſs, by which they muſt go unto their Enemies: For, truly ſaid he unto them, If the *Maſſagettes* ſhould attempt to defend it, they will be forced to unfurniſh their Quarters, and by conſequence, leave us one paſſage free to relieve the Fort; and if they do let us paſs without fighting us, we ſhall then get into the Plain without any difficulty; and, ſhall be able to give Battel upon equal terms and advantages. Alſo, (added he, to bring them to his Opinion,) though we ſhould not then think it convenient to give Battel, yet we ought to do as I ſay, ſince thereby we ſhall be ſtill gaining ſeveral Quarters, and fortifying them, and thereby force the Enemy to change theirs, and leave us ſome paſſage to relieve the Fort. After this, *Cyrus* to bring them more eaſily to his mind, acquainted them, with the Intelligence he had received, concerning the Death of *Ciaxares*: Adding, That this ſad News, was a great reaſon to induce them unto a quick diſpatch of the buſineſs; for truly, (ſaid he, with an admirable grace,) his Death, if it be poſſible, ought not to be known unto our Souldiers, but upon the Place of Combat, after the Victory is gotten; at leaſt, I am ſure, we muſt not ſuffer the Fort of *Sauromates* to be taken in ſight of our Army; but rather, hazard Periſhing, than receive ſuch an Affront, and retard the Liberty of *Mandana*, by being too wiſe. *Cyrus* having done ſpeaking, all his Hearers were of his Opinion; and, *Creſus* himſelf was of that Opinion alſo; though, at the paſſage over *Araxes*, he apprehended much danger in hazarding Battel: But, ſince he thought, that the *Maſſagettes* would be Maſters of the ſtrait Paſſage, ſince the Action of *Mazares*, and would diſpute it; he did not oppoſe the Opinion of *Cyrus*, becauſe he thought it would never come to a deciding Battel, but, only ſome great Skirmiſhes at the entrance into the Wood; during which, they might perhaps, put ſome conſiderable Relief into the Fort: and, ſo the whole Army not being Engaged on this ſide the difficult paſſages, *Cyrus* himſelf would be conſtrained out of his own prudence to retreat, and not engage his Army to Fight in diſadvantageous Quarters. So, there being no Conteſt, *Cyrus* reſolved, that his Army ſhould Advance that very hour, unto the Place which the Inhabitants of the Country call, the Plain of *Gelons*; (becauſe a People of that Name, were once heretofore there beaten,) and the day following, he marched ſtrait towards the Enemy. But, before he departed, he began to give out all requiſite Orders, to regulate the March of every Regiment; to diſtribute the ſeveral Quarters unto his Officers; to reſolve upon the general Order of the Battel; and, exhorted all his Men to fight ſo couragiouſly, that they might come off with Glory, from a buſineſs of ſo much Danger; that all they had gone through before, were nothing, in compariſon of it, by reaſon of thoſe difficult Paſſes where the Enemy was to be fought withall. 'Tis true, The joys which *Cyrus* ſaw in all his Troops, when he departed from the Plain of *Gelons*, ſeemed, to preſage a Victory: For certainly, though all his Souldiers had been aſſured of Victory, they could not have marched with more chearfulneſs, than they did now, in going to ſhare in the Dangers, unto which the greateſt Prince in the World was going to expoſe himſelf unto. In the mean time, *Cyrus* was reſolved, That his Army ſhould fight in two Brigades; that, theſe two Brigades, ſhould be ſeconded with á Body of Reſerve, which *Hidaſpes* was to command: That, *Aglatidas* ſhould be in the Head of the Infantry: That, *Creſus*, and the King of *Hircania*, ſhould command the Left-wing; And *Mazares* under him, the Right; Where the Prince *Artamas*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Merſiles*, *Intathyrſes*, *Perſodes*, and all the reſt of the Heroes, who had no Employment, ſhould Fight near his Perſon. But, *Cyrus*, who was as Great a Captain, as Valiant Souldier; he believed, becauſe in all likelihood, he ſhould Fight the *Maſſagettes* in thoſe difficult Paſſes; therefore it was expedient to line his Cavalry with ſome Infantry; and to that end, between every Squadron, he placed an hundred Archers, appointing afterwards, all the reſt of the Archers to be the Guards of *Creſus*, the King of *Hircania*'s Guards, and his own: Alſo, the *Aſſyrian* Cavalry to be upon both ſides of the Right and Left-wings. But, to the end nothing might clogg him, he ſent his Baggage to the ſide of *Araxes*; and afterwards, marched in the Head of his Army, which ſeeming to be guided by one Soul in every part, came to the entrance of the Wood;

and, Orders were ſo wiſely given, and exactly Executed by all, that not one Souldier was to be an Inch out of his Rank. *Cyrus* began now to be in hopes of Happy Succeſs; and, the Idea of *Mandana* did ſo wholly take up his Mind, that fears of any approaching Dangers had no room in his thoughts. But, whileſt this great Prince was Advancing with all poſſible Heroick Heat, and employing all his Cares for the Relief of the Fort, *Ariantes* under the Order of *Thomiris*, was vigorouſly endeavouring to take it, before his Rival could arrive: And indeed, he followed on ſo cloſe, and Aſſaulted it ſo often, that it is to be imagined, that without the Relief which *Mazares* had gotten unto it, it could never have held out ſo long, as to give *Cyrus* time enough to execute his Deſignes: For, it was ſo ill furniſhed with all manner of Neceſſaries to ſuſtain a Siege, that it was impoſſible for the Valour of *Feraulas* to have defended it: Alſo, *Ariantes* thought it ſo inconſiderable, that he would never trouble himſelf with making any works about it, though he had learned very well under *Cyrus*, how to make formal Sieges. Moreover, ſince the *Maſſagettes* have no Townes, but live all in portable Tents, *Thomiris*, and *Ariantes*, could not get any information of *Cyrus* his March, nor of his Number: For all the Peoyle about *Araxi*, fled away as ſoon as *Cyrus* paſſed the River, ſo as there could not be any certain intelligence given, nor was the Army of *Cyrus* thought to be ſo numerous as they were: and they were ignorant of his ſtrength, until they heard, the Army was entred into the Wood, and ſeemed reſolved to paſs through thoſe Straits, ſo as they were forced to be tumultuous in their Reſolutions, and knew not well, whether they ſhould defend thoſe Paſſes, or expect their Enemy in the Plain, and there end the difference by a deciſive Battel. *Ariantes* Opinion was, to give a ſtop unto *Cyrus* in theſe Paſſages; and in order to that, to line the Woods with part of their Infantry, and to back them with a good Body of Cavalry; for, by this courſe it was impoſſible that *Cyrus* ſhould come to execute his Deſigns: Alſo, whileſt they were thus amuſing his

Army, they might eaſily take the Fort with a few Forces: for, he had certain Intelligence, it could not hold out above two days. The Sage and Valiant *Terez*, concurred with the Opinion of *Ariantes*, *Agatherſes*, *Octomaſades*, and all the old experienced Blades were of the ſame mind: But, *Thomiris* thinking it better to fight *Cyrus* in her Country, than to defend theſe Paſſes; ſhe was not of their opinion, but ſaid, the Deſign was diſhonourable, and was as good as nothing, for her Army to do nothing, but take a poor Fort, ſince they were in the Head of a puiſſant Army: She ſaid, It was much better for them to give Battel preſently, than to ſtay till the *Maſſagettes* were more informed of their Enemies Valour: And, that it was more advantageous for them to fight far off *Araxis*, and in a Plain in the middeſt of a Wood where the Enemy was ignorant of the Paſſes, then near the place where they had a Boat-bridge over the River. *Ariantes* yet oppoſed her as much as ever he could: but ſhe without any farther hearing, or giving any reaſon, ſhe told him peremptorily, it ſhould be ſo: and accordingly it was reſolved, To let the whole Army of *Cyrus* paſs into the Plain without any ſtop or oppoſition. Truth is, though this reſolution of *Thomiris* had not been followed, yet they had been forced to take it; for, whileſt the intereſt of *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* moved them to different Opinions; and whileſt they were debating what to do, or not do, the Forlorn Hope of *Cyrus* his Army, appeared cloſe by the *Maſſagettan* Camp: So that then *Ariantes* ſeeing no way but to aſſemble all their Quarters, and to think of nothing but Fighting, and to loſe no time, *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* ſent in poſt haſte to *Aripithes* to make haſte, and joyn with them. But to omit nothing which a great Captain could do upon ſuch an important occaſion, you muſt know, that *Cyrus*, when he departed from the Plain of *Gelons*, towards the entrance into the Wood, he marched in Battalia upon two Banks, until he came to the entrance of the ſtrait Paſſes, and to run into nothing raſhly, he ſent *Mazares* to view them; and he made choice of him for that imployment, becauſe he had been already

ready in the Woods, when he relieved the Fort: But, this gererous Rival unto *Cyrus*, finding theſe Paſſes defended only with a Guard of fifty Horſe, he eaſily beat them off, and returned to tell this Prince, that he might eaſily be Maſter of theſe Paſſes, provided he made haſte. So that now it was apparent there would be a Battel, ſince the Enemy did not guard the Paſſes; and ſince *Cyrus* would Engage them beyond the Wood. *Creſus* now was of another Opinion, and uſed all his Argument to alter the Deſign. But, *Cyrus* having told him in few words, his reaſons why he would Fight, commanded him to go immediately unto thoſe Forces which he was to command. The zeal which *Cyrus* had to Fight, and quickly to deliver *Mandana*, was ſo high, that fearing ſomething ſhould be an obſtacle unto his reſolution of Fighting, he would not follow what the dictates of his prudence hinted unto him: but on the contrary, out of his exceſs of Love, and deſire of Glory, would needs Advance ſo near the Enemy, that it ſhould be impoſſible to diſ-engage himſelf from a general Combate. 'Tis true, ſince *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, and *Atergates* had their Miſtreſſes with *Mandana*, they did not contradict a Deſign which would haſten their Liberty, nor did *Artamas* and *Indatherſes* thwart it. *Cyrus* then having fixed upon this bold and generous Reſolution, he went with all the Cavalry of his Right-Wing, unto a little Hill, which was near the Enemy, and there he ſtayed; aſſoon as he was there, he diſpatched Order upon Order to the reſt of his Troops, to make all poſſible haſte after him. In the mean time, *Cyrus* knowing the Rules of War very well, he alſo knew that his Love of *Mandana*, and deſire of Glory, having drawn him ſo near the Enemy, before his Army was joyned, he had extreamly endangered himſelf, and all his Army; for, it is moſt certain, that if the *Maſſagettes* had at that time fallen upon him with all their Cavalry, it had been impoſſible for him to have withſtood their Force; but to carry the matter as well as he could, and avoid the danger in which he was with Glory, this great Soul ſtood in ſuch a reſolute poſture, and ſo handſomly placed thoſe few Forces he had, that he wholly covered the top of that Hill on which he ſtood; ſo that by this means the *Maſſagets* could have no knowledg of what Forces he had behind, and not imagining that ſo inconſiderable a Party as appeared, ſhould ever advance alone, ſo near them; they conceived, that it was ſeconded with the whole Army, and therefore had no mind to give the Aſſault: yet, they did intend to Charge through the Body, to ſee what was behind it, and therefore they made ſeveral Skirmiſhes, but all being with bad ſucceſs, they gave over, and reſted, until they had aſſembled all their ſeveral Quarters into Battalia. *Chriſantes*, who was next *Cyrus*, wondered at his Deſign, and was in perpetual fears till the reſt of the Forces came up, for he plainly ſaw, that if *Ariantes* had known in what condition he was, he were utterly ruined; when he looked towards the Enemies Army, he ſaw them ſo hugely Numerous in compariſon of his ſmall Party, that it might well be ſaid, *Ariantes* might have vanquiſhed them with a wiſh; and when he ſaw the Forces of *Cyrus* ſo far off, that there was no appearance of them, he was even deſperate: But at laſt, Fortune being reſolved that this great Prince ſhould never periſh by an act of Courage, wherein yet ſome prudence was, things happened better then his hopes; ſo that both ſides ſtaying till their Forces came up, they both drew into Battalia: The Forces of *Cyrus* paſſed the Straits without any diſorder, thoſe of *Thomiris* came up, and joyned, and both ſides choſe their Ground with equal advantage. That ground which *Cyrus* choſe to make his Camp of Battel, was large enough to range his whole Army in that order he was reſolved they ſhould Fight; indeed, he had choſen a riſing Ground which looked over all the Plain; eſpecially, from the mariſh Ground which was upon the left hand unto the entry into the Wood, which not being thick in that place, his Squadrons might well enough range themſelves in it: on the other ſide, there was another riſing Ground oppoſite unto that which *Cyrus* was poſſeſſed of, of an equal height, where the *Maſſagetts* quartered, ſo that between theſe two Armies, there was ſuch an equal deſcent, which made a kind of a little Plain, as thoſe who were experienced in the Art of War did know, That the firſt aſſaulter was in danger to be overcome. Moreover, before the Right-Wing of the *Maſſagettes*, by a little River, was a very high and thick Wood, which reached to the bottom of the Valley; ſo as it was to be imagined, that *Briantes* to make uſe of that advantagious Scituation, would place there ſome Archers, which would extreamly gall *Cyrus* when he came to Fight. Thus you ſee, what Ground *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* choſe for the two moſt Warlike Armies in the World to Fight upon, and where the Poſſeſſion of the rareſt Princeſs upon Earth was to be diſputed: In the mean time, they had leiſure enough to poſt themſelves, and did draw up in great order and quietneſs; for, both being reſolved to give Battel, they never skirmiſh'd, but thought only of the main Battel.

Thus theſe two great Captains drew up their Armies and Forces as they came up, as if they had been agreed ſo to do; yet the truth is, the Artillery of *Thomiris* her Army, did much more hurt unto the Army of *Cyrus*, than that of *Cyrus* did upon hers, becauſe ſhe had many more of them; and indeed the invincible *Cyrus* could not diſplay the Wings of his Army, nor ſtretch out his Batcalions without great danger of the Enemies Artillery and Engines; yet his high Reſolution made all his Troops ſo ſtout, that maugre all the Miſchief of theſe Engines, they ſtood firm to their Stations, though they ſaw many of themſelves kill'd and wounded, amongſt which the valiant *Araſpes* received a hurt upon his Thigh: but after incredible Toil, and indefatigable Vigilancy, *Cyrus* had the ſatisfaction to ſee that his whole Army had paſſed the ſtrait Paſſages; that the Body of his Reſerve, after they had got out of the Woods, went to poſſeſs the Place which he appointed them, and that he had time enough to fight, ſince the Sun was above two hours high; ſo that though this valiant Prince knew very well, by reaſon of the deſcent into the Valley, it was more difficult to aſſault, then to be aſſaulted, yet his impatient zeal of fighting for *Mandana*'s Liberty, and his own Glory, perſwading him, that it was not advantagious to give his Enemies any longer time to make good their Ground, but that it was much more glorious to aſſault than be aſſaulted.

So that always uſing to follow the Dictates of his own great Heart, when they were not flatly againſt the Rules of Prudence, he gave Orders to advance and fight; yet for all this, and much againſt his mind, he altered his Intention, by reaſon of ſuch a ſtrange Accident as was like to have proved fatally ſad unto his whole Army, and caſt him into ſuch a Danger, as all his Valour and Prudence could not repair; for the raſh headlong valour of the King of *Hircania*, had like to have cauſed ſuch a Misfortune, as was not poſſible for him to foreſee; for ſince the left Wing of *Cyrus* his Army was towards the boggy Grounds, this Prince could not believe but that it was there ſecure, and that the Enemy would make no Attempts upon it, ſo that he himſelf was always in the right Wing, as in the place where he expected moſt danger: Moreover, ſince he knew himſelf to be the Soul of his Army, and would truſt none but himſelf with things of higheſt importance, he was extreamly buſy in obſerving the Motions of the Maſſagettan Army, that he might regulate his Deſigns accordingly: *Cræſus* for his part ſeeing there was nothing like to be attempted upon the left Wing which he was to lead, he came to be with *Cyrus*, and relied wholly upon the King of *Hircania*: but this King being extreamly vexed that *Cræſus* ſhould be preferred before him, becauſe he thought him to be a vanquiſhed King, he had a great deſire to ſhew ſome high Exploit in his abſence; alſo he bore an ill will unto *Mazares*, becauſe he thought *Cyrus* by his means treated *Cræſus* ſo well, and bearing a huge Envy unto him for that noble Enterprize of relieving the Fort of the *Sauromates*, he reſolved to perform ſome ſuch glorious Act, as ſhould tranſcend all others.

In theſe thoughts he imagined, that if the left Wing, which he was to command, could croſs over the Bogs, he ſhould be able to do great Service, by getting behind the Wood; being perſwaded that the *Maſſagettan* Army being in fear of *Cyrus*, could not oppoſe his Deſign: ſo that being prepoſſeſſed by his Paſſions, which tyrannized over his Heart, he never conſidered the dangerous Conſequences of that March, but went towards this mariſh Ground with all his Cavalry, and a great part of his Infantry, not ſo much as ſending *Cyrus* any word of it. Thus, by this raſh Attempt, which was againſt all military Orders, he did hazard the Glory of the greateſt Prince upon Earth, and likewiſe endangered the loſs of *Mandana*'s Liberty for ever.

Cyrus who knew nothing of what the King of *Aſſyria* had done, had given the general Order to march toward the Enemy; and being always accuſtomed to be immediately obeyed, all the ſeveral Bodies of which his Army was compos'd, did even begin to move, when he was acquainted with what the King of *Hircania* had done; however, he no ſooner heard it, but without any uſeleſs Complaints, which could not remedy ſo great an Evil, he cauſed his Army to make a Halt, and went himſelf with incredible haſte to ſet things in order again: But in his going, O how vexed was he againſt that Prince, and what diſturbance was in his Thoughts, who one minute before was full of hopes to conquer, and now in danger to be conquer'd, and that eaſily: and indeed, during this croſs Conjuncture, *Cyrus* had reaſon to fear that the *Maſſagettans* would take advantage of this great diſorder, for a huge Army might be ſeen upon a ſudden to ſtagger, and one might here ſee the *Maſſagettans* ſound their Trumpets, and beat their Drums, and move in Battalia, as if they intended to fall upon the Army of *Cyrus*.

Now did he think the diſmal Anſwer of the Sybil would be fulfilled, that he ſhould infallibly fall into the Power of *Thomiris*: That *Mandana*'s Liberty would be loſt, and that his Rival would preſently enjoy her. Yet ſince his great Soul did not ſink under the burthen of this Injury, he beſtirred himſelf to remedy the Diſaſter; and to that end, he cauſed ſome Troops of the ſecond Brigade to advance, and ſupply the place of thoſe whom the King of *Hircania* had carried away and left void. But though *Cyrus* did beſtir himſelf with as much Prudence as Quickneſs, yet certainly, if *Ariantes* had then aſſaulted the Army, *Cyrus*, that Prince who never before had been conquered, had now loſt the Victory, and perhaps his Life. But the Heavens did more favour him, than to let him loſe his Glory by the Fault of another. And Fortune, who uſes to favour great and Heroique Attempts, would not let the *Maſſagettans* ſee the Advantage which was offered them, for they did not perceive what the King of *Hircania* had done: And the incomparable *Cyrus* had ſo quickly filled up all the void Places, which thoſe Troops who went into the Bogs had quitted, that not one of the Commanders of *Thomiris*'s Army did ever obſerve it; and the Motion of their Army was cauſed only, becauſe they would enlarge their Battalia, and make room for their ſecond Diviſion to draw up more conveniently; So that making a ſtop within four hundred Paces of *Cyrus* his Army, it was evident they had no deſign to fall on.

On the other ſide, this great Captain, deſiring at any rate to reduce things into right order, did ſend to the King of *Hircania* ſuch expreſs and poſitive Orders to return in all haſte with his Troops, and cauſed it be ſpoken ſo earneſtly in the preſence of his Men, what danger the whole Army was expoſed unto, that whether he would or no, they would obey: and ſo they did; for the Troops which he conducted, did ſo quickly obey, and croſſed the Bogs ſo haſtily, that they were preſently on their firſt Ground. Thus, by the wiſe conduct of *Cyrus*, the whole Army was in ſuch Order as he deſired, before 'twas night. This Prince had ſo much Command over himſelf, that he received the King of *Hircania*'s Excuſe extreamly well, leſt if he had not, he ſhould not be ſo well ſerved the next Morning, as he deſired to be. Yet he was vexed to the Soul to ſee this croſs Adventure had retarded fighting: But ſince there was no remedy, he took care for the ſafety of the Camp, as *Ariantes* did for his. So that both ſecuring themſelves, by ſeveral Courts of Guard, a huſht Silence was in both theſe huge Armies, which were overſhadowed with Night: yet the common Darkneſs was leſſened by reaſon of many Fires which the Souldiers made in both Camps, which were ſo near each other, that thoſe who ſtood upon the Hills, a little diſtance off, could not perceive any Interval which parted them: But the wonder was, the Night was not diſturbed with either true or falſe Alarum from either ſide; but all were in as calm a ſilence, as if it were in the moſt ſolitary Deſart: yet the Camp of *Cyrus* ſaw through the Enemies Army ſome artificial Fires, which thoſe who defended the Fort of *Sauromates* did continually caſt up, which made it manifeſt that they were aſſaulted; and that the ſilence which then reigned was not a ſilence of Peace, which would not be broken after Sun was up, unleſs by the harmony of Birds. Truth is, there was not a Souldier in both Armies which did not certainly know that there would be a general Combate the next day: for the ſcituation of both Camps was ſuch, as was equally impoſſible to retreat without the danger of a Defeat by being forced to fight in Diſorder and Confuſion. For, being both incloſed within a Plain, compaſſed about with Wood, one might well ſay, that both Nature and Fortune did contribute unto a neceſſity of fighting. But *Cyrus*, being incomparable in all things, did teach his Men, by his own Example, that brave Men muſt expect great Dangers in ſilence, and without unquietneſs. Therefore as ſoon as he had viſited all the Courts of Guard, which he had placed for the ſafety of his Camp, he paſſed the reſt of the Night in a Tent, which ſtood in the Head of his Infantry: he commanded alſo that they ſhould wake him, an hour before day: as if he had thought his deſire of Glory not enough to do it; yet his Men could not obey him; for as haſty as they could be, he was before them. And *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and *Artamas*, were no more ſluggards than that valiant Prince whom they followed. But though the Night had been huſht and quiet, yet *Aurora* was tumultuous: The Fires of both Camps extinguiſhed as the Stars did; And there was then in both Camps a noiſe compoſed of ſo many ſeveral Noiſes, and ſuch an Ecchoing Murmur, as all the Field was fill'd with it. The Birds themſelves, (except ſuch as live upon what Death allows them, and always follow Armies) did forſake the Woods all about: and as the Night ſpake the ſoft language of Peace, the break of Day ſpoke in the thunder of War, which as grim as it looked, yet had ſomething of delight in it.

In the mean time, as quick as the Sun's Courſe is, yet *Cyrus* had given his laſt Orders before it appeared in our Horizon; and gave them with ſo much judgment, and made thoſe who received them, to underſtand them ſo well, as if he had inſpired both Spirits and Hearts fit to execute them: his whole Army moved together in an inſtant all at once, and kept ſuch evenneſs, as they came cloſe to the Enemy without the leaſt diſorder, though they went with ſuch an impetuoſity, as the preſence of *Cyrus* uſed to inſpire into all his Troops; and which, without any raſhneſs, only made their vigour and impatience of fighting to appear.

In the mean time, on that ſide towards the right Wing, there was a tall and thick Wood, which the valiant and experienced *Tirez* had lined with a thouſand Archers, who began the fight; yet found he not that Advantage which he expected: for *Cyrus* foreſeeing that the *Maſſagettans* would not leave that place unlined, he cauſed a party of Horſe to fall upon that thouſand Archers, and placed ſome Foot alſo amongſt his Horſe, between every Squadron: So that theſe Archers being vigorouſly charged, they were forced to yield: yet ſaved not themſelves by flying, for they were every Man of them killed upon the place where they lay in Ambuſcado. But the prudence of *Cyrus* moving him to think that his Troops might be ſquander'd in the Wood, he commanded *Mazares* to wheel about the Wood to the right Hand, with his firſt Brigade, to prevent that Diſorder. So as this Generous Rival obeying him, *Cyrus*, in the Head of the ſecond Brigade, and towards the left ſide of the Wood, advanced towards the Enemy, with all the Gallants of his Army: and advanced with the ſame Valour, wherewith he had vanquiſhed others. In the mean time *Mazares*, who was as valiant as amorous, and who was well knowing in the Art of War, wheeled about the Wood without any Diſorder; and to loſe no time, he cauſed the Body which he commanded to draw towards the right Hand, to the end he might aſſault the *Maſſagettans* on the Flank, whilſt *Cyrus* aſſaulted them in the Front.

The ambitious *Octomaſades*, who commanded the left Wing of the *Maſſagettans*, was extreamly ſurprized, when contrary to his expectation he ſaw himſelf aſſaulted on two ſides; for he was confident in the thouſand Archers which *Terez* had placed in the Wood, through which he knew any muſt paſs before they could come and aſſault him on that ſide: yet for all his Surprize, he behaved himſelf like a Man of Courage: and though he might be taxed with want of a little Foreſight, yet could not be accuſed for want of Valour. And indeed he did very gallantly reſiſt ſome Squadrons which aſſaulted him, but without ſucceſs: For as there is nothing ſo dangerous as to alter the Orders of Troops, in the face of a terrible Enemy; ſo upon the very firſt ſhock, *Mazares* broke many Squadrons of *Thomiris*, ſo that the Troops of *Octomaſades* tumbled one over another as ſoon as *Cyrus* charged them in Perſon; and fled with ſo much precipitation, as never was the like diſorder ſeen.

But ſince this valiant Prince knew that flying Enemies are already overcome, he never followed them; but deſiring to find a more noble Subject unto his Valour, he appointed *Mazares* to vanquiſh the Cavalry which he had already ſquandered, leſt they ſhould rally again; and went himſelf ſtreight unto the Enemies Infantry, againſt whom he did even Miracles, as afterwards you ſhall hear: But that you may better ſee, how Victory follows *Cyrus*, and none elſe, it chanced, that whilſt he had put to flight all that ſtood in Head againſt him, and thought it not fit to follow them; and whilſt he wheeled about his Squadrons againſt the *Maſſagettan* Infantry, not one of his Men being out of Rank, he conceived himſelf able to go behind the Army of *Thomiris*, and advantagiouſly fall upon that victorious Wing which had routed *Creſus*, whoſe Brigade indeed was the deciding Point of the Battel.

Thus it may well be ſaid, that his Prudence and his Valour were almoſt equal gainers, and forced Fortune to render Juſtice unto the equity of his Cauſe; and he routed them. However the eternally-renowned *Cyrus* did not quietly enjoy this great Glory which he had gotten, and well deſerved; for ſince his Rival was yet living, and *Mandana* not releaſed, he thought himſelf not at all happy. Yet he was joyed to hear that his Intelligence concerning *Ciaxares* was not true; yet thoſe Reports did not riſe without ſome Ground; for, doubtleſs, the King of *Medes* was ſo extreamly grieved at this laſt carrying away of *Mandana*, that he fell ſo extreamly ſick, as all in *Ecbatan* feared his Death, and all the Kingdom thought him dead. *Cyrus* was not joyed at this News only, becauſe he loved *Ciaxares*, though he had held him Priſoner: but alſo becauſe the Princeſs ſhould not be grieved at her Father's Death, at a time when ſhe was deprived of all Conſolation, and loaded with all Miſeries. And that ſhe might hear nothing of it, he made continual skirmiſhes upon all favourable Occaſions.

But after *Cyrus* had entirely defeated the left Wing of his Enemies (as I told you) and had aſſaulted the Infantry of the *Maſſagettans*, and aſſaulted them in ſuch Order and Vigour, without the leaſt Diſorder in his own, he alſo routed the Infantry of *Callipides*; thoſe of the *Iſſedons*; and quite defeated thoſe of the two *Scythian* Kings.

But when he was in this glorious Condition, wherein he might well hope to be quickly Conqueror; he ſaw, upon a ſudden, the pitiful State unto which his left Wing was brought; and plainly ſaw, that all did abſolutely depend upon thoſe Forces which were with him. So that to loſe no time, in following thoſe whom he had already routed, he thought only of conquering thoſe who had routed his Men. So that after he had, by his Looks, put freſh Courage into his Men, he forſook his new-got Victory, and went to fall upon that part of the Army of *Thomiris* which had routed his; and finding them all careleſs, and in ſuch a negligence as Victory uſeth to put them into, who know not how to uſe it after it is gotten, he entirely defeated them without much pain. And ſo it happened, that thoſe who eſcaped the Victory of *Cyrus* by flying, were met withal by *Mazares*.

Thus the illuſtrious *Cyrus* had the Glory to vanquiſh thoſe who vanquiſhed his, entirely to defeat the two Wings of his Enemies Army, and to have vanquiſhed a great part of *Thomiris* her Foot. There remained now, none but a huge Body of Infantry to fight with; which being compoſed only of *Maſſagettans*, were placed near the Artillery of that Army; and who ſeemed to ſtand in ſuch a reſolute Poſture, that it was eaſy to ſee that they would defend their Lives and Liberties with the laſt drop of their Blood. The Valiant *Terez* commanded this Body; but being very lame, by reaſon of former received Wounds, he could not ride, but always was carried in a little Chariot.

This old experienced Captain, being thus in the Head of theſe *Maſſagettans*, *Cyrus* aſſaulted them; and he made the more haſte, becauſe he underſtood by ſome Priſoners which were taken, that the Prince *Aripithis* was coming up with a Puiſſant Army of *Sauromates*; and that he was already in the Wood; alſo underſtanding that *Mazares* (who was in purſuit of thoſe he routed) had not met with *Aripithes*, he thought it beſt to fall on this Enemy before the other was joined: Yet he had but few Horſe with him, for they were all buſy in Pillaging after the laſt Victory. But for all that, or without ſtaying for the Body of his Reſerve, he couragiouſly charged the Enemy, though he had but few Horſe to back him. But after he had beaten all the ſeveral Bodies of *Thomiris*'s Army; and not finding *Ariantes*, he charged this in hopes of meeting with him. However *Terez* ſeeing *Cyrus* come in with ſuch fury, yet moved not; but commanded his Men not to draw an Arrow until all their Enemies were within leſs than Arrow-ſhot: But when *Cyrus* was within that diſtance, *Terez*, that old Souldier, opened his Battalions, and gave ſuch a Volley from their Engines and Bows, that the Air was obſcur'd, and the Army of *Cyrus* extreamly galled; and if the extream Valour of that Prince had not held up their Hearts, thoſe who vanquiſhed others, had now been vanquiſhed themſelves. But as good Luck was, *Terez* had no Cavalry to repulſe them; and ſo ſince he could make no Advantage of their Diſorder, they did not recoil; but *Cyrus* did ſo encourage them, that he led them on again. But *Terez* having time enough to charge his Engines again, this ſecond Aſſault had no better Succeſs than the firſt: And it was the third time before the Conqueror of *Aſia* could break theſe fierce Enemies, though he did things which were abſolute Prodigies; and though the Princes with him did ſignalize themſelves by a thouſand Acts of Courage, yet all this reſolute Valour of theſe *Maſſagettans*, was uſeleſs to them; for *Cyrus* having cauſed the Body of his Reſerve to advance; and ſome other Troops whom he had ſent in purſuit, being returned, he compaſſed about this valiant Infantry on all ſides. So as theſe couragious *Maſſagettans*, having no way left but to render themſelves; and ſince they might do it with Honour they made ſuch Signs as thoſe uſe who demand Quarter; and the illuſtrious *Cyrus* deſiring to ſave the Lives of ſuch brave Men, advanced towards them to take their Words, and to give his; but ſince he advanced without making any Sign of giving Quarter, they thought he came to aſſault them; ſo that diſcharging their Engines and Arrows afreſh, all thoſe who followed *Cyrus*, ſaw that Prince in ſuch imminent danger, that out of their love to him, they fell upon theſe valliant *Maſſagettans*, without any Orders, and ſo aſſaulted them on all ſides at once, that they quite broke them, and diſperſed their Battalions. In the mean time, *Cyrus* moved with a generous Paſſion to ſee ſo many brave Souldiers like to periſh, his Action was as glorious in ſtriving to ſave them, as it was a little before in killing others; for, maugre all the Tumult and Confuſion, he ran into the midſt of the Conquered, and Conquerors, crying, as loud as ever he could, that Quarter ſhould be given to the *Maſſagettans*; menacing, with Heroick Fury, all thoſe who helped him to get the Victory, if they did not pardon the Conquered, and obey him. This Command was no ſooner heard, but preſently the Souldiers of *Cyrus* ceaſed killing; and the *Maſſagettans* charmed with the Clemency of their Conqueror, threw down their Arms, and flocked all about him, looking upon him then as their Protector, whom a Minute before they fought againſt as their Enemy. Indeed, there was not an Officer, who did not deſire the honour of rendring himſelf unto that Prince, and not a common Souldier who at leaſt longed not to come near him; and they ſeemed not ſorry for loſing the Battel, ſince ſo great and clement a Prince had gotten it; and their Actions were ſo ſignificative to expreſs the high Thoughts they had of this *Heroe*'s Clemency, that words needed not to expreſs them; for, maugre the Tumult, which could not be appeaſed in an inſtant, they acknowledged that their Joy to ſee their Illuſtrious Conqueror did much comfort them for being conquered.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* knowing that Conquerors muſt never ſleep in the Arms of a Victory; as ſoon as he had ſaved the Lives of theſe valiant *Maſſagettans*, had given Orders for the ſafety of the Priſoners, and had commanded to have a care of the Body of the valiant *Terez*, who was killed at this ſhock; he intended preſently to rally his victorious Troops, purpoſely to relieve *Mazares*, in caſe he had met, and were repulſed by *Aripithes*; and to go himſelf and fall upon the Prince of *Sauromates*,

romates, if he durſt come out of the Woods into the Plains.

But as he was buſied in rallying them together, *Mazares*, who had been in purſuit of his Enemies, arrived, and acquainted *Cyrus*, that *Aripithis* not daring to engage him in the Plain, kept ſtill in the Woods, where he had received into the narrow Paſſes, the Troops which he had broken; adding, that for all this, he purſued them haſtily, and underſtood by ſome Priſoners taken in the Woods, that the Forces of *Aripithis*, which had not fought, were retreated in ſuch confuſion, that one could hardly diſcern them from thoſe who defeated them. But can you not learn from thoſe Priſoners (ſaid *Cyrus*, after he had in few words commended *Mazares* for what he had done) the reaſon why I ſhould not meet with *Ariantes* all this day, though I have moſt carefully ſought for him? nor can you not learn where *Thomiris* was during the Fight? or in what place the Prince her Son fought?

As for *Ariantes*, Sir, replied *Mazares*, you were not likely to meet him, for whilſt you, Sir, were defeating the left Wing of his Army, he fought in the Right, and routed your left Wing; ſo that whilſt you were aſſaulting his Infantry, he left the Wing which he commanded, to help thoſe whom I purſued; but ſeeing he could not, and knew by thoſe whom you routed, that you had vanquiſhed his victorious Wing; he went to join with *Thomiris*, who ſtaid in that part of the Wood where *Aripithis* was to come. So that ſeeing no likelihood of Victory, they ſent Orders to thoſe Forces which were before the Fort, to retire, and they themſelves alſo are retired: *Aripithis* ſtaying far in the Wood with his Forces, I did not think good to engage him in the narrow Paſſes, but came to you, Sir, to tell you, that there is none who can diſpute the Victory with you; but as for *Spargapiſes* I know nothing.

Mazares had no ſooner done ſpeaking, but *Cyrus* deſiring to teach his Men by his Example, that all Bleſſings come only from Heaven; he fell down upon his Knees, and looking up to the Sun, which is the adored Deity of the *Perſians*, he gave thanks for the Victory: Thus he was ſeen victorious in the midſt of a Field full of dead and dying Men, under the homage of his Valour unto the God whom he adored. All his Troops, after his Example, did the like; and every one according to the Religion of his Country, did the like Gratitude for ſuch a ſignal Victory. Indeed, never was any more compleat, the whole Army of the Enemy was vanquiſhed, not a Squadron unſcattered and undiſperſed. Few of the Officers but what were either kill'd or Priſoners: The valiant *Terez* died in the Head of that couragious Infantry which fought the laſt. All the Enemies Engines and Batteries were taken, and ſerved for a Trophy of Glory unto the Conqueror: Their Baggage enriched all the Souldiers of *Cyrus* his Army: And in teſtimony of this great Conqueror's Victory, he encamped in the Enemies Camp; but his greateſt Glory was, that *Myrſiles*, *Artamas*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergates*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Idathirſes*, and all that were at this great Day's Work, did publiſh aloud, that *Cyrus* alone won the Battel.

And it is moſt certain, without any flattery of him, that the Prudence by which he guided his Valour, did get him the Day; for had he not reſtrained the Impetuoſity of his Courage, and the forwardneſs of his Troops, when he had broken the left Wing of his Enemies, Things had not ſucceeded ſo happily: for *Creſus* having led on his Troops with a little too much precipitation, they were preſently routed; not but that he did ſignalize himſelf upon that occaſion, and ſhewed much Courage: But yet after he had received a great Wound in his right Arm, and was carried out of the Fight, he had the ſorrow to ſee that Wing which he commanded quite put to flight; many Battalions of his Infantry torn in Pieces; all his Engines taken by the *Maſſagettans*; and indeed to have ſeen all his Men periſh, had not the Body of Reſerve advanced in the Reer to their Relief. Thus one would have ſaid, that the Victory had been on both ſides; for the right Wing of *Cyrus*, where he himſelf

ſelf was, did rout the left Wing of *Thomiris*; and the right Wing of *Thomiris*, where *Ariantes* was, did rout the left Wing of *Cyrus*.

But whilſt this double Victory was on either ſide, the Infantry was not idle, for that of *Cyrus* advanced againſt that of the *Maſſagettans*. After all, the moſt pleaſing of his Thoughts upon this occaſion was, to imagine, that the noiſe of his Victory would reach *Mandana*; and that ſhe would thank him for what he had done to deliver her.

As he was thus enjoying the ſweet Fruits of his Victory, in thinking upon his Princeſs, *Chriſantes* came haſtily to him, and told him, that one of the Priſoners, who had the honour to be taken by his own Hand, was the Prince *Spargapiſes*. How! (ſaid *Cyrus*) the Son of *Thomiris* my Priſoner? Yes, Sir, (replied *Chriſantes*) but thoſe unto whom you committed all the Priſoners in guard, having obſerved that this Prince whom they knew not, had made more endeavours to eſcape than any of the reſt; and ſeeing that they had a great number to guard, they bound him for the more ſecurity; but a *Maſſagettan*, who had ſeen me heretofore with you at the Tents-Royal, not being able to endure the Son of his Queen to be in that condition, and conſidering that I could not know him, becauſe he was at *Iſſedon*, when you, Sir, were with *Thomiris*, he acquainted me who he was, in hopes of better uſage: But *Spargapiſes* hearing and obſerving that I underſtood his Language, he called unto me: Since I cannot conceal my ſelf (ſaid he unto me) I pray let *Cyrus* know how his Men uſe me like a Slave; and I deſire ſo much favour from him, as to be treated as a Priſoner of War, and not to be tied up as I am. This Prince had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but going to him, I endeavoured to let him know that you would be extreamly ſorry for the uſage he had received; and I would preſently have cauſed him to be unbound; but he who had the chief command of the Guard not being there, the Souldiers, who underſtood not what the Prince ſaid unto me, would not looſe him; ſo that I came in all haſte to acquaint you, Sir, that you may give Orders for it.

Cyrus no ſooner heard what *Chriſantes* ſaid, but he imagined that *Mandana* would be loaded with the ſame Chains *Spargapiſes* was, and that *Thomiris* would revenge upon her the hard uſage her Son had received; ſo that being both griev'd and vexed at what his Men had done, though he was very glad of ſuch a Priſoner, he ſent *Hidaſpes* with *Chriſantes* to cauſe him to be delivered, and to bring him to his Tent, commanding them to tell *Spargapiſes*, that he had rather have been bound himſelf, than to ſee ſo great a Prince as he in ſuch a condition.

Hidaſpes and *Chriſantes*, according to the Orders of *Cyrus*, went to *Spargapiſes*, and unbound him with their own Hands, after they had told him what *Cyrus* had ſaid. As long as they ſpoke, this young Prince (who was very lovely, though of a ſurly Deportment) did hearken to them without any interruption, but he hearkened unto them with ſuch a fretting look, as made it ſeem he took his Misfortune with much impatience; ſo that deſiring to comfort him, they added, unto what *Cyrus* had ſaid, that he might be ſure his Impriſoment would not be long; for (ſaid *Hidaſpes* unto him) if the Queen of *Maſſagettes* pleaſe, ſhe has one in her Power, whoſe exchange will quickly ſet you at Liberty. If I be not free before (replied he ſternly) *Mandana* be delivered, I ſhall not be free ſo ſoon as you imagine; but, I hope, for all that, I ſhall be free e're long, and *Cyrus* ſhall know, that it is not an eaſy matter to keep a Priſoner long, who has not the heart of a Slave, and that I am not unworthy of the favour which he does me. As he ſaid ſo, the Cords being quite looſened, he drew out a Dagger which none knew of, and ſtabbed himſelf to the Heart with ſo much fury and dexterity, that he cut it in two; ſo that falling immediately dead, between *Hidaſpes* and *Chriſantes*, they ſtood aſtoniſhed at the Act, and were ſo grieved at it, that they knew not how to relate the Accident unto *Cyrus*, yet relate

late it they muſt; ſo that after they had left the Guard of the dead Body of this Prince amongſt them who guarded it living, they returned unto *Cyrus*, who was imparting unto *Mazares* his Joys at the having *Spargapiſes* in his Power, thinking this might further the Liberty of *Mandana*, or at leaſt manifeſt the Intentions of *Thomiris* amongſt her People. For indeed, ſaid he unto this generous Rival, I will ſend to morrow towards this Princeſs, to offer her Son in exchange of *Mandana:* And it is to be believed, that if ſhe will not reſtore her upon theſe Terms, the People will murmur, and that ſhe will not eaſily raiſe another Army to oppoſe us; and if ſhe do reſtore her, then the War is ended.

As *Cyrus* pronounced theſe laſt words, *Hidaſpes* and *Chriſantes* entred, and he asked them whether they had brought *Spargapiſes?* I would he were in a condition to be brought, replied *Hidaſpes.* Why, ſaid *Cyrus*, is he eſcaped? No, Sir, replied *Chriſantes*, but as ſoon as we had looſed him from his Manacles, he ſtabb'd himſelf to the Heart, and did it with ſo much courage, fury, and haſte, that none ever ſaw the Poniard till it was drawn out of his Heart. Alas, *Chriſantes*, ſaid *Cyrus*, what a moſt ſad Accident do you tell me! Alas, *Hidaſpes*, (cried out *Mazares*) why did you not hinder him? After this, theſe two Princes were acquainted with the Paſſage. Truly (ſaid *Cyrus*, after he knew it) I am extreamly deceived, for I thought to have enjoyed my Victory with ſome advantage, when *Spargapiſes* was in my Power; but, alas, I plainly ſee, Fortune is reſolved to make me eternally unhappy, and put me in hopes, only to throw me into deſpair: for, (added he, and looked upon *Mazares*) do but conſider a little the ſad Conſequences that may follow this Death, and certainly you will find that I am in danger to be the moſt unfortunate Prince in the World. But (purſued he, and ſpoke to *Chriſantes*) did this unfortunate Prince kill himſelf in the ſight of all the Priſoners? No, Sir, (replied he) for whilſt I was coming to you to tell you that he was your Priſoner, his Guards ſeeing I had treated him as a Perſon of Quality, had ſevered him from the reſt, and carried him into another Tent.

Well, Fortune, (cried out *Cyrus*) thou haſt now done thy worſt, for *Thomiris* will accuſe me of her Son's Death. That Accuſation is ſo unlikely, (replied *Mazares*) that I cannot ſee you have any reaſon to fear it. All that does beſal me is ſo extraordinary, (replied *Cyrus*) that I muſt prepare my ſelf for the worſt, and moſt ſtrange things. By what an odd way does Fortune poiſon all the good ſhe hath done me? and how uſeleſs hath ſhe made my Victory? For, truly, (purſued he, tranſported with Sorrow) I ſee her ſo reſolutely bent to perſecute me, that I fear I cannot enter to morrow into the Fort of *Sauromates:* Me-thinks I ſee all the Trees in the Woods metamorphos'd into Souldiers; that I ſhall find an Army more numerous than that I have defeated; that I ſhall never ſee *Mandana* delivered, and that I ſhall be beaten and made Priſoner by *Thomiris*. After this, *Cyrus* being a while ſilent, his Spirit began to return by degrees to its ordinary temper. Afterwards he commanded that all things neceſſary ſhould be prepared for ſending the Body of *Spargapiſes* unto *Thomiris* with all imaginable Honours; he had alſo a great care for the Funeral of *Terez*, and all the reſt; and he ſent *Ortalques* in all haſte to *Anacharſis*, to deſire him, that he would go and plead his Juſtification unto *Thomiris*, by accompanying the Body of her Son, hoping that the Wiſdom of this excellent Man would make her receive this Accident with more moderation. But in ſending *Ortalques*, *Cyrus* wrote alſo to the Queen of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs of *Armenia*, to make them ſharers, both in his Joys and Sorrows.

Furthermore, *Feraulas* ſeeing himſelf at Liberty, he ſent unto *Cyrus*, at the very ſame time when that Prince ſent unto him to tell him, that he would come the next day and lie in the Fort of *Sauromates*; which after a moſt unquiet Night's Reſt he did; and *Feraulas* received him with all Honours due unto a great Conqueror, and their Deliverer.

He was no ſooner there, but an Envoy from *Thomiris* deſired to ſpeak with him; and *Cyrus* verily believing that this Princeſs had ſent concerning her Son, he was grieved to the very Soul; yet ſince there was a neceſſity of giving him Audience, he commanded to bring him in. I come, Sir, (ſaid the Meſſenger unto him) to ask you, from *Thomiris*, whether the Prince her Son be your Priſoner? And to tell you, that if he be in your Hands, as ſhe believes he is, as you ſhall uſe him, ſo will ſhe uſe thoſe of yours, eſpecially the Princeſs *Mandana*; and to oblige you, Sir, to conſider very well of what ſhe ſays, She hath commanded me to tell you, that ſhe is not in ſo bad a Condition as you imagine her; for as ſhe returned to the Tents-Royal, ſhe underſtood that the *Boriſthenites* had ſent her a very puiſſant Aid, which was very near at hand; that the *Gelons* did the ſame; that the *Androphageans* did the like: and that all theſe Forces being joined with the *Sauromates*, who yet never fought, and to the reſt which ſhe had rallied, ſhe was able enough to revenge any Injury done unto her Son. *Cyrus* knowing that the *Maſſagettans* hold it a great Affront to interrupt thoſe who ſpeak from their Princeſs, he ſuffered this Meſſenger to ſpeak on, though at the very beginning of his Speech he had a great deſire to acquaint him with the ſad Fate of *Spargapiſes*: But ſince he would not give the leaſt colour of Complaint unto an Enemy, who complained but too much already, he heard this Meſſenger very patiently; but when he ſaw he had no more to ſay, I would to the Gods (ſaid he unto him) that I were able to treat the Prince *Spargapiſes* very well, and to teach the Queen of the *Maſſagettans*, by my Example, how to treat the Princeſs *Mandana*. But, truly ſaid he, (after he had told him, in ſhort, the Accident) ſince the Gods are not pleaſed I ſhould expreſs any reſpects unto that Princeſs, in the Perſon of the Prince her Son; yet without any reply unto her Menaces, I will ſend her the Body of *Spargapiſes* with all imaginable Honours: Therefore, Sir, I will give you your Anſwer within this day or two; that he whom I intend to ſend unto her with this ſad News, may go with you: and indeed ſo they did. *Cyrus* had a good mind to advance towards the Tents-Royal, and hinder the conjunction of theſe Forces; but ſince it was not poſſible for to win another great Battel againſt freſh Men, until his Army had a little refreſhed themſelves, he did not attempt it, and the rather, becauſe he was to paſs through more Woods, and more ſtrait Paſſes, before he could come to the Tents-Royal, than yet he had paſſed, ſo that there was an abſolute neceſſity of ſitting ſtill ſome days. In the mean while, *Ortalques* making great haſte, *Anacharſis* came ſooner than he could expect him; yet he no ſooner ſaw him, but he acquainted him with the Negotiation which he deſired him to undertake; and the next Morning he diſmiſſed the Meſſengers of *Thomiris*, with Orders only to tell that Princeſs *Anarcharſis* knew all his Thoughts, and to beſeech her to believe all he ſaid.

After which the Body of *Spargapiſes* was laid in a Coffin; which Coffin was put into a Chariot which had all the Mourning Ornaments, by which they honour'd thoſe who die in Wars withal. *Cyrus* himſelf followed this Chariot, with a great number of his Men in Mourning, and omitted nothing which might perſwade *Thomiris* that he would have treated her Son very well if he were living, ſince he honoured him ſo much being dead. But *Mandana* being always in his Mind, he gave *Ortalques* a Letter for her, and another for *Gelonide*, in hopes of her continuance in doing him all good Offices. *Atargatis* alſo wrote unto the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and unto the Princeſs of *Bithynia*; *Intaphernes* alſo did the like; *Gadates* alſo wrote unto his Daughter very favourably, in behalf of *Atergatis*, of whom he had a better Opinion ſince he came into the Army of *Cyrus*; for ſince he would not formerly have oppoſed his Affection, but becauſe he hoped that at the end of the War, *Iſtrina* would have married the King of *Aſſyria*, this Prince being now dead, he thought very well of this Lover of *Iſtrina*'s; unto whom, as I told you, he wrote a Letter by *Ortalques*. *Myrſiles* alſo charged him with a Letter to

Doraliſſa, *Feraulas* another to *Marteſia*; *Hidaſpes* and *Gobrias* deſired him to enquire very carefully whether a Lady came unto *Thomiris*, whoſe Name was *Arpaſia*, conducted by a Man whoſe Name was *Licander*. *Adonacris* alſo writ by him unto *Agatherſes*, who he knew was with *Thomiris*, and thereby moved him to compoſe things as much as he could: And *Anabris* alſo writ unto all his Friends which he had in that Court to do the like. Thus *Ortalques* was charged with ſo many different Commiſſions, that he ſtood in need of all his Wit to acquit himſelf well of them all. *Mazares* had a good mind to ſend one unto *Mandana*; but he maſtered himſelf, and contented himſelf with thinking upon her, without moving her to think upon him.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* talked a long while with *Anacharſis* in private; after which, that ſage *Scythian* went with the Envoy of *Thomiris*, who went next the Chariot which carried the Corps of *Spargapiſes*. But as ſoon as they were gone, *Cyrus* gave himſelf wholly to fit his Army for an advance towards the Tents-Royal, in caſe *Thomiris* did not change her Mind, as there was no great likelihood ſhe would.

In the mean time *Cyrus* was in ſuch a miſerable Condition, as no ſigns of any Victory was to be ſeen in him. *Thomiris* and *Ariantes* ſuffered incredible Torment of Mind; and *Mandana*, though a Captive, yet had more ſweet Minutes than they all had; for ſince the Fame of *Cyrus* his Victory had reached her Ear, maugre all the Oppoſitions of *Ariantes*, ſhe was extreamly well ſatisfied, and talked merrily with *Doraliſſa* and *Marteſia*. The Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and the Princeſs of *Bithynia*, were joyed beyond meaſure, for they verily believed that it was advantagious for them that *Cyrus* ſhould be Conqueror; and the Fair *Arpaſia*, whom *Licander* had brought unto *Thomiris*, was in the ſame mind.

In the mean time, *Ariantes* uſed all his endeavour to rally that Army which *Cyrus* had routed; and gave all requiſite Orders for ſecuring and guarding the narrow Paſſes in the Wood, that his Rival might not advance towards the Tents-Royal, until all the Forces of *Thomiris* were joyned. *Aripithis* who bore a deadly hatred unto *Cyrus*, becauſe he was perſwaded, that if *Thomiris* had not loved him, he ſhould have been happy; therefore he endeavoured all he could to give a ſtop unto the Victories of that Prince. Yet he wiſhed with all his Heart that *Mandana* were out of the Power of *Thomiris*, and his Mind was ſo ravelled that he knew not himſelf what to wiſh. Since his Troops did not yet fight, he ſtayed at the entry into the Wood, to ſtop *Cyrus* if he advanced. So it hapned, that when *Spargapiſes* was killed, a Priſoner eſcaped, for this Accident made ſuch a noiſe, as the Priſoners were more careleſly guarded; their Souldiers lurking ſome Nights in the Woods, at laſt came to the place where *Aripithis* was. This Prince knowing he had been a Priſoner unto *Cyrus*, asked him what news: The Souldiers having but a confuſed knowledg of *Spargapiſes*'s Death, ſaid, that that Prince was taken: That the Souldiers of *Cyrus* bound him, and carried him into a Tent ſeparate from theirs, and that a little time after it was ſaid he was dead; Yet adding afterwards, that the Souldiers of *Cyrus* ſaid he killed himſelf. *Aripithis* deſiring no more than to drive *Cyrus* out of the Heart of *Thomiris*, made uſe of this Report, to that end; Not that he did ſuſpect *Cyrus* would ever kill *Spargapiſes*: But knowing that *Thomiris* was of a violent Spirit; and that the Tale of this Souldier was ſomething probable, and enough to make that Queen think that *Cyrus* had treated her Son very ill; he moved this Souldier by large promiſes of Recompence, to tell *Thomiris* the ſame Tale he told him, and to chuſe his time when he ſhould be preſent. At firſt this Souldier heſitated at it: for the Valour and Clemency of *Cyrus* having gained his Heart, he was unwilling to infuſe any Suſpitions of Cruelty into *Thomiris*. But at laſt, *Aripithis* telling him, that it highly concerned *Thomiris* to know it, and joyning Menaces with his Promiſes, he undertook it. So that as ſoon as *Aripithis* came to the Tents-Royal, and was with *Thomiris*, this Souldier preſented himſelf, and told the

Queen what he had told *Aripithis:* to wit, that the Prince her Son was taken Priſoner; that they bound him; that he was carried into a Tent by himſelf; and that preſently after it was reported he was dead, which made ſuch a hurley-burley, that in the interim he eſcaped. *Thomiris* no ſooner heard this from the Souldier, but *Aripithis* added, that he knew as much from two others, though he durſt not tell her. Is it poſſible (cryed out *Thomiris*) that my Son ſhould be dead? Dead by Orders from *Cyrus?* Is *Cyrus* capable of ſuch a bloody Act, againſt all the Laws of Honour or War? Is his hatred of me ſo high, as it makes him violate all manner of Rights? Since ſo, I muſt and will be revenged. As ſhe pronounced theſe words, one came and told her, that *Anacharſis* was come with the Meſſenger ſhe ſent to *Cyrus*; and brought the Body of the Prince her Son. She no ſooner heard this, but all in a Fury, ſhe went out, and paſſed from Tent to Tent, until ſhe came unto one which opened into a great Plain, as if ſhe would her ſelf go ſee whether this was true or no: But as ſoon as ſhe came into this great Tent, ſhe ſaw the Coffin in which the Prince her Son did lie. This ſad Object both grieving and amazing her, and her Mind being alſo highly incenſed to think that the Man whom of all the World ſhe loved beſt, ſhould kill her Son, ſhe was almoſt ſtark mad. She no ſooner ſaw the Coffin, but after ſuch a ſad Cry, as would have tendered a Heart of Stone, ſhe addreſſed her ſelf unto *Anacharſis:* How durſt you (ſaid ſhe unto him, with Eyes full of Fury) bring me any thing from the Murtherer of my Son? who certainly would never have ſent me his Corps, but becauſe he hoped it would be my Death. The Phraſe you give, Madam, unto that great Prince who ſent me to you, doth ſo ill and ſo little ſute unto him, (ſaid *Anacharſis* to her) that I am forced to interrupt your Majeſty, and to hinder you from wronging the Generous, and moſt illuſtrious Prince upon Earth. Ah *Anacharſis* (cryed ſhe) I muſt interrupt you: For I cannot endure to hear a Prince commended who has treated my

Son ſo ill, who cauſed him to be bound like a Slave, and who has moſt inhumanly ſtabb'd him. I beſeech you, Madam, (replied *Anacharſis*) be pleaſed to receive the truth from my Mouth, and hearken not unto thoſe Lies which are belched out by the Enemies of *Cyrus*. For believe it, Madam, confidently believe it, that *Cyrus* never treated *Spargapiſes* ill: But on the contrary, ſent in all haſte to unbind him; and was grieved to the Soul when he heard that young and generous Prince had ſtabbed himſelf, as ſoon as ever he was unbound. Since I was not in the Tent where that unfortunate Prince died, replied ſhe, I cannot directly tell the Paſſages: But I am ſure that in all likelihood, *Cyrus* cauſed him to be killed. For he was bound, and none of the Priſoners beſides; he was carried into a Tent by himſelf; and as ſoon as two Men came to him from *Cyrus*, his Death was preſently publiſhed. Alſo though it be as you ſay; yet *Cyrus* is not innocent: for though my Son did not die by any order from him, yet the rigour which was uſed to him, did cauſe his Death: and therefore I charge you to ſay no more in his behalf; but command you to tell him from me, that I declare eternal War with him: That in revenge of my Son's Death, I will load *Mandana* with more Irons, than that unfortunate Prince carried. And that within a few daies I will ſend him back the Corps of that Princeſs whom he adores, in the ſame Coffin which brought my Son. As ſhe ſaid ſo, the Prince *Ariantes* coming to her, and hearing theſe Words, he grew pale with fear and wonder; So that his Love of *Mandana* moving him, he was neceſſitated to juſtify his Rival, leſt the violence of *Thomiris* ſhould become dangerous. Alſo ſhe had no ſooner pronounced theſe terrible Words, but *Ariantes* ſpoke to her with as much Reverence as Sorrow; You know, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that Fate hath brought me into that condition, as I can never be a Friend unto *Cyrus*: but have many Reaſons to hate him: Yet for all that, Honour bids me tell your Majeſty, that I can never believe that *Cyrus* did either uſe ill, or kill the

Prince *Spargapiſes*; for he is one that ſtands more upon his Glory, than to have his Hand in any baſe Act; and I muſt tell you, Madam, that *Mandana* being in your Hands, it is not credible he ſhould ever do ſuch a thing. I know (ſaid ſhe unto him) that this Prince had no reaſon for it, but I know better, that howſoever it was, he was the cauſe of my Son's Death, and if I cannot be revenged upon him, yet I ought, and will upon *Mandana*; and therefore (added ſhe, tranſported with Fury) I take it ill you ſhould ſet Limits to my Vengeance, and Juſtify the Murtherer of a Prince in preſence of his Corps, and unto whom you ſhould have been ſubject. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, (ſaid *Anacharſis* then) ſtifle all theſe thoughts, and let your Reaſon ſurmount your Sorrows; for I am moſt confident, that to morrow you will repent of this day's Thoughts. I have already told you (replied ſhe) that I will hearken no more unto you; yet tell *Cyrus*, that if within three days he will come and put himſelf into my Fetters, I will ſpare *Mandana*'s Life; if he will not, I will take my courſe, and in lieu of ſeeing her in Triumph, as he hoped, he ſhall ſee her in *Spargapiſes*'s Coffin. *Anacharſis* and *Ariantes* ſeeing her ſo incenſed, would have ſaid ſomething to appeaſe her Fury; who abruptly left them, after ſhe had given three Commands. The firſt, to ſet the Corps of *Spargapiſes* in one of her Tents, in the Hands of Religious Men: The ſecond to double the Guards upon *Mandana*: and the third, that *Anacharſis* ſhould depart that very minute, and not ſpeak unto any one living. And indeed this wiſe and victorious Scythian, was forced to obey this unjuſt Princeſs, and carry unto *Cyrus* the ſaddeſt news that ever he received, ſince *Mazares* told him at *Synope*, that *Mandana* was drowned.

The End of the ninth Part.

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ARTAMENES;
OR, THE
GRAND CYRUS,
That Excellent
ROMANCE.

PART X.

WRITTEN
By that Famous Wit of *France*,
Monſieur de SCUDERY,
Governour of *Noſtre-Dame.*

Engliſhed by F. G. *Eſquire.*

LONDON,
Printed by R. Everingham, and are to be Sold by the Bookſellers of *London.* 1690.

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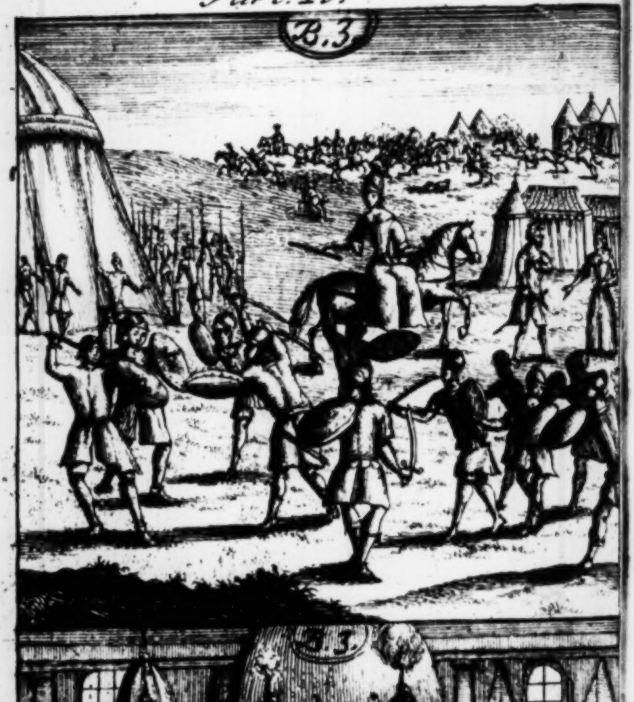
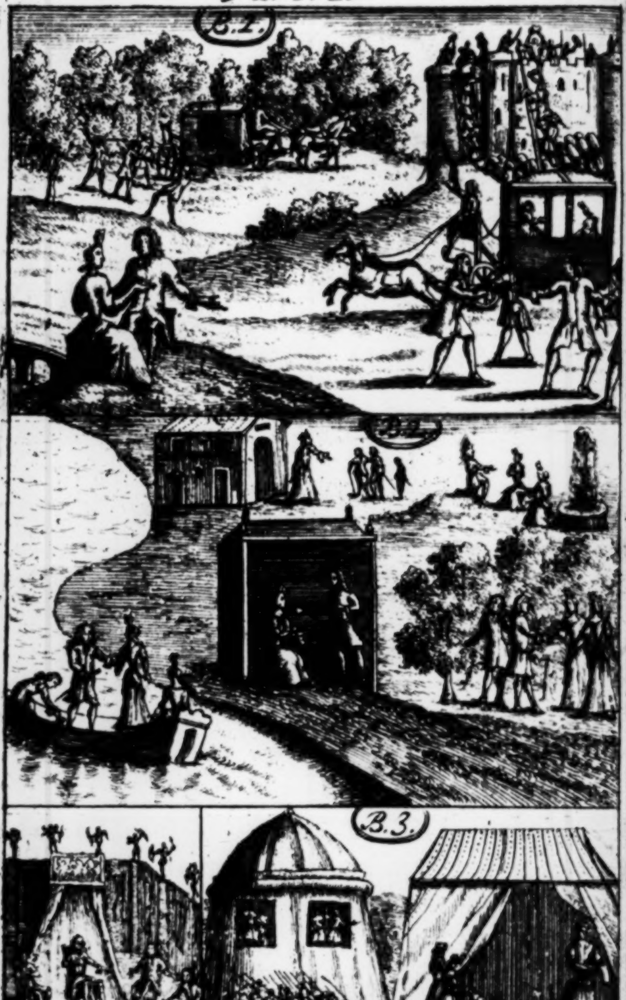
Part. 10.



Part. 20



ARTAMENES;

OR,

Cyrus the Great.

PART X. BOOK I.

SInce *Ortalgues* was not with *Anacharſis* when he had audience from *Thomiris*, becauſe he was buſied in diſcharging himſelf of thoſe Letters which he took upon him to deliver; Thoſe who were to ſee *Anacharſis* depart that very hour from the Tents Royal, never thought upon him: So that *Anacharſis* with thoſe who waited upon the Corps of *Spargapiſes*, went away without *Ortalgues*. But when *Anacharſis* came to the laſt guard of the *Maſſagettans*, which was at the ſtrait paſſage in the wood; and began to think upon the Gulf of ſorrow which the ſoul of *Cyrus* would be plunged into, to reflect upon all the miſeries of this life, and to conſider the ſad conſequences which do commonly follow all violent Paſſions: How happy did he think himſelf, in that he had wholly ſubdued all his paſſions unto his reaſon? And that he was above the reach of fortune, in ſcorning all that ſhe was able to do unto him, and in applying himſelf only unto the love of virtue, and ſtudy of Philoſophy, yet he ſtood in need of all his wiſdom, to keep himſelf from murmuring againſt the gods whom he adored, for expoſing *Cyrus* unto ſo many diſaſterous adventures; But his greateſt care was, to find out ſuch words as might ſweeten that meſſage which he was to deliver unto him from *Thomiris*: Yet that labour was ſaved; for this revengeful Princeſs, imagining that *Anacharſis* would not deliver her meſſage in ſuch tearms as ſhe expreſſed, did ſend an emiſſary of her own unto *Cyrus*; not only to ſee that her meſſage was fully delivered, but alſo to know his preciſe anſwer. So that though this envoy from *Thomiris* did ſet out two hours after *Anacharſis*, yet making more haſte than he did, he overtook him, before he came to the Fort of *Sauromates*, where *Cyrus* was. Thus this wiſe *Scithian* had not power to leſſen his ſorrows, by concealing a little the fury of *Thomiris*; for he was ſure that this meſſenger would ſpeak her meſſage in her own words. However, this great and miſerable Prince no ſooner knew that *Anacharſis* was returned with a meſſenger from *Thomiris*, but his heart and ſpirits did begin to beat a turbulent and diſordered pulſe: hopes and fears did ſucceſſively raiſe and deject him.

There was then preſent with him, *Mazares*, *Artamas*, *Atergates*, *Intaphernes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Araſpes*, and *Aglatidas*. But though much inquietude and impatience appeared in all their faces; yet it was eaſie to diſcern, that *Cyrus* and *Mazares* had ſuch a curioſity to know the buſineſs of this envoy from *Thomiris*, as could not poſſibly proceed but from one and the ſame paſſion. Indeed, they had both of them ſuch a deſire to hear how that Queen received the news of her Son's death, and were ſo affraid leſt ſhe ſhould have ſome revenging reſolutions upon *Mandana*, as they expreſſed their ſorrows and their fears in every wrinkle of their faces. They did communicate their ſadneſs and impatiency by their very looks: Though *Mazares* did ſtill ſtrive as much as ever he could to hide ſome part of his reſentments, purpoſely to hide his love from his generous Rival, with whom he neither could nor would diſpute for *Mandana*, yet he had much ado. But at laſt *Cyrus* commanded that *Anacharſis* ſhould enter, and the meſſenger from

Thomiris to ſtay in the next Tent until he was a little inſtructed what to ſay unto him. Come wiſe *Anacharſis*, (ſaid *Cyrus* to him, as ſoon as he appeared) how has *Thomiris* received you? Alas, Sir, (replyed he, and ſighed) I would the fidelity that I owe unto you would permit me to diſguiſe ſome part of that Princeſs's fury from you: But ſince you muſt know it, and ſince this meſſenger will not mince it, I muſt tell you, that this unjuſt Queen did receive me ſo unworthy both of you and her ſelf, that even the very worſt is to be feared, and nothing that is good is to be hoped for. Alas! *Anacharſis* (cryed *Cyrus* out) ſo there be nothing to fear concerning *Mandana*: Let fortune do her worſt, any way elſe, and I will freely abandon my ſelf unto the fury of *Thomiris*: But what's her grief? And what unjuſt revenge does ſhe draw from the death of *Spargapiſes*? Sir (ſaid *Anacharſis* then) ſince it is not impoſſible but her mind may change ſince I left her, I conceive it fit you know what this meſſenger will tell you, before I impart what ſhe commanded me to ſay unto you, for upon ſecond ſerious conſideration, I cannot believe ſhe can continue in ſuch unjuſt thoughts, but will even abhor her own injuſtice. Since you will not tell me what *Thomiris* ſaid (replyed *Cyrus*) you give me ſome cauſe to think that ſhe does intend the moſt horrid cruelty in the world; And that ſhe intends to loaden the Princeſs *Mandana* with the weight of her Irons. *Anacharſis*, being deſirous to make him fear the very worſt, did return him two or three (ſomething) indirect anſwers; to the end that fearing the worſt, he might apprehend leſs fears afterwards.

So that *Cyrus* imagining, that perhaps *Thomiris* intended to put *Mandana* to death, broke out into ſuch ſad expreſſions, as *Anacharſis* thought it time to tell him the truth: and ſo in few words he accquainted him, that *Thomiris* did accuſe him for killing her Son; and commanded him to tell him, that if he did not render himſelf within three days under her power, ſhe would ſend back the body of *Mandana* in the ſame Coffin, in which he ſent the body of her Son. Yet to your comfort, Sir, (continued ſtill *Anacharſis*) I muſt in all tell you that the Prince *Ariantes* does all he can to juſtifie you in the opinion of *Thomiris*, and you may be aſſured his diſpoſition is ſuch, as that he will oppoſe the fury of this incenſed Queen, as much as ever he can. Alas! *Anacharſis*, (cryed out *Cyrus* in a ſad deſpair) nothing can ſtop the revenge of ſuch an humour as *Thomiris* is of: And I ſee my ſelf in the ſaddeſt condition of any man in the world. For my particular (ſaid *Mazares* with much ſadneſs) I am perſwaded that *Thomiris* for her own intereſt will not put *Mandana* to death. But I am fully perſwaded (replied *Cyrus*) that ſhe will; only to be revenged upon me, unleſs I will ruine my ſelf: And I am fully reſolved to do it, rather than hazard this moſt excellent Princeſs. However I muſt hear what the Meſſenger from this cruel Queen will ſay: Then commanding he ſhould enter, this *Maſſagettan* told *Cyrus*, that *Thomiris* fearing *Anacharſis* ſhould not fully deliver his meſſage, ſhe ſent him, to let him know that if within three days, he did not render himſelf unto her, ſhe would put *Mandana* to death, and ſend him her Corps.

Tell your unjuſt Queen, (replied *Cyrus* ſternly) that within this three days ſhe ſhall have my anſwer: and tell her alſo, that if ſhe offer any violence unto the Princeſs *Mandana*, I will not pardon one of the Priſoners who are in my hands; and laying aſide that reſpect which hitherto I ever bore her, though ſhe was my enemy, I will moſt hotly purſue her, until I have revenged the Princeſs whom ſhe ſhall wrong: Yet I will hope, that you will find the mind of the *Maſſagettan* Queen changed when you are returned to her; and that ſhe will repent of her Injuſtice and cruelty, againſt a Princeſs who never offended her: But once more I charge you to tell her, it is her beſt to take heed of injuring the Princeſs *Mandana*: Aſſure her, it concerns the lives of all the Priſoners which are, or ever ſhall be in my power. After this, *Cyrus* having

ing diſmiſſed the meſſenger, he was a while ſilent, conſidering what to reſolve upon. At firſt, he thought it beſt to march immediatly to the Tents Royal, to force the paſſes; and in the head of his Army, to ſave the life of his Princeſs: But afterwards conſidering that the more he preſſed upon *Thomiris* the more reaſon he had to fear *Mandana*, and that the nearer the *Maſſagettan* Queen was unto her ruine, ſhe would the ſooner haſten *Mandana*'s, he knew not what to reſolve upon. But as his great heart adviſed him to fight, ſo his love perſwaded him, rather than to hazard his Princeſs, to put himſelf into the hands of *Thomiris*: Provided ſhe would releaſe *Mandana*, yet ſince it was not likely ſhe would releaſe her, though he ſhould put himſelf into her power, he rejected that thought as well as the reſt.

In the mean time, conſidering the ſtate of things, he muſt either ſubmit himſelf her Priſoner, or endanger the life of *Mandana*. So as not knowing what to reſolve upon, his mind was ſo turbulent, as not being able to encloſe his ſorrows in his own heart; for heavens ſake (ſaid he unto all the company) tell me each of you, what you think to be my beſt courſe, and what I ſhould do, not to hazard the life of my Princeſs? But I beſeech you, conſider only her, and never care what becomes of me: Adviſe me what I ſhall do to ſave her, and never conſider my Army, nor my Conqueſts, nor my life, for I am ſo far from all theſe conſiderations, that I do not value my own Glory, in competition of her ſafety. And though it be a ſhame for the Conqueror of *Thomiris* to take her fetters upon him, yet I am moſt ready to do it, unleſs you can find out ſome other way to keep my Princeſs from periſhing. I know there's none amongſt you who dare tell me, it is requiſite to receive fetters from the hands of a Queen whom I have conquered, but unleſs you find me out ſome better expedient, I ſhall tell it unto my ſelf: For my part, Sir, (ſaid *Anacharſis*) I conceive the beſt expedient is to draw the buſineſs out at length, by returning a

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dubious anſwer, and ſo gain time for the Prince *Ariantes* either to perſwade *Thomiris* unto reaſon, or elſe till he get himſelf into a condition able to give a ſtop unto her violences. Alas! wiſe *Anacharſis* (ſaid *Cyrus*) It ſeems you are ignorant of the height of that paſſion which poſſeſſeth me, ſince you think it poſſible I ſhould live, even but a few days, in ſuch a cruel incertainty. The truth is, (added *Mazares* moſt ſadly) minutes wherein the life of *Mandana* is feared, ſeem very long unto thoſe who are nearly interreſted in her.

Since I am well acquainted with the power of Love, (replyed *Intaphernes*,) I do eaſily underſtaud your meaning: but to ſpeak unto the buſineſs (as I do think) I can never believe that Queen, who had never made war, but only to make her ſelf loved, will ever give ſo great a provocation of hatred unto him of whom ſhe deſires to be loved, as this, to put the Princeſs whom he adores to death.

Since *Thomiris* is reported to be of a moſt haſty and violent temper, (replyed *Atergatis*,) what you ſay is no ſecurity for *Mandana*'s life: But my greateſt hope is in the love of *Ariantes*: for ſince his paſſion hath been ſo high as to make him forget his duty unto the illuſtrious *Cyrus*: and ſo violent as to attempt ſo bold an act, as to carry her away before his face, doubtleſs he will be as forward and ingenious as to preſerve *Mandana*'s life, and to find out a way of ſtopping the violence of *Thomiris*. Though he ſhould not, replyed *Hydaſpes*, yet I cannot believe that *Thomiris* will offer to make any attempts upon the life of the Princeſs *Mandana*: For being freſhly defeated, It were the moſt ſenſeleſs piece of imprudence in the world, to incenſe her Conqueror, by any ſuch cruelty, and therefore I cannot believe ſhe will ever offer it. Since ſhe receives freſh forces from ſeveral places, replyed *Araſpes*, the conſideration of the Battel loſt will not hinder her revenge: But, as the Prince *Atergates* moſt wiſely ſaid, *Ariantes* will give a ſtop, and doubtleſs oppoſe her with good ſucceſs:

For his Cauſe will appear ſo juſt, that I do believe all the Subjects of *Thomiris* would turn Rebels, if ſhe ſhould command them to put the Princeſs *Mandana* to death. For my part (ſaid *Aglatidas*, and addreſſed his ſpeech to *Cyrus*) I am very well acquainted with all the reſentments that either love or jealouſie can infuſe, and I cannot believe that the *Maſſagettan* Queen will ever put the Princeſs *Mandana* to death, but only gives out this thundring threatning, to keep you, Sir, from advancing towards her, until her freſh forces be come up, and joyned unto the reſt of her ſhattered Army.

I muſt confeſs, if ſhe were too hard preſſed upon, deſpair might perchance move her unto any thing: And I do believe that if you were in her power, the life of *Mandana* would be then more in danger than it is: But as the ſtate of things ſtand, I cannot think ſhe dares revenge her ſelf upon a Princeſs, whoſe death would turn all rational men living to be her enemies. I ſee, (replyed *Cyrus*,) that you give me your opinions, of what I am to fear or hope for, but I do not ſee that you tell me, what I ought to do; yet ſomething I muſt do: I am engaged to anſwer this unjuſt Princeſs; and I muſt anſwer ſo as may not endanger *Mandana*. The propoſition which the wiſe *Anacharſis* made, replyed *Artamas*, ſeems to be moſt expedient, for a dubious anſwer will give you time to argue with this furious Queen, and will give the Prince *Ariantes* alſo leaſure to contrive the ſafety of *Mandana*. Oh Heavens, (cryed *Cyrus* out) unto what a miſerable condition am I brought? ſince I muſt expect the ſafety of my Princeſs from a Rival whom I would have killed, and who muſt periſh unleſs I periſh my ſelf: No, no, I cannot reſt in this condition: I muſt uſe more violent remedies unto the miſery which torments me: For though I ſhould give an ambiguous anſwer unto this unjuſt Princeſs, yet after all, I muſt make it clear, and ſtill return unto the ſame point where I was. 'Tis true, Sir, replyed *Anacharſis*; but to bring you unto my opinion, let me tell you, Sir, that to ſtop the execution of any wicked act, eſpecially an act of cruelty, there needs no more but to defer the firſt motions of it, for I am confident that there are very few people in the world who are ſo extreamly wicked, as to continue long obſtinate in the intentions of any unhumane action. Moreover, be pleaſed to conſider, that *Thomiris* is not naturally wicked: The fury that is now in her mind is but a ſtranger, and therefore it's likely, that if one give her leaſure to examine the buſineſs, ſhe will not do what you do fear, ſince it is a thing oppoſite to her own intereſts. For if *Mandana* were out of her power, what ſurety had ſhe, if ſhe ſhould fall into yours? Whereas, ſhe having her, ſhe can make her peace when ſhe pleaſeth, and whenſoever ſhe is pleaſed to reſtore that Princeſs ſhe is able to diſarm you: Therefore, Sir, let it not too much trouble you; Do all that Prudence dictates unto you, and leave the reſt unto the gods, who will never ſuffer ſo virtuous a Princeſs as *Mandana* to dye a death ſo tragical. Alas, wiſe *Anacharſis* (replyed *Cyrus*) as great a confidence as I have in the Juſtice of the gods, yet I dare not truſt them with the life of my Princeſs, for their ways are above the reach of all men: And we do ſo often ſee the innocent become miſerable, and the wicked proſperous, that all *Mandana*'s virtue is no ſecurity to me againſt the injuſtice of *Thomiris*: yet I will follow your Counſel, and when the time comes give ſuch an anſwer as you adviſe.

After this, *Cyrus* ſeeming as if he deſired to be alone, all the company retired, and left him at liberty to digeſt his own ſorrows. Yet they were no ſooner gone, but this terrible menace of *Thomiris* coming into his mind, it did ſo diſcompoſe all his thoughts that he knew not what to reſolve upon, and ſometimes he could ſee no way but to put himſelf into the power of the incenſed Queen: for when he fancied *Mandana*'s body in *Spargapiſe*'s Coffin, his reaſon roved, and this ſad imagination made him think *Mandana* really dead: yet his love ſuggeſting many tumultuous thoughts, he no ſooner reſolved upon one thing, but he preſently condemned it; and ſince he could find no way which was infallible ſafety for *Mandana*'s life, he could not ſtay long in any one thought: And the niceneſs of his Paſſion made him think that *Mandana* had great reaſon to upbraid him hereafter, if he did not put himſelf in Priſon to releaſe her: But the greateſt difficulty was, how he ſhould be ſure of her ſafety, if he did aſſume her Chains: for *Thomiris* would not releaſe her until he was in her fetters, and there was not reaſon he ſhould aſſume them before ſhe was at liberty. But alas! (added he) this unjuſt Princeſs did not ſay ſhe would releaſe *Mandana* if I put my ſelf into her power, but only ſaid, that ſhe would not put her to death: Fie, fie, cruel *Thomiris* (purſued he) can you threaten a Prince ſo cruelly, who when he could have killed you, did let fall the point of his ſword? and who out of his reſpects to you, did injure his love? unjuſt Princeſs! Can *Mandana* be in your power and you not love her? Can you think me culpable for being faithful to her? Can you know her and threaten her life? Is it poſſible any ſhould be ſo cruel as to obey you, if you ſhould command them to take away her life? Yet *Anacharſis* heard this diſmal menace from your own mouth: and I have heard it from your Emiſſarie. After this, the ſoul of *Cyrus* being ſadded with this diſmal thought, his mind was full of confuſed fancies, which refuſing and diſordering all his faculties, he had not ſo much liberty, as to reaſon the matter aright for a long while: But at laſt, theſe dull Clouds beginning to diſſipate, and the eyes of his reaſon ſeeing clearer, he looked upon things as he ought to do, and ſaw no way more rational than that which *Anacharſis* adviſed him unto. Yet ſince this Counſel did more ſatisfie his reaſon than his love, he did ſomewhat more than it, and ſent *Teraccles* ſecretly unto *Ariantes*, to tell him, that he committed the life of *Mandana* unto his Guard; proteſting unto him that his own Perſon ſhould anſwer for hers, if *Thomiris* put her to death: And to ſhew the height of his love, he fully reſolved, according as *Thomiris* ſhould ſay, after the ambiguons anſwer which he would make her, to put himſelf into the power of that Queen, Provided ſhe would both ſpare the life of that Princeſs, and releaſe her: So that his heart being at ſome reſt after this reſolution taken, he found himſelf able to think upon what anſwer he ſhould ſend unto *Thomiris*, which might ſpin out the time to a length. And after he had well thought upon it, he reſolved to ſend *Chriſantes* the third day, to tell this unjuſt Princeſs, that before he would put himſelf into her hands, it was requiſite he ſhould know what ſecurity ſhe would give him for the life of *Mandana*, declaring unto her, that there was no other, than to ſet her at liberty, and ſend her to the King of *Medes*. But to have two ſtrings unto his Bow, he intended to advance with his whole Army, the ſame day which *Chriſantes* departed, and quarter himſelf at the very entrance into the wood, to the end, the anſwer of *Thomiris* might be more moderate. But though this Reſolution was the moſt reaſonable which he could take, yet he was not ſatisfied with it: and he thought that there was a better courſe to be taken, though he knew not what it was, ſo as relapſing into his complaints, he was in a very miſerable condition.

Mazares for his part, his ſufferings were incredible, and they were the more ſharp, becauſe he durſt not let them be ſeen, leſt by ſhewing his ſorrows, he ſhould ſhew his love. *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were full of inquietudes; for they conceived that if buſineſs were more intangled, the Princeſs whom they loved would not be overſafe in the hands of *Thomiris*. *Gobrias* and *Hidaſpes*, had the very ſame thoughts for *Arpaſia*, the firſt, concerned as a Father, the ſecond as a Lover. *Myrſiles*, in his affection unto *Doraliſa*, had much ſorrow, for ſince he knew *Mandana* loved her, his love made him fearful, that the revenge of *Thomiris* would fall alſo upon her: So that, whether out of intereſt and concernment, or out of compaſſion upon the miſeries of *Cyrus*, there were very few in the whole Army who were not ſufferers, and full of ſorrows. But the time when *Cyrus* was to return his Anſwer being come, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, being ready to depart, the firſt unto the *Maſſagettan* Queen, and the other ſecretly unto her Brother, it was told *Cyrus*, that a man, taken at the entrance into the Wood, deſired to ſpeak with him from *Ariantes:* At this very word, *Cyrus* trembled, not only out of hatred to his Rival, but out of fears to hear ſome ſad news from the Princeſs *Mandana*.

So as being extreamly impatient to know what his enemy had ſent unto him for, he commanded him to be brought in, and as he was in this fearful impatience deſiring to know what he feared, this meſſenger from *Ariantes* came unto him, and ſpeaking in a low voice, did with much exactneſs and reverence, deliver his meſſage. Sir, (ſaid he unto *Cyrus*) the Prince *Ariantes* knowing your affection unto *Mandana*, was afraid leſt you ſhould do as the *Maſſagettan* Queen deſires, out of your fears to hazard *Mandana*'s life. Therefore, in acknowledgment of his obligations to you, and out of his deſire to ſerve the Princeſs whom he adores, he hath commanded me to tell you, that you muſt be ſure to keep your ſelf out of the power of *Thomiris*, and as long as you did ſo, he would anſwer for the life of *Mandana*: But on the contrary of you did not, then perhaps he ſhould not be able to ſave her; but, Sir, leſt my meſſage ſhould be ſuſpected, I beſeech you keep me in your cuſtody, until the Servant of yours called *Ortalgues*, returns from the Tents Royal, and acquaints you with the ſtate of things, and what the Prince *Ariantes* hath done for the Princeſs *Mandana*. Since he is to return this night (added he) I ſhall not be long in cuſtody, but will aſſure you that when you ſee him, you will not doubt of the ſincere advice which the Prince *Ariantes* gives you, though he be your Rival and your Enemy.

Since I may very well doubt the honeſty of a Prince who once deceived me, in carrying away the Princeſs *Mandana*, (replied *Cyrus*) I will take you at your word; and ſince *Ortalgues* is to return this night, I will ſet you at liberty again to morrow morning. After this, *Cyrus* committed this *Maſſagettan* into the cuſtody of thoſe who brought him in, reſolved to ſtay the ſending of *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* unto *Thomiris* that night, there being yet time enough to return the anſwer he had promiſed. Though this Meſſage from *Ariantes* might well have been a comfort unto him, yet his inquietude redoubled: for beſides his miſtruſt of a Rival's Meſſage, he was in extream impatience, until *Ortalgues* returned, ſo that he could not reſt in any place: And certainly, he had great reaſon to deſire the knowledge of what he longed for, becauſe paſſages at the Tents Royal might very well alter ſince the departure of *Anacharſis* and the Meſſenger from *Thomiris*. And indeed, that unjuſt Queen, had no ſooner commanded *Anacharſis* to depart without ſpeaking unto any, but *Mandana*'s Guards were doubled: *Ariantes* unto whom the life of that Princeſs was ſo dear, had rather *Cyrus* ſhould enjoy her, than to ſee her die, and therefore, he went immediately, and made ſure of her Guards, and went to work ſo handſomly and happily, that unknown unto *Thomiris* he was more Maſter of *Mandana*'s Guard, than *Thomiris* was a Miſtreſs. That which did much facilitate the deſign of the Prince, was, becauſe he who commanded thoſe forces which were deſigned for *Mandana*'s Guard, had a brother who was Priſoner unto *Cyrus*: So that being concerned in the preſervation of this Princeſs's life, *Ariantes* made it appear unto him, that his Brother was loſt for ever, if *Thomiris* put *Mandana* to death: ſo that either out of a reſentment of honour, or compaſſion, or intereſt of his Brother, or friendſhip unto *Ariantes*, or all, he promiſed rather to dye, than *Thomiris* ſhould put *Mandana* to death. *Ariantes* being well ſatisfied with this, he went and plotted with all his Friends, and endeavouring to make ſure of ſome of thoſe Captains which had eſcaped from the Battel, he told them all that was poſſible to make them abhor this diſmal intention of *Thomiris*, and juſtified *Cyrus* as much as ever he could concerning the death of *Spargapiſes*, to the end that the deſign of his Siſter might appear the more unjuſt. Furthermore *Ortalgues*, who was concealed in a friend's Tent, all the time he was in the Tents Royal, he ſolicited the friend of *Anabaris* and *Adonacris*, to oppoſe *Thomiris*. So as there was a great hurley burley in their Court. Moreover, *Ortalgues* going to viſit *Gelonide*, he incited her to ſerve *Mandana*. But yet ſhe could not deliver thoſe Letters which he had for that Princeſs, only promiſed him to perſwade *Thomiris* unto reaſon with all the arguments ſhe was able to produce. *Ortalgues* in this great diſorder, could not deliver any of the Letters which he undertook, except thoſe unto *Adonacris* and *Anabaris*. And the preſervation of *Mandana*'s life did ſo wholly take up his mind, that he could not think of any thing elſe. In the mean time, this unfortunate Princeſs wondered at the doubling of her Guards. *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*, no leſs than ſhe. Yet they were grieved much more, when enquiring of one of the Guards the cauſe, he told them ſo, as expecting every minute when *Mandana*'s throat ſhould be cut, theſe two generous minded Ladies were grieved beyond all comforts. On the other ſide, the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, having not the liberty to ſee *Mandana*, and enquiring the ſtate of things, they were exceedingly ſad. *Arpaſia* for her part, ſhe found her ſelf in a miſerable condition, by being in the Court of a Queen who was capable of ſo great a piece of Injuſtice. And *Aripithis* himſelf, who was the cauſe of all this tumult, was extreamly vexed to ſee *Thomiris* as full of love as fury, and to ſee that the meaſure of the one was the meaſure of the other.

Though all theſe ſeveral Perſons did ſuffer very much, yet all was nothing in compariſon of what *Thomiris* ſuffered. For Love, Hatred, Revenge, Jealouſie, and all Paſſions, did ſhiver her heart with ſuch violence, as I aſſure you ſhe was in a moſt ſtrange condition. The truth is, after the firſt fury was over, ſhe ſaw there was no colour to ſuſpect *Cyrus* of killing *Spargapiſes*, yet ſhe was very cautious of not divulging this thought: for having a deſign to revenge her ſlighted love upon *Mandana*, ſhe would ſtill have this ſad pretence for her Revenge to blind the eyes of the People: So that though ſhe could not ſee the hands of *Cyrus* ſtained with the blood of her Son, yet ſhe would ſhed the blood of *Mandana*, purpoſely to take away the cauſe of that Princes love; yet ſometimes ſhe doubted of his innocency, and looking upon him as the Murtherer of *Spargapiſes*, ſhe would make himſelf a ſacrifice upon the Coffin of her Son.

But after theſe temultuous Motions had ruffled her mind, thinking ſometimes that perhaps *Cyrus* would put himſelf into her power, part of her Fury cooled, and ſhe began to conſider what ſhe ſhould do to juſtifie *Cyrus* before the people, and juſtifie her ſelf before *Cyrus*. So that being ſometimes ſurpriſed with thoughts of Revenge and hatred, and ſometimes with thoughts of love, ſhe was aſhamed at her own weakneſs, and abhorred her own cruelty; but theſe good Intervals came not often, but commonly Fury was the Miſtreſs of her Reaſon. Conſider *Thomiris*, (would ſhe ſay) and be careful to keep up the great pretence thou haſt to be revenged of thy proud enemy, who hath ſo cruelly affronted thee: and though thou art ſure, he did not kill thy Son, yet ſtill look upon him as the cauſe of his death; for though he were innocent, yet he is culpable of ſo many others, that he deſerves thy hatred. Truth is, he is a trouble to thy tranquility, he hath cauſed thee to loſe all the innocency of thy life, and he hath made thee do things againſt thy own Glory. Purſue him therefore to death, and be revenged upon a Princeſs who is the cauſe of his ſcorning thee. Conſider that the paſſion which he raiſed in thy heart, hath ſent thy Son to his Grave: and that the fire of thy love hath kindled ſuch a War as nothing perhaps will extinguiſh but the blood of all thy Subjects. Sacrifice therefore *Mandana* as the firſt Victim of thy Revenge, and ſtay till *Cyrus* be himſelf in a condition to be ſacrificed as a Victim unto thy reſentments. But what am I doing (ſaid ſhe, and reprehended her ſelf) and what do I ſpeak in my fury? I talk of ſacrificing a Prince, who whether I will or no, does reign in my heart, and who no ſooner would be in my power, but I ſhould be abſolutely in his? Can I ſee *Cyrus* a Priſoner and look upon him with eyes and heart of hatred? Yes, yes, I can, for ſince he comes into my Chains only out of his love to *Mandana*, doubtleſs I ſhall hate him more than ever I loved him: After this, *Thomiris* being reſolved to give way unto her fury, intended to move the hearts of the People by the Funerals of *Spargapiſes*; to the end ſo ſad an object might animate the *Maſſagettans* to revenge the death of their Prince, and indeed this ſad Ceremony moved many tears. *Aripathes* in particular was in deep mourning, and ſo was *Ariantes*: But after the Ceremony was ended, *Ariantes* followed *Thomiris* to her Tent, and having made ſure of many friends, particularly of *Octomaſades* and *Agathiſes*, he talked to her very boldly in favour of *Mandana*, moving her to ſend her back unto *Cyrus*: So as this Princeſs being exaſperated, ſhe anſwered him very ſharply: but *Ariantes* was reſolute and cared not; therefore he went on, and told her all that was fit to be ſpoken, both for her own Glory, and the preſervation of that Princeſs whom he loved. For I muſt profeſs unto you, Madam, ſaid he unto her, that ſince ſhe never had been in your power but for me, I will do all that I am able to get her from you, if you offer to attempt any thing againſt her. Since you are able to do but little (ſaid ſhe very ſharply to him) I ſhall not much value what you do: In the mean time, I charge you to ſee me no more till I ſend for you; I will obey you, Madam, replied *Ariantes*, but I pray take it not ill if I do ſtop you in all you ſhall attempt againſt *Mandana*. If *Cyrus* do put himſelf under my power (replied ſhe) you need not fear that Princeſs: If he do not, I ſhall follow my own advice, and not yours.

After this, *Ariantes* having left her, ſhe went into a Tent which was her Cloſet, and called for *Aripithes*, purpoſely to give him ſeveral orders for oppoſing *Ariantes*, if he ſhould attempt any thing: but it was too late; For this Prince had not only got almoſt all the Officers and Souldiers on his ſide, but he had alſo ſent unto thoſe Forces which were coming up, to make ſure of them alſo, if need were. Moreover, *Aripithes*, though glad to be imployed by *Thomiris*, yet he was very fearful leſt *Cyrus* ſhould become her Priſoner; imagining that if ever *Thomiris* ſaw him, all her fury would die. Alſo he being advertiſed that *Ariantes* had many friends, and that this reſolution of *Thomiris* to put *Mandana* to death, did incenſe all men of any honour; he plainly ſaw that he was Maſter only of that body which was under his command: And this act of Cruelty ſeemed ſo horridly ſtrange unto all the World, that he durſt not abſolutely truſt unto that neither.

In the mean time, the wiſe *Gelonide*, knowing that there was no thwarting the great fury of *Thomiris* at firſt, yet now thought it time to ſpeak, and endeavour to reduce her unto Reaſon: Therefore ſtriving to inſinuate her ſelf handſomely into the mind of the enraged Queen, ſhe did not vehemently contradict her, but on the contrary excuſed her violencies by ſome ſhallow reaſons; ſo that ſhe might afterwards, without incenſing her, produce more ſolid Arguments to perſwade her. And indeed, when ſhe was alone with *Thomiris*, ſhe complained againſt the lamentable condition into which Fortune had brought her, and pitied her that ſhe ſhould be brought unto ſuch a cruel neceſſity, as to be revenged upon ſo great a Prince as *Cyrus* was. For though *Gelonide* did wiſh with all her heart, that *Thomiris* did not love that Prince, yet as the caſe ſtood, ſhe thought no way better to reſtrain her hands from the blood of *Mandana*, than by the intereſt of her love. Therefore fetching a compaſs, the better to arrive at her end, truly, Madam, (ſaid ſhe unto her, after much other diſcourſe) you are much to be pitied in your ſeeking Revenge upon a Prince who is ſo much in fortunes favour, and ſo much eſteemed by all the World: For though they ſay, Revenge is ſweet, yet I am perſwaded that a Soul truly generous cannot ſeek revenge without abundance of Repugnancy, eſpecially when it muſt be ſteeped in blood: However, Madam, (added ſhe very cunningly) I hope your Soul hath changed its paſſion, and though it be troubled with the diſquiet conſequences of hatred, yet it is freed from the conſequences of Love: Alas, *Gelonide*, (replied ſhe) I am more miſerable than you imagine me, and this firſt Paſſion hath not driven the other out of my heart. But I beſeech you, Madam, (replied *Gelonide*) what likelyhood is there you ſhould love *Cyrus* ſtill? for if you did, you would never ſtrive to make him hate you by perſecuting *Mandana*, for I am moſt confident that *Cyrus* would hate you much leſs for perſecuting himſelf, than for perſecuting her whom he adores: and therefore, Madam, if you do not hate that Prince, think ſeriouſly upon what you do, and if you will be adviſed by me, in lieu of menacing the life of that Princeſs, you ſhall protect it, and force that Prince by your gegeneroſity, to confeſs you merit his eſteem, if not his affection. But I am moſt ſure, Madam, that if you ſhed the blood of this Princeſs, and do not hate *Cyrus*, you will make your ſelf the moſt miſerable woman in the World: and therefore conſider well upon it, if you do hate him, then I grant you may ſatisfie your revenge by the moſt cruel and fatal ways. But if you do not hate him, give a ſtop unto your fury, and conſider that if you do put *Mandana* to death, *Cyrus* will do the like to you. And though 'tis poſſible the love of *Cyrus* may die with this Princeſs, yet he will be ſure to be your Enemy if you did put her to death. Honour doth ſo engage him to make war upon you, that though he ſhould hereafter love you, yet he durſt not entertain any peace with you. Therefore, Madam, ſound your heart to the bottom, and take heed leſt thinking to entertain only hatred, you find it to be all love. I have heard ſay indeed, that theſe two paſſions, as oppoſite as they are, yet do ſometimes ſo diſguiſe themſelves in ſuch fallacious ſhews, as they cannot be known from each other; and when one hath thought he acted by dictates of hatred, it was indeed by dictates of love. Alas *Gelonide* (ſaid the Queen) I have to my ſhame found all this to be true: For I muſt with a bluſh confeſs that *Cyrus* is not out of my heart, and if I did not love him ſtill, I ſhould not ſeek revenge upon *Mandana*: However I do carry it, as if I would revenge the death of my Son, though to ſpeak truth, my heart doth not accuſe him for it: Yes, yes, *Gelonide*, ſince I muſt open my heart unto you, I do look upon him as ungrateful towards me, and not as if he were the Murtherer of *Spargapiſes*. Thus at the very ſame time, whilſt I tax him in publick with this horrid crime, I do juſtifie him in the Cloſet of my heart as much as I can. Since it is ſo, Madam, replied *Gelonide*, you muſt carry it otherwiſe, and not put your ſelf into ſuch a State, as it will be impoſſible for you to be happy, if Fortune ſhould wheel about: For, Madam, if you do not proceed to the very laſt extremity, who knows but you may hereafter have *Cyrus* in your power: he may chance be your Priſoner of War, and may perchance become fettered in your Chains by Love, if you uſe *Mandana* well; at leaſt this Prince will eſteem you more, and may happily in the end do Juſtice both unto your Merit and your Affection: Who knows alſo whether thoſe Forces which are coming up to joyn with yours, may not get you the advantage over *Cyrus*, as now he hath it over you? And whether *Ciaxares* may not be brought to demand Peace upon no other condition, but to exchange *Cyrus* for *Mandana*? And who knows whether this happy peace may not ſatisfie the paſſion of *Ariantes* and you both? There is ſo little probability in all you ſay (replied *Thomiris* and ſighed) that I cannot flatter my ſelf with any thoughts of it: However, Madam, replied *Gelonide*, though it be not probable, yet it is not impoſſible. But if you put *Mandana* to death, it is abſolutely impoſſible that *Cyrus* ſhould either love you, or make any Peace with you? Ah *Gelonide*, replied ſhe, you are a great ſtop unto my Revenge. Why will you hinder me from the enjoyment of the only pleaſure that I can ever hope for? yet I find your words make a deep impreſſion in my heart, and my fears to incur the hatred of *Cyrus*, reſtrain me from hating *Mandana*. I wiſh with all my heart, Madam, replied *Gelonide*, that I were able to eaſe your Majeſty of your ſufferings, but ſince I cannot, yet I would perſwade you, if you love *Cyrus*, not to provoke him to hate you, by ſacrificing *Mandana* unto your revenge. For by that means I ſhould preſerve your glory, and perhaps ſomething ſatisfie the paſſion which reigns in your ſoul. As for my Glory, replied *Thomiris*, I value it not, for ſince I do not eſteem my ſelf, I care not whether others do eſteem me, or no. As *Thomiris* was ſpeaking this, an old Officer of hers, who had ever been very faithful and affectionate to her ſervice, came to tell her how he was very certainly given to underſtand that *Ariantes* was Maſter of all her forces, and that he had ſent unto thoſe who were coming up, that he who guarded *Mandana* was wholly at his Command; and that the People in general began to fear the anger of the Gods, if ſhe ſhould put this innocent Princeſs to death; that they began to murmur, and perhaps they would rebel, if ſhe perſiſted in her deſign.

Since this advice came from a man whom ſhe knew moſt faithful, it made ſome impreſſion upon her ſpirits: and *Gelonide*'s diſcourſe having prepared her Soul to receive it well, ſhe thanked him for it; and after ſhe had diſmiſſed him, ſhe began to conſider unto what a miſerable condition ſhe had now brought her ſelf, and to examine ſeriouſly what *Gelonide* had ſaid: Alſo conſidering that if ſhe ſhould put *Mandana* to death, it would then abſolutely be impoſſible *Cyrus* ſhould ever love her; her heart began to relent, and repent of what her Fury had hurried her unto: yet ſince ſhe did not think it impoſſible but *Cyrus* might ſubmit himſelf her Priſoner, to deliver his Princeſs, ſhe did not repent of the Meſſage which ſhe had ſent; yet ſhe reſolved that if he did not, then to ſeek out for ſome pretence to moderate her fury, though ſhe did not very well know how to recall things, ſince they had gone ſo far. She asked *Gelonide* how ſhe ſhould follow her advice, in caſe *Cyrus* ſhould not ſubmit himſelf her Priſoner? Alas, Madam, ſaid *Gelonide*, Violence, and Vices need pretences; but an act of Virtue and Goodneſs never needs any: And therefore if your Majeſty reſolve to change your mind, you ought to undeceive *Ariantes* immediately before things break out into a flame: For who knows whether that Prince having a pretence to accuſe you of cruelty againſt the perſon he loves, will not make uſe of thoſe whom he arms againſt you, to pull the Crown from off your head, as formerly he would have done? Diſarm your ſelf therefore, Madam, that you may diſarm him: and if you will follow my advice, tell him plainly, that you never had any intentions, to do as you ſeemed, but only to get *Cyrus* into your power, and ſo ſooner end the War, and better ſecure the poſſeſſion of *Mandana* unto him; you may alſo tell him, Madam, that the reaſon why your revenge is not executed upon *Mandana*, is only in conſideration of him. No, no, (ſaid *Thomiris* unto her) I cannot tell him ſo, for I have already told him the contrary: All I can ſay to him, is, that for the love of him I altered my mind. But *Gelonide*, when I have told the Prince my Brother ſo, what ſhould I ſay unto *Cyrus*, and all thoſe who know I have ſent unto him? you may ſay, replied *Gelonide*, that you never would have uſed ſuch ſharp menaces, but only to procure peace unto the people, but ſince you found not your expected effects, you never intended to ſtain your reputation, by any action of cruelty. Thus, doing nothing againſt the intereſt of your own paſſion, you will get much glory unto your ſelf. I know not whether I ſhall get any or no (replied *Thomiris*, and ſighed) but I am ſure that I deſerve none; and ſee, I am the moſt culpable, and moſt miſerable perſon upon the earth. In the mean time, ſince I have already ſaid, that I thought *Cyrus* had killed my Son; How can I now ſay, that I have changed my opinion? Since you only ſaid it in the heat of your paſſions and ſorrows (replied *Gelonide*) no ſollid heed will be grounded upon your words, and all the world is ſo perſwaded, that it could never be, that though ſuch a thing were, yet they will never accuſe you. After this, *Thomiris* falling into a deep ſtudy, and ſeriouſly conſidering the danger unto which ſhe was expoſed, eſpecially what *Gelonide* ſaid, concerning the hatred of *Cyrus* if ſhe put *Mandana* to death, ſhe reſolved to ſend for *Ariantes* immediately. At firſt, this Prince was amazed at this command, and ſome would have perſwaded him from obedience, out of their fears this Princeſs ſhould arreſt him: But *Ariantes* being confident in his friends, eſpecially in him who guarded *Mandana*, went unto *Thomiris* with much boldneſs. When he came to her, he askt her, whether ſhe ſent for him, to tell him that ſhe had changed her mind? and ſhe anſwered him ſo cunningly, that any but himſelf would have been deceived by her diſcourſe; and would have believed that ſhe had no other conſideration in

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reſtraining her revenge, but what ſhe ſaid ſh had. Yet *Ariantes* underſtood well enough, that i was her paſſion which was the principal cauſe o the alteration in her mind, but he made no ſhe of it unto her, and was willing to take upon himſelf all the obligation. Alſo ſhe added, that ſh never had any intentions to put *Mandana* to death but only to oblige *Cyrus* to ſubmit himſelf unde her power. However, though ſhe ſpoke with a bundance of ſeeming ſincerity, yet *Ariantes* kne very well, that ſhe bore an extream hatred unt *Mandana:* and that though *Cyrus* ſhould readily ſub mit himſelf, yet ſhe might ſacrifice the Prince whom he adored, if ſhe were not hindred b force. So then fearing leſt *Cyrus* in a Raptur of his paſſion ſhould do as *Thomiris* deſired, he re ſolved to prevent him. However, a reconciliatio was made between *Thomiris* and *Ariantes*, and be fore they parted, they reſolved upon what ſhoul be ſaid unto the people, what *Cyrus* had anſwer ed, and upon what their expected forces ſhoul do, when they were come up.

After which *Ariantes* leaving the Princeſs, h went immediately unto his Tent to diſpatch awa a Meſſenger unto *Cyrus*, but as he was inſtruct ing him, what he ſhould ſay unto his Rival, h was told *Ortalgues* deſired to ſpeak with him: In deed, this truſty Servant, by the advice of *Gel nide*, came to tell the Prince, how he had ſtaye in the Tents Royal, and deſired him for a pa to return unto his Maſter, beſeeching him f his own glories ſake, to do him ſo much hono as to give him ſome aſſurance of the Prince *Mandana*'s life: For truly, Sir, (ſaid he) knowi already what you have done for her, I have ſom reaſon to hope, that though you did it not f the intereſt of that great Prince unto whom I be long, yet you will give me leave to carry th joyful news unto him, of your being her Pro tector and Deliverer.

Ariant

Ariantes being much taken with the boldneſs of *Ortalgues*, he received him very well, and very obligingly told him, that he ſaw *Cyrus* was every way happy, even in his Domeſtiques: Afterwards told him, that though *Cyrus* was both his Enemy and Rival, yet he would neither be ungrateful nor wicked, but would ever acknowledge the Obligations upon him, ſince the time he was *Anaxaris*, by the aſſurance he would give him of *Mandana*'s ſafety, as long as ſhe was under the Queen his ſiſters power; and the better to perſwade him unto a belief of it, he told him as much as in any handſomeneſs he could, what he had done for the preſervation of that Princeſs, he alſo told him that he might go unto his Maſter; but to avoid ſuſpition, the man, whom he intended to ſend with him ſhould go by himſelf.

In the mean time, *Ortalgues* after he underſtood that the meſſenger of *Thomiris* was returned, and underſtood from *Gelonide*, the good ſtate of every thing, he departed without rendring the Letters which he took upon him to deliver: But he went in the *Maſſagettan* habit, and with an order from *Ariantes*, leſt he ſhould be ſtayed by his forces. So as this faithful ſervant arriving juſt as the meſſenger from *Ariantes* was telling *Cyrus* that he would come, he overjoyed that Prince when he told him all that *Gelonide* and *Ariantes* ſaid unto him; and when he ſaw *Mandana*'s life was in no danger: So that deſiring to ſhare his joys amongſt his deareſt friends, eſpecially unto *Mazares*, though his Rival, he ſent for him, alſo for *Anacharſis*, *Artamas*, *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, and *Atergates*: Yet the three laſt were very angry their Letters were not delivered, but for all that were very glad to hear that their Miſtreſſes were well. In the mean time, *Cyrus* altered the anſwer which he would give unto *Thomiris*, yet he did not alter it without ſerious examination, whether he ſhould build upon *Ariantes* and *Gelonide* or no: But when he conſidered that *Ariantes* was in love with *Mandana*, he concluded upon an abſolute neceſſity of believing him, becauſe he was concerned in the life of this Princeſs, ſo that being confirmed in this reſolution, he told *Ariantes* his meſſenger, as he diſmiſſed him, and rewarded him with a rich preſent, that the proceedings of his Maſter were ſo generous, that he would for ever eſteem him; and did not deſpair, but hereafter he ſhould be beholding to him, for ſetting the Princeſs *Mandana* at liberty, but in the mean time he conjured him for his own Glories ſake, to continue her Protector; and to acquaint him with any thing which may ſecure the life of that Princeſs: For truly (ſaid he unto the meſſenger of his Rival) I do ſo highly eſteem *Ariantes* for what he hath done, as if he ſhould ſend me word, that *Mandana* were in danger, unleſs I came and aſſumed the Fetters of *Thomiris*, I think I ſhould take his word.

On the other ſide, this great Prince charged *Chryſantes* to tell the *Maſſagettan* Queen, that he had more confidence in her virtue, than to fear *Mandana*'s life, and that he was confident of her ſafety under her power, nor ſhould he doubt his own, were he under her power alſo; which if ſhe deſire, ſhe muſt firſt remit *Mandana* into the King of *Medea*'s hands, adding, that what ſhe before ſent to him, he believed was ſpoken in the height of her ſorrows: and could never think that ſhe had any bad intentions againſt the life of that Princeſs, and therefore he had no more to ſay, but to crave pardon for not believing her meſſenger; and to make amends for that fault, he would engage himſelf by oath, to treat all his Priſoners as well as if they were in their own army.

Chryſantes having received theſe inſtructions went unto *Thomiris*, but though *Cyrus* anſwered *Ariantes* by his meſſenger, yet he would have *Feraulas* accompany *Chriſantes*, to deliver his mind unto his Rival, and ſo theſe two faithful ſervants unto a moſt illuſtrious Maſter, went to acquit themſelves of their charges. The anſwer of *Cyrus* unto *Thomiris* being all ſweetneſs, and civility, and ſhe not knowing how that Prince had been informed of the true ſtate of her ſoul, either from *Ariantes* or *Gelonide*, ſhe was exceedingly joyed, eſpecially becauſe the paſſion of her ſoul made her believe, that *Cyrus* was not ſo much in love with *Mandana*, as ſhe imagined, ſince to redeem her, he would not hazard himſelf: So as this imagination flattering her mind, ſhe received *Chryſantes* very favourably, and told him, that ſhe began to think that *Cyrus* was not culpable of her Son's death: Adding that ſhe would endeavour to clear him, and if ſhe found him innocent, he needed not to fear *Mandana*'s life.

In the mean time, ſhe hoped ere long to have him in her power, and within this few days to have as great an advantage over him, as he had got over her. But ſhe having a deſire to gain a little time until her Forces were come up, ſhe propounded unto *Chriſantes* a ceſſation; to treat (as ſhe ſaid) concerning the liberty of ſome Priſoners, hinting of many things in her diſcourſe which induced him to think, that perhaps ſhe deſired this time to conſider and overcome her ſelf, and to reſtore *Mandana* to liberty, ſo that he parted with promiſe to acquaint his Maſter with all ſhe ſaid. *Feraulas* for his part went unto *Ariantes*, who gave a very civil anſwer unto the meſſage of *Cyrus*, but as cunning as *Feraulas* was, it was impoſſible for him to get a ſight either of *Mandana*, *Doraliſa*, or *Marteſia*, yet he ſaw *Gelonide*, and ſhe was as favourable to him as poſſible.

But ſince the Captain of *Mandana*'s guard was more the creature of *Ariantes* than unto *Thomiris*, the Princeſs was moſt ſtrictly guarded: Yet he underſtood that they were ſerved with much reſpect, and that ſhe had no other trouble but her ſolitude, and the viſits of *Ariantes*, which were very tedious to her, though he behaved himſelf with as much ſubmiſſion as if he were her ſlave: But though *Feraulas* had not leave to ſee *Mandana*, yet he ſaw the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, and the fair *Arpaſia*, unto whom he preſented commendations from *Gadates*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergates*, *Gabrias* and *Hydagres*, in whom they had ſeveral concernments. Yet they had not liberty to write; but they charged *Feraulas* with ſo many things by word of mouth, that he ſtood in need of a good memory to retain them all. The Princeſs of *Bythinia* enquired very much concerning the Princeſs *Araminta*, being much joyed that *Spitridates* would be at the Camp of *Cyrus* very ſhortly. But the time of departure being come, *Chriſantes* preſſed *Feraulas* to make haſte, and ſo he left them, after he had obſerved that there was a great intimacy between *Serpacia*, and thoſe two Princeſſes.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* followed his firſt reſolution, and marched to the entrance into the wood, as ſoon as *Chriſantes* was gone; and quartered himſelf ſo near the Enemies Guard, that they had continual skirmiſhes, ſo as it was in that Place where *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas* gave an accompt of their voyage. The Propoſition which *Thomiris* made, did much perplex *Cyrus*, for he believed it was only to gain time; but *Chriſantes* thinking he had diſcovered the thoughts of *Thomiris*, aſſured him, that there was ſomething in her mind which would be advantagious to him, if he gave her leaſure to ſurmount her paſſion. Yet *Cyrus* for all this, could not reſolve upon this truce, but had continued forcing the paſſages which the *Sauromates* guarded, if a certain Engineer had not come into his Army, who was famous for many admirable ſecrets. Indeed ſince this paſſage was very long, and difficult to be forced, *Cyrus* had a hard task to attempt it, and ſince it was likely to weaken his army very much, he gave ear unto this Engineer, who propoſed a way to paſs theſe ſtraits, with leſs loſs, provided he made a truce for ſome few days; during which time he could prepare all things neceſſary for his deſign. But *Cyrus*, being unwilling to hazard any thing upon the prudence of others, he would have this Artiſt firſt ſhew him the way which he intended to work, this Engineer thus told him, That having obſerved two great paſſages in the woods, which were not above fifteen furlongs from each other; and that they were the only places by which there was any paſſage, he further perceived that the enemies guarded the one of theſe much more carefully than the other, and where they had many more men, becauſe they were perſwaded that they ſhould be aſſaulted. Moreover he ſaid, that whilſt the truce was, when Souldiers have liberty to go and come into the Camps, then ſome of *Cyrus* his Souldiers, commanded for that purpoſe, ſhould ſeem to walk in the wood between theſe paſſages, and throw againſt all the trees, a certain compoſition prepared with ſuch art, as it ſhould ſtick unto any thing it touches, and which hath ſuch a diſpoſition to burn, that the leaſt ſpark given to the firſt tree, will ſet the whole forreſt on fire, provided that there be trees from diſtance to diſtance prepared with this compoſition to receive the fire and communicate it ſelf. So, Sir, (ſaid this Engineer to *Cyrus*) when trees at their ſeveral diſtances are prepared with this compoſition, which will never be diſcovered, becauſe it's of the colour of the bark and moſs, you may make choice of a night when the wind is up, as always it uſeth after Sun ſet till Sun riſe, to ſet fire to the firſt tree, and to advance towards that paſs which is weakeſt guarded, and in the heighth of their fears, begin your aſſault: Thoſe of the one paſs dare not paſs through, the flames, to relieve the other. Your men, Sir, will not be affrighted, becauſe they know the plot; but ſaid *Cyrus*, will not this be as dangerous for) us as for our enemies? No, Sir, (replied the man For the wind commonly blowing one way at that time of the year, thoſe trees muſt be prepared only which ſtand one way, and not that ſide of the way which you are to take, ſo as your troops taking the right ſide, may paſs without danger, and will not at all be affrighted as your enemies, but take freſh courage, becauſe the flames do fight for them. *Cyrus* after this, put ſeveral queſtions to the man and would needs ſee the experiment of this ſtrange compoſition, whoſe chief material was the mud of a lake which is in *Comagines*, near a Town called *Samoſet*, and which is ſo glutinous, that it will ſtick unto any thing it toucheth; and hath ſuch a natural diſpoſition to burn and conſume that unto which it ſticks, that the leaſt ſpark will make a great blaze, this fire is the moſt dangerous, becauſe water will not eaſily quench it, nor any thing elſe, but much earth thrown upon it. Thus this Engineer aſſured *Cyrus*, that it had done prodigies, and ſaid that *Medea* made uſe of it to put *Creuſeus* to death. This great Prince adviſed him not to publiſh ſo great a ſecret, leſt it ſhould put the honeſty of many a man to the Teſt.

However, afterwards *Cyrus* hearkned unto this propoſition, at the ſame time, when *Chryſantes* told him that *Thomiris* deſired a truce, being the more willing to hearken unto it, ſince in lieu of retarding his deſigns, it would forward them, yet his great heart had ſome repugnancy againſt all manner of tricks in war: But *Mazares* did ſo preſs him to make uſe of this invention to ſhorten the war, that fearing leſt *Mandana* ſhould accuſe him for being over ſcrupulous in point of honour, when perhaps her life depended upon it, he reſolved upon it: So as calling a Council of war about it, it was concluded that he ſhould not deny this truce, and thereupon *Cyrus* ſent *Chryſantes* to *Thomiris*, and the peace was concluded for eight days, and publiſhed in both Camps.

Thomiris made many propoſitions concerning the Officers of her army that were taken Priſoners, at the laſt battel which ſhe loſt: Alſo to delude the people, and make them believe that her paſſion was not the cauſe of the War, ſhe made ſome propoſitions of peace, which truly were not altogether unreaſonable, except in that ſhe demanded *Mandana* to ſtay three years in her Court as hoſtage. In the mean time, *Cyrus* deſired *Anacharſis*, to go unto *Thomiris* and tell her, that he could not give any direct anſwer, unleſs ſhe would permit him to ſee *Mandana*, and know from her own mouth whether ſhe would conſent unto the propoſitions: But do what *Anacharſis* could, ſhe would not permit that; So as all the eight days were ſpent in frivolous negotiations: Yet there was an uncertain kind of a hope that there would be a change in the heart of *Thomiris*, and the rather, becauſe that Queen, prompted by her paſſion, deſired to treat with *Cyrus* himſelf, in a fancy that her preſence might perhaps move the heart of the Prince; who not daring to refuſe this interview, though it went againſt his mind, deſired that he might ſpeak with *Ariantes*, though they would not let him ſpeak with *Mandana*; doubtleſs *Cyrus* had no mind to ſee *Thomiris*, nor did *Ariantes* deſire the ſight of *Cyrus*; but their intereſts were ſo odly mixt, that neither of them durſt deny the motion. Thus they prepared themſelves for theſe ſeveral interviews; which was reſolved to be in the midſt of the wood between both armies. *Atergates* and *Intaphernes* demanded to ſee the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*: *Hidaſpes* and *Gabrias* demanded to ſee the fair *Arpaſia*: But though their demands were no leſs juſt than the other, yet *Thomiris* refuſed them, but it was at the inſtance of *Lycander*: So that the fair *Arpaſia* had the ſorrows, not to ſee either her Father or her Lover, ſo that ſhe grieved moſt extreamly at it.

The Princeſs of *Bythinia* and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, who did infinitely eſteem her, did indeavour to comfort her, and offered her to tell thoſe two Princes, whom they were to ſee within a day or two, whatſoever ſhe would pleaſe to have them know: And certainly theſe two Princes had good reaſon to intereſt themſelves in behalf of *Arpaſia*; who queſtionleſs was no ordinary perſon. She was big and tall, though her Grandure was no more than ſo much as to pleaſe. Her hair was a lovely dark brown as ever was ſeen, and was ſo apt to curl, that the leaſt whiffle of wind did turn it into handſomer rings than any art could do. The model of *Arpaſia*'s face was oval, ſhe had gray, full, and paſſionate eyes, and the corners of her mouth had ſuch a particular kind of ſmile, that it was enough to ſee the lower part of her face, and to know her; her lips were ſo even and perfect carnation, that her beauty was herein incomparable; her cheeks were ſo pleaſingly round, and had ſuch an amiable freſh plumpneſs, that though the complexion of *Arpaſia* was not of the cleareſt luſter, yet was ſhe a great beauty, becauſe there was an exact uniformity in every part; 'tis true, her noſe had not ſo much regularity as the reſt of her face, yet it was not ſo, as did blaſt the reſt of her features, and if it were any defect, it ſerved as a foyl to ſet the reſt of her excellings better off, who beſides all theſe, having moſt pure white teeth, and fair neck and arms, was doubtleſs one of the moſt charming Ladies of the World; her Garb was ſo high, her air ſo noble, and her walking agreeable, that none could look on her, without a diſpoſition to love her, ſhe danced with as good a grace as ſhe walked, and had ſuch a mixture of mirth and gravity together, as did infinitely pleaſe: her humour was as charming as her beauty, for ſhe was always ſweet, civil, and affable; ſhe had a good inclination to Rallary, or at leaſt to love thoſe who did it well, but ſhe gave a check unto her inclination, and commonly ſeemed more grave than merry: Yet notwithſtanding ſhe loved pleaſures, eſpecially company, and company a little gallant, ſhe could not ſpend a whole afternoon with one friend in private without being weary, for ſhe had a kind of active ſpirit which was an enemy to all lumpiſhneſs, and which made all ſhe did delightful. Moreover, ſhe was naturally magnificent, liberal, and good, and had a ſoul ſo tender, as would make one almoſt aſſured not to be hated, though one ſhould tell her that they were in love with her, yet ſhe was not capable of any violent paſſion, and the pleaſure of being loved made her ſometimes ſuffer her ſelf to be ſo, rather than out of any real inclination.

She was not at all fantaſtical, and that deſire to pleaſe which was in her heart, proceeded from a more high and noble cauſe. Furthermore, ſhe had a wit ſo ſhap, and ſhe could ſo cunningly pump the minds of thoſe, whoſe deſignes ſhe deſired to know, as it may be ſaid ſhe had a key to open their hearts, and look into their ſecrets; and all this without any ſeeming of ſubtilty: Indeed her temper was ſo oppoſite unto any guile, that ſhe never had any friend whom ſhe once deceived: But was apt to have a kind of generous confidence, which had rather be expoſed to be deceived by others, than to be ſo ſubtle as to prevent being deceived. Thus *Arpaſia* with her Beauty, Wit, and goodneſs, did ſo pleaſe the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and the Princeſs *Iſtrina*, that they were deſirous to know her adventures, eſpecially ſince ſhe would employ them in ſome buſineſs unto thoſe Princes whom they were to ſee: For truly (ſaid *Iſtrina* to her, after much other diſcourſe) It is not poſſible we ſhould be able to do you any right ſervice, unleſs we do know the ſtate of your misfortunes. They are of ſuch a nature (replied ſhe) that I can expect no advantage from you by telling of them, but only your pity.

Though you cannot, Madam, replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, yet I beſeech you tell them unto us, for truly as for my part, I do find great eaſe unto my miſeries, by being pitied. Doubtleſs it's true, Madam, (replied *Arpaſia*) But I am ſo unable to relate all the accidents of my life my ſelf, that if you would know them, it muſt be from her who has a ſhare in my misfortunes, for beſides her knowing of them as well as my ſelf, I cannot relate ſuch things with any order, which have ſo much diſordered my mind. I know 'tis ſaid that the remembrance of miſeries is ſweet: But I muſt be happy firſt, before I can take any delight in remembring my paſt misfortunes: And therefore ſince I am not in that condition, I beſeech you diſpenſe with me. We ſhall willingly diſpenſe with you, Madam, (replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*) provided the amiable *Niſide* who is with you, will undertake it in your room. I am contented, anſwered *Arpaſia*; then I beſeech you (ſaid *Iſtrina*) let it be this day; for ſince we do not directly know when we ſhall go and ſee thoſe Princes, unto whom you will imploy us: It is requiſite we ſhould be knowing in the ſtate of your fortune as ſoon as you can. To teſtifie how willing I am to diſcover my misfortunes unto you (anſwered ſhe) I will go unto *Niſide*, and give her orders to acquaint you with all my weakneſſes: She is a woman whom hard fortune cannot deject, by dejecting her houſe and family; and who has ſuch a ſhare in all that relates unto me that ſhe knows all my thoughts: And therefore you may give credit unto all that ſhe will ſay, excepting in any commendations which perhaps ſhe will give me: For happily her friendſhip to me may byaſs her. When we have heard her, replied the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, we ſhall give you all juſtice, and ſhall believe as we ought to do. After this *Arpaſia* retired, and *Niſide* ſtayed with the Princeſſes, aſking them pardon before hand, for her want of any art to relate what they required; Then after many civilities, they preſſed her to begin the relation, which ſhe did in theſe terms, addreſſing her ſpeech unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*.

The Hiſtory of *Arpaſia*.

Though I am perſwaded you have ſo good an opinion of *Arpaſia*'s judgement, as to think, that ſhe would never have commanded me to relate her adventures, if ſhe had not known that I was able to make a perfect relation of things paſt; yet I muſt tell you, Madam, that none upon earth knows them better than I do, and I dare almoſt ſay, that I know them better than her ſelf: For the truth is, that the heavy burthen of her ſorrows, hath hindred her from obſervance of many which I have ſeen with leſs trouble, though I was ever a ſharer in all her miſeries: For fortune having ruin'd the family from which I deſcended, which heretofore kept my ſelf in a good rank, and having loſt thoſe who gave me life, when I was very young, I was put unto *Arpaſia*, as having the honour to be allied unto her, by my Mother. And having continued with this excellent Lady ever ſince my infancy, I have not only ſeen her adventures with my own eyes, but further, I have known her moſt ſecret thoughts. I ſhall not trouble you, Madam, with a relation of *Arpaſia*'s birth: For you are not ignorant that *Gabrias* her Father hath a little Dominion, which depends only upon the gods and himſelf: And that *Gadates* and he were two Grandees, who heretofore pretended to marry *Nitocris*.

Nor ſhall I aggravate the miſeries of the fair *Arpaſia*, which began by the death of her elder Brother, who dyed after ſo ſad a manner at *Babylon*, by the violence of the late King of *Aſſyria*, that it is not poſſible that you ſhould know it, and *Arpaſia* was then ſo young, that ſhe was not capable of any long ſorrows for it. But, Madam, it is requiſite you know, that *Gabrias*, even ſince the loſs of his Son, did wholly decline the intereſts of the *Aſſyrian* Prince. Yet he did conceal his Reſentments, out of his Reſpects unto the Queen *Nitocris*, who then lived: But as ſoon as ſhe was dead, and that Prince had brought the Princeſs *Mandana* to *Babylon*, his deſire of revenge began to break out, and his whole imaginations were how to ruine the *Aſſyrian* King.

And to that end, he did not only enter into league with all his neighbour Princes againſt him, but alſo united himſelf with all the Malecontents of that Court. But, Madam, before I go any further, I muſt tell you, that *Gabrias* having loſt his Wife as well as his Son, did ſet his whole affection upon the amiable *Arpaſia*, and ſhe was then upon her 15. year, and he loved her the more, becauſe he looked upon her as a perſon who would contribute unto that revenge which he would take upon the King of *Aſſyria*, as afterwards I ſhall tell you in the ſequel of my diſcourſe. In the mean time, be pleaſed to know, that there was a Governour of a Province which belonged to that King, who knowing that he loved him not, and that he would certainly take his government from him, he ſought an occaſion to revolt; ſo that not being ignorant, that *Gabrias* had cauſe of complaint, he ſent a Nephew of his to him purpoſely to ſound him, and he ſent him preſently after the death of *Nitocris*. But, Madam, ſince he of whom I ſpeak, whoſe name was *Aſtidamus*, was the chief cauſe of all *Arpaſia*'s miſeries, it is requiſite I make a deſcription of him unto you, as he was when he came to the Town where *Gabrias* did moſt commonly reſide, and where *Arpaſia* did infinitely delight, and to tell you truly, it was not without cauſe. For it was exceedingly pleaſant both in its ſcituation and the country about it, and alſo in reſpect of a ſtately Caſtle which was its principal ſtrength. Moreover, though this little Court had no great tumults, and thronging, yet was it very agreeable and delightful, and hugely pleaſed *Aſtidamus* as ſoon as he ſaw it: But to deſcribe him as I intended, I muſt ſay he was of a mean ſtature, but handſom and well made, his hair and eyes black, and without either extraordinary handſomneſs or uglineſs. It may be ſaid, he was paſſible enough, eſpecially becauſe he knew the mode of the world, and a free merry way which much pleaſed. Moreover, he was rich and handſom in his cloathes, and he knew ſo well how to ſuit and fit himſelf, that he was never ſeen in ill-ſorted colours. Moreover, his company was good and pleaſing, and he had ſuch a kind of way with him, that he did not need to ſtrive for excellent things to pleaſe; for his manner of way and air, in ſpeaking the moſt common things, did make them paſs for excellent. Yet he was a man better at general converſation than private diſcourſe, for having a kind of a merry unquietneſs of ſpirit, which made him perpetually paſs from object, to object; he could not endure to talk long upon one thing, or to one perſon: So as the greater the company,

pany, the merrier was he. He danced with a good grace, and for a man of his quality, ſung paſſing well; Now, Madam, after all the good qualities of *Aſtidamus*, give me leave to tell his bad ones, and acquaint you that his manners were not very innocent. In point of valour, he could not be queſtioned, but he had a moſt voluptuous Soul; and took his pleaſure in ſuch an odd way, as one could not know him and love him. As for his matter of love, it was ſomething particular, for ſometimes he would ſeem inconſtant, and ſometimes deeply in love, yet to define him rightly, he more deſired to be loved, than he loved thoſe who loved him, though upon ſome occaſions, he hath ſeemed really to love.

Truth is, ſome things he did are attributed to that paſſion, which ought not to be ſo. For if he had a mind to do a thing, he would go through with it at any rate, not for any love to the thing it ſelf, but becauſe he had undertaken it, yet he appeared very civil, affable, and ready to court the firſt Lady that he met, in the way of gallantry. *Aſtidamus* being ſuch a one as I have deſcribed, did come, as I told you from his Uncle to ſound the depth of *Gabrias* and his thoughts, and to move him unto ſome attempts againſt the now King of *Aſſyria*, ſo as he was received with much joy and magnificence. He commanded *Arpaſia*, to ſhew him all the Ladies of her acquaintance, yet there was no great aſſemblies, by reaſon of the Queens death: But they often walked, and ſometimes hunted, and only common pleaſures were the diverſions. At the firſt, all the Ladies liked *Aſtidamus*, except *Arpaſia*, for whether ſhe ſooner found out his ill qualities than the reſt, or whether it was out of a natural averſion to him, ſhe was fain to force her ſelf unto a commendation of him, yet this did not then appear, for knowing the mind of her Father, ſhe ſhewed all imaginable civility to *Aſtidamus*. As for him he ſeemed to be ſo taken with the beauty of this excellent Lady, with her wit and merit, that none made any queſtion on but that he was in love with her: And *Arpaſia* her ſelf thought ſo as well as the reſt, and though ſhe entertained not one thought which was advantageous to him, ſhe ſaw this growing paſſion without giving any check.

For firſt, ſhe could not foreſee that his love could prejudice her, ſince ſhe was to be gone within a few days.

And ſecondly, her age might well excuſe her, for ſhe was not ſorry for making any new conqueſt.

Thus *Arpaſia* not repulſing *Aſtidamus*, nor ſeeming to take notice of his paſſion, did go very civilly towards him, and he being apt to flatter himſelf with hope, he was a Lover without any miſery, though he had no reaſon to hope for any happineſs.

However, all the world talked of *Aſtidamus*'s love unto *Arpaſia*: And I think others ſpoke of it more than he himſelf did, and they talked ſo much of it, that he made uſe of theſe reports, to diſcover his affection unto *Arpaſia*; and indeed he did it very gallantly, and in a particular manner, though ſhe was a little ſharp with him. He chanced to be there one day when all the company did ſeparate themſelves into couples, and it was *Aſtidamus* his good fortune to talk with *Arpaſia*, and cloſing with this opportunity, he fell into talk with her, and commended her, knowing very well that commendation is the beſt preparative, to make a Miſtreſs receive a declaration of love favourably. But ſince *Arpaſia* would needs out of modeſty change the diſcourſe, leſt ſhe ſhould go further than ſhe deſired: and after ſhe had handſomly defended her ſelf againſt his flatteries, ſhe obſerved, how chance had brought ſo many thither, as made even couples, two and two. But that which I moſt admire at (added ſhe) is, that every one of theſe couples hath ſome privacies together, and that fortune ſhould ſo well place them, as that they may talk in ſecret together. I wiſh with all my heart, Madam, (ſaid *Aſtidamus*, who heard two Ladies next him talk of his paſſion to *Arpaſia*) that after your admiration at what Fortune hath done, you knew what every one in the company ſays, and that you would command them to tell you preſently: I aſſure you, Sir, replied ſhe, that if they have any humours to ſatisfie my curioſity they would do me a great pleaſure in it. And me more than you, Madam, (replied he) not that I think you to be of a more inquiſitive nature than I am; but I can eaſily gueſs by their faces what they talk of, and think that it is upon ſomthing which you deſire to know. I profeſs *Aſtidamus*, replied ſhe, you are very excellent at the ſcience of conjectures, and ſince you can tell what people do ſay when they ſpeak low, I pray tell me. To ſhew you that I am not much miſtaken, replied he, I will tell you what thoſe two Ladies next me did ſay, and afterwards you ſhall ask them whether I was far off the mark or not; I will (anſwered ſhe) But it ſhall be upon condition, that if you fail in your gueſſes, you ſhall never meddle with divination again. I will willingly engage my ſelf (replied he) becauſe I am ſure, that now I am not miſtaken. Then tell me, replied ſhe, what thoſe two Ladies ſaid, they ſaid, Madam, (anſwered he, and looked ſtedfaſtly upon her) that I am deſperately in love with you, and therefore you need not think it ſtrange that I ſhould gueſs what they ſay, as well as they gueſs what I have moſt truly thought. Fie *Aſtidamus* (replied *Arpaſia* and bluſht) you are a very bad diviner, and ſo are thoſe Ladies alſo, if they do think as you ſay: I beſeech you, Madam, replied he, let me deſire them to confeſs what they ſaid, and what they thought: As for the laſt of theſe, replied ſhe, it will be a hard matter for you to make them confeſs it, and as for the other, it is to no purpoſe. Provided, Madam, ſaid he, you will believe me upon my word, I ſhall not need the teſtimonies of thoſe Ladies; but if you will not, I muſt entreat all thoſe who talk of my love to talk of it unto you, as they do unto others. And I beſeech you, Madam, be no more offended at me, and at what I ſhall ſay, than you will be at them when they ſay any thing unto you. Your language (replied ſhe) will paſs for ſuch a pleaſant piece of raillary, that I ſhall not take it ſeriouſly. Provided, Madam, anſwered he, that you will think my Raillary ro be really true, you may let it paſs for what you pleaſe. If I ſhould think ſo (replied *Arpaſia*) it would be ſo little advantagious to you as you had better not deſire it: However, I do profeſs that I do not love ſuch Raillary. And if I thought you had any intention to uſe it any more, I would never talk in private with you as long as I lived. This is extream unjuſt, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that you ſhould ſuffer all the world to tell you that I do love you, and not to allow me, who knows the truth of it better than they. I aſſure you, replied ſhe, none ever old me that you were in love with me; or if they had, it would have been no great pleaſure to me. Then I am very unhappy, replied he, for ever ſince there were any Ladies, I am confident none would be ever offended when they were told that they had made a new conqueſt, though they will ſeem angry when they are told of it; and it is a moſt horrible Injuſtce in all women. Since I am not of your opinion I ſhall (replied ſhe aloud purpoſely to make the company general) deſire all the company to judge whether it be juſt in you to condemn all Ladies as you do; Every one hearing what *Arpaſia* ſaid, broke off their private conferences, and began to hearken unto her, and ask what the Injuſtice of *Aſtidamus* was? he confidently affirms (ſaid ſhe) that all women are well pleaſed when they are told of any new conqueſt they have made. You, Madam were ever ſo Juſt (replied one of thoſe Ladies to whom ſhe ſpoke, whoſe name was *Stenobira*) that I am ſure to be on the right ſide, if I be on yours; you are ſo able your ſelf, Madam, to maintain an ill cauſe (added another of the Ladies) as you are able to vanquiſh *Aſtidamus* without any aſſiſtance of mine. For my part (ſaid a man of quality, called *Tirimenes*) I do conceive the complaint which *Aſtidamus* makes of Ladies is ſo reaſonable, that I have a thouſand times murmured againſt their injuſtice: truth is, ſaid *Aſtidamus*, to ſpeak in general, all women are unjuſt in making men to love them, and not let them ſpeak of it to them: But if any Lady have any reaſon to take it ill from a man who is in love with her, to tell her of it; ſhe hath much more reaſon to take it ill from men who are not in love with her, to talk of her conqueſts; yet cuſtom hath made this injuſtice almoſt a law, and one may tell a woman ſhe even makes all men miſerable; that her eyes kindle fire in the hearts of men; that ſome are ready to die for her, and ſuch like; In the mean time, if a man do but open his mouth and tell her that he loves her, ſhe is ready to baniſh him; to treat him ill; to impoſe eternal ſilence, and to threaten everlaſting hatred. This rule is not ſo general as you imagine (replied *Stenobira* and ſmiled) for I do know ſome women, who will be more angry with a friend for chiding them, for making any in love with them, than they will be with their Lovers for telling them they are in love: 'tis true, it happens ſo ſometimes; (ſaid *Tirimenes*) but you never heard of it, but when a Lady hath contracted amity with him who is ſo plain with her, ſo that her anger is not cauſed by any exceſs of ſeverity: *Tirimenes* is in the right (ſaid *Aſtidamus*) but I cannot endure that they who ſuffer themſelves to be told a 1000 times in the year that this man is in Love with them, and that man is in love with them; yet will not ſuffer him who adores them, to tell them ſo much as once how many miſeries he endures for their ſakes. If there be any reformation to be made in the cuſtom (replied *Arpaſia* ſharply) doubtleſs it is to be only in this, that women ſhould never hearken unto their Lovers, nor let their friends chide them for making any in love with them.

Not but that women might hear men without any anger, if they would leave off all flatteries: but when they will be talking of ſuch things as they themſelves do know, ought not to be hearkened unto, their anger in that caſe hath a moſt juſt ground. Madam, replied

plied *Aſtidamus*, you defend a bad cauſe, with ſo much wit, that as long as you are ſpeaking, I am ready to ſubmit unto your arguments, but as ſoon as you are ſilent, I return unto my firſt opinion, and declare, that if it be a crime to make men in love with you, then you have no reaſon to take it well that your friends do tell you of it: but if it be not, then you may very well permit him whom you have captivated, to tell you of it as well as others: For there is no Juſtice that thoſe who endure no torments nor inquietudes from the paſſion they ſpeak of, ſhould have liberty to ſpeak of it unto you: Whilſt thoſe who ſuffer moſt miſerable tortures, are not permitted to complain and tell where their pain doth lie. For my particular (replied *Arpaſia* and bluſhed) I have no concernment in this diſpute: For I am none of thoſe who uſe to hearken unto their Lovers with delight, or who are angry with their friends, nor do I remember that ever any told me, any was in love with me. Fie, Madam, (replied *Stenobira*, who knew nothing of the paſſages between *Aſtidamus* and *Arpaſia*) you are not now ſincere: For I have told you that I do know ſome men, whom your beauty hath tormented. Then is my memory very bad (replied ſhe faintly) But if that be true, and that I may make ſome profit of what *Aſtidamus* hath ſaid, I muſt be angry with you: and truly *Stenobira*, I could eaſily be ſo, if I could believe you. After this, *Arpaſia* making a motion to walk, the converſation changed, and during the walk, theſe two Ladies being next *Aſtidamus*, he over-heard what they ſaid, and how *Stenobira* told *Arpaſia* that *Aſtidamus* was in love with her: However, *Arpaſia* having a natural averſion to him, ſhe was as much vexed to think that *Aſtidamus* ſhould love her, as ſhe would have been to hear that one whom ſhe loved had hated her. But to exaſperate her averſion, it was diſcovered that at the very ſame time he ſeemed to be in love with her, he alſo was very frequent with another Lady of quality who was very fair, but of ſo bad a carriage, that ſuch as were any thing cautious of their reputation, never frequented her. So that *Arpaſia* extreamly diſliking all ſuch as could carry themſelves equally compliant unto all women, ſo they were fair: She conceived ſuch a kind of averſion towards *Aſtidamus* as did very neerly reſemble hatred, ſo that if ſhe had not been full of reſpects to her Father, ſhe could not have concealed it. But *Aſtidamus* being moſt agreeable unto all ſuch as did not perfectly know him, moſt of the Ladies did much eſteem him. At laſt, *Aſtidamus* after he had been a month with *Gabrias*, he returned to his Uncle, who looked upon him as his Son, ſince he had no children, and he returned without any reaſon of much commending, or much complaining againſt *Arpaſia*: For ſhe carried her ſelf with ſo much prudence out of fear to anger her Father, that her averſion to *Aſtidamus* did not appear ſo much as unto me, whom ſhe was pleaſed to honour as her Confident. Some days after his return to *Alfenes*, there came a Meſſenger from *Protogenes*, the Uncle of *Aſtidamus*: and for many days together it was underſtood that *Gabrias* ſent unto *Protogenes*, and *Protogenes* unto *Gabrias*, yet none did wonder at it. For ſince the carrying away of the Princeſs *Mandana* had then put all *Aſia* into an univerſal diſorder: And ſince the death of the Queen *Nitocris* had wrought a great change in the minds of all ſuch as were tied to the intereſts of the *Aſſyrian* King, it was conceived, that every one thinking of their own ſafety; and examining which ſide to take in the war which was apparently foreſeen, that there was ſome negotiation between *Gabrias* and *Protogenes*. Yet the ſecret of the affair was not preſently ſeen, but ere it was long, we found it out: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know that *Gabrias* having treated with *Protogenes*, purpoſely to be revenged upon the King of *Aſſyria*, they both reſolved to take part with *Cyrus*, but not to declare themſelves until that Prince had an Army in the field, and was advancing towards *Babylon*, as it was likely he would. But that their intereſts might be the more united, and their treaty more ſolidly made, a marriage between *Arpaſia* and *Aſtidamus* was reſolved upon. So that one morning, when this fair one little dreamed of it, *Gabrias* came to tell her that ſhe muſt prepare her ſelf to go unto *Alſenes*, and within eight days to marry him. You may imagine, Madam, how ſad *Arpaſia* was at this news; but ſince ſhe ſtood in fear of *Gabrias*, ſhe durſt not let the horrid *Antipathy* between the marriage and her appear: Knowing very well, that if ſhe did ſhew her averſion, it was to no purpoſe: For her Father would not break a treaty of that nature, though ſhe ſhould employ all her tears to win him unto it: So as forcing her ſelf with a ſtrange violence to conceal the exceſs of her ſorrows, ſhe told her Father, that ſhe was all obedience, but ſhe told him it with ſo much ſadneſs as betrayed her heart, and let him know more than ſhe would have ſhewed; yet notwithſtanding *Gabrias* being too deeply engaged in his deſigns of revenge, would not take any notice of her repugnancy: But gave all requiſite orders that the voyage ſhould be very magnificent. For ſince he deſired to cloak the league from all ſuſpition; he publiſhed the marriage of his Daughter with *Aſtidamus*, purpoſely becauſe none ſhould wonder at his going unto *Alſenes*, nor believe that it was to confer with *Protogenes*. So that the marriage of his Daughter being the pretext of his voyage, the preparations for it were with all magnificence and noiſe; and *Arpaſia* was conſtrained to receive the viſits of all thoſe who came to rejoyce with her, for a thing which was the ſaddeſt news in the world unto her, ſo that ſtanding in need of all her patience, ſhe was forced to eaſe her heart unto me, and complain againſt the rigour of her fortune. In the mean time, as the ſtate of affairs ſtood, they required all haſte in the buſineſs, and all things requiſite for the voyage were in readineſs; and we departed ſooner than we expected: Almoſt all the young gallants of any note about *Gabrias* did wait upon him; and this little Court Errant (that I may phraſe it) had been very pleaſant, if the heart of *Arpaſia* had not been ſo full of ſecret ſorrows: ſhe was alſo obliged by her Fathers command to anſwer a Letter which *Aſtidamus* ſent her; and to anſwer it with all the civility of a Perſon who looked upon him as her husband, though truly the Letter which ſhe received from him was none of the moſt obliging, the Letter yet was well written and full of wit: Every word was full of civility and reſpect, and yot ſo couched that they were not at all obliging; For there was ſuch a kind of faint luke-warmneſs in it, as made it neither tender nor paſſionate, but as if it were written by a man who was not in love, only writ a Love Letter, becauſe he was obliged, or forced to it.

You may eaſily imagine what kind of diſcourſe *Arpaſia* and I had, during this voyage, and ſhe would have none in the Coach with her, but only me, purpoſely to have the liberty of talk; and pretending the heat of the weather, ſhe ſent all her other women into other Coaches. She and I were a whole day together, talking of nothing but her misfortune: and the nearer we drew unto *Alſenes*, the more her melancholly encreaſed. So that being within two days journey, ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe were nothing but a lump of ſadneſs. Yet ſhe had the comfort to underſtand that *Gabrias* would ſtay ſome days at a Town by the way; until he were better ſatisfied from *Protogenes*, in ſome points concerning the Treaty, which he would have ended by negotiation before he advanced any further. Yet we were ignorant of the true cauſe of this ſtay; but *Gabrias* told his daughter, that the reaſon of it was, becauſe all things for her magnificent reception were not yet in readineſs.

However it was, *Arpaſia* was glad of the ſtop, though ſhe was very ſorry to be ſo near a place where ſhe was to be miſerable. But, Madam, it is requiſite I acquaint you with a paſſage which happened that day when we were ſo ſad, before we came to the Town where we were to ſtay; near unto which there was a River, over which there was a Bridge only of planks for foot people, but not for Coaches, becauſe it was too weak and narrow: We underſtood alſo from ſome Country People, that the Ford over which the Coach was to paſs, was much obſtructed by rubbiſh which a Flood had brought with it: and was very dangerous until it was a little ſcoured; ſo that we came out of the Coach to go over this foot bridge: *Gabrias* going himſelf to ſee whether the men ſaid true, we ſtayed a long time upon this bridge, beyond which we eſpied a man of a moſt admirable preſence walking on the other ſide of this River, and who as ſoon as we ſtayed, ſtopped and looked upon us alſo. *Arpaſia*'s mind being full of melancholly, ſhe no ſooner ſaw this handſom ſtranger, but imagining him to be ſome friend unto *Aſtidamus* whom he had ſent unto her Father, ſhe changed her colour, and turning towards me: Alas! *Niſide*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) I ſhould be very ſorry if this ſtranger, who ſeems to be ſo handſom, ſhould prove a Meſſenger from *Aſtidamus*: For I muſt confeſs my averſion to him is ſuch, as I wiſh him only to have fools unto his friends, and I wiſh my ſelf ſuch a one for his ſake; that he may have a wife worthy of himſelf: Your wiſh, Madam, is ſo unjuſt (ſaid I unto her) and the execution of it ſo impoſſible, that you make it altogether in vain: But as for this ſtranger, there is no likelyhood that he ſhould be any friend unto *Aſtidamus*: For if he were, he would advance; and I am confident that he ſtays only to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you at a nearer diſtance when you have paſſed the bridge: For as we can diſcern him to be very handſom, ſo may he diſcern enough in you to invite his looks, and perhaps (ſaid I unto her laughing, purpoſely to drive out her melancholly) if he look upon you but one quarter of an hour longer, he will become a Rival unto *Aſtidamus*: At leaſt his Garb ſpeaks his condition to be worthy of it. I wiſh with all my heart he were (replied *Arpaſia*

ſia ſuddenly) and I wiſh this man, who ere he be, were ſo far in love with me, as to prevent the deſigns of *Aſtidamus*, upon condition that I ſhould not love him ſo much my ſelf as to diſturb the quiet of my life. I had thought, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) that your hatred to *Aſtidamus* was ſo great, as that you would have gone on with your wiſh without any condition; and that you would rather have been the Lover of this ſtranger, than the wife of the other: Truly, replied ſhe, if there were any poſſibility in the propoſition, I ſhould be ſtrangely perplexed if it ſhould be made unto me, for I would do almoſt any thing in the world to keep me from marrying *Aſtidamus*. As we were talking thus, I ſaw that this ſtranger looked upon *Arpaſia* very earneſtly, and coming inſenſibly near the end of the bridge, where he thought ſhe would paſs, he ſeemed as if he liked her a-far off, and deſired to ſee her nearer; ſo that we continued talking of him, until we came out of the Coach, to paſs over the bridge. But, Madam, the proſpect being admirably good, eſpecially when we were upon the midſt of the Bridge, *Arpaſia* ſtayed a long time there to delight her ſelf with ſo fair an Object; thinking that ſhe deferred her miſeries ſome minutes, in not making any haſte over. Indeed the place was very delectable: One ſide of the River looked towards the ruines of a ſtately Caſtle, which ſet limits to the eye that way: On the other ſide, the River did ſo turn and wind it ſelf through a great and pleaſant Meadow, that one would have thought there had been five or ſix ſeveral Rivers in one place: But that which rendered the proſpect moſt delightful, was a rank of Mountains beyond the Meadows, which riding upon the back of each other, ſeemed to reach the Clouds, and barracado up the Country that way: On the other ſide, towards the Town, which ſtood near this little River, the eye was unlimitted, but pleaſingly invited to look upon ſeveral plumps of wood, many pretty Hamlets, abundance of Shepherds Cottages, millions of flocks and heards wherewith the plains were covered, ſo as *Arpaſia* ſtanding in the midſt of this bridge, and viewing theſe ruſtick beauties, ſhe ſtayed there, as I told you before; and ſhe ſtayed the longer, becauſe a cloud having masked the Sun, ſhe might do it without any inconveniency: So as by this means, the ſtranger who ſtood at the end of the bridge had time enough to admire her beauty, who being unmasked appeared fairer than ever I ſaw her before: She being a little hot, her complexion was higher than ordinary, and the winds whiſling her hair negligently, ſhe often ordered it with her fair hands, ſo as this ſtranger might ſee both them and her arms incomparably white.

But after a long ſurvey of this beautiful proſpect, *Arpaſia* paſſed the bridge, the ſtranger never taking his eyes off her, for I confeſs to you, Madam, that I eyed him as much as he did *Arpaſia*, though out of a different reaſon: For I looked upon him, only becauſe his admiration at her beauty pleaſed me, and he looked upon her doubtleſs, becauſe he found her the faireſt piece, that ever he had ſeen in his life. However, as ſoon as *Arpaſia* came near him, he very reſpectfully ſaluted her; and did his complement ſo handſomly, as it was eaſie to perceive that he was a man of quality, and one who had ſeen the world. But after *Arpaſia* had paſſed the bridge, ſhe ſat down upon a Pillar, which time had tumbled down, and half ſunk into the earth, ſince it firſt fell, and there ſhe did ſit until her Coach had found out a more convenient ford, and came unto her: All the men went over on horſe-back with *Gabrias*, and went with him to the Town which was cloſe by, and two or three only ſtaying with *Arpaſia*, ſhe began to talk of ſeveral things; All this while the ſtranger ſtaying in the ſame place with his friend, he ſtill looked upon her, as if he had a great deſire to come nearer her: And indeed, Fortune favoured his deſign: for *Arpaſia* being naturally of an inquiſitive diſpoſition, ſhe inquired of every thing that was deſerving it, and wondered to ſee ſuch a goodly pillar as that whereon ſhe ſat in a place where ſhe ſaw no ruins of any building: For the old defaced Caſtle, which was one of the beauties of the Country, was a great diſtance off it. So that ſhe ſent one of her ſervants to enquire of two men, who were near this ſtranger, for what uſe this ſtately pillar had been? But the two men being only Merchants, they knew nothing of it, but anſwered they were ignorant: yet the curioſity of *Arpaſia* was fully ſatisfied, for ſince they were near this ſtranger, he heard what was asked them, and what they anſwered. So then he being very glad of an occaſion to talk with one, whoſe beauty he ſo much admired, he told *Arpaſia*'s Officer, that he would come and ſatisfie her curioſity, and after he had asked her name and quality, he addreſſed himſelf very reſpectively unto her.

Madam (ſaid he unto her) I think my ſelf very happy in being yeſterday ſo inquiſitive as to ſatisfie my ſelf in what you deſire to know, becauſe I ſhall this day have the glory of ſatisfying the curioſity of the greateſt beauty in the world. Sir, ſaid ſhe, and roſe up to ſalute him, I do ſo little deſerve the commendations which you beſtow upon me, that I cannot chuſe but think you to be a flatterer, at leaſt I can ſee ſo much in the River as I paſs, as makes me bluſh at the applauſe which you are pleaſed to give me: But, noble Stranger, (ſaid ſhe, and gave him not ſo much time as to reply) ſince you know the meaning of this ſtately column, whoſe deſtiny is ſo much changed, I beſeech you inform me. I thought to have told you, Madam, (replyed he) that the deſtiny of this pillar is much greater than perhaps you imagine, for it is a memorial of the Victories of the great *Seſoſtris*, who heretofore made greater conqueſts than ever any of his predeceſſors did, and whoſe cuſtom was to erect ſuch columns in the countries where he obtained his Victories; and to engrave not only his Name and Country, but to inſculp the valour or the cowardiſe of thoſe he vanquiſhed: Thus was he wont to eternize the ſhame, or the glory of his enemies, according as they did more or leſs, withſtand his valour, by erecting ſuch columns as here you ſee and ſit upon: He made alſo other ſtatues of himſelf, for two of them are to be ſeen hewed out of moſt admirable ſtone; one of them ſtands in the way between *Epheſus* and *Phoceus*, and the other between *Sardis* and *Smirna*: But as old time is the ruin of all things ſucceſſively, ſo this pillar hath leſs reſiſted its fading ſtroke, than thoſe ſtatues, which are yet very freſh: however, Madam, (added he moſt gallantly) the happy fate of this column hath not abandoned it; for ſince it hath the honour to ſerve you for a ſeat, it hath deſerved a freſh erection, to the end alſo, none other ſhould profane it, by ſitting upon it after you: And I know not (added he and ſmiled) whether if your conqueſts were alſo ingraved upon it, they would not appear to be greater than thoſe of *Seſoſtris*. Had you reſerved this laſt piece of flattery, Sir, (replied ſhe) I ſhould have told you that I am very ſorry for meeting with ſo noble accompliſhed a man as you are, becauſe I am ſo ſoon to part from him; but now I muſt tell you, that I think my ſelf happy in parting ſo ſoon, leſt I ſhould have loſt that right opinion which I have of my ſelf; However I give you many thanks, Sir, for the favours you have done me, in ſatisfying my curioſity.

After this, *Arpaſia* looking better upon the Pillar, ſhe found an old inſcription, which this ſtranger did interpret, and ſo neatly, as it was apparant, he was a man of an excellent wit; And *Arpaſia* being deſirous to teſtify the good opinion ſhe conceived of him, ſhe asked him, who he was, in a very obliging manner. It would ſeem very ſtrange, Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him) if I ſhould be inquiſitive concerning this Column, and not be as full of curioſity to know the man who hath ſo well informed me, of what Country he is, and of what Name, and therefore I beſeech you acquaint me with both: Madam, (replied he very modeſtly) I have done ſo little honour unto the Country which gave me birth, that I beſeech you give me leave to ſtay until I have well deſerved from it, before I make it known unto you: And let it ſuffice to acquaint you, Madam, that men call me *Meliantes* without any further knowledge of my Country: Be your Country what it will, Sir, replyed ſhe, you deſerve much commendation, and though I have known you but one poor quarter of an hour only, yet I am ſure I ſhall never ſpeak of you but ſhall applaud you. As *Arpaſia* ſaid ſo, her Coach came up, and *Meliantes* having anſwered as one who had ſome reaſon not to deſcribe his Country, ſhe urged him no further. But *Meliantes* underſtanding that ſhe was to ſtay in the town, he begged the honour to viſit her, and ſhe was willing to ſatisfie his deſire; ſo that parting very civilly from *Meliantes*, ſhe took Coach, and I with her. But, Madam, all the way to the town we talked of nothing but *Meliantes*, and commended his Behaviour, his Garb, his Air, and his Spirit. Alſo I underſtood ſince, that all the reſt of that day he talked of nothing unto his companion, but of *Arpaſia*'s beauty, and after he had a long time talked and walked by the River ſide, he returned to the Town, with his friend, and returned thither with intentions to enquire more particularly of the cauſe of *Gabrias* his voyage; and indeed he met with a fit oportunity, as I ſhall tell you afterwards. On the other ſide, *Arpaſia* was ſo hugely ſatisfied with *Meliantes*, that ſhe told her Father whom ſhe had met withal, relating how he had informed her concerning the Pillar of *Seſoſtris*: Alſo ſhe enquired of the man at whoſe houſe ſhe lodged whether he knew ſuch a ſtranger as ſhe deſcribed; but he anſwered that he knew him not, further than that he had been three days in the Town, and that he ſeemed to be a man of very good rank, adding that the next morning after he came, he ſent a ſervant ſome whither, and ſince that, he did nothing but walk continually with his friend, and enquire very particularly concerning the Country. But, Madam, whilſt *Arpaſia* was enquiring concerning *Meliantes*, *Meliantes* was alſo enquiring very diligently concerning *Arpaſia*, and fell in with a ſervant of *Gabrias*, whom he met in a great plain before the Temple of that Town: For ſince all Strangers have a particular right to fall into diſcourſe, when they meet in a Country, in which they are equally Strangers, it was an eaſie matter for *Meliantes* to fall into diſcourſe with this ſervant, who naturally loved to talk, and who told him more than ever *Meliantes* asked: For he did not only acquaint him, that *Gabrias* was going unto *Alſenes*; but he told him alſo, that he was going to marry his Daughter unto *Aſtidamus*: Further, hinting to him that *Arpaſia* did not love him, nor was pleaſed with the marriage, and out of his exceſſive zeal to *Arpaſia*, to juſtify her averſion, he acquainted him with the irregular demeanour of *Aſtidamus*.

Thus *Meliantes* did as perfectly know the ſtate of *Arpaſia*'s fortune, as if he had known her from her Cradle: And underſtanding that *Gabrias* would ſtay ſome days in that place, he intended to viſit him the next morning: And accordingly did ſo with his friend, whoſe name was *Phormion*. Since *Arpaſia* had ſpoken very advantagiouſly of *Meliantes* unto her father, he entertained him very civilly: And his perſon was ſo fit to pleaſe, and his way was every way ſo noble, that he got a good opinion at the very firſt ſight; for he was big, of a noble ſtature, and of an admirable deportment.

Moreover his hair was cheſtnut colour, his face ſomething long, his eyes brown: Teeth white, mouth handſome, and his phyſiognomy ſo ingenious, that it ſpoke him witty before he ſpake: Yet he ſpoke moſt excellently well, though his accent was ſomething different from ours: And though *Meliantes* was already knowing in ſo many ſeveral things, as it was a wonder, conſidering his age, how he ſhould attain unto it; yet his converſation was natural and eaſie; and ſpoke with ſuch facility that one might ſee he ſpoke no more than what he knew, though he ſpoke of every thing; at leaſt, I am ſure, I never heard him ſpeak any thing which I would have unſaid again; alſo he compoſed Verſe excellently, and writ admirable Proſe; he had a quick fancy, a ſparkling wit, a pleaſant humour, a noble heart, and moſt generous inclinations. He courted all perſons of any extraordinary merit with a ſtrange deſire of acquaintance, and could ſo finely inſinuate himſelf into their ſpirits, that they no ſooner were acquainted with him, but he got their eſteem and affection: All that knew him, knew him to have a moſt tender heart, and paſſionate ſoul: And when he had any deſign to oblige any one, he uſed ſuch expreſſions, as when he ſpoke of friendſhip, one would have thought he ſpoke of love.

Meliantes then being thus amiable, did exceedingly pleaſe *Gabrias*, who deſired his company as long as he ſtayed in that place; he would by all means have him at dinner with his friend *Phormion*, who without all doubt was a man of much merit: And to compleat his good fortune, *Gabrias* deſired him to viſit *Arpaſia*, who dined that day in private: And *Meliantes* willingly obeying where his own inclination invited him, he went unto *Arpaſia*'s Chamber, who was glad to ſee him. Since they had already ſo much eſteem of each other, as to deſire an augmentation of it, it ſeemed by their converſation, that they had no deſigns to conceal their wits; and they ſhewed them without any affectation: Their diſcourſe was ſo pleaſing and diverting, that all the company had ſhares in their joys of confirming that eſteem which they had of each other. The principal ſubject of their converſing was that univerſal chain of all things in the World; which if one link be but changed a hundred thouſand links will change alſo. For truly (ſaid *Arpaſia* unto *Meliantes* very ſweetly) if *Seſoſtris* had never paſſed out of *Affrica* into *Aſia*, perhaps I ſhould never have ſpoken to you. For then he had never erected that pillar upon which I ſate, which was the commencement of our acquaintance: And if old time had not defaced it, I ſhould never have known you; for had the inſcription been fair, my Father would have underſtood it, and I ſhould not have had any need of you. So that I am a debtor unto two very different things, for the pleaſure which I have in your company.

Firſt unto that illuſtrious conqueror, who erected that Columne. Secondly to time, which did ruin it, and which made me ſtand in need of your help to ſatisfie my curioſity. I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid *Meliantes* and ſmiled) remember what you ſay, that if ever my acquaintance ſhould become troubleſome to you, you may ſtill accuſe *Seſoſtris*, and not me: And I ſhould be very glad you ſhould think, there is a fatal neceſſity upon all things in the world, to the end you may complain againſt deſtiny, if ever my viſits become tedious to you. I cannot tell, Sir, replyed ſhe, whether I ſhould have any cauſe to complain againſt that which firſt made us acquainted, but I am ſure I ſhall complain againſt you, if you will not acquaint me more preciſely who you are. I have already told you, Madam, replyed he, one of the reaſons which hinders me, and I ſhall not deſpair, but hereafter I may tell you the reſt, if I do not acquaint you with what you deſire to know: you ſpeak, Sir, replyed ſhe, as if we were to live out all our lives together: and yet in all probability we ſhall quickly part. Since you neither know who I am, Madam, (replyed he, and ſmiled) nor what my buſineſs is, for ought you know, my buſineſs is to the place unto which you go. My wiſhes do ſo ſeldom happen (replyed ſhe) that I cannot believe that, and I am perſwaded that accompliſhed men are ſo far from coming unto the place whither I go, that I ſhould rather baniſh all that are there. Your language, Madam, is ſo obliging (replyed *Meliantes*) that though I had no buſineſs at *Alfenes*, yet it is my duty to go thither only to make my ſelf worthy of theſe honours you have done me. But, Madam, to tell you ſomething of my fortune, be pleaſed to know, that being in an humour of travel, I have ſeen all *Greece*, and having contracted an intimate amity with *Phormion* my friend, unto whom I am obliged for all the pleaſures I have found in his country, I came to ſhew him all *Aſia*, as he hath ſhewed me all *Greece*: Therefore, Madam, having no other buſineſs but to ſhew him what *Aſia* hath moſt rare and admirable, I cannot do better than follow you, ſince there can be nothing more excellent than your ſelf: But truly, Madam, (added he) ſince I find you to be as full of modeſty as beauty; and that your own deſerved praiſes make you bluſh, give me leave to tell you that I go unto *Alſenes* only to ſee the ſtrange and admirable lake of *Arethuſus* which the *Tigris* croſſeth. This being a buſineſs more rational than the other (replyed ſhe) I ſhall be glad you intend it, and ſhall hope to have your good company the longer. Since *Phormion* had not the language which *Arpaſia* ſpoke very perfectly, he ſaid little this firſt viſit: But that little he ſaid, ſpoke him worthy to be the friend of *Meliantes*.

In the mean time, night drawing on, *Arpaſia* went to walk in a pleaſant garden, and *Meliantes* waited upon her, ſo as he ſaw her, and talked with her a whole afternoon together. He returned the ſame night unto *Gabrias*, and went the next morning unto *Arpaſia*, with whom he was exceedingly charmed, and unto whom he was very welcome: Alſo ſhe ſpoke of him unto me, with many teſtimonies of eſteem. Her averſion to *Aſtidamus* was a great advantage unto him, and ſhe thought it ſome ſweetneſs that ſhe eſteemed others more than ſhe did him; But *Niſide* (ſaid ſhe unto me one evening when *Meliantes* had ſpent the whole day with her) what think you of this ſtranger? Am I not very unfortunate to meet with excellent men for my friends, and with a husband whom I hate? But alas, my fate is ſad, in meeting with *Aſtidamus* in lieu of *Meliantes*. The one is infinitely agreeable to my mind. The other is a man between whom and me there is an invincible *Antipathy*, and yet I muſt paſs away all my days with him: This, this is a rigour which I am not able to endure. Me thinks, this would be a revenge upon this injuſtice, if I ſhould beſtow my eſteem upon *Meliantes*: And I have every moment a fancy to meet with men whom I can eſteem and love; to the end that when I come unto *Alfenes*, I ſhould have ſo diſpoſed of all my eſteem and amity, that I ſhould not be able to eſteem or love any I ſhall find there. As for amity, Madam, replyed I, I conceive that it is limited unto a certain number of perſons, beyond which it cannot go: But as for eſteem, I am confident that you, being juſt, will, whether you will or no, eſteem all you ſhall think worthy ſo to be: you will eſteem even in *Aſtidamus*, all that is eſteemable: Truly *Niſide* (ſaid ſhe to me) my thoughts of him are ſuch, as I am not able to do juſtice unto the goodneſs that is in him: Not but that I do much condemn my ſelf for it, but yet I can not chuſe, and am ſo little Miſtreſs of my ſelf, and the motions of my own heart, that I believe *Meliantes* had good reaſon to tell me that all muſt be attributed unto deſtiny: For I am perſwaded that many things which we think we do out of choice, are yet indeed done out of a compulſive neceſſity: this then, Madam, was the temper of *Arpaſia*'s mind, all the while we ſtayed at that place where we met with *Meliantes*, and our ſtay was longer than we imagined: For many meſſengers and meſſages paſſed between *Protogenes* and *Gabrias* concerning buſineſs which was altogether unknown to me: And which had no relation to any thing but the league which they made againſt the King of *Aſſyria*, upon which only the marriage of *Arpaſia* did depend.

Thus *Meliantes* did enjoy the ſight of *Arpaſia* more in twelve days that we ſtayed there, than poſſibly he could in three months in a great Town: Alſo it may very well be ſaid, that he knew her ſo well, that he knew her too much for his tranquility; for he fell as deſperately in love with her as ever man was with any: Yet he told none of it at that time, except *Phormion*, unto whom he was forced to confeſs his growing affection: leaſt he ſhould thwart his deſign of ſtaying longer at *Alfenes* than they intended; and as we underſtood ſince, he was put unto a pitiful plunge: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that *Meliantes* was really called *Clidaris*, of a family very noble in a Province of *Aſſyria*; and departing very young form the houſe of his Father, he had travelled ever ſince. But the better to underſtand this adventure, I muſt alſo tell you, that when he departed, he had a ſiſter, whoſe name was *Cleonide*, who at three years of age was ſent to *Alfenes* by her Father, who had loſt his Wife, and who ſent her thither to be educated with one of his ſiſters, who was married there; ſo as *Meliantes* had both a ſiſter and an Aunt in that place unto which we were to go; but ſuch a Siſter and Aunt as unto whom he was unknown; for his Aunt was married in *Alfenes* before he was born,and his Siſter was ſo young when he departed, that he could neither know her,nor be known by her;but his greateſt plung was, that in his ſhewing *Aſia* unto his friend *Phormion*, he had been at *Samoſates*, where his friend fell ſick: And the worſt was he ſtayed there a long time in courting the affection of a Siſter unto *Aſtidamus*, whoſe name was *Argeliſe*: For ſince the Mother of *Aſtidamus* loved her Daughter very well, ſhe ſtayed there with her, ſo that *Meliantes* having made a further progreſs into her affection than ever he hoped when he firſt began to court her, he now found himſelf put to a cruel plunge, conſidering the preſent ſtate and paſſion of his ſoul. *Phormion* alſo was much ſurpriſed when he diſcovered his friend's love: I beſeech you, friend, (ſaid he unto him) do but conſider a little the ſtate of things, ponder upon the ſad ſequels of your paſſion, and the ſmall hopes you have to thrive in it; for you love a Lady, who within theſe eight days is to be married unto a man, whoſe Siſter believes that you will eternally love her: And the truth is, Madam, *Argeliſe* was of that opinion. Yet thus much muſt be ſaid in *Meliante*'s defence, that ſhe did more contribute unto his Errour than he did; for I have perfectly underſtood ſince that when he firſt ſaw her at *Samoſates*, his courtſhip was only a certain particular civility which many would never have phraſed love, though ſhe did ſo interpret it.

But the reaſon why this Lady did ſo eaſily believe people loved her, was, becauſe ſhe knew very well ſhe was amiable, and was perſwaded all men were apter for Love than amity; and that if any man was aſſiduous in his viſits, preſently ſhe thought him to be in Love with her: So that ſince ſhe pleaſed *Meliantes*, he ſaw her oft enough to perſwade her he was in Love: And ſhe having a ſtrong inclination to him, ſhe entertained him as a man both loved, and in love with her. But ſince ſhe could not carry it ſo, without *Meliantes* knowing her thoughts, he complyed very much with her, and did himſelf think he was in Love: For he ſaw that ſhe was fair, that ſhe pleaſed him, and that then he loved none but her. Yet upon ſerious examination of his thoughts, that kind of affection which he bore unto *Argeliſe*, was rather a gallant kind of friendſhip, than a violent Love: And yet he hath acknowledged, that when he was ſeparated from her, he believed himſelf in Love, and was never out of that opinion, until he fell in Love with *Arpaſia*.

In the mean time, moſt certain it is, that when he left *Argeliſe*, he gave her very obliging language: And I am perſwaded that if he had never ſeen *Arpaſia*, he had continued loving *Argeliſe*. And indeed, when he reſolved to go unto *Aſenes*, and ſhew the lake of *Arethuſus* unto *Phormion*, his deſign was to Court the affection of *Aſtidamus*, though he had no intention then to make himſelf known; not thinking it fit to appear in the place where his Siſter dwelt, until he was in better equipage. Alſo he left off his right Name, and aſſumed that of *Meliantes*, purpoſely to diſguiſe himſelf from *Gelonide*, until he had a Train proportionable to his Quality: As for his face, ſhe could not know it, for the reaſons aforeſaid.

But *Phormion* having lamed his horſe by leaping over a ditch, the pretended *Meliantes* ſent his ſervant unto the next good Town to get another; and whilſt they ſtayed for his return, the meeting with *Arpaſia*, made ſuch a ſtrange revolution in the heart and deſigns of *Meliantes*, that *Phormion* could not chooſe but wonder to ſee his friend ſo wrapt beyond all reaſon with his paſſion: So as he uſed all his perſwaſions, arguments, and reaſons to avert him from this growing paſſion. I had rather never ſee the Lake of *Arethuſus* (ſaid *Phormion* unto him) than to go unto *Alſenes*, and ſee you become the moſt miſerable man alive: And I had rather be the moſt miſerable man upon Earth (replyed *Meliantes*) than be ſeparated from *Arpaſia*: But do not think friend (added he) that I have ſubmitted without reſiſtance: No, I have tried all ways to quench my flames, and to revive my affection unto *Argeliſe*.

Furthermore, I plainly ſee the oddneſs of my deſign, and the alteration in my heart towards *Aſtidamus* is the ſtrangeſt thing in the world: For men may love or hate others whom they do know, and alter their minds, but I think it was never heard, that one ſhould love, or hate a man whom he never ſaw: Yet my deſign was to purchaſe the Love of *Aſtidamus*, and I have changed my mind before I know him. For though when I came hither, my intention was to love him, yet now I have a diſpoſition to hate him: Truth is, there is a great alteration in the cauſe; for when I firſt ſaw the fair and tempting *Arpaſia*, I conſidered him as the Brother of my Miſtreſs, but now look upon him, as my Rival.

But friend (ſaid *Phormion*) without any arguments drawn from *Argeliſe* to cure your new taken up paſſion, I will only ask you upon what bottom do you ground any hopes? I ground my hopes (replyed he) upon *Arpaſia*'s hating *Aſtidamus*, and this thought affords me more delight than I am able to expreſs. But, friend, replyed *Phormion*, though ſhe do hate him, yet ſhe intends to marry him. 'Tis true, ſhe doth ſo, anſwered he, but ſhe intends it with reluctancy: But if you would have me tell you how ingenious my paſſion is to frame a chimerical hope, which hath no foundation but only upon the greatneſs of my Love: I muſt tell you, my dear *Phormion*, that *Arpaſia* cannot chuſe but hate *Aſtidamus*, and that ſhe hath done all ſhe is able to love him, but cannot: And it is not impoſſible but I may be that happy one whom ſhe may deſire to hate, but cannot. Alas, *Meliantes*, (ſaid *Phormion*) that heart muſt needs be too much ſtung with Love, which can forge any ſuch falſe-grounded hopes as theſe. I confeſs it, friend (replyed he) and my folly is not yet ſo great, but I can ſ[illegible]t: Yet there is no other remedy for my miſery, and therefore I muſt love *Arpaſia*, and wait upon her to *Alſenes*.

In ſo doing (replyed *Phormion*) you wait upon her to her Marriage, and perhaps you will ſee *Argeliſe* there: Oh cruel friend (ſaid *Melinates* then) do not blaſt me with ſuch dire predictions, but let me reaſon the matter after my own way: But I pray, friend, replyed *Phormion*, how can you reaſon it to your own advantage? Thoſe who never knew how to love (replyed *Meliantes*) are not able to find out ſuch reaſons as one that is in Love can: And I believe it is a more eaſie matter for an *Egyptian* to underſtand the Language of a *Perſian* untaught, than it is for a man who is not in Love to underſtand the thoughts of a Lover: But be it as it will, I will love *Arpaſia* until I know that ſhe loves *Aſtidamus*.

But what though ſhe ſhould hate him as long as ſhe lives (ſaid *Phormion* to him) you yet are not a jot the better. I know not what I ſhall be (replyed he) but I am ſure I cannot do what I would: And though *Argeliſe* ſhould be there, yet I ſhould not change my mind: Not but that I know very well, my paſſion has a very ill foundation: but yet I will love the fair *Arpaſia*, though it be only to make it appear that Love is able to grow and ſubſiſt without any hopes; at leaſt I am ſure the Grandure of her beauty will be a good excuſe for my weakneſs: and to ſpeak rationally, it is a great injuſtice to deſire any one unto more than he is able; wiſdom would ceaſe to be wiſdom, if it ſhould move one unto impoſſibilities.

And therefore, my dear *Phormion*, ſince I am not able to overcome my paſſion, I beſeech you humour me in my weakneſs; and to make me leſs miſerable, help me to delude my ſelf. This, Madam, was the ſtate of *Meliantes*'s ſoul: *Phormion* ſeeing it was in vain ro check the love of his friend, and that his diſeaſe did every moment encreaſe, did a little yield unto him, and according to his firſt deſign, reſolved to go unto *Alfenes*.

In the mean time, *Meliantes* being all complacence unto *Gabrias*, he quickly got his love: So as making uſe of that amity, and deſiring to be as inſeparable as he could from *Arpaſia*, he beſeeched *Gabrias* to let him wait upon him to *Alfenes*, and that *Phormion* and he might paſs in the number of thoſe who waited upon him in this voyage, either to honour him, or to ſatisfie their curioſity.

You may well think, Madam, that *Meliantes* was not denied; for ſince his requeſt was agreeable unto the deſire of *Gabrias*, and an honour unto him, he granted it with much joy.

Meliantes alſo carried the matter ſo handſomly, that none could ſuſpect he had any ſecret thoughts in his ſoul: And *Arpaſia* did think that the drift of his requeſt was only to be better received in that petty Court, in which *Arpaſia* her ſelf was the faireſt Star. However, ſince ſhe eſteemed him very much, ſhe was glad of his deſign: and now looking upon him as a friend, whom ſhe was not like to loſe ſo ſoon, ſhe behaved her ſelf more obligingly towards him; and likewiſe he towards her ſo reſpectively, that ſhe could not chuſe but be very well ſatisfied with him: alſo ſhe began to ſpeak more ſincerely to him, and forcing her ſelf leſs than ordinary, ſhe would ſometimes ſigh before him, and not telling him the cauſe, ſhe would ſhew him ſome of her ſorrows.

But, Madam, how joyful was her ſadneſs to him? thinking it to be only an effect of her hatred unto his Rival. And it often fell out, that this fair one would ſpeak unto me in his preſence concerning her averſion to *Aſtidamus*, thinking that he did not underſtand the meaning: but he was better informed than ſhe imagined, for he underſtood all as well as I did, and he was ſo joyed, as it may be ſaid that *Arpaſia*'s hatred of *Aſtidamus* was one cauſe of *Meliantes*'s love unto *Arpaſia*.

But in concluſion, all the negotiations between *Protogenes* and *Gabrias* being ended, *Gabrias* told his Daughter one evening, that they muſt depart in the morning, and that *Aſtidamus* would meet her half way between that and *Alſenes*.

You may well imagine, how *Arpaſia* reſented this news, for ſhe had ſome far fetched hopes that perhaps *Protogenes* and *Gabrias* would jar during this long Negotiation, and that her Marriage with *Aſtidamus* would break off. *Meliantes* was alſo as ſad as ſad could be, but he did ſo handſomly palliate the cauſe, that *Arpaſia* obſerving him, did imagine that her ſorrows only was the cauſe of his: yet ſhe did force and temper her Grief by her Virtue and Prudence. But when I was alone with her, ſhe would eaſe her heart by complaining: *Meliantes* alſo for his particular did the ſame, when he was in private with his Friend *Phormion*.

In the mean time, the Servant of *Meliantes* being returned in good time, with a very fine Horſe, which he had bought for his Maſter's Friend, he prepared to wait upon *Gabrias* and *Arpaſia*, and to advance towards his Rival. It would be extream raſhneſs in me, Madam, to attempt the relation of all *Meliantes*'s and *Arpaſia*'s thoughts upon this occaſion;

for I think it is impoſſible for any to expreſs them, unleſs they were Sufferers in the ſame Predicament with them.

The miſeries which *Arpaſia* apprehended drawing near, and deſiring to eaſe her Soul by complaints, ſhe would have me only with her in the Coach: Yet I was rather an Aggravater than an Eaſer of her Sorrows; For ſince I verily believed that ſhe muſt of neceſſity marry *Aſtidamus*, I endeavoured to perſwade her that thoſe good Qualities he had might very well excuſe his bad ones: For truly, Madam, ſaid I unto her, doubtleſs he is handſom, he has a good wit, and brave carriage, his company is pleaſant and merry, and if one did not know the irregularity of his behaviour, all things deſirable might be found in him.

Moreover, Madam, ſince it is not the cuſtom for Perſons of your Quality to have the liberty of chuſing your Husbands, Fortune commonly chuſeth them better for you than your reaſon can. Alas! *Niſide* (ſaid ſhe unto me) your Arguments are but weak conſolations; I know *Aſtidamus* hath ſome good perſonal Qualities, and ſo far I could willingly let ſome good ones excuſe the bad ones, but ſince all his excellencies conſiſt in his Perſon, and ſince all his bad Qualities are in his Inclination and Soul, I cannot poize one againſt another to comfort my ſelf; and there is ſomething ſo Antipatheous between *Aſtidamus* and me, as I cannot tell whether the intereſt of mine own Glory be prevalent enough to make me ſacrifice all the Joys of my life unto him. This, Madam, was the diſcourſe of *Arpaſia* and me, as we travelled.

As for *Meliantes* he was in a worſe condition, for *Gabrias* talked with him all that day, and told him as a great favour, that he would preſent him unto *Aſtidamus* as ſoon as e're they met. At laſt we entered into a great Plain, and ſaw a Body of Cavalry coming out of a Wood towards us: *Arpaſia* making no queſtion but that it was *Aſtidamus*, the very ſight had like to have broken all her Reſolutions of conſtraining her ſelf, and if the Plain had been ſhorter, certainly ſhe had wanted time to recollect her ſelf. On the other ſide, *Meliantes* being upon the point to ſee him, who was to enjoy her he loved; his heart did beat a moſt ſtrange diſorderly March: yet he had one more ſtruggle with himſelf, and endeavoured to look upon *Aſtidamus* rather as the Brother of *Argaliſe*, than as the Lover of *Arpaſia:* but, alas, all in vain. He no ſooner ſpied this body of Cavalry which appeared, but he looked towards *Arpaſia*, and endeavoured to obſerve her thoughts, and finding nothing in her face but ſad melancholly, he was extreamly well ſatisfied. In the mean time, *Gabrias* not heeding either the ſadneſs of *Arpaſia*, nor the inquietude of *Meliantes*, he ſaid he would mend his pace, to meet him who was coming towards them; and ſo he did, ſo as *Meliantes* followed as the reſt did, and made haſte to ſee a man whom he deſired never to ſee. The interview of *Gabrias* and *Aſtidamus* had all the civilities and ceremonies uſual at ſuch meetings: *Aſtidamus* alighted firſt from his Horſe, and *Gabrias* after him, and walking towards one another, they embraced with many expreſſions of ſatisfaction. After which *Gabrias* turned him about, intending to preſent *Meliantes* unto *Aſtidamus*, thinking he was behind him. But this concealed Lover deſirous to defer the embraces of his Rival, had mixed himſelf with the reſt of his Retinue; ſo as by this means, he was conſtrained to preſent them all as they came up: But when he came unto *Meliantes*, *Gabrias* made a more particular Eulogy concerning him, purpoſely to render his merit the more recommendable unto *Aſtidamus*, who received him moſt civily: So as this unfortunate Lover was forced to render unto his Rival, Civility for Civility. *Phormion* alſo was well received by *Aſtidamus*, and this interview paſſed better betwixt *Arpaſia* and him.

But to tell you how it was, be pleaſed to know, that whilſt *Gabrias* was preſenting all his Retinue unto *Aſtidamus*,

Aſtidamus, our Coach was ſtill advancing, ſo as we came to the place where theſe complements paſſed juſt as *Aſtidamus* had ended: and coming then towards *Arpaſia*, doubtleſs it was expected ſhe ſhould command the Coach-man to ſtop: but her mind being extreamly troubled, ſhe ſaid not a word, ſo as the Coach-man went on: And I think, if *Gabrias* had not cried out unto him to ſtay, *Arpaſia* would have let him to drive on, though ſhe ſaw *Aſtidamus* well enough coming towards her.

On the other ſide, there appeared ſo much diſorder in the Countenance of this Lover, that in all my life I never ſaw the like: For my part, I believe it was an effect of his anger, that *Arpaſia* would not command her Coach to ſtay; and becauſe he found ſuch a faint coldneſs in the face of that fair one.

In the mean time, as I deſired to come out of the Coach to let him have the more liberty of talk with *Arpaſia*, he would not permit it, but told *Gabrias*, who preſented him to his Daughter, that *Protogenes* expected them with much impatience, and that he would not retard him from a benefit which he wiſhed ſo much to receive, and which he did deſerve. *Aſtidamus*, Madam, ſpake this with a kind of forced civility, though naturally he had a free way, and air with him: ſo as it was eaſie to perceive that his mind was perplexed.

Many who obſerved the agitation of his Soul, did believe this to be an effect of the Grandure of his paſſion: But for my part, I always believed it to be an effect of his anger.

In the mean while, *Meliantes*, who ſlunk away when *Gabrias* ſhould have preſented him unto *Aſtidamus*, he drew as near as he could poſſible, to ſee the meeting of *Arpaſia* and him; and indeed he got ſo near, that he could obſerve every motion in their countenances, eſpecially in *Arpaſia*'s, whom he eyed more than he did *Aſtidamus*:

for preſuppoſing him to be in love with her, he never looked in his eyes: But hoping to find ſome ſparks of averſion in the eyes of *Arpaſia*, he obſerved her with ſo much attention, that whoſoever ſaw him, might plainly perceive that he was deeply concerned in the buſineſs. At leaſt *Phormion* told me ſo ſince; for my part I looked upon none but *Aſtidamus* only, and wondred to ſee ſo much diſcontent in his face at a time when he ſhould have been all joy, that I knew not what to think. However, after ſome ſhort and ſlight complements the Coach went on: *Gabrias*, *Aſtidamus*, and all the reſt took Horſe and went before: So as I being at liberty to ſpeak my thoughts unto *Arpaſia*, I told her ſhe did not well in not commanding the Coach to ſtay: Alas! *Niſide* (ſaid ſhe unto me) I never thought upon any ſuch command: and had I followed my own inclination, I ſhould have given a command quite contrary: But *Niſide*, ſaid ſhe unto me, I think it very ſtrange, that in lieu of upbraiding *Aſtidamus* for his faint and hollow accoſt, you do accuſe me, and not him. Since, Madam, your incivility did precede his faintneſs (ſaid I very boldly unto her) I muſt hear him ſpeak, before I can wonder at his proceeding: For I do verily believe, that his anger at what you did, was the cauſe of his cold behaviour. However it be, ſaid ſhe, he did me a very great pleaſure in receiving me no better; yet I am very angry at it. To be pleas'd and angry both at one thing, replied I, is very ſtrange: Yet I am both, replied ſhe, for my joys at what he hath done, proceeds principally from his angering me. Truly, Madam, ſaid *I* unto her, you move me to abundance of pity, to ſee you ſo careful to hate a man with whom you are to paſs away all your life. Since I am ſure, anſwered ſhe, that it is abſolutely impoſſible I ſhould ever love him: my beſt courſe is to find ſome comfort in my hatred of him, and that *I* do perſwade my ſelf it is juſt, leſt *I* ſhould be conſtrained to accuſe my ſelf.

In the mean time, being come unto the River *Tigris*, *Aſtidamus* by orders from *Protogenes*, did make us take upon the left hand, purpoſely to ſhew *Arpaſia* the Lake of *Arethuſus*, through which the *Tigris* paſſeth, and never mingles waters. Afterwards, turning towards the Town, we entered at a Port towards the Plain, where *Gabrias* and *Arpaſia* received many complements from *Protogenes*, I ſhall omit the tedious relating how all the Inhabitants of the goodly Town were in Arms; how all the ſtreets were full of people, how the windows were adorned with Ladies of Quality, and how *Protogenes* ſtood expecting at the Gate of his Palace, not being able to go any further. Since this meeting had nothing obſervable in it, I ſhall paſs it over: Yet *I* muſt tell you, how *Aſtidamus* having recollected himſelf out of that diſorder of mind, the cauſe of which we do not know, he helped *Arpaſia* out of her Coach; and after *Protogenes* had ſaluted her, did wait upon her to her chamber, ſo as now the Torments of *Meliantes* and *Arpaſia* did begin to double. Yet *Aſtidamus* did not trouble her that night: for ſince ſhe feigned her ſelf to be very weary, he left her to the liberty of her reſt: But the next morning ſhe muſt prepare her ſelf to receive the viſits of all the Perſons of Quality in *Alfenes* of both Sexes.

It was ſome comfort unto her that *Aſtidamus* came not near her all that day; for ſince *Protogenes* could neither go nor ride, by reaſon of ſome infirmities, it was the office of *Aſtidamus* to ſhew *Gabrias* all the Town: but in exchange, *Meliantes* ſpent all the day with *Arpaſia*, and was a witneſs of all the viſits which ſhe received: So as knowing the names of his Aunt, and Siſter, which dwelt in *Alfenes*, though he knew not their faces, nor they him, he carefully asked the names of all the Ladies which came into *Arpaſia*'s Chamber, and long he asked in vain: But at laſt towards evening, there came a grave Lady well in years, and a young one following, admirably fair, whoſe names he alſo enquired: and preſently he was told that the ancient Lady's name was *Ferinte*, and the young one's *Cleonide*, ſo as now he knew the one to be his Aunt, and the other his Siſter. Yet he would not make himſelf known unto them; nor truſt himſelf unto two perſons whoſe temper he did not know: nor would he tell *Phormion* which were they, nor could *Phormion* know which were they unleſs *Meliantes* told him, becauſe he knew not their names, he only knew that he had an Aunt, and a Siſter at *Alfenes*. However, *Cleonide* being the faireſt and moſt lovely of all that *Arpaſia* had ſeen in *Alfenes*, ſhe received her with as particular civility, as if ſhe had known her to be the Siſter of *Meliantes*,

This Lover flattering his paſſion, and obſerving the ſweetneſs of *Arpaſia* unto *Cleonide*, he imagined that it was rather an effect of a ſtrong inclination than of beauty: So as making this application unto his advantage, he hoped that perhaps ſhe might have the ſame inclination unto the Brother which ſhe had unto the Siſter. But the very truth is, *Arpaſia* did only render juſtice unto the merit of *Cleonide:* And indeed, Madam, a more amiable perſon could not be upon earth than ſhe; for not only all the features of her face were ſo many particular beauties, but alſo ſhe had the Air of a high beauty; and all the charms which ſweetneſs it ſelf could infuſe into fair eyes, were queſtionleſs in hers: She had alſo ſuch a kind of paſſionate Language, as whoſoever ſaw her, could not chuſe but think themſelves bleſt in her love: Moreover, ſhe ſpoke admirably well, and was ſuch a profeſſed enemy unto all kind of detraction, that ſhe would give even her enemies a good word when they deſerved it: And if any fault could be found in *Cleonide*, it was in having a Soul too apt to truſt ſuch as promiſed amity; for as ſhe would deceive none, ſo ſhe thought none would deceive her: and yet this fault did make her appear much more amiable, becauſe ſhe was the very Embleme of ſincerity, and that confidence which ſhe had in others, did make her much more charming, yet ſhe was a little ſad the firſt day *Arpaſia* ſaw her. And *Aſtidamus*, after he had carried *Gabrias* unto the Chamber of *Protogenes*, he entred into that of *Arpaſia*, who redoubled her commendations when ſhe ſaw him, telling him that ſhe admired he ſhould never ſpeak of *Cleonide*'s beauty, when *Protogenes* ſent him unto *Gabrias*. *Arpaſia* wondered alſo he ſhould never mention her unto her.

This obliging civility of *Arpaſia* did not only make her unto whom it was addreſſed to bluſh, but alſo it made ſome alteratiou in the face of *Aſtidamus*; and made him anſwer as if he were a little non-pluſt. Yet thoſe who took notice of it, believed that the reaſon was, becauſe he was unwilling to commend one beauty in the preſence of another. As for *Meliantes*, he conceived (as he told me ſince) that had he been in the room of *Aſtidamus*, he ſhould have been anſwered otherwiſe; for my part (ſaid he, and ſpoke unto *Arpaſia*) I am fully perſwaded, Madam, that ſuch a beauty as yours does ſo much take up the thoughts of thoſe who behold it, that they have not the liberty of remembring any other. You have very good reaſon, Sir, to ſpeak as you do (replied *Cleonide*, being a little netled) and I aſſure you, I ſhould think my ſelf much obliged unto that perſon who ſhould think of me in the preſence of *Arpaſia*. *Meliantes* knowing that *Cleonide* was his Siſter, and that it would be known to all hereafter, he valued not his Siſter's anger, at his under-valuing her beauty, and attributing all unto *Arpaſia*, imagining that when ſhe knew him to be her Brother, ſhe would pardon him.

In the mean time, ſince ſhe knew it not, ſhe could not chuſe but contradict *Meliantes* in all his diſcourſe. As for *Aſtidamus*, he was ſo backward in any obliging expreſſions unto *Arpaſia*, that every one took ſpecial notice of it: She her ſelf alſo perceived it as well as the reſt, and better: So that after all the company was gone out of her chamber, ſhe ſpoke unto me with ſo much anger, as made me pity her. Would not any one ſay that heard *Aſtidamus* ſpeak (ſaid ſhe unto me) that he was already my Husband? And conceiving it fit not to commend the beauty of his Wife, he durſt not ſpeak to me at all; Judge I beſeech you what he would do, if I ſhould marry him. I profeſs he behaves himſelf ſo oddly, that if a Stranger were in the company; and were told that I had a Lover amongſt them who was to marry me, he would never gueſs it to be *Aſtidamus*, but would rather think it to be *Meliantes*: And to ſpeak the very truth, *Aſtidamus* looks like a Husband daſht out of countenance with the commendations that is given to his Wife: and *Meliantes* talks like a brave and civil Gallant, though he be none of mine.

For my part, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, though I thought it not) I think *Aſtidamus* is ſo deeply in love with you, that he is out of his wits, for he was no ſuch man the firſt time I ſaw him. Fie, fie, *Niſide* (ſaid ſhe unto me) if *Aſtidamus* were out of his wits for the love of me, and did commit any incivilities, they would be of another nature: and he would ſooner diſoblige all the beauties in *Alſenes*, than diſoblige me as he hath done, in commending me ſo faintly as he hath done. As ſoon as *Arpaſia* had ſaid ſo, ſhe received very welcome news from *Gabrias*, for a Servant of his came to acquaint her from him in ſecret, that *Protogenes* and he were reſolved not to proceed unto the Marriage of *Aſtidamus* and her, until they had ſent to ask the new King of *Aſſyria*'s leave, and not to break off with him till the Army of *Cyrus* was in the Field, which was not near them enough to declare without danger: adding, that in the mean time they would give ſecret orders to make ſure of the Souldiers, to the end that when they did declare they might be conſiderable unto that Prince whoſe part they ſhould take. *Arpaſia* hearing that her miſery was at leaſt deferred, ſhe was joyed beyond all expreſſion.

On the other ſide, *Meliantes* learning to know the paſſions of others by his own, he thought that *Aſtidamus* was not in love with *Arpaſia*; ſo that applying himſelf to diſcover his thoughts, he obſerved him with all vigilancy: and the truth is, when *Aſtidamus* did ſtrain himſelf to ſpeak *Arpaſia* fair, one might plainly ſee that his ſpirit had not its ordinary liberty, but was in a continual conſtraint. Moreover, the preſence of *Arpaſia* was no hindrance unto him from ſpending moſt of his time in ſuch diverſions and recreations as moſt ſuited with his own inclination, as much as if ſhe had been abſent; for he played both night and day at thoſe ſports and games which the *Lydians* invented: Alſo he uſed many obſcure and unknown viſits, and none knew how he ſpent half his time, nor what he did. But though *Aſtidamus* was very ſlow in his viſits of *Arpaſia*, yet *Meliantes* was very aſſiduous, and was continually with her, with whom he was grown a moſt intimate Confident.

However, *Protogenes* being noble and magnificent every way, he made continual Feaſts and Banquets; and amongſt the reſt, he prepared one moſt gallant, to ſet forth the variety of the *Arethuſean* Lake: And the better to deſcribe it unto you, Madam, give me leave to ſpeak ſomething of the courſe of that famous River which runs by *Alſenes*, and croſſeth the Lake of *Arethuſa*; for indeed, Madam, the River *Tigris* hath this particularity, that one little ſpring which riſeth from the Mountain *Niphates* is the Mother of this River. Truth is, it doth not all the way own the ſame name; for being very gentle in its firſt ſource, the Inhabitants of the Country do call it *Diglito*, as much as to ſay, ſlow, and lazie: and it doth not take the name of *Tigris*, which ſignifies an Arrow, until by falling from ſome Grounds which it doth water, it hath gotten the rapidity and ſwiftneſs of an Arrow; and when it comes to *Alſenes*, where that great and famous Lake of *Arethuſa* is, it runs through it with ſuch impetuoſity, that its waters do not mingle with it: and the Fiſhes being carried by the violence of its courſe, do not mingle with thoſe of the Lake; nor thoſe of the Lake, with them of the River.

On the contrary, this turbulent water is ſo oppoſite unto the nature of thoſe Fiſhes which the Lake doth nouriſh, that they never come near the place where the River runs: ſo as it may very truly be ſaid, the Lake and the River are continually together, and yet always ſeparate, ſince they never mingle. This River hath beſides many ſingularities which are worthy of curioſity: but I muſt not inſiſt upon them, becauſe it is my buſineſs to ſpeak of the Lake and the Feaſt which was made upon it:and only to let you know, that *Protogenes* having a deſire to make it appear that all the wonders of the Lake were true, his deſign was to make a very noble Feaſt upon it, ſince it had more variety of diverſion than any other. 'Tis true, that *Aſtidamus* was very buſie at this Feaſt, and took great care of it; and had he behaved himſelf towards *Arpaſia*, as he ought to have done when he ſpake unto her, ſhe had good reaſon to be well ſatisfied with this magnificence. Yet juſtice muſt be done unto *Meliantes* upon occaſion, for he did contribute much unto the inventions of this: And the better to deſcribe unto you, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that as ſoon as dinner was done, all the Ladies, accompanied with thoſe Men who were to wait upon them, came unto the banks of the Lake, the Ladies in Coaches, the Men on Horſes: Yet before I tell you what we found there, and what we ſaw, I muſt repreſent unto you that noble and lovely Proſpect which that place did offer unto the eye.

Imagine that you ſaw a Lake of ſo large an extent as it ſeemed to be a little Sea; but a Sea moſt ſerene and calm, where no waves or billows were toſſed by the winds; and where the waters were only frizled by ſuch a gentle gale which did not threaten any ſhipwrack. And imagine alſo you ſaw a-far off a great and pleaſant Country, watered by the River *Tigris*; which coming with impetuous force, enters into this Lake which croſſeth it, and as I told you before, keeps ſtill its natural ſwiftneſs: So as in the midſt of this quiet and ſleeping water, may be ſeen this turbulent River, rowling its waves one after another with ſuch precipitation, as if it would over-flow a pleaſant Meadow, near which ſtands the Town of *Alſenes*.

The very colour of the waters are ſo different, as it is moſt apparent they do not mingle: But that which renders this object the more beautiful, is two ſtately Pavillions built at the entrance; and at the iſſue of the River, into, and out of this Lake, purpoſely to ſee more conveniently the wonderful paſſage of this River, and to view the pleaſant proſpect. But, Madam, to return form whence I digreſſed, give me leave to tell you, that when all the company was come to the Lake, there was thirty little Barques painted and gilt, with ſtately Tents and Canopies, to umbrage the Ladies from the Sun's heat, ſo as ſince every Barque would hold eight or ten perſons, beſides thoſe who guided it; there might be in each ſo much good company as not to trouble one another: And as commonly every one ſtrives to ſuit their company to their beſt content, it is to be believed that every one was well pleaſed that day. For none was forced into any particular Barge, but every one culled themſelves as they beſt liked, without any Ceremony, or conſideration of Rank. Yet it was not altogether ſo: For ſince ſome out of their prudence do conſtrain themſelves, there were ſome who were not placed where they deſired to be.

Arpaſia being much taken with *Cleonide*, ſhe would needs have her and two others in her Barge, where alſo ſhe was pleaſed to have me. Alſo ſhe deſired *Meliantes* to be there; and as for *Aſtidamus* he muſt be there for more reaſons than one. As for *Protogenes* and *Gabrias*, they were in another with others ſutable to their gravity and age. But when theſe thirty Barges were all filled, and the pleaſant Fleet began to ſail upon the Lake, it made the moſt delightful object in the world. Beſides theſe thirty Barges which were deſigned for the Company, there were many others which held Muſitians and Servants, which made a moſt melodious harmony upon the waters. Beſides theſe, there were other deſigns for Fiſhers in the River, that it might be apparently ſeen, the Fiſhes which were taken in the one, were not the ſame with the other, although the River run through the Lake. And indeed, Madam, the wonder is without any doubt, for our Fleet being ſometimes upon the Lake, and ſometimes upon the River *Tygris*, we ſaw their Nets full of Fiſhes twenty ſeveral times, and never found one fiſh of the Lake in the nets that were caſt into the River: Nor one fiſh of the River in any net that was caſt into the Lake, though the nets were thrown at a very conſiderable diſtance, ſo as the ſight ſeemed to be incredible. But it was extream delightful to be ſometimes in the calm, and ſometimes upon the rough waters: For when we were upon the Lake, we moved unperceiveable, and it might be tearmed rather a ſliding than a ſailing, but when we paſſed from the Lake on to the current of the River, we perceived the motion as if it were upon the ſea, ſo as we were moſt of our time upon the Lake where we found moſt pleaſure and moſt ſafety: And yet there was not one perſon who was not deſirous to be upon both. But after variety of delights upon the waters, we rowed towards the ſtately pavilion which was erected at the entrance of the River *Tygris* into the Lake of *Arethuſus*. After landing, all the Ladies were conducted into a great and ſtately Chamber, open on four ſides, the better to enjoy this goodly proſpect: As for the men, after they had waited upon the Ladies into this Chamber, they mounted themſelves upon horſes which waited for them upon the banks of the river, and in a hunting equipage, they prepared themſelves. For *Protogenes* had cauſed ſeveral wild beaſts to be taken in Toyles and brought thither, and let looſe, purpoſely to divert the Ladies. Thus all the Gallants were turned Hunters, and the Ladies out of windows Spectators; the chaſe began, but could not run out of the Ladies ſight, becauſe the Lake and the River did bound them on both ſides, and *Protogenes* had ſtopped the paſſages on the other ſides with toyles, and armed men: So as the Chaſe ran twenty times under the window of the Ladies; all the men being admirably well hors'd, their habits rich and handſom, this hunting moved much delight. But after the hunting and the fiſhings were ended, and after the Hunters and Fiſhers had offered the fruits of their labour unto *Arpaſia*, the Ladies were conducted a ſtory higher, where to our wonder we found a moſt rare collation full of magnificence and variety: Yet this was not the concluſion of the diverſion; for after we were riſen from the Table, we went down again into the room where we viewed the hunting, and where a Ball began. I ſhall not make any preciſe relation of the paſſages there; nor how unquiet *Aſtidamus* appeared: But give me leave to tell you, Madam, that *Arpaſia* appeared moſt admirably fair, and that *Cleonide* appeared as ſhe was; for though it be very difficult to find two great beauties together, and the one not to eclipſe the other, yet the beauty of theſe two being very different, they both preſerved their own Luſters. But as for all the reſt of the *Alſenian* beauties, though very fair, yet they muſt all ſubmit unto *Arpaſia* and *Cleonide*. Amongſt the reſt of this aſſembly, there was one who muſt needs have a ſhare in my diſcourſe, who though ſhe had no pretence in the earth unto any beauty, yet medled with all the beauties that ever came within the compaſs of her acquaintance: for I do verily believe, Madam, that ſince the time that detraction and ſlander firſt began, there was never any ſo excellent at it as ſhe: and conſidering the univerſal hatred which ſhe bore unto all her acquaintance, one would ſay, ſhe would be revenged upon all mankind; becauſe the gods had made her no fairer than ſhe was. She would deſcant as boldly upon the faults of others, as if ſhe had none her ſelf. Yet moſt certain it is, ſhe was very near of reſemblance unto all that was ugly and diſagreeable; yet ſhe had ſuch a kind of bold confidence, as made men hardly dare to think of her, as ſhe deſerved.

And yet for all that, there were ſome men, even rational men, who both ſaw her, and courted her, though I am perſwaded there was ſome ſecret malignity of ſpirit in them which made them to take delight in thoſe continual backbitings and ſlanders which ſhe vented. Moreover, all the malicious mindeſt men in *Alſenes* did ſo flock unto her with ſuch tales, as was fewel to her detracting humour, that none had better intelligence than ſhe. Moreover, as there were many men in reſpect of their own honours would not ſpeak ſo ill of others as ſhe did, becauſe they had an appearance of virtue; ſo they arrived at their deſired end by contracting confidence with this perſon, whoſe name was *Alcianipe*: Thus ſparing themſelves the labour of detracting, they did as much hurt by ſetting her on, as if they themſelves had vented the ſlander, yes and more; for ſince it was the accuſtomed practice of *Alcianipe* to ſlander, ſhe was grown wonderful ingenious in it: And for my part, I cannot chuſe but wonder at her memory of things: For, Madam, if there were any family in *Alſenes*, which pretended unto Antiquity, ſhe would frame their Genealogy after her mode, and ſo as ſhould make you believe it was otherwiſe than as they pretended. Moreover, if any one of a family had committed any fault, though three ages ſince, yet all the family muſt be branded with it, and ſhe would ſay it was a vice hereditary to all the houſe; as for the beauty of women, ſhe never commended any, but when it might ſerve her turn to make her paſs for a gallant, or make her husband jealous. If ſhe were to be credited, there was not a rich man in all *Alfenes*, nor any one that was noble, nor a man that had not betrayed his friend, nor a woman that had not ſome private correſpondency of gallantry.

Again, ſhe would play at ſmall games, rather than ſit out, and exerciſe her ſelf in trivial ſcandals, every woman, if fair, was always five or ſix years elder with her than with any elſe; and ſhe had a wit ſo fit for ſuch ſlanders, that ſhe would make any almoſt believe her. For ſhe would dreſs up her lyes with ſuch probable circumſtances, as none could think ſhe could invent them: And though ſhe was known unto all the world to make open profeſſion of ſpeaking ill upon all, without any exception, yet there were a ſort of men who did believe her. Furthermore, ſince ſhe had made her ſelf to be extreamly feared, many women would viſit her, although they knew well enough, that as ſoon as they were out of her houſe, ſhe would give a Character to all thoſe that remained: Yet ſince they had a conceit that ſhe would ſpeak worſe of them, if they did not viſit her, they did ſee her though they never eſteemed or loved her: And ſince many women are more joyed to hear ill ſpoken of ſuch as they love not, than they are grieved to hear ill of themſelves, they came to receive that ſatisfaction from *Alcianipe*, at the hazard of expoſing themſelves unto her Satyrical laſh; ſo as by this means ſhe was as much viſited, as if ſhe was the beſt woman in the world. For my part, I confeſs, I have grumbled at my friends a thouſand times for going to her, and I never went, but when I was forced, for I do hate, as I do the Devil, ſuch perſons as ſpit all venome, and never ſpeak any truth but when it may do hurt. Moreover, *Alcianipe* did ſpeak exceeding well, and made choice of ſuch good phraſes to ſet out her lies, that none living would imagine ſhe forged them.

This *Alcianipe* was at this feaſt, but ſhe came thither with deſign to make falſe Deſcriptions of all that were there, unto *Meliantes*, who, as chance would have it, ſate next her; whilſt *Aſtidamus* took out *Arpaſia* to dance, and he hath ſince told me, that ſhe had a laſh at every one in the company, not excepting *Arpaſia*, who, ſhe ſaid, was ſcurvily dreſt that day, though heaven knows ſhe was never better in her life.

In the mean time, all the men of quality who followed *Gabrias*, being very deſirous to know all thoſe of that petty Court, there was one whoſe name was *Pelinthes*, who, as any man took any Lady out to dance, he asked their names and qualities, and ſhe anſwering always according to her humour: *Meliantes* being on one ſide, and he on the other, they put a thouſand queſtions to her. I beſeech you (ſaid *Pelinthes*, ſeeing a Lady of a good preſence and quality) tell me who that Lady is? If you ſhould judge of her by the Grandure of her air (replyed ſhe) you would think her to be ſome kin to the gods, and to ſay the truth (added ſhe, to palliate her ſcandal) ſhe is a very admirable Lady, for every action and word of hers ſpeaks her of a royal race; yet heavens know, her grandfather was no better than a poor ſtranger, whoſe Original the gods do know and none elſe, and thoſe who are acquainted with her can tell you, ſhe ſmells of the buſineſs of her anceſtors in all her inclinations, and though ſhe looks more like a Queen than a Subject, yet ſhe ſpeaks as if her education were amongſt the baſeſt ſort of peſants: her carriage alſo diſpleaſeth, ſhe cannot ſo much as make a curteſy as others do, and has a moſt-ill favoured gate: Yet truly, to ſpeak truth, ſhe is a very good woman. I beſeech you (ſaid *Meliantes*, and interrupted her) what man is that who is in the corner of the room, and ſeems to be ſo melancholy? And what makes he here at a feaſt of joy, in ſo ſad a poſture? Truly, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) it is no wonder he ſhould be ſo ſad, for there are very few men who can indure their wives ſhould love all the World: and as gallant as you are, Sir, if you were in his room, confident I am, you would be as much perplexed as he is, for that gay and frolick Lady, who you ſee at the other end of the room, and courted by ſo many men, is his wife. I do verily believe her virtuous (added ſhe) but yet ſhe lives very ſuſpiciouſly. The truth is, ſhe cares not for her husband, ſhe is perpetually from home, and courted continually by a croud of gallants, whilſt her poor husband, for his honours ſake, dare hardly ſhew himſelf, but ſleeps at home.

In the mean time, 'Tis he who pays for all the entertainments the wife makes unto her gallants, and for her rich dreſs which invites them to her, and I believe alſo pays for the Pictures which ſhe beſtows upon her Adorers; and ſhe is as jolly a Lady as ever lived unto thoſe who viſit her, and will take no notice of her behaviour, or her husband's miſery.

I am ſure (replyed *Pelinthes*, and ſhewed her another Lady, who appeared very melancholy (that yonder Lady does not put her husband unto any ſuch ſorrows, at leaſt ſhe hath not the garb of gallantry. Truth is, (ſaid ſhe) ſhe does not make him jealous; but ſhe torments him as bad another way: For ſhe being a well accompliſhed woman, ſhe thinks him too highly obliged unto her, and puts him to abundance of torment; for ſhe is ſo jealous, as that ſhe hates all the women ſhe ſees, and puts incivilities upon them; yet truly I think ſhe cannot be accuſed of gallantry, for I believe her virtue was never put to the teſt. I ſee another, next her (replied *Meliantes*) who looks high enough to ſcorn her husband, it ſhe have one; you are not miſtaken, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) for ſhe being of a better family than him ſhe married, ſhe treats him more like a ſlave than a husband, and the worſt is, becauſe he is inferiour unto her, ſhe admits of gallants inferiour unto him. Her injuſtice is ſo great (reply'd *Pelinthes*) that I will no longer look upon her; but had rather ask you who the man is which is behind her, and is ſo magnificent? would not any one think, ſaid ſhe, that he was the owner of all the riches in the coffers of *Crœſſus*? and yet he is only a man of fortune without any Eſtate, nor can any tell how he lives: Some think that his expences are at the coſt of other men, and I believe the man who ſtands next *Arpaſia*, pays for it: However, he whom you ſee next *Protogenes*, is hugely rich, but extreamly covetous: The other next him is abominable prodigal though poor; that young Lady not far off him, is as very a goſſip as ever lived, ſhe in the blue is as crafty as ever lived, and that other in the carnation ribands, is the moſt envious woman alive; for ſhe is vexed to the heart if any other have any thing that is good. After this, *Alcianipe* looking upon all the company, and without any intreaties from *Meliantes* or *Pelinthes*, ſhe began a moſt bitter invective and falſe Satyrical Character of every one there.

Meliantes, ſeeing ſhe had a good word from none, reſolved to ſpeak of his Rival, and *Alcianipe*, after a hint upon the ill dreſs of *Arpaſia*, ſhe began to commend her highly, on purpoſe to have a better occaſion of blaming *Aſtidamus*: For (ſaid ſhe unto *Meliantes*) conſidering his behaviour unto her, one would ſay that he did not think her fair, but 'tis no wonder (added ſhe) for he is one of the moſt irregular minded men in the World; and had I been acquainted with *Gabrias*, I would have hindered him from giving his Daughter unto a man of ſuch a temper; then did ſhe begin to tell him of all the extravagancies of *Aſtidamus*, adding a hundred things more than ever were true. But I am the moſt miſtaken woman in the World, (ſaid ſhe) if *Aſtidamus* have not ſome ſecret haunts which withdraweth his mind from *Arpaſia*: For he ſometimes goes out very early, and comes in very late, and none knows where he hath been, and ſometimes an unknown meſſenger brings him Letters, but 'tis no matter, I ſhall know the intrigue of the buſineſs within this eight days, and ſhall ſet ſo many ſpies upon him, that it ſhall be hard for him to eſcape me.

Oh, I beſeech you let me have a ſhare in your confidence (ſaid *Meliantes* then unto her very earneſtly.) With all my heart, ſaid ſhe, upon condition that in your obſervation of *Aſtidamus*, you will acquaint me with all your diſcoveries. You may well imagine, Madam, that *Meliantes* did willingly promiſe her what ſhe deſired, ſo their treaty ended, they parted, and all the company broke up. And the ſame Barges which brought us thither, carried us back; for the Moon being at the full, and the Heavens clear and ſerene, *Protogenes* foreſaw it would be the moſt pleaſant returning in the night: And indeed, Madam, I do not think there ever was a more pleaſant voyage than this of the night, the day being nothing comparable unto it; an univerſal ſilence reigned all over, and was not interrupted by any thing, but only the noiſe of oares, a gentle waft of wind brought the purfumes of the Meadows upon the water: The Moon and the Stars were as well in the Lake as in the Firmament. But queſtionleſs, the greateſt pleaſure was in the converſation of *Arpaſia*, *Cleonide*, *Meliantes*, and *Aſtidamus*, for all returned in the ſame Barge in which they came.

When we had put off from ſhoar, and diſcourſed a little upon the fineneſs of the night, *Arpaſia*, having already heard enough concerning *Alcianipe*, and taking notice how *Meliantes* talked a long time with her, ſhe began to chide him, and tell him that ſhe could hardly pardon the choice he made: For to make uſe of a compariſon which the place affords me, ſaid ſhe, the fiſhes in the River *Tygris* mingle not themſelves with thoſe of the Lake, nor they of the Lake with thoſe of the River; even ſo would I have all the world do, for though the good and the bad be promiſcuouſly together in the world, yet I would never have them to mingle, but after the example of theſe fiſhes keep apart: Let the virtuous never have any commerce with the vicious, let the good be with the good, and the bad with the bad, the angry with the angry, the merry with the merry, wits with wits, fools with fools, and ſo like to like will ever be moſt ſutable: I would not have *Meliantes*, who is the freeſt man alive from detraction, hold conference with the moſt ſcandalizing woman upon earth. I give you thanks, Madam, (replyed *Meliantes*) for your wiſe adviſe; but perhaps, Madam (ſaid *Cleonide* who owed *Meliantes* a ſpite ſince the firſt meeting) you are not ſo juſt as you imagine your ſelf, for I can put very ſmall difference between him that can with delight hearken unto detraction, and her who doth detract; and therefore ſince *Meliantes* made choice of *Alcianipe*'s company, you do him too great a favour to ſay he is the freeſt from detraction of any man alive; for had he been a hater of it, he would have changed place, and betook himſelf unto better company than hers he applied himſelf unto.

Perhaps (replyed *Meliantes* and ſmiled) the fair *Cleonide* will repent of the wrong ſhe does me, when ſhe knows me a little better; and in the mean time, I muſt tell her, that it was chance only, that brought me unto that place, where I met *Alcianipe*; and my curioſity to know, whether all the reports of her were true, made me hold diſcourſe with her. However, (replyed *Aſtidamus*) I beſeech you tell us, how you found her? Though to ſay, that *Alcianipe* was a little free in telling me her thoughts of every thing, does not imply that ſhe is detractive (replyed *Meliantes*) yet I muſt not tell what ſhe ſaid; but I had rather commend what the fair *Arpaſia* hath ſaid, than to blame *Alcianipe* for what ſhe ſaid: And the wiſh which the fair *Arpaſia* made is altogether juſt; for fortune is moſt injurious in indiſſolvably linking the intereſts of perſons who are of an oppoſite humour together, and forcing them to live miſcelaniouſly together, when they may find others, who are more ſutable to their humour. I am confident (added *Arpaſia*,) that there is no Town in the World where ſuch an equal partition may not be made, and where every one may pleaſe himſelf in his own Quarters, without going unto others. Where on the contrary, as things are diſpoſed, there are few men who are not weary of what they are obliged to do, and of the perſons whom they are obliged to ſee; ſo it would be better if every one might pleaſe themſelves. 'Tis true, replyed *Aſtidamus*, it were very well if it could be ſo, and if it could, I believe few would ſtay in the place where they are. I believe (ſaid one of the Ladies in the company) there would be a change in moſt of the barges upon the Lake.

Truly, I am ſo little worthy to be where I am, (replyed *Meliantes* moſt modeſtly) that I ſhould fear a baniſhment. Indeed you have talked with *Alcianipe* ſo long, (replyed *Arpaſia*, and ſmiled) that you do almoſt deſerve it: But ſince, I am perſwaded you talked with her, only to convert her from ſpeaking ill of others, I aſſure you by my conſent you ſhould not change your place. For my part, (ſaid *Aſtidamus*, not ſo much as looking upon *Arpaſia*) I am ſo well where I am, that rather than paſs into another, I would throw my ſelf into the Lake. That teſtimony of affection which you expreſs unto the company (replyed *Cleonide*, and both ſmiled and bluſh'd) is not ſo great as perhaps the fair *Arpaſia* imagines; for ſince iron will not ſink if it be thrown into this Lake, you would not be in any danger of drowning, if you ſhould throw in your ſelf: And therefore to render the teſtimony of your eſteem more valuable, you ſhould ſay that you would throw your ſelf into the River which hath not that wonderful virtue that makes the Lake ſo famous. The Lake is ſo near the River (replyed *Aſtidamus*, and laughed) that you need not quarrel with me about it, unleſs you would have me underſtand by it, that I ſhould go out of the Barge, if *Arpaſia*'s wiſh ſhould come to paſs, and yet (added he, upon ſecond thoughts) I am perſwaded, that if all the good were with the good, all the wicked with the wicked, all fools with fools, and all wits with wits, the World would not be ſo pleaſing as it is; for that univerſal miſcellany of ſo many different humours in it, is a great part of its beauty. I aſſure you, replyed *Arpaſia*, that if diverſity of men do make the beauty of the World, I am ſure its beauty is oft-times a puniſhment unto all men of accompliſhments: For there can be no greater torment than to be always with perſons whom they eſteem not, and yet as things are ordered, half of our lives are ſpent amongſt the people whom we wiſh we never ſaw. I muſt confeſs (replyed *Aſtidamus*) that we are not always where we would be, and at this very hour, if a change were permitted to be made amongſt all the Barges which are upon the Lake, that which hath already been ſaid, would be found to be true. But I beſeech you, (replyed *Cleonide*) who do you imagine would change their places? After this, *Aſtidamus* anſwering only to ſatisfie his curioſity, he went from Barge to Barge to ſee who were in them; ſo as viſiting all the reſt, they were all highly pleaſed, that the perſons might divide themſelves according to their fancies. But ſince *Aſtidamus*, *Cleonide*, and the *Alſenian* Ladies did beſt know the ſtories of their Town, they were to appoint who was to ſhift into this Barge, and who into that; ſo as changing all the order of the company in general, there was ſcarcely one in all the company who had not their places aſſigned them but only *Alcianipe*: *Arpaſia* obſerving this, earneſtly beſeeched *Cleonide*, not to place her in her Barge. For I do proteſt, ſaid ſhe, I do ſo abhor detracting perſons, that if you ſhould bring her hither, I ſhould rather wiſh my ſelf in the bottom of the Lake, than in her company. I had rather ten millions ſuch as ſhe were thrown into the River *Tigris*, (replyed *Meliantes*) than that you ſhould expoſe your ſelf into the Lake: Truly (added ſhe) ſcandalizing people are worthy of the worſt puniſhments: And of all Detractors, a woman is moſt odious; I could endure it with more patience from the mouth of a man than from a woman. For as there are ſome virtues more neceſſary in a woman than in a man, ſo there are ſome vices more tollerable in men than in women: For one cannot ſcandal, but one muſt lye, and one cannot lye, but one muſt be inſolent and bold, which is a quality moſt unbecoming a woman: Men are permitted to be bold, and therefore more allowable to ſcandal than women, who if they will keep within the limits of modeſty, ought never to act any virtue with too much boldneſs, and therefore I muſt conclude a woman ſlanderer to be a monſter; and that ſhe who will wound the reputation of another, cares not for her own, but may well be ſuſpected of all the crimes which ſhe falſely brands upon others. I ſee, (ſaid *Aſtidamus*) that we cannot all tell what to do with the poor *Alcianipe*, but that we muſt leave her in ſome Barge by her ſelf: It had been well, anſwered *Arpaſia*, if we had left her at her own houſe; but the worſt is, almoſt all the world takes more delight in hearing others ſlandered, than in hearing them commended.

As *Arpaſia* ſaid ſo, ſhe did not only ſee the Barge where *Alcianipe* was coming near hers, but underſtood that the Lady beſeeched her leave to ſpeak a word or two with *Meliantes*, ſo that as much as ſhe hated her for her ſlandring, yet ſince ſhe could not be uncivil before ſo much company, ſhe could not deny her: but conſented ſo coldly, as made it apparent ſhe was diſpleaſed.

In the mean time, *Meliantes* was pitifully nonpluſt; yet ſince he could not deny ſpeaking unto a Perſon of her quality, and ſince his promiſe ingaged him, he leaned towards the Barge where *Alcianipe* was, who leaning alſo towards him, told him in his ear, that ſince he left her, ſhe had learned ſome things which did oblige her to promiſe him the ſecond time to diſcover the buſineſs within theſe eight days, whereof ſhe told him ſhe had ſome ſuſpicion. *Meliantes* could not chuſe but thank her, and beſeech her not to fail of her word, and he ſpake ſo loud, that *Arpaſia*

Arpaſia heard, and could not chuſe but chide him, as ſoon as *Alcianipe*'s Barge was parted from her. On the other ſide, *Aſtidamus*, who underſtood better than any what they ſaid, hearing that *Alcianipe* had promiſed *Meliantes* to diſcover a buſineſs unto him, he told *Arpaſia* of it, little thinking that he himſelf was concerned in it. After this, they began unanimouſly to importune him to tell what it was which *Alcianipe* had promiſed to him. Whatſoever ſhe ſaid (replied he, and ſmiled) it was a ſecret of no great importance, yet I ſhould not tell it in the preſence of ſeven or eight perſons at once. Then chuſe one amongſt all the company (replied *Arpaſia*) unto whom you may impart the buſineſs you have with ſuch a dangerous perſon, and ſo juſtifie your ſelf.

If it be ſo that ſhe keep promiſe with me (anſwered he) perhaps I ſhall be as deſirous to tell you, as you are deſirous to know it. The company is not extreamly beholding to you, replied *Cleonide*, ſince you do not think one in it worthy to be truſted with a ſecret which cannot be of any great importance, ſince *Alcianipe* is a partner in it with you. Since the barge came to land, juſt as *Cleonide* had ſpoken, *Meliantes* returned her a ſhort anſwer of civility, and preſented his hand to conduct her to her Coach; for *Aſtidamus* being obliged to wait upon *Arpaſia*, reaſon did bind him to ſubmit, and help *Cleonide*, who knew not that he was her Brother. But, Madam, not to trouble you with trifles, let me only tell you, *Meliantes* grew into ſuch favour with *Arpaſia*, that at laſt ſhe told him of her averſion to *Aſtidamus*, and complained unto him of his behaviour towards her; yet ſhe told me ſince, that ſhe would not have done ſo, had ſhe not perceived that he had diſcovered the thoughts of her ſoul; ſo as conceiving it better to truſt him with a ſecret, and ſo oblige him, ſhe did impart it to him. And chance did ſomething contribute unto this confidence, for *Meliantes* talking a whole afternoon with her, a hundred odd diſcourſes paſſed between them, which they never thought on at the beginning. Yet *Meliantes* mentioned not the leaſt hint which might move her to ſuſpect he was in love with her; but he uſed his beſt Rhetorick to purchaſe her eſteem and amity; for he did moſt ingenuouſly inſinuate into all her thoughts, and pitied her in ſuch an obliging manner, that ſhe did not conceal the leaſt thought of her heart from him.

In the mean time, *Phormion* ſeeing the love of *Meliantes* to increaſe every minute, he endeavoured to bring *Argeliſe* into his thoughts, purpoſely to take him off from *Arpaſia*, but all his endeavours were fruitleſs: For *Arpaſia*'s averſion to *Aſtidamus*, and her confidence in him, did ſo flatter his paſſion, that though he had no reaſonable hopes, yet he thought it injurious to reſiſt his paſſion. Again, the promiſe of *Alcianipe* coming into his memory, he went unto her the laſt of the eight days, which ſhe perfixed, yet he could not then be ſatisfied in what he deſired to know, though he underſtood enough to augment *Arpaſia*'s hatred of *Aſtidamus*: For *Alcianipe* told him of an infallible certainty, that *Aſtidamus* had long ſince contracted his affection with a Lady of Quality; and moreover, that ſhe knew he had promiſed her, never to marry *Arpaſia*, aſſuring him, that within the compaſs of four days at furtheſt, ſhe ſhould be able to tell him her name. You may imagine, Madam, how welcome this news was unto *Meliantes*; yet ſince he knew *Alcianipe* to be a moſt horrible back-biter, he feared extreamly, leſt all this ſhould not be true.

But ſince one is apt to believe any thing which flatters a violent paſſion, he did verily believe that *Aſtidamus* was in love with ſome other beſides *Arpaſia*; and the rather, becauſe he ſaw no reaſon in the earth, why he ſhould behave himſelf as he did, with that moſt admirable Lady: So as conjuring *Alcianipe* moſt earneſtly to find out the name of her with whom *Aſtidamus* held ſuch private correſpondency, ſhe promiſed him to ſatisfie his deſire.

In the mean time, *Meliantes* being come from her houſe unto *Arpaſia*'s, he underſtood that *Aſtidamus* had not been there all that day, nor the night before: So that he began to accuſe him of moſt horrible injuſtice, for applying himſelf with no more aſſiduity unto her.

For my part (replied *Arpaſia*) his preſence doth ſo little pleaſe me, that if I were not condemned to live all my life with him, I ſhould be very glad never to ſee him again. But ſince I muſt marry him, 'tis very ſtrange he ſhould behave himſelf towards me as he doth. 'Tis a great misfortune not to love one whom one is to marry, but it is a greater to be ſlighted and ſcorned by ſuch a one: Did *Aſtidamus* love me, and I not love him again, I ſhould think that my averſion might in time wear away, but both hating him, and being hated, what likelyhood is there I ſhould overcome my hatred? For nothing in the world is more natural than not to love thoſe who love not us, eſpecially when they do not ſeem amiable.

Meliantes ſeeing her in this mind, would needs perſwade her to acquaint *Gabrias* with her averſion to *Aſtidamus*, and to intreat him not to oblige her to marry him; but ſhe told him again, that ſince her Father made that march only to confirm the treaty with *Protogenes*, purpoſely to be revenged upon the King of *Aſſyria*, it was not probable he would break it off upon a bare averſion, having no other ground but that *Aſtidamus* does not expreſs any affection. But, Madam, (ſaid he, being tranſported by his paſſion) if you did know that *Aſtidamus* was far in love with another, and did promiſe her every day never to marry you, would you not let *Gabrias* know it alſo? Doubtleſs I ſhould, replied *Arpaſia*; but what probability is there, that *Aſtidamus* ſhould let his Uncle ſend to the King of *Aſſyria*, if he did not intend to go on with the marriage? Since they ſend only to that Prince, rather to amuſe him, than to ask his leave, ſaid *Meliantes*, *Aſtidamus*

ſtidamus cares not for it. And ſince he can be ſo unjuſt as not to love you, but to love another, it is not ſtrange if he be as irregular in point of Prudence, as in point of Love. But I beſeech you, Sir (ſaid *Arpaſia* to him) what moves you to ſpeak thus? is this the ſecret buſineſs which *Alcianipe* promiſed you to diſcover? For Heavens ſake, *Meliantes*, I conjure you by our amity to conceal nothing from me that may be prejudicial unto *Aſtidamus*. This conjuration is ſo prevalent, Madam, replied he, that I cannot withſtand it: and then he began ingenuouſly to tell her all that *Alcianipe* told him, and what ſhe had further promiſed to tell him. Alas, alas, *Meliantes*, ſaid ſhe, ſince *Alcianipe* doth not more particularize things, nor tell the name of her unto whom ſhe ſaith *Aſtidamus* hath promiſed never to marry me, I cannot put my Father out of conceit with him, and *Alcianipe* hath ſuch a reputation for lying, that what ſhe ſaith will never perſwade *Gabrias* unto what I deſire. Not but that I do verily believe *Aſtidamus* is deeply in love with ſome, or other, who is in *Alfenes*; for when I firſt ſaw him, he did not behave himſelf as now he doth to me; and therefore I conclude, that it is the preſence of this perſon, who e're ſhe be, that obliges him unto it: But however it be (added ſhe) we muſt endeavour to know more, and therefore though I do extreamly hate *Alcianipe*, yet I deſire you to continue ſeeing her, and oblige her to tell you the name of this pretended Miſtreſs unto *Aſtidamus*, for when we know it, perhaps we ſhall diſcover all the reſt without *Alcianipe*.

Meliantes raviſhed to hear *Arpaſia* ſpeak thus, did moſt willingly promiſe what ſhe deſired, and waited with abundance of impatience for the day which *Alcianipe* appointed to tell him the name of her, whom *Aſtidamus* loved.

Since I was very intimate with *Arpaſia*, I was not ignorant of the confidence which ſhe put in *Meliantes*, and he knew alſo, what thoughts ſhe had of me; ſo as when we and opportunity met together, we diſcourſed of all that related unto this moſt admirable Lady: We endeavoured to gueſs who it could be, that *Aſtidamus* ſhould prefer before her; but all our conjectures were ſo wide of the mark, that we could not ground any reaſonable ſuſpicion of the perſon. But at laſt, the day which *Alcianipe* had aſſigned being come, he went to challenge her promiſe, but could not meet with her: yet at her going out, ſhe left order to tell him that ſhe was gone unto *Cleonide*'s Aunt, and that ſhe referred it to his choice, whether he would come unto her, or ſtay till ſhe returned, which would be very ſhortly. Though *Meliantes* did not fear being known by his Aunt, or his Siſter, with whom *Alcianipe* was, yet he would not go thither, but choſe rather to ſtay till ſhe returned, conceiving that if he made that viſit, it would be longer before he could be ſatisfied in what he ſo much deſired to know; ſo as he going into a Garden which belonged unto the houſe of that Lady, he walked there in a longing expectation of her return: But when he ſaw *Alcianipe* return with a blith and merry countenance, he doubted not but that his curioſity would receive a full ſatisfaction.

Well, Madam, (ſaid he, as ſoon as he ſaw her) do you know the name of that fair one, who has ſo much power as to make *Aſtidamus* unjuſt unto the moſt admirable *Arpaſia*? I know it ſo well, Sir, replied ſhe, that none can know any thing more certain; but my greateſt wonder is, that we ſhould no ſooner diſcover the intrigue of the buſineſs: for the very name of *Cleonide*, was no ſooner mentioned, but a hundred paſſages which I had ſeen did come ſo freſh into my memory, that I was ſure there was a moſt intimate correſpondency between *Aſtidamus* and her. How! Madam, (ſaid *Meliantes*, much amazed to hear the name of his Siſter) is it *Cleonide*, with whom *Aſtidamus* holds a correſpondency of Gallantry? Yes, (replied ſhe) and I no ſooner heard it was ſhe whom he loved, but I went to her, purpoſely to obſerve her countenance very exactly aſtly in talking of *Aſtidamus*: And her Aunt not being preſent, I had ſo much diſcourſe with her, as hath fully ſatisfied me of the truth; for I made her bluſh a hundred times in talking of *Arpaſia*, and I am ſure ſhe is not only in love, but ſhe is jealous alſo: And ſhe has not ſo much confidence in the promiſes of *Aſtidamus*, as ſhe has fears, leſt the beauty of *Arpaſia* ſhould make him inconſtant; or at leaſt, though he ſhould not be unfaithful, yet his reſpects unto *Protogenes* will oblige him to obedience.

But I beſeech you, *Alcianipe* (replied *Meliantes*) are you ſure that it is *Cleonide*, with whom *Aſtidamus* holds correſpondency? for I have heard ſay, that ſhe is a very ſolitary Perſon; and I perceive ſhe rather flies the world than courts it: 'Tis true (replied ſhe) that *Cleonide* ſhuns all company; but her reaſon for it is, to remove all cauſe of jealouſie from *Aſtidamus*: Moreover, it is not a new taken up affection; for he was in love with her before e're he ſaw *Arpaſia*. And yet his heart was ſomething moved with her beauty the firſt time he ſaw her; but as ſoon as he was out of her ſight, and returned to *Cleonide*, this vapour of love vaniſhed, and his firſt to *Cleonide* became more violent; and he told *Cleonide* when he returned, that *Arpaſia*'s beauty had charmed his eyes, but not his heart; or if ſhe had, one favourable look from her would have diſſolved the inchantment. How is it poſſible, replied *Meliantes*, you ſhould come to know all theſe particular circumſtances? Nay, I know more yet (added ſhe) for I know that it is at the houſe of one of her friends, where ſhe meets with *Aſtidamus*, and ſhe meets him at ſuch hours, as they cannot be interrupted, becauſe commonly it is late. But, Madam, replied *Meliantes*, *Cleonide* paſſeth for a perſon of Virtue, and Honour. As for Virtue, Sir, replied *Alcianipe*, I believe ſhe is the owner of it, and though not naturally, yet out of prudence; ſhe knows *Aſtidamus* ſo well, that ſhe perceives to be auſtere is the only way to be loved long. For my part (replyed *Meliantes*) I muſt give a more noble motive unto the virtue of *Cleonide*, and believe, that though *Aſtidamus* were not of that humour, yet ſhe would carry her ſelf towards him as ſhe doth. However it be (ſaid *Alcianipe*) *Cleonide* cannot be accuſed for managing the affection of *Aſtidamus*; for as I ſaid before, ſhe meets him every evening at her friend's houſe. I muſt confeſs, replyed *Meliantes*, I cannot well comprehend how this can be. You will better comprehend it, Sir (anſwered *Alcianipe*) when I have told you that her Aunt's garden and her friend's are cloſe together, that there is a door out of the one into the other; that her friend is a Widow, and that her Aunt, ſuſpecting nothing of the league between *Aſtidamus* and her Neece, permits her to walk every evening with her friend, and never thinks much, though it be late before ſhe return. Thus *Aſtidamus*, ſees her when he pleaſeth: And that he may ſee her unſeen or unknown, he goes through the houſe of one of his friends who lives in another ſtreet, and who hath a back door oppoſite to that garden door of *Cleonide*'s friend, *Aſtidamus* his ſervants ſtand waiting at the fore-door of his friend, with whom people think he is, ſo that there is almoſt none but his confident and her confident, who know any thing of the buſineſs. Then it muſt of neceſſity be, (replyed *Meliantes*) that one of theſe confidents have betrayed their truſt, ſince you do know it: No (ſaid ſhe) but it is a maid whom *Cleonide*'s friend turned out of her ſervice, which maid is Siſter unto another, who ſerves me, it is ſhe who knows all the paſſages, not only out of her own knowledge and ſight, but alſo by another maid ſervant unto *Cleonide*, who told her all theſe Circumſtances. And yet I aſſure you that *Cleonide* did what ſhe could to hinder her friend from turning away her maid, leſt ſhe ſhould tell tales, but ſhe would not be perſwaded: And certainly (added *Alcianipe*) they expoſe themſelves to much danger, who truſt their ſervants with their buſineſs of gallantry; for when ſuch perſons know any ſecret of that nature, their Miſtreſſes are their ſlaves: And I know *Cleonide* ſtands in a ſtrange awe of her ſervant, becauſe ſhe knows of her affection; ſo that it muſt be concluded, ſhe loves either her honour, or *Aſtidamus* very well, ſince that ſhe dares not turn her away: However, her friend, wanting her patience, and not being ſo much interreſted as ſhe was, ſhe diſcharged her maid, from whoſe mouth I know all this that I tell you.

Perhaps (replyed *Meliantes*) ſhe added more than is true. No, no, (replyed *Alcianipe*, after her detracting manner) I know ſhe hath not told me all: And that there is yet much more behind; yet ſhe told me, that ſhe is full well perſwaded that *Aſtidamus*, though he do love *Cleonide*, and not *Arpaſia*, yet he will deceive the firſt of theſe, and marry the ſecond, becauſe he dare not diſobey *Protogenes*, from whom he expects all his fortunes, ſo as it may be thought, he will deceive both and himſelf too.

After this, *Meliantes* ſeeing he could get no more out of *Alcianipe*, he left her, after many deſires not to publiſh what ſhe knew, pretending that his deſign was not to prejudice *Aſtidamus*, but indeed his reaſon was, leſt the reputation of his Siſter ſhould be ſtained. As ſoon as he quitted *Alcianipe*, he met *Phormion*, whom he found ſo ſad and unquiet that he was ſure ſomething troubled his mind.

Meliantes then was in a great perplexity, for on the one ſide he was much joyed to ſee that he was able to prejudice *Aſtidamus*, but on the other ſide, he was very ſorry to know of the League between his ſiſter and him: A reſentment of love, and a reſentment of honour did ſo divide his ſoul, that he was not able to reconcile ſo great a difference by himſelf, and therefore he reſolved to impart his grief unto his friend, who already knew all the ſecrets of his life. So that after *Phormion* had asked him how he did, they ſate down together in a place fit for diſcourſe, and then he told him all he knew; and afterwards told him, how not foreſeeing how this Lady, whom *Alcianipe* ſaid was Miſtreſs unto *Aſtidamus*, could be his Siſter, he had ingaged himſelf unto *Arpaſia*, to acquaint her with her name, as ſoon as *Alcianipe* had informed him. Unto what a ſtrange dilemma am *I* driven, ſaid he, for to prejudice *Aſtidamus*, I muſt tell *Arpaſia* that he hath promiſed *Cleonide*, never to marry *Arpaſia*: And to ſalve up the reputation of my Siſter, it is fit I ſhould conceal the Gallantry of *Aſtidamus* to her: However, to argue rationally, though honour forbids me to break off the marriage of *Aſtidamus* with *Arpaſia*, yet doubtleſs I ought to acquaint her with all paſſages, purpoſely to oblige her not to marry him, and to force him to marry *Cleonide*. But by what right, replied *Phormion*, can you force him to marry *Cleonide*, ſince you have had as great a correſpondency with his Siſter as he hath with yours? Ah! *Phormion* (ſaid *Meliantes*) there is a great difference between *Aſtidamus* and me; for he loves *Cleonide*, and I do only eſteem *Argeliſe*, and therefore it is much more obligation for him than for me to keep promiſes; than for me, I ſay, who am ſo deeply in love with *Arpaſia*, and that I am not able to anſwer the affection of *Argeliſe*; and yet to ſpeak truly, I know, that if *Aſtidamus* was acquainted with all paſſages at *Samoſates*, he had almoſt as good reaſon to complain againſt the correſpondency which I held with his Siſter, as I have againſt him for holding correſpondency with mine: I know alſo that it becomes me not to publiſh the gallantry of a Perſon who is ſo nearly allied to me; but I know withal, that loving *Arpaſia* as I do, I muſt conſider the ſatisfaction of my love; and without any reſpects of Juſtice, Honour, Intereſt of a Siſter, or *Argeliſe*, I muſt reſolve to act according to the dictates of my love; and therefore, my dear *Phormion*, I muſt acquaint *Arpaſia* with the love of *Aſtidamus* to *Cleonide*, and alſo tell her ſhe is my Siſter, as the greater er teſtimony of my affection, and the more to oblige her unto ſecrecy. Then I ſee (ſaid *Phormion*) that you are reſolved to acquaint her with your quality; and more than that (replied he haſtily) for I am reſolved to acquaint her with my love: Truth is, I know not well whether I can or no; for I am ſo full of fears to offend her, and oblige her to change her way of living with me, that I cannot tell whether I have power to tell her. For my part (replied *Phormion*) I ſhould think it better to ſtay, until her marriage with *Aſtidamus* was quite broken off: ſhould I follow your advice (replied *Meliantes*) ſhe would think I croſſed the deſigns of *Aſtidamus*, only as the Brother of *Cleonide*, and not in any conſideration of her intereſt. Were it my caſe as 'tis yours (replied *Phormion*) I would not yet mention any thing unto *Arpaſia*; but ſhould conceal both my being her Lover, and *Cleonide*'s Brother: So that thinking you to be only her friend, ſhe will give more credit to your words; and not thinking you to be the Brother of *Cleonide*, ſhe will not imagine you have any concernment but her own in the buſineſs.

Meliantes finding the advice of *Phormion* to be very rational, he reſolved to follow it. This being reſolved upon, *Meliantes* went unto *Arpaſia*, with intentions to acquaint her with the affection of *Aſtidamus* to *Cleonide*, yet intending to conceal what might be diſadvantageous to himſelf, and to ſpeak more of the affection of *Aſtidamus* to *Cleonide*, than hers to him. Yet he could not ſpeak in private with her, ſo ſoon as he hoped, becauſe he found both this unfaithful Lover, and his Siſter there.

As ſoon as they were ſet down, *Aſtidamus* told *Cleonide* in a low voice, that he had received a Letter from a friend of his at *Samoſates*, which let him underſtand, that e're long be ſhe would know her dear brother, whom ſhe ſo much deſired to know. *Arpaſia* hearing what *Aſtidamus* ſaid, ſhe began to ſpeak, and addreſſing her words unto *Cleonide*, though I think (ſaid ſhe) that *Aſtidamus* did intend that you only, Madam, ſhould hear him, yet I beſeech you, give me leave to intrude into your diſcourſe, and ask, how it comes to paſs you ſhould have a Brother whom you know not.

Since I was not above three years of age, Madam, replied ſhe, when I left the Province where I was born, to come and live with my Aunt at *Alfenes*; and ſince I never ſaw my Brother, but at that age, I may very well ſay I know him not; for certainly he is much altered ſince that time, and though *Clidaris* was very like me, yet I believe I ſhould not know him: Yet by his Letters, I ſhould know him very well, for I have received many Letters from him, yet for all that I ſhould not know his face if I ſhould meet him. If he be ſuch a man as my friend deſcribes him, replied *Aſtidamus*, you have reaſon to deſire the ſight of him; for his Letter tells me, that he is one of the moſt handſomeſt men, and beſt wits in the world: It tells me alſo, that he is very kind with one of my Siſters, who dwells in that place, and ſpeaks ſo highly in his commendations, that I am already his friend before I ſee him. You may imagine, Madam, how *Meliantes* was non-pluſt, when he heard himſelf thus talked of in his own preſence; yet he was afraid, leſt he ſhould render himſelf ſuſpect, if he ſhould put in near a word; and therefore he asked *Aſtidamus* very confidently when *Cleonide*'s Brother would come thither? I cannot tell you, replied he, for the Letter bears no date.

For my part (replied *Cleonide*) I wiſh that none had writ ſo much in his commendations; for commonly high commendations raiſe high expectations, and the perſon muſt be highly meritorious, that can anſwer them.

It is ſo very likely that the fair *Cleonide* hath a moſt deſerving man to her brother (replied *Arpaſia* very obligingly) that I have a great diſpoſition already to eſteem him whenſoever he comes. Your expreſſion, Madam, replied ſhe, is infinitely obliging, but to know whether I may in reaſon believe what is writ concerning my Brother, I muſt ask whether he, who gives this Character of my Brother, be a competent Judge of true merit? Or whether he be not one of thoſe common commenders, who uſe to make no difference between perſons of inferiour parts, and perſons of extraordinary merits? No, no, (replyed *Aſtidamus*) I know him who writ the Letter and gives this Character of *Clidaris*, and therefore I dare anſwer for him; for if my friend have any fault, it is in being too niggardly in his commendations, and in his eſteeming over few perſons, and therefore I am moſt confident that *Clidaris* is a moſt excellent man, and has a million of moſt admirable parts, ſince my friend commends him: For he who writ this Letter is ſo curious to be pleaſed, that there are ſcarce four men in the Province where he lives, who are ſufficiently accompliſhed for his pallat, and to define him in few words, he is one of thoſe nice and delicate men, who uſe to anatomiſe the hearts and ſpirits of any before he will commend them, who examines all the words and actions of thoſe he ſees, and who will ſee into their very thoughts before he will ſpeak either good or bad of them. Judge then, whether I have not reaſon to be confident, that *Clidaris* is worthy to be *Cleonide*'s Brother?

After this, *Aſtidamus* according to his cuſtom turned the talk, of which *Meliantes* was very glad, and was very frolick in diſcourſe; yet what ſoever he ſaid, ſtill he was nothing at all appliant unto *Arpaſia*.

Preſently after, *Cleonide* going away, *Aſtidamus* went alſo. So that *Meliantes* remaining alone with *Arpaſia*, ſhe looked upon him very ſeriouſly; for reflecting upon what *Aſtidamus* had ſaid concerning the Brother of *Cleonide*, ſhe imagined (conſidering the place where ſhe met him, and his deſires to conceal his country) that *Meliantes* might be he; and the rather, becauſe the Character which was given of *Cleonide*'s Brother, did fit him.

Yet not deſiring to make her ſuſpition appear until further certainty, ſhe rouſed her ſelf out of her ſerious ſtudy, juſt as *Meliantes* intended to interrupt her, to tell her what he had underſtood from *Alcianipe*, and beginning to ſpeak: Conſidering the ſtate of things, I am very ſorry, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that I cannot ſpeak as well of *Aſtidamus*, as they have written unto him concerning *Cleonide*'s brother; But, Madam, the fidelity I have vowed unto you, and the zeal that I have unto your ſervice, forces me to tell you that I do know the name of her whom *Aſtidamus* hath long loved, and unto whom he hath promiſed never to marry you: I wiſh with all my heart (replyed ſhe) that he would keep his promiſe. But *Meliantes* (added ſhe) who is ſhe that hath ſo captivated the heart of *Aſtidamus*? It is *Cleonide*, Madam, (replyed he) and I know ſuch Circumſtances of his affection to her, that I muſt needs ſay he is infinitely to blame to be ſo engaged as he is; How (cryed out *Arpaſia*) is it *Cleonide*, with whom *Aſtidamus* holds intelligence? Yes, Madam, (anſwered he) it is *Cleonide*; and *Alcianipe* hath ſo particularized things unto me, that I cannot make the leaſt doubt of the truth.

Alcianipe is ſo ſcandalous (replyed ſhe) that there is no great heed to be taken unto what ſhe ſaith: But ſince I know how to diſcern truth from lies (replyed he) I dare aſſure you, Madam, that *Aſtidamus* doth love *Cleonide*.

After this, *Arpaſia* was a while mute: And reflecting upon her former ſuſpitions, they all vaniſht, and ſhe thought no more that *Meliantes* was Brother unto *Cleonide*, ſince he told her of the intelligence which ſhe had with *Aſtidamus*. Afterwards calling to memory a hundred paſſages which formerly ſhe took no notice of, ſhe found, that indeed there was good cauſe to think that *Aſtidamus* loved *Cleonide*: But maugre her averſion to him, ſhe could not chuſe but bear him a kind of ſpight for loving that fair one: Yet her ſlight reſentment of it quickly vaniſht, and in a moment after

ter ſhe was extreamly joyed, in hopes that this love of *Aſtidamus*, would break off her Marriage: and ſhe gave ſo many teſtimonies of it unto *Meliantes*, that he was fully ſatisfied. Yet notwithſtanding, ſince ſhe was reſolved to ſtay until *Aſtidamus* did himſelf break off, becauſe ſhe was afraid to anger her Father, *Meliantes* was forced to tell her that though *Aſtidamus* did dearly love *Cleonide*, and had promiſed her to break off his Marriage for her ſake; yet becauſe all his fortunes did depend upon *Protogenes*, and becauſe he was afraid to loſe them by loſing his favour, he was reſolved to Marry her, and to deceive *Cleonide*. How, (ſaid *Arpaſia* then) does *Aſtidamus* intend to marry me, and not to love me? And to love *Cleonide*, and not marry her? Oh *Meliantes*, I am not able to endure this double treachery: And ſince I ſhould be more miſerable in marrying a man, who neither loves me, nor I him, than *Cleonide* would be, in not marrying a man who both loves her, and ſhe him, it is my office to prevent ſuch a misfortune: For truly, though I had no averſion to him, yet his very infidelity to *Cleonide* is enough to hinder me from marrying him: Therefore I beſeech you, *Meliantes*, help me out of this extream ſtrait, and endeavour to get ſuch convincing proofs of the promiſes which this Impoſtor hath made unto *Cleonide*, that I may ſhew them unto my Father, and afterwards declare unto him, that I never will marry *Aſtidamus*.

Meliantes hearing what *Arpaſia* ſaid, began to ſtudy upon it, and to imagine how he might give her ſatisfaction: After which, he deſired ſome days of conſideration, conjuring her in the interim not to ſpeak a ſyllable of what he had told her, for fear (ſaid he) that if *Protogenes* ſhould hear of *Aſtidamus* his love, he ſhould haſten his Marriage with her.

Thus *Meliantes* gloſſing the reputation of his Siſter with a plauſible pretence, he beſtowed a thouſand obliging and tender expreſſions upon *Arpaſia*: who conceiving her ſelf infinitely beholding unto him, began to preſs him a little more earneſtly to tell him who he was. I beſeech you *Meliantes* (ſaid ſhe) what injuſtice is it, that you ſhould know all the ſecrets of my very ſoul, and that I ſhould not know ſo much as the Country which gave you a birth? When, Madam, I have done you any conſiderable ſervice (replyed he) I promiſe you to tell you who I am: And to ſet a more certain limit of time unto your ſatisfaction, I promiſe to tell you whatſoever you ſhall deſire to know of me, upon the day that your Marriage with *Aſtidamus* ſhall be broken off. But in the interim, Madam (added he, being tranſported by the violence of his paſſion) I beſeech you honour me ſo far as to believe, that my birth is ſuch, as that I am not altogether unworthy to be ranked in the number of your friends; And if *Aſtidamus* had ſuch thoughts in his heart as I have, he had never loved *Cleonide*. Though this expreſſion was a kind of declaration of Love, yet *Arpaſia* did not take it in that ſenſe, but believed that he ſaid ſo only to expreſs his eſteem, ſo that ſhe anſwered him very civilly: At firſt, he was angry ſhe did not underſtand him; but in a moment after, he was glad of it: So that after ſeveral obliging expreſſions on both ſides, they parted. But, Madam, whilſt theſe things paſſed thus, *Protogenes* having obſerved, that *Aſtidamus* did not behave himſelf towards *Arpaſia* as he ought, he ſpake very ſharply unto him, and charged him to carry himſelf better, and to prepare himſelf to marry her very ſhortly: For (ſaid he) whether the King of *Aſſyria* conſent or not conſent, you ſhall marry her. *Aſtidamus* who had ſpirit enough, and was really reſolved to betray *Cleonide*, and marry *Arpaſia*, told *Protogenes* very confidently, that he did not think he was obliged to live with one whom he was to marry in that way of Gallantry, as if he Courted one whom he knew not whether he ſhould marry her or not: But be aſſured, Sir, (ſaid he) that I ſhall obey you when you pleaſe. But, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that a Servant unto *Protogenes* who was acquainted with *Alcianipe*, having heard this Conference, he told it unto her, and ſhe made it known unto *Meliantes*, who was extreamly perplexed at it. Was ever miſery equal unto mine? (ſaid he unto *Phormion*, who ſince told it unto me) For all other Lovers are commonly miſerable, either becauſe they are hated, or becauſe they have Rivals loved: And yet moſt certain it is, *Arpaſia* doth eſteem me, and I have no Rival: And he who pretends to marry her without a dram of Love, is hated: And yet for all this, I am the moſt miſerable of men, ſince I am like to ſee the man whom I do hate, enjoy the perſon whom I do love, and to betray and forſake my Siſter: So that by this means he will blaſt both my love and my honour, if I do not give a check unto his deſigns: And yet it is not an eaſie matter to effect: For *Aſtidamus* will obey *Protogenes*; *Protogenes* will have him to marry *Arpaſia*: And *Gabrias* deſires it as much as he, unleſs I do let him ſee the treachery of *Aſtidamus* towards *Cleonide*, and *Arpaſia*.

But ſhall I my ſelf publiſh the intelligence which he holds with my Siſter, before I am ſure I can oblige him to marry her? And can I have the confidence to quarrel with him for caſting off my Siſter, when as I did the like to his? Truth is, I am not ſo inconſtant as he is, becauſe I loved her leſs; but this excuſe is not ſufficient to excuſe me.

What ſhall I do, my dear *Phormion*? (ſaid he unto him) Truly (replyed his friend) I am as much to ſeek for advice as your ſelf: But the beſt Counſel I can give, is, to overcome your paſſion, as *Aſtidamus* hath his. For he is in Love with *Cleonide*, yet is reſolved to marry another: Therefore I pray, Sir, call *Argeliſe* into your memory and heart, and quit *Arpaſia*, as he hath *Cleonide*.

As for the intereſt of *Cleonide*, unleſs you knew how to force *Aſtidamus* to marry her, it were better to ſmother all reports of her intelligence with him, than to divulge it. But that cannot be, (replyed *Meliantes*) ſince I had never known of it but by *Alcianipe*, who never knows any thing that may wound anothers reputation, but ſhe tells it to a hundred ſeveral perſons; and I am told, that if ſhe do know of any ſuch buſineſs, if company come not in quickly unto whom ſhe may impart it, ſhe will go out and ſeek them. Alſo I am credibly informed, that if ſhe be ſick, nothing will ſooner cure her, nor make her quit her Bed, than to have ſome ſuch tittle-tattle or other to carry unto ſome whom ſhe thinks it will pleaſe or ſpight; for ſhe tranſacts by ſeveral motives, though all equally ill: And can you think ſhe will not tell all men the ſame ſhe hath told me? Yes yes, *Phormion*, *Alcianipe* is ſilent in nothing but in Commendations: Nay perhaps ſhe will draw out an innocent correſpondency to become a great Crime: And to be ſincere with you, though *Aſtiadmus* did not betray my Siſter, yet ſhould I hate him no leſs than I do, it is enough that he is likely to marry *Arpaſia*, to make me ruin him if I can. But, Sir, (ſaid *Phormion*) *Arpaſia* does not ſo much as know that you do love her. She knows that I do viſit her, and that I admire her (replyed he) and I hope that ere long ſhe will know that I love her, though I never tell her, for my paſſion is too violent to be ſmothered: And ſhe cannot chuſe but ſee it. All I have to do, is to poyſon *Aſtidamus*, in the opinion of *Arpaſia*'s Father, by acquainting him with his love of *Cleonide*, and by producing ſuch Circumſtances as ſhall make *Aſtidamus* appear what he is, to wit, an impoſtor, and perfidious; I perceive by your looks (added he) that you think it ſtrange I ſhould give ſuch terrible names unto *Aſtidamus*, having an opinion that I do merit them as well as he: But *Phormion* be not deceived, for if there be any equality in our Crimes, it is not in our proceedings; when I thought my ſelf in love with *Argeliſe*, it was becauſe I knew not then what love was, but now I know that it was only eſteem and friendſhip which I profeſſed unto her, and if I did quit her, it was, becauſe a moſt violent paſſion forced me unto it, and ſhe is beholding unto me for doing all I could to keep my heart from her; but the caſe is not the ſame with *Aſtidamus*, for he is deeply in love with *Cleonide*, and maugre this love he quits her for his intereſt of fortune.

Moreover, he is ſo unjuſt, not only to forſake her, but to betray her by diſſembling his inconſtancy, leſt ſhe ſhould hinder him in his deſign of marrying *Arpaſia*; but 'tis far otherwiſe with me, for if *Argeliſe* were here, I ſhould reſent her miſfortunes as my own. Ah *Meliantes* (ſaid *Phormion* and interrupted him) you ſay ſo, becauſe *Argeliſe* is not at *Alſenes*: For I aſſure you, it is a greater difficulty than you imagine, for any brave man to tell a woman whom once he ſeemed to love, that now he does not love her; and if ſhe were here at this preſent, you would be driven into an extream perplexity. No doubt of it (replyed he,) but that I ſhould be extreamly aſhamed at the ſight of her, yet for all that, rather than betray her, as *Aſtidamus* doth my Siſter, I would diſcover my weakneſs unto her, I would confeſs my fault, and ask a pardon for it: But ſince I perceive you will not give me any adviſe, I will follow the dictates of my own thoughts. So *Meliantes*, after he had ſtudied a while, went out, and went to give *Cleonide* a viſit, with whom he had often been, as well as with all other Ladies of quality in *Alſenes*. Yet he could not ſpeak with her ſo ſoon as he deſired, becauſe much company was with her Aunt and her, but they being gone all, except one man who ſtayed about ſome buſineſs with the Lady of the houſe, he had all the liberty of talk he could wiſh, and as ſoon as he was alone with *Cleonide*, he took out one of thoſe Letters which heretofore ſhe had writ unto him, and asked her if ſhe knew the hand: *Cleonide* took it, and began to read it, little thinking it to be of her own writing, but when ſhe read a line, ſhe knew it to be one which ſhe ſent unto her brother; at firſt, ſhe looked ſeriouſly upon him, but he had an air ſo unreſemblant unto all his family, that not knowing why her brother ſhould conceal himſelf, ſhe did not think her ſelf to be his Siſter, but imagined him to be only ſome friend unto her Brother. I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid ſhe unto him, do you know him unto whom this Letter was written? If you do, pray tell me where he is, and why he gave it unto you? I ſhall ſatisfie you in all your demands (replyed *Meliantes*) yes, and more, provided you will promiſe me not to ſpeak a ſillable of any thing I ſhall tell you, no not unto *Aſtidamus*, (added he, and looked earneſtly upon her) At theſe words *Cleonide* bluſht, and doing ſomething about her head, purpoſely to hide her bluſhes. I do not wonder (ſaid ſhe unto him) that you ſhould deſire me to tell no body what you ſay, but I have reaſon to be offended at you, for particularizing *Aſtidamus*, and that you ſhould ſpeak of him, as if I could know nothing, but I muſt impart it unto him. All I can do at preſent for your ſatisfaction (replyed *Meliantes*) is to aſſure you, that when I have told you all I have to ſay, you will ſo clearly ſee, that I have no intentions to offend you, that you will repent your ſuſpition of it. But unjuſt *Cleonide*, (purſued he) the buſineſs is of ſuch a nature, that you muſt be ſure none come to interrupt us; and to oblige you unto a private conference, I ſwear unto you by all that is ſacred, that you will be the moſt miſerable perſon of all your quality and ſex, if you do not hearken unto me, and poſitively believe all that I ſhall ſay, when you have heard me.

You expreſs your ſelf ſo very ſtrangely, (replyed ſhe) that though you ſhould tell me nothing but ſad ſtories, yet I muſt confeſs my curioſity ſuch, that I cannor chuſe but hear you, and therefore if you pleaſe, we will walk into the Garden, where we ſhall not be interrupted, for I will appoint if any come in, they ſhall be carried into my Aunt's Chamber. With all my heart (replyed *Meliantes*,) but firſt you muſt promiſe me not to ſpeak a word unto *Aſtidamus*, of any thing I ſhall tell you: And indeed you muſt promiſe me moſt ſolemnly and ſeriouſly. If I do promiſe you to tell no body (anſwered *Cleonide* and ſtill bluſhed) I do tacitely imply, that I will not tell *Aſtidamus*, and therefore why do you inſiſt ſo peremptorily upon ſuch a frivolous ceremony, which in my opinion is an affront put upon me: Nay, nay, never inſiſt upon ſuch niceties, (replyed he) nor ruine your ſelf upon imaginary punctilioes. *Cleonide* hearing *Meliantes* ſo plain, ſhe began to be angry in good earneſt, and would not give him audience; but ſince the ſame thing which angred her, did alſo ſwell her with curioſity, ſhe ſurmounted her reſentments, and told *Meliantes*, that there was never any ſuch League between *Aſtidamus* and her, and promiſed him never to reveal what he ſhould tell her.

After this, *Meliantes* took her by the hand, and carried her unto a ſeat in an Arbor; when they were ſet, *Cleonide* firſt began; well *Meliantes* (ſaid ſhe) I pray tell me who gave you that Letter which you ſhewed me? Before I give you a direct anſwer (replyed he) I muſt moſt ſeriouſly proteſt unto you, that all I ſhall ſay unto you is as certainly true, as that you are my ſiſter, and that is not more ſure, nor more certain, than that *Aſtidamus* intends to betray you; at theſe words *Cleonide* ſtood in amaze, her colour went and came a hundred times: Firſt ſhe looked upon *Meliantes*, then looked off him with abundance of ſhame.

Sometimes ſhe wiſhed all he ſaid were true, and ſometimes deſired all might be falſe; being vexed to the ſoul ſhe ſhould begin acquaintance with her Brother, by ſuch a ſhameful adventure. But at laſt, to clear her doubts, the names of *Meliantes* and *Clidaris*, are ſo unlike (replyed ſhe) that I could not take the one for the other: ſince names are not eſſentially fixed to the bearers, ſaid he, but that they may ſhift them as they pleaſe, your reaſon is not at all convincing, but to come near the ſubſtance of the buſineſs, I will ingage my ſelf to ſhew you all the Letters which ever you writ unto me, and more than that, I will tell you the ſubſtance of all that ever I writ unto you, and to clear my ſelf more manifeſtly unto you, I will write in your preſence what you ſhall pleaſe, that you may compare my writing with thoſe Letters which *Clidaris* writ unto you, and ſo plainly ſee, that *Meliantes* and *Clidaris* are the ſame; without more delay he pull'd out of his pocket both Pen, Ink, and Paper, and began to write ſome lines which he gave unto *Cleonide*, but ſhe was more amazed than ever, when ſhe found written, that if ſhe would follow his Counſel, ſhe ſhould never marry *Aſtidamus*: She ſaw enough by the hand, to aſſure her, he was her Brother. But before ſhe could recover out of her wonder, *Meliantes* told her ſo many particulars concerning her family, as put her out of all doubt; but to clear the matter more fully, ſhe asked him how it could come to paſs, the friend of *Aſtidamus* ſhould write word that he had ſeen you at *Samoſates*? Then *Meliantes* began to relate unto her, his travels into that place, and how it was his fortune to meet *Gabrias* and *Arpaſia*. I beſeech you (ſaid *Cleonide* then) why did you change your name? And why would you not make your ſelf known to me at firſt? Your queſtions (dear Siſter) replyed he, are of ſuch importance, that I muſt not anſwer them until that after you have ingeniouſly confeſſed unto me, that *Aſtidamus* is in love with you, that he hath promiſed you never to marry *Arpaſia*, and that you do believe him: Alas, Brother (ſaid ſhe and bluſht,) I am not able to confeſs things of that nature: that you may no longer diſſemble the matter (replyed *Meliantes*) know, that I am not ignorant in any thing that hath paſſed betwixt you; and to inſtance in ſome, I do know, that you uſe to meet *Aſtidamus* in a garden of your friends, which joynes unto this in which we are, eſpecially ſince *Arpaſia* came hither, and that it was there he ſwore a thouſand falſe Oathes unto you: And indeed I know of a moſt infallible certainty, that if you do not follow my counſels, he will marry *Arpaſia.*

Moreover, to induce you unto an abſolute confidence in me, I will truſt you with the only ſecret of my ſoul and life, and acquaint you, that I am as much concerned in this marriage as you are, for to tell you truly, I am in love with *Arpaſia*, in love ſo deeply, that if the life of *Aſtidamus* be dear unto you, you muſt help me to make him faithful unto you, and do as I ſhall direct you to hinder him from marrying her whom I do love and adore: For I do profeſs unto you, that if you do not, you will endanger either to ſee your Brother kill your Lover, or your Lover kill your Brother, think ſeriouſly upon what I ſay, and be confident that you have as great an intereſt as I have in the advice which I ſhall give you. You fill me ſo full of wonder, (replyed *Cleonide*) that I know not what anſwer to return. The buſineſs is of ſuch a near concernment (replyed he) that you muſt anſwer, and that you may more ſincerely open your ſelf, I deſire you to conſider, that I do not offer to reprove you for your affection to *Aſtidamus*, for I have a ſtrong confidence in your virtue, and I know experimentally, that love is not a thing voluntary, and I were unjuſt if I ſhould expect more force from you than I have my ſelf; but excuſing your imbecilities, as I expect you ſhould do mine, you muſt ſincerely acquaint me with all the paſſages betwixt *Aſtidamus* and you, to the end I may force him to fidelity, and keep him from making me miſerable; if you do not, I vow unto the gods, that before you can ſee *Aſtidamus*, to tell him what I have ſaid unto you, I will ſee him, and tell him ſuch a ſtory, as may become fatal to one of us: And therefore, my deareſt Siſter, I do conjure you by your own honour, and by the affection you have unto *Aſtidamus*, to prevent both your own and my miſery, and not to deny a thing, which I do know as certainly as you do your ſelf. You preſs me in ſo ſtrange a manner, (replyed *Cleonide*) that I have not power either to deny or confeſs what you ask; yet you muſt do the laſt of theſe (replyed *Meliantes*) if you will preſerve your own Honour, and your Lover, and not hinder the happineſs of a Brother, who will be a debtor unto you for all his felicity, if you will but think upon your own.

After this, adding a thouſand tender and obliging conjurations, unto what he had ſaid before, *Cleonide* confeſſed that *Aſtidamus* had long loved her, and ſtill told her every day, that he continued the ſame, and after the firſt Ice was broken, ſhe told *Meliantes* as much as he deſired to know. But as a juſtification of her ſelf ſhe aggravated the Courtſhip and cares, which *Aſtidamus* had taken to win her heart, and told her Brother, that he had writ Letters unto her every day. *Meliantes* preſſed her to ſee his Letters, and ſo importunately, that ſhe fearing if ſhe ſhould deny him, he would think them of another nature than they were, and knowing that they would rather juſtifie than accuſe her, ſhe pulled two of them out of her pocket, the one received laſt night, the other in the morning, and gave them unto *Meliantes*, who opening them, did find in them as much as he could deſire; and if my memory do not much fail me, they were to this effect following.

To the Incredulous Cleonide.

Madam,

W*ILL you not believe me, when I promiſe and proteſt, that I do not love* Arpaſia, *and that I love none but you? But it ſeems you are reſolved to be as unjuſt as you are rigorous, in doubting the ſincerity of my words. I beſeech you, be not deluded by fallacious appearances; but be confidently perſwaded, that I will never marry* Arpaſia, *and that I will eternally love the fair* Cleonide.

Aſtidamus.

You may imagine, Madam, that *Meliantes* was not a little glad he had got this Letter into his hands; and in hopes to find another as pertinent to his purpoſe, he opened it in all haſte, and found theſe words.

To the Unjuſt Cleonide.

MADAM,

I Wonder why you ſhould not, but I am ſure you may believe me when I proteſt, that Protogenes *with all his power over me, ſhall not be able to make me perfidious unto my dear* Cleonide : *Believe it, that either by the King of* Aſſyria'*s means or my Mother's, who will be ſhortly here, I will break off my marriage with* Arpaſia, *and if you be as conſtant as I am faithful, we will love one another for ever.*

Aſtidamus.

Though this ſecond Letter was as fit as the firſt, to be laid in the diſh of *Aſtidamus*, yet it did not pleaſe *Meliantes* ſo well as the firſt, becauſe it mentioned the arrival of his Rival's Mother, and becauſe he made no queſtion but *Argeliſe* would come with her. So that this news bringing ſpurs to haſten on his deſign of preventing *Aſtidamus*, he was reſolved not to reſtore theſe two Letters unto his Siſter, but to keep them, and ſhew them unto *Arpaſia*, that ſhe might ſhew them unto *Gabrias*, and ſo break off the Marriage: Not but that he knew all that *Aſtidamus* ſaid in his Letters was falſe, and he mentioned the coming of his Mother to his Marriage, the better to delude her.

But after a tumultuous reflection upon all theſe things, in ſtead of reſtoring the Letters to his Siſter, he put them in his pocket, and told her, that upon them depended both his good fortune, and hers. At firſt *Cleonide* oppoſed his deſign; No, no, Siſter (ſaid *Meliantes*) I will not reſtore them, for they are ſo neceſſary to preſerve *Aſtidamus* for you, and alſo *Arpaſia* for me, that I ſhould do both you, and my ſelf very ill ſervice, if I ſhould part with them. For as I told you before, *Aſtidamus* intends to deceive you, and he poſitively promiſed *Protogenes* yeſterday to marry *Arpaſia* whenſoever he pleaſed, and he carries fair with you, leſt you ſhould obſtruct his marriage with her. After this, *Meliantes* making a more exact relation of all paſſages unto her, he told her, to bring her to his mind, that there was no courſe to be taken but one of theſe two, either he muſt fight with *Aſtidamus*, or elſe break off his marriage with *Arpaſia* by making uſe of theſe Letters.

Cleonide liking the laſt of theſe ways better than the firſt, ſhe conſented he ſhould have the Letters, after his promiſe that he would ſhew them unto none but *Gabrias* and *Arpaſia*, and it was her wiſeſt courſe to conſent, for ſhe knew not how to hinder him. However, he made her promiſe him, not to diſcover unto her Lover who he was, until his marriage with *Arpaſia* was broken off. And he did ſo plainly demonſtrate unto her, that ſhe would ruine her ſelf and honour, if ſhe did not prove faithful unto him, and likewiſe that ſhe would put the life of *Aſtidamus* in danger, that he did not fear, but ſhe would keep promiſe with him; ſo that parting upon mutual promiſes of fidelity, *Cleonide* ſtayed in the Garden contemplating upon the adventure.

And *Meliantes* went unto *Arpaſia*, with intention to ſhew her the Letters of *Aſtidamus*; and indeed, as ſoon as they could talk in private together, ſhe gave him an opportunity of ſhewing them unto her, and asked him, what news from *Alcianipe*? he having no mind to let her know, that *Cleonide* was his Siſter, leſt ſhe ſhould think he had ſome ends in perſecuting *Aſtidamus*, he let her go on in her opinion, that he knew all from this woman, ſo that he gave her the Letters to read, the hand ſhe knew; but, Madam, *Arpaſia* read them with different thoughts, for they made her both glad and angry: And her averſion to *Aſtidamus*, did ſo increaſe, that *Meliantes* had been very happy if ſhe had loved him, as much as ſhe hated *Aſtidamus*. I proteſt, *Meliantes*, (ſaid ſhe unto him) the infidelity of *Aſtidamus* unto *Cleonide* makes me hate him more than his inſenſibility unto me doth, and I ſhould ſooner pardon him for ſlighting me, than for betraying her.

For my particular (replied *Meliantes*) I am not of your mind, for I think the greateſt crime of *Aſtidamus*, is his not loving you, and next to it, his infidelity unto *Cleonide*; but to ſee you, and not to love you, is a crime incredible: Could it ever be imagined that a Lover of *Cleonide*, would be the Husband of *Arpaſia*? or could it enter into the heart of a man, to marry *Arpaſia*, and not love her? theſe are ſo far above my belief, that had not *Aſtidamus* given his inſenſibility under his own hand in thoſe two Letters, I could not have given any credit unto it.

I think it leſs ſtrange (replied ſhe) that he ſhould be inſenſible towards me, than that he ſhould be unfaithful unto *Cleonide*. But I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid *Meliantes*) what courſe do you intend to take? I intend to ſhew theſe Letters unto my father, replied ſhe, and to tell him, that I will never marry *Aſtidamus*, and to open my heart unto you, as unto a man whom I dare truſt, above any one in the world, I will aſſure you, that if he will force me to marry him, I ſhall not obey him, but I ſhall hope that ſince he is ſenſible of honour, he will have better thoughts. Doubtleſs he knows that I do not love *Aſtidamus*, but *I* believe he does not know my reaſon for it, he thinks it is only an averſion in nature, which time and reaſon might ſurmount; but I am confident, when he ſhall ſee theſe Letters, he will be of another mind.

Perhaps, Madam, (ſaid *Meliantes*) reaſons of ſtate will be his greateſt conſideration. No, ſaid ſhe, *I* hope to perſwade him by theſe Letters, that *Aſtidamus* does not intend to marry me; and to put an open affront upon him, though *Protogenes* ſhould preſs him to it: and I hope to perſwade him to anticipate *Aſtidamus*, and break off with him, before he break off with us; in concluſion, *Meliantes*, I hope to tranſact the matter ſo, that it ſhall not be long of me, if the fair *Cleonide* do not marry *Aſtidamus*, and if I do not quit *Alfenes*, never to come into it again; the truth is (added ſhe moſt obligingly) I ſhall depart with much ſorrow, ſince I ſhall thereby loſe you. Since I ſtay at *Alfenes*, only for the love of you, Madam, replied *Meliantes*, I ſhall depart when you do, and if Fortune do not thwart my intentions, I think, Madam, that I ſhall go whither you go; for you have ſo great a power over me, that I am not able to live far from you. If I have ſo much power over you, replied ſhe, as you would make me believe I have, then tell me who you are, and acquaint me with the ſecrets of your heart, as I have you with mine. I would the gods, Madam, (ſaid he, and looked fixedly upon her) that you could gueſs them without my telling you: For the truth is, there is nothing in my ſoul which I would not have you know, yet I cannot without much pain tell you all the thoughts of my heart.

For, Madam, I dare not diſcover all my imbecilities, I dare not tell you how I love a moſt divine perſon without all hopes, I dare not for my life aggravate all the miſeries which this paſſion hath cauſed me to endure, eſpecially unto you, Madam, whoſe actions are all guided by ſolidity of reaſon, not but that the perſon whom I adore, hath ſo many excellencies, as will well excuſe all my imbecilities, for ſhe is beauty in the very abſtract, her wit tranſcends all capacities, ſhe hath Virtue, and Goodneſs in the ſuperlative degree, and ſhe doth a little eſteem me, but for all this, Madam, I dare not be ſo bold as to tell you of my paſſion. The worſt is (replied *Arpaſia*, not ſuſpecting his love to her) I have heard you ſay, that one cannot be in love, but one muſt be miſerable alſo, and therefore for my own intereſt, I muſt needs grieve for you, ſince it is not likely we ſhall be long together in one place. However, (added ſhe, not giving him time to anſwer her) ſince the Perſon whom you adore, hath ſo much Beauty, Wit, Virtue, Goodneſs, and Eſteem of you, *I* cannot ſee you are much to be pitied: *I* ſhould not indeed be very unhappy, replied he, if ſhe did know without being offended, that I did love her, but ſince *I* never told her, I am in continual fears, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover my paſſion; and yet at the ſame time *I* am grieved that ſhe doth not divine it; and yet ſhe muſt divine it, if ſhe do know it, added he, for *I* never dare tell her that I do love her.

Meliantes ſpoke this with ſuch a paſſionate air, as made *Arpaſia* bluſh, and was conſtrained to apply it unto her ſelf, and ſince ſhe could not have any ſuch thoughts without ſome appearance of it in her countenance, *Meliantes* ſaw that he was underſtood, ſo as fearing to ſay too much, and thinking he had ſaid enough to make her ſuſpect what he would have her know, he turned the diſcourſe and began again to talk of *Aſtidamus*, *Cleonide*, and *Gabrias*, and ſo freed both her, and himſelf from a non-plus: And this cauſed her not to be offended at this half declaration of his Love.

However, ſhe was no ſooner retired, but ſhe did me the honour to impart all the paſſage unto me, and to tell me her opinion: which done, *I* told her that *I* had obſerved a hundred paſſages from *Meliantes*, which moved me to believe as ſhe did; for truly, ſaid *I* unto her, he hates *Aſtidamus*, only becauſe he loves you, and he hates him in ſuch a manner, as perſwades me that his condition is worthy to be his Rival. As for his quality, replied *Arpaſia*, *I* doubt much leſs of it, than of his love. For all the thoughts of his ſoul are ſo noble, and there is ſomething ſo high in all his proceedings, that *I* am moſt confident his quality is great; but for all that, *Niſide*, ſaid ſhe unto me, *I* muſt look upon him only as a friend which fortune gave me, and which ſhe will quickly take from me, and I ought to be well ſatisfied, if fate will only keep me from marrying *Aſtidamus.*

After this, *Arpaſia* changing diſcourſe, we talked of nothing, but what ſhe ſhould ſay the next morning unto *Gabrias:* And indeed, as ſoon as ſhe awaked, and had dreſſed her ſelf, ſhe went unto her Father, unto whom ſhe addreſſed her ſelf with ſo much Prudence and Reſpect, that after he had read the Letters, and knowing the hand, he ſeemed to conſent, that ſhe ſhould not marry him, who writ them, yet he told her, that to break off with a ſpecious pretence, it was expedient to ſtay until the Meſſenger which *Protogenes* and he had ſent unto *Babylon*, was returned, becauſe in all probability the King of *Aſſyria* would not approve of this marriage, and would give a pretence both unto *Protogenes* and him, not to proceed unto a concluſion of Marriage; though they were once reſolved upon it, whether the King did conſent unto it or no. Daughter (ſaid he unto her) I am confident that as ſoon as *Protogenes* ſhall ſee theſe two Letters, he will confeſs you have reaſon to be againſt your Marriage with *Aſtidamus*, and if our other intereſts will not unite us without this alliance; I ſhall break off with him when it is convenient time.

In the mean time, it is pollicy to diſſemble as he doth, until the time be ripe, and fit to teſtifie our reſentments: For the truth is, *Protogenes* is Maſter of *Alfenes*, and if *I* ſhould go imprudently to work, he might make his peace with the King of *Aſſyria* when he pleaſed, by delivering me up unto him.

This ſpeech of *Gabrias* unto *Arpaſia*, ſeeming reaſonable, ſhe thanked him for it, and expreſſed her ſelf in the moſt tender and obliging Language ſhe could deviſe, to confirm him in his opinion. So that not daring to preſs him unto a reſtitution of the Letters, becauſe he ſaid, that he would ſhew them unto *Protogenes*, when it was fit time, ſhe left them in his hands, and went unto her Chamber with much ſatisfaction: and yet ſhe had no great cauſe; for be pleaſed to know, Madam, that *Gabrias* ſpoke ſo unto her, only to amuſe her, and keep her from divulging her reſentment, of ill treating *Aſtidamus*. For *Gabrias* having a full deſign to be revenged upon the King of *Aſſyria*, his mind and conſiderations ran only upon that, and not the ſatisfaction of *Arpaſia*, ſo that intending to accompliſh this Marriage, he ſent to *Meliantes*, and deſired him to come and ſpeak with him; who coming in all haſte, he found him in his Cloſet, holding the two Letters in his hand.

To teſtifie unto you (ſaid *Gabrias* unto him) how *I* eſteem your Wiſdom, and Friendſhip, *I* will truſt you with the greateſt ſecret of my Family, and try if it be poſſible to make you ſide with that Party which I am raiſing againſt the King of *Aſſyria*.

After this, *Gabrias* aggravated all his cauſes of complaint which he had againſt that Prince, then told him of the treaty which he had with *Protogenes*, acquainted him, that the marriage of *Arpaſia* was concluded upon, only for that reaſon, and told him all that *Arpaſia* had told him before, and all her anſwers; But you, *Meliantes* (ſaid he unto him) being a man of underſtanding, I know will eaſily conceive that I anſwered my Daughter as I did, only to gain time, for it were a groſs abſurdity, to break off with *Protogenes*, becauſe *Aſtidamus* loves *Cleonide*, and is not in love with my Daughter: For the Marriages of Perſons of her quality are to be made upon ſolid grounds, never inſiſting upon ſuch trifles as conduce nothing to the eſtabliſhment of Families. And though *Aſtidamus* do love *Cleonide*, and not *Arpaſia*, no matter, for his mind may change; and though it do not, it is but according to that order, which Nature and Cuſtom hath eſtabliſhed; for very few Husbands are Lovers of their Wives. And therefore, ſince *Aſtidamus* hath courage, and ſpirit enough, and can ſerve to execute my revenge, *Ar-*

paſia muſt reſolve to marry him, yet ſince I deſire that *Aſtidamus* would apply himſelf unto her rather by fair means than by my abſolute authority, I have made choice of you to perſwade *Aſtidamus* unto a little more compliance with her; and that he may ſee how he is obliged unto me, for my diſcretion in the knowledge that I have of his Love unto *Cleonide*, ſhew him theſe two Letters which I put into your hands. In ſaying ſo, *Gabrias* gave *Meliantes* the Letters, who ſeeming to read them, as if he had never ſeen them before, afterwards told *Gabrias*, that ſince *Aſtidamus*, had promiſed *Cleonide*, never to marry *Arpaſia*, he could not believe it was in his power to perſwade him to live better with her: Nay, nay, never think ſo, ſaid *Gabrias*, though *Aſtidamus* promiſed *Cleonide* never to marry *Arpaſia*, yet he promiſed *Protogenes* to marry her when ere he pleaſed. And indeed, to diſcover the ſecret of the buſineſs unto you, I muſt tell you, that the man who was ſent unto the King of *Aſſyria* is already returned, although it be not publiſhed, becauſe a ſuppoſed anſwer of that Prince muſt be contrived, as if he had conſented unto the marriage, although he did not; and I muſt tell you alſo, that as ſoon as the Mother and Siſter of *Aſtidamus* are arrived, the Marriage is to be celebrated. Therefore in this interim which will not be long, I would have you tell *Aſtidamus*, that I am acquainted with his being in love with *Cleonide*, and that my daughter knows of it alſo: For ſince I do know of an infallible certainty, that although he do love *Cleonide*, yet he will marry *Arpaſia*, I am perſwaded that to avoid her perſecution after marriage, he will ſtrive with himſelf, and break with *Cleonide* ſooner than he would, if he thought that this gallantry was not known, either to me or my daughter; tell him that I will carefully conceal it from *Protogenes*, provided he will apply himſelf to appeaſe *Arpaſia*, and tell him on the other ſide, that if he will not do as he ought, I will diſcover him both unto *Protogenes*, and all the world.

I leave you to imagine, Madam, how *Meliantes* reliſhed this imployment, whether he conſidered himſelf as the Lover of *Arpaſia*, or as the Brother of *Cleonide:* And yet he was forced to accept of it, leſt *Gabrias* ſhould beſtow it upon another who would ſtickle in the buſineſs more than he would: therefore he promiſed *Gabrias* to obey his commands, yet he would not perſwade him to expoſe *Arpaſia* to ſo much miſery, as to marry *Aſtidamus*, ſince ſhe had a moſt invincible averſion to him.

But at laſt, *Meliantes* ſeeing he could prevail nothing with him, he left him, and went away with more ſorrow than he was able to undergo: Underſtanding that much company was with *Arpaſia*, he was in no fit tune to enter; but he went unto *Cleonide*, whom he found alone, to ask her whether ſhe had ſeen *Aſtidamus* the night before, in the place where ſhe was uſed to meet him? Alas, Brother (ſaid ſhe unto him) *I* have ſeen him but too often; for ſince you have opened my eyes *I* have ſeen his infidelity ſo clear in this, that *I* make no queſtion of it: It was but yeſterday that he promiſed me not to marry *Arpaſia*, but he ſpoke more faintly than uſual: and he did ſo harp upon the imperious humour of *Protogenes*, that *I* know he prepares himſelf for obedience: Truth is, dear Brother, *Aſtidamus* is a moſt perfidious man, one who hath ſtoln *Arpaſia* from you, and will take his heart from me, unleſs you find ſome means to prevent your misfortune and mine: He told me yeſterday, added ſhe, that his Mother and his Siſter would perhaps arrive to morrow: but he feared extreamly, that his Mother would not be able to oppoſe the Marriage, as he hoped and wiſhed.

How (ſaid *Meliantes*) will *Argeliſe* be at *Alſenes* to morrow? if ſo *I* muſt have recourſe unto the moſt extream remedies.

Cleonide ſurprized at her Brother's Speeches, asked him why he ſaid ſo? But *Meliantes*, not being willing to tell her the Cauſe, did ſay that his ſorrows were ſo great, that he knew not what he ſaid: ſo that after about a quarter of an hours ſtay, he returned to *Arpaſia*, to ſee if the company was gone: and underſtanding that there was none but *Alcianipe*, two other Ladies, and a man of good account in *Alfenes*, named *Meroſus*; he thought they would depart preſently, and therefore he entred, but he was deceived; for *Alcianipe* was in ſuch a talkative humour that day, as he thought ſhe would never give over. Not but that *Arpaſia* did civilly expreſs her ſelf to take no pleaſure in detraction: Yet ſince ſhe imagined that *Meliantes* knew of the gallantries of *Aſtidamus* only from her, therefore ſhe endured her with more patience than ſhe would, if ſhe had not thought that it was by her means that her Marriage with *Aſtidamus* was to be broken off.

Moreover, ſince the Language of *Gabrias* had filled her full of joy, *Meliantes* found her as pleaſant as he was ſad: and ſhe expoſed her ſelf unto Raillary with *Meroſus* and *Alcianipe*: But *Meliantes* ſpoke not a word all the while, and was ſo reſerved, that *Arpaſia* took notice of it, and imagined that her ſuſpicions of his being in love with her, were not ill grounded: So that after *Alcianipe*, *Meroſus*, and all the reſt of the Ladies were gone, ſhe avoided talking in private with him as much as ſhe could. And to that end, ſhe called all her women one after another: but *Meliantes* having buſineſs of concernment to impart unto her, beſeeched her to let him have an hours Audience, and that preſently: For, Madam, (ſaid he unto her, and ſighed) I aſſure you it imports all the happineſs of your life that you do hear me, and that immediately.

Arpaſia knowing that *Meliantes* had ſome croſs adventure or other to tell her, ſhe changed colour, and deſired him to acquaint her what misfortune had of late happened? So then haſting to tell her all that *Gabrias* had told him, leſt any ſhould come in to interrupt them, he acquainted her in few words with all the Conference he had with her

Father, and with ſo many ſigns of ſorrow in his Countenance, as it was plainly to be ſeen that the intereſt of *Arpaſia* did nearly concern him.

How, *Meliantes*, (ſaid ſhe) is my Father ſo inhumane as to make me a ſacrifice unto his Revenge? Can he find a heart to make me the moſt miſerable woman upon earth, only to ſatisfie his ambition? Would he marry me unto a man who can betray the beſt of Women? Can *Aſtidamus* quit *Cleonide* whom he loves, to obey *Protogenes?* And muſt I marry *Aſtidamus* who loves me not, to obey a Father? And yet Religion bids me not diſobey him, although all my Prayers and my Tears cannot move him.

How's this, Madam, (replied *Meliantes* haſtily) can you ever find a heart to marry *Aſtidamus*? Queſtionleſs I ſhall ſooner find a heart to dye, replied ſhe, and yet I think *I* ſhall reſolve upon it, rather than incur the ſhame of diſobeying ſuch a Father as *Gabrias:* and yet all remedies muſt firſt be tried: and I cannot tell whether it would be expedient to acquaint *Cleonide* with the infidelity of her Lover, to the end, that ſhe uſing her endavours to prevent being betrayed, ſhe may prevent my being miſerable alſo.

Alas, Madam, (replied *Meliantes.*) that is already done, and to no purpoſe. Why, replied *Arpaſia*, hath *Alcianipe* ſpoke unto *Cleonide?* no, Madam, anſwered he, but I have ſpoke unto her my ſelf, and ſince it concerns you as well as my ſelf, that you know who I am, be pleas'd to know, Madam, that I am *Cleonide*'s Brother.

Are you *Cleonide*'s Brother? (replied *Arpaſia*, with much aſtoniſhment) are you he, of whom the Friend of *Aſtidamus* gave ſo noble a Character? Yes, Madam, replied he, I am the unfortunate *Clidaris*, under the name of *Meliantes*, whom *Cleonide* never ſaw ſince ſhe was two years old.

I am very glad (replied ſhe) that I was not miſtaken, when I thought your quality ſuitable to your merit; alſo it joys me that being *Cleonide's* Brother, it concerns you almoſt as much as me, that I do not marry *Aſtidamus:* When you ſhall know me well, Madam, replied he, perhaps you ſhall ſee, that it concerns me more than you; and that though *Cleonide* were not my Siſter, yet my concernment would be the ſame: For truly, Madam, not to diſguiſe my ſelf and my ſoul any longer, I muſt tell you that I became your Captive in ſpeaking of the conqueſts of *Seſoſtris*, the very firſt day that I had the honour to ſee you.

Yes, Madam, the very firſt minute of your ſight, was the firſt minute of my paſſion; and I have ever ſince loved you in ſuch a reſpective manner, that you need not be offended if I aſſume ſo much boldneſs to tell you of it, in ſuch a time when I would not have you attribute all I ſhall do againſt *Aſtidamus*, unto the intereſt of my Siſter.

I am in ſuch a miſerable condition already (replied *Arpaſia*) that you ſhould not ſpeak thus unto me, and deprive me of the conſolation which I had in opening my heart unto you. Why, Madam, ſaid he, will you ſhut up your heart from me, becauſe I give you my own? and will you not be ſtill my friend, becauſe I love you? Truly, Madam, if ſo, I muſt needs ſay, you are both unjuſt and rigorous: For, Madam, my affection unto you is not incompatible with your virtue; ſince I ask nothing of you at preſent, but only that yon will give me leave to love you, and that I may oppoſe my ſelf againſt the deſigns of *Aſtidamus*, I have ſuch a pretence as that you need not be ſeen to have any ſhare in it; and if I be not the moſt miſtaken man in the world, I will prevent your marrying him, without putting you to the neceſſity of diſobeying *Gabrias.* Though all this be very advantageous to me, replied ſhe, yea though you have offended me, I would not have you take any courſe that may prove fatal unto either of you, and I had rather be the wife of *A-*

than be the cauſe of any ones death. I would not hazard the life of *Aſtidamus*, much more yours.

Moreover (added ſhe) to teſtifie unto you, that my eſteem and amity is very great, ſince it can ſubſiſt after a declaration of love, I will pardon your boldneſs upon condition that hereafter you will not ſpeak unto me, but under the notion of a friend, and as *Meliantes*.

Yet, Madam, I beſeech you, replied he, let *Clidaris* hope that he ſhall have a favourable acception from you, whenſoever things are in ſuch a condition, that he may let *Gabrias* know what thoughts he hath of you. *I* will permit him to hope (replied ſhe) that if he can oblige my father to be as favourable to him, as he is unto *Aſtidamus*, that then, I ſay, *I* will not be ſo averſe to him, as I am unto that perfidious Lover: And more than this, *Meliantes* do not move me unto, unleſs you deſire I ſhould break quite off with you; Though all this be almoſt nothing (replied he) yet I ſhall be ſatisfied with your goodneſs, provided you will give me leave to tell you, that *I* do love you with more fervency than ever any did; that never Lover ſuffered more than I have, nor was ever any love more violent, and more ſolid both, than mine to you.

For believe it, Madam, I love you, with a certainty never to leave off loving you, and I love you without the contribution of any hopes, and without any complacency from you to increaſe it, ſince you did not ſo much as ſuſpect that I was in love with you.

And the love that flames in my ſoul having its fewel rather from the ſtars, than from reaſon, ſo that nothing can quench it, nor muſt not be extinguiſhed, except in my Grave, I beſeech you therefore admit of it; and let all I ſhall do againſt *Aſtidamus*, have a favourable reception from you. As *Meliantes* was ſaying this, *Aſtidamus* with three others entred into *Arpaſia*'s Chamber, ſo as ſilence being forced upon both, the talk muſt of neceſſity change; and

Aſtidamus being that day in a pleaſant humour, and moreover, having a deſign to marry *Arpaſia*, he reſolved to change his way of behaviour towards her, and to win upon her mind, he applyed himſelf unto her, and every one, with all imaginable agreeableneſs; but as I remember, I told you before how he paſſed from one ſubject unto another, without arguing any thing to the bottom, ſo I may now very well ſay, that within the compaſs of one hour he talked of a hundred ſeveral ſubjects: For he had up, not only all the news at *Babylon*, but alſo all the paſſages at *Alſenes*, he talked of every thing he did that day, he related what was ſpoken, in all the places where he had been, and he asked *Arpaſia* what ſhe had been doing, then did he chide *Meliantes* for his ſilence: Afterwards he talked of muſick and of painting, and brought in ſo many ſeveral things, that one of the company taking notice of this great variety, did hint it unto others by way of commending *Aſtidamus*, for (ſaid he) there is nothing in the World more tedious, than being in company with ſuch people as dwell upon the firſt ſubject they begin to ſpeak upon, and do ſo rip up the very bottom of a buſineſs, that for a whole afternoon together, they will never change diſcourſe, for ſince talk ſhould be free and natural; and every one in the company to have an equal Liberty of changing as they think good, it is a groſs abſurdity to ſtop the mouths of any one, or to interrupt them.

For my part, (ſaid *Meliantes* very faintly) I do not underſtand your rule to be general, for I do know ſome perſons who can make much better diverſion in talking upon one ſubject; than in relating all the novelties of the World. if you ſpeak of Love unto any perſon (replyed *Aſtidamus*) I think you have good reaſon not to change diſcourſe; and yet unleſs you paint your paſſion with variety of colours, you will but tyre the perſon and your ſelf too: Thoſe who know how to love (replyed *Meliantes*) are not ſo ſoon weary, as others who know not: And Love hath this peculiarity unto it ſelf, as it doth ſo ſweetly take up the minds of thoſe it doth poſſeſs, that ſilence often is a diverſion; and two perſons in Love, provided they may be together, will ſit, and gaze, and never be weary, though they ſpeak not a word unto each other.

However it be, (ſaid *Aſtidamus*) I love variety in all things. Variety of flowers in a meadow does very well (ſaid *Arpaſia*, in a languiſhing tone) but I do not love it in other things; and whether it be out of ſlowneſs or barrenneſs of wit, I know not, I uſe to talk long upon a ſubject which pleaſeth me.

After this, *Meliantes* driving the buſineſs a little further, he moved *Aſtidamus* to anſwer him ſomewhat tartly, ſo as if *Arpaſia* had not carried her ſelf very diſcreetly, they had quarrelled in her preſence, and yet they parted very civilly, and every one went home with different thoughts. *Arpaſia* for her part was much diſquieted, for ſince ſhe had concluded nothing with *Meliantes*, ſhe was afraid leſt he ſhould take ſome violent courſe; and the more, becauſe ſhe knew he had no other way to break off her marriage; and becauſe ſhe ſaw moſt perfectly that he was in love with her, ſo that calling me into her cloſet, ſhe acquainted me with the cauſe of all her ſorrows, ſhe told me what *Gabrias* ſaid unto *Meliantes*; and all that *Meliantes* had ſaid unto her, both of his birth and paſſion, and afterwards ſhe did aggravate her misfortunes with ſo many ſighs, tears, and ſignificative expreſſions, that ſhe inſpired me with all her ſorrows; yet, Madam, (ſaid I unto her to comfort her) you have this advantage, that *Meliantes* is both *Cleonide*'s Brother, and your Lover: Doubtleſs it is (replyed ſhe) to prevent *Aſtidamus* from marrying me; but *Niſide*, it is an advantage which much diſquiets me, for I eſteem *Meliantes* more than to wiſh his ruin in my ſafety, and I eſteem him more than to deſire that his eſteem ſhould be ſeconded

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by a greater obligation. Since *Meliantes* is of ſo good a quality (replied I) you need not fear being obliged unto him: and if by breaking off your marriage with *Aſtidamus*, he ſhould come to marry you, I ſee no reaſon you have to complain againſt your fortune. Not ſo haſty, good *Niſide* (ſaid ſhe unto me) let us entertain no ſuch ill grounded hopes; *Meliantes*, doubtleſs hath as many charms both of ſoul and body, as any man in the world; yet for all that, though I conceive well enough of him as a friend, yet I know him not well enough to wiſh he were my Husband; though I know very well he loves me, and though *I* have a very particular eſteem of him, and ſince I know my ſelf to be moſt unfortunate, *I* dare not wiſh it, leſt *I* ſhould wiſh ſomething to my own diſadvantage.

Whilſt *Arpaſia* was thus reaſoning upon the matter, the ſoul of *Meliantes* was reſtleſly unſatisfied, for knowing that *Aſtidamus* was reſolved to marry *Arpaſia*, that *Gabrias* would force his daughter to obey him, and that ſhe, maugre her repugnancy, had a diſpoſition unto it, he ſaw that there was no remedies againſt his miſeries, but ſuch as were moſt violent.

Moreover, knowing of a certainty that *Argeliſe* would come, he foreſaw miſery upon miſery, and knew not how to untwiſt this ravelled clew of fortune: So that after he had paſſed over a whole night without ſleep, and without imparting his inquietudes unto *Phormion*, becauſe he thought him too wiſe to give ſuch violent Counſel, as that which he gave himſelf, he got up in all haſte, and without any with him but a Page, he went to the place where he knew *Aſtidamus* uſed to walk in the mornings, who lodging on that ſide of the Town towards the Lake, he went every morning to take the freſh air, at ſuch an hour, when men of his age have leaſt to do, becauſe it was no time for viſits, nor a time when the Ladies go into the Temple.

But *Meliantes* being there very early, *Aſtidamus* was not yet come, ſo as he had time enough to examine what he had to do; but the more he examined the preſent condition of his Soul, the leſs alteration he found in his reſolution. Think well with thy ſelf *Meliantes*, (ſaid he to himſelf, as he told me ſince) conſider what thou art about; *Aſtidamus* is brother unto *Argeliſe*, unto whom thou art obliged; whom thou doeſt eſteem, for whom thou hadſt a kind of amity which thou didſt think to be love, and ſo did that lovely, but unfortunate Lady, think alſo; content thy ſelf therefore with being perfidious; and do not quarrel with one who is ſo dear unto her. But, alas, (ſaid he, and reprehended himſelf) how can I conſider *Aſtidamus* only as *Argeliſe*'s Brother, ſince he is to marry *Arpaſia*, and betray *Cleonide*? yet as for this laſt crime, *I* ſhould be ſo juſt as to pardon him, ſince I am guilty of the ſame my ſelf; but for the other, I am not able to endure it: No, no, I am not able to endure that *Aſtidamus* ſhould ever marry *Arpaſia*; and ſince I cannot prevent it, unleſs I take ſome violent courſe, I muſt reſolve upon it, and put it in execution with all boldneſs and conſtancy.

As he was in this mind, *Aſtidamus* appeared, having none with him but one Page alſo, ſo that going towards him he ſaluted him, to the end their Pages ſhould take no notice: After which *Aſtidamus* began to ſpeak; How comes it to paſs, *Meliantes*, (ſaid he unto him) that *I* ſhould meet you in a walk which I thought had been frequented by none but my ſelf? You meet me here (replied he) becauſe *I* came to ſeek you, and tell you, that I have a buſineſs of importance to impart, which *I* believe will be agreeable to your mind; For conſidering the thoughts which I know you have of *Cleonide*, *I* make no doubt but you will be glad to know that I am her Brother, and that you will make uſe of thoſe expedients which I ſhall adviſe you unto, by not marrying *Arpaſia* whom you love not, and by marrying *Cleonide* whom I know you do love.

How (replied *Aſtidamus*, much aſtoniſhed) are you *Clidaris* who paſſed by *Samoſates*? Yes (replied ed he) I am the ſame *Clidaris* of whom you received an advantageous Character, and who comes to ſummon you unto a performance of your promiſe unto my Siſter, not that ſhe is my intelligencer, but ſince the general vogue of the Town is, that you are going to marry *Arpaſia*, I ſhould be very glad (for my own honours ſake, which links me with hers in this buſineſs) to underſtand from your own mouth, the truth of your intentions.

But to the end you may not believe I aſſume a name which belongs not unto me (ſaid he, and ſhewed him the two Letters which he had written unto *Cleonide*) ſee here your own hand, which I could not have but from the hand of my Siſter, and anſwer me punctually unto what I ſhall ask you. When I writ theſe two Letters unto *Cleonide* (replyed *Aſtidamus* ſharply) I did intend to do what I writ, but now *I* ſee ſhe doubts my promiſes, that ſhe ſends to me for a more clear manifeſtation, and that ſhe hath concealed from me your being her Brother, her infidelity ſhall diſpence with mine, nor ever was my engagement ſo great with *Cleonide*, that her reputation ſhould be at ſtake, I loved her, and ſhe allowed me, but never was any noiſe made of it in the world, and though it ſhould be known *I* was in love with her, and was not hated, yet would ſhe not be diſhonoured by it. Whether any know it or no, replied *Meliantes*, it is no matter, 'tis enough I know it, to make me move you unto a performance of your promiſe which you made unto her.

I had performed it, (replied *Aſtidamus* craftily) had ſhe truſted unto my word, but now I do not think it fit to incenſe *Protogenes*, to loſe all my fortunes, and put an affront upon *Gabrias* and *Arpaſia*, to ſatisfie a perſon, who hath put an affront upon me.

Will you not then marry *Cleonide* (ſaid *Meliantes* coldly) and do you intend to marry *Arpaſia?* ſince reaſon requires I ſhould, I will (replied *Aſtidamus*) and *I* know not who or what can hinder me. Should I follow my own inclination (replied *Meliantes*) my ſword ſhould force you to that, which the conſideration of Juſtice will not. But a prevalent reaſon, beſt known to my ſelf, forbidding me to uſe that extream until *I* be forced, I will acquaint you further, that *I* am not only *Cleonide*'s Brother, but alſo the Lover of *Arpaſia*, ſo as though I could conſent you ſhould ſlight my Siſter, yet I cannot let you marry my Miſtreſs: And therefore having a double intereſt in the affair, I adviſe you to examine the matter, and reſolve couragiouſly to do what becomes you, ſince as I think there is no great difficulty in it, for ſince you do not love *Arpaſia* but to love *Cleonide*, you may moſt eaſily ſatisfie both me, and your ſelf.

Since *I* value my honour above all things (replied *Aſtidamus* ſharply) I need not ſpend more time in deliberation; and therfore let the difference be terminated by Combate, to let you ſee that it is not your ſword can force me to keep promiſes, to that end let us ſend our ſervants further off: So theſe two Enemies began to fight with as much Courage as animoſity: But ſtriving to vanquiſh, and when they were ready to kill each other, a Coach full of Ladies, and many men on horſe-back appeared very near them: and they came ſo happily, that neither of them were wounded when they were forced to end their Combate.

But the wonder was, who ſhould be in the Coach but the Mother of *Aſtidamus*, and *Argeliſe*. So that the firſt object of this fair one was to ſee her Brother with a ſword in his hand fighting againſt her pretended Lover, of whoſe infidelity ſhe was ignorant. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw them, ſhe cryed out in teſtimony of her wonder and ſorrow; ſo as being parted, they knew her voice, and turned their heads to the place from whence the voice came. *Meliantes* looking upon her, and ſhe upon him, he was ſo aſhamed to think ſhe ſhould know of his new paſſion, that he had much ado to endure her looks. Yet he ſaluted both her Mother and her very civilly: And asking pardon for his being found in that condition with her Brother, he told her in two words, that it was an effect of his misfortune and miſery which deſerved pity.

In the mean while, *Aſtidamus* and *Meliantes* ſeeing much company come in, and their Pages appearing, they ſaw that they could not prevent their being carryed to the Town, from which they were not diſtant above two hundred paces: And in which they no ſooner were, but *Protogenes* ſet Guards upon them, until he knew the cauſe of their quarrel, and had ſeen *Gabrias*: For ſince *Meliantes* came with him, he thought it not expedient to do any thing in the buſineſs without him. You may imagine, Madam, what a noiſe this Combate made in *Alſenes*, and in what a Condition all thoſe perſons were who had any intereſt in the buſineſs.

When *Arpaſia* heard the news, and thought upon the danger unto which *Meliantes* had expoſed himſelf, and what a noiſe this quarrel would make, ſhe was extreamly troubled, ſhe was afraid leſt they ſhould think that ſhe had contributed any thing to the Combate, alſo feared that this quarrel, in lieu of breaking the Marriage, would haſten it. In the mean time, ſhe knew not how to be ſatisfied of the truth, but was forced unto patience, till time did ſatisfie her curioſity. On the other ſide, *Cleonide* was as angry both againſt her Brother, and againſt her Lover: She thought the firſt of theſe did not care for her, ſince he would kill a man, whom he knew ſhe affected with much tenderneſs: Alſo ſhe thought that *Aſtidamus* did not love her, but was a moſt perfidious man, ſince he would kill her Brother. So that being angry ſometimes againſt one, and ſometimes againſt another, ſhe was in a moſt impatient deſire to know more Circumſtances of the Combate. *Aſtidamus* for his part, he was not a little perplexed, for he ſtood in extream fear of *Protogenes*, becauſe his fortunes depended upon him, and therefore was extreamly afraid leſt he ſhould be offended at his engagement with *Cleonide*; the love he bore unto her never troubled him, nor made him aſhamed; and that eſteem which he had of *Arpaſia* made him loth ſhe ſhould know of his inconſtancy and double dealing.

Meliantes, for his particular, was in a moſt reſtleſs condition, out of fear leſt *Arpaſia* ſhould be offended at what he had done, and that he had told *Aſtidamus* how he was in love with her: The preſence of *Argeliſe* was no ſmall grief and ſhame unto him, though he had ſome ſmall conſolation out of a far-fetcht hope that he ſhould break off the marriage of *Aſtidamus* with *Arpaſia*.

But as for *Argeliſe*, ſhe knew not what to think of the Combate between her Brother and *Meliantes*, and ſhe was very diligent to find out the truth of the buſineſs: And though *Aſtidamns* was under Guard, yet ſhe could ſpeak with him, becauſe ſhe was not a perſon ſuſpected. *Argeliſe* then taking her Brother aſide, whilſt her Mother was with *Protogenes*, negotiating for a reconcilement of the buſineſs, ſhe preſſed him to tell her the cauſe of his quarrel with *Meliantes*: And *Aſtidamus* being willing to ſatisfie her, he began to relate his love unto *Cleonide*, his voyage unto *Gabrias*, his affection unto *Arpaſia*, his renewing with *Cleonide* after his return, his fears of diſpleaſing *Protogenes* if he ſhould confeſs his paſſion, and his ambitious deſign of forſaking *Cleonide*, and marrying *Arpaſia*.

Is it as the Brother of *Cleonide* (ſaid the impatient *Argeliſe*, and interrupted him) that *Meliantes* fought with you? Doubtleſs it is, replied he, and more, for he fought with me as the Lover of *Arpaſia*. As the Lover of *Arpaſia*? (ſaid *Argeliſe* and bluſhed) it is impoſſible. Since I had it from his own mouth (replied *Aſtidamus*) I need not doubt it. Is it poſſible, Brother (replied *Argeliſe*) that *Meliantes* ſhould love *Arpaſia*, and fight with you rather as her Lover than as *Cleonide*'s Brother? I am ſo certain of it, replied he, that you need not queſtion it any further: But, Siſter, (ſaid *Aſtidamus*, and looked very earneſtly upon her) why do you think it ſo ſtrange that *Meliantes* ſhould be in love with *Arpaſia*, who is one of the greateſt beauties in the world? Did he perſwade you whilſt he was at *Samoſates* that he loved you? and have I the ſame intereſt of honour to be revenged upon him, as he pretends to have of me? I beſeech you tell me whether I conjecture right, as the alteration of your countenance doth perſwade me that I do. Speak, dear Siſter, ſaid he, I conjure you to tell me truly.

Alas! dear Brother, what would you have me tell you? ſaid ſhe. I would have you tell me the truth, replied he: but then I muſt hold my hands before my eyes when I tell it, replied ſhe, I mean when I tell you, that *Meliantes* is perfidious, who perſwaded me that he loved me, and told me that his chief deſign in coming to *Alſenes* was to get your love, but I perceive he hath changed his mind: yet I do not ſee what advantage I ſhall get by acquainting you with his infidelity, and my weakneſs: For truly, Brother, as long as you are reſolved to forſake *Cleonide* for *Arpaſia*, you cannot upbraid him that he ſhould forſake me. 'Tis very true, replied *Aſtidamus*; but he hath not ſo much right to pretend unto the love of *Arpaſia*, as I have: And though I receive no other advantage from his ſlighting you, but that it will hinder him from being the Lover of *Arpaſia*, yet that is very great, and you have reaſon to think your ſelf happy in coming ſo opportunely to be revenged on him: Alas! Brother, ſaid ſhe, you will be more revenged upon me than him, if you publiſh the innocent affection which I have unto that unfaithful man. However, replied *Aſtidamus*, I muſt make him appear as culpable as I am to *Cleonide*; and to that end I conjure you to acquaint me with all the teſtimonies of his affection which ever he gave unto you. Alas! (ſaid ſhe, and ſighed again) ſince I am not in a condition to receive any, I will not remember them any more.

As they were thus in diſcourſe, they were interrupted by ſeveral perſons of quality who came in a Complement unto *Aſtidamus* after his Combate: So as *Argeliſe* being forced to retire and hide her ſorrows, *Aſtidamus* remained alone with them who came to viſit him. But as ſoon as ever they were gone, he employ'd all his endeavours to get one of the Guards to carry a Letter unto *Meliantes*, by which he intimated unto him, that ſince he had begun a quarrel with him as he was the Brother of *Cleonide*, and the Lover of *Arpaſia*, he thought good to tell him from the Brother of *Argeliſe*, and from him that was to marry *Arpaſia*, that he ſhould endeavour to eſcape from his Guards the night following, as he hoped to do from his, to the end they might finiſh their Combate in a place which he appointed, unleſs he would yield *Arpaſia* to him, and marry *Argeliſe*.

But, Madam, this Letter was not delivered unto *Meliantes*; for ſince *Protogenes* cauſed him to be guarded more cloſely than *Aſtidamus*; the man who was to deliver this Letter unto *Meliantes* was ſtoped and ſearched by the Guards, and this Letter being found about him, he was carried unto *Protogenes*, when *Gabrias* and the Mother of *Argeliſe* and he were together. You may judge, Madam, what diſorder this Letter cauſed, for by it *Protogenes* knew that *Aſtidamus* was unfaithful unto the Siſter of *Meliantes*, and that *Meliantes* was unfaithful unto the Siſter of *Aſtidamus*. *Gabrias* for his part, he ſaw more plainly than before, that his Daughter had good reaſon for her averſion againſt a man who did not love her: And the Mother of *Argeliſe* underſtood that the heart of her Daughter was more engaged than ſhe imagined.

In the mean time, ſuch an adventure as this was not to be kept ſecret, for the Letter was read aloud by thoſe who took the man which ſhould have given it unto *Meliantes*: Two days were ſpent in the examination of the buſineſs, before any thing could be reſolved upon: Such an univerſal report was pread over all *Alfenes*, that nothing elſe was talked of. You may imagine, that *Alcianipe* was as buſie as the buſieſt, in giving advice; and tumbling lies and truths together. She compoſed a moſt ſtrange Hiſtory of all thoſe perſons. But, Madam, it is fit I ſhould tell you how ſadly the fair *Arpaſia* reſented it, when ſhe heard that *Meliantes* was accuſed of Infidelity to *Argeliſe*, though he was unfaithful, only becauſe he loved her.

However, ſhe always affirmed to me, that her ſorrows proceeded only from reſentments of eſteem and friendſhip.

But, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) ſince the infidelity of *Meliantes* is advantageous to you, methinks he deſerves to be excuſed, and that you ſhould not be grieved, eſpecially ſince you are in good hopes not to marry *Aſtidamus*; and ſince it may ſo come to paſs, that you may marry *Meliantes*, who is one of the beſt accompliſhed men in the world. *Meliantes*, replied ſhe, moſt certainly is a very excellent man, but ſince he can be unfaithful, he can never be my Lover with any hopes of being loved, my friend indeed he may be, and under that notion, I can both pity and excuſe him, but he muſt never pretend any further.

On the other ſide, *Meliantes* knowing that *Arpaſia* did know of all his adventure with *Argeliſe*, and that *Argeliſe* knew of his love to *Arpaſia*, he intreated two different things from *Phormion*, for he deſired him to go and make excuſes for him to her, unto whom he had been unfaithful, and alſo unto her who made him commit the infidelity.

Since thoſe who guarded him, had orders to let *Phormion* come to him, becauſe it was known he carried himſelf very moderately, he had the liberty to vent all the variety of his thoughts unto him. I beſeech you, dear friend (ſaid he unto him) uſe all your Rhetorick to ſweeten the ſharpneſs of *Argeliſe*'s mind, provided you mention nothing which may offend my love unto *Arpaſia*: but when you talk with that divine perſon, who reigns Soveraign in my Soul, imploy all the faculties of your ingenuity ſo, that ſhe may not deprive me of her eſteem. Were *Arpaſia* a common perſon, I ſhould hope ſhe would thank me for my infidelity, but knowing her as I do, I fear ſhe will ſuſpect my paſſion; tell her then I beſeech you, who knows my heart, that I am leſs unfaithful than ſhe imagines, ſince I was never in love with *Argeliſe* ſo far as ſhe believed: Yet do not inſult upon that unhappy Perſon, but proteſt unto *Arpaſia*, that though *Argeliſe* was firſt my affectionate friend, yet ſhe was not my firſt Love, tell her my heart deceived me, when I thought I was in love with *Argeliſe*, and that the young experience which *I* had in that paſſion, made me tell harmleſs lies, when I aſſured *Argeliſe* that *I* loved her, ſince it is a moſt certain truth, that the power of *Arpaſia*'s charms hath perfectly taught me that *I* was never really in love with any, until I firſt ſaw her, and ſince it is ſo, I ought not to be looked upon as an unfaithful man, whoſe love muſt be ſuſpected.

Phormion would have endeavoured to avert him from the love of *Arpaſia*, but he was not able.

In the mean time, this wiſe and faithful friend, who in that little time he had been in *Alſenes*, had gotten a Language which was not natural unto him, did very exactly execute that employment which *Meliantes* did put upon him, but he found *Argeliſe* ſo chollerick, that do what he could, he was not able to qualifie her incenſed ſpirit. As for *Arpaſia*, he found her very ſweet and civil, and ſhe told him, that ſhe thought her ſelf much obliged unto *Meliantes*, for hazarding his life in her behalf, though ſhe could have wiſhed he had not applied ſuch violent remedies; but ſhe deſired him to tell *Meliantes* from her, that ſhe wiſhed he would not any longer continue obſtinate in loving her, ſince he did but loſe his labour. Then *Phormion* for all that, did perſwade her with all the reaſons which his friend had furniſhed him withal, but ſhe told him again ſo reſolutely, that ſhe would never entertain a Lover whom ſhe could ſuſpect of inconſtancy, that he plainly ſaw, *Meliantes* had no hopes.

On the other ſide, *Cleonide* ſeeing infallibly, that *Aſtidamus* forſook her out of ſelf intereſt, ſhe was ſo incenſed againſt him, as ſhe declared that though he ſhould return again unto her, yet he ſhould return in vain: for ſhe would never marry a man, who had more ambition in his heart than love.

This example of *Cleonide*'s generoſity, wrought ſo upon the heart of *Argeliſe*, that ſhe being out of hopes *Meliantes* would ever become her ſlave again, ſhe ſaid as much as *Cleonide* did, ſo as the reſentments of theſe three Perſons, being quickly known unto *Protogenes*, and *Gabrias*, they did not think the buſineſs ſo difficult to be compoſed; yet were they very ſorry to ſee, that the marriage of *Arpaſia* and *Aſtidamus* could not be conſummated; but ſince they ſtill united their intereſts againſt the King of *Aſſyria*, they made the beſt of this adventure they could: So that ſeeing *Meliantes* and *Aſtidamus* were almoſt equally culpable to each other, and their Siſters, and that *Cleonide* and *Argeliſe*, would not pretend unto their Lovers, nor *Arpaſia* unto *Meliantes*; they conceived that there was nothing elſe to be done, but to prevent a ſecond combate; And imploying the perſwaſions of all their friends, theſe two enemies did ſeem to yield unto the deſires of their friends, purpoſely to be rid of their guards; and they conſented to imbrace each other, promiſing to quarrel no more: But for all that, hating one another with an inveterate malice, as they imbraced each other, there paſſed a reciprocal challenge between them, and they carried it ſo cunningly, that none perceived it.

They both went out of *Alſenes* the night following, and fought the next morning by break of day, where none was preſent to part them, *Meliantes* wounded *Aſtidamus* very dangerouſly, and diſarmed him, ſo that ſeeing he could not enter into *Alſenes*, after this combate, conſidering the condition of his enemy, he retired, after he had put him into the hands of his Page, who waited upon him, and that he had ſent his own Page unto *Phormion*, to acquaint him with the place where he would ſtay for him, giving him a Letter alſo for *Arpaſia.*

Thus, Madam, immediately after this fair one underſtood, that *Aſtidamus* was brought in much wounded, this Page found an opportunity to give her his Maſter's Letter, wherein was writ theſe words, if my memory fail not.

To the Fair Arpaſia.

MADAM,

I *Have oft heard ſay, that one may treat a perfidious Lover ill; but I cannot think it juſt, to uſe a faithful Lover ſo: I conceive, Madam, that* Argeliſe *cannot hate me, without ſhe be unjuſt; and I conceive you cannot hate me unleſs you be cruel. However, though perhaps you believe not this, yet I cannot chuſe but conjure you to remember, that had it not been for my love to you, you had been the Wife of* Aſtidamus, *and believe, that in what part of the World ſoever I am, I ſhall be eternally your Lover, and ſhall be more faithful under the name of* Meliantes, *than ever I was under that of* Clidaris.

I being with *Arpaſia* when ſhe read this Letter, I obſerved ſhe could not read it without ſome diſorder, yet ſhe would not anſwer it, only intreated *Phormion* when he came to bid her adieu, to tell his friend, that ſhe was ſo juſt as never to forget her Obligations to him, conjuring him to think of her as a Perſon who could not be any more than his friend.

But, Madam, after *Phormion* had met with *Meliantes*, ſince it was eaſie to foreſee that *Gabrias* would very ſhortly return, he would not go very far from *Alſenes*, purpoſely to know the paſſages there, and being reſolved to ſpeak with *Arpaſia* ſay what *Phormion* could, he would meet *Arpaſia* upon the way.

In the mean time, whilſt we were at *Alſenes*, *Gabrias* was much perplexed; for ſince *Meliantes* did firſt come with him, and ſince it was he who preſented him unto *Protogenes*, this man grieving to ſee his Nephew in danger of death, pretended that *Gabrias* muſt needs know where *Meliantes* was, and that it was fit he ſhould inform him.

Gabrias for his part being perſwaded, that this Duel was fought without any foul play, and with equal advantage, and thinking it againſt the Laws of honour to purſue *Meliantes*, he told *Protogenes*, that he knew not where he was: But though he did know, he would not tell him, unleſs his thoughts were better than he ſaw them. So as growing inſenſibly very bitter one againſt another, though their intereſts required an Union, they parted upon ill terms, and much animoſity one againſt another.

But I do verily believe, the black tongued *Alcianipe* did blow the bellows of their anger very much, for ſhe divulged a report, that *Protogenes* had a deſign to diſcover the intentions which *Gabrias* had of taking part with *Ciaxares*; and to make his own peace with the King of *Aſſyria*, intended to ſend both him and *Arpaſia* unto *Babylon:* and at the very ſame time, ſhe told others, that *Gabrias* thinking to betray *Protogenes*, had ſecretly conveyed ſome Souldiers into *Alſenes*, and that *Arpaſia* did ſet on *Meliantes* to fight with *Aſtidamus*; but the wonder was, that ſhe thinking to tell a lye did tell a truth, for ſhe affirmed, that *Meliantes* was to meet *Arpaſia* upon the high way, as ſhe travelled. Moreover, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe was ſure there was a moſt intimate affection between them: Again, ſhe would not allow that this duel was fought with fair play, and vented ſuch invectives, both againſt *Cleonide* and *Argeliſe*, that her venomous tongue did become odious unto all that had any intereſt in theſe two Ladies, or had any ſparks of virtue in them; and ſhe had drawn ſuch an univerſal hatred upon her ſelf, when we came from *Alſenes*, that all the Ladies intended to forbear any more viſits unto her, as the moſt dangerous and deteſtable perſon upon earth.

In the mean time, after our departure was reſolved upon, and that *Gabrias* and *Protogenes*, though they defied one another, yet carrying it as if they were good friends, all the Ladies came to bid adieu unto *Arpaſia*, and to teſtifie their ſorrows to loſe her, yet *Argeliſe* muſt be excepted; who feigning to be ſick, could not find in her heart to viſit a Perſon, who had taken the heart of her Lover from her, and who ſhe thought had cauſed her Brother to be in that condition he was, but as for *Cleonide*, ſhe came, and had much diſcourſe with *Arpaſia*, in a very obliging way.

However, *Arpaſia* telling her, that ſhe believed *Aſtidamus* would return unto her as ſoon as he was recovered; *Cleonide* anſwered her, that thanks be to the Gods, her recovery had preceded his; for, Madam, (ſaid ſhe unto her) if *Aſtidamus* had caſt me off, only out of love to you, then your rare beauty, and excellent merit, might have excuſed him; and I ſhould have eaſily pardoned him, but that he ſhould quit me out of ſelf intereſt, this is a thing which moves me to ſcorn him, and to rejoyce that I have thrown him out of my heart. And indeed, Madam, this fair one deſiring to be out of that place where ſhe had received ſuch a moſt ſenſible injury, deſired her Aunt, that ſhe might go back unto her Father, where ſhortly after ſhe was very advantageouſly married.

However, we underſtood before our departure, that *Aſtidamus* would not die of his wounds, and we underſtood further, how it grieved his very ſoul, that he could not ſatisfie neither his ambition nor his love, and therefore conceived a moſt horrible hatred againſt his Conquerour, for *Protogenes* was much incenſed againſt him: *Cleonide*, ſhe went away, and he ſaw there was no likelyhood of ever marrying *Arpaſia*.

But in concluſion, Madam, we parted; and not dreaming of *Meliantes*, we met him upon the Road. 'Tis true, *Gabrias* did not ſee him, and it is as true, that *Arpaſia* had not ſeen him, but for me: For be pleaſed to know, that as we came to the Town, where he ſaw her the firſt time, and informed her concerning the Column which was erected by *Seſoſtris*, a man unknown unto me brought me a Letter from *Meliantes*, which conjured me to help him unto an opportunity of bidding *Arpaſia* adieu, and that ſince he had been inſtrumental in breaking off her marriage with *Aſtidamus*, ſhe would not deny him that favour, upon which conſideration, I thought it not fit to deny him what he asked, and knowing *Arpaſia*'s mind ſo well as I did, I did not think ſhe would be ſorry to ſee him. Yet I thought it expedient not to ask her permiſſion, ſince perhaps her ſcrupulous virtue might dor at it, ſo as returning an anſwer unto *Meliantes*, who was concealed in the Town where he lay, I told him, I would uſe my beſt endeavours of getting *Arpaſia* to walk in a Garden belonging to the houſe where we lodged, and if he would be at the door of the Garden which was towards the River, I would open it unto him, when *Arpaſia* was there, and accordingly it was carried; for it being an eaſie matter to perſwade *Arpaſia* unto a walk when it was fair, becauſe ſhe loved it extreamly, I moved it unto her as ſoon as ſhe did riſe from Supper: *Arpaſia* then went whither I deſired, with very little company, and *Meliantes* ſaw her, and ſpoke to her in an Alley where none but I was with her, and without her contributing unto it: for ſince it was her cuſtom to talk often in private with me; as ſoon as ſhe called me, all the reſt of her women withdrew.

I need not tell you, Madam, how ſhe was ſurprized at the ſight of *Meliantes*; but I will tell you, that as ſoon as he came near her, he addreſſed himſelf, I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) permit me to receive ſo much ſatisfaction, as to hear from your own mouth, the reaſons of my condemnation, and to know by what motives, the beſt and moſt ſweet Lady upon earth is become the moſt rigorous; for truly, Madam, as long as I paſſed under the notion of the ſtranger *Meliantes*, you eſteemed me, and was very friendly, but as ſoon as ever you knew who I was, and knew that I did infinitely love you, then you began to be unjuſt. To teſtifie that I am not ſo (replied *Arpaſia*) I aſſure you that I do remember all my obligations unto you, and will never forget the good ſervice you did me in preventing my marriage with *Aſtidamus*; and to manifeſt my ſincerity, more than it may be I ought, I will ingenuouſly tell you, that if you had never loved *Argeliſe*, or at leaſt had not promiſed eternal affection unto her, perhaps I ſhould have permitted you to love me in ſuch a way as you deſire; ſince ſetting your infidelity aſide, I do find you a man every way worthy of my Father's choice and mine.

The truth is, your birth, your wit, your courage, your goodneſs, your generoſity, and a thouſand other good qualities, are very complaiſant; but ſince you have been ſo perfidious unto *Argeliſe* who is infinitely amiable, you may as well be ſo unto *Arpaſia* if ſhe ſhould permit you to love her. Alas, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I never bore unto *Argeliſe* more than tender friendſhip: By excuſing your ſelf one way, replied ſhe, you accuſe your ſelf another, for if you were in love with *Argeliſe*, then you were only an inconſtant man, and if you were not in love with her, then you were worſe than inconſtant, in not telling her as much, but ingaging her heart without ingaging yours alſo: if *Phormion* told you at *Alfenes* what I deſired him (replied *Meliantes*) he told you that indeed I thought my ſelf in love with her, but yet it was only amity, and therefore I ought not to paſs for a perfidious man in your opinion, though I may paſs for an unconſtant man in *Argeliſe*'s.

However it be, replied *Arpaſia*, I muſt never rank you in any other form, than in the degree of friendſhip; and therefore I pray you regulate your mind accordingly, and believe that it is ſo impoſſible I ſhould ever be ſure of your affection, as you would be a very unhappy man if I ſhould ſuffer you to love me: For *Argeliſe* is fair and charming, and ſince ſhe was not able to retain your heart, it is unlikely I ſhould; and to tell you truly, as the ſtate of things are, *I* ought to diſpoſe of my ſelf; for ſince my Father did once intend to ſacrifice me unto his revenge, he may perhaps do the like again, and in all probability I am deſtined to make the moſt advantageous treaty for him; and *I* conſider my ſelf as an Hoſtage, not knowing into whoſe power I ſhall fall.

If *I* would oblige you unto many things, Madam, (replied *Meliantes*) then you had reaſon to uſe theſe arguments againſt me, but, alas! I do not, Madam; all *I* deſire is, that you would let me love you, and that you would be pleaſed to refer the knowledge of my infidelity to time, which is the beſt Judge of faithful affections: and I beg this of you before the beginning of a moſt rigorous abſence, and my love will be put upon a moſt dangerous teſt, ſo as if *I* prove an inconſtant man, I ſhall never trouble you again, ſince I ſhall never ſee you any more; and if *I* prove faithful, I ſhould be unjuſt if I did not deſire the honour of ſerving you again. Therefore *I* beſeech you, Madam, grant me the liberty to love you, and conſider how ſmall a thing it is I ask, for though you ſhould not grant it, yet *I* could not chuſe but ſtill adore you, and though you ſhould forbid me, yet I muſt diſobey. But though *I* ſhould love you whether you will or no, yet I ſhould imagine it a great happineſs if *I* could obtain your leave for it; therefore deny it not, I conjure you, Madam, ſince *I* beg it without condition.

I freely conſent (ſaid ſhe unto him) that you ſhould ſtill continue my friend, but as for matter of love, never look for any leave from me: If you do drive me into deſpair, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you will force me to follow you, and never leave you, until I have obtained what *I* now beg. I think you more generous *Meliantes* (replied *Arpaſia*) than to expoſe my honour. And ſince the venomous tongued *Alcianipe* hath given it out that I obliged you to fight with *Aſtidamus*, it would be believed, if you ſhould take that courſe, and therefore *I* conjure you not to think of it, nor deſire any thing which doth croſs my inclination. Let us part therefore, ſince reaſon requires it, and ſubmit to your deſtiny, without deſiring to be the arbitrator of your own fortune.

If the gods be reſolved you ſhould love me, and that *I* ſhould change my mind, they will do it by ways unknown unto us, and if they will not, you will trouble your ſelf in vain.

Do therefore *I* pray you what prudence requires you ſhould, and without any complaints againſt my rigour, be aſſured that you have more of my eſteem and confidence than ever any perſon had; alas! Madam (ſaid *Meliantes* then) how little do I want of being happy? for you need but add four or five words more unto what you have ſaid, to make me moſt compleatly happy.

After this he uſed many tender expreſſions, which indeed did tender the heart of *Arpaſia*, but did not make her reſolutions ſtagger, ſo as ſhe parted from him, without giving him leave either to love or follow her, and his fears of incenſing her, made him reſolve upon a patient departure the next morning, ſo he returned home with a violent paſſion, and without hope, and *Arpaſia* returned unto her Father, having a very great eſteem of *Meliantes*.

In the mean time, thoſe who are tied unto others by ſuch intereſts are as mutable and various, are never well united longer than the reaſon which united doth continue, and therefore *Protogenes* thinking it better to ſit ſtill than ingage himſelf in a doubtful war, he broke off with *Gabrias*, ſo that he alone gave juſt ſuſpicions of revolt from the King of *Aſſyria*, and prudence requiring, that he ſhould do what his deſire of revenge had inſpired him withal, he fortified his Palace, and made it a Garriſon, and prepared himſelf to take part with

Cyrus, (as ſoon as that Prince, who then went under the name of *Artamenes*) ſhould approach.

In the mean time, we underſtood *Aſtidamus* was ſtill very ill of his wounds, and kept his bed a long time; alſo we heard that *Meliantes* was not yet cured of his paſſion, for he writ very often unto *Arpaſia*, though ſhe did never anſwer any of his Letters: 'Tis true, ſhe ſuffered me ſometimes to write unto him, but ever commanded me to forbid him writing any more unto her, unleſs he could better regulate his mind: And ſometimes methought, that I had ſome reaſons to think, that if *Meliantes* were but with *Arpaſia*, and were obſequious in courting her, ſhe would forget his infidelity unto *Argeliſe*, but ſo many ſeveral occaſions obliged *Meliantes* to ſtay in his own Country, that he could not poſſibly leave it: for beſides his fathers unwillingneſs to part with him, he was engaged in a buſineſs which would not allow him with honour to depart from the place, where his enemies would draw an advantage from his abſence.

In the mean time, all *Aſia* being up in arms, either for the illuſtrious *Artamenes*, or for the King of *Aſſyria*, nothing elſe was talked of, and the name of *Artamenes* was ſo famous, that it was continually in the mouths both of his friends, and enemies, with equal admiration. *Gabrias*, being reſolved to take his part, he heard to his great grief, that his Army was not ſo ſtrong as the King of *Aſſyria*'s, but he heard alſo to his great joy, of the happy Omen which he had, when in beginning to march, he ſaw a great Eagle flying upon his right hand, which making towards *Babylon*, ſeemed to teach him the way he was to take; and he heard further, to his great ſatisfaction, that he had repulſed the firſt troops of his Enemies, and forced his paſſage over the River *Gnides*. But, Madam, a few days after, we heard with wonder, of the invention which the famous *Artamenes* had to make his Army paſs the River, dividing it into threeſcore ſeveral Channels, alſo we heard further to our hearts joy, how he had diſordered the *Aſſyrian* Troops, after he had paſſed the River, and how great a terrour he had ſtruck into the body of the Army, ſo as *Gabrias* now ſeeing nothing but a River between him and *Artamenes*, from whom he looked for protection, he prepared to go and ask it himſelf in perſon. He went then in the head of three hundred Horſe only to meet this Hero, to offer him all that was in his power: I need not tell you, Madam, how the renowned *Artamenes* received *Gabrias*, for you need not doubt of the goodneſs of that Prince, nor with what magnificence *Gabrias* entertained him at his Palace; and yet there hapned ſome paſſages ſo pertinent, unto the Hiſtory of *Arpaſia*, that I muſt not omit them, I ſhall therefore tell you, Madam, that the firſt day *Artamenes* ſaw the fair *Arpaſia*, an illuſtrious *Perſian* called *Hidaſpes*, was then with him; ſo as after the firſt civilities, *Artamenes* being obliged to talk with *Gabrias*, who had mentioned unto him ſomething concerning a negotiation which he had with the Prince *Gadates*, to engage him in the intereſt of *Cyaxares*, it was *Hidaſpes* only who talked moſt unto the fair *Arpaſia*, but her wonder was to hear him ſpeak in her own language very exactly.

I being an eye witneſs of all paſſages at this enterview, muſt needs confeſs, that I thought *Hydaſpes* to be infinitely lovely, yet he was not very tall, being neither too high nor too low, he was very handſom. Moreover, all the features of his face were excellent, and his air infinitely noble; though he was highly brave, yet there was no feroſity in his humour, or behaviour, but on the contrary, he had a marvellous charming ſweetneſs in his phyſiognomy, his wit was nimble and ſmooth, and indeed fortune could not bring a more dangerous Rival unto *Meliantes* than he.

Not that I intend to commend the merits of the one above the other, for I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, *I* am not worthy to be a Judge between two ſuch ſuperlative men; but I am confidently perſwaded that none but *Hydaſpes* could ever become a competitor with him in the heart of *Arpaſia*, ſo it chanced, that their firſt diſcourſe was ſomething diſadvantageous unto *Meliantes*, becauſe it was advantageous unto *Hydaſpes*, for the conference between *Artamenes* and *Gabrias* being very long, the diſcourſe between *Hydaſpes* and *Arpaſia* was not ſhort, but they had time enough to talk of many ſeveral things: So that after *Hydaſpes* had elegantly commended the beauty of *Arpaſia*, and that ſhe had rejected his applauds, with much ingenuity and modeſty; they began to talk of the alteration and revolution which war brings upon all things when it continues long, for it often happens (ſaid *Hydaſpes*) that war makes ſtrange ſubverſions in the dominions of love, ſince it ſeparates many Lovers from the Perſons loved, and many do either cure themſelves of their paſſions, or change their Miſtreſſes by changing places, but as for the laſt of theſe, it never befals any *Perſians*; Perfidiouſneſs in love, is a crime which they can never be upbraided with in any Juſtice. Since it is natural for every one to be Lover of their own Countries (replied *Arpaſia*) I do not wonder, to hear you commend your own; but I believe, Sir, that there are Infidels of that nature in all Countries of the World.

Truly, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I know none in *Perſepolis*, and the whole Court of *Cambyſes* cannot produce an example to convince me of a Lye. Doubtleſs there are ſome who ceaſe loving ſometimes out of reaſon, either becauſe their Miſtreſſes are too rigid, or for ſome other good cauſe; but never was any found who changed their affection out of any natural inconſtancy, or becauſe they found other Ladies more fair than thoſe they firſt loved; and they are ſo fully perſwaded, that changing without a good cauſe is perfidiouſneſs, that they make it a point of honour not to change affection out of fantaſticalneſs, but to reſiſt their own inclinations, if they offer to change affection without very good cauſe.

As *Hydaſpes* ſaid ſo, the remembrance of *Meliantes* made *Arpaſia* bluſh, at leaſt ſhe told me ſo ſince, ſo as to hide this little diſorder, the cauſe whereof ſhe knew very well, ſhe begun to ſpeak, and told *Hydaſpes* (who ſhe ſaw obſerved her) that to keep her ſelf in his good opinion ſhe would tell him the cauſe of that alteration in her face, for truly (ſaid ſhe unto him) I cannot hear you blame infidelity, but I muſt needs be ſorry for a friend whom I do accuſe alſo.

For my Particular, (ſaid *Hydaſpes*) were I a woman, I ſhould never love a man who had taken his affection from another, for who ſoever will be perfidious to one, will alſo be perfidious to two, and conſequently to all the world. I ever had that opinion, Sir, replyed *Arpaſia*, but to go rationally to work, I conceive it beſt neither to truſt thoſe who are perfidious, nor thoſe who are not, ſince though they be not yet they may be.

Indeed, Madam, ſaid *Hydaſpes* you muſt always except *Perſians*, and of all *Perſians*, you muſt put *Hydaſpes* in the firſt Rank of thoſe who are uncapable of any change in their affections. Truth is, Madam, I do ſo reſolutely love what I do love, that I know not how to retreat: what I think once fair I ſhall think it ſo as long as I live, and I am ſo extreamly jealous of my own thoughts, that I can never change: And I dare aſſure you that as I have this day begun to eſteem you, ſo I ſhall eſteem you till death; for I cannot think I ſhall ever diſcover any thing in your Soul which is not as fair as your face, nor do I doubt but that you have as much generoſity as wit.

After this, they talked of many other things which I remember not, but I remember very well that *Arpaſia* talked of nothing but *Hydaſpes* all the reſt of the day; and I underſtood ſince that *Hydaſpes* talked of nothing but *Arpaſia* after he left her. The day following he ſaw her again, and applauded her more than the day before; and to perfect their acquaintance, *Gabrias* intending to put his Palace into the hands of *Artamenes* purpoſely to purchaſe his confidence; *Artamenes* left *Hydaſpes* in it, until

Gabrias had finiſhed his treaty with *Gadates*, and then both to come unto *Cyrus* before he gave any Battel.

Hidaſpes was not a little joyed to remain in a place where *Arpaſia* would be under his power; for the truth is, Madam, there was ſuch a powerful ſympathy between theſe two perſons, as I may very well ſay, that never was greater progreſs of affection made in ſo ſhort a time. In the interim, *Gabrias* left a Siſter in Law of his with his Daughter during his abſence, for he followed *Cyrus*, and never left him ſince: What inclination ſoever *Arpaſia* had unto *Hydaſpes*, yet ſhe was troubled to ſee him Maſter of the houſe where ſhe was: but he did uſe his power with ſo much ſweetneſs and diſcretion that ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to commend him for the reſpect he uſed to her: And indeed as it is impoſſible for a Lover to be without reſpect, ſo his awe of her is not to be wondred at, ſince he fell in love with her at the very firſt ſight, yet he durſt not give her any teſtimonies of it, leſt ſhe ſhould imagine that his boldneſs was an effect of that authority which he had upon him. Thus he ſighed and durſt not tell her until ſome happy accident would give him an opportunity of manifeſting his love. Not but that he ſaw her at all hours when handſomneſs would permit; for ſince he had very little to do in that place, and ſince he took extream delight in ſeeing her, he was almoſt inſeparable from her; but for all that, his fears ſealed up his mouth. Yet to acquaint you how he came to diſcover his paſſion, be pleaſed to know, that *Hydaſpes* being very careful of keeping the place which was of a very great conſequence, the Guards were very exact, ſo as a man who was uſed to bring Letters from *Meliantes* coming to the Gates, he was ſtayed, and ſince he did not give a very good account of his buſineſs, he was ſearched, and they found about him a Packet without ſubſcription, which *Hydaſpes* opened as ſoon as it was was brought unto him, but in lieu of finding any deſigns againſt the place, he ſaw it concerned the poſſeſſion of ſome fair ones heart, and ſo far from martial matters, that the Letter treated all of Love, and a Love unſatisfied and worſe recompenced; ſince the ſtile of theſe Letters were full of reſpect, *Hydaſpes* imagined that they were intended unto *Arpaſia:* So as the growing paſſion of his Soul being full of curioſity, he would ſee him who brought this Packet, unto whom he put many queſtions, purpoſely to make him confeſs from whom he brought thoſe Letters (for there was one unto him) and unto whom he was to deliver them. But, Madam, *Hydaſpes* was ſo over-joyed to know by this Letter that *Meliantes* was treated ill, and that he had hopes *Arpaſia* was not in love with any, as he grew more in love with her than before, yet he knew not what to do with this Letter: for he conceived that *Arpaſia* would hereafter know how it fell into his hands; ſo as he told him who had confeſſed from whom it came and to whom they were addreſſed, that he ſhould take ſpecial care of not betraying the ſecrets of his Maſter: After which he went to ſee *Arpaſia*, having theſe Letters in his Pocket.

After ſhe had talked with him of ſeveral things, ſhe asked him whether he heard any news from *Ciaxares* or from *Artamenes*? No, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) but I have this day received a Packet, which was not directed unto me, which I will impart unto you. In ſaying ſo, he took the two Letters from *Meliantes* out of his Pocket, and telling her how the Guards at the Gate had ſtopped him who brought them, he told her afterwards, that ſince the man would not tell unto whom he was to carry them, he would firſt before he reſtored them unto him, know whether ſhe was that fair ſevere one unto whom they were intended: for certainly, Madam, (ſaid he, and gave them unto her) that it muſt be unto ſome Perſon of Quality. *Arpaſia* was exceedingly perplexed at this, becauſe as ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw the Letters, ſhe knew they were from *Meliantes* to her: ſo as to get out of this perplexity, ſhe told *Hydaſpes*, that ſhe was ſo ſcrupulous in point of Letters, as ſhe would not ſee whether they were to her or no, nor did ſhe think it honeſty to ſee too far into the ſecrets of others; yet *Arpaſia* ſpoke this after ſuch a manner, as let *Hydaſpes* know that ſhe knew them to be the hand of *Meliantes*: but he was ſo joyed that ſhe ſhould think her ſelf ſo little concerned in thoſe Letters, that he could not chuſe but let his joys appear in his eyes; yet notwithſtanding ſince *Arpaſia* did not think he knew ſhe had any intereſt in them, ſhe would have been very glad that they were cut of his hands, for ſhe perſwaded him to reſtore them back to the man, or elſe to tear them in pieces: Since, Madam, you give this advice before you know what they contain, replied *Hydaſpes*, I think that as much as I do reſpect you, yet I ſhall not follow it; If reading them will oblige you to burn them (ſaid ſhe, and took them) I had rather ſee them, and indeed *Arpaſia* having really a deſire to know what was in them, ſhe took them, and turned towards the light to read them as if ſhe had not well enough ſeen, purpoſely to hide her bluſhes: Yet all would not do, for *Hydaſpes* turned as ſhe did, and looked attentively upon her as long as ſhe was reading theſe two Letters which I can ſhew you; for by chance having them about me the ſame day *Arpaſia* was carried away, I kept them ever ſince: and therefore not to truſt unto my memory I will read them unto you, that you may the better know what thoughts *Hydaſpes* and *Arpaſia* had, that unto me was thus directed.

Unto the moſt cruel Confident of my Paſſion.

MADAM,

I Wonder not ſo much at the cruelty of that moſt admired Perſon whom I adore, as at yours, nor do I wonder ſo much that ſhe ſhould never anſwer me, as that you ſhould write unto me, to aſſure me that ſhe will never write; for ſince I cannot leave loving her, I would delude my ſelf, and live leſs miſerable, and not run into mad deſpair as you would make me: I am reſolved *to come ere long and ſee whether your words will be better than your Letters.*

In the Interim, be ſo good as to ſhew this unto her who reigns in my heart, and tell her that it is ſo abſolutely impoſſible for me to be only her friend, as I ſhall diſobey her as long as I live, if ſhe continue obſtinate in ſo unjuſt a command.

As long as this Letter was in reading, *Hydaſpes* all the while looked upon *Arpaſia*, who ſeeing there was nothing in it which would admit of an ill conſtruction, did ſo well recover her diſorder, that ſhe began to read this which I ſhall read unto you without any agitation of ſpirits, though it was intended unto her in theſe words.

Unto the moſt Fair, but moſt inhumane Perſon in the World.

MADAM,

YOU are ſo very unjuſt, that no Patience can indure it without complaint, for you are pleaſed not only not to anſwer me, and to cauſe another to write, that you will not write any more unto me; but you command me by her that my love ſhould turn it ſelf into friendſhip, and if I do not, that then your friendſhip would turn it ſelf into hatred: I cannot tell, Madam, whether your Soul be capable of ſuch a Prodigious change or no; But I am ſure my love cannot become friendſhip, and no more. Believe it, Madam, I beſeech you, that all your tranſcendent Merits are not able to work this change in me; But on the contrary know, that be as rigorous as you can unto me, yet I cannot chuſe but ſtill love you.

After *Arpaſia* had read this Letter, ſhe told *Hydaſpes* that ſince it appeared it was intended unto ſome virtuous Perſon, it was pity it ſhould be made publick, and therefore to prevent it, ſhe would be keeper of it, for (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) ſince ſhe unto whom it is intended does not anſwer him who writ it, I have changed my opinion, and do not think it fit to be reſtored unto the man who brought it, leſt ſince it hath been opened he ſhould abuſe it: Alſo it is fitter to remain in my hands than yours, Sir; for ſince ſhe unto whom it was meant, is very virtuous and reſerved, I will ſpare her the ſorrows of any ever knowing that any is in love with her. I do imagine, Madam, replied *Hydaſpes*, that you do know who this fair and virtuous Perſon is, and if it be as I do imagine (added he, and looked her in the face) I am contented to leave theſe two Letters with you, upon condition you will promiſe me that ſhe ſhall never return any anſwer to them, or at leaſt, not anſwer them favourably. I profeſs, *Hydaſpes* (ſaid *Arpaſia*, and laughed) I do wonder you ſhould ſpeak thus, for you know not who writ thoſe Letters, nor unto whom they were written, and yet you would intereſt me in this innocent buſineſs. Indeed, Madam, replied he, I do intereſt my ſelf more in this buſineſs than ever I did in any other; and therefore I conjure you to honour me ſo far as to promiſe me that ſhe unto whom this unknown Lover hath written will not make any anſwer: All I can do, replied ſhe, is to promiſe you that if I do come to know her, ſhe ſhall not anſwer with my conſent: I ask no more, Madam, replied he, for ſo ſhe will never anſwer. But, Madam, (purſued he, and would not give her time to reply) I beſeech you ask her whether all who ſhall pretend to love her muſt expect to be as unhappy as this Lover, and whether ſhe will not anſwer unto words ſpoken no more than ſhe will Letters? There is ſo little reaſon in your demands, Sir, replied ſhe, that I know not what to anſwer, for you cannot tell whether ever I ſhall know her unto whom this Letter is intended, nor do I know her my ſelf, and and yet you would have me diſcover the ſecrets of her heart, and tell her your thoughts, and that I almoſt think you are in love with her. As for the laſt of theſe, Madam, replied he, I beſeech you never doubt it, but be confidently perſwaded that I am more in love with her unto whom this Letter was written, than he who writ it can be. As *Arpaſia* was ready to reply, her Aunt entred; ſo that the conference being broken, the Letters remained with *Arpaſia*, who gave them unto me before *Hydaſpes*, to teſtifie unto him that ſhe did not value them, for ſhe knew by his own laſt words that he either knew or ſtrongly ſuſpected that it was ſhe who had the greateſt intereſt in them: But, Madam, to avoid being tedious, after ſo long a relation, *Hydaſpes* carried himſelf ſo well and reſpectively unto *Arpaſia*, and he ſo fully perſwaded her that he had never been unfaithful, nor ever could be, that he was more happy than ever *Meliantes* was ſince the fair *Arpaſia* permitted him to love her. Thus this fair Perſon dividing the tenderneſs of her heart, ſhe kept all her friendſhip for *Meliantes*, and all her love for *Hydaſpes* who was more obſequious unto her than ever any other Lover was. But, Madam, one ſtrange accident chanced: for be pleaſed to know that *Hydaſpes* having ſent back the man who brought the Letters unto *Meliantes*; this Lover was ſo grieved at the adventure, that haſting his Journey, he came diſguiſed unto the Palace: But ſince none was permitted to enter without very ſtrict inquiſition, and ſince he had a noble air which he could not diſguiſe, he was ſtayed, and known who he was by ſome men who waited upon *Gabrias* at *Alſenes*, and who believing him to be on the King of *Aſſyria*'s ſide, advertiſed *Hydaſpes*, who in lieu of being glad to ſee his Rival in his power, was very ſorry for it, for he found him ſo handſom and amiable that he feared his being loved.

In the mean time, *Arpaſia* quickly hearing that *Meliantes* was ſtayed by *Hydaſpes*, ſhe believed that her obligations to him for breaking off her Marriage with *Aſtidamus*, and her real eſteem of him, did require that ſhe would entreat *Hydaſpes* to uſe him well, but to do it and not make him jealous, ſhe deſired him to ſet him at liberty, and ſend him away with a Convoy, leſt he ſhould fall into the hands of *Artamenes*, who might perhaps take him for an Enemy, though he had not yet declared himſelf. On the other ſide, *Meliantes* who had wit at will, did know very well by the proceedings of *Hydaſpes*, that he was in love with *Arpaſia*; for when he was ſtayed, as having ſome deſign upon the place, *Meliantes* deſired he might be carried before *Arpaſia*, that ſhe might anſwer for his innocency, aſſuring himſelf that as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe would clear him of any ſuch deſign: *Hydaſpes* anſwered him ſomewhat nicely, he gave *Meliantes* ſome cauſe of ſuſpition that *Hydaſpes* loved her, and that he knew of his love alſo, ſo as he thought himſelf in a worſe condition than before, and the worſe when he knew all the certainty of it by a man of his acquaintance who belonged to *Arpaſia*; but he thought himſelf worſt of all, when *Hydaſpes* told him, that at the requeſt of *Arpaſia* he might go whither he pleaſed, and that he would let him have a Convoy to Guard him; but he would by no means depart until he had ſeen *Arpaſia*, and was ſo reſolutely obſtinate, that *Arpaſia* hearing of it, and fearing he ſhould make too great a blunder in the buſineſs, ſhe intreated *Hydaſpes* to let him ſee her. Until now *Hydaſpes* was ſo reſpective unto her, as he ſeemed to be ignorant of *Meliantes* his love; but when ſhe deſired to ſee him he could not chuſe but hinder him, yet he did it with ſo much reſpect, as he was ſo far from offending her, as he obliged her to confeſs all her adventure with *Meliantes*, and not to diſguiſe her eſteem and amity to him. But, Madam, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, what ſecurity can I have againſt ſuch an accompliſht Rival as he is, if you ſhould grant him the honour to ſee you? you, I ſay, who have done nothing for me but what friendſhip may require you ſhould do for him. I pray *Hydaſpes* (ſaid ſhe, and bluſht) oblige me not to tell you what difference I make between *Meliantes* and you; content your ſelf with this, that I deſire of you a Favour which he can never enjoy without loſing me, ſince if you give him that liberty which I ask for him, he muſt go far enough from me.

In concluſion, *Hydaſpes* commanded that *Meliantes* ſhould be brought unto *Arpaſia*'s Chamber, before he was conducted out of the Town. But ſince ſhe did not think that *Meliantes* had any ſuſpition that *Hydaſpes* was in love with her, ſhe was not afraid to ſee him: but on the contrary, did deſire it in hopes to perſwade him to think no more upon her. But after the firſt ſalute ſhe told him he was beholding unto *Hydaſpes* for ſetting him at liberty and not acquainting *Artamenes:* Alas, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) though I do not acknowledge the liberty which he gives me for a favour, yet I ſhall not be ungrateful: But I think that I have more reaſon of complaint againſt his baniſhing of me, than to thank him for my liberty: For, Madam, I ſee *Hydaſpes* loves you, and if I be not much miſtaken, *Hydaſpes* is much more fortunate and happy in your favour than ever *Meliantes* was. All that I can ſay unto you, is (replied *Arpaſia*) that I will do juſtice unto you both, and what place ſoever you had in my heart, you ſhall hold it as long as I live; nor is it ſo bad a one as you imagine, for I hold you in the degree of Eſteem, Acknowledgment and Friendſhip: how glorious ſoever that honour be, Madam, (replied he) yet would I moſt willingly exchange with *Hydaſpes*; however I am moſt ſure he cannot love you with a zeal comparable to me: However it be, *Meliantes* (ſaid *Arpaſia*) ſince I do look upon you only as my Friend, it will not concern you whether *Hydaſpes* be my Lover or no, but if you value my friendſhip, it concerns you to ſpeak nothing which may offend me; and therefore I conjure you for your own ſake to conform your mind unto mine, and to be perſwaded of two things; the firſt is, that your friendſhip may preſerve mine as long as I live: The ſecond is, that your love may not procure you my hatred: for *Meliantes* do not deceive your ſelf, and know that I did never deceive you, but as ſoon as ever I knew of your infidelity to *Argeliſe*, I always told you, that neither I would nor could truſt your afſection. But I beſeech you, Madam, (replied *Meliantes*) who ever told you that *Hydaſpes* is a perſon who hath not committed as great a piece of infidelity as this wherewith you upbraid me? yet *Meliantes* may talk and complain as long as he will before he can change the heart of *Arpaſia*: ſhe tells him indeed that ſhe doth infinitely eſteem him, but ſhe tells him withal that his love muſt never find recompence, nor be indured, and he muſt part from her without ſo much leave as to love her without any hopes, although ſhe doth promiſe friendſhip as long as ſhe lives. *Hydaſpes* being extreamly deſirous to know how his diſcourſe with *Arpaſia* had thriven, he would be ſatisfied by ſeeing him, and gueſs by his eyes whether he had been well or ill received; and indeed it was apparent by the ſadneſs of *Meliantes*, that *Hydaſpes* had good cauſe to rejoyce. The interview of theſe two Rivals was very hollow-hearted, and never Priſoner received his liberty with fewer ſigns of acknowledgement. Thus, Madam, the amiable and unhappy *Meliantes* went much againſt his will from a place where he left his Miſtreſs in the power of his Rival; 'Tis true, ſhe was not long there, for preſently after we heard that *Gabrias* had finiſhed the Treaty of *Gadates* with *Artamenes*; that the King of *Hyrcania*, and the Prince of the *Caduſians* having received ſome diſcontents from the King of *Aſſyria*, took part with *Ciaxares*. That the King of *Cyprus* had ſent Forces unto *Artamenes* under the command of the two famous *Grecians*, the one named *Themocrates*, the other *Philocles*, and that within a few days after a Battel would be fought, which in probability would be deciſive: So as *Hydaſpes* being perſwaded that *Artamenes* would ſend for him, he began to prepare himſelf for a ſudden departure, as ſoon as ever he ſhould receive orders for it, and he knew that love and honour do not always require the ſame things; for he had a good mind to go whither his honour called him, and he had a good mind alſo to ſtay where his affection invited him.

In the mean time, *Artamenes* having now a full confidence in *Gabrias*, who had linked *Gadates* unto his intereſts, would needs out of his generoſity give back the abſolute Authority of his Palace unto him; So as we were much ſurprized one morning when we heard that *Hydaſpes* had received commands to go unto the Army: That the Forces which *Artamenes* had left in the Town, had orders alſo to go out, and that *Gabrias* ſent a Couſin of his to command there in his Palace. I ſhall not inſiſt upon any relations unto you, Madam, what *Hydaſpes* and *Arpaſia* thought upon this occaſion, for you will eaſily conceive them, ſince I have already told you that *Hydaſpes* was infinitely in love with *Arpaſia*, and *Arpaſia* had a ſtrong inclination towards *Hydaſpes*, yet ſhe would not ingage her ſelf further than to permit her Lover to love her, and to ſend her news during his abſence.

But, Madam, preſently after, fame ſpoke loud in the glory of *Artamenes*, and very advantageouſly of *Hydaſpes*, for we heard that the firſt of theſe gained the Battel againſt the King of *Aſſyria*, and the ſecond having orders to fall upon the King of *Phrygia*, had overcome him, and took him Priſoner, and which added to his glory, in writing to *Arpaſia*, he mentioned not a word of himſelf, nor any thing, but of *Artamenes* only; in whoſe applauſe he told ſuch wonders as was hardly credible the valour of man could reach ſo high as he did ſet him out.

After this, Madam, ſuch was ſtill the affection of *Hydaſpes* unto *Arpaſia*, that in what place ſoever either he or ſhe was, ſhe was never above ten days without a Letter from him. During the Siege of *Babylon*, ſhe received one conſtantly every four days; and whiſt he was at *Sinope*, ſhe received one oftner than ordinary, becauſe he had matter enough to ſend her.

Indeed, Madam, during all the *Armenian* and *Lydian* war, there was a conſtant commerce of intelligence without any interruption, until the renowned *Artamenes* left that name for that of *Cyrus*, and ſent *Hydaſpes* from the Camp at *Cumes* to releaſe the King of *Aſſyria*.

But, Madam, I forgot to tell you, that when *Cyrus* went into *Armenia* from *Sinope*, there was a moſt peſtilent infection in the place where we were, ſo as the Aunt of *Arpaſia*, with whom we then were, was conſtrained to go out into another ſtrong Caſtle belonging unto *Gabrias*, purpoſely to avoid the contagious air, and in that place ſhe continued until that accident hapned, which cauſed her to be at preſent under the power of *Thomyris*. And to acquaint you with this misfortune in few words, be pleaſed to know, that this Aunt unto *Arpaſia* had a Son by a former husband, who had been a long time from her, and returned juſt when we came to that Caſtle: He was no ſooner arrived, but he fell in Love with *Arpaſia*, but durſt not at firſt acquaint her; not but that this man whoſe name was *Aſtidamus*, was audacious enough naturally, but *Arpaſia* being then very ſollitary, ſhe would not give him any occaſions of talking in private with her: For I being ſhe, who knew all the ſecrets of her ſoul, ſhe was never better pleaſed, than when ſhe could freely talk with me without any witneſſes, and indeed, we had always a hundred things to talk of, though we had nothing to do. That which moſt did amaze us, was, that we never heard any thing of *Meliantes*, and to increaſe our wonder, we heard afterwards, that he was not in his own country, nor knew any where he was. As for *Aſtidamus* the Nephew of *Protogenes*, we had better information concerning him, for we heard, that after he was recovered, he ſought for *Meliantes* to fight with him, and not meeting with him, he returned unto *Alſenes*, where he carried himſelf ſo, that he ſo much offended *Protogenes*, as that he would not acknowledge him for his ſucceſſor, but baniſh'd him his preſence, ſo as leaving *Alſenes*, he went to travel, ſo as when the other *Aſtidamus* fell in love with *Arpaſia*, we knew not where *Meliantes*, nor his ancient Rival was.

In the mean time, ſince the paſſion of this freſh Lover augmented, ſo that it was impoſſible for him, but, if ever he ſaw *Arpaſia* alone, to diſcover his paſſion unto her, but he did diſcover it in ſuch an arrogant manner, that *Arpaſia* was extreamly angry with him, and anſwered him with ſuch authority, forbidding him to make the leaſt mention of any ſuch thing, as he ſaw there was little hopes of ever being loved, yet the ſlenderneſs of his hopes did not quench the flames of his paſſion, but on the contrary, they blazed out more violently, ſo as deſpair made him take up a reſolution, as unjuſt as violent.

For, Madam, his deſign was to ſuborn the guards of the Caſtle, and ſeize upon it, afterwards to force *Arpaſia* to marry him. But, Madam, whilſt he was plotting this deſign, the other *Aſtidamus* plotted another alſo, for being out of favour both with *Protogenes* and alſo his Mother, he knew not what courſe to take; and ſince he had heard ſomthing how *Hydaſpes* was in Love with *Arpaſia*, he could not find a heart to take that ſide he was on, nor could he attempt any thing for the King of *Aſſyria*, who was out of all hopes to get upon his Throne again. So that in this perplexity of mind, knowing *Arpaſia* was in this Caſtle, his deſign was to ſurpriſe it; and make himſelf Maſter of it, and to be revenged upon *Meliantes* whereſoever he was, by poſſeſſing *Arpaſia*, of whom he had ſuch a miſcellany of thoughts, as I think no man living is able to deſcribe them.

But, Madam, to let you know more than our ſelves did at that time, give me leave to tell you that *Meliantes*, who was not heard of in any place, had alſo a very odd deſign.

As I remember, Madam, I told you that *Hydaſpes* had given him a convoy to conduct him whither he pleaſed, when at the requeſt of *Arpaſia*, he was releaſed. But as fate cannot be avoided, ſo it hapned, that *Meliantes* wandring from one place to another, he was met by ſome forces belonging unto *Artamenes*, who was not then known to be *Cyrus*, ſo as by this means he was made a priſoner, and as chance would have it, this accident hapned juſt as *Hydaſpes* had orders to go unto *Artamenes*, and upon his way, did meet thoſe who took *Meliantes*, whom he knew as he paſſed by, ſo that being a Rival unto whom he ſtood in fear of, he was very glad to ſee him in ſuch a condition, as that he could not make any uſe of his abſence, nor go diſguiſed unto *Arpaſia:* Alſo it chanced, that the Officer who commanded that Party which took *Meliantes*, was his very particular, and ſingular good friend, ſo as coming to him, he asked him, what he intended to do with his Priſoner? and the other anſwering, that all Priſoners belonging to thoſe who took them, he ſhould go into a little Caſtle under his Command, and ſtay there until *Artamenes* did know the quality of the Priſoner: As ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, a reſentment of love and jealouſie, moved *Hydaſpes* to tell his Friend, that this Priſoner was his Rival; and leſt he ſhould take any advantage of his abſence, he was glad he was a Priſoner, and would be glad he did continue ſo until the war were ended; obliging him notwithſtanding to treat him very well, during all the time of his Captivity, which ſeemed would be long.

Meliantes was accordingly conducted unto this little Caſtle, and left there under the keeping of him who commanded there in chief. But, Madam, to return unto the laſt Lover of *Arpaſia*, and unto the Nephew of *Protogenes*, give me leave to tell you, that the deſign which *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes* had of ſurprizing the Caſtle, and the deſign of the other *Aſtidamus* alſo, was to make a mutiny in the Garriſon, againſt him who commanded it, to the end they might become Maſters of *Arpaſia*, and they were ſo ſtrangely conducted by the deſtinies, that the execution of both their deſigns was to be in one and the ſame night, and alſo in one and the ſame hour: So as, Madam, never was diſorder like unto this, in which we were; for whilſt the Souldiers which this new Lover had gained, went unto the Chamber of him who commanded in chief, with intentions either to turn him out of the place, or to kill him if he reſiſted, *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes*, in the head of three hundred men, which the Governour of a neighbour Garriſon (who was his friend, and called *Lycander*) had given him, he came and ſet Ladders againſt the walls of the Caſtle.

You may eaſily imagine, how the Commander in chief was ſurprized; to ſee himſelf aſſaulted by his own Souldiers; alſo you may imagine, how the other *Aſtidamus* was aſtoniſhed, to ſee that the Caſtle ſhould be ſtormed by men whom he knew not; however, be they who they would; he muſt think upon defending himſelf: but ſince he would not have enemies both without and within alſo, he cauſed him who commanded the Caſtle for *Gabrias* to be ſtabbed, and alſo all the Souldiers who were of his intelligence to be killed.

But ſince the execution of this cruel Command required ſome time, it gave ſo much time unto *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes*, as to get many of his men into the Caſtle; then there began ſuch a horrid combate, as the very memory of it makes me quake, we no ſooner heard this hideous noiſe, but we got up in all haſte, and not being able to do any thing elſe, we fell unto our prayers.

But, Madam, whilſt *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes* did his beſt to make himſelf Maſter of the place, and whilſt the other *Aſtidamus* did reſolutely defend it, they heard a noiſe of armed men approaching, ſo as both ſides taking the allarm, both *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes*, and the other *Aſtidamus*, thought how only to get away *Arpaſia*, ſo as both of them underſtanding where her Chamber was, they both went unto it, but by two ſeveral ſtairs.

Imagine, I beſeech you, what a pitiful caſe we were in; for on the one ſide, we heard a voice of the ſecond *Aſtidamus*, who we heard had killed the Commander of the Caſtle, and all his Souldiers; and on the other ſide, we heard a voice which we knew not, for *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes* did not ſpeak, or if he did, we knew not his voice. But our greateſt amuſe was to hear on both ſides the name of *Aſtidamus* called upon, ſo as we would not open the door unto either of them. But at laſt, *Aſtidamus* of *Alſenes* firſt breaking open the door, we ſaw him enter with a drawn ſword in his hand, and immediately after, three of his men forced *Arpaſia* to go down the great ſtairs, and I following her very cloſe, we were carried into the Court, we were forced upon horſeback, thus they carried us away, maugre all our complaints and cries, before the other *Aſtidamus* could oppoſe it, for he being in a ſtrait ſtair-caſe, *Aſtidamus* of *Alfenes* ſet ſome of his men to hinder his coming out, until he himſelf was got out of the Caſtle.

In the mean time, thoſe armed men which were heard, and who haſtened the carrying away of *Arpaſia*, were not ſuch as he ſuppoſed them, for he underſtood by *Lycander*, whom he met, that the Inhabitants of the town, no ſooner heard that the Garriſon was weakned, but they took up arms, and forced him to go out of their Town, with the remnant of Souldiers which he had.

Thus, Madam, it was he who came to *Aſtidamus* of *Alfenes*, who underſtanding how he had cauſed a misfortune unto his friend, and by this means had no place of retreat near, he thought himſelf in a ſad condition.

But *Lycander* and *Aſtidamus* were in a worſe ſtate, when at break of day they perceived that their Souldiers had left them, and having now alſo ſome twenty horſes remaining, they forced us to make all imaginable haſte, we not knowing whither they would carry us.

But, Madam, the ſtrangeſt thing was that *Aſtidamus* of *Alfenes* in carrying away *Arpaſia*, out of reſentments both of revenge and intereſt, was more in love with her than ever, and had been culpable of being moved by adulatory Language, had ſhe pardoned this unjuſt Lover.

On the other ſide, *Lycander* his friend who had never ſeen *Arpaſia* before, was ſo taken with her beauty, that it was impoſſible for him to look upon her without wonder.

Mean time, we marched on ſtill, not knowing whither they carried us, but at laſt we came to a wood where we ſaw the other *Aſtidamus* appear in the head of ten or twelve horſe, who came to aſſault that

Aſtidamus who carried us away. As for *Lycander*, he was parted from us, with four or five of his men to find out the way through the wood, through which we were to paſs: The Combate, Madam, was fierce and bloody; the two *Aſtidamus's* were driven to ſuch a neceſſity of thinking upon themſelves, as I do not think they thought upon *Arpaſia*.

She and I alighted whilſt thoſe who looked unto us, went to defend the lives of their Maſters, and the other *Aſtidamus* was ſo buſie in fighting with his enemy, that he took no notice of us. So that taking this opportunity, we ran into the thick of the wood, whilſt they were fighting. In the mean time, as we underſtood ſince, the ſecond *Aſtidamus* was killed by the other, and *Lycander* turning back at the noiſe which he heard, was accuſed by his friend for carrying away *Arpaſia* whilſt he was fighting: for the affection of *Lycander* unto that fair one was ſo viſible, that he perceived it: Yet this accuſation was falſe, for there was no appearance of it, ſince *Lycander* returned home with his men; but for all that, they quarrelled, and fought, and *Lycander* killed him with his own hand. After this Victory, he ſought us all the day and all the night, and all in vain, for we had hid our ſelves in a Cave, which at this time ſerved us for a Sanctuary, but the fear of wild beaſts and famine together forcing us out the next morning, we were ſo happy as to meet *Hydaſpes*, who after he had delivered the King of *Aſſyria*, whom he accompanied unto *Cyrus* at *Cumes*, he loſt his way in the wood where we met with him.

Niſide making here a ſtop, related more particularly what *Hydaſpes* had done for *Cyrus*, and the joys which *Arpaſia* expreſſed to meet with him, telling afterwards how an empty Coach came accidentally by, in which *Hydaſpes* put her: How they had ſeen men lie dead in the Wood, amongſt which *Arpaſia* knew her Raviſher to be one, likewiſe ſhe related the arrival of *Lycander*, the conteſt between *Hydaſpes* and him, their Combate; and all that *Hydaſpes* did, until he fell dead cloſe by the Coach of

Arpaſia. Afterwards ſhe told the Princeſſes how *Lycander* having formerly an acquaintance with *Atergatis* in *Aſſyria*, intended to carry *Arpaſia* into that Court as his retreat; but afterwards when he ſaw that ſhe was troubled at it, he altered his deſign, and imbarked upon the *Euxine* Sea, and how by tempeſt they were driven unto *Cholcides*, where *Arpaſia* fell ſick through ſorrow.

The truth is, Madam (purſued *Niſide*) ſhe was ſo extreamly grieved at the croſneſs of her fortune, and at her fears of *Hydaſpes* his death, that her health was much impaired; She did nothing but talk unto me of all her misfortunes, among which ſhe reckoned this for one, that ſhe knew not what was become of the unfortunate *Meliantes.* But when ſhe was a little recovered, we underſtood, that *Lycander* hearing of *Cyrus* his approach, reſolved to take part with *Thomyris*, and obtained her protection. But to our wonder, I thought one morning at the firſt opening of our Tents, that I ſaw the miſerable *Meliantes* diſguiſed in the habit of a *Meſſagettan*; ſo that, Madam, ſince *Arpaſia* hath three Lovers living, and all brave men, I cannot think her at the end of her miſeries; nor that you can add any comforts unto her, but to pity her, and to let *Gabrias* know the miſerable condition in which ſhe is, and to intereſt your ſelf in her misfortunes.

Niſide having ended her Relation, the Princeſſes expreſſed much ſatisfaction from her, and thought it convenient, that as ſoon as they ſaw *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* to make known by them unto *Gabrias* and *Hydaſpes* the true ſtate of *Arpaſia*'s fortunes. But whilſt they were preparing for their great interview, which was to add conſolation unto them, they knew not that the heart of *Thomyris* entertained ſuch thoughts as were like to prevent them. The truth is, this Queen, who her ſelf deſired this Truce, and who wiſhed for a ſight of *Cyrus*, being upon the point of meeting, her heart began to tremble, ſo that ſhe could not maſter it; and as all paſſionate perſons are more apt to change their opinions than others, becauſe they are wholly guided by the motions of thoſe paſſions which poſſeſs them, ſo *Thomyris* now feared what before ſhe deſired, and began to be quite of another mind. For (ſaid ſhe) what is it I would ſay unto *Cyrus?* and what can I hope he will ſay unto me? ſhall I ſpeak unto him concerning hatred, or concerning love? Shall I appear unto him as a Lover, or as an Enemy? Is it poſſible I ſhould ever think he can change his thoughts of me, ſince I cannot change my thoughts of him? Am I now more amiable than I was when he ſtole out of my Court? No, no, but on the contrary, I am ſo unlike what I was, that I can hardly know my ſelf: When I look in my Glaſs I find mine eyes are not ſo much changed as I imagined, but yet my Glory is ſtained, and I am ſo diſhonoured, that it is impoſſible *Cyrus* ſhould now eſteem me, though I am not culpable of any other fault but too much loving him: And therefore ſince there is no manner of likelyhood that I ſhould change his heart, by ſuch an interview as this, I will not ſee him, or at leaſt until after *Ariantes* hath ſeen him: For if he ſpeak ſtill with much affection of *Mandana*, I muſt not ſee him at all; for if I do ſee him, I cannot afterwards treat him as the murtherer of my Son: I know very well that I can ſay I have learned ſome things which I knew not of before; but I know again, that I ſhall expoſe my ſelf by ſeeing him unto the moſt cruel adventure that can poſſibly befall any one that is in love, which is to find hatred and ſcorn in the eyes of the perſon loved. Stay therefore I will, until *Cyrus* hath ſeen his Rival, and I will not expoſe my ſelf to be ſcorned by a Prince whoſe Glory is ſo firmly grounded, that all the world will think whomſoever he ſcorns is worthy to be ſo.

After this, *Thomyris* being ſettled in her reſolution, gave all requiſite orders for the interview of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes*, for that of *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Iſtrina*, and the Princeſs of *Bythinia*. *Cyrus* on his ſide, prepared to ſee his Rival, and endeavoured to perſwade him, not to be her Perſecutor after he had been her Deliverer.

But to loſe no time in the interim of this Truce, in caſe that all perſwaſions proved fruitleſs, that Ingeneer with whom *Cyrus* had agreed, was ſo diligent in his buſineſs, that he had prepared ſo many Trees as were requiſite to burn all the wood between the two narrow paſſages, and he did it ſo cunningly by the help of thoſe Souldiers which *Cyrus* appointed to follow his orders; that not one of either-ſide knew of the buſineſs, excepting thoſe who were neceſſary for the execution of it.

In the mean time, the day and hour for this interview being come; both ſides prepared themſelves for it, yet theſe two interviews were performed ſeveral ways, for *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were conducted by the Officers of *Thomyris* unto a Tent where thoſe two Princeſſes whom they were to ſee ſhould be brought: That of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* was to be on Horſe-back between the two Frontier Guards of both Camps, and in a place where the wood being divided into three ſeveral diviſions, there was a great Plain between for this interview.

In the mean time, *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* went unto the place which they longed to be at, and they had undertaken ſo many ſeveral buſineſſes, that if they had diſpatched them all, they would not have had any time to talk of love unto their Princeſſes; for *Cyrus* deſired them to talk unto them concerning *Mandana*: *Myrſiles* conjured them to enquire of *Doraliſa*; *Gabrias* obliged them to know all Circumſtances concerning *Arpaſia*: *Hydaſpes* alſo conjured them unto the ſame, by the ſenſibility of their own Paſſions: So as ſince all Lovers do more willingly ſerve ſuch friends as are in love, than others, they were more ready to do a good Office for *Arpaſia* in conſideration of her Lover, than in conſideration of her Father, but they thought principally of thoſe joys which they were going to receive, which were ſo great, that when they entered into the Tent, where their Princeſſes were permitted to meet them, they could not expreſs their thoughts by their words.

As for the Princeſſes they were more Miſtreſſes of themſelves than the Princes: For though the Princeſs *Iſtrina* perhaps had as great a deſire to ſpeak unto *Atergates*, as unto *Intaphernes*, yet ſhe went to her Brother before ſhe went unto her Lover.

Atergatis for his part, without any conſideration of the Princeſs of *Bythinia*'s rank, he ſaluted *Iſtrina* firſt, and went where his love invited him: The diſcourſe of theſe four Perſons at firſt was general, for ſince they were acquainted with all the ſecrets of each others hearts, and ſince their fortunes were ſo twiſted that they could not ſever them, they repeated all the misfortunes which hapned ſince they ſaw one another: They ſpake of *Spitridates* and *Araminta*, of *Gadates* and *Gabrias*, of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*: *Atergatis* remembred the requeſt of *Myrſiles*, and *Intaphernes* that of *Hydaſpes*, and the Princeſſes told them all that they thought conducing to the ſervice of *Arpaſia*. But afterwards falling inſenſibly into Particular talk without changing of places, *Intaphernes* talked in private with the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, and *Atergatis* with *Iſtrina*: So as in this hours private diſcourſe they renewed their affections, and tyed ſtronger knots of love than ever.

On the other ſide, the hour of the interview between *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* being come, theſe two Rivals with equal numbers of men met in the Plain which I ſpoke of before in the Wood, and according to the agreement they met on horſe-back; yet they might very well talk in private, becauſe all the company kept purpoſely at convenient diſtances.

In the mean time, the ſpirits of theſe two Rivals were very different: for *Ariantes* knowing he had betrayed *Cyrus*, he was much aſhamed to look him in the face, and if he durſt have diſobeyed *Thomyris* he would not have conſented unto this inrerview; yet love being a Paſſion which excuſeth all things, he conceived that his Crime being cauſed by exceſs of love, he was not ſo criminal as he thought himſelf; and he no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but looking upon him as a Rival, and a Rival loved, his anger did diſſipate a great part of his ſhame. As for *Cyrus*, he looked upon *Briantes* as that Traitor, and ungrateful *Anaxaris*, who had robbed him of all his felicity in carrying away *Mandana*; yet conſidering how he had her in his power, his exceſs of love did cool his reſentment, alſo the laſt generoſity of *Briantes*, diſpoſed him to look leſs fiercely upon him. *Cyrus* at this time, was waited upon by *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Araſpes*, *Aglatidas*, *Sylamis*, *Mneſiphiles*, *Chyrſias*, *Chryſantes*, *Lygdamis*, and many others. And *Ariantes* was followed by *Octomaſades*, *Agathirſis*, *Andramites*, and all the moſt conſiderable men in the Court of *Thomyris*, except *Aripithes*, who could not endure the ſight of *Cyrus*, but with a ſword in his hand; for being perſwaded that if *Thomyris* had not loved this Prince then he had been happy, he hated him moſt extreamly. But at laſt, *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* being met, and having ſaluted each other, only out of complemental generoſity, *Cyrus* began to ſpeak firſt.

Before I begin to ſpeak unto you (ſaid he unto him) I would gladly know from your own mouth whether I ſhould look upon you as the valiant *Anaxaris*, whom I moſt dearly loved, or as the Raviſher of *Mandana*, whom I am obliged to hate: Were it poſſible (replied he) that I could be the ſame *Anaxaris* I was at *Lydia*, or when I was Priſoner at *Cumes*, I ſhould wiſh your friendſhip; but ſince it is impoſſible for me to be any other than the Lover of the Princeſs *Mandana*; I believe that I ſhall hardly be the friend of *Cyrus*: Not but that I am extreamly ſorry, fortune ſhould force me to be ungrateful; but ſince, Sir, you know the power of *Mandana*'s charms, I have no excuſe for my paſſion, but that it is above my reaſon. Though I were the moſt in love of any man living (replied *Cyrus*) yet love ſhould never make me do any thing which I ſhould repent of, nor which ſhould bring reproach upon me. It is ſo eaſie a matter to be juſt, when one is happy (replied *Ariantes*) and ſo difficult a buſineſs not to be unjuſt when one is miſerable, that it is no wonder at the difference betwixt you and me in this buſineſs: ſince you have no mind, (replied *Cyrus*) that I ſhould conſider you as a man which will hearken unto Reaſon, Juſtice, or Generoſity; but as a man whom Love muſt diſpence with all the duties of rational Society, I muſt tell you, that looking upon you ſimply as the Lover of *Mandana*, I muſt look upon you as a man who does even the very worſt he can do: For (added he, without ſpeaking a word of *Thomyris*'s paſſion) in keeping *Mandana* in the power of the *Maſſagettan* Queen (who moſt unjuſtly accuſeth me of her Son's death) you expoſe me unto all the Rigours which Revenge is capable of, and you are the moſt unworthy Lover in the world, if you prefer your own intereſt before the life of her you love; and therefore to do juſtly, let not *Mandana* be in the power of *Thomyris*, make choice of ſuch a Sanctuary for her as may be inviolable, in any place in the world: And then not to ruin your protectors by an unjuſt war, let us end our difference by ſingle combate: It was a thing which I engaged my ſelf unto with the King of *Aſſyria*, though he was a Priſoner, and I have more reaſon to offer it unto a man who is in the head of an Army. For (ſaid he) out of his high generoſity, to ſhew that Love does not make me ſo unjuſt as you are, I do confeſs, that if my moſt faithful paſſion had not ſet me above all my Rivals, or if death had made me quit the right which I have unto the poſſeſſion of *Mandana*, then there were none in the world but *Mazares* who could diſpute with you for her. To give you a direct anſwer unto the propoſition which you make (replied *Ariantes*) I muſt tell you, that I am not in a condition to accept of it; for doubtleſs, I am ſtrong enough to hinder *Thomyris* from attempting any thing againſt the life of the Princeſs, but not to get her out of her hands.

Moreover, to make it appear that I am unjuſt only in matters relating to my love, I do declare, that in conſideration of thoſe obligations upon me when

I was *Anaxaris*, I will never fight againſt you, but in the way of war, unleſs fortune ſhould bring us together as it did in the wood, near the Fort of *Sauromates*, ſo as all I can ſay unto you is, that I will defend the life of *Mandana*, againſt the Queen my Siſter, as if ſhe were my utter enemy, and I will keep the poſſeſſion of that Princeſs againſt you as if you had never engaged me by your obligations. Provided you will defend her againſt *Thomyris*, (replyed *Cyrus* ſharply) I care not what reſolutions you take againſt me, for ſince the war I make is juſt, and ſince the gods are ſo likewiſe, and ſince my arms uſe to be fortunate, it may ſo come to paſs that the *Meſſagettan* Queen may come to repent of her injuries, and you alſo repent of what you have done. Fortune replyed *Ariantes*, is ſometimes weary with always favouring the ſame man; I know not whether fortune be weary (replyed *Cyrus*) but I am ſure the gods are never weary of being juſt, nor will I ever be weary of perſecuting the perſecutors of *Mandana* all the world over: Think therefore of what I propoſe before we part, I offer once more to fight with you, and to lay aſide all thoſe advantages which war hath given me, provided *Mandana* may be ſafe, yes (added this Illuſtrious Prince) I will engage my ſelf, to ſurrender the Fort of *Sauromates*, to carry my forces beyond *Araxes*, and never to make more war upon *Thomyris*, provided you will oblige her to put the Princeſs *Mandana* in ſome place of ſafety. I have already told you (replyed *Ariantes*) that I am able to defend the life of *Mandana* againſt *Thomyris*, but I cannot get her out of her power. Then there's an end of the truce this very hour (replyed *Cyrus* very angrily) nor will I ſee *Thomyris*; for ſince you cannot perſwade her, I am ſure I cannot: However, be you the Protector of *Mandana* againſt *Thomyris*, and to give you an example of my equity, I declare unto you, that if *Mandana* do prefer you before me, and have a mind to make you happy, I do declare, I ſay, that I will lay down arms and

without

out any thoughts of revenge either upon *Thomyris* or upon you, I will only think to cure my ſelf by death, but yet I will hear her declaration of it from her own mouth.

Alas, alas, ſaid *Ariantes*, you know too well, that *Mandana* will not pronounce ſentence on my ſide, and therefore I can ſay no more unto you, than what I have already: Since it is ſo (replied *Cyrus* ſharply) I muſt retire and prepare my ſelf to fight with you in the head of my Army, ſince you will not otherwiſe. When I meet you ſo, replied *Ariantes*, I ſhall defend my ſelf as I have done. And perhaps I ſhall vanquiſh you as I have done (ſaid *Cyrus*, and retired.) As this Prince pronounced theſe laſt words with much haſte, ſo *Ariantes* did not well underſtand them, but returning a doubtful anſwer which *Cyrus* underſtood not neither, they both of them retired looking fiercely upon one another, and ſaying no more. Yet a very notable difference might be ſeen in the fierceneſs of theſe two Princes: for there appeared in *Ariantes* a mixture of ſhame and melancholly amongſt the fierceneſs of his countenance, but in *Cyrus*, nothing could be ſeen but great and Heroick: For though the fire of his anger ſparkled in his eyes, yet he had a majeſty in his Countenance, and ſuch a kind of nobleneſs and grandure in his carriage, and ſuch a ſprightly activity in his looks, as his anger appeared to be very terrible. He turned himſelf twice or thrice towards his Rival after he was parted; but as for *Ariantes* he had not power to do the like, for he having virtuous inclinations, he had a ſtrange repugnancy in himſelf, as oft as his love did force to things or thoughts againſt virtue.

However, as ſoon as *Cyrus* ſaw *Mazares* and *Myrſiles*, he told them all the diſcourſe which *Ariantes* and he had, for ſince they ſtood at diſtances in the wood they had not heard what they ſaid: but he ſpoke unto them with ſuch a ſprightly countenance, as made it apparent to them, that he thought of nothing ſo much as to be fighting. On the other ſide, *Thomyris* who waited impatiently for the return of *Ariantes*, that ſhe might deliberate after that, whether ſhe would ſee *Cyrus* or no, and ſhe no ſooner ſaw the Prince her Brother, but ſhe deſired an account of this interview. Since *Ariantes* could not faithfully relate all the conference, leſt he ſhould move her unto ſome violent reſolutions againſt *Mandana*, he would never touch upon that ſtring; but though out of a reſentment o love unto his Miſtreſs, he durſt not incenſe *Thomyris* againſt his Rival; yet that Princeſs having a piercing apprehenſion, plainly perceived that there was no hopes, *Cyrus* would not ceaſe loving *Mandana*, ſo that having no diſpoſition to ſee him, ſhe coloured it with a pretence, that ſhe had received ſome Letters which adviſed her that it was not expedient to expoſe her ſelf unto that interview, which ſhe reſolved upon with *Cyrus*, ſo as by this means that Prince was delivered from this trouble: Yet he had the conſolation to underſtand by the return of *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis*, that *Manaana* was not ill treated, and excepting the ſollitude in which ſhe lived, ſince the death of *Spargapices*, ſhe ſuffered under no notion of violence. However, the truce being ended, *Cyrus* bethought himſelf of excecuting his deſign; ſo as giving all requiſite orders for it, he was ready the next night to try the rare ſecret of the Ingineer, which would burn all the wood between the two ſtrait paſſages, and cut of all communication between the enemies quarters. *Cyrus* then having made choice of ſuch troops as were to aſſault the enemy at that place which was moſt weakly guarded, he prepared himſelf for the excecution of this enterprize which was of ſo great importance.

Yet he did not quit that quarter which he poſſeſſed near the other paſs, leſt the enemy ſhould diſcover his deſign.

In the mean time, the project of the Ingineer did take admirably well: For he judiciouſly foreſaw, that the wind would riſe to favour his enterprize, and would riſe ſo, as would blow the flames towards thoſe Enemies which would relieve thoſe which *Cyrus* aſſaulted and not towards the troops of that Prince. Night being come, *Cyrus* ordered his men fit for an aſſault; but before he marched, he acquainted the officers with the fire, which would be on their left hand, and they acquainted their ſouldiers, ſo as the thing paſſing from mouth to mouth, every one was prepared in a quarter of an hour, not to wonder at an accident ſo extraordinary, but on the contrary, to believe that the victory would be certainly theirs, almoſt without any danger.

This being the ſtate of things, *Cyrus* in the head of his troops, began to march towards the paſs: But leſt the aſſault ſhould precede the burning, aſſoon as that Prince began to march. the Ingineer according to his firſt deſign, did ſet fire unto twelve trees which he had prepared to receive it; and ſo judiciouſly, that thoſe twelve trees being in ſeveral places, and in the midſt of many others which were rubbed with the ſame compoſition, immediately all that wood which ſeparated the two paſſes was in a flame, *Cyrus* making his aſſault at the ſame time that the fire began, the enemy was ſtrangely ſurprized, yet ſince he who commanded that paſs, was a very brave and gallant man, he made a ſtout reſiſtance, in hopes that the fire would not run through the wood, and in hopes he ſhould be relieved by *Aripithes* who was at the other paſs, but he was deceived in his hopes, for the conflagration was ſo great, that never was object more full of terrour and aſtoniſhment.

In the mean time, ſince the wind wafted the flames towards that ſide on which *Aripithes* was, they never hindred the march of *Cyrus* his troops, ſo as they had all fire on their left hand without any trouble unto them; but on the contrary it helped them in their way with light, and was a terrour to the enemy they were to fight withal. Not but that this valiant Commander who had the Guard of that paſs, and was a *Sauromate* by birth, did moſt couragiouſly oppoſe *Cyrus*; and *Aripithes* on his ſide being advertiſed of the Aſſault which was made upon that Paſs, he would needs come in perſon to defend it: But the flames being an obſtacle unto him, he was forced to go a great way about to oppoſe the paſſage of *Cyrus*: but this great Prince did not give him any time for it; for ſeeing that the valiant *Sauromate* whom he had before him, would rather periſh than forſake the paſs which he guarded, he would needs make the aſſault in perſon, and fell on ſo couragiouſly, that he forced him to give ground. And as thoſe who fight retyring do not always preſerve their uſual judgment; ſo this valiant *Sauromate* retyred towards the Wood which was on fire, yet ſince *Cyrus* conceived that by driving him further, he ſhould leave the paſſage ſo open unto his Troops, that *Mazares* and *Myrſiles* might paſs whilſt he was fighting; he did force him on ſo vigorouſly, as it might in ſome ſort be ſaid he did drive him too far. And indeed this couragious *Sauromate* ſeeing himſelf and his men in a moſt terrible extremity, he turned his valour into deſpair, and did ſuch prodigious Acts of Valour, as *Cyrus* was never in all his life in ſo much danger as now: And that you may the better know into what danger this great Prince was expoſed; be pleaſed to know that driving thoſe valiant *Sauromates* towards the inflamed Trees, in hopes to force them to yield themſelves, he alſo had engaged himſelf in the fire; for ſince the Souldiers who did according to the commands of the Ingineer, he unluckily prepared ſome Trees to receive the fire in a place where he did not command them, and where *Cyrus* did not think any had been prepared, ſo it chanced that the fire took hold of theſe Trees, inſomuch as *Cyrus* who was fighting with the *Sauromates*, was upon a ſudden in the midſt of fire and flaſhing flames; yet he was ſo fully reſolved to vanquiſh this valiant *Sauromatan* Commander, that he ſtill purſued him: Never was Combate more terrible than this; the great light which was in all the Wood, did make a ſtrange fury appear in the countenances of the Combatants: Their Arms did gliſter exceedingly, and the fire and ſmoak together did ſo alter objects, as *Cyrus* was hardly knowable; but though he could not be known by the colour of his Complexion, yet he was by his valour. In the mean time, the flames increaſed, and the blows of *Cyrus* falling thicker, the *Sauromates* to avoid them, did run into that part of the Wood which was moſt in flames, and thinking thereby to avoid his purſuit, a huge Tree did fall and gave a ſtop unto their flight, ſo as they dyed in a moſt horrid manner. Moreover the horſes being frighted at this fall of fire, they carried their Maſters into the moſt dangerous places of the Combate, theſe miſerable Animals chuſing rather to avoid the flames than their Riders Enemies: the rumbling of the wind which blew the flames, added unto the crackling of leaves, the falling of fiery Trees, and to the ſhrieks of dying and vanquiſhed men, did make a noiſe more hideous and terrible than the murmuring of the enraged Sea and moſt loud thunder together could do. *Cyrus* thus being in this condition, at laſt ſaw all his Enemies dead, except that valiant *Sauromate* whom he deſired to overcome, and one other, and he ſaw himſelf abandoned by thoſe few men which followed him, not that they were fled, but the fall of an enflamed Tree having ſeparated them from *Cyrus*, they knew not how to come at him again; ſo as this great Prince was alone in the midſt of fire and flames, againſt two moſt terrible Enemies. However in lieu of being aſtoniſhed, he became more valiant and hardy, and fought it out with ſuch ſtrange vigour, that he vanquiſhed the two *Sauromates*, for he ran the one through the body, and wounded the other in his right Arm and thigh, and came with ſuch fury upon him, that he overthrew his horſe, which to avoid the flames left his Maſter wounded and diſarmed, for his Sword broke in the fall, ſo that getting up again with much ado, he ſaw himſelf at the mercy of this Conquerour, and at the mercy of the fire. But *Cyrus* being infinitely admired for his valour and clemency, when this *Sauromate* had yielded himſelf, and *Cyrus* ſaw him without Arms, or Horſe, or power to walk, he let him get up behind him, purpoſely to ſhew him the way through this enflamed Wood and Labyrinth of fire (as I may call it) in which he was engaged: So this valiant

Priſoner accepting the offer of his illuſtrious Conquerour, he got up behind him, and turning ſometimes to the right hand, and ſometimes to the left, to avoid the Flames and fall of Trees, they came at laſt to the place where *Mazares* and *Myrſiles* had drawn up all their Troops, not taking any care for him, becauſe they imagined that he was returned unto the entrance of the Wood, as ſoon as he was aſſured of the paſſage: But he was no ſooner with them, than they underſtood from the mouth of his Priſoner what miracles he had done, and how generous he was in ſaving his life. However, the better to merit the commendations which his Priſoner had given him, he cauſed him to be ſet on horſeback behind *Ortalgues*, who had orders to carry him unto the Fort of *Sauromates*, to ſee him dreſſed, and to have a great care of him: Afterwards this great Prince left *Mazares* and *Myrſiles* to bring all the Troops through the paſſage, whilſt he himſelf went beyond the Wood, and drew them up into Battalia as they paſſed, leſt *Aripithes* or *Ariantes* ſhould come and charge them in diſorder. And to act with as much Prudence as Courage, he did not disfurniſh that Quarter which was near the other paſſage, but guarded that which he had already paſſed, that he might make uſe of it upon all occaſions.

In the mean time, he had no reaſon to fear his being aſſaulted; for the fireing of the Wood, and the noiſe of *Cyrus* his paſſage had put the Enemy into ſuch a terrible diſmay, as they were not in any condition to make any attempts: So that within two hours after the Sun was up, *Cyrus* was gotten on the other ſide of the Wood, in the head of his Army, drawn all up into regular Battalia, with the loſs of a very inconſiderable number of men.

PART

PART X. BOOK II.

AS Fortune is pleaſed to entail happy events upon ſome, and miſery after miſery upon others after her own Capritious humour; So *Cyrus* had not only the advantage to paſs his Army, but he had alſo the joys to know that *Claxares* had ſent him a very conſiderable body both of Horſe and Foot; and he underſtood alſo that *Tigranes* and *Spitridates* would arrive within three days at the Town where the Princeſs *Oneſile* and the Princeſs *Araminta* Quartered, and by conſequence to have two of the moſt valiant men in the world in his Army. But whilſt he had theſe Conſolations, *Thomyris* who was come unto her Troops which were not far off from the Vanguard of *Cyrus*, was in a moſt incredible deſpair, when ſhe ſaw the Army of an Enemy whom ſhe could not chuſe but love, and when ſhe ſaw it had paſſed thoſe ſtraits which ſhe hoped to have kept until all the reſt of her Forces were come up which ſhe expected, ſo as never thinking of defending or guarding the paſſes ſhe called back the Troops of *Aripithes*, and was extreamly offended at him, though he was in no fault, yet ſhe chid him as if he could have kept the wood from being burnt; or as if he could have marched through the Flames to relieve them whom *Cyrus* aſſaulted.

In the mean time, the Wood continued ſtill burning, and *Thomyris* beheld the Flames from off a little Hill, thinking all the Horizon that way had been circled with a Girdle of fire. The truth is, the Conflagration was ſo great, that if the wind had not ceaſed upon a ſudden, it had not been ſo ſoon extinguiſhed. But at laſt, the Air being ſerene and calm, the fire did not communicate it ſelf, but as ſoon as thoſe trees which were on fire were conſumed, the fire extinguiſhed of it ſelf, ſo that after this, that wood which was ſo pleaſant and delightful, was become one of the moſt affrighting objects in the world; for beſides the great heaps of cinders, and extinguiſhed coals, which might be ſeen, one might behold ſome trees ſtanding, but without leaves or branches, only ſtumps blaſted, though not burnt down, ſo as it was become a terrour to the pretty birds which harboured in it, and could not afford them the branch of one tree for an umbrage. *Cyrus* alſo could ſee the Fort of *Sauromates* from his camp, and indeed the place was ſo altered, that it ſeemed not the ſame it was.

In the mean time, though *Cyrus* had a great deſire to march towards *Thomyris*, yet he durſt not advance any further, until he had ammunition for his Army; and though he was not far off from *Thomyris*, yet he knew he could not force her to fight, becauſe of a little River which favoured her retreat: And indeed, *Ariantes* thinking it not expedient to fight until all the forces which *Thomyris* expected were Joyned, he ſent ſome Troops to defend the Ford over that River, and retired himſelf near the Tents Royal, intrenching himſelf ſo advantagiouſly, that it was very dangerous to aſſault him: After which they held a council of war, wherein it was reſolved to hazard a battel, as ſoon as thoſe forces which they expected were arrived.

On the other ſide, *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* were like to fall out again, for that Queen ſeeing that *Mandana*'s guards were more affectionate unto *Ariantes* than unto her, ſhe intended to change them; to the end, that if ſhe loſt the Battel, yet ſhe might have that Princeſs in her power, and to make uſe of her, either for her revenge or for her ſafety. But ſince *Ariantes* was no leſs afraid that *Mandana* ſhould fall under the power of *Thomyris*, than under the power of *Cyrus*, he did ſo earneſtly oppoſe her deſign of changing him who commanded *Mandana*'s guard, that ſhe durſt not perſiſt in her reſolution, in a time when the leaſt diviſion in her Army might make them eaſily overcome.

However, ſince ſhe ſent ſeveral orders to haſten up the troops, they made ſuch haſte, that they came unto the general Rendezvous, before *Cyrus* was in a condition to advance, and arrived without any danger, for being beyond the Tents Royal, *Cyrus* could not hinder them from joyning. But this great Prince was ſo extreamly impatient of fighting, that as ſoon as all things neceſſary for the ſubſiſtance of his army were ready, he marched towards the Enemy, who for a time diſputed the paſſage over the River, but at laſt they left it, and *Cyrus* cauſing immediately, many bridges to be made with faggots and planks, for the paſſage of his Infantry, he got over all his Army in a day and a half, and put them into battel array. But as he was juſt ready to march, the wiſe and vertuous *Anacharſis* came unto him, who ſeeing things at the very laſt extremity, beſeeched *Cyrus* to let him go and feel the pulſe of *Thomyris* once more: For, Sir, (ſaid he unto him) I conceive that *Mandana* will be in more danger if ſhe loſe the Battel, than if you loſt it. Could you perſwade me of that (replyed *Cyrus*) I think that I ſhould ſuffer my ſelf to be overcome. However it be, Sir, (replyed *Anacharſis*) I conceive that to make the gods propitious unto you, it is requiſite that you take ſuch a courſe as that you may not be accuſed of all the blood which will be ſpilt in this Battel, which you are going to fight, and therefore, I beg of you three days to try what my laſt endeavours can do: I muſt confeſs wiſe *Anacharſis* (replyed *Cyrus*) I cannot chuſe but wonder you ſhould have any hopes that *Thomyris* will change her mind: But ſince I cannot deny ſuch a man as you, I am contented you ſhould ſee *Thomyris*, though I conceive it is againſt my honour to talk of any peace, after ſuch advantages as I have gotten. On the contrary, Sir, (replyed *Anacharſis*) Conquerours may make propoſitions of peace with honour, it is only the conquered who can demand it with ſhame, nor would I go unto this Queen as an Envoy from you, Sir, but only as a bare Mediatour, and as a man who ſeriouſly conſiders the loſs of ſo many brave men, as muſt needs be loſt in the battel; ſo paſſing for no more than a Mediatour between you and *Thomyris*, you may both of you deny what I ſhall propound, if you have a mind, but however I will never be upbraided with neglecting any thing that may ſtop the effuſion of ſo much innocent blood as needs muſt be ſpilt, be the War never ſo juſt. After this *Cyrus* being unwilling to deny *Anacharſis* who ſaid he would not retard his deſign above three days, he told him that he conſented unto it; and commanding a Herald to conduct him, this wiſe *Scythian* went unto *Thomyris*. As ſoon as he came unto the firſt of her Troops he was ſtopped, and that Princeſs being immediately advertiſed of his Arrival, ſhe imagined that this virtuous *Scythian* was come more at the inſtance of *Cyrus* than his own, ſo as flattering up her ſelf in a falſe grounded hope, ſhe commanded he ſhould be very civilly uſed and brought unto her.

In the mean time, *Anacharſis* knowing that things difficult are never brought to paſs at firſt, he reſolved to behave himſelf ſo as that Queen might imagine that he did not tell her all he had in commiſſion to impart, to the end that ſtill hoping for more ſhe might not ſuddenly ſend him away as ſhe was wont, but might give him time to tell her all his reaſons, and might let him ſpeak with *Ariantes* alſo: And indeed this Sage *Scythian* carried himſelf with ſo much Prudence that *Thomyris* did hearken unto him very plauſibly, and he tempered her ſpirit, that he wanted but a little of perſwading her, that if ſhe would ſet *Mandana* at liberty, ſhe might hope *Cyrus* would change his mind; yet he ſpake nothing which might poſitively be ſo interpreted; but telling her in general ſhe could never be happy as long as ſhe was unjuſt; her prepoſſeſſed imagination did ſo deceive her, that ſhe demanded a Truce the ſecond time: So that *Anacharſis* returning unto *Cyrus*, and coming back again unto *Thomyris*: A Truce was concluded for five days before any of either ſide knew why it was made, or upon what they would treat. However, made it was, and all well meaning perſons about *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* were buſier then ever to inſpire their thoughts with more juſt reſentments than thoſe which love gave them. As for *Cyrus*, there was no queſtion but he would yield unto peace with *Thomyris*, provided ſhe would reſtore *Mandana*.

But whilſt all theſe uſeleſs Negotiations were tranſacting, *Spitridates* and *Tigranes* came unto the Town where *Oneſile* and the Queen of *Pontus* were; And Fortune at laſt, as averſe as ſhe had been unto *Araminta* and *Spitridates*, permitted them the joyes of ſeeing each other again: Yet the interview of theſe four perſons had ſome ſadneſs mixed with their ſatisfactions; for it was impoſſible for them to meet without remembrance of the King of *Pontus* his death, and of that of *Phraartes*, and that with thoughts ſuitable to the cruelty of their Fates. But the Princeſs *Oneſile* did ſo manage the matter that their joyes were above their ſorrows. After they had talked a long time in *Oneſile*'s Chamber, *Araminta* going unto her own, *Spitridates* waited upon her, and had private conference with that Princeſs, whom he had never ſeen, ſince he cauſed her to get out of *Cabira* whither *Artanus* had carried her, and from whence ſhe intended to go into *Armenia*, where ſhe thought the King of *Pontus* her Brother was: He not being able to expreſs his joyes at the ſight of that fair, virtuous, and charming Princeſs, after ſo many misfortunes, he made his complaints unto her in a moſt paſſionate manner. I ſee, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) that miſeries are inſeparable from *Spitridates*, ſince I am extreamly grieved that my words are not able to expreſs my joyes that I have the honour once more to ſee you. I aſſure you, Sir, (replyed *Araminta* moſt obligingly, that to imagine your joyes, I need only meaſure them by my own. Ah, Madam, (ſaid *Spitridates*) as obliging as your Language is, yet I am ſure it is unjuſt, for it is not poſſible you ſhould be ſo glad to ſee me again, as I am to ſee you, and to have the liberty of telling you all the Torments that I have endured: you have had one, Sir, (anſwered ſhe, and half ſmiled) which I adviſe you not to remember me of, for after ſo many reaſons of commending you, I have no mind to complain againſt you. I underſtand you very well, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you would know all the Torments which the unfortunate *Spitridates* hath endured when he was a Wanderer, a Fugitive, a Priſoner, wounded and abſent; but you would not hear of the Torments which he endured when he was ſo bold as to be jealous: And yet he hath been more miſerable by reaſon of his jealouſie, than by all the reſt of his misfortunes: But, Madam, ſince it is your pleaſure to have it ſo, I will ſubmit, and will not excuſe my weakneſs, but ask a pardon for it, and will undergo any puniſhment you ſhall pleaſe to inflict.

Afterwards theſe two illuſtrious perſons calling unto memory all the adventures which had befallen them from their Infancy until now, they found the number of them ſo great, that they admired how they were able to endure them, and they had ſeen ſo great an example of giddy Fortunes inconſtancy, as they durſt not aſſure themſelves of any long continuance of the happineſs which they then enjoyed; yet upon ſecond thoughts, they believed that ſince they had now met together, there could not any fortunes befal them worſe than before: So as confirming that innocent affection which they had formerly promiſed, it may very well be ſaid, that the knot was faſter tyed than ever before. *Spitridates* not knowing that *Cyrus* treated *Araminta* as Queen of *Pontus* ſince the death of her brother, he ſpoke unto her as acknowledging her ſo, although her Father was in poſſeſſion of that kingdom which gave her that Title; and indeed he behaved himſelf like a Prince who was worthy to reſemble *Cyrus*, and who indeed did reſemble him as near in the Qualities of his Soul, as in the Features of his face. On the other ſide, the particular diſcourſe between *Tygranes* and *Oneſile*, was with as much tender, ſolid, and ſincere affection, as could poſſibly be found in two perſons who loved moſt dearly: For *Tygranes* had not renounced all the Civilities and reſpects of a Lover, though he was the husband of the admirable *Oneſile*: The fair *Telagene* had alſo a ſhare in the joys of theſe two illuſtrious Perſons; and the wiſe *Heſionide* was ſo glad to ſee *Spitridates* again, that *Araminta* her ſelf could not be more.

In the mean time, ſince *Spitridates* and *Tygranes* underſtood that there was a Treaty in agitation, they made no ſuch haſte in going unto *Cyrus*: But *Oneſile* conceiving that if the Army of this Prince ſhould move further off, *Araminta* and ſhe ſhould hear ſeldomer from thoſe who were ſo dear unto them, ſhe propounded unto the Queen of *Pontus*, to go unto the Fort of *Sauramates*, of which *Cyrus* was Maſter, and there wait the Succeſs of the War: *Araminta* liking the motion, they propounded it afterwards unto *Tygranes* and *Spitridates*, who not thinking of any danger unto the Princeſſes in that place, and finding it very convenient for them if the War continued, they thanked them for their intentions, and prepared to wait upon them thither; and ſo they departed the next morning: But to the end they might be received unto the Fort without any ſtop, *Tygranes* ſent to acquaint *Cyrus*, with the intentions of the Queen of *Pontus* and the Princeſs *Oneſile*, ſo as that Prince being very glad of the news, he gave all neceſſary orders for their fit reception into that Fort, preparing himſelf to make a viſit unto theſe Princeſſes, ſince the Treaty would permit him, and ſince it was not above four hours riding between his Camp and the Fort: and he was ſo quick in his buſineſs, that *Tygranes* and *Spitridates* intending to come unto the Camp, were not ſet out of the Fort when he arrived; ſo as being much aſhamed they ſhould be thus prevented, they went to meet him, and aſſured him that had they not thought he had been buſie about the Treaty, they would not have ſtayed ſo long before they had kiſſed his hand. I come not hither, Sirs, (anſwered that Prince) to receive excuſes for a buſineſs which deſerves none, but only to participate of your Joys which you have both given and received to and from the moſt excellent Princeſſes in the world. Afterwards *Cyrus* asked them why they ſtayed ſo long in the Port where they landed, and they told him that at firſt, it was to put themſelves into an equipage fit for coming into the Army, and that afterwards they ſtayed there a while, to know whether the great reports of a Rebellion in *Bythinia* were true or no, but hearing no certainty of it, came at laſt to the place where love and honour did invite them.

After this, *Cyrus* and *Spitridates* making a ſhort repetition of both their misfortunes, *Cyrus* moſt obligingly told that Prince how he was very glad that he did not reſemble him in one thing. It is ſo glorious, Sir, to reſemble you in all (replied *Spitridates*) that I wonder you ſhould ſay ſo: Doubtleſs you will agree with me (ſaid *Cyrus*) as ſoon as I have told you that you have great reaſon to be well ſatisfied in being not ſo far off the Princeſs you love, as I am off her whom I adore, but that you may be no longer from her (ſaid he moſt ſweetly) let me carry you unto her, and ſo *Cyrus* went unto the Chamber of that Princeſs with whom was *Oneſile*: The ſight of this Prince did ſo ſurpriſe *Araminta*, that ſhe could not chuſe but bluſh in remembrance of that unjuſt jealouſie which *Spitridates* apprehended: yet ſince ſhe knew him to be perfectly cured, ſhe preſently recollected her ſelf, and the converſation was that day very agreeable.

The Prince *Indathenſis*, *Atergatis*, *Silamus*, *Mneſepherſes*, and *Cherſias*, did wait upon *Cyrus* this little journey, ſo as it was impoſſible that ſo many excellent wits ſhould be together, and their diſcourſe not be infinitely pleaſing. *Spitridates* and *Intaphernes* imbraced each other by the orders of *Cyrus*, and ſo did *Atergatis* and *Spitridates*, from whom that Prince underſtood that it was they who had delivered *Araminta*.

But *Cyrus* intending to dine at the Fort, after he had made his firſt viſit unto the Princeſſes, he would make a ſecond unto the King of *Hyrcania*, who was brought thither after he had received his wounds in the laſt battel; afterwards he would go and ſee the valiant *Sauromate* alſo, whoſe life he had ſaved after he had vanquiſhed him, by carrying him out of the Flames, in which he had periſhed, had not his generoſity ſaved him. But in going thither, one of the Guard belonging to the Fort, brought two men unto him, who ſaid they were ſent thither; and *Cyrus* was very gladly ſurprized to ſee that one of them was the jealous *Leontidas*: Alſo he no ſooner ſpied him, but he went and very kindly imbraced him.

Dear *Leontidas* (ſaid he unto him, after the firſt complement) I pray tell me whether I muſt owe my joys of ſeeing you unto your jealouſie, or unto my good fortune? Truly, Sir, (replied he) I know not well unto whom I owe the honour I have to ſee you, but I am come hither, becauſe the Prince *Thraſibulus* ſent me, becauſe my own inclination invited me, and becauſe my bad fortune hath driven me from *Alcidamie*, before I have had experience of the worſt kind of jealouſie; and yet I think, replied *Cyrus*, that you have had experience of all ſorts that are, for you have been jealous of *Policrates*, who was your ſuperiour, and of *Hyparchus*, who was your inferiour in all things. I think, I ſay, you have been jealous of a man who was your friend, and of another who was your enemy, and had tryal of all ſorts of jealouſie under the Sun.

There was only one kind, replied he, but ſince it is the moſt terrible of all, I have no mind to expoſe my ſelf unto it. When we are in a place more convenient, replied *Cyrus*, and when I have more leaſure, you ſhall inſtruct me with the concluſion of your adventure,

ture, but in the interim I pray tell me how fares the Prince *Thraſibulus*, and the fair *Alcionide*? They are both of them ſo happy in each other, replied *Leontidas*, that nothing can trouble their felicity unleſs the thought of your misfortunes, and of that they are very ſenſibly grieved; alſo they both of them charged me to tell you, how ſadly they think themſelves concerned for you, and the Prince *Thraſibulus* in particular commanded me to make a tender unto you of all that is in his power, and I left him in a reſolution of coming to ſerve you in perſon, if he underſtood from me that the war was like to laſt long; and to ſend him word how the true ſtate of things doth ſtand, was the chief reaſon of his ſending me unto you.

After this, and after *Cyrus* had returned a very obliging anſwer unto the kindneſs of *Thraſibulus*, he thought upon his deſign of viſiting that valiant *Sauromate*, whoſe life he had ſaved: So as *Leontidas* followed him with the other who was with him, whom he preſented unto *Cyrus* as his friend, whoſe name was *Democedes*, and they were witneſs of the diſcourſe between this generous Conquerour, and this brave Priſoner, and they took greater delight in it, becauſe it was in Greek, their natural Language. As for *Cyrus*, it was no wonder to them he ſhould ſpeak it as well as his own, but they were extreamly aſtoniſhed to hear a *Sauromate* ſpeak Greek, and they could not chuſe but expreſs their admiration unto one another. *Cyrus* half hearing them, and half gueſſing what they ſaid, he told that valiant Priſoner who ſtill kept his bed, that he was much hououred in being commended by *Grecians*, and ſuch as were the moſt accompliſhed men in all *Greece*; for *Leontidas* is ſuch a one of my own knowledge, and *Democedes* in being his friend muſt needs be the like. If *Democedes* had no other advantage than in being my friend (replied *Leontidas*) he would not have gotten that great opinion which is due unto his merit; But, Sir, when I ſhall have acquainted you, that he is the intimate and particular friend of *Sapho*, and that he is brother unto the deareſt friend of that famous *Lesbian*, I believe you will think the commendations which he gives, are of a far greater value than mine. How, ſaid *Cyrus*, is *Democedes* the friend of *Sapho*, and Brother unto the fair *Cydnon*, whom I ſaw at *Mytilene*: Yes, Sir, (replied *Democedes*) I am the Brother of *Cydnon*, and the friend of *Sapho*, who hath talked a thouſand times of the illuſtrious *Artamenes*: For you know, Sir, that when you landed at *Lesbos*, you went under that name. I beſeech you do me the favour (replied *Cyrus*) to tell me in what condition that illuſtrious perſon is? Sir, (replied *Democedes*) I cannot well tell, for I come into *Scythia* to ſee if I can hear any news of her: If you only deſire to know how ſhe does (replied the Priſoner) I am able to ſhorten your journey, for it is not long ſince I ſaw her; you do both of you ſo much ſurpriſe me (replied that Prince) as I cannot tell what I ſhould think: For *Democedes*, ſays he, came into *Scythia* to ſee *Sapho*, and at *Sauromates*, ſays he, I ſaw her not long ſince; and if the laſt of theſe be true, ſaid *Democedes*, I ſhould be very glad of it; and if what you ſay be true, replied *Cyrus*, I ſhould think it very ſtrange: For how could *Sapho* leave her own Country, and come unto one ſo far diſtant? The adventure of that admirable Lady is ſo extraordinary, replied he, as nothing can be ſtranger; yet her life is not filled with ſuch great events, as commonly happen unto perſons of a higher fortune than ſhe is of. But for all that, there is ſomething ſo ſingular and particular in her Fate, as that it may very well be ſaid, ſuch things have hapned unto *Sapho*, as never hapned unto any: Happen what will (replied that valiant *Sauromate*, whoſe name was *Mezontes*) I am able to tell you of ſome things which you cannot know without me.

Cyrus was extreamly deſirous to know what both of them knew, but ſince he was afraid of making the Queen of *Pontus* and the Princeſs *Oneſile* ſtay over long, he left *Democedes* with *Mezontes*, conjuring him to tell at better leiſure, what he had heard and knew concerning *Sapho*; after which, he went unto the Princeſſes. *Oneſile* who was giving an excellent Judgment upon a queſtion in diſpute, the Princeſs *Araminta* to commend her, ſaid, that ſhe did not think that the famous *Sapho* who was talked of over all the world, could judge better upon verſes, than ſhe could do of every thing, ſo this giving *Cyrus* an occaſion to ſpeak of her, he told them all that he heard of that illuſtrious perſon, and commended her ſo highly, that they were confident ſhe did merit that reputation which ſhe had: So as much deſiring to know her adventures, they beſeeched *Cyrus*, that he would intreat *Democedes* to relate them; ſo as coming with *Leontidas* and many others into *Araminta*'s chamber, preſently after dinner, *Cyrus* acquainted him with the curioſity of the Princeſſes, and deſired him to give them that ſatisfaction, yet ſince there is a neceſſity of my returning to the Camp, (continued he) I muſt needs ask you whether the relation will be long, and whether it will be told in the compaſs of two hours? Sir, replied he, one may if he pleaſe, Epitomize the largeſt Hiſtory into that time, and I will ingage my ſelf *Sapho*'s ſhall be no longer, though there be many long diſcourſes which I ought not to omit if you deſire theſe Princeſſes ſhould very well know the life of this excellent Perſon. Since time is ſo precious, ſaid *Araminta*, let us not loſe it, but to the end this ſtory may be better heard, let us go into my Cloſet; ſo *Araminta*, *Oneſile*, *Cyrus*, *Telagenes*, *Spitridates*, and *Indithyrſes*, went into a little Tent, which ſhe uſed as a Cloſet, and all the reſt ſtayed with *Intaphernes*, and *Atergatis*, and *Tigranes*, who diſcourſing upon this conflagration which helped the Army of *Cyrus* unto an eaſie paſſage, they never thought of following them.

However, theſe ſix perſons were no ſooner in a place with *Democedes*, but *Cyrus* intreated him to begin his relation; but I beſeech you, ſaid he, ſince theſe Princeſſes do not know *Sapho*, only by reports, tell them exactly who ſhe is, before you acquaint them with her adventures; for doubtleſs nothing doth more attract the ſpirits of thoſe who are to hear the Hiſtory, than to make them well acquainted with the perſon whom it concerns; the commands you impoſe upon me, Sir, replied *Democedes*, are very hard to be obeyed; for it is not ſo eaſie a matter to draw the picture of the heart, and mind, and all the inclinations of a perſon, as it is to draw the picture of her face, ſince there is requiſite a certain ſpirit of diſcernment, which does know to find out a difference between things ſemblable, and things real, and without which, one cannot make a true reſemblance: He ought to know how to diſtinguiſh all the ſeveral degrees of melancholly, and mirth, and not content himſelf to ſay in general, that ſuch a one is ſerious, or ſuch a one is merry, as many men do, for certainly there are a thouſand petty obſervations to be made, which make a great difference in tempers which ſeem not oppoſite; yet that is it which makes the reſemblance true: For as all women, who have great, gray, and ſweet eyes, do not reſemble one another, ſo there are a million of perſons of whom the ſame things may alſo be ſaid, which yet do not reſemble one another, neither in their minds, nor faces, and therefore as I ſaid before, it is requiſite to have the art of putting a difference between the melancholick and the ſerious, and between the diverting and the merry, when one will draw ſuch a Picture as requires neither penſils nor colours. I perceive by what you ſay (replied *Oneſile*) that when you have ſhewed us the picture of *Sapho*, I ſhall know her better than I do my ſelf. Though I have the advantage to know that admirable Lady (replied *Cyrus*) yet I am confident that you will know her better by *Democedes* than I do.

To ſpend no time in commending the painter, who muſt draw this fine piece (ſaid *Spitridates*) I beſeech you oblige him to begin his work. *A-*

raminta ſeconding *Spitridates*, *Democedes* began his relation, addreſſing his ſpeech unto the Queen of *Pontus*.

The Hiſtory of Sapho.

SINCE it is very natural for every one to commend ſuch things in which themſelves have intereſts, I think, Madam, it will plead my excuſe, if in commending the admirable *Sapho*, I alſo commend her Country, becauſe it is my own; and if in obſerving unto you all the advantages of her birth, I tell you that ſhe was born in one of the moſt delectable places in the world. The very truth is, Madam, the Iſle of *Lesbos* is both ſo pleaſant, and ſo fertile, as the *Egean* Sea hath none comparable unto it: This Iſle is big enough in ſome places to make one think it is joyned to the Continent, but it is none of thoſe which are ſo mountainous as they ſeem to be, only a huge maſſe of Rocks in the midſt of the Sea: Nor is it like ſome of thoſe which have no riſing ground in them, but ſeem always expoſed unto the fury of the waves, which inviron them: But on the contrary, the Iſle of *Lesbos*, can boaſt of all the varieties which any great Kingdom joyned to the continent, can produce. For towards the Eaſt, it hath mountains and great woods, and towards the Weſt, Meadows and pleaſant Plains. The air there is pure and healthy, the goodneſs of the ground produceth plenty: Commerce is great and free, and the Continent ſo near towards *Phrygia*, that in two hours one may when they pleaſe ſee a Foreign Court. Moreover, *Mytilene* the *Metropolis*, is ſo excellently well built, and hath two ſuch goodly Ports, that ſtrangers admire them, and find much delight in ſtaying there.

This, Madam, is the place of *Sapho*'s birth, the wiſe *Pittacus* is the Prince of it, and attracts an infinite number of accompliſhed men. He had a Son called *Tyſander*, a man the moſt rarely qualified in the world, and who did contribute much to the pleaſure of the place, yet ſince it is long ſince he died, I ſhall ſpeak no more of him, though he was one of *Sapho*'s Adorers.

Now, Madam, after I have acquainted you with the place of her birth, I will ſay ſomething of her quality, ſhe was the daughter of a man of note, called *Scamandogenes*, of ſo noble a race, that no family in *Mytilene* could ſhew a longer or more unqueſtionable pedigree: *Sapho* again had the advantage to be the daughter unto a Father and Mother, who were perſons of great ſpirits and virtue, but ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to loſe them ſo ſoon, as ſhe received from them only her firſt inclinations unto goodneſs, for ſhe was but ſix years of age when they died, 'tis true, they left her under the tuition of a Couſin, who had all requiſite qualities for the education of a young perſon, and they left her an eſtate much below her merit, yet enough, not to ſtand in need unto any: nay more, to appear very decent and handſomly in the world.

Yet ſhe had a Brother called *Charaxes*, who was left very rich: For *Scamandogenes* when he died, divided his Eſtate very inequally, and left much more unto his Son than his daughter, though, to ſay truth, he did not deſerve it, though ſhe deſerved a Crown. Indeed, Madam, I do not think all *Greece* ever had any perſon comparable unto *Sapho*, yet I ſhall not now relate unto you any paſſages of her infancy: for ſhe was ſo very little while a Child, that at twelve years of age, ſhe was ſpoken of as a perſon whoſe beauty, ſpirit, and judgment were already ripe, and made all the world to wonder: only thus much let me tell you, that never was in any found inclinations more noble, nor a greater aptneſs to learn any thing ſhe deſired to know.

However, though *Sapho* was charming even from her very Cradle, yet I will draw you the picture of her perſon and mind, only as ſhe is at this preſent, to the end you may the better know her.

Give me leave to tell you then, Madam, that though you hear ſpeak of *Sapho* as the moſt charming perſon of all *Greece*, yet you muſt not imagine her to be one of thoſe, in whom Envie cannot find a fault: But yet you muſt know, that though ſhe be none of thoſe which I ſpeak of, yet ſhe is able to inſpire greater paſſions than the greateſt beauty of the Earth: And though ſhe ſays ſhe is very low, when ſhe would detract from her ſelf, yet ſhe is of a reaſonable ſtature: but ſo noble, and ſo well made as poſſibly can be deſired As for her Complexion, it is none of the higheſt Luſtre, yet ſo well, as none can ſay but that ſhe is very fair: But her eyes are ſo unexpreſſibly lovely, ſo fair, ſo ſweet, ſo quick, ſo amorous, and ſo ſprightly, as the luſtre of them ſtrikes to the very heart of thoſe ſhe looks upon: The truth is, they ſparkle like fire, and yet have ſuch a paſſionate ſweetneſs, as ſhews that Vivacity and Languer are not things incompatible in the eyes of *Sapho*: That which made their greateſt luſtre was, that there never was a greater oppoſition than was between the black and white of her eyes, and yet this great oppoſition did not cauſe any harſhneſs to appear in them: But there was ſuch an amorous kind of ſpirit which did ſweeten them in ſuch a charming manner, as I do not believe there was ever any perſon, whoſe looks were more dreadful. Moreover, ſhe had many things which are ſeldome found together: For her phyſiognomie was both ſubtle and modeſt, and yet ſhe had a kind of grandure and haughtineſs in her Garb and Air: Her face was oval her mouth little and red, and her hands ſo admirable, as if they were made to take hearts; or if you knew how dearly ſhe loved the Muſes, you would ſay they were worthy to gather the faireſt flowers of *Pernaſſus*. But, Madam, theſe are not they which make *Sapho* moſt amiable: For the charms of her wit do infinitely tranſcend thoſe of her beauty: And indeed it is of ſo vaſt an extent, as it may moſt truly be ſaid, that what ſhe underſtands not, cannot be reach'd by any other: And ſhe is ſo wonderfully

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pt to learn any thing, that ſhe hath made it her own, before you would think ſhe began to learn.

Firſt, ſhe had naturally an inclination to compoſe Verſe; and ſhe has ſo happily improved her ſelf, as none whoever excells her: And ſhe hath invented ſuch ſingular meaſures as *Heſiode* and *Homer* were ignorant of; and they have found ſuch an approbation in the world, as that they bear the name of the inventor unto this day, and are called *Saphiques*.

She wrote alſo moſt admirably in Proſe, and there was an amorous Character upon all the works of this rare Lady, that ſhe moved and ſoftned the hearts of all ſuch as read what ſhe writ. I have ſeen her compoſe a Song upon a ſudden, which was a thouſand times more moving than the mourning Elegie could be: and her wit had ſuch an amorous way with it, as none other beſides her ſelf ever had. She expreſſed her ſelf in ſuch things as were moſt difficult, moſt dilicately: And ſhe knew ſo well how to read an Anatomy Lecture upon an amorous heart (if it be lawful to ſay ſo) that ſhe could make an exact deſcription of all its jealouſies, all its inquietudes, all its impatiencies, all its joys, all its diſguſts, its murmurs, its deſpairs, its hopes, its fears, its revolts, aud all the tumultuous imaginations of it.

Moreover, the moſt admirable *Sapho* did not only know what belonged to matters of Love, but alſo much better what belonged to matters of generoſity: Indeed ſhe knew ſo perfectly how both to write and ſpeak of every thing, that there was nothing which did not come within the compaſs of her knowledge; and yet one would not imagine it a knowledge infuſed: For *Sapho* had ſeen all that was worthy of ſight, and took much pains to be inſtructed in all that was worthy of curioſity.

Moreover ſhe played upon the Lute, and ſung paſſing well, ſhe danced with an excellent grace, and would divert her ſelf and others moſt admirably in a harmleſs Rallary, and which was moſt admirable in her: This perſon who was ſo knowing in ſo many ſeveral things, knew them without the leaſt ſpark of oſtentation or pride, and without ſcorning thoſe who knew them not; her diſcourſe is ſo natural, ſo free, ſo eaſie, and ſo gallant, as one ſhould never hear her talk in general Company, but of ſuch things as a perſon of a good wit might talk of without having ſtudyed for what ſhe knew: Not but that knowing men might ſee that Nature alone could not arrive at that height ſhe did; but it was becauſe ſhe was ſo careful to keep her ſelf within the Sphere of her own Sex, as ſhe almoſt never ſpoke of any thing but ſuch as was within the compaſs of a Ladies knowledge, and it was to her very ſingular good friends, that ſhe would impart the depth of her knowledge unto: yet it muſt not be imagined that *Sapho* affected any groſs kind of ignorance in her Converſation: But on the contrary, ſhe was full of witty and pleaſant conceits.

Moreover, ſhe could ſpeak ſo ſingularly well, both unto things ſerious, and things gallant and Airy; as it was admired one perſon ſhould have talents ſo oppoſite. But what is moſt worthy of commendations in *Sapho* is, that in the whole world there was not a Perſon fuller of goodneſs than ſhe, nor more generous, nor more officious, nor leſs intereſted. Again, her friendſhip was full of fidelity: her ſoul was ſo tender, and her heart ſo paſſionate, that queſtionleſs, it was a ſupream felicity to be the friend of *Sapho*: For ſhe had ſuch an ingenious ſpirit, and ſuch a witty way of inventing new means to oblige thoſe whom ſhe eſteemed, and to make them know her affection, that though ſhe ſeemed not to do any extraordinary thing, yet ſhe perſwaded them that ſhe loved them dearly: She was abſolutely incapable of envie: And ſhe would do Juſtice unto any merit, with ſo much generoſity, that ſhe took greater delight in commending others, than in being commended. Beſides all this, ſhe was full of complacency, which without the leaſt dram of baſeneſs in it, was infinitely agreeable: and if ſhe at any time denied her friends, ſhe did it with ſo much civility and ſweetneſs, that ſhe obliged them by her denyal: And imagine, I pray, how ſhe would oblige them if ſhe ſhould grant them her friendſhip and confidence. This, Madam, is the compoſition of the rare *Sapho*, whoſe brother is fraught with inclinations far different from thoſe of his admired Siſter: Not but that *Charaxes* had ſome qualities which are good, but with all he hath many bad ones.

He had courage indeed, but it was a beſtial courage, ſuch as makes a Dog more valiant than a Deer, and not ſuch a generous valour as is requiſite in a compleat man. But, Madam, this rare woman being ſo accompliſhed as I have deſcribed her, ſhe made ſo great a rumour in *Mytilene*, notwithſtanding all her modeſty, and care to conceal her knowledge, that fame carried her name throughout all *Greece*, and that ſo glorious ly, that until then, never any of her Sex had ſo great a reputation.

The greateſt wits of the world were greedy of her Verſes, and all *Greece* preſerved them with care and admiration, yet ſhe did impart them with ſo much difficulty, and ſeemed to value them ſo little, that it augmented her Glory. Moreover, one could never know what time ſhe took to make them, for ſhe was a daily viſitor of her friends, and one ſhould hardly ever ſee her either read or write: and ſhe was ſo good a diſpoſer of her time, that ſhe had ſome for her ſelf, and ſome for her friends. Moreover, ſhe was ſuch an abſolute Miſtreſs of her own mind, that what cares ſoever were in her Soul, they never appeared in her Eyes, unleſs it was her mind they ſhould. But, Madam, I have not ſaid enough yet of the moſt admirable *Sapho*; for I muſt further tell you to the end you may the better perceive her judgment, that there were ſome perſons whom ſhe honoured with her amity. And amongſt the reſt there were four who had the principal ſhares in her diverſions: The firſt was called *Amithone*, the ſecond *Erinne*, the third *Athys*, and the fourth *Cydnon* my Siſter.

However, though it be not handſome to commend ſuch as are near allied unto us, with the ſame ſincerity and applauſe as others, yet to the glory of *Sapho*, I ſhall ſpeak of them all very advantageouſly. For ſince *Cydnon* was her firſt friend, it is but juſt I ſhould juſtifie her choice.

And to begin the deſcription of theſe four, give me leave to tell you, that *Amithone* was a very big woman, of a very advantageous ſtature, and a goodly preſence; who though not rarely fair, yet ſhe attracted looks, and pleaſed infinitely; her humour was weet and agreeable, ſhe ſpoke moſt elegantly, and without any learning but what ſhe gleaned from the diſcourſe of *Sapho*, and ſuch accompliſhed men as talked with her, ſhe underſtood things of moſt deep and difficult knowledge: And the great natural parts which the gods had given her, together with the ſociety of learned people, enabled her to ſpeak with much judgment.

As for *Erinne*, it was otherwiſe with her; for her wit and ingenuity was all cultivated with abundance of care; ſo as though her natural endowments were not ſo great as thoſe of *Amithone*, yet Art had ſo ſuppli'd the deficiency of Nature, that her company was infinitely charming; her fancy would not reach ſo high as *Amithone*'s, yet ſhe would compoſe good Verſe; and if the modeſty of *Sapho* may be credited, they are to be preferred before hers.

As for the fair *Athys*, it may well be ſaid, that ſhe had all the goodneſs of the other two; for ſhe had naturally abundance of wit, and did polliſh it by many noble Sciences, and the converſation of all the accompliſhed men in *Mytilene*. *Sapho* alſo had inſpired her with that air of modeſty which rendred her ſo charming, inſomuch as ſhe could not endure any ſhould tell her, that ſhe knew any thing more than other Ladies did; nor would ſhe ever confeſs that ſhe knew any thing, but by the guide only of common ſenſe, and the uſage of the world; her Perſon was infinitely charming, her ſtature good, her Hair flaxen ſo light, that it may be well termed fair, the whole proportion of her Face was infinitely agreeable, her Mouth was a wonder; her Noſe well proportioned, her Eyes ſparkling, her Air modeſt, and her Humour ſweet.

However, though theſe three Ladies were moſt admirable, yet *Cydnon* was more loved by *Sapho* than they all three. And further than this, Madam, I know not how to give you my own Siſters Picture, and yet I think it is allowable to commend her, though only in juſtification of *Sapho*'s choice; and therefore let me tell you, that all thoſe who uſe to ſpeak of her beauty, do report her fair and handſome, though ſhe be little and brown; but ſince it is not by the handſomneſs of her perſon, that ſhe got the amity of *Sapho*, I will ſpeak more of her humour and wit, than of her beauty. Be pleaſed to know then, that *Cydnon* is naturally merry, gay, ſweet, obſequious, and complaiſant: ſhe has a certain ſpirit of expedition which makes her never find any difficulty in doing any thing for her friends. Doubtleſs ſhe was knowing enough in all excellent Sciences, and verſed her ſelf in ſuch things as moſt ſuited with the humour of *Sapho*. The mirth of *Cydnon* is not exceſſive, nor at all given to Rallary, unleſs it be in a moſt innocent manner.

Theſe four perſons, dwelling near *Sapho*, they were ſo often together, that they were inſeparable. Not but that they viſited other Ladies alſo, but not with ſuch Aſſiduity as they did her: And the union betwixt them was ſo great, that none uſed to invite any one of them unto a Feaſt, unleſs they invited all.

You may imagine, Madam, that theſe Ladies were followed and courted by all the Gallants of the time, which I aſſure you were no ſmall number, eſpecially when the Prince *Tiſander* the Son of *Pittacus* was in love with *Sapho*. Since this Prince was her firſt Conqueſt, I know not whether I ſhall keep within my preſcribed compaſs, and be a little longer in my ſtory than I reſolved, yet I ſhall not ſtand to make any exact deſcription of his merit: for ſince he is dead, that will but ſerve to move pity for his ſad fate, only let me tell you thus much, that he was a man who merited the eſteem of the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, and his ſorrows for him alſo after death. *Tiſander* then being a moſt rarely accompliſhed man, and in the prime of his youth, there was a great meeting at *Mytilene* about the marriage of *Amithone*, who married a man hugely rich, and who for certain reaſons of ſtate was much looked upon by *Pittacus:* who honouring the Feaſt with his preſence, and with the Prince his Son. *Tiſander* then ſpoke unto the fair *Sapho* the firſt time. But his wonder was to find her ſo ſad, though at a Wedding, and the Bride her Friend. So that taking occaſion at that lovely melancholly which appeared in her eyes to begin acquaintance with her: Perhaps you may think me very bold, lovely *Sapho*, (ſaid he unto her) for beginning my diſcourſe with you, as if you had as great a confidence in me as I wiſh you had, yet I cannot chuſe but ask you why you are more ſerious this day, than I have uſed to ſee you in the Temple, where ſometimes I had the honour to meet you; for truly, having a long time deſired the happineſs to ſpeak unto you, I ſhall now be exceeding glad to know whether I ought to pity you for any misfortune which hath fallen unto you, to the end I may at the firſt beginning of our acquaintance, render you ſome teſtimony of affection by my ſenſibility of whatſoever concerns you. Your language, Sir, is ſo obliging, replied *Sapho*, that it deſerves I ſhould acquaint you with the cauſe of my ſadneſs, which perhaps you will find ſo ſlight, that you will not be much troubled to be a ſharer in it, for truly, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled) I muſt acquaint you that I never was at any marriage feſtival, without melancholly, and my mind is ſo very irregular, that I cannot rejoice at the happineſs of *Amithone*, though ſhe be one of my deareſt friends, and though I am as ſenſible a perſon as any is in the world of any joys which happen unto thoſe I love. Doubtleſs, Madam,

dam, replied *Tyſander*, then you do not look upon marriage as a happineſs. The truth is, Sir, replied *Sapho*, I look upon it as a ſlavery. Then, Madam, replied *Tyſander*, do you look upon all men as Tyrants. I do look upon them (replied ſhe, as men that may be ſo, as ſoon as they become huſbands. This imagination comes always into my mind when I am at any marriage, and I am ſure, that a melancholly will ceaſe upon me, by reaſon of that little intereſt which I have in the happineſs of that perſon who is to be married. I am extreamly afraid, Madam, replied *Tiſander*, that this your hatred of Marriage in particular ſhould proceed from your hatred of all men in general, and yet, believe me, you would be very unjuſt, if you ſhould advance your own Sex ſo much above ours. The truth is (continued he) if there were many ſuch women as your ſelf, you had ſome reaſon for it, nay if there were only two or three ſuch in the whole world, I ſhould conſent unto it. But lovely *Sapho* (purſued he) ſince you are the only one in the whole world, who hath found out the Art, to unite all the virtue, and all the good qualities of both Sexes, in one ſingle perſon: I beſeech you content your ſelf to be eſteemed or envied by all women, and ſo to be adored by all men without hating them in general.

Since I cannot be unjuſt (replied ſhe) I know very well, that I ought not to aſſume unto my ſelf any ſhare in thoſe praiſes which you give me, and I know that there are many men ſo excellently accompliſhed, as they deſerve all my eſteem and may obtain ſome ſhare in my friendſhip: But as ſoon as ever I look upon them as Husbands, then I do look upon them as Maſters; Maſters are ſo apt to become Tyrants, as I cannot chuſe but at that time to hate them, and to thank the Gods, that they have not given me any great inclination unto that fatal thing, which they call marriage. But, Madam, replied *Tiſander*, when ſome happy and rarely accompliſhed man ſhould move your heart, perhaps then you will change your mind: I cannot tell, Sir, replied ſhe, whether I ſhall change my mind or no; but I am ſure, that I had rather even loſe my wits than ever loſe my liberty; and I am fully reſolved never to make my Slave my Tyrant. I am ſo far from conceiving (replied *Tyſander*) that there can be any one in the world who dares be ſo bold as to ceaſe obeying you, that I am confident none dare command you. For how can it be imagined that a moſt admirable Lady who is knowing in all things: Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, (ſaid *Sapho*, and modeſtly interrupted him) do not ſpeak thus, for I know ſo very little, that I know not whether I have any reaſon for what I ſay. As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid ſo, one calling away *Tyſander* about ſome buſineſs, he was forced to leave *Sapho*, but he left his heart with that fair one, nor was this love long concealed; for *Tyſander* being young, and of a quality which attracted many eyes upon him, every one did preſently perceive his love unto *Sapho*; for he went unto her the next day after the marriage of *Amithone*, and was obſequious and courtly to her, as there was no doubt, but that he was in love with that moſt admirable Lady. At that time all manner of pleaſures were in their higheſt luſtre at *Mytilene*, and every day had its freſh diverſions.

In the mean time, *Tyſander*'s Fate being not to get the love of *Sapho*, and her Fancy could not comply that way, ſhe only eſteemed him, and acknowledged the favour of his affection, but could not follow the counſels of her brother, who adviſed her to ſacrifice her liberty unto Fortune, by anſwering the love of that Prince. But *Sapho* naturally hating Marriage, and not affecting *Tiſander*, ſhe would by no means conſent unto it, though ſhe were ſure ſhe might marry him with the conſent of *Pittacus*. However, ſince he was ſtill in hopes to win her affection, he courted her with a thouſand Entertainments, and filled the Town full of diverſions, inſomuch as the little Court was ſo full of gallantry as none could be more. Indeed the admirable

rable *Sapho* had inſpired ſuch a ſpirit of politeneſs into all that converſed with her, which alſo did communicate it ſelf unto thoſe who never ſaw her, as it was a wonder that it ſhould not ſpread it ſelf through all the Town of *Mytilene*, and alſo throughout all the Iſle of *Lesbos*, but it did not; for Envy, Ignorance, and Malignity, kept almoſt half the Town from being benefited by the converſation of *Sapho* and her friends. But to ſay truly, ſhe was no loſer by not ſeeing theſe kind of People, unto whom the Grandure of her ſpirit and wit was a terrour. Few ſtrangers ever came to *Lesbos*, who went not immediately unto the admired *Sapho*, and who went not out charmed with her diſcourſe: And certainly they had reaſon, for it was impoſſible for any to talk two hours with her without a high eſteem of her, and without a great inclination to love her. Alſo there was a knot of five or ſix of us men who were inſeparable, and who always waited upon *Tyſander* when he went unto *Sapho*, and who ſometimes went unto her without him, when her ſeverity made him ſo melancholly, that he would not go.

In the mean time, the ignorant and envious *Caball* which was oppoſite unto ours, did talk of us in ſuch pleaſant manner, as I cannot think upon it without a little wonder: For they ſaid, we never talked of any thing at *Sapho*'s but Poetry, Philoſophy, and myſterious queſtions; and I think they ſaid, that we taught Magick there alſo. The truth is, theſe profeſſed Enemies unto all Wit, Senſe, Reaſon, and Virtue, are a moſt dangerous ſort of People; for I found that the moſt rational amongſt all thoſe who ſhunned *Sapho* and all her friends, were a ſort of Young, Fine, Sturdy, and merry Fellows, who made it their brag, that they were no Scholars, and whoſe ignorant vanity made them ſo bold as to cenſure and judge of what they knew not, and who were perſwaded that men of parts and wit did nothing but talk of things which they underſtood not: Thus did they talk of theſe Perſons whom they ſhunned with much care, and made ſuch extravagant Tales of them, as were moſt ridiculous unto ſuch as were in their Senſes. But beſides this generation of People who are capable only of a Vapory and diſordered kind of Jollity, there was alſo a ſort of women which I rank together with them who ſhun the company of *Sapho* and her friends, and who are alſo full of their own frothy Rallary: Truth is, they are a ſort of women who think it their duty to know nothing unleſs that they are fair, and how to dreſs themſelves; women I ſay, who never talk of any thing but Faſhions, whoſe Gallantry conſiſts in eating the Collations which their Gallants beſtow upon them, and whoſe diſcourſe is nothing but moſt egregious folly.

There was alſo another generation of Women, who thinking that exact Virtue requires a Lady ſhould know no more than how to be wife unto her Husband, Mother unto her Children, and Miſtreſs of her Family, they think *Sapho*, and her friends ſpend too much time in Converſation, and that they ought not to diſcourſe ſo much upon things which are not of abſolute neceſſity.

There are alſo ſome of theſe men who look upon their wives as the chief Servant in the houſe, who forbid their Children to read any books but Prayer-books, and who will not allow them upon any terms to ſing one of *Sapho*'s ſongs.

Again, there was ſome both men and women who ſhunned us, and who without Injuſtice cannot be counted amongſt the dull herd of beaſtly people, ſince they are Perſons of quality. And indeed, there were ſome men of ingenious parts, being prepoſſeſſed with a falſe imagination, who believed our way of living was ſuch as theſe ignorant men reported; and who not endeavouring to un-deceive themſelves, reſted in their errour. Truth is, there was one thing which did much contribute unto their implicite belief: For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that there was a woman in *Mytilene*, who having ſeen *Sapho* when ſhe was very young, ſhe took up a fancy to imitate her, and ſhe thought that ſhe did imitate her ſo well, that changing her lodging, ſhe pretended to be the *Sapho* of her quarter. But the truth was, ſhe imitated ſo ſcurvily, that never were two Perſons more unlike. You may be pleaſed to remember, Madam, how I told you, that *Sapho*, though ſhe was admirably knowing in all things, yet ſhe would not make a ſhew of it, and that her diſcourſe was natural, eaſie, free, and gallant. But, alas, it was quite contrary with this Lady, whoſe name was *Damophile*, for all her pretended imitation of *Sapho*.

But to make a deſcription of her, and to let you ſee the difference between theſe two perſons, be pleaſed to know, that *Damophile* taking a toy in her head to imitate *Sapho*, ſhe did not attempt to imitate her in every particular, but only in being as knowing as ſhe was, and thinking ſhe had found out a moſt myſterious way of getting more reputation than ſhe had, ſhe did all that the other did not. Firſt, She had always about her, five or ſix ſeveral Maſters, the leaſt learned of all which, I think did read Aſtrology unto her, ſhe was continually writing Letters unto ſuch men as made profeſſion of profound learning, and knowledge: She ſcorned to caſt an eye upon an illiterate perſon; fifteen or twenty books were always upon her Table, and when any came into her Chamber, one of them was always in her hand, and I am moſt certain ſhe had many more books in her cloſet than ever ſhe looked into, and ſhe read more than ever *Sapho* had. Moreover, *Damophile* was all fuſtian and bigg words, which ſhe pronounced with a grave and imperious tone, though ſhe ſpoke but of a trifle, whereas *Sapho* on the contrary, lapped up the moſt ſublime learning in the loweſt language.

Moreover, *Damophile* not thinking that knowledge and learning was comparible with Oconimick affairs, ſhe never medled with any family affairs, but *Sapho*, ſhe looked into every thing, even of the meaneſt conſequence: Again, *Damophile* did not only ſpeak in the ſtile of books, but ſhe would be always talking of books themſelves, and cited Authors in her common talk, as faſt as if ſhe were a profeſſor in ſome famous Univerſity. But the rareſt paſſage of all was, that ſhe was ſuſpected to have promiſed a very favourable ear unto an ill-favoured fellow, who had expreſſed ſome kind of tender affection to her, upon condition, that he would compoſe a copy of Verſes, and let her paſs for the Author of them, to the end ſhe might reſemble *Sapho*; ſhe ſought all manner of opportunities of publiſhing what ſhe knew, and even tyred people with a relation of her learning; ſo as I aſſure you, that as there is nothing more taking and charming than a woman whoſe mind is furniſhed with excellent knowledge when ſhe knows how to uſe it, ſo there is nothing more ridiculous nor troubleſome, than a woman that is fooliſhly learned.

Damophile being then ſuch a one as I have deſcribed, ſhe was a cauſe why thoſe people who ſhunned *Sapho* and her friends, did imagine that our converſation was like unto that *Damophile*, who was ſaid to imitate *Sapho*; ſo as a thouſand odd reports were divulged concerning us, at which we laughed when we heard of them, thinking our ſelves very happy, that the opinion which theſe men had of our ſociety, did keep them from troubling us by their preſence. As for *Tyſander*, ſince he was in love, he had much ado to endure theſe fooliſh reports; but puniſhed two or three of theſe wicked ſcoffers at wit, and handled them ſharply that they were forced to quit the Court.

But, Madam, to inſiſt no longer upon the love of that Prince, I will only tell you, that after he had tryed all ways poſſible to win the heart of *Sapho*, the Prince *Thraſibulus* his friend came unto *Mytilene*, after he had loſt his Dominions and all his Fleet, having nothing left in the world but only two ſhips. Yet that Prince having a great and reſolute ſoul, after he had been a while at *Mytilene*, was very deſirous to ſee the admirable *Sapho*, whom he eſteemed very highly.

But, Madam, ſince *Tyſander*'s love is not the principal ſubject of *Sapho*'s hiſtory, I will not inſiſt any longer upon it; but to tell you, that ſhe could not love him, and that he was in ſuch a deſperate condition, that he reſolved to imbarque with the Prince *Thraſibulus* when he went from *Lesbos*, and try if abſence could eure him; but he did not depart before he bade adieu unto the admirable *Sapho*.

Since my Siſter did know all her ſecrets, and ſince ſhe imparted all unto me after his departure from *Lesbos*, I underſtood all the paſſages between them, and how this adieu was taken with the fineſt diſcourſe that ever was. For *Sapho* carried her ſelf ſo ingenuouſly, that ſhe perſwaded *Tyſander* ſhe was nothing to blame in not anſwering his affection, and that ſhe had taken almoſt as much pains in forcing her heart to affect him, as he had to win her affection: Inſomuch as he parted from *Sapho* without complaining againſt her, though he parted from her the moſt ſad ſoul that ever breath'd.

When he was gone from *Mytilene*, he left a man behind him, whoſe name was *Alces*, a man of a ſubtle wit, who alſo had a notable faculty in Verſe, with orders to ſpeak of him as oft as he could unto the moſt admirable *Sapho*, and in his abſence to give him an exact account of all paſſages, to the end he might return it occaſions required. To ſay truth, he could never have choſen a man more aſſidiouſly diligent, than he was with the fair *Sapho*: For he being in love with the charming *Athys*, who was continually with her, it was an eaſie matter for him to be a faithful ſpie unto *Tyſander*; and the fitter for that purpoſe, becauſe *Alces* had a nimble and witty boy, and one that was a notable prier into privacies.

In the mean time, *Sapho* only eſteeming *Tyſander*, his abſence was no hinderance unto her Diverſions, and our ſociety was within a few days as jocund as ever it was, and more; for the diſcontents of *Tyſander* did ſometimes make it melancholly. Then were we a knot of five or ſix of us, who had nothing

thing elſe to do, but to ſee *Sapho* every day: Not but that we made many other viſits; but to tell you truly they were ſhort ones, and we always returned betimes, to the end we might meet at *Sapho*'s, where *Amithone*, *Erinne*, *Athys*, and *Cydnon*, always were. When the weather was fair, we went to take the Air, either upon the Sea, or by the Sea ſide: And when the weather would not permit us, we ſtayed at the houſe of the admirable *Sapho*, which was as pleaſant a ſeat as was in the world, for her Chamber, her outer Chamber, and her Cloſet were upon one floor, and looked towards the Sea.

However, to tell you the very truth, few men ever looked upon *Sapho*, but they loved her, or at leaſt eſteemed her above the degree of a friend: And though *Alces* was in love with the fair *Athys*, yet I have heard him confeſs that the eſteem he had of *Sapho* was of a higher nature than that he had of me, though he loved me exceeding well: but certainly there is a kind of ſubtile and penetrating fire in the eyes of *Sapho*, which at leaſt heats, if not burns all hearts.

Moreover, it muſt be imagined that our Society was full of Ceremony, for it was all natural and full of freedom: and if there was any conſtraint, it was in that we had a continual deſire to commend *Sapho*, but durſt not, becauſe it was offenſive to her. Sometimes we ſhould mutiny againſt her, becauſe ſhe would neither give us, nor ſhew us any of her verſes, but were put to a thouſand devices before we could obtain them.

For my particular, I had the advantage of all the reſt; for ſince ſhe truſted my Siſter, I ſaw the excellent works of the admirable *Sapho* by her means: And I did ſo admire the rarities which ſhe ſhewed me, and the fierceneſs of her illuſtrious friend from all manner of vanity, as I thought it a thing impoſſible to overſteem the moſt admirable *Sapho*. For *Cydnon* ſhewed me Elogies, Songs, Epigrams, and a thouſand other pieces of rare wit, ſo as I could not chuſe but wonder that a womans capacity could poſſibly reach the height of them; for her verſe was ſo true, her expreſſions ſo even, her fancy ſo noble, and paſſions ſo tender, as to think them incomparable was the leaſt I could do. However, this excellent woman whoſe knowledge was ſuperlative in all things, was more modeſt than thoſe who knew nothing: And an accident one day chanced which did plainly evidence the truth of this unto all thoſe who were together in a place where *Sapho* and *Damophile* met.

But, Madam, the better to acquaint you with the accident, I muſt tell you, that there was in *Mytilene* a moſt rare conſort of Muſick which the whole Town uſed to go and hear at a Lady of qualities houſe, whether *Sapho* and all her company went, with the reſt of the Ladies: It was an Aſſembly where the gates were open to all, where acquaintance was not requiſite, and where one might ſee a hundred perſons whom they never ſaw before, nor perhaps ever ſhould ſee again, and where all ſorts of company reſorted: Chance had ſo contrived it, that *Sapho* ſate next *Damophile*, ſo that until the Muſick began, ſhe was conſtrained to hold diſcourſe with her, and with thoſe about her. *Damophile* never being without two or three half-witted perſons about her, ſuch as make themſelves more able than really they are, *Sapho* was moſt terribly perplexed, for ſhe ſtood in fear of none more than that ſort of people: and certainly it was not without reaſon that ſhe feared them that day: For ſhe was no ſooner ſet, but one of *Damophile*'s friends put a Grammatical queſtion unto her. Unto which *Sapho* negligently anſwered; and turning her head the other way, ſaid, that ſince ſhe never learned to ſpeak but only by cuſtome, ſhe could not give him any anſwer.

As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid ſo, *Damophile* told her in a low voice with intolerable impudence, that he would conſult with her upon a doubt concerning a verſe in *Heſiode*, which ſhe did not well underſtand.

I aſſure you (replyed *Sapho* very modeſtly, and ſmiled) you would do much better to conſult with ſome body elſe; for I never uſe to conſult with any but my Mirrour to know what worſt becomes me, and therefore I am far unfit to conſult upon difficult queſtions. As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid ſo, one came from the other end of the Room very haſtily, and asked whether it was ſhe who made the ſongs which were going to be ſung? I aſſure you (ſaid ſhe, and bluſht for anger) that I have done nothing this day but weary my ſelf with vexing; for I am ſo impatient till the Muſick begin, that I never wiſhed for any thing in my life more earneſtly.

For my part, Madam, (ſaid one of *Damophile*'s friends) I had much rather hear one of your ingenuous Epigrams than all the Muſick: As *Sapho* was ready to anſwer unto this, another came with a paper in his hand, and deſired her ſhe would be pleaſed to read that Elogie, and give her opinion of it: So as ſince ſhe had much rather read the Verſes of another, than to hear others talk of hers in ſuch an odd manner, ſhe began to read them to her ſelf, or at leaſt ſeemed to do ſo; for ſhe was ſo vexed at her place, as that ſhe could not judge of Verſes though ſhe had attempted it. But that which cauſed the greateſt diſtraction, was to hear both men and women behind her, talking of her Wit, of her Verſes, and of her Learning, ſhewing her unto others, and every one ſhooting a fools bolt according to their fancies: One ſaid, ſhe did not look like a learned perſon, others ſaid that ſhe knew more than ſhe would ſpeak: And one man amongſt the reſt ſaid, that he would not have his Wife ſo wiſe as ſhe was; and a woman wiſhed that ſhe had but half her knowledge; and every one according to their inclinations commended her, or diſcommended her, whilſt ſhe ſeemed to be intent upon the paper of Verſes.

In the mean while, *Damophile* talked with two or three of her half-witted Companions, and ſpake ſuch thundring words, which ſignified nothing, that they being at laſt deſirous to hear two ſuch oppoſite perſons as *Sapho* and *Damophile* talk together, I was the firſt who deſired her whether ſhe would or no give back the Elogie unto him who gave it unto her, purpoſely to force her unto this Conference. And indeed *Sapho* being glad to ſee me ſo near her, becauſe ſhe hoped then to talk unto none but me, ſhe reſtored the Elogie unto him who made it, unto whom ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had not wit enough to judge, and therefore durſt not commend him.

After which, turning her ſelf towards me; well *Democedes* (ſaid ſhe unto me in a low voice) though I was very unhappy in ſitting ſo near *Damophile* and her friends, yet I am very glad you came to my relief: Nay, nay, Madam, (ſaid I unto her, and laughed) I came not hither to that end; for in my opinion it concerns your honour to talk, to the end the world may know that you uſe not to talk like unto *Damophile*: And indeed, after this I intruded into the company of *Damophile*, and thoſe ſhe talked unto; addreſſing my ſpeech always unto *Sapho*, as angry as ſhe was.

In the mean time, there was one man amongſt thoſe that were with *Damophile*, who indeed ſpoke very well, and began to talk of harmony, and of the nature of Love very eloquently. But, Madam, it was admirable to ſee the difference between *Sapho* and *Damophile*; for the laſt of theſe never left interrupting him who ſpoke, and making impertinent objections, which ſhe underſtood not her ſelf, nor could any elſe make any ſenſe of them. As for *Sapho*, ſhe never ſpake but when a queſtion did abſolutely require an anſwer from her: And though ſhe always ſaid ſhe underſtood not the thing in diſcourſe, yet ſhe ſpoke as one who underſtood better than ſome that would undertake to teach: And for all her modeſty and vexation, and maugre the ſimplicity of her expreſſions, it was apparant ſhe underſtood all things, and that *Damophile* underſtood nothing. The laſt of theſe, in ſpeaking much, ſaid little; and the other in ſpeaking almoſt nothing, yet ſpoke enough to make her ſelf admired. At laſt the Muſick begun; and as ſoon as it was ended, *Sapho* did riſe up in all haſte; and pretending ſome earneſt buſineſs, ſhe removed from *Damophile*, who not being willing to let her go before ſhe had given her ſome other freſh diſguſt, ſhe told her, that doubtleſs her buſineſs was to finiſh a Song which was yet in her Chamber unperfected: *Sapho* underſtood very well what *Damophile* ſaid, but ſhe would not trouble her ſelf ſo far as to anſwer. On the contrary, ſhe took me by the hand, and went on the other ſide of the room where *Amithone*, *Erinne*, and *Cydnon* were placed.

They were no ſooner met,but ſhe preſſed them very earneſtly to be gone, and indeed forced them to go ſooner than otherwiſe they would: I pray, Madam, (ſaid *Cydnon*, ſeeing her bluſh and all in diſorder) what accident hath hapned which makes you deſire to be gone ſo haſtily? When we are all in my Chamber (ſaid ſhe) I will tell you; for I muſt have a little time to recollect my ſelf, after my adventure: However (ſaid *Amithone* unto me) I pray tell us what hath hapned unto *Sapho*, for you were with her? For my part (ſaid *Athyes*, and gave me no time to anſwer) I cannot deviſe what it ſhould be: Perhaps replyed *Erinne*, that *Democide* doth know no more then you do. Pardon me, replyed I, for I do know, but I will not know, unleſs the fair *Sapho* be pleaſed to give me leave to impart it. I would not only have *Amithone*, *Erinne*, and *Cydnon* know it (replyed ſhe) but I would have all the world alſo know (if it were poſſibly) how I do hate *Damophile* and all her friends, and how ſorry I am to find ſo many fools in the world.

Sapho expreſſed her ſelf in ſuch a pretty chafe, that ſhe made me laugh: and as we were thus diſcourſing, *Alces* (who I told you was a man who paſſed for a good wit in *Mytilene*, and who was ſo) came unto us with another man of good note named *Nicanor*: And they came to *Sapho*'s gate, where alſo we met a Lady called *Philire*, who entred alſo. As ſoon as we were entred into the Chamber, and ſet, all the Ladies asked me what the matter was: When *Sapho* heard this queſtion asked me, ſhe turned towards them: No no (ſaid ſhe) it is not *Democedes* which can tell you what I vex at: For there is none who knows it but my ſelf: I beſeech you tell us then, ſaid *Nicanor*, who was a well-accompliſhed man, and who had none of thoſe faults which moſt young men of his quality uſe to have. The thing you ask (replyed *Sapho*) is not ſo eaſie to be told as you imagine: But ſince I muſt tell you, it is, that I am ſo weary of being thought a wit, and of paſſing for a Schollar, as I begin to make it my chief felicity neither to read, nor write, nor ſpeak; and if it were a thing poſſible to forget them, I proteſt I would begin this very houre to be dumb, and would forget to read and write, and ſpeak as long as I lived: So weary am I of the fooliſhneſs in people, and of the perſecution which inſeparable is upon ſuch as have a reputation of more wit or knowledge, then how to curle their hair, and make choiſe of their Ribbands.

Sapho ſpoke this in ſuch a lovely fret, and with ſuch a ſprightly aire, that her handſome anger did cauſe more love, more liking, and more amity in the ſouls of all her Auditors. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Cydnon*) tell us a little more preciſely what's the cauſe of all this? How is it poſſible (replyed ſhe) that you ſhould ſee me ſit ſo long, ſo near *Damophile* and her pack of quarter witted perſons, and not pity me, and think that I ſpent my time very ill? Had you been of the ſame ſide where I was, (replyed *Phylere*, and laughed) you would not have been troubled with any over wiſe Ladies: I aſſure you (replyed ſhe) I know not where I ſhould be; for I ſaw about you four or five women, who making an open profeſſion of hating every one that has any wit, and who affect ſuch dull groſs kind of ignorance, as hath vexed and wearied me, but had you been, where I was (ſaid *Nicanor*) you had found better entertainment, and more complacency; for there were none but ſuch men about me as would have highly commended you. Happily they might (replyed ſhe) but perhaps not after my mode; for, *Nicanor*, moſt men of your quality do ſo little know how to ſpeak unto ſuch a one as I am, that they do anger me when they think to oblige me: And except theſe who are preſent with me, I know very few who have ſpoken any thing which hath pleaſed me, and yet there are ſome here alſo who have ſometimes vexed me; at leaſt I have reaſon to complain that they will not acquaint every one, how I deſire to be treated. As for *Alces* (added ſhe) I am ſure he knows my mind better than all the reſt of the company. Tis true, (ſaid he, and laughed) that this profeſſion of wit is very troubleſome.

How can it be troubleſome, (replyed *Phylire?*) and what hurt can that reputation which *Sapho* hath over all the world do unto her? has ſhe not great reaſon to rejoyce, that all the wits of *Athens*, *Corinth*, *Lacedemon*, *Thebes*, *Argos*, *Delphos*, and in all *Greece*, ſhould talk of her with admiration: As for ſuch men as know me not (replyed *Sapho*) I am contented they may talk as they pleaſe; but I am very ill ſatisfied with moſt of thoſe who daily ſee me; and if you pleaſe, I will make all my complaints unto you, to the end *Nicanor* may inſtruct the Court how they ought to behave themſelves towards wits, and to the end *Phylire* may acquaint the Ladies of her neighbourhood how to live with thoſe of ours, and alſo to the end that *Amithone*, *Erinne*, *Athys*, and *Cydnon* may not accuſe me of being fantaſtical in my complaints.

Therefore to ſpeak unto the point in general, I muſt tell you once more, that there is nothing more troubleſome than to have a good wit, and to be treated accordingly, if one have any birth, and nobleneſs of heart: For this is an infallible *Maxim*, that when one gets an applauſe from the multitudes by the flaſhes of that wit, or any reputation above another

nother by writing Verſes or Proſe, they do loſe half of their nobleneſs, and are not like any of their family or kin if they meddle with writing any books; and indeed they will be treated after another manner than thoſe who never meddle with any writing; and it will be ſaid, that ſuch were deſtined only to pleaſe others, and are obliged by a Law to be ſtill writing piece after piece; and if they leave writing, they will be no longer regarded: If they be rich, it will hardly be believed, and if they be not, it is the worſt of fortune; a poor man who is not guilty of any wit, is better uſed than if he were. Yet I ſee (replyed *Nicanor*) that all the Court doth very much cheriſh thoſe who are addicted to writing.

I do aſſure you, (replyed *Sapho*) that they are cheriſhed after a very ſtrange manner, for almoſt all young gallants uſe to treat thoſe, who are addicted to writing, as they uſe to treat their Taylors and Shoomakers. Indeed they think that they have rendred all that is due to their merit when they have curſorily commended them: For my part, they cannot do me a greater diſpleaſure, than to talk impertinently of thoſe Verſes which I write only to pleaſe my ſelf. I cannot endure that one ſhould come unto me, and deſire me to make an Elogy for him, another, a Song, and a third come and ask me whither ſuch an Epigram was mine; I cannot endure that they ſhould not ſpeak unto me as they do unto others, ſince I deſire to be as others are, and cannot be diſtinguiſhed after ſo odd a manner: They do not ſpeak unto me as they uſe unto others; if they would make an excuſe for not ſeeing me, they tell me it was becauſe they were afraid to interrupt my ſtudy; if at any time they accuſe me of being too reſerved, they tell me that I am never well but when I am by my ſelf; if I ſay my head akes, they tell me it is the diſeaſe of all good wits: Nay my Phyſician, when I complain of any little pain, he muſt be telling me alſo that the ſame temper which cauſeth my good wit, cauſeth my diſeaſe. The truth is, Verſes, Wit, and Knowledge, are ſuch troubles unto me, that I begin to look upon Ignorance, and ſtupidity as the only happineſs.

The truth is, replyed *Alces*, the fair *Sapho* hath great reaſon for her complaints: and were it not for the ſatisfaction which her writing does give unto her ſelf, ſhe had never uſed her pen, though never ſo learnedly, for my part I have ſeen many Courts in the world and I have obſerved moſt horrible Injuſtice done unto all writers, every Grandee deſires to be commended but they receive the incenſe which is offered, unto them as a tribute due, without any regard unto the hand which offered: For my particular I once preſented a poem unto a Prince, who took it and liked it, but never did ſo much as ask to ſee me; yet to tell you truly, conſidering how he uſed me, I took heart and loved the Author, better than I did the Prince: And my mind better ſatisfied in having a heart more genuine than his, then if fortune had ſet me as much above him as he was above me. Oh! my dear *Alces* (replied *Sapho*) how infinitely do you joy me? For nothing gives me greater ſatisfaction than that I am able to tell my ſelf, my ſoul is more noble than thoſe, whom giddy fortune has ſet above me. But for all this I cannot choſe but oftentimes be very ſenſible of thoſe diſguſts which my reputation of wit doth cauſe unto me, for I obſerve both men and women when they talk unto me are much perplexed becauſe they have a fancy, that they muſt not ſpeak unto me as they do unto others, and they are ſo perſwaded, that I conſtrain my ſelf in ſpeaking unto them, that they conſtrain themſelves alſo to go beyond their laſt, inſomuch as I wiſh that I could *Un-Sapho* my ſelf; and if my heart could be ſeen, it would manifeſt, that nothing could more vex me than to take me for a witty and underſtanding woman. And therefore I conjure all the company, to eaſe me of this perſecution, by publiſhing to all the world, that I am not as I am taken to be, but that it is *Alces* who compoſed thoſe verſes; which paſs under my name, and that I have nothing in me which is worthy of eſteem; to the end all ſorts may let me alone in quietneſs, without either ſeeking for me, or ſhunning me: For I muſt confeſs, I would neither be courted, or ſhunned as a woman of wit.

As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid ſo, much company came in, who cauſed the diſcourſe to change; but as for *Sapho*, ſhe ſpoke very little all that day (as my Siſter told me) for I went out as the company encreaſed, becauſe I heard of the arival of two of my old friends, who had been long abroad in Travels. But, Madam, ſince one of them whoſe name is *Phaon*, hath a great ſhare in the Hiſtory which I am relating, it is requiſite I ſpeak of him a little more particularly then of the other who was called *Thimiſtogenes*, yet I muſt acquaint you that they were both of them *Lesbians*, that were practiſed in one exerciſe together, and that during our firſt years I did equally love them, and yet at their return me-thought I had loſt the one, though I ſaw them both: And to explain this Riddle, be pleaſed to know that when *Phaon* and *Thimiſtogenes* departed, I loved the laſt of theſe a little beter than the firſt, becauſe indeed he was then more amiable both in his humour and in his Perſon: But at their return I found a very great alteration, for the one was grown very ill-favoured, and the other much more handſom; the wit of *Thimiſtogenes* was not at all improved, but *Phaon* was ſo mended, that I aſſure you he much excelled him, and few men could be found more amiable then he: As for his Perſon, doubtleſs it was incomparable, for he was extraordinary fair, but ſuch a fairneſs as does not reſemble the beauty of Ladies, though he had all the good deportments of his own Sex, and all the beauty of others, his ſtature was tall and noble, though not of the higheſt pitch, his hair very brown, his eyes black and lovely, his cheeks plump, his Teeth white, his Noſe even proportioned, and his Air haughty; moreover for a man, he had moſt fair hands, a ſprightly look, a promiſing Phyſiognomy; and I know not what kind of paſſionatneſs in his aſpect without any affection, which ſpoke him very apt to become a moſt compleat Gallant. Indeed, Madam, *Phaon* is ſo fair, and every way ſo handſome, that the people of *Lesbos* invented the oddeſt Fable of him in the world: For he being the Son of a man in great reputation at *Mytilene*, who had commanded Navies in ſeveral Wars: The dull people ſay, that when he was very young, and playing in a little Boat near one of his Father's Sips, *Venus* came to him, and deſired him to carry a meſſage for her in that Boat unto a certain Iſland: And in recompence of his Service ſhe made him ſo fair as he was. Thus without any cther ground for this Fable (unleſs becauſe *Phaon*, contrary to cuſtom of men, was not ſo fair when he was a Child as ſince he became a man) all the people of *Lesbos* do believe this Fable as really as if it were a very truth. But, Madam, as *Phaon* is amiable in his perſon, ſo is he alſo in his humour and ſpirit; for he is very civil, ſweet and affable, and without too much mirth, or too much melancholly, he is all that is imaginable to pleaſe: Beſides this, his Air is natural, eaſie, and agreeable, he ſpeaks well, and home to the purpoſe: Moreover he had a natural inclination of Gallantry, and there was ſuch a ſutableneſs between his Perſon, his Humour, and his Wit, as one would ſay, they were made for one another. As for *Thimiſtogenes*, he did not at all reſemble him, not that he was very ill-favoured, but becauſe he did not pleaſe, and becauſe his Air was forced and conſtrained: Nor was it that he is without any wit at all, but becauſe, that wit he has is wrong byaſſed, and he was very ſeldom in the right, but is ſo accuſtomed to be in the wrong, that one may be almoſt aſſured to choſe well if they only take that which he choſeth not; and he is very much addicted to love all excellencies, and to court accompliſhed men, though it is beyond his reach to know them.

Theſe two men whom I have deſcribed had long travelled together without any great affection, or without much ſociety together: For as ſoon as they came into any Town their inclinations parted them, and that which pleaſed the one did never pleaſe the other. Thus they were together upon the highways, but never in any other place; according to this their cuſtome, as ſoon as they arrived at *Mytilene*, they ſevered, ſo as I alſo ſought them ſeverally, but could not find them; for as I ſought them they were ſeeing others, inſomuch that it was the next morning before I ſaw them: But as ſoon as I found the difference between *Thimiſtogenes* and *Phaon*, I changed alſo as they had done, for I loved *Phaon* better then I did *Thimiſtogenes*: However, ſince I was not the firſt whom they had met with in *Mytilene*, I found them already informed of the great beauty in *Sapho*, yet not by men who knew how to commend her according to her Merit: For they had only told them that ſhe was a great Wit, and underſtanding Perſon, and one that had a moſt admirable faculty in compoſing Verſes. But the wonder was, that though the ſame Character was given unto them both, yet it produced ſeveral effects, for *Thimiſtogenes*, out of the curioſity to ſee all Excellencies, was extreamly impatient of ſeeing *Sapho*. And *Phaon* on the contrary, who had ſeen *Damophile* the night before as ſhe came from the Muſick houſe, had no deſire at all to be acquainted with *Sapho*; and indeed he was ſo far from deſiring it, when I ſpake unto him, and offered to carry him thither, that he refuſed the viſit, in lieu of deſiring it.

But *Thimiſtogenes* was ſo eager, that he was extreamly importunate with me to carry him unto *Sapho*, though I would not, becauſe I found him unworthy of her acquaintance: And I was as importunate with *Phaon* to ſee her, though he would not, out of a conceit he had, that it was a thing almoſt impoſſible for a woman to be learned and not ridiculous, or at leaſt not troubleſome: Alſo the little experience which *Phaon* had in matters of love, had ſuffered an error to grow in his mind (which was quickly rooted out,) That it was better to be in love with a fair fool than a woman of a great wit; So as one day when I had preſſed him to go and ſee *Sapho*, and he obſtinately had refuſed, I was very angry with him for not giving credit unto what I told him; for (ſaid I unto him) what reaſon can you give me, why you will not ſee *Sapho*? Firſt, (ſaid he unto me) they ſay that *Damophile* is a Copy of *Sapho*. Secondly, I profeſs, that if ſhe be, it is impoſſible the Original ſhould ever pleaſe me, for I have found *Damophile* ſuch a ridiculous piece of folly, that I would run from Country to Country rather than meet with her whom ſhe reſembles. Oh moſt unjuſt friend, (ſaid I unto him) did you but know what wrong you have done unto the moſt admirable *Sapho* you would abhor your injuſtice, and repent of the injury done unto me, in accuſing me of ignorance in true merit: I accuſe you not (ſaid he unto me) but friend, you know every one has a ſeveral guſt, and a ſeveral fancy: And for my part I deſire only the ſight of ſuch Ladies as will divert me, and not teach me: For I am moſt terribly afraid of ſuch as ſwell themſelves into big words, for ſmall matters: Such as are always upon the top of *Parnaſſus*, and never talk unto men, but in the language of gods: And if you will needs have me diſcover the ſecret of my ſoul unto you, I muſt confeſs, that in *Sicily* I was in love with a fair fool; and I will not run the hazard of being in love with a fair wit, who perhaps will make me deſpair. Therefore I conjure you, to trouble me no more; for if *Sapho* be ſuch a one as I do imagine her, ſhe will make me moſt horribly hate her; and if ſhe be ſuch a one as you ſay ſhe is, perhaps I ſhall love her too well to keep my ſelf in quietneſs. But is it poſſible (ſaid I unto him) that you could fall in love with a fool; the truth is (replyed he, and laughed) I was not in love with a fool but I muſt confeſs, that there was ſuch a fair fool whom I did not hate.

I perceive then (ſaid I unto him) that one may love beauty whereſoever it is, though in a fair woman

man without any wit, but *I* cannot imagine one ſhould love her perſon be ſhe never ſo fair: Alſo I perceive you do not know all the delicate delights of rough paſſion, ſince you never loved any but a fair fool. *I* know not whether I knew all the delights, replied *Phaon*, but I am ſure that *I* know all the torments: Alas, my dear friend (ſaid I unto him) you are but a Novice in love, for none are ever happy in it, unleſs they be firſt miſerable. Thoſe do not deſerve the ſweet which will not taſte the bitter; a thing muſt be deſired with inquietude before it can be enjoyed with delight: and before one can know all the ſweets of love, he muſt love a woman that hath wit. For my part, continued I, *I* love a fair picture which cannot talk fooliſhly, better than a fair woman who tattles, and commits a thouſand impertinencies. As we were thus talking, *Themiſtogenes* came in, whoſe mind being oppoſite unto *Phaon*'s, he entreated me to carry him unto *Sapho*, telling me he had a very earneſt deſire to ſee her; and adding, that in all likelyhood he ſhould fall in love with her, if he found her ſuch a beauty as he imagined. If ſo, Sir, (ſaid *I*, purpoſely to prevent him) I muſt not carry you thither, for you would be extreamly miſerable if you ſhould become the Lover of a perſon, who has ſo many others. Thus I not being able to perſwade *Phaon*, and *Themiſtogenes* not being able to perſwade me, we parted; but *I* wondred when after dinner, being at *Sapho*'s, ſhe ſhould tell me that *Nicanor* and *Philire* who had ſeen *Phaon*, did give him ſuch a noble Character, as though it was not her uſe to affect freſh acquaintance, yet ſhe could not chuſe but deſire his. The very truth is, Madam, replied *I*, *Phaon* is a perſon of very extraordinary merit. Since he is your intimate friend, replied ſhe, I ſhall hope he will come and viſit *Cydnon*, and ſo happily I ſhall ſee him at her Chamber.

I believe, Madam, replied I, that he would ſee you at your own houſe before any other place, did he not ſtand in fear of you: Alas, *Democedes* (ſaid ſhe unto me) why ſhould any friend of yours ſtand in fear of me? but to be plain with you, I ſhall think you have infuſed a bad opinion of me into him, if he do not come and ſee me; you may imagine, Madam, how this expreſſion of *Sapho*'s perplexed me, knowing the mind of *Phaon*, as I did; but I engaged my ſelf to bring him unto *Sapho*, and accordingly I went very ſeriouſly unto *Phaon*, and deſired him to make this viſit for my ſake, if not for *Sapho*'s; but I had much ado to perſwade him, yet being afraid to fall out with me, he yielded, but told me withal, that I muſt take this complacency as a great argument of his friendſhip, and afterwards promiſed me to go the next day with me unto *Sapho:* But that which moſt troubled me was, that I durſt not carry him, unleſs I carry *Themiſtogenes* alſo, becauſe he would be very angry with me if I had not; ſo that to carry a very pleaſing man unto her, I was conſtrained to carry a very ill Companion alſo. I advertiſed *Sapho* of this intended viſit, and ſhe acquainted all her dear friends with it, ſo that *Amithone*, *Erinne*, *Athys*, and *Cydnon*, were all with her when *Phaon*, *Themiſtogenes*, and I came thither: *Sapho* being one of the moſt pleaſing perſons in the world at the firſt ſight, and the moſt obliging when ſhe pleaſed; ſhe received us extreamly kindly, and in ſuch a gallant manner, that I ſaw very well *Phaon* was much ſurpriſed, and that he did not expect to find her Air ſo free, ſo amiable, and ſo natural.

As for *Themiſtogenes*, I obſerved that he was aſtoniſhed as well as *Phaon*, but it was in a different manner, yet being both of them prepoſſeſſed with an opinion of *Sapho*'s knowledge, and conceiving they ought to ſpeak in an Elevated ſtile, they begun their diſcourſe in a grave, ſerious, and very ſolemn Tone. And though I told *Phaon* there needed no ſuch ſetting off himſelf in Print, yet he did not believe me; ſo that thinking he ought to commend her as a perſon extraordinary, and in the higheſt Phraſes, he began his Encomium with a very eloquent Exordium. But *Sapho* ſtopping his Oration, and turning towards me, I profeſs *Democedes*, ſaid ſhe, I have great reaſon to complain againſt you: Againſt me, Madam, (replied I with aſtoniſhment) Yes (replied ſhe) againſt you; for ſince *Phaon* does not know me, it were injuſtice to complain againſt him, and therefore I do poſitively accuſe you for all theſe applauds which he beſtows upon me; for had you acquainted him that I do not affect any Commendations, I believe him to be a more accompliſhed man than to turn his Complacency into ſuch flatteries as cannot chuſe but diſpleaſe me. I aſſure you, Madam, replied I, *I* adviſed him not to offend the modeſty of your humour: Then 'tis apparent he does not know me, replied *Sapho*. But *Phaon* (continued ſhe, and turned towards him) ſince I do not love to be beholding unto Fame, *I* ſhall take it as a very ſingular favour if you would judge of me only by your own knowledge: Let time and experience give you the knowledge of me: For it would be very unjuſt in you to judge of me upon the reports of others. Madam (replied *Phaon*, and ſmiled) *I* do admire your modeſty, and that's all I dare ſay; for to acknowledge that you merit more commendations than Fame doth give you, is to tell you that you merit more than ever any did. Can fame give you better report (added *Themiſtogenes*, thinking to hit the nail upon the head) than that a Lady can make better verſes than ever *Homer* did? and that ſhe is wiſer than all the ſeven Sages of *Greece*? However, Sir, (ſaid *Sapho*) I cannot endure that any ſhould tell me of any ſuch things; and the greateſt injury my friends can do me, is to think that I love to be commended: For ſince I know that I am not wiſe, I cannot endure to be told that I am: and though I were ſo, yet ſurely I ſhould hate flattery: I cannot deny but that I have made ſome fooliſh verſes; but Poetry being only an effect of a natural inclination, as muſick is, I ought to be no more commended for making verſes, than for ſinging.

After this, *Sapho* turning the diſcourſe upon ſome other ſubject very ingeniouſly, ſhe was extream careful to talk of nothing that might ſmell of too much wiſdom: But on the contrary, ſhe paſſed away all the afternoon in a pleaſant Raillary with her friends, twitting them with a thouſand petty paſſages concerning their Cabals, which yet were ſo intelligible, that *Phaon* and *Themiſtogenes* did take as much delight in them, as thoſe did who were acquainted with the paſſages.

Afterwards *Alces* and *Nicanor* coming in, *Sapho* began to chide the firſt of them for a cuſtom which he had, and which he always uſed when occaſion preſented it ſelf. For, Madam, be pleaſed to know, that *Alces* had ſuch a fancy of a fair woman, that he could not endure thoſe who were not ſo, and he would always be ſure to change place whenſoever chance had ſet him near any ill favoured perſon: So it hapned, when he was in *Sapho*'s Chamber, that a Woman came in, who indeed was very ugly; he according to his humour went out, and went ſo abruptly, that the woman plainly ſaw, that he went out purpoſely to ſhun her. *Sapho* being deſirous to turn diſcourſe another way, began after a gallant manner to condemn his niceneſs, and in his perſon to blame moſt young Gallants of the time whoſe cuſtom was to do the like: Truly, Madam, (ſaid *Alces* unto her) I had not gone out at that time from your Chamber, but becauſe *I* deſired to go unto the fair *Athys*, and I do proteſt not upon any other reaſon: *I* pray *Alces*, replied *Athys*, make not your viſit unto me your excuſe, for you came not to me that day: Then I went unto *Amithone*'s, added he; no, replied that fair one, for both *Erinne*, *Cydnon*, and my ſelf, did ſee you out of the window of my Chamber walking about two hours with a friend of yours, who is one of the ديglieſt men that ever any eye beheld, and who queſtionleſs is more ugly than the Lady who you ſhunned. I profeſs it is very ſtrange, replied *Sapho*, you ſhould have ſuch irregular thoughts: and I would gladly know why you ſhould more tolerate an ugly man than an ugly woman: and why you ſhould ſhun an ugly woman as much you would the plague: This is an injury unto our Sex, and as if women were made for no other uſe than colours are, to pleaſe the eye. This, *Alces*, is moſt unjuſt; for if you love that only which is fair, and hate that which is foul, why have you not fair friends, as well as fair Miſtreſſes? and why are you not as careful to ſhun ugly men as ugly women? Women as well as Men that are ill-favoured, may have a thouſand charms of wit, and a thouſand beauties of Soul, and therefore why more hated? Yet I ſee moſt young Gallants are guilty of this injuſtice: Yes, there are ſome men who are extreamly ugly themſelves, yet cannot endure a woman ſo: They deſire the faireſt eyes ſhould look favourably upon them, and yet they will look upon none but fair women with the uglieſt eyes under the Sun. I know one who looks upon himſelf in a Glaſs, as if he were the handſomeſt of all men living: and though he can look upon his own deformities with delight, yet he cannot with any patience endure the deformities of others: You expreſs your thoughts, Madam, ſo excellently, replied *Phaon*, that I believe *Alces* with all his wit will have much ado to anſwer you. I aſſure you, replied *Alces*, that I had rather acknowledge a fault in me, than go about to juſtifie my ſelf, ſince I cannot do it, unleſs I ſhould ſpeak many things againſt Ladies in general. You expreſs your ſelf with ſo much malignity, replied *Amithone*, that you deſerve (as a puniſhment for ſhunning ſuch women as are not fair) all fair ones ſhould avoid meeting with you.

Provided one fair one will not fly me (replied he, looking upon *Athys*) I ſhould not much grieve if all the reſt did. Though I were fair (replied *Erinne*) yet I ſhould be none of thoſe who would give any comfort unto you: And ſince I am not (added *Athys*, and bluſhed) I have nothing to do but to comfort my ſelf that I am not in the number of thoſe who can comfort *Alces:* For he is ſo nice, that he cannot endure thoſe (who like me) are neither fair nor ugly. This is ſo unjuſt (replied *Alces*) as *I* wonder that the fair *Sapho* who uſeth to be juſt unto merit, can endure it. The reaſon is, replied ſhe, becauſe it belongs not unto me to commend the beauty of *Athys* in your preſence: For ſince you have ſuch tender and delicate eyes as cannot look upon any uglineſs in women, I am perſwaded they are alſo judicious enough to know true beauty, and that you can commend her better than any other. However (continued ſhe) I would gladly know whether *Phaon* and *Themiſtogenes* be as nice as *Alces* is: As for *Nicanor* and *Democedes*, I know they have ſome friends who are none of the faireſt. For my part, Madam, (replied *Phaon*) though I am a great Adorer of beauty, yet I ſhould think it a great wrong unto Ladies, if I ſhould look upon it as the only advantage of their Sex: And I can aſſure you, I am ſo far from the opinion of *Alces*, that I am perſwaded it is not a thing impoſſible to be in love with a woman who hath no beauty at all, provided ſhe be not extreamly ugly: For there are women who have ſuch rare beauties of mind, and ſuch engaging graces in their humours, that they may infinitely pleaſe, and be very amiable. For my part (ſaid *Themiſtogenes*) I ſhould much better love a woman who is knowing in all high and excellent things, though ſhe were not handſom, than I ſhould an ignorant fair one. For ought I ſee (replied *Sapho*, and laughed) I can never be loved either by *Alces*, or by *Themiſtogenes:* For I am not fair as the firſt would have his Miſtreſs, nor am I knowing, as *Themiſtogenes* deſires his to be: and therefore it is my beſt courſe to make *Nicanor*, *Phaon*, and *Democedes* my friends: But if in ſeeking to make them your friends (replied *Cydnon*, and ſmiled) you ſhould find a Lover of any of them, what would you ſay then? Doubtleſs I ſhould ſay, replied ſhe, that I have found more than ever I did, or more than I do deſire.

As *Nicanor*, *Phaon*, and I were ready to reply, *Cynegira* entred into [illegible] Chamber, whoſe preſence made our diſcourſe to change, and *Nicanor*, *Phaon*, *Themiſtogenes*, and I went preſently out. Yet, Madam, ſince there was a very pleaſant Plain before *Sapho*'s Lodging, we walked there: And after one turn, *Phaon* began to ſpeak in a low voice unto me, becauſe he would not have *Nicanor* know his opinion of *Sapho*. Ah dear friend, (ſaid he unto me) what an enemy had I been unto my ſelf, had I not ſeen the moſt admired *Sapho*? Well (ſaid I unto him) have you found her over-wiſe? does ſhe much reſemble *Damophile*? was there any neceſſity of talking concerning high matters as you imagined you ſhould? For my part, ſaid he, I am ſo charmed with the ſight of her, that I cannot think any one in the world comparably ſo amiable: For ſhe is ſo ſweet, ſo ſociable, and ſo gallant, as I find her all ſuperlative; and when I conſider how this excellent Woman who is verſed in the moſt ſublime knowledge, did divert her ſelf ſo pleaſingly in trivial things, I begin to fear I ſhall fall in love with her, if I ſhould continue ſeeing her: and yet I think it is impoſſible for me to forbear. I thought you would change your opinion of her (ſaid I unto him) as ſoon as you ſaw her: But I would gladly know, ſaid he, whether ſhe be always ſo amiable as ſhe was this day? and whether ſhe have no tincture of that pride, which is moſt inſeparable from ſuch as have any extraordinary parts? Tell me, friend, does ſhe always ſpeak with ſo little affectation or ſharpneſs as ſhe did now?

All I can ſay unto you is, replied I, that ſhe is ſometimes as much above what you ſaw her now, as you found her now above what you expected: Oh *Democedes*, replied he, it is not poſſible the fair *Sa-*

pho cannot, no, it is moſt impoſſible ſhe ſhould appear more amiable than ſhe did this day.

After this, *Nicanor* began to talk with *Phaon*, and *Themiſtogenes* began to addreſs his ſpeech unto me very faintly; I muſt confeſs unto you (ſaid he unto me) *I* have been much aſtoniſhed this afternoon: Why, ſaid I, are you not pleaſed with the ſight of *Sapho?* So little, replied he, that were I not perſwaded ſhe concealed her knowledge becauſe there was many Women in the Company, *I* ſhould lay aſide the high opinion which I had conceived of her: For truly *I* heard her not ſpeak any thing this day which any other Lady did not know as well as ſhe, and might ſpeak as well. Yet you muſt confeſs (replied *I* coldly) that though ſhe did ſpeak like a Lady, yet it was like a Lady who ſpoke very well.

I muſt needs confeſs, ſaid he, that ſhe uſed no barbarous words; but to tell you truly, I expected much more from her than *I* found: Perhaps you expected (ſaid I unto him) that ſhe ſhould have read a Philoſophy Lecture, reſolved ſome difficult queſtions, and explained ſome obſcure places in *Heſiode* and *Homer? I* expected at leaſt, ſaid he, that nothing would have come out of her mouth but high matters, which ſhould have made her knowledge appear: And for my part, *I* tell you ingenuouſly, that I am perſwaded ſhe will ſometimes ſhew her knowledge, for it is not poſſible ſhe ſhould get ſuch a reputation over all *Greece*, if ſhe talked of nothing but trifles, ſuch as *I* heard her ſpeak of this day.

You may imagine, Madam, how I wondred at the difference of opinion between *Phaon* and *Themiſtogenes*. In the mean time, *Themiſtogenes* ſpoke ſo loud, that *Phaon* confuſedly heard what he ſaid, ſo that being now one of the moſt jealous admirers of *Sapho*, he came unto us, and asked me of what *Themiſtogenes* talked? He told me (replied *I* and ſmiled) that he could not ſee how *Sapho* ſhould deſerve all thoſe applauds which are attributed unto her; but that he expected from her a thouſand excellencies, which ſhe never ſo much as mentioned. *I* perceive (replied *Phaon* faintly) that the fair *Sapho* cannot get the eſteem both of *Themiſtogenes* and me, for I do infinitely eſteem her. After her diſcourſe upon all theſe trifles, wherewith he upbraids her; but *I* ſhould ſcarcely have eſteemed her, had not ſhe only talked of ſuch high matters as he imagined ſhe would; ſo that it follows of abſolute neceſſity, ſhe cannot pleaſe us both: I confeſs it (replied *Themiſtogenes* faintly) but the difficulty is to know whether it were not more advantageous for *Sapho*, to ſatisfie me than to ſatisfie you. If you pleaſe to let *Nicanor* and *Democedes* be our Judges, replied *Phaon*, *I* ſhall conſent unto it.

Since *I* am altogether on your ſide (replied *Nicanor* unto *Phaon*) and directly againſt *Themiſtogenes*, *I* am not a competent Judge: it is no wonder, ſaid *Phaon*, that *Themiſtogenes* and I ſhould differ in opinions, for it is not above two years ſince we were both of one mind in any thing: So as it is not ſtrange that as ſoon as *I* began to admire *Sapho* he ſhould not admire her; but prefer *Damophile* becauſe *I* prefer *Sapho* before all the women I ever ſaw: And indeed *I* have abundance of reaſon ſo to do, for to write as ſhe writes, and to diſcourſe as ſhe doth, are two qualities ſo admirable, that ſhe deſerves the eſteem of the world. But yet *I* pray tell me (replied *Themiſtogenes* in ſuch a pelt as made us laugh) what hath ſhe ſaid which hath excellency in it? She ſpoke Elegantly, and Gallantly, replied *Phaon*, and ſhe ſpoke with modeſty, and in ſuch a diſcreet manner, as ſhe hath merited my admiration; but not mine, replied he, for I never uſe to admire any thing but what is extraordinary: *I* once knew a man at *Athens*, replied *Phaon*, who was of the ſame humour with *Themiſtogenes*, for he knew not how to put a difference between things which men admire, and things which make men aſtoniſhed;

I cannot tell you whether *I* am of his humour you mean, or no (replied *Themiſtogenes* very fiercely) but I am ſure *I* cannot ſee any difference between *Sapho* and other women of *Mytelene*, by any diſcourſe I heard her utter, and in the humour *I* am in, if ſhe do not elevate her Muſe to a higher ſtrain than I heard her this day, *I* ſhall believe ſome hath made her verſes and publiſhed them in her name.

Phaon hearing *Themiſtogenes* ſay ſo, began firſt to laugh, and afterwards to be angry in good earneſt, ſo as replying very ſharply upon one another, they fell to quarrel: *Nicanor* and I ſhould have had much ado to part them, if *Alces* and two more had not accidentally come in.

However, ſince this quarrel could not be taken up upon the ſudden, it was the next day before they were reconciled; ſo as it was divulged all over the Town. But *Phaon*'s advantage was, that I related all the paſſage unto my Siſter, and ſhe unto *Sapho*, inſomuch as the very firſt day that he ſaw *Sapho*, ſhe underſtood that ſhe was obliged to him.

This reconciliation had one circumſtance in it which was very remarkable; for *Phaon* would not be friends with *Themiſtogenes*, until he had acknowledged himſelf to blame in judging ſo raſhly upon *Sapho*'s merit, ſo as this excellent Lady hearing of all the paſſages did think her ſelf very much beholden unto *Phaon*, and the next time ſhe ſaw him ſhe received him very obligingly, and ſhe no ſooner ſaw him enter into her Chamber, but ſhe went to meet him moſt civilly, and accoſted him with ſuch ſingular and gallant complements, that it deſerves a rehearſal: For looking upon him with a ſmiling countenance: Sir, (ſaid ſhe unto him, you have ſo commended me for not talking of high matters, that I dare ſcarcely thank you for the favour, leſt contrary to my cuſtom I ſhould uſe any ſuch big phraſes as might purchaſe the eſteem of *Themiſtogenes*, and loſe yours.

Your language, Madam, (replied he) is ſo full of wit and gallantry that I cannot repent of my diſguſt againſt *Themiſtogenes*, for he who does not admire you, deſerves an immortal quarrel from all rational men: when you are well acquainted with me, Sir, replied *Sapho*, you will ſee that I am not ſo jealous of my honour: And that as long as they do not aſperſe my virtue and my goodneſs, I care not what they ſay.

Afterwards *Sapho* cauſing *Phaon* to ſit down, the company were very pleaſant, for not only all her intimate friends were there, but *Philire*, *Nicanor*, and I were there alſo, and after much diſcourſe upon the Errour of *Themiſtogenes*, who thought every one to be ignorant if they do not talk of high things, *Phylire* ſaid that though groſs ignorance was a moſt odious fault, yet ſhe thought it better all women were ſo, than to be over-wiſe, for do but imagine, ſaid ſhe, what a peſtilent perſecution it would be, if we had but two or three Damoſels more in *Mytelene*: But I beſeech you imagine alſo on the other ſide, replied *Phaon*, what a felicity it would be if there were but five or ſix *Saphoes* in the whole world, and if *Athens*, *Delphos*, *Thebes*, and *Argos*, could boaſt of that honour as well as *Mytelene*. Oh *Phaon* (replied *Sapho*, and bluſhed) I beſeech you do not leſſen my obligations by overcommending me, and remember that I do not affect it, nor would I paſs for wiſe. For the truth is, that though I do know ſome things which all women do not know, yet I am ſure I know leſs than all women ought to know.

Truly, Madam, (replied *Cydnon*, and laughed) you do engage them unto a great task, and to ſpeak ſincerely, you know ſo much, that I cannot tell how you ſhould conceal your knowledge from them, nor how you ſhould infuſe it into them. I am very certain (replied *Sapho*) that I know ſo very little, that if all women would imploy that time well which they imploy idely, they would know a thouſand times more than I do. Your expreſſions, Madam, are ſo ingenious, ſo modeſt, and ſo noble, replied *Phaon*, that though what you ſay as relating to your ſelf be not poſitively true, yet I cannot for my life chuſe but commend you: For it is moſt certain that moſt Ladies are much to blame in ſpending many a moſt precious hour, which might be much better imployed than they uſe to do.

For my particular, ſaid *Phylire*, *I* cannot tell how Ladies can learn any thing though they would; for oftentimes, I have not ſo much leaſure as to go unto the Temple, and *I* have a friend who is every day ſo long in dreſſing her ſelf, that the Sun is ſet before ſhe can get out of her Chamber.

I have often thought, replied *Amithone*, that *Sapho* could not afford her ſelf ſo much time as to ſleep and do all ſhe did, until *I* went a journey with her into the Country; But ſince then, I have been convinced of my errour, by ſeeing her order her time ſo well, that ſhe had leaſure to do a thouſand things, which *I* could not do: for ſhe found as much time to ſleep as kept her complexion freſh, and her eyes in Luſtre: ſhe had time enough to dreſs her ſelf as gallantly as any did: ſhe had alſo her times of Reading, Writing, Studying, Walking, and ſtill time enough to look unto her buſineſs, and to enjoy her friends. And all this without being troubled, or being buſie. *I* would ſhe would teach me the ſecret (ſaid the fair *Athys*) for could I learn it, *I* would ſtrive to know more than I do. But before you oblige her to impart ſo great a ſecret, replied *Erinne*, *I* would all women here would well examine whether it be expedient that women generally ſhould know more than they do. *I* think that Queſtion will eaſily be reſolved, replied *Sapho*, for I muſt confeſs that though *I* am a declared enemy unto all women who are always in their Altitudes of knowledge and wiſdome, yet I cannot chuſe but extreamly condemn the other extream, and be aſhamed to ſee ſo many women of quality ſo groſsly ignorant, as in my opinion, they diſhonour their Sex. Nor know I any thing more injurious unto our Sex, than that any ſhould ſay a woman is not obliged to learn any thing: for if ſo, then would I alſo have her forbidden to ſpeak, and not taught to write: for if ſhe may write and ſpeak, it is but reaſon ſhe ſhould uſe all helps to better her underſtanding, to inform her judgment, and to learn how to ſpeak and write well. And ſeriouſly it is the oddeſt thing in the world to obſerve how women commonly are educated: They muſt not be any Goſſippers nor Gallants, and yet they are taught with abundance of care every quality that belongs to Gallantry, but never any thing that will fortifie their virtue, or improve their wits: Dancing, Singing, and Playing, are parts that muſt not by any means be neglected, but are never inſtructed in any thing which may make them ſpeak well, or carry themſelves in any buſineſs with diſcretion: And conſidering how ſome Ladies lead their lives, one would think that they were forbidden all reaſon or wit, for they do nothing in the world but ſleep, grow fat, and make themſelves fair, and never do or ſay any thing but fooliſhly; and I am ſure there's none in the company but knows ſome unto whom what I ſay is applicative: For my part, *I* do know one who uſeth continually to ſleep above twelve hours; who ſpends three or four in dreſſing her ſelf, or to ſay better in undreſſing her ſelf, for ſhe ſpends half the time in undoing what ſhe did before; afterwards ſhe imploys two or three more in her repaſt and collations, and all the reſt of the day is ſpent amongſt men unto whom ſhe knows not how to talk: Judge I beſeech you, whether the life of this Lady is not well ſpent: *I* muſt confeſs, replied *Alces*, many Ladies do live as you do ſay.

For my part, replied *Cydnon*, I am not at all concerned in what ſhe ſays, for ſince I ſpend my whole time in her company, *I* cannot be charged with any miſpending it: Oh *Cydnon*, replied *Amithone*, I heartily thank you for finding out ſo good a reaſon to make my ignorance excuſable; ſince *I* have as much right unto it as you (added the fair *Athys*) I may make the ſame uſe of it.

Were I as knowing as you are, (replyed *Erinne*) I ſhould not ſtand in need of any excuſe: For my part, (ſaid *Phylire*) I have no excuſe for my ſelf: For I have ſo ſeldome the happineſs of ſeeing *Sapho*, that I cannot make it my excuſe to have imployed any of my time in her company. And I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that ſometimes I trifle away a whole day, and yet cannot ſay that I had any conſiderable buſineſs: For my part (ſaid *Sapho*,) to ſpeak in general, the reaſon why women have ſo little time, is becauſe they ſpend it idely, and make a great buſineſs of every trifle: one miſplaced Curle is an hours rectification, and takes up more time, than a thing both of profit and delight would do, yet I would not have it thought (added ſhe) that I am at all againſt any womens ornaments or dancing, ſinging or playing, or ſuch accompliſhments: No, on the contrary, I allow them all delights and recreations: But to tell you truly, I would have them take as much care in dreſſing their minds as well as their bodies. And between being knowing and ignorant, I would have them take the middle between theſe two extreams, which will keep them from being troubleſome, by their ignorant ſtupidity or impertinent audacity. I aſſure you, replyed *Amithone*, this way is very hard to be found out. If any living can find it, and teach it, replyed *Phaon*, it muſt be *Sapho*. For my particular (replyed *Philire*) I ſhould be infinitely obliged unto her, if ſhe would be pleaſed to tell me how far a woman ought to be knowing: Doubtleſs it is very difficult (replyed *Sapho*) to give a general rule for what you ask: For there are ſuch variety and difference of ſpirits that no Law can be ſo univerſal, and not unjuſt.

Yet I conceive this for an infallible Maxime, that though I would have women to know more than generally they do, yet I would not have them talk as if they were knowing at all, I would have them give others leave and cauſe to ſay, that they know more than they will vaunt of, that they have good wits, that they can ſpeak well, and write elegantly, but I would not have it ſaid of them, that they are learned: Not but that thoſe who are not called learned may know as much, and perhaps more than thoſe unto whom they give that Title: yet I would have them conceal their knowledge and wits: Then I perceive (ſaid *Philire*) that there are ſome things which either they muſt not know, or elſe they muſt not ſhew them though they do know them. It is moſt certainly true, (replyed *Sapho*) that there are ſome Sciences which women ought never to learn, and that there are others which they may, yet they ought never to confeſs they know them, though they may let people gueſs as much. But, I beſeech you, unto what purpoſe is it for them to know ſuch things as they muſt never be known to know? (replyes *Philire.*) It will help them to underſtand what thoſe who are more learned than themſelves do ſay (replyed *Sapho*) and to ſpeak alſo to the purpoſe, without ſpeaking bookiſhly, but only as if natural ingenuity inſtructed them. Alſo there are a hundred delectable Sciences, which are not neceſſary to be kept ſecret, for they may very well ſpeak forreign Languages, they may confeſs that they have read *Homer*, *Heſiod*, and the excellent works of the illuſtrious *Ariſthius*, without any ſhewing too much Scholarſhip: Alſo they may give their opinions in ſo modeſt a manner without any unbecommingneſs to their Sex, as they may thereby make their wit, their knowledge, and their judgement to appear: They may and ought to know all the helps unto writing well, for in my opinion, it is a moſt groſs error, to ſay they would have women ſpeak well and write ill, and the priviledge of ignorance which they pretend unto is ſo ſhameful unto all their Sex in general, that if they underſtood it they would bluſh. The truth is, ſaid *Nicanor*, there is ſo little coherence in the Letters of Ladies, and ſuch odd Orthographie, as if they writ them purpoſely not to be underſtood, yet thoſe very ſame Ladies (ſaid *Sapho*) and laughed, who commit ſuch groſs faults in their writings, and have ſpent all their ſtock of wit in the firſt line, they will mock a whole day together at a poor ſtranger, who hath only miſtaken one word for another, yet it is much more ſtrange to ſee a witty woman commit a hundred faults in writing her own natural Language, than to ſee a *Scythian* ſpeak all Greek. Alas (ſaid *Philire*, and laughed) how deeply am *I* concerned in your diſcourſe? Yet you ſpeak ſo very well, replied I, as *I* cannot think it poſſible but you muſt write well alſo. I do believe, replied *Sapho*, that *Philire* writes as well as ſhe ſpeaks: but by your leave, there are ſome women who ſpeak well and write ill, and all meerly by their own negligence: I would gladly know how that comes to paſs (ſaid the fair *Athis*) the reaſon is, (replied *Sapho*) becauſe moſt women do not care for reading, or elſe they do not read applicatively, but run on without any reflection upon what they read: So that though they have read the very ſame words which they write a thouſand times over, yet they viſit them wrong, and miſlocating the Letters they patch up confuſed nonſence by a cuſtom. All this is moſt true, replied *Erinne*, for yeſterday I made a viſit unto one of my friends who is newly returned out of the Country, and I carried all the Letters which ſhe had writ unto me, that ſhe might read them unto me.

'Tis plain therefore, replied *Sapho*, that I had good reaſon to wiſh women would uſe to read much, and to read with application: And when they are alone to make choice of ſome merry or ſerious book according to their humour, for it is moſt certain that reading doth ſooner and better refine wit, and inform the Judgment, than Converſation alone can; for truly Converſation doth only give us the firſt thoughts of thoſe who ſpeak, which often are tumultuous, and ſo undigeſted, that the ſpeakers do condemn them within a quarter of an hour after: But reaſon gives us the concocted opinion of thoſe who writ the Books we read. So that though they read ſimply for their delight, yet it will imprint ſomething in the mind of the Reader, which will better it, and preſerve them from falling into many groſs errours which ignorance would plunge them into: For my part, ſaid *Alces*, I know one of thoſe bold ignorants, who will be talking of every thing, though ſhe know nothing, who talking the other day unto a ſtranger which was relating his Travels, ſhe diſcovered her ignorance ſo far, as it appeared ſhe thought the *Caſpian* Sea greater than the *Egean*, and that the *Euxine* Sea was beyond the *Caſpian*. And that the *Egean* Sea was the leaſt of all others. I would adviſe all women, replied *Sapho*, not to talk much of what they know well, and not to talk at all what they know not.

And indeed, I would have them never to be very knowing, nor very ignorant, but only to manage well thoſe advantages which Nature hath given them. I would have them (as I ſaid before) be as careful to beautifie their minds as their perſons. But I beſeech you, ſaid *Philire*, how can women find leiſure to read and learn any thing? That time which Ladies loſe in doing of nothing, or in doing things nothing to any purpoſe, replied *Sapho*, would ſerve to let them know enough, to conceal their ignorance. Moreover, do not imagine, I would have any woman ſuch a perpetual Reader, as never to talk: No (but on the contrary) I would have her read only ſo much as will teach her how to ſpeak well. And would adviſe them to converſation, as well as to the other, provided they never tranſgreſs the modeſty of their Sex. But I wiſh with all my heart that women were not ſuch ſluggards as they are, and I wiſh that I my ſelf may apply theſe Counſels unto my ſelf which I give unto others. Madam, replied *Phaon*, your modeſty goes too far, and you need not ſay that of your ſelf which none does think. The truth is, ſaid *Nicanor*, the fair *Sapho* is very unjuſt unto her own merit. She is ſo juſt unto the merit of others (replied *Athys*) that it were ſtrange ſhe ſhould not be ſo unto her own.

Her advantage is, (replyed *Cydnon*) that every one renders her that juſtice which ſhe denys her ſelf; and though ſhe conceals her ſelf as much as ſhe can, yet her excellencies are known unto all *Greece*: You clip the wings of Fame (replyed *Phaon*, and ſmiled) for I am certain that the name of *Sapho* is famous throughout the whole World. For Heavens ſake (ſaid the moſt admirable woman, interrupting him and bluſhing) ſpeak not thus in my preſence: For I cannot endure it ſhould be thought I take any delight in ſuch high Applauds, ſince I am moſt confidently perſwaded (and I ſpeak it with all the ſincerity of my heart) that I do not deſerve them: If that be true, Madam, replyed *Athys*, it is very ſtrange that you ſhould be knowing in ſo many things, and yet be ignorant of your own merit: Seriouſly (replied *Sapho*, in a lovely chafe) unleſs you do unaccuſtom your ſelves from commending me, I ſhall unaccuſtom my ſelf from ſeeing you any more. Oh, Madam, (cried *Phaon*, *Nicanor*, *Alces*, and *I* all at once,) For Heaven's ſake do not threaten us with any ſuch ſad affliction. But after this, *Sapho* continuing her diſcourſe with her accuſtomed modeſty, ſhe told us a hundred pleaſing ſtories, and knew ſo well how to charm the company, that we parted not till night.

At our going from *Sapho*'s houſe, we ſaw *Themiſtogenes* leading *Damophile*: And the next day we heard by one of his friends, that he preferred her a thouſand degrees before *Sapho*: So as wondering at his extravagancy, we both of us promiſed to ſhun him as well as *Damophile*. In the mean time, I began to perceive, that *Phaon* in all likelyhood, would fall in love with *Sapho*, if he were not ſo already. On the other ſide, I underſtood by my Siſter that *Sapho* did infinitely eſteem him, and that he pleaſed her more than all the men ſhe ever ſaw. *Alces* who was *Tiſander*'s ſpie, did alſo perceive this growing love of *Phaon*, and the inclination of *Sapho*, for he hinted as much unto the fair *Athys* with whom he was in love: *Nicanor*, who was one of

Sapho's adorers, had ſome ſlight ſuſpition of it. And both *Amithone* and *Erinne* did perceive it as the reſt did. As for *Sapho*, ſhe knew that *Phaon* was in love with her before he ever told her; for ſhe had ſuch a ſuitable and delicate ſpirit of diſcernment into every thing, that ſhe perfectly knew what thoughts every one had of her, and ſometimes knew them before they knew themſelves: As fervent as the friendſhip was which any bore unto this charming Lady, ſhe would never take it under any notion of Love: And how faint and cold ſoever this paſſion was in the hearts of ſome men who were not capable of any zealous fires, by reaſon of their frozen tempers, ſhe would never take them under the notion of Friendſhip: So that it is moſt certain, ſhe preciſely knew in what degree any one loved her: And it was ſo impoſſible to conceal it from her, that it was abſolute folly to attempt it; for ſhe could ſo well diſtinguiſh between the looks of friendſhip and the looks of Love, that ſhe was never miſtaken.

Moreover, ſhe did not only know of what natures the affection of any was unto her: but alſo ſhe knew what thoughts every one who uſed to viſit her had unto one another: So as this diſcerning knowledge of all hearts enabled her to manage matters ſo cunningly, that ſhe made all Rivals live in peace, and ſhe augmented or leſſened the affection which any bore unto her, almoſt as ſhe pleaſed. And yet this laſt quality had more difficulty in it than the other: for ſhe is ſo very lovely, that it is a very hard matter for any Lover to go leſs: yet ſtill ſhe would ſo temper them, as that they would tell her no more than what ſhe had a mind to hear.

Sapho having ſuch a diſcerning eye, ſhe quickly ſaw that *Phaon* was in love with her, and the ſight of it did not offend her, but found ſuch a ſweet reliſh of it in her heart, as ſhe plainly ſaw that if ſhe would ever defend her ſelf againſt *Phaon*, ſhe muſt begin betimes, ſo as ſhe reſolved to overcome her ſelf: But ſhe could not reſolve to hinder *Phaon* from loving her, and contented her ſelf with never anſwering his affection by the like. However, *Cydnon* being her grand Confident, they held a Councel together about it, which I intend to relate unto you, that you may the better know the temper of *Sapho*'s Soul.

My Siſter being then with her one Evening, and both leaning upon a *Balcone* which opened towards the Sea, ſhe ſaw by Moon-light ſome Ships coming to *Mytelene*. I wiſh theſe be not the Ships of *Thraſibulus*, which bring back *Tyſander* unto us (ſaid ſhe, and ſmiled.) For that Prince being of very much merit, I wiſh for his own tranquility he may not return unto a place where he would be more miſerable than when he departed: I cannot ſee, replied *Sapho*, that any great alterations have hapned here ſince his departure: For I hold him in the ſame degree of eſteem as I did, and my heart has the ſame reſolutions of never loving him: If that were all, replied *Cydnon*, he would not be ſo miſerable as he is like to be; but I know there is ſomething more in it: I wonder, replied *Sapho*, why, you ſhould ſay ſo. Since you would needs have it replied *Cydnon*, I muſt tell you that *Phaon* is here: *Cydnon*, you are always ſo full of your Querks (replied *Sapho*, and bluſhed) that I need not wonder at them. I aſſure you, Madam, replied *Cydnon*, there is no Querks in what I ſay, for it is ſo apparent *Phaon* is in love with you, as it is impoſſible to be one hour in his company and not perceive it: And when he is in your preſence, they muſt be blind who do not ſee it, and deaf who cannot underſtand it by his words; for he ſpeaks always with ſuch cordial earneſtneſs, that his thoughts cannot be doubted: However, replied *Sapho*, they do not ſee me anſwer him with the ſame earneſtneſs. You, Madam, replied *Cydnon*, do know ſo well how to regulate all your actions, that your thoughts can never be known by your actions: Yet I who know you better than any others, I am moſt confident you do not hate *Phaon*, and that if Fate have reſolved you muſt love any, it muſt be him: I perceive, *Cydnon*, (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) that you think you have ſtoln from me the Art of knowing the thoughts of others by bare conjectures: but I believe that you are now miſtaken in your Conjectures and Predictions: 'Tis true, added ſhe, that *Phaon* was very glad to find that I did reſemble *Damophile:* and to be ſincere with you, I know he loves me, or at leaſt hath ſome inclination to it: But I muſt profeſs unto you, that I have no intentions to anſwer his love. For ſince exact decency requires one ſhould not only defend themſelves againſt criminal affections, but from the moſt innocent alſo, I muſt obſerve it, and not expoſe my ſelf unto ſcandal, although I am perſwaded that it is not impoſſible but one may love very innocently. I do believe it is not impoſſible, replied *Cydnon:* And ſince there are many men have honeſt hearts, there can be no great danger in engaging with them. It is ſo dangerous, ſaid *Sapho*, that ſince I knew the world, I never knew two whom I could think capable of any compliance of ſuch a nature as I imagine.

But to ſpeak unto you as unto my ſecond ſelf, though decency hath ſo eſtabliſhed it a Law, that Women ſhould not love any by reaſon of the bad conſequences which love may cauſe when it is in bad minds and hearts, which have only groſs, brutal, and terreſtrial thoughts: Yet let me poſitively tell you, that it is unjuſt, and without derogation from ſolid Virtue. I believe one may make ſome diſtinction between ſome men, and contract a pure affection with one whom one ſhall make choice of.

And indeed, the gods who never made any thing in vain, did not create in vain a certain inclination in our ſouls to love: But, *Cydnon*, the grand difficulty is to regulate this affection, to make a good choice of him whom one would love, and to carry it ſo diſcreetly, that ſcandal it ſelf cannot cavil at it: And when all is done, it is moſt certain that nothing is comparably ſo ſweet as to be loved by a perſon whom one doth love. Doubt not but that I do condemn all the irregular extravagancies of Love, but I do not condemn the paſſion it ſelf which cauſed it: And the truth is, thoſe extravagancies proceed rather from the diſtempers of thoſe who are in love, than from love it ſelf: and it muſt be confeſſed, that they who do not know, that I know not what which redoubles all delights, and has the art of giving ſweetneſs unto inquietude, they do not know how far joys can reach. As for thoſe Ladies who take delight in being loved without loving again, they have no other ſatisfaction than what their own vanities affords them: But I do comprehend that there are a thouſand ſweets which are all purity and all innocency in a mutual affection. This agreeable exchange of thoughts, of ſecret thoughts, this communion of ſouls which is made between two perſons who love each other, is a pleaſure unutterable, unconceiveable. And to judge of Love by Friendſhip, I aſſure you, my dear *Cydnon*, that I am now more joyed in opening my heart unto you, than I ſhould be if we were together at the moſt glorious Feaſt in the world.

Then, Madam, to taſte theſe joys more fully (replied *Cydnon*) I conjure you to open your moſt ſecret thoughts unto me, and confeſs unto me ſincerely, that if you find in *Phaon* all that is deſirable to contract ſuch an affection with him as you imagine, that you would have much ado to defend your ſelf: And to carry this confidence as far as it will go, tell me truly the nature of this affection, and in what manner you imagine it. Ah *Cydnon* (ſaid ſhe unto her) you engage me very far; yet ſince I will not deny you any thing, I will anſwer to your queſtion, and tell you that I am not of their minds who ſpeak of love, as of a thing which cannot be innocent, unleſs they intend to marry: For my part, I muſt confeſs unto you, that the delicacy of my Mind, of my Fancy, and of that Idea which I conceive of this paſſion is ſuch, that I do not think that kind of Matrimonial Love to be pure and noble enough: And if I found in my heart only ly a bare deſire of marrying any one, I ſhould bluſh as for a crime, upbraid my ſelf as with a thing unworthy of my ſelf, and ſhould be more aſhamed than other women uſe to be of a criminal Gallantry.

But I beſeech you, Madam, replied *Cydnon*, would you have any love you without any hopes? I would have him hope to be loved, replied ſhe, but I would not have him hope any further; and it is the greateſt folly in the world to love any one, unleſs with intention to love for ever: But to love any other way than as I intend, is to expoſe ones ſelf to fall from love unto indifferency, from indifferency to hatred, and from hatred to ſcorn.

But I beſeech you tell me, replied *Cydnon*, how you intend one ſhould love you, and how you do intend to love? I expect, ſaid ſhe, that one ſhould love me fervently, that he ſhould love none but me, and love me with all imaginable reſpect: I would have his love ſo tender and ſenſible, as to think the leaſt trifle from me a delight, I would have his love to have the ſolidity of friendſhip, and founded upon eſteem, and upon inclination. Moreover, I would have this Lover to be moſt faithful and ſincere: yet would I have him to admit of no confident of his paſſion but my ſelf, but ſo lock up his love in his heart, that I may brag of being the only one who knows it: I would have him alſo tell me all his ſecrets, impart all his ſorrows unto me: I would have the ſight of me to be his chief felicity, and that my abſence may be a moſt ſad affliction to him: That he never mention the leaſt Syllable to me, which may make me ſuſpect his love, and that he fully perſwade me that it is fervent and eternally durable: In ſhort, my dear *Cydnon*, I would have a Lover, and not a Husband: I would have him ſuch a one as contenting himſelf with the poſſeſſion of my heart, ſhould love me till death: and if I cannot find out ſuch a one, I will never have any. Well, Madam, replied *Cydnon*, ſince you have told me how you would be loved, ſo I beſeech you tell me how you do intend to love. In telling the one, replied ſhe, *I* have told you the other: and there ought to be no other difference of thoughts, than ſuch as cuſtom hath eſtabliſhed, which requires that the man muſt be more complaiſant, more obſequious, and more ſubmiſſive: As for matter of tenderneſs and confidence, doubtleſs they ought to be both equal: and if any difference be to be made, it is in this, that the man ought to give teſtimonies of his love, and the woman to let him only gueſs at hers.

If *Phaon* be ever ſo happy, replied *Cydnon*, as to give you any teſtimonies of his love, and that you permit him to gueſs at yours, doubtleſs he will be the moſt worthy of all mens envy. If he be worthy of envy, replied *Sapho*, *I* ſhould much fear I ſhould not be worthy of pity: For conſidering the conſtitution of my heart, if I ſhould once love, *I* ſhould love ſo tenderly, and in ſuch good earneſt, that it would be hard for any one to pay me back love with uſury. Yet *I* am fully perſwaded that to be happy in loving, one muſt at leaſt believe that they are as much loved as they love; for otherwiſe one ſhould be aſhamed of their own weakneſs, and vexed at the neutrality of the other. Therefore, *Cydnon*, though *I* do believe one may innocently love, and though *I* think *Phaon* to be amiable, and that he hath an inclination to love me, yet *I* am reſolved to do what *I* can, not to love him.

But, Madam, whilſt *Sapho* was talking thus with my Siſter, *Phaon* was talking with me of things very particular; and we two being always inſeparable, we walked that Evening upon a Tarraſs, the end of which was towards the Sea, by which one goes to *Sicily:* So as after we had walked a while, he leaned upon the Rails by himſelf, and fell into ſuch a profound muſing, that *I* knew he never thought *I* was there. *I* had formerly obſerved many paſſages, which induced me to believe that he was in love with *Sapho*, and therefore *I* knew he thought more of her than me. And to twit him with it, I believe (ſaid *I* unto him) that ſince you look ſo earneſtly towards *Sicily*, you are thinking of that fair fool whom you loved there: Fie, cruel friend (ſaid he unto me) mock not at my miſery, it is enough you have been the cauſe of it, without inſulting upon a wretched man who hath changed his mind. Why (ſaid I unto him, do you not think it better to love a fair fool, than a fair wiſe one? No, no, *Democedes*, ſaid he unto me, I think it ſo ſtrange that I ſhould ever love a witleſs woman, that I am perſwaded I was out of my own wits, or never had any until I came from *Sicily*: But dear friend, added he, before I diſcover the ſecrets of my Soul unto you, tell me truly how you ſtand affected unto the fair *Sapho*; for if you be my Rival, you are not fit to be my Confident. Doubtleſs I am a very great admirer of *Sapho*, replied I, but I never durſt be her Lover: Then friend, I am bolder than you, replied he, for I do love that divine Lady in ſo high a manner, as I think I ſhall loſe my wits. When I firſt carried you thither (replied I, and ſmiled) you did not believe you could ever fall in love with any learned woman: Ah! *Democedes*, ſaid he unto me, I did not think ſhe hand learned the Art of charming hearts; but alas I was miſtaken, and I find you had good reaſon to ſay that every one muſt be miſerable before happy in love: For ſuch is the ſtate I am in, that I find more delight in only meeting the eyes of *Sapho*, than I did in being loved by my fair fool: I found no difficulty in obtaining her eſteem, and I wonder now that I did not ſcorn her. She looked upon me indeed very favourably, and looked upon me with eyes very fair; but they ſignified ſo little, and underſtood my mind ſo very ill, that I wonder how I came to think her fair.

The truth is, *Democedes*, I am now very far from loving a fair Fool, ſince I love the fair *Sapho*; but alas, the Grand difficulty is, to tell her as much, and to tell her that I would be loved: Since, Friend, you have all accompliſhments requiſite to merit her eſteem, replied I, how know you but you may win her affection? I have been conſulting with her eyes above theſe eight days, replied he, and endeavoured to divine my deſtiny, and whether I am ſo much in her favour as to diſcover my love unto her, but to tell you truly, I know not what to think; ſometimes methinks her eyes do give me ſome kind of far fetcht hopes; and ſometimes again, they bid me deſpair; but however, all her looks augments my love, my heart trembles at every glance of her eye, which inſpires me with ſuch kind of I know not what delights, as I cannot expreſs them; when I am with her, I can do nothing elſe but look upon her: Wonder not therefore at my muſing, my dear *Democedes*, for my Soul is ſo wholly taken up with this divine Lady, that though I ſpeak, yet I cannot think of any thing but her. I can think of nothing, but what heavenly delight it would be to be beloved by ſuch an Angel as ſhe; and what an honour it would be to infuſe ſome weakneſs into ſo great a wit, as that of the moſt admirable *Sapho.* I am thinking of all that I can ſay unto her, and when I am alone by my ſelf, yet I have long conference with her: The truth is, I do find the fair *Sapho* to be very Civil, Sweet, and obliging to me; but for all that, ſhe truſts me with no ſecret, and I could never oblige her to ſhew me any of her Verſes. This moſt admirable Lady is ſo modeſt, replied I, that her denial need be no wonder unto you, for you have not yet been ſo long acquainted, as to come unto the honour of ſuch a ſingular priviledge.

But however, you have this advantage (ſaid I unto him) that unto this hour ſhe never ſuſpected you of ever loving any, though ſhe knows you have a very paſſionate Soul.

After this, Madam, we retired, taking no notice whilſt we talked, that the Moon was in an Eclipſe, but in our retiring we met *Themiſtogenes* with five or ſix men learned in Aſtrology, whom he was carrying unto *Damophile*, purpoſely to argue with them in her preſence upon this Eclipſe: And we underſtood afterwards that they ſpent almoſt all the night at her Houſe in talking of the Earth's interpoſition between the Sun and the Moon, and many other things of that nature; ſo that all the noble company who uſed to meet at *Sapho*'s did much divert themſelves at this adventure; for ſince *Cynegere*, with whom *Sapho* dwelt, did very well know her wiſdom and diſcretion, ſhe permitted every one to go into her Chamber, though *Cynegere* was not preſent, ſo that *Amithone*, *Erinne*, *Athys*, *Cydnon*, *Nicanor*, *Phaon*, *Alces*, and I, being all with *Sapho*, we made the converſation very pleaſant, by having up all the follies which were in agitation at *Damophile*'s, and though *Sapho* did not affect any Rallary in her preſence, yet ſhe did not contradict this, but on the contrary, was the firſt which twitted *Damophile*'s, to the end it might the better be known how great the difference was between them; ſo as making a very pleaſant deſcription of a confuſed company, ſhe did extreamly divert all her own Society. However, ſaid *Cydnon*, we get this advantage from the fooliſh converſation of *Damophile*, that it ſerves to render ours more diverting, by the excellent deſcription which *Sapho* made of it: I wiſh ſhe would alſo deſcribe unto us, replied *Phaon*, all other kind of fantaſtical converſations which are to be found in the world: Indeed, ſaid *Athys*, it would be very pleaſant if ſhe would be pleaſed to take ſo much pains, as to obſerve all their impertinencies.

You put me upon a hard employment, replied *Sapho*, it would be much better and ſhorter, if every one in particular would deſcribe that converſation which hath moſt wearied them: For my part, ſaid *Erinne*, I am very glad of that; for I was yeſterday in a company which I thought would have talked me to death, for I was in the midſt of ten or twelve women, who talked everlaſtingly; but of no other ſubject than trivial Domeſtick buſineſs, the faults of their Servants, the good qualities of their Children; and there was one woman amongſt the reſt, who ſpent an hour in repeating Syllable after Syllable, the firſt pratling of her Son, who was three years of age: Judge, I beſeech you, what a fine time I had of it. I aſſure you, replied *Nicanor*, that

I ſpent my time no better than you did; for *I* was much againſt my will engaged amongſt a Troop of Women, who ſpent a whole day in talking of nothing but the goodneſs or the badneſs of their Cloaths, telling or asking what they coſt, ſome out of vanity, ſaid they coſt more than they did: Others to ſhew their skill in buying, ſaid leſs: So *I* wiſhed my part of the day out of the Kalendar: For my part, replied the fair *Athys*, I was within theſe five days with a company of Ladies, who though they had wit enough, yet were extreamly troubleſome, for they were Ladies who were Gallants by profeſſion, who had every one their buſineſs, and buſineſs which did ſo wholly take them up, as they thought of nothing but taking one anothers Gallants from them, by all manner of ſtratagems: ſo as though one were not of their intrigues, yet one ſhould be engaged with them, or elſe either be driven to a non plus, or non-plus them.

Indeed as long as *I* was with them, I heard them, always talking, but never underſtood what they ſaid for there was one on my right hand, who told her who was next her, that ſhe knew ſuch a one was broken off with ſuch a one; and that this man had renewed with that woman, never naming any: And there was another on my left hand who talking to a Lady next her, the moſt fooliſhly that ever was heard; for (ſaid ſhe in a mighty fret) ſhe you know of, need not to brag of taking my Gallant from me, ſince ſhe had never gotten him from me, but becauſe I had caſt him off, and if the toy take me *I* can call him again, and ſhe ſhall never be the better for him as long as ſhe lives, and the very truth is, *I* never was in all mylife put ſo much out of all patience, as that day.

For my part (ſaid *Cydnon*, had I been in your room, *I* would have laughed at them who wearied me; but I could not do ſo three days ſince at a man and a woman, whoſe whole diſcourſe was of two things, either of *Mytelenian* Genealogies, or of the eſtates belonging to families; for what delight can be taken in hearing tell a whole day together, that *Zenocrates* was the Son of *Tryphon*, *Clidemes* Son to *Lenophantes*, *Lenophantes* was deſcended from *Thyrſeus*, and ſo they begot one another: Alſo what pleaſure is to be taken in hearing one talk of ſuch a houſe wherein you have no intereſt, nor ever had, no nor is ever like to have as long as you live; how it was built by ſuch a one, bought by another, and exchang'd by a third, and that it is now at this preſent in the poſſeſſion of a man whom you know not? This queſtionleſs is not very pleaſing, replied *Alces*, but it is not ſo tedious as to meet with a man who has ſome peeviſh buſineſs in hand, and will not talk of any thing elſe: For I once met a Sea Captain, who pretended that *Pittacus* ought to make him recompence for a Ship which he had loſt, who held me three long and tedious hours in relating thoſe reaſons which he had for his pretence; and who will anſwer and reply, and object and anſwer *Pro*, and *Con*, as if the caſe were pleading before a Judge: And the better to underſtand his loſs, he would tell me by piece-meal what he was forced to caſt out of his Ship, and would name every perſon in it one after another, when it was to no purpoſe in the earth.

'Tis true, ſaid *Amithone*, that this is a very great perſecution; but *I* muſt tell you, that grave and ſerious converſations, where every word is delivered in *Querpo*, and where the leaſt ſmile is not permitted, hath ſomething ſo tedious in it, that *I* am never amongſt ſuch, but my head akes, for one muſt always ſpeak in one tone, never laugh, but be as compoſed as in the Temple: Such company is very tedious, replied *Phaon*, but there are a ſort quite oppoſite unto thoſe who are infinitely againſt the ſtrain of my fancy; for *I* was one day at *Syracuſe*, with five or ſix women, and two or three men, who had a fancy, that to make the company more merry, could be continually laughing, ſo that as long as they went together they laughed at every word which one ſaid unto another, there was no jeſt or pleaſant conceit in it, but made ſuch a mad din as deafed one another, and laughed, only becauſe others laughed without any other reaſon; but what is moſt ſtrange is, that laughter has ſuch a contagion ſometimes in it, that there is no Antidote againſt the diſeaſe; but being one day amongſt theſe eternal laughers, they ſo infected me, that I laughed until tears trickleddown my cheeks, and knew not any reaſon in theworld for it: But to tell you truly, *I* was ſo aſhrmed at my ſelf, that within a quarter of an hour, my joys were turned into ſorrows. Though it be much folly to laugh without any cauſe, replied *Sapho*, yet I ſhould not be ſo much weary with being in the company of ſuch merry People, as with thoſe whoſe diſcourſe is nothing but telling ſuch pitiful, and ſad long-winded ſtories, as would tire out patience it ſelf; for I know a woman who knows all the tragical adventures which ever hapned; who will ſpend a whole day in deploring the miſeries of life, and in relating lamentable accidents, in ſuch a ſad and languiſhing tone, as if ſhe had been hired to ſing the doleful dity of the world's miſery. Yet *I* do know a houſe where their diſcourſe uſeth to be as irkſome as poſſible, replied *Erinne*, for they never talk of any thing but the trifling paſſages of their neighbourhood, of which Courtiers, unleſs by great accident, I never ſo much as heard of, or have any thing to do with. *I* have heard them name a hundred perſons in one day whom they know not; and they would talk of a hundred obſcure paſſages, the noiſe of which never went out of the ſtreet where they were done, and which in themſelves were ſo ſilly, and ſo far from any delighting, as that they were very troubleſome.

It is a great affiiction, replied *Nicanor*, to be in a great company where every one hath a ſecret, eſpecially unto one who hath none, nor any thing to do, but to hear that humming murmur, which they make who are talk ng in low voices: Yet were there whiſpers upon real ſecrets, replied *Sapho*, my patience would allow it: but oftentimes they are only upon a trivial buſineſs, no better than a Child's Rattle bought at the laſt Fair. *I* know ſome people, added *Alces*, who in my opinion are very wearyſome, though ſometimes they are a little pleaſing; for they have ſuch a vain of telling great news, as they never talk of any thing under a great Battel, or the Siege of ſome conſiderable Town, or ſome grand Revolution in the world: and they would have you to know, that the gods did not alter the face of the Univerſe, but only to furniſh them with diſcourſe; for excepting theſe high ſtories, they have nothing to ſay, nor can endure any other talk: So as unleſs you know the very bottom of Policy, and have Hiſtory at your fingers end, there is no talking with them of any thing. The truth is, replied *I*, it is very tedious to hearken unto ſuch people: but ſuch kind of people as without any care of the general buſineſs of the world, will hear of nothing but privacies, are very troubleſome; for you ſhall ſee them always as buſie as if they had a thouſand great weighty affairs in tranſaction, though they are of no other nature than medling in other mens matters, and running from houſe to houſe with this or that tittle tattle, as publick Spies, who are every where, and deſire not the knowledge of any thing to any other end than to tell it again. All theſe kinds of people, replied *Sapho*, are very obnoxious unto Civil Societies, and the principal Rule of all companies ought to be, never to utter any thing againſt ſound judgment. *I* would gladly know, ſaid *Nicanor*, how you would have our converſation to be regulated: To ſpeak in general, replied ſhe, our diſcourſe ought to be more of things ordinary and gallant, than of any high matters; yet I conceive, that nothing but what is diſcreet muſt intervene: Our talk ought to be free, pleaſing, and pertinent, according to the times, places, and perſons we talk of. To ſpeak always nobly of inferiours, ſimply of high matters, very gallantly of things gallant, and all without any affectation or earneſtneſs. And though converſation ought always to be natural and reaſonable; y[illegible] I muſt needs ſay, that upon ſome occaſions, Sciences may be handſomly brought in, and trivial follies may alſo have their place, provided they be ingenious and gallant. So as to ſpeak rationally, I conceive there is nothing but may be brought into converſation, ſo it hath wit and judgment in it. But the moſt neceſſary quality to render it ſweet and pleaſant, is a kind of Politeneſs of wit which abſolutely excludes all manner of biting jeſts, and ſuch as may offend a chaſt ear.

I would have every one to have the art of turning things ſo ingeniouſly, as that they may without offence ſpeak of gallantry unto the moſt Auſtere Nun in the world, and to tell a trifling tale unto the graveſt and moſt ſerious men: to talk of Sciences and ignorance if they be forced; and to vary ones wit, according to the things talked of, and Perſons to whom they talk: But above all, I would have a certain ſpirit of mirth to be predominant, which without any tincture of the follies in thoſe eternal Laughers, who make a great noiſe upon a little matter, may inſpire into the hearts of all the company, a diſpoſition to divert themſelves at any thing, and to be troubled at nothing: and I allow them to talk of greater matters, provided ſtill they talk well, and without any pumping for their words, and of ſuch things as are fit to be talked of.

The laws, Madam, which you gave unto converſation are ſuch, replied *Phaon*, as whoſoever ſhall admire your wiſdom, and carry themſelves as you do, will merit the admiration of the whole earth, for never any had ſuch an art of pleaſing, of charming, and of diverting, as your ſelf. I would all you ſay were true (replied ſhe, and bluſhed) and that I could believe you more than I do my ſelf; but to ſhew you that I cannot, and that I know my ſelf often faulty, I ingeniouſly declare that I have ſpoken too much, and that in lieu of telling you all my conceptions concerning Society, I ſhould only have ſaid as much of all the company, as you have ſaid of me. After this, every one oppoſing the modeſty of

Sapho, we all commended her ſo highly, that we more than half angred her; but afterwards the diſcourſe was ſo gallant, ſo free, ſo pleaſant, and merry, that it continued till night when we all parted. *Phaon*, who more fettered in the nets of Love than before, would needs ſtay the laſt with *Sapho*, and his paſſion was ſo fervent, that he reſolved to give it a little vent, and not to leave her until he had given her ſome glimps of it: So that after we were all gone, he asked pardon for troubling her ſo long, but, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) when I ſaw you only in company, methought I did not ſee you enough. 'Tis true, I am much bettered by your Elegant diſcourſe, and I do admire it more than any; but for all that, I am more joyed when I hear you in preſence of none elſe; and two or three words only, which are interrupted only by my ſelf, do give me fuller ſatisfaction, and would more raviſh me, than all your excellent Language wherewith you have charmed all the company this day: Were you in love with me (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) I ſhould think theſe expreſſions very gallant, but ſince I entertain none but friends, and will never look upon any Lovers, I muſt chide you, for profiting no better by my diſcourſe concerning Converſation. Since this your Language would be very ſuitable unto a Miſtreſs, but not unto a Friend. I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid he, do you think my Language very ſuitable unto a perſon whom I loved? You know I am always ſincere, replied ſhe, and therefore you may believe I ſpeak my thoughts. Then, Madam, (replied he, and looked upon her) my Language is moſt ſuitable unto you, for I do not ſpeak it only unto a friend, but unto one with whom I am moſt deſperately in love: and that in ſuch an humble and reverent manner, that you cannot be offended at me. If decency would allow me (replied *Sapho*, and bluſhed) not to be offended at a declaration of Love, I believe I ſhould not be offended at you; but, *Phaon*, it will not, and therefore I muſt either be angry with you, or elſe not believe you: Oh! Madam (cried out *Phaon*) never

ver make any queſtion between theſe two, but be certain, that I had rather be treated ill, than not believed.

Since you never ſaw me angry, replied ſhe very gallantly, you know not what you ſay, but ſince I know what is good for you better than you do your ſelf, I will neither be angry with you nor believe you. Oh! I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid he unto her) believe me and be angry too, if you cannot believe me without being angry: for as I told you before, I had much rather ſee you angry than incredulous. Since belief is a thing not in our own power, replied ſhe, we cannot believe what we would: And therefore when I ſaid that it was in my choice whether I ſhould believe you or be angry with you, I conceive that I ſpoke improperly, and had better ſay, that it being impoſſible for me to believe you, it is alſo impoſſible for me to be angry with you. But I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) why cannot you believe that I love you? Is it becauſe you think your ſelf not fair and charming enough to captivate hearts? Is it becauſe I have not wit enough to know your tranſcendencies? Is it becauſe my ſoul is frozen, and my heart incapable of any tender paſſion? Is it becauſe my eyes never yet met yours, and told them what my heart thinks? Or is it becauſe the moſt admired *Sapho* does think the unhappy *Phaon* ſo unworthy to bear her Chains, that ſhe had rather think him inſenſible, than ſuffer him to wear them? But, Madam, ſay what you pleaſe, I can never believe that a perſon who is ſo ſuperlatively knowing in all things, ſhould not know that I adore her. I aſſure you (replied *Sapho* gallantly) I am ſo far from knowing it, that I am perſwaded you do not know it your ſelf; therefore to do you all the favour I can, I will give you three months time to examine your own thoughts, without mentioning the leaſt Syllable of any ſuch thing unto me; and if after that you think ſtill that you love me, I ſhall adviſe upon it, whether I ſhould believe you and be angry: In the mean time, let us both live, I conjure you, as formerly we uſed. *Sapho* expreſſing her ſelf with ſuch a gallant air, that *Phaon* making no queſtion but that ſhe believed he loved her, he thought himſelf very happy, in that he had ſaid ſo much, and was no worſe treated: And *Sapho* being unwilling he ſhould force her to be angry with him, ſhe diſmiſſed him, and kept ſuch a ſtrict decorum in all her words, that if her eyes had not betrayed the ſecret of her heart, *Phaon* could not have gleaned any hopes: But ſince queſtionleſs ſhe had a very ſtrong inclination to him, her looks aſſured him, that his paſſion did not diſpleaſe her: So as he went away well ſatisfied, and very extreamly fettered in love.

In the mean time, *Sapho* was not ſo well ſatisfied, for my Siſter told me, that ſhe was very unquiet. Not but that ſhe had all the advantageous thoughts of *Phaon* that was poſſible; but it was, becauſe knowing the tenderneſs of her own heart, ſhe was afraid of being engaged to love, and her fears were the more, becauſe ſhe perceived in her Soul ſuch a favourable opinion of this Lover, that ſhe feared her reaſon was too weak for her inclination. And ſhe ſaw ſhe had more reaſon to fear it, becauſe ſhe obſerved that all which *Alces* ſaid unto her in behalf of the Prince *Tyſander*, did much more diſpleaſe her than before: and ſhe obſerved that ſhe did leſs divert her ſelf amongſt her friends, than ſhe was wont before *Phaon*'s acquaintance. She could not chuſe, when the fancy of compoſing Verſes was upon her, but think upon *Phaon*, and he did ſo much run in her memory, in her heart, and imagination; that ſhe would often name him for another: So that *Cydnon* did often in a jeſting way ask her what progreſs ſhe made in the heart of *Phaon*? and what progreſs *Phaon* made in hers? At the firſt, *Sapho* was wont to anſwer in merriment, as ſhe asked the queſtion, but afterwards her anſwers were more ſerious, and at laſt her anſwers were ſo peeviſh, that *Cydnon* for a time gave over asking any more. But after a two Months ſilence concerning that Subject, ſhe who would not anſwer then unto any queſtions which were asked concerning *Phaon*, did now begin the firſt to ſpeak of him. But the truth is, ſhe began not till after the conſequence of an adventure which I ſhall acquaint you with.

Be pleaſed to know then, that a moſt admirable Limner whoſe name was *Leon*, coming unto *Mytelene*, all the Friends of *Sapho* were importunate with her to let her Picture be taken, and they were ſo very earneſt with her that ſhe was forced to ſatisfie them in a very particular manner, for ſhe was reſolved to let every one of her Friends have one, both women and men; ſo that her Lovers, to obtain this honour, did all ſhroud themſelves under the notion of Friends, and they pretended unto this honour in ſuch a gallant way, as ſhe knew not how to avoid it; for *Nicanor*, *Phaon*, *Alces*, and my ſelf, being one day at her houſe: And *Amithone*, *Erinne*, *Ahtys*, and *Cydnon* being there alſo; we all began to oblige *Cynegere* to ſolicite *Sapho* for her Picture, every one acquainting her with the rights they had to pretend unto it; ſo that *Nicanor* and *Phaon*, though the Lovers of *Sapho*, yet pleaded as if they were only her Friends: And *Alces*, though *Tyſander*'s Solicitor, ſued for this Picture, under a pretence of *Tyſander*'s Friendſhip; ſo as there was only I who ſaid what I thought. It was worth obſervation, to ſee how *Nicanor* was vexed that he could not obtain *Sapho*'s Picture without *Phaon* had it as well as himſelf, and to ſee how ill ſatisfied *Phaon* was that *Nicanor* ſhould have a Picture, which as he thought he only deſerved. *Alces* wiſhed that neither of them might have it, and he merrily ſaid, that if *Sapho* would be ruled by him, ſhe ſhould give it unto none but himſelf; for (ſaid he unto her) ſince my heart was engaged before I had the honour to ſee you, you may very well give me your Picture without fear of any dangerous conſequences; but as for *Nicanor* and *Phaon* ſince none can ſee into their hearts, it is to be feared, that in thinking to give your Picture unto your friends only you may give it unto your Lovers. As ſoon as *Alces* had ſaid ſo, *Phaon* and *Nicanor* looked upon one another, as if they had been at a ſtand for an anſwer unto *Alces*, yet that trouble was ſaved them, for I ſpeaking as for my own Intereſt, ſince every one is for himſelf only (replied I in ſpeaking to *Alces*) I neither ſpeak for *Nicanor* nor *Phaon*, but I dare boldly affirm, that I may very well demand the Picture of the moſt admirable *Sapho*, only as the Brother of *Cydnon*.

And I affirm, added *Phaon*, that *Alces* is not in a condition worthy of it, though his merits are enough, for ſince he is in love with another, and ſhould be ſo happy as to get the Picture of his Miſtreſs, then the Picture of the moſt tranſcendant *Sapho*, would be placed below another. Since perhaps he ſhall never obtain that favour from his Miſtreſs (replied *Athys*, and bluſhed) I cannot think that reaſon ſufficient to hinder *Sapho* from granting her Picture unto *Alces*, who I believe can never have a Miſtreſs, whom he will ſet above her. However it be, ſaid *Phaon*, I think it not expedient that the fair *Sapho* ſhould give her Picture unto any, but ſuch friends as are not in love as *Alces* is: If ſo (ſaid *Nicanor* unto *Phaon*) who can aſſure the fair *Sapho*, that you deſerve to have her Picture? For ſince you are but new come into *Mytelene*, and have been long in *Scicily*, it is probable you have a Miſtreſs there; but it is otherwiſe with me, for it is well known that I uſe to viſit none aſſiduouſly, but the fair *Sapho*, and that I was never guilty of any gallantry which might render me unworthy of her Picture.

Since I came unto *Mytelene*, without any invitation of buſineſs, replied *Phaon*, it is to be thought I was not in love where you mentioned, ſince I left it upon ſuch eaſie terms, but without any pumping for reaſons to juſtifie my ſelf, I do conſent that the fair *Sapho* refuſe me her Picture, if ſhe think I was in love with any in *Sicily*.

For my part, ſaid *Amithone*, if I were to be credited, none ſhould have the fair *Sapho*'s Picture but my ſelf. And if my advice would be taken, ſaid *Erinne*, I would have it ſent over all the world. So I had it, replied *Athys*, it ſhould be done as ſhe pleaſed. And provided my Brother had one, replied *Cydnon*, I ſhould be contented ſhe ſhould deny it unto *Alces*, unto *Nicanor*, and unto *Phaon*. I conceive my beſt courſe is, replied *Sapho*, to give it unto none. No, no, ſaid *Cynegere*, you ſhall not be Miſtreſs of your ſelf: But leſt you ſhould diſoblige any, you ſhall give it unto all your friends without exception; for if you ſhould except any one, perhaps you would do him a greater favour than in giving it. Though what *Cynegere* ſaid might well have pleaſed all the company, yet *Nicanor* and *Phaon* did argue the buſineſs between themſelves; but at laſt, leſt they ſhould loſe the Picture of *Sapho*, they agreed upon the matter, ſince the one could not have it, unleſs the other had it alſo; ſince *Sapho* knew what *Phaon* had ſaid unto her, ſhe thought it expedient not to yield ſo ſoon, but to take ſome particular exceptions againſt him; ſo as taking *Nicanor*'s part, ſhe told *Phaon*, that perhaps he had twenty Pictures which he would place before hers, and there paſſed a very gallant diſcourſe between them: For though he ſeemed to have no other deſign in proteſting that he loved none in *Sicily*, but to obtain her Picture; yet he made a thouſand proteſtations of love unto her, which ſhe underſtood very well, though ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe did not. Yet ſhe did very gallantly put him to the puzzle when he was to anſwer; for (ſaid ſhe unto him) you think you have ſaid enough when you have ſworn that you loved none in *Sicily*, but believe me you have not; for you muſt ſwear alſo that you are in love with none in *Mytelene*.

Madam (ſaid he unto her, to get himſelf out of this great plunge) ſince I have ſeen none but you, methinks it is not neceſſary to ſay any more than what I have already told you, for you know the courſe of my life ſince I came hither, as well as my ſelf; I know ſo many lovely friends (replied ſhe, and ſmiled) that though you go no farther than my Chamber, yet it is not impoſſible, but you may be in love.

For my particnlar, replied *Amithone*, I ſhall not hinder *Phaon* from your Picture; for I do declare that he is not in love with me. I can ſay ſo much of my ſelf, replied *Erinne*. I can ſay more than that, (ſaid *Athis*) ſince I dare anſwer for *Cydnon*, and my ſelf. Though all this ſhould be ſo, (ſaid *Alces*,) yet all's not enough to oblige *Sapho* to give her Picture unto *Phaon*, for perhaps he is in love with her, and ſince ſhe will beſtow her Picture only upon her friends, and not her Lovers, it is requiſite he ſwear, that he is not in love with her, if he would have her Picture.

As for that, replied *Sapho*, I will diſpence with him, for I am perſwaded his heart has no ſuch thoughts of me, as may hinder me from giving him my Picture. Since it is ſo (ſaid *Cynegere*, and gave *Phaon* no time to anſwer) there need no diſputes upon a thing reſolved upon: Therefore let the Artiſt begin his work to morrow: And indeed ſo *Leon* did, for he began to take the Picture of *Sapho* the next day.

Thus were the Friends, the Lovers, and the Rivals of *Sapho* equally favoured, yet *Phaon*'s Soul found abundance of ſweetneſs in thinking that *Sapho* ſhould know he loved her, and yet permit him her Picture: But theſe ſweet thoughts were moleſted by others which followed a little after: For he could not have any thoughts that *Nicanor* ſhould be favoured as well as himſelf without an heart-burning: Yet ſince he did not know whether his Rival had diſcovered his paſſion unto *Sapho*, he ſoothed up his Soul with hopes. He knew alſo that *Alces* was *Tyſander*'s Confident, and they ſo aſſured him that there was no cauſe of any fears this way, that the Picture which he was to have never troubled him.

On the other ſide, *Sapho* out of her violent inclination unto *Phaon*, was not ſorry that Chance had given her ſuch an innocent way of beſtowing her Picture upon him: And ſhe carried her ſelf in ſuch an obliging manner towards him, that it was impoſſible

ble ſhe ſhould be ſorry for it.

He ſtill keeps himſelf within his preſcribed bounds, he hinted not the leaſt Syllable of his paſſion to her: But yet he made it appear unto her by ſo many ſeveral other ways, that never any had a more ſubtile art of loving without ſpeaking than he; and he did it ſo curiouſly without any affectation, that wheresoever ſhe was, ſhe could not chuſe but ſee it, and none elſe but ſhe: If at any time ſhe had any accident of joy, he did ſo participate in it, that ſhe judging of his love by his ſatisfaction, ſhe judged aright: If on the contrary, and Chance did ſeparate him from her, he made his ſorrows ſo diſcreetly appear, that the judging of his love by his Grief, ſhe could not chuſe but think it great: The truth is, he ſpoke unto her, and was never heard; and he ſpoke in an Air ſo diſcreet, ſo gallant, and ſo paſſionate, that ſhe underſtood him as well as if he had uſed his Tongue: if he looked upon her, his eyes told her what his heart thought, and I have obſerved a hundred times by a lovely bluſh which dyed the cheeks of *Sapho*, that ſhe underſtood the Language of his looks: and though ſhe had no deſire to anſwer him, yet her fair eyes did it for her whether ſhe would or no. When her Picture was taking, and we looked on, ſhe would look fixedly upon *Phaon*: and her thoughts of him being very advantageous, ſhe had ſuch a languiſhing and amorous Air, though without any affectation, that *Nicanor* not being able to endure his Rival ſhould be ſo favourably looked upon, told her that ſhe looked not enough upon the Painter, to have her Picture well drawn, and that if ſhe continued in that deep Study, it would be taken too melancholick.

Nicanor had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but *Sapho* bluſht, for ſhe underſtood well enough out of what thoughts he ſpoke it: yet ſhe knew how to give him an anſwer ſo to the purpoſe, that ſhe perſwaded all the company it was impoſſible to have her Picture taken without being ſubject unto thoſe kind of muſings,

ſings, which proceed, ſaid ſhe, from the conſtraint of not ſtirring.

As for *Phaon*, he was ſo vexed at *Nicanor*, that he contradicted him all the reſt of the day. If *Nicanor* ſaid that the Painter had happily hit upon the reſemblance of *Sapho*'s eyes; *Phaon* would ſay he thought not ſo, but that he had much better taken the ſmile of her mouth. If *Nicanor* ſaid the Picture was too pale, *Phaon* would ſay it was rather too high-coloured: And if the Painter ſhould have wrought according to the various opinions of theſe two Rivals, they had had but a bad Picture of their Miſtreſs.

But that which was moſt pleaſant in the contradicting humour of *Phaon*, was, that after the Picture was firſt rudely taken, *Nicanor* ſaid that it wronged *Sapho*, becauſe ſhe was a thouſand times fairer than it: *Phaon* durſt not contradict him, becauſe if he had, he had ſaid the Picture was fairer than her for whom it was made; but his eyes made it evident, that he was vexed becauſe he could not contradict him: and becauſe he would oppoſe him in ſomething, he began to flatter the Painter.

Therefore, ſaid he, it is no wonder if no Picture can be abſolutely reſembling the moſt admirable *Sapho*, becauſe there are ſo many Angelical features in her face, and ſuch fire in her eyes as is unimitable: and that he was perſwaded *Leon* had done it as well as any other Artiſt could, though ſhort of the Original. All the company knowing what the reaſon was which moved theſe men to thwart one another, we took much delight in hearing them; for ſince their diſpute was not very bitter, becauſe they reſpected *Sapho* more than to quarrel in her preſence, we made our ſelves admirable good ſport at them, and *Sapho* her ſelf was not ſorry to find a new teſtimony of *Phaon*'s love, by his obſtinate contradicting of *Nicanor*.

At the end of this Converſation, we had another diverſion: For as we asked the Painter when he would be at leaſure to take the Pictures of the other Ladies, who intended to give *Sapho* their Pictures, as ſhe would give them hers; the Painter anſwered that it could not be the day following, nor the day after that, becauſe he was very buſie in finiſhing a great piece of *Damophile*'s, which had abundance of work about it.

But why (ſaid *Sapho* to him) is there more work about her Picture than mine? Becauſe, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) ſhe will have drawn beſides her, a great Table full of Books, a Lute, many Mathematical Inſtruments, and a thouſand other things which may repreſent her Learning and Knowledge. I think alſo ſhe intends her dreſs to reſemble the Muſes, ſo as I aſſure you her piece will require much time before it be finiſhed. For Heaven's ſake *Leon* (ſaid *Sapho*, and laughed) dreſs me like unto the ragged Shepherdeſs *Onone*, that my Picture may nothing reſemble *Damophile*'s: and ſhe was ſo earneſt upon it, that to content her he promiſed to draw her in the habit of a Shepherdeſs, whereas before ſhe reſembled a Nymph. After which ſhe did ſo pleaſantly and innocently play upon the Picture of *Damophile*, that we ended the day very pleaſantly.

But, Madam, to abbreviate my ſtory as much as I can, be pleaſed to know, that *Sapho*'s Picture being finiſhed, it was one of the moſt admirable pieces in the world. The habit of a Shepherdeſs did ſo become the Air of her face, that never any was more amiable: So as all the Copies which ſhe was to give unto her friends being taken: and the Pictures of *Amithone*, *Athys*, *Erinne*, and *Cydnon*, being alſo taken, all theſe ſeveral Pictures were diſtributed: *Sapho* gave hers to her friends, and they gave theirs to her. But as for *Nicanor*, *Phaon*, *Alces*, and my ſelf, which were in the Catalogue of her Friends, we only thanked her for her moſt precious preſents, but it was in a very different manner; for *Nicanor* who durſt not ſpeak of his paſſion, but thanked her, but under the notion of a Friend who durſt not tell her that he was her Lover.

As for *Phaon*, he thanked her in ſuch paſſionate Language, that though he did not pronounce the word love, yet *Sapho* did hearken unto his Complement more than unto a Complement of Amity. As for *Alces*, ſince he was ſtill an officious Solicitor for the Prince *Tiſander*, he told her in a low voice, that he alone would not thank her for her precious liberality, but would ſtay until a perſon of more merit joyned with him. So as I was the only one who paid the tribute of thanks out of pure amity and common gratitude.

In the mean while, *Phaon* being the moſt aſſiduous in his merits that day, which he thanked her for his Picture, he ſtayed the laſt with her. So as looking upon the Original of the Picture which yet lay upon the Table, he began to talk of the extravagant *Damophile*, who would have her Picture drawn with ſo many Emblemes of knowledge about her: And afterwards he talked of what *Sapho* ſaid, when ſhe deſired the Painter to dreſs her reſemblant unto the Shepherdeſs *Onone*.

However, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) you may be ſure you ſhall never have her deſtiny as you have her dreſs; for it is moſt impoſſible, if ever you love any, that he whom you love ſhould forſake you. Though the Goddeſſes ſhould every day have a freſh conteſt about their Beauties (replied ſhe, and laughed) yet perhaps when I am in the humour of loving a Shepherd as *Onone* was, he ſhould never be their Judge: and his conſtancy would not be put unto ſuch a difficult teſt as her Shepherd was: Oh, Madam, cried out he, if that happy Shepherd whom you ſhall chuſe have but the heart of *Phaon*, he will never hearken unto the promiſes

ſes of the faireſt of all the three Goddeſſes, though ſhe ſhould ſhew him as much of beauty as made *Paris* perfidious: For really, Madam, you are to me the only beauty in the whole world: I find none in it amiable but you; and my heart is ſo wholly yours, that you deny it unto all other Ladies upon earth: And I think alſo, added he, that you keep it from all my friends; for I am ſo ſenſible of you, that I am abſolutely inſenſible of any elſe. I pray Sir (ſaid *Sapho*, and interrupted him) conſider well what you ſay; for if you go beyond the degree of a Friend, you muſt reſtore my Picture, for I will not be upbraided with beſtowing it upon any Lover. No, no, Madam, ſaid he, I can never reſtore your Picture, I muſt loſe my life before any have it out of my hands: And though you ſhould be angry, baniſh me, and treat me with the worſt of rigour, yet as long as I can do it without any witneſs, I muſt tell you that I do love you, and muſt beſeech you not to hate me; for the very truth is, I cannot live unleſs I love you, and I cannot love you without telling you, and I cannot tell you, unleſs I conjure you to do juſtice unto the Grandure and Fidelity of my Paſſion, by preferring it before the Quality and Merit of all my Rivals. I perceive, Madam, continued he, that you prepare your ſelf to give me an angry anſwer, but I am reſolved to endure it with all imaginable reſpect; yet will not obey you, if you forbid me telling you how I love you: This is a new way, replied *Sapho*; will you profeſs diſobedience, before the command be given which it is expected you ſhould obey? However it be, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I am grown to that height that I cannot live as I have done: You muſt either let me love you, or command me to dye. Since I have no right to regulate your love or your hatred, replied ſhe, I have nothing either to forbid or command you; and ſince you are a man of too many excellent parts for any to deſire your death, I will lay no command upon you which ſhall oblige you to ſeek it: But I muſt tell you, that though I am perſwaded, that without any offence of decency I may permit you to love me, yet out of generoſity I ought to acquaint you, that I am the moſt difficult perſon in the world to be pleaſed: and therefore it is better not to engage your ſelf in an affection which perhaps will not be durable, though at preſent it be very violent; for indeed there is in all men ſuch a natural propenſity unto inconſtancy, that though I were a thouſand times fairer than I am, yet it were fond imprudence in me to believe I ſhould find one abſolutely faithful: Yet if ever I do admit of a Lover, he ſhall be ſuch a one as upon whom time and abſence can have no power: Indeed I would have ſuch a one as is not to be found in the world, and therefore I adviſe you to content your ſelf with the quality of my friend; for if I do allow you to love me, perhaps you will find a moſt miſerable task of it, or elſe you will give over loving me. Oh! Madam (ſaid he unto her) do what you can, I ſhall love you as long as any life is in me, and the matters reſts upon nothing, but to know whether you will let me tell you that I do love you, and whether there is any hopes of my being loved.

Since it is not forbidden to be curious, replied *Sapho*, I ſhould not be ſorry if I knew in what manner you are able to love: and therefore without engaging my ſelf unto any thing, I am contented you tell me what thoughts this paſſion does infuſe into you, for until this hour I never knew any man who had not a thouſand groſs conceits of this paſſion, which I conceive of in a more pure and delicate manner. All I can ſay is, Madam, replied he, that you are ſo abſolute Miſtreſs of my heart, my mind, my will, and all my faculties, that you cannot but inſpire my thoughts into me: Yes, Madam, you need only let me know the way how you would have me love you, and you ſhall find in me a blind obedience unto your will; for the perfection of love, is to will the ſame which the perſon loved doth will.

But, Madam, without any tedious repetition of every circumſtance of this Conference, I will only in ſhort tell you, that *Sapho*, without granting any thing unto *Phaon*, did not plunge him into any deſpair: And *Phaon*, without obtaining any thing from *Sapho*, parted from her with a mind full of hopes: for though ſhe ſaid nothing to him that was very favourable, yet ſhe ſaid nothing that was diſpleaſing; but her eyes gave him ſuch ſweet Language, that he could not chuſe but think himſelf very happy in the Conviƈture: Yet he would have eſteemed himſelf much more happy, had he heard the diſcourſe which *Sapho* had the next day with my Siſter, for ſhe opened her very heart unto her. Ah *Cydnon*, ſaid ſhe, how ill do I wiſh *Democedes* for acquainting me with *Phaon*? For he ſtill continues conſtant in loving me, and I am afraid I cannot refuſe his affeƈtion: I find my reaſon doth but weakly defend my heart, and that it is ſo little my own, that if *Phaon*'s be not more mine than it is, I am in a moſt ſad condition.

Moreover, I know not what my deſign is in diſcovering my weakneſs unto you: For ſometimes I think it is to the end you ſhould chide me, and make me repent; and ſometimes on the contrary, to the end you ſhould ſooth me up in my follies. However, I am extreamly vexed at the reſentments of my Soul, not but that I do find much ſweetneſs in my inquietudes; but ſtill my reaſon being yet not altogether prepoſſeſſed, it doth ſhew me the danger unto which I am expoſed, by permitting the affeƈtion of *Phaon* to find entertainment: For it is almoſt impoſſible he ſhould love me as I deſire to be, and as impoſſible I ſhould love him leſs than I do.

The truth is, Madam, replied *Cydnon*, that if you would have *Phaon* to love you, and never to think of marrying, it will be a hard matter for him to obey you. And yet he muſt, replied ſhe; if he would have me love him, he muſt content himſelf with hopes of being loved, without pretending unto any further.

Theſe, Madam, were the thoughts of *Sapho*, and though ſhe had a great inclination unto *Phaon*, yet ſhe bridled it a long time, and would neither ſuffer him to tell that he did love her, nor to hope that ſhe would love him, and yet lived very civilly towards him, and to that point, as ſhe did not any longer conceal her writings from him; ſo that he and I being one day with her alone, we importun'd her to ſhew us all her Verſes, and ſo earneſtly, that at laſt ſhe conſented to ſhew us part of them; but ſince her modeſty would not let her read them, ſhe gave them unto us, and went into her Cloſet to anſwer a Letter which ſhe had received from one of her Couſins: But, Madam, I am very ſorry I cannot ſhew you what there we ſaw, not only becauſe it would be exceeding delightful unto you; but becauſe alſo you might ſee what a ſtrange effect the reading of theſe verſes wrought in the heart of *Phaon*.

In the mean time, ſince I have not theſe excellent Verſes to ſhew you, I muſt endeavour to let you underſtand it ſome other way; imagine therefore, Madam, that after *Sapho* had given us her Verſes to read, and was gone into her Cloſet, *Phaon* began to read an Elogy which formerly ſhe had made unto my Siſter during her long abſence; he found them to be ſo apt, ſo moving, ſo tender, and ſo paſſionate, that his heart melted at the reading them, and he ſtopt above a hundred times to admire them. Afterwards, he read a Song which ſhe had compoſed upon my Siſter's return; where he found in few words all the raptures of joy, which the moſt fervent affection could infuſe into an amorous Soul, at the re-ſeeing of a loved perſon, after a long ſeparation: Then *Phaon* read another little piece of *Sapho*'s Genius which ſhe had writ to expreſs her joys upon her unexpected meeting of a perſon which ſhe loved, her expreſſions were ſo ſignificative, as it was apparant they were her own: She admirably deſcribed the ſweetneſs of Looks, the trembling of Heart, which a ſudden ſurpriſe uſeth to cauſe the diſorder of the Countenance, the agitation of the Spirits, and all the motions of a paſſionate Soul. But, Madam, after *Phaon* had read theſe Verſes aloud, he read them again in a low voice to himſelf: and when he had done, he looked earneſtly upon them without a word ſpeaking, or ability to read others.

I being deſirous to ſatisfie my curioſity, rouſed him out of thoſe muſings which I thought his admiration only had cauſed, and forced him to read thoſe Verſes which *Sapho* had made upon a jealous amity which had been betwixt *Athys* and *Amithone*: But, Madam, this jealouſie had the right Character of Love, and all the violencies which that tyrannical paſſion could poſſibly inſpire into an amorous heart, were ſo admirably expreſſed, as it was abſolutely impoſſible to mend them.

For my part I did nothing but applaud and admire the Genius of *Sapho*, all the while *Phaon* was reading that piece; but as for him, he read it with attention ſo full of penſiveneſs, as *I* began to wonder: yet to loſe no time in asking him the cauſe, I ſet my ſelf to read ſome verſes which *Sapho* had made in the Country, during a little journey of eight hours, which ſhe went alone with my Siſter, unto a pleaſant houſe of *Sapho*'s, by theſe verſes ſhe repreſented the felicity of two Perſons who love one another, and thereby proves that they ſtand in need of none but themſelves to live happily, deſcribing afterwards the tenderneſs of their affections; their ſincerity one to another, their delights, their recreations, their diſcourſes upon the ſweetneſs of Amity and Friendſhip, and a thouſand ſuch like. And, Madam, all that the moſt delicate love could invent of ſweetneſs was deſcribed by theſe lines, though it aggravated only the ſweets of Amity; and never in my life, did I ſee any ſo full of wit, ſo gallant, and ſo paſſionate: But as excellent as they were, I could not read them out; for *Phaon*, who hearkned unto them with extraordinary attention, interrupted me with theſe words, Ah *Democedes* (ſaid he unto me) *Sapho* is the rareſt Perſon in the world, but I am the moſt miſerable Lover upon Earth, and you the moſt ſubtile of all men living: As for the firſt of theſe you mention (replied I) I concur with you, but I do not underſtand the ſecond nor the third, for why are you the moſt miſerable Lover in the World? And why am I the moſt ſubtle of all men living? I am the moſt miſerable Lover (replyed he) becauſe *Sapho* is moſt certainly in love with ſome one; and you the moſt ſubtle, becauſe you aſſure me ſhe is not in Love with any. But I beſeech you (ſaid I unto him) upon what do you ground your opinion that ſhe loves any one? I ground it, replyed he, upon what I have read; For *Democedes* it is abſolutely impoſſible ſhe ſhould write paſſionately and tenderly, unleſs ſhe had extreamly been paſſionate.

As *Phaon* ſaid ſo, *Sapho* returned, expecting a thouſand applauds from *Phaon*. But Madam, if I had not commended her ſhe had gone without a debt which was due unto her merit: for *Phaons* mind was ſo ſtung with a cauſeleſs jealouſie which ſprung in his heart, that he could hardly ſpeak. Yet after I had given him time to recollect himſelf, by my commending of *Sapho*: The ſame jealouſie which cauſed his ſilence, made him break it, to ſee if he could diſcover in the eyes of this excellent Lady, whether he had any ground for his ſuſpitions. What I ſee here Madam is ſo ſurprizing (ſaid he unto her) that you muſt not think it ſtrange I ſhould not be able to expreſs my admiration: Since Sir (anſwered ſhe) you have now been long enough acquainted with me to know that I do not love to be commended in my preſence, you would do me a pleaſure if you would ſpeak no more unto me of what you have ſeen.

Oh Madam (ſaid he haſtily) I muſt needs ſpeak ſomething, and ask you boldly, what you do with all that tenderneſs, wherewith your heart is filled? For I have read ſuch paſſionate expreſſions, that the heart of the Writer muſt needs be well experienced and capable of Love: It is ſo with the merit of my friends (replied ſhe and bluſhed) and my affection to them is ſo tender, that if I had as much wit as amity, I ſhould have written more paſſionately than I did. *Phaon* eyeing *Sapho* very attentively, he obſerved her bluſh, yet he could not divine that it was in his advantage, and that *Sapho* had not changed colour as ſhe anſwered him, but becauſe ſhe ſecretly chid her ſelf for having too tender thoughts of him.

But on the contrary, interpreting her bluſh another way, he thought that *Sapho*'s Soul was paſſionate for ſome of his Rivals, and this belief did raiſe ſuch a diſorder'd damp in his ſpirits, that he was ſilent upon a ſudden: And if company had not come in, doutleſs his ſilence had ſeemed very odd unto the fair *Sapho*; but ſince *Nicanor*, *Phylire*, and ſome other Ladies came in, *Sapho* made haſte to hide thoſe Verſes which ſhe had ſhewed unto us, ſo as ſhe took no notice of *Phaon*'s ſilence.

In the mean time, perceiving his mind much unquiet, he made a ſign unto me, that we ſhould go away; and indeed, whilſt *Sapho* was entertaining theſe Ladies, we went out without taking leave, and we went to walk by the Sea ſide. We were no ſooner there, but *Phaon* began to complain againſt me; for (ſaid he) how can it be poſſible you ſhould be Brother unto *Sapho's* beſt friend, and not know that ſhe is in love? for moſt certainly ſo ſhe is, or has been, for it is moſt abſolutely impoſſible that any ſhould expreſs themſelves ſo paſſionately, as ſhe hath done, unleſs ſhe had experimentally been poſſeſſed with that paſſion: There is ſuch odd, tender, and paſſionate Phraſes in thoſe Lines which *Sapho* ſhewed us, that friendſhip alone could not ſuggeſt them unto her, but abſolutely ſhe either is in Love, or hath been, for my part (ſaid I unto him) I have known *Sapho* from her Cradle; I have known all her acquaintances, I am the Brother of one who knows all the ſecrets of her heart, and I do ſolemnly proteſt unto you, that I am moſt confidently perſwaded, though *Sapho* was loved by every one that ſaw her, yet ſhe never was in love with any; but withal let me tell you that I think her very capable of that paſſion, and if ever it enter into her heart, ſhe will love with more tenderneſs and fidelity than ever any did: Alas *Democedes* (ſaid he unto me) me) you do either deceive me, or elſe are deceived your ſelf; for *Sapho* could never write thoſe Verſes unleſs ſhe were in love with ſome or other. But friend (ſaid I to comfort his mind) if you had ſeen any of thoſe lines which *Sapho* writ upon a victory which *Pittacus* obtained, you would ſay ſhe can write as well upon War as upon Love, and by her writings you may as well infer that ſhe is a Souldier, as in Love. Alas *Democedes* (ſaid he unto me) the caſe is not the ſame, for the very reading of *Homer*, is enough to teach one how to ſpeak of War, but it is Love only which can teach one how to ſpeak of Love.

For my part, replied I, I know not how you argue, but I am ſure *Homer* ſpeaks of Love as well as War, and *Sapho* might learn to ſpeak as he did. Ah *Democedes*, (ſaid he with a penſive look) gladly would I believe it was you who taught *Sapho* to write ſo paſſionately as ſhe doth, for if you did not, you would ſay as I do, and ſwear that it is impoſſible any ſhould write well of Love, and not be in Love. If you do but compare thoſe expreſſions of *Homer*, with thoſe of *Sapho*, you ſhall find a vaſt difference, honeſt *Homer* does better ſet out the friendſhip of *Patroclus* and *Achilles* than he doth the Love of *Achilles* and *Priſeus*; had *Sapho* only uſed ſuch high expreſſious as Love doth cauſe, and not uſed them paſſionately, I ſhould have believed as you do, that ſhe might have writ of Love, and not have loved any.

But *Democedes*, ſhe has ſuch delicate, tender, and paſſionate fancies, as are impoſſible to proceed from any heart, but ſuch a one as is in love, the truth is, I know it by my own experience, for when I returned unto *Mytilene*, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that I did not know what Love was, but in ſuch a groſs manner, as I ſhould never have underſtood the depth of *Sapho*'s Lines: And that fair Fool whom I loved in *Sicily*, did inſpire me with thoughts only proportionable unto her own wit: Therefore my love of *Sapho*, hath taught me to know infallibly what is in her heart, and I have now nothing elſe to do, but to learn who that happy One is whom this fair One loves, and inſpires her with ſuch tender, and compaſſionate thoughts. Therefore my dear *Democedes*

cedes (added he) if it was not you who tought her this Art, then help me to diſcover whom it is ſhe Loves to the end I may of two courſes, take the one of them; either to cure my ſelf, or elſe to ruin my Rival. Seriouſly (ſaid I unto him once again) I cannot poſſibly believe that *Sapho* is in love with any; for it is moſt certain, that ſhe neither loves the Prince *Tyſander*, nor *Nicanor*: For theſe two Lovers kept ſuch jealous eyes upon one another, that they would have found it out, had there been any cauſe of ſuſpition given them; and therefore friend, you have no cauſe to trouble your mind with any ſuch fantaſtical and ill grounded jealouſie. I know not *Democedes* (ſaid he unto me) how its poſſible you ſhould think as you ſay: For my part, though I had ſeen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, a thouſand paſſages which might perſwade me, that *Sapho* either is, or hath been in Love, I could not more confidently believe it than I do: Therefore if it be ſo, that you are not in love with this fair perſon; nor have any manner of hidden intereſt, in ſaying as you do, I conjure you to imploy all your ingenuity, in diſcovering what I deſire to know: *Cydnon* loves you ſo dearly, and you have ſo much wit of your own (added he, and flattered me) that if you will, you may quickly find out, who that happy one is, which reigns in the heart of *Sapho*, and inſpires her with ſuch paſſionate thoughts. Oh! Heavens (ſaid he) how worthy ſhould I think my ſelf of envy, if the moſt admirable *Sapho* had ſuch thoughts of me, as ſhe has of ſome other; the greateſt wonder to me is, that he ſhould have the honour to make her in love with him, and that their correſpondencies ſhould not be diſcovered, and how is it poſſible he ſhould conceal ſo great a felicity?

After this, *Phaon* uſed a hundred expreſſions, which made both his Love and his Jealouſie equally apparent, and I did promiſe him to be as careful in enquiring of what he deſired to know, as if I had been as fully perwaded of it as he was. In the mean time, I was certain that *Sapho* loved none, unleſs ſhe loved him, and that her writing ſo paſſionately, proceeded only from a natural tenderneſs of her Soul. Yet for the ſatisfaction of my friend, I asked my Siſter the queſtion,as if I had doubted it: But I asked her in vain,for ſhe did not ſo much as tell me that ſhe began to love *Phaon*, ſo as telling *Phaon* that I could not diſcover any thing, he was extreamly diſquieted, and confeſſed ſince, that ſometimes he beleived *Sapho* loved me, and that her friendſhip unto my Siſter was but her umbrage to ſhroud her affection unto me.

In the mean time, ſince he could not diſcover any thing which might confirm him in his belief, he durſt not make it appear unto me, and yet he could not ſo conſtrain himſelf, but that I perceived his ſoul was in a very Hell: And indeed, this fantaſtical jealouſie did torment him in ſuch a cruel manner, that all the world perceived it as well as I, that he was extreamly troubled. *Sapho* her ſelf, asked him the reaſon of the alteration in his humour, but he durſt not tell her, nor durſt he ſpeak any more to me by reaſon of his jealous fancies, ſo as he did live a melancholy life.

Moreover, ſince it was not poſſible for him but to hear many of *Saphoes* verſes repeated every day, this was a daily freſh torment unto him, for he could not hear them without a tremble of heart: Again, he kept an obſervant eye upon all the men which uſed to come often unto *Sapho*, and alſo he was very vigilant over ſome who never came there: And jealouſie did never torment any perſon more than it did *Phaon*; though he had no cauſe, but was the only one that was loved of all *Sapho's* Lovers. He knew not what to do, nor what to think, to clear ſuſpitions: So as he reſolved to go into the Country for a while, and try if that would cure him, both of his Love, and of his Jealouſie, he took up this reſolution without imparting it unto any, inſomuch as I was much ſurprized at his departure: *Sapho* alſo murmured much, that he would not bid her adieu before he went, and all the reſt of her friends did nothing but ask the reaſon.

In the mean time, ſo it chanced, that I had ſome buſineſs which called me into the Country, and I went two daies after *Phaon*; I was no ſooner out of *Mytelene*, but the Prince *Thraſibulus* landed there, to leave the Prince *Tyſander* in that place, whom the invincible *Cyrus*, who then named himſelf *Artamenes*, had wounded in ſeveral places, when both falling into the Sea, they had a combat together ſo admirably ſtrange, and extraordinary, that the Prince *Thraſibulus*, who was then called the *Famous Pirate*, had as great a deſire to ſave the life of his enemy, who had ſo bravely reſiſted him, as the life of a friend, who was infinitely dear unto him: But, Madam, to wave this paſſage, the Prince *Tyſander* returned to *Mytilene*, yet worſe of thoſe wounds, which the eyes of *Sapho* had made in his heart, than of thoſe he received from the illuſtrious *Artamenes*, who honoured the fair *Sapho* with a viſit, which ſatisfied her ſo well, that ſhe ſpoke of none but him for a long time.

But at laſt, the Prince *Thraſibulus* went away, and left *Tyſander* there. I alſo returned to *Mytelene*, and *Phaon* hearing of his Rivals being returned alſo; but his jealouſie was it which cauſed his return: Imagining, that perhaps it was the Prince *Tyſander* whom *Sapho* loved, though none ſpoke of it. When he was returned, every one did chide him for his ſudden departure; but he did ſo little hearken unto their Railery upon it, as they gave over talking any more of it. *Sapho*, ſhe gloomed, and would not ſpeak to him. Alſo ſhe being perſwaded, that his ſolitarineſs was an effect of his Love unto her, ſhe pitied him, and would not twit him with it.

In the mean time, *Alces* was a cloſe Solicitor for the Prince *Tyſander*, but all his ſollicitations would not do, for ſhe would not give him any favourable countenance: And indeed, ſhe was not in a condition for it; for ſhe did already love *Phaon* very tenderly, or at leaſt had a ſtrong inclination to him. Yet ſince the merit and the quality of *Tyſander* did oblige her to look well upon him, ſhe denied him her heart without any incivility, and without denying him her eſteem; yet ſhe had a great quarrel with *Alces*, for giving unto *Tyſander*, that Picture which ſhe had beſtowed upon himſelf, yet he knew ſo well how to excuſe himſelf, that ſhe did pardon him in her heart, though ſhe alwaies ſaid, ſhe would never pardon him.

On the other ſide, *Sapho* having many envyers, there were ſome Ladies who told *Tyſander*, that *Sapho* had given her Picture unto ſo many, only as a ſhroud to cover her giving it unto *Phaon*, and they ſpake ſo highly of this freſh Lover of *Sapho*, that jealouſie joyned it ſelf with love to torment him.

And as fewel to the fire, *Tyſander* found that *Phaon* was ſo amiable, that he was apt to believe him beloved: So as both of them were a like jealous. *Nicanor* for his part, he was not exempted ſince he was jealous both of him that was loved, and of him that was not, for he feared leaſt the Quality of *Tyſander* ſhould win much upon *Sapho*, and he feared no leſs, leſt the extraordinary merit of *Phaon* ſhould make him miſerable.

In the mean time, this beloved Lover who made all his Rivals unhappy, was no more happy than they were, for often ſeeing the tender and paſſionate Verſes of *Sapho*, his jealouſie augmented every minute. Alas (would he often ſay) how great would my felicity be, if in reading all theſe paſſionate expreſſions, I could hope to be loved by a Perſon, who knows ſo well how to love? And who, by the tenderneſs of her heart, does aſſure all thoſe ſhe loves of a thouſand felicities, which others are ignorant of, and which the greateſt Beauties of the World knows not how to give.

For Beauty only hath no further attraction, but what the grace of novelty doth give it. But the tenderneſs of an amorous and paſſionate heart is an unexhauſtible ſource of freſh delights, which ſpring newly every moment, and which augments Love with Time, whereas commonly Time doth diminiſh it. But the worſt is, the tenderneſs of *Sapho*, being for another, ſhe makes me as miſerable as ſhe makes that other happy. And all her tender and paſſionate Lines which would be ſo many joyes unto me if I were loved, do now moſt horridly afflict me, becauſe I am not loved.

Phaon then being thus reſtleſs, not knowing what to do, nor truſting any more in me, he thought that if he could ſee all that *Sapho* had written, perhaps he might pick ſomething out which might ſatisfie him, and come to know who it was which inſpired her with ſuch tender and paſſionate thoughts: So as after this, he asked every one he met for the Verſes of *Sapho*, and was importunate alſo with her, when he was alone with her: Alſo when he was with her, he uſed to look continually upon her Table, whether ſhe had left any Papers upon it: In the end, he reſolved to ſuborn one of *Sapho's* women, under colour of curioſity only to ſee her excellent Verſes, to ſteal them out of her Miſtreſſes Cloſet, but do what he could, he could not corrupt her: But at laſt an accident chanced without which perhaps he had never ſeen them, and which cauſed a great diſorder and reſtleſſneſs in his mind.

Be pleaſed to know then, Madam, That the Prince *Tyſander* being recovered, he came to ſee *Sapho*, and came with abundance of company; ſo as this viſit affording no fit opportunities of making his complaints unto the fair *Sapho*, the diſcourſe was only upon things indifferent: And ſince *Cynegire*, with whom ſhe lived, had much repaired, and beautified her Houſe, ſince the departure of that Prince, they talked very much of what ſhe had done, eſpecially of *Sapho's* Cloſet which had been much adorned with painting ſince *Tyſanders* departure. This Prince, deſiring then to ſee it, and ſhe not daring to deny him, ſhe opened the Door, and all the Company went in. So that *Phaon* entring amongſt the reſt, he obſerved that *Sapho*, ſeeing ſome Papers upon the Table, ſhe bluſht, and haſted to put them into a Box half open, which her haſte perhaps made her forget to ſhut again. And *Tyſander* having drawn her to the Window (under pretence of a fine proſpect to talk a little in private with her) ſhe had not time to ſhut it cloſe. *Phaon's* jealouſie was upon the rack to ſee theſe Papers which made her bluſh, and which ſhe was ſo haſty to put up. So that to loſe no time, whilſt *Tyſander* was talking with *Sapho*, and whilſt others were looking upon the Pictures in her Cloſet, he went gently to the Box, and took out the Papers. After which not being able to ſtay in that place, he went into the Chamber again, to ſee whether he ought to keep them, or put them where they were.

He no ſooner opened the Paper, but he ſaw they were Verſes, and Verſes written with *Sapho's* own hand. So as not judging he could have conveniency of reading them in that place without interruption and ſeeing by the firſt words that they deſerved his curioſity, he went out of the houſe, and went to walk alone in a Garden which was by the Sea ſide, and which was alwaies open to all Comers, as ſoon as he was there, he opened the Paper, and there read theſe verſes, which I am now going to ſhew you, for I had them, as he had them, that is, without the name of that Perſon for whom they were made, as you may perceive by the Copy.

My pain is great; extream is my delight:
I muſe all day; I ſleep not in the night:
To ſay I am in Love, I cannot yet,
But yet I'me ſure, this doth reſemble it.

One only object takes up all my mind,
In nothing elſe can I a pleaſure find:
If this be it, to have a wounded heart,
Ther's none can be more ſenſible of ſmart.

My Soul is ſet on fire by certain Rayes,
The Sun leſs pleaſeth in the chilleſt daies:
No eye as yet doth ſee my flame; but ſure
Fire has no heat in't more than I endure.

When I ſee —— then my Soul's at eaſe,
He out of ſight, ther's nothing can me pleaſe:
Perhaps he is my Vanquiſher; but yet,
I will be ignorant of my defeat.

All that he ſaies, ſeems full of charms to me;
And in his ſilence, no felicity:
Haſt thou laid down thy Arms, Oh Heart ſo brave?
I cannot tell, but I believe I have.

After the Queen of *Pontus* had read theſe lines, ſhe reſtored them unto *Democedes*, conjuring him to tell her what operation theſe verſes had in the Spirit of *Phaon*.

I underſtand ſince from himſelf, Madam (replied *Democedes*, and continued his relation) that theſe verſes did raiſe ſuch a ſtorm in his heart, that he was half an hour before he could begin to read them again, though he had a great deſire unto it: For though he did believe that *Sapho* either was then in love, or had been in love, yet he did not believe it ſo confidently, but he was ſtrangely ſurprized

prized to ſee it under her own hand : But at laſt beginning to read theſe verſes over again, and finding them more amorous the ſecond time than the firſt, he was ſo tranſported with fury, that he thought to have torn them all in pieces and thrown them into the Sea. And as he was juſt ready to do it, a fancy came into his head which prevented him, which was to conſider whoſe name of all thoſe who uſed to frequent *Saphoes* company, did moſt concur and ſute with the verſe, in that blank which was left for it. For he conceived (notwithſtanding his fury) that if *Sapho* would have given him any other name than his own, ſhe would have writ it down in her verſe. So he concluded, and rationally, that the name which would fit the verſe, was the name of him for whom they were made : Therefore looking again upon thoſe four verſes where it was written.

When I ſee —— then my Soul's at eaſe ;
He out of ſight, ther's nothing can it pleaſe :
Perhaps he is my Conqueror, but yet
I will be ignorant of my defeat.

He began to conſider what name would make up the verſe ; but he was there at a great puzzle. For that of *Tyſander* was too long a ſyllable : That of *Nicanor* the like, and mine was longer than either : *Phaon* found, that the name *Alces* was the juſt length for the verſe, but his love of the fair *Athys* was ſo well known unto all the world, and it was alſo well known that he was *Tyſanders* confident, that this made no impreſſion upon his mind. Afterwards, he examined the names of all the men of rank which uſed to viſit *Sapho*, but found none which fitted the verſe, becauſe they were all too long ; alſo he examined the names of all thoſe who did not viſit her, never ſo much as thinking of his own. For ſince he knew that *Sapho* had made thoſe verſes which cauſed his firſt jealouſie before he knew her, he never dreamed that thoſe which had cauſed him ſo much ſorrow, would have cauſed much joy, had he known the cauſe : And he was far from having any ſuch thoughts, as that he had never examined whether his own name did fit the verſe, when I accidentally came unto him.

him: But Madam, the wonder was, to ſee *Phaon*, who ſince his fantaſtical jealouſie looked very much aſquint at me, now become very kind again, becauſe my name did not fit the verſe, ſo as he accoſted me with his accuſtomed freedom, and took me for his confident as familiarly as if I had never cauſed any of his jealouſie. And he no ſooner ſaw me, but coming to me, ſince we are both in the wrong (ſaid he unto me and embraced me) I beſeech you my dear *Democedes*, let us forget what's paſt, and begin our amity anew, for now I plainly ſee I was in the wrong in thinking it was you who had taught *Sapho* to know all the delicacies of Love, and I can make it appear unto you that you were in the wrong to believe, ſhe was not in love. Is it poſſible (ſaid I unto him) That you ſhould have ſuch clear teſtimonies of it, as cannot be doubted? You ſhall quickly ſee that (ſaid he) by reading theſe verſes which I ſtole from her, you know her ſtile and her hand, and happily may gueſs at the name of him for whom they were made, for my mind is ſo full of perplexities, that I confeſs I cannot gueſs at him; After this, I began to read *Sapho's* verſes, but in reading them I found at the very firſt, that the name of *Phaon* filled up the verſe, and I remembred ſo many paſſages which had made me believe that *Sapho* did not hate him, as I made no doubt but that they were made for him, and I did the more believe it, becauſe I could not find any name except that of *Alces* which did run right in verſe; and as for *Alces* I knew it could not be him, ſo as intending to comfort him, for my part (ſaid I) I ſee no ſuch difficulty in finding out a name which will fitly fill up the blank in the verſe, and I am confident the fair *Sapho* did intend it thus.

When I ſee Phaon *then my ſoul's at eaſe;*
He out of ſight, ther's nothing can me pleaſe:
Perhaps he is my Vanquiſher, but yet
I will be ignorant of my defeat.

Ah *Democedes* (cried he out) 'Tis true indeed, my name does fit the verſe, but the verſe fits not me, and I cannot chooſe but wonder how you ſhould ſo ſuddenly think upon my name As for my part, I did not ſo much as think upon it, whether or no my name was *Phaon.* However this accident adds no comfort unto me, for all theſe excellent, tender, amorous, and paſſionate Copies of the fair *Saphoes* were all written before I ever knew her, and therefore it is to be thought they were made for ſome other happy one who has the felicity to teach her all the tenderneſs of Love, in making himſelf Loved.

For my part (replied he) I know not whether I be miſtaken; but me-thinks thoſe Characters do not look as if they had been long writ. But I am the moſt miſtaken man in the world if theſe verſes were not made for you, and if you in lieu of being the moſt miſerable, are not yet the moſt happy Lover in the world

How! (ſaid he) do you think *Sapho* could love me and I not perceive it? And that a man who looks upon her every minute; obſerves all her Actions and all her Words, and does all he can to gueſs her thoughts, ſhould not ſee ſhe loves him? Ah *Democedes*, this is impoſſible, and it is but too true, that theſe verſes were never made for me. As he ſaid ſo, we heard a great noiſe of many people talking, and turning about, we ſaw coming towards us, the Prince *Tyſander*, leading *Sapho*, who had with her all her Friends, *Nicanor*, *Alces*, and many others. So as reſtoring back the verſes unto *Phaon*, he haſtily put them into his Pocket. But *Sapho* having obſerved that *Phaon* left them abruptly, ſhe began to chide him, and chid him in ſuch a gallant manner for preferring ſolitude before ſuch good company, that he was obliged to walk along with them, and ſo we both did, though we had no great fancy unto it, for ſhe was very penſive, and I had ſome other buſineſs. But at laſt, we came unto the end of the Garden which was towards the Sea, where we found a Bark, into which we went, and chance placing *Phaon* very near *Tyſander* and *Sapho*, he plainly ſaw the verſes were not made for that Prince, for *Sapho* did not anſwer him with ſo much as one favourable look, but was ſo cold and hollow towards him, as it was eaſie to ſee there was no great ſympathy of hearts. In the mean time, he was ſo taken up with his own thoughts, that he had no ſhare in the general converſation.

That which I had ſaid unto him coming often into his imagination he often ſweetly flattered up himſelf, but preſently after beginning to think upon the amorous expreſſions which *Sapho* uſed, and that they were written before he knew her, his jealouſie revived; So as paſſing from hopes to fears, he entertained himſelf, and talked unto none, he fell into a deep ſtudy and leaning over the Barque, he looked attentively upon that bubbling froth which is always at the Prow of thoſe Barques which ſail ſwiftly. *Phaon* was too dear in the eſteem of *Sapho*, for her not to obſerve his penſiveneſs, ſo as ſhe both took notice of him, and cauſed others to take notice alſo. But amongſt the reſt, *Tyſander* who knew *Phaon* was in love with *Sapho*, and that *Sapho* did not hate *Phaon*, he kept a very obſervant eye upon him, endeavouring to find out, why he was ſo melancholy, and if it were poſſible to find what the cauſe was, becauſe he was in *Sapho*'s disfavour, or elſe whether it was only becauſe he was too much in love with her. So as looking upon him no leſs than upon *Sapho*, it unhappily fell out that *Phaon* in taking ſomething out of his Pocket, not knowing what he did, and without interrupting his muſing, he pull'd out *Sapho*'s Verſes alſo which fell at the feet of *Tyſander*, who ſeeing them fall, ſtoop'd and unperceivedly took them up: But, Madam, after he had read them, he was no leſs penſive than *Phaon*, for in a thought that he was his Rival, he feared to find that which he would not have ſought, but in hopes not to find it.

In the mean time, *Cydnon* ſeeing that *Phaons* muſing troubled *Sapho*, ſhe began to ſpeak unto him, and ask him the cauſe, which you may well imagine he would not tell her. But *Sapho*'s Verſes running much in his mind, he put his hand in his Pocket to feel whether they were there, though he doubted it not; for it is very cuſtomary for thoſe in Love to do many things which they would not do, were their reaſon free: *Phaon* then finding them not in his Pocket, was ſtrangely amazed when he ſaw that he had them not: Yet he durſt not expreſs his wonder, nor ſay he had loſt them; for if he had, he had acquainted *Sapho* with his theevry, and ſhould and ſhould have been extreamly aſhamed. Moreover, not knowing certainly whether he loſt them in the Garden, or in the Barque, or whether they were faln into the Sea, he durſt not make Hue and Cry after his loſs, eſpecially for *Sapho's* ſake, and her concernment: For though he was very jealous, yet he was very reſpective of her, and her glory was more conſiderable unto him, than his own tranquility: ſo as he contented himſelf with looking all about him, not telling what he looked for: but as he was very earneſt in it, though he did endeavour to do it without any affectation, *Tyſander* knew very well that what his Rival had loſt did wring him at the heart, and that what he had found would perhaps be ſad ſatisfaction of his doubts. But at laſt, our Maritime diverſion being ended, we waited upon the Ladies home, and conducted alſo the Prince *Tyſander* unto his Lodging; who as ſoon as he was there, went into his Cloſet, opened the Paper which he found, and read thoſe Verſes which troubled him, as much as they had his Rival.

But, Madam, he was not ſo much puzzled as his Rival was to find out the name which was to fill up the imperfect Verſe; for he never doubted, but that *Phaon* was the name, and he believed alſo, that *Sapho* had given theſe Verſes unto his Rival, with her own hand, and that the knot of Affection between them, was already ſo faſt tyed, that nothing could unlooſe it: You may imagine, Madam, how vexatious were theſe thoughts unto him, and he ſaid ſince, that never any thing in his life did more trouble him: *Phaon* on the other ſide was far from any quietneſs of mind; for maugre his jealouſie, he was extreamly ſenſible of *Sapho's* Reputation, who was in as great a perplexity as he was: For, Madam, this excellent Lady did ſo repent of leaving thoſe Verſes in danger of being ſeen, that as ſoon as ever ſhe returned home, ſhe went into her Cloſet with intentions to burn them, and never to make any of the like nature again; but ſhe was much ſurprized and afflicted, when ſhe could not find them in the place where ſhe put them: She would not truſt unto her memory, but ſearched in all other places, where there was any poſſibility of their being, but at laſt concluding that queſtionleſs they were ſtoln from her, ſhe was ſo extreamly afflicted, that never in all her life ſhe was the like.

However, in this perplexity of ſpirit, ſhe could not imagine a wiſh more ſweet, than that it might be *Phaon* who had taken away theſe Verſes, though ſhe was much aſhamed he ſhould ever ſee them, for being ignorant of his jealouſie, ſhe imagined he would apply them unto himſelf, but though ſhe wiſh'd it, yet ſhe could not hope it was *Phaon* who had them, becauſe ſhe ſaw him ſo ſad, ſhe could not ſuſpect him.

And remembring that he went from her Houſe immediately after *Tyſander* came into her Cloſet, ſhe could not think he had time enough to commit the theft, ſo that not knowing whom to ſuſpect, ſhe was infinitely troubled.

On the other ſide, *Tyſander* ſeeing by theſe Verſes that *Sapho* loved *Phaon*, and not doubting but that his Rival had received theſe Verſes from the hand of his Miſtreſs, and that the knot of their Affections was undiſſolvably tyed, he reſolved to overcome his Paſſion, but to carry his reſpects of *Sapho* as far as poſſible: And though *Alces* was his Confident, yet he did not ſhew him theſe Verſes.

'Tis true, he was three whole days in conſulting upon this Reſolution during which time he did not ſee *Sapho*, who for her part avoided all company as much as ſhe could for fear of hearing of theſe Verſes.

On the other ſide, *Phaon* durſt not ſee her; for he perceived, it would be impoſſible for him not to give her many teſtimonies of his trouble, penſiveneſs, and jealouſie. *Nicanor*, he was ſo puzled to find out the reaſon why theſe two Rivals and his Miſtreſs ſhould be all ſo ſollitary at one time, that he was no leſs unquiet than they were.

But at laſt, *Tyſander* ſtriving with himſelf, he was Conquerour, and ſent unto *Sapho*, to deſire a private Conference, about ſome buſineſs of concernment; *Sapho* not daring to deny him by reaſon of his quality, conſented; but it was with regret, becauſe ſhe feared his buſineſs was about the Verſes: Not but that ſhe thought it impoſſible it ſhould be him who took the Verſes out of her Cloſet, for ſhe had him alwaies in her eye, but her fear was, ſome other had given them unto him.

In the mean time, this hour of audience being come, *Tyſander* went to *Sapho*, without any one to wait upon him; but in lieu of accoſting her as uſually, he ſaluted her with a faint, and ſerious civility, though with much reſpect, which did infer unto her, that he had ſome angry buſineſs to impart: None but they being in the Chamber, *Tyſander* had the freedom of talk, ſo as loſing no time, I come now, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) to render you the greateſt teſtimony of my love that ever any did, by reſtoring unto you thoſe Verſes which *Phaon* loſt, and which you gave unto him: And truly, any other beſides my ſelf would in revenge of your cruelty, have ſhewed them unto all the World; but my reſpects of you are ſo great, that notwithſtanding your rigour, I am afraid to diſpleaſe you, and would gladly preſerve your eſteem, though I cannot obtain your affection.

In ſaying ſo, *Tyſander* gave *Sapho* thoſe Verſes which ſhe made for *Phaon* his Rival, he gave them open, and let her ſee how he had ſupplied the blank with the name of *Phaon*. You may well imagine, Madam, that *Sapho* did not take theſe Verſes without a bluſh, yet after a little recollecting her ſelf, ſhe attempted to do two things at once: The firſt, abſolutely to diſengage *Tyſander* from her affection: And the ſecond, to perſwade him, that theſe Verſes were made, neither for *Phaon* in particular, nor for any other in general.

But all her Sophiſtry, her Rethorick, and her Arguments, could not reach half of her deſires, for though ſhe did diſengage *Tyſander* from loving her, yet ſhe could not make him believe, that theſe Verſes were made for any other than *Phaon*. She could not perſwade him, but that ſhe gave them unto *Phaon* with her own hand though ſhe told him true, when ſhe ſaid he had ſtoln them from her. No, no, Madam, (ſaid *Tyſander* to her) you can never perſwade me to it, for ſhe who can give a heart, may well give Verſes; one may ſometimes

times give a heart (replied *Sapho*) and yet give nothing elſe: And this circumſtance which you ſo much undervalue, is ſo conſiderable to me, that there is no compariſon between my making Verſes for *Phaon*, and giving them unto him with my own hand: Suppoſe I had a very ſtrong inclination to him, it would be no ſuch wonder if I ſhould tell my ſelf the thoughts of my own heart; and though it be a weakneſs, yet it thwarts not the Laws of modeſty, ſince none ſhould know it but my ſelf: But, Sir, you have done me ſo great a wrong in accuſing me, of giving theſe Verſes unto *Phaon*, and you think ſo ſtrangely of me, that I wonder you have not divulged them unto all the World; for if I were ſo indiſcreet as to give theſe Verſes unto *Phaon*, I were alſo unworthy of ſo much diſcretion in you.

However, I give you thanks for reſtoring them, and conjure you to tell me truly how you came by them, for ſince I hold no particular correſpondency with *Phaon*, I cannot know it from any but your ſelf: Oh, Madam, replied *Tyſander*, my actions do not merit this incredulity: yet ſince perhaps *Phaon* will not tell you that he loſt thoſe Verſes which he ſhould ſo carefully have kept, I will tell you that I ſaw them fall out of his Pocket that evening when we took the air upon the Sea, and I took them up, not knowing they included the ſentence of my death. *Phaon* was ſo ſad that evening (replied ſhe) as me-thinks you may be perſwaded, I did not give theſe Verſes unto him, and that he did not think they were made for him. For to tell you truly, the conqueſt of *Sapho*'s heart, is not ſo eaſie a matter, as that he ſhould have the vanity, to think he hath done it: or to be joyed at it.

However it be, Madam, (ſaid *Tyſander*) I am moſt confidently perſwaded, that *Phaon* is as much loved as I am hated, and if I had not more reſpective thoughts of you than ever any ill treated Lover had, I ſhould find means how to ſend back *Phaon* into *Sicily*.

But ſince it would be in vain to baniſh him out of this Iſle, becauſe I cannot baniſh him out of your Heart, I will not, Madam, be your Tyrant, after I have been your Slave: But, Madam, in acknowledgment of my reſpects, I beſeech you be ſincere, and ingeniouſly confeſs the true ſtate of your Soul, as I have mine unto you, to the end I may leave you at reſt, and endeavour to recover mine. Sir, (replied *Sapho* and bluſht) if I were able to give you my affection, as I am my eſteem, doubtleſs I ſhould, in acknowledgment of your generoſity; but to be ſincere with you, Sir, there hath been ever ſuch a powerful obſtruction in your deſign of obtaining my Love, that do what I can, I ſhall never be able to remove it: And after this, Sir, be ſatisfied, and ask me no more, for ſince I cannot love you, it concerns not you whether ever I love *Phaon* or no. I do not ask the queſtion for any further clearing of my knowledge, Madam; (replied he) for I do not at all doubt it; but I ask it only, that I may once more in my life commend you. I beſeech you, Sir, (replied *Sapho*) do not perſiſt in any thing ſo unjuſt, and impertinent; but content your ſelf, that I tell you, I cannot love you, and that I do not perceive in *Phaon* the ſame impoſſibility of loving him, as I do of you: That is enough, Madam, (ſaid he and riſe up,) to make me the moſt miſerable of men, yet ſince I am fully reſolved to reſpect you for ever, I will do what I am able to break down violently that wall which ſeparates me from your affection: I will only wiſh in parting from you, that you may hereafter know, though you have given your heart unto the moſt accompliſhed of all your Lovers, yet you have not given it unto the moſt faithful, and moſt amorous.

After this, Madam, *Tyſander* went away, but with ſo much ſadneſs in his looks, that *Sapho*, as inſenſible as ſhe was to him, did feel her heart was a little moved. But ſince there were then ſuch things in agitation, as did move it much more, ſhe thought more of *Phaon*, than *Tyſander*, and ſhe had a freſh ſubject for thoſe thoughts, by a viſit which my Siſter made unto her.

For be pleaſed to know, Madam, that I ſeeing *Phaon* in ſuch a gulph of ſorrows, and having my ſelf a great deſire to know truly whether theſe Verſes which had cauſed ſo much diſorder, were made for *Phaon*, as I thought they were, I went unto *Cydne*, with whom I lived; not only as with a moſt dear Siſter, but as with a moſt faithful friend, and as a great ſecret. I told her of my friends jealouſie; of the adventure of the Verſes, and conjured her to tell me whether they were made for *Phaon*. If they were made for any one, replied ſhe, certainly they were made for him: but Brother, I know nothing of them, nor did *Sapho* ever ſhew me the Verſes you ſpeak of. However (ſaid I unto her) the poor *Phaon*, who thinks they were made for ſome other, is ſo extreamly jealous and ſad, that I think he will dye, unleſs you help me to aſſiſt and comfort him. Truly Brother, (replied ſhe) it is not an eaſie matter to be done, for *Sapho*, who ſeldom keeps any ſecret from me, never mentioned this adventure: And I do not ſee how I can ſpeak unto him unleſs he ſpeak unto me: 'Tis true, (added ſhe) that I have hardly ſeen her two minutes ſince we were upon the Sea: But I will promiſe you to ſee *Sapho*, and do *Phaon* any good office I can.

After this I did aggravate the jealouſie of this Lover as much as I could, purpoſely to make them pity his miſery: but the more I ſpoke, the more I ſaw ſhe had a mind to laugh; for ſhe knowing all *Sapho*'s thoughts of *Phaon*, ſhe was ſo tickled to think that he himſelf ſhould be the beloved Rival, which ſo much afflicted him, as for her heart ſhe could not forbear. Cruel Siſter, (ſaid I unto her) I did not acquaint you with the miſeries of my friend for you to laugh at them, I aſſure you he deſerves more pitty than laughter. If I thought ſo Brother, (replied ſhe) I ſhould not laugh: But ſince I know *Phaon* has no Rival whom he need to fear, I muſt confeſs I cannot chooſe but laugh at his ill grounded ſorrows: For it is as good ſport as poſſible can be, to obſerve the follies of the wiſeſt Men, when they are once engaged in a buſineſs of this nature: And therefore I pray pardon this natural diſpoſition of mirth, when I meet with ſuch occaſions as this, and believe, that I will do *Phaon* all the offices of a friend I can. And indeed, Madam, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, ſhe went unto *Sapho*, and came thither about a quarter of an hour after *Tyſander* went away: ſo as *Sapho*'s mind being full, and deſirous to unburden it unto her Siſter, ſhe called her into her Cloſet: and giving orders that none ſhould come unto her: ſhe conjured *Cydnon* to pardon her for with-holding a ſecret from her three days together; for truly my dear *Cydnon*, (ſaid *Sapho* unto her, after ſhe had to'd her the adventure) never any thing in all my life did ſo cruelly vex me: and nothing was more intollerable to me, than that *Tyſander* ſhould ſee any Verſes of ſuch a nature: nor nothing more terrible to me, than to think that *Phaon* ſhould have read them.

For my part (continued ſhe) I do not think I ſhall be able to ſee him: and I have ſeen none theſe three days, purpoſely to avoid meeting with him; not but that I ſometimes wiſhed it might be he who ſhould find theſe Verſes; but I wiſhed it when I thought he had them not: Yet now it is otherwiſe with me, and I had rather a hundred others had ſeen them than *Phaon*, for how dare I ever look him in the face after ſuch a peeviſh adventure? The truth is, I have reaſon to fear, that his truſting unto the affection which I bear unto him, will make him talk to me with leſs reſpect, and he will think his Conqueſt ſo eaſie, that it is no glory unto him. If you have any cauſe of fears (replied *Cydnon*) it is not at any thing you have ſaid: And to teſtifie how abſolutely I am devoted yours, Madam, I will betray a ſecret unto you which a Brother has entruſted me withal. And acquaint you that *Phaon* is the moſt miſerable, and the moſt jealous of all Men living. He is not then in Love with me (replied *Sapho* and bluſhed:) he is more in Love with you (replied *Cydnon*) than ever any was: but he is ſo jealous, and in ſuch a fantaſtical manner, as I know not how you can cure him. This *Ænigma* is ſo obſcure, anſwered *Sapho*, that it paſſeth my underſtanding when I have expounded it (replied ſhe) you will better underſtand it, but your aſtoniſhment will not be a jot the leſs: For on that day when you ſhewed *Phaon* and *Democedes* your Verſes, *Phaon* found in them ſuch paſſionate expreſſions, as he concluded moſt certainly you either were in Love, or had been, and that it was impoſſible any living ſhould write ſo tenderly, unleſs they had been in Love; ſo as this odd fancy being in his head, he hath ſince ſuffered moſt incredible afflictions, and hath done nothing elſe but hunt out after this ſuppoſed Rival, who hath inſpired you with ſuch tenderneſs in your Verſes.

But I beſeech you *Cidnon*, (ſaid *Sapho* and interrupted her) tell me ſeriouſly whether all this you tell me be not ſome quibble of your own wit? No, no, (replied ſhe) there is nothing truer than what I tell you: For the miſerable *Phaon* is ſo poſſeſſed with this imagination, that in lieu of applying them unto himſelf, or rejoycing at his good fortune, he is carefully examining what names ſutes beſt with that blank which was left in a Verſe: and for my part, I have ſuch merry Conceptions upon this paſſage, that did I not ſee you very penſive, I ſhould laugh heartily: However I beſeech you ſeriouſly to find out ſome way how to cure poor *Phaon* of his jealouſie; for my Brother repreſents him in ſuch a miſerable condition, that he deſerves ſome help and ſuccour. I perceive then (replied *Sapho*) that *Democedes* hath ſeen theſe cruel Verſes which make me ſo aſhamed: And that though I have told *Phaon* a hundred times, if ever I admitted of any Lover, he ſhould never have any Confident; yet I ſee that I am like to have as many Confidents of my weakneſs as there are Men in *Metilene*. Not but that I know very well (continued ſhe very obligingly) *Democedes* is very diſcreet: but for all that *Cydnon* confeſs the truth, did not he gueſs at the name better than *Phaon*? He did not tell me (replyed ſhe) but I aſſured him that either theſe Verſes were intended for none, or elſe that they were intended for *Phaon*. For he being his particular friend, I thought thereby the more to engage his diſcretion, and to keep him from further enquiry into a buſineſs of which I promiſed to give him an account.

But *Cydnon* (replied *Sapho*) what account can you give which will be advantageous unto me? For to tell him that I love *Phaon*, is horrid unto me: To ſwear that I love him not, will make him believe I love another: and to proteſt that I love none (conſidering the fancy which *Phaon* hath in his head) will augment his jealouſie and not juſtifie me: However I wiſh I could find out an expedient which would prevent his jealouſie, which would preſerve his affection, which would hide mine from *Democedes*, and which would only let *Phaon* gueſs at mine: For my part (replied *Cydnon*) conſidering the language of my Brother, I think it will be a very hard matter to cure *Phaon* of his jealouſie, unleſs you will acquaint him with your tenderneſs of him: Fie, fie, *Cydnon*, (replied *Sapho*) I had rather he ſhould continue eternally jealous, than that he ſhould ſee all my weakneſs.

Then you care not for preſerving his Heart (anſwered *Cydnon*) for you know better than I do, that long jealouſie ſmothers love. The foundation of *Phaon's* jealouſie hath ſo little ſolidity in it (replied *Sapho*) that I cannot think it will laſt long. Nay, on the contrary, (anſwered my Siſter) ſince it hath no foundation, it is harder to drive it away: As for example, if *Phaon* were poſitively jealous of *Nicanor*, then there were no way but to treat *Nicanor* ill, and ſee him no more, to make his jealouſie ceaſe: but ſince he is jealous only becauſe you have written your Verſes in ſuch tender and paſſionate ſtrains as might perſwade one a little that you are in love, it is impoſſible you ſhould ever cure him; but by giving him ſome cauſe to think you have none but him, and to let him think that the Verſes he hath ſeen belongs to him. As I did gueſs at his affection to me before he told me of it (anſwered ſhe) ſo let him gueſs if he can at the tenderneſs I have to him: For if he do not, he ſhall never know it for me. But yet (ſaid *Cydnon*) muſt he not know any thing more concerning that Verſe which wants a name? Is it not enough (replied ſhe) that he ſays that the names of all others (who are in any likelihood of loving me) does not ſuit with it, and that his doth? Is not this enough to make him underſtand, that either they were made for none, or they were made for him?

If his fancy were not prepoſſeſſed (replied *Cydnon*) doubtleſs what you ſay were ſufficient: but as the conſtitution of his mind is, if the conſervation of *Phaon* be dear unto you, ſomething elſe muſt be done, and you muſt permit my Brother at the leaſt to give him ſome comfort and hopes in his miſery. Provided he could do it without giving any ſuſpitions of my conſent (replied *Sapho*) *Democedes* may tell him what he will to perſwade him I am not in Love with any; for I had rather *Phaon* ſhould think I love him, than to think I will permit any other to love me.

After this, *Sapho* told *Cydnon* all that *Tyſander* ſaid unto her: Thus you ſee (ſaid ſhe unto her) that *Phaon*'s Rival is better informed of my ſorrows for him, than he himſelf is. The truth is *Cydnon* (continued ſhe) my fate is very ſtrange, for *Tyſander* knows that I do love *Phaon*, and he knows it ſo certainly that he hath abandoned me upon it: And *Phaon* on the contrary is ready to quit me, becauſe he thinks I love another and not him, ſo as being, (as if it were) a Rival, unto himſelf, he doth himſelf more hurt than all his Rivals, and hath brought me unto the moſt ſtrange conjecture that ever a perſon of my humour could be. For Women ought never to ſay that they are in Love, but only that they are loved. Therefore *Cydnon* we muſt ſubmit the adventure unto fortune. But take heed, Madam, replied ſhe, you do not repent of what you have ſaid. If I do repent of what I have ſaid (replied ſhe) I ſhall not do any more than what I have done a thouſand times ſince I firſt knew *Phaon*, for I have repented I ever deſired *Democedes* to bring me acquainted with him, I repented that ever I ſpoke unto him, that ever I loved him, and that ever I compoſed thoſe unhappy Verſes, which cauſed this laſt diſorder, and, to tell you my thoughts plainly, I repent of all I ever ſaid or did ſince I was firſt taught to ſpeak; And if I ſhould keep *Phaon* by any endeavours which are unworthy of my ſelf, I ſhou'd repent eternally, and to tell you truly, if I ſhould loſe him by my too ſcrupulous ſeverity I ſhould repent it till my death.

This Madam, was the temper of *Sapho*'s mind when my Siſter talked with her, ſo as knowing very well that ſhe would give her conſent unto *Phaon*'s cure of jealouſie; by any ways which might not engage her too far, ſhe would preſs her no further, and as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me ſhe told me that *Phaon* was too blame, that I ſhould adviſe him to ſee *Sapho* as ſoon as he could, and that moſt certainly he had no reaſon to fear any Rival. But, Madam, the ſtrangeſt paſſage in all this rancounter was, that *Sapho*'s mind was taken up with ſo many various thoughts, that ſhe never thought of any anger againſt *Phaon*, for being ſo bold as to take theſe Verſes out of her Chamber.

However *Cydnon* tranſacted ſo well with me, and I with *Phaon*, that though he did not poſſitively believe all I told him, yet he reſolved to go unto *Sapho*, and to go with intentions of telling her the very bottom of his Soul: yet in the interim, a chance happened which changed his mind.

For an univerſal report went about all *Mytilene*, that *Tyſander* was reſolved to ſee *Sapho* no more. *Phaon* imagining that the Prince would never have quitted her, unleſs he had diſcovered that ſhe was in love with ſome one, his jealouſie renewed, and broke off his firſt deſign. Not but that he had reaſon to believe of *Tyſander*, as he did, but he did not know that it was himſelf who diſengaged that Prince from the love of *Sapho*: But at laſt after he had paſſed over two days in this uncertainty, he reſolved again to go unto *Sapho*, and diſcover unto her the grandure of his Love, and the violence of his jealouſie: and indeed he went unto her the next day ſo early, that he found none with her.

It is an eaſie matter to tell you, Madam, the reſentments of theſe two perſons: For *Sapho* was aſhamed of her own weakneſs and pittied the weakneſs of *Phaon*: and this Lover had ſo many ſeveral reſentments, as it is impoſſible to repreſent them, for he told me that his love and his jealouſie redoubled, and yet alſo he had ſome reviver of his hopes. But at laſt, having ſaluted each other with equal agitation of Spirits, *Phaon* asked *Sapho* pardon for being ſo long from her. But, Madam, (ſaid he) I know not, whether after I have asked pardon for not ſeeing you, I ſhould alſo ask it for ſeeing you: For I am come with a reſolution to talk of ſo many things, as that I am afraid of talking ſomething which ſhall diſpleaſe you, though I am reſolved to ſay nothing that ſhall be unworthy of that love and reſpect which I have unto you.

Sir, replied ſhe, we have had ſo few occaſions of any quarrels ſince we were acquainted, that I know not what you can ſay otherwiſe. I muſt ask you, Madam, replied he, whether I was not much too blame in being the moſt jealous man alive? I muſt conjure you to talk ſincerely with me; I muſt beſeech you to have compaſſion upon my weakneſs: To examine well the paſſion which cauſed it, to ponder all the reaſons which may excuſe my jealouſie, and if it be poſſible, not to drive me unto deſpair.

All theſe, replied *Sapho*, do argue, that there is ſuch a great diſorder in your mind, as I ſhall out of pity do that, which in reaſon I ought not to do, if I did hearken unto the exact Rules of Juſtice and Decency. And therefore I will hearken unto your complaints, and let you ſpeak of your jealouſie, though I cannot endure you ſhould ſpeak of your Love. Speak then *Phaon*, (ſaid ſhe again unto him) and tell me of whom you are jealous? I know not Madam (ſaid he unto her) but I am ſure, that ſometimes I think I have all imaginable cauſe. For, Madam, you have ſuch paſſionate expreſſions in your Writings, as you muſt of neceſſity have been ſenſible of them your ſelf. And you have made ſuch Verſes which I was ſo bold as to ſteal away, as have coſt me a million of ſighs, and perhaps will coſt me my life, if you of your goodneſs will not apply a remedy to cure me: But what remedy (ſaid *Sapho*) will cure you? You muſt perſwade me (replied he) that you have loved none, and that if ever you love any it ſhall be the unfortunate *Phaon*. But, Madam, ſince this is an impoſſibility, I will not ask it, but will poſſitively ask you the true ſtate of your ſoul, and will ask you the name of him for whom you made thoſe Verſes which I was ſo preſumptuous as to take out of your Cloſet.

To anſwer in general unto all you ask, (replied ſhe) I muſt tell you, that I did write ſo paſſionately, becauſe naturally, I have a tender ſoul, and I aſſure you afterwards, that if I have made any jealous, yet certainly it ought not to have been you. For I will tell you for my own honour, as much as for your tranquility, that I loved none the ſame day you came unto *Metilene*; and I aſſure you further, that I have done nothing ſince, which ſhould make you jealous: And to teſtifie the truth of what I ſay, I will give you leave to obſerve all my actions, all my words, and all my very looks, and if after that you find any cauſe of jealouſie, then be ſo, even unto fury; and be perſwaded that in permitting you to be jealous, I have done more for you, than ever I did for any.

Since, Madam, you cannot permit me to be jealous (replied he) unleſs you permit me to be in love, I muſt give you moſt humble thanks for that permiſſion, as for the greateſt favour in the world; yet I ſhould be much more obliged, if you would be pleaſed to tell me whom you are pleaſed I ſhould love, than to give me leave to be jealous? And therefore tell me, Madam, I beſeech you, whether I may hope, that you will ever be ſo tender unto me, as you know moſt admirably well how to expreſs; ſhould I not be too preſumptuous in pretending unto thoſe Verſes which ſo cruelly have made me jealous? But, Madam, before I can believe ſuch a glorious aſſurance, you muſt be very ſincere; you muſt tell me more than what yet you have; you muſt ſhew me your heart, as I have ſhewed you mine; and you muſt not keep back any ſecret of your ſoul, before I can know you. Though you have loved one before I had the honour to be known unto you, yet I have no reaſon to complain: Not but that I wiſh with a moſt paſſionate deſire, that I were the firſt who entred into your heart: But yet if that happineſs be not poſſible, however I ſhall eſteem my ſelf very happy in being the ſucceſſor of that moſt happy Rival.

Speak then, Divine *Sapho*, and tell me whether I muſt be jealous? Whether I muſt be happy? Or whether I muſt be miſerable? And to tell me in two fatal words, whether I muſt live or dye? *Phaon* expreſſed himſelf in an Air ſo full of reverent reſpect, he had in his voice ſuch a kind of Rethorical tone, and he looked upon *Sapho* in ſuch a ſubmiſſive and paſſionate manner, that this Fair One, not being able to treat ſuch a Lover ill whom ſhe had a mind to preſerve, ſhe ſpoke unto him ſo diſcreetly, that without telling him ſhe loved him, ſhe did re-animate his hopes, did diſſipate his jealouſie, augment his paſſion, and fill'd his ſoul full of joy.

Indeed theſe two Lovers, who in beginning their diſcourſe knew hardly what to ſay, and who had a thouſand thoughts in their hearts, which they thought ſhould never be revealed, yet at laſt imparted all, and made ſuch a ſincere exchange of all their moſt ſecret thoughts, that all in the heart of *Sapho*, paſſed into the ſoul of *Phaon*, and all that was in the ſoul of *Phaon* paſſed into the ſoul of *Sapho*. Alſo they agreed upon the Articles and Conditions of their Love. For *Phaon* promiſed *Sapho*, which deſired it, never to deſire any thing of her, but the enjoyment and poſſeſſion of her heart: And ſhe promiſed him alſo, never to receive any into her heart, but him.

After this, they told each other all the particular paſſages of their Lives. And ever ſince Madam, there hath been ſuch an admirable union between theſe two perſons, as never were their equals ſeen: The love of *Phaon* augmented with his happineſs, and the affection of *Sapho* became more violent, by the acquaintance ſhe had of the greatneſs of her Lovers Love. Never were two hearts ſeen more united; nor ever did Love join two together, with more purity and zeal.

They communicated unto each other all their thoughts, and they underſtood one another without telling them; they ſaw in each others eyes, the motions of their hearts, and ſaw them all ſo tender and paſſionate unto each other, that the more they looked, the more they loved: Yet the peace between them was not ſo ſollidly eſtabliſhed, but they had ſome amorous wars, and though they loved as much as poſſible, yet they would ſometimes complain that they loved not enough, but there was never any ſuch civil wars as did diſturb the Halcyon Serenity of their Loves.

In the mean time, ever ſince this conjunction of hearts between *Phaon* and *Sapho*, *Nicanor* hath been in a miſerable condition, and *Tyſander* eſteemed himſelf as happy as prudent, in diſ-engaging himſelf from his paſſion. The truth is, he cured himſelf by another beauty; for *Pittacus* being reſolved to marry him unto the fair *Alcionide*, he went to *Guides*, where ſhe was, and where he fell as much in love with her as with *Sapho*, but for all his love to the one, he ſtill preſerved much eſteem for the other.

In the mean time, *Charaxes* the Brother of *Sapho*, who took it ill ſhe ſhould refuſe the affection of *Tyſander*, and admit of *Phaons*, went to travel, and departed without taking his leave, or bidding adieu to any. On the other ſide, though *Nicanor* did ſtill moſt paſſionately love *Sapho*, and horridly hated *Phaon*, yet he offered no violence unto either: For ſuch was the admirable diſcretion of *Sapho*, in keeping every one within the limits of their due reſpects, and in uniting the moſt divided ſpirits, that though ſhe could not make them perfect friends, yet ſhe kept them from down right quarrelling. All this while *Phaon* being aſſured, that he was preferred before all his Rivals, he was not jealous of any: And indeed he was highly happy in it; for *Sapho* cauſed ſo many to be in love with her, that *Alces* himſelf, as deeply in love as he was with the fair *Athys*, began to waver and divide his heart: And except *Themiſtogenes*, who could not love any which did not reſemble *Damophile*, there was not one man of any ſoul or quality, who had not ſome ſparks of Love unto *Sapho*.

For my part, being *Phaon's* choice, and particular friend, I ever defended my ſelf againſt her Arrows, and was never down-right in love with her, but I had ſo much affection unto her, as kept me from loving any other.

In the mean time, this univerſal approbation of *Sapho*, incenſed all the Ladies; who pretending unto high beauty, had hardly any adorers, whilſt *Sapho*, whoſe modeſty would not let her think ſhe had any, was invironed with a croud of them. But the wonder was, that this moſt rare woman, without the leaſt digreſſion from that fidelity ſhe owed unto *Phaon*, did ſtill maintain her ſoveraignty in the ſouls of all her Lovers: For behaving her ſelf ſo diſcreetly, that none of them ever ſaid any thing unto her, which ſhe would not have them, ſhe never had any cauſe to complain againſt them, and by conſequence had no cauſe to baniſh them from her: Not but that *Phaon* would ſome daies complain a little againſt ſuch a croud about her; but when ſhe gave him to underſtand, that prudence required he ſhould hide himſelf among the croud, becauſe if ſhe ſhould baniſh them, ſhe ſhould baniſh him alſo, or elſe her glory would ſuffer diminution, then *Phaon* was contented to endure all the Lovers of *Sapho*, who durſt not appear under any other notion than that of friends.

For my part, I have wondred a hundred times at that power, which *Sapho* had over her Slaves: For though there was not one of them, who did not know that ſhe loved *Phaon*, and *Phaon* only; yet there was not one of them who was out of hopes, though ſhe gave them not the leaſt ground: And though they all hated *Phaon*, yet they neither durſt, nor could hurt him: Nor did they jar among themſelves, for ſince they cou'd be jealous of none but *Phaon* only, they grew into a kind of confidence together.

Thus the Loved, the Lovers, the Lover Loved, and the ill-treated Rivals all were together, without the leaſt conteſt that was troubleſome unto our ſociety; and which was moſt admirable, *Sapho* in the midſt of this croud, did find out waies to give *Phaon* a thouſand teſtimonies of her affection to him, and unperceived to ſacrifice all his Rivals unto him. Thus, without doing any thing againſt the exact rules of civility, and without any allurements, *Sapho* had the glory to have an infinite number of Adorers, and without any of that ſeverity of thoſe faithful Lovers, who conſtrain themſelves ſo much, that they almoſt become ſavage: *Phaon* and ſhe enjoyed all the ſweets of a moſt pure and innocent Love; for they were none of thoſe, who as ſoon as they are certain of their Miſtreſſes, and Servants, do uſe to renounce almoſt all manner of Gallantry, as they if had been married many a year, for *Phaon* was as courtly, as humble, and aſſiduous, as if he had yet to conquer that noble heart which he already enjoyed: And *Sapho* was as exact, and as regularly civil and complaiſant, as if her Conqueſt were uncertain. Moreover, Feaſts, Pleaſures, and Joyes, did inſeparably follow them: And though they were moſt aſſured of each others eſteem, yet they did ſtrive with all imaginable cares to preſerve it.

This, Madam, was the life which *Phaon* and *Sapho* lived, whilſt they were happy: yet as the Empire of Love is as ſubject unto great revolutions, as others are; ſo this calm and ſilken peace, which was in the heart of *Sapho*, was not perpetual, though it ſeemed as if it would be eternal. For moſt certain it is, that never Lover had a more perfect heart of expreſſing much love, than *Phaon* had, he never ſaw any in *Metilene*, but *Sapho*: And indeed it may almoſt be ſaid, that he did ſcarcely ſee thoſe who were friends unto his Miſtreſs, though he was continually with her, for his eyes and mind were ſo wholly fixed upon the admired *Sapho* as ſhe could not doubt, but that ſhe was the only ſoul of his thoughts, whereſoever he was. And ſince there is nothing more obliging, than to make a difference of a perſon in the midſt of a great company, he knew ſo well how to oblige *Sapho* this way, when any occaſion were offered, as I never in my life ſaw his like. Moreover, when he was with her, he ſeemed ſo happy, ſo contented, and ſo ſenſible of the leaſt of her favours, as ſhe having abſolutely the moſt tender ſoul in the world, did think there was nothing deſirable which was not in her Lover: She was infinitely charmed with the delicacy of his wit: he had ſometimes a certain kind of ſweet and melancholly blithneſs, (if I may ſo call it) which furniſhed him with ſuch diverting conceits, as that they cannot be repeated without derogation.

Moreover, being naturally curious and inquiſitive, they had always ſome amorous wrangle or other which made their diſcourſe more ſweet: For ſometimes *Phaon* would needs know why ſhe bluſhed, ſometimes why ſhe muſed; and his exceſſive curioſity went ſo far that one day, there hapned a tender amorous diſpute between them, becauſe *Phaon* asked *Sapho*, why ſhe was more ſweet unto him that day than any other? afflicting himſelf as much, becauſe ſhe would not tell him, as if ſhe had treated him ill. But, Sir, (ſaid ſhe, having no mind to ſatisfie his obſtinate curioſity) ſometimes you ask me ſuch trivial queſtions, with ſo much good earneſtneſs, that I muſt needs ask you in my turn, what is the cauſe of this general curioſity, which cauſeth us ſo many petty quarrels? I ſhould not think ſtrange at your curioſity in things eſſential, and of concernment, but your humour is ſuch, that you are inquiſitive of every trifle: Yes, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I am ſo, and ever ſhall be, of every thing that concerns you, and if I could, I would oblige you to give me an account of all your thoughts, and of all your looks, for, Madam, as you have given extream ſtraight limits unto my deſires, and as you have permitted me to aſpire no further, than the enjoyment and poſſeſſion of your heart: how can you think I ſhould be aſſured of it, if I did not know all the paſſages in it? and therefore think not ſtrange, I cannot endure you ſhould deny me what I ask; for by acquainting me ſometimes why you bluſh'd, why you ſtudied, and why you did not look upon me: you put me into poſſeſſion of that heart which you have promiſed me, and you joy me beyond my expreſſions: And indeed I ſet a greater value upon one of thoſe little hidden thoughts, which obligingly diſcover your heart unto me than ſome would of greater favours, who are not capable of all the nice delicacies of Love, therefore, Madam, I beſeech you deny no more, the ſatisfaction of my curioſity, though it ask only trifles of you, and trifles which ſeem unto you unreaſonable.

For indeed, Madam, (added he, and ſmiled) Love is a Child, which delights himſelf in toys, and has innocent phantaſmes, ſo that looking upon my too much curioſity, as an effect of the grandeur of my love, I hope you will comply with my weakneſs, and rather than afflict me by telling me nothing, you will tell me all I ſhall ask.

You may judg, Madam, after this, that the Love of *Phaon* was very tender, ingenuous, and gallant: and that loving one who knew the beſt in the world how to love, and who had a ſuperlative wit, you may imagin they enjoyed a thouſand delights, which thoſe of a dull and groſs capacity in matters of Love, are ignorant of: Yet ſometimes when *Phaon* conſidered that *Sapho* would not

marry,

marry, and that ſhe was the moſt vertuous woman in the world, he would be ſomething penſive upon the matter: but ſhe knew ſo well how to diſſipate thoſe muddy miſts of melancholly, the cauſe of which ſhe quickly diſcovered, as he was forced to confeſs that he was the happieſt Lover alive.

In the mean time, as I told you before *Nicanor* being ſtill in love with *Sapho*, and *Alces* wanted but little of it, Jealouſie did ſo ſeize upon the heart of the fair *Athys*, and of *Nicanor*, that in the end it much moleſted the felicity of theſe moſt happy Lovers.

And the better to let you underſtand the cauſe of this alteration, I muſt acquaint you with a kind of a Feaſt which *Sapho* made at a houſe of hers ſome hundred furlongs from *Metilene*, and which without diſpute was the moſt pleaſant Seat in the Iſle: And indeed, all that was deſirable in a Country-houſe was there to be found; for it was cloſe by the Sea, and yet was full of the moſt rare freſh Springs and Fountains that ever were ſeen. Moreover, it had ſeveral lovely Groves, Meadows, Gardens, and Grotto's: The ſtructure alſo was very ſtately, ſo as every Summer *Sapho* went with *Cynegire* unto it, and all their friends came to viſit them.

We being all there in that delightful ſeaſon, which may be termed the youth of the year; and when the firſt greenneſs of the herbs and leaves renders the Country moſt pleaſing, *Sapho* with *Cynegire* invited all her dear friends, to paſs away a whole day with them. But though ſhe invited only friends, yet others alſo came: For *Nicanor*, *Alces*, *Phaon*, and I waited upon *Amithone*, *Athys*, *Erinne*, and *Cydnon*: And Chance ſo ordered it, that the very ſame day *Philire* with her two friends, and two Adorers of *Sapho* came thither in the Afternoon, not knowing that we were there, ſo as the company were very frolick that day.

I ſhall not relate unto you, Madam, the particulars of this Feaſt: only tell you, that though *Sapho* and her Couſin were dreſſed only in white, decked with flowers, yet were they ſo gallant, that a prettier ſight could not be ſeen.

When we came to *Sapho*'s houſe, ſhe met us with two of her Women in a little thick Grove, in the midſt of which is a moſt admirable Spring, running by the foot of a huge Tree, whoſe branches were ſo large and thick, that they did not only over-ſhadow the Fountain, but many Seats of Graſs alſo which were about it. *Sapho* meeting us in this place in ſuch a dreſs as I mentioned, ſhe received us with ſuch a gallant Air, and in ſo noble a Garb, that in my life I never ſaw her ſo lovely: For ſhe had the fragrancy of the whole Spring in her Face, her Eyes had the luſtre of the riſing Sun, when firſt it appears without a Cloud: and her joys which ſhe expreſſed at the ſight of us, did ſo viſibly glance it ſelf upon us by her lovely looks, as preſaged a very pleaſing paſſing away of that day: There was not one in all the Company upon whom ſhe beſtowed not a very obliging Complement, and who did not think that ſhe was ſweeter unto them than unto others.

But I, who always had an obſervant eye upon her, was not ſo much miſtaken as they were; for in the very midſt of this tumultuous joy which ſhe expreſſed at the ſight of us, I ſaw in her fair Eyes ſomething ſo ſingular towards *Phaon*, when ſhe made her Complement to him, that thoſe advantagious thoughts which her Heart harboured of him were very apparant unto my Eye. However, all this jolly Company deſiring to ſtay a while in that place, our Coaches went behind the Grove unto *Sapho*'s Houſe, and we ſtayed to enjoy the delight of that pleaſing ſhade, the agreeable murmur of the Fountain, and pleaſant noiſe of the leaves which an eaſie gale of wind did whiſle.

The firſt Converſation was ſomething miſcellaneous, and paſſed from Object to Object: At the firſt, thoſe Ladies which came from *Metilene*, began to commend the Beauty of *Sapho*, and admired how ſhe kept her ſelf from being Sun-burnt: Conſidering that as long as ſhe was in in the Country, ſhe was perpetually abroad. *Sapho* on her ſide, ſhe gave them ſuch ſweet adulatory Language, as cuſtom hath introduced amongſt ſuch Ladies as know the World, and are both young and fair.

After ſhe had asked us all the News of *Metilene*, we in our turns asked her all the paſſages of her ſolitude; *Cidnon* chid her for not writing unto her, *Erinne* for not remembring her, *Athys* for going away without bidding her Adieu; and all of us together told her that ſhe affected ſolitude ſo much, and her abſence was ſuch an affliction to us, that we could not any longer endure it. To prove that what you ſay is true, (replied *Sapho* very ſweetly) you muſt acquaint me how you have ſpent your time this eight days ſince I came hither: For if you can make it appear that you do really regret my abſence, I believe I ſhall return with you: but to tell you truly, I am perſwaded that you were all full of Diverſions, notwithſtanding my abſence. For my part, (ſaid *Nicanor*) I went no whether but unto *Pittacus*, about buſineſs of much importance, concerning a Friend of mine, and the fair *Athys* knows very well, that though I am her near Neighbour, yet I never ſaw her: It is very true indeed, (replied ſhe) *Nicanor* hath been very ſolitary ſince your departure: And for my particular (added ſhe very craftily) I have not been ſo, for I have ſeen much Company, and walked abroad very often, but for all that I was extream weary of your abſence, and wiſhed for you a hundred and a hundred times: I am ſure *Phaon*, who was with me twice when I walked to take the Air, does know that I expreſſed as much, and that I chid him for being no ſadder than he was at your abſence.

I muſt confeſs (replied *Phaon*) that yeſterday you chid me, but it was unjuſtly: For thoſe joys which then appeared in my Eyes, were only cauſed becauſe I was to come hither this day. You have very cunningly recovered your ſelf out of that Net which the fair *Athys* unawares had like to have entangled you in, (replied *Alces*) but I know not whether you can ſo well get out of that which I ſhall put you into, when I ſhall tell you that the very next morning after *Sapho* departed, we made five or ſix viſits together, and you were not at all diſcontented. *Sapho*, replied ſhe, hath ſo well taught me to be civil, that I had rather viſit none, than ſay nothing to them: Yet *Cydnon* whom I ſaw ſome two or three days after, can tell you, that ſhe ſaw me very melancholy. 'Tis true, (replied *Amythone*) but I know not whether it was at the abſence of *Sapho*, for you were very merry the day before, and was at play, and loſt much. Since the fair *Sapho* knows very well, (replied he) that I have no covetous Soul, I do not fear ſhe will ſuſpect me for being more ſad for what I loſt at play, than for the loſs of her ſight.

However it be (ſaid ſhe, and both bluſht and ſmiled) I perceive that you had no time to be much diſcontented; for you have frequented walks, you have made viſits, you have been at play, and doubtleſs have kept your Court with *Pittacus*, therefore being your Friend, I muſt rejoyce you have ſpent your time ſo well, but I have little reaſon to thank you for thinking ſo little of me. Oh, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) condemn me not before you hear me: I ſhall hear you another time (replied ſhe) as for this day, let us, after your example, think upon nothing but jocundry.

Sapho ſpoke this with ſo free an Air, that *Phaon* was troubled at it: And indeed, though at the firſt ſhe thought that *Phaon* was not much troubled at her abſence, yet ſince ſhe received every day a Letter from him ſince ſhe came into the Country, ſhe conceived that he did it rather out of prudence than any defect of Love, ſo as this was no hinderance to her from being very merry all the reſt of the day.

But after this good Company had reſted themſelves a while, and after I had given *Sapho* an account of what I had done during her abſence, ſhe carried us through this pleaſant Grove unto a Garden Door which opened into a long walk, which led us unto the Porch of the Houſe where *Cynegire* received us. I ſhall not make any Relation of the Furniture in this Houſe, nor of the neatneſs of our Repaſt, or of the Aromatick ſmells, which preſumed the Rooms, for I will not inſiſt upon ſuch trivials: But give me leave to tell you, that an hour after we were riſen from the Table, and were removed into a very pleaſant withdrawing Room, next the dining

Room, *Phylire* and her Company arrived: So as this encreaſe of good Company, augmented the joys of *Sapho*; and ſhe behaved her ſelf ſo nobly unto all in the Houſe, that *Phaon* being charmed at the ſight of her, and not being Maſter of his Paſſion, he expreſſed his admiration ſo openly, that *Sapho* made a ſign unto him, to ſhut up his wonder in his Heart, for he applauded her with ſuch aggravation, he approached her with ſuch earneſtneſs, and looked upon her with ſo much love, that indeed there was ſome cauſe to think (conſidering his joys in ſeeing her) that if he had been out of her ſight he would have run mad.

In the mean time, a little after *Phylire* was come, and had preſented all her Company unto *Sapho*; This moſt admirable Lady told them all that ſhe would ſhew them a place more pleaſant than that they were in. And indeed, *Cynegire* and ſhe carried us through a long cloſe walk in a Wood, which appeared ſo wild and ſo far from any habitation, as one would have thought it a Deſart: And at the end of the thickeſt part of this Wood, there was a great Grotto, which Nature had begun, and which Art and *Sapho*'s ingenuity had finiſhed; And which indeed is one of the moſt delightful things in the World. For it was large, it was cool, it was deep, and yet it was light enough; The Rock had rarity of all colours, and that which was added unto it, was ſuch an excellent imitation of Nature, as one would think, Art had no hand in it.

Seats were contrived round about this Grott, and in ſuch a ruſtick manner as if chance only had been the Contriver, yet were they very eaſie and handſome, for by a ſingular artifice one is made believe that the Moſs which grows there, are Cuſhions: The little Purling Rivolet which runs through it, by its coolneſs, renders the place more delectable.

Beſides all this, there were ſeveral openings into a ſecond Grott inviſible to this other, through which Voco-ducts were placed, as one might eaſily hear what one ſaid unto another.

The place being thus pleaſant, *Cynegire* and *Sapho* conducted us thither, we were no ſooner ſet, but upon a ſudden

den we heard a moſt admirable harmony, which came from the ſecond Grott into that in which we were, and which filled it with ſuch Seraphick Airs, as never was a more charming ſurpriſe. At firſt, we thought it was *Sapho* who appointed this diverſion, but ſhe was ſo aſtoniſhed alſo that we quickly perceived it was not ſhe.

In the mean time, all the Company looked upon *Sapho*, and ſhe looked upon all the Company, but to tell you truly, ſhe no ſooner looked upon *Phaon*, but ſhe knew it to be a piece of his Gallantry. He yet would not openly acknowledge it, but it paſſed for a piece of Enchantment all the day, and furniſhed the Converſation with a very pleaſant Subject. But *Cynegire* being moſt curious of all the Company, ſhe went out of that Grott with one of the Ladies which came with *Phylire*, intending to go into the other Grott, and know from the Mouths of the Muſitians, who ſent them, after which, ſhe walked in a ſolitary Alley not far off. In the mean time, this Gallantry of *Phaon*'s, cauſed every one to extol it, and him both, though he ſaid ſtill, that he did not merit any ſuch applauſe, and that his Gallantry came ſhort of ſuch an entertainment. *Phaon* (ſaid my Siſter unto him) if we ſhould believe you, you were notably trapped; for thoſe who really have gallant Souls, do know they have ſuch, and take it ill any ſhould think they have not, and indeed they have reaſon to inſiſt upon ſuch qualities as makes them prized above others.

One muſt have gallant inclinations, (replied *Alces* and ſmiled) that can ſpeak as you do: One ought to have Rational inclinations as well as gallant (replied ſhe) for if Men do things no otherwiſe than as I intend, they will never pleaſe very well. For my part, (replied *Amithone*) I would very gladly know, in what, this kind of Gallantry conſiſts of which *Cydnon* ſpeaks: For my particular, (ſaid *Phaon* and interrupted her) I had much rather we ſhould talk of this than any thing elſe, for I muſt confeſs, I meet with ſo many ſcurvy Gallants in this World, who yet do make great progreſs in the hearts of ſome Ladies, that true, and really noble Gallants, make not ſo many conqueſts as they do. And therefore I would have us begin here a Deſcription of bad Gallantry, to the end, that at our return unto *Metilene*, we may infuſe our Maxims into the minds of all the Town.

Then it is alſo requiſite (replied *Phylire*) that you give Laws and Rules unto the noble kind of Gallantry: for it will ſignifie nothing if you ſhould only blame the one, and not teach us the other.

For my part, (replied *Sapho*) I am ſuch a profeſſed Enemy unto all bad Gallants, though I do love a gallant Air in all things, and ſhould be raviſhed with ſuch Converſation, if it were not in this place; but to tell you truly, (added ſhe and ſmiled) I would not have it ſaid in *Metilene*, that we aſſembled here, to make Laws for Love.

For my part, (replied *Phaon*) I will talk of nothing elſe this day. And for my particular (ſaid I) I believe I cannot ſpeak of any other ſubject. It is indeed ſo pleaſing, (replied *Nicanor*) that it would be difficult to change it into a better. It is alſo ſo neceſſary (ſaid *Alces*) that I know not what we ſhould talk of, if not of this.

We talked of all the News before Dinner, (replied *Phaon*) we commended the beauty of the place, and we have talked almoſt of every thing, ſo as we ſhall have nothing to do (ſaid *Phaon* unto *Sapho*) unleſs you will let us either commend you, or let us talk of Gallantry. Believe me, (replied ſhe) I had rather you ſhould talk of Gallantry than commend me. Then, Madam, replied *Phaon*, I beſeech you give us leave to talk of it all the day, for as my Soul is now diſpoſed, I think my ſelf almoſt as witty as you are when you are out of your good humour. If you be no more (replied ſhe) you would be leſs gallant than you are. But I beſeech you (ſaid the fair *Athys* unto *Sapho*) tell us how you came to be the moſt gallant perſon in the World. I do not intend to accuſe you of any Gallantry (continued ſhe craftily) when I ſay ſo, but to commend you becauſe you neither do, nor ſay any thing but with a gallant Air. Though I have not ſo much vanity as to believe this you ſay is applicative unto me, (replied *Sapho*) yet I do think, I know your meaning, and that there is a kind of gallantry without any love, which is ſometimes to be uſed in moſt ſerious matters : and which gives an excellent charm unto all that one does, or ſays.

In the mean time, this gallant Air, I mean, does not altogether conſiſt in much wit, much judgment, and much knowledge, but it is a thing ſo particular, and ſo difficult to be acquired when one hath it not, that one knows not how to learn it, or where to ſeek it. For I know a man whom all the Court knows, who is very handſome, hath wit enough, who is very magnificent in his attendance, in his houſe, and in his habit, who is able, and ſpeaks well, who hath done all that ever he can to get a gallant Air, and who is for all that, the leaſt gallant of all men living. But pray you (ſaid *Amithone*) what is this gallant Aire which is ſo pleaſing? It is I know not what (replied *Sapho*) which is compounded of a hundred ſeveral things: It is a work of Nature infuſed into the Perſons who have it; moreover, much commerce with the World and Court doth help, the Converſation of Women alſo, doth much contribute : And I dare maintain, that never any had an Air of gallantry, who ſhunned diſcourſe with perſons of my own Sex ; and if I durſt, I would ſay, that before a man can attain unto this gallant Air, he muſt once in his life have ſome ſmall inclination unto Love: But take heed (replied *Amithone*) that you do not engage your ſelf too far by ſpeaking as you do, for if it be neceſſary to have been in love before they can attain this Air of gallantry, it muſt follow by neceſſary inference, that a Lady, who hath this gallant Air, hath loved ſome or other. No, replied *Sapho*, for though I do maintain that a man muſt have his heart a little engaged before he can attain this Air, yet I maintain alſo, that for a Lady to acquire it, it is ſufficient if ſhe receive a favourable diſpoſition unto it, from Nature, that ſhe hath ſeen the World, that ſhe be acquainted with men of parts, and that ſhe have a deſign to pleaſe all in general, without loving any in particular. For all that, me-thinks (ſaid the fair *Athys*) that the word Gallant is too much abuſed : For I like it well that one ſhould ſay this is gallantly thought, or this is gallantly ſaid, and a thouſand ſuch like, whoſe wit bears a part in it; but it is not ſo to ſay, this habit is very gallant, or that man is very gallantly dreſt.

For my part (ſaid *Phaon*) I make no ſuch difficulty of it, for it is that gallant Air which *Sapho* hath in her mind, and in all her perſon, that makes the dreſs ſhe wears become her ſo well; and to prove the truth, one ſhall ſee ſome Ladies at a Ball, who are rarely dreſt, and who yet are but ugly in compariſon of that ſimple dreſs which hath its gallantry from the Perſon who wears it.

For my particular, (added *Sapho*) I think one may put a gallant Air upon all, and that any may keep it as long as they live; but to tell you truly, and to ſpeak in general, this kind of gallantry is the work of another, and muſt either be in love, or have a natural deſire to pleaſe before it can be gotten. Not but that, as I ſaid before, there are ſome perſons of great rank and quality, who cannot have it, for they want that Natural Mould, which puts I know not what kind of ſpirit, which pleaſeth, unto things leaſt capable, and infuſeth into the moſt common talk a ſecret charm which ſatisfieth and diverteth: There is I ſay, I know not what kind of gallant ſpirit infuſed into the perſon which poſſeſſeth it, both in his Wit, in his Speech, his in Action, and in his Habit: This is it which doth accompliſh men, which renders them amiable, and which makes them loved.

Indeed, there is a kind of Byas or faculty in telling of things, which ſets a value upon them, and thoſe who have this faculty, may oftentimes ſpeak of that, which others dare not ſo much as think; but in my opinion, the gallant Air in converſation, conſiſts principally in ſpeaking of things in an eaſie and natural manner: To incline unto more ſweetneſs, and mirth, than unto the ſerious and ſharp, to ſpeak eaſily, and in apt terms without affectation, there muſt be alſo a kind of inſinuating and flattering of ſpirit, to ſubdue the minds of others, and if I could expreſs my meaning well, I would confeſs unto you, that one cannot be compleatly amiable without this gallant Air.

'Tis true, ſaid *Alces*, that it is difficult to pleaſe without

out it; but yet it muſt be confeſſed, that thoſe unto whom it is abſolutely neceſſary, are thoſe who make profeſſion of gallantry.

It is moſt certain (replied *Sapho*) that a Lover without this air of gallantry, is a moſt pitiful thing. And the worſt is (continued ſhe) there are an infinite number of young men,who are but newly ſtept into the world, which believe all gallantry to conſiſt in the moſt fantaſtical mode, which ſome fond fooliſh Taylor invented, and in being bold and talking much; in going unto all houſes whoſe gates are open, having no buſineſs there but to talk of trifles, without either Gallantry, Paſſion, or Wit.

There are ſome (replied *Cydnon*) who think themſelves very gallant men, if they can but ſay, they have ſeen all the gallant Women in the Town, and brag, that I was yeſterday with ſuch a one, and the day before with that Lady; I preſented a third with a *Serenade*, I treated *Sapho*, and all her Company with a Banquet, I was with another troop of Ladies the day following, and ſo of the reſt.

Theſe ſort which you mention (replied *Sapho*) are not in number of good Gallants, for certainly they are very ſhallow witted, and full of folly; but I am much more afraid of thoſe eternal languiſhers, who are alwaies telling ſmooth tales, who are deeply in love with the Gray, the Black, the Brown Eyes, with equal fervency: Who think they are hugely diſhonoured, if they have been an hour with a woman, and not ſighed: For my part I cannot endure them, and I am confident, they ſay nothing unto her which they had not ſaid a thouſand times unto others, ſo as I am not able, either to hearken unto them, or to return an anſwer. I muſt confeſs, replied *Phaon*, theſe univerſal ſighers are a ſort of ſtrange men, but we do know ſome brisk and fiery Lovers, which are no more than they, and all the Company knows one, who is in love with a great Beauty, who ſwears all the Oaths under Heaven, that he loves her more than ever any did or can; that he will dye a hundred deaths to do her ſervice, that he will kill all thoſe who dare diſpleaſe her, and would take it for a great favour if ſhe will bid him go and kill any man for her ſervice.

This man is ſo brutiſh (replied *Erinne*) that he deſerves not to be ſpoken unto; but I would gladly know, what one ſhould think of certain merry Gallants, who never talk of Love but in railary, and yet are alwaies talking of it, who being neither Buſie-bodies nor Lovers, are continually walking from place to place, to vent their jocund gallantry, without any other deſign.

Theſe Grigs ſeldom ſtay long in a place, nor do they much trouble me when I meet with them, for ſome of them divert me; but thoſe who moſt anger me, are ſuch real Buſie bodies as have ten or twelve ſeveral intrigues and plots, without a dram of Love in any of them, who have a hundred ſeveral buſineſſes, and yet not one.

I aſſure you (replied *Phylire*) thoſe obſtinate Lovers who are alwaies melancholy, are never pleaſing to me nor themſelves; and I know one who is alwaies ſo ſadly ſober, that I think him jealous, or that he is thinking of killing his Rival, or poyſoning himſelf. Doubtleſs there are ſome ſuch gloomy Lovers, (replied *Phaon*) who are as diſpleaſing as you think them: But amiable *Phylire*, there may be ſome faithful Lovers as ſad, who yet are not ſo troubleſom. This is moſt conſtantly true (replied *Cydnon*) that there are very few men who are deeply in love, and very gallant, and who are leſs pleaſing unto others, than they are unto thoſe they love: And though love ſeems to be but a trifle, yet it is the rareſt thing in the world, to find a Lover who can trifle it handſomly. But yet (ſaid I, and addreſſed my ſpeech unto *Sapho*) it is not juſt to examine only the Gallants, but it is better to talk of gallantry in general, to the end that the gallantry of Ladies in particular, may alſo be talked of.

I aſſure you (replied *Sapho*) there are ſome who are groſs in their gallantry, and that it would be both a favour and an honour unto them, not to talk of it. Yet I muſt needs confeſs, that women are to be blamed for the ill gallantry of men; for if they did but know how to make uſe of thoſe priviledges, which belong unto their Sex, they would make men right Gallants, and would never ſuffer them to fail in their due reſpects: Indeed, they would never ſuffer a hundred uncivil familiarities,

rities, which moſt new Gallants would bring into the world, for there is a great interval between a conſtrained ceremony and incivility; and if all gallant Ladies did but well underſtand the myſtery of behaving themſelves, their Gallants would be more reſpective, and more compla'ſant, and by conſequence more pleaſing. But the worſt is, thoſe women who have taken a crotchet of gallantry into their heads, do imagine, that unleſs they be indulgent unto their Gallants, they cannot keep them, and all thoſe I ſpeak of do neither care for their own reputation, nor for the advantage of their own gallantry, but only how to take off a Lover from this Lady, to attract this Gallant, to preſerve another, and to engage a thouſand if they could: There are ſome alſo (continued ſhe) which do worſe, and who keep a hundred private correſpondences in lieu of one.

'Tis true, (replied *Amithone*) I know ſome women whoſe gallantry is a very horrour unto any of any virtue, and behave themſelves ſo impudently, as it may truly be ſaid, that they make that their glory which ſhould be their ſhame; but I am ſure their Gallants themſelves do ſcorn them, and as they behave themſelves, they will never have any who will eſteem them, for men will not hazard their reputations for them. Yet we uſe to ſee many men (replied *Erinne*) who never care for the reputation of thoſe Ladies they love; ſince they care not for their own (replied *Cydnon*) I know not how they ſhould care for others. But I beſeech you (ſaid *Nicanor*) is it poſſible you ſhould find nothing to ſay of Gallants, and Gallantry, but what is ill? I aſſure you (replied *Sapho*) it is much eaſier to ſpeak ill than good of them, conſidering what a great number of men there are, which will be meddling with things they underſtand not; yet certain it is, that if Ladies in general, did but know how to manage it, it would be poſſible, to bring into the world ſuch a ſprightly, pleaſant, and innocent gallantry, as ſhould never be offenſive, neither unto prudence nor virtue. Indeed, if Ladies would not value their Lovers, but according to their merits, and not according to their flatteries and favours, the conqueſt of their hearts being more difficult, then men would be more complaiſant, more obſequious, more humble, and more reſpective than they are; women would be alſo leſs intereſted leſs cheated, leſs ſimple, and leſs diſhonoured than they are. So as every one being in their right Sphere, Miſtreſſes Miſtreſſes, and Servants Servants, delights would abound in the world, Politeneſs would floriſh, and true gallantry would be ſeen in its right colours, then ſhould we never as now we do, hear men talk of women in general with much ſcorn, nor ſhould we hear them brag publickly of their favours. Then we ſhould not ſee any women caſt off all modeſty and ſhame, though they be the charms of right gallantry; we ſhould never ſee Ladies quarrelling about a Lover,nor out of mercenary thoughts, ſell their hearts as if they were Diamonds: For indeed, if gallantry be at any time allowable it muſt be, when the gallant cannot be upbraided with any thing, but this, that they could not chooſe but love another better than themſelves.

As *Sapho* ſaid ſo,*Cynegire*, and the Lady who was walking with her, being returned, the diſcourſe was interrupted, and an humour of walking coming into the general fancy, all the company went out of the *Grotto*, and went to walk in a ſhady, long, and large Arbour, and the muſick following, the ſpirit of dancing came on them for an hour, which was performed moſt excellently.

In the mean time, though it was not likely that *Phaon* could find any opportunity of privacy with *Sapho*, at a time when ſhe had ſo many Complements to perform unto ſo many ſeveral perſons as did her the honour of this viſit, yet he met with an occaſion; for as every one had an occaſion to walk a little after their dancing, ſo he preſented his hand unto *Sapho*: And by this means, going more ſoftly than the reſt, they did inſenſibly ſeparate themſelves ſome eight or ten paces from all the Company, and talked unto her of his paſſion, and in ſuch vehement raptures, that *Sapho*, as difficult as it was to pleaſe her in matter of tenderneſs,was well ſatisfied with him that day. Indeed, he told her ſo directly all that ſhe thought he would tell her, and that in ſuch an obliging manner, that ſhe thought him worthy to ſhew him her joyes which ſhe had in his loving her, and yet ſhe chid him for being ſo pleaſant in her abſence: But he anſwered ſo well, that ſhe did not think his jocundry proceeded from his inclinations: And indeed he was ſo extreamly joyed at the ſight of her, as ſhe could not imagine but he would grieve for her abſence: But as ſweet as *Phaons* company was unto her, ſhe left it, and went unto the reſt of the company; who were ſo well pleaſed with the place, that they could not part from it until the evening after Supper. *Sapho* kept *Cydnon* with her, and the reſt promiſed to write unto her; ſo that after we were gone, theſe two Ladies talked a long time together. But on *Sapho*'s ſide more ſadly, becauſe ſhe could not well brook the abſence of *Phaon*, yet was it ſo ſweet a kind of ſadneſs, as did not deject her, nor hinder her from making a moſt excellent diſcourſe unto my Siſter upon the tenderneſs of Love.

The truth is, my dear *Cydnon* (ſaid ſhe unto her) Love is a moſt phantaſtical paſſion: For though one doth wiſh nothing more zealouſly than the happineſs of the perſon they love, yet I ſhould at this time be extreamly ſorry if *Phaon* ſhould not as much grieve at his being out of my ſight, as I do for being out of his: And ſometimes I am ſo vexed when he is abſent from me, that I cannot tell what he does, and what he thinks, that it makes me almoſt as ſad as if I knew certainly that he never thought upon me at all, yet perhaps he entertains ſuch thoughts as would even raviſh me with joy if I could know them, and find in *Phaon*'s heart ſuch as are in my own.

But Madam, whilſt *Sapho* was talking with my Siſter, all our company were returned unto *Mytilene*, and returned with ſuch a ſpirit of joy as I am not able to expreſs, except *Nicanor*, who was not able to frolick it like the reſt, becauſe he was out of hopes of *Sapho's* love. Perhaps, Madam, you will think I was miſtaken when I excepted only *Nicanor*, and that I ſhould have excepted *Phaon*: But Madam, I muſt acquaint you how he had ſuch a phancy as I think never any Lover beſides himſelf had: For *Phaon*, though he had a moſt tender and paſſionate ſoul, and did love with an inconceivable zeal, yet was his ſoul ſeldome ſenſible of any ſorrow; and abſence, as harſh as it is unto all other

Lovers, ſeldom much troubled him, though he was as much joyed to be with her he loved, as one knows how to imagin: Indeed I have ſeen him ſometimes with *Sapho* in ſuch raptures of delight, as were very near an extaſie, and I have ſeen him abſent from her without any exceſſive ſorrow: Not but that he loved her both preſent and abſent, more than ever any was able to expreſs: but the reaſon was, becauſe his ſoul was more ſenſible of joy than ſorrow; and becauſe as ſoon as he had loſt his greateſt delight, he would ſeek out leſs to comfort himſelf.

Indeed his ſoul was ſo addicted to follow all that could pleaſe him, and to ſhun any thing that would make him melancholly, as he was ſometimes able to be abſent from her he loved moſt, without being very miſerable. Yet this did not hinder, but when he ſaw the perſon he loved again, he wou'd think himſelf as happy as if he had never been afflicted: ſuch joys would ſparkle in his eyes, and ſuch an unexpreſſible ſpirit would ſpread it ſelf over all his Countenance, as ſufficiently teſtified the ſatisfaction he had in ſeeing her whom he adored: ſo as one could not imagin that a man who could enjoy a happineſs with ſuch high delight, could part from it without abundance of ſorrow.

Sapho alſo is excuſable for being ſo long ignorant, that *Phaon* taſted only the ſweets of Love, without the bitters, for ſhe ſaw him ſo tranſported with joys when he was with her, that ſhe might eaſily imagin him full of ſadneſs when he was from her: For my part, I thought at firſt, that he did it only out of prudence, the better to hide his love unto *Sapho*, and that his frolick humour all the way as we returned to *Metilene*, was only to blind the company.

In the mean time, the jolly humour of *Phaon* encreaſed the ſullen humour of *Nicanor*, he thought that that mirth of his Rival proceeded from the obliging behaviour of *Sapho*, and therefore he could not hide his joys. As for *Athys*, her jealouſie begetting in her fancy a deſire to diſquiet *Sapho*, ſhe remembred the diſcourſe which *Sapho* and the company had concerning *Sapho*'s diverſions during his abſence: ſo as negotiating the buſineſs with as much wit as malice, ſhe ſent two days after her return, a ſervant unto *Sapho*, with a Letter which I needs muſt acquaint you with, for if I be not much miſtaken, it was in theſe Terms.

ATHYS *unto* SAPHO.

Madam,

Since I cannot forget my promiſe of writing unto you all the news, I am deſirous to acquit my ſelf: But ſince Metilene *affords little, I muſt acquaint you with our Journey, which was no leſs diverting in our return, than in our coming to you; for* Phaon *and* Alces *were in the blitheſt humours in the world: and except* Nicanor *who was very melancholly, all the reſt of the company thought the way very ſhort. Truth is,* Phaon *and* Alces *were ſo full of their Jollities, that I ſhould fill my Letter full of mirth, and ſwell it into a volume if I ſhould write them all: But ſince I think it not good to divert you too much in the Country, leſt it ſhould keep you too long from ſatisfying the wiſhes of your friends by your preſence, I will not mention them: Alſo I am forced to finiſh my Letter, becauſe I have promiſed to divert my ſelf in walking with* Phaon *and* Alces, *and they do ſtay for me: I ſaw ſo much blithneſs in their faces this morning at the Temple, that I have reaſon to believe they will be in a very pleaſant humour; but for my part, I aſſure you, I ſhall take delight in nothing more than in ſeeing you again.*

ATHYS.

This, Madam, was the Letter of *Athys*, which doubtleſs contained in it all imaginable malice, for it hurt *Phaon*, it diſquieted *Sapho*, and it was prejudicial both unto *Phaon* and *Alces*, by the good office it did *Nicanor*. However, this Letter perhaps had not met with its intended ſucceſs, if *Amithone*, *Erinne*, *Phylire*, *Alces*, *Nicanor*, and *Phaon*, had not written, and mentioned ſuch things as confirmed what *Athys* had written; for *Amithone*, after many paſſages in their *Caballa*, mentioned that *Phaon* was more pleaſant than ever he was in his life: *Erinne* for her particular, to prove the tenderneſs of her affection, did ſend her word how ſhe could brag, that ſhe was the moſt melancholly of all the company who had been with her, except *Nicanor*: And *Philire* writ, that if the merry humour of *Phaon* had not been a comfort unto her in her abſence ſince her return, ſhe ſhould have been out of the world. *Alces* not ſaying directly that *Phaon* was either merry or ſad, only filled his Letter with many pleaſant conceits of *Phaons*: And as for *Nicanor*, his Letter was ſo melancholy, though yet a very pleaſant ſatyr of all our jocundry, that he confirmed what all the reſt had written. But the wonder of all was, that *Phaon*'s own Letter was againſt himſelf: For though he ſhrouded his Joys under a pretence of Love, yet he found not his expected effect, as I ſhall tell you when you have heard *Phaon*'s Letter, which was thus written.

PHAON *unto the moſt charming* SAPHO.

Madam,

Doubtleſs you have a moſt ſtrange power over me, and your words, when you pleaſe, have greater force in them than any inchantments: For your obliging expreſſions a little before I parted from you, did infuſe ſuch joys into my ſoul, that all the harſhneſs of abſence from you cannot hinder me from remembring them with extream delight: Judg how I ſhall be raviſht when you return hither.

Moreover, I hope you will take my joys as greater teſtimonies of my Love, than if I had been only a lump of ſorrows; for I conceive it better to receive favours with ſo great a ſenſibility of them as ſhall comfort in abſence, than to endure abſence with ſo much inquietude as makes favours forgotten: Nor can I well tell which is the greater argument of love, to be ſenſible of favours, or to be ſenſible of that misfortune which ſevers us. Yet I deſire with all my ſoul to hear from your own mouth, what I ought to believe, and that I may ſoon proteſt unto you upon my knees that I am the moſt devotedly yours.

PHAON.

This, Madam, was the Letter of *Phaon*; as for mine, it was the only one which did him neither good nor hurt, becauſe it did not ſo much as mention him: For ſince I thought him too merry for an abſent Lover, and ſince I was reſolved not to prejudice him, I choſe rather not to ſpeak of him at all, than to ſpeak in his diſadvantage. But whilſt theſe Letters were coming from *Metilene*, to the place where *Sapho* was, ſhe and *Cydnon* were talking together with all the freedom which the Country and friendſhip would allow: But they talked of things very far off any thoughts of *Phaon*; for indeed both of them ſitting by the Fountain which I talked of before, diſcourſed upon the bitterneſs of abſence, and the ſorrows which it cauſed in the Souls of all ſuch as are ſenſible of it. For my part (ſaid *Cydnon*) I am ſo ſenſible of it, that ſince your departure from *Metilene*, I have enjoyed no delights with any tranquility; for when I made any viſits, I was wiſhing you there: if I went any walk, I regretted your not being there; if I heard any good news, I was vexed that I could not impart it unto you: and indeed I neither did, nor ſaid, nor thought any thing wherein you had not ſome ſhare, and which did not make me melancholy in thoughts only of your abſence. Indeed (ſaid *Sapho* then) I am much obliged to you; for in my opinion, the moſt certain teſtimony of the tenderneſs in any affection is ſadneſs in abſence. But, Madam, as ſoon as ſhe had pronounced theſe words, that Servant who brought the Letter from *Athys*, arrived, and preſented it unto *Sapho*, who read it half aloud, to the end *Cydnon* might hear: But when ſhe read that part which intimated the pleaſant humour of *Phaon*, ſhe bluſhed, and her heart trembled. Yet recollecting her ſelf, ſhe appointed the Servant to ſtay for an anſwer, and did riſe up with intentions to write unto *Athys*: and ſhe was no ſooner riſen, but another Meſſenger from *Phaon* arrived, with all the other Letters except that of *Nicanors*, and as for his he ſent it another way. But, Madam, my Siſter ſince told me that never was the like diſorder, as in the heart of *Sapho*; for after ſhe had read that Letter from *Athys*, with ſuch reſentment as I told you, ſhe read that of *Amithone's* with more agitation of ſoul: that of *Erinne's* with more wonder: that from *Phylire* with more vexation; that from *Alces*, with more penſiveneſs; that from *Nicanor* with more ſhame, and that from *Phaon* with more ſorrow, though ſhe kept it the laſt, in hopes of greateſt delight. Imagin, I beſeech you, Madam what effects theſe Letters might work in the mind of a Lady who could not endure the abſence of

Phaon without much ſorrow, and who had ſpent a whole day with my Siſter in diſcourſing upon the bitterneſs of abſence, and upon the ſorrows which a Lover endures when he is out of her ſight whom he loves. *Cydnon* told me that there appeared ſo much wonder in the Face of *Sapho* upon the reading of theſe Letters, as ſhe thought ſome ſtrange accident had hapned at *Metilene*; for *Sapho* had read the Letter of *Athys* only aloud unto her, but ſhe was not long ignorant of *Sapho's* wonder; for as ſoon as that fair One had read over all thoſe Letters, ſhe gave them unto my Siſter, and with a deep ſigh, See (ſaid ſhe unto her) how little *Phaon* reſembles you, and how friendſhip in you does more than love in him can do.

After this, *Cydnon* began to read theſe Letters, and was not ſo much aſtoniſhed at them as *Sapho* was; for ſhe obſerved always, that *Phaon* did divert himſelf at every thing, and was never ſad upon any occaſion. But ſince ſhe knew that I loved *Phaon* very well, ſhe would endeavour to excuſe him: And in order to that, ſhe told *Sapho* ſhe had no ſuch reaſon to trouble her ſelf ſo much at any thing which had been written: For truly (ſaid ſhe unto her) whatſoever *Athys*, *Nicanor*, and *Alces* writ ought to be ſuſpected; and you ought to read what *Phaon* writ, as a thing which he had never written, but becauſe it ſeemed unto him as acceptable unto you; alſo you ought to conſider that *Amithone*, *Erinne*, and *Phylire* writ without any inquietude, ſince it's probable that *Phaon* at his return, ſeeing how they obſerved him, did only out of his prudence ſeem more pleaſant than really he was: Ah *Cydnon* (replied *Sapho*) I thought to be as prudent as *Phaon*, and yet I was not able to be merry within an hour after his departure: all I was able to do, was not to appear very melancholly, and therefore I pray never offer to excuſe him, for I cannot: I know *Phaon* is an intimate Friend unto *Democedes*: but *Cydnon* methinks, ſhe ſhould more have thought upon me than him: Did I think him culpable (replied ſhe) doubtleſs I ſhould condemn him; why (replied ſhe) can you think it poſſible *Phaon* ſhould be ſo pleaſant as to make ſo many ſeveral People ſpeak of his jollity, but it muſt needs proceed from his want of Love? Ah *Cydnon*, it can be no otherwiſe: and I find him ſo little ſenſible of my abſence, that I could find in my Heart to baniſh him out of it: For my dear *Cydnon*, I am not able to endure, that whilſt I am grieving my ſelf for his abſence, he ſhould divert both himſelf and others with as much freedom of Spirit as if he had never ſeen me: For my part (ſaid *Cydnon*) I ſee him ſo full of joy when he ſees you, as I cannot believe but he is full of ſorrows when he ſees you not: Reaſon and Love doubtleſs would have it ſo (replied ſhe) yet all theſe ſix ſeveral perſons depoſe againſt him, and indeed he condemns himſelf by his own Letter.

Appearances may ſo deceive (ſaid *Cydnon* to her) as it would not be rational in you to be much troubled at a thing which you know only upon uncertainties. To know it better, my dear *Cydnon*, (replied ſhe) I will intreat you to return unto *Metilene*, I will borrow *Cynegires* Coach for you, and you may give it out that you are returned upon ſuch important buſineſs which called you thither: I in the intrim will ſtay here fifteen days in expectation to hear from you, whether *Phaon* continue his jollity as he begun: But my dear *Cydnon*, I conjure you to let me have every day from you a moſt faithful and true Relation of all his mirth, of his humours, and of his diverſions; for the very truth is, if he love me only when he ſees me, I will ſlight his love, and if I can I will quench my own. *Cydnon* then employed all her Rhetorick to appeaſe her, but ſhe thought it ſo ſtrange that *Phaon* ſhould be merry whilſt ſhe was ſad, as all my Siſters eloquence could not alter her mind, ſo as ſhe muſt do as ſhe would have her, and return to *Metilene*, upon promiſes of ſuch fidelity as ſhe durſt not fail her. In the mean time *Sapho* anſwered all thoſe Letters ſhe received, taking no notice of any diſcontent againſt *Phaon*'s jollity: but not being able to hold out long, ſhe hinted theſe few lines unto *Phaon*.

SAPHO *unto* PHAON.

SIR,

I Make no queſtion, but joy may ſometimes be a ſign of a very tender affection : but I queſtion whether it be ſo as you intend it. When I ſhall come to Metilene, *I ſhall ſee, whether yours be worthy of being valued as teſtimonies of that affection which you had rendred unto me.*

SAPHO.

Though this Letter was ſomething ſhort and dry, yet *Phaon* never feared that *Sapho* was angry with him, but thought that ſhe had ſo many anſwers to write, that ſhe could not have time to write any longer unto him: ſo as never changing his way of living, he behaved himſelf after *Cydnon*'s return as he did before, which was, in ſeeking all occaſions of cheering up himſelf in the abſence of *Sapho.* In the mean while ſhe ſent every day a Servant unto *Metilene* in ſecret, to know from *Cydnon* news of *Phaon*, ſo as ſhe received every day ſomething which afflicted her ; for *Phaon* was of ſuch an humour, that he could not deny himſelf any one pleaſure, as if the reaſon why he was ſo continually with *Sapho* whilſt he was in *Metilene*, had been only becauſe more delights were to be met withal there than in any other places. But this was no hinderance to him of taking up with meaner pleaſures, when he was out of her ſight whom he loved : So as *Sapho* having engaged my Siſter by Oath to ſend her word of all that *Phaon* did, ſhe underſtood that he haunted all the diverſions in *Metilene*, and that he ſeemed as if he had no diſcontents at his being there : ſo as her mind being extreamly incenſed againſt him, ſhe could nor find a heart to ſee him, before ſhe had let him know that ſhe was diſpleaſed : To that end ſhe ſent unto him the day before her return unto *Metilene*, an exact memorial of all his delights, which he had during her abſence, hinting unto him every particular days viſit which he made, the pleaſant Walks and all the diverſions which he took ; and in a word, all that he did ; and to this Diurnal ſhe joyned a Letter which was very near theſe words :

SAPHO

SAPHO *unto* PHAON.

SIR,

Since it is not to be believed that the ſight of me will not add ſo much unto your Pleaſures as my abſence, I conceive that my return will perhaps be but a diſturbance unto your delights: You may perceive by this Diurnal which I ſend you, that I have a very exact account of all your diverſions: but the queſtion is, whether it be to puniſh or to recompence you. For to tell you truly, I believe we are not both of one opinion; and I am perſwaded that you are not ſo ſorry for diſpleaſing me, as you joyed in my abſence, and therefore you have no ſhare in the affection, or eſteem of

SAPHO.

Since *Phaon* was really moſt extreamly in love with *Sapho*, and knew that ſhe was to return the next day, he did reſent this Letter with much agitation of ſpirit, but hoped to make his peace at the firſt ſight of her. Yet to the end he might ſee her before ſhe came unto *Mettlene*, he came unto me, and after he had ſhewed me the Letter, he intreated me to go with him, and meet her at a very rugged uneven place, where all thoſe who come in Coaches muſt come out of them, ſo that *Phaon* and I ſtayed under ſome Willows, in that rugged place; as ſoon as we were alighted from our Horſes, and ſtayed in expectation of their coming, I began to chide *Phaon* for his humour: For (ſaid I unto him) how is it poſſible you ſhould be much in love with *Sapho*, and be ſo little ſenſible of ſorrow in her abſence? when you are with her, you are ſo raviſhed with joys, as perſwades me you would die if you were out of her ſight.

The truth is (ſaid he) one cannot have a more violent paſſion, than is in my Soul, and my hopes of ſeeing *Sapho* this day, does at this very hour ſo joy my heart, that could you but ſee into my ſoul, you would confeſs that I do love *Sapho* better than any loved; but yet I muſt needs confeſs, that ſetting my jealouſie aſide, there are few things can make me very ſad, I do profeſs (ſaid he) if I feared *Sapho* would not love, I think I ſhould run into deſperate madneſs, in what place ſoever I were; but when I have reaſon to hope I am loved, when I hear of her being well every day, and when I know ſhe will ſhortly return, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that I cannot be penſive and melancholly without a cauſe: And my ſoul is ſo propence and inclinable to Court all delights, to ſhun all ſorrows, that I uſe all the beſt means I can to ſweeten the harſhneſs of abſence: But for all that, as ſoon as I ſee but *Sapho* again, you ſhall ſee me eternally with her, and ſee me the moſt amorous of all men living.

Ah *Phaon* (ſaid I unto him) to love as you do,is enough to make one believe you love your ſelf more than your Miſtreſs: But yet it is moſt certainly true, (replied he) there is none in the world would undertake more difficulties for *Sapho*'s ſervice than I would, I would blindly obey her in any thing, I am more careful, more exact, and more ſubmiſs, than ever any was; I have a heart more tender, than ever any had: I delight in the leaſt of her favours, one ſavourable look ſwells me with joy. I have a million of tumultuous thoughts when I am with her, I eſteem her, I admire her, and I adore her with as much reverence as I do the Gods; and my joys are ſo full when I talk in particular with her, as never any Lover in poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs, had a fuller reſentment of delight: And after this, I pray judg whether I be not in Love, and whether you have reaſon to accuſe me for want of it.

'Tis true, my ſoul doth naturally ſhun ſorrows, and affects pleaſures, but what does it concern the perſon loved, whether her Lover be ſad or merry, ſo he never fail in any real duties of a faithful Lover.

As he ſaid ſo, we ſaw the Coach of *Cynegire* appear a far off, ſo as *Phaon* and I took Horſe, and in a rapture of Paſſion, went as faſt as ever he could to meet *Sapho*, and he was ſo extreamly earneſt,as that it could not be queſtioned but that he was moſt deſperately in Love: And if the fair *Sapho* had ſeen him, doubtleſs ſhe would have repented of what ſhe writ; and he accoſted her with ſo much joy, and love in his heart and eyes, that had ſhe not wholly truſted unto *Cydnon*, ſhe had doubted of her intelligence, and believed that *Phaon* had ſighed all the time of her abſence. But for all that, ſince ſhe could not doubt of what my Siſter had written, ſhe received *Phaon* but with a hollow and faint Civility, and had received him worſe if *Cynegire* had not been preſent: However after theſe firſt Complements were paſſed, the Coach went on until it came to the rugged place which I mentioned, where the Ladies muſt go on foot. I being *Phaon*'s friend, I preſented my hand unto *Cynegire*, purpoſely that he might have the opportunity of talking with *Sapho*, for this rugged way was above two hundred Paces, before it was fit to take Coach again: and the Coach not being able to go ſo faſt as we, we reſted under ſome Willow-Trees, where I drew *Cynegire* apart, under pretence of talking with her concerning a great deſign which *Pittacus* was negotiating.

Thus *Phaon* had an opportunity of talking with *Sapho*, but ſhe intending to chide him; no ſooner ſaw him in that paſſionte poſture, but her heart began to relent, whether ſhe would or no; yet ſtriving to retain her anger, ſhe asked *Phaon* how he was able to quit his diverſions to meet her: but ſhe asked the queſtion with a bluſh, ſo as *Phaon* by her looks ſeeing ſhe would be appeaſed he was well ſatisfied: why, Madam, do you ask ſuch a queſtion (ſaid he unto her) and what cauſe have I given you to write to me as you did, ſince I harbored no joys but what you cauſed? for I beſeech you, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) how can you think a man who had hopes of your favour, can ever be ſad? Therefore, Madam, when I was abſent from you without ſorrows, it was upon no other reaſon, but becauſe I knew you had not baniſhed me your heart: And indeed, Madam, this thought was ſo ſweet, and filled my Soul ſo full of joys, that as long as I was happy in your love, I defied Fortune to make me miſerable: Yes, Madam, provided I may enjoy your affection, I can be contented to part with all my Eſtate, be an Exile, a Priſoner, and loaded with all manner of miſeries, and be merry. Therefore I beſeech you, Madam, I beſeech you blame your ſelf for thoſe innocent joys which you have cauſed. As for my part, I am perſwaded that it would argue want of love and reſpect, if my joys of being loved by the Divine *Sapho*, were not infinitely above any ſorrows that can be for her abſence Moreover, Madam, (ſaid he with a moſt tender and paſſionate Air) to judg how ſenſible I am when I am out of your ſight, I beſeech you conſider my ſenſibility when I ſee you: Look in my eyes, moſt charming *Sapho*, and ſee them tell you that I think you fairer than ever, and that I am more joyed at the ſight of you than ever any was, and am the moſt in love with you of all men living; but if they do tell you that I love you more than ever any other heart was capable of, then I beſeech you never trouble your ſelf with enduring what I do when I am out of your ſight: but conſider only, that never any Lover did proſtrate himſelf at your feet with a Paſſion more violent and tender than mine is; for I beſeech you what matter is it how I do teſtifie my love when you are not in preſence, ſo you do ſtill find in me the ſame zeal, and the ſame paſſion. For my part, I wiſhed you all manner of diverſions in the Country, and I hoped that the jocund humor of *Cydnon* would keep you from thinking your Solitude tedious. Oh *Phaon* (cried *Sapho*) out) you know not how to love, if you can deſire that your abſence ſhould not trouble me: and for my part, I do declare unto you that I ſhall never be pleaſed at you, if you be not the moſt melancholy man living, when you are abſent from me. Then, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I muſt forget that you do love me, for if I do not, I cannot poſſibly be miſerable: No, (replied *Sapho*) but on the contrary, it is the memory of that which I conceive ſhould make you the more miſerable; at leaſt I am ſure that the melancholy which your abſence cauſeth in me, is, becauſe I am abſent from a perſon whom I thought loved me: Oh, Madam, replied *Phaon*, your opinion and mine ought to be very diſferent in this, for it is not poſſible that you ſhould rejoice for being adored by me ſo much as I ſhould for being loved by you, ſo as it is no wonder if the memory of my paſſion do not comfort you in my abſence, nor is it ſtrange that the memory of your goodneſs to me, do leſſen thoſe ſorrows which your abſence cauſeth; for, Madam, I muſt ſay again, I cannot be melancholy as long as I am ſure you love me. Queſtionleſs there is much wit in your Language (replied *Sapho*) but not much love; and if your eyes did not help out your words, I ſhould think you do not love me; for to be abſent from her one loves, and not melancholy, is one of the greateſt ſigns of lukewarm indifferency that can be. Oh, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) How can you think I do not love you ? could you ever ſuſpect either any of my actions or my words ? All I ſee of you (anſwered ſhe) does doubtleſs ſpeak your paſſion,but all I ſee not, ſpeaks your indifferency ; for in my abſence you can make many Viſits with delight, you can walk abroad in company, you can be frolick and pleaſant,and not the leaſt wrinkle of melancholy appear in your countenance : and yet that which makes me moſt wonder, you can have delicate and tender thoughts, and expreſs your ſelf ſo paſſionately as if you grieved for being abſent: And yet I cannot conceive how one can poſſeſs a thing with any joy which he can part with without any ſorrow : And ſometimes I think that you are not at all joyed at my preſence,ſince my abſence never makes you melancholy. Oh, Madam, (ſaid he unto her in ſuch a paſſionate manner as made her bluſh) I dare defie you in this, do your worſt, and you cannot chooſe but believe,that when I am in your preſence, I am the moſt deep in love with you of any living : Yes,yes,Divine *Sapho*,though you have been told that I haunted Balls every day during your abſence, that I entertained all the Beauties in *Metilene* ; and though you have been told perhaps that *I* am inconſtant, yet *I* am moſt confident that when you look into my eyes, you will ſee my heart loves you beyond the expreſſion of any tongue ; and indeed never any Lover had more reaſon to love than *I* : For firſt, you are without exception the faireſt in the world,*I* have a more propenſe inclination to love you than ever any had ; I eſteem you beyond all admiration,and I do love you the more, becauſe both my inclination and my reaſon adviſeth me unto it, and alſo becauſe my gratitude exacts it from me : Nay, as for this laſt reaſon of your love (replied *Sapho*) *I* would never have it mentioned ; why, Madam, (replied *Phaon*) would you not have me grateful and acknowledg your goodneſs, and all your favours ? *I* would have every one grateful(replied ſhe) but *I* would not have gratitude the only cauſe of of affection,and if one ſhould love me only becauſe *I* love him, he would do me a moſt ſenſible injury : For indeed *I* would have one love me for ſo many other reaſons, that though he were naturally ungrateful, yet he might moſt zealouſly love me : And therefore never rank your gratitude amongſt the cauſes of yo [illegible] if you would perſwade me that you love me as I would be, for that is neither civil nor gallant, nor paſſionate. Gratitude indeed may beget amity but never Love: I would willingly you ſhould tell me, that it faſtens the knot which ties you, but as I told you before, I would not have you number it among the cauſes of your paſſion. for then, of conſequence my favours muſt precede your affection; and on the contrary, I hoped your affection had preceded my favours: And that if I aſcribed your Love unto any cauſe, it ſhould have been unto your own inclination, and my own merit; for my humour is ſuch, as I cannot endure one ſhould love me for any other cauſe. I remember (continued ſhe) that once I hated a very lovely woman, becauſe I diſcovered, that all her ſemblances of affection to me, did not proceed from any tenderneſs unto me, but only in hopes that happily I ſhould bring her name into ſome of my verſes, and deſcribe her Character.

Judge therefore, *Phaon*, whether I ſhould take it well you ſhould love me for any other reaſon, than becauſe you think me amiable, and becauſe you cannot chooſe but love me. When *Sapho* had ſaid this, and the Coach being over all the rugged way, their diſcourſe was forced to end as well as mine with *Cynegire*; with whom I held a long diſcourſe concerning the Politicks, purpoſely to give *Phaon* time enough to expreſs his love unto *Sapho*, and make his peace with her.

However, this fair One parted not from him without ſome teſtimonies of her anger, for as they were parting, ſhe asked him in what pleaſant Company he would paſs away the evening, as for us (added ſhe and pointed unto *Cynegire*) we ſhall ſee none this day? I ſhall paſs it away (replied he) only with *Democedes*, and talk only with him of my joyes for your return; you had done much better, replied ſhe, if you had talked with him before, of your ſorrows for my abſence. But afterwards, taking Coach, *Phaon* preſented his hand to help her, ſo reſpectively, and his eyes had ſuch amorous looks, as *Sapho* could not chooſe but repent of her accuſation, and indeed, the very truth is, it is impoſſible that any ſhould be [illegible] that [illegible]amly in love than *Phaon*, though he could not be very ſenſible of ſuch ſorrows as abſence cauſed; but on the contrary, did comfort himſelf with the pleaſure of one thing for the loſs of another: However, this chiding of *Sapho's*, made him paſs away that night in ſolitude, and indeed, he was ſo glad that he had made his peace with her as he needed no other delights. Not that ſhe did ſay, ſhe would pardon him, but they uſed to underſtand one another ſo well without ſpeaking, that looks betwixt them were as good as words. And though *Sapho* had chidden *Phaon* very much, yet he ſaw by her eyes, that he was ſtill in her heart as he was wont to be. And indeed, going betimes the next morning unto her, he concluded his peace, and they were an hour together with all the joyes which the reconciliation of fallen out Lovers ever cauſed. But at laſt their pleaſures was interrupted by *Alces*, who now loving *Sapho* no leſs than the fair *Athys*, was very diligent in waiting upon her. 'Tis true, his Miſtreſs came preſently after, but you may be ſure, it was Jealouſie more than Love which cauſed her viſit: And though ſhe knew *Sapho* did not love *Alces*, yet ſhe could not chooſe but be jealous. *Nicanor* alſo was none of the laſt in paying his devotions to *Sapho*: And *Amithone*, *Erinne* and *Cydnon* coming in alſo, the Aſſembly ſwelled into their uſual number. At the firſt, *Athys*, *Amythone* and *Erinne* began to talk of their Journey and their Return, which was no pleaſing ſtory unto *Phaon*. And they had harped much more upon that ſtring if *Phylire* had not come in, and brought with her a Stranger of a very handſom preſence whom ſhe preſented unto *Sapho*, and who was Brother unto that valiant Priſoner called *Meriontes*, whom the invincible *Cyrus* had ſaved from the flames in the wood, after he had vanquiſhed him. But Madam, this man ſeemed ſo unlike a ſtranger, that none queſtioned but that he was of ſome of the moſt civilized Towns in *Greece*, and did not ſuſpect him to be a *Scythian*, yet his complexion and hair did not ſuit with the mode of *Greece*, for both were very white, and he very fair; but that rule being not general, every one notwithſtanding thought him a *Grecian*, for he had not only the Air and Garb of a *Greek*, but alſo he ſpoke the Language very elegantly; his perſon was very pleaſing, his have ſeen him ſo ſenſible of jealouſie (replied *Cydnon*) that if you would give him any cauſe of it, I am confident you would have thoſe joyes you wiſh for. It is reſolved upon (replied *Sapho*) and I will from this day begin to treat *Nicanor* ſo well that ſince he cannot grieve when he ſees me not, I will perhaps make him grieve when he doth ſee me. And indeed, Madam, the fair *Sapho* took up this reſolution, and did put it in execution ſo handſomly, that *Phaon* grew extreamly jealous, and as ſad as ſhe could deſire him to be.

At the firſt, ſhe was much joyed, and all the complaints which he made unto her were ſo ſweet and pleaſing, that ſhe could not ſo ſoon cauſe them to ceaſe.

In the mean time, *Nicanor* could not tell from whence this his good fortune did proceed, and *Alces* did ſo wonder to ſee *Sapho* change for the worſe, that he did abſolutely return'd unto the fair *Athys*.

However, *Phaon*, whom the pangs of jealouſie tormented, knew not how this alteration in *Sapho* ſhould come to paſs, yet I told him, that his humour was the cauſe, but he would not believe me; and he began to hate *Nicanor* ſo horridly, that he could not endure him. Thus was this poor Lover, both hated by his Rival, and not loved by his Miſtreſs: And his miſery was the more, becauſe having a piercing wit, he perceived, that indeed *Sapho* did not love him, but ſtill loved *Phaon*, ſo as then looking upon her favours, as an artifice to augment the love of his Rival, he grew more angry with *Sapho* than with *Phaon*, and this miſcellany of reſentments produced ſuch pleaſant effects in the hearts of theſe three perſons, as the like was never known. But at laſt theſe two incenſed Lovers, not being able to hold out any longer, they quarreled and fought, none knowing who got the advantage, becauſe they were parted before their combat ended: But *Pittacus* being a wiſe Prince, and much grieved at the news of *Tyſander*'s death, he was ſo angred at this quarrel, that he baniſhed them both for a year, to prevent any dangerous conſequences: So as *Phaon* having dwelt more in *Sicily*, than in any other place, he reſolved to ſpend the time of his exile there, and *Nicanor* intended for *Phrygia*: But *Phaon* was ſo earneſt with me to negotiate ſo for him, as *Cydnon* might help him to the ſight of *Sapho* in private, before he departed, that I did what I could to ſatisfie him. Nor did I find much difficulty to effect it, for as *Sapho's* violent paſſion cauſed her to repent of making *Phaon* jealous, and ſhe had as great a deſire to pardon him, as he had to be pardoned; for knowing his humour, ſhe thought that nothing could be more dangerous for her than abſence. But at laſt, having intreated *Cydnon* to mediate with *Sapho*, and having obliged her to diſcover unto me, that her friend had never favoured *Nicanor*, but only to make *Phaon* jealous, I told this welcom and important ſecret unto my friend, who at firſt would not believe it, but as it is impoſſible to be long unperſwaded of a thing which one wiſheth, he thought that ſuch a thing might be, and he reſolved to clear the doubt by looking in the fair eyes of *Sapho*.

But at laſt their meeting being to be at *Cydnon's* houſe, their amity was renewed in the moſt tender manner in the world.

Well Madam (ſaid *Phaon* unto her at firſt meeting) after you have made me the moſt jealous, and moſt miſerable man alive, do you now think me the moſt amorous of all your Lovers? And though my joyes in being loved by you could not perſwade you, yet will my ſorrows in being forſaken, work with you? Had you been forſaken (replied ſhe) you ſhould never have had opportunities to make your complaints unto me, for I would never have ſeen you: But *Phaon*, if you have ſuffered any torments thank your ſelf, ſince if you had known how to love, I ſhould never have taught you by any ſo vexatious a courſe as jealouſie.

Truly Madam (ſaid he unto her) your invention was moſt cruel. But I beſeech you tell me, Did you never love *Nicanor*? And did you ſtill love me? Let me tell you only half of what you ask (anſwered ſhe and bluſht) and gueſs your ſelf at the reſt.

After this, Madam, theſe two incenſed Perſons being inſenſibly pacified, they expreſſed themſelves unto each other, in as paſſionate and tender terms that Love could invent: yet *Sapho*'s joys were not compleat, for the thought of this long and cruel abſence did ſo diſquiet her, that ſhe did not fully enjoy the ſweets of this pacification. (For ſaid ſhe unto *Phaon*) what can I expect from you and your humour? you I ſay, who are never moved but with what you ſee, and not at all with what you ſee not, for though it were poſſible you ſhould continue faithful during this long abſence, yet it is impoſſible you ſhould ſuffer as much as I do: and ſince you are capable of joys and delights, within two days after you have left me, what will you do when you have been whole Months out of my ſight, have I not reaſon to fear the loſing of you, for in a long abſence, I know nothing but ſorrow which can be a faithful guard over the heart of a Lover. Indeed love is ſo accuſtomed to grow amongſt pleaſures as it may well be ſaid that joy is the firſt neceſſary diſpoſition unto its growth. And ſince queſtionleſs your mind will be all upon delights as ſoon as ever you are out of my ſight; I have reaſon to believe that ſome new Love will take poſſeſſion of your heart, and drive mine out.

Since, Madam, I never loved any comparably ſo much as you, (replied *Phaon*) becauſe I never found any comparably ſo amiable as to merit my affection, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs that I never had any great Commerce with Love, until I ſaw you. The truth is, I have a hundred times perceived a paſſion begin to fluſh a little and extinguiſh again in the very preſence of her I thought to to have loved, and indeed I have ſome days been ſo unlike my ſelf from my firſt entrance into company until I went out again, that I knew not my ſelf. I muſt confeſs I had ſome deſires which begun both to live and die, in one and the ſame day, not knowing well why I had them, nor why I had them no longer.

But as for you, Madam, your power has a greater influence upon me, I love you after another manner, and when I do apprehend the bitterneſs of this horrid abſence, I begin to prepare my ſelf for infinite miſeries, for this bitter abſence is unlike all the reſt; indeed when you were in the Country, I always expected your return ſo ſhortly, that it was no wonder, if my hopes of ſoon ſeeing you ſhould diminiſh my ſorrows, and that my belief of your loving me, was ſo joyful unto me, as to keep me from grieving: But alas, Madam, a whole year looks like a little eternity to me, and I ſhall go away in fear, that you are not fully perſwaded of the greatneſs of my Love.

But, Madam, I beſeech you judg me not by what is paſt, ſince certainly I never loved you, ſo much as I now do. Yes, Divine *Sapho*, I do love you more than ever, and more than ever I ſhall any other, and more than ever I can hope to be loved, I believe it, (ſaid ſhe, and interrupted him) but for all that, in all appearances you do love me leſs, than you thought you did after you had been fifteen days out of my ſight.

After this, returning a very plauſible anſwer, he made a million of proteſtations of fidelity unto the fair *Sapho*, and in ſuch a paſſionate manner, as ſhe was perſwaded that the heart of *Phaon* was changed, and that he would reſent this long abſence with abundance of ſorrow; ſo as both of them uſed the moſt delicate and paſſionate expreſſions, that Love could poſſibly infuſe into the hearts and tongues of two perſons deeply in Love, and ready to depart from each other: Thus *Sapho* and *Phaon* parted, infinitely ſatisfied and reconciled: *Phaon* imbarked the next morning; and *Sapho* went in the Country, carrying my Siſter with her; but ſhe went not thither ſo much to enjoy the ſweets of Solitude, as to hide the ſorrows of her ſoul, and to avoid bidding adieu unto *Nicanor*, who knew too well, that all the ſavour he received, belonged not unto him. But, Madam, ſince *Phaons* departure, *Sapho* was all melancholly: 'Tis true, at her return unto *Metilene* ſhe contracted a very great league of friendſhip with *Clyrantes*, who was ſo extreamly in love with *Phylire*, as none could be more.

In the mean time, the Company at *Sapho*'s was nothing ſo pleaſant as heretofore, becauſe ſhe was grown ſo very melancholly that ſhe ſhunned as much as handſomeneſs would permit her all occaſions of delight, ſo all the good Company broke up: For *Alces* at laſt married *Athys*, who ſince her Marriage did not frequent *Sapho*'s.

Erinne, ſhe fell ſick of a languiſhing diſeaſe: my Siſter went into *Phrygia* with my Mother, who was of that

Country, and *Amithone* went into the Country, ſo as I was the only one left, unto whom *Sapho* could talk with any confidence: And yet ſhe had one dear friend whom I did not mention at the beginning of my relation,becauſe ſhe was abſent from *Metilene* during all the time of this long love: but ſince ſhe returned the ſame day my Siſter departed, it may well be ſaid ſhe took her place: And certainly ſhe was worthy of *Sapho*'s friendſhip, though her fortunes were not ſo high as the reſt of her friends.

Indeed this Lady,who was called *Agelaſte*, by reaſon of her melancholy temper, had moſt rare qualities; her perſon did pleaſe much more than ſome could who were fairer than ſhe: She was not tall, but handſome, her hair was brown,her eyes gray and ſweet,her face a little long, her noſe ſomething high, her mouth pretty, her complexion well, but a little pale; her teeth white, her neck admirable, her hands and arms fair, and her Phyſiognomy ſo wiſe and modeſt, that every one had a good opinion of her at the very firſt ſight.

Agelaſte alſo played upon the Lute moſt admirably: But I always moſt eſteemed her for her wit, her diſcretion, her goodneſs, and her fidelity were ſo great, that one might truſt her with any thing in the world: Moreover, though ſhe was naturally melancholly: Yet ſhe would be very pleaſant in company, eſpecially with her intimate friends, for unleſs with them ſhe ſpoke little: *Agelaſte* then, being as I have deſcribed her, ſhe was inſeparable from *Sapho*, ſince all the reſt of her friends had left her: And *Phylire* alſo did viſit her much oftner than ſhe did before: The truth is, *Sapho* ſtood in need of ſome comfort at that time, for you muſt know that *Cynegire* with whom ſhe lived, and to whom ſhe was much obliged, died; and a few days after ſhe heard that her Brother, of whom ſhe always heard bad news, was faln in love with a Slave called *Rhodope*, whom *Æſop* alſo had loved, and that the paſſion of *Charaxes* had been ſo extream, that after he had Enfranchized her, his love of her had quite ruined him.

Alſo *Sapho* underſtood that *Rhodope*, whoſe Beauty and Art had rendered her more famous in *Ægypt* than her her vertue had, ſhe ſent him back to *Metilene* in a moſt lamentable condition. Moreover, the death of *Tyſander* had ſo altered the Court of *Pittacus*, that people did not live in that City as formerly they did; yet *Sapho* was ſo happy as to find a ſatisfaction in her ſelf without ſeeking it in others.

In the mean time, the greateſt inquietude which ſhe had being *Phaon*'s abſence: ſhe was forced (though ſhe did not affect to have any Confident) to let me talk unto her ſometimes, for I was the Conveyer of all the Letters between *Phaon* and her; yet it was not poſſible to have many Letters from him, which was no ſmall addition to her inquietudes: But, Madam, ſhe was much more reſtleſs and unquiet a little after, when ſhe receiving a Packet from *Phaon*, which I brought in all haſte unto her, ſhe found beſides her Lovers Letter a Note directed unto him, written with a womans hand; but ſo ſcurvily writ, that it was evident, ſhe who writ it was not guilty of over much wit. In the mean time, it appeared by it that *Phaon* had writ many Letters unto her, that he was much in her favour, and that he had given her ſeveral Serenades: And indeed, Madam, I underſtood afterwards, that though *Phaon* did love *Sapho* moſt paſſionately, yet he would ſometimes ſolace himſelf with that fair Fool whom he had formerly loved in *Sicily*. Not that there was any compariſon between thoſe thoughts which he had of *Sapho*, and this fair *Sicilian*; for his paſſion was moſt zealous and fervent to the firſt of theſe, and his engagements to the other might rather be called a muſing, than any real affection. However, he did divert himſelf as much as if he had not been abſent from that perſon whom he loved with moſt paſſionate tenderneſs. But to return unto *Sapho*, you may imagin, Madam, how ſhe was ſurprized to find in *Phaon*'s Packet this Note directed unto her, and a Note ſtuffed with the moſt fond, ſimple Gallantry in the world: indeed I think that never ſuch a piece was ſeen, yet the Character was fair enough, but that ſerved only to render it ridiculous; for the Orthography was ſo bad, the ſenſe ſo ſhallow, the expreſſions ſo poor, and the order of words ſo confuſed, and oppoſite unto all rules of Eloquence and Reaſon, as it is a wonder how any woman of quality could poſſibly write after ſuch a rate. But the oddeſt thing was, that the Letter which *Phaon* writ unto *Sapho* was the moſt elegant, the moſt gallant and paſſionate piece that ever was ſeen: ſo as it was not credible, that any man who writ ſo well, could hold any particular correſpondency with a woman who writ ſo ill: Yet it appeared by this Note, that *Phaon* did often ſee her, and that he had given her ſeveral Serenades as I told you before: And I aſſure you *Sapho* was ſo ſadly aſtoniſhed at this cruel adventure, that not being able to hide her ſorrows, ſhe communicated them unto *Agelaſte*, and me.

Did ever any ſee ſuch unparalled weakneſs as this in your friend? (ſaid ſhe unto me) *I* know that when he ſees me, he loves me as much as he is capable of: *I* know alſo, that then he thinks himſelf unable to take delight in the company of any other perſon: and yet it appears by this Paper, that he bears ſome kind of affection unto the verieſt fool in the world, and that he mingles her Letters and mine indifferently together, though *I* think mine have ſome order of ſence in them, and thoſe of his new Miſtreſs none. Since *I* knew the humour of *Phaon* better than *Sapho* did, *I* did my friend the beſt office *I* could, and endeavoured to perſwade this admirable Woman, that the heart of this Lover had no ſhare in any of theſe pleaſures which he took during his abſence, and that *Phaon* lived as he did, rather to look upon theſe trifles, than to divert himſelf in them.

Ah *Democedes* (ſaid ſhe unto me) a grieved Lover cannot find a heart to look upon ſuch trifles: And if *Phaon* loved me as he ſhould do, the moſt pleaſing Serenades would never divert him: he would be ſo indiſpoſed to give them unto others as he doth, that he would ſhun the place where others give them: And therefore *I* am reſolved to love him no longer, but will hate my ſelf, if *I* cannot hate him. *It* was in vain for me to proteſt unto *Sapho* that *Phaon*'s love did not change, and that it was only an effect of his humour, wherein his heart had no ſhare, but ſhe would not believe it: ſo as in the rapture of her ſorrows, ſhe anſwered *Phaon* in a very ſingular manner, for ſhe ſent him back the Note which he had unawares ſent unto her, and writ only theſe words.

SAPHO *unto* PHAON.

SIR,

Since you have contracted amity with a Lady, whoſe Letter I have ſent you back, I reſolve to break off ours; for I think it an unworthy thing in me, to let a man have any ſhare any longer in my heart, who hath withdrawn his own from me to give it unto another, ſo much unworthy of himſelf.

SAPHO.

This Letter doubtleſs was enough to enforce ſorrow into the ſoul of *Phaon*: but to tell you truly, I writ him another which grieved him to the very heart of his ſoul; for I chid him ſo home for his levity, and did ſo terrifie him with his likelihood of loſing *Sapho*'s affection, that as ſoon as he had read her Letter and mine, he became a Convert: when he conſidered that *Sapho* perhaps would withdraw her heart from him, he eaſily reſolved to quit the leſſer delights to preſerve the greater: ſo as knowing no better way to reconcile himſelf unto *Sapho*, then by quitting *Sicily*, and coming to her, he reſolved to come diſguiſed unto *Lesbos*, and accordingly he came in a Merchants Ship: And landing at a Port in a corner of our Iſle, he concealed himſelf with a Friend, who had a Houſe very near unto that of *Sapho*'s in the Country. He was no ſooner there, but enquiring where ſhe, and I was, but he underſtood that I was gone a journey of fifteen days, and that *Sapho* was at her own houſe without any other company than her dear *Agelaſte*: ſo as loſing no time, and knowing her uſual hours of walking unto that Fountain, which formerly I mentioned, he went and hid himſelf in a little thicket of Trees which grew about it, leaving his Horſe ſome fifty paces off with a Lacquey; he had not waited there a quarter of an hour but he ſaw *Sapho* and her friend appear; and ſaw her ſo ſad, that as inſenſible as he was of ſorrow, his heart was ſoftened: 'Tis true, the thought of being ſo tenderly loved by the moſt excellent Woman in the world, did make him more joyed at it, than *Sapho*'s ſadneſs made them melancholly. However, he would give her time to ſit down before he would ſhew himſelf, to the end he might a little digeſt thoſe ſorrows which this ſight cauſed in him. But as it chanced, theſe two Ladies did ſit down upon a ſeat of Graſs with their Backs towards *Phaon*, ſo as he could eaſily hear what they ſaid; for the Grove was very thick in that place, and he crept ſo gently, that they could neither hear nor ſee him. They were no ſooner ſet, but *Sapho* began to ſpeak.

But my dear *Agelaſte* (ſaid ſhe unto her) there is ſo little appearance in what you tell me, that I know not whether I ſhould believe it, and therefore I deſire to know all the particulars of this adventure. They are very eaſily known (replied ſhe): For yeſterday in the Afternoon I underſtood from the mouth of *Phylire*, that *Clyrantes* (whoſe quality is ſo great that he is near Couſin to the Queen of *Sauromates*) is ſo much in love with her as that he will marry her, if ſhe will follow his fortunes, and go into his Country. So as *Phylire*, who loves him no leſs than he her, and is freely at her own diſpoſition, ſhe is reſolved upon it, and ready to follow this Illuſtrious *Sauromate*. But ſince ſhe deſires the buſineſs may be done without any noiſe, ſhe imparted the ſecret unto me, and willed me to deſire that you would be pleaſed to let them be married in your houſe; which done, they would preſently after depart, and go into that Country, where there are ſuch ſevere Laws againſt unfaithful Lovers. I wiſh with all my heart (replied *Sapho*) that the inconſtant *Phaon* were there alſo, that he might be puniſhed for his levity. And *Agelaſte* (continued ſhe ſighing) ſince I know you have no great buſineſs at *Mytelene*, but all places in the world are alike unto you, why may not we two follow *Phylire* into the happy Country of *Clyrantes*? For I muſt confeſs I cannot endure living in *Metilene*.

But, Madam, (replied *Agelaſte*) as long as *Phaon* is in your heart, I would not adviſe you to go into a Country where he cannot be admitted: As long as I am not in *Phaon*'s heart (replied *Sapho*) I ſhould be glad to be in any place where I may never ſee him: and therefore my dear *Agelaſte*, if you be able to follow my Fortune, we will both of us follow *Phylire*'s: For truly there is nothing in *Metilene* which doth not diſpleaſe me: *Charaxes* is come to perſecute me, all the world wearies me, I ſhall never ſee *Phaon* there: Or if I do, I ſhall ſee him inconſtant, ſo as I ſhall think him unworthy of my affection. Oh, Madam, (cried he out, and came out of the place where he was hid, and kneeling down before her) Do not uſe the moſt faithful Lover alive ſo unjuſtly: and to teſtifie that I am ſuch a one, I beſeech you let me go with you into that happy Country where all unfaithful Lovers are ſo ſeverely puniſhed: For ſince I ſhall never be abſent from you there, I ſhall not fear the Laws which are made againſt ſuch as divert themſelves in the abſence of their Miſtreſſes: Is it poſſible, *Phaon*, (ſaid *Sapho*) that you ſhould be ſo impudent as to ſpeak thus after your laſt crime? Yes, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) the love of my ſoul unto you hath taught me ſo much impudence, that I dare beſeech you to do unto me as I do underſtand *Phylire* intends unto *Clyrantes*: For, Madam, it is as certain as that the Heavens are above us, that I am the moſt faithful Lover upon Earth: Carry me unto any place where I can never go from you, and you will find me the moſt conſtant Lover that ever lived: I can never confeſs that my weakneſſes did ever merit the name of inconſtant: For, Madam, I have adored you every minute of time ſince I firſt knew you: I muſt confeſs, that I have a ſoul which is addicted unto pleaſures, and which flies from any ſad thoughts: But for all that, ſince I had any apprehenſions of loving you, I have quitted all that you can imagin may ſteal away my heart, and upon my knees I beg the favour never to let me leave you again: I know that I cannot with ſafety appear in *Metilene*, and that I am to continue yet a long time baniſhed: But if it be ſo that you do love me, you will alſo baniſh your ſelf for the love of me: For the very truth is, Madam, I will never be abſent from you again; and I am ſo fully reſolved upon it, that though I were ſure *Pittacus* would arreſt me to morrow, yet would I not ſtir, for I had rather be his priſoner than not your Slave, Madam, and I would endure any torment in the world, rather than hazard the loſing you. Try, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) whether you are able to undertake a bold reſolution: I have left *Sicily* you ſee, as ſoon as I ſaw there was a neceſſity of juſtifying my ſelf in your opinion: Quit therefore *Lesbos*, Madam, without regret, to the end you may be as ſure of me; I will not limit you, Madam, unto any place upon earth, ſince there is none wherein I cannot find a happineſs, ſo I may ſee you, and ſo you be unto me as formerly you have been, and as I hope you will be ſtill, notwithſtanding all my imbecilities. But *Phaon* (ſaid *Sapho* then) is it poſſible you ſhould think what you ſpeak? and can I ever think that a man who is ſo familiar with ſuch a ſimple perſon as ſhe whoſe Letter I ſent you, can ever affect me who does nothing reſemble her? Tell me *Phaon*, did you love her? Did you ceaſe loving me? Do you love me yet? or do you now begin to have ſome affection to me? muſt I look upon that love which I ſee in your eyes as a faithful love? as a feigned love? or as a newly revived loved? Look upon it, Madam, (replied he) as a Love immortal which may ſometime hide it ſelf, but can never extinguiſh: And therefore for your own Tranquillity, Madam, and for my happineſs let us make our fortunes inſeparable.

After this, *Sapho* deſired him to make an ingenuous confeſſion of his laſt weakneſs, and to relate all his adventures in *Sicily*, which he did with ſo much ſincerity, that *Sapho* was ſatisfied. Yes, Madam, (ſaid he unto her) I will confeſs, that finding there a perſon whom I loved before I knew you; But, Madam, ſhe did afford me only imperfect joys, and my heart was never wholly engaged: I have alſo received from her ſome ſigns of tender affection; but I was, without any trouble, ever ready to quit them as ſoon as you called me back.

The truth is, Madam, I was a *little* weak, but not inconſtant: my eyes, 'tis true, did find that you were not the only fair one upon Earth; but my heart never found any whom it could truly love but only the moſt admirable

rable *Sapho*. And to give you ſecurity againſt any future weakneſs, I beſeech you make choice of what deſart Iſle you pleaſe where we may live together: For my part, I profeſs that you are my All: and ſo I may ſee you, I deſire nothing elſe. Though I did nothing but hear you ſpeak, yet would my felicity be great: the charms of your wit, without being ſeconded by thoſe of your Beauty, are enough to render me moſt happy: All other perſons that ever I met withal are ſo ill praſtiſed in the Art of obliging, that their greateſt favours are but trifles in compariſon with the leaſt of yours

After this, *Phaon* uſed many more moſt tender and paſſionate expreſſions unto the admirable *Sapho*, who anſwered him a long time as if ſhe would not pardon him: but at laſt her anger cooling whether ſhe would or no, ſhe did not make him deſpair: but taking a medium between theſe two Extreams, ſhe permitted him to hope for a pardon, and promiſed to meet him the next morning in the ſame place.

But, Madam, why ſhould I hold you ſo long from the end of this adventure? *Sapho* ſpent the whole night with *Agelaſte* in conſidering what to reſolve upon; and upon ſerious debate ſhe concluded that ſhe could not live happily upon the Earth without the love of *Phaon*, and that ſhe could not aſſure her ſelf of his affection as long as he was from her: So that after ſhe had well conſidered how to order all her buſineſs concerning her eſtate, ſhe reſolved to put *Phaon* unto a great trial of his love by obliging him to follow her in her deſign of going with *Phylire*, and by obliging him to follow her upon certainties never to marry her: And haſte being requiſite in the buſineſs, becauſe *Phylire* was to be married within eight days, and to depart the morrow after the ſolemnization; *Sapho* acquainted *Phaon* the next day with her reſolutions: At the firſt he liked the Propoſition of going with her into the Country of the new *Sauromates* very well, but he found it a hard Chapter to promiſe he would never importune her unto Marriage: But at laſt, ſince ſhe gave him leave to love her, and promiſed to love him, he promiſed to do what ſhe pleaſed: ſo as after this, *Sapho* thought her ſelf the happieſt perſon in the world, and *Phaon* alſo thought himſelf the happieſt Lover upon earth, ſince *Agelaſte* had neither Father nor Mother living, but had loſt all which could render *Lesbos* delightful unto her, ſhe followed the fortune of *Sapho*, who left her own Country with as much joy as *Phaon* had, to be in her favour. And they both of them ſo ſatisfied each other by this reſolution, that they were moſt glad to be quit of it. I was not at *Metilene* when this paſſed: My Siſter was in *Phrygia*, and though we had been with *Sapho*, I believe ſhe would not have imparted her deſign unto us, leaſt we ſhould oppoſe it.

The greateſt motive unto her forwardneſs in this deſign was, that knowing there was but one City in all this little Dominion of the new *Sauromates*, *Phaon* could not be often from her, ſo as being ſatisfied with his love in her preſence, ſhe hoped that place would yield her much content, ſince he could not poſſibly be long abſent from her.

In the mean time, *Agelaſte* having acquainted *Phylire* and *Clyrantes* with the deſign of *Sapho* and *Phaon*, they were extreamly glad of it, for that Illuſtrious *Sauromate*, did know, that all thoſe Perſons would eaſily be admitted into his Country. Alſo conſidering the credit which he had with the Queen, he made no queſtion but all his good Company would be extreamly well entertained. Their great comfort in this journey was, that they had no thoughts to take for their ſubſiſtance. For *Clyrantes* firſt aſſured them, that his eſtate was ſufficient to maintain them all in full luſter, and beſides this, it was the cuſtom of the Country for the Prince to give ſuch eſtates unto ſuch ſtrangers as are received, as is fitting for their quality and merit, and all this *Phylire*'s Brother did know of a certainty.

In the mean time, ſince *Sapho* did depart with intentions never to return again, ſhe diſpoſed of her eſtate as if ſhe were going to die, and left Letters which contained her Will, in the hands of an old Kinſwoman ſhe had with orders not to open them until a Month after: After which, the Marriage of *Clyrantes* and *Phylire* was ſecretly ſolemnized: And the next morning all this good Company Embarked, with intentions to paſs the *Boſphorus* of *Thrace*, and to enter into the *Euxine* Sea, afterwards to Land about the *Mæotidian* Lake. But they were no ſooner Embarked, then there did riſe a Tempeſt which changed their courſe, for after it had toſſed them from place to place, and from ſhore to ſhore, it caſt them upon *Epirus*, at the foot of a great Rock which is beaten upon by the *Leucadian Sea*, and upon which is built the Temple of *Apollo*: This Rock hath alſo another thing very obſervable, for it is ſaid that there and from thence, *Deucalion*, when he was in love in *Theſſalia* did throw himſelf into the Sea, and cooled his paſſion.

However, after all this good Company had rendred thanks unto the gods there adored, and after their Ship was repaired, they Embarked and ſteered their courſe very proſperouſly, as *Meriontes* told me. But, Madam, before I tell you any further what he related unto me, I muſt acquaint you with the wonder of all them in *Metilene* when *Sapho*'s Couſin opened the Letters, in which ſhe had declared how her Eſtate ſhould be diſpoſed of: For when ſhe was gone, ſhe coloured her Journey with the accompliſhment of a Vow to *Diana*, who had a Temple ſome three days Journey from *Lesbos*.

But when they ſaw ſhe diſpoſed of her Eſtate as one who would never return again, they knew not what to think.

In the mean time, out of her generoſity, ſhe left almoſt all her Eſtate unto *Charaxes*, though they were at great difference; as for all thoſe things which were in her Cloſet, ſhe bequeathed them amongſt her friends, not mentioning her deſign, nor the place unto which ſhe was gone: So as every one thought and ſpoke according to their fancies. Since ſome reports went abroad, that ſhe was diſpleaſed with *Phaon* for falling in love in *Sicily*, and ſince they knew not that he was returned unto her, ſome believed that ſhe was gone unto him, others ſaid that ſhe caſt her ſelf away, and indeed this laſt belief was the moſt general, though not the moſt probable. For ſince it was known that *Sapho* was at her houſe in the Country, before ſhe imbarked; the *Plebeans*, who alwaies love wonders, and often believe them ſooner than probabilities, did ſay, that as ſhe was by the ſide of that pleaſant Fountain which I mentioned, a *Nagade* appeared unto her, who did bid her go unto *Epirus*, and that ſhe ſhould throw her ſelf into the Sea, in a place where *Deucalion* formerly had thrown himſelf, and that ſhe ſhould there be cured of her paſſion, as he was of his, adding afterwards, that *Sapho* did immediately obey the *Nagade*, that ſhe went unto *Epirus*, that ſhe did precipitate her ſelf, and that death in the end cured her paſſion. But the truth was, the more underſtanding ſort of people, did not credit any ſuch far fetcht unlike ſtories; for *Sapho* was known to be wiſer than ſo: Alſo after I was returned unto *Metilene*, I made ſuch exact inquiſition, that at laſt, this friend of *Phaon*'s with whom he had concealed himſelf ſome certain daies, did diſcover unto me that *Phaon* had been with him, that he had ſeen *Sapho* very often, and that he was gone away with her, but ſince he knew no further, I was ſtill ignorant of my friends deſign: However, I was ſo far ſatisfied, that I knew *Sapho* was not dead, and that *Phaon* was happy in her favour, for I might well imagine, that they would never have gone together, unleſs they had been very well reconciled. But the paſſage moſt obſervable was, that though *Phylire*, her Brother, and *Agelaſte* were vaniſhed as well as *Sapho*, yet they were not ſo much as mentioned; for *Sapho's* adventure did ſo take up their ſpirits and minds, that they talked of none but her.

In the mean time, the poor *Nycanor* was a gainer by this accident; for when he heard that *Sapho* had drowned her ſelf, becauſe ſhe thought *Phaon* perfidious, he cured himſelf of his paſſion, thinking it not fit to love the memory of one whoſe love was ſo extream to another.

As for *Damophile*, ſhe was the only one who rejoyced at *Sapho's* ruine, becauſe then ſhe thought her ſelf the only wiſe woman in *Metilene*.

But Madam, after my Siſter was returned from *Phrygia*, we diſcovered that *Clyrantes* had married *Phylire* before they departed, ſo as remembring we heard from *Clirantes* an admirable deſcription of his Countrys Laws, we imagined, that it was thither unto which *Sapho*, *Phaon*, and *Agelaſte* were gone, and ſo confidently, as to ſatisfie my ſelf, I undertook this voyage with *Leontidus*, whom I met.

In the mean time, I may ſay that this journey did proſper neither well nor ill; for I underſtood by the valiant *Meriontes*, that *Sapho* and *Phaon* were received by the *Sauromatian* Queen, with more honours than ever were done unto any Strangers; that ſhe was lodged in the Queens own Pallace, that *Phaon* was lodged in *Clyrantes* his Houſe, that they were both of them the delights of that Court, that *Phylire* is there in high eſteem, and that *Agelaſte* hath gotten the hearts of all the Gallants. But that which is moſt conſiderable, *Phaon* is at this preſent, the moſt faithful Lover in the world, and *Sapho* the happieſt perſon upon Earth, for ſhe is adored by all the Court, it is ſhe who diſtributes all the favours which the Queen of *Sauromates* confers upon any; and ſhe ſees *Phaon* continue conſtant in moſt fervent and everlaſting affections. And yet they had a little quarrel ſince they came thither; for ſince there are Laws and Rules for Love, and ſince there are Judges who ſtudy nothing but what relates unto that paſſion, *Phaon* commenced a ſute againſt *Sapho*, becauſe ſhe would not permit him to hope ever to marry her: *Sapho*, ſhe put in her anſwer, and pleaded her own cauſe, as *Phaon* did his, and both did it moſt admirably well: But in concluſion, *Sapho* did make it ſo evidently appear, that the way to love eternally with equal flames was never to marry, that the Judges gave ſentence againſt *Phaon*, and condemned him not to urge her any more by way of ſuit; declaring, that it was a favour which he ought to expect from her ſelf, and that he ſhould eſteem himſelf the moſt happy Lover in the Earth, for being loved by the moſt excellent perſon in the world, and by a perſon who would not deny him the enjoyment of her ſelf, but only becauſe ſhe would alwaies enjoy his heart; ſo as after this, they lived in the ſweeteſt tranquility that is imaginable: But what is moſt cruel for me, is, that *Meriontes* told me, *Sapho* and *Phaon* were ſo afraid, leſt any ſhould come from *Metilene* to diſturb their happineſs, as they have obliged the Queen, ſtrictly to forbid the reception of any Strangers into that country for ten years, ſo as my journey is ſtopped. Thus whilſt *Sapho* is enjoying the good fortune which ſhe deſerves, ſhe is believed to be dead throughout all *Greece*, and will ever be ſo believed; for I underſtand that the Ship which carried them, did periſh in its return.

Thus whilſt this famous *Lesbian* is doubtleſs every day compoſing moſt gallant, and paſſionate fancies in verſe, all the illuſtrious wits of *Greece*, are writing Epitaphs unto her glory.

Democedes having ended, all the company was ſo full of wonder, that none were able to impoſe ſilence upon themſelves, and if the buſineſs of the invincible *Cyrus* had not urged his return, the applauds of *Sapho* had taken up all thoſe illuſtrious perſons a longer time. But as the fervent love of *Phaon* and *Sapho* did revive his love of *Mandana* in his heart, he haſted away, to ſee if *Anacharſis* had ſent any good news from *Thomyris*; therefore after many a complement unto the Queen of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs of *Armenia*, he bad them adieu, but to the great grief of thoſe Printeſſes, *Tygranes*, and *Spitridates* followed *Cyrus*, and had not time enough to ſhew the ſorrows which they had to leave them, yet *Spitridates* took an opportunity to draw *Araminta* aſide, and expreſſed ſo much affection unto her, that ſhe could not chooſe but ſhew ſome of her tenderneſs unto him. I perceive, Madam, (ſaid he unto her after many other things) that I never find you, but I preſently loſe you again; and I no ſooner begin my joyes at the ſeeing of you, but I muſt grieve for parting from you. But my comfort is (added he) we ſhall be ſo near, that I ſhall every day let you know my ſufferings, as I ſend you the victories of *Cyrus*.

Since there is no victory, but may coſt too dear (replied ſhe moſt obligingly) I ſhall never be at reſt: For truly *Spitridates*, we are both of us born under ſuch unhappy Planets, that doubtleſs our fears ought to be greater than our hopes: However, Madam, (ſaid *Spitridates*) I ſhall not loſe my hope of being loved by you, if the Gods be pleaſed I ſhould live after the victory of *Cyrus*, or elſe of being lamented, if they are reſolved that I ſhould periſh in the War, ſo death not forbidding my hope, you Madam, I hope, will give me leave to preſerve it: For I find it ſo ſweet to be aſſured I ſhall receive teſtimonies of your affection living or dead, that no thought can be more pleaſing unto me. And therefore, Madam, that theſe thoughts may never abandon me, do me the honour to tell me, that I have reaſon to entertain them: You may be ſo aſſured of them, Sir, anſwered ſhe, as you would do me an injury to ask me new aſſurances. Hope therefore *Spitridates*, as much as you can for happineſs (ſaid ſhe and bluſhed) and I will in your abſence both hope and wiſh the ſight of you again.

After this, *Cyrus* having done all his civilities, *Spitridates* muſt leave *Araminta*; and *Tigranes* muſt content himſelf to tell his fair *Oneſile* in two words, that his heart was full of ſorrow to part ſo ſoon.

Cyrus in his return to the Camp called *Leontidas* to him; with whom he thought that he had not talked enough concerning *Thraſibulus*, yet he talked not to him all of that Prince, for he asked him of his love, and asked him the meaning of that which he ſaid, when he aſſured him, that he had no mind to expoſe himſelf unto the moſt dangerous of all jealouſies: Sir, replied *Leontidas*, I can quickly give you ſatisfaction in that; for after I had been jealous of my friends, of my enemies, of my equals, of inferiours, of ſuperiours, I found that *Alcidamia* who had loſt her beauty, did recover it again, and I found her ſo favourable, that I ſaw I could marry her. But Sir, when I ſaw my ſelf in this condition, I perceived alſo, that I ſhould be ſtill jealous after I had married her, for ſeeking about for her reaſon why ſhe ſhould ſo ſuddenly change her thoughts of me, I found out that ſhe lodged very near one of her ancient Lovers. Alſo I was reſolved, that if I did marry her, to carry her into the Country the very next day. So as perceiving in my heart a diſpoſition to be a jealous Husband, as I had ever been a jealous Lover. I conceived that I ſhould have lived a moſt miſerable life, if I had married *Alcidamia*, therefore out my fears of hating her, and being hated my ſelf, I thought it better not to marry her; for I may ceaſe to be jealous in ceaſing to love, but when I am a Husband and jealous, then jealouſie will not ceaſe with the paſſion which cauſed it; but this thing called Honour which cauſeth ſo much jealouſie as well as love, cauſeth jealouſie to laſt till death, and would never let me live in quiet. For there is no reconciliation of Husbands and Wives, as there is between Lovers and Miſtreſſes, the one hath a thouſand ſweets in it, and the other nothing but quarrels and perſecutions. And therefore Sir, having had trial of all ſorts of jealouſies, and apprehending this kind to be the worſt of all, I am reſolved never to try it, but have broke off with *Alcidamia*, never to renew again.

If you had been as much in love as you were when you thought *Policrates* loved your Miſtreſs (replied *Cyrus*) you would not have been ſo foreſeeing, nor would you have refuſed the enjoyment of her: But certainly ſo many ſeveral ſorts of jealouſies have damped your paſſion, and being now more prudent than amorous, perhaps you know that *Alcidamia* will alwaies give you cauſes of jealouſie.

However it be Sir (added he) I am fully reſolved never to love any thing but glory; and knowing I could meet with it no where ſo ſoon as with you, I am come to dye in your ſervice, or at leaſt to fight for the liberty of the Princeſs *Mandana*.

Cyrus having returned a very civil anſwer unto *Leontidus*, he talked a little with *Democedes* concerning the moſt admirable *Sapho*, and ſo afterwards unto every one which followed, eſpecially unto *Spitridates* and *Tygranes*, whom he lodged next unto his own Tent: And to teſtifie his confidence in them, he ſhewed them the next morning the manner of his Encampment; and conferred with them of his deſign to aſſault the Enemy as ſoon as the Truce was ended: In order to that he obſerved unto them the ſcituation of the ground, and all the advantages which might be taken, every one giving his opinion and his reaſon for it. But ſince the opinion on of *Spitridates* did not concur with that of *Cyrus*, who thought it better to go unto the Enemy another way than that which *Cyrus* ſhewed him; he intended ſilently to go and obſerve the ſeveral Quarters neareſt hand, and the rather, becauſe the Truce did afford him the liberty.

On the other ſide, whilſt *Anacharſis* was negotiating in vain with *Thomyris* and *Ariantes*, *Aripithes* was extreamly angry, becauſe the Queen of the *Maſſagettes* did uſe him ſo ill, ſo as his fancy was full of violent reſolutions. And indeed, the Prince conceiving that if *Cyrus* were dead, then he might ſooner gain the heart of that Queen, he reſolved that either he or his Rival ſhould periſh. In order to this, he ſtole away in the night from the Camp of *Thomyris*, and went towards that of *Cyrus*, diſguiſed in the habit of a *Perſian*, the better to paſs un-obſerved amongſt the Troops of that Prince: For knowing his generoſity and courage, he was perſwaded, that as he had fought with the King of *Aſſyria*, and offered the like unto *Ariantes*, ſo he would not deny him the ſame honour: So as taking his way, he came about Sun-riſing upon a little hill which was between the two Camps, where *Spitridates* was alſo arrived, the better to obſerve the ſeveral grounds, which he thought moſt fit to ſeize upon to fight the Enemy with advantage, and to the end that afterwards he might the better perſwade *Cyrus*. In the mean time this Prince having none with him but one Squire, as *Aripithes* had, they met upon equal terms.

Spitridates ſeeing *Aripithes* in the habit of a Perſian, did not at firſt take him for an Enemy: But *Aripithes* being miſtaken by the reſemblance which *Spitridates* had to *Cyrus*; he no ſooner ſaw him, but ſuppoſing him to be his Rival, he was ſo tranſported with fury, that his eyes were not able to diſcern the little difference which was between thoſe two Princes. Indeed, he thought that *Cyrus* had ſomething more high and noble in his Air than *Spitridates* had, though *Spitridates* had as brave a preſence as any man in the world. The ſoul of *Aripithes* then being ſwelled with all the animoſity of a deſpiſed Lover, he drew his Sword, and advancing towards him whom he looked upon as the only Eclipſer of his glory and felicity: Though I never ſaw you ſince you bore the name of *Artamenes* (ſaid he unto him in the *Aſſirian* Language, which *Spitridates* underſtood) yet I can know you to be *Cyrus*, and will look upon you as one that ſhall be a Victim offered unto the love of *Aripithes*, who cannot be happy as long as you are living.

Were I indeed *Cyrus* (replied *Spitridates*, and went back a pace to draw his Sword) the event of the Combate would not be dubious, but your defeat would be infallible: Yet though I am not ſo valiant as he, yet perhaps I ſhall let you ſee that I ſhall eaſily overcome any enemy of his: *Aripithes* being all fury, did but confuſedly underſtand what *Spitridates* ſaid: But in lieu of anſwer, he fell upon that Prince, who received him with ſo much vigour, that *Aripithes* had not leiſure to undeceive himſelf of his error, that it was *Cyrus* whom he fought with.

Spitridates looking upon his Antagoniſt as an enemy of *Cyrus*, he fought with as much force as he had been his own peculiar Enemy, ſo as *Aripithes* found his valour too weak to vanquiſh ſuch an Enemy: Inſomuch as fury being the abſolute miſtreſs of his mind, he expoſed himſelf in ſuch a deſperate manner as it was eaſie to ſee, he was reſolved either to vanquiſh, or dye, and wiſhed for no more but either victory, or death: Yet he fought ſo valiantly, that he moved *Spitridates* to eſteem him, though he knew him not; for he ſaw, that if this fierce Enemy had managed all his advantages well, he had found him a hard task to overcome: Not but that the blows of *Aripithes* did hit, and pierced the arms of his Enemy in many places: But Fortune did enfeeble the arm of *Aripithes*, purpoſely to preſerve *Spitridates*, who had only one ſlight hurt in his left arm; whereas on the contrary, *Spitridates* could not touch *Aripithes*, but he ſanguin'd his arms, and wounded him in ſo many places, that he ſaw the victory was not like to be his; nor could he hope for any help from his Squire, for he was alſo vanquiſhed by him who belonged unto *Spitridates.*

Things being thus, *Cyrus* knowing that *Spitridates* was gone to view the places which raiſed their Conteſt; and deſiring to ſee them again, he arrived at the place where this Duel was fought: So as knowing *Aripithes* at firſt, and not doubting but that he was miſtaken in the reſemblance of *Spitridates* unto him, he went haſtily to them to let this *Sauromate* Prince ſee his errour, and to make him repent his aſſaulting a Prince who was not his Enemy. And adding words unto his Preſence, *Aripithes* knew him; and was ſo aſtoniſhed, that he recoiled ſome paces back to conſider upon the ſtrange adventure. After that he plainly ſaw his miſtake; had I ſeen the blood of my Enemy (ſaid he unto *Spitridates*) I ſhould not repent I had let it out, as I do of yours; nor ſhould I ever have complained of that which I have loſt, or of being vanquiſhed: I am ſo fully perſwaded, valiant Stranger (replied *Spitridates* modeſtly) that it was the name of *Cyrus* which vanquiſhed you, that I do not pretend unto the glory of our Combate, ſince it is rather the fortune of that Princeſs Arms which are invincible than my own valour which kept me from being vanquiſhed. No (ſaid *Cyrus*) ſince you have ſupplied my place, the valour of *Aripithes* found greater reſiſtance than he could have from me: But valiant Enemy (ſaid he and turned towards him) ſince you have a deſire I ſhould be yours, I am well contented to be ſo, though I am not your Rival. And to ſtay until you are in a condition to find the difference between the valour of *Spitridates* and mine, let me conduct you into one of my Tents, that you may be dreſſed with as much care as if you were the beſt of my friends: No, replied *Aripithes* fiercely, for generous Enemies ought not to receive any thing from each other but death: And becauſe I will not leſſen my hatred by receiving of benefits, I will refuſe your offer, and deſire no other favour from you, but to let me return unto the Camp of *Thomyris.*

Though I might very well treat you as a Spye (replied *Cyrus*) ſince you are found in a diſguiſed habit during the Treaty: Yet I will not, but will let you have a Coach to carry you where you pleaſe. *Aripithes* at firſt refuſed this laſt favour, but at laſt perceiving he was not able to ride, he was forced to accept of it: And *Cyrus* ſent immediately to ſeek a Coach and Chyrurgeons, and left one to help his Squire to hold him up, for he was not able to ſtand by himſelf. *Spitridates* at parting gave him a very civil Complement, unto which the other anſwered with a kind of ſurly civility. After which, this Prince followed *Cyrus*, to perſwade him unto his opinion concerning the ground which they had viewed.

In the mean time, ſince he had received a little hurt in his left Arm, *Cyrus* would ſee him dreſſed, though *Spitridates* would not have him: and ſince the Arms of that Prince were cut in ſeveral places, *Cyrus* ſent him thoſe rich Arms which he wore the firſt time when the forty Cavaliers conſpired to kill him, and ſince wore upon ſeveral great occaſions. Since they were very rich and magnificent, the Preſent was worthy both of the giver and Receiver.

In the mean time, the five days of Treaty being expired, and *Anacharſis* had effected nothing, this ſage Scythian was forced to leave *Thomyris* unto her bad Deſtinies, and came unto *Cyrus*. But it is obſervable, that before he departed, he underſtood how that Queen hearing how *Aripithes* was returned wounded, and that he went from the Camp with a deſign of killing *Cyrus*, ſhe was ſo incenſed againſt him, that ſhe commanded him to retire; for though ſhe much complained againſt *Cyrus*, yet ſhe did not wiſh his death; ſo as not being able to hide her angry reſentments: and *Aripithes* hearing of them, he was ſo grieved, that he died within twenty four hours after. But *Thomyris* was not long in this mind; for ſo it chanced, that on the laſt day of the Treaty, *Cyrus* writ unto *Mandana*, and ſent her Letter by a diſguiſed ſervant, to the end *Gelonide* might convey it unto that Princeſs: This Letter in lieu of coming to the hands of *Gelonide*, did fall into the hands of *Thomyris*; for the Servant being ſtopped by the way by ſome accident or other, he came not to the place where the Queen was until an hour after the Treaty ended: but it did ſo perplex the heart of this Princeſs, that hatred took the place of Love: For *Cyrus* thinking this would be the laſt Letter which he ſhould write unto *Mandana*, before the end of the War, which could never end before either his death, or the liberty of his Princeſs, he writ it with unimaginable paſſionateneſs concerning her, and with extream bitterneſs concerning *Thomyris*.

The truth is, all the moſt tender expreſſions which the moſt zealous love could invent, were included within this Letter, which came to the hands of this Queen whoſe ſpirits were ſo much incenſed at it, that if *Cyrus* had promiſed her ſome eternal affection, and had by this given her ſome teſtimonies of his inconſtancy, ſhe could not poſſibly have been more incenſed againſt him: So as thinking upon nothing but War and Revenge, and all her Forces being in as good a poſture as ſhe could wiſh, ſhe prepared for a Combate.

Ariantes on his ſide, ſeeing that a Battle muſt be fought to decide this great buſineſs upon which depended the happineſs or miſery of ſo many illuſtrious perſons, began to think upon all manner of ſtratagems which might ruin *Cyrus*: and finding that it would be a marvellous diſadvantage to him, if *Thomyris* could get the Fort of *Sauromates* into her power, becauſe then if the Army of *Cyrus* were engaged on this ſide the Woods, he had no place of retreat in caſe he were overcome: and therefore he imagined all manner of ways how to bring this great deſign about.

Cyrus on the other ſide being much perplexed that *Thomyris* by her frivolous Negotiations had retarded his deſigns, he did begin to think how he might by his diligence gain that time which had been loſt. Yet he had the ſatisfaction of being commended by the wiſe *Anacharſis*, who declared him free from all the ſad conſequences of this War. After which, he went unto the Queen of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs of *Armenia* at the Fort of *Sauromates*.

In the mean while, how deſirous ſoever both ſides were of fighting, yet it was a long time before any aſſaults were given; becauſe each ſide watching for advantage, and unwilling to hazard a definitive Battle raſhly, they would not fall on without preparing for it: But in the interim of all theſe great preparations, *Mandana* lived in ſuch a general ignorance, as that ſhe knew nothing: For neither the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, nor *Iſtrina*, nor *Arpaſia* did ſee her, ſo as ſhe had no other conſolation but what ſhe had from *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*. Yet ſhe had ſo much ſatisfaction as to imagin, that if things went not on the ſide of *Cyrpus*, they would tell her: For *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* uſed always to let her know the worſt, but concealed the beſt news from her: And ſince it was many days ſince they told her any thing, ſhe concluded by infallible conſequence, that the ſide of *Cyrus* had the advantage: Thus her hopes that *Cyrus* would be victorious, and ſhe e're long releaſed, did afford her ſoul much tranquility.

But at laſt, after long watching for advantages on both ſides, both *Cyrus* and *Thomyris* reſolved to give Battle: And though *Cyrus* could have wiſhed a little longer delay, becauſe he knew that a very great force which *Ciaxares* ſent him was very nigh: Yet ſince he never in his life refuſed fighting when any occaſion was offered, he could not now recoil: ſo as every one in both Armies preparing for a Fight, one might have ſeen the very ſame ſpirit, and the ſame zeal in two huge Armies. On the one ſide *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* omitted nothing which might conduce to obtain the victory. On the other ſide, *Cyrus* and *Mazares* were as vigilant and circumſpect as poſſible, to vanquiſh and releaſe *Mandana*. *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and *Hidaſpes* exaſperated by intereſt or Love, they did contribute their whole aſſiſtance unto *Cyrus*, and to get the victory: And the laſt of theſe had a new reaſon to deſire it, for he underſtood that *Meliantes* was in the Tents Royal, and that *Lycander* did not know him to be his Rival.

Moreover, *Artamas*, *Tygranes*, *Spitridates*, and all the reſt of the brave Ones in this Army, prepared themſelves for victory or death. But though *Cyrus* at other times when he was ready to give Battle, was wont to be all joy, yet now his ſpirits were not ſo tranquil as he was wont, and he perceived in himſelf ſuch a ſecret melancholy (the cauſe of which he knew not) as ſeemed a bad Omen unto him. Yet he did diſſemble it as much as he could, and tempered his ſad thoughts with reaſon: Indeed,he was as active as if he reſented no ſuch thoughts, yet that day he would wear only a common ſuit of Arms; but as for *Spitridates*, he wore thoſe which *Cyrus* gave him, and he wore them with ſo good a grace, and ſo noble a Air, as he was much more reſembling that Illuſtrious *Hero*; Indeed many Soldiers who knew not that *Cyrus* had given thoſe rich Arms unto *Spitridates*, did take him for *Cyrus*, and were deceived by that marvellous reſemblance which was between them. However, though *Cyrus* had only common Arms, yet he had ſo high an Air, and ſuch a Princely command, that it was eaſie to ſee, that it was his admirable preſence which was his only ornament, and which attracted the looks of all about him: But at laſt after Orders were given in both Armies, ſome certain Spies which *Cyrus* had in the Army of *Thomyris*, returned unto his, who acquainted him that in the morning, there had been a Combate betwixt two Strangers who were with that Queen, the name of the one was *Meliantes*, and the other *Lycander*; that the firſt had killed the ſecond, and that the Conqueror was ſtill in favour with *Thomyris*, and would be in the Battel, relating afterwards, all they knew concerning the Enemies Army.

Hydaſpes being then with *Cyrus*, heard what the Spies ſaid, for he commanded them to ſpeak aloud before *Hydaſpes*, ſo as being exceedingly grieved that this amiable Rival was not killed by the Raviſher of *Arpaſia*, he made a hundred Vows to meet him in the Battel, and to have a particular Combat with him in the general Battel, for he always had obſerved that *Meliantes* was ſo much in *Arpaſias* favour that he could not chooſe but be jealous, yet ſince that place was not fit for the expreſſing the reſentments of his Soul, he ſaid not a word unto *Cyrus*, whoſe mind was ſo taken up with deſires of vanquiſhing, that he took no notice of *Hydaſpes*.

In the mean while, the fatal moment deſtined for the be-

beginning of this bloody Battle being come, the two Armies which were drawn up, almoſt with equal advantage, advanced, and as ſoon as ever they were within Bow ſhot, a cloud of Arrows began to dusk the Air: But when their Quivers were emptied, and that all their other Engins had done their Execution, the Sword undertook to decide this great and terrible days work, which did nothing reſemble the Battles which *Cyrus* formerly fought: For in other Battels he always fought his Troops in order, but in this he could not poſſibly, and there was ſuch a confuſion in both Armies, that the Soldiers hardly knew their own Colours.

However, the fight was ſharp and bloody, and there was ſuch an animoſity between the Combatants, as there appeared the ſame cruelty in both of them As for *Cyrus*, his actions were this day ſo prodigious, that were they particularized, they would be incredible, for in the midſt of this great diſorder, where death looked grim on all ſides, he helpt the feeble, rallied thoſe which fled, and going continually from place to place, it may be ſaid, that he run through all the dangers of the Battel, yet his care could not bring him to meet with *Ariantes*; but he killed the valiant *Octomaſades* with his own hand, and he made his way through all places where his Sword did glitter: Indeed this great Prince being ſeconded by the valour of *Mazares*, and ſo many valiant Commanders and brave men, that he had put his Enemies ſo to rout, as the victory had been his without diſpute, *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* had been ruin'd, and *Mandana* releaſed, had it not been for one piece of ill news which he received. For as he was in this glorious condition, intelligence was brought him, that *Andramites* had ſurprized the Fort of *Sauromates*, that he had ſent the Queen of *Pontus*, and the Princeſs of *Armenia*, unto the Tents Royal; that *Anacharſis* and the King of *Hircania*, were in the Fort very ſlenderly guarded; that *Andramites* told *Meriontes* that he was free, and that *Meriontes* told him again, he would not be ſo, but would return unto *Cyrus* as ſoon as he could take Horſe, for he would not be delivered by any hand, but that which had ſaved his life: Adding that *Andramites* was with his Troops, between the Fort and the Wood which was burnt.

This news doubtleſs did much trouble *Cyrus*, but ſince the bringers of it, had told it confuſedly unto all they met, it had ſuch ill conſequences, that it intirely changed the deſtiny of the Battle, for things being told and heard in tumult, they are never rightly underſtood, ſo as paſſing in a ſhort time from mouth to mouth, in the very midſt of the Combat, the tale was ſo changed, that it was told the Vanguard, that the Rereguard was routed, that the Army of *Cyrus* was ſet about on all ſides, and that *Thomyris* her ſelf in perſon, was at the Fort of *Sauromates*, to hinder *Cyrus* in his Retreat.

This falſe news did ſo blunt the valor of the Souldiers, that from hopes of being Conquerors, they fell to fears of being conquered, and indeed were like to be ſo; for they were ſo full of Panick fears, that the flying Enemy perceiving it, did rally again, and the deſtiny changing, they ſhrunk before thoſe whom they put to rout: *Spitridates*, who was gone to the left Wing, after this ill news was known, he was ſo compaſſed by thoſe whom fears had moſt put into confuſion, that he did what he could to infuſe courage into them and to bring them to fight, but he could not, yet he reaſſembled a little Body, with which he kept his ground, but it was ſo inconſiderable in compariſon of that vaſt Body which was before him, that as brave as he was, he thought it impoſſible to retreat without diſhonour, but this Prince wearing thoſe rich Arms which *Cyrus* had formerly ſo gloriouſly worn, he thought himſelf obliged to do ſomething extraordinary, and therefore he encouraged thoſe whom he had rallied to ſecond him in his deſign, and by his example, to move thoſe who fled to return, ſo as in this dangerous occaſion he did things worthy his reſemblance of *Cyrus*.

In the mean time, *Ariantes* being in the head of thoſe who were before *Spitridates* alſo knowing thoſe Arms, and being miſtaken by the reſemblance between *Cyrus* and that Prince, he verily thought him to be his Rival, ſo as he made towards him, and aſſaulted him with ſuch vigor, that it was apparent, he was perſwaded; if he could overcome this terrible Enemy, he ſhould overcome the whole Army.

On the other ſide, *Spitridates* ſeeing himſelf ſo hotly ſet upon, did defend himſelf in ſuch an heroick manner, that if the little Body in which he was, had been able to held up againſt that which *Ariantes* commanded, he had not been overcome, but being extreamly unequal in number, they were intirely broken, do what *Spitridates* could, who was already wounded in ſeveral places.

However, ſince he was parted from *Ariantes*, by the tumult in the Combat, he thought that he might retreat; but as he was endeavouring it, he was compaſſed about you with fifteen or twenty Maſſagettans or Gelons, who thinking him to be *Cyrus*, and thinking to end the War by ending his life, never endeavoured to take him Priſoner, leſt his valour ſhould then become maſter of theirs, but falling all at once upon *Spitridates*, this great and unfortunate Prince, did ſee himſelf in moſt extream danger: However, though he had none with him but a very few of his own men, yet he encouraged them to do as he did, and indeed they did ſo bravely ſecond him, that if a Javelin which run him through, had not made him fall from his Horſe, he had been able to have vanquiſhed his Vanquiſhers. But as ſoon as this illuſtrious Prince was fallen, ſome of his men coming to him, and deſiring to ſtay with him: No, no, my Companions, (ſaid he unto them) you muſt not ſtay with me, for it is here where I muſt die, but it is not here where you muſt vanquiſh, and get that Princeſs whom I adore, out of the power of the cruel *Thomyris*: Theſe generous words being heard by the enemy, they were more perſwaded that *Spitridates* was *Cyrus*, for they thought that the Princeſs whom he ſpoke of was the Princeſs *Mandana*, though *Spitridates* doubtleſs meant *Araminta*, whom he heard *Andramites* had ſent unto the Tents Royal, ſo as falling upon him all at once, they killed him out-right, though his men did as much as men could do to hinder them, and they began ſuch a reſolute Combat for his Body, as never was the like, for ſince a report went among the Soldiers which fled, that *Cyrus* was on that ſide, ſome of them rallied, and fought with more courage to revenge their Prince whom they thought dead, and to defend his Corps, than they had done to obtain the victory. But *Briantes* ſide being the ſtronger, they carried away this illuſtrious Corps, and ſlew all thoſe who made reſiſtance: All this while, *Cyrus* ſeeing the general terrour in all his Troops, and not being able to be every where, he ſent about his friends ſeveral ways, to try if they could infuſe heart into them, whilſt he endeavoured to rally thoſe who were about him.

He ſent therefore *Mazares* on one ſide, and *Artamus* on another, and likewiſe he diſperſed *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Indatherſis*, *Hydaſpes*, and all the brave ones of his Army, ſo as ſending them away one after another, as he thought moſt expedient, there ſtayed not one man of Command with him, and there remained none but his very ſelf to rally all his diſperſed Troops. Indeed he aſſembled together a few ſcattered Soldiers, and drawing them into a little Body, he did not only hold a great one in play, but routed them, and killed abundance with his own hand: Thoſe whom he ſent unto ſeveral places to do the like, did ſo well obey him, that they each of them rallied a little Body of men, with which they ſlew abundance of their Enemies, ſo as they did not loſe ſo many men in the laſt Battel which *Cyrus* won, as they did at this time. Yet ſince all theſe petty diviſions did fight only particular Combats, and did not joyn, *Cyrus* could not ſee any hopes of vanquiſhing; but however, he had hopes of not being overcome, if the noiſe of his death had not been divulg'd amongſt the Enemy; who taking freſh hearts, and crying out unto thoſe they fought with, that *Cyrus* was dead, did ſtrike a great terror in thoſe places where that Prince was not, ſo as night coming on, the *Maſſagettans* remained upon the field, as Maſters.

Cyrus ſeeing himſelf in this pitiful condition, bethought himſelf how he might not fall into the hands of *Thomyris*, ſo that he with only twenty did moſt prodigiouſly diſengage themſelves from at the leaſt two hundred who had ſet them about; but in his retreat he met with another Body of men, in the head of whom was the young and valiant *Meliantes*, who was ſeeking all about for *Hydaſpes*, and could not meet with him; ſo as to comfort himſelf by the defeat of thoſe he met withal, he fell upon them. Since his number was very unequal, and he a brave man without cruelty, he offered to give them quarter if they would lay down Arms: But *Cyrus* being unaccuſtomed to receive any ſuch favours from any with Arms in their hands, he anſwered them only with blows, and defended himſelf in ſuch an Heroick manner, that he ſtood the laſt of his own men in the midſt of his Enemies without one wound. But ſince his courage made *Meliantes* admire him, he charged his men not to kill him, but to take him, which they could hardly have done, if the Sword of *Cyrus* had not broken.

But at laſt, when he ſaw himſelf ſingle and without arms, he did not make any vain reſiſtance, but ſtill preſerving his judgment ſound in the midſt of all theſe dangers, he bethought himſelf how to render himſelf unto ſome Officer who was not a *Maſſagettan*, leſt he ſhould be known, and having obſerved by the commands which *Meliantes* gave, that he had the tone of an *Aſſyrian*, and that he was no ſubject unto *Thomyris*, he rendred himſelf unto him.

Meliantes thinking himſelf obliged unto him for his choice, he promiſed that he ſhould be uſed according to the merit of his valour, and to teſtifie (ſaid he unto him) how much your bravery hath purchaſed my eſteem, though it be almoſt night, yet you ſhall not be bound as other Priſoners uſe to be, only I require your word that you will not eſcape.

Cyrus conſidering his condition, accepted his civility, and *Meliantes* deſiring him to ride next him, and hearing a retreat ſounding in all Quarters, he took the way towards the Camp, but in the way, O Heavens, what did the miſerable *Cyrus* think? what ſorrows did he not ſuffer? for he ſaw his Army defeated, he ſaw himſelf a Priſoner, and he could not hope to paſs as unknown long. Yet ſince he unto whom he had rendred himſelf did not know him, he had ſome comfort, and carried himſelf ſo well all the way, that he confirmed him in his intention of treating him well.

And indeed, though *Cyrus* had that day very mean Arms, and did not affect to ſpeak like a man of any extraordinary parts, yet *Meliantes* after he ſaw him in his Tent, did make no queſtion, but that he was a priſoner ſon of ſome great quality, and remembring how long he himſelf had been a Priſoner when he was taken by the Troops of *Cyrus* in *Aſſiria*, he would render the ſame civilities which he received: For ſince *Hidaſpes* did impriſon him only out of jealous reſentments, he was treated very favourably, ſo that *Meliantes* being charmed with the Valour, the Spirit, the handſome Preſence, and the Conſtancy of his Priſoner, he carried him into his Tent, and cauſed all his men to be as reſpective to him as to himſelf: Nor was he (out of a generous reſentment) very forward in divulging what he thought of his Priſoners quality until he knew it a little better, intending not to diſcover it unto *Thomyris*, if it proved to be as great as he did imagine it: Unleſs his quality was ſuch as might oblige that Queen to put *Arpaſia* into his power; for ſince he had no dependance upon *Thomyris*, he was reſolved to do his Priſoner no ill office, if the intereſt of his Love did not oblige him unto it: Thus *Cyrus* not knowing any thing, *Meliantes* was thinking how he might beſt keep his Priſoner from being known who he was.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* being ignorant of *Meliantes* his thoughts, and judging by his Air, and Phyſiognomy, that happily he might be in Love, he thought it expedient to tell him in obſcure terms, that the intereſt of a paſſion which was predominate in his Soul, required that he ſhould be unknown in the Camp of *Thomyris*, and that afterwards he ſhould conjure him to do him that good Office.

And indeed *Cyrus* did expreſs himſelf ſo ſweetly, that he obliged *Meliantes* to promiſe him any thing. And though *Meliantes* knew very well that his Priſoner would not diſcover all his ſecret; yet ſince he doubted not but that he was in love, he added compaſſion unto his eſteem; and expreſſed himſelf ſo generouſly unto *Cyrus*, that this great Prince was charmed with his virtue. Yet the ſoul of *Cyrus* was not ſo tranquil, as to ſet his mind wholly upon any thing which did not relate unto the preſent ſtate and intereſt of his love: But when he remembred all the Victories which he had gotten, and conſidered the pitiful condition wherein he was, he could not chooſe but wonder at the fickleneſs of fortune, and grieve for his own miſery.

For indeed it now depended wholly upon *Meliantes*, whether he would preſent him unto *Thomyris*, or put him into the hands of his Rival; nor did he know whether his whole Army was defeated; whether *Mazares* were dead or taken Priſoner, and whether ſo many Princes as were his friends, might rally his Troops, and joyn them with that puiſſant relief which *Ciaxares* ſent him, nor did he know how they could joyn, if it was true that *Andramites* had conſiderable Forces between the Fort and the Wood. But his greateſt perplexity was the thought that they would preſently acquaint *Mandana* with his defeat: So as fearing leſt the alteration in his fortune ſhould work upon the heart of that Princeſs, he ſuffered unexpreſſible torments; and he thought his condition ſo deplorable, that he believed the anſwer of the *Sybil* would preſently be fulfilled, and that he ſhould periſh by the cruelty of *Thomyris*.

But whilſt he was in all theſe melancholy cogitations, all his men were in a ſtrange inquietude. For ſince he appeared no where, they thought him either dead or taken Priſoner; ſo as never was ſuch a doleful murmur heard.

Creſſus, *Mazares*, *Myrſiles*, *Artamus*, *Gobrius*, *Gadates*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Indathyrſis*, *Hidaſpes*, and all thoſe who had any command in the Army, endeavoured to perſwade their Souldiers, that *Cyrus* was not dead, leſt after they had rallied them, they ſhould run away again: Likewiſe they did not think it expedient, to ſay that they thought him a Priſoner, nor to ſend unto the Camp of *Thomyris* to enquire for him, leſt if he ſhould be there unknown unto the Enemy. So that all theſe Princes ſaid, that *Cyrus* ſeeing in what a bad condition the Army was, was gone to the Auxiliaries which *Ciaxares* ſent, ſo that being in the head of a freſh Army, he might vanquiſh his vanquiſhers: Adding, (ſince *Spitridates* appeared not) that they were both gone together: For the truth was, they knew not what was become of either.

However *Chriſantes* and *Feraulas*, who were grieved beyond meaſure, that nothing was known concerning their illuſtrious Maſter, they diſguiſed themſelves in the habit of *Maſſagettans*, to the end they might the better paſs through the Enemies Camp, and hear what they ſaid of him.

Thus whilſt *Creſſus* and *Mazares*, by the conſent of all the Princes, did take upon them the command of the Rallied Troops, until it was known what was become of *Cyrus*: Theſe two faithful Servants, went not only unto the Camp of *Thomyris*, but alſo unto the Tents Royal which were very near, whither they underſtood the Queen was gone preſently after the Battle. Indeed a chance happened, which cauſed this incenſed and amorous Queen to take that Reſolution. For ſince thoſe who killed *Spitridates* took him for *Cyrus*, and ſince one of thoſe who commanded the *Gelons* in that Army, had a moſt fierce and cruel Soul, he had cut off the head of that unfortunate Prince; and being followed by his companions, who carried the Corps upon croſſed Lances, he did preſent it unto *Thomyris*, whoſe mind being extreamly incenſed againſt *Cyrus*, by reaſon of the laſt Letter which ſhe ſaw, ſhe received this ſad preſent in a moſt inhumane manner. Yet at the firſt apprehenſion, ſhe thought to turn away her eyes from ſuch a terrible object, but recollecting all her rage, and the animoſity of her heart, ſhe beheld it afterwards, without any ſymptoms of compaſſion, though her mind was much perplexed. And the more when this Captain, who preſented this glorious Victim, told her the words which *Spitridates* ſpake, when being fallen, he bad his men go away, becauſe that was the place where he was to dye, but not where they were to vanquiſh and deliver the Princeſs whom he adored, by forcing her out of the power of *Thomyris*. Then did her hatred double. For thinking this to be the head of *Cyrus*, thoſe laſt words did ſo revive and augment her choller, that ſtifling all thoughts of love, humanity, and compaſſion, ſhe was inflamed with jealouſie, hatred, and fury, ſhe renounced all the tenderneſs of her Sex, and dignity of her Birth, and yet for an umbrage of her inhumanity, ſhe ſeemed to be much troubled: So that without a word of her paſſion, ſhe began again to ſpeak of *Cyrus* as the murtherer of her Son, and as a Prince, who to ſatisfie the guſt of his ambition, did quench it with Rivers of Blood. She gave the Captain of the *Gelons* as many thanks as if he had won her a hundred Battels; ſhe made him huge promiſes of large recompences, and commanded him to follow her with that illuſtrious head in his hand. So that after ſhe had ſent to acquaint *Ariantes* (who was rallying his Troops which were much weaker than thoſe of his Rival) that *Cyrus* was dead, and that he ſhould ſtay in the Camp, ſhe took Horſe being attended with her Guard, and two hundred Archers, this Captain going behind her, and carrying the head which he had preſented.

But the obſervation was, that thoſe who ſaw this Queen ride in this cruel manner, were all moſt horridly aſhamed at her, and pitied him whom they imagined dead. For all the *Maſſagettans* did ſo well know, that the War which *Cyrus* made was juſt, and that *Thomyris* was in the wrong, that they were much grieved at this triumphant Tragedy.

However ſince it was night, and ſince ſhe had found out a way to perſecute *Mandana*, though ſhe could not be revenged upon *Cyrus* in a manner ſo ſenſible, ſhe would ſtay until it was day act a piece of cruelty wherein ſhe hoped for great delight. So that commanding that a great Baſon ſhould be filled with Blood, and ſet in the Plane which was before the Tents, and eſpecially before *Mandana's*, whither they had brought *Araminta* and the Princeſs *Oneſila*, ſhe came thither the next morning with all her Guard, and all thoſe who were in the Tents Royal. Yet ſhe had paſſed away the night in moſt terrible and ſtrange apprehenſions, for ſometimes the image of *Cyrus* living, made her pity his death, and ſometimes the conſtant love of that Prince unto *Mandana* made her rejoice he was not living, yet it was a moſt reſtleſs and tumultuous joy, which left ſuch ſmall ſigns of delight in her eyes, that nothing was to be ſeen in them, but ſigns of fury and rage.

Thomyris was that day dreſſed, as when ſhe went into the Wars; and ſhe held a Staff of Command in her hand, which ſhe alwaies uſed with a menacing action, though ſhe had no enemy near to fight withal: Yet to be more ſenſibly revenged upon *Cyrus* in the perſon of *Mandana*, this incenſed Queen cauſed the Tent of that moſt excellent Princeſs to be ſet open, with whom was *Araminta*, *Oneſile*, *Doraliſa*, and *Marteſia*, to the end they might behold the ſaddeſt ſpectacle that their eyes could look upon.

Since it was not known, what *Thomyris* intended to do with this great Baſon full of Blood, which ſhe had cauſed to be ſet before *Mandana's* Tent, curioſity had flocked together a huge croud of all manner of people, who all talked of what was intended, with much incertainty.

But at laſt, *Thomyris* coming out of her Tent, and the Captain of the *Gelons* following her with the ſuppoſed head of *Cyrus*, all the people fixed their looks upon this ſad object. And *Mandana* and *Araminta* looking on as the reſt did, had thoughts which others had not; for though this head was disfigured, yet it kept a great reſemblance of *Cyrus*. So that *Mandana* not queſtioning, but that it was the head of *Cyrus* whom ſhe loved with a moſt pure and innocent affection; her ſorrows did ſurpriſe her in ſo ſtrange a manner, that after ſhe had made a moſt doleful ſcriek, her voice failed her upon a ſudden: As for *Araminta*, though ſhe could not ſuſpect that this was the head of *Spitridates*, becauſe ſhe knew not why *Thomyris* ſhould be ſo cruel againſt him, yet the death of *Cyrus*, the grief of *Mandana*, and the cruelty of *Thomyris* did much move her.

However, this incenſed Queen, after ſhe had cauſed the head to be ſhewed unto the people, and told them in few words that now Peace was like to enſue ſince ſhe could ſhew them the head of him who had cauſed the War, and murdered her Son, ſhe commanded him who held this illuſtrious head, to plunge it three times in this Baſon full of Blood; to the end, (ſaid ſhe, being tranſported with fury and jealouſie) that he whoſe thirſt of it could never be quenched whilſt he lived, yet he might have enough of it when he was dead.

This terrible command was no ſooner given, but this *Gelon* Captain, whoſe nature was cruel, did plunge this head three times in the Baſon of Blood, and took it out again in ſuch a condition as cauſed horrour in all thoſe who had any humanity in them.

This ſad ſpectacle dejected the eyes of all the Spectators, and the cruel *Thomyris* her ſelf, could not chooſe but turn away her head, lifting up her eyes towards Heaven, rather as curſing than imploring the Gods. But as for the ſad *Mandana*, when ſhe ſaw the blood run down from all parts of this head as ſhe loſt her ſpeech by the firſt ſight, ſo ſhe loſt her ſight and underſtanding at the ſecond; and ſwooned between the arms of *Doralisa* and *Martesia*.

In the mean time, *Chriſantes* and *Feraulus* coming juſt as this cruel Executioner did plung this Head into the Baſon of Blood, they ſhared with *Mandana* in her ſorrows, for ſince they did not ſee the Arms of *Cyrus* they thought it to be the head of their illuſtrious Maſter; *Feraulus* tranſported with grief and rage, would needs throw himſelf into the Preſs, and take it out of their hands, or elſe be killed: But *Chriſantes* with-holding him by ſhewing him *Mandana*, and telling him that he would do *Cyrus* better ſervice by his life, he had not time to do it; for as ſoon as the Captain had plunged the Head three times in the Baſon, the cruel *Thomyris* perceiving the horrour which this action cauſed in the faces of all her people, ſhe commanded it to be carried unto the Body from whence it was ſevered, and both carried into a Tent until further orders. After which cauſing *Mandana's* Tent to be ſhut, ſhe returned to her own, with ſuch rage and tumultuous thoughts, that ſhe hated her ſelf no leſs than ſhe did *Mandana*.

The End of the Second Book.

ARTAMENES,
OR THE
GRAND CYRUS.

PART X. Book III.

The Laſt Part and Book.

THomyris was no ſooner returned into her Tent, but this ſad object which ſtruck horrour into all the beholders,and had made ſome impreſſion in her own heart, did ſo ſting her Conſcience and Spirits, that ſhe knew not what ſhe did, or what ſhe ſhould do. Indeed, now and then ſhe thought that this action of Cruelty was but a poor piece of revenge; and her mind paſſing from object to object, ſhe fancied the illuſtrious *Artamenes*, as he was the firſt time ſhe gave him Audience, as Embaſſador from *Cyaxares*: And conſidering alſo the pitiful condition ſhe did now ſee him in; ſhe grew pale, and trembled for horrour, and ſome ſparks of compaſſion entring into her heart whether ſhe would or no, they revived in it ſome thoughts of tenderneſs and love, which did more cruelly torment her than all her fury, her rage, and her jealouſie: How! *Thomyris* (ſaid ſhe) is *Cyrus* dead whom thou didſt paſſionately love? And canſt thou ſee his Head ſevered from his Body without exceſſive ſorrow? Couldſt thou find a heart to command it to be plunged in a Baſon full of Blood? Fie, fie, thou doſt not only merit his hatred, but art worthy of the Epethite of Cruel *Thomyris*, which he gave thee in his laſt Letter, and with his exſpiring breath. Yes, yes, inhumane Princeſs that thou art, it is pity he ſhould be unfaithful unto that Princeſs whom he loves; thou doſt deſerve he ſhould be as cruel unto thee, as thou art unto him. Though thou doſt keep *Mandana* in thy power, yet he did let the point of his Sword fall when thou didſt meet him in the Wood of the *Sauromates*: Though he might eaſily have killed thee, yet thou triumpheſt in his death: Yes merciles *Thomyris*, though this Prince was infinitely in love with *Mandana*, yet he would not deprive thee of life: Thou who haſt vaunted to have loved him better than ever any elſe knew how; canſt thou look upon him dead, without any reſentments of ſorrow? And haſt thou nothing elſe to do but invent ſuch Cruelties as will make thee odious unto thy very ſelf, and all the world? After this, *Thomyris* being ſilent, ſhe had a thouſand ſeveral imaginations upon this adventure: And ſhe did ſo particularly call to memory all that ever *Cyrus* had done or ſaid in her Court, when he carried the name of *Artamenes*, that her heart beginning to melt, ſhe grieved for that Prince, whoſe death did at the firſt news of it fill her full of joyes; and ſhe grieved with more apprehenſive ſorrow, than ever her ſoul was before ſenſible of. And though as oft as ſhe remembred his laſt words, ſhe could not grieve for the death of him who pronounced them: Yet love being the moſt prevailing paſſion of her heart, ſhe ſometimes thought that ſhe ſaw *Cyrus* ſenſible and living, which was an object leſs grieving, than *Cyrus* was in that condition which ſhe ſaw him. So as tormenting her ſelf all manner of waies that an amorous heart could be tormented, ſhe was as great a ſufferer as any could be. Her moſt ſenſible perplexity was, that knowing how *Ariantes* loved *Mandana*, ſhe thought that ſhe had not liberty enough to treat her ill, and to be revenged of her, both for the death of *Cyrus*, her own cruelty, and for her own misfortunes: So as her ſoul having ſo many torments to endure at once, that for ſome days ſhe was unable to order the general affairs of her Eſtate, but ſent all thoſe who came unto her about any buſineſs, unto the Prince her Brother: And that you may ſee the inequality of her thoughts; for all this act of cruelty ſtruck horror into all beholders, yet ſhe commanded that all due rights ſhould be done unto the Corps of *Cyrus*, and that they ſhould be performed as not coming from her orders.

But to return unto *Mandana*, and to ſay ſomthing of her reſentments, when ſhe ſay the bloody head of *Spitridates*, which ſhe thought to be *Cyrus*, be pleaſed to know that ſhe continued ſo long in her ſwound, that this ſad Scene was not only ended when ſhe recovered out of it, by the cares of *Araminta*, *Oneſile*, *Doraliſa*, and *Marteſia*: But the Tent was ſhut, and all the people diſperſed before ſhe recovered her ſight and ſpeech; when ſhe firſt opened her eyes, ſhe turned away her head and ſhut them again, for her imagination being ſtill filled with that terrible object which cauſed her ſwounding, ſhe thought that ſhe ſaw it ſtill.

But after her eyes were a little ſettled, and her reaſon recollected, ſhe knew that ſhe ſaw nothing but people mourning, with faces and eyes all ſwelled with teares, both for her grief, and for the death of him who cauſed it: Indeed, the unfortunate *Araminta* not knowing what a ſad ſhare ſhe had in this fatal loſs, which thus grieved *Mandana*, ſhe was moſt ſenſibly troubled, and yet ſhe endeavoured to give all the conſolation ſhe was able, not knowing that ſhe her ſelf ſtood moſt in need of it: And therefore beginning to ſpeak; In the name of the Gods, Madam (ſaid ſhe unto *Mandana*) make your conſtancy and patience appear, rouze up your ſelf, and conſider, that if you ſhould kill your ſelf with grief, your death and his perhaps would be without revenge; but if on the contrary you endeavour to live, all *Aſia* will take Arms for your liberty, and for revenge of *Cyrus* his death.

Alas (ſaid the ſad *Mandana*) how hard a thing is it to follow your counſel? and therefore Madam (continued ſhe, beginning to flow in teares, which the exceſs of her ſorrow had till then reſtrained) before you give me any more of this advice, I pray conſider whether your ſelf were able to live, if you ſhould ſee *Spitridates* in that pitiful condition which I have ſeen *Cyrus*. But oh heavens (continued ſhe , and would not give *Araminta* time to anſwer) is it poſſible that I ſhould live, and ſee *Cyrus* dead ? But moſt illuſtrious Prince, though I am yet living, yet I would thou couldſt know, it is againſt my will, and that I look upon death as the only thing deſirable : Indeed, what have I elſe to do but to dye ? For ſince *Cyrus* is dead, victory is not to be looked for. It were folly to think that any can now either revenge his death, or deliver me, ſince he could not releaſe me: And though they ſhould, what ſhould I do in a world wherein is nothing that can pleaſe me ? I ſhould do nothing but continually lament the death of *Cyrus*, and ſhould not have ſo much ſatisfaction as to ſhed my teares upon his Tomb : For conſidering how the cruel *Thomyris* hath uſed his ſacred Corps, certainly ſhe will cauſe it to be torn in pieces by wild beaſts: So as it is better to dye preſently, then to live in ſuch an eternal ſorrow, which would brand me with ingratitude to the greateſt Prince in the world ; for alas, how great is my debt unto *Cyrus* ? and therefore I were moſt unworthy of that conſtant affection he bore unto me, if I could think upon any thing but death.

After this, *Mandana* being ſilent, becauſe a floud of tears would not ſuffer her to ſpeak, *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia* in their turns did uſe all their perſwaſive arguments of comfort. As for *Araminta*, it coming into her mind that perhaps *Spitridates* was alſo killed, her ſoul was ſo troubled that ſhe hardly minded what *Mandana* ſaid : and the certain death of *Cyrus*, together with the incertainty of *Spitridates* his life, did ſo diſquiet her mind, that ſhe could not continue comforting *Mandana* as ſhe begun : And indeed, conſidering the ſad condition of that Princeſs, it was a hard matter to find any apparent reaſon by which they could perſwade her that ſhe was not in a moſt miſerable condition : and all thoſe about her could do nothing elſe but ſhed bitter tears, and lament the loſs as well as ſhe : All were in tears at once, and they wept as if they would all weep continually.

On the other ſide, *Chryſantes* thinking the death of his Maſter certain, he reſolved to carry this ſad news unto *Mazares*, and all the Princes in the Army, leſt if reports of it ſhould be divulged amongſt the Souldiers any other way, they would not be ſo forward to revenge his death: But as for *Feraulas*, he would ſtay upon the place, to know what they did with the Corps of *Cyrus*, and to try if he could ſee *Marteſia*, to lament with her the misfortune of this Prince, and to receive ſome orders from *Mandana* for he imagined that ſince *Cyrus* was dead, they would not guard her ſo ſtrictly.

In the mean time, it may well be ſaid, that the ſuppoſed death of this great Conqueror did more illuſtrate his glory when it was known on both ſides, in being lamented both by his Friends and Enemies. *Thomyris* her ſelf grieved, *Ariantes* did pity, though not grieve: All the *Maſſagettans* lamented him, all his friends deſired no life, but to revenge his death: *Mazares* lamented his death, as if he had not been his Rival: All the Souldiers grieved for him their Father, and ſome of thoſe who fled from the Battle did kill themſelves for very ſhame and ſorrow, that this Prince ſhould ſuffer for their baſeneſs.

Moreover, beſides thoſe who grieved for him out of affection, generoſity, and compaſſion, there were many who were engaged to it by particular intereſts: For *Intapbernes* and *Atergatis* did ſee that their Princeſſes could not be ſo ſoon releaſed, *Gobrias* and *Hydaſpes* had the ſame concerning *Arpaſia*: *Tigranes* had the ſame thought for the admirable *Oneſile*. Again, the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, *Iſtrina*, *Oneſile*, *Arpaſia* and *Telagene* did ſee that their chains would not be ſo ſoon broken: But whilſt all the world were lamenting the loſs of *Cyrus*, and were ignorant of *Spitridates* his deſtiny, *Cyrus* underſtanding by *Meliantes* that he was thought to be dead, he was both ſad and glad of it: Yet he had many more reaſons to be ſorry; for when he heard of this Tragical Ceremony of *Thomyris*, he verily believed that *Spitridates* was dead, and that they were miſtaken by the great reſemblance betwixt him and that unfortunate Prince, ſo that beſides his own miſeries, he was extreamly ſenſible of his loſs, and *Araminta's* ſorrows.

Moreover, he was not only ſenſible of *Mandana's* reſentments, in a belief that he was dead, but he feared leſt her reſentments ſhould prejudice him in another manner: For (ſaid he in himſelf) though ſhe did never change her thoughts of me, is it not to be feared that this ſuppoſed death will make her change thoſe thoughts ſhe had of me; for (ſaid he out of ſome jealous apprehenſions) one may be faithful unto a living Lover, when one is not ſo unto a dead one. Few carry their affections further then to the Grave of the perſon loved: ſo as ſince the belief of my death may either cauſe her death, or cauſe her to be inconſtant, it doth more concern me that *Mandana* do know that I am living, than that *Thomyris* ſhould be ignorant of it: In the mean time, I know no more how to ſhew my ſelf unto *Mandana* then I know how to hide my ſelf from *Thomyris*; for ſhould I ask *Meliantes* any queſtions concerning that Princeſs, he would perhaps not only ſuſpect who I am, but would imagine it concerns *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* to know that I am in his hands: So that *Cyrus* not knowing what to reſolve upon, either to procure his liberty, or to let *Mandana* know he was not dead, his ſoul was in a moſt ſad condition. Yet upon ſecond thoughts, he conceived it expedient to ſay nothing unto *Meliantes* for ſome days, leſt his too much earneſtneſs ſhould render him ſuſpected: and that afterwards he would ask ſo much favour from him, as to ſend to one of his friends to acquaint him that he was a priſoner, and to let this friend of his come diſguiſed into the Camp of *Thomyris*, and confer with him about ways for his releaſement.

But during this little interval, things went reaſonable well; for *Mazares* after he had rallied his Troops, he entrenched them very advantageouſly, in expectation of thoſe Forces which *Ciaxares* ſent: And *Ariantes* having a moſt earneſt deſire to ſee *Mandana*, and ſtill fearing the violence of *Thomyris*, he alſo entrenched his Army, and went unto the Tents Royal; for though it was victorious, yet the victory had coſt him ſo dear, that he was not in a condition to attempt any thing againſt *Mazares*, conſidering the ground he had choſen for his intrenchment: Yet did he find no great ſatisfaction in his voyage; for he found the mind of *Thomyris* ſo incenſed and unquiet, that no propoſition could be made which did not vex her, eſpecially any thing which related unto *Mandana*. On the other ſide, having viſited the Princeſs whom he adored, he found his entertainment ſo bad, that he was forced to retire, and ſtay till her ſorrows were a little over.

The truth is, ſhe gave him ſuch ſharp Language, ſhe charged him ſo oft with the death of *Cyrus*; ſhe proteſted ſo earneſtly that ſhe would not live, but only to the end the King her Father, and the Prince *Mazares* might continue the War againſt *Thomyris*, to deliver her, and be revenged for the death of *Cyrus*; and ſhe did ſo fully aſſure him, that ſhe hated him as much as if he had killed *Cyrus* with his own hands, that this Prince did think himſelf in a worſe Condition by the death of *Cyrus*, then by his life.

In the mean time, the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, the Princeſs *Iſtrina* and *Arpaſia* were always together, not having the liberty to ſee *Mandana*, with whom *Araminta* and *Oneſile* continually were: For ſince they were put there in the abſence of *Thomyris*, when *Andramites* ſent them to the Tents Royal, *Ariantes* durſt not incenſe the Princeſs ſo far as to take them away: Alſo, ſince it was believed that *Cyrus* was dead, they did not ſo much care if company came to her, and the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, *Iſtrina*, and *Arpaſia* had leave to ſee her in the preſence of him who commanded her Guard: 'Tis true, they had no great comfort in ſeeing her, for they ſaw her ſo full of ſorrows, as they did not think ſhe was able to endure them long.

Again, *Arpaſia* hearing that *Licander* her Raviſher was killed by an unknown hand: and underſtanding from *Niſide* who was with her that ſhe ſaw *Meliantes* in a diſguiſe, ſhe made no queſtion but it was he unto whom ſhe was obliged for it: but ſhe knew not whether ſhe ſhould be ſad or glad at it; for though ſhe did ſtill much eſteem him, yet ſhe had ſtill much tenderneſs and inclination unto *Hydaſpes*: But ſince the matter was not hard to ſee *Arpaſia*, and ſince *Meliantes* his paſſion was always in his mind, he took this opportunity, and came one morning unto *Niſide*, unto whom he had addreſs without much difficulty.

Niſide being always his friend, ſhe was glad to ſee him and to hear from his own mouth, that it was he who killed *Licander*. He told her then how he came diſguiſed unto this Court, leſt *Licander* ſhould induce *Thomyris* to arreſt him: And that he was in hopes to rid himſelf of one Rival by particular Duel, and of the other by a generous Combate: After which, he deſired *Niſide* to help him unto the ſight of *Arpaſia*: And indeed, ſhe being deſirous to do him any favour, ſhe procured him the opportunity without telling *Arpaſia*, who was ſo ſurprized at the ſight of *Meliantes*, that ſhe knew not how ſhe ſhould receive him.

But ſince *Niſide* had cunningly hinted unto her, that certainly it was he who killed *Licander*, and moreover, that *Meliantes* was more amiable than ever he was; her affection to *Hidaſpes* could not hinder her from receiving a man whom ſhe much eſteemed, very civilly, eſpecially ſince ſhe had very tender thoughts of him, before ſhe knew of his affection unto *Argeliſe*: And though *Arpaſia* did colour this civility to him, for that he had ventured his life in ruining her Raviſher; and though her expreſſions might well give him to underſtand that her mind was not changed, and that ſhe could hold him in no other degree than that of friendſhip; yet for all that, ſhe expreſſed her ſelf, and he anſwered her ſo tenderly and paſſionately, that he engaged her whether ſhe ſhould or no to be very obliging towards him: Alſo he obtained leave to viſit her, yet upon condition never to mention any matter of Love: So as he thought himſelf very happy in his misfortune; for ſince he believed *Cyrus* to be dead, he did not think that *Hidaſpes* would be in any condition to diſpute with him for *Arpaſia*, ſo as he returned to his priſoner with much ſatisfaction: And as ſoon as he was with him, he fell into diſcourſe upon the power of Love; he told him what was ſaid of *Thomyris*, of *Ariantes*, of *Mandana*, and of all their paſſions.

But whilſt things paſſed thus in the Camp of *Thomyris*, in the Tents Royal, and in the Camp of *Mazares*, the news of *Cyrus* his death being carried unto the Fort of

Sauromates, *Meriontes* having no mind to be releaſed by *Andramites*; and ſeeing *Cyrus* who had ſaved his life was dead, he would not go unto the Camp of that Prince as he intended: and being able to ride on horſ-back, he beſeeched the Commander of the Fort to let him go unto the Camp of *Thomyris*: But it being late when he came thither, and having intimate acquaintance with *Meliantes*, he asked an Officer whom he did accidentally meet with, whether he knew *Meliantes* his Quarters, and underſtanding by him that he was within fifty paces of it, he went to deſire a Nights lodging with him. As ſoon as he ſaw *Meliantes*, he talked of nothing but the valour of *Cyrus*, of his high ſoul, of his generoſity, and how he ſaved his life; how he treated him during his impriſonment, and was ſo high in his commendations, that *Meliantes* thinking to do a favour unto his Priſoner, in letting him ſee a man who ſpake ſo highly of a Prince whoſe part he took, he brought him into the Tent where he was: For though he knew that his Priſoner did not deſire to be known, yet he made no difficulty of bringing in *Meriontes*, becauſe he could not imagin that he ſhould know him, ſince they were of contrary ſides, ſo as in this thought he carried *Meriontes* into the Tent where he was. At his firſt entrance, both *Cyrus* and *Meriontes* were ſo aſtoniſhed, that they were not Maſters of their firſt thoughts: *Meriontes* no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but cried out, Oh Sir, (ſaid he unto him) can I believe my eyes? Is it poſſible that *Cyrus*, whom two hundred thouſand men believe to be dead, ſhould be alive? At theſe words, *Cyrus* ſeeing there was no longer any concealing himſelf from *Meliantes*, he was forced to have recourſe unto thoſe who knew him: You ſee valiant *Meriontes*, (ſaid he) how inconſtant Fortune is, ſince ſhe hath reduced me unto the moſt miſerable condition of men, if you do not oblige the generous *Meliantes* not to diſcover me.

Meriontes having leiſure whilſt *Cyrus* ſpake, to recollect himſelf out of his wonder, repented of his haſtineſs: But knowing *Meliantes* to be a man of a moſt generous ſpirit, and of quick apprehenſion, he ſaw there was no remedy. However, *Meriontes* thinking himſelf infinitely obliged unto *Cyrus* who had ſaved his life in an Heroick way, he turned towards *Meliantes*, and told him, that if he did not behave himſelf towards his priſoner as he would have done, had he not known him, he would become his mortal Enemy. But there was no need of all this; for *Meliantes* having no dependance upon *Thomyris*, was ſo glad to ſee himſelf Maſter of the Deſtiny of the greateſt Prince in the world, he interrupted *Meriontes*, and aſſured him that *Cyrus* needed not to fear any thing: Alſo a ſecond thought coming into his mind, he conceived that it would be advantageous unto him to oblige *Cyrus*, ſince he might thereby oblige *Hydaſpes* to ceaſe his pretences unto *Arpaſia*: So as continuing to ſpeak; ſince, Sir, I am no Subject unto *Thomyris* (ſaid he unto *Cyrus*) only a Voluntier in her party: and ſince Love only brought me hither, I think it would be no blemiſh unto honour, if I did ſet you out of her power.

For my part (added *Meriontes*) I ſhall go further than you: For though I were her Subject, and in your place, knowing her injuſtice and cruelty, by her late horrid act, I ſhould think it my duty to free this Illuſtrious Prince out of her hands,and ſhould think my ſelf more an Enemy unto that Queen than he is; if I ſhould give her any occaſion to commit an act ſo baſe.

But generous *Meliantes*, whether you be ſubject unto *Thomyris* or no, you are obliged not to diſcover that *Cyrus* is in your hands. However, ſince I am a priſoner unto your priſoner, I will never forſake him, for ſince my life is his, I will loſe it rather, than let him come into the hands of his Enemies. Sir, (ſaid *Meliantes*) though there was no generoſity in my nature, yet ſure I ſhould be ſo by the examples which the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* and you have given, and therefore *Meriontes* take no thought for your Illuſtrious Conqueror, for ſince now I I know enough of him, I am ſo far from thinking him my priſoner, that I and my deſtiny is more in his hands, than he or his in mine: Oh generous *Meliantes*, (ſaid *Cyrus*) if there be any thing within the compaſs of my power, wherein I may ſerve you, tell me, I conjure you, and to teſtifie that I am not unworthy of your generoſity, I declare that I would not deſire to oblige you unto this, but only for the intereſt of *Mandana*, and let me tell you alſo, (to ſhew that I had conceived a great opinion of you) that I have ſeveral times intended to truſt your generoſity and diſcretion; not knowing well what thoughts you had of me.

After this, *Meliantes* anſwered *Cyrus* in ſuch a manner, as did evidence unto him, that he might expect any thing from him; and *Meriontes* ſhewed himſelf ſo zealous for the ſafety of his deliverer, that this Prince had great reaſon to put much confidence in the affection of two ſuch men as had both wit and courage enough: *Meliantes* acquainted alſo *Meriontes* with one thing which much confirmed him in his thoughts; for he told him that *Aripithes*, upon whoſe ſcore he became engaged on *Thomyris* ſide, did die ſo much diſpleaſed againſt her, that he commanded ſeveral of his ſervants, to tell all his Officers, that he would not have them fight any longer in her ſervice: So as theſe two virtuous men finding no ſcruple in their deſign of ſerving the greateſt Prince upon Earth, againſt the moſt unjuſt Princeſs in the world, they promiſed ſo much fidelity unto *Cyrus*, that he had reaſon to eſteem himſelf happy in his miſery, in finding two friends of ſo much virtue: And to oblige them unto a more affectionate devotion to him, he uſed all the Heroick expreſſions that was inventable; yea he had ſo high an opinion of their virtue and quality, as that he would not intereſt them by any ambitious hopes; but thought that in promiſing them his friendſhip, he promiſed them all, and he did that in as noble a manner, as if he had promiſed Kingdoms unto them.

After *Cyrus* had ſaid all unto *Meliantes* and *Meriontes*, which he thought fit to engage them in his ſervice, the firſt of theſe moſt humbly beſought him, he might impart one thing which concerned him to know: And *Cyrus* conſenting, Sir, (ſaid *Meliantes* unto him) to teſtifie my ſincerity in my promiſing of ſerving you and delivering you as ſoon as I can without danger, I muſt acquaint you that I am a Rival unto *Hydaſpes* whom you moſt dearly love, and I conjure you in conſideration of what I ſhall do for you, that you will ſtand Neutral between him and me, if ever fortune put us into a condition to diſpute for the poſſeſſion of *Arpaſia* : How (ſaid *Cyrus*) are you a Rival unto *Hydaſpes* , and have I the misfortune to be a friend unto one who is your Enemy ?

After this, *Meliantes* told *Cyrus* in two words, the ſtate of his fortune, not concealing from him that he had ſeen *Arpaſia* ſince the Battle : After which *Cyrus* ſaid in deſiring me to be Neutral between *Hydaſpes* and you, generous *Meliantes*, you deſire me much leſs than I will promiſe you : For I will faithfully promiſe, that if ever it be my fortune to ſee him again , I will conjure him to ceaſe loving *Arpaſia*, and will be as earneſt with him, as if I were his Rival, as well as your friend ; but after this I will not promiſe you any more, for my humour is ſuch, that I will never abſolutely command my friends, eſpecially in matters of Love. But I will promiſe you to ſpeak both unto *Gobrias* and *Hydaſpes*, as much as I can in your behalf : Then, Sir, (replied *Meliantes*) I have no more to ſay,but to aſſure you that though you had denied me, yet I would have done all I could to ſerve you.

The worſt is (added he) that it is not an eaſie matter to get you from this place where we now are unto your own Camp, without danger of being taken by ſome who may know you : Therefore it is beſt to go in the night-time unto the Tents Royal ; for were you there, and diſengaged from the Quarters of the Army, it would be much more eaſie to take a compaſs , and meet thoſe Auxiliaries which *Ciaxares* ſends you, and otherwiſe, I confeſs I can ſee no likelihood of getting you unto your Camp.

Meriontes concurring with the opinion of *Meliantes*, and *Cyrus* apprehending much danger if he ſhould be known, he concurred alſo ; but the main difficulty is in going ſafely into the Tents Royal, and getting out : At laſt, *Meliantes* reſolved to feign himſelf ſick, and under pretence of heat, not to go in the day, but would go in a Coach cloſe up, to avoid the humidity of the night.

Thus it was reſolved, that *Cyrus* ſhould go in the Coach with him, that *Mereontes* ſhould guard them with his friends, and that they ſhould not ſet out until it was dark.

But ſince it was requiſite that *Meliantes* ſhould have a little time to counterfeit himſelf ſick, and ſince *Meriontes* who would not forſake his Illuſtrious Conquerour, would not ſhew himſelf, they ſpent that day all three together, for it was told at the Entrance into the Tent, that *Meliantes* was ſick, and therefore would not be ſeen; ſo as having time enough to entertain themſelves with diſcourſe, and having now nothing to talk of but themſelves, *Meliantes* and *Meriontes* were a long time in lamenting *Cyrus*, and admiring all the wonders of his life. But *Cyrus* knowing that nothing was more obliging, than to ſeem deſirous of knowing the fortunes of friends, he was very earneſt with *Meliantes*, to particularize the paſſages of his life a little better to him, and afterwards he preſſed *Meriontes* to tell him his: For truly (ſaid he unto him) after *Democedes* told me your Country, after I have ſeen you fight, and after this your laſt act of generoſity, I cannot chooſe but be very deſirous to know what moved you to leave ſo good a Country: Sir, (replied *Meriontes*) my adventures have been ſo poor, and there hath been ſo few extraordinary Events in my life, that indeed there is ſome reaſon to wonder, why I ſhould voluntarily baniſh my ſelf from a Country ſo pleaſant, if it were not an ordinary thing to ſee that Love can make men miſerable, without the power of Fortune: And there paſſeth many ſtrange and extraordinary thoughts in the heart of a Lover, which ſeem nothing in the eyes of the world, ſo as he can be miſerable when nothing appears unto other men why he ſhould be ſo.

Alas, ſaid *Meliantes*, I know this to be true by Experience: The moſt tranſcendent perſon whom I adore, ſhe eſteems me, and is very friendly unto me; but for all that, I am yet the moſt miſerable Lover in the world, ſince her affection unto my Rival is of another nature, though ſhe does nothing more unto him than unto me.

The miſery which I complain of, (replied *Meriontes*) ſeems doubtleſs leſs than yours; but I have a ſoul ſo nice, and I do love in ſuch a tender manner, that it is intollerable to me: Since we can do nothing better (in a time when we can do nothing for the Princeſs *Mandana*) ſaid *Cyrus*, than to know the life of a man who is willing to ſerve her, I beſeech you acquaint us with it. I muſt tell you again, Sir, (replied *Meriontes*) my adventures are too poor for the knowledg of ſuch a Prince as you are, though I muſt confeſs your deſtiny ſeems to be ſomething dubious. However, *Meriontes*, (replied *Cyrus*) I beſeech you ſatisfie my deſire, but to the end *Meliantes* may have the knowledg of your adventure, tell him in (I beſeech you) few words, the Cuſtoms of the Country of the new *Sauromates*.

Meriontes in obedience unto *Cyrus*, told *Meliantes* in as conciſe a manner as he could, the Original of the new *Sauromates*, their Lives, their Cuſtoms, and all that *Democedes* mentioned in *Sapho*'s Hiſtory, and began his diſcourſe in theſe Terms.

The Hiſtory of Meriontes *and* Dorinice.

I Shall not need to tell you, Sir, that I am deſcended from a Family which holds a conſiderable Rank in my Country; for ſince *Democedes* hath related the Hiſtory of *Sapho*, I am ſure he hath told you of *Clyrantes*, who is my Brother, and by conſequence who I am. Nor am I obliged to acquaint you with the life of our Court: For ſince you do know it to be gallant, that there are Judges eſtabliſhed to determine all the differences of Lovers, and that the moſt admirable *Sapho* is very happy there, you will eaſily believe what I ſhall ſay.

But, Sir, ſince the beauty and merit of one whoſe name is *Dorinice*, is the foundation of this adventure, and the cauſe of my misfortune, it is requiſite I deſcribe her unto you, to the end you may the better know the violence of my paſſion, and the greatneſs of my miſery: Since it was not the quality of *Dorinice* which made me love her, I ſhall tell you only by the by, that her Family from whence ſhe is deſcended is very Illuſtrious; but let me tell you that ſhe is adorned with a thouſand qualities which attract Love.

Indeed ſhe is of a very handſome ſtature, her Complexion is rare, her Eyes black, and full of ſpirit; her

Hair is fair, her Smile Charming, her Teeth white, her Air both gallant, noble, and modeſt, and her neck and hands moſt fair.

Moreover, her Wit is ſuperlative, her humour always equally the ſame, and there is ſuch a juſt mixture of mirth and ſeriouſneſs in this perſon, that ſhe doth infinitely pleaſe and ſuit with all the world, both the Melancholy and the Merry. She ſeemed to be a very good friend, and indeed ſhe was ſo, though to my ſorrow I found her heart but hollow, yet it was a diſguiſed hollowneſs: For when one firſt ſees her, and ſees the freeneſs of her looks, her civility and ſweetneſs, one would ſay, that for the time he had made a far progreſs into her ſoul, and yet one ſhould not be one ſtep further in her favour at the end of three Months, than they are at the end of three days, and the like at the end of three years, all imaginable ſervices and Courtſhip will not work upon her heart.

Then, Sir, I muſt tell you, that we have but one City in our State, and that *Dorinice* was eighteen years of age before I ever ſpoke unto her: For beſides the bigneſs of our City, which is ſo large, that one may eaſily be long there and not particularly known, ſo it was, that ſeveral trifling paſſions did take up many of my young days, and as chance would have it, I fell into a *Caballe* oppoſite unto that of *Dorinice*'s Mother, ſo as it may be ſaid, I knew her and I knew her not. But ſince ſeveral changes chanced, which abſolutely diſengaged my heart, I chanced one day to meet this ſair one in an aſſembly at the Queens. Thinking I ſhould much ſpight thoſe Ladies whom I had broke off withal, if I did entertain *Dorinice*, whom I knew they loved not, I began diſcourſe with her.

Thus I entertained her the firſt time more in ſpight to others, than to pleaſe my ſelf, not but that I found much pleaſure in her company, for ſince ſhe was glad to ſee I had quitted the Ladies whom ſhe loved not, ſhe received me better than when I was in favour with her Enemies, and yet ſhe chid me when I began to tell her, that I thought my ſelf very happy in her company. Before I give any direct anſwer unto your Civility, Sir, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, I beſeech you give me leave to examine a little, whether I ſhould take you as a Spy or as a Deſerter of your friends, or as one who hath changed ſides. Oh moſt lovely *Dorinice* (ſaid I and interrupted her) I am neither a Spy nor a Deſerter of my friends, but I have changed my ſide with ſo much reaſon, that you cannot in any juſtice blame me; yet leſt you ſhould have an ill opinion of me, I will not ſpeak any ill of your Enemies, but ſince I have ſo much good to ſpeak of you, time will be better imployed in that than in the other: Were you to talk long, replied ſhe, and ſmiled, you would both trouble me and your ſelf, for I have ſo many faults, and ſo few good qualities, that you would find it, Sir, a hard task to talk of ſuch things only as ſhould pleaſe me: But ſince, Sir, it is probable you will tell me more of my good than my bad qualities, I ſhall hope you will not tell me any thing which will diſpleaſe me: At the leaſt I am ſure, Madam (ſaid I unto her) I ſhall ſay nothing but truth, when I tell you that you are the moſt faireſt and lovelieſt perſon in the world.

As *Dorinice* was ready to reply, they came to take her out to dance, ſo as all that night I could not talk any more with her. But ſince ſhe had infinitely pleaſed me, and ſince I obſerved that I had ſufficiently vexed thoſe Ladies whom I intended to ſpight, I went the next day with one of my friends unto the houſe of *Dorinice*'s Mother, whoſe name was *Elicrate*; and, Sir, I was ſo much taken both with the Mother and the Daughter, that I repented I had been ſo long unacquainted with them, for the truth was, their ſociety was infinitely more pleaſing than that I had quitted; for thoſe Ladies whom I had left off were perſons who admitted all ſorts of men without exception or choice, which queſtionleſs goes againſt the grain of thoſe who have nice and delicate ſpirits, and not at all advantagious unto ſuch as frequent them: But, Sir, it was otherwiſe in the houſe of *Elicrate*, for almoſt none frequented it, but men of excellent parts; and *Dorinice* had ſuch an art of wearying thoſe who were not well accompliſhed, that if any ſuch came once there, they were ſure not to come twice; and yet there was always much company with her, becauſe there was men more of excellent parts in our Court: And, Sir, you muſt know that this Lady, though never capable of love, nor ever will as long as ſhe lives, yet is ſhe the greateſt fondling in friendſhip that is in the world, for ſhe has friends of all ſorts, and the wonder is, ſhe gets them every day, and loſes none, and does ſo well keep all ſuch ſecrets as are intruſted to her, that ſhe never injures any, but as far as ſhe is able, is ready to do any ſervice for thoſe whom ſhe hath promiſed any place in her friendſhip: Yet, as I ſaid in the beginning of my diſcourſe, ſhe hath this particular quality, that ſhe hath ſet bounds about her heart, beyond the limits of which none whoſoever can ever go; for one ſhall be as high in her favour at three months as they can be in three years.

Dorinice being, as I have deſcribed her, very amiable and engaging at the firſt, I thought my ſelf the happieſt man alive in her acquaintance; and I preſently perceived, that my thoughts of her might be phraſed Love, and not at all friendſhip: Yet I thought my ſelf never the more miſerable; for ſince I knew that I had ſome ſhare in her eſteem, and that ſhe promiſed me her friendſhip, I thought that I might pretend unto her love: But to carry it according to the common Maximes of all prudent Lovers; I did not declare my ſelf at the firſt, but ſtayed until her heart was a little engaged, before I openly told and divulged that I was in love with her. However I was very aſſiduous in my Viſits, and courted her with all imaginable ſubmiſſions, for the friendſhip which men held with her did exact from them the ſame ſervices almoſt that Love did, and I was ſo happy in my behaviour, that in a ſhort time ſhe did me the favour to admit me into the Catalogue of her Friends; yet I muſt confeſs, this rank did not altogether pleaſe me; for ſince ſhe was ranked higher in my heart, I could not be contented with that rank which I had in hers. The truth is, I flattered up my ſelf with hopes, that as ſoon as ſhe knew I loved her, ſhe would then diſtinguiſh me from the reſt; and though I know ſhe made open profeſſion never to admit of any Gallantry; yet as one is apt to flatter ones ſelf with what they love, ſo I thought that I might happily be excepted out of that general

ral rule: So as not being able to endure this cruel incertainty, I reſolved to diſcover my paſſion unto her, and I reſolved upon it, after I had ſpent a whole day with her in extream melancholy; for I was perſwaded that all her friends would at other times be ſo much about her, that I could not find a fitter opportunity: So as I ſtaying the laſt with her, I began to ſpeak unto her, and deſired her to tell me whether I was as much in her heart that day as I had been in her Chamber? Doubtleſs you are, replied ſhe, as all my friends are: Oh, Madam (ſaid I) there is no juſtice I ſhould be thronged with ſuch a croud of friends in your heart, ſince you are ſingle and alone in mine; and therefore, Madam, I muſt either be excluded out of your heart, or elſe all thoſe men you croud with me in it, muſt: For otherwiſe I muſt confeſs, that I cannot be at any reſt there: Alas, Madam, continued I, and would not give her time to anſwer me, it is extream injuſtice to mix me with them, for I am not of their rank, nor are my thoughts like theirs: Indeed, I am ſo far from entertaining you (as ſome of them do) with my ambition, that I do declare the height of my ambition is to be loved by you; I am ſo far from telling you of any Intrigues and Cabals (like theirs) that I will never be of any, in which you are not: I have ſo little to do with domeſtick buſineſs and cares, that I never think of any but what you have cauſed in me, and ſo far am I from talking of any love which I bear unto others, that I can talk of nothing but my love to you: And therefore Madam, I beſeech you judge whether it be juſt you ſhould rank me amongſt ſuch men as nothing reſemble me? Doubtleſs it is not (replied ſhe and ſmiled) for if you be ſuch as you ſay, I muſt exclude you from my heart, and admit another in your room; for it were not juſt (added ſhe by way of raillary) that I ſhould baniſh a hundred out of it to admit of one, but much better it is to baniſh the one and keep the hundred, and therefore *Meriontes*, it is in your own choice; if you be my friend, (as I ever thought you) be quiet in my heart, as all the reſt of my friends are, but if you be not, take it not ill if I do exclude you: However, ſince I do not well underſtand you, nor will take ſo much pains as to examine whether what you ſay be true, I will believe you upon your word.

Since it is ſo, Madam, replied I, I beſeech you believe that I am not only your friend, but your Lover alſo; for I profeſs, that I am not able to live in ſuch a preſs of friends. Since it is ſo (ſaid ſhe) you muſt out of my heart, and you would do me a pleaſure, if you would drive me out of yours; for ſince I am there alone, it is very likely, conſidering my humour, I ſhall be very weary of being there. Madam, (ſaid I unto her) you anſwer me with ſo little ſeriouſneſs, that I beſeech you neither look upon me as your Lover nor as your Friend. Seriouſly, replied ſhe, I know not well what to think; but *Meriontes* if you will believe me, you will content your ſelf with the rank of a Friend, for I muſt ingeniouſly tell you, that otherwiſe you muſt loſe me: Were it a thing which were in my own choice (anſwered I) I would chooſe rather the quality of a friend than of a Lover; for I ſee all that are under that notion are well pleaſed, ſatisfied, and at reſt: But alas, Madam, it is otherwiſe with me, and though you ſhould rank me in the firſt Sphere of your Friends, yet I muſt, whether you, or I, will or no, be your Lover, and be ſo until death: Since, Sir (replied ſhe) you may happily be miſtaken in your affection to me, and think it more than it is, I will not yet exclude you out of my heart, but will ſtay a little until you be better ſatisfied whether you are only of a temper in friendſhip ſomething different from others, ſuch a temper as being neither love nor friendſhip, yet ſo like unto both, that either name, without injuſtice, may be attributed unto either of them.

Oh, Madam (ſaid I) my affection to you is not of that nature, for I am moſt certain that friendſhip hath never any deſires, nor inquietudes, nor jealouſie in it: Oh *Meriontes* (ſaid ſhe unto me) I plainly ſee that you know not what a tender and gallant friendſhip is, for ſuch friends as I deſire will deſire to be loved; they will be unquiet when they have been long abſent from their friends, and be jealous to ſee any others about them. But, Madam (ſaid I unto her) ſince you cauſe jealouſie, and have ſuch abundance of friends, I wonder they ſhould not quarrel. The more you ſpeak of this tender and gallant friendſhip which I mean, Sir (replied *Dorinice*) the more you ſeem to be ignorant; for the jealouſie which it inſpires, is not of the ſame nature as that which Love doth cauſe, is, but on the contrary, it is a ſweet pleaſing and ingenious Spirit, which helps diſcourſe, which augments friendſhip, which is never melancholy, lumpiſh, or ſad, and which produceth no other effects but ſuch as make men more courtly, more neat, and more complaiſant, ſuch as rather makes others jealous of them than they of others: So as it may be ſaid, that the friendſhip of which I ſpeak, hath all the ſweets of Love without any of the bitters: Moreover (added ſhe) I mean not ſuch a kind of friendſhip, whereof there is not above two or three examples in a whole age; nor of ſuch men as have but one only friend in the World: The firſt of theſe muſt be able to dye for their friends, and be as full of generoſity as tender friendſhip; and as for the other, who are ſo nice and delicate, that they can find but one only in all the world, that they think worthy of their friendſhip; certainly they are neither pleaſing to themſelves nor others: For ſince they cannot be merry with any but thoſe they love, and ſince there is but one Phœnix in the world which they can find, certainly they find their diverſions very ſeldom. Nor do I require that ſolid friendſhip which is found in the grave Sages of the world, for they are too cold, too dry, and too tyring melancholy; Such men as theſe will content themſelves with loving you in the depth of their heart, with ſerving you upon extraordinary occaſions, and to ſpeak well of you when it highly concerns you, but will never tell you that they do love you: They neglect all petty Complements and duties of friendſhip, and are alwayes ſo ſerious, that they cannot endure any mirth: Yet truly my opinion is, that for the moſt part it is the trivial Civilities and Complements which makes the moſt friendſhip: As for great and high Services they are ſo rare, as it is impoſſible they ſhould both beget and nouriſh friendſhip. For ought I ſee, Madam, (replied I) the friendſhip which you deſire hath ſuch a neer reſemblance with love, that I begin to to think my ſelf more miſerable then I did imagine, and to look upon all your friends as my Rivals. Since I have friends, Sir, (replied ſhe) who are in love with ſome Ladies whom you do know, you are much miſtaken if you think them my Lovers: However, Madam, replied I, I would gladly know how you do rank all your friends; To begin (replied *Dorinice*) I muſt tell you, that my amorous friends are always of the loweſt rank in my heart, though I am often very much delighted to hear them tell their folly and fond adventures: And if you will name unto me any, I will ingeniouſly tell you in what degree they are in my opinion: Then tell me, Madam, ſaid I, in what Sphere you place a friend of yours, whoſe ſoul is ſo ambitious, that I think it enjoyes not one minute of reſt? As for him (ſaid ſhe) he is neither in the firſt nor laſt, but in the rank of thoſe from whom I hear many ſecrets, but whom I would not truſt with any of my own if I had any. You have another friend, Madam (replied I) who indeed is a man of much merit, but he is ſo rude and feirce, that I cannot tell what ſweetneſs his friendſhip ſhould afford you, nor in what rank you can place him, for you have none who reſembles him. I aſſure you (replied ſhe) that this fierce friend of whom you ſpeak, as irregular in friendſhip as he ſeems unto you, yet he is not one of the loweſt rank in my heart, and ſhould his fierceneſs a little mollifie, he might perhaps be in the firſt: For he does not ſeem as if he were deſirous one ſhould love him, though there be nothing more like to cauſe it, then that.

But Madam (ſaid I unto her) you have another friend whoſe name is *Artimas*, and who if he be not in the firſt rank, yet he will be ere long: For indeed he has all qualities that are requiſite to pleaſe, and I do obſerve that he doth already very much pleaſe you: 'Tis true (ſaid ſhe) that he whom you mention is according to your deſcription; for he his handſome, and he has a moſt excellent and pleaſing wit: He writes well both in verſe and proſe: He can be both merry and ſerious, and he began his friendſhip in the moſt ingenuous way in the world. He ſeems ſo tender, ſo ſweet, ſo civil, and ſo affable, and has ſuch an obliging way with him, as would perſwade any one he loves them better than ever he did any. Moreover, he ſeems ſo extremly glad to ſee you; he is ſo hugely ſenſible of benefits, and ſo deſirous to be loved, that one cannot chooſe but have a diſpoſition to love him: but let me tell you withal, that whether he is ſo weary of his friendſhip, or glutted with accuſtomacy of favours, or not ſenſible of them; or whether it be inconſtancy in his nature, he is ſo unequal in his amity, and ſo negligent, that though he were ungrateful,or coldly indifferent he could not be worſe than ſomtimes he is: Somtimes he will be a whole day together with you, and not ſpeak a word: He will ſee you as if he ſaw you not, and will be of ſuch a flagiſh faint ſpirit, as he will both amaze and vex any that have any intereſt in him; for nothing doth more ſurprize him then to ſee men who have held a correſpondency, become as cold and indifferent, as if they were not acquainted. Yet ſince I have not been long enough acquainted with him you ſpeak of, to paſs any definitive judgment of him;all I can ſay unto you is, that moſt infallibly he will either be in the firſt or laſt rank in my opinion: Nor can I directly tell you what place he will have in my heart, ſince that depends more upon him then me; for if he thus continue unequal and luke-warm, perhaps he will be in the loweſt rank of my friends: And if he become as he was when I firſt knew him, and not ſo troubleſome as almoſt all the young Gallants of the Court are, who thereby render themſelves incapable of any illuſtrious Conqueſt, either in Love or friendſhip, then he ſhall be in the rank of my deareſt friends.

But I beſeech you Madam (replied I) tell me more poſitively what degree is a Couſien of mine, who uſeth to viſit you oftner then any other except my ſelf: as for him (ſaid ſhe) I muſt confeſs he is in the ſame degree that you are,for indeed I ſee nothing in our friendſhip which doth now pleaſe me: The beginning was gallant, the equal was obliging, and I have obſerved him very careful to pleaſe me: He ſeems more tender and more ſenſible then he was at our firſt acquaintance: He is more glad to ſee me, and we divert our ſelves better when we talk together, then in the infancy of our friendſhip. You have alſo another friend (replied I) who loves to talk with you in private, as if he was your Lover. And I have obſerved, that when any come to you, he would always make a third: He whom you ſpeak of (replied ſhe) is none of the leaſt in my favour, for indeed it is one of the greateſt ſigns of a good wit to hold particular diſcourſe; and the greateſt proof that one can give that he is pleaſed with his friend, is to court in private: and did you know the good will I bear unto him you mean, becauſe I think he is better pleaſed when he finds me alone, then with much company, you would ſee that I do much prefer him before ſuch vapourers that are out of their element, unleſs they be in a great tumultuous company, where they muſt ſpeak loud before they can be heard, and who had rather be in the very worſt company of a Town, then ſpend an afternoon in civil diſcourſe with two or three rational perſons. Yet they are the greateſt loſers by it; for I am ſure, that commonly ſuch men get ſuch ill habits as renders them leſs amiable, and leſs inclinable to love.

But *Meriontes* (continued ſhe) to ſave you the labour of naming of any more, I will aſſure you that there is but you and three or four more who are in the firſt form of my friends: and as for the reſt, I imagine you will not much care for them. Why Madam (replied I) do you think that I am ſatisfied with your admitting three or four Co-equal in your heart? When you conſider (replied ſhe) that I have a hundred friends, and that I think but three or four of them your equals, me thinks you ſhould be well ſatisfied, and think your ſelf happy. Alas Madam, replied I, were I only your friend, I ſhould not be contented with it; for I am of ſuch an humour, that I would be the firſt of the four; and therefore being your Lover, I cannot eſteem my ſelf happy in my conviction with ſo many friends. To teſtifie (replied ſhe) that I will do all I can for you, I will tell you, that you are the firſt, provided you will not ſpeak any more of your pretended love. Alas Madam (replied I) I find no great ſecurity in all this, ſince you have a friend who may be in the firſt rank, and another whoſe place you know not, therefore this laſt may exclude me and all the reſt: Since I know not what is to come (anſwered ſhe) I will ſpeak of the preſent: And therefore all as I can ſay unto you is, that if he of whom you

ſpeak

ſpeak doth continue as he hath been of late, it is not all his merit, all his wit, nor all his handſomneſs that can obtain him the firſt rank of my friends: and I will tell you after, that of all thoſe who have any place in my friendſhip, you ſhall have the firſt rank if you will. Alas Madam (ſaid I) a Lover can never be contented with the firſt quality of a friend; and I had rather be in the loweſt rank of your Lovers, than in the higheſt of your friends. However, *Meriontes* (ſaid ſhe) this is all I can do; Conſider ſeriouſly upon it, for if you ſhould refuſe the firſt rank of my friends, perhaps I ſhall become your Enemy: As I was ready to anſwer, one came in, and ſaid her Mother did ask for her: So that I left her, not accepting the quality of her firſt friend, and ſhe not permitting me to be her Lover.

Yet ſince I had diſcovered my paſſion, my heart was ſomething more at eaſe: And my greateſt hope was, in knowing certainly that *Dorinice* did hold me in the notion of friendſhip, ſo as imagining it not impoſſible but her affection might change its nature, and believing it a more eaſie ſtep from friendſhip to love, then from indifferency unto that paſſion, my hopes did keep life in them: So as I paſſed over ſome days without any great inquietude, thinking it but fit I ſhould give *Dorinice* ſome time of conſideration before I could expect any recompence: Yet there was not a day in which this multitude of her friends did not perplex me, and in which I did not fear that this which ſome of them called friendſhip, may be called by the name of Love: and indeed I underſtood at laſt, that there were at leaſt two Lovers in this diſguiſe of friendſhip: So that with jealouſie and love together, I had many a vexatious hour. Yet after I had well obſerved theſe concealed Rivals, I was not ſo jealous of them, as of ſome other of her friends: Not but that one of them was very handſome, and likely to prove a very dangerous Rival, for his perſon was very pleaſing, and he had a delicate wit: and ſince his firſt affection was unto a perſon of great merit and wit, this did infuſe ſuch a politeneſs into his converſation, as made him ſo accompliſhed as he was; for it is moſt certain that nothing is more pernicious unto young men, then firſt to engage themſelves in Love with fooliſh perſons: and indeed, this ſecond Rival made this apparent which I ſpeak, for he was better born than the other, alſo he had wit and ſpirit enough: and yet it was his misfortune to fall at firſt into intimacy and familiary with many women of mean merit, who were unfaſhionable, and knew not the world, ſo as he blaſted his wit by their ſociety, and did inſenſibly accuſtome himſelf, to be ſuch a one as his company were, ſo as I had no cauſe to fear him: And for the other, though he had wit, merit, and manners enough, yet I did not fear him neither; becauſe *Dorinice* ſuſpecting him in Love with her, did treat him worſe then the reſt of her friends. I ſaw alſo very clearly that theſe two Rivals had not ſo great a part as my ſelf in the heart of this faire one; for ſhe was pleaſed to tell me what they ſaid unto her: But as for her friends, ſhe would not impart the leaſt ſyllable of what they ſaid, though I vowed ſhe was moſt abſolute Miſtreſs of my heart, and told her, that though generoſity required that I ſhould never reveal the ſecrets of my friends, yet ſhe had ſuch a power over me, that I could not keep my own: But this aggravation of my Love cauſed a great quarrel the next day; for be pleaſed to know Sir, that both of us meeting the day following in a place where one of the Ladies, who formerly I loved was with much other company, *Dorinice* very craftily began to talk of the power which a Miſtreſs hath over the heart of her Lover: and hearing that ſome reports of my paſſion were divulged in our Court, ſhe would needs be ſo pleaſant as to twit me with it. And to that end ſhe told me very openly, that as I was talking the day before with her, I ſaid, that as ſoon as ever I became a Lover, I would ſacrifice all my own, and my friends ſecrets unto my Miſtreſs, and that I had already told her all the paſſages of my firſt Love: So as being driven to the neceſſity either of contradicting what ſhe, whom I then loved, had ſaid, or elſe diſpleaſing her whom I loved not, I made choice of the latter, and would rather anger my old Miſtreſs then my new one; yet I turned the matter as well as I could: Indeed I ſaid (replied I unto *Dorinice*) that when one is in Love, one hath nothing which is their own: but I did nor ſay I would relate the ſecrets of friends and former loves unto my Miſtreſs; what I ſaid was this, that if ſhe would needs know them, and command me peremptorily ro tell them, I ſhould have much ado to diſobey her. Yet (replied one of *Dorinice* friends who always told her every thing) I do not think that ought to be; for if I did, I would never tell any thing unto my friends: For my part (ſaid the Lady whom I loved) I think he is a perfidious Lover, who reveals the ſecrets of his friend unto his Miſtreſs, and that ſhe is an unworthy Miſtreſs who ſhall deſire it.

For my particular (replied a friend of *Dorinice's* whoſe name was *Nirtile* unto whom ſhe made a ſign to contradict that Lady whom I loved) I do not underſtand your meaning, but I am ſure that the greateſt ſweetneſs of love is the abſolute empire of a Lovers heart: and if I had one who ſhould conceal any thing from me which I deſired to know, I would never look upon him again; for he did not love me, if he did not blindly obey me, right or wrong: and I would not only have a Lover tell the ſecrets of his friends, but I would alſo have him commit an unjuſt act if I ſhould command him: he may as well do the laſt (replied a friend of *Dorinice's*, whoſe name was *Oxaris*) as reveal the ſecrets of his friends, which of all things in the world ought moſt inviolably to be kept: and for my part, who does not think that Juſtice and generoſity are incompatible with love, I cannot think it allowable to be perfidious, but am ſo much againſt it, that had I a Miſtreſs who would exact this teſtimony of my Love; I ſhould no longer eſteem her, and conſequently be no longer her Lover, and ſo ſhould never tell her my friends ſecrets.

Did you know what Love was (replied I) you would not have ſaid ſo: For though a Miſtreſs ſhould command unjuſt things, yet for all that one cannot leave loving her for it: For if Love were a thing voluntary, it would of neceſſity follow that all the world would love none but admirable perſons, ſuch as there is not perhaps three in a whole Kingdom, and in a whole age: And there would be ſuch a croud about them, that there would be no approaching: Yet experience ſhews us every day, that there are men of great wits, parts, and ſpirits, who fall in love with perſons that have faults, and faults which they know of, and which yet will not cure their paſſions. I know very well (replied *Oxaris* ſharply) that one may find his Miſtreſs a little pale, or a little ſwarthy Complectioned, and yet not leave loving her; and one may know that there is ſome unequality in her humour, and ſome levity in her ſpirit, and yet not change, yet I cannot underſtand how one ſhould continue loving a Woman without honeſty and vertue. And I dare boldly affirm, that the perſon who reveals the ſecrets of his friends, is as great an offender againſt the rules of vertue and honeſty, as any Traytor is; and there is nothing in the world more odious than to betray thoſe who truſt them. Were I to judge only of the thing it ſelf (replied *Nirtile*) I ſhould condemn it: But however, I muſt needs affirm, that if a man be in love, and will not tell his Miſtreſs all he knows if ſhe deſire it, he does but love by halves; for he is not ſo much obliged in point of honour, to conceal the ſecrets of his friends, as he is in point of love to tell his Miſtreſs what ſhe deſires to know: For he is not to examine whether her deſires be juſt or no, but to give her a teſtimony of his love, he is to obey her blindly; ſince there is no greater than that of obedience, and without obedience there is no love nor delight in loving

For my part, (replied my former Miſtreſs) I know not how to comprehend this; and for my part (replied *Oxaris*) I ſee no reaſon in it: For I beſeech you (ſaid he unto *Dorinice*, though he did not diſpute the matter with her) may there not be many juſt cauſes of ceaſing to love: Doubtleſs there may (replied ſhe:) if ſo (replied he) why is it more juſt, that jealouſie ſhould make love die, than when you diſcover your Miſtreſs is not truly vertuous; as ſhe is not,if ſhe would have you perfidious;is there not much more reaſon to break off with her for that, then becauſe ſhe did caſt an eye a little favourably upon a Rival? ſhould I look upon you as a Philoſopher: you have reaſon for what you ſay (anſwers *Nirtile*) but when I look upon you as a Lover, I cannot think you ought to deny your Miſtreſs any thing. Truth is, if you deny her any thing that is unjuſt, you are to be looked upon as a wiſe man, whoſe paſſions are all in his own command.

But for all that, the Lady who required the injuſtice from you, will charge you with being a bad Lover: For though ſhe be in the wrong, to deſire any thing that is unreaſonable, however you have no reaſon to deny her, and you can expect nothing, unleſs whilſt your friends do ſay you are diſcreet, your Miſtreſs will ſay you know not how to love. The beſt of it is (replied I) not to grieve the Lady too much with whom I had a former correſpondency.) There are but few Ladies who are ſo unjuſt, or who will trouble themſelves with knowing a thouſand trifles which they have nothing to do withal.

For my part (replied *Dorinice* very maliciouſly) were I in the humour of having a Lover, my chief delight would be in making him relate all paſſages of his paſt love. As for the ſecrets of his friends, I would not deſire to know them: but as for trifles of Gallantry which are ſuch fond follies when they are paſt, and ſeem always ſo to them who have no intereſt in them, I ſhould take the greateſt pleaſure in the world in hearing them exactly related unto me: and if any reaſon induce me to admit of a Lover, I think it will be in hopes of this delight, in which I fancy ſuch great diverſion: And if I do make choice of a Lover, it ſhall be of ſuch a one who hath loved many others; for though they ſay firſt paſſions are moſt violent, yet I would not be his firſt Miſtreſs, leſt I ſhould loſe the pleaſures which I mentioned before. If, Madam, the knowledg of many ſecrets do ſo much delight one (replied I) then if you ſhould admit of a Lover who were of *Nirtiles* humour, he would have a fine time of it, if you ſhould reveal all the ſecrets of your friends unto him: You, I ſay, who has ſuch a multitude of them, that they can hardly be numbred. I cannot tell whether you jeer me in this or no,(replied ſhe and ſmiled) but I conceive the greateſt commendations that can be given me is, that I have ſo much wit as to get and keep ſo many friends: But, Madam, (ſaid I unto her to turn the diſcourſe) do you think it any honour in admitting ſo many of them? and do you believe that under colour of this gallant kind of friendſhip you ought to have a thouſand at a time? if ſo, I muſt needs confeſs that I think it a great conveniency for a Lover to have many Miſtreſſes, as for a Lady to have many Gallants. I am ſo fully perſwaded (replied *Dorinice*) that one may have as many friends as they will, that I look upon my friendſhip as a thing infinite: and when I have purchaſed any new friend, and paid him my friendſhip for it, after the rate that I think he eſteems me, yet I find my ſelf as rich within a quarter of an hour after, as if I had given him nothing for it: Then I perceive (ſaid I unto her) that it is not according to merit that you grant your affection. No, (replied ſhe) merit is the meaſure of my eſteem, and friendſhip the meaſure of my friendſhip, and thus I aſſure you I uſe to diſtribute my ſelf very equally.

For my particular (replied I) I cannot conceive that one can much love ſuch a number of men, nor know how any man can content himſelf with the hundred part of a heart; for if I had not a whole one, I ſhould never think my ſelf happy. Then you ſhall never have one (replied *Dorinice* and ſmiled) for I will never give all mine unto one man. After which, ſhe riſing up, and I going with her, I complained againſt her for her malice, and afterwards in a low voice uſed all my Rhetorick to perſwade her unto a permiſſion of my paſſion: But all to no purpoſe, and all my arguments and perſwaſions could obtain no more from her, than the firſt of her friends: ſo as ſeeing no other remedy, I would try, if I could content my ſelf with that rank ſhe gave me in her heart: And indeed, I muſt needs ſay, that *Dorinice* was as good as her promiſe unto me, and I had no cauſe to think that ſhe was more favourable unto any friend than unto me: For ſhe ſpake to me with much confidence, ſhe was always very glad to ſee me, ſhe diſcourſed with delight, and ſhe would ſincerely give me her opinion in any thing we talked of. Moreover, ſhe did intereſt her ſelf in my fortune; If I were ſick, ſhe would ſend conſtantly to ſee how I did: if by chance I were two days from her, ſhe would have me tell her what I had been doing: She took my part always ever againſt her deareſt friends: ſhe would highly commend me: ſhe would have all her acquaintance eſteem me, and was every way very obliging. So as it may be ſaid, that I enjoyed all the ſweets and pleaſures of a moſt ſolid, tender, and gallant friendſhip.

ſhip. Yet all this while I was nothing contented, and the moſt favourable looks of *Dorinice*, made me more angry than pleaſed; for though I never ſaw her eyes incenſed, yet I could never ſee them as I deſired: The truth is, ſhe looked upon me, as people uſe to look upon all indifferent objects which are in their ſight; her eyes were all tranquility, and I could never ſee in them the leaſt languiſhing glance which is the true character of Love.

I never ſaw them troubled, tranſported, or paſſionate; they had no language of Love in them, nor did they underſtand me when mine ſpoke in that Dialect: So as I could never think my ſelf happy.

Moreover, though ſhe was always gladder when I talked with her, than any other of her friends, yet I could never perceive that my converſation made any deep impreſſion; for if any, who had any private buſineſs, came unto her, ſhe would leave me to talk with him, and leave me without any regret: alſo be at ſeveral diverſions wherein I had no ſhare without any inquietudes, and all the priviledg I had by being her firſt friend was, that ſhe would ſometimes be a little freer with me than with others, and knowing that I did love her, though I did not often tell her ſo, ſhe uſed all ways imaginable to make me believe, that her Amity would never be any other than Amity, and indeed ſhe did ſo well perſwade me of it, that I thought my ſelf the moſt miſerable man alive. So as not being able to contain my ſelf any longer, I fell into a continual courſe of complaints, and complained ſo much that I was troubleſome unto her: And the very truth is, my complaints were excuſable, for there is nothing upon Earth more intollerable than to be extreamly in Love with one who returns only friendſhip: And there is no compariſon to be made between that miſery, and to love without being loved again: For in this caſe one is perpetually near a happineſs, and never is like to enjoy it, and all ſervices are to no end further than what one already knows, which can never give any content, for it is a moſt undoubted truth, that the moſt fervent friendſhip in the world, is not comparable to the loweſt degree of Love: Yet *Dorinice* would needs one day perſwade me, that my complaints were unjuſt, for (ſaid ſhe) were my affection to you of another nature than it is, I ſhould do leſs for you than I do: I ſhould think, Madam, (ſaid I unto her) that in doing leſs, you did more, and I am ſo confident of what I ſay, that I ſhould think my ſelf more happy if I could ſee you ſometimes turn away your fair eyes for fear of meeting mine, than to ſee them ſo full of tranquility as they are; and to ſhew you how little my Love is ſatisfied with your friendſhip, I do declare unto you, Madam, that your indifferency would be much leſs intollerable: This is ſo very fantaſtical (replied ſhe) that I almoſt think you are out of your wits; were you in love, Madam, but one quarter of an hour, (replied I) you would quickly find that the moſt miſerable condition of a Lover. is to be perſwaded that he muſt never be loved; ſo that, Madam, beginning to think that it is an eaſier ſtep from indifferency unto Love, than that a long continued friendſhip ſhould become that paſſion, you need not wonder I ſhould think my ſelf the moſt miſerable of men, in that I ſee all my Love, all my Cares, and all my Services can never alter the nature of your affection to me. And yet, Madam, methinks it is ſo eaſie a matter for you to make me happy, that I know no reaſon why you do not: For I am contented you ſhould love me leſs than you do, ſo you will but love me in another manner, and otherwiſe it is impoſſible I ſhould ever be ſatisfied, for Love is never ſatisfied but with Love again, and all your tender, gallant, and ſolid friendſhip is not comparable to the loweſt degree of that paſſion, and therefore I beſeech you judge, whether it be likely to ſatisfie the moſt violent paſſion that ever was: for all this (replied *Dorinice*) I muſt tell you again, that if I ſhould love in that manner as you mean, you would be leſs happy than you are; for now I ſhew you all the tenderneſs of my heart, I communicate my very ſoul unto you, and I have a thouſand obliging cares for you; whereas if I ſhould love you as you deſire I ſhould, I ſhould then conceal all the tenderneſs of my thoughts from you, I ſhould make choice of the moſt indifferent words to expreſs my affection to you, and I ſhould ſhun the place where you are, and therefore I pray judge whether you would not be more miſerable in my Love than in my

Friendſhip: And to tell you truly, it is my Friendſhip unto which you are beholding, for this my indulgency in ſuffering you to ſpeak thus unto me of your paſſion, for did I not perceive the conſtitution of my heart ſuch, as it is impoſſible I ſhould ever love you in any other manner, I ſhould never ſuffer you.

Oh, Madam, (ſaid I) this is the extremity of cruelty; how ignorant are you in the ſweets of Love, and of being loving, a hundred and a hundred thouſand friends cannot afford one ſingle guſt of it. I beſeech you conſider, that you have not an abſolute power over any one of your friends; there is not one of them but are able to deny you ſomething: Whereas your power over me is abſolute without any exception, you are Miſtreſs of my Deſtiny, you can frame all my good fortune, and all my bad, and you have ſuch an abſolute Empire in my heart, that you muſt reign in it as long as you live. But, Madam, to reign with delight, you muſt take ſome care for the preſervation of your authority: Caſt off therefore, Madam, this multitude of friends, amongſt all which, perhaps there is not one who truly merits the name of friend, or are really worthy of your friendſhip: But if you will not rid your ſelf of this croud which are troubleſome both to you and me, yet I beſeech you make ſome difference in your Love betwixt me and them, for I do affect ſingularity ſo much in matter of affection, that I cannot endure to be loved in the ſame degree with others. Put ſome difference, I beſeech you, Madam, betwixt me and your friends, and know that if you do not, I muſt infallibly either loſe my life, or my reaſon and wits, for I am moſt certain I can never loſe that affection which I have unto you.

Methinks *Meriontes*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) that in telling you I eſteem you as the chief of my friends, and ſo diſtinguiſh you, that this ſhould content you: Alas, Madam, (replied I) though you ſhould tell me that I am your only friend, and though I am a Lover of Singularity, yet ſhould I not be contented; for your affection is ſtill friendſhip, and before I can be ſatisfied, your friendſhip muſt either become Love, or my Love friendſhip, and therefore ſince it is an eaſier matter to add ſome degree

gree of heat unto your affection, than it is to quench the flames of mine, I beſeech you, and conjure you to ſtrive a little to love me in another manner than you do.

But *Meriontes*, (ſaid ſhe unto me) do you not conſider that if I ſhould love you as you deſire, you ſhall receive no favours from me? and that I cannot be ſo indulgent to you as now I am, for I ſee you, and I talk as long as you pleaſe: Yes, Madam, (replied he ſharply) you do ſee me, and you do talk with me; but you do them not with the ſame joy which you would, if you loved me as I deſire: There wants that mutual exchange of pleaſures which does nouriſh and augment Love, and which is the chief felicity of Lovers. And therefore, Madam, only out of curioſity, I beſeech you try the difference between Love and Friendſhip, and do not deprive your ſelf of life's greateſt delight, by making me the moſt miſerable of men.

Yet all theſe intimations in the ſweets of Love unto *Dorinice* were to no purpoſe, for, Sir, ſhe was unalterable, and I could not obtain the leaſt hope of ever changing her mind: So I was in a moſt miſerable condition, nor could I make any appeal to the Judges and Laws of Love, becauſe they were eſtabliſhed only for ſuch as do or did love one another, and I being the only party that ever loved, I could not have any remedy from them. Yet was I not able to incloſe all my ſorrows in my heart, but complained in ſuch a ſad manner unto *Dorinice*'s friend whoſe name was *Nirtile*, that I did mollifie her heart,and moved her to ſpeak in my behalf unto her friend.

And as they were walking one day in a Garden, ſhe ſevered her from the reſt of Company, and told her ſhe did not well to mix me among the number of her other friends, and that ſhe had no reaſon to entertain ſuch a croud of them as ſhe did. For truly, (ſaid *Nirtile* to her) my humour is ſuch that I had rather make choice of ſome man of accompliſhed parts, than to love a hundred or two. Alas *Nirtile*, (ſaid ſhe then unto her) can you think I do love all thoſe who term themſelves my friends? I cannot tell (anſwered *Nirtile*) but you ſeem as if you did, and as if you thought them all the moſt faithful, and ſincere friends in the world.

The truth is (anſwered *Dorinice*) I am juſt unto all my friends, for I know how to diſtinguiſh betwixt thoſe who viſit me out of vanity, or for intereſt, or out of cuſtom, or out of inclination: And I have unto thoſe who love me, ſuch a kind of civility, as befits ſuch as are to be eſteemed; for if I had not, I ſhould deprive my ſelf of a thouſand delights, which the converſation of ſuch men afforded me but for all that, I only love thoſe who love me very well, and I am able to make it my boaſt, that I am the juſteſt perſon in the world unto all thoſe who uſe to ſee me. You muſt except *Meriontes* Madam, (replied *Nirtile*) for certainly he has no reaſon to be pleaſed with you.

Perhaps he hath more reaſen then you imagine, (replied ſhe) for I aſſure you, I have been ſtriving as much as I could theſe two months together, either to love him as he would be, or elſe to hate him: The one half of this had been enough to have told me (replied *Nirtile*;) doubtleſs it had (replied ſhe) but I could not unleſs I had lied; for the truth is, *Meriontes* doth every day move me unto both thoſe thoughts, though they be very oppoſite to each other: When I look upon his reſtleſs inquitude, and conſider his merit, his affection, and my own friendſhip to him, I wiſh I were able to make him happy by loving him as he deſires: But on the other ſide, when he ſmothers me with his complaints, upbraids me with my many friends, and permittance of many Lovers, this unjuſt perſecution makes me deſire to hate him, and yet I find an equal impoſſibility in both; and therefore I muſt remain as I am, and if he be not contented, I cannot help it.

However Madam (ſaid *Nirtile* to her) though you cannot love him, yet I beſeech you be leſs friendly unto others, and leſſen the number of ſuch friends as do ſo neerly reſemble Lovers, that truly I wonder *Meriontes* doth not look upon them as Rivals. Nay, as for that *Nirtile*, (replied *Dorinice*) indeed I cannot do it, and to tell you truly, that was as much as I could do, did I love *Meriontes*? for theſe kind of trivial amities of gallantry do render converſation ſo agreeable, and ſo ſweetly amuſe the mind, without diſquieting the heart, as I cannot part with one of them.

Truly Madam (replied *Nirtile*) you are very unreaſonable. I know not (ſaid *Dorinice*) whether I be unreaſonable; but I cannot think it any imprudence; for as I do behave my ſelf, I do enjoy a thouſand pleaſures without hazarding my reputation. and I do enjoy them without any inquietudes of melancholy, and thereſore I pray tell *Meriontes*, (if he did intereſt you to ſpeak unto me) that his beſt courſe is to reſt in quiet, and to let me reſt ſo alſo. For it were a moſt cruel thing that one, who enjoyes all the delights of innocent gallantry, ſhould expoſe her ſelf unto all the perſecutions of Love, when ſhe is not capable of that paſſion.

After this *Nirtile* had no more to ſay, but as one that was very ſincere, ſhe told me the next morning all the diſcourſe, with intention to perſwade me, either to comply with the humour of *Dorinice*, or to quench my flames of Love, but to tell you truly, I could do neither.

In the mean time, the ſeaſon of the year came on, in which we were wont to celebrate a great feaſt of thanks, unto the gods for ſeparating us from the ancient *Sauromates* this was the time when *Dorinice's* croud of friends did more perplex me then uſual, for ſhe was continually taken up with ſome piece of courtſhip or other, ſo as I may ſay, I ſaw her and ſaw her not; and to my grief I obſerved every day an addition of new friends which others brought unto her: And as ſoon as the admirable *Sapho* came into our Court, *Phaon*, and the brother of *Phylire* were alſo admitted into the number of her friends. I wiſhed that I could make my ſelf as many friends as ſhe did, to try if any ſuch delight could be found in a multitude, but it was impoſſible for me; yet I ſaw *Sapho* and *Agelaſte* very often, and complained of my miſery unto them; for my paſſion was grown ſo publick, that every one knew of it; And truly I muſt needs confeſs, I found much comfort from them; for both of them did ſo penetrate into the depth of my thoughts, that I perceived they knew them as well as my ſelf. And ſince they did not think it expedient to flatter me, they ingeniouſly told me, that they did not think ſo ancient a friendſhip as that of *Dorinice* unto me, could ever become love, ſo Sir, knowing *Sapho* to be one, who knew every one that came into her company, the ſooneſt and moſt perfectly of any one in the world; I grounded as much upon what ſhe ſaid as if ſhe had been one who could infallibly tell the future fate of things: And though I found much comfort in complaining unto her againſt the unalterable coldneſs of *Dorinices* heart; yet ſhe made me much more miſerable, by telling me her thoughts. But in the confidence that I had in the depth of her wiſdome, I deſired her ſhe would be pleaſed to take ſo much pains as to ſound the depth of *Dorinices* mind, and to tell me then her opinion; ſo as I obliged her to promiſe me her beſt endeavour, and to report unto me the truth of her imaginations: And after ſhe had held much diſcourſe with *Dorinice* ſeveral times: After a ſerious conſideration of her behaviour, and after extraordinary pains to know her throughly, and had ſpoken of me unto her with much affection; ſhe told me that there was no hopes that *Dorinice* would ever change her mind; and that if I could not be contented with being the firſt of her friends, ſhe would adviſe me to be no longer her Lover. Alas Madam (ſaid I unto her) it is not the quality of *Dorinice's* friend can ever ſatisfie me: and yet were I the only one who had that title, perhaps I ſhould preſerve all my Love unto her, provided ſhe beſtowed all her friendſhip upon me: But Madam, ſhe adds every day unto the number of her frieeds, and therefore ſince *Dorinice* cannot love me, nor let me have her intire friendſhip, *I* muſt endeavour to quench my flames: For it is not poſſible *I* ſhould long continue loving one whoſe ſoul is ſo rocky, that ſhe had rather make me miſerable, than part from the leaſt of her friends: And ſince *I* am not able to leave loving her as long as *I* ſee her, *I* muſt quit my Country. *Sapho* honouring me with her friendſhip, did at the firſt oppoſe my deſign: But at laſt, ſhe ſaw *I* was ſo miſerable that ſhe confeſſed baniſhment would be more ſweet unto me, then *Dorinice's* preſence. Yet ſince ſhe would not omit any thing which might conduce unto my tranquility, ſhe brought it ſo to paſs by the negotiation and diſcretion of *Phaon*, that though the Judges appointed for the determination of all differences in Love, could not by their Law meddle with any thing but ſuch as paſſed between perſons who had once contracted affection, yet they would take cogniſance of this difference between *Dorinice* and me. At the firſt it did much incenſe her: but ſince *Sapho* procured the Queen to countenance the matter by her Authority, ſhe was forced to put in her anſwer, and I alſo preferred my Complaint before the Judges.

Then they began to put ſeveral queſtions of much curioſity, for they asked whether a Lover could content himſelf with the friendſhip of one, who did not love any other? They asked alſo whether a Lover had any reaſon to be jealous of the friends unto his Miſtreſs? and whether theſe two things were a cauſe of legal complaint, and a juſt reaſon to change affection? Time will not allow me Sir, to particularize the whole matter unto you who have no intereſt in it: But give me leave to tell you in ſhort, that after ſerious conſideration of theſe two queſtions, the judges ſaid, that as to the firſt it was out of all doubt, that friendſhip could never come in compariſon with Love, nor give it ſatisfaction: And they declared that a Lover might accuſe his Miſtreſs of ingratitude, and complain as of a high piece of injuſtice, if ſhe do not anſwer his affection with an affection of the ſame nature. For beſides (ſay they) that Love is a paſſion which in all things requires equality of hearts. They ſaid further, that a Lover can never be in ſecurity as long as his Miſtreſs is only his friend; ſince he is in danger every moment to ſee her fall in love with another: So as they declared that I had good reaſon not to be ſatisfied with the friendſhip of *Dorinice*.

Afterwards they ſaid, that as to the ſecond thing in queſtion, That jealouſie was of ſo large an extent, that poſſibly it might be ſo, as one might be jealous without any Rivals, ſince one might be jealous of any thing, which too much took up the heart of the perſon loved; and (ſaid he who reported the opinion of the aſſembly) ſince one is not ſo jealous of thoſe thoughts which others have of the Lady whom one loves, as they are of thoſe thoughts which ſhe hath of others, it follows, that one may be jealous of any thing which engageth her heart any manner of way: If ſhe affect any ſolitude too much, a Lover may without extravagancy be a little jealous: Judg therefore I beſeech you then, ſince *Dorinice* having a hundred friends who may become her Lovers, or who at leaſt take up a great part of her heart, and who fill up her time ſo, that *Meriontes* can hardly ever ſpeak unto her: Whether, I ſay, ſuch a Lover hath not reaſon to entertain ſome thoughts which may be termed jealouſie, and whether he have not reaſon to complain of her, ſince ſhe is ſo eternally taken up with her friends, and ſuch friends as ſo nearly reſemble Lovers, that one may eaſily miſtake the one for the other.

As ſoon as this was ſaid, a friend of *Dorinice's*, who pretended unto the firſt Rank, ſtood up, and ſaid that it was great injuſtice to think friends could be jealous: That this was the way to violate all the priviledges of friendſhip, which of all things upon earth ought to be moſt inviolable: And that it would put a great diſorder and confuſion amongſt all men, if Love and Friendſhip ſhould be declared incompatible; for as Friendſhip cannot be without Love, ſo Love and Friendſhip may conſiſt together.

Then he inſtanced many examples out of antiquity, to make it appear that one may be a zealous Lover, and a zealous Friend both at one time: And amongſt the reaſt that of *Achilles*, who though extreamly in love with *Briſeis*, yet loved *Patroclus* with abundance of tenderneſs: And after this, he deſired it might be declared, that *Dorinice* might admit of as many friends as ſhe pleaſed, without being ſubject unto any complaints againſt her: But, Sir, after this friend of *Dorinices* had had ſaid all he could, and after I had anſwered all his objections againſt me, the Judges ordained, that *Dorinice* ſhould make her choice, either to anſwer my affection with the like: Or if ſhe could not, and would yet preſerve me, to exclude all the reſt of her friends, to the end I might ſolely remain in her heart: declaring, that if ſhe would do neither of theſe two, I might lawfully quit her without inconſtancy, or being accuſed of ingratitude. So, Sir, *Dorinice* being unable either to love me, or renounce that multitude of friends which diverted her, ſhe publickly declared that ſhe was ſo far from doing either of theſe two things, as ſhe was fully reſolved upon two other things quite contrary:

For (ſaid ſhe) I am reſolved never to love as long as I live, neither will I fail to admit of more new friends. You may eaſily imagine Sir, how this cruel Declaration of *Dorinice's* went to my heart: But that which finiſhed my deſpair was, that ſhe ſent unto me ſhe would never ſee me any more, and yet the very ſame day ſhe ſent this rigorous meſſage, ſhe admitted of two freſh friends: So as reſolving upon abſence, I employed the illuſtrious *Sapho* to obtain a licenſe from the Queen, to go out of her Dominions: And ſo I did, without bidding adieu unto any, but *Sapho*, *Agelaſte*, and *Phaon*.

As ſoon as I had paſſed thoſe Deſarts which environ our Country, I came into the Territories of the ancient *Sauromates*, where I found Troops ready to depart, which *Aripithes* had levied for *Thomyris*: So as I conceiving War the beſt remedy againſt Love, I followed them without any other deſign but to forget *Dorinice*. But though I am not able to do it, yet I am ſo fully reſolved never to ſee her again, that I will voluntarily baniſh my ſelf for ever out of the moſt pleaſant Country in the world. But, Sir, if you will be pleaſed to give me leave to devote my ſelf inſeparably unto your ſervice, I ſhall hope for more tranquility and ſatisfaction than ever I had: And my joyes in finding ſuch an illuſtrious Protector, will be above my ſorrows for the loſs of an unjuſt Miſtreſs.

Meriontes having ended his Relation and his Complement, *Cyrus* returned a very obliging anſwer unto this illuſtrious *Sauromate* After which entring into deep Cogitations of his paſt misfortunes and preſent miſeries, he ſpake little all the reſt of the day. But night being come, and all things ready, *Cyrus* entred into this cloſe Coach with *Meliantes*; and *Meriontes* being their Convoy, they got out by the favour of the night, none obſerving that *Cyrus* was in the Coach: And as they got well out of the Camp, ſo they arrived at the Tents Royal; and as good luck for *Cyrus* was, the Tent of *Meliantes* being one of the very firſt, *Cyrus* was preſently in a place where none could ſee him unleſs *Meliantes* would, and where it was unlikely any would ſeek for him; for his death was ſo generally believed on all ſides, that it was divulged over all places in the world. The *Grecians* which were in the Army writ into *Greece*; the *Perſians* ſent unto *Perſepolis*; the *Medes* made it known in *Media*; *Intaphernes* writ into *Pontus* and *Bythinia*; the *Aſſirians* ſent into *Babylon*; *Thraſimedes* writ it into *Lycia*; *Ligdamis* unto *Epheſus*; *Myrſiles* unto *Sardis*, and ſo all the reſt into their ſeveral Countries: And the noiſe of his death was ſo univerſally divulged in all remote places, and ſo generally believed, that many excellent Hiſtories were deceived by the miſtake, and Hiſtorians have left this ſuppoſed death of *Cyrus* in their Hiſtories, as true, though the truth is, it was the unfortunate *Spitridates* who loſt his life, and paſſed for this illuſtrious Conqueror.

In the mean time, *Feraulas* in this general belief of *Cyrus* his death, endeavoured all manner of waies to find out his Corps: And having many friends ſince the time that *Cyrus* was there under the name of *Artamenes*, he employed all their helps in the diſcovery: But in his queſt of one thing, he diſcovered another, which made him extreamly joyed; for he underſtood by accident, that the *Gelon* Captain who preſented the head of *Spitridates* unto *Thomyris*, as the head of *Cyrus*, did endeavour to ſell thoſe rich Arms of gold which that unfortunate Prince did wear the laſt day of his life, and which *Cyrus* gave unto him after his Combate with *Aripithes*: So as *Feraulas* knowing that *Cyrus* wore a very common ſuit of Arms that day, he concluded, that of neceſſity it muſt be the head of *Spitridates* which *Thomyris* plunged in Blood, and not of *Cyrus*: So as much hope and joy began to revive in his ſoul, and ſo as the death of *Spitridates*, which before made him full of ſorrow, now filled him full of joy.

On the other ſide, as ſoon as *Cyrus* was got ſafe into the Tent of *Meliantes*, where *Meriontes* was cloſe concealed with him, *Meliantes* began to contrive waies for his deliverance; and yet he would not be ſeen in two daies, leſt his counterfeit ſickneſs ſhould be ſuſpected: And during theſe two daies, *Meriontes* and he did bethink themſelves whether there was any poſſibility of releaſing

ſing *Mandana*, as well as *Cyrus*: For ſince there was many *Sauromates* in the Army of *Thomyris*, who ſince the death of their Prince, had no affection unto that Princeſs, they thought it no hard buſineſs to move them unto a mutiny. And ſince it was *Meriontes* who had commanded them under *Aripithes*, it was moſt fit for him to negotiate with the reſt of the Captains over thoſe Forces. So as *Meliantes* and he communicating their thoughts unto *Cyrus*, he did ſo concur with them, that he deſired them to endeavour the execution of this deſign, before they thought any more of getting him out of the Tents Royal. And truly ſaid he unto them, if you can bring the buſineſs unto that paſs, as that there muſt be any fighting for *Mandana*, I will be there in perſon, and not be a debtor unto your valour only for her liberty.

That which did further the deſign of *Meriontes* was, that there were many *Sauromatian* Captains in the Tents Royal, who ſtaid there to ask the leave of *Thomyris* for their departure. So that to loſe no time, after *Meliantes* had kept in two daies to diſguiſe his ſickneſs, he went out; and ſounding the minds of the *Sauromatian* Captains, who were all intimate friends unto *Meriontes*, he found their pulſes to beat according to his wiſhes: So as obliging them very handſomly to come one Evening unto his Tent, he let them ſee *Meriontes*, unto whom they did as much vow their obedience, as unto their Prince, expreſſing ſo much deſire to revenge his death, as they wiſhed *Cyrus* were living, that they might fight under his Banners: Yet *Meriontes* did not think it expedient to tell them that their wiſhes were accompliſhed, until their deſign was riper: But he deſired them to diſpoſe the minds of their Souldiers, ſo as they might obey them upon any occaſion whatſoever, aſſuring them, that if they did make themſelves Maſters of their Troops, he would very ſhortly give them a brave occaſion to ſignalize their valours, to revenge the death of *Aripithes*, to get much glory, and to enrich themſelves if they would. After which, ſome of them returned to the Camp, to do as *Meriontes* deſired them, and the reſt ſtaid ſtill to confer about the correſpondency betwixt *Meriontes* and them

After this, *Cyrus* being acquainted with the promiſes of theſe Captains, he reſolved that when they had made ſure of their Souldiers, to give ſecret intelligence of this unto *Creſſus* and *Mazares*, who commanded his Army, to the end that when the *Sauromates* did ſever themſelves from the Army of *Thomyris*, to fall upon the Tents Royal, they might at the ſame time fall upon the Camp of *Ariantes*: And that thoſe great Auxiliaries which *Ciaxares* ſent him under the command of *Artabates* his Kinſman, might attempt to join with them, and enforce thoſe Troops which *Andramites* had ſet to guard the paſſages: So as *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* having ſo many things to do at once, they might be the more diſmaid, and eaſier overcome.

But ſince he would not attempt any thing raſhly until he heard the *Sauromatian* Captains were aſſured of their Souldiers, *Cyrus* was in a ſtrange perplexity, for he durſt not make it known unto *Mandana* that he was alive, leſt the way of his conveying that news unto her ſhould miſcarry, and ſo he ſhould both ruin himſelf, and deprive her of his aſſiſtance. Doubtleſs he might have obliged *Meliantes* to have made it known unto *Arpaſia*, and by her, have conveyed it unto *Mandana*: But as oft as he conſidered, if he ſhould fall into the hands of *Thomyris*, both he and ſhe were for ever ruined; he choſe rather to let her be ignorant of his being living, than to hazard their being for ever miſerable. Yet ſometimes he was ſo extreamly deſirous ſhe ſhould know he was living, that he was ready to run through all dangers, and would hazard all for one ſingle ſight of *Mandana*. That which moſt augmented his deſire of it was, becauſe he ſaw no great difficulty in it; for he underſtood by *Meliantes*, that the Tent wherein ſhe was, was not now ſo ſtrictly guarded; and that *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* were ſo fully perſwaded of his death, that they feared not the ſpeaking of any unto her, and yet the Guards were ſo ſtrict, as to hinder her from making any eſcape: *Ariantes* alſo was very circumſpect to hinder *Thomyris* from executing any revenge upon that Princeſs: But it was no difficulty to obtain ſo much liberty as to ſpeak with her, ſince the death of *Cyrus* was believed: So as this great Prince, who had never ſeen *Mandana*, ſince *Ariantes* under the name of *Anaxaris* carried her away, had now a moſt unmeaſurable deſire of ſeeing her, ſo as he could not chooſe but expreſs as much unto *Meliantes* and *Meriontes*: But they made it ſo full of danger unto him, that they diſſwaded him: For Sir, (ſaid *Meliantes* unto him) ſhould you be known, it would not be your life that would be in the danger, for the affection which *Thomyris* has unto you, would keep her from being ſo cruel unto *Cyrus* living, as ſhe was unto *Cyrus* dead: But what cruelties will ſhe not inflict upon the Princeſs *Mandana*? Therefore I beſeech you command me no ſuch ſervice, as you may repent of it as long as you live, and which may render you the miſerableſt of men.

So *Cyrus* being convinced both of his Reaſons and his Prayers, he reſolved to give over all thoughts of ſeeing *Mandana*, and think of nothing but how to conceal himſelf in expectation of this great attempt which *Meliantes* and *Meriontes* was plotting; for as *Meriontes* had great credit amongſt the *Sauromates*, ſo *Meliantes* endeavoured to gain ſome of *Mandana's* Guard, with whom he was in very good eſteem, yet he could not do any thing againſt *Hidaſpes*; and if he did get any new credit in the heart of *Arpaſia*, it was without diminiſhing of the reputation of his Rival. However, flattering himſelf, and knowing very well that *Arpaſia* eſteemed him very much; he believed that if he could once deliver *Mandana* unto *Cyrus*, *Hidaſpes* then durſt not diſpute with him for the poſſeſſion of *Arpaſia*. But ſometimes the violence of his Love would put his Vertue unto a moſt difficult trial; for when he thought, that if he ſhould put *Cyrus* into the hands of *Thomyris*, he ſhould eaſily oblige her to put *Arpaſia* into his, his heart did a little ſtagger: Yet for all that, *Meliantes* was both juſt and generous, and would not buy the poſſeſſion of *Arpaſia* at ſo unworthy a rate, as the ruin of the greateſt Princeſs, and moſt victorious Prince in the world. So as tranſacting upon noble Principles, and chooſing rather to be unfortunate, than to be happy by any baſe ways, or by the miſeries of illuſtrious perſons, he ſeconded the valiant *Meliantes*, who had negotiated the buſineſs ſo happily, that all the Captains of his correſpondency aſſured him their Souldiers were at their command, and they at his, demanding yet ſome days to get the *Gelons* unto their ſide, who exceedingly murmured that it ſhould be a Captain of their Nation, who in hope of recompence ſhould preſent the ſuppoſed Head of *Cyrus* unto *Thomyris*; though they ſaid, that without them he had never conquered that Prince.

In the interim, *Cyrus* heard by *Meliantes*, that the Armies were ſtill in their Trenches: That the Relief which *Ciaxares* ſent drew near: That *Arſamones* was killed by a Rebellion of the people: That the Princeſs his Daughter was extreamly troubled, and that both ſhe and *Araminta* grieved that they could not hear what was become of *Spitridates*: But the moſt obſervable of all was, *Meliantes* underſtood by *Arpaſia*, that theſe two days *Mandana* was nothing ſo ſad as ſhe was; her tears did ſtop, her ſighs were not ſo frequent, and ſhe could talk of any thing. *Cyrus* asking every day how *Mandana* did; and *Meliantes* uſing to ſhew him the greatneſs of her ſorrows, becauſe he ſaw it was ſome ſweetneſs unto him to know the fidelity of her he loved, he was much put to it, how to anſwer him that day: Yet ſince he would not diſquiet him, he told him that he knew not how ſhe did that day; but being ſomething ſlow in the return of his anſwer, and the ſpirit of a Lover being more penetrating than any others, *Cyrus* did know that *Meliantes* had not anſwered him ſincerely; ſo that imagining *Mandana* to be very ſick with grief, his ſpirits were ſo ſtirred, and he expreſſed himſelf ſo ſadly unto *Meliantes*, as he acquainted him ingeniouſly with what *Arpaſia* had ſaid, adding, to qualifie the matter, that doubtleſs

Mandana did moderate her grief at the hearing of the relief which the King her Father had ſent : And therefore hoping to ſee his death ſhortly revenged, and her ſelf delivered, the exceſs of her ſorrows did ſomthing diminiſh.

Alas *Meliantes* (cried *Cyrus* out) if *Mandana* can ſo ſoon forget my death, *Mandana* will never think upon revenging it ; No, no, *Mandana* is unfaithful, *Ariantes* triumphs over my misfortune, and I am the moſt miſerable of men. Oh, I beſeech you Sir, (replied *Meliantes*) do not thus afflict your ſelf at what I tell you, until you know whether you have any cauſe, for you have ſo many real cauſes to grieve at, that methinks you ſhould not build upon any appearances which are often fallacious : No, no, *Meliantes* (replied *Cyrus*) the conſolation of *Mandana* can have no cauſe which can be advantagious unto me ; and I am ſure, that if ſhe had not changed her affection to me, ſhe could not believe me dead, or receive her Liberty without Tears : And therefore I muſt ſadly conclude, that ſince ſhe can ſo ſoon clear up her ſorrows, I muſt deſpair ; but yet *Meliantes*, I deſire to dye at her feet after I have killed *Ariantes*. Sir, (replied he) when your deſign is ripe, then perhaps in delivering *Mandana*, you may kill your Rival, but in the mean time, I beſeech you be not too raſh. It is poſſible unjuſt Princeſs, (cried out *Cyrus*, and addreſſed his ſpeech unto *Mandana*, as if ſhe had heard him) that you can ſo ſoon forget the Death of a Prince, who valued his own life not a ſtraw, when he thought you dead at *Synope*? And who had moſt infallibly killed himſelf, had he been certain that you were not living? You, I ſay, who has made me a promiſe of immortal affection, and whoſe ſoul always ſeemed unto me, ſo high and generous. Oh moſt ungrateful Princeſs! have you forgotten all I have done for you ? Can you retain in your imagination that bloody Head which you thought to be mine, and be able to talk of things ſo indifferent? Oh *Mandana*, Can you think me dead, and not grieve ? if it be ſo, then I am the baſeſt of all men living, if I continue ſtill my Love unto you.

As *Cyrus* was in this extremity of grief, and as *Melian-*

tes was endeavouring to comfort him, they heard a great noiſe; and a little after they underſtood, that fire accidentally hapning in *Mandana*'s Tents, they carried her, and all the reſt of the Ladies Priſoners unto other Tents, and in their paſſage to them, they muſt of neceſſity go by the Tent where *Cyrus* was. This ſadly afflicted Prince, would needs ſee *Mandana* with his own eyes, though *Meliantes* did what he could to hinder him: But *Meliantes* and *Meriontes* both got near him, purpoſely to hinder him from ſhewing himſelf as *Mandana* paſſed by, and indeed they had good reaſon for their foreſight: For when *Mandana* paſſed by, when he ſaw her in a Coach guarded by *Ariantes*, and when he obſerved in the Countenance of that Princeſs, a grave ſadneſs without any extream ſorrow, his reſentments were beyond all imagination.

But to compleat up the total ſum of his ſorrows, *Mandana*'s Coach forced to ſtay, becauſe one of the Horſes in that Coach wherein *Araminta* was, being lame upon a ſudden, and that Coach going before *Mandana*'s, it was alſo forced to ſtay: And as chance would have it, ſtaying juſt before the Tent where *Cyrus* was, that Prince had better leiſure to obſerve the motions of *Mandana*'s face; he could not diſcover either any joys or mirth in her, nor could he ſee any grief or exceſſive ſorrow, but he ſaw one thing which made him almoſt mad, and needs would he go and upbraid *Mandana* with a thouſand reproaches: And if he had had any Arms, it is to be believed he would have ſet upon his Rival, for all his great number of armed Guards. The cauſe of his exceſſive rage was, becauſe *Mandana* having *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia* only in the Coach with her, and turning her head towards a multitude of people on her right hand, which looked upon her as ſhe paſſed by; ſhe whiſpered *Marteſia* in the ear, and ſhewed unto her ſome body whom *Marteſia* alſo looked upon, and as *Mandana* ſhewed her, a little colour came into her Cheeks, which preſently diſſipating part of her ſadneſs, did bring into her eyes ſuch an inclination unto joy, as appears in the aſpects of ſuch as ſmile, yet this diſpoſition laſted but an inſtant: For preſently after, *Mandana* lifting up her eyes unto Heaven, as if ſhe prayed for ſomething, returned unto her former aſpect of ſerious ſadneſs; but though this little ſmile did laſt but an inſtant, yet it raiſed a great and long ſorrow in the ſoul of *Cyrus*.

But as good fortune for him was, he was ſo ſurprized at this ſight, as his wonder did for a time deprive him of his ſpeech, otherwiſe certainly his complaints had been ſo loud, that *Mandana* might have heard them from the Tent where he was, and as good luck was, *Meliantes* and *Meriontes* were with him, to hinder him from ſhewing himſelf as he intended.

But the Horſe in *Araminta*'s Coach being recovered, both it and *Mandana*'s began to put on, and *Cyrus* loſing the ſight of this Princeſs, he remained in a moſt miſerable condition Is it poſſible (ſaid he, after he had recovered himſelf) that *Mandana* can ſmile under the power of my Rival? and in a belief that I am in my Grave? Since I have ſeen ſuch a prodigious alteration in her heart, I ſhall not deſpair, but I can ceaſe loving her. But alas the worſt is, I do ſtill love her, and ſhe loves not me: miſerable wretch that I am, (added this afflicted Prince) I did foreſee it was an eaſier matter to be unfaithful unto a dead Lover, than to a living, and yet I would not let *Mandana* know that I was not dead: But alas (continued he) how could I ever imagin, that a Princeſs who has ſeen the greateſt Princes in the world at her feet, and yet preſerved her fidelity, ſhould now be perfidious? How could I ever think that ſhe, who for the Love of me, had rejected the King of *Aſſyria*, the Prince *Mazares*, the King of *Pontus*, and *Ariantes* himſelf, ſhould the very next day think me in my grave, exclude me out of her heart and memory, and become the moſt ungrateful and moſt unjuſt perſon in the world? But, Sir, (ſaid *Meliantes*) I do not underſtand why any thing I have ſaid unto you, or any thing you have ſeen, ſhould ſo exceſſively trouble you: No, no, *Meliantes*, (replied *Cyrus*) I cannot be miſtaken, I know the very bottom of *Mandana*'s heart, and I am ſo ſure that ſhe had ſome pleaſing thoughts in her mind when I ſaw her, that it is impoſſible but I ſhould be infinitely grieved. I thought that after all I had done for her, ſhe ſhould not ſo ſoon forget me, but that ſhe ſhould acknowledg my ſervices by a long continued ſorrow for my death, and yet I find her thoughts far different, and in ſuch a condition, that if our deſign be not ſuddenly executed, I ſhall hear of her being at ſome publick Diverſion, and that ſhe has recovered all her joys and pleaſant humours again.

Oh Heavens: that I ſhould ever ſee this day? is it poſſible I ſhould out-live the ſight which I have ſeen? Yes, yes, (added he upon ſecond thoughts) I will live to be revenged upon her that does not lament my death, and to kill my happy Rival, who hath driven me out of the heart of that unjuſt Princeſs, and who thinks himſelf my Succeſſor in her affection: But perfidious *Anaxaris*, as long as I live, thou ſhalt never enjoy *Mandana.* Afterwards this afflicted Prince fell into many bitter expreſſions, and was ſo inſtant with *Meliantes* and *Meriontes* to haſten their deſign, that he inſpired them with freſh zeal to the Execution of it. And indeed they did tranſact their buſineſs ſo well that all the *Sauromatian* Captains did not only aſſure him of all the *Sauromates*, but of the *Gelons* alſo. So as now having nothing to do but to make it known unto *Creſſus* and *Mazares*, that *Cyrus* was living, and to agree with them upon an hour of thoſe ſeveral aſſaults which they thought fit to be made all at once, they propounded it as the ſafeſt expedient, that *Meliantes* ſhould deſire a Herauld of *Ariantes*, to go and ſee a friend of his, who was really a priſoner on the other ſide, and that in the mean time, he who went with this Herauld ſhould ſpeak in private with *Creſſus* and *Mazares*, or if that could not be, then to *Chryſantes* or *Feraulas*, and acquaint them that *Cyrus* was living, and inform them of the ſtate of things. But all the difficulty being to find a faithful man for this imployment, whom they might truſt, and finding none, they changed their intentions, and reſolved that *Meriontes* ſhould diſguiſe himſelf, and go into the Camp of *Mazares* : For, ſaid he, I can do it without any danger, ſince if any of *Thomyris* ſide do ſtop me, they will know me and take me to be one of their own ſide, and if any of *Cyrus* his men take me, they will carry me unto *Creſſus* and *Mazares*: After this *Meriontes* without more delay, diſguiſed himſelf; and after he had received all neceſſary inſtructions from *Cyrus*, for the Execution of the work, he departed.

But that thoſe Princes might give the more credit unto what he ſhould tell them, *Cyrus* writ a little Note of three lines only unto *Mazares*, which *Meriontes* might tear, or ſwallow, in caſe he were ſtopped by any of *Thomyris* men; and before he went, *Cyrus* maugre all his ſorrows, Courted his fidelity with a million of obliging expreſſions. But they were needleſs, for *Meriontes* of himſelf was wholly devoted unto the Service of this Prince, and did negotiate the buſineſs with ſo much ingenuity and fidelity, that though he was ſtopped ſeveral times, yet he happily went his Journey; for his habit being of that Nation of which there was ſome in both Armies, he was able to tell any ſide that he was of theirs, and he went through all the difficulties ſo fortunately that he got unto *Creſſus* and *Mazares*; the truth is, he did not ſo much ſurprize them as he expected. For *Feraulas* an hour before, was returned from the Tents Royal, and had told them, that certainly the head which *Thomyris* had plunged in blood was not the head of *Cyrus*, but of *Spitridates*: So, as *Meriontes* giving *Mazares* that Letter which *Cyrus* wrote unto him, they had no reaſon to doubt any thing he told them afterwards, alſo they knew him to be that valiant *Sauromate*, whoſe life *Cyrus* ſaved from the flames, after he had overcome him.

But it was very obſervable, that though all the hopes of *Mazares* did die, by the reviving of *Cyrus*, yet he was ſo generous as to rejoice at it: The truth is, that to uphold his virtue, he had recourſe unto his Love, and his hopes of ſeeing *Mandana* ſoon delivered, made him rejoyce that *Cyrus* lived. And to let the height of his generoſity appear, he endeavoured all manner of ways to haſten the execution of a deſign, which he thought being retarded, might ruin *Cyrus*, who being in a place where he might be diſcovered, he was in abundance of danger. So as conſulting with *Creſſus*, and finding it expedient to impart the buſineſs unto the moſt conſiderable friends of *Cyrus*, they ſent for the Prince *Artamas*, *Myrſiles*, *Tygranes*, *Intaphernes*, *Gobrias*, *Gadates*, *Atergatis*, *Indatherſis*, *Hydaſpes*, and *Chryſantes*.

But in the interim, *Creſſus* and *Mazares* cauſed *Meriontes* and *Feraulas* to tell them all they knew concerning *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, both of them ſadly bewailing the ſad reſentments of that Princeſs, when ſhe heard of the ſuppoſed Death of *Cyrus*. Sirs, (ſaid *Meriontes*) there is more need of bewailing that great Prince, than that Princeſs: At leaſt he thinks her too much comforted after his ſuppoſed death; for he ſaw her in a Coach before his Tent, and ſaw ſo few ſigns of ſorrows in her face, that he ſaw her ſmile as ſhe talked unto *Marteſia*. And to tell you truly, I know not how ſhe can excuſe her ſelf for being ſo ſoon comforted; but I am ſure never Lover was ſo afflicted as the illuſtrious *Cyrus* was when he ſaw it. Alas, alas, (cried out *Feraulas*) it is with much injuſtice, and the joys which he ſaw in the face of that Princeſs, ought infinitely to oblige him: For generous *Meriontes*, that ſame day when *Cyrus* ſaw her, was the day when her Tent was on fire, and when they carried her into another, and that ſame day in the morning, I did let her know by *Marteſia*, that it was the Head of *Spitridates* which ſhe ſaw, and not of *Cyrus*; ſo as it is no wonder if having ſome hopes of that Princes life ſhe was not ſo ſad as when her own eyes told her that he was dead: And when he ſaw her ſmile a little, doubtleſs it was an effect of her affection to him: For *Marteſia* telling her how I was diſguiſed, and amongſt the multiude to ſee her paſs by, ſhe knew me, and ſhewed me unto *Marteſia*, making a little ſign with her head unto me, to teſtifie ſhe was glad of the good news which I ſent her, and not being able to think that *Cyrus* was living without the appearance of ſome joy in her eyes, me thought indeed I ſaw her ſmile a little: Oh *Feraulas*, (ſaid *Meriontes*) how welcome will this news be unto *Cyrus*? for I am fully perſwaded that from the firſt day of his loving *Mandana* unto this hour, nothing hath hapned which ever made him half ſo miſerable as this accident: Sir, (replied he) I can ſo eaſily juſtifie this great Princeſs, that I have a great deſire to return with all the haſte I can to undeceive my illuſtrious Maſter of this Error. Indeed, I think it requiſite (replied *Creſſus*) that you return with *Meriontes*: For conſidering the depth of his reſentments, perhaps he will imagin that *Meriontes* flatters him. Then whilſt *Creſſus*, *Meriontes*, and *Feraulas* were thus talking, and expecting the coming of thoſe Princes whom they had ſent for, *Mazares* was entertaining himſelf with his own thoughts, and carefully examined them, leſt his love ſhould be too ſtrong for his vertue.

At laſt, all the illuſtrious friends of *Cyrus* being come, and hearing with incredible joy that he was alive, they loadned *Meriontes* with a million of Carreſſes, and thanked him as heartily as if he had raiſed him from the dead. But *Meriontes* being all generoſity, ſtopped them, and ſaid, that it was not he who had ſaved the life of *Cyrus*, nor that would ſet him at liberty, but that it was an illuſtrious *Aſſyrian* called *Meliantes*. At the very name of *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes* changed colour, and could not chooſe but teſtifie his aſtoniſhment. How (ſaid he and *Gobrias* both) is it *Meliantes*, who was heretofore of *Alſenes*, is it he unto whom *Cyrus* is a Priſoner? Yes, (replied *Meriontes*) he who hath the Deſtiny of *Cyrus* in his hands is the ſame *Meliantes*, who I underſtand did meet the fair *Arpaſia* upon the banks of a little River, and who began his acquaintance with her, by relating how *Seſoſtris* had heretofore erected a ſtately Column unto his Glory, upon which Column *Arpaſia* did ſit. *Hidaſpes* being extreamly vexed that *Cyrus* ſhould be ſo obliged unto his Rival, his reſentments of it were beyond expreſſions: but being generous, he aſſured the Princes that ſince he had promiſed fidelity unto *Cyrus*, he would keep it.

After which they reſolved to ſend in all haſte unto *Artabates*, who brought up the puiſſant Auxiliaries which *Ciaxares* ſent, to the end that things might be ſo contrived, that at the very ſame time the *Sauromates* and the *Gelons* departed from the Army of *Thomyris* unto the Tents Royal, to try if they could deliver *Mandana*, they might fall upon *Ariantes* in three places at once: And that *Artabates* dividing his Troops, might fall upon *Andramites* with one part, and ſend another to encamp themſelves between the Tents Royal, and the Camp of *Thomyris*, and ſo cut off communication between theſe two places, whilſt *Cyrus* was fighting with the *Gelons* and the *Sauromates* againſt the reſt, with orders to relieve, if need required.

But ſince all this would require ſome time, *Merontes* did not return, until it was known that *Artabates* had received theſe orders, and promiſed exact obedience; and until he had taken a punctual meaſure for the march of thoſe Troops which were to encamp themſelves between the Tents Royal, and the Camp of *Thomyris*. The difficulty was, that *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and *Hydaſpes*, who had each of them a Miſtreſs in that place, would by all means joyn themſelves with *Cyrus*, and fight next him: And indeed, though *Creſſus* told them it was not expedient they ſhould go, leſt they ſhould be taken, and prejudice that Prince, and diſcover him, yet they were reſolved upon it. Yet the laſt of theſe could not take that reſolution without great agitation of ſpirit, in a thought that he ſhould there meet with a Rival unto whom *Cyrus* owed his life and liberty. *Artamas* alſo had a great mind to go unto *Cyrus*, if he could have gone without prejudice to his ſide: but ſince he thought that he ſhould do better ſervice in the Army than in the Tents Royal, he reſtrained his deſires.

As for *Indatherſis*, he much deſired he might fight in the ſight of *Cyrus*, but a generous thought made him reſolve to go, and aſſault *Thomyris* even in her very Tents. As for *Feraulas*, he was reſolved to go with *Meriontes*, and ſo did *Chryſantes*.

But whilſt theſe things thus paſſed, and whilſt all theſe brave and gallant men were preparing themſelves to go and fight for *Cyrus*, for *Mandana*, and for all the reſt of the illuſtrious Captives, there paſſed things of great importance in the Tents Royal. *Thomyris*, the more ſhe conſidered the ſtate of her fortune, the more miſerable ſhe found her ſelf: and the death of *Cyrus* taking at once from her the object both of her love, and of her revenge, her Soul conceived a moſt horrid hatred both of *Mandana*, and of her ſelf, which did in ſuch a cruel manner torment her, that her intellects were not very free. As for *Ariantes*, ſince he ſaw *Mandana* was ſomewhat leſs melancholick, he was abundantly joyed, ſo as he was in greater hopes, and *Mandana* in leſs perſecution. Yet ſhe being of a generous ſoul, ſhe was extreamly ſad at the misfortune of *Araminta*, when ſhe heard of *Spitridates* his death: Alſo, not knowing yet where *Cyrus* was, and not being ſo much joyed as not to doubt his death, ſhe was far from thinking her ſelf in any happy condition, although *Feraulas* had put her in great hopes by *Marteſia*, ſo as ſhe ſtood in need of *Doraliſa*'s conſolation, who for her particular had the comfort of *Andramites* being far from her.

As for *Meliantes*, ſince he had ſometimes the liberty to ſee *Arpaſia*, and hoped for much protection from *Cyrus*, he was in a happier condition than ever he was, ſince the time that *Argeliſe* arrived at *Alſenes*, to interrupt his felicity. But for *Cyrus*, he was in a worſe condition than ever; as oft as it came into his imagination that *Mandana* ſhould ſmile when ſhe thought him dead, and ſo ſoon after the barbarous act of *Thomyris*, he thought that he had all the reaſon in the world to grieve. Truly (ſaid he one day unto *Meliantes*) had *Mandana* changed her affection when ſhe had ſome ſparks of jealouſie of the Princeſs *Araminta*, and had beſtowed it upon the King of *Pontus*, I ſhould have thought her more excuſable. But that ſhe ſhould ſmile the very next day after ſhe knew of my death, in a time when ſhe was ſatisfied with my paſſion, and believed that I loſt my life becauſe I I would continue faithful, and ſlighted a great Queen becauſe I would be conſtant unto her, this adventure is ſo ſtrangely terrible, that if theſe eyes of my own had not ſeen it, I could never have believed it, and yet alas now I cannot doubt it: Oh Heavens! what a ſtrange alteration is in her heart, ſince ſhe was in *Sinope*, and there thought me dead? In thoſe happy days ſhe lamented me, ſhe ſighed and ſhed tears, and ſeemed to refuſe all comforts: Yet then, I had ſcarcely done any thing for her, I had not ſo much as told her that I loved her, and yet ſhe did all that reaſon required ſhe ſhould. But alas now, when I may juſtly demand a recompence for my million of Services, and when I have thus long loved her the moſt fervently and conſtantly that was poſſible, ſhe can ſmile, and perhaps ſo quite forget me, that ſhe never thinks upon the miſerable *Artamenes*, or the unfortunate *Cyrus*.

Ah *Mandana*, unjuſt *Mandana!* is it poſſible I ſhould ever have ſuch cauſe to upbraid you? Can *I* live, and not go into the midſt of your Guards? and in the very preſence of *Thomyris* and *Ariantes*, proclaim you the moſt ungrateful perſon in the world? No, no, *Meliantes*, *I* cannot live, unleſs *Mandana* know that *I* am living, and unleſs ſhe know that *I* ſaw her ſmile when ſhe thought me dead: *I* am aſhamed that *I* ſhould have more prudence than love, and my paſſion muſt this very day make it appear that *I* am fuller of Love, than Prudence. Oh *Meliantes* (continued he) you muſt needs invent ſome way to convey a Letter from me unto *Mandana*; for if you do not, I will go my ſelf and chide her extreamly for her poor affection to me. *Meliantes* did what he could to avert him from this deſign; for ſince he could not deliver this Letter to *Mandana*'s own hand, becauſe he never uſed to ſee her, he feared leſt ſome unlucky accident ſhould happen which might ruin this Prince, and ſpoil the great deſign which was ready almoſt for execution, which moſt apparently would ſet both *Cyrus* and *Mandana* at liberty, and which would ruin *Thomyris* and *Ariantes*, ſo as he uſed the utmoſt of his arguments and perſwaſions to turn his intention: but ſince the love of this Prince was above all theſe conſiderations, and his reſentments above his love, he would not follow the advice of *Meliantes*, though he knew it reaſonable: So as *Meliantes* fearing leaſt he ſhould ſteal out, and go unto *Mandana* himſelf, he promiſed to do his beſt to deliver his Letter unto her.

So *Cyrus* calling for Pen and Paper, he writ preſently unto *Mandana*, but he writ when he was ſo full of tumultuous thoughts, that his wit was never ſo confuſed as then; he never ſo much as ſtopped nor ſtayed to give it any method, but writ ſo faſt, that his hand had much ado to follow his fancy; and not at all conſulting with his heart, he expreſſed himſelf in all the terms that both an incenſed and reſpective Lover could invent. After which, ſealing up this Letter, he gave it unto *Meliantes*, who went the very ſame hour unto *Niſide*, and entreated her to deliver it unto *Marteſia*, to the end ſhe might give it unto *Mandana* with all poſſible ſecreſie. *Niſide* ſhe gave it unto *Marteſia*, and *Marteſia* unto *Mandana*. But ſince *Niſide* knew not who ſent it, becauſe *Meliantes* thought it not expedient that ſhe ſhould know how *Cyrus* was alive, though he knew her very diſcreet, ſhe would not tell *Marteſia*, ſo as *Marteſia* gave this Letter unto *Mandana* in the preſence of *Araminta*: And betwixt them two all manner of Ceremonies were baniſhed, unleſs upon certain occaſions when their qualities would not diſpence with them: So that *Mandana* receiving this Letter in preſence of *Araminta*, ſhe was extreamly impatient to ſee whether it came from *Feraulas*, and whether he had heard any thing which might confirm her hopes of *Cyrus* being alive: ſo as after ſhe had asked *Araminta* leave to read this Letter, ſhe did ſo not bethinking her ſelf that ſhe had never ſaid any thing unto this Princeſs of all that *Feraulas* had acquainted her withal.

One the other ſide, *Araminta* thinking this Letter could be nothing but ſome advertiſement concerning *Mandana's* delivery, ſhe deſired that ſhe might ſee it, in hopes that perhaps ſomthing was ſent unto *Mandana* concerning *Spitridates*. So that fixing her eyes upon this Letter which *Mandana* haſtily opened, with an earneſt deſire to ſee what was in it. It was no ſooner opened, but *Araminta* knew it to be the hand of *Cyrus* : and judging at the very firſt that if *Cyrus* was living, *Spitridates* muſt be dead, and that there was a miſtake in their reſemblance, ſhe gave ſuch a dolorus and loud ſcriek, that the Guards which were at the other end of the Tent, did believe that ſome ill accident had chanced unto this Princeſs, ſo as coming to her as well as *Heſionide*, *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*, they found her ſo perplexed, that they knew her ſorrow was exceſſive.

But the worſt was, *Mandana* knowing at the very firſt the hand of *Cyrus* as well as *Araminta*, ſhe was ſo pleaſingly ſurprized, and her mind was ſo wholly taken up; that taking no notice of *Araminta*, ſhe began to read, and read on until the Guards were come up unto them: Then recollecting her ſelf, ſhe preſently put up the Letter, yet ſhe could not put it up ſo ſoon but the Guards ſaw it

In the mean time, *Araminta* ſeeing ſo many men about her, did make a ſign unto them that ſhe was not well, and that ſhe would have them retire, which according to their reſpects they did: but ſince what they had ſeen had filled them full of curioſity, they obſerved theſe Princeſſes very cloſely, each of them with intentions to report what they had ſeen and heard, unto thoſe upon whom they depended ; for there was ſome of them who were more for *Thomyris*, than *Ariantes*, and ſome alſo who were more for *Ariantes*, than *Thomyris*.

After they were gone out of the Tent, they began to liſten and hearken very attentively : and to tell you truly, they might eaſily know that this Letter contained ſome matter of great importance: For as ſoon as ever they were retired, the ſad *Araminta* after a deep ſigh, returned towards *Mandana*, and holding out her hand ; I beſeech you Madam (ſaid ſhe unto her) let me ſee whether I muſt live, or dye, by ſhewing me the Letter which you received ; for if my eyes have not deceived me, I muſt dye, and there is nothing which can hinder me.

Mandana was much unreſolved what to do : for ſhould ſhe ſhew her the Letter, ſhe ſhould as good as tell her *Cyrus* was living, and by conſequence, that *Spitridates* was dead : One the other ſide, ſhould ſhe not ſhew it unto her, ſhe did as good as tell her the ſame, ſince conſidering the familiarity that uſed to paſs between them, it was not likely *Mandana* ſhould hide any thing from *Araminta*, unleſs ſome ſuch thing as would afflict her. Alſo *Mandana* ſeeing that ſhe knew it to be the hand of *Cyrus*, it was all one, as if ſhe ſhewed her the Letter. However, ſhe muſt return an anſwer unto the great and unfortunate Princeſs, and ſo ſhe did, with as much diſcretion as poſſible.

The condition wherein I ſee you are (ſaid ſhe unto her when ſhe asked a ſight of the Letter) does move me unto ſo much pity, that I would do any thing to leſſen your ſorrows: therefore I muſt not put my ſelf to the hazard of aggravating them; as perhaps I might by ſhewing you this Letter: For ſince I have not yet read it over, I cannot tell whether it intimate unto me that the Army of the King my Father is cut in peices, and whether we are expoſed unto perpetual Captivity: and therefore I beſeech you let me read this Letter in private, before I ſhew it unto you; and reſolve with your ſelf, if you can, to let me forbear the reading of it until it be night; for ſince you ſee the ſcriek you gave, did put the Guards into ſome ſuſpition, and moves them to watch us more narrowly, therefore it is diſcretion to forbear a while.

Alas Madam, replied *Araminta*, you may as well tell me that I muſt dye, as refuſe me what I ask. For if the writing which I ſaw was the hand of *Cyrus*, that's enough: And therefore Madam, I have no more to ſay unto you, but that ſince I am not able to govern my ſorrows, I will go and hide my ſelf in my own Tent, leſt I ſhould prejudice you.

In ſaying ſo, the ſad *Araminta* roſe up, and went into a Tent which joyned unto *Mandana's*, whether that Princeſs followed her: And they were no ſooner there, but *Araminta* giving her ſelf over unto ſorrow, her expreſſions would have tendred hearts that were as hard and pitileſs as ſtones. *Mandana* now would have done her the ſame office which ſhe received from her, when ſhe endeavoured to comfort her, when *Thomyris* ſhewed her that Tragical ſpectacle: But alas, *Araminta's* ſoul was not in any condition of receiving Conſolation; and therefore *Mandana* conceived, that ſince her ſorrow was ſo exceſſive it was better to let her know the truth now, then leave her in a languiſhing ſuſpition of that which ſhe muſt one day know: So as no longer oppoſing her ſorrows, but condoling with her, *Araminta* was confirmed in the opinion which ſhe had before, that *Spitridates* was dead: ſo as being out of all hopes, her ſorrow had no bounds and her ſoul was ſo over-ſwelled, that never thinking it might prejudice *Mandana*, ſhe cryed out ſo loud, that all thoſe who were in the next Tent, might hear her complaints.

Alas (ſaid ſhe) could I ſee the unfortune *Spitridates* dead, and I live? Is it poſſible ſo great, and ſo virtuous a Prince ſhould be ſo cruelly treated both by Fortune and by *Thomyris*? After this *Araminta* was ſilent, and her Teares did flow in ſuch abundance, that not being able to weep, to ſigh, and to complain all at once, ſhe ceaſed her complaining: and during her ſad ſilence, it was eaſie to ſee ſhe ſuffered abundance of pain; and there was to be ſeen in her face ſuch ſigns of exceſſive ſorrow that ſhe would have moved the moſt inſenſible ſoul unto pity: her face was wholly changed, a mortal paleneſs was in her cheeks, her looks ſad enough to draw tears from the hardeſt eyes; and the greatneſs of her grief did ſo appear in all her actions, that *Mandana* was afraid leſt ſhe ſhould take ſome ſad reſolution in hand: For *Araminta* being naturally as wiſe, and prudent a perſon as any in the world, the diſorder of her ſpirit ſeemed the more ſtrong: For after ſhe had been a while ſilent, ſhe began to call to memory the things which had hapned unto *Spitridates*, and to ſpeak of them very earneſtly: So as heaping up all the misfortunes of that Prince, ſhe accuſed the King of of *Pontus*, though dead, for the loſs of *Spitridates*. Preſented after, ſhe would accuſe *Arſamones*, and ſomtimes ſhe would accuſe her ſelf. The truth is (did ſhe ſay) I ſhould either not have ſuffered the affection of this Prince, or elſe ſhould have better acknowledged it; for unfortunate *Araminta* hadſt thou been more prudent and conſiderate, he had not died, nor needeſt thou have been put to the neceſſity of dying with him.

But for all that (continued ſhe) It is fit thou ſhouldſt make it appear that thou art worthy the love of *Spitridates*, *ſes*, and make thy own grief enough to take away thy life, without recourſe either unto ſword, or poyſon: think upon the grandeur of his affection, of his generoſity and conſtancy. Remember it was for thy intereſt that he ſuffered ſo many impriſonments, forſook ſo many Crowns rather than forſake thee: and for the love of thee, had exiled himſelf from a place where he might have been happy, hadſt not thou made him miſerable: Conſider, that though thou didſt deny him all things, yet his paſſion was ſtill the ſame: and ſince thou haſt been the cauſe of his death, couragiouſly follow him, and the more to incite thee unto it, conſider that it is a ſhame for thee to live. But I beſeech you Madam (ſaid *Mandana* unto her in a low voice) call to memory thoſe reaſons which you gave me, when we beheld the ſad ſpectacle which *Thomyris* ſhewed us. Ah Madam, cryed out *Araminta* (not conſidering ſhe ſhould not ſpeak of *Cyrus* ſo loud) I muſt needs reject your Counſel as you rejected mine, and I beſeech you pardon me, if I grieve at the life of *Cyrus*, ſince ſuch is the will of Fate, I cannot hear of his being alive, but I muſt at the ſame time hear of *Spitridates* being dead: I beſeech you Madam (ſaid *Mandana*) ſpeak as little of that Prince as you can, leſt you ſhould diſcover his being alive unto ſome who may do him hurt; for you know that there are many eyes and ears over us, and they may hear what you ſay unto the next Tent. I beſeech you Madam pardon me, (ſaid the ſad *Araminta*) if I have ſaid any thing which I ſhould not: For alas I cannot govern my grief, but I muſt needs complain my ſelf to death, and yet I think I cannot complain long: For after all theſe misfortunes which are fallen upon my family; after the loſs of the King my Brother; and after I have ſeen *Spitridates* dead, I ſhould deſerve theſe misfortunes, if I did endure them.

After this, *Mandana* gave a thouſand tender, obliging, and diſcreet expreſſions unto *Araminta*, and that miſerable Princeſs did anſwer her ſo ſorrowfully, that ſhe took away from *Mandana* much of her joy to ſee that *Cyrus* was living. But at laſt, *Mandana* conceiving *Heſionide* to be the moſt fit to give any comfort unto *Araminta*: And thinking it not good to make the Guards over curious, and to come into the Tent again, ſhe left her, and went into her own Tent : But as ſoon as ſhe was there, ſhe could not chooſe but read the Letter which *Cyrus* writ: Yet ſhe was as careful as poſſible, leſt the Guards who ſtood at the entrance into her Tent, ſhould ſee her read it : And to that end ſhe deſired *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia* to ſtand before her whilſt ſhe read theſe words.

MADAM,

Since my death hath been very indifferent unto you, I doubt not but my life will be ſo alſo : and I am confident you will be as backward in your joys, that I am living as you were forward in comforting your ſelf after you thought me dead, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs unto you, that it is more to be revenged upon your infidelity than for any other reaſon that I acquaint you, Cyrus *is not dead as you believed. The truth is, his life is no happineſs unto him. For having ſeen you ſmile that day you changed your Tent, Death will be much more ſweet unto him,then a life in which he lives not in your heart. For Madam, one is not ſo ſoon comforted after the loſs of a perſon whom one loved : and the little thought which you had of my death makes me ſo ſenſible and ſad,that doubtleſs I ſhall ere long give you an occaſion to rejoyce the ſecond time at my Ruin. Yet I will do what I can to live, that I may hinder my Rival from triumphing over my miſfortune, and thriving by your inconſtancy ; and doubtleſs I ſhall do all this by rendring you into the hands of the King your Father.When this is done, Madam, my only buſineſs is to dye ; for I have no reaſon to believe, that a man whoſe death is ſo indifferent unto you, can ever give you any ſatisfaction. Yet I will keep my reſpect and my Love unto the laſt of my days, and I will be revenged of your ingratitude only upon my Rival, and your Enemies. Theſe Madam are the reſolutions of the revived* Cyrus, *who I think did merit to be longer lamented by her, of whom he ever had ſuch tender thoughts, and to whom (as unjuſt and perfidious as ſhe is) he always paid the whole devotion of his heart.*

CYRUS.

The reading of this Letter did ſo much ſurprize *Mandana*, that ſhe called for *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia* to ſhew it unto them; and they obeying her, they did not ſo well hide the Letter, but the Guards did ſee it; and thinking it to be the ſame which cauſed *Araminta* to cry out, ſome of them went to acquaint *Thomyris*, and others to acquaint *Ariantes* with it, not doubting but that there was ſomething of extraordinary conſequence in it.

Moreover, ſince there was ſome who confuſedly over-heard the complaints of *Araminta*, wherein the name of *Cyrus* was brought in, they added this which they heard unto that which they had ſeen. Thus were *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* both at one time acquainted, that *Mandana* ſome way or other, had received Letters which were in all likelihood of great importance: For the Guards neglected not the leaſt circumſtance, but told them of the great ſcriek which *Araminta* gave at the ſight of it: The exceſſive ſorrow wherein ſhe was; her complaints after ſhe was in her Tent; the name of *Cyrus* pronounced, and the earneſtneſs wherewith *Mandana* read this Letter after ſhe was returned into her own Tent: So as making no queſtion, but there was ſome buſineſs of conſequence in this Letter, they began to conſider upon the matter.

The Queen preſently after ſent for her Brother; he came, and they began to conſult what might be the cauſe of *Araminta*'s ſorrow. At the firſt *Thomyris* came near the truth, for ſhe thought this Letter imported that *Spitridates* was dead. But *Ariantes* conſidering that *Mandana* was of late leſs ſad than ordinary, he told it unto *Thomyris*, though he could not deviſe why *Araminta* ſhould thus redouble her ſorrows; Yet knowing that there was a reſemblance between *Cyrus* and *Spitridates*, a thought came into his head which ſtrangely troubled his heart: Yet ſince he knew not that *Cyrus* had given *Spitridates* that rich ſuit of Arms, which this Prince wore, and which made him to be taken for *Cyrus* he was more quiet.

As for *Thomyris*, ſince ſhe only ſought for a pretence to perſecute *Mandana*, ſhe told *Ariantes*, that abſolutely ſhe would ſee that Letter which that Princeſs had received, and would know the cauſe of *Araminta's* ſorrows, and whether that would give any light unto the reſt, ſaying that ſhe would go immediately unto that Princeſs under colour of a civil viſit: And *Ariantes* concurring with her opinion, *Thomyris* did go unto *Araminta's* Tent, that Prince waiting upon her; where they found *Mandana* was returned, and where *Aspasia* was come alſo upon reports of her ſorrow.

In the mean time, this ſudden coming of *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* did ſo ſurprize *Mandana*, as was eaſie for them to imagine, that there was ſome conſiderable thing in the wind.

On the other ſide, *Araminta*, whoſe mind was all upon *Spitridates*, whoſe Head *Thomyris* had plunged ſo in blood; ſhe no ſooner ſaw this Queen, but the fancy of this fearful object coming into her mind, her grief was ſo great, that never thinking upon either *Cyrus* or *Mandana*, ſhe was not Miſtreſs of her firſt thoughts: But giving a great ſcrick, ſhe turned away her head from the ſight of a Queen who was ſo full of cruelty: So as *Thomyris*, who ever found *Araminta* very civil, and diſcreet in all her actions and words, ſhe was extreamly ſurprized at her behaviour. Yet drawing near the Bed on which ſhe lay, and beginning to ſpeak; Madam (ſaid *Thomyris* unto her) you receive my civilities in ſo ſtrange a manner, as I cannot chooſe but ask the reaſon of it? Since I do not value life (replied *Araminta* in a violent manner) I have nothing to care for, and therefore Madam, I will not tell you neither what afflicts me, nor what makes my ſorrows ſwell at the ſight of you, nor why I reſolve to dye: But to acknowledge your civilities, I will tell you, that if you do not give over your thirſt after illuſtrious Blood, nor deliver the Princeſs *Mandana*, whom you detain by a moſt unjuſt and cruel War, you will make your ſelf the object of mens hatred, and the Gods revenge. More than this, Madam, expect not from the miſerable *Araminta*. Let her alone with the ſorrows of her ſoul, without further diving into the cauſe of them, and let her expect that death which ſhe deſires, as the only thing that can give er any comfort.

Araminta having ſpoken theſe words, was ſilent, and as ſo drowned in ſorrows, that though ſhe had deſied to ſpeak more, yet her tears and ſighs did ſo ſtifle her, that it was impoſſible.

In the mean time, *Thomyris*, who was not uſed to ſuch entertainment, bluſh'd for anger: And turning towards *Mandana*, after ſhe had looked upon *Ariantes*: It is you, Madam, (ſaid ſhe unto her) that muſt acquaint me with the cauſe of this Princeſs ſorrows; for I know that you received the Letter which brought her the news which afflicts her: Therefore, Madam, never offer to deny a thing which I do moſt certainly know, but ſhew this Letter unto me, for I will ſee it, ſince I have power enough to make my ſelf be obeyed.

Mandana hearing *Thomyris* ſay ſo, was in a ſtrange perplexity, for ſhe knew very well the danger that there was in ſhewing this Letter unto *Thomyris*, or in telling her that *Cyrus* was living, and in the Tents Royal: So as in this urgent neceſſity of an anſwer, ſhe would endeavour to try if ſhe could take this Letter out of her Pocket, and beginning to anſwer; As for the Letter you ſpeak of (replied *Mandana*) I cannot ſhew it unto you, becauſe I gave it back unto the man of the Guard who brought it unto me; but leſt we ſhould aggravate the ſorrows of the Queen of *Pontus*, if it will pleaſe your Majeſty to go into my Tent, I will acquaint you with the cauſe of them.

Since *Mandana* ſpoke this with a confident and pleaſant look, *Thomyris* believing that ſhe ſpoke ſincerely: And *Ariantes* deſiring to keep *Thomyris* from doing any thing which might diſtaſte that Princeſs, he deſired her to do ſo. So as the Queen of the *Maſſagettans*, paſſed from the Tent of the ſad *Araminta*, unto that of *Mandana's*.

But in paſſing from one Tent into another, *Mandana*, who followed *Thomyris*, and who obſerved that *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia* were at the Door of the Tent, ſhe haſtily took the Letter out of her Pocket to give it unto one of them; but as ſhe took it out with much haſte, and would have given it either unto *Doraliſa* or unto *Marteſia*, theſe two, not knowing unto which of them ſhe would give it, becauſe ſhe made no ſign to ſignifie her intention, they both advanced to her at once: So that *Mandana* parting from the Letter a little too haſtily and ſoon, in lieu of leaving it in the hands either of *Doraliſa* or *Marteſia*, it fell down; and fell ſo unluckily, that when theſe two Ladies ſtooped haſtily to take it up, *Thomyris* turning her head to ſee whether *Mandana* followed, ſhe ſaw it in the hands of *Marteſia*, and ſeiſed upon it immediately.

As ſoon as *Mandana* ſaw this Letter in the hands of *Thomyris*, Oh Heavens! how vexed was ſhe? But there being no remedy, ſhe reſolved to take this croſs adventure patiently, and pray to the Gods that this accident might not bring *Cyrus* under the power of *Thomyris*, ſo as ſhe did ſtrive to reaſſume her confidence of ſpirit, and to follow that Queen into her Tent; where ſhe was no ſooner come but ſeeing *Thomyris* ready to open the Letter, and by conſequence to know the hand of *Cyrus*, (as well as *Ariantes*, who had often ſeen his hand) ſhe began to ſpeak with much Courage, Magnanimity, Prudence, and Diſcretion. I cannot tell Madam, (ſaid ſhe unto her) what thoughts you will have when you underſtand that *Cyrus* is not dead; but before you do underſtand it by this Letter which is written unto me; I do proteſt before all the Gods, that you ſhall never know by me, from whom I received it. How (ſaid *Thomyris*, (and haſted to open the Letter) is not *Cyrus* dead? Is it poſſible (ſaid *Ariantes*) that *Cyrus* ſhould be living? If ſo Madam, is it many days ſince you knew it? And that conſolation which I hoped for, in lieu of rejoycing me, muſt afflict me.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking thus, *Thomyris* was reading the Letter which *Cyrus* writ unto *Mandana*, and ſhe read it with ſuch tumultuous and oppoſite thoughts that it was a great difficulty to reconcile them; for it filled her mind full of Wonder, Joy, Anger, Sorrow, and Jealouſie.

louſie. So as being leſs able to endure the ſight of *Mandana*, when ſhe knew that *Cyrus* was alive, than when ſhe thought him dead, ſhe ſhut up the Letter before ſhe had read it out, and turning towards *Mandana*, though you are reſolved Madam (ſaid ſhe unto her) not to tell who brought you this Letter, yet I ſhall find out a way to make you confeſs it: You may eaſily find out many ways to perſecute me, Madam, (replied *Mandana*) and to make me dye, but you can never find out any way to make me confeſs any thing that may prejudice *Cyrus*: And you ſhall never ſee me do any thing (replied *Thomyris* in a great rage) that ſhall pleaſe *Mandana*.

Afterwards, this Queen told *Ariantes*, that he muſt double the Guards upon this Princeſs, and upon all the reſt of the Ladies; alſo to let no communication be between them: And accordingly this order being obſerved the very ſame hour they parted all the Princeſſes, for *Araminta* remained alone with *Heſionide* in her Tent; *Mandana* in hers with *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*, and all the reſt with their own women. So as by this means, it was impoſſible for *Niſide*, unto whom *Meliantes* had delivered the Letter of *Cyrus*, to ſend back unto him, and to advertiſe him of this great diſorder, of which he was ignorant, becauſe he was then very buſie in a ſecret conference between him and *Sauromatian* Captains, with whom *Meriontes* and he had treated.

In the mean time, *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* were no ſooner parted from their Tents, but they opened this Letter, and read it with ſtrange agitation of ſpirit, though with different reſentments. For *Thomyris*, out of ſome reſentments of Love, was very glad that *Cyrus* was not dead, and that he complained againſt *Mandana*, though otherwiſe ſhe would have been very ſorry for the reſurrection of ſuch an Enemy, and that he ſhould be ſo tender towards her Rival. But for *Ariantes*, though his generoſity had moved him to compaſſionate his Rivals death, yet he was extreamly ſorry to hear he was living, and all the complaints he made againſt *Mandana*, did not comfort him.

However, both *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* finding by this Letter, that *Cyrus* was alive, and that he either was, or had been in the Tents Royal, ſince he told *Mandana* that he ſaw her ſmile that day ſhe changed her Tent, they endeavoured to ſecure his perſon: but the great difficulty was, how to know where this great Prince was.

The truth is, fortune favoured their deſign, for as they were thus conſulting three Priſoners were brought in, which *Agathyrſis* had taken and ſent unto *Thomyris*: The one of them was the Prince *Atergatis* diſguiſed in a *Maſſagettan* habit. The ſecond was *Intaphernes*, and the third *Feraulas*, who had a Letter about him from *Gobrias* unto *Meliantes*. So as now, not doubting but that *Meliantes* knew where *Cyrus* was, *Thomyris* commanded the Captain of the Guard to go that very hour and arreſt him, and to ſearch his Tent very well, to ſee if they could find *Cyrus*; for the Letter from *Gobrias* gave ſome ſuſpition of ſuch a thing: But ſhe gave ſtrict Commands, that whatſoever he did to bring him alive, and if he did reſiſt, yet none to kill him.

After which, ſhe commanded that *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* ſhould be ſtrictly guarded; as for *Feraulas*, ſhe would ſee him, and examine him what he knew concerning his Maſter: And the ſooner to induce him unto a confeſſion, ſhe ſpoke unto him at firſt with all imaginable ſweetneſs: Afterwards ſhe threatned him, and at laſt did ſpeak unto him in ſo much fury, that *Feraulas* was extreamly afraid leſt *Cyrus* ſhould fall into the hands of a Princeſs, whoſe paſſions were ſo violent. But whilſt *Thomyris* imployed all her unprofitable menaces upon *Feraulas* to make him diſcover where his Maſter was, and whilſt *Ariantes*, by order of *Thomyris*, was gone to ſet double Guards about the Tents Royal, that none might go out, or in, without expreſs permiſſion from the Queen; *Cyrus* and *Meliantes* were not without their ſhares of trouble; for though *Niſide* could not advertiſe *Meliantes* of all paſſages, and though *Meliantes* had been ſo buſie that he ſaw none that could inform him, yet one of his domeſticks telling him that *Thomyris* and *Ariantes* had been in *Mandana's* Tent, and that Orders were given for a ſtrict Guard upon the Princeſs, he feared (and with reaſon) that the Letter which *Cyrus* writ was diſcovered, and that it was known he was living; ſo as not conceiving it fit to conceal his fears from that Prince, he told him all his thoughts, to the end he might prepare himſelf for going out of the Tents-Royal the night following, or at leaſt to change his Tent, and to go into the Tent of one of thoſe *Sauromatian* Captains, who were of their intelligence. But ſince it muſt be night before this could be done, they had not time enough for it; for as they were in conſultation what to do, the Captain of the Guard came with fifty followers; ſo that ſince they could not defend themſelves in a Tent as in Houſes, all that *Meliantes* could do was to go towards the Captain of the Guard, who asked for him from *Thomyris*, aſſuring *Cyrus* that he would ſooner dye than diſcover him, and hoping that the Captain of the Guard would be contented with arreſting him: But it was otherwiſe; for in lieu of being contented with *Meliantes*, they would enter into the Tent from whence he came. *Meliantes* ſeeing this, he got between the door of the Tent and the Captain of the Guard, and drawing his Sword, ſtopped him, purpoſely to give *Cyrus* ſo much time as to get out at another door of the Tent, and to get into the Tent of that *Sauromatian* Captain, of which they had ſpoken: For as luck was, *Cyrus* was diſguiſed in a *Maſſagettan* habit ever ſince he came to *Meliantes*, who could hope for no more, than to gain ſo much time, as till *Cyrus* got out. But as that Prince would have done ſo, he found that the Captain of the Guard had beſet the Tent round about; and it ſo happned, that the Prince *Ariantes* paſſed accidentally that way as *Cyrus* was going out. So as ſeeing an impoſſibility any way to eſcape, he choſe that place to get out at, where happily he might kill his Rival before he was killed himſelf; for being in the mind he was, and conſidering what minds *Thomyris* and *Mandana* were in, he had much rather dye, than be a Priſoner unto that Queen, or his Rival: So as this being his reſolution, he drew his Sword, and calling *Meliantes* unto him, that they might fight both together, he went out of the Tent, accompanied with that generous *Aſſirian*, and four or five of his men; and ſo ſharply fell upon *Ariantes*, that though the Captain of the Guard had beſet the Tent round, yet thoſe who were on that ſide where *Cyrus* went out, could not hinder him from having a blow at that Prince, after he had ſeveral times called him ungrateful *Anaxaris*, perfidious *Anaxaris*. *Ariantes* being on Horſeback, and *Cyrus* on foot, the blow which he made at that Prince did not hit as it was intended, for the Horſe of that Prince being curvetting as the blow was made, it was the Horſe which received his blow in the flank, and who not being able to endure the fury of the ſtroke, did violently bound, and broak the Sword of *Cyrus*. *Meliantes* ſeeing this, out of his heroick generoſity, he gave his unto this illuſtrious *Hero*, and took another from one of thoſe who followed: After which *Ariantes* having time to know him to be his Rival, he went towards him, with intention to end all the differences by his death; but his Horſe being much wounded he fell, and his Rider alſo fell under him, who perhaps ſaved the life of his Maſter by his own death. For in this interim, the Captain of the Guard with all his Companions came out of the Tent, and ſo ſurrounded both *Cyrus*, and his brave *Aſſirian*, , that they hindred their falling upon *Ariantes*.

In the mean time, ſince *Cyrus* would not render himſelf, and ſince the Captain of the Guard would not let him be killed, becauſe *Thomyris* had expreſly commanded to bring him alive, *Cyrus* ſeconded by *Meliantes*, killed ſo great a number of them, that when *Ariantes* was diſengaged from under his Horſe, he did not think it fit to inſiſt upon ſuch ſtrict orders from *Thomyris*; ſo as thruſting in among thoſe who would have taken *Cyrus*, he fell upon him with much vigour; *Cyrus* warded the blow which he made at him, and returned another ſo ſharply that he was forced to ſtep back.

But whilſt things were in this condition, and whilſt *Cyrus* and *Meliantes* could hardly avoid death, conſidering the number of their aſſaulters, and their reſolution not to be taken; *Thomyris*, whoſe impatiency and inquietude brought her out of her Tent, appeared on Horſeback: So as ſeeing this combat, and hearing the cauſe, ſhe advanced into the midſt of the tumult, forbidding her men from killing of *Cyrus*, and commanding *Cyrus* to render himſelf: But *Ariantes* being ſtrangely incenſed againſt the obſtinate reſiſtance of this Prince, valued not the command which *Thomyris* gave; but fell again upon his Rival, who had laid the Captain of the Guard dead at his feet: But when *Thomyris* ſaw this, and obſerved that *Cyrus* did not ſee *Ariantes*: She cried out, take heed of your ſelf *Cyrus*, and guard the blow which one of my rebellious Subjects is making at you

At theſe words, *Cyrus* who knew well the voice of *Thomyris*, turned himſelf about, and ſaw that *Ariantes* was making a moſt furious blow at him, ſo as he warded the blow: But in the mean time, three or four of thoſe who came with the Queen, fell upon him and laid hold of his Arm, and hindering him from continuing his Combat with *Ariantes*, they preſented him unto *Thomyris*, who was more joyed to ſee *Cyrus* in her power, than if ſhe had won a hundred Battels, and conquered as many Kingdoms.

In the mean while, *Meliantes* ſeeing *Cyrus* taken, he fell upon *Ariantes*, who being vexed to the heart that he had not vanquiſhed his Rival, he made a Paſs upon the *Aſſirian*: Theſe two then like two who would have either death or victory, maintained a fight moſt couragiouſly: *Thomyris* ſeeing it, and being extreamly angry againſt the Prince her Brother for diſobeying her, and for perpetually oppoſing of her when ſhe offered to perſecute *Mandana*; ſhe commanded them both to be ſeized upon, and that both the Prince her Brother, *Cyrus*, and *Meliantes* ſhould be carefully guarded: So as ſince it was an eaſie matter to take two men who were ſtriving one againſt the other, they were both of them eaſily arreſted: Yet there were ſome who were friends unto *Ariantes*, that would have made ſome ſtir, but the preſence of *Thomyris* hindered them.

In the mean time, this Queen not knowing well what thoughts to have of *Cyrus*, ſhe would not ſpeak unto him, but commanded he ſhould be carried into one of her Tents, and ſo ſtrongly guarded as that there might be no fear of his eſcape. As for *Meliantes*, he and *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were put together, that one Guard might ſerve them all. So that when *Meriontes*, *Myrſiles*, *Chriſantes*, and *Hidaſpes* returned unto the Tents Royal diſguiſed like *Maſſagetans*, they found *Cyrus* a Priſoner, that *Meliantes* was the like: That *Ariantes* was arreſted; that *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and *Feraulas* were taken, and that *Mandana* was more ſtrictly guarded than ever: That *Thomyris* (ſince the impriſonment of her Brother) had changed the Guards of that Princeſs: And indeed they knew not how this ſudden alteration came about: So that to have a little time of conſideration what to do, they went and concealed themſelves in a Tent of one of thoſe *Sauromatian* Captains with whom *Meriontes* had treated.

In the mean time, the report of *Cyrus* being alive did make ſo great a noiſe, that the impriſonment of *Ariantes* did not make a greater. For nothing almoſt was talked of but *Cyrus*, and it was ſo much the talk of every one, that *Mandana* heard of it by her Guards. The Princeſs of *Bythinia* alſo underſtood from hers, that *Intaphernes* was arreſted: *Iſtrina* heard that *Atergatis* had the ſame deſtiny: And *Arpaſia* was not ignorant that *Meliantes* was a Priſoner. So as then looking upon him as more miſerable than *Hidaſpes*, the tenderneſs of her heart augmented towards him, and ſhe was ſorry to think that ſhe was the cauſe of ſuch an excellent mans misfortune, who had killed two, which had rendred her moſt miſerable if they had lived: *Marteſia* alſo for her particular heard that *Feraulas* was in the hands of *Thomyris*: And Fate had ſo diſpoſed of things, that nothing but ſorrow and deſpair was on all ſides.

When this news was heard in the Army of *Cyrus*, there was an univerſal murmur: And when it was known in the Army of *Thomyris*, all thoſe of any reaſon did apprehend that ſhe would by her violences againſt *Cyrus*, againſt *Mandana*, and againſt the Prince her Brother, force her own Subjects to arm themſelves againſt her, and joyn with her Enemies.

In the mean time, the great Deſign which was juſt ripe, was now not fit to be executed: For this change had made an alteration in their meaſures; and this great Revolution did ſo blaſt the ſpirits of every one, as that they talked of nothing but what had happened and what was like to happen. But if perſons indifferent were thus perplexed, what is to be thought of perſons intereſted, and amongſt them, the Princeſs *Mandana*: For after the ſight of that cruel action of *Thomyris*, when ſhe thought *Cyrus* was dead, might ſhe not well fear the ſame now while he was living, and in the power of this incenſed Queen? The moſt pleaſing thought ſhe had, was in hopes to ſee *Cyrus* unfaithful; for (ſaid ſhe unto *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*) ſince *Cyrus* is diſcontented at me, and ſeems by his Letter to believe that I was not grieved at his death, is it not likely that he will not think himſelf obliged to be faithful unto one whom he thinks perfidious? And ſo ceaſing his ſcorn of *Thomyris*, he may perhaps begin to hate me? But alas (added ſhe) this is the greateſt advantage I can expect unto my ſelf, if he ſhould do ſo; for if this unfortunate Prince ſay true, he loves me ſtill as perfidious as he thinks me: So as if he continue obſtinate ſtill againſt the cruel *Thomyris*, perhaps ſhe will cauſe him to be ſtabbed in my preſence: So as I am in ſuch a condition, as I muſt inevitably either ſee *Cyrus* unfaithful, or dye: Oh moſt cruel neceſſity (cried ſhe out) Oh rigorous Fate! unto what miſeries have you reſerved me, and what ſtrange Torments have you prepared for me? But Oh ye moſt juſt Gods! never let *Cyrus* accuſe me of any inconſtancy or ingratitude: Clear up his ſpirits I beſeech you, open his eyes, and let him ſee he wrongs the moſt faithful perſon in the world by ſuſpecting her of any infidelity. But alas (ſaid ſhe, and reprehended her ſelf) in wiſhing that *Cyrus* ſhould know the conſtancy of my affection, perhaps I wiſh his death, and make prayers againſt his life, ſince the more he believes me faithful, the more he will incenſe the cruel *Thomyris.* Madam (ſaid *Doraliſa* unto her) there hath happened ſuch wonderful alterations in your life, that methinks you ſhould not deſpair of any thing: For *Cyrus* was thought to be dead in the *Bythinian* War; He thought you ready to periſh in the Conflagration of *Sinope*; he believed you drowned when he found *Mazares* ready to expire; *Mazares* himſelf thought ſo a long time; *Cyrus* was believed ſo over all *Aſia*, and you your ſelf thought you ſaw him dead with your own eyes.

'Tis true *Doraliſa* (replied *Mandana*) that all theſe ſo fell out: But it is a much greater difficulty to imagine how I ſhould come happily out of this miſerable condition wherein I am: For *Cyrus* is in the power of a moſt cruel perſon, who ſeemed to rejoyce at his death, who looked upon that bloody head of *Spitridates*, which ſhe thought was his, with much delight; and whoſe ſoul is inſpired with ſuch a violent and furious paſſion as is ready to prompt her unto any thing.

For my part Madam (replied *Marteſia*) I cannot imagin that *Thomyris* will be ſo cruel unto *Cyrus* living, as ſhe was to *Cyrus* Dead: For when ſhe thought he had loſt his life, perhaps a ſecret ſorrow for his death cauſed all her rage: And thinking him dead, in thoughts of ſcorn unto her, ſhe was cruel unto him after his death, but I cannot believe ſhe will be ſo inhumane unto him living; for hopes both flattering and ſweetning her ſpirit, it will allay her cruelty: Alſo (added *Doraliſa*) when I conſider how you got out of the power of the King of *Aſſiria*, of *Mazares*, and of the King of *Pontus*, you have reaſon to hope that both *Cyrus*

rus and you will get out of the power of *Thomyris*: Alas *Doraliſa* (ſaid *Mandana*) *Cyrus* cannot be his own Deliverer, as he might have been mine: And though the Prince *Mazares* ſhould be as happy as he is brave, and though he ſhould have more generoſity than love, yet I have no grounds for any hope, becauſe I believe that if he do attempt any thing, the life of *Cyrus* will be the more in danger, ſince *Thomyris* had rather ſee him dye than delivered. Alſo it grieves me that his Rival is a Priſoner as well as he: For he being obliged unto him, being generous, and having ſome power over his own ſpirit, I might hope if he were at liberty, that he would prevent all ſad conſequences of *Thomyris* her paſſion: But alas! it hath pleaſed the Gods to deprive me of all relief, and to take all hopes from me.

As *Mandana* was talking in this ſad manner, *Heſionide*, all in tears, came and beſeeched this Princeſs to go into *Araminta's* Tent: For though *Thomyris* had commanded that all the captive Ladies ſhould be ſevered, yet *Araminta* was not, by reaſon of her exceſſive ſorrows.

As much grieved as *Mandana* was for her own intereſts, yet ſhe would not deny aſſiſtance unto a Princeſs whom ſhe ſo much eſteemed; but went into her Tent, and found her in a moſt lamentable condition, for ſhe would never eat any thing ſince ſhe knew of *Spitridates* his death: She was grown ſo weak, and yet had ſuch a violent Feaver, that it was eaſie to ſee that her grief would ſoon eaſe her of all her pains: Yet her reaſon was very perfect; and though her voice was very faint, yet ſhe could expreſs her ſelf moſt ſenſibly unto *Mandana*: I beg your pardon Madam (ſaid ſhe unto her) for augmenting your ſorrows by a ſight of mine; yet ſince I have but a few minutes to live, I hoped that you would give me leave to make one requeſt unto you. Alas, Madam, (replied *Mandana*) My condition is ſo deplorable, that there is nothing in my power but to lament your misfortunes, and weep with you: Yet I aſſure you Madam, that there is nothing but things impoſſible which I would not do for you. My requeſt is (replied the miſerable *Araminta*) that by the power you have with *Ariantes*, you will obtain from him that *Spitridates* and I may have but one Tomb: That you will let the illuſtrious *Cyrus* know I leave him all the right which I have unto the Kingdom of *Pontus*: And that I conjure him to keep in memory that unfortunate Prince, who had the glory to reſemble him, and dye in his ſervice. But above all, Madam, I beſeech you, ſo contrive it, that Death may unite what the cruelty of Fate hath ſevered, and that *Spitridates* and *Araminta* may have but one Grave. I hope, Madam, (replied *Mandana*) that you will not ſtand in need of my help, and that you will live to erect a Monument unto that illuſtrious Prince, for whom you grieve. But if you do not, alas, Madam, I ſhall not be able to do that Office which you deſire: For the Prince *Ariantes* is arreſted by Orders from *Thomyris*: The miſerable *Cyrus* is in Fetters, and I am in as great a deſire of death as you are. Do thy worſt, Fortune, do thy worſt (replied *Araminta* weakly) and after thou haſt taken two Kingdoms from me, deny me a Grave, and deprive me of the only ſatisfaction which I had left, which was my hope that the Prince whom *Spitridates* reſembled, might be happy. As for you Madam (added ſhe, holding *Mandana* by the hand) I have nothing to ſay unto you, ſince you have occaſions enough for your own Tears, and your afflictions deſerves them. After this *Araminta* was ſilent, and turned to the other ſide: And about two hours after ſhe fell into ſuch a profound Lethargy, that ſhe never recovered out of it, but only to pronounce the name of the miſerable *Spitridates*, and dyed patiently. Such a ſad augmentation of ſorrow as this, filled the imagination of *Mandana* with all the horrours of death: Yet that of *Araminta* was moſt worthy of life, and of that paſſion which poſſeſſed her ſoul: For during that quarter of an hour which ſhe recovered, ſhe was full of high expreſſions: She told *Mandana*, that ſhe did not ſtand in need of all her patience and conſtancy to ſuffer

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the loſs of two Kingdoms, and ſuffer exile and impriſonment: But ſhe ſtood in need of more than all ſhe had, to endure the death of *Spitridates*. She ſpoke moſt obligingly of the *Bythinian* Princeſs: She recommended *Heſionide* unto her: She beſeeched the Gods to pardon her weakneſſes and exceſs of ſorrows: Alſo ſhe prayed them to unite her ſpirit, unto the ſpirit of *Spitridates*. After which, ſhe dyed quietly without any ſtrugling, or loſs of that Beauty which rendred her the moſt charming Princeſs upon Earth, though that was the loweſt of thoſe rare qualities which made her admired.

In the mean time, *Mandana* endeavoured to do her that office which ſhe deſired, and entreated the Phyſitian of *Thomyris*, who ſaw her dye, to be a mediator unto this Queen, that *Araminta's* Tomb and *Spitridates* might be all one: And this man being much moved with compaſſion, he obtained of *Thomyris* what *Araminta* deſired. Thus Death united what Fortune had ſeparated, and theſe two illuſtrious Perſons who could not ſit upon one Throne, did lye both in one Grave. But all this while *Ariantes* was in moſt incredible torment, in fears leſt *Thomyris* ſhould take any violent courſe againſt *Mandana*; and his fears of it were ſuch, that he almoſt wiſhed her in the power of *Cyrus*, rather than of *Thomyris*.

On the other ſide, *Myrſiles* was extreamly grieved at his Arreſt, and that he was not able to do any ſervice unto *Mandana*, *Cyrus*, or *Doraliſa*. *Intaphernes* and *Atergatis* were as much grieved as he, but *Feraulas* was incomparably moſt of all dejected. *Meliantes* alſo was vexed that *Hidaſpes* was not a Priſoner, as well as ſome of thoſe who came upon the ſame deſign. The Princeſs of *Bythinia* grieved for the death of her Brother, for *Araminta*, and for the impriſonment of her Lover. *Iſtrina* alſo was ſadly concerned in the affliction of that Princeſs, and in the misfortune of *Atergatis*: And *Arpaſia* was very ſad, becauſe *Meliantes* was a Priſoner, and becauſe ſhe knew not where *Hidaſpes* was. But put all the miſeries of all theſe perſons together, they were all incomparable to that of *Cyrus*: For when it came into his thoughts, that his Rival was a Priſoner, becauſe he ſhould not defend the life of *Mandana* againſt the fury of *Thomyris*, his grief was beyond all expreſſion: which way ſoever he turned his thoughts, he could find no conſolation. For if he conſidered *Thomyris* as his Enemy, he could not endure his Fetters: If he thought upon her as his Lover, ſhe was more odious unto him: If he remembred all his Victories, he remembred them with ſorrow, ſince his Fate was changed: If he called to memory the cruelty of *Thomyris* unto the dead *Spitridates*, when ſhe took him for himſelf, he prepared himſelf to die in the ſame cruel manner: And if he thought upon *Mandana*, he thought upon her with unimaginable ſorrow, ſince he thought upon her to be unfaithful, or at leaſt too little ſenſible of his death, and too ſoon comforted at it. And yet this ſad thought did not leſſen his tenderneſs, nor his affection; but by a moſt cruel and ingenuous device of Fate, he was all at once both full of anger, tenderneſs, jealouſie, pity, love and fury: For ſometimes he would complain againſt *Mandana*, and ſometimes he would complain againſt himſelf in lieu of her. Preſently after, he would curſe *Ariantes*, and inſtantly after that, he would wiſh him at liberty: Then would he make imprecations againſt *Thomyris*, and ſometimes againſt himſelf, charging himſelf with all the miſeries of *Mandana*, with all his own, with all the violences of *Thomyris*, and alſo with all the affection which his Rivals bore unto the Princeſs whom he adored: ſo as paſſing continually from one ſad thought unto another, he was in perpetual torment: But the ſharpeſt part of all his miſeries was, his opinion that *Mandana* did not love him, or at leaſt did not love him enough. The cruelty of *Thomyris* did not ſo much grate upon his Soul, as the want of affection in *Mandana* did; for he was accuſtomed to ſee Death in his grimeſt look, but he was never uſed to ſee *Mandana* perfidious, or indifferent. Alſo he had one addition of ſorrow more, when he heard of *Araminta's* *minta*'s death by one of his Guards, and he ſet that upon the ſcore of his own misfortunes, and began to number them all up. Is it not enough, Oh cruel Fate (cried he out) that I ſhould be miſerable in my own perſon? But I muſt alſo be ſo in the perſons of thoſe whom I love? Muſt *Spitridates* die becauſe he reſembled me, and was my friend? Muſt *Araminta* loſe her life, becauſe I profeſſed friendſhip to her? Muſt *Meliantes* be impriſoned becauſe he protected me? Muſt I be miſerable becauſe *Thomyris* loves me? and alſo becauſe *Mandana* loves me not? Fortune makes uſe of all this variety to torment me, and yet I could ſupport them all, were I aſſured of the affection of my Princeſs: But alas, I am far from that happy condition; for ſince ſhe can ſoon comfort her ſelf after my death, it muſt needs be concluded that ſhe values not my life, and therefore why ſhould I, unleſs againſt all reaſon, in hopes of revenge; I had indeed ſome hopes that the Oracle had been fulfilled in *Spitridates:* But Heavens! I fear it is not, ſince I am under the power of a loving, and yet of an enraged Queen: *Mandana* is under the power of a proud Rival, and I am out of *Mandana*'s heart; and therefore I were abſolutely out of my wits, if I ſhould hope for any reſt, but in Death, yet thanks be unto the Gods, I am not capable of ſuch a weakneſs.

But whilſt *Cyrus* was reaſoning with himſelf in this ſad manner, *Thomyris* was ſo full of unquiet diſtempers, as ſhe was not half a quarter of an hour in one mind. *Gelonide* knowing the very bottom of her heart, ſhe diſcovered all the tumultuous thoughts of her Soul unto her. I perceive *Gelonide* (ſaid ſhe unto her, ſeeing her look earneſtly upon her) that you deſire to dive into my thoughts, but let me tell you, it is very difficult, for they wander upon ſo many ſeveral ſubjects, as they continually ſmother one another: and ſuch is the agitation of my Soul, that it would ſuffer much leſs if I were in the condition of *Cyrus*: And yet (replied *Gelonide*) that Prince is in a very ill condition; and I believe that if your Majeſty conſider it well, you will find a great difference between your fortune and his. Were *I* at peace with my ſelf, *Gelonide*, (replied *Thomyris*) you were in the right: But alas, there is ſuch a Civil War in my heart, that ſhivers it into pieces: For when *I* think how this Prince ſlighted me both under the name of *Artamenes* and *Cyrus*, *I* cannot chooſe but hate him: And *I* am reſolved to put *Mandana* to death, to let him ſee her dead, and then to put him to death alſo: For if *I* conſider him upon that account, *I* cannot think upon any puniſhment which he deſerves not, he has ſcorned me enough to merit a thouſand deaths; he hath blaſted my glory, he hath made the blood of my Subjects run like Rivers, and he hath cauſed my Sons death. So as looking upon him upon this accompt, and having him in my power, *I* am often in a mind to taſte the ſweets of a full revenge.

But alas, theſe thoughts laſt but a while: and when *I* conſider *Cyrus* as the greateſt Prince upon Earth, and as the moſt excellently accompliſhed man in the whole world, my revenge dies, and *I* am ready to excuſe him. Yes, *Gelonide*, ſometimes *I* tell my ſelf that he loved *Mandana* before e're he ſaw me; that he does no wrong unto me in not loving me, and that *I* am obliged unto him for ſparing my life, when he might eaſily have killed me in the *Sauromatian* Wood: But after all theſe Conſiderations, my Soul is never the quieter; for the leſs reaſon *I* find to accuſe *Cyrus*, the more *I* find to accuſe my ſelf: But *Gelonide*, my greateſt grief is, that *Cyrus* doth moſt horridly hate me, eſpecially ſince the time that the violence of my Love and Jealouſie did prompt me unto that act of cruelty, which yet *I* only did, becauſe he had been cruel unto me. But as oft as *I* think upon *Cyrus*, unto whom *I* have expreſſed a thouſand teſtimonies of Love, and that he ſhould know of this terrible effect of my hatred, *I* am vexed beyond my expreſſion: For the truth is, *I* have a deſire to ſee him, and yet *I* dare not, after this act of cruelty whereof he is not ignorant. 'Tis true, that if he do me juſtice, he will excuſe my cruelty, and *Cyrus* living ring doubtleſs ought to think himſelf obliged unto me, for what *I* did againſt *Cyrus* dead, ſince my inhumanity was as well an effect of my Love, as all thoſe teſtimonies of tenderneſs which *I* gave him upon a thouſand occaſions. Truly, Madam, (ſaid *Gelonide*) unto her) ſince *Cyrus* can never be unfaithful unto *Mandana*, as long as you give him ſo many cauſes to hate you: It is not probable he ſhould love you now, he may charge you with more hatred than love: And therefore your Majeſty would do very well to re-eſtabliſh your glory by ſome great and high action, ſuch an Act as would regain the eſteem of *Cyrus*. If you ſhould now ſet *Cyrus* and *Mandana* free, and ſend them to the King of *Medes*, you would do an Act which would render your glory immortal. Ah *Gelonide*, (ſaid *Thomyris*, and interrupted her) I know very well that I ought to love my glory above *Cyrus*: But I have found by long experience that I cannot, and therefore without any conſideration of generoſity, or reaſon, or virtue, I muſt take ſuch a courſe as *Cyrus* may reign in my Dominions, and in my heart: And when all hopes of that is gone, then ſhall my fury have no limits: and if I cannot ruin *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, unleſs I ruin *Ariantes* and my ſelf alſo, I will not ſtick to ſacrifice all unto my revenge.

But, Madam, (ſaid *Gelonide*) I beſeech you conſider, that though you have *Cyrus* in your power, yet you have a formidable Army to fight againſt: *Mazares* is a brave man, the Relief which *Ciaxares* ſends, is puiſſant, and the Prince *Ariantes* is not in the head of your Army. I value not my own ſafety (replied *Thomyris*) and therefore *Gelonide*, without any further conſideration of theſe dangers wherewith you threaten me, which perhaps are not ſo great as you imagin, I will think upon nothing but to get ſo much boldneſs as to ſee *Cyrus*. But, Madam, (ſaid *Gelonide* unto her) I would gladly know what you do aim at in ſo doing? I intend (replied *Thomyris*) to do all things poſſible both juſt and unjuſt, which may induce *Cyrus* to quit *Mandana*, and anſwer my affection: and if I find there is no hopes of any good upon him, I will puniſh *Ariantes* for his old Rebellion, to the end that he may be no obſtacle unto my Revenge: Then I will have *Mandana* ſtabbed before the eyes of *Cyrus*: I will mingle the blood of *Cyrus* and *Mandana* together, and perhaps I will kill my ſelf, if I find this revenge not ſweet enough. Alas, Madam, (cried out *Gelonide*) what ſtrange thoughts are theſe? Alas *Gelonide* (replied *Thomyris*) what ſtrange thoughts may not a Queen have, who loves a man which ſlights her.

After this, *Gelonide* offered to ſay ſomething, but *Thomyris* commanded ſilence, and without more delay ſhe went unto the Tent of *Cyrus*, waited upon by the Lieutenant of her Guard, and ſome of his Company which ſtayed at the Tent-door, and kept Centinel with the reſt of that Princeſs's Guard: This Queen having no other Women with her but *Gelonide*; for though ſhe did not approve of her opinion, yet ſhe loved her, and always carried her with her, becauſe ſhe was the only perſon unto whom ſhe diſcovered her love. But in her way thither, *Thomyris*, as fierce as ſhe was, her heart was ſtrangely aſhamed, yet the force of her paſſion overcoming all; She entred into the Tent of *Cyrus*, without giving him any notice, ſo as he was ſtrangely ſurprized at this viſit: Yet having a great Soul, a reſolute ſpirit, and a generous heart, there appeared no diſorder in his Countenance, but he ſhut up all his reſentments in his heart: And indeed, he no ſooner ſaw *Thomyris*, but he ſaluted her with all reverence that was due unto the Queen of *Maſſagettes*, and it was with all the coldneſs that was due unto the Enemy of *Mandana*, and a Queen that had given him ſuch a publick teſtimony of her hatred, as to plunge that Head in a Baſon of Blood.

As for *Thomyris*, ſhe no ſooner ſaw *Cyrus*, but ſhame at her own inhumanity made her bluſh, and hindred her from ſpeaking firſt: So as that Prince coming towards her; is it to demand my Head, Madam, (ſaid he unto her with a moſt Heroick boldneſs) that you have taken this pains to come hither? to the end that ſeeing it cut off with your own eyes, you may not be deceived the ſecond time as you were at the firſt? When I reſolved to ſee you, Sir, (replied ſhe, and carried him to the other end of the Tent) I prepared my ſelf for your reproaches, that I might have ſome right to retort them: For unjuſt Prince, there is a notable difference betwixt the cruelty which I have uſed unto you, and that which you have uſed unto me. For that terrible Act which ſeems unto you ſo full of inhumanity, was only a rapture of my deſpair, in a belief that your laſt words were ſigns of love unto *Mandana*, and of your hatred unto me. But though I was inhumane unto you, when I thought you could not be ſenſible of my cruelty; yet you were inhumane and cruel unto me, when I was ſenſible even of the leaſt of your ſlights: and though I only plunged in blood the Head of *Cyrus* ſuppoſed dead, yet you tear my heart in pieces living, yet unjuſt Prince, you were the firſt that began the cruelty, and if I was ſo, it was after you had made me loſe my patience, and diſordered my reaſon. Yet though you are my priſoner, and by the right of Conquerors I may diſpoſe of you as I pleaſe, yet I will only tell you, the ſooner to induce you to quit *Mandana*: That unleſs I comfort my ſelf ſo ſoon after your death as ſhe did, ſhe hath wronged you more than I have done by that act of cruelty, wherewith you upbraid me, and wherewith I upbraid my ſelf: For truly my fury and my hatred was an effect of my paſſion, but her forgetfulneſs was an effect of a light ſoul, and faint feeble affection.

Therefore without asking, or beſeeching you to love me, I will only beſeech you not to love her any longer: That you will give your conſent ſhe ſhould marry *Ariantes* whom ſhe hates not: that I may ſend her unto *Iſſedon* with the Prince whom ſhe ſhall marry. And that you will promiſe me never to ſee her again, upon theſe conditions, I will deliver you, and will not oblige you unto any acknowledgment of my affection. If you ſhould peremptorily command me to love you, Madam, replied he, though you have given me reaſon to hate you; yet it would be leſs impoſſible for me to obey you, then it would be for me not to love *Mandana*, though ſhe were perfidious unto me: For the truth is, Madam you are a great Beauty, you have a great Soul, a high heart, and a thouſand excellent qualities, which as great an Enemy as you are, does move me to eſteem you: So that without infidelity to her whom I love and adore, I could be very friendly and eſteeming of you: But, Madam, I can never leave loving *Mandana*, nor conſent ſhe ſhould marry *Ariantes*, nor promiſe you never to ſee her again.

The truth is, though I ſhould know of a moſt infallible certainty, that ſhe had left off loving me, yet I could never leave off loving her, without leaving off to live, nor endure ſhe ſhould be enjoyed by another, without doing my utmoſt to prevent it, at the hazard of a thouſand lives, which I ſhould never value above my glory, or my Love: And therefore, Madam, never expect I ſhould promiſe you more than I am able to perform: For I know that though I ſhould be ſo baſe as to make ſuch a promiſe unto you, yet I ſhould be no ſooner at liberty, but I ſhould Arm all *Aſia* the ſecond time to pull Mandana out of the Arms of my Rival.

Therefore, Madam, I beſeech you for your own tranquilities ſake, never think that I have ſuch a kind of ſpirit as can ſubmit and crouch unto any ill fortune; but on the contrary, be confident that if I were in the head of two hundred thouſand men, and you my priſoner, I would do more for you, than now I am in your Fetters: The truth is, Madam, ſince I am perſwaded that it is glorious not to grant that which cannot be denied without danger, I will not promiſe you to leave loving *Mandana*, or conſent ſhe ſhould marry *Ariantes*, nor promiſe you to ſee her no more: Since of theſe three things which *I* ask (replied *Thomyris* ſharply) there is one of them which depends abſolutely upon me, and not at all upon you, *I* cannot tell whether it be prudence in you, to incenſe any by your arrogant generoſity, for *I* need not your conſent to hinder you from ever ſeeing *Mandana*;

not need it in *Ariantes* marriage of her, for ſince if *I* will, *I* can look upon you as the murtherer of my Son: If the fancy take me *I* ſhall lock you up eternally in my Chains. As Fortune hath brought me hither into them againſt my will (replied *Cyrus*) ſo ſhe may chance to take me out againſt yours: And therefore, Madam, without any reguard unto your needleſs threatnings, *I* will tell you with all poſſible ſincerity, that could *I* ever have been unfaithful unto *Mandana*, your charms, Madam, would have made me ſo, when *I* was in your Court under the name of *Artamenes*. And *I* muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that *I* gave her a greater teſtimony of my Love in not loving you, than in the taking of *Babylon*, *Sardis*, and *Cumes*: Since certainly it is a more eaſie matter to win Battels and take Towns, than to defend ones heart againſt ſuch a perſon as you were, when *I* had the honour firſt to ſee you. For to tell you truly, Madam, Though you be as fair now as then you were, yet you are leſs terrible to me now than you were than: For truly as ſoon as you began to perſecute *Mandana*, as ſoon as ever you began to be cruel, and would needs make your ſelf loved by terrour, you loſt all that would make you amiable. *I* cannot tell (ſaid ſhe, and in a rage interrupted him) whether *I* can make my ſelf loved, but *I* am ſure *I* can make my ſelf be obeyed. And *I* perceive if *I* will ever have any reſt, *I* muſt hate you living as *I* did when you were dead, and ſeek out my ſatisfaction in revenge.

After this *Thomyris* went away and ſtayed not for the anſwer of *Cyrus*, and ſhe carried with her more thoughts of fury than love, ſhe was vexed at the Soul, becauſe ſhe had not ſaid enough, to tender his heart, ſhe repented of every word ſhe pronounced, and ſometimes ſhe thought that if ſhe had gone the mild way, ſhe had bettter effected her deſires. And ſometimes again ſhe thought that if ſhe had menaced him with the death of *Mandana*, it would have ſtaggered his conſtancy: So as being unſatisfied with her ſelf, both at what ſhe had done, and what ſhe ſhould have done, ſhe was moſt inſufferably tormented.

On the other ſide, *Cyrus* was in a miſerable condition; for not knowing that ſhe had ſeen that Letter which he had writ unto *Mandana*, he thought that what ſhe had ſpoke concerning *Mandana*'s Levity, had a right ground, and was grieved to the very ſoul at it.

But whilſt the ſouls of *Cyrus* and *Thomyris* were thus diſquieted, *Meriontes* who was conceal'd amongſt the *Sauromatian* Captains, with *Mirſiles*, *Hydaſpes*, and *Chryſantes*, they continued the ſame deſign on foot, which once was ready for Execution: The friends of *Ariantes* alſo bethinking themſelves how to deliver this Prince, and knowing how the *Sauromates* were diſcontented, did make a Propoſition to joyn with them, and get *Ariantes* out of the hands of *Thomyris:* The *Sauromatian* Captains without giving any poſitive anſwer unto thoſe who made this Propoſition, acquainted *Myrſiles*, *Hydaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chryſantes* with it: Who all conceived, that if they could unite the friends of *Ariantes* unto theirs, that *Thomyris* would be infallibly loſt, and that *Cyrus* and *Mandana* would be delivered: The reaſon why they hoped this was not impoſſible was, becauſe they knew that the friends of *Ariantes* were afraid *Thomyris* would put that Prince to death; for ſince he once went about to take a Crown from her, they thought that ſhe would ſeek for a colour to palliate her revenge upon him: So as imagining that if this union could be made it would make much for the advantage of *Cyrus*, theſe *Sauromatian* Captains entertained the motion, and brought things to that paſs, that the friends of *Ariantes* conferred with the friends of *Cyrus:* But ſince neither ſide could anſwer for thoſe Princes for whom they tranſacted; they agreed that both ſides ſhould endeavour to make known the ſtate of things unto them: And in order to that, *Myrſiles*, and *Meriontes* found out means to ſend word unto *Creſſus*, and *Mazares*, that they ſhould attempt nothing until they heard further from them.

In the mean time, there paſſed not a day in which *Thomyris* had not ſome new perſecution for *Cyrus* and *Mandana:* For ſhe obliged all the priſoner-Princes to ſee *Cyrus* one after another, and to perſwade him not to pretend any more unto *Mandana:* Alſo ſhe would have all the reſt of the Captives in their turns to ſee *Mandana*, and move her to marry *Ariantes*, and ſhe ſpoke her ſelf unto the Prince her Brother, (and perſwaded him not to think any more of marrying *Mandana*, but to give her over unto her vengeance; for this violent Queen was come to that paſs that ſhe thought no more of making *Cyrus* love her, but only to take his Love off her whom he adored. So that when ſhe ſaw it a thing impoſſible to perſwade *Mandana* ever to marry *Ariantes*; ſhe had a fancy to perſwade *Ariantes* to let her be put to death. That which I deſire of you Brother (ſaid ſhe unto him) you ſhould methinks ask me, and ſhould deſire to be revenged of a ſtrong hearted perſon who ſcorns and hates you: And though you had no other advantage by it, but to imagine the ſorrows of your Rival, yet that were enough to move your conſent unto it.

If you will ſuffer me (replied *Ariantes* roughly) to go and ponyard *Cyrus*, I ſhall perhaps conſent that you ſhall poyſon *Mandana*: I agree unto your propoſition, (anſwered *Thomyris* ſuddenly.) Oh moſt cruel Princeſs, (ſaid *Ariantes* then) what a moſt abominable Love is yours? No, no (added he) deceive not your ſelf; I am the Enemy of *Cyrus*, but I will never be his Butcher. And moreover I do moſt ſolemnly proteſt, that if you attempt any thing againſt the life of *Mandana*, yours ſhall infallibly anſwer for it; for though I cannot get out of your chains, yet I have friends who will revenge your cruelty, and I doubt not but all the world will arm themſelves and ruin you.

Thomyris ſeeing with what an Aire *Ariantes* ſpoke this, was aſhamed, but it was a ſhame accompanied with anger, which made her expreſs her ſelf infinitely angry at that Prince: You think perhaps (ſaid ſhe unto him) to get upon that Throne which once you rebelliouſly mounted: But let me tell you, that I will keep you in my fetters as a vanquiſhed Uſurper, and as a rebellions Subject.

After this, that enraged Queen left him, and left him with thoughts of hatred, as great and violent againſt him as againſt *Mandana*, and her reſolution were as cruel againſt him as againſt her, ſhe knew ſhe was in the wrong, but that knowledg did not induce her to repent, but rather increaſed her fury. Yet in the midſt of all theſe turbulences ſhe ſent orders unto all the Officers of the army and endeavoured to diſpoſe of things that ſhe might be the Commander of *Cyrus* and *Mandana's* deſtiny: She had a thouſand deſires to ſee that Prince again, and try if ſhe could overcome his mind by a thouſand teſtimonies of tenderneſs and affection, but the arrogant pride of her heart, and ſhame together, would not give her leave, but contented her ſelf with cauſing him to be told that ſhe asked no more then that he would pretend no more unto *Mandana*: So as by this means *Cyrus* ſaw himſelf delivered from the neceſſity of any conference with her, nor could this Queen ever tell *Mandana*, any more that ſhe required of her to yeild *Cyrus* unto her, but only that ſhe ſhould marry *Araintes*: Thus *Thomyris* thought to hide ſome part of her weakneſs, and conſerve her modeſty a litle more. Yet ſomtimes ſhe would expreſs ſuch viſible teſtimonies of her paſſion that all about her could not doubt it; for ſhe would continually be asking what *Cyrus* did, and what he ſaid? whether he did not murmur againſt her? whether he ſpoke of *Mandana*? and a thouſand ſuch like, and what was moſt ſtrange, ſhe would ſomtimes ask men who neither did, nor could know any thing; for none except the Guards, and ſuch as ſhe commanded, ever ſaw him. So as it was impoſſible for *Myrſiles*, *Hydaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chryſantes*, to acquaint *Cyrus* with the treaty which they had with the friends of *Ariantes*, who alſo on their ſide could not make their intentions known unto their Prince; ſo that aſſembling one night in the Tent of one of the *Sauromatian* Captains, where *Myrſiles*, *Hydaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chryſantes* were concealed, they reſolved, knowing the generoſity of thoſe two Princes, to go on with that Treaty, as if they conſented; aſſuring themſelves that they would not be againſt it.

Whilſt they were aſſembled to that end, *Meliantes* eſcaped his Guards, and came thither; much augmenting their hopes by ſeeing their ſide ſtrengthned by ſuch a valiant man, who had intelligence of many things which *Meriontes* had not known but for him: Yet *Hydaſpes* was troubled to ſee his Rival the Protector of *Cyrus*, and *Meliantes* was aſtoniſhed to ſee *Hidaſpes* in that place, yet conſidering how the caſe of *Cyrus*, and all things elſe ſtood, he looked upon him in this buſineſs, as the friend of *Cyrus* rather then as the Lover of *Arpaſia*, ſo as telling him the ſtate of affairs, he was of their opinion and concluded that there was an abſolute neceſſity of uniting themſelves to deliver *Cyrus* and *Ariantes*. He who negotiated moſt for *Ariantes* was a *Meſſagettan* called *Otryades*, who had been the friend of *Aripithes*, and who had a great deſire to ſee *Ariantes* King; ſo as excepting againſt nothing which the friends of *Cyrus* propounded, ſo *Ariantes* might be delivered and out of the power of *Thomyris*, the Treaty, was quickly concluded and agreed upon. They promiſed a mutual aſſiſtance to execute this great deſign; they ſwore they would fight joyntly againſt thoſe that would oppoſe the Liberty of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes*, and when thoſe two Princes were free, they would addreſs themſelves unto them to know what they would have them do, every one then to have the Liberty to take which ſide they pleaſed, in caſe thoſe Princes could not continne friends: Yet there was one difficulty which *Otryades* ſtopt at, for the friends of *Cyrus* would have the firſt attempt that was made upon the Tents Royal to deliver *Cyrus*, and the other ſide would have *Ariantes* firſt delivered: Then there was an expedient propoſed to reconcile the matter which was to go, and fall upon the Tents Royal of *Thomyris*, and ſecure her perſon, for (ſaid he who made the Propoſition) by aſſuring your ſelves of that Queen, you will deliver both *Cyrus*, *Ariantes*, and *Mandana*: But though there was ſome colour of reaſon in this Propoſition, yet the friends of *Cyrus* would not accept of it, becauſe they ſaid that if they ſhould fall upon *Thomyris* at firſt they ſhould hazard themſelves to be overcome, ſince it was impoſſible but the people would arm themſelves for the defence of their Queen, whereas on the contrary, if their deſign appeared to be only to deliver *Cyrus*, they will not ſtir, ſo as finding no reſiſtance, the thing will be more eaſily executed: Adding that if once they had *Cyrus* in the head of them, then victory would certainly be theirs. *Otryades* anſwered unto this, that it's true the Liberty of *Cyrus* was more eaſily gotten that way, but not the Liberty of *Ariantes*, ſince it depended after that upon the will of his Rival. So as finding out a middle way between theſe two extreams, *Myrſiles* propoſed to make two aſſaults at once, ſo as to amuſe *Thomyris* the more who would be forced to divide her forces. So then it was reſolved that this expedient propounded by *Myrſiles* ſhould be followed, and that the Tents where *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* were guarded ſhould be ſet upon both at once: That they ſhould not go unto that of *Mandana*, becauſe they would leave the glory of delivering her unto the two Princes: That in the mean time they ſhould promiſe each other, that they who did firſt execute their deſign, and had effected it, they ſhould go immediately and aſſiſt the other to execute theirs, and that they ſhould oblige the Prince whom they had delivered to go and help to deliver his Rival. Theſe things being thus reſolved upon, they waited for the day, and hour of Execution. They ſent away immediately unto *Creſſus* and *Mazares*, to the end they might fall upon the Camp of *Thomyris*; when the *Sauromates* came to the Tents Royal to joyn with the friends of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes*, and to the end they might ſend unto *Artabates* to fall upon *Andramites* with part of his forces, and ſend the reſt to entrench themſelves between the Tents Royal, and the Camp of *Thomyris*: Thus it was reſolved that after four days, and juſt at midnight after, this great deſign ſhould be executed: But at the end of this conference, *Meriontes* knowing upon what terms both *Meliantes* and *Hydaſpes* were, he came unto them, and very diſcreetly obliged them to refer all their difference until *Cyrus* was delivered, ſo as both of them being perſwaded unto it with equal generoſity, they unanimouſly tranſacted together for the intereſt of this great Prince, as if they had never been Rivals. Thus *Meliantes* looked upon *Hydaſpes* as the friend of *Cyrus*, and *Hydaſpes* looked upon *Meliantes* as the Protector of this Hero.

In the interim, thoſe, for whom this great deſign was in tranſaction, were not a jot the leſs miſerable, but ſaw ſo little likelihood of any alteration in their fortunes, that they did not only ſuffer under their preſent afflictions, but alſo under the fears of thoſe which would infallibly fall upon them in the future: Yet *Thomyris* was in a worſe condition than they, becauſe her hopes were leſs than theirs; and all the ſweetneſs that ſhe had in life, was only in the long torments which ſhe was preparing for thoſe who rendred her ſo unhappy. But her principal drift was, to put oft that Winter without fighting, to the end that the Army of *Cyrus* might be forced to retreat on the other ſide of *Araxes*, it not being poſſible it ſhould ſubſiſt in an Enemies Country, by continual ſupplies ſo far fetched.

As *Thomyris* was in this mind, and in order unto that, ſending Order upon Order not to hazard a fight, at leaſt, unleſs upon ſome great advantage, there chanced an accident, which much augmented her inquietudes: For as it is a hard matter that a great ſecret known unto many men ſhould be long undiſcovered, eſpecially when it is amongſt perſons of ſeveral ſides: ſo there was one of *Ariantes* his Friends, Kinſman unto *Otryades*, who ſeeing this great deſign ripe, and that it would be executed the next day at midnight, he began to repent; for ſince he knew not how far the generoſity of *Cyrus* might extend, he imagined that when this Prince was delivered, he would load *Thomyris* with the ſame Chains wherein he had been fettered: That he would ruin *Ariantes*; that he would make all the *Maſſagettans* Tributaries, or elſe in revenge would quite extirpate them. So as wondring that he ſhould have theſe thoughts no ſooner, he repented of his engagement with *Otryades*; and his repentance went ſo far, that he intended to betray all thoſe unto whom he had promiſed fidelity. 'Tis true, he thought that by acquainting *Thomyris*, he ſhould oblige her to deliver *Ariantes*: So, without more delay he went unto the Queen ſecretly in the night, and deſired private conference: At the firſt, he deſired of her a promiſe of *Ariantes* his liberty, in caſe he acquainted her with ſuch things as ſhould let her ſee he had done her the beſt ſervice that ever any did. But ſince that Queen would not engage her ſelf unto any ſuch promiſe, he then told her that he would impart no further unto her: *Thomyris* being incenſed at him, ſaid, that it was not his duty to capitulate with her, but bad him know, that he was in her Tent, that ſhe was Miſtreſs, both of his liberty and life, and therefore ſhe would make him tell all he knew, without any conditions.

This man being terrified by the fury of *Thomyris*, he told her all he knew concerning the deſign which was to be executed the night following; alſo he did ſo punctually circumſtance the buſineſs, that ſhe did not doubt of any thing he ſaid, ſo as ſhe was infinitely amazed and perplexed; and to confirm her belief, *Agathirſis* ſent to acquaint her, that part of *Artabates* his Troops drew near them, and that he could not dive into the deſign of it: That he underſtood alſo by ſome Priſoners which he had taken, that there was ſome great enterpriſe preparing in the Camp of *Cyrus*, and that he thought himſelf obliged to tell her how he underſtood that there was a Confederacy amongſt ſome Officers in her Army. *Thomyris* finding a Concurrence with what the Kiſman of *Otryades* had told her, her ſoul was ſo perplexed, that ſhe knew not what to reſolve upon.

At the firſt ſhe intended to arreſt *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chryſantes*, in the Tent where this Kinſman unto *Otryades* ſaid they were: But upon ſecond thoughts ſhe conſidered, that though they were arreſted, yet they were but five men; that this would not hinder the *Sauromates* from ſevering from her Army, and from coming to the Tents Royal; nor would it hinder *Creſſus* and *Mazares* from falling upon her Camp, nor *Artabates* from aſſaulting *Andramites*, nor the reſt of his Forces from encamping between the Tents Royal and her Camp; And that ſo ſhe ſhould only make a great noiſe to no purpoſe, and perhaps haſten the execution of that deſign which would ruine her: So as not knowing neither what to do, nor what to think. ſhe was almoſt out of her wits: But ſince her greateſt care was to hinder *Cyrus* and *Mandana* from ever being happy together, her deſign was to make ſure of them, and that their lives might be in her power, in caſe ſhe was forced to fly: And in order to that, ſhe commanded that *Mandana* ſhould be immediately removed out of that Tent where ſhe was unto another, near that where *Cyrus* was kept; to the end, that if her party proved the weaker, ſhe might put them to death before ſhe fled. For ſhe conceived that if the deſign of her Enemies did take, ſhe could not be in a condition to carry them unto *Iſſedon*, as her intention was to retire her ſelf if ſhe was forced. Alſo ſhe gave orders that double Guards ſhould be ſet upon *Ariantes*: She commanded the Tent wherein *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chryſantes* were concealed, to be ſet round in the evening: She commanded all the Cavalry ſhe had to be ready upon a minutes warning: And ſhe acquainted all the Officers of her Army with what the Kinſman of *Ortyades* had told her; alſo ſhe ordered all the Souldiers to be ready in Arms, and ſhe her ſelf made choice of him whom ſhe intended for the Murtherer of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, and accordingly ſhe ſent for that *Gelon* Captain, who preſented her the head of *Spitridates* in lieu of the head of *Cyrus*, and propounded this cruel act unto him; for knowing him to be a man that was void of all humanity, and ſo corrupt, ſhe believed he would obey her in any thing; and indeed ſhe was not deceived in him, for this barbarous *Gelon* promiſed her to ponyard *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, whenſoever ſhe gave the word: And to that end ſhe gave him abſolute command over all thoſe who guarded them, and permitted him alſo to have many of his own Souldiers with him, in whom he truſted more, than in the former Guards of thoſe two illuſtrious Perſons, who plainly perceived by this change, that ſome bad intentions were towards. This *Gelon* Captain being naturally harſh and cruel, he treated them in a manner much different than they were before: For *Mandana* durſt not ſo much as whiſper unto *Doraliſa*, or *Marteſia*, or *Heſionide*, who now waited upon her, and *Cyrus* had not ſo much liberty as to ſpeak unto any of the Guard.

But whilſt *Thomyris* was diſperſing her ſeveral Commanders, the night came on, and all thoſe who laboured for the liberty of *Cyrus*, *Ariantes*, and *Mandana*, prepared themſelves for the execution of the deſign; *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chryſantes*, were much ſurprized when they heard that *Mandana's* Tent was changed, and that there were ſome men in Arms, who beſet the Tent wherein they were. *Otryades* alſo wondred that he did not ſee his Kinſman, and the more when he heard that he was ſeen to go into the Tent of *Thomyris*, and being a man of much honeſty, he ſent ſecretly to advertiſe *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Meriontes*, and *Chriſantes* of his fears: So as they began to conſult what they ſhould do to get into ſome place where they might ſafely wait until they heard that the *Sauromates*, who were to quit the Camp of *Thomyris*, were come, and had made an aſſault upon thoſe who guarded the Tents Royal, and conceiving there was no ſafe ſtaying in that Tent wherein they were, they got the habits of Slaves upon their own, and as ſoon as ever it began to be dark, they went out at ſeveral doors unto another Tent where *Chriſantes* carried them, and where he and *Feraulas* lay hid when they diſguiſed themſelves like *Maſſagettans*, and came to enquire of their illuſtrious Maſter: *Otryades* alſo ſhifted his Tent, and aſſembled ſo many of his friends about him, as it had not been an eaſie matter to take him, though it had been attempted.

In the mean time, *Thomyris* was in a ſtrange perplexity as ſoon as the night came; for conſidering the intelligence which ſhe had received, ſhe had a deſire to be in the head of her Army: But not being able to be far from *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, ſince ſhe would be ſure to diſpoſe of their lives, therefore ſhe would ſtay in the Tents Royal: And in the midſt of all her violent thoughts, ſhe found ſome ſweetneſs in thinking, that though all her Army were defeated, though the Tents Royal were forced, and though ſhe were forced to fly, yet ſhe could prevent *Cyrus* and *Mandana* from being delivered, ſince it was in her power to put them to death as ſoon as ſhe ſaw no other hopes. To that end, ſhe would not go to Bed that Night, but be in readineſs to give Orders as ſhe ſaw occaſion, and to fly, if forced. But at laſt the fatal time of diſturbing the ſerenity of that quiet night being come, every one from ſeveral Quarters began to act their buſineſs at ſuch a juſt hour, that almoſt at the very ſame inſtant *Artabates* fell upon *Andramites* at the entrance of the Wood; *Creſſus* and *Mazares* aſſaulted the Camp of *Thomyris*; The *Sauromatians* came to the Tents Royal, half of *Artabates* his Forces got between the Camp and the Tents Royal, and the Friends of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* met in the place appointed: And indeed as ſoon as the *Sauromates* began the Aſſault, the Friends of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes* divided themſelves; one went to the Tent of *Cyrus*, the other to that of *Ariantes*, each of theſe couragious Troops, conſiſting of about a hundred ſtout Souldiers, which they had ſecretly made ſure of: So as *Thomyris* hearing by ſeveral ways at one time that her Camp was aſſaulted; That Forces had got betwixt and cut off all Communication, that others would fall upon the Tents Royal, and that ſome alſo would aſſault the Tents of *Cyrus* and *Ariantes*, ſhe was more perplexed than is imaginable. In this great diſorder, ſhe commanded that they ſhould defend that Tent wherein *Cyrus* was as her own, and indeed that wherein the Prince was, and that wherein *Mandana* was, were ſo cloſe to hers, that they all made but one.

In the mean time, according to the *Maſſagettan* cuſtom in popular tumults, or in ſurprizals of War, every one began to ſet a Light upon the tops of their Tents, to the end they might diſtinguiſh between Friends and Enemies: So as hard by this huge multitude of Tents, having every one a Lamp like a guilded Apple wherewith the *Maſſagettans* uſed to adorn the tops of their

Tents, they made ſuch a pleaſant ſhew, and gave ſuch a light as one might eaſily know Friends from Foes. The Tent of *Thomyris* ſtanding in the midſt, and the higheſt, ſhe might diſcern from thence the noiſe which the *Sauromatians* made in aſſaulting the Tents Royal: The noiſe which *Otryades* made in aſſaulting the Tent of *Ariantes*; that which *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Merientes*, *Chryſantes* and their company made in forcing thoſe who guarded a bar which was before the firſt door of the Tent where *Cyrus* was, which Tent was ſo contrived, that they muſt paſs through three Tents before they came into that wherein he was, and by conſequence they had three Courts of Guard to force.

Thomyris hearing ſuch a tumultuous hurly burly from all parts, did prepare her ſelf for flight, and indeed there were Horſes ready behind the Tent, and thoſe who were to wait upon her were ready alſo; and ſhe called for a Ponyard, to the end ſhe might be Miſtreſs of her own life, as well as of the lives of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, and never become a Captive to her Enemies.

Every minute ſome came to acquaint her with the ſtate of things, and every minute ſhe received a freſh affliction: *Creſſus* and *Mazares* having faln upon the Camp of *Thomyris* at the ſame time when the *Sauromates* fell upon the Tents Royal, they had put them into ſuch great diſorder, that all the valour of *Agatherſis*, and of all the reſt of the High Officers, could not keep their men from ſinking under their own fears: So as thinking it fit to acquaint *Thomyris* with the ſtate of things, *Agatherſis* was ſo plain with her, as ſhe knew that ſince ſuch a valiant man as he deſpaired of victory, ſhe might well fear the worſt.

On the other ſide, the *Sauromates*, who aſſaulted the Tents Royal, fighting as well to revenge their dead Prince, as to deliver *Cyrus*, their animoſity was ſo great, that their valour was terrible, ſo as *Thomyris* ſaw all went wrong with her: But her greateſt grief was, thoſe who would force the Tent where *Cyrus* was were Maſters of the firſt Bar, and were fighting for the firſt entrance into the Tent. Her greateſt aſtoniſhment was, that the People would not ſtir againſt the *Sauromates*, nor offer to relieve her: For ſince they thought the impriſonment of *Cyrus* to be unjuſt, they wiſhed that he and *Mandana* were both at liberty, in a thought that then the war would ſoon be at an end.

Thomyris ſeeing her ſelf in this extremity, had but the choice of theſe two ways before her flight, either to leave *Cyrus* and *Mandana* happy in their liberty, or elſe to put them to death. A thought of Juſtice, Generoſity, and Love gave ſome repugnancy unto ſuch a tragical reſolution; but on the other ſide, Love being accompanied with Jealouſie, Deſpair, and Fury, ſhe thought that ſince there was no hopes of enjoying the party loved, there was no way but revenge: Yet ſhe ſtood and ſtudied a while, as unreſolved, and would tarry till the very laſt extremity, before ſhe did execute her cruel reſolution. She intended to ponyard *Mandana* before ſhe killed *Cyrus*; and ſhe intended, during this great tumult, to try once more if ſhe could tender the heart of that Prince: But as ſhe entred into his Tent, ſhe heard him name her, ſo as ſtaying to hear what he ſaid, ſhe changed her mind: For *Cyrus* being in a ſtrange inquietude to know the cauſe of ſo great a noiſe which he heard, he asked that cruel Captain of the *Gelons* whether *Thomyris* had deſigned him for his Butcher, and he anſwering him as arrogantly, as if he were to ponyard him him preſently, *Cyrus* could not hold from ſpeaking ſharply unto him, I plainly ſee (ſaid he unto him) that thou art fit to be the murthering Miniſter of that cruel Queens injuſtice, and who had never been in a condition to perſecute *Mandana*, if I had killed her as I eaſily could in the Wood of the *Sauromates*. That thou mayſt not upbraid me for letting thee live, (cried out the fierce *Thomyris*) as thou doſt upbraid thy ſelf in ſparing my life, I will cauſe thee to be ſtabbed as ſoon as *Mandana* has given up her laſt breath; and all the favour that thou canſt expect, is to dye by the ſame hand that ſhe did, and that the Dagger which pierced her heart ſhall pierce thine alſo.

After this, ſhe called for the Captain of the *Gelons*, and went to her Tent, leaving *Cyrus* more grieved at her menaces againſt *Mandana*, than ever he was before; as for his own life he did not value it, nor could he anſwer unto what that unjuſt Queen ſaid: For he did ſo wonder to hear her voice, and to hear that ſad ſentence againſt *Mandana*, that before he could recover himſelf out of his aſtoniſhment, and be ſure that he underſtood how ſhe was gone;yet he could not chooſe but ſpeak out of the abundance of his grief as if ſhe were preſent, and vented ſuch moving expreſſions, as if the Guards had underſtood him, doubtleſs their hearts had been mollified; but ſince they did not underſtand that language wherein he expreſſed himſelf, they were not at all moved: For being almoſt all *Gelons*, they underſtood not the *Perſian*, *Armenian*, *Grecian*, *Cappadocian*, nor the *Median* languages, ſo as all the complaints of *Cyrus* before them, were but wind.

However, the tumult ſtill increaſing, *Thomyris* underſtood that the *Sauromates* had forced thoſe who reſiſted them. So as foreſeeing that *Cyrus* and *Mandana* would infallibly be relieved, if ſhe did not put them to death, and that ſhe her ſelf would be taken if ſhe did not fly; ſhe commanded that barbarous Captain of the *Gelons*, whom ſhe had brought into her Tent, to go and ponyard *Mandana*, and afterwards *Cyrus*; appointing him to let the death of that Princeſs be firſt known unto him: This Horrid Officer began to prepare himſelf for obedience, and he had not gone two paces but ſhe called him back, and told him in a ſhaking voice, that ſhe would have him kill *Mandana*, and not *Cyrus*: But one of the Guards coming in and acquainting her that the Tent wherein he was would be quickly forced, ſhe called for the fatal Executioner again: Go (ſaid ſhe) and execute my firſt Commands, and be ſure you firſt acquaint *Cyrus* with the death of *Mandana*, for I ſhall not be revenged enough, unleſs he do alſo know of her death; as ſoon as you have done, return back unto me and bring me word of the end of their lives, who have ſo troubled the tranquility of mine, to the end I may ſee whether I muſt dye, or fly. The inhuman

Thomyris having given this moſt horrid command, he who was to execute it, went into *Mandana*'s Tent; as ſoon as he was entred all the Women were heard to cry out moſt lamentably, and preſently after, this bloody man came out with a Dagger all bloody in his hand, and entring in that Equipage into the Tent of *Cyrus*; he went ſtraight towards that illuſtrious Prince, with intentions to ſtrike him to the heart, and thought that his Companions would help him in the Aſſaſſination, if his firſt blow miſſed, but ſince he would exactly obey the Commands of *Thomyris*, he told him in broken *Aſſyrian*, that his Dagger ſtill wreaked with the blood of *Mandana*, and as ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, he lifted up his Arm to ſtab the greateſt Prince upon Earth, but as he thought to have ſtruck him to the heart, *Cyrus* having heard of *Mandana*'s death, and deſiring revenge, he did invigorate his valiant ſtrength, and ſnatched it out of his hand, and without more delay ſtruck him to the heart, and made him fall at his feet. This Heroick action was done ſo ſuddenly, and deſpair had made the viſage of *Cyrus* ſo terrible, that his Guards were all affrighted, and knew not what to do.

But at laſt one of them falling upon him, and by his Example, ſhewing others what to do, *Cyrus* was in greater danger than ever, but fighting now in revenge of *Mandana*, more than in defence of his own life, his valour appeared more than ever.

He got a Sword from one of the Guards, as before he got a Dagger from the *Gelons* Captain, and did things ſo prodigious, as to relate them in particular, would ſeem incredible. For he did not only kill three or four of the Guard, wounded many, and made the reſt to fly, but he came boldly out of his Tent, and went into that of *Thomyris*, to ſeek for ſome more noble victory to ſacrifice unto *Mandana*, than thoſe he had in his Tent: So as all making way for ſuch a terrible enemy, he went juſt unto the door of that Queens Tent, who expected the return of him whom ſhe had commanded to kill both *Mandana* and *Cyrus*.

Her wonder was not a little, when in Lieu of him ſhe ſaw *Cyrus* himſelf holding a Dagger in one hand, and a Sword in the other, and who by a menacing action made thoſe who guarded the Tent to let him enter.

Thomyris ſeeing his Action did think he came with intention to kill her, ſo as taking the Dagger which ſhe had: No, no, *Cyrus*, (ſaid ſhe and ſhewed it unto him) thou ſhalt not be Maſter of my deſtiny, ſince I have not been Miſtreſs of thine, and if thou comeſt a foot further, I will let thee ſee, in ſlighting Death, that I was not worthy of thy ſcorn.

Thomyris pronounced theſe words with ſuch a reſolute voice, that the Grandeur of her courage, equalling that of her cruelty, did a while ſuſpend the intentions of thoſe who heard her, for *Cyrus* did not advance, the Guards of the Queen did not fall upon that Prince, and for a while all was ſilent, as if amazed.

But at laſt, the great Soul of *Cyrus* not permitting him to have any hand in the blood of a Queen as cruel as ſhe was: Since I cannot kill thee (ſaid he unto *Thomyris*) without polluting that hand which ought to revenge *Mandana*, ſacrifice thy ſelf unjuſt Queen unto her, whoſe death thou gaveſt, whilſt I go and beſtow it upon my Rival. At theſe words *Cyrus* making his way through all that would ſtop his paſſage (for he knew not that *Ariantes* was priſoner) he heard the ſame Queen who before commanded him to be killed, now forbid thoſe who aſſaulted him, and ſhe came in perſon to forbid them.

As things were thus, another great noiſe was heard which made *Cyrus* believe, that now he ſhould ſhortly go unto *Mandana*, and die before he had revenged hers by the death of his Rival. But he was ſtrangely ſurprized to ſee that they who made that great noiſe were *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hydaſpes*, *Meriontes*, *Chriſantes*, and thoſe who followed them; who after they had cleared their way, and forced unto the Tents of *Cyrus*, which they found empty, went afterwards unto

Mandana's, where they found the unfortunate *Heſionide* dead, whom the *Gelon* Captain had killed in lieu of *Mandana*; for ſhe being of the ſame ſtature, ſhe had put on *Mandana*'s Clothes, and *Mandana* hers, in hopes to eſcape during that great hurly burly which they heard: So as *Myrſiles* and the reſt having no mind to leave *Mandana* in that Tent, did bring her along with them with *Doraliſa* and *Marteſia*, when they found *Cyrus* at the entrance into the Tent of *Thomyris*. This great Prince ſeeing his Princeſs amongſt his friends, was ſo tranſported with joy, that he never thought upon the ruin of that cruel Queen, who would have ruin'd her ſelf.

But on the contrary, his firſt rapture of joy being over, he perceived that *Thomyris* did lift up her arm to kill her ſelf, he cried out unto thoſe who ſtood neareſt to prevent her: For ſeeing *Mandana* was not dead, though ſhe had given orders for it, yet did he moſt generouſly pardon her.

But during this tumultuous minute when friends and enemies were ſo mingled together without fighting, another great and ſtrange noiſe was heard: ſo as *Cyrus* thinking now upon nothing but how to preſerve *Mandana*; he never thought upon *Thomyris*; who being hindered by her own men from killing her ſelf did take that opportunity to go out of her Tent by a Back-door: ſo as taking Horſe, ſhe, with thoſe who were to convoy her, forſook the Tents Royal, and did abandon her ſelf unto more horrid ſorrow than ever ſoul was ſenſible of.

But whilſt ſhe was flying away, it hapned that thoſe who made the great noiſe were the Prince *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and *Feraulas*, whoſe Guards being affrighted at this great diſorder, had left them: So as being got out, they went to the Tents of the *Sauromates*, who were to fight for *Cyrus*, and afterwards unto Tent of *Thomyris* where they found them: But when the firſt apprehenſions of joy were paſſed, *Chriſantes* not ſeeing *Thomyris* in her Tent, asked *Cyrus* whether he would not follow her, and bring her captive back? But this generous Prince underſtanding from *Myrſiles* and *Meriontes*, the conditions of the Treaty which they held with the friends of his Rival, he told *Chriſantes* that it was better to keep promiſe with his friends in delivering *Ariantes*, than to purſue an unfortunate Queen, whom queſtionleſs the Gods would puniſh, without his medling with her. And indeed, *Cyrus*, after he had taken all requiſite order for the ſafety of *Mandana*, he went himſelf to help the friends of *Ariantes* and his own, in the delivery of that Prince, but there was no need: For in going thither, he met with *Otryades*, who told *Meriontes*, that *Ariantes* was dead. How (replied *Cyrus*) is *Ariantes* killed? Yes, (replied *Otryades*) and killed by an ancient Rival of his, yet the truth is, that unfortunate Prince did urge him unto it: But I pray (ſaid *Cyrus*) let us underſtand in few words how *Agathyrſis* came to kill *Ariantes*? Sir, (replied *Otryades*) when your Army had entirely defeated that of *Thomyris*, maugre all the valour of the *Maſſagettans*, *Agathyrſis* thought it his beſt courſe to come with that ſmall remnant of his Cavalry, and joyn himſelf with *Thomyris*. But, Sir, in his way thither, all thoſe who followed him, forſook him, except only five or ſix. However, his great heart would needs go through unto that Queen: but in his way he was to paſs before the Tent of *Ariantes*, and came juſt thither, as we had delivered that Prince, unto whom we had given Arms, to the end he might come according to our promiſe to your friends, and help them to deliver you. So as *Ariantes* ſeeing *Agathyrſis*, (whom he had never ſeen ſince their laſt difference) and his mind being exaſperated by his ill fortune, he ſpoke ſomething unto him in an arrogant way, as if he had upbraided him with all the misfortunes of his life. *Agathyrſis* having a high and ſenſible ſoul, anſwered him in the like: Upon which *Ariantes* without any reply drew his Sword, and fell upon him ſo furiouſly, that *Agathyrſis* who out of his reſpect was alighted from his Horſe, was forced to defend himſelf: And indeed ſo he did, in ſuch a manner, that before we could part them, *Ariantes* was mortally wounded, and *Agathirſis* in the throng eſcaped: So ſince *Ariantes* was the firſt who aſſaulted, honour would not permit us to follow him: However, as ſoon as *Ariantes* was fallen, he thought he ſhould die: therefore beginning to ſpeak, and looking upon me, 'Tis paſt *Otryades* (ſaid he unto me) and I have no more ſhare in life, only ſo much as to entreat you to tell *Mandana* that none ever gave her a greater teſtimony of love, than my ſelf in being ungrateful unto *Cyrus*.

After this, *Ariantes* growing weak, upon a ſudden he expired: ſo as having laid his Corps in the next Tent under the guard of ſome friends, I came with the reſt, to keep my promiſe unto the Prince *Myrſiles*, *Meliantes*, *Hidaſpes*, *Meriontes* and *Chriſantes*. *Otryades* having done ſpeaking, *Cyrus* according to his cuſtom behaved himſelf with all imaginable generoſity; for he ſpoke very worthily of the valour of *Ariantes*, and ſeemed to lament his death very much, ſince he had taken from him the glory of uſing him kindly.

After which, this great Prince received news that *Creſſus* and *Mazares* were advancing toward the Tents-Royal, and were joyned with thoſe Forces which quartered between the Tents, and the Camp of *Thomyris*: That *Artabates* had defeated *Andramites*, who died at that bout; and that at the ſame time he had re-taken the Fort of *Sauromates*, and conſequently delivered the King of *Hircania* and *Anacharſis*. So as ſeeing no more Enemies to fight againſt, he had nothing to do but to appeaſe the great tumult which was in the Tents-Royal, and to prevent plunder. Thus cauſing Proclamation to be made, that *Thomyris* was fled, that *Ariantes* was dead, and that he would pardon all the *Maſſagettans*, ſo they would lay down their Arms: In one hour all was quiet, all the *Maſſagettans* laid down their Arms, and kept within their Tents: The *Sauromates* left plundering, and went under their Enſigns unto all the advenues of the Tents Royal, unto the publick places, and before the Tent where *Mandana* was: After which *Cyrus* permitted *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*,

gatis, *Meliantes*, and *Hidaſpes*, to go unto the Princeſs *Oneſile*, the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, *Iſtrina*, *Arpaſia*, and *Telagenes*, to bring them unto *Mandana*: Yet he would not have given this permiſſion unto *Meliantes* and *Hidaſpes* to ſee *Arpaſia*, but upon condition they ſhould carry themſelves in this buſineſs as friends, and not as the Lovers of *Arpaſia*. And indeed they obeyed *Cyrus*, who after he had given all requiſite orders for all things, he went unto *Mandana*, unto whom all the captive Princeſſes were come: And ſhe received him with ſo many ſigns of joy in her countenance, that he thought himſelf richly recompenced for all the miſeries he had endured ſince firſt he began to love her.

And to render his happineſs more compleat, *Feraulas* gave him to underſtand in few words, how much too blame he was in ſuſpecting the fidelity of *Mandana*, and the upbraiding her with thoſe joys which ſhe ſeemed to have after he had acquainted her with his being alive: ſo that his ſoul being fully ſatisfied, and his mind in perfect tranquility, he accoſted her with unexpreſſible delight: Oh, Madam, (ſaid he unto her after he had ſaluted her, and done all his befitting Complements unto the reſt of the Princeſſes with her) I begin now to hope that Fortune has done her worſt, and that the Gods will render juſtice unto your merit and virtue, ſince *Creſſus* and *Mazares* have vanquiſhed our Enemies, ſince *Artabates* hath done the like, and ſince the Fort of the *Sauromates* is taken.

My greateſt hope is (replied *Mandana* moſt obligingly, unto whom *Feraulas* had ſpoken enough to juſtifie *Cyrus* for upbraiding her) that you do ſo well deſerve to be happy, as I need not fear being unfortunate, ſince you have perſwaded me that you will never think your ſelf ſo if I be miſerable: But for all that, Sir, I have ſeen ſuch great and ſudden alterations in my Fortune, that ſometimes my fears are above my hopes: Yet when I conſider how the King of *Aſſiria*, the King of *Pontus*, and the Prince *Ariantes* are all dead: That *Thomyris* is fled: that I am in the ſame place where I was a Captive: that you are abſolute Maſter of the Tents Royal, that your Armies are victorious, that the Fort of *Sauromates* is taken, that the paſſage over the River *Araxes* is free, and that the Prince *Mazares* is more vertuous than amorous, methinks I am much too blame if I fear any thing, but have all the reaſon in the world to hope that the end of my life will be much more happy than the beginning was. Doubtleſs, Madam, you have reaſon to think ſo, (replied *Cyrus*): But for me, whoſe deſtiny is in your hands, more than in Fortunes, I have ſtill more reaſon to fear, than hope.

As long as you believe me to be juſt (anſwered *Mandana* moſt obligingly) doubtleſs you have more reaſon to hope than to fear: and therefore ſince I believe you will do me juſtice, I do not think it neceſſary to give you any new teſtimonies of my acknowledgments: Alas, Madam, (ſaid he) how ill does the word acknowledgment ſuit with my expectations? my ſupream hopes is in the honour of your affection; and I look upon it as a thing ſo precious, that though I had done you millions of ſervices more than I have, yet I ſhould think my ſelf infinitely ungrateful, if I did not deſire to do you much more, and to employ every minute of my life in doing you new ſervices, and giving you freſh teſtimonies of my affection.

After this, the night being ſo far ſpent, that day was ready to break, *Cyrus* thought it fit to leave the Ladies to their reſt: And therefore left them in the Tent of *Thomyris*, whilſt he went into another, with all the Princes who had been ſharers with him in his miſeries, and now were to be partakers of his happineſs. However, ſince *Mandana* in the midſt of her joys was ſtill grieved for the death of *Heſionide*, ſhe appointed all honours ſhould be rendred unto her Funeral, and *Feraulas* had it in charge to have an eſpecial care of it. On the other ſide, *Cyrus* whoſe eye was upon every thing, he took ſingular care, that all the Women of *Thomyris* who did not follow her, ſhould receive no wrong: As for *Gelonide*, though ſhe did not approve of that Queens paſſion, yet ſhe followed her as a comforter in her miſery.

In the mean time, ſince it was impoſſible to think upon any ſleep that night, and ſince *Cyrus* was accuſtomed to awake without any prejudice to himſelf, he employed that little time between his leaving *Mandana* and the break of day, in thinking of departure the next day from a place where his Princeſs and he had endured ſuch miſeries; for ſince the Battle which *Creſſus* and *Mazares* fought was not deep in blood, becauſe the *Sauromates* differting the *Maſſagettes*, the Army of *Thomyris* was put into diſorder, he thought it not impoſſible, and much leſs when he heard that his Army was Encamped within twelve furlongs of the Tents Royal; and that *Creſſus* and *Mazares* ſent to him to know what his pleaſure was: So as ſeeing no obſtacle unto his deſign, ſince his Troops were re-aſſembled, and encamped ſo near; as ſoon as he thought that the Ladies had ſufficiently reſted themſelves, and quitted all their fears, he ſent to aſk *Mandana* whether ſhe had rather be in the Camp, or in the Tents Royal? And her thoughts being his, he began to give out his laſt Orders. But firſt, the piety of *Mandana* moved her to begin her journey with a ſacrifice of Thanks unto the Gods: So though the *Maſſagettes* had no Temples, yet ſhe offered a ſacrifice of Thanks by an *Ecbatane* Prieſt, who was come into the Army of *Cyrus*, and who came into the Tents Royal alſo, to ſee whether it was true that the Daughter of his King was at liberty.

After this, *Cyrus* told *Otryades* that it was fit that all Funeral honours ſhould be done unto the Prince *Ariantes*, and he left him wherewith to build a ſtately Sepulchre and Monument for the Prince *Spitridates* and *Araminta*: and he commanded that one alſo ſhould be erected next theirs for the faithful *Heſionide*. Afterwards he ſent ſome to follow *Thomyris*, and to tell her from him, that though all the Country of the *Maſſagettes* might be his, as the reſt of his Conqueſts were, yet he would not purſue her, but generouſly reſtore it unto her; declaring that he had never made War but for the liberty of *Mandana*, he would look no further, but would turn back over *Araxes*, without taking away any thing that was hers, only ſome Coaches which he could not get elſe where, in which all the Princeſſes and Ladies did get, and *Cyrus* riding on Horſe-back, accompanied with *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, *Meliantes*, *Hydaſpes*, *Meriontes*, *Chriſantes*, *Feraulas*, and ſome other *Sauromatian* Captains, which took his part, were their Convoy, and carried them to the Camp, cauſing all his Troops to quit the Tents Royal, and march in Battalia behind *Mandana*. And whilſt ſhe was advancing towards the Camp of *Cyrus*, *Creſſus* and *Mazares* prepared themſelves to receive her with all the honours which ſo ſhort a warning would permit. To that end they drew out all their Troops in their Arms, and making a Guard of ſix furlongs in length, they went to meet them, accompanied with the Prince *Tigranes*, *Artamas*, *Gadates*, *Indathyrſis*, the Prince of *Paphlagonia*, *Gabrias*, *Silamis*, *Araſpes*, *Aglatidas*, *Ligdamis*, *Adonacris*, *Mneſiphiles*, *Cherſeas*, *Diocles*, and many others.

The truth is, *Mazares* was not without new agitation of ſoul: For in the time when he thought *Cyrus* dead, hope had a little revived in his heart, and there kindled new flames, ſo as there was a new Combat between his virtue and his love: yet in the end virtue got the predominancy, and he had ſuch a power over himſelf, that nothing appeared in his countenance but a quiet joy, when he ſaw *Cyrus* and *Mandana* together, and ſaw them in ſuch a condition, as in all probability they might hope for happineſs together; and he received them both with many ſigns of eſteem and amity: For after *Creſſus* had ſaluted them, they gave a thouſand commendations unto *Mazares*, and afterwards unto all the men that accompanied them. *Gadates*, he was very glad to ſee *Iſtrina* again, *Gabrias* was joyed at the ſight of *Arpaſia*, and he could not chooſe but be glad alſo to ſee *Meliantes*, though he knew not well how to carry himſelf between him and *Hidaſpes*. *Indathyrſis* was much ſatisfied at the ſight of *Telagenes*, unto whom he had a ſtrong inclination: *Tigranes* was as much rejoyced to ſee *Oneſile*, as if he were her Lover, and not her Husband. *Intaphernes* ſpoke unto the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, who was more ſad than any of the reſt, becauſe ſhe mourned for the death of her Father, and *Spitridates*. *Myrſiles* he entertained *Doraliſa*, who according to her humour complained againſt him for not comforting her after the death *Andramites*, of which ſhe was very glad. As for *Meliantes* and *Hidaſpes*, they both ſpoke unto *Arpaſia* and *Gabrias*, keeping moſt exactly within the limits which *Cyrus* had preſcribed them: So the way not being very fit for long diſcourſe, the entertainment of theſe excellent perſons quickly ended, and continuing their march, they were received into the Camp with ſuch acclamations of great joy as never was the like heard.

In the mean time, as impatient as *Cyrus* was to be far off the place where his Princeſs and himſelf had been Captives yet there was a neceſſity of lying in the Camp; for before all the Officers of the Army had expreſſed all their Joyes and Complements, it was ſo late as there was no thinking of departure: So as *Mandana* and the other Princeſſes lodged in the Tents of *Creſſus* and *Mazares*, *Cyrus* in that of *Artamas*, *Creſſus* and *Mazares* in thoſe of *Gabrias* and *Gadates*, and all the reſt of the Princes in their own. *Cyrus* was no ſooner diſengaged from that abundance of men who teſtified their joyes, but he went unto the Tent of the Princeſſes, where he paſſed away the Evening in ſuch great delight, that he quite forgot all his miſeries; for ſince there was not one Lady there who had not ſome particular friend to entertain, except *Oneſile*, who entertained *Mazares*, *Cyrus* applied himſelf wholly unto *Mandana*, and in ſuch a moſt agreeable manner, that in lieu of accuſing, he was forced to juſtifie her: For though *Feraulas* had told him that he was obliged unto her for that ſmile which he ſaw in her eyes as ſhe paſſed before his Tent, yet he was extreamly glad to hear from the mouth of his Princeſs, that ſhe grieved for him, and was not comforted after ſhe heard of his death: And ſhe did ſo obligingly aggravate her grief that day ſhe beheld the diſmal ceremony of *Thomyris*, that his joyes were unconceivable. And when he looked upon the fair eys of *Mandana*, and conſidered that they ſhed tears for him, all the love of his heart appeared in his own; and he thanked her for it in ſuch a paſſionate manner, that *Mandana* thought him worthy of thoſe tears which ſhe ſhed,and that he did merit her affection: So as laying aſide that exact and ſevere reſervedneſs, which always obliged her to hide the tenderneſs of her thoughts, ſhe did him the favour that night to diſcover part of her mind unto him, and to let him divine the reſt.

But whilſt theſe two illuſtrious Lovers were making mutual exchanges of love, *Intaphernes* did what he could to comfort his Princeſs in her mourning: *Atergatis* alſo entertained *Iſtrina* with abundance of ſatisfaction; for ſince the King of *Aſſiria* was dead, he believed *Gadates* would be no hindrance of his happineſs. As for *Myrſiles*, though he was very much joyed in his talk with *Doraliſa*, yet he was leſs happy than the reſt; becauſe her humour was ſuch, that though ſhe had loved that Prince as well as he loved her, ye he would find ſuch a ſweet inequality in her, as he would often complain of her rigour, even when ſhe intended to give him cauſe to commend her: For though ſhe was alwayes equally generous towards her friends, yet ſhe was always very unequal towards her Lovers: So as though *Myrſiles* was much joyed in being with her, yet it was with a mixture of many bitter minutes.

But as for *Meliantes* and *Hidaſpes*, they were the leaſt content of all; for ſuch was the temper of *Arpaſia's* mind, that endeavouring to carry fair unto both, ſhe obliged neither. Yet *Meliantes* was happier than *Hidaſpes*, becauſe *Hidaſpes* thought *Meliantes* more in *Arpaſia's* favour than he was; ſo as though *Meliantes* was not altogether content with his Miſtreſs, yet he was very glad to ſee the ſadneſs of his Rival, though he extreamly grieved that he enjoyed but half that heart of her he loved. But as for *Hidaſpes*, ſince he hoped to have enjoyed all; and ſeeing it divided into two, his ſorrows were above his expreſſions; for in point of glory, he concealed his vexation from his Rival. *Meliantes* alſo on his ſide, out of the ſame motive, he made it appear that he was more joyed than he was; and to get him ſome advantage over *Hidaſpes*, it chanced when the diſcourſe was general, and when *Cyrus* was ready to retire, that he ſpoke very advantagiouſly of *Meliantes* unto *Mandana*, and entreated her very obligingly to let him have the honour of her eſteem and friendſhip: Alſo *Meliantes* thought himſelf highly recompenced for the ſervice he had done that Prince, ſince he had given him ſuch commendations: For truly Madam (ſaid *Cyrus* unto *Mandana*) I aſſure you that *Meliantes* hath more conquered me by his virtue, than his valour; though his valour be ſuch as made me his Priſoner; and ſuch is his merit, that doubtleſs he deſerves your acquaintance.

Oh Sir, (ſaid *Meliantes*) I cannot endure you ſhould ſay you were my Priſoner; for I have ever endeavoured to obey you ſince the firſt time I had the honour to ſee you: 'Tis true (replied *Cyrus*) but however, by the Laws of War, you might have commanded me, and in not doing it, your generoſity the more appears. Alſo I aſſure you, that you have loſt nothing by it; for my acknowledgment gives you more power over me, than the right of Conquerors can over the Conquered.

After this, *Cyrus* making himſelf ready to go away, *Meliantes* could not reply, and all the company parted. But *Mandana* did not yet go to Bed; for ſince *Cyrus* had told her that he would ſend away Poſts unto *Ecbatane* and *Perſepolis* in the morning, that Princeſs would write unto *Ciaxares*; ſhe writ alſo unto the Queen of *Perſia*: And accordingly, *Cyrus* by break of day diſpatched *Araſpes* towards *Cambyſes*, and *Aglatidas* towards *Ciaxares*, making choice of the laſt of theſe to carry this great news unto the King of *Medes*, to the end he might ſee his dear *Ameſtris*. However, to loſe no precious time, as ſoon as all the Princeſſes

ceſſes were ready, they departed, and all the Army marched: For there was no Enemy appeared in a Body, yet *Cyrus* would have his Army march in Battalia, until he was on the other ſide of *Araxes*. And when he came unto the entrance into the Wood which had been burned, *Artabates* came and met *Cyrus*, who received him as a man who had much contributed unto his liberty, by the victory he had gotten over *Andramitis*, and by thoſe Troops which he ſent unto the Tents Royal. It was in that place alſo where the wiſe *Anacharſis* did meet *Cyrus*, and did infinitely commend the moderation which he ſhewed towards *Thomyris*: But *Cyrus* deſiring to render juſtice unto the virtue of this illuſtrious *Scythian*, he preſented him unto *Mandana*, in a moſt obliging manner, and in few words acquainted her with the merit of this excellent man. This Princeſs alſo did him all imaginable honour, and rendred as much unto his vertue, as unto his quality, which was great.

Since the Fort of the *Sauromates* was in their way, and a convenient days journey, all the Princeſſes did lye there, and were received by the King of *Hircania*, who was well recovered of his wounds, and able to meet *Cyrus* and *Mandana* at their entrance into the Fort, making many excuſes that he came no further to meet them: After which he told *Cyrus*, that he would give him more than a Kingdom, if he would be pleaſed to render him what he had loſt, and what ſo few ever knew that he had. This diſcourſe is ſo dark unto me (replied *Cyrus*) that I cannot return an anſwer before you inform me what it is which you have loſt, and which I can reſtore unto you. When you are in a more fitting place, Sir, to tell it in (replied the King of *Hircania*) I ſhall more preciſely tell you, how I am this morning aſſured that I have a Son in your Army, though none ever thought that ever I had a Succeſſor, or was ever married: And therefore, Sir, when I have cleared unto you ſome circumſtances which I ſhall this day know, I ſhall beſeech you to reſtore him unto me.

You may well imagine, Sir, (replied *Cyrus*) that I ſhould be very glad if I could contribute any thing unto your ſatisfaction: You, Sir, I ſay, who was the firſt that came in to my ſide, and unto whom my firſt acknowledgments are due: After this, the King of *Hircania* returning a civil anſwer, without particularizing any thing of his adventure, *Mandana* was ready to come out of her Coach, and *Cyrus* left him to go and preſent his hand unto her. All the reſt of the Princes did the like unto the Princeſſes whom they adored: But *Arpaſia* having two adorers who would equally ſtrive for that office, they were ready to quarrel about it: And if *Arpaſia* had not wiſely carried her ſelf, doubtleſs they had faln foul upon one another.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* being advertiſed of the paſſage, and underſtanding that *Hidaſpes* was more in the wrong than *Meliantes*, he drew him apart: And after he had told him how he did not take it well that he ſhould no better comply with a man unto whom he was ſo much obliged, and unto whom he might attribute the name of his Protector, he acquitted himſelf of his promiſe made unto *Meliantes*, in deſiring *Hidaſpes* with all affectionate perſwaſions, to think no more upon *Arpaſia*, but to yield her unto his Rival. Sir (ſaid *Hidaſpes*) I moſt humbly beſeech you, do not command me peremptorily, leſt I ſhould ſhame my ſelf in my diſobedience. But, Sir, to teſtifie how I reſpect the friend of the illuſtrious *Cyrus* in the perſon of my Rival, I will promiſe, that if *Arpaſia* make choice of him, and reject me, I will never diſturb his enjoyment of her, but will ſooner reſolve upon death, than moleſt a man who hath had the glory of doing you ſuch conſiderable ſervice, and hath obtained your friendſhip.

Since you believe that *Arpaſia* will prefer you before *Meliantes* (replied *Cyrus*) you will in this do nothing which will oblige me. Alas, Sir, (replied *Hidaſpes*) I am much leſs happy than you do imagin: For ſince my Rival hath delivered *Arpaſia* from the hands of *Licander*,

Licander, he hath gotten ſo much of her heart, that I know not which of us hath the greateſt ſhare. Since it is ſo (ſaid *Cyrus*) me-thinks you may the more eaſily yield him your half; for I cannot conceive there is any great happineſs to be found in the enjoyment of a divided heart.

However it be, Sir, (replied *Hidaſpes*) I ſhall loſe that ſatisfaction which I have, and which I cannot voluntarily yield. Since it is ſo (ſaid *Cyrus*) the Princeſs *Mandana* ſhall take the pains to negotiate the matter with the fair *Arpaſia*: For I ſhould be exceeding ſorry, if any misfortunes ſhould befall unto two men who are ſo dear unto me. After this *Cyrus* went immediately unto *Mandana*, and entreated her to ſpeak with *Arpaſia*, to the end ſome courſe might ſpeedily be taken in the buſineſs, leſt theſe two Rivals ſhould quarrel about her. Yet firſt he would talk with *Gabrias*, who having given unto *Cyrus* all the power he had over his Daughter, he enabled that Prince to do an act of juſtice between theſe two men whom he exceedingly loved.

In the mean time, *Mandana* talked with *Arpaſia* in private; and telling her the ſtate of things, alſo how ſhe was the Miſtreſs of her own deſtiny, ſhe was at a ſtrange *dilemma*. At the firſt ſhe ſaid that ſhe would refer her ſelf unto the diſpoſition of her Father. But *Mandana* being very importunate with her to explain her ſelf clearly, ſhe was more puzled: For truly, Madam, (ſaid ſhe, being reſolved to tell her plainly) I cannot give you any anſwer, all I can ſay, is to acquaint you in two words with the condition of my ſoul, to the end you may know, tho I cannot well without a bluſh, that my firſt inclination was towards *Meliantes*, and that I eſteemed him, and was as tender towards him, as poſſibly one could be: I muſt confeſs alſo, that I was infinitely beholding to him, inſomuch as, but for him, I had married a man whom I did moſt horridly hate, and ſhould have been conſequently the moſt miſerable perſon upon Earth.

I muſt further confeſs, that I was not ſorry he did love me at *Alſenes*, and that had I never heard of his infidelity unto one, whoſe name was *Argeliſe*; I had loved him again as he deſired to be; but for all this, Madam, I muſt alſo tell you, that being fully reſolved to be only upon terms of friendſhip with *Meliantes*, I came afterwards acquainted with *Hidaſpes*, whoſe humour and diſpoſition I found ſo agreeable unto my own, as at the firſt I believed there would be a great affection betwixt us: And muſt tell you more than ever I did him, that my ſecret deſign of diſingaging my heart from *Meliantes*, did make me receive the Love of *Hidaſpes*, ſooner than otherwiſe I had done, ſo as not to diſſemble with you, I did permit him to hope, and a while after promiſed him my Love: Since this Madam, there hath hapned many ſtrange revolutions; and not to inſiſt upon any but the laſt, I will tell you, Madam, that notwithſtanding all my coldneſs to *Meliantes*, he came diſguiſed unto the Tents Royal, and was ſo generous as to hazard his life in being the death of my laſt Raviſher; and I may truly ſay, Madam, that in killing *Lycander*, he hath received part of that affection which formerly I had unto him; ſo as I am now in the moſt perplexed condition in the world. For I know, that none can be more perfectly loved than I am, both by *Meliantes* and by *Hidaſpes*. The firſt of which hath done me the moſt conſiderable ſervice, and the ſecond hath the Engagement of my promiſe, which I am not able to keep, unleſs I be ungrateful unto *Meliantes*; nor can I beſtow my ſelf unto *Meliantes*, unleſs I be perfidious unto *Hidaſpes*.

Thus can I give my ſelf unto neither of theſe two, unleſs I ſhould grieve for him whoſe I am not. And I am ſo unreſolved what to do, that doubtleſs, I ſhould repent it, if I ſhould make my choice of either. For truly, I do no ſooner entertain an advantagious thought of *Hidaſpes*, but preſently I have another which blaſts it: And therefore, Madam, to be ſincere with you, I am not able to make him whom I ſhall chooſe, or my ſelf happy, in my choice.

After this, *Mandana* endeavoured to diſcover whether all this proceeded from the reality of her mind, and indeed ſhe did ſo plainly find that it was ſo, as ſhe could not chooſe but wonder.

But the great difficulty was, to make *Arpaſia* conſent that her thoughts ſhould be made known unto *Meliantes* and *Hidaſpes*, yet reſolve upon it, ſhe muſt: For after *Mandana* had given an account unto *Cyrus* and *Gabrias* of her Conference; they could find out no better courſe, than to tell both *Meliantes* and *Hidaſpes* ingeniouſly how the caſe ſtood. So as ſending for them both, *Mandana* did ſo diſcreetly acquaint them with *Arpaſia's* mind, and carried the matter with ſuch artifice, as ſhe almoſt inſuſed an equal deſire in them both, to yeild her unto one another, by the impoſſibility which ſhe made them ſee in making either themſelves or her happy; yet they could not reſolve it ſo upon a ſudden, but deſired two things: The one that *Arpaſia* would in their preſence confirm all that the Princeſs *Mandana* had told them, that they might ſee there was no poſſibility of changing her mind: The other, that they might have time given them until the next day before they gave their anſwer. Their demands were granted, and *Arpaſia* was brought unto them, though much againſt her will: But when they ſaw her, they found all that *Mandana* told them ſo exactly true, that they equally thought themſelves moſt miſerable, yet *Meliantes* leſs than *Hidaſpes*: For after an abſolute deſpair, he found ſome ſweetneſs, in ſeeing that he had made ſome entrance into *Arpaſia's* heart, ſince he had gotten half of it from his Rival, yet this partition was a great affliction unto him as well as unto *Hidaſpes*, and they were in a hundred minds, to give over all thoughts of a perſon who could not tell what to reſolve upon: And thus they paſſed away that night in a reſtleſs perplexity.

However, *Meliantes* being as generous as amorous, the very thought that *Hidaſpes* would ſtill be in a corner of *Arpaſia's* heart, though he ſhould marry her; he was in a mind to quench his flames, but ſince generoſity told him it was againſt the hair to yeild her unto his Rival, he was reſolved not to do it, when one came to tell him that *Cyrus* was very deſirous to ſpeak with him, and ſtayed for him in *Mandana*'s Chamber. He remembring his promiſe of giving an anſwer, did think it was that for which he ſent for him; but he was much ſurprized when in entring into the Chamber of that Princeſs, where there was only *Cyrus* and the King of *Hircania*, and he heard *Mandana* ſay that ſhe had ſuch good news to tell him, as ſhe deſired none ſhould acquaint him with it but her ſelf: For *Meliantes* (ſaid ſhe unto him) you are Son unto a King, and to a King who was the firſt friend of *Cyrus*, when he begun the War: But the worſt is, that in giving a Crown you muſt loſe a Miſtreſs; for the King your Father, before whom I ſpeak, hath acquainted me, that according to the Laws of his Kingdom it is not lawful for the Succeſſor unto that Kingdom to marry a ſtranger Princeſs. Madam, (replied *Meliantes*, much amazed) what you are pleaſed to tell is ſo far from any probability, that not daring but to believe your words, I muſt needs think I have not rightly underſtood them: No, no, (replied the King of *Hircania*) neither the Princeſs *Mandana* nor you are miſtaken; for you are really my Son, though you do not know it. And to teſtifie that I do know all that ever you have done, ſince you left the name of *Clidaris*, and aſſumed that of *Meliantes*, I muſt tell you that you were brought up in a Province of *Aſſyria*, that you were believed to be Son unto a man of quality there, that you thought *Cleonide* was your Siſter, and that you have travelled all *Greece*.

In the mean time, thoſe from whom you thought you had your birth, were only the Confidents of my Marriage with a perſon whom I eſpouſed ſecretly during the life of my Father, and who died preſently after you were born: But I beſeech you, Sir, (ſaid *Cyrus*, and interrupted him) what is the reaſon, why after the death of the late King of *Hyrcania*, you did not declare your Marriage, and recal home the Prince your Son? The reaſon of it was, Sir, (replied he) that having conſulted with the Oracle of *Jupiter Belus* in *Babylon*, concerning the Birth of my Son, I was anſwered that if I did not conceal his quality, until he had taken the greateſt Prince upon Earth Priſoner, he ſhould become the moſt miſerable man in the world, and if on the contrary I did not divulge it until he was maſter of a Princes deſtiny who had the deſtiny of all *Aſia* in his hands, he ſhould be able to cure himſelf of a paſſion which then would torment him, and afterwards be very happy all the reſt of his days. So in obedience to the Gods, I ſent my Son to travel into *Greece*, in expectation of their promiſes, which now are accompliſhed, ſince my Son hath had the Glory to have ſeen the Illuſtrious *Cyrus* his Priſoner: And likewiſe the man who did educate him, and who knew me to be his Father, being come hither to tell me he underſtood that my Son under the name of *Meliantes* was in the Party of *Thomyris*, and that he thought it fit to avert him from it. I therefore do know of infallible certainty that *Meliantes* is my Son: But ſince under that name he hath had the Glory of doing ſome ſervice unto ſo great a Prince, I would not have him own any other.

As long as the King of *Hyrcania* ſpoke, *Meliantes* had many different thoughts, ſometimes he was glad that his birth was as great as his heart, and ſometimes when he thought his condition would blaſt his pretentions unto *Arpaſia*, he was ſad.

Thus Love and Ambition ſtrugling in his heart all the while the King of *Hyrcania* ſpoke, he knew not whether he ſhould be ſad or glad. But as ſoon as that Prince had done ſpeaking. Nature beginning to prevail with his Soul; he rendred unto the King his Father all poſſible reverence in the preſence of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*.

After which, the King of *Hyrcania* by the permiſſion of *Cyrus*, cauſed the man whom *Meliantes* thought to be his Father, to enter, who confirmed all that he had ſaid. So as it being out of all queſtion, the King of *Hyrcania* told *Meliantes* he was very ſorry that the Laws of his Kingdom were againſt the Laws of his Love; but for all that, he hoped that a Crown would comfort him for the loſs of *Arpaſia*. So that without requiring any preciſe anſwer, but ſuppoſing that he would conform himſelf to the Law, he told *Cyrus* in a low voice, that he was very impatient, until *Meliantes* was known unto the world for whom he was, hoping that the Complements and Addreſſes which would be made unto him upon the advantageous alteration of his condition would wind his mind from its ordinary object, and hinder him from exceſſive grief at his loſs of *Arpaſia*. So *Cyrus* beſeeching *Mandana* to let the people enter into her Chamber, the happy adventure of *Meliantes* was quickly divulged: For the Prince *Mazares*, *Artamas*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and many others came in, and were informed of it. Yet *Meliantes*, as ſoon as he could diſingage himſelf from the Company, and being pricked on by his paſſion, he went unto the Tent where *Arpaſia* was, who knew already who he was; for *Marteſia* had ſent to tell it unto *Niſide*, who told her: therefore ſhe received him as Son unto the King of *Hyrcania*, to wit, with much more Ceremony and Reverence.

But *Meliantes* at firſt perceiving it: No, no, Madam (ſaid he unto her) I beſeech you do not change your way of behaviour unto me: For if you pleaſe, *Meliantes* will be the very ſame he was yeſterday, ſince Fortune will needs have it ſo, that he cannot be both Son unto the King of *Hyrcania*, and Husband unto the fair *Arpaſia*. After this, *Meliantes* acquainting her how the caſe ſtood, he proteſted that if ſhe would give him her whole heart, he would with joy renounce all pretenſions unto the Crown of *Hyrcania*, and would eſteem himſelf much more happy in reigning there, than in a great Kingdom: But, Madam, (ſaid he moſt paſſionately) you muſt do it in all ſincerity: and conſider, that *Hydaſpes* perhaps would not quit a Crown to enjoy you.

Arpaſia was now much moved at the expreſſions of *Meliantes*: But being both full of generoſity, and ſincerity,

cerity, ſhe thought it not fit to diſſemble her thoughts, nor to let a Prince ſo generous loſe a Crown, ſince ſhe ſaw it as great a difficulty for her to diſoblige *Hidaſpes*, as him. But though ſhe was as ſweet in her expreſſions as poſſible, yet he thought himſelf ſo wronged, that all theſe teſtimonies of his Love ſhould not oblige her whole heart, that he proteſted he would never pretend more unto her; and that he would do all that ever he could to make ambition ſupply the place of his love, and would never affect any thing but glory, ſince he could never affect any but her, and ſince he could not obtain her Love: And accordingly, he went from her in this mind, and meeting *Hidaſpes* by the way, he told him that he would yield *Arpaſia* unto him; and aſſured him, that though he could never ceaſe being his Rival, yet he would ceaſe all pretenſions unto the enjoyment of his Miſtreſs. *Hidaſpes* received this Declaration with ſo much joy, that *Meliantes* began to repent: but the anger of his Soul coming into his relief, he did not change his mind; but on the contrary was ſo confirmed, that he hoped in time to cure himſelf of his paſſion, and withdraw his heart from one, who could give him but half of hers.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* had his ſhares in the inquietudes of *Meliantes*, though he did not ſhew it: For the *Hyrcanian* Law, which did forbid the Sons of their Kings to marry ſtrange Princeſſes, was alſo the Law of the *Cappadocians*: ſo as *Mandana*, as Queen of that Kingdom, could not marry *Cyrus*. Yet this Prince did conceal his ſorrows, and would believe, that as *Ciaxares* might deny the Princeſs his Daughter as Queen of *Cappadocia*, yet he might give her to him as Princeſs of *Media* only. Not that this obſtacle was new unto this Prince; but he had ſo many other more weighty, that he never thought of it, until the King of *Hyrcania* did mention the Law of his Kingdom, and until *Mandana* told *Meliantes*, that in gaining a Crown, he muſt loſe a Miſtreſs. However, he diſſembled his inquietudes, and appeared the next day as pleaſant, as poſſible.

In the mean time, *Mandana* having a great deſire to be on the other ſide of *Araxes*, ſhe entreated all the reſt of the Princeſſes to riſe betimes, ſo as they went ſo early, that the Troops could not follow them: But after they had paſſed over *Araxes*, and the Army alſo, the wiſe *Anacharſis*, who had waited upon *Cyrus* ſo far, did take his leave of him, and carried *Indathyrſis* away with him. *Meneſiphiles*, *Cherſeas*, and *Diocles*, accompanied him, and continued their Travels, as they began.

But this wiſe *Scythian*, at parting from *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, did give them ſuch high Elogies, as they had great reaſon to be as well ſatisfied with him, as he with them. As for *Indathyrſis*, he left *Cyrus* much againſt his will, as well as the fair *Telegenes*: and had he thought ſhe could have left *Armenia*, to go into the Country of the *Sauromates*, he would not have parted ſo ſoon: but he choſe rather to cure himſelf of a growing paſſion by abſence, than vainly augment it by his ſtay.

In the mean time, *Cyrus* and *Mandana* continued on their Journey; but out of prudence, he would not let the King of *Hyrcania* go unto *Ecbatane*, for it was apparant, that *Meliantes* had need to be far from *Arpaſia*, to quench his flames. So as *Cyrus* making that his pretence, he moved the King of *Hyrcania* to go into his own Kingdom with the Troops which he brought: And in parting from *Meliantes*, he gave him ſuch high applauds, inducing him to love glory only, as he had good reaſon to be well ſatisfied. *Mandana* alſo teſtified ſo much eſteem of him, and ſo did all the Princeſſes and Princes which followed *Cyrus*, that he had all the reaſon in the world to be infinitely ſatisfied. But his greateſt ſatisfaction was to ſee, that *Arpaſia* at parting did look ſo ſadly, that *Hydaſpes* was angry at it.

Thus he departed with all the glory that he deſerved, and with as much ſatisfaction as his mind was capable of: For though *Arpaſia* was infinitely amiable, yet every one murmured againſt her: and though *Hydaſpes* was a man of as excellent parts as any in the world, yet they thought ſhe was injurious in not giving her whole heart unto *Meliantes*.

However, when *Mandana* came near *Media*, *Cyrus* ſent Orders unto *Arianita*, and all the reſt of the Women whom he had left with *Lycaſte*, to be at *Ecbatane*. And that day they entered upon the Frontiers of *Media*, *Harpagus*, and *Pactias*, who were gone unto *Mytelene* after the Siege of *Cumes*, becauſe the firſt durſt not ſhew his face unto *Cyrus*, and the other unto the King of *Lydia*, they now returned; and addreſſing themſelves unto *Hydaſpes*, they informed him, that in their deſign of travelling, they Embarked in a Ship which a Tempeſt had driven into *Mytelene*, and that they went afterwards into the Iſle of *Crete*, ſo famous for the wonderful Labyrinth which is there to be ſeen: That being there, the Ship in which thoſe whom the Prince of *Phoceus* and *Bomilcar* had ſent unto *Cyrus*, did there Land: So as underſtanding that they had Letters from that Prince, and were going into a Country which was commended for its beauty, they followed them and came to *Marſeilles*, where they ſaw the admirable *Cleonibe*, and were preſent at her Marriage with the Prince of *Phoceus*, of whom they ſpoke all imaginable good: Adding that not being able to live longer out of their own Country, they implored the aſſiſtance of *Cleonibe* and that Prince; who being glad to meet with an occaſion of thanking *Cyrus* for the happineſs which they enjoyed, had writ a Letter of thanks unto him; and in it beſeeched him to pardon *Harpagus*, and to mediate *Creſſus* for a pardon of *Pactias*. So as *Hydaſpes* taking upon him that buſineſs, he ſpoke unto *Cyrus*, who not being able to deny any thing in a time when Fortune gave him all things he could hope for, he conſented that *Hydaſpes* ſhould preſent *Harpagus* unto him, and deſired *Creſſus* to pardon *Pactias*: This Prince being extream glad to hear by them that the admirable *Cleonibe* and the valiant Prince of *Phoceus* were happy together, though he was very ſorry the caſe was not ſo with the generous *Bomilcar*.

Afterwards *Cyrus* took all requiſite order for *Mandana*'s arrival in *Ecbatane*, in an Equipage proportionable to her quality: And to that end he reſted in a little Town in a Province of *Media*, which is called the Province of *Sapires*. During their ſtay there, all that Love could invent, which was tender, ſweet, and gallant, was uſed by *Cyrus*, by *Mandana*, *Intaphernes*, the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, *Atergatis*, *Iſtrina*, and by *Myrſiles*. As for *Doraliſa*, ſhe followed her old humours, ſince certainly tender and paſſionate expreſſions were not her cuſtom: all that ſhe was able to do, was to let the Prince *Myrſiles* uſe them.

But when all things were ready, both for the Train of *Mandana*, and the Equipage of *Aſia*'s Conquerour, and for all the reſt of the Princes who followed him: This Hero leaving all his Army upon the Frontiers, except five hundred Horſe, he advanced towards *Ecbatane*, where *Cyaxares* expected them with impatience, proportionable to the joy which he hoped to receive in ſeeing the Princeſs his Daughter. But *Cyrus* and *Mandana* were pleaſingly ſurprized, when they heard that *Cambyſes* and the Queen his Wife were come unto *Ecbatane*,the cauſe of their Voyage being unknown unto them.

In the mean time, the day of their Triumphant Entrance being come, the ſight was both unexpreſſible and unimaginable: And though the King of *Aſſyria* had prepared a very magnificent Triumph for the reception of *Mandana* into *Babylon*, when the Prince *Mazares* by that Kings orders preſented her with the keys of it; yet it was nothing in compariſon of this. The truth is, the Prince *Mazares* did not contribute any thing unto it; for he made no preparations for it, becauſe he remembred that it was at ſuch a Ceremony that he loſt his liberty: So as looking upon *Mandana* that morning when ſhe had dreſſed her ſelf:Take heed,Madam (ſaid he unto her) leſt you ſhould this day make ſome other as miſerable as my ſelf;for you may remember it was at ſuch a Ceremony that I had the misfortune to fall in love with you: I was ſo ſad and miſerable that day (replied *Mandana* and ſmiled) as it was no wonder your compaſſion of my misfortunes ſhould mo-

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ſifie your heart: But ſince I am this day in a happy condition, I need not fear any ſuch adventure will befall me: And if I have any cauſe of fear, it is to loſe your friendſhip. Oh, Madam! (ſaid *Mazares* and ſighed) did you but know my heart, you would ſee there was greater danger of my loſing yours, than you mine: and yet I aſſure you, Madam, you cannot deprive me of your friendſhip, unleſs you be unjuſt. Then I ſhall never take away mine (replied *Mandana*) for it is not my cuſtom to be unjuſt: ſo that as long as you keep your ſelf as you are, I ſhall be ſure to be the ſame I am, and will never change, unleſs you do.

Your expreſſions, Madam, (replied *Mazares*) ought to be received with fulneſs of joy: and though it do not appear in my eyes, yet my heart is moſt ſenſible of it: But, Madam, I beſeech you pardon an unvoluntary melancholy, which perhaps will appear in my face againſt my will, ſince it is the only thing which you ſhall ever have any cauſe to chide me for: Since it is ſo (replied ſhe) I will pity, in lieu of chiding you, but do not think it ſtrange if I never ask you the cauſe of your ſadneſs. As *Mandana* ſaid ſo, one came to tell her that all things were ready for her departure; and preſently after *Oneſile*, the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, *Iſtrina*, *Arpaſia*, and *Telegenes*, came into her Chamber, and ſo dreſt, and ſo fair, as it was evident that joy is a wonderful advantage unto Beauty. Yet the Princeſs of *Bythinia* was in Mourning, but ſo, that her Beauty appeared not a jot the leſs.

As for *Mandana*, ſhe was never ſo fair as that day: And when *Cyrus* came into her Chamber to preſent his hand unto her, and to conduct her unto her Coach, he was ſo ſurprized and dazled at her Beauty, that he ſtood a long while gazing, and adoring it: For ſince he had never ſeen her ſo dreſt, nor ſo merry, ſince his departure from *Cumes*, he thought her more charming than ever, and he was more in Love than ever: and by conſequence the diſquiet of his ſoul was the greater, though he did ſometimes flatter himſelf in a belief that it was ill grounded.

At laſt all the Glorious Train departed; The Ladies all in rich Chariots of Triumph, and all the Princes on moſt excellent Horſes, and there was not the meaneſt ſervant who had not ſome marks of his Maſters magnificence. When they were within two hundred furlongs of *Ecbatane*, *Ciaxares* and *Cambyſes* met them in the head of all the *Perſians* and *Medes* of quality who followed them, and ſtayed for them cloſe by a triumphant Arch, which they had erected unto the glory of *Aſia's* Conqueror, and *Mandana's* deliverer, where the Inſcriptions and Paintings were ſo ingenious, as they extolled and repreſented all the victories of that Prince. But *Cyrus* being as modeſt as valiant, he would not paſs under this Arch, which they had erected unto his glory, but left that honour unto *Mandana*, as the true cauſe of all his Conqueſts.

This interview had all the circumſtances which could poſſibly render it delightful; for there appeared ſo much joy in the Countenances of *Ciaxares* and *Cambyſes*, when they ſaw *Cyrus* and *Mandana*; and *Cyrus* and *Mandana* were ſo glad to ſee them, as they did communicate the ſame unto all that ſaw them, ſo as never was ſuch acclamations upon Earth as then. But being impatient to be in a place where they might talk, they went towards *Ecbatane*; and all the way there were ſtill new marks of magnificence to be ſeen, either in the Troops which were ranked on the right and left hand, or in other triumphant Arches erected to the glory of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, or the infinite number of men of all qualities, who came far and near to meet them with Garlands and Crowns of Flowers which they preſented unto them, and caſt at their Feet in homage to them.

At the Gates of the Town ſtood all the Magiſtrates who made Orations to them: Likewiſe at the Gates of the Temple were all the *Magi* of *Ecbatane*, ready to offer Sacrifices of Thanks unto the Gods.

But as ſoon as all theſe Kings, theſe Princes, theſe Princeſſes, and Men of Quality had taken thoſe places in the Temple which were aſſigned for them, the ſame accident which hapned in the time of *Aſtiages*, did now happen again; for the Temple did ſhake, the Lamps extinguiſhed, all except one over the head of *Cyrus*, which burned ſo clear and full of Luſtre, as if all the reſt had united their lights unto it.

At the ſame time alſo, for a quarter of an hour together, was a noiſe heard in the Vaults of the Temple which reſembled Thunder, and the roaring of the Sea, and which ſtruck fear into the ſouls of all that heard it. This Prodigy did amaze all the Aſſembly; the *Magi* themſelves all, except one, were affrighted, and ſo were all except *Cyrus*, in whoſe Countenance was not the leaſt ſemblance of fear. When they offered to begin the Sacrifice, they could not end it, for all the Victims eſcaped from thoſe who held them, and the Sacrifices aſſured *Ciaxares* and *Cambiſes*, that of neceſſity they muſt defer it till another time, and appeaſe the Gods unto whom they would ſacrifice.

As for *Cambiſes*, he did imagine according to the Religion of his Country, that the Gods were angry, that men ſhould be ſo bold as to adore them in Temples built with prophane hands. But as for the *Magi*, that there was ſomething of importance which the Gods would make known unto them by it.

The chief of them, who was he which was leaſt amazed, did very well remember the interpretation which was formerly given upon thoſe Lamps which redoubled their light over the head of the Queen of *Perſia*: So as imagining that the Gods required this accompliſhment of that Prediction; he told *Ciaxares* that he muſt retire unto his Palace, and that he muſt give him time to obſerve the Stars, and turn over his Books, and to penetrate into the ſecrets of the Gods; and accordingly all this great company went out of the Temple into the Palace; but this was ſadly reſented by the Queen of *Perſia*, and every one talked of this prodigy according to their ſeveral fancies. As for *Ciaxares* who was moſt perplexed; his reaſon why the Gods were ſo angry, was, becauſe he would marry his Daughter againſt the Laws of the *Cappadocian* Kingdom, which would not have her marry a Stranger Prince. So that nothing being able to keep his fears within the compaſs of his own heart, he told them unto very many, and they became ſo publick, that they were the common talk, and they made ſuch deep impreſſions upon the mind of *Ciaxares*, that he ſent *Aglatidas* unto *Babylon*, in his name, to conſult with the Oracle of *Jupiter Belus*. But in the interim of this voyage, and whilſt the *Magi* were conſulting with the Stars and their Books, *Cyrus* was extreamly troubled, and *Mandana* for all her prudence could not chooſe but be very melancholy. Is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe unto *Marteſia*) that the deſtiny of *Cyrus* ſhould yet be doubtful ? Can it be, that after he hath been impriſoned at *Synope* for the love of me; after he hath ſaved the life of the King my Father in the War againſt the late King of *Pontus*; after he hath won two Battels in one day; after he had gloriouſly ended that War, by bringing that King into captivity; after he hath beaten the King of *Aſſiria*, taken *Babylon*, ſurprized *Synope*, ſubdued *Armenia*, won the Battel of *Thybarra* againſt *Creſſus*, taken *Sardis*, put the King of *Pontus* to flight, after he had delivered me by taking *Cumes*; after he has vanquiſhed *Thomyris* and *Ariantes*, and gloriouſly brought me home to *Ecbatane*. Can *Cyrus*, I ſay, doubt of a recompence for all his Conqueſts and Travels? He who above all this hath been thought twice to be dead; who was mangled almoſt in pieces after the combat of two hundred; who has received ſeveral moſt dangerous wounds beſides, in ſeveral Encounters; who hath been Priſoner both of War and State for the love of me, and who hath given me a million of teſtimonies of his Love, muſt he now be ſlighted? Whilſt *Mandana* was thus complaining, and whilſt *Marteſia* was comforting her, all the Town were at their Prayers to appeaſe the Gods.

But at laſt *Aglatidas* returned from *Babylon*, who after he had conſulted with the Oracle in the name of *Ciaxares*, whether he might give his Daughter unto *Cyrus*, ſince he was a *Perſian*, and ſince the *Cappadocian* Laws did prohibit that Princeſs to marry a Stranger, he was returned this anſwer.

The Oracle

Out of your thoughts expel
All fears of any danger,
Who can all Aſia *quell,*
In no place is a Stranger.

This favourable anſwer did ſo rejoyce the hearts of *Ciaxares*, *Cambiſes*, the Queen of *Perſia*, *Cyrus*, *Mandana*, and all that heard it; that it may be termed a publick joy; eſpecially becauſe it concurred with the Dooms of the *Magi*, who rendred an account unto *Ciaxares* and *Cambiſes* of all their obſervations before all the Princes in the Court: For the chief of the *Magi* addreſſing his ſpeech unto the two Kings, told them a thing which made him the more wonderful, becauſe it concurred with the ſecret thoughts of their own ſouls, although they did not impart them unto any.

Sirs (ſaid he unto them) upon a recollection into my memory of things paſt; and when I think upon that Prodigy which hapned, when the Lights of ſeveral Lamps united themſelves unto that which was over the head of the Queen of *Perſia*; after, I ſay, a compariſon of that with this which we have ſeen over the head of the illuſtrious *Cyrus*; I examined the interpretation which was then upon it; I have conſulted with the moſt learned books we have; I have ſeriouſly obſerved the Stars, I have ſo clearly read in Characters of Gold, and Light, the will of the Gods, that I cannot make any more doubt of it.

And Sirs (continued he and looked upon *Ciaxares* and *Cambiſes*) that which the Gods do require of you is, that you refer the whole cares of your Kingdoms upon the Government of the invincible *Cyrus*, and that you leaving off Sovereign Authority, he may be the ſole Soveraign over all *Aſia*; ſo many Kings as he hath ſubdued, do teach us that the Gods would have all obey him, and this is the interpretation of all the Lights extinguiſhing and re-uniting again in one over the head of *Cyrus*, as thoſe were heretofore over the head of the Queen his Mother: Yes, Sirs, I dare aſſure you, that if you do, as I now ſay, you will ſatisfie the Will of the Gods, your Sacrifices will be acceptable unto them, and you will ſee no more Prodigies to aſtoniſh you.

But on the contrary, you will peaceably enjoy all the pleaſures of Life under the ſhadow of *Cyrus* his Palms and Trophies, you will reign in his Perſon, and without your being his Subjects, he may yet be the ſole Soveraign over all *Aſia*.

Conform your ſelves therefore unto the Will of Heaven: And that you may both conjunctly reign in the Perſon of this great Prince, make up the marriage immediately between *Mandana* and him.

This *Magi* had no ſooner done ſpeaking, but *Ciaxares* and *Cambiſes* declared their wills unto him, and told him that they were ready to conform themſelves unto the Will of the Gods.

The modeſty of *Cyrus* was ſuch, that he refuſed to accept the Soveraign Power, which the Kings would have yeilded up unto him; but they were ſo urgent upon him, and the *Magi* told him ſo peremptorily that the Gods would have it ſo, as without any more delay, *Ciaxares* and *Cambiſes* made a publick declaration the next day, by which they made it known unto all the World, that they did voluntarily inveſt their Authorities in the hands of *Cyrus*, and accordingly the chief of the Magi in *Ecbatane* in the preſence of all the Court, and in the midſt of as many people as that Temple was able to hold, did inveſt him with all the Ceremonies and Signs of Soveraign Authority, that is to ſay, with a Scepter, a Royal wreath, and all other things which diſtinguiſh the Kings of *Perſia*, and the Kings of *Medes* from other Princes. *Ciaxares* would have thrown at his feet as many Crowns as he had conquered Kingdoms, and made Tributary Kings: But *Cyrus* would not have it ſo, not only out of modeſty, but in conſideration of *Creſſus* and *Myrſiles*, whom he highly eſteemed and ranked as his friends. The moſt obſervable was, that the Sacrifice which was offered after *Cyrus* was declared

King, was very acceptably received: And the *Magi* aſſured *Cyaxares* and *Cambyſes*, that the Gods whom they adored, were never better pleaſed.

But after this magnificent Ceremony was accompliſhed, *Cyrus* had a moſt impatient deſire to ſee *Mandana*, that he might offer unto her all the Crowns which he had taken upon him: And diſengaging himſelf as ſoon as he could, he went unto her to tender that Homage, and to aſſure her that he thought himſelf more glorious in being her Slave, than in being Maſter of ſo many Kingdoms.

In the mean time, the day of Marriage being ſet down, nothing was thought upon but preparations for that glorious Ceremony: And *Cyrus* being a moſt dear lover of his friends, he thought alſo of their ſatisfaction. Therefore he perſwaded the Princeſs of *Bythinia*, who had full power over her ſelf, to make *Intaphernes* happy: As for *Gadates*, he did voluntarily conſent unto it: And *Cyrus* after that perſwaded that Prince to give *Iſtrina* unto *Atergatis*: As for *Arpaſia*, ſhe was in a ſtrange condition: For ſhe did ſo reſent the abſence of *Meliantes*, that *Hydaſpes* was hardly pleaſed: and ſhe was in many minds to recall *Meliantes*, though at the rate of *Hydaſpes* his Baniſhment: and yet ſhe was reſolved to marry him, becauſe *Gabrias* her Father did ſo command her: But certain it is, ſhe had much ado to carry her ſelf between her love, and her friendſhip, ſince ſhe neither made her ſelf, nor any of her friends happy, for *Hydaſpes* was but half contented, after he had married her.

But when *Cyrus* went about to ſatisfie the love of the Prince *Myrſiles*, he found himſelf a little puzled, not that *Creſſus* was againſt the affection of the Prince his Son: For though the quality of *Doraliſa* was inferiour unto that Prince, yet conſidering the ſtate of things he did not inſiſt upon it: But the main difficulty was, how *Myrſiles* ſhould be aſſured of her Love before he married her; for *Doraliſa* would never confeſs it, though thoſe who knew her beſt, believed that ſhe did not hate *Myrſiles*. However, ſhe ſpoke always either ſo lightly, or ſo ſharply, or ſo negligently of it, that none knew well what to think; and which was rare, *Cyrus* did ſooner perſwade her to marry *Myrſiles*, than he could perſwade her to confeſs that ſhe loved him: But after ſhe was reſolved upon it, ſhe did this favour unto that Prince in a very pleaſant manner: For (ſaid ſhe unto him) I know not why you ſhould complain, Sir; 'tis true, I tell you that I do only eſteem you, but it is not that I do no more; but the reaſon is, becauſe I want words to expreſs the thoughts of my heart, and therefore I had rather have you gueſs at my mind, than down-right tell you what it is.

But at laſt, after the modeſty, and humour of *Doraliſa* together, had made her ſay yes, and no, unto all the propoſitions which were made unto her, whether ſhe would marry or not marry; at laſt ſhe explained her ſelf that ſhe conſented to marry the Prince *Myrſiles*: And theſe four marriages being reſolved upon, it was alſo reſolved that they ſhould be ſolemnized three days after that of *Cyrus*, to the end that the joyes of that Court might the longer continue: And certainly that Court was the moſt glorious that ever was ſeen, for there was not a man nor woman of any quality in all *Media* who was not there. The lovely *Amiſtris* alſo had quitted the ſolitude wherein ſhe lived, during the abſence of her dear *Aglatidas*, and came unto *Ecbatane*, whereof ſhe was ſtill one of the greateſt Ornaments.

But the day deſigned for the compleat felicity of *Cyrus* being come, the Temple where the Ceremony of his Marriage was to be celebrated, was illuminated with a thouſand glorious Lamps: All the Streets of *Ecbatane* were hung with rich *Sydonian* Tapiſtry, Arches, Pyramides, Obeliſques, and Garlands were erected and hung up to the glory of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*, all between the Palace and the Temple, whoſe Inſcriptions being a mixture of Love and War, did embleme as well the grandure of his paſſion, as the grandure of his Conqueſts. Moſt admirable Muſick made the Roof of the Temple eccho all the while of the Ceremony: Never were ſeen ſo many Kings and Princes in one place, as in that; and never did a Royal Chaplet become any head ſo well, as that of *Cyrus*.

As for *Mandana*, the Majeſty of her deportment was ſuch, as would have been an Ornament unto the whole World: And her beauty appeared ſo ſplendent that day, as ſhe eclipſed all the reſt of the Ladies, as much as the deportment, the ſpirit, the valour, and the virtue of *Cyrus* did ſurpaſs the merits of all other men upon earth. Both of them were the objects of admiration unto all thoſe who beheld them upon that ſtately Throne which was erected in the middle of the Temple: Yet this Ceremony was not honoured with the preſence of the Prince *Mazares*; for he finding his ſoul not reſolute enough to behold the felicity of his Rival, he returned into his own Country the night before the Marriage of *Cyrus*: But before he went, he left one Letter for *Cyrus*, and another for *Mandana*, in which he uſed ſuch noble expreſſions of himſelf, as did ſo double the eſteem which they had of him, that could he have ſeen their thoughts, he had been well ſatisfied. Indeed he did very well deſerve their eſteem; for he asked them pardon for his weakneſs; he aſſured *Mandana* that he would never marry; he told *Cyrus*, that ſince he was never like to have an Heir, he intended that all his Subjects hereafter ſhould become his, to the end *Mandana* might reign over the *Saces*, as well as in his heart.

Yet their ſorrows for the departure of *Mazares* did not hinder, but that they eſteemed themſelves infinitely happy, in that the Gods had made their Fortunes inſeparable, and that they had tied ſuch an indiſſolvable knot, which nothing but death could untie. The three days after this great Ceremony were ſpent in Feaſts and Jollity: and the fourth was the Marriage of *Myrſiles*, *Intaphernes*, *Atergatis*, and *Hidaſpes* celebrated, and for a whole month after, there was nothing but publick rejoycings, and diverſions in this great Court.

Cyrus had then information that *Thomyris* was returned unto the Tents Royal, and that *Agathyrſis* had poſſeſſed himſelf of *Iſſidon*, whilſt *Themyris* was ſo ſunk in ſorrow, that all the *Maſſagettans* were preparing to diſinthrone her, and that *Elibeſis* was become a Subject unto him, unto whom ſhe had been unfaithful, in hopes of being a Queen.

After this, *Cyrus* received Deputations from all the Kingdoms which he had Conquered; from all the principal Cities which were under his obedience, and from all the Princes who were his Tributaries; from *Babylon*, from *Suſa*, from *Sardis*, *Epheſus*, *Cumes*, *Sinope*, *Themiſcire*, *Artaxates*, *Apamea*, *Guide*, and others, he received Homage. Thoſe who were riſen againſt *Arſamones*, ſent alſo their Deputies to offer unto him the Crowns of *Pontus* and *Bythinia*: Alſo he had particular Deputies from *Heraclea* and *Chryſopolis*. The King of *Phrygia* ſent unto him his Embaſſadors with rich Preſents: The Queen *Tarina*, Mother of *Mazares* did the like: The Prince of *Cilicia* as much; the King of *Armenia* the ſame: The Prince *Philoxipe* alſo ſent to rejoyce with *Cyrus*, that the Oracle which the Princeſs of *Salamis* had received, was ſo happily accompliſhed in his perſon.

Amaſis King of *Ægypt*, the Prince *Seſoſtris* his Son, and the fair *Timarette* ſent to congratulate his Marriage: The Prince *Thraſibulus* ſent his Complements: The King of *Hircania*, and the Prince *Meliantes* did the like. *Pittacus* as much, and all the Sages of *Greece* writ unto him to teſtifie their joy, that Fortune had done Juſtice to his Virtue.

After all this, *Cambyſes* and the Queen his Wife returned unto *Perſepolis*, where they did nothing but devote themſelves unto prayers unto the Gods, though *Cyrus* commanded *Adaſius*, whom he ſent to command in *Perſia*, to take their Counſels in all things. *Tygranes* and *Oneſile* returned unto *Artaxates*, admiring the Virtue both of *Cyrus* and *Mandana*: *Salamis* their Kinſman, followed them. *Intaphernes* with the Princeſs of *Bythinia* went unto *Chriſipolis* with the quality of a tributary King. *Atergatis* and *Iſtrina* followed, *Gadates*, *Hidaſpes* and *Arpaſia* went with *Gabrias*. The Prince

Artamas returned unto his dear *Palmis*: *Creſſus*, *Myrſiles*, and *Doraliſa* ſtayd in the Court of *Cyrus*: The Prince of *Paphlagonia* married *Telegene*, and returned into his Country. *Chriſantes* had the government of *Lydia*, *Aglatidas* that of *Babylon*, *Ligdamis* that of *Epheſus*, and returned towards his dear *Cleonice*: *Araſpes* that of *Cappadocia*: *Thraſimedes* that of *Curia*, for the *Curians* did voluntarily ſubmit themſelves unto *Cyrus*: *Feraulas* he waited ſtill about his perſon, and marryed *Marteſia* a while after: *Megabiſes* was ſent into a part of *Arabia*, which gave it ſelf up unto *Cyrus*: And this great Prince was ſo well able to recompence out of the greatneſs of his Conqueſts, that there was not one of thoſe who had done him any ſervice, which were not fully ſatisfied with his liberality. *Ciaxares* himſelf was well contented to be without Soveraign Power, though ſuch an act is ſeldom unaccompanied without repentance.

Thus, the greateſt Prince in the World, after he had been the moſt miſerable of all Lovers, became now the happieſt man upon Earth: For he was the poſſeſſor of the greateſt Beauty in all *Aſia*, of the moſt virtuous perſon in the whole World, and a perſon whoſe great Soul tranſcended the excellency of her Beauty, and one who loved him, as well as he loved her. Moreover his Dominions were bounded on the *Eaſt* with the *Red Sea*: On the *Weſt* with the Iſle of *Cyprus* and *Ægypt*: On the *North* with the *Euxine* Sea, and on the *South* by *Ethiopia*. Again, he had the advantage to ſee himſelf Maſter of all the Treaſures of *David*, *Solomon*, and *Creſſus* and he ſaw himſelf at a higher pitch of glory, than ever any other Priuce did. Alſo he enjoyed his pleaſures with ſo much Art, that paſſing away his Autumns at *Ecbatane*, his Winters at *Babylon*, his Summers at *Suſa*, it was an eternal Spring unto him without the inconveniency either of too much cold, or too much heat. Moreover, this great Prince did with abundance of glory ſettle ſuch Orders in his Dominions, and eſtabliſhed ſuch excellent Laws both for War and Peace, that he merits to be propoſed as a model for all enſuing Princes to imitate. And to compleat his felicity,

city, the Heavens did not moleſt him with the leaſt misfortune all the reſt of his life: And let both Fortune and Love conſpire together to make a man as happy as ever they could, it was impoſſible they could make him more happy than *Cyrus* was, ever ſince the day that he aſcended ſo high a Throne, that all others on the Earth were much below him.

The End of the Tenth and Laſt Part of Cyrus *le Grand.*

FINIS.

A Catalogue of Books Printed for *Bennet Griffin*. &c.

A Syſteme, or Body of Divinity in Ten Books, wherein the Fundemental and main Grounds are opened, the contrary Errors refuted: A Work ſeaſonable for theſe late times, wherein ſo many Articles of our Faith, hath been queſtioned, and ſo many Groſs Errors lately publiſhed.

Charnock on the Attributes of God.

Yorks Union of Honor, containing the Arms, Matches, and Iſſues of the Kings, Dukes, Marqueſſes, and Earls of *England*; from the Conqueſt, until the year 1640. With the Arms of the *Engliſh* Viſcounts and Barons now being: And of the Gentry of *Lincolnſhire*, with a Brief account of all the Battles which have been fought and maintained by the *Engliſh* ſince the Conqueſt to the year 1602.

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The Hiſtory and Antiquities of the County of *Rutlandſhire* by *James Wright*

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——'s Antiquity of the Proteſtant Religion concerning Images, with an Anſwer to the Collections made by the Author of the Pamphlet Entitled *Nubes Teſtum*, in a Letter to a perſon of Quality; the ſecond Part.

——'s Third Letter to a Perſon of Quality, being a Vindication of the former, in Anſwer to a late Pamphlet intituled a Diſcourſe of the Uſe of Images, *&c.*

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Hugo Grotius of War and Peace, Tranſlated by *Charls Barkſdale.*

——'s Sermon Preached at St. *Georges* Church in *Windſor*, on *Sept.* 25. 1685. Printed by Order.

——'s Sermon preached at *Wiſtminiſter Abbey*, on the 26*th.* of *July* 1685. being the Thanksgiving Day for his Majeſties Victory.

Georgii Buchanani Scoti Poemata in Tres Partes digeſta. G. Buchanani *Vitaab ipſo ſcripto obiennio ante mortem. Adjecta ſunt Paraphraſi Pſalmorum argumentis ſingulis Pſalmis præfixa item Collectanea. Quibus Vocabula & modi Loquendi tam Poetici quàm alias difficiliores, & minùs vulgo obvii, perſpicuè explicantur; etiam diverſa Carminum Genera margini Adjecta. Operâ & Studio.* N. Chytræi*: His accedunt nunc primum variæ lectiones & conjecturæ in partem ſecundam.*

The Pſalms of *David* from the New Tranſlation of the Bible turned into Meter by Dr. *H. King* Biſhop of *Chicheſter*, to be ſung after the Old Tunes in the Churches.

The Reſolution of *Pilate*, by *Griffith Williams.*

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Aula ſereniſſimo Regis Jacobi, Authore I. D. E.

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Chriſt Watchword a Sermon, by *R. Clark*.

Muſarum deliciæ, by *Arthur Pine*.

All Mr. *Tho. Langleys* Intereſt, in Munition againſt Mans miſery.

A Sermon Preacht at *Whitehall* 5th. *Nov.* 1608.

Duel-eaſe, or a Word to a valiant Spirit.

Cato Variegatus, or *Cato*'s Diſtichs, whith variations of Expreſſing in Engliſh, by Sir *Richard Baker*.

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A Sermon preached by Dr. *H King* Dean of *Rocheſter*, Mar. 27th. 1640. at Pauls, on *Jer.* 1. 10.

The Muſes *Elizium*.

Sacred Poems, or brief Meditations of the Day in general, and of all the Days in the Week.

Certain Conceptions, or Conſiderations of Sir *Piercy Herbert*, upon the ſtrange Change of Peoples diſpoſitions and Actions in theſe late times.

The

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